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No. 2 WEHMAN'S No. 2

COLLECTION OF

95 SONGS

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

A Recitation—By T. Buchanan Read.

Up from the South at the break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more;
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He streaked away with utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls.
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye and his nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame—
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Man's life is a game of cards. First it is "cribbage." Next he tries to "go it alone" at a sort of "cut, shuffle and deal" pace. Then he "raises" the "deuce" when his mother "takes a hand in," and contrary to Hoyle, "beats the little joker with her five." Then with his "diamonds" he wins "the queen of hearts." Tired of playing a "lone hand," he expresses a desire to "assist" his fair "partner" "throws out his cards" and the clergyman takes a $10 bill out of him on a "pair." She "orders him up" to build the fires. Like a "knave" he joins the "clubs," where he often gets "high" which is "low," too. If he keeps "straight" he is sometimes "flush." He grows old and "bluff," sees a "deal" of trouble, when at last he "shuffles" off his mortal coil and "passes in his checks," and he is "raked in" by a "spade," life's fitful "game" is ended, and he waits the summons of Gabriel's "trump," which shall "order him up."

SAILING ON THE LAKE.

Sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

One day while walking down Broadway,
I met my cousin Joe,
He asked me then if I with him
To the Central Park would go.
With my consent we then did start,
And reached the lake at three,
We took a sail, and words of love
Were pass'd by Joe and me.

CHORUS.

Sailing on the lake,
To the music of the birds,
The rippling of the waters,
And sounds of loving words.

On our return we took a stroll,
And soon did reach the mall,
When from the distance music sweet,
Upon our ears did fall.
We sat and listened to the band,
Beneath a hawthorn tree,
While gentle breezes carried words
Of love from Joe to me.—*Chorus.*

Now Joe has asked me to be his,
Of course I won't refuse,
And pa has given his consent—
This chance I must not lose.
And when some day at Central Park
The lake you go to see,
I know you'll whisper words of love
Like my dear Joe and me.—*Chorus.*

HUNGRY MAN FROM HARLEM.

Banjo Song—Sung by James Weston.

Of a hungry man, I am going to sing,
And pity to your hearts 'twill bring,
He could eat up almost ev'rything,
This hungry man from Harlem.
He could eat a hundred times a day,
And his boarding bill he couldn't pay,
But he got outside of a bale of hay,
This hungry man from Harlem.
And the way he'd eat, he couldn't be beat,
All kinds of meat, both sour and sweet,
He eat up ev'rything there was in the place,
And he bit a big chunk from his mother-in-law's face.
He eat up his father, devoured his mother,
He eat up his sister, and tackled his brother,
He eat up umbrellas and tackled the stove,
And bit a broad-side of the servant girl's nose,
And that's the way that he did eat,
This hungry man from Harlem.

He struck the city the other day,
And for a meal he couldn't pay,
So he took a walk along Broadway,
This hungry man from Harlem.
And the very first thing he chanced to meet
Was a German band coming down the street,
He could gobble them up as fast as they come,
He swallow'd their music and eat up their drum,
He met a crowd, coming home from the ball,
They began to dance, and he swallow'd them all,
He went to the ferry, and he swallow'd the boat,
He went to the polls and he swallow'd a vote.
He went to the pump and swallow'd the handle,
He eat up the report of the Brooklyn scandal,
And being disgusted with grub so light,
He swallow'd himself and went out of sight,
And that's the last that ever was seen
Of the hungry man from Harlem.

—Young men should take warning from the story of the watchful mother, who, thinking that her daughter's guests had stayed long enough, walked out on the piazza and inquired if the morning paper had come.

JIM BLUDSO.

A Recitation—Written and Recited by John Hay.

Wall, no! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he don't live, you see:
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you havn't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the "Prairie Belle?"

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never pinked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip',
And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed,
And so came tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.

The following characteristic letter was written by a Hibernian after six year's experience of American institutions:

New York, July the one, 1881.

My dear Mary, the darlint of my heart and sowl, I am well, but had the favor and ague; and I hope you are in the same condition, thanks be to God. I wish you Many happy New Years, and the childer, and hope you will have threescore and ten of them. We had a Christmas here, But the Haythens don't keep it like we used at home. Divil resave the one ivir said to me Many happy Christmas, or Bad luck to you, or any other Politeness. I did not get a Christmas box until i was going home that night, and a night-walking Blackguard gave me one on the eye, and axed me for my money. I gave him all i could, about a score of pounds, which knocked the sinse out of him. Dear Mary, They tell me that the Nagur is going to be the White Man in future; and the White Nagurs in Congress, a public house in Washington, are going to try the President for being a white man. If they find him guilty, and there is no doubt of it, for they are accusers, witnesses, lawyers and judges all in one, they are going to execute him, make a fellow called Jimmy Blain President, and remove the state of Government to a place called Boshton, celebrated for its republicans and sinners. Thim is the same as the Rediculous fellows they call Ridicules, or Radicals, saving your Prisence. They want to continue their own Power, God Betune us and all harm. They say the Southerners must go down on their knees to them. They forget that the poor divils are flat on their backs already; and they are a mane set to kick a man whin he's down. Be jabers it makes my Blood bile to think of it. One war is no sooner inded then they Commence the beginning of another in Washington; an' God knows whin it may ind. I lost one fine leg in the last, But i have another left for a good cause, and I'll fight for Conkling, for i hear his Great Grandmother, by his forefather's side, was an Irishman. We have snow and frost here, and is likely to have more weather. The temperance men, God save the mark, in a place called Albany, where the people sind ripresentatives to chate thim, have stopt our grog, only By Daylight. Divil a much matter anyways, for they don't kape a dacint drap of drink in the country; no raal ould Irish Poteen; nothing but stuff that would kill a pig, if he had to live on it, much less a Christian Baste. Remember me to Darby. Tell him he's well, and ax him how I am. I am sorry to hear of the death of the Bull, and hope you are likewise; her milk is a loss. Tell Teddy McFinn if he comes out here he will see more of America in one day than if he staid home all his life. I am glad his wife got over the twins, and hope she'll do better the next time, there is room for improvement. I like this country; but there is no place like ould Ireland, where you'd get as much whiskey for a shilling as would make tay for six people. If you get this, write soon; if you don't, write and let me know. I may be dead, for life is uncertain under the Radicals. But dead or alive I'll answer your letter. Address your dear Brother Jimmy, New York, America.

JIMMY MCBRIDE.

GOOD-BYE, SUSAN JANE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I went to see my Susan,
She met me at the door,
And told me that I needn't come
To see her any more;
She fell in love with Rufus
Andrew Jackson Payne,
I looked her in the face and said,
"Good-bye, Susan Jane."

CHORUS.

Oh! Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan, quit your foolin',
And give my heart to me,
Oh, give me back my love again,
And I will let you be;
I used to love you dearly,
I can not love again,
I'm going away to leave you soon,
Good-bye, Susan Jane.

Her mouth was like a cellar,
Her foot was like a ham,
Her eyes were like an owl's at night,
Her voice was never calm;
Her hair was long and curly,
She looked just like a crane,
I've bid farewell to all my love,
"Good-bye, Susan Jane."—*Chorus.*

Oh, Susan's so deceiving,
She will not do to trust;
I've threathen'd once to leave her,
And leave her now I must;
I'll never love another,
To cause me any pain;
I've trusted her, and all the girls
Are just like Susan Jane.—*Chorus.*

—Two lawyers having a dispute, one said to the other, who was a dwarf, "If you are not more civil, I will put you in my pocket." "Then," replied the little fellow, "you will have more law in your pocket, than you ever had in your head."

A Leaf of Ivy from Mother's Grave.

Composed and sung by Charles A. Saville.

I went to Greenwood yesterday,
To visit my angel mother's grave;
Gently I knelt beside the mound,
And took a leaf of ivy from the grave;
Mother's dwelling with the angels,
With a crown upon her brow;
And 'tis only in my visions
That I see my angel mother now.

CHORUS.

Mother's dwelling with the angels,
With a crown upon her brow;
And 'tis only in my visions
That I see my angel mother now.

Mother died when I was quite young,
And it soon broke up my home;
Soon I found I was not welcome,
And like a stranger I did roam;
All I've got now to remember her,
And which I cherish and will save,
Is this little leaf of ivy—
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave.—*Chorus.*

Since mother's death I feel forsaken,
And o'er the wild world I have roamed;
Until, when my poor heart was breaking,
With my brother, then, I found a home;
From mother we'll not long be parted,
Soon we'll meet her up above,
Where we'll ne'er again be parted,
But will live in joy and endless love.—*Chorus.*

Leave Not Your Kathleen.

Sung by Miss Jennie Engel.

Oh! leave not your Kathleen, there's no one can cheer her,
Alone in the wide world, unpitied she'll sigh:
And scenes that were loveliest, when thou wert but near her,
Recall the sad visions of days long gone by!
'Tis vain that you tell me, you'll never forget me;
To the land of the shamrock you'll ne'er return more;
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me—
You'll soon forget Kathleen, and Erin-Go-Bragh!

Oh! leave not the land, the sweet land of your childhood,
Where joyously passed the first days of our youth,
Where gaily we wandered 'mid valley and wildwood:
Oh! those were the bright days of innocent truth!
'Tis vain that you tell me, you'll never forget me;
To the land of the shamrock you'll ne'er return more;
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me—
You'll soon forget Kathleen, and Erin-Go-Bragh!

BILLY GRIMES, THE ROVER.

"To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and Billy Grimes, the rover,
Has popp'd the question to me, mamma, and wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma, he's coming bright and early,
To take a pleasant trip with me across the fields of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter dear, it is no use a-talking,
You cannot go across the field with Billy Grimes a-walking;
To think of his presumption now, the dirty ugly drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a rover."

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma, and Billy is so lonely,
Besides they say, too, Grimes has said, that Billy is the only,
So I'll be heir to all he's left, and that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars' worth, and about six hundred yearly."

"I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever lad, and no doubt loves you dearly.
Be ready, then, to-morrow morn, and be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him across the fields of barley."

"And when we're married, dear mamma, we both shall look so neatly,
I'll wear a thousand-dollar shawl!—'twill make me look so sweetly;
This common frock is getting old, and silks will soon be fashion,
I'll turn his pockets inside out, and meet with a short, guess him."

"Not quite so fast, my pretty miss, don't try to win the drover,
Who's traveled this whole country through in search of a true lover;
My money ne'er shall buy your shawl, nor build your castles higher,
Please, madam, take your daughter home, I only did it to try her."

COD LIVER OIL.

Sung by Johnny Roach.

I'm a poor married man, and wretched is my life;
Six years I've been married to a very sick wife;
From morning till night she does nothing but sigh,
And the neighbors all said she was going to die.
A young friend of mine called on me, one day,
And saw that my wife she was pining away;
He very soon told me how she would get strong
By drinking an oil made by Doctor De John.

CHORUS.

Oh! Doctor De John! oh! Doctor De John!
Your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong;
I think on my life *I'll* be under the soil,
If my wife keeps on drinking your cod liver oil.

I bought her a bottle, which gave her delight,
And soon the contents she put out of sight;
I bought her a dozen, which vanished the same,
Till I thought she'd take cod liver oil on the brain.
'Twas then that I noticed, with wonder and doubt,
My wife she was getting most wonderfully stout,
And when she got stout, of course she got strong,
'Till I own I was jealous of Doctor De John.
Oh! Doctor De John! oh! Doctor, &c.

We courted and cooed like two turtle doves,
But lately my wife she's brought home boxing gloves,
And if I do not keep as quiet as a mouse,
It's round after round I'm sent 'round the house.
'Twas only last night, the servant, named Janes,
Says, "Master, your Missis has brought you home twins."
For two more blessed babies I'll now have to toil;
Oh! how I wish she'd stop drinking his cod liver oil!
Oh! Doctor De John! oh! Doctor, &c.

Our own little Billy, he's getting so fat—
All day like a porpoise he rolls on the mat,
And even the cat has a new coat of silk,
For my wife says that oil is much better than milk.
I can't get a bit cooked, do just what I like,
She's turned against cooking, and is gone on a strike,
And even the kettle, when it begins for to boil,
You'd swear it was singing out cod liver oil.
Oh! Doctor De John! oh! Doctor, &c.

Oh! Doctor De John! who taught you the art
Of making cod liver oil to break a man's heart?
For if she continues, you shortly will see
Your cod liver will make a short liver of me.
My house it resembles a big doctor shop:
It's filled with your bottles from bottom to top,
And when my wife's dead, and she's under the soil,
I'll write on her tombstone—"Here lies Cod Liver Oil."
Oh! Doctor De John! oh! Doctor, &c.

Under the Willow She's Sleeping.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Under the willow she's laid with care—
Sung a lone mother while weeping,
Under the willow, with golden hair
My little one's quietly sleeping.

CHORUS.

Fair, fair, and golden hair,
Sung a lone mother while weeping;
Fair, fair, and golden hair,
Under the willow she's sleeping.

Under the willow no songs are heard,
Near where my darling lies dreaming;
Naught but the voice of some far-off bird,
Where life and its pleasures are beaming.—*Chorus.*

Under the willow by night and day,
Sorrowing ever I ponder;
Free from its shadowy, gloomy ray,
Ah! never again can she wander.—*Chorus.*

Under the willow I breathe a prayer,
Longing to linger forever
Near to my angel with golden hair
In lands where there's sorrowing never.—*Chorus.*

IT'S NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Of love at first sight you have heard—
Well, I am a luckless cove,
And love a lass, upon my word,
Who lives in Spy Pond Grove;
At the charming game of croquet, I
Have been her partner twice;
I love her—ain't it naughty?
Well, it's naughty, but it's nice.

CHORUS.

You can not say it's wicked,
For it's not a glaring vice;
You can only say it's naughty—
Well, it's naughty, but it's nice.

Last night I called at Spy Pond Grove,
And asked if she would go
A walk, and we would talk of love;
At first she answered "No;"
Then consented, and we walked and talked,
I thought it paradise,
But she said 'twas wrong; I answered,
Well, it's naughty, but it's nice.—*Chorus.*

I put my arm around her waist,
Her form I gently pressed,
And then she laid her lovely face
Upon my manly chest;
I kissed her two times on the cheek,
I would have kissed her thrice,
But I whispered, "Ain't it naughty?"
She said, "Yes, but it's so nice."—*Chorus.*

To-day she asked if she might wed,
Her ma exclaimed, My dear!
You must not think of marrying Fred,
For many and many a year:
It's wicked, miss, your pa and ma
And home to sacrafice,
To get married—Well, I know, said she,
It's naughty, but it's nice.

CHORUS.

If you think marriage wicked, ma,
You are guilty of that vice;
You perhaps may call it naughty,
But you also know it's nice.

Her parents have consented, and
In two years she will be
My wife; so now you know my tale:
I hope you will give to me
The same applause, that from you all
So often I entice;
It's naughty p'rhaps to ask it,
But to get it is so nice.—*Chorus.*

BELLE BRANDON.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

'Neath a tree by the margin of a woodland,
Whose spreading leafy boughs sweep the ground,
With a path leading thither o'er the prairie,
Where silence hung her night garb around;
Where oft I have wander'd in the evening,
When the Summer winds were fragrant on the lea,
There I saw the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we met 'neath the old arbor tree—
There I saw the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we met 'neath the old arbor tree.

Belle Brandon was a birdling of the mountain,
In freedom she sported on the lea,
And they said the life-current of the red-man
Tinged her veins, from a far distant sea.
And she loved her humble dwelling on the prairie,
And her guileless happy heart clung to me,
And I loved the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we both loved the old arbor tree—
And I loved the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we both loved the old arbor tree.

On the trunk of an aged tree I carved them,
And our names on the sturdy oak remain,
But I now repair in sorrow to its shelter,
And murmur to the wild winds my pain.
And I sat there in solitude repining,
For the beauty dream night brought to me,
Death has wed the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree—
Death has wed the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree.

BOLD JACK DONAHOE.

Come all you true-bred Irishmen, wherever you may be,
Who scorn to wear a convict's chain or live in slavery,
Attention pay to what I say, and value it if you do,
While I relate the matchless fate of bold Jack Donahoe.

CHORUS.

With me hele kom hale, come lay me down lay,
Lay me down linsey bac, mash a mul gay;
Lay me down linsey bac, mash a mag hooligen,
Shil a ker hoo, fly away featherhead, bull bac a boo.

This bold, undaunted Irishman, as you may plainly see,
From Ireland was transported, and deprived of his liberty;
There was McNamara, an Underwood Bill, Colber and Winslow,
They, too, were the four associates of bold Jack Donahoe.
With me hele kom hale, come lay me, &c.

The likes of bold Jack Donahoe was not in this country,
For maintaining of the people's laws he fought so manfully;
Sure he'd rather roam the wide world through like a wolf or a kangaroo,
Than to live in British slavery, says bold Jack Donahoe.
With me hele kom hale, come lay me, &c.

Then never shall it yet be said, that O'Donahoe the brave,
Shall submit to British slavery, or ever be a slave!
And when he closed his aching eyes, to bid this world adieu,
Crying: all good people pray for the soul of bold Jack Donahoe.
With me hele kom hale, come lay me, &c.

THE BIG SUNFLOWER.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

There is a charm I can't explain,
About a girl I've seen,
My heart beats fast when she goes past
In a dark dress trimmed in green;
Her eyes are bright as evening stars,
So loving and so shy,
And the folks all stop and look around,
Whenever she goes by.

CHORUS.

And I feel just as happy as a big sunflower,
That nods and bends in the breezes,
And my heart is as light as the wind that blows
The leaves from off the treeses.

As the day passed on, and we became
Like friends of olden times,
I thought the question I would pop,
And ask her to be mine;
But the answer I received next day,
How could she treat me so?
Instead of being mine for life,
She simply answered "No."—*Chorus.*

I went next day, dressed in my best,
This young girl for to see,
To ask her if she would explain
Why she had shaken me;
She said she really felt quite sad
To cause me such distress,
And when I said, "Won't you be mine?"
Of course she answered, "Yes."—*Chorus.*

—It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of others, and as he passed her the sugar, he murmured in an undertone: "Here it is, sweet, just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, she had occassion to pass the butter to him, she drawled, "Here it is, soft, just like you."

Minnie, Hear the Blue-Bird Sing.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Minnie, hear the blue-bird sing,
In the tree above my head;
And the echoes, how they ring,
From above our mossy bed;
Oh, how glad he doth appear,
As he sings his sweetest lays,
Happy, flitting little dear,
Pride and joy of Spring-time days.

CHORUS.

Now has come the lovely Spring,
Bird and bee is here,
How sweetly now they sing;
Minnie, hear the blue-bird sing,
In the tree above our head,
And the echoes, how they ring,
From above our mossy bed.

Minnie, what does birdie say,
In those strains so full of cheer?
Sings he of a brighter day,
Telling us that Spring is here?
Yes, his heart is tuned more glad,
By green fields and flowers fair,
Winter made him feel so sad,
By its drear and chilling air.—*Chorus.*

While we twine our early flowers,
Daisies white and violets blue,
He has come to make the hours
Brighter for both me and you;
While the music floats along,
From the woodland to the sea,
Let us join our loudest song,
And as happy, happy be.—*Chorus.*

GENTLE HEART BE TRUE.

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The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Though clouds may dim thy pathway, the sun will shine again;
And dawn will surely follow, though gloomy night may reign;
So love may seem to wither, yet shine with blissful ray;
The darkest hour forever is still before the day;
Be faithful, yet be trusting; the stars that o'er thee beam,
With steadfast light are burning, tho' dim their rays may seem.

CHORUS.

Oh! cease thy repining, and calm thy way pursue;
The star of hope is shining, then gentle heart be true.

The storm may rend the blossoms from off their parent tree,
But other Springs will greet us with bloom and melody.
And birds will sing as sweetly, though now they must depart;
And joy's enchanting visions will linger round the heart,
When from thy life the Summer is fading in the blast;
Be sure the Spring is near thee, thy Winter almost past.
Oh! cease thy sad repining, and calm thy, &c.

Oh! trusting still, ne'er falter—thy faith will conquer all;
For storms as well as sunshine to every life must fall.
'Tis but thy gift of sorrow that makes thy life complete;
The gloomy clouds and tempest make sunshine still more sweet;
With trustful eyes look upward, with true and loving zest.
Be true, oh! fond and dear one, and leave to heaven the rest.
Oh! cease thy sad repining, and calm thy, &c.

My Sweetheart when a Boy.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Tho' many gentle hearts I've known,
And many a pretty face;
Where love sat gayly on his throne,
In beauty and in grace;
Yet, never was my heart enthrall'd
With such enchanted joy
As by the darling whom I call'd
My sweetheart when a boy,
My sweetheart when a boy.

I hung upon her lightest word,
My very joys were fears,
And flutter'd timid as a bird
When sunshine first appears.
I never thought my heart could rove,
Life then had no alloy,
With such a truth I seem'd to love
My sweetheart when a boy,
My sweetheart when a boy.

And yet the dream has pass'd away,
Tho' like it lived it pass'd;
Each moment was too bright to stay,
But sparkled to the last.
There, on my heart, the beams remain
In gay, unclouded joy,
When I remember her again,
My sweetheart when a boy,
My sweetheart when a boy.

A LOCK OF MOTHER'S HAIR.

Sung with great success by Ella Esmond.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I've a letter that was written long ago,
'Tis a letter that I've kept for many years;
And, oh! how oft I've read those fading lines,
And over them there's traces of my tears.
She sent to me her blessing in this missive,
To see me was her constant holy prayer;
The little lock of gray in this old letter
Is a lock of my angel mother's hair.

CHORUS.

I've a letter that was written long ago,
'Tis a letter that I keep with tender care;
The little lock of gray in this old letter
Is a lock of my angel mother's hair.

I've a letter that was written long ago,
'Tis a missive that was sent me 'cross the sea;
When 'mong strangers I was wand'ring far away,
And longing home again to ever be.
But underneath the sod my mother's sleeping,
She's free from earthly trials and its care,
But ever next her heart I'll keep her letter,
And the lock of my angel mother's hair.—*Chorus.*

KITTY CLYDE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh, who has not seen Kitty Clyde,
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill.
Oh, who does not love Kitty Clyde?
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheek'd lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin that looks roguish as sin,
With always a smile as you pass.

CHORUS.

Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, my own sweet Kitty Clyde
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put in her fish,
Every morn with a line and a hook,
This sweet little lass, through the tall, heavy garss,
Steals along by the clear running brook.
She throws her line into the stream,
And trips it along the brook side;
Oh, how I do wish that I was a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.—*Chorus.*

How wish that I was a bee,
I'd not gather honey from flowers,
But would steal a dear sip from Kitty's sweet lip,
And make my own *hive* in her bowers.
Or, if I was some little bird,
I would not build my nest in the air,
But keep close by the side of sweet Kitty Clyde,
And sleep in her soft silken hair.—*Chorus.*

The Old Plantation's Lonely.

Sung with great success by Billy Tennyson.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh, the old plantation's lonely now to what it used to be,
And the place is just as silent as the tomb,
Where we used to hear the mocking bird a-singing in the tree,
In the land where the sweet magnolias bloom;
But no longer do you hear the darkeys singing in the cane
As they used to do in the happy days of yore;
For old master's gone and left us in this weary world of pain,
And he'll never hear the darkeys sing no more.

CHORUS.

But no longer do you hear the darkeys singing in the cane
As they used to do in the happy days of yore;
For old master's gone and left us in this weary world of pain,
And he'll never hear the darkeys sing no more.

Oh, the old plantation's lonely now to what it used to be;
Still I can't forget the place where I was born;
But before old master passed away he set us darkeys free,
And we work no more among the growing corn.
You can never hear the dinner horn a-blowing when 'tis noon,
You will never hear old master's voice no more,
You will never see us hunting for the possum and the coon
As we used to do in the happy days of yore.—*Chorus.*

DE HUCKLEBERRY PICNIC.

Sung by Goss and Fox at the Theatre Comique.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'm floating along on de wings of peace,
I feel just as slippery as axle grease;
Go tell Ulysses to fetch along Saul,
Dere's lots of room for de short and tall.
We'll pass you in, it won't cost a cent,
No landlord around to collect de rent;
It's free to all to examine de ground,
Don't dodge de hat when it's passed around.

CHORUS.

Come join de huckleberry picnic,
It's going to take place to-day;
I'se on de committee to invite you all,
I ain't got long to stay.

De wicket stands in a slippery place,
A good man always holds an ace;
If you cross de river put on your gown,
Swim like a fish and you'll surely drown.
A policeman's like a wicked sin,
If you don't look out he'll swoop you in;
Denounce dishonesty of every sort,
But steal like an artist, don't get caught.—*Chorus.*

DON'T GET WEARY, CHILDREN.

As sung by Johnny Roach.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh Johnny, you've been a bad boy,
For to treat your true love so,
And if you don't stop your nonsense,
I'm gwine to let de old folks know;
When de sun rise in de mornin',
Down by de yellow corn,
Dat's de time de larks take warnin',
When Dinah blows de horn!

CHORUS.

Oh, don't get weary, don't get weary, children,
Don't get weary, bekase I'm gwine home.

Yes, Sally, I've been a bad boy,
And I ain't gwine to bother you no more,
If you'll give your hand to me,
We'll float to old Virginny shore;
When de sun rise in de mornin',
Down by de yellow corn,
Dat's de time de larks take warnin',
When Dinah blows de horn!—*Chorus.*

SRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

Composed by the late Wm. H. Delehanty.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Milk and honey—oh! it's funny—
I cannot keep from dancing;
For I love a girl, she's a pretty pearl;
A lovely little belle supreme.
She's a lolly-pop, sweet forget-me-not,
And her voice is so entrancing;
She's my honey-comb, she's my sugar plum,
She's strawberries and cream.
Yes, she's a basket full of fruit;
She's my pretty love, she's my turtle dove.
Her voice is like the music of a flute,
And she's just sweet sixteen.

CHORUS.

Milk, honey, strawberries and cream, (*sym.*)
Like the music of a happy dream. (*sym.*)
She's a darling; she's a daisy,
She's a lovely plate of peaches,
She's a dandy, 'lasses candy—
She's strawberries and cream. [*Repeat Chorus.*]

I'm enraptured, I am captured,
By a lovely lump of sweetness.
She's an oyster pie, she's a chicken pie,
And she haunts my every dream.
She's a little maid, she's a lemonade,
And the pink of perfect neatness.
She's a box of dates, she's a bunch of grapes,
She's strawberries and cream.
Oh! yes, she's far too sweet to live,
Is this lolly-pop, is this candy shop,
And her loss I know that I would grieve,
Sweet vision of my dream.—*Chorus.*

THE GERMAN FIFTH.

Sung by our German Senator, Gus Williams.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Of you'll look at us your oud,
You vill see some soldiers gay,
Ve belong to de German Fifth,
Dat bromenades upon Broadway.
Ve march awhile in single file,
Den ve change to two-by-two;
You bet ve make de beoble smile
Ven ve march dot sidy drough.

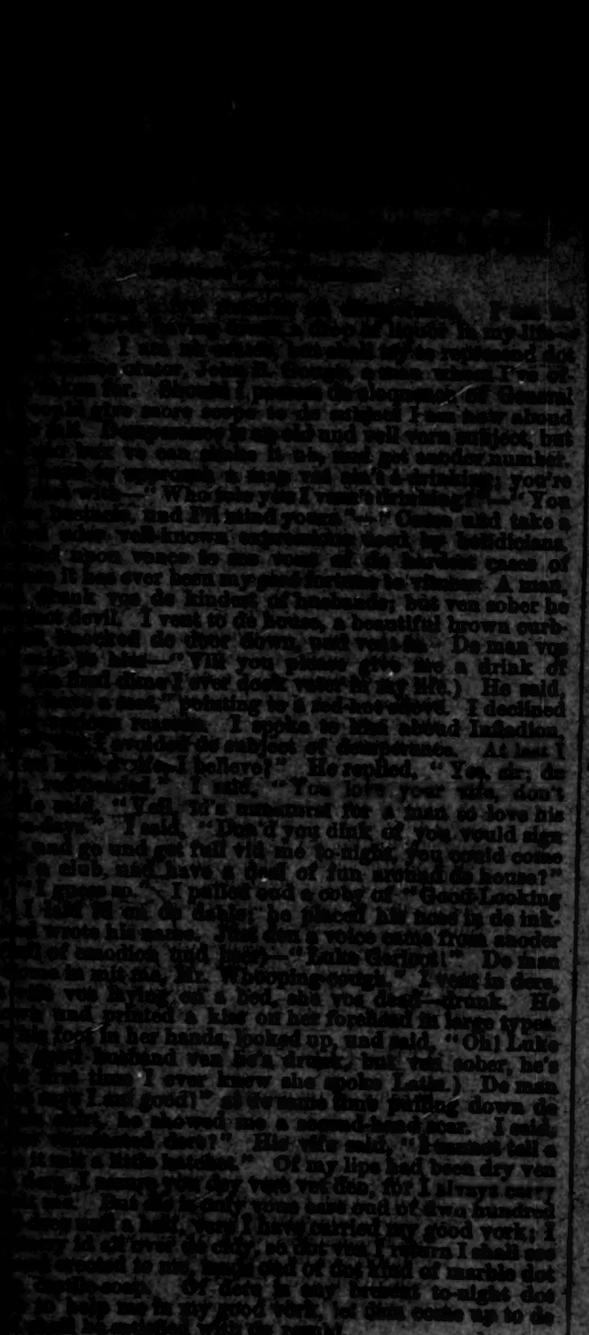
CHORUS.

Double rank—vatch de flank—
Don't dat vas a splendid drill?
Mark dot time—ain't dot fine?
Ven ve march ve don't stand sdill.
Houp-a-la! shout hurrah!
Dot's de vay dot's sure to kill;
Right face about, go inside oud—
Hurrah for de German Fifth!

Ven ve vas in dot army
Ve vas fed on barrel staves;
Und ven ve don't vas fight,
Ve had to vork at digging graves;
Und ve got so sick und thin, dot
You could easily see us drough;
Und somedimes dey kept us marching
Dill your feet vas black und blue.—*Chorus.*

But now ve are home-guard brivates,
Ve got blenty grub to eat!
Dutchmen all are jealous of us,
Ven ve march along de sdreed.
Arms quick present und elbows bent,
Eyes to right und heads up straight,
Mit left und right, und moud shut tight—
A mile a day dot vas our gait.—*Chorus.*

—A Rhode Island clergyman was given permission to sing "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye" in an insane asylum. Many patients were moved. So was the clergyman. A lunatic moved him clear down stairs.



MISS

PAG

SSING

GE (S)

LECTURE ON "DEMPERANCE."

Delivered by Gus Williams.

I vill now make a few remarks on demperance. I am no drinking man, never having drank a drop of liquor in my life—dot I paid for. I am no orator, but shall try to represend dot great demperance orator, John B. Gough, a man whom I've often been taken for. Should I possess de eloquence of General Grant, I could give more scope to de subject I am now aboud to wrest'e mit. Demperance is an old und vell vorn subject, but like a Keno box ve can shake it ub, und get anoder number. It's very hard to approach a man vat ain't a-drinking; you're apt to be met with—"Who tole you I vasn't drinking?"—"You mind your business, und I'll mind yours."—"Come und take a ball," und oder vell-known expressions used by bolidicians. I vas called upon vonce to see vone of de hardest cases of demperance it has ever been my *good* fortune to vitness. A man, who ven drunk vos de kindest of husbands; but ven sober he vos a perfect devil. I vent to de house, a beautiful brown curb-stone front, knocked de door down, und vent in. De man vos dere. I said to him—"Vill you please give me a drink of vater?"—(de firsd dime I ever dook vater in my life.) He said, "Yes, sir; have a seat," pointing to a red-hot sdove. I declined to sit, for various reasons. I spoke to him aboud Infladion, Seven Oud, but I avoided de subject of demperance. At last I said, "You have a vife, I believe?" He replied, "Yes, sir; de fifth one; red-headed." I said, "You love your vife, don't you?" He said, "Vell, id's unnatural for a man to love his vife now-a-days." I said, "Don'd you dink of you vould sign dis baper, und go und get full vid me to-night, you could come home, get a club, und have a deal of fun around de house?" He said, "I guess so." I pulled oud a coby of "Good-Looking Shnow," I laid id on de dable; he placed his nose in de ink-bottle, und wrote his name. Just den a voice came from anoder room—(full of emodion und beer)—"Luke Gerloot!" De man said, "Come in mit me, Mr. Whooping-cough." I vent in dere, und his vife vos laying on a bed, she vos dead—drunk. He knelt down und printed a kiss on her forehead in large types. She took his foot in her hands, looked up, und said, "Oh! Luke is such a good husband ven he's drunk, but ven sober, he's N. G." (de first time I ever knew she spoke Latin.) De man said, "She says I am good!" at de same time pulling down de neck of his shirt, he showed me a second-hand scar. I said, "Vere you vaccinated dere?" His vife said, "I cannot tell a lie, I done it mit a little hatchet." Of my lips had been dry ven I came in dere, I assure you dey vere vet den, for I always carry de stuff mit me. But dis is only vone case oud of dwo hundred und fordy-dree und a half, vere I have carried my good vork; I intend to carry id all over de cidy, so dot ven I return I shall see a monumend erected to me, made oud of dot kind of marble dot looks like castile-soap. Of dere is any bresent to-night dot vould like to help me in my good vork, let dem come up to de bar, und I shall be satisfied with de resuld.

EILEEN, COME BACK TO ME.

Sung by Miss Lulu Mortimer.

Eileen, sweet Eileen, ah, cruel the fate
My darling, that caused us to part;
Sadly I'm waiting both early and late,
Oh, come back thou star of my heart.
Oh, that I could to your loving arms fly,
My darling across the blue sea,
My life I would give for one glance of your eye,
So, come back, my darling, to me.

CHORUS.

No one can love you so fondly as I,
And no one so faithful can be;
My life I would give for one glance of your eye,
So come back, my darling, to me.

Sad is my heart as I sit by the sea,
Or wander about on the shore;
Waiting for Eileen to come back to me,
Oh, come back, my darling, once more.
No one can love you so fondly as I,
And no one so faithful can be;
My life I would give for one glance of your eye,
So come back, my darling, to me.—*Chorus.*

—Young man, if it is eleven o'clock and she goes to the piano and plays a few bars of "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," you may consider the seance over for the night.

I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day.

Composed and sung by Dan Collyer.

I've a neat little cabin that's built out of mud,
Not far from the County Kildare;
I've an acre or two where I grow my own spuds,
I've enough and a little to spare;
Sure I've not come over here seeking your jobs,
But a short little visit to pay;
So be aisy and free while you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I've a neat little colleen that dwells in my cot,
Oh, happy, contended is she;
I've a thumping big lad that will say to his dad,
There's a man you don't meet every day;
And when for my leisure I'm out for a walk,
The boys they all stop and they stare;
And they say to each other as I'm passing by,
There's a man you don't meet every day.

Never Empty Cradle, Twins are Born.

Tune—"Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 40 cents.

Never empty cradle, though you're in my care,
With your precious burden to be fed;
You're a precious nuisance, and you make me swear,
Keeping me out of my snow-white bed.
With her pimpled cheeks and *Sairey Gampey* eyes,
Nursey pursey came one Winter morn;
Goading me to madness with the "sweet surprise;"
Crowded was the cradle—twins were born.

CHORUS.

Twins are in the cradle, making twenty-four,
Sons and daughters making me forlorn;
I'll go to the "angel" and have two penn'orth more,
Crowded is the cradle—twins are born.

In her shady bed-room nurse is always found;
All night long the fat old humbug sleeps,
Or she's round the corner standing glasses round,
Drinking till she gin and water weeps;
While the little twinses squalling more and more,
Swell until they burst their little bed;
And one little angel wallops on the floor,
Tumbles from the cradle on his head.

CHORUS.

Twins are in the cradle making twenty-four,
In my side they are a dreadful thorn,
They don't sing of angels, I am blessed sure,
Crowded is the cradle—twins are born.

Hang the blessed cradle, nearly every night,
Just as I get into my first snore;
Twinses with the quinses wake me in a fright,
Keep me up till half-past three or four.
Mother sleeps in comfort, says she knows that dad,
Sees her little chicks don't come to hurt.
But, poor me! the father, I get cold and mad,
In my cradle costume—that's a shirt.

CHORUS.

Never empty cradle, baby's in galore,
Bachelors against it I would warn
If you wed your angel you'll find it a bore,
When you rock the cradle in the morn.

Who would be a father when he knows the price,
Sees how soon the punishment begins?
Half a dozen times I've been a father twice—
Half a dozen pair of healthy twins.
All my pieces spent and all my peace is gone,
All my friends now look on me with scorn,
Say there is no reason in such goings on,
Worn out is the cradle—twins are born.

CHORUS.

Twins are in the cradle, both are in a roar,
Aroarer early morning to adorn,
They make pretty angels, never sure before
Were such little cusses ever born.

Don't Call in the Morning.

Composed and sung by E. C. Dunbar.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

'Twas at an evening party where I first met Milly Green,
And thought she was the sweetest girl that I had ever seen;
I sought an introduction which I happily did obtain,
And in nearly all the dances I her little hand did gain.
And when the time for breaking up the party did arrive,
To see this little damsel home somehow I did contrive;
But ere we parted at the door I boldly asked if I
Might call and see her some time, when she gave me this reply—

CHORUS.

Don't come in the morning, for that will be too soon,
And never call to see me in the afternoon;
Don't come in the evening and never call at night,
But call at any other time and then you'll be all right.

So strange an answer really I could not make out at all,
Unless it was a gentle hint that I must never call;
And yet I did not think she could treat me so unkind,
For somehow she to favor me appeared to be inclined.
So once again I asked her, but the answer was the same;
And at that very moment to the door the servant came.
Good-night, she said and vanished, did this darling little dear,
And kept me standing with an answer ringing in my ear—
Don't come in the morning, for that, &c.

I strolled along and wandered, what the dickens could she mean,
As all night long I dreamt about that darling little queen;
But more her answer came to me, which seemed to be absurd;
But in the morning when I woke a happy thought occured:
She said if I would call at any time I should be all right,
Except the morning, afternoon, the evening or at night;
Any time that I could call was neither late nor soon;
Of course you all have guessed by now she never more will say:
Don't come in the morning, for that, &c.

I Love My Love in de Morning.

Sung by Cool Burgess, negro comedian.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

First when I got married
Was in dis happy land;
Den I was united,
In dis our darkey band.
First when I got married
Was in dis happy land;
Den I was united,
In dis our darkey band.

CHORUS.

I love my love in de morning,
I love my love at night,
I love my love de whole day long,
For she's my beauty bright.

First when I got married
Business seemed to hop,
My wife she took in whitewashing,
And I keep a barber shop;
First when I got married
Business seemed to hop,
My wife she took in whitewashing,
And I keep a barber shop.—*Chorus.*

Oh, when I's ten years married,
How happy I will be,
With a little picaninny
A-dancing on my knee;
Oh, when I's ten years married,
How happy I will be,
With a little picaninny
A-dancing on my knee.—*Chorus.*

—A Western girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Care," and "When I Swallowed Home-Made Pies." The shopman at once recognized what she desired.

LOVE! LOVE! LOVE!

Sung in the comic opera of "Billee Taylor."

Do you know why the rabbits are caught in the snares,
Or the tabby cats shot on the tiles?
Why the tigers and lions creep out from their lairs,
Why an ostrich will travel for miles?
Do you know why a sane man will whimper or cry,
And weep o'er a ribbon or glove?
Why a cook will put sugar for salt in a pie,
Do you know? well, I'll tell you, it's love, it's love!

CHORUS.

Love! love! love! the first-born of creation!
Love! love! love! the god of ev'ry nation!
Love! love! love! in each and ev'ry station!
The ruler of the universe is love! love! love!

Do you know why a plain girl will think herself fair,
Or a clever man wisdom refuse?
Do you know why a dwarf rises yards in the air,
And a giant sinks into his shoes?
Do you know why a brave man takes refuge in flight,
While a coward no danger can move?
Why night becomes day, and why day becomes night,
Do you know? well, I'll tell you, it's love, it's love!
Love! love! love! the first-born, &c.

VIOLETS DIPPED IN DEW.

Words and Music by the late Wm. H. Delehanty.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

As I strolled out one evening,
The sun had just gone down,
While leisurely meandering
A little way from town;
I there beheld a damsel,
With eyes the brightest blue,
Beneath her dark-eye lashes,
Like violets dipped in dew.

CHORUS.

A smile was all she gave me—(*Symph.*)
But how it did enslave me!
'Twas love, the first I knew;
There's some sweet charm entrancing
Within her eyes so blue,
A dreamy, soft expression,
Like violets dipped in dew.

I followed on behind her,
I think she knew it well,
And, as a sweet reminder,
Her handkerchief it fell;
I raised the scented linen
From off the grassy ground;
Her name, in letters crimson,
On one corner there I found.

CHORUS.

She deigned to smile upon me—(*Symph.*)
That moment she had won me,
My heart it pierced me through;
There's some sweet charming entrancing
Within her eyes so blue,
A dreamy, soft expression,
Like violets dipped in dew.

At length I did approach her,
And ventured into talk,
By asking her permission
To join her lonely walk;
She blushing, frowning, smiling,
Said—"Oh! I think you're rude."
But those blue eyes, beguiling,
Seemed to say—"I wish you would."

CHORUS.

So, arm in arm we wandered—(*Symph.*)
Yes, side by side meandered,
And told our love tales, too;
There's some sweet charm entrancing
Within her eyes so blue,
A dreamy, soft expression,
Like violets dipped in dew.

Sunny Days will Come Again.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Though to-day be dark and dreary,
And black clouds around us rise,
Let us halt not, nor be weary,
Light is looming in the skies!
Aid and cheer each fellow-creature,
'Gainst the storms that round us lower,
Soon they'll wear a brighter feature,
And the sunshine come with pow'r!

CHORUS.

Never, boys, give way to sorrow,
But be up and act like men;
Look with hope for joy to-morrow,
Sunny days will come again!

Let us throw aside all sadness,
Better times are on the wing;
Who can tell what joy and gladness
Providence to us may bring?
Nerve, then, ev'ry manly feeling,
And with courage meet the storm—
Let us wounded hearts be healing,
And our duty still perform.—*Chorus.*

We should not always be sighing,
Nor indulge in wild dismay;
Bear in mind "Old Time" is flying,
Therefore wisdom more display.
If our prospects be not shining,
And our hearts be bow'd with care—
Where's the good in our repining?
Still look up, and ne'er despair!—*Chorus.*

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I am Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I often live beyond my means,
I sport young ladies in their 'teens,
To cut a swell in the army.
I teach the ladies how to dance,
How to dance, how to dance,
I teach the ladies how to dance,
For I'm their pet in the army.

SPOKEN—Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS.

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I give my horse good corn and beans;
Of course it's quite beyond my means,
Though a captain in the army.

I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it capital fun,
When the enemy came then off I run,
I wasn't cut out for the army.
When I left home, mamma she cried,
Mamma she cried, mamma she cried,
When I left home, mamma she cried,
"He ain't cut out for the army."

SPOKEN—No, she thought I was too young; but then, I said, ah! mamma—*Chorus.*

The first day I went out to drill,
The bugle-sound made me quite ill,
At the balance step my hat it fell,
And that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers they all did shout,
They all cried out, they all did shout,
The officers they all did shout,
"Oh, that's the curse of the army."

SPOKEN—Of course my hat *did* fall off, but, ah! nevertheless —*Chorus.*

—"Somebody's Coming when the Dewdrops Fall," she was softly humming, when the old man remarked: "Ah, you bet your sweet life, Maria, that he'll think a thunderstorm's let loose when he gets here."

Dreamy Eyes Haunt Me Still.

Far away in memory's valley,
Steals my heart in sweet delight
To my little sweetheart, Allie,
Who was once my life and light.
She has left me sad and lonely,
Tears unbidden come at will,
She has left no token, only
Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.

CHORUS.

She has left me sad and lonely,
Wandering down life's rugged hill,
She has left me nothing, only
Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.

Life seemed long and light before us,
Swiftly did the moments go,
Soon a cloud came gliding o'er us,
Turning happiness to woe;
And my pathway, once so cheerful,
Strewn with flowers on every side,
Now is lonely, sad, and tearful,
For I've lost my heart's sweet pride.—*Chorus.*

Star of hope above me beaming,
Smile upon me in your pride,
Of the lost I'm sadly dreaming,
Since affections roses died.
Years may come and years may vanish,
Still my heart with pain will fill,
I can never, never banish
Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.—*Chorus.*

I'll Bet You a Dollar You Don't.

Does any one know what I'm going to say?
I'll bet you a dollar you don't,
If I lose the wager, will any one pay,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
Gay bachelors say they never shall take wives,
For as each in his way to be happy contrives,
They mean to keep single the rest of their lives,
But I'll bet you a dollar they don't.

Find an Irish election, without any row,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't,
Or a girl who objects to a mistletoe bough,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
Some years of experience teaches me this—
That from seven to ninety both Mrs. and Miss
May refuse you this ancient excuse for a kiss,
But I'll bet you a dollar they don't.

You may see vaccination a thing of the past,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't,
And heavy taxation abolished at last,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
You may see old John Bull dwindle down to a calf,
And his provender nothing but foreigner's chaff,
You may see all the ladies too quiet by half,
But I'll bet you a dollar you don't.

Some ignorant croakers wear visages long,
Will you bet me a dollar they don't?
And say that to visit amusement is wrong,
Will you bet me a dollar they don't?
Though to succor distress they can never afford,
Above human vices they always have soared,
Still somehow they know every move on the board,
Will you bet me a dollar they don't?

A married man often tries to prove cock-o'-the-walk,
But I'll bet you a dollar he don't,
If he tries to sleep when his wife wants to talk,
I shall bet him two dollars he don't.
So all you young girls, please attend to this verse,
And go and get married for better or worse,
And two little armfuls you may have to nurse,
Won't bet a dollar you don't.

—The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1792. It ran thus: "I have nothing. I owe a great deal. The rest I give to the poor."

MacKENNA'S DREAM.

One night of late I chanced to stray,
When all the green in slumber lay,
The moon sunk in the deep;
I sat upon a ruined mound,
And while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean, with a solemn sound,
Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw that hero true,
Who did the Danish force subdue;
His sabre bright, with wrath he drew,
These words he said to me:
"The harp with rapture yet shall sound,
My children's chains shall be unbound,
And they shall gather safe around
The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And to my question made reply:
"For Erin's cause I'll live and die,
As thousands did before.
My sword again on Aughrim's plain
Old Erin's rights shall well maintain,
Through millions in the battle slain
And thousands in their gore."

I thought Saint Ruth stood on the ground,
And said: "I'll be your monarch crowned,
Encompassed by the French around,
All marching to the field."
He raised a cross, and thus did say:
"Brave boys, we'll show them gallant play;
Let no man dare disgrace the day,
We'll die before we yield."

The brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, bright and fair,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare,
To march at his command;
Westmeath and Cavan, too, did join;
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan, too, did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword, both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen,
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died, rather than live a slave,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy came to say:
"Behold, my lord, I'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,
From Wexford's hills and caves;
Our country's fate, it sure depends
On us, and on our gallant friends,
And heaven will their cause defend,
Who ne'er were willing slaves."

I thought the band played "Patrick's Day,"
To marshal all in grand array;
With cap and feather, white and gay,
They marched in warlike glow.
With drums and trumpets, loud and shrill,
And cannon upon every hill,
And pikemen, who with valor thrill
To strike the fatal blow.

When all at once appeared in sight
An army clad in armor bright,
Both front and rear, and left and right,
Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrants' blood to spill—
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said:
"Let Erin's sons be not dismayed,
To glory I'll the vanguard lead,
To honor and renown.
Come, bravely draw your swords with me,
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erin's daughters must be free
Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying: "Quick, march! right about;"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
To face the deadly foe.
The enemy were no ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh;
Now thousands in death-struggle lie,
And streams of crimson flow.

The enemy made such a square,
As drove our cavalry to despair,
Who were nigh routed, rank and rear,
But yet not forced to yield.
The Wexford boys, that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for liberty,
As the enemy, all broken, flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain,
Except the men who wounded lay;
When I awoke 'twas break of day—
So ends MacKenna's dream.

Things I Don't Like to See.

As sung by John Foster.

I've seen a little of this world, I'm an observing man,
And what I like or do not like, to tell you, is my plan.
The ups and downs of life by me is viewed in every way,
And many sights and curious scenes I see throughout the day.
I do not like to see a man who happens to be poor
Drove off by kicks and cruel blows from a wealthy brother's door,
Though he may not possess a dime, from dollars may be free,
To see him crushed by wealth and pride—I do not like to see.

I do not like to see a girl that by labor bread does earn,
Because she cannot dress in silk—be looked upon with scorn;
Her wealthy sisters pass her by with jewels bright bedecked,
And laugh because misfortune sad the girl's pure life has wrecked.
I do not like to see a man, by fraud has millions made,
Look down upon his fellowman and try him to degrade;
Nor yet to see a bank cashier sail swiftly o'er the sea,
Cursed by the tears of those he robbed—the sight gives pain to me.

I do not like to see a man from punishment escape
Because he can give thousands for to save him from the scrape;
And yet the man who steals a crust to save his wife and child
Must in a loathsome dungeon-cell with fetters be defiled.
I do not like to see a boy forsaken in his play
Because his clothes are patches—will not bear the light of day-
That boy, though poor, in future days a Washington may be!
And to be scorned when poorly dressed, I do not like to see.

I do not like to see the power of capital increase,
By labor was our country built—and may its power increase—
It was the shovel and the pick, the hard and sinewy hand
Which wrought the fame of Uncle Sam—Columbia's happy land!
It was not the luxury of wealth that raised our noble flag,
It was the sons of labor that did low each tyrant drag,
'Twas the oppressed from every clime that made our country free,
Those sons of honest labor that I so much like to see.

—"Would you mind standing here till I go in and get a cigar?" he asked. "Of course not," she replied; "but don't you think, Henry, that smoking is offensive, and that it will be easier practising economy after marriage if it is practised during courtship?" "You're right," he said; "I shan't smoke any more, sweet." She looked unutterable love at him as they resumed their stroll. Just then they came to an ice-cream saloon, and he said: "There now, I meant to treat you to ice-cream, but, as you say, it is best to practise economy during courtship. Ten cents for a cigar, thirty cents for two ice-creams—forty cents saved in a single night. Let's go over to the fountain and take a drink of water." They went, but she was mad enough to bite her own head off.

Tiddle-a-Wink, the Barber.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Now Mister Tomkins had a son, who kept a barber's shop,
And being queer could not go there, so a note to his son did drop;
Said the old knave, I want a shave, I also really think,
There is not one shaves like my son, whose name is Tiddle-a-Wink.

CHORUS.

Tiddle-a-Wink—Tiddle-a-Wink—Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber,
Tiddle-a-Wink—Tiddle-a-Wink—went to shave his father,
But he made a skip and cut his lip, which made the father roar,
The father knocked poor Tiddle-a-Wink bang upon the floor.

The blood then flowed from Tomkins' mouth and very soon he found,
Where he used to put an ounce of meat there was room to put a pound;
The doctor he was quickly brought, to sew it up did try,
He looked so queer, they were all in fear, when the doctor said he must die.
Tiddle-a-Wink—Tiddle-a-Wink—&c.

Said he, I think this Tiddle-a-Wink has caused his father's death;
Then Tiddle-a-Wink with fear did blink—could scarcely catch his breath;
The father died, the son he tried some poison then to take,
But this they stopp'd and on him dropped, for making this sad mistake.
Tiddle-a-Wink—Tiddle-a-Wink—&c.

Next morn before the magistrate poor Tiddle-a-Wink they took,
There his history to relate, and like a leaf he shook;
His solicitor soon set him free, and the people, they
Asked how the old man met his death; others they would say:
Tiddle-a-Wink—Tiddle-a-Wink—&c.

A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss.

As sung by Dan Nash.

As we pass along life, how many we see,
And many there are to be found
Who are never contended where'er they may be,
And so constantly come to the ground.
They always are changing for this and for that,
Though for reasons they're quite at a loss.
It brings to our mind the saying so pat,
A rolling stone gathers no moss.

CHORUS.

So always stick firmly to what you've in view,
Don't be dazzled by glitter and gloss,
Remember the maxim, so old yet so true,
A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Some people there are, they go in for trade,
And scarcely stay at it a week,
For they quickly will say a mistake they have made,
And for something quite different seek.
And then, when at last, they make a fresh start,
It's just the same thing as before.
A year hardly goes, they again from it part,
So these people they live and die poor.—*Chorus.*

So with love, a young man falls into its snare,
And tries to obtain a young wife,
But of constancy true he does not take care,
So single remains all his life.
Many ladies we know the same pathway will trace,
How seldom we find one that's staid,
She's quickly attracted by every fresh face,
She lives and she dies an old maid.—*Chorus.*

Now there is a something to learn from my song,
And for all there's a little advice.
You must all persevere if you want to make way
On the troublesome highway of life.
Keep pushing on firmly, though slow it may be,
And on this you may safely depend,
Though trials may arise you soon will be free,
And success will be yours in the end.—*Chorus.*

—A small boy got up to read a composition on "The Tree." He got as far as: "This subject has many branches," when the teacher said: "Stop! you have not made your bough yet." "If you interrupt me again," said the boy, "I'll leave." "You give me any more impudence, and I'll take the sap out of you. Do you understand?" said the teacher. "I twig," said the boy, and then the regular order of business proceeded.

Close the Shutters, Willie's Dead.

Words and Music by James E. Stewart.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Close the shutters—Willie's dead,
Whom we loved so dear,
Like a dream his spirit fled,
From our home, now sad and drear.
Where the Spring-time flowers were blooming,
And the happy birds sing sweet,
Angels called him to their home,
Up in heaven where we shall meet.

CHORUS.

Close the shutters—Willie's dead,
Hope with him has fled.
From our home, now sad and lone,
Close the shutters—Willie's dead.

Close the shutters—Willie's dead,
Gone in childhood's bloom,
Pillowed now his little head
In the cold and silent tomb.
O'er his grave the daisies blossom,
Where his little form was laid.
And the murm'ring streamlet plays,
'Neath the willow's quiet shade.—*Chorus.*

Close the shutters—Willie's dead.
Death has claimed him now,
Never more his smile will shed
Sunshine on poor mother's brow.
She is almost broken-hearted,
And our home is sad to day;
Life has lost its hope and joy,
Since our Willie's gone away.—*Chorus.*

I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE.

Words and Music by the late Wm. H. Delehanty.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'm happy as the day is long,
My mind is never easy,
No matter whether right or wrong,
You must not think me rude;
For love, it is the burden of my song,
With joy I'm almost crazy,
And if perchance I sing or dance,
You must not think me rude.
And if perchance I sing or dance,
I hope I don't intrude.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, don't you wish that you were me?—(*Symph.*)
I feel just as happy as a big bumble bee;—(*Symph.*)
I was walking by your door, when I heard the music sweet,
My heart with joy filled over, and I couldn't keep my feet.
So keep the music ringing, as it makes me feel so good;
And if I make one little break, you must not think me rude.
And if I make one little break, I hope I don't intrude.

At a fancy ball the other night,
Myself and little Daisy,
We kept it up till broad daylight,
We felt so awful good;
And Daisy looked so fair and bright
She set the men all crazy,
And when they'd ask her for to dance,
She'd say, "I wish I could."
Then I would say, in a careless way,
I hope I don't intrude.—*Chorus.*

Oh, the happy day is drawing near
When I shall wed my Daisy,
The Summer time, when all is fair,
And flowrets scent the wood;
When the merry birds are singing clear,
My mind will then be easy;
In happiness and perfect bliss,
I shall not then act rude,
And if you come to see our home,
We'll say, "You don't intrude."—*Chorus.*

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

A Recitation—By H. W. Longfellow.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night;
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

ANNIE OF THE VALE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The young stars are glowing, their clear light bestowing,
Their radiance fills the calm, clear Summer night!
Come forth like a fairy, so lithsome and airy,
And ramble in the soft mystic light.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, love, come!
Come ere the night-torches pale;
Oh, come in thy beauty, thou marvel of duty,
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the vale.

The world we inherit is charmed by thy spirit,
As radiant as the mild Summer ray!
The watch-dog is snarling, for fear Annie darling,
His beautiful young friend, I'd steal away.
Come, come, come, love, come! &c.

The night is advancing, the glow-worm is dancing,
The zephyrs breathe their music o'er the sea;
The forest is swaying, the streamlets delaying,
All nature waits my darling—waits for thee.
Come, come, come, love, come! &c.

—The girls like the new song, "Put Your Armor on, My Boys." It sounds so much like, "Put your arm around me, boys."

I'm the Governor's Only Son.

Copyright, 1877, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My name is George Adolphus Brown,
A gentleman of fashion;
The ladies' most devoted slave,
I'm full of the tender passion.
My hands with toil I never soil,
And ev'ry care I shun,
The old folks think the world of me,
I'm the governor's only son.

CHORUS.

I'm the governor's only son,
I'm festive and I'm free;
At home I am the baby,
And my parents dote on me.
I'm a favorite with the girls,
I give them lots of fun;
I'm quite a pet, and don't forget
I'm the governor's only son.

I cultivate a lofty style,
I drive a horse and carriage,
With some fair creature by my side,
But never think of marriage.
They say, "I ought to settle down,
When some sweetheart I've won,"
But there's a score of girls that sigh
For the governor's only son.—*Chorus.*

I drink the finest brands of wine,
And make my friends all jolly;
I love the midnight hour of joy,
Though some may think it folly.
I never want for cash to spend,
I go it while I'm young,
I laugh ha! ha! and sing ta! ta!
I'm the governor's only son.—*Chorus.*

The Fisherman and His Child.

Sung by the San Francisco Minstrels.

"The fisherman and his child are drowned!"
Came ringing through the town;
The father and child lay under the tide,
And friends did mourn around.
The poor wife and mother prayed aloud,
"Oh, God! it cannot be,
For in yonder mist I see them still,
Their milk-white sails I see—
For in yonder mist I see them still,
Their milk-white sails I see."

CHORUS.

'Twas the voice of their God that they heard,
As they sank in the deep:
"Come to me, I love thee,
And thy precious soul I'll keep·
Come to me, I love thee,
Thy precious soul I'll keep."

The fisherman saw his boat was lost,
He tried to save his child,
He battled the waves with all human power,
But the wind was howling wild;
Then he spoke to his child,
She answered not; he raised her tiny head,
He cried in despair: "Thy will be done!"
The child he loved was dead—
He cried in despair: "Thy will be done!"
The child he loved was dead.—*Chorus.*

And when the storm ceased the sea went down,
Brave men went on the shore;
The tide had gone out, they searched all about,
From the sea two forms they bore.
Their faces were calm, their hands were raised,
As if in silent prayer,
The father in life had clasped his child,
In death they found him there—
The father in life had clasped his child,
In death they found him there.—*Chorus.*

I'd Offer Thee this Hand of Mine

Sung by the late Mme. Parepa-Rosa.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If I could love thee less;
But hearts as warm and pure as thine
Should never know distress:
My fortune is too hard for thee;
'Twould chill thy dearest joy;
I'd rather weep to see thee free,
Than win thee to destroy.

I leave thee in thy happiness,
As one too dear to love,
As one I think of but to bless,
As wretchedly I rove;
But O, when sorrow's cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think
It holds no drop for thee!

And now my dreams are sadly o'er;
Fate bids them all depart;
And I must leave my native shore
In brokenness of heart;
Then O dear one, when far from thee
I ne'er know joy again,
I would not that one thought of me
Should give thy bosom pain.

I'VE GOT A DONKEY.

Composed by James Bradley.

I've got a donkey, he stands six foot high,
I'll sell to the man that wishes to buy,
He drinks Seltzer water whenever he's dry,
In a race on the turf he has never proved shy;
He makes good time, about one mile a day,
I'll match him again any stallion or bay;
He fought for his country, he's been through the war,
I feed him on herrings, hay-rope and tar.

CHORUS.

I've got a donkey, he's not very chunky,
I'll trade for a monkey, to any old flunkey,
Now wouldn't that be hunkey if he had my donkey,
And I had his monkey, my donkey also?

If he's locked in the stable he'll make a stiff kick,
If he wants to get out he'll pretend he is sick;
I call out my donkey—his name it is Dick,
I coax him along with a hickory stick.
If I leave in his box a big bale of hay,
He'll eat it all up and leave none for next day;
Last week he broke loose and he got astray,
He was found in a sewer in Avenue A.—*Chorus.*

I harnessed him up last St. Patrick's day,
I rode on his back so cheerful and gay,
We started from the corner of Tenth and Broadway,
We rode to the Hall without any delay;
Just as we were passing by Central Park
A boy fired a pistol off, just for a lark,
The donkey fell down, which caused a blockade,
Only for fifty horse-doctors he'd spoil the parade.—*Chorus.*

—"I don't see how I'd git along without Mary, nohow," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features and put another ladle of soft soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating out from the adjoining parlor. "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, nohow. Al'ays on these days when I hev the tiringest work she just picks out her nicest pieces, like "Sweet Rest, By-and-By," and "Mother's Growing Old," and sings 'em fur me afore she goes out on the lawn to play croquet with the other young folks. 'Taint every gal as ud be so thohthful, I kin tell you. Now, most on 'em ud jest bang away with "Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel," or "Whoop 'em up, Eliza Jane," but she ain't none o' that sort. She's a pile o' comfort to me—a pile o' comfort," and Mrs. Blucher fanned herself vigorously with her soiled apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water.

I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

Words and music by the late Stephen C. Foster.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I will be true to thee,
Though I share in thy worst despair;
I will be true to thee,
Though my own heart be bowed with care.
Though cold neglect upon thy hopes may fall,
Though fears of death may hover near thy soul,
Though funeral knells upon thine ears may toll,
Yet I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee.

I will be true to thee,
Though I roam in a far-off land,
Whether on earth or sea,
In a bower or desert strand.
Though darkest clouds may mar the morning beams,
And vapors dull may settle on the streams,
Though blighting Time destroy thy fondest dreams,
Yet I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee.

I will be true to thee;
I will pray for thee night and day;
Wilt thou be true to me
As in years that have rolled away?
When all thy childhood's dearest hopes have fled,
And gloomy visions linger round thy head,
When all thy dear and early friends are dead,
Then I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

As sung by Johnny Gibbons.

This world is not so bad a world,
Though full of ups and downs;
Some get rich, some get poor,
Some smile while others frown.
But there's a way to get along,
And easily to glide:
You'll find it very easy
If you are drifting with the tide.

CHORUS.

Drifting with the tide,
Easily we glide;
Down the stream of life alone,
Drifting with the tide.

There is many a man who tries to live
Upon the honest plan,
He loves his neighbor as himself,
He's an upright honest man.
Yet still he struggles hard along
In this cold world so wide;
He has not learned the easy way
Of drifting with the tide.—*Chorus.*

If a poor man steals a penny loaf
To feed his starving child,
He'll soon be up before the judge,
His sentence won't be mild.
But let defaulters steal your gold,
Their crimes they surely hide;
The reason is they learned the way
Of drifting with the tide.—*Chorus.*

—Johnny went out to serenade his sweetheart the other evening; he took some of his musical friends with him. When they reached the ground under her window, Johnny, who was an excellent singer, gave the boys the signal, and they started playing, "See that My Grave is Kept Green." Before Johnny started on the second line a window opened, and a voice was heard exclaiming: "I'll attend to the grave business, young men!" and the enraged parent poked an old musket out of the window. No more concert that evening.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

As sung by William Scanlan.

It was only on the tenth of last November,
That we heard the news we ever shall remember,
That the fire-king had cast his burning embers
O'er another fated city in our land.
As the woeful tidings flashed along the wire,
Of this other sad catastrophe so dire,
That Boston, beauteous city, was on fire,
And sinking 'neath the fiend's relentless hand.

CHORUS.

Fire! fire! was heard the cry,
In every breeze that passed us by,
All the world did heave a sigh of pity
Strong men in anguish prayed
Fervent prayers to heaven to aid,
Before the fire in ruins laid,
Fair Boston, beauteous city.

And all through the terrible commotion
The wind blew a gale from off the ocean,
The brave firemen worked with all devotion,
To laugh at their efforts yet it seem'd;
And soared with fiery prayer still higher,
O'er chimney top, steeple and church spire,
Till all was one vast flame of fire,
And the light around the horizon gleamed.—*Chorus.*

But who saved the city from a panic,
From the rule of the fire-king too tyranic;
But the brave-hearted fireman and mechanic,
The best and the noblest in the land;
Far brighter than the soldier's record of glory,
Are the names of those who live in song and story,
Who'll rebuild the city to its former glory,
And build her up, if possible, more grand.

CHORUS.

And soon will no trace remain
Of that vast sea of flame,
Boston will rise again, remember;
Brave men will be found
Who will build a fairer town,
Like Chicago, from the ground,
Before the next November.

In the Days when I was Hard Up.

In the days when I was hard up, not many years ago,
I suffered that which only can the sons of misery know;
Relations, friends, companions, they all turned up their nose,
And they rated me a vagabond for want of better clothes.

In the days when I was hard up, for want of food and fire,
I used to tie my shoes up with little bits of wire;
When hungry, cold, cast on a rock, and could not get a meal,
How oft I've beat the devil down for tempting me to steal.

In the days when I was hard up, for furniture and drugs,
Many a Summer's night I've held communion with the bugs;
I never faced them with a pike, or smashed them on the wall,
I said the world was wide enough, there's room enough for all.

In the days when I was hard up, I used to lock my door,
For fear the landlady should say you can't lodge here no more.
From my own back drawing-room, about ten feet by six,
In the work-house wall just opposite, I've counted all the bricks.

In the days when I was hard up, I bowed my spirits down,
And often have I sought a friend to borrow half a crown;
How many are there in this world whose evil eye can scan
The shabby suit of toggery, but cannot see the man.

In the days when I was hard up, I found a blissful hope,
It's all a poor man's heritage to keep him from the rope;
Now I've found a good old maxim, and this shall be my plan,
Altho' I wear a ragged coat, I'll wear it like a man.

—"Who do you love?" said Jones to his sweetheart's baby sister. "I loves 'oo." was the reply. "And who does sissy love?" "Sissy loves Mr. Smit, toss he tisses her."

THE BOSTON BURGLAR.

Copyright, 1881, by Henry J. Wehman.

Composed, and sung with great success by R. Cook.

I was born in Boston,
A city you all know well;
Brought up by honest parents—
The truth to you I'll tell—
Brought up by honest parents
And raised most tenderly,
'Till I became a sporting man
At the age of twenty-three.

My character was taken
And I was sent to jail;
My friends found that it was in vain
To get me out on bail;
The jury found me guilty,
The Clerk he wrote it down,
The Judge then passed my sentence—
I was sent to Charlestown.

To see my aged father
A standing at the bar,
Likewise my aged mother
A tearing of her hair—
The tearing of her old grey locks,
While the tears came rolling down,
Saying: "Son, dear son, what have you done,
That you are sent to Charlestown.

I was put on board an eastern train,
That cold December day,
And every station that we passed,
I'd hear the people say:
There goes that Boston burglar,
In strong chains he'll be bound;
For some crime or another,
He is off to Charlestown.

There is a girl in Boston,
A girl that I love well,
And if ever I get my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell;
And if ever I get my liberty,
Bad company I'll shun,
Likewise night walking, gambling,
And also drinking rum.

All you who have your liberty,
Pray keep it if you can,
And don't go 'round the streets at night
To break the laws of man,
For if you do you'll surely rue,
And find yourself like me,
Who am serving out my twenty-one years
In the penitentiary.

Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Let the dead and the beautiful rest;
Make her grave 'neath the willow by the stream,
Where the wind-harps will whisper o'er the blest,
Like the song of some angel in our dreams,
Oh, so young and fair, with her bright golden hair.

CHORUS.

Let her sleep, let her sleep,
Let her sleep 'neath the willow by the stream.
Let her sleep, let her sleep,
Let her sleep 'neath the willow by the stream.

Let the dead and the beautiful rest,
For the Spring-time is coming with its flow'rs,
When the wild rose will blossom o'er her breast,
As the song birds will wile away the hours.—*Chorus.*

Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Where the long drooping willow branches wave,
While the moon slowly sinking in the West,
Leaves the stars keeping vigil o'er her grave.—*Chorus.*

CASEY'S WHISKEY.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Meself and Barney Casey wint to have a little spree,
He had a bottle for himself, and another one for me,
We thravel'd round the city, till our heads and feet were sore,
And ev'ry dhrink it was so nice, it made us wish for more.

CHORUS.

Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us both so friskey,
We dhrank our bottles empty, and at last we couldn't stand;
Along the streets we rambled, we stagger'd and we scrambled,
And sung a song, the whole night long, of gay ould Paddy's land.

We met a big policeman and he looked at us, says he,
"What brings you out so late as this?" says I, "The counthry's free."
"Shut up," says Casey; "Come along." "Oh! divil a bit," says I,
"I'll shtrike him if he says a word, the durty mane ould spy!"
SPOKEN—And if I ever did shtrike him he might well say—
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us, &c.

He turned around and left us—shure the man was not to blame,
I called him back, and axed him if he'd please to tell his name.
"Of coorse," says he, "it's Flanigan; I'm from the county Clare."
"Hurroo!" says I, "shake hands me b'y, our whiskey you must share."
Back luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us, &c.

Out kem the empty bottle, and I put it in his paw,
"Look out," says he, "whin on me post, a dhrink's against the law."
He put the bottle to his mouth, but divil a dhrop was there,
And while we laughed at Flanigan, sure he began to swear!
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey it made us, &c.

He raised his club above his head, and vowed he'd take us in,
For dhrinkin' on the highway. "Oh," says Casey, "that's too thin."
He dhragged poor Casey off to jail, and thried to take me too,
But to keep a hoult on Casey was as much as he could do.
SPOKEN—I pitied poor Casey and I suppose he pitied me, but it was all his own doings. The two bottles fixed him.
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us, &c.

Why did They Dig Ma's Grave so Deep?

Copyright, 1880, by R. A. Saalfield.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Poor little Nellie is weeping to-night,
Thinking of days that were full of delight,
Lonely she sits by the old kitchen grate,
Sighing for mother, but now 'tis too late.
Under the daisies now covered with snow,
Rests the fond mother, away from life's woe;
Nellie is left now to murmur and weep,
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?

CHORUS.

Why did they dig ma's grave so deep,
Down in the clay so deep?
Why did they leave me here to weep?
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?

Only sweet memories of gladness and love
Came to the child of the dear one above;
Shadows are creeping around the lone room,
Early and late there's a feeling of gloom.
Out in the church-yard the wild breezes blow,
Seeming to echo her heart's grief and woe;
Softly she murmurs, while chills o'er her creep,
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep? &c.

Poor little Nellie in slumber's sweet rest
Dreams all the night of the mother so blest,
Sees her again in a vision of light,
Praying, God bless little Nellie to-night!
Smiling upon her with glorified face,
Calling her home to that bright resting place;
Poor little Nellie oft sighs in her sleep,
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep? &c.

Empty is the Stable, Davy's Gone

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Sung by Lester and Williams. Tune—"Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 40 cents.

I used to own a donkey, a bob-tail stubborn mule,
He was born about the year of '49;
His head was full of scars from stopping railroad cars,
He was ring-boned, spavined, deaf and blind;
He could kick a steam engine, and raise you through the roof,
And send you where Bob Ingersoll belongs;
He died at half-past four, he's gone to that beautiful shore
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone.

CHORUS.

Gone to join the angels, with spit-curls on his hair,
Died with epizootic in the head;
He might have gone to Congress, if he only lived,
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone.

His hoof was like a slungshot, he could raise you thro' the roof,
He'd come into the house and kick you out of bed;
His feet were full of bunions, he could eat a barrel of onions,
And go to sleep a standing on his head;
He'd go to a saloon, shove his hoof through a spittoon,
And kick the bar into the gutter for a joke;
When he laid down and died, every mule in Jersey died,
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone.

CHORUS.

Davy's left the stable for the promised land,
His overshoes and saddle are in pawn;
No more hay he'll ever chew, they've turned him into glue,
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone.

TRUE TO THE CORE.

Sung by Miss Lulu Mortimer.

Mankind drift along through this broad sea of care,
With some 'tis foul weather, with others 'tis fair,
Some help one another to reach the bright shore,
While others sit silent desparing the more.
I've a few words to say if you'll list to my song,
Your attention I ask, I will not keep you long,
My subject for song is a new one I'm sure,
For I'll sing about men that were true to the core.

Let me first sing of one whom all Ireland love,
Who gave up his life his devotion to prove;
He died for his country, he cared not for fame,
And each son's of Erin rejoice at his name;
I mean not the brave Dan O'Connell of old,
I mean not the brave Dan O'Connell the bold,
Nor Ireland's sweet poet, the warm-hearted Moore,
But brave Robert Emmett was true to the core.

And now let me sing of America's friend,
Who gave up his life for liberty's end;
Hand in hand with our Washington, noble hero,
He fought 'neath our banner, the red, white and blue;
From his own sunny France, from his kindred and home,
Across the broad ocean he feared not to roam,
Let the battle field echo the old days of yore,
That dear Lafayette he was true to the core.

Another name dear to us all here to-night,
Who loved his own comrades, who tried to do right;
When the fierce storms of war was overwhelming our land,
To his country he offered his heart and his hand;
Though some misconstrue him and others complain,
They never can tarnish his honor or fame,
Yet the red battle-fields on Virginia's shore,
Prove that Abraham Lincoln was true to the core.

Let me sing now of one whom the whole world adores,
Whose name is revealed upon all foreign shores;
America's hero, Columbia's star,
A statesman in peace, but a lion in war;
From the red battle-fields of Lundy's Lane,
From Princeton, from Germantown arises again,
The echo of voices to sing evermore,
That Washington always was true to the core.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens;
The girl that I loved she was handsome,
I tried all I knew her to please,
But I could not please her one quarter so well
Like that man upon the trapeze.

CHORUS.

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
A daring young man on the flying trapeze,
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please,
And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was "Signor Bona Slang,"
Tall, big and handsome as well-made as Chang,
Where'er he appeared the hall loudly rang
With ovation from all people there;
He smiled from the bar on the people below,
And one night he smiled on my love;
She winked back at him and she shouted "Bravo!"
As he hung by his nose up above.—*Chorus.*

Her father and mother were both on my side,
And very hard tried to make her my own bride,
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away.
'Twas all no avail, she went there every night,
And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her, how he ran me down
To tell you would take a whole page.—*Chorus.*

One night I as usual went to her dear home,
Found there her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love, and soon they made known
To my horror, that she'd run away!
She packed up her box and eloped in the night,
With him with the greatest of ease,
From two stories high, he had lowered her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze.—*Chorus.*

Some months after this I went to a hall,
Was greatly surprised to see on the wall
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights
To help him to live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

CHORUS.

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze,
She does all the work while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love.

JOHN MITCHELL.

I am a true-born Irishman, John Mitchell is my name;
To free my own brave countrymen from Merrytown I came;
I struggled hard, both night and day, to free my native land.
For which I was transported, as you may understand.

When first I joined my countrymen, it was in '42,
And then what followed after I'll quickly tell to you:
I raised the standard of "Repeal" and gloried in the deed,
And I vowed to heaven I'd never rest until Erin it was freed.

While here in prison, close confined, waiting for my trial day,
My loving wife she came to me and these words to me did say:
Oh, John! my dear, cheer up your heart and daunted do not be—
For it's better to die for Erin's rights than to live in slavery.

When I received my sentence, 'twas on a foreign ground,
Where hundreds of my comrades assembled all around;
My liberty was offered me if there I would forsake their cause;
But I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than forsake my Irish boys!

Farewell! my true-born Irishmen—farewell! my country, too!
But to leave my poor babes behind, it grieves me worse than all;
There is one request I ask of you, when your liberty you gain,
Remember John Mitchell far away, tho' a convict bound in chains.

THE SQUIRE AND MARIA.

As sung by Ned Barry.

A Squire went a-courting, a-courting of a maiden,
A maiden, young and handsome, the Squire he was old;
A Squire went a-courting, courting of a maiden,
The maiden she had golden hair, the Squire had the gold;
He'd gold at his bankers, gold in every pocket,
His snuff-box eighteen carat, his cigar-case made of gold;
The girl's name was Maria, and the rich old country Squire
Took a fancy to Maria—the truth it must be told.

CHORUS.

Said the Squire to Maria, "Your charms I do admire.
You've set my heart on fire, I love you tho' I'm old;"
"Oh! Squire," said Maria, "you're something I require—"
She had one eye on the Squire, and the other on his gold.

The Squire he was seventy, the maiden she was seventeen—
That's about the age, they say, that girls begin to love.
The Squire he was seventy, the maiden she was seventeen—
The Squire called Maria "His little turtle dove."
Now a young chap, called Josiah, was courting of Maria,
But never to the Squire, Maria ever told
How she doated on Josiah—for understand, Maria
Knew the rich old country Squire had a million pounds of gold.
Said the Squire to Maria, "Your charms I do admire, &c.

The Squire said, "Maria, whatever you require
You shall have, dear Maria, if you'll name the wedding day."
The Squire thought to try her, Maria she was fly'er
Than the Squire or Josiah, so to him she d'd say:
"Tho' it may cause me sorrow, I'll marry you to-morrow,
A wedding dress I'll borrow," so the Squire she cajol'd;
Then the Squire gave Maria—he did her so admire—
An order on Squire for a million pounds of gold.
Said the Squire to Maria, "Your charms I do admire, &c.

Next day, in gay attire, Maria and the Squire
A parson did require, to make them into one;
Then home they did retire—Maria and the Squire,
But the Squire did expire in the middle of the fun.
Then Maria said, "Go wire a message to Josiah
And tell him that the Squire is defunct, and lying cold,"
And the next day young Josiah was married to Maria,
And the festive gay Josiah got the million pounds of gold.

CHORUS.

Said Josiah to Maria, "You trottled that old Squire;"
Maria said, "Josiah, the Squire was too old;
Believe me, dear Josiah, I'm glad he did expire,
All I wanted from the Squire was his million pounds of gold."

Johnny is Gone for a Soldier.

I'll trace these gardens o'er and o'er,
Meditate on each sweet flower,
Thinking of each happy hour—
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

CHORUS.

Shool, shool, shool, agrah!
Time can only ease my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

Some say my love is gone to France,
There his fortune to advance,
And if I find him it's but a chance—
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.—*Chorus.*

I'll sell my frock, I'll sell my wheel,
I'll buy my love a sword of steel,
So in the battle he may reel—
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.—*Chorus.*

I wish I was on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,
So every tear may turn a mill—
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.—*Chorus.*

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
All over the world I'll beg my bread,
So my parents may think me dead—
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.—*Chorus.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A Recitation—By Richard Coe.

"Chaplain, I am dying, dying;
Cut a lock from off my hair,
For my darling mother, chaplain,
After I am dead, to wear;
Mind you, 'tis for mother, chaplain,
She whose early teachings now
Soothe and comfort the poor soldier
With the death dew on his brow!

"Kneel down, now, beside me, chaplain,
And return my thanks to Him
Who so good a mother gave me;
Oh, my eyes are growing dim!
Tell her, chaplain, should you see her,
All at last with me was well;
Through the valley of the shadow
I have gone, with Christ to dwell!

"Do not weep, I pray you, chaplain;
Yes, ah! weep for mother dear,
I'm the only living son, sir,
Of a widow'd mourner here;
Mother! I am going, going
To the land where angels dwell;
I commend you unto Jesus:
Mother darling—fare you well!"

Downward from their thrones of beauty
Look'd the stars upon his face;
Upward on the wings of duty
Sped the angel of God's grace,
Bearing through the heavenly portal,
To his blessed home above,
The dead soldier's soul immortal,
To partake of Christ's sweet love.

Far away, in humble cottage,
Sits his mother, sad and lone;
And her eyes are red with weeping,
Thinking of her absent son;
Suddenly Death's pallid presence
Cast a shadow o'er her brow;
Smiling a sweet smile of welcome,
She is with her loved ones now!

GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! how I envy girls who have
Their lovers close at home,
While distance keeps me far from mine,
Who o'er the seas must roam;
Should I but see him once a year,
Contented I must be—
And hope he'll ne'er forget my words,
When last he went to sea!

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Charlie, when you are away,
Write me a letter, love, send me a letter, love;
Good-bye, Charlie, when you are away,
Do not forget your Nelly darling!

How nice the drive, the game of chess,
Or moonlight walk must be;
How nice to have one's love "drop in,"
To take a cup of tea;
How nice to have sweet billet doux
Arrive by ev'ry post;
The while poor me can but expect
Just two a year, at most.—*Chorus.*

It's hard to see such swarms of swells,
Who stay at home at ease,
The while my darling has to sail
The wide and stormy seas;
But I suppose it would not do
For all to stay at home,
And so I can but hope my love,
Ere long, will cease to roam.—*Chorus.*

JUST LANDED.

We came from Connemarra
A few short months ago,
With spirits light and airy,
Two emigrants, you know;
Pray, let us ask your pardon,
Smile on us if you chose,
We come to Castle Garden,
We're the two Irish cuckoos.

CHORUS.

For we've just landed, just landed·
We landed over there, you know;
We've landed, just landed,
We're the two Irish cuckoos.

Cutting turf was our occupation,
In the bogs of Allen then;
But they say that in this nation
We'll at least be Aldermen;
We will run for big positions,
In offices of note;
We'll join the politicians,
And of course for us you'll vote.—*Chorus.*

When we go back to Ireland,
Sure then it will be said
We'll raise up in our sire-land
The green above the red;
Then all this world will glory,
Whene'er they hear the news
Of Ireland, and the story of
The two Irish cuckoos.—*Chorus.*

THE FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,
And o'er yon dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door,
Saying: Can you tell me, if any there be,
Can give to me employ?

CHORUS.

For to plough, for to mow, for to reap for to sow,
For to be a farmer's boy.

My father is dead, my mother is left
With her five children small·
And what is worse for mother still,
I'm the eldest of them all;
Though small I am, I fear no work,
If you will give me employ.—*Chorus.*

If you cannot me employ, one favor yet I ask,
That is, to shelter me this night
From the cold Winter's blast;
At the break of day
I will trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ.—*Chorus.*

The farmer says, we'll try the lad,
No further let him seek;
Oh! yes, dear father, the daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek,
For him that can labor it is hard to want,
Or elsewhere to seek employ.—*Chorus.*

At length of years this boy grew up,
This good old farmer died;
He left the boy the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride.
The boy that was, is a farmer now,
And he oftimes thinks with joy—

CHORUS.

On the happy, happy day he came that way
For to be a farmer's boy.

—He sang to her, "Come into the Garden, Maud," when she interrupted him with, "I'm sorry we haven't any garden, Mr. Jones, but if it's all the same to you to substitute ice-cream saloon, I'm with you every time!"

IT DON'T BELONG TO ME.

As sung with great applause by C. P. Hyland.

When I was but a little boy I used to go to school,
I was so very good some said I was a fool;
But no, I'd never claim a thing that didn't belong to me,
And now I'm just as honest and as truthful as can be;
While walking down the street one day, by a policeman I was stopped,
Who said, "I think this purse of gold from your coat-pocket dropped;"
Now as I never carry one—I've so little cash, you see—
Like an honest man said I at once, "It don't belong to me."

CHORUS.

It don't belong to me, it don't belong to me,
You'd better inquire of somebody else, it don't belong to me:
I never saw that purse before—it can't be mine, you see,
I know nothing whatever about the thing, it don't belong to me.

My wages being very small I live in humble style,
But with the girls I lardy-dar and the agony pile;
I tell them almost anything, for I've got lots of cheek,
They little think I do the swell on fifteen dollars a week.
One day I bought a bloater, which I popped inside my hat,
For I saw a lady coming along who I knew would stop and chat:
My hat blew off, the bloater fell, the street boys laughed with glee,
But when they brought it back said I, "It don't belong to me."
It don't belong to me, it don't belong, &c.

I occupied a front room in a house away up town,
And in the back there lived a girl—a Miss Jemima Brown:
Where'er I chanced to meet her, well, I'd pass the time of day,
And have a little gossip in a friendly sort of way.
The other night when I got home, oh, what a dreadful scene,
The landlord, raving, asked of me, "What does all this mean?
Miss Brown has gone but left behind this infant, so you see,"
Says I, "You quite surprise me, but it don't belong to me."
It don't belong to me, it don't belong, &c.

ANNIE LISLE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Down where the waving willows
'Neath the sunbeams smile;
Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters,
Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle;
Pure as the forest lily,
Never thought of guile,
Had its home within the bosom
Of loved Annie Lisle.

CHORUS.

Wave willows, murmur water,
Golden sunbeam smile—
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.

Sweet came the hallowed chiming
Of the sabbath bell,
Born on the morning breezes
Down the woody dell;
On a bed of anguish
Lay dear Annie Lisle;
Changed were the lovely features—
Gone the happy smile.—*Chorus.*

Toll bells of sabbath morning,
I shall never more
Hear your sweet and holy music
On this earthly shore.
Forms clad in heav'nly beauty
Look on me and smile,
Waiting for the longing spirit
Of your Annie Lisle.—*Chorus.*

Raise me in your arms, dear mother,
Let me once more look
On the green and waving willows,
And the flowing brook—
Hark, those strains of angel music
From the choir above;
Dearest mother, I am going—
Truly, "God is love."—*Chorus.*

JOHN BROWN SONG.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
His soul's marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul's marching on!—*Chorus.*

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul's marching on!—*Chorus.*

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
They go marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
They go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!
As they march along!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
As we are marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

OLD ZIP COON.

As sung with great success by Bryant's Minstrels.

[illegible]t down to Sandy Hook, toder arternoon;
[illegible]t down to Sandy Hook, todar arternoon;
[illegible]t down to Sandy Hook, toder arternoon;
[illegible] de first man I met dere was old Zip Coon.

CHORUS.

Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
He plays upon the banjo "Cooney in de Holler."

[illegible]alsey Blueskin fell in luh wid me,
[illegible]te me to her house to take a cup a tea;
[illegible] de you think old Suke had for de supper?
[illegible]-foot, sparrow-grass and apple-sauce butter.—*Chorus.*

[illegible]n ever see de wild-goose sail upon de ocean?
[illegible]wild-goose motion is a very pretty motion:
[illegible]n de wild goose winks he beckons to de swaller,
[illegible]n de wild-goose hollor, goggle gobble gollor.—*Chorus.*

[illegible] Mistress is very mad wid me,
[illegible] couldn't go wid her and live in Tennessee,
[illegible] I'm an just in all de fodder.

MISS

PAG

SING

GE (S)

YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodin',
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep our house a Winter;
They have so much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Sieb's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again—
I thought the dence was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I seen a pumpion shell
As big as mother's kettle,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I seen a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather
They knocked upon't with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his marching clothes
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah!
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I seen another sight of men,
A-digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

But I can't tell you half I saw,
They kept up such a smoke;
I took my hat off—made a bow
And scampered home to mother.

JOHN BROWN SONG.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on!

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CHORUS.

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Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
As we are marching on!

CHORUS.

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Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

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As sung with great success by Bryant's Minstrels.

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I went down to Sandy Hook, toder arternoon;
I went down to Sandy Hook, toder arternoon;
And de first man I met dere was old Zip Coon.

CHORUS.

Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
He plays upon the banjo "Cooney in de Holler."

Old Sukey Blueskin fell in lub wid me,
She vite me to her house to take a cup a tea;
What do you think old Suke had for de supper?
Chicken-foot, sparrow-grass and apple-sauce butter.—*Chorus.*

Did you ever see de wild-goose sail upon de ocean?
O de wild-goose motion is a very pretty motion;
And when de wild-goose winks he beckons to de swallor,
And den de wild-goose hollor, goggle goggle gollor.—*Chorus.*

O my old Mistress is very mad wid me,
Because I wouldn't go wid her and live in Tennessee,
Massa build a barn dere an put in all de fodder,
Dere was dis ting and dat ting an one ting oder.—*Chorus.*

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour.
When ladies, heaven bless them,
They'd kiss me, and they'd vow
That they could almost eat me—
Why don't they do it now?

CHORUS.

I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
For the girls to kiss and cuddle me,
As they did in childhood's hour.

When I used to be a baby,
They'd to my cradle creep,
They'd kiss and hug and cuddle me,
Till I fell off to sleep.
Yes, they'd kiss and squeeze me, too,
Till I felt anyhow,
They'd even wash and dress me—
Why don't they do it now?—*Chorus.*

For pleased they were to nurse me,
They would take me on their lap,
And would stuff my little belly full
Of lollypop and pap.
They would chew me tops and bottoms,
And if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms—
Why don't they do it now?—*Chorus.*

When the ladies used to love me,
They would make me such nice clothes;
They would make me nice morocco shoes,
And wipe my little nose.
And when the shades of evening came,
And sleep came o'er my brow,
They said it's time to go to bed—
But they never say so now.—*Chorus.*

I Long to be Single Again.

When I was single, oh, then! When I was single, oh, then!
Oh! when I was single my pockets did jingle—
I long to be single again.

CHORUS.

Again and again and again, again and again and again;
Oh! when I was single my pockets did jingle—
I long to be single again.

I took me a wife, oh, then! I took me a wife, oh, then!
I took me a wife, she's the plague of my life,
And I long to be single again.
Again and again and again, again and again, &c.

My wife took the fever, oh, then! My wife took the fever, oh, then!
My wife took the fever, I hope it won't leave her,
For I long to be single again.
Again and again and again, again and again, &c.

My wife she died, oh, then! My wife she died, oh, then!
My wife she died, and I laughed till I cried,
For I knew I was single again.
Again and again and again, again and again, &c.

I went to her funeral, oh, then! I went to her funeral, oh, then!
Sweet music did play, and I danced all the way,
For I knew I was single again.
Again and again and again, again and again, &c.

I took me another, oh, then! I took me another, oh, then!
I took me another, far worse than the other—
I long for the old one again.
Again and again and again, again and again, &c.

Come, all ye young men who have wives, and all young men who have none,
Be kind to the first, for the second's far worse,
And you'll long for the old one again.
Again and again and again, again and again, &c.

TOSS THE TURK.

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The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! one evening lately, I dress'd up nately,
I put on my Sunday clothes, plug-hat and all;
And I started proudly, while whistling loudly,
For Neal Brogan's raffle, at Hibernia Hall.
Going round a corner, a gang of rowdies—
Oh! I know they're rowdies, for they never work—
Says, "Let us give this old Tad a racket,
We will have a pic nic, boys, and toss the Turk.

CHORUS.

Now I'm not a fighter, nor yet a biter,
But when duty calls me I never shirk;
So I'll tell you plainly, tho' I look ungainly,
That they had no pic-nic when they toss'd the Turk.

Oh! the big ringleader, a free-lunch raider,
Says, "O'Brien, you had better paint the 'tile,'
Put crape around it, get an ax and pound it!"
And he thought 'twas funny when the gang did smile.
It was then my dander rose like a gander,
For I heard one loafer say he'd flash a dirk;
So I tapp'd him lightly and surprised him quietly,
And they had no pic-nic when they toss'd the Turk.
Now I'm not a fighter, nor yet a biter, &c.

Oh! they gather'd round me, and thought to pound me,
But I put my back against a big brick wall;
"You can't go behind me," says I, "now mind me,
If you stand fornint me I can bate ye all."
Then the gang did face me and thought to lace me,
But I show'd them tricks I learn'd at Donegal;
Right and left I pounded, they were dumbfounded,
And at last for mercy they began to bawl.

SPOKEN—Well, they looked surprised, and "Red-Handed Mike" says, "Who are you?" "Well," says I, "my name is Cornelius Thomas Francis Meagher O'Brien, and moreover:"
Now I'm not a fighter, nor yet a biter, &c.

ANGEL GABRIEL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! my soul, my soul am a-gwine for to rest,
In de arms of de angel Gabriel,
And I climb on a hill and I look to de West,
And I cross over Jordan to de Lam';
And I'll sit me down in de old arm-chair,
Oh! brudders, I will never tire,
And old Satan may sneeze, but I will take my ease,
And I'll warm myself at de holy fire.

CHORUS.

I will shout, and I'll dance,
And I'll wake up early in de morn;
And I will arise, and rub my sleepy eyes,
When old Gabriel am blowing his horn.

Oh! my soul, my soul am a-gwine for to rest,
Gwine to rest just as sure as I am born,
And I'll look like a blackbird a sitt'n on a nest,
When old Gabri'l am blowing on de horn;
And I'll leave my clothes safe upon de shore,
For I'll have new garments for to wear;
And I'll have bran-new shoes, and never get de blues,
And de angels dey will come and curl my hair.—*Chorus.*

Oh! I shan't weep when I'm gwine for to leave,
So I'll pack up my band-box and I'll go,
And my brethren, oh! harken and don't ever grieve,
For I'm gwine up to glory very slow;
And I'll eat my meals, yes, three times a day,
Oh! you bet your life I won't be late,
And I'll have lots of fun, when you, my brethren come,
For I'm gwine to take de tickets at de gate.—*Chorus.*

—A woman who went to a concert to hear Blind Tom "play by ear," says she was swindled, and wants the fraud exposed. She says that instead of playing by ear, he played with his fingers, just like other performers.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep our house a Winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind ter.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I seen a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I seen a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah!
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men,
A-digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother,
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

—"I'm Saddest when I Sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "And so is the whole neighborhood," roared an unmusical voice in the street.

The True Lovers' Discussion.

One pleasant evening, as pinks and daisies
Closed in their bosoms a drop of dew,
The feathered warblers, of every species,
Together chanted their notes so true.
As I did stray, wrapped in meditation,
It charmed my heart to hear them sing;
The silent orbs of night were just arising,
And the air in concert did sweetly sing.

With joy transported, each sight I courted;
Whilst gazing 'round with inspective eye,
Two youthful lovers, in conversation
Closely engaged, I chanced to spy;
Those couple spoke with such force of reason,
Their sentiments they expressed so clear,
And just to listen to their conversation,
My inclination was to draw near.

He pressed her hand and said: "My darling,
Tell me the reason you changed your mind;
Or have I loved you to be degraded,
Tho' youth and innocence are in their prime?
For I am slighted and ill requitted
For all the favors I did bestow—
You'll surely tell me, before I leave you,
Why you're inclined now to treat me so."

With great acuteness she made him answer,
Saying: "On your favors I would rely,
But you might contrive to blast my glory,
And our marriage day you might hover by;
Young men, in general, are fickle-minded,
And to trust you I am afraid—
If for your favors I am indebted,
Both stock and interest you shall be paid."

"To blast your glory, love, I ne'er intended,
Nor fickle-minded will I ever be;
As for my debts you can never pay them
But by true love and loyalty—
Remember, darling, our first engagement,
When childish pastime was all we knew—
Be true and constant—I'm thine forever—
I'll brave all dangers and go with you."

"Your proffer's good, sir, I thank you for it,
But yet your offers I can't receive;
By soft persuasion and kind endearment
The wiley serpent beguiled Eve—
There's other reasons might be assigned:
The highest tide love will ebb and fall—
Another female might suit you better—
Therefore I can't obey your call."

"Yes, I'll admit the tide in motion
Is always moving from shore to shore,
But still its substance is never changing,
Nor never will, till time's no more;
I'll sound your fame with all loyal lovers,
To fix their love on whose mind is pure,
Where no existence can ever change it,
Nor no physician prescribe a cure."

She says: "Young man, to tell you plainly,
To refrain you I am inclined,
Another young man of birth and fortune
Has gained my favor and changed my mind.
My future welfare I have considered—
On fickle footing I'll never stand;
Besides, my parents would be offended
To see you walking at my right hand."

"What had you, darling, when you were born
What nature gave, love—so had I—
Your haughty parents I do disdain them,
And poor ill-got riches I do deny;
An honest heart, love, is far superior—
Your gold and riches will soon decay;
It's naked we came into this world,
And much the same we'll go away."

"You falsify when you say you love me,
And slight my parents whom I love dear;
I think it's justice, sir, to degrade you,
If that's the course you mean to steer.
By wealth, or feature, or art of nature,
You're not my equal in any line;
Since I conjure you, insist no farther,
For to your wishes I'll not incline."

"To falsify, love, I do deny it,
Your imputation is wrong, I swear;
Like Eve, I find you're a real deceiver—
Your heart's as full as your face is fair.
For the want of riches you vainly slight me,
And my complexion you do disdain—
Our skin may differ, but true affection
In black or white is all the same."

"Oh! curb your passion, sir!" she did exclaim,
"It was not to quarrel I met you here,
But to discourse you in moderation
And a real intention to make appear;
I speak with candor, I will surrender
To what is proper in every way,
If you submit to fair discussion,
And reason's dictates you will obey."

"It's now too late to ask that question,
When you despise me before my friends—
Lebanon's plains, if you could command them,
Are not sufficient to make amends.
There's not a tree in the Persian forest
Retains its color, excepting one:
That is the laurel which I will cherish,
And always carry in my right hand."

"The blooming laurel you may admire,
Because its verdure's always new,
But there's another, you can't deny it,
Is just as bright in the gardener's view;
It's wisely resting throughout the Winter,
And blooms again when the Spring draws near;
The pen of Homer has written its praises,
In June and July it does appear."

"You speak exceedingly, but not corrective.
With words supported, your cause is vain
Had you the tongue of a Syrian Goddess,
Your exhortation I would disdain.
It was your love that I did require,
But since you've placed it on golden store,
I'll strike my string and my harp shall murmur:
Farewell, my love, for ever more!"

She seemed affected, with eyes distracted,
With loud exclaiming she thus gave way:
"Sir, my denial was but a trial—
You, Gods! be witness to what I say—
I say: my darling, if you don't forgive me,
And quite forget my incredulity,
A single virgin for your sake I'll wander,
While a green leaf grows on yon laurel tree."

So, all young maidens, I pray take warning,
Let love and virtue be still your aim;
No worldly treasure should shield your pleasure
With those whose person you do disdain;
All loyal lovers will then respect you,
And to your memory will heave a sigh—
The blooming rose and ever green laurel
Will mark the spot where your body lies.

From Ballynahinch, about two miles distance,
Where blackbirds whistle and thrushes sing,
With hills surrounding and valleys bounding,
Enchanting prospect all in the Spring;
Where female beauty is never wanting,
The lonely stranger a refuge find—
Near Maria Tenpenny, if you require,
You'll find the author of those simple lines.

—Teacher.—"What is a score?" Pupil.—"The number of runs made at a baseball match." Teacher.—"No, no; what I mean is, how much does a score signify numerically? What idea does it give you? That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses, what would you think?" Pupil.—"Please, marm, I should think you was stuffin' me."

BARNEY McCOY.

I am going far away, Norah darling,
And leaving such an angel far behind;
It will break my heart in two, which I fondly gave to you,
And no other one so loving, kind and true.

CHORUS.

Then come to my arms, Norah darling,
Bid your friends in dear old Ireland good-bye;
And its happy we will be in that dear land of the free,
Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

I would go with you, Barney darling,
But the reason why I told you oft before:
It would break my poor mother's heart if from her I had to part,
And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.—*Chorus.*

I am going far away, Norah darling,
Just as sure as there's a God that I adore;
But remember what I say: that until the judgment day,
You will never see your Barney any more.—*Chorus.*

I would go with you, Barney darling,
If my mother and the rest of them were there,
For I know we would be blest in that dear land of the West,
Living happy with your Barney McCoy.—*Chorus.*

I am going far away, Norah darling,
And the ship is now anchored at the bay,
And before to-morrow you will hear the signal gun,
So be ready—it will carry us away.—*Chorus.*

THE MID-WATCH.

[NOTE.—While drifting through the newspapers, some of this ballad has been lost, and the remainder mutilated. It is now restored to its original form by P. J. MCCOURT, M.D., for this Journal.—ED.]

I pace the deck in the dead of night,
When the moon and the star-light fail,
When the cordage creaks in the lazy swell,
And heavily flaps the sail.

On the darkness glimmers the binnacle-lamp,
With a feeble and lonely spell—
No sound but the passing sentry's tramp,
Or his measured cry, "All's well."

To and fro, with accustomed step,
I walk in the night alone,
And I think of the thousand watches kept
In the years forever flown;

Of the friends in whose manly fellowship
I labored long ago,
Till death relieved their watch on earth,
And they went to rest below.

And I think of the gallant ones who died
When our broadside shook the sea,
And sorrow for them subdued the pride
Of our cheers of victory;

Or of those who fell in the fever lands,
Or sank in the 'whelming wave,
While their corpses rest on the barren sands,
Or float in a fathomless grave.

And the looks revive that were faint and dim
In the shadows of the years;
And I scan them o'er till my eye-lids swim
With the strange delight of tears.

They people the dark with their pallid brows,
As they silently throng around,
And the sea its phosphor radiance throws
On the faces of the drowned.

So many a noble heart is cold
That shared my duties then;
I have looked full oft in the face of death,
But he comes to better men.

And let him come in his chosen time,
Some friend will think of me,
And I shall live in the lonely hours
Of his midnight watch at sea.

I Wandered by the Brookside

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, ah, no! he came not;
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above me stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer;
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Believe Me, if all those Endearing.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away—
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which Time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!

EVENING STAR.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Beautiful star in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silver light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening—beautiful star.
Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Star of the evening,
Beautiful, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say
Follow me, come from earth away:
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.
Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Star of the evening,
Beautiful, beautiful star.

Shine on, O star of love divine,
And may our souls around thee twine,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the twilight—beautiful star.
Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Star of the evening,
Beautiful, beautiful star.

SHE'S A GAL O' MINE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Listen, my boys, I'll tell to you
All about this dear gal o' mine;
She's my own sweet black-eyed Sue,
Is this gal o' mine;
She dwells within a little cot,
A cottage by the sea:
And though of lovers she has a score,
She never goes back on me!

CHORUS.

My dear boys, my dear boys,
She's a gal o' mine, she's a gal o' mine;
My dear boys, my dear boys,
She's a gal o' mine, she's a gal o' mine,
My dear boys.

When I am aloft or alow,
I think only of this gal o' mine;
She's my best bower, I know,
Is this gal o' mine.
No damsel is on any shore
More angel-like than she:
And though of lovers she has a score,
She never went back on me.—*Chorus.*

GIVE BREAD TO THE POOR.

As sung with great success by Frank Lewis.

I've an object in view I would like to unfold,
It's about this great city that's revelled in gold;
The pride of our nation well tested above,
In Philadelphia's great city of brotherly love.
In the famine of late, though 'tis hard for to state,
The thought of starvation, and sad was the fate
Of the many poor families who had nothing in store,
Till a cry came from heaven, "Give bread to the poor!"

Now, there's A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire,
Who some time ago sought another world's care.
Would it have hurt his kind heart to throw out a dime
To keep our poor sufferers from prison and crime?
He invested, I'm told, in a great institute,
In a matter of business, you bet he was cute;
He was not like Jim Fiske, nor will be any more,
With his lightning express giving bread to the poor.

There's another kind heart, tho' he has been misused,
In South Carolina, where all was confused;
He kept down the riot, gave his office for peace,
While the Rads, in the White House, they sat at their ease.
In the town of Columbia, which all of you know,
Their suffering was great with hunger and woe;
With his shirt sleeves rolled up, like old Jackson at war,
Stood Governor Wade Hampton giving bread to the poor.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free;
Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear strame,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her lips are like roses and her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in crame.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
Which through my poor bosom has burnt a large hole;
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it the more my heart warms;
If I was at Kilkenny, I should then be at home,
For there I got sweethearts, but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground;
Neither lords, dukes, nor squires shall e'er pull it down;
And if any one should ask you to tell him my name,
I am an Irish exile, and from Kilkenny I came.

Death of President Garfield.

Composed by J. F. McDermott. Tune—"Cumberland's Crew."

Good people, no matter of what creed or nation,
Come list to the story I now will relate,
Concerning the shooting of President Garfield,
His heroic struggle for life, and his fate:
On the second of July, about nine in the morning,
While at the depot awaiting a train,
He was approached from behind and shot down without warning,
By a coward so base, I will not speak his name.

Then sped the news swiftly all over the country
(And deep was the grief of the people I'm sure),
To his dear wife at Long Branch, just then convalescing,
And his poor aged mother—how did they endure?
Oh! bravely his wife puts aside her own illness,
On a lightning express hurries to his bedside;
And all through the struggle, and in the dark crisis,
'Tis she who has kept him afloat on life's tide.

On the seventh of September 'twas thought best to remove him
To a cottage at Elberon by the seashore,
In hopes that the vigorous breath of old ocean
Would revive his worn spirits, and health soon restore;
And well did he relish the change in his quarters,
And expressed himself gratified when in his chair,
But chills and the fever setting in shortly after,
His friends and the nation began to despair.

Oh! vain was the hope that we here could detain him.
Quietly, yet painfully, breathed he his last;
On September the nineteenth, an hour before midnight,
Away with the ebb-tide his spirit had passed.
For eighty long days he had braved the grim reaper—
For eighty long nights since the mad deed was done—
And but once, in his agony, asked he the question:
Oh! is it worth while to struggle thus on?

Now in the clay of his own State they've laid him,
Where Erie's soft zephyrs his last home will fan;
And whoever shall point out the spot that he rests in,
Will tell you—there lies the remains of a MAN.
As for the assassin, let justice be done him,
He must have every right that the law to him gives,
And then can we say, with our loved chief departed,
God reigns! and the Government at Washington still lives!

Last Night I was Dreaming of You.

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Published by permission of J. W. Pepper, Publisher of Band and Orchestra Music, Songs for the Stage, &c., S. E. cor. Ninth and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. The Music of this Song sent for 35 cents.

Last night I was dreaming of you,
I saw you the same as of old,
Your starry eyes, tender and blue,
And tresses of daintiest gold;
How sweet did the vision appear to my gaze,
It wove 'round my heart a sweet spell,
It seemed I'd be happy the rest of my days,
For darling I loved you so well.

CHORUS.

Last night I was dreaming of you,
I held you so close to my heart,
You vow'd that you'd ever be true,
Then why should we wander apart?

Last night I was dreaming of you,
Your eyes softly smiled in my own,
You said you'd be trusting and true,
And told you'd be mine alone;
How happy I was as you sat by my side,
Your little hand resting in mine,
Contended with you as my heart's fondest pride,
For earth seemed a heaven divine.—*Chorus.*

Last night I was dreaming of you,
But dreams like those can't always last,
I dreamed with a sky softly blue,
But wake with a sky over-cast;
Oh, could the long future but be a sweet dream,
A dream fond and gentle as this,
My life would be happiness bound up in love,
And sealed with the tenderest kiss.—*Chorus.*

FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

There's a nation of brave people held in bond against their will,
But to them will come a day of liberty,
When to the world they can proclaim their little Emerald Isle,
As added to the nations of the free,
Our sympathies are with them, for Americans believe
That the laws of God and man have been profaned,
When the governed have to suffer and are held in cruel bonds,
By laws against their interest maintained. [IRISH FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of Ireland, a flag of liberty,
All friends of Erin now do drink a ruby toast to thee.

There's a nation of brave people from the storied river Rhine,
Whose emigrants are welcome to our land,
They are law-abiding citizens, the very last in war,
And in peace the first to give a friendly hand;
Of Europe's civilization they are the greatest nation,
I hope a Republic they'll soon be,
For they're people that we love, and will like to see them free,
As those in this great land of liberty. [GERMAN FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of Germany, floating proudly free,
May "Die Wacht am Rhein" be one day sung, in the Halls of Liberty.

There's a band of noble patriots by Spanish tyrants ruled,
Who are fighting to gain their liberty,
Soon with victory they'll be crowned,
For they've many honest friends in America, the home of the free;
Our flag has been insulted, and we'll show these Spanish dons
That the time has now arrived we're not afraid;
The "Virginius" and her crew we'll speedily avenge,
And to poor suffering Cuba lend our aid. [CUBAN FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of Cuba, so very dear you are,
May soon in freedom proudly float, the flag of a single star.

There's a country of brave people who stand head upon the list
Of any throughout this mighty world,
She's a refuge for the oppressed, from every other land,
And for freedom her banner is unfurled.
Our Centennial Anniversary, we shortly hope to write,
Upon the immortal scroll of Fame,
In memory of the blessings bequeathed by Washington,
Then for ever revered by his name. [AMERICAN FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of America, the flag of Washington,
The greatest flag throughout the world, that e'er the sun shone on.

NOT BEFORE PA, DEAR.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Some lovers are so bashful
They will never say a word,
But only blush and tremble,
Which looks, I'm sure, absurd;
While others they will kiss their love,
Or know the reason why,
But when my charmer's pa is near,
These words are her reply:

CHORUS.

Not before pa, dear, not before pa,
Say that you love me, but not before pa;
Not before pa, dear, not before pa,
I don't miss a kiss, dear, but not before pa.

I'm very fond of flirting,
But there's one I love best,
I'm sure I'm not too bashful,
In seeking love's request;
Last night I went to see her pa,
To squeeze her hand I tried,
When I called her my little queen,
These words she then replied:—*Chorus.*

We strolled into the garden,
And underneath the trees,
We sat upon the lover's seat,
To inhale the Summer breeze;
I told her how I loved her,
Which caused a dreadful sigh,
And when I said, oh, name the day,
These words were her reply:—*Chorus.*

We are Coming, Sister Mary.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

On a stormy night in Winter,
When the winds blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music,
That I never can forget;
I was sleeping in the cabin,
Where lived Mary, fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sung—

CHORUS.

We are coming, sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by,
Be ready, sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary,
But my tongue could not obey,
When the song so strange had ended,
And the singers flown away.
As I watch'd I heard a rustling,
Like the rustling of a wing,
And beside my Mary's pillow
Very soon I heard them sing—*Chorus.*

Then again I called my Mary,
But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
Had forever ceased to beat;
And now I am very lonely,
From Summer round to Spring,
And I oft, in midnight slumber,
Think I hear the same ones sing—*Chorus.*

MULDOON, THE SOLID MAN.

Copyright, 1874, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I am a man of great influence,
And educated to a high degree,
I came here when small from Donegal,
In the Daniel Webster, across the sea;
In the Fourteenth Ward I situated,
In a tenement house with my brother Dan;
By perseverence I elevated,
And went to the front like a solid man.

CHORUS.

Go with me and I'll treat you dacent;
I'll set you down and I'll fill the can;
As I walk the street each friend I meet
Says, "There goes Muldoon—he's a solid man."

At any party or any raffle
I always go as an invited guest;
As canspicuous as General Granite, boys;
I wear a rosebud upon my breast;
I'm called upon to address the meeting,
Without regard to clique or clan;
I show the constitution with elocution,
Bekase you know I'm a solid man.

CHORUS.

For oppositions or politicians,
Take my word I don't give a darn;
As I walk the street each friend I meet
Says, "There goes Muldoon—he's a solid man."

I control the Tombs, I control the island,
My constituents they all go there,
To enjoy the Summer's recreation,
And the refreshing East River air;
I'm known in Harlem, I'm known in Jersey,
I'm welcomed hearty on every hand;
Wid my regalia on Patrick's Day,
I march away like a solid man.

CHORUS.

For oppositions or politicians,
Take my work I don't give a darn;
As I walk the street each friend I meet
Says, "There goes Muldoon—he's a solid man."

Your Lassie will be True.

Copyright, 1881, by B. W. Hitchcock.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Though seas now divide, and the mountains so wide,
I'll never once forget you far away;
But I treasure still the flower that you gave me one sweet hour,
When we watched the lads and lasses dancing gay;
You've longed for my coming, and I've wept bitter tears,
Your Scotch lassie still is your own;
She never will be false, for her heart she left with you,
No! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.

CHORUS.

Oh, laddie, my laddie, far away,
Still would your darling die for you.,
She never will be false, ah, no! no matter what they say,
No! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.

Then, love, don't forget that I think of you yet,
'Mid Scotland's bonnie hills across the sea;
And though far away I roam, ah! I know there is a home
That is waiting there, my own, for you and me;
I'll come to you, laddie, like the bird to its nest,
For still I am praying for you;
Of all this world so fair I am loving you the best,
And your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.—*Chorus.*

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT FROM EVERY HARM.

Copyright, 1881, by Harrison Millard.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Our Nation lives, Columbia's child,
The beacon-light of glory!
Thro' sombre grief—thro' breakers wide,
It tells proud Freedom's story!
Our Ruler trusted—brave and wise,
Our flag without a stain!
We hail beneath yon vaulted skies,
Jehovah still doth reign!

CHORUS.

God save our President from every harm!
Shield and protect him with Thy mighty arm;
Guide him in every act, Thou Lord of us all;
Send him prosperity—sustain, lest he fall!
Send him prosperity, on Thee we call,
God save our President from every harm.

Our starry flag still floats on high,
The Nation's emblem cherish'd!
With field of blue to match the sky,
Where not a star has perished;
In songs of joy—'mid trials sore,
We hail its folds again!
Praise be to Him forever more,
Jehovah still doth reign!

CHORUS.

God save our President; watch o'er his life;
Firm may He guide us on thro' every strife;
Rule then his judgment still, Thou Ruler benign!
Strengthen him evermore, with Thy strength divine,
Strengthen him evermore, his heart be Thine!
God save our President from every harm.

O land of Washington's renown,
And Lincoln's pure devotion,
Where laurel wreaths lov'd Garfield crown,
From ocean unto ocean,
Lift up your voices—grand and free
In unison again!
The Guardian of our Liberty,
Jehovah still doth reign!

CHORUS.

God save our President, we humbly pray!
Lord of all nations, oh, be Thou his stay!
Hear us with one aclaim, we cry unto Thee,
Keep Thou our leader true, where'er he may be,
Keep Thou our leader true—from error free!
God save our President from every harm.

THAT'S HOW YOU GET SERVED WHEN YOU'RE OLD.

One day in the street, I just happened to meet
An old friend whom I'd not seen for years;
The old man looked sad, tho' to meet me was glad,
And his eyes, as we spoke, filled with tears.
I said, "John, be brief, what's the cause of your grief,
To me your misfortunes unfold."
Said he, "In poor me, you a sample may see
Of how a man's serv'd when he's old."

CHORUS.

Each day growing older, I get the cold shoulder,
By youngsters thrust out in the cold,
Who jeeringly say that I'm in the way,
That's how you get served when you're old.

I began as a lad, and a hard place I had,
Which I held for some forty-five years;
I've worked like a slave, yet no money could save,
And now I may starve, it appears.
What I've had to endure is hard I am sure,
Now, by the young master I'm told
I must no longer stay, but for others make way,
That's how you get served when you're old.—*Chorus.*

When young, I was praised and my wages were raised,
No labor I'd ever then shirk,
And master would then point me out to the men
As the one who best stuck to his work.
Now I'm feeble and weak, he'll to me hardly speak,
Unless it's to grumble or scold;
They simply make fun of what I have done,
That's how you get served when you're old.—*Chorus.*

My wife, poor soul! she is near seventy-three,
How to keep her from want I don't know,
If I beg, I intrude, and by p'lice are pursued,
And if to the work-house we go
To seek for relief, they but add to our grief,
"You must come in the house," we are told,
Part husband from wife, to be paupers for life,
That's how you get served when you're old.—*Chorus.*

In de Evening by de Moonlight.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

In de evening by de moonlight,
When dis darkey's work was over,
We would gather round de fire
'Till de hoe-cake it was done;
Den we all would eat our suppers,
After dat we'd clear de kitchen,
Dat's de only time we had to spare
To have a little fun.
Uncle Gabe would take de fiddle down,
Dat hung upon de wall,
While de silver moon was shining clear and bright;
How de old folks would enjoy it,
Dey would sit and listen all night,
As we sang in de evening by de moonlight.

CHORUS.

In de evening by de moonlight
You could hear us darkies singing,
In de evening by de moonlight
You could hear de banjo ringing.
How de old folks would enjoy it,
Dey would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in de evening by de moonlight.

In de evening by de moonlight,
When de watch-dog would be sleeping;
In de corner by de fire-place,
Beside de old arm chair,
Where Aunt Chloe used to sit
And tell de picaninnies stories,
And de cabin would be filled
With merry coons from far and near.
All dem happy times we used to have
Will ne'er return again;
Everything was den so merry, gay and bright
And I never will forget it,
Just as long as I remember,
How we sang in de evening by de moonlight.—*Chorus.*

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 1.

CONTAINING 100 SONGS.

A handful of earth
A warrior bold
All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave huzzars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Blue bells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
Up at Jones' wood [marching
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
Way down upon de Suance ribber
Wife's dream

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100 Copies, post-paid for $6.00.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 2.

CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young
Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry pic-nic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 3.

CONTAINING 97 SONGS.

A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old dudduen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donael Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proud
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 4.

CONTAINING 99 SONGS.

An Irishman's toast
Apple of my eye
Arthur and Martha
Asleep at the switch—RECITATION
A knot of blue and gray
Always gay and free, boys
Bear it like a man
Bootblack—RECITATION
Brother's fainting at the door
Beautiful snow—RECITATION
Carry the news to Mary
Coney Island, down der bay
Committed to the deep
Champagne Charlie
Dearest Mae
Douglas! tender and true
Deal with me kindly
Don't say I told you
Down the hill
Deer Island, down the bay
Fat Mickey
Feel for the eyes that are weeping
Five o'clock in the morning
Get a little table
Get thee gone, girl
Get away from dat window
Human harp
Hark! I hear an angel sing
Hildebrandt Montrose
I'll wait till the clouds roll by
I had but fifty cents
'Twas not my father
In the starlight
Ivy cabin in the lane
John Armstrong
Johnny Dougherty, the tailor
Just over
Jim, the carter lad
Lackawanna spooners
Light of other days
Limerick races
Little back parlor at home
Little Maggie Ann
McCarthy's mare
Mother's fool—RECITATION
Mulcahey's gone away
Man who struck my wife
My dear little friend, Louise
Miller's daughter
My poor dog Tray
My pretty Irish queen
Mother, he's going away
No Irish wanted here
Near the banks of that lone river
Nelly was a lady
New York society
Oh! take me to thy heart again
Old Grimes' cellar door
Old rustic bridge by the mill
Old Dan Tucker
Ophelia Murphy's birthmark
Old Grimes is dead
Paper of pins
Parted
Pennsylvania tramp
Portrait that hangs on the wall
Peek-a-boo
Pretty Peggy
Robin Adair
Run for the doctor
Swim out for glory
Scenes that are brightest
Since Cordelia first wore bangs
Since Terry first joined the gang
Silver slippers
Steam arm
Sweet scented, handsome young man
Shan Van Vogh
Same old game
Ten little Niggers
To the West
Tassels on the boots
There's a light in the window for thee
Things that I'd like to see
Vagabond
Villain still pursued her
Waterford Boys
When Johnny comes marching home
When the Brooklyn bridge is done
When the pigs begin to fly
Widow Machree
Wreck of the "London"
Where the ivy grows so green
When this cruel war is over
White squall
Wouldn't you like to know
Water cresses
What the old cock sparrow said
Whistling thief

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 5.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

Aesthetic Mick
After the opera's over
A hundred fathoms deep
A wet sheet and a flowing sea
Ain't you awful?
All among the hay
Big aquarium
Brannigan's pup
Babylon is fallen
Bell goes a ringing for Sarah
Biddy Doyle
Brannigan's band
Battle of Fontenoy
Bowery Grenadiers
Beautiful bells
Best little wife in the world
Bridget Donohue
Bugaboo
Come back to your Irish home
Cobbler's daughter
Colleen Dhas Machree
Drummer—RECITATION
Death of Nelson
Dot funny leetle baby—RECITATION
Dude—RECITATION
Fast freight—RECITATION
Fine old English gentleman
Finest police in the world
Flirtation O'Toole
Female barber shop
General Grant's trip around the world
Gilhooly, your coat is half-mast
Good-bye, John
Gobble song
Gold, gold, gold
Great men that Ireland has seen
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
Hang up the baby's stocking
I'll tell nobody
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I must be there on new years' day—REC
It's a cold day when I get left
I'll meet her when the sun goes down
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
I was despised because I was poor
Jumbo
Johnny Morgan
Just down the lane
Jenny, who lives in the dell
Jessie, the flower of Dumblane
Kerry dance
Lorena
Lancashire lass
Lovely land of dreams
Life is but a game of cards—RECIT.
Maud Muller, in Dutch—RECITATION
Montgomery guard—RECITATION
Man who taught her to dance
Mattie, dear
Mott street, 440
My love Nell
My love she is a fairy queen
Moonlight walk
Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows what a racket was there
New York Police Gazette
No Irish need apply
Only a pin—RECITATION
Only to see thee, darling
Oh! you little darling, I love you
One more ribber for to cross
Over the neighbor's fence
Old pine tree
Pool
Poor Irish minstrel
Romance of a hammock—RECITATION
Rock the cradle, John
Ship that brought me over
Stuck on our shape
Some one to love
Speak, oh! speak to me again
Tail iv me coat
They are all getting married but me
Tom Bowling
Tommy, make room for your auntie
This little plain gold ring
Touch the elbow
Up in a balloon
Up in a mulberry tree
We never speak as we pass by
Wolf at the door—RECITATION
Waterfall
We may be happy yet
Which shall it be?—RECITATION
What will you do, love?
When the robins nest again
You never miss the lager till the keg
Yellow meal [runs dry
Yellow-haired Nellie—RECITATION

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 6.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

A boy's best friend is his mother
A lean banana
A smile was all she gave me
Aesthetic dude
Ah, there, my size, I'll mash you
Angels, meet me on the cross-road
Art of making love
Baby and I
Baby's lullaby
Be quiet, or I'll scream
Billy's dream
Bitter beer
Black hills
Burial of Sir John Moore—RECIT.
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
Call me your darling again
Call me back again
Chinese song
Convict's dream—RECITATION
Curfew must not ring to-night—RECIT.
Dandy dude
Darling Clo'
Down the river
Father will settle the bill
Fontenoy
Fond memories of home
Fountain in the park
Gaily the troubadour
Gambler's wife—RECITATION
Good-bye, Biddy, dear
Greenpoint Nell
Hoolahan Musketeers
Hash
Hoops
Hurrah for old Ireland
Hush-a-bye, baby
I am a man that's done wrong to my
I'll await my love [parents
Ivy green
Jakey Woolfenstein
Jeannette and Jeannot
Johnny Schmoker
Juice of the forbidden fruit —
Just to please the boys
Kind relations
Last farewell
Lily Dale
Lord delivered Daniel
Lovers' telegraph
Love song
Mahoney's Fenian cat—RECITATION
Maniac—RECITATION
Man that stole the country
Marble arch
March of the Cameron men
Mary Ann, go get the growler
Mills shut down to-day
Moneyless man
Mother keeps the gate locked now
Mr. John Malone
Mulcahey's sooner dog—RECITATION
Newhall house fire
Nineteen hundred and one
Not for Joseph
Oh! boys, carry me 'long
Oh, Mr. Flannigan
Old church bell
Old plaid shawl
Old village blacksmith shop
Only a dear little flower
Our Jack's come home to-day
Over the mountain
Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn
Pat of Mullingar
People will talk
Perverted proverbs
Plumber—RECITATION
Poor little soldier's boy
Price of a drink—RECITATION
Raven—RECITATION
Sailing
Somebody's darling—RECITATION
Springtime and robins have come
Taffy was a Welshman
Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
Timid awkward squad
Tommy Dodd
To my wife
We reap what we sow—RECITATION
What I live for—RECITATION
What I would do for her—RECITATION
When the leaves begin to fall
Whiskey, you're the divil
Wreck of the "Atlantic"
Ye merry birds
Young recruit

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 7.

CONTAINING 94 SONGS.

Animals' fair
A dollar and sixty a day
A Yankee man of war
An agricultural Irish girl
A roller-rink romance—RECITATION
As I read the paper through
Burke's dream
Banks O'Doon
Bed-bug—RECITATION
Betty and the baby
Boy with the auburn hair
Beans
Candidate for alderman
Cats in our back yard
Climbing up de golden stairs
Colored band
Call her back and kiss her
Casey's awful grub
Coal oil Tommy
Don't leave your mother, Tom
Drummer boy of Waterloo
Dream faces
Duffy, the swell
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling
Erin-go-bragh
Fashionable Fred
Far, far away
Fine old Irish gentlemen
Female smuggler
Free and easy
Good ship Cumberland
Good-bye, 'Liza Jane
Gipsy Davy
Gal with the gainsborough hat
Hush, little baby, don't you cry
Here she goes and there she goes
House carpenter
Hornet's nest—RECITATION
I'll ask my mother and let you know
next Sunday afternoon
Irish wife—RECITATION
I'm in jail, my love
Jockey hat and feather
Jolly Jack, the rover
Keiser, der yer vant to buy a dog?
Kitty of Coleraine
Knock at the window to-night, love
Leave not your Kathleen
Little Brown church
Lord Bateman and the fair Sophia
Lay my head beneath a rose
Little fraud
Lost Charley Ross
Meet me, darling Kate, by the cottage
My trundle bed [gate
Masonic Song
McSorey's twins
My wife is so awfully thin
Mother, is the battle over?
Not much
Nelly Bly
Old bog hole
Oh! Nicodemus
Old familiar faces
Oft in the stilly night
Old turnkey
Old gray mare
Old Simon, the hot-corn man
Popsy wopsy
Please, don't sell father any more rum
Peck's bad boy—PART I
Pills! pills! pills!
Peck's bad boy—PART II
Railway guard
Rover's grave
Riding on the elevated railroad
Shanty boy's song
She was handsome as a rose
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
See-saw
Star of Glengary
That young man across the way
That sweet-scented handsome young
Up at Dudley grove [man
Up in a back room
Up stairs, in my bedroom
Venita
Watchman
Willie's on the dark blue sea
Wind blew through his whiskers
Would I were a boy again
Windy man from Brooklyn
Written in letters of gold

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 8.

CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew
An Irishman's dying request—RECIT.
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Bring back the old folks, Willie,
Bonny Irish boy [darling
Bright Alfarata
Banbury cross
Baby on the brain
Belleville convent fire
Banks of Newfoundland
Charley, he's a masher
Carrie, dear
Come back to the old home again
Comet of the West
Conductor with the patent bell punch
Clam soup peddler's daughter
Dan and Teddie's parting
Dear little Colleen
Donevans
Duechen on the Rhine—RECITATION
Down by the rustic gate
Ehren on the Rhine
Eggs for your breakfast in the morning
Electric light
Eddie McCarty
Fenian's escape
Fifth avenue
Falling leaves
Flew-y, Flew-y
Gallant Sixty-ninth
George Constantine McKeown
Give me back my heart again
Green fields of America
Her lovers—RECITATION
How we tried to whip the teacher-REC
Hebrew wedding
I dreamed that old Ireland was free
In the shadow of the leaves
I'll go back to the old bridge again
If I was the president
I will stand by my friend
I'll name the boy Dennis or no name
Isle of France [at all
In de Louisiana lowlands
Jordan is a hard road to travel
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 1
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 2
Johnny Doyle
Jeremiah, blow the fire
Jack is every inch a sailor
Let me dream again
Lady, art thou sleeping?
Let us speak of a man as we find him
Lily of the West
Married life
Musical wife
My rattling mare and I
McCarthy's boarding house
Mother's last letter to me
My bonny laboring boy
Maryland, my Maryland
Mary Blane
'Neath the maple by the mill
Napolitaine
Nobody's mule—RECITATION
Other side of Jordan
Oh! I shall call dada
Orphan boy—RECITATION
Orphan girl
Old Mousquetaire
Once again
Oh, Fred! the boat is turning over
Our sailors on the sea
Poor old Jesse's blind
Poor married man
Pretty little Mary
Paddy's curiosity shop
Paddy on the canal
Sally Mackenally
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Song from "Nanon"
Something to tickle the girls
Sparking Sarah Jane
Silver bells of memory
Sweet Alpine roses
Shoot the hat
Sweet dreams of mother and home
Swinging on the golden gate
There's a light in the window
Tommy, make room for your uncle
Ten little Injuns
Three grains of corn
Ten minutes too late
Umbrella courtship
When we meet by the old bridge again
When the circus comes to town
What is life?—RECITATION
Wax-work show
Woman is what man doth make her—
When we went roller skating [Rec.
You'll miss your mother when she's
Yes, we all will be there [gone
Yaller gal that winked at me
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 9.

CONTAINING 106 SONGS.

America's emblem, the violet
An Irish fair day
Am I not fondly thine own?
A private still
As through the park I go
Beautiful angel
Bobbing around
Bill it kept running up higher
Calibre fifty-four—RECITATION
Cold Stream Guards
Cradle's empty, baby's gone
Canadian boat song
Coat of other days
Come in and shut the door
Cousin Jedediah
Cricket on the hearth
Collier's dying child—RECITATION
Down went the captain
Don't forget the old folks at home
Dot ole bay mule of mine
Dying girl's message
Dandy Pat
Diamond ring
Five dollar note
God bless you, Colleen
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Grandma's vacant chair
Gal with the terrible feet
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
Good-night, but not good-bye
Gray's elegy—READING
Give a man credit for what he has done
He tells me he loves me
How is your sister Mary?
Hard-back family
Home attractions—RECITATION
I'm a dude
I stood on the bridge at midnight
I'm off for Charleston
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
Irish Colleen
I am a masher
James Bird
Jim Fisk song
Knocking at the gates of Jordan
Little wife Nellie
Little Mag and I
Love not
Little Mohe
Lone starry hours
My sweetheart's family
Macgregor's gathering
My pretty Quadroon
Man the life-boat
Mary Le More
MIKADO songs—
A wandering minstrel I
Brightly dawns our wedding day
Derry down Derry
Flowers that bloom in the Spring
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum
Here's a how-de-do
My object all sublime
Our great Mikado
Sun and I
They'd none of them be missed
Three little maids from school
Willow, tit-willow
Minstrel's dream
Making love on a bench in the park
Only a workingman's child
Our Yankee college boys
Old-fashioned photograph of mother
Old play-ground
Pride of Mayo
Pretty as a daisy
Rosy's Sunday out
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Reuben and Rachel
Rhine vine Sharley
Sheeny glazier's ball
Schneider's little boy—RECITATION
Sweethearts and wives
Susan's Sunday out
Such funny things are done upon the Skidmore Guard [sl
Twelve stone two
Too utterly utter
To the song seekers
That's a matter of taste
Take good care of mother
Talk about your Moses
Take it, Bob
Take back those gems you gave me
Thou hast wounded the spirit that [loved thee
Van Dieman's land
Whisper and a kiss
Where the water lilies grow
We are out on the ocean sailing
What can the matter be?
Will o'-the-wisp
Whistling coon
Waiting for my ship to come this way
Waiting for a Broadway stage
What a blessing it is to have money
Whispering hope
Walking for dat cake
You put no flowers on my papa's grave

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 10.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

Angel mother waits for me
All on the quiet
Always do your duty, boy
A horrible tale of the suicidal family
Avondale disaster
Always take mother's advice
Araby's daughter
Alice Gray
A yaller dog's love for a Nigger—REC.
Be friends with your brother again
Called away
Clementine
Captain Cuff
Creole girl
Dar's a new moon in de sky
Dear Robin, I'll be true [pizened
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's
Early Monday morning in 1805
For one day of t there's six days
Fanny Gray [of hash
Flanigan, the lodger
Flowers of the forest
Friar of Orders Grey
Fine old Dutch gentleman
Good-night! but not good-bye
Good-evening
Give me a cot in the valley I love
Gold diggers lament
Gamboling man
His heart was true to Pol'
He's never done anything since
High daddie
It's all a matter of taste
I'm awaiting my love's return
I wouldn't advise you to do it
I'm saddest when I sing
Just plain Jim
Kissing in the street
Kiss in school—RECITATION
Larry O'Gaff
Lora Vale
Lord Lovel
Lone rock by the sea
Last link is broken
Laugh in school—RECITATIO
Lady Franklin
Maid of the mill
Mikado McAllister
Morrisey and the Russian
My love is like the red, red rose
Mulligan's daughter, Nell
Maid of Judah
Minnie Clyde
My mother, dear
Mollie, dear, come then with me
Malone at the back of the bar
Married
Never take the hind shoe from a mule
Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
New Jerusalem
No, sir!
One word would call me back again
Ocean burial
Oh! you girls
Old Susquehanna
Old country circus
Penny ballads
Pat's not so black as he's been painted
Poor old tramp
Pretty pond lilies
Phœbe, dearest
Paddy Carey
Poor old dad
Rat-catcher's daughter
Rosa Lee
Some other girl shall wear the ring
Sullivan and Ryan
Standard bearer
Spencer's firey slope
Sparking Sunday night
Sock her on her kisser
Sailor's widow
They can't keep the workingman down
Trust her not, she is fooling thee
There is no harm in kissing
Tick! tick! tick!
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Truth in parenthis—RECITATION
Three sailor boys
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings
Wash me, mother, dear
Wreck of the Hesperus—RECITATION
White Wings
Waiting at the ferry
What becomes of a lie—RECITATION
Wake! Dinah, wake
Young Charlotte
Your little Liza loves you
Yes, sir!

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 11.

CONTAINING 102 SONGS.

A sweet face at the window
American star
A kiss from dear old mother
Antony and Cleopatra—RECITATION
Aunt Jemima's plaster
Ballinamuck Brigade
Britannia reigns supreme
Brave old oak
Bridal ring
Bruce's address to his army
Blind boy's lament
Bryan O'Lynn
Buccanier's bride
Broken-hearted milkman
Come, sit by me, mother
Captive bird's complaint
Child's Prayer [home
Clap your hands till daddy comes
Does your mother take in washing?
Don't die an old maid
Dearest spot of earth to me is home
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Fellow who stole my wife
Fairy boy
Goot lager bier
Go it while you're young
Grandmother's birthday
Homeward bound
In other respects we are doing quite
I had $15 in my inside pocket [well
Irish stranger
I'm going to fight mit Siegel
Irish Brigade
Irish potheen
I'll marry no man if he drinks
I'm a broken down man
Jock O' Hazeldean
Joe Hardy
Johnny, get your gun
Kitty, the baby and I
Lass O' Gowrie
Little old red shawl my mother wore
Last hymn—RECITATION
Little Octoroon
Little hero
My home by the deep rolling sea
McCormick, the copper
Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd
Mary Aileen
My Nannie, O!
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Maryland, my home
Manilla boy
My mother's grave
Mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?
Mother, dear, write to your boy
My moustache is growing
Money
My love is a Zou-Zu
Molly, put the kettle on
Noble knights of labor
Never go back on the poor
Nora Creina
Oyster maid
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Over the Jasper sea
On the beach at Long Branch
Och! Paddy, is it yerself?
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
'Ostler Joe—RECITATION [mamma!
Oh! bring me but my Arab steed
Poor old horse, let him die
Peannt stand
Quilting party
Raging canal
Remember poor mother at home
Root hog or die
Rataplan
Shall we know each other there?
She wore a wreath of roses
Spot where I was born
Sea, the sea, the open sea
Sammy Slap, the bill sticker
Soap fat man
Since Maggie learned to skate
Seeing New York sights
Standing on the platform
Thou art gone, but not forgotten
That's where you make the mistake
That hired girl—RECITATION
Three maids of Lee
To show my respects to McGinnis
Will my darling come again?
What I heard an old maid say
Woman, lovely woman
Wreck of the Haddingtonshire
We fought in the same campaign
Washington, star of the West
What I'd like to know
When 'tis moonlight
Ye parliaments of England
You can't do it, you know

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 12.

CONTAINING 91 SONGS.

Any tinware to mend?
Alderman of the ward
A soldier and a man
Because she ain't built that way
Bill Mason's ride—RECITATION
Bad whisky—RECITATION
"Chestnut" bell
Come along, my darling
Cove vot spouts
County jail
Cast one little thought for me
Captain Dwyer
Cracksman's chant
Cunard dock
Cow that ate the piper
Dying Boy's request
Don't blame the mother
Drop the pink curtains
Did you notice it?
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine
Dream no more
Darling Mignonette
Down in Mobile
Duck-foot Sue
Excelsior!—RECITATION
Far away from home and mother
Fifty miles under the sea
Faster you pluck them the thicker they grow
German fun at Union Hill [grow
Golly, ain't I wicked?
Gideon's band
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Hamtown Bass Ball Club
Her own boy Jack
Hail to the statue of Liberty
I'm only going out for the beer
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
I'm not asleep
Irish-American tea
Jack's yarn
Katy Drew
Katy Ryan
Little old mud cabin near the bogs
Live, my love, oh, live
Life's lot
Little Eva to her papa
Mr. Finagan
My father sould charcoal
Maureen Mavourneen
My love beyond the sea
Man that couldn't get warm
Mountaineer's farewell
My friend from Chicago
Not married yet?
Never trust a nigger with a gun
Owen Reilly
Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
One penny portion
Oh, love, will you be mine?
Package of old letters
Please give me a penny, sir?
Polly Perkins of Washington Square
Petticoat Lane
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Remember me to all at home [live
Remember that the poor tramp has to
Swim out, you're over your head
Sweet heather-bell [different ways
She's the image of her mother in a 1000
Swinging on the old rustic gate
Sarah Walker
Simple Simon
She'd have her way or die
Shivering and shaking out in the cold
Something sweet to think of
S. O. T.
Something for the babies
Scanlan's rose song
Two little ragged urchins
That's what puzzles the Quaker
Trust to luck
Where can the wanderer be?
Wreck of the Princess Alice
Warrior's grave
Winking at me
Why Paddy's always poor
What do you think of it?
Whiskers on the moon
Widow McCarty
Whistler—RECITATION
You'll never miss your mother 'till [she's gone

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 13.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Australian exile
American beats them all
America
A patch from my angel brother's pants
A thousand years, my own Columbia
'Prentice boy
Broken-stringed banjo that hangs on
Bacon and Greens [the wall
Battle of Bull Run
Barney, come home
Brave boys are they
Cumberland's crew
Captain de Wellington Boots
Cod-fish balls
Cabin with the roses at the door
Can you, then, love another?
Christmas tree
Clara Nolan's ball
Dunderbeck's machine
Dreaming of mother's angel face
Dot leedle German band
Dorkins was tight
Don't put my father's picture up for
Embarrassment [sale
Ellsworth avengers
Foot-print in the sand
Foot-prints on the snow
First time in twenty-four years
Good-bye, lovely Lou
God knows what we'll do before we
Grecian bend [die
Ham-fat man
Home once more, or, remembrance of
Henry Green of Troy [home
Hoist up the flag
He said I said
I'se gwine to weep no more
It's enough to knock any one out
Johnny, take it easy
John, my boy, remember me
John Bull
Keep one little thought for me
Lively flea
Letter that never came
Lost chord
Light-house by the sea
Must we leave the old home, mother?
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My mother's wedding ring
Maiden's vow
Maguinnis Guards
Miss Maloney on the Chinese question
Molly Brallaghan [RECITATION
McCarthy's silver wedding
My heart is sad to-night
Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs
No seet in heaven—RECITATION
Norah, asthore
Never take "no" for an answer
Other arrangements
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, take me home to die
Organ-grinder
Pleading through the rain
Paul Jones
Paddy Magee's dream
Papa, come home
Papa's footsteps
Rollicking Rams
Since my mother's dead and gone
Squinty Dan
Sweet Summer roses
Save my mother's picture from the sale
Spitz dog
Soldier's dream
Style in which it's done
There's a smile waiting for me at home
They told me not to love him
There she blows
That's what's the matter with Hannah
They all have a mate but me
Two or three strings to my bow
Upper and lower ten thousand
Up went the price
Vat's de brice of peans, Jake?
Why didn't you say so before?
Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Widow McGee
Who stole the ham?
When you've got money
You know vat I know
You mustn't believe all you hear
Yellow-haired laddie

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 14.

CONTAINING 92 SONGS.

Jlan, O'Brien and Larkin, (The Man-
ll for money [chester martyrs)
assasination of Ellsworth
h, there! stay there
Jabama again
smart little bit ov a man
dam's ale
merican drinks
elle of Baltimore
lly Johnson's ball
lack flag
rossing o'er de ribber Jordan
ushlamachree
atlebar boy
hicago police patrol
er Deitcher's dog
ay I walked against O'Leary
ght years in Cherry Hill
ora Belle
ar away
ems of old Ireland
host of Benjamin Binns
een mossy banks of the Lee
ri I left behind me
od, save Ireland
al with a rogueish eye
e'll be back bye-and-bye
ave you seen Yum-Yum?
ow I miss those little footsteps
ome rule for Ireland
at me father wore
Heaven's my home
Hungry boarding-house
It's hard when you can't trust a friend
I kissed her under the parlor stairs
I'll return bye-and-bye
Is Maud in?
I haven't for a long time now
I would not die at all
If your foot is pretty, show it
I would not die in Spring time
If I only were a pretty little fly
I would like to do it, but can't
I'm a bum
I've wandered by the hut side
I would not die in Winter time
It's English, you know
If I was the man in the moon
I shall never make a gentleman of you,
Letters we carved on the tree [John
Let my name be kindly spoken
Land League Band
Leader of the band
Little Meg and I—RECITATION
Letter came at last
Lessons learned at a mother's knee
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
McGonigle's game dog—RECITATION
My queen
No, never can thy home be mine
Oh, no, certainly not
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
Origin of the harp
Once in a while
Over the hills to the bar-room
One parting word, dear mother
Orphan boy's lament
Old red cradle
Oregon gypsy girl
Our flag is there
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick's day parade
Patrol wagon
Rock-a-bye, baby
Riding on the cable cars
Sweet dreams of Erin
Song of the farmer
Spree
Three perished in the snow
Thine, still thine
Telephone
That's the idea, exactly
Under the daisies
Ungrateful son
When Bridget goes out on a mash
Why do you coldly greet me?
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Woman's tongue will never take a rest
What a friend we have in Jesus
We ought to be thankful for that
Write a loving letter to your mother

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 15.

CONTAINING 90 SONGS.

Absent-minded man
As long as the world goes round
Alonzo, the brave, and fair Imogine
'Way down in Maine
Accent on
A letter from Ireland
All's well
Angels ever bright and fair
Army beau
Botany bay
Barbara Fritchie—RECITATION
Blarney (The)
Barney Brallaghan
Belle of Avenue B
Before and after marriage
Buffalo gals
Becky Miller—RECITATION
Creep into bed, my baby
Clock on the wall
Charleston earthquake
Cork leg and James' crinoline
Constantinople countess
Dot beautiful Hebrew girl
Dese bones shall rise again
Dutchman's slate
Dollars do the business every time
Der Shoemaker boy
Donnybrook fair
Friendship—RECITATION
Gal with the balmoral
Go, get a derrick and hoist it
Hallelujah band
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Hail to the chief
It's dudish, you know
'Twill all come out in the wash
In the window a light I can see
Ill-fated Huron
I like it, I do
I saw Esau kissing Kate
Irish brigade—No. 2
It's nice
Joys that we've tasted
Just a little sunshine
King of the Cannibal Islands
Little Ah Sid
Lovely Nell
Look with thy fond eyes upon me
My mother's old slipper
My old scarlet coat
My own sweet Nellie Bawn
Man that couldn't get cool
Mother, home and heaven
Michigan, my Michigan
Many happy returns of the day
Mrs. Higgins' parlor floor
Nelly Brady
Old willow cradle
Old church of my childhood
Old-fashioned girl
Outcast (The)
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
One black sheep will never spoil the
Pat O'Hara [flock
Patter of the rain
Queen of all flowers
Rory of the hill—RECITATION
Scotch brigade
Spree song
Shall I ever see my old home any more
Sheffield apprentice
Sleep well, thou sweet angel
Striker and his son
Ta-ra-ruin
There's a little vacant chair
There's nothing surprising in that
There's no love like the love of a
U-pi-dee [mother
Wedding march
While the blue laws are in force
When you and I were boys
Wrecked and saved
We smile and speak as we pass by
Who'll be an old man's darling?
Write me a letter from home
Who's dat callin' so sweet
Woodstock bridge disaster
Water-mill
You'll get there all the same
Yes, we'll write you a letter from home

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 16.

CONTAINING 89 SONGS.

A flower I found in mother's bible
American Statues
Alpine Maid
And so say all of us
Boulanger's march
Boss tramp—RECITATION
Bold privateer [mother's grave
Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
Bye-low, baby Bunting (Howard's
Brigham Young [cradle song
Bismarck Guard
Chestnut Green from Wayback
Come to my arms, precious darling
Chewing gum
Celebrated speech of Robert Emmet
Caroline of Edinburg Town
Convivial man
Come along, sinners
Colleen Bawn
Damsel that I longed for never came
Dying cowboy's lament
Don't go out to-night, Joe
Dougherty's boarding house
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door
Dogs' meat man
Down in dot restaurant
Down among the coals
Flying your kite too high
First she would, and then she wouldn't
Green hills of Erin
Give me a house that's haunted
Gals on the avenue
Grecian statues
Grandmother's clock
Home by the wave
I am happy when you're near me
I wonder what will happen next
I'm so shy
It didn't surprise me at all
I have something sweet to tell you
I cannot sing that song to-night
I'm seventy-two to-day
I'se a Methodist 'till I die
Just to make a change in business all
Just as of old [around
Kitty Wells
Light-house keeper
Life of a soldier in the U. S. Cavalry
Let my people go
Maid of sweet Gorteen
My sweet little blossom
Miss Maloney's growler
Meet me to-night
McCarthy's fancy ball
Mamma's black baby boy
Miner's life
My Dutch girl's name
Man with the terrible gaul
Miss Julia
Mariner's grave
Monitor and Merrimac
Names we should never forget
Nobody's business but your own
Oh! share my cottage
Old oaken bucket
Only remembered by what I have done
Only a ringlet of hair
Old street lamp
Old King Cole
Old red barn
Patrick Riley
Poor little newsboy
Railway guide
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care
Spanish cavalier
See where she goes, my own Sophia
Simon, the cellarer
She shook der dailor
Sister Mary walked like that (Pit-a-pat)
That's all
Tom, if you love me, say so
Two new sports in town
Terry O'Rann
Under the moon
Will the roses bloom again?
When business picks up in the Fall
Wreck of the Southern Pacific express
You know [train at Tehachapi Pass
Years have come and passed away
You can do it, if you want to

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 17.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

America is good enough for me
America still ahead
Annie, who played the banjo
A button-hole bouquet
A hundred years ago
A girl's best friend is her lover
A sad love story—RECITATION
Benny Havens, oh
Blue glass
Boy from County Clare
Biddy Toole
Bloated young aristocrat
Copper and the cook
Controllin' influence of drink
Charlie's little dog—RECITATION
Don't count your chickens before they
Day we celebrate [are hatched
Danube river
Drunk again
Don't leave your father, Kate
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in
Emmet's "lullaby" [the grave
Fairy belle
Farewell, my own
Gipsy's warning
German home upon the Rhine
Harp that once thro' Tara's halls
It makes a man feel like a fool
I'll give you one more as you go
Ireland will yet be free
I believe it, for my mother told me so
Irish volunteer
Irish schoolmaster
I never can forget
I'm all broke up to-day
It's all a matter of time
I'm the father of a little black coon
Is there no message here for me
Ireland
I wish I was a fish
I'm going to have my name above the
Is my darling true to me [door
Johnny, get your hair cut
Jesse James
Jane O'Malley
Kind words can never die
Keystone brigade
Let her go, Gallagher
Let her go, Gallagher (topical version)
Little brother Joe
Lula Wall
Lula is gone
Love among big noses
Let's be gay
Let me hug her for her mother
Mary Ann
Maggie, the cows are in the clover
Maid of Monterey
Meek and lowly
May be you do, but I doubt it
Mother, I was not to blame
Mamma's baby boy
My heart's in the Highlands
Minstrel boy
Many changes have I seen
On the beach at Long Branch
Oh, how delightful
Out in the cold
Out of work
Pretty little Flora
Poor old Jeff
Put by for a rainy day
Poor old slave
Par excellence
Papa's coming, bye and bye
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Robert Emmet
Shells of ocean
She might have licked McCarty
Supposing
Somebody's mother—RECITATION
Song of the haymakers
Saturday night, when the barroom's full
Sunny hours of childhood
Sunshine will come again
Tell mother I die happy
That big beaver hat
Tidings of comfort and joy
There's millions in it
Three angel visitants
Tom Collins is my name
That's pretty good, what next
What shall we name the baby
Watcher
Wait 'till the bull-dog dies, Jennie
When Ireland has an army and navy
Will Watch [of her own
What do they care about that
What Norah said
You'll remember me
You'll never know a mother's love
[again

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 18.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

A mark from my angel mother's shoe
A tress of baby's golden hair
A man to knock Sullivan out
Beauty of Limerick
Bring back my Bonnie to me
Barney, the lad from Kildare
Base ball—RECITATION
Boyne water
Bunch of shamrocks
Dreaming of the loved ones
Don't whisper no
Dear little duck of a girl
Dear harp of my country
Donnelly and Cooper
Dot stupporn pony—RECITATION
Death of Sarsfield
Day we went tobogganning
Farewell, farewell, my own true love
From the cradle to the grave
Give me back your smiles again
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
Hebrew clothing drummer
Huldy Ann, how is your mother
I owe ten dollars to O'Grady
It's all over now with the ladies
I forget
In the gloaming
I did it
It's funny what lager will do
Ireland's sword and shield
If we only had our way
Irish philosopher—RECITATION
Justine, you love me not
Kathleen, my darling
Killarney
Little boy blue
Little bright eyes watching for me
Live in my heart and pay no rent
Letter that came too soon
Little fishermaiden
Little stars won't tell
Larry's on the force—RECITATION
Limerick races
Lannigan's ball
My bewitching Nell
My daughter, Rachael
Mr. Levy's doter
Maid of Erin
Me be like Mellican man
My Nellie's blue eye
My cot beside the sea
My dear Savannah home [the hill
Never push a man when he's going down
Only an outcast, forsaken by all
Only a girl—RECITATION
Old black Joe
Out of the frying-pan into the fire
Over the hills and the valleys
Old village bum
Our stylish boarding house
Puzzled census-taker—RECITATION
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak
Pins and needles
Please spare that old home
Poor Robinson Crusoe
Pickin' on a harp
Puzzled Dutchman—RECITATION
Put on de golden sword
Poor old Ned
Rocky road to Dublin
Song that will never die
Song that reached my heart
Sheeny glazier
Song of all songs
Some day
Stand by your mother, Jack
Sally Jones, the cook
Ship that never returned
That's my girl
Three little maids from school (parody)
Talmage's "night side of life in New
Tickler [York"
There are friends that we never forget
Tim Finnigan's wake
There never was a coward where the
Where is Kathleen [shamrock grows
Will my Robin come again
When we ran with the old machine
What Biddy said in the police court—
Whole hog or none [RECITATION
Wearing of the green
Wild Irish boy
Walking mania
When Muldoon is mayor [got
Your mother's the best friend you've
Young man who used to live over the
[way

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 19.

CONTAINING 103 SONGS.

As I sat upon my dear old mother's
An American's toast [knee
A little knot of olue
A soldier to-night is our guest
A pretty little baby to dandle on your
A whiff of the pipe [knee
Broken playthings on the floor
Blue and the gray
Be kind to the motherless child
Boodle
Baby that never came
Constitution and Guerriere
Can Brigade
Carrie Lee—No. 1
Carrie Lee—No. 2
Drill, you terriers, drill [pany goes
Don't come in the parlor 'till the com-
Drinking with Daniel Maloney
Don't leave me, laddie
Dorkins' night
Dear Italian girl
Down by the old abbey ruin
Dude—RECITATION
Don't shut out the sunlight, mother
Don't take the children from me
Duncan Gray
Evicted
Fellow that plays the kazoo
French flats
Grandmother's garret
Gladiator—RECITATION
Gliding up the stream
Gilhooly's supper party
Grandpa's donkey
Hie away, ole Satan
Hello! bab-by
Honor thy father and mother
How sweet the name of mother
Hamlet's soliloquy on death—REC.
If the twinkling stars could tell
I'll be true, love, to you
Isn't that an awful shame
Ivy leaf
Irene, good night
I'll await your smiling face
I wonder what they're springing on us
I'm a jolly little fellow [now
Judge Duffy told me so
John L. Sullivan, the champion
Jumbo, the elephant
Kutchy, kutchy, coo
Keep your eye on it
Lullaby from "Erminie"
Little sister's gone to sleep
Letter from over the sea—No. 1
Letter from over the sea—No. 2
Mrs. Grogan's boy
My dad's dinner pail
My love's returned again
Mister Dooley's geese
Miller's song
Man who never tumbled
Ma's baby—RECITATION
Marguerite
My old Kentucky home
Maloney, the rolling mill man
Never to meet again
Nothing else
Old-fashioned cot in the lane
Our brave little Volunteer
Old doorstep
Only a blue bell
Orphan boy
One of the bravest
O'Hara, get the gag
One pair of black eyes
Piggy-back
Papa, come home to your darlings
Poor little newsgirl
Postal card that never came
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's daughter
Ring dat golden bell
Rock and Rye crazy [owe
Remember, you have children of your
Red-haired girl and the near-by white
Sarah Jane's relations [horse
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all
Spray of four-leaved clover
Sailing home to Nell
Safely rocked in mother's arms
Steak that never came
Sour grapes
Side by side the old folks sleep
Sweet love, good-night to thee
Soldiers' song from "Erminie"
That's not English, you know
They all love Jack
They're not asleep
There's something in the cradle
Twenty years ago—RECITATION
What the dicky birds say
Wreck of the Alpina
You're born, but you're not buried yet

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No 20.

CONTAINING 110 SONGS.

Adam and Eve
Anchored
A sister's lullaby
At last
A scentless rose
All among the barley
Angels took mama
Bid me good-bye and go
Ballyhooley
Baby's footsteps on the sill
Baby show
Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
Black Maria, O
Bachelor's hall
Be sure you're right, then go ahead
Boys of the Bowery pit
Bring back my sailor boy
Brigade at Fontenoy
Click of the latch
Coon dat got de shake
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Do what de good book tells you
Don't do this and don't do that
Dear father, come down with the
Dick Darlin', the cobbler [stamps
Grandfather's darling
Good-night request
Glasses mother wore
Golden wedding—No. 1
Golden wedding—No. 2
Garryowen
Hail, Jerusalem, hail
Hail Columbia
Hear dem bells
Her wedding night
Hungry at somebody's door
High born liver Daniel
Hasten, sweet maiden, to me
Harp, or Ireland's resurrection
It's home, sweet home
I'll never have her back again
If the man in the moon could only
In a little fisher village [speak
I'll dance upon your grave
I never can forget you
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me
I likes a drop of good beer [so
I'm flying high
'Tis folly to be wise
Isht Mr. Dinglebender home
I've only been down to the club
Ketch on
Keyhole in the door
Let us part friends
Love, let your heart be faithful
Listen to my tale of woe
Little queen of May
Little darling, I'll be true
Letter that was written long ago
Let me die with my face to the foe
Lassie who loves but me
Let's make a little home for the old
My dear old Irish home [folks
Maple on the hill
Meet a coon to-night
Man, poor man
My little tot's high chair
Mother's locks of snow
Major Gilfeather
Many can help one
Man that struck O'Hara
My dandy cigarette
Old step stone
On Union Square
Only a rose from mother's grave
Oh! Mollie Grogan
Old and only in the way
Old Rosin, the beau
Red, white and blue
Rocking the baby
Remember mother's lessons when a
Sam Devere's dream [child
Star-spangled banner
Songs that we sing
Some day I'll wander back again
Sweet Jennie Bell
Sweet bye-and-bye
Slavery days
Some mother's boy
That doesn't go for a cent
True Irish hearts
There's no one like mother to me
Toboggan slide
Tell me you are mine
Two orphans
There was a jolly miller
Viva l'America
Virgin, only nineteen years old
Waiting, waiting, waiting
When his mother-in-law's at home
When yo' heah de big bell ring
When baby smiles in her sleep
Waiting at the window
When Nelly was raking the hay
Washington's grave
Widow in the cottage by the sea
Won't you dance with me, love
Washing-day
Wedlock is a ticklish thing
You'll hear the bells in the morning

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 21.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Auld Lang Syne
Annie Laurie
A dark and roguish eye
Bring back my fisher boy
Big and little of it
Convict and the bird
Come, haste to the wedding
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 1
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 2
Cat's meat man
Casey's boarding house
Come home, father
Don't run down the Irish
Dear little hands
Dotlet on the "I"
Dennis Grady's hack
Drinane Dhun
Drink to me only with thine eyes
Did he get there?
Day our mother died
Father's last words to me
Factory girl
Fish-ball musketeer
Father's come home
Gypey maid
Grandfather Brian
Hush, my baby Bunting
How happy I could be with either
Harbor lights
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Handy Andy
Hush! don't wake the baby
Henrietta Pye
Happy birds
His funeral's to-morrow
He's all right
I've paid the $10 to O'Grady
I wonder how long it will last?
If the waters could speak as they flow
I built a bridge of fancies
I hope it don't happen again
Is your mamma well?
I never saw a saw saw like this saw
I would't if I could [saws
Is marriage a failure?
Just arrived from Harrisburg
Judy McCarty
Jakey, de butcher boy
Kind, loving faces at home
Let baby sleep
Life in the army
Lawn tennis
Mother's letter
My soldier boy
Mistress Jinks, wife of Captain Jinks
Mill will never grind again with the
Madam Duvan [water that has passed
Man that knew the actors
New York Base Ball Club
Now I come to think of it
Never in the wide, wide world
Nancy
No, 'tis not true
Only a picture
O, whistle and I will come to you, my
Our own boy, Jack [lad
Over there
Old golden locket my mother used to
On board the Mary Jane [wear
Oh! write me a song of my father
Picture on the wall
Pictures of home
Paddy Whack
Pat and the priest
Razzle, dazzle
Songs I heard at home
She's waiting on the quay
Signor Mestinger
Save enough to send for me
Saving it all for Mary
Ship on fire
Swiss boy
True as the stars above
That melody divine
Thy name was once the magic spell
With all her faults I love her still
When we sit in the President's chair
We've both been there before, many a
When the roses bloom in Spring [time
When the Springtime flowers bloom
Wait till the tide comes in
What a stunning pair of legs
Why do Summer roses fade?

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 22.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

Am I right?
Across the bridge he goes
All on account of a woman
Baby mine
Neath the old maple tree
Blonde that never dyes
Broken pitcher
Baby's prayer
Bernard Reilly
Can you tell me the reason why?
Close to it
Cry baby, cry baby
Dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes
Don't let it worry you
Evening Telegram
Gla Rhee
Farewell, Marguerite
Finnegan's masquerade
Gently down the stream of time
Give me a man of honest heart
Good-bye, dearest heart
Prowler that never came
Here lies an actor
Hannah's done stuck on a coon
Happy times passed and gone away
He's all right when you know him
How much would you give to find
Harp of the wild wind [out?—Rec.
I'm so feel so awfully loose
I will return again
I like to be a swell
If I were a millionaire
I left my love
I was it it, fairly in it
I doubt if it ever occurs
Jamsetjhee
Just a little
Kerrigan's masquerade
Let it be soon
List to the convent bells
List'ning for his coming step
Little ones at home
Larboard watch
Little maid of Arcadee
List to the thrush
My last cigar
Magee's back yard
McGinty, king of the rink
Molly Flynn
Mister Nobody
McMullen, the squire
Mrs. McCarty's party
My Maggie
Must we forever part?
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Near it
Oh, let it be soon
Old cabin home
Old love and the new
Once was enough for him
Old Granite State [grave
Put a headstone over poor mother's
Pig's head wid cabbage and praties
Raffle for Monaghan's stove
Save a sunny smile for me
Something a woman can do
Scissors grinder
Sally in our alley
Such an education has my Mary Ann
Spare the old homestead
Scanlan's swing song
Sweet love, be true to me
Sheriff's sale
Tootsy Wootsy
To be there
Terrance McMullin
Terrible tragedy
There isn't a law to prevent it
That innocent kid
Turn down the light
That's where the laugh comes in
Two lovely black eyes
Uncle Jeff's return
Villain never harmed her
What did they ever do to get there?
We've both been there before, many a
Waiting [time (Sam Devere's)
World is coming to an end
Where mother is, is home
When mother puts the little ones to
Where's the white horse? [bed
Women of the day
Won't you buy my pretty flowers
Where did you get that hat?
You and I, love
You'll have to be up to the times

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 23.

CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Actors dream
As long as the world goes round
A stitch in time saves nine
Barney's courtship
Be-cutiful Bill
Bully old horse
Call me darling once again
Ching, ching
Casey at the bat—Recitation
Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret?
Doncherknow
Down upon the banks of Tennessee
Day I first played ball
Did you ever hear a girl say no?
Elly Mavourneen
From the source to the sea
Grandfather's clock
Give 'em string and let 'em went
Girl of the period
Go to sleep my baby girl
Gal what I calls mine
Good old friends of my youth
Hello! Riley
Hello, sweet "49!"
He went glimming
He's in the asylum now
Hodman's lament
Hattie May
I'm a chappie from over the wattah
I cannot see where it comes in
Ill-gifted ring
I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
I do not watch alone
Immenseikoff; or, the central toff
I love him more than I can say
I'll come back, my darling, to thee
Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown
Jack won't forget you
Kate's secret
Killaloe
Kathleen Mavourneen
Let each man learn to know himself
Later on, later on
Last sweet words of mother
My pretty red rose
My favorite, my queen
My heart is sad to-day
Mariner's daughter
Michael Dwyer
Mud Run disaster
Martha, the milkman's daughter
Meet me in the lovely twilight
Mr. Bob Fubbs; or, the love chase
Milwaukee Fire
McNally's row of flats
Never encourage the men
Nancy Lee
Nobody knows
Old hats and rags
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, if I had some one who'd love me
On yonder rock reclining
On the sea
Old musician and his harp
Postage stamp flirtation
Pretty little pigs in clover
Prodigal son
Paddy Shay
Sweet forget-me-not
Sandy-haired Mary in our area
See that my grave's kept green
She danced like a fairy
Spare that old mud cabin
Sam Devere's latest
Song I'll ne'er forget
Since Kate learnt how to play
Since my daughter plays on the type
Sweet rose of dawn [writer
Some girls do, and some girls don't
Snowy strands among the jet
They cannot keep the working girls
Tilt skirt [down town
There's no such girl as mine
Tit for tat
True as the stars that are shining
Travelling man from Boston
What a fool you would be to believe her
Where was Moses when the light went
Whoa, Emma! [out?
When the robins nest again (parody)
When Jamie comes over the sea
When other friends are round me
We've a million in the field
We'll raise de roof to-night
Wreck of the "City of Columbus"

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 24.

CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A mother's appeal to her boy
An orphan
A lady in love
A Buddhist soldier's grave
Adieu, dear friends, adieu
At the golden gate
Bonny Mae
Bell buoy
Blind mother
Buy a broom
Brooklyn tragedy
Banks of the Schuylkill
Barbary Ellen
Broadway swell and Brooklyn belle
Champion of the world
Calling me back to the old home
Charles Guiteau's confession
Chestnut broke my heart
Colonel Sharp
Chinaman washeeman
Don't believe all that you hear
Down where we roamed together
Don't be angry, mother
Down went McGinty
Don't say one thing and mean an-
Discarded lover [other
Dying soldier of Cerro Gordo
Gintleman from Kildare
Green linnet
Green willow tree
Green fellow
Hanki Panki; or the girl from China
Harp without the crown
He gets there just the same
Haul de wood nile down
How I got even with O'Grady
Have you seen my girl?
In the eye abides the heart
Irish spree
I'm sorry it ever occurred
Ireland for the Irish
It's funny what girls will do
I'm just beginning to like you
I wish I were single again
Independent lovers
Irish girl
I had nothing else to do
Johnstown flood
Jeanie with the light brown hair
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our
Just a little sunshine, No. 2 [home
Keep this flow'ret for my my sake
King and poet—Recitation
Love, Henry
Little empty stockings
Let us raise a row to-night
Little old sod shanty
Let me shake the hand that shook the
Little girl [hand of Sullivan
Loss of his dear
Life let us cherish
My Johnny was a shoemaker
My sailor girl
Mackafee's confession
Mill boy
My own true love
Nancy Downy
Not that I wish to say anything wrong
Nearing the harbor
No home to shelter her
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Over the banister
Ould plaid shawl
Old tobacco box
Oregon boys
Palms
People I have met
Polly Gold
Pure testimony
Sailor boy
Send that wagon home, John
Sweet William
Shakespeare's seven ages of man
Sighing for thee
Snow angels
Slavery's passed away
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have
Slide, Kelly, slide [my life
Song of the dying emigrant
Skating on one in the gutter
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Seventeen and twenty sweethearts
Those lovely Brooklyn girls
Tennessee boys
Two on earth and two in heaven
There's no place like home
Unfortunate lovers
Where did you get that face?
When the pansies droop and die
When my little one's asleep
World and his wife
What a wonderful world it would be
You can imagine the rest
Young man's warning

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DUFFY'S OPENING NIGHT.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Did you ever hear tell of Pat Duffy?
He came from the County Mayo,
Last week, shure, he started a bar-room
Down in the Fourth Ward below.
There was lager, free lunch, and whiskey,
Faith, indeed, 'twas an elegant sight;
But the boys, one and all, they got friskey,
On Duffy's grand opening night.

CHORUS.

Ah, but Duffy sold horrible liquor;
It would knock you up high as a kite;
And the bar I'm sure never looked sicker
Than on Duffy's grand opening night.

Poor Duffy sent out invitations,
And invited his neighbors to come;
He told them he'd treat them all dacent,
And give them their fill of good rum.
They came there in droves and by dozens,
And got in a terrible fight;
They broke all the doors and the windows,
On Duffy's grand opening night.—*Chorus.*

They stole all the stock that he had there,
And drank all his whiskey so sweet;
They took both his clothes and his money,
And threw him out into the street;
They scattered his family, and left him
To roam in a terrible plight.
Poor Duffy now lives on free lunches
Since he gave the grand opening night.—*Chorus.*

OUR FRONT STOOP.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'm the father of a family,
Six girls and one big boy,
With the neighbors they are friendly,
They are their mother's joy;
It's every Summer evening,
When the heat would make you droop,
Friends they meet from every street,
To gossip on our front stoop.

There's dainty Misses Grogan,
Alexander McAfee,
The undertaker Hogan,
The pride of Calvary;
Such splendid vocalization,
'Twould burst an opera troupe
"The Sweet By-and-By" would make a man die,
As sung on our front stoop.

They talked about the Murphys,
And say they put on style,
And how their daughter Mary
Went down to Coney Isle.
With a Germ[illegible] music teacher,
Who filled [illegible] with clamp soup,
Then they say don't give it away,
What you hear on our front stoop.

You'd have to run the gauntlet,
If ye were walking by,
They'd have your family history
In the twinkling of your eye.
They'd turn you gently over,
While they sit there in a group,
They'd give to you sweet Ballyhoo,
While passing our front stoop.

They send Kate with a pitcher
For Cincinnati beer;
Then their conversation
For a mile or two you'll hear.
They talk about the babies,
The whooping-cough and croup;
When the moon's out in sight, they say good-night,
And go home from our front stoop.

PAT MALLOY.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

At sixteen years of age I was
My mother's fair-haired boy;
She kept a little huckster shop,
Her name it was Malloy;
"I've fourteen children, Pat," says she,
"Which heaven to me has sent,
But children ain't like pigs, you know—
They can't pay the rent!"
She gave me every shilling
There was in the till,
And kissed me fifty times or more,
As if she'd never get her fill;
"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," said she,
"And don't forget, my boy,
That ould Ireland is your country,
And your name is Pat Malloy!"

Oh, England is a purty place,
Of gold there is no lack—
I trudged from York to London,
Wid me scythe upon me back;
The English girls are beautiful,
Their loves I don't decline,
The eating and the drinking, too,
Are beautiful and fine;
But in a corner of me heart,
Which nobody can see,
Two eyes of Irish blue
Are always peeping out at me!
Oh, Molly, darlin', never fear,
I'm still your own dear boy—
Ould Ireland is me country,
And me name is Pat Malloy.

From Ireland to America,
Across the seas I roam,
And every shilling that I got,
Ah, sure I sent it home;
Me mother couldn't write, but, oh,
There came from Father Boyce:
"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she—
I hear me mother's voice!
But now I'm going home again,
As poor as I began,
To make a happy girl of Moll,
And sure I think I can;
Me pockets they are empty,
But me heart is filled with joy,
For ould Ireland is me country,
And me name is Pat Malloy.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea;
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wander'd forth with me.
Though flowers deck'd the mountain side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
Though fate began to lour,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land.
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot with hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

O'DONNELL ABU.

Composed by M. J. M'Cann.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
Fleetly the steed by Loc Suilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.
On, every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear;
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!
Bonnought and Gallowglass,
Throng from each mountain pass!
On for old Erin—O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,
With many a chieftain and warrior-clan;
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
'Neath the borders brave from the banks of the Bann;
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail;
Deeply the merciless tyrant shall rue
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breeze's wing,
Tyrconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell abu!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling,
All—all who would scare them are banished or slain!
Grasp, every stalwart hand,
Hackbut and battle-brand—
Pay them all back the deep debt so long due;
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir-Conaill tell—
Onward to glory—O'Donnell abu!

Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's defending—
The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!
On with O'Donnell, then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and true;
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel!
Strike for your country!—O'Donnell abu!

DIGGING FOR GOLD.

Darby Kelly below in Kilkenny did live,
A sketch of whose character I'm going to give;
He was thought by the people a green polished rogue,
He could wastle the whiskey, or wastle the old brogue;
All kinds of diseases with herbs he could cure,
He'd interpret your dreams to be certain and sure,
By the boys of the village he often was fool'd;
For aslape or awake, he was dreaming of gould.

He had a fine open house, but the winders were broke,
The gables were down to let out the smoke;
Some beautiful pigs, through the wide world to range,
Though they were thin, they were thick with the mange.
He was so neglectful of domestic affairs,
The rats ate the bottoms all out of the chairs,
And the wife by the husband was so overruled,
When she asked him for coppers he was talking of gould.

The house thus neglected, sure nothing went right;
When a youth of the village came to him one night—
A nice boy he was, his name was Dan Mac,
And ready to fly with the duds on his back;
All the clothes that he had wasn't enough
To make him a bolster to stick on a crutch,
And his juvenile days in a limekiln was schooled,
But he used to cod Darby about finding gould.

Says Dan: Ere last night I had a beautiful dream;
Bit bad luck to the doubt! last night I'd the same;
And to-day, as I dozed, after slacking some lime,
I dreamt it again for the third and last time.
Och, murder! says Darby, come tell us your dream,
Same time his two eyes like rockets did gleam,
Says Dan, I dreamt at the castle Kilcool
I found a jar that was crammed full of gould.

Poor Darby a big mouth opened like a dead Haicke,
Saying: You'll be a hero, just like your namesake;
You'll ride in your coach, you fortunate elf,
While I may be in one, going down to the Hulks.
No matter, said Darby, we must emigrate,
So come down at midnight, and don't be too late;
Bring some boys whose courage won't easy be cooled
And we'll dig till daylight to find all the gould.

They arrived at the castle at about one o'clock,
Where Dan dreamt he found all the gold in a crock,
They all set to work with picks, shovels, and spades,
And a hole that would swallow a house soon was made
Says Darby: Bad luck to the curse we must give,
Or we'll be beggars as long as we live!
Says Dan: May the devil on my back be stooled,
For I have bursted my breeches in digging for gould!

The prayers availed nothing, the crock was soon found,
Tim Rooney he lifted it over the ground;
With joy Darby leaped on the back of Ned Fail,
Like a fish from the stream with a hook in his tail.
Says Darby: My wife won't abuse me to-night,
When I take home the shiners so yellow and bright!
I'll buy house and land about Kilcool,
And we'll all bless the night we went digging for gould!

The crock was then placed on Darby's own back,
To carry home and each man have his whack;
They arrived at the door with the gould to be sacked,
When Mac with a spade knocked the crock into smash.
Poor Darby. near smothered, ran in with affright,
His wife jumps up to get him a light,
When she heard Darby mourning, her passion was cooled,
She knew by the smell he was covered with gould!

The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me.

The valley lay smiling before me
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her pilgrim returned;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand that had waked it so often,
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought!*
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward! the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the *Saxon and Guilt.*

—It was in a country theatre. The two gentlemen were from the agricultural district. After the curtain fell on the first act, one of them who had been reading the programme, said in an excited manner: "It's a swindle, just got up to take in strangers." "What's a swindle?" "Here it says the next act is two years later. I wonder if they think we are going to stay here for two years, just to see this thing out?" They went out and saw the ticket-man about it.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

President Lincoln's favorite Poem.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, floating meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Should moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died; aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—A flock of girls is called a bevy; a bevy of wolves a pack; a pack of thieves a gang; a gang of angels a host; a host of porpoises a shoal; a shoal of buffaloes a herd; a herd of children a troop; a troop of partridges a covey; a covey of beauties a galaxy; a galaxy of ruffians a horde; a horde of rubbish a heap; a heap of oxen a drove; a drove of blackguards a mob; a mob of whales a school; a school of worshippers a congregation; a congregation of engineers a corps; a corps of robbers a band; a band of locusts a swarm; and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and wherever there is a crowd there usually is a fuss.

STUMP SPEECH.

Delivered by Ned Turner.

FELLER CITIZENS AND HUMAN:—Lend me your ears, for I am about to let her slide. Dis am a great country, full ob toil and troubles, sin and sorrow, sickness and deff. We spring up like a hoppergrass and we are cut down like a peppergrass, as Speelshake says in his works ob human ewents. I tell yea, feller citizens, a crisis hab aribben and sumthin's bust; our hy-per-bol-i-cal and majestic uniwerse ob creation hab unshipped her rudder and de captain's ded drunk in dat renowned and neber to be forgotten place called de oder side ob Jordan; de chambermaid hab jumped overboard and div down to de depths ob de mighty deep in serch ob crabs and odder small insects. Our wigwams am torn to pieces like an old shirt on a brush fence. We hab purloined de huntin' grounds ob de poor aborigines, and druv dem in desparation to de plains ob Caucassus on de Kentuck ribber, near Sheedunk Territory. Dis am a time to be looked up to like a bobtail shanghai on a rickety henroost; am such tings to be did? I ax you in de name ob dat proud majestic bird ob Liberty, which hab smelt de smoke ob many hard fought battles, and hab now flown ober de cloud-capt summit ob de Rockgany Mountins, and sets perched on de staff ob de Star Spangled Smasher, am such things gwine to be conglomerated? Oh answer me, somebody! and "let me not bust wid ignorance," as Cæsar said when Gimblet stabbed him in de house ob Re-pre-sent-a-tives. I'se sprung a leak! I'm spilen! I'm gwine to let her rip, and yelp like a hungry bar wid a sore head, or a big yaller dog wid a wheel-barrow tied to his tail. Den flock togedder, feller humans, like a flock ob turkey buzzards round de carcass ob a defunct mule, or a drove ob shad in fly time, and rib me out wid a mill grab, if I don't stick to you like brick dust to a bar ob soft soap, or a lot ob hungry niggers to a bowl ob clam soup. Times aint as dey used to was, and things in general hab got to cum to a stop, so my friend Jeems says, and what he says am ile from de can. Howsumever, his absence prevents his hemispherical orgunisational optical illusional powers. Look to it, feller humans, or I will, for I am spilin'. I'm worried, and dere will be trouble in de house, and when I do rise up, de whole Yankee nation from de East to de Wes', from de Norf to de South, will exclaim in de loud and terrific, sublime and unnatural language as Paul de Soap Fat Man used when preachin' in de wilderness to de aborigines ob Hosh Kosh, when he said unto dem, "You dat am last shall be fust, and you dat am fust shall be last, and follow in de footsteps of de odders," when Gabriel blows his horn or stay behind till de day ob Jug-her-not and *Root little Hog or die.*

The Captain with His Whiskers.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

As they marched through the town, with their banners so gay,
I ran to the window to hear the band play;
I peeped through the blinds very cautiously then,
Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men.
Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet,
But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat,
The troop was the finest that I ever did see,
And the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought it right
To pretend that we never had met till that night;
But he knew me at once I perceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance:
Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he said I never shall forget;
My heart was enlisted and could not get free,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

But he marched from the town and I saw him no more,
Yet I think of him still and the whiskers he wore;
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
Of the love of a Captain who has gone far away;
I remember with superabundant delight,
When we met in the street and we danced all the night;
And I keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

—An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whiskey, and she belaves I'll never pay her; and faith, that's my belafe, too."

They've all Got a Wife but Me.

As sung by Ben Dodge.

A story true I'll tell to you,
Of the troubles of my life;
Though in love I've been—like many other men—
I never could get a wife;
For the girls are so shy (but I can't tell why),
And sad it is to relate;
Though I've tried and tried, till I've almost died,
Still I cannot find a mate.

CHORUS.

There's the monkey and the dog, the turtle and the frog,
The fishes that swim in the sea;
And the pretty little squirrel, with his tail up in a curl,
Oh, they've all got a wife but me.

When first in love, head o'er heels I dove,
It was with a girl named Lize;
She'd a nose hard to beat, she'd number ten feet,
And a pair of codfish eyes;
I offered my hand, in a style quite grand,
And what do you suppose?
She said very cool, that she wasn't such a fool,
And she turned up her pretty little nose.

SPOKEN—It made me outrageously mad to think that she went back on me after I squandered all my wealth upon her—not that I cared for the money, but I hated to realize that—

CHORUS.

There's the chickens and the cat, the weasel and the rat,
The 'skeeter and the bumblebee;
The cunning little lizard and the naughty old buzzard,
Oh, they've all got a wife but me.

My love number two, was a girl named Sue,
Who clerked in a dollar store;
Each day I dressed in all my best,
And wandered past the door.
I wrote her a letter (oh, I ought to know better),
And asked her to share my lot;
Next day I met her "feller," and he thumped me in the smeller,
That was all the answer I got.

SPOKEN—Oh, I tell you it is a horrible thing to contemplate—just to think that I am left to enjoy single wretchedness, while—

CHORUS.

There's the horse and the steer, the goat and the deer,
The hornet, the wasp and the flea;
The fussy little coon, and the ugly old baboon,
Oh, they've all got a wife but me.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY.

As sung by Wm. Horace Lingard.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The sweetest thing in life,
And no one dare say nay,
On a Saturday afternoon,
Is walking down Broadway;
My sisters through the Park,
And at Long Branch wish to stay,
But I prefer to walk
Down the festive, gay Broadway.

CHORUS.

Walking down Broadway,
The festive, gay Broadway,
The O. K. thing on Saturday
Is walking down Broadway.

Last Wednesday afternoon,
My cousin Will did say:
"Nellie, come along with me,
I'll take you down Broadway—
To the Theater Comique,
To see Captain Jinks so gay,
Then we'll dine at Delmonico's
'Fore returning down Broadway."

SPOKEN—And I must say, ladies and gentlemen, with all due deference to other pleasures in life, there's nothing so charming as—*Chorus.*

NETTIE MOORE.

Sung by Hooley's Minstrels.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In a little white cottage,
Where the trees are ever green,
And the climbing roses blossom at the door,
I've often sat and listen'd
To the music of the birds,
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie Moore.

CHORUS.

Oh, I miss you Nettie Moore,
And my happiness is o'er,
While a spirit sad around my heart has come;
And the busy days are long,
And the nights are lonely now,
For you're gone from our little cottage home.

Below us in the valley,
On the river's dancing tide,
Of a Summer eve I'd launch my open boat;
And when the moon was rising,
And the stars began to shine,
Down the river we so merrily would float.—*Chorus.*

And often in the Autumn,
Ere the dew had left the lawn,
We would wander o'er the fields far away;
But those moments have departed,
Gentle Nettie, too, is gone,
And no longer sweetly with her can I stray.—*Chorus.*

Since the time that you departed,
I have long'd from earth to rise,
And join the happy angels gone before;
I can not now be merry,
For my heart is full of woe,
Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore.—*Chorus.*

You are gone, darling Nettie;
I have mourn'd you many a day:
But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes;
For as soon as life is past,
I shall meet you once again,
In heaven, darling, up above the skies.—*Chorus.*

Is it Anbody's Business?

Sung by Miss Clara Bradel.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Is it anybody's business, if a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady, if the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer, that the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business, if a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business when that gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady? or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary that the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble the outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business but the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies, and doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business but the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort, where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk, whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person, as he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business what his business may be there?

The substance of our query, simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business what another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't, we would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't, there are some who make it so.

If 'tis, we'll join the rabble, and act the noble part
Of tattlers and defamers who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher, until everybody learns
It were better in the future to mind their own concerns.

KATY'S LETTER.

By Lady Dufferin.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear
I wrote my love a letter,
And although he cannot read,
I thought 'twas all the better;
For why should he be puzzled
With hard spelling in the matter,
When the *maning* was so plain
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

.. wrote it, and I folded it,
And put a seal upon it,
'Twas a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet;
For I would not have the postmaster
Make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said *inside* the letter
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dare not put it half in,
The neighbors know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffing;
So I dare not write his name *outside*,
For fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote: "From little Kate to one
Whom she loves faithfully,"
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it,
That postman, *so consated*,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited;
But maybe there *may'nt* be one
For the *rason* that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write,
But loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is,
That he is true to me.

THE SPADE, BOYS, THE SPADE.

Copyright, 1874, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Give me the spade and the man who can use it,
A fig for your lord and his soft silken hand,
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver, the land, boys the land;
There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labor,
The more you deposit the more you shall have,
If there's more than you want you can give to your neighbor,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.

CHORUS.

Give me the spade and the man who can use it,
A fig for your lord and his soft silken hand,
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver, the land, boys, the land.

Give me the spade, old England's glory,
That fashion'd the field from the black barren moor,
Let us speak in its praise with ballad and story,
While 'tis brighten'd with labor, not tarnish'd with gore;
It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Created our commerce, extended our trade,
Gave food for our wives, our children and cattle,
But the queen of all weapons, the spade, boys, the spade.
Give me the spade and the man who can, &c.

Give me the spade, there's a magic about it,
That turns the black soil into bright shining gold,
What would our father's have done, boys, without it,
When the land lay all bare and the north wind blew cold?
Where the tall forests stood, and the wild beasts were yelling,
Where our stout-hearted ancestors shrunk back afraid,
The corn stack is raised, and man claims a dwelling,
Then hurrah! for our true friend, the spade, boys the spade.
Give me the spade and the man who can, &c.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow-Tree.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree,
I'll off to the wars again,
My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battle-field no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow;
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride?
She's going to leave me now;
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride?
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
And gave me a silken suit;
I thought no more of my master's sword,
When I play'd on my master's lute.
She seem'd to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree;
Oh, had I but loved with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me;
Oh, had I but loved with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care;
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine;
When smiles awake the bridal pair,
I'll hasten to give them mine;
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festal train,
And if I survive it, I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again;
And if I survive it, I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom.
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
'Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave;
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warriors grave.

THE ATHEIST AND ACORN.

A Popular Recitation.

Methinks the world seems oddly made,
And everything amiss,
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanc'd it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry;
For upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for that sin:
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

PATRIOTS OF IRELAND.

Sung by Jas. O'Neil, the great Irish vocalist.

Now, friends, if you will listen I'll sing to you a song
Of Ireland and her sons we loved so dear;
There were patriots and heroes, and their names we love to hear,
For the green they were not afraid to wear.
There was one so young and noble, who for his country died,
To remember him the Irish won't forget;
Perhaps you've read his speeches in the Irish history;
This hero's name was Robert Emmett.

CHORUS.

Then give three cheers for Ireland, and let the people see
That our rifles all are ready to set old Ireland free.

There's another I will mention, and to Irishmen most dear,
And for Ireland he proved a useful tool,
I mean Dan O'Connell, may his soul now rest in peace,
For dearly he loved Ireland and home rule.
There were three patriots to this world did bid good-bye
Before they could finish their design,
They died hand in hand trying to free their native land—
Three martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien.
Then give three cheers for Ireland, &c.

Now America had her heroes, and she loved them well, I'm sure,
Take the history and you'll know what they have done:
There was General Lafayette, Frenchman so true,
And our own immortal General Washington.
'Tis now one hundred years since the country they did free,
And drove the English tyrant from our shore—
I wish that every Irishman could have the same to say,
Then Ireland would be free for evermore.
Then give three cheers for Ireland, &c.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasur'd it long as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's home, I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words would mother give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray.
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm chair.

'Tis past; 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

—Pray excuse me," said a well-dressed young man to a young lady in the second tier of boxes at the theatre; "I wish to go out and get some refreshment—don't leave your seat." A sailor seated in the box near his sweetheart, and disposed to do the same thing, arose and said, "Harkee, Poll, I'm going ashore to wet my whistle—don't fall overboard while I'm gone."

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

By W. G. Browne.

[NOTE.—While drifting through the newspapers, some of this ballad has been lost, and the remainder mutilated. It is now restored to its original form by P. J. McCOURT, M.D., for this Journal.—ED.]

Where, where will the birds be that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now?
Oh! where will be Love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and Sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling Age,
And fiery Youth,
And Childhood with
Its brow of truth—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll brave the dangers of the deep,
A hundred years to come?
Who keep the watch while comrades sleep,
A hundred years to come?
The laden ship
Will come and go,
But mann'd by those
We do not know;
The wind that wafts her o'er the waves
Will rock the willows on our graves,
A hundred years to come!

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late
I wish you would be careful dear,
To never slam the gate;

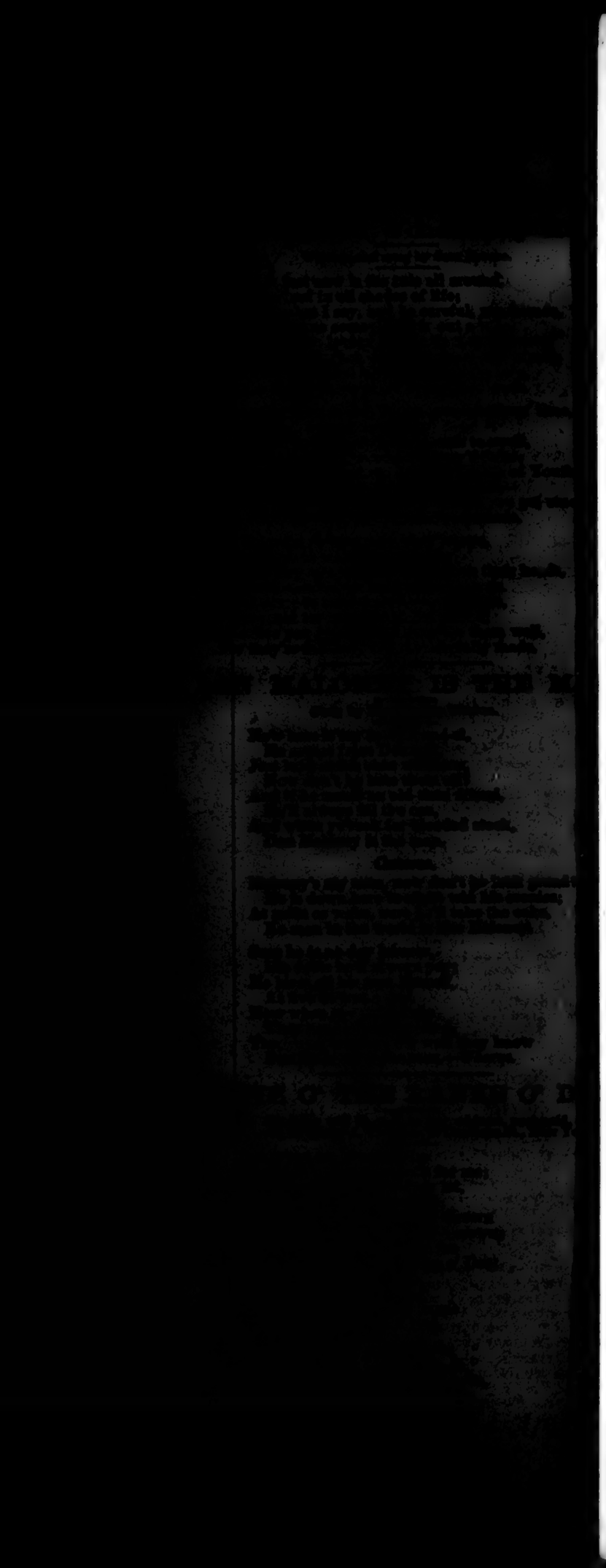
For Bessy listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate,
To tell me next day at what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things);
Oh, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it,
Will say our future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate!

For though it is all very true,
I wish that they would wait
To canvass our affairs—until—
Well—pray, don't slam the gate;

At least not now, but by-and-by,
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate.



MISSI

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SING

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Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Deception just now is the rule all around,
It's practiced in all shades of life;
Just mind what I say, and be careful, my friends,
When the time comes to pick out a wife;
Her eyes may be loving, her smile may be sweet,
When you approach her she's timid and afraid;
Be careful, look well before making the leap,
You don't know how the dear girl is made.

In the good days of old, in our grandmothers' time,
Girls didn't enamel or paint;
Didn't wear palpitators their bosoms to swell,
Didn't lace themselves up till they'd faint;
Didn't wear patent calves, or use "Bloom of Youth,"
And the rose in their cheeks didn't fade—
You must know a girl well now before you get stuck,
For she's fearfully and wonderfully made.

Girls long ago didn't pencil their brows,
Use lotions to make the skin fair;
The girls long ago combed the hair on their heads,
Now it's combed on the back of a chair.
I've got more to tell when I see you alone,
I have said too much here I'm afraid;
But before you get married examine them well,
For they're fearfully and wonderfully made.

DAN MALONEY IS THE MAN.

Sung by Miss Maggie Weston.

Now here is my man, Dan-i-el,
He comes from Donegal,
Just look at his chin whiskers,
Now don't he bate them all?
And if he meets an old-time friend,
He'll always fill the can,
And when ye seek for blooded stock,
Dan Maloney is the man.

CHORUS.

Maloney's my man, now don't he look grand?
He is down here to-night wid his cronies;
At raffle or wake, sure he'll take the cake,
No man in the world is like Maloney.

Sure he is no day laborer,
His debts he'll always pay;
He hires all his men himself
At five dollars a day.
Now when the politicians
They need a helping hand,
They send for Dan, for well they know
Dan Maloney is the man.—*Chorus.*

ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

It may not be, it cannot be
That such a gem was made for me;
But, oh! gin it had been my lot,
A palace not, a highland cot;
That bonny simple gem had thrown
Bright lustre round a jewell'd crown;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee;
Annie o' the banks o' Dee,
Annie o' the banks o' Dee;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth
I love her wi' the heart o' youth,
When a' the golden dreams o' love,
Bright winged angels from above,
A stolen glance from Annie snares
My heart away from all its cares;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee;
Annie o' the banks o' Dee,
Annie o' the banks o' Dee;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

COLLEGE DAYS.

Written by Edward Harrigan.

Oh, many moons have passed and gone
Since first I went to school,
At Harvard, dear old Harvard, friends,
I learned the Golden Rule;
My classmates scattered here and there,
All trod their different ways,
I love to think and ponder o'er
My youthful college days—
I love to think and ponder o'er
My youthful college days.

I remember when a Freshman there,
My age just twenty-four,
In the Yale and Harvard races
I always rowed stroke oar;
Our colors—handsome scarlet bright—
First led the van always;
Admired by the ladies all,
Was I in college days—
Admired by the ladies all,
Was I in college days.

Oh, the day when I did graduate,
I was my parents' pride,
Fitted for the bar or bench,
A linguist, too, beside;
Socially I'd always meet
My colleagues bright and gay,
And toss a merry social glass,
To our commencement day—
And toss a merry social glass,
To our commencement day.

Culture and intelligence
Are qualities quite fine,
They help constitute the gentleman,
In every worldly clime;
You may crush them down unto the ground
With poverty's cold ways,
They'll rise again, assert their claims
As taught in college days—
They'll rise again, assert their claims
As taught in college days.

THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Florence.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Did ye's ever go into an Irishman's shanty?
Och, b'ys, that's the place where the whiskey is plenty;
With his pipe in his mouth there sits Paddy so free;
No king in his palace is prouder than he.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There's a three-legged stool, with a table to match,
And the door of the shanty is locked wid a latch;
There's a nate feather mattress all bustin' wid straw,
For the want of a bedstead it lies on the floor.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There's a snug little bureau widout paint or gilt,
Made of boards that was left when the shanty was built;
There's a three-cornered mirror hangs up on the wall,
But niver a face has been in it at all.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

He has pigs in the sty, and a cow in the stable,
And he feeds thim on scraps that is left from the table;
They'd starve if confined, so they roam at their aise,
And come into the shanty whinever they plaise.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

He has three rooms in one—kitchen, bedroom, and hall;
And his chist it is three wooden pegs in the wall;
Two suits of ould clothes makes his wardrobe complete,
One to wear in the shanty, the same in the street.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There is one who partakes of his sorrows and joys,
Attinds to the shanty, the girls and the boys;
(The brats he thinks more of than gold that's refined,)
But Biddy's the jewel that's set in his mind.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

THE CHRISTENING.

Copyright, 1877, by L. P. Goullaud.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of of 40 cents, by L. P. Goullaud, 108 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Sung by James O'Neil.

It was down in that place, Tipperary,
Where they're so airy, and so contrary,
Where they kick up the devil's figarie,
When they christened the beautiful boy.
In comes the piper, sot thinking,
And a-winking, and a-blinking,
And a noggin of punch he was drinking,
And wishing the parents great joy.

When home from the church they came,
Father Tom and old Mikey Branagan,
And scores of as pretty boys and girls,
As ever you'd wish for to see;
When in through the door,
Hogan, the tinker, Lather and Lanagan,
Kicked up a row, and wanted to know,
Why they wasn't asked to the spree.

Then the boy set up such a-bawling,
And such a-squalling, and caterwauling,
Oh, that was the day of great joy.
Then the piper set up such a-moaning,
And such a-droning, and such a-croning,
In the corner his comether was turning,
When they christened sweet Dennis, the boy.

The aristocracy came to the party,
There was McCarty, light and hearty,
With Florence Berdelia Fogarty,
Who said that was French for a name;
Dionysius Alphonso Mulrooney,
Oh, so spooney and so looney,
With the charming Evangeline Mooney,
Of society she was the cream.

Cora Teresa Maud McCann,
Angelina Rooke, and Julia McCafferty,
Rignold Mormon Duke, Morris McGan,
And Clarence Ignatius McGurk;
Cornelius Horatio Flaherty,
Sir Adolphus Grace, and Dr. O'Rafferty,
Eva McLaughlin and Cora Muldoon,
And Brigadier-General Burke;

They were dancing the polka-mazurka.
'Twas a worker, not a shirker,
And a voice of Vienna, la Turker,
And the polka-redowa divine;
After dancing, they went in to lunching,
Oh, such muching, and such crunching,
They were busy as bees at a lunching,
With their coffee, tea, whisky, and wine.

They had all kinds of tea, they had Shooshong,
They had Ningnook, and Drinkdook,
With Oolong, and Boolong, and Toolong,
And teas that were made in Japan;
They had sweetmeats, imported from Java,
And from Youver, and from Mouver,
In the four-masted steamer, "Manarver,"
That sails from beyond Hindostan.

Cold ice-cream, and cream that was hot,
Romeo punch, snowball and sparrowgrass,
Patty D. Foy, whatever that means,
Made out of goose-liver and grease;
Red-headed duck, salmon and peas,
Bandy-legged frogs, provanon ostriches,
Bottled noix, woodcock and snipe,
And everything that would please.

After dinner, of course, there was speaking,
And hand-shaking, and leave-taking,
In the corners, old mothers match-making,
And other such innocent sins;
Then they bid a good-bye to each other,
To each mother, and each brother;
When the last rose, I thought I would smother,
When they wished the next would be twins.

ELLEN BAYNE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Soft be thy slumbers! rude cares depart!
Visions, in numbers, cheer thy young heart!
Dream on, while bright hours and fond hopes remain,
Blooming, like smiling bowers, for thee, Ellen Bayne!

CHORUS.

Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,
Dreams of beauty round thee bide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Dream not in anguish, dream not in fear,
Love shall not languish, fond ones are near.
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
Warm hearts will beat for thee, sweet Ellen Bayne!
Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, dreams, &c.

Scenes that have vanished, smile on thee now,
Pleasures, once banished, play round thy brow;
Forms long departed, greet thee again,
Soothing thy dreaming heart, sweet Ellen Bayne!
Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, dreams, &c.

THE HAZEL-DELL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In the Hazel-Dell my Nelly's sleeping—
Nelly, loved so long!
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
Nelly lost and gone.
Here in moonlight often we have wandered
Through the silent shade;
Now where leafy branches drooping downward,
Little Nelly's laid.

CHORUS.

All alone my watch I'm keeping,
In the Hazel-Dell;
For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping—
Nelly, dear, farewell!

In the Hazel-Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Where the flowers wave;
And the silent stars are nightly weeping
O'er poor Nelly's grave.
Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherished,
Smile no more on me;
Every dream of joy, alas! has perished,
Nelly, dear, with thee.—*Chorus.*

Now I'm weary, friendless, and forsaken,
Watching here alone;
Nelly, thou no more wilt fondly cheer me
With thy loving tone.
Yet forever shall thy gentle image
In my memory dwell;
And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten—
Nelly, dear, farewell!—*Chorus.*

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently—I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou dove, whose soft echo resounds from the hill!
Thou green-crested lap-wing, with noise loud and shrill!
Ye wild whistling warblers! your music forbear!
I charge you disturb not the slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
Thy sweet-scented groves shade my Mary and me.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

GENTLE ANNIE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie—
Like a flower thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many,
That have bloom'd in the summer of my heart.

CHORUS.

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the Spring-time comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scatter'd o'er the plain?

We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in bloom;
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfume o'er thy tomb.
Shall we never more behold thee, &c.

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder
Near the silent spot where thou art laid;
And my heart bows down when I wander
By the streams and the meadows where we stray'd.
Shall we never more behold thee, &c.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A Popular Recitation.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In feature too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face.
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the Judge, as he eyed her,
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is—" "Mary Maguire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary,"—and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read—
"You are charged here—I am sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an old offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply;
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the Judge's eye."

"I will tell you just how it was, sir,
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them,
By working hard all day,
But somehow the times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away."

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold;
The young ones cried and shivered
(Little Johnnie's but four years old);—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I *took*—O! was it *stealing*?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Graybeard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came 'kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old, faded wallets,
Treasures hoarded for years.

The Judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the *law*.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered,
When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is for the present deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the "guilty" child!

PULL DOWN YOUR VEST.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I'm a gay married man, I've a nice little wife—
The days I went courting were the happiest in life;
We would kiss and caress, our hearts full of love,
While the old folks lay sleeping, in bed up above.
One night as we sat talking sweet, in the dark,
My arm round her waist, feeling gay as a lark—
She said, don't go, darling, you're really divine!
I pulled out my watch and said, dearest, it's time.

SPOKEN—When, laying her hand on my shoulder, and looking me full in the face, with a merry twinkle in her eye, she said—

CHORUS.

Pull down your vest, pull down your vest—
Papa is coming and you know the rest!
Altho' we're engaged, I think it is best,
Before he comes in, love, to pull down your vest!

Young lovers will sigh, they will bill, and will coo—
Just like their ancestors once used to do;
They will swear by the stars and the heavens above,
That naught in this wide world can equal their love!
But, oh, gentle maid, when enraptur'd in bliss,
In the arms of your lover, just bear in mind this:
As you stand in the door 'neath the moon's gentle ray,
At his last parting kiss—just remember to say—*Chorus.*

My life has been checker'd by joy and by woe,
But I look on the bright side wherever I go!
Down life's rugged stream I cheerfully glide,
And court my dear wife at our own fireside;
And then of a night when I go for a stroll,
She gives me a parting embrace as of old;
As I put on my hat she comes to the door
And says, full of mischief, the same as of yore—

CHORUS.

Pull down your vest, pull down your vest,
Somehow it gets rumpled whene'er we caress!
And people will notice and talk, at the best,
So before you go out, love, just pull down your vest.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lulled by the moonlight have all passed away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelie;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

THE LITTLE OLD DUDDEEN.

Sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

There's a bit of clay on a little stim,
That's sweet enough to ate;
Whin filled up wid tobacco
'Twould put a man to slape.
'Twas introduced in Ireland
In the days of Brian Borhue;
I'd rather lose my life, my boys,
Than lose my honey-dew.
Some call it "Cavendish,"
Or any name you'd wish,
And they dale it out in plug, you know,
When it is fresh and green;
When from my work I tire,
I set down by the fire,
An' I watch the smoke roll up and curl,
From my little ould duddeen.

CHORUS.

My duddeen, you are so sweet to me,
I love to see your smoke go up
Whin I get through my tea;
My duddeen, you are in the family,
I'd surely die if I found out
You were stole away from me.

If ye have studied history,
Ye'll read where William Pinn
Bought the State of Pinnsylvania
From the wild red Injin men;
He never used a sword or gun
When he met them face to face,
But they all sit down continted,
And they smoked the pipe of peace.
If ye'd only take a puff,
Shure, one would be enough
To put you in a slumber,
A stupor, or a dream.
Ye might say it's not ginteel,
But so beautiful I feel
Whin I sit down in the corner, boys,
Wid my little ould duddeen.—*Chorus.*

A Frenchman smokes the little thing
They call the cigarette,
It makes him feel uneasy,
As he blows, and puffs, and frets;
The Chinese smokes the opium,
Till it puts him in a doze;
And the Yankee smokes the bad cigar,
Wid one end to his nose;
But every Irishman—
Bould Patsey, Mike or Dan—
That was born in dear old Ireland,
Where the grasses grow so green,
If they've no coat to their back,
They've that bit of clay so black;
It's a consolation to them,
Is the little ould duddeen.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Beautiful Venice! city of song!
What mem'ries of old to thy regions belong!
What sweet recollections cling to my heart,
As thy fast-fading shores from my vision depart!
Oh, poesy's home is thy light colonnades,
Where the winds gently sigh as the sweet twilight fades,
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me,
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea.

Beautiful Venice! queen of the earth,
Where dark eyes shine brightly, 'mid music and mirth,
Where gay serenaders, by light of the star,
Oft mingle their songs with dulcet guitar;
All that's lovely in life, all that's deathless in song,
Fair Italy's Isle, to thy regions belong.
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me,
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea.

Miss Gruber's Boarding House.

Words and Music by Gus Williams.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Miss Gruber kept a boarding house,
About two blocks from here,
Und alvays round at dinner time
She vould drink lager beer;
She vos a lady ev'ry vay,
Could sing just like a cat,
She veigh'd two hundred eighdy pounds,
But den she wasn't stout.

SPOKEN—Oh! Miss Gruber vos a gread lady, und so vos her farder, und dey dought a good deal of me, so did de oder boarders; dere vos Mr. Kebler und Mr. Vollendorf, Mr. Helvendahl, Mr. Flechtmann, und Miss Kinkel, Miss Nollmeyer, und Mrs. Hildebrand; one night Mygel Snyder gave a barty, und ve vos all invided to sday avay, but ve didn't care, ve vasn't consulded a bit, but gave a barty of our own, und by eighd o'clock dot evening all de belite of de city vos dere, und sdyle, too, 'dwas splendid. I dell you dere vos a lively dime dot night at—

CHORUS.

Miss Gruber's boarding house,
Miss Gruber's boarding house,
I can't forget de fun, you bet,
Vile I lived at dot house;
Miss Gruber's boarding house,
Miss Gruber's boarding house,
I can't forget de fun, you bet,
Vile I lived at dot house.

De dable it vos loaded down
Mit every ding dot's nice,
Und lager beer vos flowing round
Like rivers full of ice;
Jake Speigelberg vos called upon
To speak vot he knew most,
He filled his glass full up of beer,
Und den gave us a roast.

SPOKEN—De roast vos: De ladies—may heaven bless dem, und may dey—I forged de resd; anyhow I vos called to despond, und I said, oh!—vot's de use anyhow?—I said someding, und dot seddles id. Den afder subber ve blayed hunt de snipper, und I stand on my head in de vell, how many miles deep? und vot dot I hold over your nose, fine or superfine? und den dere vos some nice singing—Mr. Kebler sang, "Silver Dreads Among de Hash;" Mr. Vollendorf sang, "Wride Me Dwo Ledders from Home," den an invided vest got ub und gave a recitation dot vent like dis, "Who Kissed Cock Robin? I, said de fly, mit my little eye, I vosn't dere;" he vas kicked out de room rite avay, so dat broke ub de barty at—*Chorus.*

Miss Hildebrand who did board dere
(But I said so before),
Vone day asked me to mind her child
Vile she vent to de sdore;
De day it vos an awful vone,
'Twas raining cats, you bet,
Und if she took de child out,
She vos 'fraid it vould get vet.

SPOKEN—Vell, I said I'd mind de child. Miss Hildebrand vos a glass vidow, und she loved dot little child. Ven she vent oud de child vos asleep, und aboud dwo minudes after id commenced to cry; id kicked de blanket skyhigh, und sat ub, und looked at me. I said, "Polly, vant a fire-cracker?" und dwo or dree oder words, but id vouldn't sdop crying. I found de sugar-bowl—I gave id a lumb of sugar; it looked at id, und den howled dill a bicture of George Washington fell off de wall. I got a basin und an old stove leg, und pounded avay on de basin, bud id vos no novelty for dot child, for it yelled all de harder. I got a pic'ure book und showed id William Penn, etc. I offered id den dollars to keep sdill undil its mother vould get home; 'dwas no use dough. I gave id apples, fried cakes, raisin cakes, pickled peaches, nothing would sdop him. He kicked in de crystal of my vatch, tore my necktie off, pulled enough hair out of my head to stuff a sofa, bud vouldn't sdop crying. At last I got an ax, a butcher's knife, a revolver, und a hammer, und I had just raised de ax over de baby's head to make id sdop crying, ven ids moder come in. She dinks I had de dings dere to amuse de child, but if she had vaited five minutes longer, she'd have found oud de truth; but sdill, for all dot, dere is someding sweet to remember ven I vos at—*Chorus.*

John Anderson, My Jo, John.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;
And ye amang them a', John, sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be na' journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na' think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
There's some folks say ye're old, John, but I ne'er think you so,
For ye are a' the same to me, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonnie brow was brent;
But now ye're getting auld, John, your locks are like the snaw;
Yet blessing on that frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John; our hearts were ne'er our foe;
Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've clamb'd the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

SHELLING GREEN PEAS.

Tune—"Sarah's Young Man."

I sing you a ditty, of a damsel so pretty,
Who liv'd from the city some seventeen miles;
Her name is Maria, her worthy old sire
Was clerk and town crier—his name was John Styles.
With lips like the cherry, a smile, too, so merry,
I thought her the very one suited to please,
And when I first met her, and tried hard to get her,
For worse or for better, she was shelling green peas.

CHORUS.

Under the trees, a bowl on her knees,
Maria sat silently shelling green peas.

I'd long lov'd her dearly, truly, sincerely,
At length I thought, really, I'd settle in life;
Although aged fifty, I'd been very thrifty,
And thought 'twas high time to be taking a wife.
With bosom on fire, in search of Maria,
Thro' lanes of wild-brier, o'er-shadowed by trees;
I stroll'd to the spot where, outside her cot there,
She was sitting so patiently shelling green peas.
Under the trees, a bowl on her knees, &c.

I step up unto her, commencing to woo her,
I said, "That no truer fond heart could be found
Than mine, if she'd take me some morning, and make me
The happiest mortal for twenty miles round."
I said, "Our life might be one round of delight,
Like the little birds singing upon the green trees."
To a whisper then dropping my voice, without stopping,
The question was popping, as she popped the peas.
Under the trees, a bowl on her knees, &c.

No answer she made, and I was much afraid
That this beautiful maid had not heard all I said.
At her feet kneeling, I tried to be stealing
A kiss—when came reeling her hand on my head;
"Do you think I'd engage," she cried out, in a rage,
"With a man twice my age, so clear out if you please."
In a terrible passion, at me she sent crashing,
On my head smashing, the bowl of green peas.
Under the trees, a bowl on her knees, &c.

By way of addenda, she said, "Sir, remember,
That May and December can never unite,
Your leave, sir, be taking," my neck nearly breaking,
I made my escape in a terrible fright.
I never will marry, but single will tarry,
Tho' friends and acquaintances do nothing but tease;
Whenever they meet me, in this style they greet me,
"Old boy, what's the price now of lamb and green peas?"
Under the trees, a bowl on her knees, &c.

ROW OF TENEMENT HOUSES.

Tune—"Blue Alsatian Mountains."

In a row of tenement houses
Lived a damsel young and fair;
Her papa wore the trouses
When her mamma wasn't there.
Maiden with a dimpled eye-brow,
With a voice so young and fair;
Maiden with a yaller bull-dog
That followed her everywhere.
Each day, each day, each day
Some family would move away,
For that row of tenement houses
Never seemed to please or pay.

To that row of tenement houses
Came a granger in the Spring,
Just to talk of sheeps and cowses,
And to hear that maiden sing—
Just to hear that maiden sing;
Oh! he spoke about his barn-yard,
Of his chickens and his hog;
But she thought he was giving her taffy,
So she called her yaller dog.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
That granger he ran away,
But left the bosom of his trouses
For the dog to chew that day.

PRETTY JEMIMA.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My love she lives in a two-pair back,
Her eyes are bright as stars of night;
Of falling in love I've got a knack,
And she's the girl for me.
At six o'clock she leaves off work,
At seven she's finished her tea,
At eight she's dress'd in all her best,
And she comes for a walk with me.

CHORUS.

Oh, pretty Jemima, don't say no,
Oh, hi oh! don't say no;
Pretty Jemima, don't say no,
And we will married be.

I once was afraid to speak outright;
I was so shy I feared to try;
The thought of it put me all in a fright,
So I'd grizzle and pine all day.
I was getting thin as a scaffold pole,
My buttons all fell away.
And just because I hadn't the nerve
To pluck up courage and say—*Chorus.*

We went for a walk not long ago;
Thinks I, somehow, I'll tell her now;
I just was going to let her know,
When she spied a milliner's shop;
A hat and feathers was there for sale,
I couldn't do less than stop,
By the time I had bought it my courage had dropped,
And I couldn't the question pop.—*Chorus.*

At last one morning I bought the ring,
And hit on a plan to make me a man;
Thinks I to myself, this is the thing,
This night shall cast the die.
I held it up; look ye here, I said,
The moment it caught her eye,
Her lovely cheeks were suffused with red,
And seeing no one was by, I said—*Chorus.*

Of course I was anxious to know my fate,
I almost dread the words I said;
Whether to be with joy elate,
Or be the most wretched of men.
She tried it on her finger and said,
'Twas a little too large, but then
I could buy a keeper, and we'd get wed,
Next Saturday morning at ten.—*Chorus.*

PAT MALONY'S FAMILY

Sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Me name is Mike Malony,
I'm a carpenter by trade;
I married Molly Higgins,
Who all my trouble made.
She'd as many of relations
As fishes in the sea;
They ate me out of house and home,
And destroyed me family.

CHORUS.

There's her father and her mother,
And her sister, and her brother,
1700 babies laying on their knees;
Her uncles and her cousins, and her aunties by the dozen,
Lived upon the earnings of Patrick Malony.

My pants would fit her uncle,
Her dress would fit her niece;
I have to sleep upon the roof,
Or I never have no peace.
They made me buy them dainties,
Root beer by the pail;
I'd have to wait till they were full
Before I'd get me male.

CHORUS.

There was pudding, there was mutton
That would make you burst a button;
And a fiery-headed Corkonian by the name of Pat Cloney,
To superintend the table, to put me in the stable
While they ate up all the labor of Patrick Malony.

Her uncle wore my stockings,
My hat would fit his head;
Whin tired out wid labor
They'd kick me out of bed.
I put up every pinny
For to keep them from Bellevue.
I wish the Coroner would sit
On my wife and all her crew

CHORUS.

There's her nephews and her nieces,
That come from several places;
1700 grandmothers and mothers-in-law, you see;
A wagon load of Dalys, McSweegan and the Halys
Lived on the earnings of Patrick Malony.

There's her second cousin's brother,
And his toothless old step-mother,
And 1600 emigrants from Ireland, you see;
Wid their boxes and their bedding,
On my Ingrain carpet treading,
They lived upon the earnings of Patrick Malony.

CHORUS.

There's the Brady's, and the Gradys—
Dacent perfect ladies, always axing charity,
From my family you see;
One husband was a loafer, the other was a toper,
Depending on the friendship of Patrick Malony.

—List of the latest Penny Songs and Ballads published by HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song Publisher, 50 Chatham St., N. Y.:

480 The Boston Burglar.
481 The Campbell's are Comin'.
482 You'll Never the Water till the Well Runs by.
483 Bonny Eloise, the Belle of the Mohawk Vale.
484 The River Roe.
485 The Murder in Cohoes.
486 Poor Little Joe.
487 Along the Kansas Line.
488 The Banjo Now Hangs Silent on the Door.
489 When the Clouds Roll by.
490 Over the Garden Wall.
491 I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day.
492 The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
493 Charming Young Widow I Met in the Train.
494 Black-Eyed Susan.
495 The Spanish Cavalier.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

America, my jewel,
We sing most cheerfully;
Your troubles now are ended,
As we are all glad to see.
We fought it out like heroes,
Till side by side we lay,
On many a gory battle-field,
The Boys in Blue and Gray.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! for our gallant soldier boys,
Let's shout a wild hurrah!
Hurrah! for our gallant sailor boys,
Each gallant bold Jack Tar—
Should a foreign foe insult us,
Right eager for the fray,
It's hand to hand with Dixie's band,
We'd march in Blue and Gray.

Oh! noble men have fallen
On each and every side,
We uncover to their memory,
Graves cannot glory hide.
We only have one country,
The people firmly say,
Our flag, the glorious stars and stripes,
To guide us on our way.—*Chorus.*

Columbia, my darling,
From Maine to Mexico,
May you live in peace and harmony,
Prosperity ever flow—
May the sun shine brightly on you,
With joy in every ray,
Your faith *E Pluribus Unum* strong,
To honor and obey.—*Chorus.*

When the Band Begins to Play.

Sung by Miss Jennie Hughes.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

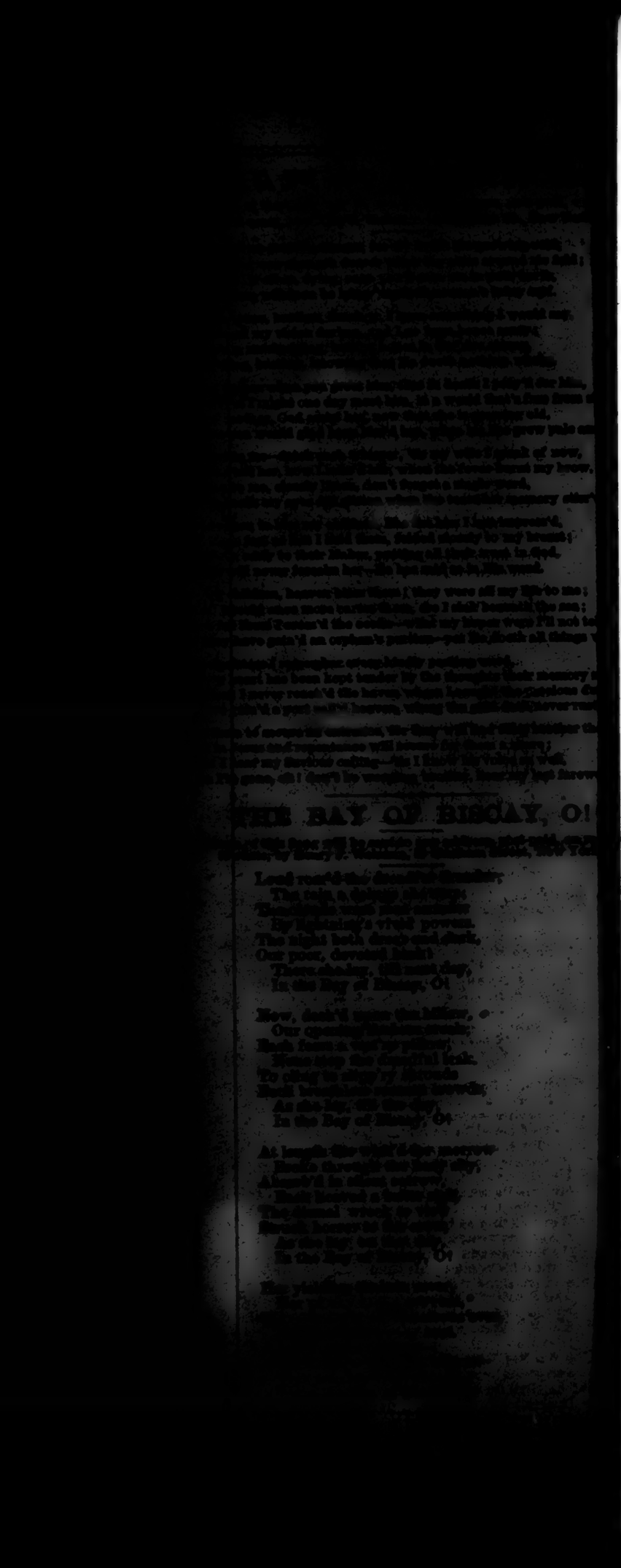
I'm very fond of music,
To me it's quite a treat,
Unless it be from German bands
Or organs in the street.
Through listening to the band, one day,
I nearly lost my heart,
The leader 'twas who found it,
And he now with it won't part.

CHORUS.

Oh, I feel so awfully jolly,
When the band begins to play;
I am very fond of music,
I could listen all the day,
Especially when my Charlie
Leads the band, *Pom. Pom.*

My Charlie was my darling,
The beau ideal of love,
With his hair so black and curly,
And his whitest of white gloves.
My love sits in the middle
With his baton in his hand,
And leads the instrumentalists
In a style that I think grand.
Oh, I feel so awful jolly, &c.

They play such jolly music,
Waltz, polka and quadrille,
And sometimes play so feelingly
It gives me quite a thrill.
The leader sometimes gives a frown,
And looks as though he's rash,
And then they play so soft and sweet,
And after comes a crash.
Oh, I feel so awful jolly, &c.



MISS

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THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying, soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken, I have something I would say,
Ere this veil my vision darken, and I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going, but my hopes in God are strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing that He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I pray'd for him,
Pray'd that I might one day meet him, in a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, God assist her, now that she is growing old,
Tell, her son would glad have kiss'd her, when his lips grew pale and cold.

Hearken to me—catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I speak of now,
Tell, oh! tell her, how I miss'd her, when the fever burnt my brow,
Hearken to me, closely listen, don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten when the tears her memory stirr'd.

Tell her then to kiss my children, like the kiss I last impress'd,
Hold them fast as last I held them, folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker, putting all their trust in God,
And He will never forsake her—He has said so in His word.

Oh! my children, heaven bless them! they were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I cross'd the ocean—what my hopes were I'll not tell,
But they have gain'd an orphan's portion—yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stirr'd;
Tell them I never reach'd the haven where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gain'd a port call'd heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they will find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance will secure for them a share;
Hark! I hear my Saviour calling—'tis I know his voice so well,
When I'm gone, oh! don't be weeping, brother, hear my last farewell!

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder;
The rain a deluge showers;
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers.
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor, devoted bark!
There she lay, till next day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now, dash'd upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak.
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seems are rent,
When heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears—
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

—Complete Catalogue of Songs published by Henry J. Wehman, Song Publisher, 50 Chatham Street, New York, sent to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp.

MAGGIE BY MY SIDE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The land of my home is flitting, flitting from my view,
A gale in the sail is sitting, toils the merry crew;
Here let my home be, on the waters wide
I roam with a proud heart, Maggie's by my side.

CHORUS.

My own loved Maggie, dear, sitting by my side,
Maggie, dear, my own love, sitting by my side.

The wind howling o'er the billow from the distant lea,
The storm raging 'round my pillow brings no care to me;
Roll on, ye dark waves o'er the troubled tide,
I heed not your anger, Maggie's by my side.—*Chorus.*

Storms can appall me never while her brow is clear,
Fair weather lingers ever where her smiles appear;
When sorrow's breakers 'round my heart shall hide,
Still may I find her sitting by my side.—*Chorus.*

RING, RING DE BANJO!

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

De time is nebber dreary if de darkey nebber groans;
De ladies nebber weary wid de rattle ob de bones;
Den come again, Susanna, by de gas-light ob de moon;
We'll tune de old piano when de banjo's out ob tune.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring de banjo! I like dat good old song;
Come again, my true lub, oh! wha you been so long?

Oh! nebber count de bubbles while dere's water in de spring;
De darkey hab no troubles while he's got dis song to sing;
De beauties ob creation will nebber lose deir charm,
While I roam de old plantation wid my true lub on my arm.
Ring, ring de banjo! I like dat good old, &c.

Once I was so lucky my massa set me free,
I went to old Kentucky to see what I could see;
I could not go no farder, I turn to massa's door,
I lub him all de harder, I'll go away no more.
Ring, ring de banjo! I like dat good old, &c.

Early in de morning ob a lubly Summer day,
My massa send me warning he'd like to hear me play;
On de banjo tapping, I come wid dulcem strain,
Massa fell a-napping—he'll nebber wake again.
Ring, ring de banjo! I like dat good old, &c.

My lub, I'll hab to leab you while de ribber's running high,
But I nebber can deceibe you, so don't you wipe your eye,
I'se gwine to make some money, but I'll come anodder day,
I'll come again, my honey, if I hab to work my way.
Ring, ring de banjo! I like dat good old, &c.

TWINKLING STARS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be;
Troubles come and go, love,
Brightest scenes must leave our sight,
But the star of hope, love,
Shines with radiant beams to-night.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be.

Golden beams are shining, love,
Shining on you to bless,
Like the queen of night, you fill
Darkest space with loveliness.
Silver stars how bright, love,
Mother moon in thronely might,
Gaze on us to bless, love,
Purest vows here made to-night.—*Chorus.*

Perhaps She's on the Railway.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Behold in me a wretched man, quite broken down by woe,
I've lost my wife and can not find her any where I go;
At first she robbed me of my heart, and now she's flown from me
And taken all my furniture, wherever can she be?

CHORUS.

Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell so fair,
Perhaps she's up in a baloon, flying thro' the air;
Perhaps she's dead, perhaps alive, perhaps she's on the sea;
Perhaps she's gone to Brigham Young, a Mormonite to be.

She read so much of Mormonites, of nothing else she'd talk,
And with a sanctified young chap each day she used to walk;
She said he was a Mormon saint from far across the sea,
I have not seen her for a week, wherever can she be?
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.

She can't respect the marriage vows, that faithfully she swore,
I only hope her Mormon spouse has fifty wives or more;
I hope he'll thrash her every night when he comes home to tea,
I hope they'll always row and fight wherever they may be.
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.

I hope she'll have a lot of hungry, squalling brats to keep,
I hope they'll cry all night, and never let her go to sleep;
I hope her chimneys all may smoke, her lodgers never pay,
And German bands and organ men annoy her all the day.
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.

If she is in the railway train, I hope that it will smash;
If up in a balloon, I hope she'll fall out with a crash;
If on the road to Salt Lake, then I hope she may get drowned,
Then I'll get another wife, and quickly I'll be bound.
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The mistletoe bough hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide—I'll hide;
And, Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her, in vain, till a week passed away;
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

At length an old chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate—in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in that old oak chest;
It closed with a spring—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in a living tomb!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

CHORUS.

Come, love, come, come away with me,
My bark is on the glassy sea;
The moon is bright on ocean's breast,
All, save the pirate, are now at rest.

See how she rides the crested foam,
To bear thee, love, to the pirate's home;
Then fly, love, fly, do not delay,
We must be gone before to-morrow's day.—*Chorus*

I dare not stay on this hallowed land,
I must away to my pirate band;
They restless sit, all side by side,
To hail thee, love, as the pirate's bride.—*Chorus.*

Though my voice is rough—oh! do not start,
For true and soft is the pirate's heart.
Thy home shall be on some fairy land,
And thou wilt be queen of the pirate's band.

CHORUS.

Come, love, come—ah! why that stern brow—
She smiles, who so happy as the pirate now?
My arms will bear thee to "that thing of life,"
And this night thou must be the pirate's wife.

It's Funny When You Feel that Way.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

I shan't forget how queer I felt,
When first I fell in love,
I had a most severe attack,
Through squeezing a lady's glove;
But a lovely hand was in it,
As I waltzed with her so gay,
I thought myself in Paradise,
It's funny when you feel that way.

CHORUS.

I felt as though I'd tumbled into honey,
And somebody had left me all their money,
The feeling's so peculiar and funny,
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way.

I took her down to supper,
And I sat down by her side,
I help'd her to the "niceys,"
And I filled her glass, with pride;
In fact, paid such attention,
That she viewed me with dismay,
For I moved my chair so close to hers,
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way.—*Chorus.*

When the affair had broken up,
Behind I yet did linger,
Before I tore myself away,
I kiss'd her little finger;
I threw "phantom kisses" at the house,
As I tripped on home so gay,
I'd have kissed the knocker on her door,
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way.—*Chorus.*

We met again one afternoon,
And as we were alone,
I plucked up nerve, to ask if she
Some day would be my own;
She blushed and said, "Go see papa
And ask him if I may."
I danced a can-can round the room,
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way.—*Chorus.*

The old boy said, "That we might wed,"
And so he crowned my bliss,
And I shall be a doubled man,
In about a month from this;
It seems as though the time, somehow,
Would never pass away,
I long to hear the wedding bells,
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way.—*Chorus.*

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

A Recitation—By Chas. F. Adams.

I have got a leedle boy
  Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, the greatest rogue
  As efer you dit see;
He runs and jumps, and smashes dings
  In all parts of der house—
But what of dot? he vas mine son,
  Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
  Und eferyding dot's out;
He spills mine glass of lager beer,
  Puts schnuff into mine kraut;
He fills my pipe with Limburg cheese—
  Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy
  But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk pan for a dhrum,
  Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der sthicks to beat it mit—
  Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schpilt apart,
  He kicks up such a touse—
But never mind, der boys vas few
  Like dot leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
  Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoot blace out
  Vrom der hair upon mine head?
Und vere dere plaze goes vrom der lamp
  Vene'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
  To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes tink I schall go vild
  Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
  Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vos aschleep in ped
  So quiet as a mouse,
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

The Merriest Girl that's Out.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

With laughter and good humor,
  Why I pass my time away;
So, while I'm here, I'll do my best
  To please you, with my lay.
Then come along and join my song,
  And raise a merry shout,
To welcome me, for I'm you see,
  The merriest girl that's out.

CHORUS.

Now, then, young men, don't be melancholy!
Just see, like me, if you can't be jolly!
If anything goes wrong with me,
  I never sulk nor pout;
In fact I am, and always was,
  The merriest girl that's out.

The gentlemen complain, and say:
  "I'm such a dreadful flirt!"
But if they will make love to me,
  Their hearts I'm sure to hurt.
I really can't help laughing, when
  I hear them sigh about;
For sentiment it don't suit me,
  I'm the merriest girl that's out.—*Chorus.*

The notes and presents I receive
  Would fill a basket quite,
While bouquets rare, I do declare,
  Are sent me ev'ry night.
The notes all speak of broken hearts,
  Some mean it, I've no doubt,
I'm sorry, yet I still remain
  The merriest girl that's out.—*Chorus.*

To balls and parties I oft go,
  For dancing I admire;
And waltzing is a thing, I own,
  Of which I never tire.
And should my partner squeeze my hand,
  I know what I'm about,
It pleases him and don't hurt me,
  I'm the merriest girl that's out.—*Chorus*

SKIN-TIGHT PANTS.

Sung by Jack Conroy.

I'm Mrs. Muldoon, the solid man's wife,
  On that I've no reason to blow;
But I've got a son, who's a son of a gun,
  And to work sure he never will go;
He is following his father's examples,
  Looking for every chance;
But every one knows he's a big overgrown—
  While he wears his skin-tight pants.

CHORUS.

His head is as red as the ginger-bread;
  I'm afraid he will never advance,
Or go to the front like his father, John,
  While he keeps on the skin-tight pants.

My sister from Kerry, she's an aunt to Jerry,
  Told me a tale one night;
She said he was a pivoter,
  She was told by Andy Wright;
I know it's true, yes, every word,
  For he goes to every dance,
And he wears his father's long-tail coat
  To hide his skin-tight pants.—*Chorus.*

If John gets the nomination
  For alderman next Fall,
I'll buy my Jerry a bran new suit,
  Like the paper on the wall;
And then we'll have a raffle,
  At fifty cents a chance;
May the best man throw high or low,
  To win poor Jerry's pants.—*Chorus.*

My Jerry will go to a boarding-school,
  To join the college grade,
And when he's there a year or more,
  Of course he'll learn a trade;
Then I'll send him to speak the French,
  I will pay his passage to France;
When he goes he can turn up his nose
  To those that made fun of his pants.—*Chorus.*

What is Home Without a Mother?

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

What is home without a mother?
  What are all the joys we meet,
When her loving smile no longer
  Greets the coming, coming of our feet?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
  And time rolls slowly on;
And, oh! how few are childhood's pleasures,
  When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish;
  Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon e'en in her childhood,
  We behold her turning, turning gray;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
  Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes ere we learn to know her,
  She hath breathed on earth, on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
  Griefs that quickly die away,
But a mother lost in childhood,
  Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
  Her fond and earnest care;
And, oh! how dark is life around us,
  What is home without, without her there?

THE POLISH BOY.

A Recitation—By Ann S. Stephens.

Whence come those shrieks so wide and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funeral tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now,
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye
Shouted with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back, nor dare to tread,
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy—I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store—
Upspringing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.
But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man!
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now—
My noble mother, on her knee,
Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back! Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss—
One last embrace, one blessing—one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er my heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then art thou dead?
——Great God, I thank Thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee—and thus—to die!"
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead.

NICODEMUS JOHNSON.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

I've just arrived in town to-day,
And here I is before you,
To sing about my name and occupation;
I come from old Virginia State,
De best in all de nation,
Oh, ho! oh, ho! to Nicodemus Johnson.

My master was a Union man,
He did not like secession,
And so he had to leave de old plantation;
I thought to stay behind him dere
'Twould be an aggravation,
Oh, ho! oh, ho! to Nicodemus Johnson.

I's glad dis war come to an end,
And peace come frew de nation,
I'll go right back to Dixie's land, and stay dar,
For I isn't any contraband,
I love de old plantation,
Oh, ho! oh, ho! dat's Nicodemus Johnson.

—When the Sultan of Turkey kneels to pray it is on a $2,500 rug. When his cooks want their wages raised to eighteen cents a day, he sends them to jail.

MISS

PAG

SSING

GE (S)

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

SPOKEN—"There were three crows sat on a tree, as black, as black as crows can be." Sing, brothers, sing:

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
As black, as black as crows can be."

SPOKEN—Said one old crow unto his mate: "What shall we do for grub to eat?" Sing, brothers, sing:

Said one old crow unto his mate:
"What shall we do for grub to eat?"

SPOKEN—"There is a horse in yonder lane, that has been only three days slain." Sing, brothers, sing:

"There is a horse in yonder lane,
That has been only three days slain."

SPOKEN—"We'll light upon his bare back-bone, and pick his eyes out, one by one." Sing, brothers, sing:

"We'll light upon his bare back-bone,
And pick his eyes out, one by one."

WIDOW MALONE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Did you hear of the widow Malone, ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone, ohone!
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the widow Malone, ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, or more,
And fortunes they all had galore, in store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the widow Malone, ohone!
All were courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known,
That no one could see her alone, ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone, ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

'Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare—how quare!
It's little for blushing they care down there,
Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!
Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, for why?
But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

KISS ME QUICK AND GO.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The other night while I was sparking
Sweet Turlina Spray,
The more we whisper'd our love talking,
The more we had to say;
The old folks and the little folks
We thought were fast in bed—
We heard a footstep on the stairs,
And what d'ye think she said?

CHORUS.

"Oh! kiss me quick and go, my honey,
Kiss me quick and go!
To cheat surprise and prying eyes,
Why kiss me quick and go!"

Soon after that I gave my love
A moonlight promenade,
At last we fetch'd up to the door
Just where the old folks stay'd;
The clock struck twelve, her heart struck two (too),
And peeping overhead,
We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
And what d'ye think she said?—*Chorus.*

One Sunday night we sat together,
Sighing side by side,
Just like two wilted leaves of cabbage
In the sunshine fried;
My heart with love was nigh to split,
To ask her for to wed;
Said I: "Shall I go for the priest?"
And what d'ye think she said?—*Chorus.*

GUM-TREE CANOE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

On Tombigbee river, so bright, I was born.
In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yaller corn;
An' dar I fust met wid my Jula so true,
An' I row'd her about in my gum-tree canoe.

CHORUS.

Singing row away, row,
O'er de waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float,
In my gum-tree canoe.

All de day in de field de soft cotton I hoe,
I t'ink of my Jula, an' sing as I go;
Oh, I catch her a bird wid a wing ob true blue,
An' at night sail her round in my gum-tree canoe.—*Chorus.*

Wid my hands on de banjo, and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de riber's soft roar,
While de stars dey look down on my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my gum-tree canoe.—*Chorus.*

But one night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis' stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.—*Chorus.*

Who Will Care for Mother Now?

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Why am I so weak and weary,
See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness,
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! now well I know your answer;
To my fate I'll meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow,
Who will dry the falling tear,
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead,
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me—how
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?—*Chorus.*

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky,
Hasten comrades to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?—*Chorus.*

Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.

Copyright, 1881, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Jenny, my own true loved one,
I'm going far from thee,
Out on the bounding billows,
Out on the dark blue sea;
How I will miss you, my darling,
There when the storm is raging high;
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

CHORUS.

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie,
Wait till the clouds roll by;
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Will you then dream of me, love?
Will you your promise keep?
And will I come to you, darling?
Take courage, dear, and never sigh;
Gladness will follow sorrow,
Wait till the clouds roll by.—*Chorus.*

Boys, Keep Away from the Gals.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, love is such a very funny thing,
And it catches the young and old;
It's just like a plate of boarding-house hash,
And many a man it has sold.
It makes you feel like a fresh water eel,
And causes your head to swell;
You lose your mind, for love is blind,
And it empties your pocket-book as well.

CHORUS.

Boys, keep away from the gals, I say,
Give them lots of room;
Or you'll find when you're wed,
They will bang you till you're dead
With the bald-headed end of a broom.

When a man is gone on a pretty little gal,
He talks just as gentle as a dove;
He spends all his money, and calls her his honey,
For to show her he is solid on his love.
When his money is gone, and his clothes in hock,
He finds the old saying it is true;
That a mole on the arm is worth two on the leg,
But what is he going to do?—*Chorus.*

When married folks have lots of cash,
Their love is firm and strong;
But when they have to feed on hash,
Their love don't last so long.
With a wife and seventeen half-starved kids,
I tell you it's no fun;
When the butcher comes around to collect his bill,
With a dog and a double-barrel gun.—*Chorus.*

Young fellows, just take my advice,
Don't be in a hurry for to wed;
You think you're in clover till the honeymoon's over,
And then you'll think you're dead.
With a cross-eyed baby on each knee,
And a wife with a plaster on her nose;
You'll find true love don't run so very smooth,
When you have to wear your second-hand clothes.

CHORUS.

When the rent is high, and the kids all cry,
Because there's no grub to chaw;
You'll holler for your son,
To load up your gun,
While you vaccinate your mother-in-law.

CLARABEL MAGEE.

Copyright, 1881, by A. J. Fisher.

I've a daughter, Clarabel,
She's a rosebud rich and rare;
She wears her brother's derby,
And she bangs her own false hair.
Her nose is Græco-Roman,
Her chromo you can see;
Just gaze upon the father
Of sweet Clarabel Magee.

CHORUS.

Oh, so sweet is Clarabel,—(*Break*),
She mashes every swell;—(*Break*),
When she is at a ball,
'Twould break your heart to see
How mashers fight to get a dance
With Clarabel Magee.

Oh, she has lot of beauxs,
There is now a bitter strife
Between millionaires and aldermen
To get her for a wife.
Says she, I can't marry all!
Says I, then chuck the dice and see
What happy man will win the hand
Of Clarabel Magee.—*Chorus.*

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.

A Ludicrous Recitation—By Mark Twain.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, to be sure, but in defence of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck, and after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without juries?

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire company flags were hung at half-mast, and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was appointed to call on a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an Eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committee-man, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said in lubrigious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob Scotty rejoined:

"Why, you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought may be you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You rather hold me over, pard. I reckon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've rather got the bulge on me. Or may be we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't

you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to rout out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but now I grope. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact uncumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yourn is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp, parson."

"O! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind me snuffling a little, becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throw'd up the spouge, you know."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return? Well, I reckon not. Why, pard, he's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"O, you do? Well, I thought may be you might be getting tangled once more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again!* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't know no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I know'd him by the back; and when I know a man like him I freeze to him—you hear *me.* Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know'd Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of hard world after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* didn't give a continental—for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now, if we can't get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box with a biled shirt and a plug hat on—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. One's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what man's right was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em, and he cleaned 'em, too! I was there, and seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was entirely defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I dont seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again."

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, say you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had the riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody had a chance to strike a blow. He was always in for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon, and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion, a man that would offer personal violence to his mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a-drivin at was that he never *throwed off* his mother—don't you see? No, indeedy? He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm damned if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it there!"

[Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, craped engines, carriages of officials and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows; and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

JOHNNY SANDS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh;
And though she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him—
And she was tired of him.

Says he: "Then I will drown myself,
The river runs below."
Says she: "Pray, do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he: "Upon the brink I'll stand;
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might."
Says she: "My love, I will."
Says she: "My love, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray, tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now, stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run—
And I'll prepare to run."

So down the hill his loving wife
Now ran with all her force,
To push him in—he stepped aside,
And she fell in, of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish;
"Oh! save me, Johnny Sands!"
"I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands—
For you have tied my hands."

RORY O'MORE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Young Rory O'More courted young Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about—
Faith! you've teased me till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go—
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear—
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
And I've thrashed for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So, I think, after that, I may *talk to the priest.*"
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck!
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light;
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
There's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure—
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Let me go to my home in the far-distant West,
To the scenes of my youth, that I like the best;
Where the tall cedars are, and the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me—white man, let me go.

Let me go the spot where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days;
There is my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child—oh, there let me go.

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air;
And where through the forest, with quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer—oh, there let me go.

Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side,
I have sported so oft in the hight of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe—
To my father, that chieftain—oh, there let me go.

And, oh, let me go to my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade;
Whose heart's like the fawn's, and as pure as the snow,
And she loves her dear Indian—to her let me go.

And, oh, let me go to my fair forest home,
And never again will I wish to roam;
And there let my body in ashes lie low—
To that scene in the forest, white man, let me go.

The Indian Warrior's Grave.

Green is the grave by the wild dashing river,
Where sleeps the brave with his arrows and quiver,
Where in his pride he roved in his childhood,
Fought he, and died, in the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell, while his wigwam defending,
Nobly he fell 'neath the hazel-boughs bending;
Where the pale foe and he struggled together,
Who from his brow tore his swift arrow'd feather.

Ere the next noon the bold warrior was buried;
And ere a moon his tribe westward had hurried.
But a rude cross, with its rough-chiseled numbers,
Half-hid in moss, tells the red warrior slumbers.

THE MULLIGAN GUARD.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

We crave your condescension,
We'll tell you what we know
Of marching in the Mulligan Guard
From the Seventh Ward below;
Our captain's name was Hussey,
A Tipperary man,
He carried his sword like a Russian duke
Whenever he took command.

CHORUS.

We shoulder'd guns, and march'd and march'd away,
From Baxter street we march'd to Avenue A,
With drums and fifes, how sweetly they did play,
As we march'd, march'd, march'd in the Mulligan Guard.

When the band play'd Garry Owen,
Or the Connamara Pet;
With a rub a dub, dub we'd march
In the mud, to the military step.
With the green above the red, boys,
To show where we came from,
Our guns we'd lift with the right shoulder shift,
As we'd march to the bate of the drum.—*Chorus.*

Whin we got home at night, boys,
The divil a bite we'd ate,
We'd all set up and drink a sup,
Of whisky strong and nate.
Thin we'd all march home together,
As slippery as lard,
The solid min would all fall in,
And march in the Mulligan Guard.—*Chorus.*

REGULAR ARMY, O!

Sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Three years ago, this very day, we went to Governor's Isle
For to stand forninst the cannon in true military style;
Seventeen American dollars each month we surely get,
For to carry a gun and baganetts, with a regimental step;
We had our choice of going to the army or to jail,
Or it's up the Hudson river with a "copper" take a sail;
Oh! we puckered up our courage, wid bravery we did go;
Oh! we cursed the day we went away wid the regular army, O!

CHORUS.

There was Sergeant John McCaffery, and Captain Donahue,
Oh! they make us march and toe the mark, in gallant company Q;
Oh! the drums would roll upon my soul—this is the style we'd go:
Forty miles a day, on beans and hay, in the regular army, O!

We wint to Arizony for to fight the Injins there,
We came near being made bald-headed, but they never got our hair;
We lay among the ditches in the yellow dirty mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip or a spud.
Oh! we were taken prisoners, conveyed forninst the Chafe,
Oh! he said we'll make an Irish stew, the dirty Indian thafe;
On the telegraphic wire we walked to Mexico,
We bless the day we skipped away from the regular army, O!
There was Sergeant John McCaffery, &c.

We've been dry as army herrings, and as hungry as a Turk;
Oh! the boys along the street cry out, "Soger, would you work?"
We'd ship into the Navy, for to plough the raging sea,
But cold water sure we couldn't endure, 'twould never agree wid me.
We'll join the politicians, then we know we'll be well fed;
Oh! we'll sleep no more upon the ground, but in a feather bed;
And if a war it should break out, they call on us to go,
We'll get Italian substitutes for the regular army, O!
There was Sergeant John McCaffery, &c.

We've corns upon our heels, my boys, and bunions on our toes;
From lugging a gun in the red-hot sun, puts freckles on our nose;
England has its Grenadiers, France has it Zoozoos,
The U. S. A. never changes, they say, but continually wear the blues.
When we are out upon parade we must have our muskets bright,
Or they'll slap us in the guard-house to pass away the night,
And whin we want a furlough, to the Colonel we do go;
He says, go to bed, and wait till you're dead, in the regular army, O!
There was Sergeant John McCaffery, &c.

KATE KEARNEY.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the bank of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Thou Art Gone from My Gaze.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream,
Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by,
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.

In the stillness of night when the stars mildly shine,
My heart fondly holds sweet communion with thine,
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
That the spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

A MOTTO FOR EVERY MAN.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Some people you've met in your time no doubt,
Who never look happy or gay;
I'll tell you the way to get jolly and stout,
If you'll listen a while to my lay.
I've come here to tell you a bit of my mind,
And please with the same if I can;
Advice in my song you will certainly find,
And a motto for every man.

CHORUS.

So we will sing, and banish melancholy;
Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is a folly—
Put your shoulder to the wheel is a motto for every man.

We cannot all fight in this "Battle of Life,"
The weak must go to the wall;
So do to each other the thing that is right,
For there's room in this world for us all.
"Credit refuse" if you've "money to pay,"
You'll find it the wiser plan,
And a penny lay by for a rainy day,
Is a motto for every man.—*Chorus.*

A coward gives in at the first repulse,
A brave man struggles again;
With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
To battle his way among men.
For he knows he has one chance in his time,
To better himself if he can,
So make your hay while the sun doth shine,
That's a motto for every man.—*Chorus.*

Economy study but don't be mean,
A penny may loose a pound;
Thro' this world a conscience clear
Will carry you safe and sound.
It's all very well to be free, I must own,
To do a good turn when you can,
But charity always commences at home,
That's a motto for every man.—*Chorus.*

COME AND KISS ME.

Sung by Delehanty and Hengler.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

She hugged me and she kissed me,
She took me by the hand,
She said I was the sweetest thing,
The shape of mortal man.
I told her that I loved her,
My love was good and strong;
I asked her if she'd marry me,
She told me to go 'long.

CHORUS.

Come and kiss me, come and kiss me;
Come and kiss me, Susie—dont't be mad with me;
Susie, if you say the word, why, married we will be.
Come and kiss me, come and kiss me;
Come and kiss me, Susie—don't be mad with me.

I get up in the morning,
I look up in the sky,
There I see the eagle's nest,
I hear the young ones cry;
I think I see the angels
A-flying in the air,
Think I see the one I love
A-sliding over there.—*Chorus.*

—"Will you hold my baby while I look for my baggage?" asked a woman of a railway employe in a Chicago depot, the other day. "No," said the man, "but I will hold your baggage while you look for your baby." He held a baby for a woman once and she never came back for it, and that is what made him so careful.

MEET ME AT THE LANE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

I'll meet thee at the lane, love,
When it strikes nine,
In ecstacy again, love,
To call thee mine.
My heart for thee is burning,
My brain is almost whirling,
Through loving thee so madly,
My sweet mountain rose.
When evening stars are peeping,
Oh! then will be our meeting,
Old time too swiftly fleeting
Our happy time away.
I'll meet thee at the lane, love,
When it strikes nine,
In ecstacy again, love,
To call thee mine.
My heart for thee is burning,
My brain is almost whirling,
Through loving thee so madly,
My sweet mountain rose.

CHORUS.

I'll meet thee at the lane, love,
When it strikes nine,
In ecstacy again, love,
To call thee mine.
I'll meet thee at the lane,
I'll meet thee at the lane,
Meet me, meet me,
When the clock strikes nine.

I'll leave thee at the lane, love,
When it strikes ten,
And faithful will remain, love,
Believe me then.
Forget thee! I can never—
And breath from me must sever,
If I forget thee ever,
My sweet mountain rose!
When evening stars are peeping,
Oh! then will be our meeting,
Old time too swiftly fleeting
Our happy time away.
I'll leave thee at the lane, love,
When it strikes ten,
And faithful will remain, love,
Believe me then.
Forget thee! I can never—
And breath from me must sever,
If I forget thee ever,
My sweet mountain rose.—*Chorus.*

Down by the River Side.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Full many years have past and gone,
How quickly did they glide,
Since you and I, at early dawn,
Met by the river side;
'Twas there our love we fondly vow'd,
'Twas there when first my bride,
We silent hid us from the crowd,
Down by the river side.

In Summer's eve we've wandered oft,
Our children by the hand,
And deck'd with flowers their ringlets soft,
Or watch'd them on the strand;
Our children now are far away,
Some in the church-yard hide,
Yet you and I are left to stray
Down by the river side.

The hand of time hath o'er our brow
Sprinkled its chilling snow,
Our steps are weak, we totter now,
The bright waves onward flow;
But as we gaze upon the stream,
I love thee still with pride,
As dear in age as youthful dream
Down by the river side.

Bright Emerald Isle of the Sea.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My heart wanders back o'er the waters,
To the land that I left long ago;
I loved one of Erin's fair daughters,
And she's faithful to me, well I know.
Her form is as neat as a fairy,
And her smile, 'tis a blessing to me;
Oh! I'll never forget you, dear Mary,
Or the bright Emerald Isle of the sea!

They forced me in sorrow to leave thee;
But, my own, there are bright days in store;
When hands of the tyrant shall grieve you,
Lovely land of my birth, never more!
Though dark is the present, my fairy,
Oh! how sweet is the dawn that will be;
And I'll never forget you, dear Mary,
Or the bright Emerald Isle of the sea!

The cot and the brook where we parted,
Oh! I see every night in my sleep;
I wander almost broken-hearted,
When I think of the past, I weep;
I'll toil on, for your sake, my fairy,
For there's hope, in the years that will be;
I'll come and I'll wed you, dear Mary,
In the bright Emerald Isle of the sea!

Bread and Cheese and Kisses.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

One night my sweetheart came to woo,
When I was left and lonely,
He looked so kind, and handsome, too,
I loved him, and him only.

The village chime told supper time,
What could I do, dear Misses?
For as I live, I'd naught to give,
But bread and cheese and kisses.

He asked my hand with such a grace,
What woman could refuse him?
I think had you been in my place,
You'd say 'twas right to choose him.

I hung my head, and simp'ring said—
What could I say, dear Misses?
"I will be thine, though we should dine
On bread and cheese and kisses."

Next morning we exchanged our vows,
I prize his golden present,
Which seems like magic to disclose
Each moment something pleasant.

His cheerful smiles each care beguiles,
Believe me, dearest misses,
'Tis bliss to share with him our fare,
Though bread and cheese and kisses.

THE INGLE SIDE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

It's rare to see the morning breeze,
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea.
An' fine it is on green hillside,
Where hums the busy bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
Is the Ingle side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans fair,
The birds may fill the tree;
And laughs hae a' the scented ware,
That simmer growth can gie;
But the canty heath where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warld complete—
Oh! the Ingle side for me.

WRONGS OF OULD IRELAND.

Copyright, 1881, by James E. Larkin.

Come all ye boys of Erin's Isle,
Come, weep and mourn with me,
For the wrongs that's done to our Irish sons,
In our land across the sea.
Raise your spirit and heart, my boys,
Stick up loyal for your own;
You shall see the day your flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

Oh! boys, think of the calamity,
And do not forget the date,
When babes were starved on the mother's breast
In the year of ninety-eight.
They made a wholesale slaughter,
And to us it is well known—
We shall see the day our flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

Where is a place in this universe,
That's trampled on like them,
Who won the battles in time of need,
But our brave ould Irishmen.
They fought and fell in thousands,
But in sorrow did sigh and moan;
Ye shall see the day your flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

I hope the nations throughout the world
Will look this subject o'er;
I hope they will lend and try to amend,
Have ould Ireland free once more.
It's then we will live like kings and queens,
And not be deprived of our own,
But shall bless the day our flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

NANCY TILL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Down in the canebrake, close by the mill,
There lived a gal, and her name was Nancy Till;
She knowed that I loved her, she knowed it long,
I'm going to serenade her, and I'll sing this song:

CHORUS.

Come, love, come! the boat lies low,
She lies high and dry on the Ohio;
Come, love, come! won't you go along with me?
I'll row the boat while the boat rows me.

Open the window, love, oh, do!
And listen to the music I'm playing for you;
The whisperings of love, so soft and low,
Harmonize my voice with the old banjo.—*Chorus.*

Softly the casement began for to rise,
The stars am a-shining above in the skies,
The moon is declining behind yonder hill,
Reflecting its rays on you, my Nancy Till.—*Chorus.*

Farewell, love! I now must away,
I've a long way to travel before the break of day,
But the next time I come be ready for to go
A-sailing on the banks of the Ohio.—*Chorus.*

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In the Gap of Dunlo there's an echo or so,
And some of them echoes is very surprisin',
You'll think in this stave that I mane to desaive,
For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
But sartin and thrue, in that hill fornenst you,
There's an echo as thrue and as safe as the bank, too,
Just civilly spake, "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
And the echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh, with Kate Connor did go
To hear from the echo this wonderful talk, sir,
But the echo, they say, was conthrary that day,
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir.

Now says Teddy to Kate, "'Tis too hard to be bate
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo so lazy,
But if we both shout to each other, no doubt
We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy."

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy, "to answer be ready,"
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries Kitty, then, sir,
"Would you like to be wed, Kitty darlin'?" says Ted,
"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, sir.
"Do you like me?" says Teddy, and Kitty, quite ready,
Cried, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beguiling,
I think you'll confess Teddy could not do less,
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Blake, may you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing,
And girls all translate their sweet answers like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing;
And, boys, be you ready, like frolicksome Teddy;
Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
And thus, when inclined, may all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

The Farmer Sat in His Easy-Chair.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

The farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knees was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye—
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantletree
Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moisten'd brow and the cheek so fair,
Of his sweet grandchild were press'd;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay,
Fast asleep were they both, that Summer day.

A Man's a Man for a' That.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be puir for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our toil's obscure and a' that,
The rank is but a guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man though e'en sae puir
Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

DREE DOUSAND MILES AVAY.

Sung by Gus Williams.

Dree veeks ago, last Duesday nide, I come from off de sea,
In a gread big ship I make dot drip from my own Deitch gountry;
I leave pehind by faderland my gal so sweed und gay—ay—ay—
She lives by Frankford-on-de-Rhein, dree dousand miles avay.

CHORUS.

Den plow you vinds avay, I don'd no longer shtay,
I vas on poard dot gread big drain, vich shtarts by yesterday;
Yankee Doodle Doo, und Kill Kolumpia too,
I dink id's besd I go oud Vest, dree dousand miles avay.

I wride me ledders blendy, und I tole my gal come oud;
Ve go in pissiness rite avay und make dot sauerkraut;
But ven I got a ledder back, vot you dink she say—ay—ay?
I vas no use, I vas a goose, dree dousand miles avay.
Den plow you vinds avay, I don'd no longer, &c.

I vork de railroads und de farms, I shovel blendy dirt,
I fall avay down in a coal mine, you bet I don't vas hurt;
I vas so shtrong like onions, too, but dot vas nixverstay—ay—ay—
I catch de group from drinking soup, dree dousand miles avay.
Den plow you vinds avay, I don'd no longer, &c.

The Irish Jaunting Car.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

My name is Larry Doolan, I'm a native of the soil,
If you want a day's diversion, I'll drive you out in style,
My car is painted red and green, and on the door a star,
And the pride of Dublin city is my Irish jaunting car.

CHORUS.

Then if you want to hire me, step into Mickey Mar's,
And ask for Larry Doolan, and his Irish jaunting cars.

When Queen Victoria came to Ireland her health to revive,
She asked the Lord Lieutenant to take her out to drive,
She replied unto his greatness, before they travel'd far,
How delightful was the jogging of the Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

I'm hired by drunken men, teetotalers, and my friends,
But a carman has so much to do, his duty never ends;
Night and day, both wet and dry, I travel near and far,
And at night I count the earnings of my Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

Some say the Russian bear is tough, and I believe it's true,
Though we beat them at the Alma and Balaklava too,
But if our Connaught Rangers would bring home the Russian Czar,
I would drive them off to blazes in my Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

Some say all wars are over, and I hope to God they are,
For you know full well they never were good for a jaunting car,
But peace and plenty—may they reign here both near and far,
Then we'll drive to feasts and festivals in an Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

They say they are in want of men, the French and English too,
And it's all about their commerce now they don't know what to do;
But if they come to Ireland our jolly sons to mar,
I'll drive them to the devil in my Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

Tapping at the Garden Gate.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Who's that tapping at the garden gate?
Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate?
Every night I've heard of late,
Somebody tapping at the garden gate.
What, you sly little puss, don't know?
Why do you blush and falter so?
What are you looking for under the chair?
The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there.
Every night, about half-past eight,
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.

Oh, you sly little "Fox," you know,
Fidgeting about until you go.
Dropped the sugar-spoon! why there it lies,
Bless the girl, where are your eyes?
Were I able to leave my chair,
Soon would I find out who is there;
Don't tell me you think it's a cat,
Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that;
Cats don't know when it's half-past eight,
And come tap, tapping at the garden gate.

THE DAYS OF '49.

You are gazing now on big Tom More—
A relic of bygone days;
A bummer, too, they call me now,
But what care I for praise?
It's oft I sigh for the days of yore,
And oft I do repine
For the days of old, and the days of gold,
And the days of '49.

CHORUS.

In the days af old, and the days of gold,
And the days of '49.

I had comrades then that loved me well—
A jolly, saucy crew—
A few hard cases, I'll admit,
But all were brave and true.
They'd never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Nor ever fret nor whine,
For, like good old bricks, they stood the kicks,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was Kentucky Bill—I knew him well—
A fellow so full of tricks;
At a poker game he was always there,
And heavy at his bricks.
He'd play you draw, he'd antie a slug,
Then go a hat full blind,
But in a game of death he lost his breath,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was Montie Peet—I'll ne'er forget
The luck he always had—
He'd deal for you both night and day,
Or as long as you had a scad;
But a pistol shot it laid him out—
'Twas his last layout, in fine,
For it caught him sure, right in the door,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was Roaring Bill that could out-roar
Any buffalo, you can bet;
He'd roar all day, he'd roar all night,
And perhaps he's roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospect hole,
With a roaring bad design,
And in that hole he roared out his soul,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,
So fond of getting tight,
And every time he got on a spree
He was spoiling for a fight.
One night he ran against a knife,
In the hands af one Bob Cline,
So over Jake we held a wake,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was old Lame Jess, that hard old case—
He never would repent—
He'd never miss a meal,
Nor he'd never pay a cent.
But old Lame Jess, like all the rest,
To death he did resign,
For in his bloom he went up the flume,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

Of all the comrades I had then,
Not one is left to toast;
They have left me in memory, like
Some poor old wandering ghost.
And as I go from place to place
Folks call me a traveling sign—
"There goes Tom More, a bummer, sure,
Since the days of '49."—*Chorus.*

WRONGS OF OULD IRELAND.

Copyright, 1881, by James E. Larkin.

Come all ye boys of Erin's Isle,
Come, weep and mourn with me,
For the wrongs that's done to our Irish sons,
In our land across the sea.
Raise your spirit and heart, my boys,
Stick up loyal for your own;
You shall see the day your flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

Oh! boys, think of the calamity,
And do not forget the date,
When babes were starved on the mother's breast
In the year of ninety-eight.
They made a wholesale slaughter,
And to us it is well known—
We shall see the day our flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

Where is a place in this universe,
That's trampled on like them,
Who won the battles in time of need,
But our brave ould Irishmen.
They fought and fell in thousands,
But in sorrow did sigh and moan;
Ye shall see the day your flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

I hope the nations throughout the world
Will look this subject o'er;
I hope they will lend and try to amend,
Have ould Ireland free once more.
It's then we will live like kings and queens,
And not be deprived of our own,
But shall bless the day our flag shall wave
In Erin's lovely home.—*Repeat last four lines.*

NANCY TILL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Down in the canebrake, close by the mill,
There lived a gal, and her name was Nancy Till;
She knowed that I loved her, she knowed it long,
I'm going to serenade her, and I'll sing this song:

CHORUS.

Come, love, come! the boat lies low,
She lies high and dry on the Ohio;
Come, love, come! won't you go along with me?
I'll row the boat while the boat rows me.

Open the window, love, oh, do!
And listen to the music I'm playing for you;
The whisperings of love, so soft and low,
Harmonize my voice with the old banjo.—*Chorus.*

Softly the casement began for to rise,
The stars am a-shining above in the skies,
The moon is declining behind yonder hill,
Reflecting its rays on you, my Nancy Till.—*Chorus.*

Farewell, love! I now must away,
I've a long way to travel before the break of day,
But the next time I come be ready for to go
A-sailing on the banks of the Ohio.—*Chorus.*

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In the Gap of Dunlo there's an echo or so,
And some of them echoes is very surprisin',
You'll think in this stave that I mane to desaive,
For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
But sartin and thrue, in that hill fornenst you,
There's an echo as thrue and as safe as the bank, too,
Just civilly spake, "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
And the echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh, with Kate Connor did go
To hear from the echo this wonderful talk, sir,
But the echo, they say, was conthrary that day,
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir.

Now says Teddy to Kate, "'Tis too hard to be bate
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo so lazy,
But if we both shout to each other, no doubt
We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy."

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy, "to answer be ready,"
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries Kitty, then, sir,
"Would you like to be wed, Kitty darlin'?" says Ted,
"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, sir.
"Do you like me?" says Teddy, and Kitty, quite ready,
Cried, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beguiling,
I think you'll confess Teddy could not do less,
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Blake, may you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing,
And girls all translate their sweet answers like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing;
And, boys, be you ready, like frolicksome Teddy;
Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
And thus, when inclined, may all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

The Farmer Sat in His Easy-Chair.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

The farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knees was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye—
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantletree
Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moisten'd brow and the cheek so fair,
Of his sweet grandchild were press'd;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay,
Fast asleep were they both, that Summer day.

A Man's a Man for a' That.

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Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be puir for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our toil's obscure and a' that,
The rank is but a guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man though e'en sae puir
Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

DREE DOUSAND MILES AVAY.

Sung by Gus Williams.

Dree veeks ago, last Duesday nide, I come from off de sea,
In a gread big ship I make dot drip from my own Deitch gountry;
I leave pehind by faderland my gal so sweed und gay—ay—ay—
She lives by Frankford-on-de-Rhein, dree dousand miles avay.

CHORUS.

Den plow you vinds avay, I don'd no longer shtay,
I vas on poard dot gread big drain, vich shtarts by yesterday;
Yankee Doodle Doo, und Kill Kolumpia too,
I dink id's besd I go oud Vest, dree dousand miles avay.

I vride me ledders blendy, und I tole my gal come oud;
Ve go in pissiness rite avay und make dot sauerkraut;
But ven I got a ledder back, vot you dink she say—ay—ay?
I vas no use, I vas a goose, dree dousand miles avay.
Den plow you vinds avay, I don'd no longer, &c.

I vork de railroads und de farms, I shovel blendy dirt,
I fall avay down in a coal mine, you bet I don't vas hurt;
I vas so shtrong like onions, too, but dot vas nixverstay—ay—ay—
I catch de group from drinking soup, dree dousand miles avay.
Den plow you vinds avay, I don'd no longer, &c.

The Irish Jaunting Car.

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My car is painted red and green, and on the door a star,
And the pride of Dublin city is my Irish jaunting car.

CHORUS.

Then if you want to hire me, step into Mickey Mar's,
And ask for Larry Doolan, and his Irish jaunting cars.

When Queen Victoria came to Ireland her health to revive,
She asked the Lord Lieutenant to take her out to drive,
She replied unto his greatness, before they travel'd far,
How delightful was the jogging of the Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

I'm hired by drunken men, teetotalers, and my friends,
But a carman has so much to do, his duty never ends;
Night and day, both wet and dry, I travel near and far,
And at night I count the earnings of my Irish jaunting car.
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Though we beat them at the Alma and Balaklava too,
But if our Connaught Rangers would bring home the Russian Czar,
I would drive them off to blazes in my Irish jaunting car.
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Some say all wars are over, and I hope to God they are,
For you know full well they never were good for a jaunting car,
But peace and plenty—may they reign here both near and far,
Then we'll drive to feasts and festivals in an Irish jaunting car.
Then if you want to hire me, step, &c.

They say they are in want of men, the French and English too,
And it's all about their commerce now they don't know what to do;
But if they come to Ireland our jolly sons to mar,
I'll drive them to the devil in my Irish jaunting car.
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Tapping at the Garden Gate.

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Who's that tapping at the garden gate?
Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate?
Every night I've heard of late,
Somebody tapping at the garden gate.
What, you sly little puss, don't know?
Why do you blush and falter so?
What are you looking for under the chair?
The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there.
Every night, about half-past eight,
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.

Oh, you sly little "Fox," you know,
Fidgeting about until you go.
Dropped the sugar-spoon! why there it lies,
Bless the girl, where are your eyes?
Were I able to leave my chair,
Soon would I find out who is there;
Don't tell me you think it's a cat,
Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that;
Cats don't know when it's half-past eight,
And come tap, tapping at the garden gate.

THE DAYS OF '49.

You are gazing now on big Tom More—
A relic of bygone days;
A bummer, too, they call me now,
But what care I for praise?
It's oft I sigh for the days of yore,
And oft I do repine
For the days of old, and the days of gold,
And the days of '49.

CHORUS.

In the days af old, and the days of gold,
And the days of '49.

I had comrades then that loved me well—
A jolly, saucy crew—
A few hard cases, I'll admit,
But all were brave and true.
They'd never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Nor ever fret nor whine,
For, like good old bricks, they stood the kicks,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was Kentucky Bill—I knew him well—
A fellow so full of tricks;
At a poker game he was always there,
And heavy at his bricks.
He'd play you draw, he'd antie a slug,
Then go a hat full blind,
But in a game of death he lost his breath,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was Montie Peet—I'll ne'er forget
The luck he always had—
He'd deal for you both night and day,
Or as long as you had a scad;
But a pistol shot it laid him out—
'Twas his last layout, in fine,
For it caught him sure, right in the door,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was Roaring Bill that could out-roar
Any buffalo, you can bet;
He'd roar all day, he'd roar all night,
And perhaps he's roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospect hole,
With a roaring bad design,
And in that hole he roared out his soul,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,
So fond of getting tight,
And every time he got on a spree
He was spoiling for a fight.
One night he ran against a knife,
In the hands af one Bob Cline,
So over Jake we held a wake,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

There was old Lame Jess, that hard old case—
He never would repent—
He'd never miss a meal,
Nor he'd never pay a cent.
But old Lame Jess, like all the rest,
To death he did resign,
For in his bloom he went up the flume,
In the days of '49.—*Chorus.*

Of all the comrades I had then,
Not one is left to toast;
They have left me in memory, like
Some poor old wandering ghost.
And as I go from place to place
Folks call me a traveling sign—
"There goes Tom More, a bummer, sure,
Since the days of '49."—*Chorus.*

MIKE BRADY'S SHIRT.

Sung by Geo. W. Callahan.

My name is Michael Brady, and I am not ashamed to own
I am honest and I am dacent if I am only left alone;
But the gang that hangs around me they are a terrible clan,
And when I moved around them I was like a crazy man.
They roar and bawl the whole night long, with conversation strong,
I haven't slept for forty nights in the house where I belong.

Now the first one to kick up a row was Chateau Jane McGee,
If my wife don't go up and fight with her, she'll come and fight with me.
She stole a shirt from our back-yard, and gave it to her son Dan,
I took it from his back in a ball-room, by the owner I am the man.
I made a holy show of him, I ran him down like dirt,
And he near goes mad when the boys all cry—Who stole Mike Brady's shirt?

Their rooms is to let in the parlor, Italians just moved in,
With fourteen harps and fiddlers, all dacent working min.
What Mary McGaskin did last night, I swear it was a sin,
She run her durty dish-water on the mackirony min.
Such holy murder you never heard, since the day that you was born,
Was among them darned Italians in the house where I belong.

Now there's my daughter Johanna, she sings "Eilanna Asthore,"
She goes to balls and pic-nics with a huzzy of a girl next door.
McFarling's boy he stole a goat and he put it in our wood-shed,
If he ever does the like agin, I'll break his father's head.
I am glad I am going to leave them to let them bawl and shout,
I'll take down the stove to-morrow and be heavins I'll move out.

BABY'S GOT A CRAMP.

Sung with great success by Bob Slavin.

I'm the daddy of two infants
  Who raise an awful fuss,
And if I try to spank 'em,
  Why, it only makes 'em worse.
The police say they cannot sleep
  When they are on their beat,
And all the neighbors are compelled
  To go and walk the street.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bob! dear Bob! do get out of bed,
Stand that sassy brat on its little head!
To the doctor run and frolic,
For the kids have got the colic,
Get a dose of paregoric,
  Baby's got a cramp.

When I sit down to eat my meals,
  They climb upon my knees
And fill my ears with mucilage
  And stuff my nose with cheese.
They make an omelette in my hat,
  They stick me full of pins;
You don't know what enjoyment is
  Till you have a pair of twins.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bob! dear Bob! do put on your boots,
Get some laud-en-um for those two galoots,
We've emptied all that's in the castor,
Do make haste a little faster,
Run and get a mustard-plaster,
  Baby's got a cramp.

They fill my shoes with water,
  They try to shave the cat;
They stuck a pin into a chair
  And on its point I sat;
They greased the stairs with tallow,
  You'd ought to hear me "beller"
When I fell down from the garret and
  I landed in the cellar.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bob! dear Bob! get up and walk the floor,
Slap that sassy brat! make it hold its jaw!
I cannot get a wink of slumber,
Of chloroform give them a tumbler,
Make 'em eat a green cucumber
  And kill 'em with a cramp.

THE GOAT.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Oh! now my dear friends, I'm going to relate,
If you pay attention, you've not long to wait;
My father lived in a place called Graymote,
He'd a sow, and a cow, and a fine billy goat.

This goat, sure, he had a queer, curious way,
He'd go out each morning and stop out all day;
When he'd come home at night, like a bull he would roar,
Till my father got up for to open the door.

One day we sat down, and was going to ate,
The goat leap'd on the table and sthole all the mate;
And without saying a word, shure the dirty ould gommagh,
He druv his two horns in my poor father's stomach.

Says me mother to me, "Jamsey," "Yis ma'am," says I,
"Take the goat to the market, and sell him, now try;"
The words she scarce spoke, when the goat gave a jump,
And struck me mother, oh, gorra! such a murthering thump.

Then all in the house bate a hasty retrate,
And the goat bucked away at the divil's own rate;
He spied my father's coat hanging up, gave a bawl,
Made a charge on the "frize," and druv his head in the wall.

Some time afther they went to look for the goat,
They searched all around, 'till they came to the coat;
But all of the goat that was left the next day,
Was only the shtump of his tail, and it bucking away.

LITTLE MORE CIDER.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I love the white girl and the black,
  And I love all the rest;
I love the girls for loving me,
  But I love myself the best.
Oh, dear! I am so thirsty!
  I've just been down to supper—
I drank three pails of apple-jack,
  And a tub of apple-butter!

CHORUS.

Oh! little more cider too,
A little more cider too;
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider too!

When first I saw Miss Snowflake,
  'Twas on Broadway I spied her;
I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
  If I could been beside her.
She looked at me, and I looked at her,
  And then I crossed the street;
And then she smiling said to me,
  "A little more cider sweet."—*Chorus.*

Oh! I wish I was an apple,
  And Snowflake was another;
Oh! what a pretty pair we'd make,
  Upon a tree together!
How bad the darkeys all would feel,
  When on the tree they spied her,
To think how happy we would be
  When we're made into cider!—*Chorus.*

But now old age comes creeping on—
  We grow down, and don't get bigger;
And cider sweet am sour then,
  And I am just the nigger.
But let the cause be what it will,
  Short, small, or wider,
She am the apple of my soul,
  And I'm bound to be beside her.—*Chorus.*

—"How do I manage to rid myself of bores?" said a woman of the world. "Nothing is easier. When I want to send a man away, I talk to him about myself. When I want him to stay indefinitely, I talk about himself."

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend **100** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Annchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Heine in Amerika (Der)
Hrünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht!
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend **105** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Leben sein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ja mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gelän
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 'z die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat wull de Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend **102** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Bergle bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Bube, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne krähn
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Nebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lied in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So ist das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S' ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend **116** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Todack
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 21.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Auld Lang Syne
Annie Laurie
A dark and roguish eye
Bring back my fisher boy
Big and little of it
Convict and the bird
Come, haste to the wedding
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 1
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 2
Cat's meat man
Casey's boarding house
Come home, father
Don't run down the Irish
Dear little hands
Dotlet on the "i"
Dennis Grady's hack
Drinane Dhun
Drink to me only with thine eyes
Did he get there?
Day our mother died
Father's last words to me
Factory girl
Fish-ball musketeer
Father's come home
Gypsy maid
Grandfather Brian
Hush, my baby Bunting
How happy I could be with either
Harbor lights
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Handy Andy
Hush! don't wake the baby
Henrietta Pye
Happy birds
His funeral's to-morrow
He's all right
I've paid the $10 to O'Grady
I wonder how long it will last?
If the waters could speak as they flow
I built a bridge of fancies
I hope it don't happen again
Is your mamma well?
I never saw a saw saw like this saw
I would't if I could [saws
Is marriage a failure?
Just arrived from Harrisburg
Judy McCarty
Jakey, de butcher boy
Kind, loving faces at home
Let baby sleep
Life in the army
Lawn tennis
Mother's letter
My soldier boy
Mistress Jinks, wife of Captain Jinks
Mill will never grind again with the
Madam Duvan [water that has passed
Man that knew the actors
New York Base Ball Club
Now I come to think of it
Never in the wide, wide world
Nancy
No, 'tis not true
Only a picture
O, whistle and I will come to you, my
Our own boy, Jack [lad
Over there
Old golden locket my mother used to
On board the Mary Jane [wear
Oh! write me a song of my father
Picture on the wall
Pictures of home
Paddy Whack
Pat and the priest
Razzle, dazzle
Songs I heard at home
She's waiting on the quay
Signor McStinger
Save enough to send for me
Saving it all for Mary
Ship on fire
Swiss boy
True as the stars above
That melody divine
Thy name was once the magic spell
With all her faults I love her still
When we sit in the President's chair
We've both been there before, many a
When the roses bloom in Spring [time
When the Springtime flowers bloom
Wait till the tide comes in
What a stunning pair of legs
Why do Summer roses fade?

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CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

Am I right?
Across the bridge he goes
All on account of a woman
Baby mine
Neath the old maple tree
Blonde that never dyes
Broken pitcher
Baby's prayer
Bernard Reilly
Can you tell me the reason why?
Close to it
Cry baby, cry baby
Dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes
Don't let it worry you
Evening Telegram
Ella Rhee
Farewell, Marguerite
Finnegan's masquerade
Gently down the stream of time
Give me a man of honest heart
Good-bye, dearest heart
Growler that never came
Here lies an actor
Hannah's done stuck on a coon
Happy times passed and gone away
He's all right when you know him
How much would you give to find
Harp of the wild wind [out?—Rec.
I do feel so awfully loose
I will return again
I like to be a swell
If I were a millionaire
I left my love
I was it it, fairly in it
I doubt if it ever occurs
Jamsetjhee
Just a little
Kerrigan's masquerade
Let it be soon
List to the convent bells
List'ning for his coming step
Little ones at home
Larboard watch
Little maid of Arcadee
List to the thrush
My last cigar
Magee's back yard
McGinty, king of the rink
Molly Flynn
Mister Nobody
McMullen, the squire
Mrs. McCarty's party
My Maggie
Must we forever part?
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Near it
Oh, let it be soon
Old cabin home
Old love and the new
Once was enough for him
Old Granite State [grave
Put a headstone over poor mother's
Pig's head wid cabbage and praties
Raffle for Monaghan's stove
Save a sunny smile for me
Something a woman can do
Scissors grinder
Sally in our alley
Such an education has my Mary Ann
Spare the old homestead
Scanlan's swing song
Sweet love, be true to me
Sheriff's sale
Tootsy Wootsy
To be there
Terrance McMullin
Terrible tragedy
There isn't a law to prevent it
That innocent kid
Turn down the light
That's where the laugh comes in
Two lovely black eyes
Uncle Jeff's return
Villain never harmed her
What did they ever do to get there?
We've both been there before, many a
Waiting [time (Sam Devere's)
World is coming to an end
Where mother is, is home
When mother puts the little ones to
Where's the white horse? [bed
Women of the day
Won't you buy my pretty flowers
Where did you get that hat?
You and I, love
You'll have to be up to the times

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CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Actors dream
As long as the world goes round
A stitch in time saves nine
Barney's courtship
Be-eutiful Bill
Bully old horse
Call me darling once again
Ching, ching
Casey at the bat—Recitation
Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret?
Doncherknow
Down upon the banks of Tennessee
Day I first played ball
Did you ever hear a girl say no?
Elly Mavourneen
From the source to the sea
Grandfather's clock
Give 'em string and let 'em went
Girl of the period
Go to sleep my baby girl
Gal what I calls mine
Good old friends of my youth
Hello! Riley
Hello, sweet "49!"
He went glimming
He's in the asylum now
Hodman's lament
Hattie May
I'm a chappie from over the wattah
I cannot see where it comes in
Ill-gifted ring
I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
I do not watch alone
Immenseikoff; or, the central toff
I love him more than I can say
I'll come back, my darling, to thee
Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown
Jack won't forget you
Kate's secret
Killaloe
Kathleen Mavourneen
Let each man learn to know himself
Later on, later on
Last sweet words of mother
My pretty red rose
My favorite, my queen
My heart is sad to-day
Mariner's daughter
Michael Dwyer
Mud Run disaster
Martha, the milkman's daughter
Meet me in the lovely twilight
Mr. Bob Fubbs; or, the love chase
Milwaukee Fire
McNally's row of flats
Never encourage the men
Nancy Lee
Nobody knows
Old hats and rags
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, if I had some one who'd love me
On yonder rock reclining
On the sea
Old musician and his harp
Postage stamp flirtation
Pretty little pigs in clover
Prodigal son
Paddy Shay
Sweet forget-me-not
Sandy-haired Mary in our area
See that my grave's kept green
She danced like a fairy
Spare that old mud cabin
Sam Devere's latest
Song I'll ne'er forget
Since Kate learnt how to play
Since my daughter plays on the type-
Sweet rose of dawn [writer
Some girls do, and some girls don't
Snowy strands among the jet
They cannot keep the working girls
Tilt skirt [down town
There's no such girl as mine
Tit for tat
True as the stars that are shining
Travelling man from Boston
What a fool you would be to believe her
Where was Moses when the light went
Whoa, Emma! [out?
When the robins nest again (parody)
When Jamie comes over the sea
When other friends are round me
We've a million in the field
We'll raise de roof to-night
Wreck of the "City of Columbus"

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CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A mother's appeal to her boy
An orphan
A lady in love
A Buddhist soldier's grave
Adieu, dear friends, adieu
At the golden gate
Bonny Mae
Bell buoy
Blind mother
Buy a broom
Brooklyn tragedy
Banks of the Schuylkill
Barbary Ellen
Broadway swell and Brooklyn belle
Champion of the world
Calling me back to the old home
Charles Guiteau's confession
Chestnut broke my heart
Colonel Sharp
Chinaman washeeman
Don't believe all that you hear
Down where we roamed together
Don't be angry, mother
Down went McGinty
Don't say one thing and mean an-
Discarded lover [other
Dying soldier of Cerro Gordo
Gintleman from Kildare
Green linnet
Green willow tree
Green fellow
Hanki Panki; or the girl from China
Harp without the crown
He gets there just the eame
Haul de wood nile down
How I got even with O'Grady
Have you seen my girl?
In the eye abides the heart
Irish spree
I'm sorry it ever occurred
Ireland for the Irish
It's funny what girls will do
I'm just beginning to like you
I wish I were single again
Independent lovers
Irish girl
I had nothing else to do
Johnstown flood
Jeanie with the light brown hair
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our
Just a little sunshine, No. 2 [home
Keep this flow'ret for my my sake
King and poet—Recitation
Love, Henry
Little empty stockings
Let us raise a row to-night
Little old sod shanty
Let me shake the hand that shook the
Little girl [hand of Sullivan
Loss of his dear
Life let us cherish
My Johnny was a shoemaker
My sailor girl
Mackafee's confession
Mill boy
My own true love
Nancy Downy
Not that I wish to say anything wrong
Nearing the harbor
No home to shelter her
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Over the banister
Ould plaid shawl
Old tobacco box
Oregon boys
Palms
People I have met
Polly Gold
Pure testimony
Sailor boy
Send that wagon home, John
Sweet William
Shakespeare's seven ages of man
Sighing for thee
Snow angels
Slavery's passed away
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have
Slide, Kelly, slide [my life
Song of the dying emigrant
Skating on one in the gutter
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Seventeen and twenty sweethearts
Those lovely Brooklyn girls
Tennessee boys
Two on earth and two in heaven
There's no place like home
Unfortunate lovers
Where did you get that face?
When the pansies droop and die
When my little one's asleep
World and his wife
What a wonderful world it would be
You can imagine the rest
Young man's warning

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Are you with us, Casey?
A high old time
A curl from baby's head
Ask a policeman
Aunt Jemima's Courtship—RECITATION
At it every minute in the day
Angel's ladder
Bold Irish soldier
Bowid sojer boy
Bolivar blues
By-and-by you'll forget me
Blacksmith's story—RECITATION
Beautiful language
Banty Jim—RECITATION
Chump! or, they did me up
Casey's wife
Charming Kate
Don't you believe it, dear boys
Down on the farm
Darkest hours are just before the dawn
Dying cowboy
Drop a nickel in the slot
Don't leave me, laddie
Dip me in de golden sea
Down where the violets grow
Emmet's farewell to his true love
Flippity flop young man
Green above the red
Golden ring
Get on the funny walk
Good advice
He never deserted a friend
Husband's dream
Hurdy-gurdy man
Home, sweet home
Hooroo for Casey!
I am king over the land and the sea
Irish love letters
If I was home again
It's one too many for me
It couldn't occur in New York
I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
I'm going to be married
Kill or cure
King of the swells
Lamentation of Gen. James Shields
Lady of Knock
Land of potatoes, oh
Little Annie Rooney
Long ago! long ago!
Lizzie Schmitt
Leave that old cradle to me
Lilac
My good-looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high hat
Married life, No. 2
Maginnis' raffle
My name is Charles Livingston Brown
Monarch of the woods
My love is a mountaineer
My sailor boy, Tom
Michael Slather's spree
M-O-N E-Y
My Hat
McGinty's wake
Miller of the Dee
Night that Larry got wed
Nellie, the sailor's pride
Not too much, but just enough
No. 4, second floor
Now you're talking
Old boss Barry
O'Riley, the fisherman
Oh, doubting heart, hope on
Old playground
Old family album
One hundred and eighty-ninth street
Old Sunday dinner
Open thy lattice
Pretty Sarah
Paddy Miles
Paddy at the theatre
Pick up your duds and go
Pretty one, sleep
Paddle for the golden shore
Paddy and his sweet potheen
River Roe
Ragged Pat
She'll be mine, bye-and-bye
Same old walk
Say, won't you come out and play?
Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
Stars and stripes [singer
She told me I was dreaming
Sitting on de golden fence
Strike the iron while it's hot
Sunday school scholar
That sinner, Betsy
Three leaves of shamrock
There's a mother waits for thee
Teddy Regan's swarie
That rogue, Reilly
Thankegiving at the old home
There is a tavern in the town
Two glasses—RECITATION
Waiting to hear the verdict
When Johnny gets his gun
Why don't they do so now?
Waltzingham McSweeney
When Ireland belongs the Irish again
You are a little too small young man

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Another Good Man Gone Wrong
A Treasure More Precious Than Gold
Birdie Was So Young
Blow the Bellows, Blow
Barney, Dear Barney, I'm Thinking of
Coon Dat Carried de Razor [You
Down Went Resonsky
Drifting Away
Der Oak and Der Vine—RECITATION
Dear Old Village School
Don't You See the Bright Light?
Diver
Every Inch a Sailor
Farewell, Dear Heart, Farewell
Faces
Garfield's Grave
Getting the Pigs in Clover
Get On to That Bouquet
Globe-Trotting Nellie Bly
Hunt the Buffalo
High License
Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn
Hannah, Get the Broom
Hi, Jenny! Ho, Jenny Johnson!
He's on the Police Force Now
I Say, Mike
Is That So?
I Really Can't Sit Down
I'll Be All Smiles To-night, Love
I'se Gwine Back to Dixie
I'll Paralyze the Man That Says
I'm a Cousin to Parnell [McGinty
I Love You All
Irishman of To-day
It Used to be Proper, but it Don't Go
I don't Know [Now
John Sullivan, My Jo!—RECITATION
Jack's Claim to Poll
Kearsarge and Alabama
Katie Molloy
Lady of Late
Little Annie Kelly
Left Alone
Little Family
Mamma's Baby Boy
Matzoths That Are Framed Upon the
My Inconstancy [Wall
Man That Knows It All
Molly
Moses in Ireland
Meeting of the Waters
Mother's Locket
Mr. Pat Mahone
Mrs. Brady's Daughter
Mulhaley on Baseball—RECITATION
Old Street Lamp
Oh My! How We Pose
One Wide River to Cross
Only as Far as the Gate
Only to See Her Face Again
Old Wooden Rocker
O'Brannigan Fusileers
Old, Old Farm
Plum Pudding
Pretty Polly
Poor Little Joe
Pat and His Little Brown Mare
Perry's Victory
Paddies Evermore
Painter of Seville—RECITATION
Pilot
Playmates
Rootity-toot, She Plays the Flute
Rock Dat Ship in de Morning
She Framed That Loving Picture of
Sinners, Take Warning [Her Boy
Seven Ages of Man
Say! Have You Seen O'Houlihan?
Shacob's Lament—RECITATION
Sweet Chiming Bells
Since Casey Runs the Flat
Song for Me
Songs My Mother Sang
Steve O'Donnell's Wake
She's My Heart's Delight
Safe in the Harbor
Ship That Carries Me Home
That's the Way the Story Goes
That's an Old Gag with Me
That's My Boy
Those Single Days of Old
William Owens
Wrestle of the Cats—RECITATION
We've All Had 'Em
White Wings Colored Club
Young Henry

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Beautiful Thoughts Linger Near Me
Breach of Promise Case
Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck
Brighter Days Will Come Again
Bum with the Terrible Gaul
Charleston Blues
Charcoal Man—RECITATION
Cawn't Do It, You Know
Come Where the Lilies Bloom
Coons' Christmas Dinner
Climb Up, Ye Chillun, Climb!
Dan Maloney Is the Man
Don't Leave Grandmother Now She Is
Dagoe Banana Peddler, [Old
Drum-Major of Schneider's Band
Dreaming of Mother
Drink Up, Boys
Death of Eva
Down by the Deep, Sad Sea
Dear Old Nursery Rhymes
Eva to Her Papa
Flirting in the Twilight
Golly, Ain't I Wicked?—No. 2
Hello! John Maloney
He Got It Again
Hogan's Flat
His Last Song
I'm Leaving Now the Old Folks
I Never Drink Behind the Bar
It Ain't Going to Happen in '90
I've Had 'Em All
I Left Ireland and Mother because We
I Think So, Don't You? [Were Poor
I Remember, I Remember
John Cope, or the Battle of Preston
Just Wait and See Maguire,
Kiss Just Once Again
Little Red Caboose Behind the Train
Little Topsy's Song
Mountain Dew
Muldoon with His New Overcoat
Market on Saturday Night
Masher
McCormick's Mule
McGinty's Back Again
My Love Remains the Same
Massa's in de Cold Ground
Masks and Faces
Maggie Darrow's Welcome
My Boyhood's Home
McGinty, the Ladies' Pride
Now, That's What I Think, Don't
Nancy, My Jewel [You?
New Church Organ—RECITATION
Old Feather Bed
Out of the Old Home Into the New
One I Love
Ossian's Serenade
Oh, Girly-Girly!
Oh! Mamma, Buy Me That
Only a Year
Paddy Duffy's Cart
Pretty Little Irish Queen
Parody on—
A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss
Baby and I
Call Me Back Again
Flag (The)
Lay Me on the Hillside
Over the Garden Wall
Sailing, Sailing
Patrick Michael McNally
Pretty Little Dark-Blue Eyes
Picture of My Baby on the Wall
Romping in the Clover
Remember Your Father and Mother
Salvation Army, Oh!
Sleep, Mother, Sleep
Sunshine Follows Rain
She's Just a Sweet Bouquet
Save My Brother's Whiskers from the
So Was Mine [Pail
Save My Father's Picture from the Sale
She Wants to Have Her Name Above
Sadie Ray [the Door
Song that Breaks My Heart
There Goes McManus
Throw Him Down, McCloskey
Tripping O'er the Hills
To My Sorrow
That Kiss of Long Ago
Uncle Tom's Religion
Up Comes McGinty
When the Sea Gives Up Its Dead
When I Saw Sweet Nelly Home
We Have Lived and Loved Together
You Were False, but I'll Forgive You
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Amber Tresses Tied in Blue
A Bad-a, Tough Man
Answered
A Baby Adrift at Sea
A Sailor's Last Good-Bye
Along the Kansas Line
All that Glitters Is Not Gold
Black Wedding
Bald-Headed Man
Beggar Child's Amen
Boys and Girls
Blind Man's Trouble
Bramble Brier
Brennen on the Moor
Come Back to Your Children and Me
Come, Have a Smile with Me
Chevy Chase
Court-House in de Sky
Darling Nelly Gray
Dreaming Near the Hearth
Dreaming as She Sleeps
Don't Touch Baby's Grave
Do They Think of Me at Home
Erin, Mavourneen
Fair Columbia
Flag of the Free
Goblins in the Church-yard
Geraldine
Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye
Gilhooley's Violet Tea
Good-Night, Ladies
Good-Bye at the Door
Go Button Your Vest
Have You Seen Me Uncle Mickey?
Have You Seen Tim Casey?
Happy Hours
Her Tears Drifted Out with the Tide
Helping Katie o'er the Brook
Hal-l-l-lelujah
Howard's Cradle Song
I Never Liked O'Ragen
I Whistle and Wait for Katie
I Love You Best of All
It's the Only Bit of Comfort I've Got
I Wonder if There's Some One Who
I Was Dreaming [Loves Me
It's a Good Thing McCarthy Wasn't
I Miss Thee, My Mother [There
I'll Remember You, Love, in My Pray-
I Won't Be a Nun [ers
I've No Mother, Now I'm Weeping
James and Nancy
Jennie, the Flower of Kildare
Just Think of Your Mother
Juanita
Kelly's New Spring Pants
Kelley's Dream—RECITATION
Locking the Stable-door
Last Rose of Summer
Learning McFadden to Waltz
Love Lives Forever
Martha Jane Green
McMillan's Superstitions
My Little Nell
Maud Muller—RECITATION
McNally's Wicked Wife
Married? Nixey!
Matinee Brigade
My Little Four-Leaf Shamrock from
My Pretty Sunday Girl [Glennore
Marfa's Wedding Day
Mary of the Wild Moor
Molly Bawn
My Little One's Waiting for Me
Mother Kissed Me in My Dream
Night Maloney Landed in New York—
The Room [Parody
Nigger and the Bee
No Father, No Mother, No Home
Nothing to Wear
Of Course We Ought to Know, We
Only a Little Wand'rer [Were There
Oh, What Has Changed You?
Oh! Dar's but Little Consolation
Postman's Story
Parrot and the Parson
Pit-ti-pat, Patter, the Little Feet Go
Picking Cherries Down the Lane
Poor, but a Gentleman Still
Porters on a Pullman Train
Patrick Sheehan
Play Ball
Rose of Tralee
Reilly's Cutlet Hall
Roses Underneath the Snow
Rock of Ages
Seashore
Spider and the Fly
Spider and the Fly—No. 2
Song My Mother Used to Sing
Sam Bass
Since Maggie Learned to Sing
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesto—Rec.
She Gave Me a Pretty Red Rose
Song for Me
Sweet Genevieve
Slave's Dream
Three American Jacks
That Is Love
Twelve Months Ago To-Night
Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone
Take This Letter to My Mother
Tim Macarthy's Daughter
That's Swell, Awf'ly Swell
That's Love, You Know
That's Always the Way with You
They Never Told a Lie [Boys
Upper Ten and Lower Five
Up Went Mrs. Murphy
Virginia Rosebud
Vacant Chair
Wreck of the Life-Boat
When the Clock Strikes Ten
You Can't Play That on M[illegible]
You've Been a Friend to Me

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CONTENTS:

An Irishman's toast
Angel's whisper
Banks of Claudy
Blackbird
Bard of Armagh
Beautiful Isle of the sea
Bonny bunch of roses
Barney McCoy
Banks of Brandywine
Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
Beautiful shamrock of old
Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Ring-a-on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
Cushlamachree
Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Cow that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Sarsfield
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league land [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn [she wore
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Mo Ailleen, Asthore
Mac's and the O's
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 2

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CONTENTS:

A handful of earth
An agricultural Irish girl
A letter from Ireland
An Irish fair day
Bridget Donahue
Beauty of Limerick
Barney's courtship
Bold Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bowld sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Heenan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy]
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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WEHMAN'S SELECTION OF POPULAR RECITATIONS No. 2

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CONTENTS:

Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hate bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot water-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' words of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary haf got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's scooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Maclaine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Moua's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesbe
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
Widow Cummiskey
Yellow-haired Nellie
Yellow-haired laddie

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CONTENTS:

A doketor's drubbles
A dutchman's answer
A lunch fiend
A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender pays a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Britimann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der nighd pehind Ghrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot spring poorn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' words of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weis-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Hair-
Leedle Ya-wcob Strauss [chucks
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory about bodigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's party
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the Hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Lock
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te persser vay
Two dollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 3

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This book, the third of the series, contains 142 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in Nos. 1 and 2. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

As I sat upon my dear old
Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Avenging and bright
Are you with us, Casey!
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the bullet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Cruiskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It showered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Corporal Casey [Preston
County jail
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudden
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
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Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible
Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
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Morrisey and the Russian
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Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
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Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
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Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
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Widow Machree [Irish again
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LACKAWANNA SPOONERS.

Here we are two Lackawanna spooners;
While we're here, keep your eyes upon us;
We loaded coal from Harlem to Gowanus,
We're the two selected spooners of the gang.
When we go home, our families we embrace;
We eat our meals with elegance and grace;
For opposition shovellers we long to have a race;
We're the two selected spooners of the gang.

CHORUS.

As through the streets we walked along like soldiers,
And baskets and shovels we have on our shoulders—
For to get a job there's none can be bolder
Than the two selected spooners of the gang.

On Saturday nights we stand upon the corners,
Along with the gang that wears the Roll of Honor;
At Hibernian Hall we are going to raise a banner,
To represent the Lackawanna gang.
We all get shaved in the one barber shop,
We use the same razor, lather brush and cup;
For bay rum and tonic we long to have a sup,
To stimulate the Lackawanna gang.—*Chorus.*

We've accumulated wealth with hard work and endurance
With other scallawags we have no interference;
We have been hard tried by work and perseverance—
The two selected spooners of the gang.
With the General Committee we are the two great big cards—
Like "Muldoon, the Solid Man," we hold a grip in the ward;
We could put you on the pipes or the City Boulevard,
The two selected spooners of the gang.—*Chorus.*

FAT MICKEY.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

My name it is McDonough, I'm a son of Erin's soil;
At seven in the morning sure, begins my daily toil;
And all the day, through heat and cold, I pick and dig away,
And lay the trap-block pavement, on a street they calls Broadway.
At home I have a family, a wife and three big boys,
They nearly drive me crazy, wid their fightin' and their noise;
There's Roger and Fat Mickey and Big Dan, that makes the three,
But of all the gang Fat Mickey sure he looks the most like me.

CHORUS.

Now there's Dan, handsome Dan,
Sure he's the ladies' man,
And Roger, he's the divil wid his dancin' and his noise.
But of all the boys we've none
So fond of jolly fun
As Mickey, darlin' Mickey, he's the best of all the boys.

He's as broad as he is lengthy, and weighs two hundred pounds;
At atein' or at slapein' sure his like cannot be found.
At snorin', he's the divil; now believe me when I say
You can hear him snore from Tubby hook, across to Dublin bay.
And he can ate his size in mate, or pack the grub below;
At drinkin' Irish whisky sure, egad, he is not slow.
When he comes home at four o'clock, chock full of old benzine,
You can bet your bottom dollar then some lively sights are seen.
Now there's Dan, handsome Dan, &c.

He joined the "Doherty Fusileers," they put him in the squad;
He could not hold a musket so they gave him many a prod;
He could not march into the ranks, bekase he was too fat,
So says the Irish Sarjint, "Mick, I'll bounce you out of that!"
They made him carry the target thin and march up in the rear,
And on the street on Patrick's day you'll see him every year,
He walks along the Boulevard, so proudly and so gay,
And whin the girls observe him, sure you'll always hear them say:
Now there's Dan, handsome Dan, &c.

They say at Philly-del-phia they're going to have a fair,
And all the curiosities they tell me will be there;
I think I'll take Fat Mickey there, and enter him for style,
I know his fat appear-u-ance will cause 'em all to smile.
And if they give a premium for "lads that are not quick,"
I think he'll get the medal, sure, the boy we call our Mick;
For sure he is no good at all, he niver worked a day,
And if you say a word to him his mammy's sure to say:
Now there's Dan, handsome Dan, &c.

McCARTHY'S MARE.

We started for the fair,
With spirits light and hearty,
Behind McCarthy's mare;
Oh! it was a lively party!
You never saw the likes of it,
Believe me what I say!
Sure we had a roaring racket,
But the mare she ran away.

CHORUS.

Off she wint! off she wint!
Be gob I was not worth a cint;
The sate was just as hard as flint,
Behind McCarthy's mare.

"Hould her in!" McCarthy cried;
"Stop her!" says McCue,
I tho't I'd shake to pieces,
As along the road we flew;
Me head was swimming like a top,
My heart was in despair;
The divil himself was in the wheels
Behind McCarthy's mare.—*Chorus*

McCarthy held the reins,
And Murphy held McCarthy,
But whisky filled their brains,
And made them wild and hearty;
Maloney tumbled out behind,
And there we let him lay—
Sure I offered to assist him—
But the mare she ran away!—*Chorus.*

Me dacent coat was tore,
Me hat was left behind me;
I rattled and I swore,
And I thought the dust would blind me.
In holes and ditches wint the wheels;
Oh! murther what a day!
Sure myself was kilt entirely,
With the mare that run away.—*Chorus.*

SWIM OUT FOR GLORY.

Copyright, 1881, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Dar's a heap, heap of sin on de shore,
Debbil rars up his head and he roar,
Oh! he cotch you mighty quick,
Make you feel kinder sick,
And you's spiled up forever, evermore, sah!
If we want for to live all alive,
In de lake of forgiveness take a dive,
Den go float off de shore,
Whar disaster will pour,
And swim out, my chil'en, for glory.

CHORUS.

Oh, swim out for glory, my chil'en,
Swim for de prize,
Strike out for Angel Island,
Whar you nebber dies.
Den swim out for glory, chil'en,
Swim for de prize,
At Angel Island, whar you nebber,
Hardly ebber dies.

Oh! de chil'en of sin ev'ry whars,
Will go kitin' down de deep, dark stairs;
Whar de fires are kept ablaze
No matter what you says.
And you's chained den for fifty million years, sah!
But de good gets a crown on de golden hair,
And dey's always a-wingin' in de air,
Eatin' wif golden spoons,
Singin' sweet, easy tunes,
And a-floatin' in der sea-wave of glory.—*Chorus.*

—Very kind drug-clerk to little girl: "Now be sure and tell your papa to take this medicine according to directions on the bottle; an overdose might affect his brain." Little girl: "Oh, I guess there's no danger of that, for I have heard mother tell him lots of times he never had any brains."

Five O'Clock in the Morning.

By Claribel.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The dew lay glitt'ring on the grass,
A mist lay over the brook;
At the earliest beam of the golden sun,
The swallow her nest forsook.
The snowy blooms of the hawthorn tree,
Lay thickly the ground adorning;
The birds were singing in ev'ry bush,
At five o'clock in the morning;
The birds were singing in ev'ry bush,
At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sung,
The meadows were fresh and fair;
And the breeze of morning kiss'd her brow,
And play'd with her nut-brown hair.
But oft she turn'd and look'd around,
As if the silence scorning;
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
At five o'clock in the morning,
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe
At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merry their voices rung;
And one among them wended his way
To where the milkmaid sung.
And as he linger'd by her side,
Despite his comrades' warning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning;
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning.

PARTED.

By Cyril Byrd.

Oh, the days are so long
Since my Jamie crossed the sea,
For we quarreled: I was wrong,
And he comes not back to me.

CHORUS.

Nevermore,
While I live, love and wait,
Shall his wistful eyes forgive,
As before, at the gate.

That he loved me well I knew,
But when lovers pressed around,
I vexed his heart so true,
Just to make his love profound.—*Chorus.*

All the years of my life
I shall wait for him in vain,
I can never be his wife;
Never see his face again.—*Chorus.*

The Light of Other Days.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories passed,
For grief with heavy wing had shaded
The hopes too bright to last;
The world which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays!
But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

The leaf which Autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When Winter winds are past, come hither
To welcome back the Spring;
The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloom-full life displays;
But the heart alone, sees no renewing,
The light of other days.

THE HUMAN HARP.

[NOTE.—While drifting through the newspapers, some of this poem has been lost, and the remainder mutilated. It is now restored to its original form by P. J. MCCOURT, M. D., for this Journal.—ED.]

There is a harp in each human breast,
The strings of which are never at rest;
Where music forever breathes and lingers,
Awaken'd by myriads of viewless fingers,
That play, like the hum of fairy wings,
Their notes on its thousand quivering strings.

This heav'n-born harp is a priceless boon
In its mortal frame, with its strings in tune;
But whether notes of this living harp
Be gentle or tender, flat or sharp,
When louder rung depends always
On the ear that hears, and the hand that plays.

How touchingly tender is its moan,
As it gives to sorrow its monotone;
When touched by the palzied hand of Fear
It vibrates quick on the startled ear;
And its strong-wrought frame in frenzy leaps,
While Passion its diapason sweeps.

But happier spirits are hovering near,
And the music they play we love to hear;
They move all hearts with the grave and the gay,
And many a time I've heard them play.
So often, too, are they playing the same,
That we know their touch, and call them by name.

There is Love, who comes on his fluttering wings,
And how it thrills when he touches the strings,
Fear thinks he is heard all over the land,
As he strikes the chords with a master's hand;
Put to Faith and Hope is the mission given
To touch the notes that are heard in heaven.

They bear it away when the rest are gone,
And lift the frail harp, broken and lone;
And when Death plays the last sad strain,
Breaking the chords he shall ne'er touch again,
They bear it away on joyous wing,
And string it anew where the angels sing.

AN IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Don't call me weak-minded, perchance I should sing,
Of the dearest old spot upon earth;
And don't think me foolish should memory bring
To my mind the dear land of my birth:
With its hills and its valleys, its mountains and vales,
Of which our forefathers would boast,
Of a dear little island all covered with green—
Ah, but list' and I'll give you an Irishman's toast:

CHORUS.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each boy and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
May God speed old Ireland—that's an Irishman's toast.

My mind's eye oft pictures my old cabin home,
Where it stood by the murmuring rill,
Where my playmates and I oft together did roam,
Through the castle that stood on the hill;
But the stout hand of time has destroyed the old cot,
And the farm now lies barren and bare;
Around the old porch there is ivy entwined,
But the birds seem to warble this toast in the air:
Here's to the land of the shamrock so, &c.

The church and the school-house have long been replaced;
In the Harp Hotel dwells a new host;
The white-haired old veteran has long been at rest,
And his wife has deserted her post;
King Death, the stern reaper, has called them away,
And their children have gone o'er the seas;
There is nothing but strangers around the old spot,
Still this toast seems to waft to my ears on the breeze:
Here's to the land of the shamrock so, &c.

THE WATERFORD BOYS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Well, boys! for divarsion we've all met together,
I'll tell how from Waterford hither I came;
I cross'd the big ocean in dark, gloomy weather,
My heart it was light and my pocket the same.
Sad at l'avin' ould Ireland but once more on dry land
By the roadside a tavern I happen'd to spy,
And as I was meltin', my pockets I felt in,
The price of a drink—I was mortally dry.

CHORUS.

For we are the boys of fun, wit, and element,
Drinkin' and dancin' an' all other joys,
For ructions, destruction, devarsion and devilment,
Who can compare with the Waterford boys?

In the tavern I stroll'd, out the master he roll'd,
"'Morrow," sez he, sez I, "Av you please,
Provide me a bed, but first bring me some bread,
A bottle of porter and small piece of cheese.
For times they are queer, and provisions are dear,
If you cannot get meat with cheese be content."
Sez the landlord, "You're right," so he bro't me the bite;
I roll'd up my cuffs and at it I went.
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

My bread and cheese ended, I then condescended
To seek some repose, so I ax'd for a light,
And soon in a doze I was under the clothes;
I popp'd in my toes and I popp'd out the light.
But wakin' from sleepin' I heard somethin' creepin',
Meand'rin' and wand'rin, about my bed-post,
Squeakin' and scratchin', thinks I 'mid my watchin',
"'Pon my conscience, you've mighty long claws for a ghost."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

My breath I suspended, the noise it soon ended,
I ventured to peep from beneath the bed-clothes,
"Millia murther! what's that?" a thumpin' jack rat,
With a leap from the floor lit atop of my nose.
"Thunder sweep ye!" sez I, "for a schemin' ould vagabone,
Take that, and that," as I leaped on the floor,
Shouting "Murther and fire, Tim, Jerry, Maria,
The rats they are eatin' me up by the score."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

The landlord affrighten' came with a light in,
"I'm murdered alive," sez I, "so must away."
Sez he, "Before goin' I'd have you be knowin',
For supper and bed you've five shillin's to pay."
"Five shillin's for what? och don't be disgracin'
Yourself for a rogue," sez I, "if you please;
When I can't sleep for rats, you, a brazen ould face on ye,
To charge me five shillin's for plain bread and cheese."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

Sez he, "Perish the rats, I wish they would l'ave me
They ruin my trade and I'm not worth a rap."
Sez I, "The five shillin's would you forgive me,
An' I'll tell you how to keep out every rat."
"Agreed!" Then sez I, "To supper invite them,
And plain bread and cheese set before them, be sure,
Don't mind if they're willin', but charge them five shillin';
Bad luck to the rat that you'll ever see more."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

TEN LITTLE INJUNS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Ten little Injuns standing in a line,
One toddled home, and then there were nine.
Nine little Injuns swingin' on a gate,
One tumbled off, and then there were eight.

CHORUS.

One little, two little, three little,
Four little, five little Injun boys,
Six little, seven little, eight little,
Nine little, ten little Injun boys.

Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven,
One kicked the bucket and then there were seven.
Seven little Injuns cutting up their tricks,
One broke his neck and then there were six.—*Chorus*

Six little Injuns kicking all alive,
One went to bed and then there were five.
Five little Injuns on a cellar-door,
One tumbled in and then there were four.—*Chorus.*

Four little Injuns out on a spree,
One dead drunk and then there were three.
Three little Injuns out in a canoe,
One tumbled overboard and then there were two.—*Chorus.*

Two little Injuns foolin' with a gun,
One shot t'other and then there was one.
One little Injun livin' all alone,
He got married, and then there was none.

ENCORE VERSE.

One little Injun with his little wife,
Lived in a wigwam the balance of his life.
One daddy Injun, one mammy squaw,
Soon raised a family of ten Injuns more.

CHORUS.

One little, two little, three little,
Four little, five little Injuns more,
Six little, seven little, eight little,
Nine little, ten little Injuns more.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

CHORUS.

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church-bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.—*Chorus.*

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.—*Chorus.*

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.—*Chorus.*

—A doctor went out West to practice his profession. An old friend met him on the street one day, and asked him how he was succeeding in his business. "First rate," he replied. "I've had one case." "Well, and what was that?" "It was a birth!" said the doctor. "How did you succeed with that?" "Well, the old woman died, and the child died, but I think I'll save the old man yet!"

MOTHER'S FOOL.

A Popular Recitation.

"'Tis plain to me," said a farmer's wife,
"Those boys will make their mark in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college ought to go.
There's Fred—he's little better 'n a fool;
But John and Henry *must* go to school."

"Well, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he sat his mug of cider down,
"Fred does more work in a day for me
Than both his brothers do in three.
Book larning will never plant one's corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born,
Nor mend a rod of broken fence—
For my part, give me *common sense*."

But his wife was bound the roost to rule,
And John and Henry were sent to school,
While Fred, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind!

Five years at school the students spent,
Then into business each one went;
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;
While his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out a sign, "H. E. Brown, M.D."

Meanwhile, at home their brother Fred
Had taken a notion into his head;
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,
And weeded his onions, and planted peas;
While, somehow, either by hook or by crook,
He managed to read full many a book;
Until, at last, his father said
He was getting "book larnin'" into his head
"But, for all that," said Farmer Brown,
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred
One hundred men to the battle led;
And when the rebel flag came down,
He came marching home as *General* Brown,
But he went to work on the farm again,
(And plowed the ground and sowed the grain),
Re-shingled the barn, and mended the fence,
And the people declared, "He had common sense."

Now, common sense was very rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So the "Family Dunce" moved into town,
And the people called him *Governor* Brown;
And his brothers, who went to the city school,
Came home to live with "Mother's Fool."

Johnny Dougherty, the Tailor.

Sung by James Daly.

You've all heard of the solid men
And men of great renown;
But if you'll listen for awhile,
I'm certain you will own
That I'm the most respected man,
In this great town; and why?
It is because when I walk out,
You will hear the people cry—

CHORUS.

I'm Mr. Johnny Dougherty, the tailor,
A man of great renown;
And everybody knows that to make a suit of clothes,
I'm the very best that you'll find in all this town.

I've heard them say a tailor is
The ninth part of a man,
Let them get up and knock me
Into nine parts if they can.
Devil a one would ever dare
To box me for a foe,
For I can box as well as stitch,
As very well they know.—*Chorus.*

TO THE WEST.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man, if he is willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil;
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
Has aid to his fortune, and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

CHORUS.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, sparkling out as they go;
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to us all;
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storms or in rest—
Away, far away, to the land of the West.—*Chorus.*

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won;
A forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, or life in the air;
The bold independence that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hearts, and forbid us to sigh;
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
For a home is a home, in the land of the West.—*Chorus.*

BEAR IT LIKE A MAN.

Sung by Charles Vivian.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York.

I gayly sing from day to day,
A careless man am I;
As long as I can pay my way,
Misfortune I defy.
And then with spirit ever gay,
I do the best I can,
When trouble comes upon my way,
To bear it like a man.

CHORUS.

I gayly sing from day to day,
And do the best I can,
When trouble comes upon my way,
To bear it like a man.

We're told that since the world began,
That's many years ago,
If money did not make the man,
It made the "mare to go."
Of comforts I have quite enough,
Although my wealth is small,
I know that I am better off,
Than folks with none at all.—*Chorus.*

If fortune on a friend doth shine,
I love him none the less;
I never grieve, I never pine,
For wealth I don't possess.
A happy home, a loving wife,
Of worldly goods a store,
Contended with my lot in life,
A king can be no more.—*Chorus.*

And one thing too I hold it good,
Wherever I may be,
To do to others as I would
That they should do to me.
This world would ne'er be dark and drear,
If each would try the plan
Of giving when they had to spare,
To help their fellow-man.—*Chorus.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA TRAMP.

There I am, a lonely stranger,
All the way from Pennsylvania;
When I work my life's in danger,
Ladies come and pity me—hi yah!
I have traveled this world over,
In my pockets not a stamp,
My name's a terror to this nation,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah!

CHORUS.

Measuring flags' my occupation,
Hunger gives me many a cramp,
Work and me is no relation,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah!

From New Haven to Weehawken,
That's the road, boys, don't be talking,
On my back an army walking,
I have a noble sinecure—hi yah!
Barn or wood-shed that's my bed-room,
When the weather's cold or damp,
Robbing hen-coops that's the racket,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah!—*Chorus.*

I am one that's never greedy,
Rob a clothes line if I'm needy,
You will never find me seedy,
I'm an old professional—hi yah!
I am on the hunt for money,
Poverty's my brightest lamp,
A maid with stamps, that's the honey,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah!—*Chorus.*

DEAREST MAE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Now, niggers, listen to me;
A story I'll relate;
It happen'd in de valley,
In de old Car'lina State;
'Way down in de meadow,
'Twas dere I mow'd de hay,
I always work de harder
When I t'ink ob lubly Mae.

CHORUS.

Oh, dearest Mae, you lubly as de day,
Your eyes are bright,
Dey shine at night,
When de moon am gwine away.

Old massa gib me holiday,
And say he'd gib me more;
I t'anked him berry kindly,
And shoved my boat from shore;
Oh, down de ribber I glides along,
Wid my heart so light and free,
To de cottage ob my lubly Mae,
I'd long'd so much to see.—*Chorus.*

On de banks ob de ribber,
Where de trees dey hang so low,
De 'coon among de branches play,
While de mink he keeps below;
Oh, dat is de spot,
And Mae she looks so neat,
Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars,
Her lips are red as beet.—*Chorus.*

Benead de shady old oak-tree,
We sat for many an hour,
Happy as the buzzard bird
Dat flies about de flower;
But oh, dear Mae, I left her;
She cried when boff we parted;
I bid sweet Mae farewell,
And back to Massa started.—*Chorus.*

—A boarding-school miss, being unwell, thought it was not genteel to say she was bilious, so she complained of being Williamous. These are days of refinement.

Feel for the Eyes that are Weeping.

By J. McCarthy, of Logan City, Utah.

Feel for the eyes that are weeping
With anguish, here below;
Through their falling tears they're reading
The pangs of others' woe.
But there is no woe that's lasting
While love here guides our way;
Although all our's seemed blasting,
They all must pass away.

Oh! feel for the pure and lowly
Who is destined to roam
Through scenes unholy,
Without a friend or home.
He receives no smile of greeting
To cheer him on his way;
While love's dear hopes are fleeting,
His footsteps go astray.

Feel for the silent sorrow
That suffers all alone,
For the only joy they borrow
Is from our God alone.
When domestic joys are waning,
And love is growing cold,
Oh! the soul within is dreaming
Of sorrows then untold.

When our household gales are blowing,
And darkness veils our skies,
Oh! then salt tears are flowing,
And raining from our eyes.
We'll drink of the stream that's coming
Through hope's bright fountain clear;
Down through many rills it's running
To love's bright happy sphere.

MULCAHY'S HOME AGAIN.

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The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

I come with news to-night, me boys,
Just heed me for awhile;
My song will give delight, me boys,
For it makes me grin and smile.
You've heard about that famous man
Who left us all in pain,
Sure, he's back at last, all safe and sound!
Mulcahy's home again!

CHORUS.

Then shout, and cheer, and drink yer beer,
No more in grief remain;
For now the cry is, ev'rywhere,
Mulcahy's home again!

I met him down in Chambers street,
A week ago to-day;
And when I shook his friendly hand,
Sure, I thought I'd faint away!
He's big and stout, and walks about
In dress both nate and clane;
Says I with glee, "Oh, can this be
Mulcahy home again?"—*Chorus.*

I asked him why he strayed away,
And left us all behind?
But divil a word would he reply
To satisfy me mind;
He may have lived in foreign lands,
In Jarsey, or in Spain;
But none will care from whence he came,
When he's home with us again.—*Chorus.*

He talks no more of politics,
He says he's had enough;
To stand their capers and their tricks,
One must be bold and tough!
He thinks he'll start a corner store,
And paint a sign so plain,
To greet us when we reach the door—
"Mulcahy's home again!"—*Chorus.*

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Composed by Edward Kennedy.

Now attention give I pray, and list to what I say:
I'll do my best to please you in my song;
A statement I will make of the sad unhappy fate,
Of the late lamented coachman, John Armstrong.
He was shot by Joseph Blair, who resided in Montclair;
He fell a corpse outside the stable door.
Now they say that Blair'll get free, tho' the reason I can't see,
Unless because he's rich and Armstrong's poor.

CHORUS.

Then let us sadly drop a tear, as we think of the friend so dear,
Who's now sleeping where the willows gently wave.
Tho' departed from us now, the hand of death upon his brow;
We know the angels linger near his grave.

Now suppose that Blair got free, a poor man like you or me
Might be murdered in the street most any day;
And would you think 'twas right for a poor man to be shot on sight,
And the rich get off because they've stamps to pay?
But how different it would be, were it either you or me,
Who a rich man in a fit of passion shot;
Why! they'd hang us then and there—not a living soul would care
Whether we were hung up innocent or not.—*Chorus.*

NO IRISH WANTED HERE.

Words by Edward Harrigan.

Oh! I'm an Irish laborer,
I'm hardy, stout and strong;
And idleness I never loved,
To our race it don't belong.
I've still the strength and will to toil,
For the wants of life are dear;
But tould, whene'er I ax for work,
No Irish wanted here!

CHORUS.

You might think it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan;
To me it is a blessing to be called an Irishman;
For I may live to see the day,
Twill come, oh! never fear,
When ignorance gives place to sense,
And you'll welcome Irish here—
Ah! 'tis then you'll welcome Irish here!

Whin your country was in danger,
A few short years ago,
Ye was not so particular
About who would fight the foe;
Whin men were needed for the ranks,
To preserve the rights so dear,
Among the bravest of the brave,
It was, Irish wanted here!—*Chorus.*

For generous hearts and charity,
Ye may search the world around,
Poor Paddy's hospitality,
Sure its like was never found.
He'd give the clothes from off his back,
His blood for friends so dear;
But prejudice and envy vile says,
No Irish wanted here!—*Chorus.*

Oh! let your hearts be kind and just,
And help Paddy from the wall;
For God in heav'n made the world,
With lots of room for all.
Let us stretch our hands across the sea,
To the green old Isle so dear,
And give the Irish boys and girls
Glad welcome over here!—*Chorus.*

—If a woman talks of dress-goods and millinery, the men say she hasn't a mind above such frivolities; if her conversation be of neighborhood small talk, she is set down as a gossip; if she run on about idle nothings, she is a dunce or a ninny; if she deals with literary or scientific themes, she is a blue-stocking; if she talks politics, she is sneered at as a suffrage-screamer. One might think that the stronger sex was jealous of the weaker, but of course everybody knows it is not so.

'TWAS NOT MY FATHER.

Composed by Juliet Courtright.

"Please, Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here?
He's not been at home for the day;
'Tis now almost midnight, and mother's in fear
Some accident keeps him away."
"No, no, little stranger, or—yes, he's been here;
Some officers took him away;
He's gone to the lock-up—I'm sorry, my dear;
He's done something wicked, they say."

CHORUS.

"Oh! 'twas not my father who did the bad deed;
'Twas drinking that maddened his brain.
Oh! let him go home to dear mother, I plead;
I'm sure he'll not touch it again;
I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure he'll not touch it again."

"Please, Mr. Policeman, my father is lost—
A man says you took him away.
Oh! can't he go home, sir; and what will it cost
If mother will send you the pay?"
"Oh! no, little stranger, your father can't go;
We put him in prison to-day;
Go home to your mother, and quick let her know,
What's keeping your father away."—*Chorus.*

"Please, sir, Mr. Jailer, please let me go in—
They say that my father's inside.
I scarcely can tell how unhappy we've been;
We could not feel worse had he died.
Please, sir, it was drinking that made him do wrong;
I'm sure he will drink no more.
Oh! just a few minutes—a minute's not long;"
But no one would open the door.—*Chorus.*

All day the young watcher stood fast by the door;
In vain with his father to speak.
It creaked its great hinges twice ten times or more,
As prison doors only can creak.
Then speeding through darkness to home sad as death
A message most solemn he bore:
"Dear mother, I'll shun it as long as I've breath;
I'll touch it and taste it no more."—*Chorus.*

Carry the News to Mary.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York.

Oh, Martha wept and Mary cried,
We're all surrounded;
The good old man has gone and died,
We're all surrounded;
Shake off your slumbers and arise,
We're all surrounded;
The sun is shining in the skies,
We're all surrounded.

CHORUS.

Carry the news,
Carry the news to Mary
Carry the news,
We're all surrounded.

The good old man we'll see no more,
We're all surrounded;
He has gone to the happy shore,
We're all surrounded;
He's gone and left us darks alone,
We're all surrounded;
And Gabriel's trumpet called him home,
We're all surrounded.—*Chorus.*

Adam and Eve climbed up a tree,
We're all surrounded;
Their lamb and master for to see,
We're all surrounded;
Eve stole an apple from the tree,
We're all surrounded;
And Adam was stung by a bumble-bee
We're all surrounded.—*Chorus.*

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

A Recitation.—By George Hoey.

The first thing that I remember
Was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth,
Pulling as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, and tend to the switch,
Lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train
And the graves you're sending them to.
Think of the mother and babe at her breast,
Think of the father and son,
Think of the lover, and loved-one, too,
Think of them doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand,
Into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm,
Who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood,
Sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling
And the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling
As the trees by the tempest were fanned,
But what was that noise at a distance?
That—I could not understand!
I heard it at first indistinctly,
Like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me,
And made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me
And seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly!
Oh, God! I know now—it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger,
And seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me,
Its heated breath scorching my face,
Its headlight made day of the darkness,
And glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me,
Before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly,
The train dashing fast down the track,
The switch resisted my efforts,
Some devil seemed holding it back;
On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster
And shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment,
And knew nothing after the crash.

How long I laid there unconscious,
Were impossible for me to tell,
My stupor was almost a heaven,
My waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning
And shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from,
When I must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs,
Their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage,
Gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents,
I noticed, as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma,"
Were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second,
The river should hide me away;
When, under the still burning rafters,
I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand, she who owned it
Was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic,
Tho' she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters
And quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey,
When she left for this last fatal ride;
I lifted the last log from off her,
And while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight,
And recognized—Maggie, my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy courage is a hard one,
At a blow Thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless night-time,
With Maggie away from my side;
How often we've sat down and pictured
The scenes in our long happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life-time
To build up a home for my wife.
How people would envy us always
In our cosy and neat little nest,
When I would do all of the labor,
And Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us,
When some day I p'r'aps should be rich,
But all of my dreams have been shattered,
While I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial,
The jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court room
Was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn,
Till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words,
"Hung by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again,
And my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim?
You've had a bad night-mare I guess."
And there stood Maggie my wife
With never a scar from the ditch,
I'd been taking a nap in my bed
And had not been asleep at the switch.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, pray then open your door,
Och, hone! widow Machree,
And show me the easiest plank in your floor,
Och, hone! widow Machree.
Ye have nothing to fear,
I tell you, my dear,
Not a sound can ye hear,
In sleep coming from me;
Barrin' that I should creep,
Or walk in my sleep,
Och, hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, for the third and last time,
Och, hone! widow Machree,
Will you listen to reason that's seasoned with rhyme?
Och, hone! widow Machree.
Just think of the time,
When you'd get past your prime,
Would you think it a crime,
That you cheated mankind
Of what nature designed?

Darlin' widow Machree, will you fully explain,
Och, hone! widow Machree,
For the good of your conscience and soul, what I mean?
Och, hone! widow Machree.
Didn't old Adam loan,
From his rib a backbone
To manufacture, och, hone!
For posterity,
The first female man?
Deny that if you can,
Och, hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, pay your debts, fie for shame,
Och, hone! widow Machree,
As you owe man a rib, I lay claim to that same,
Och, hone! widow Machree,
And by paying the debt,
You'll draw interest yet,
And an armful you'll get,
Of that same property;
Shall be yours while life bides,
And a great deal besides,
Och, hone! widow Machree.

WRECK OF THE "LONDON."

I am going to say a word of a shipwreck that occurred
On board the steamship "London," which, no doubt, you all have heard;
It is fearful to tell of the sorrows that befell
Of that ill-fated vessel and passengers as well.

For they danced with right good glee, as they sailed out on the sea,
Not dreaming for a moment, but safe landed all would be;
But soon their hopes were blighted, as they looked both far and wide,
They saw chance was hopeless in that fearful running tide.

They sailed away that morning, so beautiful and bright,
With cheerful hearts they dashed away, till land was far from sight;
Thinking of friends so dear, and to be welcomed when arrived;
But, alas! to them it was not to be, of their hopes they were deprived.

For a gale it came upon them, and made each heart to quail,
As it dealt out death and desolation, yes, and tore down every sail;
For now a voice that rent the air, so very wild and high,
O, God! look down upon us all, if now that we must die!

Now, when they found the ship was sinking, and death was drawing nigh,
The Captain did his best to save—and G. V. Brooks did try—
For some of the crew stupid, and they stood there like big stumps;
But Brooks he kept his spirits up and still worked at the pumps.

For he was up to his knees in water, and nothing on his feet;
He worked away, I am told, all day, for he knew that life was sweet;
And when he found his task was over, to the Steward he did say:
Give my love to all my Melbourne friends, when I am far away.

Now, a boat was lowered and stored with living from the wreck,
Whilst a deathly pale shone on each cheek, upon the crowded deck;
Captain Martin would not go with them, but stood there heart and hand,
And the last words on his dying lips were, "God speed you all to land."

For he stood so noble and so calm, while the waves they dashed around,
For he fully made up his own mind with the ship he would go down;
For now a lady offered a thousand pounds to take her in the boat,
But they could not pull back again when once they were afloat.

Now what must have been the feelings of that terror-stricken crew,
As they left that awful scene of wreck, and over the ocean flew;
With timid hearts and glaring eyes, as they glanced awhile around,
They saw the "London" disappear and all of them go down.

So they took their last farewell as the waves came bounding o'er,
And consigned them to their resting-place, where they'll be seen no more;
So let this be the prayer of all, where sympathy may be:
May God look down upon them all, as they now lay in the sea.

Brother's Fainting at the Door.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.

Yonder comes a weary soldier,
With falt'ring steps across the moor;
Mem'ries of the past steal o'er me—
He totters to the cottage door;
Look, my heart can not deceive me,
'Tis one we deemed on earth no more;
Call mother, hasten, do not tarry,
For brother's fainting at the door.

CHORUS.

Kindly greet the weary soldier,
Words of comfort may restore;
You may have an absent brother,
Fainting at a stranger's door.

"Tell us, brother, of the battle,
Why you were numbered with the slain?
We, who thought you lost forever,
Now clasp you to our arms again.
Oh, may others share the blessing
Which heaven kindly keeps in store;
May they meet their absent loved ones,
Ay, e'en though fainting at the door."—*Chorus.*

"I was wounded and a pris'ner,
Our ranks were broken, forced to fly,
Thrown within a gloomy dungeon,
Away from friends, alone, to die.
Still the hope was strong within me,
A cherished hope that would restore;
I have lived, by heaven's blessing,
To meet my loved one's at the door."—*Chorus.*

When the Pigs Begin to Fly.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.

I've got the gift of prophecy,
As I will quickly show,
The secret of the future
Most infallibly I know;
I'll give you a few straight tips,
And I will prophesy
Of some strange things to happen,
When the pigs begin to fly.

CHORUS.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
Much queerer things will come to pass when the pigs begin to fly

Some folks they want cremation,
And are very much perplexed
Because they say they'd rather burn
In this world than the next.
They're bound to make a 'ash of it,
If they cremation try,
They'll settle this burning question
When the pigs begin to fly.

CHORUS.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
We'll all adopt cremation when the pigs begin to fly.

We hear a lot of women's wrongs
And also women's rights,
They want to wear the breeches,
Do the old and ugly frights.
The rights they need are marriage rites,
For Home Rule they should try;
We'll send old maids to Parliament
When the pigs begin to fly.

CHORUS.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
Old spinsters will be ministers when the pigs begin to fly.

The force of folly and of fashion
Could no further go,
You must confess that ladies' dress
At present is a show.
With ruffs, puffs, cuffs, and muffs, and stuffs,
Dame Nature they defy,
I do believe they'll dress like Eve
When the pigs begin to fly.

CHORUS.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they should never have a try—
They'll only wear their natural hair when the pigs begin to fly.

A day will come when ev'ry belle
Will dress with simple taste;
She won't puff out her figure
And screw in her dainty waist.
High heels, low bodies, dress improvers,
Chignons she'll decry,
Drop powder puff, and all such stuff,
When the pigs begin to fly.

CHORUS.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
Each female saint will never paint when the pigs begin to fly.

—A chap, in giving a definition of a baby, says it is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs takes a rest while the other one runs the shop. One of them is always on deck all of the time. The baby is a bigger man than his mother. He likes to walk around with his father at night. The father does most of the walking, and—all of the swearing.

My Dear Little Friend, Louise.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

In my rambles around thro' the avenues bright,
I oft chanc'd a maiden to meet,
Who soon grew to favor me with a sweet smile,
Whene'er her dear presence I'd greet;
Of course our acquaintance to friendship soon led,
We seem'd one another to please,
Then she gave me her name, and soon she became
My dear little friend, Louise.

CHORUS.

My dear little friend, Louise,
My sweet little friend, Louise,
A jewel, a pearl, a nice, pleasant girl,
Was my dear little friend, Louise.

To please my Louise was ever my aim,
I ne'er estimated the cost;
And presents that "downed" my poor pocket book small,
At the feet of my beauty were toss'd;
The suppers, theatres, the dances and drives,
My purse often gave a tight squeeze,
But then I didn't mind, for I went it blind,
For my dear little friend, Louise.

SPOKEN—Yes; she was dear, too. She'd protest that game suppers were "just too expensive"—but she'd eat 'em! She'd vow it was foolish to go to theatres and balls—but she'd always get foolish and go! She'd declare that she just really couldn't accept presents—but she did. Took 'em all. And from me, too. But I didn't mind; because, you see, she was—

CHORUS.

My dear little friend, Louise,
My dear little friend, Louise,
Such love I did feel, tho' she cost a great deal,
Did my dear little friend, Louise.

At last the expenses grew rather too grand,
My money, of course, soon ran out,
Then wondrously quick each sweet radiant smile,
Was chang'd to a frown or a pout;
'Twas then I protested, but soon was I crush'd,
And dropp'd just as neat as you please,
For she whisper'd "Good-bye! I come very high!"
Then off went my friend, Louise.

SPOKEN—Speaking candidly, I was given a "clean shake." But I got over it. Saw Louise yesterday. *Another* fellow with her. *Another* victim! *Another* "jay" to trot her 'round and buy her presents. She had same sweet smile, and same sweet style; and I raised my hat, out of respect to the gorgeous nerve of—

CHORUS.

That dear little fraud, Louise,
That sweet little cheat, Louise,
So backward and shy, yet alarmingly "fly,"
Was that dear little fraud, Louise.

Scenes that are Brightest.

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile
Hearts which are lightest,
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them, above us,
Though nature may beam,
With none to love us,
How sad they seem—
With none to love us,
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear.
Hopes will still deceive us
With tearful cost,
And when they leave us
The heart is lost—
And when they leave us
The heart is lost.

ROBIN ADAIR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not here;
What was't I wish'd to see?
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th'assembly shine?
Robin Adair;
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair;
Yet I'll be true to thee,
Robin Adair.
And him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Since Terry First Joined the Gang.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

My name it is Mike Slattery,
And from Ireland I came,
And I've a son who's a big blackguard,
And Terrence is his name;
He wears a gold watch and chain,
And he calls it a "supper," and a "slang;"
Oh! my heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first joined the "gang."

CHORUS.

He'll come rolling home in the morning,
And he'll give the door the divil's own bang;
Oh! my heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first joined the "gang."

When he came home last Thursday night,
Sure I talked to him very nice;
When he said, old man, you're getting too fresh,
And we'll soon have to put you on ice;
He told the old woman for to take a drop,
And shut up giving him her slang;
Oh! her heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first joined the "gang."—*Chorus.*

Sure, he stands upon the corner,
From morning until night;
And if the policeman says "move on!"
He'll spit at him with spite;
He went to the market only yesterday,
And there he stole a big ham,
And he got three months in the Penitentiary,
Along with the rest of the "gang."—*Chorus.*

JUST OVER.

I came from Tipperary a few short months ago,
With spirits light and airy, I'm an emigrant you know;
Pray, let me ask yer pardon, smile on me if yer please,
For I came from Tipperary, so far beyant the seas.

CHORUS.

For I'm just over, just over,
Just over from the old country;
Just over, just over, but I'll soon go back again.

But now I'm going to leave ye, I'm going far away,
I'm going to leave the land I love—that's dear America;
I am going back to my birth-place, in that little isle so green,
The home of all true Irish, and the best place that I've seen.
For I'm just over, just over, &c.

THE VAGABOND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Homeless, ragged and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,
Who so free in the land?
Who so contended as I?
Never need I quake
Lest fortune prove unkind,
Never my heart break
That vows have ceased to bind.
Not even a dog
Would I call by friendship's name;
Lonely I jog,
E'en thither whence I came.

CHORUS.

Homeless, ragged and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,
Who so free in the land?
Who so contended as I?

Nursed by hunger and want,
Taught out of nature's page,
Banned by saintliest cant,
Scorning hypocrisy's wage.
Singing, I plod by wayward fancy led,
Trusting in God, who the sparrows still hath fed.
No! let me die—ere be the world's base thrall,
Fate I defy—to-morrow ne'er recall.—*Chorus.*

Once tender love watched at my side,
Now from above her angels may guide;
When heaven above asks my last breath,
Angel-love smile on the vagabond's death,
Smile on the vagabond's death.
Ah! homeless, ragged and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,
Who so free in the land?
Who so contended as I?—*Chorus.*

GET A LITTLE TABLE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Some people say it's jolly
To lead a single life,
But I believe in marriage
And the comforts of a wife,
A wife's the greatest blessing
If she's honest, good and true,
So if you want to marry, boys,
I'll tell you what to do:

CHORUS.

Get a little table, get a little chair;
Get a tiny little house in a little square;
Get a little wife, then get a little "tin,"
Get a little cradle just to rock the baby in.

A single man in lodgings
Cannot have much delight,
There's nobody to speak to
When he sits at home at night;
There's nothing to attract him,
Or pass the time away,
He'd quickly find the difference
If he'd list to what I say—and—*Chorus.*

A married man has comforts
Which a single man has not,
His clothes are all well mended,
And his meals are always hot;
Of course they may have quarrels,
Just an odd one now and then,
It's almost worth while falling out
To make it up again.—*Chorus.*

There's little use in asking
A girl to marry you,
Unless you have a little coin,
And a home to take her to;
A good wife loves to see her home
Look cosy, clean and nice,
So if you would be happy, boys,
Why just take my advice:—*Chorus.*

The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

I'm thinking to-night of the old rustic bridge
That bends o'er the murmuring stream;
'Twas there, Maggie dear, with our hearts full of cheer,
We stray'd 'neath the moon's gentle gleam;
'Twas there I first met you—the light of your eyes
Awoke in my heart a sweet thrill;
Tho' now far away, still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

CHORUS.

Beneath it the stream gently rippled,
Around it the birds loved to thrill;
Tho' now far away, still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

How often, dear Maggie, when years passed away,
And we plighted lovers became,
We rambled the path to the bridge, day by day,
The smiles of each other to claim;
But one day we parted in pain and regret,
Our vows then we could not fulfill;
Oh! may we soon meet and our fond love repeat,
On the old rustic bridge by the mill.—*Chorus.*

I keep in my mem'ry our love of the past—
With me 'tis as bright as of old;
For deep in my heart it was planted to last,
In absence it never grows cold.
I think of you, darling, when lonely at night,
And when all is peaceful and still,
My heart wanders back in a dream of delight,
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.—*Chorus.*

Since Cordelia First Wore Bangs.

Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

Now I am a dacent Irishman,
My cognomen is O'Brien,
And in new-fashioned fol-de-di-dos
My daughter cuts a shine.
She wears pullbacks and bustles,
And talks yer American slangs,
But she takes the cake and the crackers and cheese,
Since Cordelia put on the bangs.

CHORUS.

Her Montagues and her frizzes,
She says is worn by the gangs;
Her hair now looks as if 'twas cut by an axe,
Since Cordelia put on bangs.

Cross-eyed Phil McGinty
Is the one she calls her mash,
But if I catch this dirty blackguard,
Of him I'll make corn-beef hash.
About fourteen o'clock in the morning,
They come from the ball in gangs,
Faith! Cordelia is going crazy
Since she wore Montague bangs.—*Chorus.*

THE APPLE OF MY EYE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Oh! where, oh! where can all the music be,
Falling on my ear, floating in the air?
Or are the angels singing love to me
'Bout Miss Susie Dean, the apple of my eye?

CHORUS.

Oh! Susie, my darling, I hope I never die,
That you may live forever, the apple of my eye.
'Twas in the orchard, Susie darling, when no one else was nigh,
I called you then my star and treasure, the apple of my eye.

It fills my soul with joy and ecstacy—
The memory is so sweet, of when we first did meet
The sweetest fruit, that ripens on a tree,
With Susie can't compete, the apple of my eye.
Oh! Susie, my darling, I hope, &c.

OLE DAN TUCKER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

I came to town de udder night,
I hear de noise an' saw de fight;
De watchman was a-runnin' roun',
Cryin': "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town."

CHORUS.

So get out de way, Ole Dan Tucker,
Get out de way, Ole Dan Tucker,
Get out de way, Ole Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper.

Ole Dan he went down to de mill
To get some meal to put in de swill;
De miller he swore by de point of his knife
He never see'd such a man in his life.—*Chorus.*

Ole Dan and I we did fall out,
And what you t'ink it was about?
He tread on my corn, I kick him on de shin,
And dat's de way dis row begin.—*Chorus.*

Ole Dan begun in early life
To play de banjo and de fife;
He play de niggers all to sleep,
And den into his bunk he creep.—*Chorus.*

And now Ole Dan is a gone sucker,
And nebber can go home to supper;
Ole Dan he has had his last ride,
And de banjo's buried by his side.—*Chorus.*

OLD GRIMES' CELLAR DOOR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

How oft we talk af childhood joys,
Of tricks we used to play,
While playing hookey from the school,
All the livelong day;
And, oh! my eyes, how I have longed
For those bright days of yore,
When Sallie Brown and I slid down
Old Grimes' cellar door.

CHORUS.

Oh! I would give all my greenbacks
For those bright days of yore,
When Sallie Brown and I slid down
Old Grimes' cellar door.

Some boys would stealing apples go
While others used to stray
Down on the docks where sugar casks
In rows together lay;
But Sal and I would seek the spot
So dear to us of yore!
And side by side together slide
Down old Grimes' cellar door.—*Chorus.*

But, alas! a change came o'er the scene,
When poor old Grimsey died;
His son removed the cellar door
On which we used to slide;
Our mother they were glad of it,
For our pantaloons we tore;
They had to be half-soled and heeled,
From sliding on the door.—*Chorus.*

One day the old man fell asleep
Upon his cellar door,
The boys all came to take a peep,
And hear him loudly snore;
They tickled his nose with feather and straw,
And laughed till their sides was sore;
The old man awoke with a loud haw! haw!
And slid down on his own cellar door.—*Chorus.*

—Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never forgotten. It is the same with some other things received at a mother's knee, which will readily occur to our readers.

TASSELS ON THE BOOTS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

'Twas at a fancy ball
I met my charmer fair,
'Midst waltzing swells and dashing belles,
The prettiest dancer there.
I watched her while the music played
The latest waltz of "Cootes,"
And fell in love—no, not with her,
But the tassels on her boots. Oh! yes!

SPOKEN—Yes! through those little peep-holes in that pretty white skirt, I could plainly see—

CHORUS.

Those tassels on her boots,
A style, I'm sure, that suits
Our Yankee girls, with hair in curls—
Those tassels on her boots.

I watched her up the stairs,
Where we to supper went;
Upon those tassels on her boots
My soul was so intent;
They asked me to propose a health,
Said I, "Here's one that suits,
So fill your glasses up and drink
To the tassels on the boots."

SPOKEN—I meant to drink the ladies' healths, but I could think of nothing but—*Chorus.*

I asked this girl "if I
Might call," she said, "You may,
But tell me why you gaze upon
The ground in such a way?
You're sad, perhaps, for life is full
Of very bitter fruits;"
"Oh, no," I said, "I'm looking at
Those tassels on your boots."

SPOKEN—What is a more lovely sight when you walk down Broadway than to look at—*Chorus.*

I called on her next day,
And Cupid's cruel shoots
Soon made me throw myself before
Those tassels on her boots.
Now when we're married and we've got
A lot of little toots,
I'll make them, whether boys or girls,
Wear tassels on their boots.

SPOKEN—If I were to have twenty children, they should every one wear those pretty, pretty, pretty—*Chorus.*

Douglas! Tender and True.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Could you come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I'd be so faithful, so loving, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

Never a scornful word should pain you,
I'd smile as sweet as the angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true;
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

Oh! to think of the hours that are not,
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven?
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true;
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
I was not worthy of the like of you;
Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
I love you, Douglas! tender and true;
I love you, Douglas! tender and true.

Stretch forth your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart to thy dead heart, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

ARTHUR AND MARTHA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

They met at a fancy ball,
The gentleman's name was Arthur;
The lady was fair and tall,
Her christian name was Martha.
They danced all night 'till the broad daylight—
What a darling girl! thought Arthur;
And the dancers near could overhear
What Arthur said to Martha.

CHORUS.

"Oh! Martha," whispered Arthur,
"How I love to dance with you!"
"Oh! Arthur," answered Martha,
"Tell me, darling, is that true?"
Then Arthur placed his arm
Around his Martha's waist so slim,
"I love you," said Arthur;
"Ditto," said Martha;
Then Arthur squeezed Martha,
And Martha squeezed him.

Though never until that night
Had Arthur beheld Miss Martha;
'Twas a case of love at first sight,
For she was struck with Arthur.
He begged that she would favor he
With her name, she said "'twas Martha!"
And with lovely eyes expressed surprise
When he said his name was "Arthur."—*Chorus.*

At first 'twas an awkward task,
"Now what shall I say?" thought Arthur;
He ventured at last to ask,
"How the weather agreed with Martha?"
And growing bold, he remarked "'twas cold!"
"Which do you like best," said Martha,
"To be warm or cold?" the reply was told
By a loving squeeze from Arthur.—*Chorus.*

The end I need scarcely tell,
He married the lovely Martha;
And I hear they are doing well,
They've a little boy called Arthur.
They ne'er forget the first night they met,
And she often says to Arthur,
"You remember, dear, the day and year,
When first you met your Martha?"

SPOKEN—"I shall never forget it!" Arthur replies. Then Martha puts her arm around his neck and murmurs, "Do you remember what we said to each other?"—*Chorus.*

Oh! Take Me to Thy Heart Again!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! take me to thy heart again!
I nevermore will grieve thee;
All joys are fled, and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I do not dream those cherish'd chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee;
All joys are fled, and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee,
If I indeed must leave thee.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twin'd about thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smil'd on me so kindly.
Oh! take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee;
All joys are fled, and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee,
If I indeed must leave thee.

The Man Who Struck My Wife.

Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

Now, though I am a married man,
Still I love my wife;
Though we may have a jawing match,
Still I lead a quiet life.
She went out to the grocery
To buy some soap and tay,
When a dirty blackguard struck her,
And this is what I say:

CHORUS.

If I catch the man who struck my wife,
Now I don't, I don't intend to give him any warning,
He struck my wife, and I'll have his life,
And he'll be a dead man in the morning.

Though I'm a quiet man,
Still I am no fool;
And I know what two and two is,
If I never went to school.
And though I come from Paddy's land,
Still my wife to me is dear,
And if I catch this blackguard,
You can believe now what you hear:—*Chorus.*

In this American country
They call us Irish flats;
They sometimes pulverize us,
As if we were ould hats.
To strike a man is manly,
And a blow I can forgive,
But the man who strikes a woman
I never can forgive.—*Chorus.*

When the Brooklyn Bridge is Done.

I am Senator McCann, an ex-Alderman,
I've refused the President's chair;
I eat Webster's Dictionary for pills,
I've made a fortune bottling air.
If I was President I'd have the Mississippi River run dry,
I'd make girls wear moustaches and pants;
We'd have moonlight pic-nics in the clouds,
And dance an Irish can-can dance.

CHORUS.

I'd make all the Chinese do washing free,
Hang the organ grinders for fun;
Oh! I'll build an iron ladder to heaven,
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done.

I'd put all the old maids upon the police,
In the gas house I'd put Jim Blaine;
I'd have a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean,
And have a law to prevent snow and rain.
I'd paint the moon, kalsomine the clouds,
Whitewash the stars and sun;
You can live forever, have your breath insured,
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done.—*Chorus.*

IN THE STARLIGHT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

In the starlight, in the starlight let us wander gay and free,
For there's nothing in the daylight half as dear to you and me;
Like the fairies in the shadow of the woods we'll steal along,
And our sweetest lays will warble, for the night was made for song.
When none are by to listen, or chide us in our glee,
In the starlight, in the starlight let us wander gay and free;
In the starlight, in the starlight let us wander, let us wander,
In the starlight, in the starlight let us wander gay and free.

In the starlight, in the starlight, at the daylight's dewy close,
When the nightingale is singing his last love song to the rose;
In the calm, clear night of Summer, when the breezes softly play,
From the glitter of our dwelling we will gently steal away.
Where the silv'ry waters murmur by the margin of the sea,
In the starlight, in the starlight we will wander gay and free;
In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander in the starlight,
In the starlight in the starlight we will wander gay and free.

[illegible] by E. J. Wilkins, 2 c, Nos. 168, New York City.

[illegible] I got married the wife she said,
"[illegible] will live with us."
[illegible] a strong objection;
[illegible] I feared to make a fuss;
[illegible] so "the old 'un" came—alas!
I fear she'll never go,
And the worst, oh! dear, she's always queer;
For every day or so—

Chorus.

It's run for the doctor, Charlie dear,
Mother's taken awfully queer,
Run for your life! for Doctor Crup,
If you fall down don't stop to get up;
Tell him she's got the old attack,
Rheumatics up and down the back;
[illegible] home, dear, or else I fear
She'll never live till morning.

My married life's a swindle,
And we have a doctor's shop;
There's nothing but doctors and nasty smells
At my house from cellars to top;
She's twenty bottles of some a week,
She's always taking pills;
The doctor pays her visits,
And I pay the doctor's bills.

[illegible]—Nice, ain't it? The old nurse complains that her [illegible] is bad, her poor dear mother died from compulsion, [illegible], and plumbago runs in the family, and every time an [illegible] on my wife rings all the bells and shrieks through [illegible]—*Chorus.*

She's always on the moan, and groans
About the pain she feels;
Complains of loss of appetite
Directly after meals;
She does her part, her drops of "sherry,"
Her calomel or lamb and peas,
While I'm reduced to mutton cold,
And sometimes bread and cheese.

[illegible]—Nice; ain't it? A stale crust and cheese in the best [illegible] just as I am getting interested in my scrumptious fare, [illegible] over the [illegible]—*Chorus.*

Since she's been in the house I've been
A wretched bachelor quite;
I only see my wife of a day,
For she's with her ma all night.
Sometimes I get asleep and dream
I'm settled in paradise,
But the wife comes and turns me out,
And the weather as cold as ice.

[illegible]—Nice; ain't it? Ten degrees below freezing, and I [illegible] my pantaloons. "Never mind them," says my wife, [illegible] out." "Go as I are, Maria! I dare not." At last I [illegible]'s. He says, "put her head in hot water, and [illegible]." I rush home and tell my wife. She screams; [illegible] under the bed-clothes, until once again I see [illegible]—*Chorus.*

[illegible]AL WITH ME KINDLY.

Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart,
[illegible] follow thee blindly wherever thou art;
[illegible] in the mountain far from my home,
[illegible] follow thy path wherever thou'lt roam.
Thy way shall still be mine,
My home shall still be thine.

Chorus.

Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart;
[illegible] follow thee blindly wherever thou art.

[illegible] my youth, think of my youth,
[illegible] my truth;
[illegible]

MISS

PAG

SING

GE (S)

RUN FOR THE DOCTOR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

When I got married the wife she said,
"Mamma will live with us,"
I felt a strong objection,
But I feared to make a fuss;
And so "the old 'un" came—alas!
I fear she'll never go,
And the worst, oh! dear, she's always queer;
For every day or so—

Chorus.

It's run for the doctor, Charlie dear,
Mother's taken awfully queer,
Run for your life for Doctor Crup,
If you fall down don't stop to get up;
Tell him she's got the old attack,
Rheumatics up and down the back;
Make haste, dear, or else I fear
She'll never live till morning.

My married life's a swindle,
And my house a doctor's shop;
There's nothing but bottles and nasty smells
At my house from bottom to top;
She's twenty bottles of tonic a week,
She's always taking pills;
The doctor pays her visits,
And I pay the doctor's bills.

Spoken—Nice; ain't it? The old bore complains that her indigestion is bad; her poor dear mother died from compulsion, poor soul, and plumbago runs in the family, and every time an attack comes on, my wife rings all the bells and shrieks through the house—*Chorus.*

She's always on the moan, and groans
About the pain she feels;
Complains of loss of appetite
Directly after meals;
She does her port, her drops of "short,"
Her chicken or lamb and peas,
Whilst I'm reduced to mutton cold,
And sometimes bread and cheese.

Spoken—Nice; ain't it? A stale crust and cheese in the kitchen; but just as I am getting interested in my sumptious fare, my wife shrieks over the bannisters—*Chorus.*

Since she's been in the house I've been
A wretched bachelor quite;
I only see my wife of a day,
For she's with her ma all night.
Sometimes I get asleep and dream
I'm settled in paradise,
But the wife comes and turns me out,
And the weather as cold as ice.

Spoken—Nice; ain't it? Ten degrees below freezing, and I can't find my pantaloons. "Never mind them," says my, wife, "go as you are." "Go as I are, Maria! I dare not." At last I get to the doctor's. He says, "put her head in hot water, and apply a hot brick." I rush home and tell my wife. She screams; I bury my head under the bed-clothes, until once again I am turned out with—*Chorus.*

DEAL WITH ME KINDLY.

Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart,
I'll follow thee blindly wherever thou art;
Deep in the mountain far from my home,
I'll follow thy path wherever thou'lt roam.
Thy way shall still be mine,
My heart shall still be thine.

Chorus.

Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart;
I'll follow thee blindly wherever thou art.

Break not my spirit, think of my youth,
Cherish my tender heart, doubt not my truth;
Friends may desert thee, sorrows may come,
But still in this soul thine image will bloom.
Thy hopes with thee I'll share,
Thy wants shall be my care.—*Chorus.*

GIT AWAY FROM DAT WINDOW.

Hop along, sister Mary, hop along,
Hop along, hop along;
Hop along, sister Susie, hop along,
And we'll get dar just in time.
See de sun set in de evening
Up in de field ob corn;
Oh, niggers, do take warning
When Gabriel blows his horn.

Chorus.

Git away from dat window, my love and my bride,
Git away from dat window now I say,
Call around some oder night,
For dere's gwine to be a fight,
Dar'll be razors a flyin' through de air.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six,
Glory hallelujah!
The year I got my jawbone fixed,
Glory hallelujah!
I hung my jawbone on de fence,
Glory hallelujah!
I haven't seen my jawbone since,
Glory hallelujah!—*Chorus.*

Ophelia Murhy's Birthmark.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, of receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

My friends, I have nearly gone crazy,
I'm flatter than Brannigan's beer,
All through a deceitful young daisy
That lately walked off "on her ear."
I'm shoveling smoke at the gas house,
And board up in Avenue A,
And there met Ophelia Murphy,
A girl that lived over the way.

Chorus.

She's the one only daughter of Paddy Murphee,
Who was born in the town of Killbeg;
She has curls red as carrots, a beak like a parrot's,
And a strawberry mark on her leg.

We went to each place of divarsion,
To pic-nics, to weddings and wakes,
And every night in the Summer
I'd treat her to ice-cream and cakes;
And when we'd return from our rambles,
And find the old fogies in bed,
We'd sit on the stoop there a-singing,
"Swim out for your over you're head."—*Chorus.*

At last came a cruel disaster,
We went off one night very gay,
To see the great Tony Booth Pastor
As Bunthorne in Soolivan's play.
Ophelia's eyes, how they sparkled,
You'd think she was "crank'd," I'll engage,
When an actor with hair like a woman's
Came swaggering out on the stage.—*Chorus.*

From that, sure she raved of theatres,
I think I got what I desarved,
Each dollar I had in the bank, boys,
Was spent on the seats called resarved
In telling the rest of my story
I feel like the softest of loons;
Last week she ran off with
A "supe" in the Patience Dragoons.

Chorus.

When she went she left word that she'd joined the "Balee,"
But I fear she's turned out a bad egg;
If it's crazy I'm going, my trouble's all owing
To that strawberry mark on the leg.

—A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since.

MY PRETTY IRISH QUEEN.

Sung by Leonard and Jones.

How happy is the evening
When the moon o'er the hill-tops peep,
And the dew is softly falling
To lull the flowers to sleep.
It is then mem'ry's stealing
Back to a happy scene;
Of one I never will forget,
Is my pretty little Irish queen.

CHORUS.

Oh! my pretty little Irish queen,
Whoever happy seems;
With golden hair and eyes so fair,
This pretty little Irish queen.
Oh! my pretty little Irish queen,
The fairest ever seen;
It was hard to part
From the darling of my heart,
My pretty little Irish queen.

Her eyes are like the dew-drops
That glitter on the rose so bright;
And teeth just like the lilies,
Which bloom so fair and white.
When the shades of night have fallen
Her face then haunts my dream;
But there's a day when I'll return
And claim my Irish queen.—*Chorus.*

DOWN THE HILL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.

The "journey of existence"
Is a rugged one, we know,
Then, as you drive along the road,
Be careful how you go,
Keep a tight rein in your hand,
Or you may get a spill,
And mind and put the brake on
When you're going down the hill.

CHORUS.

For life's a rugged journey,
Let men say what they will;
So mind and put the brake on
When you're going down the hill.

The world is always moving,
And a man is not allowed,
To loiter by the wayside,
But must go with the crowd,
Who travel on life's dreary way,
To bring grist to the mill,
But he's bound to put the brake on
When he's going down the hill.—*Chorus.*

The fastest race is soonest run
Upon the great highway
Of life—as folks discover
If they travel night and day.
The road is sometimes level,
But in spite of strength and skill,
You're bound to put the brake on
When you're going down the hill.—*Chorus.*

In search of empty pleasures,
Many travel on so fast,
But find the pace too killing,
So they come to grief at last.
And when "Old Time" o'ertakes them,
And nature claims her bill,
They'll wish they'd put the brake on
Ere they'd travell'd down the hill.—*Chorus.*

—Lever, the novelist, noticing that the hand of a woman who was bringing him some tea at a small country hotel shook tremulously, kindly said to her: "I am sorry to see, Biddy, that you have a weakness in your hand." "Oh, your honor," she replied, with a glance of indescribable humor, "the weakness is not in my hand but in the tay-pot."

CONEY ISLAND DOWN DER BAY.

By George Hoey.—Recited by Gus Williams.

A soldier ov der Deutsch Brigade vos so drunk he dumbles down;
He vos in a lager beer saloon, yust underneath the ground,
Und he vos eatin' pread und cheese, at a most ridiculous rate,
Und efery drink he got dat night vos put down on der shlate;
But a policeman sthood peside him, und gave him such a rub,
Und said it vos der same old drunk, und belted him mit his glub;
Und den he kicked him mit his hand, but all dot he could say,
Vos, "I come from Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Tell my vife she needn't vait for me. I vont pe home to-night,
I vos sit me mit a man vot's sick, vot yesterday vos tight;
For my vather vos a sucker, und he'd go to his old trunk
Und get his old plack pottle out, und den he'd get blind drunk.
But ven he died und left us, on account ov his ill-health,
I let dem dake yust vot dey vould, out ov my vather's vealth—
But I kept dot old plack pottle, und I've got it to dis day—
Und it's empty now, at Coney Island, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Tell my brothers und combanions, ven der early boat comes down,
Und prings der New York papers to dot fairest Coney Town,
Yust to look among der items. vere everything is fame;
Und heading der Bolice Rebort, he's sure to found my name.
Tell him not to gry about it, put mit joy der news to hail,
Und iv he's going der gome to town, be sure und pring my bail;
But dell him, ov you please, sir, dat der last vords as I say,
Vos, I gome vrom Coney Island, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Say dot in der Tombs around me, vos an awful lot ov beats,
Vot vos going to der 'Island,'—I guess dot means their gountry seats—
Und some vos dere vor murder, und vos going to veel der cords,
Und a lot of vancy vellers, on account ov many frauds;
Und some vos young und suddenly vos brought to Centre shtreet,
Und chucked into der little cell, vot didn't got ten feet.
But some vos dere vor getting drunk, und der fine dey gouldent pay—
Und vone had gome vrom Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Dere's another not a brother, but a yolly vriend ov mine,
Ve used to shtart oud efery nighd und fighd it on dis line;
Und somedimes he'd get drunkest, und as drough der shtreets ve'd roam,
Ve'd shtop at Neddy Gilmore's, und den see each odder home,
Dell him dot I'm hunkee-doree, but I vish dot he vos here,
Und ve'd shtart oud do-morrow night, drinking lagerbier;
But tell him, ov you blease, sir' der last vords dot I say,
Vos, yust to vait vor me at Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

De soldier ov der Deutsch Brigade vos got him putty tight,
Und der landlord said he wanted to know "if he vos going to shtay all night;
He vos a yolly bummer, a beat he vos he dinks,
He never liked a customer vot shtood him up vor drinks."
Der policeman took him py der neck, und set him on his veet,
Und den he kicked him mit his glub, und sent him in der shtreet;
But he vell into der gutter, und der lasd vord vat he say,
Vos, "Take me home to Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

GET THEE GONE, GIRL.

As I was a reading the paper last night,
I saw there a story that I will recite,
It's about a young damsel got stuck on a clerk,
She bothered him daily while he was at work.
Oh, this gal she would watch him and on him keep an eye,
She swore she would have him or with him she'd die;
When she went to embrace him he'd yelp loud and strong,
Get thee gone, girl, get thee gone, girl,
But the girl wouldn't get thee gone.

Oh, she tortured him hourly and stuck just like glue,
He wasted away and his clothes he fell through;
He rented a barnyard and slept in a shed,
And this girl she hung till his reason had fled.
Now she'd crawled thro' a knot hole and roost by his side,
With a hank of blue ribbon his ankles she tied,
When he awoke from his slumbers like a hero did say,
Get thee away, girl, get thee away, girl,
But the girl wouldn't get thee away.

Oh, she followed him around, and one evening he died
He opened his mug and he let his breath slide,
In an alley way they have laid him to take his last sleep,
Where the tom cats do fight and the bull dogs do eat.
Oh, she dressed herself up in a new Sunday coat,
With some whitewash his age on a shovel she wrote,
Now she gets boiling full, and the boys all do shout,
Get thee out, girl, get thee out, girl,
But the girl don't get thee out.

COMMITTED TO THE DEEP.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Our messmate in his hammock lay,
The death-dew on his brow,
And heard the dashing of the spray
Against the vessel's brow.
"My life is ebbing fast," he said,
"Kind messmates, do not weep,
When I am laid in ocean's grave,
Committed to the deep;
When I am laid in ocean's grave,
Committed to the deep."

CHORUS.

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in Heaven.
We pray the Lord his soul to keep,
Committed to the deep;
We pray the Lord his soul to keep,
Committed to the deep.

Oh! sink me deep beneath the surf
Of angry, heaving waves,
And mermaids fair will chant my dirge
In ocean's coral caves.
No village bell will toll for me,
No gentle maiden weep;
Deep in the sea my grave shall be,
Committed to the deep;
Deep in the sea my grave shall be,
Committed to the deep.—*Chorus.*

DEM SILVER SLIPPERS.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Dar's a mighty camp meeting in de wilderness,
Of all denomination, with de Methodists,
De Baptists an' de Presbyterians,
All together with de happy little ones.
Dar was old Aunt Jemima an' Uncle Gabriel,
Singin' an' shoutin' Hallelujarum;
An' Jemima got happy an' cut de pigeon wing,
An' dis am de song she did sing:

CHORUS.

Just let me put on my silver slippers,
Just let me put on my silver slippers,
Just let me put on my silver slippers,
An' I'll never turn back any more.

One brudder said de Lord delivered Daniel,
One sister in de corner said, yes, he did;
Anoder brudder said, Whar was Immanuel,
Dat he wasn't delivered up, too?
He was down by de water wid brudder Moses,
Huntin' de chillen's ole closes,
An' dis am de song he did sing:

CHORUS.

An' I'll never turn back no mo',
An' I'll never turn back no mo',
I'm a ridin' up in de chariot,
It's so early in de morning,
An' I'll never turn back no mo'.

—"If you are a quiet, honest citizen, how did these skeleton keys and brass knuckles happen to be in your coat pockets?" "I reckon, judge, me and the policeman must have changed coats in the scuffle. We were very much excited."

—"Did you break that window, boy?" said a grocer, catching hold of a fleeing urchin. "Yes, sir!" "What d'ye mean then by running off in this manner?" "Please, sir, I was running home to get the money. I was 'fraid if I didn't run quick I might forget it." And with that he skipped around the corner. He doubtless found his way home, but he probably lost his way coming back. The grocer still waits and watches.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The sea was bright, and the bark rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell;
'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave
As ever launched on the heaving wave.
She shone in the light of declining day,
Each sail was set, and each heart was gay;
She shone in the light of declining day,
Each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They neared the land wherein beauty smiled,
The sunny shore of the Grecian isle;
All thought of home and that welcome dear,
That soon should greet each wanderer's ear·
And in fancy joined the social throng,
The festive dance and joyous song;
And in fancy joined the social throng,
The festive dance and joyous song.

A white cloud flies through the hazy sky;
What means that wild and despairing cry?
Farewell ye vision scenes of old!
Farewell ye vision scenes of old!
That cry for help, where no help can come,
That cry for help, where no help can come.
Farewell ye vision scenes of old!
Farewell ye vision scenes of old!
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulfed in an ocean grave;
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulfed in an ocean grave.

There's a Light in the Window for Thee.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Saviour has come to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.—*Chorus.*

Oh, watch and be faithful and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Chorus.*

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
'Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Chorus.*

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear;
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white;
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white, so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it 'round so close and tight;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it 'round so close and tight, so close and tight.

Where the Ivy Grows so Green.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Down by a cool and shady streamlet,
Where the water lilies grow so green,
There dwells a lovely maiden
In an ivy cot unseen.
She was gathering the flowers in the wildwood,
Down by a little golden stream,
Where both our hearts beat just as one,
Where the ivy grows so green.

CHORUS.

Oh! darling Sue, this aching heart—(*Sym.*)
One more kiss before we part—(*Sym.*)
She was gathering the flowers by the wildwood,
Down by a little golden stream,
Where both our hearts spoke just as one,
Where the ivy grows so green.—(*Dance.*)

And at night when the little stars were sleeping,
And the leaves were falling off the trees,
We sat beside the brooklet,
In the cool and shady breeze.
And when I asked her to be mine,
Her pretty little eyes she tried to screen;
'Twas then I knew my fate was sealed,
Where the ivy grows so green.—*Chorus.*

Near the Banks of that Lone River.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.
How we met and loved, and parted,
None on earth can ever know;
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

CHORUS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded long ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished long ago.
Hearts that love like mine forget not,
They're the same in weal or woe;
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.—*Chorus.*

JIM, THE CARTER LAD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

My name is Jim, the carter lad, a jolly chap am I,
I always am contented, be the weather wet or dry;
I snap my finger at the snow, and whistle at the rain,
I've braved the storm for many a year, and can do so again.

CHORUS.

Crack, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my wagon, I'm as happy as a king;
My horses always willing, as for me I'm never sad,
None can lead a jollier life than Jim, the carter lad.

My father was a carrier many years ere I was born,
He used to rise at daybreak, and go his rounds each morn;
And then he'd take me with him, especially in the Spring,
I'd love to sit upon the cart and hear my father sing:—CHORUS.

I never think of politics, or anything so great,
I hate to hear their fly-blown talk about the church and State;
I act upright to all men, and that's what makes me glad,
You'll find there beats an honest heart in Jim, the carter lad.—CHORUS.

I think I will conclude my song, 'tis time I was away,
My horses will get weary if I much longer stay;
To see your smiling faces it makes my heart feel glad,
So, drivers, treat your horses kind, like Jim, the carter lad.—CHORUS.

Hark! I Hear an Angel Sing.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Hark! I hear an angel sing,
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices singing clear,
Tell us that the Spring is near.
Dost thou hear them, gentle one?
Dost thou see the glorious sun
Rising higher in the sky,
As each day, as each day it passes by?

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear an angel sing,
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices singing clear,
Tell us that the Spring is near.

Just beyond yon cliffs of snow,
Silver rivers brightly flow;
Smiling woods and fields are seen
Mantled in a robe of green.
Birds and bees, and brooks and flowers,
Tell us of all vernal hours;
There the birds are weaving lays
For the happy, happy Spring time days.—*Chorus.*

Look! oh, look! the Southern sky
Mirrors flowers of every dye;
Children tripping o'er the plain,
Spring is coming back again.
Spring is coming, shouts of glee,
Singing birds on bush and tree;
And the bees—their merry hums,
For the Spring time comes, it comes, it comes.—*Chorus.*

Wouldn't You Like to Know?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Life is just a game of pitch and toss,
(That's my notion,) neither more or less;
All is luck, our profit or our loss,
The best of us can only guess.
Some guess right, but many more guess wrong,
Riches come and riches cut away;
And this burden of a little song
I warble to myself all day:

CHORUS.

Oh! wouldn't you like to know,
To know without hazard or fail,
When fortune the copper may throw,
If 'twill come down a head or a tail?

Marriage, too, a game of chance must be,
Some gain prizes, some get only blanks;
So it is with people's £. *s. d.*
Invested in the Joint Stock Banks.
If before we enter'd bank or church,
Half the risk a moment we could see,
We'd be left less often in the lurch,
How very jolly that would be.—*Chorus.*

Could we know what hoss is coming in,
Then the Derby would indeed amuse;
For altho' we think we stand to win,
It's possible we stand to lose.
When to do the culinary act,
Call'd by turfites "putting on the pot,"
When to hedge the coin we may have back'd,
Is quite as much a chance as not.—*Chorus.*

Whether cook will spoil the joint or no,
Whether Jones will meet that little bill;
Whether when you sing your song will go
Are matters quite beyond our skill.
Now that I have done my best to please,
Up the fatal copper I will heave;
Come down what it will, I'm at my ease,
In you, my friends, I'll still believe.—*Chorus.*

LIMERICK RACES.

I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs;
So, to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs;
Oh, murther! what a precious place, and what a charming city,
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty.

CHORUS.

Musha ring a ding a da, ri too ral laddy, oh!
Musha ring a ding a da, ri too ral laddy, oh!

It was on the first of May, when I began my rambles,
When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols
I looked along the road, what was lined with smiling faces,
All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on a coach and four neatly took my place, sirs;
When a chap bawls out: "Behind!" and the coachman dealt a blow, sirs;
Faith! he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs;
It's then I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story,
The band struck up a tune called, "Garry Owen and glory."
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lasses dancing,
And chaps upon their nags, round the course sure they were prancing;
Some were drinking whiskey-punch, while others bawled out gayly:
"Hurrah then for the Shamrock green, and the splinter of shillelagh!"
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

There was betters to and fro, to see who would win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps, of course, came up to me, sirs;
Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down this minute."
"Ah then! ten to one," says I, "the foremost horse will win it."
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

When the players came to town, and a funny set was they,
I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play;
They acted kings and cobblers, queens and everything so gayly,
But I found myself at home when they struck up: "Paddy Carey"
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

When This Cruel War is Over.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
When you told me that you loved me
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain;
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the Summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or, when Autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft, in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle-plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.—*Chorus.*

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear your call;
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.—*Chorus.*

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strive for God and Liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.—*Chorus.*

THE STEAM ARM.

By H. V. Smith.

Oh! wonders sure will never cease,
While works of art do so increase—
No matter whether in war or peace,
Men can do whatever they please.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

A curious tale I will unfold
To all of you, as I was told,
About a soldier stout and bold,
Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant scold.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,
Which gave him pain and great alarm;
But he soon got well, and grew quite calm,
For a shilling a day was a sort of balm.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The story goes: on every night,
His wife would bang him left and right;
So he determin'd out of spite,
To have an arm, cost what it might.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He went at once, strange it may seem,
To have one made, to work by steam;
For a ray of hope began to gleam,
That force of arms would win her esteem.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The limb was finish'd and fixed unto
His stump of a shoulder, neat and true,
You'd have thought it there by nature grew,
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He started home and knock'd at the door,
His wife her abuse began to pour;
He turn'd a small peg, and before
He'd time to think, she fell on the floor.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

With policemen soon his room was fill'd,
But every one he nearly kill'd;
For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,
That once in action, it couldn't be still'd.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

They took him at once before the mayor—
His arm kept moving all the while there;
The mayor cried, "Shake your fist if you dare!"
When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

This rais'd in court a bit of clamor,
The arm going on like an auctioneer's hammer;
It fell in weight like a pavior's rammer,
And many with fear began to stammer,
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell from doing harm,
To satisfy those who had still a qualm;
When, all at once, they had an alarm,
Down fell the walls and out popp'd the arm.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He soon escap'd and reach'd his door,
And knock'd by steam-raps half a score,
But as the arm in power grew more and more,
Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew'd the floor.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd over each chair,
Popp'd into his room—his wife was there;
"Oh, come to my arms!" she cried, "my dear;"
When his steamer smash'd the crockery-ware.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He left his house at length outright
And wanders about just like a sprite;
For he can't keep still, either day or night,
For his arm keeps moving with two-horse might.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

Sweet Scented Handsome Young Man.

There's a young man who lives in our town,
His name is Adolphus de Anthony Brown;
Among weak-minded females he gains much renown,
This sweet scented handsome young man.
He's bright as a butterfly, his collars are gay,
He flutters from corner to corner each day,
He's too sweet for anything that's what all the girls say,
This sweet scented handsome young man.

CHORUS.

He wears a red necktie, his complexion is fair,
Right down the middle he parts his brown hair;
He skips all the gutters like a thing made of air,
This sweet scented handsome young man.

He has a few hairs right on his upper lip,
His legs are the size of a two cent tallow dip,
He looks like a chicken who has just had the pip,
This sweet scented handsome young man.
If caught in the rain he would surely expire,
Got up expressly for girls to admire;
He can jump through a seive without touching the wire,
This sweet scented handsome young man.—*Chorus.*

The Portrait That Hangs on the Wall.

Words and Music by John W. Gibbons.

I love it, the portrait that hangs on the wall,
'Tis a treasure to me dear as life,
It's the last parting gift of a fond mother dear,
Long departed from earth, care, and strife.
Ere her expiring hour, with faint, feeble voice,
She me to her bedside did call,
And gave me this token of fond memory—
Her portrait that hangs on the wall.

CHORUS.

Whene'er I gaze on that picture so dear,
Sad memory it does recall,
And I know in my heart I never shall part
With her portrait that hangs on the wall.

How well I remember the dreams of the past,
They will ever impress on my heart,
She gave as a keepsake that picture to me,
Ere her spirit from life did depart.
Saying, "God bless you, my boy, go the way that is right,
My Maker on me soon will call,
But keep as a token this picture of me,
My portrait that hangs on the wall."—*Chorus.*

A KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY.

Sung by John W. Gibbons.

You ask me why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked, side by side in this broad band,
I wear the blue and gray;
I had two brothers long ago—
Two brothers blithe and gay,
One wore a suit of Northern blue,
And one a suit of Southern gray.

One heard the roll-call of the South,
And linked his fate with Lee,
The other bore the Stars and Stripes,
With Sherman to the sea.
And that is why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked, side by side in this broad band,
I wear a knot of blue and gray.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,
And fell with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
And one by Georgia's strand.
But the same sun shines on both their graves,
Amid valleys and o'er hills,
And in the darkest of the hours,
My brothers do live still.

MY POOR DOG TRAY.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah was nigh,
No blythe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went, was my poor old dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Shelah to part,
She said—while the sorrow was big in her heart—
"Oh, remember your Shelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to my poor dog Tray."

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind, to be sure;
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor,
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old cot of gray,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold Winter's day,
And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

HILDEBRANDT MONTROSE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

His name is Hildebrandt Montrose,
Some folks they call him Charley;
In his buttonhole he wears a rose,
He can "Frangais vooley parley!"
His hair in auburn ringlets;
His eyes an azure dark;
The girls they call him Birdie,
Like the swallows in the Park.

CHORUS.

Ta, ta, ta, ta, my baby dear,
I'll meet you in the Park if the weather it is clear,
I'll strike you with a feather! ev'ry daisy knows
The darling of the ladies is Hildebrandt Montrose.

His necktie is of golden hue,
This most exquisite fellah,
He looks just like a Christmas toy,
Underneath his silk umbrella.
His boots are patent leather,
His bills he never pays,
He always drinks plain soda,
And this is what he says:—

CHORUS.

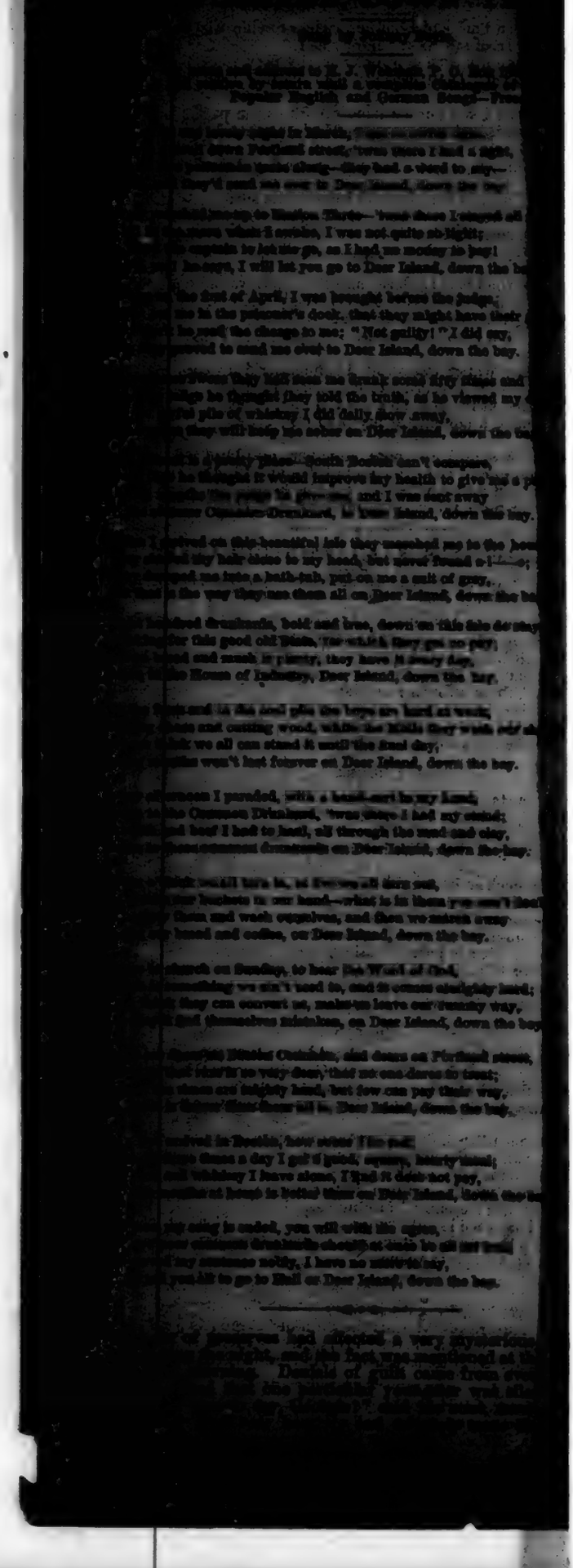
"Au revoir, bye, bye," you should hear him say,
"I'll buy some ginger drops for Camille across the way!"
The ladies all together are sighing for a beau,
Of course the individual is Hildebrandt Montrose.

He parts his hair with wondrous care,
And chalks his paper collars;
His pa is very wealthy—yes,
He's worth a million dollars
In "Big Bonanza" mining stock!
His voice is quite soprano,
You should hear him sing "Love's Chidings,
To a Fogarty piano.

CHORUS.

"Oh, bye, bye, I must go away,
Before Aurora bright gilds the Summer clouds so gay!"
The ladies (heaven bless them) positively know
Their choicest little treasure is Hildebrandt Montrose.

—Proprietor.—"If you boys don't clear out I'll call that officer and have you taken in." Boy.—"There's where you'd be taken in; that cop's my dad, he is."

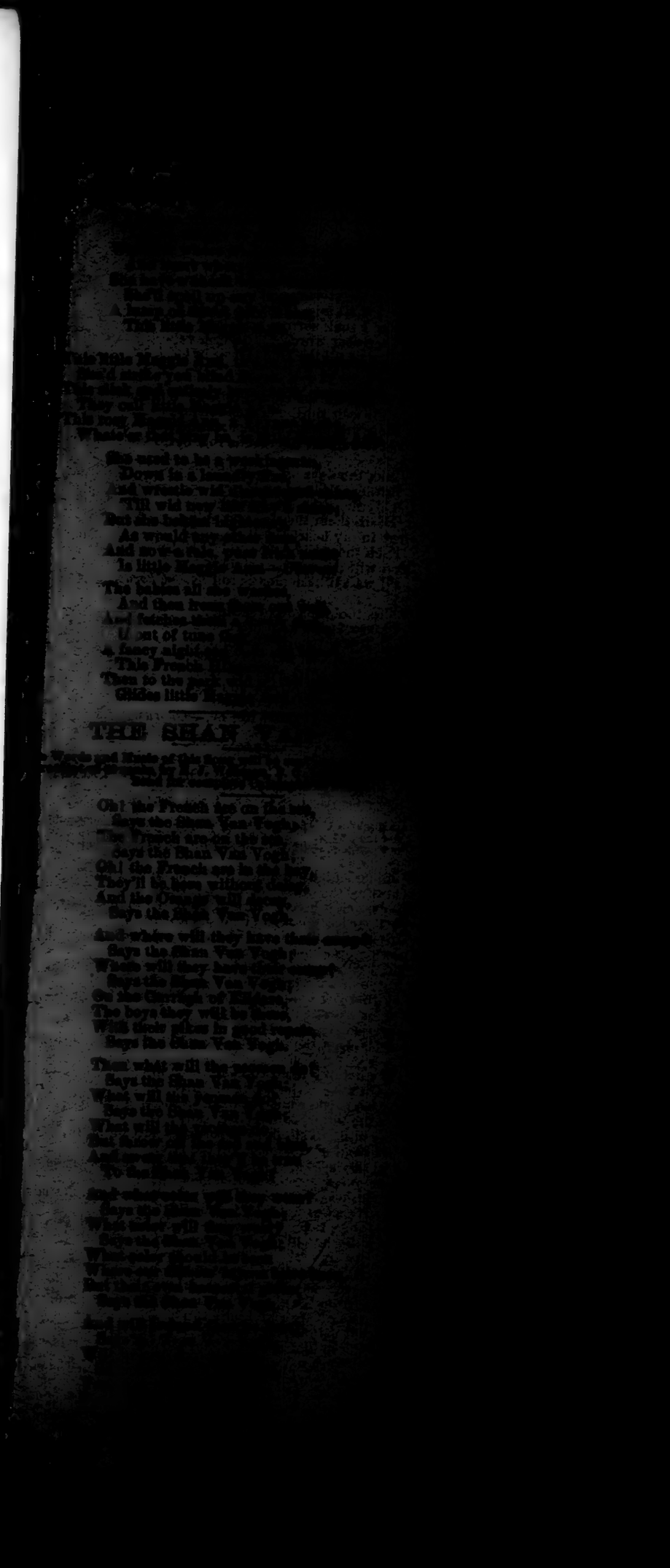


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DEER ISLAND, DOWN THE BAY.

Sung by Johnny Boyle.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

It was on one lovely night in March, I got so awful tight,
I took a stroll down Portland street, 'twas there I had a fight,
When two policemen came along—they had a word to say—
They said they'd send me over to Deer Island, down the bay.

They marched me up to Station Three—'twas there I stayed all night,
And in the morn when I awoke, I was not quite so tight;
I asked the captain to let me go, as I had no money to pay!
"Oh, yes! he says, I will let you go to Deer Island, down the bay."

It was on the first of April, I was brought before the judge,
They put me in the prisoner's dock, that they might have their grudge;
The clerk he read the charge to me: "Not guilty!" I did say,
But they proved to send me over to Deer Island, down the bay.

The officers swore they had seen me drunk some fifty times and more,
And the judge he thought they told the truth, as he viewed my carcass o'er;
For an awful pile of whiskey I did daily stow away,
But I guess they will keep me sober on Deer Island, down the bay.

Deer Island is a pretty place—South Boston can't compare,
The judge he thought it would improve my health to give me a passage there;
So two months the judge he gave me, and I was sent away
In the steamer Common Drunkard, to Deer Island, down the bay.

When I arrived on this beautiful isle they marched me to the house,
They shaved my hair close to my head, but never found a l——e;
They dumped me into a bath-tub, put on me a suit of grey,
For that is the way they use them all on Deer Island, down the bay.

Eight hundred drunkards, bold and true, down on this isle do stay,
Working for this good old State, for which they get no pay;
Brown bread and mush is plenty, they have it every day,
Down in the House of Industry, Deer Island, down the bay.

On the farm and in the coal pile the boys are hard at work,
Making shoes and cutting wood, while the Molls they wash our shirts;
But we think we all can stand it until the final day,
A few months won't last forever on Deer Island, down the bay.

Every afternoon I paraded, with a hand-cart in my hand,
Down to the Common Drunkard, 'twas there I had my stand;
The fish and beef I had to haul, all through the mud and clay,
Down to these common drunkards on Deer Island, down the bay.

At six o'clock we all turn in, at five we all turn out,
Then take our buckets in our hand—what is in them you can't doubt;
We empty them and wash ourselves, and then we march away
To get our bread and coffee, on Deer Island, down the bay.

We go to church on Sunday, to hear the Word of God,
Which is something we ain't used to, and it comes almighty hard;
They think they can convert us, make us leave our rummy way,
But they'll find themselves mistaken, on Deer Island, down the bay.

There are deers on Boston Common, and dears on Portland street,
They say that rum is so very dear, that no one dares to treat;
I know the times are mighty hard, but few can pay their way.
But what is dearer than them all is, Deer Island, down the bay.

Now I've arrived in Boston, how sober I do feel,
'Tis now three times a day I get a good, square, hearty meal;
And rum and whiskey I leave alone, I find it does not pay,
For two months at home is better than on Deer Island, down the bay.

And now my song is ended, you will with me agree,
That we poor common drunkards should at once be all set free;
I've served my sentence nobly, I have no more to say,
So I'll tell you all to go to Hull or Deer Island, down the bay.

—A jar of preserves had effected a very mysterious disappearance during the night, and the fact was mentioned at the breakfast table next morning. Denials of guilt came from every side, but it was noticed that one particular youngster was silent. "And what have you to say, Georgie?" said his aunt, turning toward him. And then very honestly and solemnly came the response: "My pa don't allow me to talk at the table."

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

By J. W. Watson.

O, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow; it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

O, the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go;
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
'Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven—to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go,
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for a prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down,
To lie, and so die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

When Pat came o'er the hill
His Colleen fair to see,
His whistle, low and shrill,
The signal was to be—
"Mary," the mother said,
"Some one is whistlin' sure."
"Oh," says Mary, "'tis only the wind
A-whistlin' thro' the door."

"I've lived a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear;
But a door to whistle like that,
I never yet did hear."
"But, mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playin' the tune, I think."

"Mary, I hear the pig
Uneasy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know they say
The pigs can see the wind."
"That's thrue enough in the day;
But I think you may remark
That pigs no more nor we
Can see anything in the dark."

"The dog is barkin' now—
The fiddle can't play that tune."
"But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon."
"But how could he see the moon,
When you know the dog is blind?
Blind dogs can't bark at the moon—
Nor fiddles be played by the wind."

"I'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well 'tis Pat.
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
And go along home out o' that.
And you go off to bed—
Don't play upon me your jeers—
For tho' I've lost my eyes,
I haven't lost my ears."

The Villain Still Pursued Her.

I'll sing about a beauty,
Who in Irish town does dwell,
With her father and mother,
In a boarding-house hotel.
There is a villain wanted to marry her,
Before he ever knew her;
She left her home and run away,
And the villain still pursued her.

This girl then left her home,
Likewise her native place;
One day while walking through the park,
She met the villain face to face;
He grasped her by the lily white hand,
And he popped the question to her,
She seized the tongs and wrenched his breath—
And the villain still pursued her,

She traveled on for miles—
At last she drew a pop
And shot him four times through the heart,
And still he would not stop;
Shew drew a sword, and cut him
Right and left, when he came to her—
She killed him dead, and away she went—
And the villain still pursued her.

—"Annie," said a fond husband to his wife, "what were the current expenses of last month?" "Oh," she answered, "only twenty-eight cents." "Why, how was that?" "Well, you see, I only baked cake twice, and therefore used very few currants."

LITTLE MAGGIE ANN.

Copyright, 1879, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.

I know a little rosybud,
A light-weight of sixteen,
Wid hair where warmest colors blaze,
And heart where truth do beam;
She have a cheek where freshness dwells,
She'd spoil up any man,
A lump of carrot gold is she,
This little Maggie Ann.

CHORUS.

This little Maggie Ann, this rosy Maggie Ann,
She'd strike you blind dumb, this sweet little plum,
This slick and entirely bewilderin' young girl,
They call little Maggie Ann.
This rosy Maggie Ann, a Vaynus is she,
Whate'er that may be, is little Maggie Ann.

She used to be a workingman,
Down in a laundry fine,
And wrestle wid discouraged shirts,
'Till wid new life they'd shine;
But she bekem hightoney,
As would any other man,
And now a rale, pure Irish nurse
Is little Maggie Ann.—*Chorus.*

The babies all she washes,
And then irons them out well,
And fetches them a lovely slap,
If out of tune they yell;
A fancy night-cap then she wears,
This French Hibernian,
Then to the park wid all the babes
Glides little Maggie Ann.—*Chorus.*

THE SHAN VAN VOGH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Oh! the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
Oh! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
What will the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vogh?

And what color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal green,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then, hurrah! for liberty,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.

I'll Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.

Copyright, 1882, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

Willie, tho' sad our parting,
I'll still be true to thee;
Fondly my heart will follow
Over the stormy sea!
Tho' I shall miss thee, my darling,
Tho' I shall sorrow and sigh,
Yet thy dear words I'll heed, love,
I'll wait till the clouds roll by!

CHORUS.

I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Willie,
I'll wait till the clouds roll by;
Soon will the dawn be breaking,
I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

Willie, the days are weary,
But long I'll not repine,
Darkly the skies are frowning,
'Neath them the star-rays shine;
Deep in my heart I will treasure
Each thought of thee, tho' I sigh;
Soon will the sun be shining—
I'll wait till the clouds roll by.—*Chorus.*

Willie, tho' far you're sailing,
I know again we'll meet;
Brightly the future's dawning,
Tranquil, and fair, and sweet;
Love in the heart lives forever,
Tho' we may sorrow and sigh;
True to my love, my dearest,
I'll wait the clouds roll by.—*Chorus.*

What the Old Cock-Sparrow Said.

Copyright, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Upon a Summer's night, the moon was shining bright,
I rambled thro' the outskirts of the town,
To enjoy the ev'ning breeze, surging thro' the maple trees,
As 'neath their leafy boughs I sat me down;
When a fluttering in the air, as of birds assembled there,
Did cause me up above to raise my eyes,
And I heard a chirping sound, giving maxims so profound,
Bright words of wisdom from the starlit skies;
An old cock-sparrow spoke, with age his feathers broke,
Unto fifty sparrows gather'd o'er my head,
His sage experience told noble proverbs true as gold,
And this was what the old cock-sparrow said—

Always give a helping hand to misfortune in the land;
Treat not with scorn the broken-hearted man,
Who fought his battle well, yet weak in the struggle fell,
And down the hill of ruin swiftly ran;
If you see the child of sin deep in sorrow's gulf plung in,
Extend the hand of welcome, ere too late;
A word, if kindly spoke, oft has shame's dark fetters broke,
And led the outcast to the golden gate;
At him, who smiles, beware, and can preach when you despair,
Will give advice but not a loaf of bread;
Will at your follies rave, when a crust your life would save;
Beware of him, the old cock-sparrow said.

The convict in his cell, tho' from rectitude he fell,
A spark of honor may live in his heart;
Then raise him from the slime of a past and by-gone time,
And in the race of life give him a start;
If he fails to win his race it is but his own disgrace,
You have done to him as you would be done by;
Repeat the same once more if you save one in a score—
A soul redeemed is welcom'd most on high;
Remember what I say when so swift you fly away,
Upon poor downcast manhood never tread;
As he in the gutter lies, help him quickly to arise—
Was the last thing that the old cock-sparrow said.

THE SAME OLD GAME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

When I was quite a lad,
And the darling of my dad,
I was troublesome as troublesome could be;
If I saw a little boy
With a fancy little toy,
I was sure to make him turn it up to me;
And if he said to me nay
I would upset all his play,
A proceeding, which was sure to bring me blame;
And tho' my cheeks were dripping,
With the scolding and the whipping,
I would carry on the same old game.

CHORUS.

The same old game, the same old game,
I'd a spirit which the old one couldn't tame;
For it mattered not to me how I suffered for the spree,
I would carry on the same old game.

As I grew up in life
I was urged to take a wife,
And was introduced to one of fashion's pearls;
Not for Joe, I said,
So I kept a level head,
For I wasn't to be caught with paste and curls;
She found it was no go,
My wild oats I would sow,
In sports and rackets that I need not name;
So in spite of friends or foes,
With fine horses and fine clothes,
I carried on the same old game.—*Chorus.*

Now I'll tell you something new—
I was feeling rather blue,
So I went to Coney Island for a spree;
As I stepped upon the pier,
I spied a little dear,
Who slyly threw a kiss across to me;
Thinks I, by jove! a mash,
I must look out for my cash,
As I offered her my arm and asked her name;
But she, blushing, hung her head;
So to myself I said,
Here's a chance to work the same old game.—*Chorus.*

To the Brighton then we went,
Where my cash was quickly spent,
On oysters, wine, cigars and lager bier;
But judge of my surprise,
When a rough with blood-shot eyes,
Came up and roughly shook my pretty dear;
Then turning round to me,
You are rather fresh, says he,
To rob me of the girl that bears my name;
But I did quick reply,
With finger to my eye,
It's been played before, the same old game.—*Chorus.*

And this thro' life you'll find,
There are games of every kind,
And life is nothing but a game of skill,
Where each one does his best,
For his selfish interest,
And leaves the beaten one to foot the bill;
Whilst he who holds the cards,
Is sure of his reward,
No matter fair or foul, it's all the same;
For it's beat, and rob, and cheat,
On Fifth avenue or Wall street,
Oh! everywhere, the same old game.—*Chorus.*

—He was not much up to city tricks, but when a man with crape on his hat showed him a massive gold ring, telling him that he had just found it, the young man didn't believe it. He said: "I believe you stole that valuable ring." "No, sir; indeed I didn't. You may have it for two dollars, as I have to leave town." He paid the two dollars, but when he took it to the jeweler, and the jeweler told him the retail price per dozen of that style of ring was thirty-five cents, he bursted into tears and said: I did that man an injustice. He never stole it. He was honest, after all."

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I've seen a deal of gaiety throughout my noisy life,
With all my grand accomplishments I ne'er could get a wife;
The thing I most excel in is the P. R. F. G. game—
A noise all night, in bed all day, and swimming in champagne.

CHORUS.

For Champagne Charlie is my name,
Champagne Charlie is my name;
Good for any game at night, my boys,
Champagne Charlie is my name,
Champagne Charlie is my name;
Good for any game at night, my boys,
Who'll come and join me in a spree?

The way I gained my title, 's by a hobby that I've got
Of never letting others pay, however long the shot;
Whoever drinks at my expense are treated just the same,
From dukes, lords, to cabmen down, I make them drink champagne
For Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

From coffee d from supper rooms, from Poplar to Pale,
All the girls n seeing me, exclaim, "O, what a champagne swell!"
The notion 'tis of every one, if 'twere not for my name,
And causing so much to be drunk, they'd never make champagne.
For Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

Perhaps you fancy what I say is nothing else but chaff,
And only done, like other songs, to merely raise a laugh;
To prove that I am not in jest, each man a bottle of Cham.
I'll stand, fiz round! yes, that I will, and stand it like a lamb.
For Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

Always Gay and Free, Boys.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

I'm always gay and free, my boys,
Wherever I may go,
A fig for every grief, I say,
And ev'ry petty woe;
I laugh at what the world calls care,
Am always gay and free,
Look always on the brighter side,
That is the style for me.

CHORUS.

I'm always gay and free, boys,
Happy as can be, boys,
That the style for me, boys,
Always gay and free—I'm free.

The fleeting years go swiftly by,
And life is but a span,
To treat it's troubles lightly,
Is by far a better plan;
Brave hopes will cheer us on our way,
On land or stormy sea,
Look always on the brighter side,
That is the style for me.—*Chorus.*

Tho' troubles often bore us,
And the world seems dark and drear,
We've better days before us
If we only persevere;
Behind life's darkest clouds
A silver lining we may see,
Looking always on the brighter side,
That is the style for me.—*Chorus.*

Tho' gay and free, as I have said,
You always may depend,
That I will do my best to soothe
The troubles of a friend;
A kindly word works wonders,
I am sure you will agree,
Look always on the brighter side,
That is the style for me.—*Chorus.*

NELLY WAS A LADY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I travelled on the way,
All night the cotton-wood a toating,
Sing for my true love all the day.

CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll the bell for lovely Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy, and I'm weeping,
Can't toat the cotton any more;
Last night while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a-knocking at the door.—*Chorus.*

When I saw my Nelly in the morning
Smile till she open up her eyes,
Seem'd like the light of day a-dawning,
Just before the sun begins to rise.—*Chorus.*

Close by the margin of the water,
Where the lone weeping-willow grows,
There lived Virginny's lovely daughter,
There she in death may find repose.—*Chorus.*

Down in the meadow among the clover,
Walk with my Nelly by my side;
Now all those happy days are over—
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride!—*Chorus.*

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Now, what are you crying for, Nelly?
Don't be blubbering there like a fool;
With the weight of the grief, faith, I'll tell you,
You'll break down the three-legged stool.
I suppose now you're crying for Barney,
But don't believe a word that he'd say,
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney—
Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Kearney.

CHORUS.

"But, mother." "Och, bother!"
"But, mother, he's going away;
And I dreamt t'other night,
Of his ghost all in white—
Oh, mother, he's going away."

If he's going away all the better,
Blessed hour when he's out of your sight;
There's one comfort, you can't get a letter,
For ye's neither can read nor can write;
Sure 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he courted Fat Jinny M'Cray,
That the sight of the scamp you detested—
With abuse sure your tongue never rested.

CHORUS.

"But, mother." "Och, bother!"
"But, mother, he's going away;
And I dreamt of his ghost
Walking round my bed-post,
Oh, mother, he's going away."

—A member of the House of Commons had been paying attention to a young lady for a long time, and had taken her to the House so constantly that she became well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers, and said to her, "May I offer you my handfull of flowers?" She replied, "I move to amend, omitting all after the word 'hand.'" He blushingly accepted the amendment. They were married a few weeks since.

NEW YORK SOCIETY

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

I think I've traveled everywhere, and seen what's to be seen;
Wherever I may roam I make myself at home;
I've flirted down to Long Branch—to Newport I have been—
To Saratoga, Rockaway, and to Rome;
I've seen society in every shape and form—
I've watched the tide of fashions rise and fall;
I've viewed it in its calm, I've seen it in its storm,
And this is my conclusion after all—

CHORUS.

Baden Baden Spa, France or Germany,
Liverpool or London, Spain or Italy;
In such society there's much variety,
But nothing equals New York society.

Society, as soon as the New York season's o'er,
Will to the sea run down, where, in a bathing gown,
It dabbles in the water or perhaps upon the shore,
It yawns and wishes it was back in town;
And though it may be nice to drink the nasty waters,
And lose your money gambling at the Spa,
And meet the sort of men you'd cut at any place,
The New York season I prefer by far.—*Chorus.*

Society I've met with in old Ireland, amid the bogs,
In Paris ever gay, in London every day,
In Mount St. Bernard convent, with the monks and jolly dogs,
At every place I think that I may say;
But there's a charm in town, I can't help saying so,
Which makes me like it more than all the rest,
To the opera we go, and that will plainly show,
Society in New York is the best.—*Chorus.*

PAPER OF PINS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I'll give to you a paper of pins,
If you will tell me how our love begins,
If you marry, if you marry,
If you marry me.

I'll not accept a paper of pins,
To tell you how our love begins,
Nor I'll not marry, marry, marry,
Nor I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you a pink silk gown,
With golden laces hanging round,
If you marry, if you marry,
If you marry me.

I'll not accept the pink silk gown,
With golden laces hanging round,
Nor I'll not marry, marry, marry,
Nor I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you a dress of green,
That you may be my fairy queen,
If you marry, if you marry,
If you marry me.

I'll not accept your dress of green,
That I may be your fairy queen,
Nor I'll not marry, marry, marry,
Nor I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you a little lap dog,
To take with you when you go abroad,
If you marry, if you marry,
If you marry me.

I'll not accept your little lap dog,
To take with me when I go abroad,
Nor I'll not marry, marry, marry,
Nor I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you the key of my heart,
That we may love and never part,
If you marry, if you marry,
If you marry me.

I'll not accept the key of your heart,
That we may love and never part,
Nor I'll not marry, marry, marry,
Nor I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you the key of my chest,
That you may have money at your request,
If you marry, if you marry,
If you marry me.

Yes! I'll accept the key of your chest,
That I'll have money at my request;
I will marry I will marry,
I will marry you

Ha! ha! ha! money is an,
Woman's love is none at all;
And I'll not marry, marry, marry,
And I'll not marry you.

WATER-CRESSES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

I am a jolly farmer, from Bedfordshire I came,
To see some friends at Harlem, and Morgan is my name;
At a dairy farm, near Dunstable, I live when I'm at home,
And if I get safe back again, from there I'll never roam:
But if you'll give attention, I'll tell you without delay,
How a buxom little damsel my affections led astray,
And promised for to marry me upon the first of May,
And left me with a bunch of water-cresses.

'Twas on the first of April when I arrived in town,
And being quite a stranger, I wandered up and down,
Until I lost myself entirely, I cannot tell you where,
But 'twas in a very quiet street, the corner of a square;
A neatly dressed young woman came walking down the way,
As long as I remember, I shall ne'er forget the day,
For she promised then to marry me upon the first of May,
And she left me with a bunch of water-cresses.

Politely I addressed her, and thus to her did say:
"I wish to go to Harlem, can you direct the way?"
"Oh, yes, sir! oh, yes, sir!" she speedily replied,
"Take the turning on the left, then go down the other side;"
Her voice it was the sweetest I ever yet did hear,
In her hands—which like the lily—were so very white and clear,
She'd a bunch of early onions, a pint of lager beer,
Some pickles, and a bunch of water-cresses.

I bow'd and I thanked her, and walk'd by her side,
And thought how well she'd look as a dairy farmer's bride;
I gathered resolution, half in earnest, half in joke,
I hinted matrimony, these very words I spoke:
"I've a farm of forty acres, I've horses, cows and geese,
Besides I have a dairy filled with butter, milk and cheese;
Will you marry me, and mistress be, fair lady, of all these?
And we'll pass our days on love and water-cresses."

She replied with a smile (or a leer, if you choose),
"You are so very generous I cannot well refuse,
So give me your direction, and I will without delay
Prepare for matrimony, to love, honor, and obey;
I've a wedding dress to buy, and some little bills to pay—
I handed her my pocket-book, expenses to defray,
And she promised for to marry me upon the first of May,
When she left me with a bunch of water-cresses.

Next day a letter I received, and read there with surprise—
"Dear sir, for disappointing you I must apologize;
But when you next ask a stranger into partnership for life,
Be sure she is a maiden, or a widow, not a wife;
I've a husband of my own, and his name is Willie Grey,
And when I can afford it the money I'll repay;
To think that I should marry you upon the first of May,
Why, you must have been as green as water-cresses."

Little Back Parlor at Home.

Copyright, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

I'm dreaming to-night of the past,
Of the friends and the pleasures of old,
And mem'ry's sweet treasure once more
To my vision their beauties unfold;
For there rises before me a scene,
Tho' afar from it ever I roam,
Of a sweet little place, full of home's quiet grace,
The little back parlor at home.

CHORUS.

Then I ne'er shall forget it, that dear little room,
Tho' afar from it ever I roam;
Such a sweet little place, full of home's quiet grace,
That little back parlor at home.

In a life ever checkered and strange,
Blending sorrow with pleasure and glee,
Tho' the sunshine oft gleamed in my heart,
Yet the shadow, too, oft fell on me;
And at times when for loved ones I'd sigh,
While alone amid strangers I'd roam,
How the spirit would sink, as I'd tenderly think
Of that little back parlor at home.—*Chorus.*

PRETTY PEGGY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

To my darling I will always prove true,
And look on her with a smile of love;
Like a sunbeam she is beautiful and bright,
With eyes like the little stars above.

CHORUS.

She's the fairest in all creation,
Pretty Peggy, charming creature;
Pretty Peggy, darling loved one,
Ah! she's like a little bird in the Spring.

When you're in her company for a while,
Just look at her curly jet black hair;
Her face is always brightened with a smile,
Faith! none with my jewel can compare.—*Chorus.*

The day is coming when I'll wed this pearl,
The thought of it cheers me on my way;
The bells will ring, and the colleens will sing,
When she names the happy wedding day.—*Chorus.*

OLD GRIMES IS DEAD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings were all true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base designs;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aqualine.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

He modest merit sought to find
And pay it its deserts;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His knowledge hid from public gaze
He did not bring to view—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

In that Little Ivy Cabin in the Lane.

I'm a poor old strolling darkey,
My heart is filled with woe;
My wife and boy, my only joy,
Has left me long ago.
As I watch the moon at night,
And how it glimmers bright,
That thought seems to lay on my brain;
On the banjo he would play
And pass the time away,
In that little ivy cabin in the lane.

CHORUS.

So now I'll bid you all good-by—
Oh! it makes this darkey cry—
It seems to give me sorrow and pain;
The bird that sung so sweet,
It makes the old man greet,
In that little ivy cabin in the lane.

I now will mention a man of fame,
Oh! now to you I'll tell;
Old Abe Lincoln is his name,
I guess you all know well;
He set this darkey free—
Oh! he filled my heart with glee—
I hope I'll see old Abe again;
For I'm going to a home,
Where the angels all do roam,
Far from the ivy cabin in the lane.—*Chorus.*

Some Things that I'd Like to See.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

The problem of life is quite hard to solve,
In the world we see things that are strange;
But if I had my way and could do as I please,
Soon you would see quite a change;
A poor man, if honest, I'd try to raise up,
And rich rogues in State's prison would be;
So now to-night I will sing in my song
Of some things that I'd like to see—

CHORUS.

For if I had my way and could do as I say,
Quite a change all around there would be;
I'll not keep you long, and to-night in my song
I'll sing of what I'd like to see.

The political ring who plunder our land,
Would not have such a soft thing,
I'd treat them as a poor rogue is treated,
And send them for life to Sing Sing.
Now there's Jennie Cramer, that she was killed
In cold blood, we all must agree;
Let justice be done and her murderers hung,
Is something that I'd like to see.—*Chorus.*

For the rights of the ballot the ladies now shout,
And female orators everywhere roam;
'Tis the right of a woman—at least so I think—
To attend to her family at home;
The ladies wear ulsters, to look like the men—
And in fashions a change there should be—
The ladies to dress as our grandmothers did,
Is something that I'd like to see.—*Chorus.*

I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I took my girl to a fancy ball—
It was a social hop,
But we stayed until the folks went out,
And the music it did stop;
Then to a restaurant we went—
The best one in the street;
She said she wasn't hungry,
But this is what she eat:
A dozen raw, a plate of slaw,
A chicken and a roast;
Some sparrow grass and apple sass,
And soft-shell crabs on toast;
A big box-stew, and crackers, too,
Her appetite was immense—
When she called for pie, I thought I'd die,
For I had but fifty cents.

She said she wasn't hungry—
She didn't care to eat;
Now I've got money in my clothes
To bet she can't be beat;
She took it in so cosy,
She had an awful tank,
She said she wasn't thirsty,
But this is what she drank:
A whiskey skin, a glass of gin—
It made me shake with fear;
Some ginger pop, with rum on top,
A schooner, then, of beer;
A glass of ale, a gin cock-tail,
She ought to have had more sense—
When she called for more, I fell on the floor,
For I had but fifty cents.

You bet I wasn't hungry—
I didn't care to eat,
Expecting every moment
To be kicked out in the street;
She said she'd bring her family 'round
Some day, and we'd have fun;
Then I gave the man the fifty cents,
And this is what he done:
He tore my clothes, he mashed my nose,
He hit me in the jaw;
He gave me a prize of a pair of black eyes,
And with me swept the floor;
He took me where my clothes hung loose,
And threw me over a fence—
Take my advice, don't try it twice,
When you've got but fifty cents.

THE BOOTBLACK.

Here y'are——? Black your boots, boss, do it for jest five cents,
Shine 'em up in a minute—that is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir; the mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller when his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir, though 'taint much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—ain't got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em? That's *so;* but then, yer see,
They've only got one to do for; there's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller with a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin' sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.

Used to be 'round sellin' papers, the cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform, under the wheels, one day;

Yes, the conductor did it—gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him; some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir, sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together, he's what they call cashier.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir; sometimes when biz gets slack
I don't know how I'd stand it if 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him; he says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir, if some day we git up there.

All done now—how's that, sir? Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'!—give it to Jack, sir, he looks after the stamps.

For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'll sing of some very strange things to-night,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
And if I ain't wrong I am certainly right,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
It will soon be the style of the la-de-da swells,
To wear bustles and bangs just like the belles,
'Tis hard for the men from the girls now to tell,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you.

If you are married of course you'll agree,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
That you a bachelor would like to be,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
For 'tis the right of the ladies—ancient, young,
And what is a woman if she can't use her tongue,
For a woman would talk if she hadn't a lung,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you.

Now there is a charming young widow next door,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
She had seven husbands, and still wants one more,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
Though she wears crape she still cuts a dash,
And goes upon Broadway each day to mash,
She'll capture some old fool with plenty of cash,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you.

Among the *bon-ton* there's excitement just now,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
The *Wilde* æsthetic Oscar is raising the row,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
Like Samson of old he wears very long hair,
He sits up with a lily and dines upon air,
But Barnum will catch him if he don't take care,
But for goodness sake don't say I told you.

PEEK-A-BOO!

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

On a cold Winter's evening, when business is done,
And to your home you retire,
What a pleasure it is to have a bright bouncing boy,
One whom you love to admire;
You hug him, and kiss him, you press him to your heart,
What joy to your bosom 'twill bring;
Then you place him on the carpet, and you'll hide behind the chair,
And to please him you'll commence to sing:

CHORUS.

Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo! come from behind the chair;
Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo! I see you hiding there—
Oh! you rascal there.

Oh, my heart's always light when at home with my wife,
There joy and peace ever reign;
With my boy on my knee I'm as happy as can be,
I never knew care or pain;
He's pretty, he's gentle, he's kind and he is good,
And ev'rything nice, him I bring;
Oh, if he attempts to cry when I am standing by,
Just to please him I commence to sing:—*Chorus.*

When the sun-shine of youth fades, and age bends us low—
Joys, like the birds, flown away;
Then the smiles of our children ever brighten the path,
Leading where loved ones do stray.
The music and laughter we ever love to hear,
Will beam like a rainbow in Spring,
By the fireside at night, with our hearts so free and light,
We will listen while our children sing:—*Chorus.*

—Two urchins were fishing off the Woodward Avenue wharf yesterday. First urchin: "Got anything?" Second urchin: "Naw. You?" First urchin: "I guess the fish have boycotted these hooks."

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja alleine nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach an der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käfernaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städichen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Beil
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's da die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Lehrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Seht euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maillüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich nach Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schatz gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notitz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen heraus
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Bee
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out!
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pul' for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none [illegible] a mother if ever so
204 You were fa[illegible]e, bu. "ll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river [illegible]ou and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 'tock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Looked out after rano
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alsen
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The Longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Duran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 A Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Wee[illegible] a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

We will send **10** of the above Songs, your selection, for **10** cents; **30** for **25** cents; **50** for **40** cents; **100** for **75** cents, or **1000** for **$5.** ☞ Remember we will not send less than **10** of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers only We will send the sheet music of any song on this page, arranged for the piano, words and music combined, for **40** cents per copy, or **3** copies for **$1.**

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the scalskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lanigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon
547 Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Nell McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 [illegible] card player
617 [illegible]ddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 49
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven outs
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green

647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Rackety Jack [hallelujah)
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Ccilleen Dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things [old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the Pope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Kari's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born

775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glennore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the pratics grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile

904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Reilly's beau
946 He'll be back by-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and hisson
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland [knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry [parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring out golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston bites
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old rag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little ledge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry sp'liugs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cress a
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Mamie's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat!
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's eying song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play!
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Bally hooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face!
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you!
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Jass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night!
1196 Little old dudeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countre
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonypatte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra boom-
1308 Maiden and the lamb ['arlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own [fireside

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Mine Jakey
Mine friend Goldstein
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Pop
Quit your foolin'
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Sign-board
Slip on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
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Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Out behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der night behind Ghristmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clare
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maid Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches Hed
Fad, fair und fordy
Frits und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Frits
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [shells
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Mine shildren
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Schneider's ride [of Leak
Schneider's dermarbers
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Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
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I'm Proud I'm an Irishman Born.

Tune—"O'Donnell Aboo."

The Scotchmen may boast of their snow-covered mountains,
Their wild towering rocks, woods and heath-covered dales;
With their cataracts and rivers, and clear silver fountains,
Their pastures of culture and their flower-covered vales.
But give to me old Erin's shore, that's the land I adore,
All countries I have seen, but no such beauties adorn;
And where is the Irishman, who loves not his native land,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.

CHORUS.

For Irishmen never yield, when they're on the battle-field,
With a gun, sword or fist, or a twig of blackthorn;
And oft on the battle-field, our sires made their foes to yield,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.

Old Ireland can boast of her statesmen and warriors,
Her poets, painters and sculptors, too;
She had Princely O'Neil, Sarsfield, Norris and Clifford,
Tyrconnell, O'Donnell and the great Brian Boru.
Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, Isaac Butt and Seargeant Power
Robert Emmett and John Mitchell, Dan O'Connell and Curran;
The great Duke of Wellington, and bold Marshall McMahon,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.—*Chorus.*

The stranger in old Ireland is sure to find a welcome hand,
And kindly they'll treat him until he departs;
Be he Heathen, Russian, Jew or Turk, no hatred in the Irish lurk;
For love, truth and friendship doth reign in their hearts.
So Irishmen of each degree, come join in Erin's praise with me,
For wherever I am, my heart to Erin doth turn;
For no nation upon the earth unto such heroes has given birth,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.—*Chorus.*

AFTER THE OPERA'S OVER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

After the Opera's over,
Gas tries to outshine the stars,
When half the world sleeps contented,
We'll champagne and smoke fine cigars;
For life without pleasure is cold,
And I shouldn't live very long,
But how we survive in the Westend,
I'm delighted to tell in my song.

SPOKEN—With a tootle tum tum accompaniment upon the piano, from the fair hands of a lady, we sing—

CHORUS.

After the Opera's over,
After the Opera's done,
We gems of the very first water
With the ladies we tootle tum tum.

I keep my own box at the Opera,
I've racers and hunters as well,
Estate and lands in the country,
So much money I cannot tell,
Then, why should I let myself down,
And neither spend money nor lend?
For money well spent brings joys—
Yes, money was made to spend.—*Chorus.*

After the Opera's over,
Belgravia could tell many tales,
And as I am one of its people,
It wouldn't be fair, to drive nails.
Suffice me to say, that at night
We, "Upper Ten," never feel glum,
We dance, sing and play till the morn,
With the ladies we tootle tum tum.—*Chorus.*

After your business take pleasure—
But business, by Jove, I've none;
A fellow to find out his troubles,
Why, hang it, I don't see the fun.
To you that have money to spend,
Just take a lesson from me,
Live in the Squares of Belgravia,
And the pleasures of life you will see.—*Chorus.*

Gen. Grant's Trip Around the World.

I am an Irishman, and do the best I can,
For to elevate the Irish, one and all;
I own a large estate, and my influence is great,
I am the boss of all free lunch at Tammany Hall.
When I go out in the street, they tell me go and eat,
And advise me to go and have my whiskers curled;
But I turned around and said, cheese it, don't you give it away,
I am General Grant, I'm touring around the world.

CHORUS.

With a cigar stuck up in my teeth,
And a mustard plaster stuck on my feet,
I am the darling, I am the daisy of them all;
They give me a dig in the ribs—
And they say, get on to his nibs,
There's Patsy Grant, that's been around the world.

I've been to Portuguese, I've been to Turkey and Greece,
That is the greasiest place I ever saw;
I've been to Spain and France, and a Dutchman stole my pants,
And I hit him with a brick-bat on the jaw.
In Ireland I got froze, in Russia I lost my nose,
In Italy I got drunk and slugged an earl;
From Cork I did escape, for my clothes were out of shape,
For I'm Patsey Grant, that's been around the world.
With a cigar stuck up in my teeth, &c.

I struck Chicago shore, and went into a liquor store,
And got away with an elegant five cent buss;
They gave me a big reception, and took up a big collection,
And gave me a pair of Dan O'Leary's shoes.
I spoke for twenty-four hours, and drank three hundred whiskey sours,
To the Palmer House in a carraige I was whirled;
They rushed in at the doors, and they ripped away the floor,
To see the bloke that tramped around the world.
With a cigar stuck up in my teeth, &c.

Gilhooly, Your Coat is Half-Mast.

Written and sung by James O'Neil.

You've heard of O'Brien from Harlem,
And the man with the high-water pants,
But to me, sure, they can't hold a candle,
And for "mashing" they stand a poor chance.
I wear the best clothes that's imported
From Paris, across the blue say,
By all the fine girls I am courted,
I'm too handsome to live they all say.

CHORUS.

For the girls they all call me a daisy,
And they say I am too sweet to last;
They tell me to get out a patent,
"Gilhooley, your coat is half-mast."

One night, sure, I went to a raffle,
Dressed up in my best Sunday clothes,
When I entered they all commenced laughing,
Get on to that face, "Holy Mose."
They say that my coat was a "Seymour,"
And that I was living too fast;
They said that I looked like a mummy,
A well-preserved thing of the past.—*Chorus.*

You will find me at balls and at parties,
I lead every march and the dance,
Sure I can play croquet and billiards,
I beat Sexton and Vignaux in France.
I own my own yachts and fast horses,
I am neither too slow nor two fast,
But whenever I pass they all halloo
"Gilhooley, your coat is half-mast."

SPOKEN.—Now I like fun as well as the next man, but when a fellow comes up and sticks a circus bill on my back, and takes me for a brick fence, its going too far. As I was singing to myself, in the park, looking at the animals, says a fellow to me, "Say, send us your mouth till I fight the crocodile?" I went into a saloon to get a glass of lager, and the froth of the beer was on my mouth when the gang outside halloos, "Hydrophobia! look out for the terrier."—*Chorus.*

ONLY A PIN.

As recited with great success by Gus Williams.

It was only a pin
As it lay on the floor,
Shining and bright
As it glistened in the noonday light.

Only a boy,
Yet he saw that pin,
And on its possession became so intent,
That soon both boy and pin alike were bent.

Only a chair,
Yet he placed the pin there,
And not one in a thousand could have discerned
That the point of the pin was heavenward turned.

Only a man!
Yet he sat on that chair,
Then he bounced in the air like a cork from a bottle,
And a most unearthly sound came out of his throttle.

Only a yell,
But it was an honest one,
It rent the air—and soon boy, man and chair
Mingled in { much confusion / close communion } were.

BRANNIGAN'S PUP.

Now old Mickey Brannigan had a bull-pup,
He was bred of rale elegant stock;
For seventeen hours a battle he fought,
He did, by my soul, by the clock.
His tail was a neat little bit of a stump,
Bow-legged and two crooked eyes,
One look at his ugly looking mug was enough,
He was the divil himself in disguise.

CHORUS.

Bow-ow-ow, what a pup to be sure,
For fighting he'd never give up;
There never was known such a wonderful dog,
As Mickey Brannigan's pup.

He tore the tail off Maloney's best coat,
Ate the bustle of Mary Ann Flynn,
And run between young Kitty Mulligan's legs,
Now wasn't that truly a sin.
He caught up the Dutch shoemaker's dog,
And shook him around like a rat,
He murdered Tim Finnegan's beautiful goat,
Ate the tail of McManus' cat.—*Chorus.*

An Italian came around with an organ one day,
And a monkey tied fast to a string;
And when the pup saw them he howled with delight,
And made a most wonderful spring.
He upset the monkey, grinder, and all,
And bursted the organ inside;
And be jabers he tried to swallow the monk,
But he choked on his tail and he died.—*Chorus.*

THE MONTGOMERY GUARD.

Recited with great success by Bob Melrose.

Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Montgomery Guards of Boston, Mass-chutes, I have to thank ye for the many rondedons and buggy-rides and dowedarcys thas I've received at your hands. And, Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Montgomery Guards of Boston, Mass-chutes, when ye come to New York City, the Webster Guards of New York will turn out of their bunks, and they'll gunanade ye, and they'll cannonade ye, as we used to do at Balls Bluff. And, Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Montgomery Guards of Boston, Mass-chutes, we'll take you to the Tarryater at night, and after the Tarryater we shall take you to Sensible Park, and from Sensible Park we will take you to the centenanial and there you shall have oysters on the half shell, the whole shell, or any shell at all. And, Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Montgomery Guards of Boston, Mass-chutes, all I have to say is *agus cin nah angus cin naba tha sha shin a nish a mecraw a mecreeiski*, and may ye ever be welcome, Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Montgomery Guards of Boston, Mass-chutes.

NOTE.—This recitation should be recited in a stuttering voice.

MAUD MULLER IN DUTCH.

Maud Muller, von Summer afternoon
Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.
She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
Bud ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
Her song gifed out on a ubber note,
Cause she had such a hoss in her troat;
Und she vished she had shdamps to shbend,
So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
Shmilin at all der gals he'd meed;
Old Hans vas rich—as I've been dold—
Had houses und lots, und a barrel of gold.
He shdopped py der door, und pooty soon
He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
Und he vinked at Maud, und said, "My Dear,
Gif me, of you pblease, a glass of bier."
She vend to der pblace vere der bier keg shtood,
Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh und goot.
"Dot's goot," said Hans, "dot's a better drink
As effer I had in mine life, I dink."
He dalked for a vhile, den said, "Goot day."
Und up der shdreet he dook his vay.
Maud hofed a sigh, und said, "Oh how
I'de like to been dot olt man's frow,
Such shplendid close I den vould vear,
Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
In dot Union Park I'd drive all tay,
Und efery evenin' go to der blay.
Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer,
(But dot mite peen von trinkin beer.)
Und he says to himself, as he valked along,
Hummin der dune of a olt lofe song,
"Dot's der finest gal I efer did see,
Und I vish dot she my wife cood be."
But here his solillogwy came to an end,
As he dinked of der gold dot she might shbend;
Und he maked up his mind dot as for him,
He'd marry a gal mit lots of "din."
So he vent righd off dot fery day,
Und married a vooman olt und gray.
He vishes now, but all in vain,
Dot he vas free to marry again;
Free as he vas dot afdernoon,
Ven he med Maud Muller in der bier saloon.
Maud married a man without some "soap"—
He vas lazy doo—but she did hope
Dot he'd get bedder when shildren came;
But vhen dey had, he vas yoost der same.
Und ofden now dem dears vill come
As she sits alone ven her day's vork's done,
Und dinks of der day Hans called her "my dear,"
Und asked her for a glass of bier;
But she don'd comblain, nor efer has,
Und oney says, "Dot coodn't vas."

TOM BOWLING.

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
Tom's form was of the manliest beauty,
Tom's heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who tars and kings dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

JUMBO.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Old Jumbo was an elephi-ant,
As big as all creation,
He packed his trunk, shook Johnny Bull,
And sailed for the Yankee nation.
With a tail as long as a telegraph pole,
His legs were just tremendous,
He weighed three hundred and seventeen tons
He was something quite stupendous.

CHORUS.

Oh, he shook the ground when he walked around,
Thumbo, Slumbo, Yumbo;
The biggest animile on earth
Is Barnum's elephant Jumbo.

When he joined old Barnum's circus show,
He was called the great Colossus;
They stowed the baggage all away
In the end of his proboscis;
The ladies fed him on sugar plums,
And said he was just too beautiful,
The little children sat on warts
That stuck out on his cuticle.—*Chorus.*

Three hundred bales of hay a day
He chews up for his dinner,
And a barrel of water at every gulp—
If he don't then I'm a sinner.
He swallows peanuts by the ton,
I tell you he's a snorter;
Eats 'lasses cake and ginger bread,
Clean gone on sogers water.—*Chorus.*

When he humps his tail and makes a growl,
It's like a clap of thunder;
The country people stop and stare,
And gaze around in wonder.
He paralyzed the lion's spine,
And made his blood run chilly;
He blowed his breath on the monkey's cage,
And made them all look silly.—*Chorus.*

POOL.

Sung by Billy Carter.

I've been out playing pool all day,
I'd nothing else to do,
And you'd split your sides a laughing
To see me pocket the cue.
And when I went to make a shot
My luck it ran so high,
I'd spill a beer, or tear the cloth,
Or knock out some one's eye.

CHORUS.

Pool, pool, pool,
I like to see them rolling,
Pool, pool, pool,
Now wasn't I a fool?
To carry a cue on my shoulder,
March round the table like a soldier,
Wear out my heels and miss my meals,
To play for checks at pool.

John Murphy got beat thirteen games,
Valjean he lost three;
When Sheldon collared the fifteen ball
And got dead wood on me.
Joe King play'd six pockets
Against Charley Jerome's four,
When Lewis catched the twelve and scratched
How the cues did thump the floor.—*Chorus.*

I swore off playing pool last night,
But to-day I grabbed a cue
When Miner said he'd let me play
Six pockets 'gainst his two.
He made pool 'fore I got a shot
And then he had the gall,
To ask me to play another game
When I hadn't shot at all.—*Chorus.*

THE BIG AQUARIUM.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

I stopped at the big aquarium,
Not very long ago;
To see the bass and suckers,
And to hear the white whale blow.
A skate and a flounder making love,
And they shook each others fins;
And a crab with a sunshade over his head,
Come along with a pair of twins.

CHORUS.

Oh, the big sea lion he howled and growled,
And the seal beat time with the drum;
And the whale he swallowed a ton of eels,
At the big aquarium.

I had my gal along with me,
She's purty, but she's dark;
But when she laughed and opened her mouth,
I thought she'd swallow the shark.
The lobster smiled and sucked his thumb,
And laid as still as death;
When the turtle winked his eye at Sal,
It nearly took her breath.—*Chorus.*

The music played and the sturgeon danced,
But the porpoise cleared the track;
The eel he tied himself in a knot,
And the crab walked on his back.
The trout and the catfish danced a reel,
And the sea lion let a roar;
When the whale got up and blowed his nose,
My gal, Sal, bounced out the door.—*Chorus.*

FAST FREIGHT.

Recited by Flora Moore.

He stood in the depot yard,
And he gazed with a vacant stare;
He was travelling home to Omaha—
He'd rich relations there.
The time was seven o'clock at night,
'Twas dark and getting late,
These words proceeded from his lips,
"Long live the man that invented fast freight."

He had not shaved for many a day,
His eyes were sunken in,
His clothes wouldn't do to go to a ball
To dance the racquet in.
And as he chewed on a piece of straw,
Thus he did cogitate,
"I'll be in Omaha in the morn,
If I catch the fast freight."

The tramp observed a box car,
Marked grain and merchandise;
It said, "When empty, please return
To Chicago City in Illinois."
Then he took off his Land League hat,
While a smile on his face did break,
"I would not ride in a Pullman car,
I prefer the fast freight."

He sneaked into a box car,
He was afraid to cough,
For fear he would hear the conductor yell
In his tenor voice, Get off.
He got between two barrels of glue—
Just here a fact I'll state,
He offered up a silent prayer
To the man who invented fast freight.

The conductor was a terror,
The tramps they did abhor him,
He stood six feet eleven in his socks—
That is whene'er he wore them.
He fell on the tramp and knocked him about,
Until his bones did ache,
He was covered with gore, in German he swore,
"I'll pull the neck off the man that invented fast freight."

The Fine Old English Gentleman.

I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall, so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood against old foes,
And 'twas here "his worship" sat in state, in doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack to warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When Winter old, brought frost and cold, he open'd house to all,
And though threescore and ten his years, he featly led the ball,
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his hall,
For while he feasted all the great he ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by,
And Autumn's smiling leaf proclaim'd, the old man—he must die!
He laid him down tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
And mournful friends stood round his couch, and tears bedimm'd each eye,
For a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

Nobody Knows the Trouble I See.

Copyright, 1881, by J. W. Pepper.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Good folks, listen, listen to me right,
I'm chuck full of trouble from morning until night;
Fell down stairs with my head full of bother,
If I'd fell another step, I'd went a step farther,
Oh, sisters, won't you come?
Brothers, won't you come along too?
Come along and jine us, without a boot or shoe,
For nobody knows the trouble I see.

CHORUS.

Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows, nobody but me,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows, nobody but me.

Young Hannah Beasely, an' ole Jim Brown,
Hitch up de horse and take 'em in to town;
Made some mistake in regard to the hitch,
The horse got unruly, and throwed 'em in the ditch,
Kicked so high with the Injun rubber switch,
He throwed Hannah Beasley in the middle of the ditch,
Old Jim Brown in the middle of the street,
And nothing sticking up but Hannah Beasley's feet.—*Chorus.*

Took my gal to a dance in the town,
Ten feet in the cellar on the bare ground;
She done a double shuffle that she never done before,
Her feet grew so large she couldn't get them out the door.
Now I'm married, an' my troubles have begun,
With a sassy, fat wife and homely little son;
I could stand all this, and wouldn't care a straw,
If I didn't have to board my mother-in-law.—*Chorus.*

—A Cincinnati woman knocked her husband senseless with a copy of the Bible. The old version is good and strong yet.

—There is a department regulation forbidding post-masters to read postal cards under a penalty of a thousand dollars. Some people feel easier.

—"Who will be Speaker?" Were this a family, instead of a legislative, question, how promptly would the wife step to the front and settle it.

—When a cowboy goes into a Western newspaper office to demand satisfaction, the editor always explains that the assistant who wrote that article "has just gone out to kill a man, but will be back in a few minutes." The cowboy never waits.

—When a servant in the palace of the Sultan drops a $5,000 piece of bric-a-brac and smashes it all to pieces, the Sultan calmly shoots the servant and after that the others are more careful. In this country you pay the girl's wages as usual and look around for more bric-a-brac.

Come Back to your Irish Home.

Sung by Miss Flora Moore.

There's a garden spot on earth, to me
'Tis the sweetest place I've seen;
Where childhood's happy moments passed—
I see it in my dreams.
But I left it, and I came to roam,
'Twas hard to say good-bye;
Oft-times I fancy I can hear
My poor old mother cry.

CHORUS.

Come back! Come back!
Come back here to your Irish home,
Then come back! Come back!
Come back, Kate, och hone.

I've been away one year to-day,
And my heart feels lonely yet;
Oft-times they write and seem to fear
That I will soon forget.
But I can't forget where'er I roam,
No matter how I try,
And in my sleep I seem to hear
My poor old mother cry.—*Chorus.*

THE ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK.

As recited with great success by Gus Williams.

Shady tree, babbling brook,
Girl in hammock reading book;
Golden curls, tiny feet,
Girl in hammock looks so sweet.

Man rides past, big moustache,
Girl in hammock makes a "mash."

"Mash" is mutual, the day is set,
Man and maiden married get.

Married now, a year and a day,
Keeping house in Avenue A.
Red hot stove, beefsteak frying,
Girl got married, cooking trying.

Cheeks all burning, eyes look red,
Girl got married, nearly dead.
Biscuit burnt up, beefsteak charry,
Girl got married, awful sorry.

Man comes home, tears moustache,
Mad as blazes; got no hash.
Thinks of hammock in the lane,
Wishes maiden back again.
Maiden also thinks of swing,
And wants to go back, too, poor thing.

Hour of midnight, baby squawking,
Man in bare feet, bravely walking.
The baby yells, now the other
Twin, he strikes up like his brother.
Paregoric by the bottle,
Emptied into baby's throttle.

Naughty tack, points in air,
Waiting some one's foot to tear.

Man in bare feet—see him—there!
Jiminy Christmas! hear him swear!

Raving crazy, get his gun,
And blows his head off—dead and gone.

Pretty widow, with a book,
In the hammock by the brook.

Man rides past, big moustache;
Keeps on riding—nary "mash."

—First small girl—"I know what I'm going to be when I grow up?" Second ditto—"What are you going to be when you grow up?" First small girl—"A widder!"

THE ÆSTHETIC MICK.

Sung by John O'Neal.

If you have got a five dollar note to cash, and want to catch a lovely mash,
I'll tell you what to do;
You must buy a bran new silk high hat, a pair of patent leather boots,
And a necktie that's too-too.
You must wear a flowing ulster, and say that you're from Munster,
And walk off eating quick,
In your pocket carry a billy, in your buttonhole a lily,
And they'll call you the æsthetic Mick.

CHORUS.

And the neighbors all will say as you are walking down the alleyway,
"If that style suits all the families in the rear, I am sure that style suits me,
Then what a very, very, very stylish young man
This stylish young Mick must be."

Be eloquent in praise for the very good old days,
In the time of Bryan Boru,
And convince them if you can that your sister Mary Ann
Wore a small size number nine shoe.
You must tell them she is crazy on the shamrock and the daisy,
No matter what they think,
You must have a terrible gall when you're asked to take a ball,
And never miss a drink.

CHORUS.

And they all will say as you're walking down the alleyway,
There goes that dizzy young tad I see in the park most every day,
Then what a very, very, very dizzy young tad,
This dizzy young tad must be.

Now a sentimental passion for a regalable fashion,
Now it don't suit you or me,
If you have only got the cash for a five cent plate of hash,
You must strike some brewery.
If the boys they give you taffy you can walk with John McCaffery,
He's gentle and he's kind,
For get to be æsthetic when you are working up a racket,
And go to the front every time.

CHORUS.

And the neighbors all will say as you walk down the alleyway,
There goes the chronic young lush that works the free lunch every day,
Then what a very, very, very chronic young man,
This chronic young man must be.

They are all Getting Married but Me.

Sung by Miss Alice Gleason.

Behold in this mortal a poor single girl,
Who wanders about through the day;
I scarcely know what will be my sad lot,
If I keep on much longer this way.
I always was shy, and I always would sigh,
If any young man winked at me;
But to tell you the truth, all the friends of my youth,
They are all getting married but me.

CHORUS.

There's the birdies that fly,
There's the pigs in the sty,
And the fishes that swim in the sea,
There's the dogs and the cats,
There's the mice and the rats,
They are all getting married but me.

Oh, it makes me feel awful when I look around,
And think of the days that are gone,
When I see all the belles walking out with their swells,
While I have to wander alone.
I oft look about and try to find out,
Whatever the matter can be;
There's the haddocks and whales, the frogs and the snails,
They are all getting married but me.—*Chorus.*

"Pat," said a gentleman, who is fond of using high-sounding phraseology to his man-of-all-work, "I am going to town at ten o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber bed in the interim." "Interim," thought Pat. "That's a mighty quare name for a garden, anyhow!" "Is Mr. Smythe at home?" asked a visitor who called shortly afterwards. "Yis, sor; ye'll find him at work in his interim there beyant!" announced Pat.

The Ship that Brought Me Over.

Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

I left ould Ireland far behind,
And for Amerikay I started,
I thought that I'd have to walk across,
And that made me broken-hearted.
But I hid myself in the vessel's hould,
Unbeknownst to Jack-tar sailors,
But before we were a day out all hands on board
Were as sick as drunken tailors.

SPOKEN—Such a time I never had in my life. As they say on the stage, I turned a complete somersault and my insides were out and my outsides were in, I knew I couldn't get anything to ate coming across, so I put in a male that I thought would last me a week. But we hadn't lost sight of the land till I lost the whole of it.

CHORUS.

For such tossing and tumbling,
Such growling and grumbling,
Such crushing and crashing,
Such rushing and smashing,
Such cursing and swearing,
Such raging and tearing,
Such bungling and banging,
Such leaping and changing,
I thought they were crazy,
Faith they couldn't be aisy,
For the wind was a-howling,
And the captain was growling,
And all hands were scrowling,
On board of the ship that to Amerikay brought me over.

We'd been out about a month or more,
We then fell short of rations;
They made the cook then cook himself,
And my heart had palpitations.
Says I, "If they catch me hiding here,
They'll haul me down to the kitchen,
And to make a rale live Irish stew,
Myself in the pot they'll be pitching."

SPOKEN—But as good luck would have it, though they searched high and low—they didn't find me. It's poor atin' I'd make, for although we were out over a month I ate nothin' but a pair of ould shoes from the time I sneaked aboard. Then the say began to toss so bad that, says I, "Ould Jupiter, the Say God, is drunk."

CHORUS.

Then I was in a terrible state,
For though I'd nothing to ate,
Yet my stomach kept turning
And my head sure was burning;
I thought every day
We'd all be lost in the say,
And then all the fishes
Of us would make dishes,
And the whales and the sharks
Would have jolly larks;
Of our flesh they'd make stew,
And our bones they'd make glue,
And I always was prayin',
And to myself I was sayin'
Bad luck to the day
That I first went on the say,
Faith I was a big gawk,
That at first didn't walk,
For if in the say I'm not spilled
By the crew I'll be killed,
Faith, I wish I was home,
'Tis myself would not roam
On board of the ship that to Amerikay brought me over.

—Mistress (horrified:) "Good gracious, Bridget, have you been using one of my stockings to strain the coffee through?" Bridget (apologetically): "Yis, mum, but shure I didn't take a clane one."

—"Doctor," said a dissagreeable person, to the venerable Spooner, "can you prescribe for me? I'm troubled with the queerest feelings. I feel as heavy as lead, without any disposition to move in anything—real stupid-like." "Ah!" replied the doctor, "very sorry for you, indeed; but your stupidity is of too long standing too be helped—it is chronic!"

LORENA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again,
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now,
As when the Summer days were nigh;
Oh, the sun can never dip so low,
Adown affections cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the sunny slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the distant church-bells chimed.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prospered well—
But then 'tis past—the years are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storms."

The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat,
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now;
For "if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory, yet,
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me—
A duty, stern and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past—is in the enternal Past;
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future! Oh! thank God,
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod!
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

I'LL TELL NOBODY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Oh, I am in love, but I won't tell with who,
For I know very well what the fair one would do,
They'd chatter and flatter, and make themselves fine,
So poor little some one would have a sad time.

CHORUS.

So I'll tell nobody, I'll tell nobody,
Nobody, nobody, nobody, no!

If I tell it to one, she will tell it to two,
And the next cup of tea they would plot what to do;
And as men have no constancy in their own minds,
He'd seek a new face and leave some one behind.—*Chorus.*

But this much I'll tell you, he's not very tall,
And lest you should guess him, he's not very small;
I met him last night, and he pulled off my glove,
So I think you may guess who is somebody's love.—*Chorus.*

But when I am sure that his heart's all my own,
That he loves me sincerely, and never will roam,
Oh, then I'll defy all their jeers and taunts,
For, plainly 'twill show what each of them wants.—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, JOHN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

'Twas on a Friday morning I bid New York City good-bye!
The wind it blowed great guns, my boys, and the waters ran sky-high;
As I waved my bandana to my Nancy on the shore,
She sobbed and sighed, and wept and cried, when I sailed for Singapore.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, John, now don't stop long,
But come back soon to your own Chickabiddy;
For my heart beats so, when the winds do blow,
That takes away my sailor.

Sweet Nancy was a lass, my boys, of fifteen stone full weight;
Her face—it was a face, my boys, like a good-sized dinner-plate;
She kept a sweet-stuff shop, my boys, 'twould your eyes do good to see,
Sold lollypops and Tom Thumb drops, but naught so sweet as she.
Good-bye, John, &c.

When I sailed for foreign parts, I'd bring back presents to my love,
Such Injun hats and Turkish mats, or a Chinese turtle-dove;
Sweet Nance would write me billet-doos which took away my breath,
And said as how she "loved her John with blind regards till death."
So loving John, &c.

One night I had a dream, my boys, that Nance appeared to me,
She looked like a mermaid, boys, that floats about the sea,
She wagged her tail at me, my boys, and then she shook her head,
Then seemed to speak in fishy tones, and this is what she said:
Good-bye, John, &c.

Our gallant craft reached home, my boys; next day, to come on board,
My Nance put off in a boat to meet her John whom she adored;
When, messmates—hard the tale to tell—she swerved! the boat capsized!
Down, down to the bottom went sweet Nance, the girl I dearly prized.
Good-bye, John, &c.

THE TAIL IV ME COAT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

I learned me reading an' writing,
At Ballyragget where I wint to school,
'Twas there that I first took to fighting
With the schoolmaster Misther O'Toole;
He and I there had many a scrimmage,
The divil a copy I wrote,
But not a gossoon in the village,
Dare thread on the tail iv me coat.

I an illigant hand was at courting,
For lessons I took in the art,
Till Cupid, that blaggard, while sporting,
A big arrow sint smack through me heart;
Miss O'Connor, I lived straight forninst her,
And tindher lines to her I wrote,
Who dare say a black word ag'inst her,
Why I'd thread on the tail iv his coat.

A bog-trotter wan, Mickey Mulvany,
He tried for to coax her away;
He had money an' I hadn't any,
So a challenge I sint him wan day;
Next morning we met at Killbealy,
The Shannon we cross'd in a boat,
There I lather'd him with me shillely,
For he trod on the tail iv me coat.

Me fame spread through the nation,
Folks flock for to gaze upon me,
All cry out without hesitation,
"Och, yer a fightin' man, Mickey Magee!"
I fought with the Finegan faction,
We bate all the Murphies afloat,
If inclined for a row or a ruction,
Why, I'd thread on the tail iv their coat.

—At a school examination a clergyman was descanting on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."

BRANIGAN'S BAND

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by H. J. Waltman, P. O. Box 1581, New York City.

I hailed the Branigan's band on the great St. Patrick's
And [illegible] a-playing martial airs,
Master, Commanders, you see we are on hand,
With the music to the tune of the Branigan's band;
We marched so gaily down the street,
Everyone we meet says, don't they keep it neat (
All on all the girls we meet,
While marching down behind the famous Branigan's band.

Chorus.

Mark time, keep step, forward march away;
With eyes out, toes in, march in grand array;
Shoulder arms, with head erect, together hand in hand,
Let us be bold, that young and old will march with the Branigan's b

The chambermaids in the big hotels, they raise the windows high,
The chief-in-chiefs they're waving towels, to catch our soldier's eyes; [
They've all their hash to come out and mash, when the marshal gives co
We all raise our faces to the tune of the Branigan's band;
Don't those hearts go pit-a-pat,
With our hats, the lean as well as fat,
When they hear Dan, there goes my Pat,
To the daisy swell that's with the famous Branigan's band.

Mark time, keep step, forward march away, &c

Oh, we had a ball in Emerald Hall, and an elegant supper too—
There was hams and pens and fricasees, and oysters fat for you,
With pickled pears and lullabaloos, and Irish quail so grand;
Beers and cheeses, and some potheen for the boys of the Branigan's ban
Oh! it's then we sang, and danced a reel,
And oh! how good we feel, we make the ladies squeal,
But when morning comes it's home we steal,
With the boys all drunk as lords, with the Branigan's band.

Mark time, keep step, forward march away, &c

THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by H. J. Waltman, P. O. Box 1581, New York City.

You may talk of young girls, but none can surpass
My dear little charmer who came from Old-ham:
Fresh and as sweet as the newly mown grass,
Is my little Polly, the Lancashire Lass;
She's eyes so blue, and teeth so white,
Her hair is brown, her step is light,
Her ankle is a perfect mite,
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.

Chorus.

My Lancashire Lass, sure, none can surpass
My Lancashire Lass for style and beauty;
My Lancashire Lass, come, fill up your glass
And drink to the Lancashire Lass.

The way that I won her is strange, you will say,
'Twas one afternoon that I went to Bellevue,
A young friend of mine was there for the day,
And took little Polly for whom he'd to pay;
When first we met, I soon could see
That with his chance 'twas all U. P.,
And so I asked her if she'd have me,
This beautiful Lancashire Lass.—Chorus.

She said "she'd be mine" and swore to be true;
We've since been like doves, billing and cooing!
We never fall out as some lovers do,
And she has some money, between me and you;
She bought me this watch which now I wear,
If she don't mind, well I don't care;
She says "that her fortune I shall share,"
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.—Chorus.

She published the banns, we're going to be wed,
I leave those matters for her to settle,
To-morrow, for time so quickly has fled,
The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led
And [illegible] while there's a purse,

MISS

PAGE

SING

GE (S)

BRANIGAN'S BAND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

We marched behind the Branigan's band on the great St. Patrick's day,
With fifes and drums a-playing martial airs,
From Ulster, Munster, Connamara, you see we are on hand,
To march with the music to the tune of the Branigan's band;
Oh! we marched so gaily down the street,
And everyone we meet says, don't they step it neat!
We smile on all the girls we meet,
While marching down behind the famous Branigan's band.

CHORUS.

Mark time, keep step, forward march away;
With eyes out, toes in, march in grand array;
Shoulder arms, with head erect, together hand in hand,
Like heroes bold, the young and old will march with the Branigan's band.

The chambermaids in the big hotels, they raise the windows high,
For handkerchiefs, they're waving towels, to catch our soldier's eyes; [mand;
They've eft their hash to come out and mash, when the marshal gives com-
Then we all raise our hats to the tune of the Branigan's band;
Oh! don't their hearts go pit-a-pat,
As each one lift's his hat, the lean as well as fat,
Says there's my Dan, there goes my Pat,
He's the daisy swell that's with the famous Branigan's band.
Mark time, keep step, forward march away, &c.,

Oh, we had a ball in Emerald Hall, and an illigant supper too—
There was beans and peas and frigazees, and oysters fat for you,
With pickled stews and hullabaloos, and Irish quail so grand;
Beets and cheese, and some potheen for the boys of the Branigan's band;
Oh! it's then we sung, and danced a reel,
And oh! how good we feel, we make the ladies squeal,
So when morning comes it's home we steal,
With the boys all drunk as lords, with the Branigan's band.
Mark time, keep step, forward march away, &c.,

THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

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Her hair is brown, her step is light,
Her ankle is a perfect mite,
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.

CHORUS.

My Lancashire Lass, sure, none can surpass
My Lancashire Lass for style and beauty,
My Lancashire Lass, come, fill up your glass
And drink to the Lancashire Lass.

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When first we met, I soon could see
That with his chance 'twas all U. P.,
And so I asked her if she'd have me,
This beautiful Lancashire Lass.—*Chorus.*

She said "she'd be mine" and swore to be true;
We've since been like doves, billing and cooing!
We never fall out as some lovers do,
And she has some money, betwixt me and you;
She bought me this watch which now I wear,
If she don't mind, well I don't care!
She says "that her fortune I shall share,"
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.—*Chorus.*

She published the banns, we're going to be wed,
I leave those matters for her to settle.
To-morrow, for time so quickly has fled,
The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led;
I need not work whilst there's a purse,
To the idea I'm not averse,
And perhaps one-day, I may have to nurse
A sweet little Lancashire Lass.—*Chorus.*

Tommy, Make Room for Your Auntie.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Now Miss Fitzwilliam of Union Square
Presents herself to you,
And you may guess, when she is dressed,
Of gents she knows a few;
A widower fell in love with me
While riding in a train;
He had his little boy with him,
Who caused us both much pain.

SPOKEN—Yes, the confounded young urchin caused me a great deal of pain and sorrow, and the widower, his father, introduced me to the little boy as his auntie, and during the whole of the journey the father had to say—

CHORUS.

Tommy, make room for your auntie,
There's a little dear;
Tommy, make room for your auntie.
I want her to sit here;
You know papa has got a cake,
And that he'll give it to you;
So don't annoy, there's a good boy,
Make room for your auntie, do.

When first I met this widower,
'Twas on the journey down
To spend a day at Long Branch,
Just like a swell from town;
The widower loved romantic scenes,
And a squeeze on the sly;
But when his arm went round my waist
The boy began to cry.

SPOKEN—He declared his papa was hurting me, and would insist upon sitting between us, only fancy making love to a girl with a little boy in the way; but his father said to him in a voice so sweet—*Chorus.*

The father told his loving son
To watch the passing train;
But no, he said, my dear papa,
You'll kiss that lady again;
Of course I blushed a maiden blush,
And he was not himself;
For who could make love in a car,
In front of that young elf?

SPOKEN—Yes, it would never do to make love before the boy and when the widower pressed me I said "Not before the boy, sir,—not before the boy"—just then we went under a tunnel and—*Chorus.*

THE LOVELY LAND OF DREAMS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

There is a land where fancy's twining
Her flowers around life's fading tree,
Where light is ever softly shining,
Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea.
'Tis there thou dwell'st in beauty's brightness,
More fair than aught on earth e'er seems:
'Tis there my heart feels most of lightness,
There, in the lovely land of dreams!

'Tis there, in groves, I often meet thee,
And wander through the sylvan shade,
While I, in gentlest accents, greet thee,
My own, my sweet and constant maid.
There, by some fountain fair reposing,
Where all around so tranquil seems,
We wait the golden evening's closing,
There, in the lovely land of dreams.

But when the touch of earthly waking
Hath broken slumber's latest spell,
Those fabled joys, of fancy's making,
Are in my heart remembered well.
The day, in all its sunshine-splendor,
Less fair to me than midnight seems,
When visions shed a light more tender,
Around the lovely land of dreams!

MY LOVE SHE IS A FAIRY QUEEN

My love she is a fairy queen—
About her face no paint is seen;
Her pretty foot is very small,
But very large is her waterfall;
Her ankle too, so plump and fat,
It makes my heart go pit-a-pat;
Were I a bee upon her lip,
I'd stay all day and sip and sip.

CHORUS.

Oh, she never flirts—she's no coquette;
She never scolds, nor does she fret;
She some on style, and full of fun;
"You bet your life," she's number one.

I took her to a show one night,
I almost knew 'twould please her quite;
And as we sat in the parquette,
How nice I felt I scarce can say;
The bell it rang, the curtain rose;
A man came out in spangled clothes,
Entrancing me with dashing style,
While to my love he gave a smile.—*Chorus.*

To see my love next day I went—
To pop the question was my intent;
Alas! poor me, I felt quite sore
To hear she'd gone in a coach and four;
Her mother squealed and I did squall;
She'd took her trunk and waterfall;
I seized my hat—to the show I ran,
But she'd eloped with a circus man.—*Chorus.*

Great Men that Ireland has Seen.

Now since I appear here, before you once more,
I'll endeavor to gain your fair smile,
Tho' years now have passed since I left the old shore,
I still cling to the dear native Isle;
And I'll sing of old Ireland, the land of my birth,
I will sing of the great men that's been,
Whose deeds of renown, shall shine round each heart,
They were great men that Ireland has seen.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the sons of old Erin-Go-Bragh,
May the memory of their names still be green,
On sea, or on coast, let us drink off this toast,
To the great men that Ireland has seen.

O'Connell you know, as all history does show
Was a statesman, whose equal was few;
At the great Parliament, he did often represent,
That the wrongs of old Ireland were true.
And Emmet the marytr, he fought for our cause,
Like a laurel his name it keeps green,
He died for his country and Liberty's laws,
Those were great men that Ireland has seen.—*Chorus.*

And then we had Sarsfield who conquered each foe,
And never was known for to yield,
The foeman would quake, aye, and tremble and shake,
When his war horse would enter the field;
And then as for poets there is no land I'm sure,
Where such brilliant genius has been,
There was Grattan and Lover, and famous Tom Moore,
Those were great men that Ireland has seen.—*Chorus.*

But though those great men have now passed away,
Old Erin shall not be alone,
We have men that would die for their country to-day,
And a Parliament wish of their own;
But may God guide and guard them to do what is right,
May they harbor no rancour or spleen,
But when honor demands them, they valliantly fight,
Like the great men that Ireland has seen.—*Chorus.*

—A gentleman while bathing at Manhattan Beach last August, saw his lawyer rise up at his side, after a long dive. After exchanging salutations, said he: "By the way, how about Gunter?" "He is in jail," replied the lawyer, and dived again. The gentleman though no more of it, but on looking at his bill for legal services, rendered at the close of the year, he found: "To consultation at sea, about the incarceration of Gunter, three dollars."

The Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sai-rah.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.

If you please, you see I'm a domestic,
Or what some would call "servant gal;"
My Missis she calls me Sai-rah,
But father, for short, calls me Sal.
I'm general slave round the corner,
My wages is small you'll agree,
I'm slaving from morning till midnight,
And I finds my own sugar and tea.

SPOKEN—And if I only sits down a minute to take breath—

CHORUS.

The bell goes a-ringing for Sai-rah,
Sai-rah, Sai-rah;
The bell goes a-ringing for Sai-rah,
From morning until night.

My Master's a clerk in the city,
At ten hundred and fifty a year;
They comes out like a Dook and a Duchess,
How they does it, to some's not quite clear.
They give parties and hold up their heads,
As though they was the first of the land;
Sometimes I've to wait for my wages,
Whilst they get a-doing the grand.

SPOKEN—But people as do the grand, very often do somebody else at the same time: the butcher's asked for his bill for the last six months, and if she hears me a-talking to him, oh! you should hear how—*Chorus.*

My Missis talks of her connections,
Says her grandfather's pa was a Judge;
Lady Muff and Lord Puff are her cousins;
But, 'tween us and the bed-post, it's "fudge."
She says her blood's "haristocratic,"
About that I can't speak, to be sure;
But folks for their money come knocking,
And vow they won't come any more.

SPOKEN—Yes, first I've got to go to the door, then I've got to go up four pair of stairs to make the beds, and, of course, just as I'm in the middle of 'em—*Chorus.*

There's but one day I've five minutes quiet,
That's Sunday; for then when I can,
I goes out, after tea, for an hour,
And 'scorted by my young man.
You must know, if you please, he's a sojer,
And he vows he's entirely mine;
I often wish there was four Sundays a week,
For I has to be in by nine.

SPOKEN—Yes, and if I don't show myself as the clock strikes, oh!—*Chorus.*

I'm ladies-maid, house-maid and cook,
I do every thing—honor, no joking;
I scarcely have time to draw breath,
For she'll ring if the fire wants poking.
With a book out of lib'ry, she'll loll
On the couch, in an indolent manner,
Or else, for a change, she'll sit down,
And thump away on the pianner.

SPOKEN—Yes, we've got a pianner; 'tisn't paid for; but I must be off, for, if she fancies I'm here, a-talking to you—*Chorus.*

—We sneer at the Siamese for worshiping the elephant; but think of the money that is paid in this city annually just to see it!

—Heard on the street: "Why, that man was your chum at school, and you two were always inseparable; yet now you pass him with a cool bow. Has any dispute occured?" "Oh, no; we dearly love each other still, but it would not look well to show it. I have become a doctor and he has become an undertaker."—*Philadelphia News.*

—"I can't hold this baby any longer," called out the young husband and father, "It's getting too heavy" "Pshaw, Edward." replied a muffled voice from the other room, "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and the baby is not a feather compared to what I was." "That's when I was a fool," said Edward, and she was too sleepy to dispute with him.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

Recited by Lottie Winnett.

Hark! how the merciless cold winds blow!
"Mamma, come look at the beautiful snow;
See how the streets are all mantled in white,
I'm looking for papa—he'll come home all right,
Oh! why are you looking so lonely and sad?
I know papa drinks, but can't I make you glad?
Come! kiss me, mamma, and don't weep any more."
"Hush! come to my arms, there's a wolf at the door."

"Mamma, don't cry; let me kneel at your feet,
We are hungry and cold and have nothing to eat.
Look up, and be cheerful, in God put your trust,
If papa is a drunkard, God will not blame us.
Why do you tremble so? Wipe off that tear;
The fire is out, but we've nothing to fear.
Let's lay down together and sleep on the floor."
"No! no! there's no sleep while the wolf is at the door."

"Oh, mamma! God bless you! cheer up all you can,
Some day I may be a good son and a man,
To bring to your sorrowful heart hope and joy,
If papa's a drunkard, just think, I'm your boy.
Though he may desert us there's one left us still
Who'll never forsake us—no! God never will."
"Hush, child! there's your father, don't say a word more,
Great God! can't he see there's a wolf at the door?"

Aye! staggering drunk at that hour so late,
The father stood reeling in snow at the gate;
His barefooted boy, dressed so poorly and thin,
Went out in the snow and led "papa" in.
But just as he entered he fell on the floor,
And there went forth a howl from the wolf at the door.
The emblem of death to the door knob was tied,
A husband—a father—a drunkard had died.

Nobody knows what a Racket was There

Tune—"Nobody knows the trouble I see."

I am something of a man, I often make a bet,
I stand a chance of loosing, but I haven't done it yet.
I am something of a wrestler, I often take it in,
But when I tackle a thorough-bred, my chances are but slim.
A little bit of pleasantry occured the other night,
I went to see a wrestling match, it ended in a fight;
A Dutchman, a Scotchman, a Nigger, and a Mick,
And poor Johnny Riley got slugged with a brick.

Chorus.

Nobody knows what a racket was there,
Nobody knows I do declare,
Nobody knows what a racket was there,
Nobody knows indeed but me.

Now the cause of all the trouble, I couldn't keep it mum,
Somebody called Johnny McIntire a bum,
Johnny he got mad and struck out his hand,
And swore he could lick any cripple in the land.
Big John Monnahan, standing in the door,
Caught hold of McIntire, and threw him on the floor,
Went for little Brady, and hit him such a smack,
That he busted his undershirt plum off his back.
Nobody knows what a racket was there, &c.

When Brady got up, he was a terrible looking sight,
He looked as if he slept with the hogs all night;
He looked at his undershirt, and dropped a big tear,
Then he flew for Monnahan, and tried to chew his ear;
He made one brace, and he landed at the bar,
Asked for a hummer, and they gave him a cigar,
He struck a match to light it, and what do you suppose?
It was filled up with powder, and it blew off his nose.
Nobody knows what a racket was there, &c.

They fought in the hallway, they fought in the room,
Their boxing gloves were big spittoons,
They couldn't see each other they hit so hard,
They set fire to the house, for to fight in the yard,
The police came down in a big platoon,
And quickly gathered up every fighting goosoon,
Six months in Moyamensing, sure we all had to stay,
For setting fire to the house on Saint Patrick's Day.
Nobody knows what a racket was there, &c.

ONLY TO SEE THEE, DARLING.

Sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Only to see you, darling,
Only to hear your voice,
Even its faintest whisper
Would make my heart rejoice.
Vainly I crave the sunshine
Thy love would e'er impart,
Longing once more to see thee,
Once more before we part.

Chorus.

Only to see you, darling,
Only to hear your voice,
Even its faintest whisper
Would make my heart rejoice.—(*Repeat.*)

Gone is the sunlit future,
Vision of joy so bright,
Now every gleam has faded,
Vanished in darkest night.
Too late, alas! I knew thee,
Ah! could my poor heart tell,
Breathe out its bitter anguish
In that sad word, farewell.—*Chorus.*

The Man Who Taught Her to Dance.

Sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

I've got a daughter I talk to all day,
But the devil a word will she mind what I say,
In spite of advice she'll go far away,
Sometimes she cannot be found.
If I say stay at home, begorra she'll get mad,
She'll call me an old tad, say I've got them bad,
Inside of an oyster I ought to be clad,
To a nanny goat I ought to be bound.

Chorus.

Ah, but if I catch the man that taught her to dance,
The la-de-da dance, the tra-le-la dance,
On the top of his nose I'll make my fist prance,
And twist off the both of his legs, ha, ha!—(*Repeat.*)

At night she'll put on her fol-de-lol-lols,
Then she'll skip off to her picnics and balls,
Then on the neighbors she'll make her grand calls,
Borrow all the clothes that she can.
For a bustle she'll wear my coderie pants,
My chin-chilly vest, or anything by chance,
But if I catch the laddie-buck that taught her to dance,
I'll twist off the both of his legs.—*Chorus.*

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Don't you see de black clouds risin' ober yonder,
Whar de massa's ole plantation am?
Neber you be frightened, dem is only darkeys,
Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

Chorus.

Look out dar, now, we's a-gwine to shoot!
Look out dar—don't you understand?
Babylon is fallen, Babylon is fallen,
And we's a-gwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see de lightnin' flashin' in de cane-brake,
Like as if we's gwine to hab a storm?
No, you is mistaken, 'tis de darkeys' bay'nets,
An' de buttons on dar uniform.—*Chorus.*

Way up in de corn-field, whar you hear de t'under,
Dat is our ole forty-ponder gun;
When de shells are missin', den we load wid pumpkins,
All de same to make de cowards run.—*Chorus.*

Massa was de Kernel in de rebel army,
Eber since he went an' run away;
But his lubly darkeys, dey has been a-watchin',
An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.—*Chorus.*

We will be de massa, he will be de servant,
Try him how he'll like it for a spell;
So we crack de butt'nuts, so we take de Kernel,
So de cannon carry back de shell.—*Chorus.*

DAVY'S PROMISE.

Recited by John Willis.

Trudging along at early dawn on a cold December morn—
That on which the old year dies and before the new is born—
Came a gentle youth, with hair of gold, shivering from the bitter cold,
With shoeless feet and box on back, the switchman heard him say—[day."
"I will not give up, for there is the track, and I said I'd come on New Year's

"All aboard!" The train moves off with it's load of human freight,
And a moment more and the little lad with box would be too late;
But on the platform, with firm hold, stands the shivering lad with hair of gold.

"Come, come, my lad, I want my fare."
"I got no money, sir, to pay, and I cannot walk no more, and I must be there,
For I said I'd come on New Year's day."

"You must be there! What's that to me? I have heard such tales before;
I want my fare. It's very cold—come in and shut the door.
Where do you wish to go, my lad? You got no money, well, that's too bad!"
"I want to go to Dover's Creek, but that's so very far away,
I couldn't walk it in a week, and I must be there on New Year's day."

"Sit down my lad—come closer still; I am sure you must be cold,
Blacking boots, is that your trade? You can't be ten years old!
Your name, what might it be? to Dover? Whom do you go to see?"
"The bootblacks call me little Dave; I will be ten years old in May,
I go to see my mother's grave, and I must be there on New Year's day."

"Your mother dead, your father, Davy, where is he?"
"Don't ask me please. Father's dead, but not like mother, dead to me.
Seven years ago, so mother said, he done some deed for which he fled:
Now mother lies beside the old church where we used to play,
And before she died I promised I would always come on New Year's day."

"Brave little lad, you shall not break your promise with the dead;
Go, visit her, and may God pour choice blessings on your head;
And always hold her memory dear; though far away, she is ever near
To watch and guard you on your way;
Remember her holy love, and keep your word on New Year's day."

"Dover Creek!" the brakeman shouts, in voice both loud and clear,
Box on back, off on the track jumps the boy with the golden hair.
And there he stands with the bitter past, just as the old year breathes its last.
And a moment more and he is at the gate of the churchyard old and gray,
"Oh, mother dear, I am not too late; I said I'd come on New Year's day."

Long years have passed since that cold morn when the lad with hair of gold,
Came plodding along with box on back, and shivering from the cold; [laid.
And many a new grave has been made in the churchyard where his mother's
Old age has bent his form a-low—he will be eighty-five in May; [Year's day.
And at his mother's grave, in rain or snow, he asks her blessing on New

The Finest Police in the World.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

We're the finest police in the world,
In a gay dress of blue they enfold us;
We arrest all offenders of law,
And the people are glad to behold us;
We walk the streets all the long dark night,
And we take good care to be far from a fight;
Our clubs are hard, and our shields are bright,
We're the finest police in the world.

CHORUS.

We're the finest, we're the bravest,
We're the grandest police in the world,
We're the finest, we're the bravest,
We're the grandest police in the world.

We're the finest police in the world,
And our praises are sung in the papers;
When we find a disorderly man,
Very soon he is cured of his capers;
We are the pride of the nation wide,
And around our footsteps no law is defied;
The rogues all fear us on every side,
We're the finest police in the world.
We're the finest, we're the bravest, &c.,

MOTT STREET, 449.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

You see that I'm a ladies man,
The girls get stuck on my clothes,
It costs ten thousand dollars a year,
To color up my nose;
Some people think that I'm Vanderbilt,
And on Fifth Avenue dwell,
The ladies buy the photograph
Of Paddy, the dandy swell.

SPOKEN—Meself and lady attended the 431st annual reception of the Dog-Catcher's Association and it was four o'clock in the morning when we parted. Just as we was saying good-bye, she threw her arms around me and said:

CHORUS.

Oh, you beauty, oh, you dear,
Take me out somewhere and buy me some beer,
While you have money, I treat you fine,
I live on Mott Street, Four Forty-nine.

I move in the best society
That's in the County jail,
French brandy and champagne, too,
I guzzle by the pail.
Among the Wall Street "Bulls and Bears"
My stocks and bonds I sell,
I draw checks on a sand bank,
For I am, boys, the dandy swell.

SPOKEN—Notwithstanding I've been married seven times in the last three years I'm willing to get slaughtered again. The last one I courted was a red-headed widow of 54 Summers, and heaven knows, how many Winters. She owns three lots in a cemetery, and if I married her I'd have been sure of one of them. One day I got in trouble with her brother. He took me on the roof and dropped me off. I picked myself up and began taking the mud off my clothes when she stuck her head out of the door and said:—*Chorus.*

DER COBBLER'S DAUGHTER.

In Baxter Shtreet not long ago,
Dere lived a cobbler's daughter,
Put now she don't live dere some,
Cos she's moved mit anoder quarter;
Her father sold boots und also shoes,
Und put on 'em all for a quarter,
Dem loafer fellows all used to spark
On dat liddle cobbler's daughter.

CHORUS.

Put I lofed her und she always vas
So loving und so shmiling;
Put dey caught her picking pockets
On a Broadway stage,
Und sent her to Blackwell's Island.

I took dat gal out for a ride,
In a stage ve vent up Broadway,
She sat down by a lady's side,
Dot lady soon got uneasy;
In a liddle vhile she turned around to my gal,
Und caught her hands vere she oughtenter,
She shcreamed right out, "my pocket-book's gone,
It's shtolen mit dat cobbler's daughter."—*Chorus.*

Der police came, dey arrested dat gal;
Six months she got for pocket-picking.
Shudge Dowling said I vas her pal
Dot I deserved a licking.
In a Black Maria dey escorted her
To der Island across der vater,
Dey set her making shoes mit very sharp toes,
Dot innocent cobbler's daughter.—*Chorus.*

Now ven my lofe she does come down,
I'll told you vat I'll do:
I'll make a big party mit my house,
Und invite efery one of you.
You can sing und dance der vhole night long,
Go home mit your gals in der morning,
Und trink our lager after twelve at night,
Der excise ve'll be shcorning.—*Chorus.*

GOBBLE SONG.

BETTINA.

I feel whene'er I am by thee,
A soft and gentle agitation.

PIPPO.

When very strange, 'tis so with me,
I feel a wild intoxication.
E'er your voice doth by me steal,
My mind is an awful kickle,
And when you look at me I feel
As if some imp my heart did tickle.

BETTINA.

I my turkeys love, with my sheep I rove,
And they speak of you, gobble, gobble, gobble.

PIPPO.

When they bleat afar—Bah, ah,
Yet more than these you I love.

BETTINA.

When they speak of you,
Gobble, gobble, gobble,
Yes, more than sheep that rove,
Gobble, gobble, gobble.

PIPPO.

When they bleat afar—Bah, Bah.

BETTINA.

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble,
Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble,
Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble,
When in your eyes my glances dwell
All kinds of feeling seem a-mingling.

PIPPO.

If when your perfumed hair I smell,
It sets my very nails a-tingling,
Suddenly you by me stand,
I'm like a chicken in a corner,
And if you touch me with your hand,
'Tis done, I feel I am "a goner."

BETTINA and PIPPO

I my turkeys love, with my sheep I rove,
And they speak of you, gobble, gobble, gobble.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking?
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold;
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan-
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessest baby—
And now before you go,
Just cram the stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

DER DRUMMER.

A popular Recitation.

Who puts up at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,
Und mit der fraulcins cuts a schwell?
Der Drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down pundles on der vloor,
Und never schtops to shut der door?
Der Drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say—
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peisness right avay?
Der Drummer

Who sphreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me look und see how nice,
Und says I got der pottom brice?
Der Drummer.

Who says der vas eggstra vine,
Vrom Sharmany ubon der Rhine,
Und sheats me den dimes out of nine?
Der Drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as not I gould import,
But lets dem go as he vas short?
Der Drummer.

Who varrents all dem goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der Drummer.

Who gomes roundt ven I been oudt,
Trinks oup my peer und eats my krout,
Und kiss Katrina in de mout?
Der Drummer.

MATTIE DEAR.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Soft I sing of Mattie dear,
Sweetest young maiden, far or near,
Dearest yet, she's my pet,
Warmin' up my heart so queer.
Oh! the fires of love that lie
In the dark corners of her eye,
Sure my heart is kilt wid joy,
About sweet Mattie dear—
Mattie mine, girl so fine.

CHORUS.

She's the belle, the daisey grand,
Sure she's the queen of Ireland,
On my royal head I'd stand,
For my sweet Mattie dear.

In a dry-goods store below,
Jugglin' the silks and calico,
There she'll stay, all the day,
Wastin' her sweet life away.
Oh! had I but goold in store,
Sure I would have her work no more,
For 'tis in a birdie's cage
I'd put my Mattie dear—
Sweetest yet, she's my pet.—*Chorus.*

"In our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back in the chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors." "Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."—*Free Press.*

MY LOVE NELL.

Oh! come all ye boys, from far and near,
And listen awhile to me:
And a dismal story you will hear
About my love and me.
I courted long—my love was sthrong
As the heart of a big oak tree.
But sorry I'm to say my love is gone away
To the shores av Amerikay.

CHORUS.

For, my love Nell,
Was a charmin' girl:
From the Cove av Cork kem she—
But I weeped and I wailed
Whin the big ship sailed
For the shores av Amerikay.

Whin I got to the church I was left in the lurch—
But let that day go by—
Whin I got to the door, Nelly sez: "I'm poor!"
"Then, my love, sez I, good-bye!
For, I know right well you're an Irish girl:
So you don't come over me."
"Oh! sez Nelly, d'ye mind, I'll lave you far behind,
And I'll sail for Amerikay."—*Chorus.*

Now, come all ye boys, both far and near,
And a warnin' take by me:
A bird in the hand, as you may undherstand,
Is worth twinty thousand million on a three.
Though persuade you they may for to name the day,
Then say: "Wait till the time suits me."
Then as slippy as an eel, they'll turn on their heel,
And sail for Amerikay.—*Chorus.*

GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1828, New York City.

We oft read of the power of
Princes and of Kings,
Who stripp'd of all their grandeur,
Are but poor mortal things;
But there's a power stronger,
Which lasts for time untold,
To which all men must bow,
And that's the bright, bright gold.

CHORUS.

Gold, gold, gold;
I love to hear it jingle,
Gold, gold, gold,
Its power is untold;
We men strive hard to store it,
And woman she'll adore it;
The best friends that a man can have
Is gold, gold, gold.

The man that's minus money,
The world will call a "flat"
And pass him by; but if he's rich
Will gaily raise its hat.
It sneers at the unlucky,
But smiles on he who wins:
And gold will gloss and cover
Quite a multitude of sins.—*Chorus.*

The maid both plain and ancient,
Appears a perfect "sweet,"
If rich, her gold magnetic draws
"Fond" lovers to her feet.
Some say this gold's a curse, and that
It causes strife and pride;
But we know it is a blessing,
When it's properly applied.—*Chorus.*

Love and content in a cottage
I've heard of, so have you;
But I fear that kind of bliss
Is only experienced by few:
When trouble comes unto the door,
Love flies, or else grows cold;
And the only thing to warm it up
Is gold, gold, gold.—*Chorus.*

YOU NEVER MISS DE LAGER.

Sung by Gus Williams.

I vonce did keep a beer zaloon, und it vos near a school,
Und de vay I drusted den, showed dot I vos a fool;
Und ofden I remember ven mit cards I used to blay,
My friendts vould round de dable sit, und dis vos vot dey say:

CHORUS.

"Drust not, Jacob, or you never vill get paid,
Make dem seddle for de beer ven id's before dem laid;
Don't you let dem say 'all rite,' und gwickly pass us by,
For you never miss de lager till de keg runs dry."

Dere's dwo or dhree young fellars, vot come in my zaloon
Most every nide, und dey get tight, und sleeb dere undil noon;
Dey owe for everyding dey've got, for de lasd dwo, dhree year,
But nexd dime dot dey do come in I'll visper in dere ear—

CHORUS.

"I von't drust you, for I never vill get paid,
You must seddle for de beer ven id's before you laid;
I von't let you say 'all rite,' or else you'll pass me by,
Und I never miss de lager till de keg runs dry."

A fellar came in dere vone day, und ordered drinks for eight,
I asged him for to pay me first, for fear I'd be too late;
He said he vos insulded den, und hit me in de snoot,
Und as I laid ubon de floor, on me he used his boot.

SPOKEN—He kicked me all aroundt de room, und ven I vould get ub, he vould knock me down again; he actually swept de floor mit me. Oh! dere vos lots of fun—for him. De lasd kick he gave me he sent my head rite drough a spiddoon; den he asged me if I wanted any more. I dold him I vos no hog, und dot I got enough. I vos daken do de hospidel den, und de docdors asged me vot vos de fite aboud. I dold him from drusding my friends, dot ven I got in a fite my friends vould hold my hands, vile some von else vould kick my head off, und dot de reason I vos laid up now vos from daking a friends advice of—

CHORUS.

"Drust not, Jacob, or you never vill get paid,
Make dem seddle for de beer, ven id's before dem laid;
Don't you let dem say 'all rite,' or else dey'll pass you by,
Und you'll never miss de lager till de keg runs dry."

BIDDIE DOYLE.

Oh! I have come over here, Biddie Doyle,
For to tell you pretty clear, Biddie Doyle,
For to gain your heart and hand,
As you will understand,
And to be at your command, Biddie Doyle.
So I will always prove true,
No matter what you do,
And I will stick to you like glue, Biddie Doyle.

Oh! the Summer is past and gone, Biddie Doyle,
And the Winter is coming on, Biddie Doyle;
And the stormy winds will blow,
It will hail, rain and snow,
And what will become of you, Biddie Doyle.
What will you do at all,
When the snow begins to fall,
With your back against the wall, Biddie Doyle.

You know how it is yourself, Biddie Doyle,
You will soon be on the shelf, Biddie Doyle:
You know you are old enough,
And your face is getting rough,
Another year will make you tough, Biddie Doyle.
So leave off your lamentation,
And increase the population,
Or you are not worthy of your nation, Biddie Doyle.

Oh, when I go on a spree, Biddie Doyle,
I will raise lots of fun, you'll see, Biddie Doyle;
If I should come home tight,
Don't try to raise a fight,
Or I'll give you a box that will make you quiet, Biddie Doyle;
Don't call the neighbors around me.
Or if you do, I'll surely pound you,
And I will spit on you and drown you, Biddie Doyle.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

A popular recitation.—By Thomas Davis.

[illegible] of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
[illegible] Dutch in rain assailed;
[illegible] were filled with fast and flashing battery,
[illegible] swept the English ranks and Dutch artillery,
[illegible] De Barri's wood the British soldiers bared,
[illegible] artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
[illegible] Duke of Cumberland beheld with mattock eye,
[illegible] up his last reserve, his latest stakes to try,
[illegible] at Fontenoy, how fast his generals rally!
[illegible] come his chosen troops, like clouds of vengeance
[illegible] English veterans in stately column tread,
[illegible] blame to dread and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
[illegible] step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
[illegible] load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
[illegible] wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
[illegible] rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
[illegible] open plain above, they rose, and kept their course,
[illegible] fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
[illegible], past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
[illegible] the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks;
[illegible] the Batavian flat, French thralldom rush around,
[illegible] to the lava tide. French squadrons strew the ground;
[illegible] and grape, and round shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
[illegible] each volley grenadier and volligeur retired;
[illegible] household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
[illegible] they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
[illegible] the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
[illegible], famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,—
[illegible] exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true?
"No," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
[illegible] almost smiles to see, so fiercely he goes!
[illegible] look these exiles wear, who 're wont to be so gay,
[illegible] wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
[illegible] broken; ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
[illegible] homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
[illegible] blood hunted down like wolves. Their country overthrown—
[illegible] as if revenge for all was garbed on him alone.
[illegible], on Fontenoy, ne'er ever yet elsewhere
[illegible] to fight a nobler hand than these proud exiles were.
[illegible] glows in lustre with joy. Lo, halting, he commands,
[illegible]! Charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!
[illegible] English column now, and faint their volleys grow.
[illegible] all their strength they have, they make a gallant show.
[illegible] their ranks upon the hill to form [illegible]—
[illegible] meets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men behind!
[illegible] crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
[illegible] guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
[illegible], on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce hurra!
"Remember Limerick! dash down the Saxon!"
[illegible] reeling at a fold, what maul with hunger's pang,
[illegible] up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
[illegible] was their steel—'tis bloody now; their guns are filled with gore;
[illegible] shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
[illegible] strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
[illegible] fields, matted close with dying and with dead.
[illegible] plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
[illegible] and fantastic dash in upon their track.
[illegible], on Fontenoy, like Eagles in the sun,
[illegible] plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

"No, papa, I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, chew, snuff, go out nights, swear, over-eat, &c.; in short, a man with no vices, and is always good." "My daughter," said Mr. Dunn—"you are but a stranger here, behave in your home."

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "No, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer want for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house, or the hired girl, or one of the seven hands, or the cat, or the neighbor?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the daughter." "Oh, did you? Well, then you don't, and I am the lady of the house. Now, what do you want?"

MISS

PAG

SING

GE (S)

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

A popular recitation—By Thomas Davis.

Thrice, at the heights of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.
Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head:
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still.
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast:
And, on the open plain above, they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force.
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks:
More idly than the Summer flies, French traillleurs rush around,
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired;
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,—
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true?
"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes:"
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who 're wont to be so gay.
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewish 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down likes wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all was staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.
O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets! Charge!" Like a mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet must'ring all their strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanach!"
Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel—'tis bloody now; their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like Eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won:

—"No, papa, I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, chew, snuff, go out nights, gamble, bet, over-eat, &c.; in short, a man with no vices, and one who is always good." "My daughter," said Mr. Dusenberry, "you are but a stranger here, heaven is your home."

—"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice chist?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter." "Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the lady of the house. "What do yer want?" Then the peddler displayed his wares, and when he left the doorstep half an hour later, his face was full of smiles and his pockets full of money. He understood human nature and had made a good sale.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A popular recitation.

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be! Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet),
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening bent my head—
This is his letter:

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band:
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of twilight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on James's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. E'er John could speak
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a willful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

Grave of Uncle True.

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Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Beside the worn and moss-grown rock,
The ivy vine doth cling;
And the blue-bird from the shadowy oak
Folds up his trembling wing.
And there until the vesper hour,
His song comes sweet and low;
A requiem to the faithful heart
That slumbereth below.

CHORUS.

Poor Uncle True, poor Uncle True,
And the lamps of heaven
Shine brightly down
On the grave of Uncle True.

His pilgrimage on earth is done,
His life of toil is o'er;
And Summer's gale, or Winter's wail,
Shall meet his ear no more.
Death's shadow hides his sleeping form,
And veils him from our view;
But the spirit of the past still dwells

'Round the grave of Uncle True.—*Chorus.*
The chaplet wreathed by Gerty's hand,
Of roses white and red;
Unheeded in their freshness lie
Above his lowly head.
And the evening cricket's chirp is heard,
When falls the pearly dew;
And the lamps of heaven shine brightly down
On the grave of Uncle True.—*Chorus.*

OVER THE NEIGHBOR'S FENCE.

Tune—"Over the Garden Wall."—As sung by Bob Slaven.

To court my girl I was obliged to go
Over the neighbor's fence,
I didn't want her pa to know,
Over the neighbor's fence;
The old man's foot it weighed a ton,
The teeth of the dog weren't made of gum,
To escape them both I had to run
Over the neighbor's fence.

CHORUS.

Over the neighbor's fence,
It cost me eighty cents
My pants to repair, I had no others to wear,
I left half of them on the fence;
Over the neighbor's fence,
The teeth of the dog is immense,
He eat buttons and all from my blue overalls,
Over the neighbor's fence.

I called the police, the dog wouldn't stop,
Over the neighbor's fence,
I all made up for a doctor's shop,
Over the neighbor's fence;
I was all bit up from my head to my heels,
My hair fell out and my blood congeals,
On account of the dog I stand up to my meals,
From tackling the neighbor's fence.

CHORUS.

Over the neighbor's fence,
I haven't forgot it sence,
I was used up so much that I walked with a crutch,
On account of a nigger wench;
Over the neighbor's fence,
I haven't been seen there sence,
They dipped me in glue, Saint Jacob's oil too,
Over the neighbor's fence.

—"I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."

I'll Meet Her when the Sun Goes Down.

Written by Wm. Welch for, and sung by Billy Banks.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

In an ivy-covered little cot,
About a mile and a half from town,
Dwells a maiden that I dearly love,
And I'll meet her when the sun goes down;
Her cheeks are like the red, red rose,
Her hair is a beautiful brown;
She's the darling of my heart, she is,
And I'll meet her when the sun goes down.

CHORUS.

Oh! how I love pretty little Mary,
She's the keeper of a dairy;
Then it's oh! my turtle dove,
I will meet you when the sun goes down.

In the evening when my work is done,
With my true love I am found;
In a quiet little nook, by a babbling brook,
I meet her when the sun goes down;
When Sunday comes we take a walk,
In the woods we stroll all around;
Next Sunday at nine I'll call her mine—
We'll be married when the sun goes down.—*Chorus.*

STUCK ON OUR SHAPE.

As sung by Lester and Allen.

We are two swells, we are worth twenty millions,
The ladies say we are so sweet,
We are as handsome as clothing store dummies,
We can put a baby's pair of shoes on our feet;
They tell us we are terrible mashers,
We ought to make plenty of cash,
When we wink at the girls they do go crazy,
To see us trying to raise a mustache.

CHORUS.

When we walk on the street just for pleasure,
They look at each other and gape,
They holler out loudly from the windows,
"There is the swells, we are stuck on their shape."

Our pictures are for sale through the country,
They all think we are a duke and a king,
At a ball or a high-toned reception,
All the girls ask us to sing;
We are going to marry the queen of Chicago,
And drive a big four in-hand,
We'll have all the nobility at our wedding,
And be serenaded by a sheet-iron band.—*Chorus.*

FLIRTATION O'TOOLE.

As sung by the great Pat Reilly.

You can see it is true what I say,
I'm a Rooshan Mogul of the day,
A clothing store sign on Broadway,
My chromo the ladies do buy.
A diamond does flash on my breast,
With a pillow I stuff out my chest,
And the ladies won't give me a rest,
For they're broke up on Flirtation O'Toole.

CHORUS.

For Maud, and Kate, and Claribel,
Sue, and Nance, and sweet Estelle,
And charming, blushing, rosy Nell,
Are broke up on Flirtation O'Toole.

My face from good living does shine,
I drink Jersey cider for wine,
On canary bird soup I do dine,
I live on my gall and my shape.
In flirting I take great delight,
I catch a new mash every night,
At a hop or a ball I'm admired by all,
There's none like Flirtation O'Toole.—*Chorus.*

JOHNNY MORGAN.

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I'll sing of a band that used to play music in the street,
And if you heard it you would say it was anything but sweet;
They all played different instruments, the music was the same,
They were all one family, and Morgan was their name.

CHORUS.

Johnny Morgan played the organ, the father beat the drum;
The sister played the tambourine, the brother went pom pom;
All alone on the old trombone, the music was so sweet,
They often got a penny to go into another street.

They used to say that Johnny was the smartest of them all,
And 'round the area windows he would often make a call;
His music was so lively, all the latest airs from France,
The servant girls could not keep still, the music made them dance.
Johnny Morgan played the organ, &c.

Now one day John he chanced to play outside a lady's door,
And the lady said she'd never heard such music played before;
It pleased her so, that you must know, she heavy sums would pay
To John, to stand outside the house, and play to her all day.
Johnny Morgan played the organ, &c.

John played upon his instrument, and pleased the lady so,
That when the time arrived to leave, she would not let him go;
She asked if he would marry her, which John did very soon,
Now on the organ Johnny Morgan plays her many a tune.
Johnny Morgan played the organ, &c

I'm Proud I'm an Irishman's Son.

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Written and sung by Dan Nash.

If I was a son of old England
I'd praise the dear land of my birth;
If the mountains of Scotland had brought me to light
I'd cherish their beauty and worth;
But my heart fondly beats for old Ireland,
And the glorious deeds she has done,
Till the day that I die I'll hold my head high,
For I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.

CHORUS.

So I'll think with a smile of the Emerald Isle,
I'll remember the deeds she has done;
While my heart is unfurled I will say to the world,
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.

They may treat me with scorn and derision,
They may bring the hot tear in my eye,
They may say with a sneer when employment I seek,
That an Irishman need not apply.
When I think of the heroes old Ireland's produced,
And the glorious deeds they have done,
I'll still play my part, and I'll say from my heart,
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.—*Chorus.*

When I think of such heroes as Emmett,
Who died without one moment's pause,
Likewise Patrick Sarsfield, exiled from his land,
Lamenting the good of the cause.
When I think of such statesmen as Grattan and Burke,
The respect and the honor they won,
I'll never deny the land of my birth,
For I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.—*Chorus.*

When I think of such poets as Goldsmith,
Likewise the famous Tom Moore,
Their poems and prose are renowned through the world,
And well they deserve it, I'm sure.
When I think of the great Dan O'Connell,
The brightest gem under the sun,
You'll admit, it is true, what more can I do
But be proud I'm an Irishman's son.—*Chorus.*

—Any girl will tell you that gold bangles are warmer than worsted wristlets.

Life is but a Game of Cards.

Recited by The Winnetts.

Life if but a game of cards,
Which each one has to learn,
Each shuffles, cuts and deals a pack,
And each a trump doth turn.
Some turn a high card at the top,
While others turn a low;
Some hold a hand quite full of trumps,
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand,
And pack their cards with care;
So they may know when they are dealt,
Where all the leaders are;
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues,
And rogues each other cheat,
But he is very wise indeed,
Who never meets defeat.

In playing, some lead the ace,
Their counting card to save,
Some play the deuce and come the tray,
And many play the knave;
Some play for money and some for fun,
And more for worldly fame,
And not until the game's played out,
Can they count up their gain.

When hearts are trumps we play for love,
Then pleasure decks the hour,
No thought of sorrow checks our joy,
In Rosy's beauteous bower;
We dance and sing, sweet music make,
Our cards at random play,
And while the heart remains on top,
Our game is but a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the top,
Then players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are won and lost,
By gamblers, young and old;
Intent on winning, each doth watch
His cards with eager eye,
So he may watch his neighbor's hand,
And cheat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war,
On ocean and on land,
For bloody deeds are often done
When clubs are in the hand;
Then lives are staked instead of gold,
The days are worn out bread,
Across the broad Atlantic now,
See clubs have got the lead.

And last of all is when the spade
Is turned by hand of time,
And always finishes up the game,
In every land and every clime;
No matter how much a man may win,
Or how much a man may save,
You'll find the spade turns up at last,
And digs the player's grave.

—Teacher—"What kind of bird did Noah send out of the ark?" Small boy in the class (after a pause)—"A dove, sir." Teacher—"Very well: but I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that." Tall pupil—"Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his father's a bird-ketcher."

—A Londoner who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg, asked his hack-driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a mayor, he inquired, "And does the mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia—what's that?" asked the astonished hackman. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no," responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."

YELLOW MEAL.

As I walked one morning down by the Sligo dock,
I overheard an Irishman conversing with Tapscott;
Good-morning, Mr. Tapscott, would you be after telling to me,
Have you ever a ship bound for New York in the State of Amerikee.

Oh, yes, my pretty Irish boy, I have a ship or two,
They're laying at the wharf there, waiting for a crew;
They are New York packets, and on Friday they will sail,
At present she is taking in one thousand bags of meal.

Straightway then I started, 'twas on the yellow-grog road,
Such roars of mille-murder! oh, the like was never known;
And there I paid my passage down in solid Irish gold,
It's often times that I sat down and wished myself at home.

The very day we started, 'twas on the first of May,
The captain he came upon the deck, these words to us did say:
Cheer up, my hearty Irish blades, don't let your courage fail,
To-day I'll serve you pork and beans, to-morrow yellow meal.

One day as we were sailing in the channel of St. James,
A northwest wind came up to us, and drove us back again;
Bad luck to the "Josh. A. Walker," and the day that she set sail,
Likewise to Capt. Tapscott, and his dirty yellow meal.

And then I went to Liverpool, walking thro' the street,
Not a penny in my pocket, not a mouthful for to eat;
Bad luck to the "Josh. A. Walker," and the day that she set sail,
For the dirty sailors broke open my chest and stole my yellow meal.

But now I'm in America, and working upon the canal,
To cross the stream in one of these boats, I know I never shall,
But I'll cross it in a great big ship that carries both meat and sail,
Where I'll get lashings of corned meat, and none of your yellow meal.

OH! YOU LITTLE DARLING.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Oh! what a thing it is to be
A girl with lots of beaux,
The number of young men I got—
Well, goodness, only knows;
Whene'er I'm walking down the street,
I'm nearly always sure to meet
A young man who will call me sweet,
And then so gently say—

CHORUS.

Oh! you little darling, I love you,
Oh! you little darling, are you true?
If you really love me as you ought to do,
Nothing in this world shall cut our love in two.

Although I don't intend to wed—
To settle down in life—
I've promised nearly forty men
That I will be their wife;
Some fellows tell me that I am
Their darling, loving little lamb,
While some call me their bit of jam,
And other fellows say—*Chorus.*

Upon my word, I don't intend
To wear the wedding ring,
While for a kiss they give to me
No end of pretty things;
Whene'er they kiss me, once or twice,
Although by some it's called a vice,
I must confess I think it nice,
Especially when they say—*Chorus.*

—A young lady, who had been married over a year, recently wrote to her father in this city, saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed: "Twins, by thunder."

—This is one of the telephone stories: An old man did not believe his wife could talk to him from a distance of five miles. Walking up to the machine he shouted, "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and, as he scrambled to his feet, he excitedly cried, "That's Sarah, every time."

The Shoes My Daddy Wore.

Copyright, 1874, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Just 'fore my daddy died,
He called me to his bed;
I knelt down by his side,
And dis to me he said:
"Come, take dese good old shoes,
I cannot give you more;
I've had dem more dan fifteen years
On dis old Virginia shore."

CHORUS.

For dese am de shoes my daddy wore!
Den watch what I does
Wid dese old plantation shoes;
For dese am de shoes my daddy wore!

On every holiday
Dese same old shoes I wear;
And when I dance in dem
I make de white folks stare.
When I have grown quite old,
I'll hang dem on de wall;
And think of happy days dat's gone,
And those happy scenes recall.—*Chorus.*

We May be Happy Yet.

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Oh! smile as thou were wont to smile,
Before the weight of care
Had crushed thy heart, and for awhile
Left only sorrow there;
Some thoughts, perchance, 'twere but to quell
Some impulse to forget,
O'er which should memory cease to dwell,
We may be happy yet,
We may be happy yet,
We may be happy yet.

Oh! never name departed days,
Nor vows you whispered then,
Round which too sad a feeling plays,
To trust their tones again;
Regard their shadows, round thee past,
With feelings of regret,
And thus, unmindful of the past,
We may be happy yet,
We may be happy yet,
We may be happy yet.

Colleen Dhas Machree.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

The shadows fall, and low the sun is sinking,
His last rays tinge with gold the waters blue;
And of you, Kate Alanna, I am thinking,
Tho' waves divide us, still I know you're true;
I'll ne'er forget we parted, love, in sadness,
In tears I left you at your cabin-door,
But now your letter fills my heart with gladness,
In ecstacy I read it o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

Tho' distant far and waves between us divide,
By night and day I'll ever think of thee;
I will be true, whatever may betide,
My own sweet darling, Colleen Dhas Machree.

Tho' years may pass before I'll be returning,
To clasp you to my breast, love, as of old,
Yet while I came to thee with hopes high burning,
And claim my treasure, better far than gold;
And when my bark is proudly homeward dashing,
Oh! let your eyes my brilliant beacon be;
There keep the love-light always brightly flashing,
My own sweet darling, Colleen Dhas Machree.—*Chorus.*

The New York Police Gazette.

Written and sung by Thos. J. Ripley.

I like to read the news, 'tis a cure for all my blues,
But here is something I don't understand,
So I your aid must ask, to assist me in my task
While I read you from this paper in my hand—
'Tis the New York Police Gazette, at a stand I did it get,
The items I will give you all in rhyme,
How Fox does roam about to get Sullivan knocked out,
But still the Boston boy comes up to time,
The Harbor River bill, to make water run up hill,
They tried to make us swallow, you can bet,
Kate Claxton still does flirt in a Mother Hubbard skirt,
'Tis here in this New York Police Gazette.

Talmage did a sermon preach, Joe Coburn's nose Mace could not reach,
That Beecher he was always on the "mash;"
Edwin Booth no one can touch, since he played Hamlet to the Dutch,
Mr. Vanderbilt will soon have all our cash.
General Grant he is so shy, to get more pension he won't try,
Pat Rooney's pretty face the girls do please,
Lester Wallack's in despair, because he cannot dye his hair,
The Germans live upon Limburger cheese,
Old Ireland she will quick drive out the red coats of Queen Vic,
Sarah Bernhardt has not got a baby yet,
Mrs. Langtry, without fear, gives a kiss to Freddie dear,
'Tis here in The New York Police Gazette.

Jay Gould can at us laugh, for he owns each telegraph,
Paddy Ryan has the Salt Lake Mormons joined;
Those angels without wings, who can do such naughty things,
With Owney Geoghegan have lately combined.
Ben Butler's met his fate in old Massachusett's State,
And thinks soon in the White House he will be;
Sammy Tilden caught the croup, through eating free lunch soup,
And crying when Tug Wilson crossed the sea;
Roscoe Conkling saw no fun when Sprague tried to fire his gun,
No more he sings "We May be Happy Yet;"
Oscar Wilde's æsthetic taste makes his legs run to waste,
It is there in The New York Police Gazette.

The sweet Princess Louise, her doctors won't allow to sneeze,
Because her royal nose it might drop off;
Bob Ingersoll will match down below well with Old Scratch;
The Salvation Army are all taking snuff;
Chester Arthur caught the gout, so his fishing is played out;
The Star Route jurors are all going to jail;
Lotta, she did faint away, because astronomers did say
The comet, like a cat, had got a tail;
But each night I'll read you more, as I look this paper o'er,
The yarns it tells I never can forget,
I hope nothing in it shocks—if so, put it down to Fox,
He's the boss of The New York Police Gazette.

THE WATERFALL.

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Knight.

By the dale and hill flows the water rill—
La la la la-i la-i la la la;
A cabin, snug and neat, stands in the village street—
La la la la-i la-i la la la;
From all else apart is my own sweetheart—
La la la la-i la-i la la la;
Our lips to each we press, in fond and sweet caress—
La la la la-i la-i la la la.

'Twas there in love's delight our troth we then did plight—
La la la la-i la-i la la la;
And by the running brook we all but love forsook—
La la la la-i la-i la la la;
'Twas surely like a dream, so heavenly did it seem—
La la la la-i la-i la la la;
'Twas like an angel's dall, this *bubbling waterfall*—
La la la la-i la-i la la la.

—An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments sich as they did up letters in."

—"Tell me, John, how many melons I have in my sack, and by St. Patrick, I will give ye all five of them," said an Irishman to an American friend the other day. "Oh, I can do so, you have five," said John. "Take them," said the Irishman, "but bad luck to the man that told ye."

JUST DOWN THE LANE.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

There's a nice little darling, a beautiful miss,
A maiden with soft golden hair,
Each ev'ning she meets me with one loving kiss,
Listen and I'll tell you where—
Her eyes are like diamonds, or stars in the sky,
That twinkle and shine from above,
And my heart's full of rapture whenever she's nigh,
For this little darling I love.

CHORUS.

Just down the lane, over the stile,
Under the old oak tree;
The clock striking nine, stars brightly shine,
There's somebody waiting for me.

If she should prove false, my heart it would break,
For oft she said she'd be true,
And settle the bargain with many a kiss,
While whispering softly adieu;
Then meet me to-morrow, altho' thro' the trees,
The wind seeming softly to sigh,
And the clock striking nine, is heard on the breeze,
And the moon shining bright in the sky.—*Chorus.*

Last ev'ning she whisper'd that she'd be my wife,
And then named the sweet, happy day,
That she would become my partner for life,
Hand-in-hand thro' the world with me stray;
And then when we're married, we'll stroll 'neath the trees,
And whisper our love o'er again,
While talking of times when Nelly and I
Our secrets exchanged down the lane.—*Chorus.*

UP IN A BALLOON.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

One night I went up in a balloon,
On a voyage of discovery, to visit the moon,
Where an old man lives, so some people say,
"Through cutting up sticks on a Sunday."
Up went the balloon quickly, higher and higher,
Over house-top and chimney-pot, tower and spire;
I knock'd off the monument's top very nigh,
And caught hold of the cross of St. Paul's going by.

CHORUS.

Up in a balloon, up in a balloon,
All among the little stars, sailing 'round the moon;
Up in a balloon, up in a balloon,
It's something awful jolly to be up in a balloon.

Up I was borne, with terrible power,
At the rate of ten thousand five hundred an hour;
The air was cold, the wind blew loud—
I narrowly escaped being choked by a cloud;
Still up I went, till surrounded by stars,
The big and the little Bear loudly did growl,
And such planets as Jupiter, Venus and Mars;
And the Dog-Star on seeing me set up a howl.—*Chorus.*

I met shooting stars who were bent upon sport,
But who "shot" in a very strange manner, I thought;
And one thing beat all, by chalks, I must say,
That was when I got into the milky way;
I counted the stars, till at last I thought
I'd found out how much they were worth by the quart;
An unpolite "ærolite," who ran 'gainst my car,
Wouldn't give *e'er a light* to light my cigar.—*Chorus.*

Next a comet went by, 'midst fire like hail,
To give me a lift I seized hold of his tail,
To where he was going I didn't enquire;
We'd gone past the moon till we couldn't get higher;
Yes, we'd got to the furthermost—don't think I joke—
When somehow I felt a great shock—I awoke!
When, instead of a balloon, moon and planets, I saw
I'd tumbled from off my bed unto the floor.—*Chorus.*

THE BOWERY GRENADIERS.

As sung by James O'Neil.

Just gaze on me, I'm a tough young fellow,
I'm an emigrant from the South,
You can see I am educated,
By the expression of my mouth;
Around town here we are famous,
We've been organized ten years,
We're the talk of the town for miles around,
Are the Bowery Grenadiers.

REFRAIN.

We licked the Brooklyn Guards,
We know how to play our cards;
We can run like the devil,
If the road was level,
For about one hundred yards;
And the girls, the little dears,
Fall in love up to their ears,
When they see the style
And smell the hair oil
Of the Bowery Grenadiers.

CHORUS.

The gang turns out behind the band,
The music grand, and we take our stand,
And we wear kid gloves so we won't get tanned,
In the Bowery Grenadiers.

Now we're going over to Ireland,
And then some fun you'll see,
We won't be there five minutes
Until we set old Ireland free;
And then we will come back again,
You'll hail us with three cheers,
Then won't we have a pic-nic
In the Bowery Grenadiers.—*Refrain and Chorus.*

Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye.

Written and sung by Billy Snow.

There goes the flatboat down the river,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
All loaded down with wenches and niggers,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
Some were dancing and some were singing,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
With the tambourine and banjo ringing,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my lover, good-bye,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
We'll take this drink and we'll drink no more,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.

I went right up on top of a steeple,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
To look right down on the colored people,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
Some was black and some was blacker
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
And some was the color of a chew tobacco,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

Some go to church to talk and laugh,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
They think they know all—and they don't know half—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
I shot old Satan with the gospel gun,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
And he turned on his heel and took to run,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

—First boy—"Do you know why those factory chimneys are so high?" Second boy—"Yes; to keep out the water in case of a flood."

—An Austin boy, who wanted to go in swimming, was told by his father, "It was only this morning that you were complaining of a pain in your stomach." "That's so, pa; but I know how to swim on my back."

The Poor Irish Minstrel.

Copyright, 1882, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I'm a poor Irish minstrel, I'm not blest with wealth,
But I've a fond heart, clear conscience and health,
I care not for storms, misfortune I brave,
The hand of the welcome is all that I crave.
A kiss from the loving, a word from the true,
A look, or a smile, my darling, from you,
Would cheer the poor minstrel where'er he might roam,
With the image of all to his wandering home.

CHORUS.

I'm a poor Irish minstrel, and happily would play
Music, sweet music by night or by day;
I would sing thee sweet songs of my home far away,
Oh! angel of love, come list to my lay.

I'm proud of my country, that dear isle so green,
The fairest of lassies and lads may be seen,
Where such men as Emmett, O'Connell and Moore
Have lived, sang and cherished that bright sunny shore;
The shamrock of Ireland, and the lilly of France,
We love with a fondness that nothing but chance
Will pluck from our bosoms, kept warm and true,
With a spirit as gard'ner and heart's dripping dew.—*Chorus.*

A Hundred Fathoms Deep.

As sung by D. R. Hawkins.

There's a mine of wealth untold,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
There's countless stores of the earth's red gold,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
Glitt'ring gems for a thousand brows,
Curses, prayers, and terrors, rows—

CHORUS.

In a hundred fathoms deep,
In a hundred fathoms deep,
In a hundred fathoms deep,
In a hundred fathoms deep.

The cares of a miser's years,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
The child of a mother's hopes and fears,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
Side by side do they quietly lay,
The idol of gold and the idol of clay—*Chorus.*

The sea-king sits on his throne
In a hundred fathoms deep,
And laughs as he claims all for his own,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
These are my riches, these my hordes,
These the treasures my realm affords—*Chorus.*

Up in a Mulberry Tree.

As sung by Miss Annie Pixley.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I'm a daughter of Eve, I would not deceive,
So please to think kindly of me,
I'm not plain to view, but I'm looking at you,
Up in a mulberry tree.
Half-hidden in leaves, one barely perceives
A bonny big baby called me;
A sweet little girl, with her hair all a-curl,
Up in a mulberry tree.

Her small finger-tips are stained, and her lips
Are purple as purple can be;
'Twould tell tales to kiss such a merry young miss,
Up in a mulberry tree.
I firmly believe is the daughter of Eve,
This dimpled young damsel named me,
Would tempt one with fruit, and then kiss him to boot,
Up in a mulberry tree.

AT WILL YOU DO, LO

Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, p
receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1288, New Y
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any addres

What will you do, love, when I am going,
With ocean flowing, like woe beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?
Tho' waves divide us and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding, I'll still be true;
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
With deep devotion—that's what I'll do.

What will you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings should undermine?
And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes as bright as thine?
Oh! blame it not though guilt and shame
Were on thy name, I'll still be true;
But that heart of thine, should another share it,
I could not bear it—what would I do?

What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning, and wealth for you,
If my heart that bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—oh! what would you d
So there were spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In spite of sorrow that left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
Thy heart my pillow—that's what I'd do.

THE MOONLIGHT WALK

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Last Autumn I went out of town,
Just for a change of air;
It's very strange—but so it was—
A charmer I met there.
How pleasantly the evening pass'd
While list'ning to her talk!
For I first made her acquaintance,
When I took an evening walk.

Chorus.

There's nothing half so jolly as a moonlight walk,
A moonlight walk, a moonlight walk;
There's nothing half so jolly as a moonlight walk,
A moonlight walk for me.

Quite by myself I took a stroll,
To view the lovely scenes,
To read the stars, as some folks say,
Though I scarce know what that means.
I had not gone far, before I heard
A footstep on the grass;
On turning round, just by my side,
I saw this damsel pass.—*Chorus.*

The next night, too, I saw her there—
'Twas strange now, was it not?
And though I scarce can tell you how,
A[illegible] we soon got.
She said her pa was captain of
The well-known "Tomahawk,"
And like me, to study nature's scenes,
She took that moonlight walk.—*Chorus.*

Night after night it seem'd as if
By fate we both were led;
So, long before I came to town,
I asked her if she'd wed.
She, blushing, said, "She felt that she
My pleasure could not baulk,"
So promised that she'd have me, while
We took our moonlight walk.—*Chorus.*

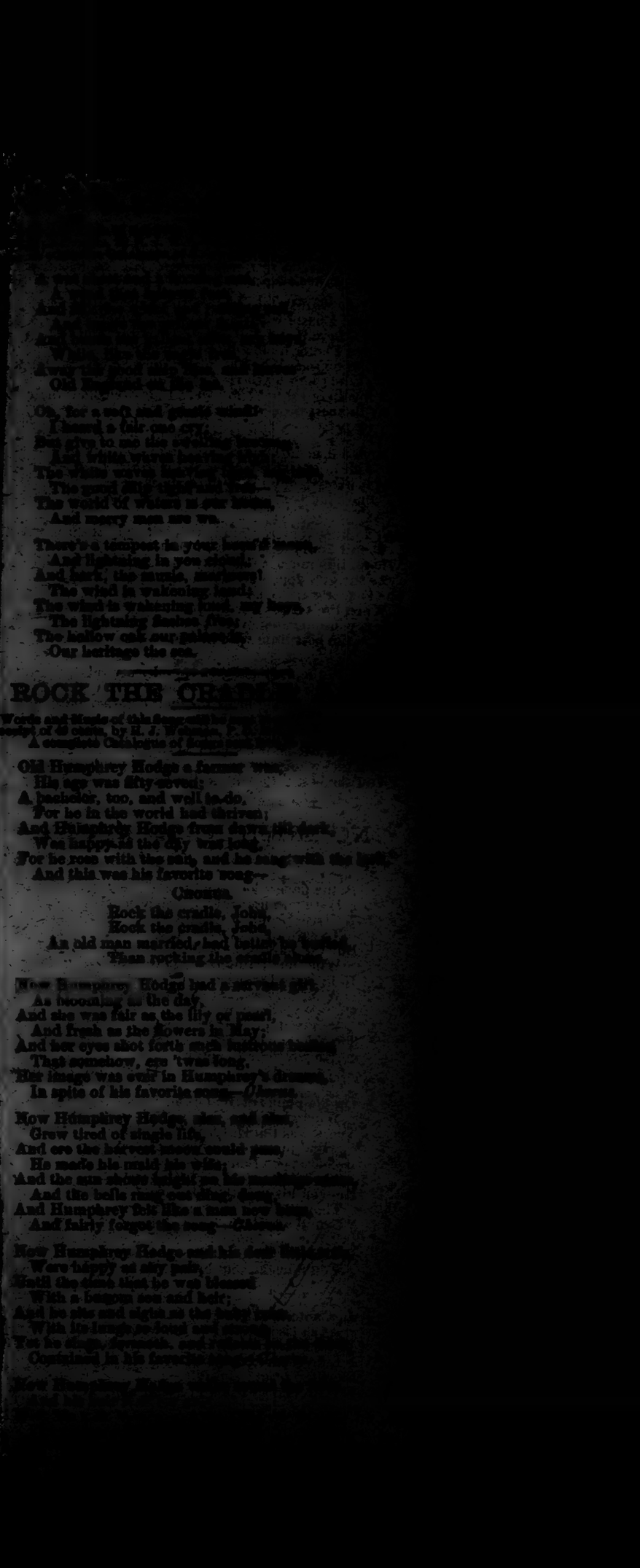
Now shortly I shall call her mine,
And we will go away
To some secluded spot to pass
The honeymoon so gay;
And there together all the day,

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WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

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With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?
Tho' waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding, I'll still be true;
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
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What will you do, love, if distant tidings
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And I abiding 'neath sultry skies
Should think other eyes as bright as thine?
Oh! name it not! though guilt and shame
Were on thy name, I'll still be true;
But that heart of thine, should another share it,
I could not bear it—what would I do?

What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning, and wealth for you,
If my bark that bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—oh! what would you do?
So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow that left me you;
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Whilst list'ning to her talk!
For I first made her acquaintance,
When I took an evening walk.

CHORUS.

There's nothing half so jolly as a moonlight walk,
A moonlight walk, a moonlight walk;
There's nothing half so jolly as a moonlight walk,
A moonlight walk for me.

Quite by myself I took a stroll,
To view the lovely scenes,
To read the stars, as some folks say,
Though I scarce know what that means.
I had not gone far, before I heard
A footstep on the grass;
On turning round, just by my side,
I saw this damsel pass.—*Chorus.*

The next night, too, I saw her there—
'Twas strange now, was it not?
And though I scarce can tell you how,
Acquainted we soon got.
She said her pa was captain of
The well-known "Tomahawk,"
And like me, to study nature's scenes,
She took that moonlight walk.—*Chorus.*

Night after night it seem'd as if
By fate we both were led,
So, long before I came to town,
I asked her if she'd wed.
She, blushing, said, "She felt that she
My pleasure could not baulk,"
So promised that she'd have me, while
We took our moonlight walk.—*Chorus.*

Now shortly I shall call her mine,
And we will go away
To some secluded spot to pass
The honeymoon so gay;
And there together all the day,
Of bygone times we'll talk,
And not forget to speak about
Our pleasant moonlight walk.—*Chorus.*

TOUCH THE ELBOW.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

When battle's music greets our ear,
Our guns are sighted at the foe!
Then nerve the arm, and banish fear,
And, comrades, touch the elbow!

CHORUS.

Touch the elbow now, my boys!
Comrades, touch the elbow!
Nerve the arm, and banish fear,
And, comrades, touch the elbow!

For home and country patriot's fire
Kindles our souls with fervid glow,
And Southern traitors shall retire
When Northmen touch the elbow.—*Chorus.*

Tho' many brave men bite the sod,
And crimson heart's blood freely flow,
Shout as our spirit soars to God,
On, comrades, touch the elbow.—*Chorus.*

Tho' cannon may oft plow the rank,
And through it cast a deadly blow;
Fill up the space the ball made blank,
And, comrades, touch the elbow.—*Chorus.*

Now show the stuff of which you're made,
The General signal "March." Hallo?
Double the quickstep, Third Brigade;
Charge! comrades, touch the elbow.—*Chorus.*

ALL AMONG THE HAY.

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Though I'm what is called "a swell," I'm without a care,
Often taking, to keep well, plenty of fresh air;
From a pleasant country side I've just come away,
Where I met a charming bride, all among the hay.

SPOKEN—Yes! there's no mistake about it, I made up my mind and portmanteau at once, took a cab to the railway station, and with a first-class express ticket, soon found myself—

CHORUS.

All among the hay, lads, all among the hay,
Talking to a pretty girl upon a Summer day;
All among the hay, lads, all among the hay,
Can't you have a jolly spree when all among the hay!

She's of bonny girls the queen, born to be admir'd;
Roaming out one day I'd been, feeling rather tired;
When, as graceful as a fawn, she stood in my way,
With a cask of "barleycorn," all among the hay.
All among the hay, lads, all among the, &c.

Of the beer I had a sup, feeling then "all right,"
She said, "to the brimming cup I was welcome quite."
But she soon did me astound, begged I'd go away;
"Rakes," she said, "were often found, all among the hay."
All among the hay, lads, all among the, &c.

Still, for all that I could see, she was shamming cold;
"Bought off" she should never be, I would not be "sold;"
Bouncing came a rival raw, but I *made him* "pay,"
Thrash'd him like a load of straw, all among the hay.
All among the hay, lads, all among the, &c.

Still I press'd, and she "gave in," owning she was wrong—
He's no man that cannot win woman with his tongue;
Soon the bells will peal their notes, on our wedding-day,
Then I'll sow my wildest oats, all among the hay.
All among the hay, lads, all among the, &c.

—A little boy astonished his companions the other day, by telling them that he had "a spanking team at his house." An excited crowd of boys had walked nearly home with him, when one of them asked: "What d'ye call 'em?" "Pa and ma," was the reply.

This Little Plain Gold Ring.

Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

Arrah, when I was a young man,
At the age of twenty-three,
I loved sweet Molly Doolan,
And I knew that she loved me.
We courted in the Winter time;
And one May morn in Spring,
She gave to me this token, boys,
This little plain gold ring—
Fond remembrance bring;
This little plain gold ring.

I remember well our wedding day,
When the neighbors one and all,
With hope and sunshine on their face,
So pleasantly did call.
Arrah, how they laughed and danced—
The presents they did bring;
Sure, there it lay beneath my gaze,
In this little plain gold ring—
Fond remembrance bring,
This little plain gold ring.

Ah! I see the dreary Winter,
I hear the trembling wind,
Whisper to me soft and low,
Your Molly true and kind.
Must leave you now, Danneen asthore,
My wife, my everything,
I pictured there, beyond compare,
In this little plain gold ring—
Fond remembrance bring,
This little plain gold ring.

The Female Barber Shop.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Take my advice when you want a shave,
You'll like it if you stop,
To get your hair and beard mowed off
In a female barber shop.
Those delicate female fingers, how
They tickle your chin and ear,
You bet it's awful lovely,
The sensation's strange and queer

CHORUS.

Oh, lather me, shave me!
Pour hair-oil on my hair!
Lovely female barber,
Fairest of the fair;
I think I hear the razor now
Going it flipity flop,
As she gently strops it back and forth
In the female barber shop.

Oh, fair tonsorial artist,
With lips of rosy hue,
Breathing love and lavender,
Oh, give us a dry shampoo!
Bring out your best hair tonic,
Put wax on my moustache,
Keep me in your chair forever,
Call me your only mash.—*Chorus.*

Part my hair in the middle,
Souse me with cologne,
Jam me with pomatum
And everything that's known;
Rub the bald spot gently,
Varnish it with a mop,
Carry me back on a powder puff,
To that female barber shop.—*Chorus.*

—"And what, in the name of goodness, is this?" asked Mrs. David Davis, as the Senator lugged something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I *will be greatly obliged if you will sew on a button for me.*" "David Davis," said the lady sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus-canvas from my apartment."

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

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A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry:
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's a tempest in your horn'd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud:
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free;
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ROCK THE CRADLE, JOHN.

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Old Humphrey Hodge a farmer was,
His age was fifty-seven;
A bachelor, too, and well to do,
For he in the world had thriven;
And Humphrey Hodge from dawn till dark,
Was happy as the day was long,
For he rose with the sun, and he sang with the lark,
And this was his favorite song—

CHORUS.

Rock the cradle, John,
Rock the cradle, John,
An old man married, had better be buried,
Than rocking the cradle alone.

Now Humphrey Hodge had a servant girl,
As blooming as the day,
And she was fair as the lily or pearl,
And fresh as the flowers in May;
And her eyes shot forth such lustrous beams,
That somehow, ere 'twas long,
Her image was ever in Humphrey's dreams,
In spite of his favorite song—*Chorus.*

Now Humphrey Hodge, alas, and alas,
Grew tired of single life,
And ere the harvest moon could pass,
He made his maid his wife;
And the sun shone bright on his marriage morn,
And the bells rang out ding, dong,
And Humphrey felt like a man new born,
And fairly forgot the song—*Chorus.*

Now Humphrey Hodge and his dear little wife,
Were happy as any pair,
Until the time that he was blessed
With a buxom son and heir;
And he sits and sighs as the baby cries,
With its lungs so loud and strong,
Yet he sings, forsooth, and reflects on the truth
Contained in his favorite song—Chorus.

Now Humphrey Hodge walks round the farm,
And his hair is silver grey,
With his wife before, and the child on his arm,
The fruits of December and May;
And people smile at the silly old man,
Being wed to a wife so young,
And Humphrey thinks as he winks and blinks,
When his neighbors sing him the song—Chorus.

The Best Little Wife in the World.

Copyright, 1879, by T. B. Kelly.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1828, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

From the world's busy scenes I've a dear little nest,
Where I haste when the day's toil is o'er;
For it's there that I find sweetest comfort and rest,
When I enter its low humble door.
Now, of course, I delight in my home warm and bright,
And the room by the fire-glow impearl'd:
But for there I'd not care, were I not welcom'd there
By the best little wife in the world.

CHORUS.

Such a dear little wife, she's the joy of my life;
And in life's busy cares as I'm whirl'd,
It is many a day that I lovingly say—
She's the best little wife in the world.

Oh! no king is more proud, as he sits on his throne,
Than I am in my own cosy nest,
Where, like music to me, my wife's merry tone,
As she gives me a loving caress.
She is gentle and kind, like an angel I find,
When life's cares o'er my pathway are whirl'd;
She is winsome and sweet, and so loving and neat;
Yes, the best little wife in the world.—*Chorus.*

As I sit by the fire, with her close by my side,
Oh! I think of the many, to-day,
Who have no loving heart for their comfort and guide,
As they journey o'er life's troubled way.
Take a lesson from me, ye who single may be,
Let your bachelor banners be furl'd;
Find a girl who will make, without any mistake,
You the best little wife in the world.—*Chorus.*

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

Sung by Miss Maud Morrissey.

In the papers have you read,
Have you noticed what they said?
No Irish people need apply
To earn their daily bread.
But I'll plainly show to you
What our Irishmen can do;
In honesty I'll show you
What they really ought to do—
On this you may rely,
You will find out by-and-by,
That the sons of Erin's sunny isle
Are welcome to apply.
[*Repeat last four lines.*

On the plains of Waterloo,
Where bullets like hailstones flew,
There was the Duke of Wellington,
"Bad luck to him," what did he do?
He bate poor Bonaparte,
Though he wore an Irish heart,
He won his wreath of laurels,
Though the Irish won their part.
"Faugh-a-ballagh," they did cry,
"We will conquer or we'll die"
Proud England, mind your Irishmen,
You'll need them by-and-by.
[*Repeat last four lines.*

Just note the Irish girl,
As she is skipping to the well,
With blossoms blooming on her cheek,
Like roses in the dell.
She is so bright and fair,
With her jet-black eyes and hair,
Show me your English lady
Who a brighter name can bear!
Then raise them as you should,
For 'tis fit we all do good,
Oh, never crush an Irishman,
But raise him as you should.
[*Repeat last four lines.*

THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave. each afternoon;
Who whistles airs all out of tune;
And dons short coats cut quite too "soon"?
The Dude.

Observe his form. You can, for he
Wears pants as tight as tight can be—
(And pants for notoriety)—
The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood;
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could:
A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good?
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged,
And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. Langt-
Ry's chawming quite, or I'll be hanged"?
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park,
Says, "Life's, aw, such a jolly lark"
(Perhaps the Dude's the long-sought "Snark")?
The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, teas;
Who smirks a smile at friends he sees,
And, for his health, sips sangarees?
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style,
Declares: "The weathah's thimply vile,"
And lisps some dainty swear, the while?
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage,
This funny speck on nature's page—
Conundrum of the modern age?
The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through—
Tell what it's for—what it can do?
Guess what it is, I'll give it you.
The Dude.

Dot Funny Leetle Baby.

Recited by Gus Williams.

So help me gracious! every day
I laugh me vild to see der vay
My shmall young baby dries to play—
Dot funny little baby.

Vhen I look of dhem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und heard de vay dot rooster crows,
I shmile like I vas grasy.

Und vhen I heard der real nice vay,
Dhem peoples to my vife dhey say,
"More like his farder efery day,"
I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes der comes a leetle shquall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill grall,
Right in his leetle shtomack shmall—
Dot's too bad for der baby

Und makes him sing at night so shveet,
Und gorrybarric he must eat,
Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby

He bull my nose und kicks my hair,
Und grawls me ofer eferyvhere,
Und shlobbers me—but vot I care?
Dot vas my shmall young baby

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vas schquezin me so nice und varm—
Oh! may dhere nefer coom some harm
To dot shmall leetle baby.

BRIDGET DONOHUE.

Sung by Devlin and Tracy.

My name is Barney Blake, I'm a taring Irish rake,
Considered by my neighbors rather handy,
I was reared to the spade, but I learned the tailoring trade,
And think myself as good as John or Sandy;
I work in first-class shops, I makes clothes for swells and fops,
I'm contended with my daily occupation;
I love a colleen rhue, called Bridget Donohue,
And she's the pride of all the Irish nation.

CHORUS.

Bridget Donohue, I've got my eye on you,
If you only marry Barney you'll have no cause to rue;
You're the apple of my eye, I'm your Irish cockatoo,
Mr. Cupid knocked me stupid for Bridget Donohue.

At the wedding of Pat O'Hare, I first met Bridget there,
As she sat beside me at the wedding supper;
When she handed me my tay, I felt—I cannot say,
But my heart it melted like a lump of butter;
I asked her there and then if she'd have me for a man,
When she smiled on me as cute as any jailer,
She said she would with pride, since that I'm satisfied,
She loves none else but Barney Blake, the tailor.—*Chorus.*

She's modest as she's mild, she's a dacent father's child,
And I'm longing for the day of our marriage;
You would go from here to Spain to hear her sing "Napoleon's [Dream,"
And at dancing she's got a lovely carriage;
The other logs may try to put out Barney's eye,
But soon they'll find its nothing but a failure,
She wouldn't see me fooled, she's as pure as guinea gold,
To her thumping, stumping, jumping Irish tailor.—*Chorus.*

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

RECITATIVE.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men;
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line the signal ran—
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore—
Our Nelson led the way;
His ship, the Vict'ry nam'd,
Long be that vict'ry famed!
For vict'ry crown'd the day;
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast receiv'd;
"Heav'n fights on our side—
The day's our own," he cried;
"Now long enough I've liv'd.
In honor's cause my life was past,
In honor's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

YELLOW-HAIRED NELLIE.

Recited by A. J. Jackson.

Wal, you see, it's a queer story, Missy;
The little gal's none of our kin;
But, you bet, when the old men go under,
She's the one who will handle our tin.
My pard and me's rough minin' fellers,
We've got nary children nor wife,
But we love little yellow-haired Nellie,
An' we'll rear her up right—bet yer life.

How old? Wal, she's nigh eight, I reckon;
Five years since we brought her out here;
An' she was the cunnin'est baby
We'd looked at for many a year.
You see, 'twas the time the Apaches
Broke out. Blast the red imps of sin!
The emigrant train crossed their trail, Miss,
An' the Injuns they scooped 'em all in.

Yes, thar lay men, children and wimmin;
The red devils raised all their ha'r,
We couldn't do nothin' to help 'em,
So my pard and me buried 'em thar.
We found one likely-lookin' young cretur'
Lyin' out from the rest of the heap.
She was dead, like the rest, an' Nellie
Lay close by her side—fast asleep.

Wal, 'twas near ninety mile to the settlement,
Bill an' me turned the thing in our mind;
An' at last concluded to keep her,
An' bring her up lovin' and kind.
We buried her poor dad an' mammy,
Likewise all their unlucky mates;
An' we named her Nell, arter a sweetheart
My pard had once back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young un
Was somethin' quite funny to see;
Bill gave her up for a mystery,
Likewise she was too much for me.
Her durned duds we couldn't get on right,
An' we cussed ev'ry butt'n an' string;
But arter a spell we did better,
When we once got the hang of the thing.

An' she growed up quite pertlike an' bloomin';
We take her to work ev'ry day.
While Bill and me's busy a minin'
She'll sit by the rock pile an' play.
And she's made better men of both of us, Miss,
We don't cuss now, nor go on no spree,
'Cause we're workin' and savin' for Nellie,
The pride of my old pard an' me.

Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;
While lanely I stray in a calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birck wi' its mantle o' green,
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dearer to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
And far be the villain divested o' feeling,
Wa'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymns to the evening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood Glen;
Sae dear to his bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, 'till I met wi' Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
'Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Speak, Oh! Speak to Me Again.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Speak, oh! speak to me again,
Cause me not unwonted pain;
Words of love should never cease
When they bring such heartfelt peace;
Let me bask within thy smile,
Let thy songs my heart beguile,
Let me bask within thy smile,
Let thy songs my heart beguile,
Cause me not unwonted pain—
Let me hear thy voice again.

Summer will not always last,
Noon of life will soon be past;
Like the flowers we too must fade—
Pass from sunshine into shade;
Wither like the leaves that fall,
And the earth encompass all!
Wither like the leaves that fall,
And the earth encompass all!
Cause me not unwonted pain—
Let me hear thee speak again.

As the sun with roseate rays,
Brightly tints the dying days;
As the moon with soften'd beam,
Silvers up the limpid stream;
Let thine eyes my radiance be,
Oh! reflect thy soul on me!
Let thine eyes my radiance be,
Oh! reflect thy soul on me!
Cause me not unwonted pain—
Ah! ah! I hear thee speak again.

KERRY DANCE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing,
Oh! the ring of the piper's tune;
Oh! for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone—alas! like youth, too soon!
When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a Summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning,
Made us long with wild delight.

CHORUS.

Oh! to think of it, oh! to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears;
Oh! the days of Kerry dancing,
Oh! the ring of the piper's tune;
Oh! for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone—alas! like youth, too soon!

REFRAIN.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again.

Only dreaming of days gone by, in my heart I hear
Loving voices of old companions,
Stealing out of the past once more—
And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore,
When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a Summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning,
Made us long with wild delight.—*Chorus and Refrain.*

Was there ever a sweeter colleen
In the dance than Eily More?
Or a prouder lad than Thady,
As he boldly took the floor?
"Lads and lasses to your places,
Up the middle down again,"
Ah! the merry-hearted laughter
Ringing through the happy glen.—*Chorus and Refrain.*

AIN'T YOU AWFUL.

Copyright, 1874, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I took my love one ev'ning,
When the Summer moon was beaming,
Thro' silent arbors gleaming,
Where cupid has control;
I wanted to tell her
How dearly I adored her,
But, oh! she would not listen,
Tho' I tenderly implored her;
Oh! love, oh! love, why don't you heed me?
How can you treat me so?
In vain, in vain, in vain,
She heeded not my pain;
She turned away her head,
And this was all she said—

CHORUS.

Oh! ain't you awful;
It's wrong, you know, to love me so,
Yes, you are awful:
Your like I ne'er did see;
Oh! ain't you awful;
It's wrong, you know, to love me so,
Dear me, you're horrid;
Why don't you let me be?

To make my feelings clearer,
I advanced a little nearer,
And said I'd like to hear her
Say yes, and ease my mind;
She fumbled and mumbled,
And laughed at my attention;
She said mamma would scold her,
If such things she dared to mention;
"Come, love," I cried, "we'll run away,
And leave your mamma behind."
"Oh! no, oh! no," she said,
"Don't ask me now to wed;
What would the people say
If we should run away?"—*Chorus.*

She talked on useless matters,
Till my patience was in tatters,
Just as a woman clatters,
When silent she should be;
I begged her to listen,
And drew her close beside me;
But she began to fidget,
And her roguish eyes defied me,
And soon she told me with a smile
That she did not care for me;
My love was all in vain,
She heeded not my pain,
She turned away her head,
And this was all she said—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Catalogue of Songs, Books, Novelties, &c., sent free.

Beautiful, beautiful fairy-like bells,
Sweetly ye float o'er the wild flowery dells;
There's a voice in each note of your eloquent chime,
Which recalls to the lone heart some happier time.
Beautiful, beautiful, through the still vale,
Borne on the wings of the soft-balmy gale,
Like music from fairy-land hovering around,
Soft echo repeating the magical sound—

CHORUS.

Beautiful, beautiful fairy-like bells,
Sweetly ye float o'er the wild-flowery dells;
To murmuring cadences dying away,
Chiming farewell to the fast-fleeting day.

Beautiful, beautiful, telling of rest,
Breathing of peace to the wanderer's breast;
Waking the past with a tender regret,
Till we weep o'er the joys that we fain would forget.
Beautiful, beautiful lyre-like bells,
Though many sad tales your melody tells,
Yet to earth's weary pilgrims we whisper of bliss,
In a world that is purer and brighter than this.—*Chorus.*

Jenny, Who Lives in the Dell.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Oh! the fairies have not all departed
And bid this dull planet adieu;
For I know a maid gentle-hearted,
With eyes that are tender and blue—
You'd take, in a moment, to be one—
She weaves in all bosoms a spell;
So if you are longing to see one,
It's Jenny, who lives in the dell.

CHORUS.

Jenny, who lives in the dell,
Jenny, who lives in the dell;
There is no maid so bright and bonny
As Jenny, who lives in the dell.

Oh! I'm sighing wherever I wander,
My heart has been stolen away;
On nothing at all do I ponder,
But Jenny's fair face, all the day;
But she sings as blithesome as ever,
And knows that I love her so well;
For, love, in his roving, has never
Found Jenny, who lives in the dell.—*Chorus.*

I was Despised Because I was Poor.

Farewell, false girl, I leave you in sorrow and in pain;
My absence cannot grieve you, soon you'll bear a stranger's name;
I'm forsaken for another, one with gold in store—
Then farewell, father and mother—I'm despised for being poor.

We have lived and loved from childhood, and vowed we ne'er would part,
Pass'd many hours in the wild wood, but she has nearly broke my heart;
There came a wealthy stranger, just from a foreign shore—
He woo'd, and soon he gained her from me—for I was poor.

When wed, the bells were chiming, as the carriage it pass'd by,
The lads and lasses smiling—but a tear bedim'd her eye;
Farewell, vain girl, the ocean will part us evermore—
I loved you with devotion, but was scorned for being poor.

I shall never more behold her, nor hear her sweet voice again
I've enlisted for a soldier, to die on the battle plain;
May sorrow ne'er distress her, but happiness in store;
And yet, loving, I will bless her—though despised for being poor.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

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Oh! darkies, now I'm gwine to sing,
De truth to you I'll tell,
Ob happy days dat I hab seen
Wid my dear Nancy Bell.
Oh! I wish dat I was back again,
'Way down in Tennessee,
Wid my dear Nancy by my side,
Beneath de old pine tree.

CHORUS.

'Tis many a night since first we met,
'Neath dat old pine tree;
An' dar we told our tales ob lub,
How happy we shall be.

My lub has left me long ago,
Whar she is no one can tell;
An' I am nearly crazy now
For my dear Nancy Bell.
But I dreamt last night, when all was still,
Dat she'd come back to me,
An' I would yet see happy days
Beneath de old pine tree —*Chorus.*

I quite forgot I was so old,
It seems to me a dream,
Dat three score years hab past and gone
Since I was seventeen.
But eb'rything is right at last,
An' Nancy is true to me,
An' when we die, oh! let us rest
Beneath de old pine tree —*Chorus.*

THE BUGABOO.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Come all ye tender-hearted boys,
Wherever you may be,
And I'll tell you of the dangers
Upon the dark blue sea—
Of the dangers and the hardships, my boys,
That I went through,
When I shipped as cook and steward, my boys,
On board of the Bugaboo.

The day when I first joined her,
She lay in James street canal;
She was large and stout and beautiful—
Forget her shape I never shall;
The captain wore a large straw hat,
Knee breeches and a body coat so blue,
Arrah! boys, he made a fine figurehead
For to ornament the Bugaboo.

We soon weighed anchor and set sail
To plough the raging surf,
We were bound for the bog of Allan
To get a load of turf;
We sailed until we passed the back
Of Richmond barracks so true,
When the gallant 84th fired a royal salute of bricks
At the captain of the Bugaboo.

We sailed three years when a storm arose,
And the sea ran mountain high,
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed
And lit the dark blue sky,
So the second mate gave orders
To lower the sails and crew,
While the captain down below was smoking in his bed—
He set fire to the Bugaboo.

When the captain found what he had done,
He loud for help did shout,
He called up through the chimney top
For the helmsman to come and put it out;
But the helmsman was fast asleep,
And to his post untrue,
And the fire burned so hard through the middle of the turf,
They couldn't save the Bugaboo.

When fifteen thousand miles from land,
In latitude fifty four,
The fire burned so hard one night
That it couldn't burn any more;
So the captain he gave orders
To lower the boats and save the crew,
While 1,000 rods of turf and 50,000 men
Were smothered in the Bugaboo.

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

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Oh! yes, I must have some one to love,
While I am doomed the wide earth to rove;
Some one my wandering bark to steer
Over life's waters, dark and drear;
Tho' care assails me, tho' fortune fail me,
And my sad heart with sorrow may bend,
I should not grieve me, if fate would leave me
Something to love, more than a friend.
Oh! yes, I must have some one to love;
Oh! yes, I must have some one to love.

Doth not the sun give life to the flower?
Waken to joy each bird of the bower?
So love can soothe the weariest lot—
A paradise make of the dreariest spot.
Had I the treasure miser hearts measure,
And yet, alone, were destined to rove,
Wealth would not cheer me, were there not near me
Some one to love, some one to love.
Oh! yes, I must have some one to love;
Oh! yes, I must have some one to love.

One More Ribber for to Cross.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Ole Noah, once he built de ark—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
He patched it up wid hick'ry bark—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.

CHORUS.
One more ribber, and dat ole ribber am Jordan;
Dar's one more ribber, dar's one more ribber for to cross.

He went to work to load his stock—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
He anchored de ark with a great big rock—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in one by one—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
De elephant chewin' a caraway bun—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in two by two—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
De rhinoseras and de kangaroo—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in three by three—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
De bear, de bug and bumble-bee—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in four by four—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Ole Noah got mad and hollered for more—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in five by five—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Wid Saratoga trunks dey did arrive—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in six by six—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
De hyena laughed at de monkey's tricks—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in seven by seven—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Says de ant to de elephant: Who are you a shoving?
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in eight by eight—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Dey come wid a rush 'cause 'twas so late—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in nine by nine—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Ole Noah shouted: Cut dat line!—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

De animals went in ten by ten—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
De ark she blowed her whistle den—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

And den de voyage did begin—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Ole Noah pulled de gang-plank in—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

Dey nebber knowed war dey was at—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
Till de old ark bumped on Ararat—
Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

We Never Speak as We Pass By.

The spell is past, the dream is o'er,
And tho' we meet, we love no more;
One heart is crushed to droop and die,
And for relief must heavenward fly.
The once bright smile has faded—gone,
And given way to looks forlorn;
Despite her grandeur's wicked flame.
She stoops to blush beneath her shame.

CHORUS.
We never speak as we pass by,
Altho' a tear bedims her eye;
I know she thinks of her past life,
When we were loving man and wife.

In guileless youth I sought her side,
And she became my virtuous bride;
Our lot was peace so fair, so bright,
One sunny day, no gloomy night.
No life on earth more pure than ours,
In that dear home 'midst field and flowers;
Until the tempter came to Nell,
It dazzled her—alas! she fell.—CHORUS.

In gilded hall 'midst wealth she dwells,
How her heart aches her sad face tells;
She fain would smile, seem bright and gay,
But conscience steals her peace away.
And when the flatt'rer cast aside
My fallen and dishonored bride,
I'll close her eyes in death—forgive,
And in my heart her name shall live.—CHORUS.

It's a Cold Day When I Get Left.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You see I'm one that's full of fun,
Have pleasure wherever I go;
For day and night to me is alike,
And the way I "catch on" isn't slow.
At a fancy ball, or an evening call,
I "flash up" well, you bet;
The gents all stare, but still I get there,
Well, it's a cold day when I get left.

CHORUS.
It's a very cold day when I'm left, you bet,
It's a very cold day when I'm left;
I'm always on time, I'm never behind,
It's a very cold day when I'm left.

At all the races and watering places,
I'm the crown jewel of all;
The ladies admire, the gents they retire,
And say, I'm the one "downs them" all.
I'm the "electric" light among the elite,
Of pleasure I'm never bereft;
Wherever I go, "you bet" I'm not slow,
Well, it's a cold day when I get left.

CHORUS.
It's a very cold day when I'm left, you bet,
It's a very cold day when I'm left;
You bet I'm not slow, appearance will show,
It's a very cold day when I'm left.

Evening parties I enjoy most hearty,
Where the girls ask me to call;
To help drink the wine and have a good time,
As I am preferred above all.
I take things at ease, sort of go-as-you-please,
And I never make a false step;
When going away, the dear ones will say,
Well, it's a cold day when he gets left.

CHORUS.
It's a very cold day when I'm left, you bet,
It's a very cold day when I'm left;
Believe what I say, it's a very cold day,
A very cold day when I'm left.

When the Robins Nest Again.

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I will return, he said to me,
I will come back, my love, to thee;
When nature smiles on land and sea,
I will return again to thee.
When the robins nest again,
And the flowers are in bloom,
When the Spring-time's sunny smile
Seems to banish all sorrow and gloom;
Then my bonnie blue-eyed lad,
If my heart is true 'till then,
Has promised he'll return to me
When the robins nest again.
Life seems so bright when in thought I'm with thee,
Come, love, hasten—come back to me;
We'll build our nest with the robins in Spring-time,
Donald! return, love, to me.

REFRAIN.
When the robins nest again,
And the flowers are in bloom,
When the Spring-time's sunny smile
Seems to banish all sorrow and gloom;
Then my bonnie blue-eyed lad,
If my heart is true 'till then,
Has promised he'll return to me
When the robins nest again.

Last night, in a dream,
I saw his proud ship wreck'd at sea;
And I felt that my heart's dear love
Could never come back to me.
But the Spring-time and robins will come,
And with them the bravest of men;
For his last words were: Darling, I'll meet you
When the robins nest again.—REFRAIN.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 1.

CONTAINING 100 SONGS.

A handful of earth
A warrior bold
All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave huzzars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Bluebells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp--RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
Up at Jones' wood [marching
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
Wife's dream

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100 Copies, post-paid for $6.00.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 2.

CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young
Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry pic-nic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 3.

CONTAINING 97 SONGS.

A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old duddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proud
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 4.

CONTAINING 99 SONGS.

An Irishman's toast
Apple of my eye
Arthur and Martha
Asleep at the switch—RECITATION
A knot of blue and gray
Always gay and free, boys
Bear it like a man
Bootblack—RECITATION
Brother's fainting at the door
Beautiful snow—RECITATION
Carry the news to Mary
Coney Island, down der bay
Committed to the deep
Champagne Charlie
Dearest Mae
Douglas! tender and true
Deal with me kindly
Don't say I told you
Down the hill
Deer Island, down the bay
Pat Mickey
Feel for the eyes that are weeping
Five o'clock in the morning
Get a little table
Get thee gone, girl
Get away from dat window
Human harp
Hark! I hear an angel sing
Hildebrandt Montrose
I'll wait till the clouds roll by
I had but fifty cents
'Twas not my father
In the starlight
Ivy cabin in the lane
John Armstrong
Johnny Dougherty, the tailor
Just over
Jim, the carter lad
Lackawanna spooners
Light of other days
Limerick races
Little back parlor at home
Little Maggie Ann
McCarthy's mare
Mother's fool—RECITATION
Mulcahey's gone away
Man who struck my wife
My dear little friend, Louise
Miller's daughter
My poor dog Tray
My pretty Irish queen
Mother, he's going away
No Irish wanted here
Near the banks of that lone river
Nelly was a lady
New York society
Oh! take me to thy heart again
Old Grimes' cellar door
Old rustic bridge by the mill
Old Dan Tucker
Ophelia Murphy's birthmark
Old Grimes is dead
Paper of pins
Parted
Pennsylvania tramp
Portrait that hangs on the wall
Peek-a-boo
Pretty Peggy
Robin Adair
Run for the doctor
Swim out for glory
Scenes that are brightest
Since Cordelia first wore bangs
Since Terry first joined the gang
Silver slippers
Steam arm
Sweet scented, handsome young man
Shan Van Vogh
Same old game
Ten little Niggers
To the West
Tassels on the boots
There's a light in the window for thee
Things that I'd like to see
Vagabond
Villain still pursued her
Waterford Boys
When Johnny comes marching home
When the Brooklyn bridge is done
When the pigs begin to fly
Widow Machree
Wreck of the "London"
Where the ivy grows so green
When this cruel war is over
White squall
Wouldn't you like to know
Water cresses
What the old cock sparrow said
Whistling thief

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 5.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

Aesthetic Mick
After the opera's over
A hundred fathoms deep
A wet sheet and a flowing sea
Ain't you awful?
All among the hay
Big aquarium
Brannigan's pup
Babylon is fallen
Bell goes a ringing for Sarah
Biddy Doyle
Brannigan's band
Battle of Fontenoy
Bowery Grenadiers
Beautiful bells
Best little wife in the world
Bridget Donohue
Bugaboo
Come back to your Irish home
Cobbler's daughter
Colleen Dhas Machree
Drummer—RECITATION
Death of Nelson
Dot funny leetle baby—RECITATION
Dude—RECITATION
Fast freight—RECITATION
Fine old English gentleman
Finest police in the world
Flirtation O'Toole
Female barber shop
General Grant's trip around the world
Gilhooly, your coat is half-mast
Good-bye, John
Gobble song
Gold, gold, gold
Great men that Ireland has seen
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
Hang up the baby's stocking
I'll tell nobody
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I must be there on new years' day—REC
It's a cold day when I get left
I'll meet her when the sun goes down

I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
I was despised because I was poor
Jumbo
Johnny Morgan
Just down the lane
Jenny, who lives in the dell
Jessie, the flower of Dumblane
Kerry dance
Lorena
Lancashire lass
Lovely land of dreams
Life is but a game of cards—RECIT.
Maud Muller, in Dutch—RECITATION
Montgomery guard—RECITATION
Man who taught her to dance
Mattie, dear
Mott street, 449
My love Nell
My love she is a fairy queen
Moonlight walk
Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows what a racket was there
New York Police Gazette
No Irish need apply
Only a pin—RECITATION
Only to see thee, darling
Oh! you little darling, I love you
One more ribber for to cross
Over the neighbor's fence
Old pine tree
Pool
Poor Irish minstrel
Romance of a hammock—RECITATION
Rock the cradle, John
Ship that brought me over
Stuck on our shape
Some one to love
Speak, oh! speak to me again
Tail iv me coat
They are all getting married but me
Tom Bowling
Tommy, make room for your auntie
This little plain gold ring
Touch the elbow
Up in a balloon
Up in a mulberry tree
We never speak as we pass by
Wolf at the door—RECITATION
Waterfall
We may be happy yet
Which shall it be?—RECITATION
What will you do, love?
When the robins nest again
You never miss the lager till the keg
Yellow meal [runs dry
Yellow-haired Nellie—RECITATION

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 6.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

A boy's best friend is his mother
A lean banana
A smile was all she gave me
Aesthetic dude
Ah, there, my size, I'll mash you
Angels, meet me on the cross-road
Art of making love
Baby and I
Baby's lullaby
Be quiet, or I'll scream
Billy's dream
Bitter beer
Black hills
Burial of Sir John Moore—RECIT.
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
Call me your darling again
Call me back again
Chinese song
Convict's dream—RECITATION
Curfew must not ring to-night—RECIT.
Dandy dude
Darling Clo'
Down the river
Father will settle the bill
Fontenoy
Fond memories of home
Fountain in the park
Gally the troubadour
Gambler's wife—RECITATION
Good-bye, Biddy, dear
Greenpoint Nell
Hoolahan Musketeers
Hash
Hoops
Hurrah for old Ireland
Hush-a-bye, baby
I am a man that's done wrong to my
I'll await my love [parents
Ivy green
Jakey Woolfenstein
Jeannette and Jeannot
Johnny Schmoker
Juice of the forbidden fruit
Just to please the boys
Kind relations
Last farewell
Lily Dale
Lord delivered Daniel
Lovers' telegraph
Love song
Mahoney's Fenian cat—RECITATION
Maniac—RECITATION
Man that stole the country
Marble arch
March of the Cameron men
Mary Ann, go get the growler
Mills shut down to-day
Moneyless man
Mother keeps the gate locked now
Mr. John Malone
Mulcahey's sooner dog—RECITATION
Newhall house fire
Nineteen hundred and one
Not for Joseph
Oh! boys, carry me 'long
Oh, Mr. Flannigan
Old church bell
Old plaid shawl
Old village blacksmith shop
Only a dear little flower
Our Jack's come home to-day
Over the mountain
Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn
Pat of Mullingar
People will talk
Perverted proverbs
Plumber—RECITATION
Poor little soldier's boy
Price of a drink—RECITATION
Raven—RECITATION
Sailing
Somebody's darling—RECITATION
Springtime and robins have come
Taffy was a Welshman
Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
Timid awkward squad
Tommy Dodd
To my wife
We reap what we sow—RECITATION
What I live for—RECITATION
What I would do for her—RECITATION
When the leaves begin to fall
Whiskey, you're the divil
Wreck of the "Atlantic"
Ye merry birds
Young recruit

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 7.

CONTAINING 94 SONGS.

Animals' fair
A dollar and sixty a day
A Yankee man of war
An agricultural Irish girl
A roller-rink romance—RECITATION
As I read the paper through
Burke's dream
Banks O'Doon
Bed-bug—RECITATION
Betty and the baby

Boy with the auburn hair
Beans
Candidate for alderman
Cats in our back yard
Climbing up de golden stairs
Colored band
Call her back and kiss her
Casey's awful grub
Coal oil Tommy
Don't leave your mother, Tom
Drummer boy of Waterloo
Dream faces
Dutty, the swell
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling
Erin-go-bragh
Fashionable Fred
Far, far away
Fine old Irish gentlemen
Female smuggler
Free and easy
Good ship Cumberland
Good-bye, 'Liza Jane
Gipsy Davy
Gal with the gainsborough hat
Hush, little baby, don't you cry
Here she goes and there she goes
House carpenter
Hornet's nest—RECITATION
I'll ask my mother and let you know
next Sunday afternoon
Irish wife—RECITATION
I'm in jail, my love
Jockey hat and feather
Jolly Jack, the rover
Keiser, der yer vant to buy a dog?
Kitty of Coleraine
Knock at the window to-night, love
Leave not your Kathleen
Little Brown church
Lord Bateman and the fair Sophia
Lay my head beneath a rose
Little fraud
Lost Charley Ross
Meet me, darling Kate, by the cottage
My trundle bed [gate
Masonic Song
McSorey's twins
My wife is so awfully thin
Mother, is the battle over?
Not much
Nelly Bly
Old bog hole
Oh! Nicodemus
Old familiar faces
Oft in the stilly night
Old turnkey
Old gray mare
Old Simon, the hot-corn man
Popsy wopsy
Please, don't sell father any more rum
Peck's bad boy—PART I
Pills! pills! pills!
Peck's bad boy—PART II
Railway guard
Rover's grave
Riding on the elevated railroad
Shanty boy's song
She was handsome as a rose
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
See-saw
Star of Glengary
That young man across the way
That sweet-scented handsome young
[man
Up at Dudley grove
Up in a back room
Up stairs, in my bedroom
Venita
Watchman
Willie's on the dark blue sea
Wind blew through his whiskers
Would I were a boy again
Windy man from Brooklyn
Written in letters of gold

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 8.

CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew
An Irishman's dying request—RECIT.
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Bring back the old folks, Willie,
Bonny Irish boy [darling
Bright Alfarata
Banbury cross
Baby on the brain
Belleville convent fire
Banks of Newfoundland
Charley, he's a masher
Carrie, dear
Come back to the old home again
Comet of the West
Conductor with the patent cell punch
Clam soup peddler's daughter
Dan and Teddie's parting
Dear little Colleen
Donevans
Daschen on the Rhine—RECITATION
Down by the rustic gate
Ehren on the Rhine
Eggs for your breakfast in the morning
Electric light
Eddie McCarty
Fenian's escape
Fifth avenue
Falling leaves
Flew-y, Flew-y
Gallant Sixty-ninth
George Constantine McKeown
Give me back my heart again
Green fields of America
Her lovers—RECITATION
How we tried to whip the teacher—REC
Hebrew wedding
I dreamed that old Ireland was free
In the shadow of the leaves
I'll go back to the old bridge again
If I was the president
I will stand by my friend
I'll name the boy Dennis or no name
Isle of France [at all
In de Louisiana lowlands
Jordan is a hard road to travel
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 1
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 2
Johnny Doyle
Jeremiah, blow the fire
Jack is every inch a sailor
Let me dream again
Lady, art thou sleeping?
Let us speak of a man as we find him
Lily of the West
Married life
Musical wife
My rattling mare and I
McCarthy's boarding house
Mother's last letter to me
My bonny laboring boy
Maryland, my Maryland
Mary Blane
'Neath the maple by the mill
Napolitaine
Nobody's mule—RECITATION
Other side of Jordan
Oh! I shall call dada
Orphan boy—RECITATION
Orphan girl
Old Mousquetaire
Once again
Oh, Fred! the boat is turning over
Our sailors on the sea
Poor old Jesse's blind
Poor married man
Pretty little Mary
Paddy's curiosity shop
Paddy on the canal
Sally Mackenally
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Song from "Nanon"
Something to tickle the girls
Sparking Sarah Jane
Silver bells of memory
Sweet Alpine roses
Shoot the hat
Sweet dreams of mother and home
Swinging on the golden gate
There's a light in the window
Tommy, make room for your uncle
Ten little Injuns
Three grains of corn
Ten minutes too late
Umbrella courtship
When we meet by the old bridge again
When the circus comes to town
What is life?—RECITATION
Wax-work show
Woman is what man doth make her—
When we went roller skating [REC.
You'll miss your mother when she's
Yes, we all will be there [gone
Yaller gal that winked at me
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 9.

CONTAINING 106 SONGS.

merica's emblem, the violet
n Irish fair day
m I not fondly thine own?
private still
through the park I go
eautiful angel
obbing around
ll it kept running up higher
alibre fifty-four—RECITATION
old Stream Guards
radle's empty, baby's gone
anadian boat song
oat of other days
ome in and shut the door
ousin Jedediah
ricket on the hearth
ollier's dying child—RECITATION
own went the captain
on't forget the old folks at home
ot ole bay mule of mine
ying girl's message
andy Pat
iamond ring
ive dollar note
od bless you, Colleen
ood-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
randma's vacant chair
al with the terrible feet
ood-bye, my honey, I'm gone
ood-night, but not good-bye
ray's elegy—READING
ive a man credit for what he has done
e tells me he loves me
ow is your sister Mary?
ard-back family
ome attractions—RECITATION
I'm a dude
I stood on the bridge at midnight
I'm off for Charleston
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
Irish Colleen
I am a masher
James Bird
Jim Fisk song
Knocking at the gates of Jordan
Little wife Nellie
Little Mag and I
Love not
Little Mohe
Lone starry hours
My sweetheart's family
Macgregor's gathering
My pretty Quadroon
Man the life-boat
Mary Le More
MIKADO songs—
A wandering minstrel I
Brightly dawns our wedding day
Derry down Derry
Flowers that bloom in the Spring
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum
Here's a how-de-do
My object all sublime
Our great Mikado
Sun and I
They'd none of them be missed
Three little maids from school
Willow, tit-willow
Minstrel's dream
Making love on a bench in the park
Only a workingman's child
Our Yankee college boys
Old-fashioned photograph of mother
Old play-ground
Pride of Mayo
Pretty as a daisy
Rosy's Sunday out
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Reuben and Rachel
Rhine vine Sharley
Sheeny glazier's ball
Schneider's little boy—RECITATION
Sweethearts and wives
Susan's Sunday out
Such funny things are done upon the
Skidmore Guard [sl
Twelve stone two
Too utterly utter
To the song seekers
That's a matter of taste
Take good care of mother
Talk about your Moses
Take it, Bob
Take back those gems you gave me
Thou hast wounded the spirit that
Van Dieman's land [loved thee
Whisper and a kiss
Where the water lilies grow
We are out on the ocean sailing
What can the matter be?
Will o'-the-wisp
Whistling coon
Waiting for my ship to come this way
Waiting for a Broadway stage
What a blessing it is to have money
Whispering hope
Walking for dat cake
You but no flowers on my papa's grave

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 10.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

Angel mother waits for me
All on the quiet
Always do your duty, boy
A horrible tale of the suicidal family
Avondale disaster
Always take mother's advice
Araby's daughter
Alice Gray
A yaller dog's love for a Nigger—REC.
Be friends with your brother again
Called away
Clementine
Captain Cuff
Creole girl
Dar's a new moon in de sky
Dear Robin, I'll be true [pizened
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's
Early Monday morning in 1805
For one day of t there's six days
Fanny Gray [of hash
Flanigan, the lodger
Flowers of the forest
Friar of Orders Grey
Fine old Dutch gentleman
Good-night! but not good-bye
Good-evening
Give me a cot in the valley I love
Gold diggers lament
Gamboling man
His heart was true to Pol'
He's never done anything since
High daddie
It's all a matter of taste
I'm awaiting my love's return
I wouldn't advise you to do it
I'm saddest when I sing
Just plain Jim
Kissing in the street
Kiss in school—RECITATION
Larry O'Gaff
Lora Vale
Lord Lovel
Lone rock by the sea
Last link is broken
Laugh in school—RECITATIO
Lady Franklin
Mikado McAllister
Morrisey and the Russian
My love is like the red, red rose
Mulligan's daughter, Nell
Maid of Judah
Minnie Clyde
My mother, dear
Mollie, dear, come then with me
Malone at the back of the bar
Married
Never take the hind shoe from a mule
Nell McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann
New Jerusalem
No, sir!
One word would call me back again
Ocean burial
Oh! you girls
Old Susquehanna
Old country circus
Penny ballads
Pat's not so black as he's been painted
Poor old tramp
Pretty pond lilies
Phœbe, dearest
Paddy Carey
Poor old dad
Rat-catcher's daughter
Rosa Lee
Some other girl shall wear the ring
Sullivan and Ryan
Standard bearer
Spencer's firey slope
Sparking Sunday night
Sock her on her kisser
Sailor's widow
They can't keep the workingman down
Trust her not, she is fooling thee
There is no harm in kissing
Tick! tick! tick!
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Truth in parenthis—RECITATION
Three sailor boys
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings
Wash me, mother, dear
Wreck of the Hesperus—RECITATION
White Wings
Waiting at the ferry
What becomes of a lie—RECITATION
Wake! Dinah, wake
Young Charlotte
Your little Liza loves you
Yes, sir!

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 11.

CONTAINING 102 SONGS.

A sweet face at the window
American star
A kiss from dear old mother
Antony and Cleopatra—RECITATION
Aunt Jemima's plaster
Ballinamuck Brigade
Britannia reigns supreme
Brave old oak
Bridal ring
Bruce's address to his army
Blind boy's lament
Bryan O'Lynn
Buccanier's bride
Broken-hearted milkman
Come, sit by me, mother
Captive bird's complaint
Child's Prayer [home
Clap your hands till daddy comes
Does your mother take in washing?
Don't die an old maid
Dearest spot of earth to me is home
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Fellow who stole my wife
Fairy boy
Goot lager bier
Go it while you're young
Grandmother's birthday
Homeward bound
In other respects we are doing quite
I had $15 in my inside pocket [well
Irish stranger
I'm going to fight mit Siegel
Irish Brigade
Irish potheen
I'll marry no man if he drinks
I'm a broken down man
Jock O' Hazeldean
Joe Hardy
Johnny, get your gun
Kitty, the baby and I
Lass O' Gowrie
Little old red shawl my mother wore
Last hymn—RECITATION
Little Octoroon
Little hero
My home by the deep rolling sea
McCormick, the copper
Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd
Mary Aileen
My Nannie, O!
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Maryland, my home
Manilla boy
My mother's grave
Mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?
Mother, dear, write to your boy
My moustache is growing
Money
My love is a Zou-Zu
Molly, put the kettle on
Noble knights of labor
Never go back on the poor
Nora Creina
Oyster maid
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Over the Jasper sea
On the beach at Long Branch
Och! Paddy, is it yerself?
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
'Ostler Joe—RECITATION [mamma!
Oh! bring me but my Arab steed
Poor old horse, let him die
Peanut stand
Quilting party
Raging canal
Remember poor mother at home
Root hog or die
Rataplan
Shall we know each other there?
She wore a wreath of roses
Spot where I was born
Sea, the sea, the open sea
Sammy Slap, the bill sticker
Soap fat man
Since Maggie learned to skate
Seeing New York sights
Standing on the platform
Thou art gone, but not forgotten
That's where you make the mistake
That hired girl—RECITATION
Three maids of Lee
To show my respects to McGinnis
Will my darling come again?
What I heard an old maid say
Woman, lovely woman
Wreck of the Haddingtonshire
We fought in the same campaign
Washington, star of the West
What I'd like to know
When 'tis moonlight
Ye parliaments of England
You can't do it, you know

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 12.

CONTAINING 91 SONGS.

Any tinware to mend?
Alderman of the ward
A soldier and a man
Because she ain't built that way
Bill Mason's ride—RECITATION
Bad whisky—RECITATION
"Chestnut" bell
Come along, my darling
Cove vot spouts
County jail
Cast one little thought for me
Captain Dwyer
Cracksman's chant
Cunard dock
Cow that ate the piper
Dying Boy's request
Don't blame the mother
Drop the pink curtains
Did you notice it?
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine
Dream no more
Darling Mignonette
Down in Mobile
Duck-foot Sue
Excelsior!—RECITATION
Far away from home and mother
Fifty miles under the sea
Faster you pluck them the thicker they
German fun at Union Hill [grow
Golly, ain't I wicked?
Gideon's band
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Hamtown Bass Ball Club
Her own boy Jack
Hail to the statue of Liberty
I'm only going out for the beer
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
I'm not asleep
Irish-American tea
Jack's yarn
Katy Drew
Katy Ryan
Little old mud cabin near the bogs
Live, my love, oh, live
Life's lot
Little Eva to her papa
Mr. Finagan
My father sould charcoal
Maureen Mavourneen
My love beyond the sea
Man that couldn't get warm
Mountaineer's farewell
My friend from Chicago
Not married yet?
Never trust a nigger with a gun
Owen Reilly
Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
One penny portion
Oh, love, will you be mine?
Package of old letters
Please give me a penny, sir?
Polly Perkins of Washington Square
Petticoat Lane
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Remember me to all at home [live
Remember that the poor tramp has to
Swim out, you're over your head
Sweet heather-bell [different ways
She's the image of her mother in a 1000
Swinging on the old rustic gate
Sarah Walker
Simple Simon
She'd have her way or die
Shivering and shaking out in the cold
Something sweet to think of
S. O. T.
Something for the babies
Scanlan's rose song
Two little ragged urchins
That's what puzzles the Quaker
Trust to luck
Where can the wanderer be?
Wreck of the Princess Alice
Warrior's grave
Winking at me
Why Paddy's always poor
What do you think of it?
Whiskers on the moon
Widow McCarty
Whistler—RECITATION
You'll never miss your mother 'till
[she's gone

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 13.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Australian exile
America beats them all
America
A patch from my angel brother's pants
A thousand years, my own Columbia
Prentice boy
Broken-stringed banjo that hangs on
Bacon and Greens [the wall
Battle of Bull Run
Barney, come home
Brave boys are they
Cumberland's crew
Captain de Wellington Boots
Cod-fish balls
Cabin with the roses at the door
Can you, then, love another?
Christmas tree
Clara Nolan's ball
Dunderbeck's machine
Dreaming of mother's angel face
Dot leedle German band
Dorkins was tight
Don't put my father's picture up for
Embarrassment [sale
Ellsworth avengers
Foot-print in the sand
Foot-prints on the snow
First time in twenty-four years
Good-bye, lovely Lou
God knows what we'll do before we
Grecian bend [die
Ham-fat man
Home once more, or, remembrance of
Henry Green of Troy [home
Hoist up the flag
He said I said
I'se gwine to weep no more
It's enough to knock any one out
Johnny, take it easy
John, my boy, remember me
John Bull
Keep one little thought for me
Lively flea
Letter that never came
Lost chord
Light-house by the sea
Must we leave the old home, mother?
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My mother's wedding ring
Maiden's vow
Maguinnis Guards
Miss Maloney on the Chinese question
Molly Brallaghan [RECITATION
McCarthy's silver wedding
My heart is sad to-night
Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs
No sect in heaven—RECITATION
Norah, asthore
Never take "no" for an answer
Other arrangements
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, take me home to die
Organ-grinder
Plodding through the rain
Paul Jones
Paddy Magee's dream
Papa, come home
Papa's footsteps
Rollicking Rams
Since my mother's dead and gone
Squinty Dan
Sweet Summer roses
Save my mother's picture from the sale
Spitz dog
Soldier's dream
Style in which it's done
There's a smile waiting for me at home
They told me not to love him
There she blows
That's what's the matter with Hannat
They all have a mate but me
Two or three strings to my bow
Upper and lower ten thousand
Up went the price
Vat's de brice of peans, Jake?
Why didn't you say so before?
Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Widow McGee
Who stole the ham?
When you've got money
You know vat I know
You mustn't believe all you hear
Yellow haired laddie

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 14.

CONTAINING 92 SONGS.

Allan, O'Brien and Larkin, (The Man-
All for money [chester martyrs)
Assassination of Ellsworth
Ah, there! stay there
Alabama again
A smart little bit ov a man
Adam's ale
American drinks
Belle of Baltimore
Billy Johnson's ball
Black flag
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan
Cushlamachree
Castlebar boy
Chicago police patrol
Der Deitcher's dog
Ay I walked against O'Leary
Eight years in Cherry Hill
Horn Belle
Far away
Gems of old Ireland
Ghost of Benjamin Binns
Green mossy banks of the Lee
Girl I left behind me
God, save Ireland
Gal with a roguelsh eye
He'll be back bye-and-bye
Have you seen Yum-Yum?
How I miss those little footsteps
Home rule for Ireland
Is at me father wore
Heaven's my home
Hungry boarding-house
It's hard when you can't trust a friend
I kissed her under the parlor stairs
I'll return bye-and-bye
Is Maud in?
I haven't for a long time now
I would not die at all
If your foot is pretty, show it
I would not die in Spring time
If I only were a pretty little fly
I would like to do it, but can't
I'm a bum
I've wandered by the hut side
I would not die in Winter time
It's English, you know
If I was the man in the moon
I shall never make a gentleman of you,
Letters we carved on the tree [John
Let my name be kindly spoken
Land League Band
Leader of the band
Little Meg and I—RECITATION
Letter came at last
Lessons learned at a mother's knee
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
McGonigle's game dog—RECITATION
My queen
No, never can thy home be mine
Oh, no, certainly not
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
Origin of the harp
Once in a while
Over the hills to the bar-room
One parting word, dear mother
Orphan boy's lament
Old red cradle
Oregon gypsy girl
Our flag is there
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick's day parade
Patrol wagon
Rock-a-bye, baby
Riding on the cable cars
Sweet dreams of Erin
Song of the farmer
Spree
Three perished in the snow
Thine, still thine
Telephone
That's the idea, exactly
Under the daisies
Ungrateful son
When Bridget goes out on a mash
Why do you coldly greet me?
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Woman's tongue will never take a rest
What a friend we have in Jesus
We ought to be thankful for that
Write a loving letter to your mother

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 15.

CONTAINING 90 SONGS.

Absent-minded man
As long as the world goes round
Alonzo, the brave, and fair Imogine
Way down in Maine
Accent on
A letter from Ireland
Ali's well
Angels ever bright and fair
Army bean
Botany bay
Barbara Fritchie—RECITATION
Blarney (The)
Barney Brallaghan
Belle of Avenue B
Before and after marriage
Buffalo gals
Becky Miller—RECITATION
Creep into bed, my baby
Clock on the wall
Charleston earthquake
Cork leg and James' crinoline
Constantinople countess
Dot beautiful Hebrew girl
Dese bones shall rise again
Dutchman's slate
Dollars do the business every time
Der Shoemaker boy
Donnybrook, fair
Friendship—RECITATION
Gal with the balmoral
Go, get a derrick and haist it
Hallelujah band
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Hail to the chief
It's dudish, you know
'Twill all come out in the wash
In the window a light I can see
Ill-fated Huron
I like it, I do
I saw Esau kissing Kate
Irish brigade—No. 3
It's nice
Joys that we've tasted
Just a little sunshine
King of the Cannibal Islands
Little Ah Sid
Lovely Nell
Look with thy fond eyes upon me
My mother's old slipper
My old scarlet coat
My own sweet Nellie Bawn
Man that couldn't get cool
Mother, home and heaven
Michigan, my Michigan
Many happy returns of the day
Mrs. Higgins' parlor floor
Nelly Brady
Old willow cradle
Old church of my childhood
Old-fashioned girl
Onteast (The)
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
One black sheep will never spoil the
Pat O'Hara [flock
Patter of the rain
Queen of all flowers
Rory of the hill—RECITATION
Scotch brigade
Spree song
Shall I ever see my old home any more
Sheffield apprentice
Sleep well, thou sweet angel
Striker and his son
Ta-ra-rum
There's a little vacant chair
There's nothing surprising in that
There's no love like the love of a
U-pi-dee [mother
Wedding march
While the blue laws are in force
When you and I were boys
Wrecked and saved
We smile and speak as we pass by
Who'll be an old man's darling?
Write me a letter from home
Who's dat cailin' so sweet
Woodstock bridge disaster
Water-mill
You'll get there all the same
Yes, we'll write you a letter from home

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 16.

CONTAINING 89 SONGS.

A flower I found in mother's bible
American Statues
Alpine Maid
And so say all of us
Boulanger's march
Boss tramp—RECITATION
Bold privateer [mother's grave
Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
Bye-low, baby Bunting (Howard's
Brigham Young [cradle song
Bismarck Guard
Chestnut Green from Wayback
Come to my arms, precious darling
Chewing gum
Celebrated speech of Robert Emmet
Caroline of Edinburg Town
Convivial man
Come along, sinners
Colleen Bawn
Damsel that I longed for never came
Dying cowboy's lament
Don't go out to-night, Joe
Dougherty's boarding house
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door
Dogs' meat man
Down in dot restaurant
Down among the coals
Flying your kite too high
First she would, and then she wouldn't
Green hills of Erin
Give me a house that's haunted
Gals on the avenue
Grecian statues
Grandmother's clock
Home by the wave
I am happy when you're near me
I wonder what will happen next
I'm so shy
It didn't surprise me at all
I have something sweet to tell you
I cannot sing that song to-night
I'm seventy-two to-day
I'se a Methodist 'till I die
Just to make a change in business all
Just as of old [around
Kitty Wells
Light-house keeper
Life of a soldier in the U. S. Cavalry
Let my people go
Maid of sweet Gorteen
My sweet little blossom
Miss Maloney's growler
Meet me to-night
McCarthy's fancy ball
Mamma's black baby boy
Miner's life
My Dutch girl's name
Man with the terrible gaul
Miss Julia
Mariner's grave
Monitor and Merrimac
Names we should never forget
Nobody's business but your own
Oh! share my cottage
Old oaken bucket
Only remembered by what I have done
Only a ringlet of hair
Old street lamp
Old King Cole
Old red barn
Patrick Riley
Poor little newsboy
Railway guide
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care
Spanish cavalier
See where she goes, my own Sophia
Simon, the cellarer
She shook der dallor
Sister Mary walked like that (Pit-a-pat)
That's all
Tom, if you love me, say so
Two new sports in town
Terry O'Rann
Under the moon
Will the roses bloom again?
When business picks up in the Fall
Wreck of the Southern Pacific express
You know [train at Tehachapi Pass
Years have come and passed away
You can do it, if you want to

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 17.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

America is good enough for me
America still ahead
Annie, who played the banjo
A button-hole bouquet
A hundred years ago
A girl's best friend is her lover
A sad love story—RECITATION
Benny Havens, oh
Blue glass
Boy from County Clare
Biddy Toole
Bloated young aristocrat
Copper and the cook
Controllin' influence of drink
Charlie's little dog—RECITATION
Don't count your chickens before they
Day we celebrate [are hatched
Danube river
Drunk again
Don't leave your father, Kate
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in
Emmet's "lullaby" [the grave
Fairy belle
Farewell, my own
Gipey's warning
German home upon the Rhine
Harp that once thro' Tara's halls
It makes a man feel like a fool
I'll give you one more as you go
Ireland will yet be free
I believe it, for my mother told me so
Irish volunteer
Irish schoolmaster
I never can forget
I'm all broke up to-day
It's all a matter of time
I'm the father of a little black coon
Is there no message here for me
Ireland
I wish I was a fish
I'm going to have my name above the
Is my darling true to me [door
Johnny, get your hair cut
Jesse James
Jane O'Malley
Kind words can never die
Keystone brigade
Let her go, Gallagher
Let her go, Gallagher (topical version)
Little brother Joe
Lula Wall
Lula is gone
Love among big noses
Let's be gay
Let me hug her for her mother
Mary Ann
Maggie, the cows are in the clover
Maid of Monterey
Meek and lowly
May be you do, but I doubt it
Mother, I was not to blame
Mamma's baby boy
My heart's in the Highlands
Minstrel boy
Many changes have I seen
On the beach at Long Branch
Oh, how delightful
Out in the cold [again
Out of work
Pretty little Flora
Poor old Jeff
Put by for a rainy day
Poor old slave
Par excellence
Papa's coming, bye and bye
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Robert Emmet
Shells of ocean
She might have licked McCarty
Supposing
Somebody's mother—RECITATION
Song of the haymakers
Saturday night, when the barroom's full
Sunny hours of childhood
Sunshine will come again
Tell mother I die happy
That big beaver hat
Tidings of comfort and joy
There's millions in it
Three angel visitants
Tom Collins is my name
That's pretty good, what next
What shall we name the baby
Watcher
Wait 'till the bull-dog dies, Jennie
When Ireland has an army and navy
Will Watch [of her own
What do they care about that
What Norah said
You'll remember me
You'll never know a mother's love

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 18.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

A mark from my angel mother's shoe
A tress of baby's golden hair
A man to knock Sullivan out
Beauty of Limerick
Bring back my Bonnie to me
Barney, the lad from Kildare
Base ball—RECITATION
Boyne water
Bunch of shamrocks
Dreaming of the loved ones
Don't whisper no
Dear little duck of a girl
Dear harp of my country
Donnelly and Cooper
Dot stupporn pony—RECITATION
Death of Sarsfield
Day we went tobogganning
Farewell, farewell, my own true love
From the cradle to the grave
Give me back your smiles again
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
Hebrew clothing drummer
Huldy Ann, how is your mother
I owe ten dollars to O'Grady
It's all over now with the ladies
I forget
In the gloaming
I did it
It's funny what lager will do
Ireland's sword and shield
If we only had our way
Irish philosopher—RECITATION
Justine, you love me not
Kathleen, my darling
Killarney
Little boy blue
Little bright eyes watching for me
Live in my heart and pay no rent
Letter that came too soon
Little fishermaiden
Little stars won't tell
Larry's on the force—RECITATION
Limerick races
Lannigan's ball
My bewitching Nell
My daughter, Rachael
Mr. Levy's doter
Maid of Erin
Me be like Mellican man
My Nellie's blue eye
My cot beside the sea
My dear Savannah home [the hill
Never push a man when he's going down
Only an outcast, forsaken by all
Only a girl—RECITATION
Old black Joe
Out of the frying-pan into the fire
Over the hills and the valleys
Old village bum
Our stylish boarding house
Puzzled census-taker—RECITATION
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak
Pins and needles
Please spare that old home
Poor Robinson Crusoe
Pickin' on a harp
Puzzled Dutchman—RECITATION
Put on de golden sword
Poor old Ned
Rocky road to Dublin
Song that will never die
Song that reached my heart
Sheeny glazier
Song of all songs
Some day
Stand by your mother, Jack
Sally Jones, the cook
Ship that never returned
That's my girl
Three little maids from school (parody)
Talmage's "night side of life in New
Tickler [York"
There are friends that we never forget
Tim Finnigan's wake
There never was a coward where the
Where is Kathleen [shamrock grows
Will my Robin come again
When we ran with the old machine
What Biddy said in the police court—
Whole hog or none [RECITATION
Wearing of the green
Wild Irish boy
Walking mania
When Muldoon is mayor [got
Your mother's the best friend you've
Young man who used to live over the
[way

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 19.

CONTAINING 103 SONGS.

As I sat upon my dear old mother's
An American's toast [knee
A little knot of blue
A soldier to-night is our guest
A pretty little baby to dandle on your
A whiff of the pipe [knee
Broken playthings on the floor
Blue and the gray
Be kind to the motherless child
Boodle
Baby that never came
Constitution and Guerriere
Can Brigade
Carrie Lee—No. 1
Carrie Lee—No. 2
Drill, you terriers, drill [pany goes
Don't come in the parlor 'till the com-
Drinking with Daniel Maloney
Don't leave me, laddie
Dorkins' night
Dear Italian girl
Down by the old abbey ruin
Dude—RECITATION
Don't shut out the sunlight, mother
Don't take the children from me
Duncan Gray
Evicted
Fellow that plays the kazoo
French flats
Grandmother's garret
Gladiator—RECITATION
Gliding up the stream
Gilhooly's supper party
Grandpa's donkey
Hie away, ole Satan
Hello! bab-by
Honor thy father and mother
How sweet the name of mother
Hamlet's soliloquy on death—REC.
If the twinkling stars could tell
I'll be true, love, to you
Isn't that an awful shame
Ivy leaf
Irene, good night
I'll await your smiling face
I wonder what they're springing on us
I'm a jolly little fellow [now
Judge Duffy told me so
John L. Sullivan, the champion
Jumbo, the elephant
Kutchy, kutchy, coo
Keep your eye on it
Lullaby from "Erminie"
Little sister's gone to sleep
Letter from over the sea—No. 1
Letter from over the sea—No. 2
Mrs. Grogan's boy
My dad's dinner pail
My love's returned again
Mister Dooley's geese
Miller's song
Man who never tumbled
Ma's baby—RECITATION
Marguerite
My old Kentucky home
Maloney, the rolling mill man
Never to meet again
Nothing else
Old-fashioned cot in the lane
Our brave little Volunteer
Old doorstep
Only a blue bell
Orphan boy
One of the bravest
O'Hara, get the gag
One pair of black eyes
Piggy-back
Papa, come home to your darlings
Poor little newsgirl
Postal card that never came
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's daughter
Ring dat golden bell
Rock and Rye crazy [owr
Remember, you have children of your
Red-haired girl and the near-by white
Sarah Jane's relations [horse
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all
Spray of four-leaved clover
Sailing home to Nell
Safely rocked in mother's arms
Steak that never came
Sour grapes
Side by side the old folks sleep
Sweet love, good-night to thee
Soldiers' song from "Erminie"
That's not English, you know
They all love Jack
They're not asleep
There's something in the cradle
Twenty years ago—RECITATION
What the dicky birds say
Wreck of the Alpina
You're born, but you're not buried yet

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No 20.

CONTAINING 110 SONGS.

Adam and Eve
Anchored
A sister's lullaby
At last
A scentless rose
All among the barley
Angels took mama
Bid me good-bye and go
Ballyhooley
Baby's footsteps on the sill
Baby show
Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
Black Maria, O
Bachelor's hall
Be sure you're right, then go ahead
Boys of the Bowery pit
Bring back my sailor boy
Brigade at Fontenoy
Click of the latch
Coon dat got de shake
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Do what de good book tells you
Don't do this and don't do that
Dear father, come down with the
Dick Darlin', the cobbler [stamps
Grandfather's darling
Good-night request
Glasses mother wore
Golden wedding—No. 1
Golden wedding—No. 2
Garryowen
Hail, Jerusalem, hail
Hail Columbia
Hear dem bells
Her wedding night
Hungry at somebody's door
High born liver Daniel
Hasten, sweet maiden, to me
Harp, or Ireland's resurrection
It's home, sweet home
I'll never have her back again
If the man in the moon could only
In a little fisher village [speak
I'll dance upon your grave
I never can forget you
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me
I likes a drop of good beer [so
I'm flying high
'Tis folly to be wise
Isht Mr. Dinglebender home
I've only been down to the club
Ketch on
Keyhole in the door
Let us part friends
Love, let your heart be faithful
Listen to my tale of woe
Little queen of May
Little darling, I'll be true
Letter that was written long ago
Let me die with my face to the foe
Lassie who loves but me
Let's make a little home for the c'd
My dear old Irish home [folks
Maple on the hill
Meet a coon to-night
Man, poor man
My little tot's high chair
Mother's locks of snow
Major Gilfeather
Many can help one
Man that struck O'Hara
My dandy cigarette
Old step stone
On Union Square
Only a rose from mother's grave
Oh! Molie Grogan
Old and only in the way
Old Rosin, the bean
Red, white and blue
Rocking the baby
Remember mother's lessons when a
Sam Devere's dream [child
Star-spangled banner
Songs that we sing
Some day I'll wander back again
Sweet Jennie Bell
Sweet bye-and-bye
Slavery days
Some mother's boy
That doesn't go for a cent
True Irish hearts
There's no one like mother to me
Toboggan slide
Tell me you are mine
Two orphans
There was a jolly miller
Viva l'America
Virgin, only nineteen years old
Waiting, waiting, waiting
When his mother-in-law's at home
When yo' heah de big bell ring
When baby smiles in her sleep
Waiting at the window
When Nelly was raking the hay
Washington's grave
Widow in the cottage by the sea
Won't you dance with me, love
Washing-day
Wedlock is a ticklish thing
You'll hear the bells in the morning

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 21.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

uld Lang Syne
nnie Laurie
dark and roguish eye
ring back my fisher boy
g and little of it
onvict and the bird
ome, haste to the wedding
arry me back to old Virginny—No. 1
arry me back to old Virginny—No. 2
at's meat man
sey's boarding house
ome home, father
on't run down the Irish
ear little hands
ntlet on the "I"
ennis Grady's hack
rinane Dhun
rink to me only with thine eyes
id he get there?
y our mother died
ther's last words to me
actory girl
sh-ball musketeer
ather's come home
ypsy maid
randfather Brian
ush, my baby Bunting
ow happy I could be with either
arbor lights
ibernia's lovely Jean
andy Andy
Hush! don't wake the baby
Henrietta Pye
Happy birds
His funeral's to-morrow
He's all right
I've paid the $10 to O'Grady
I wonder how long it will last?
If the waters could speak as they flow
I built a bridge of fancies
I hope it don't happen again
Is your mamma well?
I never saw a saw saw like this saw
I would't if I could [sawa
Is marriage a failure?
Just arrived from Harrisburg
Judy McCarty
Jakey, de butcher boy
Kind, loving faces at home
Let baby sleep
Life in the army
Lawn tennis
Mother's letter
My soldier boy
Mistress Jinks, wife of Captain Jinks
Mill will never grind again with the
Madam Duvan [water that has passed
Man that knew the actors
New York Base Ball Club
Now I come to think of it
Never in the wide, wide world
Nancy
No, 'tis not true
Only a picture
O, whistle and I will come to you, my
Our own boy, Jack [lad
Over there
Old golden locket my mother used to
On board the Mary Jane [wear
Oh! write me a song of my father
Picture on the wall
Pictures of home
Paddy Whack
Pat and the priest
Razzle, dazzle
Songs I heard at home
She's waiting on the quay
Signor McStinger
Save enough to send for me
Saving it all for Mary
Ship on fire
Swiss boy
True as the stars above
That melody divine
Thy name was once the magic spell
With all her faults I love her still
When we sit in the President's chair
We've both been there before, many a
When the roses bloom in Spring [time
When the Springtime flowers bloom
Wait till the tide comes in
What a stunning pair of legs
Why do Summer roses fade?

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 22.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

n I right?
ross the bridge he goes
l on account of a woman
by mine
eath the old maple tree
unde that never dyes
oken pitcher
by's prayer
rnard Reilly
n you tell me the reason why?
ee to it
y baby, cry baby
mpled cheeks and laughing eyes
n't let it worry you
ening Telegram
a Rhee
ewell, Marguerite
negan's masquerade
ntly down the stream of time
ve me a man of honest heart
od-bye, dearest heart
owler that never came
e lies an actor
nah's done stuck on a coon
ppy times passed and gone away
's all right when you know him
w much would you give to find
p of the wild wind [out?—Rec.
o feel so awfully loose
ll return again
like to be a swell
were a millionaire
I left my love
I was it it, fairly in it
I doubt if it ever occurs
Jamsetjhee
Just a little
Kerrigan's masquerade
Let it be soon
List to the convent bells
List'ning for his coming step
Little ones at home
Larboard watch
Little maid of Arcadee
List to the thrush
My last cigar
Magee's back yard
McGinty, king of the rink
Molly Flynn
Mister Nobody
McMullen, the squire
Mrs. McCarty's party
My Maggie
Must we forever part?
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Near it
Oh, let it be soon
Old cabin home
Old love and the new
Once was enough for him
Old Granite State [grave
Put a headstone over poor mother's
Pig's head wid cabbage and praties
Raffle for Monaghan's stove
Save a sunny smile for me
Something a woman can do
Scissors grinder
Sally in our alley
Such an education has my Mary Ann
Spare the old homestead
Scanlan's swing song
Sweet love, be true to me
Sheriff's sale
Tootsy Wootsy
To be there
Terrance McMullin
Terrible tragedy
There isn't a law to prevent it
That innocent kid
Turn down the light
That's where the laugh comes in
Two lovely black eyes
Uncle Jeff's return
Villain never harmed her
What did they ever do to get there?
We've both been there before, many a
Waiting [time (Sam Devere's;
World is coming to an end
Where mother is, is home
When mother puts the little ones to
Where's the white horse? [bed
Women of the day
Won't you buy my pretty flowers
Where did you get that hat?
You and I, love
You'll have to be up to the times

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CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Actors dream
As long as the world goes round
A stitch in time saves nine
Barney's courtship
Be-eutiful Bill
Bully old horse
Call me darling once again
Ching, ching
Casey at the bat—Recitation
Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret?
Doncherknow
Down upon the banks of Tennessee
Day I first played ball
Did you ever hear a girl say no?
Elly Mavourneen
From the source to the sea
Grandfather's clock
Give 'em string and let 'em went
Girl of the period
Go to sleep my baby girl
Gal what I calls mine
Good old friends of my youth
Hello! Riley
Hello, sweet "49!"
He went glimming
He's in the asylum now
Hodman's lament
Hattie May
I'm a chappie from over the wattah
I cannot see where it comes in
Ill-gifted ring
I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
I do not watch alone
Immenseikoff; or, the central toff
I love him more than I can say
I'll come back, my darling, to thee
Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown
Jack won't forget you
Kate's secret
Killaloe
Kathleen Mavourneen
Let each man learn to know himself
Later on, later on
Last sweet words of mother
My pretty red rose
My favorite, my queen
My heart is sad to-day
Mariner's daughter
Michael Dwyer
Mud Run disaster
Martha, the milkman's daughter
Meet me in the lovely twilight
Mr. Bob Fubbs; or, the love chase
Milwaukee Fire
McNally's row of flats
Never encourage the men
Nancy Lee
Nobody knows
Old hats and rags
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, if I had some one who'd love me
On yonder rock reclining
On the sea
Old musician and his harp
Postage stamp flirtation
Pretty little pigs in clover
Prodigal son
Paddy Shay
Sweet forget-me-not
Sandy-haired Mary in our area
See that my grave's kept green
She danced like a fairy
Spare that old mud cabin
Sam Devere's latest
Song I'll ne'er forget
Since Kate learnt how to play
Since my daughter plays on the type-
Sweet rose of dawn [writer
Some girls do, and some girls don't
Snowy strands among the jet
They cannot keep the working girls
Tilt skirt [down town
There's no such girl as mine
Tit for tat
True as the stars that are shining
Travelling man from Boston
What a fool you would be to believe her
Where was Moses when the light went
Whoa, Emma! [out?
When the robins nest again (parody)
When Jamie comes over the sea
When other friends are round me
We've a million in the field
We'll raise de roof to-night
Wreck of the "City of Columbus"

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CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A mother's appeal to her boy
An orphan
A lady in love
A Buddhist soldier's grave
Adieu, dear friends, adieu
At the golden gate
Bonny Mae
Bell buoy
Blind mother
Buy a broom
Brooklyn tragedy
Banks of the Schuylkill
Barbary Ellen
Broadway swell and Brooklyn belle
Champion of the world
Calling me back to the old home
Charles Guiteau's confession
Chestnut broke my heart
Colonel Sharp
Chinaman washeeman
Don't believe all that you hear
Down where we roamed together
Don't be angry, mother
Down went McGinty
Don't say one thing and mean an-
Discarded lover [other
Dying soldier of Cerro Gordo
Gintleman from Kildare
Green linnet
Green willow tree
Green fellow
Hanki Panki; or the girl from China
Harp without the crown
He gets there just the same
Haul da wood nile down
How I got even with O'Grady
Have you seen my girl?
In the eye abides the heart
Irish spree
I'm sorry it ever occurred
Ireland for the Irish
It's funny what girls will do
I'm just beginning to like you
I wish I were single again
Independent lovers
Irish girl
I had nothing else to do
Johnstown flood
Jeanie with the light brown hair
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our
Just a little sunshine, No. 2 [home
Keep this flow'ret for my my sake
King and poet—Recitation
Love, Henry
Little empty stockings
Let us raise a row to-night
Little old sod shanty
Let me shake the hand that shook the
Little girl [hand of Sullivan
Loss of his dear
Life let us cherish
My Johnny was a shoemaker
My sailor girl
Mackafee's confession
Mill boy
My own true love
Nancy Downy
Not that I wish to say anything wrong
Nearing the harbor
No home to shelter her
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Over the banister
Ould plaid shawl
Old tobacco box
Oregon boys
Palms
People I have met
Polly Gold
Pure testimony
Sailor boy
Send that wagon home, John
Sweet William
Shakespeare's seven ages of man
Sighing for thee
Snow angels
Slavery's passed away
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have
Slide, Kelly, slide [my life
Song of the dying emigrant
Skating on one in the gutter
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Seventeen and twenty sweethearts
Those lovely Brooklyn girls
Tennessee boys
Two on earth and two in heaven
There's no place like home
Unfortunate lovers
Where did you get that face?
When the pansies droop and die
When my little one's asleep
World and his wife
What a wonderful world it would be
You can imagine the rest
Young man's warning

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MR. JOHN MALONE.

Sung by Miss Kate Furlong.

On the fifteenth of September,
I dressed up neat and gay,
For to join the grand procession
I at once set on my way;
There was tinkers, tailors, scavengers,
And ladies, short and tall,
All went to see the opening
Of our new lovely town hall.
There was Mr. Michael Murphy,
With a bran new suit of clothes,
That was made by "Johnny Dockerty,"
Who everybody knows;
"Muldoon, the Solid Man," was there,
As dacent as could be,
But there wasn't one in all the lot
Could stan aside o' me.

SPOKEN—I was there, and there wasn't one, for months after, that you'd hear them talking of the sights they had seen, but you'd be sure to hear them exclaim—

CHORUS.

Did you see John Malone,
With his shining bran new hat?
Did you see him marching off,
Like a gay aristocrat?
There was flags and banners waving high,
And dress, in style, was shown;
But the greatest swell in all the lot
Was Mr. John Malone.

The Mayor upon the town hall steps
Quite stately took his stand,
He noticed none till I came by,
And then he waved his hand;
He saw at once the style was there,
For he stared with both his eyes,
As if he thought I was some lord
Or duke dressed in disguise.
We marched all through the city,
Till I thought we'd never stop,
So I fell out into Magee's
To take a drop;
The people they were talking
Of the sights they saw that day,
And I felt a little flattered
When I heard the people say—*Chorus.*

I received an invitation
To attend a fancy ball,
But without an evening suit of clothes
I could not go at all;
Mr. Dockerty, the tailor,
My measure could not take,
Because for Mr. Murphy
He'd got a suit to make.
I went to Shudehill market,
Bought a new suit, second hand,
And with a flower stuck in my coat,
I looked a trifle grand;
We danced till after midnight,
When we went home in the dark,
You could scarcely walk a yard
But you'd hear some one remark—*Chorus.*

—"What is the next thing to a dude?" was asked in a fashionable parlor last night. One lady answered an ape, another an ourang-outang, but when a little girl said the next thing to a dude is his undershirt the subject was suddenly dropped.

—The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two-year old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered, "No." "What is the reason you will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls."

—"What would you do if you were I and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young swell of his lady friend as he escorted her home from church. "Well," said she, "if I were you I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain under my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."

A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother.

Sung by Ben Williams.

I've been thinking of late of the time that's passed away,
Of friends that would stand by my side,
Of my dear old mother's knee, around which I used to play—
I missed her sweet face when she died;
How well I loved her no one can tell—
Like her I could never love another;
For it always gave her joy to kiss her darling boy—
A boy's best friend is his mother.

CHORUS.

Treat her kindly while she is here,
For when she's gone you'll get no other;
The friend in my need was a friend to me indeed,
God bless her, my own dear mother.

Then always try to treat your old mother with respect,
For she is the one that cares for you,
And never for once her dear old wants neglect—
Your mother, so tried and true;
For when she is laid in her cold grave,
Like her you'll never find another,
And when the flowers sadly o'er her wave,
You will think of your dear old mother.—*Chorus.*

DER PLUMBER.

Recited by Gus Williams.

Who ish dot feller so right abused,
Who scharge for schtuff he never used,
Who, ven he dies von't get excused,
Der plumber.

Who always 'round mine house does schneak,
Mit mine big servant girl to schpeak,
Who dells her, "make his tam bipes leak,"
Der plumber.

Who send his man mit poy und pag,
To schtick on led mit a leedle rag,
And drives around mit his fast nag,
Der plumber.

Who, ven there's nottings wrong at all,
Says dot der leak's inside ter vall,
Who says, py gosh! your house vill fall,
Der plumber.

Who, to his workingman he says,
Yust dake your time, dot Dutchman pays,
Who make dot shob last dirty days,
Der plumber.

Who schwears he put in forty feets
Of bipe, and dirty-nine foot scheats,
Who ish der meanest kind of beats,
Der plumber.

Who, ven he sents me in his "bill,"
Who makes it 'boud four bages fill,
Who cleans me oud my grocery till,
Der plumber.

Who gots a mortgage on mine schtore,
Mine house—vell, he gots two before,
Who soon vill kick me oud my door,
Der plumber.

—Cyclones are becoming very frequent in the West, and when a young chap takes his girl out riding, she softly murmurs: "Hold me tight, Charley. A cyclone might come along and blow me away from you." Even cyclones have their advantages.

—It was at Nice. Two English girls were standing at the door of a hotel laughing loudly. "For pity's sake, Mab, don't!" said one of the matrons who were with them; "they'll take you for one of those horrid American girls." An American girl happened to be standing at the head of the stairs, and quietly observed, "I guess not—not with those shocking big feet!"

HURRAH FOR OLD IRELAND.

Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

Let every one speak of the land of his birth,
For myself I will always do so,
And though poor and oppressed, for the Emerald Isle
I will speak wherever I go;
Though long held in bondage it soon will be free,
And a place among the nations will take,
And I, like all sons of the Emerald Isle,
Would die for my native land's sake.

CHORUS.

Scotland loves the thistle, England loves the rose,
But I love the shamrock that in my country grows;
You shout for America because she's brave and free, [me.
But for poor, oppressed old Ireland, boys, come shout along with

Our dear land wants freedom, I hope she'll succeed,
For freedom is every one's right;
The prospect looks weary, but until they succeed,
The sons of old Erin would fight;
Now, you love the memory of George Washington,
The patriot who fought for your cause,
If Washington lived in old Ireland,
He'd gain for our country just laws.—*Chorus.*

DARLING CLO'.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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In the old Car'lina State,
Where the sweet magnolia blooms,
And the pickaninny darkey learns to hoe,
There is one I long to see,
She was always true to me,
But I left her many, many years ago.
'Mid the cotton and the corn,
There we both were bred and born,
And together in the field we used to sow,
But 'tis twenty years or more
Since I left the cabin door,
So I'm going back to see my darling Clo'.

CHORUS.

Darling Clo', darling Clo',
Your sweet face I soon shall see, I know,
Where the Southern sunny breeze
Fans the old palmetto trees,
I am going home to see my darling Clo'.

In that dear old sunny home
Where the songsters always sing,
And the mocking-bird is singing all the day,
She is waiting for her Joe,
And I long to see my Clo',
For like me I know her hair has turned to gray.
The plantation is no more,
And the day of toil is o'er,
For she's creeping very close to eighty-three,
But she'll wait till I come back,
By the coon and possum track,
For I have not seen her since we all were free.—*Chorus.*

'Neath the genial Southern skies,
Where the sweetest blossoms grow,
And the music-loving darkeys all are gay,
I am bound to see my Clo',
And 'tis very sad to know
That ere long they'll lay my poor old love away.
When they place her 'neath the sod,
Upon which we often trod,
Then this world will have no other charms for me,
Then close by my Cloie's side
This poor form will there abide,
'Neath the shadeless and the tall palmetto tree.—*Chorus.*

—"The last link is broken," the fellow said when he kissed his girl goodby forever at her request, because her parents wished a dissolution. A few days after he received a note saying, "Dear George: There are plenty more links, come and break them."

The Mill's Shut Down To-Day.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Catalogue of Songs, Books, Novelties, &c., sent free.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife,
There's nothing here to eat,
And look, the boots I've worn a year
Are dropping off my feet;
My clothes are hardly decent, wife,
While you are ragged, too,
And famine stares us in the face—
Oh! what are we to do?

CHORUS.

Oh! what are we to do, dear wife?
I cannot get my pay;
The grocer's bill is overdue—
The mill's shut down to-day.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife,
The coal is nearly gone,
And see, there's scarcely wood enough
To kindle in the morn;
The landlord will be coming soon
To get the rent from you,
And I have not a cent to pay
The bills becoming due.—*Chorus.*

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife,
The snow is on the ground;
And hark! the piercing winds without
How mournfully they sound;
The children have no shoes to wear,
They cry for milk and bread;
But, wife, the mills have stopped to-day,
How shall we all be fed?—*Chorus.*

The Poor Little Soldier's Boy.

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The snow was fast a falling,
And the night was coming on,
When a poor little boy, quite frozen,
Came up to a lady's door;
Her saw her in the window so gay,
Which filled his heart with joy;
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy—
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy.

My mother died when I was young,
And my father he went to the wars;
He has fought in many a battle,
And he is covered with wounds and scars,
For many a mile in his knapsack
He has carried me with joy;
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy—
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy.

And as I wandered the crowded streets,
With many a broken sigh,
Little children to their parents go,
But neither parents nor home have I;
When cold and hunger pierce my frame,
I set me down and cry:
Oh! lady gay, take pity, I pray,
I'm a poor littte soldier's boy—
Oh! lady gay, take pity, I pray,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy.

The snow is fast a falling,
And the night is coming on;
And if you don't be a friend to me
I will perish before the morn;
And then you will grieve your mournful heart
With many a broken sigh,
For to find, the next morn, lying dead at your door,
A poor little soldier's boy—
For to find, the next morn, lying dead at your door,
A poor little soldier's boy.

SAILING.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee,
And soon across the ocean clear
Our gallant barque shall bravely steer;
But ere we part from England's shores to-night,
A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so true—
Who will think of him upon the waters blue?
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again.

The sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea,
And never heart more true and brave
Than he who launches on the wave;
Afar he speeds in distant climes to roam,
With jocund song he rides the sparkling foam.
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to, &c.

The tide is flowing with the gale,
Y'heave ho! my lads, set every sail;
The harbor bar we soon shall clear—
Farewell once more to home so dear—
For when the tempest rages loud and long,
That home shall be our guiding star among.
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to, &c.

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar,
When he was hastening home from the war,
Singing, "from Palestine, hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

She for the Troubadour, hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him while others slept,
Singing, "in search of thee would I might roam,
Troubadour, Troubadour, come to my home."

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour, breathing her name,
Under the battlement softly he came,
Singing, "from Palestine, hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

Ah, There, My Size, I'll Mash You.

Sung by The Four Comets.

While strolling out one evening
I happened for to meet
Two dashing looking fellows
Who dressed so nice and neat;
They stood upon the avenue,
Dressed in the latest fashion,
And every girl that chanced to pass
These two young men were mashing.

CHORUS.

"Ah, there, my size, I will steal you,"
That's what the young men would say
To all the dizzy blondes they'd meet
Passing on their way;
"Ah, there, my turnip, I'll mash you,"
Is something that's rather new,
But the latest one of all I've heard is.
"Ah, there, my emon, I'll squeeze you."

Two dizzy blondes just chanced to pass,
Dressed in the *bon-ton* style,
They tried to catch a mash on them,
But neither caught a smile;
Determined for to follow them,
These two young men were caught
Behind by two more men,
Who gave these guys a thrashing.—*Chorus.*

Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him:
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him:
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring:
And we heard by the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory—
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

THE LOVERS' TELEGRAPH.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

When first I went to see my gal,
We courted in the dark;
But her father and her mother and cross-eyed brother
Would listen while we'd spark;
So I bought the new invention, then,
And gave them all the laugh;
'Twas a string with a tin box on each end,
Called the lovers' telegraph.

CHORUS.

Oh! the new invention is awful nice—
I know 'twould make you laugh
To hear the very funny things we said
Through the lovers' telegraph.

When next I went to see my gal
I had very little to say;
I gave her one end of the new machine,
And sat about twenty feet away;
The old folks thought we acted strange,
And called me a great big calf;
But they didn't know how the old thing worked
Through the lovers' telegraph.—*Chorus.*

Said I, "sweet angel, dost thou know
I lovest thee the best?"
The answer came so soft and sweet—
"Oh! George, pull down your vest!"
When I asked her if she'd fly with me
To the land of the wild giraffe?
She answered back—"How are you fixed?"
Through the lovers' telegraph.—*Chorus.*

Love went flying through the string,
Till her brother found us out;
And then he whispered to his dad
What we had been about.
The old man gently raised his hoof,
Nearly splitting me in half;
He busted a hole in my new pants
And the lovers' telegraph.—*Chorus.*

Mary Ann, Go Get the Growler.

Sung by James O'Neil.

I am a poor woman, most tired of life,
The reason I'll tell to you;
The misfortune I had to become a drunkard's wife,
And the day that I married I rue;
Now when I was single it's then I was gay,
I never knew trouble or strife,
Although Jim, my husband, gets pretty good pay,
It's little he gives to his wife.

CHORUS.

He comes home on a pay night, as drunk as he can be,
He spends all his money and never gives a cent to me;
He's not in the house 5 minutes when the first word you will hear:
Mary Ann, go get the growler, and fill it up with beer.

Last Saturday night he came home staving tight,
Every cent of his wages was spent;
Says I to him, Jim, you're not doing right,
For no money have I for the rent;
If the rent we don't pay we'll be dispossessed,
Our things will be put on the walk,
And should this occur I'm sure you can guess
How the neighbors about us will talk.—*Chorus.*

When I tried to persuade him to go and lay down,
He is up on his feet like a flash;
He begins to abuse me, the big drunken hound,
And the crockery he threatens to smash;
Says he, Mary Ann, now mind what I say,
My word in this house must be law,
So if you attempt to vex me in any way
I'm bloated if I don't break your jaw.—*Chorus.*

HASH.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Of hash, that great mysterious dish,
Some people are afraid,
In boarding houses and bum hotels,
It's fearfully and wonderfully made.
On good old coffee made of beans,
The boarders' eyes do flash,
But what suspicion haunts the mind
When they gaze upon the hash.

CHORUS.

It's chewed and chopped, and chawed and slivered,
And pulverized into smash,
There's nothing like a good old red hot dish
Of extra double-chewed hash.

The bell rings out the welcome call,
The breakfast board is spread;
The boarders all sit down and rub
Oleomargarine on their bread.
The clattering plates and knives and forks—
There's music in their clash—
And all goes well until a boarder yells,
There's hair in this 'ere hash.—*Chorus.*

To make good hash, scrape off the bones,
Any old second-hand meat,
Old liver and mutton, and boot-leg steak,
That you find a little tough to eat.
Fire some potatoes and onions in,
Then at it you cut and slash,
Pound it up with an Indian club
And it comes out red-hot hash.—*Chorus.*

—Statistics show that boy babies are more apt to die than girl babies. Boys can't stand continual hugging as girls can.

—"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century, woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An editor adds: "We can't guess her, but will never her up—no, never."

—"Healthy?" exclaimed the native. "Is the location healthy?" "Well, I should reckon. There ain't a doctor nearer than twenty miles away. Man haint got no kind of a chance die here if he wanted to."

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

Recited by Fred. Smith.

Twas on a Sunday morning
In the prison at Sing-Sing,
The convicts were all counted off,
The all-right-bell did ring;
The goddess slumber m' raced me,
Her mantle on me did fling,
The vision that my fancy composed,
Unto your mind I'll bring.

I saw myself in childhood's day
Pressed to my mother's breast,
At the mantel stood my father,
On me his eyes did rest;
My sisters and my brothers were there,
All I could plainly see,
And hear their peals of laughter,
And merry shouts of glee.

The scenes then quickly shifted,
I found myself a lad,
In the words of a kind father,
I was going to the bad;
My dear and loving mother,
Her head was bent with grief,
And the blood it mounted to her brow,
When she heard me called a thief.

But soon cold death relieved her
Of all regrets and shame;
I saw the treasure I had lost,
Myself did sorely blame;
A mist arose before my eyes,
And when it passed away
I saw myself in prison-garb,
It seemed a Summer day.

A convict then approached me,
And thus to me did speak:
Now, if you want your liberty,
There's going to be a break;
Then on the walk we quickly jumped,
Into an engine sprang,
And as we flew along the track,
Those rifles loudly rang.

We reached a plain four miles below,
Then to the woods did flee,
And soon reached home both safe and sound;
Thank God, that I was free.
I met my old associates,
Much of me they did make,
They were all pleased to see me,
And my hand did kindly shake.

My happiness seemed now complete,
For standing at my side,
Was the only girl I ever loved,
She was my promised bride;
And if, as i seemed just then,
To seal my cup of bliss,
She threw her arms around my neck,
My cheek did fondly kiss.

We strolled down to the battery,
Many boats were in the stream,
The lovers promenading,
How happy it did seem;
I gazed in my companion's face,
With joy her eyes did beam,
By the loud bell-stroke I was awoke,
And found it all a dream.

—"Are you any relation to my sister?" He blushed and stammered, until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying: "No, but he'd like to be—wouldn't you, Alfred?"

—"Do you realize—have you ever reflected over it—Angelina?" whispered Clarence to his betrothed. "Only two weeks more and we shall be one. But remember, darling, I am to be that one."

Juice of the Forbidden Fruit.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

It was about the time that old Eve she did climb
That apple tree long before the war,
And threw down the core, though it made her feel sore,
For her henpecked husband to chaw;
Adam, without evil intention, or maiden invention,
He got up so simple and cute,
With an old-fashioned mill he managed to distill
The juice of the forbidden fruit.

Chorus.

And ever since then, all manner of men,
The blind, the lame and the mute,
Our bankers and clerks, politicians and Turks,
Drink the juice of the forbidden fruit.
There's my girl, Sarah Ann, she takes out the can,
Whenever we have a dispute,
And we always make up as together we sup
The juice of the forbidden fruit.
There's Henry Ward Beecher and all Sunday-school teachers
Drink what they call sassafrass root,
But you bet all the same if it had its right name—
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit.

Conkling and Blaine their glasses will drain,
When engaged in a political dispute,
Governor Butler, so gay, when elected, they say,
Called for juice of the forbidden fruit.
Frank James out on bail drinks it out of a pail,
Governor Crittenden's orders to suit,
And Charles and Bob Ford drink it out of a gourd,
The juice of the forbidden fruit.

Chorus.

Then we can choke and our Mayor they all get their share,
And the police up an alley will scoot,
In the back door of a saloon he will whistle a tune
For his juice of the forbidden fruit.
When our leader has time from his chair he will climb,
And the orchestra will all follow suit,
They go out to the bar not for a cigar,
But for juice of the forbidden fruit.
Now there's Oscar Wilde takes his with a smile,
So does Grant as he smokes his cheroot—
Mrs. Langtry, they say, was led astray
By the juice of the forbidden fruit.

What I Would Do for Her.

Recited by Thomas B. Winnett.

I'd swear for her, I'd tear for her,
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd lie for her, I'd sigh for her,
I'd drink a river dry for her.

I'd cuss for her, do worse for her,
Kick up a thundering fuss for her;
I'd weep for her, I'd leap for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her.

I'd fight for her, I'd bite for her,
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her, I'd bleed for her,
I'd go without my feed for her.

I'd shoot for her, I'd boot for her
Any rival who'd come to suit for her;
I'd kneel for her, I'd steal for her,
Such is the love I feel for her.

I'd slide for her, I'd ride for her,
I'd swim against wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her, I'd cry for her,
But I'll be gol darned if I die for her—
Or any other woman.

—A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria, the last time we met we were each 24 years old; now I am over 40, and I hear you haven't reached 30 yet." They never met again.

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

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I've seen a bit of gaiety throughout my short career,
I, once, was foolish with my tin, but I've paid most dear;
If folks would seek to take me in, they find it is no go;
I'm up to almost every thing—you can't get over Joe.

Chorus.

Oh! dear, no! not for Joe—if he knows it—not for Joseph;
Oh! no, no! not for Joe—not for Joseph—oh! dear, no!

The other day, I met a friend, we passed the time of day,
And chatted gaily down Broadway; but ere I went away,
I kindly asked the learned swell to take a parting drain,
Oh! yes, said he, I think I will—then let it be champagne.

Spoken—No, you don't, my dear fellow, you don't get champagne out of Joseph.—*Chorus.*

Some time ago, a friend of mine, he asked me out to dine,
And there he introduced me to one he called divine;
He said she'd make a charming wife, and had such lots of tin—
A widow only forty-two—go in, my boy, and win.

Spoken—Matrimony and lots of money, and a widow only forty-two—well, the money is very good, but then—the widow.—*Chorus.*

Of late, in town, there was a fuss about the Japs so grand;
And, also, of the Russians who visited our land;
And the country-companies we greeted with hearty cheers,
We know they have been well received by the N. Y. Volunteers.

Spoken—What a glorious thing it is to fight and die for your country! What can be more glorious than a bullet in your eye? What can be more painful than a bullet in the eye? Nothing I should think.—*Chorus.*

And now, perhaps, I've sung my song, you might be in the cue
To show your kind acknowledgment, but that with me won't do;
As for to-night I've done my best, and that you ought to know;
So, if you want a song again, don't try it on with Joe!—*Chorus.*

A LEAN BANANA.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

A lean banana, decayed to the core,
E'er since I slipped on thy peel I've been so sore;
On my back I lingered just where I fell,
The sweet words I uttered would ne'er do to tell;
If I could have caught then the dizzy looking gawk,
Who threw that banana peel out on the walk,
It made me see stars that I ne'er saw before—
A lean banana I'll love thee no more.

Chorus.

Lightly I'll tread on the sidewalk evermore,
A lean banana, rotten to the core;
I slipped on thy peel, I'll be careful evermore,
A lean banana from some foreign shore.

A lean banana you've caused many a roar,
I slipped on thy peel and you turned me o'er and o'er;
And young girls have blushed so when thrown off their pegs,
Slipping on a banana and showing their dear legs;
Numerous are the pedestrians that you have caused to fall,
Great, big and little, lean, lank and tall;
The seats of fat men's pants you've busted and you've tore,
A lean banana, how they have swore.

Chorus.

Watchful I am from the time I leave my door—
A lean banana I've heard of you before;
E'er since I slipped on thy peel I've been so sore,
A lean banana from some Dutch grocery store.

—"Porter," said a passenger from Albany on the New York Central railroad, as he stepped into his sleeping berth, "call me at Lyons, sure." "All right, sah." Late next morning he called him. "Only twenty minutes from Buffalo, sah." "Why didn't you call me at Lyons?" "Lyons? 'Fore goodness, dat's it! You did say Lions for suah, boss, an' I done tought ober de whole circus an' I hope to die if I could ketch onto any animal higher dan Buffalo! I'll remember de cage next time, boss."

Only a Dear Little Flower.

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Words and Music by Frank Howard.

Only a dear little flower,
I treasure in mem'ry of you,
It brings back sweet moments of gladness,
To whisper of love fond and true;
Together we roam'd in the woodland,
And down by the brook's mossy shore,
We rov'd by this dear little flower,
To love and be true evermore.

Chorus.

Only a dear little flower,
That tells of our love, fond and true;
Oh! dearly this little flower
I cherish in mem'ry of you.

Only a sweet little flower,
When sad and alone, gives me cheer;
What matter tho' now it is faded,
To me it will ever be dear.
When far, far away from you, darling,
And longing your sweet face to see,
It fills me with hope for the morrow,
And tells that you're faithful to me.—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, BIDDY DEAR.

Sung by Johnny Roach.

Here I am, an Irish boy,
Who is always fond of mirth,
And show me the creature
Who would slight me for my birth;
And I have a neat colleen,
In Dublin, far behind—
I always was a broth of a boy,
And my colleen she is blind.

Chorus.

Good-bye, Biddy dear,
It's hard to part from you,
Although I am going to leave you,
My heart it will prove true;
Then cheer up, mavourneen,
And don't look so forlorn,
The harvest time is coming,
And I'm all to shear the corn.

I wouldn't have left Ireland,
But times were hard, you know—
To see the starving creatures,
It would break the heart of stone;
I bundled up my kit,
While Biddy wept and sigh'd,
And as the vessel left the dock,
I stepp'd on board and cried—*Chorus.*

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

I've moved in a curious neighborhood, sure,
Never saw such a gang in my life;
The women are talking from morning till night,
Telling all sorts of stuff to my wife.
There's a snaggle-tooth woman lives over the way,
With a nose like the beak of a hawk,
She's never done carrying stories about—
It's funny how people will talk.

The very first day we moved in the house,
They came to see what we would eat;
And a cross-eyed old man came in from next door,
And run down every one in the street;
Then when he went out he went over the way,
Told the neighbors I looked like a gawk;
I'll throw him down stairs if he comes in again—
It's funny how people willtalk.

They do nothing but borrow from morning till night,
From the poker and coal to the cat,
And if I don't happen to have what they want,
Call my baby a wizen-face brat;
And say I'm a robber and a murderer, too;
Say my wife can't go out for a walk,
Because she ain't got a dress fit to be seen—
It's funny how people will talk.

It's rumored around that I club my wife,
And choke her almost out of breath;
They say I'm a regular brute in the house,
That I'm starving my children to death;
They say I'm too mean to buy pure country milk,
That we only use water and chalk;
They say our last baby they don't think is mine—
It's funny how people will talk.

Nineteen Hundred and One.

Sung by James Marlow.

I will sing you a song of things that will be
In nineteen hundred and one;
The changes to come, if we live to see,
In nineteen hundred and one—
The soldiers and sailors will get their back pay,
All Government frauds will sink in the bay,
And Beecher will preach for a dollar a day,
In nineteen hundred and one.

Moody and Sankey will go on a tear,
In nineteen hundred and one;
Sitting Bull will be looking for more human hair,
In nineteen hundred and one—
Bob Ingersoll he don't believe in a hell,
But fire and brimstone, poor Bob he will smell;
And Ben Butler will be president, you bet, if he can,
In nineteen hundred and one.

Kate Claxton will invent a new fire escape,
In nineteen hundred and one;
And subscriptions for Grant will be out of date,
In nineteen hundred and one—
The ladies won't wear their bustles so looney,
Looking on Syracuse, you bet, he is queer,
Mrs. Langtry will be loony is she marries Pat Roony,
In nineteen hundred and one.

Parnell and Dillon will make England groan,
In nineteen hundred and one;
And the Irish will tread on the grave of glad tone,
In nineteen hundred and one—
They'll banish the landlords all into the sea,
And the Land Leaguers they will all holler with glee,
And you can bet your sweet life we'll see Ireland free,
In nineteen hundred and one.

Be Quiet, or I'll Scream.

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One bright mid-summer eve, with Harry by my side,
As we went strolling forth, I fancied that he sighed;
His arm around my waist—with joy his eyes did beam—
He asked a kiss; say I, "be quiet, or I'll scream."

We reached my cottage door, he bade me there good-bye—
My heart rebuked me then, I thought of his deep sigh;
So, smiling at my beau, who rather glum did seem,
Says I, "love, take a kiss, I never meant to scream."

We tread the same old path, though years I've been his wife,
Our days glide on in bliss, we know no care or strife;
And when we reach one spot, as bright the moon doth beam,
He laughs, and so do I, 'twas there I said I'd scream.

His heart is all my own, and his sweet kisses, too;
He's just as constant now as when he came to woo;
The walks are just the same, the moon as bright doth beam;
And if he failed to kiss, oh! dear, how I should scream.

OLD CHURCH BELL.

Sung by C. Heywood.

Floating down the sunny vale,
Wafted over brook and dell,
On the Summer's perfumed gale
Comes the chiming of the bell,
Soft and low it sways along,
Up and down in fitful swell,
Still the same sweet, happy sound
Listen to the old church bell—
Still the same sweet, happy sound
Listen to the old church bell.

Chorus.

Sweet and low, and to and fro
Up and down in fitful swell,
Ring its chimes in happy rhymes,
Listen to the old church bell.

Many years I've passed afar
From the old church in the dell,
Yet sweet memories wakened are
By the voice of that old bell;
Visions come and visions go,
More than words of mine can tell,
And my heart sways to and fro
List'ning to the old church bell—
And my heart sways to and fro,
List'ning to the old church bell.—*Chorus.*

When the stars above the vale
Smile upon the peaceful dell,
Then at vesper hour a tale
Chimes the gently swinging bell,
Tales of youth and life's fair May,
Crown'd with love's sweet magic spell,
Where my heart delights to stray
List'ning to the old church bell—
Where my heart delights to stray
List'ning to the old church bell.—*Chorus.*

OH, MR. FLANNIGAN.

Sung by James O'Neil.

I'm a poor married man, for about seven years
I've been leading a tormented life,
All on account and cause of the same, do you see?—
I've married a talkative wife;
No matter wherever I chance for to go,
No matter wherever I stray,
There's some one to know me, and at me they wink,
And immediately turn round and say:

Chorus.

Mr. Flannigan, there's going to be a row!
Mr. Flannigan, you're going to catch it now!
Mr. Flannigan, whatever will you do?
Your wife has got the poker and she's looking out for you.

It was only last Thursday I went on a spree,
And returned home about twelve that night,
The policeman he saw me as far as the door,
And left me there, paralysed tight:
My old woman was looking from the window above
As the policeman walked away,
And he got to the end of his beat
I heard she turn around and say:—*Chorus.*

At night I came home with a bundle of wood
And she called me a crazy old elf,
Said I should want a clean shirt to put on
When I'd go when it myself;
Says I don't deserve it all,
In this world I'll soon pass away,
And if you should meet me in the street
I know you will not turn and say:—*Chorus.*

A New York man speaks of a girl who can open a court

MISS
PAG

SING

GE (S)

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Sung by C. Heywood.

Floating down the sunny vale,
Wafted over brook and dell,
On the Summer's perfumed gale
Comes the chiming of the bell,
Soft and low it sways along,
Up and down in fitful swell,
Still the same sweet, happy sound
Listen to the old church bell—
Still the same sweet, happy sound
Listen to the old church bell.

CHORUS.

Sweet and low, and to and fro
Up and down in fitful swell,
Ring its chimes in happy rhymes,
Listen to the old church bell.

Many years I've passed afar
From the old church in the dell,
Yet sweet mem'ries wakened are
By the voice of that old bell;
Visions come and visions go,
More than words of mine can tell,
And my heart sways to and fro
List'ning to the old church bell—
And my heart sways to and fro,
List'ning to the old church bell.—*Chorus.*

When the stars above the vale
Smile upon the peaceful dell,
Then at vesper hour a tale
Chimes the gently swinging bell,
Tales of youth and life's fair May,
Crown'd with love's sweet magic spell,
Where my heart delights to stray
List'ning to the old church bell—
Where my heart delights to stray
List'ning to the old church bell.—*Chorus.*

OH, MR. FLANNIGAN.

Sung by James O'Neil.

I'm a poor married man, for about seven years
I've been leading a tormented life,
The reason and cause of the same, do you see?—
I've married a talkative wife;
No matter wherever I chance for to go,
No matter wherever I stray,
There's some one to know me, and at me they wink,
And immediately turn round and say:

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Flannigan, there's going to be a row!
Oh, Mr. Flannigan, you're going to catch it now!
Oh, Mr. Flannigan, whatever will you do?
For your wife has got the poker and she's looking out for you.

It was only last Thursday I went on a spree,
And returned home about twelve that night,
The policeman he saw me as far as the door,
And left me there, paralyzed tight;
The old woman was looking from the window above
As the policeman walked away,
When he got to the end of his beat
I heard him turn around and say:—*Chorus.*

Last night I came home with a trundle of wood
And she called me a crazy old elf,
And if I should want a clean shirt to put on
She tells me go wash it myself;
I'm sure I don't deserve it all,
From this world I'll soon pass away,
So if any of you should meet me on the street
I hope you will not turn and say:—*Chorus.*

—The New York *Sun* speaks of a girl who can open a quart of oysters in four minutes, and Gus DeSmith, with a far away financial expression, says he knows another girl who can eat them in three minutes and a half by a stop watch.

PAT OF MULLINGAR.

Sung by Harry Richmond.

They may talk of Flying Childers,
And the speed of Harkaway,
Till the fancy it bewilders,
As you list to what they say;
But for real bone and beauty
Though, to travel near and far,
The fattest mare you'll find, belongs
To Pat of Mullingar.

CHORUS.

She can trot along, jog along,
Drag a jaunting-car;
No day's too long, when set along
With Pat of Mullingar.

She was bred in Connemara,
And brought up at Castlemaine;
She won cups at the Currah,
The finest baste on all the plain!
All countries and conveyances
She has been buckled to;
She lost an eye at Limerick,
And an ear at Waterloo.—*Chorus.*

If a friend you wish to find, sir,
I'll go wherever you want;
I'll drive you out of your mind, sir,
Or a little way beyont,
Like an arrow through the air,
If you'll step upon the car,
You'll ride behind the little mare
Of Pat of Mullingar.—*Chorus.*

To Dallymount or Kingston,
If the place you wish to see,
I'll drive you to the Strawberry beds,
It's all the same to me;
To Donnybrook, whose ancient fair
Is famed for love and war;
Or if you have the time to spare,
We'll go to Mullingar.—*Chorus.*

When on the road we're going,
The other carmen try
(Without the darling knowing),
To pass her on the sly;
Her one ear points up to the sky,
She tucks her haunches in;
Then shows the lads how she can fly,
As I sit still and grin!—*Chorus.*

Then, should yez want a car, sirs,
I hope you'll not forget
Poor Pat of Mullingar, sirs,
And his darlin' little pet;
She's as gentle as the dove, sirs,
Her speed you can't deny;
And there's no blind side about her,
Though she only has one eye.—*Chorus.*

—A young gentleman took his sister, a wee miss, the other day, to see a family in which he is a regular caller. The little girl made herself quite at home, and exhibited great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily. "How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house. "Yes, just like her brother," responded the young lady, unthinkingly. Paterfamilias looked up sternly over his spectacles, the young man blushed, and there was consternation in the family circle.

—In the court-house an Irishman stood charged with stealing a watch from a fellow citizen. He stoutly denied the impeachment, and brought a counter-accusation against his accuser for assault and battery committed with a frying-pan. The judge was inclined to take a common-sense view of the case, and regarding the prisoner, said, "Why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you, without resistance? Had you nothing in your hand to defend yourself with?" "Bedad, your honor," answerd Pat, "I had his watch, but what was that against a frying-pan?"

FONTENOY.

Sung by Johnny Roach.

Oh, have you heard the news, my boys,
That glorious news to-day;
Those gallant sons, with pikes and guns,
Are girding for the fray.
The exiles are returning,
Their dear old land to see;
And you and me must ready be
To strike for liberty.

CHORUS.

We'll tear that British banner down,
And we'll every foe destroy;
Till we trample in the bloody dust
Of an Irish Fontenoy.

The green flag shall wave over us,
As it did in days of yore;
And the dear old harp of Tara's Hall
Shall strike its chords once more;
And the tune we'll play, shall be Patrick's Day,
And we'll play it o'er and o'er,
And soon you'll see old Ireland free,
And the exiles home once more.—*Chorus.*

We have begged of England long, my boys,
But now we'll beg no more;
No more like prowling hounds we'll crawl
Around our master's door;
We have learned the way to freedom, boys,
And soon we'll strike the blow
That will raise up poor old Ireland,
And lay the tyrant low.—*Chorus.*

THE DANDY DUDE.

Sung by Miss Ella Wesner.

I'm the kind of swell you see,
On Pall Mall or dear Paree;
My waist is slim, my pants are tight,
They say my togs makes my head light;
My name was Boggs, but it I changed
To Clarence Vere de Vere Le Grange;
I'm always in a happy mood,
For I'm a *bon ton* dandy dude.

CHORUS.

I'm a swell you plainly see,
The other dudes copy me;
Though I lisp, I'm never rude,
For I'm the model of the dandy dude.

I like the girls, but I admit
I don't like the horrid men a bit;
I'm the pet of my mamma,
And the ladies think I'm lar dee da.
From boots to hat I dress *au fait*,
Ain't he immense the ladies say;
When they say he's charming, they allude
To the styles and turnout of this dude.—*Chorus.*

I love to flirt with the dear girls,
To tap their chins and muss their curls;
A lovely mash I always get,
For somehow I'm the ladies' pet.
Which they like most, I can not say,
Whether my good looks or my winning way;
I mingle not with the vulgar brood,
For I'm a lar dee da dee dandy dude.—*Chorus.*

—"I am burning to stand at the head of my class," as the boy remarked when he threw his schoolmate's exercise into the fire.

—"Is it injurious to eat before going to sleep?" asks a correspondent. Why, no, not fatally injurious; but you just try eating after you go to sleep if you want to see a circus.

—A Galveston man who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear Friend: If you are looking for a No. 1 mule, don't forget me."

GREENPOINT NELL.

Sung by Joe J. Sullivan.

While coming from the ferry
I met a little girl,
She's sweeter than a daisy,
They call her Greenpoint Nell.
A dozen more were with her,
I know them very well,
And as I passed the darling by,
They said, oh, what a swell!

CHORUS.

Oh, my, ain't she sweet,
With blue eyes and blonde curly hair,
You bet she's a daisy, she has me near crazy,
With her sure there's none can compare;
Oh, my, ain't she a dear,
I've mashed her, I know very well;
She's a silk factory lady, and married I may be
To my little Greenpoint Nell.

The Thirty Fourth Street ferry
She crosses every forenoon,
She works in the silk factory,
But she'll leave it very soon;
I'm going to move to Greenpoint,
Alongside of this belle,
Her name is Johanna Shaugnessy,
But they call her Greenpoint Nell.—*Chorus.*

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.

Sung by Manning & Drew.

While strolling in the park one day,
In the afternoon in the month of May,
I was taken with surprise by a pair of roguish eyes,
In a moment my poor heart was stole away;
A glance was all she gave unto me—(*Sym.*)
Of course we were as happy as could be—(*Sym.*)

CHORUS.

I immediately raised my hat,
So finally she remarked—
And I never shall forget that lovely afternoon
When I met her at the fountain in the park.

Her dress was in the fashion cut so fine;
As she placed her little hand in mine,
We talked of love at sight until the shades of night,
When she whispered very softly, "I'll be thine."
A glance was all she gave unto me—(*Sym.*)
Of course we were as happy as could be—(*Sym.*)—*Chorus.*

THE ÆSTHETIC DUDE.

Sung by E. M. Hall.

I'll sing of a dainty young man of fashion,
Who just about now is the style and the rage,
He looks like a donkey and acts like a monkey,
The place for to put him would be a big cage.
His hair is done up in bangs and frizzes,
A New Jersey lily he smells for food,
His pants are so tight that it makes the head light
Of this strange freak of fashion, the Æsthetic dude.

His collar's so big that it hides his big ears,
His nose is high toned, for it points to the sky;
The boys call him Biddy, for he is so giddy,
And the way that he walks you'd think he could fly.
Now to all young ladies who may want to marry
I give this advice, so don't think me rude:
You can't tell if you're hitched to a male or a female
If you marry this foolish and mulish young dude.

—"But I will not dilate," said the stump speaker. "If you do, I am afraid the excited audience will cause you to die early," said a red-nosed man in the back row.

—"Ah! good morning, Brown. Why, how are you?" "I am very well, thank you; but I would like to know how you came to call me Brown. My name is Green." "Green? Oh, yes, so it is. Pardon me; I am color-blind, you know."

Father Will Settle the Bill.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Allow me to look at your dress goods,
And trimmings to match, if you please
'Tis easy to make a selection
From elegant patterns like these·
This poplin is quite to my fancy,
But here is a prettier still;
I can not do better than take it,
And father will settle the bill.

CHORUS.

Father will settle,
Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
I can not do better than take it,
And father will settle the bill.

This bonnet is just as I want it,
So charming, I know they will say;
I ought to have called for it sooner,
I hope you'll excuse the delay.
Well, now, I am in a dilemma,
Please charge it to me if you will,
My purse I declare I've forgotten,
But father will settle the bill.—*Chorus.*

I wish you would do me the favor
To let me examine that ring;
How nicely it looks on my finger,
I must have the beautiful thing;
I scarcely feel able to buy it,
Yet now on a venture I will;
I cannot resist the temptation,
And father will settle the bill.—*Chorus.*

The gaiters I purchased last even'ng
Are only a trifle too small;
They suit me almost to perfection,
Too low in the instep is all.
Now here is a pair that might suit me,
I feel very certain they will;
Provided they do I shall keep them,
And father will settle the bill.—*Chorus.*

How much for these delicate laces?
And this little love of a fan?
Perhaps I shall call in the morning,
But sell them of course if you can.
Oh, dear, I have been so long shopping
That mother will think I am ill;
I guess I shall order a carriage,
And father will settle the bill.—*Chorus.*

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

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You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget
But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go,
Can you look me in the face and say the same Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red and the beautiful cockade,
Oh! I fear that you'll forget all the promises you made;
With a gun upon your shoulder and your bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some fair lady and be making her your bride—
You'll be taking some fair lady and be making her your bride.

Or, when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you that my happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps a general you'll be,
Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me?
Oh! if I were queen of France, or still better pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or if kings must show their might,
Why let them who make the quarrels be the only men to fight—
Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the only men to fight

—A young girl who married a New York dude on account of the lovely Queen Anne villa he had at Newport, admits that she sold herself for a mess of cottage.

THE HOOLAHAN MUSKETEERS!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, NewYork City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

It was on a Saturday night
That we started a company,
And elected Anthony Wright,
Our captain for to be.
He accepted office with thanks,
And appointed us Pioneers,
For to march in front of the ranks,
In the Hoolahan Musketeers!

CHORUS.

We march'd like soldiers thro' the streets,
With our new flags flying so gay,
And bate the time wid both our feet,
While the band did sweetly play.
From windows high the girls did look,
And they smil'd at the Pioneers,
And then their handkerchiefs they shook
At the Hoolahan Musketeers.

To the guests invited we gave
All the prizes to carry round,
And at nine o'clock we did l'ave,
For to go to the shooting ground,
Where we stopp'd for two hours or more,
And we toasted the Pioneers,
Had eating and drinking galore,
Did the Hoolahan Musketeers!—*Chorus.*

But when we got back to the ward,
It was then we felt light and gay,
And our captain flourish'd his sword,
While the crowd did l'ave the way.
At Monahan's we broke up then,
And faith, we gave three hearty cheers,
For the officers and the men,
In the Hoolahan Musketeers!—*Chorus.*

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Recited by James Harkins.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold,
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair,
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart hath enshrined him there,
Somebody's wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to clasp him again to her heart,
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like, lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slap at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

THE NEWHALL HOUSE FIRE.

Written by J. W. Kelley.

'Twas the gray of early morning when the dreadful cry of fire
Rang out upon the cold and piercing air,
Just that little word alone is all it would require
To spread dismay and panic everywhere.
Milwaukee was excited as it never was before,
On learning that the fire bells all around
Were ringing to eternity a hundred souls or more,
And the Newhall House was burning to the ground.
The firemen worked like demons and did all within their power
To save a life or try to soothe a pain,
It made the strongest heart sick, for in less than half an hour
All was hushed and further efforts were in vain.

When the dreadful alarm was sounded through the oft condemned hotel,
They rushed in mad confusion every way;
The smoke was suffocating and blinding them as well,
The fire king could not be held at bay;
At every window men and women wildly would beseech
For help, in tones of anguish and despair,
What must have been their feelings where the ladders could not reach,
And they felt death's grasp around them everywhere,
Up in the highest window stood a servant girl alone;
The crowd beneath all gazed with bathed breath,
They turned away their faces, there was many a stifled groan,
When she jumped to meet perhaps as hard a death.

In one place you could see a man whose wife stood by his side,
They say this man was a millionaire,
To save them from their dreadful fate they left no means untried,
Gold or treasure had no value there.
A boy stood in a window and his mother was below,
She saw him, and the danger drawing near,
With upraised hands, to pray for him, she knelt down in the snow,
And the stoutest men could not restrain a tear,
She madly rushed towards the fire and wildly tore her hair,
Take me, oh, God, but spare my pride, my joy,
She saw the flames surround him and then in dark despair,
Said: God have mercy on my only boy.

They tell us now that this hotel has been on fire before,
And not considered safe for several years,
And still the men that owned let it run on as before,
And they are not to blame, it now appears.
Incendiarism this time has been the cause they say,
But who the fiend was they cannot tell,
So the people in Milwaukee will not rest by night or day,
'Till the matter is investigated well;
Still this will be no benefit to those who've passed away,
In this Milwaukee's greatest funeral pyre,
And peace be to their ashes is the best that we can say,
For the victims to this great and dreadful fire.

Call Me Your Darling Again.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Call me your darling again,
And give me the smile I adore,
Say that I love not in vain,
Oh, keep me in sorrow no more!
Shadows are stealing around me,
And deep in the heart there's a pain;
Oh, come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again;
Come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again.

CHORUS.

Call me your darling again,
Join in my fond heart's refrain.
Oh, come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again.

Whisper your sweet words of love,
And banish my heart's weary sighs;
Pure as the bright stars above,
Is the lovelight that dwells in your eyes!
Tell me there's joy for the morrow,
To thee ever true I'll remain,
Oh, wake, love, from silence and sorrow,
And call me your darling again;
Wake, love, from silence and sorrow,
And call me your darling again.—*Chorus.*

TOMMY DODD.

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I lead a somewhat happy life,
Like most men about town,
But still I must submit to you,
I'm somewhat of renown;
A speculative turn of mind,
It may seem rather odd;
I have a weakness, and it is,
A love for "Tommy Dodd!"

CHORUS.

I'm always safe when I begin,
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
Glasses round, cigars as well,
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
Now, my boys, let's all go in,
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
Head or tail, I'm safe to win,
Hurrah for Tommy Dodd!

In town now if you meet a friend,
You can not let him pass,
Of course you must do something,
You then propose a glass;
Now if I meet a chum or two,
I hail them with a nod,
Propose for each a "full-grown dose,"
But submitting "Tommy Dodd!"—*Chorus.*

You've no idea the run of luck,
Which I have found the rule,
Attends you if you go in "hot,"
Of course remaining "cool;"
A purse is just in case of need,
For you can ride rough-shod,
And live like any fighting-cock,
If you're *up* in "Tommy Dodd!"—*Chorus.*

A friend of mine three daughters had,
He asked me home to tea,
I played and sung, when by-and-by,
They oll "spooned" on to me;
I couldn't court the lot, you know,
For that would seem so odd,
So I proposed that they'd decide,
By way of "Tommy Dodd!"—*Chorus.*

Whisky, You're the Divil.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Now, brave boys, we're on for marching,
Off to Portigil and Spain,
Drums are beating, colors flying,
Divil a home we'll go again.

CHORUS.

Love, farewell,
With my rearruh arrah, with my rearruh arrah,
My rearruh a raddy,
Oh! there's wisky in the jar,
Oh! whisky you're the divil, you've led me astray,
Over hills, and over mountains, and out of the way,
You're stronger, sweeter, decenter, and spunkyer than tea,
Oh, whisky, you're my darling, drunk or sober.

Says the mother do not wrong me,
Do not take my daughter from me,
For if you do I will torment you,
And after death my ghost will haunt you.—*Chorus.*

Now the drums are beating boldly,
Men are dying hot, and coldly,
Give every man his flask of powder,
And his firelock on his shoulder.—*Chorus.*

—"Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady of a servant she was about to engage. "Yes, ma'am, I can fix up your hair in ten minutes." "Ten minutes! What would I do with myself the rest of the day? You won't suit me at all."

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

Recited by Miss Lottie Winnett.

I live for those who love me,
For those whose hearts are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake—
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And the time great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those whose hearts are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

Recited by Thos. H. Winnett.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow;
We may try to evade them—may do what we will—
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.
The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then when we fail the world bears the blame;
But nine times in ten 'tis plain to be seen
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.
Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth had often been proved,
We must make ourselves lovable would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters come back;
This law was enacted by heaven above,
That like attracts like, and love begets love.
We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,
In our gardens are flowers of every zone;
But the beautiful graces that blossom within
Grow shriveled and die in the upas of sin!

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
'Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old;
Oh! did we the same for beautiful love
Our lives might be music for angels above.
We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But it shines out as fast as the "hand on the wall;"
For the world has its debt and credit for all.

—"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

A Smile Was All She Gave Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Not long ago I was the beau
Of a pretty girl, named Mary,
With a form so neat, a smile so sweet,
And a step just like a fairy.
We courted long, my love was strong,
How I wish that she would have me,
But when I did the question pop,
A smile was all she gave me.

CHORUS.
Yet she was so fair, I do declare,
How I wished that she would have me,
But when I did the question pop,
A smile was all she gave me.

I sent her notes, I sent her flowers,
I took her out a-riding,
How quick time flies when love and sighs
Are with the hours gliding.
A rival was my only fear,
And I couldn't think to save me,
That when I asked her who he was
A smile was all she gave me.—*Chorus.*

At last a note I got one day,
And dreadful news it carried,
Inviting me to come and see
Herself and rival married;
Now off I went, on death was bent,
Resolved that none should save me,
But I'm not dead, though she got wed,
And a smile was all she gave me.—*Chorus.*

Just to Please the Boys.

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Some people have peculiar ways
And I have some I know,
I don't like swell society,
Restraint I cannot go.
I've done and will do as I please,
Keep still or make a noise,
I love to please the ladies, but,
Prefer to please the boys.

SPOKEN—Oh! well, ladies never appear perfect in each other's eyes; there's always some little fault, whether caused by *envy, jealousy* or otherwise. So, on this occasion I waive female opinion and intend—

CHORUS.
Just to please the boys,
Just to please the boys,
I always meant with good intent,
To try and please the boys.

I love to sing, to sail and race,
I love to skate and dance,
I love all social parties
Where they give a girl a chance.
My lady friends find fault because
They cannot share my joys,
And tell me I'm too forward when
I try to please the boys.

SPOKEN—Yes, whenever I try to entertain the gentlemen, I hear such exclamations as these: "Ain't she awful?" "How exceedingly fresh!" "She will never catch a sensible husband." And all this because I try—*Chorus.*

Some people call me fickle,
Just because I change my beau,
And don't keep one man to myself,
And let all others go.
Now that I think would be unkind,
For no one more enjoys,
To give good looking men a chance,
And try and please the boys.

SPOKEN—Lord! I'm not fickle; I do like one man. The other evening a gentleman kissed me just because I let him. He repeated the act and then wanted an encore. I refused. He said, "Ella, they all do it." He didn't mean me. I have a few kisses left, and when I distribute them it will be—*Chorus.*

Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.

Recited by James Harkins.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Bessie," clamly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly-poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"
Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"
She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."
She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"
Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below:
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basils funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."
It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night,
O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his foot she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Angels, Meet Me On the Cross-Road.

Sung by Chas. Anderson.

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I rise up early in the morn,
I hear old Gabriel blow his horn;
Make haste, darkies, don't you wait,
'Case you all may lose dem keys to the gate.

CHORUS.

Angels, meet me on the cross-road, meet me,
Angels, meet me on the cross-road, meet me,
Angels, meet me on the cross-road, meet me,
I ain't gwine to charge any tole.

What kind of shoes does the angels wear?
Dat dey can walk around up in heaven in the air?
I stand by the gate, I hear de angels knock,
And I put all the nickels in de missionary box.—*Chorus.*

—Small boy—"Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?" Pa—"I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I had married her."

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY!

Copyright, 1880, by E. H. Harding.

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Hush-a-bye, baby, now go to sleep, love,
Hush-a-bye, baby, bye;
In slumber close your eyes, love,
Paddy, don't you cry.

CHORUS.

Now go to sleep, my Paddy dear,
Now go to sleep for your father is here;
Oh! Paddy, darling, now go to sleep,
There, now, don't you cry.

Hush-a-bye, baby, now go to sleep, love,
Hush-a bye, baby, bye;
Thro' each bright star
The angels watch thee from on high.—*Chorus.*

MULCAHEY'S SOONER DOG.

Recited by Miss St. George Hussey.

Mulcahey had a sooner dog,
He'd sooner fight than ate;
Mulcahey said he'd match him
Against any terrier in the State.
His teeth were like a saw mill,
He'd a double action jaw,
He'd chew up china door knobs,
Or anything he saw.

Mulcahey had a neighbor,
His name was Terrence Flynn,
Terry owned a bull pup
With a very ugly grin.
Terry called him Beauty,
Though an uglier, mangier cur
Never was led in a dog pit,
Or wore a coat of fur.

Beauty ate the dog house,
And broke the chain one day,
And chewed a Chinese Tom cat,
In Mulcahey's yard across the way;
Mulcahey says to Terry,
"Your cur can ate a cat,
But he can not wrestle my dog,
And I'll bet my boots on that."

Says Flynn, "I'll bet my mother in-law
Against an overshoe
My dog will swallow your dog,
Before the match is through.
A pit was dug according,
And the dogs were both slung in,
Says Mulcahey, then, to Jerry,
May the best dog win.

Mulcahey's dog got a waist hoult
Of Beauty by the jaw,
And he hit him with a black jack
That he held in his paw.
The dog cried "Holy murther,"
Then Jerry Flynn did bawl,
"Mulcahey, fight your dog fair,
Or do not fight at all."

Then dogs and men got fighting,
And divil such a sight
Ever a white man witnessed,
As was in Mulcahey's yard that night.
There was howling, there was growling,
Three hogsheads of blood was shed,
And when the sun got up in the morning
Both dogs and men were dead.

—Proverbial Philosophy.—Hunger is the best sauce; hence street-boys are naturally saucy. Many men, many minds; but one woman frequently has more than all of them. They who dance leave the host to pay the fiddler. What cannot be cured supports the doctors. A fair exchange would ruin the stock market. There's many a smoke with no tobacco.

THE RAVEN.

By Edgar A. Poe.

[illegible] a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
[illegible] a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
[illegible] nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
[illegible] some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"[illegible] visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

[illegible] I remember, it was in the bleak December,
[illegible] separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
[illegible] I prayed the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
[illegible] my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore.—
[illegible] the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

[illegible] the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
[illegible] me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
[illegible] that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"[illegible] some belated visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
[illegible] late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

[illegible] my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"[illegible]," said I, "or Madam, truly, your forgiveness I implore;
[illegible] the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
[illegible] so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
[illegible] I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door
Darkness there, and nothing more.

[illegible] into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
[illegible], dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
[illegible] the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
[illegible] the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
[illegible] I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

[illegible] into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
[illegible] soon I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

[illegible] here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
[illegible] there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
[illegible] the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
[illegible] with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

[illegible] this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
[illegible] the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"[illegible] thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
[illegible], grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
[illegible], say what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

[illegible] I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
[illegible] its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
[illegible] we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
[illegible] ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
[illegible] or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
With such a name as "Nevermore!"

[illegible] the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
[illegible] one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
[illegible] further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
[illegible] I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,
[illegible] the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

[illegible] at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"[illegible]," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
[illegible] from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
[illegible] followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,
[illegible] the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—nevermore.'"

[illegible] the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
[illegible] I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
[illegible], upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
[illegible] into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
[illegible] this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

[illegible] I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
[illegible] the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
[illegible] and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
[illegible] cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
[illegible] whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

[illegible] methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
[illegible] by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"[illegible]," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
[illegible]—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
[illegible], quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

[illegible]!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
[illegible] tempest tossed, or whether tempest tossed thou here ashore,
[illegible], yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
[illegible] by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore!
[illegible]—is there—is there balm in Gilead?"

MISS
PAG

SSING

GE (S)

THE RAVEN.

By Edgar A. Poe.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly, your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
With such a name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore.
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore!"
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore,
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—Nevermore

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.

Sung by Maggie Cline.

Oh! as I did ramble, down by a bramble,
On a bright, clear morn in the month of May,
Faith! I spied a damsel, both fair and handsome,
And I stepped aside for to hear what she did say;
Faith! she wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,
Oh! she'd no jewelry, she'd none at all,
But she wore a chignon, and sang a sweet song,
And to crown her beauty she wore an old plaid shawl.

Faith! we kept on walking, we kept on talking,
And the divil a one of us knew when to stop;
When she says, "Young man, what profession are you?"
Says I, "My love, I'm a clerk in a 'pothecary shop."
I wasn't minding, I wasn't thinking,
Oh! I wasn't thinking a bit at all,
When she landed me and knocked me kicking—
May the divil shoot the damsel with the old plaid shawl.

THE IVY GREEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Catalogue of Songs, Books, Novelties, &c., sent free.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er the ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lonely and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd
To please his dainty whim,
And the moldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him—
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old head hath he;
How closely he twineth—how tightly he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves—
Creeping where grim death had been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last—
Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

—A party of young men who were singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," never reached there until late in the afternoon, and even then they had to pay five dollars and costs.

—"Ta, ta; I'll see you later!" said Amy, taking leave of the high-school girl, the other evening. "You mean," replied the latter, "you will ocularly observe me at a subsequent period, do you not?"

The Old Village Blacksmith's Shop.

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Some folks like to visit strange lands and their ways—
While some go to Paris and Rome;
But the spot I love best, and am longing to see,
Is in Ireland, my own village home.
'Tis there that I spent many hours when a boy,
And 'tis there that I often would stop
To watch the old blacksmith displaying his power,
In the old village blacksmith's shop.

CHORUS.

Bang, bang, bang, falls the hammer on the anvil;
All day long at the door I would stop,
Listening to the music made by honest toil,
In the old village blacksmith's shop.

'Tis there, when a boy, that my schoolmates and I
Would stand 'round the old smithy fire,
And watch the old smith as he swung his huge sled,
And envy his muscular power;
And then the old man would pause in his work,
And his ponderous hammer he'd stop,
To talk to us kindly, and call us his boys,
In the old village blacksmith's shop.—*Chorus.*

'Tis often I think of the days that are gone,
When to the old smithy I'd go,
And to help the old man, on a box I would stand,
And with pleasure his bellows I'd blow;
But the old man has gone to his last resting place,
And no more at the door I can stop
To watch the sparks fly from the fire to the sky,
In the old village blacksmith's shop.—*Chorus.*

JAKEY WOOLFENSTEIN.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

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His name vas Jakey Woolfenstein,
Some folks dey call him Yorrick,
In his button-hole he vears his nose,
He can Fransay parra gorric;
His hair's in Albany ringlets,
His eyes are as you please;
De girls dey call him Ostrich,
Vich alvays makes him sneeze.

CHORUS.

Horse-Car, Horse-Car, my leetle pet,
I'll meet you in de park of de wedder it is vet;
I'll sdrike you mit a tooth-pick, I'll treat you to Rhine Vine,
De pet of all de ladies vas Jakey Woolfenstein.

His neck-tie vas his farder's socks,
Dis mosd exquisite fellar;
He reads de signs along de sdreed,
Drough his ten-cent umbrella;
His boots are tissue-paper,
His board he vill not pay;
He drinks plantation bitters,
Und dis is vot he'll say—

CHORUS.

Olive oil! olive oil! you should hear him say,
I must go und buy some meat for a cat across de way;
De ladies all together are standing in a line,
To see de German masher, dot's Jakey Woolfenstein.

He parts his hair beneath his chin,
He vears his modder's collars;
His farder has got lots of tin,
He's vorth aboud dwo dollars;
In big bananas he's got stock,
In business he is sharp;
You should hear him blay "Die Wacht am Rhine"
Upon de Hebrew harp.

CHORUS.

Very tart, very tart, dot's vot dey say,
I musd carry Knox's banner for fifdeen cends a day;
De ladies altogether are drinking goot Rhine Vine,
To see de German darling, dot's Jakey Woolfenstein.

THE LAST FAREWELL

Sung by William Johnson.

'Tis strange, though I cannot forget,
'Twas just one year ago,
To better lands, though far away,
My little love did go;
Though cherished with the fondest hopes,
Her love I ne'er could tell,
Until it came to one bright morn
I took my last farewell.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, 'twas just one year ago,
And I remember well,
It seems to me like yesterday
I took my last farewell.

She's left this world and gone above
With angels to rejoice,
Where they will welcome her with love
On hearing her sweet voice;
Whene'er I pass that little cot,
That stands beside the dell,
I ofttimes think of days gone by
When I took my last farewell.—*Chorus.*

YE MERRY BIRDS.

Sung by C. Heywood.

Ye merry birds that gayly sing,
Making the woods and groves to ring—
For wings have ye to fly away
O'er land and sea and waters gray;
And voices sweet to all belong
That ye may breathe your souls in song.

CHORUS.

Ye pretty birdlings, light and free—
Ye pretty birdlings, light and free,
Will one, will one of you,
A message, a message bear for me?

Down in a vale where cooling springs
Fill the soft air with murmurings,
Where blooming flow'rets, wild and sweet,
The evening zephyrs gladly greet;
There stands my own love's cottage dear,
There Spring-time blossoms all the year.—*Chorus*

Oh, could I fly to her with you
And tell her of my love so true,
And how my sighs are poured in vain,
That in her smiles I'd live again;
Against my heart I'd clasp her fast,
And in a kiss forget the past.—*Chorus.*

The Art of Making Love.

Sung by C. P. Hyland.

Now, the very first time I fell in love,
I had much cause to rue it,
She said, good-bye, you look so shy,
You don't know how to do it;
But I have seen a lot of pretty sights,
And learned in the proper way,
And when you meet a nice young girl,
Make love to her this way—

CHORUS.

Have a kiss for a start, and squeeze her little heart,
She cries out, George, give over;
You have a nice little talk and a quiet little walk,
And roll her in the clover.
The moon is not out, there is no one about,
You squeeze her tiny glove;
Come, tell me plain, if you know a better game
Than my art of making love.

I have courted girls, both short and tall,
And nearly courted forty,
But every miss I tried to kiss,
They cry, for shame, 'tis naughty;
But never mind, now bear in mind,
You cannot blame the man—
First they tease you, and then they squeeze you,
Make love whene'er you can.—*Chorus.*

The Man that Stole the Country.

Sung by Murphy and Mack

We'll tell you of a terrible thief,
Who for stealing things could not be beat,
He'd even steal the grub he'd eat,
The man that stole the country.
In his sleep he'd dream of what he'd done,
And when he'd awake, the son of a gun,
He'd get up and go out and steal for fun,
The man that stole the country.

CHORUS.

He stole a horse, he stole a cow,
A stack of hay and a cast iron-plow;
He swiped a dog most dead with old age,
A whole row of footlights off from the stage;
Last night he came in this very place,
And took the nose right off a man's face;
All kinds of fish, from a whale to a perch,
Even the steeple from Trinity Church,
A pile of timber, a liberty pole,
Stewart's body he must have stole;
He was bred of a family of very bad rank,
He stole all the bonds in the Manhattan Bank;
The Elevated Road he would have got
If it hadn't been riveted to the spot;
He'd steal the tongue out of your mouth
While you would be talking;
He stole the shoes off O'Leary
While he was a walking;
He stole a mule that was dying with cramps,
Then went out West and collared all tramps:
Into a shop and sneaked out the boss.
Over to Philadelphia and nipped Charlie Ross·
In Gilmore's Garden he collared the track,
He even tried to steal Murphy and Mack,
And still he wasn't satisfied,
The man that stole the country.

To Blackwell's Island he was sent,
And life-time given to repent,
For things he'd done with bad intent,
The man that stole the country.
But the villain he was very bold,
And prison walls could not him hold;
And he's around again, so we're told,
The man that stole the country

CHORUS.

A pair of boots, a tub and a saw,
The wonderful man with the cast iron jaw
A full brass band, and a new piano,
The ballot boxes in Louisiana;
President Hayes' ulster and beaver,
Went to New Orleans and took the fever;
Came to New York to steal the Hell Gate,
And he'd had it, too, if he hadn't been late;
He stole a whole gang that were out on a lark,
If he hadn't been watched he'd had Central Park;
Stole a street car, the driver and all,
Then went up and took Tammany Hall,
Took a cop right off from his beat,
Stole all the bears that were in Wall Street;
To steal the City Hall he often did wish,
He took the false teeth away from McNish;
He stole a house they had just finished building,
Took Bessie Turner from Theodore Tilton·
Into a school and nipped the teacher,
He'd had Elizabeth, too, if it wasn't for Beecher;
Stole some young folks that were playing backgammon,
Went to "The London" and stole Murphy and Shannon.
And still he was not satisfied,
The man that stole the country.

—This talk of the girls taking advantage of leap-year is all nonsense. They know that the man who hasn't the courage to pop the question would want his wife to pop out of bed and do all the fighting when burglars were heard breaking into the house.

—A man in Terre Haute, Ind., who recently secured a divorce from his wife, now employs her as his hired girl, and she has more money and better clothes, than when she was his wife. But it is this treating a wife like a hired girl, and the hired girl like a wife, which creates so many hilarious circuses in the worst regulated families,

Our Jack's Come Home To-Day.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Our Jack's come home from sea to-day,
And brown and bronzed is he;
For many a years he's been away
From his home, his love and me;
Yet his heart is true as it was of old,
His spirits light and gay,
You little know the joy we felt
When he came home to day—
You little know the joy we felt
When he came home to-day.

CHORUS.

Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
The good ship Jane is in port again,
Our Jack's come home to-day.

Our Jack's come home from sea to-day,
And a jovial tar is he;
Full many a tale of storm and gale
He recounts with careless glee,
And of sights he's seen in lands he's been
So strange, so far away
All danger's past, he's safe at last,
Our Jack's come home to-day—
All danger's past, he's safe at last,
Our Jack's come home to-day.—*Chorus.*

Our Jack's come home from sea to day
To make his Nell his bride;
With loving faith she's ne'er despaired,
Tho' all hope within us died;
Yet her eye grew dim, her cheek grew pale,
She slowly pined away,
But the lovely bloom's on her face again,
Her Jack's come home to-day—
But the lovely bloom's on her face again,
Her Jack's come home to day.—*Chorus.*

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

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See these ribbons gaily streaming,
I'm soldier now, Lisette;
Yes, of battles I am dreaming,
And the honor I shall get;
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud steed to ride,
I shall rush on the foe—
Yes, I flatter me, Lisette,
'Tis a life that well will suit,
The gay life is a young recruit.

We shall march away to morrow
At the breaking of the day;
And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry tymbals play;
Yet before I say good-bye,
And the last sad parting take,
As a proof of your love,
Wear this gift for my sake—
Then cheer up, my own Lisette,
Let not grief your beauty stain,
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lisette, to still be weeping,
While there's fame in store for me;
Think when home I am returning
What a joyful day 'twill be;
When to church you're smartly led
Like some lady, fondly drest,
And a hero you shall wed,
With a medal on his breast—
Ha! there's not a maiden fair,
But with welcome will salute
The gay bride of a young recruit.

THE MANIAC.

By Mathew G. Lewis.

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail,—
O, jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O, haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still—still I see,—
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad; no—no—not mad!

'Tis sure some dream, some vision;
What! I, the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which nevermore my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor 'round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away!
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled,
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever loved a lovelier child,
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty—my pretty—pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad, I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
Now—now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help—Help!—He's gone!—O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain—I know, I know
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for, to you while I speak.
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me, now, with dreadful shrieks,
He whirls a serpent high in air
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
Your task is done, I'm Mad! I'm Mad!

—Paterfamillas: "I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch. I think it must want cleaning." "Oh, no, papa dear! I don't think it needs cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin ever so long this morning."

—"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, drooping her eye-lashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

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Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
Where the poor and wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go look in yon hall, where the chandeliers' light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy folds
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view:
Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man!

Go look in yon church with the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin!
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!

Go look to yon Judge in his dark-flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made—
Go there in the court room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old, and your hairs turn gray,
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn, in your agony, upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.

The March of the Cameron Men.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,
That has follow'd his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.

CHORUS.

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men,
'Tis the march, 'tis the march,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path,
Now trod by the gallant and true;
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain hath said
That whatever men dare they can do.—*Chorus.*

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gather'd before.—*Chorus.*

WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

You kind and tender Christians, I pray you now draw near;
It's of a dreadful shipwreck I mean to let you hear;
The loss of the Atlantic upon the ocean's wave,
Where fully seven hundred souls met with a watery grave.

'Twas on the 20th day of March our gallant ship did sail,
Bound for the harbor of New York; we had a pleasant gale—
We called next day at Queenstown, as we always did before,
And took on board three hundred souls—their loss we now deplore.

We steamed away for seven days without either dread or fear,
Our brave and honored captain his course right well did steer,
Until he found, to his dismay, his coal was rather low,
So he changed his course for Halifax, which proved our overthrow.

'Twas on the first of April, in the morning at three o'clock,
When all on board were sunk in sleep, she struck upon a rock;
To hear the cry of dark despair 'twould make you for to weep,
And that loud wail of anguish, as they sank into the deep.

O, heavens! 'twas an awful sight, the struggle there for life!
The mother parted from the child—the husband from the wife;
The billows mad—the breakers wild—o'er the vessel's side they tore,
And washed overboard those human beings to sink and rise no more!

Oh! sad it is for to describe all that they suffered there—
The men and women rushed on deck with wild cries of despair,
And some climbed up the rigging—for so we have been told,
And after hours of suffering, they died there with the cold.

One man escaped into the boat—with terror looked behind,
And, trembling there upon the deck, he saw his wife so kind:
"Without my wife I cannot live, so with her I will die,"
And I hope we soon will meet again before the Lord on high."

It's when the news it reached New York, 'twould grieve your heart full sore
To see the people cry and weep for friends they'll meet no more;
The office of the "White Star," in crowds they did surround,
To see if news from those they loved was there for to be found.

To see the aged mother it would melt your heart with pain:
"Where is my loving daughter—must we never meet again?"
And the tender-hearted sister with sorrow she did cry:
"Does my kind and loving brother in the ocean's bosom lie?"

The poor old feeble father with grief he tore his hair:
"Must I ne'er see for evermore my sons and daughters fair?"
So to conclude my dreary song, I've one more thing to say—
In your tender mercy, Christian, I hope you'll for them pray.

LILY DALE.

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Catalogue of Songs, Books, Novelties, &c., sent free.

'Twas a calm, clear night, and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When sad-hearted friends stood around the death-bed
Of my poor, sweet Lily Dale!

CHORUS.

O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale!
Now the wild roses wave o'er her little green grave!
'Neath the trees in the blooming vale!

Like a fair flower white, on that sad, still night,
Swept by some icy gale,
On her couch of snow, in her beauty bright,
Lay my dear, sweet Lily Dale!—*Chorus.*

"I go," and she smiled, as we wept o'er the child,
"To that sinless, happy vale,
Where a kind hand shall wipe all pain from the brow
Of your poor, dear Lily Dale!"—*Chorus.*

The moon went down 'neath the forest brown,
And the stars grew dim and pale,
And the death smile wreathed the white, cold lips,
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale!—*Chorus.*

Where the flowers bloom o'er her lonely tomb,
'Neath the trees of the leafy vale,
Sweetly sleepeth in peace, while the bright birds sing,
My loved, my dear Lily Dale!—*Chorus.*

Bye, Bye, Baby, Bye, Bye.

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Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Dear Ilma, come kiss papa, it's time he was away,
I'll be with thee this evening to laugh, sing and play;
Don't pucker up your lips now, as if about to cry,
But like a dear, good baby, kiss papa one bye, bye.

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye; bye, bye, baby dear—
Say da da to papa, while mamma, love, is here;
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye; bye, bye, Ilma dear,
One big kiss for papa—bye, bye, baby dear.

When I come home this evening I'll bring you something nice,
Just like our good old Santa Claus, who plods thro' snow and ice
To cheer the little babies, and all their stockings fill
With candies, cakes and playthings—I promise you I will.
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye; bye, bye, &c.

Whene'er I see that cunning babe, enrolled in childish play,
I think of many moonlight nights, which since have pass'd away;
When wife and I together would wander through the dell,
Where breezes kissed her lily brow, and tales of love we'd tell.
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye; bye, bye, &c.

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.

Sung by Lydia Thompson.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house
And stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was not at home,
Taffy came to my house
And stole a marrowbone.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house
And stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I took up the beef-bone
And threw it at his head.

Ting, Ting, that's How the Bell Goes.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Now I'm deep in love, as I have often been before,
No girl's such a pearl as the girl I adore,
And she's waitress at our luncheon bar,
Or as a French Cafe, it's known better by far;
She waits on the swells who come in with their dust,
With a sausage, potato, some oysters and mush;
There are bells on the table the swells have to ring,
And Geraldine waits on the ting, ting, ting.

CHORUS.

Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes;
Ting, ting, my pretty young thing;
If you'll be my wife, I'll buy the ring,
And have servants to wait on the ting, ting ting.

One day there, whilst dining of chicken and ham,
I called her my darling, my own little lamb,
And asked her if she'd have me, and that sort of thing—
Then I very soon bought her a little gold ring;
Three weeks after I made her my wife,
And said I'd no money, no income for life,
Then the fair little, rare little, sweet little thing,
Said she'd go back to wait on the ting, ting, ting.—*Chorus.*

MAHONEY'S FENIAN CAT.

Recited by Pat Rooney.

On our back fence at twelve at night,
A big buck cat, striped black and white,
Meanders out to look for a fight—
Mahoney's Fenian cat.
With an eye gouged out and ears chawed off,
With a half-mast tail and the whooping cough,
Strange ratters thought they'd something soft
On Mahoney's Fenian cat.

No cat or dog had pluck or gaul
To give McGuire's pup a fall,
So down he went to open the ball
With Maloney's Thomas dog.
Out from McGuire's alley gate
He straightway did perambulate,
Intending to make sausage meat
Of Mahoney's brindle cat.

They met upon McGuire's shed,
With hair on end and eyeballs red,
With yells and howls 'twould raise the dead—
The slaughter it began.
In half the time ye'd say begob,
The air was full of McGuire's nog;
While up and down McGuire's fence,
The picture of pure innocence,
Mahoney's cat sas-shayed.

Then from the roof a brick was fired,
I'd take me oath it was McGuire;
It struck the cat between the eyes,
And down he went, but he didn't rise,
There's a statue where the hero lies—
Mahoney's Fenian cat.

PERVERTED PROVERBS.

Sung by T. M. Hengler.

Mr. Tupper has written a book,
"Proverbial Philosophy" named;
In its pages oft I look,
For the sentences there are famed.
There's a maxim for every day
And a motto for every man,
If you wish to be happy and gay,
The philosopher points the plan;
I have studied some of the proverbs wise,
And trust we've not learnt them wrong,
So list to the words of wisdom
And advice that flows through my song.

Now, where there's a way there's a will,
That you must own is most true;
A still head makes a wise tongue,
You don't know what you can try till you do;
A mile is as good as a miss,
Attend to these golden rules,
And be careful between the grounds,
Or else you'll fall on the stools.
Spare the child and spoil the rod
If you would peace secure,
And it's no use looking he horse up
If you've lost the stable door.

A feast is as good as enough,
So says this wonderful book;
Waste and you never will want,
For too many broths spoil the cook;
Every day has his dog,
There's wisdom in every word;
So hold up your man like a head,
For the early worm catches the bird;
A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand,
So all you covetous elves,
You must never look after the pence,
Then the pounds will run after *themselves.*

Faint lady has ne'er won fair heart,
Between I, the gate post and you;
You must never put off till to-day
What you to-morrow can do;
Man waits for no time or tide,
And good bush needs no wine;
There's nothing success like succeeds,
And a stitch in nine saves time;
A gross a day is a pen per year,
So always do things by halves;
For while the seed is growing
The grass very often starves.

Rolling moss gathers no stone,
In this marvelous work I have read;
Deep water runs very still,
The least mended soonest said;
Half a none's better than a loaf,
So let this be your plan:
Never push the hill
When it's going down the man;
It's a very wise father that knows his own child,
And it ought to be written in gold,
That it's better to be off with the new love
Before you get on with the old.

When the wit's in the wine's out,
More speed, less haste, we learn;
Once a child—twice a man,
So do a good can when you turn;
Those who live in stone houses
Shouldn't throw glass I'm sure;
When loves comes in at the window,
Poverty flies from the door;
Late to bed and late to rise,
It is the truth I tell,
Will make you unhealthy, not wealthy nor wise,
But make you look wretched as well.

When the mice are away the cats play,
So bear this well in mind;
The proof of the eating is in
The pudding, you'll always find;
Go worse and you farther will fare,
So no more in the book will I dip;
But remember there's many a lip
Betwixt the cup and the slip;
Brevity is the wit of soul,
So I will finish my strain,
And sing you the rest of my proverbs
Whenever you call again.

HOOPS.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Hoop-skirts are getting all the rage,
Coming in style again;
Getting around the ladies like
The naughty, naughty men.
To go round some dainty little waist,
Hold ribbons, skirts and loops,
Oh, if I could let my arms out for
Some lovely creature's hoofs.

CHORUS.

Hoopen, hoopen, hoopen up,
Ribbons, frills, and hoops;
Solid chunks of sweetness now
Are all done up in hoops.

When a girl with hoops gets in a car,
Her trouble then begins;
Her hoops spring up and she springs down
To hide her little shins.
She trembles when she takes a seat,
She blushes when she stoops;
They protect the girls from getting squeezed,
Those darling, lovely hoops.—*Chorus.*

Oh, hoops! who first invented hoops?
Not for barrels or kegs,
But to hang like patent chicken coops
Over lovely woman's—ankles.
Hoops may hoop up sugar barrels,
And sweet molasses too,
But nothing half so sweet as girls,
Oh, hoop de dooden doo!—*Chorus.*

THE BLACK HILLS.

Come kind friends and listen to a terrible tale—
I'm an object of pity and feeling quite pale—
I left off my trade selling Ayer's Patent Pills,
To go and hunt gold in the dreary Black Hills.

CHORUS.

Don't you go; pray stay, if you can,
Far away from the city called the Fatal Cheynne,
Where Big Walopee and Camanche Bill
Will take off your scalp if you go to the Hill.

The round house in Cheynne is full, every night,
With idlers and loafers of every description and sight;
No clothes on their backs, in their pockets no bills,
Still they say we're a striking for the dreary Black Hills.
Don't you go; pray stay, if you can, &c.

When I got to the Black Hills no gold could I find,
Then I thought of the free lunch I had left behind;
It rained, hailed and snowed; I was froze to the gills;
They called me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.
Don't you go; pray stay, if you can, &c.

Now I have concluded—my story is told—
Don't go to the Black Hills a hunting for gold;
Railroad speculators their pockets you'll fill
By taking a trip to the dreary Black Hills.
Don't you go; pray stay, if you can, &c.

FOND MEMORIES OF HOME.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Fond memories we cherish still,
Within our bosom's store,
That softly come and go at will,
Like wavelets on the shore;
They bring perhaps no castle wall,
With turrets high, and dome,
But just a lowly cot is all,
In memories of home—
But just a lowly cot is all,
In memories of home.

CHORUS.

Fond memories of home,
Dear memories of home;
They linger near to bless and cheer,
Fond memories of home.

They bring to us the rosy hours
And scenes of long ago,
When happy through the paths of flowers
We wandered to and fro;
We hear each loving voice once more,
While far from home we roam,
As sweet as in the days of yore,
With memories of home—
As sweet as in the days of yore,
With memories of home.—*Chorus*

They bring a mother's loving face,
From out the faded past,
That nothing ever can efface,
While memory shall last;
They hold us in their mystic spell,
On land or on the foam,
For dearer than our life can tell,
Are memories of home—
For dearer than our life can tell,
Are memories of home.—*Chorus.*

—A celebrated divine, who prided himself upon the originality of his sermons, was once told, jocularly, that a sermon he had preached was excellent. "But," said the wag who told him, "I had previously read every word of it in a book I have at home." The astonished clergyman begged for a sight of the volume. "Oh, I have no doubt you have the same book in your library; it is 'Webster's Dictionary'!"

Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Catalogue of Songs, Books, Novelties, &c., sent free.

Oh! carry me 'long;
Der's no more trouble for me,
I's gwine to roam in a happy home,
Where all de niggas am free;
I've work long in de fields;
I've handled many a hoe;
I'll turn my eye before I die,
And see de sugar-cane grow.

CHORUS.

Oh! boys, carry me 'long;
Carry me till I die—
Carry me down to de buryin'-groun'—
Massa, don't you cry.

All ober de land,
I've wandered many a day,
To blow de horn and mind de corn,
And keep de 'possum away.
No use for me now,—
So, darkeys, bury me low;
My horn is dry, and I must die
Wha de 'possum nebber can go.—*Chorus.*

Farewell to de boys
Wid heart so happy and light,
Dey sing a song de whole day long,
And dance de jubba at night;
Farewell to de fields
Ob cotton, 'bacco and all;
I's gwine to hoe in a bressed row
Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.—*Chorus.*

Farewell to de hills,
De meadows covered wid green,
Old brindle boss and de old gray hoss,
All beaten, broken and lean;
Farewell to de dog,
Dat always followed me round;
Old Sancho 'll wail and droop his tail
When I am under de ground.—*Chorus.*

Mother Keeps the Gate Locked Now.

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The Words and Music of this Songwill be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I know a lovely girl, her name is Katie Lee,
She's charming as can be, she's all the world to me,
But now we are apart, to see her I'm denied,
While all day I sigh to clasp her by my side;
Each night we used to meet down by the garden gate,
And happy then the hours would fly away,
But now when round the house I fondly watch and wait,
I sadly hear my little Katie say:

CHORUS.

For mother keeps the gate locked now;
To see you, dear, I don't know how;
I must stay in the house as quiet as a mouse,
For mother keeps the gate locked now.

We used to meet each night, it was a happy spell;
The moon was shining bright, while tales of love I'd tell;
But Katie oft would sigh, "Oh, what would mother say;
She thinks I'm at the gate, and I'm so far away,
One night when we returned from a delightful stroll,
Her mother's rage I could not pacify;
I quickly went away, but Katie wrote to say:
That she would come and meet me on the sly.—*Chorus.*

Now Katie stays at home and I am in distress;
I wander alone without my happiness;
I try the gate, but there's a dog within,
That growls at me and barks, and makes an awful din.
Poor Katie mopes all day, oh, cruel parents they,
To treat my little girl so shamefully,
We'll run away some night, get married ere daylight,
And then no more will Katie say to me:—*Chorus.*

Springtime and Robins Have Come.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, by H. J. Wehman P. O. Box 1828, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

The Springtime and robins have come,
And the words of my Donald were true;
For again by his side, in my fond, loving pride,
I gaze in his eyes of sweet blue.
Oh! the pain and the sorrow have passed,
And there's joy in our own little home,
For he said he'd be here when the Springtime was near,
And the Springtime and robins have come.
True was my heart to my bright bonny lad,
Long have I waited so weary and sad,
Oh! now 'mid the roses and lilies I roam,
And sing with the robins so glad.

CHORUS.

The Springtime and robins have come,
And the words of my Donald were true;
For again by his side, in my fond, loving pride,
I gaze in his eyes of sweet blue;
Oh! the pain, and the sorrow have passed,
And there's joy in our own little home,
For he said he'd be here when the Springtime was near,
And the Springtime and robins have come.

Dark was the hour when I dreamt he was lost,
And saw his proud ship o'er the waves tempest-tossed,
But joy fills my heart, for Donald has come home,
Yes, he's here, my own true lover,
And the Springtime and robins have come.—*Chorus.*

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Recited by Miss Lottie Winnett.

Dark is the night; how dark; no light, no fire;
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire;
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride.

Hark! 'tis his footstep! No, 'tis past, 'tis gone!
Tick, tick—how wearily time moves on,
Can he desert me thus? He once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last. How mad! how blind!

Rest thee, my babe, rest on; 'tis hunger's cry;
Sleep, for there's no food—the fount is dry,
Famine and cold their wearying work have done,
My heart must break; and then—the clock strikes one.

Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there! he's there!
For this—he leaves me to despair;
Leaves love; leaves truth; his wife, his child. For what?
The wanton's smile, the villain and the sot.

Yet I'll not curse him. No, 'tis all in vain,
'Tis long to wait. but, sure, he'll come again,
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child—his child! Oh, fiend—the clock strikes two.

Hark! how the sign-board creaks. The blast howls by;
Moan, moan, ye winds, through the cloudy sky.
Ha! 'tis his knock; he comes—he comes once more;
No, 'tis but the lattice-flaps. My hope is o'er.

Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear;
No, no, it cannot be; he will be here.

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart,
Thou'rt cold; thou'rt freezing; but we will not part.
Husband, I die. Father! it is not he—
Oh, God! protect my child—the clock strikes three.

They're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled,
The wife and child are number'd with the dead;
On the cold hearth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen, on its mother's breast.
The gambler came at last, but all was o'er,
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1828, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kline drummel;
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kline fifie,
Pilly, willy, wink, das ish mein fifie,
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel;
Mein rub, a dub, a dub, mein pilly, willy, wink, das ist mein fifie.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kline triangle;
Tic, knock, knock, das ist triangle,
Pilly, willy, wink, das ist mein fifie,
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel;
Mein rub, a dub, a dub, mein pilly, willy, wink, mein tic, knock, knock, das ist triangle.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel meine kline trombone;
Bom, bom, bom, das ist mein trombone,
Tic, knock, knock, das ist triangle,
Pilly, willy, wink, das ist mein fifie,
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel;
Mein rub, a dub, a dub, mein pilly, willy, wink, mein tic, knock, knock, mein bom, bom, bom, das ist mein trombone.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kline cymbal;
Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein cymbal,
Bom, bom, bom, das ist mein trombone,
Tic, knock, knock, das ist triangle,
Pilly, willy, wink, das ist mein fifie,
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel;
Mein rub, a dub, a dub, mein pilly, willy, wink, mein tic, knock, knock, mein bom, bom, bom, mein zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein cymbal.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kline viol;
Fal, lal, lal, das ist mein viol,
Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein cymbal,
Bom, bom, bom, das ist mein trombone,
Tic, knock, knock, das ist triangle,
Pilly, willy, wink, das ist mein fifie,
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel;
Mein rub, a dub, a dub, mein pilly, willy, wink, mein tic, knock, knock, mein bom, bom, bom, mein zoom, zoom, zoom, mein fal, lal, lal, das ist mein viol.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kline toodle-sach;
Whack, whack, whack, das ist mein toodle-sach
Fal, lal, lal, das ist mein viol,
Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein cymbal,
Bom, bom, bom, das is mein trombone,
Tic, knock, knock, das ist triangle,
Pilly, willy, wink, das ist mein fifie,
Rub, a dub, a dub, das ist mein drummel;
Mein rub, a dub, a dub, mein pilly, willy, wink, mein tic, knock, knock, mein bom, bom, bom, mein zoom, zoom, zoom, mein fal, lal, lal, mein whack, whack, whack, das ist mein toodle-sach.

—It was reported in Williamsport, Penn., among the *elite*, that one of the upper ten was in the habit of beating his wife, and a committee of old ladies were deputed to wait upon her, and learn the facts from her own lips. They did so, and to their horror learned that he was in the habit of beating her, "but," remarked the lady, "it is at euchre!" The committee mizzled.

LOVE SONG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Love, love! oh, what is love?
Love it is that makes a man feel so peculiar;
Oh, love! who does not love
A Maud, a Matilda, a Jane, or a Julia?
Love it is, and love alone,
That makes the world go round and round,
Love is certain to be known
Where a woman's to be found;
When one has the first attack,
It's like—Raspberry Jam running down one's back!

CHORUS.

Oh, love! beautiful love!
Love 'tis that makes a man feel so peculiar;
Oh, love! beautiful love!
A man's but a fool if he falls in love.

Oh, love! when you're in love!
To presents, to parties, to picnics you treat her,
Oh, love! just squeeze her glove,
And you feel just as tho' you'd like to eat her.
But the best of loves must part,
Then an end comes to your bliss,
You press the dear one to your heart,
And take from her the parting kiss;
You bid her good-bye at the door,
With another sly kiss and two or three more.—*Chorus.*

Oh, love! when you're in love,
Every half hour you'd go to court her,
But oh, love! if she *won't* love,
You talk about drowning yourself in cold water;
If it's all right, she'll giggle and say:
"Please ask father if I may;"
Then you feel so jolly and gay,
And tease her till she names the day;
You'll serenade her when she's a-bed,
And her dad drops flower-pots on your head.—*Chorus.*

Oh, love! when you've your love,
Out all the money you have, you may ladle—
Servants, dresses, parties, and balls,
Perhaps each year a cherub to lay in the cradle;
When the honeymoon is past,
Then you're eyes are not so blind,
Your dream was far too good to last,
And your face grows long to find;
Your looked-for happiness begins,
With a mother-in-law and beautiful twins.—*Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Oh, love! luxurious love!
Love 'tis that makes a man feel so peculiar;
Oh, love! beautiful love!
The world would be dreary wer't not for love.

CHINESE SONG.

Sung by Jesse DeSilver.

Somie say, pawgie fishee, makee goodie chow chow,
Somie say, little doggie, makee bow wow;
Great big fly on tope sidee housee,
Takee little pussie cat and makee chow chow.

CHORUS.

Fli, hi, hi, ching! ching, Chinee,
Chow chow, vely good, me likee him eet;
Makee plenty sing a song, savey bye and bye,
Chinee man, Melican man, laug'a hi, hi!

Melican man, takee Chinee man, and trow in water;
Me no likee water, makee velly wet;
Takee by pig tail and trow in muddy;
Me no likee eatee muddee, makee velly sickee.—*Chorus.*

Melican man, givee Chinee man, muchee washee;
Me takee washee and make velly white;
Bigee shirtee, ten cent collar—four centee;
Puttee in a tubbee and makee velly nice.—*Chorus.*

Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.

Written by M. J. Cavanagh.

We're two Irish police, preserving the peace,
We belong to the Broadway patrol,
And don't we look grand with the sticks in our hand
When the daisies come out for a stroll;
From the windys above, each darling and dove
Says Charlie, why don't ye come in?
They say yer my size, on us there's no flies,
Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.

CHORUS.

Around on our post both day and by night—(*Sym.*)
We never show up at a murder or fight—(*Sym.*)
But let us catch a bum that's loaded with rum,
Or a cripple, faith! we'll haul him in;
We'll fracture their jaw to keep them in awe
Of Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.

When crossing the street aich darling we meet,
Says Flynn, will ye plaze help me over;
Get under me arm, we'll keep ye from harm,
Be heavens! we're living in clover;
When we're off for the day, they roguishly say,
Come around to Three Hundred and Tin;
We part with a smile, they're "mashed" on the style
Of Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.—*Chorus.*

If we capture a "lush" that's anyway "flush,"
His "super" we take for safe keeping;
We drop him so nate on Hollahan's "bate,"
And lave him there peacefully sleeping;
If the gawk makes a kick, with a welt of the stick,
A stopper we'll put on his chin,
No bum or a "vag" can work off a gag,
On Patrolmen Mulcahy or Flynn.—*Chorus.*

The Timid Awkward Squad.

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Ye may talk about your "Mulligan Guards," and "Regular Army, Oh!"
I shall never shall forget the day I started for to go
And be a bold millishee boy, so happy, gay and free,
In the gallant "Sixty-ninth," I jined the ranks of Company "G."
They put me in the "Awkward Squad," wid a dozen more,
Wid a musket on mo shoulder, sure they made me walk the floor!
We march'd unto the right and left until me feet were sore,
When we were in the timid "Awkward Squad."

CHORUS.

"Lift! Lift!" the sargint used to say,
"Now ye's have it! can't ye kape it?
Turn yer head this way!
Right about! Shoulder arms!"
An hour every day,
When we were in the timid "Awkard Squad.

I found it very difficilt to keep the step at all,
Along wid all the others when paradin' in the Hall;
At aich mistake I used to make, the sargint he would say,
"Yer as awkward as the devil; don't ye hould yer gun that way!"
Whine'er he'd spake an ordher, but egad! 'twas wid a vim;
I often wished, upon my soul, to put a head on him,
But he at least weighed twenty stone, while I was very slim,
From marching in the timid "Awkward Squad."—CHORUS.

When we're considered compitant, into the company
They'll put us in the ranks at wanst, and there they'll let us be;
And undher sargint's orders thin no longer we'll plod—
Shouldher arms and counter marchin' in the timid "Awkward Squad."
When out into the strate we go to have a foine parade,
We'll be looked upon wid pride, me boys, by every servant maid;
And wid the sargint on our right, no more we'll be afraid
Of marching in the timid "Awkward Squad."—CHORUS.

If ever I'm promoted, and a General I be,
I'll make 'em feel me vingeance, all sargints under me!
I'll have 'em marchin' ivery day, or carryin' the hod,
For being so uncivil to the timid "Awkward Squad."
And if they should rotalyate, or give me any talk,
I'll redoose them to the ranks at wance, and there I'll make 'em walk!
If that ain't punishment enough, "like any other gawk,"
Gad, I'll put them in the timid "Awkward Squad."—CHORUS.

I am a Man that's Done Wrong.

I am a man that's in trouble and sorrow,
Who once was light-hearted and gay,
Not a coin in this world can I borrow,
Since my own I have squandered away;
I once wronged my father and mother,
They turned me away from their door,
For to beg, starve or die, or in the gutter to lie,
And to enter their dwelling no more.

CHORUS.

I am a man that's done wrong to my parents,
Now daily I wander about,
To earn a small tithe for my shelter to-night,
God help me, I am cast out.

Oh, my father will say when he meets me,
You beggar, are you still at large!
Now mind what I say, don't come near me,
Or, by heavens, I will give you in charge.
My mother, poor soul, is broken-hearted
And to meet me at times she does try,
To give me a crown, with her head hanging down,
And a tear rolling down from her eye.—*Chorus.*

I have a sister that married a squire,
Who hardly speaks one word to me,
Though she is up in this world much higher,
And rides in her carriage so free;
The girl that I once loved so dearly,
Is now broken-hearted, they say,
She lays on her bed, and they say she's near dead,
Still for a poor outcast she will pray.—*Chorus.*

When the Leaves Begin to Fall.

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I've seen the trees put forth their leaves,
The flowers fade and fall;
It makes my heart so sad and drear,
Because I love them all.

CHORUS.

When the leaves begin to fall,
And the birds no longer sing,
Then my heart is lonely and sad,
Longing for their song again.

Then the night bird ceases his call—
Does he mourn his loving mate?
When the leaves begin to fall,
And all earth so desolate.—*Chorus.*

Why mourn I now for the dead leaves?
Springtime will soon come again;
Hearts that were saddened and lonely,
Will join in gladsome refrain.—*Chorus.*

Nature will once more be joyous,
Clad in her bright robes of green;
Leaves that were faded and fallen,
No trace of them can be seen.—*Chorus.*

Oh, life how like a flower,
That blooms for but a day,
Then droop their heads in quiet sleep,
And gently pass away.—*Chorus.*

The leaf that withers now,
The flowers that fade and fall,
Will bloom again when Springtime comes,
Oh, how I love them all.—*Chorus.*

—A Brooklyn woman said to her servant girl, a fresh arrival on the latest boat from Cork: "Bridget, go out and see if Mr. Block, the butcher on the corner, has pigs' feet." The dutiful servant went out and returned. "Well, what did he say?" asked the mistress. "Sure, he said nuthin', mum." "Has he got pigs feet?" "Faith, I couldn't see, mum—he has his boots on."

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" does any one think,
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say;
"Why that isn't very much to pay."
Oh, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.
The price of a drink? Let that one tell,
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell
And feels within him the fires of hell,
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Honor of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor, and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away,
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" how Satan laughed,
As o'er the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And before the morning the victim lay,
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! if you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through the wretched tenement over there,
Where dingy windows and broken stairs,
Where foul disease, like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls,
There Poverty dwells with a hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There Shame, in a corner crouches low;
There Violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed,
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small;
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay: and whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows this ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

BABY AND I.

Copyright, 1881, by J. W. Pepper.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Her bright eyes are blue, and her teeth are like pearl,
Her hair is light brown, she's her papa's own girl;
She sings pretty songs, in a voice low and sweet,
At evening she rocks her doll baby to sleep.
When the stars shine and the daylight is gone,
With her arms 'round my neck she sings pretty songs,
Until, growing weary, low droops the young head,
Her night prayer is said, and she's laid in her bed.

CHORUS.

When the stars shine, and the daylight is gone,
With her arms 'round my neck she sings pretty songs,
Until, growing weary, low droops the young head,
Her night prayer is said, and she's laid in her bed.

At morn when the daylight peeps in from above,
She greets me with kisses and fond words of love;
In sunshine she roams in the garden all day,
Her voice can be heard with the children at play.
Returning at night when my day's work is o'er,
Her bright eyes are watching for me at the door;
Contented and happy, there's never a sigh,
We love one another, my baby and I.—*Chorus.*

THE MARBLE ARCH.

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While strolling near the Marble Arch,
One evening in July,
A maiden fair, with golden hair,
Came tripping lightly by;
The lustre of her diamond eye,
Shone o'er me like a torch,
And in a whisper softly said,
Is this the Marble Arch?

CHORUS.

While around her splendid form,
I drew the magic circle,
I press'd her, carress'd her,
My brain was in a whirl—
Yet around her splendid form,
I drew the magic circle,
I kissed her and I called her
A very pretty girl.

I led her to a shady spot,
Beneath a spreading tree,
And taking her by the lily hand,
Fell on my bended knee;
Behold, I cried—Arise, says she—
And before I'd time to speak,
She inflicted one sharp burning smack
Upon my blooming cheek.—*Chorus.*

Good night, she said, in accents low,
Then gently squeezed my hand,
My knees began to knock and shake,
For I could hardly stand;
We'll meet again to-morrow night,
And then prepare to march—
Oh, where, says I—she then replied,
Beneath the Marble Arch.—*Chorus.*

But ever since that very night,
I've never seen my queen,
But I've heard say, she ran away,
With a great fat Horse Marine;
A ring I'll give her when we meet,
But not as you suppose,
I'll never put it on her hand,
But stick it through her nose.—*Chorus.*

DOWN THE RIVER.

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Oh! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.
Oh! the water is bright, and flashing like gold,
In the ray of the morning sun,
And old Dinah's away out of the cold,
A getting the hoe-cake done.
Oh! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong,
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.

CHORUS.

Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio;
Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio.

Oh! the master is proud of the old Broad-horn,
For it brings him plenty of tin;
Oh! the crew they are darkies, the cargo is corn,
And the money comes tumbling in;
There's plenty on board for the darkies to eat,
And there's something to drink and to smoke;
There's the banjo, the bones, and the tambourine,
There's the song and the comical joke.
Oh! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong,
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.—*Chorus.*

KIND RELATIONS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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We all have our share of the ups and the downs,
Whatever our rank or station;
And he's sure to get the most scoffs and frowns,
Who depends on his kind relations;
For its all very well once or twice to drop in,
To ask for a trifling favor,
But on the third time they are sure to begin
To construe it to bad behavior.

CHORUS.

There's your kind relations! kind relations!
There's your kind relations!

I speak from experience, and you'll find,
Though often they invite you,
When poverty comes close behind,
How quick then they'll slight you;
For it's—Clear the way, there's a knock at the door—
Say we are gone out for a ride, John;
I know who it is, it's that hungry bore—
Don't open the door too wide, John.—*Chorus*

My goods were one day seized for rent,
The broker took his station;
Pale and trembling, off I went
To try each kind relation;
Some hem'd, some ha'd, and some looked cool,
With faces of grief and sorrow;
My twin-brother said he had made it a rule
Never to lend or borrow.—*Chorus.*

I thought in my sister to find a friend,
But soon she undeceived me,
By saying, "These are not times to lend,
I would if I could, relieve thee;"
A trifle, dear sister, would keep me afloat,
I shall sink if you do not arrange it;
She said she'd not less than a twenty-pound note,
And she couldn't find time to change it.—*Chorus.*

I lost my goods, but found that day,
(Though 'gainst me they had sinned all,)
Death summoned a rich old friend away,
Who left me a tidy windfall;
And then how they altered from what they'd just said,
Their cant, it was really provoking,
To hear them exclaim, as each hung down his head,
Lord! Tom, we were only a joking.—*Chorus.*

Now, who in the world so blest as me,
With so many kind relations?
I am asked to dinner, to supper, to tea,
I've a hundred invitations!
But their crawling presents I daily return,
Their kindess to me they may scant it,
For I hate those cold hearts that poverty would scorn,
And give to those who don't want it.—*Chorus.*

BITTER BEER.

Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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The subject of my little song is one I hold most dear,
It supports our Constitution and it will for many a year;
John Bull would surely be defunct or else look rather queer,
If Bass & Co. should cease to brew their glorious Bitter Beer.

CHORUS.

Allsop, Bass & Co., they each deseve a monument;
So give them while we're here,
Three cheers for Bass and Allsop,
And their glorious Bitter Beer.

I've tasted Hock and Claret, to Madeira and Moselle;
Not one of those boshy wines revives this languid swell;
Of all complaints from A to Zed, the fact is very clear,
There's no disease but what's been cured by Bass's Bitter Beer.
Allsop, Bass & Co., they each deserve, &c.

I've lived in Scotland many years, and drank its mountain dew,
I don't deny but what it's good and a stimulant it's true;
I'm far from being predjudiced as many think I fear,
But give to me a cooling draught of Bass's Bitter Beer.
Allsop, Bass & Co., they each deserve, &c.

TO MY WIFE.

[These exquisit verses have been "going the rounds of the press" for the last twenty-five years, during which time many errors have crept into them, sadly marring their beauty and the poet's meaning. They are given below in their original purity. Their author was Joseph Brennan, one of the most gifted Irishmen who assumed to lead the abortive rebellion of 1848. He was arrested and transported to the British penal colony, Van Dieman's Land, from which island he escaped to New Orleans, and became editor of the DELTA of that city. The wife whom he has immortalized became a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and is now dead.—P. J. McCOURT, M. D.]

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee;
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit 'round the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom!
The waste of my life hath a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadow are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple;
And planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;
Oh! thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left the poor exile, to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love.
I cannot smile but your cheek will be glowing;
You cannot weep but my tears will be flowing;
I could not live without you at my side, love;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Shine on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, sweet and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come for my heart in your absence is weary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

De Lord Delivered Daniel.

Sung by Miss Flora Moore.

He delivered Daniel from de lion's den,
Jonah from de belly of de whale,
And de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
And why not every man?

CHORUS.

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?
Daniel, Daniel—
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?
Den why not every man?

You may go dis way, you may go dat way,
You may go from door to door,
If you ain't got de grace of de Lord in your heart,
De debbel will cotch you sure.—*Chorus.*

De debbil threw a stone at me,
He threw it from de top story,
De stone missed, rolled down de hill,
And I rolled into glory.—*Chorus.*

—"I declare, Charley!" exclaimed Clara, "you take the words right out of my mouth!" "Oh, mamma," piped in the little pitcher, "now I know what Clara and Charley were doing out in the hall when she let him in!"

BABY'S LULLABY.

Copyright, 1882, by T. B. Dixon.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1828, New York City.

Go to sleep my baby,
Mamma's always near
To rock your little cradle,
And smooth your golden hair;
Papa too bends o'er you,
So baby do not weep,
But close your tired eyes,
My darling, close them fast in sleep;
In the morning when you waken,
Grass will shine with dew,
You will hear the church bells ringing,
Ringing in love for you.

CHORUS.

When the little birds are singing,
And you hear the church bells ringing,
Ringing out, my darling, for you—
O'er the hills the sun is climbing,
On your golden locks is shining,
Open then your bonny eyes of blue.

I will pray the Father,
Him who reigns above,
To hover always near you,
To guard you with his love;
Sent to us from heaven,
A blessing you have been,
And may your feet ne'er wander
From the path that leads to Him;
And to God, our Heav'nly Father,
Fervent thanks I'll give,
For our darling baby treasure,
In whose smile I live.—*Chorus.*

BILLY'S DREAM.

I had a fight with old Satan last night,
As I lay half awake;
Old Satan came to my bedside,
And me began to shake.
He shaked me long, he shaked me strong,
He shaked me clear out of bed;
He grabbed me by the collar,
And he looked me in the face,
And what do you think he said?

CHORUS.

There's gold in the mountains,
There's silver in the mines,
And it all belongs to you uncle Bill,
If you only will be mine.

He took me to the window,
And says look dar;
The moon shone quite bright,
And the hills and the mountains
Shone clear up to my sight;
Says all these things shall be yours,
If you will be my general when you're dead;
And I grabbed him by the collar,
And I looked him in the face,
And what do you think I said?

CHORUS.

Get ye gone old Satan,
You've come here me to kill,
You can fool white folks with that trash,
But you can't fool poor black Bill.

I was feeling quit chilly,
And I thought I would catch cold,
So I crept into my bed;
And through the night, I thought I saw
My good Lord his head·
Old Satan then vanished through the floor,
And a light through the roof it shed,
And I threw the covers right off my head,
And the Lord to me he said:

CHORUS.

Well done, my faithful servant,
You're considered my right hand,
And play on the golden harp all day,
Although you are a poor colored man.

CALL ME BACK AGAIN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

You said good-bye, the parting words were spoken,
I leave you now, perhaps 'tis better so;
I gave you back each tender little token,
And far across the seas then I may go.
Oh! can it be, from love you have released me,
And that my love has always been in vain?
Ah! when your love has conquered pride and anger,
I know that you will call me back again.

CHORUS.

Call me back again, call me back again;
Ah! when your love has conquered pride and anger,
I know that you will call me back again.

You've left me now, I never more will see you,
Those happy days of old must now depart;
The true, fond love I once bestowed upon you,
Has flown away from me like cupid's dart.
Oh! yes, 'tis so, from love you have released me,
Such dreary thoughts have caused me grief and pain;
I love you still, such love will live forever,
I know that you will call me back again.—*Chorus.*

I dreamt, last night, a pretty little starling
Came softly tapping on my window blind,
And in its bill a message from my darling,
Which said that you'd recalled those words unkind.
And in my heart love ne'er can be a stranger,
So dreary thoughts have ceased to give me pain;
I love you still, such love will live forever,
I knew that you would call me back again.—*Chorus.*

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

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Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

I'm always light-hearted and aisy,
Not a care in the world have I,
Because I am loved by a colleen,
I couldn't forget if I try.
She lives far away o'er the mountain,
Where I know she's still thinking of me;
Arrah! Cushla McChree, were I with you
This moment how happy I'd be.

CHORUS.

It's over, yes, over the mountain,
Where the little thrush sings on the tree;
In a cabin all covered with ivy,
There my Eily is waiting for me.

The day I bid good-bye to Eily,
That day I will ne'er forget,
How the tears bubbled up from their slumber,
I fancy I see them yet.
They looked like the pearls in the ocean,
As she wept the tears of love;
Says she: Teddy, my boy, don't forget me,
Till we meet again here or above.—*Chorus.*

Oh! water and land may divide us,
Friends, like flowers, come and go;
The face of Eily will cheer me,
For in that dear face I well know,
The imprint of love and devotion,
Surrounded by thoughts chaste and pure,
Will serve as the star to the sailor
Whilst plodding the wild raging moor.—*Chorus.*

—A bright little six year old girl in a town near by, who was to give a party, remarked to her father on the morning of the eventful day, that she thought the children must all be coming, for she hadn't received any "regreterations."—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE.

Copyright, 1883, by J. F. Martindale.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Frank Howard.

She stood alone on the shore,
Her eyes grew dim with tears
As she kissed her hand to me,
Perhaps the last for years;
She watched the sails unfurl,
Then breathed her vows a-new;
While faintly I could hear
The sweet words "I'll be true!"
The winds bring out to sea
This song from her to me:

CHORUS.

I'll await my love, I'll await my love,
And I'll be as true as the stars above;
I'll await my love, I'll await my love,
I'll await my sailor boy.

She stood alone on the shore
With heavy heart so sad,
While her soul went out in prayer
For her dear sailor lad;
With trembling voice she cried,
Oh, God! I pray to thee,
To shield my darling boy
From storm and wreck at sea!
The winds bring out to sea
This song from her to me:—*Chorus.*

A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

While plodding on our way the toilsome road of life,
How few the friends that daily there we meet;
Not many will stand by in trouble and in strife,
With counsel and affection ever sweet.
But there is one whose smile will never from us turn,
Whose love is dearer far than any other;
And wherever we will turn
This lesson we will learn—
A boy's best friend is his mother!

CHORUS.

Then cherish her with care,
And smooth her silv'ry hair,
When gone you will never get another;
And wherever we may turn
This lesson we will learn—
A boy's best friend is his mother!

Tho' all the world may frown and ev'ry friend depart,
She never will forsake us in our need;
Our refuge evermore is still within her heart,
For us her loving sympathy will plead.
Her pure and gentle smiles forever cheers our way,
They're sweeter and they're purer than all other;
When she goes from earth away
We'll find out while we stray—
A boy's best friend is his mother!—*Chorus.*

Her kind and gentle face not long may greet us here,
Then cheer her with our kindness and our love;
Remember at her knee, in childhood bright and dear,
We heard her voice like angels from above.
Tho' after-years may bring their gladness or their woe,
Her love is sweeter far than any other;
And our longing heart will learn
Wherever we may turn—
A boy's best friend is his mother!—*Chorus.*

—"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a lady to her domestic. "Because I didn't heah the bell." "Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so." "Yes, mum."—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

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Story of the little red hen, The
St. Patrick's martyrs
Shillaleh, The
Tailor's thimble, The
That recommend
That fire at the Nolan's
Woman of three cows, The
Wake of Tim O'Hara, The
Wreck of the Aideen
Winnie's welcome
Winning a widow

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Arab's farewell to his steed
Annie and Willie's prayer
A yaller dorg's love for a nigger
Antony and Cleopatra
A roller-rink romance
Battle of Fontenoy
Beautiful snow
Bingen on the Rhine
Bridge
Barbara Frietchie
Base-ball
Curfew must not ring to-night
Charge of the Light Brigade
Der patter of the shingles
Dying Californian
Dot stupporn pony
Dorkins' night
Der baby
Dot baby off mine
Dying soldier
Daschen, on the Rhine
Excelsior
Fast freight
Guilty or not guilty
Gambler's wife
Gladiator
How the gates came ajar
Hornet's nest
Home attractions
I must be there on New Year's
I would not live alway
Irish philosopher
Jim Bludso
Last hymn
Leedie Yawcob Strauss
Life is but a game of cards
Level and the square
Lips that touch liquor must
Laugh in school
Little Meg and I
Moneyless man
Mule stood on the steamboat deck
Maniac
Mother's fool
Maud Muller in Dutch
Miss Maloney on the Chinese question
Mahoney's Fenian cat
No sect in heaven
Nobody's mule
Nobody's child
Old man in the model church
O'Reilly's billy goat
Over the hills to the poor-house
Old sayings
Old oaken bucket
'Ostler Joe
Only a girl
Polish boy
Please don't sell my father rum
Raven
Richmond on the James
Rory of the hill
Romance of a hammock
Sheridan's ride
Somebody's darling
Somebody's mother
Schneider's ride
Song of the shirt
Smack in school
Shamus O'Brien
Schneider's little boy
Twenty years ago
Tramp
That hired girl
Virginius
Wolf at the door
Why should the spirit of mortal
Which shall it be
What I would do for her
What is life
What became of a lie
Wreck of the Hesperus
What I live for
When McGee's nine played the
We reap what we sow
You put no flowers on my papa's
Yarn of the Nancy Bell

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CONTENTS:

n Irishman's toast
ngel's whisper
anks of Claudy
lackbird
ard of Armagh
eautiful isle of the sea
onny bunch of roses
arney McCoy
anks of Brandywine
ryan O'Lynn
ells of Shandon
eautiful shamrock of old
iddy McCarthy [Ireland
apoleon Saint Helena
elieve me, if all those endear-
larney [ing young charms
ing-a-ling
on the Rhine
rennen on the moor
oys of Kilkenny
anks of Sweet Dundee
ahlamachree
aptain Dwyer
roppy boy
ome back to Erin
ow that are the piper
ear Irish boy
ermot Asthore
ublin Bay
oran's ass
eath of Sarsfield
ear harp of my country
ear little Colleen
gging for gould
ear little shamrock
ublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Emmans' escape
Four-leaf shamrock
Green mossy banks of the Ioe
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Come rule for Ireland [halls
that me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jenny, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Lote O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Aileen, Asthore
Mac's and the
Meeting of the waters
Moore, during
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny potion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O Donnell Aba
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
Widow Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 2

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This book, the second of the series, contains 128 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in No. 1. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

handful of earth
agricultural Irish girl
etter from Ireland
Irish fair day
idget Donahue
eauty of Limerick
rney's courtship
d Jack Donahoe
ght Emerald Isle of the sea
ght little spot on the ocean
y from County Clare
wild sojer boy
d Irish soldier
ra Nolan's ball
ey's whiskey
ne back to your Irish home
leen Bawn
s run down the Irish
s O'Brien's raffle
e old Irish gentleman
aigan, the lodger
ean honest Irish lad a chance
en linnet
rden where the praties grow
d-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
ryowen
en above the red
s of old Ireland
at men that Ireland has seen
uan and Savers
w Paddy stole the rope
ernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
I-thist Mr. Reilly!
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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CONTENTS:

Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy and I hafe bust up
Benny Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss trump
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Boothack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' words of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary had got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go way, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Machone's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' mammilcat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
Widow Cummiskey
Yellow-haired Nellie
Yellow-haired laddie

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A doketor's drubbles
A dutchman's answer
A lunch fiend
A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender buys a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der night behind Ghristmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clare
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' words of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go way, Becky Millert
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Frits
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows his own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [heads
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's barty
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Lear
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te peaser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 3

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This book, the third of the series, contains **142** Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in Nos. 1 and 2. Examine contents.

CONTENTS:

I sat upon my dear old
een Mavourneen [mother's
nie Rooney's sister [knee
nie Rooney's Joe
nie Rooney's bean
wning and bright
e you with us, Casey!
weet Irish girl is the darling
rney, come home
ld McIntyres
lle Brandon
rke's dream
llyhooley
rth of St. Patrick
ddy O'Toole's wedding day
ddy, the ballet-girl
y that lake whose gloomy
eautiful Erin [shore
ruiskeen lawn
olleen dhas Machree
astlebar boy
leopatra McNally
ome, rest in this bosom
harming young widow
orporal Casey
ounty jail
lancy wasn't in it
ome back to me
olleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
own went McGinty
ennis Grady's hack
rill, ye tarriers, drill
arling old stick
andy Pat
uffeys [love
mmet's farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It sho ered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Kathy, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old duddeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McNue
Larry O'Gaff
Lanry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Muster Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent!
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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CONTENTS:

n Irishman's toast
ngel's whisper
anks of Claudy
lackbird
ard of Armagh
eautiful Isle of the sea
onny bunch of roses
arney McCoy
anks of Brandywine
ryan O'Lynn
alls of Shandon
eautiful shamrock of old
iddy McCarthy [Ireland
onaparte on Saint Helena
elieve me, if all those endear-
larney [ing young charms
ng-en on the Rhine
remmen on the moor
oys of Kilkenny
anks of Sweet Dundee
ushlamachree
aptain Dwyer
oppy boy
ome back to Erin
ow that are the piper
ear Irish boy
ermot Asthore
ublin Bay
oran's ass
eath of Sarsfield
ar harp of my country
ar little Colleen
gging for gould
ar little shamrock
ublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I love Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jessie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league land [fold
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Mia Aileen, Asthore
Mary and the
Meeting of the waters
Moore, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O Donnell Aboo
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tad iv ine cout
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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This book, the second of the series, contains 128 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in No. 1. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

andful of earth
gricultural Irish girl
etter from Ireland
Irish fair day
idget Donahue
auty of Limerick
rney's courtship
d Jack Donahoe
ght Emerald Isle of the sea
ght little spot on the ocean
y from County Clare
wid sojer boy
d Irish soldier
ra Nolan's ball
ey's whiskey
me back to your Irish home
deen Bawn
n't run down the Irish
n O'Brien's raffle
e old Irish gentleman
nigan, the lodger
'an honest Irish lad a chance
en linnet
den where the praties grow
d-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
ryowen
en above the red
ne of old Ireland
ish men that Ireland has seen
nan and Savers
Paddy stole the rope
ernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, mat yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara. [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swaten Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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CONTENTS:

Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and scorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe lust up
Bonty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss trump
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Boatback
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Caliber fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dutch words of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary hat got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der ork und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go way, Becky Miller
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Maclaine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' marmilicat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
Widow Cummiskey
Yellow-haired Nellie
Yellow-haired laddie

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A dutchman's answer
A lunch fiend
A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender puys a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Bundler talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty whidder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der night behind Ghrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clare
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Edikel
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go way, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go out
Hans and Frits
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Hubby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How he learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows its own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yacob Strauss [shellie
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud badigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's party
Mutilated-curreney question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the Hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckelmemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Lear
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te posser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hess drubbles
Zwei lager

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 3

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This book, the third of the series, contains 142 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in Nos. 1 and 2. Examine contents.

CONTENTS:

I sat upon my dear old
een Mavourneen [mother's
nie Rooney's sister [knee
nie Rooney's Joe
nie Rooney's beau
nging and bright
e you with us, Casey!
weet Irish girl is the darling
rney, come home
id McIntyres
lle Brandon
rke's dream
llyhooley
rth of St. Patrick
ddy O'Toole's wedding day
ddy, the ballet-girl
y that lake whose gloomy
eautiful Erin [shore
ruiskeen lawn
olleen dhas Machree
ardiebar boy
leopatra McNally
ome, rest in this bosom
harming young widow
orporal Casey
ounty jail
lancy wasn't in it
ome back to me
olleen dhas Cruthin Amoo
own went McGinty
ennis Grady's hack
rill, ye tarriers, drill
arling old stick
andy Pat
uffeys [love
mmet's farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It showered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudleen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Master Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu jagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Der)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschle auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nür für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verlieb'n
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht!
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deaner geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käfernaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im „er sein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Faß
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ja mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 'ß die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kiert?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Aleris send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Jerglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Felselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst're Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, verweis mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Steckpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehmen
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck mit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich hab sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herein
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule ahtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Estie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Just we tuen meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart, etc.
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were fair, but, I'll forgive
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the new
295 Broken down
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the shamrock grows
329 Love letters
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to live
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aleen
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Claro
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel rafi
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your pa
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well runs dry
483 Bonnie Eloise
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the train
494 Black-eyed Susan
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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ONE CENT EACH.

1034 A button-hole bouquet
1035 I forget
1036 She might have licked McCarty
1037 Love, let your heart be faithful
1038 Sunshine will come again
1039 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Giffeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old rag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Maesa's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Salman's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Quild plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play?
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Holly hooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old duddeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dan's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming, as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up nothing
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould country
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1308 I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra boom-
1309 Maiden and the lamb [d'ario
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own [fireside

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Published by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, N. Y.

Lord Bateman and the Fair Sophia.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Lord Bateman he was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree,
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

He sailed East, and he sailed West,
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was taken and put in prison,
Until his life was almost weary.

And in this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout and strong,
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest creature my eyes did see,
She stole the key of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free.

"Have you got houses, have you got lands,
Or does Northumberland belong to thee?
What would you give to the fair young lady,
That out of prison would set you free?"

"I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me,
I'll give it all to the fair young lady,
That out of prison would set me free."

Oh, then she took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine,
And every health she drunk unto him,
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine."

"Now in seven years I'll make a vow,
And seven years I'll keep it strong,
If you'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man."

Oh, then she took him to her father's harbor,
And gave to him a ship of fame;
"Farewell, farewell, to you, Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to thee,
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
So boldly she rung the bell,
"Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud porter,
"Who's there, come, unto me tell?"

"Oh, is this Lord Bateman's castle,
Or is his lordship here within?"
"Oh, yes, oh, yes," cried the young porter,
"He's just now taken his new bride in."

"Oh, tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release him when close confin'd."

Away, away, went this young proud porter,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Down on his bended knees fell he.

"What news, what news, my proud young porter,
What news hast thou brought unto me?"
"There is the fairest of all young creatures
That e'er my two eyes did see."

"She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she's got three,
And as much gay clothing round her middle
As all Northumberland would buy."

"She bid you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release you when close confin'd."

Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying, "I will give all my father's riches
If that Sophia has crossed the sea."

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
"You'll not forget my only daughter,
If that Sophia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse for me,
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee;
I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now my Sophia has crossed the sea."

THE COLORED BAND.

Copyright, 1881, by J. W. Pepper.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I hear de music playing,
As I came down de street,
Reminds me of a colored band
Dat used to play so sweet;
Ev'ry member was a coon,
And pop'lar airs dey played;
You ought to hear de music
At a dance or on a p'rade.

CHORUS.

Tum, tum, tum, de cornet went,
Played by Jimmie Riddle;
Zome, zome, zome, de ole trombone,
Johnson played de fiddle;
Tute, tute, tute, de clari'net,
Played by Jones' wife,

MUSIC ON THE FIFE.

When de band begins to play
Den de people march away;
Hear de foolish wenches say:
Watch dem coons, give dem room,
Ain't got long to stay.

Jones' wife am tall and black,
And seven feet she stands;
She wants to be de leader
Of dat awful colored band;
She plays de drum and cymbals,
Most beautiful to see;
Her eyes was red, and de wig on her head
Was built in forty-three.—*Chorus.*

One evening in de Summer
Dey went out to serenade;
Dey 'roused de folks for miles around
Wid discords dat dey made;
De police came to stop de row,
Dey thought dere was a fight;
Dat colored band marched hand in hand
To de station-house dat night.—*Chorus.*

—"Mr Artist, you have reproduced my features very correctly in your portrait of me; but don't you think you have put a little too much paint on my cheeks?" "I used the same quantity, madam, as you do yourself!"

—"Yes, indeed," said the high-school girl to her brother Jim, "in this affair I obtained the gibbosity on Amy." "You did what?" inquired the boy. "Obtained the gibbosity—the protuberancy, you know." "Is it anything to eat?" was the next question. "O dear, no, you stupid boy—merely a figure of speech—what you call 'got the bulge,' only that is horrid slang."—*Oil City Derrick.*

MEET ME, DARLING KATE, BY THE COTTAGE GATE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

What a pleasure the Spring-time brings,
When I listen to the birds so sweetly singing,
How it fills my heart with joy
To hear the merry voices ringing;
I go rambling down the shady lane,
My tale of love to relate,
To the darling one I love,
Down by that cottage gate.

CHORUS.

Meet me darling Kate,
By the cottage gate,
Listen now, to what I say is true:
At the hour of eight,
Do not let me wait,
For I love none else but you.

When the evening shades are falling fast,
I wandered down the dear old shady lane,
To our familiar seat,
To renew our tales of love again;
When the moon it gently mounts the sky,
Then we know it's growing late,
Then I'll bid my love good-bye,
Down by that cottage gate.—*Chorus.*

THE GOOD SHIP, CUMBERLAND.

Come all ye merry sailors, and all ye landsmen too,
Come listen to a story that I will unfold to you;
It's all about the Cumberland, the ship so true and brave,
And of her bold and loyal crew, who met a watery grave.

It was early in the morning, just at the break of day,
That the good ship Cumberland at anchor safe did lay;
Then the man upon the lookout to those below did cry,
"I see something like a housetop—to the larboard it doth lie."

The Captain seized his telescope and gazed far o'er the blue,
Then turning, spoke as follows, to his brave and hearty crew:
"That thing that's floating yonder, just like a turtle back,
Is that infernal rebel steamer that they call the Merrimac."

The deck was cleared for action, every gun was pointed true,
While the Merrimac came steaming across the watery blue;
On, on, she kept coming till no distance did us part,
Then she sent a ball a-humming that stilled the beat of many a heart.

In vain we poured our broadside into her ribs of steel,
Yet still no breach made in her, or damage did she feel;
Then to our bold Commander the rebel captain spoke—
"Haul down your flying colors, or I'll sink your Yankee boat."

Our Captain's eyes did glisten and his cheeks grew white with rage,
And to the rebel pirate in a voice of thunder said:
"My men are brave and loyal, my flag shall ever stand,
Before I strike my colors you shall sink us and be d——d!"

Then the iron-clad monster left us some hundred yards or more,
And with her whistle screaming at our wooden sides she bore;
She struck us right amidship, and her ram went crashing through,
And the waters came rushing in upon our gallant crew.

Then turning to his gallant crew that bold Commander said:
"I will never strike the colors while the vessel rides the wave;
I'll go down with the flag a-flying into a watery grave,
But you, my gallant comrades, may seek your life to save."

They swore they'd never leave him, and manned their guns a fresh,
And poured broadside after broadside, till the water reached their breasts;
And she sunk far down, far down in the briny deep.
And the stars and stripes were flying from the main top's highest peak.

—A crusty bachelor's solace: There is one mitigation to our grief—the girls can't wear a Jersey and a Mother Hubbard at the same time.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE ANIMALS' FAIR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Now listen to my lay, I'll do my best to please you;
The song I'm going to give is a popular kind of thing.
I had a dream, and it did seem to me so very queer,
The birds and beasts they had a fair, and I was overseer.

CHORUS.

'Twas as the animals' fair, all birds and beasts were there;
The gay baboon, by the light of the moon, he combed his auburn hair;
The monkey he got drunk, and fell on the elephant's trunk;
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees, now how was that for the monk?

The jay-bird played the flute, the muskrat took the fiddle;
The Tom-cat he did prompt, as he tuned his light guitar;
The alligator hugged the bull-dog's wife, the bear got up his dander,
The camel smashed the fox in the eye, and thumped the nose of the gander.
'Twas at the animals' fair, all birds and beasts were there, &c.

The bear began to cry, the croccodile wiped his eye;
The fox he took a walk with the goose, the spider eloped with the fly;
Says the 'skeeter to the flea, "This is no place for me;"
The horse-fly stung the tiger's nose, and the lion swallowed the bee.
'Twas at the animals' fair, all birds and beasts were there, &c.

The rabbit passed the beans, the squirrel passed potatoes;
There was fish-balls made of mud, and cobblestone succotash; [salad,
There was nice green peas from button-ball trees, grape soup and peanut
The pig he cried, "Root hog, or die!" and the bull in chorus bellowed.
'Twas at the animals' fair, all birds and beasts were there, &c.

It soon began to rain, and the fair to an end it came;
The jackass kissed the elephant's wife, I heard her laugh quite plain.
The grasshopper jumped up quick, and the kangaroo he did kick,
He threw a flip flap up against the fence, and scraped his shins with a brick.
'Twas at the animals' fair, all birds and beasts were there, &c.

UP-STAIRS, IN MY BEDROOM.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

I live too high for comfort—
I always did live well;
I've got a mansard chamber,
In a Thompson street hotel.
The ceiling is draped with cob-webs,
The floor ne'er saw a broom,
The window's broke, to let out the smoke,
Up-stairs, in my bedroom.

The air is quite salubrious
In the attic near the skies;
Cockroaches have a picnic,
With a thousand million flies.
They make Dutch cheese in the cellar,
Which sends up a tough perfume;
The cats on the roof play opera bouffe,
At night over my bedroom.

There's a dry goods box for a table,
And a chair tied up with a string,
There's a hair-tick stuffed with shavings,
And the 'skeeters sweetly sing.
On the wall is a tea-store chromo,
There's an old flower-pot in bloom;
How the bed-bugs bite on a Summer's night,
Up-stairs, in my bedroom.

—A fellow, seven feet high, passed through Charleston on his way to California. On being asked why he ventured upon so hazardous a journey, he replied: "They don't want me any *longer* down in Maine."

—"What becomes of men who steal?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a sharp little boy. "They go to Canada." "No, little boy, that is not the right answer. They ultimately go to the wicked place." "Oh, yes; you mean Chicago."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Able-bodied tramp to clergyman—Fact is, sir, y'see, I work all the week, an' that jest covers my expenses. I'm a religious man myself, sir, an' I can't do no work Sundays. That's why I'm a-beggin'. Say, boss, catch on to the scheme, do, an' gimme a dime!

THE ROVER'S GRAVE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

They bore him away when the day had fled,
And the storm was rolling high,
And they laid him down in his lonely bed,
By the light of an angry sky;
The lightning flashed, and the wild sea lash'd
The shore with its foam'ng wave;
And the thunder passed on the rushing blast,
As it howled o'er the rover's grave.

No longer for him like a fearless bird,
Yon bark floats under the lee;
No longer his voice on the gale is heard,
When its guns appeal o'er the sea.
But near him the white gull builds on high
His nest by the gleaming wave,
And the heaving billows groan and die
On the sands of the rover's grave.

BURKE'S DREAM.

Slowly and sadly one night in November,
I laid down my weary head, to repose
On a pillow of straw, which I long shall remember;
O'erpowered by sleep I fell into a doze,
Tired from working hard,
Down in a felon's yard;
Night brought relief to my well tortured frame,
Locked in my prison cell,
Surely an earthly hell;
I fell asleep and began for to dream.

Methought that I sat on the green hills of Erin,
Premeditating her victory won;
Surrounded by comrades no enemy fearing,
Stand was the cry, every man to his gun!
Then on came the Samagh facing our Irishmen,
But they soon rallied back from our Pike volunteers,
Whose cry it was shrill,
Hurrah, boys! Father Murphy,
And his brave Shellamires!

Then methought that I seen
Our brave noble commanders,
All mounted on chargers
And in gorgeous array,
In green, trimmed with gold,
With their bright shining sabres,
On which danced the sunbeams of freedom that day;
On, was the battle cry,
Conquer this day or die;
Sons of Hibernia, fight for liberty,
Show neither fear or dread,
Vanquish the foe ahead!
Cut down their horse, foot and artillery.

Then on the cannon balls flew,
Men from both sides drew;
Our men were bound by oath,
To die or hold their ground;
So from our vengeance the Samagh fled,
Leaving the fields covered with dead;
While each man cried out gloriously:
Come from your prison, Burke!
Irishmen have done their work,
God he was with us,
Old Erin is free!

Then methought, as the clouds
Were repeatedly flowing,
I saw a lion stretched on the crimson gold places,
Beneath the pale moonbeams in death's sleep reposing,
The comrades I knew I would never see again;
Then over the mountain path
Homewards I hastened back;
Where with lay mother, fainted, gave a loud scream,
At the shock of which I awoke,
Just as the day broke,
And found myelf a prisoner, and all but a dream.

LEAVE NOT YOUR KATHLEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Oh! leave not your Kathleen, to cross the dark sea,
For she will be lonely, she cares but for thee,
The scenes that were bright will fade from her view,
Oh! say you'll not leave me for scenes that are new;
Oh! why do you leave the land of your birth,
The sweet land of the shamrock, the home of your youth?
'Tis an emerald that glistens in the bright sunlight's gleam,
When away you'll forget her and your darling Kathleen.

Oh! leave not your Kathleen, your own Colleen Bawn,
She'll be broken-hearted when from her you're gone;
Her eyes will grow dim, the smile lose its beam,
The blush on her fair cheek will lose its soft gleam.
Oh! stay by her side and pass the sweet hours,
Together we'll wander in Killarny's sweet bow'rs;
Oh! think not from Erin there's a far brighter scene,
And leave not her shores and your darling Kathleen.

Oh! have you forgotten your dear Colleen Bawn,
And the days when we strolled on the beach and the lawn?
'Twas then you first told me of love's winning powers,
When beside the still stream we plucked the wild flowers.
And now you would leave me to wander afar,
And forget your own Kathleen and Erin-go-Bragh;
No kind heart will cheer her if now we must sever,
When you part from your Kathleen we're parted forever

That Young Man Across the Way.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Well, I wonder what's the meaning,
Always looking over here,
When I'm at the parlor window,
He is sure then to appear;
Every evening as I sit there,
Just before the close of day,
There he is, with roguish glances,
Watching me across the way.

CHORUS.

So let him stare, I do not care,
I shall not go away;
Young men who live across the street,
Must look across the way.

He has brown hair, dark and waving,
And his eyes, I think, are gray,
But I know whate'er their color,
Often do they look this way.
And one tender twilight evening,
I'm quite sure that he did this—
Just before I left the window,
Unto me he threw a kiss.—*Chorus.*

From the other side, one evening,
To our door he found his way,
After that, 'twas very often
That he came across the way,
And while sitting by our window,
There was much he made me say,
And, 'mong other things, I promised
That I'd live across the way.—*Chorus.*

—A couple of New York gentlemen were overheard discussing the Rhinelander case in a Third avenue car, a short time ago: "I don't think Rhinelander's lawyer, Clark, is managing his case properly." "How so?" "Rhinelander's lawyer, Clark, is trying to make out that he, Rhinelander, is not insane, ain't he?" "Yes, that's what he is trying to do." "And Clark takes the witness stand and swears that his client refused to accept a million dollars to abandon his wife?" "Yes." "Well, do you suppose a New York jury is going to decide that young Rhinelander is sane after he has rejected an offer of that kind, eh?" "That's a fact. I understand it now. Clark must be working in the interests of young Rhinelander's aristocratic relatives, or else he does not know much about the New Yorkers."—*Texas Siftings.*

CATS IN OUR BACK-YARD.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I live in a brown-stone tenement,
With green shutters painted white,
There's a family of cats lives in the rear,
They play "Pinafore" every night;
They sing something about Maria,
And the times are very hard,
Oh! they'll chew tobacco, and spit in your eye,
The cats in our back-yard.

CHORUS.

Tra-la-lee, tra-la-la,
For the cats in our back yard;
Tra-la-lee, tra-la-la,
For the cats in our back-yard.

They hold camp-meetings every night,
Have walking matches on the fence,
I threw seventy bricks at a Thomas,
And he has never bothered me since.
They'll sing all night and sleep all day,
They ought to be feathered and tarred,
They are worse than Haverly's Minstrels,
Yes, the cats in our back-yard.—*Chorus.*

DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO.

When battle rous'd each warlike band,
And carnage loud her trumpet blew,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer boy of Waterloo.
His mother, when his lips she press'd,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With wringing hands and aching breast,
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

But he that knew no infant fears,
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those tears,
Till I return from Waterloo."
He went—and e'er the set of sun,
Beheld our arms the foe subdue,
The flash of death—the murd'rous gun,
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

SLOW.

"O, my comrades! comrades!" Edwin cried,
And proudly beamed his eye of blue,
"Go, tell my mother, Edwin died
A soldier's death at Waterloo."
They plac'd his head upon his drum,
And 'neath the moonlight's mournful hue,
When night had still'd the battle's hum,
They dug his grave at Waterloo,

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier spot in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

CHORUS.

Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh, come to the church in the vale.—*Chorus.*

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow,
Disturb not her rest in the vale.—*Chorus.*

There, there by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom;
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted,
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.—*Chorus.*

CANDIDATE FOR ALDERMAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I am a true-born Irishman,
And I'll ne'er deny that same,
I took a notion to cross the ocean,
To America I came.
When I landed here,
It was in the year of 1862,
I was willing to fight, both day and night,
For the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

I am your candidate for Alderman,
So believe me what I say:
Put on your coats, cast in your votes,
For me on election day.

When I started first in politics,
My friends they were but few;
I can't forget, every one I met. said,
That I was too "brand new."
I worked the pipes on the Boulevard,
Along with Mickey Hart;
He was foreman of the old Sixth Ward,
And the owner of a big ash cart.—*Chorus.*

So now, my friends, I must be off,
I can no longer stay;
I hope you won't forget to vote
For me on election day;
And if I am the lucky man,
On me you may depend,
If you want to borrow, I won't be sorry,
For I am the poor man's friend.—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, 'LIZA JANE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs,

The time has come, I must go,
I must play on the old banjo,
Walk dad Lew; Oh, Mister Lew,
Ehe! Ehe! he! hear me now?
The time has come, I do declare,
I want a lock of my girl's hair.
Walk dad Lew; Oh, Mister Lew,
Ehe! Ehe! he! hear me now?

CHORUS.

I'm going away to leave you, good-bye, good-bye,
I'm going to leave you, good-bye, 'Liza Jane;
I'm going away to leave you, I'm going down to Lynchburg town,
If you get there before I do, it's good-bye, 'Liza Jane.

Behind the hen-house on my knees,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Walk dad Lew; Oh, Mister Lew,
Ehe! Ehe! he! hear me now?
'Twas nothing but a rooster saying his prayers,
And giving out a hymn—such a getting up stairs—
Walk dad Lew; Oh, Mister Lew,
Ehe! Ehe! he! hear me now?—*Chorus.*

Chickens and hens have gone to roost,
A hawk flew down and bit an old goose,
Walk dad lew; Oh, Mister Lew,
Ehe! Ehe! he! hear me now?
Bit a young duck in the middle of the back,
Make the old drake go quack, quack, quack,
Walk dad Lew; Oh, Mister Lew,
Ehe! Ehe! he! hear me now?—*Chorus.*

—The Marseilles ladies wear moustaches over their mouths as a cholera preventive. American girls because they like to. —*Minneapolis Bazoo.*

—A woman has been arrested in New York for cruelly whipping her oldest son. She told the magistrate that she didn't know it was a violation of the law for a woman to "bang her heir." Then he doubled the amount of her bail. —*Norristown Herald.*

MY TRUNDLE BED.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

As I rumag'd thro' the attic, list'ning to the falling rain,
As it patter'd on the shingles and against the window pane,
Peeping over chests and boxes which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw in the farthest corner what was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess, where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music of my mother's voice and song;
As she sung in sweetest accents what I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listen'd, recollections that I thought had been forgot,
Came with a gush of memory, rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wander'd back to childhood, to those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother, by this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter carefully the words she said:
Never can they be forgotten, deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O, Father! Father, Thou, who art in heaven."

Years have pass'd, and that dear mother long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit revels in the home of God;
But that scene at Summer twilight never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness when I see my trundle bed.

This she taught me when she told me of its import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter, "Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then it was with hands uplifted, and in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father! Father! do Thou bless my child."

POPSY WOPSY!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I am a 'elpless female,
An unprotected female;
My husband's been and gone
And run away my heart to wring;
He's gone to join the Mormons,
Those gay and festive Mormons;
And while he's getting married there,
I'm left alone to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! my Popsy Wopsy's vanished from my sight,
And we might have been so happy—so we might;
But now he's gone away to be a Mormonite,
And I've no doubt but what he has a dozen wives or more.—*Dance.*

He had a winning manner,
A most engaging manner,
And when we wed, I never thought
He'd come to serve me so—
But he was so deceitful!
The men are all deceitful;
They bring poor girls like me to grief—
And that's as well to know.—*Chorus.*

But I mean to go and join him,
Go on the sly and join him,
Just drop upon him unawares
And stop at once his fun—
As soon as I can reach him—
The fact—I mean to teach him,
Though he may have a dozen wives,
Still I am Number One.—*Chorus.*

Now, ladies, take a warning:
Let my fate be a warning—
The men are all a sort of kind
Of Blue Beard, and not true
But if they will neglect us,
To love they can't expect us;
For what is sauce for goose, you know,
Is sauce for gander, too.—*Chorus.*

—A tramp, when refused food at a house the other day, sadly asked: "Missus, will you please give me a piece of looking-glass so that I can see myself starve to death?"

Hush, Little Baby, Don't You Cry!

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

No use for to weep and cry in de morn,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Dig up de taters, hoe up de corn,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Tie on de armor, armor of de Lord,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Put on de helmet, swing on de sword,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Singing sweetly all the day,
All the day, happy day;
Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Softly, sweetly, gently, sleep,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye—don't you cry.

Ole Satan's a-comin', don't you run,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Put on de armor, level up yo' gun,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Aim for his bosom, hit him in de back,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Keep on a-shootin', keep him off de track,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye.—*Chorus.*

Put on de robe and frizzle up yo' har,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Get out yo' ticket for de gospel car,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Pin on de armor, armor of de Lord,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye;
Watch for de train, jump on board,
You'll be an angel bye-and-bye.—*Chorus.*

I'll Ask My Mother, and I'll Let You Know Next Sunday Afternoon.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

A pretty little girl came courting me, her name was Sarah Broome,
She wanted me to marry her, and thought I was a loon;
She said I was a nice young man, and we might be well off soon,
But I'll ask my mother, and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

CHORUS.

The kindness of this pretty little girl I never can forget,
That wanted me to marry her, but I cannot see that yet.

One afternoon Miss Sarah Broome took me out for a walk,
She kissed me and caressed me, and so lovingly did talk;
She wanted me to fly with her that night by the light of the moon,
But I'll ask my mother, and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness of this pretty little girl, &c.

She made me a present of a watch and chain, likewise a bran new hat,
For Sundays, when I walked with her, that I might cut it fat; [soon,
But when she found I would not fly with her, she wanted the presents back
But I'll ask my mother, and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness of this pretty little girl, &c.

If there's any young girl that's here to-night would like to be my wife,
Let her step forward, and I'll do the best for her through life;
And if she's in a hurry, why, we might be married soon,
But I'll ask my mother, and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness of this pretty little girl, &c.

—The old general sends an orderly to announce to his young wife that he shall be home to dinner, instead of leaving town on a tour of inspection. "Well," says the colonel, when the messenger returns from the errand, "did she say anything—send any message?" "She didn't say anything, general," replies the orderly, "but she looked whole circulating libraries."

NOT MUCH!

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Say, what do you think of our Navy to-day?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
Then what do you think of its management, pray?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
The ships, it is true, are but hulks, you are right,
There's the old Talapoosa that sunk out of sight,
When she run down a poor little tub one dark night,
Not much! Not what? Not much!

CHORUS.

But 'tis better than nothing at all? Not much!
Not better than nothing at all? Not much!
Tho' 'tis bad, you'll agree, that much worse it might be,
And 'tis better than nothing at all? Not much!

Now what do you think of the dudes of to-day?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
Well, what do you think of the dudelets? then, pray?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
Their bandoline bangs are not nice, I'll admit,
And then they're not noted for having much wit,
But really, now don't you admire them a bit?
Not much! Not what? Not much!—*Chorus.*

Well, what do you think of your mother-in-law?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
She's the gentlest woman that ever I saw!
Not much! Not what? Not much!
Well, maybe she has quite a temper, you know,
And knowing the fact, why just give her a show,
To let out her temper at times, don't you know?
Not much! Not what? Not much!—*Chorus.*

Now what do you think of our candidates, pray?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
Then what do you think of their platforms to-day?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
Some stories they tell are decidedly thin,
I guess they are all of them spending their tin,
It won't make much difference which side does win,
Not much! Not what? Not much!—*Chorus.*

What do you think of our cashiers and banks?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
What do you think of Canadian cranks?
Not much! Not what? Not much!
They try and acquit our tellers who skip,
Who into our savings make many a dip,
Would our juries do likewise if they held the whip?
Not much! Not what? Not much!—*Chorus.*

THE RAILWAY-GUARD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

At the terminus at Euston, of the North Western rail,
A buxom wench, fair, fat, and forty, was seated in the mail;
She showed her ticket to me, and asked if she was right,
I told her "yes," and hoped she'd pass a very pleasant night;
I shut the door, my whistle blew, the engine gave a scream;
We slowly left the platform, propelled along by steam;
Into my break I quickly jumped; "all right" the word was given,
And at a rattling pace along the Euston-Line was driven.

CHORUS.

In the mail-train to the North, let it rain, hail, or snow,
Along the iron railway, like lightning on we go;
I care not for the weather, and my break I'll not discard;
For as happy as a king am I, altho' a railway-guard.

We stopped at Rugby, when the lady called me to her side,
She said she'd been insulted by a gentleman inside,
Who had never ceased annoying her, she was in such a fright,
And begged that I would quickly take the ruffian from her sight;
I said, oh, yes—but first tell me the crime he has committed!
Committed? echoed she, so fierce, I thought she was half-witted,
Go fetch me a policeman, and as sure as eggs is eggs,
I will give him into custody for tickling of my legs.
In the mail-train to the North, &c.

The gentleman he said, 'twas false, the woman must be mad,
Or would not charge him wrongfully, it really was too bad,
He had not once been near her, her story was untrue,
He kept apart, for "distance lent enchantment to the view."
Into the carriage I immediately did go,
To try and find the culprit who had teased the lady so,
When underneath the seat, where she sat—how very shocking!
Was a basket of game fowls that had been pecking at her stocking.
In the mail-train to the North, &c.

An apology she quickly made to him, ere he departed,
And grieved to think that she had been so very chicken-heatred;
The gentleman accepted it, and loudly laughed outright,
And advised her to put "gaiters" on if there she stayed that night.
A warning this to young men be, the danger here is shown
Of riding in a train at night with a female all alone;
Look out for baskets 'neath the seat, before you start away,
Or you perhaps may be accused, one day, of some foul play.
In the mail-train to the North, &c.

Don't Leave Your Mother When Her Hair Turns Gray.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

How well do I remember, though many years ago,
I journeyed down to Portsmouth, with my mother, you must know;
The ships were in the harbor, with flags and banners dress'd,
And weeping wives and children were waiting with the rest;
My father was a sailor on board a man-o'-war,
Who once again was going to leave us by the shore;
He kissed our lips at parting, while standing on the quay,
And as he bade us both good-bye, these words to me did say:

CHORUS.

Stick to your mother, Tom, when I am gone,
Don't let her worry, lad, don't let her mourn;
Remember that she nursed you when I was far away;
Don't leave your mother when her hair turns gray.

Our hearts were dull and heavy, returning home again;
We scarcely spoke a whisper while riding in the train,
The journey seemed unending, and leaden was the sky,
Until we reached the station where home was very nigh;
The cottage looked so desolate, and vacant was the chair,
In which my father lingered whenever he was near;
I came and stood by mother, so full of hope and fear;
She fondled and caress'd me as she whisper'd through her tears:
Stick to your mother, Tom, &c.

The time rolled slowly onward, many changes had occurr'd,
But of the good ship Victor, for months we had not heard;
My mother grew so anxious, her cheeks were sad and pale,
And I was very fearful she suddenly would fail.
One day there came a telegram to say the ship was lost,
She foundered many miles away, when she'd been tempest tossed;
My mother fainted at the news, but when the swoon had fled,
I kissed her as I told her of the words my father said:
Stick to your mother, Tom, &c.

She lingered through the Summer, but when the frost and snow—
The bitter winds of Winter very quickly laid her low—
She died in my embraces, with a spirit calm and brave;
And now the weeping willow bends silently o'er her grave;
I often go to see her grave, and keep the verdure green,
And plant some spotless lillies upon the peaceful scene,
And feel the satisfaction of knowing, though she's dead,
I tried to do my duty to the words my father said:
Stick to your mother, Tom, &c.

—Civilities of the street car: "Will you pull the bell?" she asked of a man across the aisle as the car reached the corner. "No, madam," he answered, with a bow: "but I will be most happy to pull the strap which rings the bell." "Ah! but never mind! The strap is connected with two bells, and you might stop the wrong end of the car." And the look she turned upon him was full of triumph, veneered with cayenne pepper.

...prison cell, far from those he loves ...
...mother mem'ries wake within his heart ...
...drops softly fall as he thinks he hears ...
...loving ones from whom he now must part ...
...and weary grief that no sleep can bring ...
...dreams the gallant soldier's thoughts will ...
...and cheerless home where he never more ...
...Betty and the baby far away!

Chorus.

Weary listening to the sound
Of the turnkey on his round
Hoping, longing for relief from day to day
Oh, 'twould break the soldier's pain
If he could but sleep again
Thinking! Betty and the baby far away!

...pleasant dreams that come, of that once ...
...mother of love that lights its humble wall ...
...child upon his knee, oh, how blest and ...
...thousand joys the past again recalls!
...creeping o'ergh again to the soldier weary ...
...counts the lonely hours from day to day ...
...and sometimes cry that accords to yours ...
...Betty and the baby far away!—*Chorus.*

...the loneliness and grief of that mother find re... ...
...lady hearts that beat throughout Columbia's ... ...
...back her darling one, Justice surely has ... ...
...him once again a free man proudly stand! ...
...once again return to the hearts that fondly ...
...affection for the soldier, day by day; ...
...oh, give him back once more unto freedom, ...
...to Betty and the baby far away!—*Chorus.*

DOLLAR AND SIXTY A

Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address ... receipt of 25 cents, by H. J. Wehrsen, P. O. Box 1281, Ne... Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Good evening to you, one and all,
Youre looking well I see,
I took a trip in a great big ship,
Across the raging sea.
I've been out of work a month or more,
And you know that it's mighty hard,
But now I've got a job to do,
Servant on the Boulevard.

Chorus.

Phit-zi a da-dy, phit-zi a da-dy,
Tra-la-la da-a,
To work upon the Boulevard
For a dollar and sixty a day.
Phit-zi a da-dy, phit-zi a da-dy,
Tra-la-la da-a,
To work upon the Boulevard
For a dollar and sixty a day.

Arrah! here I am, an Irish man,
And at work I am not afraid,
While Dan does carry the pick, my boys,
And I do carry the spade.
For uncle Dan is an alderman,
And he carries all the Ward,
'Twas him who gave me tickets all
For to work on the Boulevard.—*Chorus.*

Now fare you well, one and all,
And it's time I was away,
For if I keep a singing here for you,
Sure I'll lose a half a day.
I'm going down to the City Hall,
For to-day to get a card,
And get me uncle's brother to work,
Servant on the Boulevard.—*Chorus.*

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BETTY AND THE BABY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

In his lonely prison cell, far from those he loves so well,
Oh, what bitter mem'ries wake within his heart!
And the tear-drops softly fall as he thinks he hears the call
Of the darling ones from whom he now must part!
Oh, the sad and weary grief that no sleep can bring relief,
For in dreams the gallant soldier's thoughts will stray
To his sad and cheerless home where he never more may roam,
And to Betty and the baby far away!

CHORUS.

Weary listening to the sound
Of the turnkey on his round;
Hoping, longing for relief from day to day,
Oh, 'twould hush the soldier's pain
If he could but clasp again
Faithful Betty and the baby far away!

There are pleasant dreams that come, of that once, dear happy home.
And the smiles of love that light its humble walls;
With his child upon his knee, oh, how blest and glad was he,
While a thousand joys the past again recalls!
But the morning brings again to the soldier weary pain,
And he counts the lonely hours from day to day;
Oh, the sad and hopeless cry that ascends to yonder sky,
For dear Betty and the baby far away!—*Chorus.*

May the loneliness and grief of that mother find relief,
Kindly hearts that beat throughout Columbia's land!
Give her back her darling one, justice surely has been done,
Let him once again a free man proudly stand!
May he once again return to the hearts that fondly burn
With affection for the soldier, day by day;
Give, oh, give him back once more unto freedom, we implore,
And to Betty and the baby far away!—*Chorus.*

A DOLLAR AND SIXTY A DAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Good evening to yez, one and all,
Youre looking well I see,
I took a trip in a great big ship,
Across the raging sea.
I've been out of work a month or more,
And you know that it's mighty hard,
But now I've got a job to do,
Beyant on the Boulevard.

CHORUS.

Phit-ni a da-dy, phit-ni a da-dy,
Tra-la-la de-a,
To work upon the Boulevard
For a dollar and sixty a day.
Phit-ni a da-dy, phit-ni a da-dy,
Tra-la-la de-a,
To work upon the Boulevard
For a dollar and sixty a day.

Arrah! here I am, an Irishman,
And of work I am not afraid,
While Dan does carry the pick, my boys,
And I do carry the spade.
For uncle Dan is an Alderman,
And he carries all the Ward,
'Twas him who gave us tickets all
For to work on the Boulevard.—*Chorus.*

Now fare yez well, one and all,
And it's time I was away,
For if I keep a singing here for you,
Sure I'll lose a half a day.
I'm going down to the City Hall,
For to try to get a card,
And put me uncle's brother to work,
Beyant on the Boulevard,—*Chorus.*

—The Vassar girls do not swear. They only say "buy gum."—*Minneapolis Bazoo.*

THE BANKS O'DOON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman. P. O. Box 1823, New York City
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care;
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly, sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

OLD BOG-HOLE.

The pig is in the mire, and the cow is in the grass,
And a man without a woman through this world will sadly pass;
My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks likes the drakes,
Arrah! sweet Judy Flanagan, I'd die for your sakes.
My Judy she's as fair as the flowers on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the nick to the knee;
We met the other night, our heart to condole,
And I set my Judy down by the old bog-hole,

CHORUS.

Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me?
Arrah! gramacree mavourneen, will you marry me?
Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me?
Arrah! would you fancy the bold, bouncing Barney Magee

Judy, she blushed, and she hung down her head,
Saying: Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get wed,
But you are such a rogue, and you are such a rake;
Don't believe it, says I, it is all a mistake,
To keep you genteel, I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle a hook, a shovel and spade,
And the turf I'll procure, which is better than coal,
And I'll dig to my knees in the old bog-hole.
Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me? &c.

Fine children we will have, for you must mind that;
There will be Darby, Judy, Barney, Pat;
There will be Mary, so meek, and Kitty, so bluff;
And—Stop, stop! she cries, have you not got enough?
I will not, says I, nor I won't be content,
'Till once I have as many as there's days in Lent;
How the people they will stare, when we go for a stroll,
When we are promenading by the old bog-hole.
Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me? &c.

By the hokey! says she, I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney the blarney he knows how to use,
He has bothered my heart with the picture he has drawn,
If I thought I could trust you the job might be done;
Holy murthur! says I, do you doubt what I say
If I thought I could trust you, I'd swear half a day;
Oh! no, she says, its of no use at all—
And she gave her consent by the old bog-hole.

CHORUS.

Then give me your hand, my joys and delights;
Be aisy, you blackguard, until it's all right;
And when we are wed, we'll kiss and condole,
And we will go dig for eels in the old bog-hole.

—The new bill-collector entered the office of his employer. "Well, how's collecting?" asked the merchant. "Rather slow. I've only collected five dollars." "What's this?" asked the merchant, taking up a paper which the young man threw upon his desk. "Expence account." "What!" glancing at the paper: "ten dollars for a hack?" "Yes. You see, I didn't feel like walking." "Young man," said the merchant, "come with me over to the bank. You can find employment there. Such talent as you posses should be employed among the scenes of great financial transactions. Come!"

Keiser, der Yer Vant to Buy a Dog?

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Ash I dook a lemonade de onderer day,
At a blace dat's over der vay,
Ven a fellar comes in, und called for a glass of gin,
Den to me he did say:
"Keiser, der yer vant to buy a dog?
He'll make goot sausage meat,
He's ash light ash a fairy, dough not very heary,
Und he ontly has got dree feets."

CHORUS.

Oh, didn't dat dog look sweet,
Mit his stumpy dail und ontly dree veets,
I told him to gone out mit dat dog,
He sait he vould ven he got an egg-nog,
But ash he vent drough de door, he loutly did roar:
"Say, Keiser, der yer vant ter buy a dog?"

I followed him, I gannot tole you vy,
Und I hit him off his mout und in de eye,
Ven a boliceman made a start und dook de fellar's part,
Saying for dat I should die.
He didn't dake me home off de door,
But to der jail, do you see,
Und mit his leetle club he hit me a rub,
Mit a vicked rough laugh at me.—*Chorus.*

Zoon after dat I met him at a ball,
Und on his nose vas a bile,
He'd de boodle on his arm, vich looked like a charm,
Und its stumpy dail vas vagging all der vile;
I vent unt took mine oats dat very night,
Und sait dat boodle I vould kill,
Ven it come off mine side und lait down und died,
Und I sent it to der sausage mill.—*Chorus.*

THE HOUSE CARPENTER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

"Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met," cried he;
"For I've just returned from the salt sea,
All for the love of thee."

"I might have married the King's daughter," dear;
"You might have married her." cried she,
"For I am married to a house carpenter,
And a fine young man is he."

"If you will forsake your house carpenter,
And go along with me,
I will take you where the grass grows high,
On the banks of old Tennesee."

"If I forsake my house carpenter,
And go along with thee,
What have you got to keep me upon,
And keep me from misery?"

Says he, "I have got six ships at sea,
All sailing to dry land,
One hundred and ten of your own countrymen,
Love, they shall be at your command."

She took her babe upon her knee,
And kissed one, two, or three,
Saying: "Stay at home, my darling, sweet babe,
And keep your father's company."

They had not sailed four weeks or more,
Four weeks, or scarcely three,
When she thought of her darling sweet babe at home,
And she wept most bitterly.

Says he: "Are you weeping for gold, my love,
Or are you weeping for fear,
Or are you weeping for your house carpenter,
That you left and followed me?"

"I am not weeping for gold," she replied,
"Nor am I weeping for fear,
But I am weeping alone for my sweet little babe
That I've left with my house carpenter."

"Oh, dry up your tears, my own true love,
And cease your weeping," cried he;
"For soon you will see your own happy home,
On the banks of old Tennessee."

They had not sailed five weeks or more,
Five weeks or scarcely four,
When the ship struck a rock and sprung a-leak,
And they were never seen any more.

A curse be on the sea-faring men,
Oh, cursed be their lives,
For while they are robbing the house carpenter,
And coaxing away their wives.

UP IN A BACK ROOM.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

One day I got married, the truth I do state,
When you have heard my sad tale, you will pity my fate,
My wife makes me work both morning and night,
And she swears that I never do anything right.
The first night I got married, it's the truth I am sure,
My wife went to bed, and I lay on the floor,
But now that I'm married, I must do what I can,
So pity the fate of a poor married man.

CHORUS.

Up in a back room, boys, up in a back room,
All among the bugs and fleas, pitying my sad doom;
Up in a back room, boys, up in a back room,
I wish I'd ne'er got married to be up in a back room.

Every morning, it's true, to please her desire,
She makes me get up and set light to the fire,
Her breakfast I make, and she has it in bed,
If I don't, why then, pity my poor head!
I've to wait till she's done, do you think that is fair?
If I say a word, she will growl like a bear;
I'm a tailor by trade, and my name it is Sam,
And she says I'm but the ninth part of a man.
Up in a back room, &c.

I sit on my shop board a stitching all day,
While my wife goes out dressed up so gay;
Six months I've been married, the truth I declare,
But the joys of my wedlock I have not yet shared;
Before I got married, it's true, on my word,
She looked like an angel, and sung like a bird;
But now like a lion she will fly very soon,
If I say a word, she will knock me down with the broom.
Up in a back room, &c.

Last Sunday, it's true, now listen to me,
She had the cheek to bring home a big soldier to tea,
I said: Mr. Brown. you know it's not right,
She said: hold your tongue, Sammy, I shall do as I like.
They sat side by side, he gave her a kiss,
I took up my sleeve board, but him I did miss,
He kicked me down stairs, and hurt my back bone,
So I left them together to take tea alone.
Up in a back room, &c.

I ran out of the house, I think I did right,
She bolted the door, I was locked out all night,
Next morning I went home, of course, like a man,
But I found that the soldier had bolted with Fan.
Now they have gone away, I can whistle a tune,
Perhaps they have cut their sticks up in a balloon,
But I don't wish to see her back any more,
I can sleep on the bed instead of the floor.

CHORUS.

Up in a back room, boys, up in a back room,
Now my wife has cut her stick, I can whistle a tune;
Up in a back room, boys, I'll do the best I can,
I hope she'll like the soldier, my false deceitful Fan.

NELLY BLY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along;
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song;
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and make de fire burn;
And while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a turn.

CHORUS.
Heigh! Nelly, ho; Nelly, listen, lub, to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle-dove,
I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly had a heart warm as cup of tea,
And bigger dan de sweet patatoe down in Tennessee.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eye-balls gin to peep;
De way she walks she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down,
And when it lights, der's music dah in dat part ob de town.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebber nebber, sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made ob corn,
And dere's corn and punkins plenty, lub, a lyin' in de barn.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

THE SHANTY-BOY'S SONG.

Now, boys, if you will listen, I will sing to you a song,
It's all about the shanty-boys, and how they get along;
They are a jovial set of boys, so merry and so fine,
They spend a pleasant Winter, in cutting down the pine.

Some will leave their homes, and friends whom they love dear,
And for the lonesome pine-woods their pathway they will steer;
They are going to the pine-woods, all Winter to remain,
Awaiting for the Spring-time, ere they return again.

There are farmers, and sailors, likewise mechanics, too,
And all sorts of tradesmen, found with a lumber crew;
The choppers and the sawyers, they lay the timber low,
While the swampers and the skidders, they haul it to and fro.

Noon-time rolls around, the foreman loudly screams,
"Lady down your saws and axes, boys, and haste to pork and beans;"
Arrived at the shanty, the splashing does begin;
There's the rattle of the water-pail, and the banging of the tin.

"It is hurry in, my boys! you, Tom, Dick, or Joe,
For you must take the pail, and for some water go;"
The cook he halloos, "Dinner!" they all get up and go:
It's not the style of a shanty-boy to miss his pie, you know.

Dinner being over to their shanty they all go;
They all load up their pipes, and smoke till all is blue,
"It's time you were out, boys," the foreman soon will say;
They all take up their hats and mitts, to the woods they haste away.

Oh, each goes out with cheerful heart, and with contented mind,
For Wintry winds do not blow cold among the waving pine;
Loudly their axes ring, until the sun goes down,
"Hurrah! my boys, the day is done, for the shanty we are bound."

Arrived at the shanty, with wet and cold feet,
They off with their boots and packs, for supper they must eat;
The cook, he halloos, "Supper!" they all get up and go,
It's not the style of a shanty-boy to miss his hash, you know.

The boots, the packs, the rubbers, are all thrown to one side,
The mitts, the socks, the rags, are all hung up and dried;
At nine o'clock, or thereabouts, into their bunks they crawl,
To sleep away the few short hours until the morning call.

At four o'clock next morning, the foreman loudly shouts:
"Hurrah, there! you teamsters, 'tis time that you were out;"
The teamsters they get up, all in a fretful way;
Says one, "I've lost my boot-packs, and my socks have gone astray."

The choppers they get up, and their socks they cannot find,
They lay it to the teamsters, and curse them in their mind;
One says, "I've lost my socks—I don't know what to do,"
Another has lost his boot-packs, and he is ruined, too.

Spring-time rolls around; the foreman, he will say:
"Lay down your saws and axes, boys, and haste to break the 'way;"
And when the floating ice goes out, in business we'll thrive,
Hundreds of able-bodied men are wanted on the drive.

Please, don't sell Father any more Rum

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Don't sell him another drink, please,
He's reeling already you see;
I fear when he comes home to-night,
He'll beat my poor mother and me;
She's waiting in darkness and cold,
And dreading to hear him come home;
He treats us so bad when he's drunk,
Please, don't sell him any more rum.

CHORUS.
Don't scold me, kind sir! for I see,
You're angry because I have come;
Forgive a poor sad little girl,
And don't sell her dear father rum;
Forgive a poor, sad little girl,
And don't sell her dear father rum.

I heard mother praying last night;
She thought I was quite sound asleep;
She prayed her husband to save,
His soul from temptation to keep.
She cried like her poor heart would break,
So, trying to comfort her some,
I told her I'd beg you to-day
Not to sell father any more rum.—*Chorus.*

Why don't you have something to sell
That will not make people so sad?
That will not make poor mothers grieve,
And kind fathers cruel and bad?
It makes us so sad when we see,
Our dear father come reeling home;
Oh, listen to my simple plea,
Please, don't sell him any more rum.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE FRAUD.

As sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

HE—Oh? vere is dat leetle deicher darling,
Der pootiest littl vaiter-gal of all;
Oh! vere is der pickles by der garten,
Der mock oranges hanging by der vall?
How sweet she used to vait on der table,
Mit sarsaparilla vater by her tray;
Und sometimes put bottles by der labes,
Ven efer der boss he vas avay.

CHORUS.
Leetle Fraud, (she) chews terbacker,
Leetle Fraud, (she) vats der matter?
Vas der pootiest leetle vaiter gal of all;
Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater,
Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater,
Vas der pootiest leetle deicher gal of all.

SHE—I thought I heard somebody spoken,
Und vat kind of liquors do you like?
Mein lieber shoots will gif you such a shooking,
As make your face so plack as plue as vhite,
So help me gracious;
I pelief that you haf got anouder lover,
In some ouder part by dis town,
Oh! I shoost took mein finger und I guv her
A shmack dot vould shoost knock you down.—*Chorus.*

HE—Now, my love, if you vould understood me,
I vould feel shoost as happy as a lord,
Ouf you was so kleiner as you could be,
I vouldn't give dot for Leetle Fraud.
SHE—I don't can't tell vat ish de matter,
For dere you eat pretzels vere you board,
Und sometimes I bleve you never get her,
Dot ouder deicher gal, Leetle Fraud.

HE—Oh! Fraud—
SHE—Leetle Fraud—
HE—Oh! vere is dot gal—
SHE—I don't know—
HE—Oh! vere is dot leetle deicher darling,
Der pootiest little deicher gal of all.—*Chorus.*

Here She Goes and There She Goes.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

When Tom declared his ardent love
For Miss Amelia Brown,
They asked papa to give consent,
But he only gave a frown;
Now Tom and his Amelia said
That they'd elope to town,
And married be, although it was
Against the wish of Brown;
The very morning of their flight,
Old Brown at home would stay,
I know they only wished for
Some good chance to run away.

SPOKEN—I knew the boy loved the girl, and the old man didn't love the girl worth a cent. The old man was a kind of sporting man, and so I says, Brown, old boy, I want to lay you a wager. What is it? says Brown. I want to bet you five dollars you can't swing your arm with the pendulum of that clock five minutes. Done! says he, I take. What have I got to do? All you have got to do is to follow me and go like this—

CHORUS.

Here she goes and there she goes,
Bib-a-de-bob, bib-a-de-bob;
Here she goes and there she goes,
And that is the way to do it.

Old Brown he set to work at once,
And soon began to puff;
I cried, old Brown, I think that you'll
Soon say you've had enough;
I never laid a bet, said he,
But what I mean to win,
I'll bet another ten, said he,
That I will not give in;
Old Brown was fat, the weather warm,
And never once he stopped,
And there upon his heated face,
There stood the shining drops.

SPOKEN—And I stood in the corner laughing; and old Brown kept up the same old game.—*Chorus.*

Mrs. Brown who heard me laugh,
Came into the room to see,
Oh! goodness, gracious, Brown, said she,
What can the matter be?
Why, Brown, you must be going mad,
Of that there is no doubt,
To stand in front of that old clock,
And swing your arm about;
I'll go and fetch the doctor Brown,
If you go on this way;
But all they could get out of Brown,
And this is what he'd say:—*Chorus.*

Old Brown he won the wager,
But lost his daughter by the game;
She married Tom in town that day,
And back for forgiveness came;
'Twas useless when the job was done,
For Brown to then say nay;
So he took the joke, my friends,
In quite a jolly way;
He gave a party to his friends,
And oftimes tells with glee,
While sounds of laughter echo from
The jolly company.

SPOKEN—Yes, says the old man, I shall never forget the time I went—*Chorus.*

—An Austin Israelite has his dwelling and place of business in the same house, which is quite a small one. There were several customers in the store, when his wife, who is a very affectionate creature, called out from the next room: "O, Schon; my dear Schon, come to dinner!" A shade of rage passed over his Hebraic features, and going to where she was he seized her brutally by the arm, and with a malignant voice, hoarse with annoyance, said: "Rebecca, does you want to ruin me in my pishness? What for you call me dear Schon, ven I wants to be known as cheap Schon? Do you vant to have dot peebles lose confidence in me?"—*Texas Siftings.*

LAY MY HEAD BENEATH A ROSE

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Darling, fold me to you closer,
As you did in days of yore;
Press your lips upon my forehead,
Ere I see the golden shore.
Life is from me fastly fleeting,
Soon I'll be in sweet repose;
When I am gone I ask this favor,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

CHORUS.

Lay me where sweet flowers blossom—
Where the dainty lily grows;
Where the pink and violets mingle,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Darling one, when first I met you,
When I pledged you hand and heart,
There were roses on your cheeks, love,
And we vowed we ne'er would part.
One more kiss, for I am going,
Far beyond all earthly woes;
Let my grave be like your cheeks, love,
Covered with the blushing rose.—*Chorus.*

UP AT DUDLEY GROVE.

Copyright, 1878, by A. J. Fisher.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

The young men's social club,
They gave a grand excursion;
They had a band from Manahan,
Two barges and a boat;
The lads were tiptivated,
Yes, fit for sweet diversion,
I'd Kitty McGlinn away from home,
In a linen overcoat.

CHORUS.

She played the concertina,
As through the woods we'd rove;
I was all alone with Kitty McGlinn,
Up at Dudley Grove.

I danced in every set,
In the waltz how gay I'd wheel her,
No pivoter could equal her,
A darling and a dear;
And as we'd spin around,
They'd say, "ain't she a speeler!"
Then I'd ta-ta up to the bar
For a schooner of German beer.—*Chorus.*

You'd ought to hear her sing,
Like a barber shop canary!
I hate to tell just like a bell,
She'd reach the upper C.
Ballads are her style—
Like my own, my bonny Mary;
She's a duck, and I'm in luck—
She's the lass that captured me.—*Chorus.*

—"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

—An elderly Newport maiden having had several teeth extracted, and being asked by a female companion if it hurt much, replied: "Well I suppose it did; but I was so excited because he had his arm right around my neck that I didn't feel but very little pain.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—At a party a few evenings ago, when the ladies and gentlemen were telling what they would like best, one lady remarked that she would prefer being an opportunity. She was asked "Why?" by many, and naively replied, "Because the young men are so fond of embracing an opportunity."—*Fall River Advance.*

MASONIC SONG.

Come, Sisters and Brothers, dear friends and all others,
Who wish the great secrets of Masons to know,
Though close your inspection and great the objection,
I mean the whole *Art* in fair detail to show.

Though some this *Art* harp at—yet look on our *Carpet*,
And hear me the mystical emblems explain:—
The first on its border will show this great Order,
And ne'er be deserving your censure again.

The Almighty Being, an *Eye* that's all-seeing,
Presents a fair emblem and first to the view:
And teaches directly to walk circumspectly
In all our vocations while life passing through.

The *Sun* brightly shining—the pale Moon declining,—
The *Stars* faintly twinkling, in silence obey
The great wondrous Power, who fills the dark hour,
Of night's deepest gloom with the fulness of day.

Then falling before him, the Saints all adore him,
And Angel, Arch-Angel and Cherubim bow;
Celestial their graces, while veiling their faces,—
Are emblems of Masons performing their vow.

Made fast to his *Cable*, which shows us unable,
Unbound, through life's tempest to manage our *Ark;*
While passion and rancor, without that sheet-anchor
Of *Hope*, in the breakers would shatter the bark.

The pilgrim next marches down through the *nine Arches*,
Whose light against light forms the Triangle blaze;
And on the blest pages, concealed for ages,
He looks, fill'd with wonder, delight and amaze.

The *Jewels*, all golden, are next here beholden,
The *Plumb-Line* and *Level*, the *Compass* and *Square;*
With lights shining brightly, all teaching uprightly,
To keep in due bounds and our duty declare.

The *Rough-Stone* and *Gavel* denote when we travel
Through life's toilsome road, in the hot burning ray,
With *Hammers* and *Sledges* of reason, the edges
Of hard, flinty passions are beaten away.

The *Trowel*, to cover our faults and smooth over
A lasting cement of true brotherly love;
Then nothing's more binding or more worth our minding,
An emblem of *Charity* sent from above.

The *Rule* is to measure, for labor and pleasure,
Our time—and one-third gives to God and our friend;
One-third for refection, for sleep and reflection,
And one in hard labor it gives us to spend.

Keys show our endeavor to lock up forever
That *Science* the spiritual pen doth record
Upon our heart's table—and thereby be able
To offer sweet *Incense* from thence to the Lord.

Of great Architecture, *five Orders* our lecture;
A five-pointed *Star* and the great letter G.
With language emphatic does call emblematic,
Of all the great *Orders* in Geometry.

The mind this enlightens—our prospects it brightens,
Since *Order* is known to be heaven's first law,
On which we are founded and all our hopes grounded,
Designed in close friendship each warm heart to draw.

The insect so busy, the *Bee-Hive*, it is a
Fair emblem of industry—thence we may learn,
That, sooner or later, the great hive of nature
Will cast off the drone, who his bread will not earn.

No tent to o'ershade him, while troubles invade him
When weighed in the *Balance* of sorrow and woe;
The *Sword* it shall slay him, nor Justice enclay him,
In all whom he meets, shall like Cain find a foe.

To teach us our duty, *Strength*, *Wisdom* and *Beauty*,
Denote in these *Pillars* our *Fabric* shall stand
The great wreck of matter, when volcanoes totter
The mountains to pieces, o'erwhelming the land.

The *Steps* slowly bending, the way for ascending
The chambers more high—and the floor of our Hall
That's chequer'd all over, shows each soaring rover
That ventures too far on our Pavements, must fall.

The swift-winged *Glasses* show how old Time passes
And mows down all ages with weapons so keen;
Presenting his *Coffin*, in which we move off in,
When Death drops the curtain and closes the scene.

But while the grave's yawning, the day-star adorning,
As shown by the *Green Tree* that spreads over the *Tomb*,
The *Scape Goat* and Banner display in what manner
Our hope in a Saviour dispels all the gloom.

The numbers of 7, 3, 5, 8, 11,
Are emblems of God and His great Trinity;
Saint, Angel and Spirit, who *Heaven* inherit,
Ascend Jacob's ladder with rounds only three.

But hear the conclusion—it is no delusion—
The whole of our *Secrets* in this are combin'd;
Without more detention or number invention,
It is peace upon earth and good will to mankind.

McSORLEY'S TWINS.

Sung by James O'Neil.

Arrah, Mrs. McSorley had fine, hearty twins,
Two fat little divils they were,
Wid squallin' and bawlin' from morning till night,
It would deafen you, I do declare;
Be me sowl 'twas a caution the way they would schrame,
Like the blast of a fisherman's horn,
Says McSorley, "Not one blessed hour have I slept
Since them two little divils were born."

CHORUS.

Wid the beer and the whisky the whole blessed night,
Faith, they could'nt stand up on their pins,
Such an illigant time at the christening we had
Of McSorley's most beautiful twins.

Whin the christenin' was over the company begun
Wid good whisky to fill up their shkins;
And the neighbors kem in just to wish a good luck
To McSorley's most beautiful twins.
Whin ould Mrs. Mullins had drank all her punch,
Faith, her legs wouldn't howld her at all;
She fell flat on her shtomach on top av the twins,
And they sot up a murtherin' shquall.—*Chorus.*

Thin Mrs. McSorley jumped up in a rage,
And she threatened Miss Mullins' life;
Says ould Denny Mullins, "I'll bate the firsht man
That dare lay a hand on me wife"
The McGanns and the Geoghans they had an ould grudge,
And Mag Murphy pitched into the Flynn's;
They fought like the divil, turned over the bed,
And they shmothered the poor little twins.—*Chorus.*

—New York Millionaire—"Are the girls locked up for the night, wife?" "Yes." "Coachman chained?" "Yes." "Has the patent butcher catcher in the front yard been oiled so that it works well?" "Yes." "Well, we might as well chloroform the gardener and go to sleep."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Methodist minister once started a church in a young Western town, but for want of pecuniary support was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus: "At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here Lord;' and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when he asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply: 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs!'"—*Harper's Bazaar*

DREAM FACES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

The shadows lie across the dim old room,
The fire-light glows and fades into the gloom,
While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore,
And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.

CHORUS.

Sweet dreamland faces passing to and fro,
Bring back to mem'ry days of long ago;
Murmuring gently thro' a mist of pain,
"Hope on, dear lov'd one, we shall meet again!"

Once more I see across the distant years
A face long gone, with all its smiles and tears;
Once more I press a tender loving hand,
And with my darling 'neath the old oak stand.
Sweet dreamland faces passing, &c.

But all I lov'd are gone, and I alone in life,
To wait, and wait, and wait 'till death shall end the strife;
Until once more I join the hearts that loved me best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
Sweet dreamland faces passing, &c.

FASHIONABLE FRED.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Of me you may have read, I'm Fashionable Fred,
And no matter where I chance to show my face,
I'm looked on as the cheese, and all the girls I please,
I'm a model swell of elegance and grace;
Wire in and go ahead, then, for Fashionable Fred;
Pit-pat's the way, and sharp about, the word;
Give me sufficient cash, then see me cut a dash,
For whatever's slow in my idea's absurd.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'm just about the cut for Broadway,
To keep the proper pace I know the plan;
Wire in and go ahead, then, for Fashionable Fred,
I'm Fashionable Fred, the ladies' man.

My life, from first to last, has been jolly, gay and fast;
In fact, to find a faster, you'd be teased;
In everything I'm quick—the Yankees call it "stick;"
I'm something like a flash of lightning greased;
Yet, in any running ground, I'm game, you may be bound,
To give a flash of lightning ten yards start;
I'd run for twenty pounds, and ere we'd been twice 'round,
I'd pass it like a bullet or a dart.—*Chorus.*

This is the age for dash, and all must come out flash,
If in this world they try to make their way;
If you wear a seedy dress, you'll find, to your distress,
All your friends will quickly turn their heads away;
Though I'm not worth a goat, I wear a decent coat,
And rattle on and keep on going ahead;
And all the world, you see, will fraternize with me,
And soon pal in with Fashionable Fred.—*Chorus.*

Though in the Park I walk, and with the ladies talk,
My tailors' bills I always like to run;
I canter in the Avenue, and when to balls I go,
I galop with the charming girls, like fun;
With the times I keep apace and with them run a race—
Still of them I am always found ahead;
I'm ready for a lark, no matter light or dark,
Up to any game is Fashionable Fred.—*Chorus.*

—A circus once sojourned in a town wherein dwelt a good deacon, the father of a small boy, and the boy wanted to go to the circus very badly. But the pious old gentleman resisted the supplication of his son, although the father's heart was sore at the boy's agony At last, a soothing thought struck the deacon. "My boy," said he, cheerfully, "I can't take you to the circus, but by gosh to goodness! you shall go with me next Sunday to visit your grandfather's grave."

THE BED-BUG.

Recited by Pete Cannon.

'Twas on one Summer's evening,
In the merry month of June,
When all the city sewers
Were sending forth perfume.
It was in the middle of the night,
The truth all for to state,
A creature of heroic blood
Was forced to meet his fate.

Just about the hour of one o'clock,
When Michael Flacy woke,
And sat down on a three-legged stool,
All for to have a smoke.
But before he'd time to light his pipe,
I vow and do declare,
He saw a dreadful creature,
That looked most awful queer.

A bed-bug stood forninst him,
The largest ever known;
He pretended not to notice Mike,
But chewed upon a bone.
Perhaps you don't believe me,
But without a word of lie,
If he didn't weigh three hundred pounds,
I hope I'll never die.

Thin Michael wint and leased
A great big carving knife;
He thought it was no treason,
To take the creature's life.
If Buffalo Bill had seen him,
I'm sure he would have fled,
But Michael Flacy—noble Mike,
Was not the least in dread.

Then Michael started for the beast,
Being full of self-reliance;
With his heart right in his breast,
Being full of self-defiance.
But the bed-bug understood the move,
And before that Michael knew,
He knocked him down upon the floor,
And beat him black and blue.

Then Michael he got up
And struck out for him once more,
And stabbed the bed-bug to the heart,
And left him in his gore.
To give the devil's imp his due,
He was both brave and bold,
But now he's dead and in his grave,
To himself may it be told.

Then Michael called a neighbor in,
His name was Paddy Moore,
And asked him did he ever see
Such a bed-bug beast before.
Says he, it's not a bed-bug,
But the beast belongs to me,
I brought it home with me last night,
'Tis a turtle, don't you see.

Then come all you bed-bug turtles,
Wherever you may roam,
Don't go floundering about
In Micky Flacy's room;
For if you do you'll surely rue
The day you come to life,
For Michael Flacy will be there,
All with his carving knife.

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gaslight with her hands all the evening so much as to find that, after all, she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

"I do hate to see a woman work," said Gus to his wife. "I have noticed that trait in your character. You always roll over in bed and turn your face to the wall when I get up to build the fire," was the tart reply.

JOCKEY HAT AND FEATH

Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, [illegible] of 25 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1341, New York. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

As I was walking out one day,
Thinking of the weather,
I saw a pair of roguish eyes
Neath a hat and feather:
She looked at me, I looked at her,
It made my heart pit-pat,
Then, turning round, she said to me,
"How do you like my hat?"

CHORUS.

Oh! I said it's gay and pretty too—
They look well together,
Those glossy curls and jockey hat,
With a rooster's feather.

She wore a handsome broadcloth basque,
Cut in the latest fashion,
And flounces all around her dress
Made her look quite dashing;
Her high-heeled boots, as she walked on
The pavement, went pit-pat,
I'll ne'er forget the smile I saw,
Beneath that jockey hat.—*Chorus.*

She kissed her hand, and "Au revoir,"
Then I was a goner;
Before I'd time to say "good bye,"
She was round the corner;
I staid that night, but could not sleep,
So up in bed I sat,
And right before my face I thought
I saw that jockey hat.—*Chorus.*

"It's gone! Why I told you to [illegible]
It was on me instead I put [illegible]
[illegible] with it."

[illegible] by any new hats?" Little girl. "[illegible]
[illegible] at our house."

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The Fine Old Irish Gentleman.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I'll sing you a dacent song that was made by a Paddy's pate,
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, who had a fine estate;
Whose mansion it was made of mud, with thatch and all complate,
With a hole at top through which the smoke so graceful did retrate—
Hurrah for the ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

His walls, so could, were cover'd wid the devil a thing for show,
Except an old shillelah, which had knock'd down many a foe,
And there ould Barney sat at ease, and without shoes or hose,
And quaffed his noggin of poteen to warm his big red nose,
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair,
And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was young when there,
And while the rich they feasted him, he still, among the poor,
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the spalpeens roar,
Like a raal ould Irish gintelman, a boy of the oulden time.

But och, mevrone! once at a row ould Barney got a knock,
And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't get o'er the shock,
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
"Och! Barney, darlint, jewel dear, why did you die? och, hone!"
Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

Though all things in their course must change, and seasons pass away,
Yet Irish hearts of oulden time were just as at this day.
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man,
To serve a friend and bate a foe, it always was the plan
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

As I was walking out one day,
Thinking of the weather,
I saw a pair of roguish eyes
'Neath a hat and feather;
She looked at me, I looked at her,
It made my heart pit-pat,
Then, turning round, she said to me,
"How do you like my hat?"

CHORUS.

Oh! I said it's gay and pretty too—
They look well together,
Those glossy curls and jockey hat,
With a rooster's feather.

She wore a handsome broadcloth basque,
Cut in the latest fashion,
And flounces all around her dress
Made her look quite dashing;
Her high-heeled boots, as she walked on
The pavement, went pit-pat,
I'll ne'er forget the smile I saw,
Beneath that jockey hat.—*Chorus.*

She kissed her hand, said "*Au revoir,*"
Then I was a goner;
Before I'd time to say "good bye,"
She was round the corner;
I tried that night, but could not sleep,
So up in bed I sat,
And right before my face I thought
I saw that jockey hat.—*Chorus.*

—Mistress—"Forgot it? Why I told you to impress it on your mind." Bridget—"It was on me moind I put it, mum, an' me moind wint asthray wid it."

—Teacher—"Why are you late?" Little girl, dropping her head—"We've got a little baby at our house." "Don't let it happen again," said the teacher.

—Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now, break the bones in Mr. Samson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in his basket." "All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

OH! NICODEMUS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

My lover he's going to sea, Oh, Nicodemus!
He's going away and leaving,
To watch the little fishes swimming in the sea;
But he'll soon wish for home, and to be back with me,
The ship will heave to, Nicodemus,
And so wretched you will be, so wretched you will be.

SPOKEN—So she said—

CHORUS.

Oh, Nicodemus! Nicodemus! don't you go away?
I've loved you Nicodemus, and I've loved you many a day;
I've loved you in your plain attire, your lovely fustian coat,
Don't leave me Nicodemus, for that boiler-bursting boat.

SPOKEN—And again she began to sing—

Salt water, you know, is very wet, Oh, Nicodemus!
You know you are my only pet,
And your absence will cause me to fume and fret;
They will feed you on salt junk and nasty soft boiled peas,
Think of this well, Nicodemus,
Ere you cross those watery seas, those windy watery seas.
Oh, Nicodemus! Nicodemus! &c.

SPOKEN—And she also said—

Of pumpkins boiled you'll get no more, Oh, Nicodemus!
Convince yourself of this before,
You can't run away, there's no back door;
Reef the anchor, Nicodemus, the Captain he will say,
You'll have to hold on by your eyebrows,
Or you'll be blown away, straight down to Botany Bay.
Oh, Nicodemus! Nicodemus! &c.

SPOKEN—This is what he said—

It's no use you talking to me, said Nicodemus,
For I intend agoing out to sea,
Out to China for Souchong and Lingo Tea,
That's a profitable cargo, in fact you can't get a better,
Direct from Hong Kong, Australia,
When you send to me a letter, you send to me a letter.

SPOKEN—And she began yelping—

Oh, Nicodemus! Nicodemus! &c.

The Boy with the Auburn Hair.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

It was on a Summer's morning all in the month of May,
And in those flowery garduing where Bessie she did stray,
I overheard a damsuiel in sorrow to complain,
All for the sake of her lovier, he plowed the roaring main.

CHORUS.

With his oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ho, he was her darling boy,
He was the boy with the auburn hair, and his name was McAvoy.

I stept up to this damsuiel and did her much surprise,
Because she did no know me, I being in singular disguise.
Says I, "My charming creature, my gay young heart's delight,
How far have you to travuiel this dark and stormy night?"
With his oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, &c.

"The way, kind sir, to Manniyunk, if you will please to show,
And pity a poor distracted maid, for there I have to go,
In search of a faithless, heartless young man, and Snicklefritz is his name,
All on the banks ot the Schullikill I'm told he does remain.
With his oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, &c.

"If Johnny Kizer he was here he'd keep me from all harm,
But he's on the field of battuiel with his gallant uniform;
He's on the field of battuiel, his foes he will cut down,
Like a roaring boy from Darbia he fought in Germantown."
With his oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, &c.

—A burglar got into the house of a lawyer the other day. After a terrible struggle the lawyer succeeded in robbing him.

—A clergyman was telling a marvellous story, when his little girl said: "Now, pa, is that true, or is it just preaching!"

DUFFY, THE SWELL.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

My name is Michael Duffy,
And for style I can't be beat;
I'm known by everybody,
When I promenade the street.
I "mash" upon the corners—
Oh! the ladies know me well;
When they pass that way,
They smile and say:
"Oh! there goes Duffy, the swell!"

CHORUS.

I'm a swell, you can tell,
I am always in the fashion;
Everyday, on Broadway,
Oh! don't I look dashing?
Olivette cigarette,
The perfume you can smell;
And the ladies gay,
They smile and say:
"There's Duffy, yes, Duffy, the swell!"

Upon my coat a rosebud,
As I walk about, I wear;
And always in the middle
Make the barber part my hair.
I go to all the pic-nics,
Patronize the best hotel,
Where I do the grand,
You understand,
For I am Duffy, the swell.—*Chorus.*

I sport a pretty eye-glass,
And my tile and boots they shine;
The ladies' hearts I'm breaking—
Oh! they call me "Baby Mine!"
I dine on hash and tooth-picks,
And the little boys they yell,
When they see my style,
And mashing smile:
"Oh! there is Duffy, the swell!"—*Chorus.*

Knock at the Window To-Night.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I'm courting a farmer's fair daughter,
And often we meet on the sly;
Her father would scold if he caught her
At any one winking her eye;
But still ev'ry ev'ning she meets me,
And out in the woodlands we stray,
When passing her cottage she greets me
With smiles, and I thus hear her say:

CHORUS.

Knock at the window to-night, love,
Tap it so softly and light, love;
Knock at the window to-night, love,
And there I'll be waiting for you.

Beside the old porch then I linger,
And soon a soft hand is in mine;
A ring now she wears on her finger,
To show that our hearts we entwine;
We roam by the mill and the meadow,
The stars gently peeping above;
Each night in the soft twilight shadow
I think of the words of my love.—*Chorus.*

I know that she still loves me dearly,
I know that to me she'll be true;
Her bright eyes are shining so clearly,
They seem like the sky's azure blue;
All day of her message I'm thinking,
And longing the night to appear;
While watching the golden sun sinking,
Her soft, gentle whisper I hear.—*Chorus.*

Climbing Up the Golden Stairs.

Copyright, 1884, by F. Heiser.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Come all you little niggers,
Now watch your cues and figures,
Climbing up the golden stairs·
If they think you are a dude,
They will treat you rather rude,
When you're climbing up the golden stairs.

CHORUS.

Then hear them bells a-ringing,
'Tis sweet, I do declare;
Oh, hear them darkies singing,
Climbing up the golden stairs.

Old Peter looked so wicked
When I asked him for a ticket,
Climbing up the golden stairs;
If I give him a half dollar,
He will grab me by the collar
And fire me up the golden stairs.—*Chorus.*

Old Satan he's a dandy,
He'll not feed you on mixed candy,
When you're climbing up the golden stairs;
Brimstone is good enough,
No tobacco, beer or snuff,
When you're climbing up the golden stairs.—*Chorus.*

They'll lock you in a stable,
Make you fight for Cain and Abel,
Climbing up the golden stairs;
Old Adam and his wife
They will play the drum and fife,
To greet you on the golden stairs.—*Chorus.*

Go tell the Jersey Lily
That the sights would knock her silly,
Climbing up the golden stairs;
And tell John L. Sullivan,
He'll have to be a better man,
If he wants to climb the golden stairs.—*Chorus.*

Bob Ingersoll's respected,
But I think he'll be rejected,
Climbing up the golden stairs;
Oh, won't he kick and yell
When they fire him into—well,
Climbing up the golden stairs.—*Chorus.*

Would I Were a Boy Again.

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Oh! would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years.
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears;
When ev'ry tale hope whispered then,
My fancy deemed was only truth—
Oh! would that I could know again
The happy visions of my youth.

CHORUS.

Oh! would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have flown,
How false these fairy visions were,
Or murmur that mine eyes have known
The burden of a fleeting tear;
But still the heart will fondly cling
To hopes no longer prized as truth,
And mem'ry will delight to bring
The happy visions of my youth.—*Chorus.*

THE HORNET'S NEST.

"When I was young," said cousin Tom,
"At the old house that I came from,
A honeysuckle used to grow,
That clambered round the portico.
How sweetly, I remember well,
Its yellow blossoms used to smell;
And how, one Summer, in its shade,
Their great, gray nest the hornets made.

Around the room they buzzing flew,
And wandered all the garden through,
And always knew precisely where
Grew sweetest plum and choicest pear.
With their dull drone and cruel stings,
They seemed such idle, spiteful things,
To drive them off, I said, one day,
'I'll tear their ugly nest away!'
'No, Tom,' my mother said; 'no, no!
You must not think of doing so;
You foolish boy! 'tis never best
To meddle with a hornet's nest.'

Her good advice away was thrown;
The moment that I was alone
I climbed, and hold of it I caught
To pull it down; when, quick as thought
Out flew the hornets, great and small,
And full of fury, one and all;
About my neck and face they clung,
Nose, eyelids, ears and mouth they stung;
I tried to beat them off in vain,
And shrieked aloud with fright and pain.
The startled household hurried out—
'What could the outcry be about?'
My burning, smarting hands they swathed
With linen cloths, and gently bathed
My swollen face and throbbing head,
And laid me tenderly in bed;
And then my mother talked with me—
'You've been a naughty boy,' said she;
'I told you that it was not best
To meddle with a hornet's nest.

But all your pain to good will turn,
If you will now a lesson learn,
And keep it, when you older grow,
Wherever you may chance to go—
To aid the wronged, to help the weak,
One should not be afraid to speak;
But every wise and prudent man
Keeps out of quarrels if he can;
For in this world 'tis never best
To meddle with a hornet's nest.'"

JOLLY JACK, THE ROVER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Here I am one, and still will be,
Who spend their days in pleasure,
The tailor's bill is seldom fill'd,
For he's never took my measure.

CHORUS.

It must be while I do live,
And I must not give over,
Until old age doth me engage,
From being a jolly rover.

It's on my vamps, I take my tramps,
My shoes being in bad order,
My stockings down into the ground,
For I seldom wears a garter.—*Chorus.*

If I would dress up in fine clothes,
The ladies would adore me,
The fops of beaux that wear fine clothes,
They think to go before me.—*Chorus.*

It's I can play at cards and dice,
Let me be drunk or sober,
Win or lose, I'll have my dues,
For I'm jolly Jack, the rover.—*Chorus.*

Three tons of wool through a comb I pull,
All in the neatest order,
As white as milk and soft as silk,
To please the farmer's daughter.—*Chorus.*

When my work's done and finish'd off,
I'll take it to the owner;
I have no doubt that she's found out
That I'm jolly Jack, the rover.—*Chorus.*

When I am old, if I have gold,
I'll set down by my table,
With you, my dear, I'll toast good beer,
And drink while I am able.—*Chorus.*

When I am dead, and in my grave,
It's then I must give over,
Let each jolly lass fill a parting glass,
And drink a health to Jack, the rover.—*Chorus.*

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

What charms fresh faces have for some,
An ever changing stream;
They come, and go, forgotten quite,
Like faces in a dream;
Give me the friends where time
Has tied a bond of sympathy,
The true, the tried and faithful ones,
I dearly love to see.

CHORUS.

The old familiar faces, dear familiar faces,
Full of truth and kindness, I can always see;
Those old familiar faces, dear familiar faces,
Friends are few, but when they're true, they're always dear to me

In various lands and diff'rent climes
'T'as been my my lot to roam,
But I always felt a thrill
To hear strains of "Home, sweet home:
In danger, or in hardship,
And when dark my lot would seem,
It always gave me courage
When I saw, as in a dream—*Chorus.*

I don't pretend perfection,
I've made blunders in my day,
On which the folks who knew me least
Had far the most to say;
But what they thought or what they said
Ne'er mattered much to me,
Whilst never-changing friendship
I continued still to see.—*Chorus.*

It's nice to have them 'round you,
When you go to take a wife,
To see them drink in bumpers
Your prosperity in life;
In times of sorrow, steadfast friends,
True comfort will afford,
In happier times what better
Than to see around your board—*Chorus.*

"Old Time" may steal unnoticed,
But he always brings to view
The friends who've prov'd our enemies,
The false ones and the true;
How sweet it is when old and gray,
The faithful ones to meet,
To grasp the hand that stood the best,
And open arms to greet—*Chorus.*

—"Are you lost, my little fellow?" "No," he sobbed in reply, "b-but my mother is."

—"If I rest, I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust, I bust," is the American version.

—Lady—"Well, my little man, aren't you barefooted rather early this season?" Youngster—"Guess not. Wuz born barefooted."

SHE WAS HANDSOME AS A ROSE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

I'll sing to you a song,
  And try to please you all;
It's about a yellow charmer,
  I met at a fancy ball.
She was handsome as a rose,
  Her eyes were black as sloes';
And when upon her I did gaze,
  She stole my heart away.

CHORUS.

Oh, she was such a charmer!
I had her for a partner!
She was handsome as a rose,
  Her eyes were black as sloes';
And when upon her I did gaze,
  She stole my heart away.

Now I will her describe
  As I met her at the ball:
She'd a boxing glove upon her head,
  Meant for a waterfall.
Her waist was tall and slender,
  Her feet like a giraffe;
And when she took a promenade,
  She made the darkies laugh.—*Chorus.*

I took her to her home,
  And lingered at the door;
Oh! there I felt so happy, as
  I'd never felt before.
I asked her mine to be—
  She only gave a smile,
But her eyes they pierced me thro' and thro',
  I know she'll yet be mine.—*Chorus.*

A YANKEE MAN OF WAR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

It was down in yonder meadow I carelessly did stray,
There I beheld a lady fair, with some young sailor gay;
Says he, "my pretty Susan, I soon must leave the shore,
To cross the briny ocean in a Yankee Man o' War."

Young Susan fell a weeping, "young sailor," she did say,
"How can you be so venturesome, to throw yourself away;
For by the time I'm twenty-one I shall receive my store,
Jolly sailor, do not venture in a Yankee Man o' War."

"Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell,
Proud Mexico insulted us, America knows it well;
I may be crowned with laurels, just like a jolly tar,
And I'll face the shores of Mexico, in a Yankee Man o' War."

"How can you be so venturesome, to face those Mexicans,
For when they're far in battle, love, they never take a man,
And by a bloody dagger you might receive a scar;
So turn your inclination from a Yankee Man o' War."

"Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass,
Let's go down to yonder ferry-house and take a parting glass;
My shipmates they are waiting to row me from the shore,
And it's for America's glory, in a Yankee Man o' War."

The sailor took his handkerchief and tore it into two,
Saying, "Susan, you may keep one half, the other I'll keep for you;
When bullets may surround me and the cannons loudly roar,
I'll fight for pretty Susan, in a Yankee Man o' War."

—Why is a hen immortal?—Because her son never sets.

—"Can you help me a little?" asked a tramp; "I am hungry and can't get any work at my trade." "What is your trade?" asked the gentleman. "I'm a glass worker." "What kind of a glass worker?" "Beer glass worker." "Here is a penny for your frankness." "Thank you, sir," said the tramp gratefully, "I'll put part of it in the bank."

Willie's on the Dark Blue Sea.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

My Willie's on the dark blue sea,
  He's gone far o'er the main,
And many a weary day will pass,
  Ere he'll come back again.

CHORUS.

Then blow gentle winds o'er the dark blue sea,
  Bid the storm-king stay his hand,
And bring my Willie back to me,
  To his own dear native land.

I love my Willie best of all,
  He e'er was true to me;
But lonesome, dreary, are the hours,
  Since he went to sea.—*Chorus.*

There's danger on the water now,
  I hear the blond hill's cry;
And moaning voices seem to speak
  From out the cloudy sky.—*Chorus.*

I see vivid lightnings flash,
  And, hark! the thunders roar;
Oh, Father, save my Willie from
  The storm-king's mighty power.—*Chorus.*

And as she spoke the lightning ceased—
  Hushed was the thunder's roar;
And Willie's clasped her in his arms,
  To roam the seas no more.

CHORUS.

Now blow gentle winds o'er the dark blue sea,
  No more we'll stay thy hand;
Since Willie's safe at home with me,
  In his own dear native land.

Call Her Back and Kiss Her.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

There's nothing half so charming
  As a happy married life,
And nothing so alarming
  As a vixen for a wife.
But as you make your bed, you know,
  So on it you must lie,
'Tis useless then to make a fuss,
  Take my advice, don't try.

CHORUS.

A woman's sure to go her way,
  But when she's gone we miss her;
So when you've had an angry word,
  Why, call her back and kiss her.

A wife will surely rule the roost,
  Of course that's very proper;
And if she means to rule you too,
  I don't think you can stop her.
Be never cruel, always kind,
  Do nothing that will tease her,
And if you wish to happy live,
  You'll do your best to please her.—*Chorus.*

A woman's sure to have her way,
  For that we cannot blame her;
The remedy, ah! then I say,
  "'Tis kindness that will tame her."
Be always gentle, never harsh,
  And mind you do not flout her;
Remember you're but helpless men,
  And cannot do without her.—*Chorus.*

That woman is our greatest joy,
  Let every man reflect;
Don't treat her like a worthless toy,
  Nor slight her by neglect.
If you possess a woman's love,
  What more does any need?
In sickness or in health she'll be
  A comforter indeed.—*Chorus.*

THE IRISH WIFE.

By Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw, so I'm near her
To love, till death, my Irish wife.

Oh! what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
'Pon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort is a mint of gold—
What pleasure in a royal life—
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not have wed my Irish wife?

When the law forbade the banns,
I knew my king abhorred her race;
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife,
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night;
And twinlike truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white;
My Irish wife has golden hair;
Appollo's harp had once such strings;
Appollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
In death I would near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

FAR, FAR AWAY.

Sung by Fred. Hallen.

Where are my childhood's days?
Far, far away;
Since then I've not made a raise,
Far, far away.
Once I slept in mamma's knee,
Once the ladies they kissed me,
Ne'er a kiss do I now see,
Far, far away.

Where is the first girl I loved?
Far, far away;
With another man she roved
Far, far away.
Words of kindness once she said,
I being soft—she swelled my head,
Left me lonely in my bed,
Far, far away.

Where is my mother-in-law?
Far, far away;
She with the angels wags her jaw,
Far, far away.
Her big tongue was above proof,
But now she's won the golden roof,
Talk dislocated her eye-tooth,
Far, far away.

Where did my wife disappear?
Far, far away;
She left me when I was full of beer,
Far, far away.
I did not my wife pursue,
Was glad she was lost to view,
Though she took my furniture, too,
Far, far away.

Where is my trusted friend?
Far, far away;
That helped me my cash to spend,
Far, far away.
When my money it went quick,
'Twas his treatment made me sick,
Instead of friendship got a kick,
Far, far away.

Where's the chicken I did eat?
Far, far away;
I'm satisfied that I smell meat,
Far, far away.
After champagne once I ran,
Now I'm lucky if I can
Drink beer from a tomato can,
Far, far away.

Where is the beauty I had?
Far, far away;
Everything's gone to the bad,
Far, far away.
Mine is a busted man's fate,
When I want a drink, and it state,
They tell me—gone is the slate,
Far, far away.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Ye sons of Hibernia, howe'er low in station,
Or where'er you be come attend to my call,
Resist all attempts, and unshackle your nation,
Old Ireland, I mean, or, alas! she must fall;
With burdens so great, and her liberty sinking,
Its beauty nigh gone—on destruction it's brinking,
Then on, my brave boys, don't let's stand idly thinking,
While Ireland's our country, dear Erin-go-bragh.

Oh! Erin, my country, once happy and free,
With pleasure I stood on thy once native shore;
But, alas! cruel fortune has turned foe to thee,
Oh! Erin Mavourneen, thy case I deplore;
Bound down by a shackle that's linked to a snare,
By foes base and keen, who have filled thee with care,
Then on, my brave boys, we'll show we play fair,
For Ireland's our country, dear Erin-go-bragh.

Oh! England, your taunts and your censures give o'er,
And spite not that country that's equal to you,
But join hand in hand, each day and each hour,
With Scotland, our friends—all to each other true.
United by friendship, we'll join in a band,
Determined to fight for our kings, laws, and land,
Then on, my brave boys, don't let us here stand,
While Ireland's our country, dear Erin-go-bragh.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.
Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, oh! Barney MacCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should cause her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

—"Don't you know it's wicked to catch fish on the Sabbath?" Small boy (not having a bite all the morning)—"Who's catching fish?"

PECK'S BAD BOY.

PART ONE.

A young fellow who is pretty smart on general principles, and who is always in good humor, went into a store the other morning limping and seemed to be broke up generally. The proprietor asked him if he wouldn't sit down, and he said he couldn't very well, as his back was lame. He seemed discouraged, and the proprietor asked him what was the matter. "Well," says he, as he put his hand on his pistol pocket and groaned, "There is no encouragement for a boy to have any fun nowadays. If a boys tries to play an innocent joke he gets kicked all over the house." The storekeeper asked him what had happened to disturb his hilarity. He said he had played a joke on his father and had been limping ever since.

"You see, I thought the old man was a little spry. You know he is no Spring chicken yourself; and though his eyes are not what they used to be, yet he can see a pretty girl further than I can. The other day I wrote a note in a fine hand and addressed it to him, asking him to meet me on the corner of Wisconsin and Milwaukee streets, at 7:30 on Saturday evening, and signed the name of "Daisy" to it. At supper time Pa he was all shaved up and had his hair plastered over the bald spot, and he got on some clean cuffs, and said he was going to the Consistory to initiate some candidates from the country, and he might not be in till late. He didn't eat much supper, and hurried off with my umbrella. I winked at Ma but didn't say anything. At 7:30 I went down town and he was standing there by the post-office corner, in a dark place. I went by him and said, "Hello, Pa, what are you doing there?" He said he was waiting for a man. I went down street and pretty soon I went up on the other corner by Chapman's and he was standing there. You see, he didn't know what corner "Daisy" was going to be on, and had to cover all four corners. I saluted him and asked him if he hadn't found his man yet, and he said no, the man was a little late. It is a mean boy that won't speak to his Pa when he sees him standing on a corner. I went up street and I saw Pa cross over by the drug store in a sort of a hurry, and I could see a girl going by with a water-proof on, but she skited right along and Pa looked kind of solemn, the way he does when I ask him for new clothes. I turned and came back and he was standing there in the doorway, and I said, "Pa you will catch cold if you stand around waiting for a man. You go down to the Consistory and let me lay for the man." Pa said, "never you mind, you go about your business and I will attend to the man."

Well, when a boy's Pa tells him to never you mind, and looks spunky, my experience is that a boy wants to go right away from there, and I went down street. I thought I would cross over and go up the other side, and see how long he would stay. There was a girl or two going up ahead of me, and I see a man hurrying across from the drug store to Van Pelt's corner. It was Pa, and as the girls went along and never looked around Pa looked mad and stepped into the doorway. It was about eight o'clock then, and Pa was tired, and I felt sorry for him and I went up to him and asked him for half a dollar to go to the Academy. I never knew him to shell out so freely and so quick. He gave me a dollar, and I told him I would go and get it changed and bring him back the half a dollar, but he said I needn't mind the change. It is awful mean of a boy that has always been treated well to play it on his Pa that way, and I felt ashamed. As I turned the corner and saw him standing there shivering, waiting for the man, my conscience troubled me, and I told a policeman to go and tell Pa that "Daisy" had suddenly taken with worms, and would not be there that evening. I peeked around the corner and Pa and the policeman went off to get a drink. I was glad they did cause Pa needed it, after standing around so long. Well, when I went home the joke was so good I told Ma about it, and she was mad. I guess she was mad at me for treating Pa that way. I heard Pa come home about eleven o'clock, and Ma was real kind to him. She told him to warm his feet, cause they were just like chunks of ice. Then she asked him how many they initiated in the Consistory, and he said six, and then she asked him if they initiated "Daisy" in the Consistory, and pretty soon I heard Pa snoring. In the morning he took me into the basement, and gave me the hardest talking to that I ever had, with a bed slat. He said he knew that I wrote that note all the time, and he thought he would pretend that he was looking for "Daisy," just to fool me. It don't look reasonable that a man would catch epizootic and rheumatism just to fool his boy, does it? What did he give me the dollar for? Ma and Pa don't seem to call each other pet any more, and as for me, they booth look at me as though I was a hard citizen. I am going to Missouri to take Jesse James's place. There is no encouragement for a boy here. Well, good-morning. If Pa comes in here asking for me tell him that you saw an express wagon going to the morgue with the remains of a pretty boy who acted as though he died from concussion of a bed slat on the pistol pocket. That will make Pa feel sorry. O, he has got the awfulest cold, though."

And the boy limped out to separate a couple of dogs that were fighting.

The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers

Sung by Pat Rooney.

Kind friends, if you will listen,
I will tell you, one and all,
About a dacent Irishman,
Whose name was Mike McCaull;
He had a great big brother Pat,
And likewise two big sisters,
But the day he landed in New York
The wind blew through his whiskers.

He got in with the politicians,
And he struck them for a job,
So they put his name on the pay-roll,
The city for to rob;
Since he went to work in the pipe-yard,
His feet are full of blisters,
And the day they sent him on the dock
The wind blew through his whiskers.

It was on one sunny afternoon
He went to Coney Isle,
Along with a big pot wrestler,
The hours to beguile;
They sat down in a shady spot,
And chatted there in whispers,
And as they walked along the beach
The wind blew through his whiskers.

He is a member of the T. A. B.,
And on St. Patrick's day
He marched down through the Bowery,
Decked out in shamrocks gay;
The girls, sure they all laughed at him,
And said, oh, my! what twisters,
And as they walked behind the band
The wind blew through his whiskers.

It was on last Sunday morning,
When he came home from mass,
Says he, I'll go to Central Park
The time away to pass;
He put on his dandy high plug-hat,
And brought along his sisters,
But when they reached the monkey's cage
The wind blew through his whiskers.

The children they all laugh at him,
And set him wild with rage,
So he's going to shave his whiskers off
And put them in a cage;
And then he can walk out, my boys,
Along with his two big sisters,
No more the gang will shout at him,
The wind blew through his whiskers.

An Agricultural Irish Girl.

If all the girls that's in this town were bundled up together,
The girl I love would beat them all in every kind of weather;
The rain can't wash the powder off, because she does not wear it
Her face and figure is all her own, that's the truth, for I declare it.

CHORUS.

For she's a great big stout, lump of an agricultural Irish girl,
She never paints or powders, for her figure is all her own;
She can strike that hard you'd think you were hit by the kick of a mule,
The full of the house of Irish love is Mary Ann Malone.

She has no grand education, for she's only past her letters,
But for anything like a lady, faith, you'll seldom find her betters;
She does not speak Italian or read the fashion pages—
Whenever there's a strike about, she's the divil to kick for wages.

She was only seventeen last grass, and still improving greatly,
I wonder what she will be like when her bones have set completely;
You'd think your hand was in a vise whenever she goes to shake it
And if there is any free beer about she's the darling girl to take it.

[illegible] Young Man.

[illegible] of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, [illegible]
[illegible] cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1841, New York City.
[illegible] for complete Catalogue of Songs.

[illegible] sweet-scented handsome young man in this town,
[illegible] Theophilus Aristides Brown;
[illegible] combed, scented he's gained many a mother,
[illegible] sweet-scented handsome young man.
[illegible] airy as a butterfly, and in colors as gay,
[illegible] flutter from corner to corner all day;
[illegible] sweet for anything, that's what the girls say
[illegible] sweet-scented handsome young man.

Chorus.

[illegible] wears a red neck-tie, his complexion is fair,
[illegible] brought down from the middle he parts his blonde hair;
[illegible] skips o'er the gutter like a thing made of air,
[illegible] sweet-scented handsome young man.

[illegible] a few straggling hairs upon his upper lip—
[illegible] are the size of a two-cent tallow dip;
[illegible] like a chicken that's just had the pip,
[illegible]-scented handsome young man.
[illegible] in the rain he would surely expire—
[illegible] up expressly for girl to admire;
[illegible] jump through a sieve without touching a wire,
[illegible] this sweet-scented handsome young man.—*Chorus.*

[illegible] the girls' hearts is his object, 'twould seem,
[illegible] day it's his hobby, by night it's his dream;
[illegible] food is sponge-cake, root-beer and ice-cream,
[illegible] sweet-scented dainty young man.
[illegible]inate young men may all be very fine,
[illegible] attention all close-headed girls will decline;
[illegible] dare'd if he could marry any sister of mine,
[illegible] such sweet-scented handsome young man.—*Chorus.*

Saint Patrick was a Gentleman.

[illegible] and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on
[illegible] of 30 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1841, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
And came o' decent people,
He built a church in Dublin town,
And upon it put a steeple:
His mother was a Callaghan,
His father was a Brady,
His sister was an O'Houlihan,
And his brother a O'Grady.

Chorus.

Success attend Saint Patrick's fist,
For he's the decent saint, oh!
He gave the bogs and lands a twist,
And a heavy wilkeen paten, oh!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the hill of Howth, too;
But I know a hill that's twice as high,
And taller than them both, too:
'Twas on the top of that high mount,
Which Saint Patrick preached his sermint,
He made the frogs jump through the bogs,
And he banished all the varmint.—*Chorus.*

No wonder that we Irish boys
Should be so gay and frisky,
For Saint Patrick taught the happy knack
Of drinking of the whiskey;
'Twas he that brewed the best o' malt,
And understood distilling,
For his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Lisnskillen.—*Chorus.*

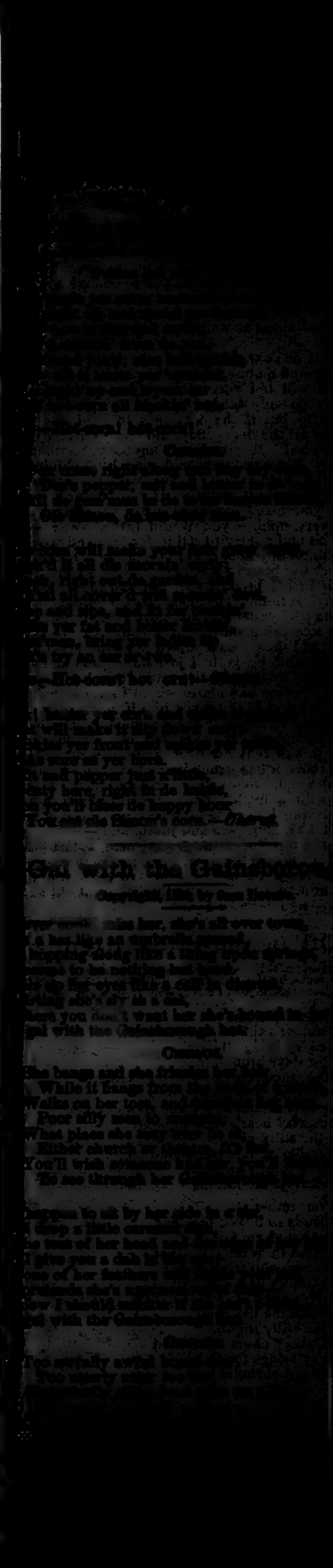
[illegible] should I be so fortunate
As to go back to Munster,
[illegible] I'd be bound, that from that present,
[illegible] I would ne'er once stray
[illegible] Saint Patrick's blessed soul.

MISS

PAGE

SING

GE (S)



Sweet-Scented Handsome Young Man.

Copyright, 1876, by Sam Devere.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

There's a sweet-scented handsome young man in this town,
His name is Theophilus Aristides Brown;
With weak-minded females he's gained some renown,
This sweet-scented handsome young man.
He's a dainty as a butterfly, and in colors as gay,
And flutters from corner to corner all day;
He's too sweet for anything, that's what the girls say
Of this sweet-scented handsome young man.

CHORUS.

He wears a red neck-tie, his complexion is fair,
Straight down from the middle he parts his blonde hair;
He skips o'er the gutter like a thing made of air,
This sweet-scented handsome young man.

There's a few straggling hairs upon his upper lip—
His legs are the size of a two-cent tallow dip;
He looks like a chicken that's just had the pip,
This sweet-scented handsome young man.
If caught in the rain he would surely expire—
Gotten up expressly for girl to admire;
He could jump through a sieve without touching a wire,
Could this sweet-scented handsome young man.—*Chorus.*

To break the girls' hearts is his object, 'twould seem,
By day it's his hobby, by night it's his dream;
His chief food is sponge-cake, root-beer and ice-cream,
This sweet-scented dainty young man.
Such effiminate young men may all be very fine,
Their attention all clear-headed girls will decline;
I'll be darn'd if he could marry any sister of mine,
No such sweet-scented handsome young man.—*Chorus.*

Saint Patrick was a Gentleman.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
And came o' decent people,
He built a church in Dublin town,
And upon it put a steeple;
His mother was a Callaghan,
His father was a Brady,
His sister was an O'Houlihan,
And his brother a O'Grady.

CHORUS.

Success attend Saint Patrick's fist,
For he's the decent saint, oh!
He gave the bugs and toads a twist,
He's a beauty without paint, oh!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the hill of Howth, too;
But I know a hill that's twice as high,
And taller than them both, too;
'Twas on the top of that high mount,
Where Saint Patrick preached his sarmint,
He made the frogs jump through the bogs,
And he banished all the varmint.—*Chorus.*

No wonder that we Irish boys
Should be so gay and friskey,
For Saint Patrick taught the happy knack
Of drinking of the whiskey;
'Twas he that brewed the best o' malt,
And understood distilling,
For his mother kept a sheeban shop
In the town of Inniskillen.—*Chorus.*

Then should I be so fortunate
As to go back to Munster,
Och! I'll be bound, that from that ground,
Again I would ne'er once stir;
'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, *a grahm estore,*
And butter, milk and ladies.—*Chorus.*

SHAMROCK SHORE.

In a musing mind with me combine,
And grant me great relief,
Whilst here alone I sigh and moan,
I'm overwhelmed with grief;
Whilst here alone I sigh and moan,
Away from friends at home,
With troubled mind, no rest can find,
Since I left the shamrock shore.

In the blooming Spring, when small birds sing,
And the lambs did sport and play,
My way I took, and friends forsook,
Till I came to Dublin Quay;
I entered on board as passenger,
To England I sailed o'er,
I bid farewell to all my friends,
All 'round the shamrock shore.

When young men all, both great and small,
Go to the fields to walk,
Whilst here alone I sigh and moan,
To none of them can talk;
Whilst I remain but to bewail,
For the mold that I adore,
With a troubled mind, no rest can find,
Since I left the shamrock shore.

To Glasgow fair I did repair,
Some pleasure for to find,
I own it was a pleasant place,
Down by the flowery Clyde;
I own it was a pleasant place,
For rich attire they wore,
There's none so rare as can compare
To the girls of shamrock shore.

One evening fair, to take the air,
Down by yon shady grove,
I heard some lads and lasses gay,
A making to them love;
It grieved me so, rejoiced to see,
As I had once before,
Has my heart betrayed,
That I left on shamrock's shore.

So now to conclude, and make an end,
My pen begins for to fail;
Farewell, my honored mother, dear,
And for me don't bewail;
Farewell, my honored mother, dear,
And for me grieve no more,
When I think long, I'll sing my song
In praise of the shamrock shore.

BEANS.

Written, composed and sung by Sam Devere.

In Boston City lived a nice young man,
He was awfully fond of beans;
His salary was small, but his appetite large,
And he lived beyond his means.
He had beans for breakfast, beans for dinner,
And cold baked beans for tea;
Says he, how I wish I was a great big bean,
How happy I would be.

He'd stand and gaze, for hours and hours,
In the window of a bean-i-ree;
The most dog gondest cur for beans
That ever you did see.
His mother said, when he was young
He'd never eat cakes or creams,
But was sure to wake up in the middle of the night,
Crying: Mammy, I want my beans.

This bean destroyer was now content,
He's got a bully job;
He's head bean-slinger in a dining saloon,
He is, so help me, Bob;
Where his rich, sonorous voice is heard,
Now daily, as he screams,
At the top of his voice, with his mouth chock full
Of beans, beans, beans.

PILLS! PILLS! PILLS!

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

I once knew a fellow who never was well,
He was always complaining of ills;
For ever and ever he never was done
Of swallowing boxes of pills;
He'd wake in the night, and yell at his wife
To jump out of bed and be quick,
And make him a plaster, and get him some pills,
He knew he was going to be sick.

CHORUS.

'Twas pills, pills from morning till night,
What ailed him he never could tell;
He took all the medicines ever was known,
But still he could never get well.

If a cold or a pain in the stomach he got,
'Twould scare him so he couldn't speak;
He'd jump into bed—eat nothing but pills,
And poultice his head for a week;
His wife, poor woman, was nearly wore out,
He always kept her on the run,
She swore she'd go to the druggist's no more,
So he bought in his pills by the ton.—*Chorus.*

It's ended at last, his troubles are o'er,
There is many a poultice to make;
He got up one night with a cramp in his heel,
To try and find something to take;
But that was the last of him ever was seen,
He skirmished without any light;
He swallowed some nitro-glycerine,
Which blowed the poor man out of sight.—*Chorus.*

Riding on the Elevated Railroad.

Copyright, 1878, by Sam Devere.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

While riding on the Elevated Railroad—
I'll tell you all about it in my song—
I looked in all the second-story windows,
While the little train was moving right along;
Some were eating, some were drinking, some were sleeping;
Some were laughing and some more they'd cry;
Some very funny sights I saw there,
I took it in as we went by.

CHORUS.

Riding on the Elevated Railroad,
Is pleasant, and it just suits me;
Take it day or night, you'll say that I am right,
Some very funny sights you'll see.

First of all I saw a little woman washing,
While the steam was flying thick around her head;
In another room I saw a little darling,
'Twas a pretty girl making up a bed;
Then again I saw a woman frying beefsteak,
She was a fighter, for she had a wicked eye,
While her husband he was singing to the baby,
"I'll be happy in the sweet bye-and-bye."—*Chorus.*

In another house I saw a lively bull-pup,
He was chasing a cat for life around the room;
In another house a woman having a picnic,
She was trying to stab her husband with the broom;
In another house I saw a lot of Dutchmen,
Eating sauerkraut and drinking lagerbier;
In another house a fellow had his sweetheart,
He was doing his level best to chew her ear.—*Chorus.*

In another house I saw an aged bachelor
Trying to sew his pants with a nail;
In another house I saw a little baby,
It was trying hard to bite the poodle's tail;
In another house I saw a woman waiting
For her husband dear to come and get his tea—
But I saw him in a house upon the corner,
He had another fellow's wife upon his knee.—*Chorus.*

Old Simon, the Hot-Corn Man.

Copyright, 1878, by Sam Devere.

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Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Oh! here's yer corn, as sweet as honey,
Step right up and spend yer money;
Every ear is nice and sweet,
And smokin' from de pot.
Sweet and juicy, nice and tender,
Eat it till it busts yer 'spender,
Step right up and try an ear
Of hot-corn all smokin' hot.

SPOKEN—Hot-corn! hot-corn!

CHORUS.

Den come right along and buy my corn,
Dar's pepper, salt and butter in de pan;
All de gem'men in de town knows Simon,
Ole Simon, de hot-corn man.

Dis corn will make your hair grow curly,
Pick'd it all dis mornin' early;
Fresh, right out de garden, and
And all cover'd wid mornin' dew.
Nice and ripe, and fit for cookin',
Make yer fat and better lookin',
Gem'men, bring yer ladies up
An try an ear or two.

SPOKEN—Hot-corn! hot corn!—*Chorus.*

Oh! butter yer corn and make it greasy,
Dat will make it slip down easy,
Tickles yer front and makes yer smile,
As sure as yer born.
Salt and pepper just a little,
Plenty here, right in de kettle,
Den you'll bless de happy hour
You eat ole Simon's corn.—*Chorus.*

The Gal with the Gainsborough Hat.

Copyright, 1882, by Sam Devere.

You never could miss her, she's all over town,
With a hat like an umbrella spread,
Comes hopping along like a thing upon springs,
She seems to be nothing but head.
She rolls up her eyes like a calf in distress,
At flirting she's sly as a cat,
Just where you don't want her she's bound to be poked,
The gal with the Gainsborough hat.

CHORUS.

She bangs and she frizzles her hair,
While it hangs from the back of a chair,
Walks on her toes, and powders her nose,
Poor silly men to ensnare;
What place she may ever be at,
Either church or theatre, it's flat,
You'll wish someone had her, you'll want a step-ladder
To see through her Gainsborough hat.

If you happen to sit by her side in a car,
She'll drop a little caramel sigh,
With the toss of her head and the edge of her hat
She'll give you a dab in the eye;
When one of her feathers will tickle your ear,
She pretends she's unconscious of that—
Well, now I should snicker if she ain't a dose,
The gal with the Gainsborough hat.

CHORUS.

Too awfully awful brand-new,
Too utterly utter too too,
Æsthetically silly, dead gone on a lily,
But ready to tackle a stew;
Of cheek she has plenty of that,
She tortures poor girls with her chat,
I'd give the whole town if I could sit down
On the gal with the Gainsborough hat.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

PART TWO.

"Hold on a minute," said the grocery man, as he wound a piece of brown paper round a cob and stuck it in a syrup jug filled for a customer, and then licked his fingers, "I want to ask you a question. What has caused you to change so from being bad? You were about as bad as they make 'em, up to a few weeks ago, and now you seem to have a soul, and get in your work doing good about as well as any boy in town. What is it that ails you?"

"Oh, sugar, I don't want to tell," said the boy, as he blushed, and wiggled around on one foot, and looked silly. "But if you won't laugh I will tell you. It is my girl that has made me good. It may be only temporary. If she goes back on me I may be tuff again, but if she continues to hold out faithful I shall be a daisy all the time. Say, did you ever love a girl? It would do you good. If you loved anybody, regular old fashioned, the way I do, people could send little children here to trade, and you wouldn't palm off any wilted vegetables on to them, or give them short weight. If you was in love, and felt that the one you loved saw every act of yours, and you could see her eyes every minute, you would throw away everything that was spoiled and not try to sell it, for fear you would offend her. I don't think any man is fit to do business honestly, unless he is in love, or has been in love once. Now I couldn't do anything wrong if I tried, because I should hear the still small voice of my girl saying to me, 'Hennery, let up on that.' I slipped up on a banana peel yesterday, and hurt myself, and I was just going to say something offul, and I could see my girl's bangs raise right up, and there was a pained look in her face, and a tear in her eye, and by gosh, I just smiled and looked tickled till her hair went down and the smile came back again to her lips, though it hurt me like blazes where I struck the sidewalk. I was telling Pa about it, and asked him if he ever felt as though his soul was going right out towards somebody, and he said he did once on a steamboat excursion, but he eat a lemon and got over it. Pa thinks it is my liver, and wants me to take pills, but I tell you, boss, it has struck in me too deep for pills, unless it was one that weighs about a hundred and forty pounds and wears a hat with a feather on. Say, if my girl should walk right into a burning lake of red hot lava and beckon me to follow, I would take a hop, skip and jump, and——"

"Oh, give us a rest," said the grocery man, as he took a basin of water and sprinkled the floor, preparatory to sweeping out. "You have got the worst case I ever saw, and you better go out and walk around a block," and the boy went out and forgot to hang out any sign.—*Peck's Sun.*

Oft in the Stilly Night.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in Winter weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

—As several neighbors of a rather dishonest man who kept a turner's shop were discussing his wonderful skill in his art, one of them remarked that, as skillful as he was, there was one thing which he couldn't "turn." "What is that?" was the general inquiry. "An honest penny," was the satisfactory reply.

VENITA!

Copyright, 1885, by J. F. Martindale.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Morn, noon and night, I call to thee!
Beloved one, ah! answer me!
Ah! answer me! Ah!
Venita! loved Venita!
Lonely through life I am roaming,
Could I meet thee but to greet thee,
As in days 'twere better to forget;
Oft in visions I can see thee,
Still by my side in the gloaming,
But the waking from this dreaming,
Makes life but one sad regret!
Again we are singing the old duet,
We sang when life was dear,
And my heart still true as when last we met,
Hides under each sigh a tear. Ah!

CHORUS.

Venita! loved Venita!
Lonely through life I am roaming,
Could I meet thee but to greet thee,
As in days 'twere better to forget;
Oft in visions I can see thee,
Still by my side in the gloaming,
But the waking from this dreaming,
Makes life but one sad regret.

I know were I beneath the ground,
Life past with all its pain,
Thy name, if breathed above my mound,
Would thrill me to life again.
If sinful I to heaven came,
An entrance could not win,
The gates eternal, at thy name,
Would ope' and let me in. Ah!—*Chorus.*

As I Read the Paper Through.

Written and sung by John W. Gibbons.

One night as I sat leisurely by my fireside so bright,
I picked up a newspaper that had just fell across my sight,
Of different things I read about and found the most were true,
While gazing o'er the columns as I read the paper through.
I noticed where the working class could get no work at all,
The rich men tried to down them, yes, and push them to the wall;
There's many a starving family would be glad for work to do—
So I said, God help the poor man, as I read the paper through.

I next read of a working girl, whom a villain had enticed,
He brought her from her home, so dear, unto misery and vice,
When the girl realized she had fallen, her heart was broke in two,
I cried aloud, it is a shame, as I read the paper through.
Her parents, broken-hearted, their grief they could not hide,
When the dreadful news had reached them that their child, an outcast, [had died;
The incident was touching, and I scarcely could renew,
When I saw she was laid in the Potter's Field, as I read the paper through.

I next read of the rescue of the famous Greeley crew,
Discovered by American tars when none else could find a clue,
For night and day they searched around, their comrades to relieve,
When all at once the distress flag in the distance could be seen;
Though England did procure a boat and to us did bestow,
'Twas the Yankee lads, with hearts of oak, that were the first to go;
They left here, at the risk of life, to find the Greeley crew—
So I hailed three cheers for the American tars, as I read the paper through.

I next read of Grover Cleveland, who is our President,
It reminded me of him who from this world was foully sent;
I mean the martyred Garfield, who's gone to a brighter home;
When a man is honest, brave and true, can't he be let alone?
From the tow-path to the White House, through manly toil and strife,
How is it that one man deprives another of his life?
God bless the name of Garfield, in every state and town—
I burst in tears just as I sat and threw the paper down.

—A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected Sir:—I went yesterday to the cattle show. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of hogs, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

A Roller-Rink Romance.

By Tom. P. Morgan, of Garnett, Kans.

Toney tramp comes to town;
Roller-skating does up brown.

Sporting man owns the rink;
Hires the tramp, quick as wink.

Uniform, black moustache,
Toney tramp on the mash.

Pretty maiden goes to rink;
Wealthy pa, lots of "chink."

Golden hair, tiny feet,
Pretty maiden, awful sweet.

Toney tramp, looking "flip,"
Strokes the hair on upper lip.

Teaches maiden how to skate;
Sees her home because 'tis late.

Makes her think he owns the earth;
Works the maid for all he's worth.

Every night, just the same,
Maid consents to take his name.

Wealthy papa wakes one night,
Finds his daughter taken flight.

Tears his hair, up and down,
Hunts the pair from town to town.

Finds his darling with the tramp,
Finds her wedded to the scamp.

"Here's my husband, papa dear,
You'll be proud of him next year;

He's a marquis in disguise——"
"He's a rascal!" pa replies.

Commands the tramp to leave his bride.
Tramp, one eye opes very wide:

Remarks to papa: "I'm too fly;
There's no green spot in my eye.

I can cut splendid dash!
Wealthy wife with the cash.

If you give me now in gold,
Twenty thousand dollars cold,

I will leave your daughter free;
No more skating rink for me."

Maiden looks as if she'd wilt.
Pa gives toney tramp the "gilt."

Toney tramp works the game
Everywhere, just the same.

Making "scads" of ready cash
From sweet maidens on the mash.

THE OLD TURNKEY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I am the old turnkey, you see, I do my duty well,
For many years, with sobs and tears, I've locked them in their cell;
I've seen the strongest hearts break down, but what is that to me?
'Tis the law, 'tis the law, 'tis the duty of the old turnkey.
I've seen the mother kiss her child and say, farewell, farewell!
I've seen the gray-haired father weep—his grief no tongue could tell;
I've heard them sob all through the night, and pray to God that all be right;
I've heard them call names once dear, in trembling voice, all chok'd with tears

CHORUS.

I am the old turnkey, you see, I do my duty well,
For many years, with sobs and tears, I've locked them in their cell;
I've seen the strongest hearts break down, but what is that to me?
'Tis the law, 'tis the law, 'tis the duty of the old turnkey.

I've turned that key on the rich and poor—to me they're all the same—
My duty ends when I enforce the law for crime and shame;
I've often had to turn my head for fear my tears they'd see;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law, 'tis the duty of the old turnkey.
I've seen them drag the poor outcast, no friends, alas! the poor outcast!
His starving children plead, alas! for him, the poor outcast!
Oh, God! they'd say, you little know the pangs of hunger, shame and woe;
I've heard them call our Father's name in pleading tones chok'd with shame.
I am the old turnkey, you see, I do my duty, &c.

PARODY ON: "I'll Await My Love."

I'M IN JAIL, MY LOVE.

Written and sung by Joe Hart.

I stood alone at the bar,
And I got so boiling tight,
When a copper run me to the station-house,
And there I slept all night;
I was thrown down in a cell,
With a lot of other jays,
Next morn I heard the judge sing out:
"Ten dollars, or ten days!"
I was clubbed, and run, and made dance,
Thrown in with a lot of tramps.

CHORUS.

I've had shakes, my love; I've seen snakes, my love;
I've had the jim-jams and horrors, my love;
I've drank ale, my love; I'm in jail, my love—
Bail out your sailor boy.

When I awoke next morn,
My hat was seven sizes too small,
For my head was terribly swelled,
I'd have given the world for a ball.
I was sick and I was sore,
I was bruised and I was jammed,
I forgot my name and where I lived,
If I didn't, I'll be hanged.

CHORUS.

I'm sick abed, my love; I'm nearly dead, my love;
Oh! I've got a terrible head, my love;
A whiskey sour, my love, I could devour, my love—
Send gin fizzes to your sailor boy.
I'll retire, my love, to the Maria, my love,
And upon the Island I'll perspire, my love;
All alone, my love, I'll break stone, my love—
Still I am your sailor boy.

Don't You Cry so, Norah Darling.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Don't you cry so, Norah darling,
Wipe those tears away;
Don't you cry so, Norah darling,
Smile on me to-day;
See the wind is freshly blowing,
And the ship longs for the sea,
Be to-day your smiles bestowing
Sweetly, love, on me.

CHORUS.

Don't you cry so, Norah darling,
Wipe those tears away;
Don't you cry so, Norah darling,
Smile on me to-day.

Though 'tis sad to leave you, darling,
I must no more stay;
Think of me, Norina darling,
When I'm far away;
And, although to part brings sadness,
Keep your young heart light and free;
Your sweet face adorn with gladness,
Thinking still of me.—*Chorus.*

Don't you cry so, Norah darling,
Wipe those tears away;
Don't you cry so, Norah darling,
Smile on me to-day;
When from work I rest a-weary,
All my thoughts on you will be,
And my life will not seem dreary,
If you're true to me.—*Chorus.*

—"I'll bet a sheep," said an old farmer to his wife, "that our boy is going crazy!" "Why, what on earth makes you think so!" exclaimed the alarmed mother. "'Cause he's grinning at the cart, and grinning at the pump, and grinning at the barn, and grinning at the oxen, and grinning at everything." "Fudge!" said the experienced matron; "don't you know he received a love-letter this morning?"

LOST CHARLEY ROSS.

O, ladies and gentlemen, listen to me,
And when you have heard me, I'm sure you'll agree
That I'm much abused, though I can't tell why,
And to tell you my troubles I'm going to try:
On the corner beyond there's a gang of young roughs,
They insult decent people, and call themselves toughs,
And ivery day at me their slang they at me do toss,
And they say I resimble the lost Charley Ross.

They always do give me their slang and abuse;
They cry out, "Gilhooly, your collar is loose."
At Mulligan's wake, sure, they filled me with snuff,
And told me to go out and get meself stuffed.
Sure, one of thim said, if I wanted a job,
To go to the river and shovel off fog;
But to understand thim, I'm greatly at loss,
Whin they say, "Pipe him off, there goes young Charley Ross."

Twas only last night, sure, they gave me a call
To deliver a lecture at Hibernia Hall;
I put on a biled shirt and hastened there quick,
But the blackguards did serve me the divil's own trick;
Whin I whint in they put a big bag on my head,
And rolled me around till I though I was dead;
Then they threw me down stairs, with a terrible toss,
And told the police they had found Charley Ross.

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

In sailor's clothing young Jane did go,
Dressed like a sailieur, from top to toe,
With a brace of pistuls all by her side,
Like a female smuguler, like a female smuguler,
That feared not wind or tide.

CHORUS.

Like a female smuguler,
Like a female smuguler,
That feared not wind or tide.

"What do you want?" says the commodore.
"I come to fight for my father's store;"
She drew a pistuel, shot him through,
Like a female smuguler, like a female smuguler,
Then to her parient flew.—*Chorus.*

Oh, mothier, mothier, make my bed,
In a loving foot-grave have me buried;
Let four young maidens my body bear,
Like a female smuguler, like a female smuguler,
That nothing could scare.—*Chorus.*

OLD GRAY MARE.

As I was a-going to Nottingham fair,
A-riding on horse-back, upon a gray mare,
Her color 'twas black, but the divil a hair,
But what was all yaller, upon my gray mare.

My baste she stood still, an' pitched me into the ditch,
My skin she did dirty, my clothes she did bruise;
But I scalded my saddle an' I mounted again,
And on my tip-toes I rode her over the plain.

But when I got there not a soul coud I see,
The streets they were crowded a-gazing at me;
The bells they did ring, an' the people did stare,
For to see a coach an' six horses drawn by a gray mare.

There was the King, an' the Queen, and a company more,
A-riding on horse-back, an' a-walking before;
There stood a great drummer a-bating a drum,
With his heels in his pockets, before me did run.

Then it snowed, an' it blowed, an' it rained, and I stood in the storm,
With my hat in my hand for to keep my head warm;
I axed Madame Paul if she'd fancy me now,
As well as the day that I came from the plow.

Then I'll take my black horse, an' a-fishing I'll go;
A-fishing I'll go, whether or no;
My fish turned over, my wagon did spill,
I'll sell my gray mare—I'll be blowed if I will.

SEE-SAW.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

See-saw, see-saw, now we're up or down;
See-saw, see-saw, now we're off to London town;
See-saw, see-saw, boys and girls come out to play
See-saw, see-saw, on this our half holiday.

Oh! what fun, boys, a race to run, boys,
While each bright girl makes a hoop twirl;
Fly the kite high in the clear sky,
Light as hearts gay on this our holiday.
Oh! then shout with joy, your hearts' delight,
Each boy and girl, with all your might;
For now from school to-day we're free,
And we're as gay, as gay can be.

There's Polly and Johnny, and Kittie and Jane,
All running to get on the see-saw again;
But Polly and Sally already are there,
And swinging the see-saw high up in the air.
Then come, boys, girls, and all join hands around,
And merrily skip with delight o'er the ground;
Such frolicsome games ne'er before have been seen
As we'll have to-day on the old village green.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, what fun!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, what fun!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hear our merry voices ring,
Thro' wood and meadow, as we sing;
Life's bright sunshine o'er us beams,
Our world is a land of dreams.

FREE AND EASY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I'm the lad that's free and easy
Wheresoe'er I chance to be,
And I'll do my best to please ye,
If you will but list to me—

CHORUS.

So let the world jog along as it will,
I'll be free and easy still;
Free and easy, free and easy,
I'll be free and easy still.

Some there are who meet their troubles,
Others drown their cares in drink;
Half our trials are but bubbles,
Fretting forges many a link.—*Chorus.*

I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I ne'er despise,
Let me be contented, healthy,
And the boon I'll dearly prize.—*Chorus.*

The great have cares I little know of,
All that glitters is not gold,
Merit's seldom made a show of,
And true worth is rarely bold.—*Chorus.*

Why then waste our days in fretting?
The longest lane must have an end,
The wealth that costs such toil in getting,
Takes but little time to spend.—*Chorus.*

I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those who mean well need not fear,
I like a man, and love a woman,
What else makes this life so dear!—*Chorus.*

—"Johnnie! is your father an inventor?" "You're right he is; a pretty good one, too, I'll tell you." "And does he give himself to different channels of this line of art?" "Oh, no! He's kept so busy inventing lies about his staying out late at night that he doesn't get a chance to invent anything else."

Mother, is the Battle Over?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Mother, is the battle over?
Thousands have been slain, they say;
Is my father coming?—tell me,
Have the rebels gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my father come again?

Mother, dear, you're always sighing,
Since you last the paper read;
Tell me, why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?
Ah! I see, you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain,
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again.

Yes, my boy, your noble father
Is one numbered with the slain;
We shall not see him more on earth,
But in heaven we'll meet again.
He died for the Union's glory,
Our day may not be far between;
But I hope at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

Written in Letters of Gold.

Engraven in letters of honor and fame,
In history's page may be seen
The men, who for daring have gained a great name,
Endeared to the island of green.
Enshrined in the temple of fame one and all,
Its memory is written with pride,
And Ireland to-day with respect does recall
Her sons who have gallantly died.
In art or in science, with sword or with pen,
Those men have proved fearless and bold,
So I will to-night sing in praise of the men
Whose names are in letters of gold.

On Fontenoy's fields stood the Irish Brigade,
While cannons were booming around,
At the word of command not a man was afraid,
Although then in martyrdom crowned;
Unheeding the battle, to victory they went,
And Ireland remembers to-day
The brave sons she to Fontenoy sent,
Who proved to be first in the fray.
But though they are gone, we remember them still,
These heroes were fearless and bold,
The Irish Brigade, who fought with a will,
Their names are in letters of gold.

On tablets of love are engraven the names
Of men of such paramount works,
As Goldsmith and Moore, whose poetical aims
Have ranked with the finest on earth.
Burke, Grattan, Wallace, Fitzgerald and Swift,
Are men whose bright intellect shone,
Endeavoring with honor the curtain to lift,
Which gloomed down dear old Ireland upon.
There's Balfe, the composer, Wolf Tone, and the rest
All true Irishmen will uphold,
But now they're at rest and at peace with the blest,
Their names are in letters of gold.

Where could a patriot so brave and so good,
As the brave Robert Emmet be found?
For he was a martyr, and Irishmen should
His praises forever resound.
How great was the speech that he gave at his trial,
Ere he to the cold grave did go,
His heart often bled for the Emerald Isle,
Down-trodden and gored by the foe.
Then while I have strength I will sing in the praise
Of Emmett, the fearless and bold;
His name and his fame, and the pluck of his days,
Are written in letters of gold.

GIPSY DAVY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

There was a lord, a high-born lord,
Who courted a high-born lady;
She lived in a palace all so grand,
'Till she met with the Gipsy Davy.

CHORUS.

Elopments now are all the go,
They set the darkeys crazy;
Take warning all, both great and small,
And beware of the Gipsy Davy.

This lord he was a fine young man,
And he set this lady crazy,
So she packed up her duds and away she ran
Along with the Gipsy Davy.—*Chorus.*

Her parients raved and tore their hair,
When they come for to miss that 'ere lady,
And then to think, of that sweet born heir
None knew but the Gipsy Davy.—*Chorus.*

Oh, how could she leave her house and lands,
Oh, how could she leave her baby?
Oh, how could she leave her own wedded hand,
To run off with the Gipsy Davy!—*Chorus.*

Last night she laid in a dear feather-bed,
And in her arms her baby;
To-night she'll lay on the cold, cold ground,
In the arms of the Gipsy Davy.—*Chorus.*

COAL OIL TOMMY.

I'm just from Pennsylvania, some city sights to see,
And you may bet your boots I'm going to have the biggest kind of spree:
With my pockets lined with greenbacks, and a skin full of old rye,
Among the oyster cellar swells a bully boy am I.

CHORUS.

For Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
Good for any game at night, boys,
Good for any game at night, boys;
Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
Good for any game to-night, boys,
Hi! ten strike, set 'em up again.

Upon the road I drive the spiciest of drags,
Behind a pair of thoroughbred four thousand dollar nags,
That never won't allow me to take no one else's dust,
I'd sell 'em both for cats' meat if they weren't always fust.—CHORUS.

In the doings of the fancy I'm up to everything;
I'd go a thousand miles to see the heroes of the ring,
If you want to bet your money, I'll give you a lively turn,
And for any sum you name I'll go my pile on Joe Coburn.—CHORUS.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

The red morn is up on the moss-covered mountain,
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,
And tell her how truly her Donald can love!
I ken there's the miller, with plenty o' siller,
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful e'e—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me.

'Tis long since we trod o'er the highlands together,
Two frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer;
When I called her my wee wife, my ain bonny wee wife,
And ne'er was sic joys as when Mary was there;
For she is a blossom I wear in my bosom,
A blossom I cherish and wear till I d'e—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
She is health, she is wealth, and a gude wife to me—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
She is health, she is wealth, and a gude wife to me.

THE WATCHMAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The snow was falling fast and deep, and cold the North-wind swept;
As the watchman paced his weary beat and the little orphan wept;
And shivering on the door step, he raised his eyes to where,
Amid the warm and glittering halls, the rich man slumbered there.

CHORUS.

Dream on, dream on, thou sleeper, nor heed the tempest's roar,
While the orphan child is weeping in rage beside the door.

Amid the gathering snow-drifts there comes a stalwart form,
That breasts the icy whirlwind and struggles in the storm;
He bends above the outcast, then looks above to where,
Amid the warm and cheerful halls, the rich man slumbered there.—CHORUS.

Well done! well done, thou watcher! he folds him to his breast,
And within his arms he bears him, where his drooping head may rest;
And in after years his bosom felt no thrill that seemed so sweet,
As the memory of that midnight hour, and the orphan in the street.—CHORUS.

SHINE ON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Monkey dressed in soldier clothes,
All cross over to Jordan;
Went out in the woods to drill some crows,
Oh, Jerusalem!
Jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
All cross over to Jordan;
I up with a rock and hit him in the shin,
Oh, Jerusalem!

CHORUS.

Shine on, shine on,
All cross over to Jordan;
Then shine on, shine on,
Oh, Jerusalem!

Make that coffee good and brown,
All cross over to Jordan;
Turn that hoe-cake round and round,
Oh, Jerusalem!
A for Adam, P for Paul,
All cross over to Jordan;
G for gentle, great and small,
Oh, Jerusalem!—*Chorus.*

My old master lived in clover,
All cross over to Jordan;
When he died he rolled right over,
Oh, Jerusalem!
He rolled his eyes, gave one long breath,
All cross over to Jordan;
He scared these niggers half to death,
Oh, Jerusalem!—*Chorus.*

CASEY'S AWFUL GRUB.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! I used to stop at Harlem, at a sailor's boarding place,
I never had enough to eat, my form was a disgrace;
Oh! my clothes they wouldn't fit me, I'm a skeletonium mug,
I never eat, I starved to death on Casey's awful grub.

CHORUS.

There were old rheumatic sausages and acrobatic cheese,
Tender-hearted butter and dislocated fleas;
The house was crowded every night with mosquitoes and bedbugs,
The only ones that ever got fat on Casey's awful grub.

Oh! the landlady was a bachelor with very ancient teeth,
She served the soup out in a sponge, had green corns on her feet;
Oh! the tea was absent-minded, and so weak it couldn't slug,
The boarders fell senseless on Casey's awful grub.

CHORUS.

There was sand enough in the sugar for a straight jig right up here,
The coffee had consumption, and was too weak to appear;
The butter got disgusted, threw a flip flap in the tub,
And the table took the heart disease from Casey's awful grub.

The Windy Man From Brooklyn.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'll tell you of a windy man,
He talked so much he couldn't stand;
He made more noise than a Dutch brass band,
This windy man from Brooklyn.
Whenever he started in to talk,
The people were willing to take a walk;
You could hear him chinning ten miles from New York.
This windy man from Brooklyn.

He talked of this and he talked of that,
And he'd talk you out of your coat and hat;
He'd lie down in the gutter and talk to the dirt,
He talked a big Chinaman out of his shirt.
He went up here to Harlem and opened his gob,
He talked a poor tarrier out of a job;
He spoke to a lady, and whatever he said,
He gave her a buzz, the poor woman fell dead.
He talked through his eyes, and he talked through his nose,
He talked through the button-holes right in his clothes;
He'd ask for a chew and he'd grub for a smoke,
If you had any money he'd talk you dead broke.
He went out with a girl one night for a walk,
He forced her to marry him just through his talk;
He talked till it rained, he talked till it snowed,
You couldn't imagine the way he blowed.
He talked a canaler stiff staving blind drunk,
He sailed on his boat, and he talked till it sunk;
He'd talk a man sick, and he'd talk a man well,
He'd talk and he'd chin till you'd wish him in ——;
And that is the way he used to chin,
The windy man from Brooklyn;
The windy man from Brooklyn.

He talked and chinned until he was hoarse,
He talked a policeman off from the force;
He talked a ragpicker right out of his bag,
He was buzzing a fat woman just for a rag.
He talked a bartender right out of his saloon,
He'd talk to a Chinaman, then to a coon;
He spoke to a horse, and he chinned to a mule,
He wearied the children coming from school.
He talked kinder slow and then kinder quick,
He talked and he blowed till he made a pig sick;
He talked to a spoon and he talked to a knife,
And he tried for to talk a man out of his wife.
He talked like a geyser, and he chinned like a jay,
He was always giving himself dead away;
He talked his landlord right out of his rent,
He talked a hole through a big copper cent.
He went into a liquor store Saturday night,
And he talked the proprietor into a fight;
At last the boss got weary and tired,
And straight at his Nobbs a beer mallet fired.
It struck this old wind-bag on the top of the head,
When the cops picked him up, why, old windy was dead;
And the day he was buried his folks they did cry,
They buried him up, and he hollered good-bye.
He talked to the Lord till his sins were forgiven,
I'm told that he talked his way right into heaven,
And that was the last dispatch that he got
From the windy man in Brooklyn;
From the windy man in Brooklyn.

My Wife is so Awfully Thin.

Words and Music by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

You've heard aboud a gal I lov'd,
Dot used to be so stout;
How she "shook me," und just because
I vould not take her out
To balls und parties, und all dot
Vhich I dought vas a sin;
But now I've got a new sweetheart,
Und she is awful thin.

CHORUS.

She is so thin, dot vere she here,
You could not see her; don't dot seem queer?
Bad luck have I, oh, I shall die!
My wife is so awfully thin.

Vere I first met dis female straw,
'Dwas at a coundry fair;
She vas valking 'long mit her ma'ma,
Und had such nice blonde hair.
I spoke to her, she spoke to me,
Ve got acquainted den;
Ve married vere, und after dot
She commenced to grow thin.

SPOKEN—She is the thinnest of the thin; she used to work in an instrument factory, cleaning out flutes. I used to play "Hide and Seek" mit her, und she used to hide in de gas-pipe. I took her out riding vonce, und I grabbed her instead of de whip; I never took her out after dot. I vas valtzing mit her at a ball vonce, und de floor manager come up und said: "Young man, you vill have to leave your cane in de hat room, it's not allowed in de floor;" I told him 'twas no cane, but my vife. De oder day vile ve vas out valking, I saw a man selling leedle red balloons for ten cents; I bought vone, und give it to her to hold—she vent up, balloon und all; I hav'n't seen her since, but—CHORUS.

WEHMAN'S COMIC SPEECHES AND RECITATIONS

PRICE 25 CENTS, BY MAIL, POST-PAID.

This book contains a choice collection of Comic Speeches and Recitations, designed to meet the wants of those who wish to entertain their friends with something "relisnable," or for those who like to while away their leisure time in reading something that is humorous and concise at the same time, also for those who wish to forget trouble and drive away melancholy, for the time being, and promote cheerfulness and wholesome laughter instead. Reader--does this apply to you? If so, this book will fill the bill. Examine the contents.

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Why he was discharged
Why the persimmons didn't
Wisest fool
Winnie's welcome
When he struck town
Ye coffee bean



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Corns
Cart before the horse
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Chinaman and the rats, The
Chiquita
Doesn't know the words
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Old man speaks, The
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Candy pull, The
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Dave Briggs
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He guessed he'd fight
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Love in Oyster Bay
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Merchant of Venice, The
Mother's fool
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My Josiar
Mine Jakey
Mine friend Goldstein
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Father O'Flynn
Father Phil's subscription list
Gossath and David
Her cake was dough
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Irish Lochinvar, The
Illegant affair at Muldoon's, The
Irishman's perplexity, An
Irish astronomy
Irish Excelsior, The
Irish mother's lament, The
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Kate Maloney
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Der baby
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Mother's fool
Maud Muller in Dutch
Miss Maloney on the Chinese
Mahoney's Fenian cat
No seet in heaven
Nobody's mule
Nobody's child
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'Ostler Joe
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Somebody's mother
Schneider's ride
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Smack in school
Shamus O'Brien
Schneider's little boy
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Virginius
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utiful shamrock of old
dy McCarthy [Ireland
haparte on Saint Helena
lieve me, if all those endear-
rney [ing young charms
gen on the Rhine
nnen on the moor
s of Kilkenny
nks of Sweet Dundee
hlamachree
ptain Dwyer
ppy boy
me back to Erin
w that ate the piper
ar Irish boy
rmot Asthore
blin Bay
ran's ass
ath of Sarsfield
ar harp of my country
ar little Colleen
uing for gould
r little shamrock
bdin carman

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Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the Ies
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of

Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Ailleen, Asthore
Mac's and the
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Neil Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo

Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love!
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
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letter from Ireland
Irish fair day
idget Donahue
eauty of Limerick
rney's courtship
ld Jack Donahoe
ight Emerald isle of the sea
ight little spot on the ocean
y from County Clare
owid sojer boy
old Irish soldier
ara Nolan's ball
asey's whiskey
me back to your Irish home
olleen Bawn
on't run down the Irish
an O'Brien's raffle
ne old Irish gentleman
nnigan, the lodger
ve an honest Irish lad a chance
reen linnet
arden where the praties grow
ood-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
arryowen
reen above the red
ms of old Ireland
reat men that Ireland has seen
eenan and Sayers
ow Paddy stole the rope
ibernia's lovely Jean

Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
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Lamentation of Johnny Reel
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My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay

Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
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Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream

Charcoal man
Don't be taxing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary hat got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife

In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boston
Machine's child
Man who rode to Canemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker

Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvests
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
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A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender pays a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der nighd pehind Ghrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead

German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don't can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [sheels
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's barty
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
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Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the new
Schneider's ride [of Leap
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
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As I sat upon my dear old
Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Avenging and bright
Are you with us, Casey?
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Boid McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Bruskern lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom,
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy, Pat
Deffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How art thas the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
I'm sho wered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudden
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible
Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Laury O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrissey and the Russian
Muster Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo
Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafferty
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out?
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bunmers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule am stood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pul' for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [own
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee?
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth?
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home?
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aleen
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o
398 Bathing song [Dundr
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying?
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 Mcdonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave hunters
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beutiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Litzie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

617 Lottie Lee
618 Who's at my bedroom window?
619 I have no home
620 It's nice to be a father
621 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
622 Only to see her face again
623 Kingdom coming
624 Barney O'Hea
625 Teddy O'Neal
626 Man with the sealskin pants
627 Medicine Jack
628 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
629 Keep in the middle of the road
630 Lanigan's ball
631 Lula is gone
632 An Irishman's toast
633 Village blacksmith
634 Naughty Clara
635 Dying nun
636 When the leaves begin to turn
637 Larry O'Brien
638 Mother kissed me in my dream
639 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
640 Dying Californian
641 Grandmother's birthday
642 Come where my love lies dreaming
643 Pop goes the weasel
644 Monkey's wedding
645 Mary had a little lamb
646 Wait for the wagon
647 Cork leg
648 Uncle Sam's farm
649 My old wife and I
650 I'm so lonely
651 Only as far as the gate
652 Peek-a-boo
653 Moonlight at Killarney
654 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
655 We never speak as we pass by
656 Tipperary christening
657 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
658 Old rustic bridge by the mill
659 Paddy Magee's dream
660 Dreaming of home and mother

661 Shall we know each other there?
662 Jolly Irishman
663 Folks that put on airs
664 Rosalie, the prairie flower
665 If I had but a thousand a year
666 Fisherman and his child
667 Swate Castle Garden
668 In the gloaming
669 Bring me back the one I love
670 Spider and the fly
671 A warrior bold
672 Tar's farewell
673 In her little bed we laid her
674 Dark girl dressed in blue
675 Separation
676 Pitcher of beer
677 Nell McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
678 Nobody knows what a racket was there
679 It's a cold day when I get left
680 Alice, where art thou?
681 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
682 Jessie at the railway bar
683 Ada, with the golden hair
684 Streets of New York
685 Courting in the rain
686 I'm dying for some one to love me
687 Is that Mister Reilly?
688 Let my name be kindly spoken
689 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
690 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
691 Poor old Mike
692 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
693 A life on the ocean wave
694 I am dreaming
695 Gypsy Countess
696 She's as good as gold
697 Watchman, tell us of the night?
698 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
699 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven out
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just do in the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green

647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack (hallelujah)
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents (marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noize or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me (the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen Dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things (old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country

682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishier
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all (ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born

775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim (strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings (Glenmore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad (of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Suck her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow (gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl (parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon (different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine (thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate (gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile

904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby (sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys (mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening (mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so!
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? (they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Turn-out
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland (knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so (door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry (parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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PADDY ON THE CANAL.

When I landed in sweet Philadelphia, the weather was pleasant and clear,
I did not stay long in the city, as quickly I shall let you hear.
I did not stay long in the city, for it happen'd to be in the Fall,
I never reef 'd a sail in my rigging, till I anchor'd out on the canal.

CHORUS.

So fare you well, father and mother, likewise to old Ireland too;
So fare you well, sister and brother, so kindly I'll bid you adieu.

When I came to this wonderful rampire, it fill'd me with the greatest surprise
To see such a great undertaking, on the like I never open'd my eyes;
To see a full thousand brave fellows at work among mountains so tall,
To dig through the valleys so level, through rocks for to cut a canal.
So fare you well, father and mother, &c.

I enter'd with them for a season, my monthly pay for to draw,
And being in very good humor, I often sung Erin-Go-Bragh.
Our provision it was very plenty, to complain we'd no reason at all,
I had money in every pocket while working upon the canal.
So fare you well, father and mother, &c.

I learnt to be very handy, to use both the shovel and spade,
I learnt the whole art of canalling—I think it an excellent trade.
I learned to be very handy, although I was not very tall,
I could handle the sprig of shillelah, with the best man on the canal.
So fare you well, father and mother, &c.

I being an entire stranger, be sure I had not much to say,
The boss came 'round in a hurry, says, "Boys, it is grog-time a day;"
We all marched up in good order, he was father now unto us all,
Sure I wish'd myself from that moment to be working upon the canal.
So fare you well, father and mother, &c.

When at night we all rest from our labor, be sure but our rent is all paid,
We lay down our pick and our shovel, likewise our ax and our spade.
We all set a-joking together, there was nothing our minds to enthrall,
If happiness be in this wide world, I am sure it is on the canal.
So fare you well, father and mother, &c.

OUR SAILORS ON THE SEA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

At night when we are lying on
Our beds, secure and warm,
We hear the mourning winds that tell
The coming of the storm;
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared
Around its childish glee,
On such a night may God protect
Our sailors on the sea—
On such a night may God protect
Our sailors on the sea.

CHORUS.

Amidst the raging of the storm,
We humbly ask of Thee—
Oh! Father, in Thy mercy save
Our sailors on the sea—
Oh! Father, in Thy mercy save
Our sailors on the sea.

The sailor little thinks, when he
Lets out upon the wave,
The worn-out ship in which he sails
May bear him to his grave;
Should storm arise, her rotten planks
To pieces soon may go;
Yet ships like this are sent to sea,
That man may richer grow—
Yet ships like this are sent to sea,
That man may richer grow.—*Chorus.*

—"I am lonely, my darling, without you," wrote Smith to his absent wife. "Oh, so lonely, and I count the days until you return." Several hours later Smith met Jones, another grass widower. "Well, old boy," observed Jones, "let's go down to the Island to-night and have a quiet little time." "All right," replied Smith, "I've only got five more days before the old hen gets back."

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

'Twas in the good ship "Nancy Bell"
I sail'd for the Indian sea,
And there on the reef we came to grief,
Which has often occured to me, brave boys,
Which has often occured to me.
And pretty nigh all the crew was drown'd—
There was seventy-seven o' soul,
And only ten of the "Nancy's" men
Said "Here!" to the muster-roll, brave boys.

There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the "Nancy" brig,
And the boatswain tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig, brave boys,
And the crew of the captain's gig.
For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we draw'd a lot, and accordin' we shot
The captain for our meal, brave boys.

The next lot fell to the "Nancy's" mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite,
We seven survivors stayed, brave boys,
We seven survivors stayed.
And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled a pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig. brave boys.

Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, "Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?" arose,
And we argued it out as sich, brave boys,
And we argued it out as sich.
For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me,
But we'd both be blowed, if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see, brave boys.

So we stirred it 'round and 'round,
And sniffed at the foaming froth;
I ups with his heels and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth, brave boys,
In the scum of the boiling broth.
And I ate that cook in a week, or less,
And, as I eating be,
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see, brave boys.

And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say, brave boys,
I have—which is to say—
Oh! I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And a mate of the "Nancy" brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig, brave boys.

—The one redeeming feature of Mormonism is that it does not throw the burden of the support of a husband upon one woman.

—The inventors of the telegraph and the telephone both had mute wives. Just see what men can do when everything is quiet.

—"Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer. "No, boss, de jury am all right, but I wants you to challenge de jedge. I has been 'victed twice before under him, and may be he is 'ginnin' to hab a prejudice against me."

—A few evenings ago a little Austin boy was busily engaged in learning his lessons. His father, one of the leading citizens of Austin, had gone to the lodge. His mother was busy sewing. The little boy looked up and asked: "Mamma, what does 'pretext' mean?" "When your father has to go to the lodge three times a week, that is a pretext to get away from his family."

The Banks of Newfoundland.

There's a saucy wild packet, and a packet of fame,
She belongs to New York, and the "Dreadnought" is her name.
She is bound to the westward, where the strong winds do blow,
Bound away in the "Dreadnought," to the westward we go.

The time of her sailing is now drawing nigh;
Farewell, pretty May, I must bid you good-bye;
Farewell to old England, and all those we hold dear,
Bound away in the "Dreadnought," to the westward we steer.

Oh! the "Dreadnought" is heading out of Waterloo Dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pier-heads do flock;
They will give us three cheers, while the tears freely flow,
Saying, God bless the "Dreadnought," wheresoe'er she may go.

Oh! the "Dreadnought" is waiting in the Mersey so free—
Waiting for the "Independence" to tow her to sea;
For to round that black rock where the Mersey does flow,
Bound away in the "Dreadnought," to the westward we'll go.

Oh! the "Dreadnought" is a howling down the wild Irish sea,
Where the passengers are merry, with hearts full of glee;
While the sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro,
Bound away in the "Dreadnought," to the westward we'll go.

Oh! the "Dreadnought" is sailing the Atlantic so wide,
Where the dark, heavy seas roll along her black sides;
With the sails neatly spread, and the red cross to show,
Bound away in the "Dreadnought," to the westward we'll go.

Oh! the "Dreadnought" is becalmed on the banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water's so green and the bottom is sand;
Where the fish of the ocean swim around to and fro;
Bound away in the "Dreadnought," to the westward we'll go.

Oh! the "Dreadnought" has arrived in America once more;
We'll go ashore, shipmates, on the land we adore—
See our wives and our sweethearts—be merry and free—
Drink a health to the "Dreadnought," wheresoe'er she may be.

Here's a health to the "Dreadnought," and to all her brave crew,
Here's a health to her Captain, and officers, too;
Talk about your flash packets, "Swallow Tail" and "Black Ball,"
But the "Dreadnought" 's the clipper to beat one and all.

THE HEBREW WEDDING.

Tune—"De Golden Wedding."

I'm going to de Hebrew wedding,
All de Sheeneys vill be dare;
Oh! such dancing und such spreading,
Von'd ve make de Bitzes stare.
All de high-toned Hebrew people
Dot reside in our town,
Have received an invidashun,
Und day shurly vill come down.

CHORUS.

All de Sheeneys vill be dare,
Moses vid his curly hair,
Und de Bitzes gonives day vill stare,
Ven dey see us spreading;
Von'd ve hafe a jolly dime
Eading motzes, drinking vine,
All de high-toned Sheeneys
Vill be at de Hebrew wedding.

Ve will hafe ice-cream dareafter,
Cloiska pudding, motza balls,
Bitzes day vill plotz vid laughter
Ven day see us dance de volze.
Ve vill bring our whole maspucha,
Messa lockshen allas toff,
Let dem dance till dare mashugen,
You can bet day are de stuff.—*Chorus.*

De Chosen he vill say de Brucha,
Hang Mazussa's on de door,
Solly Cohen und his Maspucha,
Vill be directors of de floor.
De Chosen he vill kiss de colla,
You can bet your bottom dollar,
Und de Sheeneys day vill holler
At de Hebrew wedding.—*Chorus.*

An Irishman's Dying Request.

Recited by James T. Kelly.

Norah, the gang upon the corner
Has told me to lay down and die;
My darling, go and hang up the baker
For a piece of buckelberry pie;
My breath is getting very weak,
Once, you know, it was so strong,
So listen to my dying request,
For I know that I will not live long—

Tell my brother, Herman Fagan,
The poor man to-day he got one year,
Tell him when I go to Sandusky,
I'm going to give up drinking beer;
Oh, the happy days we spent together,
When we used to call each other chumps.
No more we will parade the Bowery
Dropping our hats on cigar stumps.

Tell my red-headed hump-backed sister
She ought to put herself in hock,
She puts me in mind of a bag of peanuts,
Or a hole in the heel of a woolen sock;
Norah, our little dog has fleas,
We must shake the dizzy pup,
Come and kiss me when I'm dead,
For then I know I won't blow up.

Tell your father he's a darling,
As a lusher he takes the cake;
Tell him to buy some bad gin and tobacco,
So the gang can enjoy themselves at my wake;
Tell him to sing the Starry Banner,
For it I carried many a night;
Tell them all I came from Cork,
And that's the reason I'm flying light.

Norah, part my hair in the middle,
I think my end is drawing near;
I wish you would go to the corner gin-mill
And hang them up for a quart of beer.
Farewell, darling, it's time I was dead,
Good afternoon! oh, what do you say?
If any one asks why I kicked the bucket,
Tell them I couldn't stay away.

Jeremiah, Blow the Fire.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

My name is Jeremiah Jones, and when I was a child
I used to play a little game which drove my mother wild;
I'd take the bellows on my knee, to blow the fire I'd try,
And when the fire began to blaze, I lustily would cry:

CHORUS.

Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff;
Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff;
First you do it gently, then you come it rather rough,
Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff.

Then when a little older, to a farrier I was bound,
To learn the art of SHOEING which a BOOTLESS task I found;
They canceled my indentures, for I raised my master's ire
By shouting out the whole day long, while blowing at the fire—CHORUS.

In time I loved a pretty girl, and strange, tho' it may be,
The lady in her younger days was just the same to me;
And when I asked her to be mine, she bowed her lovely head,
And as I pressed my lips to hers, in artful tones she said—

SPOKEN—You remember the old song of—CHORUS.

We're married now, I'm proud to say, and have been many years;
We're very happy, and we've got a dozen little dears;
They're all of them strong-winded, which you'd say without a doubt,
If you came into our domicile and chanced to hear them shout—CHORUS.

—Said Bobby to the minister at dinner: "Can a church whistle, Mr. Longprayer?" "Why do you ask?" "'Cos Pa owes $12 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it."

MARY BLANE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Oh! once I loved a yellow gal,
I loved her as my life;
She came from old Virginia,
And I took her for my wife;
We happy lived together,
She never caused me pain;
But on one cold and stormy night,
I lost my Mary Blane.

CHORUS.

Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane,
One faithful heart still thinks of you;
Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane,
Tho' we ne'er shall meet again.

I've nothing left to live for now,
I'm weary of my life,
Then take and lay me gently by
My poor heart-broken wife;
I wander sadly through the world,
But find my sorrow's vain;
These tears can never bring to me
My darling Mary Blane.—*Chorus.*

I buried her, at dead of night,
'Neath the persimmon tree;
The snow was falling thick and white
On her dear grave and me;
And often since in dreams I see
Her well known form again,
As when I laid her in the grave,
And wept o'er Mary Blane.—*Chorus.*

Then raise no tomb-stone on the place,
But lay me by her side;
The best, the kindest of her race—
My faithful, constant bride.
I'm ready now to leave this life,
To join her once again,
Beneath the old persimmon tree,
Where sleeps my Mary Blane.—*Chorus.*

Jack is Every Inch a Sailor.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

My uncle Jack is what some people call a jolly tar,
And I should think that he was born beneath a lucky star
If all is true that he's gone thro', a wonder he must be,
He's ev'ry inch a sailor, and was born upon the sea.

CHORUS.

Jack is ev'ry inch a sailor, five and twenty years a whaler;
Jack is ev'ry inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.

On a stormy night it's my delight to mix a glass of grog,
And then get Jack to spin a yarn before the burning log;
And after you've been listening to all that he has said,
You'll feel so frighten'd that you cannot go alone to bed.
Jack is ev'ry inch a sailor, &c.

"One night," sad he, "while out at sea there came a dreadful gale,
Which wash'd me overboard and I was swallowed by a whale,
And there I lived for twenty days wandering about,
Then seized the whale by the tail and turned him inside out."

SPOKEN—I said to my friend, who was sitting by my side, there is no mistake about it—
Jack is ev'ry inch a sailor, &c.

So if you wish to pass a pleasant hour or two away,
Just call and see old uncle Jack, and then I think you'll say
He's ev'ry inch a sailor, and as jolly as can be,
For many years a whaler, quite a hero of the sea.
Jack is ev'ry inch a sailor, &c.

—A young married woman, says: "I won my husband's love and I am going to keep it by winning his stomach, with good food. That is the way my mother did."

The Lily of the West.

I just came down from Louisville, some pleasure for to find—
A handsome girl from Michigan, so pleasing to my mind;
Her rosy cheeks and rolling eyes, like arrows, pierced my breast,
They call her handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

I courted her for many a day, her love I thought to gain;
Too soon she slighted me, which caused me grief and pain;
She robbed me of my liberty—deprived me of my rest—
They call her handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

One evening, as I rambled down by yon shady grove,
I met a lord, of high degree, conversing with my love;
He sang, he sang so merrily, whilst I was sore oppressed—
He sang for handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

I rushed up to my rival, a dagger in my hand,
I tore him from my true love, and boldly bade him stand—
Being mad to desparation, my dagger pierced his breast—
I was betrayed by Mary, the Lily of the West.

Now my trial has come on, and sentenced soon I'll be;
They put me in the criminal box, and there convicted me.
She so deceived the jury—so modestly did dress—
She far outshine Venus—the Lily of the West.

Since then I've gained my liberty, I'll rove the country through;
I'll travel the city over, to find my loved one true;
Although she stole my liberty, and deprived me of my rest,
Still I love my Mary, the Lily of the West.

When We Went Roller Skating.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

If you could only see my girl,
With sky-blue teeth and eyes of pearl,
When we went roller skating.
Some ice cr-r-r-eam for her I bought,
Two souls with but a single thought,
But listen to me now, what do you think?
We went to a roller-skating rink.
Though neither one could skate a peg,
She said we'd skate, or break a leg.
Said I, "You beat Maria Bates,"
And we put on a pair of roller skates,
We both struck out and then struck in,
I slipped, and scraped Maria's shin,
And tore off a yard and a half of skin.
She first got black and then got blue,
She patched it up with Spaulding's glue,
And told me I was too bran new.
She raised her delicate, dainty paw,
And nearly dislocated my jaw,
Her temper up bad and rippling mad,
She swore she'd go and tell her dad.
Oh, what a terrible time we had,
When we went roller skating.

Said I, "Sweet maid, forgive me, try,
Without my birdie I would die."
She winked her alabaster eye,
When we went roller skating.
She wiped her nose, we started new,
Once more to see what we could do.
I took her hands as I did before,
We both struck out across the floor;
We made a jump, a skip and a hop,
Took a drop, but couldn't stop.
Over we went kerwhiz, kerflop,
Me underneath and Maria on top,
We wiped the floor like a patent mop,
And then we both set up a roar,
As we went tumbling o'er and o'er.
She kicked and clawed, I yelled and swore,
Covered with gore, and awful sore,
The boys they yelled the more and more.
My clothes were ripped, my legs were bare,
Maria lost her teeth and hair.
Of roller skates, beware! beware!
Never again, oh! never, I swear,
Will I go roller skating.

POOR MARRIED MAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Just listen to my doleful ditty,
Poor married man,
And when you've heard it you will pity
Poor married man.
I sought a girl's hand, soon did win it,
Married life did then begin it,
But I, alas! put my foot in it,
Poor married man.

The honeymoon was scarcely ended,
Poor married man,
Prove herself master, soon she then did,
Poor married man.
She is, I cannot help declaring,
Very harsh and over-bearing,
In fact, she is the breeches wearing,
Poor married man.

She with the poker, often beats me,
Poor married man,
And otherwise, each day ill treats me,
Poor married man,
She sets me pots and kettles rubbing!
Gives me such a precious snubbing,
If I refuse to do the scrubbing,
Poor married man.

She makes me wash the plates and dishes,
Poor married man,
And do the slightest thing she wishes,
Poor married man.
My boy of two, who scarce can toddle,
Is quite ancient in the noddle,
He points, and calls me "molly coddle,"
Poor married man.

Six "kids" 'round me each day assemble,
Poor married man,
Not one of them does me resemble!
Poor married man.
To make things worse, my daughter Chloey,
Hooked it with a chap called Joey,
A seedy cove, by trade a "doughty,"
Poor married man.

The treatment I receive is cruel,
Poor married man,
I feel as weak as water gruel,
Poor married man.
I'd, in the butt, my life cut shorter,
But they last week cut off our water,
Because we didn't pay last quarter,
Poor married man.

Give Me Back My Heart Again.

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Give me back my heart again,
I'll forget the happy past,
You have caused me grief and pain,
Shadows o'er my pathway cast;
Life to me was once so bright,
Ah! I dreamt 'twould so remain,
But my hopes have vanished quite,
Give me back my heart again—
But my hopes have vanished quite,
Give me back my heart again.

Give me back my heart again,
Now as strangers we must meet,
Other smiles will soon enchain,
Other lips thine own will greet;
Go, forget the wrong you've done,
Ne'er can I sweet peace regain;
Though it is a broken one,
Give me back my heart again—
Though it is a broken one,
Give me back my heart again.

The Green Fields of America.

Farewell to the land of shillahla and shamrock
Where many a long day in pleasure I spent,
Likewise to the friends that I leave here behind me
To live in old Ireland, if they are content;
How sorry I am for to leave this green island,
Whose cause I supported, both in peace and in war;
For to live here in bondage, I ne'er could be happy
The green fields of America are sweeter by far.

There once was a time when our country flourished,
When tradesmen of all kinds had plenty to do;
But our manufactories have crossed the Atlantic,
And we, boys, must go to America too;
No longer I'll stay in the land of oppression,
No cruel task-master shall rule over me;
To the country of liberty I'll bid good-morrow—
In the green fields of America we will be free.

Oh! who would stay here amid want and starvation,
To hear their poor children crying for bread;
With many poor creatures without habitation,
Or shelter, whatever, to cover their heads?
Come, pack up your stores, and consider no longer,
Six dollars a week is not very bad pay,
With no tithes or taxes to devour your wages,
When you are in the green fields of America.

Farewell to the groves in the county of Wicklow,
Likewise to the girls of green Erin, all 'round,
May their hearts be as merry as ever I saw them,
Although far away on the ocean I'm bound:
If ever it happens in a foreign country,
A poor friendless Irishman comes in my way,
To the best I will make him right welcome, my hearties,
At my home in the green fields of America.

Swinging on the Golden Gate.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Wake me early in the morning,
Before it is too late,
Just when the day am dawning,
To swing on the golden gate;
Sister Sue and brother Joe,
And aunt Maria they's gone, and so must I;
Oh, I feel that I really shall expire,
If I don't get there bye-and-bye, oh!

REFRAIN.

Oh, wake me! shake me!
Don't let me sleep too late,
I'm gwine away early in the morning,
To swing on the golden gate;
Oh, wake me! shake me!
Don't let me sleep too late,
I'm gwine away early in the morning,
To swing on the golden gate.

Ship's gwine to sail on the morrow,
Get tickets at half rate,
We'll bid good-bye to sorrow,
When swinging on the golden gate;
There will be happy meetings
And shouting, when we get there that day,
There will be no weeping or pouting,
Kase we're all gwine to feel so gay.—*Refrain.*

—"Say, Moses," said a customer to a retail clothier, "what is this story I heard about you?" "Vot sthory ish dot sthory?" "Why, a friend of mine said you made a mistake the other day, and sold him a ten-dollar coat for five doilars." "How ish dot?" "I don't know. He said he saw the figures on the ticket, and that your boy sold it to him." "Vell, vell, vot a sehmart boy Chonnie ish. Yoost like his fodder. I tole dot poy he coot haf all vot he make ofer two dollar apiece on a chob lot off last chear's goats, unt dot ish der vay he peats his old fodder unt fixes der trade. He marks dose goats up und den yoost like a innochent leedle sheep, he don't see der price, und der gushtomer dinks vot a schmardt veller he ish to beat a poor leedle poy in der sthore. Dot Chonnie vill come oud on der high side of der pile unt be a gredit to his fodder."

JOHNNY DOYLE.

I am a fair maiden, all tangled in love,
My case I will make known to the great God above;
I thought it a credit, yet I fear it a crime
For to roam the world all over for you, Johnny Doyle.

It was Saturday evening we made up the plan—
It was early Monday morning to take a trip along;
My waiting maid was standing by, as you can plainly see,
She slipped in unto my mamma, and told upon me.

My mamma she conducted me into the bed-room high,
Where she knew no one could hear me, nor pity my cry;
She bundled up my clothes, and she bid me be gone—
For she knew well, in her heart, that I loved that young man.

A horse and side-saddle my father did provide,
In hopes to get me married, and be young Somers' bride;
A horse and side-saddle my father did prepare,
With six noble footmen to wait on me there.

So we rode all along till we came to Belfast town,
Our horses being stabled and footmen seated down;
While they were at their merriment, [Johnny Doyle.
I had my own toil—for my heart it lie at home with my young

By my eldest brother I was conducted home—
My mamma she conducted me into my own bed-room;
My own bed being the softest, my head I did lie down,
For to seek consoling sorrow—my body it was found.

Now close the door, dear mamma, don't you let Somers in—
Now close the door, dear mamma, don't you let Somers in;
For to-night is the night that he means to enstrive,
But he'll never gain the girl that is intended for his bride.

When she saw the minister coming in the door,
Her ear-rings they bursted and fell upon the floor;
The gold ring on her finger in a hundred pieces did fly,
And her stomach it bursted, and death was drawing nigh.

I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my down darling child—
I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own heart's delight;
Yes, you'll send for Johnny Doyle, mamma, but I fear it is too late,
For death it is coming, and sad is my fate.

Now, death you are coming, you are welcome to me;
From the pains of love I'm sure you'll set me free;
There is more trouble on my mind than my poor tongue can tell,
And these are my dying words—Johnny Doyle, fare you well!

The day of her funeral, it was a great sight—
There were four-and-twenty fair maidens, all dressed in white;
They carried her to St. Mary's ground, and laid her in the clay,
Saying—The Lord, He may be with you forever and a day.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread;
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face, and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time fashioned store.

A little family gathering round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from the hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

My Bonny Laboring Boy.

As I roved out one morning,
Being in the blooming Spring,
I heard a lovely maid complain,
And grievously did sing—
Saying, cruel was my parents,
That did me so annoy,
And would not let me marry
My bonny laboring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name,
As you shall plainly see,
My parents they employed him
Their laboring boy to be—
To harrow, reap, and sow the seed,
And plough my father's land;
But soon I fell in love with him,
As you may understand.

My mother thought to have me wed
Unto some lord or peer,
I being the only heiress
For ten thousand pounds a year—
I placed my heart on one true love,
And he was my only joy,
This nation I will ramble
With my bonny laboring boy.

His cheeks are like the roses red,
His eyes as black as sloes,
He's mild in his behavior,
Wherever that he goes.
He's manly, neat and handsome,
His skin as white as snow,
And in spite of my parents' malice,
With my bonny laboring boy I'll go.

I courted him for twelve long months,
But little did I know
That my cruel parents
Would prove my overthrow.
They watched us close one evening,
Whilst in a shady grove,
Pledging our vows together,
In the constant bands of love.

My father he stepped up to me,
And seized me by the hand,
And swore he'd send young Johnny
Unto some foreign land.
He locked me in my bed-room,
My comforts to annoy,
And kept me there to weep and mourn
For my laboring boy.

My mother came next morning,
And unto me did say:
Your father he's intended
To appoint your wedding day;
I nobly made answer,
With him I'd ne'er comply,
But single would I still remain
For my bonny laboring boy.

Says the daughter to the mother,
Your plan is all in vain—
Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
Their riches I disdain;
I'd rather live an humble life,
My time I would employ,
Increasing nature's prospects,
With my bonny laboring boy.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
Let the toast go merrily round,
Here's health to every laboring boy
That ploughs and works the ground—
And when his work is over
To his home he will go with joy—
Happy is the girl that gets
A bonny laboring boy.

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The Wax-Work Show.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I've commenced a little show of wax figures in a row,
The men and women that are known to fame;
Each figure you shall see, for my wax-work show is free,
And the best in all this country I do claim.
I've an imported blonde putting paint and powder on—
I've captivated the old chaps in the pit;
And Harriet Beecher Stowe kicking up a mighty row
Because her Summer pants they would not fit;
I've got George Francis Train, in senses once again—
And Little Mac, in Jersey, all the go;
A policeman was so good, to tell a lie he never would—
The finest figure in my wax-work show.

I've an honest bank-cashier, no depositor need fear,
He never stole a dollar in his life;
A widow, who, 'tis said, with a rich man would not wed,
And did prefer to be a poor man's wife:
I've the famous Sitting Bull pulling Queen Victoria's wool—
An Indian trader who was not on the beat—
A parson who don't know all about the world below—
A temperance man who once was known to treat—
I've got Lydia Thompson's bust, by Count Johannes crushed—
Gordon Bennett, as he stood and shot the foe—
Some whisky Babcock took—the back hair of Sheridan Shook—
You'll find them all in my great wax-work show.

I've tears shed by Jim Blaine, the great senator from Maine,
When he was unto Conkling reconciled;
I've Parson Beecher's smile, when his pews sold for a pile—
A Philadelphia poem wrote by Childs;
A receipt how to win, made when Hayes was counted in—
The man who said he liked his mother-in-law;
Miss Claflin's waterfall—the eye-glasses of Oakey Hall—
A girl insured her life one dime could draw;
I've a Massachusetts man, who to make believe you can,
That Boston is not heaven here below;
A picture that took, of Talmage seeing the Black Crook—
You'll find them all in my wax-work show.

I've got the legs of Sunset Cox, with Sammy Tilden in a box—
I've got a politician who liked to work;
I've the brain of Baldy Smith, in a nutshell to be safe—
And a piece of Russia's mercy shown the Turk;
The hat John Kelly wore, when from Ireland he came o'er—
The singing-bump of Sankey newly tuned;
The skull of Thurlow Weed—the confession of Boss Tweed—
And the last free lunch that General Grant consumed;
I've the groan which Shakespeare made, when by Dr. Landis
The gout won't leave Magician Heller's toe; [played—
A cat old Bergh did save, from a sad and early grave—
They'll all be found inside my wax-work show.

NOBODY'S MULE.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
As if by conscience pricked;
But when they came to share his woes,
He raised objections—kicked.

The cat came up to sympathize,
With mew and gentle purr,
Alas! she got within his reach,
When—fiddlestrings and fur.

The dog, in pity, neared him to
Alleviate his care,
He tried to pass around him once,
But—sausage meat and hair.

And John, the honest farmer boy,
Who had the beast in charge,
Tried recklessly to harness him—
His funeral was large.

Oh, trifling were the causes which
His flexile legs unfurled,
And many were the quadrupeds
That sought another world.

He never did a decent thing,
He wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked and kicked until he died,
And then he kicked the bucket.

THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

The sun was far in the clouds advanced,
When a convict came to the Isle of France;
Around his leg he wore a ring and a chain,
And his country was of the shamrock green.

The coast-guard waited on the beach,
Till the convict's boat was within reach;
The convict's chains did so shine and spark,
Which opened the veins of the coast-guard's heart.

Then the coast-guard launched his little boat,
That on the ocean with him to float;
The birds at night take their silent rest,
But the convict here has a wounded breast.

Then the coast-guard came to the Isle of France,
Towards him the convict did advance—
When the tears from his eyes did fall like rain—
"Young man, I hear you are of the shamrock green."

"I am a shamrock," the convict cried,
"That has been tossed on the ocean wide;
For being unruly, I do declare,
And was doomed a transport for seven years.

When six of them was past and gone,
We were coming home to make up one,
When the stormy winds did blow and roar,
Which cast me here on a foreign shore."

Then the coast-guard played noble part,
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart;
"Although the night is so far advanced,
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,
About the dreadful shipwreck of the shamrock green;
Then his freedom came by a speedy post,
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

"God bless the coast-guard," the convict cried,
"You have saved my life from the ocean wide;
I will drink his health in a flowing glass—
Here's success to the Isle of France!"

The Yaller Gal that Winked at Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Your attention I ask for a while
To a song I'm going to sing you—
It's about a pretty yaller gal I met while I was walking,
And she threw such a glance at me—
She was pretty and sweet as a flower—
Such clothes you never did see;
She'd a darling little bonnet, with a flower-garden on it,
Had the yaller gal that winked at me.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! she looked so sweet and she dressed so neat,
With her tilting hoops and pretty little feet,
As she went skipping along;
Pretty little yaller gal I met while I was walking,
And she threw such a glance at me;
As she skipped across the gutter,
My heart went in a flutter
For the yaller gal that winked at me.

I immediately asked her her name,
And she said it was Lucinda,
She said I was a stunner, and for life that I had won her,
And married we should be.
So I'd dress up, and I'd walk by her house,
Every afternoon, about three,
And I'd glance up at the window for to see my dear Lucinda,
She's the yaller gal that winked at me.—*Chorus.*

Oh! you should have seen her on her wedding day—
She was handsome as a Venus;
When the Parson made us one—ah! then the thing was done—
And I never felt so happy in my life.
So I've bought a little place out of town—
If you go by stop in and see—
You'll be welcomed by a wife that's as dear to me as life,
She's the yaller gal that winked at me.—*Chorus.*

Woman is What Man Doth Make Her.

By Hugh Farrar M'Dermott.

What the flower's to the bee,
What the blossom's to the tree,

What the zephyr's to the day
In the bright and glowing May,

What the sunlight's to the shade,
What the pansy's to the glade,

What the magnet's to the pole,
What the spirit's to the soul,

What soft music's to the breast,
What sweet dreaming is to rest,

What the robe of incense high
Is to seraph in the sky,—

This, all this, is womankind
To man's glory of the mind.

Oh, the duty that we owe
To this angel here below!

Let affections come unsought;
Make her queen of every thought;

Hold her pride within thy care,
All thy gladness let her share;

Say not ever love in vain;
Bliss of love! all love is gain!

Let no word of tongue or eye
Lance or fret the sacred tie;

Stronger than the giant's hand
Is the waving of her wand.

Long and empty is the day
With fair woman far away;

As we contemplate her hence,
Rueful grows the shore intense.

Pure and white as driven snow,
Let her naught but mercy know.

Woman to thy bosom bind,
Mould her to a lofty mind;

Don't decry her, don't forsake her,
Woman is what man doth make her.

EDDIE McCARTY.

One evening I sat at my sewing,
The fire burned cozy and bright,
Outside it was steadily snowing,
And promised a cold Winter night.
When who should walk in but Jim Daily
And sit himself down by my side,
All dressed like a dandy so gaily,
Come courting myself for his bride.

CHORUS.

So handsome, so young, and so hearty—
And never away from his home;
I was thinking of Eddie McCarty,
'Way out on the prairie alone.

He told me to go and get ready,
And before that the sun would go down,
He'd make me the wealthiest lady
That ever went out of the town.
His house was all finished, and painted
So white, with the window blinds green,
And a lady was all that was wanted,
He said, to preside o'er the scene.—*Chorus.*

The floors with carpets were covered,
And the walls with pictures were hung,
Oh! he was the broth of a lover,
With honey, they say, on his tongue.
But you'd wonder what could be the matter,
His face was as long as a mile,
When I said if I couldn't do better,
I'd marry him after a while.—*Chorus.*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The time is coming when no one
Can tell the day from night,
And that will be when we shall see
The new electric light.
Then gas will have to vanish,
As all gassy subjects should,
And the "Yankee triumph" it will shine
Upon the bad and good;
The bold policeman on his beat
Can never go to sleep,
While all our ball-room beauties,
Who now look so nice at night,
Will not seem quite so charming
By the new electric light.

CHORUS.

There's some of us will welcome,
And some will hate the sight
Of the latest, greatest wonder,
That's the new electric light.

The light will show our loving wives
If husbands come home "straight;"
And all the "spooney" pairs at night
A-kissing at the gate;
'Twill show the rich man just the way
To help the starving poor,
And the way to keep the prowling wolf
From honest labor's door!
'Twill show the road to "good old times,"
Now specie payment's here,
And how long Murphy's converts
Will abstain from gin and beer!
'Twill show us how our sweethearts
Keep their curls so long and bright,
We'll see what makes their blushes,
By the new electric light.—*Chorus.*

This light will show us how to get
The cash from broken banks,
And why them bold directors
Are allowed to play such pranks;
'Twill show us why policemen
Club the helpless and the old,
When the banks are robbed in broad daylight,
By burglars stout and bold!
'Twill help a girl to ferret out
What tints her sweetheart's nose,
And why her dashing neighbors
Wear such fine expensive clothes;
'Twill show us if those "cyphers"
That we read of were all right;
We'll find our honest statesmen
By the new electric light.—*Chorus.*

This light will show the honest man
Beneath a ragged coat—
And why our "Little Johnny"
Wouldn't let the people vote.
'Twill guide the Reverend Talmage
On some other vice to speak,
And will show him clearly, some are "frauds,"
Who hear him twice a week.
'Twill show who writes the personals,
And what they all may mean,
And why the girls with "navy busts,"
When dressed so stout, are seen;
Why someone found a baby
On his door-step one fine night,
Will soon look quite apparent
By the new electric light.—*Chorus.*

—"Confound it all," said Smith, "there comes Jones, and I owe him $2. He'll ask me for it, sure." "I'll tell you what to do," suggested Smith's friend. "Just take a drink out of that street fountain." "How will that prevent him from asking me for the money?" "He'll think you haven't got any."

Poor Old Jesse's Blind.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Yonder stands de cabin home whar I was born,
Whar I hoed de cotton an' de yellow corn,
Dar my good ole massa was so kind to me,
But he's gone to heaven whar I longs to be.

REFRAIN.

Hear de darkies singing down among de cane,
How dey make me feel dat I am young again—
But I'se ole and feeble—blind—I cannot see—
Massa is in heaven, no one cares for me;
Pity poor ole Jesse, then, he was always kind—
Massa used to love him, and now poor ole Jesse's blind.

CHORUS.

Pity poor ole Jesse, then, he was always kind—
Massa used to love him, and now poor ole Jesse's blind.

Dar my wife am sleepin' 'neath de willow tree,
Angels took her spirit to dat land so free;
How I long to meet her in dat home above,
Whar dar is no sorrow—all am peace and love.—*Refrain.*

All my days am numbered, soon I'll have to go—
Soon I'll leave de sorrow of dis earth below;
Dey will lay me gently whar de willows wave,
But dar's none who'll shed a tear on ole Jesse's grave.—*Refrain.*

SALLY MACKENALLY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

Attention, please, while I relate to you
Of how I met my love;
Twas in a lane I was walking through,
The moon shone bright above.
A lovely maiden, all alone,
Was walking leisurely,
When I made bold to ask this little one
If she would walk with me—
Sally Mackenally,
That is my charmer's name—
And she lives up in our alley,
With her sister, Susan Jane.

CHORUS.

Yes, 'deed I do, I love Miss Sally—(*Sym.*)
Umph! lots of fun in our alley—(*Sym.*)
Oh, yes! she is a pretty little girl,
As ever you did see;
Her eyes are bright, her teeth are like the pearl
That is found down in the sea.—*Dance.*

I took my darling to a fancy ball,
And danced all night and day;
And Sal she was the gayest of them all,
And I was just as gay.
The music played—then I cut loose—
The darkies all did bawl;
They laughed and shouted, give that nigger room,
And they near broke down the hall.

CHORUS.

Yes, she is a pretty little girl,
As ever you did see;
Her eyes are bright, her teeth are like the pearl
That is found down in the sea.
I just saw Sal. Oh, my!
She's my gal. Is that so?
She loves me. You bet!
Yes, indeedy, honey, and we're gwine to meet to-night.

DUET.

Down upon the flowery meadow,
When the moon shines bright—
Rambling in the twilight shadows
With my love to-night.—*Repeat.*

Sal loves me. Oh, my!
She's all mine. Give us room!
She's my pie. Oh, I'll die!
Yes, indeedy, honey, and we're gwine to meet to-night.

Bring Back the Old Folks, Willie Dear.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Bring back the old folks, Willie darling,
Tell them I've waited till my heart can wait no more;
Only this favor, Willie darling,
When at last you reach the far-off shore.
'Tis years since I left my dear old mother,
Since she gave me her blessing with a tear;
But bring back the old folks, Willie darling,
Tell them I long to meet them here.

CHORUS.

Bring back the old folks, Willie,
Tell them I long to meet them here;
Promise you'll not forget it, darling,
When you're far away, Willie dear.

Say you'll remember, Willie darling,
Give them this letter when you're far across the sea;
Warm hearts will greet you, Willie darling,
For you've always been a friend to me.
There's one who can tell you how I love her,
And soon she will meet me here, I know;
But bring back the old folks, Willie darling—
God bless you, wherever you may go.—*Chorus.*

Write me a letter, Willie darling,
When you are happy in the dear old home once more;
I shall be dreaming of you, darling,
Sitting in our little cottage door;
And then, oh! how gladly will I greet you,
For the old folks are coming back to me;
But give me your hand, oh! Willie darling,
I love you wherever you may be.—*Chorus.*

Dan and Teddie's Parting.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

I am bidding you good-bye, Dan, dear,
I'm going far away,
I'm leaving Ireland far behind,
Going to America—
Thin you be good to mother, Dan,
And little Patsey, too,
I'll get work in America,
And send for all of you.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Daniel, dear—
Teddie, are you leaving?
Let your heart be of good cheer,
And try and not be grieving.
Bear this parting like a man—
Teddie, I will try;
Good-bye, Daniel—farewell, Teddie;
Daniel—Ted—good-bye.

Our home will be a sad one,
Whin you have gone away,
And we will watch until a letter
Comes across the sea.
And mother says her prayer shall be,
God speed her own son, Ted;
Yes, you'll be always in our mind,
Each day we break our day.—*Chorus.*

So now I must be leaving you—
But, oh! it won't be long—
I'll save up every cent I earn,
For I am young and strong.
And whin I reach America,
I'll soon be sending home
The money for my brother Dan,
To come across the foam.—*Chorus.*

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DEAR LITTLE COLLEEN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

Soon you'll be sailing o'er the wide ocean,
Leaving old Erin to see it no more—
Tears that are falling speak my devotion,
Dear little Colleen, 'tis you I adore.
Oh! bring me my darling, to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea,
Fondly 'twill whisper, when you are near me,
Whisper, dear Colleen, of home unto me.

CHORUS.

Oh! bring me my darling, to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper, when you are near me,
Whisper, dear Colleen, of home unto me.

Weary, I've waited, most broken-hearted,
Dreaming of days when we strayed side by side;
Life has been lonely since we were parted,
Dear little Colleen, my treasure and pride.
Oh! bring me my darling, to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper, when you are near me,
Whisper, dear Colleen, of home unto me.—*Chorus.*

Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs.

Of all the banjo songs that have been sung of late,
There is none that is now so often call'd on,
As the one I sing myself, and apply it to the times,
It's called, "On the other side of Jordan."

CHORUS.

So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve—
Jordan's a hard road to trabble;
So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve—
Jordan's a hard road to trabble, I believe.

Around the Crystal Palace there are a great many shows,
Where all the country greenhorn are drawn in—
There are snakes and alligators, mammoth mules and big 'taters,
That were raised on the other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

The "Sovereign of the Seas," she went to Liverpool,
In less than fourteen days, too, accordin';
Johnny Bull he wiped his eyes, and looked with surprise,
At this clipper from the Yankee side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

The ladies of England have sent a big address
About slavery, and all its horrors, accordin';
They had better look at home, to their own white slaves,
That are starving on the English side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

They have got a bearded lady down at Barnum's show,
And lots of pictures outside, accordin';
She's going to take her eyelashes for a pair of moustaches,
For to trabble on the other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

The Duchess of Sutherland, she keeps the Stafford House,
The place where the "Black Swan" is boardin';
At a musical party, they ask'd for a song,
And she gave them—"On the other side of Jordan."—*Chorus.*

Our great father, Washington, he was a mighty man,
And all the Yankees do their fighting accordin';
They will raise the flag of freedom wherever they can,
Till they plant it on the other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

—A grammar-school boy became so obstreperous that his teacher, new in her vocation, young and pretty, determined to try the plan of keeping him in. After school she sat with grim determination until it became dark, and then let him depart. What was her astonishment to find the youth awaiting her at the gate. He greeted her with: "It's too dark for a young lady to be alone in the streets. Will you allow me to see you home?"

I Dreamed that Old Ireland was Free.

Written and sung by Johnny Gibbons.

One night as I slumbered in sweet, peaceful rest,
Tired out from a long day of toil,
My thoughts, like a bird, o'er the ocean's white crest,
Wandered back to my own native soil;
But a great change had come, since the time when a boy,
I played 'round my old mother's knee,
And my heart seemed to leap in my bosom with joy,
For I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

CHORUS.

The days of her freedom at last had a word,
The time that we all long to see;
For which our great ancestors nobly had strove—
I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

I thought the chains that had bound her were broke,
And the dear little isle of my birth
At last from her slumbers of years had awoke,
And again was a power on earth;
The green flag of Erin was proudly unfurled,
O'er the emerald isle of the sea,
And loudly announced to the wondering world,
At last dear old Ireland was free.—*Chorus.*

I awoke and I found that 'twas only a dream,
A dream that had fled with the night,
For when through the window the morning sunbeam
Shone in, my visions took flight;
I sank on my knees by my bedside to pray,
That the time may not far distant be
When my vision shall come in the broad light of day,
And will welcome old Ireland free.—*Chorus.*

THE FENIANS' ESCAPE.

Sung by James O'Neil.

Now, boys, if you will listen to the story I'll relate,
I'll tell you of the noble men who from the foe escaped;
Though bound with Saxon fetters, in the dark Australian jail,
They struck a blow for freedom, and for Yankee land set sail—
On the 17th of April last the stars and stripes did fly
On board the bark "Catalpa," waving proudly to the sky;
She showed the green above the red, as she did calmly lay,
Prepared to take the Fenian boys in safety o'er the sea.

When Breslin and brave Desmond brought the prisoners to the shore,
They gave one shout for freedom—soon to bless them evermore—
And manned by gallant hearts, they pulled towards the Yankee flag,
For well they knew, from its proud folds, no tyrant could them drag;
They have nearly reached in safety the "Catalpa," taut and trim,
When fast approaching them they saw a vision dark and dim,
It was the steamer "Georgette," and on her deck there stood
One hundred hired assassins, to shed each patriot's blood.

The steamer reached the bounding bark, and fired across her bow,
They in loud voice commanded that the vessel should heave to;
But noble Captain Anthony, in thunder tones did cry:
You dare not fire a shot at that bright flag, that floats on high;
My ship is sailing peacefully beneath that flag of stars,
It's manned by Irish hearts of oak, and manly Yankee tars—
And that dear emblem at the fore, so plain now to be seen,
'Tis the banner I'll protect, old Ireland's flag of green.

The Britisher he sailed away—from the stars and stripes he ran—
He knew his chance was slim to fight the boys of Uncle Sam;
So Hogan, Wilson, Harrington with Darragh off did go,
With Hassett and bold Cranston, soon to whip the Saxon foe.
Here's luck to that noble captain, who well these men did free,
He dared the English man-of-war to fight him on the sea;
And here's to that dear emblem, which in triumph shall be seen,
The flag for which those patriots fought, dear Ireland's flag of green.

—Sick Wife—If I should die, John, will you see that my grave is planted with violets? I am so fond of them, you know. Husband (with emotion)—Yes, dear; and if you wish it I will see that "Sweet Violets" is sung at the funeral.

—"This talk about the West Side Street Railroad Company being hard to work for is all bosh." "Did you ever work for the company?" "Yes, and was well paid for it, too." "In what capacity did you service?" "I—I was an Alderman."

The Other Side of Jordan.

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Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

David had a banjo, and he kept it strung,
And he 'ranged the music accordin'—
Then he play'd a tune, call'd, "Go it, while you're young,"
And they dance it on t'other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve—
Jordan's a hard road to trabble;
So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve—
Jordan's a hard road to trabble, I believe.

David and Goliah, they went out to fight,
Old Father Miller went out to part 'em;
He up with a stone, hit David on the shin,
And it landed on t'other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

The M. P.'s came, and they took 'em up,
But the Mayor gave them their pardon;
They both shook hands and said they'd agree,
And settle on the other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

Oh! the cod-fish question, it made a mighty talk,
'Twas a subject that we nebber said a word on;
But when John Bull got sassy, the Yankees made him walk,
And they drobe him to the other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

There's "Poor Uncle Tom," and "The Old Folks at Home,"
Am the songs that all ob you hab heard on;
But the greatest song ob all, that will hab the greatest run,
Is the song about the other side of Jordan.—*Chorus.*

Bonaparte on Saint Helena.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Bony is gone from the wars of all fighting,
He's gone to the place he never took delight in;
Oh, there may he sit down and tell the scenes he's seen, ah!
While forlorn he doth mourn on the isle of Saint Helena.

Louisa does mourn for her husband departed,
She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken hearted;
Not a friend to console her, even those that might be with her,
But she mourns when she thinks of the isle of Saint Helena.

Come all ye that have got wealth, pray, beware of ambition,
For it is a decree in fate that might change your condition;
Be ye steadfast in time, for what is to come ye know not,
For fear ye might be changed, like he, on the isle of Saint Helena.

The rude rushing waves all around the shores are washing,
And the great billows heave, and the wild rocks dashing;
He may look to the moon of the great Mount Diana,
With his eyes o'er the waves that surround Saint Helena.

No more in Saint Cloud's will he be seen in such splendor,
Or go on with his crowds with the Great Alexander—
For the young King of Rome, and the Prince of Ganah,
Says he will bring his father home from the isle of Saint Helena.

The parliaments of England, and your holy alliance,
To the prisoner of war you may now bid defiance;
For your base intrigues and your baser misdemeanors,
Have caused him to die on the isle of Saint Helena.

—"Just one," said the lover as he stood upon the stoop with his girl, "just one!" "Just one," said the mother, putting her head out of the bedroom window above; "well, I guess it ain't as late as that, but it's pretty near twelve, and you'd better be going, or her father will be down." And the lover took his leave with pain in his heart.

—"What do you do for a living?" asked an Austin justice of a huge, burly negro, who had been arrested for vagrancy. "My wife takes in washin', and works out by de day." "I asked you what your trade was?" "I done tole yer. A man and his wife am one, and if we am one, what does we want two trades for? My trade am de washin' my wife takes in." "Poor fellow. You are overworked. You need a rest."

You'll Miss Mother, when She's Gone.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

The smiles that made your life so bright
In childhood's fair and sunny day,
May lose their sweet and joyous light
Ere many years have flown away;
Her fond caress, her words so dear,
That greeted you each night and morn,
In vain soon you will seek them here—
You'll miss your mother when she's gone.

CHORUS.

Oh! watch o'er her with tender care,
With kindness all her days adorn;
No other love is half so dear—
You'll miss your mother when she's gone.

Oh! shield her with your kindest love,
And never slight her on life's way—
For like an angel from above,
She shielded you in childhood's day;
Tho' other joys may claim you now,
Oh! let her not in sorrow mourn,
But smooth the wrinkles from her brow—
You'll miss your mother when she's gone.—*Chorus.*

She watch'd above your cradle bed,
And taught you childhood's little prayer;
Oh! never from her side be led,
In age she needs your loving care;
But one sweet mother heaven gives,
And soon from earth she may be borne—
Protect and love her while she lives—
You'll miss your mother when she's gone.—*Chorus.*

Oh! I Shall Call Dada.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

I am going to tell of a charming belle,
Such a nice young gal and sweet as muscatelle;
She'd a fair, fair skin,
And her father was in the city militia.
I called on her dada one day, something important I'd to say;
His daughter said he was away,
So I couldn't see her dada, dada—
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

I blush'd to my nose when I saw sweet Rose,
Oh, how often I'd lack the courage to propose;
Not knowing what to say, I invited her to play
A tune from some opera.
I put my arm around her waist, her lovely lips I long'd to taste,
Said she, "You'd best retire in haste,
Or I shall call dada"—
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

"Oh," said I, "my dear, your dad's not here,
But believe what I say, my darling, is sincere;
I consider you divine, say, will you be mine,
Or I'll jump in the aqua."
She answer'd in a voice so bland, "Your haste, I must reprimand,
You've got my heart, but for my hand
You must ask my dada"—
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

Next morning I went for pa's consent,
When he gave me a look of great astonishment;
Said he, "I never knew that the girl loved you—
You can have her." Said I, "Huzza!'
Now nothing can ever annoy our wedded life, and oh, what joy!
We've lately got a little boy,
I'm teaching to say dada—
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

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SONG FROM "NANON."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Why does this day to me impart
Such heartfelt joy as this?
Why thus betray my beating heart
Thy tale of tender bliss?
Ah! 'tis St. Anna's day,
Saint Anna, Saint Anna!
No fairer day has been
The long delightful year hath seen!
Anna, to thee my steps I wend,
My steps I wend, my steps I wend;
Anna, to thee my best song I send,
My song I send, my song I send;
Nanon, Nanette, thy name shall ring,
Thy name shall ring, thy name shall ring;
Long as I live, thy dear praise I'll sing,
Yes, thy praise I'll sing!

EHREN ON THE RHINE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

A soldier stood on the village street,
And bade his love adieu,
His gun and knapsack at his feet,
His company in view;
With tears she kissed him once again,
Then turned away her head,
And though his lips gave not a sound,
His heart sighed this refrain:
Oh, love, dear love, be true,
This heart is only thine,
When the war is o'er, we'll part no more,
At Ehren on the Rhine.
Oh, love, dear love, be true,
This heart is only thine.
When the war is o'er, we'll part no more,
At Ehren on the Rhine.

They marched away, down the village street,
The banners floating gay;
The children cheered for the tramping feet,
That went to the war away.
But one among them turned around,
To look but once again,
And though his lips gave out no sound,
His heart sighed this refrain:
Oh, love, dear love, be true,
This heart is only thine,
When the war is o'er, we'll part no more,
At Ehren on the Rhine.

On the battle-field, the pale cold moon,
Is shedding her peaceful light,
And is shining down on a soul that soon
Will speed its eternal flight;
Amid the dying, the soldier lay,
A comrade was close at hand,
And he said: "When I am far away,
And you in our native land,
And you in our native land,
Oh, say to my love, be true,
Be only, only mine;
My life is o'er, we'll meet no more,
At Ehren on the Rhine;
At Ehren on the Rhine,
At Ehren on the Rhine.

—The commonest kind of news printing paper in Mexico costs twelve cents a pound, and when an editor hasn't got the twelve cents handy, he suspends publication for a week and goes to see a bull fight.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"George," she said, as he assisted her from the carriage, "the next time you take me out riding in the evening, I wish you would drive a less spirited horse." "Why, my dear," he replied, "there isn't the slightest danger with this horse. I can hold him easily." "Oh, I suppose you can hold him, but you have to use both hands, you know!"

Something to Tickle the Girls.

Words by A. W. French.—Music by T. B. Kelley.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

The pet of the girls everywhere,
Society calls me a wit;
For nothing gets on unless there,
I drop in to please them a bit;
I've stories not few, and jokes that are new,
As brilliant they tell me as pearls—
Nonsense now and then is liked by all men,
Of course it will tickle the girls.

CHORUS.

Something to tickle the girls,
Laughing and shaking their curls;
You'll not go amiss, I promise you this,
With something to tickle the girls.

Some chaps they are terrible bores,
Some spooney and dull as a hoe;
No kind that a gay girl adores,
She favors no one who is slow;
Some fellows are shy, and others they try,
To please when as crabbed as churls;
I'm not either one, I can revel in fun,
And can always tickle the girls.—*Chorus.*

Then take my advice ev'ry one,
And put it at once to the test;
Go in with the girls and have fun,
For that is just what suits them best;
They like a gay heart, who does well his part,
To cheer them as life swiftly whirls;
You're always their friend, to love and commend,
With something to tickle the girls.—*Chorus.*

When we Meet by the Old Bridge Again.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

My thoughts wandered back to the days long ago,
When we roamed o'er the meadows together;
Your eyes were as bright as the midsummer's glow—
Our hearts were as light as a feather.
Tho' years we've been severed, I ne'er can forget,
The moment we parted in pain:
Oh, say will you whisper that you love me yet,
When we meet by the old bridge again?

CHORUS.

The old rustic bridge, how dear 'tis to me,
I long by your side to remain;
Will you give me the welcome you once gave to me,
When we meet by the old bridge again?

Tho' wandering afar, still my dreams are of you,
And the past and its visions of gladness;
I'm thinking again, if your heart is as true,
As when we were parted in sadness.
In fancy I list to the thrill of the birds,
That sang o'er the meadow and plain:
Oh, love, will you greet me, with fond gentle words,
When we meet by the old bridge again?—*Chorus.*

Oh, say you will clasp me again to your heart,
With a joy that so fondly entrances;
I sigh, but to whisper, "no more shall we part!"
And share once again your bright glances;
For joys that are gone, I am weeping to-night,
While lonely you roam o'er the main:
Oh, love, will you greet me with smiles of delight,
When we meet by the old bridge again?—*Chorus.*

—A New York physician says that a baby must not be allowed to sleep with its mother. If he means by this that the baby should sleep with its father, he will incur the undying hatred of all married men.—*Lowell Citizen.*

There's a Light in the Window.

Copyright, 1885, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

There's an old fashioned homestead that stands by the sea,
And a fond, loving mother, full three-score and three,
Whose sad tearful eyes wander far o'er the lea,
As her lips part to murmur come back, lad, to me!
Each night to the window in silence she strays,
Where she places a lamp, and its flickering rays
Are intended for him who may never return,
But brightly the light in the window shall burn!

CHORUS.

There's a light in the window burns brightly for thee,
My brave sailor laddie, so long gone from me;
Your absence and silence makes mother's heart yearn,
So brightly the light in the window shall burn!

Oh, the story is simple, oft told in a day,
It was only a sailor who sailed far away,
And parted from mother, whose heart beat with care,
And a loving voice praying for winds to be fair;
Alas! the long years came and went as a dream,
Some story of wreckage came from the Gulf stream,
So nightly the light from the window it gleams,
Intended for him who lives only in dreams.—*Chorus.*

The light in the window, in calm or in storm,
Was never extinguished till bright early morn;
A neighbor, who chanc'd by the window to stray,
Discovered the light burning brightly one day;
A tap at the door, still no answer there came,
He stepped to the window and peeped thro' the pane:
The matron was dead, tho' the light brightly shone,
They still keep it burning for one far from home.—*Chorus.*

SHAMROCK, ROSE AND THISTLE.

Sung by Geo. W. Allen.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I wish to advocate for a people good and great,
Their likes I'm sure is very seldom known;
Old Ireland will defend, and prove she is your friend,
No matter what her enemies have shown.
The heroes she can claim, who fought for England's fame,
By far outshine all others we have seen,
And if justice you declare, the emblem we will wear,
Will always be and always should have been:

CHORUS.

A wreath of England's roses, coiled round old Ireland harp,
The thorn, the Scottish thistle, protecting them from foes;
And the little shamrock green, will lovingly be seen,
Entwining with the thistle and the rose.

In ages long gone by 'twas Ireland's boast to try,
To render aid where you in danger stood;
'Tis acknowledged by each one, no matter what she's done,
Her services have always done you good.
Then let Englishmen awake, and for peace and honest sake,
Determine to give Irishmen their dues,
And the Irishmen on their part will strive with hand and heart,
To bring this pretty picture to your view:—CHORUS.

The sons of Erin's shore are loyal to the core,
And men of peace and courage are composed;
Let the rulers of our land give what justice will demand,
And show they are impartially disposed;
For the time's approaching fast the memories of the past
From the mind of men of sense erased shall be;
And when all quarrel's ceased and our hearts are ruled by peace,
The emblems thus united we shall see:—CHORUS.

—Sooner or later justice overtakes the leader of a brass band. The other day, as one of them stood on top of a freight car "going West" on the Erie road, blowing his cornet, a bridge came along and jabbed his cornet down into his throat.

—A New York lady recently engaged an English coachman. Staying rather late at a house on Fifty-fourth street, she was anxious to get back as soon as possible by the most direct way. "John," said she, "shall we turn to the right or go straight up Madison Avenne?" "Lor', mum," John replied, "it don't make no hods to me, yer know."

FIFTH AVENUE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Before you stands Frank Rifle,
An ensign in our corps,
I'm not one of those trifles,
You've often met before;
A free and easy fellow,
On the battle-field I'm smart,
But a darling little creature's
Struck the bull's-eye of my heart.

CHORUS.

And I'll never, never leave her,
Between both me and you,
She's my darling little treasure,
I met in Fifth Avenue.

'Twas at her uncle's mansion,
I met her at a ball,
I paid her great attention,
For I loved her best of all;
What beauty did adorn her,
As I danced her off her feet,
And in a quiet corner
We had a confab sweet.

SPOKEN—Yes, I told her I loved her, and just at that moment up stepped her uncle, and said: "Young man, what's your intentions toward my niece, and what's your fortune?" I told him I had a fine estate at Land's End, but another fellow had an estate on the top of mine, and I couldn't get him to pull his off. He said: "You are the man for me, but first promise me that you'll—"—*Chorus.*

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child—how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came;
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows' flame!

To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother shuddering, closed her ears:
Rejoice! rejoice! still cried the crowd,
My mother answered with her tears.

Why are you crying thus, said I,
While others laugh and shout for joy?
She kissed, and with such a sigh,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

What is an orphan boy? I said,
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid,
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!

My hardships since I will not tell;
But, now no more a parent's joy:
Ah! lady, I have learned too well,
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed,
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me—I mean to earn my bread,
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady! you weep—ah! this to me!
You give me clothing, food, employ;
Look down, dear parents, look and see,
Your happy—happy orphan boy.

FALLING LEAVES.

Copyright, 1880, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Written and sung by Bobby Newcomb.

'Twas Autumn, and the leaves were falling,
Down the old lane I was straying,
The birds in glee were gladly calling,
As the sun with purple tinged the woody dell.
In fancy free my heart was bounding,
While I wandered and I pondered,
An old song broke upon the stilly air,
'Twas a sweet voice that I remember well.

CHORUS.

Falling leaves in music gently rustling,
While the breeze brings cadence to the ear;
Sweet perfume from flower and tree are blending,
While feathered songsters warble their notes soft and free.

The song so sweet I gently answered,
'Twas a love call and I whispered,
The old words, while she gently murmured,
That the falling leaves were listening to our lay;
We wandered on in sweet communion,
Vows were plighted, and delighted,
She answered, "yes," and said she would be mine,
And there and then I quickly named the day.—*Chorus.*

The Autumn passed, and Winter changing,
Ev'ry leaflet still was ling'ring,
Near the old lane clad in white surroundings,
And falling snow instead of leaves I find.
But love, like Summer sun ne'er changing,
And a sweet face gently smiling,
Recalls fond mem'ries ever dear to me,
For she is gentle, loving and kind.—*Chorus.*

In the Shadows of the Leaves.

Copyright, 1884, by J. P. Skelly.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

In the shadow of the leaves,
Where the moonlight softly dances,
And each whispered word of love
With delight the heart entrances;
For my darling I am waiting,
Oh, the joy my heart receives
When a loving hand is pressed in mine,
In the shadow of the leaves.
Bright stars are shining, hands are entwining,
Eyes sweetly glancing tell of delight;
Glad is our meeting, moments are fleeting,
Joy seems to dwell in the sweet Summer night!
Ah, sweet Summer night,

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the leaves,
Where the moonlight softly dances,
And each whispered word of love
With delight the heart entrances;
For my darling I am waiting,
Oh! the joy my heart receives
When a loving hand is pressed in mine,
In the shadow of the leaves.

Oh! why must we be parted
When love seems so divine?
With thee I'm joyous-hearted,
Without thee I repine!
Then come dear friend to cheer me,
On gentle Summer eves,
There's joy when thou art near me,
In the shadow of the leaves.——*Chorus.*

—A convicted bigamist, on being asked what he had to say before sentence was pronounced upon him, looked around the court-room, and seeing three of his wives glaring at him, said: "Send me to prison, and lock out all intruders."

I'll Go Back to the Old Bridge Again.

Copyright, 1885, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

I'll go back to the old bridge again,
Where we met in the days that are past;
Oh! my heart sighs in sad weary pain,
For the joys that were too bright to last.
There you whispered the vows ever dear,
While the birds warbled sweet their refrain;
In my dreams your bright welcome I hear;
I'll go back to the old bridge again.

CHORUS.

Where the brook sang so sweetly its lay,
Where my heart knew no sorrow or pain,
With my darling I'm longing to stray,
I'll go back to the old bridge again.

I'll go back to the love that was mine
In the hours that were winged with delight;
Where the flowers in our path loved to shine,
And the star of our future shone bright.
Tho' I've wandered afar, still of you
Are my visions in sadness or pain;
With a heart that is faithful and true,
I'll go back to the old bridge again.—*Chorus.*

I'll go back where sweet mem'ries entwine,
Where my thoughts fondly stray evermore;
Where you promised one eve to be mine,
Ere the days of gladness were o'er.
There the streamlet that ripples along
Will but echo our hearts' glad refrain;
We shall meet while the birds trill their song:
I'll go back to the old bridge again.—*Chorus.*

SPARKING SARAH JANE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Sitting on the sofa, leaning on my breast,
Is a lovely maiden, perfectly at rest;
Listening to my love vows, sighing very plain,
Bless me, this is pleasant, sparking Sarah Jane.

CHORUS.

Bless me, ain't it pleasant,
Bless me, ain't it pleasant,
Bless me, ain't it pleasant,
Sparking Sarah Jane?

Gentle words are spoken, kisses sweet we give,
Vows to love each other long as we do live;
Vows to be as happy as the running rill,
Never getting angry: do you think I will?—*Chorus.*

Dad is getting squeamish, shakes his head in doubt,
Ma looks on and wonders what her gal's about,
Thinks there'll be a weddin'—guesses that's no sin,
But somehow or another, *hopes* I've got the *tin.*—*Chorus.*

Daddy he's consented, mamma can't say no,
Sonny kinder likes it, sissy wants a show,
Now begins the bustle, now begins the fun,
Every one is ready, shopping must be done.—*Chorus.*

Carriage stands awaiting, "Where'll you please to go?"
"Drive us up to Stewart's," see what he can show,
Troubling all the merchants, buying here and there,
Beating down the price—"Are you sure 'twill wear?"—*Chorus.*

Hurry up the dresses, cut them very low,
Make them large and airy where the hoops do go,
Trying on the bodice, trying on the capes,
Keep your fingers moving, cause it's getting late.—*Chorus.*

Sewing in the chamber, stitching in the hall,
Servants in the kitchen, fixing for the ball;
Every one is busy, 'cepting Jane and I,
Do you know the reason—shall I tell you why?—*Chorus.*

Sitting on the sofa, leaning on my breast,
Is a lovely maiden, perfectly at rest;
Listening to my love vows, sighing very plain,
Bless me, this is pleasant, sparking Sarah Jane.—*Chorus.*

THE BONNY IRISH BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

His name I love to mention, in Ireland he was born;
I loved him very dearly, but alas, from me he's gone;
He's gone to America, he promised to send for me,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

CHORUS.

He's gone to America, he promised to send for me,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

It was in Londonderry, that city of note and fame,
Where first my bonny Irish boy a courting to me came;
He told me pleasant stories and said his bride I'd be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.—CHORUS.

I engaged my passage for New York, and on arriving there,
To seek and find my Irish boy I quickly did prepare.
I searched New York and Providence, and Boston, all in vain,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy was nowhere to be seen.—CHORUS.

I went to Philadelphia, and from there to Baltimore,
I searched the State of Maryland, I searched it o'er and o'er,
I prayed that I might find him, wherever he may be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I could no longer see.—CHORUS.

One night as I lay in bed, I dreamt I was his bride,
And sitting on the Blue Bell Hill, and he sat by my side,
A gathering of primroses, like the happy days of yore,
I awoke quite broken-hearted in the city of Baltimore.—CHORUS.

Early then next morning, a knock came to my door,
I heard his voice, I knew it was the lad I did adore,
I hurried up to let him in, I never felt such joy,
As when I fell into the arms of my darling Irish boy.—CHORUS.

Now we have got married, and he never shall go to sea,
He knows I love him dearly, and I'm sure that he loves me;
My first sweet son is called for him, my heart's delight and joy,
He's the picture of his father, he's a darling Irish boy.—CHORUS.

Farewell to Londonderry, I ne'er shall see you more,
Ah, many a pleasant night we spent around the sweet Lone Moor;
Our pockets were light, our hearts were good, we longed for to be free,
And talked about a happy home and the land of liberty.—CHORUS.

THE DONEVANS.

As sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

We came from dear old Ireland,
We're strangers in this land;
We know that all Americans
Put forth their welcome hand,
To the poor of suffering Ireland,
Time and time again;
We thank you for our countrymen,
And Donevan is our name.

CHORUS.

We're the Donevans,
We're the Donevans
From the Emerald Isle,
Across the Sea;
We're the Donevans
From a noble family.

Our ancestors were noble;
In the days of King O'Neal
They fought for Erin's freedom,
In a suit of silver mail!
Its royal blood flows in our veins,
We're proud of that self-same—
We introduce ourselves to you—
Donevan is our name.—*Chorus.*

Oh, Erin! lovely Erin!
Bright diamond of the sea,
We always sing your praises
Wherever we may be;
From the lovely banks of Shannon
To America we came—
To look around and settle down—
And Donevan is our name.—*Chorus.*

—A polite young widow, whose husband had lately died, was visited by the priest of the parish, who was ignorant of her bereavement, and inquired, as usual, after her husband's health. "He's dead, I thank you," was the polite reply.

'Neath the Maple by the Mill.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Where the moon is softly beaming
O'er the cabin and the wildwood,
And the birds have gone to rest among the trees;
Where the sturdy woodman's stroke
Has ceased to echo through the forest,
And the milkmaid's songs come floating on the breeze.

When the old church bell is chiming
The soft hour of evening prayer,
I shall look for your light footsteps down the hill;
I shall be impatient, Nellie,
Till I hear your steps beside me,
And we're sitting 'neath the maple by the mill.

I'm sitting by a little mound,
Beneath the maple shadow,
Where it's leafy branches o'er me gently wave;
There beside me sleeps the treasure,
While the sweetest Autumn flowers
Are all blooming in sweet fragrance o'er her grave.

When the Wintry winds are sighing
Among the leafless forest trees,
And the flowers lying withered cold and still,
I shall bid farewell to earth,
Could I sleep beside my darling,
In the grave 'neath the maple by the mill.

When the Circus Comes to Town.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

The people shout and all run out,
When the circus comes to town,
The Prussian band it plays so grand,
It sets them upside down.
The little boys they make a noise,
When they see the grand parade;
And watch the man with the big tin can
Of circus lemonade;
How they stare at the grizzly bear,
The wild cat and the big hyena,
The sacred calf, the big giraffe,
Skeleton and fat girl playing casino,
The riders dance, the horses prance,
With agility around the big arena;
Lose your brain, and watch and chain,
When the circus comes to town.

Lovers go to the circus show,
Eat peanuts by the peck,
While Madame, the dame, with the big French name,
Will dance on the horse's neck.
The old clown's jokes tickles the folks,
And he holds up paper balloons;
And the band will play in the same old way,
Them same old circus tunes.
Elephants all big and small,
Form in pyramids, squat on their hunkeys;
The big Zulu from Kalamazoo,
The comical mules and little trick donkey.
Girls, keep away, don't you play
Around the cage where they keep the monkey;
Do take care, you'll lose your hair,
When the circus comes to town.

Tumblers spring all over the ring,
With astonishing grace and ease;
The music plays, the people gaze
At the man on the high trapeze.
When a man will stand and poke his hand
Into the lion's mouth awhile;
And the Tatooed Greek with a terrible cheek,
Will wink at the girls and smile.
Around the course on a bareback horse,
The champion rides with great ability;
Jumps with his toes on the horse's nose,
Bows and smiles with great facility.
The ladies cheer when he stands on his ear,
And bends the crab with great agility;
Lose your purse and then you'll curse,
When the circus comes to town.

PADDY'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Did you hear tell of Paddy's Museum,
Its ancient and modern antiquities;
If not, when ye hear, ye'll see 'em,
Of their fame all old Ireland speaks.
I was always considered a lover
Of antiquities, sure from my birth,
And did somehow or other discover
What nobody else could on earth.

CHORUS.

So don't talk about Barnum's Museum;
If in passin' my house you will stop,
There's things, you'll be struck for to see 'em,
In Paddy's curiosity shop.

I've been twinty-nine times round the globe,
And niver took sleep night or day;
I've had double the patience uv Job,
To bring all these relics away.
With great kindness I have been trated,
I've bin twice kilt and shot into two,
You'll belave it all whin I've related
My list of curiosities through.—*Chorus.*

The relic I take the most pride on,
Is Ould Mother Shipton's birch broom,
The one the ould girl would fly stride on,
When she din'd wid the man in the moon.
And I've got the mattock and spade,
With which Adam the ground cultivated;
And an ould furrin' coin that was made
Before ever the world was created.—*Chorus.*

I've a walking-stick not very pliant,
Don' fancy I'm pitchin' it strong;
It belon'd to the Irish giant,
An' it's just two-and-thirty feet long;
I've his boots, too, and they are like towers;
A coach you might inside them drive;
If you'd fall in one, och! by the powers!
Ye'd niver be got out alive.—*Chorus.*

I've the bustle of Jupiter's mother,
An' Vanus, the goddess', stays;
An' I've got the steel pen, an' no other,
Wid which Shakespeare wrote all his plays.
I've got Dr. Dodd's kitchen table,
I've the brains of the famed larned pig;
I've the roof off the Tower o' Babel,
An' an Irish Ambassador's wig.—*Chorus.*

I've got a froze flame from Mount Ætna
That was caught by a man passing by;
I've a sly cupid's dart, forged at Gretna,
An' the lash of Pope Gregory's eye;
I've the toe-nail of ugly Mahomet,
I've the whiskers of Whittington's cat;
I've got Miss Queen Elizabeth's bonnet,
An' ould Mother Hubbard's cock'd hat.—*Chorus.*

I've a tree here that lump sugar grows on
Widout aither damage or hurt;
I've a handkerchief Mars blew his nose on,
An' the Queen Otaheita's she-shirt;
An' I've got King Laertes' bowl
That'll hold twenty gallons or more;
An' the very identical roll
That the baker gave Mrs. Jane Shore.—*Chorus.*

I've got all sorts of relics and stones,
I've got patched coats widout any stitches;
I've a portion of Gulliver's bones,
An' a pair uv King David's ould breeches.
I'll conclude now, because my physician
Says, singing too much turns the brain;
But I'll give you the second edition
Some night when you drop in again.—*Chorus.*

—Susan B. Anthony impersonally says, that men's lefts are not always women's rights agitators.

THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH.

As sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

We are privates in the Sixty-Ninth,
We follow up the fife and the drum;
We can't forget our old comrades
And their glory at Bull Run.
It was there with bayonets bristling,
In the thickest of the fray,
Where the shot and shell were whistling,
Our boys help'd gain the day.

CHORUS.

We march behind the band,
True sons of Paddy's land,
The Irish boys for style are excellent;
The green above the red,
With martial step we thread,
In the gallant Sixty-Ninth Regiment.

They admit we are the ladies' pride
When we're out for a grand review;
They shout huzza, from near and far,
At our Irish boys so true.
With columns solid as a wall,
Bright uniforms, neat and clean;
We are, one and all, sons of Erin,
From the land of the Shamrock green.—*Chorus.*

Should America call on her soldier boys,
To the front we'd boldly go;
For a righteous cause, our nation's laws,
Give battle to our foe.
We'll ne'er forget old Ireland,
But keep our powder dry;
"Faugh a ballagh" our cry, clear the way,
To conquer or to die.—*Chorus.*

YES, WE ALL WILL BE THERE.

Words and Music by Walter Bray.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

I am going to take a trip down home,
I hope to see you all there;
I'm gwine to get married by de light of de moon;
Oh, yes! we all will be there.
Old Bob Ridley and Zip Coon,
Said that dey would be there;
Don't tarry long, but come right soon—
Oh, yes! we'll all be there.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes! we'll all be there!
We will come there!
We will meet there—
Oh, yes! we will sing there,
And dance by the light of the moon.

We will have both mince and pumpkin pie,
I hope to see you all there!
We'll sing My Gal and Old Shoo Fly;
Yes! we all will be there.
Old Aunt Jemima—so contrary—
Said that she would be there,
And she would carry the news to Mary!
Yes! we all will be there.—*Chorus.*

Miss Eliza Jane and Susey Brown
Said that they would be there;
Coming all the way from pepper town;
Oh, yes! we all will be there.
If they don't come then I don't care,
But I wish they all will be there—
So long as they send me a lock of their hair;
Yes! we all will be there.—*Chorus.*

—The biggest-throated chicken in Washington Market is the corn-fed one who takes a peck every time.

ONCE AGAIN.

Music by Arthur Sullivan.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

I linger round the very spot
Where years ago we met,
And wonder when you quite forgot,
Or if you quite forget!
And tender yearnings rise anew
For love that used to be;
If you could know that I was true,
And I that you were free. Ah!—
Love once again, meet me once again!
Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain?

I ever yet my thoughts incline,
And back my mem'ry slips;
I feel warm fingers lock'd in mine,
I see those quiv'ring lips
Whose murmurs came like music thro',
When mine had set them free,
That all the world was naught to you,
Who only wanted me. Ah!—
Love once again, meet me once again!
Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain?

McCarthy's Boarding House.

Copyright, 1878, by Thomas E. Powers.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Denny McCarthy lives in Cherry street,
McCarthy's boarding house;
He keeps a boarding house, clean and neat,
McCarthy's boarding house.
Five dollars a week to him we pay,
McCarthy's boarding house,
We get three square meals every day
In McCarthy's boarding house.

CHORUS.

There's the Clearys and Learys,
McLinns and Flynns,
Denny Regan, and Fagin
In McCarthy's boarding house. (*Repeat.*)

I tell you, boys, they feed us high
In McCarthy's boarding house;
On lobster salad and lemon pie,
In McCarthy's boarding house.
Quail on toast, eggs and ham—
McCarthy's boarding house—
Corned beef and cabbage, and Italian jam,
McCarthy's boarding house.

CHORUS.

There is cobblers and nailers,
Tailors and weavers,
Tiny butchers and bakers
In McCarthy's boarding house. (*Repeat.*)

McCarthy bought a new piano
For McCarthy's boarding house;
For his elegant daughter, big Johanna,
In McCarthy's boarding house.
And she's the girl knows how to play
In McCarthy's boarding house;
She'd drive your appetite away,
In McCarthy's boarding house.

CHORUS.

Johanna, Alanna,
Loves Nailor, the tailor;
And faith, they'll be married
In McCarthy's boarding house. (*Repeat.*)

—Philanthropist: "Here, here, stop that! What are you doing to your little brother?" Boy: "Ain't doin' nothin'." "Why does he cry so, then?" "'Caus I tooked his candy away from him." "But didn't you have some candy, too?" "Yes, but I eat it all up." "That gives you no right to rob your little brother." "Yes, it do. I am a Socialist, I am."—*Phila. Call.*

Oh, Fred! the Boat is Turning Over.

Written and sung by Fred. Roberts.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

I happened one afternoon,
'Twas in the month of May,
While walking with a pretty girl,
I thus to her did say:
Now will you go out for a row,
The river to explore;
She said she would, 'twould do her good,
As she'd not been there before.

SPOKEN—And like a fool I hired a boat, but, directly we got on the water she made a grab at me, and said:—

CHORUS.

Oh, Fred! the boat is turning over,
Oh, Fred! you naughty man, she cried;
Oh, Fred! I wish I'd thrown her over,
Ere I ever took her up the river for a ride.

I pulled away with all my might,
But we had not gone far,
Before the girl began to scream,
And said, she'd tell her ma.
And as these words escaped her lips,
A steamer came close by,
Which caused our boat to pitch and toss,
And her again to cry:—*Chorus.*

I felt uneasy in my mind,
I scarce knew what to do;
I thought the girl would die of fright,
And so would all of you.
She said: dear Fred, oh! take me home,
Here I cannot remain;
And then there came another wave,
Which made her shout again.

SPOKEN—Shout! "Well I should obliterate, to procrastinate, shout." That wasn't no name for it; just imagine the horrible position I was in, with my hands engaged with the two sculls of the boat, and the one skull of an agitated and sea-sick young lady reclining on my manly chest, and no chance for one to obtain even a platonic hug without risking a cold water bath. She said: Oh! my, what would mamma say, if she knew I was all alone on these turbulent and tumultuous billows. I thought that was pretty good for a girl that wasn't feeling well, so I fired her into the bottom of the boat, and made all steam for land, and every time I felt inclined to weaken on the stroke, I heard a small punny voice that said:—*Chorus.*

SHOOT THE HAT.

Tune—"My Love, Nell."

Come all you true born Irishmen, wherever you may be,
Let you pay attention and listen unto me;
It's not about a king or queen, or anything like that,
But the song, my boys, that I will sing, is about my old hat

CHORUS.

It's on the street, I look so neat,
They take me for a flat;
The boys all cry when I go by,
Will he ever drop on the hat?

That hat was made in Ireland, as you may plainly see,
The like of it you could not find here in America;
I'll wear it on my lug like a big bug—aye, as stiff as starch,
While I march with the band, so fine and grand, on the 17th of March.

CHORUS.

It's on the street, I look so neat,
Boys, do you mind that?
The black-guards shout, when I turn out:
Why don't you hist the hat?

This hat I'll wear in praise of the land, me boys, that I adore,
For I dearly love old Erin's Isle, aye, and the shamrock shore.
Let them all say what'er they may, sure I don't mind that,
Until I die, you'll find that I, will stick to my old hat.

CHORUS.

On Patrick's Day, I look so gay,
With Mike and Tim, and Pat;
As we walk by, the fellows cry:
Why don't you shoot the hat?

TEN LITTLE INJUNS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Ten little Injuns standing in a line,
One toddled home, and then there were nine.
Nine little Injuns swingin' on a gate,
One tumbled off, and then there were eight.

CHORUS.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little Injun boys,
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little Injun boys.

Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven,
One kicked the bucket, and then there were seven.
Seven little Injuns cutting up their tricks,
One broke his neck, and then there were six.—CHORUS.

Six little Injuns kicking, all alive,
One went to bed, and then there were five.
Five little Injuns on a cellar-door,
One tumbled in, and then there were four.—CHORUS.

Four little Injuns out on a spree,
One dead drunk, and then there were three.
Three little Injuns out in a canoe,
One tumbled overboard, and then there were two.—CHORUS.

Two little Injuns foolin' with a gun,
One shot t'other, and then there was one.
One little Injun livin' all alone,
He got married, and then there was none.—CHORUS.

ENCORE VERSE.

One little Injun with his little wife,
Lived in a wigwam, the balance of his life.
One daddy Injun, one mammy squaw,
Soon raised a family of ten Injuns more.

CHORUS.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little Injuns more,
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little Injuns more.

I Will Stand by My Friend.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

As on we go through life's career,
How many have to rough it;
While one gives us a friendly hand,
A dozen try to buffet;
Still let's be faithful where we can,
A helping hand to lend.
My maxim is that, come what may,
I will stand by my friend;
My maxim is that, come what may,
I will stand by my friend.

When well to do in life, we all
A ready welcome get;
It's "How do you do, to-day, my boy?"
"I'm glad that we have met;"
But if in our career through life,
Bad luck does us attend,
How few will give a hand and say:
I will stand by my friend,
How few will give a hand and say:
I will stand by my friend.

A friend in need, is one indeed,
His heart and hand he lends;
How different where we have to say,
Oh, save us from our friends;
With many, friendship's but a name,
No sympathy they lend,
They bid good-day, but never say:
I will stand by my friend;
They bid good-day, but never say:
I will stand by my friend.

—"How strange Mr. McSwilligen must look without a mouth," remarked Mrs. Podsnap to Mrs. McS. "No mouth!" replied Mrs. McSwilligen. "What do you mean?" "Why, Mr. Podsnap said last night, that Mr. McSwilligen had shot off his mouth at the club."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Lady, Art Thou Sleeping?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Oh, lady! art thou sleeping
In your blissful realms,
Whilst my lonely watch I'm keeping!
Lady-love, farewell!
The night is gone, the morning
Aurora lights the sky!
The rainbow-dews are dawning—
Lady-love, good-bye;
The rainbow-dews are dawning—
Lady-love, good-bye.

Beneath thy window, nightly,
I'm touching my guitar!
And let thy smiles, sweet lady,
Cheer me when afar!
The night is gone, the morning
Grey streaks tint the sky;
The rainbow-dews are dawning—
Lady-love, good-night;
The rainbow-dews are dawning—
Lady-love, good-night.

The Comet of the West.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

I'm the comet of the West,
In the shade I put the rest,
All others are my satellites you see,
But mooning's not my game,
I've won my way to fame,
And they all have to stand aside for me.

CHORUS.

Shout, boys, shout, and let's be jolly,
Stand aside and let this swell go past;
I like to do the grand, with a short cane in my hand,
For, by Jove, you see the comet's come at last.

In Belgravia I shine,
With this taking way of mine,
And if in Rotten Row I chance to ride,
My horse holds up his head,
As though he proudly said,
"The comet comes! you fellows, stand aside.—*Chorus.*

At a theater or a ball,
Or supper, one and all,
To stand aside for me they find it best;
For my most impressive way,
Puts them down and seems to say,
"Stand aside! I am the comet of the West."—*Chorus.*

If by chance I'm at a race,
In the stand I get a place,
No matter what the crowd, or who are there;
It will always be my pride,
That I make them stand aside,
There's no resisting my important air.—*Chorus.*

Ev'ry green-room do I know,
'Hind the scenes I often go,
And I always come off better than the rest;
The ballet all know me,
And each pretty star you see
Is attracted by the comet of the West.—*Chorus.*

Though other stars may fall,
I shine brighter than them all,
And the comet's shining splendor is its pride;
Your applause then kindly lend,
For my tale is at an end,
The comet of the West, comes—stand aside!—*Chorus.*

—All women are passing fare to the Park Place elevated railway ticket-seller.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

—The unit rule prevails in the restaurant oyster stew now. Only one oyster.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Down by the Rustic Gate.

Copyright, 1883, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I stroll'd far away from the city,
Away to the brooks and the birds,
And met there a maiden so pretty,
I could not describe her in words;
She stood gently swinging her bonnet,
My bosom she makes palpitate,
My heart there I lost and she won it,
While down by the old rustic gate.

CHORUS.

Down by the rustic gate,
There for my love oft' I wait;
With kisses so sweet, oh! fondly we meet,
Down by the rustic gate.

We talk'd of the flow'rs and the weather,
The birds sweetly sang in the tree,
While lovingly strolling together,
She seem'd just an angel to me.
The moon in its silvery splendor,
Shone down while we lingered so late;
Her words they were loving and tender,
While down by the old rustic gate.—*Chorus.*

She gave me her heart true and loving,
She'll make me a nice little wife,
And from her I'll never go roving.
She'll cheer all the days of my life.
Our days will be all Summer weather,
And oft' to our friends we'll relate
How strangely we both met together,
That night at the old rustic gate.—*Chorus.*

Come Back to the Old Home Again.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

The mother's heart was o'erladen with care,
Her eyes oft filled with tears;
And the father of trouble had borne his share,
For the son they'd not seen for years.
In an angry mood he had gone away,
And left them in grief and pain;
Oh, would he could hear his parents say:
"Come back to the old home again."

In vain is his chamber kept prepared,
In vain do they watch the door,
In hope of news from him who had dared
To leave them forever more.
He lies dead in the bush, 'neath the burning sky
Of Australia's boundless plain,
And never on earth shall he hear their cry:
"Come back to the old home again."

LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

Music by Arthur Sullivan.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

The sun is setting and the hour is late,
Once more I stand beside the wicket gate;
The bells are ringing out the dying day,
The children singing on their homeward way;
And he is whisp'ring words of sweet intent,
While I, half doubting, whisper a consent.
Is this a dream? then waking would be pain;
Oh, do not wake me! let me dream again.

The clock is striking in the belfry tow'r,
And warns us of the ever fleeting hour;
But neither heeds the time which onward glides,
For time may pass away, but love abides.
I feel his kisses on my fever'd brow;
If we must part, ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream? then waking would be pain;
Oh, do not wake me! let me dream again.

IF I WAS THE PRESIDENT.

Sung by Marlow and Regan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

If I was the President just for a day,
I'd have things as I liked, you can bet;
I'd invite all the old maids that's up town living out,
And for each one a husband I'd get.
I'd rent Tammany Hall, I'd invite one and all,
To hear John Kelly his talents display;
I'd have Roscoe Conkling riding a donkey,
If I only had my own way.

I'd have Central Park in the day time made dark,
So the girls could go sparking all day;
So their fathers and mothers, and big-fisted brothers,
Could not hear or see what they say.
I'd make all Michael Feeneys and Baxter Street Sheeneys,
To the bums their old clothes give away;
I'd throw open the doors of saloons to the poor,
If I was President just for a day.

I'd throw all the Chinamen into the dump;
The Italians would pick no more buts;
I'd put limburger cheese in the policemen's pockets,
I'd colonize Hester Street with the Dutch.
I'd fill Harry Hill full of cod liver pills;
The dudes on the Bowery should pay
Twenty-five cents a week, for wearing women's corsets,
If I was the President just for a day.

My Rattling Mare and I.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

I am a country carrier,
A jovial soul am I,
I whistle and sing from morn till night,
And trouble I defy.
I've one to bear me company,
Of work she does her share;
It's not my wife, upon my life,
But a rattling old bay mare.

CHORUS.

Round goes the world,
Trouble I defy;
Jogging along together, my boys,
My rattling mare and I.

Up and down the country side,
The mare and I we go;
The folks they kindly greet us
As we journey to and fro.
The little ones they cheer us,
And the old ones stop and stare,
And lift their eyes with great surprise,
At Joe and his rattling mare.—*Chorus.*

And when the roads are heavy,
Or traveling up hill,
I'm by her side assisting her,
She works with such good will.
I know she loves me well enough,
Because the whip I spare;
I'd rather hurt myself, than hurt
My rattling old bay mare.—*Chorus.*

And when the town we reach,
She rattles over the stones;
She lifts her hoofs up splendidly,
Not one of your lazy drones.
It's, "Clear the road when Joseph comes,"
My crawlers, all take care,
Of the carrier's cart, the driver smart,
And the rattling old bay mare.—*Chorus.*

I would not change my station
With the noblest in the land;
I would not be Prime Minister,
Or anything so grand.
I would not be an alderman,
To live in luxury;
And state—if it would separate
The old bay mare and I.—*Chorus.*

BABY ON THE BRAIN.

Copyright, 1879, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

I've often heard it said, that it's nice to be a father,
And have a popsey-wopsey of your own;
But I'd rather be excused from such a little bother,
Experiences of others I have known.
If any thing will show more plainly than another,
That George is "off his crank," the reason's plain,
He's just become a dad, and his wife's become a mother,
And they both have got the "baby on the brain!"

CHORUS.

The baby, the baby, it's nothing but the baby!
They bless it and caress it till cries with pain;
They dance it up and down, and kiss it for its mother,
Oh, it's awful to have a "baby on the brain!"

How proudly does he tell all his friends that he's a daddy,
And wonders why, before they had not known;
He whistles and he sings, "with my folderolderaddy,"
And "Remember, You Have Children of Your Own!"
"Helen's Babies" have a charm, also "Other People's Children,"
He reads them over, time and time again;
Oh, ain't he got it bad! I'm afraid he won't recover
From that ailment, called the "baby on the brain.—*Chorus.*

He's tickled most to death, when his friends they all admire,
And say, he is the image of his dad;
They say, he's got his nose, and they anxiously inquire,
"If he's troubled with the 'colly-wobbles' bad?"
The youngster doesn't mind the mischief he is making,
He eats and sleeps, and sleeps and eats again;
He's got the thing down fine, and with baby mirth he's shaking,
For he knows his pop's got "baby on the brain!"—*Chorus.*

But the worst thing of it all, is the naming of the baby;
Mamma thinks "George Augustus" would be sweet,
Papa does not agree, he says, "Christopher Columbus,"
And to hear the names proposed is quite a treat.
They finally agree, he's christened plain "Augustus!"
Sweet baby, may your glory never wane;
Now, ladies, (pray excuse me), when you are thus afflicted,
I hope you'll not have "baby on the brain!"—*Chorus.*

FLEW-Y, FLEW-Y.

Words and Music by Wm. Courtright.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Elephant walked de rope—flew-y, flew-y,
Elephant walked de rope—flew-y an' a John;
Elephant walked de rope,
'Twas all full of grease and soap,
Wasn't that a fine walk—flew-y an' a John.

CHORUS.

Oh! flew-y, flew-y, flew-y, flew-y,
Oh! flew-y an' a John,
Oh! flew-y an' flewy,
Wasn't that a fine walk—flew-y an' a John.

Snail drew a rail—flew-y, flew-y,
Snail drew a rail—flew-y an' a John;
Snail drew a rail,
Drew it with his tail,
Wasn't that a fine draw—flew-y an' a John,—*Chorus.*

Camel climbed a tree—flew-y, flew-y,
Camel climbed a tree—flew-y an' a John;
Camel climbed a tree
For to catch the bumble bee,
Wasn't that a fine climb—flew-y an' a John.—*Chorus.*

—"Sold again!" Robinson, (at the window): "Hullo! here goes that woman Brown's so dead sweet on." Mrs. R. (rushing up with excitement): "Where?—who?—where?—What, that—in the gray—why, George, how ridiculous you are! That's your wife!" Robinson: "Exactly, my dear." (Tableau.)—*London Punch.*

THE OLD MOUSQUETAIRE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

On a vine covered porch sat an old Mousquetaire,
Watching intently a fair child at play;
The toys round him scattered, tho' simple they were,
And his thoughts flew far, far away.
At the sound of the drum, he was feeble no more,
But flourished his crutch in the air,
If a soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me,
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!
If a soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me,
Shoulder arms! cried the old Mousquetaire,
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!

CHORUS.

At the sound of the drum, he was feeble no more,
But flourished his crutch in the air;
If a soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me,
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!

My musket and sword I have hung up to rest,
My knapsack, my belt, and my battered canteen;
At Jena, at Wegram, the East and the West,
With the old Mousquetaire have they been;
I could still stand a brush, though nearly four score,
But prudence forbids me forbear,
For the time it draws nigh, when King Death will cry,
To your arms! To your arms! To your arms!
To your arms! To your arms! To your arms!
For the time it draws nigh, when King Death will cry,
To your arms! with the old Mousquetaire,
To your arms! To your arms!—*Chorus.*

DASCHEN, ON THE RHINE.

Recited by Thos. H. Winnett.

If ever you go to Switzerland,
The land of varied charms,
Where nature, ever smiling greets
Her guests with outstretched arms;
No matter what your guide-book says—
Be certain, rain or shine,
To stop a day, and see the falls,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

Provide yourself with a walking-stick,
Stout boots, a broad-brimmed hat,
And don the worst old coat you've got;
'Tain't *chic*—but what of that?
And don't you forget an Alpine horn,
They call it here a *stein*—
For beer's the horn they chiefly like,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

'Twixt mountain slopes, in verdure clad,
Stretch vales of rural wealth—
A landscape fair, that tells of naught,
Save harmony and health.
No lawyer here e'er found a case,
Nor doctor—I opine;
For Schweitzer is the only "kase,"
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

The honest peasantry, whose homes
Thick dot the country o'er,
Will never—hardly ever—turn
The tourist from their door,
Unless he lost his pocket-book;
They're somewhat in the line
Of franc and centime-ntol folk,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

And when at last you've seen the falls,
For half an hour or so,
And after loafen 'round a while,
Conclude it's time to go
To dinner, take especial care,
That frugally you dine;
The falls are steep—and prices, too,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

PRETTY LITTLE MARY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

To farmer Jones's I went one lovely February,
For change of air I had left town, for I felt so forlorn;
When a lovely scene burst on my sight, for there was pretty Mary,
With the cocks and hens all around her, she was feeding them with corn.

CHORUS.

Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck,
Said pretty little Mary, light as a canary;
Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck,
As she call'd her chickens all around her.

I loved her from that moment, and would have felt much annoyed,
Had I thought another sought her hand, for I'm a jealous Turk;
A prettier girl you could not see more prettily employed,
As she gave a sidelong glance at me, then went on with her work.
Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, &c.

I raised my hat politely, said, "Good-morning, to you, Mary,"
She just glanced at me, slightly bowed her pretty little head;
Said I, "My dear, you've stolen my heart, I really must be wary,
I'm deeply stabb'd with cupid's dart," she look'd at me, and said:
Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, &c.

I would be, day after day, with her completely stricken,
I could not tear myself away, but by her side I'd stand;
I said, "Oh! would I were a bird," of course I meant a chicken,
To be fed, altho' perhaps absurd, by Mary's lovely hand.
Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, &c.

Six months with Jones I tarried, and I got so fond of Mary,
To beg she'd wed, I had no fear, so popp'd to her one day;
She consented, we were married, and what's more extraordinary,
We've got five chicks, to whom I hear my dear wife often say:
Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, &c.

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know,
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew,
Singing hey! aloft and alow!
Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze!
The spray as sparkling thrown from her prow,
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
When homeward she's steering now!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
With hearts aboard, both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow;
The blackening sky, and the whistling wind,
Foretell the approach of a gale;
And a home and its joys flit over each,
Husbands, lovers, on deck there! a sail!
A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Distress is the word, God speed them through,
Bear a hand aloft and alow!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Freedom defends the land where it grew,
We're free aloft and alow!
Bearing down a ship, in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast-head;
She's wrecked, and the one that floats alongside,
The stars and stripes that's to victory wed;
A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Ne'er strikes to a foe, while the sky is blue,
Or a tar aloft and alow!

—About the only troubles that come single are fussy old maids.—*Modern Argo.*

—A young lady calls her beau "Honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front fence.

BANBURY CROSS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

"Oh! pray, tell me the road to Banbury Cross,
To Banbury Cross," said she,
"For I've missed my way, and am quite at a loss,
They'll wonder what's happen'd to me."
"O Banbury Cross, pretty maiden," he said,
"Is many a mile ahead,
But I'll show the way, that is if I may?"
"I thank you, good sir," she said.

So they journey'd along toward Banbury Cross,
Thro' lanes that were bordered with flowers;
As she coyly spoke of the ferns and moss,
She culled the bright Summer hours.
"At Banbury Cross, pretty maiden," he said,
"What happy lives must be led;
How I wish, yes, I do, that I lived there, too!"
"And why not, good sir?" she said.

The church bells are ringing at Banbury Cross,
All Banbury Cross is gay!
And afar and near, there rings many a cheer,
For those to be married to-day.
"At Banbury Cross, little wife," said he,
"We'll live when we are wed!"
"And forever and aye, I shall bless the day,
We met on the way," she said.

CARRIE, DEAR.

Sung by Fred. Klett.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

Oh, Carrie, dear, I think of thee,
My heart is full of love,
I hope the time I will soon see,
When you're my turtle dove;
I'll ne'er forget when we did part,
You said to me, good-bye,
I'm sure you know it broke my heart,
As tears dropped from my eye.

CHORUS.

Whene'er I think of you, I say,
I wish that you were here;
I hope it will be soon the day,
When you're my Carrie, dear.

Believe that I do love you still,
Although I'm far from thee,
I never shall contented be,
Until once more your face I see;
And then how happy I will be,
To be with you once more,
My heart will overflow with glee,
Still thee I do adore.—*Chorus.*

If I could only hear your voice,
And see your face again,
Ten thousand times I would rejoice,
No more my heart would pain;
I hope the time it may be soon,
When you will sure be mine,
Together through this world we'll roam,
No more will I then pine.

CHORUS.

I'm sure we will enjoy our life,
No more then will I fear,
For you will be my darling wife,
My own sweet Carrie, dear.

—"How is it you can tell such whoppers?" asked a caller, addressing the editor of the fish story department. "Well, you see," replied the editor, "our wife's name is Anna." "What has that to do with it?" "A great deal. When we are writing fish stories, we usually have Anna nigh us to help us." The caller was carried to the hospital.—*Exchange.*

Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Fred Jones, hatter, of Leicester Square,
Presents himself to you—
And you may guess, when he is dress'd,
Of girls he knows a few;
A widow fell in love with him,
While riding in a train,
She had a blessed boy with her,
Who caus'd us both much pain.

SPOKEN—Yes, the confounded young urchin caused me a great deal of pain and sorrow, and the widow, his mother, introduced me to him as his uncle! Fred Jones was never an uncle before, and will never be again, not if he knows it! And the whole of the journey the mother said to the boy:

CHORUS.

"Tommy, make room for your uncle,
There's a little dear;
Tommy, make room for your uncle,
I want him to sit here;
You know mamma, has got a *bun*,
And that she'll give to you,
So don't annoy, there's a good boy,
Make room for your uncle, do."

When first I met the firm of Green,
'Twas on my journey down,
To spend a day at Rosherville,
"Just like a swell from town;"
The widow loved romantic scenes,
And a squeeze on the sly,
But when my arm went 'round her waist,
The boy began to cry!

SPOKEN—He declared I was hurting his mamma, and would insist on sitting between us. Only fancy making love to a *girl* with a boy in the way. But she said to him, in a voice so sweet:—*Chorus.*

The mother told her loving son,
To watch the passing train,
But, no, he said, "My Uncle Fred
Will kiss your hand again;"
The widow blushed, a maiden blush,
And I was not myself,
For who could make love on a seat,
In front of that young elf?

SPOKEN—Yes, it would never do to make love before the boy, and the widow said: "Not before the boy, Fred, not before the boy." Just then we went under a tunnel, and she said:—*Chorus.*

In a snug retreat at Rosherville,
I went down on my knees,
And asked, if she would fly with me,
Across the bright blue seas?
She sighed, and said: "You wicked man!
But how about the child?"
And clasped him fondly to her breast,
While I the agony piled!

SPOKEN—I said: "My lovely of all lovely beings, let us fly to some foreign clime, where I will protect you and your boy." She answered, and said: "How about my little pie-shop in the Bowery?" "Oh! Bloomsbury! Do you keep a pie-shop?"—*Chor.*

—The lady of the house—the Queen of Ashantee.—*New York Advertiser.*

—Jeems says his boarding house is too slow. He told the old lady yesterday, that hereafter he'd like to dynamite earlier.—*Hartford Journal.*

—We have heard it asked who painted Henry Kirke White. It was probably the same person who painted William Black, Thomas Gray, and the other Tom Brown.

—The new cashier was said to be a man of parts, but when they came to look for him just after his forced loan on the establishment was discovered, they found his parts to be parts unknown.—*Boston Transcript*

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

How I wish that my wife would not practice all day,
My head is ready to split,
It snows, so I can't get out of her way,
But at home all the morning must sit.
How little I thought, when I first heard her sing,
And hung o'er her harp with delight,
The sorrows a musical partner might bring,
Who would practice from morning till night.
Oh! beware, ye young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

"Eliza, my love, I've a letter to write,
Pray, cease for a moment, my dear."
"Good heavens!" she cries, 'you forget that to-night,
Ned Seguin and Frazer'll be here.
Anguera has promis'd to bring his guitar,
Rametti will play on the flute,
So I'm trying a second to 'Young Lochinvar,'
Which Miss Stone will perform on the lute!"
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

Last week, in the Senate, on Tuesday's debate,
We never divided till three,
When, tir'd and exhausted, I hurried home late,
How I long'd for a cup of green tea;
But, alas, neither tea nor repose could I get,
For Keyser and Lange were there,
And my wife was performing a fav'rite quartette,
So I went to the club in despair.
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

An office was vacant—the postmaster gave
The place to my brother through me,
I was out—so the messenger carried his note
To Eliza—while singing a glee.
But, surrounded, alas! by her musical choir,
My wife could not think of my brother;
So the luckless appointment was toss'd in the fire,
And the office—was given to *another*.
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

Yet they tell me, alas! that I ought to be blest,
In a wife with so perfect an ear—
Deaf husbands!—oh, knew ye the blessings of rest,
Ye ne'er would be so anxious to hear!
I, alas! have discover'd my folly too late—
Take warning by me while you can—
When you hear a fine voice—oh! remember my fate!
I'm a wretched—unfortunate man!
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

SWEET ALPINE ROSES.

Copyright, 1884, by J. F. Martindale.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Sweet Alpine roses, treasures so dear,
Emblems of her love, pure as heav'n above;
All that is left my sad life to cheer,
Bringing back her smile, gentle as the dove!
Lonely I roam o'er the mountain side,
Dreaming of her once so dear,
And as I pluck the sweet Alpine rose,
I bathe it with many a tear.

CHORUS.

Sweet Alpine roses, treasures so dear,
Emblems of her love, pure as heav'n above;
All that is left my sad life to cheer,
Bringing back her smile, gentle as the dove!

Last year in Spring-time
They laid her 'neath the ground,
Where Alpine roses blossom
Above her lonely mound;
And ev'ry day in Summer
I climb the mountain high,
To pluck sweet Alpine roses,
And plant with many a sigh!—*Chorus.*

HER LOVERS.

My first, my very first, his name was Will.—
A handsome fellow, fair, with curling hair
And lovely eyes. I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there—
At least, I heard so. Ah, dear me— dear me!
How terribly in love he used to-be!

The second, Robert Hill, he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball—
A foolish boy. He carried off my glove.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in the most outrageous way.
Ah, me! how mother scolded all next day.

The third woke up my heart. From night till morn,
From morn till night again I dreamed of him;
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn;
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame,
When I remember Paul—that was his name.

The fourth and fifth were brothers—twins at that;
Good fellows,—kind, devoted, clever, too.
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat—
Both in one day; but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garretson!

He never cared for me—I found that out—
Despite the foolish clingings of my hope;
A few months proved it beyond a doubt.
I steeled my heart; I would not pine or mope,
But masked myself in gayety, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent.

So those are all my lovers. My husband? Oh,
I met him down in Florida one Fall—
Rich, middle-aged, and prosy, as you know:
He asked me, I accepted; that is all.
A kind, good soul; he worships me; but then
I never count him in with other men.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Whil'st walking down the street one day, I happened for to see,
A poor, half starving little girl, who with pity looked at me;
She asked me, if I would give her a penny for some bread,
She said, that she was homeless, and nowhere to lay her head.
I said, "Explain the reason, child, why you have got no home,
And why in such a ragged state about the streets you roam;
So young, and yet so beautiful, 'mid'st sin and danger hurled,
With no one for to guide your steps, through this sin-tempting world?"

"Kind sir, an orphan I was left when I was very young,
I've never known the pleasure of a loving parent's tongue;
No home have I, where I might rest my weary limbs a while,
No loving sister's welcome word, no loving brother's smile.
I wander in those tattered rags, through Winter's cold and snow,
I have no friends to shelter me, and where am I to go?
An outcast in this cruel world, the thought oft drives me wild,
For no one will have pity on a homeless orphan child."

Oft'times I get a passing glimpse, of some fire burning bright,
With merry children sitting round, oh, what a pleasant sight!
The cheerful glow the fire sends forth, doth brighten up the scene,
Whilst I must wander all alone, through frost and snow so keen.
Had I but wings, that I might fly to that bright realm above,
Then all my sorrows would be o'er, I'd dwell with Him I love;
True happiness alone reigns there, no troubles there are known,
In peace and joy they reign with Him, around the heavenly throne."

Her words they touched me to the heart, I meditating stood,
And gazed upon her feeble form, in a dreamy sort of mood;
A vision flashed acrossed my mind, a vision from of yore,
My mother's last words unto me, "be kind unto the poor."
I took her to my home, and clothed her tattered form so bare,
I tended on her as she grew, in beauty pure and rare;
To end my tale, I loved her, so tender, meek and mild,
And now she's mistress of my house, though once an orphan child.

BRIGHT ALFARATA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata;
Swift as an antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song,
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata;
Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe,
Down the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniata;
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

Thus sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Junita;
Fleeting years have born away
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on
Blue Juniata.

Silver Bells of Memory.

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In the hush of eventide,
Sitting by my cottage door,
Fancy softly seems to glide
Backwards to the days of yore;
And I hear in changeful swells,
Sweetest tones of melody,
'Tis the sound of silver bells,
Silver bells of memory.

CHORUS.

Silver bells, silver bells,
Silver bells of memory;
Silver bells, silver bells,
Silver bells of memory.

Many faces have grown old,
Many forms been laid to rest
Underneath the churchyard mould,
Ones I loved the most and best;
Since I've heard the distant swells,
Floating on the winds to me,
Low and sweet the silver bells,
Silver bells of memory.—*Chorus.*

Now I seem to live once more,
All the dear delightful past,
Ere the shadows long before
Sunny skies had overcast;
When we wandered in the dells,
Lingered in the flowery lea,
Listening to the silver bells,
Now the bells of memory.—*Chorus.*

—The Indians breaking out again? For mercy's sake, why weren't they vaccinated?—*Boston Transcript.*

—Never despise a man who wears a paper shirt front. He may have no mother to support him.

Eggs for Your Breakfast in the Morning

Sung by T. M. Hengler.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

I love to live on the bright green hills,
I love to live on a farm,
I love to be where the primrose grows,
For a country life is a charm;
I love to play around the old barn yard,
Down by the old hay stack,
Where you hear the little chickens as they cackle, cackle, cackle,
And the merry little ducks quack, quack.

CHORUS.

Quack, quack, quack, goes the pretty little ducks,
Chickens cackle, cackle—that's a warning,
When the rooster crows—most everybody knows—
There is eggs for your breakfast in the morning.

I love to be by the bright yellow corn,
I love to roll on the grass,
I love to play with the pretty little lambs,
Along with a pretty little lass;
I love to be by the old mill stream,
Down near the pigs and the sow;
When you get up in the morning, and you see the maid a milking
Her favorite old Durham cow.—CHORUS.

CHARLEY, HE'S A MASHER.

Copyright, 1881, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

There is a little fellow, who no doubt you all have seen,
And Charley is the charmer's Christian name;
He dresses in the fashion, with a bright neck-tie of green,
And to tell the truth, he never looks the same.
His hair he curls right nobby, and his moustache waxed to kill,
He's gotten up expressly for the day;
He stands upon the corners, but really can't keep still,
And should you chance to meet him, I'm sure you'd say:

CHORUS.

Charley, he's a masher, Charley, he's a pet,
Charley, he's a darling, he's a dandy, you can bet;
He's the object of attention, from all the ladies fair,
And when he's out on promenade, you should see them at him stare.

He attends all the theatres, and seems perfectly at home,
Has invitations to parties, balls and fairs;
He's a sort of privileged character, and is always seen alone,
He seems to run the gauntlet everywhere.
He's polished in his manner, in a la-de-da sort of a way,
But how he lives, I'll leave it all to you;
You couldn't help but notice him, he always looks so gay,
It's a mystery how they do it, but they do.—CHORUS.

NAPOLITAINE.

As sung by Carncross' Minstrels.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Napolitaine, I am dreaming of thee,
I'm hearing thy foot-falls so joyous and free;
Thy dark flashing eyes are entwining me yet,
The voice with its music I ne'er can forget.
I'm far from the land of own sunny home,
Alone in this wide world with sorrow I roam;
In the halls of the gay, or wherever it be,
Still, Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

Napolitaine, art thou thinking of me?
Hath absence not banished my mem'ry from thee?
Remember our meetings, their whispers to keep,
When bright eyes were calling all lovers to sleep.
And yet would I not have a shade on thy brow,
As bright as though 'twere lit, is thine on me now;
For 'tis memory that brings all thy beauty to me,
Still, Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.
Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee,
Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Jeff. Davis is a stupid fool,
Hurrah! hurrah!
He thinks he can the Union rule,
Hurrah! hurrah!
He never went a day to school,
And is as stubborn as a mule—
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

King Cotton is Jeff.'s darling pet,
Hurrah! hurrah!
It will deceive him, mark me, yet,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Then he'll rave and fume, and fret;
Was there an ass like him ev'er met?—
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

John Bull and Johnny Frenchman still,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Jeff. dreams they will his coffers fill,
Hurrah! hurrah!
He'll soon find out, to his disgrace,
And wish himself out of the place—
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

His blockade runners are all gone,
Hurrah! hurrah!
His cabinet are pale and wan,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Our Union still is pushing on,
To hang the traitors, one by one—
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

You'd better then give up at once,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And play no more the rebel dunce,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Then we'll extend a brother's hand,
And form again a happy land—
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

MARRIED LIFE.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Not long ago my heart did ache, some darling girl to love,
With angel voice and fairy form, and gentle as the dove;
I skirmished where the girls were thick, and soon got me a wife,
I'll tell you how, for about three months, we spent our married life.
'Twas Sissy love her Bubby, and Bubby love his Sis,
All the day and all the night, we'd love and hug, and kiss;
Just as sweet as sugar, I thought my little wife,
Yum, yum, oh! wasn't it nice, enjoying married life.

Six months had gone and then our love had grown a little cool—
When I look back on what I done, I know I've been a fool;
The battle rages fiercely, I've such a jealous wife,
I'll tell you how, in the next three months, we spent our married life.
She said I loved another, I said it was a lie,
She grabbed the pot of noodle soup, and plastered up my eye,
She smashed me with a ladle, and stabbed me with a knife,
I'm broke in heart, and pocket too, enjoying married life.

It's just a year ago that I, was single, gay and free,
But now I've got a wife that slugs, and a baby on my knee;
My mother-in-law is crazy, she sides in with my wife,
I tell you it's not so healthy now, enjoying married life;
They make me do the scrubbing, when I come home from work;
I wash and dress the baby, too, which hollers like a Turk;
They're on the avenue mashing, my mother-in-law and wife,
While I stuff catsup in the kid, oh, dang a married life.

—"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "suppose you go for the mail." "Yis, sor, an' what kind of male wud you be wantin'—Indian male or oat male?"—*Somerville Journal.*

Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

Abram Lincoln, what yer 'bout?
Hurrah! hurrah!
Stop this war! for it's all played out—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Abram Lincoln, what yer 'bout?
Stop this war! it's all played out—
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

We're getting anxious, all of us,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We're getting anxious, all of us,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We're getting anxious, all of us,
For you to stop this Southern muss—
Then we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

The Conscription Act, it now is passed,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The Conscription Act, it now is passed,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The Conscription Act, it now is passed,
And we'll be drafted all at last—
Then we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

Gold, it now is coming down,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Gold, it now is coming down,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Gold, it now is coming down,
For they have run it in the ground—
So we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

TEN MINUTES TOO LATE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Certain fidgety folks, we have all of us met,
Who are famous for being "too soon,"
For a two o'clock *dejeuner a la fourchette*,
They are safe to turn up about noon.
Punctuality's all very proper I know,
But all hurry and worry I hate,
So it always occurs, wherever I go,
I'm exactly ten minutes too late!

CHORUS.

Punctuality's all very proper I know,
But all hurry and worry I hate,
So it always occurs, that wherever I go,
I'm exactly ten minutes too late!

When I jump in a hansom, or climb in a bus,
To be nicely in time for a train,
I am half in a fever, and quite in a fuss,
Tho' I feel that my efforts are vain;
When I find myself safe in the station at last,
And believe it's five minutes to eight,
I observe with a sigh, that it's five minutes past,
So I'm only ten minutes too late!—*Chorus.*

I was once on a time very deeply in love,
And I courted in verse, and prose,
I obtained a big lock of her hair, and a glove,
So I made up my mind to propose;
But a cab drove away as I knock'd at her door,
And her answer decided my fate,
For my rival had called there a little before,
So that I was ten minutes too late!—*Chorus.*

I should sing for a month, if I told in a song,
The misfortunes I have to endure,
From this habit that's haunted me all my life long,
And will haunt me till death, I am sure;
When my fitful career is approaching its end,
And I lie in a critical state,
It's no matter what physics my doctor may send,
I shall take them ten minutes too late!—*Chorus.*

Maryland, My Maryland.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

The rebel horde is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise! and drive him from thy door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the foe thou must abhor,
Who seeks thy fall, oh, Baltimore!
Drive back the tyrant, peace restore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to a nation's warm appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
And sister States that for thee feel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Gird now thy sons with arms of steel,
And heavy be the blows they deal,
For traitors shall thy vengeance feel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy sons shall battle with the just,
And soon repel the traitor's thrust;
For in their strength our State shall trust,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy men are bold and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Drive back the foe that would thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come with thine own heroic throng,
And, as thy army moves along,
Let Union be their constant song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Virginia feels the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Her children lay around her slain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Let Carolina call in vain,
Our rights we know and will maintain,
Our rise shall be her fall again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant battle's hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I hear the bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou art not deaf, thou art not dumb,
Thou wilt not falter, nor succumb;
I hear the cry, "we come! we come!"
Maryland, my Maryland!

Ten hundred thousand brave and free,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Are ready now to strike with thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
A million more still yet agree,
To help thee hold thy liberty,
For thou shalt ever, ever be,
Maryland, my Maryland!

—Even when trade is rather dull in other lines, there is generally a bustle in dry goods stores.

—Henry Irving has 200 pairs of suspenders. But what doth it profit a man if he hath 200 pairs of suspenders and lose one button?—*Philadelphia News.*

—The widow of Dr. Glenn, the great California farmer, will realize this year $700,000 from the grain crop. Now is the time for the enterprising young man in search of a partner to go West.

—A New York man who sued a railroad for killing his cow has lost his case. The railroad company proved by witnesses that the schedule of the road was pasted on a fence right where the cow could see it, and, besides, that the engineer winked four times at it, but the reckless animal would not take the hint.

THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Give me three grains of corn, mother, only three grains of corn,
It will keep the little life I have, till the coming of the morn;
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother, dying of hunger and cold,
And, oh, the agony of such a death, the half was never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother, a wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day and the night beside, gnawing for lack of food;
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother, and the sight was heaven to see,
I woke with an eager famishing lip, but you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother, how could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy, when you were starving too;
For I read the famine in your cheek, and in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand, as you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother, the queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast, a famishing babe to hold;
A babe that is dying of want, mother, as I am dying now,
With a look of woe in its sunken eye, and misery on its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother, what has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve, perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother, the great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle, whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother, dying of hunger and cold,
While only across the channel, are many who roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother, with wondrous wealth to view,
And the crumbs that drop in their hall to-night, would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother, come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held my father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother, my breath is almost gone,
Mother, dear mother, ere I die, give me three grains of corn.

Conductor with the Patent Bell Punch.

Written and composed by Sam Devere.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

He seems such a nice polite young man,
He's known both near and far.
He carries in his hand a patent bell punch,
He's conductor on a Flatbush car;
Such nice curly hair, and a blonde moustache,
And he got such a captivating eye,
When he helps the ladies to a seat in his car,
They blush and say, oh, my!

CHORUS.

As he goes through the car to collect his fares,
Of stamps he carries a bunch,
And he never was known to knock down a cent,
For he carries a patent bell punch.

He says, as he waltzes through with a smile,
Your fares, now, if you please!
Then he plays you a tune on the patent bell punch,
And he makes your change with ease;
He always keeps his weather-eye peeled,
For the people that he thinks will ride,
For he's always got the same old cry,
There's plenty of room inside.—*Chorus.*

Move right up, there's plenty of room
Inside! he says, with a yell,
And he packs you in like an old sardine,
Then he gives another yank on the bell;
They say, it's a fact, and upon my word,
You would hardly believe,
He carries a punch for the railroad company,
And another for himself in his sleeve.—*Chorus.*

—During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep. "Now's your chants," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor." "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto. "You'll wake the hymn up," suggested the bass. "I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name is Psalm," remarked the boy that pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quartette.—*Life.*

The Clam-Soup Peddler's Daughter.

Copyright, 1878, by Sam Devere.

'Twas a real hot Summer's day,
I felt most terribly,
So I got up and tore for the big sea shore,
And a swim in the deep blue sea;
On the beach was a nice young gal,
Her feet looked like two hams,
On her bended knees, in the cool sea breeze,
She was digging for soft-shell clams.

CHORUS.

'Twas on Coney Island beach,
We flirted and I caught her;
I was up above my ears in love,
With the clam-soup peddler's daughter.

I approached this lovely maid,
And said, sweet angel dear,
As the day is hot, say, would'st thou not
Prefer some German beer;
But many a word she spoke,
This innocent sea-shore lamb,
As she dug in the sand, with her sun-cured hand,
And pulled out a great big clam.—*Chorus.*

When I said, oh, fairest maid,
I swear I'll love but thee,
She said, you might, but clams don't bite,
To-day, by the deep blue sea;
She said, when I showed her wealth,
And asked her for her hand,
Go up to the shop, and ask my pop,
He's the fellow with the clam-soup stand.—*Chorus.*

In de Louisiana Lowlands.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

'Way down in Louisiana, not many years ago,
There lived a color'd gemblem, his name was Pompy Snow,
He played upon de banjo, and on de tamborine,
And for rattling ob de bones, he was de greatest ever seen
In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands low, in de Louisiana lowlands low.

CHORUS.

In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands low,
In de Louisiana lowlands, low.

One night, old Pompey started off to play for Cæsar Clum,
But afore he went he fortified, with a good, stout glass of rum;
When on de road he thought he saw a darkey, tall and grim,
So Pompey laid de banjo down, to break de darkey's shin;
In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands low.—CHORUS.

Says he, old chap, just move along, or else I'll spoil your face,
But dis darkey didn't seem to move from out his hiding-place;
So, drawing back, he crooked his head, and down at him—cachunk,
But Pompey made a sade mistake, for 'twas nothing but a stump.—CHORUS.

De stump it proved a little hard, too hard for Pompey's wool,
For when he struck, de hickory knot went through de darkey's skull;
Dey found his banjo by his side, and Pompey lying dead—

SPOKEN—And ladies and gentlemen, dis is de first time upon record, dat it was ever known of a darkey's ever coming to his death

By de breaking of his head.

CHORUS.

Den dey buried in de lowlands, low,
Den dey buried in de lowlands, low.

—Tommy was busily engaged in spinning his top on the front steps on Sunday morning in plain view of the people who were passing to church. Tommy's mother happening to look out of the upper window, saw him, and said: "Tommy, I am astonished to see you at play to-day. Don't you know that is is Sunday, and it is very wicked to play out there? Go into the back yard if you want to spin your top." "Well," said Tommy, "ain't it Sunday out there, too?"

How We Tried to Whip the Teacher.

By Eugene Hall.

I wuz a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull an' tall,
Ez green ez eny gozlin', but I tho't I know'd it all.
I went to school at Piano. I chopped up wood an' chored,
For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him for my board.

One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,
About ez rough an' raw ez I—about as big a fool—
Jist hinted in a private way, 'twould be a right smart feature,
An' giv' us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lic' the teacher.
We wouldn't ask no better fun than jist to make him climb;
We'd hev a long vacation an' a whopper of a time.

The teacher he wuz sickly—he wuz not ez big ez I—
I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't half but try,
Fur any one lookin' at him would a said on sight,
Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight.
His hands they wa'n't accustomed much to hangin' on to ploughs,
To hoin' corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin' twenty cows;
Philetus said he'd use him for a mop to mop the floor,
An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd h'ist him out the door.

We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we had planned
They said 'f we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin' hand;
But big Philetus Phinney, he wuz tickled ez could be,
To think that they tho't a snip like that could lick a chap like he;
'F I'd kick the bucket over, he'd make the teacher dance—
He'd flop him in the water, he'd mop it with his pants.

We heard the school-bell ringin', we scrambled in pell-mell;
I run ag'in' the water-pail, on puppus, an' I fell;
I struck upon a stick o' wood, I badly raked my shin,
The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

The scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his chair,
He took me by the trousers, and he held me in the a'r,
Then round an' round, an' round an' round, he whirled me like a top,
An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop;
He took me an' he shook me, till I tho't that I should die,
He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry,
While big Philetus Phinney he wuz just too scar'd to laugh,
He let the teacher thrush me till I bellered like a calf.

An' all the other fightin' boys, with white an' frightened looks,
Sot shakin' in the'r very boots an' ras'lin' with the'r books;
An' oh, how hard they studied—not a feller spoke or stirred—
They didn't dar' to whisper or to say a single word.
Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me such a scar'?
He still, is peaked lookin'—he's settin' over thar'—
And tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yit, I vow,
I'd hate to hev him git those hands o' his'n on me now.
He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his school:
That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

George Constantine McKeown.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1828, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

A dandy and a lady's man, has come before you now,
A man of taste and culture, for 'tis written on my brow;
In Irish circles, I'm the pet of all the ladies fair,
And I always meet with favor and a hearty welcome there.
The reason must be obvious, I don't make use of slang,
I use well chosen language, which surprises all the gang;
You'll often hear the ladies say: "Now, hasn't he the tone?
He ought to be a counsellor, George Constantine McKeown.

I'm in the book and picture trade, I canvas every day,
And tho' the times are very hard, I always make it pay;
The literature of Ireland, I have at my command,
And when I'm talking up a trade, my style is great and grand.
I tell them how brave Sarsfield fought and kept the foe at bay,
And how the women held the fort at Limerick town, that day;
I get them all excited, for I am no dunce or drone,
You'll hear them cry: "I'll take four books, George Constantine McKeown."

You ought to hear me make a speech, about election time,
I overflow with eloquence, with anecdote, with rhyme;
My attitudes are picturesque, and I can plainly show,
That I'm the Irish orator, the Celtic "Cicero."
Some say, to imitate me, but their show attempts are vile,
They cannot catch my loftly tone, my grand, imperious style;
Let spurious imitators fall, for equals I have none,
I, the great original, George Constantine McKeown.

LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1828, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see,
And if a blame, let's remind him,
That from faults there are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Who we're loading with high honors now.

CHORUS.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see,
And if a man blame, let's remind him,
That from faults there are none of us free.

FULL CHORUS.

Let us speak of a man, let us speak of a man,
Let us speak of a man as we find him.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say,
If he's frail, then a kind word may bind him,
When coldness would turn him away;
For the heart must be barren, indeed,
Where no bud of repentance doth bloom,
Then pause, ere you cause it to bleed,
When a smile or a frown hangs it down.—*Chorus.*

The Belleville Convent Fire.

Copyright, 1885, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Sheet Music of this popular Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York City.

Words by John Fletcher.—Music by Ned Straight.

Kind friends give attention to what I relate,
And ever remember those poor children's fate;
In full health and vigor, they retired for the night,
Not thinking of fire, that soon raged with its might.
The rooms and the hallways were clouded with smoke
When the dear little children from slumbers awoke—
They rushed to the windows—it would make brave hearts sigh
To see those white faces at the window so high.

CHORUS.

No one to help them, no one to bless—
No one to save them in their sad distress;
It was in Belleville City, sad grief did abound,
On the night that the convent was burned to the ground.

Near thirty dear souls from the earth took their flight,
In that ill-fated convent on that fatal night;
And fathers and mothers are now left to mourn
Their children, who had better never been born.
A girl at the window, stood, three stories high,
"Oh, save me! dear mother," in vain she did cry;
Just then an explosion, we grieve to relate,
And all in that convent had met their sad fate.—*Chorus.*

Let us mention this pure soul, who went with the rest,
To that sweet land above, to be there ever blest;
The brave holy mother from the rooms would not go,
Although twice before she had been down below;
A brave heroine, she stood true to her post,
When she saw that the children would surely be lost;
She rushed up the stairway with pitiful cry,
While praying to God with her children to die.—*Chorus.*

When the dread cry of "fire," was heard loud in the air,
Fond fathers and mothers were seen everywhere;
When the firemen arrived, alas! it was too late,
For all those poor children had met their sad fate.
We know they have gone to a far better shore,
Where the death-dealing fire fiend can reach them no more;
Let us hope we will meet them all up there again,
Where there's no more sorrow, no anguish or pain.—*Chorus.*

Sweet Dreams of Mother and Home.

Copyright, 1885, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Sheet Music of this popular Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York City.

Words by George Cooper.—Music by J. P. Skelly.

Life has its pleasure, and life has its pain,
Still we can never forget—
Joys of our childhood now greet us again,
Bright in our memories yet!
Oft in our visions a dear face appears,
Cheering our steps while we roam;
Oft do we treasure, in sadness and tears,
Sweet dreams of mother and home.

CHORUS.

Sweet dreams of mother, in joy or in pain,
Tho' from her side now I roam;
Sweet dreams of home, I may ne'er see again,
Sweet dreams of mother and home.

Still we recall every scene of our youth,
Bright as the stars in their glow;
Smiles that were beaming with kindness and truth,
Fonder than all that we know.
Sad was the hour when I bade her adieu—
Still her fond words do I hear;
Fondest of pleasures that life ever knew,
Sweet dreams of mother, so dear.—*Chorus.*

Time now has faded the cheeks once so fair,
Mother is passing away;
God bless her ever, is my fondest prayer,
Breathed unto heaven each day;
Still, while I wander, her vision appears,
Bright as the stars in yon dome;
Oft do they dim now mine eye-lids with tears,
Sweet dreams of mother and home.—*Chorus.*

I'LL NAME THE BOY DENNIS OR NO NAME AT ALL.

Copyright, 1880, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

I'm bothered, yes, I'm bothered,
Completely perplexed;
I'm the father of a little boy,
I'm not happy, but I'm vexed.
I have ninety-nine relations,
And they nearly drive me wild,
Both one and all, both great and small,
They want to name the child.

CHORUS.

My wife, she wants him Michael,
Her sister wants him Matt,
Her brother wants him Charlie,
Whilst her aunty wants him Pat;
Whilst her mother wants him Shamus,
And my father wants him Paul,
I do declare, I don't know,
What I'll name the boy at all.

'Twas only here this morning,
My brother came from Troy,
He swore by this, he swore by that,
That he would name the boy.
Says my wife's brother Darby,
He be hanged if that would do,
And they jumped together on the floor,
And had a bold set-to.

Next Sunday is the christening,
And I'll tell you by the way,
I'll have none of their connivings,
I'm bound to have my say;
They may call him this, and call him that,
I don't give that for their call,
I'm bound to call him Dennis,
Or he'll have no name at all.—*Chorus.*

Mother's Last Letter to Me.

Copyright, 1883, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

I've a letter at home, which I treasure so dear,
And to lose it would cause me much pain;
I have read it so often, I know it by heart,
Oft' times I shall read it again;
My dear mother wrote it to me when a boy,
Before she was summoned above;
'Tis the only remembrance of her I retain,
And 'tis filled with a mother's fond love!

CHORUS.

Mother's last letter to me
In a feeble handwriting I see,
"My dear boy, I pray, do not be led astray,"
In mother's last letter to me.

When in far distant lands, oh, how eager I'd be,
To receive a short message from home;
When my mind would turn back, I would often shed tears,
To think how I left mother alone.
But then I'd build hopes and would picture myself,
Home again by my dear mother's side;
But when I returned I received the sad news,
That a fortnight ago she had died!—*Chorus.*

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

A belle and a beau, would a walking go,
In love they both were pining;
The wind in gentle gales did blow,
An April sun was shining.
Tho' Simon long had courted Miss,
He knew he'd acted wrong, in
Not having dared to steal a kiss,
Which set her quite a longing.

It so occurred, as they did walk,
And viewed each vale so flow'ry;
As Simon by her side did stalk,
He declared the sky looked showery.
The rain to her came like a drug,
When loudly he did bellow—
"Look here, my love, we can be snug—
I've brought an umbrella."

Quick flew the shelter over Miss,
Now Simon was a droll one;
He thought this was the time to kiss,
So from her lips he stole one.
She blushed,—the rain left off, and he
Th' umbrella closed for draining;
"Oh, don't!" says she, "I plainly see
It hasn't left off raining."

Now Simon, when he saw the plan,
The umbrella righted;
He grew right bold, talked like a man,
And she seemed quite delighted.
Their lips rang chimes, full fifty times,
Like simple lovers training;
Says she, "these are but lovers' crimes,
I hope 'twon't leave off raining."

He kissed her out of her consent,
That she'd become his bride hence;
To buy the ring was his content,
And then to get the license.
They parted, but he took much pain,
Where they should meet to tell her;
Says she, "we'll meet when next it rains,
So bring your umbrella."

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
He rose before 'twas yet day;
And just as if to please her taste,
It was a shocking wet day.
They married were, had children dear,
Eight round faced little fellows,
But, strange to state, the whole of the eight
Were marked with umbrellas.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 25. | WEHMAN'S TEN-CENT SONG COLLECTION No. 27 Containing 104 Songs

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 25.

CONTAINING 111 SONGS.

e you with us, Casey?
high old time
curl from baby's head
k a policeman
nt Jemima's Courtship—RECITATION
: it every minute in the day
gel's ladder
ld Irish soldier
wild sojer boy
silvar blues
-end-by you'll forget me
acksmith's story—RECITATION
autiful language
nty Jim—RECITATION
jump! or, they did me up
sey's wife
arming Kate
n't you believe it, dear boys
wn on the farm
rkest hours are just before the dawn
ring cowboy
op a nickel in the slot
n't leave me, laddie
o me in de golden sea
wn where the violets grow
nmet's farewell to his true love
ippity flop young man
ben above the red
lden ring
t on the funny walk
od advice
never deserted a friend
saband's dream
rdy-gurdy man
me, sweet home
oroo for Casey!
m king over the land and the sea
Irish love letters
If I was home again
It's one too many for me
It couldn't occur in New York
I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
I'm going to be married
Kill or cure
King of the swells
Lamentation of Gen. James Shields
Lady of Knock
Land of potatoes, oh
Little Annie Rooney
Long ago! long ago!
Lizzie Schmitt
Leave that old cradle to me
Lilac
My good-looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high hat
Married life, No. 2
Maginnis' raffle
My name is Charles Livingston Brown
Mourach of the woods
My love is a mountaineer
My sailor boy, Tom
Michael Slather's spree
M-O-N E-Y
My Hat
McGinty's wake
Miller of the Dee
Night that Larry got wed
Nellie, the sailor's pride
Not too much, but just enough
No. 4, second floor
Now you're talking
Old boss Barry
O'Riley, the fisherman
Oh, doubting heart, hope on
Old playground
Old family album
One hundred and eighty-ninth street
Old Sunday dinner
Open thy lattice
Pretty Sarah
Paddy Miles
Paddy at the theatre
Pick up your duds and go
Pretty one, sleep
Paddle for the golden shore
Paddy and his sweet potheen
River Roe
Ragged Pat
She'll be mine, bye-and-bye
Same old walk
Say, won't you come out and play?
Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
Stars and stripes [singer
She told me I was dreaming
Sitting on de golden fence
Strike the iron while it's hot
Sunday school scholar
That sinner, Betsy
Three leaves of shamrock
There's a mother waits for thee
Teddy Regan's swarie
That rogue, Reilly
Thanksgiving at the old home
There is a tavern in the town
Two glasses—RECITATION
Waiting to hear the verdict
When Johnny gets his gun
Why don't they do so now?
Waltzingham McSweeney
When Ireland belongs the Irish again
You are a little too small young man

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 26.

CONTAINING 99 SONGS.

nie Rooney's Sister
True Little Heart and a True Little
row and the Song [Home
nother Good Man Gone Wrong
Treasure More Precious Than Gold
die Was So Young
ow the Bellows, Blow
rney, Dear Barney, I'm Thinking of
on Dat Carried de Razor [You
wn Went Resonsky
ifting Away
Oak and Her Vine—RECITATION
ar Old Village School
n't You See the Bright Light?
ver
ery Inch a Sailor
rewell, Dear Heart, Farewell
ees
rfield's Grave
ding the Pigs in Clover
t On to That Bouquet
obe-Trotting Nellie Bly
nt the Buffalo
gh License
rry, Little Children, Sunday Morn
nnah, Get the Broom
, Jenny! Ho, Jenny Johnson!
's on the Police Force Now
ay, Mike
That So?
eally Can't Sit Down
Be All Smiles To-night, Love
o Gwine Back to Dixie
I'll Paralyze the Man That Says
I'm a Cousin to Parnell [McGinty
I Love You All
Irishman of To-day
It Used to be Proper, but it Don't Go
I don't Know [Now
John Sullivan, My Jo!—RECITATION
Jack's Claim to Poll
Kearearge and Alabama
Katie Molloy
Lady of Late
Little Annie Kelly
Left Alone
Little Family
Mamma's Baby Boy
Matzoths That Are Framed Upon the
My Inconstancy [Wall
Man That Knows It All
Molly
Moses in Ireland
Meeting of the Waters
Mother's Locket
Mr. Pat Mahone
Mrs. Brady's Daughter
Mulhaley on Baseball—RECITATION
Old Street Lamp
Oh My! How We Pose
One Wide River to Cross
Only as Far as the Gate
Only to See Her Face Again
Old Wooden Rocker
O'Brannigan Fusileers
Old, Old Farm
Plum Pudding
Pretty Polly
Poor Little Joe
Pat and His Little Brown Mare
Perry's Victory
Paddies Evermore
Painter of Seville—RECITATION
Pilot
Playmates
Rootity-toot, She Plays the Flute
Rock Dat Ship in de Morning
She Framed That Loving Picture of
Sinners, Take Warning [Her Boy
Seven Ages of Man
Say! Have You Seen O'Houlihan?
Shacob's Lament—RECITATION
Sweet Chiming Bells
Since Casey Runs the Flat
Song for Me
Songs My Mother Sang
Steve O'Donnell's Wake
She's My Heart's Delight
Safe in the Harbor
Ship That Carries Me Home
That's the Way the Story Goes
That's an Old Gag with Me
That's My Boy
Those Single Days of Old
William Owens
Wrestle of the Cats—RECITATION
We've All Had 'Em
White Wings Colored Club
Young Henry

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Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's Beau
As Sweet As Any Flower
A Trooper's the Pride of the Ladies
Blackbird
Bald-Headed Man—RECITATION
Brown Kept One
Beautiful Thoughts Linger Near Me
Breach of Promise Case
Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck
Brighter Days Will Come Again
Bum with the Terrible Gaul
Charleston Blues
Charcoal Man—RECITATION
Cawn't Do It, You Know
Come Where the Lilies Bloom
Coons' Christmas Dinner
Climb Up, Ye Chillun, Climb!
Dan Maloney Is the Man
Don't Leave Grandmother Now She Is
Dagoe Banana Peddler, [Old
Drum-Major of Schneider's Band
Dreaming of Mother
Drink Up, Boys
Death of Eva
Down by the Deep, Sad Sea
Dear Old Nursery Rhymes
Eva to Her Papa
Flirting in the Twilight
Golly, Ain't I Wicked?—No. 2
Hello! John Maloney
He Got It Again
Hogan's Flat
His Last Song
I'm Leaving Now the Old Folks
I Never Drink Behind the Bar
It Ain't Going to Happen in '00
I've Had 'Em All
I Left Ireland and Mother because We
I Think So, Don't You? [Were Poor
I Remember, I Remember
John Cope, or the Battle of Preston
Just Wait and See Maguire,
Kiss Just Once Again
Little Red Caboose Behind the Train
Little Topsy's Song
Mountain Dew
Muldoon with His New Overcoat
Market on Saturday Night
Masher
McCormick's Mule
McGinty's Back Again
My Love Remains the Same
Massa's in de Cold Ground
Masks and Faces
Maggie Darrow's Welcome
My Boyhood's Home
McGinty, the Ladies' Pride
Now, That's What I Think, Don't
Nancy, My Jewel [You?
New Church Organ—RECITATION
Old Feather Bed
Out of the Old Home Into the New
One I Love
Ossian's Serenade
Oh, Girly-Girly!
Oh! Mamma, Buy Me That
Only a Year
Paddy Duffy's Cart
Pretty Little Irish Queen
Parody on—
A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss
Baby and I
Call Me Back Again
Flag (The)
Lay Me on the Hillside
Over the Garden Wall
Sailing, Sailing
Patrick Michael McNally
Pretty Little Dark-Blue Eyes
Picture of My Baby on the Wall
Romping in the Clover
Remember Your Father and Mother
Salvation Army, Oh!
Sleep, Mother, Sleep
Sunshine Follows Rain
She's Just a Sweet Bouquet
Save My Brother's Whiskers from the
So Was Mine [Pail
Save My Father's Picture from the Sale
She Wants to Have Her Name Above
Sadie Ray [the Door
Song that Breaks My Heart
There Goes McManus
Throw Him Down, McCloskey
Tripping O'er the Hills
To My Sorrow
That Kiss of Long Ago
Uncle Tom's Religion
Up Comes McGinty
When the Sea Gives Up Its Dead
When I Saw Sweet Nelly Home
We Have Lived and Loved Together
You Were False, but I'll Forgive You
You Bet He Won't Try It Again

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A Soldier Is My Bean
Amber Tresses Tied in Blue
A Bad-a, Tough Man
Answered
A Baby Adrift at Sea
A Sailor's Last Good-Bye
Along the Kansas Line
All that Glitters Is Not Gold
Black Wedding
Bald-Headed Man
Beggar Child's Amen
Boys and Girls
Blind Man's Trouble
Bramble Brier
Brennen on the Moor
Come Back to Your Children and Me
Come, Have a Smile with Me
Chevy Chase
Court-House in de Sky
Darling Nelly Gray
Dreaming Near the Hearth
Dreaming as She Sleeps
Don't Touch Baby's Grave
Do They Think of Me at Home
Erin, Mavourneen
Fair Columbia
Flag of the Free
Goblins in the Church-yard
Geraldine
Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye
Gilhooley's Violet Tea
Good-Night, Ladies
Good-Bye at the Door
Go Button Your Vest
Have You Seen Me Uncle Mickey?
Have You Seen Tim Casey?
Happy Hours
Her Tears Drifted Out with the Tide
Helping Katie o'er the Brook
Hal-l-l-lelujah
Howard's Cradle Song
I Never Liked O'Ragen
I Whistle and Wait for Katie
I Love You Best of All
It's the Only Bit of Comfort I've Got
I Wonder if There's Some One Who
I Was Dreaming [Loves Me
It's a Good Thing McCarthy Wasn't
I Miss Thee, My Mother [There
I'll Remember You, Love, in My Pray-
I Won't Be a Nun [ers
I've No Mother, Now I'm Weeping
James and Nancy
Jennie, the Flower of Kildare
Just Think of Your Mother
Juanita
Kelly's New Spring Pants
Kelley's Dream—RECITATION
Locking the Stable-door
Last Rose of Summer
Learning McFadden to Waltz
Love Lives Forever
Martha Jane Green
McMillan's Superstitions
My Little Nell
Maud Muller—RECITATION
McNally's Wicked Wife
Married? Nixey!
Matinee Brigade
My Little Four-Leaf Shamrock from
My Pretty Sunday Girl [Glennore
Marfa's Wedding Day
Mary of the Wild Moor
Molly Bawn
My Little One's Waiting for Me
Mother Kissed Me in My Dream
Night Maloney Landed in New York—
No Room [Parody
Nigger and the Bee
No Father, No Mother, No Home
Nothing to Wear
Of Course We Ought to Know, We
Only a Little Wand'rer [Were There
Oh, What Has Changed You?
Oh! Dar's but Little Consolation
Postman's Story
Parrot and the Parson
Pit-ti-pat, Patter, the Little Feet Go
Picking Cherries Down the Lane
Poor, but a Gentleman Still
Porters on a Pullman Train
Patrick Sheehan
Play Ball
Rose of Tralee
Reilly's Cutlet Hall
Roses Underneath the Snow
Rock of Ages
Seashore
Spider and the Fly
Spider and the Fly—No. 2
Song My Mother Used to Sing
Sam Bass
Since Maggie Learned to Sing
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesto—REC.
She Gave Me a Pretty Red Rose
Song for Me
Sweet Genevieve
Slave's Dream
Three American Jacks
That Is Love
Twelve Months Ago To-Night
Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone
Take This Letter to My Mother
Tim Macarthy's Daughter
That's Swell, Awf'ly Swell
That's Love, You Know
That's Always the Way with You
They Never Told a Lie [Boys
Upper Ten and Lower Five
Up Went Mrs. Murphy
Virginia Rosebud
Vacant Chair
Wreck of the Life-Boat
When the Clock Strikes Ten
You Can't Play That on Me
You've Been a Friend to Me

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1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out?
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Brides are out to-day
127 Comin' through the rye
128 Must we then meet as strangers
129 Babies on our block
130 Brennen on the Moor
131 Skidmore fancy ball
132 Hallway door
133 Where the grass grows green
134 Darling Bessie of the lea
135 Kiss behind the door
136 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
137 Mary of the wild Moor
138 Old wooden rocker
139 Speak, only speak
140 Dancing around with Charlie
141 Where art thou now, my beloved!
142 Mollie, darling
143 You may look, but you mustn't touch
144 My daughter, Julia
145 Raffle for the stove
146 Balm of Gilead
147 There's always a seat in the parlor for
148 Driven from home [you
149 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
150 Pull for the shore
151 Nearer, my God, to Thee
152 Good news from home
153 Fisherman's daughter
154 Shells of ocean
155 Maggie's in the cold, cold ground
156 Say a kind word when you can
157 Cure for scandal
158 Twilight cotorie
159 Strangers yet
160 Castles in the air
161 Dear little shamrock
162 I cannot sing the old songs
163 Norah O'Neal
164 Waiting, my darling, for thee
165 Rose of Tralee
166 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
167 I'm lonely since my mother died
168 Drunkard's lone child
169 Tenting on the old camp ground
170 Glove flirtation
171 Whip flirtation
172 Slave's dream
173 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
174 Sweet Evangeline
175 Good-bye at the door
176 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
177 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
178 Erin's lovely home
179 Over the hills to the poor-house
180 Twenty years ago
181 Paddy's land
182 Don't be angry with me, darling
183 Old village school on the green
184 Woodman, spare that tree
185 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
186 Darling Minnie Lee
187 Hat flirtation
188 Fan flirtation
189 Flee as a bird to your mountain
190 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
191 Why did she leave him!
192 A quiet little home
193 Thou hast learned to love another
194 Mary of Argyle
195 Nil Desperandum
196 Sweet Highland Mary
197 Evening amusement (laughable)
198 Day I played base ball [own
199 Remember you have children of your
200 There's none like a mother if ever so
201 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
202 Sweet Maggie Gordon
203 Tanyard side
204 Bells of Shandon
205 Old log cabin in the dell
206 Whisper softly, mother's dying
207 Erin's green shore
208 Will you love me when I'm old
209 Donnelly and Cooper
210 Gathering shells by the sea shore
211 Little Rosebud
212 By the sad sea waves
213 Come into the garden, Maud
214 Harp and shamrock of Erin
215 Where there's a will there's a way
216 God bless my boy at sea
217 Annie Laurie
218 Mac's and the O's
219 Sherman's march to the sea
220 Lamentation of James Rodgers
221 Come, birdie, come
222 Now I lay me down to sleep
223 Ever of thee
224 Norah Meshane
225 Love among the roses
226 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
227 Der Deitcher gal
228 No Irish need apply
229 Old arm chair
230 Tim Flaherty
231 We sat by the river you and I
232 I love music
233 Sweet Genevieve
234 When the flowers fall asleep
235 Patrick Sheehan
236 Sailor's grave
237 Pretty maid milking her cow
238 Kentucky Rose
239 Farmer's daughter
240 Oh, dem golden slippers
241 In the morning by the bright light
242 Nobody's darling
243 Poor, but a gentleman still
244 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
245 Birdie, darling
246 Nobody's darling but mine
247 Rock me to sleep, mother
248 Put my little shoes away
249 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
250 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
251 I left Ireland and mother because we
252 Little brown jug [come again
253 Katty Avourneen
254 Sadie Ray
255 Bard of Armagh
256 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
257 Patrick's day parade
258 Poor Pat must emigrate
259 Speak to me, speak
260 Darling, I will come again
261 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
262 Hail, Columbia [bay
263 Little footsteps
264 Tim Finnegan's wake
265 McDonnel's old tin roof
266 Scotch lassie, Jean
267 Hat me father wore
268 Banks of sweet Dundee
269 I've only been down to the club
270 Dance me on your knee
271 Kiss me again
272 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
273 Vacant chair
274 Sweet sunny South
275 Our good ship sails to-night
276 Jersey Sam
277 Come home, father
278 Little Maggie May
279 Cackle, cackle, cackle
280 Molly Bawn
281 Maid of Athens
282 Sallie in our alley
283 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
284 Poor old Ned
285 Dorkins' night
286 Man in the moon is looking, love
287 When the flowing tide comes in
288 Don't give up the old friends for the
289 Broken down [new
290 Marriage bells
291 Have I not been kind to thee!
292 Flowers will come in May
293 Awfully clever
294 My little one's waiting for me
295 I'll go back to my old love again
296 Butcher boy
297 There's somebody waiting for me
298 Are you there, Moriarity!
299 I'se gwine back to Dixie
300 Bidalia Jane McCann
301 Ida da Blackwell
302 Where are the friends of my youth!
303 Singing on the roof
304 Five cent shave
305 Hen convention
306 Red, white and blue
307 Old oaken bucket
308 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
309 My dream of love is o'er
310 They all do it
311 Old home ain't what it used to be
312 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
313 Linger not, darling
314 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
315 American National Guard
316 Johnny's so bashful
317 Daisy Deane
318 I wish mamma was here
319 Pulling hard against the stream
320 Dancing in the sunlight
321 What is it!
322 There never was a coward where the
323 Love letters [shamrock grows
324 Delia Clancy
325 Remember that the poor tramp has to
326 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
327 Roll on, silver moon
328 When McGuinness gets a job
329 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
330 Down among the daisies
331 Down by the old mill stream
332 Answer to "The Gypey's warning"
333 Battle cry of freedom
334 Home rule for Ireland
335 Riding on the elevated railroad
336 When McCormick rules the State
337 Sweet chiming bells
338 Levi Kassiday
339 I want to see the cotton fields
340 Waltz with me
341 Meet me by moonlight alone
342 Do they miss me at home!
343 Lather and shave
344 Happy be thy dreams
345 Take it in
346 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
347 Lardy dah
348 De golden wedding
349 My mother-in-law
350 What should make thee sad, my darling
351 Dear Italian girl
352 Banks of Brandywine
353 Old, and only in the way
354 Six feet of earth
355 Write a letter to my mother
356 Yellow rose of Texas
357 When my ship comes in
358 One pound two
359 We have met, loved and parted
360 Bummer's hotel
361 I'm getting a big boy now
362 I shall never be happy again
363 Soldier's farewell
364 Old kitchen floor
365 Sweet Belle Mahone
366 My dear Savannah home
367 Billy Barlow
368 Wild Irish boy
369 Dwendy-seven cents
370 A starry night for a ramble
371 Locked out after nine
372 Whip-poor-will's song
373 Day when you'll forget me
374 You'll miss me when I'm gone
375 Son of a gambolier
376 Golden slippers
377 Your little Lisa loves you
378 American boy
379 [illegible]
380 [illegible]
381 Sallie Horner
382 Willie Reilly
383 Sweet Aleen
384 Old Sexton
385 Pull down the blind
386 Do they think of me at home!
387 Tell me where my Eva's gone
388 Barbara Allan
389 The longshoremen's strike
390 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
391 Bathing song [Dundee
392 Carrie Lee
393 One wide river to cross
394 Moon is out to-night, love
395 Devil's in New Jersey
396 Rambler from Clare
397 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
398 Faded flowers
399 Dark-eyed sailor
400 Rose of Killarney
401 Cot in the corner
402 Boys, keep away from the girls
403 Phantom footsteps
404 Bonny bunch of roses
405 Pat Roach at the play
406 Doran's ass
407 Banks of Claudy
408 What are the wild waves saying!
409 Her front name is Hannar
410 Sweet Evelina
411 Behind the scenes
412 Gospel raft
413 Don't put the poor workingman down
414 Cruiskeen lawn
415 I had but fifty cents
416 I'm leaving now the old folks
417 Irish Molly, O!
418 Ring my mother wore
419 The Blackbird
420 Little cherry blossom
421 Wist, wist, wist
422 A violet from mother's grave
423 Nelly Bay
424 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
425 Rise it, Rielly
426 Meeting of the waters
427 Wait for the turn of the tide
428 Old farm gate
429 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
430 McDonald's return to Glencoe
431 Mantle o' green
432 Uncle Tom's lament
433 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
434 Old-fashioned homestead
435 Emmet's "Mountain song"
436 Old-fashioned church on the hill
437 A handful of turf
438 Beauty of Limerick
439 Mrs. Brady's daughter
440 Mary's gone with a coon
441 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
442 In happy moments
443 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
444 All on account of Eliza
445 Emmet's "I know what love is"
446 Down in a coal mine
447 Drunkard's dream
448 Joe Bowers
449 There's a fine ship on the ocean
450 Put me in my little bed
451 Little old house on the Rhine
452 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
453 The brave Buzzars
454 Little old log cabin by the stream
455 Paddle your own canoe
456 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
457 Gate's ajar
458 Arkansaw traveler
459 Grant's trip around the world
460 Old leather breeches
461 Rocky road to Dublin
462 Turnpike gate
463 Little old german home across the sea
464 Beautiful girl of Kildare
465 Baby's got a tooth
466 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
467 Pallet of straw
468 Low-back'd car
469 Your lassie will be true
470 In de evening by de moonlight
471 When these old clothes were new
472 Up at Jones' wood
473 Boston burglar
474 The Campbells are comin'
475 You never miss the water till the well
476 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
477 River Roe
478 Murder in Cohoes
479 Poor little Joe
480 Along the Kansas line
481 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
482 Wait till the clouds roll by
483 Over the garden wall
484 I'm a man you don't meet every day
485 Blue Alsatian mountains
486 Charming young widow I met in the
487 Black-eyed Susan [train
488 Spanish cavalier
489 Grave of Bonaparte
490 Old dog Tray
491 Juanita
492 Moonlight on the lake
493 Mabel Clare
494 All that glitters is not gold
495 Marseilles hymn
496 God save the Queen
497 Rolling home in the morning
498 If ever I cease to love
499 Cheer, boys, cheer
500 Ittie's land
501 Mother says I mustn't
502 Fellow that looks like me
503 Watch on the Rhine
504 A lock of mother's hair
505 Stop dat knocking at the door
506 Virginia rosebud
507 [illegible]

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617 Lottie Lee
618 Who's at my bedroom window?
619 I have no home
620 It's nice to be a father
621 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
622 Only to see her face again
623 Kingdom coming
624 Barney O'Hea
625 Teddy O'Neal
626 Man with the scalskin pants
627 Medicine Jack
628 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
629 Keep in the middle of the road
630 Lanigan's ball
631 Lula is gone
632 An Irishman's toast
633 Village blacksmith
634 Naughty Clara
635 Dying nun
636 When the leaves begin to turn
637 Larry O'Brien
638 Mother kissed me in my dream
639 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
640 Dying Californian
641 Grandmother's birthday
642 Come where my love lies dreaming
643 Pop goes the weasel
644 Monkey's wedding
645 Mary had a little lamb
646 Wait for the wagon
647 Cork leg
648 Uncle Sam's farm
649 My old wife and I
650 I'm so lonely
651 Only as far as the gate
652 Poor boy
653 Moonlight at Killarney
654 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
655 We never speak as we pass by
656 Tipperary christening
657 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
658 Old rustic bridge by the mill
659 Paddy Magee's dream
660 Dreaming of home and mother
661 Shall we know each other there?
662 Jolly Irishman
663 Folks that put on airs
664 Rosalie, the prairie flower
665 If I had but a thousand a year
666 Fisherman and his child
667 Swate Castle Garden
668 In the gloaming
669 Bring me back the one I love
670 Spider and the fly
671 A warrior bold
672 Tar's farewell
673 In her little bed we laid her
674 Dark girl dressed in blue
675 Separation
676 Pitcher of beer
677 Nell McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
678 Nobody knows what a racket was there
679 It's a cold day when I get left
680 Alice, where art thou?
681 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
682 Jessie at the railway bar
683 Ada, with the golden hair
684 Streets of New York
685 Courting in the rain
686 I'm dying for some one to love me
687 Is that Mister Reilly?
688 Let my name be kindly spoken
689 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
690 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
691 Poor old Mike
692 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
693 A life on the ocean wave
694 I am dreaming
695 Gypsy Countess
696 She's as good as gold
697 Watchman, tell us of the night
698 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
699 Ten thousand miles away
700 Give my love to all at home
701 Mygel Snyder's party
702 Increase of crime
703 Ship on fire
704 Josephus Orange Blossom
705 Oh! Susannah
706 Old Bob Ridley
707 Bonnie blue flag
708 Nell Flaugherty's drake
709 John Barleycorn
710 Rules for love-making
711 Land League Band
712 Down by the old abbey ruins
713 Glorious 69th
714 Old willow cradle
715 Funny old gal
716 Religious card player
717 Paddy's the boy
718 Teddy McGlynn
719 Lads who live in Ireland
720 Worn-out sailor
721 Mott street, 449
722 Limerick is beautiful
723 Seven out
724 Let me kiss him for his mother
725 Pretty lips
726 Sullivan's boot in my eye
727 Villikins and his Dinah
728 Captain with his whiskers
729 A knot of blue and gray
730 Foley's hotel
731 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
732 Never take the horseshoe from the door
733 Woman, lovely woman
734 Napoleon's dream
735 When the robins nest again
736 Oh! you little darling, I love you
737 Just do'wn the lane
738 Call me back again
739 Milwaukee fire
740 One of the finest
741 Over the mountain
742 Bells of the hall
743 Farmer's boy
744 Bridget Donahue
745 Down the hill
746 My Nellie's blue eyes
747 Ragged coat
748 Kitty Kimo
749 Little darling, dream of me
750 Juice of the forbidden fruit
751 Minute gun at sea
752 Some day
753 Sour krout
754 Don't give the name a bad place
755 Rackety Jack [hallelujah)
756 John Brown song (Glory, glory
757 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
758 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
759 Roger O'Malley
760 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
761 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
762 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
763 I'll await my love
764 Hard times come again no more
765 Mulcahey's gone away
766 Nineteen hundred and one
767 Colleen Dhas Machree
768 Only to see thee, darling
769 Blue bells of Scotland
770 A boy's best friend is his mother
771 That's how you get served when you're
772 Dear little innocent things [old
773 Mother, I've come home to die
774 Just before the battle, mother
775 Down in a diving-bell
776 Kissing through the bars
777 Skipper and his boy
778 Young man from the country
779 I'll be dar
780 The midshipmite
781 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
782 Naughty, naughty men
783 Naughty, naughty girls
784 New coon in town
785 Will a monkey climb a tree?
786 Bold soger boy
787 Heenan and Sayers
788 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
789 Sally, come up
790 Sea king's burial
791 One-horse open sleigh
792 Baby show
793 Swim out for glory
794 Jessie Green
795 Duffy's grand opening night
796 I'm a dude
797 Run for the doctor
798 Climbing up the golden stairs
799 My good-looking man
800 How a married woman goes to sleep
801 I'm off for Baltimore
802 Bright little spot on the ocean
803 I tickled her under the chin
804 Lakes of Cold Finn
805 My Newmarket coat
806 He will come with the flowers of May
807 Ten years in Cherry Hill
808 Maloney's the man
809 Ship that Lever returned
810 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
811 How much does the baby weigh?
812 A mother's watch by the sea
813 Uncle Billy's dream
814 Some day I'll wander back again
815 High-water pants
816 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
817 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
818 Paddy stole the Pope
819 Duffy, the swell
820 Not much
821 Don't leave your mother, Tom
822 Pretty little dark blue eyes
823 A rolling stone gathers no moss
824 Dream faces
825 Wind blew through his whiskers
826 Good-bye to my Southern home
827 Pretty little rosy cheeks
828 Knock at the window to-night, love
829 Hard up
830 Forgive and forget
831 Captain Mishler
832 Butterfly dude
833 Bowery on Saturday night
834 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
835 Let me like a soldier fall
836 Enniskillen dragoon
837 Papa's baby boy
838 I ain't as young as I used to be
839 The Dreadnought
840 See-saw
841 What's in a kiss?
842 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
843 Darling Clo'
844 Mother's last request
845 Texas ranger
846 God, save Ireland
847 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
848 Bold Jack Donahue
849 Last farewell
850 Sweet dreams of mother and home
851 Mary Ann Kehoe
852 Only an emigrant
853 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
854 The farmer feeds us all [ing
855 Strike while the iron is hot
856 Better days will come again
857 Baby's lullaby
858 Dying girl's message
859 Some other girl shall wear the ring
860 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
861 Somebody's tall and handsome
862 Mother keeps the gate locked now
863 Sweet Alpine rose
864 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
865 Constant farmer's son
866 Upper ten and lower five
867 Karl's new lullaby
868 Key-hole in the door
869 Ad on the square, boys
870 Burke's dream
871 Four-leaved shamrock
872 Up a tree
873 Down where the lilly bells grow
874 Behind the parlor door
875 Peggy O'Moore
876 Sunny hours of childhood
877 O'Reilly, the fisherman
878 Old village blacksmith shop
879 False one, I love thee still
880 Shannon side
881 Pennsylvania tramp
882 We'll paint the town red
883 Look always on the sunny side
884 Green linnet
885 Gentle Annie
886 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
887 There's a light in the window
888 Annie of the vale
889 Rising of the moon
890 Who will care for mother now
891 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
892 Sights for a father
893 Old gray mare
894 How is your sister Mary?
895 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
896 Grandma's vacant chair
897 America's emblem the violet
898 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
899 Take good care of mother
900 Whisper and a kiss
901 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
902 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
903 Little Mag and I
904 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
905 Rosy's Sunday out
906 My sweetheart's family
907 Little wife Nellie
908 Too utterly utter
909 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
910 They can't keep the workingman down
911 Angel mother waits for me
912 Good-night, but not good-bye
913 Dar's a new moon in de sky
914 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
915 Mind and be home when the clock
916 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
917 My little four-leaved shamrock from
918 White Wings [Glennore
919 Always take mother's advice
920 Pretty pond lillies
921 Dear Robin, I'll be true
922 Mikado McAllister
923 For one day of turkey there's six days
924 Poor old dad [of hash
925 The Haddingtonshire
926 McSorley's twins
927 Cricket on the hearth
928 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
929 Trabling back to Georgia
930 Noble knights of labor
931 He gets there just the same
932 Johnny, get your gun
933 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
934 Maggie Darrow's welcome
935 Come, sit by me, mother
936 I'm not asleep
937 Put on de golden shoe
938 I'll think of my mother at home
939 Two little ragged urchins
940 Silver bells of memory
941 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
942 Sock her on the kisser
943 Oh! you girls
944 Because she ain't built that way
945 Flanigan, the lodger
946 Married
947 Garden where the praties grow [gone
948 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
949 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
950 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
951 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
952 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
953 Annie Lisle
954 I will be true to thee
955 Down by the river side I strayed
956 Kitty Clyde
957 Under the willow she's sleeping
958 Bay of Biscay, O!
959 Hazel dell
960 It's funny when you feel that way
961 They've all got a wife but me
962 What is home without a mother?
963 Bowery Grenadiers
964 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
965 Good-bye, Susan Jane
966 Nellie was a lady
967 Nettie Moore
968 To the West
969 Joe Hardy
970 Think of your head in the morning
971 Wash me, mother, dear
972 Remember, boy, you're Irish
973 Where can the wanderer be?
974 Colored band
975 It's naughty, but it's nice
976 We'd better bide a wee
977 Come along my, darling
978 Old turnkey
979 Sarah's young man
980 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
981 Belle Brandon [different ways
982 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
983 Hungry man from Harlem
984 When Johnny comes marching home
985 I was despised because I was poor
986 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
987 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
988 Clementine [thee
989 Sweet heather bell
990 Windy man from Brooklyn
991 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
992 You'll never miss your mother till she's
993 Remember me to all at home
994 Oh, what a night
995 Did you notice it?
996 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
997 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
998 Her own boy, Jack
999 Clara Nolan's ball
1000 Letters we carved on the tree
1001 Two Irish police
1002 Little old red shawl my mother wore
1003 Our Jack's come home to-day
1004 He's never done anything since
1005 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
1006 Can you, then, love another?
1007 Light-house by the sea
1008 An Irish fair day
1009 It's for money
1010 As I read the paper through
1011 They can't do it, you know
1012 Letter that never came
1013 A handful of earth
1014 Is Maud in?
1015 Southern soldier boy
1016 Green mossy banks of the Lee
1017 Manchester martyrs
1018 Dear Irish boy
1019 I haven't for a long time now
1020 Save my mother's picture from the
1021 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
1022 Lay my head beneath a rose
1023 Castlebar boy
1024 Flora Belle
1025 It's dudish you know
1026 The letter came at last
1027 My pretty Jane
1028 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
1029 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
1030 Dad's dinner pail
1031 The spree
1032 Black pick-a-ninny
1033 Widow Nolan's goat
1034 Maid of the Mill
1035 Paddy Duffy's cart
1036 Little green leaf in our bible
1037 Mary Kelly's beau
1038 He'll be back bye-and-bye
1039 Bonny black Bess
1040 Little widow Dunn
1041 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
1042 Man that struck O'Hara
1043 A flower I found in mother's bible
1044 Dying cowboy's lament
1045 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
1046 Star of the evening [mother's grave
1047 Poor little soldiers' boy
1048 Bold McIntire
1049 Howard's cradle song
1050 Handkerchief flirtation
1051 Angel's whisper
1052 Tom, if you love me, say so
1053 Flying trapeze
1054 Little old caboose behind the train
1055 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
1056 I believe it, for my mother told me so
1057 Mamma's black baby boy
1058 Ungrateful son
1059 Double-breasted mansion on the square
1060 Yankee Doodle
1061 The faster you pluck them the thicker
1062 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
1063 Sullivan and Ryan
1064 Package of old letters
1065 Cabin with the roses at the door
1066 Morrissey and Heenan fight
1067 Matrimonial suggestions
1068 Mother's wedding ring
1069 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
1070 Never take "no" for an answer
1071 Have you seen Yum-Yum
1072 I'll return bye-and-bye
1073 It's English, you know
1074 In the window a light I can see
1075 Little Ah Sid
1076 The striker and hissen
1077 Tu-ra-rum
1078 I cannot sing that song to-night
1079 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
1080 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
1081 We draw the line at that
1082 Merry shanty boys
1083 Slightly on the mash
1084 Down among the sugar cane
1085 When my rover comes again
1086 There's no one to welcome me home
1087 John Mitchell
1088 Dearest Mae
1089 My bonny laboring boy
1090 The dawning of the day
1091 Wreck of the "London"
1092 The song that reached my heart
1093 The beaux brigade
1094 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1095 I'm the father of a little black coon
1096 Where is Kathleen
1097 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1098 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1099 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1100 Just a little sunshine
1101 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1102 A letter from Ireland [knee
1103 I'm going to have my name above the
1104 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1105 Man, poor man
1106 When baby smiles in her sleep
1107 Songs that we sing
1108 Listen to my tale of woe
1109 Meet a coon to-night
1110 Copper and the cook
1111 Bring back my sailor boy
1112 Where the sparrows and chippies
1113 Old boss Barry [parade
1114 Midnight squad
1115 Isabelle St. Clair
1116 Don't run down the Irish
1117 From the cradle to the grave
1118 The little fishermaiden
1119 You know
1120 Up went the price
1121 Honor thy father and mother

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CONTENTS:

ishman's toast
's whisper
s of Claudy
bird
of Armagh
iful isle of the sea
y bunch of roses
y McCoy
s of Brandywine
n O'Lynn
of Shandon
iful shamrock of old
McCarthy [Ireland
narte on Saint Helena
e me, if all those endear-
ey [ing young charms
n on the Rhine
en on the moor
of Kilkenny
s of Sweet Dundee
amachree
da Dwyer
y boy
back to Erin
that ate the piper
Irish boy
st Asthore
n Bay
's ass
of Sarsfield
harp of my country
little Colleen
ng for gould
little shamrock
n carman

Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of

Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Asileen, Asthore
Mac's and the O's
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo

Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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CONTENTS:

iful of earth
ricultural Irish girl
r from Ireland
sh fair day
st Donahue
y of Limerick
y's courtship
ack Donahoe
Emerald Isle of the sea
little spot on the ocean
om County Clare
ajor boy
rish soldier
Nolan's ball
's whiskey
back to your Irish home
n Bawn
run down the Irish
'Brien's raffle
ld Irish gentleman
an, the lodger
honest Irish lad a chance
linnet
n where the praties grow
bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
owen
above the red
of old Ireland
men that Ireland has seen
n and Sayers
addy stole the rope
da's lovely Jean

Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green

Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay

Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A fast look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe bust up
Banly Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream

Charcoal man
Don't be taxing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary haf got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife

In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Muldoney's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Machine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker

Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvestre
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
Widow Cunmiskey
Yellow-haired Neille
Yellow-haired laddie

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RHINE VINE SHARLEY.

Sung by Sol Smith Russell.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Vat gare I for a den-cend pie,
No madder of id's made oud of cheese,
So long vat I have mine goot Rhine vine,
I'll laugh und do just vat I blease;
Never gare I how de dimes may go,
Zinzinnati, oh, hi-o!
Bully goot Rhine vine does freely flow,
Oh, I oh, I oh!

CHORUS.

Rhine vine Sharley vas my name,
Und from Germany I game;
Ven I go oud obon a spree,
Drinking Rhine vine yust suids me.

De beobles may of lager dalk,
Und dold you dot it vill make you stoud;
Venever I drink a keg of id,
Id makes me sick of my stomach oud;
Down at a pank vat dey gall "Faro,"
Oh, I oh, oh, I oh!
Bully old Rhine vine is dere I know,
Oh, I oh, I oh!—*Chorus.*

Vite vines are vite, pegause dere vite,
De red indeed is alzo red,
But Rhine vine is de sduff, you know,
Pegause id don't fly indo your head;
Some beoble god drunk on visky I know,
Oh, I oh, oh, I oh!
Next day to de station house dey go,
Oh, I oh, I oh!—*Chorus.*

What a Blessing it is to Have Money.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

What a blessing it is to have money,
It is always a friend and a crony;
In a palace you dwell,
And your name is known well,
That is, if you have plenty of money.

Of course for office you are perfection,
Your name is of great weight at election;
It will give you the day,
For they know that you can pay,
But it is not for yourself, but your money.

You have friends by the score who will greet you,
Take you by the hand when they meet you;
Say, lend me a ten,
I will pay it again,
And that is the last of that money.

It is a very nice thing to have money,
It is always a friend and a crony;
With no fear of the law,
You can make use of your jaw,
It will clear you from trouble with money.

But at racing and cards you've been simple,
Drank wine 'till your nose is a pimple;
In some prison or jail,
With no one to go bail,
Then you will wish once again for your money.

—Feeble urchin: "I say, ma, my head aches. I'm going to stay home from school, this afternoon." Solicitous maternal ancestor: "Well, my dear, I'm sorry. Stay at home and rest. It may do you good." Three hours later feeble urchin rushes into the house with cheeks aglow: "I tell you we had a nifty game. Eighteen to fifteen. I played short. Gimme suthin' t' eat!"—*Hartford Post.*

WHISPERING HOPE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Soft as the voice of an angel
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope with a gentle persuasion,
Whispers her comforting word;
Wait till the darkness is over,
Wait till the tempest is done,
Hope for the sunshine to-morrow,
After the shower is gone.

CHORUS.

Whispering hope, oh, how welcome thy voice,
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice;
Welcome thy voice, oh, how welcome thy voice,
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice.

If in the dusk of the twilight,
Dim be the region afar,
Will not the deepening darkness
Brighten the glimmering star?
Then when the night is upon us,
Why should the heart sink away?
When the dark midnight is over,
Watch for the breaking of day —*Chorus.*

THE IRISH COLLEEN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it,
Oh, no!
Nothing you'll show,
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect in cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there's a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it,
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show,
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it,

See! the lamb's wool
Turn course an' dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her;
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on sates,
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me;
You may want three
For your massacree,
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me.

And isn't that fate
Pictured complate—
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh, no!
Nothing you'll show,
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

—"An Iowa man was fined forty dollars for squeezing a woman's thumb." We didn't suppose there was so much ignorance abroad in Iowa. A man who mistakes a woman's thumb for her waist should be fined not less than four hundred dollars. —*Norristown Herald.*

THE FIVE DOLLAR NOTE.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

One night as I was out with the boys to have a spree,
Thro' drinking whiskey punches, I was drunk as I could be;
My cash it quickly flew, I very soon was broke,
So I borrowed from a friend a five dollar note.

CHORUS.

If you listen to my song, while the funny things I'll quote,
I'll tell you how I spent that five dollar note;
As soon as I was fixed, I asked the boys to take a bowl,
Which into my note made a very big hole;
We had a round of punches, and then cigars to boot,
Up went the first dollar of the five dollar note.

The boys feeling hungry after drinking so much punch,
We walked around the corner and we had a little lunch;
They eat up oyster stews, 'till I thought the boys would choke,
And they soon eat up a dollar of the five dollar note.
If you listen to my song, while the funny things, &c.

Then we went to the theatre to see the ladies prance,
And to hear the comic songs, and the funny song and dance;
One of the girls says, I feel thirsty, and brandy would suit my [throat,
And she soon drank a dollar of the five dollar note.
If you listen to my song, while the funny things, &c.

Then we walked around the town, called in a saloon or two,
Then we went to see the ladies, as the young men often do;
One said, she loved me, with her arms around my throat,
And she soon got a dollar of the five dollar note.
If you listen to my song, while the funny things, &c.

Then as I was going home, just as drunk as I could be,
A poor laboring man came slowly up to me;
His family they were starving, and ragged was his coat,
And he got the last dollar of the five dollar note.
If you listen to my song, while the funny things, &c.

Making Love on a Bench in the Park.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Some fine Summer's day, when you've nothing to do,
Take a stroll through the park, and you'll say:
It's the place of all places to catch a nice girl,
And pass a pleasant hour away;
You'll find them as thick as the sparrows that fly,
And they're all very fond of a lark;
Oh, it's like falling into a strawberry patch,
Making love on a bench in the park.

There's the little French nurse, with the two or three kids,
That she's teaching to say, "*parley vous*,"
If you sit down beside her, she'll blush and look shy,
And "crack" it in French, too, to you;
If you smile and talk nice to the kids in her charge,
With the nurse you will soon make your mark;
If you like the French style, you will find it red hot,
Making love on a bench in the park.

Perhaps in your rambles you'll get a sly mash,
From a giddy young thing with her ma;
You whisper, you'll meet her again when alone,
And teach her the tra-la-la-la;
Next evening you meet in the park for a stroll,
And a nice quiet seat after dark;
But look out for the cops while you're kissing yum, yum,
Making love on a bench in the park.

—Some men are inconsistent creatures. They will get up in the middle of the night and throw their boots at a dog because he is howling at the moon, and the next night pay five dollars a seat to hear Italian opera.—*Middletown (Del.) Transcript.*

I'M OFF FOR CHARLESTON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

My massa and my missus, dey both am gone away,
Dey gone to de Sulphur Springs, de Summer months to stay;
And while dey'r off togeder, on dis little kind ob spree,
I'll go down to Charleston, de pretty girls to see.

CHORUS.

I'm off for Charleston early in de morning,
I'm off for Charleston, a little while to stay,
Give my respects to every pretty yaller gal,
I'm off for Charleston before de broke ob day.

My Nelly waved her handkerchief, when she seed me go
Floating down de ribber wid de old banjo;
As I stood and gazed upon her, I wiped away a tear,
And de last word I sed to her was: Far you well, my dear.
I'm off for Charleston early in de morning, &c.

It begin to rain a little, de night was very dark,
And when my Nelly said, good-bye, de dogs begin to bark;
De dog he scar't de buzzard, de buzzard scar't de coon,
Dey all made a nigger run till next day noon.
I'm off for Charleston early in de morning, &c.

De coon begin to tire, de dog, he tire too,
De nigger, he got tireder, and he didn't know what to do;
De buzzard kept a flying, till de chickens gin to crow,
Den he came down to hear me play de old banjo.
I'm off for Charleston early in de morning, &c.

Charleston is a pretty place, de gals, dey kiss so sweet,
Dey am so slender 'bout de waist, and dress so berry neat;
But I'd radder kiss my Nell, dan all de gals I eber see,
Kase her breff is like an orange-blossom hanging on a tree.
I'm off for Charleston early in de morning, &c.

PRETTY AS A DAISY.

Written and sung by Bobby Newcomb.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Oh, you've heard me sing of love and fancies,
And speak of the belles and beaux;
But once I oft exchanged fond glances
With a fairy no one knows;
Her face is bright as Summer,
Her smile like the rippling stream;
I tell you she's a stunner,
Yes, the fairest that ever was seen.

CHORUS.

Oh, she's pretty and sweet as a daisy,
That grows in the field so near;
With love she's set me almost crazy,
I tell you she's a dear.—(*Dance*).

Oh, we met by chance as I was strolling,
Along the crowded street,
And my eyes at once betrayed affection,
She returned a smile so sweet;
I handed her a message,
Which said: "Will you love me and be mine?"
When she nodded back coquetish,
And replied: "It is for you to name the time."
Oh, she's pretty and sweet as a daisy, &c.

I'm feeling just as gay and happy
As a prince with his mine of gold;
I did meet my charmer on an evening,
And a tale of love unfold;
One day she asked my income,
I told her I was clerk in a store,
When she quickly turned the corner,
And I never saw her my darling more.
Oh, she's pretty and sweet as a daisy, &c.

—A man in Chenango County, N. Y., has 5,000 barrels of eggs stored in a mammoth cooler. A crank lecturer has not visited the county since this fact became known.—*Norristown Herald.*

SUCH FUNNY THINGS ARE DONE UPON THE SLY.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Oh, Adam and Eve were simple in their way,
Like a pair of innocent kittens, so they say,
Wore nothing but their skins, from their heads down to their shins,
And waltzed around the garden all day;
Eve was struck on sweet forbidden fruit,
Adam tried it and it opened up his eye;
And ever since that day, the devil has been to pay,
Such funny things are done upon the sly.

There's the plump and silly maiden full of gush,
She's pretty but her head is soft as mush;
Of course she's got a mash, with a very sick mustache,
On seven dollars a week he's very flush;
They take in all the pic-nics and the balls,
He tells her that he'll wed her by-and-by;
But the neighbors wink and say, in a very knowing way,
Such funny things are done upon the sly.

There's the married man, who bums around at night
On a racket, and he gets so jolly tight;
Says he was at the lodge, when a poker he will dodge,
His wife gets out of bed and wants to fight;
She suspects that he's been out with the girls,
There's a blonde hair on his coat he can't deny;
It's a pretty piece of biz, but you know how it is,
Such funny things are done upon the sly.

There's the lonely widow smiling very sweet,
Who dresses very charmingly and neat;
In company it's the plan, when spoken to by a man,
To blush from her eye-brows to her feet;
But let her catch a gawk when he's alone,
He'll find her not so bashful or so shy;
That's laid upon the shelf, you know how 'tis yourself,
Such funny things are done upon the sly.

There's the stiff old maid who likes to fume and boil,
She's been made so long she's very apt to spoil;
Secretly she'll plan, to try and trap a man,
She's equal to a dose of castor oil;
If she could grab a man and lock him up,
When not another living soul was nigh;
She'd take away his breath, she'd squeeze the man to death,
Such funny things are done upon the sly.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

Copyright, 1884, by Geo. D. Newhall Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

Oh, the birds have flown away, and the flow'rs have died and wither'd,
And the Autumn leaves they now are falling fast;
As I sit alone to-night by the dear old hearthstone fire,
Fond mem'ries 'round my heart they sweetly cast;
'Twas there my dear old mother and my father sat at night,
While on the hearth the cricket it would sing,
Its sad and lonely song 'till the embers died away,
Oh, my heart around those happy days doth cling.

CHORUS.

Listen to the cricket song singing on the hearth,
Recollections fond it brings, of days once full of mirth;
Listen to the cricket's song, singing there to-night,
Could I only call them back, those happy days so bright.

Oh, 'twas when a boy at home, in my mother's arms nested,
And I listen'd to the sweet songs she would sings;
As I sat upon her knee, in those happy days so bright,
Sweet thoughts of her to me they ever bring;
Oh, happy were those days to me, so full of childish glee,
When ev'ry moment pass'd in joyous mirth;
They'll never more return, those sunny days to me,
When the cricket sung its songs upon the hearth.—CHORUS.

REUBEN AND RACHEL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

RACHEL—Reuben, I have long been thinking
What a good world this would be,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.
REUBEN—Rachel, I have long been thinking
What a fine world this might be,
If we had some more young ladies
On this side the Northern Sea.

CHORUS.

REUBEN—Too ral loo ral loo.
RACHEL—Too ral loo ral.
REUBEN—Too ral loo ral loo.
RACHEL—Too ral lee.
RACHEL—If the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea.
REUBEN—If we had some more young ladies on this side of the Northern Sea

RACHEL—Reuben, I'm a poor lone woman,
No one seems to care for me,
I wish the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.
REUBEN—I'm a man without a victim,
Soon I think there's one will be,
If the men are all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.—CHORUS.

RACHEL—Reuben, what's the use fooling,
Why not come up like a man?
If you'd like to have a lover,
I'm for life your Sally Ann.
REUBEN—Oh, my goodness! oh, my gracious!
What a queer world this would be,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.—CHORUS.

RACHEL—Reuben, now do stop your teasing,
If you have any love for me,
I was only just a fooling,
As I thought of course you'd see.
REUBEN—Rachel, I will not transport you,
But I'll take you for a wife,
We will live on milk and honey,
Better or worse, we're in for life.—CHORUS.

Waiting for a Broadway Stage.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

As up Broadway I strolled one day
To see the styles pass by,
A pretty little girl I very soon met,
And she had such a roguish eye;
Her little short skirts in points hung down,
For that style's all the rage;
She was looking up and down with a pretty little frown,
Waiting for a Broadway stage, oh!

CHORUS.

She was just about the girl that's all the rage,
Sweet sixteen was just her age;
I met her on the corner, it was there that first I saw her,
Waiting for a Broadway stage.

She saw that I was looking at her,
When a sweet little smile like a beam
Just played round her face, and with such ease and grace,
Why like a little angel she did seem;
But I kept getting like any one in fear,
For my heart felt like a bird that's in a cage,
How I wished I'd never seen that handsome little queen,
Waiting for a Broadway stage, oh!—*Chorus.*

But as the ice was broken, my hat of course I raised,
As the stage that she required soon came by,
When she said in tones so sweet, perhaps some time we'll meet,
As up the steps her little form did fly;
But I never since have seen her, so I wander in despair
For it seems that since she left me 'twas an age;
But I never shall forget that little girl I met,
Waiting for a Broadway stage, oh!—*Chorus.*

THE HARD-BACK FAMILY.

Copyright, 1879, by Louis P. Goullaud.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

I went to see my girl one night,
She was there when I arrived,
I'm getting along fast in love, you bet,
It is a great surprise;
I asked her for her coal-black hand,
Be mine forever more,
I tell you de family flew at me,
And chased me from de door;
I'm going away to leave you,
I can't stop on de way,
Clear de track, and don't pester me,
For I can no longer stay.

CHORUS.

I'll drive de gospel engine,
I'll drive her through de land,
Swing on de golden chariot,
In that far off happy land.—(*Dance*).

I took my love to de engine house,
To see de fire machine,
Her hair flew back on de top of her head,
She looked like a Dutch May queen;
Her dress was white, and her smile was bright,
Her figure gaunt and lean;
She was brigadier gen'ral of a market store,
Sold hammers, turtle and cream.
I'm going away to leave you,
I can't stop on de way,
Clear de track, and don't pester me,
For I can no longer stay.—*Chorus.*

THE DIAMOND RING.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

I'll tell you in my song of a gay young cavalier,
Who once upon a time, lived in this town right here,
His name was Charles Augustus, and divinely he did sing,
He was clerk in a dry goods store, and he wore a diamond ring.

CHORUS.

Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

He wore a black mustache, his hair hung round in curls,
Oh, he was the fellow to mash the unsuspecting girls,
When they met him in the street, sly glances they would fling,
At the handsome ladies' man, for he wore a diamond ring.
Ri tid de fa ral. ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

To parties he would go, and with the ladies flirt,
He was such a charming beau the girls would all assert,
He had lots of cash on hand, and all that sort of thing,
He drove a two-forty horse, and he wore a diamond ring.
Ri ti e fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

Now things went on quite gay, our hero cut a dash
Like many a dandy swell, with his employer's cash,
His salary was too small to stand this sort of thing,
But he had the run of the drawer, and he wore a diamond ring.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

At last suspicion arose in his employer's mind,
That Charles Augustus' clothes were altogether too fine;
A watch was set on him, to stop this sort of thing,
And our dry goods clerk was caught, "coming this" with his diamond ring.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

"Our gay, young cavalier" before a court was tried,
And as his guilt was clear of course was not denied;
They sent him for his health, to the village of Sing Sing,
To play checkers with his nose, without any diamond ring.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

—When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk, pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

COUSIN JEDEDIAH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

Oh, Jacob, get the cows home, and put them in the pen,
For the cousins are a coming to see us all again;
The dowdy's in the pan, and the turkey's on the fire,
And we all must get ready for Cousin Jedediah.

CHORUS.

There's Hezekiah, and Azariah, and Aunt Sophia, and Jedediah,
All coming here to tea;
Oh, won't we have a jolly time, oh, won't we have a jolly time?
Jerusha, put the kettle on, we'll all take tea.

Now, Obed, wash your face, boy, and tallow up your shoes,
While I go see Aunt Betty, and tell her all the news;
And, Kitty, slick your hair, and put on your Sunday gown,
For Cousin Jedediah comes right from Boston town.—CHORUS.

And, Job, you peel the onions, and wash and fix the taters,
We'll have them on the table in those shiny painted waiters;
Put on your bran new boots, and those trowsers with the straps,
Aunt Sophia'll take a shine to you if you look real slick perhaps.—CHORUS.

Tell Josh to put the colt to the double-seated chaise,
Let him just card down the cattle, give them a little hay;
I'll wear my nice new bell-crown I bought of old Uriah,
And I guess we'll astonish our Cousin Jedediah.—CHORUS.

Give a Man Credit for What he has Done

Written and sung by James T. O'Hara.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

As on the rough highway of life we are treading,
Many you'll meet who are down in the dust,
Tears of repentance perhaps they are shedding,
But as they are down there, why stay there they must;
No friendly hand will they find then to aid them,
Everyone deems it his duty to shun,
Or may be worse, to still further degrade them,
No one to think of the good they have done.

CHORUS.

Then don't shun a man because fortune has thrown him,
Give but a thought to the battle he won,
He's still a brother, then do not disown him,
Give a man credit for what he has done.

What if a man the wrong course may have taken—
All men are likely to stumble and trip—
Should he by his old friends be forsaken,
Get the cold shoulder from one little slip;
No, rather lift him up out of the mire,
Into the light of prosperity's sun,
Give him a start, he may raise himself higher,
Some day he'll bless you for what you have done.
Then don't shun a man because fortune, &c.

Some people look down on a poor man with loathing,
And think that he's naught but to scorn and dispise,
But under his rough and perhaps ragged clothing,
A heart that is richer than gold often lies;
Though men judge harshly of every endeavor,
When the short thread of life to the end has been spun,
In the Heavenly Kingdom forever and ever,
He'll get his reward for the good he has done.
Then don't shun a man because fortune, &c.

—Yeast was invented in the year 'leven.—*N. Y. News.* And gaming in the year won.—*Henderson (N. C.) Gold Leaf.* Fingers were made in the year five, and the first free lunch disappeared in the year ate.—*N. Y. News.*

—"My name hain't Wiggins, nor it hain't Vennor. My name is Smithers—John Smithers, if you please, and I hain't much on predicting the weather, but when I go home without any meat for breakfast, and Mrs. Smithers finds it out, I can reckon on an old north-easter every time."—*Somerville Journal.*

Good-Night! but not Good-Bye.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Good-night! but not good-bye, love!
Why wilt thou haste away?
The moments swiftly fly, love,
Enjoy them while we may;
Or say, good-night, till dawning,
When ev'ning shadows fly,
'Till sunlight gilds the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye;
'Till sunlight gilds the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye.

QUARTETTE.

Good-night! but not good-bye, love!
Why wilt thou haste away?
The moments swiftly fly, love,
Enjoy them while we may;
Or say, good-night, till dawning,
When ev'ning shadows fly,
'Till sunlight gilds the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye;
'Till sunlight gilds the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye.

Ah, give me no denial,
The choice is still thine own,
I'll backward turn the dial,
And time shall be unknown;
'Till blossoms scent the gloaming,
And Phoebus gilds the sky,
'Till dew-drops gild the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye;
'Till dew-drops gild the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye.

QUARTETTE.

Ah, give me no denial,
The choice is still thine own,
I'll backward turn the dial,
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'Till blossoms scent the gloaming,
And Phoebus gilds the sky,
'Till dew-drops gild the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye;
'Till dew-drops gild the morning,
Good-night! but not good-bye.

Waiting for My Ship to Come This Way.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

I stand here idly waiting
For my fairy ship to land,
Glancing out upon the sunbeams
As they gild the sparkling strand;
Dreaming of those wondrous treasures
That shall be my own some day,
When from a distant country
That ship shall sail this way.

CHORUS.

I am waiting, waiting, waiting
For my ship to come this way.

I then shall build a palace
So beautiful and grand,
The very sun shall wonder
To see it in the land;
The walls shall gleam with splendor,
The fountain rain down pearls,
The birds shall sing forever
In merry, merry whirls.

CHORUS.

I am waiting, waiting, waiting
For my ship to come this way.

THE MINSTREL'S DREAM.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

One eve while sitting in my chair
Before my fire so bright,
Its rays dispelled the midnight gloom,
And lighted up the night;
My thoughts reverted to the past,
And brought before my gaze,
The shadowed forms of minstrels great,
The kings of by-gone days.
I saw the people laugh and cry,
As alternately they gave—
The merry pun, the mirthful joke,
The ballad sweet and grave;
They formed a quaint procession,
As they passed before my sight,
The minstrels of our former days,
Thus conjured from the night.

I saw George Christy shake the bones,
Sweet music from them drag,
And how the audience it would roar,
As he told each merry gag;
Saw "Daddy" Rice in ecstasy,
Those legs of his to throw,
The father of the minstrels—
He who danced the first "Jim Crow;
Heard Mulligan, with towering form,
Pathetic ballads sing,
When Long John opened once his mouth
'Twas down the house he'd bring;
Stevie Rogers gave his excelsior clog,
The greatest ever seen,
And other well-known faces
Came to fill my minstrel's dream.

Nelse Seymour showed his giant form,
And passed me by and smiled,
A friend to every one in need,
The minstrel's favorite child;
How oft I've heard his merry laugh,
As he made the night pass o'er,
Give out the joke which ever set
The audience in a roar;
He scarcely disappeared when came
The minstrel king and man,
The glory of the boys in black—
The merry laughing Dan;
As Bryant passed me by,
His face with radiance seemed to beam,
He cast a brilliant halo
Upon my minstrel's dream.

Young Jerry, of the Bryant's, too,
With bones and tamborine,
Recounted every great success
In minstrelsy he'd seen;
Billy Manning, of Chicago fame,
Then passed me swiftly by,
And Unsworth gave his great stump speech,
In which he the world defied;
Jimmy Bradley danced his unequalled jig,
Familiar to us all,
Billy Pastor sang his comic songs,
And was many times recalled;
Eph Horn, the last bright face I saw,
He threw a radiant gleam
Upon the spirits who had gone,
To fill my minstrel's dream.

—"Bridget, what makes your master's socks such an awful color?" inquired Mrs. Goldeye of her help the other morning. "Color, mum?" "Yes, color! They are all brown at the toes." "Ah, shure, that's the coffee stains, me lady." "The what?" "Where I was jist afther straining the coffee through 'em. Shure ye needn't be lookin' at a poor crayture like that—it was before I put them in the wash I used 'em, and bad luck to 'em"—*Evansville Argus.*

THE WILL O'-THE-WISP.

Sung by Miss Clara Moore.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

When night's dark mantle has covered all, I come in fire arrayed,
Many a victim I've seen fall, or fly from me dismayed;
Will o'-the-wisp! they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-wisp, 'tis he!
Will o'-the-whisp! they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-whisp, 'tis he!
To mark their fright, as off they fly,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me!
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry sport for me!
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air!
The mortal who follows me, follows in vain,
For, I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho! ho!
I laugh at their folly and pain—
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their pain,
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their folly and pain;
I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho! ho!
I laugh at their folly and pain.

Many a traveler I deceive, and with their parting breath
I hear them call in vain for help, and dance round them in death;
Will o'-the-whisp! they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-whisp, 'tis he!
Will o'-the-whisp! they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-whisp, 'tis he!
To mark their shriek, as they sink and die,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me!
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry sport for me!
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air!
The mortal who follows me, follows in vain,
For I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho! ho!
I laugh at their folly and pain—
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their pain,
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their folly and pain;
I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho! ho!
I laugh at their folly and pain.

AS THROUGH THE PARK I GO.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Oh! I'm a girl that is fond of life,
My age is twenty-one,
I am averse to noise and strife,
But very fond of fun;
And though to vice I'm not inclined,
I like the flattery of mankind,
And always like to speak my mind,
Alike to every one.

CHORUS.

For, as through the park I go,
The gents all want to know,
"Who is that darling girl
That drives so fast?" they'd like to know.

I live at home with dear mamma,
And do just as I will,
While lovers come from near and far,
And me with nonsense fill;
But I tell them all, I will be a nun,
And beg they will have done,
But then they say, I'm only in fun,
As I laugh behind my fan.

SPOKEN—Well, of course I am in fun sometimes. 'Twas only the other evening mamma took me to a ball, and bought me this new dress from Madame Wintle for the occasion, for mamma said, I must put on my best smiles and graces, for I was getting old and it was quite time I was off her hands. Poor mamma, she always has my interest at heart. So after the ball was over, one dear young fellow began to address me, and I really thought he was going to propose, but another gent came in and spoiled it all, and I've many times heard them both remark:—*Chorus.*

The Bill it Kept Running Up Higher.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Roxana Magruder was a frail little thing,
But her appetite gave her away;
I took her to dinner, this is what she devoured—
At a restaurant on Thanksgiving Day:
Seven dishes of soup, at the very first scoop,
Twelve dozen of raw on the shell;
Three porterhouse steaks and nine plates of hot cakes,
When I heard an old gentleman yell:

CHORUS.

"Oh, Sam, tell her to stop,
That baby will surely expire;"
They all let a roar when she hollered for more,
And the bill it kept running up higher.

She licked off the dishes, the knives and the spoons,
Wrestled everything there in the place;
She swallowed milk punches until I declare,
I was ashamed to look a cow in the face;
She had pickles and stews, and some killikaloos,
Spring turkeys and Dutch sourkraut;
When she tackled sardines and a pot of baked beans,
They all let a terrible shout:

CHORUS.

"Oh, Sam, will she ever drop?
Go hang her outside on a wire;"
Then she yelled for his "nabbs," to bring her some crabs,
And the bill it kept running up higher.

She drank enough whiskey to float a big ship,
She swallowed Dutch beer by the pail;
A dozen milk punches all went the same road,
With a couple of buckets of ale;
She had brandy and sherry, and hot Tom and Jerry,
Gin fizzes till she couldn't see;
When she asked, with a laugh, for a hot whiskey bath,
I heard them all holler at me:

CHORUS.

"Oh, Sam, will she ever stop?
Did you borrow that beer keg or buy her?"
While the lager will flow, I said, "Let her go,"
And the bill it kept running up higher.

THE WHISTLING COON.

Copyright, 1878, by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

Oh! I've seen in my time some very funny folks,
But the funniest of all I know,
Is a colored individual, as sure as you're alive,
As black as any black coon;
You may talk until you're tired, but you'll never get a word
From this very funny, queer old coon;
He's a knock-kneed, double-jointed, hunky-plunky moke,
And he's happy when he whistles this tune:—(WHISTLES.)

Oh, he's got a pair of lips, like a pound of liver split,
And a nose like an injun rubber shoe,
He's a limpy, happy, chuckle-headed, huckleberry nig,
And he whistles like a happy killy-loo;
He's an independent, free-and-easy, fat-and-greasy ham,
With a cranium like a big baboon;
Oh, I never heard him talk to anybody in my life,
But he's happy when he whistles this tune:—(WHISTLES.)

Oh, he'd whistle in the morning, through the day and through the night,
And he'd whistle like the devil going to bed,
Oh, he'd whistle like a locomotive engine in his sleep,
And he whistled when his wife was dead;
One day a fellow hit him with a brick upon the mouth,
And his jaw swelled up like a balloon,
Now he goes along shaking like a monkey in a fit,
And this is how he whistles that tune:—(WHISTLES.)

THE LONE STARRY HOURS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

Oh! the lone starry hours give me, love,
When still is the beautiful night;
When the round, laughing moon I see, love,
Peep through the clouds, silver white;
When no wind through the low woods sweep, love,
And I gaze on some bright rising star;
When the world is in dream and sleep, love,
Oh! wake, while I touch my guitar.

'Till the red, rosy morn grows bright, love,
Far away o'er the distant sea;
'Till the stars cease their gentle light, love,
Will I wait for a welcome from thee;
And, oh! if that pleasure is thine, love,
We will wander together afar;
My heart shall be thine, thine mine love,
Then, wake, while I touch my guitar.

COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Oh! do not stand so long outside,
Why need you be so shy?
The people's ears are open, John,
As they are passing by;
You cannot tell what they may think,
They've said strange things before;
And if you wish to talk a while,
Come in and shut the door!
Come in, come in, come in, come in, come in,
Come in, come in and shut the door!

Nay, do not say: "No, thank you, Jane,"
With such a bashful smile;
You said, when ladies whispered: No!
They meant: Yes! all the while;
My father, too, will welcome you,
I told you so before;
It don't look well to stand out here,
Come in and shut the door!
Come in, come in, come in, come in, come in,
Come in, come in and shut the door!

You say, I did not answer you,
To what you said last night;
I heard your question in the dark,
Thought of it in the light;
And now my lips shall utter,
What my heart has said before——
Yes, dearest, I——but, wait a while,
Come in and shut the door!
Come in, come in, come in, come in, come in,
Come in, come in and shut the door!

BOBBING AROUND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

In August last, on one fine day, a bobbing around, around, around,
When Josh and I went to make hay, we went a bobbing around;
Says Josh to me: "Let's talk a walk, a bobbing around, around, around,
Then we can have a private talk, as we go bobbing around."

We walked along to the mountain ridge, a bobbing around, around, around,
'Till we got near Squire Slipshod's bridge, as we went bobbing around;
Then Josh and I went on a spree, a bobbing around, around, around,
And I kiss'd Josh, and Josh kiss'd me, as we went bobbing around.

Then Josh's pluck no longer tarried, a bobbing around, around, around,
Says he, "Dear Patience, let's get married, then we'll go bobbing around;"
Now, I knew he loved another gal, a bobbing around, around, around,
They call'd her crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd Sal, when he went bobbing around

So after we got into church, a bobbing around, around, around,
I cut and left Josh in the lurch, then he went bobbing around;
Now, all you chaps what's got a gal, a bobbing around, around, around,
Do think of crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd Sal, when you go bobbing around.

MARY LE MORE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

As I strayed o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose arrayed,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed;
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and wild flowers abounded;
To its inmost recesses, her heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary Le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek,
Her tresses a wreath of primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;
While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed: "O my mother!
See the blood on that lash! 'tis the blood of my brother;
They have torn his poor flesh!—and they now strip another—
'Tis Connor—the friend of poor Mary Le More."

Though his locks were as white as the foam of the ocean,
Those wretches shall find that my father is brave;
My father! she cried, with the wildest emotion,
Ah, no! my poor father now sleeps in the grave;
They have tolled his death bell, they've laid the turf o'er him,
His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore him;
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary Le More."

A lark, from the gold blossomed furze that grew near her,
Now rose and with energy carolled his lay;
"Hush! hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds clearer,
The horsemen approach! Erin's daughter's away!
Ah! soldiers 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruined poor Mary Le More.

Away! bring the ointment—O God! see the gashes!
Alas! my poor brother, come dry the big tear!
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
Already the screech-owl and raven appear;
By day the green grave that lies under the willow,
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
'Till the ooze and dark sea-weed beneath the curled billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary Le More."

Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending,
Than sanity's voice ever poured on my ear;
When lo! on the waste, and on the march towards her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear;
"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaimed, and with wild horror started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted;
With an overcharged bosom I slowly departed,
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Mary Le More.

THOU HAST WOUNDED THE SPIRIT THAT LOVED THEE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,
And cherished thine image for years,
Thou has taught me, at last, to forget thee,
In secret, in silence and tears;
As the young bird, when left by its mother,
Its earliest pinions to try,
Round the nest will still lingering hover,
Ere its trembling wings can fly.

Thus we're taught in this cold world, to smother
Each feeling that once was so dear;
Like that young bird, I'll seek to discover
A home of affection elsewhere;
Though this heart may still cling to the fondly,
And dream of sweet memories past,
Yet hope, like the rainbow of Summer,
Gives a promise of Lethe, at last.

THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

I'm sitting to-day in the old play-ground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together;
I'm thinking of the joys when you and I were boys,
In the merry days now gone, John, forever;
'Twas here we sat in the merry olden time,
And we dreamed of the wild world before us,
And our visions and hopes of the coming time,
Were as bright as the sun which shone o'er us.

CHORUS.

I'm sitting to-day in the old play-ground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together;
I'm thinking of the joys when you and I were boys,
In those merry days now gone, John, forever.

O'er this threshold, John, we passed forlon,
To wander, we knew not where;
The heaven we thought so bright was o'ershadowed by night,
And the pathway lay dark and drear;
But I'm sitting to-day in the old play-ground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together,
And these memories wild have made me a child,
As in the merry days now gone, John, forever.—*Chorus.*

LOVE NOT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers;
Things are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the things you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beams on its grave, as once upon its earth.
Love not! Love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! O, warning vainly said,
In present hours, as in years gone by;
Love sings a halo 'round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not! love not!

LITTLE MOHE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

As I went out walking for pleasure one day,
For slight recreation I happened to stray;
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Who should come there but an Indian lass.
She sat down beside me and taking my hand,
Said, you look a stranger, not one of this land;
But if you will follow, you're welcome to come,
For I live by myself in a snug little home.

With the kindest expression she bade me walk in,
And treated me kindly to all found therein,
She said, by the seaside no more I'll rove,
Think of Little Mohe in the cocoanut grove.
The last time I saw her, her bark it went by,
She waving her hand, and then she did cry,
Saying, by the seaside no more I'll rove,
Think of Little Mohe in the cocoanut grove.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

At sixteen years old, you could get little good of me,
'Twas then I saw Norah, who soon understood of me;
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.

CHORUS.

'Twas dear, dear! but what can the matter be?
Och! botheration! what can the matter be?
Och! gramachree! what can the matter be?
Bothered from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father Flannigan,
Told him my case—made an end—then began again;
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you can find out what I ail.—*Chorus.*

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again,
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again;
Gave me a kiss, but och! that made me worse again,
Well she knew what I did ail.—*Chorus.*

'Tis long ago, now, since I left Tipperary—
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary;
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
Yet I cannot tell now what I ail.—*Chorus.*

THE COAT OF OTHER DAYS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

The coat of other days is faded,
And all its beauties past;
My friends no longer look as they did,
But like it are fading fast.
When first I sported it, a new one,
Its buttons threw Sol's rays—
But now no longer 'tis a new one,
The coat of other days.

The cuffs and collar now are greasy,
Not a bit of nap is there;
'Twas tight, but now it fits me easy,
As a cheap fit at Rag Fair.
The very velvet on the collar,
Is now all grease and frays;
And the boys, as I pass by them, halloo:
"There's a coat of other days!"

Take Back Those Gems You Gave Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Take back those gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee;
Thou art changed, and they no longer
Possess one charm for me.
Alas! they but remind me
Of bright hopes passed away;
Oh! leave me, sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday!
Thou canst not call me faithless,
For, never a word of mine
Was breathed or lightly spoken;
Say, was it so with thine?

And yet I'll not upbraid thee;
My presence shall not throw
One cloud upon thy pathway,
One shadow on thy brow.
Go mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay,
But leave me, sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday!
My last farewell is spoken,
One word, oh! lingers yet,
Although my voice might falter—
My heart would say, forget!

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

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Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Help! or yon ship is lost;
Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
See how she's tempest-toss'd.
No human power in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save;
Her mainmast's gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
See the dreadful signal flies;
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise.
And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild;
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there!
Oh, speed the life-boat, speed the life-boat,
Oh, God! their efforts crown!
She dashes on—the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah, see! the crew are struggling now,
Amidst the billows roar;
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gain'd the shore.
Bless the life-boat, bless the life-boat,
Oh, thou'lt hear our prayer!
Bless the life-boat, bless the life-boat!
No longer we'll despair.

GAL WITH THE TERRIBLE FEET.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Her name was Maria Jane Whittaker Gibbs,
Bow-legged in one of her eyes;
With a fist like a ham, she could fight like a Turk,
Warm any old gal of her size.
A terrible crowd always followed her heels,
Where'ver she went on the street;
You'd swear 'twas an earthquake had tackled the earth,
Whenever she moved her big feet.

CHORUS.

All the bad little boys, how they'd whistle and yell,
Whenever she went on the street;
And all the Dutch shoemakers mopies would bark,
At the gal with the terrible feet.

It took a bull's hide for to make her a shoe,
And she'd pick her big teeth with the horns;
Had a bunion as big as gin head on each foot,
And some cracking, big, beautiful corns;
And when she got mad, her big ears they got blue,
And her nose turned as red as a beat;
She could kick a big hole through the side of a house,
This gal with the terrible feet.—*Chorus.*

One day she stepped on a bull terrier pup,
When she raised there was nothing beneath;
And once, when a little girl going to school,
She kicked out an Elephant's teeth;
And if any poor fellow should make her a call,
He'd find it hard getting away;
For she'd put her big foot on the top of his back,
And lord how she'd press him to stay.—*Chorus.*

—Mr. Bergh, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There wouldn't be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under water and hold chloroform to a fish's nose until it became unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.—*Norristown Herald.*

Good-Bye, My Honey, I'm Gone.

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I had a girl, and her name was Isabella,
She ran away with another colored feller,
And my load was all de stronger,
And I couldn't stay no longer;
Good-bye, my honey. I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And she gave it to me stronger,
And I couldn't stay no longer;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

One day in de middle of de month ob Januyear,
I rolled my dearie in my arms for to soothe her
But her heart was with another,
And she wouldn't let me love her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And her heart was with another,
And she wouldn't let me love her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I thought dis girl was de nicest little daisy,
'Till a dude came along from de roller rink so crazy;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I had a girl and she was a little lily,
Freddy came along and knocked her very silly;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he wouldn't run to stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he wouldn't run to stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I forgot for to tell you her name was Mary Walker,
She wore de pants till she couldn't wear 'em shorter;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

This funny little girl was a dandy little runner,
Her name was Belva Lockwood, but the White House was a stunner,
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I know a man and he tried to coin a dollar,
His name is Uncle Sam, and he ought to get a collar,
For it wasn't worth a dollar,
And the ninety cents was holler;
Good-bye, my children, I'm done.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my children, I'm done.
Good-bye, my children, I'm done;
For it wasn't worth a dollar,
And ninety cents was holler;
Good-bye, my children, I'm done.

—The reason we are proud of Summer, is because pride goes before a fall.—*New York News.*

THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

Copyright, 1885, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Sheet Music of this beautiful Ballad can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York City.

Raise the window higher, mother, air can never harm me now,
Let the breeze blow in upon me, it will cool my fevered brow;
Soon death's struggles will be over, soon be still'd this aching heart,
But I have a dying message I would give before we part:
Lay my head upon your bosom, fold me closer, mother, dear,
While I breathe a name long silent, in thy fond and loving ear;
Mother, there is one—you know him—oh, I cannot speak his name,
You remember how he sought me, how with loving words he came.

How he gained my young affection, vowing in most tender tone
That he would forever guard me, were my heart but his alone;
You remember how I trusted, how my thoughts were all of him—
Draw the curtain higher, mother, for the light is growing dim.
Need I tell you how he left me, coldly putting me aside,
How he wooed and won another, and now claims her as his bride?
Life has been a weary burden since those hours of deepest woe—
Wipe these cold drops from my forehead, they are death marks well I know.

Gladly I obey the summons to a bright and better land,
Where no hearts are won and broken, but all form a happy band;
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though my form you see no more;
Grieve not, think me only waiting for you on the other shore.
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though you miss me from your side,
I forgive him, and I wish him joy with her so soon his bride;
Take this ring from off my finger, where he placed it long ago,
Give it to him with a bleassing, that in dying I bestow.

Tell him that it is a token of forgiveness and of peace—
Hark! I hear his voice, it passeth; will those watching never cease?
Hark! I hear his footsteps coming—no, 'tis but the rustling trees;
Strange how my disordered fancy caught his footfall on the breeze.
I am cold now, close the window, fold me closer—kiss me, too;
Joy! what means that burst of music? 'tis the Saviour's voice, I know;
See Him waiting to receive me! oh, how great a bliss to die—
Mother, meet your child in heaven, one more kiss, and then—good-bye.

DANDY PAT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

I'm the boy called Dandy Pat,
I was born in the town of Ballina,
Dandy Pat I O;
I coorted one Miss Kitty Maloy,
She sed I was the broth of a boy,
Dandy Pat I O.

CHORUS.

I'm Dandy Pat I O,
I'm Dandy Pat I O,
From Magherafat to Bellinafat,
There's none come up to Dandy Pat.

My leg and foot is nate and trim,
The girls all say, just look at him,
Dandy Pat I O;
My stick is made of good black thorn,
I'm the funniest fellow that ever was born,
Dandy Pat I O.—*Chorus.*

My coat is made of Irish frieze,
The devil a one can take the prize
From Dandy Pat I O;
My hat is made of Irish felt,
The hearts of all the girls I melt,
I'm Pat the Dandy O.—*Chorus.*

I took a walk to the Central Park,
A charming lady made the remark,
Pat the Dandy O;
She axed me home to take some tay,
She said she'd never go away
From Pat the Dandy O.—*Chorus.*

I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight.

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I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour;
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dard church-tower;
And, like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears—
How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
I had wished that that ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care;
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear;
But now it has fallen from me—
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me;
Yet, whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean,
Comes the thoughts of other years;
And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

We Are Out on the Ocean Sailing.

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GIRLS—We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide.
BOYS—We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

GIRLS—Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore.
BOYS—Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

GIRLS—Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on.
BOYS—All on board are sweetly singing:
Free salvation is our song.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

GIRLS—When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout: "Our trial's o'er!"
BOYS—We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore:
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

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Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Help! or yon ship is lost;
Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
See how she's tempest-toss'd.
No human power in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save;
Her mainmast's gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
See the dreadful signal flies;
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise.
And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild;
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there!
Oh, speed the life-boat, speed the life-boat,
Oh, God! their efforts crown!
She dashes on—the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah, see! the crew are struggling now,
Amidst the billows roar;
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gain'd the shore.
Bless the life-boat, bless the life-boat,
Oh, thou'lt hear our prayer!
Bless the life-boat, bless the life-boat!
No longer we'll despair.

GAL WITH THE TERRIBLE FEET.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Her name was Maria Jane Whittaker Gibbs,
Bow-legged in one of her eyes;
With a fist like a ham, she could fight like a Turk,
Warm any old gal of her size.
A terrible crowd always followed her heels,
Where'ver she went on the street;
You'd swear 'twas an earthquake had tackled the earth,
Whenever she moved her big feet.

CHORUS.

All the bad little boys, how they'd whistle and yell,
Whenever she went on the street;
And all the Dutch shoemakers mopies would bark,
At the gal with the terrible feet.

It took a bull's hide for to make her a shoe,
And she'd pick her big teeth with the horns;
Had a bunion as big as gin head on each foot,
And some cracking, big, beautiful corns;
And when she got mad, her big ears they got blue,
And her nose turned as red as a beat;
She could kick a big hole through the side of a house,
This gal with the terrible feet.—*Chorus.*

One day she stepped on a bull terrier pup,
When she raised there was nothing beneath;
And once, when a little girl going to school,
She kicked out an Elephant's teeth;
And if any poor fellow should make her a call,
He'd find it hard getting away;
For she'd put her big foot on the top of his back,
And lord how she'd press him to stay.—*Chorus.*

—Mr. Bergh, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There wouldn't be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under water and hold chloroform to a fish's nose until it became unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.—*Norristown Herald.*

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She ran away with another colored feller,
And my load was all de stronger,
And I couldn't stay no longer;
Good-bye, my honey. I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And she gave it to me stronger,
And I couldn't stay no longer;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

One day in de middle of de month ob Januyear,
I rolled my dearie in my arms for to soothe her
But her heart was with another,
And she wouldn't let me love her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And her heart was with another,
And she wouldn't let me love her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I thought dis girl was de nicest little daisy,
'Till a dude came along from de roller rink so crazy;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
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I had a girl and she was a little lily,
Freddy came along and knocked her very silly;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he wouldn't run to stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he wouldn't run to stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I forgot for to tell you her name was Mary Walker,
She wore de pants till she couldn't wear 'em shorter;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

This funny little girl was a dandy little runner,
Her name was Belva Lockwood, but the White House was a stunner,
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone,
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone;
And I hollered for a copper,
But he said, he couldn't stop her;
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone.

I know a man and he tried to coin a dollar,
His name is Uncle Sam, and he ought to get a collar,
For it wasn't worth a dollar,
And the ninety cents was holler;
Good-bye, my children, I'm done.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my children, I'm done.
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Grieve not, think me only waiting for you on the other shore.
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though you miss me from your side,
I forgive him, and I wish him joy with her so soon his bride;
Take this ring from off my finger, where he placed it long ago,
Give it to him with a bleassing, that in dying I bestow.

Tell him that it is a token of forgiveness and of peace—
Hark! I hear his voice, it passeth; will those watching never cease?
Hark! I hear his footsteps coming—no, 'tis but the rustling trees;
Strange how my disordered fancy caught his footfall on the breeze.
I am cold now, close the window, fold me closer—kiss me, too;
Joy! what means that burst of music? 'tis the Saviour's voice, I know;
See Him waiting to receive me! oh, how great a bliss to die—
Mother, meet your child in heaven, one more kiss, and then—good-bye.

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Dandy Pat I O;
I coorted one Miss Kitty Maloy,
She sed I was the broth of a boy,
Dandy Pat I O.

CHORUS.

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I'm Dandy Pat I O,
From Magherafat to Bellinafat,
There's none come up to Dandy Pat.

My leg and foot is nate and trim,
The girls all say, just look at him,
Dandy Pat I O;
My stick is made of good black thorn,
I'm the funniest fellow that ever was born,
Dandy Pat I O.—*Chorus.*

My coat is made of Irish frieze,
The devil a one can take the prize
From Dandy Pat I O;
My hat is made of Irish felt,
The hearts of all the girls I melt,
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A charming lady made the remark,
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She said she'd never go away
From Pat the Dandy O.—*Chorus.*

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Behind the dard church-tower;
And, like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears—
How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
I had wished that that ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care;
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear;
But now it has fallen from me—
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me;
Yet, whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean,
Comes the thoughts of other years;
And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

We Are Out on the Ocean Sailing.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

GIRLS—We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide.
BOYS—We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

GIRLS—Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore.
BOYS—Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

GIRLS—Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on.
BOYS—All on board are sweetly singing:
Free salvation is our song.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

GIRLS—When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout: "Our trial's o'er!"
BOYS—We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore:
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

JIM FISK SONG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

If you'll listen awhile, I'll sing you a song
About this "glorious land of the free,"
And the "difference" I'll show 'twixt the rich and the poor,
In a "trial by jury," you see—
If you've plenty of "stamps," you can hold up your head,
And walk out from your own prison door;
But they'll hang you up high, if you've no friends or gold—
Let the "rich" go, but hang up the poor!
In the trials for murder we've had now-a-days,
The rich ones get off swift and sure,
While they've thousands to pay to the jury and Judge,
You can bet they'll go back on the poor!

Let me speak of a man who's now dead in his grave—
A good man as ever was born—
Jim Fisk he was called, and his money he gave
To the outcast, the poor and forlorn;
We all know he loved both women and wine,
But his heart it was right I am sure;
Though he lived like a "Prince" in a palace so fine,
Yet he never went back on the poor!
If a man was in trouble, Fisk helped him along
To drive the "grim wolf" from the door;
He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,
But he never went back on the poor!

Jim Fisk was a man who wore "his heart on his sleeve,"
No matter what people would say;
And he did all his deeds (both the good and the bad)
In the broad open light of the day.
With his grand "six-in-hand," on the beach at Long Branch,
He cut a "big dash," to be sure,
But "Chicago's great fire" showed the world that Jim Fisk,
With his "wealth," still remembered the poor!
When the telegram came that the homeless, that night,
Were starving to death, slow but sure,
His "Lightning Express," manned by noble Jim Fisk,
Flew to feed all her hungry and poor!

Now, what do you think of this "trial" of Stokes,
Who murdered this friend of the poor?
When such men get free, is there any one safe
If they step from outside their own door?
Is there one law for the poor, and one for the rich?
It seems so—at least so I say—
If they hang up the poor, why—damn it—the rich
Ought to swing up the very same way!
Don't show any favor to friend or to foe,
The beggar or prince at his door;
The big millionaire you must hang up also,
But never go back on the poor!

Oh! shame on this "land of the free and brave,"
When such sights as this meet our eye!
The poor in their prisons are treated like slaves,
While the rich in their cells they live high.
A poor devil, "crazy with drink," they will hang
For a murder he didn't intend;
But a wealthy assassin, with "political friends,"
Gets off, for he's money to spend!
But if things go on this way, we'll stand it no more,
The people will rise up in bands;
A Vigilance Committee we'll raise on our shore,
And take the law in our own hands!

—An old bachelor wants to know if it's squallity or if it's quantity that takes a premium at the baby show.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Out West, when a girl wants her male admirer to go home, she takes down her back hair; when she wants him to stay at home, she takes out her teeth.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—James Gordon Bennett wears nine diamond rings. He would wear more, but one finger was disabled during the war by the premature discharge of a champagne cork. He has applied for a pension for the disability.—*Peck's Sun.*

SUSAN'S SUNDAY OUT.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

Oh! shan't I be delighted just when Sunday comes, I know,
I wish it would make haste and come, but 'tis so precious slow;
No doubt you will desire to know what it's really all about?
The fact is that: Next Sunday is my Susan's Sunday out.

CHORUS.

Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight! I always dance and shout;
It fills my heart with great delight, when it's Susan's Sunday out.

My Susan is a kitchen-maid, and lives in Washington Square,
She's eyes like sloes, a turn-up nose, and carroty head of hair;
She's often taken for a queen, as with me she walks about,
And I always feel so happy, when it's Susan's Sunday out.
Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight, &c.

She must have lots of perquisities, for, she brings me lots of meat,
Tho' sometimes in the Summer time, they isn't over sweet;
She keeps me well in pannum, that's what makes me look so stout,
And don't I just blow out my kite on Susan's Sunday out.
Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight, &c.

And all the loose tobacco she finds in the empty jars,
She gives to me, and sometimes brings a bundle of cigars;
She says they're all her perquisites, which, of course, I do not doubt,
And sometimes wish that oftener 'twas Susan's Sunday out.
Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight, &c.

Her perquisities extends to clothes, for she brings me bang up suits,
Coats, trowsers, shirts and waistcoats, umbrellas, hats and boots;
Says she: Master he can't wear 'em now, acos he's got so stout,
So he gave 'em to me to give to you, when 'twas my Sunday out.
Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight, &c.

Her mistress and the young ones are often out of town,
Then I goes into the kitchen, and to tea with her sit down;
Her master, he can't come down stairs, he's always got the gout,
And sometimes two or three times a week it's Susan's Sunday out.
Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight, &c

We've got an eye to business, and already are beginning
To stock a pretty little shop with lots of baby-linen;
She says, it may be wanted—and it will, I have no doubt,
For, married we intend to be, on Susan's Sunday out.
Oh! Gemini, crikey, blow me tight, &c.

DOT OLE BAY MULE OF MINE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

I've been about dis many a day,
I'm forty years of age,
And when I was but ten years old
A stable boy was made;
I've seen de fastest horses,
And de one dat made best time,
But of all, I never seen one
Like dat ole bay mule of mine.

CHORUS.

He ain't—'cept when he is tied—
He ain't pretty to behold,
But then he's faithful, good, and true,
And dat am more dan gold;
He never runs away with me,
Or cuts up any shine—
He's just de best nag in de world,
Dat ole bay mule of mine.

I speck dat when dat ole mule dies
He'll join some angel band,
Wid silver shoes on his ole feet,
He'll prance de golden sand;
De angels gather'd round him,
Dat's where I'll go to find,
Dressed up wid rings and heavenly robes,
Dat ole bay mule of mine.—*Chorus.*

JAMES BIRD.

[Sent to us for publication by Mr. J. F. McDermott, the Scranton agent of THE WILLIAMSPORT (PA.) BREAKFAST TABLE.

In the last issue of *The Breakfast Table* a news item from Erie, Pa. was published, stating that A. B. Bird, of Williamsport, was making a search on the beach of the lake near that city for the skeleton of James Bird, a soldier executed for desertion in 1812. A. B. Bird is well known in this city as the special agent of the Travelers' Insurance Company, and the story of the tragic fate of his second cousin is of more than ordinary local interest. The fate of James Bird was a sad and unjust one, brought about by the wickedest betrayal that the fancy can conceive. It has been the theme of both song and story, ever since he was shot on shipboard in Lake Erie, three-quarters of a century ago. Much that has been written, concerning his death, is familiar to all the older residents of Erie, and at every gathering of old folks, even at this late day, the "Song of Bird" is invariably sung. While A. B. Bird was at Erie, he gained much valuable information touching on the case of the executed soldier. His visit there looking for his grave and skeleton succeeded in arousing interest anew in songs and stories that have been written. All indicate that Bird's offense was of a trivial nature and really was not a reason for any disgrace. It is because of this that his memory is kept alive by story and song. A few years ago, the "Song of Bird," was published at Erie, and created a good deal of discussion. C. J. Sabin, who now lives in Champaign, Ill., has written the song from memory for publication. He says: "I was familiar in my boyhood with Bird's story, as the man who betrayed him lived only 12 miles from where I was born. After Perry's victory on Lake Erie, Bird was idle a long time, and seeing no further need of his service in the fleet, he deserted and finally went to work for a man named Waterman, near Gowanda, N. Y. I have seen Waterman many times and often passed the land cleared by Bird for him. When Waterman was owing Bird quite a sum for work, he told him, if he would go with him to Buffalo he could get the money there to pay him. Arriving there, and finding no United States troops, Mr. Waterman induced him to go with him to Erie, saying he would pay his fare, and that the man who was to let him have the money had gone to Erie. Bird not suspecting his design went with him. Once there, Bird was surrendered to the troops, and Waterman, pocketing the reward for returning deserters, left him to be shot, balancing his own account at the same time and never paying Bird a cent for his labor. Waterman's family were a wretched set when I knew them, on this and other accounts." The song is as follows:

Sons of pleasure, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear,
And a sad and mournful story
As e'er was told you soon shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the West,
When our forces quick assembled,
The invader to resist.

Among the troops that marched to Erie
Were the Kingston Volunteers,
Captain Thomas their commander,
To protect our West frontiers.

Tender were the scenes of parting,
Mothers wrung their hands and cried;
Maidens wept their loves in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.

But there's one among that number,
Tall and graceful is his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayers once more,
Pressed his father's hand and left them
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary tried to say farewell, James,
Waved her hand, but nothing spoke,
Good-bye, Bird, may heaven protect you,
From the rest the parting broke.

Soon he came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? the battle rages;
Is he in the strife, or no?
Now the cannons roar tremendous;
Dare he meet the furious foe?

Ah! behold, and see with Perry,
In the self-same ship he fights;
See his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.

But behold! a ball has struck him;
See the crimson current flow;
"Leave the deck," exclaims brave Perry;
"No," cries Bird, "I will not go.

Here on deck I take my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly;
I'll stand by you, gallant captain,
Till we conquer or we die."

So he fought, though faint and bleeding,
Till our "stars and stripes" arose;
Victory had crowned our efforts
All triumphant o'er our foes.

And, did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No; nor never to his bosom
Clasped the maid his heart adored.

And there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shore;
Better if poor Bird had perished
'Mid the battle's awful roar.

"Dearest parents," says the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you;
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.

I must suffer for desertion
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letter, brothers, sisters,
'Tis the last you'll have from me."

Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Who's the heart, not dead to pity,
But for him will heave a sigh?

Lo! he fought so brave at Erie,
Freely bled, and nobly dared;
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Let his precious life be spared.

See! he kneels upon the coffin,
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him! Hark! Oh, God, they've shot him,
See! his bosom streams with blood.

Farewell, Bird, farewell forever,
Friends and home you'll see no more;
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

The words "Spare him! Hark! Oh, God, they've shot him," are said to have been uttered by Commodore Perry, who had ridden on horseback from Buffalo to Erie to save Bird's life, arriving just as the volley was fired that killed him. The brig Niagara still lies sunk in Misery Bay, Lake Erie, and can be seen when the water is clear.—*The Williamsport (Pa.) Breakfast Table.*

—The skating rinks are causing numerous elopements. Close up the rinks. They don't give the old maids any show.—*Phila. Chronicle Herald.*

—Thirty-four thousand dollars is the price for a seat in the New York Exchange, and yet some people kick against paying fifty cents for a seat in a minstrel show.—*New York News.*

A PRIVATE STILL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

An Exciseman, once, in Dublin, at the time that I was there,
He fancied that a private still was being worked somewhere;
He met me out one morning, perhaps he fancied that I knew,
But I didn't, never mind that: Says he, Pat, how do you do?
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

Says I, I'm very well, your honor, but allow me for to say:
I don't know you at all, by jove! But says he, but, perhaps you may:
I want to find a something out, assist me, if you will,
Here's fifty pounds if can tell me where's a private still.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

Give me the fifty pounds, says I, upon my soul, I can,
I'll keep my word, the devil a lie, as I'm an Irishman!
The fifty pounds he then put down, I pocketed the fee,
Said I, now, button up your coat and straightway follow me.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

I took him walking up the street, and talking all the while,
He little thought I'd got to take him a thund'ring many miles;
Says he: How much further, Pat? for I'm getting very tired,
Says I: Then let us have a car! And a jaunting car he hired.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

As soon as we got in the car, said he: Now tell me, Pat,
Where is this blessed private still! don't take me for a flat.
A flat! your honor, no! says I, but hear me, if you will,
And I, at once, will tell you, sir, where there's a private still.
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro

Go on, at once, says he. Says I: All right, now mark me well:
I have a brother that is close by here, in the barracks he does dwell,
I assure you he's a soldier, though he went against his will.
The devil take your brother! says he, where's the private still?
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

Hold your wist! says I, old chap! and I will plainly show,
That in the army, why, of course, promotion is very slow.
Said the Exciseman: Yes, I'm sure it is; they're only meant to kill,
But never mind your brother, tell me where's the private still?
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

Said I: I'm coming to it, the barrack's close at hand,
And if you'll look straight through the gates, you'll see and hear the band,
And when the band's done playing, you'll see the soldiers drill.
The blazes take the soldiers! tell me, where's the private still?
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

Half a minute more, says I, I'll point him out to you,
Faith! there he is, says I, old chap! standing 'twixt them two.
Who the blazes do you mean? said he. I said: My brother Bill. [vate still.
Well! says he. Well! says I, they won't make him a corporal, so he's a pri-
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

The Exciseman stamped and—and said he'd have his money back,
But I jumped in the car myself, and off was in a crack;
And the people, as he walked along, tho' much against his will,
Shout after him: Exciseman, have you found the private still?
Ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral, ri tid de fa ral de ro.

MY PRETTY QUADROON.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Oh, my pretty, my pretty quadroon,
My flowers have faded too soon,
My heart, like the strings of my banjo,
Will break for my pretty quadroon.

I never thought I was a slave,
But that was found out too soon.
I'll gather one handsome wild rose,
And call it my pretty quadroon.

My troubles will now soon be o'er,
And I find rest in the tomb,
My spirit will then soar above,
And watch o'er my pretty quadroon.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat you how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she would be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of any;
But, ah! the fause, the fickle queen,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat you how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

Her hair's sae fair, her e'e sae clear,
Her wee bit mou's sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat you how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

But, oh! she was a canty queen,
And weel could dance the Highland wallech;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat you how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

TAKE IT, BOB.

Sung by Miss Alecia Jordan.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

I'm a jolly young miller, Bob Bell is my name,
And in my own village I'm well known to fame;
I've a dear little sweet-heart, a nice little lass,
I'm fond of her, too, and I'm fond of my glass.
Perhaps I'm too fond, they say that may be,
I try to be merry, and am as you see;
But if I attempt to refuse drinks a day,
I fancy the wheel of my mill seems to say:

CHORUS.

Take it, Bob, take it, Bob, take it, Bob, take it Bob,
That's what I fancy my mill seems to say;
Take it, Bob, take it, Bob, take it, Bob, take it,
Take it, Bob, take it, it's better than tea.

I dreamt t'other night that Bob Bell was no more,
He died at the age—well, say twenty-four,
And I heard the folks 'round me say: "Drink's done its worst,"
And although I was dead I was dying with thirst.
A bottle of brandy close by I could see,
'Twas meant for the mourners, it wasn't for me;
And as on my bed still and silent I lay,
In the distance distinctly I heard my mill say:—*Chorus*

Now, I'm only up here for a bit of a spree,
My pa thinks it's business between you and me;
But you know the old saying that never deceives—
What the eye doesn't see, the heart never grieves.
I must toddle at once, so good-bye to you all,
Perhaps soon again I'll give you a call;
Now, don't ask me to drink before I go away,
Or I'm certain to fancy I hear my mill say:—*Chorus.*

—"You cannot ride two horses at once," is an old saying, but it is a poor poker player who cannot stand on four Jacks.—*The Home Friend*

—Little Johnny, on being asked by his school-teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied that "Ma was always at pa when he came home late."—*The Home Friend.*

GRANDMA'S VACANT CHAIR.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Songs—free to any address.

By Harry Kennedy. Published by Permission.

In the chimney corner stands a cushioned chair,
Hallowed by a hundred thousand tears;
Where at evening twilight, clustered 'round in prayer,
Oft we met for many, many years.
If you'd know the secret, I fain will have to tell you,
Why that treasured prize we guard with care;
Grandma always sat there, in the long ago,
Sacred spot is grandma's vacant chair.

CHORUS.

In the chimney corner, by the glowing fire,
Oft have I lisped my little evening prayer;
Memory's recollection tears of love inspire,
Sacred spot is grandma's vacant chair.

In the chimney corner, by the glowing fire,
Grandma always sat from morn till night;
And her nimble fingers never seemed to tire,
Knitting by the candle's flickering light.
Silvery was her hair, and her face was full of wrinkles,
Yet her smile would banish every care;
Now the place is cheerless, grandma's gone to rest,
Sacred spot is grandma's vacant chair.—*Chorus.*

HOW IS YOUR SISTER MARY?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Can you tell me why girls are deceitful?
Why is it that ev'ry young elf,
Should fancy my fat sister Mary,
And allow me to fancy myself?
Should I meet with Tom, Dick or Harry,
No matter how pressing the task,
They'll manage a moment to tarry,
And this is the question they'll ask:

CHORUS.

How is your sister Mary?
I hope her health is fair;
How is her pet canary?
Does she still bang her hair?
The questions never vary,
We hear it everywhere:
How is your sister Mary?
Does she still bang her hair?

Last night we were set in a flutter,
By a rapping we ne'er heard before,
When Mary too utterly utter,
To answer the knock at the door.
I flew through the hall in a hurry,
Queer notions were filling my head,
I opened the door in a flurry,
When a dude young fellow he said:—*Chorus.*

—Tinkers stop the growth of leeks. That's where they differ from a Welsh farmer.—*New York News.*

—The latest charge of the Excise Commissioners against New York theatrical managers is that they violate the law by having a drop between the acts.—*New York News.*

—The Board of Education is considering the scheme of importing Esquimaux ladies to teach. They are reported to be the best cool teachers in the world.—*New York News.*

—"Oh, Emeline, come quick! The baby's tumbled into the cistern; we's been fishin' for him for half an hour wid an umbreller handle and a chunk o' sponge-cake, an' we can't even get a nibble."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Where the Water Lilies Grow.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

'Twas in the pleasant Summer time,
I met him all by chance,
The robins sang their sweetest rhyme,
And loving was his glance;
We wandered 'mid the blooming flowers,
He called me sweet and fair,
The queen of all the sunny bowers,
The brightest rosebud there.

SPOKEN—Oh! he was charming—such a delightful little fellow! I never can forget—

CHORUS.

When we met there by the river,
In the sunlight's merry glow;
For my heart he won forever,
Where the pretty little water lilies grow.

I dream of him where'er I go,
I never can forget
Those eyes that shone with sparkling glow,
The day when first we met;
The lilies will all fade and die,
The birds will fly away;
We can't forget, nor he nor I,
The love we told that day.

SPOKEN—No! For he begged me just to whisper the little "Yes."—*Chorus.*

TALK ABOUT YOUR MOSES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

If you was me and I was you,
Sing glory hallelujah!
I wonder what dis chile would do,
Sing glory in my soul!
I'll sing dat song in de morning about night,
Sing glory hallelujah!
Now join in de chorus, don't be late,
Sing glory in my soul!

CHORUS.

Um, what? talk about your Moses,
Glory hallelujah!
Glory hallelujah!
Sing glory in my soul.

Now all my friends here to-night sing,
Glory hallelujah!
Just learn to shout, and try to do right,
Sing glory in my soul!
Dat you may reach dat happy land,
Sing glory hallelujah!
And dere you'll be a happy band,
Sing glory in my soul!—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Beautiful angel, on pinions of light,
Wait till I whisper my mother good-night;
List while she calls me, her pride and her joy,
Folds to her bosom her own little boy;
Hover around her, ye seraphims bright,
Mother, dear mother, O kiss me good-night.

Beautiful angel, her sorrow is sore,
Weeping for one who will weep never more;
Waft her sweet dreams of the blessed above,
Tell her that God is a father of love;
Only for this am I staying my flight—
Mother, dear mother, O kiss me good-night.

Beautiful angel, thrice blessed art thou—
See! there's a smile on that dear palid brow,
Token of faith that hath conquered her fears,
Token of one that hath solace for tears;
Press to those lips in their agony white—
Mother, dear mother, forever good-night.

Good-Bye, Mike, Good-Bye, Pat.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

The ship will sail in half an hour,
To cross the broad Atlantic;
My friends were standing on the pier,
With grief and sorrow frantic;
My trunks were stowed down below,
In the great ship "Dan O'Leary;"
The anchor's weighed, and the gangway is up,
I'm leaving Tipperary.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat,
Good-bye, Kate and Mary;
For the anchor is weighed, the gangway is up,
I'm leaving Tipperary.
See, there's the steamer blazing up.
I can no longer stay,
For I am bound for New York City, boys,
Three thousand miles away.

My portmanteau I have got packed,
With potatoes, greens, and bacon;
If you don't think I'll look after that,
In troth you are mistaken.
If the ship pitch and toss,
For a half a dozen farthings,
I'll take my trunk upon my back,
And walk to Castle Garden.—*Chorus.*

Give my respects to Mr. Mack,
And likewise to Mrs. Hagan;
And I'll come back to the christening,
When she marries Patsy Fagan.
I'm deep in love with Molly Burke,
As a jackass is in clover;
When I am settled—if she will come,
I'll pay her passage over.—*Chorus.*

Knocking at the Gates of Jordan.

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I'm out in the cold and I can't get in—
I've turn'd my back on wicked sin;
De pass-word's lost, what shall I do?
I'm thro' de keyhole peeking;
I clim' up de stairs in de early morn—
I'm de fust dat heard ole Gabriel's horn;
But de gate is shut and de hour is late,
I'm standing here a knocking.

CHORUS.

Knock, knock, but I have got to wait
Till Peter brings de keys to open up dat gate;
Knock, knock, I want to get good boarding,
Dat's why I'm knocking, knocking, knocking,
At de gates of Jordan.

De jaybird hopp'd on de orange tree,
De wasp insulted de bumble bee,
Which goes to show dis world is made
For folks to fret and grumble;
I greased my shoes wid de oil of hope,
And I clutch'd de end of de heavenly rope;
I was hoisted up to de main-top gaff,
While de sinners had to stumble.—*Chorus.*

I'll clean my robes wid golden soap,
I'll sit on a cloud wid a telescope,
To watch de straggiers a climb de stairs,
And try and reach de landing;
But de way is slippery as isin-glass,
And Peter's a hard ole man to pass,
For he wants de grip and your history, too,
Or your head he'll be expanding.—*Chorus.*

WHISPER AND A KISS.

Copyright, 1884, by Will H. Kennedy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Whisper and a kiss before we part, love,
Ere I sail across the boundless sea,
For I know that nestled in your heart, love,
Dwells a little tender thought of me.
See, you cannot hide that look of sadness,
Beaming from your bonnie eyes of blue;
A kiss shall be the seal of two happy hearts entwined,
I'll whisper that I love but you.

CHORUS.

There goes the signal, now we have to part,
Wear this little rose-bud close beside your heart;
See, the boat is waiting, now I have to go,
Whisper and a kiss, love, don't say no!

Whisper and a kiss, I'm going afar, love,
O'er the bounding billows I must roam,
Let your image be my guiding star, love,
Beacon bright to steer me safely home.
Yes, your silent answer is a kiss, love,
Now I'll promise ever to be true;
Soon from the flowing tide I'll return to claim my bride,
And whisper that I love but you.—*Chorus.*

TAKE GOOD CARE OF MOTHER.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Arranged and sung by Harry Kennedy.

Take good care of mother, for she's getting old and feeble,
Her hair that once was golden is turning into gray,
Her face that once was beautiful is getting full of wrinkles
Take good care of mother, for she soon will pass away;
Treat her just as tender as you would a little flower,
Press her to your bosom as she did you when a babe,
Kiss her and caress her ev'ry day and ev'ry hour,
For you'll miss dear mother when she is lowly laid.

CHORUS.

Take good care of mother, nurse her ev'ry hour,
Treat her just as tender as you would a little flower,
Kiss her and caress her ev'ry night and morn,
For you'll miss dear mother when she's gone.

Take good care of mother, for you'll miss her when she's sleeping
In the quiet country churchyard, where Summer blossoms bloom;
All through the live-long day the merry birds are sweetly singing,
And the lovely flowers fill the air with sweet perfume;
Oh, how sad and lonely we will pass the weary hours,
When the angels take her homeward to that land that's free from pain
In the little church-yard then she'll sleep amongst the flowers,
Never more to see her or to speak to her again.

CHORUS.

Take good care of mother, nurse her ev'ry hour,
Treat her just as tender as you would a little flower,
Kiss her and caress her ev'ry night and morn,
For you'll miss dear mother when she's gone.

—A young lady had been spending the day with a friend of hers, and the young man who calls on her "every once in a while" called for her. While they were sitting on the porch the visitor got up and said she wanted a drink, and then asked if any one else wanted one. Nobody wishing any, she walked back into the kitchen, where she was followed by her friend, who insisted upon drawing the water. But she declined, adding that she really did not want a drink. "But you said you did distinctly. What possessed you to say so?" "Well, smarty, if you want to know right bad, my—my—garter slipped down and I wanted to put it in place again." Dead silence. Smart young man feels like kicking himself.—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser.*

Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Little empty cradle, treasured now with care,
Though thy precious burden it has fled;
How we miss the locks of curly golden hair
Peeping from the tiny snow white bed;
When the dimpled cheeks and laughing little eyes,
From the rumpled pillow shone,
Then we gazed with gladness, now we look and sigh:
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone,

CHORUS.

Baby left her cradle for the golden shore,
O'er the silvery water she has flown;
Gone to join the angels, peaceful evermore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Near a shady valley stands a grassy mound,
Underneath my little darling sleeps;
Blossoms sweet and roses cluster all around,
Overhead the willow silent weeps;
There we laid our loved one in the long ago,
Still my heart doth sadly morn;
Though she's with the angels, still I fain would weep:
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.—*Chorus.*

HE TELLS ME HE LOVES ME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe,
The heart he has won, he can wish to deceive?
For ever and always his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamacree!

Last night when we parted, his gentle good-bye,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispers to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamacree!

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure and whose words are all truth;
Oh, still the same sweet words he whispers to me,
Are Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamacree!

Oh, when will the day come, the dear happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say;
And he speaks out the words he now whispers to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamacree!

Don't Forget the Old Folks at Home.

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Words are o'er my mem'ry softly stealing,
Don't forget the old folks at home;
Words that fill my heart with tender feeling,
Don't forget the old folks at home.
Never shall I forget what dear old mother said,
She told me, when I from her side would roam:
Though you oft will meet with strangers who will take you by the hand,
Don't forget the old folks at home.

CHORUS.

Don't forget the old folks at home—
Well you know they love you ever dear;
So no matter where you stray,
When you are far away,
Oh, don't forget the old folks at home.

Little ones I've taught to say with sadness,
Don't forget the old folks at home;
Oft the words will fill their hearts with gladness,
Don't forget the old folks at home.
For when they're old and gray, and life's December day
Has dimmed the eyes that once so brightly shone;
How sweet to have the loved ones linger around the dear old spot,
And not forget the old folks at home.—CHORUS.

Old-Fashioned Photograph of Mother.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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There's an old dusty attic in the house where I was born,
Where I once chanc'd to rummage o'er the trinkets old and worn;
'Mong the dust covered rubbish that spoke of other days,
An old-fashioned photograph there fell on my gaze.
How I laughed when I saw it, so quaint it did seem,
The old-fashioned clothes they look'd so queer;
But my smiles turned to sadness when in outlines I did trace,
An old-fashioned photograph of mother so dear.

CHORUS.

How well I remember that dear loving face,
The sweet tender voice again I hear,
And I see, with affection, in that old and dusty frame,
An old fashioned photograph of mother so dear.

How my mind wanders back to that sunny long ago,
When I knelt by her side, and in whispers soft and low,
How she taught me to pray, and I lisp'd a tiny prayer,
That God would protect us all from sorrow and care;
And oft thro' night's stillness I'd wake from a dream,
To see a fond mother watching near;
And the same soft expression from her loving eyes did beam,
That shines in the photograph of mother so dear.—CHORUS.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brother, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There's not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Untawa's tide, this trembling moon,
Shall see us flow o'er thy surges soon;
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heavens and fav'ring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

LITTLE MAG AND I.

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Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

Wand'ring in the wildwood near the mountain high,
Sprigs of laughing childhood, little Mag and I;
Hand in hand together roaming through the dell,
O'er the brush and heather that we loved so well;
Always blithe and merry, not a thought of care,
Cheeks as red as cherry, such a happy pair;
Near the tiny brooklet softly rippling by,
There we loved to wander, little Mag and I.

CHORUS.

Always blithe and merry, not a thought of care,
Cheeks as red as cherry, such a happy pair;
Near the tiny brooklet softly rippling by,
There we loved to wander, little Mag and I.

Youth and blushing maiden, no one else is nigh,
Air with sighs is laden, can you tell me why?
Loving words are spoken, ev'ry thought divin'd,
Surely a love token, tender, soft and kind;
Standing at the altar in the Summer glow,
Wedded vows we falter, whispered soft and low;
Tiny little children climbing round my knee,
Just the living picture of little Mag and me.—*Chorus.*

I'M A DUDE.

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I'm one of those fellows that stroll around town,
Admired by the belles and the beaus;
My attitude sweet, I'm always neat,
And wear naught but elegant clothes.
In the days long ago folks would call me a swell,
But that to me sounds rather crude;
The name is *non est*—I ignore it, quite
Preferring this: "A Dude."

CHORUS.

I'm a dude—dandy dude,
Don't you see by my style I'm in fashion;
See my hair—not all there,
For hair oil you know was my passion;
Necktie very—crush'd strawberry,
And I live on canary bird food;
Diamonds wear, bang my hair—
I'm a dashing—a dandy young dude.

With my stiff, stand-up collar, and necktie to match,
Pantaloons with a small stripe of silk;
One eyeglass will do, for those that wear two
Are fellows that's not of my ilk.
Though I wear a large diamond that cost lots of tin,
I never can act at all rude;
With shoes just like toothpicks, I'm quite *au fait*,
Just what you see, "A Dude."—*Chorus.*

GOD BLESS YOU, COLLEEN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

The shores of dear Erin recede from my sight,
As swiftly our bark glides the waters so bright,
And eager I look with a sorrowful gaze,
Upon the dear land where I passed all my days;
My thoughts turn to home and the dear folks there,
And for my dear colleen I breathe a fond prayer,
And say as the land slowly fades from my view:
"God bless you, my colleen machree."

CHORUS.

God bless you, colleen, I know you'll be true,
True to the heart that beats only for you;
Think of me, darling, while from you I stray,
God bless you, colleen, when I'm far away.

A tear dimmed my eye, as with feelings oppressed,
I stifled the sobs that arose in my breast,
And thought of the long days of sorrow and pain,
Before I should see thee, my darling, again;
That night in my dream I returned to my home,
And through the green meadows with Kathleen did roam;
But waking the old words came back anew:
"God bless you, colleen machree."—*Chorus.*

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom,
There, there, hast thou thy throne;
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee—
Am I not fondly thine own?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
Say, say, wilt thou love me?
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
Say, wilt thou cherish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
Say, say, hope shall be thine;
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,
Say but that thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be mine!

America's Emblem, the Violet.

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Send for my complete catalogue of Popular Songs.

Here's to the land that the whole world acclaims
As the home of the brave and the free;
For with arms wide extended she welcomes all
From every land and sea;
And as earth grows each nation's proud emblem,
So Columbia her right maintains;
To choose from her bower the fairest of flowers
America's emblem, the Violet.

CHORUS.

France has the Lily, England the Rose,
Everybody knows where the Shamrock grows;
Scotland the Thistle, that grows on the heath,
America's emblem's the Violet.

Here's to the Violet that grows in our midst,
In the forest and woodland wild;
And though humble the flow'ret, it speaks the heart
Of every patriot child;
Though we boast not of army or navy,
Yet should foreign foes dare assail,
Ten millions would fight for freedom and right,
And America's emblem, the Violet.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE WIFE NELLIE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

There's a little white cottage half hid by the trees,
Where in Summer the roses they perfume the breeze;
And the song of the nightingale singing its lay,
Fills the woodland with music at close of the day.
A little white face at the window is seen,
'Tis my wife's happy smile—of my heart she's the queen;
And I always shall love her wherever I roam,
Little Nellie, the light of my home!

CHORUS.

Her eyes are like diamonds, her face is so fair,
And a little pale rose decks her bonnie brown hair;
Oh, I always shall love her wherever I roam,
Little Nellie, the light of my home!

On the floor there's a baby that's just turning three,
And the little voice whispers: "Come, papa, take me;"
Then a soft, silken arm 'round my neck is entwined,
With a kiss from my Nellie, so good and so kind.
I care not for riches while she's by my side,
And I oft bless the day that I made her my bride;
For no matter what trials or sorrow may come,
I shall always love Nellie, my own!—*Chorus.*

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo;
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles;
Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,
While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river;
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever.

Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,
Glen Strae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregaloah, landless, landless, landless.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston, like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt,
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.

OUR YANKEE COLLEGE BOYS.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

We're students in a college where all branches we pursue,
We're versed in all the classics that the ancients ever knew;
In Latin studies we excel, our Greek is superfine,
For oft we burn the midnight lamp and thus improve the mind.

CHORUS.

We vanquish all with bat and ball, and when our college crews
Determined rise to win a prize, there's no such word as "lose."
We'll swim or skate, or leap a gate, these are the students' joys;
For worth and mirth, there's none on earth, like Yankee college boys.

Our "Freshmen" and our "Sophomores" will strive with might and main,
Our rivals beat on flood or field our honor to maintain;
Athletic games and knowledge, too, improve the "coming man,"
And form in after years the "brain" and "muscle" of our land.—CHORUS.

We dearly love a harmless joke, and often will prepare
A feast of fun to drive away and keep away dull care;
And when a comrade needs a friend, yes, any in our band,
He'll find the Yankee college boys are ready heart and hand.—CHORUS.

ROSY'S SUNDAY OUT.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for a complete catalogue of English and German Songs.

An interesting specimen
Of sweet humanity.
Is pretty Rosy Murphy, boys,
A charming girl is she;
In a family of high degree
Upon the avenue,
It's there she acts as first-class cook,
In a style excelled by few;
She's boss of all the servants,
For she orders them about,
And every second Sunday, boys,
It's Rosy's Sunday out.

CHORUS.

On a Sunday afternoon Rosy may be seen
With Cornelius MacNally;
She walks thro' the alley
As proud as a fairy queen;
Mashers stand enchanted,
And with rapture fairly shout;
And they say with a sigh,
As she passes them by,
This is Rosy's Sunday out.

On a Sunday morning Rosy opens
Wide her lovely eyes,
And thinks about her morning work,
As out of bed she flies;
For there are many things to which
Attention must be paid,
For there's the breakfast to be got,
And biscuits to be made;
The children all to wash and dress—
The time will quickly pass,
And then put on her shawl and hat
To be in time for mass.—*Chorus.*

The neighbors say, that very soon
The bans are to be read
Three times in church; the little Rosy's
Going to be wed;
She's got a handsome new silk dress,
That looks so bright and gay;
Her beau has got a bran new suit,
All for the wedding day.
Cornelius is the happy man,
As handsome as can be;
MacNally is his surname—
And to tell the truth it's me.—*Chorus.*

TOO UTTERLY UTTER.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for my complete catalogue of Popular Songs.

I represent one of the latest
Whims that arise in our days;
At a glance you will see by my actions
I've a touch of the æsthetic craze;
I go in for genuine culture,
I sigh and I silently mutter,
If anything chances to please me,
For I'm too—yes, too—utterly utter.

CHORUS.

Over sunflowers yellow as butter,
I linger in æsthetic flutter,
And I lisp with a sort of stutter,
For I'm too—yes, too—utterly utter.

I never attend any dances,
For I should certainly die
If I sought to display rapid motions,
I'm so languid I never could try;
But give me a party of culture,
I'll put them all into a flutter;
I'll crawl and I'll drawl round the parlor,
For I'm too—yes, too—utterly utter.—*Chorus.*

I love to admire china dishes,
Broken and battered with age,
And flowers that possess faintest odors,
And my poems I'm sure are the rage;
Each movement of mine is a study,
And a picture of all that is utter;
For I walk and I talk sort of dreamy,
For I'm too—yes, too—utterly utter.—*Chorus.*

MY SWEETHEART'S FAMILY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete catalogue of Songs.

My sweetheart's fam'ly's very large,
And when on her I call,
Each makes a run to be the one
To meet me in the hall;
The sister takes my coat and hat,
The brother grabs my cane,
And they lead me in the parlor
For to see dear Jane.

CHORUS.

Her father is a plumber,
Her brother is a drummer,
And her uncle sold, so I've been told,
Hot waffles on a tray;
Her sister's fond of candy,
With "taffy" she's a dandy,
And the family occupy
A flat on "Avenue A."

The conversation started in,
Replete with fun and life;
The aunty squints and slyly hints
Of marriage and a wife;
They listen to each word I say,
And Mary, with a grin,
Expects a breach of promise case
To scoop me in.—*Chorus.*

They try so very hard to please,
The thought occurs to me,
That if I marry Mary Jane
I wed the family;
To marry one is well enough,
And more than that's a sin;
But when it comes to ten and twelve,
It's quite too thin.—*Chorus.*

DOWN WENT THE CAPTAIN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Now once there was a maiden fair who went on board a ship,
Her medical adviser said she ought to take a trip;
For such a fatal beauty she'd unfortunately got,
All those who chanced to look at Kate were mashed upon the spot;
She was followed by a multitude, and lovers by the score,
Who threw a million kisses as the vessel left the shore;
"I'm safe," she said, but looking round, her mind was ill at ease,
There was the captain and his merry crew all down upon their knees.

CHORUS.

Down went the captain, down went the crew,
The first mate, the second mate, the little middies, too;
Down went the bo'sn and swore his love was true,
But she couldn't have 'em all, and so what was the gal to do?

Poor Katie laughed, and then she cried: "If I had known before,
You sailors were such warm uns I would not have left the shore;
Get up, you fools, from off your knees, and please to understand,
It's not to any sailor that I wish to give my hand."
Then the skipper turned his quid and said: "That tale's all very fine,
I'll sail the blooming ship about 'till you promise to be mine."
Then Katie turned her nose up, and she snapped her fingers so,
Then down she went and hid herself in the bunkers right below.—CHORUS.

They found out Katie's hiding place, the poor deluded souls,
She listened to their loving tales whilst perched upon the coals;
They knelt upon the nubbly ones, and flopped about the floor,
Till a card with "Standing Room Only" was tacked upon the door;
The ship was left to steer herself, so fearful of a wreck,
Poor Katie made a sudden dash and rushed upon the deck;
They chased her round and round until the gal was fit to drop,
When, like a cat, she made a run into the mizzen top.—CHORUS.

Right clean into the mizzen top they followed her in crowds,
They stood upon the rattlings, and they hung about the shrouds;
Says the skipper: "Will you have me? See, it's coming on to rain."
She ejaculated: "No, you cad!" then down she came again.
Her life was one long walking match, no matter where she went,
The crew were soon upon her track, like hounds upon the scent;
She'd learnt to swim a little, and her heart for freedom thumped,
So she gaily mounted on the stern and overboard she jumped.—CHORUS.

The latest heard of Kate was, she was leading by a mile,
The skipper and his spooney crew were swimming single file;
They were so very amorous, their passion was so hot,
For miles their bodies made the sea boil over like a pot.
There's a little moral to my song, which I pray you don't ignore,
Pretty girls, don't go to sea, you're safer here ashore;
For if Kate goes down to Davy Jones, then history will tell
How the spooney captain and his crew went after her as well.—CHORUS.

THE PRIDE OF MAYO.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

I am thinking to-night of my own little darling,
And I know that she is also a thinking of me;
Oh, won't I be happy when on the sea sailing
Back to that Emerald Isle of the sea;
To that little thatched cabin, the home of my boyhood,
I wished it was morn, for I long for to go,
To see my old father and loving old mother,
And my own little Mary, the pride of Mayo.

CHORUS.

I know that she is patiently awaiting my coming,
I think of my darling wherever I go;
Oh, won't I be happy when on the sea sailing,
To my own little Mary, the pride of Mayo.

I will never forget the day that we parted,
I tried to be cheerful, but it was a hard thing;
When my own little darling says, "Fare thee well, Barney,"
And placed on my finger this little gold ring.
The ship was made ready and soon would be starting,
I bid her good-bye, for I had to go;
As I kissed her and parted I felt so downhearted,
At leaving my Mary, the pride of Mayo.—*Chorus.*

SHEENY GLAZIERS' BALL.

Tune—"The Skidmore Fancy Ball."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Oh! last veek I vas invited
To attend a Hebrew ball,
Vich come off last night vitout a fight,
At Levy's Sweatbox Hall;
De music vas by Rubenstein,
In Hebrew he did call,
De lanciers and round dances,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.
Den here and there, and everywhere,
Were Sheenys large and small;
All on their ear from drinking beer
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.

CHORUS.

Hust vie arra gasone gasicht,
Forward to the bar;
Misses vill drink some wine,
Psist—give me a fine segar;
Say, don't forget to fill that set,
Balance Rosenthal;
Every Jew as soft as glue,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.

When intermission came around
Dey found me in a box;
Dey commenced to shout and pulled me out,
And tore my Pinafore socks;
It's then I got my Hebrew up,
And said I'd vip dem all,
Dey said, all right, but dey vouldn't fight
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.
Den after a while I commenced to smile,
And got solid vid them all;
And I danced all night till broad daylight,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.—*Chorus.*

Only a Workingman's Child.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

You ask why my dress is so tattered and torn,
You wonder my face is so pale,
And why I am always so sad and forlorn,
The reason my lot I bewail.
I'll tell if you list why in silence I grieve,
It's the number of hours that I've toiled;
It's useless to say it, for who will believe
The down-trodden workingman's child.

CHORUS.

Only a workingman's child,
On whom fortune seldom has smiled;
Kind words are so rare that they would me amaze,
For I'm only a workingman's child.

Yes, long hours of toil and a pittance of pay,
For bosses can do as they like;
For one moment late you are charged half a day,
No wonder we join in a strike.
They'll cut down our wages, treat us like a slave,
It's enough to drive any one wild;
How can we dress decent or nicely behave,
We're only a workingman's child.—*Chorus.*

But there'll be a change, and it's not far away,
A change for the rich and the poor;
When the trumpet sounds on the great judgement day,
Then there'll be no wolf at the door.
The rich and the poor on a level will be,
It is then justice cannot be foiled;
The banker will then be no better than me
The down-trodden workingman's child.—*Chorus.*

—"I'll be glad when Summer comes," said a society belle. "That is the only time when freckles make one look as if she had been away traveling or spending the time at the seashore."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

TWELVE STONE TWO.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

I feel so dreadful nervous
That I'm frightened of my life,
For by this time to-morrow,
I'll be fastened to a wife;
An agricultural Irish girl
That's twice the size of me;
Upon my word I'm doubtful
What the consequence will be.

CHORUS.

She's a fine big woman,
And she knows that same,
And early in the morning
She'll possess my name;
But I feel so dreadful nervous,
I don't know what to do,
For to-morrow I must buckle
On the twelve stone two.

I would like to break the contract off,
But that would never do;
My life would not be worth two straws,
Between myself and you;
I don't think she'd put me in
A breach of promise case,
But with her big fist she'd make
The breaches on my face.—*Chorus.*

She made me drunk at Sullivan's,
Then sat upon my knee;
Just imagine twelve stone two
On a little chap like me;
'Twas she done all the courting,
I had not one word to say,
So like a helpless little lamb,
I gave myself away.—*Chorus.*

They'd None of Them be Missed.

From "The Mikado."

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As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—
Who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates and floor you with them flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like THAT—
And all persons who on spoiling tete-a-tetes insist—
They'd none of them be missed—
They'd none of them be missed!

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
And the piano organist—I've got him on the list—
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face—
They never would be missed—
They never would be missed!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and ev'ry country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And who "doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try,"
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—
I'm sure she'd not be missed.

And that Nisi Prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife—
The judicial humorist—I've got him on my list;
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of them be missed—
They'd none of them be missed!
And apologetic statesmen of the compromising kind,
Such as What-d'ye-call-him, Thing'embob, also Never-mind,
And 'St-st-st, and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you;
But it really don't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of them be missed—
They'd none of them be missed!

MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME.

From "The Mikado."

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A more human Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned,
A true philanthropist.
It is my very humane endeavor
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment.

CHORUS.

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime,
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment,
Of innocent merriment!

All prusy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat, and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four.
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's wax work.—*Chorus.*

The lady who dies a chemical yellow,
Or stains her gray hair puce,
Or pinches her figger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliamentary trains.

The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall be extracted
By terrified amateurs.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues, and "ops"
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell
In a dungeon cell,
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls,
On a cloth untrue,
With a twisted cue,
And elliptical billiard balls.—*Chorus.*

—When Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.—*Boston Transcript.*

—When a lady living in Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered the M. D. "I happened to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."—*Columbia Spectator.*

THE SUN AND I.

From "The Mikado."

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The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He scorns to tell a story;
He don't exclaim
"I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent."
But fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent:
I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky—
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness:
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her:
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day.

From "The Mikado."

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Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!
What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow.
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,
Ding dong! ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall,
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la, etc. (*ending in tears*).

Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping,
Little need for woful weeping,
Till the sad sundown is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow—
I to-day and thou to-morrow!
This the close of every song—
Ding dong! ding dong!
What though solemn shadows fall
Sooner, later, over all?
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la, etc. (*ending in tears*).

—"Can a cow enter a shoe store?" asked a boy of his father. "No, my son, but calfs-kin," was the parental reply.

—"Pawn me honor!" says the dude. "Wouldn't advance a nickel on it," says the pawnbroker.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO.

From "The Mikado."

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YUM. Here's a how-de-do!
If I marry you,
When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish
Must be slaughtered too!
Here's a how-de-do!

NANKI. Here's a pretty mess!
In a month, or less,
I must die without a wedding!
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Witness my distress!
Here's a pretty mess!

KO. Here's a state of things!
To her life she clings!
Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion!
Burial it brings!
Here's a state of things!

ENSEMBLE.—YUM-YUM, NANKI-POO and KO-KO.

With a passion that's intense
I worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
We oughtn't to ignore.
If what he says is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

WILLOW, TITWILLOW.

From "The Mikado."

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On a tree by a river a little tomtit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?'
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied:
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on the bough
Singing "Willow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

—A difference: A friend of mine, when told the other day of the death of a well-known stock dealer, replied: "Why, he's worse off than I am, I'm dead broke, but he's a dead broker."

—He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear, couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Georgia Major.*

Three Little Maids from School.

From "The Mikado."

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THE THREE. Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. Everything is a source of fun. (*chuckle*).

PEEP-BO. Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*chuckle*).

PITTI-SING. Life's a joke that's just begun! (*chuckle*).

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. One little maid is a bride Yum-Yum—

PEEP-BO. Two little maids in attendance come—

PITTI-SING. Three little maids is the total sum.

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. From three little maids take one away—

PEEP-BO. Two little maids remain, and they—

PITTI-SING. Won't have to wait very long, they say—

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school!

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.

From "The Mikado."

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NANKI. The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
Tra la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine—
As we merrily dance and we sing,
Tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring,
Tra la,
Of a Summer of roses and wine;
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the Spring.
Tra la la la la la, etc.

ALL. And that's what we mean, etc.

KO. The flowers that bloom in the Spring
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case.
I've got to take under my wing,
Tra la,
A most attractive old thing,
Tra la,
With a caricature of a face;
And that's what I mean when I say or I sing,
"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the Spring!"
Tra la la la la la, etc.

ALL. And that's what he means when he ventures to sing, etc.

—It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair-switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

—"Come, pa, let us go to the circus," remarked a Stockton boy to his bald-headed father last Thursday. "All right, Johnny." Arriving at the circus grounds the father remarked: "Johnny, I suppose you are going to pay for the tickets?" "No, pa; I hain't got any money." "Well, then let's go home." "And not see the circus, pa?" "Yes." "Not much, pa. I don't care a cent for pink lemonade, nor the white elephant, nor the two-horned rhinoceros, but I do want to see the girl riders throw themselves." Pa took the boy in to see the show, as Johnny had struck the old man in a very weak spot.—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser.*

A WANDERING MINSTREL I.

From "The Mikado."

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A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ringing,
And to your humors changing
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, willow, willow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too—
Oh, willow, willow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lover's fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew—
Oh, willow, willow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serrid ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

And if you call for a song of the sea,
We'll heave the capstan round,
With a yeo heave ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
Ye-ho—heave ho—
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knee, yeo ho!
And his arm around her waist!

Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo heave ho,
And a rumbelow,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
A wandering minstrel I, &c.

For He's Going to Marry Yum-Yum.

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PITTI. For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—

ALL. Yum-Yum!

PITTI. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—

ALL. Cumb—cumb!

PITTI. And join our expressions of glee.
On this subject I pray you be dumb—

ALL. Dumb—dumb!

PITTI. You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—

ALL. Mum—mum!

PITTI. There's lots of good fish in the sea!

ALL. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
And you'll find there are many, &c.

OUR GREAT MIKADO.

From "The Mikado."

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Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
  Whereby young men might best be steadied;
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered or winked,
Unless connubially linked,
  Should forthwith be beheaded, beheaded, beheaded,
  Should forthwith be beheaded.

CHORUS.

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree;
  And I am right, and you are right,
And all is right as right can be;
And all is right as right can be,
Right as right can be.

This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land;
For young and old, and shy and bold,
  Were equally affected.
The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breath a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—
  He usually objected, objected, objected,
  He usually objected.

CHORUS.

And you'll allow, as I expect,
That he was right to so object;
  And I am right, and you are right,
And everything is quite correct;
And everything is quite correct,
All is quite correct.

And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the country jail,
Whose head was next, on some pretext,
  Condemned to be mown off.
And made him headsman, for we said:
"Who's next to be decapited
Cannot cut off another's head,
  Until he's cut his own off;
  His own off, his own off,
  Until he's cut his own off."

CHORUS.

And we are right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way;
  And I am right, and you are right,
And all is right, too-loo-ral-lay.
  And you are right, and we are right,
And all is right, too-loo-ral, loo-ral-lay;
  And you are right, and we are right,
  And all is right.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

Sung by Wm. Major.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

Come all you lads of learning and rambling boys, beware,
Whenever you go a hunting, bring your dogs, gun and snare;
For those lofty hills and valleys we have at our command,
Not thinking of the last farewell, going to Van Dieman's Land.

There were three men from Galway town, Martin, Luke and James,
They were three loyal comrades, their countrymen they formed;
And it's there they were transported by the keepers of the strand,
And for seven long years transported, going to Van Dieman's Land.

We had a true love on board the ship, Jane Murphy was her name,
And there she was transported for carrying on the game;
The captain fell in love with her, and married her out of hand;
Oh! she gave us the best of treatment going to Van Dieman's Land.

This land in port we went to, was on a foreign shore,
The negroes they surrounded us, about five hundred score;
They yoked us like horses, and sold us out of hand,
They yoked us to a trace, bravely to plough on Van Dieman's Land.

The houses they built for us, were made of mud and clay,
The beds we had to lie upon, was made of rotten hay;
Oh! rotten hay for beds, my boys, and slumber if you can;
Sure, they gave us the worst of treatment, all in Van Dieman's Land.

One night, as I lay down to sleep, I had a pleasant dream,
I dreamed that I was in old Ireland, down by a purling stream;
I dreamed I was in old Ireland, my true love at my command,
But when I awoke my heart was broke, all in Van Dieman's Land.

DERRY DOWN DERRY.

From "The Mikado."

The Opera of "The Mikado" is published at the following prices: Vocal Score complete $1.00; the same bound in cloth $1.50; Pianoforte Score complete 50 cents; Libretto 15 cents. Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

KAT. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
  There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
    There is eloquent outpouring
    When the lion is a-roaring,
  And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!

KO. Yes, I like to see a tiger
  From the Congo or the Niger,
  And especially when lashing of his tail!

KAT. Volcanoes have a splendor that is grim,
  And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
    But to him who s scientific
    There's nothing that's terrific
  In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts.

KO. Yes; in spite of all my meekness,
  If I have a little weakness,
  It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts.

BOTH. If that is so,
    Sing derry down derry!
    It's evident, very,
      Our tastes are one!
  Away we'll go,
    And merrily marry,
    Nor tardily tarry
      Till day is done!

KO. There's beauty in extreme old age—
  Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
    Information I'm requesting
    On a subject interesting;
  Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?

KAT. Throughout this wide dominion
  It's the general opinion
  That she'll last a great deal longer when she's tough.

KO. Are you old enough to marry do you think?
  Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?
    There's a fascinating frantic
    In the ruin that's romantic;
  Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

KAT. To the matter that you mention
  I have given some attention,
  And I think I am sufficiently decay'd.

BOTH. If that is so,
    Sing derry down derry!
    It's evident, very,
      Our tastes are one!
  Away we'll go,
    And merrily marry,
    Nor tardily tarry
      Till day is done!

—Probably the meanest man on record keeps a boarding-house in San Domingo. Last Winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the garret lodgers first floor prices.—*San Francisco Post.*

GRAY'S ELEGY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, the ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to darkness and to me. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, and all the air a solemn stillness holds, save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, and drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds; save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower, the moping owl does to the moon complain of such as, wandering near her secret bower, molest her ancient solitary reign. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade, where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap—each in his narrow cell for ever laid—the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed, the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, or busy housewife ply her evening care; no children run to lisp their sire's return, or climb his knees the envied kiss to share. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke; how jocund did they drive their team a-field! how bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke! Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, their homely joys and destiny obscure; nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile, the short and simple annals of the poor. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, await alike the inevitable hour: the paths of glory lead but to the grave. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, the pealing anthem swells the note of praise. Can storied urn, or animated bust, back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust, or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death? Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre: but Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, and froze the genial current of the soul. Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear: full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast, the little tyrant of his fields withstood; some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest, some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. The applause of listening senates to command, the threats of pain and ruin to despise, to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, and read their history in a nation's eyes, their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone their growing virtues, but their crimes confined; forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind; the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide; to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame; or heap the shrine of luxury and pride, with incense kindled at the Muses' flame. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife (their sober wishes never learn'd to stray), along the cool, sequester'd vale of life they kept the noiseless tenor of their way. Yet even these bones from insult to protect, some frail memorial still erected nigh, with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd, implores the passing tribute of a sigh. Their names, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse, the place of fame and elegy supply; and many a holy text around she strews, that teach the rustic moralist to die. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, this pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd; left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, nor cast one longing, lingering look behind? On some fond breast the parting soul relies, some pious drops the closing eye requires; even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries; even in our ashes live their wonted fires.——For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead, dost in these lines their artless tale relate; if chance, by lonely contemplation led, some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, haply some hoary-headed swain may say, "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn. There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech, that wreathes its old fantastic roots so high, his listless length at noontide would he stretch, and pore upon the brook that babbles by. Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove; now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn, or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love. One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill, along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree; another came; nor yet beside the rill, nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. The next, with dirges due, in sad array, slow through the church-way path we saw him borne: approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn:"—

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth, a youth, to fortune and to fame unknown: fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, and Melancholy mark'd him for her own. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere; Heaven did a recompense as largely send: he gave to Misery all he had—a tear; he gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend. No farther seek his merits to disclose. or draw his frailties from their dread abode (there they alike in trembling hope repose), the bosom of his Father and his God.

COLD STREAM GUARDS.

Written and sung by Miss Maud Beverly.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

At a military ball, a sergeant in the Cold Stream Guards,
Some time ago I did chance to meet;
He's the finest looking fellow that ever I had seen,
And stood in height, I'm sure, about six feet.
So handsome and so tall, I in love with him did fall,
And as we went waltzing round what bliss;
He pressed me to his heart, called me his own Jam Tart,
And when he said, be mine, I answered, yes.

Chorus.

For my Charlie is a sergeant
In the Cold Stream Guards;
He is the man that can charm me,
With his hat just on one side,
And a military stride,
He's the finest looking fellow in the army.

You should see my Charlie on parade, or see him in the park.
The admiration of the girls is he;
With chest expanded, head erect, he is my heart's delight,
My Charlie, he is all the world to me.
On Sunday afternoon, when we take a quiet stroll,
And do a little spooning, what a lark;
The girls all look surprised, with jealous, envious eyes,
They quizz us as we're strolling in the park.—*Chorus.*

When the ball was over he begged to see me home,
A favor that I could not well refuse;
As he placed my arm in his my heart was full of joy,
For Charlie, dear, I would not like to lose.
He spoke of future happiness, when I his wife should be,
And when he said good-bye at the door,
He said, be true to me and I'll be true to thee;
I know my Charlie will be to the core.—*Chorus.*

SCHNEIDER'S LITTLE BOY.

Recited by George S. Knight.

'Tis nice to have a leetle son
Who, vhen your day of toil is done,
Who'll climb und kiss yust for fun.
Now I own such a leetle son—
Und dey call him Schneider's boy.

Uf some von pours ink on granny's gray hair,
Und puts a pin on grandpa's chair,
Und makes de poor old fellow shwear
Und jump ub six feet in de air—
Although he may not have been dere—
Dey say it vas Schneider's boy.

Uf some von cuts de tail off de cat,
Or puts a brick in his fader's hat,
Und vhen it falls it knocks de old man flat;
Und breaks de clock mit a baseball bat,
Und vhen I lay in bed pull out de slat—
Dey say it vas Schneider's boy.

Uf vhen his sister puts on her sealskin sack,
He'll jump off a chair upon her back
Und give her ruby lips a shmack;
Und for it gets a terrible crack
Dot makes him shout out "Paddy Whack!"
Und he goes out und knocks a horse car off de track;
I shpank him vhere his pants are slack—
Den I know it is Schneider's boy.

—"What is that dog barking at," asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," said a bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots."

—A mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Written and sung by Carroll Johnson.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

'Mid the smiles of bright-eyed lasses,
And the sight of dear old friends;
With the merry clink of glasses,
In some jolly chorus blends.
At a quiet little party,
With a kind and genial host;
Oft with voices strong and hearty,
Have we joined in this old toast:

CHORUS.

Sweethearts and wives, sweethearts and wives,
Girls are the joys of our lives;
When pretty lips kiss, yum, yum, yum,
Oh, who can resist the darlings?

Now standing here I see before me,
Dear old friends I've known for years;
Though you're not all married, surely,
You all love the little dears.
Trouble shared is easily carried,
Wedded life is the happiest lot;
Some who are single wished they'd married,
Some who've married wished they'd not.—*Chorus.*

HOME ATTRACTIONS.

As homeward comes the married man,
He's met by wife at door,
With fond embrace and loving kiss,
And—"Baby's throat is sore!

"And did you think to stop at Brown's,
And get that marabout
I ordered yesterday?—And, dear,
Fred's boots are all worn out!

"I'm glad you are so early, John,
So much I miss you dear—
I've had a letter from mamma;
She's coming to live here.

"How very glad you look, dear John,
I knew that you would be—
The flour's out, the butter, and
You must send home some tea.

"That plumber has been here again—
If you don't pay he'll sue;
And Mr. Pendergast called in
To say your rent was due.

"Fred's trousers are half cotton, John,
You thought they were all wool—
Oh! that reminds me that your son
Was whipped to-day at school.

"The roof has leaked and spoiled the rugs
Upon the upper hall;
And Jane must go, the careless thing,
She let the mirror fall.

"To-day, as she was moving it
(The largest one, dear John),
Of course it broke; it also broke
The lamp it fell upon.

"What makes you look so grave, my love?
Take off your things and wipe
Your feet—and only think, to-day
Jane broke your meerschaum pipe.

"O, John! that horrid, horrid word!
You do not love me, dear;
I wish that I—boo-hoo—were dead—
You're cross as any bear."

You Put no Flowers on my Papa's Grave

Recited by Tony Williams.

With sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garland's to bloom on his breast.
Ended at last is the labor of love;
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he was brave—
Why! why! did you pass my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you—
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share;
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—
And died shouting, 'Onward! for God and the right!'

"O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's grave,
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief,
"This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for her grief."
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way it is—here, sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lonely green mound—
A love as pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.

"I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma, too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day—
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast.
And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,
We'll welcome you here to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

TO THE SONG SEEKERS.

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Stockbridge, Mass. BEN.

[The above is commended to all who desire the words of songs that are neither rare or very old. The ordinary little ballads that have been sung for the last fifty years are nearly all published in the form above mentioned, and as you now know where to get copies, and at such trivial expense, I do not deem it advisable to republish or inquire for any that can thus be obtained. Get one of these catalogs, and before writing for any more old songs, see if the desired ballad is not to be had for one cent, and send for it.—CHAIRMAN.]—*Detroit Com. Advertiser.*

THAT'S A MATTER OF TASTE.

Sung by Robert Slavin.

Now some people like to be reading a book,
That's a matter of taste;
But I've got a book that will teach you to cook,
That's a matter of taste.
Some people like pudding, while others like pies,
That's a matter of taste;
Some like to eat sponge cake and Dutch bologne,
That's a matter of taste.
A great many say Mrs. Langtry's a daisy,
Henry Irving, he thinks Helen Terry's the daisy,
But I think Mary Anderson knocks them all crazy,
That's a matter of taste.

The Frenchman he likes a good glass of wine,
That's a matter of taste;
The Irish like whiskey, they say it is fine,
That's a matter of taste.
The English like ale and old Dublin stout,
That's a matter of taste;
The German wants lager and good souer-krout,
That's a matter of taste.
The Italians want an organ to increase their laziness,
The Negro wants gin, it brings them a dizziness,
But Americans want to collar the whole blooming business,
That's a matter of taste.

CALIBRE FIFTY-FOUR.

By Will Carleton.

"Say, General, say!" the courier said,
(A boy of thirteen years),
"Our regiment's scant of powder and lead;
Most out, the Colonel fears.
The men, they have held the ground, while I
This message swiftly bore,
Be quick, and send 'em a fresh supply!
It's calibre fifty-four."

"Now you are young," the General said,
"To run so stern a race;
Some older man might come instead,
Through such a dangerous place."
"They couldn't be spared," the boy began;
"I'm youngest of the corps;
And so—but, say, be quick old man!
It's calibre fifty-four."

"Now you are hurt," the General said,
"There's blood here on your breast.
Go back to the rear and take my bed,
And have some needful rest."
"Not much!" said the boy, with half-hid sneer;
"I can't be spared no more;
My regiment's nowhere nigh the rear—
It's calibre fifty-four."

"But where's your horse?" the General said,
"Afoot you can not be?"
"Oh, a cannon ball tore off his head,
And didn't come far from me;
And bullets warbled around, you bet,
(One through my right arm tore);
But I'm a horse, and a colt to let!
I'm calibre fifty-four."

"Your parents, boy?" the General said,
"Where are they?—dead, it seems."
"Oh, they are what the world calls dead,
But come to me in dreams;
They tell me to be brave alway,
As father was before;
Then mother kisses me—but say!
It's a calibre fifty-four."

"They'll soon be there," the General said,
"Those cartridges you claim;
My staff's best horse you'll ride, instead
Of that on which you came."
Away the boy, his spurs sharp set,
Across the field of gore,
Still shouting back, "Now don't forget!
It's calibre fifty-four."—*Harper's Weekly.*

I'm a Dandy, but I'm no Dude.

Copyright, 1885, by S. T. Gordon & Son.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of English and German Songs sent free.

I'm a dandy, that's what the people say,
At the races I'm always seen;
I drive in the latest style of cart,
At my side sits a charming queen.
With envious eyes the swells they look,
At the carriage, the style, and my air;
I laugh and I grin, as I take the whole thing in,
For their opinions I don't care.

CHORUS.

I'm a dandy I'll have you all to know,
With the ladies I'm never rude:
This style is all my own, with it I carry tone,
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude.

On the best of the land I always live,
The finest brands of wine I drink;
My manners they are so refined,
Which cause snobs to ponder and think.
With pleasure I smoke the Monogram,
They're imported for me by the box;
My clothes are always in the fashion cut,
My hat's a Dunlap or a Knox.—*Chorus.*

I'm a dandy, but still I am no dude,
With the cares of life I have none;
Strolling every afternoon I go,
But not the side that has the sun.
As I promenade the thoroughfares,
Ladies' hearts with emotion arise;
They know quite well that I'm a dandy swell,
On the "Q T" I'm a prince in disguise.—*Chorus.*

AN IRISH FAIR DAY.

Copyright, 1884, by B. W. Hitchcock.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. A complete Catalogue of Songs sent free to any address.

My memory steals back to the land of my birth,
No matter where'er I may roam;
And I think of the merry old times we would have
On a beautiful fair day at home.
When the lads and the lassies would tip off their glasses
They'd smile and look pretty as blossoms of May;
They'd sing and they'd dance to the sweet Irish music,
You only could hear on an Irish fair day.

CHORUS.

An Irish fair day, an Irish fair day,
Oh, give me an Irish fair day;
When the lads and the lassies would tip off their glasses
And smile and be happy on an Irish fair day.

How often I've tripped o'er the meadows so green,
My darling colleen by my side;
And made the bright roses appear on her cheeks,
When I called her my beautiful bride.
With lips like the cherry, her laugh was so merry—
Her foot was as lightsome as fairies at play;
How the old people watched us keep time to the pipers,
In dancing the jigs on an Irish fair day.—*Chorus.*

Oh, I love to remember those merry old days—
The days that shall come back no more;
When our hearts were as light as the birds in the air,
That sung upon Erin's green shore.
With dancing and singing we kept the place ringing,
We'd kiss the fair lassies or fight in a fray;
But we parted as brothers, there was no bad feeling
To mar the good times of an Irish fair day.—*Chorus.*

—It is difficult to tell how much a fish will weigh by looking at the scales.

—Woman is like an accordeon; you can draw her out, but she makes music when you attempt to shut her up.

DE SKIDMORE GUARD.

As sung by Harrigan and Hart.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular Songs.

We represent de privates
In de nobie colored troops,
Who march about de streets of York
In French imperial suits;
Black pantaloons and yellow hats,
Helmets trimmed wid blue;
De wenches shout when we turn out
On South Fifth Avenue.

CHORUS.

Nobby, airy, light as a fairy,
Music playing sweet and gay;
Hats a waving, we're parading,
Marching down Broadway.

(Umph) talk about your Mulligan Band,
Dese nigs dey can't be beat;
We march to time, we cut a shine,
Oh! watch dese darkies' feet—
De left foot first, de right foot follow,
De heel down mighty hard;
Ten platoons of dandy coons
March in de Skidmore Guard.—*Chorus.*

Dar's Mister Brown, de waiter man,
In de Astor House hotel,
He's sargeant in de second brigade
Division, Company L;
He's six feet high, he carried de flag
So noble, proud and gay;
He took de prize for marching out
On 'Mancipation Day.—*Chorus.*

We neber hire a German band,
Italians carry a can
Of lemonade, dat's fresh and sweet,
For ebery colored man;
Dey follow up de regiment,
Maccaroni in de rear,
And when dey get obstropolous,
We bounce 'em on dar ear.—*Chorus.*

Dars adjutant general Tom Primrose
And parson Simpson's sons;
De envy of de yaller gals,
Wid boquets on dar guns;
Dey look just like a circus horse
When de band's a playing loud—
For elegant style and sweet hair ile
Dem darkies lead de crowd.—*Chorus.*

I AM A MASHER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Songs.

I am a masher,
As you can plainly see;
When I go out upon the street,
The girls all flirt with me;
They write love letters,
Fifty every day;
When I go out you'll hear them shout,
And this is what they say:

CHORUS.

There goes the masher, the German masher
The girls all sigh as I go passing by:
Ain't he witty, ain't he pretty,
That's the cry you'll hear all over in the city.

Here on the corner
Every Saturday,
I flirt with all the pretty girls
Coming from the matinee;
The police all know me,
They always let me be;
When on the square I make them stare,
There's none so nice as me.—*Chorus.*

The Collier's Dying Child.

The cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean:
The night was dark and stormy—the wind was blowing wild;—
A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child—
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a Collier's only child—they called him "Little Jim."
And oh! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought!—she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched Collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God will spare her boy, and take herself instead:
She gets her answer from the child—soft falls these words from him—
"Mother! the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim!
I have no pain, dear mother, now; but, oh! I am so dry:
Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more; and, mother, do not cry!"
With gentle, trembling haste, she held a tea-cup to his lips—
He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said 'good-night!' to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep."..... ..Alas! poor Little Jim!
She saw that he was dying! The child she loved so dear,
Had utter'd the last words she'd ever wish to hear.
The cottage door is opened—the Collier's step is heard;
The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word.
He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead!
He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed:
His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal;
And see, the mother joins him!—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sorrow, they humbly ask, of Him
In heaven, once more that they may meet their own poor "Little Jim!"

WALKING FOR DAT CAKE.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs.

'Twas down to Aunty Jackson's,
Dar was a big reception
Of high toned, aristocratic coons,
Full of sweet affection;
Such singing and such dancing—
We make de ceiling shake,
But de cream of all de evening
Was walking for dat cake.

CHORUS.

Gentle on de toe, we darkies step out so
Easy, and so gracefully around the room we go;
De wenches captivate, we all persumbulate,
High toned colored people a walking for dat cake.
All forward form, oh! in de gay quadrille;
Lord! how we perspire—No use, we can't keep still:
Stop de music, do, oh! do for goodness sake,
I feel so shy I'll really die, a walking for dat cake.

Dar's Miss Clementina Brown—
Oh! didn't she hug de groom,
Wid an alligator slipper shoe
Dat would cover half de town!
You ought to see her gliding,
She kept us all awake;
Oh! such a fashionable sliding dar,
A walking for dat cake.—*Chorus.*

Dar was Miss Priscilla Perkins,
And reverend parson Wing,
Stepping like a turkey hen,
Or a Honolula king;
Dey wabbled and got dizzy,
Both wiggled like a snake,
Dey fell into de washtub,
A walking for dat cake.—*Chorus.*

Dar was major general Slocum,
He was de ladies' choice;
De gemmen said for monstrous feet
Dat nuffin could he ware;
Wid his military wheeling,
De prize he said he'd take;
He busted through de ceiling,
A walking for dat cake.—*Chorus.*

WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 1

PRICE 25 CENTS, BY MAIL, POST-PAID.

This book, the first of the series, contains 138 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

An Irishman's toast
Angel's whisper
Banks of Claudy
Blackbird
Bard of Armagh
Beautiful Isle of the sea
Bonny bunch of roses
Barney McCoy
Banks of Brandywine
Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
Beautiful shamrock of old
Biddy Mc Carthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Singen on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
Cushlamachree
Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Cow that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Sarsfield
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Ailleen, Asthore
Mac's and the C's
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 2

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This book, the second of the series, contains 128 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in No. 1. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

A handful of earth
An agricultural Irish girl
A letter from Ireland
An Irish fair day
Bridget Donahue
Beauty of Limerick
Barney's courtship
Bold Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bowld sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Givean honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Heenan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Iniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good-looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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CONTENTS:

Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary had got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boston
Maclaine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
Widow Cummiskey
Yellow-haired Nellie
Yellow-haired laddie

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A lunch fiend
A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender puys a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der nighd pehind Ghrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches Hed
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritsey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Frits
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [sheiks
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's party
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Lear
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hose drubbles
Zwei lager

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 3

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This book, the third of the series, contains **142** Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in Nos. 1 and 2. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

As I sat upon my dear old
Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Avenging and bright
Are you with us, Casey?
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Cruiskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It showered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old duddeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible
Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Mister Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo
Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those angle days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye and bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Case social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Lilold log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule ahtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aleen
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackthrd
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glencoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave hussars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kanawa line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the scalkin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lanigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon
547 Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had out a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypey Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Neil Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven out
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just do'wn the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Halting)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kline
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack (hallelujah)
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen Dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things [old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the show
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream Faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine rose
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Kari's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glenmore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile
904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castleboy boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's bean
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
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951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
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1008 Just a little sunshine
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1010 A letter from Ireland [knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1013 Man, poor man
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1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
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1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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Dedicated to the Knights of Labor of America.

They Can't Keep the Workingman Down

Copyright, 1886, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., N. Y. Our Giant Catalogue of Popular Songs sent Free.

Words and Music by John Fletcher.

Kind friends your attention I'll ask for awhile,
And some facts I'll endeavor to show;
The world is a net-work that's made very small
But it snares us as through life we go.
Of troubles and trials we all have our share,
And oft heartless men gain renown;
But the way that they do it, I'll now tell to you—
'Tis by keeping the workingman down!

CHORUS.

Then hold up your head,
And the world never dread—
Don't care for its sneer or its frown;
Stare fate in the face,
If your heart's in its place—
They can't keep the workingman down!

The man who is working his wages will spend,
With his comrades so happy and gay;
And scarcely before the week comes to an end
His wages have all passed away.
But if he would lay by a dollar or two,
And place it in some bank in town;
He would then wink his eye, tell his boys on the sly,
That he can't keep the workingman down.—*Chorus.*

We'll just take this house as it stands here to-night,
And compare it, for that is my plan;
The roof's aristocracy, so are the walls—
The foundation the hard-working man.
We take off the roof, and the walls still remain,
Take walls, the foundation is sound;
But you take the foundation the workingman made,
And the structure then falls to the ground!—*Chorus.*

Never Take the Hind Shoe From a Mule

Tune—"Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

There's a story handed down from old Methuselem,
I learned it when a little boy at school,
That you'll make a big mistake, and don't forget it,
When you bother 'round the hind shoe on a mule.

CHORUS.

Never tickle a mule when he's reposing,
If you disturb his slumbers you're a fool;
If you don't want to visit the undertakers,
Never take the hind shoe from the mule.

The business end of a mule is mighty ticklish,
He never misses fire as a rule;
If you don't want to be shoveled up in pieces,
Why, keep a respectful distance from the mule.

CHORUS.

If you touch his caudle appendage you're a goner,
Asleep or awake you'll find he's not a fool;
Oh, you'll think you were struck by seven kinds of lightning,
If you bother with the hind part of a mule.

When you think the animal's getting old and feeble,
Then never, never touch him as a rule,
Or he'll kick you full of holes in seven seconds,
Trust him not, there's mischief in the mule.

CHORUS.

Oh, you'll want a chest protector on your eyebrow,
And laid upon a ton of ice to cool;
You'll be too much broke up to join the angels,
Never take the hind shoe from a mule.

Neil McGuligan's Daughter, Mary Ann

Tune—"Such an Education has My Mary Ann."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a dacent Irishman, I've a daughter, Mary Ann,
I tries to raise in the finest style;
She dresses in silks and satins, she can paralyze Shanghai Latin,
She's so fresh, you bet she'll never spoil.
When she goes upon the street, every bummer that she meets
She tries to make a mash of him if she can
And no matter where she goes, everybody knows
She's Neil McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann.

CHORUS.

She's a darling, she's a daisy, she'll have all the neighbors crazy,
With a voice and a foot like a man;
And no matter where she goes, everybody knows
She's Neil McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann.

I came home the other night, and the girl was not in sight,
She left word that she was going to a ball;
She went off to a hop and prance, down to a rowdy dance,
That was given by the Mets. in Bowery Hall.
Sure the dance it was rolled in, faith! that was no sin,
They arrested every woman and every man;
But they had to let her go, as soon as she could show
She was Neil McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann.—*Chorus.*

Now she'll go to the tarryater, there's no one there can bate her,
It wud paralyze ye just to hear her sing;
When she jumps upon the table, you'd think she'd dray a sabre,
In her wooden shoes to dance a Highland fling.
But I nearly met my death when she asked me smell her breath,
After she'd been drinking beer with her young man;
And if you ask him who's his girl, his mustache he will curl,
And say, she's Neil McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann.

CHORUS.

She's a darling, she's a dumpling, I think she wants a thumping,
And if ever I meet her nice young man,
I don't know what I'll say, but you bet he'll keep away
From Neil McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann.

ANGEL MOTHER WAITS FOR ME

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Far away there is a home so dear,
Where now my heart oft longs to be,
Still its gentle words in dreams I hear,
And still its loving smiles I see;
By the window in that cottage home,
Far across the weary sea,
Sad and lonely while my footsteps roam,
My angel mother waits for me!

CHORUS.

Angel mother waits for me,
Afar across the weary sea;
Soon I'll fondly wander back again—
Angel mother waits for me!

Long ago her parting words she breathed,
And gave her blessing to her child;
'Neath the little porch with woodbine wreathed,
I see her standing calm and mild.
How I long to clasp her to my breast
And by her side to ever be,
In that little home of peace and rest—
My angel mother waits for me!—*Chorus.*

Blessings be upon her evermore,
And heaven keep her in its care;
Soon the ocean I shall wander o'er,
The loving joys of home to share.
Welcome kisses wait for my return,
And there my heart shall ever be,
Watching lonely, while her heart doth yearn—
My angel mother waits for me!—*Chorus.*

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Some Other Girl Shall Wear the Ring

Copyright, 1885, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., N. Y. Our Giant Catalogue of Popular Songs sent Free.

Come, my fond one, come, my loved one,
Come, my dear one, close to me;
Will you wed a jolly sailor,
Who has just come from sea?
Pretty maiden, pretty maiden,
A true heart to you I bring;
Tell me sweetly, little maiden,
Will you wear for me the ring?

Go away you saucy sailor,
Please remember what you are;
You're in sad need of a tailor,
You're a poor young Jack tar.
Do not ask me now to wed you,
For I'll ne'er do such a thing;
For a poor and ragged sailor
I will never wear the ring.

Though my clothes are poor and ragged,
Said the sailor with heart sore,
I have silver in my pocket
And bright gold I've in store.
When she thus had heard him answer
Kneeling at his feet she fell,
Saying, "Still I truly love you,
Yes, I love you and right well."

Then the sailor proudly answered·
"Do you think that I am mad,
Thus to wed with a poor maiden
When fortune's to be had?
I will cross the bounding ocean,
And my gold and silver bring;
And some truer-hearted maiden
Shall then wear the wedding ring."

DAR'S A NEW MOON IN DE SKY.

Copyright, 1886, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., N. Y. Our Giant Catalogue of Popular Songs sent Free.

Words and Music by George Lester.

De jubilee am comin' on—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
De days of trouble now am gone—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
Den wake up to de blessed time—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
Oh, don't you hear dat joy-bell chimes—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!

CHORUS.

Wid milk and honey all de land am gwine to flow,
De poor am gwine up top, and de rich take seats below;
De days ob worry now from dis yere chile will fly,
De heart an. light, for I see to-night, dar's a new moon in de sky!

Dem Brooklyn cars won't lose dar grip—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
Mad dogs won't take a Paris trip—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
Bob Ingersoll will jine de church—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
De debbel he'll be in de lurch—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!—*Chorus.*

Jay Gould will now shell out his cash—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
De streets will all be paved wid hash—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
We'll git dat lucky number shure—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!
Just play four-'leben-forty-four—
Dar's a new moon in de sky!—*Chorus*

Good-Night! But Not Good-Bye!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Breathe not the word that calls a sigh
From out the cavern of the heart,
But sweetly say when thus we part,
Good-night! but not good-bye!
Thine eyes have not the bitter rain—
My heart sinks not beneath the grief
Which death alone could give relief,
Were we to never meet.

CHORUS.

Good-night! good-night! but not good-bye!
Ah, little heart, why do you sigh?
When morning dawns I shall be nigh,
Good-night! but not good-bye!

The flow'ret's closing in the dell,
To see the sun once more have faith;
Not one amid the myriads saith
Unto her lord, farewell!
The lark that falleth from the sky,
Sings not a sonnet of adieu,
But echoes my sweet word to you:
Good-night! but not good-bye!—*Chorus.*

WASH ME, MOTHER DEAR.

As sung by the great Wood Family.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Do you think I'm asking much of you, my mother?
I have been without a collar for a week;
That I have only one, it's true, my mother,
For which you must admit I fondly seek.
I know 'twas looking rather black, my mother,
Black and shiny, mother, as your own gelosh;
But I long to have that collar back, my mother,
Oh, when may I expect it from the wash?

CHORUS.

Oh, when may I expect it, oh, when may I expect it,
Expect it from the wash, my mother, dear?
From the wash, my mother, wash, my mother, wash, my mother,
Expect it from the wash, my mother, dear?

I went to school this morning early, mother,
The board inspector came to see us, dear;
He's plain and tall, and rather burly, mother,
I knew my lessons well, and I had no fear.
But soon he found I had no collar, mother,
And suggested that my face required a rub;
He boxed my ears and made me holler, mother,
And said I looked an awful little scrub.

CHORUS.

He said I looked a scrub, he said I looked like a scrub,
An awful little scrub, my mother, dear;
Like a scrub, my mother, scrub, my mother, scrub, my mother,
Like an awful little scrub, my mother, dear.

I cannot stand it any more, my mother,
My little heart is well nigh rent in twain;
I must confess my grief is sore, my mother,
I'm young, too young, to bear such abject pain.
My observation is not slow, my mother,
The sneers of vulgar boys will surely cease;
When my garments do not show, my mother,
Such patches and such holes, and spots of grease.

CHORUS.

Such patches and such holes, such patches and such holes,
Such holes and spots of grease, my mother, dear;
Spots of grease, my mother, grease, my mother,
Such holes and spots of grease, my mother, dear.

I think I'll take a situation, mother,
My uncle has a fishing smack, you know;
He offers me some occupation, mother,
On board, if you will only let me go.
I shall rid me of unruly shrimps, my mother,
In fifteen years perhaps I may come back;
I'll learn the lobsters and the shrimps, my mother,
To boil on board my uncle's fishing smack.

CHORUS.

To boil on board my uncle's, on board to boil, my uncle's,
My uncle's fishing smack, my mother, dear;
Fishing smack, my mother, smack, my mother, boil my uncle's,
Boil my uncle's, fishing smack, my mother, dear.

—An impressive witness at the police court—"Judge, you know me. I'm an honest, full-blooded Irishman, and I'm the husband of twelve children."

JUST PLAIN JIM.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

There is a nice young man I know,
A fire laddie too,
He's foreman of a company,
He's handsome, brave and true;
Of friends he has a score or more,
To keep him in his aim,
And without further preface,
I will now tell you his name—

CHORUS.

Some call him "James," some call him "Jimmie,"
Others will say "Mister" when they speak to him;
Pa calls him "Jeems," ma calls him "Jamsie,"
But all the time to me he's only "Just plain Jim!"

Last Winter to a ball we went,
The finest in the town,
I kept him dancing all the time,
Which made the ladies frown;
He was admired by ev'ry one
And the reporters came,
And asked me if I'd kindly give
To them my sweetheart's name.—*Chorus*

Last night he said to me the sweetest,
Dearest words in life,
And very soon I am to be
His happy little wife;
And when the parson asks his name,
If nervous he should be,
I know what I shall tell him,
If he should refer to me.—*Chorus.*

ALL ON THE QUIET.

Copyright, 1884, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

On a pleasant afternoon 'tis nice to promenade,
And flirt with all the pretty girls you chance to meet abroad;
You cast your eye about, and if a smile you see,
You raise your hat, she takes your arm, and none the wiser be.

CHORUS.

But it's all on the quiet, all on the quiet,
All on the quiet, my boy, you should try it;
All on the quiet, all on the quiet,
I cannot deny it, 'twas quiet indeed.
'Twas all on the quiet, all on the quiet,
All on the quiet, my boy, you should try it;
All on the quiet, all on the quiet,
I cannot deny it, 'twas quiet indeed.

You ask her out to dine in an off-hand sort of way,
She blushes very prettily and makes you feel so gay;
But when she's at the table, you bet the sport is fine,
To watch her face when you insist upon her taking wine.

SPOKEN—Yes, you ask one of these utterly too-too-too girls to take a glass of wine, and she'll say, oh, my ma never allows me to drink at all when I'm out, but if you won't say anything about it, I'll take just one glass with you—CHORUS.

I asked a girl to marry me, one day at Coney Isle,
She grabbed me very quickly and said: "Well, I should smile;"
Of course she'd often married been, and it was nothing new,
But I had never tried it on, and scarce knew what to do.

SPOKEN—Yes, it was the first time I ever got married, of course you know how it is the first time a man gets married, he feels awful nervous. This girl of mine had been married, I heard, about eight or nine times. Just think what chances I was taking; marrying a girl who had buried all those men. How did I know how soon she might turn my toes up to the daisies, by putting a little poison in my coffee some fine morning and burying me.—CHORUS.

—Have you ever been sea-sick?" asked a young man of his big, best girl. "No, but I came mighty near it once." "How was that?" "I saw two men kissing each other. Ugh!"

Be Friends With Your Brother Again.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

When a youngster at home, I vowed I'd ne'er roam,
And oft of that vow I have thought;
The advice given me at my old mother's knee,
To my memory has often been brought.
I was but a lad, and a quarrel I had
With my brother one morning at play;
I struck him a blow, my temper to show,
When my mother unto me did say:

CHORUS.

Forgive and forget all the troubles you've met,
No doubt it has caused you both pain:
I shall not happy be, 'till I stand here and see
You make friends with your brother again.

Now he thought me the worst and he would not speak first,
Which filled me with grief and with pain;
He left home that day, and for years stayed away,
'Till in sorrow I met him again.
I then saw him laid upon his death-bed,
His end was quite nigh it was plain;
But tho' feeble and weak, he managed to speak,
Be friends with your brother again.

CHORUS.

Forgive and forget all the trouble you've met,
No doubt it has caused you both pain;
I happy will die, if you'll only stand by
And be friends with your brother again.

Now the words that he said, I have kept in my head,
And ever since I've been a man;
My motto has been when a quarrel I've seen,
To prevent it whenever I can.
A short time ago two old friends I know,
Beat each other till both freely bled;
Both asked me to stay and to witness fair play,
And these were the words that I said:

CHORUS.

Forgive and forget all the trouble you've met,
No doubt it has caused you both pain;
With pleasure I'll stay and I'll witness fair play,
So make friends with each other again.

Now it does seem absurd, that for one little word,
The dearest and best friends must part;
For we all know quite well, there is no man can tell
The secrets that lies in the heart.
So while we've to live, let's forget and forgive,
Although it may cause us much pain;
And whenever we roam abroad or at home
Let's be friends all together again.

CHORUS.

Let's forgive and forget all the troubles we've met,
Although it may cause us all pain;
And wherever we roam abroad or at home,
Let's be friends with each other again.

CURE FOR LOVE.

Take a grain of sense, half a grain of patience, one drachm of understanding, one ounce of disdain, a pound of resolution, and a handful of dislike; mix them together, fold them up in the lambec of your brain twenty-four hours; set them on a slow fire of hatred; strain it clean from the dross of melancholy, stop it down with the cork of sound judgment, and let it stand nine days in water of cold affection. This nightly made and freely applied, is the most effectual cure in the known world. You may get it at the House of Understanding, in Content Street, going up the hill of Difficulty, in the County of Forgetfulness.

—A fashionably dressed lady, who had seen younger years, entered a public library the other day and approaching the chief librarian said: "I want something to read and don't know exactly how to describe the kind of book that would suit me." "I guess we will be able to suit you," was the reply. "Something lively, eh?" "Yes—something, you know, that—er—well, that wouldn't be exactly suitable for a young girl." "Mary," cried the chief to an assistant, "French novel for a woman of 35."

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the Wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daugher,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked up as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I heard my aunt once sing a chant,
Which now p'r'aps isn't new,
Of Billy Kidd, who, whatever he did,
To his Poll was always true.
He sailed away in a gallant ship,
From the pretty shore of jovial Bristol;
And the last words he uttered,
While his handkerchief he fluttered,
Were: "My heart is true to Poll."

CHORUS.

His heart was true to Poll,
His heart was true to Poll;
No matter what you do,
If your heart is ever true,
And his heart was true to Poll.

They were wrecked, William to shore he swam,
And he looked about for an inn;
When a noble, savage lady, of a color rather shady,
Came up with a cheerful grin.
Says she: "Marry me and a king you'll be,
And in a palace loll,
Or they'll eat you like a fillet."
So he gave his hand, did Billy,
But his heart was true to Poll.—*Chorus.*

So William Kidd a happy life led
As the king of the Kikaroos;
He had nothing but a hat upon his head,
And a pair of over-shoes.
They made him a present of twenty wives,
Which their beauties I cannot now extol;
But, one day they all revolted,
So he back to Bristol bolted,
For his heart was true to Poll.—*Chorus.*

—The meaner a man is, just in that proportion he considers himself the superior of any woman. It took thousands of years for woman to get up from the condition of slavery to her present state. I hate a stingy man who will pretend to give his heart to a woman and hold on to his pocket-book. I believe in the institution of marriage. I would rather live on earth with the woman I love and the world full of trouble, than in heaven with only men. I believe in the republicanism of the fireside, the democracy of home, and that the wife has every right the husband has, and no more. If your child has got to get up early in the morning it is just as easy to waken him with a kiss as with a club. Let any parent about to whip his child have his photograph taken in the act, showing his passionate, vulgar face and the dimpled face of the child. Then let him think, if that child should die, how sweet it would be to sit on its grave and look at the picture.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

PENNY BALLADS.

Among the minor curiosities of contemporary newspaper and magazine literature is the odd way in which the whole tribe of scribblers tacitly adopt certain quotations as the conventional text for everything they may write upon analogous subjects. If street life or street scenes are to be described, it matters not whether the thoroughfare be in Calcutta or Oshkosh, they set out with "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "Let us take a walk down Fleet street." A member of the tribe would no more think of omitting this saying of the great man than the clown in the pantomime would think of omitting a hot poker from the "business." There is respect for tradition in these things. In like manner one cannot pick up a sketch upon ballads without meeting in the first paragraph an allusion to Fletcher of Saltoun and his threadbare aphorism: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." This quotation is herewith respectfully placed upon the altar of inexorable custom, although the songs with which the present writer is concerned are of the humble class described by the "poet:"—

Upon fences and railings wherever you go,
You'll see the penny ballads sticking up in a row.

The rage for old-fashioned articles of all descriptions seems to have created a demand even for the despised penny ballad, and a veritable revival of this musical commodity has been wrought. Along the railings at the Custom House and on street corners throughout the city the fluttering little sheets have made their reappearance after a lapse of some fifteen years. The hurdy gurdy had been to a great extent replaced by steam-pianos and peripatetic brass bands; the humble ballad had given way to cheap sheet music; the accordeon of diabolical invention had gone out of vogue, and the jingle of the piano was heard throughout the land. It was thought that the ballad printers had been, as it were, the missionaries of song, and that the people having been educated beyond that stage, the penny ballad was a thing of the past. But recently the streets of this and every other city in the land have given evidence that there is a demand for it. Setting out to find whence they emanated, the writer found himself in a little room on the second floor of 50 Chatham street. No end of pigeon-holes extended in rows from floor to ceiling on all sides, and these were gorged with sheaves of newly printed ballads. In the middle of the room stood a small hand printing press, but this machine was utterly inadequate to turning out the myriad sheets displayed on every side, and it transpired that, while the proprietor of the establishment set out by testing the public demand with small editions printed on this, the business has grown so that stereotype plates and steam presses are now needed to fill the orders that flow in daily from Maine to California. While waiting for the proprietor to make his appearance, the writer picked up a ballad from a heap near at hand. It was headed "I'm Getting a Big Boy Now," and was evidently of English origin. A precocious youngster relates his doings:—

I smoke my papa's best cigars every day,
And once a week I get drunk;
I wink at my nurse when she puts me to bed,
And rocks me to sleep in my bunk.

The chorus furnishes him an opportunity to remark that he fancies it is time he knew how to brush his own clothes and to wipe his own nose, for he is getting a big boy now. When the ballad resurrectionist (Henry J. Wehman) was found, he proved to be a handsome, fair-haired young fellow, who willingly talked of his enterprise, seemed proud of its success and freely exhibited his odd wares. In looking over them it appeared that very few were entirely original. Many were old ante-war favorites; there was a fair sprinkling of native *genre* songs, and a considerable proportion were of London importation. Strange to say, there was not a ballad of the late war among them. There would seem to be no demand for apostrophes to the national banner or ditties about the battle. Gone are all the myriad compositions that made the tortured wit exclaim:—

Ye gods protect our flag,
Not from a rebel band,
But from the rhyming squibs
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A glance along the pigeon-holes reveals the odd subjects of the popular muse. The cheap swell is ever a favorite butt for the satire of the penny balladists, and among songs of this class "Lardy Dah!" continues in great favor, and the title is used as an exclamation by *gamins* to express their contempt for any chance pedestrian who seems to their eyes "gotten up regardless of expense." The boys fairly revel in the descriptive chorus:—

In his hand a penny stick,
In his tooth a penny pick,
And a penny in his pocket, lardy dah! lardy dah!

This class of songs seems to be laid down by the writers on the same general lines as Bowery melo-dramas. The swell is always a scoundrel, and is meted out condign punishment at the hands of some Bayard in rags. "Poor, but a Gentleman Still," is a good example of this class. The singer describes his fall from affluence to penury, declares that he is then hungry, footsore and ill, and modestly relates how he rescued a poor homeless girl whom a swell was insulting:—

He cried out: "You beggar, don't meddle with me,
Or very soon you'll get a pill;"
But I said: "Lay a hand on that girl and you'll find
If I'm poor I'm a gentleman still."

A good deal of popularity has been achieved by another, called "The Tramp," condemning the rich who, because they have lots of gold, bolt and bar their doors against the poor. The chorus advises all to be kind to the tramp and to "give him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip, and remember that the poor tramp has to live." This vein of sympathy with the outcast and the poor permeates all the songs of this class, and it is not strange that it is so, for perhaps the writers, and certainly the singers, do not live in Fifth avenue—not above Washington square, at any rate. Among the compositions that sell best in large cities the engaging lyric, "When McCormick Rules the State," holds a high place. The ambitious "Mc," proclaims himself "candidate for next President," remarks that he is one of the "idle labor party" and makes promises so profusely as to show himself an adept. He engages to make politicians carry the hod, to distribute free fuel and to have the White House painted green; to build a bridge to Ireland, and assures his constituents that there'll be no smoked Italian Congressmen, and that the Chinese must emigrate when McCormick rules the State. Another study in the same social field, but in an entirely different tone, is, "When McGuinness Gets a Job."

Last Winter was a hard one, Mrs. Reilly, did you say?
Well, 'tis meself that knows it, for it's many's the day
Your husband wasn't the only one sat behind the wall—
There's my old man, McGuinness, didn't get no job at all.

This sympathetic neighbor incidentally asks: "The Italians—divil take them—why don't they stay at home?" but admits that "there's one thing in the poor Italians—they never do get 'lush.'" She exhorts Mrs. Reilly not to give way to the blues, and predicts they will one day cut a shine in new bonnets and new shoes. Of this class of songs, those sung by Harrigan and Hart are the newest and by all odds most in demand, the "Mulligan" series being printed in unending editions. These, however, are not free to be printed by the Chatham street Caxton, as they are carefully copyrighted. In this connection there is a good story on Mr. Harrigan. He declined to permit the young man in question to print his song of "Babies on Our Block." One morning, however, a reporter had an interview with the comedian, in the course of which he secured a copy of the song with the brogue written in Harrigan's hand. It appeared in the columns of a local paper next day. Here was the Chatham street man's opportunity. Before noon his press had thrown off an edition, the copyright being evaded by a line at the top of the sheet crediting the song to the journal from which it was clipped. It was a lesson in the law of literature for "Dan Mulligan." Singularly the most popular song outside of New York at present is "Whoa Emma," of unpleasant memory. Another odd thing about this popular song. It was brought from England and published here about two years before it caught the popular ear. It had come to be regarded by the publisher as a failure, when suddenly it made a hit, and some idea of its subsequent popularity may be formed from the fact that a single publisher of sheet music disposed of 50,000 copies in that form. Of the reprints in ballads and song books it would be difficult to make any estimate. "Grandfather's Clock" also, having run its course in the city, is only now ticking its way through the rural districts, and thousands of orders for it come in every week. All the "motto songs" come from England. Many of these inculcate some sensible lesson in a homely way. Thrift, honesty and charity are enjoined by some of these, and they are all on a higher literary level than any other class of the ballads to be found here. One of them, entitled "Many Can Help One," has the following chorus:—

Then, give what you can to those in distress,
Let it be a dime or a penny,
For many can help one, I've heard people say,
Where one cannot always help many.

Old time sentimental melodies have still a charm for the multitude, and orders come in daily for ditties like "Kitty Wells" and "Sally in Our Alley." Negro dialect songs seem to be going out of favor as the burnt cork business declines, and among the hundreds of songs already reprinted by the revivalist only a few of them are to be found. Of these "In de Morning by de Bright Light" and "Dem Golden Slippers" are the only two that have any vogue just now. A considerable proportion of the ballad literature in the old days was of the "Come all ye" stripe, and even in this new collection a few of these have found a place. The "Lamentation of James Rodgers" begins:—

Come all ye tender Christians, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines I have here:
For the murder of Mr. Swanton I am condemned to die,
On the twelfth day of November, upon the gallows high.

There are a dozen more verses narrating in equally choice language how he was led astray by bad company, describing the the crime, which shocked New York at the time, and bidding farewell to his parents and friends. The last couplet exhorts "each wild and vicious youth a warning take by me, to be ruled by their parents and shun bad company." In the same strain is the "Lamentation of Johnny Reel." The vocabulary is almost identical and the general plan of the composition is the same, except that there is less of a penitential spirit, although he says:—

For the murder of Officer Smithy
I am sorry to the heart,
Which leaves my aged parents
In sorrow for to part.
It's little did they ever think,
All in my youth and bloom,
I was reared on First avenue,
For to meet my awful doom.

Oddly enough there is little demand for comic penny ballads, the amateur vocalists having a decided leaning to the sentimental. The song of this class which promises to circulate most largely is an old country ditty, current a generation or more ago. The chorus is:—

They say you are false, but I still believe you mine,
You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie Jean.

This, like a majority of the songs that appear in the penny ballad series, owes its present favor to being sung by a prominent minstrel troupe. A majority of the purchasers of the ballads are working girls, boys and young men who hear the verses sung at a theatre or social gathering, where they catch the melody, and, at the expense of a cent for the words, are enabled to try their own vocal powers.

It is difficult to account for the popularity of a ditty known as "The Butcher Boy." It had a great sale in the days when penny ballads were in their prime, and now again it is largely purchased by young damsels consumed by hopeless love. The first verse relates very pathetically

In Jersey City, where I did dwell,
A butcher boy I loved so well,
He courted me my heart away,
And now with me he will not stay.

The faithless lover has abandoned her for another "because she had more gold than I." In the last verse the unhappy maid is found "hanging upon a rope," and in her breast a note is discovered beginning:—

Oh, what a silly maid am I,
To hang myself for a butcher boy.

Some of the pigeon-holes in the Chatham street shop contain ballads that are not ballads, so to speak. That is, there are choice literary morsels in prose to suit the taste of penny balladists and are printed in the same form. One of these is headed "Rules for Bummers." These provide that "no bummer must refuse to drink when asked at any time for the good of the house," and a dozen equally delicate and refined suggestions follow. "Office Rules" are very much in demand. These set forth that—

Match peddlers never leave this office alive. We have two barns full of suspenders and don't want any more. Office hours for tramps, book agents, canvassers, &c., from 11 P. M. to 4 A. M., July 4.

Copies of this little literary pleasantry are seen occasionally decorating the walls in the offices of livery stables and in east side barrooms. "A Model Love Letter" is the caption of another sheet in which the lover assures his sweetheart of his devotion, while by reading every alternate line the missive assumes a contrary tone. Just in what respect this letter is a "model" the publisher fails to mention. This sort of thing must be popular, for the same device is the basis of another screed called "The Wife's Stratagem," the author informing the reader that "a young lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend." Read consecutively the letter praises her husband to the skies, and in the alternate lines abuses him. Of the prose compositions none sell better than "How to Kiss a Lady," in which the writer gravely gives instruction as to the precise pose to be assumed, and lays down rules for the proper performance of that delicate operation. "The Wife's Commandments" are very stupid, but are not bad enough to be funny, and the same may be said of a similar code laid down by the husband.

The shop, its proprietor and its contents offer a subject for a great deal of speculation on the part of those who like to account to themselves for odd things. A new penny ballad is published every day, and the mails are busy distributing this remarkable literature throughout the country. The revival of a demand for it at this time is a puzzle which the reader is left to solve.—*New York Herald, December 2d*, 1880.

—"Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year from now."

WHITE WINGS.

Copyright, 1884, by Willis Woodward & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Banks Winter.

Sail! home, as straight as an arrow,
My yacht shoots along on the crest of the sea;
Sail! home, to sweet Maggie Darrow,
In her dear little home she is waiting for me.
High up! where the cliffs they are craggy,
That's where the girl of my heart waits for me!
Heigh! ho, I long for you, Maggie,
I'll spread out my White Wings and sail home to thee.
Yo! ho, how we go! oh, how the winds blow!

CHORUS.

White Wings, they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea;
Night comes, I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my White Wings, and sail home to thee.

Sail! home, to love and caresses,
When Maggie, my darling, is there at my side;
Sail! home, blue eyes and gold tresses,
The fairest of all is my own little bride.
Sail! home, to part from thee never,
Always together life's voyage shall be;
Sail! home, to love thee forever!
I'll spread out my White Wings and sail home to thee.
Yo! ho, how we go! oh, how the winds blow!—*Chorus.*

MARRIED.

Copyright, 1885, by Willis Woodward & Co.

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When you see a poor fellow who looks broken down,
You can tell very well that he's married;
When his face seems to wear a perpetual frown,
You can tell very well that he's married.
When with sad resignation and hopeless despair,
He informs you that wedlock is naught but a snare;
When he gets humpty back with the life he's to bear,
You can tell very well that he's married.

CHORUS.

Married, married, oh, what bliss,
Lots of love and kissy, kiss, kiss;
Married, married, oh, what a sell,
How things soon alter, dear me, well, well.

When you see a young woman untidy each day,
You can tell very well that she's married;
And when courting she dressed up with falderdals gay,
You can tell very well that she's married.
If she frequently longs for small drop of gin,
If her house is the house of discomfort and din,
If her husband's shirt collar's stuck on with a pin,
You can tell very well that she's married.—*Chorus.*

When you see a man bald on the top of his head,
You can tell very well that he's married;
If his eyelids are worn with the tears he has shed,
You can tell very well that he's married.
If you see a poor girl always ready to cry,
If her life's a succession of groan and of sigh,
If she constantly carries an awful black eye,
You can tell very well that she's married.—*Chorus.*

—"What are you waiting for?" said a lawyer to an Indian who had paid him money. "Receipt," said the Indian. "A receipt," said the lawyer, "a receipt! what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the nature of one and I will give it to you." "S'pose mabe me die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see 'postle Petre; he say, 'Kiser, what you want?' me say, 'want to get in;' he say, 'you pay A. that money!' What me do? I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all over hell to find you." He got his receipt.

PENNY BALLADS.

Among the minor curiosities of contemporary newspaper and magazine literature is the odd way in which the whole tribe of scribblers tacitly adopt certain quotations as the conventional text for everything they may write upon analogous subjects. If street life or street scenes are to be described, it matters not whether the thoroughfare be in Calcutta or Oshkosh, they set out with "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "Let us take a walk down Fleet street." A member of the tribe would no more think of omitting this saying of the great man than the clown in the pantomime would think of omitting a hot poker from the "business." There is respect for tradition in these things. In like manner one cannot pick up a sketch upon ballads without meeting in the first paragraph an allusion to Fletcher of Saltoun and his threadbare aphorism: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." This quotation is herewith respectfully placed upon the altar of inexorable custom, although the songs with which the present writer is concerned are of the humble class described by the "poet:"—

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A good deal of popularity has been achieved by another, called "The Tramp," condemning the rich who, because they have lots of gold, bolt and bar their doors against the poor. The chorus advises all to be kind to the tramp and to "give him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip, and remember that the poor tramp has to live." This vein of sympathy with the outcast and the poor permeates all the songs of this class, and it is not strange that it is so, for perhaps the writers, and certainly the singers, do not live in Fifth avenue—not above Washington square, at any rate. Among the compositions that sell best in large cities the engaging lyric, "When McCormick Rules the State," holds a high place. The ambitious "Mc," proclaims himself "candidate for next President," remarks that he is one of the "idle labor party" and makes promises so profusely as to show himself an adept. He engages to make politicians carry the hod, to distribute free fuel and to have the White House painted green; to build a bridge to Ireland, and assures his constituents that there'll be no smoked Italian Congressmen, and that the Chinese must emigrate when McCormick rules the State. Another study in the same social field, but in an entirely different tone, is, "When McGuinness Gets a Job."

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Well, 'tis meself that knows it, for it's many's the day
Your husband wasn't the only one sat behind the wall—
There's my old man, McGuinness, didn't get no job at all.

This sympathetic neighbor incidentally asks: "The Italians—divil take them—why don't they stay at home?" but admits that "there's one thing in the poor Italians—they never do get 'lush.'" She exhorts Mrs. Reilly not to give way to the blues, and predicts they will one day cut a shine in new bonnets and new shoes. Of this class of songs, those sung by Harrigan and Hart are the newest and by all odds most in demand, the "Mulligan" series being printed in unending editions. These, however, are not free to be printed by the Chatham street Caxton, as they are carefully copyrighted. In this connection there is a good story on Mr. Harrigan. He declined to permit the young man in question to print his song of "Babies on Our Block." One morning, however, a reporter had an interview with the comedian, in the course of which he secured a copy of the song with the brogue written in Harrigan's hand. It appeared in the columns of a local paper next day. Here was the Chatham street man's opportunity. Before noon his press had thrown off an edition, the copyright being evaded by a line at the top of the sheet crediting the song to the journal from which it was clipped. It was a lesson in the law of literature for "Dan Mulligan." Singularly the most popular song outside of New York at present is "Whoa Emma," of unpleasant memory. Another odd thing about this popular song. It was brought from England and published here about two years before it caught the popular ear. It had come to be regarded by the publisher as a failure, when suddenly it made a hit, and some idea of its subsequent popularity may be formed from the fact that a single publisher of sheet music disposed of 50,000 copies in that form. Of the reprints in ballads and song books it would be difficult to make any estimate. "Grandfather's Clock" also, having run its course in the city, is only now ticking its way through the rural districts, and thousands of orders for it come in every week. All the "motto songs" come from England. Many of these inculcate some sensible lesson in a homely way. Thrift, honesty and charity are enjoined by some of these, and they are all on a higher literary level than any other class of the ballads to be found here. One of them, entitled "Many Can Help One," has the following chorus:—

Then, give what you can to those in distress,
Let it be a dime or a penny,
For many can help one, I've heard people say,
Where one cannot always help many.

Old time sentimental melodies have still a charm for the multitude, and orders come in daily for ditties like "Kitty Wells" and "Sally in Our Alley." Negro dialect songs seem to be going out of favor as the burnt cork business declines, and among the hundreds of songs already reprinted by the revivalist only a few of them are to be found. Of these "In de Morning by de Bright Light" and "Dem Golden Slippers" are the only two that have any vogue just now. A considerable proportion of the ballad literature in the old days was of the "Come all ye" stripe, and even in this new collection a few of these have found a place. The "Lamentation of James Rodgers" begins:—

Come all ye tender Christians, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines I have here:
For the murder of Mr. Swanton I am condemned to die,
On the twelfth day of November, upon the gallows high.

There are a dozen more verses narrating in equally choice language how he was led astray by bad company, describing the the crime, which shocked New York at the time, and bidding farewell to his parents and friends. The last couplet exhorts "each wild and vicious youth a warning take by me, to be ruled by their parents and shun bad company." In the same strain is the "Lamentation of Johnny Reel." The vocabulary is almost identical and the general plan of the composition is the same, except that there is less of a penitential spirit, although he says:—

For the murder of Officer Smithy
I am sorry to the heart,
Which leaves my aged parents
In sorrow for to part.
It's little did they ever think,
All in my youth and bloom,
I was reared on First avenue,
For to meet my awful doom.

Oddly enough there is little demand for comic penny ballads, the amateur vocalists having a decided leaning to the sentimental. The song of this class which promises to circulate most largely is an old country ditty, current a generation or more ago. The chorus is:—

They say you are false, but I still believe you mine,
You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie Jean.

This, like a majority of the songs that appear in the penny ballad series, owes its present favor to being sung by a prominent minstrel troupe. A majority of the purchasers of the ballads are working girls, boys and young men who hear the verses sung at a theatre or social gathering, where they catch the melody, and, at the expense of a cent for the words, are enabled to try their own vocal powers.

It is difficult to account for the popularity of a ditty known as "The Butcher Boy." It had a great sale in the days when penny ballads were in their prime, and now again it is largely purchased by young damsels consumed by hopeless love. The first verse relates very pathetically

In Jersey City, where I did dwell,
A butcher boy I loved so well,
He courted me my heart away,
And now with me he will not stay.

The faithless lover has abandoned her for another "because she had more gold than I." In the last verse the unhappy maid is found "hanging upon a rope," and in her breast a note is discovered beginning:—

Oh, what a silly maid am I,
To hang myself for a butcher boy.

Some of the pigeon-holes in the Chatham street shop contain ballads that are not ballads, so to speak. That is, there are choice literary morsels in prose to suit the taste of penny balladists and are printed in the same form. One of these is headed "Rules for Bummers." These provide that "no bummer must refuse to drink when asked at any time for the good of the house," and a dozen equally delicate and refined suggestions follow. "Office Rules" are very much in demand. These set forth that—

Match peddlers never leave this office alive. We have two barns full of suspenders and don't want any more. Office hours for tramps, book agents, canvassers, &c., from 11 P. M. to 4 A. M., July 4.

Copies of this little literary pleasantry are seen occasionally decorating the walls in the offices of livery stables and in east side barrooms. "A Model Love Letter" is the caption of another sheet in which the lover assures his sweetheart of his devotion, while by reading every alternate line the missive assumes a contrary tone. Just in what respect this letter is a "model" the publisher fails to mention. This sort of thing must be popular, for the same device is the basis of another screed called "The Wife's Stratagem," the author informing the reader that "a young lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend." Read consecutively the letter praises her husband to the skies, and in the alternate lines abuses him. Of the prose compositions none sell better than "How to Kiss a Lady," in which the writer gravely gives instruction as to the precise pose to be assumed, and lays down rules for the proper performance of that delicate operation. "The Wife's Commandments" are very stupid, but are not bad enough to be funny, and the same may be said of a similar code laid down by the husband.

The shop, its proprietor and its contents offer a subject for a great deal of speculation on the part of those who like to account to themselves for odd things. A new penny ballad is published every day, and the mails are busy distributing this remarkable literature throughout the country. The revival of a demand for it at this time is a puzzle which the reader is left to solve.—*New York Herald, December 2d*, 1880.

—"Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year from now."

WHITE WINGS.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Banke Winter.

Sail! home, as straight as an arrow,
My yacht shoots along on the crest of the sea;
Sail! home, to sweet Maggie Darrow,
In her dear little home she is waiting for me.
High up! where the cliffs they are craggy,
That's where the girl of my heart waits for me!
Heigh! ho, I long for you, Maggie,
I'll spread out my White Wings and sail home to thee.
Yo! ho, how we go! oh, how the winds blow!

CHORUS.

White Wings, they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea;
Night comes, I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my White Wings, and sail home to thee.

Sail! home, to love and caresses,
When Maggie, my darling, is there at my side;
Sail! home, blue eyes and gold tresses,
The fairest of all is my own little bride.
Sail! home, to part from thee never,
Always together life's voyage shall be;
Sail! home, to love thee forever!
I'll spread out my White Wings and sail home to thee.
Yo! ho, how we go! oh, how the winds blow!—*Chorus.*

MARRIED.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When you see a poor fellow who looks broken down,
You can tell very well that he's married;
When his face seems to wear a perpetual frown,
You can tell very well that he's married.
When with sad resignation and hopeless despair,
He informs you that wedlock is naught but a snare;
When he gets humpty back with the life he's to bear,
You can tell very well that he's married.

CHORUS.

Married, married, oh, what bliss,
Lots of love and kissy, kiss, kiss;
Married, married, oh, what a sell,
How things soon alter, dear me, well, well.

When you see a young woman untidy each day,
You can tell very well that she's married;
And when courting she dressed up with falderdals gay,
You can tell very well that she's married.
If she frequently longs for small drop of gin,
If her house is the house of discomfort and din,
If her husband's shirt collar's stuck on with a pin,
You can tell very well that she's married.—*Chorus.*

When you see a man bald on the top of his head,
You can tell very well that he's married;
If his eyelids are worn with the tears he has shed,
You can tell very well that he's married.
If you see a poor girl always ready to cry,
If her life's a succession of groan and of sigh,
If she constantly carries an awful black eye,
You can tell very well that she's married.—*Chorus.*

—"What are you waiting for?" said a lawyer to an Indian who had paid him money. "Receipt," said the Indian. "A receipt," said the lawyer, "a receipt! what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the nature of one and I will give it to you." "S'pose mabe me die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see 'postle Petre; he say, 'Kiser, what you want?' me say, 'want to get in;' he say, 'you pay A. that money!' What me do? I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all over hell to find you." He got his receipt.

CALLED AWAY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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By a cottage in the twilight
Stands a soldier and a maid,
Solemn words are being spoken,
For his country needs his aid;
Down her cheeks the tears are streaming,
Tremblingly she bids him stay,
Sadly, firmly comes the answer,
Maggie, dear, I'm called away.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Maggie, good-bye, darling,
Tho' I fain would with thee stay;
'Tis decreed that I must leave thee,
Maggie, dear, I'm called away.

There has been a fearful conflict,
Victory has been nobly won,
And a youthful soldier's dying
E'er his life has well begun;
Comrade, he is feebly saying,
I shall never live 'till day,
If you're spared to see my darling,
Tell her I was called away.—*Chorus.*

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Golden years ago in a mill beside the sea,
There dwelt a little maiden, who plighted her faith to me;
The mill-wheel now is silent, the maid's eyes closed be,
And all that now remains of her are the words she sang to me:

CHORUS.

Do not forget me! do not forget me!
Think sometimes of me still;
When the morn breaks and throstle awakes,
Remember the maid of the mill.
Do not forget me! do not forget me!
Remember the maid, the maid of the mill.

Leaden years have past, gray-haired I look around,
The earth has no such maidens now, such mill-wheels turn not round
But whenever I think of heaven and of what the angels be,
I see again that little maid and hear her words to me:—CHORUS.

One Word Would Call Me Back Again.

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One word would call me back again,
Tho' far I'm parted from your side;
My heart is sad with weary pain,
Oh, cast away each thought of pride;
Can we forget the hours of joy?
Must blissful memories fade and wane?
Let not your pride my hopes destroy,
One word would call me back again.

CHORUS.

Then let us both the past forget,
As Summer flow'rs forget the rain;
Bid smiles replace each sad regret,
One word would call me back again.

One word would call me back again,
To me you still are just as dear;
My love for you shall never wane,
Tho' you be far away or near;
Then tell me all shall be forgot,
For you I sigh in tears and pain;
Let love's fond prayer be slighted not,
One word would call me back again.—*Chorus.*

POOR OLD DAD.

Written for John Walsh, by Harry York of England.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The other day while strolling out to have a quiet walk,
And passing by a house I heard some very noisy talk;
Just then a door flew open and an old man tumbled out,
I stopped and asked the people what the bother was about.
An angry lad then asked me what it had to do with me,
And told me for to move on, or he'd quickly let me see;
The old man then got up and shook at him his old gray head,
And leaning on my arm the while, these words are what he said:

CHORUS.

You have made your poor old mother weep for you from night 'till morn,
You have made your poor old father curse the day that you were born;
You'll wish you'd never served us so when we're dead, my lad,
May your own children serve you just as you have served your dad.

As the old man spoke those little words his bent form shook with age,
And several times he cursed his boy, who trembled then with rage;
Just then the poor old mother came with tottering steps so slow
Again the lad struck at his dad—she tried to stop the blow;
Tears came trickling down her cheeks, she fell close at his feet,
While the angry crowd commenced to shout and murmur in the street;
You've drove us out, the old man cried, to the poorhouse we must go,
And when you're old and feeble, may your children serve you so.—CHORUS.

I raised the poor old lady, and I said, now mother, come,
You shall not go to the poorhouse, for I'll find you both a home;
But, ah, what means those cold, cold hands, for never a word she said,
'Tis true her heart is broken, yes, the poor old mother's dead;
Not very long the old man lived, but soon followed his old bride,
And in the quiet churchyard now they are sleeping side by side;
And one day o'er their grave was seen their bad son 'neath the trees,
And mournfully I thought I heard these words float on the breeze:—CHORUS.

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Each man has his method of getting along
O'er life's dark desert and waste,
Some think that he's right and some think that he's wrong
But it's all a matter of taste;
Some girls think a husband is only a bore,
And say, "Don't marry in haste;"
Some marry one husband and then they want more,
But it's all a matter of taste;
Some sing the old song about needles and pins,
And say when you're married your trouble begins;
While some are not happy until they have twins,
But it's all a matter of taste.

Some men prize a maiden who's rosy and fat,
And measures a mile 'round the waist;
Some men want them thin and no bigger than *that*,
But it's all a matter of taste;
Some dote on a foot that's a tiny wee bit
In a speck of a slipper encased,
While some like a foot that can "get up and git,"
But that's a matter of taste;
Some like a quick eye with a flash that is bright,
Some like a sad eye full of dreamy delight,
While some like an eye that has been out all night,
But that's a matter of taste.

Some men may object to a street full of dirt,
Debased, defaced and disgraced,
While others may claim that the dirt doesn't hurt,
But that's a matter of taste;
Some men at election will smile upon fraud,
And prove that all faith is misplaced;
Some ballot box stuffing will even applaud,
But that's a matter of taste;
Some men want a candidate fearless and free,
While some like a man who will seize any plea
To get into office—like Benjamin B.—
But it's all a matter of taste.

MIKADO McALLISTER.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

Bad luck to Japan and its heathenish ways,
I'm tired of my life thro' the new fangled craze;
Though I know that my face is like Donnybrook's map,
Sure everyone tells me I look like a Jap.
My wife is as bad, if not worse than the rest,
In Japanese costumes each day she is dressed;
She's howling "Tit-Willow" the whole of the day,
And the "Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" tra la lay.

CHORUS.
And as I go out for my pitcher of beer,
There is not a child, or a woman or man,
But calls me Mikado McAllister, Ko-Ko,
The red-headed, squinty-eyed Mick from Japan.
Here's a how-de do! Here's a how-de-do!

She says when we quarrel, I'm down on her list,
And tells all the neighbors I'll never be missed;
Her hair is pushed back 'till she can't shut her eyes,
She looks as if struck by eternal surprise.
My dinner sometimes is a half an hour late,
It's a Hamburger steak on a Japanese plate;
My children one time called me father and pap,
But she tells them to call Mikado, the Jap!—*Chorus.*

She makes herself up like a hand-painted screen,
She goes through the house like a tragedy queen;
She sold the big bed at a second-hand store,
So in Japanese fashion we sleep on the floor
Instead of Mikado it's Ko-Ko I'll be,
If she don't stop her monkeying antics with me;
She will not go out for the beer with a can,
For she says that such things are not done in Japan.—*Chorus.*

Always Do Your Duty, Boy.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Pleasant memory brings to mind
Many years ago,
Mother's voice so very kind,
Gentle, soft and low;
Nothing evermore can be,
Dearer than her words to me,
As I sat upon her knee
Many years ago.

CHORUS.
Always do your duty, boy, never go astray,
Life is one great battle, boy, fight it as you may;
Keep the right upon your side wherever you may be,
Always do your duty, boy, were mother's words to me.

As I struggle on through life,
All the skies seem clear,
Pushing forward in the strife,
Nothing can I fear;
Tho' I sail the boundless main,
Nothing seems to me in vain,
Comes to me the old refrain,
Mother's voice I hear.—*Chorus.*

Earthly treasures all are naught
If you go astray,
Better lesson ne'er was taught,
Heed it as you may;
Tho' the words are very few,
They will profit bring to you;
Test them all your journey through,
Evermore I pray.—*Chorus.*

—A fashion paper says "the bustle is coming to the front again more rapidly than ever." This is all wrong. The bustle ought to be kept in the place where it belongs. When it comes to the front it is apt to create talk.

SULLIVAN AND RYAN.

By J. F. McDermott, of Scranton, Pa.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You sporting men, I pray attend to what I'm going to sing,
It's of the deeds of two brave men, two champions of the ring,
Who met and fought for wealth and fame on their banners to enshrine,
Their names I'm sure you all have heard, are Sullivan and Ryan.

'Twas to Mississippi City, near the Gulf of Mexico,
On the seventh of February, eighty-two, they with their friends did go;
And having staked the battle ground and named the referee,
They quickly stepped into the ring and shook hands right cordially.

When time was called for the first round they both came up in style,
Though Ryan's face had a careworn look, while Sullivan's wore a smile,
Each missed his mark the first two blows, then Sullivan gaining ground,
With a fearful blow on Ryan's neck, brought the Trojan champion down.

In the second round blows were exchanged and then they clinched and fell,
With Ryan on top of Sullivan, which his friends cheered long and well;
In the third, Ryan led off with his left, but was met by such a blow
From Sullivan's right square in the face that again he was laid low

In the fourth each still defiant came to the scratch on time,
Then Sullivan struck two stunning blows upon the jaw of Ryan;
Then heavy slugging on both sides until a cheer arose,
As Ryan went heavily to the ground bleeding from mouth and nose.

The fifth round was a wrestling match, in which Ryan again was thrown;
In the sixth each missed his left hand blow, but both their rights went home;
Ryan went down upon his knees, while Sullivan checked his blow,
And saved a foul which, had he struck, would've proved his overthrow.

As Ryan got up, again they clinched and at the slugging went,
Till once again he was knocked down and to his corner sent;
The seventh round was much the same, though Paddy with a smile,
Got in a blow on Sullivan's chin that dazed him for awhile.

Round the eighth was give and take, Ryan fighting with new life,
While Sullivan showed no mercy, seeming bound to end the strife;
A heavy blow on Ryan's jaw again soon sent him down,
Then a cheer went up for the Boston boy, that could be heard for miles around.

When they met the ninth time at the scratch their strength was going fast,
They tumbled at each other, though determined to the last,
Till another blow upon the jaw brave Ryan seemed to stun,
His seconds then threw up the sponge, the battle was lost and won.

Poor Ryan was sorely punished, while Sullivan's wounds were slight,
And all declared who saw the mill 'twas a fierce determined fight;
They fought nine rounds right manfully in eleven minutes time,
So ended this great battle between Sullivan and Ryan.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Upon the tented field a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard lonely watch was keeping;
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute while all around is sleeping.

CHORUS.
The lady of my love I will not name,
Although I wear her colors as a token;
For I would fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken.

The night is past, the conflict's come with dawn,
The minstrel knight has seen its fortifying;
'Midst death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'midst thousands around him dying.—*Chorus.*

Stern death now sated quits the gory-lain,
The life blood from the warrior-bard is streaming;
While on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings his eyes with fervor beaming.

CHORUS.
The lady of my love I will not name,
I'll still retain her colors as a token;
I've fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never have our nightly vows been broken.

A Norrible Tale of the Suicidal Family

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! a norrible tale I have to tell,
Of sad disasters that befell
A family, that once resided
Just in the very same thoroughfare as I did.
The parent was so grim a guffin,
He never liked no fun nor nuffin;
And he never made the least endeavor
To make a joke not what-sum-de-ver.

CHORUS.

For, oh! it is such a norrible tale,
'Twill make your fa-ces all turn pale;
Your eyes with grief will be overcome,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle twum.

They never saw no compa-nee,
Tho' they was a most respectable fa-mi-lee;
And ev'ry boy and ev'ry gal
Grew hy-po-con-der-i-cal;
They thought they had all sorts of sorrows,
And conjured up all kinds of horrors;
Each had a face as long as a ladder,
And was frightened in-to fits if they see their own shadder.—*Chorus*

They sat with their cur-tains drawn down tight,
On pur-pose to keep out the light;
Father, mother, sister and bro-ther,
Never spoke a word to one another;
Well, at last, this doleful, dismal lot,
So very me-lan-cho-ly got,
That to end their-selves they did agree,
When they had settled which end it was to be.—*Chorus.*

First the father into the garden did walk,
And cut his throat with a lump of chalk;
Then the mother an end to herself she put,
By hanging of herself in the water-butt;
Then the sister went down on her bended knees,
And smothered herself with toasted cheese;
But the brother who was a determined young fellar,
Went and poisoned himself with his umbrella.—*Chorus.*

Then the little baby in the cradle,
Shot itself dead with the silver-ladle;
While the servant-girl, seeing what they did,
Strangled herself with the saucepan-lid;
The miserable cat by the kitchen-fire,
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire;
And a fly on the ceiling—this was the wust 'un—
Went and blowed itself up with spontaneous combustion.—*Chorus*

Then in there walked the auctioneer,
Who did with the furniture disappear;
And the broker's man, this ain't no fable,
Made himself away with a three-legged table;
When the walls saw this, their sides they split,
The windows cracked themselves to bits;
And so universal was the slaughter-rate,
There was nothing left at all but an unpaid water-rate.—*Chorus.*

MORAL.

So here's a moral, if you choose,
Don't never give way to the blues,
Or you may come to the dreadful ends
Of these my melancholy friends.
For ain't it now a norrible tale?
Hope it's made your faces all turn pale;
Your eyes with grief is overcome,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle twum.

CHORUS.

For ain't it now a norrible tale?
Hope it's made your faces turn pale;
Your eyes with grief is overcome,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle twum.

—A coal-cart driver reported that he had been discharged. To her inquiries what he had done, he said: "Nothing; only to sit in the cart when the coal was being weighed." Wife.—"Why, that was no reason for discharging you." Driver—"Yes, it is; the new man weighs 75 lbs. more than I do."—*Texas Siftings.*

AVONDALE DISASTER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come Christians all both great and small, I hope you'll lend an ear,
And listen with attention while the truth I will declare;
When you hear this lamentation 'twill cause you to weep and wail,
'Tis about the suffocation in the mines of Avondale.

On the sixth day of September, eighteen sixty-nine.
Those miners all obeyed the call, to go work in the mine;
But little did they think that death against them would prevail,
Before they would return again from the mines of Avondale.

Their wives and little children, with hearts so full of joy,
Watched the men go work again, and likewise every boy;
But a dismal sight in broad daylight soon did their eyes assail,
When they saw the breaker burning o'er the mines of Avondale.

From here and there, and everywhere, they gathered in a crowd,
Some tearing off their clothes and hair, some crying out aloud:
"Go save our husbands and our sons, for death is going to steal
Their lives away without delay, in the mines of Avondale."

But all in vain, it was too late one single life to save,
There was no second outlet to this subterranean cave;
No pen can tell the awful fear and horror that prevailed
Among the dying victims in the mines of Avondale.

A consultation then was held, two men did volunteer
To go into this dismal shaft and seek their comrades dear;
Two Welshmen brave without dismay, and courage without fail,
Went down the shaft without in the mines of Avondale.

When at the bottom they arrived and tried to make their way,
One of them died for want of air, and the other in great dismay,
Gave the signal to hoist them up, then told the dreadful tale,
That all was lost forever in the mines of Avondale.

Every effort then was made to send down some fresh air,
When next the men went down again, of them they took good care;
They traveled through the chambers, and this time they did not fail
In finding the dead bodies in the mines of Avondale.

Ninety-seven is the number that in one heap was found,
It seems they were bewailing their fate in under ground;
We found the father with his sons clasped in his arms so pale,
It was thus they died together in the mines of Avondale.

Now to conclude and make an end the number I'll pen down,
One hundred and ten, all brave, strong men, were smothered under ground;
They're in their graves to the last day, their friends may weep and wail,
The orphans' cries will rend the skies all 'round through Avondale.

Always Take Mother's Advice.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Jennie Lindsay.

Always take mother's advice,
She knows what is best for your good;
Let her kind words then suffice,
And never speak hasty or rude.
Remember that she is the nearest,
To you in this world she is dearest,
At your downfall her grief is severest,
So don't cause her sorrow or pain.

CHORUS.

Always take mother's advice,
She knows what is best for your good;
Let her kind words then suffice,
And always take mother's advice.

Honor your mother so dear,
You'll ne'er know her worth 'till she's gone;
Respect her gray hair while she's here,
You'll be sad when she leaves you alone.
On earth you will ne'er have another,
In this weary world there's no other,
And God only gives you one mother,
So cherish and love her most dear.—*Chorus.*

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
The words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch at the close of day;
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
Death's shade had slowly passed, and now
When the land and his fond loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him die.

Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowing shroud will swell o'er me,
Where no light will break through the dark cold wave,
And no sunbeam rest upon my grave;
It matters not, I have often been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
Yet grant, oh! grant this boon to me,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

For in fancy I've listened to the well known words,
The free wild winds and the songs of the birds;
I have thought of home, of cot and of bower,
And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour;
I had even hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the church-yard there on the green hillside;
By the homes of my father my grave should be,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tear shall be mingled there;
It will be sweet, ere the heart's gentle throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more;
That those it so fondly hath yearned for will come.
To plant the first wild flower of Spring on my tomb;
Let me lie where those loved ones will weep over me,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

And there is another whose tears would be shed,
For him who lay far in an ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She hath twined those locks and hath kissed this brow;
In the hair she hath wreathed, shall the sea-serpent hiss?
And the brow she hath pressed, shall the cold wave kiss?
For the sake of that bright one that waiteth for me,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

She hath been in my dreams—his voice failed there,
They gave no heed to his dying prayer,
They have lowered him low o'er the vessel side,
Above him has closed the dark cold tide;
Where to dip the light wings the sea bird rests,
And the blue waves dance o'er the ocean crest;
Where the billows bound and the winds sport free,
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

WAITING AT THE FERRY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

At the entrance to the ferry, where the lights are burning dim
A poor old woman shivers in the cold;
A longing look is fixed upon the dear, old, wrinkled face,
A face that had its beauty long ago.
She is waiting for her boy, her all in all on earth,
Her eyes speak love altho' her lips are dumb;
The morning that he left her, she kiss'd him and she said,
I'll meet you at the ferry when you come!

CHORUS.

Poor old mother with her silv'ry hair,
Waiting and watching for her loved one ev'rywhere;
The snow may fall around her, she whispers but his name,
While waiting at the ferry for the boy who never came.

The tatter'd shawl around her cannot keep away the cold,
While waiting for the one that she expects;
As bright and happy faces pass the poor old mother by,
She says, he'll surely come upon the next.
But her boy has cross'd the river to the land of love and peace,
They tell her that his earthly work is done;
Let her live in sweet expectancy, her waiting's nearly o'er,
And the ferry shall unite her with her son!—CHORUS.

SPENCER'S FIREY SLOPE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You Irishmen, I pray attend and to me lend an ear,
Your hearts are not so hardened but you can shed a tear,
And animate your spirits for danger it is nigh,
We must bring our friends out of the flames or instantly they'll die.

On the nineteenth of February this carnage did take place,
And dismal was the spectacle to all the human race;
With thundering rocks around them, both flesh and bones were broke,
The sad event, we'll long lament, at Spencer's firey slope.

There was Foley, Platt and Whalen, it's they got much applause,
And many of our countrymen assisted in the cause;
With flashing fire round them, with sulphur they did choke,
They would bring those men, but death looked grim, from Spencer's firey slope.

There was Donahoe and Lawler, Brennan and McEvoy,
That scorching fire with increasing ire their bodies did destroy;
Unto our God and Majesty our prayers will send forth,
To crown those scalded victims who were lost in Spencer's slope.

Long life attend our brave Welsh friends and neighbors all around,
For full three days they stood the blaze, the bodies not yet found;
For full three days they stood the blaze in darkness and in smoke,
To bring those shattered miners from Spencer's firey slope.

A lady fair, I do declare, in passing I have seen,
Her weary eyes, did me surprise, quite lunatic did seem;
Her lily bosom heaved with sighs, in accents wild she spoke,
Awaiting for the dismal news from Spencer's firey slope.

You miners all on you I call to shun that dreadful den,
It was the ruination of our brave countrymen;
It left widows for to murmur and orphans without hope,
That ne'er shall see their fathers dear who were lost in Spencer's slope.

I'm Awaiting My Love's Return.

Copyright, 1885, by Banks Winter.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

On the shore he bade me fond adieu,
And clasp'd me to his heart;
Promise love, he said, you'll e'er be true,
Tho' now for years we part;
I watch'd the sails grow dim afar
That bore him from my sight;
Give back to me, I cried, O sea!
My joy, my heart's delight!
Give back to me, O sea!
My joy, my heart's delight!

CHORUS.

I am waiting my love's return!
I am waiting my love's return!
O'er the storm raging sea
He is sailing to me,
I am waiting my love's return!

In my dreams I see my sailor brave,
Afar across the deep;
When the storm is breaking o'er the wave
I pray for him and weep;
And still upon the lone, sad shore,
Where last we bade adieu;
'Till stars grow dim, I'll watch for him,
My love, so fond and true!
'Till stars grow dim, I'll watch
To meet my love so true.—*Chorus.*

—In a large edifice of the Church of England, the sleepy clerk, a somewhat old and not over intelligent man, sat directly beneath the high pulpit of the rector, and responded the "amens" to his reading, as was his custom. Now, the clerk very often fell asleep during the service, and the rector invented the plan of dropping a pea (unnoticed by the congregation) upon his bald pate, with the mutual understanding that this was to be the signal for an "amen." This worked fairly for awhile, when one day the rector in his gestures knocked the whole box of peas over the pulpit upon the clerk's head, and he being sound asleep, jumped up wildly and yelled: "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

GOOD-EVENING.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I had been dining rather late,
The fact I think it best to state,
As I strolled out without a mate,
One very pleasant evening.
On fancy beats my steps were led,
As onward through the streets I strayed,
A lovely figure I saw ahead,
Walked past and said: "Good-evening."

I felt a disappointed dunce,
Not a word she answered in response,
Though I repeated more than once:
"Good-evening, Miss, good-evening."
At length she turned her head this way—
And you can judge of my dismay—
She was fifty-five if she was a day—
And of course I said: "Good-evening."

My disappointment made me queer,
I stepped into an ale-house near,
Addressed the bar-maid thus: "My dear,
A glass of ale—good-evening."
With sparkling eyes she an ale soon served—
What is it makes me so unnerved?
Close standing by me I observed
My tailor: sir! good-evening.

SPOKEN.—How do you do, sir? I am always happy to see my tailor, especially when I don't owe him anything. Good-evening, sir, good-evening!

His presence spoiled my wish to stay,
I reached the door, then heard her say:
"Please pay before you go away,
Ten cents, sir, then good-evening."
"Pray, pardon, Miss, I beg of you,
I quite forgot." (and that was true,)
The tailor says: "You often do;
Good-evening, Snooze, good-evening."

I felt a blush come o'er my face,
At such a crowd and such disgrace;
They shouted as I left the place:
"Good-evening, Snooze, good-evening."
Policeman Jones, outside the door,
Increased my misery more and more;
He says: "I've watched your little game before,
Get out of my beat—good-evening."

I left his beat, it did not suit,
To argue with the stupid brute,
Or hear him make me that salute:
"Good-evening, Snooze, good-evening."
Into a lane I made a dive,
A fresh street reached more dead than alive;
And there met Miss Fifty-five,
Who simpered out: "Good-evening, Johnny, good-evening."

I hired a hack myself to save,
And handsome to him did behave;
Two fares for one I did him give,
On that unlucky evening.
When I found out what I had done,
I turned and found the cab had gone;
But I'll not forget the driver's tone,
As he remarked: "Good-evening, sir, good-evening."

But strange things happen for the best,
If you're amused I'll waive the rest;
Like the hackman you'll enjoy the jest
At my expense this evening.
But luckily he's left me here,
This place where I have naught to fear;
So with kind regards to all friends here,
I beg to say: "Good-evening."

—There is a religious sect in Ohio which believes that when human beings die they turn into cats. Doesn't it make a man shiver, though, to think that perhaps he has been slinging boot-jacks all Winter at his wife's grandmother.—*Burlington Free Press.*

MORRISEY AND THE RUSSIAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come all ye gallant Irishmen, wherever that you be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me,
'Till I sing about the battle that took place the other day,
Between a Russian sailor and gallant Morrisey.

'Twas in Terre-del-Fuego, in South America,
This Russian challenged Morrissey—these words to him did say:
"I hear you are a fighting man, and wear a belt, I see,
Indeed I wish you would consent to have a round with me."

Then out spoke brave Morrisey, with heart both brave and true,
"I am a valiant Irishman that never was subdued,
For I can whale the Yankee, the Saxon bull or bear;
In honor of old Paddy's land I still the laurel wear."

Those words enraged the Russian boy upon the Yankee land,
To think that he should be put down by any Irishman.
Says he: "You are too light a frame, and that without mistake,
I'll have you to resign the belt or else your life I'll take."

To fight upon the tenth of March these heroes did agree,
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see;
The English and the Russians their hearts were filled with glee,
They swore this Russian sailor boy would kill brave Morrisey.

Those heroes stepped into the ring most gallant to be seen,
And Morrisey put on the belt bound round with shamrock green;
Full sixty thousand dollars then, as you may plainly see,
Was to be the champion's prize who would gain the victory.

They shook hands and walked around the ring, commencing then to fight,
It filled each Irish heart with pride for to behold the sight.
The Russian he floored Morrisey up to the 11th round,
With Yankee, Russian and Saxon cheers the valley did resound.

A minute and a half our hero lay before that he could rise;
The word went all about the field, "he's dead," were all their cries,
But Morrisey worked manfully, and coming to the ground,
From that unto the 20th the Russian he put down.

The Irish offered four to one that day upon the grass,
No sooner said than taken up, and down they brought the cash.
They parried away without delay to the 32d round,
When Morrisey received a blow that brought him to the ground.

Up to the 37th round 'twas fall and fall about,
Which made the foreign tyrants to keep a sharp look out;
The Russian called his second for to have a glass of wine,
Our Irish hero smiled and said: "This battle will be mine."

The 38th decided all, the Russians felt the smart—
Morrisey with a dreadful blow struck the Russian on the heart;
The doctor he was called upon to open up a vein,
He said it was quite useless, he would never fight again.

Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Clipper, too,
The Benicia Boy and Sheppard; he nobly did subdue;
So let us fill a flowing glass, and here is health galore,
To noble Johnny Morrisey and Paddies evermore.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea:)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.
Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow wreathed chamber,
The Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

Nor shall Iran (beloved of her hero) forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start;
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Enbalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.
Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow wreathed chamber,
The Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

The Rat-Catcher's Daughter.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Not long ago in Vestminster,
There lived a rat-catcher's daughter;
And she didn't live in Vestminster,
'Cause she lived t'other side of the vater.
Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,
All around and about that quarter;
And the gentlefolks all took off their hats
To the pretty little rat-catcher's daughter.
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Now rich and poor, both far and near,
In matrimony sought her;
But at friends and foes turned up her nose,
Did the putty little rat-catcher's daughter.
For there was a man sold lily vite sand,
In cupid's net had caught her;
And right over head and ears in love
Vent the putty little rat-catcher's daughter.
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Now lily vite sand so ran in her 'ead,
As she went along the Strand, oh!
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her 'ead,
And cried: "D'ye vant any lily vite sand, oh?"
The folks amazed all thought her crazed,
As she went along the Strand, oh!
To see a gal with sprats on her 'ead cry:
D'ye vant any lily vite sand, oh?"
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Now rat-catcher's daughter so ran in his 'ead,
He couldn't tell vat he was arter;
So instead of crying: "D'ye vant any sand?"
He cried: "D'ye vant any rat-catcher's daughter?"
His donkey cocked his ears and laughed,
And couldn't think vat he vas arter,
Ven he heard his lily vite sand man cry:
"D'ye vant any rat-catcher's daughter?"
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

They both agreed to be married
On next Easter Sunday;
But rat-catcher's daughter she had a dream,
That she wouldn't be alive on Monday.
She vent once more to buy some sprats,
And she tumbled into the vater;
And down to the bottom, all kivered with mud,
Vent the putty little rat-cat-catcher's daughter.
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Ven Lily Vite Sand he 'eard the news,
His eyes ran down with vater;
Said he: "In love I'll constant prove, and—
Blow me! if I'll live long arter."
So he cut 'is throat with a pane of glass,
And stabbed his donkey arter;
So 'ere is an end of Lily Vite Sand, donkey,
And the rat-catcher's daughter.
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

My Love She's Like the Red, Red Rose.

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Oh! my love's like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will love thee still, my dear,
Till the sands of life shall run.

For One Day of Turkey There's Six Days of Hash.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Will J. Hardman.

For one faithful friend there are dozens who sneer,
For one happy laugh there is always a tear;
For one rosy cheek there are many cheeks pale,
For one who's successful there's hundreds who fail;
For one night of joy there are weeks of regret,
And each dollar squander'd we seldom forget;
'Tis well then to think when cutting a dash,
For one day of turkey there's six days of hash.

CHORUS.

Then don't spend your pennies on nonsense and trash,
There's no telling when with misfortune you'll clash;
Go slow, or you'll find when you're all out of cash,
For one day of turkey there's six days of hash.

For one wealthy girl there are dozens that's poor,
And all that they own is a mind good and pure;
For one gentle dog there are dozens that bite,
And oft when the sun shines a cloud is in sight
Whenever you see a good friend acting wild,
This warning to him whisper softly and mild:
Remember, old boy, while you're spending so rash,
For one day of turkey there's six days of hash.

CHORUS.

When out at the elbows and all gone to smash,
And down the side streets from old faces you dash,
You'll hear the wind mourn while it cuts like a lash,
For one day of turkey there's six days of hash.

Quite often these words you will hear on the street,
There goes a poor fellow it pains me to meet;
He once was the pride and the talk of the town,
But thro' his own folly to-day he is down.
When up in some attic you sigh for a meal,
And folks point you out as a shabby genteel;
The truth of this song o'er your memory will flash,
For one day of turkey there's six days of hash.

CHORUS.

Then don't spend your pennies on nonsense and trash,
There's no telling when with misfortune you'll clash;
Go slow, or you'll find when you're all out of cash,
For one day of turkey there's six days of hash

I Wouldn't Advice You to Do It.

Written and sung by Joe Hart.

The name of the song I'm about to sing is:
I wouldn't advise you to do it;
Be careful don't meddle with other people's biz,
For I wouldn't advise you to do it.
Beecher he prays and sings old-fashioned chants,
Sarah Bernhardt wants to do a black-face song and dance,
And all the ladies in New York are going to wear men's pants,
But I wouldn't advise them to do it.

Mrs. Langtry says she'll never come here again,
Well, I wouldn't advise her to do it;
For her acting gives us a terrible pain,
So I wouldn't advise her to do it.
Ben Butler went out the other night on a tare,
Hugged and kissed Belva Lockwood, and called her his dear,
And swore he'd go to Egypt and be President next year,
But I wouldn't advise him to do it.

President Cleveland is thinking of taking a wife,
But I wouldn't advise him to do it;
He's tired of sleeping alone these cold winter nights,
Then I wouldn't advise him to do it.
For the first six months she will call him dear,
After that she will waltz him around by the ear;
Then we'll have a female President in the Presidential chair,
So I wouldn't advise him to do it.

Pats Not so Black as He's Been Painted

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Sung by the great Pat Feeney.

The Irish for ages in grief have been bowed,
Despite all the virtues with which they're endowed,
The banners are furled of which Irishmen are proud,
The harp is unstrung in silent sorrow;
Just like the chosen people we're scattered near and far,
Waiting for the twinkling of sweet freedom's star;
For though years of tyranny unconquered still we are,
And hope from the future still we borrow.

CHORUS.

We've fought for the thistle, we fought for the rose,
We've proved a credit to the land where the shamrock grows;
And I'm proud to say, that now the whole world knows
Pat's not so black as he's been painted.

Unswerving from duty straight onward we go,
Returning a sneer and a blow for a blow,
And teaching our children the hatred of a foe,
Who never could force us to subjection;
We fight for our birthright, the land which was decreed
Should be ours for eternity in happiness or need;
And while we have men who are fit to fight and cleed,
We'll ne'er own a foreigner's protection.—*Chorus.*

Our homes have been ruined, our altars disgraced,
While strangers who hate us above us are placed;
And even our language they try to have effaced,
Still it lives in the pulses of our sireland;
They cannot wipe us out, we're too many for them still,
And though they crush and wound us,
They find they cannot kill, for we will be rebels to tyranny until
There is not a man or boy in Ireland.—*Chorus.*

MULLIGAN'S DAUGHTER, NELL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There's a man lives in this alley with me,
He's an Irishman from France,
He's got a dizzy daughter, yes,
That takes in every dance;
She bleaches her hair just once a week,
She is the reigning belle;
Oh, she ain't to blame, this dizzy dame,
She is Mulligan's daughter, Nell.

CHORUS.

She bangs her hair and her mother's besides,
And a blow from her fist would tell;
At night she will roar and rap on the door—
(Answer outside) Who's there?
Mulligan's daughter, Nell.

Oh, she's mashed on a fellow named Tommy Flynn,
He's one of the gang, you bet;
And he's in our alley most every night,
A whistling for his pet;
He whistles "Baby Mine" and "Nancy Lee,"
His name he couldn't spell;
While puffing his cheroot, the gay galoot,
He's waiting for Mulligan's Nell.—*Chorus.*

Oh, I wish she'd marry this fellow named Flynn,
The alley would be ours once more;
And we would not have him rapping then,
Or kicking the tenement door;
The landlord says, and the neighbors also,
They never saw a girl like Nell;
For at night she'll roar and rap on the door,
And she's always raising—Cain.—*Chorus.*

—"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys." "They hain't, eh?" the boy replied, with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school a week."

LARRY O'GAFF.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Near a bog in sweet Ireland, I am told, sure there born I was,
Well I remember a bright Monday morn it was;
My daddy, poor man, would cry: what a greenhorn I was—
Three months I am married, hurrah! how they laugh.
Says he to my mother: troth, Judy, I'll leave you joy.
Says Judy to him: oh! the devil may care, my boy.
By St. Patrick, I'll leave you both here to weep and cry:
What shall we do for our daddy O'Gaff?
With my didrewhack off I am,
None of your blarney, man;
Keep your brat to your chat all the day so you may,
By the powers! I won't tarry;
So he left little Larry,
I never saw more of my daddy O'Gaff.

Och! it's then I grew up, and a sweet looking child I was,
Always the devil for handling the stick I was;
But somehow or other, my numbscull so thick it was,
Go where I would, all the folks they did laugh.
I rambled to England, where I met with a squad of boys,
They got me promoted to carry the hod, my boys;
I crept up a ladder like a cat newly shod, my boys,
A steep way to riches, says Larry O'Gaff.
With my didrewhack in and out,
Head turning round about;
Ladder crack, break your back,
Tumble down, crack your crown;
My dear Mr. Larry, this hod that you carry
Disgraces the shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

They made me a master, then dressed like a fop I was,
Bran new and span new from bottom to top I was;
But the old fellow popt in as taking a drop I was,
Says he: Mr. Larry, you bogtrotting calf,
Get out of my house, or I'll lay this about your back;
With the twig in his hand like the mast of a herring smack,
Over my napper he made the switch for to crack;
Said I: this don't suit you, Mr. O'Gaff.
With my didrewhack hub bub bo,
Drums beating row de row;
O dols my life plays the fife, Patrick's day, fire away;
In the army so frisky,
We'll tipple the whisky,
With the whack for old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.

Then they made me a soldier, but, oh! how genteel I was!
Scarlet and tapes from the neck to the heel I was;
Larry, says I, when brought into the field I was,
This sort of fighting don't suit you by half;
We fought like the devil, as Irishmen ought to do,
So sweetly we beat Mr. Bony at Waterloo;
But now the wars are over, and peace we've brought home to you,
Welcome to old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.
With my didrewhack save my neck,
Round and sound free from wound;
With a wife to spend my life, sport and play, night and day,
Arrah with your blarney;
For the breed of the Carneys
Would fight for old Irland and Larry O'Gaff.

Trust Her Not, She is Fooling Thee.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I know a maiden fair to see, take care!
She can both false and friendly be, beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has two eyes so soft and brown, take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down, beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

And she has hair of golden hue, take care!
And what she says it is not true, beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair, take care!
It is a foolscap for thee to wear, beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side,
In a wild and lonely spot,
No dwelling there for miles around,
Except her father's cot.

Yet many a cold and Wintry night
Young swains were gathered there,
Her father kept a social board,
And she was very fair.

Her father loved to see her dress
As gay as any city belle.
She was the only child he had,
And he loved his daughter well.

'Twas New Year, and the sun was down,
Bright beamed her restless eye
As she to the frosted window went,
To see the sleighs go by.

While thus she stood with glittering eye,
A well known voice she heard,
And dashing up to the cottage door,
Young Charlie's sleigh appeared.

At a village inn some miles away
Was a merry ball that night,
The air was bitter, freezing cold,
But her heart was warm and light.

Her mother said: "Ah, daughter, dear,
Those blankets 'round you fold,
It is a dreadful night abroad,
You'll catch a deathly cold."

"Ah, no, ah, no," young Charlotte cried—
She felt like a fairy queen—
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never can be seen.

"My silken cloak is enough for me,
You know its lined throughout,
Beside I have a satin shawl
To tie my neck about."

Her bonnet and her shawl put on,
She stepped into the sleigh,
Away they rode by the mountain side,
And o'er the hills away.

There's music in the ring of the bells,
As over the hills they go,
And a pleasant sound the runners make
As they leave the drifted snow.

Through the freezing air and cold starlight,
Full five long miles they passed,
When Charlie, in near frozen tones,
The silence broke at last.

"Such a night as this I never knew,
The reins I scarce can hold;"
Young Charlotte replied, in feeble voice,
"I too am exceeding cold."

He cracked his whip and urged his steed
Much faster than before,
And many other weary miles
In silence they passed o'er.

Said Charles: "How fast the freezing ice
Is gath'ring on my brow;"
Young Charlotte said, in weaker voice,
"I'm growing warmer now."

Still through the freezing, cold starlight,
More miles they sped along,
Until at lenght the village inn
And ball room met the sight.

They reached the door, and jumping out,
He gave his hand to her—
"Why sit you there like monument
That has not power to stir!"

Again appealed, and yet again,
She still remained unmoved;
Once more he sought to take her hand—
She ne'er vouchsafed a word.

He stripped her cloak from off her form,
The bright stars on her shone,
He took her hand—Oh, God! it was
As cold and hard as stone.

Then quickly to the lighted hall
Her lifeless form he bore;
Young Charlotte was a frozen corpse,
And never spake she more.

As sad he sat there by her side,
While bitter tears did flow,
He said: "My young and blooming bride
You never more shall know."

He twined his arms around her neck,
He kissed her marble brow,
And his thoughts ran back to when she said:
"I'm growing warmer now."

FANNY GRAY.

SHE.

Well, well, sir, you've come at last, I thought you'd come no more
I've waited with my bonnet on from one till half past four;
You know I hate to sit alone, unsettled where to go,
You'll break my heart, I fear you will, if you continue so;
You'll break my heart, I fear you will, if you continue so.

HE.

Now pray, my love, put off that frown, and don't begin to scold,
You really will persuade me soon you're growing cross and old;
I only stopped at Grosv'nor gate, young Fanny's eyes to catch.
I won't, I swear, I won't be made to keep time like a watch;
I won't, I swear, I won't be made to keep time like a watch.

SHE.

It took you two hours then to bow? two hours! take off your hat!
I wish you'd bow that way to me, and appropos of that;
I saw you making love to her, you see I know it all,
I saw you making love to her, at Lady Gossip's ball;
I saw you making love to her, at Lady Gossip's ball.

HE.

Now really, Jane, I own your temper is so very odd to-day,
You're jealous, and of such a girl as little Fanny Gray;
Make love to her! indeed, my dear, you could see no such thing,
I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring;
I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring.

SHE.

I tell you that I saw it all, the whispering and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting in her little foolish face;
Oh! Charles, I wonder that the earth don't open where you stand,
By the heaven that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand;
By the heaven that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand.

HE.

I didn't, love, or if I did, allowing that 'tis true,
When a pretty woman shows her rings, what can a poor man do?
My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone,
I never thought of Fanny Gray—how tiresome she's grown;
I never thought of Fanny Gray—how tiresome she's grown.

SHE.

Put down your hat, don't take your stick, now prithee Charles, do stay,
You never come to see me now, but you long to run away;
There was a time, there was a time, you never wish to go,
What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?
What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?

HE.

Pooh, pooh, my love, I am not changed, but dinner is at eight,
And my father's so particular, he never likes to wait;
Good-bye, good-bye, I'll come again! "yes, one of these fine days."
He's turned the street, I knew he would, he's gone to Fanny Gray's;
He's turned the street, I knew he would, he's gone to Fanny Gray's.

ROSA LEE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When I lived down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
I went courting Rosa Lee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Eyes as dark as Winter's night,
Lips as red as berries bright;
When wooing first we both did go,
She said: "No, don't be foolish, Joe."

CHORUS.

U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Courting down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Beneath the wild banana tree.

He said: "You're a lubly gal, dat's plain,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Breff as sweet as sugar-cane,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Feet so large and comely, too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe;
O Rosa, take me for your beau!"
She said: "No, don't be foolish, Joe."—*Chorus.*

My story yet is to be told,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Rosa caught a shocking cold,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Send for the doctor and the nurse,
Doctor came and made her worse;
I tried to make her laugh; ah! no;
She whispered: "Don't be foolish, Joe."—*Chorus.*

Dey gib her up—no power could save,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
She ask me follow her to the grave,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold I hardly drew my breath;
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
And said: "No, don't be foolish, Joe."—*Chorus.*

DEAR ROBIN, I'LL BE TRUE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Banks Winter.

A heart heavy laden with sorrow and pain
Is all that is left me to-day,
To remind me of one who has crossed o'er the main,
To a land that is far, far away.
As I stand on the rocks gazing out on the ships
That are winging their way o'er the sea,
I pray God! the chalice may pass from my lips,
For the draught is too bitter for me.

CHORUS.

Dear Robin, I'll be true to thee,
I'll love none else but you;
My heart will ever constant be,
Dear Robin, I'll be true.
Dear Robin, I'll be true to thee,
I'll love none else but you;
My heart will ever constant be,
Dear Robin, dear Robin, I'll be true.

The sun shines as brightly, the birds sing again,
The fragrance of flowers fill the air;
While alone in my heart there is sorrow and pain,
O'er my soul hangs the cloud of despair.
Pretty doves, spread your pinions and fly o'er the sea,
'Till the bark of my love you o'ertake,
And give him this message, yes, tell him for me,
To return or my sad heart will break.—*Chorus.*

—"Union is not always strength," as Sir Charles Napier said, when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Sitting in a corner on a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting on your face their light,
Bless me, this is pleasant—sparking Sunday night!

CHORUS.

Bless me, ain't it pleasant,
Bless me, ain't it pleasant,
Bless me, ain't it pleasant
Sparking Sunday night?

How your heart is thumping 'gainst your Sunday vest,
How wickedly 'tis working on this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes as they take their flight,
Bless me, ain't it pleasant—sparking Sunday night?—*Chorus.*

Dad and mam are sleeping on their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things the folks in meeting said;
"Love ye one another," ministers recite,
Bless me, don't we do it—sparking Sunday night?—*Chorus.*

One arm with gentle pressure lingers 'round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand, her pouting lips you taste,
She freely slaps your face, but more in love than spite,
Oh, thunder! ain't it pleasant—sparking Sunday night?—*Chorus.*

But, hark! the clock is striking, it is two o'clock I snum,
As sure as I'm a sinner, the time to go has come;
You ask with spiteful accents, "if that old clock is right,"
And wonder if it ever—sparked on Sunday night.—*Chorus.*

One, two, three sweet kisses—four, five, six you hook,
But thinking that you rob her, give back those you took,
Then as for home you hurry, from the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was only Sunday night?—*Chorus.*

ALICE GRAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.
Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd,
A love without decay;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight.
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray;
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the Summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say:
"Oh! his heart, his heart is broken,
For the love of Alice Gray;"
"Oh! his heart, his heart is broken,
For the love of Alice Gray."

—Twelve young American girls have bestowed their hands and fortunes on Italian princes, counts and marquises within a few years. This means a new influx of organ-grinders with large families in a short time.

PRETTY POND LILIES.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Lillie Hall.

Whilst waiting in the lane for you, darling,
Ling'ring as the hours roll by,
Attracted by the rippling of the water
And the fragrance where the pond lilies lie;
To gather some I quickly thought,
You'd smile if them to you I brought,
So take them with my heart's best love,
As pure as heav'nly things above.

CHORUS.

Ah! pretty pond lilies I've plucked for you,
Fresh from the waters sparkling with dew,
Take them from me as a token so true,
Pretty pond lilies I've bro't unto you.
Tra la oh, he ho, oh, he ho, oh, he ho,
Tra la, oh, he ho, oh, he ho, he ho!

My love shall ever be to you, darling,
True as the water lilies pure,
So take them, dear, and cherish to your heart, love,
Don't let your tho'ts of me another lure;
Oh, promise me, oh, pledge your word,
That when I'm gone far, far away,
You'll not forget when with the loved ones,
The lilies and the vow you made to-day.—*Chorus.*

There is no Harm in Kissing.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Upon a rustic bridge we met,
One afternoon in Spring;
His loving words I can't forget,
Within my ears they ring!
The swans were sailing on the lake,
And all the park was gay;
My hand in his he chanced to take
In such a charming way!
The flowers were bright—but oh! his eyes
They shone like stars of night;
His smile was like the glowing skies,
And filled me with delight;
I seemed in love's delicious dream,
My heart with rapture beat;
And while his eyes did on me beam,
I heard his lips repeat:

CHORUS.

There is no harm in kissing,
Pray tell me, is there, dear?
Those rosy lips invite me now,
And no one lingers near;
Then loving ones are meeting,
No prying eyes to mark;
There is no harm in kissing—(a kiss)
At twilight in the park.

We strolled along where roses grew
And all was bright and fair;
He promised ever to be true,
And begged my love to share.
The little birds were flying home,
They heard my lips reply;
And stars were bright in yonder dome
Before we said good-bye!
But, oh! he seemed so sad to leave—
My heart grew sad as well,
For love within each heart did weave
Its dear bewitching spell;
We lingered, though the hour was late,
How quick the time had sped;
But when our lips met at the gate,
He softly to me said:—*Chorus.*

—A lady of this city recently filled her lamp with gasoline. and since then she has not *benzine*.

EMPTY IS THE DOG-HOUSE.

Tune—"Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Once I owned a yellow dog, and his name was Towser Jenkins,
A butcher cut his tail off with a cleaver;
Towser had his trade-mark on all the cats in town,
And when he spotted one he'd never leave her.
He wore his legs off stumpy, chasing milk carts 'round the country,
But the little house is empty where we ties him;
A policeman spotted Towser, put some arsenic in his grub,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's pizened.

CHORUS.

He's gone to look for rats in the happy hunting grounds,
He died this morning while the sun was rising;
The fleas have all turned out to hunt up a new lunch route,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's pizened.

Oh! how that dog would grin, when a tramp would look at him,
He used to put bay windows in their breeches;
Wore the hair all off his ribs chasing cats around corn cribs,
Had bunions on his knees from jumping ditches.
On his nose he had two blisters, where the rats chewed off his whiskers,
When he was asleep they'd paralyze him;
But now he's gone and dusted, and his chest-protector's busted,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's pizened.

CHORUS.

He has gone to hunt for liver, 'way acrossed the Swance river,
No more in the sewer we'll baptize him;
No more he'll homeward sail with tin cans upon his tail,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's pizened.

OH! YOU GIRLS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'm going to sing about you, girls,
Those that are far from slow;
Who puff and powder, dye their curls,
And have two courting strings to their bow;
Who try to ape the gentlemen,
And the trousers would like to wear;
Who think it great to stay out late,
And fill papa with despair.

CHORUS.

Oh! you girls, you wicked young girls,
Why don't you try to be good, be good?
Don't flirt with so many swells,
Stick to one as you should, you should?
Oh! you girls, you frivolous girls,
It's a wonder you're not afraid, afraid;
When you grow old you'll be left in the cold,
And compelled to die an old maid, old maid!

You bill and coo, swear you'll be true,
When you know very well you won't;
You say you only love but one,
But you know very well that you don't;
You think it bliss to have a kiss
From your sweethearts about a score;
And then like fools between two stools,
You come slap bang to the floor.—*Chorus.*

You're fond of dress, you must confess,
Sealskin and diamond rings;
And if we only purchase them,
You would call us such dear little things;
You hoax and coax us silly men,
Until we have spent all our cash;
They say, *au revoir*, because we're poor.
And find another young mash.—*Chorus.*

—A New Jersey female institute contains thirty-four red-headed girls, and the principal dispenses with gas and all other artificial light.

—A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "and you better keep an eye on mamma, too!"—*Baptist Weekly.*

CAPTAIN CUFF.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Some coons go in for whiskers,
For most unpleasant dogs,
Some fellows have a weakness for
The most outrageous togs;
I'm very strong on linen,
Yes, and would not give a dollar,
For life without a splendid show
Of snow-white cuff and collar.

SPOKEN.—Which has earned for me the title of—

CHORUS.

Captain Cuff, Captain Cuff, you can tell me by my collar,
Captain Cuff, Captain Cuff, tho' I'm not worth half a dollar;
I'm awfully stiff in style, as my cigarette I puff,
They cry: "Hi! clear the way, here comes Captain Cuff."

Sometimes a common fellow,
Of the "lower order" class,
Will dare to make some rude remark
Or mock me as I pass;
And lots of vulgar little boys
They know me well enough,
And oft salute me in the street,
With "What cheer, Captain Cuff?"

CHORUS.

Captain Cuff, Captain Cuff, you can tell him by his collar
Captain Cuff, Captain Cuff, he ain't worth half a dollar;
He's "Glenfield" in his style, as the cigarette he'll puff,
So, hi! hey! clear the way, here comes Captain Cuff.

I lounge about at parties,
I'm heavy at the ball;
By Jove! the Captain never has
To decorate the wall;
I dance with every charmer'nt
To be my "*vis a vis!*"
And 'tis awfully delightful,
How the ladies follow me—

SPOKEN.—With their eyes all over the room, when I often hear a charming creature observe to her ma—"Oh, ma, dear, who is that handsome, dignified party over there?" Then by the time I've struck an imposing attitude, I hear the "old un" say: "Why, my dear Maud, don't you know it's—*Chorus.*

With darling eyes upon me,
Through life I gayly march;
My style shall be the stiffest,
My motto shall be "starch;"
Should my cuff and collar glory;
Be ever gone and fled,
You'll know that Captain Cuff's gone wrong,
Or his washerwoman's dead.

SPOKEN.—And what is all the world to a man when his laundress is defunct, it would mean ruin to—*Chorus.*

Give Me a Cot in the Valley I Love.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove;
I care not how humble, for happy 'twould be,
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.
Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers,
Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers;
All woo'd by the sunshine, and kissed by the gale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet voice?
Then fly to the woods where the song-birds rejoice;
Or wouldst thou be free? to the forest repair,
The stag in its freedom bounds merrily there.
When Summer has gone, and Winter's chill hours
Have rifled the greenwood and blighted the flowers;
Tho' ice-bound the brook, and snow-clad the dale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

A Yaller Dorg's Love for a Nigger.

Thar is a lone mound in yon graveyard cold,
That knows no decoration day,
For him that's laid away thar to mould,
Is only a nigger, they say.

He died an old vagrant, not a cent did he own,
And he left not a soul to be sad;
They gave him his freedom, he wandered alone,
And an old yaller dorg was all that he had.

They dug him a grave, and laid him away,
"The poor old worn-out slave;"
No prayer for his rest did any one say,
But his dorg lay down on his grave.

And there you may see him day after day,
At morning, at night, and at noon;
And there's no inducement can get him away
From that sad rude grave of the coon.

He lays thar, and moans the whole of the day,
For no one else does he care;
And no food can tempt him one moment away
From the grave of the nigger laid thar.

Thar's a mighty fine monument standing right nigh,
But to me that poor mound looks bigger;
For thar's a monument money can't buy—
A yaller dorg's love for a nigger.

TICK! TICK! TICK!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Vile going down town von fine day last Vinter,
A telegraph office I happened to pass,
Und dere, alongside an insdrument sidding,
Vos a neat, but a pretty und modest young lass;
By vay of acquaintance, I gwick sent a message
To my married sister who lives oud of town;
Und told de young girl I vould vait for de answer,
Und den she politely asked me to sit down. Ah!

SPOKEN.—I sat down, und ve commenced to talk about diamond jewelry und rotten eggs, und dings like dot, und I vos just going to kiss her, ven de answer from my sister came over de wires, mit a:

CHORUS.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,
Music vich I thought so sweet,
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,
Ven Maria und I first did meet.

I den vent to see her not very long afder,
Introduced to her farder, her moder as vell,
Her sister, her broders, her aunt und her uncles,
Und so many relatives I cannot tell.
Ve used to go valking out on moonlight evenings,
Ve spoke of pure love, und I tell you 'dwas fine,
Till at last I managed for to get up courage,
Und I asked dot young gal of she vould be mine.

SPOKEN.—I said to her: "Of you lofe me as I do you, no spitz dog can cut our love in two pieces." Und ven I got drough she didn't say: "Allow me a few moments to compose myself," or "My leedle heart is fluttering." Dere vos no soft language like dot; she jumped as gwick at my offer as:—*Chorus.*

Ve've been married dree years now, und ve have five children,
Dere's two pairs of girl twins und von bouncing boy,
Und all de neighbors say, ve should be happy,
But I assure you married life vos no joy.
Her relations, too, are all living mit us,
Und never a cent for dere board vill dey pay;
Dey sleep half de time, dey eat all de victuals,
Vile I have to go oud und vork hard all day.

SPOKEN.—Talk about married life being a joy—vell, ve've got id in our family. I dink I'm "bulling de market." I tell you ven you marry, never marry a family of relatives—marry von; von is a dose. It is all I can do dese hard times, to make money enough to support my family; of I vant a drink or a cigar, I've got to get it on:—*Chorus.*

The Flowers of the Forest.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all her favors and found their decay;
Sweet was her blessing,
Fond her caressing,
But now they are fled—fled far away.
I've seen the forest adorned, the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay;
Sweet was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are withered, and a' wede away!

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And clouds and tempests storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glittering in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they rolled on their way.
O fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair thy frowns fear me,
Nae mair thy smiles cheer me,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away!

I'm Saddest When I Sing.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

You think I've a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But, oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now gone away.
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing;
His song is not a happy one—
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me.
Alas! 'tis vain in Winter time,
To mock the songs of Spring;
Each note recalls some whithered leaf—
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears, when I bend o'er it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm saddest when I sing.

THE POOR OLD TRAMP.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, I tramp, tramp along, tho' I'm weary,
No rest through the long dreary day;
Through the rain and the snow, I must tramp to and fro,
There is no place of shelter for me.

CHORUS.

Only a poor old wanderer,
No place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

Oh, I long for a place by the fireside,
For the night's bitter cold, dark and damp;
Vacant places I see, but there's no place for me,
Because I'm a poor old tramp.—*Chorus.*

Ah; once I was peaceful and happy,
Had true loving friends ever near;
But now they are gone and I'm left alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.—*Chorus.*

LORA VALE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Calmly fell the silver moonlight
Over hill and over dale,
As with mournful hearts we lingered
By the couch of Lora Vale.
She way dying, gentle Lora,
She was passing like a sigh,
From a world of love and beauty,
To a brighter world on high.

CHORUS.

Lora, Lora, still we love thee,
Though we see thy form no more;
And we know thou'lt come to meet us,
When we reach the mystic shore.

Brightly dawned the morrow's morning
Over hill and over dale;
Still with mournful hearts we lingered
By the side of Lora Vale.
She was almost at the river,
When the light broke from the sky,
And she smiled and whispered faintly:
I am not afraid to die!—*Chorus.*

Softly through the trellised window,
Came the West-wind's gentle breath;
But she heeded not its mildness,
For she slept the sleep of death.
And beyond the silver moonbeams,
Ay, beyond the stars of night;
Now she dwells, our darling Lora,
In the home of angels bright.—*Chorus*

CLEMENTINE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

In the centre of a golden valley
Dwelt a maiden all divine;
A pretty creature, a miner's daughter,
And her name was Clementine.
Her noble father was the foreman
Of every valued mine;
And every miner and ranchman
Was in love with Clementine.

CHORUS.

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
My darling Clementine,
You are lost to me forever,
Dreadful sorrow, Clementine.

The foreman miner, an old forty-niner,
In dreams and thoughts sublime,
Lived in comfort with his daughter,
His pretty child, Clementine.
When far away he would often pray,
That in his sunny clime
No harm might overtake her,
His favorite nugget, Clementine.—*Chorus.*

When the day was done, and the setting sun
Its rays they ceased to shine,
Homeward came the brawny miner
To caress his Clementine.
None was nearer, none was dearer,
Since the days of forty-nine;
When in youth he had another
Who was then his Clementine.—*Chorus.*

She led her ducks down to the river,
The weather it was fine;
Stubbed her toe against a sliver,
Fell into the raging brine.
He heard her calling, calling father,
Her voice was like a chime;
But, alas! he was no swimmer,
So he lost his Clementine.—*Chorus.*

LORD LOVEL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Lord Lovel he stood at his garden gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lovier good speed, speed, speed—
Wishing her lovier good speed, speed, speed.

"Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" she said;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Foreign countries for to see-e-e—
Foreign countries for to see-e-e."

"When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you come back?" said she;
"In a year or two, or three, or four,
I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e—
I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e."

He had only been gone twelve months and a day,
Foreign countries for to see;
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e—
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town—
And there he heard Saint *Pancridge's* bells,
And the people a-mourning around—
And the people a-mourning around.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," the people all said,
"And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e"—
"And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e."

Then he order'd the grave to be open'd wide,
And the shroud to be turned down—
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips,
While the tears came trickling down—
While the tears came trickling down.

Then he flung *hisself* down by the side of the corpse,
With a shivering gulp and a guggle;
Gave two hops, three kicks, heav'd a sigh, blew his nose,
Sung a song, and then died in the struggle!
Sung a song, and then died in the struggle!

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day—
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow—
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
And Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow—
And Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in Saint *Pancridge's* church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her *buzzum* there grew a red rose,
And out of her *lovier's* a brier-ier-ier—
And out of her *lovier's* a brier-ier-ier.

So they grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And they couldn't grow up no higher;
So they twined themselves in a true lovier's knot,
For all lovier's true to admire-ire-ire—
For all lovier's true to admire-ire-ire.

—No man who eats onions can keep the habit a secret. It will leek out some way.—*Lynn Union.*

—Flipkins was passing along the street and saw a trunk outside the door of a dealer, bearing the legend, "This size for $10." "So do I," said Flipkins.—*Kaleidoscope.*

—"You look weak, Brown. What's the matter?" "Bought a horse last week. Ugly beast! Kicked me on the cheek." "So? I see the bruise." "Yes; but I'm in excellent health—strong as a horse." "Indeed!" "Oh, yes; carry a horse-scar without the least trouble!"—*Chicago Rambler.*

Tell Me, Mary, How to Woo?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee?
Teach my bosom to reveal
All my passion sweet unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel.
No, when joy first brightened o'er me,
'Twas not joy illumed her ray;
And when sorrow flies before me,
'Twill not chase her smile away?
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee?
Teach my bosom to reveal
All my passion sweet unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel?

Like the tree no winds can sever,
From the ivy round it cast;
Thus, the heart that loves thee ever,
Loves thee, Mary, to the last.
Tell me, Mary, how to love thee?
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrow sweet unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel?
Tell me, Mary, how to love thee?
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrow sweet unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel?

What Became of a Lie.

By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

First, somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongue rolled it
Till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it,
It never once lost it,
But tossed it, and tossed it,
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached to the sky, sir,
And frightened the moon;
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
In a veil of cloud-lace, sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, sir,
That happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And troubled, and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded,
In smoke and in shame;
While from mud and from mire,
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name!

—"Uncle James," said a Boston young lady, who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn." "Why, certainly, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—"I wish, mamma," said little Johnny Fizzletop, "that I lived in South Africa." "Why, my son, do you wish you lived in South Africa?" "Why, the mammas down there don't wear any slippers, you know." "Yes, my son, but you must also remember that little boys in South Africa don't wear any pants, either." "That's so," said Johnny, "it's queer I never thought anything about that."

FLANIGAN, THE LODGER.

Copyright, 1885, by B. W. Hitchcock.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by the great Pat Rooney.

Since the day that I got married,
I kicked and cursed myself;
My wife and Mr. Flanigan
Has put me on the shelf;
It is me that gets the water,
While the lodger gets the tay;
And every night before I sleep,
To them I have to say:

CHORUS.

Am I a man, or am I a mouse,
Am I a dacent married man or dodger?
I'd like to know who's the boss of the house,
Is it me or Flanigan, the lodger?

Mister Flanigan does nothing,
He leads a dandy life,
And every week I get my pay,
He shares it with my wife;
He takes her out to matinees,
He does the tra-la-loo,
While with the kids I stop at home
To play the peek-a-boo.—*Chorus.*

When it's home I come to supper,
As hungry as can be,
I find them munching steaks and chops,
The bones they leave for me;
Then my wife she fills the growler,
But it's ne'er a sup have I,
Although I pay for every pint
That she goes out to buy.—*Chorus.*

Now the kids are bossed by Flanigan,
Who pulls them by the ear,
And there's the divil and all to pay
If I should interfere;
And to some fine moonlight pic-nic,
Then the pair of them will skip;
Then Flanigan takes my Sunday clothes
To wear upon the trip.—*Chorus.*

Oh, I'll fill me up some evening
With Casey's best benzine,
And walk into this Flanigan,
The finest ever seen;
Sure I'll bounce him, and his baggage
Down a sewer I will toss;
I'll let that wife of mine soon know
Which one of us is boss.

SPOKEN.—My wife came home at five o'clock in the morning, and she says to me: "Jerry." "What is it?" says I. "Go out and get me roller skates," says she. "Bad luck to you," says I, "Ill go and bring ye the police station, for"—*Chorus.*

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

No more shall the children of Judah sing,
The lay of the happier time,
Or strike the harp with the golden string,
'Neath the sun of an Eastern clime.
This was the lay of a Jewish maid,
Though not in her father's bowers;
Land of my kindred, thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
While the ruins remain of thy towers.

Oh, where are the sons of thine ancient race,
Who were taught but the javelin to bear?
Fallen in that city whose wreck I now trace,
Though once it was lovely and fair.
The green grass grows o'er that fertile spot,
Where once were the sweetest flowers;
Land of my kindred, thou'lt not be forgot,
While the ruins remain of thy towers.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, father, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, father, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, father, will, oh, will you go
To the New Jerusalem?

CHORUS.

Walk up and down the golden streets,
Walk up and down the golden streets,
Walk up and down the golden streets
Of the New Jerusalem?

Oh, mother, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, mother, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, mother, will, oh, will you go
To the New Jerusalem?—*Chorus.*

There you shall have a starry crown,
There you shall have a starry crown,
There you shall have a starry crown,
The crowns are ready now.—*Chorus.*

Oh, sister, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, sister, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, sister, will, oh, will you go
To the New Jerusalem?—*Chorus.*

There you shall have a lily white robe,
There you shall have a lily white robe,
There you shall have a lily white robe,
The robes are ready now.—*Chorus.*

Oh, brother, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, brother, will, oh, will you go,
Oh, brother, will, oh, will you go
To the New Jerusalem?—*Chorus.*

There you shall have a harp of gold,
There you shall have a harp of gold,
There you shall have a harp of gold,
The harps are ready now.—*Chorus.*

MINNIE CLYDE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! long have I sung of sweet Kitty Clyde,
Who lived at the foot of the hill;
And though that sweet pretty bird has flown,
Another is living there still.
She's blythe and gay, as the robin that sings
On the trees by the old mill side;
And if ever I loved a girl in my life,
'Tis the charming, sweet Minnie Clyde.

CHORUS.

Oh! Minnie Clyde, she is my pride,
And sure I am no jester;
For if ever I loved a girl in my life,
'Tis Minnie, Kitty Clyde's sister.

I think her eyes are brighter than Kitty's,
The dimple in her chin is deeper;
I would be imprisoned the rest of my life,
With Minnie Clyde for my keeper.
In the festive throng, she sings a sweet song,
With the lowly alike she is meek;
Her eyes are the windows of her soul,
Through which Minnie's heart would speak.—*Chorus.*

Oh! blest are the hearts that live in the cot,
That stands at the foot of the hill;
Oh! sweet are the songs that echo in the glen,
By the murmur of the moss-covered mill.
The birds all chant their notes to Minnie,
The angels above have caressed her;
But you have the angels, and I have the birds,
And I'll have Kitty Clyde's sister.—*Chorus.*

—A standing offer on the cars—Please take my seat.—*New York Daily News.*

The Friar of Orders Grey.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

I am a Friar of Orders Grey,
And down the valley I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw nor hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip;
My long bead roll I merrily chant,
Wherever I walk no money I want,
Wherever I walk no money I want,
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well!
Who leads a good life is sure to live well!

CHORUS.

What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?
Lives half so well, half so well,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of warden pie;
I'm cloth'd in sack-cloth for my sin,
With old sack-wine I'm lin'd within,
With old sack-wine I'm lin'd within.
A chirruping cup is my mat in song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong!
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong!—*Chorus.*

Your Little Liza Loves You.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

I had a dream de other night,
De funniest dream of all,
Dreamt I saw de "brand new coon"
Get over our garden wall;
He came right up de old sidewalk
And called for his turtle-dove,
And says: "Oh, Liza, tell me true,
Who is it that you love?

CHORUS.

Your little Liza loves you, yes,
Your little Liza loves you,
Loves you in de Spring and de Fall;
Your little Liza loves you, yes,
Your little Liza loves you,
Your little Liza loves you one and all.

Oh, when I woke from dat dream,
Found it was no joke;
Dere I saw de "brand new coon"
A-talking to a lot of folks;
Dey want to know what he's doing dere,
He called for his turtle-dove,
And said: "Oh, Liza, tell dem all
Who is it that you love?—*Chorus.*

The Lone Rock by the Sea.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way;
Well, well, I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play.
How sweet, on winds of morn or eve,
The violet's breath may be;
You ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.—(*Repeat last two lines.*)

The wild waves' thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.
Come back, my ocean rover, come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home,
My lone rock by the sea.—(*Repeat last two lines.*)

The Fine Old Dutch Gentleman.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'll sing you now a Dietchen song 'bout Hans Von Kroupelgheet,
Vot keept a lager bier saloon up in de Bowery shtreet;
He eat de shwinepeefe, shpeck un slough, un efery kind of meat,
Un I shvear mit mine good grashus, pon top de people, so much as a barrel of sour krout, un two pushels of lager bier every morning he would eat,
He vas a fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de pestest kind.

By de fireshtove in his bier saloon efery morning he vould shtand,
Mit a bottle of schnapps down by his side, un a glass up in his hand,
Un by himself he triuks dis toast: "Ich lieben die Vaterland!"
Un midout you could Dietche vershter, for he vold nix Inglish gasprochen, ven he'd say: "Spechliebecks von-grosseu-dunder un blitzen nut-de-swimegrahdle skiponpens-die dobbleshm," you couldn't nix understand
Dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de goot olt kind.

His nose vas red ash a beetle, yaw, by dunder, dat ish drue,
His mouth pout fourdeen inches wide, his eyes vere black ash plue;
He pelongs mit de Freesangerbund, un he vas a turner, too,
Un politics makes him nix difference, but ven you comes mit de Maine liquors law to dake avay his lager bier, den, py dam, dat vas someding new
To dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de pestest kind.

Dis fine old Dietchen shentleman he vent to bed drunk efery night,
Un somedimes ven dere vas coming rount elections, mit de udder fellars he'd fight
Un slouck dem on de koup mit a double-barrel'd powie knife, but I don't tink dat vas rite,
For ven vun of dem peoples haf his head preak'd into his nose all ofer his face, un vas nearly drownded mit a big shtick, I tell you somedings rite avay shust now dat vas a sorry sight
To dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de goot old kind.

But von time dere comed some dronples, un he fight mit all his main,
Dough he vas kilt von, two, ash six, eight couple of times, he shumps up un fites again,
Dill his head vas all splitted open down pack, un den de blood comes down like rain;
Un py un py come dere de coroner mit de shury, un sit on him apout dwenty-two hours ash tree-quarters, un shqueeze all de preth out of his pody, den dey prings in a verdigrass, vot he dies from prandy un vater on de prain,
Does dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, de subject of dis song.

WAKE! DINAH, WAKE!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Wake! Dinah, wake! the bright moon is beaming
O'er the meadow, the cornfield and the hill;
And the stars, though no brighter than thy bright eyes,
Are gleaming o'er the earth, all so calm and still.
The violet in the glade is sleeping,
The lily is bending o'er the rill;
The rose in tears of pearly dew-drops weeping,
Near the river that flows calmly by the mill.

CHORUS.

Wake! Dinah, wake! the bright moon is beaming
O'er the meadow, the cornfield and the hill;
And the stars, though no brighter than thy bright eyes,
Are gleaming o'er the earth, all so calm and still.

Wake! Dinah, wake! the gentle breeze is blowing,
The bird's notes still hush'd in the grove;
The ivy around the sturdy oak is growing,
Clinging fondly as though something still to love.
The shining river views it as onward rolling by,
And as on golden sands the ripples break;
In sweet enchanting tones it seems to murmur:
Wake, now, my dearest Dinah, wake.—*Chorus.*

Wake! Dinah, wake! and open the lattice,
My heart, love, can brook no delay;
How dearly I love to thy sweet voice to listen,
More sweet than the lark's morning lay.
Then come, dearest, come, for each throb of my heart
Speaks in language which love cannot mistake;
So true, that from thee I cannot depart,
Then wake, now, my dearest Dinah, wake!—*Chorus.*

—One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, until it moves in a Harlem flat.—*New York Daily News.*

KISSING IN THE STREET.

Did you ever notice, mortals—
  Now I'll bet a cent you did—
How the ladies—pretty creatures—
  Can't keep their feelings hid?
But they are kissing out in public,
  Kissing everywhere they meet;
Kiss—kiss at church and shopping,
  And—kissing—*in the street!*

Behold a charming maiden,
  Arrayed in fashion's hight,
She meets upon the sidewalk
  A friend she saw last night:
"How are you, my darling Nellie?
  How glad I am to meet"—
Then a dainty shake of fingers,
  And—kissing—*in the street!*

A bachelor beside us
  Says, "Pity that is done
So much, for I am certain
  It *can't* be any fun:
This kissing out in public,
  Kissing everywhere they meet;
Kiss, kiss, at church and shopping,
  And—kissing—*in the street!*

"But the secret great is this, sir:
  The maiden has no beau—
No gentleman to kiss her;
  She must her feelings show,
By kissing out in public,
  Kissing all she may meet;
Kissing, kiss at church and shopping,
  And—kissing—*in the street!*

Now, merry-hearted maidens,
  And women more discreet,
Give over this bad habit
  Of kissing in the street.
Remember that false traitor
  Who knelt at Jesus' feet,
And don't become a greater
  By kissing in the street.

Be noble-minded women,
  With hearts attuned to right,
Then shall each see the other,
  As those who dwell in light;
But never for an instant,
  Whoever you may meet,
Be caught like silly noodles,
  A-kissing in the street.

The Gold Digger's Lament.

I am going away from my creditors just now,
I ain't got the tin to pay 'em, and they're kicking up a row;
There's the sheriff after me with pockets full of writs,
And my tailor's vowing vengeance, he swears he'll give me fits.
There's no room for speculation, and the mines ain't worth a flam,
And I ain't one of those lucky *coves* that works for *Uncle Sam;*
Whichever way I turn I am sure to meet a dun,
"So I think the best thing I can do is just to cut and run."

I wish those "tarnal critters" that wrote home about the gold,
Was in the place the Scriptures say is never very cold;
They told you of the heaps of dust and lumps so very big,
But they never said a single word how hard you had to dig.
I went up to the mines and helped to turn a stream,
Got trusted on the strength of that delusive golden dream;
But when the river was turn'd, we found it would not do,
And we who damm'd the river our creditors did sue.

I am going far away, but I don't know where I'll go,
'Twon't do to turn homeward now, they'll laugh at me I know;
For I told them when I left, I was going to make a pile,
But if they could only see me now I rather guess they'd smile.
If of these United States I was the President,
No man who owed another should ever pay a cent;
And he who dunned another should be banish'd far away,
For attention to the pretty girls is all a man should pay.

He's Never Done Anything Since.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

One fine day my brother, he picked up a pin,
  And he's never done anything since;
He sneaked up to a man and he stuck it in him,
  And he's never done anything since.
The man hollered murder, my brother was glad,
The man kicked him a mile and then he was sad;
For the man whom he stuck with the pin was his dad
  And he's never done anything since.

My uncle was president of a large bank,
  And he's never done anything since;
And from all wicked deeds he always shrank,
  And he's never done anything since.
One day from the bank he was suddenly missed,
Depositors for their money then did insist,
But he had it in Canada safe in his fist,
  And he's never done anything since.

The police they all wear such very fine clothes,
  And they've never done anything since;
And a hat called a helmet that covers their nose,
  And they've never done anything since.
They stroll around town to show off their form,
They're just like a rainbow as sure as you're born;
For they're never around until after the storm,
  And they've never done anything since.

The girls nowadays all go in for show,
  And they've never done anything since;
To elope with a coachman is now all the go,
  And they've never done anything since.
The young ladies now are dressing with care,
It takes them all day to bang their hair,
And at night they hang it on the back of a chair,
  And they've never done anything since.

My mother-in-law went to the roller skating rink,
  And she's never done anything since;
She skated around 'till her cheeks were quite pink,
  And she's never done anything since.
She fell with a thud, but for that didn't care,
She showed her striped hose and the people did stare;
For on the hose was a card marked "Ten cents a pair,"
  And she's never been out skating since.

SOCK HER ON HER KISSER.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When a man falls in love with a little turtle dove,
  He will linger all around her under jaw;
He will kiss her for her mother, for her sister and her brother,
  Till her daddy comes and kicks him from the door.
He draws a pistol from his pocket, pulls the hammer for to cock it,
  And he vows he'll blow away his giddy brain;
But his ducky says he mustn't, 'tien't loaded, so he doesn't,
  And they're kissing one another once again.

CHORUS.

For the old maids love it, no widows are above it,
  Everybody has a finger in the pie;
Some women are so haughty, that they say it's very naughty,
  But you bet your life they all do it on the sly.

When a gal is seventeen she thinks it very mean,
  If she can't get on to something for her mash;
She will pucker up her mouth with a very pretty pout,
  And she'll fumble underneath his big mustache.
Oh, they make a feller shiver, for they make you jump the river,
  And they stick as close as granulated glue;
It's no use to try to tell her you're some other girl's feller,
  She will masticate your smeller if you do.

CHORUS.

If you want to kiss her neatly, very sweetly and completely,
  If you want to kiss her so's to kiss her nice;
When you get a chance to kiss her, make a dodge or two and miss her,
  Then sock her on her kisser once or twice.

THE LAUGH IN SCHOOL.

Hold on for a moment, teacher!
You'd better ignore the rule,
Than punish that little urchin
Who had just laughed out in school.
Had he done it out of malice,
It would be a different thing;
But he could no more help it
Than a lark can help to sing.

I know by his clouted jacket,
And his shoes tied with a cord,
That a laugh is the only luxury
Of childhood he can afford;
And he hasn't much time left him
For even that trivial joy,
For he'll have to earn his living
While he is yet a boy.

You ask why I defend him;
Well, the fact is, yesternight
I found a dog-eared primer
That I used when but a mite;
And, in imagination,
As I turned its pages o'er,
I saw some wonderful pictures
That I never found before.

I saw a certain urchin
(Called Clarence by the boys)
Go toddling into the school-room
Making his share of noise;
And I saw him during school time
Play pranks upon the sly
With the rosy little Agnes,
Till she laughed as she would die.

And I think we all are better
When grown up to be men,
If we have something to make us
Look backward now and then;
And therefore I insisted
You'd better ignore the rule
Than punish that little fellow
Who has just laughed out at school.

Vinegar Shoes and Paper Stockings.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I went down to New Orleans,
I thought myself a man,
I jumped upon the bully boat
They call the Tallyvan.

CHORUS.

Pick a tambourine, pick a tambourine,
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings, get up, old horse!

Yes, I jumped upon the boat,
And looked all around;
The engineer he whooped her up,
And run the boat aground.—*Chorus.*

I histed up the dishrag,
I sot it to the breeze;
It floated just like t'other,
Like another half a cheese.—*Chorus.*

The big dog he bowwowed,
And bristled up his back;
He thought he saw the pussy
Peekin' through a crack.—*Chorus.*

The old man loaded his gun,
I pulled the trigger;
Slam, bang, went the gun,
And down came a nigger.—*Chorus.*

The captain's on the quarter deck,
A scratchin' ov his head,
And jawing of the nigger
That's heavin' ov the lead.—*Chorus.*

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

By J. W. Parker.

A District School not far away,
'Mid Birkshire hills, one Winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three score mingled girls and boys,—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
When suddenly behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendious kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries.
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleath,—
I saw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The mastered thundered, "Hither Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came,—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener falthered: "I 'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot,—
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did n't mean to be so bad,—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And darsn't kiss a baby's doll,
I could n't stand it, sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow, from her looks,—boo-hoo,—
I thought she kind o' wished me too?"

THE LADY FRANKLIN.

Come all ye seamen, who've withstood
The dangers of the briny flood;
Give ear to these few lines I ween,
They'll put you in mind of a sailor's dream.

As we were sailing upon the deep,
Slung in my hammock I fell asleep;
I had a dream, I hope it's not true,
Concerning Franklin and his bold crew.

As we were nearing old England's shore,
I saw a lady who did deplore;
She wrung her hands and this did say:
"I have lost my Franklin, he's far away.

"It's seven long years since this ship of fame,
Bore my dear Franklin, across the main,
With a hundred seaman, bold and stout,
To find the Northwestern passage out.

"To find a passage 'round the North pole,
Where lightnings flash and thunders roll;
Alas, 'tis more than man can do,
With heart undaunted and courage true.

"To the East they sailed, and they sailed West,
To Greenland's isle, as they thought best;
With hardship, toil, and danger past,
On mount'nous icebergs the ship was lost.

"In Baffin's Bay, where the white whale blows,
The fate of Franklin there no one knows;
Alas, he's gone, like many more,
Who've left their bones on the arctic shore.

"It's a sad foreboding that gives me pain,
Since my dear Franklin crossed the main;
Ten thousand pounds I'd freely give,
To know if on earth my dear Franklin lives."

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken have render'd me free;
That bright glance misleading on others may shine,
Those eyes smiled unheeding when tears stream'd from mine.
If my love was deemed boldness the sorrow is o'er,
I've witnessed thy coldness, I prize thee no more;
I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly, 'till life's sun is set.

The heart thou hast broken once doated on thee,
And the words I have spoken proved sorrow to me;
Oh, hadst thou then treasured my words spoken free,
Thou could'st not have measured my own love to thee.
But oh, thou hast sorrowed the heart that was thine,
I'll return to thee borrowed, the one I thought mine;
I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly, 'till life's sun is set.

MY MOTHER, DEAR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone, bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my mother's knee.
My mother, dear! my mother, dear!
My gentle, gentle mother!

When fairy tales were ended, "good-night," she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—me thinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.
Oh! mother, dear! oh, mother, dear!
Oh! gentle, gentle mother!

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time—
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to heav'n that bent my mother's knee.
My mother, dear! my mother, dear!
My gentle, gentle mother!

PHŒBE, DEAREST.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Phœbe, dearest, tell, oh, tell me,
May I hope that you'll be mine?
Oh, let no cold frown repel me,
Leave me not in grief to pine.
Tho' 'tis told in homely fashion,
Phœbe, trust the tale I tell;
Ne'er was truer, purer passion,
Than within this heart does dwell.

Long I've watched each rare perfection
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now.
If you love me and will have me,
True I'll be in weal or woe;
If in cold disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken heart
What their fate in life may be;
Phœbe, if we once are parted,
Once for ever it will be.
Say then yes, or blindly, madly,
I will rush upon the foe;
And will welcome, oh, how gladly,
Shot or shell that lays me low.

—"Why are you like dough?" asked a Brooklyn woman, sarcastically, of her husband. "Because I'm kneaded at home, dear."

TRUTH IN PARENTHIS.

By T. Hood.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age,
(The wretch has come to dinner!)
Your daughters, too, what loves of girls!
What heads for painter's easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant dears!
(And give it, p'raps the measles!)

Your charming boys, I see are home,
From Reverened Mr. Russle's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,
(What boots for my new Brussles!)
What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so,
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
But, though he lives so handy,
He never once drops in to sup,
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat; I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course to spend the day,
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? Next time, I hope
You'll give me longer measure.
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
Good by! Good by! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners;
(Now, David, mind, I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

PADDY CAREY.

Sung by Johnny Roach.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,
That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey;
A claner bey was never seen,
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;
His brawny shoulders, four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
His legs would make a chairman stare,
And Pat was loved by all the ladies;
Old and young, grave and sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad;
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
Light, brisk and airy.

CHORUS.

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Nullinavelt to Magherafelt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt,
The sowl would cry, and look so shy.
Och! Cushlamachree, did you ever see
The jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy;
Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked,
Curly-headed Paddy Carey!
O, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey!

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney;
His tongue was tipped with a bit of the brogue,
But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
Now Sergeant Snapp, so sly and keen—
While Pat was coaxing duck-legged Mary—
A shilling slipped so nate and clane,
By the powers! he listed Paddy Carey;
Tight and sound, strong and light,
Cheek so round, eyes so bright;
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Light, tight and airy.—*Chorus.*

Mollie, Dear, Come Then With Me.

Sung by Miss Maria Pasco.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The clouds have dispersed,
And the moon shines so clear;
The face of the heavens
Is bright now, my dear.
My heart whispers true,
There is joy yet for thee;
So, Mollie, dear, Mollie, dear,
Come then with me.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come then with me,
Mollie, Mollie, come then with me;
Come, come then with me,
Mollie, dear, Mollie, dear, come then with me.

The ship's in the offing,
The anchor is weighed;
It is but for you, love,
That I have delayed.
We're bound for Columbia,
The land of the free;
So, Mollie, dear, Mollie, dear,
Come then with me.—*Chorus.*

I know your heart's sore,
To leave your own home
And over the wide waste
Of waters to roam;
But with truest friends, darling,
There we will be;
So, Mollie, dear, Mollie, dear,
Come then with me.—*Chorus.*

At my mother's neat cabin
Adown the boreen,
Ould Father Maguire,
For these two hours has been;
And I've got the ring,
So, Cushla Machree;
Mollie, dear, Mollie, dear,
Come then with me.—*Chorus.*

Malone at the Back of the Bar.

Copyright, 1873, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I keep a saloon on the corner, my boys,
And, faith! I've a flourishing trade;
I've brought out my cousin, Nathaniel Doyle,
The money on whisky I made.
I could sell to you now, a nice "Pusse Caffay,"
Or a "Rhino Victoria" cigar;
No slate, chalk or pencil is kept in the house,
When Malone's at the back of the bar.

CHORUS.

Tra la la, tra la la,
When Malone's at the back of the bar.

I never was stood up for brandy or beer,
My rule is to never give "tick;"
When a bum's at the store on a cold Winter's morn,
It's meself that is making a "kick."
I set out a lunch on the table so neat,
Fat herrings presarved in a jar;
I'd cut off the hand of a snoozer or vag,
That grabs when I'm back of the bar.—*Chorus.*

The till I keep here in my pocket so safe,
I light up my kerosene lamps;
At daylight I put up my shutters so tight,
Then go in to count up my stamps.
I'm open all day on a Sunday so gay,
To the young girls I "tra la la la!"
They say, as they pass by my window, so sweet—
Malone's at the back of the bar.—*Chorus.*

HIGH DADDIE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The sun's gone down to take a little sleep,
The moon's come out to take another peep;
Then wake up, boys, for master's gone to bed,
We'll have a spree if we haven't got a red.

CHORUS.

Then, darkie, never die, black face and china eye,
Go down to the barnyard, boys, the owl's on the roos';
High Daddie won't come nigh, he's choked on chicken pie,
'Tis all "O. K.," I say, and right upon the goose.

I know'd a darkie, and his name it was Joe,
I know it was, for he once told me so;
He used to hoe and dig up all the land,
But now he says that *work is contraband.*—*Chorus.*

He drank skimmed milk from morn 'till night,
Somebody said that it would make him white;
But let him drink until he gets his fill,
He's always bound to be a darkie still.—*Chorus.*

His color will stick, but that's not a sin,
To wash it off you're compelled to rub it in;
For darkie will be darkie, as I have said before,
To the end of the world, and for *two days more!*—*Chorus.*

The black man is a very curious thing,
His jay-bird heel can shuffle, cut and wing;
But fill him up with gin and lay him in the shade,
He'll work very well, *especially* if he's made!—*Chorus.*

THE OLD SUSQUEHANNA.

By J. F. McDermott, of Scranton, Pa.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There is a little cot that's as pleasant as can be,
And it stands on the banks of Susquehanna;
Where the wild flowers bloom, and the humming birds sing,
There dwells my sweet Lolianna.

CHORUS.

She's fair as the East, she's lovely as the dawn,
She's graceful as the old Susquehanna;
She's my ideal of an angel on the earth,
She's the idol of my heart—Lolianna.

She is not a lady of high degree,
She is but a wood-cutter's daughter;
But her father's little cot seems a palace to me,
In its nook by the swift running water.—*Chorus.*

She bathes her cheek in the morning dew,
A deep place in the stream is her mirror;
Wild flowers rare are the jewels in her hair,
And her carriage is a boat on the river.—*Chorus.*

This little water-nymph did steal my heart away,
When I met her by the old Susquehanna;
And now my only pleasure is along its banks to stray,
And murmur the name of Lolianna.—*Chorus.*

This goddess of the stream is as lovely as a queen,
And yet I dare not speak my love unto her;
For she's proud as any lady this land has ever seen,
And I fear she'll not allow me to woo her.—*Chorus.*

If I were a fish I would swim beside her boat,
As she sailed on the old Susquehanna;
If I were the wind, as I filled her little sail,
I would play with the curls of Lolianna.—*Chorus.*

If she will allow me a favor'd lover's right
To row her on the old Susquehanna,
I'll sing with her by day, I'll dream of her by night,
Till at last I win the heart of Lolianna.—*Chorus.*

Then I'll build a boat in which we two can float,
And I'll launch it on the old Susquehanna;
And if she'll be my wife, she shall steer our boat for life,
My guiding star, my darling, Lolianna.—*Chorus.*

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas early Spring, when I was young,
The flowers bloomed, the birds they sung;
No happier one was there than I,
When my sailor lad was nigh.

Six months passed since we were wed,
And, oh, how sweet the moments fled;
When we must part at dawn of day,
As the proud ship bore my love away.

Time rolls on and he comes no more,
To his weeping wife on the drear shore,
The ship went down in a howling storm,
The sea engulfed his lifeless form.

'Tis Autumn now and I'm alone,
Flowers have bloomed, the birds have flown;
All is sad, but none sad as I,
My dear sailor no more is nigh.

Oh, would that I were buried, too,
'Neath the waves of the ocean blue;
My soul to God, my body in the sea,
And the blue waves rolling over me.

THE GAMBOLING MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I am a roving traveler,
And go from town to town;
Whene'er I see a table spread,
So merrily I sit down,
So merrily I sit down;
Whene'er I see a table spread,
So merrily I sit down.

I had not been traveling
But a few days, perhaps three,
When I fell in love with a London girl,
And she in love with me,
And she in love with me;
When I fell in love with a London girl,
And she in love with me.

She took me to her dwelling
And cooled me with a fan;
She whisper'd low in her mother's ear:
"I love the gamboling man,
I love the gamboling man;
She whispered low in her mother's ear:
"I love the gamboling man."

"Oh, daughter, dear daughter,
How could you treat me so,
To leave your poor old mother
And with the gamboler go,
And with the gamboler go;
To leave your poor old mother
And with the gamboler go?"

"'Tis true I love you dearly,
'Tis true I love you well,
But the love I have for the gamboling man
No human tongue can tell,
No human tongue can tell;
The I have for the gamboling man
No human tongue can tell.

"So I'll bundle up my clothing,
With him will leave my home;
I'll travel the world over
Wherever he may roam,
Wherever he may roam;
I'll travel the world over
Wherever he may roam."

THE CREOLE GIRL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Through swamps of alligators
I took my dreary way,
O'er railroad ties and crossings,
My weary feet did stray;
All through the shades of evening,
Some higher ground to gain;
'Twas there I met the Creole girl
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

"Good eve, good eve, fair maid,
My money seems no good;
Were it not for the aligators,
I'd sleep out in the wood."
"Oh, welcome, welcome, stranger,
Although our cot is plain,
We never turn a stranger out,
On the lakes of Ponchartrain."

She took me to her mother's cot,
She treated me quite well;
Her hair it hung in ringlets,
Adown her shoulders fell;
I tried to win her beauty,
Alas, it was in vain;
So handsome was this Creole girl,
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

I asked her would she have me?
"Oh, no, that ne'er can be;
I have, dear sir, a lover,
And he is far at sea."
To him, her own fond lover,
She true would ever remain,
Till he came back to the Creole girl,
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

Adieu, adieu, fair maid,
I ne'er shall see you more;
Shall ne'er forget your kindness,
Or the cottage by the shore;
And at each social gath'ring,
The flowing bowl I'll drain;
I'll drink to the health of the Creole girl
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

Early Monday Morning in 1805.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas early Monday morning in eighteen hundred and five,
I thought myself quite lucky to find myself alive;
I harnessed up my horses, my business to pursue,
And went to hauling wood, my boys, just as I ought to do.

The stores being open, and liquor very free,
One glass was emptied and another filled for me;
I only called for one, boys, should not have taken more,
But didn't stop my drinking, boys, till I could drink no more.

I put my saddle on my back and went into the barn,
I harnessed up the horses, not thinking any harm;
Soon as I had them ready I drove them out quite still,
And scarcely drew rein till we came to Plipton Mill.

There I met an old acquaintance, his name I dare not call,
Who told me that night there was to be a ball;
'Twas hard to persuade me, but finally I did say,
I'd just step in a little while to hear the fiddler play.

There was a goodly number to have a jovial dance,
The girls they were much prettier than you could find in France;
The fiddler being willing, his arm stout and strong,
Played the "Grounds of old Ireland," or "Go it while you're young."

The morning stars had risen, and we had danced enough,
Delayed but a little in gathering cash for Cuff;
Then home to our labors—though we whistle and we sing,
We never shall be caught again, boys, in such a scrape again.

NO, SIR!

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"Tell me one thing, tell me truly,
Tell me why you scorn me so;
Tell me why, when ask'd a question,
You will always answer 'No?'
No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no, sir!
No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no! no!"

"My father was a Spanish merchant,
And before he went to sea,
He told me to be sure and and answer
No! to all you said to me.
No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no, sir!
No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no! no!"

"If when walking in the garden,
Plucking flow'rs all wet with dew;
Tell me, will you be offended
If I walk and talk with you?"
"No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no, sir!
No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no! no!"

"If when walking in the garden,
I should ask you to be mine,
And should tell you that I love you,
Would you then my heart decline?"
"No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no, sir!
No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no! no!"

THE THREE SAILOR BOYS.

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Oh, we're three jolly, jolly sailor boys,
And we're newly home from South Amerikee,
With our hearts still tingling with the salt, salt wind,
And the tumble and the tossing of the sea.
Oh, honey, I've a pocket full of money,
Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the quay.
For the wind's in the sail, and the thunder in the gale,
And our good ship plunging to be free.

There were three pretty girls in merry Portsmouth town,
And each one was like a posy on the tree;
There was great-eyed Margaret, and trim-set Sal,
And sweet Kitty, from the north countrie.
And it's, oh, honey, tho' your pocket's full of money,
We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the quay,
Till you've set the clerk a-singing, and the marriage bells a-ringing,
And the parson has pocketed his fee.

Then up we spoke, we jolly sailor boys,
Arm in arm, so jolly for to see,
"There are girls beside the water at Janieiro or Gibraltar,
Who can dance right merrily as ye."
So, honey, while our pocket's full of money,
Come and trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the quay;
For the sailor loves the ocean, and the change and the commotion,
And the good ship plunging on the sea.

—"Is this a healthy portion of the State?" asked a traveller in Florida. "Well, I should say it was. There has been nobody hung about here in three months."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The friends of Emory Storrs claim that he never wore the same necktie twice; but why should they boast of this in a country where many a back-alley statesman never wore the same necktie once?—*Life.*

—"I am a native American born, be jabbers, in this counthry," said Mr. Muldoon, at a recent political gathering, "and if ye disbelieve it, come around home and I will show you me naturalization papers."

—A lady sang, and a polite hearer said, "You may say of Mrs. L. as they did of Alboni, that she has swallowed a nightingale." "Yes," was the unfriendly rejoinder, "but you must add that she has not digested it."

YES, SIR!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When the ship went o'er the waters,
Ah! but then my heart was sad;
I was one of many daughters,
And I loved a sailor lad.
Said my mother to me after:
"If the squire his suit should press,
Dry your eyes and call up laughter,
And be sure to answer 'Yes!'
Dry your eyes and call up laughter,
And be sure to answer 'Yes!'"

Came the squire so shy and surly,
Came one morning to the Strand;
And the birds sang blithe and early,
Sang o'er sea and sang o'er land.
Said the squire, in awkward fashion,
"Would it vex you, now confess,
If I should declare my passion?"
And I laughed, and answered "Yes."
"If I should declare my passion?"
And I laughed, and answered "Yes."

Quoth the squire in anger, "Truly!
So you mock me, then, you do?"
And I spoke the answer duly,
Saying only "Yes, sir," too.
"Would you disobey your mother?"
"Yes," I said, nor laughed the less.
"Tell me, do you love another?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; yes."
"Tell me, do you love another?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; yes."

And the birds sang leafy hidden,
Sang o'er field and morning sea;
And I laughed the answer bidden,
And was true, sweet heart, to thee.

THE OLD COUNTRY CIRCUS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

How dear to my heart is the show of my childhood,
The old country circus my infancy knew;
In these days of three rings, hippodromes, railroads,
How fond recollections present them to view;
For weeks while the posters on fences and church sheds,
Portrayed to my young eyes the scenes that should be;
No soft thrill of love, no throb of ambition,
Has equalled the bliss I gained dreaming of thee;
The old country circus, the shabby old circus,
The wandering old circus my infancy knew.

How faithful I worked in the ways that presented,
To gain the few pennies my ticket should buy;
No toil was so sweetened, no reward so stupendous,
No miser e'er cherished his hoard as did I;
How fair the sun shone on the glad day appointed,
How rife with strange bustle the sleepy old town;
And when o'er the hill came the rumbling wagons,
The bound of my heart said, "The circus has come;"
The old country circus, the faded old circus,
The one horse old circus my infancy knew.

What pageant of now can that "grand entry" compass?
What wit of to-day like those jokes of the ring?
And those divans of pine boards—such ease oriental,
No reserved stuffed chair of the present can bring;
One elephant only—satisfying, majestic,
Nor Jumbo, nor sacred, neither painted nor white;
Take them all, and the whole gilded fraudulent humbug,
For a single return of that honest delight;
The old country circus, the wandering old circus,
The shabby old circus my infancy knew?

—Leader of orchestra to young Irishman who wants to join: "Do you play by ear note?" "Nayther, be jabers, I play wid me hands."

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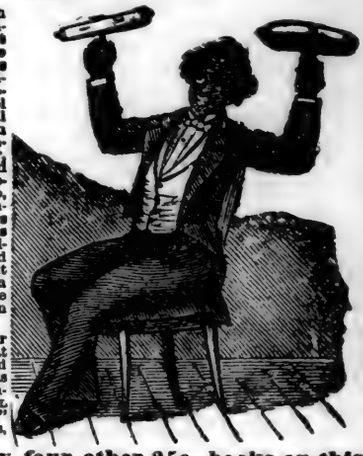
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Ireland for the Irish
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Irish potheen
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'OSTLER JOE.

By Geo. R. Sims.

I stood at eve when the sun went down,
By a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang
On the treacherous Lurley height;
Whose face was as fair as a Summer's day,
And whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin,
Nor the blood red rose of lust—
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in that one green spot
In the arid desert of Phyrne's life
Where all else was parched and hot.

In the Summer, when the meadows
Were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie,"
And fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty,
With a face as fair as snow;
He was anything but handsome,
Was the "Magpie's" 'ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie;
They'd a cottage and a cow—
And her matronhood sat lightly,
On the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months, and came a baby—
Such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables
When they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—
Gave them, then and there,
All a special feed of clover,
Just in honor of his heir.
It had been his great ambition
(And he told the horses so)
That the fates would send a baby
Who might bear the name of *Joe*.

Little Joe, the child was christened,
And like babies grew apace.
He'd his mother's eyes of azure,
And his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over,
Years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage
And the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage,
Chanced a gentleman to roam;
He caught a glimpse of Annie
In her bright and happy home.
Thrice he came and saw her sitting
By the window with her child;
And he nodded to the baby,
And the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him
(Little Joe was nearly four)
He would call the pretty "gemplum"
As he passed the open door,
And one day he ran and caught him
And in child's play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for,
Brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story,
That for ages bards have sung;
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton,
And a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted
For a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders
And the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—
Was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from Heaven
To the blackest depth of hell,
She was promised wealth and splendor
And a life of genteel sloth;
Yellow gold, for child and husband—
And the woman left them both.

Home one eve, came Joe, the 'ostler,
With a cheery cry of "*wife!*"
Finding that which blurred forever
All the story of his life,
She had left a silly letter,
Through the cruel scrawl he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bed-room,
Joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her,
For she ain't to blame," he cried;
"For I ought to seen her trouble
And a gone away and died.
Why a girl like her—God bless her—
'Twasn't likely as her'd rest
With her bonny head *forever*
On a 'ostler's ragged vest.

It was kind o' her to bear with me
All the long and happy time;
So for my sake please to bless her,
Though you count her deed a crime,
If so be I don't pray proper,
Lord, forgive me, for you see
I can talk all right to 'osses,
But I'm kind o' strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage,
From the woman who had flown.
Joe, the baby, died that Winter,
And the man was left alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered,
But in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses,
Saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London
Rose the wanton into fame.
For her beauty won men's homage,
And she prospered in her shame.
Quick from lord to lord she flitted,
Higher still each prize she won;
And her rivals paled beside her
As the stars beside the sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked,
And she dragged a temple down
To the level of a market
For the women of the town.
And the kisses she had given
To poor 'ostler Joe for naught
With their gold and priceless jewels,
Rich and titled roues bought

Went the years with flying footsteps
While her star was at its height;
Then the darkness came on swiftly,
And the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty
Tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshipped,
Never one come near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune,
Men forgot her very name
'Till the news that she was dying
Woke the echoes of her fame.
And the papers in their gossip
Mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings,
Growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story
In a far off country place;
And that night the dying woman
Woke and looked upon his face,
Once again the strong arms clasped her
That had clasped her long ago;
And the weary head lay pillowed,
Upon the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—
All the sorrow and the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely,
And his wife he now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her
One and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long lost darling
And no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying,
From his arms her spirit fled.
And his tears came down in torrents
As he knelt beside his dead.
Never once his love had faltered
Through her sad, unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes
Bears the sacred name of *wife*.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin
Nor the blood red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love,
That grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phyrne's life
Where all else was parched and hot.

The Fellow Who Stole My Wife.

Written and sung by William Carroll.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm trying to find the fellow who stole away my wife,
In jail I'd surely put him, and keep him there for life;
I'd cut the hair all off his head, I'd fill him full of tacks,
Then I would tar and feather him, and shave him with an axe.
Only to catch this villian, only to hear him cry,
Only to see him stoned to death, or poisoned on rock and rye;
Only to see him begging, only to hear him sneeze,
I'd lock him inside an ice chest and there I'd let him freeze.

If I could lay my hands oh him, you bet I'd make him roar,
I'd tear the clothes all off his back and with him sweep the floor;
I'd clip the hinges off his ears, I'd hit him with a rock,
I'd tie a stone around his neck and pitch him off the dock.
Only to see him drowning in a barrel of boiling soap,
Only to see him dangling on the end of a good strong rope;
Only to spoil his ugly mug, only to close his eyes,
Only to see him kicked to death by musquitoes and horse flies.
Oh! where is he now? show him to me?
It would suit me to a T;
With the toe of my shoe I'd break him in two—
The fellow who stole my wife.

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

If you'll read the daily papers, you'll find there's something new,
And if you listen to my song I'll try and tell to you
Some of the very funny things that happen to and fro,
And how they happen in this land is what I'd like to know.
Now take the case of workingmen with many mouths to feed,
Their wages are oft times reduced on account of rich men's greed;
And if they go upon a strike they never get a show—
Do rich men think the poor must live? is what I'd like to know.

Why don't old maids get married, and all the women vote?
Why can't we make trade dollars pass just like a dollar note?
Why send men to the North Pole to perish in the snow?
Ain't the dude a grown-up monkey now? is what I'd like to know.
Why can't we have poor men in Congress as well as the aristocrats?
Why don't they send the Chinese home to live on mice and rats?
Won't England soon take pity on the land where the shamrock grows?
Won't we soon see old Ireland free? is what I'd like to know.

Now they say that Blaine was crazy to be our President—
Is the Prince of Wales so very poor, his mother pays the rent?
Is Queen Victoria mashed on Arthur?
Has St. John any show to marry Mrs. Langtry now? is what I'd like to know.
Is the Czar of Russia happy when he thinks of dynamite?
Is Ingersol religious? does Oscar Wilde get tight?
Why do they beat Ben Butler, and fill his head with woe?
Will Cleveland prove an honest man? is what I'd like to know.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Sung by Johnson and Bruno.

Oh, don't be alarmed, friends, at seeing us here,
We're two gems of the very first water;
You can see by our clothes we are noblemen, too,
And sons of the marquise's daughter.
My mother, God bless her, she doted on us,
Said of danger we ne'er was afraid;
So when we arrived at manhood, a commission we bought,
And I'm one of the Irish Brigade.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah! for the true sons of Erin,
Her stout-hearted soldiers are never afraid;
We are true to the core, and to death ever daring,
We're two noble sons of the Irish Brigade.

The Irish Brigade they are one, true and brave,
And for fighting, the best in the land;
In peace they are true-hearted, cheerful and gay,
And like lions in battle they stand.
And I am their leader, I'm proud for to say,
That my soldiers they dote upon me;
For oft 'midst the roar of cannons they'll shout:
"Give a cheer, boys, for brave Col. Shea."—*Chorus.*

To the roll of the gun we marched gayly on,
Through the field 'midst the dead and the dying;
And high through the air, through the smoke can be seen
The green flag so nobly flying.
And there it waves proudly amid shot and shell,
As my men to the charge they are led;
They'd fight till they'd die ere an inch they would cry,
In defense of the flag o'er their heads.—*Chorus.*

SEEING NEW YORK SIGHTS.

Written, and sung with great success by Frank E. Tracy.

When I reached the age of twenty-one,
I tell you, I felt fine;
I drew my savings from the bank,
And I swore to have a "time;"
I treated all the boys in town,
Was drunk for several nights;
Then I packed my trunk and took the train,
To see the New York sights.

Oh, the first thing that I run against,
When I got in New York,
Was a great big chap with a dandy air,
And, oh, Lord, how he could talk;
We both got drunk at my expense—
He said: "Come, we'll fly our kites;"
Then arm in arm we started in
To see the New York sights.

He took me to a concert hall,
Full of females, fat and lean;
I then began to "hoop 'er up,"
Got stuck on every girl I seen;
While in this joy, upon the stage
Came a damsel dressed in tights;
I felt so fine, that I ordered wine,
While seeing the New York sights.

By and by, after treating a dozen times,
Quite curious I did feel;
My friend and all my money was gone,
And my head was "doing a reel;"
I wished I was dead, I felt so sick
From the beer or the electric lights;
Then I fell to sleep, and dreamt that I
Had seen all the New York sights.

In the morning when I woke again,
The sun it brightly shone,
I found I was locked up for ten days
In a prison cell alone;
When my time was up I dashed for home
Where I should have been by rights;
Quite satisfied once was enough,
To see the New York sights.

To Show My Respects to McGinnis.

Written by J. F. Mitchell.

The other night I stepped into the Shamrock Hotel,
Just to pay my respects to McGinnis;
For as I was passing I thought it as well
To pay my respects to McGinnis.
There was two or three fellows stood just round the bar,
And as soon as I entered I said there ye's are,
Let ye all take a drink and a ten cent cigar,
Just to show your respects to McGinnis.

CHORUS.

Then we all paid for drinks in turn—
McGinnis done the same—
As fast as we could order them,
Around the drinks they came.
Murphy he was paralyzed,
O'Brien he couldn't see,
Well, I was drunk, but Flanagan
Was a great sight worse than me.

O'Brien then said, let us be jolly to-night,
Just to show our respects to McGinnis—
McCarthy then swore that he must have a fight,
Just to show our respects to McGinnis.
Then Murphy swore, and these words he did say,
Now, gentlemen, let ye be aisy, I pray,
And enjoy yerself in a clane dacent way,
Just to show your respects to McGinnis.—*Chorus.*

Then Sullivan began for to sing a nice song,
Just to show his respects to McGinnis,
And as he was getting just nice and quiet along,
When O'Brien he clouted McGinnis.
We all got a fighting, we slugged left and right,
And Flanagan's breath it put out the light,
Big Murphy, the cop, locked us all up that night,
And we all got a cursing McGinnis.—*Chorus.*

Since Maggie Learned to Skate.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Behold in me a wretched man,
Who don't know what to do
With a grown-up daughter, that
I've called Maggie Ann McCue;
She's taken to the latest craze,
My heart she'll surely break,
There is no peace from morn till night,
Since Maggie learned to skate.

CHORUS.

Take me to the roller rink, won't you, papa, dear?
Let me roll upon the floor, it makes me feel so queer;
Give to me a quarter, pa—me and sister Kate—
That's the cry I always hear, since Maggie learned to skate.

Most every night, at eight o'clock,
My daughter can be found
On the floor of the roller rink,
With a dude she's skating 'round.
She cuts all fancy figures,
Oh, her neck she'll surely break—
I'm short of cash entirely,
Since Maggie learned to skate.—*Chorus.*

She was always very quiet,
'Till this craze it had begun,
She was never gone on dances,
Tho' she liked a little fun.
I wish the Mayor or President
Would only, for my sake,
Hang up the man that first began
To use the roller skate.—*Chorus.*

—"Yes, sir," yelled the socialistic agitator, "I am the workingman's friend." "Oh, go 'long," said a real workingman, "you haven't done an honest day's work in two years." "Of course I haven't. That's just where I show my friendship for the workingman. I keep my hands off so he can have the job."

Oh, Mamma! Oh, Mamma! Oh, Mamma.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

If you look at a girl nowadays she will scream,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
But they're not quite as innocent as they would seem,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
They will eat, they will drink at your expense each day,
And they'll call you a darling each time that you pay,
When your pockets are empty they'll call you a "jay,"
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!

They are clergymen's daughters, at least so they say,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
Yet we find them at matinees day after day,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
They are very devout, and they flush up with shame,
If you ask them to give an address or a name,
But the suppers they eat make a fellow exclaim,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!

Wet weather just suits them when crossing the street,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
For it helps them to show off an ankle so neat,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
P'rhaps the old man's a bum who is used to hard knocks,
Bartenders chase him for dozens of blocks,
Yet his daughter wears stockings embroidered with clocks,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!

They are scheming for husbands from morning 'till night,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
If a fellow has money he may be a fright,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
They will sit close beside you, that's if you're her style,
And complain of the thirst every once in a while,
But it costs you a quarter each time that they smile,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!

Beware of the girl who will giggle and say,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
Or your boodle will very soon dwindle away,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
She'll induce you to marry her p'rhaps on the sly
And in twelve months skedadle with some richer guy,
And she'll leave you a kid who does nothing but cry,
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!

Dearest Spot of Earth to Me is Home

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The dearest spot of earth to me is home, sweet home,
The fairy land I've long'd to see is home, sweet home!
There how charm'd the sense of hearing,
There where hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering, as home, sweet home.
The dearest spot of earth to me is home, sweet home,
The fairy land I've long'd to see, is home, sweet home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize my home, sweet home,
I've learn'd to look with lover's eyes on home, sweet home,
There where vows are truly plighted,
There where hearts are so united,
All the world beside I've slighted for home, sweet home.
The dearest spot of earth to me is home, sweet home
The fairy land I've long'd to see is home, sweet home.

—Tailor—"Married or unmarried?" Customer—"Married." Tailor (to cutter)—"One pocket concealed in lining of vest." Customer—"Oh? What's that?" Tailor (explaining)—"To hide your change, you know, at night. I'm married myself."

—Young Mrs. Vassarline: "You are sure this is real English breakfast tea, Mr. Grocer?" "Oh, yes, we warrant it." "Well, I'll take a pound if you are sure. Our visitors are from London, and I should be dreadfully mortified to give them Japan tea by mistake."

The Noble Knights of Labor.

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Words and Music by Will J. Hardman.

In the year of sixty-nine, they commenced to fall in line,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor;
Now in numbers mighty strong, gaining fast they march along,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor.
They are men of brains and will, education, pluck and skill,
And in time they'll change the workingman's situation;
East and West, where'er we go, from the North to Mexico
They're as thick as flies and soon they'll rule the nation.

CHORUS.

Oh! the great knights, the noble knights of labor,
The true knights, the honest knights of labor;
Like the good old knights of old, they cannot be bought or sold,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor

U. S. Stevens was the man this great order first began,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor;
And he started what they say, is the strongest band to-day,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor.
Bless the mind that gave them birth, they're the finest men on earth,
And they're building up a mountain high of power;
Men with hearts and records each, men who practice what they preach,
And the men we need in Congress every hour.

CHORUS.

Oh! the great knights, the noble knights of labor,
The fine knights, the gallant knights of labor;
'Till they treat our workmen fair, they will boycott everywhere,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor.

Every day that passes by, they increase and multiply,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor;
Let the millionaire reflect that their force cannot be checked,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor.
In the Senate, when they sit, all the frauds will have to git,
Or they'll drive them from the country in a hurry;
Every dog has got his day, our mechanics want fair play,
And in union they will get it, don't you worry.

CHORUS.

Oh! the great knights, the noble knights of labor,
The real knights, the monarch knights of labor;
They are heroes every one, but all "scabs" they hate and shun,
The great knights, the noble knights of labor.

DON'T DIE AN OLD MAID.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

When a young girl arrives at the age of sixteen,
Sweet sixteen, so gushing and gay,
She's happy when spinning in the bright mazy waltz,
And flirts in a mischievous way.
Skips round like a kitten and bangs her front hair,
Borrows all her big sister's best clothes;
If a young man should call at her house, she'll say:
"Ma! who is he?" then turn up her nose.

CHORUS.

Oh, girly, dear girly, just take my advice,
And see that your plans are well laid;
Be careful and never refuse a man twice,
But snatch him, don't die an old maid.

But after she reaches about twenty-five,
She begins to get calm and serene;
She's beginning to think of the sweet bye-and-bye,
She's not quite so frisky and green.
She's had quite a bath in the pleasures of life,
Cut all her eye-teeth and got wise;
And when a young gentleman calls at her house,
"Oh, ma, dear, what is he?" she cries.—*Chorus.*

But after she reaches about thirty-five,
She's nervous and so much afraid;
She's beginning to think of her terrible fate,
She'll soon be a crusty old maid.
It's then she gets desperate, excited and rash,
She'll nail any rooster she can;
And now when a gentleman calls she will screech:
"Where is he? I'm dying for a man!"—*Chorus.*

Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore

Written by Frank Livington, for John Walsh.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

It's a relic, do you see, it was in our family,
My mother used to wear it in the Fall;
And the morning that she died, called me to her bedside
And said: "My son, now keep this old red shawl."

CHORUS.

It is aged, and it's tore, yet I fondly adore
This dear old shawl my mother wore;
And through life it shall be, yes, a bright gem to me,
This little old red shawl my mother wore.

I prize it far above every other thing I love,
For it keeps my mother ever in my mind;
And as long as life shall last, to this relic I'll hold fast,
This memento that my mother left behind.—*Chorus.*

IN OTHER RESPECTS WE ARE DOING QUITE WELL.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I've a fluff in my throat and my voice has a crack,
My head's like a sawmill, I've pains in my back,
The state of my liver no language can tell—
But in other respects I'm doing quite well;
But in other respects I'm doing quite well.

I've just sent my daughter Jemima to school,
My daughter Jemima's by no means a fool,
She never could read and she never will spell—
But in other respects she is doing quite well;
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

I've taken a house in the swell end of town,
The roof has a leak and the chimneys are down,
The walls were so shaky last Friday they fell—
But in other respects it is doing quite well;
But in other respects it is doing quite well.

I bet on a horse, he'd be the first in the race,
At least so they told me on naming its place,
The horse wasn't seen at the sound of the bell—
But in other respects he was doing quite well.
But in other respects he was doing quite well.

Is life worth the living, I ask of you all?
For my part I think that the profits are small;
I know when I die they will send me to well—
But in other respects I'll be doing quite well;
But in other respects I'll be doing quite well.

Our politics are in so charming a state,
'Tis pleasure to vote for a new candidate;
Which party's most honest no voter can tell—
But in other respects we are doing quite well;
But in other respects we are doing quite well.

I tried to play poker last week and I failed,
'Cause the flush that I bet on was only bob-tailed;
I dropped all I had and my last chaplet fell—
But in other respects I caught on quite well;
But in other respects I caught on quite well

I've dug up a statue, a thousand years old,
I've plastered it new, so the pieces will hold;
Of the original nose there is not left a smell—
But in other respects it will answer quite well;
But in other respects it will answer quite well.

This new change of time puts my watch in a spleen
When I find that it's 'ufty-three minutes of 'steen;
If to-day's not to-morrow, I really can't tell—
But in other respects my meridan works well;
But in other respects my meridan works well

A tenor once sung far above a high C,
His price was as high as a tenor's could be;
His voice was a cross 'twixt a screech and a yell—
But in other respects he could warble quite well;
But in other respects he could warble quite well.

KITTY, THE BABY AND I.

Copyright, 1884, by Will J. Hardman.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

We dwell in a sweet little cottage alone,
Dear Kitty, the baby and I,
Where clouds never gather to darken our hearts,
The wealth of the world we defy;
An organ sets out in the parlor so neat,
Where all is so cozy to me,
At evening while Kitty she plays and she sings,
I dance little babe on my knee.

CHORUS.

Kitty, the baby and I, Kitty, the baby and I,
We've friends by the score and a great many more,
Kitty, the baby and I.
Kitty, the baby and I, Kitty, the baby and I,
Come over and see how contented are we,
Kitty, the baby and I.

We have a piazza surrounded by greens,
Where baby takes lessons to walk,
And where oft I play little pig with his toes,
And laugh at his sweet childish talk;
The cottage is filled with the sweetest perfume,
Of flowers so dear to the eye;
And down by the meadow at twilight we stroll,
Dear Kitty, the baby and I.—*Chorus.*

We've queer little chicks, and a big woolly dog,
That baby will scold loud and long,
The neighbors drop in with the brightest of smiles,
To have a good laugh or a song;
The oddest of knick-knacks hang round on the wall,
But none bring a tear or a sigh;
The cottage, the organ, and all, they belong
To Kitty, the baby and I.—*Chorus.*

Wreck of the Haddingtonshire.

Tune—"The Cumberland's Crew."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, shipmates, come gather, and list to my ditty,
A horrible story to you I'll relate;
When you've heard the sad news, you will say 'tis a pity,
About the brave sailor laddies, and also their fate.
On the twenty-first of August, the morning being cloudy,
To make 'Frisco port sure, it was their desire—
When the crew got a shock, for she struck on a rock,
That noble Scotch ship, named the Haddingtonshire.

The captain gave orders to take to the rigging,
For an hour and a half there the sailors did stay,
While the billows were rolling, the sails they were tearing,
'Till, alas! with a crash the masts gave away.
Some dead and some dying, more shouting and crying,
The captain, a brave man, was the last that stood by her—
A Norwegian and young Murry, swam ashore in a hurry,
The only two that were saved from the Haddingtonshire.

On the beach they did stay, until the break of day,
Watching for their shipmates that they'd see never more,
For the ocean had claimed them and also retained them,
Until their dead bodies are drifted ashore.
There will be fathers and mothers, wives, sisters and brothers,
Will read their sad fate cabled over the wire;
It will break many a heart, when forever they part
From the crew that was lost on the Haddingtonshire.

So friends have a kind word always for a sailor,
Whose life is a hard one on the raging sea;
Were it not for them, with the aid of Columbus,
We would never be here in the land of the free.
So let us pray for the poor ones that were shipwrecked,
And hope that the Lord will give them a berth higher—
Where their sins will be forgiven—on his right hand in heaven—
Those poor souls that were lost on the Haddingtonshire.

We Fought in the Same Campaign.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Under the folds of the flag we love,
Proudly we stand to-night;
Some of our comrades are up above,
After the weary fight.
Call the roll of the brave and true,
The boys who were staunch and brave;
Gallant lads like their coats, true blue,
The union died to save.

CHORUS.

Their names and deeds shall ever live in story,
Gallant boys who died, but not in vain;
This be our toast, this be our boast,
We fought in the same campaign.
Their names and deeds shall ever live in story,
Gallant boys who died, but not in vain;
This be our toast, this be our boast,
We fought in the same campaign.

Call out the roll of the valiant dead,
Names that shall never die;
Names that their lustre upon us shed
Will live as the years roll by.
Proud are we of the dear old boys,
Well may our hearts be vain;
We sang, march on, 'mid the canon's noise,
We fought in the same campaign.—*Chorus.*

Wrinkled and scarred tho' to-day we be,
Batter'd and old, and gray;
Well 'tis our pride that from sea to sea,
We march'd and we won the day.
Friends were we in the days gone by,
Parted and joined again;
Friends we'll be till the day we die,
We fought in the same campaign.—*Chorus.*

THREE MAIDS OF LEE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

There were three young maids of Lee,
They were fair as fair can be,
And they had lovers three times three,
For they were fair as fair can be,
These three young maids of Lee.
But these young maids they cannot find
A lover each to suit her mind;
The plain spoke lad is far too rough,
The rich young lord is not rich enough,
And one is too poor, and one too tall,
And one just an inch too short for them all;
Others pick and choose, and why not we?
We can very well wait, said the maids of Lee.
There were three young maids of Lee,
They were fair as fair can be,
And they had lovers three times three,
For they were fair as fair can be,
These three young maids of Lee.

There are three old maids at Lee,
They are old as old can be,
And one is deaf and one cannot see,
And they all are cross as a gallows tree,
These three old maids of Lee.
Now if any one chance, 'tis a chance remote,
One single charm in these maids to note,
He need not a poet nor handsome be,
For one is deaf and one cannot see;
He need not woo on his bended knee,
For they all are willing as willing can be;
He may take the one or the two, or the three,
If he'll only take them away from Lee.
There are three old maids at Lee,
They are cross as cross can be,
And there they are, and there they'll be,
To the end of the chapter, one, two, three,
These three old maids of Lee.

De Goot Lager Beer.

Tune—"Bold Privateer."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'll sing to you a song dat you all likes to hear,
It's about a drink dat sobers you and makes you feel so queer,
It ish goot for de stomach, it ish goot for de head,
It ish goot to make dinner mit de Switzercase und bread.

CHORUS.

De nice lager bier, de goot lager bier,
Dere's noting in dis world like de bully lager bier.

It ish goot for de husband, it ish goot for de frau,
It ish goot for her temper ven she vants to kick up a row;
It ish goot for de baby ven it feels a little queer,
It ish goot for de belly grubs, is dis goot lager bier.—*Chorus.*

It ish goot for politicians ven dey vant to catch a vote,
It keeps de lies from sticking in de throat;
It ish goot for de congressmen ven dey vant to fight a duel,
For dey cannot hit each other from a shackass or a mule.—*Chorus.*

It ish good for de maiden ven she gets up de love sick,
For it cures de highsterics, till deir face shine like a brick;
It ish goot for de fashion, for it saves the hoopskirts fine,
For ven dey drink a barrel up dey need no crinoline.—*Chorus.*

It ish goot for de preacher ven he preaches off de church-roof,
For he vill baptize you mit lager till he finds you devil-proof;
It ish bad for de doctor, for it von't make folks get sick,
It makes de peebles send jalap to de beer vaults of old Nick.—*Chorus*

It ish goot for a feller ven he vants to have a spark,
For it tickels up his courage till he comes up to de mark;
It ish goot for a gal ven she vants to catch a feller,
It makes her just as cunning as a mouse down in de cellar.—*Chorus.*

It ish goot for matrimony, for it makes a frau feel blest,
It brings de milk of human kindness and peace to her breast;
I've got a nice young wife, and a little baby dear,
It all comes from drinkin' of the goot lager bier.—*Chorus.*

THE BLIND BOY'S LAMENT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Strangers, will you kindly listen,
Do not coldly pass me by,
You who are so blest of heaven,
Listen to a blind boy's cry?
Poor and homeless here I wander,
All my life one cloudy dream,
For I cannot see the daylight,
Cannot see the sun's bright beam.

CHORUS.

I can clasp your hand in friendship,
Listen to thy words of love,
But I cannot see your faces
'Till we meet in heaven above.

Human help is unavailing,
I must bend beneath the blight,
I'd be happy in the sunshine,
But my days are darkest nights;
All my life is sad and lonely,
Darkly groping all the day,
I would give this world of nations
Could these shadows pass away.—*Chorus.*

Here my brother sits beside me,
He'll protect me from all harm,
Where I go he kindly leads me,
Gently leaning on his arm;
May the blessings of kind heaven
Rest upon him day and night,
And the friends that now surround me
Keep their health, retain their sight.—*Chorus.*

I Had $15 In My Inside Pocket.

Copyright, 1885, by Will H. Kennedy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

I'm an Irishman, now don't mind that,
For you can't play tag with Paddy Flynn,
In the Fourteenth Ward I claim my how'ld,
But the gang they play'd me for a skin;
They said that they'd make me Alderman,
Then they took me 'round to see Red Bill,
We were drinking rye-and-rock, till four o'clock,
And they made me pony up for all the swill.

CHORUS.

I had fifteen dollars in my inside pocket,
Don't you see, to me it is a warning;
Saturday night I made a call on a friend of Tam'ny Hall
And the divil a cent I had on Sunday morning.

Oh, the gang they hung around the bar,
Like a swarm of educated mice;
Oh, they made me drink a "clarinette" punch
And a whiskey "Sangaree" on ice;
They stood me on my head, when my wealth gave out,
Then they hung me on a fence to dry,
In the early morning light, for'ninst Judge White,
These words to him I plaintively did cry:—*Chorus.*

THAT HIRED GIRL.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture-sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after a while that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—!"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" exclaimed Sarah, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snaped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't know that I was a minister?" he asked, as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open, I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

OVER THE JASPER SEA.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The sea is wildly tossing,
And often filled with gloom,
On which we're swiftly crossing
To our eternal home.

CHORUS.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Gracious Saviour pilot me;
Over the sea, over the sea,
Over the Jasper sea.

We've many a foe to conquer,
And many a storm to face,
Ere we in heaven anchor
And sing redeeming grace.—*Chorus.*

Sail on then comrades boldly,
And make God's word your chart,
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart.—*Chorus.*

We'll set the banner waving,
And guard it with our life;
We'll shout aloud, hosannah,
Victorious is the strife.—*Chorus.*

Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

As I sat at my window last evening,
The letter man brought unto me,
A little gilt-edged invitation,
Saying, "Gilhooly, come over to tea;"
Sure I knew the Fogarty's sent it,
So I wint for old friendship's sake,
And then the first thing they gave me to tackle,
Was a slice of Miss Fogarty's cake.

CHORUS.

There was plums and prunes and cherries,
And citron and raisins, cinnamon, too,
There was nutmeg, cloves and berries,
And the crust it was nailed on with glue;
There was carroway seeds in abundance,
It would build up a fine stomach ache,
It would kill a man twice after taking a slice
Of Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake.

Miss Mulligan wanted to taste it,
But really there wasn't any use,
For they worked at it over an hour,
And they couldn't get any of it loose,
Till Fogarty went for a hatchet,
And really came in with a saw,
That cake was enough, by the powers,
To paralyze my jaw.—*Chorus.*

Mrs. Fogarty, proud as a peacock,
Kept smiling and blinking away,
Till she fell over Flannigan's brogan's,
And spilled a whole pot of tay;
"Oh, Gilhooley," she cried, "you're not 'ating,
Try a little more for my sake."
"No, thanks, Fogarty," says I,
"But I'd like the receipt of that cake."—*Chorus.*

Maloney was took with colic,
McNulty complained of his head,
McFadden laid down on the sofa,
And soon he wished he was dead;
Miss Daly fell down in hysterics,
And she did wriggle and shake,
While every man swore he was poisoned
Through eating Miss Fogarty's cake.—*Chorus.*

On the Beach at Long Branch.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

On the beach at Long Branch, one fine Summer's day,
I had a novel, reading, to pass the time away,
And so interested was I in the plot,
A gent stood there beside me, still I saw him not,
Till at last, by chance, my eye-lids I did raise,
I found him on me looking with enraptured gaze:
Bright blue eyes so sparkling, handsome Grecian nose,
Teeth of pearly whiteness, quite the pink of beaux.

CHORUS.

'Twas on the beach at Long Branch, one fine Summer's day,
I met this handsome man who stole my heart away;
Now I feel so happy as blissful moments glide,
The day is quickly coming when I shall be his bride.

As like one awaking from some happy dream,
We glances did exchange, his eyes with love did beam,
And e'er much time was over we began to chat,
And hours passed away, still he beside me sat;
And with ways so winning he did love impart,
My spirits rose as high as the early morning lark;
He told me that he loved me, vowed that all his life
Would be to him worthless unless I'd be his wife.—*Chorus.*

He said that if I'd marry all troubles we would drown,
And live in blissful ignorance of all the cares of town:
With soft persuasive power he told me of his love,
Vowing to be true, by all the powers above;
He asked me if I'd marry, pressed me then to say,
Till to his wishes yielding, I named the happy day;
He said his cup of bliss was filled quite to the brim,
He'd live alone for me, and I alone for him.

SPOKEN—And I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, he is one of those dear delightful fellows that no young girl could resist, and I'm very happy and proud to say: Up to the present moment I've no cause to regret that—*Chorus.*

COME, SIT BY ME, MOTHER.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Come, sit by me, mother, I'd fain have thee near me,
For where is the one who can comfort me now?
Thy loving face only to earth could endear me,
Now she whom I love so has broken her vow;
Yet blame her not, mother, they said I had perished,
Had yielded my life with my face to the foe;
Ah, better 'twere so than the hopes that I cherished,
Had pointed a future I never can know.

CHORUS.

Come, sit by me, mother, I'd fain have thee near me,
For where is the one who can comfort me now?
Thy loving face only to earth could endear me,
Now she whom I love so has broken her vow.

Come, sit by me, mother, and hear my sad story,
Oh, dark was the hour when I bade her farewell;
Where battle was raging for honor and glory,
I sped from my darling with hopes none can tell;
Her dear loving letters, how fondly I kissed them,
They spoke of the day when in joy we would meet;
I deem'd her still mine, tho' for months I had missed them,
Nor dreamt that another had knelt at her feet.—*Chorus.*

I've seen her, my mother, I've seen that cheek whiten,
Where roses were blooming a moment before;
I've seen the eyes droop that were once wont to brighten,
And give me a welcome they'll give me no more;
Then pity her, mother, I know they deceived her,
I know that her heart has never been untrue;
Go to her and say to the last I believed her,
And my eyes have been closed, dearest mother, by you.—*Chorus*

MY NANNIE, O!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The Wint'ry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The Westlin wind blaws loud and chill—
The night's baith, murk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowar, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome, ay, to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
An I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er trouble me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Come weal, come wo, I care na by,
I'll tak what heaven will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride,
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide;
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloud his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the South-West blast doth blow.
I never was on the tame dull shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest,
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white—and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty Summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded sea.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Why weep ye by the tyde, ladye?
Why weep ye by the tyde?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
So comely to be seen;
But, ay, she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley Dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen;
But, ay, she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawl,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the formost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen;
But, ay, she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

THE BRIDAL RING.

I dreamed last night of our early days,
Ere to battle I march'd o'er the heather;
When we danced on the heath in the pale moon's rays,
Hand in hand—hand in hand together;
Then I thought you gave me again that kiss,
More sweet than the perfume of Spring,
While I press'd on your fingers love's pure gold pledge,
This bridal ring—this bridal ring.

I dreamed I heard then the trumpet sound,
And at once was forced to sever;
That I fell on the heath with my last death wound,
Lost to thee—lost to thee for ever;
Then I thought you gave me again that kiss,
Empearl'd like a flow'r in Spring;
'Neath its warmth I awoke, on thy dear hand to press
This bridal ring—this bridal ring.

Bruce's Address to His Army.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front of battle lour?
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Edward, chains, and slavery?

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freeman's sword shall freely draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'"—
Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression, woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty 's in every blow—
Forward! let us do or die!

THE IRISH STRANGER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,
That's wandered thus far from his home;
I sigh for protection from want, woe and danger,
But know not which way for to roam.
I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's bowers,
For bigotry hath trampled her sweetest of flowers,
That gave comfort to me in my lonliest hour,
They are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.

With wonder I gazed on yon proud, lofty building,
As in grandeur it rose from its lord;
With sorrow I beheld my own garden soon yielding
Its choicest of fruits for its board.
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I did spend many a long happy day?
Alas! has his lordship contrived it away?
Yes, it's gone and I'll ne'er see it more.

When nature was seen on the sole bush and bramble,
Sit smiling in beautiful bloom,
O'er fields without danger I used to ramble,
And lavish amidst her perfume;
Or range thro' the woods where the gay feather'd throng,
Did joyfully sing their loud-echoing song,
The days then of Summer passed sweetly along,
Now they are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.

When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes,
I've gathered them oft without harm,
And gone to the fields where I've shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for Winter's cold storm;
Or I've sat by the fire on a cold Winter's night,
Along with my friends telling tales of delight;
Those tales gave me pleasure, I could them invite,
Now they are gone, shall I ne'er see them more?

But Erin, sad Erin, it grieves me to ponder,
On the wrongs of thy injured isle;
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring to wander
On shores far away in exile;
But give me the power to cross o'er the main,
America might yield me some shelter from pain;
I'm only lamenting whilst here I remain,
For the joys that I'll never see more.

Farewell then to Erin, and those I left weeping
Upon her disconsolate shore;
Farewell to the grave where my father lies sleeping,
That ground I still dearly adore.
Farewell to each pleasure, I once had at home,
Farewell, now a stranger in England I roam;
O give me my past joys, or give me a tomb,
Yes, in pity I ask for no more.

Ye Parliaments of England.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You parliament of England,
You lords and commons, too,
Consider well what you're about,
And what you mean to do;
You've been at war with Yankees,
I'm sure you'll rue the day,
You rous'd the sons of liberty
In North America.

You first confined our commerce,
And say our ships can trade;
You next confined our seamen,
And used them as your slaves;
You then insulted Rogers,
While cruising on the main;
And had not we declared war,
You'd have done it o'er again.

You tho't our frigates were but few,
And Yankees would not fight,
Until brave Hull your Guerriere took
And vanished from your sight.
The Wasp then took the Frolic,
You nothing said of that;
The Pointiers being of the line,
Of course she took her back.

The next your Macedonian,
No finer ship could swim;
Decatur took her gilt works off
And then he took her in.
The Java, by a Yankee ship
Was sunk, you all must know;
The Peacock fine, in all her pride,
By Lawrence down did go.

Then next you sent a Boxer,
To box us all about;
But we had an Enterprising brig,
That beat your Boxer out.
We boxed her up to Portland,
And moored her off the town,
To show the sons of liberty
Your Boxer of renown.

Then upon lake Erie,
Brave Perry had some fun;
You own he beat your naval force,
And caused them for to run;
While Chauncy on Ontario,
The like ne'er was known before,
Your British squadron beat complete,
Some took—some run ashore.

Then your brave Indian allies,
You styled them by that name,
Until they turn'd their tomahawks,
And by you savages became.
But by your mean insinuation,
They dispised you from their soul,
And joined the sons of liberty
That scorn to be controlled.

Now lament you sons of Britain,
Far distant is the day,
That e'er you'll gain what you have lost
In North America.
Go tell your king and parliament,
By all the world 'tis known,
That British force by sea and land,
By Yankees are o'erthrown.

Our Decatur in the Guerriere,
Soon humbled the Turkish crew,
Bro't them to submission,
As he had done to you.
The Essex in the South seas,
Had put out all your lights;
The flag she wore at her mast-head
Was "free trade and sailor's rights."

Grant us free trade and commerce,
And don't impress our men;
Give up all claims to Canada,
Then we'll be at peace again.
And then we will respect you,
And treat you as our friend;
Respect our flag and citizens,
Then all these wars will end.

—A young girl, at an examination in grammar the other day, when asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular, blushingly answered, "Because it is very singular they don't get married." She went up head.

—Lucy Stone denounces corsets because Eve did not wear them. Lucy is built right up straight, like a board, and is so inflexible that corsets don't make any impression on her. The plea for corsets is that if Eve had been more staid in her conduct, she would have stayed longer in Paradise.

She Wore a Wreath of Roses.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

She wore a wreath of roses the night when first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of jet;
Her footsteps had the lightness, her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of Summer flowers upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange flowers when next we met she wore,
The expression of her features was more thoughtful than before,
And standing by her side was one who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home she ne'er might view again;
I saw her but a moment, but methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow, no bridal wreath is there,
The widow's somber cap conceals her once luxuriant hair,
She weeps in silent solitude, and there is no one near,
To press her hand within his own and wipe the fallen tear;
I see her broken-hearted, and methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty, with a wreath upon her brow.

The Spot Where I Was Born.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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I have wandered on thro' many a clime
Where flowers of beauty grew,
Where all was blissful to the heart,
And lovely to the view;
I have seen them in their twilight pride,
And in the dress of morn,
But none appeared so sweet to me
As the spot where I was born.

I have wandered on thro' many a clime,
And gazed on palace walls,
Yet never wished that step of mine
Should tread those stately halls;
For midst the pomp that circled me,
I still should be forlorn,
Give me, give me the lowliest cot
On the spot where I was born.

On Old Long Island's Sea-Girt Shore.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers' roar,
That washed the beach at Rockaway.
Transfixed I've stood while nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
Till catching its promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke.

CHORUS.

Oh! on old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers' roar
That washed the beach at Rockaway.

Oh! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murmuring winds and waters meet,
Marking the billows as they roll,
And break resistless at your feet;
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
Till chased by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quivering blue.—*Chorus.*

To hear the startling night winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep,
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep;
Majestic scene where nature dwells
Profound with everlasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.

CHORUS.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long;
And still flourish he a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

He saw the times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were full of American cheer;
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree, he still remains.—*Chorus.*

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas on a Summer afternoon
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie wi' a braw new gown
Came o'er the hill to Gowrie;
The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning show'rs,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunnie bow'rs,
But my lassie was the fairest flow'r
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said: "My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ba'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And mak' ye lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
Sweet blushes on her cheeks soon spread;
She whisper'd modestly and said:
"I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie."
The auld folks soon gaed their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

MARY AILEEN.

Lying by thy little grave, Mary Aileen!
One sweet word is all I crave, Mary Aileen!
Wilt thou hear me in my woe?
Wilt thou answer soft and low?
Canst thou speak a little no, Mary Aileen?
Mary Aileen! Mary Aileen!
Canst thou speak a little no, Mary Aileen?

'Midst the flowers now I'm speaking, Mary Aileen!
Canst thou hear my voice below, Mary Aileen?
Here till morning will I lie,
Here to-night I fain would die,
And to thee be ever nigh, Mary Aileen!
Mary Aileen! Mary Aileen!
Canst thou speak a little no, Mary Aileen?

Every night upon thy grave, Mary Aileen!
Shall my tears the sweet hours lave, Mary Aileen!
I will whisper: "Art thou mine?"
Thou wilt answer: "Ever thine!"
Death makes but our love divine, Mary Aileen!
Mary Aileen! Mary Aileen!

A Sweet Face at the Window.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

A sweet face at the window,
A dear one at the door,
A fair form at the gate-way,
To greet me home once more.
And as I tread the path-way
Of duty and of care,
How sweet to know the loved ones
Await my coming there.

CHORUS.

A sweet face at the window,
A dear one at the door,
A fair form at the gate-way,
To greet me home once more.

A sweet face at the window—
O, how I long to be
Within that little cottage
Where all are dear to me;
Where fond hearts beat responsive
To every wish of mine,
And love, like gentle ivy,
In fragrance round it twine.—*Chorus.*

A sweet face at the window,
A spirit bright and blest,
That watches for my coming
More constant than the rest;
And she will come to meet me
The first, outside the door;
With her so true and loving,
I'll tarry evermore.—*Chorus.*

Shall We Know Each Other There?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

CHORUS.

Shall we know each other, shall we know each other,
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?—*Chorus.*

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.—*Chorus.*

Oh, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We shall know each other there.—*Chorus.*

That's Where You Make the Mistake.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Some folks think they're awfully clever,
That all other folks are but fools;
Some people will often endeavor
To make other people their tools;
Some people will boast of their knowledge,
And fancy they're well wide-a-wake,
That none are so deep or so cute as themselves,
That's where they make the mistake.
There's just as good fish in the sea, bear in mind,
As those we have managed to take;
So don't be too proud, and don't crow too loud,
For that's where you make the mistake.

Don't imagine you'll meet with a bobby,
Whene'er there's a row in the street;
Don't imagine you'll find a fishmonger
Declare that his fish are not sweet;
Do not fancy you'll meet with a cabby,
Who more than his fare will not take;
Many as well think an oyster could crawl up a tree,
And there you would make a mistake.
If you fancy a girl dislikes a small kiss,
You must be—what some folks call—a cake;
If you think your collector of taxes won't call,
That's where you make the mistake.

Don't image a man has no coin in his purse,
Because he's not dressed as a swell;
A book with a cover that's olden and worn,
Has often a good tale to tell;
You'll oft see a swell, all collar, and cuffs
To his finger-tips, white as snow-flake;
But if you believe he's all over alike,
That's where you make the mistake.
The ladies still wear an abundance of hair,
'Tis a wonder their dear necks don't break;
But if you imagine they grow it themselves,
That's where you make the mistake.

When courting, don't write spooney letters
To your fair one, for love, nor for sport,
For should you but break any promise,
They are sure to be read out in court.
When you wed, do not marry the fam'ly as well,
For that will not a paradise make;
Above all, close the door to your mother-in-law,
Or that's where you'll make the mistake.
But, talking of marriage, reminds me,
We've given the Germans a shake;
They fancied Louise and her cash was for them,
That's where they made the mistake.

Don't imagine your milk is not doctored,
Nor quite pure is your two shilling tea;
Don't imagine it's awfully jolly
The first time you go on the sea;
Don't reckon your chicks before hatched, or
Your duck may p'rhaps turn out a drake;
Don't go and eat mustard, and fancy it's jam,
Or that's where you'll make the mistake.
With all the advice I have given,
You ought to be well wide-a-wake;
And should you imagine I'll sing any more,
That s where you make the mistake.

THE OYSTER MAID.

My Mary is the fairest maid
Of any in the oyster trade;
She stole the oyster of my heart,
And scolloped it in every part.

All my senses, all my pulses,
My intestines, she convulses;
And when this body turns to dustes,
Oh, then this heart for Molly Bustes.

Oh, Molli', this 'ere heart shall beat for you,
Till every sinner is black and blue;
I'm like a dog in August muzzled,
With love for you I'm quite dumfuzzled.

THE PEANUT STAND.

Tune—"Joe Bowers."

Come, listen to me, white folks, while I rehearse a ditty,
It's all about a nice young gal, she lived in Jersey City;
She fell in love with a gay young man, he was wealthy once in his time,
He was chief engineer of a shoemaker's shop, and his name was Conny O'Ryan.

Now Biddy Magee was a handsome gal, and known both near and far,
She kept a peanut stand in Jersey City and supplied the railroad cars;
But when her mother she heard of Conny, she swore vengeance against his clan,
She said if her daughter kept company with him, she'd bust up her peanut stand.

Now Conny O'Ryan was a man of fame, and noted far and near,
He'd beat Saint Patrick at "forty-fives," a playing for lager bier;
He got in with a parcel of Jersey roughs, they led him around like a toy,
So he joined the New York Fire Zoo-Zoos, and went for a soger boy.

When Biddy Magee she heard of this, she took right to her bed,
The peanut stand went up the spout, and the gal she died right dead;
The news took effect on Conny himself, so he could never march to time,
So out of the camp in very short time, they drummed poor Conny O'Ryan.

The old woman's house is haunted now at night about twelve o'clock,
She sees the most horrible sort of a sight, which gives her a terrible shock;
The ghosts of Conny and Biddy Magee come walking in hand and hand,
While right behind them comes marching along, the ghost of the peanut stand.

Britannia Reigns Supreme.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Can any man but a Briton boast?
Can any but the free
Boast of the island of the West,
The islands of the sea?
Can any other known land
Say they'll ne'er be slaves?
Can any but Britannia reign
Queen of the bright blue waves?

CHORUS.

Never, never, never,
Will we conquered be;
Britannia still will reign supreme,
Queen of the bright blue sea.

Our good ships, they are walls of oak,
Our sailors, jolly tars;
Our soldiers they are all well known,
In all our country's wars.
For we will still unconquered be,
We still shall rule the waves;
For 'tis a saying ever true,
Britannia rules the waves.—*Chorus.*

ROOT HOG OR DIE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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The greatest old nigger that ever I did see,
Looked like a sick monkey up a sour apple tree;
It don't make a bit of difference to either you or I,
Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Chief cook and bottle washer, captain of the waiters,
Stand upon your head while you peel a bag of taters.
Jog along!

I came from old Virginny with a pocket full of news,
I am worth four shillings, standing in my shoes;
Doesn't make a bit of difference to either you or I,
Little pig, big pig, root hog or die.—*Chorus.*

The Broadway niggers look so mighty grand,
Shanghai coats and gloves upon the hand;
A big standing collar, standing away up to the sky,
Little pig, big pig, root hog or die.—*Chorus.*

Oh, these Broadway gals look so mighty gay,
With their hooped skirts promenading Broadway;
Their bonnets on their shoulders, and their noses to the sky,
They go it in the sun or shade—root hog or die.—*Chorus.*

McCORMACK, THE COPPER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Why do I smile? well, I will tell,
My heart is filled with joy;
I'm a dandy copper on the Broadway squad,
And a brave one at that am I.
If there's a murder or a fight about,
You'll always find me near;
And as I pass the ladies say:
"Ah! isn't he a dear."

CHORUS.

I'm a darling, ain't I charming?
And the ladies all say, as I pass them by:
Ain't he purty? ain't he lovely?
Dan McCormack, the copper, am I.—(*Repeat.*)

I visit all the collar shops,
About three times a week;
In one of them my sweetheart works,
And of love I always speak.
I acquaint her with all the acknowledgements,
Which from the public I receive,
And tell her how they'll sigh and sob,
When the force I'd have to leave.—*Chorus.*

My antecedents were high-toned,
Respected everywhere;
My father could whip an elephant,
My mother could whip a bear;
My sister could toss a camel,
My brother could fight a fly,
They could stand a rhinocerous on his head,
And sing the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.—*Chorus.*

Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd.

Copyright, 1880, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Before you stands a lad,
With a heart that's never sad,
And the reason why, I'll tell you all to-night;
I'm late of Erin's isle,
And with my pleasant ways and style,
I have won a girl who is my heart's delight;
She lives up here in Harlem,
With her parents she's a darling,
And I know she is her mother's only pride;
I can sing and dance together,
With this darling little treasure,
And it's soon I'm going to claim her as my bride.

CHORUS.

For she is sweet as a rose,
With a nice little nose;
She dresses quite neat, though not proud;
With nice golden hair,
There is none can compare
With my Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd.—(*Dance.*)

I saw her yesterday, while a-passing by her way,
She was setting in her garden all alone;
And I saw her throw a kiss to me—
Did this little miss,
And it made my heart with joy beat, I will own;
Then quickly I did glide,
To the garden by her side,
And we walked and talked together until noon;
And she said her parents were willing,
And their consent they had given,
And we are going to marry very soon.—*Chorus.*

—"I've risen from the bar to the bench," said a lawyer on quitting the profession and taking up shoemaking.

—A lawyer wrote *rascal* in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his *own* name in it.

Does Your Mother Take In Washing?

I know a jolly bachelor,
Who lives next door to me,
Though he is thought a bit of a bore
In jolly good company;
For he is such an inquisitive man,
That if you e'er should meet,
He'll button-hole you if he can,
And give you the following treat:

CHORUS.

Does your mother take in washing?
Has she sold her mangle?
What's become of the old piano,
Your sister used to strangle?
Has your father plenty of work?
Does he still get boozed, too?
Tell me all the particulars,
And stop as long as you used to?

Now this old man has lots of wealth,
So he's not without a few
Choice friends, who'll call to drink his health,
And borrow a pound or two;
But the old man cross-examines them so,
That they're glad to get away
As rich as they came, and as out they go,
With a grin on his face he will say:—*Chorus.*

This bachelor blessed with a lovely niece,
His heiress, so they say,
So I thought I'd try to be in the piece,
And told my love one day.
"Oh! speak to my uncle, sir," she said,
"With his consent we'll wed."
So I asked him if she could be my bride,
When he drew me aside and said:—*Chorus.*

The ladies give him the sweetest smiles,
And flatter and coax him so,
But he can see through their artful wiles,
Though his knowledge he does not show;
They'll make him presents of gloves and ties,
And handkerchiefs white as snow;
Which he will wave before their eyes,
As he asks with a chuckle and crow:—*Chorus.*

Remember Poor Mother at Home.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Oh, give me again those bright days of yore,
And the dear land where I was born;
And the bright little home with ivy covered o'er,
Where I left dear old mother alone?
That parting so sad, I will never forget,
Where'er on the earth I may roam;
When I'm happy to-night in my fireside so bright,
I will think of my mother at home.

CHORUS.

Then where'er I may be, on the land or the sea,
Where'er o'er the earth I may roam,
She watched me with care, may God bless her gray hair,
I'll think of my mother at home.

I ne'er shall forget the last words she said,
As I kissed her that fond, sweet good-by;
She cried: "My dear son, my life's race is done,
If you leave me in sorrow I'll die.
Who'll watch o'er with care those poor, withered, gray hairs,
While far from your mother you roam?
May the God up above, in his mercy and love,
Bring you back to your mother at home."—*Chorus.*

A letter she wrote me a short time ago,
And the words in my memory remain;
She said: "My dear boy, my last hour is nigh,
And I'm longing to see you again.
Your father is dead, and he lies 'neath the trees
Where you in your childhood did roam;
Oh, to see you again, it would free me from pain,
Then come back to your mother at home."—*Chorus.*

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

There is an old familiar theme,
Woman, lovely woman!
Subject for painter or poet's dream,
Woman, lovely woman!
And to enchant us each dear one contrive,
Then here's to the fair sex, our sweethearts and wives,
In spite of her faults, she's the joy of our lives,
Woman, lovely woman!

CHORUS.

Who's always true to us? woman, woman!
Who sticks like glue to us since the world began?
Who loves to cut a dash? who likes to spend the cash?
But who has to pay the damage? man, poor man!

But after all she's good as gold,
Woman, lovely woman!
If I'd the power in my arms I'd enfold
Woman, lovely woman!
Oh, how we dote on each sly little puss,
Wheedle and coax them and make such a fuss;
Men rule the world, but who is it rules us?
Woman, lovely woman!—*Chorus.*

Who is the joy of each man's heart?
Woman, lovely woman!
Who cannot gossip or take her own part?
Woman, lovely woman!
Whom do we think are without speck or flaw,
The prettiest creatures that ever we saw?
But who have far more than their fair share of jaw?
Woman, lovely woman!—*Chorus.*

Who sits up when we're out at night?
Woman, lovely woman!
Who meets us when we come home tight?
Woman, lovely woman!
By whom up the stairs are we carefully led,
And when we're asleep and our senses have fled,
Runs through our pockets when we are in bed?
Woman, lovely woman!—*Chorus.*

Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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My clothing once, alas! my friends, was linsey, woolsey, fine,
My hair was brushed off neatly and gaily it did shine,
But now I'm a-growing old, and nature doth decay,
My master he doth frown on me, and thus I heard him say:

CHORUS.

"You're good for nothing now, old horse!"
And then he passed me by;
"I cannot give you hay and oats,
Poor old horse—let him die!"

My lodging once was on clean straw and in a stable warm,
To keep my active sturdy limbs from taking cold or harm;
But now I am in open fields compelled in truth to go,
And bear cold, frosty Winters, the hail, the rain and snow.—CHORUS

My feed once was the best of oats, and likewise well cured hay,
As ever grew upon the lawn or in the meadows gay;
But no such comfort now I find in the stable or clean stall,
I am forced to nab the short grass that grows around the wall.—CHORUS.

My shoulders were both fat and fine, and clean, and smooth and round,
But now corrupted, rotten, my wind it is unsound,
And my foundered, old, cracked, hollow hoof, that once was smooth and hard,
Is deemed to be unworthy to tread my master's yard.—CHORUS.

You eat my hay that's costly, you also spoil my straw,
You're not fit to ride, old horse, and my cart you cannot draw;
And you are blind and lame, old horse, you're lazy, dull and slow,
I'll drive you from my premises to hunt your living, go!—CHORUS.

My skin unto the huntsman, the tale who can believe?
My flesh unto the hungry hounds I shortly, too, must give;
And noble form once nimble, that travelled leagues and miles,
O'er mountains, hedges, ditches, and leaped o'er gates and stiles.—CHORUS.

BALLINAMUCK BRIGADE.

Tune—"Emancipation Day."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'll never forget the day, my boys,
We went out on parade,
Dressed up in uniform so gay,
Two soldiers for a day;
With the green flag flying o'er our heads,
The color that never fades,
When we went up to the National Park
In the Ballinamuck Brigade.

CHORUS.

We marched away so neat,
With new shoes upon our feet,
Of the Hoolahan Musketeers we're not afraid;
And we look so neat and grand,
With our muskets in our hand,
While marching in the Ballinamuck Brigade.

The shooting commenced at the National Park
In the afternoon at four;
Tim Hoolahan won a barrel of coal,
And Murphy a barrel of flour;
Jim Casey won a new black hat,
Dressed out with a white cockade;
To turn out on St. Patrick's day
In the Ballinamuck Brigade.—*Chorus.*

And when we got home at night, my boys,
We dressed up for the ball;
We invited all the regiments,
The Mulligan Guards and all;
And during intermission,
When we drank our lemonade,
We gave an exhibition drill
In the Ballinamuck Brigade.—*Chorus.*

My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.

Copyright, 1880, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Come, oh, come, to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the fairest of pearls strew the shore,
And the tides ebb and flow in their beauty and pride,
While I wait for my bonnie Lenore.
Then, oh, come to me on the sands of the sea,
Where the music of waves thrill the soul;
I have built me a home where the foam caps may come,
And the tempests grow fierce round my goal.

CHORUS.

Will you come to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the fairest of shells strew the shore?
I have built me a home where the foam caps may come,
Will you come to my home by the sea?

Come, oh, come, to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the sunshine of life is so fair,
And the waves throb with pain then as calm as the heart,
That would win thee such true love to share.
Then come at the dawn of the morning so bright,
Or when sunbeams grow dim in the West;
When the sweet strains are heard, as old ocean is stirred
By the tempest grown fierce on its breast.—*Chorus.*

Come, oh, come, to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the pleasures of life may be found;
We will pick up the shells which are strewn on the shore,
And we'll bathe in the waves dancing round.
We'll speak words of love on the sands of the sea,
And my home shall be thine evermore,
When old ocean is stirred and sweet music is heard
By the happy ones down on the shore.—*Chorus.*

—Wheat is a well-raised cereal. It is first raised out of the ground, then raised in an elevator, where it generally gets raised in price, and after that, is raised in the (y)east; though it's sometimes done in the West, too.

RAGING CANAL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come, listen to my story, ye landsmen, one and all,
And I'll sing to you the dangers of that raging canal;
For I am one of many who expects a watery grave,
For I've been at the mercies of the winds and the waves.

I left Albany harbor about the break of day,
If rightly I remember, 'twas the second day of May;
We trusted to our driver, altho' he was but small,
Yet he knew all the windings of that raging canal.

It seemed as if the devil had work in hand that night,
For our oil it was all gone, and our lamps they gave no light,
The clouds began to gather, and the rain began to fall,
And I wished myself off of that raging canal.

The captain told the driver to hurry with all speed,
And his orders were obeyed, for he soon cracked up his lead;
With the fastest kind of towing we allowed by twelve o'clock,
We should be in old Schenectady, right bang against the dock.

But sad was the fate of our poor devoted bark,
For the rain kept a pouring faster, and the night it grew more dark;
The horses gave a stumble, and the driver gave a squall,
And they tumbled head and heels into that raging canal.

The captain came on deck, with a voice so clear and sound,
Crying, cut the horses loose, my boys, or I swear we'll all be drowned;
The driver paddled to the shore, altho' he was but small,
While the horses sank to rise no more in that raging canal.

The cook she wrung her hands, and she came upon the deck,
Saying, alas! what will become of us, our boat it is a wreck?
The steersman laid her over, for he was a man of sense,
When the bowsman jumped ashore he lashed her to the fence.

We had a load of Dutch, and we stowed them in the hole,
They were not the least concerned about the welfare of their soul;
The captain went below and implored them for to pray,
But the only answer he could get was, nix come ruse, nix fis staa.

The captain came on deck with a spy-glass in his hand,
But the night it was so dark he could not diskiver land;
He said to us with a faltering voice, while tears began to fall,
Prepare to meet your death, my boys, this night on the canal.

The cook she being kind-hearted, she loaned us an old dress,
Which we raised upon a setting-pole as a signal of distress;
We agreed with restoration, aboard the boat to bide,
And never quit her deck whilst a plank hung to her side.

It was our good fortune about the break of day,
The storm it did abate, and a boat came by that way;
Our signal was discovered, and they hove alongside,
And we all jumped aboard and for Buffalo did ride.

I landed in Buffalo about twelve o'clock,
The first place I went to was down to the dock;
I wanted to go up the lake, but it looked rather squally,
When along came Fred. Emmons and his friend Billy Bally.

Says Fred., how do you do, and whar have you been so long?
Says I, for the last fortnight I've been on the canal;
For it stormed all the time, and thar was the devil to pay,
When we got in Tonawandy Creek, we thar was cast away.

Now, says Fred., let me tell you how to manage wind and weather,
In a storm hug to the tow-path, and then lay feather to feather;
And when the weather is bad, and the wind it blows a gale,
Just jump ashore, knock down a horse—that's taking in the sail.

And if you wish to see both sides of the canal,
To steer your course to Buffalo, and that right true and well,
And should it be so foggy that you cannot see the track,
Just call the driver aboard and hitch a lantern on his back.

—A landlord having let all his houses but one, was asked if that unlet house was his last. "Yes; last, but not leased," was his reply.

A lady, on a cold morning, seeing all the windows and blinds of a wealthy bachelor's room thrown wide open, inquired the reason of it. "Oh," said he, "it's merely to let in my *only sun* and *air*."

Will My Darling Come Again?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Summer's fingers softly linger
On the meadows far and wide,
Breezes sighing, daylight dying,
In the hush of eventide;
'Neath the shadows, down the meadows
Of the little mossy lane,
Some one roaming in the gloaming,
Saying: "Will he come again?"

CHORUS.

Will he come again to meet me?
Some one asks their heart in vain;
Will he come with smiles to greet me?
Will my darling come again?

Moonlight over fields of clover,
Golden tinted dew impearled,
Birdlets sleeping, bright stars keeping
Watch and ward above the world;
Time is flying, hope most dying,
Down that little mossy lane;
Some one straying, sadly saying:
"Will my darling come again?"—*Chorus.*

Some one parted happy-hearted
Yester eve in joy and bliss,
I will meet you, I will greet you,
Some one whispered with a kiss;
Footsteps falling, some one calling,
One sweet name in glad refrain,
All their sadness turned to gladness,
Truly, he will come again!—*Chorus.*

THE AMERICAN STAR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Come, strike the bold anthem! the war-dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey;
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings and flies away.
The infants afrighted, cling close to their mothers,
The youths grasp their swords, for the combat prepare
While beauty weeps, fathers and lovers, and brothers,
All rush to display the American star.

Come, blow the shrill bugle—the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear or faint doubting be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore.
Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair?
Oh, no! from the hills the proud eagle comes swooping,
And waves to the brave the American star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been.
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die by the American star.

Your hands, then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar
United, we swear by the souls of the brave,
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent or sink in the grave.
Then, freemen, fill up, lo! the striped banner's flying,
The high bird of liberty screams through the air:
Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying,
Success to the beaming American star.

—"Don't you think," said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" "Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married."

Thou Art Gone, But Not Forgotten.

Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. A. Lieder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Thou art gone, but not forgotten,
We shall see thy form no more;
Thou hast crossed the mighty river,
To that bright celestial shore.
We have now a chair that's vacant,
And no smiling face we see;
Thou art gone, but not forgotten,
We will always think of thee.

CHORUS.

Thou hast left us broken-hearted,
But from trouble thou art free;
Thou art gone, but not forgotten,
We will always think of thee.

Thou art gone, but not forgotten,
Thou hast left us here to mourn;
From our circle now we miss thee,
We're dejected and forlorn.
We shall keep thy mem'ry sacred,
And shall speak thy praise with glee;
Thou art gone, but not forgotten,
We will always think of thee.—*Chorus.*

What I Heard An Old Maid Say.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

You men are all deceivers,
I heard an old maid say;
You tell us girls you love us,
Then steal our hearts away.
Each night, as I lay sleeping
Upon my little bed,
I dream, and often do I think,
'Tis true what the old maid said.

Yes, the men are all deceivers,
So, girls, of them beware;
They kiss you and caress you,
Try to catch you in their snare.
There is nothing so sweet as loving,
But of deceitful men I am in dread;
So, girls, do have sense and don't forget
The words the old maid said.

A Kiss From Dear Old Mother.

Copyright, 1884, by Will H. Kennedy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Many miles o'er the sea to a far distant clime,
Have I sailed to and fro for many years;
And at times when I'd think of the loved ones at home,
In my mind would arise a thousand fears.
How often at night I've paced the silent deck
In vain, for my heart I could not fetter;
But a bright gleam of sunshine dispelled all the gloom,
When from home I received a loving letter.

CHORUS.

A few short lines from darling sister Kate,
With love from my little blue-eyed brother;
But the sweetest words of all, woke an echo in my heart,
'Twas a kiss from dear old mother.

There's a bright little spot that the heart ne'er forgets,
And 'tis held by each comrade ever dear;
'Tis our fond happy home, with sweet sunny smiles,
And 'tis there that we ever love to steer.
When far, far away, across the raging main,
Sad feelings the heart can never fetter;
And in sorrow and pain, how the pulse throbs with joy,
When from home you receive a loving letter.—*Chorus.*

MONEY.

Copyright, 1886, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

What makes the world so busy? is what I want to know,
And why do we observe on every hand,
And in every society in which I chance to go,
An eagerness we all can understand?
Why do Smith, Jones, and Brown, each morning go to town,
And never miss a day through the year?
Why do policemen walk their beat? it cannot be a treat,
And why they do so really is, I fear—

CHORUS.

It's for money, ain't it funny
How it drives away all sorrow and dull care?
If you want honey, you must have money,
Yes, it's money, money, money everywhere.

Why does the little charmer, whose age is seventeen,
And who to leave her school is very glad,
Get married to some fellow, this we have often seen,
Who's really old enough to be her dad?
Why do politicians jaw, and soldiers go to war,
And the great salvation army preach and pray?
And at election time, how is it that we find
A voter who will vote the other way?—*Chorus.*

Why does an old acquaintance come knocking at your door,
Who's friendship's been for years behind the time,
And with a tale of misery he visits you once more,
To remind you of the days of auld lang syne?
Why does ——, who's well known unrivalled stand alone
In the amusement enterprise right here to-day?
For the benefit of all he opened up this hall,
And why he did so to you I will say:—*Chorus.*

Why does the champion, Sullivan, whom you all know so well,
Stand up in front of any other man?
And why does R. G. Ingersoll declare there is no hell,
And prove this proposition say he can?
Why does the masher in distress, have to leave his Sunday dress
With his uncle round the corner on the sly?
Why am I singing here to-night if not to get a sight,
And also have a finger in the pie?—*Chorus.*

CLAP YOUR HANDS TILL DADDY COMES HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a darkey from the country, O!
I came to see the baby show,
At Barnum's Museum I did see
The babies on their mamma's knee.
The biggest babe I ever saw,
Was a babe that came from Arkansas;
As fat and as black as a Thomas cat,
A crying for his daddy, oh!

CHORUS.

Clap your hands till daddy comes home,
Clap your hands till daddy comes home;
Hegeldy, ogeldy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen.

This baby had a daddy, oh!
It's a fact, I wouldn't told you so;
With calico eyes and gimblet hair,
Enough to make his daddy stare.
And then he took it on his knee,
And says: "You little duck I see,
I really think you look like me,
At least your mammy told me so."—*Chorus.*

This baby's daddy went to sea,
And left him on his mammy's knee;
He fought in the wars of Mexico,
To buy the baby a trumpet, oh!
And then she took it on her knee,
By the single double rule of three;
She gave it some pady garic, oh!
And sent it up to glory, oh!—*Chorus.*

MY LOVE IS A ZOU-ZU.

Tune—"My Love is a Sailor Boy."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

My love is a Zou-zu, so gallant and bold,
He's rough and he's handsome, scarce nineteen years old;
To show off in Washington he has left his own dear,
And my heart is a breaking because he's not here.

CHORUS.

For his spirit was brave, it was fierce to behold,
In a young man bred a Zou-zu, only nineteen years old.

His parents taught him to be a cavalier,
But the life of a Zou-zu he did much prefer;
For his heart's with his country in right or in wrong,
And in Richmond, with Baxter, he'll be afore long.—*Chorus.*

My fond heart is beating for him constantly,
But I fear his affections may waver from me;
For a sweetheart can be found in each state I am told,
By a young man, a Zou-zu, only nineteen years old.—*Chorus.*

And now my Zou-zu, I grieve and repine,
For fear that his brave heart may never be mine;
All the wealth of Jeff Davis, in cotton or gold,
I would give for my Zou-zu, only nineteen years old.—*Chorus.*

THE LAST HYMN.

By Marianne Farningham.

The sabbath-day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted West,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore,
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God, have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message! Here's a trumpet! shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wonder'd what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened,—"He is singing 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"
And the wind brought back the echo, "while the nearer waters roll;"
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "till the storm of life was past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not."—The singer droped at last into the sea,
And the watchers looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Mouse Traps, a Penny, Who'll Buy?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Dear friends, you now this object behold,
Wounded in love and minus a heart;
All thro' a gal that I love, who has me sold
For a nasty mouse trap man she thought smart.
Calling loudly outside her door he'd go,
Singing, mouse trap! aloud, a penny! each day;
He gained her affections, and you must know,
Caught her thro' mouse traps and took her away.

CHORUS.

Mouse traps! aloud he'd bawl and cry,
Who'll buy my mouse traps, who'll buy?
As firm as a house, who's going to buy?
Come, buy my mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?

Her name it was Itching, from Scratchen she came,
A sweet kitchen maid, I'd like you to know;
Many chap's heart she'd soon raise a-flame,
And my heart she did harrow when I was her beaux.
So telling this chap they swarmed with mice,
She induced him inside, got him straight in a line;
Of victuals gave plenty, filled pewter pots twice,
When he show'd her a trap to catch six at a time.—*Chorus.*

In a nice little corner her trap did fix,
And on every hook hung a bit of raw cheese;
When waking next morn, surprised to find six
Poor, dear little mices all deaded she sees.
On making the diskivery she fell upon the floor,
Oh, dear me, the like I never see sich;
He what brought that eer trap to the door,
Sure and sartin is a wizard, leastways a witch.—*Chorus.*

Poor me had no more cold scran from that day,
For her kitchen stuff went to that eer chap;
And when axing for 'em, why she'd say,
As how she couldn't spare 'em 'cos of the trap.
Werry good, old gal, says I, but can you tell
What comes of governor's left off wraps?
Some one must have 'em, for a fool can tell,
They don't want boots and coats to buy mouse traps.—*Chorus.*

I got kicked out, the door slammed in my face,
I was sent off with a fly in my ear;
I had the cold shoulder, and it was a case,
Cut out clean by that cove quite clear.
So on Sunday last they were man and wife made,
My buzzum was choked with grief and woe,
And the pair Owen's doing a rattling trade,
As mouse traps, a penny, they both shouting go.—*Chorus.*

Mother, Dear, Write to Your Boy.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've been dreaming of you, mother,
It seems but yesterday;
'Twas at the gate we parted,
These loving words did day:
Come, kiss me, good-bye, darling,
Perhaps 'twill be the last,
My heart was broke when last she spoke,
And tears came falling fast.

CHORUS.

Mother, dear mother, please write to your boy,
I fancy I saw you in visions of joy;
You loved me so well with your heart kind and true,
Mother, dear mother, I'm dreaming of you.

Oh, write to me, dear mother,
And tell me you are well;
And then I'll rest contented,
No joy my heart can tell.
'Tis years since you caressed me,
And kissed me with a tear;
I'd love to smile on you awhile,
My lonely heart 'twould cheer.—*Chorus.*

You Can't Do It, You Know.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I've heard people say that the world they'd surprise,
But they can't do it, you know;
With ships like balloon, they would soar to the skies,
But they can't do it, you know;
While some other fellows who haven't a cent,
Are on a most wonderful patent intent,
And perpetual motion they'd like to invent,
But they can't do it, you know.

CHORUS.

They can't do it, you know,
They can't do it, you know,
They'll never make a dime,
They only waste their time,
For they can't do it, you know.

Some fellows are partial to cutting a swell,
But they can't do it, you know;
Each one is intending to wed a rich belle,
But they can't do it, you know.
Some fellows are trying some method to seek,
To wear handsome raiment and jewels unique,
And to pay for the same on ten dollars a week,
But they can't do it, you know.—*Chorus.*

The Britons are trying our powers to doubt,
But they can't do it, you know;
They tried very hard to knock Sullivan out,
But they can't do it, you know.
And when the Genesta came our yacht to whip,
The Puritan saucily gave her the slip;
There is many a slip twixt the cup and the ship,
But they can't do it, you know.—*Chorus.*

My landlady's bill I endeavor to pay,
But I can't do it, you know;
I try to eat boarding-house steak every day,
But I can't do it, you know.
Her coffee so muddy, her doughnuts so dry,
Her back numbered cakes and her celluloid pie,
To enjoy them and eat them how vainly I try,
But I can't do it, you know.—*Chorus.*

I'd fain live at peace with my mother-in-law,
But I can't do it, you know;
I try to induce her to silence her Jane,
But she won't do it, you know.
Some ballet girls try to look young I'm aware,
Some plumbers endeavor to charge what is fair,
And some lawyers try hard to be honest and square,
But they can't do it, you know.—*Chorus.*

They say they will show us a dude that has brains,
But they can't do it, you know;
That Vanderbilt's charity wastes all his gains,
But they can't do it, you know.
Policemen are never seen asleep on the beat,
That they'll sweep banana peels off the street,
That they'll show us a St. Louis girl with small feet,
But they can't do it, you know.—*Chorus.*

My Moustache is Growing.

Tune—"Annie of the Vale."

My moustache is growing,
Its genial warmth bestowing,
Its beauty takes the eye of all Chestnut street;
Come forth like a fairy
So stiff and so hairy,
And ramble on my upper lip so neat.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, moustache, come,
Come, ere the dye on you pale;
Oh, come in thy strength, thou marvel of length,
Dear moustache, dear moustache, never fail.

The charms I inherit
Are caused by thy merit,
I hope thy color ne'er will fade away;
The watch-dog is snarling,
For fear, moustache, darling,
The tip end of his tail I'd steal away.—*Chorus.*

BUCCANIER'S BRIDE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Away! away! o'er the boundless deep,
We'll merrily, merrily roam;
Come, my bride, break the mermaid's sleep,
With a song of thy highland home.
On the deep they stand, my gallant band,
To guard thee, love, o'er the sea,
To the spicy isles where the bright sun smiles
With his golden fruits for thee.

CHORUS.

On the deep they stand, my gallant band,
To guard thee, love, o'er the sea,
To the spicy isles where the bright sun smiles
With his golden fruits for thee.

Away! away! o'er the boundless deep,
We'll merrily, merrily roam;
Cheer up, my bonny bride, nor weep
For the joys of thy highland home.
In the land of the rose, where the ruby glows,
With a thousand gems as bright,
I'll deck thy brow, as the moon does now,
With her fairy beams of light.—*Chorus.*

RATAPLAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

What a charm has the drum, with its tanarantan,
When we march on the gay parade;
Oh, the music we love is the bold rataplan,
And the rubadub merrily played.
Every heart is inspired by its magical sound,
There's a soul in the stirring drum;
And there is not a voice, while its echoes rebound,
But would cry: "Let the enemy come."
So merrily, oh, so cheerily, oh, so merrily march away,
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan!
March away while you may, 'tis a gay gala day,
And our banners are flaunting high;
In the sword and gun flash around every one,
With a glance just as bright as the sky. Rataplan!
Rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran,
Rataplan, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, rataplan, tanaran.

CHORUS.

List, list, away, away,
Now they come, they come;
List to the rolling drum,
The rolling, rolling drum.
Now their banners swell the breeze,
And bid the foe to come,
While we march with quickened speed
To the rolling drum.

To the field when we march, how the tanarantan
Makes the heart of the soldier glow;
Let him hear but the roll of the bold rataplan,
And how gallantly forward he'll go.
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Still the sound of the rolling drum
Sends its echoes afar from the red field of war,
To the dear friends who welcome us home.
Then merrily, oh, so cheerily, oh, so merrily march away,
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan!
March away while you may, 'tis a gay gala day,
And our banners are flaunting high;
In the sword and gun flash around ev'ry one,
With a glance just as bright as the sky. Rataplan!
Rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran,
Rataplan, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, rataplan, tanaran.—*Chorus.*

—The lover that Anna kissed in Cherry street the other night is afraid he will be arrested, because he is a fellow Annarkist.

—There are only three thousand professional burglars in the country. The night work is very trying to the health, and their terms of service are very short—in jail.—*Lowell Citizen.*

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Copyright, 1886, by Will H. Kennedy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Grandmother's birthday's here at last,
Silver locks once shining gold,
Shows that her youthful days are past,
For grandmother's sixty years old.
Mem'ry oft fancies the dances and glances
From dozens of cousins and beaus by the score,
But now 'tis all past, age has crept on at last,
And grandmother's sixty years old.

CHORUS.

Grandmother's birthday's here at last,
Silver locks once shining gold
Shows that her youthful days are past,
For grandmother's sixty years old.

Grandmother's eyes are dimmed with age,
Once they were bright as the day;
Grandmother's pen could fill life's page,
With scenes that have long passed away.
Time ever fleeting brings meeting and greeting,
Yet leaves but the traces of faces that's gone,
But love's silent tear shows their mem'ry's held dear,
Tho' grandmother's sixty years old.—*Chorus.*

I'm Going to Fight Mit Siegel.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've come shust now, to tells you how
I goes mit regimentals,
To schlauch dem voes of liberty,
Like dem old Continentals,
Vot fights mit England long ago,
To save de Yankee eagle;
Und now I gets my sojer clothes,
I'm going to fight mit Siegel.

CHORUS.

Yaw, daus is true, I shpeaks mit you,
I'm going to fight mit Siegel.

Ven I comes from de Deutsche countree,
I vorks somedimes at baking;
Den I keeps a lager bier saloon,
Un den I goes shoemaking;
But now I vas a sojer been,
To save de Yankee eagle;
To schlauch dem tam secession volks,
I'm going to fight mit Siegel.—*Chorus*

I gets ein tam big rifle guns,
Und puts him to mine shoulder
Den march so bold, like a big jack horse,
Un may been someding bolder;
I goes off mit de volunteers,
To save de Yankee eagle;
To give dem rebel vellers fits,
I'm going to fight mit Siegel.—*Chorus.*

Dem Deutschen mens mit Siegel's band,
At fighting have no rival;
Un ven Cheff Davis mens we meet,
Ve schlauch 'em like de tuyvil;
Dere's only von t'ing vot I fear,
Ven pattling for de eagle,
I von't get not no lager bier,
Ven I goes to fight mit Siegel.—*Chorus.*

For rations dey gives salty pork,
I dinks dat was a great sell;
I petter likes de sour krout,
De switzer kaise un pretzel.
If Shen'ral Meade vill give us dem,
Ve'll save de Yankee eagle;
Un I'll put mine vrou in breechaloons,
To go un fight mit Siegel.—*Chorus.*

The Captive Bird's Complaint.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I wonder what my wings were made for,
Fluttering, active, restive things;
If this cage is all of birdland,
Tell one why a bird has wings

Shaking, hopeing, waiting, restive,
How I wish for once to fly;
How my aching pinions tremble,
Give me life or let me die.

Yonder in a deep green cedar,
Fair as light, and light as air,
Shouts aloud a joyous robin,
If you love me, send me there.

Better anything with freedom,
Than to know that one has wings,
And must ever keep them fettered—
Slavery hath a thousand stings.

Oh, this cage it does not fit me,
I'm not made for it, I know;
Mine is yonder in the heavens,
If you love me, let me go.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Into her chamber went,
A little girl, one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close,
Thy form I cannot see,
If Thou art near me, Lord,
I pray'T hee speak to me."
A still small voice she heard
Within her inmost soul—
"What is it, child, I hear,
And love thee, tell me all?"

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray,
Oh, let me have Thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not, fear not, my child,
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee ere
Until I bring thee home."

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away,
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
Oh, let my parents live
Till I a woman grow,
For if they die what can
A little orphan do."
"Fear not, fear not, my child,
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee ere
Until I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord,
His hand in mine I felt,
And, oh, I heard Him say,
As by my chair I knelt:
'Fear not, fear not, my child,
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee ere
Until I bring thee home.'"

Never Go Back on the Poor.

Tune—"Don't Put Your Foot On a Man When He's Down."

In this world of sorrow, of toil and regret,
There are scenes I would gladly pass o'er,
But stern truth compels that each fact must be told,
That thro' life we may check them the more.
Is it right that a man, who has well earned his pay
On the pipes by the sweat of his brow,
Should wait like a beggar on Green, day by day,
Or-else home in hunger to go?

CHORUS.

If a man is in trouble, remember this song,
Go drive the grim wolf from his door;
Assist him in need, you will seldom be wrong,
If you never go back on the poor.

From the wild waste of waters a death-cry came,
As dashed on the iron-bound shore,
A noble ship struck in the darkness of night,
And sank 'mid the tempest's loud roar.
The captain asleep, and the men off their posts,
With the coal and provisions run short,
While the doomed ones they hoped for that bright Western land,
Which in joyous sweet dreams they had sought.

CHORUS.

Can it be such neglect shall by us be forgot,
Or that money shall triumph once more?
A good willing hand, a stout branch and a rope,
For those who go back on the poor.

When the divers went down 'neath the wreck, to search
For the victims that lay far below,
"'Tis only a steerage," was oft the remark,
As the ghastly form came up to view;
As if only a steerage could shut out a soul,
Because poverty claimed him her own;
As if dollars and dimes are the standard of worth,
And the pass to all good that is known.

CHORUS.

But the White Star must change its emblem aloft,
To blood-red, afloat and ashore,
Till the steamer Atlantic's forgotten by time,
With its cargo of unburied poor.

At the stands on the corner of every street,
The aged and blind used to be,
And work out a living to save them from want,
From the poor-house that they might be free;
But now stout Italians, healthy and strong,
Each old grandmother's driven away;
I don't think the people will stand the base wrong
Of these people who work under pay.

CHORUS.

And the newsboy or bootblack, that toils morn and night,
To keep hunger and pain from the door,
Have been pushed to the wall by these great organ men—
Let us never go back on the poor.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Where the valley-brook is slowly creeping,
And the wood-bird sings its lonely song;
Where the willow-boughs are sadly weeping,
While the zephyrs murmuring pass along;
There my gentle mother's form reposes,
Dearly loved in childhood's happy day;
At that grave I kneel 'mid clustering roses,
Weeping twilight's stilly hour away.

Can I 'mid the toils of life forget thee,
Angel guardian of my infant years?
Every care compels me to regret thee,
Every smile is chased away by tears.
Holy precepts by thy lips were given,
How I've kept them let my anguish own;
Dearest mother, from thy home in heaven,
Lean down and listen to my anguished moan.

Washington, Star of the West.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

There's a star in the West, that will never go down,
'Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, for it is our own,
And liberty bursts in its ray.
Shall the name of Washington ever be heard
By a freeman and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the name
Of Washington, star of the West?

War! war to the knife—be enthralled or ye die!
Was the echo that waked up the land;
But it was not this frenzy that promoted the cry,
Nor rashness that kindled the brand.
He threw back the fetters, he headed the strife,
'Till man's charter was firmly restored;
Then he prayed for the moment when liberty and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh, his laurels were pure, and his patriotic name
In the pages of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hoffer and Tell.
Then cherish his mem'ry, the brave and the good,
At Mount Vernon the hero now rests;
Peace, peace to his ashes—our father is dead!
Great Washington, star of the West.

MARYLAND, MY HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Sweet Maryland, thy groves are green
And sparkling are thy rills,
And lovely are thy vales between
Thy fair and verdant hills;
Though far away I plow the sea,
Or in far countries roam,
My heart with fondness cling to thee,
Sweet Maryland, my home.

Long years have passed since when a boy,
I roamed thy fields with glee,
Or on thy waters bright with joy,
Dashed outward to the sea.
How fair, how bright those scenes to me,
Thy skies, how bright above;
At night's pale hour I dream of thee,
Sweet Maryland, my love.

What joy to see thee yet once more,
To hail thy favored land;
How gladly would I leap on shore
To tread thy silver strand.
And I will cross Atlantic's main,
When Summer days shall come,
To roam the woods and hills again,
Of Maryland, my home.

Go It While You're Young.

Money's scarce they say, and very well we know it,
Then surely, the best way is, while you're young to go it;
The banks are all flat broke, their rags are good for naught,
The species all bespoke, then certainly you ought to—

CHORUS.

Go it while you're young,
For when you're old you can't;
Let scandal hold her tongue
And bid dull care avaunt.

Now single men get wives, the States may soldiers need,
There's plenty to be had, if parties agreed;
Learn them all to shoot, to them it will be sport,
Say your fathers fought before, then certainly you ought to—*Chor.*

Youth's the time for pleasure, life is but a span,
Gaiety's a treasure, seize it while you can,
Old men couldn't go it, were they to be hung,
Their looks and actions show it—then—*Chorus.*

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Look yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, oh, pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud cracking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last,
Safely we drift on its soft silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

THE MANILLA BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I would not have a farmer
That works among the dirt,
I'd rather have the manilla boy
That wears the ruffled shirt,
That wears the ruffled shirt;
I'd rather have the manilla boy
That wears the ruffled shirt.

I would not have a blacksmith
That works among the coal,
I'd rather have the manilla boy
That carries the sack of gold,
That carries the sack of gold;
I'd rather have the manilla boy
That carries the sack of gold.

I would not have a miller
That works within the mill,
I'd rather have the manilla boy,
Because his name is Bill,
Because his name is Bill;
I'd rather have the manilla boy,
Because his name is Bill.

Och! Paddy, is it Yerself?

Tune—"Willie, We Have Missed You."

Och! Pat, is it yerself, indade, safe again to home?
Sure, Bridget told a lie, faith! she said ye wouldn't come;
I heerd yerself a' comin', and it made my dander rise,
Dade I knowed yer drunken footstep and yer rummy voice,
'Twas sorrow to my ears in the avenin's awful gloom—
Och! Paddy, tell me now, where did ye get yer rum?

We's afraid yer would come nightly, but this night of all,
We let the fire go out, 'cause we's going to the ball;
The childers would set up till nine o'clock and past,
Till they would say they knowed that their papa was lost,
An' they hoped yer would be sober when yer did get home—
Och! Patrick, tell me truly, where did ye get yer rum?

The days were glad without ye, the nights were spent in revel,
And now ye have come home, Pat, ye drunken divil;
Last night I sung and danced by the moon's gentle ray,
Till I thought I heerd yer voice, when I stopped right away,
But I soon resumed my sport when I found ye had not come—
Och! Paddy, yer drunken rowdy, why did yer come home?

BRYAN O'LYNN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Bryan O'Lynn was a Scotchman born,
His teeth they were long, and his beard was unshorn,
His temples far out, and his eyes were far in,
"I'm a beautiful creature," says Bryan O'Lynn.

CHORUS.

"With my ranting, roaring, hoaring, boaring, screwing,
Gouging, auguring, malleting, chiseling, stokering,
Plastering, hammering, sailoring, wafering,
Capering, tinkering, soldiering, butchering,
With my three-handled four-ironed gouging pin,
I'm a beautiful creature," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no coat to put on,
He borrowed a goat-skin to make him one—
He planted the horns right under his chin,
"They'll answer for pistols," says Bryan O'Lynn.—*Chorus.*

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
"They're nice, light and cool," says Bryan O'Lynn.—*Chorus.*

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch for to wear,
So he got him a turnip and scoop'd it out fair;
He then put a cricket clane under the skin,
"They'll think it's a-ticking," says Bryan O'Lynn.—*Chorus.*

Bryan O'Lynn he bought him a gun,
He planted the trigger right under his thumb,
He pulled the trigger, the gun give a crack,
And knocked Bryan O'Lynn on the broad of his back.—*Chorus.*

Bryan O'Lynn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone,
"I'll put her behind as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me," says Bryan O'Lynn.—*Chorus.*

Bryan O'Lynn, and his wife and the mother,
Were all going over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down and they all tumbled in,
"We'll find ground at the bottom," says Bryan O'Lynn.—*Chorus.*

JOE HARDY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Yes, I know that you were once my lover,
But that sort of thing has an end,
Now love and its transports are over,
But yet you may still be my friend.

Don't kneel at my feet I implore thee,
Don't write on the drawings you bring,
Don't ask me to say I adore thee,
For indeed it is no such thing.

I confess that when at Philadelphia we parted,
I swore that I worshiped you then,
That I was a maid broken-hearted,
And you the most charming of men.

I confess when I read your first letter,
I blotted your name with a tear,
I was young then, but now I know better,
Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here.

Oh, dear, how you fret, how you worry,
Repeating my vows to be true
If I said so, I told you a story,
For I love Hardy better than you.

Yes, now this fond heart's another's,
I sigh so when he is gone,
I can love you indeed as a brother,
But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

Sammy Slap, the Bill Sticker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm Sammy Slap, the bill sticker, and you must all agree, sirs,
I sticks to business like a trump, and business sticks to me, sirs;
The low folks call me plasterer, but they deserve a banging,
Because, genteely speaking, why my trade is paper-hanging.

CHORUS.

With my paste, paste, paste,
Oh, all the world is puffing,
So I paste, paste, paste.

All 'round about the city now, when anything's the go, sirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a sticking up the posters;
I've hung Ned Forrest twelve feet high, and did it, sirs, quite easy,
And I've been engaged, too, lately, both by Mario and Grisi.—CHORUS.

I'm not like some in our trade, they deserve their jackets laced, sirs,
They stick up half their bosses bills, and sell the rest for waste, sirs;
Now honesty's best policy, with a good name to retire with,
So what I doesn't use myself my old girl lights the fire with.—CHORUS

Sometimes I'm jobbing for the church, with charitable sermons,
And sometimes for the theatre, the English and the Germans;
To me, of course, no odds it is, as long as I'm a winner,
Whether I sticks up for a saint or hangs up for a sinner.—CHORUS.

There's Jenny Lind, I'm proud to say, sweet music's great adorner,
I've had the honor of posting her in every hole and corner;
Albani, too, so nice and plump, I've stuck her up, that's certain,
And I've plastered Mrs. Mowatt right on top of Billy Burton.—CHORUS.

Well, now, before I say good-bye, permit me to remind ye,
That 'round about the city here, you're always sure to find me,
And if ever you shall have a job, to show how I deserve ye,
About the town, through thick and thin, I'll brush along to serve ye.—CHORUS.

THE SOAP FAT MAN.

Tune—"Bowld Irishman."

Och, I am a great Irishman, from Cork I have came,
For carrying the hod shure I've had a great name,
So I left off the hod, for I didn't like that,
I thought I cud make more be bawling soap fat.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

So I ordered a kittle, yis, for to be made,
By a fellow named Jimmy, a jolly young blade;
But says I, make that kittle as fast as you can,
For I've altered me to a soap fat man.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

Och, I'd travel the house from morning till night,
A bawling soap fat with all me might;
Arrah, thin, Pat, says me wife, will you stop that big roar,
For there's a thundering big crowd standing out by the door.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

Says I to my wife, now I'll settle them quick,
Only give me a cudgel or a bit of a stick,
I'll drive them away, be me, if I can,
And I'll show thim I'm a soap fat man.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

I went down by the door and jumped out mighty quick,
And gave a big fellow a belt with me stick;
Another big bully a standing close by,
Got a plaster of fat that filled up his left eye.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

Whin I struck a big fellow, och, thin was the fun,
For in every direction the crowd, sure, did run,
Thinks I to myself, sure, I've made thim all slope,
Just be giving the bully the divil's own poke.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

I've got out of the muss, and I'm better for that,
I'll lave off the trade of carrying soap fat,
For since I've done that, sure I've niver been right.
For every place that I wint I was sure for a fight.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

I'll carry the hod, and it's one I'll have made,
But not by Jimmy, the jolly young blade;
Whin I git at that, I'll bawl as loud as I can,
And holler three cheers for the soap fat man.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

One evenin' in de month of May,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
I met old Peter on de way,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
Moses wept and Abram cried,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Satan's coming, don't you hide,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.

REFRAIN.

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun to-day,
Pigeons a-flyin' all de way;
If you want to get to heaven in de good old way,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.

CHORUS.

Rolling on, rolling on to glory, children,
Rolling on, Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.

Oh, now, good children, do yo' best,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
And button on your golden vest,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
Tell your uncles and your aunts,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Fetch along their linen pants,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.—*Refrain and Chorus.*

The way am rough wid briar roots,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
We'll shoot ole Satan 'fore he scoots,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
When you hear de rascal yell,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Aim your musket, give him—well,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.—*Refrain and Chorus.*

I looked ole Satan in de eye,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Said he, "I'll want you by-an'-by,"
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
Fetch me up an alderman,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Put him in my frying pan,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.—*Refrain and Chorus.*

IRISH POTHEEN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Let the Frenchman drink his wine, the German drink his beer,
Let every man drink what he will;
Should a friend I chance to meet, I never fail to treat,
To that sparkling drink the Irish call "potheen."
There's a relish in its sip, how 'twill color up the lip,
Like a cherry fresh and rosy from a tree;
How 'twill warm up the heart, the chords of love 'twill start,
There is no drink like the sweet potheen for me.

CHORUS.

So come and fill your glass, let the toast of friendship pass,
Sing a song or dance with your colleen;
Should a friend I chance to meet, I never fail to treat,
To that sparkling drink the Irish call "potheen."

Around the hearth at night, when hearts are free and light,
When those we love are to be seen,
You'll see each smiling face fill an ever welcome place,
And imbibing in the rale ould sweet potheen.
Here and there a loving kiss, a bubbling o'er with bliss,
And a story that would make you laugh I ween;
Hand in hand you'll find us all, should you ever chance to call,
We will treat you to the rale ould sweet potheen.—*Chorus.*

I'll Marry No Man If He Drinks.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I know I may be an old maid,
May live and may die all forlorn,
Of that I am not much afraid,
For that I suppose I was born;
But one thing I know well enough,
No matter what any one thinks,
Although you may call it all stuff,
I'll marry no man if he drinks.

I see my friends wed every day,
To husbands so good and so kind,
They make splendid matches they say,
I think that their wives must be blind;
For Harry and Alfred are men
Who stagger and groan like a sphinx,
And so I repeat it again,
I'll marry no man if he drinks.

No matter how poor I may be,
No drunkard's home e'er can be mine,
Cold water the one draught for me
I never will drink of the wine;
And maidens, be cautious and wise,
No matter what Miss Grundy thinks,
Old topers and tipplers despise,
And marry no man if he drinks.

Standing on the Platform.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Going down to Long Branch, one fine day,
I chanced to miss the train,
I turned my head around and there I saw,
A sight which turned my brain.
For there I saw a charming girl,
The prettiest I'd ever seen;
Her voice was sweet, her dress was neat,
She was a fairy queen.

SPOKEN—Yes, she was the prettiest creature that I'd ever met in the whole course of my existence, and I considered myself very lucky that I happened to be—

CHORUS.

Standing on the platform, waiting for the train,
I met this darling girl, who winked at me so plain;
Bright blue eyes so sparkling, teeth were pearly white,
She was just the pink of fashion, and just the girl you'd like.

"Pray, sir, can you tell me how long the train will be?"
Said I, "I'll ask the guard;"
"I thank you for your kindness, sir!" said she,
And looked at me so hard.
We waited but a little while,
For the train it soon was there,
And then into one of the cars
I handed this lady fair.

SPOKEN—I was sorry to part with her, but she had to go one way, I had to go the other, and of course I couldn't detain her all day, a—*Chorus.*

She kissed her hand to me and said, "Dear sir,
Farewell, 'till next we meet,"
And, oh, the look she gave me as the train went off,
I assure you was a treat;
Yet, oh, some day I hope to meet
This charming creature divine,
And when I do, I'll tell you all
About this love of mine.

SPOKEN—Yes, she said that she would meet me again, but that it would not be—*Chorus.*

—When a young girl finds a four-leaf clover it is a sign that she will be married within a year, and she must carefully preserve the leaf until her wedding day. It is said that Dr. Mary Walker found a four-leaf clover thirty years ago, which she is still carefully preserving. There is something in signs, after all.—*Norristown Herald.*

I'm a Broken Down Man.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a broken down man, without money or credit,
My clothes are all tattered and torn,
Not a friend have I got in this wild, dreary world,
Oh, I wish I had never been born;
In vain I have searched for employment,
Sleeping out on the ground, cold and damp,
I am stared in the face by starvation,
Oh, pity the fate of a tramp.

CHORUS.

They tell me go work for a living,
And not thro' the country to stamp;
But still, when I ask for employment,
They'll say there's no work for a tramp.

Oh, the rich man at home by his bright cheery fire,
So sheltered and snug with his store,
Has often refused me, with sneers and contempt,
When I asked for the crumbs from his floor;
And because of the cravings of hunger,
With scorn I would turn to decamp,
He'd at once set his dogs loose upon me,
Because I was only a tramp.—*Chorus.*

It was only last night on the railroad,
A man both tired and footsore,
Spied an empty box-car standing still on the track,
So he got in and closed to the door;
But he had not gone far in this empty box-car,
When a brakeman came 'round with his lamp,
He was thrown from his resting place and killed per force,
Because he was only a tramp.—*Chorus.*

But the day will yet come, when the rich man and I
Shall be laid in the same mother earth,
Earth's joys and its sorrows will then have an end,
And I hope better times come to both;
But, kind friend, you must sometimes remember,
That every poor man's not a scamp,
For there's many a true heart still beating
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.—*Chorus.*

The Broken-Hearted Milkman.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I am arrayed,
Through keeping the company of a young servant maid,
Who lived on board wages a house to keep clean,
In a gentleman's family near Arlington Green.

Her eyes were as black as the seeds of a pear,
No rose in the garden with her cheeks could compare,
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long,
I thought that she loved me, but I found that I was wrong.

When I'd call in the morning and cry milk below,
At the sound of my milk cans her face she would show,
With a smile on her countenance, a laugh in her eye,
If I thought that she loved me, I'd lay down and die.

When I asked her to marry me, she said, oh, what stuff,
And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough
Of my nonsense, at the same I'd been very kind,
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined.

The man that gets me must have silver and gold,
A chariot to ride in, be handsome and bold,
His hair must be curly as any watch-spring,
And his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing.

These words that she uttered went straight through my heart,
I sobbed and I sighed, and forthwith did depart,
With a tear on my eyelids as big as a bean,
Bidding good-bye to Polly and Arlington Green.

In two months she married, this hard hearted girl,
It was not a viscount, it was not an earl,
It was not a baronet, but several shades worse,
'Twas a bow-legged conductor of a two penny 'bus.

LITTLE OCTOROON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send

Near the old plantation, at the close of day,
Stood the weary mother and her child,
List'ning to the sounds along the valleys way,
While their hearts with hope were throbbing wild.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! how the freedmen sang!
Glory! glory! how the old woods rang!
'Twas the loyal army sweeping to the sea,
Flinging out the banner of the free.

Fly, my precious darling, to the Union camp,
And I will keep the hounds and hunters here;
Go right through the forest, though 'tis dark and damp,
God will keep you, dear one, never fear.—*Chorus.*

When the blazing camp fires gleam'd amid the wood,
And the boys were halting for the night,
In her wond'rous beauty little Rosa stood,
Trembling and alone before their sight.—*Chorus.*

Then the brave old gunner took her in his arms,
Thinking of his own dear ones at home,
And through all the marches, and their rude alarms,
Softly brought the little Octoroon.—*Chorus.*

THE QUILTING PARTY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

'Twas down at Major Parsons' house,
The gals they had a quiltin',
Just for tu show their handsome looks
And have a little jiltin'.

CHORUS.

Yankee lasses are the U-
'niversal airth bewitchin',
They're good and true, and handsome, tu,
In parlor and in kitchen.

There was Deacon Jones's darter Sal,
Squire Wheeler's darter Mary,
And General Carter's youngest gal,
That looks just like a fairy.—*Chorus.*

There was Lucy White and Martha Brown,
And Parsons' darter Betty,
Femimo Pinkhorn, Prudence Short,
And Major Downing's Hetty.—*Chorus.*

But if there was a handsome gal,
To make a fellar's heart right,
I guess it was, by all accounts,
Miss Carolina Cartwright.—*Chorus.*

Wal, as they were a-whirlin' plate,
And playin' hunt the slipper,
Jerush Parsons went to git
Some cider in a dipper.—*Chorus.*

But just as she had left the room,
And got inter the entry,
She give a scream, and stood stock-still,
Just like a frozen sentry.—*Chorus.*

We all ran out, and there, I swow,
Both huggin' like creation,
Miss Cartwright and Sam Jones we saw,
A-kissin' like tarnation.— *Chorus.*

Oh, such a laugh as we sot up,
You never heerd a finer,
Says I, "I rekin kissin's cheap,
Don't you, Miss Carolina?"—*Chorus.*

I wish you'd saw Miss Cartwright blush,
Just like as if she'd painted,
She said—she had the colic—and
In Samuel's arms had fainted.—*Chorus.*

And now, young gals, I'd say tu you,
When you go tu a frolic,
Don't let your fellars kiss and hug,
Unless you have the colic.—*Chorus.*

THE FAIRY BOY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

A mother came, when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the fairy king:—
"Why, with spell my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy,
Why destroy a mother's blessing?
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander, day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train.
Fare-thee-well, my child, forever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy."

MOLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Molly, put the kettle on; why don't you put the kettle on?
Molly, put the kettle on, we'll all take tea.
Sukey, take it off again; why don't you take it off again?
Sukey, take it off again, for they are all gone away.

Now put down the ginger-cake, now put down the ginger-cake,
Stir the fire and let it bake, and we'll all take tea;
Put the muffins down to roast, put the muffins down to roast,
Blow the fire and make the toast, and we'll all take tea.

Dolly, set the table out, Dolly, set the table out,
Move the dishes all about, and we'll all take tea;
Pass around the pumpkin-pie, pass around the pumpkin-pie,
And the fritters made of rye, and we'll all take tea.

Aunt Jemima's Plaster.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Aunt Jemima she was old, but very kind and clever,
She had a notion of her own that she would marry never;
She said that she'd live in peace, and none should be her master,
She made her living, day by day, in selling of a plaster.

CHORUS.

Sheep-skin and bees wax made this awful plaster,
The more you try to get it off, the more it sticks the faster;
Sheep-skin and bees wax made this awful plaster,
The more you try to get it off, the more it sticks the faster.

She had a sister very tall, and if she'd kept on growing
She might have been a giant now, in fact there is no knowing;
All of a sudden she became of her own height the master,
And all because upon each foot Jemima put a plaster.—CHORUS.

There was a thief, night and day kept robbing of the neighbors,
But none could find the rascal out with all their tricks and labors;
She set a trap upon the step and caught him with a plaster,
The more he tried to get away, the more he stuck the faster.—CHORUS.

Her neighbor had a Thomas cat that ate like any glutton,
It never caught a mouse or rat, but stole both milk and mutton;
To keep it home she tried her best, but ne'er could be its master,
Until she stuck it to the floor with Aunt Jemima's plaster.—CHORUS.

Now if you have a dog or cat, a husband, wife or lover,
That you would wish to keep at home, this plaster just discover;
And if you wish to live in peace, avoiding all disaster,
Take my advice and try the strength of Aunt Jemima's plaster.—CHORUS.

THE LITTLE HERO.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

From Liverpool across the Atlantic,
The good ship was floating o'er the deep,
The skies bright with sunshine above us,
And the waters beneath us asleep,
Not a bad-tempered mariner amongst us,
A jollier crew never sailed,
Except the first mate, a bit of a savage,
But good seaman as ever was hailed.
One day he came up from below deck,
And grasping a lad by the arm,
A poor, little, ragged, young urchin,
Who ought to have been home with his marm,
And the mate asked the lad pretty roughly,
How he dared for to be stowed away,
Cheating the owners and captain,
Eating, sailing, and all without pay.

Now the lad had a face bright and winning,
And a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
He looked up at the scowling first mate, boys,
As he shook back his long shining curls,
And he said in a voice clear and pretty,
"My stepfather brought me on board,
And he hid me away down the stairs,
For to keep me he could not afford;
And he told me the good ship would take me
To Halifax town, oh, so far,
And said, now the Lord, who is your father,
Dwells where the good angels are."
"It's a lie," said the mate, "not your father,
But some of these big skulkers here,
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor,
Speak up, tell the truth; do you hear?"

Now the pair of blue eyes bright and winning,
And shining with innocent youth,
Looked up at the scowling first mate, boys,
And said he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."
Then the mate pulled his watch from his pocket,
Just as if he'd been drawing his knife,
If in ten minutes more you don't tell, lad,
There's a rope and good-bye to your life.
Eight minutes went by all in silence,
The mate said, "Now, lad, say your say."
His eyes slowly filling with tear drops,
He faltering, and said, "May I pray?"
Then the little chap he kneeled on the deck there,
And clasping his hands on his breast,
As he must oft have done when at home, lads,
At night time when going to rest.

Then soft came the words, "Our Father,"
Low and clear from those dear infant lips,
Though low as they were, like a trumpet
Did it sound to each man on that ship;
Every word of that prayer then he goes through,
To forever and ever, amen,
And for all the bright gold of the Indies,
I would not have heard him again.
Off his knees was the lad sudden lifted,
And clasped to the mate's rugged breast,
And his husky voice muttered, "God bless you,"
As his lips to his forehead he pressed.
"You believe me now, sir," said the youngster,
Believe me, he kissed him once more.
"You have laid down your life for the truth, lad,
I'll believe you from now evermore."

—"I'm suffering from room-mate-ism," remarked the man in a hotel room with ten other men.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Grab bags at charity fairs are prohibited in Washington by the police. This is the only kind of grabbing that is not permitted at the national capital.

—We once heard of a traveler at a hotel, who rose from his bed at night to examine the weather; but instead of looking out on the sky, he thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Bless me!" he muttered, "this is very singular weather. The night is as dark as pitch, and smells of cheese."

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, when 'tis moonlight, when 'tis starlight,
I will meet thee and I will bring to thee sweetest flowers,
From the woodland, from the woodland o'er the lea;
Ah, ye birds of Spring, tell what ye bring,
Merry birds, happy birds, joyous birds, birds of Spring;
Ah, when 'tis moonlight, when 'tis starlight,
I will meet thee and I will bring to thee
Sweetest flowers, from the woodland,
From the woodland o'er the lea.

Long have I waited here for thy coming,
Often in doubt my poor heart sank within me;
Hope I must cherish, though life may perish,
'Tis but a vision of sorrow that never can be,
'Tis but a vision of sorrow that never can be;
Ah, when 'tis moonlight, when 'tis starlight,
I will meet thee and I will bring to thee
Sweetest flowers, from the woodland,
From the woodland o'er the lea, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.

NORA CREINA.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Nora Creina, see the flowers,
The lovely flowers that all seem'd perish'd,
The tendrils we together train'd,
The blossoms we so fondly cherish'd.
Now beneath the Summer's sun,
Gladly waking, gaily springing,
O'er thy bower their trellis weave,
Sweetest perfumes round thee flinging,
Nora Creina! Nora, dear!
Lovely darling, Nora Creina!

Nora Creina, see the birds,
We thought forever flown away, love,
Whose nest was in the linden tree,
Whose young would round thy footsteps play, love.
Now the weary Winter's past,
O'er the wild wave gaily winging,
Come to seek thy smiles again,
'Neath thy lattice sweetly singing,
Nora Creina! Nora, dear!
Spirits watch o'er Nora Creina!

Nora Creina! Nora, dear!
Thus my love is thine forever,
Tho' stern fate's decree is past,
Two fond hearts awhile to sever.
Nora, darling, wipe away
The tear that's in thy blue eye starting,
Soon, love, we shall meet again,
And still more fondly for the parting,
Nora Creina! Nora, dear!
My sweet, my own, my Nora Creina!

Oh! Bring Me But My Arab Steed.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! bring me but my Arab steed,
My princely Rienzi's right,
And I will to the battle speed,
To guard him in the fight.
His noble crest I'll proudly wear,
And gird his scarf around,
But I must to the field repair,
For, hark! the trumpets sound.

Oh! with my Arab steed I'll go,
'Mid battle's glorious cry,
My sovereign meets the invading foe,
I'll save, or with him die.
His falchion 'midst the brave he'll bear,
His courser paws the ground,
But I must to the field repair,
For, hark! the trumpets sound.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By Gen. Lytle.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me!
Hush thine sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the Lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—
'Twas his own that struck the blow,—
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the Gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let her brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell—
Isis and Orisis guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

Don't You Hear the Bullgine?

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I 'ribed in town the tother day,
I went to the depot and I heard the people say,
The cars were a comin' and we all had to go,
For the stage and the steamboat were gittin' kinder slow.

CHORUS.
Ding dong dell, don't you hear the bell?
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Clear the track for she's a comin'.

The conductor sings "all aboard!" bang goes the bell,
Toot snorts the iron hore, run for seats pell mell,
Take a squat down, kerflop, on the cushion spring,
The bullgine blows and off she goes, up and down we swing.—*Chor.*

We took our seats, we never said a word,
Flew through the country just like a bird;
The conductor asked for money, I believe it was a dollar,
I hadn't a red cent, so he cotched me by the collar.—*Chorus.*

I am done with the railroad, so take my advice,
For if you do as I did, you'll never do it twice,
And if so you do they'll cotch you by the collar,
Will top you all about and then make you holler.—*Chorus.*

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 1.

CONTAINING 100 SONGS.

A handful of earth
A warrior bold
All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave huzzars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Blue bells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
Up at Jones' wood [marching
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
Wife's dream

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 2.

CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young
Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry pic-nic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 3.

CONTAINING 97 SONGS.

A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old duddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proud
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 4.

CONTAINING 99 SONGS.

An Irishman's toast
Apple of my eye
Arthur and Martha
Asleep at the switch—RECITATION
A knot of blue and gray
Always gay and free, boys
Bear it like a man
Bootblack—RECITATION
Brother's fainting at the door
Beautiful snow—RECITATION
Carry the news to Mary
Coney Island, down der bay
Committed to the deep
Champagne Charlie
Dearest Mae
Douglas! tender and true
Deaf with me kindly
Don't say I told you
Down the hill
Deer Island, down the bay
Fat Mickey
Feel for the eyes that are weeping
Five o'clock in the morning
Get a little table
Get thee gone, girl
Get away from dat window
Human harp
Hark! I hear an angel sing
Hildebrandt Montrose
I'll wait till the clouds roll by
I had but fifty cents
'Twas not my father
In the starlight
Ivy cabin in the lane
John Armstrong
Johnny Dougherty, the tailor
Just over
Jim, the carter lad
Lackawanna spooners
Light of other days
Limerick races
Little back parlor at home
Little Maggie Ann
McCarthy's mare
Mother's fool—RECITATION
Mulcahey's gone away
Man who struck my wife
My dear little friend, Louise
Miller's daughter
My poor dog Tray
My pretty Irish queen
Mother, he's going away
No Irish wanted here
Near the banks of that lone river
Nelly was a lady
New York society
Oh! take me to thy heart again
Old Grimes' cellar door
Old rustic bridge by the mill
Old Dan Tucker
Ophelia Murphy's birthmark
Old Grimes is dead
Paper of pins
Parted
Pennsylvania tramp
Portrait that hangs on the wall
Peek-a-boo
Pretty Peggy
Robin Adair
Run for the doctor
Swim out for glory
Scenes that are brightest
Since Cordelia first wore bangs
Since Terry first joined the gang
Silver slippers
Steam arm
Sweet scented, handsome young man
Shan Van Vogh
Same old game
Ten little Niggers
To the West
Tassels on the boots
There's a light in the window for thee
Things that I'd like to see
Vagabond
Villain still pursued her
Waterford Boys
When Johnny comes marching home
When the Brooklyn bridge is done
When the pigs begin to fly
Widow Machree
Wreck of the "London"
Where the ivy grows so green
When this cruel war is over
White squall
Wouldn't you like to know
Water cresses
What the old cock sparrow said
Whistling thief

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 5.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

Aesthetic Mick
After the opera's over
A hundred fathoms deep
A wet sheet and a flowing sea
Ain't you awful?
All among the hay
Big aquarium
Brannigan's pup
Babylon is fallen
Bell goes a ringing for Sarah
Biddy Doyle
Brannigan's band
Battle of Fontenoy
Bowery Grenadiers
Beautiful bells
Best little wife in the world
Bridget Donohue
Bugaboo
Come back to your Irish home
Cobbler's daughter
Colleen Dhas Machree
Drummer—RECITATION
Death of Nelson
Dot funny leetle baby—RECITATION
Dude—RECITATION
Fast freight—RECITATION
Fine old English gentleman
Finest police in the world
Flirtation O'Toole
Female barber shop
General Grant's trip around the world
Gilhooly, your coat is half-mast
Good-bye, John
Gobble song
Gold, gold, gold
Great men that Ireland has seen
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
Hang up the baby's stocking
I'll tell nobody
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I must be there on new years' day—REC
It's a cold day when I get left
I'll meet her when the sun goes down

I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
I was despised because I was poor
Jumbo
Johnny Morgan
Just down the lane
Jenny, who lives in the dell
Jessie, the flower of Dumblane
Kerry dance
Lorena
Lancashire lass
Lovely land of dreams
Life is but a game of cards—RECIT.
Maud Muller, in Dutch—RECITATION
Montgomery guard—RECITATION
Man who taught her to dance
Mattie, dear
Mott street, 449
My love Nell
My love she is a fairy queen
Moonlight walk
Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows what a racket was there
New York Police Gazette
No Irish need apply
Only a pin—RECITATION
Only to see thee, darling
Oh! you little darling, I love you
One more ribber for to cross
Over the neighbor's fence
Old pine tree
Pool
Poor Irish minstrel
Romance of a hammock—RECITATION
Rock the cradle, John
Ship that brought me over
Stuck on our shape
Some one to love
Speak, oh! speak to me again
Tail iv me coat
They are all getting married but me
Tom Bowling
Tommy, make room for your auntie
This little plain gold ring
Touch the elbow
Up in a balloon
Up in a mulberry tree
We never speak as we pass by
Wolf at the door—RECITATION
Waterfall
We may be happy yet
Which shall it be?—RECITATION
What will you do, love?
When the robins nest again
You never miss the lager till the keg
Yellow meal [runs dry
Yellow-haired Nellie—RECITATION

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 6.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

boy's best friend is his mother
lean banana
smile was all she gave me
esthetic dude
h, there, my size, I'll mash you
ngels, meet me on the cross-road
rt of making love
aby and I
aby's lullaby
e quiet, or I'll scream
illy's dream
itter beer
lack hills
urial of Sir John Moore—RECIT.
ye, bye, baby, bye, bye
all me your darling again
all me back again
hinese song
onvict's dream—RECITATION
urfew must not ring to-night—RECIT.
andy dude
arling Clo'
own the river
ather will settle the bill
ontenoy
ond memories of home
ountain in the park
ally the troubadour
ambler's wife—RECITATION
ood-bye, Biddy, dear
reenpoint Nell
oolahan Musketeers
Hash
Hoops
Hurrah for old Ireland
Hush-a-bye, baby
I am a man that's done wrong to my
I'll await my love [parents
Ivy green
Jakey Woolfenstein
Jeannette and Jeannot
Johnny Schmoker
Juice of the forbidden fruit
Just to please the boys
Kind relations
Last farewell
Lily Dale
Lord delivered Daniel
Lovers' telegraph
Love song
Mahoney's Fenian cat—RECITATION
Maniac—RECITATION
Man that stole the country
Marble arch
March of the Cameron men
Mary Ann, go get the growler
Mills shut down to-day
Moneyless man
Mother keeps the gate locked now
Mr. John Malone
Mulcahey's sooner dog—RECITATION
Newhall house fire
Nineteen hundred and one
Not for Joseph
Oh! boys, carry me 'long
Oh, Mr. Flannigan
Old church bell
Old plaid shawl
Old village blacksmith shop
Only a dear little flower
Our Jack's come home to-day
Over the mountain
Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn
Pat of Mullingar
People will talk
Perverted proverbs
Plumber—RECITATION
Poor little soldier's boy
Price of a drink—RECITATION
Raven—RECITATION
Sailing
Somebody's darling—RECITATION
Springtime and robins have come
Taffy was a Welshman
Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
Timid awkward squad
Tommy Dodd
To my wife
We reap what we sow—RECITATION
What I live for—RECITATION
What I would do for her—RECITATION
When the leaves begin to fall
Whiskey, you're the divil
Wreck of the "Atlantic"
Ye merry birds
Young recruit

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 7.

CONTAINING 94 SONGS.

Animals' fair
A dollar and sixty a day
A Yankee man of war
An agricultural Irish girl
A roller-rink romance—RECITATION
As I read the paper through
Burke's dream
Banks O'Doon
Bed-bug—RECITATION
Betty and the baby

Boy with the auburn hair
Beans
Candidate for alderman
Cats in our back yard
Climbing up de golden stairs
Colored band
Call her back and kiss her
Casey's awful grub
Coal oil Tommy
Don't leave your mother, Tom
Drummer boy of Waterloo
Dream faces
Duffy, the swell
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling
Erin-go-bragh
Fashionable Fred
Far, far away
Fine old Irish gentlemen
Female smuggler
Free and easy
Good ship Cumberland
Good-bye, 'Liza Jane
Gipsy Davy
Gal with the gainsborough hat
Hush, little baby, don't you cry
Here she goes and there she goes
House carpenter
Hornet's nest—RECITATION
I'll ask my mother and let you know
next Sunday afternoon
Irish wife—RECITATION
I'm in jail, my love
Jockey hat and feather
Jolly Jack, the rover
Keiser, der yer vant to buy a dog?
Kitty of Coleraine
Knock at the window to-night, love
Leave not your Kathleen
Little Brown church
Lord Bateman and the fair Sophia
Lay my head beneath a rose
Little fraud
Lost Charley Ross
Meet me, darling Kate, by the cottage
My trundle bed [gate
Masonic Song
McSorey's twins
My wife is so awfully thin
Mother, is the battle over?
Not much
Nelly Bly
Old bog hole
Oh! Nicodemus
Old familiar faces
Oft in the stilly night
Old turnkey
Old gray mare
Old Simon, the hot-corn man
Popsy wopsy
Please, don't sell father any more rum
Peck's bad boy—PART I
Pills! pills! pills!
Peck's bad boy—PART II
Railway guard
Rover's grave
Riding on the elevated railroad
Shanty boy's song
She was handsome as a rose
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
See-saw
Star of Glengary
That young man across the way
That sweet-scented handsome young
Up at Dudley grove [man
Up in a back room
Up stairs, in my bedroom
Venita
Watchman
Willie's on the dark blue sea
Wind blew through his whiskers
Would I were a boy again
Windy man from Brooklyn
Written in letters of gold

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 8.

CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew
An Irishman's dying request—RECIT.
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Bring back the old folks, Willie,
Bonny Irish boy [darling
Bright Alfarata
Banbury cross
Baby on the brain
Belleville convent fire
Banks of Newfoundland
Charley, he's a masher
Carrie, dear
Come back to the old home again
Comet of the West
Conductor with the patent nell punch
Clam soup peddler's daughter
Dan and Teddie's parting
Dear little Colleen
Donevans
Daechen on the Rhine—RECITATION
Down by the rustic gate
Ehren on the Rhine
Eggs for your breakfast in the morning
Electric light
Eddie McCarty
Fenian's escape
Fifth avenue
Falling leaves
Flew-y, Flew-y
Gallant Sixty-ninth
George Constantine McKeown
Give me back my heart again
Green fields of America
Her lovers—RECITATION
How we tried to whip the teacher—REC
Hebrew wedding
I dreamed that old Ireland was free
In the shadow of the leaves
I'll go back to the old bridge again
If I was the president
I will stand by my friend
I'll name the boy Dennis or no name
Isle of France [at all
In de Louisiana lowlands
Jordan is a hard road to travel
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 1
Johnny, fill up the bowl No. 2
Johnny Doyle
Jeremiah, blow the fire
Jack is every inch a sailor
Let me dream again
Lady, art thou sleeping?
Let us speak of a man as we find him
Lily of the West
Married life
Musical wife
My rattling mare and I
McCarthy's boarding house
Mother's last letter to me
My bonny laboring boy
Maryland, my Maryland
Mary Blane
'Neath the maple by the mill
Napolitaine
Nobody's mule—RECITATION
Other side of Jordan
Oh! I shall call dada
Orphan boy—RECITATION
Orphan girl
Old Mousquetaire
Once again
Oh, Fred! the boat is turning over
Our sailors on the sea
Poor old Jesse's blind
Poor married man
Pretty little Mary
Paddy's curiosity shop
Paddy on the canal
Sally Mackenally
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Song from "Nanon"
Something to tickle the girls
Sparking Sarah Jane
Silver bells of memory
Sweet Alpine roses
Shoot the hat
Sweet dreams of mother and home
Swinging on the golden gate
There's a light in the window
Tommy, make room for your uncle
Ten little Injuns
Three grains of corn
Ten minutes too late
Umbrella courtship
When we meet by the old bridge again
When the circus comes to town
What is life?—RECITATION
Wax-work show
Woman is what man doth make her—
When we went roller skating [REC.
You'll miss your mother when she's
Yes, we all will be there [gone
Yaller gal that winked at me
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 9.

CONTAINING 106 SONGS.

merica's emblem, the violet
n Irish fair day
m I not fondly thine own?
private still
s through the park I go
eautiful angel
obbing around
ill it kept running up higher
alibre fifty-four—RECITATION
old Stream Guards
radle's empty, baby's gone
anadian boat song
oat of other days
ome in and shut the door
ousin Jedediah
ricket on the hearth
ollier's dying child—RECITATION
own went the captain
on't forget the old folks at home
ot ole bay mule of mine
ying girl's message
andy Pat
iamond ring
ive dollar note
od bless you, Colleen
ood-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
randma's vacant chair
al with the terrible feet
ood-bye, my honey, I'm gone
ood-night, but not good-bye
ray's elegy—READING
ive a man credit for what he has done
e tells me he loves me
ow is your sister Mary?
ard-back family
ome attractions—RECITATION
I'm a dude
I stood on the bridge at midnight
I'm off for Charleston
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
Irish Colleen
I am a masher
James Bird
Jim Fisk song
Knocking at the gates of Jordan
Little wife Nellie
Little Mag and T
Love not
Little Mohe
Lone starry hours
My sweetheart's family
Macgregor's gathering
My pretty Quadroon
Man the life-boat
Mary Le More
MIKADO songs—
A wandering minstrel I
Brightly dawns our wedding day
Derry down Derry
Flowers that bloom in the Spring
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum
Here's a how-de-do
My object all sublime
Our great Mikado
Sun and I
They'd none of them be missed
Three little maids from school
Willow, tit-willow
Minstrel's dream
Making love on a bench in the park
Only a workingman's child
Our Yankee college boys
Old-fashioned photograph of mother
Old play-ground
Pride of Mayo
Pretty as a daisy
Rosy's Sunday out
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Reuben and Rachel
Rhine vine Sharley
Sheeny glazier's ball
Schneider's little boy—RECITATION
Sweethearts and wives
Susan's Sunday out
Such funny things are done upon the
Skidmore Guard [sl
Twelve stone two
Too utterly utter
To the song seekers
That's a matter of taste
Take good care of mother
Talk about your Moses
Take it, Bob
Take back those gems you gave me
Thou hast wounded the spirit that
Van Dieman's land [loved thee
Whisper and a kiss
Where the water lilies grow
We are out on the ocean sailing
What can the matter be?
Will o'-the-wisp
Whistling coon
Waiting for my ship to come this way
Waiting for a Broadway stage
What a blessing it is to have money
Whispering hope
Walking for dat oak.
You but no flowers on my papa's grave

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 10.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

Angel mother waits for me
All on the quiet
Always do your duty, boy
A norrible tale of the suicidal family
Avondale disaster
Always take mother's advice
Araby's daughter
Alice Gray
A yaller dog's love for a Nigger—REC.
Be friends with your brother again
Called away
Clementine
Captain Cuff
Creole girl
Dar's a new moon in de sky
Dear Robin, I'll be true [pizened
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's
Early Monday morning in 1805
For one day of t there's six days
Fanny Gray [of hash
Flanigan, the lodger
Flowers of the forest
Friar of Orders Grey
Fine old Dutch gentleman
Good-night! but not good-bye
Good-evening
Give me a cot in the valley I love
Gold diggers lament
Gamboling man
His heart was true to Pol'
He's never done anything since
High daddie
It's all a matter of taste
I'm awaiting my love's return
I wouldn't advise you to do it
I'm saddest when I sing
Just plain Jim
Kissing in the street
Kiss in school—RECITATION
Larry O'Gaff
Lora Vale
Lord Lovel
Lone rock by the sea
Last link is broken
Laugh in school—RECITATIO
Lady Franklin
Maid of the mill
Mikado McAllister
Morrisey and the Russian
My love is like the red, red rose
Mulligan's daughter, Nell
Maid of Judah
Minnie Clyde
My mother, dear
Mollie, dear, come then with me
Malone at the back of the bar
Married
Never take the hind shoe from a mule
Nell McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann
New Jerusalem
No, sir!
One word would call me back again
Ocean burial
Oh! you girls
Old Susquehanna
Old country circus
Penny ballads
Pat's not so black as he's been painted
Poor old tramp
Pretty pond lilies
Phœbe, dearest
Paddy Carey
Poor old dad
Rat-catcher's daughter
Rosa Lee
Some other girl shall wear the ring
Sullivan and Ryan
Standard bearer
Spencer's firey slope
Sparking Sunday night
Sock her on her kisser
Sailor's widow
They can't keep the workingman down
Trust her not, she is fooling thee
There is no harm in kissing
Tick! tick! tick!
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Truth in parenthis—RECITATION
Three sailor boys
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings
Wash me, mother, dear
Wreck of the Hesperus—RECITATION
White Wings
Waiting at the ferry
What becomes of a lie—RECITATION
Wake! Dinah, wake
Young Charlotte
Your little Liza loves you
Yes, sir!

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 11.

CONTAINING 102 SONGS.

A sweet face at the window
American star
A kiss from dear old mother
Antony and Cleopatra—RECITATION
Aunt Jemima's plaster
Ballinamuck Brigade
Britannia reigns supreme
Brave old oak
Bridal ring
Bruce's address to his army
Blind boy's lament
Bryan O'Lynn
Buccanier's bride
Broken-hearted milkman
Come, sit by me, mother
Captive bird's complaint
Child's Prayer [home
Clap your hands till daddy comes
Does your mother take in washing?
Don't die an old maid
Dearest spot of earth to me is home
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Fellow who stole my wife
Fairy boy
Goot lager bier
Go it while you're young
Grandmother's birthday
Homeward bound
In other respects we are doing quite
I had $15 in my inside pocket [well
Irish stranger
I'm going to fight mit Siegel
Irish Brigade
Irish potheen
I'll marry no man if he drinks
I'm a broken down man
Jock O' Hazeldean
Joe Hardy
Johnny, get your gun
Kitty, the baby and I
Lass O' Gowrie
Little old red shawl my mother wore
Last hymn—RECITATION
Little Octoroon
Little hero
My home by the deep rolling sea
McCormick, the copper
Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd
Mary Aileen
My Nannie, O!
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Maryland, my home
Manilla boy
My mother's grave
Mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?
Mother, dear, write to your boy
My moustache is growing
Money
My love is a Zou-Zu
Molly, put the kettle on
Noble knights of labor
Never go back on the poor
Nora Creina
Oyster maid
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Over the Jasper sea
On the beach at Long Branch
Och! Paddy, is it yerself?
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
'Ostler Joe—RECITATION [mamma!
Oh! bring me but my Arab steed
Poor old horse, let him die
Peanut stand
Quilting party
Raging canal
Remember poor mother at home
Root hog or die
Rataplan
Shall we know each other there?
She wore a wreath of roses
Spot where I was born
Sea, the sea, the open sea
Sammy Slap, the bill sticker
Soap fat man
Since Maggie learned to skate
Seeing New York sights
Standing on the platform
Thou art gone, but not forgotten
That's where you make the mistake
That hired girl—RECITATION
Three maids of Lee
To show my respects to McGinnis
Will my darling come again?
What I heard an old maid say
Woman, lovely woman
Wreck of the Haddingtonshire
We fought in the same campaign
Washington, star of the West
What I'd like to know
When 'tis moonlight
Ye parliaments of England
You can't do it, you know

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 12.

CONTAINING 91 SONGS.

Any tinware to mend?
Alderman of the ward
A soldier and a man
Because she ain't built that way
Bill Mason's ride—RECITATION
Bad whisky—RECITATION
"Chestnut" bell
Come along, my darling
Cove vot spouts
County jail
Cast one little thought for me
Captain Dwyer
Cracksman's chant
Cunard dock
Cow that ate the piper
Dying Boy's request
Don't blame the mother
Drop the pink curtains
Did you notice it?
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine
Dream no more
Darling Mignonette
Down in Mobile
Duck-foot Sue
Excelsior!—RECITATION
Far away from home and mother
Fifty miles under the sea
Faster you pluck them the thicker they
German fun at Union Hill [grow
Golly, ain't I wicked?
Gideon's band
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Hamtown Bass Ball Club
Her own boy Jack
Hail to the statue of Liberty
I'm only going out for the beer
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
I'm not asleep
Irish-American tea
Jack's yarn
Katy Drew
Katy Ryan
Little old mud cabin near the bogs
Live, my love, oh, live
Life's lot
Little Eva to her papa
Mr. Finagan
My father sould charcoal
Maureen Mavourneen
My love beyond the sea
Man that couldn't get warm
Mountaineer's farewell
My friend from Chicago
Not married yet?
Never trust a nigger with a gun
Owen Reilly
Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
One penny portion
Oh, love, will you be mine?
Package of old letters
Please give me a penny, sir?
Polly Perkins of Washington Square
Petticoat Lane
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Remember me to all at home [live
Remember that the poor tramp has to
Swim out, you're over your head
Sweet heather-bell [different ways
She's the image of her mother in a 1000
Swinging on the old rustic gate
Sarah Walker
Simple Simon
She'd have her way or die
Shivering and shaking out in the cold
Something sweet to think of
S. O. T.
Something for the babies
Scanlan's rose song
Two little ragged urchins
That's what puzzles the Quaker
Trust to luck
Where can the wanderer be?
Wreck of the Princess Alice
Warrior's grave
Winking at me
Why Paddy's always poor
What do you think of it?
Whiskers on the moon
Widow McCarty
Whistler—RECITATION
You'll never miss your mother 'till
[she's gone

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 13.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Australian exile
America beats them all
America
A patch from my angel brother's pants
A thousand years, my own Columbia
Prentice boy
Broken-stringed banjo that hangs on
Bacon and Greens [the wall
Battle of Bull Run
Barney, come home
Brave boys are they
Cumberland's crew
Captain de Wellington Boots
Cod-fish balls
Cabin with the roses at the door
Can you, then, love another?
Christmas tree
Clara Nolan's ball
Dunderbeck's machine
Dreaming of mother's angel face
Dot leedle German band
Dorkins was tight
Don't put my father's picture up for
Embarrassment [sale
Ellsworth avengers
Foot-print in the sand
Foot-prints on the snow
First time in twenty-four years
Good-bye, lovely Lou
God knows what we'll do before we
Grecian bend [die
Ham-fat man
Home once more, or, remembrance of
Henry Green of Troy [home
Hoist up the flag
He said I said
I'se gwine to weep no more
It's enough to knock any one out
Johnny, take it easy
John, my boy, remember me
John Bull
Keep one little thought for me
Lively flea
Letter that never came
Lost chord
Light-house by the sea
Must we leave the old home, mother?
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My mother's wedding ring
Maiden's vow
Maguinnis Guards
Miss Maloney on the Chinese question
Molly Brallaghan [RECITATION
McCarthy's silver wedding
My heart is sad to-night
Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs
No seet in heaven—RECITATION
Norah, asthore
Never take "no" for an answer
Other arrangements
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, take me home to die
Organ-grinder
Plodding through the rain
Paul Jones
Paddy Magee's dream
Papa, come home
Papa's footsteps
Rollicking Rams
Since my mother's dead and gone
Squinty Dan
Sweet Summer roses
Save my mother's picture from the sak
Spitz dog
Soldier's dream
Style in which it's done
There's a smile waiting for me at home
They told me not to love him
There she blows
That's what's the matter with Hannah
They all have a mate but me
Two or three strings to my bow
Upper and lower ten thousand
Up went the price
Vat's de brice of peans, Jake?
Why didn't you say so before?
Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Widow McGee
Who stole the ham?
When you've got money
You know vat I know
You mustn't believe all you hear
Yellow-haired laddie

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 14.

CONTAINING 92 SONGS.

Ilan, O'Brien and Larkin, (The Man-
ll for money [chester martyrs)
ssassination of Ellsworth
h, there! stay there
labama again
smart little bit ov a man
dam's ale
merican drinks
alle of Baltimore
illy Johnson's ball
lack flag
rossing o'er de ribber Jordan
ushlamachree
attlebar boy
hicago police patrol
er Deitcher's dog
ay I walked against O'Leary
ight years in Cherry Hill
lora Belle
ar away
ems of old Ireland
host of Benjamin Binns
reen mossy banks of the Lee
irl I left behind me
od, save Ireland
al with a roguelsh eye
e'll be back bye-and-bye
ave you seen Yum-Yum?
ow I miss those little footsteps
ome rule for Ireland
st me father wore
Heaven's my home
Hungry boarding-house
It's hard when you can't trust a friend
I kissed her under the parlor stairs
I'll return bye-and-bye
Is Maud in?
I haven't for a long time now
I would not die at all
If your foot is pretty, show it
I would not die in Spring time
If I only were a pretty little fly
I would like to do it, but can't
I'm a bum
I've wandered by the hut side
I would not die in Winter time
It's English, you know
If I was the man in the moon
I shall never make a gentleman of you,
Letters we carved on the tree [John
Let my name be kindly spoken
Land League Band
Leader of the band
Little Meg and I—RECITATION
Letter came at last
Lessons learned at a mother's knee
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
McGonigle's game dog—RECITATION
My queen
No, never can thy home be mine
Oh, no, certainly not
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
Origin of the harp
Once in a while
Over the hills to the bar-room
One parting word, dear mother
Orphan boy's lament
Old red cradle
Oregon gypsy girl
Our flag is there
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick's day parade
Patrol wagon
Rock-a-bye, baby
Riding on the cable cars
Sweet dreams of Erin
Song of the farmer
Spree
Three perished in the snow
Thine, still thine
Telephone
That's the idea, exactly
Under the daisies
Ungrateful son
When Bridget goes out on a mash
Why do you coldly greet me?
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Woman's tongue will never take a rest
What a friend we have in Jesus
We ought to be thankful for that
Write a loving letter to your mother

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 15.

CONTAINING 90 SONGS.

Absent-minded man
As long as the world goes round
Alonzo, the brave, and fair Imogine
'Way down in Maine
Accent on
A letter from Ireland
All's well
Angels ever bright and fair
Army bean
Botany bay
Barbara Fritchie—RECITATION
Blarney (The)
Barney Brallaghan
Belle of Avenue B
Before and after marriage
Buffalo gals
Becky Miller—RECITATION
Creep into bed, my baby
Clock on the wall
Charleston earthquake
Cork leg and James' crinoline
Constantinople countess
Dot beautiful Hebrew girl
Dese bones shall rise again
Dutchman's state
Dollars do the business every time
Der Shoemaker boy
Donnybrook, fair
Friendship—RECITATION
Gal with the balmoral
Go, get a derrick and hoist it
Hallelujah band
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Hail to the chief
It's dudish, you know
'Twill all come out in the wash
In the window a light I can see
Ill-fated Huron
I like it, I do
I saw Esau kissing Kate
Irish brigade—No. 2
It's nice
Joys that we've tasted
Just a little sunshine
King of the Cannibal Islands
Little Ah Sid
Lovely Nell
Look with thy fond eyes upon me
My mother's old slipper
My old scarlet coat
My own sweet Nellie Bawn
Man that couldn't get cool
Mother, home and heaven
Michigan, my Michigan
Many happy returns of the day
Mrs. Higgins' parlor floor
Nelly Brady
Old willow cradle
Old church of my childhood
Old-fashioned girl
Outcast (The)
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
One black sheep will never spoil the
Pat O'Hara [flock
Patter of the rain
Queen of all flowers
Rory of the hill—RECITATION
Scotch brigade
Spree song
Shall I ever see my old home any more
Sheffield apprentice
Sleep well, thou sweet angel
Striker and his son
Ta-ra-rum
There's a little vacant chair
There's nothing surprising in that
There's no love like the love of a
U-pi-dee [mother
Wedding march
While the blue laws are in force
When you and I were boys
Wrecked and saved
We smile and speak as we pass by
Who'll be an old man's darling?
Write me a letter from home
Who's dat callin' so sweet
Woodstock bridge disaster
Water-mill
You'll get there all the same
Yes, we'll write you a letter from home

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 16.

CONTAINING 89 SONGS.

A flower I found in mother's bible
American Statues
Alpine Maid
And so say all of us
Boulanger's march
Boss tramp—RECITATION
Bold privateer [mother's grave
Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
Bye-low, baby Bunting (Howard's
Brigham Young [cradle song
Bismarck Guard
Chestnut Green from Wayback
Come to my arms, precious darling
Chewing gum
Celebrated speech of Robert Emmet
Caroline of Edinburg Town
Convivial man
Come along, sinners
Colleen Bawn
Damsel that I longed for never came
Dying cowboy's lament
Don't go out to-night, Joe
Dougherty's boarding house
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door
Dogs' meat man
Down in dot restaurant
Down among the coals
Flying your kite too high
First she would, and then she wouldn't
Green hills of Erin
Give me a house that's haunted
Gals on the avenue
Grecian statues
Grandmother's clock
Home by the wave
I am happy when you're near me
I wonder what will happen next
I'm so shy
It didn't surprise me at all
I have something sweet to tell you
I cannot sing that song to-night
I'm seventy-two to-day
I'se a Methodist 'till I die
Just to make a change in business all
Just as of old [around
Kitty Wells
Light-house keeper
Life of a soldier in the U. S. Cavalry
Let my people go
Maid of sweet Gorteen
My sweet little blossom
Miss Maloney's growler
Meet me to-night
McCarthy's fancy ball
Mamma's black baby boy
Miner's life
My Dutch girl's name
Man with the terrible gaul
Miss Julia
Mariner's grave
Monitor and Merrimac
Names we should never forget
Nobody's business but your own
Oh! share my cottage
Old oaken bucket
Only remembered by what I have done
Only a ringlet of hair
Old street lamp
Old King Cole
Old red barn
Patrick Riley
Poor little newsboy
Railway guide
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care
Spanish cavalier
See where she goes, my own Sophia
Simon, the cellarer
She shook der dailor
Sister Mary walked like that (Pit-a-pat)
That's all
Tom, if you love me, say so
Two new sports in town
Terry O'Rann
Under the moon
Will the roses bloom again?
When business picks up in the Fall
Wreck of the Southern Pacific express
You know [train at Tehachapi Pass
Years have come and passed away
You can do it, if you want to

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 17.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

America is good enough for me
America still ahead
Annie, who played the banjo
A button-hole bouquet
A hundred years ago
A girl's best friend is her lover
A sad love story—RECITATION
Benny Havens, oh
Blue glass
Boy from County Clare
Biddy Toole
Bloated young aristocrat
Copper and the cook
Controllin' influence of drink
Charlie's little dog—RECITATION
Don't count your chickens before they
Day we celebrate [are hatched
Danube river
Drunk again
Don't leave your father, Kate
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in
Emmet's "lullaby" [the grave
Fairy belle
Farewell, my own
Gipsy's warning
German home upon the Rhine
Harp that once thro' Tara's halls
It makes a man feel like a fool
I'll give you one more as you go
Ireland will yet be free
I believe it, for my mother told me so
Irish volunteer
Irish schoolmaster
I never can forget
I'm all broke up to-day
It's all a matter of time
I'm the father of a little black coon
Is there no message here for me
Ireland
I wish I was a fish
I'm going to have my name above the
Is my darling true to me [door
Johnny, get your hair cut
Jesse James
Jane O'Malley
Kind words can never die
Keystone brigade
Let her go, Gallagher
Let her go, Gallagher (topical version)
Little brother Joe
Lula Wall
Lula is gone
Love among big noses
Let's be gay
Let me hug her for her mother
Mary Ann
Maggie, the cows are in the clover
Maid of Monterey
Meek and lowly
May be you do, but I doubt it
Mother, I was not to blame
Mamma's baby boy
My heart's in the Highlands
Minstrel boy
Many changes have I seen
On the beach at Long Branch
Oh, how delightful
Out in the cold [again
Out of work
Pretty little Flora
Poor old Jeff
Put by for a rainy day
Poor old slave
Par excellence
Papa's coming, bye and bye
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Robert Emmet
Shells of ocean
She might have licked McCarty
Supposing
Somebody's mother—RECITATION
Song of the haymakers
Saturday night, when the barroom's full
Sunny hours of childhood
Sunshine will come again
Tell mother I die happy
That big beaver hat
Tidings of comfort and joy
There's millions in it
Three angel visitants
Tom Collins is my name
That's pretty good, what next
What shall we name the baby
Watcher
Wait 'till the bull-dog dies, Jennie
When Ireland has an army and navy
Will Watch [of her own
What do they care about that
What Norah said
You'll remember me
You'll never know a mother's love

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 18.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

A mark from my angel mother's shoe
A tress of baby's golden hair
A man to knock Sullivan out
Beauty of Limerick
Bring back my Bonnie to me
Barney, the lad from Kildare
Base ball—RECITATION
Boyne water
Bunch of shamrocks
Dreaming of the loved ones
Don't whisper no
Dear little duck of a girl
Dear harp of my country
Donnelly and Cooper
Dot stupporn pony—RECITATION
Death of Sarsfield
Day we went tobogganning
Farewell, farewell, my own true love
From the cradle to the grave
Give me back your smiles again
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
Hebrew clothing drummer
Huldy Ann, how is your mother
I owe ten dollars to O'Grady
It's all over now with the ladies
I forget
In the gloaming
I did it
It's funny what lager will do
Ireland's sword and shield
If we only had our way
Irish philosopher—RECITATION
Justine, you love me not
Kathleen, my darling
Killarney
Little boy blue
Little bright eyes watching for me
Live in my heart and pay no rent
Letter that came too soon
Little fishermaiden
Little stars won't tell
Larry's on the force—RECITATION
Limerick races
Lannigan's ball
My bewitching Nell
My daughter, Rachael
Mr. Levy's doter
Maid of Erin
Me be like Mellican man
My Nellie's blue eye
My cot beside the sea
My dear Savannah home [the hill
Never push a man when he's going down
Only an outcast, forsaken by all
Only a girl—RECITATION
Old black Joe
Out of the frying-pan into the fire
Over the hills and the valleys
Old village bum
Our stylish boarding house
Puzzled census-taker—RECITATION
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak
Pins and needles
Please spare that old home
Poor Robinson Crusoe
Pickin' on a harp
Puzzled Dutchman—RECITATION
Put on de golden sword
Poor old Ned
Rocky road to Dublin
Song that will never die
Song that reached my heart
Sheeny glazier
Song of all songs
Some day
Stand by your mother, Jack
Sally Jones, the cook
Ship that never returned
That's my girl
Three little maids from school (parody)
Talmage's "night side of life in New
Tickler [York"
There are friends that we never forget
Tim Finnigan's wake
There never was a coward where the
Where is Kathleen [shamrock grows
Will my Robin come again
When we ran with the old machine
What Biddy said in the police court—
Whole hog or none [RECITATION
Wearing of the green
Wild Irish boy
Walking mania
When Muldoon is mayor [got
Your mother's the best friend you've
Young man who used to live over the
[way

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 19.

CONTAINING 103 SONGS.

As I sat upon my dear old mother's
An American's toast [knee
A little knot of blue
A soldier to-night is our guest
A pretty little baby to dandle on your
A whiff of the pipe [knee
Broken playthings on the floor
Blue and the gray
Be kind to the motherless child
Boodle
Baby that never came
Constitution and Guerriere
Can Brigade
Carrie Lee—No. 1
Carrie Lee—No. 2
Drill, you terriers, drill [pany goes
Don't come in the parlor 'till the com-
Drinking with Daniel Maloney
Don't leave me, laddie
Dorkins' night
Dear Italian girl
Down by the old abbey ruin
Dude—RECITATION
Don't shut out the sunlight, mother
Don't take the children from me
Duncan Gray
Evicted
Fellow that plays the kazoo
French flats
Grandmother's garret
Gladiator—RECITATION
Gliding up the stream
Gilhooly's supper party
Grandpa's donkey
Hie away, ole Satan
Hello! bab-by
Honor thy father and mother
How sweet the name of mother
Hamlet's soliloquy on death—REC.
If the twinkling stars could tell
I'll be true, love, to you
Isn't that an awful shame
Ivy leaf
Irene, good night
I'll await your smiling face
I wonder what they're springing on us
I'm a jolly little fellow [now
Judge Duffy told me so
John L. Sullivan, the champion
Jumbo, the elephant
Kutchy, kutchy, coo
Keep your eye on it
Lullaby from "Erminie"
Little sister's gone to sleep
Letter from over the sea—No. 1
Letter from over the sea—No. 2
Mrs. Grogan's boy
My dad's dinner pail
My love's returned again
Mister Dooley's geese
Miller's song
Man who never tumbled
Ma's baby—RECITATION
Marguerite
My old Kentucky home
Maloney, the rolling mill man
Never to meet again
Nothing else
Old-fashioned cot in the lane
Our brave little Volunteer
Old doorstep
Only a blue bell
Orphan boy
One of the bravest
O'Hara, get the gag
One pair of black eyes
Piggy-back
Papa, come home to your darlings
Poor little newsgirl
Postal card that never came
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's daughter
Ring dat golden bell
Rock and Rye crazy [own
Remember, you have children of your
Red-haired girl and the near-by white
Sarah Jane's relations [horse
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all
Spray of four-leaved clover
Sailing home to Nell
Safely rocked in mother's arms
Steak that never came
Sour grapes
Side by side the old folks sleep
Sweet love, good-night to thee
Soldiers' song from "Erminie"
That's not English, you know
They all love Jack
They're not asleep
There's something in the cradle
Twenty years ago—RECITATION
What the dicky birds say
Wreck of the Alpina
You're born, but you're not buried yet

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No 20.

CONTAINING 110 SONGS.

Adam and Eve
Anchored
A sister's lullaby
At last
A scentless rose
All among the barley
Angels took mama
Bid me good-bye and go
Ballyhooley
Baby's footsteps on the sill
Baby show
Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
Black Maria, O
Bachelor's hall
Be sure you're right, then go ahead
Boys of the Bowery pit
Bring back my sailor boy
Brigade at Fontenoy
Click of the latch
Coon dat got de shake
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Do what de good book tells you
Don't do this and don't do that
Dear father, come down with the
Dick Darlin', the cobbler [stamps
Grandfather's darling
Good-night request
Glasses mother wore
Golden wedding—No. 1
Golden wedding—No. 2
Garryowen
Hail, Jerusalem, hail
Hail Columb a
Hear dem bells
Her wedding night
Hungry at somebody's door
High born liver Daniel
Hasten, sweet maiden, to me
Harp, or Ireland's resurrection
It's home, sweet home
I'll never have her back again
If the man in the moon could only
In a little fisher village [speak
I'll dance upon your grave
I never can forget you
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me
I likes a drop of good beer [so
I'm flying high
'Tis folly to be wise
Isht Mr. Dinglebender home
I've only been down to the club
Ketch on
Keyhole in the door
Let us part friends
Love, let your heart be faithful
Listen to my tale of woe
Little queen of May
Little darling, I'll be true
Letter that was written long ago
Let me die with my face to the foe
Lassie who loves but me
Let's make a little home for the old
My dear old Irish home [folks
Maple on the hill
Meet a coon to-night
Man, poor man
My little tot's high chair
Mother's locks of snow
Major Gilfeather
Many can help one
Man that struck O'Hara
My dandy cigarette
Old step stone
On Union Square
Only a rose from mother's grave
Oh! Mollie Grogan
Old and only in the way
Old Rosin, the beau
Red, white and blue
Rocking the baby
Remember mother's lessons when a
Sam Devere's dream [child
Star-spangled banner
Songs that we sing
Some day I'll wander back again
Sweet Jennie Bell
Sweet bye-and-bye
Slavery days
Some mother's boy
That doesn't go for a cent
True Irish hearts
There's no one like mother to me
Toboggan slide
Tell me you are mine
Two orphans
There was a jolly miller
Viva l'America
Virgin, only nineteen years old
Waiting, waiting, waiting
When his mother-in-law's at home
When yo' heah de big bell ring
When baby smiles in her sleep
Waiting at the window
When Nelly was raking the hay
Washington's grave
Widow in the cottage by the sea
Won't you dance with me, love
Washing-day
Wedlock is a ticklish thing
You'll hear the bells in the morning

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 21.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

ld Lang Syne
nnie Laurie
dark and roguish eye
ring back my fisher boy
ig and little of it
onvict and the bird
ome, haste to the wedding
arry me back to old Virginny—No. 1
arry me back to old Virginny—No. 2
at's meat man
asey's boarding house
ome home, father
on't run down the Irish
ear little hands
otlet on the "I"
ennie Grady's hack
rinane Dhun
rink to me only with thine eyes
id he get there?
ay our mother died
ather's last words to me
actory girl
ish-ball musketeer
ather's come home
ypsy maid
randfather Brian
ush, my baby Bunting
ow happy I could be with either
arbor lights
ibernia's lovely Jean
andy Andy
Hush! don't wake the baby
Henrietta Pye
Happy birds
His funeral's to-morrow
He's all right
I've paid the $10 to O'Grady
I wonder how long it will last?
If the waters could speak as they flow
I built a bridge of fancies
I hope it don't happen again
Is your mamma well?
I never saw a saw saw like this saw
I would't if I could [saws
Is marriage a failure?
Just arrived from Harrisburg
Judy McCarty
Jakey, de butcher boy
Kind, loving faces at home
Let baby sleep
Life in the army
Lawn tennis
Mother's letter
My soldier boy
Mistress Jinks, wife of Captain Jinks
Mill will never grind again with the
Madam Duvan [water that has passed
Man that knew the actors
New York Base Ball Club
Now I come to think of it
Never in the wide, wide world
Nancy
No, 'tis not true
Only a picture
O, whistle and I will come to you, my
Our own boy, Jack [lad
Over there
Old golden locket my mother used to
On board the Mary Jane [wear
Oh! write me a song of my father
Picture on the wall
Pictures of home
Paddy Whack
Pat and the priest
Razzle, dazzle
Songs I heard at home
She's waiting on the quay
Signor McStinger
Save enough to send for me
Saving it all for Mary
Ship on fire
Swiss boy
True as the stars above
That melody divine
Thy name was once the magic spell
With all her faults I love her still
When we sit in the President's chair
We've both been there before, many a
When the roses bloom in Spring [time
When the Springtime flowers bloom
Wait till the tide comes in
What a stunning pair of legs
Why do Summer roses fade?

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m I right?
cross the bridge he goes
ll on account of a woman
aby mine
eath the old maple tree
londe that never dyes
roken pitcher
aby's prayer
ernard Reilly
an you tell me the reason why?
ose to it
ry baby, cry baby
impled cheeks and laughing eyes
on't let it worry you
vening Telegram
lia Rhee
arewell, Marguerite
nnegan's masquerade
ntly down the stream of time
ve me a man of honest heart
ood-bye, dearest heart
rowler that never came
ere lies an actor
annah's done stuck on a coon
appy times passed and gone away
e's all right when you know him
ow much would you give to find
arp of the wild wind [out?—Rec.
lo feel so awfully loose
vill return again
I like to be a swell
I were a millionaire
I left my love
I was it if, fairly in it
I doubt if it ever occurs
Jamsetjhee
Just a little
Kerrigan's masquerade
Let it be soon
List to the convent bells
List'ning for his coming step
Little ones at home
Larboard watch
Little maid of Arcadee
List to the thrush
My last cigar
Magee's back yard
McGinty, king of the rink
Molly Flynn
Mister Nobody
McMullen, the squire
Mrs. McCarty's party
My Maggie
Must we forever part?
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Near it
Oh, let it be soon
Old cabin home
Old love and the new
Once was enough for him
Old Granite State [grave
Put a headstone over poor mother's
Pig's head wid cabbage and pratie
Raffle for Monaghan's stove
Save a sunny smile for me
Something a woman can do
Scissors grinder
Sally in our alley
Such an education has my Mary Ann
Spare the old homestead
Scanlan's swing song
Sweet love, be true to me
Sheriff's sale
Tootsy Wootsy
To be there
Terrance McMullin
Terrible tragedy
There isn't a law to prevent it
That innocent kid
Turn down the light
That's where the laugh comes in
Two lovely black eyes
Uncle Jeff's return
Villain never harmed her
What did they ever do to get there?
We've both been there before, many a
Waiting [time (Sam Devere's)
World is coming to an end
Where mother is, is home
When mother puts the little ones to
Where's the white horse? [bed
Women of the day
Won't you buy my pretty flowers
Where did you get that hat?
You and I, love
You'll have to be up to the times

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Actors dream
As long as the world goes round
A stitch in time saves nine
Barney's courtship
Be-eutiful Bill
Bully old horse
Call me darling once again
Ching, ching
Casey at the bat—Recitation
Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret?
Doncherknow
Down upon the banks of Tennessee
Day I first played ball
Did you ever hear a girl say no?
Eily Mavourneen
From the source to the sea
Grandfather's clock
Give 'em string and let 'em went
Girl of the period
Go to sleep my baby girl
Gal what I calls mine
Good old friends of my youth
Hello! Riley
Hello, sweet "49!"
He went glimming
He's in the asylum now
Hodman's lament
Hattie May
I'm a chappie from over the wattah
I cannot see where it comes in
Ill-gifted ring
I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
I do not watch alone
Immenseikoff; or, the central toff
I love him more than I can say
I'll come back, my darling, to thee
Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown
Jack won't forget you
Kate's secret
Killaloe
Kathleen Mavourneen
Let each man learn to know himself
Later on, later on
Last sweet words of mother
My pretty red rose
My favorite, my queen
My heart is sad to-day
Mariner's daughter
Michael Dwyer
Mud Run disaster
Martha, the milkman's daughter
Meet me in the lovely twilight
Mr. Bob Fubbs; or, the love chase
Milwaukee Fire
McNally's row of flats
Never encourage the men
Nancy Lee
Nobody knows
Old hats and rags
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, if I had some one who'd love me
On yonder rock reclining
On the sea
Old musician and his harp
Postage stamp flirtation
Pretty little pigs in clover
Prodigal son
Paddy Shay
Sweet forget-me-not
Sandy-haired Mary in our area
See that my grave's kept green
She danced like a fairy
Spare that old mud cabin
Sam Devere's latest
Song I'll ne'er forget
Since Kate learnt how to play
Since my daughter plays on the type-
Sweet rose of dawn [writer
Some girls do, and some girls don't
Snowy strands among the jet
They cannot keep the working girls
Tilt skirt [down town
There's no such girl as mine
Tit for tat
True as the stars that are shining
Travelling man from Boston
What a fool you would be to believe her
Where was Moses when the light went
Whoa, Emma! [out?
When the robins nest again (parody)
When Jamie comes over the sea
When other friends are round me
We've a million in the field
We'll raise de roof to-night
Wreck of the "City of Columbus"

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A mother's appeal to her boy
An orphan
A lady in love
A Buddhist soldier's grave
Adieu, dear friends, adieu
At the golden gate
Bonny Mae
Bell buoy
Blind mother
Buy a broom
Brooklyn tragedy
Banks of the Schuylkill
Barbary Ellen
Broadway swell and Brooklyn belle
Champion of the world
Calling me back to the old home
Charles Guiteau's confession
Chestnut broke my heart
Colonel Sharp
Chinaman washeeman
Don't believe all that you hear
Down where we roamed together
Don't be angry, mother
Down went McGinty
Don't say one thing and mean an-
Discarded lover [other
Dying soldier of Cerro Gurdo
Gintleman from Kildare
Green linnet
Green willow tree
Green fellow
Hanki Panki; or the girl from China
Harp without the crown
He gets there just the same
Haul de wood pile down
How I got even with O'Grady
Have you seen my girl?
In the eye abides the heart
Irish spree
I'm sorry it ever occurred
Ireland for the Irish
It's funny what girls will do
I'm just beginning to like you
I wish I were single again
Independent lovers
Irish girl
I had nothing else to do
Johnstown flood
Jeanie with the light brown hair
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our
Just a little sunshine, No. 2 [home
Keep this flow'ret for my my sake
King and poet—Recitation
Love, Henry
Little empty stockings
Let us raise a row to-night
Little old sod shanty
Let me shake the hand that shook the
Little girl [hand of Sullivan
Loss of his dear
Life let us cherish
My Johnny was a shoemaker
My sailor girl
Mackafee's confession
Mill boy
My own true love
Nancy Downy
Not that I wish to say anything wrong
Nearing the harbor
No home to shelter her
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Over the banister
Ould plaid shawl
Old tobacco box
Oregon boys
Palms
People I have met
Polly Gold
Pure testimony
Sailor boy
Send that wagon home, John
Sweet William
Shakespeare's seven ages of man
Sighing for thee
Snow angels
Slavery's passed away
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have
Slide, Kelly, slide [my life
Song of the dying emigrant
Skating on one in the gutter
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Seventeen and twenty sweethearts
Those lovely Brooklyn girls
Tennessee boys
Two on earth and two in heaven
There's no place like home
Unfortunate lovers
Where did you get that face?
When the pansies droop and die
When my little one's asleep
World and his wife
What a wonderful world it would be
You can imagine the rest
Young man's warning

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Swinging on the Old Rustic Gate.

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Words and Music by Will H. Bray.

How oft I think of the days gone by
Swinging on the old rustic gate,
Of the happy moments that were passed
In company with lovely Kate.
In Summer fishing we used to go,
In Winter time we loved to skate;
The sport that pleased us most of all was
Swinging on the old rustic gate.

CHORUS.

Swinging on the old rustic gate,
Swinging on the old rustic gate,
Not a care to anoy,
Naught but sunshine and joy,
While swinging on the old rustic gate.

One Summer's morning I'll ne'er forget,
'Twas down by the old rustic gate,
I leisurely walked along the road,
By chance I met sweet bonny Kate.
To school by mother I had been sent,
I arrived there just one hour late;
The excuse I gave to teacher was
Swinging on the old rustic gate.—*Chorus.*

As years rolled by we married got,
I ne'er could forget charming Kate,
Nor the innocent pleasures that we had
Way down by the old rustic gate.
With two lovely children we have been blest
I've christen'd them Edwin and Kate;
Most any bright morn you may see both
Swinging on an old rustic gate.—*Chorus.*

You'll Never Miss Your Mother 'Till She's Gone.

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By Harry Birch.

When I left my happy home in this wide, wide world to roam,
My poor old mother she did sob and sigh;
I in fancy see her now, as she fondly kissed my brow,
And press'd me to her heart and said good-bye.
I was thoughtless, young and gay, as the good ship sail'd away,
The weeks to months and years, the time rolled on;
I returned at last to home, to find it all in gloom,
My poor old mother she was dead and gone.

CHORUS.

You will never miss your mother 'till she's gone,
When a portrait's all you have to gaze upon;
I in fancy see her there seated in her old arm chair,
You'll never miss your mother 'till she's gone.

At times I sob and sigh, as the tears roll from my eye,
When thinking of those by-gone happy days,
When I was but a boy, my dear mother's pride and joy,
Now she's in heaven beyond my earthly gaze.
What use to me is wealth that I hoard up now with stealth?
No home, alas, no mother I have now;
I would give this wealth away if she was here to-day,
I feel so sad at heart, alas, she's gone.—*Chorus.*

While far across the sea what a joy it was to me,
To gaze upon her portrait day by day,
And know I'd soon go back and hear her say, dear Jack,
My darling boy, how could you go away?
Oh, could I but foreseen, I should not so hard have been,
And left her in her sorrow and her pain;
What misery we bring, while in youth we have our fling,
You'll never miss your mother 'till she's gone.—*Chorus.*

Where Can the Wanderer Be?

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There's a gray-hair'd old woman who mourns for her boy,
Who left both his kindred and home;
In Ireland he couldn't get on, so he sailed
For a land far away o'er the foam.
When the boys and girls gather 'round by the fire,
And the song and the music are heard,
The mother still misses her son from his place,
And prays for her wandering boy.

CHORUS.

Say, will he ever return?
Where can the wanderer be?
Oh, how my heart seems to yearn,
My boy only once more to see;
If my prayers and my tears
Could reach him on some foreign shore,
Then would my boy, my hope and my joy,
Come back to the nest once more.

Tho' her eyes have grown dim, but they brighten with joy
When the knock of the postman is heard;
She thinks it's a letter from over the sea,
But, no! not a line or a word.
She says that her boy will be sure to come back,
When the swallows return in Spring,
And she thinks that once more, she will have him beneath
The sheltering folds of her wing.—*Chorus.*

His books are unopened, each relic untouched,
His portrait is still in its place;
For hours she will gaze thro' the mist of her tears,
At her own darling wanderer's face.
Ah! how dare we tell her her loved one is dead,
For she'll meet him some day on that shore,
Where meeting can give inexpressible joy,
And parting can come nevermore.—*Chorus.*

Never Trust a Nigger With a Gun.

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Now I read de other day, George Washington did say,
Never trust a nigger with a gun;
An' I thought it very queer, dat a man we loved so dear,
Would never trust a nigger with a gun.
Bnt times have changed since den, an' likewise have de men,
Never trust a nigger with a gun;
De darkies now am free, an' I would like to see,
Who'd never trust a nigger with a gun.

CHORUS.

Den don't you worry, children, don't worry,
Darkies, don't worry, dey'll trust you with a gun;
For ain't you seen de colored folks when dey were on parade,
Wid heads erect, for line an' step de whites are in de shade;
For dey're not only drilled for show, dey fight an' never run,
De people learned dis much, I know, to trust 'em with a gun.

Now one thing I would advise if de anarchists should rise,
Never trust a nigger with a gun;
If dey try Chicago here it will cost dem very dear,
So never trust a nigger with a gun;
You bet you'll hear dem yell as we darkies give 'em—well,
Never trust a nigger with a gun;
We'll finish up de story by sending 'em to glory,
So never trust a nigger with a gun.—*Chorus.*

Now de black man he can fight as well as any white,
Never trust a nigger with a gun;
An' history will show how brave he faced de foe,
Oh, never trust a nigger with a gun;
Now when de war broke out did anybody shout,
Never trust a nigger with a gun;
Dey sent him to de front, an' made him stand de brunt,
You bet dey'll trust a nigger with a gun.—*Chorus.*

LIVE, MY LOVE, OH, LIVE.

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Written, and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan, in his great drama, "Shane na Lawn."

Why art thou sad? oh, tell me, dear,
Why art thou sad when I am near?
There's naught you ask that I'd not give,
Oh, live, my love, my love, oh, live.
I have no land, I have no gold,
But I've a love, my love, untold;
I have no land, I have no gold,
But I've a love untold.

CHORUS.

Why art thou sad? oh, tell me, dear,
Why art thou sad when I am near;
There's naught you ask that I'd not give,
Oh, live, my love, my love, oh, live.

Weep not, my love, in thee alone
This heart of mine will find a home;
The light that beams from out thine eye,
To me is brighter than the sky.
Thy smile is sweeter than the dell,
Wherein the birds and roses dwell;
Thy smile is sweeter than the dell,
Wherein the roses dwell.—*Chorus.*

TWO LITTLE RAGGED URCHINS.

Copyright, 1885, by J. F. Martindale.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Two little ragged urchins,
One six, the other eight,
Trudged hand in hand together,
While Wint'ry hours grew late;
Within her tiny basket
She kept her scanty store,
A bunch of tear-stained papers
Beneath his arm he bore.
The tears were slowly falling
Adown their faces sad,
Their forms were pinched and trembling,
So thinly were they clad;
Fast, fast the snow descended,
And to each passer by,
In accents full of pity,
There came this pleading cry:

CHORUS.

Please, Mister, please, sir, buy something, do,
Papers or matches, we've sold very few;
Father and mother are both of them dead,
Help us to get just a morsel of bread.

Two little ragged urchins,
One six, the other eight,
Wandered along so weary,
Far in the night so late;
No hearts for them had pity,
In all that city's crowd,
The snow kept weaving 'round them
Its white and chilly shroud.
They found them in the morning,
But life had nearly fled,
Upon her brother's bosom
Was laid her childish head;
But ere their forms they lifted,
Scarce louder than a sigh,
From little lips so pallid,
There fell this pleading cry:—*Chorus.*

—A man named Gasbill recently applied to the Arkansas Legislature to change his name because his girl always objected to his figure whenever he'd meter. She said he was too high and turned him off.—*The Judge.*

SWEET HEATHER-BELL.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Sweet heather-bell, sweet heather-bell,
Plucked from the dell;
Dear spray of sweet heather-bell,
Plucked from its home in the dell;
Oh, of what joy does it tell,
Of memories sad and sweet..
Thro' all the sorrows of years,
Thro' all life's hopes and its fears,
It has been moistened with tears,
And I'll keep it till we meet.
She in her queen-like splendor,
Loving and sweet, and tender,
Gave me her heart's surrender,
As I plucked it at her feet.

REFRAIN.

Ah! dear spray of sweet heather-bell,
Plucked from its home in the dell;
Oh, of what joy does it tell,
Of memories sad and sweet.
Thro' all the sorrows of years,
Thro' all life's hopes and its fears,
It has been moistened with tears,
And I'll keep it till we meet.

Our love was pure as an angel's thought,
Our life was one long May,
Till the reaper came for a flow'r he sought,
And my love was borne away,
To the land of light, where there's no night,
But the sheen of eternal day;
From her silent tomb, in the twilight's gloom,
I've plucked this withered spray.—*Refrain.*

She's the Image of Her Mother in a Thousand Different Ways.

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Written and sung by Gus Williams.

My daughter is a charming girl, and very dear to me,
In all domestic duties she's as good as she can be,
She's full of kind attention and my comfort is her care,
I could not do without her, for her like's not anywhere;
She brings me in my slippers, and she brushes off my clothes,
She mends my damaged stockings, and my buttons on she sews,
And if I'm in the humor, music sweet for me she plays,
She's the image of her mother in a thousand dif'rent ways.

CHORUS.

She's a pretty girl, and a witty girl, she's as sweet as she can be,
In some of her accomplishments she much resembles me;
She is musical, poetical, she brings me happy days,
She's the image of her mother in a thousand dif'rent ways.

She scolds me when I come home nights, a feeling rather queer,
When I've left my companions in a place where they sell beer,
'Tis then she reads the riot act, 'till I the promise give,
That I will never drink again as long as I shall live;
She keeps away from skating rinks, and never bangs her hair,
In ordering new bonnets there's none with her can compare,
And when she wants a new silk dress, she taffies me with praise,
She's the image of her mother in a thousand dif'rent ways.—*Chorus*

She has a nice young man who much attention to her shows,
And when she's in his company, her face with pleasure glows,
She keeps it very quiet, but the truth she need not hide,
For very soon I know she'll be a blushing little bride;
She likes to go out shopping, just to pass an hour or two,
In worrying the nice young man that shows the fashions new;
Sometimes into my pocket book she slyly takes a gaze,
She's the image of her mother in a thousand dif'rent ways.—*Chorus*

COUNTY JAIL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs--Free.

Good people, all give ear I pray,
And mark ye all to what I say;
To my misfortunes, great and small,
Come, listen and I'll tell you all.
I used to lead a glorious life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife,
Could go to bed and fall asleep,
No ugly visions around me creep;
But, oh, the toots and cupid gods,
They nearly drove me ramping mad,
They piped into a railroad mall,
And carried me off to the county jail.

And when we got to the end of the route,
The turnkey turned my pockets out,
To see if I had got such stuff
As money, grub, tobacco or snuff;
They took me in to try my size,
The color of hair, the color of eyes,
They measured me up from root to lip,
To see if I had but one top lip;
Then straightway to the yard did go,
And ordered me a suit of clothes,
The kids came out and did me hail:
Another new cove for county jail.

Then one of them, with a roguish leer,
Says, my jolly old cove, what brought you here?
What do you think brought me out?
What brought me here but your railroad route?
Then they gathered around me like so many fools,
And one talked about the rules;
That each new comer should sing a song,
Or tell a tale—God knows how long—
Or they'd break his wind and give him a whack,
Or they'd take him down to Black Jack,
From there they'd wollop him, tooth and nail,
With an old wet towel from county jail.

As I walked out and strolled the yard,
Thinking my case was wondrous hard,
All at once I heard a din.
The deputy warden shouts: "All in!"
Then lumbering down the yard we go,
Like beasts let out of a wild beast show,
Some cracked in mind, and some in wind,
And others with a —— behind.
Then one by one we march around the tub,
To get our county allowance of grub,
Which blew our ribs out like a sail,
With a skilly and whack from county jail.

At five o'clock one of them said,
It is nearly time to go to bed;
The truth from him I found did creep,
For all turned in and went to sleep.
The turnkey bawled as stiff as starch:
"Right about face and then quick march!"
We did, and made such a rush,
Like monkeys marching around a bush.
Such clanking of clogs, such shaking of knees,
Such croaking of bellys and clanking of keys,
Such —— beds as hard as a nail,
They'd starve a poor devil in county jail.

At six next morning up we got,
Each man was called to clean his ——,
Then through the yard we did lurch,
All fell in line to go to church;
And there such dresses as met my view,
One arm was red, the other was blue,
One leg was yellow, the other was gray,
And then the parson began to pray.
He said that Elijah went up in a cloud,
And Lazarus walked about in his shroud,
And that Jonah he lived inside a whale—
A d——d sight better than county jail.

Service being over we all got back,
And fell in line for skilly and whack;
We crushed like pigs all in a lump,
At nine each took his hand at ——;
At ten we raised a glorious mill,
And smothered each other with right good will;
At eleven we raised it and quit the house,
And fell in line for pans of skouse;
Then if there's a man, no matter how droll,
We pop him into Pompie's hole,
Where whack and water-cocks his trail,
There's glorious times in county jail.

I'M NOT ASLEEP.

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Some people take their rest by night,
While others rest by day,
And some they never rest at all,
Yet always feel so gay;
While other folks, you know, can sleep
The clock round for a week;
But quickly I will prove to you,
That I am not asleep!

CHORUS.
I'm not asleep! I'm not asleep!
With your very kind attention,
Something new to you I'll mention;
I'm not asleep! I'm not asleep!
I'll try my best to please you all
Before I go to sleep.

Now John L. Sullivan's a name
That's well known to you all,
And when the ring he enters,
His opponents quickly fall;
This Boston boy as champion
Of the world will always keep,
And quickly show his friends and foes
That he is not asleep.

CHORUS.
He's not asleep! he's not asleep!
He's the boy to make them hustle,
Show the world he's bone and muscle;
He's not asleep! he's not asleep!
He does his best to knock them out,
And put them all to sleep.

How oft we find that high-toned folks
No families have got,
But there's the workingman
Can always boast of such a lot;
To keep a wife and eight young kids
On three dollars a week,
It proves to me the workingman
Can never go to sleep.

CHORUS.
They're not asleep! they're not asleep!
Post, policemen, clerks and porters,
All have lots of sons and daughters;
They're not asleep! they're not asleep!
It proves to me the workingman
Ne'er gets a wink of sleep.

Our city girls of now-a-days
Are quite a mystery,
Wearing sealskin sacques, silk dresses
And fine jewelry;
They work all day in some large store,
Three dollars get per week,
The way they dress just proves to me,
That they are not asleep.

CHORUS.
They're not asleep! they're not asleep!
Wearing diamond rings and lockets,
On the strength of young men's pockets;
They're not asleep! they're not asleep!
They always skin these snoozers out
Before they go to sleep.

DID YOU NOTICE IT?

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The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., N. Y. Our Boss Catalogue of Popular Songs sent Free.

Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

All the papers each day are dilating,
How in politics people go wrong;
And the fact they so often are stating,
That in time it becomes an old song.
Tho' some who're accused may be honest,
Yet others are awfully fly;
And those who would like to be "*non est,*"
Did you notice they like "boodle" pie?

CHORUS.

Did you notice it? did you notice it?
Keep your eyes wide awake as you go,
And you'll notice it, surely notice it,
If you don't you are awfully slow.

Now the preachers are all the while preaching
Of the very great evils of gold,
And all over the land they are teaching
That the rich man can't enter the fold.
They'll spout all they like, and forever,
And tell us what they think is best;
But tho' they are awfully clever,
Did you notice they feather their nest?—*Chorus.*

When you call on the girls, neat and pretty,
And their dads are asleep safe and sound,
While you're chatting away very witty,
And there's nobody prying around;
How often they'll scream, if so happy,
To press their soft lips you insist;
But tell me, you innocent chappy,
Did you notice they like to be kissed?—*Chorus.*

Now some deacons who act most sedately,
And run down the drama as bad,
Tho' at home the'yre demure and so stately,
With fatherly features so sad;
Yet when to a show you oft rally
With friends, how it makes you all stare,
For in the front row at the ballet,
Did you notice the deacons all there?—*Chorus.*

There's Bob Ingersol spouts his opinions,
And tells us, as if he just knew,
There are no fire and brimstone dominions,
And of dollars he rakes in a few.
He laughs at the orthodox parsons,
And says what they preach is a lie;
He swears that you can't find a devil,
Did you notice he don't care to try?—*Chorus.*

NOT MARRIED YET!

I'm single yet! I'm single yet!
And years have flown since I came out;
In vain I sigh! in vain I fret!
Ye gods! what are the men about?
I vow I'm twenty, oh, ye powers!
A spinster's lot is hard to bear;
On earth alone to spend her hours,
And afterward lead apes down there.

No offer yet! No offer yet!
I'm puzzled quite to make it out:
For every beau my cap I set;
What, what, what are the men about?
They don't propose! they won't propose!
For fear perhaps I'd not say "Yes;"
Just let them try—for heaven knows,
I'm tired of single blessedness.

Not married yet! not married yet!
The deuce is in the men I fear;
I'm like a something to be let,
And to be let alone, that's clear.
They say: "She's pretty, but no chink,"
And love without it runs in debt;
It agitates my nerves to think
That I have had no offer yet.

Because She Ain't Built that Way.

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Why is it a woman can't climb up a tree?
Because she ain't built that way;
And why is it two of them never agree?
Because they ain't built that way.
'Tis said that there is no effect without cause,
But a woman can never come under a clause,
For she never gives reason for waggin her jaws,
Because she ain't built that way.

Don't give to your wife any secrets to keep,
Because she ain't built that way;
For she couldn't hold them not even in sleep
Because she ain't built that way.
She'll keep you in water that's dreadfully hot,
And she'll keep when she can all the change you have got,
But a secret, oh, Jiminy! certainly not,
Because she ain't built that way.

Don't mash every girl that you see on the street,
Because they ain't built that way;
Don't rave of her figure so perfect and neat,
Because she ain't built that way.
With bustles and padding, and heels that are high,
With blending of colors to capture the eye;
And the real from the sham you can't tell if you try,
Oh, there's lots of them built that way.

A woman cannot hit a barn with a stone,
Because she ain't built that way;
And she can't bear to stay in a house all alone,
Because she ain't built that way.
She can stay up all night at a masquerade ball,
And tire every dancer there is in the hall;
Don't ask her to sew on a button, that's all,
Because she ain't built that way.

I don't think my mother-in-law is a saint,
Because she ain't built that way;
And now that I think I'm quite certain she ain't,
Because she ain't built that way.
She's down on my list for a few little things,
And when her career to a finish she brings,
I think they'll have trouble in fixing her wings,
Because she ain't built that way.

A woman can never jump over a fence,
Because she ain't built that way;
If a mad bull should chase her she has no defense,
Because she ain't built that way.
She can kick up a row, upset every plan,
She's been noted for that since the world first began,
But she can't strike a match in the dark like a man,
Because she ain't built that way.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Green is the grave by the wide dashing river,
Where sleeps the brave with his arrow and quiver;
Where in his pride he had roam'd from his childhood,
And at last died in the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell, while his wigwam defending,
Nobly he fell 'neath the hazel bow bending;
He and his white foe struggled together,
And from his bow tore the swift arrow-feather.

At the next dawn the brave warrior was buried,
Ere the next moon his tribe westward had hurried
But a rude cross with its rough chiseled numbers,
Half hid in moss, notes the warrior's slumbers.

—"Call me back again," sang the young man. But the audience didn't. They had enough and he didn't get a hand.—*New York Daily News.*

GIDEON'S BAND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, keep your hat upon your head,
Oh, keep your hat upon your head,
Oh, keep your hat upon your head,
For you will want it when you're dead.

CHORUS.

If you belong to Gideon's Band,
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand;
If you belong to Gideon's Band,
We're hunting for a home.

Oh, keep your nose upon your face,
Oh, keep your nose upon your face,
Oh, keep your nose upon your face,
For anywhere else is out of place.—*Chorus.*

Oh, keep your coat upon your back,
Oh, keep your coat upon your back,
Oh, keep your coat upon your back,
That you may be off on the other track.—*Chorus.*

Oh, keep your pants upon your legs,
Oh, keep your pants upon your legs,
Oh, keep your pants upon your legs,
That you may hang 'em on the golden pegs.—*Chorus.*

Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet,
Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet,
Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet,
That you may walk in the golden street.—*Chorus.*

Oh, stick your toe nails in the ground,
Oh, stick your toe nails in the ground,
Oh, stick your toe nails in the ground,
That when you're wanted you may be found.—*Chorus.*

Oh, keep your money in your pocket,
Oh, keep your money in your pocket,
Oh, keep your money in your pocket,
So when it's wanted you've not forgot it.—*Chorus.*

'Twixt you and I, I really think,
'Twixt you and I, I really think,
'Twixt you and I, I really think,
It's pretty near time to take a drink.—*Chorus.*

Remember Me to All at Home.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Written, and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan, in his great drama, "Shane na Lawn."

One more word before we part,
One request, old friend, I ask of you,
When you've crossed the briny deep,
See my dear old mother kind and true;
How the mem'ry of her sweet voice
Fills my soul with love and joy;
Say that I'll be with her soon,
To remember me when as a boy.

CHORUS.

Remember me to all at home, Tom,
To my mother old and gray;
Tell them that I'll soon return,
Like the little flowers of May.

When you see my father, Tom,
Kindly shake his dear old hands for me,
Say to him, tho' far away,
Still a loving, faithful son I'll be;
How he blessed me when we parted,
Placed his hand upon my head;
God protect you, Ned, my boy,
Were the words my father said.—*Chorus.*

—Coffee-tinted lace is the latest. The ladies wear it to the theatre; it matches their escorts' breath.—*Chicago News.*

MR. FINAGAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a dacent laboring youth,
I wur born in the town of Dunshocaklin,
I'm a widower now in my youth,
Since I buried swate Molly McLaughlin.
I wur married but once in my life,
Shure I'll never commit such a sin again,
For I found out when she wur my wife,
She wur fond of one Barney McFinagan.

CHORUS.

Whack fil lil lan ta ra le,
Whack fil lil lan tar a laddy de,
Whack fil lil lan ta ra le,
With a ri tol lol lol dil de de de de.

Her father had castles of mud,
Of which I wur fond of admiring,
They wur built in the time of the flood,
For to keep her ancestors dry in.
When he found I had Molly bespoke,
First he got fat and then he got thin again,
In the struggle, his gizzard he broke,
And we had a corpse of McFinagan.—*Chorus.*

For convainiance, the corpse was put
Along with his friends in the barn, shure,
While some came to it on foot,
While others came down from Dunagrinshore.
My wife she cried and she sobbed,
I chucked her out twice and she got in again,
I gave her a belt in the gob,
When I wur knocked down by McFinagan.—*Chorus.*

The bed and the corpse was upset,
The row it commenced in a minute, shure,
Divil a bit of a stick had I got,
'Till they broke all the legs of the furniture.
In faith, as the blood flew about,
Eyes were shoved out and shoved in ag'in,
I got a southwestern clout,
Which knocked me on top of poor Finagan.—*Chorus.*

How long I was dead I don't know,
But this I know, I wasn't livin', shure,
I awoke wid a pain in my toe,
For they were both tied wid a ribben, shure.
I opened my mouth for to spake,
The shate was rolled up to my chin again;
Och, Molly, says I, I'm awake;
Oh, says she, you'll be buried wid Finagan.—*Chorus.*

I opened my eyes for to see—
I strove to get up to knock her about—
I found that my two toes were tied,
Like a spoon in a pot of thick stirabout.
But I soon got the use of my toes,
By a friend of the corpse, Larry Gilligan,
Who helped me to get into my clothes,
For to spread a grass quilt over Finagan.—*Chorus.*

Och, my she devil came home from the spree,
Full of whisky and ripe from the buryin', shure,
And she showed so much mercy to me,
As a hungry man shows a red herrin', shure.
One billy-go-lister I gave,
Which caused her to grunt and to grin again,
In six months I opened the grave,
And slapped her on the bones of Finagan.—*Chorus.*

It's now that I'm single again,
I'll spend my time rakin' and batterin',
I'll go to the fair wid the men, and
Dance wid the girls for a-patterin'.
They'll swear that I am stuck to a lee.
And as they say to catch him ag'in,
Bet they'll not come the cuckle o'er me,
For they might be related to Finagan.—*Chorus.*

—A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied: "One end of him is good."

Remember, Boy, You're Irish.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written, and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan, in his great drama, "Shane na Lawn."

Oh, how well do I remember when but a little boy,
Standing by my dear old mother's knee,
While the pearly tears of love, like dewdrops from above,
Would fill her eyes with joy and ecstasy;
And she'd take me in her arms and press me to her heart,
As only mother can do for her own,
While my flaxen hair she'd smooth, my boyish nerves to soothe,
She'd say to me, my boy, where'er you roam:

CHORUS.

Remember, boy, you're Irish, born on Irish soil,
Your father was a Kenry, your mother was a Doyle;
Be an honor to your country, 'tis the land of heroes bold,
The land where the shamrock grows.

The fact that I am Irish, I never will deny,
I love my native country fresh and green;
Where the open-hearted laddie and pretty blue-eyed lass,
The wild flowers of her country may be seen;
The singing of her birds and sighing of her winds,
That echoes sweet her prayers and melody;
Be it in a lowly hut, or palace rich and grand,
To beggar, lord or prince I'd proudly say:—*Chorus.*

Soon the dear old harp of Erin from slumber will awake,
Its echoes sweet will peal throughout the land,
To show that still she lives in every home and clime,
Like treasured gems of love both true and grand;
Like the warmth and dew of Spring, which bring to life and strength
The flowers and blades from mother earth so dear,
So from silenced graves of woe, tears of joy will flow,
And then from every heart and tongue you'll hear:—*Chorus.*

GOLLY, AIN'T I WICKED?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! white folks, I was neber born,
Aunt Sue raise me on de corn,
Send me errands night and morn;
Ching a-ring, a-ring a-ricked.
She used to knock me on de floor,
Den bang my head agin de door,
And pull my har out by de core;
Oh! golly, ain't I wicked?
Oh! eat de cake and hoe de corn,
I'se de gal dat neber was born—
Spect I grow'd up some dark morn;
Oh! golly, ain't I wicked?

Oh! Massa Clair he bring me here,
Put me in Miss Feely's care—
Don't I make dat lady stare?
Ching a-ring, a-ring a-ricked.
She has me taken, clothed and fed,
Den sends me up to make de bed,
I put de foot into de head;
Oh! golly, ain't I wicked?
Oh! eat de cake and hoe de corn,
I'se de gal dat neber was born—
Spect I grow'd up some dark morn;
Oh! golly, ain't I wicked?

And den dar's one will come and say,
Be good, Topsy, learn to pray!
And raise her beau'ful hands dat way;
Ching a-ring, a-ring a-ricked.
'Tis little Miss Eva, kind and fair,
Says, if I'se good I will go dar,
But den I tells 'em, I don't car;
Oh! golly, ain't I wicked?
I'se black Topsy, as you see,
None of your half-and-half for me;
Black or white, 'tis best to be—
Oh! ain't I awful wicked?

Swim Out, You're Over Your Head.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

At the Battery I landed one morning in May, boys
A stranger unknown in this land,
The same as Christopher Columbus, the hero,
Who no one would take by the hand;
I've worked, I've struggled, I've labored,
By the sweat of my brow to get bread,
Now I'm tould by the young generation,
To swim out, I'm over my head!

CHORUS.

They say, shoot the hat upon Sunday,
Take a walk round the block, go to bed,
Part your hair in the middle, McNally,
Swim out, for you're over your head.

I belong to an organization of nine, boys,
Who surely refuse you a drop,
Unless you were taken wid terrible cramps,
Whin you drink till ould death makes you stop;
But since I have became a mimber,
I'm always confined to my bed,
Now I'm tould by the grand committee,
To swim out, I'm over my head.—*Chorus.*

They say I have plenty of chin for to give you,
I never mind wasting my breath,
I'm acquainted wid all of the bould undertakers,
Who'd plant you whin I talk you to death;
By heavens! I never will tumble,
I'll drop to the bottom like lead,
They say, take a moon on a jumble,
Swim out, for you're over your head.—*Chorus.*

DROP THE PINK CURTAINS.

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Baby girl, my beauty, now hush while I sing,
Birdies in the tree-top have folded each wing,
Pussy in the corner lies curl'd in a heap,
Bonny and Bess in the barn are asleep.
Long ago sank the great sun in the West,
Pillow as calmly your head on my breast;
Stars are softly twinkling afar in the skies,
Drop the pink curtains down over your eyes.

CHORUS.

Baby girl, my beauty, now hush while I sing,
Birdies in the tree-tops have folded each wing,
Stars are softly twinkling afar in the skies,
Drop the pink curtains down over your eyes.

Baby girl, my beauty, the angels are near,
Watching o'er my darling, so precious and dear;
Birdies now are dreaming in each downy nest,
Dream then, my birdie, on mother's fond breast.
All the day long you have played with delight,
Roaming at will 'mid the roses so bright;
Stars are softly twinkling afar in the skies,
Drop the pink curtains down over your eyes.—*Chorus.*

Baby girl, my beauty, the dawn soon will shine,
Waking all the birdies, and so will wake mine;
Slowly will the curtains be lifted, and then
Sunny bright eyes they will greet me again.
Sleep till the roses and lilies unfold,
Sleep till the meadows are lighted with gold:
Stars are softly twinkling afar in the skies,
Drop the pink curtains down over your eyes.—*Chorus.*

—A star engagement—Meet me by moonlight, alone.

—What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys.

THE DYING BOY'S REQUEST.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! mother, listen to my ditty,
For I am growing weak,
Get papa's big sledge-hammer,
And gently press me on the cheek;
Tie me to a telegraph wire,
And slowly let me fall,
Have my body pulverized,
And stuffed with codfish balls;
Put chest-protectors on my feet,
And soak my head in lard,
Sell me to a bologna peddler
For seventy-five cents a yard.

Tie me to a kicking mule,
And rub my gums with glue,
Buy me a paper of virgin leaf,
And give me one more chew;
Let me starve with Dr. Tanner,
Throw me in a sewer,
Let me join a circus,
Feed me on milk that's pure;
Assassinate me with a big tomato,
For I've got a terrible gall,
I'm dying with a Hungarian wart on my neck,
From doing a funny fall.

I'm Only Going Out for the Beer.

Tune—"Only as Far as the Gate."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've got a wife, plump and rosy,
I think all the world of her, too,
A home that's decidedly cosy,
And children I have—not a few!
So when I come home in the evening,
My wife calls me "ducky" and "dear,"
And says, "Darling, do stay," but I smilingly say,
"I'm only going out for the beer."

SPOKEN—Talk about happiness, good, real, substantial happiness! why the Stevens' kiss is nothing to it! Your little wife approaches you so gently and murmurs, "Where, oh, where are you going, George?" and then you sweetly reply:

CHORUS.

"Only going out for the beer, my dear,
Just for a pitcher of beer;
I know you are dry, and so, love, am I—
I'm only going out for the beer."

We chat in a manner delightful,
Like twin turtle doves on a tree;
She never gets angry or spiteful,
I'm happy as happy can be.
And when for a nice little night-cap
Straight out with the pitcher I steer,
If she says, "It's too late," why I say, "Dearest Kate,
I'm only going out for the beer."

SPOKEN—Yes, and I go to a place where they give you good measure, foam on the bottom, not on the top, and a pretzel thrown in. Then my wife watches for me, and when I go down stairs I throw her a kiss and sing:—*Chorus.*

Now if you've been out late to meeting,
And don't want a lecture or two,
And maybe a very warm greeting,
From fond wives that wait up for you;
Go take up the gentle *peace-maker*,
And down the stairs quietly steer;
If your wife greets you cold, say, "Now, darling,
I'm only going out for the beer."

SPOKEN—Why, it beats fries in a box all hollow! why, it has been known to appease even the wrath of a mother-in-law; she will melt into smiles if she hears you say:—*Chorus.*

—"Courtship is bliss," said an ardent young man. "Yes, and matrimony is blister," snarled an old bachelor.

ANY TINWARE TO MEND?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

From ould Ireland I lately came o'er, my boys,
And many's the shilling I've made,
By soddering ould kettles, ould boilers and pans,
For tinkering, sure, is my trade;
At the break o' the day I am rising,
On no one but myself to depind,
All round the city I'm crying,
Any tinware to mend?

CHORUS.

With my whack, whack, whack, bang, bang, bang,
To your kettles and your pans I'll attind;
With my whack, whack, whack, and a bang, bang, bang,
Any tinware to mend?

On Fifth avenue I know all the servant gals,
An' the many a boiler they break;
It's myself they call in to tinker the job,
I'm the boy that can stop up a leak.
They give me a big bowl of coffee,
Thin into the street I desind,
Their heads are all out of the window,
Whin there's any tinware to mend.—*Chorus.*

There's a young girl in Kerry that I know well,
I'll bring her from over the sea,
She'll be Mrs. Tooley, when good Father Bourke
Ties her completely to me;
I'll lay down my budget and open a shop,
If I find in my business depind,
That I'll not be ashamed to walk 'bout the streets,
Crying, any tinware to mend?
I'll work all my life for my dear little wife,
Crying, any tinware to mend?—*Chorus.*

The Little Old Mud Cabin Near the Bogs.

Tune—"The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

If you'll only pay attention, I will sing of days of yore,
When my childhood days in happiness were spent;
When while seated at the fireside, in the town of sweet Galore,
I sang the songs of joy and merriment;
But those are days that's gone and past, and cannot be recalled,
And as I travel along in these old togs,
I always will remember the times that I have spent
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

When I was but a little boy, in innocence I roamed
Through the fields that surrounded our dear place;
But as to manhood I grew up, I left the dear old home,
And the world I determined for to face;
And with misfortune and good luck, I always have found out,
That this dreary world is always full of fogs;
But I always will remember the times that I have spent
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

My daddy died when I was young, and in the old churchyard,
'Twas there we laid him silently and low;
And many are the tears I've shed o'er his poor grave,
Which is placed within the Glen of Aherloe.
Oh! I never shall forget the day when I did leave that land,
Where everything seems going to the dogs,
When I was forced to roam unto a foreign home,
And leave the old mud cabin near the bogs.

And now, kind friends, I'll end my song, for I must be on my way
To visit the old home once more;
And with a good-bye to you all, I'll make another call
To Ireland, the little shamrock shore.
Oh! may I live to see the day when Ireland will be free,
And not be trodden down just like dogs;
It's then I'll go and dwell in the little shady dell,
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

—A man recently knocked down an elephant, a lion, and a rhinoceros. But then he was an auctioneer.

THE COVE VOT SPOUTS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I will tell you in my song
What happened the other night;
Not detain you long,
And in that you will say I am right.
My name is no matter what,
And I don't live hereabouts;
But I am welcome everywhere,
For I am the cove vot spouts.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

At the theatre the other night,
Ned Forrest "Richard" played;
"Down, down to hell," he cried,
Poor Harry soon gave away.
That night I got so drunk,
In a tavern I let out;
"Give me another horse, bind—"
Like Richard I did spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

A watchman took me up,
To the station house he led,
And in a dirty cell
Made me sleep without a bed.
In a frenzy I arose,
Seized another by the snout;
"Give me my pound of flesh—"
Like Shylock I did spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

"Oh, murder, help!" he cried,
The people flocked around,
But I was remorseless,
And stuck up for my pound.
The policemen they ran in,
While the blood from his snont ran out;
"Blood, blood, Iago!—"
Like Othello I did spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

A policeman collared me,
The nose I had to quit,
But soon I turned on him,
And between the eyes I hit
With such a murderous whack,
It made him roar and shout.
"Come on, come on, Macduff—"
Like Macbeth I did spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

"Oh, murder, help!" he cried,
The policemen in did pour,
And in a combined attack,
Got me down upon the floor.
Said they, we've got you now,
And you'll suffer, too, no doubt.
"Lay me in the grave with Juliet—"
Like Romeo I did spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

Next morning before the mayor
They took me to be tried,
And there, with look severe,
Me, his honor quickly eyed.
Said he, pray, who are you,
That dare kick up such a rout?
"I am thy father's ghost—"
From Hamlet I did spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

The people laughed at me,
His Honor looked amazed;
My father's ghost, said he,
Why the man is surely crazed;
For three months lock him up,
It's not safe to let him out.
They gave me thirty-one days below,
For showing them how to spout.
Ri tu ral lu ral lu ral le, &c.

PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.

Copyright, 1870, by White & Goullaud.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

In a little rosewood casket
That is resting on the stand,
There's a package of old letters,
Written by a cherished hand;
Will you go and bring them, sister,
And read them all to-night?
I have often tried, but could not,
For the tears would blind my sight.

CHORUS.

In a little rosewood casket
That is resting on the stand,
There's a package of old letters,
Written by a cherished hand.

Come up closer to me, sister,
Let me lean upon thy breast,
For the tide of life is ebbing,
And I fain would be at rest.
Bring the letters he has written,
He whose voice I've often heard,
Read them over, love, distinctly,
For I've cherished every word.—*Chorus.*

Tell him, sister, when you see him,
That I never ceased to love,
That I dying prayed to meet him
In the better world above.
Tell him that I was supported,
Ne'er a word of censure spoke,
But his silence and his absence,
This poor heart hath well nigh broke.—*Chorus.*

Tell him that I watched his coming,
When the noontide sun was high,
And when at eve the angels sit,
Sit their star lights in the sky.
But when I saw he came not,
Tell him that I did not chide,
But I spoke in love about him,
And I blessed him when I died.—*Chorus.*

And when in death's white garments
You have wrapped my form around,
And have laid me down to slumber
In the quiet churchyard ground,
Place the letters and the picture
Close beside my pulseless heart,
We for years have been together,
And in death we will not part.—*Chorus.*

I am ready now, my sister,
You may read the letters o'er,
I will listen to the words of
Him whom I shall see no more;
And e'er you shall have finished,
Should I calmly fall asleep,
Fall asleep in death and wake not,
Dearest sister, do not weep.—*Chorus.*

—A maiden once said, "I'll not mate with a man who has not fortune great." So she pouted and waited, and scorned to be mated. She's a maiden yet—age 48.

—A sweet little boy, only eight years—bless his little heart—walked into a scene of a teachers' examination, at Oswego, last week, and bawled out: "Annie, your feller is down to the house!"

—An old gentleman, who was always boasting how folks used to work in his young days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay wagon driven around, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you doing down here?" cried the boys. "I came down after hay," answered the old man, stoutly.

COME ALONG, MY DARLING.

Copyright, 1885, by T. B. Harms & Co.

Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written, and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan, in his great drama, "Shane na Lawn."

Halloa, Tom, halloa, Pat, how are you Mary Jane and Nellie?
There is pretty Rosy and her little sister Nan;
There's Biddy Doolin, the one that's always foolin',
And there's her brothers Jim and Ned, and her great big uncle Dan.
Oh, look at Lynch, the fiddler, and the piper, Tom McGee,
They tell me tho' his eyes are blind, with his fingers he can see;
So tune yer fiddles and yer pipes, and let the music ring,
And when you're tired of dancing, oh, we'll all commence to sing.

CHORUS.

Come, come, oh, come along, my darlin',
Come, come, oh, let the music play;
Come, come, oh, come along, my darlin',
And when the light within goes out, we'll welcome in the day.

There's Tom Thynn, the Fogarty's, the Donohue's, the McIntyre's,
Their names will live in history for dancing and song;
There's Mary Clancy, that any man might fancy,
So fill the bowl with swate potheen, we'll drink the whole night long.
We'll drink to Ireland's poet, Moore, her sons and daughters true.
We'll drink to Emmet and O'Neil, O'Connell and Boru;
With lovely Peggy by my side, I'm happier than king,
Her smile is sweeter than the rose, I love to hear her sing.—CHORUS.

The Wreck of the Princess Alice.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

She sailed from the shores of Sheerness,
One eve of a bright Autumn day,
With one thousand souls, but few less,
And all were so joyous and gay;
As onward they steered for home,
They danced and sang many a strain,
Not thinking, while ploughing the foam,
That few would their homes see again.

CHORUS.

Fearful to think of, sad to behold,
Our eyes fill with tears
When the story is told;
We long shall remember
The third of September,
And the wreck of the Princess Alice.

These people were never so gay,
Of danger had never thought less;
When, lo! there was heard with dismay,
A crush, and a cry of distress.
The laughter now turned to a shriek,
All merriment changed into strife;
And almost before they could speak,
They found themselves struggling for life.—*Chorus.*

It was a sad picture of pain,
For near to their friends and their home,
Six hundred were shrieking in vain,
And struggling like mad 'midst the foam.
Fond lovers to each other clasped,
Sons, mothers, and fathers beside;
And children, with toys tightly grasped,
All sank through the fast-running tide.—*Chorus.*

In this truly pitiful wreck,
Some wildly their lives tried to save,
While others remained on the deck,
Until she sank under the wave.
And scarcely five minutes had passed,
When such was her terrible doom,
Then o'er her the waters flowed fast,
And nothing remained but the gloom.—*Chorus.*

—Bedsteads with looking-glasses overhead are things of the past. If a man cannot tell when he wakes up without looking in a glass to be sure of it, he is in a condition that he cannot be helped by furniture.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

DON'T BLAME THE MOTHER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'll sing as a sensible Irishman should,
Of the sorrows that hang o'er our isle,
Whose music is silent, whose songs are all hushed,
Whose grief has usurped every smile;
Then don't be too harsh in your judgment upon her,
Though some of her boys have done wrong;
Her heart is as loyal as ever it was,
And she'll prove that it is before long.

CHORUS.

Don't blame the mother for the faults of her children,
Don't add a pang to her sorrow and pain;
Those who've betrayed her, more loyal have made her
And Ireland shall be happy Ireland again.

In sorrow and anguish she hangs down her head,
Her cheeks bear the hot blush of shame,
Her heart is oppressed and her dignity touched,
By the stigma attached to her name.
Sure the men can't be Irish, not one drop of blood
Of the Irishman in their veins flow,
Who daily are filling the island of green
With misery, murder and woe.—*Chorus.*

Her spirit of old will assert itself now,
Her trouble and strife cannot last,
And out from the midst of our emerald home,
The black sheep at once shall be cast.
Your country and mine have been sisters at heart,
Since our islands sprang out of the sea;
This darkness of night will give place to the day,
And sisters again they shall be.—*Chorus.*

Tho' often we hear some vile slanderer call
The Irish a disloyal race,
I proudly deny it to them one and all,
And hurl back the lie in their face.
In Egypt they proved themselves gallant and true.
By the fine noble charge that they made;
So let us give honor where honor is due,
To the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.—*Chorus.*

I Could Tell It if I Felt It in the Dark.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There is a thousand funny things a comic singer sings
To you, no doubt revealing,
And really, on my word, it is seldom that I've heard.
A song that touches on the art of feeling.
There is a power, understand, in the grip of the hand,
As one man to another may remark;
And oft you'll hear them say, of the things they see by day,
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark.

CHORUS.

I could tell it if I felt it in the dark,
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark,
I like it very much, I know it by its touch.
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark.

Sometimes we chanced to hold some silver or some gold,
That may be the case with many;
But he is very poor, who never from his store
Can afford to finger more than a penny.
Sometimes we have to spend, and oftimes to lend,
And all of us do like a jolly lark;
But what so be the coin on which my fingers join,
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark.—*Chorus.*

The other day I chanced to meet a maiden fair and sweet,
Beneath an old tree so shady,
She pledged to me her vow, I will not tell you now
Some day I mean to wed that little lady.
I tell you it is bliss to steal from her a kiss,
While roaming together in the park;
And as my arm was placed in a circle round her waist,
For I'm always in to have a jolly lark.—*Chorus.*

THE "CHESTNUT" BELL.

Copyright, 1886, by Henry J. Wehman.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

They've got a little bell that seems to suit folks well,
They ring it when you give a chestnut old;
You hear it everywhere, on every thoroughfare,
It sounds so very funny I am told.
When men come home at night, all in a fearful plight,
And tell their wives they are not feeling well,
That business kept them out, now, then beyond a doubt,
That's the time to ring the "chestnut" bell.

DUETT.

When people try to tell you funny stories,
Or sing "Sweet Violets" or "Annie Lauries,"
And show you very clearly what a bore is,
Oh! that's the time to ring the "chestnut" bell!

The aldermen we've got are just an honest lot,
They never care for boodle I have heard;
But for our city's good they work, it's understood,
Tho' papers tell us this is quite absurd.
While Canada's so near, and over there they steer,
If any one of them should to you tell,
He hasn't made a cent, but is on pleasure bent,
That's the time to ring the "chestnut" bell.—*Duett.*

How oft a friend you see, a deacon he may be,
Who pops into a drug store every morn;
Of course it's not to drink, you wouldn't dare to think,
A bar-room, well you know, that he would scorn.
But when he slyly winks, and soda water drinks,
The drug man knows his customer quite well;
And if your friend should state, it wasn't whiskey straight,
That's the time to ring the "chestnut" bell.—*Duett.*

That's What Puzzles the Quaker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, what a naughty old world this is,
Everybody will make a
Fuss and a figure, but how it is done,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
How they are born, and how they are bred,
How they all court, and how they get wed,
How each will try to keep up his head,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.

CHORUS.

Verily ah! verily hum!
Bibity bob, like a shaker;
Oh, this life is awfully rum,
It terribly puzzles the Quaker.

Old Cetewayo, they've copped him at last,
Of Zululand he was the fakir;
What they will do with that warm member now,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Why they don't sell him to Madame Tussaud,
Or at the Aquarium make him a show,
Under Farini, a tanner, a go,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.—*Chorus.*

A vile piece of treachery out in Cabul,
A massacre foul, that would make a
Saint cry for vengence, happened they say,
And terribly troubles the Quaker.
Why thus our bravest should helplessly fall
Victims to blunder and foresight so small,
Why they were sent to Cabul at all,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.—*Chorus.*

Why Turnerelli should get up a wreath,
And endeavor to make a
Fool of Lord Beaconsfield, I cannot tell,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Now Lord Dizzy refuses to be
A mark for the wreath of Mr. Tracy;
Why they don't send on the metal to me,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.—*Chorus.*

Chelmsford at last has, out in Zulu,
Given the niggers a shaker;
What the old Kaffir king thinks of it now,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Chelmsford could do it, I always was sure,
But why, if he wanted to finish the war,
He didn't push forward and whack 'em before,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.—*Chorus.*

Why do the goverments stick to the cat?
Why don't they give in, and take a
Wrinkle from out of humanity's book?
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
Why should they wish the brave soldier to flog?
Cutting and hacking his back like a log,
Treating a man much worse than a dog,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.—*Chorus.*

ENCORE VERSE.

Why you should ask me to sing once again,
And with a row that would wake a
Rip Van Winkle, I'm sure I don't know,
That's what puzzles the Quaker.
How can I respond now to your encore,
And like a lion keep up a roar,
When really you know, I don't know any more?
That's what puzzles the Quaker.—*Chorus.*

GERMAN FUN AT UNION HILL.

Tune—"Skidmore Fancy Ball."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You have heardt de song off de Mulligan Guards,
And de Skidmore Fancy Ball,
But now I'm going to sing off one,
I'm sure dot beats dem all;
It is aboud our German friendts,
Dot go oud every year
To de Schuetzen Park at Union Hill,
To enjoy dere sport so dear.
Dere dey've dancing, dere dey're singing,
Drinking lager bier und wine,
Mit dere wives und all dere children
You bet dey have a jolly time

CHORUS.

Dancing to de musik sweet
All around de hall,
I'll dell you now, yooh! hey!
I'm sure dot beats dem all.
For German fun und lager bier,
I'm sure you'll get your fill,
So uv you vant to have some fun,
Den kom to Union Hill.

Ven I get tired dancing,
Den I valk around de park,
Und mit some pretty German girls
I den kommence to spark;
I dreat her mit some ice cream,
Und ve ride de kerrosell,
Den I ask her how she like dot,
Und she says, oh, pooty well.
Germans dancing, Germans singing,
Drinking lager bier und wine,
Mit dere wives und all dere children,
You bet dey have a jolly time.—*Chorus.*

Den ven id's getting nide,
Ve go back by Ney Yorick,
Und I dake my pretty Deitcher girl
Oud den vor a valk;
Ve go down by de Atlantic Garden,
Dere ve sit und drink our bier,
I dell you now de Germans
Are de happiest peoples dere.
Germans singing, glasses ringing,
Drinking lager bier und wine,
Mit dere wives und all dere children,
You bet dey have a jolly time.—*Chorus.*

Dat Watermillion Growin' on de Vine.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, see dat watermillion
A smilin' fro' de fence,
How I wish dat watermillion it was mine;
Oh, de white folks mus' be foolish,
Dey need a heap ob sense,
Or dey'd nebber leave it dar upon de vine.

CHORUS.

Oh, de ham-bone am sweet,
An' de bacon am good,
An' de possum fat am berry, berry fine;
But gib me, yes, gib me,
Oh, how I wish you would,
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine.

You may talk about de peaches,
De apples and de pears,
An' de 'simmons hangin' on de 'simmon tree;
But, bless my heart, my honey,
Dat truck it ain't nowheres,
Oh, de watermillion am de fruit for me.—*Chorus.*

When de dew-drops dey is fallin',
Dat million's gwine to cool,
An' I know den it will eat most awful fine;
So I'se gwine to come an' fetch it,
Or else I is a fool,
If I leaves it dar a smilin' on de vine.—*Chorus.*

ONE PENNY PORTION.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
That lived convenient to the Isle of Man;
Take heed, good people, what followed after.
They long had courted, but underhand.
One day at parting, after discoursing
Some time concerning the ocean wide,
He said, my dear, at our next meeting,
If you'll consent I'll make you my bride.

Said she, for sailors we don't admire them,
Because they sail to so many parts;
The more we love them the more they slight us,
And leave us after them with broken hearts.
Never fear, my dearest dear,
I don't intend for to treat you so;
But I have once more to cross the ocean,
You know, my darling, that I must go.

The news was carried unto his mother
Before he put his foot on board,
That he was courting a farmer's daughter,
One penny portion could not afford.
One penny portion going to the ocean!
Like one distracted his mother ran;
If you don't forsake her, your bride not make her,
I will disown you to be my son.

Oh, mother dear, you're in a passion,
And I am sorry for what you've said;
Don't you remember at your first beginning,
My father married you a servant maid?
So don't dispraise her, I mean to raise her,
Just as my father with you has done;
Therefore I'll take her, my bride I'll make her,
Though you should disown me to be your son.

When this maid heard the pleasing story,
That she to sea with her love might go,
She said, my portion they need not mind it,
I might have money and no one know.
Money or not, love, you are my lot, love,
You have my heart and affections still;
Therefore I'll take you, my bride I'll make you,
Let my scolding mother say what she will.

She'd Have Her Way or Die.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Now I'll sing of a charming young damsel,
And her age was four hundred and three;
She lived in an attic, down cellar,
And slept under a strawberry tree.
Her mother scraped paint on a ferry-boat,
And her father shaped out mince pie;
She fell in a tub of hot water,
For she'd have her way or die.

Now she fell from the top of a mountain,
But caught in the fog coming down;
She looked like the side of a freight car,
And nearly set fire to the town.
She flew through the air like a camel,
Or like clothes on a line to dry;
She fell in a sewer on Tenth street,
For she'd have her way or die.

Now her brother, poor boy, had bronchitis,
And the doctor gave him up for gone;
He walked up to the third story window,
And was always right when he was wrong.
But one day they both went out skating,
In the warm months of June and July;
They were arrested for bottling up East wind,
For she'd have her way or die.

CAPTAIN DWYER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

At length, brave Captain Dwyer, you and your trusty men
Are scented o'er the mountains and tracked unto the Glen;
Sleep not, but watch and listen, keep ready gun and ball,
For the enemy knows your hiding place to-night in Wildy Mall.

They searched the valley all that night, and toward the dawn of day
Discovered where those hunted and dreaded heroes lay;
Then 'round the little cottage they formed into a ring,
And called on Captain Dwyer to surrender to the king.

Then Captain Dwyer answered: "Unto this house we came,
Unmasked by these good people—they cannot be to blame,
So let these helpless parents and children pass you through,
And when they're placed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do."

'Twas done; then said bold Dwyer, "Now let the work begin,
You are a hundred outside, we only four within;
We have heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply:
'We are true united Irishmen, we'll fight until we die.'"

Then burst the war's red lightning and poured the leaden rain,
The hills around re-echoed, the thunder pealed again;
So many soldiers falling, brave Dwyer saw with pride,
But, alas, one gallant comrade was wounded by his side.

But still there's three remaining good battle for to do,
Their arms are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true;
But, hark! what furious shouting the savage soldiers raise,
The house is fired about their heads, the roof is in a blaze.

Then higher every moment the lurid flames arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of the foes;
When up spoke brave McAlister, the weak and wounded man,
"You shall escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:

Place in my hand a musket and lie ye on the floor,
I'll stand before the soldiers and open wide the door;
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array,
And when their guns are empty dash through them and away."

He stood before the foemen revealed amidst the flame,
Out of their leveled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprung the three survivors for whom our hero died,
But Captain Dwyer only got through the ranks outside

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind,
He swam the river Slaney and left them far behind;
And many was the red coat he promised soon should fall,
For those three loyal comrades who died in Wildy Mall.

Cast One Little Thought for Me.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Ere I leave you, little darling,
I would beg a boon of thee;
Will you in your lonely hours,
Cast one little thought for me?
When the night-shades 'round you gather,
I will then be far from thee;
Parted, oh, perhaps for ever,
Will you cast one thought for me?

CHORUS.

Little darling, will you promise,
Promise only this to me, my darling,
When the night-shades 'round you gather,
Cast one little thought for me.

Little darling, though I wander,
Tossed upon life's stormy sea,
Love's pure light will shine for ever,
If you'll cast one thought for me.
Fare thee well, my little darling,
Life is full of joy to me,
For I'll know your heart is faithful,
If you'll cast one thought for me.—*Chorus.*

MAUREEN MAVOURNEEN.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. Dawson.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Maureen Mavourneen, now list to my calling,
As softly 'tis echoed from woodland and brake;
From the wings of the night are silently falling
The shadows that sleep on the breast of the lake.
Oh, see where the moonlight is kissing the hill,
And Venus is lighting her lamp in the sky;
Then come with me, Maureen, we'll wander at will,
And breathe the sweet perfume the night flowers sigh.

Oh, could we thus ever drink deep of the bliss,
That flows from the fount of our young hearts' fond love,
Like a smile of yon heaven reflected in this.
Oh, who from Killarney could tempt us to rove?
As peaceful and calm as that lake, that we see
Reposing to-night in its beauty serene;
Would the hours of a life that's centred in thee,
Flow pure and unchanging, my Colleen Maureen.

SARAH WALKER.

My friends, I'm glad to see you,
Though perhaps you don't know me,
But who I am, I presently will mention;
But ere I go away
I mean to have my say,
That is, if you will give me your attention.
You've no need to be told,
You can see I'm growing old,
And at my time of life I'm no talker;
Just listen unto me,
And I'll quickly let you see,
The experience of Sarah Walker.
Latherum cum, latherum cum, &c.

Since I was seventeen,
What changes there have been,
In both men and manners, and in fashion;
And what meets one's gaze,
Now in the present days,
It's enough almost to put one in a passion.
Little boys now smoke segars
And lecture their papas,
And every girl's a woman and a talker;
How different things have grown,
The world's quite upside down,
It quite shocks the nerves of Sarah Walker.
Latherum cum, latherum cum, &c.

SIMPLE SIMON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, they call me Simple Simon, though my name is Simon Snip,
I saved a little money, so I took a little trip;
Go where I will, do what I may, it always is the same,
For, without an introduction, people seem to know my name
For they say, Simon; (that is what you say to me),
And judging from your smiles around, what a Simon I must be!
Oh, my name it seems familiar, and they say with a grin,
And they treat me like a Simon, for they always take me in

Oh, I thought that I could fancy a lady in Broadway,
I don't think it was Nancy, though she tried to do the gay,
We went into the country, where she made the driver tight,
When she took away my money, and the driver wished to fight;
And he said, Simon, and came a squaring up to me,
Come on, said he, if you're a man, what a Simon I should be!
He was big enough to eat me, I did not wish to stay,
For to fasten such a cannibal, so Simon ran away.

I went to Niblo's Garden to see the White Fawn,
When I quickly found that from my fob my watch was being drawn;
I called, Police! they turned me out for making such a noise;
I fancy I still hear the voice of all the little boys,
Saying, Simon! and did *so* at me,
For any one to lose a watch, it is such a jolly spree;
There's nothing half so funny, as a watch and chain to lose,
Misfortune to a little man is sure for to amuse.

I looked in vain, for I could not find the author of the crime,
I found that looking for my watch was only losing time;
I said, now my poor tick will stop, now my old ticker's gone,
When I felt a hand upon me drop, and a bobby said, Move on!
Simon, come, move along! said he, a robbery upon my beat,
I am sure there could not be;
You simple looking Simon, now march! I say,
On every beat that I'm upon all thieves must run away.

I called on Mr. —— and begged he'd let me sing,
When he said, Ah, Simple Simon, I shall do no such thing;
He thought my application a simple bit of chaff,
But I gained the situation because I made him laugh.
And he said, Simon: (these words he said to me),
If you can only make them laugh, that is all I want to see;
This is your servant, Simon, the gratitude I feel,
Words can't express his sentiments, so listen to his heels.

Please Give Me a Penny, Sir?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Please give me a penny, sir?
My mother dear is dead,
And, oh, I am so hungry, sir,
A penny please, for bread?
All day I have been asking,
But no one heeds my cry,
Will you not give me something?
Or surely I must die.

CHORUS.

Please give me a penny, sir?
My mother dear is dead,
And, oh, I am so hungry, sir,
A penny please, for bread?

Please give me a penny, sir?
You won't say no, to me,
Because I'm poor and ragged, sir,
And, oh, so cold you see.
We were not always begging,
We once were rich like you,
But father died a drunkard,
And mother she died, too.—*Chorus.*

Please give me a penny, sir?
Is heard on every side,
Lisped by little trembling lips,
And singing on life's tide.
Oh, listen to their pleadings,
And pity these, the poor,
Then blessings brought from heaven,
Will shine on thee the more.—*Chorus.*

SCANLAN'S ROSE SONG.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

This pretty little flower which I take from my breast,
I wish to give to some one, yes, one whom I may trust;
Its value may be small, to me 'tis dear as life,
For she who will accept it, I mean to make my wife.
Her cheeks they must be red, just like this little flower,
And she must always think of me, yes, almost every hour,
And I will think of her when I am far away,
And some day I'll return again to hear what she will say.

CHORUS.

Promise me you'll keep it, make this promise, do,
Promise me you'll cherish it, make your answer true;
If this promise you will keep when I'm far away,
This sweet rose I'll give to you, my own true love, to-day.

Within this rose a vow of love and truth divine,
Lies nursed with fond devotion from out this heart of mine;
Just like the water's flow, just like the winds that blow,
My thoughts will be of thee, love, though in a foreign clime
In Springtime when the earth awakes with nature's green,
When fragrant flowers and pretty birds may everywhere be seen,
Go ramble through the woods, and search the green fields o'er,
Not one you'll find to welcome you like this dear little flower.—*Chor.*

Fifty Miles Under the Sea.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The other night I went to bed,
In fact I often do,
And in my dreams went down to sleep,
Where a strange sight met my view;
This world is called Concordia,
The people gay and free,
I wish that I was one of them,
Fifty miles under the sea.

CHORUS.

This is what I saw while dreaming,
As plain as plain can be;
They live so content, they never pay rent,
Fifty miles under the sea.

Their food and beer is pure
And not adulterated stuff,
They never had good templers,
For they know when they've enough,
There's no police to run you in,
No divorce court have they got,
They never read the Police Gazette,
For they are a jolly lot.

CHORUS.

This is what I saw while dreaming,
As plain as plain can be;
You can doubt my tale, no work-house or jail,
Fifty miles under the sea.

They never had a national debt,
They never were troubled with war,
They never had a man for rent
Come knocking at your door;
Of toothache, corns or income tax,
They know not, happy souls,
Of railroad smashes they never heard,
Nor the price of a ton of coals.

CHORUS.

This is what I saw while dreaming,
As plain as plain can be;
I heard a knock, it was past ten o'clock,
And I came up from under the sea.

We can conceive no better means of cheapening the price of sausages than taking off the tax on dogs.—*Fall River Advance.*

JACK'S YARN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas Monday night, the moon was shinin' bright,
The winds had been a blowin' all the day,
We was sittin' in a ring, an', Lor', how we did sing,
I'd reckon you'd ha' heard us 'cross the bay.
I'd sung o' black-eyed Sue, who was so fond an' true,
When we hears a sort o' splashin' in the sea,
An' a nigger then we spied, scramblin' up the starboard side,
An' he tumbled on the deck in front o' we.

CHORUS.

Hillee, haullee, hillee ho, hillee, haullee, hillee he,
The ship's a sailin' on the sea,
An' every jolly Jack, will soon be comin' back,
Singin' haullee, hillee, haullee, hillee ho.

The tears were on his cheek, he sobb'd an' couldn't speak,
He show'd us where his back were torn an' scored,
He clutch'd us one an' all, an' he trembled, like to fall,
When he saw the white-faced planter come aboard.
Then our cap'n he up stood, so noble, proud an' good,
An' the poor old nig were at his knee;
Every man is free, he cries, where the British color flies,
An' I'll never give him up, says he.—*Chorus.*

Then the planter he grew pale, an' like a cur turned tail,
As quickly down the side went he,
Or on our British deck he'd soon ha' found his neck,
An' the poor old slave was free.
So here's good luck an' life, to our cap'n an' his wife,
God bless'n for his noble words, say we,
For to free the slaves, Britannia rules the waves,
An' that's being mistress of the sea.—*Chorus.*

Oh, George, Tell Me if You Love Me?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The first time that I fell in love,
'Twas with a pretty belle,
I felt a kind, a sort of kind
Of feeling, I can't tell,
And she said she felt just the same;
And so each night and day,
She'd ask me if I loved her still,
And this is what she'd say:

CHORUS.

Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
George, do you love me still?
If you don't kiss me twice in the very same place,
I'll go myself and kill, I will.

I used to trot her out each day,
So fond of sights was she,
We go to Zoo, run down to Kew,
And make love in the middle of the tea;
To all the shows, and gracious knows,
All over the metropolis we went,
And we climbed the spiral staircase what's
Inside the monument.—*Chorus.*

Well, this went on for six sweet months,
My happiness was such,
That one day I said: "Will you have me, love?"
Said she: "I would like to much."
One morning found us in a church,
Where she was made my bride,
And, oh, I felt too sweet to live,
As we drove home side by side.—*Chorus.*

She's happy as the day is long,
For the house she nightly fills,
There's always a ball or a party on,
And I've to pay the bills.
Of course I part like an innocent lamb,
For she's such a wheedling way,
She gives me a look as sweet as jam,
And then so sweetly she'll say:—*Chorus.*

Far Away From Home and Mother.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Far away from home and mother,
Oh, how sadly now I stray;
Though years have flown since we were parted,
I love them dearer still to-day.
In dreams I wander to the loved ones,
Clasp them to my heart again;
Smiles of welcome shine upon me,
And they charm away life's weary pain.

CHORUS.

Far away from home and mother,
Sad is all the world to me;
Once again at home with mother,
Oh, how my heart now longs to be.

Far away from home and mother,
Tho' I've wandered many years,
Yet still within my heart their memory
I cherish 'mid regretful tears.
I think of every pain and sorrow,
Mother, dear, I gave to you;
How I sigh to share your kisses,
And to hear your words so fond and true.—*Chorus.*

Far away from home and mother,
I have learnt this while I roam:
There's naught on earth that can be dearer,
Than mother sweet and childhood's home.
My heart for evermore is dreaming,
Thinking of the happy past;
Longing still and ever sighing
With the loved to fondly rest at last.—*Chorus.*

OWEN REILLY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, my name is Owen Reilly,
I've got a son that's got me crazy;
He comes home every night wid his blackguard songs,
He said he learned them up at some free and aisy;
He wanted his mother for to put on the boxing gloves wid him,
He broke his little brother's leg wid a poker;
He have an old deck of cards, and he wants me to play
Pedro, sancho, seven-up and the joker.
He says he's taking sparring lessons from Professor John Donovan,
He bate the oldest boy of cross-eyed McGarrity;
He goes prancing around all the dances of the city,
And he have a girl who do be dancing at the vulgarities.

Oh, he pawned me Sunday pants last week
To go and lay a wager,
And he brought me down the street that night,
For to fight a big black nagur;
There's his cousin Mike, a nice young man,
Wid the finest kind of manners;
Night after night they roamed about,
And they called it "carrying the banners;"
But the two of them got into a scrape,
They stole a Dutchman's pony;
Poor Mike is in the work-house now,
And Bernard's in Arogononia.

Oh, he tied a can to our dog's tail
When we'd gone to church last Sunday;
He got stiff staving tight, and stayed out that night,
And he was up before the judge in the morning;
He have the house turned inside out,
He's gone to bad entirely;
By heavens! I fear that he'll be hung,
God help you, Bernard Reilly!
He kicked his sister, Honorah, in the forehead last week,
He wanted custard pie for his supper;
And he came home wid himself stuffed with boiled oyster stews,
And threw the corned beef and cabbage in the gutter.

Shivering and Shaking Out in the Cold.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Gazing on mansions of splendor,
Filled with perfume and shining with gold,
A thought often strikes me, do great ones remember
Those that are shivering out in the cold?

CHORUS.

Hungry, dejected, feet unprotected,
Houseless, homeless, sad to behold;
Eyes red with crying, care-worn and sighing,
Shivering and shaking out in the cold.

No one to soothe the sad heart of sorrow,
None to pity—plenty to scold;
None will ask if he lives to-morrow,
Shivering and shaking out in the cold.—*Chorus.*

What has he done to be so neglected?
Why do you thrust him away from your door?
Perhaps he was once most highly respected,
The answer is simply—because he was poor.—*Chorus.*

What is that dark-looking object before us?
A funeral, carried from the work-house, I'm told;
They're taking a poor wretch home to his friends,
They found him last night out in the cold.—*Chorus.*

Friends of the churchyard, none there will scorn him,
E'en from the best down to the worst;
He'll soon be forgotten, no one will mourn him,
Where he comingles his dust with the dust.—*Chorus.*

Sad scenes of sorrow each coming morrow,
Bring in its dull, stealthy pace day by day,
Heaping fresh troubles on man to his horror,
'Till death seals his doom and he passes away.—*Chorus.*

My Father Sould Charcoal.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When I was a servant in sweet Tipperary, oh!
I was as smart as the divil,
And just as contrairy, oh!
An Irish Gossoon;
And great was th' applause of it;
My father sould charcoal,
And that was the cause of it.
An Irish Gossoon,
And great was th' applause of it;
My father sould charcoal,
And that was the cause of it.

Arrah! my mother, poor soul! had a habid of drinking, oh!
She fell in a ditch,
Which set her to thinking, oh!
A mammoth phratee,
And great was the size of it;
Me mouth held a dozen,
Which widened the breadth of it.
Me mouth held a dozen,
Which widened the breadth of it;
My father sould charcoal,
And that was the cause of it.

At a break-down or reel,
It's highly undutiful,
And if to remember,
You need not so stare at me;
Sure I can wear my brogans,
Both behind and in front of me.

And how does yeas do?
I see yeas all laugh at me;
And what would yeas give
For a nice photograph of me?
And if to remember,
You need not so stare at me;
Sure I'll give every mother's son of yeas
A lock of the hair to me.

KATY DREW.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I gaze upon those beaming eyes,
That sparkled once with heav'nly blue,
Then seem to mount the vaulted skies,
And find a spirit form in view.
Her robes eclipse the roseate light,
The sun enfolds about his car:
Her radiant glances awe to flight
The gleam that gilds the evening star;
And so sublime the vision seems,
I'm lost awhile in heav'nly dreams.

CHORUS.

Her darling image, while I gaze,
Brings back the joys of other days;
Those sparkling eyes of heav'nly blue,
Those beaming eyes of Katy Drew.

Dear mem'ry softly near me steals,
And lifts the veil of golden haze,
While fancy's mimic force reveals
The treasured scenes of boyhood's days.
Those beaming eyes there lend a light,
That chastely decks a charming form;
Her tresses dark as plumes of night,
Her cheeks with rival roses warm;
Her voice the blissful soul of song,
Herself a queen to sway the throng.—*Chorus.*

Once more I trace those beaming eyes,
To where a happy spirit band
With rapture thrills the vaulted skies
With notes of song supremely grand.
Some strains I hear of plaintive lays,
That rise and fall, and some that swell,
To notes sublime of joyous praise;
'Till earth and skies confess the spell;
My soul rolls back the tide of years,
That soon returns with blissful tears.—*Chorus.*

Polly Perkins of Washington Square.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823. New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a broken-hearted butcher boy,
In grief I'm arrayed,
Through keeping the company
Of a young servant-maid,
Who lived on board-wages,
The house to keep clear,
In a gentleman's family,
Near Washington Square.

CHORUS.

Oh! she was as beautiful as a butterfly,
There's none could compare
With pretty little Polly Perkins
Of Washington Square.

Her eyes were as black
As the pips of a pear;
No rose in the garden
With her cheeks could compare;
Her hair hung in ringerlets
So beautiful and long;
I thought that she loved me,
But found I was wrong.—*Chorus.*

When I'd call in the morning,
And cry: "Meat!" below,
At the sound of my voice,
Her face she would show,
With a smile upon her countenance
And a laugh in her eye;
If I thought she'd have loved me,
I'd have laid down to die.—*Chorus.*

When I asked her to marry me,
She said: "Oh! what stuff!"
And told me to drop it;
For she'd had quite enough
Of my nonsense—at the same time,
I'd been very kind,
But to marry a butcher-boy,
She didn't feel inclined.—*Chorus.*

Oh! the man that has me,
Must have silver and gold—
A chariot to ride in,
And be handsome and bold;
His hair must be curly
As any watch-spring,
And his whiskers as big
As a brush for clothing.—*Chorus.*

The words that she uttered
Went straight through my heart,
I sob-bed, I sigh-ed,
And straight did depart,
With a tear on my eyelid,
As big as a pear,
Biding good-bye to Polly Perkins,
And Washington Square.—*Chorus*

In six months, she married,
This hard-hearted girl;
It was not a viscount,
It was not an earl,
It was not a baronet—
But worser by far,
'Twas a bow-legged conductor
Of a Third avenue car.—*Chorus*

LIFE'S LOT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not;
It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night, bewet with tears,
A bed of pain.

CHORUS.

But this I know, where'er I go,
There is a hand divine,
That holds me still, through every ill,
Whatever lot be mine.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone on earth
All strange to me;
The dearest friends I have below
May all depart,
The purest joys may fade and leave
An aching heart.—*Chorus.*

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
More strong than mine;
One who was known in storms to sail,
I have on board,
Amid the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.—*Chorus.*

He holds me—though the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp 'tis short, if long 'tis light,
He tempers all.
Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand
Unto eternal bliss.—*Chorus.*

The Man That Couldn't Get Warm.

Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You that are fond, in spite of price,
Of pastry, cream and jellies nice,
Be careful how you take an ice
Whenever you are warm.
A merchant once from India came,
Shivery Shakey was his name;
A pastry-cook did him entice
To take a cooling luscious ice;
The weather, hot enough to kill,
Kept tempting him to eat, until
It gave his corpus such a chill,
He never again got warm.

CHORUS.

Shivery Shakey, oh, dear!
Oh, crimini jimini! isn't it cold?
Shivery Shakey, oh, dear!
Oh, the man that couldn't get warm.

Close to a blazing fire he got,
And took to drinking brandy hot;
He sent for doctors, such a lot,
The man that couldn't get warm;
They recommended chamois leather,
Flannel shoes and India-rubber,
Mustard chillies and cayenne,
But nothing seemed to warm the man;
And when the doctors took their fees,
It chilled their blood near twelve degrees,
It even made their fingers freeze—
The man that couldn't get warm.—*Chorus.*

The room was hot enough to bake,
And yet this man with cold did ache,
It made the servants shiver and shake—
The man that couldn't get warm.
The nursery maids, the scullion, the cook,
Even John, the coachman, shook,
And all kept crying, night and morning:
We really must give master warning;
What's worse, his wife began to pout,
And left the house quite chilled, no doubt,
For he even froze the gardener out,
The man that couldn't get warm.—*Chorus.*

Then he with grief filled to the brim,
Resolved to go abroad by steam,
But not a ship would move with him,
The man that couldn't get warm.
He went to the engine room, I am told,
And gave to the stoker sudden cold,
Condensed the steam and stopped the wheels,
And gave the passengers the chills;
The vessel ice-bound, even so,
The captain shaking from top to toe,
Declared on shore again must go,
The man that couldn't get warm.—*Chorus.*

Next morning this poor man was drowned,
In a hot bath he was found,
The water frozen all around
The man that couldn't get warm.
The jury proved it in a thrice,
He died from indigested ice;
And then the foreman, Patrick Price,
The verdict gave, with this advice:
Och! ate ice creams whene'er you will,
But only take them when you're ill;
And first of all, take off the chill,
And swallow your ices warm.—*Chorus.*

—The latest slander on the dude is that one bumped his head against a cobweb stretched across the sidewalk and had to be carried home with a cracked skull.

Something Sweet to Think Of.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Something sweet to think of in this world of care,
Tho' dear friends have left us, they bright spirits are;
Something sweet to dream of—hark! the angels say,
Call them not back again, they are with you every day;
With you in the twilight, with you night and morn,
With you in the sunlight, with you in the storm;
With you ever, evermore—hear the angels say,
Call them not back again, they are with you every day.

CHORUS.

Something sweet to think of in this world of care,
Tho' dear friends have left us, they bright spirits are;
Something sweet to dream of—hark! the angels say,
Call them not back again, they are with you every day.

Something sweet to think of, a dear mother's love,
'Twas a priceless jewel 'round my heart she wove;
How I long to see her—but the angels say,
Call her not back again, she is with you every day.
Blessed, sainted mother, I can see her now,
As in days of childhood, when she kissed my brow;
'Tis my sweetest, dearest joy, when the angels say,
Call her not back again, she is with you every day.—*Chorus.*

Something sweet to think of, loved ones gone before,
Bright and joyous spirits with us evermore:
They are singing sweetly with the angels' lay,
Call us not back again, we are with you every day;
Wander not in darkness, for we send you light,
That will make you happy through both day and night;
'Tis our blessing on you all, and with the angels say,
Call us not back again, we are with you every day.—*Chorus.*

S. O. T.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Old Adam was a hero,
His like you'll never find,
Although he was the first man,
He was the last one of his kind;
For every sip that wet his lips
Was pure cold water, sparkling free,
An honest man with an honest grip,
Son of Temperance, S. O. T.

CHORUS.

Then come and join the noble band,
Humanity, salvation,
Push along, sing the song,
Set the whole world free;
Help every man, who walks the land,
To a proud and lofty station;
Join hands all ye Sons
Of Temperance, S. O. T.

Don't talk about your whiskey,
To aggravate a man
Who's signed the temperance pledge, boys,
And resolute I'll stand;
The bowl defy until I die,
To drink I'll never bend the knee;
No blush or shame to mar the name,
Sons of Temperance, S. O. T.—*Chorus.*

The little birds that warble,
So cheerful they sing,
Just after sipping Adam's ale,
From nature's lovely spring,
While flowing from a mountain side,
An example for the world to see;
Take my advice and join the band,
Sons of Temperance, S. O. T.—*Chorus.*

—Eli Perkins says: "The near-sighted hen who ate sawdust supposing it to be cornmeal, then went and laid a nestful of bureau-knobs, sat on 'em three weeks and hatched out a complete set of parlor furniture, was a pretty fair hen."

DREAM NO MORE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Early dreams, why drag me back,
O'er life's blighted desert track?
Why call up the spectral past,
With its hopes too bright to last?
Where my heart, the magic art,
Where the balm, thy throbs to calm?
Oh, syren hope, thy spell is o'er,
Dream no more, oh, dream no more!
Dream, heart, no more, dream, heart, no more!

Love, thou charmest now in vain,
Broken is thy magic chain,
All thy sunlight dimmed and cold
In this midnight of my soul.
Fame, thou canst recall no more
Dizzy dreams and hopes of yore;
Deadened soul and wearied frame,
Yield no fuel, no fuel for thy flame;
Yield no fuel, no fuel for thy flame.

As the oak, crushed by the storm,
Bares its bleared and blasted form,
Reft of verdant leaf and bough,
Such this bleeding breast is now.
Where my heart, the magic art,
Where the balm, thy throbs to calm?
Oh, syren hope, thy spell is o'er,
Dream no more, oh, dream no more!
Dream, heart, no more, dream, heart, no more!

WINKING AT ME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Kind friends, your attention I'll ask for awhile,
And I'll try to amuse you in my simple style;
To sing to you nightly it's a pleasure, I see,
For the gents in the house all keep winking at me.

CHORUS.

Winking at me, winking at me,
Now, how can I sing while you're winking at me?

There's a gentleman sitting down there at the right,
He came here to-day in a terrible plight;
He's lately been jilted by a fair one you see,
And now he comes here and keeps winking at me.—*Chorus.*

Mr. ——, our leader, as every one knows,
Has lately contrived to let his moustache grow;
He's got a nice wife and big children three,
Now, how can he play while he's winking at me?—*Chorus.*

There's a gentleman there now, who should be at home
Rocking the cradle of babes he does own.

SPOKEN—Yes, that gentleman there who wears the blue cravat and has a rose in his buttonhole.

No wonder you blush, sir, married man as you be,
To sit there all night and keep winking at me.—*Chorus.*

There's a gent sitting there, dressed with elegant taste,
By the side of a lady, his arm 'round her waist,
An artful deceiver I fear he must be,
For while he makes love to her, he keeps winking at me.—*Chorus.*

And now to conclude with my silly rhymes,
I hope I've not offended or wasted my time,
'Twas meant in a jest, for you plainly can see,
There's a boy in the gallery keeps winking at me.—*Chorus.*

—"My dear," said an Oil City wife to her husband, "did you see this, that a crape fringe with rows of swinging acorns in graduated sizes is an elegant novelty in mourning. Wouldn't I look nice in them?" "Well, by thunder!" yelled the husband, as he went out slamming the door. And his fashionable wife doesn't know what made him so mad.—*Oil City Derrick.*

TRUST TO LUCK.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place;
Let the world wag away, let your friends turn to foes,
Let your pockets run dry, and thread-bare your clothes;
Should woman deceive when you trust to her heart,
Never sigh, 'twon't relieve it, but add to the smart.

CHORUS.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place;
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

Be a man, be a man, wheresoever you go,
Through the sunshine of wealth, or the tear-drop of woe;
Should the wealthy look grand, and the proud pass you by,
With the back of their hand and scorn in their eye;
Snap your fingers and smile as they pass on their way,
And remember the while every dog has his day.—*Chorus.*

In love or in war, sure it's Irish delight,
He's good humored with both, the sweet girl and a fight;
He coaxes, he bothers, he blarneys the dear,
To resist him she can't, and she's off when he's near;
And when valor calls him from his darling, he'd fly
And for liberty fight, for ould Ireland he'd die.—*Chorus.*

MOUNTAINEER'S FAREWELL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I have come from the mountains of the old granite State,
Where the hills are so lofty, magnificent and great;
I have left kindred spirits in the land of the blest,
When I bade them adieu for the far distant West;
Oh, thy mountains! oh, thy valleys!
In my own native State.

CHORUS.

I have come from the mountains of the old granite State,
Where the hills are so lofty, magnificent and great.

Oh, thy hills and thy valleys are sacred all to me,
No matter in what lands of others I may see;
I have viewed scenes as sunny, as fair and as smooth,
And I'll think of the cottage that stands in the grove;
Oh, that homestead! oh, my childhood!
In my own native State.

CHORUS.

Oh, thy hills and thy valleys are sacred all to me,
No matter in what lands of others I may see.

When I think of the fair one who once was my pride,
As she roved among the mountains so closely by my side,
I will sigh for the days that never will come back,
For she sleeps on the shores of the bold Merrimack:
Oh, that loved one! oh, that graveyard!
In my own native State.

CHORUS.

Then I'll think of that fair one who once was my pride,
As she roved among the mountains so closely by my side.

A mother dear I have lost—she has gone to the grave,
She was the dearest blessing that God ever gave;
I will go to the spot where buried is the loved,
For I seem to hear her singing with the angels above;
Oh, my mother! I bless her ashes!
In my own native State.

CHORUS.

A mother dear I have lost—she has gone to the grave,
She left her orphan weeping to go to God who gave.

—Smith discovered after marriage, that his wife wrote poetry; but he couldn't do anything about it then. He had taken her for better or for verse.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

EXCELSIOR.

By H. W. Longfellow.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
The weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler,—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

BILL MASON'S RIDE.

By F. Bret Harte.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch-lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
"On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the Summer the mill hands struck—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

But hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on number one,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill-hands left the Ridge—
They come down—the drunken devils!
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard'em a workin'
And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell *us*.
A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well! by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin';
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

MY LOVE BEYOND THE SEA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I met my love in a dream last night,
My love beyond the sea;
His brow was bright with a laurel wreath,
And bonny and brave looked he.
We met where the lime-trees shade the dell,
And the waters murmur low;
'Twas the trysting spot we knew so well
In the Summers long ago.

The morning came, my bright dream fled
Like a star at break of day;
But the hope within my loving heart
Will never pass away.
We shall meet again beside the spot
We used to know so well,
Where the Summer waters murmur low,
And the lime-trees shade the dell.

Oh, Love, Will You Be Mine?

Copyright, 1886, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I once heard the gallant knight errants of old
Would serenade their ladye loves in the cold,
So I thought I'll woo mine by the light of the star,
And I'll speculate ten cents and buy a guitar;
But the man at the junk shop had got none to sell,
So I purchased a banjo which did just as well.
And I first skipped the dog, then sat on her back wall,
Where I tuned up my banjo and started to squall.

CHORUS.

Oh, love, will you be mine?
Oh, love, do not decline;
I'll be as true as the stars up above,
If you'll be my true-hearted, dear little love.

The hour it was late, and the night it was damp,
But my mind was made up and I started to vamp;
I sang her a very affectionate song,
Although every harmony I played was wrong;
That my poor heart was bursting with love every day,
I explained in a most satisfactory way;
When, confound my misfortune, it commenced to rain,
But I turned my coat collar and started again.—*Chorus.*

It rained for three hours, I got dripping wet through,
But I stayed there to prove my affection was true;
And I made that old banjo go pinkety ping,
I was so energetic I bursted a string;
But a neighbor, whose temper rose awfully quick,
Took a good, steady aim with a large, heavy brick;
I was knocked off my seat and I quickly came 'round,
Still I sang out of spite as I sat on the ground.—*Chorus.*

I was wet, I was hurt and my clothes a wreck,
And the fall from the wall had half broke my neck;
I walked home six miles while the rain it still poured,
And not a glimpse of my love had been my reward;
Next day I'd a letter from Ida to say,
She'd been in the country a fortnight to-day;
So she'd heard not a note of my exquisite strain,
But I'm blowed if I go serenading again.—*Chorus.*

DOWN IN MOBILE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Now if you want to have some fun,
Come down in the valley at the jubilee;
See my gal and I made one,
Down at the jubilee.
We're going to get married, yes, to-night,
Down in the valley at the jubilee;
If you don't come there'll be a fight,
Down at the jubilee.

CHORUS.

Then, oh, what fun,
With niggers dancing, singing, prancing;
Then, oh, what fun,
Down at the jubilee.
Down in Mobile, down in Mobile,
How I love that pretty yellow girl,
Down in Mobile;
Down in Mobile, down in Mobile,
How I love that pretty yellow girl,
Down in Mobile.
Then she sighed, oh, yes,
She sighed, oh, no;
Sigh for that pretty yellow girl,
Down in Mobile.

Listen, Sue and old Aunt Sal,
Down in the valley at the jubilee;
Gwine to dance the funny old gal,
Down at the jubilee.
Way down South where I was born,
Down in the valley at the jubilee;
'Mongst the cane and sugar-corn,
Down at the jubilee.—*Chorus.*

Hamtown Base Ball Club.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I know I'll never forget the day
I learned to play base ball;
Of all the games I ever played,
That game just knocked them all.
They said they'd give me a bang-up time,
And take me as a "sub;"
I was a high-toned nigger with girls when I joined
The Hamtown Base Ball Club.
I had to run and jump,
Got many a bump and thump;
They made me hop
When I played short stop,
On my ear was a great big lump.
On my shins I had to rub
St. Jacob's oil by the tub;
It made me sick,
But I didn't want to kick
In the Hamtown Base Ball Club.

I was hit in a tender spot so hard,
For a month I could not sit;
My lips looked like a busted tomattus
Or a pound of liver split.
I got a big stinger from the man at the bat,
It busted my left lung,
Stove in three ribs and took my breath,
And I swallowed half my tongue.
My nose was split and peeled
While out on centre field,
I tried to catch a fly,
But got it in the eye,
'Twas a month before it healed.
They called me a good scrub,
Said I wasn't worth my grub;
When my fingers got broke,
'Twas a d——d good joke,
In the Hamtown Base Ball Club.

I was all bunged up, I was weak and sore,
My bones ached through and through;
I was marked all over like a huckleberry puddin',
My body was black and blue.
I wished I was up in a big balloon
Ten thousand miles away,
Or up in the work-house doing six months,
Before I began to play.
They soon brought me to a check
With a red hot liner on the neck;
Like a shot from the gun,
I thought it weighed a ton,
I was all broke up and a wreck.
They said I was a snide old sub,
With my head swelled as big as a tub
I was knocked out flat
With a base ball bat,
In the Hamtown Base Ball Club.

BAD WHISKY.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When on to Africa there passed
A bum—who bore a cake of ice,
On which was chalked this strange device—
Bad whisky.

Oh, say, a maiden said, don't go!
'Tis Summer, and a foot of snow
Has fallen—the bum his duster buttoned tight
And said, I'll hock my false teeth to-night
For bourbon sours.

The bum passed on—we saw no more
The sealskin pants this bummer wore;
He drank four barrels of kerosene that day,
The kerosene went off, he was blown away
By fusel oil.

The coroner an inquest held
On what this bummer's life dispelled;
They buried him in a bale of hay,
And all the jury had to say, 'twas—
Bad whisky.

THE CUNARD DOCK.

Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Behold in me a poor ould Irishman,
Be happy more I never can,
Through loving one Nancy Ann McGee,
And now my folly I can plainly see.
She fancied a boy from Mullingar,
On the canal he was a bould Jack tar;
He smelt of nasty pitch and wax,
And he always was hitching up his slacks.

SPOKEN—I imagined she was mashed and smashed, and crashed on me. Just as I was laving Dublin to swim to America with her on my back, I found—

CHORUS.

She sailed away from Cunard dock,
And the ship went wallop on a great big rock,
And ever since that dreadful shock
She's never been back to Patsy.

She always swore she'd be true to me,
And she called me her darling Patsy;
But she gave me the shake and stole my cash,
And then skipped off with her other mash.
I ate raw onions to make me cry,
And drank whisky, for I was dry;
One day at the paper I did glance,
And I read she was wrecked near Hoboken, France.

SPOKEN—I felt sorry for Nancy Jane. But, says I to myself, she's in the say making a free lunch for the fishes, so I'll fish for somebody else. I wasn't long in getting a substitute. But I always sigh when I think of the day—*Chorus.*

Nancy Jane, for whom I did weep and wail,
Soon was swallowed by a great big whale;
She lived six months inside his chest,
And then the monster felt oppressed.
He had taken too much Irish stew,
So he opened his mouth and out she was threw;
From land she was a thousand miles or more,
But she didn't give up 'till she swam to shore.

SPOKEN—I met her about a month after she'd left her private residence inside the whale. She says: "Patsy, my boy, I take it all back. You and I are two ever since the day"—*Chorus.*

WHY PADDY'S ALWAYS POOR.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Some people oft will wonder why Paddy's always poor,
Yet happy and contented in his mind;
He'll sing for you 'till morning, he'll serve you as a friend,
No truer friend in all this world you'll find.
His door is always open, his table always free,
When trouble comes he meets it with a smile;
You'll find him brave in battle, the first to face the foe,
He'll ne'er desert a comrade, nor disown his native isle.

CHORUS.

The Englishman is cautious,
The Scotchman careful, too,
The Yankee he is honest,
Still knows just what to do;
Poor Paddy he is reckless,
His money days are few,
For if he has a dollar,
He will share it all with you.

I'll tell you why he's happy, and why his wants are few,
He never grieves for what is not his own;
His motives are not selfish, he'd rather give than take,
On open heart you'll find in Paddy's home.
Go where the turf is blazing, where lads and lassies dream,
Where thrush and blackbird warble night and day;
'Tis there you'll find poor Paddy, on Ireland's mossy green,
The greenest green that ever grew, where ev'ry month is May.
The Englishman is cautious, &c.

REMEMBER THAT THE POOR TRAMP HAS TO LIVE.

By Bill Kearney. Tune—"True as Steel."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

How many men there are that ride in fortune's car,
And bolt and bar the door against the poor,
Because they have lots of gold, their hearts turn icy cold,
They ought to be condemned for it, I'm sure.
Now speaking of the race that tramp from place to place,
There are some of them who are men from top to toe,
So if they are in need, of this circumstance take heed,
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.

CHORUS.

So if you meet a tramp that bears misfortune's stamp,
If he is worthy of your aid why freely give;
Give him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip,
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.

I lately saw a tramp whom people called a scamp,
And upon him set their dogs lest he might steal;
And as he turned away, I saw him kneel and pray,
And I know that God above heard his appeal.
For little do we know, as he tramps through rain and snow,
That once he was as happy as a king,
'Till fortune's cruel dart had pierced his manly heart,
And took away his home and everything.—*Chorus.*

I once heard a tramp relate the sad story of his fate,
And how he was an outcast shunned by all;
He lived a happy life, had a loving child and wife,
But, alas! like Eve, this woman had to fall.
For she proved weak and frail; there's no need to tell the tale,
How she turned his manly heart to sad despair;
He never since has smiled on that handsome wife or child,
But sadly now he tramps from place to place.—*Chorus.*

MY FRIEND FROM CHICAGO.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas after the play the other night,
When on my homeward way,
I chanced to meet with some of the boys,
And with them long did stay;
I stayed so long, it was half-past two
Just as I reached my door,
My wife came down in a big night-gown,
And said it was half-past four.

SPOKEN—And all I could say was, that—

CHORUS.

I met an old friend from Chicago, (*hic*)
From Chicago, (*hic*) from Chicago, (*hic*)
And if I did a little too far go, (*hic*)
It was all thro' my friend from Chicago.

She took me gently by the ear,
Her voice was loud and stern,
"Ain't this a pretty time," says she,
"For a married man's return?"
I told her it was an accident,
That I really couldn't avoid;
You know how it is yourself, my love,
When one gets overjoyed.—*Chorus.*

I wakened all the babies up
And danced them on my knee;
I felt so funny, I couldn't keep still,
I was in for a jamboree;
My wife on scolding would insist,
I let her have her way;
I never contradicted her,
Except sometimes to say:—*Chorus.*

—Curious gentleman: "Why did you name that horse Napoleon?" Negro: "Why, massa, you see it's a caze the bony part is so strong in him."

DUCK-FOOT SUE.

Just keep your seats awhile
And I will tell to you,
Of the love I used to feel for
A gal named Duck-foot Sue;
She was gentle and divine,
Long-waisted in the feet;
Her heel stuck out behind,
Like an eighteen karat beet.

CHORUS.

So now I'll tell to you of the
Gal I loved so true;
She was second-hand mate in a
Chinese laundry out in Kalamazoo.
Her beauty was all that she had,
She was built like a North River shad;
She'd an India-rubber lip, like the rudder of a ship,
With a razor she was bad.

She wasn't very fat,
Or either very thin;
She looked, when she was dressed,
Like a straw in a barrel of gin.
I took her to the ball
Of the Hardly Able Club,
It cost a ten-case note
For to fill her up with grub.

CHORUS.

She'd an eye like a hard-shell clam,
And a voice like a catamaran;
She could chin for an hour at a forty-horse power,
And an ear like a Japanese fan.
Her hair was an indigo blue,
She was as graceful as a kangaroo;
You ought to hear her rustle with her patent leather bustle,
She could whistle like a steamboat, too.

But since she ran away,
I've almost lost my breath;
If she travels on her shape,
She's sure to starve to death.
If I had married her,
I'd almost been afraid
Of being shot or scalped
By the mother-in-law brigade.

CHORUS.

For she was a funny old guy,
With a double-barreled squint in her eye;
Her number ten feet used to cover up the street,
She'd a mouth like a crack in a pie.
She'd a cheerful cemetery laugh,
And a head like a Mexican calf;
When she'd cry, you'd think she'd died,
This gal who was so fond of her half-and half.

KATY RYAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

If you'll allow me, friends, I'll tell you all a story,
About Katy Ryan, a little Irish girl;
When you meet her, oh, I tell you it's a glory,
She sets my heart in a whirl.
I asked her father for her hand, it seems he didn't understand,
To give her hand he said he must decline;
She's so charming and so fair, and there's none that can compare
With little Katy Ryan.
Oh, listen, ain't that music fine?—*Break.*
They're serenading little Katy Ryan.—*Break.*

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, she is so pretty,
And her eyes like diamonds shine;
Now isn't that a pity
I can't marry Katy Ryan?

If Katy had her choice whom she would marry,
And her rich old father wouldn't interfere,
I am sure the little darling would not tarry,
She promised to be here.
But what are we to do? oh, if her father only knew
How she loves me, then I am sure he'd not be trying
To break one another's heart, and to keep us far apart,
I am sure he'd give me little Katy Ryan.—*Chorus.*

SOMETHING FOR THE BABIES.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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We all know Santa Claus, who comes just once a year,
But I come every day, the little ones to cheer;
With bag upon my back, all filled with little toys,
I come from o'er the mountains to cheer the girls and boys.
Merrily, so merrily, from home to home I go,
Like a ray of sunshine or a streamlet's flow;
How they gather 'round me, while to them I sing,
Dance with joy and laughter, to each and all I bring—

CHORUS.

Something for the babies, the children and the ladies,
To please them, to cheer them and fill them with delight;
Something for the babies, the children and the ladies,
To please them, to cheer them from morning until night.
Send the little ones happy to bed, fail not to give and to take
A kiss when they prattle and say good-night,
And a kiss in the morn when they wake.

Upon the kitchen floor for many hours I've sat,
To please the little ones, Belle, Rosy, Kate and Pat;
Upon my shoulder one, another on my knee,
Just like so many roses a clinging to a tree.
Merrily, so merrily, together oft we sing,
Like the merry warbling birds in the joyous Spring;
What care I for sorrow? ne'er care I for fear,
Always gay and happy when little ones are near.—*Chorus.*

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

Copyright, 1886, by Henry J. Wehman.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

When anything happens now, people will say,
Oh, what do you think of it?
There's nothing but scandal to read of each day,
Oh, what do you think of it?
Those new-fangled bonnets the ladies admire
Are still growing bigger, tho' tall as a spire;
We can't see the moon if they wear them much higher,
Oh, what do you think of it?

CHORUS.

Oh, what do you think of it?
Oh, what do you think of it?
The truth 'tis I say,
Which you'll find out each day,
Oh, what do you think of it?

Now Sullivan can't get a chance here to spar,
Oh, what do you think of it?
So "duffers" can challenge him from near and far,
Oh, what do you think of it?
It may be all right that the law gives 'em rats,
But why not allow them to fight out their spats
And finish each other like Killkenny cats?
Oh, what do you think of it?—*Chorus.*

Oh, some folks get crazy to jump off the bridge,
Oh, what do you think of it?
Our policemen nab 'em while climbing the ridge,
Oh, what do you think of it?
If cranks in the dangerous sport will take pride,
It's really a shame that they should be denied,
They ought to go free, get a chromo beside,
Oh, what do you think of it?—*Chorus.*

That grand old man Gladstone, we know, did his best,
Oh, what do you think of it?
He tried to give Ireland home rule and rest,
Oh, what do you think of it?
But Parnell is fighting afar o'er the sea,
And in the near future one thing there shall be,
That's glorious Erin forever made free,
Oh, what do you think of it?—*Chorus.*

The Alderman of the Ward.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm the alderman of the Ward,
The Honorable Michael Dunn;
With a new plug hat and a green cravat,
I'm a full-blooded Irishman.
I used to shovel and dig
With a gang on the Boulevard;
But I'm down on the slate for a candidate,
For alderman of the Ward.

CHORUS.

With a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I've quit the Boulevard;
With a shovel and a pick no more for Mick,
I'm the alderman of the Ward.

There's my daughter, Mary Ann,
I've rigged her out so fine,
Wid diamonds and rings, and ribbons and things,
And an elegant bustle behind.
Oh, you ought to see her swell
Wid the "quality" on the street,
With a gown of green, like an Irish queen,
So elegant and complete.—*Chorus.*

If you call at my brown-stone front,
I'll be glad to see you a while;
Of whiskey and stuff I'll give you enough,
In regular alderman style.
The number and name are on the door,
'Tis painted in elegant green;
Don't bother to knock, but up with a rock
And heave through the window-pane.—*Chorus.*

DARLING MIGNONETTE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You may talk about your fascinating beauties,
Your fashionable blondes and pretty belles,
But the subject of the song I'm going to sing,
Is "par excellence," the queen of all the swells.
We met, 'twas in a crowd, and then we parted,
And the beauty of her face it haunts me yet:
But as she never told me her name, I cannot tell it,
But I christened her my darling Mignonette.

CHORUS.

She's sweeter than the flowers I name her after,
And the beauty of her face it haunts me yet;
There's a band of opera music in her laughter,
And you may know that she's my darling Mignonette.

She glanced at me, a look was all I wanted,
I followed her along the crowded street,
My memory with her vision it was haunted,
As she tripped so lightly on those fairy feet.
The second time she cast her eyes upon me,
She smiled at me, and in a moment more
She rang the bell and faded from my vision,
Then all was dark, for she was there no more.—*Chorus.*

Next day, in hopes to see my little darling,
I sought her house, 'twas number ninety-four,
When the poodle in the hall commenced a snarling
And barking loudly, chased me from the door;
I ran along the street and he ran after,
And with his teeth he seized my pantaloons,
He hung on while the crowd, convulsed with laughter,
Cried: "That's the chap that stole the silver spoons."—*Chorus.*

—"Skip the hard words, dear," said a school-mistress to one of her pupils; "they are only the names of foreign countries, and you will never be in them."

—"Keep your temper, my dear sir," said an old judge to an irritable young lawyer; "keep your temper—it is worth a great deal more to you than to anybody else."

THE CRACKSMAN'S CHANT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I see'd three p'licemen in the Strand,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho;
I see'd three p'licemen in the Strand,
And I knowed as they'd got a chase on hand,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho.

And I see'd as they axed each passer by,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho;
And I see'd as they axed each passer-by,
And I knew as the cove what they wanted was I,
Luddy, fuddy. oh, poor luddy, heigho.

First they axed a Frenchman they chanced to meet,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho;
First they axed a Frenchman they chanced to meet,
"Il est la! Vous le trouverez toute de suite,"
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho.

Then they axed a Dutchman: "Ya, mynheer,"
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho;
"I sees yist sesh man bass by here
Vile I sits at mein toor and I trinks mein peer,"
Luddy, fuddy oh, poor luddy, heigho.

Now why did this throw them off the track?
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho;
Now why did this throw them off the track?
'Cos Frenchman and Dutchman was both call the crack,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy, heigho.

A SOLDIER AND A MAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

A soldier stood on the battlefield
His weary watch to keep,
While the pale moon covered her mantle
O'er the souls that 'neath her sleep.
"Ah, me!" he sighed with tearful eye,
And called on Him above,
"Im far away from my children dear,
And all on earth I love."
At the bugle sound he turned once more,
The battlefield to scan,
And said "I am, whate'er my fate,
A soldier and a man."

CHORUS.

The bugle called, he hastened forth,
The bravest in the battle's van,
Remember him who yields his life,
He is a soldier and a man.

The night-watch o'er the morn dawned,
Her light on earth to show,
And the soldier true his country's call,
Advanced to meet the foe
Amid the din of shot and shell;
He fought with heart so brave,
'Till reeling from his faithful steed,
He found a soldier's grave.
Oh, Father! who in heaven above
Hath all things at Thy span,
Remember him who yields his life,
Is a soldier and a man.—*Chorus.*

—Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others. In other words, "mind your own business."

—The other day a father said to his twelve-year-old boy, who came in late to dinner from school, "Robbie, why are you so late? Didn't you hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie; "but I couldn't hear it plain."

IRISH-AMERICAN TEA.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823. New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I've traveled this wide world over,
Thro' Australia, thro' France and Japan;
I've wined and I've dined with the nobles,
And spoken with many a man.
I've talked about sours and cocktails,
And all the drinks ever you see,
But the drink that knocked me out last night was
Some Irish-American tea.

CHORUS.

'Twasn't coffee, 'twasn't cocoa,
'Twasn't choc'late, not what he gave me,
But a mug of mixed ale, and I'll swear it was stale,
That was Irish-American tea.

I called on my friend Jerry Fagin,
Who lives on the next block below,
And I hadn't been seated five minutes,
'Till he became thirsty, you know;
Then he sent out his son with the pitcher
To O'Hagin's right over the way,
For to bring it back full to the brim with
Some Irish-American tea.

CHORUS.

'Twasn't coffee, 'twasn't cocoa,
'Twasn't choc'late, not what he gave me,
But a mug of mixed ale, that would sicken a whale,
That was Irish-American tea.

While the boy was away with the pitcher,
Right in there walked ten or twelve more,
And along with them big fatty Casey,
Who had to be squeezed thro' the door;
When Fagin had got them all seated,
He sincerely did hope that they'd stay,
And with him partake of a beverage,
Called Irish-American tea.

CHORUS.

'Twasn't coffee, 'twasn't cocoa,
'Twasn't choc'late, not what he gave me,
But a mug of mixed ale, that would sicken a whale,
That was Irish-American tea.

The pitcher was emptied like lightning,
'Twas then that the fun it began;
They threw Mike McGuire out the window,
And he struck on a poor Chinaman.
Sure fat Casey he kicked like a bass-drum,
And Fagin's near dead, so they say,
But he's no one to blame but himself and
His Irish-American tea.

CHORUS.

'Twasn't oolong, 'twasn't too long
In capsizing bold Patsy McGee;
They'd the divil's own fight thro' the whole live long night,
All thro' Irish American tea.

HER OWN BOY JACK.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The foremost picture in my mind is one I'll ne'er forget,
Tho' years have dimed its brightnes, it is here before me yet;
The picture is a cottage with the ivy trailing o'er
An aged woman and a boy are standing at the door.
That woman was my mother, I was going far away,
The sorrow in her eyes was more than any words could say;
Her only boy was leaving her, perhaps for many years,
And trying to be brave, she spoke in accents full of tears.—

CHORUS.

Be upright and honest, fearless and bold,
Remember that honor is purer than gold;
You may not be a hero, but still when you come back,
Your mother will be proud of you, her own boy Jack.

Our hearts were torn with sorrow, yet the parting had to come,
I tried to look so manly, but my boyish voice was dumb;
She sat the last few moments 'neath the branches of the vine,
And let her trembling hand within my curly locks entwine.
She said, where'er you wander, Jack, on land or on the sea,
If ever you are tempted, let your thoughts come back to me;
Remember how your father lived, remember how he died,
Take my advice you'll be like him, your mother's joy and pride.—CHORUS.

And after years of absence to the homestead I returned
An honored name and fortune in the struggle I had earned;
The mother whom I loved was there to meet me at the door,
And then and there I vowed that I would never leave her more.
I stayed to close the dear old eyes which once shone clear and bright,
I kissed the lips which ne'er again would greet me with delight;
And even now amid the friends who've lasted many a year,
I'd give the whole world's riches if that voice I could but hear.—CHORUS.

Hail to the Statue of Liberty.

Hail to the Statue of Liberty!
Shining its welcome afar;
Freedom's proud, glorious beacon,
Bright as a pure, fadeless star!
Long shall it greet every stranger
Unto the shores of the free;
Still shall the message it brings us,
Deathless in memory be!
Hail to the Statue of Liberty!
Welcome its giver so grand!
Long shall the name of Bartholdi
Live in the hearts of our land!

Hail to the Statue of Liberty!
Ever its light shed around
Freedom and progress unfading!
Fair gleam its torch, glory-crowned!
Still may our hearts be united,
France, in one purpose so grand!
Ever our hands be entwining
In friendship, thou bright sunny land!
Hail to the Statue of Liberty!
Welcome its giver so true;
Long shall the fame of Bartholdi
Live 'neath the red, white and blue!

Hail to the Statue of Liberty!
Echoed from sea unto sea
Freedom's proud chorus forever
Wherever its children shall be!
Proud may our lips tell the story
To those who shall follow us here,
Of how it was brought to our harbor
In freedom's name honored and dear!
Hail to the Statue of Liberty!
Welcome its donor so grand!
Long shall the fame of Bartholdi
Live in the hearts of our land!

LITTLE EVA TO HER PAPA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

When your daughter's taken away,
And your heart is filled with care;
When with angels I shall pray
For your peace and comfort here;
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me.

When your little Eva's there,
Robed like those in spotless white;
And the conquering palm I bear,
Blessed with love and heaven's light;
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me.

Wife and children, send him near,
When for ever I am gone;
Papa, check the falling tear,
Think upon my dying song;
Uncle Tom, oh, make him free,
Papa, do for me, for me.

PETTICOAT LANE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

When to Dublin I came from the sweet County Down,
I called on a friend for to show me the town;
He brought me thro' streets, lanes and alleys so grand,
'Till my brogues were most wore and I scarcely could stand.
He showed me fine houses, were built up so high,
And a man made of stone almost up to the sky;
But the names of them places went out of my brain,
Except one, and he said it was Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

Convenient to Petticoat Lane there is a place,
And as we walked through it we couldn't get peace;
The shops were all full of fine clothes, black and blue,
But the fellows outside nearly tore me in two.
One dragged me this way to get a good frieze,
Another had corduroy breeches my size;
But one chap bawls out, when I wouldn't remain,
Show him up to the college in Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

We got loose from this spot, myself and my friend,
I couldn't do less than a teaster to spend;
But we spied boys and girls in a laughable group,
Sitting cross-legged and they licking up soup.
Says I: Are these what you call your poor-house recruits?
Ax the divil! says one, and his bowl at me shoots;
They roared with pleasure, while I roared with pain,
Arrah, Paddy, you're welcome to Petticoat Lane!
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

My friend thought to drag me away by the sleeve,
When a tartar dropped over my head an old sieve;
I turned for to strike her, but got in the eye
A plaster of what they called hot mutton pie.
I kept groping about, like a man that was blind,
'Till I caught hould of somebody coming behind;
I prayed that I might get the strength of a Cain,
To be able to whale him in Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

I walloped away, and I got walloped, too,
While all sorts of ructions were raised by the crew;
You would swear it was raining brick-bats and stones,
'Till I heard my antagonist giving some groans.
Run and be'd——d to you! some one did cry,
Sure, I can't for the mutton that's stuck in my eye;
I was led through the crowd, and heard somebody saying,
There's a peeler most killed up in Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

These words like a thunderbolt fell on my ear,
So I scooped all the fat from my eye pretty clear;
My friend tould the crowd that was 'round to be mute
While we slipped to a house, called "The sign of the boot."
There I called for a sup, and we both took a seat,
Two or three that had backed us came in for a treat;
When the reckoning was called for, my pockets were clean,
For pounds, shillings and pence were in Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

The reckoning it came to a hog and a groat,
For which the landlord he took the lend of my coat;
I started without, still cursing the town,
Says he: You have killed C. 106—
Arrah, be aisy, sir, I want none of your tricks!
But the sergeant and twenty more swore it was plain
That I was the bully of Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

They all swarmed about me, like flies on a cask,
But to prison to take me was no easy task;
When I got there I was charged with the crime,
'Twas my own brother Darby I bate all the time.
Whin he seen me he let out a thundering curse,
On the day that he first went to join in the force;
He released my ould coat and he got me off clean,
To go home and say prayers for sweet Petticoat Lane.
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

THE WIDOW McCARTY.

Tune—"Kate Kearney."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, have you not heard of McCarty,
Who lived in Tralee, good and hearty?
He had scarce lived two score when death came to his door,
And made a widdy of Mrs. McCarty.

Near by lived one Paddy McManus,
Who, by the way, was a bit of a genius;
At his trade he was good, cuttin' figures of wood,
Says he: I'll go see the widdy McCarty.

Now Paddy, you know, was no ninny,
He agreed, for a couple of guineas,
To cut out a stick the dead image of Micky,
And take it home to widdy McCarty.

As the widdy she'd sit by the fire,
Every night before she'd retire,
She'd take the stick that was dead, put it into the bed,
And lay down by the wooden McCarty.

Now Pat wasn't long to discover
That the widdy was wanting a lover;
He made love to her strong, and you'll say he wasn't wrong,
For in three days he wed the widdy McCarty.

Their friends, for see them long tarried,
To bed Pat and the widdy they carried;
She took up the stick that was cut for Micky,
And under the bed shoved the wooden McCarty.

In the mornin', when Paddy was raisin',
He wanted somethin' to set the fire blazin';
Says she: If you're in want of a stick, just cut a slice off Micky,
For I'm done with my wooden McCarty.

WHISKERS ON THE MOON.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

This world's a very funny spot, it's filled with crooks and cranks,
Mankind's a very queerish lot, with many queerish pranks;
The crooks may all on this rely, it's clear as sun at noon,
They'll find in the sweet bye-and-bye, there are whiskers on the moon.
Now list to what I say, queer business does not pay,
All those who work that lay will find some future day;
There are whiskers on the moon, and the stars look on and blink,
If the moon gets high, they're quick to spy and tip a knowing wink;
They are always on the watch, and they sing this little tune:
Keep right along, do nothing wrong, for there's whiskers on the moon.

I am really feeling quite distressed, I'll state the case to you,
I've got a million to invest, and don't know what to do;
I'd like to put them in a bank, but don't know which to trust,
The cashier may just skip away and leave the bank to burst.
It happens every day, some cashier, blithe and gay,
Serenely skips away, he'll find, go where he may,
There are whiskers on the moon, who spots the festive sun,
And the sinner's road, tho' very broad, is never paved with fun
And he is sure to find, it is certain, late or soon,
It's best to go a little slow, for there's whiskers on the moon.

I really much regret to see that e'en the ladies sweet,
Are very apt to be a little indiscreet;
With strangers they will sometimes flirt, but they discover soon
To their surprise, with tearful eyes, the whiskers on the moon.
For such flirtations gay are very risky play,
And if you go that way, you'll hear the public say:
There are whiskers on the moon, as all good people know,
You may get hurt if you will flirt, so, ladies, don't do so;
If you a lover have, don't let another spoon,
Tho' he don't miss each little kiss, there are whiskers on the moon.

Gathering the Myrtle with Mary.

Copyright, 1886, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Wealth may make happy the miser,
Title the queen and the king;
Princes and dukes may rave about fame,
Of what it will do and bring.
Had I but freedom and Mary,
Mary, whose heart I know,
I would have wealth, title and fame,
Mary of sweet Dunloe.
There in the valley, Mary, my darling,
Dwells with the flowers and myrtle so green;
The birds they all know her, in carol adore her,
They seem to sing sweeter when Mary is seen.

CHORUS.

Gathering the myrtle with Mary,
Mary, whose heart I know;
Mary, my own, Mary, my queen,
Mary of sweet Dunloe.

Should you make friends with Killarney,
You're sure to meet sweet Dunloe,
With her mountains and vales, her colleens so fair,
Whose voices are sweet and low;
There you will meet my Mary,
The pride of the glen is she,
Whose voice, like a bird, entrances when heard,
Mary, I sing to thee.
Oh! may thy life be all that thine youth is,
Free of the faithless, alone with the true;
Oh! who would not love thee, yes, love thee as I do?
Ah! death would be bliss wer't to die, love, for you.—*Chorus.*

THE FASTER YOU PLUCK THEM THE THICKER THEY GROW.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, when will my countrymen learn to be sensible?
When will they learn to themselves to be true?
Knowing full well that in war they're invincible,
Doing what no other nation can do.
Honor and glory illumines the pages
Of Irishmen's prowess and Irishmen's pride;
But unity's wanting as in the old days,
When the Danish invaders they drowned in the tide.

CHORUS.

Then, boys, pull together in sunshine and shower,
We'll soon let the world and our Saxon foes know,
That the Irish are just like the wild creeping flower,
The faster you pluck them the thicker they grow.

Oh, remember the glories of Ireland a nation,
When proudly erect with her face to the world,
Her sons filled the courts of the earth in high station,
And the banner of green to the breeze was unfurled.
No treachery then to the cause that was holy,
No breaking the bonds of our brotherly laws;
But traitors have risen, and Ireland is lowly,
There are men who are false to the famous old cause.—*Chorus.*

For ages we've suffered in gloom and in sorrow,
For ages we've struggled 'midst bloodshed and tears;
But at last the bright morning of freedom is dawning,
In all her proud beauty the sunburst appears.
Parnell, who is fighting for the freedom of Ireland,
He cannot be bribed and knows not the word *fear*,
And our country at large will, God grant, be united,
And Ireland once more a proud nation appear.—*Chorus.*

—The old man sighed as he took the golden-haired, laughing little boy upon his knee, and stroking his shining tresses, said: "Ah, how much I should like to feel like a child again." Little Johnnie ceased his laughter, and looking up in his grandfather's face, remarked: "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

The Cow that Ate the Piper.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian;
That black whiskered set we will never forget,
Tho' history tells us they were Hessians.
In this troublesome time, oh, 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper;
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,
Where Denny was not first invited;
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper;
They kept him within, till the bones and the skin
Were grinning through the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan;
What should he see, from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
Says Denny: These rogues have boots, I've no brogues—
On the boots then he laid such a griper;
He pulled them with such might, and the boots were so tight,
That legs and boots came away with the piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
'Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin;
Says Tim, from within: I can't let you in,
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping.
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her;
They lay down together on a seven-foot feather,
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,
As he streeled off the boots of the Hessian;
The legs, by the law, he left them on the straw,
And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
When the breakfast was done Tim sent out his son,
To make Denny jump up like a lamp-lighter;
When the legs there he saw, he roared like a jack daw:
Oh! daddy, the cow's ate the piper!

Musha bad luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste,
For to eat such a beautiful chanter;
Arrah! Patrick, avic, take a lump of a stick,
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her.
Mrs. Kennedy bawled, the neighbors were called,
They began for to humbug and gibe her;
To the churchyard Tim walked with the legs in a box,
And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
To the fair at the side of Glenhealy;
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,
To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daley.
They went to a tent, the lucky penny was spent,
The clerk being a jolly old swiper;
Who d'ye think there was there playing the "Rakes of Kildare?"
But poor Denny Byrne, the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommock;
He said: By the powers! I thought these eight hours
You were playing in Drinan Dhu's stomach.
Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
And they all wished necks secure to the griper;
For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
And like devils they danced round the piper.

—A crowded horse car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—"Wud I hould the whisky for yez, Mistress Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm)—"Thank yez kindly, sor; but yer have all ye can hould now, I'm thinkin'."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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Adaline
Aileen Mavourneen
America's golden rod
A mother is a mother after all
A kind word goes a good ways, after
Bold McIntyres [all
Boil it down
Bruiskeen Lawn
Cleopatra McNally
Christmas day in the work-house—RECI
Comrades
Curfew's good-night peal
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Cabby knows his fare
Come and meet me, Rosa, darling
Clancy wasn't in it
Days when I was young
Dot vife of mine—RECITATION
Don't you know?
Down the shady grove
Darling old stick
Duffeys
From Greenland's icy mountains
Forty years ago
Father O'Flynn
Fannie Lee
He was a pal of mine
He ain't in it
I've a little yaller watch
I showered again
Irish jubilee
In thy dreams remember me
I can't believe her faithless
I'd have done it for her
I'm always misunderstood
Irish wedding
I was on it
I guess not
I'm a jolly little chap all 'round
It's a long lane that has no turn
Kate Connor
Katty, darling
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lone grave
Low-back'd car
Little Sam
Little green leaf in our bible
Larry McCue
Liberty enlightens the world—REC
Linden tree
Little Queenie Lee
Last night
Laugh, and the world will laugh with
Love's old, sweet song [you
Like and love
Love will find the way
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Love in a toy-shop
My sailor Jack
My son, my only son
Minnie Gray
Mother is my sweetheart
Murphy owes me rent
Muffle the bell, our Nelly's dying
My sweetheart in the gallery
My love is Fair Columbia
Must we leave our old home
Mary of Tipperary
My mother's birthday
Minnehaha
Madaline
Nora Maguire
Oh! Erin, my country
Old farm-house
Once more we speak
Out on the deep
Old salt pork and beans
Old grape-vine swing
Old Ireland forever
O'Geoghan, the gander
Pretty little Lou
Pilgrim
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Pompey's honeymoon
Paddy Flynn
Rattle of the latch-key in the door
Sheepshead Bay
Sweet Belle Mahone
Sweet Katie Connor
Says Aaron to Moses
Somebody's ship will be home by-and-
Song the chimney sang [by
Spinning-wheel
Song of the steeple
Swinging in the grape-vine swing
So did I
Then you wink the other eye
This little pig went to market
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
They're after me [gone
Three of us
Tell her I love her so
Tell my mother not to weep
Till the snowflakes come again
There you are, there you ain't
Through the meadow
There are no angel men
Uncle Joe
Up for the green
Whistling Susanna
Widow Nolan's goat
We were shipmates, Jack and I
Why can't the girls propose?
What is the use
Widow McGinnis's pig
Whistling wife
We're glad to hear the news
When I get to be a man like us

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achor's weighed
unt Peggy and Uncle Dan
story of the shamrock
flower from my angel mother's grave
laddin's lamp
lways be polite, boys
ailor's story
tumn leaves
boy's belief
eyond the shadows
thut lake, whose gloomy shore
scuits Miss Flanigan made
ue-eyed Nelly
n Bolt
unk has failed to-day
gen on the Rhine—RECITATION
ulevard
e, bye, baby, bye, bye
ack-edged letter from home
nd played "Annie Laurie"
rish soldier's grave
ue-eyed sweet Evangeline
une, sil r moon
garette McCarty
Jedonia
ame back to Erin
ame down, Mrs. Flynn
utch and toothpick
rt before the horse
ower Malone
ylight's a-breakin'
n't forget mother
ng
y that my poor mother died
n't abuse the old folks
n't blame me, for I didn't do it
nd the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Ilean Alanna
e brigade
ead
ame again
ly smoke
y bright smile haunts me still
Hush, little girl, don't cry
Hands across the sea
Hail me back again
'Twas Dooley raised the fight
Is there no kiss for me to-night?
In old Madrid
I've only been out with the boys
Is marriage a failure? What say you?
Irish through and through
Jersey-blue handkerchief
King death
Kathleen
Katy, darling
Little bunch o' Berries
Lover's quarrel
Little Jim
Lazy John
Little sign is still above the door
Lovers' quarrel—No. 2
Little pig
Life's highway
Little widow
Mary O'Mara
Mary of Argyle
My sweetheart true
McManus and his spike-tail coat
Maiden's prayer
Mother, don't weep for your darling
Maria's run away
Mary and John
Marching through Georgia
My son Charley
Night Maloney lost his new high hat
Nell and mother's name
New coon's done gone
Only tired
Omniscient ostrich
Oh! where's the slave
Old Bowery pit
O'Grady, the swell
On a Sunday morning
Oh! squeeze me, Joe
Old pump on the green
Oh! Jennie, when we both grow old
Paddy O'Rafther
Pawnbroker's ticket
"POOR JONATHAN" Songs—
Alas for me
Ever before me
Prima-donna's song
Thou'lt be my love
Young lady students' chorus
Yes, 'tis the impresario
Pardon came too late
Rale McMullin style
Song of all songs
Swell with the glass in his eye
Scotch Lassie Jean
Song of the stage
Second-hand hotel down where I board
Same old home
Same old tune
Steady, boys, steady
Sweet Louisa
Stick to your work and save your cash
Summer girl—RECITATION
Swinging on the toll-gate
Sheeney man
Skibbereen
Texas Ranger
Tender love that never dies
Tenting on the old camp-ground
There's none like a mother, if ever so poor
Typical mashers
Two new micks in town
Village barber—RECITATION
Widow of Wicklow
When he who adores thee
We shall all be angels in the sweet by-and-by
Widow
Waiting at the farm-house door
With pleasant smiles
What's in a kiss!
What a woman can do
You can't do it

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A little beard on a young man grew
Answer
As gay as a steer in the corn
Brown eyes has that little maiden
Bring my boy back again
Babies on our block
Baby's tears
Bridal march
Chickabiddy
Cupid
Casey's ball
City waif
Cobwebs on the wall
Could I only spot the winner
Coming home from meeting
Castaways
Down in Gossip Row
Daisy is dead
Don't you dare to do it, George
Danny takes after his father
Erin is my home
Frost upon the pane
For a week or two
Fight at Canada between Morrissey and
Fireman's boy [Heenan
Gilligan's on a tear again
Gently does the trick
Going home with Nelly after five
Good-bye, old party, good-bye
Girl with the patent roller-skates
Get on to Reilly
Heart of my heart
It goes with a pound of tea
I got it
I wish he were here to-night
If you love me, darling, tell me with your
Irish poker-club [eyes
I traced her little footsteps in the snow
Irish stew
I've worked eight hours this day
I am waiting at the door, Mary Ann
In a very different place
I shall have 'em
Irish Row
Isn't it awfully hot!
It's a thousand to one
I know [request)
I want to see Nelly once more (Gen. Grant's
I'm sorry, my boy, you're too late
I'll go back to my old love again
Just another
Keep on kissing me
Little sign is gone
Little beggar boy
Little household king
Little Widow Dunn
Little Tillie's grave
My boy Bill—RECITATION
McFadden's up-town flat
Mr. Mulcahey, Esquire
Musical flat
Molly
My little side door
Mother's good-night kiss
Mr. Barney Flynn
McGuffin's home run
McNulty, you're a daisy
Nelly lost and found
Never, never, no more
Not in a thousand years
Old pals
Old Massachusetts' Ninth
Oh! take care of it
Only a dear little star
Oh! what an alteration
Off—very much off!
Old log cabin in the dell
Old leather breeches
Old Hickory's days
Peggy Malone
Pitcher of beer
Poor old maid
Parody on—
Comrades
Down on the farm
Here lies an actor
It's for money
Maggie Murphy's home
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Where can the wanderer be?
Roll on, silver moon
Ragged coat
Roller-skating rink
Reason why it's so
Ring the bell softly
Something went wrong with the works
Stop dat car
She'd kept them all for me
Sentenced to death
She lives on Murray Hill
She works the little racket this way
Say a kind word, love
There is no home like my own
That's how he carries on
That never could happen here
That's what he did for his country
Ten years in Cherry Hill
There's another good man gone wrong
Take me back to home and mother
What can I tell her!
Wait a little bit
Widow Clancy's party
Wash-tub song (Annie Pixley's)
Where the sweet magnolia grows

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A rolling stone gathers no moss—No. 2
Always together
A mother's watch by the sea
As we wander in the orange grove
Alms-house fire
A message from mother
At it again
Arkansaw
A pretty girl
Ask the man in the moon
A sailor's home, sweet home
Butterfly dude
Bard of Armagh
Be my mother till I die
Birdie, darling
Bonnie, sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee
Bring down your wants to your means
Boys together
Blame it on to the girls
Baby, baby
Christopher Columbus—RECITATION.
Call me pet names
Call me thine own
Drop it
Day I lost me job
Do all the good that you can
Darling Bessie of the Lea
Drummer of the Sixty-ninth
Dance, Judy, dance
Every day'll be Sunday by-and-by
Exile of Erin
Erin's green shore
Excuse me, excuse me
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone
Every rose must have its thorn
Faded coat of blue
Face upon the floor—RECITATION.
Girl that got stuck on the country
Give Paddy but a chance
Georgy Washingdone—RECITATION.
Gal with her hair cut curly
Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
He never came back
I guess not
I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know
I cannot call her mother
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart
I knew it [can never be
I don't think he'll do it at present
I never tell tales out of school
It's all going to happen next year
Isaac Cohen's home
India-rubber man
I found her sleeping
I want to be somebody's darling
I'm seventeen to-day
Just to show there was no ill-feeling
Jubilee hymn
Jack was a true friend to me
Judgment day
Little old log cabin in the lane
Lullaby, baby dear
Little rosebud
Large schooners
Lightship's straight ahead
Life-boat crew
Midnight squad
McCormick's Irish flat
Me and Jack
Mason's wedding night
Maggie's secret
Memories of the past
Mary Ann Kehoe
Moon behind the hill
Mother, do not weep for me
Mulligan's masquerade
Mother's prayer by the sea
Man with an elephant on his hands
Mary Barry
Nellie Clancy
No work
Only one
Oblige a lady
Old black crow
Oh, Maria
Old barn floor
Oh! Joshua
Papa's baby boy
Paddy stole the rope
Pretty little rosy cheeks
Picture that is turned toward the wall
Pleasures of boarding
Paddy's land
Park Place horror
Poor old bum
Parody on—
Down went McGinty
Letter that never came
Wash me, mother dear
Quiet lodgings
Right idea
Rose-bush
Sights at the dime museum
She trotted me off to church
Sweethearts were we
Six feet of earth
Sella de banan'—RECITATION
Skipper and his boy
Still, still in debt
Speed on, my bark
She never blamed him, never
Sights in New York City
Square, honest man
Sail to the lights on the shore
Turn-verein cadets
Tan-yard side
These words no Shakespeare wrote
Tray bong
They never will invite you any more
To be a lone widow
Up went McGinty
Widow Nolan's door
Weavers' strike
When you and I were young, Maggie
When the women folks boss the whole world
When I was a child of three
Wild man of Borneo
Where are you going, my pretty maid
Your necktie's up behind
You press the button, we do the rest
You can't get a drop on a Sunday

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Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht!
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelms höhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Krug
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ist mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gelänt
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Bergle bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Ja droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Veilelein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne krähn
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpenrin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Ernst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Adel
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemooschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Falelhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herum
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 1

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CONTENTS:

a Irishman's toast
igel's whisper
nks of Claudy
ackbird
rd of Armagh
autiful isle of the sea
nny bunch of roses
rney McCoy
nks of Brandywine
yan O'Lynn
le of Shandon
autiful shamrock of old
idy McCarthy [Ireland
naparte on Saint Helena
love me, if all these endear-
urney [ing young charms
ngen on the Rhine
ennen on the moor
ys of Kilkenny
nks of Sweet Dundee
ahlamachree
ptain Dwyer
ppy boy
me back to Erin
w that ate the piper
ar Irish boy
rmot Asthore
blin Bay
ran's ass
ath of Sarsfield
ar harp of my country
ar little Colleen
ging for gould
ar little shamrock
blin carman

Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Edith's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Emmins' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of

Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Aileen, Asthore
Mac's and the Gals
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo

Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 2

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CONTENTS:

andful of earth
agricultural Irish girl
tter from Ireland
Irish fair day
dget Donahue
nty of Limerick
ney's courtship
d Jack Donahoe
ght Emerald Isle of the sea
ght little spot on the ocean
from County Clare
ld sojer boy
d Irish soldier
n Nolan's ball
ey's whiskey
me back to your Irish home
een Bawn
't run down the Irish
O'Brien's raffle
e old Irish gentleman
agan, the lodger
an honest Irish lad a chance
en linnet
hen where the praties grow
d-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
ryowen
en above the red
s of old Ireland
st men that Ireland has seen
nan and Sayers
Paddy stole the rope
rnia's lovely Jean

Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Roe
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonaid's return to Glenco
Mantle so green

Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay

Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream

Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary haf got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife

In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
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Dot young viddow Clara
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Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead

German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
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He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
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How "Sockery" set the hen
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Mine deory about bedigree
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nie Rooney's sister [knee
nie Rooney's Joe
nie Rooney's bean
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weet Irish girl is the darling
rney, come home
id McIntyres
ile Brandon
rke's dream
llyhooley
rth of St. Patrick
idy O'Toole's wedding day
udy, the ballet-girl
that lake whose gloomy
autiful Erin [shore
uiskeen lawn
lleen dhas Machree
stlebar boy
eopatra McNally
me, rest in this bosom
arming young widow
rporal Casey
unty jail
laney wasn't in it
me back to me
lleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
own went McGinty
nnis Grady's hack
rill, ye tarriers, drill
arling old stick
andy Pat
uffeys [love
mmet's farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It sho wered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old duddeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Make Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Mister Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
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Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
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Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
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Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent!
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
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Since My Mother's Dead and Gone.

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The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—**price 40 cents,** or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., N. Y.
Our Boss Catalogue of Popular Songs sent Free.

In that dear old village churchyard
There I see a mossy mound;
That is where my mother's sleeping
In the cold and silent ground.
Gently waves the weeping willow,
Birds their warble sing at dawn;
But my heart is sad and lonely,
Since my mother's dead and gone.

CHORUS.

In that dear old village churchyard
Oft I stray with heart forlorn,
For there's no one left to love me,
Since my mother's dead and gone.

I was young, but I remember
Well the night my mother died,
When I watched her spirit fading,
Till she called me to her side;
Saying: "Darling, I must leave you,
Angel voices guide me on;
Pray that we may meet in heaven,
When your mother's dead and gone.—*Chorus.*

Oft I wander to that churchyard,
Flowers to plant with tender care
On the grave of my dear mother—
Darkness finds me weeping there.
Looking at the sky above me,
Waiting for the heavenly dawn;
There is no one left to love me,
Since my mother's dead and gone—*Chorus.*

The Cumberland's Crew.

Oh! shipmates, come, gather, and join in my ditty,
It's of a terrible battle that happened of late;
Let each good Union-Tar shed a sad tear of pity,
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.
The Eighth day of March told a terrible story,
And many a brave tar to this world bid adieu!
Yet our flag it was wrapt in a mantle of glory,
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning,
The sky it was clear, and bright shone the sun;
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning,
That told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing,
And high in the air the rebel flag flew;
The pennant of treason she proudly was waving,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

Then up spoke our captain with stern resolution,
Saying: My boys, of this monster now don't be dismayed!
We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution,
And to die for our country we are not afraid!
We fight for the Union, our cause it is glorious,
To the stars and the stripes we will stand ever true,
We'll sink at our quarters, or conquer victorious!
Was answered with cheers from the Cumberland's crew.

Now our gallant ship fired her guns' dreadful thunder.
Her broad-side, like hail, on the Rebel did pour;
The people gazed on, struck with terror and wonder—
The shots struck her sides and glanced harmless o'er
But the pride of our navy could never be daunted,
Tho' the dead and the wounded her deck they did strew;
And the flag of our Union how proudly it flaunted,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's crew.

Slowly they sunk beneath Virginia's waters,
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more—
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters!
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore!—
In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying—
Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu!
But the star-spangled banner above them is flying;
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew.

They fought us three hours with stern resolution,
Till those rebels found cannon would never avail them;
For the flag of secession has no power to gall them,
Tho' the blood from their scuppers it crimson'd the tide,
She struck us amidst-ship, our planks she did sever,
Her sharp iron prong pierced our noble ship through:
And still, as she sank on that dark rolling river,
We'll die at our guns! cried the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's sweet birth-right of freedom's communion,
Thy flag never floated so proudly before;
For the spirits of those that died for our Union,
Above its broad folds now exaltingly soar!—
And when our sailors in battle assemble,
God bless our dear banner, the red, white and blue!
Beneath its bright stars we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or sink at our guns like the Cumberland's crew.

AMERICA BEATS THEM ALL.

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Each nation, we know, will brag
Of what its possessions are;
And everyone thinks its flag
Is better than others, by far;
Without being proud or vain,
Or talking the least bit "tall,"
Allow me to here explain,
America beats them all!

The ladies we daily meet,
Oh! where can you find their match?
So stylish they dress, and neat,
Their glances we love to catch.
Their *Langtreys* may boast their curls,
Their graces, their hands so small;
For genuine lovely girls,
America beats them all!

They send us their actors here
From over the bounding sea;
We pay for them mighty dear,
Whoever they chance to be.
But talent we've got to spare,
Tragedians, great and small;
With our Mary Anderson fair,
America beats them all!

They tried to take back the "cup,"
But didn't, as well you know;
Quite sadly they gave it up,
Their "cutters" were rather "slow."
We can't boast a navy grand,
But for yachts that are great and small,
I want you to understand,
America beats them all!

In athletics we're the "boss,"
Our *Meyers* was never beat;
At ball matches, pitch and toss,
Who can now with us compete?
Of boxers, where is the man
That wouldn't before ours fall?
With our John L. Sullivan,
America beats them all!

Then here's to our flag so bright,
Still honored throughout the world;
While liberty sheds its light,
It ever shall be unfurled.
And just bet your bottom dime,
In everything, great or small,
That here, now, and every time,
America beats them all!

—A temperance society in Indiana has told the following in its by-laws relative to membership: "No man shall be eligible to membership in this society who puts his hat on with a shoe-horn.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down the river came
When I heard a strange voice call his name.
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown had floated on the tide,
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the* Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And steadily, solemnly waded in,
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he went into heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came
But as they stopped at the river's brink
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now·

And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you:
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true;"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then·
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Pau.,
'Oh, let the woman keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, tilll the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

AMERICA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Captain de Wellington Boots.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

You must know I belong to the army,
You can see that, of course, by my style,
I delight in the title of "Captain,"
And upon me the ladies all smile.
In the ranks of the First Mounted Out-o'-sights,
I hold an important command;
And perhaps you'll permit me to tell you
There are no finer men in the land.

SPOKEN—Yaas, we are all fine men, brave men, and what I like best of all, is to—

CHORUS.
La de da with the ladies,
For that is the style that suits
The noble frame and glorious name
Of Captain de Wellington Boots.

You may talk of the bar or the navy,
My life beats the couple to smash;
You can get a fine post in the army,
That is, if you've got but the cash.
My dad, you must know, was a grocer,
Who contrived to scrape up a good sum;
Bought me a commission with "sugar,"
And afterwards left me a "plum."

SPOKEN—To enable me to—*Chorus.*

At soirees and balls I get feted,
The darlings, at me how they glance,
And quarrel almost for "the captain,"
Or implore I will join in the dance.
But dancing for me's too much bother,
I leave such hard work to the rest;
I like billiards, and so I do croquet,
After all, though, the thing I like—

SPOKEN—Is to—*Chorus.*

I tell them fine tales about battles,
Which the darlings are anxious to hear;
But what the smell of powder is like,
I have not the slightest idea.
They think I've done glorious deeds,
And have oft made the enemy fly;
But I haven't as yet—and what's more,
I have no intention to try.

SPOKEN—Not in the least, I prefer by far to—*Chorus.*

I drive a fine drag that's a picture,
I've a mare that's a devil to go;
Of an afternoon I take a canter
'Mongst the fair ones who swarm Rotten Row.
They whisper: See! there goes the captain!
And blush to their hairs' very roots,
If they meet with the least recognition
From Captain de Wellington Boots.

SPOKEN—They know I'm a perfect Adonis, and they like me to—*Chorus.*

THE FOOT-PRINT IN THE SAND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Along the beach at Rockaway,
One pleasant day I strolled,
Listening to the breakers' roar,
As on the beach they rolled.
I was straying on quite leisurely
Along the shell strewn shore,
When I saw a maiden, young and fair,
Tripping lightly on before.

CHORUS.
She was graceful, tall and fair,
With a wealth of golden hair;
She was possessed of every charm,
She'd the prettiest foot in the land;
I knew it well, for there I saw
Her foot-print in the sand.

I started quickly after her,
When her eyes on me she turned;
She seemed to pierce me to the heart,
With the fire of love I burned.
Her form was tall and graceful,
Like a swan along she'd glide;
Not many moments had elapsed
Ere I was at her side.—*Chorus.*

For hours we talked and walked along,
'Till the day away had flown;
When I left her at the cottage door
My heart was not my own.
I told her so, and asked her hand,
How her brilliant eyes did shine;
And her head dropped gently on my breast
When she promised to be mine.—*Chorus.*

FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SNOW.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I looked out through the window, the snow had ceased to fall,
And thought me of a promise, on a friend to make a call;
When stepping through the doorway, undecided still to go,
I saw before me, on the pave, two foot-prints on the snow.
I gazed with admiration on the trim and tiny marks,
And felt within my bosom kindling love's bewitching sparks;
Then quickly followed down the street, determined I would know,
About the darling one who'd left her foot-prints on the snow.

CHORUS.
I think of her with fond delight,
No matter where I go,
The darling, pretty one, who left
Her foot-prints on the snow.

I paused before a cottage, for there vanished quite,
But peeping thro' the lattice, two bright eyes were just in sight;
And a roguish face was smiling, while my own was all aglow,
For I saw the pretty one who left her foot-prints on the snow.
I did not dare to enter, but I bowed and threw a kiss,
She answered with her 'kerchief, and my heart was filled with bliss;
Next day the carrier brought me a charming billet doux,
But I'll not tell her name who left her foot-prints on the snow.—CHORUS.

SQUINTY DAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'll tell you of a nice young man,
And of a maiden gal;
The neighbors called him Squinty Dan,
And she Long-legged Sal.
They lived down on Centre street,
And loved each other well;
And it's of a dismal history
That now I'm going to tell.

Now Squinty Dan he had red hair,
And looked two ways for Monday;
He peddled clams around the street
On every day but Sunday.
But Sundays, Squinty Dan would go
To court Long-legged Sal,
And take her to ride in his clam-barouche
On the banks of Gowanus Canal.

He used to feed her on clam soup,
Clam chowder and clam pie;
And send her lots of long-necked clams,
For her to roast and fry.
Till the neighbors' gals, through jealousy,
Made up a horrid plan,
To freeze the love in the bosom of
Her darling, Squinty Dan.

When Squinty Dan heard the news,
He climbed to a chimney top;
He pulled a pound of powder out,
And down he let it drop.
It flashed up with a fearful roar,
And blowed him so far on high,
He never came down, and that is the last
Of this mournful history.

Why Didn't You Say So Before?

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

New by-words, you know, now-a-days are the rage,
You'll hear them from every tongue;
Wherever you go you'll find that it's so,
The little, the big, old and young.
Even the ladies are fond of the slang,
While the boys in the street loudly roar;
Oh, how they do shout, the latest one out,
Why didn't you say so before?

One day, driven mad with a toothache so bad,
I rushed to the first doctor's shop;
When the grinder he eyed, and the tongs he applied,
And he pulled me six times round the shop.
Said I, when he'd done, you've pulled out the wrong one,
While with agony loud I did roar;
Now it's done, sir, says he, the fault don't lay with me,
Why didn't you say so before?

I once asked a friend me ten dollars to lend,
And said, I'd return it next day;
When he did begin at once to rub his chin,
And these words unto me he did say:
Old boy, it's too bad, I should have been glad,
In fact, I'd have let you have more
Had you called yesterday, now it's all paid away,
Why didn't you say so before?

My wife yesterday sat crying away,
Because our first-born was a boy;
All day she would sigh and keep rubbing her eyes,
Instead of being happy with joy.
Says she to me, Joe, I hate boys, you know,
I'd sooner of girls have a score;
Says I, (with a leer,) it's too late now, my dear,
Why didn't you say so before?

DUNDERBECK'S MACHINE.

Tune—"Thomas's Machine."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Dere vas a good old German man,
His name vas Dunderbeck,
He vas very fond of poodle dogs,
Und sour krout und spec;
He had a great big butcher shop,
Der nicest ever seen,
He got him out a patent, boys,
To make sausages by steam.

CHORUS.

Den, oh, Mister Dunderbeck,
How could you be so mean?
You vas sorry you invented
Dat wonderful machine.
Den pussy cats and long tail rats,
No more dey will be seen;
You grind dem up to sausage meat
By Dunderbeck's machine.

De onner day a little boy,
He come into de store,
He vant a pound of head cheese,
Dat vas valking 'round de floor.
Und while he vas standing dere
He vhistled up a tune,
Dem sausages begin to dance
Und jump around de room.—*Chorus.*

Now something vas de matter,
Dat machine it wouldn't go,
So Dunderbeck he crawled inside
To find dat out, you know.
His wife she took de nightmare,
Und vent valking in her sleep,
She gave dat crank one awful yank,
Und Dunderbeck vas meat.—*Chorus.*

Plodding Through the Rain.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Sitting lately at my window
On a rainy day,
Time I whiled away by watching
All who passed that way.
From the weather some protected,
Others moved in pain;
Some in hunger, cold, neglected,
Wretched in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

Postman comes, delivers letters,
Sorely I'm afraid,
Of public servants few are better,
None so badly paid.
Men must vary in their station,
Let him not complain;
But heaven keep him from temptation,
Plodding through the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

A female form my eye next catches,
Carrying a child,
Singing snatches, selling matches—
See, the infant smiled!
Still closer nestled to its mother,
Drops to sleep again;
May He befriend them—they've no other,
Wretched in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

Relief I gave them, food and money,
Speedily they're gone;
Grim policeman, gaunt and stoney,
Bids her to move on.
Duty makes this man suspicious,
Beggars sigh in vain;
He thinks all kindness injudicious,
To paupers in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

Eyes half opened, peeping from an
Old uneasy seat;
Weather-beaten apple woman,
Wherefore in the street?
To the gin shop should she totter,
Just to get a drain?
For such indulgence, pray, blame not her
Sitting in the rain.
Sitting, slipping,
Drenched and dripping,
Shivering in the rain.

See, with pliant step and supple,
Two folks next appear;
Watch that loving, courting couple,
Closer drawing near.
'Neath one small umbrella walking,
Whispering love's old strain;
Heedless of the weather, talking
Happy in the rain.
Trotting, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Happy in the rain.

Rest to some men would be hunger,
Hand to mouth they live;
Cabman, 'busman, costermonger,
Daily have to strife.
Watching life's damp dreary feature,
I've not looked in vain;
If more, I love my fellow creature
Plodding in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

There's a Smile Waiting for Me at Home

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Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Troubles we fancy are heavy to bear,
In traveling life's dreary way;
Some are heart-broken with sorrow and care,
Others are cheerful and gay.
The road may be rough, and the journey be long,
As over its pathways I roam;
Contented I sing, this the theme of my song:
There's a smile waiting for me at home.

CHORUS.

The frowns of the world they are nothing to me,
Trials and troubles may come;
I've this consolation where'er I may be:
There's a smile waiting for me at home.

Weary and worn, and by labor oppressed,
Or sneered at by fools in their pride;
The shrine of my love and the haven of rest,
I find at my own fireside.
Voices so gentle, and hearts that are warm,
To cheer me when sorrow should come;
I know I've a shelter from every storm,
In the smiles that await me at home.—*Chorus.*

DE HAM-FAT MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! good-ev'n to you, white folks,
I'm glad to see you all,
I'm right from ole Virginny,
Which some people say will fall;
You may talk about ole massa,
But he am just de man,
To make de niggers happy
Wid de ham-fat man.

CHORUS.

Ham-fat, ham-fat, zig a zig a zam,
Ham-fat, ham-fat frying in de pan;
Oh! roll into de kitchen fast, boys, as you can,
Oh! rooksey, cooksey, cooksey, I'm de ham-fat man.

Ole missus she's up stair
A-eating bread and honey;
Massa's in de store
A-counting ob his money;
But Susan's in de kitchen
Frying at de ham,
And saving all de gravy
For de ham-fat man.—*Chorus.*

Some niggers likes de mutton,
Puddin', cakes and jam;
Some like veal and venison,
Chicken, hare and lamb.
But of all dese birds and beastesses
Dat plow the raging main,
Dey're not to be compared
To gravy in de pan.—*Chorus.*

So good-bye, my white folks,
From you I now must go,
For I smells a mighty cooking
In de kitchen down below.
Massa's ordered grouse for dinner,
Missus wants roast ham;
But Susan she will keep de slush
For de ham-fat man.

CHORUS.

Ham-fat, ham-fat, zig a zig a zam,
Ham-fat, ham-fat frying in de pan;
Oh! roll into de kitchen fast, boys, as you can,
Glory hallelujah! in de ham-fat pan.

PAUL JONES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

An American frigate from Baltimore came,
Her guns mounted forty, the Richard by name;
Went to cruise in the channel of old England,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was the man.

We had not sailed long, before we did espy
A large forty-four, and a twenty close by;
Those two warlike ships, full laden with store,
Our captain pursued to the bold Yorkshire shore.

At the hour of twelve Pierce came alongside,
With a loud speaking trumpet, "Whence came you?" he cried;
"Quick, give me an answer, I hailed you before,
Or this very instant a broadside I'll pour."

Paul Jones, he exclaimed: "My brave boys, we'll not run,
Let every brave seaman stand close to his gun!"
When a broadside was fired by these brave Englishmen,
And we, bold buckskin heroes, returned it again.

We fought them five glasses, five glasses most hot,
Till fifty brave seamen lay dead on the spot;
And full seventy more lay bleeding in their gore,
Whilst the Pierce's loud cannon on the Richard did roar.

Our gunner affrighted unto Paul Jones he came,
"Our ship is a sinking, likewise in a flame."
Paul Jones he replied in the height of his pride,
"If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside."

At length our shot flew so quick they could not stand,
The flag of proud Britain was forced to come down;
The lion bore down, and the Richard did rake,
Which caused the heart of brave Jones to ache.

"Come now, my brave buckskins, we've taken a prize,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise;
They are both noble vessels, well laden with store,
We will toss off the can to our country once more."

God help the poor widows, who shortly must weep
For the loss of their husbands now sunk in the deep!
We'll drink to brave Paul Jones, who with sword in hand
Shone foremost in action and gave us command.

YOU KNOW VAT I KNOW.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I know someding vhich I don't mind telling you,
Put keep it a secret, now mind;
Pecause iff my vife vas to find it out, too,
I know dat mit rage she'd go plind.
It's apout a young girl vat I meet th' oder day
Vhile valking along in de shtreet;
Und I know iff dis young girl knowed I had a vife,
She vouldn't dink I vas so sweet.

CHORUS.

Now you know vat I know und vat my vife don't know,
She don't know vat I know, und vat I know you know;
If you tell her vat you know und also vat I know,
Den she'd know vat I know, vat you know also.

I know dat dis young girl vore lots of false hair,
I could see dat at once at a glance;
I know dat her feet vas much larger dan mine,
I found dat oud vhen ve did dance.
She got peauty shpots all over her face,
I don't vant to make fun at all;
She'd a mole on her cheek as red as a peet,
Und it looked like a pig cod-fish ball.—*Chorus.*

Dis girl's hair vas red or a shtrawperry plonde,
Her eye-prows hung down to her nose;
She'd a mout dat, ven open, looked like a mouse trap,
It vorked on a shpring, I suppose.
Put shtill she's a peauty 'longside of my vife,
To-morrow I get a divorce;
Und de secret is—vell, I don't mind telling you—
I marry dis young girl, of course.—*Chorus.*

You Mustn't Believe All You Hear.

Copyright, 1885, by W. F. Shaw.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Tis said I'm a bachelor, fifty years old,
But you mustn't believe all you hear;
And they say that I'm wild, very wicked and bold,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.
Why some say I've five children, a wife and a cow,
Or five cows and a wife, who are hunting me now,
Who are trying to find me, but do not know how,
But you mustn't believe all you hear,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.

Very often you're told of magnificent deeds,
But you mustn't believe all you hear;
Of how Jenkins supplies all the poor people's needs,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.
He will give if his name in the paper appears,
But in private he'll turn from the lone widow's tears;
You'll be told that he's been a great giver for years,
But you mustn't believe all you hear,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.

You are wisely informed that old maids always paint,
But you mustn't believe all you hear;
That if men tried to kiss them they'd shudder and faint,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.
It is hinted they're skinny and made up for show,
That the heels of their shoes are too close to their toes,
That they giggle and gossip wherever they go,
But you mustn't believe all you hear,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.

Some folks say that old Satan has come here to dwell,
But you mustn't believe all you hear;
And some others are preaching there's no place like—well,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.
You have heard it asserted that virtue is dead,
And that station and money are reigning instead,
And that Jordan's a very hard turnpike to tread,
But you mustn't believe all you hear,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.

You will often be told some queer fish stories, too,
But you mustn't believe all you hear;
Of how whales were jerked out of the old ocean blue,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.
There is hardly a man who'll not quickly relate,
His adventures with fish, their dimensions and weight,
How he whistled them out without net, hook or bait,
But you mustn't believe all you hear,
But you mustn't believe all you hear.

NORAH, ASTHORE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Norah, asthore, far away o'er the ocean,
I sigh for the light of thy beautiful eyes;
Distance nor time ne'er will blight the devotion
That dwells in my heart for the colleen I prize.
Thy smile that would welcome me, love, in the gloaming,
Still lightens my pathways as bright as of yore;
Thy sweet voice I hear, love, where'er I am roaming,
Calling me back to my Norah, asthore.

CHORUS.

Norah, asthore, aye! soon I'll be sailing
Home to you, darling, to part nevermore;
My soul longs to hear, love, thy sweet words of greeting,
Norah, allanna, Norah, asthore.

Norah, asthore, tho' 'tis years since we parted,
I know you'll be true to the promise you gave;
Your whisper that joy to my sorrows imparted,
Still speaks to my heart, love, from thee o'er the wave.
Ah, soon will the long days of waiting be over,
Ah, soon I'll return to the love I adore;
Bright will the skies seem beside you, mavourneen,
Norah, allanna, my Norah, asthore.—*Chorus.*

Keep One Little Thought for Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Farewell, my darling, I must leave you,
Soon with strangers I must roam,
Far o'er the bright and boundless ocean,
Far from those we leave at home;
And when you lay upon your pillow,
From all worldly thoughts so free,
Don't forget there's one that loves you,
Keep one little thought for me.

CHORUS.

Years may pass before I greet you,
Far from the land beyond the sea;
Can you think I'll e'er forget you?
Keep one little thought for me,
One little thought for me.

Others will claim you, love, my darling,
When no longer I am near;
Strange lips will whisper their devotion,
Standing close beside you here.
Your happy smiles will then be beaming,
Filling hearts with joyous glee;
Promise that you will not forget, love,
Keep one little thought for me.—*Chorus.*

When I return again to thee, love,
Shall I find your heart the same?
Will you then whisper sweet to me, love,
Darling, I am glad you came?
Absent from thee I'll be so lonely,
When your face I cannot see;
But I'll hope, if you will only
Keep one little thought for me.—*Chorus.*

Must We Leave the Old Home, Mother?

Copyright, 1883, by W. F. Shaw.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Must we leave the old home, mother,
Where we've lived for many years?
We can never find another
Place on earth that is so dear.
Father's dead, and he is sleeping
In the churchyard o'er the way;
Mother, dear, why are you weeping?
Oh, must we leave the old home, say?

CHORUS.

Must we leave the old home, mother?
Tell me, won't you, must we roam?
We can never find another
Place on earth like the old home.

Must we leave the old home, mother,
Since we dearly love it so?
Should we never find another,
It would break our hearts, I know.
Humble though it be and lowly,
Can we turn from it away?
With memories so holy,
Oh, must we leave the old home, say?—*Chorus.*

Must we leave the old home, mother,
And forsake it all in all;
Never clinging to each other
By the hearth in the hall?
Will there linger strange faces
By the fireside, night and day,
And the old-time's pleasant places—
Oh, must we leave them, mother, say?—*Chorus.*

—A brakeman in the employ of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company is a very obliging person and thoughtful withal. An excursion party, which included many young men and women, recently made a trip from Albany to St. George, and, as the train would near a tunnel, of which there are a good many on the line, he would call out in stentorian tones: "Gents, choose your partners for the tunnel."

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I didn't think I'd sing to-night
On account of other arrangements;
But to-morrow I'll fix that all right,
By changing my arrangements.
So while I'm here I might as well,
I don't know much, but I'll try and tell;
But if you ring a chestnut bell,
I'll make some other arrangements.

Chicago is the place for noise,
For they make such quick arrangements;
It's a very bad place for the anarchist boys,
Since they made such bad arrangements.
You can pull a pistol at your chum,
You can throw a tramp out full of rum:
But your name is Dinnie if you fire a bomb,
As they won't stand those arrangements.

The strikes are raging just the same,
Now that's a bad arrangement;
And nobody knows who is to blame,
Now that's a queer arrangement.
The Knights of Labor they will fight,
Jay Gould he thinks he holds them tight;
But they'll send him higher than Gilroy's kite,
If he don't make other arrangements.

THE LIVELY FLEA.

Tune—"The Ivy Green."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! a dainty old chap is the lively flea,
As he creepeth o'er young and old;
His choice food is fat, no lean liketh he,
And he's not werry fond of the cold.
You can't be too warm when he finds you in bed,
To pleasure your dainty skin;
Off a nice young kid wot's been vell fed,
Is a werry good meal for him.

CHORUS.

Creeping vhere no light there be,
A dainty old chap is the lively flea;
Hatching, scratching,
All over your body at night he'll be;
Creeping, hopping,
A dainty old chap is the lively flea.

SPOKEN—Villain! traitor! I thought thee once my warmest bosom friend, but now—Ha! thou'rt turned backbiter. I was poor once, but now I am worth thousands.

Fast he stealeth on, though he hasn't no wings,
But a stunning good hopper is he;
How sharply he stingeth, how nimbly he springs
From your toe to the top of your knee.
And slyly he hides and cannot be found,
When tormenting to you he behaves;
Then he joyously hops, and crawleth round
The rich spots which his appetite craves.—*Chorus.*

SPOKEN—Is this a flea I see upon my cheek? Come let me clutch thee. Ah! now I have thee, villain, and thou shalt die. And yet I have thee not—oh, horror!

Thou art gone from my gaze,
Oh, now ain't this a treat?
And I seek thee in vain
'Twixt the pillow and sheet.
Oft the candle I light,
And to catch thee then try;
But my efforts are fruitless,
In fact, all my eye.
In the stillness of night,
When I sought sound to sleep,
Oh, my blood seems to boil,
And my flesh, too, to creep;
For I feel thou art near,
And where'er I may be,
That you, you young wretches,
Are hopping o'er me.

SPOKEN—Here's another of the enemy! perdition catch thee! Down, down to h—l, and say I sent thee thither. Oh! no, no, no, my hand trembles; I cannot do the deed. Go to another, go!

Old bedsteads they burn, and the sacking they rout,
And thousands are crushed, d'ye see?
All kinds of clothing turned inside out,
But you cannot get rid of the flea.
This queer old chap in future nights
Shall fatten upon he or she;
For the stateliest man or woman he bites,
They're all of 'em food for the flea.—*Chorus.*

(*Catches one in his hand and then exclaims:*)—At last thou'rt in my power. Who art thou? I am thy father's spirit, doomed for the night to prey upon thy body and nip thee most infernally; and all day long to lurk within the blankets, where no vile fingers shall pounce upon me.

Oh, horror! horror! it makes my very hair to stand on end, like biels that will come in at Christmas time.

Shakespeare:—But, hark! I hear a voice—'tis from the upper air—ah, listen!

Oh, good man, spare that flea,
That fills thee with alarm;
In youth he sheltered thee,
And him you must not harm.

SPOKEN—Harm thee, dearest, never! so help me, Jimmy, never!

Oh, no! I will not harm thee,
Dear one, I cannot harm;
Fear not, I will not harm thee,
For, father, I love thee still.

(*Deposits the flea inside the breast of his coat and then sings:*)

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling;
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love you, that I fondly love you still;
Still I love you, yes, I love you, yes, I love you,
Yes, I fondly love you still.

SWEET SUMMER ROSES.

Copyright, 1886, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

In the woodland let us listen
To the murmur of the bees;
See the dewdrops how they glisten,
Like crystal jewels on the trees.
And the song birds, robins, thrushes,
Flitting o'er the balmy air,
With their songtide as it rushes
Hither, thither, everywhere.

Roses, roses, sweet Summer roses,
Roses, roses, Summer roses,
Fairest flowers that garden grows,
Queens their triumph quickly closes,
For a bonny, sweet, red rose.

Crowns of blue-bells on the mountain,
Star-eyed daisies on the lea,
Honey-suckles by the fountain,
Come, my loved one, come and see.
Stately lilies, white and sainted,
Trembling as the wild bee sucks,
Purple pansies, velvet painted,
And the pretty buttercups.

Roses, roses, sweet Summer roses,
Roses, roses, Summer roses,
Fairest flowers that garden grows,
Queens their triumph quickly closes,
For a bonny, sweet, red rose.

—"Here, James, take these two cakes and give the smaller one to your little brother." James examined the cakes carefully, appeared undecided, and finally took a heroic bite out of one of them which he passed over to his brother with the remark: "There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one—they were both the same size."—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

REMEMBRANCE OF HOME.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I am thinking of my home,
Of the cottage on the hill,
The cottage where my poor old mother died;
Of the orchard, of the school where I learned the golden rule,
Of old Dobbin, on whose back I oft did ride.
And as I recall the scene,
It seems just like a dream,
A dream that is past now and is o'er;
A tear comes in my eye, and I can only sigh,
For to see my dear and good old home once more.

CHORUS.

Home once more, home once more,
Shall I ever see my home once more?
Home once more, home once more,
Shall I ever see my home once more?

Shall I ever see the church where I often used to go?
Shall I ever see that dear old church again?
Shall I ever see the mill that stood right near the hill,
Or must I in a foreign land remain?
Shall I ever see my father,
That dear, old gray-haired man,
As he sat in the arm-chair by the door?
I have power, I have wealth,
Yet I'd give them all for health,
So that I could see my dear old home once more.—*Chorus.*

PADDY MAGEE'S DREAM.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

John Bull he was an Englishman,
And went on tramp one day,
With three-pence in his pocket
To take him a long way;
He tramped along for miles and miles,
Yet no one did he see,
Till he fell in with an Irishman,
Whose name was Paddy Magee.

Good-morning, Pat, said John to him,
Where are you going to?
Says Paddy: I hardy know myself,
I want a job to do.
Have you got any money about you?
Said John Bull unto Pat.
Says Pat: It's the only thing I'm wanting,
For I haven't got a rap.

Then they overtook a Scotchman,
Who, like them, was out of work;
To judge by his looks, he was hard up
And as hungry as a Turk.
Can you lend me a shilling, Scotty?
At last said Paddy Magee.
I'm sorry I canna, said the Scotchman,
For I ha'e na got ane baubee.

Said the Englishman: I three-pence have,
What shall we do with that?
Och! buy three-pen'orth of whisky,
It will cheer us up, said Pat.
Nay, dinna do that, said the Scotchman,
I'll tell thee the best to do;
Just buy three-pence worth of oat-meal,
I'll make some nice burgoo.

Now I think we had better buy a loaf,
The Englishman did say;
And then in yonder hay-stack
Our hunger sleep away.
We can get a drink of water
From yonder purling stream;
And the loaf shall be his, in the morning,
Who has the greatest dream.

The Englishman dreamt, by the morning,
Ten million men had been
For ten years digging a turnip up,
The largest ever seen;
At last they got the turnip up,
By working night and day;
Then it took five million horses,
This turnip to pull away.

Said the Scotchman: I've been dreaming
F fty million men had been
For fifty years making a boiler,
The largest ever seen.
What was it for? said the Englishman,
Was it made of copper or tin?
It was made of copper, said Scotty,
To boil your turnip in.

Och! said Paddy, I've been dreaming
An awful great big dream;
I dreamt I was in a hay-stack,
By the side of a purling stream.
I dreamt that you and Scotty was there,
As true as I'm an oaf;
By the powers! I dream't I was hungry,
So I got up and eat the loaf.

THE ROLLICKING RAMS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Button up your waistcoat, button up your shoes,
Have another liquor and throw away the blues;
Be like me and good for a spree,
From now 'till the day is dawning;
For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Come and be a member of the Rollicking Rams,
The only boys to make a noise,
From now 'till the day is dawning.
We scorn such drinks as lemonade, soda, seltzer, beer,
The liquor of our club I'd tell to you,
But I can't for there's ladies here,
Come along, come along, come, come, come, come, come along.

CHORUS.

For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Come and be a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night 'till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning.
For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Come and be a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night 'till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning.

When once you're a member of the Rollicking Rams,
All things real, we have no shams,
Except champagne, good champagne
We drink 'till the day is dawning;
In all the pockets of the Rollicking Rams,
Each one puts a bottle of cham,
And on some doorstep sit and drink
'Till daylight in the morning.
With a pocket full of money the police make right,
To what we do they're blind,
Such as pulling down bells and breaking lamps,
For which we should be fined—
Come along, come along, come along.—*Chorus.*

The milkman in the morning he knows us Rams,
We follow up behind him and empty the cans,
Which down the area he has put,
For breakfast in the morning.
Upset a coffee stall as we go home,
With us our landladies pick a bone,
And get kicked out of house and home,
Without a moment's warning;
But we don't care, we're single men,
Not hampered with a wife;
So now, my friends, if you like the style,
Come and spend a noisy life,
Come along, come along, come along.—*Chorus.*

Letter That Never Came.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

A letter here for me? was the question that he asked
Of the mail-man at the closing of the day;
He turned sadly with a sigh, while a tear stood in his eye,
Then he bowed his head and slowly walked away.
Then he murmured: Can it be? Will it never come to me?
Had he waited all these many years in vain?
Yet from early morning's light he would watch till dark at night,
For that letter, but, alas, it never came.

CHORUS.

Was it from a gray-haired mother, a sister or a brother?
Had he waited all the many years in vain?
Yet from early morning light he would watch with spirits light,
But the letter that he longed for never came.

He had waited many years, joy had mingled with his tears,
When the old postmaster met him with a smile;
How his features they would brighten and his sad heart seem to lighten,
But his vain hopes lasted only a little while.
When the postmaster would say: There is nothing here to-day!
He'd bemoan his fate, yet no one would he blame;
Then he murmured: Surely, she must sometimes think of me!
Still he wondered why that missive never came.—CHORUS.

So one day upon the shore he was found, but life was o'er,
His poor soul it had gone out with the tide;
In his hand they found a note, with the last words that he wrote,
Should a letter come, please place it by my side?
Sweet flowers twine around the tombstone o'er his mound,
On which was scrawled his age, also his name;
Many years have gone, they say, since his spirit passed away,
But the letter that he longed for never came.—CHORUS.

Vat's de Brice of Peans, Jake?

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Dough peans you can see I sell,
Und I've got a few;
I makes money, too, as vell,
So help me gracious, too!
Put de poys make fun of me
Ven I do go out;
I can't valk along de shtreet,
Put I hear dem shout:

CHORUS.

"Vat's de brice of peans, Jake? vat's de brice of peans?"
I vonder iff dey dinks I vas a dem olt horse marine;
"Vat's de brice of peans, Jake? vat's de brice of peans?"
Iff I only catch dem vonce, I find out vat dat means.

Von night dey shtole my grey mare,
I vent to de shudge;
I tolt all de beobles dere
It vas Peter Studge.
Den de jury did got out,
Put come back right avay;
Ven de shudge says: "Now speak out!"
De foreman did say:—*Chorus.*

I'd have married long ago,
Only for dat crowd;
Von night I vas mit my beau,
Dey yelled dat out loud.
Katty kicked me right down shtairs,
'Tvas dwelve o'clock at night;
A fellar shtruck me unavares,
Und ve had a fight.

SPOKEN—Yah! I vas kicked out of an eighdeen shtory tenement house, right off de ground-valk, und ven I got dere a fellar hit me on de head mit a glub vat veighed dree hundred pounds; und ven he knocked me down he asked me iff I vanted any more. I tolt him dat I vas no hog, und dat I had enough. He tolt me den I could go, und shust as I vas leaving he cried out:—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, LOVELY LOU.

Copyright, 1879, by Louis P. Goullard.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

'Twas early in the month of May,
I said to my girl, Lou;
As I am going far away,
I'm going to ask if you
Will constant be while I'm at sea?
She bowed her lovely head,
Then placed her tiny hands in mine,
And I to her then said:

CHORUS.

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, lovely Lou,
Think of me when I'm at sea and I will think of you;
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, lovely Lou,
Think of me when I'm at sea and I will think of you.

She said, to you I will be true,
To do the same I ought;
Tho' I am told you sailors
Have a wife in every port.
I said, now, Lou, don't look so blue,
Or think me so unkind;
I never could forget
The girl I left behind.—*Chorus.*

I've one thing, Lou, to tell to you
Before the seas I roam;
And that is of the presents
I am going to bring you home.
An Indian shawl, a parasol,
A tiny kangaroo;
A monkey and a parrot, yes,
And they are all for you.—*Chorus.*

I bid adieu to lovely Lou,
We parted on the shore;
And something seemed to tell me
I should never see her more.
When I returned I quickly learned,
That she had gone away;
So now, as Lou has proved untrue,
Why, I can only say:—*Chorus.*

Dreaming of Mother's Angel Face.

Copyright, 1882, by W. H. Rieger.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Days long departed come now to me,
Joys that were mine so long ago;
Visions of beauty 'round me I see,
Voices of gladness wake soft and low.
Back to my home in fancy I stray,
Dreaming of days so far, far away;
Fond are the lips that greet me again,
Gladly I meet each warm embrace;
Dear to my heart, tho' sad was its pain,
There smiles my mother's bright angel face.

CHORUS.

Dreaming, dreaming, day by day,
Dreaming, dreaming, though afar I stray;
Smiling and pure in sweet gentle grace,
Dreaming of mother's angel face.

Sweet are the thoughts it fondly recalls,
Once more a child I'm kneeling there;
Over the homestead night softly falls,
Gently is whispered love's holy prayer.
Time takes away each hope and each joy,
Visions of home it ne'er can destroy;
Cherished for aye with love true and deep,
Nothing on earth can e'er replace;
Still in my heart one treasure I'll keep,
That is my mother's bright angel face.—*Chorus.*

COD-FISH BALLS.

Tune—"Sally of the Sewing Machine."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There was a young man, as I have heard said,
And he was a gay young Coon;
He was head overseer of the cod-fish balls
In a coffee and cake saloon.
With his apron white, by day and by night,
He'd tend to the customers' calls;
And his voice, so sweet for to hear, it was a treat,
As he'd holler out: "Cod-fish balls!"

A strawberry girl with him fell in love,
His passion he used for to tell her;
And to see him at night when her work was done,
She'd hang around the cellar;
She'd peep through the window, and whistle on the stoop,
'Till her lover he heard her calls;
And then through the grating he'd pop up his head,
And he'd holler out: "Cod-fish balls!"

One day in the policy he made a big hit,
Which made him feel all alive,
So he hired a horse and a big clam cart,
To take his girl out for a drive;
The horse ran away, and the wagon broke down,
Then out on the road he falls;
The girl, in affright, cried: "Where are you hurt?"
But his answer was: "Cod-fish balls!"

One night he tackled the coffee can,
And before he could be stopped,
He drank so much that he got blind drunk,
To his girl then the question he popped.
They married were that afternoon,
And their friends for to see them calls;
And the very next day for dinner they had
A couple of cod-fish balls.

JOHNNY, TAKE IT EASY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Some may talk of pretty girls,
And others say they are awful sweet;
And some will say: "See, there she goes!"
And look at her pretty feet.
But wait until you get married, boys,
And nurse the young ones on your knee;
And then your trouble does begin,
And you wish you were in New Jersey.

SPOKEN—If I dare say a word to my wife when I know she is in the wrong, she always says to me:

CHORUS.

Take it easy, Johnny, dear!
Johnny, take it easy!
Don't get cross, for I am the boss,
It's best to take it easy!

When I got home the other night,
Something looked quite strange to me;
A great big fellow with an umbrella,
Sitting where I ought to be.
Oh! goodness, gracious, what is this?
I nearly fainted on the floor;
When she put her arms around his waist,
And kissed him good-night at the door.

SPOKEN—Who is that, my dear, you kissed at the door? That? that? Why—*Chorus.*

—Wee Fanny bit her tongue one day and came in crying bitterly. "What is it?" asked her mother. "Oh, mamma!" she said, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

—A little chap, told by his mother to say his prayers and ask for what he wanted, prayed "for one hundred brothers and fifty sisters." The mother hurried the little sinner off to bed before he could say Amen.—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

The Broken-Stringed Banjo that Hangs on the Wall.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There it hangs in the corner, the last nail on the wall,
The broken-stringed banjo idolized by us all;
Tho' faded and useless it now may appear,
Still in fond memory 'tis held ever dear;
Reminding us of one who has now passed away,
Dear, darling grandpa, so merry, light and gay;
And tho' left all alone, 'tis cherished by us all,
The broken-stringed banjo that hangs on the wall.

CHORUS.

As he'd sit by the door the banjo he'd bang,
Awakening the plantation with his twang, twang, twang;
Many happy hours our spirits he'd enthrall,
With the broken-stringed banjo that hangs on the wall.

If that banjo could speak, it would call for the hand
That woke it to life in a sunny Southern land;
It would tell of the songs of old it used to play
At eve, when the darkies quit work for the day.
It sang the praise of Dixie and good old Tennesee,
It taught the colored people that yet they would be free;
But the hand that woke its echoes is gone past recall,
The broken-stringed banjo that hangs on the wall.—*Chorus.*

A Patch from My Angel Brother's Pants

Copyright, 1881, by Wm. J. A. Lieder.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've a song to sing to-night, and I'll try my best to please,
I have something sweet to say in words few;
So listen, my friends, and I hope you will not sneeze
At this something I've got to say to you.
Ah! it's well I do remember how my sister she would laugh,
When she sat by the fire with my aunts;
She was giggling, and was pointing at the object here in view,
'Twas this patch from my angel brother's pants.

CHORUS.

Treasured in my memory like a happy dream,
When I think about my ugly aunts;
And the only thing they left me to remember him above,
Is this patch from my angel brother's pants.

This patch was put on by my mother's feeble hands,
It puts me in mind of better days;
And whenever I look at this patch upon those pants,
I think of how my mother used to say:
Augustus, my loved one, do not spoil that little spot,
For you know it's a treasure to your aunts;
It's the only thing we've left in remembrance of him,
Yes, that patch from your angel brother's pants.—*Chorus.*

The Yellow-Haired Laddie.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-haired laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn:
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danced around.

The shepherd thus sang: "Though young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dashed with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfumed in the Spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humored and free,
And as fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wished would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Dot Leedle German Band.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Yusd lisden unto me und I'll sing you a ditty,
Aboud a German band dot blays aboud dis cidy;
De insdrumends dot dey have got, is a drombone und cornet,
An alto horn, a big brass drum, und a B flat clarinette.

SPOKEN—Yes, und I'm de leader of—

CHORUS.

Dot leedle German band,
Dot leedle German band;
De beoble cry und say: "Oh, my!"
As ve march drough de land.

Ve go around de sdreeds almosd every day,
Und set de beoble vild mit de music dot ve play;
"Good-bye, sourheart," und "Hime, sweed hime," ve blay so fine,
But ve alvays do our best ven ve blay "Die wacht am Rhine."

SPOKEN—Yes, und de music comes so sweed from—*Chorus.*

While vaiting yesterday down by a German garden,
A man asked me if I could blay, "De dune de old cow died on;"
I dold dot man to go avay, or mit my fisds und does
I'd show him gwick dot I could blay a solo on his nose.

SPOKEN—Und dot if I couldn't do dot mineself, dot I vould get to helb me—*Chorus.*

They Told Me Not to Love Him.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

They told me not to love him,
They said that he would prove
Unworthy of so rich a gem
As woman's peerless love;
But I believed them not, oh, no!
I knew it could not be,
That one so false as they thought him,
Could be so dear to me.

They told me not to love him,
They said he was not true,
And bade me have a care, lest I
Should do what I might rue.
At first I scorned their warnings, for
I could not think that he,
Concealed beneath so fair a brow
A heart of perfidy.

But they forced me to discard him,
Yet I could not cease to love,
For our mutual vows recorded were
By angel hands above.
He left his boyhood's home and sought
Forgetfulness afar,
But memory stung him, and he fought
And fell in glorious war.

They told me to discard him,
They said he meant me ill;
They darkly spoke of friends that lure
And smile, and kiss and kill.
I all unheeding heard them, for
I knew it could not be,
That one so false as they thought him,
Could be so dear to me.

He dwells in heaven now, while I
Am doomed to dwell on this cold earth;
Oh, how my sad soul longs to break
Away and wander forth.
From star to star its course would be,
Unresting it would go,
Till we united were above
Who severed were below.

The Cabin with the Roses at the Door.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The light is fading fast, and I'm thinking of the past,
I am sitting with my darling by my side;
She's an old and wrinkled dame, but I love her just the same,
As the sunny day she came to be my bride.
I think I see her now, with a smile upon her brow,
As she vowed to be mine for evermore;
I had no land or pastures wide, but I took her home with pride,
To the cabin with the roses at the door.

CHORUS.

Oh, the dear old cabin, my own old cabin,
'Tis my home on my native shore;
I would yield my latest sigh,
I have lived and I would die
In the cabin with the roses at the door.

Light-hearted did I toil, and I found the grateful soil,
Give me back for my work a hundred fold;
I'd enough, and I could spare for the poor a tiny share,
So I envied not the planter and his gold;
Still we had to bear a grief, resignation brings relief,
But 'tis hard 'till the bitterness is o'er;
And we both were sorely tried, when our little darling died
In the cabin with the roses at the door.—*Chorus.*

So we've simply journeyed on, and the boys and girls are gone
To the cities 'mid the bustle and the strife;
They have left us here alone in the cabin that's our own,
Where patiently we wait the close of life.
To each other, all in all, some sweet story we recall,
Of the dear little one that's gone before;
And we're happy, though we know that we soon shall have to go
From the cabin with the roses at the door.—*Chorus.*

THERE SHE BLOWS.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

What joy to feel beneath our feet
A living moving ship;
As sailing o'er the boundless sea
We feel her rise and dip.
Fast beat our hearts as on we sail
'Mid Arctic ice and snows,
And hear the cry of the topmast man—
The look-out—"There she blows!"
And hear the cry of the topmast man—
The look-out—"There she blows!"

CHORUS.

Pull, boys, over the sea,
Driving ahead she goes;
"Look out!" comes from the mast,
"I see her—there she blows!"
Pull, boys, over the sea,
Driving ahead she goes;
"Look out!" comes from the mast,
"I see her—there she blows!"

Then what a change at once appears,
The mate without delay
Sings loudly out: "All hands on deck!
Quick, man the boats away!"
Away we go, the bowman then
His careful training shows;
And says: "Now steady, steady, lads!
I see her—there she blows!"
And says: "Now steady, steady, lads!
I see her—there she blows!"—*Chorus.*

A little nearer, then we gain,
'Twill never do to fail;
The harpoon glistens in the air,
Then quivers in the whale.
Our ship lays to and takes us in,
As every sailor knows;
No cry a whaler loves so well
As topman's—"There she blows!"
No cry a whaler loves so well
As topman's—"There she blows!"—*Chorus.*

Never Take "No" for an Answer.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Now, gentlemen, I wish to tell you something,
I think it is something rather new;
If you wish to be successful with the ladies,
Just listen and I'll tell you what to do.
You must always keep your pocket full of money,
And take the lady everywhere you go;
And if you want a kiss you'd better take it,
For if you ask, she's sure to answer "No!"

CHORUS.

Never take "No" for an answer,
Kiss her whenever you can, sir;
Whether she will, or whether she won't,
Don't you believe her if she says, don't!
Never take "No" for an answer,
Swear she's the dearest of pearls;
If she gives you a smack, why, just give it her back,
That's the way to get on with the girls.

And when you call to see her in the evening,
You mustn't sit away across the room;
Remember every arm chair holds a couple—
Of course, that's when the parlor is in gloom.
You must always bring a present when you visit,
And have something in your pocket for her ma;
You must never, never take "No" for an answer,
Unless you get the answer from her pa.—*Chorus.*

I'se Gwine to Weep No More.

Copyright, 1885, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.

De good book tells you not to moan,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
Dug dem taters, shuck dat corn,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
Laid my sins away to keep,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
Laid dem low so dey could sleep,
I'se gwine to weep no more!

REFRAIN.

Den fare you well, I'se gwine for to join dat golden band,
Good-bye, I'm gwine to walk dat golden floor;
I'll take my banjo wid me, and I'll touch dat golden harp,
An' I ain't gwine to weep any more!

CHORUS.

Fare ye well! fare ye well!
I'se a gwine to weep no more!
Fare ye well! fare ye well!
I'se a gwine to weep no more! good-bye!

De Jersey Lily's coming back,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
Robe me in a sealskin sacque,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
Deck my breast wid diamond pin,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
She can chuck me on de chin,
I'se gwine to weep no more!—*Refrain and Chorus.*

Oh, way up yonder in de sky,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
A roller rinker I can spy,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
I'll give my wife a soothing drink,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
To keep her from de roller rink,
I'se gwine to weep no more!—*Refrain and Chorus.*

I've sung you children all enuff,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
De road to Washington am ruff,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
De days am done to steal and rob,
I'se gwine to weep no more!
And many a sinner's lost his job,
I'se gwine to weep no more!—*Refrain and Chorus.*

It's Enough to Knock Any One Out.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

If you listen to us for a minute or two,
It's enough to knock any one out;
You'll think it is awful before we are through,
It's enough to knock any one out.
We're not going to stand here to sing for a week,
If you can't stand our voices, why, tell us to sneak;
We suppose you'll all say we've a terrible cheek,
It's enough to knock any one out.

Just pick up the papers and read them all through,
It's enough to knock any one out;
What some of the people in town they won't do,
It's enough to knock any one out.
Some ladies that's married they don't seem to care,
As they pass you they mash you, and whisper, ah, there!
We know every one of them on the dead square,
It's enough to knock any one out.

The way the girls dress you can see at a glance,
It's enough to knock any one out;
Inside of a month they'll be wearing the pants,
It's enough to knock any one out.
There's some don't come home 'till a couple o'clock,
They get chuck full of oysters and old rye and rock;
Wherever they go when the door it is locked,
It's enough to knock any one out.

HENRY GREEN OF TROY.

Good people, come, both old and young, and hear a story told,
Concerning a young damsel, 'twill make your blood run cold;
A young and beautiful woman, Miss White, it was her name,
Who was murdered by her husband, and he hanged for the same.

Miss White, I'm told, was handsome unto a high degree,
Young Henry was wealthy, as you shall plainly see;
He went unto her dwelling and this to her did say:
"Dear Mary, will you be my wife? oh, pray, do name the day."

"Oh, Henry, dear Henry, I fear this ne'er will do,
For you have proud relations, and I'm not as rich as you;
And when your parents come to know, they'll spurn us from the door,
They'd rather you'd marry some other girl with wealth laid up in store."

"Oh, Mary, dearest Mary, pray, why torment me so?
I swear by all that's sacred, I ever will prove true;
And if you do not give consent, I'll surely take my life,
For I no longer wish to live, unless you are my wife."

She hearing all that he had said, believing it was true,
Soon gave consent to be his wife, but little did she know;
Oh, little did she dream, indeed, how could she e'er suspect,
That he would shortly take the life he had sworn to protect.

They had been married scarce a week when she was taken ill,
Great doctors quick were summoned, who tried their utmost skill;
They tried their best in every way, but none her life could save,
And soon it was proclaimed that she must go down to the grave.

Her brother hearing of the same, straightway to her did go,
Saying: "Sister, you are dying, pray, tell me is it so?
Have you not been murdered by one you thought your friend?
Oh, tell the truth before you die, do not the guilty 'fend."

"As I am on the bed of death, and know that I must die,
And that I'm going to meet my God, I'll not the truth deny;
Young Henry Green has poisoned me—oh, quickly for him send,
For still I love him, just as well as when he was my friend."

Young Henry Green was summoned his dying wife to see,
Three times she said: "Oh, Henry, were you e'er deceived by me?
She cast on him one loving look, then dropped into death's swoon,
While he gazed on her with a tearful eye, then in silence left the room.

At an inquest on the body, according to the law,
'Twas ascertained by doctors that arsenic was the cause;
Young Henry was arrested and cast into Troy jail,
There to await his trial, as the court would take no bail.

When his trial day arrived he was brought upon the stand,
To answer for the blackest crime committed in our land;
He said he was innocent and did her friends defy,
But Judge Parker passed his sentence, and he was condemned to die.

THE SPITZ DOG.

Tune—"Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Is there any one here wants to buy a spitz dog?
I've got one here that I'll sell ye;
I haven't got the money for to take a license out,
So I came here to-night for to tell ye.
While walking down the street the other day,
Some loafers on the corner they did holler:
"There goes a tarrier with a little spitz dog,
Without the number of his license on the collar!"

CHORUS.

Arrah! wouldn't they be glad if he went mad?
But that's all right, my covey;
I'll keep him here another year,
Till he takes the hy-ge-fo-ge.

I'll let you know he's no ki-ie,
A black and tan or poodle;
He can sing or dance an Irish jig
To the tune of "Yankey Doodle."
He can get away with a good beefsteak,
A haslett or a liver;
He can kill more rats than all the cats
This side of Harlem River.—*Chorus.*

I don't profess to be a fighting man,
I've traveled through the roughest;
And often had the mittens on
With many of the toughest.
If ever I lay my hands upon
Those city paid dog-catchers;
The police will have to take them to
The station house on stretchers.—*Chorus.*

A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freeman,
Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurled your beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS.

A thousand years, my own Columbia,
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears;
When the bright sun that tints them crimson,
Rises to shine a thousand years?—*Chorus.*

Tell the great world these blessed tidings,
Yes, and be sure the bondmen hears;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Envious foes beyond the ocean,
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Rebels at home, go hide your faces,
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not bind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors,
Down to your own degraded spheres;
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday,
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers;
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

God Knows What We'll Do Before We Die.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

As new songs are very rare, I've a new one here prepared,
I hope it will not fail to please you all;
My subject it is new, I'll quickly prove to you,
Your attention for a moment I will call.
How often do we meet an outcast on the street,
And with a scornful glance we pass him by;
Let us give to him a hand, and remember he's a man,
For God knows what we'll do before we die.

How often we do meet an outcast on the street,
Perhaps she was the sunlight of her home;
Perhaps a mother's love smiles on her from above,
But now as a poor outcast she must roam.
For, alas, the tempter came, and left on her a stain,
Then left her in her sorrow for to die;
Let's try every little plan to reclaim her if we can,
For God knows what we'll do before we die.

How often do we meet a poor drunkard on the street,
And with scornful glance we pass him by;
Is there not one pitying eye for this poor wretch as he goes by?
The puplic call him nothing but a vag.
Perhaps he'd ground and gold ere rum had its hold,
Who knows but in society he moved high;
Let us give him a hand, and remember he's a man,
For God knows what we'll do before we die.

In conclusion now I pray, take heed of what I say,
And upon a poor unfortunate do not frown;
But try every little plan to assist them if you can,
For God knows how they suffer when they're down.
Let us with all our might try to do what is right,
For we're not hid from God's all-seeing eye;
Let us give them a hand, to keep them if we can,
For God knows what we'll do before we die.

SAVE MY MOTHER'S PICTURE FROM THE SALE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I've been thinking of the day that has long since passed away,
When my mother thro' sickness drooped and died;
And the still and silent room when they laid her in the tomb,
I remember then how bitterly I cried.
I but a boy was then, my age was scarcely ten,
And with sorrow I had grown thin and pale;
When the home had to be sold, I cried with grief untold,
Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale.

CHORUS.

My mother's face, that dear old face,
Her loss I ever shall bewail;
Don't break an orphan's heart,
With that don't make me part,
Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale.

The auction day came round, with mirth the room did sound,
The things I loved so well soon passed away;
The chair in which she sat, and in which she liked to chat,
They all went into stranger's hands that day.
The table where I played, the cot in which I laid,
All passed away like chaff before the gale;
But when the end came near, I cried with piteous fear,
Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale.—*Chorus.*

The picture 'round was passed, and questions they were asked,
A price was bid for it just here and there;
The tears streamed down my face, I could scarce keep in the place,
When I saw the picture pass without a care.
But an angel of a girl, with a mass of golden curls,
Who was struck to see my face so sad and pale;
Out-bid them all you see, and presented it to me,
And saved my mother's picture from the sale.—*Chorus.*

Morrissey and Heenan Fight.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, was not that a glorious sight,
To see those two heroes in a fight,
And on each other try their skill,
To prove the victor of the mill;
To gain a trifle more of wealth,
With the privilege of the belt?

This manly tug was ended fair,
Everything being on the square;
And though Morrissey won the fight,
Heenan pressed him pretty tight;
And many thought that at the call,
Morrissey would not win at all.

To the end it was "give and take,"
The blows making both men quake,
And stagger as if on drunk;
'Twas hard to tell who would be hunk,
Until, in less than one half hour,
Morrissey showed the right bower.

Both men could not possibly win,
And neither of them would give in;
So let us fill our glasses high,
And hope they both may never die;
That they may live to see the day,
To participate in another fray.

O'DONNELL, THE AVENGER.

Tune—"Johnny Reel."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come all true sons of Erin's isle, and listen unto me,
I'm sure, when you have heard my song, with me you will agree;
To condemn those English juries, who with faces grim and bold,
Do send poor innocent Irishmen to dungeons dark and cold.
Of that great crime in Phœnix Park, no doubt you all have heard
At the trial of the prisoners, you all know what occured;
James Carey turned informer, and those precious lives he sold,
And sent them to their dreadful doom for a bit of English gold.

To escape a speedy vengeance, James Carey had to roam,
And with his ruined family he left his native home;
And thought to seek seclusion in lands quite far away,
So he sailed on the Melrose Castle for the shores of Africa.
On the 29th day of July, as the ship was nearing shore,
Some passengers near the forecastle heard a terrible uproar;
They rushed toward the cabin, but ere they reached the spot,
The base informer Carey had received a fatal shot.

Those noble lives had been avenged, the traitor now is dead,
The avenger, Pat. O'Donnell, soon slept on a prison bed;
Cast there by English tyrants until his day of trial,
When he was tried, like other Irishmen, in the unjust English style.
On the 30th of November, for this murder he was tried,
When he saw Judge Denham on the bench, all hopes within him died;
His counsel, who were able men, to save him hard did try,
But the jury found him guilty, which meant that he should die.

On the 1st day of December, he was sentenced to be hung.
Soon over the whole universe the doleful tidings rung;
In every cot in Erin's isle great sorrow did prevail,
For the friends of Pat. O'Donnell his misfortune did bewail.
The day of his execution was a terrible sight to see,
His comrades at the prison gate were weeping bitterly;
At the loathsome sight of the gallows he ne'er did cringe or cry,
As a martyr for his native land quite bravely did he die.

Although he's dead and laid to rest, all honored be his name,
Let no one look upon his act with contempt or disdain;
His impulse was but human, that no one will deny,
And I hope he'll be forgiven by the Infinite One on high.
If every son of Erin's isle had such a heart as he,
Soon would they set their native land once more at liberty;
Unfurl their flag unto the breeze, their rights they would redeem,
If unity and friendship in their land did reign supreme.

My Mother's Wedding Ring.

Tune—"A Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've a relic at home that is all the world to me,
Yes, one that I look upon with pride;
From a kind-hearted mother that I dearly loved,
For I never can forget the day she died
But there's one little gift that fills my heart with grief,
A burden that I often try to bear;
To my heart it will ever cling, this precious little ring,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.

CHORUS.

Forever in my memory 'tis a precious little gift,
A token that was left in my care;
This ring to me she gave, though now she's in her grave,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.

Her quiet, pleasant face in my dreams I think I see,
Telling me to be cheerful and true;
And the advice to me she gave is always in my mind,
When from our midst she bade us adieu.
In our neat and quiet home we are silent and alone,
Where her picture on our wall seems so fair;
With it I could not part, for her love is in my heart,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.—*Chorus.*

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

A fair little maid was working one day,
Embroid'ring a slipper was she;
At every stitch she'd merrily sing:
"I'm sure this will not fit me!
So when it is done I'll lay it aside,
And no more embroider or knit;
But here make a vow, that I'll be the bride
Of him that the shoe will fit."

CHORUS.

Then all that have feet, or narrow or wide,
Who fear not receiving the mitt;
Oh, hastily ride, for she'll be the bride
Of him whom the shoe shall fit.

The first one that came to try on the shoe,
A man of great riches was he;
But pull as he may, yet all he can do,
Still leaves the fair maiden free.
Then came they in scores, and long did they try,
And screw their feet this way and that;
But all to no end, for some were too high,
Too low, or too thin or too fat.

CHORUS.

So all the gay swains who merrily hied
To win the fair maid got the mitt;
And some prophesied she'd ne'er be a bride,
For none would the shoe ever fit.

At length there came in, so saucy and sly,
Young Willie, the brave and the true;
At once on his foot, tho' scarce did he try,
He fitted this far famed shoe.
The little fair maid was won in this way,
Tho' gossips have had the small wit,
To say that she knew for many a day,
The one that the shoe would fit.

CHORUS.

And now all the rest away quickly ride,
And pocket in quiet the mitt;
For this little maid is now the loved bride
Of him whom the shoe did fit.

—A lady recently sought to instruct her little grandchild in relation to the provident care of heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dod," replied the child, "but Uncle John puts the butter and sugar on."—*Hartford Times.*

MAGUINNIS GUARDS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

We march along the crowded streets
To the sound of fife and drum;
The ladies wave their handkerchiefs,
And to the windows come.
They all salute us as we pass,
And say we are trump cards;
For well they know the handsome show
Of the fine Maguinnis Guards.

CHORUS.

As down the street we go
With colors waving high,
We hear the welcome shout "hurrah"
As we go marching by.
Oh, when we're on parade,
The rest are in the shade;
They give three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the great Maguinnis Guards.

St. Patrick's day the Mulligan Guards
All out with the Musketeers;
The Skidmore and the Hoolahan Guards
Turn out with the Fusileers.
The Fishing Club with the Branigan's Band
Fall in with the Jolly Pards;
But after all there is none so gay
As the fine Maguinnis Guards—*Chorus.*

On the roster of our company
We've many a gallant name;
There's Googerty, Hoolahan and McCarthy,
Fogarty and Kilane.
There's Gleoaghan, Finnigan and Flaherty, too,
McLaughlin and McLoon;
And Haggerty, Flynn and Sullivan,
Mulcahy and Muldoon.—*Chorus.*

Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of my tend'rest care;
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer.

CHORUS.

O where is my boy to-night?
O where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows,
For I love him, he knows;
O where is my boy to-night?

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.—*Chorus.*

O could I see him now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time;
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime.—*Chorus.*

Go for my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.—*Chorus.*

—Many men are so rushed and driven by business affairs that they often say laughingly, "that they have no time to get acquainted with their families." The Boston Post tells an amusing incident regarding one of these very busy men. He usually left home before his children were up in the morning, and did not return until after they had gone to bed. He was hurrying away one morning when he found that his little boy had arisen earlier than usual, and was playing on the sidewalk. "Go into the house." The little boy refused. His father seized and punished him. The child went into the house crying, and the mother asked: "What's the matter?" "Man hit me!" cried the child. "What man?" "Why, that man that stays here Sundays!"

John, My Boy, Remember Me.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Long ago in drear December,
When the snow was falling fast,
Mother said: "My boy, remember
I'm your friend while life shall last!"
I was leaving her unheeding,
For a life upon the sea;
And she stood with heart-strings bleeding,
Crying: "John, remember me!"

CHORUS.

Remember, remember, John, my boy, remember me,
Oh, remember, oh, remember, John, my boy, remember me;
Oh, remember, remember me,
Remember, remember me, remember me.

Years have past, and I've been sailing
Over life's tempestuous sea,
Still the voice comes to me ringing,
John, my boy, remember me!
Early in the morning last Winter,
Came a letter sealed black;
Mother's dying, words so tender,
John, my son, to me come back!—*Chorus.*

After years upon the ocean
Those dear words came back again;
And the honest heart's devotion
Fain would see that face again.
She is now with the angels singing,
From her toils and sorrows free;
Still those words in me are ringing,
John, my boy, remember me!—*Chorus.*

HOIST UP THE FLAG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Away down in Dixie the war first begun,
'Way down at Fort Sumter with Major Anderson;
He stood by the flag with a heart brave and true,
And fought like a man for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

Then hoist up the flag, long may it wave
Over the Union our honor to save;
Up with the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave.

'Twas there that secession first started the war,
They shot down our soldiers in the streets of Baltimore;
And Ellsworth was slain when he tore down the rag
The rebels had raised for a Jeff. Davis flag.—*Chorus.*

Then down on an island we call Roanoke,
Our men had a battle that raised a big smoke;
Our boys fought away to the rebels' surprise,
Till they all ran away after Gov'nor Wise.—*Chorus.*

Again, down by Norfolk, we drove the foe back,
And fought seven hours with the big Merrimac;
The old Monitor went a bobbing around,
And drove her about 'till she ran her aground.—*Chorus.*

Old England is trying to kick up a fuss,
We think they had better not interfere with us;
If they come to fight they will find it no fun,
They'll get what they got from Gen'ral Washington.—*Chorus.*

Our troops are the finest the world ever saw,
Our men are the bravest that e'er went to war;
Our land is the best where'er you may go,
The boys they are fast and the girls are not slow.—*Chorus.*

We'll fight for the Union, but just as it was,
Nor care what Secesh or Abe-o-lition does;
We'll stand by the flag, the sword, and the gun,
To save from dishonor the land of Washington.—*Chorus.*

Philada. Agency, W. B. HUBBS

Can You Then Love Another?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Can you then love another?
Was then the past a dream?
Love but a withered blossom
Floating a-down life's stream?
Once we were blest and happy,
Heedless of cloud or storm;
Roses of sweet affection
Bloomed in the sunlight warm.
Say, are the smiles forgotten,
Once very dear to you?
Can you then love another,
Slighting a heart so true?

Can you then love another?
Why did we ever meet?
Why were your smiles of gladness
Ever to me so sweet?
Gone is the dream of beauty,
Gone like a fallen star;
Day after day we're drifting,
drifting apart so far.
Oh, must I be forgotten,
Once very dear to you?
Can you then love another,
Slighting a heart so true?

Can you then love another?
Think of our happy past,
Think of the vows we plighted,
Ever in life to last.
Am I so soon forgotten,
Cast like a flower aside?
Have I from mem'ry faded,
Once all your love and pride?
Bring to my soul the sunlight,
Bring to my life the dew;
Can you then love another,
Slighting a heart so true?

That's What's the Matter with Hannah.

Copyright, 1865, by W. R. Smith.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

By-words up and down are the life of the town,
Like heroes they every day grow, sir;
A new one springs up as an old one goes down,
As the gals change their dresses and beauxs, sir.
"That's what's the matter," has been thumped about
Like the keys on an ancient piano;
But it's got a new face, and now the cant phrase
Is: "That's what's the matter with Hannah."

CHORUS.

Then ring out the chorus, both sweet and sonorus,
Let your smiles fall upon us like manna;
To please old and young is the aim of our song,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.

The price of gold's falling, we hear people bawling,
But it's up in an hour or a quarter;
While we send it away to buy foreign array,
To show off a wife or a daughter.
Gold cannot come down while our gals sweep the town,
With silks spreading out like a banner;
The longer their trails, why, the higher gold sails,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Chorus.*

But the draggle tail dresses will no more distress us,
As wiper's for gentlemen's feet, sir;
Tuck-ups are the fashion for those who would dash on
And make a big show on the street, sir.
Each belle now must flirt in a fifty-yard skirt,
Festooned in upholstery manner;
Now black tuck-ups float o'er a white petticoat,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Chorus.*

The war being over, our brave troops discover
A new field to strike a few blows, sir;
And lead off a dance for sly Louis of France,
With his Dutch king in poor Mexico, sir.
We want no more glory, nor more territory,
But we'll stand by the old Monroe banner;
And we'll have no king's nest in this world of the West,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Chorus.*

Petroleum fever, that proved such a lever
To grease all the wheels of creation,
Is simmering down overdone and done brown,
Like a soap-bubble bustification.
Some folks who struck ile, made a blaze for awhile
In fast nags, champagne and Havana;
But wells pumped too high are bound to run dry,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Chorus.*

The Atlantic cable again proves a fable,
A flash in the pan but no thunder;
Like a gun that burns prime, it's a fizzle sublime,
A pay'd out and play'd out sad blunder.
The wire springs a leak and refuses to speak,
It bolts in a most shocking manner;
At "five pounds per word" it can never be heard,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Chorus.*

BACON AND GREENS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,
And had my full share of life's changeable scenes;
But my woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon,
My joys have been doubled by bacon and greens.
What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken,
Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry scenes;
When one day we had greens and a plateful of bacon,
And the next we had bacon and a plateful of greens.

Ah! well I remember, when sad and forsaken,
Heart-wrung by the scorn of a Miss in her teens;
How I fled from her sight to my loved greens and bacon,
And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.
When the banks refused specie, and credit was shaken,
I shared in the wreck, and was ruined in means;
My friends all declared I had not saved my bacon,
But I lived, for I still had my bacon and greens.

If some fairy a grant of three wishes could make one
So worthless as I, and so laden with sins,
I'd wish all the greens in the world, then the bacon,
Then wish for a little more bacon and greens.
Oh, there is a charm in this dish, rightly taken,
Which from custards and jellies an epicure weans;
Stick your fork in the fat, wrap your greens 'round the bacon,
And you'll vow there's no dish like good bacon and greens.

The Upper and Lower Ten Thousand.

I've got a new song to sing you to-night,
Your earnest attention to which I invite;
The subject's a new one to you that I bring,
Of the upper and lower ten thousand I'll sing.
The upper ten thousand are feasted with wine,
On turkey and venison, and pastry they dine;
While the lower ten thousand, whose means are so small,
Have often to go without dinner at all.

If an upper ten fellow a swindler should be,
And with thousands of others just chance to make free;
Should the same be discovered or hap to leak out,
It's quickly hushed up with scarcely a doubt.
If a lower ten fellow should happen to steal,
To save him from starving, the price of a meal;
The law declares it a different thing,
They call him a thief and he's sent to Sing Sing.

And then when rebellion o'ershadowed our land,
And the country called for each volunteer band;
Who was it in battle the valiantest proved?
Was it the upper ten thousand with their fancy kid gloves?
Or was it the lower ten thousand was found,
Their faces hard service exposure had browned;
With a steel in their hand, and a fire in their eye,
Rushing in for the Union, to conquer or die?

They All Have a Mate but Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Kind Christians, all on you I call,
If to pity you feel inclined;
Your care bestow on a fellow full of woe,
Who is almost off his mind.
Six wives I've wed, but they've all gone dead,
My love was labor in vain;
For I've married and I've buried till I'm very near worried,
And I'm sick with wives on the brain.

CHORUS.

There's the fox and the hare,
And the badger and the bear,
And the birds on the greenwood tree;
And the pretty little rabbits,
So engaging in their habits,
And they all have a mate but me.

The first on the page is little Sally Sage,
She once was a lady's maid;
But she ran away on a very dark day,
With a fellow in the fried fish trade.
The next was a cook, oh, a beauty with a hook,
And I'll tell you the reason why;
For a leg she'd a stump, on her back was a hump,
And she'd got a little squint in her eye.—*Chorus.*

Another one to charm was a girl on a farm.
Well versed in the harrows and ploughs;
She guarded the rigs of a lot of little pigs,
And squeezed new milk from the cows.
She was sixteen stone, all muscle and bone,
And she looked with an awful leer;
And she would have been mine, but fell in a decline,
Thro' swallowing a mouse in her beer.—*Chorus.*

Then another one came, ah! a right jolly dame,
And her purse was as long as my arm;
All full of yellow gold, such a sight to behold,
Would the heart of a miser warm.
And her only sin was a love for gin,
But it brought our hopes to a wreck;
For she slipp'd with her heel on a bit of orange peel,
Fell down and broke her blessed neck.—*Chorus.*

I could add to the score full a half dozen more,
For the list is a long way round;
One went o'er the sea for a better chap than me,
And some of them were hanged or drowned.
And the last I had through drink went mad,
In vain I tried to stop her;
And sad was my dismay, to discover that one day
She'd been slowly boiled to death in the copper.—*Chorus.*

Oh, Take Me Home to Die.

My mother's hand I fain would feel
Laid on my aching brow;
My father's kiss would almost heal
The pain that racks me now.
I yearn at home to be caressed,
And breathe my latest sigh;
In this strange land I cannot rest,
Oh, take me home to die.

Oh, chide me not, the worth I know
Of those who watch me here;
But still I cannot meet the foe
'Till kindred tones I hear.
A wounded dove will seek its nest
When shades of death are nigh;
And like that dove would I be blest,
Oh, take me home to die.

The few that stood beside her bed,
And watched with kindly care;
Before the sands of life had sped,
Had answered all her prayer.
The frail and wasted one they bore
To view her native sky;
And ere life's fitful dreams were o'er,
They took her home to die.

HE SAID I SAID.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I do not know de reason I'm in an awful muss,
Dere is a fellar in dis town vot vants to raise a fuss;
He blames it all upon me, und says I've told a lie,
Ven he knows dot I've told de druth, yes, just as vell as I.

SPOKEN—Yes, dot same fellar dot I'm dalking aboud, I mean Jake Weigel! dot's de roosder! He knows I vouldn't dell a lie aboud anybody, but den he never did "like me for a cent," und dot's de reason dot—

CHORUS.

He said I said you said I said
He vos an awful fraud,
And said you said I also said
He couldn't pay his board;
Und den he said you said I said
His grandfarder vos dead;
So dell him he is wrong in vot
He said you said I said.

I've told him he's mistaken, dot I never said a vord
Aboud him or his business; but den he said he heard
Dot I spoke of his farder, und had called him a fool,
Und dot he vos an awful dunce und never vent to school.

SPOKEN—Now de idea of me dalking aboud him dot vay, vy, I vouldn't dalk aboud anybody, und even if I did know any ding bad aboud his family, I should keeb id to myself, und not dell anybody; in fact, id's none of my business, dot's id, none of my business. Vot business is id of mine if his grandfarder vos hung in Germany? *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* und dis moder used to do vashing for my uncle's aunt's sister. *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* vot business of mine is id dot his sister vent und married a shoemaker, und dot he died, leaving her two old lasts of different sizes? none of my business—dot's just vot I say. *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* vot business is id of mine if his broder vos sent to sdade brison on accound dot he sdole a couple of second-hand mince pies from a bakery in Vest sdreed? *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* vot business is id of mine dot he himself never vent to school, vinks mit his ear, chews a piece of leather for tobacco, drinks viskey, vorks in a shooding gallery picking ub bullets, und sleeps down on de dock at night? Vy, id's none of my business. *Und den he says I dalk aboud him und his family;* vy, you know as vell as I, dot I vouldn't do such a ding, und yet for all dot——*Chorus.*

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Our gallant soldiers they are going to leave their friends to mourn,
To watch and pray, both night and day, their quick and safe return;
We are going to face the enemy and put rebellion down,
May we return victoriously and wear a laurel crown.

Our gallant soldiers they are going to fight a glorious cause,
To defend the flag and Union, the government and its laws;
Kind fortune smile upon our brow wherever we may go,
We will never yield upon the field to any mortal foe.

Our gallant soldiers they are going to the battle-field of fame,
To defend the glorious stars and stripes, and put to flight with shame
Each proud secession leader, with bayonet, sword and gun,
And to make him pay severely for the battle of Bull Run.

The gallant fire zouaves they fought like lions brave,
Likewise the Massachusetts boys most manfully behaved;
The gallant 27th their foes they did not shun,
But the glorious 69th was the terror of Bull Run.

Long life to Gen. Meagher, that Irish blood of fame,
Who wore the harp and shamrock upon the battle plain;
Who said unto his gallant men, remember FONTENOY!
Then the whole at large, with bayonets charged, their foes they did deploy.

When the gallant Col. Corcoran lay prostrate on the ground,
Weary and fatigued, and exhausted from his wounds;
He said unto his gallant men, brave boys, I am not undone,
We will make them pay some other day for the battle of Bull Run.

Over ten long hours we had fought against an enemy,
Of four to one, a fearful odds of men we could not see,
Until among our teamsters a panic had begun,
Then we did retreat, but were not beat, at the battle of Bull Run.

BARNEY, COME HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I have just got a letter from my dear old mother,
She wants her dear boy to come home;
But that I can't do, dear mother, for you,
I'm an exile and here I must roam.
She says her heart's breaking, and no one to help her,
The cot you were born in is now all alone;
Your father is dead, so think of my trouble,
Barney, dear Barney, oh, will you come home?

CHORUS.

Barney, come home sure, it said in the letter,
I know she is old and I cannot forget her;
I'm an exile from Erin, in America I roam,
When Ireland is free, mother,
Your Barney 'll come home.

This is the letter I got from my mother,
It's a year since I had one before;
And it makes my heart sad when I think of my dad,
For he's gone where I'll never see him more.
A pardon she wants from the queen for to get me,
But I'll write her a letter to leave it alone;
For I'll wait till the sun shines on the cross stones of Ireland,
And if you are living your Barney will come home.—*Chorus.*

Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question.

By Mary M. Dodge.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be list'nin' than drawin' your remarks) an' it's mysel, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive soon'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was a granehorn not to be lavin' at 'onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter-man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' sheared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the door; and I, misthrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Holy fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-griunin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stich was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenesest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin'; an only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen and he a-atin' wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayter proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squrrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the pratics or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind, that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be payling anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n 'll go into anything decently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what should it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shuprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Who comes this way so blithe and gay,
Upon the merry Christmas day;
So merrily, so cheerily,
With his peaked hat and reindeer sleigh;
With pretty toys for girls and boys,
As pretty as you e'er did see?
Oh, this is Santa Claus' man,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, ho, oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Then jingle, jingle, jing, jing, jing;
Right merry we shall be,
Yes, jingle, jingle, come, Kriss Kringle,
Come with your Christmas tree;
And welcome, welcome, welcome, Kriss,
Right welcome you shall be.
O there he is, yes, yes, 'tis Kriss,
'Tis Kriss with the Christmas tree;
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree.

His sleigh bells ring with a merry ching,
As off its reefs the reindeers spring;
Gee up, gee ho, how swiftly they go
Over the ice and drifts of snow.
For he must call on one and all,
His master's pretty pets you see;
For he is Santa Claus' man,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree.—*Chorus.*

With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums,
And lots of pretty things he comes;
So now be quick, your places take,
And all a merry circle make.
For now he's near, he'll soon appear,
And we his jolly face shall see;
Oh, welcome Santa Claus' man,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree.—*Chorus.*

—The conductor exclaimed angrily: "Here! don't do that. You're ringing the bell at both ends of the car." "That's all right. Bedad, an' I want both ends of the car to shtop."

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

You see before you a young man,
Who mourns both night and day,
For the loss of a pretty girl named Fan,
Who has stolen his heart away;
She said she loved me faithfully,
And vowed we ne'er would part,
But she's gone away with an organ man,
And broke this poor heart, heart, heart.

CHORUS.

So I mourns for the loss of the girl I love,
I don't know where to find her,
She's gone away from her turtle-dove,
With a nasty organ-grinder.

At a twelve-roomed house in Canonbury Square,
She lived as a kitchen-maid,
Six pounds a year and all she could find
Was the salary she got paid.
Oh, how often down those area steps,
I've crept like an old Tom-cat,
And after having a good blow-out,
I've filled my poor old hat, hat, hat.
But I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

Out of all the servants in the square,
She used to take the shine;
She'd a delicate turn in her ankle,
And a great big crinoline;
When she used to clean the front door-steps,
How the chaps they used to stare,
And throw sheep's eyes and heave big sighs,
Which made me tear my hair, hair, hair.
But I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

SPOKEN—Oh, what depravity.

Now I soon began to notice
That whenever I passed that way,
There was always an organ-grinder there,
A grinding "Old Dog Tray."
He'd grind and ground, until he found
He couldn't grind any more;
And when they told him to move on,
He'd go and grind next door.
But I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

Now one day "Fan" asked this organ man
To play her "Uncle Sam,"
She gave him coppers in return,
And a plate of "cold roast lamb."
Then he told her he was of noble blood,
And would be a marquis one fine day;
In fact, he told her such thundering lies,
That with him she eloped away—that day.
So I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

Well, the last I heard of the happy pair,
'Twas down in Pimlico;
The fellow was a grinding on his instrument of torture,
And Fan played the old banjo;"
But to mourn any more for a girl like that,
I should only be a dunce;
So I'll think no more of Fan and her organ man,
But hope they'll get six months—

SPOKEN—With hard labor, for disturbing Mr. Babbage in his skyentific pursuits and mental miscalculations.

CHORUS.

So no more I'll mourn for the girl I loved,
And no more I'll try to find her;
She may go and be blowed for what I care,
Yes, and so may her organ-grinder.

—A Cohasset fisherman employed a newly arrived Irishman, who said he knew all about the business, to haul the lobster pots, of which he had many set about the rocks of that place. Upon Paddy returning from his trip he was met by his employer, who was much astonished at not seeing any lobsters in the dory, and upon inquiring the reason was surprised at the reply that "they was none of thim ripe, for they were all green, an' I threw thim overboard ag'n."—*Boston Gazette.*

MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Ah! then, mam, dear, did you never hear of purty Molly Brallaghan?
Troth, dear! I have lost her, and I'll never be a man again;
Not a spot on my hide will another Summer tan again,
Since Molly she has left me alone for to die.
The place where my heart was, you might easy rowl a turnip in,
As big as any pavin' stone, and from Dublin to the Devil's Glin;
If she chose to take another, sure, she might have sent mine back again,
And not leave me here all alone for to die.

Mam, dear, I remember, when the milking time was past and gone,
We went into the meadows, where she swore I was the only man
That ever she could love—yet, oh! the base, the cruel one,
After all that to leave me here alone for to die.
Mam, dear, I remember as we came home the rain began,
I rolled her in my coat, tho' devil a waistcoat I have on;
And my shirt was rather fine-dran—yet, oh! the base and cruel one,
After all that she left me here alone for to die.

I went and told my tale to Father McDonnel, mam,
And thin I wint and axed advice of Counsellor O'Connell, mam;
He told me promise-breeches had been ever since the world began—
Now I have only one pair, mam, and they are corduroy.
Arrah! what could he mean, mam, or what would you advise me to do?
Must my corduroys to Molly go? in troth, I'm bothered what to do;
I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches, too—
Yes, what need I care, when I've only to die!

Oh! the left side of my carcass is as weak as water-gruel, mam,
The devil a bit upon my banes since Molly's proved so cruel, mam;
I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and find a duel, mam,
Sure it's better far to kill myself than stay here to die.
I'm hot and determined as a live salamander, mam—
Won't you come to my wake when I go my long meander, mam?
Oh! I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexander, mam,
When I hear yiz crying 'round me: "Arrah! why did ye die?"

PAPA, COME HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The wind was howling, and the storm
Beat through the broken window glass;
And on the floor a sickly wife
Was waiting from this world to pass.
Right beside her, little Ida
Watched her mother's sinking eye,
And softly whispered: "God in heaven,
Send papa home to see my mamma die."

CHORUS.

"Papa, come home! papa come home!"
And she raised her little hand up high;
"Papa, come home! papa, come home!
Come, see my mamma die!

No footstep came, the shoeless child
To find him faced the sleet and rain;
She found him stupified with drink,
And begged of him to come, but begged in vain.
The drunkard struck his little daughter,
She turned her sweet face to the sky,
Then said: "May God forgive you, papa,
Please come home and see my mamma die.—*Chorus*

Then she turned towards home heart-broken,
With feet most bare away she sped;
But when she reached the old straw mattress
Little Ida found her mamma dead.
The drunkard comes, his child is dying,
She whispered him a sweet good-bye;
"Though you're drunk, please kiss me, papa!
I only wish you'd seen my mamma die.

CHORUS.

"Papa, good-bye! papa, good-bye!"
Oh, the tears did blind the drunkard's eye;
He kissed her good-bye, then said with a sigh:
"I wish I'd seen your mamma die."

The First Time in Twenty-Four Years.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

We will sing you a song, and it won't take us long,
If you listen awhile to our rhyme;
And before we are through, our words you will say is true,
For we are always up to the times.
We will sing of the old, we will sing of the young,
We will sing of the ladies, the dears;
New songs are quite few, but we have got one for you,
For the first time in twenty-four years.

There's that man over there without any hair,
You can bet he is fond of his beer;
He is called old-times rocks, and last night changed his socks
For the first time in twenty-four years.

Now the great railroad war, going on near and far,
The scalpers are giving us steers;
It was a great treat, when Blaine took a back seat
For the first time in twenty-four years.

We will sing of the dudes so handsome and gay,
The ladies, for them give three cheers;
But we will bet that the dirt is quite thick on the skirt,
And will stay there for twenty-four years.

We will sing of a bank that was run by a crank,
Who hired some dizzy cashiers;
They stole every cent and to Canada went,
And will stay there for twenty-four years.

Now the house where we live, very strange food they give,
They feed us on ox tails and cow's ears;
But we won't tell a lie, for last night we had a pie
For the first time in twenty-four years.

The election at last is over and past,
The democrats they have no fears;
At last they got there in the president's chair,
For the first time in twenty-four years.

WIDOW McGEE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Though old Erin's oppressed, 'tis a beautiful place,
'Tis the pride of my heart and will be 'till I die;
It was there I last looked on your blushing young face,
And got a sweet smile from your bonnie black eye.
When you told me "farewell," how my bosom did swell
With emotions of sorrow when crossing the sea;
And I never could part with the love of the heart,
Which I brought over with me for Widow McGee.

CHORUS.

Arrah! Widow McGee, are you thinking of me?
If you are, write a letter from over the sea,
And tell me you'll marry me, Widow McGee.

Do you mind the black night, when the pigs in the lane
Came grunting along to the gate where we stood?
They all scampered in to keep out of the rain,
Then I asked you to have me and you said that you would.
But I left you, you know, and I told you I'd go
To a country more beautiful, happy and free;
Where I'd buy me a lot, and build me a cot,
And send to old Erin for Widow McGee.—*Chorus.*

Troth, I have me the home with a big yard before,
And a cow in the stable, a pig in the sty;
And at night when I'm smoking my pipe in the door,
Och! the divil a king half so happy as I.
But what's a man's life when he's wanting a wife?
Faith! he's like an old ship with no rudder at sea;
So I'll heave out my rope with the anchor of hope,
And I'll wait 'till I'm married to Widow McGee.—*Chorus.*

—A young man who was jilted by his girl, and subsequently married her, says she treated him like a bottle of patent medicine. He was "shaken before taken."

WHO STOLE THE HAM?

Tune—"Virginia Rosebud."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

We had a ham, 'twas in the bunk-room hanging,
Which we had hidden with the greatest care;
When rashers of it on the stove were frying,
A fragrant odor seemed to fill the air;
Oh, how each watched his rasher while 'twas cooking,
And thought to eat the rest another day.

REPEAT.

That morn we left it, on the nail it was hanging,
But ere the night 'twas swiftly stole away.

CHORUS.

They stole, they stole, they stole our ham away,
Hear us now calling, hear us, pray.

SOLO.

Our empty stomachs craving
For the ham, the ham they've stole away.

FULL CHORUS.

My fancy sees them on the stair,
They've got the ham, I do declare;
They stole, they stole, they stole our ham away,
They stole, they stole, they stole our ham away.

And then with stomachs empty and dejected,
We wandered through the house, but all in vain;
And every hole and corner was inspected,
But not a smell of ham did there remain;
Then swift as thought this firm resolve came o'er us,
That for the future, whether night or day—

REPEAT.

Provisions that the grocery furnish for us
Should never from the house be stole away.
—*Chorus, Solo and Full Chorus.*

'PRENTICE BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

As down in cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk,
I heard two loyal lovers most sweetly for to talk;
It was a brisk young lady and her 'prentice boy,
And in private they were courting, for he was all her joy.

He said: "Dear honor'd lady, I am your 'prentice boy,
How ever can I think a fair lady to enjoy?"
His cheeks red as roses, his humor kind and free—
She said: "Dear youth, if e'er I wed I'll surely marry thee.

But when her parents came this to understand,
They did this young man banish to some foreign land;
While she lay broken-hearted, lamenting she did cry:
"For my honest, charming 'prentice, a maid I'll live and die."

This young man to a merchant a waiting man was bound,
And by his good behaviour great fortune there he found;
He soon became his butler, which prompted him to fame,
And for careful conduct the steward he became.

For a ticket in a lottery his money he put down,
And there he gained a prize of twenty thousand pounds;
With store of gold and silver, he pack'd up his clothes, indeed,
And to England returned, to his true love with speed.

He offered kind embraces, but she flew from his arms,
"No lord, duke, or nobleman, shall e'er enjoy my charms;
The love of gold is cursed, great riches I decry,
For my honest, charming 'prentice, a maid I'll live and die."

He said: "Dear honor'd lady, I have been in your arms,
This is the ring you gave for toying in your charms;
You vow'd if e'en you married, your love I should enjoy,
Your father did me banish, I was your 'prentice boy."

When she beheld his features, she flew into his arms,
With kisses out of measure, she did enjoy his charms;
Then so through cupid's garden, a road to church they found,
And there in virtuous pleasure in Hymen's bane were bound.

DORKINS WAS TIGHT.

Tune—"Dorkins' Night."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The theatre was full, and so were the actors,
Dan Dorkins was going to appear
That night in a bare-footed slack-wire clog,
For he was the Pompey round here.
The bar-room was fearfully crowded with beats,
Who awaited a pleasant surprise;
For they knew they would eat
When the lunch was set out,
And they longed for the curtain to rise.
The curtain arose, and so did the people,
Who began to shout and hurrah;
Dan Dorkins came out with young Oliver Twist,
But they gave him the laugh and yah! yah!

The play it began when the curtain went up,
But something was wrong I felt sure;
"He's away off his base," says John Jas. Mansfield,
That never went back on the poor.
A brick—well it was—I saw Dorkins start,
And carom on the dark red for two;
And it made me feel thirsty to see how he worked,
But continually dropping his cue.
He says, "*I'm the king*," when a woman jumped up,
Cried, "You lie, for you're one of the gang,
And you owe me for washing." That knocked Dorkins cold,
And his head on his breast did hang.

At length the footlights he approached with a rush,
And "ladies and gentlemen," said,
"If I haven't drank enough bourbon to-night,
The fault is my wealth, not my head.
Many a time I have made you all sick,
And get up and go out for a beer;
When me and Jim Stokes walked a mile in a week,
How I wish Dan O'Leary was here.
You insult me to-night and say I am sober,
For years I've been a Hamlet alone;
I'll tell you the reason, I know you will treat,
I've a mother-in-law dead—drunk at home."

Two or Three Strings to My Bow.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I have a contented mind;
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind.
For although I be forsaken,
Yet this I would have you know;
I ne'er was so ill-provided,
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

I own that once I loved him,
But his scorn I could ne'er endure;
Nor yet to that height of perfection,
For his flights to love him the more.
I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to know;
I ne'er was so ill-provided,
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclined;
Men's minds they are subject to changing,
And wavering like to the wind.
Each object creates a new fancy,
Then this I would have you to do;
Be easy and free, and take pattern of me,
And keep two or three strings to your bow.

—"Mamma," said the small boy, "that young man that comes to see Edith is awful funny." "Why, child?" "Because he puts his watch in water." "Nonsense!" "Yes, he does, 'cause I heard him telling another man down the street this afternoon that he couldn't go with him because he had to go and put his watch in soak."—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

EMBARRASSMENT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I fain a winning tale would tell thee,
And know myself scarce what it is;
And if the question thou should'st ask me,
My answer should be only this:
'Tis thee I love with all my heart,
'Tis thee alone, yes, thee;
I love but thee with all my heart,
But thee alone, yes, thee.

I fain would sing in plaintive measure,
A lay that to thy heart should go;
But when I s. k the tuneful treasure,
A voice within me answers so:
'Tis thee I love with all my heart,
'Tis thee alone, yes, thee;
I love but thee with all my heart,
But thee alone, yes, thee.

I fain would write a loving letter,
That might to me thy heart incline;
But here again I fare no better,
For all my thoughts in this combine:
I love but thee with all my heart,
But thee alone, yes, thee;
I love but thee with all my heart,
But thee alone, yes, thee.

UP WENT THE PRICE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I find it hard, very, very hard,
Tho' every means I try,
My living to get and keep out of debt,
But I can't and I don't know why.
I bought a butcher's shop last year,
A grand one in Tenth street;
Oh, dear, oh, dear, it turned out queer,
Up went the price of meat.

CHORUS.

Up went the price of meat,
Up went the price of meat;
There's heaps of trouble on this young man's mind,
They raised the price of meat.

I sold that shop and another one took,
But very much against my wish,
To deal out pickled eels and whelks,
Dried cod and hot fried fish.
But it wouldn't sell, and, oh! such a smell,
Arose from the whelks in the dish;
The fishermen struck, my usual luck,
Up went the price of fish.—*Chorus.*

I sold that shop and another one took,
With a license to deal in game;
Bad luck to the man who sold me that shop,
It's enough to turn my brain.
A collision on the Erie line
Broke up the poultry trucks;
Oh, dear, oh, lor, I believe I swore,
Up went the price of ducks.—*Chorus.*

I sold that shop and another one took,
In the oil and color line;
With pickles, jam and marmalade,
Soft soap and balls of twine.
'Twas another sell, for I know very well,
They had me for a lamb;
The market rose, and as you may suppose,
Up went the price of jam.—*Chorus.*

I sold that shop and wouldn't take another,
But thought I'd take a wife;
I'd lost my money and wanted some more,
And was tired of single life.
But the Dutch sent over a shipload of counts,
And Scotland a cartload of earls;
They got the run of the market first,
So up went the price of the girls.—*Chorus.*

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof the hours as the fly,
Are happy, and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our fireside,
Tho' it be Summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.

CHORUS.

Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, yet we cannot forget,
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep, with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm.
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillow'd on hillocks damp,
Of martial fare, how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp.—*Chorus.*

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the flag,
Their fathers before them bore.
Tho' the great teardrops started,
This was our parting trust:
God bless you, boys! We'll welcome you home
When rebels are in the dust.—*Chorus.*

May the bright wings of love
Guard them wherever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must fight,
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh, the dread field of battle,
Soon to be strewn with graves;
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.—*Chorus.*

PAPA'S FOOTSTEPS.

Copyright, 1886, by L. C. Wegefarth.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Listen, papa's coming, darling,
Mamma whispers soft and low;
Yes, I hear his footsteps falling,
Run, kiss papa, baby, go.
With a smile of pure affection,
That care can never chase away;
And with happy expectation,
Do I hear my mother say:

CHORUS.

Listen, papa's coming, darling,
Coming surely, dear, I know;
I hear his footsteps on the landing,
Baby, go kiss papa, go!

As I hear that low sweet murmur
Bubbling up from mamma's heart,
Truly do I know that never
Power there'll be these souls to part.
And if death should first call mother
From all her earthly cares away,
She'll be waiting there for father,
When he comes be heard to say:—*Chorus.*

—"Pa," said the other morning at breakfast a little lisping prattler, who is fond of eggs, and who had heard her eldest sisters translating English phrases into French, "what is French for egg?" Pa replied: "An egg is *un œuf*." "Well," said she immediately, "an egg is not *enough* for me this morning, for I want two!"

Don't Put My Father's Picture Up For Sale.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Tis many years ago, in the time of frost and snow,
My poor old father fell ill and he died;
Tho' but a child then—my age was scarcely ten—
They cast me friendless on the world aside.
My father went the pace all through life's busy race,
And when he died it was the same old tale;
For the little one bereft there was next to nothing left,
They even put his picture up for sale.

CHORUS.

My father's face, his dear old face,
His loss I ever shall bewail;
Don't break an orphan's heart, from that don't bid me part,
Don't put my father's picture up for sale.

In the auction room they laughed, they bargained while they chaffed
But I sat in the corner sad to mourn;
While every relic old of my childhood's days they sold,
I felt as though my heart was racked and torn.
The chairs on which he sat and with me used to chat,
All passed away like chaff before the gale;
My heart beat fierce and fast, I was forced to say at last,
Don't put my father's picture up for sale.—*Chorus.*

The picture was passed round and a bidder quickly found,
In a lovely little angel English girl,
With cheeks of rosy hue, and eyes of heaven's blue,
Her head a mass of sunny golden curl.
Even now for her I die—she whispered: "Do not cry!"
To joy she turned my sad and piteous wail;
She bought it but for me, 'twixt happiness and glee,
She saved my father's picture from the sale.—*Chorus.*

THE LOST CHORD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;
I know not what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen;
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fever'd spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm;
It united pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked perplexing meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease;
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen;
It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

CLARA NOLAN'S BALL.

Copyright, 1885, by Alberto Himan.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

You're all invited and the band engaged,
And we're going to have some fun,
For Clara Nolan gives a ball,
This day she's twenty-one.
We've borrowed knives and table cloths
From all about the town,
And every man must bring a chair
If he wants to sit down.

CHORUS.

Will you come? will you come?
And you never will forget it if you come,
Where the bells are ringing and the girls are singing,
And the fiddles and the harp go rum, tum, tum;
With teazing and pleasing, and squeezing free for all,
And courting in the corners at Miss Clara Nolan's ball.

Old Casey's coming with his Irish pipes,
And fiddler Neary, too;
They'll play you the "Maria" waltz,
And likewise "Peek-a-boo."
Of course, it's not the Hoffman House,
Just walk inside the door;
If there's no place to hang your hats,
Just hang them on the floor.—*Chorus.*

The dance commences when the clock strikes ten,
And we'll keep it up till day;
There will be no collection
The expenses to defray.
We've bourbon, rye, and lager beer,
And Philadelphia ale;
And if the keg gets empty, we'll
Go out and fill the pail.—*Chorus.*

McCarthy's Silver Wedding.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Five and twenty years ago McCarthy took a wife,
And bets were made that in a year she'd tire him of his life;
His silver wedding came last night, and he was still alive,
And ev'rybody came to wish another twenty-five.
Such a sight was never seen and never will again,
Lumps of lovely womanhood were "laying" for the men;
The house was hardly big enough to hold them all with ease,
The women seem'd to like it, for they never mind a squeeze.

CHORUS.

There was flirting in the kitchen, kissing on the stairs,
All about the house you'd fall on couples unawares;
People that were old enough to stop it on the spot,
Were struck with fits of "foolishness," and worse than all the lot.

When the supper was removed, 'twas then the fun began,
For ev'ry woman took her part just like a little man;
And hair-pins were in great request, and bangs were out of curl,
And ancient "Mother Flanagan" behaved just like a girl.
Nothing else would suit her but to dance the Boston dip,
Like a two-year old, about the parlor she did skip;
She fell and pulled a dozen down, we found her underneath,
And in the scuffle she had lost her brand new set of teeth.—*Chor.*

Some one then got up to toast McCarthy and his wife,
And wish them tons of happiness the balance of their life;
With lots of little Bridgets, mixed with Michaels or with Pats,
His speech was full of poetry till some one hollered "rats!"
Speeches were too dry for them, for they were there for sport,
Once again the old and young began to dance and court;
The fiddler greased his elbow, and we danced and sung away,
In honor of McCarthy and his silver wedding day.—*Chorus.*

—At a revival meeting in a country town not long ago, a young convert, who was by business a milkman, arose to speak. Just at the moment one of the brethren started in with the hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

My Heart is Sad To-Night.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Sing me a song of sorrow, love,
One that tells of hope's first blight;
Leave lightsome ones till the morrow, love,
For my heart is sad to-night.
Vain were thine notes of gladness, love,
To win one answering tone;
For the heart that is turned to sadness, love,
Will wake at its touch alone;
For the heart that is turned to sadness, love,
Will wake at its touch alone.

Some other hour for lightness, love,
Some other, some other hour than now;
When eyes are dimmed in brightness, love,
And clouds are on the brow.
Then sing me a song of sorrow, love,
One that tells of hope's first blight;
Leave lightsome ones till the morrow, love,
For my heart is sad to-night;
Leave lightsome ones till the morrow, love,
For my heart is sad to-night.

ELLSWORTH AVENGERS.

Tune—"Annie Lisle."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Down where the patriot army
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall.

CHORUS.

Strike, freemen, for the Union,
Sheathe your swords no more,
While remains in arms a traitor
On Columbia's shore.

Entering the traitor city
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the zouave column,
Fixed became his view.
See that rebel flag is floating
O'er yon building tall,
Spoke he as his dark eyes glistened,
Boys, that flag must fall!—*Chorus.*

Quickly from its proud position
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freedom,
Circling Ellsworth's form.
See him bear it down the landing,
Past that traitor's door;
Hear him groan—alas! they've shot him—
Ellsworth is no more!—*Chorus.*

First to fall thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hasten we as thy avengers
From thy native State.
Speed we on from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we love our Union
And our Ellsworth's name.—*Chorus.*

Traitor hands shall never sunder
That for which you died;
Hear the pledge our lips now utter,
Thou, our nation's pride.
By the glorious cause of Union,
By its flag on high,
Ellsworth's name and proud example
Nevermore shall die!—*Chorus.*

SOLDIER'S DREAM.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas Autum—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet song that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little one kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest! thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

GRECIAN BEND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The ladies wanting something new,
As women are so prone to do,
Wear lofty heels upon the shoe
To give them a Grecian bend.
With foot so short, and heel so high,
They can't stand plumb if they would try,
And so they think to catch the eye
By means of a Grecian bend.

CHORUS.

Oh, see them promenade Broadway,
From early morn till end of day,
To hear what dashing gents will say
About the Grecian bend.

'Tis fun to see a lass so tall,
Lean forward 'till you'd think she'd fall,
Or pitch against a tree or wall,
Because of her Grecian bend.
E'en bashful girls are forward now,
So forward that the people vow,
They've been all day behind a plow
To give them a Grecian bend.—*Chorus.*

Fat women now will not be seen,
For all are bent upon the *lean*,
A novel way to walk the queen,
This beautiful Grecian bend.
When girls go out upon the street,
Their heels arrive before their feet,
The figure cut is sure a treat,
But this is the Grecian bend.—*Chorus.*

What next we'll have we do not know,
For novelty is all the go;
And when designs begin to flow,
Where will the follies end?
Perhaps you'll see them by the scores,
Down on their knees upon your floors,
To try to get upon all fours,
And cut the Grecian bend.—*Chorus.*

Light-House by the Sea.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

There's a light—there's a light!
And it shines far out at sea;
'Tis a beacon so bright
From my true love to me.
There's a light—there's a light,
In a light-house by the sea.

CHORUS.

In a light-house by the sea, there's a sweet face waits for me,
Whene'er I'm away, she waits day by day
For the white sails far over the foam;
When storms rage high at night her lamps are always bright,
She's the pride of my heart, so steer, my lads, for home.

Many a day since last I saw her face,
And gazed in her eyes their loving truth to trace;
We'll meet ne'er to part, for with her I'll remain,
I am coming, yes, I'm coming to you, sweet lass, again.
When storms rage high at sea,
Ye-ho, my lads, ye-ho!
She waits for me,
Ye-ho, my lads, ye-ho!—*Chorus.*

The Style in Which it's Done.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I stand before you once again,
A few words just to say;
The subject of my song I'm sure
We each meet every day.
Some men live fast and others slow,
As through the world they run;
But so very much depends upon
The style in which it's done.

Fortune's ever said to give
Her favors to the brave;
But fortune's fickle unless that we
With judgment do behave.
It is not by the fastest horse
Each handicap is won,
For so very much depends upon
The style in which it's done.

A man shall steal a horse we read,
And not be "brought to book,"
While another man across a hedge
Is not allowed to look.
This may seem contradictory
Indeed to many a one,
But so very much depends upon
The style in which it's done.

Now has it ne'er occured to you
How strange the mystery seems,
That young girls dash along Broadway
Who scarce are in their teens?
Their pa's are poor, but still they dress
In a style that's number one,
But so very much depends upon
The style in which it's done.

I think I'll now conclude my song,
Perhaps you'll say it's time,
But I hope that I have pleased you
With my little bit of rhyme.
Some may think it is too short,
And other's it's too long,
But so very much depends upon
The style in which it's done.

—"Mamma, what is color blind?" asked little Nell. "Inability to tell one color from another, my dear." "Then I guess the man that made my geography is color blind, because he's got Greenland painted down yellow."—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

JOHN BULL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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Says Mr. Bull to Pat, now how shall we get on
In case there is another Russian war?
Says Pat, to tell the truth, I think that we would do
Even better than we did in fifty-four;
For then you killed more soldiers than the Russians, as you know,
For your government was quite as soft as wool;
Even now you wouldn't stand a chance without our Irish boys,
That's a whisper in your ear, John Bull.

Says John Bull unto Pat, that's queer sport you Irish have,
Shooting landlords if you fancy they don't suit.
Says Pat, now that's a lie, for there's neither sport nor fun
In shooting men who are worse than any brute.
The same God made us all, so why trample on our poor
Until their cup of bitterness is full?
Depend upon it, many of them bring it upon themselves,
That's a whisper in your ear, John Bull.

John Bull then said, now, Pat, I'd like to be your friend,
So tell me what it is you require?
Says Pat, you said the same many and many a time before,
And you ought to know by this what we desire.
We want impartial laws, and we want our proper share
Of Ireland's wealth, when you've your pockets full;
Treat us equal with yourselves, then we will be sterling friends,
That's a whisper in your ear, John Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

SHE.—Oh! Mister Snibbs, you cruel man,
Where have you been all day?
You know I am quite indisposed,
Where have you been, I pray?

HE.—My dearest love, now don't be cross,
At Mrs. Smith's I tarried;
You know she's such a friend of ours,
And three times has been married.

SHE.—I've told you often, Mister Snibbs,
That Mrs. Smith I hate;
She loves to chat with married men,
And makes her hours late.

HE.—Now, Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Snibbs,
You're angry, Mrs. Snibbs, Mrs. Snibbs,
Mrs. Snibbs, Mrs. Snibbs, Mrs. Snibbs.

SHE.—'Tis your unkindness, Mr. Snibbs,
That makes me pine away;
All night you're playing whist or loo,
With Mrs. Smith all day.

HE.—My love, you know your jealousy
Is known all o'er the city;
I cannot bow to widow Smith,
But what you get quite gritty.

SHE.—My jealousy! well, I declare!
Of such a thing as you!
Why, Mr. Snibbs, you're scarcely worth
One thought, and much less two.

HE.—Now, Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Snibbs,
You're angry, Mrs. Snibbs.

SHE.—When I was single, Mr. Snibbs,
You'd scorn to treat me so;
You sighed so humbly at my feet,
And wept when I said "No!"

HE.—But when I took my hat to go,
You called me back I guess;
You didn't think it very wrong
Just then to answer "Yes!"

SHE.—You're quite a brute, I do declare,
You've torn my heart to bits;
You cruel, ugly, hateful thing,
I'm going into fits!

HE.—Now, Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Snibbs,
You're foolish, Mrs. Snibbs.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXILE.

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Beneath a far off Australian sky an Irish exile lay,
The sand from out his glass of life was ebbing fast away;
The friends that stood around his bed his eyes could scarcely see,
His thoughts, which soon would be at rest, were far across the sea.
In spirit once again he stood upon his native sod,
Where as a child and as a man, his foot had lightly trod:
In fancy he could feel upon his brow the mountain air,
And from his parted lips there issued forth the exile's prayer:

CHORUS.

Lay me on the hill side with my face towards the West,
Towards that sacred island, the land that I love best;
Let a bunch of shamrocks green be planted o'er my grave,
My dying prayer is: May God bless the island of the brave!

Eviction foul and cruel, sent him far across the foam,
From that sweet spot which Irishmen, where'er they may be, call home;
The land whose hall have felt the tread of princes and of kings,
Whose harp once wooed the world is now a mass of broken strings.
They were forced to leave the land which gave their fathers birth,
As strangers and as outcasts to wander o'er the earth;
The time came back to him again, when he was but a child,
With mem'ries of sweet rambles through her wood and valleys wild.—CHORUS.

Each eye was wet with briny tears, his words had touched the heart,
For they were exiles, too, and time had failed to heal their smart;
In every clime beneath the sky the Irish race are seen,
Yet still their every thought is fixed upon that isle of green.
He calls his friends around him, for the end is drawing near,
And from his pale and haggard cheek they wiped away a tear;
Another victim of misrule has felt the hand of death,
God bless you Ireland! were the words which filled his dying breath.—CHORUS.

WHEN YOU'VE GOT MONEY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

How many dear old friends we meet,
Who take you by the hand,
And ask you how your health is,
And what are you going to stand;
They'll smoke your cigars and drink your wine,
And say you are a king,
And all their dear relations
To your socials they will bring.

CHORUS.

That's when you've got the money,
You're a brick, brick, brick,
When you've got the money,
All your friends will stick;
But when you've got no money,
All the world lost its honey,
And you'll find your name is Dennis,
And you can't get tick.

Suppose your bank account is large,
And you're uglier than sin,
'Tis then the invitations
From the young girls do come in;
You're measured by your pocket,
Never a word about your face,
'Tis then the girls all practice
For the matrimonial race.—*Chorus.*

A true man on the friendship
Of the world does not depend,
Put five dollars in each pocket,
Then you stand between two friends;
Let boon companions and drinking friends,
And pals all go to pot,
Take my tip that your pocket is
The best friend that you have got.—*Chorus.*

—An enthusiastic Indiana editor wrote: "The battle is now opened." But, alas! the compositor spelt "battle" with an "o," and his readers say they have expected it all along.

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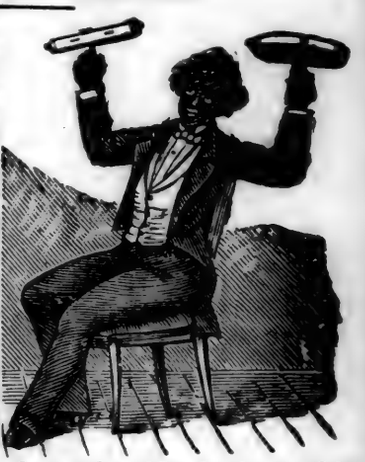
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Bonny bunch of roses
Barney McCoy
Banks of Brandywine
Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
Beautiful shamrock of old
Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Bing-a-bing on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
Bushlamachree
Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Cow that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Sarsfield
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Emmins' escape
Four leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, say Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Lagacy
Limerick is beautiful
Father and slave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maiden a Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Asileen, Asthore
Mary's and the 's
Meeting of the waters
Maggie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Cootteen
No Irish need apply
Norah Mc Hare
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Neil Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Aba
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tarl in me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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CONTENTS:

A handful of earth
An agricultural Irish girl
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An Irish fair day
Bridget Donahue
Beauty of Limerick
Barney's courtship
Old Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bowld sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Irishman and Savers
How Paddy stole the rope
Isabella's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskilien dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [tree
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respect's to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' wake [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bachelor
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, round the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriotism Ireland
Peady's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Ten-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarle
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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CONTENTS:

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Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A last look
Patsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy and I hafe bust up
Bonty Tim
Brakesman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Boatbrack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Combine itty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' words of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary hat got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Mackenzie's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesio
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make [her
Whistler
Wake of Tim O'Hara
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Yellow haired Nellie
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Ah-go-o [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender pays a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Bunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pesky welder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der nigtid peland Ghristmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot stuppern pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' words of Isaac
Edikct
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don't can dold a lie
He vos drinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Mannie [Order of Half-
Leedle Ya-acob Strauss [whelle
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory about bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's barty
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pelle, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play [of Leah
Schneides's ride
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two dollar
Van Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
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Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Bending and bright
Are you with us, Casey?
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Dallyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Banskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It sho vered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudideen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Master Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old festooned
Oh! Erin, [illegible]
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent!
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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Thousands that should have been Millionaires have heard the Conductor call out "Eternity," the last Station on the Road of Life, with not enough money in their pockets to buy a 25-Cent Burial Casket. Why? Because they never start right. You imagine that fortune should come to you instead of your trying to get to it. You know people that were poor a short time ago, but now are wealthy. How did they get along so fast? It is easy to get Rich, and this book proves it, and tells you the Secret. **Wehman's Book of 700 Secrets,** or How to Get Rich When Your Pockets Are Empty, is the Book that points out 700 Easy Paths to take, you cannot go astray take which one you will. They all convey you in one condition—and that is "Wealth." It is, indeed, a Beacon Light to Fortune.

There are many roads to wealth, but not every person knows which road to take to get there quickly. Well, the object of this book is to so plainly point the way that none may have excuse for not bettering their financial condition, while those who have secured a fair share may be enabled to still further add to their store. Any person, young or old, male or female, married or single, with just a little pluck into them, will be enabled, with any one of the 700 Secrets in this book, to make a start on a sure road to wealth and luxury. If you desire to commence business, select one of these recipes—one you think would be most salable in your locality—and manufacture it in small quantities. As your sales increase, invest more capital. Sell to families and stores. As soon as your means will allow, advertise in every way possible. Whatever you choose to manufacture, give it a new name—one that will at once attract attention and that you think will help the sale. We will just mention a few of the wonderful Seven Hundred Receipts in this book:

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Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45fach's Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Eidexit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Der)
Gute Kamerad (Der)

Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kuhlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)

Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verlieb'n
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht?
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Frad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)

Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Aer fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Bier
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ist mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum

O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Dorfe bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Dringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott

Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust

Mein Lieb in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Lins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abdichten nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Adel
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz

Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friederikus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich hab sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen

Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herum
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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OH, NO, CERTAINLY NOT!

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If I ask a few questions you won't think me rude?
Oh, no, certainly not!
Will the "mower" have such a long run as the "dude?"
Oh, no, certainly not!
The bridge grip invented by one Colonel Paine,
Do you think it will ever survive the great strain?
If not, do you think he will try it again?
Oh, no, certainly not!

Do the democrats want civil service reform?
Oh, no, certainly not!
Is there no way of getting from under the storm?
Oh, no, certainly not!
But the President says he will uphold the law,
Is there no way of finding the least little flaw,
That will put the boys in for four years or more?
Oh, no, certainly not!

Do the hands on gas metres ever point to a lie?
Oh, no, certainly not!
When "Ingersoll" dies will he soar to the sky?
Oh, no, certainly not!
I sent with a letter of importance to-day
A messenger boy, told him not to delay;
Do you think he will stop and with other boys play?
Oh, no, certainly not!

Will Ferdinand Ward his sentence serve out?
Oh, no, certainly not!
While the fights going on are policemen about?
Oh, no, certainly not!
The New York Base Ball Club commence anew,
Each season to "knock out" opponents 'tis true;
Some day will they carry the pennant too?
Oh, no, certainly not!

These rackets called "stags" are not bad in their way,
Oh, no, certainly not!
Now I often go out, but I never get gay,
Oh, no, certainly not!
When you get home at night after painting things red,
With a furnace of snakes playing tag in your head,
Is the bath tub too cold when mistaken for bed?
Oh, no, certainly not!

Euchre's not bad when progressive, you know,
Oh, no, certainly not!
It sometimes progresses 'till rooster birds crow,
Not bad, certainly not!
There's some talk of making poker the same—
That is progressive—to sweeten the game;
Is not it progressive enough in its shame?
Jack pot! certainly not!

Will "Patti" return to our land very soon?
Oh, no, certainly not!
And wheedle our cash to a popular tune?
Oh, no, certainly not!
Or is it a fact as I hear people say,
All high priced "Italians" must now stay away,
That American opera now has the day?
Oh, no, certainly not!

ENCORE VERSE.

You are asking too much for the money you pay,
Oh, no, certainly not!
Don't call me again after this one I pray,
Oh, no, certainly not!
Now about "ballet girls" in this wonderful age,
Do you think that if they should all leave the stage,
The "bald-headed" seats would be hard to engage?
Oh, no, certainly not!

—A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sah," replied Sambo, "dat turkey war' roostin' on our fence three nights; so dis mawnin I seized him for de rent of de fence."—*Philadelphia Public Herald.*

When Bridget Goes Out on a Mash.

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Oh! Bridget's the darling of all the young dudes,
And the reason is not hard to guess;
She holds her head high when she's out on the street,
And is stunning in matters of dress.
If she gives you a glance, your heart gives a jump,
You've got to bow down to her and her dash;
It's no use resisting, she'll break you all up,
When Bridget goes out on a mash.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a shtyle! my, what a shmile!
Shure, isn't she fit to be queen of your cash?
Just give her a chance, and see what a dance,
She'll lead yez, when Bridget goes out on a mash.

The eyes in her head are like stars in the sky,
And her mouth like a rose in full bloom;
Her ears are like shells from the murmuring sea,
And her hair is as sunny as noon.
She's a real Irish girl, and don't you forget,
She knows that her beauty is no common trash;
And that is the reason she slaughters the boys,
When Bridget goes out on the mash.—*Chorus.*

Her face is her fortune, that's what they all say,
And Bridget she knows it full well;
And sure it's small blame when a girl has good looks,
If she likes to be counted a belle.
But I'll give yez this one little bit of advice,
If she drops you a shmile, don't go and get rash;
She's another man's wife, and he follows behind,
When Bridget goes out on the mash.—*Chorus.*

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In this age of deception, you will admit,
A true friend is a jewel indeed;
For he will ne'er shun you when poverty comes,
But gladly will aid you when you need.
Take the leaves on the trees that wither and fall,
These butterfly friends disappear;
When you're ragged and hungry, and haven't a cent,
They'll all pass you by with a sneer.

CHORUS.

For your friend of to-day is a Judas to-morrow,
He smiles in your face, and your money he'll borrow;
He'll back-bite you then, and you'll find to your sorrow,
'Tis hard when you can't trust a friend.

So be careful in choosing your friendship, my boys,
New acquaintances trust not too soon;
It is best to go slow, in the end you will win,
And caution may oft prove a boon.
Never turn your back on a man because he is poor,
But give him a lift when you can;
For at some future day he'll remember the act,
And return it, I know, like a man.—*Chorus.*

—Our attention has been called to another dreadful crime in Vermont. A man walked deliberately into the railroad library room in St. Alban's the other day, and took the life of Macaulay. The wretch has so far escaped, but it is suspected that he has gone to Reading.—*St. Alban's Messenger.*

—A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the largest piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't; you told me to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

I Kissed Her Under the Parlor Stairs.

Copyright, 1886, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! the happiest time that ever I spent,
Was under the parlor stairs,
In the nights that I a courting went,
Under the parlor stairs.
Oh! a barrel of beer in the corner stood,
Beside some penny bundles of wood,
And I vowed I'd marry the cook, I would,
Under the parlor stairs.

CHORUS.

Oh! I kissed her under the lilac tree,
I kissed her under the rose;
I kissed her under the balcony,
I kissed her under the nose.
I kissed her over the garden wall,
I kissed her unawares;
But, oh! the sweetest kiss of all
Was under the parlor stairs.

Oh! she gave me the best of everything,
Under the parlor stairs;
The breast of a duck, or a leg or a wing,
Under the parlor stairs.
So I had a "whack," though I didn't get beat,
That is to say I'd a "whack" to eat;
And I found a "good hiding" quite a treat,
Under the parlor stairs.—*Chorus.*

Oh! I heard the bobby say once to Sue,
I was under the parlor stairs,
Shall I come in for a minute or two,
Under the parlor stairs?
But Susan replied, so that I could hear,
I should like for to ask you in, my dear,
But a man is here looking after the beer,
Under the parlor stairs.—*Chorus.*

One night the confounded dog would bark,
Under the parlor stairs:
And the master caught me in the dark,
Under the parlor stairs.
But Sue said: It's all through the missis, sir,
For she wouldn't allow no follower;
But I would have one in spite of her,
Under the parlor stairs.—*Chorus.*

And now we're married, but we sometimes meet
Under the parlor stairs;
For my wife will say: Come along, my sweet,
Under the parlor stairs.
Now we'll have a cosy cup of tea,
And I'll sit again upon your knee,
And think of the time when you courted me,
Under the parlor stairs.—*Chorus.*

SWEET DREAMS OF ERIN.

Copyright, 1886, by N. Weinstein.

Sweet dreams of Erin where'er I roam,
Bring tender mem'ries of my dear old home
Far o'er the waters, on the Shannon's shore,
E'en now I see it as in days of yore.
Last night, in dreams, again I returned
Back to the scenes, for which I have yearned
Ever since the day I bid sad farewell
To Erin and loved ones at home.

Sweet dreams of Erin where'er I roam,
Bring tender mem'ries of my dear old home
Far o'er the waters, on the Shannon's shore,
Even now I see it as in days of yore.

Oft as I wander in my dreams
Amid the mountains and the streams,
I see the golden Shannon flow,
I hear it murmur soft and low.
It seems to sing a sad refrain
Of days that are no more;
Oh, would that I could call back
Those happy days of yore.

The Letters We Carved on the Tree.

Copyright, 1883, by Frank B. Haynes

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

How sweetly the daisies were springing,
How drowsy the hum of the bees,
How gaily the robin was singing
His sweet, mellow song in the trees;
When beautiful Jennie, the queen of the May,
Confessed her affection for me;
And blushingly help'd me to cut out that day
Our names on the bark of the tree.

CHORUS.

The letters remain here with moss overgrown,
But death took my darling from me
And oft I come hither to sorrow alone,
O'er the letters we carv'd on the tree.

The pride of the village was Jennie,
We made her the queen of the May,
And 'mong the young lads there were many
Who courted her favor that day;
But she turned from them all when I asked her consent
To go out a Maying with me;
Oh, happy that day were the moments we spent
In carving our names on the tree.—*Chorus.*

Then I sailed away over the ocean,
As lovers did often of old,
To prove my heart's earnest devotion,
By bringing her jewels and gold;
But the vessel was wreck'd on a far away shore,
And when I came back o'er the sea,
I found she was dead, and would look nevermore
On the letters we carved on the tree.—*Chorus.*

Sweet letters, how full of affection,
Oh, let them remain on the tree;
They're full of a sweet recollection
Of times that were pleasant to me;
When through the gay woodland I wander'd along
With Jennie, the queen of the May,
Our hearts keeping time to the blithe, happy song
The robin was singing that day.—*Chorus.*

I'LL RETURN BYE-AND-BYE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The strife is beginning, the war drums are beating,
The noise of the trumpet's alarm fills the air;
Soon hearts will be broken, for armies are meeting
To fight in defence of our land ever fair.
A youth hears the signal, he cries, I am ready,
I'll follow the standard wherever I'm led!
For no other soldier can battle more steady,
And these were the words that the young hero said:

CHORUS.

I'll return bye-and-bye, and tell you the story
Of honor and valor, with rapture I'll cry;
Then do not forget me, I seek after glory,
Though gone from you now, I'll return bye-and-bye.

Then off with his fellows he marches with gladness,
All ready and armed for the battles to come;
His heart never burdened with trouble or sadness,
But filled with a love for the dear ones at home.
He follows his leader, his sabre is swinging,
With never a thought of a danger or pain;
Where greatest the carnage his voice is heard singing,
Some day I'll return to my friends once again.—*Chorus.*

One day as the hero was leading in battle,
A shot struck him low and he fell on the sand;
He cared not for danger or loud cannons' rattle,
I die, cried the boy, for my own native land!
And now when years after we think how he left us,
To go to the wars on that sad fatal day,
We mourn for our loss, for the struggle bereft us,
We think of his words as he then marched away.—*Chorus.*

He'll Be Back Bye-and-Bye.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

The wife of a soldier was starving with hunger,
And close by her side was a poor little lad;
I've seen many children, but never one younger,
Who seemed so depressed at the loss of his dad.
Oh! where is my father? the boy kept on asking,
I wish he would come, for I do feel so cold;
And then in reply to the little one's asking,
Why, this was the tale that the poor mother told:

CHORUS.

He'll be back bye-and-bye, it is true all I've told you,
So cheer up, my darling, now don't sob and cry;
Your father, my lad, is a brave Union soldier,
Though torn from us now, he'll be back bye-and-bye.

Oh, father, dear father, pray, why did you leave us?
And why from your boy to the war did you go?
I've prayed to the One up above to receive us—
And as he said this the boy fell in the snow.
The mother then clutched him more tighly and firmer,
Then, ere she had done, how the poor soul did weep;
For in the still night you could hear the faint murmur,
And these were the words as she hushed him to sleep:—CHORUS.

The boy then awoke and dear father was crying,
The mother, poor soul, how she burst into tears;
She knew very well that her poor boy was dying,
It had come now to this was the worst of her fears.
Oh, father, come quickly! his faint voice was calling,
As he laid back his head in her arms and he died;
On that cold Winter's night as the snow fast was falling,
I heard a faint sound as the poor mother cried:—CHORUS.

PEGGY O'MOORE.

Copyright, 1885, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

There's a cottage in the glen,
You can see while passing by;
In that cottage dwells a maid,
So modest and so shy;
Her cheeks are filled with roses
Her eyes with glances true;
And every time I meet her,
My eyes are filled with dew
'Tis not the dew of sorrow,
Nor the cold dew of regret;
But tears of joy, which say to me,
We will be happy yet!
Though I've not asked the question,
Of one gem I feel sure;
Who's more to me than all the world,
My own sweet Peggy O'Moore.

CHORUS.

Peggy O'Moore, Peggy O'Moore,
My own little darling, the one I adore;
There's none half so charming, more chaste or more pure,
Than my own little darling, sweet Peggy O'Moore.

When first I met my love,
She was strolling through the flowers;
No lives more content,
I've learned since then, than ours;
My heart it throbbed with pleasure,
When first our eyes they met;
How beautiful, how chaste she looked,
I never can forget.
The roses paled beside the tint,
That lay upon her cheek;
The air was filled with rosy balm,
I feared I could not speak;
I felt that I was dreaming,
A dream of untold bliss;
So ruby like her pretty lips,
To live was but to kiss.—*Chorus.*

Oh, My Heart Bleeds for Old Ireland.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
And I wish that I was there;
For I long to help its people,
Suffering in that land so fair.
'Tis the harsh and cruel landlords,
Who have crushed them to the ground,
With no pity in their bosoms
For the children weeping 'round.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear a voice of hunger
Wafted o'er the ocean foam;
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
And I wish that I was home.

Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
Like a wolf the landlord stands;
Tho' his hungry tenant perish,
Yet his heart's blood he demands.
He has made dark desolation
In that land so angel fair;
And his victims die around him,
With no hand to help them there.—*Chorus.*

Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland,
And I would that I could aid
All its weeping sons and daughters,
Who for help so long have prayed.
Would that every Christian nation,
Might with firm and iron hand,
Rise and drive the foul oppressors
From that once dear happy land.—*Chorus.*

GEMS OF OLD IRELAND.

Sung with great success by John Walsh.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'll sing in the praise of the gems of old Ireland,
Whose names are respected by friends and by foes;
Of men who were proud to acknowledge their sireland,
Of men who gained fame by words and by blows.

Their hearts brave and true never knew any danger,
And cheerfully they for their country did toil;
It must be acknowledged by friend and by stranger,
That they were bright gems from the Emerald isle.

First is Brian Barone, the great king, whose example
If followed by monarchs of this present day,
A blessing would prove, for his wisdom was ample,
He knew how to rule in a good kingly way.

Brave Patrick Sarsfield, exiled from his sireland,
Exclaimed as he died on a foreigner's soil:
Would that this blood was shed for old Ireland!
Then died a bright gem from the Emerald isle.

If we boast of our gems, surely, no one could blame us,
When we have produced men like those I will name:
Balfe, Wallace, and Tom Moore, who made themselves famous,
With music and poetry they gained their fame.

There's Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Swift, three more great men—
What nation on earth ever equalled their style?
There's Burke, and there's Grattan, two eloquent statesmen,
All these are bright gems from the Emerald isle.

The memory of Wolfe Tone, who fought for Ireland's glory,
Is equalled by that of famed Red Hugh O'Neill;
Their deeds I've oft heard related in story,
And Irishmen proud of these heroes should feel.

IS MAUD IN?

Copyright, 1886, by Will H. Kennedy.

CAUTION.—All persons are warned from publishing this song under penalty of the law. HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song Publisher, 82 Park Row, New York City, has the exclusive right to publish the words of my Songs.—HARRY KENNEDY.

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Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

That girl next door, her name is Maud,
She's such a perfect daisy;
With beaux and sweethearts by the score,
They almost drive me crazy.
From dusk to dark they climb upon the stoop,
They swarm along the areaway;
When the bell rings then you'll hear these words:
Is Maud in? No! good-day!

CHORUS.

Is Maud in? is Maud in?
That's what they cry and shout;
Is Maud in? is Maud in?
But, no! she's always out.
Her aunt will answer with a frown,
To scare them all away,
Is Maud in? is Maud in?
Is Maud in? No! good-day!

Now Maud's a girl that never flirts,
I set my mind a-thinking;
And found that when a child at school
She never could stop winking.
The dudes would pass and think they had a mash,
To see her wink her eye that way;
The next night they call and loudly bawl:
Is Maud in? No! good-day!—*Chorus.*

I'm not a very wealthy man,
But still I'm fond of pleasure;
And Summer nights when I'm at home,
I like to take my leisure.
With pipe and glass I sit upon the stoop,
To while the sultry hours away;
But that girl next door she's such a bore—
Is Maud in? No! good-day!—*Chorus.*

Why Do You Coldly Greet Me?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Why do you coldly greet me?
Once I was all your own;
Why now in silence meet me,
Have I unworthy grown?
Bright were our dreams of gladness,
Lived in the lovely past;
Dark are the clouds of sadness,
Now o'er my pathway cast.

CHORUS.

Whisper one word of kindness,
Speak in the olden tone;
Why do you coldly greet me?
Once yours and yours alone.

Why do you coldly greet me?
Smiles once your joy would speak;
Once you would fondly meet me,
Love's light upon your cheek.
Say not that love has perished,
Cast like a flower away;
Give me the smiles I cherish,
Give back your heart to-day.—*Chorus.*

Why do you coldly greet me?
Breathe but one word of joy;
Let not the frowns that meet me,
Love and its dreams destroy.
Think of the heart so lonely,
Think of our happy past;
Think of the life that only
Yours is until the last.—*Chorus.*

GHOST OF BENJAMIN BINNS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Keep your seats, if you please, and don't be afraid,
I'm only a ghost, a poor, harmless shade;
I would not hurt any one here if I could,
And you couldn't do me much harm if you would.
Knives will not stab me, nor shots through me fly,
But, oh! the experiment please do not try:
It's not for myself that I care, not at all,
I'm only afraid you might damage the wall.

SPOKEN—For—

CHORUS.

I'm the ghost of John James Christopher Benjamin Binns,
I was cut down right in the midst of my sins;
For my home is down below,
I'm let out for an hour or so;
When the cock begins to crow,
Farewell! Benjamin Binns.

When I lived on this earth my wife often said,
If I should die first she'd never get wed;
To-night I called on her, through keyholes I crept,
If ghosts could have tears, I'm sure I'd have wept.
A man held my wife in his tender embrace,
She called him her hubby, he'd taken my place;
To make matters worse, and to crown all my woes,
The fellow was wearing my best Sunday clothes.

SPOKEN—The gas was full on—she could not see me—but I was determined she should hear me, so I said: Hold mortal piece of flesh! She shrieked, and held the mantelpiece; then in a sephulcral tone I said:—*Chorus.*

I'll try to forget my false-hearted wife,
And give you a plan of my present life;
I get good engagements, with cash in advance,
Attending the spiritualist's midnight seance.
I rap at the tables and kick up such scenes,
I ring clanging bells and I bang tambourines;
If Maskelyne says "ghosts are bosh," he is wrong,
For if he comes near me, he'll smell spirits quite strong.

SPOKEN—And I'm willing to prove that Maskelyne and Feminine know nothing of the "Cooke" shop below; and as for their spirits, they only exist in two-pen-'orths—and I expect a drink presently. But I have done with frivolity now, no more will I frivol down—there; No, I have big engagements, I played "The Ghost" at the theatre to Booth's "Hamlet," but I did not stick to the text of Shakespeare; no, I modernised it; and you should have been there when Hamlet says: Hold, who art thou? speak! I will go no farther; and I say; Hamlet! Hamlet!—*Chorus.*

SONG OF THE FARMER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I have cattle that feed in the valley,
And herds that graze on the hill;
And I pride in the fruits of my labor,
For I'm lord of the land that I till.
I have plow'd the rough hill and the meadow,
Till feeble with age and with toil;
And I know, before long, that another
Shall reap the new fruits of the soil.

For the son that hath toiled for me ever,
And faithfully stood by my side;
Hath a hand that shall gather the harvest
When his feeble old father hath died.
And the daughter, so kind to her mother,
Shall share with him all I possess;
For I feel that they love me as father,
And welcome my tender caress.

There's my faithful, my trusting companion,
My kind-hearted, dear, loving wife;
I have toiled for her comfort with pleasures,
For such was the pride of my life.
And still in my manhood I love her,
For her kind and affectionate care;
And all that the earth can afford me,
With her I most willingly share.

OH, MOSES, AIN'T IT COLD?

Copyright, 1887, by Henry Morse.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a dandy coon and I live up North—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
I have got a darling wife, and I'm happy as a lord—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We have got a little babe, and it just begins to talk—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
You ought to see the babe, it's just begun to walk—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?

CHORUS.

Now you must call and see us all.
Great, young, and old;
Don't forget to bring your provisions along—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?

My wife and I have wings and fly—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We are going to heaven when we die—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We will sing that song, "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye"—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We will meet them angels way up on high—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?—*Chorus.*

Now, young folks all, don't be doing wrong—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
For you know that Moses is looking right on—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
For you can't remain on this earth very long—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
For old Gabriel is coming down to blow his horn—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?—*Chorus.*

The Wedding of Ballyporeen.

Descend, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish Bard,
You're old maids, to be sure, but he sends you a card,
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
With a song ready-made, he'll compose it himself;
About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in;
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
Which happened at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine Summer's morn, about twelve in the day,
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
When Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride
In their best bibs and tuckers, set off, side by side.
O, the pipers play'd first in the rear, sir,
The maids blushed, the bridesmen did swear, sir;
O, Lord! how the spalleens did stare, sir,
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tacked together, and home did return,
To make merry the day at the sign of the churn;
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
O, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group.
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan MacDermot and Shaughnessy's brat,
With Terence and Triscol, and platter-faced Pat;
There was Norah Macormic and Bryan O'Lynn,
And the fat, red-haired cook-maid, who lives at the inn.
There was Shelah, and Larry, the genius,
With Pat's uncle, old Derby Dennis;
Black Thady and crooked Macgennis,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
And he charmed all their souls with his kind botheration;
They were welcomed, he said, and he swore, and he cursed,
They might eat 'till they swelled, and might drink 'till they burst.
The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
I hope you all hither will drive, sirs;
You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,
To the christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
But she twittered, and felt so—she could not tell how—
She blushed and she stammered—the few words she let fall,
She whispered so low that she bothered them all.
But her mother cried: "What, are you dead, child?
O, for shame of you, hold up your head, child;
Though sixty, I wish I was wed, child,
O, I'd rattle all Ballyporeen."

Now they sat down to meat—Father Murphy said grace,
Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face;
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
And they elbowed and jostled, and wollopped away.
Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs;
They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs,
At this wedding at Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled,
Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled;
Hog's puddings, red herrings—the priest got the snipe,
Culcannon pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heel and tripe.
Then they ate 'till they could eat no more, sirs,
And the whiskey came pouring galore, sirs;
O, how Terry Macmants did roar, sirs,
O, he bothered all Ballyporeen.

Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters did roar,
Tim sang "Paddy O'Kelly," Neil sung "Molly Asthore;"
Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
And each lad take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake.
Then the piper and couples advancing,
Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a prancing;
Such piping, such figuring and dancing,
Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride;
And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or green,
Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.
And when cupid shall lend you his wherry,
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
I wish you may be half so merry
As we were at Ballyporeen.

HAVE YOU SEEN YUM-YUM?

Copyright, 1886, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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I must first of all explain that I'm not a bit insane,
As you probably imagine from my make-up;
But I'm just a trifle mad from the trouble I have had.
It has given to my temper quite a shake-up.
I once weigh'd sixteen stone, but I'm now all skin and bone,
The doctors say that I will never rally;
My wife's gone with a Jap, but I wouldn't care a rap,
But she's gone to kick her heels up in the ballet.

CHORUS.

Have you seen Yum-Yum? she has gone and left her Ko-Ko!
Have you seen Yum-Yum? she has left me like a bum!
Oh, just to think that Nan-ki-poo with her could play at peek-a-boo,
And I've got nothing more to do with Yum, Yum, Yum.

When she skip'd the tra-la-loo, she took all my money too,
That is very tough I think you will allow, sirs?
She sneak'd my watch and chain, which I'll never see again,
And she even gave the other bloke my trousers.
To think that she, my wife, should disgrace me all my life,
And treat me as if I were but a nigger;
I'm sure she'll have to pad, and she'll want it very bad,
If she ever tries to travel on her figure.—*Chorus.*

If I was a Japanese, I would get my snickersnee,
I would follow my old woman and her Blo-ko;
And the moment that we met, half a dollar you can bet,
I would rap him pretty hard upon the Ko-ko.
I really cannot say what has made her run away,
I always did my very best to please her;
Yet away she had to run, with a foreign son of a gun,
He's a dirty, greasy, ugly Japaneser.—*Chorus.*

ALLAN, O'BRIEN AND LARKIN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

It was in November, I well remember,
Two noble heroes to Manchester came;
It was their intention, as I now will mention,
To free old Ireland from her tyrant's chain.
The police viewed them as if they knew them,
And to pursue them they did not fail;
They did surround them, with handcuffs bound them,
And marched them prisoners to the county jail.

When Allan heard that those men were taken,
To O'Brien and Larkin he quickly flew;
Saying: "For Colonel Kelly my heart is breaking,
Oh! noble heroes, what shall we do?"
They went together with one another,
And like loyal brothers they did agree;
Saying: "Let every man go up to the van,
And break it open and set them free."

But know, kind friends, what followed after,
Those men were taken as you may see;
Both judge and jury soon found them guilty,
And they died true *martyrs* for the *country*.
'Twas sad upon that fatal morning,
When their friends assembled to bid farewell,
The choir chanted *ora pro nobis*,
And they all joined chorus in that prison cell.

The clock struck eight and their friends departed,
When wicked Colecraft he did appear;
They then raised their heads and kissed each other,
They knew their time it was drawing near.
When on the scaffold they looked around them,
Not a son of Erin was to be seen;
Although from miles around they came in thousands,
To see those *martyrs die for the green*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Tis believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a siren of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often at eve through the bright waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold tresses to steep;
Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
'Till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

CUSHLAMACHREE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the West, the world's Cushlamachree.
Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitality hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with Cushlamachree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
Brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.
Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee;
And firm as thy mountains no injury fearing,
May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

Three Perished in the Snow.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas on a stormy Winter's night,
The snow was falling fast,
A mother and two little babes
Were wandering through the blast;
Still clinging to their mother's breast,
The little ones would cry:
Please, mamma, won't you make us warm,
Oh, mamma, we will die.

CHORUS.

Toll the village bell,
Let all good people know,
'Twas on that dreadful stormy night
Three perished in the snow.

When morning dawned the sun came out,
The snow was melting fast,
Three darling forms lay side by side
In one fond, loving clasp.
A farmer heard the sad, sad news,
That made him weep to know,
That from his house not twenty rods,
Three perished in the snow.—*Chorus.*

Crossing O'er de Ribber Jordan.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Tom Tucker.

When you hear de trumpet you must take a trip,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Keep your sails a-flyin', don't you lose your grip,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Tho' de waves am tossin', dey won't swamp your boat,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
If your head am level, wid de tide you'll float,
Sailing on dat silver stream!

CHORUS.

Den hoist dat flag ob glory,
We'll sorrow here no more;
Sail cross de ribber Jordan,
'Way to dat golden shore.
Den hoist dat flag ob glory,
We'll sorrow here no more;
Sail 'cross de ribber Jordan,
'Way to dat golden shore.

Won't de happy darkies shout de jubilee,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
All de piccanninies settin' on dere knee,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Leave behind your gripsack, you won't need it dar,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Soon a crown ob glory dey'll put on your head,
Sailing on dat silver stream!—*Chorus.*

Nebber mind de money, all your passage paid,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Up de golden pavement soon you'll promenade,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Peter will be waiting wid de mighty key,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Lock out all de sinners, let in you and me,
Sailing on dat silver stream!—*Chorus.*

Hab your robes ob whiteness ready for to start,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Sinners on de back seat hab to change your heart,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Hear old Gabriel's bugle, soon we'll get on shore,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Shout you happy darkies, gwine to sigh no more,
Sailing on dat silver stream!—*Chorus.*

OH, MOSES, AIN'T IT COLD?

Copyright, 1887, by Henry Morse.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a dandy coon and I live up North—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
I have got a darling wife, and I'm happy as a lord—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We have got a little babe, and it just begins to talk—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
You ought to see the babe, it's just begun to walk—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?

CHORUS.

Now you must call and see us all,
Great, young, and old;
Don't forget to bring your provisions along—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?

My wife and I have wings and fly—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We are going to heaven when we die—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We will sing that song, "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye"—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
We will meet them angels way up on high—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?—*Chorus.*

Now, young folks all, don't be doing wrong—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
For you know that Moses is looking right on—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
For you can't remain on this earth very long—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
For old Gabriel is coming down to blow his horn—
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?—*Chorus.*

The Wedding of Ballyporeen.

Descend, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish Bard,
You're old maids, to be sure, but he sends you a card,
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
With a song ready-made, he'll compose it himself;
About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in;
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
Which happened at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine Summer's morn, about twelve in the day,
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
When Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride
In their best bibs and tuckers, set off, side by side.
O, the pipers play'd first in the rear, sir,
The maids blushed, the bridesmen did swear, sir;
O, Lord! how the spalleens did stare, sir,
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tacked together, and home did return,
To make merry the day at the sign of the churn;
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
O, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group.
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan MacDermot and Shaughnessy's brat,
With Terence and Triscol, and platter-faced Pat;
There was Norah Macormic and Bryan O'Lynn,
And the fat, red-haired cook-maid, who lives at the inn.
There was Shelah, and Larry, the genius,
With Pat's uncle, old Derby Dennis;
Black Thady and crooked Macgennis,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
And he charmed all their souls with his kind botheration;
They were welcomed, he said, and he swore, and he cursed,
They might eat 'till they swelled, and might drink 'till they burst.
The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
I hope you all hither will drive, sirs;
You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,
To the christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
But she twittered, and felt so—she could not tell how—
She blushed and she stammered—the few words she let fall,
She whispered so low that she bothered them all.
But her mother cried: "What, are you dead, child?
O, for shame of you, hold up your head, child;
Though sixty, I wish I was wed, child,
O, I'd rattle all Ballyporeen."

Now they sat down to meat—Father Murphy said grace,
Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face;
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
And they elbowed and jostled, and wollopped away.
Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs;
They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs,
At this wedding at Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled,
Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled;
Hog's puddings, red herrings—the priest got the snipe,
Culcannon pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heel and tripe.
Then they ate 'till they could eat no more, sirs,
And the whiskey came pouring galore, sirs;
O, how Terry Macmants did roar, sirs,
O, he bothered all Ballyporeen.

Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters did roar,
Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly," Neil sung "Molly Asthore;"
Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
And each lad take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake.
Then the piper and couples advancing,
Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a prancing;
Such piping, such figuring and dancing,
Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride;
And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or green,
Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.
And when cupid shall lend you his wherry,
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
I wish you may be half so merry
As we were at Ballyporeen.

HAVE YOU SEEN YUM-YUM?

Copyright, 1886, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I must first of all explain that I'm not a bit insane,
As you probably imagine from my make-up;
But I'm just a trifle mad from the trouble I have had,
It has given to my temper quite a shake-up.
I once weigh'd sixteen stone, but I'm now all skin and bone,
The doctors say that I will never rally;
My wife's gone with a Jap, but I wouldn't care a rap,
But she's gone to kick her heels up in the ballet.

CHORUS.

Have you seen Yum-Yum? she has gone and left her Ko-Ko!
Have you seen Yum-Yum? she has left me like a bum!
Oh, just to think that Nan-ki-poo with her could play at peek-a-boo,
And I've got nothing more to do with Yum, Yum, Yum.

When she skip'd the tra-la-loo, she took all my money too,
That is very tough I think you will allow, sirs?
She sneak'd my watch and chain, which I'll never see again,
And she even gave the other bloke my trousers.
To think that she, my wife, should disgrace me all my life,
And treat me as if I were but a nigger;
I'm sure she'll have to pad, and she'll want it very bad,
If she ever tries to travel on her figure.—*Chorus.*

If I was a Japanese, I would get my snickersnee,
I would follow my old woman and her Blo-ko;
And the moment that we met, half a dollar you can bet,
I would rap him pretty hard upon the Ko-ko.
I really cannot say what has made her run away,
I always did my very best to please her;
Yet away she had to run, with a foreign son of a gun,
He's a dirty, greasy, ugly Japaneser.—*Chorus.*

ALLAN, O'BRIEN AND LARKIN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

It was in November, I well remember,
Two noble heroes to Manchester came;
It was their intention, as I now will mention,
To free old Ireland from her tyrant's chain.
The police viewed them as if they knew them,
And to pursue them they did not fail;
They did surround them, with handcuffs bound them,
And marched them prisoners to the county jail.

When Allan heard that those men were taken,
To O'Brien and Larkin he quickly flew;
Saying: "For Colonel Kelly my heart is breaking,
Oh! noble heroes, what shall we do?"
They went together with one another,
And like loyal brothers they did agree;
Saying: "Let every man go up to the van,
And break it open and set them free."

But know, kind friends, what followed after,
Those men were taken as you may see;
Both judge and jury soon found them guilty,
And they died true *martyrs* for the *country*.
'Twas sad upon that fatal morning,
When their friends assembled to bid farewell,
The choir chanted *ora pro nobis*,
And they all joined chorus in that prison cell.

The clock struck eight and their friends departed,
When wicked Colecraft he did appear;
They then raised their heads and kissed each other,
They knew their time it was drawing near.
When on the scaffold they looked around them,
Not a son of Erin was to be seen;
Although from miles around they came in thousands,
To see those *martyrs die for the green.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Tis believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a siren of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often at eve through the bright waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold tresses to steep;
Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
'Till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

CUSHLAMACHREE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the West, the world's Cushlamachree.
Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitality hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with Cushlamachree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
Brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.
Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee;
And firm as thy mountains no injury fearing,
May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

Three Perished in the Snow.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas on a stormy Winter's night,
The snow was falling fast,
A mother and two little babes
Were wandering through the blast;
Still clinging to their mother's breast,
The little ones would cry:
Please, mamma, won't you make us warm,
Oh, mamma, we will die.

CHORUS.

Toll the village bell,
Let all good people know,
'Twas on that dreadful stormy night
Three perished in the snow.

When morning dawned the sun came out,
The snow was melting fast,
Three darling forms lay side by side
In one fond, loving clasp.
A farmer heard the sad, sad news,
That made him weep to know,
That from his house not twenty rods,
Three perished in the snow.—*Chorus.*

Crossing O'er de Ribber Jordan.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Words and Music by Tom Tucker.

When you hear de trumpet you must take a trip,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Keep your sails a-flyin', don't you lose your grip,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Tho' de waves am tossin', dey won't swamp your boat,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
If your head am level, wid de tide you'll float,
Sailing on dat silver stream!

CHORUS.

Den hoist dat flag ob glory,
We'll sorrow here no more;
Sail cross de ribber Jordan,
'Way to dat golden shore.
Den hoist dat flag ob glory,
We'll sorrow here no more;
Sail 'cross de ribber Jordan,
'Way to dat golden shore.

Won't de happy darkies shout de jubilee,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
All de piccanninies settin' on dere knee,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Leave behind your gripsack, you won't need it dar,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Soon a crown ob glory dey'll put on your head,
Sailing on dat silver stream!—*Chorus.*

Nebber mind de money, all your passage paid,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Up de golden pavement soon you'll promenade,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Peter will be waiting wid de mighty key,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Lock out all de sinners, let in you and me,
Sailing on dat silver stream!—*Chorus.*

Hab your robes ob whiteness ready for to start,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Sinners on de back seat hab to change your heart,
Sailing on dat silver stream!
Hear old Gabriel's bugle, soon we'll get on shore,
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan!
Shout you happy darkies, gwine to sigh no more,
Sailing on dat silver stream!—*Chorus.*

How I Miss Those Little Footsteps.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Little footsteps, how I miss them,
How my heart doth yearn to hear,
Dancing feet and merry laughter
Of my little one so dear.
Oft I dream that she is near me,
Then I see no vacant chair,
But I wake and miss my darling's
Little footsteps ev'rywhere.

CHORUS.

How I miss those little footsteps
Of my darling one so fair,
But I never more can hear her
Dancing feet upon the stair.

Little footsteps, how I miss them,
But their charms with me remain;
How I long to hear her laughter
And the dancing feet again.
But there is a stillness ever,
And no little voice I hear;
Oh, I miss the gentle footsteps
Of my little child so dear.—*Chorus.*

Little footsteps, how I miss them,
Since they cross'd the mystic stream;
But their charms are ever near me,
Oft I hear them in my dreams.
Then I wake and miss my darling,
And I see her vacant chair;
I shall never, never hear her
Little footsteps ev'rywhere.—*Chorus.*

I Haven't for a Long Time Now.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I love the songs I used to sing
Beside my mother's knee,
Of Greenland's icy mountains,
My country it is of thee.
And often e'er I'd go to sleep
I'd kiss my mother's brow;
But I haven't, haven't,
I haven't for a long time now

I used to have a sweetheart once,
A precious little pearl;
Indeed she was, she really was
A very charming girl.
I sang outside her door each night,
'Till her father bought a big bow wow;
But I haven't, haven't,
I haven't for a long time now.

There is a household duty which
All married men admire;
That's on cold Winter mornings to
Get out of bed and build the fire.
My wifey used to tend to that
Like a darling little frou;
But she hasn't, hasn't,
She hasn't for a long time now.

Give to me good cold water,
Fill the glass up to the brim;
For water is a glorious thing
Whene'er a fellow wants to swim.
Often it has quenched my thirst
Ere trouble seared my brow;
But it hasn't, hasn't,
Hasn't for a long time now.

I used to wear a diamond pin,
And a lovely pair of studs,
With little pearls and rubies in
A form of opening buds.
I also had a watch and chain,
'Twas eighteen carat I vow;
But I haven't, haven't,
I haven't for a long time now

Oh, faro is a pleasing game,
It catches young and old;
But lately, twixt the game and me,
The weather has been awful cold.
I've often tried to call the turn,
When I fancied I knew how;
But I haven't, haven't,
Haven't for a long time now.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Once in a while in this world so strange,
To lighten our sad regrets,
We may find a heart that is true to change,
A heart that ne'er forgets.
But rare as a rose in December,
Or a bird in a Arctic clime,
Is a heart that can ever remember
Thro' sorrow and change and time,
Thro' change and time,
Thro' change and time.

CHORUS.

Then give me the friends who will always prove true,
The friendship of those who are known to but few;
They are the friends who are e'er without guile,
And they're the friends whom you meet only once in a while.

Once in a while we may find a friend
Who'll cling thro' good and ill,
Whose friendship follows e'en to the end,
Tho' up or down the hill.
But a heart so true, and a love so pure,
And friendship's faithful smile,
It matters not whether rich or poor,
We find but once in a while;
But once in a while,
But once in a while.—*Chorus.*

THINE, STILL THINE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Keep this little rose, wear it for my sake,
'Twill bring to mind the happy hours we've known;
Love must breathe adieu, tho' the heart should break,
And life must wend its weary way alone.
Still they fondly lingered, stars were in the sky,
Came the cheerless moment, love must say good-bye;
Tho' we sever, dearest, hear my parting sigh,
Thine, my love, this heart shall be, yes, thine, still thine;
While the years may come and go and stars may shine,
Thou shall be my star, guide my steps afar;
Oh, love, in life or death my heart shall still be thine,
Soon I shall come back to thee, dear loved one mine,
True to thee my heart shall be, still thine, my own, still thine.

Long the maiden wept, sad the days had grown,
No word from one she loved e'er cheered the gloom;
Earth grew bright with Spring, strayed she all alone,
Where long ago they parted 'mid the bloom.
Day by day she lingered 'mid the roses red,
On the field of battle lay her loved one dead;
Ere his life had faded lips so pale had said,
Thine, my love, this heart shall be, yes, thine, still thine;
While the years may come and go and stars may shine,
Thou shalt be my star, guide my steps afar;
Oh, love, in life or death my heart shall still be thine,
Soon I shall come back to thee, dear loved one mine,
True to thee my heart shall be, still thine, my own, still thine.

THE CASTLEBAR BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I am a boy from ould Ireland,
What an elegant place,
Where good nature and morn shines on every face;
And the pride of my father,
And the girl's own joy,
And the darlings they call me the Castlebar boy.

CHORUS.

For my name it is Pat,
I am proud out of that,
My country I will never deny;
I will fight for the sod
Where my forefathers trod,
Sing hurrah for the Castlebar boy.

I was born one evening
In the middle of June,
They took me to town
And they christened me soon;
What name shall we call him? says Father Malley.
Monnadowl, call him Paddy, the Castlebar boy.—*Chorus.*

When I landed in England,
It was a beautiful morning,
They gave me a job at reaping the corn;
At reaping and mowing to beat me they tried,
But the Omadhauns,
They could not touch the Castlebar boy.—*Chorus.*

You Englishmen, poor Paddy don't scorn,
For Paddy was not always a big Omadhaun;
For his heart is in the right place,
For a friend he would die;
I think I have pleased you, the best I did try,
Grant your applause to the Castlebar boy.—*Chorus.*

Let My Name be Kindly Spoken.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Let my name be kindly spoken
When you're far away from me;
And although the vows are broken,
I will fondly speak of thee.
All the scenes of days departed
I'll endeavor to forget;
And if you are broken-hearted,
Think not of the day we met.

CHORUS.

Let my name be kindly spoken
When you're far away from me;
And although the vows are broken,
I will fondly speak of thee.

In the past we loved each other,
Loved each other fond and true;
And I'll never find another
That can take the place of you.
Tho' I wander on forever,
Seeking lands beyond the sea,
Well I know that I shall never,
Never see the like of thee.—*Chorus.*

If the fates should bid me meet you
At some far-off, distant day;
I would fondly kiss and greet you
In the old familiar way.
Tho' the binding link is broken,
It is sweet to part as friends;
And the farewell word that's spoken,
To the heart a sweetness lends.—*Chorus.*

The Green Mossy Banks of the Lee.

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Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

When first to this country a stranger,
Curiosity caused me to roam;
Over Europe an exile I wandered,
Far from my American home.
At length I arrived in sweet Erin,
This land I had long wished to see;
And my footsteps seemed guided by fairies,
To the green mossy banks of the Lee.

One morning I carelessly wandered,
Where the pure winds of heaven do blow;
Down by the clear crystal river,
Where the swift running waters do flow.
'Twas there I espied a fair damsel,
Most modest appearing to me,
As she rose from a seat near the water,
On the green mossy banks of the Lee.

I stepped up and wished her good-morning,
Her fair cheeks they blushed like the rose;
I said, then: "These meadows are charming,
And your escort I'll be if you choose!"
She said, then: "I ne'er want an escort,
Kind sir, you're a stranger to me;
But yonder my father is coming,
On the green mossy banks of the Lee."

I waited till up came her father,
I plucked up my courage once more;
Said I, then: "If this be your daughter,
She is truly the girl I adore.
Ten thousand a year is my fortune,
A lady your daughter shall be;
And ride with her carriage and horses
On the green mossy banks of the Lee."

They welcomed me home to their cottage,
Soon after in wedlock we joined;
'Twas then that I rented this castle,
In grandeur and splendor to shine.
And it's here our kind friends we are greeting,
Each knows what his welcome will be;
While we both bless the hour of our meeting
On the green mossy banks of the Lee.

Come all you fair maidens that's handsome,
No matter how poor you may be;
For there's many a poor girl more handsome
Than those with a large property;
With flattery let no man deceive you,
Not knowing what his fortune may be;
Like the adorable, gentle Matilda
On the green mossy banks of the Lee.

DER DEITCHER'S DOG.

Oh, where, oh, where ish mine little dog gone?
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
His ears cut short, und his tail cut long,
Oh, where, oh, where ish he?
Tra la la, tra la la, &c.

I loves mine lager, 'tish very goot beer—
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
But mit no money I cannot drink here—
Oh, where, oh, where ish he?
Tra la la, tra la la, &c.

Ocross the ocean, in Germanie—
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
Der Deitcher's dog ish der best companie—
Oh, where, oh, where ish he?
Tra la la, tra la la, &c.

Un' sasage is good, bolonie, of course—
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
Dey makes um mit dog, und dey makes um mit horse,
I guess dey makes um mit he.
Tra la la, tra la la, &c.

No, Never Can Thy Home be Mine.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I have told thee how sweet the roses are
In my home beyond the sea;
There the dark-eyed maid with her sweet guitar
Sits under the orange tree.
Then fly, oh, fly from this isle of storm,
Where all that is fair must pine;
To a sky more blue, and a sun more warm,
Henceforth let my home be thine.

I have heard thee tell of a sky more blue,
And a sun more warm than this;
And I've sometimes thought, if thy tale be true,
To dwell in that clime were bliss.
But, oh, when I gaze on my tranquil cot,
Where the clematis boughs entwine,
The land of the stranger tempts me not,
No, ne'er can thy home be mine.

I will sing to thee, if with me thou'lt rove,
The songs of the olden time;
Thou wilt never compare with my ardent love,
The love of this colder clime.
Thou wilt scorn the fruits of thy mountain home,
Beholding the purple vine;
Then come to the land of my birth, oh, come,
Henceforth let my home be thine.

Alas, 'tis plain that my mountain home
Must ever be scorned by thee;
And may I not fear that a time will come,
When thou wilt have scorn for me?
And, oh, there is one who loves me here,
Whose voice, if less sweet than thine,
To my simple taste is far more dear,
No, ne'er can thy home be mine.

I WOULD NOT DIE AT ALL.

Tune—"I Would Not Die in Spring Time."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I would not die in Spring time,
When worms begin to crawl;
When cabbage plants are shooting up,
And frogs begin to squall.
'Tis then the girls are full of charms
And smile upon the men;
When lambs and peas are in their prime,
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Summer,
When trees are filled with fruit,
And every sportsman has a gun
The little birds to shoot.
The girls then wear the bloomer dress,
And half distract the men;
It is the time to sweat it out,
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Autumn,
When new-mown hay smells sweet,
And little pigs are rooting 'round
For something nice to eat.
'Tis then the huntsman's wild haloo
Is heard along the glen;
And oysters 'gin to fatten up,
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Winter,
For one might freeze to death;
When blustering boreas sweeps around
And takes away one's breath.
When sleigh bells jingle, horses snort,
And buckwheat cakes are tall;
In fact, this is a right good world,
I would not die at all.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Copyright, 1886, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Baby is sleeping so cozy and fair,
While mother sits near in her old oaken chair,
Her foot on the rocker the cradle she swings,
And though baby slumbers he hears what she sings.

LULLABY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.
Oh, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near,
Then rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear;
For angels of slumber are hovering near,
So rock-a-bye, baby, mother is here.

Grandma sits knitting close by the fire-place,
With snowy white hair and a smile on her face;
The years have passed by, yet it does not seem long,
Since she rocked baby's papa to sleep with that song.—*Lullaby.*

Dear little baby, their joy and their pride,
Long may he be with them whatever betide;
The kitchen, the cradle, that tender refrain,
In mem'ry will linger that lullaby strain.—*Lullaby*

EIGHT YEARS IN CHERRY HILL.

Copyright, 1875, by J. H. Johnson.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come, citizens of Philadelphia,
And listen unto me,
A letter is received from a prisoner
Stating that he was ill;
The judge and the jury
The laws they do fulfill,
By sending poor innocent prisoners
To die in Cherry Hill.

'Tis about one Johnny McDermott
That I am going to sing;
He being intoxicated one morning in the Spring,
With an axe he made his way to the house of John McFilles.
He found him lying on the bed,
And swore his blood to spill;
Not knowing he had to lay for it
Eight years in Cherry Hill.

The cry of murder soon was heard,
Policemen they did pour;
They clubbed him with their billies
And laid him on the floor.
They sent him down to prison,
And there he laid until
His sentence was hard labor
Eight years in Cherry Hill.

Now you heard his sentence,
And don't you think it hard?
On that great day of judgment
You will stand before your God.
The judge and the jury—
It will be a bitter pill—
They will find they will visit a harder place
Than the walls of Cherry Hill.

Come all kind-hearted parents,
And a warning take by me;
'Tis keep your children off the streets
And from bad company.
For if they don't they'll surely ruin,
And turn against your will;
For it was dancing schools and night walking
Brought me to Cherry Hill.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

It's many years ago, in Ireland, you must know,
Since happiness looked down on our land;
Our sons they then were free, and the star of liberty
Shone gloriously on every Irishman.
But let us bar the door on the days that are no more,
There's a light a-beaming on us from afar;
If you listen unto me I will tell you, do you see?
The sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Erin's isle, though her sons you can beguile,
Because they know the wolf is at the door;
Yet our flag may be seen aloft in College Green,
And a Home Rule in Ireland evermore.

In England they may boast that our Parliament is lost,
And say that we never should complain;
Would you have my heart be light, when I know for this very right,
My countrymen are wishing o'er the main?
Gladstone he may rave, but our country for to save,
These words should be heard from shore to shore;
For O'Connel he did say, before he passed away,
A Home Rule in Ireland evermore.—*Chorus.*

There's one now in his grave, who struggled hard to save
Our country from oppression long ago;
Henry Grattan is his name, and may heaven be his gain,
His energy on Ireland did bestow.
His voice he never gave our people to enslave,
Nor drive them to a far and distant shore;
May the flowrets ever wave upon our hero's grave,
And a Home Rule in Ireland for evermore.—*Chorus.*

There's a laurel for the brow of the one who's striving now
To win our Legislature back again;
John Martin, ever bold our misery to unfold,
And Ireland for the Irish will maintain.
But let us all unite to drink this toast to-night,
May happiness revisit Erin's shore;
And the plan of Isaac Butts, from the palace to the huts,
Be a Home Rule for Ireland for evermore.—*Chorus.*

If Your Foot is Pretty, Show It.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
No matter where or when;
Let all fair maidens know it,
The foot takes all the men.
The face, so fair and lovely,
May charm the gazer's eye,
But if the foot is homely,
He'll quickly pass you by;
He'll quickly, he'll quickly,
He'll quickly pass you by.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
If you wish to catch a beau;
No longer hide the tell-tale charm
Beneath so many clothes.
The figure may deceive you,
All hooped and padded o'er;
But let me but survey the foot,
I'll ask to see no more;
I'll ask, I'll ask,
I'll asked to see no more.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
When you trip along the street;
For it will catch the eager eyes
Of every man you meet.
Don't toss your glossy ringlets,
Nor pout your lips so sweet,
But gently lift your petticoats
And show your handsome feet;
And show, and show,
And show your handsome feet.

THE HAT ME FATHER WORE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

I'm Paddy Miles, an Irish boy,
Just come across the sea;
For singing or for dancing, boys,
I think that I'll please ye.
I can sing and dance with any man,
As I did in days of yore;
And on Patrick's day I love to wear
The hat me father wore.

CHORUS.

It's old, but it's beautiful,
The best you ever seen;
'Twas worn for more than ninety years
In that little Isle so green.
From my father's great ancestors
It descended with galore;
It's a relic of old dacency,
Is the hat me father wore.

I bid you all good-evening,
Good luck to you, I say;
And when I cross the ocean,
I hope for me you'll pray.
I'm going to my happy land,
In a place called Ballymore;
To be welcomed back to Paddy's land
With the hat me father wore.—*Chorus.*

And when I do return again
The boys and girls to see,
I hope that with old Erin's style
You'll kindly welcome me.
With the songs of dear old Ireland,
To cheer me more and more,
And make me Irish heart feel glad
With the hat me father wore.—*Chorus.*

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills
And o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled,
Since I have parted with Peggy.
Whene'er I turn to view the place,
The tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace
Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
When next to see doth move me;
The burning flames my heart doth tell,
Since first she owned she loved me.
In search of some one fair and gay,
Several doth remind me;
I know my darling loves me well,
Though I left her far behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store,
And the dove become a ranger;
The fallen water cease to roar,
Before I'll ever change her.
Each mutual promise faithfully made
By her whom tears doth blind me;
And bless the hour I pass away
With the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image full retains,
Whether asleep or waking;
I hope to see my jewel again,
For her my heart is breaking.
But if ever I chance to go that way,
And that she has not resigned me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

WOMAN'S TONGUE WILL NEVER TAKE A REST.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I have oftimes heard men ask,
Why those women talk so fast,
  And how they come by every bit of news?
From morning until night,
All day long until midnight,
  The way they work their tongues it beats the Jews.
You will be fairly talked to death
Before they lose their breath,
  It is a wonder that their tongues are never sore;
For, sewing or spinning,
You will always find them chinning,
  Either at the window or the door.

CHORUS.

There's no use you beginning
To stop a woman's chinning,
  For what ever you do she will be equal to the test:
So take my advice and drop it,
For you know you cannot stop it,
  For a woman's tongue will never take a rest.

There is I, a married man,
Who tries to do the best I can
  To keep my family the way I think is right;
For I lead a sorrowful life,
Because I have a talking wife,
  And her tongue runs from morning until night.
Do you wonder how I feel
When I am sitting at my meal,
  And my wife at her chinning does commence?
And while I am working hard,
You will find her in the yard
  Talking to the neighbors over the fence.—*Chorus.*

She is bound to be heard
Before I can get in a word,
  And when she is done she does try to tell me more;
Now, young men, who are fond of running
After all those pretty women,
  It is better you know this all before.
'Tis very well to go a courting,
Who likes that kind of sporting,
  But the old saying is: Go it while you're young!
But don't give yourself away
To a girl that talks all day,
  So just marry a woman that cannot use her tongue.—*Chorus.*

MRS. McLAUGHLIN'S PARTY.

Tune—"The Fair of Clogheen."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Ould Ireland is the place for a frolic,
  The boys and the girls are frisky;
They never can feel melancholic,
  They're the divils for tippling the whiskey
For a row or a ruction, oh, murther!
  The boys they go in strong and hearty;
Now I'll tell yez, before I go further,
  Of Mrs. McLaughlin's party.

CHORUS.

Whoo! it's welt the flure, Peter O'Dougherty,
  Shake your leg, Biddy McCarty;
Dance to your partners, ye divils,
  At Mrs. McLaughlin's party.

Moll Dolan, a buxom young craythur,
  Had lately been raising my dandher;
I met her going down to McGuffin's
  To borry the loan of a gandher.
The gandher the geese had been coorting,
  She sould it to Paddy McCarty,
To buy her a pair of white slippers
  To go to McLaughlin's party.—*Chorus.*

For a week or two I was preparing,
  Determined in style for to shank it;
Put a pair of new tails to my coat
  With a piece I cut off the blanket.
I turned the corduroy breeches
  I borrowed from Phelim O'Flaherty,
And I put a new patch on the sate,
  For to cut a big swell at the party.—*Chorus.*

They hired a fiddler and piper,
  And stuck them on top of a barrel,
With a jug full of whiskey between 'em,
  To keep them from having a quarrel.
When the piper struck up "Garryowen,"
  Faix! the fiddler another tune started;
And they welted the soles off their brogues,
  Whoo! at Mrs. McLaughlin's party.—*Chorus.*

Tim Fagan got up for a reel,
  But he jigged it on every one's corns;
To try for to stop him was worse
  Than to take a mad bull by the horns.
He skinned Dinny Haggerty's shins,
  Tore the skirts off Winny O'Doherty;
And exposed the dear craythur's fat limbs
  To all the gay boys at the party.—*Chorus.*

Now while they were dancing and jigging,
  Tom Cassidy burst in the dure, sir;
Thin the ducks and the dhrakes, and the pigs,
  They came all flying in on the flure, sir.
The ould sow it set up a grunting,
  The girls laughed merry and hearty;
While the pig balancayed down the middle
  At Mrs. McLaughlin's party.—*Chorus.*

Thin the party was brought to an ending,
  The fiddler fell drunk from the table;
They carried him home on a shutter,
  Tore off the dure of the stable.
We'd an illigant fight on the way
  With a faction from Ballykillarty;
And I'm be d——d if we hadn't to pay
  For the frolic we had at the party.—*Chorus.*

I Would Not Die in Spring Time.

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I would not die in Spring time,
  When all is bright around,
And fair young flow'rs are peeping
  From out the silent ground;
When life is on the water,
  And joy upon the shore;
For Winter, gloomy Winter,
  Then reigns o'er us no more.

I would not die in Summer,
  When music's on the breeze,
And soft delicious murmurs
  Float ever through the trees;
And fairy birds are singing
  From morn 'till close of day;
No! with its transient glories
  I would not pass away.

When breezes leave the mountain
  Its balmy sweets all o'er,
To breathe around the fountain
  And fan our bow'rs no more;
When Summer flowers are dying
  Within the lonely glen,
And Autumn winds are sighing,
  I would not perish then.

But let me die in Winter,
  When night hangs dark above,
And cold the snow is lying
  On bosoms that we love.
Ah! may the wind at midnight,
  That bloweth from the sea,
Chaunt mildly, softly, sweetly,
  A requiem for me.

PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
Sure his name we celebrate,
And on the seventeenth of March
The Irish concentrate—
A bran new hat on each man's head,
And a green necktie that's newly made;
The left foot first, then lightly tread
In the Patrick's day parade—
Then two by two away we go,
Up Broadway, through rain or snow;
We'd face the divil, friend or foe,
In the Patrick's day parade.

CHORUS.

We shout hurrah for Erin-go-bragh
And all the Yankee nation;
Stars and stripes, and shamrock bright arrayed;
The Irish shout, the girls turn out
To see the celebration;
We march, stiff as starch, in the Patrick's day parade.

You should see the marshall on his horse,
Like Napoleon Bonaparte;
And as he rides along the line
He'd break each lady's heart—
And if the rain should fall down then,
We hoist our umbrellas high;
For history states that Irishmen
Are always warm and dry—
Then two by two away we go,
Up Broadway, through rain or snow;
We'd face the divil, friend or foe,
In the Patrick's day parade.—*Chorus.*

Then here's success to Patrick's day,
Though it comes but once a year;
And though I'm not a drinking man,
On that day I'd drink my beer—
I'll wear the shamrock in my hat,
The green, my boys, 'twill never fade
And march along with Dan and Pat
In the Patrick's day parade—
Then two by two away we go,
Up Broadway, through rain or snow;
We'd face the divil, friend or foe,
In the Patrick's day parade.—*Chorus.*

THE LAND LEAGUE BAND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The Land League Band turned out last night
With uniforms of blue and white,
Their instruments were shining bright,
The greatest in the land.
We have climbed the ladder of fame,
On the top rung cut our name;
And in fancy letters do flame
The Land League String and Brass Band.
We marched along upon Sixth Avenue,
We played the tunes that everybody knew;
The music was sweet, and each note so true,
And showed just what the Land League Band could do.

CHORUS.

Oh! the ladies and the babies that live on the street,
Applaud with their hands and keep time with their feet;
All the folks from the table got up from their seat,
And run to the door when they hear the drums beat.

Come all ye jolly sailor boys and listen unto me,
While I relate a dreadful tale that happened on the sea;
It's of a jolly sailor boy, by name Jack Donohue,
For twenty years before the mast on board the Bugaboo.

At every party in the town,
Where all the spielers can be found;
Wherever they are we're always around,
To show what we can do.
We went to Brady's house last night,
The base horn blower put out the light,
Which nearly ended in a fight,
But was stopped by the Land League Band.
Mahoney he got drunk on lemonade,
To walk home Mary Grogan was afraid;
And the divil a one of us knew the tune we played,
And b'iling drunk 'till daylight there we stayed.—CHORUS.

Killarney's lakes and fells, Emerald isles and winding bays
unty's home, Killarney—ever fair Killarney.

We're going to give a ball party soon,
We'll invite every white man and every coon;
We'll play "The Order of Full Moons,"
The affair will surely be grand.
The ladies with the fantastic toe,
The beauties of the dance will show;
You'll be satisfied when you go home
From the ball of the Land League Band.
The welcome that you'll get will be great to hear,
And we'll quench your thirst with a glass of beer;
The Land League Band will send up a rousing cheer,
And not a single man will get on his ear.—CHORUS.

Oh! grammachree, I'd like to see old Ireland free once more,
And see the times we used to have in the good old days of yore
I'd like the harp and shamrock waving over Erin's shore,
I'd like to see old Ireland free, oh, grammachree asthore!

GOD, SAVE IRELAND.

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High upon the gallows tree,
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they meet him face to face,
With the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom
God, save Ireland! said the heroes,
God, save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near;
Of the millions true and brave
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
God, save Ireland! said they proudly,
God, save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rung their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast;
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith, and freedom to the last.
God, save Ireland! said they proudly,
God, save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Never 'till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal or woe,
'Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
God, save Ireland! say we proudly,
God, save Ireland! say we all,
If upon the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Over the Hills to the Bar-Room.

Tune—"Over the Hills to the Poor-House."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Ah! me, can it be that he's thrown
By the bartender out in the street,
There to be left all alone?
For he has no money to treat.
You can see by the light of the moon,
His nose that has blossomed so red;
It's over the hills to the bar-room
He wanders alone almost dead (drunk).

CHORUS.

He's old and helpless, and feeble,
Hoping to get a hot rum;
It's over the hills to the bar-room
He wanders alone, this poor bum.

It's over at that bar-room counter,
I stood alongside the free lunch;
No bummer was happier or fonder
Than I of my hot whiskey punch.
Oh, heaven! he's shaky and boozy,
His coat is all tattered and tore;
When the cop comes along he says, moosey,
And drives me away from the door.—*Chorus.*

It's long since I've had a square meal,
For I have no money to pay;
You people don't know how I feel
As I walk through the streets night and day.
If I tramp the whole city through,
The people will call me a tank;
The drinks that I pay for are few,
I'm known as a confirmed old rank.—*Chorus.*

Whenever I made the spondulix,
Right straight to the bar-room I went;
I'd sit down and talk about politics
Until I had spent every cent.
And when he saw I had no more,
He'd not listen to me; but, hark!
He'd put me through the back door,
And there let me lie in the dark.—*Chorus.*

Perhaps they'll be happier without me,
Good-bye, dear old bar-room, good-bye!
I've joined the temperance society,
To keep sober I'm going to try.
So you see I've given up drinking,
I'll not touch any more rum;
And in a short while, I am thinking,
The people won't call me a bum.—*Chorus.*

ALL FOR MONEY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

What will not most people do?
All for money;
Anything, 'twixt I and you,
All for money.
Friend will turn his back on friend,
Haughty people have to bend,
Love some to Old Harry sent,
All for money.

CHORUS.

As you travel on through life,
You will find it ever so;
Nothing like the ready cash,
For money makes the mare to go.

Some will swear that black is white,
All for money;
Do a wrong and say it's right,
All for money.
Moses he will swear to you,
His old clothes are good as new,
Don't he make them fit you, too?
All for money.—*Chorus.*

Pretty girls can love old men,
All for money;
Even wed three-score and ten,
All for money.
'Tis but a fool who ever dreams
That everything is what it seems;
The world is full of mocking schemes,
All for money.—*Chorus.*

Many people go to law,
All for money;
Dentists nearly break your jaw,
All for money.
Tradesmen give you unjust weight,
Beggars tease early and late,
Garroters kindly on you wait
All for money.—*Chorus.*

Lawyers plead the felon's cause,
All for money;
Vows he has not broke the laws,
All for money.
Had he been on t'other side,
What a difference, and how wide,
To make him guilty he'd have tried,
All for money.—*Chorus.*

Don't the doctor's physic you?
All for money;
Give black draughts, and blue pills, too?
All for money.
What their patients all endure,
Any saint would try, I'm sure,
They're good to either kill or cure,
All for money.—*Chorus.*

Chalk and water milkmen sell,
All for money;
Something else perhaps as well,
All for money.
Thus I will conclude my strain,
With a sentence short and plain,
Everything is done for gain,
All for money.—*Chorus.*

One Parting Word, Dear Mother.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt o f40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

How those mirthful, happy hours, and joyous scenes of life,
Have cheered my heart of sadness in the midnight hour so drear;
With the prayer kind mother taught me, to shield my country's strife,
When list'ning to the thunder of the cannon booming near.

CHORUS.

One parting word, dear mother, as my time is drawing nigh,
Kiss sisters dear, and brothers, with my parting word good-bye.

How dreadful is the moaning of the wounded left to die,
While there's no mother's gentle care to soothe her son that fell;
And the visions of his dreams, as on the field he lie,
Of death and separation, when he's done his duty well.—CHORUS.

Oh, mother, thou'lt be lonely, thy future days be drear,
From the silence of the dear one whom thou can'st never save;
And thy little birds of music, whom no sorrow knew or fear,
Will change their notes of sweetness like the ocean's restless wave.—CHORUS

But weep not, oh, dear mother, for the loved one that is gone,
For his sorrows in this world will now be free from pain;
I fear thy heart will grieve, thy sighs will ne'er be done,
While thinking of the absent one in battle has been slain.—CHORUS.

—All of the Canadian exiles sport the title of "Dr.," but they wear it after their names.—*Boston Herald.*

—Instead of these being the piping times of peace, they are the piecing times of pipe—stove pipe.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

If I Only Were a Pretty Little Fly.

Copyright, 1882, by Jas. F. Hey & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

While sitting at my ease enjoying much the breeze,
At my window the other afternoon,
A pretty little fly I saw came darting by,
He buzzed as he flew into the room;
He alighted here and there, devoid of ev'ry care,
As round about he went with utmost speed;
And with beautiful repose he settled on my nose,
Which I thought was impudence, indeed.
So between you and me, when I his tricks did see,
A thought struck me quickly by the bye;
To what places I could go, and what strange things I would know,
If I only were a pretty little fly.

I'd go to Coney Isle in most fashionable style,
And the boats could ne'er sink me in the sea;
If trav'ling by the train, I could go from here to Spain,
No accident would ever trouble me.
I'd go among the boys and share in all their joys,
And at the "Brighton" I would dine each day;
Through Central Park I'd ride, with Jennie by my side,
And listen to whatever she might say.
I'd know the winning horse, and bet on him, of course,
And for a drink I never would be dry;
Tho' I couldn't dance or sing, I'd do most ev'rything,
If I only were a pretty little fly.

In the politician's way I'd wander ev'ry day,
And know just how they run that great machine,
To each alderman I'd say: They ought to raise your pay,
'Tis the hardest working office ever seen.
In bob-tail cars I'd ride, no fare I would provide,
'Till they came and took the money in their hand;
I'd do just as I please, and the girls how I would tease,
While strolling through the moonlight on the sand.
I'd wake up ev'ry day, with a head so clear and gay,
To play me for an "angel" none would try;
With a smile for ev'ry one, all trouble I would shun,
If I only were a pretty little fly.

ASSASSINATION OF ELLSWORTH

At Alexandria, Va., May 24th, 1861.

Tune—"California Brothers."

Now, friends, I beg you listen, a sad story I will tell,
Of a brave and gallant officer who in his country's service fell;
He died at Alexandria, shot by a rebel's hand,
After raising up the banner of his own dear native land.

Give your attention, friends, to what I am going to say,
Oh, listen to me, kind friends, only a little while I pray;
And I'll tell of a commander beloved by all his braves,
I mean the gallant Ellsworth of the New York Fire Zouaves.

He was sent by General Scott to disperse a rebel band,
Who at the town of Alexandria had taken up their stand;
As they landed from the steamboat the sentries ran away,
While our brave and gallant fire boys rushed nobly to the fray.

As he was marching up the streets an object caught his eye,
'Twas the flag of Secession, that with the breeze was seen to fly;
He rushed up and tore it down, and tramped it under his feet,
But while returning to his own brave boys, a traitor he did meet.

Who quickly raised his rifle up, (may a curse fall on his name,)
Intending to shoot the first zouave, but the rebel missed his aim;
When, with a frown, he rallied, and sent his messenger of lead
Right through the heart of Ellsworth, who with a sigh fell dead.

Then the fearless private Brownell, when he saw his leader fall,
He rushed up to the traitor and through his brain he sent a ball;
Then with his bayonet bright he run him through and through,
And vowed that was the way he'd serve the whole Secession crew.

Then a curse be on the traitor's name, and on the bullet, too,
That killed the gallant Colonel, who was so brave and true;
For a nobler heart ne'er beat beneath the breast of any man,
Nor a truer soldier never fell in defence of Uncle Sam.

THE PATROL WAGON.

Dedicated to the Philadelphia Police Force.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Tune—"Climbing Up the Golden Stairs."

I will tell you of a new invention,
That attracts much attention,
Riding in the patrol wagon;
If they think you've got no money,
They treat you awful funny,
While riding in the patrol wagon.

CHORUS.

Then hear the gong striking,
'Tis warning for you all;
Oh, hear those men singing,
While riding in the patrol wagon.

At the Central Police Station
It causes quite a sensation,
Riding in the patrol wagon;
It will make you open your eyes,
And even look with surprise,
Riding in the patrol wagon.—*Chorus.*

The wagon is very quick,
It arrives quite on the tick,
Riding in the patrol wagon;
Not long after you hear the bell,
They'll throw you in a cell,
Riding in the patrol wagon.—*Chorus.*

Some of Philadelphia's biggest men
Have rode in it, all the same,
Riding in the patrol wagon;
They can hardly realize
That they've been criticized,
While riding in the patrol wagon.—*Chorus.*

If you want to know the way,
Just get drunk in Philadelphia,
Riding in the patrol wagon;
You'll be sorry for that time,
When you come to pay your fine,
For riding in the patrol wagon.—*Chorus.*

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

—The small boy who hangs 'round the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.

The Gal with a Rogueish Eye.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, I think it very pleasant
To promenade the street,
And gaze upon the fashions
Of each pretty girl you meet.
They've such little hats and bonnets,
And boots, (cost nine or ten,)
Which makes them altogether
More expensive than the men.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, it makes me feel so shy,
Whene'er I meet upon the street
The gal with a rogueish eye.
Oh, dear, it makes me feel so shy,
Whene'er I meet upon the street
The gal with a rogueish eye.

Among the smiling faces,
There's one above the rest,
Who dresses with the greatest care,
And of the very best.
She don't appear to mind me
Whene'er she's passing by,
But drops her veil clear o'er her face,
To hide her rogueish eye.—*Chorus.*

I went home for consolation
To ma, the other day,
And told her all about my love
With this sweet maiden gay.
"Good gracious, bless the darling boy!"
These words my mother said,
"Why don't you dress up in your best
And go and spark the maid?"—*Chorus.*

I mustered all my courage up,
And called one afternoon,
And met her father face to face,
He kicked me from the room.
He lifted me so neatly
Clear out into the street,
And landed me upon my head,
Instead of upon my feet.—*Chorus.*

I regained my scattered senses,
And began to look about,
When I heard a voice of sweetness sing,
"Does mother know you're out?"
I turned the corner in a rage,
'Midst laughter, yell and din,
Determined then to drown myself,
But found I couldn't swim.—*Chorus.*

THE ORPHAN BOY'S LAMENT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

They tell me that my mother's lying
In the churchyard far away,
And she knows that I am weeping,
Weeping all the livelong day.
Weeping all the livelong day,
Weeping all the livelong day;
And she knows that I am weeping,
Weeping all the livelong day.

Hark! I think I hear her calling,
And her grave I long to find,
But there is no one here to lead me,
And the orphan boy is blind.
And the orphan boy is blind,
And the orphan boy is blind;
And there is no one here to lead me,
And the orphan boy is blind.

They tell me that my father's lying
In the graveyard by her side;
He has left me in this wide world
Without an earthly friend or guide.
Without an earthly friend or guide,
Without an earthly friend or guide;
He has left me in this wide world
Without an earthly friend or guide.

Now the orphan boy is lying
Where he often wished to be;
Angels bore his soul to heaven,
And the orphan boy is free.
And the orphan boy is free,
And the orphan boy is free;
Angels bore his soul to heaven,
And the orphan boy is free.

I Would Like to Do It, But Can't.

Tune—"They Can't Do It, You Know."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come, all you swells, and hear what I say,
I would like to do it, but can't;
About the strange news you read every day,
I would like to do it, but can't.
The girls are commencing to cut their hair short,
You know they would like to appear as a sport;
If I had my say, they would soon appear in court,
I would like to do it, but can't.

CHORUS.

I would like to do it, but can't,
I would like to do it, but can't;
So don't give me away,
I will be in jail some day,
I would like to get there, but can't.

The girls and the boys, when they want to elope,
I would like to do it, but can't;
They'll take the boat and to Camden elope,
I would like to do it, but can't.
I tell you it is getting to be quite immense,
When you cross the river for only three cents,
And come home married without license,
I would like to do it, but can't.—*Chorus.*

When married, goes and gets boiling tight,
I would like to do it, but can't;
He will then go home and raise a big fight,
I would like to do it, but can't.
He will pick up a stove, hit his wife in the jaw,
If she says much he will clean up the floor,
And do a song and dance on his mother-in-law,
I would like to do it, but can't.—*Chorus.*

There are the men who are now eating glass,
I would like to do it, but can't;
I would soon cut my throat, up the spout I'd pass,
I would like to do it, but can't.
They say that this man by the name of Bill Jones,
Eats loads of glass, as if they were chicken bones,
But show me the man that eat cobble stones,
I would like to do it, but can't.—*Chorus.*

My song is now ended and I'll sing no more,
I would like to do it, but can't;
You might get angry and fire me through the door,
You would like to do it, but can't.
The last time I sung I got loads of bouquets,
The judge knew me well, gave me ninety days,
You know yourself that will never pay,
I would like to do it, but can't.—*Chorus.*

—Why is a fat man like water? Because neither can run up hill.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mikey, what is it?" "Shure it's a hole in the kittle, mum."

BELLE OF BALTIMORE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt o f40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've been through Carolina,
I've been to Tennessee;
I've trabelled Mississippi,
For massa set me free.
I've kissed de lovely Creole
On Louisiana shore;
But I never found a gal to match
De blooming Belle of Baltimore.

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty,
Eyes so bright and cheeks so sooty;
No gal, I ever seen before,
So sweet as Belle of Baltimore.

My Belle is tall and slender,
And sings so very clear;
You'd think she was an owlingale,
If once her voice you'd hear.
I walked down to her cabin
And I rapped ag'in de door;
I want to gib my dagatype
To my sweet Belle of Baltimore.—*Chorus.*

I found her by de ribber,
My errand I did tell;
Says she: "You gay deceiber,
Your tricks I know too well;
I seen you kiss another gal
De werry night before."
Wid dat she turned upon her heel,
And off went Belle of Baltimore.—*Chorus.*

I wrote my lub a letter,
And scented it so sweet;
De musk, de clobes, de peppermint,
Stuck out about a feet.
But all my trouble was no use,
I neber seen her more;
For I squash'd de tender 'fections of
My blooming Belle of Baltimore.—*Chorus.*

I'M A BUM.

Tune—"I'm a Dude."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm one of those fellows who work a lunch route,
And live on my nerves and my gaul;
My nose it is red, on sponge cake I'm fed,
I'm dying for a whiskey ball.
About seven years ago I did a day's work,
And I never recovered from it yet;
So I swore off on labor, and to tramps I'm in favor,
I can drink beer without the aid of a net.

CHORUS.

I'm a bum, full of rum,
You can tell by nose I love whiskey;
See my hair, combed with a chair,
And to wash my face would be risky.
Undershirt fair, no socks I wear,
And cigar butts I eat for fun;
Wear no shoes, full of booze,
I'm the pet of the ladies, a bum.

With my pants full of patches, and dog teeth as well,
A rim of a hat on my head;
Pair of leggins for cuffs, and I go with the toughs,
I'm the darling young bruiser 'tis said.
Put me in a brewery, you bet I'd raise fury,
It wouldn't take me long to knock it out;
For my mouth's like a tunnel, I drink whiskey with a funnel
Pork and beans will give me the gout.—*Chorus.*

—A little girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him several moments she exclaimed: "My kitty has smellers too!"

UNDER THE DAISIES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've been just learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving;
And all its powers for pleasure or pain,
Been slowly and sadly proving.
And all that's left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand and brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid,
A coffin under the daisies;
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever, throughout this wide world,
Is love a sorrow proving;
There are still many sorrowful things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving.
The life of some is worse than death,
For fate, a high wall oft raises,
And far better than life with two hearts estranged,
Is a low grave starred with daisies;
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so 'tis better we lived as we did,
The Summer of love together;
And that one of us tired and lay down to rest,
Ere the coming Wint'ry weather.
For the saddest of love, is love grown cold,
And 'tis one of its surest phases;
So I bless my lot, tho' with breaking heart,
For that grave enstarred with daisies;
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

The Day I Walked Against O'Leary.

Tune—"The Day I Played Base Ball."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

My name it is McGinty, yes,
I live on ham and flour;
With O'Leary, the walker, I came here,
For to walk a mile an hour.
About half past twelve o'clock last night,
A gang gave me a terrible fright;
They woke me up and set me tight,
For to walk against O'Leary.

They took me to a great big field,
And with alcohol set me crazy;
They stripped me clothes off to the skin,
And it made me feel so lazy.
It was then the gang commenced to talk,
Saying: Who is the terrier going to walk?
And they said they would hang me if I'd baulk,
When I walked against O'Leary.

The first mile I walked my legs were weak,
And the gang commenced to holler;
They sprinkled salt upon the track,
And hit me with an iron dollar.
All the other walkers were ahead,
Eating sponge cake, pie and bread;
Oh, heavens! I wish that I was dead,
When I walked against O'Leary.

I walked, until I catched the cramps,
Around and around the track;
All the ladies threw bouquets at me,
There was a corn on my back.
The judge told me it was time to stop,
As around the track like a chicken I'd flop;
For the want of a whiskey I thought I'd drop,
The day I walked against O'Leary.

—Mrs. Fourstars' little girl was there. I must tell you one of her odd little sayings. Her father has a small, round, bald spot on the top of his head, and kissing him at bed-time, she remarked: "Stoop down, papsy, dear, I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."

AH, THERE! STAY THERE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Now there is a pretty fellow,
Whom I meet every day;
He stands upon the corner,
But never seems to go away.
When I pass by, he hard does try
To mash and at me stare;
And if I look some other way,
He always shouts, ah, there!

CHORUS.

Ah, there! stay there,
Ah, there! stay there,
I will quickly reply;
Ah, there! stay there,
Ah, there! stay there,
As I am passing them by.

Even the pretty policeman,
As he walks up and down his beat,
He always tries to mash me
When he chances me to meet.
As he walks up and down,
And swings his club with care;
And when I chance to look around,
He always shouts, ah, there!—*Chorus.*

Now the grocer and the butcher,
To whom I go most every day;
They tell me that they love me,
But I bid them keep away.
The Dutch clerk gives me taffy,
With his blonde and curly hair;
And when he chances to see me,
He always shouts, ah, there!—*Chorus.*

I've Wandered by the Hut Side.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I've wandered by the hut side,
Where Nelly used to dwell;
And sat upon the seat we made,
My aching heart did dwell.
But now she's gone to happier climes,
Her troubles they are o'er;
This darkey's heart is breaking fast,
For darling Nelly Moore.

CHORUS.

Then good-bye, good-bye, Nelly, dear,
We ne'er shall see you more;
You're gone to happier, better climes,
Your troubles they are o'er.

Oh, she was everything to me,
We loved each other well;
And all the darkies in the place,
Thought all the world of Nell.
I can't help cry to think she's dead—
Oh, Nell, why have you gone,
And left this darkey by himself
To walk about alone?—*Chorus.*

I almost think I see you now
Away up in the sky;
If we be good, old massa says,
We'll go there when we die.
So I'll be patient, Nelly, love,
I'll see you bye-and-bye;
And, oh, what happy times we'll have
Away up in the sky.—*Chorus.*

—Inquisitive party (to hod carrier)—"And do you go up that ladder all day long?" Pat—"No, sur, half ov the toime Oi cum down."—*Judge.*

FLORA BELLE

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Near a little shaded streamlet,
In a cool and mossy dell,
Lives a bright-eyed little fairy,
And we call her Flora Belle.
'Round our home she's ever singing,
And our hearts with gladness swell;
Home ne'er had so sweet a flower,
As our darling, Flora Belle.

CHORUS.

Sweet Flora Belle, dear Flora Belle,
Golden-haired, blue-eyed Flora Belle
Sweet Flora Belle, dear Flora Belle,
Bright as any fairy was our sweet Flora Belle.

Day by day she's ever singing,
In that little mossy dell,
Ever bringing joy and sunshine
To our home is Flora Belle.
When the shades of eve are falling
On our home we love so well,
May no care or sorrow linger
Near our darling, Flora Belle.—*Chorus.*

ALABAMA AGAIN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I left Alabama a long way behind me,
And my ole massa and woolly-head Ben,
They are almost crazy because they can't find me,
And I must go back to Alabama again.

Ben was my true love, and the gals all kissed him,
So I got jealous and left him soon then;
But soon after that my affections did miss him,
And I must go back to Alabama again.

Oh, kind folks, all give ear to my ditty,
If ever you're placed as I've been and am,
Never leave your ole massa and sweet little Kitty,
For she am the gal that says she loves Sam.

Oh, dear Alabama, oh, sweet Alabama,
I'm sorry that ever I left your bright plains;
And if ever I live 'till the sun shines to-morrow,
I'm going to go back to Alabama again.

FINALE.

Alabama again, Alabama again,
And if ever I live 'till the sun shines to-morrow,
I'm going to go back to Alabama again.

I Would Not Die in Winter Time.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I would not die in Winter,
Dark Winter's cheerless hour,
When naught is glad, and all is sad
Beneath its icy bower.
Methinks my thoughtful deathbed,
And sad and silent tomb,
Would have Spring's light, not Winter's night,
I'd not add gloom to gloom.

But let me die in Spring time,
Bright, ever joyous Spring;
Let green leaves wave around my grave,
And flowers their fragrance bring.
Let gentle zephyrs waft my soul
O'er death's uncertain sea;
And when birds sing on flaunting wing,
Let that my requiem be.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

What queer things we see, and what queer things we do,
That's English, you know, quite English, you know;
And now it's the rage, and 'tis something quite new,
It's English, quite English, you know.
We're out of the fashion, unless we're agreed
To follow wherever they lead;
To dress just as they do, to look as they do,
It's English, quite English, you know.

CHORUS.

It's English, you know, quite English, you know,
How queer are the people, it's English, you know;
We copy their ways, we pay for their plays,
It's English, quite English, so English, you know.

They sent us an actor to show us the way,
That's English, you know, quite English, you know;
He showed us his manner of playing a play,
It's English, quite English, you know.
We studied his walk, and copied his dress,
We puffed him well up in the press;
Some said he was trash, but he gobbled our cash,
It's English, quite English, you know.—*Chorus.*

They sent us a boxer from over the sea,
That's English, you know, quite English, you know;
He came just to visit this land of the free,
It's English, quite English, you know.
He played the drop game when at Madison Square
And this with a heart free of care;
He managed to join on with hard Yankee coin,
It's English, quite English, you know.—*Chorus.*

RIDING ON THE CABLE CARS.

Tune—"Climbing Up the Golden Stairs."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Come hurry to the wicket,
And get a first class ticket,
Riding on the cable cars;
If you want to cut a dash,
Just go and take your "mash"
Riding on the cable cars.

CHORUS.

Then see them jump the gutter,
And go and tell your ma,
That it is just "too utter,"
Riding on the cable cars.

The heat is most intense,
To stand up you pay five cents,
Riding on the cable cars;
When some one treads on your corn,
You wish you'd ne'er been born,
Riding on the cable cars.—*Chorus.*

You'll meet some politician,
On a vital business mission,
Riding on the cable cars;
He carries his division,
And he swears by the revision,
Riding on the cable cars.—*Chorus.*

A dudish-looking "masher,"
Is leaning 'gainst the dasher,
Riding on the cable cars;
He talks about base ball,
And he lives upon his "gaul,"
Riding on the cable cars.—*Chorus.*

A young girl and her "mash,"
Are acting very rash,
Riding on the cable cars;
They're indulging in flirtation,
And sometimes in osculation,
Riding on the cable cars.—*Chorus.*

THE LEADER OF THE BAND.

Copyright, 1886, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm the leader of the Twenty-Seventh Colored Dragoon Band,
Just cast your eyes upon us, we're the finest in the land;
When I strike a grand position, with my baton in my hand,
Oh, the ladies nearly die with admiration.
Our music it is wonderful, you ought to hear us play,
The way we shake the buildings is a sin;
When we play a big bass solo, as we're marching down the street,
With the slide trombone a grabbing ground for wind.

CHORUS.

I'm the leader of the band, and I'll have you understand,
When we march along the avenue, I tell you we look grand;
While the music plays so sweet, and the drums they loudly beat,
Keep your eye upon the leader of the band.

I dress myself so tastefully—the ladies, as we pass,
Gaze at me thro' the windows, and with admiration ask:
Who is that dandy colored man? such style I've never seen,
Oh, look, Cecelia, isn't he a darling?
I'm a perfect lady-killer, all their darling little hearts
Go pit-a-pat whene'er they come my way;
I salute them with my baton as I closely pass them by,
Then they wave their little hands to me and say:—CHORUS.

We have seven slide from bones, and a fife and flageolet
From alto horns, a tuba and a yaller clarionet;
A big bass drum all painted with red letters on the side,
So our name shines out in view of all creation.
We serenade the ladies with the banjo and guitar,
And a glee club singing "Birdie, Fly with Me!"
Then we warble the "Sweet Violets" and "I'll Await My Love,"
And "My Willie's Coming Home from O'er the Sea."—CHORUS.

THE TELEPHONE.

Tune—"Poor Old Dad."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The other day I thought I'd take a ramble thro' the town,
When I saw some advertisements had been posted up and down;
It told of an experiment they were going to try,
Of a new and patent telephone, in a school-room close by.
It told that many messages would come from far and wide,
And as I reached the school-room door I gently stepped inside;
Then if you will pay attention, I'll tell in simple tone,
The messages that came to me along the telephone.

The first thing that it told to me, it thrilled my poor heart's blood,
An old man had been sent to jail for stealing bits of wood;
His poor old wife was sick, so he thought it was no harm
To take the sticks a fire to make, to cheer and keep her warm.
Their value it was three cents, yet that old man, wan and pale,
For such a paltry crime as this was sent six months to jail;
And the cruel judge that sent him must have had a heart of stone,
This cruel message came to me along the telephone.

The other day three children played beside the river side,
When two of them, a boy and girl, of ages three and five,
They fell into the water, when their brother, brave and bold,
He plunged into the river, though he was but eight years old.
This gallant youth saved his sister, and then, alas! did try
To rescue his brother, but he himself did die;
For exhausted with his efforts he sank just like a stone,
May he rest in peace in heaven, said the wondrous telephone.

You've often heard of ragged lads who are starving in the street,
By cruel police they are run in when found upon their beat;
But of late a noble policeman he has done a noble deed,
He saw a poor boy starving, which did cause his heart to bleed.
He did not run him into jail, but gave the poor lad bread,
Then took him home and placed him in a cosy little bed;
And now that little orphan is adopted as his own,
Let's send a hearty cheer to him along the telephone.

—Why are E and I the happiest of the vowels? Because they are in happiness, while all the rest are in purgatory.

If I Was the Man in the Moon.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

If I could transform myself, what I would do,
I'd be the man in the moon;
What curious sights every night I could see,
If I was the man in the moon.
I'd see all the people down by the sea shore,
I'd see all the fellows and girls by the score,
Do their kissing, squeezing, and lots of things more,
If I was the man in the moon.

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, what a lark it would be,
Every night from July up to June;
Your mouths would water at what I should see,
If I was the man in the moon.

I'd peep through the keyhole and look up the stairs,
If I was the man in the moon;
I'd watch the old women all saying their prayers,
If I was the man in the moon.
Who knows, I might see one take off her cork leg,
And hang up her tresses of gold on a peg;
And discover her cranium as bald as an egg,
If I was the man in the moon.—*Chorus.*

On the evening of Sunday I'd see the young girls,
If I was the man in the moon;
In their sealskins and satins, feathers and curls,
If I was the man in the moon.
Next day I should see them make short morning calls,
To llouses where hang out three big golden balls;
With bundles as big as the dome of St. Paul's,
If I was the man in the moon.—*Chorus.*

HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Though the world may me disown,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home
Though the world may me disown,
Heaven's my home.
Though the world may me disown,
And I'm little and unknown,
I'm an heir to yonder throne,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home
I'm an heir to yonder throne,
Heaven's my home.

Though dull poverty's my lot,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my nome;
Though dull poverty's my lot,
Heaven's my home.
Though dull poverty's my lot,
And the flg tree blossoms not,
Yet I'll sing the song of hope,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
Yet I'll sing the song of hope,
Heaven's my home.

Though temptations me assail,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
Though temptations me assail,
Heaven's my home.
From the tempter I will flee,
And my soul draw nigh to thee,
And I'll sing triumphantly,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
And I'll sing triumphantly,
Heaven's my home.

Oh, that every one could say,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
Oh, that every one could say,
Heaven's my home.
Oh, that every one could say,
If I die this very day,
I should rise and soar away,
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
I should rise and soar away,
Heaven's my home.

A Smart Little Bit ov a Man.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

My name is McGinty, ov influence I have plinty,
With the gang I'm away up in "G;"
Whenever they meet me they always do treat me,
And we often go out on a spree.
Though a politician, I seek no position,
I'll have you that to understand;
As I pass them by, you can hear them all cry:
He's a smart little bit ov a man.

CHORUS.

As I walk through the street, the gang I do meet,
They give me the grip of the hand;
And as I pass by, you can hear them all cry:
He's a smart little bit ov a man.

I wint to a party for the widow McCarthy,
'Twas held down at Hibernia Hall;
When a durty big calf, whose name's Pendergast,
He wanted to give me a fall.
Says I, I'll oblige ye, be heavens, I'll try ye,
But let it be catch-as-catch-can;
And on his back sure he fell, the gang all did yell:
You're a smart little bit ov a man.—*Chorus.*

Since I left the old sod I have shouldered the hod,
Up the ladder I always wint first;
I got drunk upon Sunday, but worked upon Monday,
And devil a haporth the worst.
When my day's work is done, it's homeward I run
In my Kithog, my old dinner can;
As I pass them by, the neighbors all cry:
You're a smart little bit ov a man.—*Chorus.*

The Chicago Police Patrol.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Chicago's a place where most every race
Can be seen on the street every day;
And down on the "Levee" there's always a bevy
Of ladies and gents most too gay.
Their conduct will border oftimes on disorder,
As home in the morning they roll;
And before I am through, I'll just show to you
How they're stopped by the police patrol.

A man's brain will whirl when a nice little girl
Will ask him to pilot her home;
When he takes a few drinks, the poor sucker thinks
He'll be a Roman while he is in Rome.
She soon blows him in for all of his tin,
In his pocket he finds a big hole;
And he kicks like a steer when the collar draws near,
And loans him the police patrol.

They don't take your fare, for that they don't care,
And it's real, though they give you the cell;
And the very same day, if your fine you don't pay,
They lodge you out in the Bridewell.
All the gambs are afraid since the last little raid
To answer the call of the roll;
And it's twenty to ten, that sometime again
They will ride in the police patrol.

You often can see in the lowest degree,
A man stupid drunk on the street;
Unable to stand, in the gutter he'll land,
With his head lower down than his feet.
The police comes along, and he sees what is wrong,
He don't have to club the poor soul;
He don't smash his face, but saves him disgrace,
By calling the police patrol.

—A new comedy is called "The Girl with a Tin Heart." Nearly all the girls have a tin heart when a young man comes around with soft solder.

THE OLD RED CRADLE.

Copyright, 1885, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Take me back to the days when the old red cradle rocked,
In the sunshine of years that have fled;
To the good, old, trusty days when the door was never locked,
And we judged our neighbor's truth by what he said.
I remember of my years, I had numbered almost seven,
And the old red cradle stood against the wall;
I was youngest of the five, and two were gone to heaven,
But the old red cradle rocked us all.

CHORUS.

Rocking, rocking, gently rocking,
In time with the tick of the clock on the wall;
One by one the seconds marking,
The old red cradle rocked us all.

By its side father paused, with a little time to spare,
And the care lines would soften on his brow;
Ah! 'twas but a little while that I knew a father's care,
But I fancy in my dreams I see him now.
And if e'er there came a day when my cheeks were flushed and hot,
When I did not mind my porridge or my play;
I would clamber up its side, and the pain would be forgot,
When the old red cradle rocked away.—CHORUS.

Aye! it cradled one and all, brothers and sisters in it lay,
And it gave me the sweetest rest I've known;
But to-night the tears will flow, and I let them have their way,
For the passing years are leaving me alone.
By my mother it was rocked when the evening meal was laid,
And again I seem to see her as she smiled;
When the rest were all in bed, 'twas then she knelt and prayed,
By the old red cradle and her child.—CHORUS.

THE OREGON GYPSY GIRL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

My father was the king of the gypsy true,
My mother died and left me some traveling for to do;
With my pack upon my back my friends all bid me well,
I went traveling off to London some fortunes for to tell;
Some fortunes for to tell, some fortunes for to tell,
I went traveling off to London some fortunes for to tell.

I went walking through fair London,
A handsome stranger I chanced to meet
With my brown eyes, and he likes my looks so well;
Said he: You, the Oregon gypsy girl, will you my fortune tell?
Will you my fortune tell? will you my fortune tell?
Said he: You, the Oregon gypsy girl, will you my fortune tell?

Yes, kind sir, pray, give me your hands,
You have houses and ladies at your command,
You have servants to wait and open every door,
And for the kind ladies leave them aside;
I am the Oregon gypsy girl that is to be your bride,
That is to be your bride, that is to be your bride;
I am the Oregon gypsy girl that is to be your bride.

He took me to his home, a palace high and pure,
He had servants to wait on him and open every door:
And the bells they ring so merrily,
As through the streets we roam.
She was once the Oregon gypsy girl,
But now a squire's bride;
She was once the Oregon gypsy girl,
But now a squire's bride.

—"Yis," said Pat, "Oi've signed two pledges, wan to the praste, an' wan to his Honor." "It's a foine man yez are, Pat," replied Bridget, "an' do yez think ye'll kape thim?" "Begorra, Oi'll thry an' kape wan av thim, anyhow."

THAT'S THE IDEA, EXACTLY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Now take a young girl who is entering her teens,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
She's anxious to marry a man of some means,
That's the idea, exactly.
She'll smile and she'll smirk, and quite modest she'll act,
In doing so thinks she is showing good tact,
But she always gets left in the end, that's a fact—
SPOKEN—Grasp the idea?
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

The dudes of to-day are quite English, you know,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
They think that America's deucidly slow,
That's the idea, exactly.
They think our American actors are bad,
They think that our ladies are boorish, by gad,
But to stay in the land of the free they are glad—
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

We trust in the stronghold of banks every day,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
To our good, pious cashier our money we pay,
That's the idea, exactly.
But when we awake on some beautiful morn,
With a way that is sad and a feeling forlorn,
We find that to Canada our cashier has gone—
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

Jay Gould, with his millions at his command,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
With Vanderbilt's help would rule the whole land,
That's the idea, exactly.
Let workingmen rally and take a bold stand,
And capital and labor go forth hand in hand;
You'll then find prosperity throughout the whole land—
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

Of the Salvation Army we've had enough now,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
They'd own the whole world if the law would allow,
That's the idea, exactly.
Their ways are ridiculous, it must be confessed,
Now I leave it to you if it wouldn't be best,
To exterminate —— and all of the rest?
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

Young man, a few items I'd like to impart,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
'Twould be well to observe them and take them to heart,
That's the idea, exactly.
When your sweetheart and you on a sofa do sit,
And when you hitch closer she don't hitch a bit,
That's a very bad sign, and you may as well git—
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

You take your best girl to a party or ball,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
When supper time comes she's not hungry at all,
That's the idea, exactly.
The bread, ham or biscuit, she hardly will touch,
But when ice cream is brought on her spoon she will take;
Eight forty-cent plates full don't worry her much—
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

When married, how quickly the honeymoon goes,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
And you come home some night with no power in your toes,
That's the idea, exactly.
You say: My sweet tootsy, I'm very near dead,
Two glasses of buttermilk's gone to my head.
With a broomstick how quickly she puts you to bed—
Grasp the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

And as on life's journey we hasten along,
That's the idea, that's the idea;
And we meet some poor fellow who's down in the world,
That's the idea, exactly.
In the sea of misfortune he hardly can stand,
Don't turn your back on him, but give him your hand,
And firmly stand by 'till he's safely on land—
Grap the idea? that's the idea, exactly.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Our flag is there! our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas;
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high;
And, oh, to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy to every eye.
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas;
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars.

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
And found a speedy, watery grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
The standard of a gallant band;
Alike sustained in peace or war,
It floats o'er freedom's happy land.
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas;
Our flag is there! our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars.

McGONIGLE'S GAME DOG.

Recited by Johnny Thompson.

Now keep as quiet as you can,
And I'll tell you of a sporting man
That lived in New York some time since:
He'd a fighting dog by the name Prince,
As fine a dog that ever was made,
Of him all other dogs were afraid,
He'd never bark, but always bite,
And you couldn't find his match to fight,
McGonigle's game dog.

He'd chase a cat from East to West,
His running capacity to test,
Many's the battle he fought, says you,
Ay! and many's the battle he won, too;
If a thousand times that dog was bit
He was never known to leave the pit,
He'd drink his ale and lager beer,
Then for the free lunch he could never steer-
McGonigle's game dog.

Now McGinty had a fine bull pup,
Out in Weehawken he won a cup,
One night McGinty bet a bot
His pup could battle McGonigle's dog;
As McGonigle heard the challenge made,
He walked right up, his money paid;
Then McGinty got his pup to weight,
But the devil knows he could never bate
McGonigle's game dog.

'Twas on the fourteenth day of May,
McGinty was after getting two weeks' pay,
All the workingmen in the gas-house quit,
For to take a trip down to the Gowan pit;
That everything might be fair, you see,
They made foreman McGarety referee,
And when the referee called time,
The betting was a dollar against a dime,
On McGonigle's game dog.

McGonigle's dog then gave a spring
Over the fence into the ring;
McGinty's pup walked proudly in,
But devil a chance he had to win.
They met each other face to face,
Then walked around the ring a pace;
I thought the pup would surely choke,
When the dog caught him by the throat,
McGonigle's game dog was dead.

FAR AWAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago?
Laughing round the Christmas fires,
Brightened by its ruddy glow;
Or in Summer's balmy evenings,
In the fields upon the hay?
They have all dispers'd and wander'd
Far away,
They have all dispers'd and wander'd
Far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home,
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam;
Some are gone from us forever,
Longer here they might not stay,
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away,
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away.

There is still some few remaining
Who remind us of the past,
But the change as all things here
Nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on and pass forever,
What is coming, who can say?
Ere this closes many may be
Far away,
Ere this closes many may be
Far away, far away.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

Copyright, 1886, by Willis Woodward & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

A poor old man of seventy and his wife of sixty-two,
One night in Winter, when the snow fell fast,
They were making for the workhouse, for they were too old to toil
And they knew their span of life was closing fast;
He loving words was speaking to the poor old weary lass,
When his eye that moment rested on his son,
Who then tried to avoid him and pass on the other side,
But the old man spoke these words ere he was gone—

CHORUS.

You have quite forgot your father, now he's feeble, poor and old,
You have quite forgot your poor old mother, too;
You think yourself above us, now you're worth a lot of gold,
But you never know what time may bring you to.

You quite forget the time, my lad, when you were so dear to me,
When the other five by death were torn away,
And we freely spent our wealth on you, our only loving son,
To make you what you are in the world to-day—
We pinched and saved for you, my lad, and tended thee for years;
Just then the old man bent beneath the strain,
And the mother, too, with bended head, was shedding bitter tears,
And, in sobbing tones, these words were heard again—
You have quite forgot your father, &c.

The son had listened for some time, then he answered with a curse,
I cannot keep you, I've now no time to stay,
I have told you what I mean, and now don't bother any more;
And with these words he passed upon his way.
The man and wife drew closer, and both taking hand in hand,
They trudged along, with head and heart bowed down,
And as the workhouse door was closed upon this poor old aged pair,
I seemed to hear the breeze bring back the sound—
You have quite forgot your father, &c.

—Pray tell us, ladies, if you can, who is that highly favored man, who, though he's married many a wife, may be a bachelor all his life? A clergyman.

We Ought to be Thankful for That.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

An old colored preacher, while warning his flock,
Cried, meekness is satan's best hope,
If you want to be saved your purse must unlock,
And then a collection he took;
A deacon passed faithfully through the dark crowd,
But all he brought back was the hat;
The minister took it and said, half allowed,
Well, we ought to be thankful for that.

I went to the races one day,
With a party that was boisterous and loud,
They commenced to play poker, seven-up and faro,
And of course I joined in with the crowd;
They won all my clothing, my watch and my chain,
My umbrella, my coat and my hat—
I walked home in a barrel, in the pouring rain,
And of course was thankful for that.

The ladies are possessed of a very strong freak,
That threatens to peril our sex,
To dress like us men they continually seek,
And all of our garments annex;
They have taken our waistcoats,
Our shirts and cravats,
But up to this moment they left us our pants,
And we ought to be thankful for that.

LITTLE MEG AND I.

By Con. T. Murphy.

You ask me, mates, to spin a yarn
Before I go below;
Well, as the night is calm and bright,
And no chance for a blow,
I'll tell you one.
The story's true as ever yet was told,
For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead—
No! Not for gold.
The story is of a lass and lad
Who loved in days gone by;
The maiden was Meg Anderson,
The lad, messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg
Was very hard to find;
Why, she could climb the steepest hill,
Make five knots against the wind;
And as for larning, why hulks and spars!
I've often heard it said,
That she could give the scholars points,
And then come out ahead.
And the old schoolmaster used to say,
And, mates, it made me cry,
Not that the smartest there was little Meg,
But that the greatest dunce was I.

But what cared I for larning
When Meg was by my side;
For although a lad, I loved her, mates,
And for her would have died;
And she loved me, too, the little lass,
And often have I smiled
When she'd say she'd be my little wife.
'Twas the prattle of the child,
For there lay a gulf between us, mates,
With the waters running high;
On one side stood Meg Anderson,
On the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea,
And houses on the land;
My fortune!—why, mates, you might have held
My fortune in your hand.
Meg's father owned a vast domain
For miles along the shore;
My father owned a fishing smack
A hut, and nothing more.
I knew I never could win Meg,
No matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she,
On a bed of straw lay I.

But I never thought of leaving Meg,
Or Meg of leaving me;
For we were young, and little dreamt
That I should go to sea,
Till, one bright day, my father said,
"There's a whale-ship in the bay;
I want you, Bill, to make a cruise—
You go on board to-day."
Well, in two weeks' time
I had bid them all good-bye,
As on the dock stood little Meg,
And on the deck stood I.

Before sailing we always met
When e'er I went on shore,
And Meg would say, "Bill, when you're far away
I'll love you more and more;
And I'll be true to you
Through all the coming years;"
And as she spoke I saw her eyes
Were filled with pearly tears;
And so I whispered words of hope,
And kissed her eyelids dry.
Her last words were, "God bless you, Bill!"
So parted Meg and I.

Well, we sailed for many years,
Till one bright Summer's day
Our good ship, the "Nimrod,"
Cast anchor in the bay.
My heart beat high within me, mates,
To see her home once more;
And hundreds stood upon the pier,
To welcome us on shore.
But my heart sank down within me, mates,
As I gazed with anxious eye:
No little Meg stood on the dock,
As on the deck stood I.

Oh! mates, it almost broke my heart
When I went on shore that day,
And learned that little Meg had wed
While I was far away.
They told me, too, they'd forced her to it,
And wrecked her fair young life.
Just think, messmates, a child in years,
To be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so,
And what could she reply?
Only just fifteen was little Meg,
Just twenty-one was I.

Well, we sailed for three long years,
Perhaps it may be four,
One blustery night Jack Glenn and I
Were rowing towards the shore,
When right ahead of us we saw a sight
That made us hold our breath;
For there in the pale moonlight
Lay a woman cold in death!
I raised her up; Oh, God!
Messmates, that I had passed her by,
For there in the bay lay little Meg,
And over her stood I.

Next day we laid poor Meg away,
And nightly o'er the wave
My spirit wanders forth to keep
A watch beside her grave.
Her father knows not where she's laid,
Nor him who her betrayed.
There's only Bill, messmates, who knows
Where little Meg is laid.
In a quiet grove of willows,
Her father's house hard by;
There sleeps in peace my little Meg,
And here, messmates, am I.

—The female high hat at the theatre is an exhibition of bad taste that we could easily overlook—if the management would kindly provide us with a step ladder.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The Queen of Roumania, it is said, frequently delivers private lectures to her maids. Other women are very much like the Queen, only they do not confine their lectures to their maids.

MY QUEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Where and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day,
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlet's sheen;
She is standing somewhere, she I would honor,
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen.

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light,
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does it will sure be right.
And she may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm that is just between;
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my queen, my queen!
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my queen, my queen, my queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love.
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, ere I cease to love her,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen,
Ere I cease to love her, to love her, my queen!
Ah! my queen!

ADAM'S ALE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

A glass of cold water I'll drink when I'm thirsty,
My lungs it will cool, and my spirits will cheer;
It makes me feel joyful, so healthy and happy!
Then, fill up the pitcher, and hand it round here.
Away with your rum, punch, wine, beer and cider—
Your gin, rum and brandy will send you to jail!
Come all, you old drunkards, and join the tea-totallers,
And you'll have an abundance of Adam's good ale.

Contended I watch, and contended I study,
Contended I pray, and contended I sing;
I ne'er made a practice of drinking hot toddy,
For that is a vain and ungodly thing—
For, they that drink of it are poor wretched creatures,
With hunger their poor little children bewail;
Oh! come, drunken parents, provide for your family,
And join the blest band that drinks Adam's good ale.

The drunkard's a thief, a liar, and swearer,
A robber, and murderer of his own soul;
He starves and abuses and beggars his family—
He makes them go ragged, and filthy, and cold;
A robber of God, a seducer of neighbor,
A spoiler of Zion and her happy vale;
Ye, poor wretched creatures, come, give up your folly,
And join the blest band who drinks Adam's good ale.

The drunkard works hard, and he gives his week's wages
To furnish the landlord with every fine thing—
Fine beds and fine carpets and grand, splendid parlor,
A watch in his pocket, and jewels and rings;
A sumptuous living, and excellent clothing;
His wife dressed in silks, her gold rings, hat and veil—
Look 'round you, poor drunkard, examine your conduct,
And, now, make a trial of Adam's good ale.

This ale is so cheering, refreshing and cleansing—
It makes the whole world rich, healthy and gay;
It watered bright Eden, and Adam enjoyed it,
Before he transgressed or corrupted his way.
Not one single blessing, on this side of Jordan,
More free, meet or plenteous for man's happy vale;
It's granted in showers, sent down by the Powers
Of heaven, the Brewer of Adam's good ale!

AMERICAN DRINKS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The other night I'd been indulging—
Which I own is very silly—
And to rouse me up a little,
I began to think
I'd turn into the Cafe Riche,
Which, you know, is in Piccadilly,
And refresh my noble self
With something cool to drink.
Behind the bar, presiding,
Was a young and lovely maid;
I gracefully walked up to her,
And this is what I said:
"An American refresher
For myself I do intend;
As you know what is best, my dear,
What would you recommend?"

CHORUS.

A *Stonefence*, a *Rattlesnake*,
A *Renovator*, *Locomotive*,
Pick-me-up, or *Private Smile*,
By Jove! is worth a fiver—
A *Colleen Bawn*, a *Lady's Blush*,
A *Cocktail*, or a *Flash of Lightning*,
Juleps, *Smashes*, *Sangarees*,
Or else a *Corpse Reviver*.

"Well, really now you seem so bad,
Your looks I am commiserating,
Sir," said she, "but let me see—
I must have time to think."
She appeared so lovely,
So bewitching and so captivating;
"Any thing you may make," said I,
"My darling, I shall drink."
When, for some seconds more or less,
This charming girl had stood,
Said she: "I think an *Eye-Opener*, my dear,
Would do you good;
You're queer about the optics,
And you're husky in the voice;
But there's a card with list of drinks,
And from it take your choice."—*Chorus.*

Said I: "A *Private Smile* from you
Is really quite as sweet as honey,
And a *Lady's Blush* is more becoming
Than a frown;
A *Pick-me-up* is very nice, and,
Made by you, worth any money—
I'd enjoy a *Pick-me-up*,
If you would *Knock-me-down*."
Said she: "Oh! come, now that's enough, sir
You're inclined to rave,
I wish you would be quick and tell me
What you are going to have?"
Said I: "How can I choose, my dear,
From such a splendid lot?
I can't make up my mind,
So I'll have everything you've got."—*Chorus.*

Said she: "Now, don't be stupid,
For to take them all would be such folly—
One or two I'd recommend,
But, pray don't take the lot;
For, as all the drinks are iced, sir,
The result would be most melancholy,
I am very certain you would
Freeze upon the spot."
Said I: "I wouldn't care a pin,
I think it rather nice,
A *Smile* from you, I'm very sure,
Would quickly melt the ice;
And as I must make up my mind,
My choice at once I'll take:
Indulge me, please, by mixing
A luxurious *Rattlesnake*."—*Chorus*

—"Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?" "Course I did." "Then why don't you go to her, at once?" "Well, you see, she's nervous, and it 'd shock her awful if I should go too sudden."—*Exchange.*

THE LETTER CAME AT LAST.

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The letter came at last, tho' many years had past,
'Twas written by a mother's loving hand;
It told how far away she sorrowed day by day,
To see her boy who roamed a distant land.
The cottage-light had shone thro' nights so dark and lone,
To welcome him when ev'ry grief was past;
"Come back, my darling boy, my only hope and joy!"
With tears she wrote—the letter came at last.

CHORUS.

It was from a white-haired mother who had loved him as no other,
But now his weary soul from earth had past;
They laid it on his breast when he had gone to rest,
Tho' years had flown, the letter came at last.

How often would he wait 'till day was growing late,
Then sighing turn away—no letter came;
He seemed by all forgot, so hapless was his lot,
Ah! did the loved ones ever breathe his name?
"To-morrow I may hear," he sighed from year to year,
"To-morrow all my sorrow will be past!"
That longing heart was still, and far from earthly ill,
When to her boy the letter came at last.—*Chorus.*

Write a Loving Letter to Your Mother.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Write a loving letter to your mother,
Always try and share her lonely heart;
Promise that you'll never forget her,
And soon will meet, but never more to part.
Think how tenderly she used to nurse you,
A friend so true, you ne'er will find another;
So now you should repay those poor old hairs of gray,
So write a loving letter to your mother.

CHORUS.

Write a loving letter to your mother,
Always try to cheer her lonely heart;
Now you should repay those poor old hairs of gray,
So write a loving letter to your mother.

Write a loving letter to your mother,
Say that to your home you'll soon return;
Send her words of love and always cheer her,
Tell her that your heart for home does yearn.
Think how she wept when last you parted,
And tried her sad feelings then to smoothe,
So now when far away, for you she'll surely pray,
So write a loving letter to your mother.—*Chorus.*

—She—"Yes, we had a splendid time last Summer. Four other Vassar girls and I took a tramp through the Adirondacks." He—"Did the tramp have a good time?"

—City man—"What the blazes is the matter with that hen?" Farmer—"Nothing; she has just laid an egg." City man—"Great Scott! one would suppose she had laid the foundation of a brick block."

—A well-known brother of the press remarks in a recent issue: "It is not our fault that we are red-headed and small, and the next time one of those overgrown rural roosters in a ball-room reaches down for my head, and suggests that some one has lost a rose-bud out of his button-hole, there will be trouble."

—"Mamma," said an innocent of five years old, "when I grow to be a woman will I get married and have a wedding?" "I hope so, my dear. Why do you ask?" said mother. "Because, mamma, I shan't ask you to my wedding." "No! Why not, Mamie?" "Why, mamma, you didn't ask me to yours."

THE SPREE.

Written by Harry S. Miller.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm out for a spree, as no doubt you can see,
It's the cause of my wife and I quarreling;
It's a year now or more, since I've been full before,
But I mean to make this one a darling.
I've plenty of money to make the thing funny,
So order a bottle or two;
And drink while you're staying, I'll do all the paying,
And paint the town red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

For I'm out for a spree, for a spree you can see,
And I mean to get there just the same;
I've the boodle here for the wine or beer,
So set them up again.

I'm awfully full, I'm as tight as a bull,
But what's the odds 'long your merry;
I'm out for a spree, and I'll get there, you'll see,
So set up more Mumm's wine or sherry.
I feel like a lollar, care not for a dollar,
I'm out for to blow in my wealth;
So fill up your glasses, we'll drink to the lasses,
And, Fitzy, take something yourself.—*Chorus.*

The Hungry Boarding-House.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

In a Broadway house across the street,
Where all the hungry boarders eat,
At noon they open wide their gush,
To make short work of their soup and hash.
At nine o'clock they slip out of bed,
And fly down stairs to be fed;
They clean the table as slick as a mouse,
In the hungry, starving boarding-house.

CHORUS.

Nobody knows what the boarders eat,
Pass no remarks about the meat;
Just keep mum and close your mouth,
In the hungry, starving boarding-house.

The cooks they sleep on the second floor,
With a padlock hitched on every door,
So the hungry boarders can't get in.
Where was Moses when they douced the glim?
They make them sleep up in the attic,
And all night long they kick up a racket;
They give the chambermaid the run,
And chased her out with a Gatling gun.—*Chorus.*

A week ago a boarder skipped,
Faith! out of the window he fired his grip;
He lowered his trunk down with a rope,
And then for the freight train he did slope.
Next morning when they called the roll,
The landlord blessed his darling soul;
His daughter squealed out: "Oh, laws!
He's given us the finger for three weeks board."—*Chorus.*

—Johnny laboriously lugged a pail into the parlor where the family were assembled, and asked his maternal grandmother to kick it. "Why should I kick it, Johnny?" grandmother inquired in amazement. "Just to amuse papa," said Johnny. "He said he would give ten dollars any time to see you kick the bucket."

—A negro in Alabama was brought up for stealing a pair of chickens, but declared, solemnly, that he "didn't steal dem ar fowls," declaring, on the other hand, that the complainant had beaten him brutally with a club. "But," said the judge, "you're twice as large and strong as he is, why didn't you defend yourself?" "Why, jedge, see hyar; I had a chicken in each hand, an' what's two raw chickens ag'in a club?"

I Shall Never Make a Gentleman of You

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I feel like a fish out of water,
Fresh caught, and just thrown on the sand;
For I've married a gentleman's daughter,
Whose ways I do not understand;
You must know that I'm rough and I'm ready,
While she is refined and polite;
And though daily I try to improve myself,
I can never do anything right.

CHORUS.

I shall never make a gentleman of you, John,
I shall never make a gentleman of you;
For your manners and your style make everybody smile,
I shall never make a gentleman of you, John.

If I smoke a clay pipe there's a bother,
If I drink too much beer there's a row;
If I say a cross word, then her mother
Storms and goes on at me anyhow;
If I say, Look here! cheese it, old lady!
She faints or she lays down and kicks;
And she makes such a din, that the neighbors
Come in, and I'm in a deuce of a fix.—*Chorus.*

Only last week I took her out shopping,
To keep myself right then I tried;
But so long in each shop she kept stopping,
While patiently I waited outside;
While there, an old friend with a barrow,
Came by and shook me by the hand,
Saying, John, boy, I think you've enough for a drink,
So what are you going to stand?—*Chorus.*

To a ball we one day were invited,
So off with the missus I goes;
And thinking that I might be slighted,
I put on some extra good clothes;
My red coat and trousers looked nobby,
And thinking to show them what's what;
I'd a tie that was pink, calculated, I think,
To strike them all dumb on the spot.—*Chorus.*

Lessons Learned at a Mother's Knee.

Copyright, 1886, by John Stapf.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Around their mother's knee to-night,
My little children cling,
And in the slowly dying light,
I hear her softly sing;
The songs that best they love to hear,
Those sweet and simple lays,
They bear me back thro' many a year,
To childhood's happy days.

CHORUS.

But rest assured the years to come,
What e'er be fate degree,
Lessons that so taught are fairly burned,
On heart and brain should be,
Will bring to mind those wiser thoughts
Learned at a mother's knee.

What can she teach, that mother, dear,
To children who some day
May be our nation's guardian here,
Or champions far away?
Things that so taught are fairly burned,
On heart and brain should be,
Wisest and best, so easily learned,
Beside a mother's knee.—*Chorus.*

A taller structure may be made
Than she has ever known,
But all must spring from her who laid
The firm foundation stone.
In such a stone the builder places
Records that others find;
So here long hence mankind may brace
A mother's gentle mind.—*Chorus.*

BILLY JOHNSON'S BALL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Billy Johnson had been married
Just a twelve months and a day,
When he sent his friends some letters,
In which he went to say:
As how about just two months since
A baby had been sent,
So he'd give a ball to celebrate
The glorious event.

CHORUS.

Lar dar de dar and doodle, doodle, diddle,
They played upon the fiddle, and went up and down the middle;
Such jolly boys and pretty girls, enough to please you all,
A reg'lar brilliant sort of spree was Billy Johnson's ball.

There were the Jones-es-es, and the Brown-es-es,
And the Smith-es-es a score;
The Spriggins-es, the Scoggins-es,
And half a dozen more.
In Billy's room there wasn't room
To dance a decent jig,
So he went and took a big one
At "The Tinder-Box and Pig"

SPOKEN—An efficient band was provided, consisting of a fiddle, a tin whistle and a Jew's harp, and they played—*Chorus.*

They introduced the baby,
And we kissed it twice all 'round;
Mrs. Johnson was quite overcome,
Fell fainting to the ground.
But they brought her to with water,
And a drop of something in;
And when she felt herself again,
The dancing did begin.—*Chorus.*

In and out and round about,
Such a ball was never seen;
And every now and then
We'd a drop to drink between.
Billy Johnson he got dancing
With all the girls he'd find;
Mrs. Johnson she grew jealous,
And declared he was unkind.

SPOKEN—I make it a rule never to interfere in family quarrels, so I chose a lovely creature in red and yellow, and we glided into the—*Chorus.*

I drank love to the Jones-es,
I drank love to the Browns;
I tried to keep on dancing, but
'Twas somehow ups and downs.
To tell you how it ended,
I really am not able;
For I found myself next morning
Lying underneath the table.

SPOKEN—I felt rather confused, 'till a friend reminded me that I had been doing the—*Chorus.*

THE BLACK FLAG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh! ever a rover's life for me,
A gallant bark on the rolling sea;
On my own proud deck like a king I'll stand,
And brave hearts bow to their chief's command.
With canvass spread where'er I roam,
The deep, deep sea is to me a home;
And my heart on that will ever be,
With a black flag roving gallantly.

Mid thunder, war, and lightning's flash,
Onward, my bark, we'll proudly dash;
As swift as the flight of the hawk we'll sail,
And bravely ride through the wildest gale.
We shun no foe, we strike to none,
With broad sword gleaming or mounted gun;
But we'll meet them still on the dark sea,
With a black flag waving gallantly.

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CONTENTS:

An Irishman's toast
Angel's whisper
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Bard of Armagh
Beautiful isle of the sea
Bonny bunch of roses
Barney McCoy
Banks of Brandywine
Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
Beautiful shamrock of old
Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Bingen on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
Bushlamachree
Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Cow that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Sarsfield
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Eva, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat in father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarnee
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Lacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Mustied boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Aileen, Asthore
Mac's and the Gals
Meeting of the waters
Maine, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [She wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love!
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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CONTENTS:

A handful of earth
An agricultural Irish girl
Letter from Ireland
An Irish fair day
Bridget Donahue
Beauty of Limerick
Barney's courtship
Bold Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bold sojer boy
Old Irish soldier
Cara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Can't run down the Irish
Con O'Brien's raffle
Come old Irish gentleman
Corrigan, the lodger
Come an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Glen above the red
Glens of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Hogan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hermia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Muchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Ten-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Hann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
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Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Boo-hlack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary haf got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Muller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Maclaine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' marruficat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
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Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
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Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
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Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender pays a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Beethmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty whider
Der shoemaker's boy
Der highd pehind Ghristdmas
Der coming nann
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clare
Dot stuppern pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maid Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Ya'cob Strauss [aballs
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's party
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pell
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [1st Look
Schneider's dermarters
Schultzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

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CONTENTS:

As I sat upon my dear old
Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Avenging and bright
Are you with us, Casey?
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Cruiskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young Widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hellot John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It she vered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old duddeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible
Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Master Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo
Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Annchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht?
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Einmal hunderttausend Teufel
Ein im Süd das schöne Spanien
Und, ich bin zufrieden
F' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Aus dem Wirthshaus
Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im...er sein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im D...er
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer in mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

'ss all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Bergle bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame geno'
Draußʼ ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verlängt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maikäfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoostcher Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herum
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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This book contains a choice collection of Comic Speeches and Recitations, designed to meet the wants of those who wish to entertain their friends with something "relishable," or for those who like to while away their leisure time in reading something that is humorous and concise at the same time, also for those who wish to forget trouble and drive away melancholy, for the time being, and promote cheerfulness and wholesome laughter instead. Reader does this apply to you? If so, this book will fill the bill. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

A touching appeal
A lover of winter
Alone
An American Sam Weller
All about Mary Ann's moog
A weak spot in his record
Afeard of a gal
A mosquito bite
A mistake that made no dif
An untimely call [ference
A Dutch sermon
A regular correspondent
At the club lunch
Another imposition on the amiable Carl Dunder
An old soaker
A regular boy
An infallible remedy
A clever argument
A drink
Brudder Barnes is grieved at the lack of faith which Bartimeus [prevails
Better stay whar yo' is
Beware
Bad for the other fellow
Barber finds that every one in New York is for himself
Casey's table d'hote
Carl Dunder—No. 1
Carl Dunder—No. 2
Charge of the lightning Dishcomd [judge
Dutchman's experience
Der shoe-maker's boy
Der oak und der vine
Don't spoil dot feedle fun
Der times of long ago
Discouraging railway conDialect medley [versation
Dot vos not Peeness
Donkey was there
Don't unpack your samples till you've measured up
Dot baby off mine [your man
Embarrassed
Ethiopiomania
Farmer John's soliloquy
Fight in the wilderness
Fritz's courtship
Forgetful Isaac
Faithless Bridget M
Fly-copper's dream
Fitch
Grigg and his bones
Getzhem's hardy
Gals went over the fence
Go-away
He sought for gore
How Mr. McGinty won the
Her letters [widdy
How Jimmy tended the baby
His memory "all right"
Hans Yager on bustles
He gets dere shust de same
How his garments got
He will die soon [turned
Hochspieler's hired girl
Happy the man
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows id's own schooner
Irish widow
Irish inquest
Jork's gone dead
Jacob Beers
Joe's palpitation
J. W. Riley and Robert J. Burdette in many dreams
Kind of a bean to freeze to
Kept her promise
Like mother used to make
Larry's on the force
Little breeches
Larrie O'Dee
Lovers
Mrs. O'Flaherty fancy dress
Mine vamily [ball
Mister Johnsin's Thanksgiv-
Moses Strauss [ing turkey
Mine shildren
My musical neighbor
Mr. Diffident's speech
Mrs. O'Raherty's good
My baby [dream
Mecca of the West
Mary Ann's mother afraid of "that Gibbardi fella"
Moving to the city
Mr. Barney Boru McFinn declares his intentions
Neighbors were too brash and too curious for him
No rose without a thorn
Newly-arrived "Irish immi
Othography [grant
Ode to the full moon
Old dinner-horn
Odds and the evens
Often so
Parson Job Buck's sarmon
Perhaps the stingiest fellow
Pumpkins tree [on record
Pedagogue's wooing
Polly in a court-room
Raffle of Callaghan's pig
Simon Dutcher's polo experiSambo's wooing [once
Sorter man Jim is
Schmidt is grateful
Shust like me
School trustee
Silence
To a new legislator
Too previous
Tobias so to speak
Typewriter girl
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IT'S DUDISH, YOU KNOW.

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Just look at my shape and you'll certainly say,
It's dudish, by Jove! real dudish, you know;
That such a nice figure ain't seen every day,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.
You see I am framed in such delicate style,
That I'm really forced to move slow;
I'm sure I should wither in walking a mile,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.

REFRAIN.

It's dush, by Jove! it's dudish, you know,
All plain Yankee notions are awfully slow;
Dear boys, don't cher know our styles all the go?
It's dudish, by Jove! oh, it's dudish, you know.

I dress in the fashion, and you will agree,
It's dudish, by Jove! real dudish, you know;
That no fellow's tailor can rig him like me,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.
My bill for my clothing is just like myself,
In paying it I move so slow;
My tailor would gladly lay both on the shelf,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.—*Refrain.*

The ladies all love me and call me "a dear,"
I'm dudish, by Jove! real dudish, you know;
And when they caress me I feel awful queer,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.
They say, Ain't he cunning, he's such a cute air?
While kisses on me they bestow;
And with their soft fingers they bang my front hair.
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.—*Refrain.*

I eat angel cake, and I'm fond of ice cream,
It's dudish, by Jove! real dudish, you know;
If offered a beefsteak I know I should scream,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.
I'm really æsthetic, on roses I dote,
And lilies with petals of snow;
And the sweet little bird with melodious throat,
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.—*Refrain.*

I've got a nice poodle that's awfully sweet,
It's dudish, by Jove! real dudish, you know;
I take him along when I go on the street,
He's dudish, real dudish, you know.
He's got a blue blanket embwoidered with red,
And it weally confuses me so;
I don't know which they mean when the ladies call, Fwed!
It's dudish, real dudish, you know.—*Refrain.*

THE SPREE SONG

Sung by Geo. Beauchamp.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

A fortnight ago, boys, me and Martin Brallagan,
Timothy McCarty and Darby O'Callagan,
Went for a spree down to Patsy Murphy's restaurant,
And being fond of fun, of course, we took some girls along.
We said to Murphy: Bring us half a gallon in,
Also some whiskey for the girls, they are included in;
When he brought it in, we said: Shove it up to Flaherty,
For he's our boss, and will settle up on Saturday.

Murphy said: No! for he's had quite enough of us,
He strapped us and never got the stuff of us;
We'd done him brown, but we couldn't do him black again,
So he picked up the drink and was going to take it back again;
When up jumped McCarty, and asked him what he meant by it?
And swore if he did take it back he'd repent of it.
Murphy said: Och! and was going to take the pitcher,
When up jumped O'Callagan, and neatly knocked his snitcher.

He shouted: Murder! Police! and Suicide!
Then to help him, Brallagan rushed up to his side,
Gave him such a kick it nearly knocked his belly in,
Then he called the barman, Patsy Kelly, in.
In came Kelly, and he had a lot of swagger, too,
Brought in a poker and tongues, and daggers, too;
He got a clout that very soon hit him down,
Since that day poor Kelly's never sit down.

Bang went the bottles, and bang went the glasses, too,
We were enjoying it, and so were the lasses, too;
Smash went the windows, and smash went the furniture,
Then on the fire we put it for to burn it, sure.
Then in the bar-room we turned the rum and whiskey on,
That's what the boys and girls all got frisky on;
Big John Burke and little Martin Brallagan
Served us a trick, forget we never shall again.

Only because they couldn't get a drop o' gin,
What does they do but goes and calls a copper in;
He got his head split, then we had the laugh at him,
For when he was down we used his own club on him.
He blew his whistle, when up came a score of them,
Privates, detectives, sergeants, and more of them;
They were no use, for we soon got the best of them,
And when on the ground we danced on every chest of them.

One got away, faith! it's true what I told you,
He brought back with him a regiment of soldiers,
Also a magistrate, because we wouldn't quiet act,
And what does he do, but he goes and reads the riot act.
They seized McCarty, and then little Brallagan,
Then into them went the girls and O'Callagan;
They left sixteen dead upon the floor, they did,
And then I sloped out of the back door, I did.

They have ten warrants out for murder and robbery,
As for myself they can all go to bobery,
For I am going away as soon as day is dawning,
I set sail for Australia in the morning.

THE SCOTCH BRIGADE.

Copyright, 1887, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and his lassie,
The lad's name was Geordie, the lassie's was Jean;
She threw her arms 'round him and cried, "Do not leave me!"
For Geordie was going to fight for his Queen.
She gave him a lock of her bright auburn tresses,
She kiss'd him and press'd him once more to her heart;
Till his eyes spoke the love which his lips could not utter,
But the last word is spoken, they kiss and they part.

CHORUS.

Over the burning plains of Egypt,
Under a scorching sun,
He thought of the stories he'd have to tell
His love when the fight was won.
He treasured with care that dear lock of hair,
For his own darling Jeannie he prayed;
But his prayer was in vain, for she'll ne'er see again,
Her lad in the Scotch Brigade.

Tho' an ocean divided the lad from his lassie,
Tho' Geordie was forced far away o'er the foam;
His roof was the sky, and his bed was the desert,
But his heart with his Jeannie was always at home.
The morning that dawned on the famed day of battle,
Found Geordie enacting a true hero's part;
Till an enemy's bullet brought with it its billet,
And buried that dear lock of hair in his heart.—*Chorus.*

On the banks of the Clyde dwells a heart-broken mother,
They told her of how the great victory was won;
But the glory of England, to her brought no comfort,
For glory, to her, meant the loss of her son.
But Jeannie is with her to comfort and shield her,
Together they weep and together they pray;
And Jeannie her daughter will be while she lives,
For the sake of that laddie who died far away.—*Chorus.*

THE WEDDING MARCH.

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A wedding, whether large or small,
I always like to see;
I form my own conclusions,
While the rest are full of glee.
The wedding bells, of course, have tongues,
And every time they ring
I understand their language,
For I always hear them sing:

CHORUS.

There goes another one, it happens every day;
Ding, dong, march along! Isn't he a jay?
His wife will take him bye-and-bye and place him on the shelf,
There goes another man who's made a gilly of himself.

The night before he's married,
He must bid his pals good-bye;
The last drink of a single life
He swallows with a sigh.
Next day the job is finished,
And he's thankful that it's through;
He thinks the bells are cheering him,
Ah! if he only knew——*Chorus.*

'Tis only in the after years
The truth of it comes out;
His temper and his hair has gone,
And happiness, no doubt.
The pride is taken out of him,
And likewise all the starch;
And he says whene'er he hears
Another fellow's wedding march:—*Chorus.*

The Old Church of My Childhood.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

The old church of my childhood,
Built on the country green,
Was near a charming wildwood,
The fairest ever seen;
Far from the pastor's dwelling
It stood in peace alone;
Its rustic beauty telling
Of days forever flown.

CHORUS.

Each Sabbath morn the ringing
Of bells was loud and clear,
And then the old choir singing
Brought ev'ry heart good cheer.

The old church near the wildwood,
Its walls with moss overgrown,
Where in the days of childhood
Bright hours of peace I've known;
With tall and tow'ring steeple,
Where peeled the Sabbath bell,
And where the church-going people
Their faith and hope would tell.—*Chorus.*

The rock, the stream, the wildwood,
Are just the same to-day;
The old church of my childhood
Is now in slow decay.
We hear no more the ringing
Of bells so pure and clear;
No good old choir is singing
Those hymns we loved to hear.—*Chorus.*

—"Where's the molasses, Bill?" said a red-headed woman sharply to her son, who had returned with an empty jug. "None in the city, mother, every grocery store has a big black-board outside, with the letters chalked on it—'N. O. Molasses.'"

THE OLD WILLOW CRADLE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

It stands in the garret deserted and lone,
All dingy and broken, with webs overgrown;
The hands that once rocked it, how quiet are they,
The smiles that beamed o'er it have faded away.
A sweet angel mother once leaned o'er its side,
And sang to her baby, her darling and pride;
Oh, sad mem'ries gather, and tears downward creep,
That old willow cradle once rocked us to sleep, Ah!—

CHORUS.

'Twas rocking, still rocking, at twilight's sweet fall,
And rocking, still rocking, when night covered all;
A mother's fond prayer begged the angels to keep
Sweet watch o'er the cradle that rocked us to sleep.

A dear baby brother its pillow has pressed,
While angel-sweet lullabies sang him to rest;
Oh, sad were the tear-drops when empty it stood,
And gone was that brother so gentle and good.
His wee broken playthings lay near it that day,
When angels had borne him so softly away;
Oh, long o'er thy pillow a mother would weep,
Dear old willow cradle that rocked us to sleep, Ah!—*Chorus.*

It stands in the garret deserted and lone,
All dingy and broken, with webs overgrown;
And years have departed since I was a child,
And over my pathway my loved ones have smiled.
Yet oft in the pauses of world-weary strife,
The sweet early mem'ries will dawn on my life;
They bind to my heart, with affection so deep,
The old willow cradle that rocked us to sleep, Ah!—*Chorus.*

T A - R A - R U M.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There's a dirty gang of loafers on the corner of the block,
And whenever I go past they're sure to yell, Ta-ra-rum;
I don't know what it means, but still it gives me quite a shock,
And it hurts my feelings, too.
If I'm passing with a lady, they will holler, Chain him up,
And then somebody will start them off again, ta-ra-rum;
They will shout out to the lady, Buy a muzzle for your pup,
And it's me they mean, that's true.

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-rum, ta-ra-rum,
May the devil fly away with them and their ta-ra-rum;
I'll take a dose of poison, or myself I'll go and hang,
Through the chorus of that gang.

When they put me up for alderman a speech I tried to make,
But my mouth was scarcely open when they yelled, Ta-ra-rum;
Next morning on my eye I wore a half a pound of steak,
Where they hit me with a brick.
I went down to the court, to get a warrant I did try,
But the judge says, Serve you right, you look a bum, ta-ra-rum;
I went straight home and put my Sunday dinner on my eye,
So of politics I am sick.

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-rum, ta-ra-rum,
It gives me hydrophobia when I hear ta-ra-rum;
The country may be ruined for the want of aldermen,
But they won't fool me again.

Now I backed a horse at Brighton, and my money went to get,
When the betting man looked at me, and says he, Ta-ra-rum;
Says he, Why, don't you know, sir, that your horse is running yet,
And he'll be in sometime next year?
Of course, when he said that, the people 'round began to smile,
Then says I, You have my money, you may say, Ta-ra-rum;
But the horse that takes a year to run three-quarters of a mile,
Is a d——m bad horse I fear.

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-rum, ta-ra-rum,
You have my twenty dollars in your purse, ta-ra-rum;
You may go and buy a pistol, and I'll let you kill a fool,
If I ever buy another pool.

As Long as the World Goes Round.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There are times to be merry and times to be sad
On this changeable earth of ours;
There's a share of the good and a share of the bad
In our journey thro' thorns and flowers.
There are parts of the way that are blooming and gay,
There are parts that are stony ground;
And so it will be, I can easily see,
As long as the world goes round.

CHORUS.

As long as the world goes round,
As long as the world goes round,
And so it will be, I can easily see,
As long as the world goes round.

Tho' our hearts may grow faint in the battle of life,
'Tis a comfort at least to feel
That the morrow may bring a new turn to the strife,
In a turning of fortune's wheel.
Tho' the sky be o'ercast, there is sunshine at last
Where the blackest of clouds are found;
And so it will be, I can easily see,
As long as the world goes round.—*Chorus.*

Let us bow to the sorrows fate throws in our way,
There is hope when its frowns are worst;
And enjoy the bright weather of life while we may,
For to-morrow the storm will burst.
Seize the best when you can, bear the worst like a man
'Tis a motto both safe and sound;
And so it will be, I can easily see,
As long as the world goes round.—*Chorus.*

'Twill All Come Out in the Wash.

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I've a neat little song that I'll sing you to-night,
Of the things that we find in the wash;
Every day as we rub and we scrub in the tub,
And we splutter away with a splash.
You may talk of the castles you build in the air,
And the wonders that stiffen the roots of your hair,
But there's never a one that will ever compare
With the things that come out of the wash.

CHORUS.

With a rub, rub, rubbity rub,
And a scrub, scrub, scrubbity scrub,
In your tub, tub, tubbity tub,
The things that come out of the wash.

There's many a thing that we're sure to find,
That often comes out in the wash;
Like the vote of an alderman gentle and kind,
You would think that he came from Oshkosh.
He will give you his vote for your dollars and cents,
And grant you the gift of a railroad immense,
But the blessed a word about any expense
Until it comes out in the wash.—*Chorus.*

In politics, too, it is awfully true,
The reform that we hear is all bosh;
Oh! show me the man that is "square" if you can,
And who hasn't come out of the wash.
The Democrats say they are heartily glad
That the rascals are out, **but it's a pity, bedad!*
That the one is no better and the other as bad,
And the both of them need a good wash.—*Chorus.*

Did you ever come home to a pic-nic at night,
And stumble up stairs with a crash;
With a strange maiden's hair on your coatlet so bare,
And your pocket-book hungry for cash?
Your wife she will say, with a cynical smile:
"Oh! don't brush it off, dear, **I presume it's the style;*
Pray, make no excuse, sir, it isn't worth while,
Perhaps 'twill come out in the wash."—*Chorus.*

Have you read of the things that occur in the bank,
Of Jerry and Jimmy, and Josh;
And the frolicsome "fishes" that go to the tank
For to have a good swim in the wash?
When a fellow does wrong, how the papers will yell,
But the *judge* he will sigh and sadly say—**"Well,*
Oh! let the poor fellow skedaddle to ——,
Some day he'll come back for a wash!"—*Chorus.*

There's a new-fangled craze that we see now-a-days,
As the whip goes a swishity swash;
And the maiden will cry to her coachman: "Oh, my!
Come take me out, love, for a dash!"
Her papa will storm in a terrible rage,
But the maiden will say—**"I guess I'm of age!"*
And off she will skip and she'll go on the stage,
And never come back for a wash.—*Chorus.*

I've lived in a boarding-house many a day,
Where they fed me on something called "hash;"
And believe me or not, but 'tis true what I say,
It was tough as the bark of an ash.
I always supposed 'twas a great myster-ee,
Until it arose and it said unto me:
**"I'm the thing they're using to set Ireland free!*
And I'll never come out in the wash."—*Chorus.*

Now there is the preacher you hear in the church,
And often he is preaching you bosh;
For sure he's a screecher and seldom a teacher
Of the things that come out in the wash.
You may go through this world on a beautiful search,
But the lesson you've hunted way up in the church,
**That very same preacher has left in the lurch,*
And 'twill all come out in the wash.—*Chorus.*

The maiden you meet on the street very neat,
Is the darling that's out for the "mash;"
She is beautifully bright in the glare of the light,
'Tis the way that she uses the wash.
Her cheeks are as red and as ripe as a rose,
And her eyebrows are jet—**at least, we suppose—*
But indeed they are *false*, as everyone knows,
And you bet they'll come out in the wash.—*Chorus.*

Now my song it is done, and it isn't much fun
To pick out such things from the wash;
(*Holds up black baby.*)
But here is a caulker for Miss Mary Walker,
Oh, dearie, it looks like a squash.
I haven't a place for the poor little lad,
And the nary a one can I find for his dad;
**Won't nobody have him? he looks pretty bad,*
It's a pity, I'll give him a wash.—*Chorus.*

I presume you have read of some Generals of note,
Of princes and that kind of bosh;
But show me the one like our George Washington,
Who could wipe them all out with a swash.
And where is the man that can walk in the track
Of the ones we have lost who will never come back;
**Like Hancock and Grant, and our brave little Mac,*
The boys that have passed through the wash?—*Chorus.*

Now here is a thing, you can wager your life,
That has passed through the fire and the flash;
It has lived through the battle of many a strife,
And has never yet needed a wash.
'Tis the flag of our Union, that freedom has cast
To shelter her sons from the first to the last;
And you bet that the colors are solid and fast,
And will never come out in the wash.—*Chorus.*

*The words with an asterisk (*) should be spoken.

—"Pa, what is a Mother Hubbard?" "It is a kind of a covering that a woman uses when she gets too lazy to put on a dress."

—"Shall I vind the clock, fadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store. "No!" said the gentleman with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, und ve vill save the vear and tear on the veels."

RORY OF THE HILL.

"That rake up near the rafters,
Why leave it there so long?
The handle, of the best of ash,
Is smooth and straight, and strong;
And, mother, will you tell me,
Why did my father frown,
When to make the hay in Summer time,
I climbed to take it down?"
She looked into her husband's eyes,
While her own with light did fill,
"You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
Said Rory of the Hill.
The midnight moon is lighting up
The slopes of Sliav-na-man,
Whose foot affrights the startled hares
So long before the dawn!
He stopped just where the Anner's stream
Winds up the woods anear,
Then whistled low and looked around
To see the coast was clear.
A sheeling door flew open—
In he stepped with right good will—
"God, save all here, and bless your work,"
Said Rory of the Hill.
Right hearty was the welcome
That greeted him I ween,
For years gone by he fully proved
How well he loved the green;
And there was one amongst them
Who grasped him by the hand—
One who through all that weary time
Roamed on a foreign strand;
He brought them news from gallant friends
That made their heart-strings thrill—
"My *soul!* I never doubted them!"
Said Rory of the Hill.
They sat around the humble board
'Till dawning of the day,
And yet not song nor shout I heard—
No revelers were they;
Some brows flushed red with gladness,
While some were grimly pale;
But pale or red, from out those eyes
Flashed souls that never quail!
"And sing us now about the vow
They swore for to fulfill"—
"You'll read it yet in history,"
Said Rory of the Hill.
Next day the ashen handle
He took down from where it hung,
The toothed rake, full scornfully,
Into the fire he flung;
And in its stead a shining blade
Is gleaming once again—
(Oh! for a hundred thousand of
Such weapons and such men!)
Right soldierly he wielded it,
And going through his drill—
"Attention!—charge!—front, point!—advance!"
Cried Rory of the Hill.
She looked at him with woman's pride,
With pride and woman's fears;
She flew to him, she clung to him,
And dried away her tears.
He feels her pulse beat truly,
While her arms around him twine—
"Now God be praised for your stout heart,
Brave little wife of mine!"
He swung his first-born in the air,
While joy his heart did fill—
"You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,"
Said Rory of the Hill.
Oh, knowledge is a wondrous power,
And stronger than the wind;
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,
Before the might of mind;
The poet, and the orator,
The heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!
Yet trust me friends, dear Ireland's strength,
Her truest strength is still
The rough-and-ready roving boys,
Like Rory of the Hill.

MY MOTHER'S OLD SLIPPER

Copyright, 1887, by Frank P. Anderson.

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How well I remember the days of my childhood,
Its joys and deep sorrows, its pleasures and fears;
But nothing e'er left a more lasting impression,
Than mother's old slipper—its horrors and tears.

CHORUS.

My mother's old slipper, the terrible slipper,
That loose fitting slipper my mother did wear;
When ever I think of the days of my childhood,
My mother's old slipper is sure to be there.

I have met with disaster, and braved many dangers,
Been threatened with extermination and death;
Have been shipwrecked and left on a desolate island,
But mother's old slipper! the thought takes my breath!—*Chorus.*

I ne'er can forget her sweet smiles and caresses,
Her warm loving kisses and tenderly care;
How often she'd cheer me with kind words of comfort,
But mother's old slipper still raises my hair.—*Chorus.*

If I should displease her, be cross or unruly,
Grow sulky or careless, refuse to obey;
'Twas but for a moment—I knew what was coming—
My mother's old slipper soon carried the day.—*Chorus.*

I have studied at school, and have struggled to master
My lessons, in fact, I was called rather bright;
But as to real smartness, without hesitation,
My mother's old slipper produced it at at sight.—*Chorus.*

If I stood at the table while eating my dinner,
And sister should whisper: "Sit down, Charlie, pray!"
I would give such a look of complete desolation,
"My mother's old slipper," was all I could say.—*Chorus.*

BOTANY BAY.

Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, I was reared in White Chapel,
A 'prentice I was bound;
No livelier kid was ever known
Her majesty's country round.
I cut the master short one day
And started off alone,
And went to swiping handkerchiefs
Not many miles from home.

CHORUS.

They shipped me far away
To a penal colony,
Across the deep blue water
To the isle of Australia.
I took leg bail one day,
I could no longer stay;
I slipped the goal with a pleasant smile,
And sailed from Botany Bay.

I know a little barmaid,
All at the Royal Arms;
She is sweet on this ere covey
And his aggravating charms.
Her parents call her Dolly,
I call her Doll for short;
I gives her silken 'kerchief,
And that's how her I caught.—*Chorus.*

I did a bit in Newgate,
Likewise at old Bridewell;
Like Claude Duval and his jolly pal,
Carved my name all in the cell.
On the old treadmill it's all up hill,
It goes against the grain
Of Sammy Slap, the cleverest chap
From Costermonger Lane.—*Chorus.*

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Up from te valleys green mit yellow corn
Vhat stoodt up straighdt in te early morn,

Vhen te repels stretchedt dtheir draitor necks,
Do see vhat they soomtimes soon expects

Mit dot Frederick blace what sthand so sthill
Und quiedt do see vhat vas dtheir royal vill.

Roundt dot nice leedle town was pig apple drees,
Vhat schmell mighty sweedt do te honey pees,

Und make dot blace von garten of te Lord
Do dot grazy and hungry repel horde.

Vell so, on dot nice day vhen all vas so fine,
Vhen Lee marched along his repel line

Ofer dot roadt vinding te mountain down
Mit foot und horseback indo Frederick town

Dere vas seen 40 Johnny pattleflags
Flapping in te vind like crimson rags,

Und shining in te sun of dot early morn—
But dthey vas all nix py te hour of noon.

Pefore dot, some repel soldiers hauled down
A Yankee flag from a roof of Frederick town,

Und not anypody in all dot blace
Dare shook his nose in te repels' face;

But Barbara Fritchie of Frederick town
Took up dot flag vat de repels hauled down,

Und stuck it fast do her vindow-sill,
Do show dem scamps dot she loved it sthill.

Py dot dime, up te streedt vas hearddt te treadt
Of repels, mit Stonevall Shackson in te lead.

Stonevall he saw dot flag py dot vindow-sill,
Und stopped righdt off und gave a repel yell.

"Halt!" he cried oudt mit voice loudt und clear;
"Halt! Dond't you see dot flag flapping dere?"

All vas sthill at vonce like mice. "Fire!" he said,
"At dot Yankee flag shust righdt on aheadt!"

Dot leedle flag vas shoot through und through
Py dot Stonevall Shackson's repel crew,

Und it fell from its broken stick do te floor;
But Barbara Fritchie held it oudt vonce more

In te vind righdt ofer dot vindow-sill
Und waved it so—dot way—mit all her vill.

"Dond't shoot your country's leedle flag," she said,
"But shoot, if you must, my gray oldt head,

Vor it vas mime, and te flag vas your own!"
But Shackson he shust looked, und said, "March on;

Dot voomans vas doo tough do kill dot way;
March on! Let her die some oder day."

All dot day te tramp of marching repel feedt
Vas heardt along dot Frederick streedt,

Und all dot day dot leedle Yankee flag
Floutedt ofer every 40 repel rag.

Und alvays ofer Barbara Fritchie's grave
Dot flag of freedom vill alvays wave;

Und ever she vill from stars look down
On te Stars und Stribes in Frederick town.

Alonzo, the Brave, and Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright,
  Conversed as they sat on the green,
They gazed on each other with tender delight;
Alonzo, the brave, was the name of the knight,
  The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
  To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
  On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
  "Offensive to love and to me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
  Shall husband of Imogine be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
  Forgetting Alonzo, the brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side;
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
  And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
  His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold,
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
  Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
  Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
  And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blessed by the priest,
  The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
  When the bell of the castle tolled "one."

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
  That a stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific, he uttered no sound,
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
  But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
  His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter was hushed at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright,
  The lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
  The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled: "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
  And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent, the stranger complies,
  His vizor he slowly unclosed;
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes,
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
  When a skeleton's head was exposed?

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
  All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
  While the spectre addressed Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
  "Remember Alonzo, the brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
  And bear thee away to the grave."

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
  While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide yawning ground;
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
  Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the baron, and none since that time
  To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
  And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite
  When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
  And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
  Dancing 'round them pale spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo, the brave,
  And his consort, the false Imogine!"

Shall I Ever See My Old Home Any More?

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When young among my friends at home
I lived there peacefully,
But thinking I should like to roam,
I went away to sea;
And when the ship began to roll,
I look'd towards the shore,
And thought if ever I should see
My dear home any more.

CHORUS.

Shall I ever see my home any more?
Where my playmates used to call,
And play at bat and ball,
Shall I ever see my home any more?

One night there came a dreadful storm,
The thunder roared on high,
I felt a shock, she struck a rock,
I heard the captain cry:
"She must go down, all will be drowned,
We cannot reach the shore!"
And then I thought if I should see
My old home any more.—*Chorus.*

The life-boat soon was by our side,
Some of the crew jump'd in,
The others then jump'd overboard,
And tried their best to swim;
So being the last, I to the mast
Hung on 'till break of day,
While the sharks below swam to and fro,
I to myself did say:—*Chorus.*

At last a ship came by,
And I showed signals of distress,
Then Captain Ward took me on board,
He could do nothing less;
The ship sailed to a foreign part,
Where I'd not been before,
And I wonder if I e'er shall see
The old home any more.—*Chorus.*

'WAY DOWN IN MAINE.

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There was a girl in our town,
'Way down in Maine,
She loved a man named Billy Brown,
'Way down in Maine;
The neighbors said she was insane,
But she loved her Billy just the same,
And Bill he loved his Susan Jane,
'Way down in Maine.

CHORUS.

'Way down in Maine,
'Way down in Maine,
How I love that pretty yaller gal,
'Way down in Maine.

She was clerk in a hardware store,
'Way down in Maine,
And her heart with love was very sore,
'Way down in Maine;
She stole the arm of an eight-day clock,
And Bill stole chickens by the flock,
Now they're both in jail under a lock,
'Way down in Maine.—*Chorus.*

Oh, they let Bill out when he served his time,
'Way down in Maine,
And Bill sent the judge a valentine,
'Way down in Maine;
He took his girl out in a sleigh,
And he asked her to marry the very next day,
But the horse took fright and ran away,
'Way down in Maine.—*Chorus.*

CREEP INTO BED, MY BABY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la, ah!
Tra la la la, tra la la la la, ah!
Creep into bed, my baby,
Steal into bed, my darling;
Hurry to sleep, slumber thee deep,
Into bed creep, my loved one.
One little kiss for mamma,
One little kiss for me;
Turn out the light, 'till morning bright,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

CHORUS.

Tra la la, la la la, ley hie ye ho,
Sleep, baby, sleep, in slumber deep;
When o'er the hills the bright morning doth break,
Then, love, again, love, awake;
Then, love, again, love, awake,
Then, love, again, love, awake.

Creep into bed, my baby,
Steal into bed, my darling;
Hurry to sleep, slumber thee deep,
Into bed creep, my loved one.
See the bright moon is beaming,
Bright little stars gleaming;
Angels above watch o'er thee, love,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.—*Chorus.*

SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

I was brought up in Sheffield, not of a high degree,
My parents they doated on me, they had no more but me;
I rolled in such pleasure, just where my fancy led,
'Till I was bound apprentice, then all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
I took a resolution not long with him to dwell;
Unknown to my poor parents, from him I ran away,
I steered my course to London—oh, cursed be the day!

A handsome young lady from Holland was there,
She offered me great wages to serve her a year;
Oh, then with great persuasions with her I did agree,
To go to live in Holland, which proved my destiny.

I had not been in Holland past years, two or three,
Before that my young mistress grew very fond of me;
She said her gold and silver, her houses and her land,
If I'd consent to marry her, should be at my command.

I said, dear honored lady, I cannot wed you both,
For I have lately promised and made a solemn oath,
To wed none but Polly, your pretty chambermaid,
Excuse me, my dear mistress, she has my heart betrayed.

Then in angry humor away from me did run,
Resolved to be revenged before it was long;
She being perplexed, she could not be my wife,
That she would seek a project to take away my life.

One day as we were walking, all in the garden gay,
The flowers they were springing so delightful and gay,
A gold ring from her finger, as I was passing by,
She slipped into my pocket, and for it I must die.

My mistress swore I robbed her, and quickly I was brought
Before a grave old justice, to answer for my fault;
Long time I pleaded innocent, but it was of no avail,
She swore so hard against me, that I was put to jail.

It's now the last assizes are drawing on a pace,
And presently the judge will on me sentence pass;
From the place of confinement they brought me to the tree,
So woe to my mistress, for she has ruined me.

All you that stand around me, my wretched fate to see,
Don't glory in my downfall, I pray, you pity me;
Believe I'm quite innocent, I bid the world adieu,
Farewell, my pretty Polly, I die for love of you.

In the Window a Light I Can see.

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O'er the proud swelling sea, with my heart light and free,
And my thoughts drifting back to my home,
Many years they have past since our good ship was cast
A wreck on the ocean alone.
I was only a boy, a fond mother's joy,
Who lives in a cot by the sea;
And as homeward I go, my heart tells me so,
In the window a light I can see.

CHORUS.

In the window a light I can see burning bright,
It fills me with joy and with glee;
From old cottage home ne'er again will I roam—
In the window a light I can see.

Oh, it seems but a day since I sailed far away,
And kissed my dear mother good-bye,
With her arms 'round my neck, as we stood on the deck,
Our flag waving proud to the sky.
Oh, promise, she said, with her hands on my head,
You'll be all that I wish you to be!
And returning with joy, brings me back a boy—
In the window a light I can see;—*Chorus.*

Now at last I am here, but with sad, silent tear,
My heart sinks within me like lead;
I knock on the door, but she answers no more,
My fond loving mother is dead.
In heaven above I shall meet her in love,
As an angel her face I can see;
In a mansion on high, like a star in the sky,
In the window a light I can see.—*Chorus.*

You'll Get There All the Same.

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Oh, hark to my song, for I've got some points for you,
And well would it be if the half you only knew;
In wooing a wife oft sweet words will swiftly flow,
But this I will say, you'd better at first go slow.
Better keep single than to wed in a hurry,
Better keep cool than to get yourself in a flurry;
Time will work wonders, only push onward ever,
Then you'll not get left, then you'll not get left, never.

CHORUS.

You'll get there all the same, you'll get there the same,
You'll get there the same, yes, you'll get there the same;
You'll get there all the same, you'll get there the same,
You'll get there the same, you'll get there all the same.

Most folks think it wrong if you sell them chalk for cheese,
But old Uncle Sam small things like this he never sees;
His dollar is short just by ten or twenty cents,
But he that gets burnt is the one that first repents.
Better use greenbacks than to use short-weight money,
Better be just than to be so very funny;
Time will work wonders, only don't you forget it,
Better stop silver, then you'll never regret it.—*Chorus.*

Bob Ingersoll says there's no place as—well,
Perhaps it is best on those subjects not long to dwell;
But this I may say, he will find out some warm day,
That somehow or other he's going that way.
Robert, oh, Robert, you are much mistaken,
Brimstone you think will not harm you ever;
But tho' you say you will go there never,
You'll get there the same, you'll get there all the same.—*Chorus.*

They say in some States they will sell you not a dram,
But I have found out that it's really a sham;
Though taverns are closed you will find at each drug store
A place for dry people behind the little door.
Better keep sober than swallow bad whiskey,
Friends, I've been there and I know that it's risky;
Well, too, I know, if you would wet up your whistle,
Quickly you'd prove that all the law was a fizzle.—*Chorus.*

'Tis said Belva Lockwood will fight for woman's rights,
But only an old maid in such a cause delights;
The pretty girls marry making useful loving wives,
And thus become angels the balance of their lives.
Better get married, so young folks get married,
Don't wait for riches now, young man, if you've tarried;
Dishes are plenty, and so you will find ladies,
And if you want to own a pair of fine cradles.—*Chorus.*

I bought me a lamp, as my gas bills were so high,
And thought I'd save cash, at least, I was bound to try;
I cut off the meter and thought the trick I'd found,
But somehow the hands kept moving round and round.
Coal oil is cheaper for the folks who will burn it,
But to save gas the how you will never learn it;
Gas bills keep growing, they thrive like mosquitoes,
Two things you can't stop, tongues of old maids and meters.—*Chor.*

THE ILL-FATED HURON.

Tune—"Napoleon's Dream."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, sad is the event that happened of late,
Once more sorrow is spread o'er our nation;
An event that can't help but bring forth a sigh,
From all and no matter what station.
Oh, where is there one a sigh can hold back,
When he thinks on the fate of the poor sailor, Jack;
When he thinks on the Jacks that are now dead and gone,
Who were last with the ill-fated Huron?
Oh, where is there one a sigh can hold back,
When he thinks on the fate of the poor sailor, Jack;
When he thinks on the Jacks that are now dead and gone,
Who were last with the ill-fated Huron?

Oh, bright were the hopes of this ill-fated crew
A short time before the ship starting;
Some writing to mothers and fathers so dear,
While others from dear friends were parting.
The time came at last, the anchor was weighed,
The ship heading seaward with men not afraid;
But death with its shadows were leading them on,
The crew of the ill-fated Huron.
The time came at last, the anchor was weighed,
The ship heading seaward with men not afraid;
But death with its shadows were leading them on,
The crew of the ill-fated Huron.

The clouds o'er the sky were both angry and dark,
The winds they controlled the wide ocean;
The spray from the bows of the noble ship flew,
The billows were in fearful motion.
Their compass was foul, and their ship was astray,
And to steer out of danger they knew not which way;
O, fate was against them, their course it was wrong,
The crew of the ill-fated Huron.
Their compass was foul, and their ship was astray,
And to steer out of danger they knew not which way;
Oh, fate was against them, their course it was wrong,
The crew of the ill-fated Huron.

The ship struck at last, the seas washed her o'er,
Her boats from the davits were taken;
Some breasted the waves, while more on their knees
The mercy of God were imploring.
But now they are gone, and the storm it is past,
The voice of command they obeyed to the last;
Let every one pray for the Jacks dead and gone,
That were lost with the ill-fated Huron.
But now they are gone, and the storm it is past,
The voice of command they obeyed to the last;
Let every one pray for the Jacks dead and gone,
That were lost with the ill-fated Huron.

—A little lad who is accustomed to say his prayers every night has made it his especial petition for a week past to ask for "pleasant weather." As may be understood, the daily responses have not been very encouraging to him, and when he got to this point in his little prayer last night he stopped short, opened his eyes, and asked his waiting mother in plaintive voice: "Mamma, do you think God will say 'chestnut' if I ask for that pleasant weather again?"

Dot Beautiful Hebrew Girl.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

I fell in love mit a Hebrew girl,
Ku-bitz-ky vas her name;
She served in an Irish family,
Dot *shick-sa*, vhat a shame!
Her hair vas red, her nose vas large,
Her eyes were black as night;
I almost got *me-shug-ga*
Vhen of her I first caught sight.

CHORUS.

Dot beautiful Hebrew girl,
Her hair dot vas done up in curls;
Her name it vas Lulu, she vent to the *schula*,
She could dance, she could sing, she could paint.
She could play the piano so nice and so fine,
Shust like Mr. Rubenstein;
I'd have you to know, sir, you bet she vas *ko-scher*,
Dot beautiful girl of mine.

When at her brother's *bar-mitz-va*
I met this Hebrew fair;
The Rosenbaums, the Lowenthals,
The Levys, dey vere dere.
I asked her to be mine dot night,
Oh, what a *hutz-pa* 'twas;
She smiled on me and said all right,
I will, why, of *acoss.*—*Chorus.*

Den everybody dot vas dere
Said *massel-too* and *bro-cha*,
Kapores and *machulla*, too,
Lach-hyme to the whole *mish-po-cha*.
We had soura fish and *motzes* then,
And *yomtoff-kloes* so fine;
And ere another month was past,
Dot Hebrew girl was mine.—*Chorus.*

We're married now, and happy, too.
We've got a little boy;
You bet he's no *moschoves* kid,
He is his *tata's* joy.
He never will a *schnorrer* be,
But keep a shewelry store;
He'll make *mezummes* plenty den,
With three balls on the door.—*Chorus.*

TRANSLATION OF HEBREW INTO ENGLISH.

Hebrew.	*English.*
Ku-bitz-ky	A name
Shick-sa	Servant
Me-shug-ga	Crazy
Schu-la	Church
Ko-scher	Good, or anything fine
Bar-mitz-va	Confirmation
Hutz-pa	Cheek
A-coss	Of course
Massel-too	Luck
Bro-cha	Blessing
Kapores	Broke, or no good
Maschulla	Gone, or lost
Lach-hyme	Long life
Mish-po-cha	Family
Yomtoff-kloes	Holiday dumplings
Moschoves	Trash
Tata	Father
Schnorrer	Beggar
Mezummes	Money

"I understand, sir," he began as he walked into a Grand River avenue grocery, "that you say I don't pay my debts. I owe you $4. Take it out of that $5." "Yes—ah—take it out—there's your change. No, sir, I never said anything of the kind. What I did say was that I wished you owed me a hundred dollars, as I was sure of getting my money." "Oh, that was it? Well, why didn't you say so before I paid the account?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ACCENT ON.

Copyright, 1886, by Sydney Rosenfeld.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

In speaking we should emphasize the proper sound, of course,
It's strange how oft the accent gives a word its proper force;
To properly accentuate some plan should be pursued,
Thus when we use the word subdued, put the accent on the "dude,"
Thus when we use the word subdued, put the accent on the "dude."

The small boy to the grocer said: We're out of cash to-day,
But daddy says if you will trust, why all the more he'll pay!
The grocer said: Go home, my son, and tell your daddy quick,
I like not his arithmetic, with the accent on the "tick,"
I like not his arithmetic, with the accent on the "tick."

A married man went on a spree and tasted all the taps,
He reached his doorstep in a state of positive collapse;
His wife looked out the window as the bell he tried to pull,
Says she: Well, you are beautiful, with the accent on the "full,"
Says she: Well, you are beautiful, with the accent on the "full."

Now once there was a wicked youth who spent his father's cash,
In gambling all the livelong day until there came a crash,
His father spoke with tearful eyes: My son, your steps retrace,
You are a very sad disgrace, with the accent on the "ace,"
You are a very sad disgrace, with the accent on the "ace."

Two ladies once discussed the mouths that each or both possessed,
Both mouths were large, 'twas hard to say which was more nobly blessed;
Yours is a tiny little thing, one cried with fitful spasm,
But this you know was pure sarcasm, with the accent on the "chasm,"
But this you know was pure sarcasm, with the accent on the "chasm."

Thank you, kind friends, for this applause, it's more than I deserve,
It only goes to show how much a man can do with nerve;
But now the moment comes when I no longer am inspired,
'Twere best perhaps that I retired, with the accent on the "tired,"
'Twere best perhaps that I retired, with the accent on the "tired."

LITTLE AH SID.

Copyright, 1886, by F. A. North & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Little Ah Sid was a Chinee kid,
A cut little cub you'd declare,
With eyes full of fun, and a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

CHORUS.

Ki-ya, Ki-ya, Kyip-ye, yu-ka-kan,
Ky-ya, Ki-ya, yu-ka-kan,
Sang little Ah Sid, the Chinee kid,
As he played thro' the long Summer day.

Jolly and fat was the frolicsome brat
As he played thro' the long Summer day,
And braided his cue as his father used to
In China land, far, far away.—*Chorus.*

Once o'er a lawn, that Ah Sid played upon,
A bumble bee flew in the Spring;
Melican butterfly! cried he, winking his eye,
Me catchee and pull off um wing.—*Chorus.*

Then with his cap he struck it a rap,
This innocent bumble bee,
And put its remains in the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinee.—*Chorus.*

Down on the green sat the little sardine,
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said, with a grin, that was brimful of sin,
Me mashee um buttleefly, sure.—*Chorus.*

Little Ah Sid was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug he was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.—*Chorus.*

Ki-ya, Kyip-ye, Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from the spot;
Kayi-yu-ka-kan, hang um Melican man,
Um buttleefly velly much hot.

CHORUS.

Ki-ya, Kyip-ye, Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from the spot;
Kayi-yu-ka-kan, hang um Melican man,
Um buttleefly velly much hot.

PAT O'HARA.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I am an Irish boy, and my heart is full of joy,
I owe my breath to famous Limerick City;
I can handle well the twig, or flitter an Irish jig,
Or give you a stave of a native ditty.
My heart is seldom sad, I like to make folks glad,
And the girls' eyes a twinkling like a star, oh!
I'm always at my ease, for my friends I love to tease,
I'm the rattling, rowling, teasing Pat O'Hara.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! my Irish boys, that's fond of fun and noise,
There's not from Dublin down to Connermara,
Or from Limerick to Kildare, a boy that can compare
With rattling, rowling, teasing Pat O'Hara.

And on a pattern day my heart is light and gay,
I frisk across the green sod light and gayly;
I am always up to fun, but was never known to run,
For that would be disgrace to my shillalah.
If a colleen, too, you see that's looking after me,
And faix, her name is Kitty McNamara;
With two eyes as black as sloes, that wherever I may go,
They are always chasing after Pat O'Hara.—*Chorus.*

I love the emerald sod where in childhood first I trod,
With its hills and valleys clothed in shamrocks green;
And its colleens sweet and fair, few with them can compare,
For their equal's mighty seldom to be seen, sure.
Though the times have changed this while in dear ould Erin's isle,
And many have had to wander near and far, oh!
Arrah! just keep up your heart, you'll find that the better part,
'Tis the style that always pleases Pat O'Hara.—*Chorus.*

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Down by a river beside a flowing stream,
Down in an orchard where birds sweetly dream;
Down in a cottage beneath the starlight's gleam,
Hangs a dear old clock upon the wall.
And by night and by day it ever seems to say:
"Tick tock, time is fleeting by,
Hear me tick, hear me tock, I'm the old cottage clock,
And for years I've lived and never die;
And I'll still tick on when you're dead and gone,
So make you hay while the sun shines."

CHORUS.

Tic—k—toc—k,
Hark! I give you warning,
Time will fly—to-morrow you die—
So make you hay while the sun shines.

Oft I remember when in the days gone by,
Sitting so lonely I'd hear my mother sigh,
As with a blessing she'd draw unto me nigh,
And point to the clock upon the wall.
'Tis the same sad song, 'twill ever roll along:
"Tick tock, time is fleeting by,
Hear me tick, hear me tock, I'm the old cottage clock,
And for years I've lived and never die;
And I'll still tick on when you're dead and gone,
So make you hay while the sun shines."—*Chorus*

Hark! 'tis a warning that ever seems to say:
"Up, and be doing, there'll come a rainy day;
Bright sunny hours will soon fade away,
So list to the clock upon the wall."
'Tis the same sad song, 'twill ever roll along:
"Tick tock, time is fleeting by,
Hear me tick, hear me tock, I'm the old cottage clock,
And for years I've lived and never die;
And I'll still tick on when you're dead and gone,
So make you hay while the sun shines."—*Chorus.*

While the Blue Laws are in Force.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Model town of Gotham
Changing all our ways,
Old-fashioned Sunday blue laws,
The latest religious craze;
The old deceitful devil,
We'll leave him in the lurch,
We'll never again be naughty,
We're going to join the church.
We'll pray for all the heathens,
Likewise the tramps and bums,
Bid good-bye to rock and rye,
Hot toddy, rum and gum;
Oh, the new code is a corker,
'Twould paralyze a horse,
We're a happy set of christians
While the blue laws are in force.

Policemen in a muddle,
Judges a little mixed,
Bully jobs for lawyers
Until the thing is fixed;
Members of legistature,
Heads are made of wood,
Couldn't make a good law,
And wouldn't if they could.
Barbers got a holiday
And a chance to save their breath,
Tired of scraping sinners
And talking them to death;
Preachers in their glory,
Suits them all, of course,
We're a happy set of christians
While the blue laws are in force

Don't speak above a whisper,
You'll disturb the Sabbath day,
Awful wicked newsboy,
Cheese it and keep away;
If they collar the daring bootblack,
To prison he must go,
The baker is hot as an oven,
For all his cakes are dough.
They'll arrest the butchers for skinning
The gay and festive calf,
But the sheenies on the Bowery
Are the boys that have the laugh;
Keep open on a Sunday,
Ve sell clothing, vy, of course,
We're a happy set of christians
While the blue laws are in force.

MY OLD SCARLET COAT.

As sung by Tony Hart.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Here's my old scarlet coat, which my father before me
Oft wore cross the fields in the chase,
It is dear to my heart for the memory it brings,
For it never clothed pride or disgrace;
Though many a cropper it's witnessed, my friends,
Itself always rode straight to hounds;
Though 'tis faded and worn, and in places 'tis torn,
Faith, its worth can't be reckoned in pounds.

CHORUS.

'Tis a heirloom, d'ye see, from father to son,
And I prize it because of that same;
It has followed the chase with dog, horse and gun,
And has never disgraced its good name.

This button was lost when I jumped the high hedge,
And this left sleeve has crept 'round a girl's slender waist,
When no other creature was nigh;
Sure the nap's so bad, but it might have been worse
And the tails, sure they're still in their place,
Though I lost thim one day in a bit of a fray
We had at a rolickin' race.—*Chorus.*

I LIKE IT, I DO.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

A glass of champagne is injurious, I fear,
But I like it, I like it, I do;
It has caused many smiles and many a tear,
But I like it, I like it, I do.
A supper's a thing that is greatly desired,
Along with a fair one beloved and admired;
You go home very late feeling awfully tired,
But I like it, I like it, I do.

A kiss on the sly is quite wrong, I confess,
But I like it, I like it, I do;
Although such behavior I always repress,
I like it, I like it, I do.
A stroll all alone on a bright moonlight night
Is neither enjoyable, proper, nor right;
But when a young man is just holding you tight
I like it, I like it, I do.

Draw-poker's a game that peculiar is quite,
But I like it, I like it, I do;
You sit down for an hour and stay there all night,
But I like it, I like it, I do.
According to fortune your views change about,
It's skill when you win, and luck when you're out;
But you all know about it, I haven't a doubt,
But I like it, I like it, I do.

A sleigh ride in Winter is jolly, you see,
And I like it, I like it, I do;
You glide o'er the snowbanks so merry and free,
That I like it, I like it, I do.
Sometimes it is stories, and sometimes it's song,
Wrapped up in warm furs you can suffer no harm;
And if your escort can just drive with one arm,
I like it, I like it, I do.

THE BLARNEY.

As sung by Tony Hart.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There's a castle in Dublin, convenient to Cork
And Killarney, Killarney,
There's a stone in its tower that a wonder can work,
And that's blarney, that's blarney.
There's a neat little village in which stands a mill,
That goes grinding out cloth and that's grinding there still;
And a plasing discoorse you can larn, if you will,
And that's blarney, that's blarney.

There are tie-ups and strikes in all parts of the land,
Let them warn yer, yes, warn yer,
That the rich and the poor must each one understand,
And no blarney, no blarney.
For when labor and capital each has their right,
There's no striking by day, or no burning by night;
We will all live in peace without dynamite,
And no blarney, no blarney.

Uncle Sam got his dander rize way up on end,
And says, darn yer, yes, darn yer;
A stout helping hand to ould Ireland I'll lend,
And no blarney, no blarney.
I've helped with cash, and I've helped with corn,
And I've helped her while starving, distressed and forlorn:
And I'll help her a nation once more to be born,
That's no blarney, no blarney.

The great statue of Liberty enlighting the world,
Is all blarney, all blarney;
Though the star-spangled banner is boldly unfurled,
It don't consarn yer, consarn yer.
Tho' Liberty's torch may light Bedloe's lone isle,
'Tis a will-o'-the-wisp that's burns but to beguile;
For 'tis boodle that wins in the end all the while,
And no blarney, no blarney.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Her cheeks are like lilies and roses,
Her lips they are peaches and cream;
Her smile a wee dimple discloses,
A couch where a fairy might dream.
She's free from all new-fangled notions
The man who gets her gets a pearl;
For good, honest love and affection,
Oh, give me the old-fashioned girl.

CHORUS.

No fol-de-rols over her bonnet,
Her locks have a natural curl;
No necktie with beau-catchers on it
Has the old-fashioned, everyday girl.

Now just let us vary the picture,
The new-fashioned girl comes in sight;
Her hair, you can bet, is no fixture,
Her waist is the least little mite.
Her face isn't made up for kissing,
It's covered with powder called pearl;
You don't dip your nose in a flour barrel
In kissing the old-fashioned girl.—*Chorus.*

She doesn't wear "bangs," and her "tooties"
Won't go in a number one shoe;
A calico dress shows her beauties,
She don't melt in rain or in dew.
She wouldn't be seen in a Derby,
And yet she sets hearts in a whirl;
She's just a sweet little home body,
Is the good-natured, old-fashioned girl.—*Chorus.*

Then give me the girl of my fancy,
Who's not a "blonde," dyed in the wool;
Some substantial Nelly or Nancy
We used to meet often at school.
A buttertly's all very charming,
But give me of women the pearl;
The girl for all times and all seasons,
The old-fashioned, everyday girl.—*Chorus.*

NELLY BRADY.

As sung by Tony Hart.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There's a colleen fair with nut brown hair
And laughing eyes of blue,
With a form sublime and a face divine,
She's the image, Nell, of you.
None can compete with her smile so sweet,
Cheeks and lips of rosy hue;
Diana fair, cannot compare
With this colleen like you.

CHORUS.

Nelly Brady is the name of the lady,
The same as yours, 'tis true;
I'd not be surprised if you had surmised
That this colleen was you.

There's a boy I know that loves her so,
And an honest heart has he;
He's an awful sight, sure he's worthless quite,
Well, bedad, he's just like me.
His coat is torn, but his heart's not worn,
And no deed he dare not do,
To bless the life of his little wife,
If that little wife should resemble you.

CHORUS.

Con O'Grady, do you mind, young lady,
Is the name of the boy, do you see?
And if your name is Brady, you'll change to O'Grady,
I think that same gossoon I'll be.

CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

Tune—"Milwaukee Fire."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

It was a pleasant August evening, and the city was at rest,
Peace and quiet reigned on every hand,
When a dreadful crash was heard, that struck terror to the souls
Of every one who heard it throughout the land;
The people were distracted, from their houses they did flee,
For they felt that they were safer in the street,
The houses they were tumbling down, and the crowds did hurry on
To escape the terrible doom that they might meet.

CHORUS.

Mothers with their children clasped so tight in their arm,
Left their homes where they had dwelt for many a year,
To wander up and down, and sleep upon the cold, damp ground,
For no place of safety but the parks was near.

Everything was in confusion, both the rich and poor alike,
Were praying for the morning to appear,
To break the gloom that hung o'er them upon that wretched night,
That filled their hearts with misery and fear;
Amidst the great excitement, a poor, old, feeble man,
Although weak, his life he tried hard to save,
But as he reached the landing the walls did tumble in,
Beneath the ruins he had found a silent grave.

CHORUS.

Charleston is in ruins, and the people are in want,
Let every one do what is in their power
To aid the poor unfortunates that are now in distress,
And send relief for them in this, their saddest hour

Dese Bones Shall Rise Again.

Copyright, 1880, by John F. Perry & Co.

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Oh, young children, don't be ashamed,
Dese bones shall rise again,
To deny your father's name,
Dese bones shall rise again;
Judgement day is rollin' round,
Dese bones shall rise again,
When de gospel trumpet it shall sound,
Dese bones shall rise again.

CHORUS.

Den I know, I do know, children,
I know dat dese bones shall rise again;
Den I know, I do know, children,
I know dat dese bones shall rise again.

Some dese mornin's bright and fair,
Dese bones shall rise again,
We'll meet de Lord up in de air,
Dese bones shall rise again;
I know my back's chock full ob sin,
Dese bones shall rise again,
I know Uncle Pete's gwine to let me in,
Dese bones shall rise again.—*Chorus.*

Come, ye children, go wid me,
Dese bones shall rise again,
I'se gwine whar de Lord will sot us free,
Dese bones shall rise again;
I'll shake de dust right off my feet,
Dese bones shall rise again,
And walk up and down dem golden streets,
Dese bones shall rise again.—*Chorus.*

—He had been courting her for six months without coming to the point, when she turned on him one evening with: "Charles, isn't it awful for a girl like me to have to worry over how I shall invest $75,000?" He thought it was and three months later they were married. "I'll invest that $75,000 for you, my dear," he observed a day or two after marriage. "Oh, I was afraid some one might love me for my money, and I gave it to Papa," was the artless reply.

My Own Sweet Nellie Bawn.

Copyright, 1880, by Willis Woodward & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Written and sung by Banks Winter.

By the Shannon side there dwells a girl
With eyes of heav'nly blue,
That laugh and dance with gay delight,
And pierce you through and through.
To steal a kiss from her sweet lips,
You'd wander many miles,
It's always Summer when you meet
The sunshine of her smiles.

CHORUS.

I think about her all the day,
At sunset and at dawn;
The lovely queen of Connaught
Is my own sweet Nellie Bawn.

By the Shannon side, when Summer comes,
Once more I will be seen,
To claim the heart she promised me,
And bear away my queen.
No breath of care shall touch her cheek
While I am by her side,
Our lives shall like the Shannon flow,
With Nellie Bawn, my bride.—*Chorus.*

There's a Little Vacant Chair.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

There is a little vacant chair,
The dearest keepsake in our home,
Left by our baby darling there,
Who now in angel land doth roam;
We often look on it and weep,
We cherish it with tender care,
And pleasant are the thoughts we keep
Of this little vacant chair.

CHORUS.

It is a little vacant chair,
That never more on earth will hold
Our darling one, so sweet and fair,
Who walks the shining streets of gold.

There is a little vacant chair,
Endeared to us by many ties,
Oft sat our baby blossom there,
With rosy cheeks and laughing eyes;
But now the sunny face we miss,
The dimpled hands and silken hair,
No ruby lips for us to kiss,
Within that little vacant chair.—*Chorus.*

There is a little vacant chair,
That of our treasures seems the best,
Worth more to us than jewels rare,
By love a relic ever blessed;
The days may come, the days depart,
And we may meet with loss and care,
But sacred to each loving heart
Shall be our little vacant chair.—*Chorus.*

—"You little rascal, what are you doing with that cigar?" exclaimed a father, addressing his son. "Ma said if I hit the cat again, she'd make me 'smoke;' an' I hit her again, an' I'm smoking."

—"What will drive a man quicker to drink than idleness?" asked a temperance lecturer of his audience. "Thirst!" yelled the bad boy of the village.

—Three tailors established themselves in the same street in Glasgow. The first wrote on his sign, "The best tailor in this town." The second adopted as his motto, "The best tailor in the world." But the third, who was the cleverest of the lot, got away with them all by putting on his sign, "The best tailor in this street."

There's Nothing Surprising in That.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

As model examples most men like to pose,
And there's nothing surprising in that;
They're saints in disguise, and they'd have you suppose
That there's nothing surprising in that.
This hypocrisy both young and old now affect,
Their morals, they'll tell you, are strictly correct,
But if heaven they reach, as they seem to expect,
There'll be something surprising in that.

CHORUS.

Now don't be surprised at whatever I say,
The truth I'll not try to combat,
But if a few facts before you I lay,
There'll be nothing surprising in that.

When a married man stays out at night rather late,
Why, there's nothing surprising in that;
To his wife he explains urgent business can't wait,
And there's nothing surprising in that.
If he hums, in his innocent glee, a small song,
While he struggles to tell her what kept him so long,
Of course, he'll receive the full length of her tongue,
But there's nothing surprising in that.—*Chorus.*

In passing I must say a word of the dude,
Oh, there's nothing surprising in that;
If I didn't he'd deem me exceedingly rude
And there's nothing surprising in that.
I've a plan, which I think will redound to his fame,
As a piece of antique ware we'll give him a frame.
If to brighten our home as a chromo he came,
Why, there's nothing surprising in that.—*Chorus.*

In politics honesty sits on a throne,
And there's nothing surprising in that;
Politicians for honor their services loan,
And there's nothing surprising in that.
They cannot be tempted, I do not know why,
To take any bribe if there's any one nigh,
But if you get their votes without fees on the sly,
There'll be something surprising in that.—*Chorus.*

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas on a frosty night,
At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh, list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may,
There's only the wall between us;
You lay fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got nine pigs and a sow,
I've got a stye to sleep them,
A calf and a brindled cow,
I've got a cabin to keep them;
Sunday hose and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may ride astride on:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an old Tom cat,
Although one eye is staring,
I've got a Sunday hat,
A little the worse for wearing;
I've got some gooseberry wine,
The trees have got no riper on,
I've got a fiddle so fine,
Which only wants a piper on:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties,
I've got of backey a pound,
And got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whiskey to make us gayly,
A mattress and feather bed,
And a handsome new shelelah:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich and fair, and young,
As every one is knowing,
You've got a decent tongue,
Whene'er 'tis set a going:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife 'till death
I am willing to take ye,
But, och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye;
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover,
I'll come to-morrow again,
And be your constant lover:
Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Copyright, 1886, by Willis Woodward & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

'Tis a letter from Ireland from over the sea,
Sure I knew that they would not forget me;
I would have them beside me this minute, if love
And the strength of my purse would but let me.
For 'tis hard to be parted from those we adore,
When we know that our heart's in their keeping;
And day-time and night-time we're wondering if
They're happy and laughing, or weeping.

CHORUS.

'Tis a letter from Ireland, directed to me,
Will my heart sink with sorrow, or bound up with glee?
There are tears in my eyes when the post-mark I see
On the letter that comes from ould Ireland.

I have twisted and turned it, and turned it again,
And my feelings were strange, but delighting;
Then I stole in a corner where no one could see,
And I found myself kissing the writing.
For the hand that inscribed it was often in mine,
In the long Winter nights that are missing;
Sure I knew that a pair of sweet lips touched the stamp
So you see I had reasons for kissing.—*Chorus.*

You are welcome to me as the sun after rain,
Every stroke of the pen brings a blessing;
Yet the letter unopened still lies in my hands,
And at what it contains I am guessing.
Is it love and bright hopes of the future it brings,
Or bears it a message of sorrow?
I'm living in happy uncertainty now,
So the letter may wait 'till to-morrow.—*Chorus.*

There's No Love Like the Love of a Mother.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

There's no love like the love of a mother,
Search all the world o'er and o'er;
Tho' fond is the care of a brother,
Her love it will last evermore.
When we turn from the pathway of our duty,
Oft a sister's affection may wane;
But a mother's love shows its beauty,
Growing fonder the deeper our pain.

CHORUS.

There's no love like the love of a mother,
None so gentle, forgiving and true;
We'll find it far dearer than all other,
While life and its toils we journey through

There's no love like the love of a mother,
Should her dear boy go astray;
She'll stand by his side as no other,
And help him regain his lost way.
She will speak to him kindly, and in warning,
And as gently will guide him aright,
As she did in childhood's fair morning,
When his path was so loving and bright.—*Chorus.*

There's no love like the love of a mother,
Earnest, enduring and pure;
A sister is dear, and a brother,
But her love will ever endure.
When we lose her the world can ne'er restore us
One so faithful and constant, and dear;
But in heaven she will watch o'er us,
Praying still for her child's welfare here.—*Chorus.*

THE BELLE OF AVENUE B.

Tune—"Belle of Tennessee."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, boys, do now have pity and listen unto me,
I tells you of a gal I loved that lived in Avenue B;
Her hair it was so very red, and her name it was Rose,
And she had a carabuncle on the other side of her nose.

CHORUS.

Rosa, dearest Rosa, my heart still beats for thee,
The only gal I ever loved, the belle of Avenue B.

When I went up in Avenue B, it grieved my heart full sore,
I see my own dear Rosa there a crying at the door;
But I sat down and began to laugh as Rosa said to me:
"Big dirty Jake, what troubles you make with me in Avenue B."—CHORUS.

My Rosa she don't wear no hoops like other gals around,
But she wears a big, long dress that sweeps upon the ground;
And when she goes across the street she'll raise it to let you see
A bigger foot than any other gal that lives in Avenue B.—CHORUS.

Now I'm sad and dejected, for my Rosa is gone away
On a trip to Blackwell's Island, the Summer months to stay;
But she sent me a letter—she wishes she was here,
Where she could eat the sourkrout and drink the lager bier.—CHORUS.

But Rosa's coming back again in two weeks more, you know,
The last time I was up there, 'twas then she told me so;
And when she does come home again, we'll go in the Dutchman's shop,
And we'll eat bologna sausages and drink the brandy snop.—CHORUS.

Now Rosa she is mine again, now happy I do be,
I gets up in the mornings then before when I can see;
And first I gets my breakfast, then I takes my hooks and bags,
And I travels around the streets and picks up bones and rags.—CHORUS.

—"What is it you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

—"Those who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous plaster company advertises.

—Which is the best way to invest money so that it will go the farthest? Why, to buy postage stamps with it, to be sure!

Before and After Marriage.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

"What, off once more! well, I declare,
You never stay at home;
For me you can but little care,
I'm left so oft alone."

"Tis business, dear, that calls me out,
I must attend to that,
So do not, love, pray, do not pout,
But give me up my hat."

"O! bus'ness ne'er can call you out
So often, and so long;
I do believe, without a doubt,
That something must be wrong."

"You must misjudge—indeed you do,—
My meaning and design;
My love for you is strong and true,
But bus'ness claims my time."

"O, would that I was once more free,
I'd keep a single life;
And never wish again to be
A poor deluded wife."

"My life,—my love—my fairest one,
Pray let your rancour cease;
You make me anxious to be gone,
That I may be at peace."

"O! yes,—make haste,—I plainly see
Your strong desire to go;
It is not as it used to be:
Your growing cold, I know."

"Come, come, dear wife, let's have no more,
I am not growing cold:
Aside, and let me ope the door,—
Now pray leave go your hold."

"How very different now it seems,
How proud you used to be,
If you could get, by any means,
To sit and chat with me!"

"And so I am, my dearest, now;
But, as I said before,
'Tis bus'ness calls me out,—I vow
You're getting quite a bore!"

"O, certainly a bore!—No doubt,
'Tis bus'ness fills your mind;
From morn 'till night you're always out,
But wife is left behind."

"You surely cannot always want
Me dangling by your side;
I love as much,—depend upon't,
As ere you were my bride."

"You do! then say without delay,
Why you appear so strange;
Have I e'er vex'd you? tell me, pray,
For surely there's a change."

"I never change, although the times
Are chang'd, I do confess;
I ever strive, by looks and signs,
To show my tenderness."

"Well, here's your hat,—I do agree,
Henceforth you may go out;—
That is, if you will promise me
To mind what you're about."

"I thank you, wife,—but listen, pray,
The truth must come at last;
I sought you once, I'm bold to say,
But now I have you fast."

"Well, husband, dear! let discord cease—
No more each one annoy;
In future we will live in peace,
And love without alloy."

"Foul jealousy, get thee away,
And let us drown all sorrow,—
Live every day that so we may
Be happy on the morrow."

When You and I Were Boys.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

My heart is sad to-night, dear Tom,
While thinking of the past;
The past when all was bright, dear Tom,
But days like those can't last.
I never can forget those days,
And all our childhood's joys;
I see them far through mem'ry's page,
When you and I were boys.

CHORUS.

Those happy days will come no more,
With all their cares and joys,
But still I love you as of old,
When you and I were boys.

We've wandered far from home and friends,
And all we loved most dear;
But to those friends my heart still bends
Through ev'ry by-gone year.
And oft in dreams I see your face,
That makes my heart rejoice;
And all our fun and frolics trace,
When you and I were boys.—*Chorus*

I often see the old school-house
That stood upon the hill,
'Tis pictured in my mem'ry, Tom,
It makes my pulses thrill.
I see the old mill standing there,
But hushed is all its noise;
'Tis changed around the old house, Tom,
Since you and I were boys.—*Chorus.*

WRECKED AND SAVED.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

The day was fair, the sun was bright,
Our ship so gaily dressed,
All hearts were bounding with delight,
Not one with fear oppressed;
The anchor weighed, each sail was spread
To catch the fresh'ning breeze,
And on our way we swiftly sped
Upon the boundless seas.

But soon a dreadful storm began,
The livid lightning flashed,
The troubled seas like mountains ran,
The troubled seas like mountains ran—
The troubled seas like mountains ran,
And loud the thunder crashed;
The raving waters swept the deck
And shivered ev'ry mast,
All sails were gone, the ship a wreck,
And downward sinking fast.

Our captain calm, serene his brow,
The fearful sentence gave:
"We're lost, no power can help us now,
The sea must be our grave."
E'en then we wept not in despair,
Tho' hope of life had flown,
But raised one voice in holy prayer
To heaven's benignant throne.

The last farewell, the last good-bye
We gave, for death seemed near,
When, oh, a sail! a ship comes nigh,
Thank God! thank God! thine aid is here!
Hurrah! we're saved, now homeward bound,
The ship speeds on a main,
Soon shall our joyous shout resound
In England once again—
Hurrah! we're saved, now homeward bound,
The ship speeds on the main,
Soon shall our joyous shout resound
In England once again.

The Man that Couldn't Get Cool.

Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

All you who love your liquor strong,
Come list, I'll not detain you long,
Unto the burden of my song,
The man that couldn't get cool.
Who brandy drank 'till he became
So hot, he seemed a walking flame,
And such a Bacchus face he got,
'Twas like a ruby red, red hot;
In midst of Wint'ry rain or snow,
If standing still or walking slow,
Looked ever in a glorious glow,
The man that couldn't get cool.

CHORUS.

Smokery, fumery, flamery, phiz,
Flashery, sparkery, firework, whiz;
Jeminy cracks, how hot it is,
The man that couldn't get cool.

Great coat or cloak he never bore,
His breast was always bare before,
And collar, *a la Byron*, wore,
The man that couldn't get cool.
A sort of glory you might trace
Ever shining 'round his sunny face,
He glowed as if he'd run a race,
And like a stove he warmed the place;
In midst of ice he did perspire,
And whenever splashed by rain or mire,
He spat and sputted like a fire,
The man that couldn't get cool.—*Chorus.*

As in the fields he sometimes lay
To chill himself, his nose, they say,
Set fire to several ricks of hay,
The man that couldn't get cool.
Of course, this country soon for him
Became too hot, so he by steam
Resolved to visit the icy pole;
And while on board, for want of coal
The ship would have been forced to stop,
But in the boiler he did pop,
And thus the proper steam kept up,
The man that couldn't get cool.—*Chorus.*

By brandy drinking he a sight
At last became, for all a light
He walked about the polar night,
The man that couldn't get cool.
Like famed snap dragon, burning blue
He then appeared, and all the crew
Who found they could not douse his glim
Oft lit their 'baccy pipes by him;
And when the Northern lights arose,
The sailors swore the real cause
Of 'Rora Borealis was
The man that couldn't get cool.—*Chorus.*

Of brandy he had shipped a store,
And hot, hot, hot, the vessel bore
Much further North than aught before,
The man that couldn't get cool.
He melted all the ice away,
And bathing in the sea each day,
He like a red hot poker hissed,
And filled the North with steamy mist;
He made the whales with heat perspire,
He boiled the fish, and in his ire
He nearly set the pole on fire,
The man that couldn't get cool.—*Chorus.*

To quench the flames in vain he tried,
It gradually consumed his hide,
At last of self-bustion died
The man that couldn't get cool.
Some parts of him that was unburned
Immediately to glow-worms turned;
"And some part," says old Bo'son Buss,
The doctor took for phosphorus."
The dust and ash the ship cook choosed,
And afterward he was accused,
That he for cayenne pepper used
The man that couldn't get cool.—*Chorus.*

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Mother, home and heaven,
How dear those words to me;
The first she held me to her breast,
And danced me on her knee.
I was to her a priceless gem,
She thought me nice and fair;
And now I never can forget
A faithful mother's care.

CHORUS.

Mother, home and heaven,
How dear to think of all,
Before the trumpeter descends
To bid us mind his call.

Mother, home and heaven,
How sweet to me is home;
For there we meet with those we love,
And do not care to roam.
We have a pretty sister's voice
To cheer us day by day;
We have a little baby bright
To watch while he's at play.—*Chorus.*

Mother, home and heaven,
The last we hope to see;
Where angels gather 'round the throne
And sing a joyous glee.
Oh! may we all assemble there
And cast our sins aside;
For with the true and righteous ones
Our aim is to abide.—*Chorus.*

We Smile and Speak as We Pass By.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

She caught me with her beauty's spell,
But long I feared my love to tell;
She was so cold, I thought her heart
Could never feel love's piercing dart.
Faint heart ne'er won a lady fair,
To win her smiles I won't despair;
One reason makes my hopes rise high.
We smile and speak as we pass by.

CHORUS.

We smile and speak as we pass by,
Though others for her glances sigh;
I think that she will bless my life,
And soon become my loving wife.

Oh, she is fair and sweet to see,
Her charming air entrances me;
Her lips are red, her eyes are bright
And sparkle like the stars of night.
At balls and parties oft we meet,
And pass an hour in converse sweet;
While others for her favor sigh,
We smile and speak as we pass by.—*Chorus.*

The gladdest moment of my life
Will be when she becomes my wife;
I'll guard her life from every care,
And in my heart her face I'll wear.
For she is all the world to me,
This maid so sweet and fair to see·
And for her sake I'd gladly die,
We smile and speak as we pass by.—*Chorus.*

—"Hulloa! What kind of a thing is that you have there?" gruffly inquired the grocer. "It's my new bonnet, if you please," replied his other half with a pout. "Your new bonnet, eh? It's too bad you didn't have it made of tin." "Have it made of tin! The idea." "Not a bad one at all, my dear. For, don't you see, after it was out of fashion I could remove the trimmings, put a handle on it and use it at the store for a sugar scoop. There's nothing like knowing how to economize."

I SAW ESAU KISSING KATE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

'Twas just about a year ago,
When I was down at Glo'ster,
I found a lass—but now, alas,
I find that I have lost her.
I'm sure I never can forget
The happy days that we saw,
Before the day on which we met
Her country cousin, Esau.

SPOKEN—For it was on that unlucky day that—

CHORUS.

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact is we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

The Crystal Palace is, no doubt,
A scene of happy hours,
To loving pairs who roam about
Amongst the trees and flowers;
But I took Kitty there, and then
Unfortunately she saw
That horridest of country men,
Her country cousin, Esau.

SPOKEN—But even then I never thought I should have to say: —*Chorus.*

She introduced this man to me,
And soon, behind a statue,
I saw what made me audibly
Exclaim: "I'm looking at you!"
'Tis sad indeed to have to state
What poor, unlucky me saw;
For there was Esau kissing Kate,
And Kate was kissing Esau.

SPOKEN—Yes, they had commenced the business arithmetically; they began with simple addition of kisses, went right through subtraction, and would have gone on to multiplication, had it not been been that—*Chorus.*

"Is this why you both quitted me,
Said I, "you little tartar?"
"Oh, yes," said she, "the rule of three
Is not so good as barter.
I went to school with him, she said,
And used to play at see-saw;
So, if you please, I think I'll wed
My country cousin, Esau."

SPOKEN—Well, said I, I came to a concert, but this is a concerted piece I didn't expect to see; I scarcely knew what to say, for it was enough to disconcert me altogether when—*Chorus.*

I took to heart my solo part,
For all my former glee, oh!
Was quite upset by their duet,
Which put me up a tree, oh!
But still my sorrow wasn't great
When in the papers we saw,
That Mr. Esau'd married Kate,
And Kate had married Esau.

SPOKEN—Oh, yes, I've quite recovered now, and am courting a prettier girl, but still it is not pleasant to reflect upon the day when—*Chorus.*

—Rev. Mr. Whangle—"My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath day." The boy—"Why, it's made out of the *Christain Weekly* an' got a tail of tracts."

Prof. Zweibeer is a rather dissipated old man, who gives lessons on the flute for a living. Gilhooly, who feels a kindly interest in the man, took him aside, and said to him: "Professor, if you were to quit drinking and keep sober, you would be engaged to give lessons in some of the first families in Austin, and make a great deal of money." "Dot ish all humbug," said the old man indignantly. "I give lessons so I can get drunk, and now you vants me to keep sober so I can give lessons."

THE OUTCAST.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Where are the friends that once gathered around me?
Where is my wife and children so dear?
Vanished is all that once made life so happy,
All that remains now is cheerless and drear.
What care I now, friendless am I,
Far from the loved spot that once was my home?
Never, ah, never again shall I see them,
Over this wide world an outcast I roam.

CHORUS.

Never, ah, never again shall I see them,
Over this wide world an outcast I roam.

Once I had father and mother, and sister,
Once I had all that a man's heart could crave;
But they have gone now and deep is my sorrow,
Quiet they rest in the cold, silent grave.
What care I now? friendless am I,
Cheerless my heart, deserted my home;
Never, ah, never again shall I see them,
Over this wide world an outcast I roam.—*Chorus.*

BUFFALO GALS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

As I went lumb'ring down de street,
Down de street, down de street,
A 'ansome gal I chanced to meet,
Oh, she was fair to view.

CHORUS.

Den, Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night,
Come out to-night, come out to-night?
Den, Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night,
And dance by de light ob de moon?

I asked her if she'd hab some talk,
Hab some talk, hab some talk;
Her feet cubered up de whole sidewalk,
As she stood by my side.—*Chorus.*

I'd like to make dat gal my wife,
Gal my wife, gal my wife;
I should be happy all my life,
If I had her by me.—*Chorus.*

ALL'S WELL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;"
"A friend"—the word—"Good-night—All's well!"

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear—
"What cheer? oh, brother quickly tell!"
"Above, below, good-night!—All's well!"

—"A man can get nothing without labor," said a woman to a tramp who declined to saw some wood in exchange for a dinner. "I know better than that," he replied as he turned away; "he can get hungry."

The Constantinople Countess.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

My friends, your sympathy bestow
On this poor man before you,
And hear his tale so full of woe,
And 'tisn't long he'll bore you.
To this sad plight he's now reduced,
Though once he felt ambition's flame;
For once he loved a countess, who
From the Turkish country came;
Constantinople, Constantinople,
Constantinople, that countess came.

CHORUS.

C O N, and a Con, S T A N, and a Stan,
And a Constan, T I N, and a Constantin,
N O, and a No, and a Constantino,
P U L L, and a pull, Constantinople.

I only was a merchant's clerk,
But I lived middling well tho';
I met her in the Regent's Park,
Her name I wished as well—so
I soon found out the lady's maid,
And thus did quickly ascertain
The lady was a countess, who
From the Turkish country came;
Constantinople, Constantinople,
Constantinople, that countess came.—*Chorus.*

I met my charmer at the ball,
And forthwith was presented;
And down before her I did fall,
A scheme long since invented.
I swore, like any German prince,
That countess should bear my name;
And accepted I was by that countess, who
From the Turkish country came;
Constantinople, Constantinople,
Constantinople, that countess came.—*Chorus.*

Now there was a girl called Betty Back,
Who I was long engaged to,
She very soon gave me the "sack,"
And was very much enraged, too.
She said she'd heard such tales of me,
And knew full well my "little game"
Was to marry this same countess, who
From the Turkish country came;
Constantinople, Constantinople,
Constantinople, that countess came.—*Chorus.*

I spent and squandered all my cash
To gain her approbation;
For the countess she cut such a dash,
She was far above my station.
I found out what a rogue she was,
And not a stranger to that game;
I was done "brown" by that countess, who
From the Turkish country came;
Constantinople, Constantinople,
Constantinople, that countess came.—*Chorus.*

So now you see how I've been served,
Through one so much above me;
Though the punishment I have deserved,
And no one else will love me.
Oh, what a happy man I'd been,
Had Betty Back but took my name,
And I'd ne'er seen that countess, who
From the Turkish country came;
Constantinople, Constantinople,
Constantinople, that countess came.—*Chorus.*

—The corset is a paradox. It comes to stay and at the same time goes to waist.

—"The fellow at the store told me it was a music stool, but I've been twisting the thing which way fur an hour, and not a bit o' music kin I git out of it anyhow!"

Angels Ever Bright and Fair.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me,
Take, oh, take me to your care!
Take me, oh, take me,
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care,
Take, oh, take me to your care!

Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white,
Clad in robes of virgin white,
Clad in robes of virgin white!
Take me, angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me,
Take, oh, take me to your care!
Take me, take, oh, take me,
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care,
Take, oh, take me to your care!

THE DUTCHMAN'S SLATE.

Tune—"Enoch Arden."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Kind friends, you vas listen, I told you one story
What happened to me here one day;
I keep of dis city a lager bier saloon,
And I think of dat business vill pay.
But my lager run out, and my Switzer-kase, too,
And I found out vhen it has been too late;
If you vant to make money in dis kind of pusiness,
By tam! you must not keep a slate.

My friend, Gasper Huntz, he called on me one day
And asked me for ein glass of bier;
He drink dat and said: It vas bully, anudder!
And den rubs his belly—right here.
He called for more lager, and Switzer-kase, too,
And den he said: Dat vas first-rate!
Vhen I ask him for pay, he do so—mit his eye
And told me: Put dat on de slate!

Now I don't like dat pusiness, and so I vas told him
One day vhen he come mit my store,
And dere I saw Gasper a drinking mine lager,
And huggin' my wife mit de door.
I take him shust so, mit de slack of his breeches,
And pitch him right out on his head;
I take down dat slate, and I break up dat pusiness,
And den, potz tausand! I vas mad.

Sleep Well, Thou Sweet Angel.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

The bells are hushed, the world is still,
The sounds of toil are heard no more;
The bird has ceased his tuneful song,
And heaven with stars is spangled o'er.

CHORUS.

Sleep well, sleep well,
And let thy lovely eye lids close;
Sleep well, sleep well,
Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.

Oh, didst thou think of me to-day?
The thought of thee my heart could fill;
And now, to breathe a fond good-night,
Beside thy door I linger still.—*Chorus.*

There comes to thee from heavenly realms
A holy messenger to-night;
He brings you bright and peaceful dreams
'Till you awake in morning's light.—*Chorus.*

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty king so great?
If you have not, 'tis in my pate,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
He was so tall, near six feet six,
He had a head like Mister Nick's;
His palace was like dirty Dick's,
'Twas built of mud for want of bricks.
And his name was Poonoowingkeewang,
Flibeedee, Flobeedee, Buskeebang;
And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

CHORUS.

Hokee pokee wongkee fum,
Puttee po pee kaibula cum,
Tongaree, wongaree, ching, ring, wum,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty king had in one hut
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a double smut,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
So just one hundred wives he had,
And every week he was a dad;
Upon my word! it was too bad,
For his smutty dears soon drove him mad.
There was Hungkee Mungkee, short and tall,
With Tuzzee Muzzee and Keeko Pall;
And some of them swore they would have all,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.—*Chorus.*

One day this king invited most
All of his subjects to a roast,
For half his wives gave up the ghost,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
Of fifty wives he was bereft,
And so he had but fifty left;
He said with them he would make shift,
So for a gorge all set off swift,
But not one answered to his call.
He sprang out through the muddy wall,
Then into the woods he went with grief,
And found each queen along with a chief;
He swore he'd macadamize every thief,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.—*Chorus.*

He sent for all his guards with knives,
And put an end to all their lives,
The fifty chiefs and fifty wives,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
His cannibal slaveys then begun
Carving their heads off one by one;
And the king he laughed to see the fun,
Then jumped into bed when all was done.
And every night, when he's asleep,
His headless wives and chiefs all creep
And roll upon him in a heap,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.—*Chorus.*

—A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wish of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to receive her, saying: "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shall return."

—The following letter, says an exchange, was sent by a man to his son in college: "My son, I write to you to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them; also some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and, for fear you will not use it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents. J. L. H."

THE HALLELUJAH BAND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

I was an artful dodger once, but now, you'll understand,
I'm a most exalted member of the Hallelujah Band;
Our doings are notorious, and here I may remark:
We've lately held a pic-nic in the grounds of Greenwich Park.
It was a glorious morning, and we made a jolly start,
Like angels going to Dixey in a covered carrier's cart;
So brotherly and sisterly, of friends about a score,
And such a lot of loving lambs you never saw before.

CHORUS.

Then you may go to Blackpool, Isle of Man or Harrowgate,
Southport, Scarborough, or search through the land;
But if you want a spree, that a saint can only see,
You must join a jolly party in the Hallelujah Band.

We reached the park at 2 P. M., and wandering we went
On where to find a shady spot that we might pitch our tent;
And soon we found a quiet spot where we could sit unseen,
To smoke a pipe, to sing a song, or dance upon the green.
We introduced the eatables, the bottled stout and beer,
With sundry drops of something short, our sinking souls to cheer;
When sister Sarah Sprigginbottom begged that brother Pim
Would sing her "Champagne Charlie," and she would sing a hymn.—CHORUS.

Now when we'd done with Doctor Watts we took a turn at Bass,
And drank success to temperance in flowing glass;
We pledged each other manfully in wines of every sort,
The women ditto in a drop of something short.
We satisfied the inner man, then cleared the crumbs away,
We danced and sung, declaring we had spent a happy day;
Then had a game at kiss in the ring, and kissed each other's wives,
And vowed it was the jolliest day we'd spent in all our lives.—CHORUS

O, FAIR DOVE! O, FOND DOVE!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Methought the stars were blinking bright,
And the old brig sails unfurled;
I said: I will sail to my love this night,
At the other side of the world.
I stepp'd aboard, we sailed so fast,
The sun shot up from the bourne;
But a dove, that perch'd upon the mast,
Did mourn and mourn, and mourn.
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
And dove with the white, white breast!
Let me alone, the dream is my own,
And my heart is full of rest.

My true love fares on this great hill,
Feeding his sheep for aye;
I looked in his hut, but all was still,
My love was gone away.
I went to gaze in the forest creek,
And the dove mourn'd on apace;
No flame did flash, nor fair blue reek
Rose up to shew me his place.
O, last love! O, first love!
My love with the true, true heart!
To think I have come to this, your home,
And yet we are apart.

My love he stood at my right hand,
His eyes were grave and sweet;
Methought he said: "In this far land,
O, is it thus we meet?
Ah! maid, most dear, I am not here,
I have no place, no part;
No dwelling more by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart."
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
'Till night rose over the bourne,
The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast,
Did mourn and mourn, and mourn.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of mem'ry shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood,
Michigan, my Michigan;
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Although for us the day was lost,
Yet it shall be our proudest boast,
At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed,
Michigan, my Michigan.

With General Meade's victorious name,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy sons still onward march to fame,
Michigan, my Michigan.
And foremost in the fight you'll see
Where'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabres of our cavalry,
Michigan, my Michigan.

When weary watching traitor foes,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The welcome night brings sweet repose,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebel's might,
For Michigan's on guard to-night,
Michigan, my Michigan.

And when the happy day shall come,
Michigan, my Michigan,
That brings thy war-worn heroes home,
Michigan, my Michigan,
What welcome from thy own proud shore,
What honors at their feet thou'lt pour—
What tears for them that come no more,
Michigan, my Michigan.

PATTER OF THE RAIN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

When the humid showers gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain over head.
La la la la la la la la la la la, &c.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.
La la la la la la la la la la la, &c.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
La la la la la la la la la la la, &c.

Who'll be an Old Man's Darling?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

At the age of seventeen, when I wanted a wife,
'Mong the girls there's none could be bolder;
But my friends all declared 'twas too early in life,
I must wait 'till I was somewhat older.
How my time passed away, I'll not venture to say,
And the question I ever must parry;
I still am unsettled, though I'm seventy to-day,
Yet I own I am eager to marry.

CHORUS.

But I don't want any sort of cross-grain'd dame,
No! the thought of all such sets me snarling;
But a good-natured woman sets my heart in a flame,
Who'll be an old man's darling?

At the age of twenty-five I did still wish to wife,
Though I own I had grown more particular;
I was called by the fair sex, the queerest man alive,
For for fortune I was such a stickler.
All my passion of love was corrupted by gold,
I wanted a wife rich and beautiful;
But I'm growing wiser as I'm growing old,
And now I don't care, so she's dutiful.

SPOKEN—What I mean when I say dutiful, I say what I would like to mean, and what I mean I would like to expect. I want my wife to have a temper of her own, keep it to herself, and show it to me as seldom as possible; and I wish it to be distinctly understood, when I marry, I marry her alone; for I have had a mother of my own in my day, and can dispense with a good mother at present.—*Chorus.*

At the age of thirty-five I strongly did strive
To espouse a young maid who would suit me;
But I'd got a rival, and as I am alive;
He vowed if I did he would shoot me.
As advancing in years I grew fonder of life,
I for love seemed inclined not to bother;
So rather than life, I gave up a good wife,
And here I am seeking another.

SPOKEN—Perhaps it is just as well I gave her up, otherwise, some of you would not have the chance of a good husband; and I, perhaps would not have been here to tell the tale. She got married to a poor little fellow, who has never had a happy day since. He is obliged to take his shoes off on the stair, for fear of soiling the carpet. I endeavor to condole with him, but I'm obliged to laugh at the ridiculous stories he tells me—ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! On one occasion, the children became rather squally through the night; she had previously removed the candle, and when the candle was out, of course, they were in the dark; and when in the dark, of course, they couldn't see; she in a fury came down stairs, and lifted the counterpane to chastise the boys, but instead of doing so, she very unmercifully pommelled poor Mr. Phipps—ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! I would like a wife,—*Chorus.*

When forty-five came I remained just the same,
That's a bachelor spruce, but not prudish;
I ogled the fair, although I declare,
I was neither offensive nor rudish.
Those that were inclined, weren't at all to my mind,
And those whom I liked did refuse me;
Though I'm seventy to-day, yet I still hope to find
Some dear little girl who would choose me.

SPOKEN—Yes, I said girl, but I don't mean that; I am not at all particular as to the age, the beauty, nor the personals, but I must say, that—*Chorus.*

Many Happy Returns of the Day.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Merry words, merry words, ye come bursting around,
Telling all that affection can say;
'Tis the music of heart-cords that dwell in the sound,
Many happy returns of the day.
The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
And the bright eye more swift in its ray,
When its mates hail its birth, in their holiday mirth,
With "happy returns of the day."

But if midst the greetings there's one that we miss,
And that one was dearer than all,
'Tis then we feel lonely in a moment like this,
When our loudly hailed birthday shall fall.
What would we not give if the hour could restore
The dear form that is far, far away;
If the voice of the loved one could wish us once more
Many happy returns of the day?

The old man may smile while he listens, and feels
He hath little time longer to stay;
Still he loveth to hear from lips that are dear,
Many happy returns of the day.
Then a garland, a bumper, a feast and a song,
Let the natal tide come when it may;
Be it Autumn or Spring, a gay chorus we'll sing,
Many happy returns of the day.

Dollars Do the Business Every Time.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

This world is full of wonders, and every day we see
Some strange and curious sights on every hand;
No matter where we go we always find it so,
That money is the ruler in the land.
There's the man that's poor and lowly, with a brave and honest heart,
Who'd scorn to wrong his neighbor of a dime;
By the wealthy he is slighted, there's none to take his part,
For it's dollars does the business ev'ry time.

CHORUS.

Then we should not forget to remember with regret,
That poverty is often called a crime;
For the man with wealth and fame holds a high and honored name,
For his dollars does the business ev'ry time.

There's the man that rolls in riches, with thousands at his hand,
He's looked upon by many as a king;
Ev'ry comfort that he wishes for is placed at his command,
His money is a boon for everything.
On the street people praise him and often touch their hat,
He's known by rich and poor in every clime;
But it's not the man they worship, you can depend on that,
'Tis his dollars does the business ev'ry time.—CHORUS.

And in our courts of justice where honor should abound,
And equal rights be given one and all,
The man with lots of money is very often found
To excel the one whose bank account is small.
He can work the judge and jury in a scientific way,
The verdict is "not guilty of the crime;"
But the poor man goes to prison, while the wealthy walk away,
For their dollars does the business ev'ry time.—CHORUS.

There's the high-toned paying teller, who in luxury does roll,
With other people's money at his hand,
When he finds himself in trouble of a pile he takes control,
And for his health goes to a foreign land.
But should he be arrested, his friends secure him bail,
And in court he is acquitted of his crime;
For the judge he fails to see, and the jury can't agree,
It's his dollars does the business every time.—CHORUS.

And the corporation president, who lives in lordly style,
With a salary of thousands every year,
Takes a quiet trip to Europe, and with him quite a pile
Of dollars from the bank does disappear.
Sometimes he goes to prison by order of the court,
And gets an easy sentence for the crime;
But his friends to him will stick, he is pardoned very quick,
For his dollars does the business every time.—CHORUS.

It's just the same old story you very often hear,
And the truth of it you never can deny,
That the man that's got the millions can every time appear
As a man of honor in the public eye.
For money is the master that governs one and all,
We struggle for dollar or a dime;
And no matter how inclined, we're always sure to find
That dollars do the business every time.—CHORUS.

Write Me a Letter from Home.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Lonely I sit me and weep,
Weep as I have not for years;
Why do mine eyes fail to keep
Back these affectionate tears?
I think of dear ones over the sea,
Who love me wherever I roam;
Oh! go to them, tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.

CHORUS.

Have they forgotten me now,
Or do they expect me to come?
No, no, go and tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.

I think of the old-fashioned cot,
I've left it for many a year;
The last word, God bless you! I've got
From mother and father so dear.
They hoped that my voyage would be
A pleasant one over the foam;
Oh! some one go and tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.—*Chorus.*

Answer to "Write Me a Letter from Home."

Yes, We'll Write You a Letter from Home.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

We'll write you a letter from home,
To tell how we're longing to hear
The footsteps that nevermore come,
The voice that to us was so dear.
For, oh! you are still, still the same,
Though dark raging seas may divide;
We sigh, when we hear your dear name,
To welcome you back to our side.

CHORUS.

We'll write you a letter from home,
We dream of you, darling, each night;
We love you wherever you roam,
We'll kiss every word that we write.

We'll write you a letter from home,
To bear you our love o'er the sea;
To gladden your heart as you roam,
And cheer you wherever you be.
'Tis lonely while you are away,
For sweet was the joy that you gave;
Oh! sadly we pine while you stray,
Come back o'er the lone weary wave.—*Chorus.*

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
Fill up your glasses—nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Who's Dat Callin' so Sweet?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

When I git over to the promised lan',
Who's dat er callin'?
I'll play my harp in de gospel ban',
Who's dat callin' so sweet?
If you want to walk dem golden streets,
Who's dat er callin'?
Just step right forward to de anxious seat,
Who's dat callin' so sweet?

REFRAIN.

Who's dat er callin'? who's dat er callin'?
Callin' for de poor lost sheep?
Somebody's callin'! always er callin'!
Who's dat callin' so sweet?

Old Satan nebber'll get a grip on me,
Who's dat er callin'?
He can't kotch me wid his trickery,
Who's dat callin' so sweet?
I'm trablin' toward dat silv'ry sho',
Who's dat er callin'?
I'll get washed just as white as snow,
Who's dat callin' so sweet?—*Chorus.*

There's no use balkin' in de gospel cart,
Who's dat er callin'?
Den pull right smart wid all your heart,
Who's dat callin' so sweet?
For you'll all find out when it gets too late,
Who's dat er calling'?
You can't jump through dat gospel gate,
Who's dat callin' so sweet?—*Chorus.*

U-PI-DEE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

U-pi-dee lives in the dell
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,
They call her the flower Bell,
Tral-la-la-la-la;
She's fond of flowers, that I know,
They always blows where'er she goes.
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

U-pi-dee sings like a bird,
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,
You'd think so if her voice you heard,
Tral-la-la-la-la;
Now just between you and me,
She sings like a bird on a tree.
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

U-pi-dee, you are my love,
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la;
She's like the stars that dwell above,
Tral-la-la-la-la;
I'd like to be that star called Mars,
Then, U-pi-dee, we'd be pa's and ma's.
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

U-pi-dee, how I love you,
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,
None knows our love but us two,
Tral-la-la-la-la;
I don't like two, 'tis not the fun,
So marry me, then two'll be one.
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

MRS. HIGGINS' PARLOR FLOOR.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Mrs. Higgins lives 'round these quarters,
In a house that was built by her son;
She has three elegant daughters,
In society considered bon-ton.
Every night in the week there's a party,
Such waltzing and dancing on toes;
I'm told by Miss Biddy McCarthy
That the entire neigborhood knows

CHORUS.

Mary, Nell and Rose have on their Sunday clothes,
To entertain their lovers by the score;
Then the dancing will begin, with Tom, Jack and Jim,
They'll soon break down Miss Higgins' parlor floor.

Miss Mary she works at dressmaking,
Rosie clerks in a store on Broadway;
And Nellie's fine at roller skating,
She won the first prize here to-day.
Mary has her left eye on Tom Kelly,
Jack Nolan's in love with Miss Rose;
And Jimmie's the bright boy for Nellie,
With a beautiful wart on her nose.—*Chorus.*

The Cork Leg and James' Crinoline.

Tune—"Do You Think He Did?"

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Jane Julian was the prettiest girl that ever I had seen,
And like other ladies wore an ample crinoline;
I own that I was deeply smitten by her charms,
And I tried every art I could to win her to my arms.

CHORUS.

They said her understanding was weak and very queer,
If you look under her crinoline it quickly would appear.

I often had conversed with her, but could discover not,
But what good understanding she had surely got;
Yet strange tales of slander scandal-mongers made appear,
That Julia's understanding was really queer.—CHORUS.

I met her at a party invited out to dine,
Where all the ladies did remain to take deserts and wine;
The conversation took a turn upon a witty wagg, Dick Cregge,
That all had queer understanding that had got cork legs.—CHORUS.

Jane Julian she rushed from the room amid loud roars of laughter,
I also started from my seat and instantly rushed after;
I overtook her on the stairs resting on the landing,
And underneath the crinoline saw her queer understanding.—CHORUS.

Her legs were two odd fellows, as much as cheese and chalk,
The right leg was a spindleshank, the left a leg of cork;
It struck me queer and comical, her understanding thus to see,
And her cork leg bunged up my love, and also corked up me.—CHORUS.

JOYS THAT WE'VE TASTED.

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Joys that we've tasted may sometimes return,
But the torch when once wasted, ah! how can it burn?
Splendors now clouded, say, when will ye shine?
Broke is the goblet, and wasted the wine.

Many the changes since last we met,
Blushes have brightened, and tears have been wept;
Friends have been scattered like roses in bloom,
Some at the bridal, some at the tomb.

I've stood in yon chamber, but *one* was not there,
Hushed was the lute-string, and vacant the chair;
Lips of love's melody, where are ye borne,
Never to smile again, never to mourn?

One Black Sheep Will Never Spoil the Flock.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Old Ireland, the shepherdess, and Irishmen, her flock,
We've always tried to keep them into the fold;
But some have fallen foolishly in the fox's snare,
Whose patriotism preached their creed was gold.
The world condemns the shepherdess,
And all her flock as well,
Because a foolish few were led astray;
There are black sheep found in every flock,
No matter where you go,
And as an Irishman I'm proud to say:

CHORUS.

That we'll still be staunch and true
To the red, white and blue,
Our royalty is firmer than a rock;
And the sorrows of to-day
Shall to-morrow pass away,
For one black sheep will never spoil the flock.

The enemies of our country would be only glad to see
That poor unhappy island worse than now;
Though the black sheep of her flock
Have proved traitors to the core,
Yet may their heads in shame and sorrow bow.
Yet in spite of all her foemen,
Or whate'er they may do
To dim the brilliant lustre of her name,
The future of that nation shall be brighter than the past,
And Irishmen will fight for her the same.—*Chorus.*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine;
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap enew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
While ev'ry Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Ours is no saplin, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in Winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lenox and Leven glen
Shake, when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh, that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and bless'd, in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine, then,
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

DER SHOEMAKER BOY.

Tune—"The Mistletoe Bough."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

De meat-chopper hanged on de whitewashed wall,
For no customers comed to de putcher's sthall;
Der sausage machine was no longer in play,
And de putcher poys all had a holiday.
De shoemaker's poy come dere to slide
On de door ob de cellar, but he stealed inside;
Mit de chopping machine he beginned to make free,
And he cried, "Dare is nobody looking at me!"

De day goed away, and de night com'd on,
When de shoemaker found dat his poy was gone;
He called up his frow, and dey both began
To look for de poy, and find him if dey can.
Dey seeked and asked for him at every door,
At de putcher's, de paker's, an' grocery store;
At de lager bier cellar, de station house,
But all de answer dey got was "*Nix cum rous.*"

Dey seeked him all night, dey seeked him all day,
And for more than a month dere was de debbil to pay;
In der alleys, der houses, and every place 'round,
In de river Moyamensing, and de old horse pond.
De seeked him in vain until weeks was past,
And de shoemaker goed to his awl at last;
And when he passed by, de beoples would cry,
"Dere goes de shoemaker what lost his poy."

At length the meat-chopping machine was in need,
De butcher goed to it, and dere he seed
A bundle of bones, and de shoes was dere
What de long-lost shoemaker's poy did wear.
His jaws were still wagging, and seemed to say,
"When no one was here I got in to play!"
It closed mit a spring, and de poy so green
Was made sausage-meat by de chopping machine.

FRIENDSHIP.

By Nelson Forsyth.

'Tis hard, indeed, to find a friend
On whom we always may depend;
We oft suppose that friends we've got,
'Till trials prove we have them not.

Many, to serve some selfish end,
Declare and vow they are your friend,
But soon as serving self is o'er,
Behold, they are your friends no more.

Apparent friendship others show,
To find out all that you may know;
Your secrets then are quizzed out,
Then they are handed all about.

Others will act a part more base,
Always be friendly to your face,
You turn your back, they then your name
Expose to obloquy and shame.

Those who of others tell you much,
My counsel is, beware of such;
Oh, yes, forever keep your ear
Closed—stopped—against the tales they hear.

A faithful friend I highly prize,
A treacherous one I do despise;
All in suspense I ask around,
Where can a real friend be found?

When fortune's golden crown you wear,
Friends are numerous and to spare;
When poverty overshadows you,
Alas! how many prove untrue.

Whenever disposed a friend to find,
Always be sure to prove her first,
And when she's tried, then treat her kind,
A faithful friend is hard to find.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

As sung by Tony Hart.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Now don't be alarmed, Nell, at seeing me here,
I'm a gent of the very first order;
You can see by my style I'm a gentleman, too,
And a son of the marquis' daughter.
My mother, God bless her, she doated on me,
Said of danger I ne'er was afraid;
I grew up to manhood, a commission I bought,
And I'm one of the Irish Brigade.

CHORUS.

Then, hurrah! hurrah! for the true sons of Erin,
A stout-hearted Paddy, who's never afraid;
I'm true to the core, and to death even daring,
We're true noble sons of the Irish Brigade.

To the roll of the drum we march boldly on
O'er the field midst the dead and the dying;
Though high in the breeze the rebel flag waves,
Our green banners, too, noble flying.
No conquest we ask, save the birthright we claim,
And the freedom which tyrants kept shady;
For this will we fight 'till our life-blood be spent,
In defense of the name of O'Grady.—*Chorus.*

LOVELY NELL.

As sung by Tony Hart.

I love my love in the morning,
For she's fair as Aurora's self;
And as winsome as the flowers in May,
Or a dancing, sprightly elf.
I love her when the noon time comes,
Or shadows of evening fall;
She's fairer than the flowers that bloom,
And lovelier than them all.

CHORUS.

With dark brown hair and dreaming eyes,
And steps so light and free,
There's no girl could compare with Nell,
And she's all the world to me.

I love my love in the evening,
For her cheeks like roses bloom,
Or the crimson hue of the setting sun
Which glows so grand in June.
She's sweeter than the lilies fair,
As gentle as the dew;
And her eyes with blue bells can compare,
Or a night of azure hue.—*Chorus.*

THE QUEEN OF ALL FLOWERS.

As sung by Tony Hart.

Where the flowers all grow in the dell,
There blooms in a moss-covered cot,
A sweet little bud they call Nell,
Who's acknowledged the queen of the lot.
For when she walks over the dale,
All the pinks sure with envy turn green;
Her cheeks make the roses look pale,
All the blossoms bow down to this queen.

CHORUS.

She's as fair as a flower, and delicate, too,
Her eyes are like violets, so tender and true;
Her soul pure as snowdrops, her heart just as true,
And I call her the queen of all flowers.

Sure the bumble-bee lights on her lips,
And goes wild o'er the honey he's found;
And sits there and sips, sips and sips,
'Till he tumbles dead drunk to the ground.
Arrah, what is the use for to talk?
The hot-house buds turn nearly wild,
The wild flowers die on their stalk,
If at them she would just only smile.—*Chorus.*

JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

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I stood upon the old bridge
And watched the river flow,
As daylight beams were fading fast,
The evening sun was low;
My memory reviewed the past,
Its pleasures and its pain,
And in my lonely reverie
I lived life o'er again.

REFRAIN.

Just a little sunshine, just a little rain,
Just a little happiness, just a little pain;
Just a little poverty, just a little gold,
Then the great eventful tale of life is told.

Life's book of recollections
Lay open to my gaze,
I dwelt amidst the early scenes
Of childhood's happy days;
I saw the school and play-ground, too,
The haunts of former years,
And as my mind recalled the past,
It brought back joy and tears.—*Refrain.*

I saw the dear old homestead,
But it no welcome gave,
For those I loved and cherished,
Now lay silent in the grave;
No more the faithful house-dog
Lies basking on the lawn,
He, like dear, dear loved ones,
Is long since dead and gone.—*Refrain.*

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

Tune—"Limerick Fair."

Now it was a Monday morning,
In the pleasant month of May,
As myself I took a jolly ride
With charming Molly Gray,
Whose eyes shone like the stars,
And her cheeks were like the rose;
I'll tell you all about it,
Just as my story goes.

CHORUS.

But as I drive my jaunting car,
I drive away dull care,
And never can forget the day
We went to Donnybrook fair;
And never can forget the day
We went to Donnybrook fair.

Arrah! Molly had on her Sunday gown,
And I my Sunday coat;
It was in my breeches pocket
I had a one pound note,
With an odd few shillings or so,
And the whip was in my hand;
She jumped upon my Irish car,
And away we drove so grand.—*Chorus.*

But Molly and me both agreed
To become man and wife,
So the best we try in every way
To be happy all our life;
Or should the times be good or bad,
We drive away dull care.
We never shall forget the day
We went to Donnybrook fair.—*Chorus.*

So fill your glasses full, my friends,
And give one toast with me:
Here's success to dear old Ireland,
The bright gem of the sea!
Let us hope the day is drawing nigh,
And may we live to see
That poor, down-trodden emerald isle
A land of liberty.—*Chorus.*

ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'll sing of an absent-minded man,
I'll make you laugh, that's if I can,
Forgetful as a Jersey clam,
This absent-minded rooster.
Forgot everything he ever knew,
Forgot everything he tried to do;
Forgot he was Dutch, said he was a Jew,
This absent-minded rooster.
Forgot his hat, forgot his shoes,
Forgot his clothes, forgot his booze,
Forgot his sisters and cousins, and aunts,
Went out for a walk and forgot his pants;
Forgot to eat, forgot to sleep,
Woke up one day and forgot his feet,
Forgot his watch, his silk umbrella,
Forgot it was dark, he fell in the cellar.
Forgot his false teeth, they fell in a cup
And was carried away by a brindle pup,
Forgot how long he'd been alive,
He went to get married and forgot his wife;
Forgot to name his youngest son,
He went out hunting and forgot his gun,
He fought Jem Mace and the half breed,
He got hit in the nose and forgot to bleed.
He forgot the stove, forgot the fire,
He forgot the truth, the notorious liar,
He took a bad cold, forgot to cough,
Jumped on the cars and forgot to get off;
He ran through the kitchen with a terrible rush,
And fell in a boiling pot of mush,
He jumped in the sewer and never was found
The water was deep, he forgot to drown.
He shot himself dead with a custard pie,
Swallowed his clothes and forgot to die;
And some other night I'll tell you more
About this absent-minded rooster.

The Woodstock Bridge Disaster.

Tune—"Milwaukee Fire."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

In our country far and near, each day we read and hear
Of shocking accidents on land and sea;
Your attention now I'll call to the latest of them all,
The Vermont Central Railroad tragedy.
As the Montreal express was speeding at its best,
Near Woodstock bridge it struck a broken rail,
And with a fearful crash down the dark abyss was dashed,
Now few survive to tell the awful tale.

CHORUS.

'Twas in the dead of night, no words can paint that sight,
The sleeping-cars were filled with living freight;
This ill-fated train was dashed to the river with a crash,
And a hundred souls went down to meet their fate.

Soon the wreck was in a blaze, horror met the victims' gaze,
Their frantic cries for help were sad to hear;
None responded to their call, they must perish one and all,
Alas! kind friends, no help for them was near.
'Tis shocking to relate, and sad to contemplate,
No words can paint a picture of that sight;
Little thought they death so nigh when they bid their friends good-bye,
Ere leaving home upon that fatal night.—CHORUS.

There's one who'll ne'er forget, that's little Joe Malgret,
He was with his father on the fatal train;
Although wounded by the fall, when he heard his father's call,
To free him from the wreck he tried in vain.
'Tis no use, my boy, said he, there is no help for me!
Just then the burning flames around him curled;
Little Joe began to cry as his father said, good-bye,
We'll meet again up in the other world!—CHORUS.

—"You will want to enter something for the country fair, I suppose, Mr. Hayseed?" said the chairman of the agricultural society. "Waal, yes," replied Mr. Hayseed, "you can put me down for the biggest hog in the country."

BECKY MILLER.

By Chas. Connolly.

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!
I don't lofe you not von schmall leetle bit,
My dream vas played oudt, so blease git up and git,
Your false-hearted vays I can't got along mit,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all dot young voomans false-hearted like you,
Mit a face nice und bright, but a heart plack—und plue,
Und all de time shvearing you lofed me so, too?
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You took all de presents vat I did present,
Yes, gobbled up efery blamed ting vat I sent;
All de time mit anoder young rooster you vent,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhy, once I t'ought you a shtar vay up high,
Und den for your sake I vould villingly die;
But, oh, Becky Miller, you hafe proved von big lie,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhen first I found out you vas such a big lie,
It hurt me so bad I t'ought I should die;
But now vas a change, und I don't efen cry,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't try make pelieve you vas sorry about,
I don't pelieve von vord vat comes out by your mout;
Und pesides I don't care, for you vas played out,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

The Gal With the Balmoral.

Tune—"Jockey Hat and Feather."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

As I walked down the street
I met my charming Kate;
I ax'd "Where she was goin' to?"
She says, "I'm going to skate!"
I walked close by her side,
And didn't we cut a swell;
With high heeled boots upon her feet,
She wore a Balmoral.

CHORUS.

Oh, there is fun upon the ice,
And lots of nice young gals;
My goodness! how they glide along,
Dressed in their Balmorals.

We took a car and reached the park,
A man stood at the gate;
He charged us fifteen cents a piece
To let us in to skate.
I paid the dimes and in we went
With such a rush pell mell;
It beat my time to keep in track
Of that same Balmoral.—*Chorus.*

She started off and said, "She'd kiss
The man that first would catch her!"
Of all the folks upon the ice
There's only one could match her.
I made a grab and down I went,
Upon my nose I fell;
Some other fellow caught and kissed
Her in the Balmoral.—*Chorus.*

My face was cut, my nose did bleed,
I was in such a plight;
I turned around to look for her,
But she was out of sight.
The young folks laughed, and told me how
She took that other swell;
And ever since I faint away
To see a Balmoral.—*Chorus.*

Go Get a Derrick and Hoist It.

Tune—"Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I'm a decent, respectable Irishman,
McCloskey is my name;
Of course, you can see, from the cut of my jib,
From Erin's isle I came.
But that's not why I have come here,
To tell you stuff like that;
I've something weightier on my mind,
Concerning my old hat.

CHORUS.

Go get a derrick and hoist it,
Put it on the shelf;
Go get a derrick and hoist it,
And then go drown yourself.
It almost frightens me out of my life
To hear those imps of sin
Say: Fire a brick at that flannel-mouth Mick,
And stave his old slicer in.

It's a wonder to me the policeman
Don't arrest those noisy scamps,
Who stand on the corner with loud neckties
And circus tight pants.
'Twould fit them better to look for work,
And help their mothers, who
Go out each day to wash and scrub,
While they will nothing do.—*Chorus.*

Look With Thy Fond Eyes Upon Me.

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Look with thy fond eyes upon me,
Speak with thy sweet voice again;
Smile and say that I may greet thee,
Let me ask thee not in vain.
None have gazed so fondly on me,
None have songs so sweet as thine;
Let thy heart with favor bless me,
Though I ne'er may call thee mine.

CHORUS.

Though I ne'er may call thee mine,
Though I ne'er may call thee mine,
Let thy heart with favor bless me,
Though I ne'er may call thee mine.

Look with thy fond eyes upon me,
Speak in thy familiar tone;
Have I not from out of many
Chosen thee, and thee alone?
Oh, with what a deep devotion
Have I learned to look on thee;
Teach thy heart with true emotion
Thus to prize and cherish me.

CHORUS.

Thus to prize and cherish me,
Thus to prize and cherish me,
Teach thy heart with true emotion
Thus to prize and cherish me.

Look with thy fond eyes upon me,
With thy welcome smile serene;
Every gaze of thine, believe me,
Sinks into my heart unseen.
Ev'ry little gift I treasure,
Sweet to claim and gaze upon;
Ev'ry moment fraught with pleasure
Is with thee, my chosen one.

CHORUS.

Is with thee, my chosen one,
Is with thee, my chosen one,
Ev'ry moment fraught with pleasure
Is with thee, my chosen one.

THE ARMY BEAN.

Tune—"Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

There's a spot that the soldiers all love,
The mess-tent's the place that we mean,
And the dish that we like to see there
Is the old-fashioned white army bean.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bean that we mean,
And we'll eat as we ne'er ate before;
The army bean, nice and clean,
We'll stick to our beans evermore.

Now the bean in its primitive state
Is a plant we have all often met;
And when cooked in the old army style,
It has charms we can never forget.—*Chorus.*

The Yankee is fond of beefsteak,
The potatoe is loved by the Mick;
But the soldier has long since found out
That through life to our beans we should stick.—*Chorus.*

Then poise a fat bean on your fork,
Gaze upon it and together smack your jaws,
While we arise from around the board
And give the bean three hearty hurrahs.—*Chorus.*

THE STRIKER AND HIS SON.

Lottie Gilson's greatest success, written expressly for her by Will J. Hardman, author of "The Noble Knights of Labor."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free.

In the city of Chicago, not so very long ago,
A factory turned its hands out in the street,
Just because they told the bosses that the pay was not enough
To keep a decent shoe upon their feet;
Among those honest strikers was an old man and his son.
Who caused a great sensation far and near;
The old man was with the strikers, but the son grew very weak,
For the bosses whispered something in his ear;
It was pitiful to see that father pleading with his son,
To stay away and hold out for a spell,
While fifteen hundred honest hands were fighting for their bread,
And the little ones they loved at home so well.

'Round the factory stood those strikers waiting anxious for a change,
Until a month or more had passed away,
Still the bosses were determined, and the strikers, too, were firm
And at night for strength would often kneel and pray;
The landlords grew disgusted, and starvation lingered near,
And still that little army nobly fought;
But the bravest one among them was that poor, old, honest man,
Whose days on earth it seemed were very short;
By his son he'd sit for hours with a tear upon his cheek,
And plead with him to hold out and be brave;
My son, said he, if you go back to work without the rest,
It will drive your poor old father to the grave.

After weary months of waiting happy tidings came at last,
The bosses have give in, the cry was heard,
And the joy of that sweet message to those patriotic souls
Could never be expressed by pen or word;
The factory soon was started, and the sun shone bright again
Around the little homes so filled with tears;
Monopoly was crushed outright, the battle fought and won
A struggle filled with agonizing fears;
But the brightest heart among them was that poor, old, honest man,
When he heard the strikers' side had come out best;
He kissed his boy and hugged him with a blessing on his lips,
For his son had nobly held out with the rest.

—"I guess you'd better try chloroform on me," said Tompkins, in the chair, to the barber, who was keeping up a constant chatter. "Try chloroform, sir?" "Yes, gas doesn't seem to have any effect."

THE WATER-MILL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

Listen to the water-mill all the livelong day,
To the creaking of the wheel as it wears the hours away;
Languidly the water glides tireless on and still,
Never coming back to that water-mill;
And a proverb haunts my mind as the spell is cast,
"That the mill will never grind with the water that has past."

CHORUS.

And this proverb haunts my mind as the spell is o'er me cast,
"That the mill will never grind with the water that has past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life that have floated by,
Oh, the good we might have done, that's lost without a sigh;
Love that we might once have had, only for a word,
Thoughts conceived but never penned, perishing unheard;
Take the lesson to yourself, take it, hold it fast,
"That the mill will never grind with the water that has past."—CHORUS.

Take the lesson to yourself, honest heart and true,
Golden years are passing by, and youth is passing, too;
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way,
All that we can call our own lies in this to-day;
Power, intellect and strength may not, cannot last,
"For the mill will never grind with the water that has past."—CHORUS.

IT'S NICE.

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When people ask me why I eat
Strawberries with cream,
And calves-foot jelly for my lunch,
I ask them what they mean!
They say, if you would like to know,
I'll tell you in a thrice,
The reason why I do so is,
Because it's awf'ly nice.

CHORUS.

It's nice, it's nice, don't you think it is so?
It's nice, it's nice, that's what I exclaim;
It's nice, it's nice, don't you think it is so?
Other people do it and, of course, I do the same.

And then they ask me why I do
Attend each fancy ball;
I answer if you'd like to know,
I'll quickly tell you all:
The ladies are so lovely, as
You dance with them you may
Just place your arms around their waist,
Which makes a fellow say:—*Chorus.*

My uncle he invited me
Last Christmas, you must know;
While there I kissed his daughter twice
Beneath the mistletoe.
He then said: "Miss, I won't have this,
I've caught you at it twice;
How dare you, sir, keep kissing her?"
I said: "Because it's nice!"—*Chorus.*

I told him that I loved the girl,
To marry her I meant;
"With you," said he, "I quite agree,
I'll give you my consent;
But better far to single keep,
So pray take my advice!"
I said: "You may think it's not right,
I think it's awf'ly nice."—*Chorus.*

—"Julia, did that young man who called on you last evening kiss you just before he left the house?" "Why, mamma, could you hear?" "I heard enough; too much for my own peace of mind. How often have I told you to beware of these men? Your conduct is inexcusable." "I wasn't to blame, mamma. We were standing at the front door and his mouth was real close to my face, and before I knew it—" "That will do. I see you have no excuse to offer." "Yes—I have," sobbed Julia. "What is it, pray?" "His mouth—was—awful close to my face—and—didn't know—it was—loaded."

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45fach's Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bayer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht i
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käfernaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Brod' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im er fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Bergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im B' ger
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ia mein
Mutter (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 'e die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat woll dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graz ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck mit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alezis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Bube, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Lehrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lieb an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Leo in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out!
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shannon O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Kiss me underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Just we two met as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Beside of the sea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull' for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bella of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fan asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
283 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Bella Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish Lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stoker's verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Bella Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aileen
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Bay
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glencoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Wire in a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseillaise hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 St. pdas knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN [illegible]

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

617 Lottie Lee
618 Who's at my bedroom window!
619 I have no home
620 It's nice to be a father
621 Won't you tell me why, Robin!
622 Only to see her face again
623 Kingdom coming
624 Barney O'Hea
625 Teddy O'Neal
626 Man with the sealskin pants
627 Medicine Jack
628 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
629 Keep in the middle of the road
630 Lanigan's ball
631 Lula is gone
632 An Irishman's toast
633 Village blacksmith
634 Naughty Clara
635 Dying nun
636 When the leaves begin to turn
637 Larry O'Brien
638 Mother kissed me in my dream
639 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
640 Dying Californian
641 Grandmother's birthday
642 Come where my love lies dreaming
643 Pop goes the weasel
644 Monkey's wedding
645 Mary had a little lamb
646 Wait for the wagon
647 Cork leg
648 Uncle Sam's farm
649 My old wife and I
650 I'm so lonely
651 Only as far as the gate
652 Peek-a-boo
653 Moonlight at Killarney
654 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
655 We never speak as we pass by
656 Tipperary christening
657 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
658 Old rustic bridge by the mill
659 Paddy Magee's dream
660 Dreaming of home and mother
661 Shall we know each other there!
662 Jolly Irishman
663 Folks that put on airs
664 Rosalie, the prairie flower
665 If I had but a thousand a year
666 Fisherman and his child
667 Swate Castle Garden
668 In the gloaming
669 Bring me back the one I love
670 Spider and the fly
671 A warrior bold
672 Tar's farewell
673 In her little bed we laid her
674 Dark girl dressed in blue
675 Separation
676 Pitcher of beer
677 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
678 Nobody knows what a racket was there
679 It's a cold day when I get left
680 Alice, where art thou!
681 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
682 Jessie at the railway bar
683 Ada, with the golden hair
684 Streets of New York
685 Courting in the rain
686 I'm dying for some one to love me
687 Is that Mister Reilly!
688 Let my name be kindly spoken
689 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
690 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
691 Poor old Mike
692 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
693 A life on the ocean wave
694 I am dreaming
695 Gypsy Countess
696 She's as good as gold
697 Watchman, tell us of the night!
698 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
699 Ten thousand miles away
700 Give my love to all at home
701 Nygel Snyder's party
702 Increase of crime
703 Ship on fire
704 Josephus Orange Blossom
705 Oh! Susannah
706 Old Bob Ridley
707 Bonnie blue flag
708 Nell Flaugherty's drake
709 John Barleycorn
710 Rules for love-making
711 Land League Band
712 Down by the old abbey ruins
713 Glorious 66th
714 Old willow cradle
715 Funny old gal
716 Religious card player
717 Paddy's the boy
718 Teddy McGlynn
719 Lads who live in Ireland
720 Worn-out sailor
721 Mott street, 449
722 Limerick is beautiful
723 Seven outs
724 Let me kiss him for his mother
725 Pretty lips
726 Sullivan's boot in my eye
727 Villikins and his Dinah
728 Captain with his whiskers
729 A knot of blue and gray
730 Foley's hotel
731 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
732 Never take the horseshoe from the door
733 Woman, lovely woman
734 Napoleon's dream
735 When the robins nest again
736 Oh! you little darling, I love you
737 Just do'n the lane
738 Call me back again
739 Milwaukee fire
740 One of the finest
741 Over the mountain
742 Belle of the ball
743 Farmer's boy
744 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
745 Hush-a-bye, baby
746 Where the ivy grows so green

747 Bridget Donahue
748 Down the hill
749 My Nellie's blue eyes
750 Ragged coat
751 Kitty Kimo
752 Little darling, dream of me
753 Juice of the forbidden fruit
754 Minute gun at sea
755 Some day
756 Sour krout
757 Don't give the name a bad place
758 Rocketty Jack [hallelujah)
759 John Brown song (Glory, glory
760 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
761 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
762 Roger O'Malley
763 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
764 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
765 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
766 I'll await my love
767 Hard times come again no more
768 Mulcahey's gone away
769 Nineteen hundred and one
770 Colleen Dhas Machree
771 Only to see thee, darling
772 Blue bells of Scotland
773 A boy's best friend is his mother
774 That's how you get served when you're
775 Dear little innocent things [old
776 Mother, I've come home to die
777 Just before the battle, mother
778 Down in a diving-bell
779 Kissing through the bars
780 Skipper and his boy
781 Young man from the country
782 I'll be dar
783 The midshipmite
784 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
785 Naughty, naughty men
786 Naughty, naughty girls
787 New coon in town
788 Will a monkey climb a tree!
789 Bold soger boy
790 Heenan and Sayers
791 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
792 Sally, come up
793 Sea King's burial
794 One-horse open sleigh
795 Baby show
796 Swim out for glory
797 Jessie Green
798 Duffy's grand opening night
799 I'm a dude
800 Run for the doctor
801 Climbing up the golden stairs
802 My good-looking man
803 How a married woman goes to sleep
804 I'm off for Baltimore
805 Bright little spot on the ocean
806 I tickled her under the chin
807 Lakes of Cold Finn
808 My Newmarket coat
809 He will come with the flowers of May
810 Ten years in Cherry Hill
811 Maloney's the man
812 Ship that never returned
813 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep!
814 How much does the baby weigh!
815 A mother's watch by the sea
816 Uncle Billy's dream
817 Some day I'll wander back again
818 High-water pants
819 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
820 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
821 Paddy stole the pope
822 Duffy, the swell
823 Not much
824 Don't leave your mother, Tom
825 Pretty little dark blue eyes
826 A rolling stone gathers no moss
827 Dream faces
828 Wind blew through his whiskers
829 Good-bye to my Southern home
830 Pretty little rosy cheeks
831 Knock at the window to-night, love
832 Hard up
833 Forgive and forget
834 Captain Mishler
835 Butterfly dude
836 Bowery on Saturday night
837 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
838 Let me like a soldier fall
839 Enniskillen dragoon
840 Papa's baby boy
841 I ain't as young as I used to be
842 The Dreadnought
843 See-saw
844 What's in a kiss!
845 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
846 Darling Clo'
847 Mother's last request
848 Texas ranger
849 God, save Ireland
850 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
851 Bold Jack Donahue
852 Last farewell
853 Sweet dreams of mother and home
854 Mary Ann Kehoe
855 Only an emigrant
856 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
857 The farmer feeds us all [ing
858 Strike while the iron is hot
859 Better days will come again
860 Baby's lullaby
861 Dying girl's message
862 Some other girl shall wear the ring
863 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
864 Somebody's tall and handsome
865 Mother keeps the gate locked now
866 Sweet Alpine roses
867 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
868 Constant farmer's son
869 Upper ten and lower five
870 Karl's new lullaby
871 Key-hole in the door
872 Act on the square, boys
873 Lackawanna spooners
874 Cot where I was born

775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary!
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glennore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on do golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother!
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be!
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it!
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile

904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another!
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Maud Muller
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [exile
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Bella
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's bean
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over! [they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take 'no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland [knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry [parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Massa's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat!
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play!
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Ballyhooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now!
1143 Where did you get that face!
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
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1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey!
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hell-o! John Maloney
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1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you!
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
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1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
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1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
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1239 Arkansaw
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The Maid of Sweet Gorteen.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs--Free.

Come all you gentle Muses, combine and lend an ear,
While I set forth the praises of a charming maiden fair;
It's the curling of her yellow locks that stole away my heart,
And death, I'm sure, must be the cure if she and I must part.

The praises of this lovely maid I mean for to unfold,
Her hair hangs o'er her shoulders like lovely links of gold;
Her carriage neat, her limbs complete, which fractured quite my brain,
Her skin is whiter than the swan that swims on the purling stream.

Her eyes are like the diamonds bright that shine in crystal stream,
So modest and so tender, she's fit to be a queen;
Many pleasant hours I spent in the garden field,
She won the heart, I cannot part with the maid of sweet Gorteen.

It was my cruel father that caused my grief and woe,
He locked her in a room and would not let her go;
Her windows I have daily watched, thinking she might be seen,
In hopes to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

My father arose one day and thus to me did say:
O, my dear son, be advised by me, don't throw yourself away,
To marry a poor servant girl whose parents are so mean,
So stay at home and do not roam, but always with me remain.

O, father, dearest father, don't part me from my dear,
I would not lose my darling for £1000 a year;
Was I possessed of England's crown I would make her my queen,
In high renown I'd wear the crown with the maid of sweet Gorteen.

My father in a passion flew and thus to me did say:
Since it's the case within this place no longer she shall stay,
Mark what I say, from this very day you never shall see her face,
For I will send her far away unto some lonesome place.

'Twas a few days after a horse he did prepare,
And sent my darling far away to a place I know not where;
I may go view my darling's room, where oftimes she has been
Thinking to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

Now to conclude and make an end I take my pen in hand,
John O'Brien is my name, and flowery is my land,
My days are spent in merriment since my darling I first seen,
But her abode is on a road at a place called sweet Gorteen.

MY SWEET LITTLE BLOSSOM.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Song Catalogue Free.

I've roam'd many hours o'er meadow and dell
To pluck the bright blossoms of Spring;
I love the wild roses that bloom in the vale,
And oft of their charms do I sing.
But I have a flower, the sweetest of all,
Oh, sadly I'd pine should we part,
A bright little maiden, the blossom of love,
That buds like a charm in my heart.

CHORUS.

My sweet little blossom,
My dear little blossom,
My heart it clings fondly to thee;
My sweet little blossom,
My own little blossom,
That blooms fresh and tender for me.

She's fairer than flowers that bloom but in praise,
And dearer by far unto me;
Her heart it is light as a soft Summer breeze,
Her smile overflowing with glee.
'Mid brightest of hopes do I linger each day,
And pine like a bud left alone,
In waiting the hour that slowly draws nigh,
To call this sweet maiden my own.—*Chorus.*

—Teacher: "Who was the strongest man?" Boy: "Jonah, because the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

Will the Roses Bloom Again?

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Will the roses bloom again
When the Summer days are done?
Will they scent the hill and plain,
Blushing in the golden sun?
One by one they fade and die,
Ere the Autumn's chilling rain;
And the breezes seem to sigh,
Will the roses bloom again?
And the breezes seem to sigh,
Will the roses bloom again?
Will the roses bloom again?

CHORUS.

One by one they fade and die,
Ere the Autumn's chilling rain;
And the breezes seem to sigh,
Will the roses bloom again?

Will the roses bloom again,
Gentle heart, so lone and sad?
Will the days of weary pain
Leave the life that once was glad?
One by one our joys depart,
Tear-drops fall like Autumn rain;
And a whisper stirs the heart,
Will the roses bloom again?
And a whisper stirs the heart,
Will the roses bloom again?
Will the roses bloom again?—*Chorus.*

Will the roses bloom again?
Ask the warm and gentle Spring,
Soon it brings the balmy rain,
Soon the birds around us sing.
One by one our joys return,
Like the birds to hill and plain,
Though we ask with hearts that yearn,
Will the roses bloom again?
Though we ask with hearts that yearn,
Will the roses bloom again?
Will the roses bloom again?—*Chorus.*

I Am Happy When You're Near Me.

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I am happy when you're near me,
For you charm away all pain;
And the heart-bliss long since faded
Comes to cheer me once again
I can see your sweet smile ever,
And they bid all griefs depart;
There is joy when you are near me,
Brightest sunshine in the heart.

CHORUS.

There is joy when you are near me,
For you bid all care depart;
When you sweetly smile upon me
There is sunshine in the heart.

When you're near me I am happy,
Blissful as the days are long,
For you speak to me of pleasure,
And you sing the sweetest song.
Then my heart forgets its sorrow,
And the old bliss comes again
I am happy, oh, so happy,
For you chase away all pain.—*Chorus.*

I am happy when you're near me,
When your love is warm and true;
And your smile will ever cheer me,
For my heart goes out to you.
Oh, then bid me never sorrow,
Say that you will ne'er depart,
And I ever more will cherish
Brightest sunshine in the heart.—*Chorus.*

I Wonder What Will Happen Next.

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Each day in the paper we read funny things,
And we wonder what will happen next;
The banks they go up and the money takes wings,
And we wonder what will happen next.
The poor workingman he tries hard to save cash,
Puts it in the bank, but it soon goes to smash,
And to Canada the president he goes like a flash,
Well, I wonder what will happen next.

Now you sit on the sofa with a charming young miss,
And you wonder what will happen next;
From her ripe rosy lips you will steal a sly kiss,
And you wonder what will happen next.
You are modest and bashful, and she's full of mirth,
For just one more kiss you would give all you're worth;
But when she says you're a fool, and you're no good on earth,
Well, you know then what will happen next.

Now you're taking a drink with some thoro'-bred brick,
And you wonder what will happen next;
Your language in time gets exceedingly thick,
You wonder what will happen next.
You start for your home very light in the head,
If you're married you creep up the stairs with a dread,
But your wife swings that poker, you sneak under the bed,
And you wonder what will happen next.

Now one year ago I married my wife,
And I wondered what would happen next;
And I swore to protect her and love her through life,
And I wondered what would happen next.
Last week she presented me with a young son,
That is I supposed that there was only one,
But they said there was twins, and it spoiled all the fun,
Well, I wonder what will happen next.

Just to Make a Change in Business All Around.

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Since new songs are all the rage
In this great and glorious age,
On some things I surely will propound;
Of things I'd like to see,
And of things that ought to be,
Just to make a change in business all around.
Ben Butler's eye get straight,
Roscoe Conklin retire from State,
The Chicago dynamiters all go down;
I'd have poor little Jimmie Blaine
Annominated again,
Just to make a change in business all around.

Give the workingmen a show,
Tell the Chinaman he must go,
And don't let capital labor try to down;
For if the rich would only give
The poor man a chance to live,
What a change it would make in business all around,
The St. Louis strike is at an end,
Jay Gould to the workingman's no friend,
He's made business dull all over town;
The people give him an awful blast,
The Knights of Labor are working at last,
And they make a change in business all around.

Now I think it is but right
For to mention here to-night,
A few things that's going on around your town;
Make your married men stay at home
And let other men's wives alone,
And you'll make a change in business all around.
Give the dear girl's a chance,
And I'll bet they'll wear men's pants,
And when the Black Crook show comes to town,
We'll make every man's mother-in-law
Put a padlock on her jaw,
And you'll make a change in business all around.

Chestnut Green from Wayback.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm Chestnut Green from Wayback, and there's hay seed in my hair,
At husking-bee or singing-school you'll always find me there;
I got so pesky smart, by gosh, I left the farm one day,
And thought I'd show the city chaps I was no country jay.
I landed at the depot, and the hackmen lit on me,
They tore my grip-sack from my hand and ran off with the key;
Oh, they hustled me both right and left, just like a bag of corn,
And when I looked to see the time I found my watch was gone.

REFRAIN.

For it's whoa, hoish, buck haw in, and gee off, Star,
If you'll come down to Pumpkin dell, we'll show you what we are;
I came to see the elephant and all the sights so rare,
I'm Chestnut Green from Wayback, there's hay seed in my hair.

A gentlemanly looking chap, some forty, more or less,
Accosted me most friendly, and said he: Good-morning, Chess!
I told him that I rather thought he had the best of me—
Ah! yes, he said, but then you have forgotten me I see,
I used to know your father and your mother mighty well,
Now how is Chestnut, Senior, is he still in Pumpkin dell?
Oh, it being after banking hours he asked a loan of me,
I tried to find him later but he'd skipped the tra-la-lee.—REFRAIN.

I met a fellow on the street and paid him fifteen cents,
He sold me his dime museum check and there I quickly went;
I showed the ticket at the door and they began to grin,
And said: We don't take dinner checks, that joke is rather thin.
I saw a sight when coming out that took away my breath,
I never dreamed of such a thing, it frightened me to death;
I asked a gentlemanly lad if he would be so good
To name it? Yes, with pleasure, sir, we call the thing a dude.—REFRAIN.

Now any one from Pumpkin dell can tell you who I am,
My father's road commissioner and leading selectman;
And ma she makes the primest butter ever made from cream,
At county fair our oxen take the prize for heavy team.
The biggest row of all to hoe they always give to me,
The farmers come from miles around our Berkshire stock to see;
They always call me pesky smart, by gosh, down in our town,
And don't you ever tell them how you roasted Chestnut brown.—REFRAIN.

When Business Picks Up in the Fall.

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Your attention, kind friends, if to me you will give,
I will sing unto you a short song;
And I'll show you how poor folks in poverty live,
And I'm sure you'll not say that I'm wrong.
Oh, the rich have their gold, and treasures untold,
While the poor have nothing at all;
But there'll be quite a change, and you'll find it is true,
When business picks up in the Fall.

CHORUS.

So don't be discouraged, down-hearted, or sad,
There's room in this world for us all;
So we'll sit down in silence and wait for our turn,
When business picks up in the Fall.

The St. Louis strike is over at last,
And peace once more it does reign;
It is counted along with some things of the past
That has caused the poor workmen's heart pain.
The Knights of Labor were bold to tackle Jay Gould,
Of millionaires, king of them all;
And the workmen done right in stopping the fight,
To let business pick up in the Fall.—*Chorus.*

The Democrats have elected their President at last
And since they've been given a chance,
Offensive partizans are bounced very fast,
And postal clerks new music dance.
Now perhaps it is right, and perhaps it is not,
There's no way of pleasing them all;
So we'll wait for our turn, it won't be very long,
When business picks up in the Fall.—*Chorus.*

THE GREEN HILLS OF ERIN.

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I love the golden Western sun,
And the blue of foreign skies,
But there's a color above them all
That I more dearly prize;
It covers hills and lowly vales,
And on mountain tops 'tis seen,
I'm not ashamed to tell its name,
'Tis old Ireland's native green.

CHORUS.

The green hills of Erin are dear unto the view,
The green hills of Erin though old are ever new;
For beauty and for verdure, too, her like I have not seen,
The green hills of Erin, they in old Ireland's native green

What makes old Erin look so young
In the Spring and Winter time?
For surely brighter days are known
In almost every clime.
Perhaps the tears that she has shed
Through her sorrows dark and keen,
Have helped to keep old Erin young,
And refresh her hills of green.—*Chorus.*

Come to My Arms, Precious Darling.

Copyright, 1886, by Henry Morse.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come to my arms, precious darling,
I love thee far better than all;
I would give the world to be with thee,
My own, my precious darling one.
Oh, how sad it seems for me,
When shall I see thy smiling face?
But I soon will be with thee, darling,
Never, oh, never leave thee again.

CHORUS.

Then come to my arms, precious darling,
Thy sweet and tender face I see;
I love thee far sweeter than ever,
And be forever here with thee.

Still I love thee, dear one, sweeter
Than all the flowers that grow;
What will I do in this world without thee,
No one to love, no one but thee.
Oh, thou hast cherished me beyond heaven,
Tears in my eyes overflow;
Thy love still remains in my heart for ever,
I'll never leave thee through wail or woe.—*Chorus.*

I'M SO SHY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am so awful timid, it is quite a painful thing,
And if you should look at me I really cannot sing;
So if you wish to hear my song, don't stare at me, I pray,
But place your hands before your eyes, and look at me this way:

CHORUS.

I'm so shy, I'm so shy, go away, sir, I'm so timid,
Don't intrude, don't be rude, get away, sir, now closer, do.

I'm very fond of dancing, but I dare not meet the beaux,
For when at me they're glancing I blush down to my toes;
I never had a sweetheart yet but what I was afraid,
And if to me too close he'd get, why this appeal I've made:—CHORUS.

I really can't endure it to be so awful shy,
I've often wished to cure it, but all in vain to try;
And when I wish to seem at ease, I blush and tremble so
That people notice me and tease, which makes it worse, you know.—CHORUS.

The Damsel That I Longed For Never Came.

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I went out for an evening's walk, to tell the truth I was a gawk,
I was captured by a damsel, yes, so fair;
With a captivating smile I at once admired her style,
Her shape, her figure, and her golden hair.
She said she lived quite far, so we both took a car,
At the doorway I stood two hours in the rain;
She said to me she might meet me to-morrow night,
But the damsel that I longed for never came.

CHORUS.

Was she giving me the shake, or a hint for me to take?
Had I waited on that corner, yes, in vain?
She said to me she might meet me to-morrow night,
But that damsel that I longed for never came.

Many months have gone, they say, from her house she's moved away,
I gave up hopes of finding her again;
So one day upon the street, to my surprise, who should I meet?
She clasped my hand and said she's not to blame.
Once more I took her home in a carriage all alone,
I embraced her and she said she was ashamed;
The question was to be, if she would marry me,
But that answer from her papa never came.

CHORUS.

Was it then her gray-haired mother, her sister, or a lover,
That made me wait those many years in vain?
The question was to be, if she would marry me,
But that answer from her papa never came.

Names We Should Never Forget.

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My object to-night you will see by my song,
Is to sing words of praise of some great men that's gone;
Though the subject to some of you may not seem new,
I will try to give honor where honor is due.
And the names I will mention are ones that we love,
Remembered on earth and recorded above;
Though gone, their great loss we will ever regret,
I will sing of some names we should never forget.

My first one will be of a patriot brave,
Who tried from oppression his country to save;
A name that true Irishmen cannot forget,
And the fate of their hero will ever regret.
In liberty's battle he entered the strife,
And never withdrew 'till he gave up his life;
He proved his great worth when by trials beset,
Robert Emmet's a name you should never forget.

There's another great name that we all do revere,
Whose memory throughout our great land is held dear;
As a man and a ruler an example he set,
I trust his successors will not soon forget.
In letters of glory is written his name
On the immortal record of heroes of fame;
Like Lincoln, his memory is green with us yet,
James A. Garfield's name we should never forget.

There's another great hero all hail to his name,
It is known to you all and deserving of fame;
As a soldier his record will rank with the best,
This the brave men who followed him proudly attest.
From obscurity's ranks he soon went to the fore,
But his name as a hero will live evermore;
We own him the greatest of gratitude's debt,
General Grant is a name we can never forget.

As the great men I've mentioned have all passed away,
Let me now sing of one who is with us to-day;
A name that vile slander's tongue could not deface,
His position he fills with ability's grace.
A man of the people, staunch, honest and square,
Whose object will be this great nation's welfare;
So give him a chance, and don't uselessly fret,
Grover Cleveland's name you will not soon forget.

YOU KNOW!

Copyright, 1887, by The Lyra Publishing Co.

The Words and Music of this Song sent on receipt of 20 cents. Published by The Lyra Publishing Co., 8 Union Square, New York City.

Words and Music by Charles Connolly.

In new topical songs we must freeze out the worn
Old gaglets—(*Whistle*)—you know!
For we can't use the "chestnutty" stuff that is torn
To raglets—(*Whistle*)—you know!
So if this little sample wins your lively praise,
Just yell out for more, for the singer it pays;
Call me out forty times, and next week I can raise
My salary—(*Whistle*)—you know!

Yesterday I was skirmishing for a good drink,
Just a "trickle"—(*Whistle*)—you know!
When my pockets I searched how my spirit did sink,
Not a nickle—(*Whistle*)—you know!
But with elegant nerve for a drink I did call,
And explained I was "broke" after sampling a "ball;"
Then the boss wiped the floor with the man with a "gaul,"
Who was it?—(*Whistle*)—you know!

Once I knew and I fancied a beautiful maid
With money—(*Whistle*)—you know!
And my language therefore was quite largely inlaid
With honey—(*Whistle*)—you know!
So I asked her one day, just my chances to see,
If to marry a poor man she'd ever agree?
"I would if he had lots of money," says she,
And I vanished—(*Whistle*)—you know!

But I didn't grieve long, for I "caught on" again
For a "flyer"—(*Whistle*)—you know!
And I made the girl believe I was truest of men,
I'm a liar—(*Whistle*)—you know!
When of marriage I spoke, she said, "Pa I must suit;"
So she brought him right in, and pa flourished his boot,
Then I opened the door and endeavored to scoot,
But he "got there"—(*Whistle*)—you know!

It Didn't Surprise Me at All.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When I heard that an earthquake had shook up the world,
It didn't surprise me at all;
That down to destruction whole cities were hurled,
It didn't surprise me at all.
When Joshua commanded the sun to stand still,
And Cleveland supported the civil rights' bill;
When Chicago arnachists policemen did kill,
It didn't surprise me at all.

When Russia knocked out Alexandria's right eye,
It didn't surprise me at all;
When I heard Bismarck's fingers was stuck in the pie,
It didn't surprise me at all.
When the great Czar of Russia he made a stiff kick,
And tried Alexandria to overthrow quick,
And France said she'd try to make Germany sick,
It didn't surprise me at all.

When Beach he beat Hanlan a rowing a race,
It didn't surprise me at all;
When the Dauntless she gave to old Coronet a chase,
It didn't surprise me at all.
When pretty Victoria Shilling had slid,
And of her dear coach-driving husband got rid,
And old Morrissini had captured his kid,
It didn't surprise me at all.

When Gladstone tried Ireland's rights to abridge,
It didn't surprise me at all;
When lunatics jumped from the great Brooklyn bridge,
It didn't surprise me at all.
When I heard that Chicago don't take a back seat,
And England must send over here for good meat;
When I found out the size of Chicago girls' feet,
It didn't surprise me at all.

BOULANGER'S MARCH.

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Like a fond father brought to slaughter,
I for a long while had desired
To take my wife, sister and daughter
To see the troops so much admired;
So after taking breakfast early
We all set out together gaily,
The women folks went on ahead,
I took my mother-in-law instead.
Each one had something good,
So not to hungry be,
I took some prunes and doughnuts fried,
My wife two nice small hams beside;
My mother-in-law with tripe
Had calf's head soaked in brine,
My daughter cherries ripe,
My sister carried eggs and wine.

REFRAIN.

Content and gay we marched along that day,
And reached at last Longchamps, our hearts both bright and gay;
Without delay we hurried on our way,
For we were going to see reviewed the army.

Quite soon Longchamps was full of people,
We hunted for a place to stand,
And then I opened out the luncheon,
And we all were gay and felt so grand;
Then they cried: Hurrah for France!
By Jove! the soldiers they are marching!
I climbed a big horse-chestnut tree,
My wife stood on a postman's knee.
Sister with firemen three
Shouted with childish glee,
My loving wife she clapped her hands
When passed the brave St. Cyriens;
My mother-in-law was proud
And spoke her praise aloud,
While I could but admire
Our General Boulanger entire.—*Refrain.*

And then I gave the invitations
To soldiers who I thought were dry,
To help me drink the wine and rations,
And we were getting soon quite high;
I left my mother-in-law quite willing,
And found a vivandiere beside me,
So when we reached home light and free
We all were jolly as could be.
My sister, full of joy,
Brought home a drummer boy,
My daughter, who I thought was slow,
She had two cavalry men in tow:
My wife almost too soon
Embraced a bold dragoon,
My mother-in-law, "true blue,"
Was making love to a young Zoo-Zoo.—*Refrain.*

THE BOSS TRAMP.

By Peter J. Rooney.

Give me a corned beef sandwich, a horse-car run down my throat,
Or give me a whiskey straight, or surely I will choke;
Once I was married and miserable, and had a loving wife,
And I thought no more of spending a cent, than I did of taking my life.
'Way over in the wilds of Jersey, where you'd sink in the mud to your knees,
I had a cross-eyed daughter, and she was just the cheese;
Mashes! why, she had them by the barrel, each owned a brown stone brick,
But they were mostly Jersey farmers, and she said they made her sick.
When along comes a Bowery actor, a regular free lunch tank,
He said he was a song and dance man, and had lots of money in the bank;
Well, it's the same old gag, on which many a one got tripped,
He got her to pawn my Sunday clothes and then to the river skipped.
Now the poor thing near turned a serio comic, for she had a terrible fall.
And when I got out of jail that day, she up and she told me all;
I took her to my aching heart, I smashed her in the smeller,
Then I swept the floor with her and threw her in the cellar.
Now you can all laugh and chew tobacco, and say whatever you like,
But I'll tramp 'till I find that bum actor, if it takes until Saturday night.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER.

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The light-house keeper was old and weak,
And the night was dark and drear,
The Winter breezes were chill and bleak,
And a fearful storm was near;
The lights were out and no help at hand,
And the poor old man could see
The sails so white as they neared the land
From over the foaming sea;
The sails so white as they neared the land
From over the foaming sea.

The light-house keeper shed bitter tears
As the false light shone afar,
The lightning flashes awoke his fears
For the ship and gallant tar;
The old man turned from the cruel sight,
And his heart was sad and sore,
As the ship did steer for the wrecker's light
Upon the rock-bound shore;
As the ship did steer for the wrecker's light
Upon the rock-bound shore.

There were hidden rocks off the wrecker's cave,
And the wrecker's mates were there,
Who looked with joy on each storm lashed wave,
And the ships they hoped to snare;
The winds grew fierce and their false light shone
Far over the angry sea,
And weired shades crept o'er their eyrie lone,
While they drank and danced in glee;
And weired shades crept o'er their eyrie lone,
While they drank and danced in glee.

But with footsteps light comes a maiden bright,
'Tis the keeper's only child,
She springs aloft to the beacon light
And beholds the sea so wild;
With eye of fire and a firm strong hand
She runs up the lanterns three;
She's safe, she cries, and from off the land
The ship is steered toward sea;
She's safe, she cries, and from off the land
The ship is steered toward sea.

Nobody's Business but Your Own

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Oh, I just arrived in town the other evening,
Walked along to drive away the blues;
Went and bought an early daily paper,
Sat down awhile to read the news.
There's folks getting lazy, and a heap going crazy,
A killing folks and breaking up their homes;
If we don't hang the cranks, put an end to their pranks,
Why, it's nobody's business but our own.

A rich man may steal a hundred thousand,
To get out of it he'll ne'er chance to fail;
If a poor man gets hungry and he takes a loaf of bread,
Why, they'll hurry up and put him into jail.
If I was the President of these United States,
There's a heap of folks that I would let alone;
I'd keep in my place, stare the world in the face,
'Tend to nobody's business but my own.

A man and lady get acquainted,
Both act a little strange about the head;
The next thing you hear about an elopement,
Then the man and the lady are wed.
You ramble out at night, get into a fight,
With your clothes full of mud you reach your home;
If your wife throws you out in the middle of the street,
Why, it's nobody's business but your own.

HOME BY THE WAVE.

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'Tis dear to the heart of the fisher so brave,
That sweet little home by the beautiful wave;
For there is the wife who awaits his return,
The star of affection that ever will burn.
Oh, far on the sea when the storm gathers wild,
Or billows are hushed like the sleep of a child,
He toileth 'till dawn, with a heart strong and brave,
And sweet is his rest in the home by the wave;
He toileth 'till dawn, with a heart strong and brave,
And sweet is his rest in the home by the wave.

Oh, there on the beach, when the sun glimmers red,
The fond kisses fall and the good-bye is said;
Then white flowing sails, like a bird just set free,
They waft him away to the wide, open sea.
But oft kneels his wife in that lone cottage home,
And breathes forth a prayer across yonder foam;
Oh, Father in heaven, my darling one save,
And bring him at dawn to his home by the wave!
Oh, Father in heaven, my darling one save,
And bring him at dawn to his home by the wave!

So day after day sees him toil o'er the foam,
With one guiding star—'tis the loved one at home;
And bright as the sky, when the waves are asleep,
The eyes that are watching for him o'er the deep.
Oh, joy be the lot of the lone fisher's wife,
When waves are at rest, or when they are at strife;
Oh, Father in heaven, her darling one save,
And bring him safe back to his home by the wave!
Oh, Father in heaven, her darling one save,
And bring him safe back to his home by the wave!

THAT'S ALL.

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For a topical song your indulgence I seek,
That's all, that's all;
If you're patient I'll try and get through in a week,
That's all, that's all.
I've taken great trouble this song to rehearse,
But I do not improve, I'm afraid I get worse,
So if you don't like it I'll sing you one verse,
That's all, that's all.

For acting when young I'd a terrible rage,
That's all, that's all;
And determined to go on the regular stage,
That's all, that's all.
With my talents I thought I would make the star,
I was sure the first night all the world would be there,
And I opened the door to a rush of cold air,
That's all, that's all.

I went to the club with three dollars in cash,
That's all, that's all;
And at faro I went with a regular dash,
That's all, that's all.
I won over three thousand in seven straight bets,
And I'd made up my mind how to pay off my debts,
When I left I'd my night-key and two cigarettes,
That's all, that's all.

—A correspondent sends the following: "Why is two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would have men do unto them."

—"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said a gentleman who was about hiring a boy. "Och, your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Suppose your cat was to have kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?"—*Philadelphia Agents' Herald.*

A Flower I Found in Mother's Bible.

Copyright, 1887, by Henry F. Smith, Jr.

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'Twas while looking in the bible that I found a little flow'r,
It had once belonged to mother, and it called back every hour;
Tho' long years have onward glided and I hear her voice no more,
Yet my mem'ry often wanders to the happy days of yore;
To the merry hours of childhood, to the school days long ago,
To the daisy covered meadows where I rambled to and fro;
And this little flower, tho' faded, will a pretty story tell,
And I found it in the bible that my mother loved so well.

CHORUS.

Many years have onward glided, I hear mother's voice no more,
Yet my mem'ry often wanders to the happy days of yore;
And to me this flow'r, tho' faded, is the fairest of the dell,
For I found it in the bible that my mother loved so well.

Years ago when I was little and my father went to sea,
I beheld the soft tears falling as he kissed good-bye to me;
As he bade farewell to mother I could hear him sadly say:
"Put your trust in God and heaven when I'm wand'ring far away,
I will write you loving letters, for wherever I may roam
All my thoughts will ever linger on my fond ones all at home."
And his good ship sailed that morning o'er the wide and wild blue main,
But, alas! we ne'er expected that we'd never meet again.—CHORUS.

On a bright September morning came the postman to the door,
With the long expected letter—mother read it o'er and o'er;
It was from my absent father, he was 'neath a foreign sky,
And he said, tho' far he wandered yet in spirit he was nigh.
And he sent us as a token from afar a little flower,
For he knew 'twould please my mother in each long and dreary hour;
And she placed it in the bible, and she saw it day by day,
And it brought to fond remembrance one that now was far away.—CHORUS.

After years and years of waiting came the dismal news one morn,
That my father had been shipwrecked on a foreign shore forlorn;
But my mother bore it bravely, for she said her days were few,
And they'd meet again in heaven when her earthly course was through.
For a few short months she lingered ere she bade a last good-bye,
And was borne by spirit angels to her home beyond the sky;
So this little flower, though faded, has its pretty story told,
And I'll keep it in the bible as my mother did of old.—CHORUS.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

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As I rode down to Latern in Barin
So early one day,
'Twas there I espied a handsome young cowboy,
All dressed in white linen and clothed for the grave.

CHORUS.

Then play your fife lowly, and beat your drum slowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me along;
Go take me to the graveyard and place the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

'Twas once to my saddle I used to go dashing,
'Twas once to my saddle I used to be gay;
But I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot through the body, so now I must die.—*Chorus.*

Go gather all around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the history of this my fate;
Go tell them to stop their deep drinking
And all their wild ways before it's too late.—*Chorus.*

Go write a letter to my gray-headed mother,
And bear the news gently to my sister so dear;
But then there's another far dearer than a mother,
She'll bitterly weep when she knows I am here.—*Chorus.*

Go bring me a cup of pure cold water,
Of pure cold water, the poor fellow said,
But when I returned the spirit had departed
And gone to the Giver—the cowboy was dead.—*Chorus.*

The Life of a Soldier in the U. S. Cavalry

Written by John H. Laser, Troop D, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The life of a soldier is wild and romantic,
Out upon the Western frontiers;
In the heart of the mountains or on the open prairie
The "boys" they live like festive kings or peers.
They can hunt the buffalo and the bear,
The elk and the cunning panther, too;
And many are the poor but sanginary redskin
They are often forced to put the daylight through.

We start out at daybreak and cross the open prairie,
Or the point o'er which our journey it may lie,
Down through the valley, or o'er the rugged mountains,
Whose distant snow-tipped summit pierces the sky.
And we travel right on 'till noon,
Until we strike some clear little stream;
We will halt by its banks to demolish some refreshments,
And bask in the sun's celestial beams.

After resting and feeding, and seeing to our horses,
"Swing out boys," is then the next command;
Immediately after our small but jolly party
Is once on route o'er the land.
Then we'll travel the remainder of the day,
Until the sun sinks far in the West;
Then we'll camp by some stream and refresh ourselves with coffee,
And pass the night in slumber and in rest.

It wants an hour of daybreak, the boys they are sleeping,
Dreaming of happy and sweet times;
The camp is enveloped in darkness,
And in silent the sentinel patrols his lonely beat.
Not a sound disturbs the air,
The sentinel calls "all's well!"
When all of a sudden the crack of many rifles
Is followed by a loud and savage yell.

The boys are on their feet, feeling for their rifles,
The barrels in the darkness brightly gleam;
The animals are neighing, snorting and prancing,
Confusion for a moment reigns supreme.
Then the boys dash for their foe,
Determined to conquer or die;
And when the morning dawned the sun came out
And looked where many a lifeless warrior did lie.

The soldiers are triumphant, still their bronzed and hearty faces
Wear expressions of sadness and of gloom;
For three of their companions, when the redskins came upon them,
Sprang from their couch only to meet their doom.
They were buried where they fell,
As noble looking men as you could see;
And they shall lie in peace and in quietness
Until the sounding of the "great reveille."

Then hurrah for a good suit of blue,
A rifle, a horse, and pistol, too;
Hurrah for the prairies, the wild woods and the mountains,
To pass a wild and reckless life away.

—Mrs. Montgomery's mother resides with her, but at present she is away on a visit. The other day she sent her photograph to her devoted daughter. When Mrs. Montgomery received it she rushed into the room where Ferguson was trying to figure out a base ball combination. "Isn't it a pretty picture, Fergy; perfectly life like?" ejaculated Mrs. Montgomery, in her sweet, contralto voice. "Um—ye-es. I guess so. Who is it?" inquired Mr. Montgomery, doubtfully. "Why, Fergy, it's my own dear, sweet darling mother." "Yes, so 'tis, so 'tis," said Mr. Montgomery, hastily. "I ought to have recognized her." "And it's so perfectly natural except about the mouth." "I see now why I did not recognize the photograph. It represents her with her mouth closed and I never saw her that way," and Mr. Ferguson went down to buy base ball pools, while his wife cried all the morning.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Tom, If You Love Me, Say So.

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Dear Tom, my brave, free-hearted lad,
Where'er you go, God bless you;
You'd better speak than wish you had,
If love for me distress you.
To me, they say, your thoughts incline,
And possibly they may so;
Then, once for all, to quiet mine,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

On that sound heart and manly frame
Sits lightly sport or labor;
Good humored, frank, and still the same
To parent, friend, or neighbor.
Then why postpone your love to own
For me from day to day so,
And let me whisper still alone,
Tom, if you love me, say so?

How oft when I was sick, or sad,
With some remembered folly,
The sight of you has made me glad,
And then most melancholy?
Ah! why will thoughts of one so good
Upon my spirit prey so?
By you it should be understood,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

Last Monday at the cricket match
No rival stood before you;
In harvest time, for quick despatch,
The farmers all adore you;
And evermore your praise they sing,
Though one thing you delay so;
And I sleep nightly murmuring,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

Whate'er of ours you chance to seek,
Almost before you breathe it,
I bring with blushes on my cheek,
And all my soul goes with it.
Why thank me then with voice so low,
And faltering turn away so?
When next you come, before you go,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

When Jasper Wild beside the brook
Resentful 'round us lowered,
I oft recall that lion look
That quelled the savage coward.
Bold words and free you uttered then,
Would they could find their way so;
When these moist so plainly mean,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My friends, 'tis true, are well to do,
And yours are poor and friendless;
Ah, no, for they are rich in you,
Their happiness is endless.
You never let them shed a tear,
Save that on you they weigh so;
There's one might bring you better cheer,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My uncle's legacy is all
For you, Tom, when you choose it;
In better hands it cannot fall,
Or better trained to use it.
I'll wait for years, but let me not,
Nor wooed nor plighted stay so;
Since wealth and worth make even lot,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

—A woman without bustle is dull and unattractive; and a bustle without a woman is anything but pleasing to the eye. It is a combination of the two that makes the charming effect.

—A Philadelphia girl says Really! a Boston girl, Ah! a Chicago girl, Which! a Baltimore girl, Indeedee! A Providence girl, He-ow! a London girl, Fawncy! a Leadville girl, "What are you givin' us?"

MISS MALONEY'S GROWLER.

Copyright, 1883, by F. Harding.

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Each night at eight we go 'way down to Battle Row,
Where all the boys and girls they meet so handy;
We have a social song, and chat the evening long
With manners just as sweet as taffy candy.
There's Mister McAdoo, he sings us "Peek-a-boo,"
At this and other ditties he's a howler;
And soon there's lots of fun with glasses round each one,
When full they bring on Miss Maloney's growler.

CHORUS.

We sing the whole night long, with voices loud and strong,
When Miss Maloney sings she is a howler;
There's always lots of fun with glasses round each one,
When drinking out of Miss Maloney's growler.

There's jigs and funny reels, and light fantastic heels
That figure in the mazes of the lancers;
The sport is of the best, and welcome every guest
To join the merry frolic of the dancers.
There's Biddy Murphy there, who's forty, fat and fair,
And there's the undertaker, Mister Fowler;
The charming Widow Dunn, who gets so full of fun,
When in comes darling Miss Maloney's growler.—*Chorus.*

So merry goes the night, with jollity so bright,
And Jerry Kelly playing on the fiddle;
No gayer crowd is found, for soon it's hands around
And balance to your partners down the middle.
And when the night is done each heart is full of fun,
And not a one would dare to be a scowler;
We're such a happy set, and, oh, the pints you get
When you go out with Miss Maloney's growler.—*Chorus.*

Years Have Come and Passed Away.

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Years have come and passed away,
Golden locks have turned to gray;
Golden ringlets once so fair
Time has changed to silvery hair.

CHORUS.

Bring to me my harp again,
Let me hear its gentle strain;
Let me hear its chords once more
Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

Yes, I'm near the river side,
Soon I'll launch upon its tide;
Soon my boat with noiseless oar
Safe will pass to yon bright shore.—*Chorus.*

Oh! those chords with magic power
Takes me back to childhood's hour,
To that cottage by the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee.—*Chorus.*

But that mother now is gone,
Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,
While I wander here alone
Sighing for a better home.—*Charus.*

Soon I'll be among the blest,
Where the weary are at rest;
Soon I'll tread the golden shore
Singing praises evermore.—*Chorus.*

Now my boat is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam;
Soon I'll be where angels roam,
Dear old harp, I'm going home.—*Chorus.*

—A little girl in much excitement rushed into the parlor, which was full of company, and exclaimed: "Mamma, just think of it!" "Think of what, darling?" "Our cat has a whole lot of twins, and I didn't even know she was married!"

The Wreck of the Southern Pacific Express Train at Tehachapi Pass.

Tune—"Milwaukee Fire."

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It was at early morn on the South Pacific Road,
Near the dangerous pass of Tehachapi,
The express was speeding with her precious load,
While all on board were sleeping peacefully;
Unconscious of the doom which was for them in store,
But dreaming of the loving friends they'd meet,
Who would clasp them in extended arms once more,
And with happy smiles and fond kisses greet.
It was a dark and stormy night, with rain and snow,
The wind was blowing fearful o'er the track,
Which set the cars a swaying to and fro,
While all the clouds above were clothed in black,

As though draped in mourning for the dreadful fate
Of those who calmly slept and had no fears;
Who could not be warned until it was too late,
To save them from those vain and bitter tears.
The train reached the summit of Tehachapi at last,
And changed the engine for the other train,
Which left the cars with no weight to hold them fast,
Therefore they started rolling down the track again;
Then a piercing cry rung out upon the air,
That the cars were rushing madly down the grade;
Then men and women awoke in wild despair,
As the cars leaped in a ravine, there in a pile were laid.

Then a fire broke forth, the cars were in a blaze,
Roasting its victims and sapping up their lives;
Those who escaped, none could their grief assuage,
Men prayed in agony, oh, God, save our wives;
Then a lovely girl arose amidst the fire,
And said: Oh, God, in pity, oh, in pity save,
Let not this wreck be my funeral pyre,
Let me not perish in this burning grave.
This fair young girl was soon to be a bride,
Soon be united with affection's chains
To her betrothed while standing by his side,
But her crisped form is all that now remains.

Then at a window there did a face appear,
Making frantic efforts to get free,
But the roaring flames were drawing very near,
Soon they will reach him, no more that face we'll see.
Thus poor souls perished slowly one by one,
None could get near to soothe them in their pain,
All that humane power could do was done,
Many tried to save them, but 'twas all in vain.
When this sad news went flashing o'er the wires,
To all the friends of dear ones loved and lost,
Who can portray the anguish of husbands, wives and sires,
To know their loved ones perished in that fearful holocaust?

MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Meet me to-night, dearest, down by the gate,
Anxiously, longingly for thee I'll wait
There, while the lady moon softly reclines,
There, while her beaming eye lovingly shines;
In sweetest dreams of thee happy I'll wait,
Eager to meet thee, love, down by the gate.

CHORUS.

Meet me to-night, dearest, down by the gate,
Anxiously, longingly for thee I'll wait;
In sweetest dreams of thee happy I'll wait,
Eager to meet thee, love, down by the gate.

Meet me to-night, dearest, day will soon close,
Yonder the sun softly sinks to repose;
Love will awake as the starlight arise,
On me will shine through thy dreamy blue eyes;
Visions of joy will be mine as I wait,
Eager to meet thee, love, down by the gate.—*Chorus.*

Give Me a House That's Haunted.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Give me a house that's haunted,
With love the only sprite,
I'll dwell in it undaunted,
Nor fear its utmost spite.
Though witching tones are swelling
Above me and beside,
Where love is in the dwelling
I am content to bide.
If every beam and rafter,
And every stone and tile,
Re-echo with its laughter,
My heart shall laugh the while.

The favored room or chamber
Frequented by the ghost,
I'll gladliest remember,
And I will prize it most.
When morn is stilly breaking,
And earth is growing light,
I'll tremble not, if waking,
Mine eyes behold the sprite.
If, as the day grows older,
The heavenly temper'd thing
Taps tenderly my shoulder,
Rejoicingly I'll sing.

When in the midnight lonely
Day's brighter scenes are hid,
I'll sweetly sleep, if only
Love stirs the cover lid.
I'd ever be enchanted
By love's bewitching spell,
And in a house love-haunted
I would my life long dwell.
And when my time is ending,
And heaven is coming nigh,
Let love, my soul attending,
Go with me to the sky.

OH! SHARE MY COTTAGE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! share my cottage, gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To give a sweetness to its shade
And happiness to me.
Here, from the splendid gay parade
Of noise and folly free,
No sorrow can my peace invade,
If only blessed with thee.

CHORUS.

Then share my cottage, gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To give a freshness to its shade
And happiness, happiness to me.

The hawthorn with the woodbine twined
Present their sweets to thee,
And every balmy breath of wind
Is filled with harmony.
A truly fond and faithful heart
Is all I offer thee,
And can'st thou see me thus depart
A prey to misery?—*Chorus.*

—They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once that you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that sentiment now," he replied in confident tones; "no noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling; what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

GALS ON THE AVENUE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I walked out one sultry morn,
In the middle of July,
Looking at all the pretty dears
As they went passing by;
'Twas there I saw such a sweet little duck,
A thrill my frame went through,
As she swept the pave with a muslin dress
Up Ridge Road avenue.

CHORUS.

Up Ridge Road avenue,
Up Ridge Road avenue;
So, boys, when you're out,
Just mind what you're about
With the gals on the avenue.

I passed her by, she looked so shy,
Says I, "Miss, is your name Jones?"
She said, like a saint, "Well, no, it ain't!"
In, oh, such lovely tones.
She said, with a wink, "It's no such thing,
My name I'll tell to you;
It's Maria Krout, and I live out
Up Ridge Road avenue."—*Chorus.*

Then on we walked, and sighed and talked
Of love and things divine;
With love my heart it swelled right out,
I asked her to be mine.
She says, "They don't let lovers in
The house, but as for you,
You may come if you like, and I'll make it all right,
Up Ridge Road avenue."—*Chorus.*

When I got there how I did stare,
For all the doors was shut;
And to reach my love, who was looking out above,
I got on a water butt;
When to my dismay the lid gave way,
I quickly tumbled through,
And soon I found I was half drowned,
Up Ridge Road avenue.—*Chorus.*

Maria with fright did scream right out,
And loud for help did shout,
When a fellow came down in seedy dressing gown
And kindly pulled me out;
And from what he said I felt afraid
He meant to put me through;
And my fears increased when he called police,
Up Ridge Road avenue.—*Chorus.*

When he let go I was not slow
In bolting from the spot;
Across the wall I had a fall,
By jove, I had it hot.
My gal I never saw no more,
She a horrid deed did do;
She hung herself to a barber's pole
Up Ridge Road avenue.—*Chorus.*

—"Did he pop the question last night?" eagerly asked the mother, as the daughter came down to a late breakfast. "No, not quite." "What did he say?" "Why, he squeezed my hand twice, and said that he believed I'd make some man an excellent wife, if the fellow had sense enough to take me so far away that you couldn't make me a visit more than once in twenty years."

—The American habit of humorous exaggeration betrays itself at home and abroad. Its favorite use is to bring a stare to British faces. An American in England was badgered by some cockneys, who bragged over the speed of their railway cars, which "often run a mile a minute." "Why, that's nothing," said the Yankee. "Last Summer I was on one of our trains with an English traveler, who got mad with a man at a station when he went up the road, and now he stood on the platform with a club to hit the man. He raised and brought it down at the man. But he had timed his blow by your English railway speed, and he knocked down a man at a station seven miles further on!"

Flying Your Kite Too High.

Tune—"The Elixir of Love."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When Doctor Franklin went to catch
The lightning by the tail,
He raised his kite high up in air,
A telegraph bob-tail.
When the lightning came down through the string
And kicked him in the eye,
Oh, says he, unto his darkey,
Never fly your kite too high.

A fast young man flings out his kite
In a two-forty run,
And with his daddy's money
Goes in for every fun.
He finds his cash is running short,
With throat and pockets dry;
His daddy says: That serves you right,
You're flying your kite too high.

To catch some wealthy heiress
He gives his kite a swing;
He pays out to an airy height,
And goes his length of string.
The lady she is charmed to see
His bob-tail spreading nigh;
She says: Who is that sweet young man
That's flying his kite so high?

They soon get strung together,
And run out all their cash;
His tradesman cuts his paper notes,
And she can't cut a dash.
With bills for dress, et cetra,
She at him now does fly;
My dear, says he, I can't pay out,
You're flying your kite too high.

He goes to clubs, or somewhere else,
And he comes home rather late;
She finds he's been a drinking,
And she aims to pull his pate.
He strikes a threat'ning attitude,
And utters this reply:
My dear, unless you'd raise a muss,
Don't fly your kite so high.

The girls of young America
Now spread their kites at ten;
Where once they thought of dolls and toys
They now think of the men.
When for the newest fashions,
Newest beaux, and tales they sigh,
Their mammas say: My dearest girls,
Your flying your kites too high.

I went to see a lady dance
At a theatre show,
She showed her stockings up as far
As the law would well allow.
Oh! isn't she an angel?
Said a fellow who sat nigh.
Says I, I guess she must be,
For she flies her kite so high.

—"My poem is rather lengthy," she said, "and may be you won't have room for it this week." The editor yawned and replied, "Oh, yes; we could find room for it if it was twelve times as long—our stove is a large one, you see."

—"By the way, John," said a Philadelphia wife to her husband, as he was leaving for the office in the morning, "I wish you would tell Mr. Stuckup to inform his wife that I won't be home this afternoon." "Where are you going?" "Oh, I'm not going out, but I hear that she has a sealskin sacque, and I don't want her parading it here before me. We have a prayer meeting at the church to-night, and I don't wan't to go there with my heart filled with hate."

Don't Go Out To-Night, Joe.

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Don't turn from me away,
But think of how I love you,
And promise me you will stay,
Oh, think of how I love you;
Let's enjoy our fireside's bliss,
And turn from wrong to right,
So change your mind and kiss me,
And stay at home to-night.

CHORUS.

Don't go out to-night, Joe,
Don't turn from me away,
But think of how I love you,
And promise me you will stay.

Don't go out to-night, Joe,
Be loving, kind and true,
And listen to my voice, Joe,
And little Annie's, too;
Oh, think of how I love you,
And turn from wrong to right,
So change your mind and kiss me,
And stay at home to-night.—*Chorus.*

Don't go out to-night, Joe,
For I have hope and fear,
It makes me feel so sad, Joe,
My eyes are filled with tears;
Oh, think of how I love you,
And turn from wrong to right,
You have chang'd your mind—kiss me,
Joe, and stay home to-night.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

The moss-cover'd vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in the well.

—What was Eve made for? For Adam's Express Company.

—The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers, and had exercised them much to Johnny's annoyance. One day he said to his mother: "Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?" "Yes, dear." Johnny was silent for some time, and then he went on: "Say, ma." "What is it, Johnny?" "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you?"

SOFTLY NOW, TENDERLY, LIFT HIM WITH CARE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care,
This is a hero whose pale form ye bear;
Raise that right arm of his up to his side—
Look here, that's where the ball struck when he died!
Brush back the hair from his pain-moistened brow,
Cold enough, still enough, white enough now;
Lay his cap over it—gently—that's right,
Cover his dead eyes away from the light.

Loosen his sword-belt—there, take it away,
No blade is sheathed in its scabbard to-day;
Here, throw this flag o'er his poor wounded breast,
Wrapped in its folds we will lay him to rest.
Only this morning, poor fellow, he stood
Smiling in front, gallant, noble, and good,
Cheering his comrades, himself at their head,
Now they have killed him, we bear him here dead

Some heart is longing and hoping for him,
Some eyes must weep 'till their light has grown dim;
Some hand shall never more meet touch of his,
Heaven curse the traitors whose work is like this!
There, lay him down in his lone hero grave,
Throw the earth tenderly over the brave;
Now leave him sleeping, 'tis all we can do,
Love's work is o'er for him, life's journey's through.

THE BOLD PRIVATEER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It's, oh, my dearest Polly,
You and I must part,
I am going across the seas, love,
I give to you my heart;
My ship she lies in waiting,
So fare thee well, my dear,
I am just a going on board
Of the Bold Privateer.

But, oh, my dearest Johnny,
Great dangers have been crossed,
And many a sweet life
By the seas has been lost;
You had better stop at home
With the girl that loves you dear
Than to venture your sweet life
On the Bold Privateer.

When the wars are over,
May heaven spare my life,
Then soon I will come back
To my sweet, loving wife;
Then soon I will get married
To charming Polly dear,
And for ever bid adieu
To the Bold Privateer.

Oh, my dearest Polly;
Your friends do me dislike;
Besides, you have two brothers,
Who'd quickly take my life.
Come, change your ring with me, my dear,
Come, change your ring with me,
And that shall be our token
When I am on the sea.

—At the burning of a church a grand pianoforte was taken out on the lawn, and an Irishman exclaimed: "Begorra, they've saved the billiard table!"

—"The dog and the cat, as they lay before the grate in all peace and tranquility, set a good example for us to follow," said an irritable woman to her husband. "They seem to be on pretty good terms with each other," replied the husband; "but if they were tied together as we are you would soon see the fur fly."

McCARTHY'S FANCY BALL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of all the friends I vally, McCarthy has the floor,
He lives on Castle alley, forninst Pat Grogan's store;
A message he indited to me and Tom McCaull,
In which we were invited to attend his fancy ball.
Rutherford McKann, Belinda Jane Fogarty,
Alonzo Hoolahan and Florence McAnall
Were in a set together, they were the pride of all,
They danced the glide and racquet at McCarthy's fancy ball.

CHORUS.

While McCarthy, so gay, kep' smilin' away,
"Welcome, gintlemen, all to the party!
Clarence Milton, my dear, bring a can full of beer
For the guests of the Hotel McCarthy!"

The supper was the finest that ever I did see,
And to it I escorted Miss Inez Maud McGee;
We had maccaroni fritters, and lobster fricasseed,
With toast on ice and pickles, it was a glorious feed.
Ham and lemon pie, fried beans and floating island,
With champagne extra dry we gormandized them all;
When I was full to bursting they laid me in the hall,
I nearly got dyspepsia at McCarthy's fancy ball.

CHORUS.

While McCarty, so sound, bossed the servants around,
"Will yez hurry and wait on the party?
Grace Louisa, I say, bring some pot pie this way
For the guests of the Hotel McCarthy!"

The punch went 'round quite freely, the fun was loud and high,
'Till Grogan stuck his finger in Colonel Dooly's eye;
This caused a great disturbance, the ladies lost their wits,
And Agnes Rose McNally went into gastric fits.
Dooly hit McHugh, while I walked into Fagan,
Then Peter McAdoo just paralized them all;
We put it on McCarthy and sent him to the wall,
'Twas quite a royal pic-nic at McCarthy's fancy ball.

CHORUS.

While McCarthy did cry, as he picked up his eye,
"Arrah, gintlemen, plaze lave the party!
Douglass Tracy, I say, call a cop right away,
There's a scrap at the Hotel McCarthy!"

KITTY WELLS.

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You ask what makes this darkey weep,
Why he like others am not gay;
What makes the tear flow down his cheek
From early morn till close of day?
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS.

While the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill was a-dawning,
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells
But death came in my cabin door,
And took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
Then I laid my banjo down and cried.—*Chorus.*

I often wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom.
The Spring-time has no charms for me,
Though flowers are blooming in the dells,
For that bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.—*Chorus.*

Bringing Pretty Blossoms to Strew on Mother's Grave.

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Mother, dear, I'm weary, there's sorrow in my heart,
And from my heavy eyelids the tears unbidden start,
As 'neath the hawthorn shadow, down by the silver stream,
I sit again and ponder o'er childhood's happy dream;
But gone are all its pleasures, I'm happy now no more,
Since thou art taken from me beyond the silent shore;
How well do I remember the parting kiss you gave,
As now with brightest flowers I strew thy lonely grave.

CHORUS.

Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on mother's grave,
How well do I remember the parting kiss she gave;
But while my heart with sorrow is throbbing, oh, so wild,
I know her angel spirit is watching o'er her child.

Soon these flowers will wither, their fragrance disappear,
But still my heart will cherish a love for mother dear;
And when the coming seasons bring back their precious bloom,
Should I be spared, I'll scatter fresh blossoms on her tomb;
The daisy from the meadow, the sweet wild mountain rose,
The modest little pansy that in the woodland grows,
I'll bring in all their beauty, and, oh, what joy 'twill be,
To know that up in heaven my mother watches me.—*Chorus.*

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar play'd a tune, dear;
The music so sweet they'd oft-times repeat,
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

CHORUS.

Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say and be true, dear.

I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall in vain, I would call
The blessing of my country and you, dear.—*Chorus.*

When the war is o'er to you I'll return,
Back to my country and you, dear;
But if I be slain, you may seek me in vain,
Upon the battle-field you will find me.—*Chorus.*

JUST AS OF OLD.

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Just as of old, the moments come and go,
The Spring with its flowers, and the Winter with its snow;
The hours pass away, the seasons, warm and cold,
And time rolls along to-day just as of old.
But, ah, how we change, as years come on anew,
The heart grows strange that once was kind and true;
And dear friends part, as others pass away,
And sadly sighs the weary heart day after day.

CHORUS.

But just as of old, the moments come and go,
The Spring with its flowers, and the Winter with its snow;
The hours pass away, the seasons, warm and cold,
And time rolls along to-day just as of old.

Just as of old, the many stars appear,
And greet us again, as in some forgotten year;
The flowers bloom anew, and rivers ever flow,
Just as they did in days of old, long, long ago.
But why should we sigh when hoping for the best?
As years roll by the heart will find its rest;
But hope soon dies, and sorrow holds her sway,
For many that we learn to prize soon pass away.—*Chorus.*

HOWARD'S CRADLE SONG.

BYE-LOW, BABY BUNTING

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In a thatch-covered cot at the bend of the road,
That leads to the far distant town,
A mother sits singing her baby to sleep,
For the sun it is fast going down;
And the baby's bright eyes are heavy with sleep,
Still a white, chubby arm fondly clings
Round that tired mother's neck as she rocks to and fro,
And this old-fashioned lullaby sings:

CHORUS.

Bye-low, baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To wrap his baby in.

Now the twilight's gray shadows are shading the day,
And the hills wear a sun-guilded crest,
The mother stops singing, sweet smiles light her face,
And the babe lifts his head from her breast;
An echoing foot-fall is heard drawing near,
The door opens wide, baby springs
Into papa's strong arms, that will hold baby close
To his heart while for baby he sings:—*Chorus.*

UNDER THE MOON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze
Ripples the water in pulses of light,
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night;
Under the elm-row, misty and dark,
Love's sweet laughter rings thro' the park,
Sprinkled with many a dim, red lamp,
Stretching away thro' the distance damp;
Hark! 'mid the foliage blossom with June,
Tinkles a serenade under the moon.
Under the moon, as the twilight breeze
Ripples the water in pulses of light,
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.

Under the moon, by the soft sea shore,
The wind walks over its precious floor
Courting the snow-white bosomed sails,
Lightly dipping through azure vales;
Over the crisp foam, bearing along
The musing mariner's midnight song,
As by the rising helm, with hands
Lit in the compass lamp he stands,
Thinking of those he left at noon,
Away he is bearing under the moon.
Under the moon, as the twilight breeze
Ripples the water in pulses of light,
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.

Under the moon, by the dusky road,
Pace we on to the old abode,
The listless splendor floating falls
O'er its sycamor'd roof and walls;
Peering into the casement nook,
Piled with many a brown old book,
Spirits are they whose pages teem
With thoughtful ditty and pictured dream;
Spirits amid whose silence soon
Our own shall slumber under the moon.
Under the moon, as the twilight breeze
Ripples the water in pulses of light,
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.

—The pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface and said: "Give me your hand." "Please, ask papa," she said, as she sank for the second time.

CHEWING GUM.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I courted a girl named Alice, it really was a sin,
I worried so about her, it made me awful thin;
She wasn't quite perfection, bad habits she had one,
And that was worse than anything, 'twas chewing horrid gum.

CHORUS.

I never got a word from her but yum, yum, yum,
Her pretty little mouth was always filled with chewing gum;
For she'd sit and chew 'till her lips got black and blue,
I wish she would get through with chewing gum, gum, gum.

To parties and to sociables, of course, we went for fun,
But she never went out evenings without her mouth chock full of gum;
And when I tried to dance with her upon the floor or heath,
I couldn't hear the music for the rattle of her teeth.—CHORUS.

I took her out a riding, the horse began to rear,
He kicked the wagon over, sent her whizzing through the air;
When she came down upon the ground, I thought that she was dumb,
For the only sound I got from her was yum, yum, yum.—CHORUS.

Only Remembered by What I Have Done.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what I have done.

CHORUS.

Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what I have done;
Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Shall I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping the fields I in Spring-time have sown?
No, for the sower may pass from his labors
Only remembered by what he has done.—*Chorus.*

Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that in earth I have sown,
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.—*Chorus.*

Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will his faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.—*Chorus.*

Dougherty's Boarding House.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm going to try and tell you, so listen unto me,
About a panic boarding house in Frog street, No. 3,
Kept by a man named Dougherty, an Irishman, of course,
A regular European North American boarding house.

CHORUS.

Cornelius Slaughtery, just from the battery, Timothy Regan, Mike McGlue,
Big foot Hennessy, Patsey Leary, all in one room, number two;
Jerry Rawley, the man from Galway, Pat McGlone, and a fellow called Mouse,
Cobblers, tailors, coopers, sailors, down at Dougherty's boarding house.

On week days we have liver, on Sundays we have mush,
And when the bell for dinner rings, you ought to see them rush;
And the way they make the landlord stare as each one makes a grab,
And demolish everything they see, 'twould make your heart feel sad.—CHORUS.

And when at night we go to bed and try and get some sleep,
Then in walks big O'Donnell with his No. 15 feet;
And bedbugs, too, they stick like glue, and promenade in gangs,
And bottle-tailed flies get on your eyes, and mosquitoes on your hand.—CHORUS.

—Before marriage a true lover often presents his sweetheart with a lock of his hair, after marriage she helps herself.

The Celebrated Speech of Robt. Emmet.

LEADER OF THE IRISH INSURRECTION OF 1803.

My Lords:—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy—I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusations and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breasts of a Court constituted and trammeled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of court or in the catastrophe, prosperity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which have corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice; the man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its powers over man as over the beasts of the forests; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more than the government standard—a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet—saying that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishments of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate aid—I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure and the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise.

Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my Lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lords, a man that does not wish to have his epitaph written, until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor pretend to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the court.]

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your Lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen—if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words comfort him in the hour of affliction.

[Here he was again interrupted; Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinion of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner whom your policy, and not your justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed ignomity of the scaffold—but worse to me than the proposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my Lord, are a Judge; I am the supposed culprit; I am a man; you are a man also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice; if I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my body, condemn my tongue to your silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and my motives from your aspersions; and as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish.

As men, my Lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motive—my country's oppressors, or——

[Here he was again interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My Lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during the trial by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your Lordships insult me? or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my Lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question—the form also implies the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle, before your jury was empannelled. Your Lordships are but the priests of the Oracle, and I submit—but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the Court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wish to sell the independence of my country! and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition. O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune—by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of my country's oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment—and for it I now offer up my life. Oh, God! No! my Lord, I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscious depravity; it was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth—I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it as if we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I

could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish, because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is profitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked indeed for the assistance of France, but I wished to prove to France and to all the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor—disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience, who would preserve the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects—not to receive new task-makers, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court.]

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor over much, you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my Lord, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Here he was again interrupted.]

What, my Lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed in your unhallowed ministry, into one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it.

[Here the Judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but of my country, liberty and independence, or that I became the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the present domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought on the threshold of my country, and its enemy should only enter by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions.]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have ever for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My Lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for a nobler purpose, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient. I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then—let my epitaph be written. I have done.

One day, previous to Emmet's trial, as the Governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmet's room rather abruptly, and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance, he apologized for the interruption. He had a fork fixed to his little deal table, and appended to it there was a tress of hair, "You see," said he to the keeper, "how inflocently I have been occupied; this little tress has been long dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear in my bosom on the day of my execution." On the day of that fatal event there was found, sketched by his own hand with a pen and ink, upon that very table, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe and all the paraphernalia of a high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm and fortitude do not the above traits of character exhibit. His fortitude, indeed never forsook him; on the night previous to his death, he slept as soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned, he arose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk, which he drank, wrote two letters, and then desired the sheriffs to be informed that he was ready. When they came to his room, he said he had two requests to make one that his arms might be left as loose as possible, which was humanely acceded to. 'I make the other,' said he, 'not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it; it is, that I may be permitted to die in my green uniform.' This, of course, was not allowed him—and the request seemed to have no other object than to show that he gloried in the cause for which he had to suffer.

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

ONLY A RINGLET OF HAIR.

Copyright, 1883, by Frank B. Haynes.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Only a ringlet of hair,
Tinted with sunlight's bright hue,
Mingling with tresses so fair,
Fairer no lover e'er knew;
Like a bright sunbeam it fell,
Binding my heart in its snare,
Weaving around me love's spell,
Tho' but a ringlet of hair.

CHORUS.

Precious it is unto me,
Naught with this tress can compare,
How my heart beats when I see
This golden ringlet of hair.

Bright the stars twinkled above
When by the beautiful sea,
This, as a token of love,
Jennie bestowed upon me;
Warm on my lips was her kiss,
Maiden so sweet and so fair,
Thus do I treasure this tress,
Only a ringlet of hair.—*Chorus.*

Wedded for years we have been,
She is a true loving wife,
Still of my heart she is queen,
Solace and joy of my life;
Beautiful still to my eyes,
No one with her can compare,
Thus do I treasure and prize
This golden ringlet of hair.—*Chorus.*

—A small fire in Chicago the other evening was put out by the householder sacrificing to the flames a pitcher of beer he had just bought. It is easy to see that this man was no Anarchist.

—There was a feud between the four-year-old young lady and her aunt, which came at last to declared hostilities. But the little lady knelt down at night and said her prayers: "Bless papa and bless mamma, and"—there came a long ominous pause—"bless auntie; but if you can't bless her it doesn't matter."

I Have Something Sweet to Tell You.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep,
And, remember, if it isn't right,
I'm talking in my sleep;
For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine,
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

CHORUS.

I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep,
And, remember, if it isn't right,
I'm talking in my sleep.

So, remember, when I tell you
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep;
My pretty secret's coming,
Oh, listen with your hearts,
And you shall hear it humming
So close 'twill make you start.—*Chorus.*

Oh, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you, I adore you, but
I'm talking in my sleep;
For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine,
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.—*Chorus.*

You Can Do It, If You Want To.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I once was deep in love with a charming little dear,
And when in her society I always felt so queer,
I mustered up my check and asked her for a kiss,
She blushed and hesitated, and answered like this:

CHORUS.

You can do it, if you want to,
For I really can't resist you;
You are such a charming fellow,
To refuse you is absurd.

As time passed on I found I'd have to get a wife,
I asked her if she'd like to be my better half thro' life;
Her answer was, yes, so to papa I went,
As I'd money plenty, why, he quickly gave consent.

SPOKEN—Yes, as I was well fixed, so I asked the old gent for his daughter's hand, heart and soforth. "Well, I've no objection, of course; you know Galatea hasn't any money, but as you love her, why, that don't make any difference, and as to marrying her my dear boy, why,"—*Chorus.*

I went with rapid steps to tell her of my plan,
And found her sitting on the lap of a handsome looking man;
I scarce believed my eyes, and started with dismay,
And as she whispered in his ear, I plainly heard her say:

SPOKEN—"Never mind, Charley, even if I do marry that snoozer, it won't make any difference, I'll love you just the same as ever." Jemess River! wasn't I mad; I told her she was false to me and that I would never marry her, that I would not believe her if she'd make a statement; and as for Charley, why, he could have her and welcome. I told her I would leave, and she would never set her eyes on me again. I hope I may never if she didn't say:—*Chorus.*

The moral of my tale you all can plainly see,
Don't marry any girl, my boys, tho' handsome she may be,
Unless she love but you, I guess you'll find I'm right,
They're bound to have a Charley when you're out of sight.

SPOKEN—Yes, and all I've got to say is, if any of you chaps want to marry such a girl as that, why,—*Chorus.*

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By the quaint old flower market, where the winding crossways meet,
An old street lamp was shining for the last time in the street;
It thought of all the faces that had loved its kindly ray,
Oh, some were changed with passing years, and some were gone away;
The young, the old, the happy, and the far-off quiet dead,
The old street lamp remembered all, and this is what it said:

CHORUS.

It was shining for the last time as it shone in days of yore,
And the faces and the tender dreams came back, came back once more;
It was shining for the last time as it shone in days of yore,
And the faces and the tender dreams came back, came back once more.

Long ago, one night in Winter, I was shining down the street,
A lover came beneath me and perused a letter sweet;
I shone upon his fair head, and I heard the words he said:
"My love, my love, the golden days when we at last are wed!"
I saw him pass away, and his face was blithe and gay,
But all his words are in my heart forever and for aye.—CHORUS.

That other night in Winter I was shining down the street,
I saw a bier with lilies, and a maiden white and sweet;
I saw a low bent head, and I heard the words he said:
"My love, my love, I am alone, my love, my heart is dead!"
I saw him pass away, and his head was bowed and gray,
But all his words are in my heart forever and for aye.—CHORUS.

OLD KING COLE.

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Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Tweedle twee, tweedle twee, went the fiddler,
Tweedle, tweedle twee.

CHORUS.

And so merry we'll all be,
Tweedle twee;
For there's none so rare as can compare
To the sons of harmony.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass,
And he called for his pipers three.
Every piper had a fine pipe,
And a very fine pipe had he;
Toodle loo, toodle loo, went the piper,
Toodle, loodle loo;
Tweedle, tweedle twee, went the fiddler.—*Chorus.*

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass
And he called for his harpers three.
Every harper had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he;
Twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
Twang-a-twang-a-twang;
Toodle loo, toodle loo, went the piper,
Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddler.—*Chorus.*

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass,
And he called for his drummers three.
Every drummer had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he;
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummer,
Rub-a-dub, a-dub;
Twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
Toodle loo, toodle loo, went the piper,
Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddler.—*Chorus.*

Mamma's Black Baby Boy.

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I stole all dem 'lasses from off of de shelf,
I'm mamma's black baby boy;
And I spilt all dat sweetness all over myself,
I'm mamma's black baby boy.
She sends me to school most ebery day,
I pick up my books and I run away;
I come home again and my ma she will say,
I'm her little black baby boy.

CHORUS.

I'm my mamma's baby boy,
I'm my mamma's baby boy;
Oh, they say I'm complete,
And my ma says I'm sweet—
I'm my mamma's black baby boy.

She gives me ten cents to buy me a drum,
For I'm mamma's black baby boy;
So I dropped in a store and I bought me some gum,
I'm my mamma's black baby boy.
I staggered and fell all over the place,
The mud it did spatter all over my face;
The people all said that I was a disgrace,
For I'm mamma's black baby boy.—*Chorus.*

She gave me new hat and a nice suit of clothes,
For I'm mamma's black baby boy;
But my hat was too large and it covered my nose,
But I'm mamma's black baby boy.
She will send me to school and learn me to dance,
When a man 'round the ball-room I'll prance;
Last night I came home with no seat to my pants,
But I'm mamma's black baby boy.—*Chorus.*

Dar's a Lock on de Chicken-Coop Door.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Dis kentry's gwine to de dogs at last,
When de farmer sets a watch,
And a big bull-dog and a big steel trap
In de watermelon patch;
An' wus dan all, dat's happened yet,
Dat makes us feel sore,
Where eber you trabel around you'll find
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door.

CHORUS.

Oh! Aunt Susan!
Did you eber hear ob dat before?
Where eber you trabel around you'll find
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door.

De pullets dey flop deir wings and crow
When a darkey passes by,
Dey seem to say, dat dey can't be cotched,
And it ain't no use to try.
Oh, Gabriel, blow de mighty horn,
We can't stay here no more,
For if we do we'll starve to death,
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door.—*Chorus.*

And when we've a wedding party now,
Oh, what am we gwine to do?
Oh, where am de pullets coming from
For to put dat party froo?
Oh, hang up de banjo on de wall,
We'll rattle de bones no more,
Dis kentry's gwine to the dogs at last.
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door.—*Chorus.*

—"You have to work pretty hard, don't you?" said a good natured old gentleman to a car driver. "Well, yes, but I have no cause to complain." "Why not?" "Because my boss is so liberal that he gives me nearly eighteen hours a day to do my work in, while you poor bankers have to crowd your work into about four hours."

I Cannot Sing That Song To-Night.

Copyright, 1880, by S. T. Gordon & Son.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I cannot sing that song to-night,
For in its words and music dwell,
While all your hearts seem gay and light,
To me a sad and fearful spell;
For 'tis the song I used to sing
For him when all was hope and truth,
Before I knew that time would fling
One shadow o'er my happy youth.

I would not bring my sorrows here
Amidst this bright and joyous throng,
I would repress the rising tear,
Then ask me not to sing that song;
It tells how hard it is to part
From those to whom we fondly cling;
Its notes find echo in my heart,
That song I cannot dare to sing.

THE DOGS' MEAT MAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Near the old Fly Market, not a long time ago,
An old maid lived a life of woe;
She was past forty-three, and her face like tan,
When she fell in love with the dogs' meat man.
Much she admired the dogs' meat man,
Kase he was a good looking dogs' meat man;
Her lilies and roses to fade began,
When she fell deep in love with the dogs' meat man.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle, doodle dandy,
Turn right round in the bottom of the gangy;
An Injun puddin' and a pumpkin pie,
Lord! how they made the whiskey fly.

Every morning he went by, when he had his meat on hand,
And opposite the old maid's door he often used to stand;
Then she'd run out to the pretty dogs' meat man,
And sit upon the barrow of the dogs' meat man.
And the cats would come to see the fun,
But he'd seize his go-cart and away he'd run;
And up the street that he did go,
He'd cry: Here's fine, fat dogs' meat, oh.—*Chorus.*

One morning she kept him at the door
A talking half an hour or more;
For you must know that it was her plan
To get a good squint at the dogs' meat man.
Why, if you marry me, says the dogs' meat man,
Why, I'll marry you, says the dogs' meat man;
And for a quart of peppermint away she ran,
And drank good health to the dogs' meat man.—*Chorus.*

Now the very next evening he was seen
In jacket and trousers of velveteen;
And to Lemon Hill, all in a span,
With a new gown she went with the dogs' meat man.
She had crackers, she had ale, with the dogs' meat man,
And she walked arm-in-arm with the dogs' meat man;
And all the little boys on the outside did stand,
And cried: There goes the dandy little dogs' meat man.—*Chorus.*

Now, he said, his customers (Good Lord!)
They owed him a matter of two pounds' odd;
And she replied it was a shame,
To cheat such a good looking dogs' meat man.
Why, if I had but the money, said the dogs' meat man,
I'd open a tripe shop, said the dogs' meat man,
And marry you to-morrow—she admired his plan,
And she lent a five dollar bill to the dogs' meat man.—*Chorus.*

He pocketed the money and he went away,
She waited for him all the next day;
He never came back, and she began
To think she'd been sold by the dogs' meat man.
She went out to look for the dogs' meat man,
But she couldn't find the dogs' meat man;
And somebody gave her for to understand,
That he had a wife and seven little dogs' meat mans.—*Chorus.*

THE AMERICAN STATUES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Permit me here to represent
Some great and noble men,
My photographic studio,
I trust, may pleasure give,
Forever in our memory
These noted men all live.

First, the Corsican brothers,
As on the stage they boast,
There is a very cutting scene between
Fabian and the ghost;
It fills his breast with woe,
And when he goes to seal the letter,
I think he stood just so.

A statue now I'll show you,
Beloved by every one;
The father of the nation,
The great George Washington;
May many follow in his path,
And to their country prove no foe;
So hail Columbia's warrior,
As I represent him so.

Now we have Governor Hoffman,
Who has done all he can
To stop the great excise law,
And aid the workingman;
He's an able politician,
And has gained himself applause,
So I think now here you'll give a cheer
For Hoffman and his cause.

Then there's General U. S. Grant,
As I'm about to show,
Who led his troops to glory,
And struck terror to the foe;
If any foreign enemy
His trumpet dares to blow,
We'll find him once more in front,
Standing, I think, just so.

Now, with your kind permission,
I'll introduce to you
The chief-man of the nation,
Andrew Johnson, good and true;
Many have fought hard against him,
But he says it's all no go;
And when he faced his enemy,
He stood, I think, just so.

THE RAILWAY GUIDE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

While traveling through the State last week
I met a pretty girl,
With dark blue eyes and rosy cheeks,
And hair in waving curls;
In her eyes she had the look
Which sorrow there was showing—
Oh, please, sir, lend to me your book,
I don't know where I am going.

CHORUS.

St. Louis and Lynchburg, San Francisco,
Watsonville and Maryville, Motora, Sanloza, Stockton, too, beside, oh!
Santa Rosa, Marapoza, San Lorenzo, Sacramento,
These were the towns I mentioned in my railway guide.
Burlington, Washington, Buffalo and Chicago,
Montreal and St. Paul, New York, too, beside, oh!
Portland, Maine, and Fort Wayne, Louisville and Brooklyn,
These were the towns I mentioned in my railway guide.

When we landed at the depot
And was going for the door,
She says: Kind sir, don't go yet,
I may never see you more;
Besides, I don't know where's my home—
How bitterly she cried—
How could you leave me all alone
Without your railway guide.—CHORUS.

THE GRECIAN STATUES.

Tune—"Jim Crow."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Although my name is Jack Rag, if you will list a while,
I'll give you the Grecian statues in an out and out style;
To see Bucrow or Thomson you would not care a nag,
After you'd seen them done by me, poor Jack Rag.

The first was Mr. Hercules, who did many great exploits,
By killing men in battle, and throwing of the quoits;
One day he took one in his hand and gave it such a throw,
And when he'd thrown it fifty miles, he stood just so.

Then there was Mr. Ajax, one look of his was frightning,
One day he gave a hungry grunt, it does defy the lightning;
He went out without his breakfast, and spirits very low,
He stamped and swore, he raved and tore, and stood just so.

Mr. Cincinnatus, his name I will not handle,
He stooped before a lady to fasten up his sandal;
Some boys they twigged the caper, and pelted him with snow,
And all the while they hooted him, he stood just so.

There was Cain and Abel fell out with one another,
So Cain, to be revenged, he thought he'd kill his brother;
He took him up and threw him down, and gave him such a blow,
And while he was a whopping him, he stood just so.

Now when he saw his brother dead he covered him with hay,
And as a screw was getting loose, he cut his stick away;
For when or where his brother was, he said he didn't know,
And when they toddled after him, he stood just so.

When Sampson went to Gaza he broke a thousand pates,
And as he was not satisfied, he carried off the gates;
The soldiers tried to hinder him, but that they found no go
For when he'd got them on his back, he stood just so.

Then Sampson caught a lion a wandering about,
He shoved his arm down his throat and turned him inside out;
He took him up and threw him down, and gave him such a blow,
And while he was a whopping him, he stood just so.

Now if you think me clever, be generous in my cause,
And if you've nothing else to spare, give me your kind applause;
When you see me on a crossing, and you can spare a mag,
I hope you won't begrudge it me, poor Jack Rag.

THE ALPINE MAID.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

That strain proclaims my lover near,
He heeds not the thunder's crash,
The avalanche's dread descent,
Nor lightning's vivid flash;
The mountain pass no terror strikes,
From crag to crag he bounds,
While echoing every note he plays,
From hill to dale resounds;
While echoing every note he plays,
From hill to dale resounds.
Ari ai ai hu ai ai ai, ari ai ai hu,
Ai ai hu ai, ai ai hu ai, ai ai ai hu.

And then when he my cottage gains,
What soft transporting bliss
Delights each heart while we exchange
Love's pure impassioned kiss.
We envy not the vaunted joys,
Which greet the gay, the great;
Content and mutual love will gild
Our humbler, happier state;
Content and mutual love will gild
Our humbler, happier state.
Ari ai ai hu ai ai ai, ari ai ai hu,
Ai ai hu ai, ai ai hu ai, ai ai ai hu.

—"You know, of course," said the old man to the young man, "that my daughter has $100,000 in her own right?" "Yes, sir." "And you are not worth a cent." "I'm poor, sir, but, great Scott, $100,000 is enough for two! Why, I'm economical, you know."

THE MINER'S LIFE.

Tune—"Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am getting old and feeble now, and I can work no home,
I have laid my rusty mining tools away;
For forty years and over I have toiled about the mines,
But now I'm getting feeble, old and gray.
I started in the breaker, and came back to it again.
But now my work is over for all time;
And the only place that's left me is the alms-house for my home,
And I there must lay this weary head of mine.

CHORUS.

Where are the boys that worked with me in the breaker long ago?
Many of them now have gone to rest;
Their days of toil are over, they have left this world of woe,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.

At eight years of age to the breaker first I went,
There to learn the occupation of a slave;
Boy-like in it I gloried, and on picking slate was bent,
My ambition then was noble, strong and brave.
In the schutes I graduated, instead of in the schools,
Remember, friends, my parents they were poor;
When a boy had left the cradle then it always was the rule,
He must help to keep starvation from the door.—*Chorus.*

At eleven years of age I bought myself a lamp,
And the boss he sent me down the mines to trap;
I stood there in the water, in the powder smoke and damp,
My leisure time I spent in killing rats.
One day I got promoted, to what they call a patch,
Or a lackey to the man that drives a team;
I carried sprags and stretchers, and I had to fix the latch,
I was going through my exercise it seems.—*Chorus.*

I next was sent at driving, and I thought myself a man,
The boss he raised my pay as I advanced;
As I went along the gangway with a team at my command,
I was prouder than the President of France.
But now that pride is weakened, and I am weakened, too,
I tremble 'till I'm scarcely fit to stand;
If I'd been taught book-learning instead of driving team,
To-day, my friends, I'd be a richer man.—*Chorus.*

I next became a miner and a laborer combined,
For to earn my daily bread beneath the ground;
I performed the acts of labor that come in a miner's line,
To cut my coal and load it I was bound.
And so I toiled through many years when I was young and strong,
And I never turned the hungry from my door;
For we were not on half time then, nor was our pay a song,
And our poor were cared for well on every floor.—*Chorus.*

'Tis not so now, alas, 'tis not, the times is changed since then,
And our masters grind us down into the dust;
On low wages and 3 days a week you must live, my humble friend,
And in heaven put your faith and firm trust.
But now that I can work no more, my race of life is run,
I am waiting for the signal at the door;
When the angels gently whisper, poor old miner, you may come,
And we'll row you to that bright celestial shore.—*Chorus.*

TWO NEW SPORTS IN TOWN.

As sung by Lester and Allen.

We're two dandies just arrived in town,
Nobbiest coons in all the land;
Diamonds dazzling rough, about ten pounds,
Ladies say we are two darlings.

CHORUS.

Two new sports in town, two new sports in town.
Two new sports who came the other day;
Two new sports in town that nobody can down,
We're two dandies, so they say.

No use talking, we're two beauty brights,
Bathe in wine most every day;
Blow our money, don't sleep for twenty nights,
Two notorious sports to gamble.—*Chorus.*

I'M SEVENTY-TWO TO-DAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm seventy-two to-day, boys,
They say I am growing old,
But I feel as brisk as in days of yore,
And my heart beats strong and bold;
No aches and pains my limbs assail,
Though I'm getting along, it is true;
And a jollier soul you will seldom find,
Although I am seventy-two.

CHORUS.

For I laugh and I sing while I can, ha, ha,
And keep this end in view,
To please you all, both great and small,
Although I am seventy-two.

I often see young men go out
And spend their nights in glee,
With whisky, beer and wine get tight,
But none of that work for me;
There's fun to be had in a sober way,
And rational pleasures, too,
If you'll walk your horses while yet you are young,
You may trot them at seventy-two.—*Chorus.*

When young I used to love to walk
Down by some shady grove,
With some pretty girl with laughing eyes,
And tell her of my love;
I'd place my arm around her waist,
I'd hug and I'd kiss her, too,
And I'm sure I'd enjoy it all over again,
Although I am seventy-two.—*Chorus.*

PATRICK RILEY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Patrick Riley, the truth I will make known,
And I was born near Clonis, in the County of Tyrone;
My parents reared me tenderly, having no child but me,
And with them I lived contented to the age of twenty-three.

Alas! I took a notion to cross the raging sea,
In search of some promotion unto America;
To seek employment in that land, a fortune to obtain,
And when I had secured it to return straight home again.

Alas! I had a sweetheart, McCormick was her name,
When she heard we were for parting, straightway to me she came,
Saying: Pat, can this be possible, you're going to prove unkind,
And leave me broken-hearted in sorrow here behind?

Dear Ann, I said, be not afraid, it's you I do adore,
My daily thoughts shall be of you while on Columbia's shore;
And when I do return again, if God spares me my life,
Here is my hand in promise I will make you my wife.

With this she seemed quite reconciled, and home straightway she went,
And early the next morning to Captain Pilot went;
She swore that I waylaid her and used her barbarously,
And robbed her of a purse of gold, which proved my destiny.

The police then soon surrounded me, as you shall understand,
And marched me off to Liffy jail by the Magistrate's command;
It's there I lay in irons until my trial day,
Oh, little was my notion she'd swear my life away.

On the twenty-first of July last my trial it came on,
This maid being void of scripture before the judge did stand;
She swore that I waylaid her and robbed her of five pound,
And thought to force her to a pool where she would soon be drowned.

The judge then charged the jury with words that were severe,
Saying: This maid must now be rightified for all that she did swear;
The jury gave their verdict, aloud the judge did cry:
For your cruelty unto this maid, young Riley, you must die.

When I received my sentence the tears from my eyes did flow,
Thinking to leave my mother in sorrow, grief and woe;
And she being far advanced in years, having no child but me,
How will she stand to see her son upon the gallows tree.

As I am going to face my God all on this very day,
I never injured that false maid that swore my life away;
The time is fast approaching, I have no more to say,
May the Lord have mercy on my soul, good Christians for me pray.

I'se a Methodist 'Till I Die.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sister Patcy went up in de clouds, and she looked down below,
She said she'd never come down any more;
She sang a little song what de angels never heard
While a preaching on de golden shore.
She put her foot on de gospel ship,
De ship it left de shore;
It took her clean up to de heavens above,
She'll never come back no more.

REFRAIN.

Den it's, oh, little chillen, I believe,
Oh, little chillen, I believe,
Oh, little chillen, I believe,
I'se a Methodist 'till I die.

CHORUS.

I'se a Methodist, Methodist, 'tis my belief,
To be a Methodist 'till I die;
When cold grim death comes knocking on de door,
I'se a Methodist 'till I die.

Oh, de winds blow East, and de winds blow West,
It blows like de judgment day;
Now all you sinners dat's never prayed before,
Prepare for to pray dat day.
You may go dis way, you may go dat way,
You may go from door to door,
But if you haven't got de grace of de Lord,
De debil will catch you shuah.—*Refrain and Chorus.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now Brigham Young was a Mormon bold,
And leader of the roaring rams;
And shepherd of a lot of fine tub sheep,
And a nice lot of pretty little lambs.
Oh, he lives with his five and forty wives
In the city of the great Salt Lake,
Where they breed and they swarm like hens on a farm,
And cackle like a duck to a drake.

CHORUS.

Oh, Brigham, Brigham Young,
It's a miracle how you survive,
With your roaring rams and pretty little lambs,
And your five and forty wives.

Number forty-five is about sixteen,
Number one is sixty and three;
And they make such a riot—how he keeps them quiet,
It's a downright mystery to me.
For they clatter and they chow, and jaw, jaw, jaw,
And each has a different desire;
It would aid the renown of the best shop in town
To supply them with half they require.—*Chorus.*

Now Brigham Young was a stout man once,
But now he's thin and old;
And I'm sorry to state he's bald on the pate,
Which once had a covering of gold.
For his oldest wives won't have white wool,
And his young ones won't hav red;
So with tearing it out, taking turn and turn about,
They've torn all the hair off his head.—*Chorus.*

Now the oldest wives sing psalms all day,
And the young ones all sing songs;
And amongst such a crowd he has it pretty loud,
They're as noisy as China gongs.
And when they advance for a Mormon dance,
He's filled with the direst alarms;
For they're sure to end the night in a tabernacle fight,
To see who shall be rolled in his arms.—*Chorus.*

Now there never was such a man as Brigham Young,
So curious and queer if his joys are double;
He has a terrible lot of trouble,
And it gains on him year by year.
Yes, he sits in State and bears his fate,
In a sort of semi-saintly way;
If he's one wife to bury, he's another one to marry,
And a new child born every day.—*Chorus.*

Now if any gentleman here envys Brigham Young,
Let him go to the great Salt Lake;
And if he has the leisure to enjoy his pleasure,
He'll find it a grand mistake.
One wife at a time, so says my rhyme,
Is enough—there's no denial—
So before you'd strive to be lord of forty-five,
Take two for a month on trial.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD RED BARN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've been wand'ring to-day o'er the old, old farm,
Where I roam'd many happy days ago;
And I stray'd thro' the house where strangers now reside,
Sad mem'ries caused the bitter tears to flow.
Then I lingered near the place, where I spent the happy hours
Of childhood's joys that never come again;
And I turn with a sigh from the place I loved so well,
The old red barn in the lane, the old red barn in the lane.

CHORUS.

The roof is almost gone, and the sides are crumbling, too,
Admitting both the sunshine and the rain;
And I linger near the door, recalling days of yore
In the old red barn in the lane.

When a child oft I played in the old red barn,
With the schoolmates who have long since passed away;
And the friends of my youth are sleeping 'neath the sod,
There's no one here to welcome me to-day.
Ah! I heeded not advice when I left the dear old home,
The old folks waited my return in vain;
All my hopes and my dreams are now mingled with the past,
And link'd with the barn in the lane, the old red barn in the lane.—CHORUS.

LET MY PEOPLE GO.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When Israel was in Egypt's land, let my people go,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand, let my people go,
The Lord told Moses what to do, let my people go,
To lead the children of Israel through, let my people go.

CHORUS.

Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh, let my people go.

Oh, 'twas a dark and dismal night, let my people go,
When Moses led the Israelites, let my people go;
Oh, come along, Moses, you'll not get lost, let my people go,
Stretch out your rod and come across, let my people go.—*Chorus.*

'Twas good old Moses, and Aaron, too, let my people go,
'Twas they that led the armies through, let my people go;
Ole Pharaoh said he'd go across, let my people go,
But Pharaoh and his host were lost, let my people go.—*Chorus.*

The devil he thought he had me fast, let my people go,
But I thought I'd break his chains at last, let my people go;
I do believe, without a doubt, let my people go,
That a Christian has a right to shout, let my people go.—*Chorus.*

This world's a wilderness of woe, let my people go,
Oh, let us on to Canaan go, let my people go;
Oh, take yer shoes from off yer feet, let my people go,
And walk into the golden street, let my people go.—*Chorus.*

—"Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child and we expect you to be good." "It ain't my fault," said Tommy, "that I am your only child. It's tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got."

See Where She Goes, My Own Sophia.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Good-morning, kind friends, how do you do?
I went to the circus a short time ago,
While sitting in my box a-gazing about,
A fellow at my side, like a bear, shouted out:
  See where she goes, my own Sophia,
  Swinging, by Jove! on the daring slack wire."

The hollowing and shouting of poor Jeremiah
Caused Sophia to start as she stood on the wire;
Her little foot slipped, and as downward she fell,
These were the words poor Jerry did yell:
  See where she goes, my own Sophia,
  Falling, by Jove! from off the slack wire.

Turn him out! turn him out! the people did cry,
And two tall policemen poor Jerry did seize;
They haul him and maul him, and pull him about,
But still in his struggles he continued to shout:
  See where she goes, my own Sophia,
  Falling, by Jove! from off the slack wire.

Sophia broke her fall as she was descending,
And showers of bouquets at her feet came rending;
Poor Jerry was kicked because he was defeated,
And this was the chorus the company repeated:
  See where she goes, my own Sophia,
  Swinging, by Jove! on the daring slack wire.

SIMON, THE CELLARER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Old Simon, the cellarer, keeps a rare store
  Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more?
  For a chary old soul is he,
  A chary old soul is he.
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year 'round there is brewing of ale;
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day.
But, oh! oh! oh! his nose doth show
How oft the Black Jack to his lips doth go;
But, oh! oh! oh! his nose doth show
How oft the Black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
  A matron sage is she;
From thence oft, at Curfew, is wafted a fume,
  She says it is Rosemarie,
  She says it is Rosemarie.
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there;
Now Margery says that she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold.
But, oh! oh! oh! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go;
But, oh! oh! oh! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-backed chair,
  And oft talks about taking a wife;
And Margery is often heard to declare,
  She ought to be settled in life!
  She ought to be settled in life!
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead.
While, oh! oh! oh! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery? no! no! no!
While, oh! oh! oh! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery? no! no! no'

—Lady—"My dear doctor, what is your candid opinion of the state of my health?" Doctor—"I will advise your husband to buy you a new dress; that will calm your nerves."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Caroline of Edinburg Town.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all, young men and maidens, attend unto my rhyme,
It's of a young damsel who was scarcely in her prime;
She beat the blushing roses, and admired by all around
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburg Town.

Young Henry was a Highland man, a courting to her came,
And when her parents came to know, they did not like the same;
Young Henry was offended, and unto her did say:
Arise my dearest Caroline, and with me run away.

We will both go to London, love, and there we'll wed with speed,
And then lovely Caroline shall have happiness indeed.
Now enticed by young Henry, she put on her other gown,
And away went young Caroline of Edinburg Town.

Over hills and lofty mountains together they did roam,
In time arrived in London, far from her happy home;
She said: My dearest Henry, pray never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinburg Town.

They had not been in London more than half a year,
When hard-hearted Henry proved too severe;
Said Henry: I will go to sea, your friends did on me frown,
So beg your way, without delay, to Edinburg Town.

The fleet is fitting out, to Spithead dropping down,
And I will join the fleet to fight for king and crown;
The gallant tars may feel the scars, or in the water drown,
Yet I never will again return to Edinburg Town.

Then many a day she passed away in sorrow and despair,
Her cheeks, though once like roses, were grown like lilies fair.
She cried: Where is my Henry? and often did she swoon,
Crying: Sad's the day I ran away from Edinburg Town.

Oppressed with grief, without relief the damsel she did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit as on the bushes grow;
Some strangers they did pity her, and some did on her frown,
And some did say: What made you stray from Edinburg Town?

Beneath a lofty spreading oak this maid sat down to cry,
A watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by;
She gave three shrieks for Henry, and plunged her body down,
And away floated Caroline to Edinburg Town.

A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair with the words: I am no more.
And fast asleep I'm in the deep!—the fish are watching around
Once comely young Caroline of Edinburg Town.

Come all you tender parents, ne'er try to part true love,
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove;
Likewise, young men and maidens, ne'er on your lovers frown,
Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinburg Town.

MY DUTCH GIRL'S NAME.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I vill tole 'bout dot gal of mine vat looks so neat unt dress so fine,
  She came from Deitchland on de Rhine a couple of weeks ago:
To cross de salty vater sea and come here to Amerike,
  She left her own dear Shermanie, because she lofed me so.
Her eyes vas plue like green, she's de puttiest effer seen,
  I lofe her yust like plazes, unt I dink she lofes me, too;
So gife me your attention, unt a couple a facts I'll mention,
  For I tole you my intention is to stick to her like glue.

CHORUS.

She's got such a funny name, but den she's not to blame,
  It's a name vat she got from her own father, (all de same);
For it's Katherina, Willemina, Leabenstina, Mannalina,
  Dinglebender, Hockstein, Lautenslayer, (vas her name).

Her broder he vas a daisy, her fader he vas crazy,
  Her moder she vas lazy, but dot makes me noding out;
Her fader he don't like me, ven I come arount he fite me,
  Mit a great pig glub he strike me, unt he hit me on de mout.
I lofe her yust like life, I will make dot girl my wife,
  Oh, jimminey Christmas, ain't it nice, don't you wish dot you vas me;
I lofe her to distraction, 'twas a heap fvon satisfaction,
  For she vas my whole attraction, I'm as happy as can be.—CHORUS.

The Man With the Terrible Gaul.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I stroll home each evening
From a hard day's work,
I'm bothered by a terrible gang,
Everyone of which has a dirk;
They throw all kinds of things at me,
And at me they do bawl:
Get on to his jags, it's Conkling,
The man with the terrible gaul.

I attended a party the other eve
Of a neighboring friend of mine,
I surely thought I would be free
From insult for a time:
But I no sooner reached the corner,
Upon which they had hired the hall,
When a fresh hollered out from the other side:
There's the man with the terrible gaul.

I says: Young fellow, I'll break your neck!
He says: Come over and try it!
Says I: Where did you get the watch and chain?
I'm sure you never did buy it!
This made the fresh terribly mad,
And back his fist he did haul,
Says he: Here's a stunner for the eye
Of the man with the terrible gaul.

For five long weeks I was laid up,
With an eye like an overgrown peach;
I swore if I could catch the fresh,
A lesson to him I would teach.
But now I am solid with the gang,
For I treated them one and all,
And never again will they holler at me:
The man with the terrible gaul.

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Before my old grandmother died
She left, as a keepsake to me,
The old-fashioned clock on the shelf,
Its equal you never can see;
It runs every day, and it never goes astray,
True as the bright shining sun,
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.

CHORUS.

Grandmother's clock is dusty and old,
But it runs every day thro' heat and cold;
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.

It brings me sweet memories of old,
To me 'tis a treasure most dear,
A life-tale it seems to uphold,
'Tis something to love and revere;
It shows well its age, and it seems a written page.
Faithful hands creep around,
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
With the same unceasing sound.—*Chorus.*

The days and the years may roll on,
But true to my charge I will be,
The old clock I'll keep in my care
As long as there's life left in me.
My grandmother said, as she lay upon her bed,
Take care of the old clock, my son!
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.—*Chorus.*

—A Washington lady was canning and pickling peaches, and her little two-and-a-half-year old daughter was endeavoring to assist her in every available way. Finally a package of whole cloves was produced, which were to be inserted in the fruit for spice, when the little one suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, let me put in the tacks!"

MISS JULIA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Have you ne'er been in love, if you have'nt I have,
To the mighty god, Cupid, I've been a great slave;
He shot in my bosom a quiver of arrows,
Like naughty boys shoot the cock-robin and sparrows.
My heart was as pure as the white alabaster,
'Till Cupid my bosom did quite overmaster;
Ye gods only know how I loved Miss Julia,
There was something about her so very peculiar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of Miss Julia,
And then in her eye there was something peculiar,
Speaking volumes which darted each glance to my marrow,
As swift and as keen as the wicked boy's arrow.
A catch in the eye to her looks added vigor,
A catch in the eye often tends to disfigure;
'Twas not so with the catch in the eye of Miss Julia,
There was something about it so very peculiar.

'Twas first at a ball that our hands did entwine,
I did squeeze her fingers and she did squeeze mine;
To be my next partner I ventured to press her,
And I found that she lisped when she answered me *yeth thir.*
In lisping I think there is something uncommon,
I like in particular the lisp of a woman;
I know you would like the lisp of Miss Julia,
There was something about it so very peculiar.

Good friends were we then 'mid smiles and 'mid tears,
I courted her nearly for three of four years;
I took her to balls and to plays, oh, ye powers,
How sweetly and swiftly did then pass the hours.
'Till once at a ball one's feeling can't smother,
She danced all the evening along with another;
I didn't say nothing that night to Miss Julia,
But couldn't help thinking 'twas very peculiar.

I went there next day, when she to my heart's core
Cut me up by requesting I'd come there no more;
And she'd be affronted if longer I tarried,
For next week to another she was to be married.
God's Julia, cried I, oh, then you don't say so!
Oh, yes, but I do, and you'd better go!
Well, then, I will go, but you'll own it, Miss Julia,
Your behavior to me has been very peculiar.

THE BISMARCK GUARD.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We are two German mens,
We yust arrived to-day,
Und while we've got a chance,
Addention to us pay.
We're a part of the Bismarck Guard,
Und of bier we get our fill;
Und before we're going to schtart,
We're going to have a drill.

CHORUS.

One, two, three, four,
Now watch us when we pass dot door;
Oh, de girls say we look nice,
Of course, we don't doubt dot;
Und we'd long ago have a prize,
If we was only fat.
We're a part of the Bismarck Guard,
Und of bier we get our fill;
Und before we're going to schtart,
We're going to have a drill.

In Germany we was grand,
Dat's where we got good bier;
We was sometimes Litunant,
Und sometimes Offizier.
But soon we will return
Und leave you here alone;
For you know dot our hearts does burn
To see our German home.—*Chorus.*

THE CONVIVIAL MAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

They tell me there's nothing like pleasure
To keep honest fellows alive,
So I take lots of that at my leisure,
And manage upon it to thrive.
You will find when the wine is before us,
And harmony freely began,
I'm an excellent hand at a chorus,
And quite a convivial man.

CHORUS.

Then, ha! ha! ha! I merrily sing,
Gentlemen, follow my plan;
Whatever may befall, I'm happy withal,
For I'm a convivial man.

It's true that I am not over wealthy,
And yet I have riches most rare;
Being happy, contented and healthy,
And not overweighted with care.
My heart is as light as a feather,
I find it an excellent plan,
To chirrup in all sorts of weather,
I'm such a convivial man.—*Chorus.*

I'm asked out to every dinner,
Invited to parties and balls;
There's no fear of my getting thinner
Whilst favored with these kind of calls.
At a pic-nic, a wedding, or christening,
They will have me there, if they can;
And no one receives such a greeting,
I'm such a convivial man.—*Chorus.*

I cheer up the aged, God bless 'em!
I frolic and play with the young;
They smile as I kindly address 'em,
And laugh at my joke or my song.
My days are unclouded and sunny,
I'm sought by each party and clan;
Oh, believe me, it's better than money
To be a convivial man.—*Chorus.*

Then long as I live I'll be merry,
Enjoying the time as it flies;
Drinking tea if I cannot get sherry,
And always be merry and wise.
I will warble and sing like a linnet,
And since life is only a span,
Make the most of the world whilst I'm in it,
And be a convivial man.—*Chorus.*

THE POOR LITTLE NEWSBOY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas a wee little boy trudging on thro' the night,
He ne'er stopped his work, tho' the tears dimmed his sight;
He sobbed out aloud as onward he went:
I've not sold a paper, I have not a cent!
His father was dead, his mother was ill,
And this little child was at work with a will;
To keep her from starving, and lest she should die,
He choked back his sobs and again came the cry:

CHORUS.

Chronicle, Telegram, Star, or News,
The latest edition of each if you choose;
Some for a penny, and some for two,
So buy one, I'll thank you so much if you do.

So crying the news thro' the cold and the sleet,
He hears not the team dashing wild down the street;
A crash and a moan, and the little boy brave
Lies dying while striving his mother to save.
They carrry him back midst darkness and gloom,
To his mother alone in the bare attic room,
And all thro' the night in his anguish and pain,
Rings out the clear voice still again and again:—*Chorus.*

SHE SHOOK DER DAILOR.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Vonce dere lived a dailor's dauter,
Und a fellar vat loved her very much;
Ober she loved me bedder more ash him,
Pecause I zing such bully goot Dutch.
Dat fellar used to tdake her up to Shones Voods,
Und dread her to every ding fine;
Lager pier und pretzels, plenty limburger cheese,
Goot bologna sausage und Rhine vine ober dem.

CHORUS.

She shook der dailor, der dailor, der dailor,
She shook der dailor, pecause he didn't got sdamps;
She shook der dailor, der dailor, der dailor,
She shook him so bad, und got him so mad,
Dat he smoddered himself mit his pant-er-loons.

Von day he popped de question on her,
But to him she durned her pack;
Den he says: I'll go und dold your modder!
Und to der house he zoon vas making dracks.
Und she shouded oud after him,
Dat she loved none bedder ash me,
Und dat ve vas going to get married,
Und dat he'd petter go to sea—some oder gal—

SPOKEN—Kause,—*Chorus.*

Now ve vas gone oud und got married,
Und ve live shust so nice like any ding;
She makes dem coats, pants und skets,
Und he always hellup her, too.
But of dat oder fellar I don't know,
His mug sinze I never have saw;
But I dink dat he vas gone und dieded,
Und, of gorse, ve don't see him any more.

SPOKEN—All pecause,—*Chorus.*

COME ALONG, SINNERS.

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Oh, what will you do when de great day's a-comin'?
How am you gwine for to speckerlate,
When we's a found all you darkies a-lookin'
To lift de latch ob de golden gate?
Dat am de time you'll get left out, sinner,
Dat am de time you'll get left out late;
Dat am de time you will get no dinner,
And be locked from de golden gate.

CHORUS.

Come along, sinners, come along, sinners,
Come along, sinners, a-hoopin';
Come along, sinners, come along, sinners,
Come along, sinners, to glory.

Oh, what will you do when de bellss am a-ringin'?
What will you do while de angels wait,
When you'se a called for to pass in your razors,
And stand stiff-kneed for de golden gate?
Dat am de time you'll get left out, sinner,
Dat am de time you'll get left out late;
Hurry along or you'll get no dinner,
And be locked from de golden gate.—*Chorus.*

Oh, what will you do when ole Satan's a-comin'?
What will you do when he hunts his match,
When you'se a-hearin' de fire a-sizzing,
And can't get nigh to de golden latch?
Dat am de time you'll get took in, sinner,
Dat am de time you'll get left out late;
Dat am de time you will get yo' dinner
Underneath ob de golden gate.—*Chorus.*

—A bow-legged man was standing before the fire warming himself. A small boy watched him intently for awhile and then broke out: "Say, mister, you're standing too near the fire, I guess, you're a-warping."

DOWN IN DOT RESTAURANT.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am a German vaiter, I vould have you all to know,
Und I vork in a restaurant from here dree plocks pelow;
I vork from morning until night in dot eading saloon,
Put de time dot ve're de busiest vas alvays apout noon.

CHORUS.

Down in dot restaurant underneath de ground,
Vere a blate of cold hash alvays can pe found;
Vaiting on de dable all de season 'round,
Down in dot restaurant underneath de ground.

De beoble vat come into dere are fust-glass, can be said,
Und if a snoozer should come in ve put on him a head;
Ve've visky of fust gwality, vich cost dree cents a drink,
Und Henry Clays at seven cents, vich can't pe peat, I dink.

CHORUS.

Down in dot restaurant underneath de ground,
Vere a blate of cold hash alvays can pe found;
Vaiting on de dable all de season 'round,
Down in dot restaurant underneath de ground.

Put yesterday two funny fellars came in dot saloon,
Vone called for bork und peans, de oder he called for a moon;
I told dot fellar he must not his fun on me to dry,
Und dot if he vanted a moon, he'd get dot in de sky.

CHORUS.

Put not in dot restaurant underneath de ground,
Vere a blate of cold hash alvays can pe found;
Vaiting on de dable all de season 'round,
Down in dot restaurant underneath de ground.

Sister Mary Walked Like That.

As sung by Jolly Nash.

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I'm what's called a very jolly man,
That's, at least, what people say;
When I tell them how, like a lamb,
I went to be married the other day.
We went off one very fine morning,
Uncles, aunts and all were there,
And as we walked down the street,
How the neighbors they did stare.

CHORUS.

Sister Mary walked like that, pit-pat, pit-a-pat—
Then comes uncle, stout and fat, pit-pat, pit-a-pat;
Uncle Thomas walked like so, ho, ho, ho, ho,
And I walked like this, you know, ho, ho, ho.

The neighbors laughed and chaffed all the way,
What could I do? I did the same;
Here's a jolly lark! some one did say,
And of us they all made game.
Uncle Thomas' wooden leg
Fairly made the people roar;
Someone at him shy'd an egg,
And it made them laugh the more.—*Chorus.*

We reached the church all right, all serene,
Flowers were strewed along the way;
And the bride with joy did beam,
Every thing seemed bright and gay.
Up I walked right to the altar,
Full of joy the bride to wed;
The knot was tied, I didn't falter,
Then straight home my wife I led.—*Chorus.*

—Once there was lying by the side of a ditch a pig. On the other side lay a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed, so that the pig heard it: "One is judged by the company he keeps." Instantly the pig rose and went away.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

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I remember, the night was stormy and wet,
Cold and dismally dashed the dark wave,
While the rain and sleet cold and heavily beat
On the mariner's new dug grave.

I remember, 'twas down in a darksome dale,
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail 'round the wanderer pale,
In the mariner's new dug grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
How sad was the look they gave,
As they rested their load near its last abode,
And gazed on the mariner's grave.

I remember, no sound did the silence break
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night bird's shriek, and the coffin's creak
As it sank in the mariner's grave.

I remember the tears that slowly slid
Down the cheeks of a messmate so brave,
It fell on the lid and soon was hid,
For closed was the mariner's grave.

Now o'er his lone bed the briars creep,
And the wild flowers mournfully wave,
And the willows weep and the sunbeams sleep
On the mariner's new dug grave.

THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm going to sing a song, I won't detain you long,
If you listen I will tell you how so handy, oh!
The Monitor went smack up to the Merrimac,
And upon her sides played Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!

CHORUS.

Hip a Dooden Do, Jeff Davis, how are you?
Our Monitor beat your Merrimac quite handy, oh!
Erricson he's around, in the world there can't be found
A people like the Yankees' Doodle Dandy, Oh!

'Twas on the eigth of March the Merrimac slipped out
From Norfolk for to take a cruise so handy, oh!
She did not think she'd meet anything in our fleet
Able to give her Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!—CHORUS.

She went rushing 'round smashing everything she found,
'Till the Monitor came sailing in so handy, oh!
And Worden stopped her fun, soon made her cut and run,
While the shells they whistled Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!—CHORUS.

For the Yorktown and the other, they'd be little bother
To smash and break them both up so handy, oh!
For our gun-boats they would do to rip them through and through,
While the sailors they'd sing Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!—CHORUS

The Merrimac was some, 'till the Monitor she come
And opened up her little ports so handy, oh!
Then the shot did fly 'till the Merrimac's men did cry:
Here's the devil, sure, or Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!—CHORUS.

To Jeff this ought to show that this monster is no go,
And that mechanics in the North are very handy, oh!
That he must surrender soon, or we'll blow him to the moon
With inventions of our Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!—CHORUS.

Now, boys, let us cheer the men that don't know fear,
That worked that little battery so handy, oh!
They deserve well of us all, let us pray that none may fall,
May they live long to sing Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!—CHORUS.

—A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an ax. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear, inquired: "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?" "Yes." "Den," said Cuffee, "hold de cow yourself."

DOWN AMONG THE COALS.

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My Jemima was in service once
At a house in Hoxton Square,
She never got out, and so I used
To go and court her there;
Her mistresses were two old maids,
Such very particular souls,
That Jemima often had to hide me
In amongst the coals.

CHORUS.

Down among the coals, down among the coals,
Oh, by Jove! it was a lark, all alone and in the dark;
Down among the coals, down among the coals,
Waiting to make love to my Jemima.

When in that cellar, cobwebs used
To decorate my clothes,
The coal dust got into my eyes,
And would get up my nose;
And when it rained, the water came
A trickling through a crack,
And I always fancied spiders were
A crawling down my back.—*Chorus.*

One night they sent Jemima out,
Who'd forgotten her dear Joe
Was down among the wall's-ends,
And a prisoner below;
I began to freeze, was obliged to sneeze,
And felt inclined to shout,
At last called thro' the keyhole:
Here, Jemima, let's get out!—*Chorus.*

At last the door was opened,
'Twas dark, oh, the best of bliss,
I threw my arms around her neck
And gave her such a kiss.
A scream—and then a shovel
Gave me one upon the head—
I kissed her ancient mistress,
Oh! ha! I needn't say I fled.—*Chorus.*

They say, love laughs at locksmiths,
That was the case with us,
Of course, Jemima had to leave,
It caused an awful fuss;
But I married her soon after that,
I'm as happy as a king,
And often 'round our cozy fire,
This is what we sing:—*Chorus.*

COLLEEN BAWN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By the clear lakes of Killarney
Walked a youth one fine Summer morn,
Who softly was whispering blarney
To one whom he called Colleen Bawn;
He promised her jewels so rare,
He promised her gold in galore,
And said that a maiden so fair
Deserved all she wished for and more.
Then beam'd on the sweet face of Eily
A smile like the first blush of dawn,
And she said, while glancing so slyly:
You'll marry your own Colleen Bawn;
You'll marry your own Colleen Bawn.

He spoke of his family's pride—
She told him at once to be gone,
And said: Sir, unless as a bride,
In vain you will seek Colleen Bawn.
The wild flowers that grow by the lake
Are jewels sufficient for me,
And all the gold from you I'd take,
In a plain, simple ring it must be.
Then bright grew the sweet face of Eily,
For he promised the very next morn,
To speak to the priest, Father Riley,
And marry his dear Colleen Bawn;
And marry his dear Colleen Bawn.

FIRST SHE WOULD, AND THEN SHE WOULDN'T.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

To an evening party once I went,
And I met such a nice young girl,
Dressed, oh, so fine, and smothered in scent,
My head soon felt in a whirl;
I asked her if she'd dance with me,
She gave a languishing smile,
She wouldn't say no, she didn't say yes,
She'd quite a peculiar style.

CHORUS.

First she would, and then she wouldn't,
Then she smiled and said she couldn't;
Then she said: Oh! my! you shouldn't,
Oh! you naughty, naughty man!

I sat down by the fair one's side,
And handed her wine and cake,
I told her what I'd do and dare
For such a darling's sake;
She hung her head, and smiled and giggled,
Her giggle to me was bliss,
And when we parted on that night
I tried to steal a kiss.

CHORUS.

First she would, and then she wouldn't,
Then she smiled and said she couldn't;
Then she said: Oh! my! you shouldn't,
Oh! you naughty, naughty man!

I often met her after that,
And I'd take her here and there,
And every time I got a chance,
My passion I'd declare;
I've vowed to be true on the top of St. Paul's,
On the underground rail, Richmond Hill,
At last I said: If she wouldn't wed,
By Jingo! myself I'd kill.

CHORUS.

First she would, and then she wouldn't,
Then she smiled and said she couldn't;
Then she said: Oh! my! you shouldn't,
Oh! you naughty, naughty man!

I thought it was right, so I had
The banns put up on speck,
And sent my love a sweet silk dress
Her darling self to deck;
Upon the wedding morn I called,
My intended bride to find
Not dressed at all, and worst of all,
She'd not made up her mind.

SPOKEN—She said she thought—

CHORUS.

At first she would, and then she wouldn't,
And then, somehow, she thought she couldn't;
And then she said: I really shouldn't,
And I was a naughty, naughty man!

Well, after that we married were,
And we're pretty jolly at home,
To one thing tho' my wife objects,
That's when I wish to roam;
She says that home's the proper place
For all good married men,
If I trot out at night,
I have to be in bed by ten.

SPOKEN—As for letting me have a latch-key—

CHORUS.

Once she would, but now she wouldn't,
I say she could, she says she couldn't;
She says: What's more, she's sure she shouldn't,
And I'm a naughty, naughty man.

TERRY O'RANN.

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Terry O'Rann was a fine young man,
And from a boy it was his joy
To tipple and drink, and lovingly wink
At all the gay lasses in Derry;
And when his first love he was making,
The girls for him had such a taking,
If he'd just wink his eye, och, wouldn't they sigh,
You'd think all their backs was a breaking.
He took whisky punch every night to his lunch,
All the thoughts of his love to bury,
And then he would roam far away from his home,
To the grief of the lasses of Derry.

Day and night, 'twas his delight to play
This game, without any shame,
Till stopped by death, which took his breath,
And killed him with whisky in Derry;
His loss to the lasses was grievous,
But from death there is nothing can save us,
And every soul in terror did howl, saying:
Och, Terry, why did ye lave us?
That night at the wake every head it did ache,
And when they went with the coffin to bury,
A crowd was seen, that covered the green
In the black-looking churchyard in Derry.

The Mayor of the town was a man of renown,
He was a shoemaker, a tailor,
A baker, a doctor besides,
And undertaker to all the people in Derry;
And when they were all merry making,
Himself to his bed he was taking,
When Terry's dead ghost stood at his bed-post,
Says he: 'Tis a shame to the waking.
Nor I don't ask your lave to come from the grave,
Your conduct is shocking, och, very,
I say to your face, you must alter my case,
Or I'll tell all the people in Derry.

I was buried to-day, but where I lay
The ground was damp and gave me the cramp,
All over my body the wet did get,
There was water enough for a ferry;
And besides my feelings to harrow,
I was doubled up, as if in a barrow,
I was wedged in tight bound, I couldn't turn 'round,
My coffin was too devilish narrow.
It was made of bad stuff, not half long enough,
And as sure as my name it is Terry,
I will not lay quiet, but I'll kick up a riot,
I'll haunt all the people in Derry.

Pray, says the Mayor, now take a chair,
If you'll allow, I'll measure you now
For a new coffin, longer and broader, and stronger,
If that'll make your heart merry.
Then the ghost brightened up in a jiffy,
His frolicsome spirits grew frisky,
Says he: With pleasure you may take my measure,
And I'll take a measure of whiskey;
For you needn't be told that the grave's very cold,
And doesn't agree with poor Terry,
I'm a comical elf, so I'll drink a good health
To all the live lasses in Derry.

While the bottle and glass merrily pass,
And Terry was ripe for a song or a fight,
The clock struck one, and ended the fun
Of the frolicsome corpse of poor Terry;
For the sound of the clock was a warning,
That no ghost e'er was scorning,
So tipsy and drunk away he slunk,
To get into his grave before morning.
But the old women say that he missed his way,
For the coffin they did bury
Was quite empty found in the turned-up ground,
To the grief of the lasses in Derry.

The truth to suppose, for there's nobody knows,
The ghost ran hard to gain the churchyard,
But to his distress, he got into a mess,
By meeting some blackguards in Derry;
Surrounded in every direction,
No shillalah had he for protection,
So they, in a crack, popped him in a sack,
And carried him off for dissection.
He told all the house, he was but a poor ghost,
But they wouldn't believe him, poor Terry,
With hearts hard as stones, cut the flesh off his bones,
And anatomised Terry of Derry.

AND SO SAY ALL OF US.

As sung by Hallen and Hart.

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It's correct nowadays to sing topical songs,
And so say all of us;
To descant about people and popular wrongs,
And so say all of us.
If you listen to me a little you may,
From things I touch on in a jocular way,
If you wish to indorse my opinion you'll say,
And so say all of us.

We'll commence with the weather, it's been very bad,
And so say all of us;
Enough to send a respectable citizen mad,
And so say all of us.
Rain fell so that folks said it never would cease,
Crops were ruined completely, though now the police
Say that county crops here are upon the increase,
And so say all of us.

The people's Gold Tribute, by Dizzy, was spurned,
And so say all of us;
The subscribers did not get their pennies returned,
And so say all of us.
Poor Tracey at last got over his woes,
The wreath is on view, now every one knows,
In the Chamber of Horrors, at Madame Tussauds,
And so say all of us.

Town Talk has been stopped by the arm of the law,
And so say all of us;
It should have been stopped though a long time ago,
And so say all of us.
To libel all parties was its great delight,
To swear white was black, and that yellow was white
And the editor's sentence, it serves him quite right,
And so say all of us.

The retired Lord Mayor got in a fearful distress,
And so say all of us;
Got himself a bad name, so they say, (Mayor or less),
And so say all of us.
Nottage told him quite plainly he'd not be rebuffed,
But the Mayor stamped with rage, and dreadfully huffed,
He's a wonderful man, and he ought to be stuffed,
And so say all of us.

ENCORE VERSE.

Mr. —— is a jolly good man in his way,
And so say all of us;
Quite as good as you'll meet in the course of a day,
And so say all of us.
Such wisdom, such wit, and such sense so profound,
Martin Tupper before him should bow to the ground,
I propose that he treats us to glasses all 'round,
And so say all of us.

—Violet—"Mamma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon?" Mother, sadly—"Because it's always out at nights."

—"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said the counsel, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?" "Wid what, sir?" "With impunity." "He was, sir, now and then, but he struck me oftener wid his fist!"

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 1.

CONTAINING 100 SONGS.

A handful of earth
A warrior bold
All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave huzzars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Blue bells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy and I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
Up at Jones' wood [marching
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
Wife's dream

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Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young
Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry pic-nic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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CONTAINING 97 SONGS.

A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum See canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old duddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proud
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of onld Ireland

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 4.

CONTAINING 99 SONGS.

An Irishman's toast
Apple of my eye
Arthur and Martha
Asleep at the switch—RECITATION
A knot of blue and gray
Always gay and free, boys
Bear it like a man
Bootblack—RECITATION
Brother's fainting at the door
Beautiful snow—RECITATION
Carry the news to Mary
Coney Island, down der bay
Committed to the deep
Champagne Charlie
Dearest Mae
Douglas! tender and true
Deal with me kindly
Don't say I told you
Down the hill
Deer Island, down the bay
Fat Mickey
Feel for the eyes that are weeping
Five o'clock in the morning
Get a little table
Get thee gone, girl
Get away from dat window
Human harp
Hark! I hear an angel sing
Hildebrandt Montrose
I'll wait till the clouds roll by
I had but fifty cents
'Twas not my father
In the starlight
Ivy cabin in the lane
John Armstrong
Johnny Dougherty, the tailor
Just over
Jim, the carter lad
Lackawanna spooners
Light of other days
Limerick races
Little back parlor at home
Little Maggie Ann
McCarthy's mare
Mother's fool—RECITATION
Mulcahey's gone away
Man who struck my wife
My dear little friend, Louise
Miller's daughter
My poor dog Tray
My pretty Irish queen
Mother, he's going away
No Irish wanted here
Near the banks of that lone river
Nelly was a lady
New York society
Oh! take me to thy heart again
Old Grimes' cellar door
Old rustic bridge by the mill
Old Dan Tucker
Ophelia Murphy's birthmark
Old Grimes is dead
Paper of pins
Parted
Pennsylvania tramp
Portrait that hangs on the wall
Peek-a-boo
Pretty Peggy
Robin Adair
Run for the doctor
Swim out for glory
Scenes that are brightest
Since Cordelia first wore bangs
Since Terry first joined the gang
Silver slippers
Steam arm
Sweet scented, handsome young man
Shan Van Vogh
Same old game
Ten little Niggers
To the West
Tassels on the boots
There's a light in the window for thee
Things that I'd like to see
Vagabond
Villain still pursued her
Waterford Boys
When Johnny comes marching home
When the Brooklyn bridge is done
When the pigs begin to fly
Widow Machree
Wreck of the "London"
Where the ivy grows so green
When this cruel war is over
White squall
Wouldn't you like to know
Water cresses
What the old cock sparrow said
Whistling thief

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 5.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

Aesthetic Mick
After the opera's over
A hundred fathoms deep
A wet sheet and a flowing sea
Ain't you awful?
All among the hay
Big aquarium
Brannigan's pup
Babylon is fallen
Bell goes a ringing for Sarah
Biddy Doyle
Brannigan's band
Battle of Fontenoy
Bowery Greenadiers
Beautiful bells
Best little wife in the world
Bridget Donohue
Bugaboo
Come back to your Irish home
Cobbler's daughter
Colleen Dhas Machree
Drummer—RECITATION
Death of Nelson
Dot funny leetle baby—RECITATION
Dude—RECITATION
Fast freight—RECITATION
Fine old English gentleman
Finest police in the world
Flirtation O'Toole
Female barber shop
General Grant's trip around the world
Gilhooly, your coat is half-mast
Good-bye, John
Gobble song
Gold, gold, gold
Great men that Ireland has seen
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
Hang up the baby's stocking
I'll tell nobody
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I must be there on new years' day—REC
It's a cold day when I get left
I'll meet her when the sun goes down
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
I was despised because I was poor
Jumbo
Johnny Morgan
Just down the lane
Jenny, who lives in the dell
Jessie, the flower of Dumblane
Kerry dance
Lorena
Lancashire lass
Lovely land of dreams
Life is but a game of cards—RECIT.
Maud Muller, in Dutch—RECITATION
Montgomery guard—RECITATION
Man who taught her to dance
Mattie, dear
Mott street, 449
My love Nell
My love she is a fairy queen
Moonlight walk
Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows what a racket was there
New York Police Gazette
No Irish need apply
Only a pin—RECITATION
Only to see thee, darling
Oh! you little darling, I love you
One more ribber for to cross
Over the neighbor's fence
Old pine tree
Pool
Poor Irish minstrel
Romance of a hammock—RECITATION
Rock the cradle, John
Ship that brought me over
Stuck on our shape
Some one to love
Speak, oh! speak to me again
Tail iv me coat
They are all getting married but me
Tom Bowling
Tommy, make room for your auntie
This little plain gold ring
Touch the elbow
Up in a balloon
Up in a mulberry tree
We never speak as we pass by
Wolf at the door—RECITATION
Waterfall
We may be happy yet
Which shall it be?—RECITATION
What will you do, love?
When the robins nest again
You never miss the lager till the keg
Yellow meal [runs dry
Yellow-haired Nellie—RECITATION

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 6.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

A boy's best friend is his mother
A lean banana
A smile was all she gave me
Aesthetic dude
Ah, there, my size, I'll mash you
Angels, meet me on the cross-road
Art of making love
Baby and I
Baby's lullaby
Be quiet, or I'll scream
Billy's dream
Bitter beer
Black hills
Burial of Sir John Moore—RECIT.
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
Call me your darling again
Call me back again
Chinese song
Convict's dream—RECITATION
Curfew must not ring to-night—RECIT.
Dandy dude
Darling Clo'
Down the river
Father will settle the bill
Fontenoy
Fond memories of home
Fountain in the park
Gaily the troubadour
Gambler's wife—RECITATION
Good-bye, Biddy, dear
Greenpoint Nell
Hoolahan Musketeers
Hash
Hoops
Hurrah for old Ireland
Hush-a-bye, baby
I am a man that's done wrong to my
I'll await my love [parents
Ivy green
Jakey Woolfenstein
Jeannette and Jeannot
Johnny Schmoker
Juice of the forbidden fruit
Just to please the boys
Kind relations
Last farewell
Lily Dale
Lord delivered Daniel
Lovers' telegraph
Love song
Mahoney's Fenian cat—RECITATION
Maniac—RECITATION
Man that stole the country
Marble arch
March of the Cameron men
Mary Ann, go get the growler
Mills shut down to-day
Moneyless man
Mother keeps the gate locked now
Mr. John Malone
Mulcahey's sooner dog—RECITATION
Newhall house fire
Nineteen hundred and one
Not for Joseph
Oh! boys, carry me 'long
Oh, Mr. Flannigan
Old church bell
Old plaid shawl
Old village blacksmith shop
Only a dear little flower
Our Jack's come home to-day
Over the mountain
Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn
Pat of Mullingar
People will talk
Perverted proverbs
Plumber—RECITATION
Poor little soldier's boy
Price of a drink—RECITATION
Raven—RECITATION
Sailing
Somebody's darling—RECITATION
Springtime and robins have come
Taffy was a Welshman
Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
Timid awkward squad
Tommy Dodd
To my wife
We reap what we sow—RECITATION
What I live for—RECITATION
What I would do for her—RECITATION
When the leaves begin to fall
Whiskey, you're the divil
Wreck of the "Atlantic"
Ye merry birds
Young recruit

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 7.

CONTAINING 94 SONGS.

Animals' fair
A dollar and sixty a day
A Yankee man of war
An agricultural Irish girl
A roller-rink romance—RECITATION
As I read the paper through
Burke's dream
Banks O'Doon
Bed-bug—RECITATION
Betty and the baby
Boy with the auburn hair
Beans
Candidate for alderman
Cats in our back yard
Climbing up de golden stairs
Colored band
Call her back and kiss her
Casey's awful grub
Coal oil Tommy
Don't leave your mother, Tom
Drummer boy of Waterloo
Dream faces
Duffy, the swell
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling
Erin-go-bragh
Fashionable Fred
Far, far away
Fine old Irish gentlemen
Female smuggler
Free and easy
Good ship Cumberland
Good-bye, 'Liza Jane
Gipsy Davy
Gal with the gainsborough hat
Hush, little baby, don't you cry
Here she goes and there she goes
House carpenter
Hornet's nest—RECITATION
I'll ask my mother and let you know
next Sunday afternoon
Irish wife—RECITATION
I'm in jail, my love
Jockey hat and feather
Jolly Jack, the rover
Keiser, der yer vant to buy a dog?
Kitty of Coleraine
Knock at the window to-night, love
Leave not your Kathleen
Little Brown church
Lord Bateman and the fair Sophia
Lay my head beneath a rose
Little fraud
Lost Charley Ross
Meet me, darling Kate, by the cottage
My trundle bed [gate
Masonic Song
McSorey's twins
My wife is so awfully thin
Mother, is the battle over?
Not much
Nelly Bly
Old bog hole
Oh! Nicodemus
Old familiar faces
Oft in the stilly night
Old turnkey
Old gray mare
Old Simon, the hot-corn man
Popsy wopsy
Please, don't sell father any more rum
Peck's bad boy—PART I
Pills! pills! pills!
Peck's bad boy—PART II
Railway guard
Rover's grave
Riding on the elevated railroad
Shanty boy's song
She was handsome as a rose
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
See-saw
Star of Glengary
That young man across the way
That sweet-scented handsome young
Up at Dudley grove [man
Up in a back room
Up stairs, in my bedroom
Venita
Watchman
Willie's on the dark blue sea
Wind blew through his whiskers
Would I were a boy again
Windy man from Brooklyn
Written in letters of gold

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CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew
An Irishman's dying request—RECIT.
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Bring back the old folks, Willie,
Bonny Irish boy [darling
Bright Alfarata
Banbury cross
Baby on the brain
Belleville convent fire
Banks of Newfoundland
Charley, he's a masher
Carrie, dear
Come back to the old home again
Comet of the West
Conductor with the patent bell punch
Clam soup peddler's daughter
Dan and Teddie's parting
Dear little Colleen
Donevans
Daschen on the Rhine—RECITATION
Down by the rustic gate
Ehren on the Rhine
Eggs for your breakfast in the morning
Electric light
Eddie McCarty
Fenian's escape
Fifth avenue
Falling leaves
Flew-y, Flew-y
Gallant Sixty-ninth
George Constantine McKeown
Give me back my heart again
Green fields of America
Her lovers—RECITATION
How we tried to whip the teacher—REC
Hebrew wedding
I dreamed that old Ireland was free
In the shadow of the leaves
I'll go back to the old bridge again
If I was the president
I will stand by my friend
I'll name the boy Dennis or no name
Isle of France [at all
In de Louisiana lowlands
Jordan is a hard road to travel
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 1
Johnny, fill up the bowl—No. 2
Johnny Doyle
Jeremiah, blow the fire
Jack is every inch a sailor
Let me dream again
Lady, art thou sleeping?
Let us speak of a man as we find him
Lily of the West
Married life
Musical wife
My rattling mare and I
McCarthy's boarding house
Mother's last letter to me
My bonny laboring boy
Maryland, my Maryland
Mary Blane
'Neath the maple by the mill
Napolitaine
Nobody's mule—RECITATION
Other side of Jordan
Oh! I shall call dada
Orphan boy—RECITATION
Orphan girl
Old Mousquetaire
Once again
Oh, Fred! the boat is turning over
Our sailors on the sea
Poor old Jesse's blind
Poor married man
Pretty little Mary
Paddy's curiosity shop
Paddy on the canal
Sally Mackenally
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Song from "Nanon"
Something to tickle the girls
Sparking Sarah Jane
Silver bells of memory
Sweet Alpine roses
Shoot the hat
Sweet dreams of mother and home
Swinging on the golden gate
There's a light in the window
Tommy, make room for your uncle
Ten little Injuns
Three grains of corn
Ten minutes too late
Umbrella courtship
When we meet by the old bridge again
When the circus comes to town
What is life?—RECITATION
Wax-work show
Woman is what man doth make her—
When we went roller skating [REC.
You'll miss your mother when she's
Yes, we all will be there [gone
Yaller gal that winked at me
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 9.

CONTAINING 106 SONGS.

America's emblem, the violet
An Irish fair day
Am I not fondly thine own?
A private still
As through the park I go
Beautiful angel
Bobbing around
Bill it kept running up higher
Calibre fifty-four—RECITATION
Cold Stream Guards
Cradle's empty, baby's gone
Canadian boat song
Coat of other days
Come in and shut the door
Cousin Jedediah
Cricket on the hearth
Collier's dying child—RECITATION
Down went the captain
Don't forget the old folks at home
Dot ole bay mule of mine
Dying girl's message
Dandy Pat
Diamond ring
Five dollar note
God bless you, Colleen
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Grandma's vacant chair
Gal with the terrible feet
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
Good-night, but not good-bye
Gray's elegy—READING
Give a man credit for what he has done
He tells me he loves me
How is your sister Mary?
Hard-back family
Home attractions—RECITATION
I'm a dude
I stood on the bridge at midnight
I'm off for Charleston
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
Irish Colleen
I am a masher
James Bird
Jim Fisk song
Knocking at the gates of Jordan
Little wife Nellie
Little Mag and I
Love not
Little Mohe
Lone starry hours
My sweetheart's family
Macgregor's gathering
My pretty Quadroon
Man the life-boat
Mary Le More
MIKADO songs—
A wandering minstrel I
Brightly dawns our wedding day
Derry down Derry
Flowers that bloom in the Spring
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum
Here's a how-de-do
My object all sublime
Our great Mikado
Sun and I
They'd none of them be missed
Three little maids from school
Willow, tit-willow
Minstrel's dream
Making love on a bench in the park
Only a workingman's child
Our Yankee college boys
Old-fashioned photograph of mother
Old play-ground
Pride of Mayo
Pretty as a daisy
Rosy's Sunday out
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Reuben and Rachel
Rhine vine Sharley
Sheeny glazier's ball
Schneider's little boy—RECITATION
Sweethearts and wives
Susan's Sunday out
Such funny things are done upon the Skidmore Guard [sl
Twelve stone two
Too utterly utter
To the song seekers
That's a matter of taste
Take good care of mother
Talk about your Moses
Take it, Bob
Take back those gems you gave me
Thou hast wounded the spirit that
Van Dieman's land [loved thee
Whisper and a kiss
Where the water lilies grow
We are out on the ocean sailing
What can the matter be?
Will o'-the-wisp
Whistling coon
Waiting for my ship to come this way
Waiting for a Broadway stage
What a blessing it is to have money
Whispering hope
Walking for dat cake
You put no flowers on my papa's grave

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 10.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

Angel mother waits for me
All on the quiet
Always do your duty, boy
A horrible tale of the suicidal family
Avondale disaster
Always take mother's advice
Araby's daughter
Alice Gray
A yaller dog's love for a Nigger—REC.
Be friends with your brother again
Called away
Clementine
Captain Cuff
Creole girl
Dar's a new moon in de sky
Dear Robin, I'll be true [pizened
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's
Early Monday morning in 1805
For one day of t there's six days
Fanny Gray [of hash
Flanigan, the lodger
Flowers of the forest
Friar of Orders Grey
Fine old Dutch gentleman
Good-night! but not good-bye
Good-evening
Give me a cot in the valley I love
Gold diggers lament
Gamboling man
His heart was true to Poll
He's never done anything since
High daddie
It's all a matter of taste
I'm awaiting my love's return
I wouldn't advise you to do it
I'm saddest when I sing
Just plain Jim
Kissing in the street
Kiss in school—RECITATION
Larry O'Gaff
Lora Vale
Lord Lovel
Lone rock by the sea
Last link is broken
Laugh in school—RECITATIO
Lady Franklin
Maid of the mill
Mikado McAllister
Morrisey and the Russian
My love is like the red, red rose
Mulligan's daughter, Nell
Maid of Judah
Minnie Clyde
My mother, dear
Mollie, dear, come then with me
Malone at the back of the bar
Married
Never take the hind shoe from a mule
Nell McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann
New Jerusalem
No, sir!
One word would call me back again
Ocean burial
Oh! you girls
Old Susquehanna
Old country circus
Penny ballads
Pat's not so black as he's been painted
Poor old tramp
Pretty pond lilies
Phœbe, dearest
Paddy Carey
Poor old dad
Rat-catcher's daughter
Rosa Lee
Some other girl shall wear the ring
Sullivan and Ryan
Standard bearer
Spencer's firey slope
Sparking Sunday night
Sock her on her kisser
Sailor's widow
They can't keep the workingman down
Trust her not, she is fooling thee
There is no harm in kissing
Tick! tick! tick!
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Truth in parenthis—RECITATION
Three sailor boys
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings
Wash me, mother, dear
Wreck of the Hesperus—RECITATION
White Wings
Waiting at the ferry
What becomes of a lie—RECITATION
Wake! Dinah, wake
Young Charlotte
Your little Liza loves you
Yes, sir!

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 11.

CONTAINING 102 SONGS.

A sweet face at the window
American star
A kiss from dear old mother
Antony and Cleopatra—RECITATION
Aunt Jemima's plaster
Ballinamuck Brigade
Britannia reigns supreme
Brave old oak
Bridal ring
Bruce's address to his army
Blind boy's lament
Bryan O'Lynn
Buccanier's bride
Broken-hearted milkman
Come, sit by me, mother
Captive bird's complaint
Child's Prayer [home
Clap your hands till daddy comes
Does your mother take in washing?
Don't die an old maid
Dearest spot of earth to me is home
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Fellow who stole my wife
Fairy boy
Goot lager bier
Go it while you're young
Grandmother's birthday
Homeward bound
In other respects we are doing quite
I had $15 in my inside pocket [well
Irish stranger
I'm going to fight mit Siegel
Irish Brigade
Irish potheen
I'll marry no man if he drinks
I'm a broken down man
Jock O' Hazeldean
Joe Hardy
Johnny, get your gun
Kitty, the baby and I
Lass O' Gowrie
Little old red shawl my mother wore
Last hymn—RECITATION
Little Octoroon
Little hero
My home by the deep rolling sea
McCormick, the copper
Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd
Mary Aileen
My Nannie, O!
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Maryland, my home
Manilla boy
My mother's grave
Mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?
Mother, dear, write to your boy
My moustache is growing
Money
My love is a Zou-Zu
Molly, put the kettle on
Noble knights of labor
Never go back on the poor
Nora Creina
Oyster maid
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Over the Jasper sea
On the beach at Long Branch
Och! Paddy, is it yerself?
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
'Ostler Joe—RECITATION [mamma!
Oh! bring me but my Arab steed
Poor old horse, let him die
Peanut stand
Quilting party
Raging canal
Remember poor mother at home
Root hog or die
Ratapian
Shall we know each other there?
She wore a wreath of roses
Spot where I was born
Sea, the sea, the open sea
Sammy Slap, the bill sticker
Soap fat man
Since Maggie learned to skate
Seeing New York sights
Standing on the platform
Thou art gone, but not forgotten
That's where you make the mistake
That hired girl—RECITATION
Three maids of Lee
To show my respects to McGinnis
Will my darling come again?
What I heard an old maid say
Woman, lovely woman
Wreck of the Haddingtonshire
We fought in the same campaign
Washington, star of the West
What I'd like to know
When 'tis moonlight
Ye parliaments of England
You can't do it, you know

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 12.

CONTAINING 91 SONGS.

Any tinware to mend?
Alderman of the ward
A soldier and a man
Because she ain't built that way
Bill Mason's ride—RECITATION
Bad whisky—RECITATION
"Chestnut" bell
Come along, my darling
Cove vot spouts
County jail
Cast one little thought for me
Captain Dwyer
Cracksman's chant
Cunard dock
Cow that ate the piper
Dying Boy's request
Don't blame the mother
Drop the pink curtains
Did you notice it?
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine
Dream no more
Darling Mignonette
Down in Mobile
Duck-foot Sue
Excelsior!—RECITATION
Far away from home and mother
Fifty miles under the sea
Faster you pluck them the thicker they
German fun at Union Hill [grow
Golly, ain't I wicked?
Gideon's band
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Hamtown Bass Ball Club
Her own boy Jack
Hail to the statue of Liberty
I'm only going out for the beer
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
I'm not asleep
Irish-American tea
Jack's yarn
Katy Drew
Katy Ryan
Little old mud cabin near the bogs
Live, my love, oh, live
Life's lot
Little Eva to her papa
Mr. Finagan
My father sould charcoal
Maureen Mavourneen
My love beyond the sea
Man that couldn't get warm
Mountaineer's farewell
My friend from Chicago
Not married yet?
Never trust a nigger with a gun
Owen Reilly
Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
One penny portion
Oh, love, will you be mine?
Package of old letters
Please give me a penny, sir?
Polly Perkins of Washington Square
Petticoat Lane
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Remember me to all at home [live
Remember that the poor tramp has to
Swim out, you're over your head
Sweet heather-bell [different ways
She's the image of her mother in a 1000
Swinging on the old rustic gate
Sarah Walker
Simple Simon
She'd have her way or die
Shivering and shaking out in the cold
Something sweet to think of
S. O. T.
Something for the babies
Scanlan's rose song
Two little ragged urchins
That's what puzzles the Quaker
Trust to luck
Where can the wanderer be?
Wreck of the Princess Alice
Warrior's grave
Winking at me
Why Paddy's always poor
What do you think of it?
Whiskers on the moon
Widow McCarty
Whistler—RECITATION
You'll never miss your mother 'till
[she's gone

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 13.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Australian exile
America beats them all
America
A patch from my angel brother's pants
A thousand years, my own Columbia
'Prentice boy
Broken-stringed banjo that hangs on
Bacon and Greens [the wall
Battle of Bull Run
Barney, come home
Brave boys are they
Cumberland's crew
Captain de Wellington Boots
Cod-fish balls
Cabin with the roses at the door
Can you, then, love another?
Christmas tree
Clara Nolan's ball
Dunderbeck's machine
Dreaming of mother's angel face
Dot leedle German band
Dorkins was tight
Don't put my father's picture up for
Embarrassment [sale
Ellsworth avengers
Foot-print in the sand
Foot-prints on the snow
First time in twenty-four years
Good-bye, lovely Lou
God knows what we'll do before we
Grecian bend [die
Ham-fat man
Home once more, or, remembrance of
Henry Green of Troy [home
Hoist up the flag
He said I said
I'se gwine to weep no more
It's enough to knock any one out
Johnny, take it easy
John, my boy, remember me
John Bull
Keep one little thought for me
Lively flea
Letter that never came
Lost chord
Light-house by the sea
Must we leave the old home, mother?
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My mother's wedding ring
Maiden's vow
Maguinnis Guards
Miss Maloney on the Chinese question
Molly Brallaghan [RECITATION
McCarthy's silver wedding
My heart is sad to-night
Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs
No seet in heaven—RECITATION
Norah, asthore
Never take "no" for an answer
Other arrangements
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, take me home to die
Organ-grinder
Plodding through the rain
Paul Jones
Paddy Magee's dream
Papa, come home
Papa's footsteps
Rollicking Rams
Since my mother's dead and gone
Squinty Dan
Sweet Summer roses
Save my mother's picture from the sale
Spitz dog
Soldier's dream
Style in which it's done
There's a smile waiting for me at home
They told me not to love him
There she blows
That's what's the matter with Hannah
They all have a mate but me
Two or three strings to my bow
Upper and lower ten thousand
Up went the price
Vat's de brice of peans, Jake?
Why didn't you say so before?
Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Widow McGee
Who stole the ham?
When you've got money
You know vat I know
You mustn't believe all you hear
Yellow-haired laddie

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 14.

CONTAINING 92 SONGS.

Allan, O'Brien and Larkin, (The Man-
All for money [chester martyrs)
Assassination of Ellsworth
Ah, there! stay there
Alabama again
A smart little bit ov a man
Adam's ale
American drinks
Belle of Baltimore
Billy Johnson's ball
Black flag
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan
Cushlamachree
Castlebar boy
Chicago police patrol
Der Deitcher's dog
Day I walked against O'Leary
Eight years in Cherry Hill
Flora Belle
Far away
Gems of old Ireland
Ghost of Benjamin Binns
Green mossy banks of the Lee
Girl I left behind me
God, save Ireland
Gal with a roguelsh eye
He'll be back bye-and-bye
Have you seen Yum-Yum?
How I miss those little footsteps
Home rule for Ireland
Hat me father wore
Heaven's my home
Hungry boarding-house
It's hard when you can't trust a friend
I kissed her under the parlor stairs
I'll return bye-and-bye
Is Maud in?
I haven't for a long time now
I would not die at all
If your foot is pretty, show it
I would not die in Spring time
If I only were a pretty little fly
I would like to do it, but can't
I'm a bum
I've wandered by the hut side
I would not die in Winter time
It's English, you know
If I was the man in the moon
I shall never make a gentleman of you,
Letters we carved on the tree [John
Let my name be kindly spoken
Land League Band
Leader of the band
Little Meg and I—RECITATION
Letter came at last
Lessons learned at a mother's knee
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
McGonigle's game dog—RECITATION
My queen
No, never can thy home be mine
Oh, no, certainly not
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
Origin of the harp
Once in a while
Over the hills to the bar-room
One parting word, dear mother
Orphan boy's lament
Old red cradle
Oregon gypsy girl
Our flag is there
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick's day parade
Patrol wagon
Rock-a-bye, baby
Riding on the cable cars
Sweet dreams of Erin
Song of the farmer
Spree
Three perished in the snow
Thine, still thine
Telephone
That's the idea, exactly
Under the daisies
Ungrateful son
When Bridget goes out on a mash
Why do you coldly greet me?
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Woman's tongue will never take a rest
What a friend we have in Jesus
We ought to be thankful for that
Write a loving letter to your mother

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 15.

CONTAINING 90 SONGS.

Absent-minded man
As long as the world goes round
Alonzo, the brave, and fair Imogine
'Way down in Maine
Accent on
A letter from Ireland
All's well
Angels ever bright and fair
Army bean
Botany bay
Barbara Fritchie—RECITATION
Blarney (The)
Barney Brallaghan
Belle of Avenue B
Before and after marriage
Buffalo gals
Becky Miller—RECITATION
Creep into bed, my baby
Clock on the wall
Charleston earthquake
Cork leg and James' crinoline
Constantinople countess
Dot beautiful Hebrew girl
Dese bones shall rise again
Dutchman's slate
Dollars do the business every time
Der Shoemaker boy
Donnybrook, fair
Friendship—RECITATION
Gal with the balmoral
Go, get a derrick and hoist it
Hallelujah band
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Hail to the chief
It's dudish, you know
I'll all come out in the wash
In the window a light I can see
Ill-fated Huron
I like it, I do
I saw Esau kissing Kate
Irish brigade—No. 2
It's nice
Joys that we've tasted
Just a little sunshine
King of the Cannibal Islands
Little Ah Sid
Lovely Nell
Look with thy fond eyes upon me
My mother's old slipper
My old scarlet coat
My own sweet Nellie Bawn
Man that couldn't get cool
Mother, home and heaven
Michigan, my Michigan
Many happy returns of the day
Mrs. Higgins' parlor floor
Nelly Brady
Old willow cradle
Old church of my childhood
Old-fashioned girl
Outcast (The)
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
One black sheep will never spoil the
Pat O'Hara [flock
Patter of the rain
Queen of all flowers
Rory of the hill—RECITATION
Scotch brigade
Spree song
Shall I ever see my old home any more
Sheffield apprentice
Sleep well, thou sweet angel
Striker and his son
Ta-ra-rum
There's a little vacant chair
There's nothing surprising in that
There's no love like the love of a
U-pi-dee [mother
Wedding march
While the blue laws are in force
When you and I were boys
Wrecked and saved
We smile and speak as we pass by
Who'll be an old man's darling?
Write me a letter from home
Who's dat cailin' so sweet
Woodstock bridge disaster
Water-mill
You'll get there all the same
Yes, we'll write you a letter from home

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 16.

CONTAINING 89 SONGS.

A flower I found in mother's bible
American Statues
Alpine Maid
And so say all of us
Boulanger's march
Boss tramp—RECITATION
Bold privateer [mother's grave
Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
Bye-low, baby Bunting (Howard's
Brigham Young [cradle song
Bismarck Guard
Chestnut Green from Wayback
Come to my arms, precious darling
Chewing gum
Celebrated speech of Robert Emmet
Caroline of Edinburg Town
Convivial man
Come along, sinners
Colleen Bawn
Damsel that I longed for never came
Dying cowboy's lament
Don't go out to-night, Joe
Dougherty's boarding house
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door
Dogs' meat man
Down in dot restaurant
Down among the coals
Flying your kite too high
First she would, and then she wouldn't
Green hills of Erin
Give me a house that's haunted
Gals on the avenue
Grecian statues
Grandmother's clock
Home by the wave
I am happy when you're near me
I wonder what will happen next
I'm so shy
It didn't surprise me at all
I have something sweet to tell you
I cannot sing that song to-night
I'm seventy-two to-day
I'se a Methodist 'till I die
Just to make a change in business all
Just as of old [around
Kitty Wells
Light-house keeper
Life of a soldier in the U. S. Cavalry
Let my people go
Maid of sweet Gorteen
My sweet little blossom
Miss Maloney's growler
Meet me to-night
McCarthy's fancy ball
Mamma's black baby boy
Miner's life
My Dutch girl's name
Man with the terrible gaul
Miss Julia
Mariner's grave
Monitor and Merrimac
Names we should never forget
Nobody's business but your own
Oh! share my cottage
Old oaken bucket
Only remembered by what I have done
Only a ringlet of hair
Old street lamp
Old King Cole
Old red barn
Patrick Riley
Poor little newsboy
Railway guide
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care
Spanish cavalier
See where she goes, my own Sophia
Simon, the cellarer
She shook der dailor
Sister Mary walked like that (Pit-a-pat)
That's all
Tom, if you love me, say so
Two new sports in town
Terry O'Rann
Under the moon
Will the roses bloom again?
When business picks up in the Fall
Wreck of the Southern Pacific express
You know [train at Tehachapi Pass
Years have come and passed away
You can do it, if you want to

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America still ahead
Annie, who played the banjo
A button-hole bouquet
A hundred years ago
A girl's best friend is her lover
A sad love story—RECITATION
Benny Havens, oh
Blue glass
Boy from County Clare
Biddy Toole
Bloated young aristocrat
Copper and the cook
Controllin' influence of drink
Charlie's little dog—RECITATION
Don't count your chickens before they
Day we celebrate [are hatched
Danube river
Drunk again
Don't leave your father, Kate
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in
Emmet's "lullaby" [the grave
Fairy belle
Farewell, my own
Gipsy's warning
German home upon the Rhine
Harp that once thro' Tara's halls
It makes a man feel like a fool
I'll give you one more as you go
Ireland will yet be free
I believe it, for my mother told me so
Irish volunteer
Irish schoolmaster
I never can forget
I'm all broke up to-day
It's all a matter of time
I'm the father of a little black coon
Is there no message here for me
Ireland
I wish I was a fish
I'm going to have my name above the
Is my darling true to me [door
Johnny, get your hair cut
Jesse James
Jane O'Malley
Kind words can never die
Keystone brigade
Let her go, Gallagher
Let her go, Gallagher (topical version)
Little brother Joe
Lula Wall
Lula is gone
Love among big noses
Let's be gay
Let me hug her for her mother
Mary Ann
Maggie, the cows are in the clover
Maid of Monterey
Meek and lowly
May be you do, but I doubt it
Mother, I was not to blame
Mamma's baby boy
My heart's in the Highlands
Minstrel boy
Many changes have I seen
On the beach at Long Branch
Oh, how delightful
Out in the cold
Out of work
Pretty little Flora
Poor old Jeff
Put by for a rainy day
Poor old slave
Par excellence
Papa's coming, bye and bye
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Robert Emmet
Shells of ocean
She might have licked McCarty
Supposing
Somebody's mother—RECITATION
Song of the haymakers
Saturday night, when the barroom's full
Sunny hours of childhood
Sunshine will come again
Tell mother I die happy
That big beaver hat
Tidings of comfort and joy
There's millions in it
Three angel visitants
Tom Collins is my name
That's pretty good, what next
What shall we name the baby
Watcher
Wait 'till the bull-dog dies, Jennie
When Ireland has an army and navy
Will Watch [of her own
What do they care about that
What Norah said
You'll remember me
You'll never know a mother's love
[again

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CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

A mark from my angel mother's shoe
A tress of baby's golden hair
A man to knock Sullivan out
Beauty of Limerick
Bring back my Bonnie to me
Barney, the lad from Kildare
Base ball—RECITATION
Boyne water
Bunch of shamrocks
Dreaming of the loved ones
Don't whisper no
Dear little duck of a girl
Dear harp of my country
Donnelly and Cooper
Dot stupporn pony—RECITATION
Death of Sarsfield
Day we went tobogganning
Farewell, farewell, my own true love
From the cradle to the grave
Give me back your smiles again
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Hit waiter, a dozen more bottles
Hebrew clothing drummer
Huldy Ann, how is your mother
I owe ten dollars to O'Grady
It's all over now with the ladies
I forget
In the gloaming
I did it
It's funny what lager will do
Ireland's sword and shield
If we only had our way
Irish philosopher—RECITATION
Justine, you love me not
Kathleen, my darling
Killarney
Little boy blue
Little bright eyes watching for me
Live in my heart and pay no rent
Letter that came too soon
Little fishermaiden
Little stars won't tell
Larry's on the force—RECITATION
Limerick races
Lannigan's ball
My bewitching Nell
My daughter, Rachael
Mr. Levy's dotor
Maid of Erin
Me be like Mellican man
My Nellie's blue eye
My cot beside the sea
My dear Savannah home [the hill
Never push a man when he's going down
Only an outcast, forsaken by all
Only a girl—RECITATION
Old black Joe
Out of the frying-pan into the fire
Over the hills and the valleys
Old village bum
Our stylish boarding house
Puzzled census-taker—RECITATION
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak
Pins and needles
Please spare that old home
Poor Robinson Crusoe
Pickin' on a harp
Puzzled Dutchman—RECITATION
Put on de golden sword
Poor old Ned
Rocky road to Dublin
Song that will never die
Song that reached my heart
Sheeny glazier
Song of all songs
Some day
Stand by your mother, Jack
Sally Jones, the cook
Ship that never returned
That's my girl
Three little maids from school (parody)
Talmage's "night side of life in New
Tickler [York"
There are friends that we never forget
Tim Finnigan's wake
There never was a coward where the
Where is Kathleen [shamrock grows
Will my Robin come again
When we ran with the old machine
What Biddy said in the police court—
Whole hog or none [RECITATION
Wearing of the green
Wild Irish boy
Walking mania
When Muldoon is mayor [got
Your mother's the best friend you've
Young man who used to live over the
[way

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As I sat upon my dear old mother's
An American's toast [knee
A little knot of blue
A soldier to-night is our guest
A pretty little baby to dandle on your
A whiff of the pipe [knee
Broken playthings on the floor
Blue and the gray
Be kind to the motherless child
Boodle
Baby that never came
Constitution and Guerriere
Can Brigade
Carrie Lee—No. 1
Carrie Lee—No. 2
Drill, you terriers, drill [pany goes
Don't come in the parlor 'till the com-
Drinking with Daniel Maloney
Don't leave me, laddie
Dorkins' night
Dear Italian girl
Down by the old abbey ruin
Dude—RECITATION
Don't shut out the sunlight, mother
Don't take the children from me
Duncan Gray
Evicted
Fellow that plays the kazoo
French flats
Grandmother's garret
Gladiator—RECITATION
Gliding up the stream
Gilhooly's supper party
Grandpa's donkey
Hie away, ole Satan
Hello! bab-by
Honor thy father and mother
How sweet the name of mother
Hamlet's soliloquy on death—REC.
If the twinkling stars could tell
I'll be true, love, to you
Isn't that an awful shame
Ivy leaf
Irene, good night
I'll await your smiling face
I wonder what they're springing on us
I'm a jolly little fellow [now
Judge Duffy told me so
John L. Sullivan, the champion
Jumbo, the elephant
Kutchy, kutchy, coo
Keep your eye on it
Lullaby from "Erminie"
Little sister's gone to sleep
Letter from over the sea—No. 1
Letter from over the sea—No. 2
Mrs. Grogan's boy
My dad's dinner pail
My love's returned again
Mister Dooley's geese
Miller's song
Man who never tumbled
Ma's baby—RECITATION
Marguerite
My old Kentucky home
Maloney, the rolling mill man
Never to meet again
Nothing else
Old-fashioned cot in the lane
Our brave little Volunteer
Old doorstep
Only a blue bell
Orphan boy
One of the bravest
O'Hara, get the gag
One pair of black eyes
Piggy-back
Papa, come home to your darlings
Poor little newsgirl
Postal card that never came
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's daughter
Ring dat golden bell
Rock and Rye crazy [owr
Remember, you have children of your
Red-haired girl and the near-by white
Sarah Jane's relations [horse
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all
Spray of four-leaved clover
Sailing home to Nell
Safely rocked in mother's arms
Steak that never came
Sour grapes
Side by side the old folks sleep
Sweet love, good-night to thee
Soldiers' song from "Erminie"
That's not English, you know
They all love Jack
They're not asleep
There's something in the cradle
Twenty years ago—RECITATION
What the dicky birds say
Wreck of the Alpina
You're born, but you're not buried yet

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No 20.

CONTAINING 110 SONGS.

Adam and Eve
Anchored
A sister's lullaby
At last
A scentless rose
All among the barley
Angels took mama
Bid me good-bye and go
Ballyhooley
Baby's footsteps on the sill
Baby show
Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
Black Maria, O
Bachelor's hall
Be sure you're right, then go ahead
Boys of the Bowery pit
Bring back my sailor boy
Brigade at Fontenoy
Click of the latch
Coon dat got de shake
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Do what de good book tells you
Don't do this and don't do that
Dear father, come down with the
Dick Darlin', the cobbler [stamps
Grandfather's darling
Good-night request
Glasses mother wore
Golden wedding—No. 1
Golden wedding—No. 2
Garryowen
Hail, Jerusalem, hail
Hail Columbia
Hear dem bells
Her wedding night
Hungry at somebody's door
High born liver Daniel
Hasten, sweet maiden, to me
Harp, or Ireland's resurrection
It's home, sweet home
I'll never have her back again
If the man in the moon could only
In a little fisher village [speak
I'll dance upon your grave
I never can forget you
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me
I likes a drop of good beer [so
I'm dying high
'Tis folly to be wise
Isht Mr. Dinglebender home
I've only been down to the club
Ketch on
Keyhole in the door
Let us part friends
Love, let your heart be faithful
Listen to my tale of woe
Little queen of May
Little darling, I'll be true
Letter that was written long ago
Let me die with my face to the foe
Lassie who loves but me
Let's make a little home for the old
My dear old Irish home [folks
Maple on the hill
Meet a coon to-night
Man, poor man
My little tot's high chair
Mother's locks of snow
Major Gilfeather
Many can help one
Man that struck O'Hara
My dandy cigarette
Old step stone
On Union Square
Only a rose from mother's grave
Oh! Mollie Grogan
Old and only in the way
Old Rosin, the beau
Red, white and blue
Rocking the baby
Remember mother's lessons when a
Sam Devere's dream [child
Star-spangled banner
Songs that we sing
Some day I'll wander back again
Sweet Jennie Bell
Sweet bye-and-bye
Slavery days
Some mother's boy
That doesn't go for a cent
True Irish hearts
There's no one like mother to me
Toboggan slide
Tell me you are mine
Two orphans
There was a jolly miller
Viva l'America
Virgin, only nineteen years old
Waiting, waiting, waiting
When his mother-in-law's at home
When yo' heah de big bell ring
When baby smiles in her sleep
Waiting at the window
When Nelly was raking the hay
Washington's grave
Widow in the cottage by the sea
Won't you dance with me, love
Washing-day
Wedlock is a ticklish thing
You'll hear the bells in the morning

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CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Auld Lang Syne
Annie Laurie
A dark and roguish eye
Bring back my fisher boy
Big and little of it
Convict and the bird
Come, haste to the wedding
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 1
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 2
Cat's meat man
Casey's boarding house
Come home, father
Don't run down the Irish
Dear little hands
Dotlet on the "i"
Dennis Grady's hack
Drinane Dhun
Drink to me only with thine eyes
Did he get there?
Day our mother died
Father's last words to me
Factory girl
Fish-ball musketeer
Father's come home
Gypsy maid
Grandfather Brian
Hush, my baby Bunting
How happy I could be with either
Harbor lights
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Handy Andy
Hush! don't wake the baby
Henrietta Pye
Happy birds
His funeral's to-morrow
He's all right
I've paid the $10 to O'Grady
I wonder how long it will last?
If the waters could speak as they flow
I built a bridge of fancies
I hope it don't happen again
Is your mamma well?
I never saw a saw saw like this saw
I would't if I could [saws
Is marriage a failure?
Just arrived from Harrisburg
Judy McCarty
Jakey, de butcher boy
Kind, loving faces at home
Let baby sleep
Life in the army
Lawn tennis
Mother's letter
My soldier boy
Mistress Jinks, wife of Captain Jinks
Mill will never grind again with the
Madam Duvan [water that has passed
Man that knew the actors
New York Base Ball Club
Now I come to think of it
Never in the wide, wide world
Nancy
No, 'tis not true
Only a picture
O, whistle and I will come to you, my
Our own boy, Jack [lad
Over there
Old golden locket my mother used to
On board the Mary Jane [wear
Oh! write me a song of my father
Picture on the wall
Pictures of home
Paddy Whack
Pat and the priest
Razzle, dazzle
Songs I heard at home
She's waiting on the quay
Signor McStinger
Save enough to send for me
Saving it all for Mary
Ship on fire
Swiss boy
True as the stars above
That melody divine
Thy name was once the magic spell
With all her faults I love her still
When we sit in the President's chair
We've both been there before, many a
When the roses bloom in Spring [time
When the Springtime flowers bloom
Wait till the tide comes in
What a stunning pair of legs
Why do Summer roses fade?

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 22.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

Am I right?
Across the bridge he goes
All on account of a woman
Baby mine
'Neath the old maple tree
Blonde that never dyes
Broken pitcher
Baby's prayer
Bernard Reilly
Can you tell me the reason why?
Close to it
Cry baby, cry baby
Dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes
Don't let it worry you
Evening Telegram
Ella Rhee
Farewell, Marguerite
Finnegan's masquerade
Gently down the stream of time
Give me a man of honest heart
Good-bye, dearest heart
Growler that never came
Here lies an actor
Hannah's done stuck on a coon
Happy times passed and gone away
He's all right when you know him
How much would you give to find
Harp of the wild wind [out?—Rec.
I do feel so awfully loose
I will return again
I'd like to be a swell
If I were a millionaire
I left my love
I was it it, fairly in it
I doubt if it ever occurs
Jamsetjhee
Just a little
Kerrigan's masquerade
Let it be soon
List to the convent bells
List'ning for his coming step
Little ones at home
Larboard watch
Little maid of Arcadee
List to the thrush
My last cigar
Magee's back yard
McGinty, king of the rink
Molly Flynn
Mister Nobody
McMullen, the squire
Mrs. McCarty's party
My Maggie
Must we forever part?
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Near it
Oh, let it be soon
Old cabin home
Old love and the new
Once was enough for him
Old Granite State [grave
Put a headstone over poor mother's
Pig's head wid cabbage and praties
Raffle for Monaghan's stove
Save a sunny smile for me
Something a woman can do
Scissors grinder
Sally in our alley
Such an education has my Mary Ann
Spare the old homestead
Scanlan's swing song
Sweet love, be true to me
Sheriff's sale
Tootsy Wootsy
To be there
Terrance McMullin
Terrible tragedy
There isn't a law to prevent it
That innocent kid
Turn down the light
That's where the laugh comes in
Two lovely black eyes
Uncle Jeff's return
Villain never harmed her
What did they ever do to get there?
We've both been there before, many a
Waiting [time (Sam Devere's)
World is coming to an end
Where mother is, is home
When mother puts the little ones to
Where's the white horse? [bed
Women of the day
Won't you buy my pretty flowers
Where did you get that hat?
You and I, love
You'll have to be up to the times

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Actors dream
As long as the world goes round
A stitch in time saves nine
Barney's courtship
Beautiful Bill
Bully old horse
Call me darling once again
Ching, ching
Casey at the bat—Recitation
Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret?
Doncherknow
Down upon the banks of Tennessee
Day I first played ball
Did you ever hear a girl say no?
Eily Mavourneen
From the source to the sea
Grandfather's clock
Give 'em string and let 'em went
Girl of the period
Go to sleep my baby girl
Gal what I calls mine
Good old friends of my youth
Hello! Riley
Hello, sweet "49!"
He went glimming
He's in the asylum now
Hodman's lament
Hattie May
I'm a chappie from over the wattah
I cannot see where it comes in
Ill-gifted ring
I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
I do not watch alone
Immenseikoff; or, the central toff
I love him more than I can say
I'll come back, my darling, to thee
Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown
Jack won't forget you
Kate's secret
Killaloe
Kathleen Mavourneen
Let each man learn to know himself
Later on, later on
Last sweet words of mother
My pretty red rose
My favorite, my queen
My heart is sad to-day
Mariner's daughter
Michael Dwyer
Mud Run disaster
Martha, the milkman's daughter
Meet me in the lovely twilight
Mr. Bob Fubbs; or, the love chase
Milwaukee Fire
McNally's row of flats
Never encourage the men
Nancy Lee
Nobody knows
Old hats and rags
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, if I had some one who'd love me
On yonder rock reclining
On the sea
Old musician and his harp
Postage stamp flirtation
Pretty little pigs in clover
Prodigal son
Paddy Shay
Sweet forget-me-not
Sandy-haired Mary in our area
See that my grave's kept green
She danced like a fairy
Spare that old mud cabin
Sam Devere's latest
Song I'll ne'er forget
Since Kate learnt how to play
Since my daughter plays on the type-
Sweet rose of dawn [writer
Some girls do, and some girls don't
Snowy strands among the jet
They cannot keep the working girls
Tilt skirt [down town
There's no such girl as mine
Tit for tat
True as the stars that are shining
Travelling man from Boston
What a fool you would be to believe her
Where was Moses when the light went
Whoa, Emma! [out?
When the robins nest again (parody)
When Jamie comes over the sea
When other friends are round me
We've a million in the field
We'll raise de roof to-night
Wreck of the "City of Columbus"

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A mother's appeal to her boy
An orphan
A lady in love
A Buddhist soldier's grave
Adieu, dear friends, adieu
At the golden gate
Bonny Mae
Bell buoy
Blind mother
Buy a broom
Brooklyn tragedy
Banks of the Schuylkill
Barbary Ellen
Broadway swell and Brooklyn belle
Champion of the world
Calling me back to the old home
Charles Guiteau's confession
Chestnut broke my heart
Colonel Sharp
Chinaman washeeman
Don't believe all that you hear
Down where we roamed together
Don't be angry, mother
Down went McGinty
Don't say one thing and mean an-
Discarded lover [other
Dying soldier of Cerro Gordo
Gintleman from Kildare
Green linnet
Green willow tree
Green fellow
Hanki Panki; or the girl from China
Harp without the crown
He gets there just the same
Haul de wood nile down
How I got even with O'Grady
Have you seen my girl?
In the eye abides the heart
Irish spree
I'm sorry it ever occurred
Ireland for the Irish
It's funny what girls will do
I'm just beginning to like you
I wish I were single again
Independent lovers
Irish girl
I had nothing else to do
Johnstown flood
Jeanie with the light brown hair
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our
Just a little sunshine, No. 2 [home
Keep this flow'ret for my my sake
King and poet—Recitation
Love, Henry
Little empty stockings
Let us raise a row to-night
Little old sod shanty
Let me shake the hand that shook the
Little girl [hand of Sullivan
Loss of his dear
Life let us cherish
My Johnny was a shoemaker
My sailor girl
Mackafee's confession
Mill boy
My own true love
Nancy Downy
Not that I wish to say anything wrong
Nearing the harbor
No home to shelter her
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Over the banister
Ould plaid shawl
Old tobacco box
Oregon boys
Palms
People I have met
Polly Gold
Pure testimony
Sailor boy
Send that wagon home, John
Sweet William
Shakespeare's seven ages of man
Sighing for thee
Snow angels
Slavery's passed away
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have
Slide, Kelly, slide [my life
Song of the dying emigrant
Skating on one in the gutter
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Seventeen and twenty sweethearts
Those lovely Brooklyn girls
Tennessee boys
Two on earth and two in heaven
There's no place like home
Unfortunate lovers
Where did you get that face?
When the pansies droop and die
When my little one's asleep
World and his wife
What a wonderful world it would be
You can imagine the rest
Young man's warning

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That's Pretty Good, What Next?

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When folks are surprised you'll oft hear them say,
Well, that's pretty good, what next?
A remark you will hear many times in a day,
Well, that's pretty good, what's next?
At every scheme or idea new
The wonder is then what next will they do
Without Murphys or meat they make Irish stew,
Well, that's pretty good, what next?

As the young girl said when she got her first squeeze,
Well, that's pretty good, what next?
Don't do it again, though you may if you please,
Well, that's pretty good, what next?
When your arm is around the waist of a pretty young Miss,
She exclaims with a sigh, as you give her a kiss:
Oh, Charley, my dear, what heavenly bliss,
Well, that's pretty good, what next?

America is Good Enough for Me.

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They can boast of foreign lands,
Where rich lords and dukes are born,
But America is good enough for me.
They can praise their British wheat,
And their flour and their corn,
But American food is good enough for me.

We have fine land in the West,
Where we raise food of the best,
And our climate is as healthy as can be;
Tho' some folks our ways can't swallow,
You can bet your bottom dollar,
That America is good enough for me.

In the different kinds of sport,
In the ring or on the stage,
America is good enough for me
As for fighting, Johnny Sullivan
Is acknowledged now the king,
And Sullivan is good enough for me.

As for those upon the stage,
Mary Anderson was the rage,
Like McCullough, when she sailed across the sea.
Mrs. Langtry may be great,
Henry Irving may be greater,
But our Edwin Booth is good enough for me.

Among great men of fame,
Who have gone but left a name,
Daniel Webster was good enough for me.
Of poets dead and gone,
There was one we oft did mourn,
That's Longfellow, he was good enough for me.

General Lee we name with pride,
General Grant, too, side by side
In the battle-field were brave as brave could be;
And such men as little Mac,
Hancock, too, and Stonewald Jack,
You can bet your life, were good enough for me.

I was born and raised right here,
And right here I mean to stay,
For America is good enough for me;
Where our grand-dads fought and bled
In the years long passed away,
You can bet your boots, is good enough for me.

We are well supplied with tramps,
We have every kind of scamps,
Pretty girls and lots of babies you can see;
Mother-in-laws, old maids and cats,
Shangheigh roosters, dogs and rats,
Oh, America is good enough for me.

MARY ANN.

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A fine little maiden, with beauty o'erladen,
Lives right 'round the corner from me,
She's a face like a fairy, her style's light and airy,
She's a maiden as few you will see;
Her dressing's exquisite, she's every requisite,
And shows them all off to a dot,
I was mashed on this daisy, she had me nigh crazy,
This girl, Mary Ann Kate McDermott.

CHORUS.

Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
Mary that lives 'round the corner,
Bright and gay all the day,
Oh, she's a daisy, she drove me nigh crazy;
When she's seen, like a queen,
Stately, majestic is she;
Some call me plucky, but I think I'm lucky,
For Mary is mashed on me.

I met her on Monday, and then on next Sunday
I took her out strolling with me,
She cost me much money, this dear little honey,
She wanted nigh all that she'd see;
On the lake we went rowing, not a wind was then blowing,
I was wet to the skin, for 'twas hot,
She seemed not to worry, but felt very sorry,
This girl, Mary Ann Kate McDermott.—*Chorus.*

When at last we got started for home and parted,
She bade me a nice, sweet good-day;
Please don't call to-night, sir, there may be a fight, sir,
For my beaux get so mad right away.
I was nearly dumbfounded, like a ship that has grounded,
I scarcely could move from the spot;
She looked for a dandy, and I came in handy,
This girl, Mary Ann Kate McDermott.—*Chorus.*

It Makes a Man Feel Like a Fool.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If you go to get shaved with no hair on your face,
It makes a man feel like a fool;
If you lose all the money you bet on a race,
It makes a man feel like a fool.
If you take a young lady to see a new play,
And invite her to supper at a high-toned cafe,
Put your hand in your pocket with no money to pay,
It makes a man feel like a fool.

If you're asked for the time when you've only a chain.
It makes a man feel like a fool;
If your umbrella turns inside out in the rain,
It makes a man feel like a fool.
If you take a young lady out for a stroll,
And your tailor comes up before you're aware,
And will ask you to settle that little affair,
It makes a man feel like a fool.

If a lady you met dressed in satin and lace,
It makes a man feel like a fool;
If you get but one glimpse of her beautiful face,
It makes a man feel like a fool.
If you put your hands on her shoulders so bold,
And she lifts up her veil, it's then you behold
An ugly old damsel some sixty years old,
It makes a man feel like a fool.

If a man has been married some ten or twelve years,
It makes a man feel like a fool;
If his wife is the boss and has made him shed tears,
It makes a man feel like a fool.
He meets a lady of whom he knows well,
And invites her to sip off wine nice and cold,
His wife looks in on the scene, and says: Ah, there!
It makes a man feel like a fool.

I'll Give You One More as You Go.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My sweetheart is a sly little Miss,
Though a girl whom I fondly adore,
And often I ask for a kiss,
She gives me just one and no more.
I called at her house Sunday night,
And asked for a kiss as her beau;
She answered: You fright, don't you squeeze me so tight,
I'll give you one more as you go.

CHORUS.

I'll give you one more as you go,
I'll give you one more as you go;
She answered: You fright, don't you squeeze me so tight,
I'll give you one more as you go.

Her daddy is a feeling old man,
He's always a feeling for me;
I remember this feeling began
When I first went his daughter to see.
While bidding my sweetheart good-night,
In the usual manner, you know,
He exclaimed with a swear, as his foote smote the air:
I'll give you one more as you go.

CHORUS.

I'll give you one more as you go,
I'll give you one more as you go;
He exclaimed with a swear, as his foot smote the air:
I'll give you one more as you go.

Oh, that dog! oh, that dog! what a brute!
He was on to me quicker than flash,
He was mashed on my eight dollar suit,
And to make me a subject for hash.
I jumped over the garden wall,
In a manner, you bet, was not slow,
When a voice from the house I heard say: Seek him, Towse,
Just give him one more as he goes.

CHORUS.

Just give him one more as he goes,
Just give him one more as he goes;
When a voice from the house I heard say· Seek him, Towse,
Just give him one more as he goes.

SUPPOSING.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I had an only brother, we were twins,
In feature, form and voice we are both the same·
We resemble each other as closely as two pins,
We are perfectly alike in all but name.
When we go out people would take their oath,
That the likeness between us it was sich,
They could never tell the other one from both,
Or distinguish the other one from which.

CHORUS.

Now supposing as how he was I,
Or supposing as how I was he;
Or supposing we both were some one else,
Who the dickens do you suppose we both would be?

Now supposing that I should fall in love,
And take unto myself a darling wife;
With her I would be all hand and glove,
A happy man the rest of my life.
But supposing she couldn't tell me from Jim,
Whatever would the consequences be,
If she'd all the time been taking me for him
And after marriage find that he was me.—*Chorus.*

Now supposing that I was taken ill
With the measles, the whooping cough, or gout;
Then the doctor would bring potion, draught and pills,
But who to give them to there'd be a doubt.
For if ever I was laid upon my back,
My brother they'd be sure to put to bed,
And if he should get the worst of the attack,
They'd be certain sure to say that I was dead.—*Chorus.*

Maggie, the Cows are in the Clover.

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I love to wander by the brook
That winds among the trees,
And watch the birds flit to and fro
Among the Autumn leaves.
'Tis my delight, from morn 'till night,
To ramble on the shore,
But when I do my mother's voice
Comes from the kitchen door:

CHORUS.

Maggie! Maggie! the cows are in the clover,
They've trampled it since morn,
Go, and drive them, Maggie,
To the old red barn.

I'm not allowed to have a beau,
Except upon the sly,
So yesterday he came and took
Me walking through the rye;
We strolled along so lovingly,
It seemed just like a dream,
When just from out that kitchen door
Came that familiar scream:—*Chorus.*

He took me to a country fair,
We went in a balloon,
Says he to me, we'll go and see
The man up in the moon;
We drifted over toward the farm,
Perhaps a mile or more,
When suddenly I heard that voice
Come from the kitchen door.—*Chorus.*

Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut.

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Over in the sands of Jersey,
Where the watermelons grow,
Dwells a youth who whistles ever
This one tune all he does know:

CHORUS.

Johnny, get your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut,
Johnny, get your hair cut like a sport;
Johnny, get your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut,
Johnny, get your hair cut, your hair cut short.

Up in Manayunk the mill hands
Make the hills and valley ring,
When the long day's work is over,
As they travel home and sing:—*Chorus.*

On the banjo and the organ,
On the fiddle and the flute,
On the cornet and the kazoo,
Everybody tries to toot:—*Chorus*

Every cheap and five cent barber
Tries to make the business pay,
So his sign upon the shutter
To the crowd is made to say:—*Chorus*

Many folks are fond of music,
Some they like it not at all,
Get your gun if any neighbor
In your ear begins to squall:—*Chorus*

Now my song at last is ended,
Let me give you all a rest,
Nevermore to find me singing
This old tune we love the best:—*Chorus.*

LET HER GO, GALLAGHER!

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Pat Gallagher's shanty was getting too small,
Or the size of his family was growing too big,
So he built an addition outside of the hall,
As a neat little pen for the goat and the pig;
In time for the moving he tied the old sow
With a strong hempen cord from the foot to its ham,
But the hog wouldn't drive, and the old woman yelled:
Just let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

CHORUS.

Let her go, Gallagher, let her go, Gallagher,
Let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!
Let her go, Gallagher, let her go, Gallagher,
Let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

Oh, never a bit would the critter move on,
So he made up his mind just to tackle the goat,
But the thing wouldn't work, for she butted him 'round,
'Till she bounced him clean out of his boots and his coat;
He got himself up in a passion, he swore,
And he brought his fist down with a terrible slam,
But the old woman yelled, just the same as before:
Oh, let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!—*Chorus.*

Just stop your loud chinnen, cried Pat, in a rage,
On your pate me sheleligh I'll break it, I sware;
But she straightened right up for a gal of her age,
And declared herself loudly the best of the pair.
They had a square fight for a minute or more,
'Twas a lively old tussle, without any sham,
And the neighbors cried out from the windows next door:
Oh, let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!—*Chorus.*

(TOPICAL VERSION.)

LET HER GO, GALLAGHER!

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'Tis said Philadelphia's a very fine place
To those who love quiet and dote on renown,
For its people are proud if they only can trace
A high pedigree from the grandfather down;
Her people go slow, they would make you believe,
And their lofty pretentions are nothing but sham,
But there's quite a large number you cannot deceive,
So let 'em go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

There's old Moneymaker who runs a big shop,
And sells all the goodies a city can need;
He'll supply you with dry goods and wet ginger-pop,
And fool you on prices if he can succeed.
There's lots of sharp fellows to shut up your eye,
And stick you with mutton when paying for lamb;
So you mustn't remark on their morals awry,
But let 'em go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

The streets are so dirty that many complain,
Tho' people are waiting and living in hope,
That Wagner may push the contractors again,
And send them a cargo of Frank Siddall's soap.
Bad water so muddy the city supplies,
That it looks like a paste as it goes o'er the dam;
In drinking it down you must just shut your eyes,
And let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

Now Stokely is doing his best to correct
The very loose morals of many, I think;
His laws of morality all must respect,
Especially the mixing of music and drink.
The poor pet canary no longer can sing
'Mid the odor of beer, and of mustard and ham;
So lay down the glass, with its sad hollow ring,
And let her go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

High license they say will not work around here,
And where is the freedom of which we all boast,
If a man is deprived of his whisky and beer,
His very best comfort and what he loves best?
The fact is our country is rather too free
For those who object to thy laws, Uncle Sam,
It costs but a trifle to recross the sea,
So let 'em go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

They say that no rum is allowed in the park,
But go tell Mayor Fitler, providing he cares,
There's many things done in the ways that are dark,
And show him the avenue leading up stairs.
Just take him around where the crowd is not seen,
And let him endure a few moments jam
Up in the sky parlor, where thousands have been,
Yes, let him go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

We have, it is said, quite the biggest town hall,
Of any fine village outside of New York;
I mention that city, for though it is small,
It holds quite a number from Deitchland and Cork.
We have lots of policemen to keep down the noise,
Who arrest the attention of Quakers so calm,
But no one's afraid, not even the boys,
So let 'em go, Gallagher, don't be a clam!

Ireland Will Yet Be Free.

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Let tyrants exult and their mandates proclaim,
Their sceptres with iron hands sway;
Oppression the Irish heart never can tame,
Nor drive hope of freedom away.
The yoke may be heavy and firm in its place,
The fetters secure all may be;
But blood will wash out this most shameful disgrace,
And Ireland ere long shall be free.

The day may be distant—perhaps it is near,
When freedom shall dawn on our land;
When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear,
Her rights she will seek and demand.
Her fields, now deserted, shall blossom once more,
Her ships will skim over the sea;
The hirelings of England be hurled from our shore,
And Ireland will truly be free.

Then toast our fair island, my countrymen all,
"Success to her struggle so nigh!"
Her sons will spring forth at the first trumpet call,
And battle for freedom or die.
Then when we have conquered and peace smiles again,
Let this our grand toast ever be:
"Confusion to tyrants wherever they reign!"
And Ireland shall ever be free.

I Believe It, for My Mother Told Me So.

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There's a little maxim that was told to me by mother dear,
When in childhood I was seated on her knee;
She told me that a rolling stone would gather little moss,
Many lessons of advice she gave to me.
She told me that the Father watched o'er me from above,
She bade me pray to Him with head bowed low;
She said if I'd take her advise some day I'd be with Him,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

CHORUS.

She told me that in manhood temptations I would meet,
And that very few true friends in life I'd know;
She also said the world was full of falsehood and deceit,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

She told me to never turn my back on sorrow or distress,
But give whate'er I could to help the poor;
You'll never know what poverty is, lad, until you find
The wolf of hunger knocking at the door.
So try and love your neighbors as you try and love yourself,
Your deeds will make you known where'er you go;
A man who's honest needs no monument when he's gone,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.—*Chorus.*

—The crop of cigar-stumps has not suffered from the drouth, and promises to be large enough to supply the increasing demands of the cigarette dudes.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

As Recited by Adolph J. Jackson.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a Winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Passed the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go?"

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
And her own dear boy is far away.

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

AMERICA STILL AHEAD.

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We peruse the papers every day, and curious things we hear
About the people and their ways, that live both far and near;
Being of enquiring mind we strive to make out
The hearts of all persons, and what they are about.
Now there is Miss Langtry, famed both far and wide,
Mashed on Freddie Gebhard, we know that she is not his bride,
They claim her as a beauty, in the world 'tis said the best,
But for hops, Yankee girls can knock her out, & America still ahead.

Now there's an English actor, I believe that's what he's called,
By the name of Osmond Tearle, and in New York was enstalled,
He says Americans are ham-fatters and don't know how to act,
And he came here to show us and prove to us the fact.
Now there is T. W. Keene, I'm sure has stood the test,
For woman, Mary Anderson undoubtedly is the best,
There is no use of further talk, I'm sure you all have read,
That Edwin Booth can show them all that America still ahead.

For boxers and prize-fighters England tries to claim the belt,
With Tom Sayers and Tom King, Heenan wasn't fairly dealt,
But if they are ambitious they soon very quickly learn,
That there is men in this country with whom she can have a turn.
Now there is Slade, the half-breed, from a foreign land has come,
Along with Jem Mace, to fight John Sullivan,
There is no use of further talk, I'm sure you all have read,
That Sullivan has knocked them out, and America still ahead.

YOU WILL NEVER KNOW A MOTHER'S LOVE AGAIN.

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I remember when I was a lad, just sixteen years of age,
My poor old father he took ill and died;
And the morning of the night that his spirit winged its flight,
He called his children all to his bedside.
As he kissed us all good-bye, he bade us not to cry,
But be good boys to mother when I'm dead;
Her head is bending low, she soon from you will go—
He spoke these words and then his spirit fled.

CHORUS.

Take good care of mother, boys, when I'm dead and gone,
Try and keep her last days free from pain;
Respect her old gray head, remember when she's dead,
You will never know a mother's love again.

The years flew quickly onward and I soon became a man,
The other children all grew up apace;
But my mother, poor old soul, she had almost reached life's goal,
I could see it as I gazed into her face.
Her head was bending low, her step was weak and slow,
Her eyes were growing dim, she scarce could see;
I would try to cheer her heart as often I'd impart
The words my dying father said to me:—*Chorus.*

On a pleasant summer morning when the birds were singing gay,
And the roses lent their fragrance to the air,
In a quaint old country churchyard, close by a hallow'd mound,
A few sad faces were assembled there.
Within that sacred spot they laid my mother down,
With him whom on this earth she loved so dear:
And while the aged sexton was filling up the grave,
The zephyr seemed to whisper in my ear:—*Chorus.*

Annie, Who Played the Banjo.

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There's a charming girl, I know she's fond of music very,
When I call to see her she will always sing and play for me
Selections from the "opera bouffe," and marches military,
Each dainty little finger's filled with sweetest melody;
Talk about the music made by orchestra or band,
She can make the sweetest music in the land.
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk plunk, plunk!
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!

REFRAIN.

Annie who plays the banjo, plunk, plunk,
So fine, plunk, plunk,
She's mine, plunk, plunk!
Annie who plays the banjo, plunk, plunk,
Her touch, it is something divine,
Anniewho plays the banjo, plunk, plunk!
Best yet, plunk, plunk,
You bet, plunk, plunk!
Under her window I softly go,
While Annie plays on the banjo, plunk, plunk!

When her dad was fast asleep I used to serenade her,
Then she'd raise the window just to let me know she was there;
I'd sing the sweetest songs I know and everything I played her,
'Till her old dad would show his foot, a number eleven pair.
Say, young man, who do you seek, speak out without delay?
To her father then these words I'd have to say:
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!—*Refrain.*

Now we're wed and in our home we have a little cradle,
I'm the father of a very sweet and bouncing girl,
I know she's found of music, for she bawls when she is able,
I walk the floor till early morn, my brain is in a whirl.
What made me seek this wedded life, that's what Id like to know?
Then Annie answers back so sweet and low:
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!—*Refrain.*

TOM COLLINS IS MY NAME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tom Collins is my name, my friends,
May I beg leave to state,
You've heard of me, I dare suppose,
Quite often here of late;
I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere,
But rather hard to find,
So don't attempt to look me up,
Unless you're well inclined.

SPOKEN—I am pained to learn that so many of my friends have been searching for me in vain. I hear that I have been inquired for in a great number of places by many excited and hasty individuals, who had lost their tempers in the search. I am extremely sorry to have just missed them, but—

CHORUS.

I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere,
And rather hard to find,
So don't attempt to look me up,
Unless you're well inclined.

I count myself a gentleman,
Or something of the sort,
Though many seem inclined to take
Me as a common sport;
I'm willing to apologize,
And reach my hand to all
Who are inclined to wait on me,
And give a friendly call.

SPOKEN—Indeed, I have shed tears of sympathy for those who have been compelled to suffer the derision of the heartless, or stand treat on my account. I know the trials of mankind are many, and sometimes a little expensive, but I will make it all right with my persecuted friends if they will favor me with a visit; but—*Chorus.*

I'll tell you how it is, my friends,
And you will all agree,
Some wretches without heart or soul,
Are fooling you and me.
So let us keep our tempers straight,
And take the joke as fair,
We'll get along much better, boys,
In acting on the square.

SPOKEN—I understand several persons are looking after me with weapons. I am sorry for it, for I can disappear like any ghost, and I would not wish them any unnecessary trouble. If there are any here who have been victimized, they can call upon me at—their convenience, and I will make amends; but—*Chorus.*

MAMMA'S BABY BOY.

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Sweet little treasure I dearly prize,
Mamma's baby boy;
Pride of our home, his papa's joy,
Mamma's baby boy.
See how he creeps all over the floor,
Chasing the sunbeam that enters the door,
Pride of our home and joy evermore,
Mamma's baby boy.

CHORUS.

Pretty blue eyes and golden hair,
Mamma's baby boy;
We pray to God above to spare
Mamma's baby boy.
We pray to God above to spare
Mamma's baby boy.

At night, when we lay him away to rest,
Mamma's baby boy;
Praying to God above to bless,
Mamma's baby boy.
Sweet little hands, nice little toes,
Cheeks that are blooming like the red rose,
Loving we watch his sweet repose,
Mamma's baby boy,—*Chorus.*

My Heart's in the Highlands.

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My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highland forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

OUT OF WORK.

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For hours along the crowded street,
With aimless steps I trod,
Without a home or hope in life,
With scarce a hope in God.
This cruel night is fitting close,
To such a crushing day,
The earth is, oh! so dreary cold,
And heaven so far away.

The friendless rouse no anxious thoughts,
The busy throng sweeps on,
I've strayed beyond the city's lights,
The twilight's gray has gone,
My useless arms have failed to win,
A crust, a place to stay;
Earth has no work, no room for me,
And heaven is far away.

Oh, great wide world! oh, frowning sky!
So cheerless and so vast,
I dare your keen and cutting sleet,
Your piercing, bitter blast;
Rage, howl and lash this living spark,
From out the tortured clay,
That feels existence dark, all dark,
And heaven so far away.

How dark and black beside my feet
The sluggish river rolls,
It beckons as a demon might,
To lure unhappy souls.
Its slimy voice is whispering:
Here, rest in peace for aye.
Oh, God! the river is so near,
And heaven is so far away.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he's girded on,
And the wild harp strung behind him;
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least its right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chains
Could not keep his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
He tore the strings asunder,
And said: "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

I'M GOING TO HAVE MY NAME ABOVE THE DOOR.

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When I bought from Flynn, he went out and I went in,
There was no one knew the difference, I'm sure,
For the business didn't stop at my little liquor shop
When I'm going to put any name above the door;
For the trade remained the same, though I never changed the name,
They took me for a bartender, I'm sure.
But I'll have ye all to know I'm the boss down here below,
Where I'm going to put my name above the door.

CHORUS.

For I'm going to put my name above the door,
In fact I should have done it long before;
It's better late than never, and it must be done however,
So I'm going to put my name above the door.

I am building me a sign of an elegant design,
It will reach across from number six to mine,
It will say in letters bold, black and tan, and tipped with gold,
That the whole of the establishment is mine;
I will build a story higher, and insure in case of fire,
I'll have my office on the second floor,
And when everything's complete, sure there's no one can compete
With Maloney and his name above the door.—CHORUS.

I will shortly stop retail, and go in for wholesale,
And then I'll be a merchant out and out,
And all my friends they say to me I a Congressman should be,
For I'm the coming man without a doubt;
Now when I look around that you're my friends I will be bound,
And I know that all your votes I could secure,
But I think I'd better stop at my little liquor shop
When I'm going to have my name above the door.—CHORUS.

THE COPPER AND THE COOK;

Or, The Rabbit Pie.

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Sung with great success, by the vocalists, Thornton and Lawler.

Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

Now a story I will tell of a cook in New Rochelle,
Who loved what vulgar people call a copper;
He swore for her he'd die, but he meant her rabbit pie,
And so, of course, he told a wicked "whopper."
Every evening he would go to the kitchen down below,
And there he'd gourmandize like any glutton,
Till one evening unawares came the missus down the stairs
But the copper didn't seem to care a button.

CHORUS.

Oh! the missus had her eye upon the rabbit pie,
The pie was laid upon the table;
And the cookie tried her copper dear to hide
As well as she was able.
She was a cook, and she knew her little book;
The copper was the finest in the nation,
But he tickled her with his staff, and he made the cookie laugh,
So the cookie had to lose her situation.

Now the copper was no flat, for he knew what he was at,
The cook stood up and he lay down behind her;
The missus raved and jawed, the cook she hummed and hawed,
But the copper, well he didn't seem to mind her,
Till at last he felt so gay, in his own peculiar way,
He didn't care about the cook's affliction,
So he tickled her with his staff till the cook began to laugh;
When the missus knew that he was in the kitchen.—*Chorus.*

Says the missus to the cook: "You had better 'sling your hook,'
Pack up your bag and baggage ere the morning;"
But the cook defiant stood, for the words had roused her blood,
And said: "Here, upon the spot, I give you warning,"
The copper on the floor couldn't stand it any more,
His head had got into a pan of gravy,
When the master threw him out, when outside he gave a shout,
"Throw me out my staff, my helmet and my slavey."—*Chorus.*

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

One Summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before—
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.

The splashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child—
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stood upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away—
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.

"Oh, thus," I said, "in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child—
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child,"

She Might Have Licked McCarty

As Sung by The Kernells.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It's just a year to-day I took to me a wife,
And ever since she's proved a burden to my life!
She's the widow of McCarty, and McCarty was her name,
And for changing it to Riley, why, of course, she's not to blame,
She speaks about McCarty and his virtues every day,
And wishes I'd be sober, and be like him every way,
She'd bate him with the broomstick every time the baby cried,
And made him rock the cradle 'till from cruelty he died.

CHORUS.

She'd lick him, she'd kick him, she'd never let him be,
She'd lash him, she'd mash him until he couldn't see;
McCarty wasn't hearty, but now she's got a different party,
She might have licked McCarty, but she can't lick me.

She says that every evening he done all the work he could,
He used to wash the dishes, yes, and split the kindling wood,
He'd carry in the coal himself, no labor would he shirk,
He'd rinse the clothes on wash days before he went to work.
She says that every evening abroad he'd never roam,
And all the neighbors told me he was always found at home,
And if he didn't stir himself to try and mend his clothes,
The frying pan was often sent to try and break his nose.—*Chorus.*

I'm going down to Brady's now on purpose to get tight,
And when I do go home again there's going to be a fight,
I'll smash up all the furniture before I will get through,
Upset the stove when I go in is the first thing I will do.
The difference in the two men then she will easily see,
And faith she'll know who is the best, McCarty then or me,
Then perhaps she will behave and learn to shut her mouth,
And if she puts me into jail, she'll have to get me out.—*Chorus.*

—Emma goes to school, but dislikes it very much. A lady friend of the family questioned her on the subject: "Emma, what do you do in school? Do you learn to read?" Emma shakes her head. "Do you learn to write?" Another shake. "Then what do you do?" "I wait for it to be out."

—A number of ladies were sitting last evening in the parlors of a certain charitable institution discussing various topics. Presently one of the party mentioned the name of a friend. "Why, do you know him?" quickly asked a listener. "Indeed, I do," was the reply. "He brought his fourth wife to see us a short time ago." "His fourth!" exclaimed the other. "I wouldn't have him in the house. My opinion is that a first wife is desirable, a second advisable, a third permissible, but a fourth—that's simply awful."

Don't Leave Your Father, Kate.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We have arranged a picnic, out in Fairmount Park,
To spend a Summer's Sunday in frolic until dark.
The ride on the cars was lovely, we left all troubles behind,
There was Annie with her mother, her father and his friend,
And Kate and her brothers, with father, mother and aunty,
All carrying loads of baskets with plenty meals and candies.
'Twas then while Kate and her brothers were romping on the green,
Her father thus did tell her with earnest in his mean:

CHORUS.

Stick to your father, Kate, while in the park,
Danger lurks from every tree, from every hollow dark,
Remember there are rivers and creeks which full of sharks,
So don't leave your father, Kate, while you're in the park.

The time rolled so quickly, it was a sunny day,
So Kate, Annie and two others, they took a stroll, they say,
Wandering from the picnic grounds, and thinking it no harm.
They reached the lovely Schuylkill, it had a peculiar charm,
To take a little steamer and go to Riverside—
Have ice cream, cakes and lager, and a little boat ride,
On the Wissahickon, the lonely, they passed the hours away,
Forgetting all the lesson which Kate's father did say.—CHORUS.

The picnic was in uproar, there was an awful fear,
A weeping father and mother, oh! Kate, Annie appear;
The brothers, brave and noble, run to the Schuylkill's shore,
The park guards get the watchword, look for the missing four!
The missing ones are coming, like culprits they ring their hands,
They know they well earned the wrath of loving friends,
They soothe a father's anger, and implore his blessing instead,
And Kate will ever remember the words her father said.—CHORUS.

MANY CHANGES HAVE I SEEN.

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Many changes have I seen,
Over many lands have I been,
I have learned a thing or two in my time.
But I never knew a knave,
Who went happy to the grave,
Or reached the mountain-top he went to climb.

Though I have traveled far and wide,
And have waited time and tide,
But I never knew dishonesty to win.
For a man, however hard,
From all sympathy debarred,
Whose kindness does not touch and enter in:

Never yet in all my rounds,
Though I have sought it, have I found
A thriving man contented with a will,
Nor the children of the just,
Lying homeless in the dust,
Without a friend to shield them from the cold.

Never yet could I discern,
Though I have studied hard to learn,
That the rich could bolt out sorrow from the door;
Nor the children very wise,
In their own and others' eyes,
Did not nurse some little folly at their cause.

Never yet knew I a man,
Who made others' good a plan,
Who was not contented with his gold,
Nor the worshiper of wealth,
Or the scraping up of pealth,
Whose troubles were not scattered to the wind.

So now my song is done,
Here is success to everyone,
And he throughout his life that plays a manly part,
May blessings on him flow
Be he old or be he young,
Who unites a willing han and loving heart.

German Home Upon the Rhine.

Sung by Gus Williams.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My dear old German home dot stands upon de Rhine
I am thinking of you, and it breaks my heart,
I left you long ago, when I was a leedle boy,
I never thought that from you I would part.
My fader used to smoke his pipe, und mudder used to knit,
Side by side dot flower-covered door;
But der wheel by de mill now has turned de oder way
Und dose happy days vill come to me no more.

CHORUS.

My dear old German home dot stands upon de Rhine
Oh! vat fond recollections you bring back to me;
But ven I'm old und feeble, den bring me dere to die
In my leedle German home across de sea

I remember ven my poor old fader took me on his knee,
He kissed me und he told me not to cry,
Dot de place vould soon be sold, for de soldiers dey vould come,
Und soon after dot my parents dey did die.
Yah, vot I said vos true, sure de soldiers dey did come,
Und dey took my dear old home away from me;
But ven I'm dead und gone, den lay me by der side,
In my leedle German home across de sea.—*Chorus.*

THAT BIG BEAVER HAT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a dear friend of mine
Who's rather divine,
His manners and ways are superb,
Though he'd blush like a child,
And nearly go wild,
To speak to a girl but a word.
'Twas a gay Christmas night—
If I remember aright-
As to the rink we wended our way
Among beauty so rare,
It made my poor friend stare,
And surprised me to hear him this say:

CHORUS.

The dear little girl in the big beaver hat,
The dear little girl has my poor heart entrapped;
There's none half so fair,
Nor none can compare
With that dear little girl in the big beaver hat.

At the rink we first met
This darling young pet,
In a big beaver hat she looked grand,
With the skaters so gay
She kept whirling away
To the sweet, stirring airs of the band.
My divine friend, he said,
That this dear little maid,
Had stolen his poor heart away,
And every once and awhile,
Between a sob and a smile,
Distinctly I could hear him say:—*Chorus.*

I tried hard to induce,
But it seemed of no use,
To get my dear friend to go home;
For at that moment there came
This sweet little dame
A-skating around all alone;
He smiled as she passed,
She turned round and asked:
"Is there anything strange, sir, about me?"
Says he: "Oh, dear no,
It's I—I say, Charley, let's go—
If I had the courage I would speak to thee."—*Chorus*

—Mother to wayward son: "I saw you kissing the servant girl on the stairs." Wayward son: "That's just about the size of it." Mother: "Well, ain't you ashamed of your conduct?" Son: "No, that's the servant girl's privilege, and I don't propose to rob her of it."

IS MY DARLING TRUE TO ME?

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Little birdie sweetly singing
In the warm and azure sky;
Have you seen my little sweetheart,
Have you watched her roaming by?
Will she meet me in the twilight,
Shall I then my darling see?
Tell me, tell me, little birdie,
Is my darling true to me?

CHORUS.

Birdie, tell me, birdie, tell me,
With your voice of melody,
Thro' the world should all forsake me,
Is my darling true to me?

Little darling, you will know her,
Know her by her sunny eyes;
Oh, she is the fairest blossom
You could find beneath the skies.
Bear to me her loving message,
O'er the sweet and rosy lea;
Whisper, whisper, none will hear you,
Is my darling true to me?—*Chorus.*

What Do They Care About That?

Written by J. F. Mitchell.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've just had a terrible row with my wife,
But what do I care about that?
If I go home tight she's afraid of her life,
But what do I care about that?
What right's my old woman to snivel and cry?
If I knock her down she's no right to reply,
Her mother just gave me a splendid black eye,
But what do I care about that?

If I stop out at night she's as mad as can be,
But what do I care about that?
She threatens to fetch her big brother to me,
But what do I care about that?
I'm a lord of creation—I'll never give in,
While she—why she's not worth two pennorth of gin;
Perhaps you'd like to bang me, you'd better begin,
But what do I care about that?

There's plenty of people who marry for love,
But what do they care about that?
It doesn't last long as divorce cases prove,
They soon make a finish to that.
The cause of the trouble is not far to seek,
The Juggins's wed on a few bobs a week,
Love won't live on bread without a beefsteak,
Now make no mistake about that.

I'm surprised at the girls and the way they all dress,
But what do they care about that?
Their costumes each season grow very much less,
But what do they care about that?
They're all ornamental and got up to kill,
The whole of their toys a small hat box won't fill.
The less clothes they wear—why the larger the bill,
But what do they care about that?

There are actresses now who're not fit for the stage,
But what do they care about that?
Because they're good-looking they soon are the rage,
And folks care a lot about that.
They're smothered in satins, in diamonds and gold,
Their incompetent efforts the audience behold,
While talented people are out in the cold,
But what do they care about that?

The French have got cocky and cheeky of late,
But what do we care about that?
They abused King Alphonso at a terrible rate,
But what do they care about that?
They were fond of a row since the world first began,
But let Frenchmen remember Alfonso's a man,
They may talk of the conquest they made at Sedan,
But what do we care about that?

Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched.

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There are places of learning all over the world,
There are humble school-houses and colleges grand,
Where wisdom is taught to the rich and the poor,
But the folks are no smarter than they were before.
And the fools are as plenty, I'm sorry to say,
As they once used to be in my grandmother's day;
You'll find them in palace and hovel that's thatched,
Still counting their chickens before they are hatched.

CHORUS.

A little horse sense is an excellent thing,
And so to the world this maxim I fling;
Although in our learning you cannot be matched,
Just don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

There is Muggins, the banker, comes in with a smile,
His clothes they are cut in the nobbiest style;
He clasps his soft hand on the cap of his knee,
And he says: "What a great millionaire I will be!"
But when the glad sun of the morrow shall dawn,
His hopes will be blasted, his money be gone;
The house where he lives by the law be attached,
He counted his chickens before they were hatched.—*Chorus.*

And the great politician will gather his friends,
Nor think of the money he foolishly spends;
He is sure of election, there is no doubt,
For his friends have all promised that they will turn out.
He watches the count with a confident air,
But when it is over goes home in despair,
From most every ticket his name has been scratched,
He counted his chickens before they were hatched.—*Chorus.*

There's young Charles Augustus in love with a girl,
He'll twist his mustachios up into a curl;
He tells all the boys he'll be married quite soon,
And sing silly songs by the light of the moon.
But while he is talking of what is to be,
Another young man comes along, don't you see?
From under his nose the sweet girl has been snatched,
He counted his chickens before they were hatched.—*Chorus.*

I knew a young lady, a beautiful lass,
Who wasted her time in consulting her glass;
"My beauty," she said, "is a fortune to me,
The wife of a noble I'm sure I will be!"
She lives here to-day, and quite often we meet
In a short little alley, she calls it a street;
She dresses in calico pretty well patched,
She counted her chickens before they were hatched.—*Chorus.*

Don't think I am joking in what I have sung,
I learned long ago how to bridle my tongue;
I try to be careful in all that I say,
I would not for world lead a brother astray.
Then never build castles of fanciful stuff,
But live on realities though they be rough;
The gates of prosperity you may find latched,
Then don't count your chickens before they are hatched.—*Chorus.*

—"I see you are on the watch"—as the thief said to the guard chain.

—The advertisement of a Western stone cutter reads: "Those who buy tombstones from us, look with pride and satisfaction upon the graves of their friends."

—He had been going to see her a long time, but never stated the object of his visits, and she was desirous of knowing something of the future. The last night he called he seemed to be quite sad, and after several well-developed sighs, he said: "Life is full, very full of bitterness, isn't it?" "Oh, I don't know," she responded cheerily. "I haven't much cause to complain." "Possibly not now, Mary, but the bitter cup has been placed to your lips." "Yes, Henry, my parents are dead." "And is there no bitterness in that, Mary? Is it not very, very sad to be an orphan?" "Of course it is, Henry, but you see"—and she blushed—"it relieves you of the embarrassment to ask father."

JESSIE JAMES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

How the people held their breath
When they heard of Jessie's death,
And wondered how he came to die;
For the big reward, little Robert Ford
Shot Jessie James on the sly.

CHORUS.

Jessie leaves a wife, to mourn all her life,
The children he left will pray
For the thief and the coward
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And laid Jessie James in his grave.

Jessie was a man—a friend to the poor—
Never did he suffer a mans' pain,
And with his brother Frank,
They robbed the Chicago Bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.—*Chorus.*

Jessie goes to rest, with his hand on his breast,
And the devil will be upon his knees,
He was born one day, in the County of Clay,
And came from a great race.—*Chorus.*

Men, when you go out to the West,
Don't be afraid to die—
With the law in their hand,
But they didn't have the sand,
For to take Jessie James alive.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE BROTHER JOE.

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Louisa Jane resides at home,
The pride of her dear mother;
The family is very small,
There's only one young brother;
I often call to have a chat,
And pass an hour or so,
But I am always bored to death
With litte brother Joe.

CHORUS.

He sits upon the sofa, he jumps around the floor,
He views the situation through the key-hole of the door!
He talks to his companions of his big sister's beau;
A plague upon humanity is little brother Joe.

Now often when I sit and sigh
And almost pop the question,
In comes that wicked little boy,
And offers some suggestion;
I bribe him up with sugar plums,
And try to make him go,
But nothing seems to take effect
On little brother Joe.—*Chorus.*

He likes to climb upon my knee,
And at my side he lingers;
He pulls me by the collar
With his little taffy fingers.
Sometimes I'd like to warm him,
But Louisa whispers, no!
Don't mind his playful manner,
He's my little brother Joe.—*Chorus.*

For six long months it has been thus,
I've tried to win Louisa;
But I have had no chance at all,
Not even to hug or squeeze her.
I might have done much better,
But a fellow has no show,
When people will intrude themselves
Like little brother Joe.—*Chorus.*

—Young man—I love your daughter, sir, and would like to make her my wife. Father—What are your prospects? Young man—I think they'll be pretty good if you'll say yes.

MAID OF MONTEREY.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The moon was shining brightly
Upon the battle plain,
The gentle breeze fanned lightly
The features of the slain,
The guns had hushed their thunder,
The drum in silence lay,
When came the Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.
The guns had hushed their thunder,
The drum in silence lay,
When came the Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.

She cast a look of anguish
On dying and on dead;
Her lap she made the pillow
Of those who groaned and bled;
And when the dying soldier
For one bright gleam did pray,
He blessed the Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.
And when the dying soldier
For one bright gleam did pray,
He blessed the Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.

She gave the thirsty water,
And dressed the bleeding wound,
And gentle prayers she uttered
For those who sighed around;
And when the bugle sounded,
Just at the break of day,
We blessed the Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.
And when the bugle sounded,
Just at the break of day,
We blessed the Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.

For, though she loved her nation,
And prayed that it might live,
Yet for the dying foemen
She had a tear to give;
Then here's to that bright beauty,
Who drove death's pang away,
The meek-eyed Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.
Then here's to that bright beauty,
Who drove death's pang away,
The meek-eyed Senoretta,
The maid of Monterey.

MEEK AND LOWLY

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment with thee hath no part.

CHORUS.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.

Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heavenly Father's will:
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike defend.—*Chorus.*

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come, tune your voices, comrades, and stand up in a row,
For to singing sentimentally we are about to go;
In the army there's sobriety, promotions very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS.

Benny Havens, Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

Let us toast our foster father (the Republic as you know),
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go,
And then the maidens of our land, whose cheeks with roses glow,
Whose smiles and tears were sung 'mid cheers, at Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS.

Benny Havens, Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

To the ladies of the Empire State, whose hearts and albums, too,
Bear sad example of the wrong that stripling soldiers do,
We bid a sad adieu, our hearts with sorrow overflow,
Our loves and rhyming had their source at Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS.

Benny Havens, Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

May Be You Do, But I Doubt It.

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When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well! may be you do, but I doubt it.
When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you could drop it with never a squeeze?
Well! may be you can, but I doubt it.
When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well! may be you do, but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well! may be you do, but I doubt it.
And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Do you guard it and keep it and act the good part?
Well! may be you will, but I doubt it.
When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well! may be you do, but I doubt it.

FAIRY BELLE.

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The pride of the village, and the fairest in the dell,
Is the queen of my song, and her name is Fairy Belle;
The sound of her light step may be heard upon the hill,
Like the fall of the snow-drop or the dripping of the rill.

CHORUS.

Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle,
The star of the night and the lily of the day,
Fairy Belle, the queen of the dell,
Long may she revel on her bright sunny way.

She sings to the meadows, and she carols to the streams,
She laughs in the sunlight, and smiles while in her dreams;
Her hair, like the thistle down, is borne upon the air,
And her heart, like the humming-birds, is free from every care.
Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle, &c.

Her soft notes of melody around me sweetly fall;
Her eye, full of love, is now beaming on my soul;
The sound of that gentle voice, the glance of that eye,
Surround me with rapture that no other heart could sigh.
Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle, &c.

LULA WALL.

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There's a maiden sweet and fair, with lovely golden hair,
She is perfect as an angel from above;
She stole my heart from me, now I'm in misery,
And I fear with some one else she is in love.
And every little while she would greet me with a smile,
And ask me to her pretty home to call;
But when my suite I pressed, she said not no or yes,
This aggravating beauty, Lula Wall.

CHORUS.

Oh, such style was never seen, she is perfect as a queen,
At first sight my heart she did enthrall,
If she'd only be my wife, I'd be happy all my life,
With this aggravating beauty, Lula Wall.

One evening, just at dark, we first met in the park,
She was sitting near the fountain all alone;
I passed and tipped my hat, then we began to chat,
And she allowed me then to see her home.
Fast friends we soon became, for she always acts the same
I asked her if she'd wed me in the Fall,
But she'd only turn away, and nothing she would say,
Oh, this aggravating beauty, Lula Wall.—*Chorus.*

I am on my way to-night to meet this fairy bright,
And I intend to ask her for her hand;
I must not hesitate, no longer can I wait,
An answer then and there I will demand.
If she will but be mine, I will have a house so fine,
Around it I will build a fence so tall;
It may be jealousy, but no one else but me
Must gaze upon this beauty, Lula Wall.—*Chorus.*

TELL MOTHER I DIE HAPPY.

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I am dying, comrades, dying,
As you bear me lightly tread,
Soon, ah, soon I shall be lying
With the silent, sleeping dead;
I am dying, comrades, dying,
Still the battle rages near,
Tell me, are our foes aflying—
I die happy, mother dear.

CHORUS.

Tell my mother I die happy,
That for me she must not weep,
Tell her how I longed to kiss her,
Ere I sank in death to sleep.

I am going, comrades, going,
See how damp my forehead's now—
Oh, I see the angels coming,
With bright garlands for my brow—
Bear this message to my mother,
How in death that God was near,
He to bless and to support me—
I die happy, mother dear.—*Chorus.*

Lay me, comrades, 'neath the willow,
That grows on the distant shore,
Wrap the starry flag around me,
I would press its folds once more.
Let the cold earth be my pillow,
And the "Stars and Stripes" my shroud,
Soon, O, soon, I shall be marching,
Amid the heavenly crowd.—*Chorus.*

—When is a doctor like a mole? When you can track him by his holes in the ground.

—"Why do you paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "What's that?" "Why, to help draw my beau."

—"John," asked the doctor of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I see crape on the door-knob this morning."

FAREWELL, MY OWN.

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RALPH—Farewell, my own!
Light of my life, farewell!
For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.

ALL—For crime, etc.

RALPH—In the meantime farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

ALL—And all, etc.

JOS—A bone, a bone,
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.

ALL—Let him, etc.

RALPH—He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well,
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!

ALL—No telephone, etc.

BUT—But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

ALL—Wide will be thrown, etc.

BLUE GLASS.

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Oh, this is the age of invention,
Strange wonders turn up every day,
All the sciences seem in convention,
Where they'll stop at no mortal can say;
But the latest and greatest of mysteries,
Which other wonders surpass,
To go down in posterity's histories,
Are these wonderful panes of blue glass.

CHORUS.
'Tis a science none others compare to,
"The philosopher's stone found at last"
For 'twill cure all the ills flesh is heir to,
These wonderful panes of blue glass.

If a pane of blue glass you put over
The head of your mother-in-law,
She'll be tame as a lamb in spring clover,
And she can't even wag her own jaw;
Your own wife won't dare ask where you've been to
If a night at your club you should pass
If you have in your own bed-room windows
These wonderful panes of blue glass.—*Chorus.*

'Twould do well in the windows of churches,
It might keep the preachers from sin,
And in street cars 'twould make the conductors
Account for each fare they take in;
And if you had a brick in your hat, sir,
For a sober man wanted to pass,
'Twould be easy for you to do that, sir,
In your hat put a pane of blue glass.—*Chorus.*

A blue goblet full of good whiskey
Would be most too tempting to pass,
And no temperance man will get frisky
If he drinks his rum from a blue glass;
All the boarding-house keepers will have them,
And the boarders will get fat quite fast,
They can't tell the "shirt buttons" from "grizzle,"
When the "hash" is served up in blue glass.—*Chorus*

If we'd send up a dozen of glazers
To the Capitol with this "blue glass,"
Congressmen would be honest as "blazes,"
And the days of their stealing be past;
If we had "blue glass" ballot boxes,
We'd have fair elections at last,
And a President upright and honest,
If the "White House" was glazed with blue glass —*Chorus.*

The Controllin' Influence of Drink.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In a tenement of brick,
Where the families were thick,
Lived McMullin, a poor little tailor;
And although he was small,
At a party or ball,
He was nimble and as light as a sailor
As a man he was quiet,
Kept out of a riot,
His nose was as red as pink;
Oh! but whin he got full
He was like a mad bull,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

CHORUS.
Yes, for when he got full,
He was like a mad bull,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Whin the war it begun,
Oh! he followed the drum,
In the Sixty-Ninth Regiment a soldier;
He wint to the front,
The rebels to hunt,
The divil a man there was bolder;
Whin he marched to the fight,
Oh! McMullen was tight,
He never took time for to think;
He was shot in the head,
And was left there for dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

CHORUS.
He was shot in the head,
And was left there for dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

When McMullen got home,
He was all skin and bone,
'Pon my sowl, the poor fellow was failing;
Whin the doctor came in,
Says he, Give him some gin!
For that's where the tailor is ailing!"
Oh! he swallowed a quart,
Plenty more was soon brought,
His life was beginning to sink;
"More gin," then he cried,
Rolled over and died,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

CHORUS.
Yes. "More gin" then he cried:
Rolled over and died
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Oh! the liquor and cake
That rolled in at the wake,
'Twould fill up a confectionery;
The neighbors came in
To take the last look at him
Who'd a smile on his face like a fairy;
Wid sobs and wid sighs,
And tears in their eyes,
They gave one another the wink,
And slobbering said:
"I'm tould that he's dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink. —*Chorus.*

There's a nate little spot,
Beyant in a plot,
Where the poor little tailor was buried;
And carriages fine,
And soldiers in line,
In a boat cross the river were ferried;
They stood round the grave,
Many sighs then they gave,
As the dirt was shoveled up to the brink;
And on the tombstone
Was read: "Died alone
From the controllin' influence of drink.—*Chorus.*

THE BOY FROM COUNTY CLARE.

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My name is Pat, now look at that,
I am an Irishman;
I have the stick to do the trick,
So beat me if you can.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun,
As the boy from County Clare.

CHORUS.

For, to turn a stick, smart and quick,
Bothers them completely;
Divil a wrist can do the twist,
Roll it round so neatly.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun,
As the boy from County Clare.

A neat colleen and sweet potheen,
Bedad! I love the two,
And to the both I took an oath,
And mean to keep it true;
For when away too long I stay,
I sigh to think of that,
And take a drain to stay the pain,
And warm the heart of Pat.—*Chorus.*

Nell O'Grady is a lady,
Sweet as buttermilk,
Although she wears no quality airs,
Nor yet the gown of silk,
She has no hat, but what of that?
And though her arms are bare,
She is a jade to suit a blade
Like Pat from County Clare.—*Chorus.*

I told my love I'd weep above
A teapot full of tears,
Unless she'd say she'd come my way,
And comfort Paddy's years.
"I will," said she, and smothered me
With kisses on the nose;
"I'm fond of that," said she, "that's flat,
But not shillelagh blows."—*Chorus.*

So Paddy's life and Paddy's wife
Are both as bright as day;
Not anywhere in County Clare
Are two so blithe as they;
With dance and song they jog along,
In fair and stormy weather,
And when they die they mean to try,
And so do both together.—*Chorus.*

Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls.

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The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now but seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

—The only reason some men don't follow the plow is because it isn't a woman.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE!

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Come, all ye brave, bold Irishmen,
Wherever ye may be;
On Patrick's day we march away,
In each society;
The Ancient Order of Hibernians,
Father Matthew temperance men,
The sprig of Shamrock, and Fenians, too,
On the seventeenth of March fall in.

CHORUS.

Arah! the drums do roll,
The marshals ride;
I tell you it's a trate
To see the sons of Erin's Isle,
On the day we celebrate.

The 'longshoremen are next in line,
All hardy, stout and tough;
Their hearts are made of Irish oak,
Although their hands are rough;
The music blowing sweet Garry Owen,
Or Killarney's lakes so fair,
To the city hall we make a call,
To be reviewed by the Mayor.—*Chorus.*

Shoemakers and tailors, too,
And tradesmen of all kinds,
In regularity they march along,
And never look behind;
The green flag flying, and the young girls sighing,
In their snow-white calico so nate;
For Ireland's saint we'd march till we faint,
On the day we celebrate.—*Chorus.*

I'M ALL BROKE UP TO-DAY.

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I live in Brooklyn on the Heights,
I often cross the ferry,
To Catherine street, where I usually meet,
My second cousin Jerry.
It was last night I got so tight,
The divil a penny to pay,
At Maloney's bar we'd beer and cigars—
I'm all broke up to-day.

CHORUS.

I am not intoxicated,
But slightly elevated,
With joy I'm overheated,
I'm all broke up to-day.

From Maloney's we went to Casey's,
It was after twelve o'clock,
We eat hot clams and fries of lambs,
Three barrels of saddle rocks.
Men from Tyrone and sweet Athlone,
Across the Atlantic say,
Had arguments, of consequence—
I'm all broke up to-day.—*Chorus.*

I had an altercation
With Maloney's brother, Jack;
We wrestled 'round the barrels,
I put him on his back;
Then all Maloney's family
They put me on a dray,
And took me to a calaboose—
I'm all broke up to-day.—*Chorus.*

I have formed a resolution,
The pledge I'm going to sign,
Drink ginger ale and double X pale,
And French Canandaigua wine.
I'll sober up and shake the cup,
Drink nothing but coffee and tay,
I'll soak my head and go to bed—
I'm all broke up to-day.—*Chorus.*

FAREWELL, MY OWN.

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RALPH—Farewell, my own!
Light of my life, farewell!
For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.

ALL—For crime, etc.

RALPH—In the meantime farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

ALL—And all, etc.

JOS—A bone, a bone,
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.

ALL—Let him, etc.

RALPH—He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well,
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!

ALL—No telephone, etc.

BUT—But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

ALL—Wide will be thrown, etc.

BLUE GLASS.

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Oh, this is the age of invention,
Strange wonders turn up every day,
All the sciences seem in convention,
Where they'll stop at no mortal can say;
But the latest and greatest of mysteries,
Which other wonders surpass,
To go down in posterity's histories,
Are these wonderful panes of blue glass.

CHORUS.

'Tis a science none others compare to,
"The philosopher's stone found at last"
For 'twill cure all the ills flesh is heir to,
These wonderful panes of blue glass.

If a pane of blue glass you put over
The head of your mother-in-law,
She'll be tame as a lamb in spring clover,
And she can't even wag her own jaw;
Your own wife won't dare ask where you've been to
If a night at your club you should pass
If you have in your own bed-room windows
These wonderful panes of blue glass.—*Chorus.*

'Twould do well in the windows of churches,
It might keep the preachers from sin,
And in street cars 'twould make the conductors
Account for each fare they take in;
And if you had a brick in your hat, sir,
For a sober man wanted to pass,
'Twould be easy for you to do that, sir,
In your hat put a pane of blue glass.—*Chorus.*

A blue goblet full of good whiskey
Would be most too tempting to pass,
And no temperance man will get frisky
If he drinks his rum from a blue glass;
All the boarding-house keepers will have them,
And the boarders will get fat quite fast,
They can't tell the "shirt buttons" from "grizzle,"
When the "hash" is served up in blue glass.—*Chorus*

If we'd send up a dozen of glazers
To the Capitol with this "blue glass,"
Congressmen would be honest as "blazes,"
And the days of their stealing be past;
If we had "blue glass" ballot boxes,
We'd have fair elections at last,
And a President upright and honest,
If the "White House" was glazed with blue glass —*Chorus.*

The Controllin' Influence of Drink.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In a tenement of brick,
Where the families were thick,
Lived McMullin, a poor little tailor;
And although he was small,
At a party or ball,
He was nimble and as light as a sailor
As a man he was quiet,
Kept out of a riot,
His nose was as red as pink;
Oh! but whin he got full
He was like a mad bull,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

CHORUS.

Yes, for when he got full,
He was like a mad bull,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Whin the war it begun,
Oh! he followed the drum,
In the Sixty-Ninth Regiment a soldier;
He wint to the front,
The rebels to hunt,
The divil a man there was bolder;
Whin he marched to the fight,
Oh! McMullen was tight,
He never took time for to think;
He was shot in the head,
And was left there for dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

CHORUS.

He was shot in the head,
And was left there for dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

When McMullen got home,
He was all skin and bone,
'Pon my sowl, the poor fellow was failing;
Whin the doctor came in,
Says he, Give him some gin!
For that's where the tailor is ailing!"
Oh! he swallowed a quart,
Plenty more was soon brought,
His life was beginning to sink;
"More gin," then he cried,
Rolled over and died,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

CHORUS.

Yes, "More gin" then he cried:
Rolled over and died
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Oh! the liquor and cake
That rolled in at the wake,
'Twould fill up a confectionery;
The neighbors came in
To take the last look at him
Who'd a smile on his face like a fairy;
Wid sobs and wid sighs,
And tears in their eyes,
They gave one another the wink,
And slobbering said:
"I'm tould that he's dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink. —*Chorus.*

There's a nate little spot,
Beyant in a plot,
Where the poor little tailor was buried;
And carriages fine,
And soldiers in line,
In a boat cross the river were ferried;
They stood round the grave,
Many sighs then they gave,
As the dirt was shoveled up to the brink;
And on the tombstone
Was read: "Died alone
From the controllin' influence of drink.—*Chorus.*

THE BOY FROM COUNTY CLARE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Pat, now look at that,
I am an Irishman;
I have the stick to do the trick,
So beat me if you can.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun,
As the boy from County Clare.

CHORUS.

For, to turn a stick, smart and quick,
Bothers them completely;
Divil a wrist can do the twist,
Roll it round so neatly.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun,
As the boy from County Clare.

A neat colleen and sweet potheen,
Bedad! I love the two,
And to the both I took an oath,
And mean to keep it true;
For when away too long I stay,
I sigh to think of that,
And take a drain to stay the pain,
And warm the heart of Pat.—*Chorus.*

Nell O'Grady is a lady,
Sweet as buttermilk,
Although she wears no quality airs,
Nor yet the gown of silk,
She has no hat, but what of that?
And though her arms are bare,
She is a jade to suit a blade
Like Pat from County Clare.—*Chorus.*

I told my love I'd weep above
A teapot full of tears,
Unless she'd say she'd come my way,
And comfort Paddy's years.
"I will," said she, and smothered me
With kisses on the nose;
"I'm fond of that," said she, "that's flat,
But not shillelagh blows."—*Chorus.*

So Paddy's life and Paddy's wife
Are both as bright as day;
Not anywhere in County Clare
Are two so blithe as they;
With dance and song they jog along,
In fair and stormy weather,
And when they die they mean to try,
And so do both together.—*Chorus.*

Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now but seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

—The only reason some men don't follow the plow is because it isn't a woman.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE!

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Come, all ye brave, bold Irishmen,
Wherever ye may be;
On Patrick's day we march away,
In each society;
The Ancient Order of Hibernians,
Father Matthew temperance men,
The sprig of Shamrock, and Fenians, too,
On the seventeenth of March fall in.

CHORUS.

Arah! the drums do roll,
The marshals ride;
I tell you it's a trate
To see the sons of Erin's Isle,
On the day we celebrate.

The 'longshoremen are next in line,
All hardy, stout and tough;
Their hearts are made of Irish oak,
Although their hands are rough;
The music blowing sweet Garry Owen,
Or Killarney's lakes so fair,
To the city hall we make a call,
To be reviewed by the Mayor.—*Chorus.*

Shoemakers and tailors, too,
And tradesmen of all kinds,
In regularity they march along,
And never look behind;
The green flag flying, and the young girls sighing,
In their snow-white calico so nate;
For Ireland's saint we'd march till we faint,
On the day we celebrate.—*Chorus.*

I'M ALL BROKE UP TO-DAY.

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I live in Brooklyn on the Heights,
I often cross the ferry,
To Catherine street, where I usually meet,
My second cousin Jerry.
It was last night I got so tight,
The divil a penny to pay,
At Maloney's bar we'd beer and cigars—
I'm all broke up to-day.

CHORUS.

I am not intoxicated,
But slightly elevated,
With joy I'm overheated,
I'm all broke up to-day.

From Maloney's we went to Casey's,
It was after twelve o'clock,
We eat hot clams and fries of lambs,
Three barrels of saddle rocks.
Men from Tyrone and sweet Athlone,
Across the Atlantic say,
Had arguments, of consequence—
I'm all broke up to-day.—*Chorus.*

I had an altercation
With Maloney's brother, Jack;
We wrestled 'round the barrels,
I put him on his back;
Then all Maloney's family
They put me on a dray,
And took me to a calaboose—
I'm all broke up to-day.—*Chorus.*

I have formed a resolution,
The pledge I'm going to sign,
Drink ginger ale and double X pale,
And French Canandaigua wine.
I'll sober up and shake the cup,
Drink nothing but coffee and tay,
I'll soak my head and go to bed—
I'm all broke up to-day.—*Chorus.*

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The noon-tide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard,
Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,
And but poor is our daily reward;
But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark
That skims whistling along over head,
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows, we toil on the sod,
Far away from the city's dull gloom,
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom.

CHORUS.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high,
For the pitchers and rakers and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful midsummer sky,
And the beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies, come forth, dainty sirs,
And lend us your presence a while;
Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,
And a freckle won't tarnish your smile;
Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet,
Than the pile of your velveted floor;
And the air of our balmswarth is surely as sweet,
As the perfume of Araby's shore.
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may be found,
Where the windrows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover bloom falleth around.—*Chorus.*

Hold fast, cries the waggoner, loudly and quick,
Then comes the hearty, "Gee, wo!"
Whilst the cunning old team of horses manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
'Till the tiniest one, all out-spent with the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep-dog asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown,
At the close of our laboring day,
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.—*Chorus.*

THE DANUBE RIVER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Do you recall that night in June,
Upon the Danube River?
We listened to a Lander tune,
We watched the moonbeams quiver?
I oft since then have watched the moon,
But never, love, Oh! never,
Can I forget that night in June,
Upon the Danube River;
Can I forget that night in June,
Upon the Danube River.
Can I forget that night in June,
Upon the Danube River;
Can I forget that night in June
Upon the Danube River.

Our boat kept measure with its oar,
The music rose in snatches,
From peasants dancing on the shore,
With boisterous songs and catches.
I know not why that Lander rang
Through all my soul, but never, never
Can I forget the songs they sang,
Upon the Danube River;
Can I forget the songs they sang,
Upon the Danube River.
Can I forget the songs they sang,
Upon the Danube River;
Can I forget the songs they sang,
Upon the Danube River.

DRUNK AGAIN.

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Now I've been out with some pals to dine,
Beautiful dinner and glorious wine,
They all drank their share, and I've got mine,
So now I'm rolling home.
The reason why I'm inclined to roll,
The wine has got up into my old poll,
I can't walk straight, upon my soul,
For my legs are inclined to roam.

SPOKEN—Most strodinary thing whenever I get a little jolly, my legs get so deucedly obstinate; one wants to lay down, and the other wants to go round the corner—in fact they give me a gentle hint that I'm—

CHORUS.

Drunk again, drunk again,
I'm Timothy Tottle, I'm fond of my bottle, hic!
Drunk again, drunk again,
A jolly old cockle am I.

Like loyal boys we toasted the Queen,
And drank her health, too, all serene!
There were fifteen of us, *I* counted nineteen!
That's rather strange, you will say,
We drank everyone's health and then our own,
Until every blessed bottle had flown;
Then we gave such a cheer as never was known,
With a hip, hip, hip, hooray!

SPOKEN—I made a speech, I said—I don't exactly remember what I did say; I know I began it on my legs, and finished it under the table—when some one remarked in reply:—*Chorus.*

I'm fond of a bottle of sherry or port,
With that logwood stuff I'm not to be caught;
Good forty years old, hah! *that's* the sort!
Now of such I'm a capital judge.
Mind, I don't turn up my nose at brandy or gin!
At whiskey or rum, I can do a "go in,"
To refuse *any* drink I consider a sin,
And "teetotalers' twaddle" all fudge!

SPOKEN—Talking about teetotalers, have you seen my landlady's nose? She's one, and gives me notice to quit every week for getting:—*Chorus.*

I must now toddle round to number three,
I wish number three would come round to me;
For if a policeman this party should see,
That "minion" will make out a case;
For since this new licensing act's come out,
It's not safe for a fellow to go much about.
You chance to get in a cell, no doubt,
And that's not a "comfable" place.

SPOKEN—No, not but what *I'm* all right enough—it's my legs that get me into trouble; they are so abstroplopsus. And this is the way they serve me after sticking to 'em all these years. Ingratitude! They're the only pair I've got at present, or I wouldn't put up with it, for they will keep on getting—

CHORUS.

Drunk again, drunk again,
Timothy Tottle's so fond of his bottle, hic!
Drunk again, drunk again,
A jolly old cockle am I.

—Husband—What are you reading, my dear? Wife—A long letter from mother. Husband—Has she anything in particular to say? Wife—I don't know. I haven't got to the postscript yet.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

—Class in American history. Teacher—"Why did the North and South engage in civil war?" Johnny Smartboy—"So that the Generals could write magazine war papers about it." Teacher—"Right. Go to the head, and stay there for the rest of the term."

—"Boy!" called a man with a clothes wringer under his arm, as he looked over the gate, "will that dog bite?" "Yes, he'll go for some folks like smoke." "I guess he won't bite me, for I'm a collector." "Say, don't you dare come in here. If you was an agent you'd be all right, but he's been taught to down a collector on sight."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ellsworth's Body Lies Mouldering in the Dust.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust,
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust,
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust,
As we go marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Ellsworth's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
Ellsworth's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
Ellsworth's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
As we go marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
As they go marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah.

The Fire Zouaves are marching on their way,
The Fire Zouaves are marching on their way,
The Fire Zouaves are marching on their way,
For Ellsworth's death to avenge.—Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Now three rousing cheers for the Union,
Now three rousing cheers for the Union,
Now three rousing cheers for the Union,
As we go marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah.

LULA IS GONE.

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With a heart forsaken I wander
In silence, in grief, and alone;
On a form departed I ponder,
For Lula, sweet Lula is gone.
Gone when the roses have faded,
Gone when the meadows are bare,
To a land by orange blossoms shaded,
Where Summer ever lingers on the air.

CHORUS.

Lula, Lula is gone,
With Summer birds her bright smiles
To sunny lands have flown;
When day breaketh gladly,
My heart waketh sadly,
For Lula, Lula is gone.

Not a voice awakens the mountains,
No gladness returns with the dawn,
Not a smile is mirrored in the fountains,
For Lula, sweet Lula is gone.
Day is bereft of its pleasures,
Night of its beautiful dreams,
While the dirge of well remembered measures,
Is murmured by the ripple on the streams.—*Chorus.*

When I view the chill-blighted bowers,
And roam over the snow-covered plain,
How I long for Spring's budding flowers
To welcome her sweet smiles again.
Why does the earth seem forsaken?
Time will this sadness remove,
At her voice the meadows will awaken,
To verdure, sweet melody and love.—*Chorus.*

—Cashier—I wish to marry your daughter, sir. May I have her? Proprietor (who has just been examining the books)—Well, I suppose I'd better give my consent. I want to keep the money in the family.

On the Beach at Long Branch.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas on the beach at Long Branch, one fine Summer's day,
I'd a novel, reading, to pass the time away,
And so interested was I in the plot,
A gent stood there beside me, still I saw him not,
Till at last, by chance, my eye-lids I did raise,
I found him on me looking with enraptured gaze,
Bright blue eyes so charming, handsome Grecian nose,
Teeth of pearly whiteness, quite the pink of beaux.

CHORUS.

'Twas on the beach at Long Branch, one fine Summer's day,
I met this handsome man who stole my heart away;
Now I feel so happy as blissful moments glide,
The day is quickly coming when I shall be his bride.

As like one awaking from some happy dream,
We glances did exchange, his eye with love did beam,
And e'er much time was over we began to chat,
Hours passed away, still he beside me sat.
And with ways so winning he did love impart,
My spirits rose as high as the early morning lark;
He told me that he loved me, said that all his life
Would be to him worthless unless I'd be his wife.—*Chorus.*

A BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I know a little maiden who is all the world to me,
Every evening just at twilight, ere the droning honey-bee
Has sipped the fragrant sweetness from the dew-bespangled flower,
She meets me at the trysting place, the honey-suckle bower.
Her eyes are like the turqoise, or ultra-marine blue,
Her lips are like the strawberry, she wears a dainty shoe,
She nestles to me closer than the fragrance to mown hay,
As she naively pins upon my coat a button-hole bouquet.

CHORUS.

Daffodils, roses, pansies, sweet posies,
Hyacinths rivaling heaven's own day;
Mignonnette, clover, dew-sprinkled over,
Are gathered by my darling for a button-hole bouquet.

Where the oriole is singing ere the golden sun goes down,
Ere the whip-poor-will is singing oft I stole outside of town,
Where the violet is pearling, I would seek the sheltered spot,
She's sure to be there waiting like a sweet forget-me-not;
How they thrill me, those caresses, none but I can ever know,
While her shimmering golden tresses float across my throbbing brow,
Heart to heart is beating wildly, eye to eye that seems to say:
Don't forget to-morrow evening, here's a button-hole bouquet.—CHORUS.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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When first the sound of battle came,
We gaily marched away;
For, when we heard our country call,
We could not but obey;
For truth and right the first to fight,
And never known to flee,
Our fathers recognize their sons—
The gallant Ninth are we.

CHORUS.

A hundred years ago we stood in fight arrayed, boys,
And boldly met the foe for truth and liberty;
Our voice is living still, and we should be obeyed, boys,
Who gave our lives to make you free, a hundred years ago.

A little band of earnest men,
Who knew no law but right,
We just a century ago
Set freedom's torch alight;
We fought and fell, and ages tell
The story, which you know,
Of how the sun of glory rose
A hundred years ago.—*Chorus.*

LOVE AMONG BIG NOSES.

Tune—"Love Among the Roses."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Dwas on a Vinter evening,
I dink 'dwas de afdernoon,
I zaw a man und voman
In a lager pier saloon;
Dey vas eading kraut and sweiter kase.
And as I bassed dem pye,
De man durned round, und looked of me,
Mit a dark, plue, bully glass eye;
His nose vas apout dwelve inches long,
Und red just like do rozes;
Und hers vas just apout de zame,
'Dwas love among big nozes

CHORUS.

I don't like to tole you, but I dink I vill,
Of lager pier dey drank dere fill;
Dey vas sitting near a foundain,
Vere de muskeedler reboses,
Dey sat und valked, and kissed und dalked,
'Dwas love among big nozes.

I zaw a nose next evening,
I looked, und it vas hers,
She vas standing on de sidevalk
A zelling shoe lazers;
She laughed as I vent pye her,
Und at her I did stare,
Ven a man game up, hit me of my mout,
Und gommenced to pull my hair;
Ven he let go my mad got up,
Ash you may well subbose,
I durned apout, hit dem bodh of de mout,
By tam! I broke dose nozes.—*Chorus.*

A boliceman game up quickly,
Und took us to der jail;
He pud dem in der brison,
But led me oud on bail;
Next tay dey dook us 'fore de shudge,
Und I told him de gase,
He said dat he led us go dat dime,
Of ve vould geep de beace;
Ven dey mate ub, day married now,
Und he's zelling old glotheses,
But I gant't forget, ven firsd I met,
Dose overcrone big nozes.—*Chorus.*

JANE O'MALLEY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'll tell thee a tail of a maiden's veil,
It was worn by Jane O'Malley,
On the highland green her form was seen,
But she now sleeps in the valley.
She now sleeps,
She now sleeps in the valley.

One year ago, when the sun was low,
Along with Elwyn Ally,
To chat and talk she took a walk,
But she now sleeps in the valley.
She now sleeps,
She now sleeps in the valley.

They talked of love, she stood above
A rocky cliff with Ally;
Alas! she fell he could not save,
And now she sleeps in the valley.
She now sleeps,
She now sleeps in the valley

They searched around, till the spot was found,
Where struggled Jane O'Malley;
Where the rock was cleft, her veil was left,
And she now sleeps in the valley.
She now sleeps,
She now sleeps in the valley.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

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Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hath power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean's cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER.

Tune—"The Yankee Man-of-War."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Ye daughters of old Ireland,
These lines to you I write,
Concerning your true lovers,
Who have volunteered to fight
For their country's standard,
To face their rebel peers;
Its pretty dame will see again
Our Irish volunteers.

The worthy son of liberty
Who's got the heart to go,
To sustain his country's dignity
And face the rebel foe—
He's worthy of a lady's love,
We'll call them our dears,
They're strong and bold, and uncontrolled,
Our Irish volunteers.

The cymbals are sounding,
The trumpet shrill doth blow,
For each platoon to form,
We've got orders for to go.
Each pretty girl says to her love:
"My darling never fear,
You will always find us true and kind
To the Irish volunteer."

In the fearful hour of battle,
When the cannons loud do roar,
We'll think upon our loves
That we left to see no more;
And if grim death appears to us,
Its terrors and its fears
Can never scare in freedom's war
Our Irish volunteers.

Come all ye worthy gentlemen
Who have the heart and means,
Be kind unto the soldier's wife,
They hold your country's reins.
They will come back victorious,
Those gallant fusileers,
And bring again the flag unstained,
Our Irish volunteers.

—Young lady to farmer: "Can I get through that gate?" Farmer: "Well, I guess so; a wagon load of hay went through there this morning."

Philada. Agency,
W. B. Hubbs.
S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE Sts.

THE KEYSTONE BRIGADE.

Tune—"The Red, White and Blue."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Hurrah for our brave Pennsylvanians!
To their flag they are always so true;
Hurrah for Abe and his Generals!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Hurrah for Abe and his Generals!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

In armies of mighty battallion,
Our true sons are marching so brave;
They are marching to crush out rebellion,
They are fighting their country to save.—*Repeat.*

Brave Baker, Lyon and Ellsworth,
Our hearts would forever upbraid,
Should we falter in fighting for freedom
In the ranks of the Keystone Brigade.—*Repeat.*

Far away across the Blue Mountains
Is the land of our fathers so true;
We love them with heartfelt devotion,
While we fight for the Red, White and Blue.—*Repeat.*

We've sons in the land of the rebels,
Our banner is proudly displayed,
On the battlefield full of great danger—
It waves over the Keystone Brigade.—*Repeat.*

They fear not the loud cannon's rattle,
Their foes they are bound to subdue,
As bravely they march on to battle,
Upholding the Red, White and Blue.—*Repeat.*

Like Baker's brave soldiers undaunted,
May it now and forever be said
That none but brave hearts are wanted
In the ranks of the Keystone Brigade.—*Repeat.*

SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN THE BARROOM'S FULL.

Tune—"Sunday Night When the Parlor's Full."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've a cousin, an eccentric,
He keeps a barroom at the East End,
Once a week I go to see him,
Saturday night I've the time to spend.
He has singing, he has dancing,
In the ward, sure, he has a pull,
But the sights are so entrancing,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

CHORUS.

He has porter and cold water,
Of the latter ye can drink your full!
But what makes me merry is his Tom and Jerry,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

Every nation in creation
Is represented at his bar—
The Greeks, Italians and Germans
Step in his place while the door's ajar;
For his fine whiskey, rye or bourbon,
Bad stuff, too, that would fell a bull,
Though it's risky to inflate whiskey,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

SPOKEN—Last Saturday night, at me cousin's, a policeman came in, and he says to me cousin, says he: "I'd like so to take a nap." And me cousin put him under the bar. About one o'clock he woke up, and he says to me cousin: "What kind of a night is it?" Me cousin told him that it was snowing. "Well," says the policeman, "I must be getting down to the station house, but I'm too dry!" "Have a drink," says me cousin. "No," says the policeman, "I mane me clothes are too dry." "All right," says me cousin, "I can fix that," and, going behind the bar, he got a pail of water and threw it over the policeman. He went to the station house as though he'd been out all night. But when I think of it I have to say:—*Chorus.*

Answer to: "Norah O'Neal."

WHAT NORAH SAID.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Is it lonely ye are, then, without me?
Only wait and I'll come bye and bye,
For myself's just entirely as lonely,
And, darling, I give sigh for sigh.
If the glance of my eyes, like the star, love,
If my voice sweetly sounds on your ear;
In your own looks of love my eyes brighten,
And my voice tender grows when you're near.

CHORUS.

Is it lonely ye are, then, without me?
Only wait, and I'll come bye and bye;
For myself's just entirely as lonely,
And, darling, I give sigh for sigh.

Sure the nightingale's notes are delightful,
When he warbles at night in the wood;
And if birds taught us colleens love's language,
He's the sweet little birdie that could.
But it wasn't from him I learnt singing,
Not from nightingale, no, nor from dove;
'Tis my heart in my voice makes to music,
When I see the dear boy that I love.—*Chorus.*

Then, my darling, Oh! speak not of sorrow,
To her heart's core your Nora is true;
She knows, Dennis dear, that you love her,
And Dennis, you know she loves you.
And would ye then wait 'till to-morrow,
While the moon shines in heaven so bright,
And the lane and the kiss so convenient,
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-night?

CHORUS.

And would ye then wait till to-morrow?
While the moon shines in heaven so bright,
And the lane and the kiss so convenient,
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-night?

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Trust him not, O gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet—
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Softly pleading at thy feet;
Now thy life is in its morning:
Cloud not this thy happy lot,
Listen to the gipsy's warning—
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and like the fair;
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,
Thrilled her gentle heart with care—
Then—he heeded not her weeping—
He cared not her life to save!
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave!

Lady, turn not from me so coldly,
For I have only the truth—
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth;
I would shield thee from all danger—
Shield thee from the tempter's snare—
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger—
I have warned thee, now beware!

Take your gold—I do not want it;
Lady, I have prayed for this—
For the hour that I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder,
At my looks so fierce and wild—
Lady, in the church-yard yonder,
Sleeps the gipsy's only child!

POOR OLD JEFF.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Tis just a year ago to-day,
That I remember well,
I sat down by poor Nelly's side,
And a story she did tell,
'Twas about a poor old darkie, Jeff,
That lived for many a year,
But now he's dead and in his grave,
No troubles does he fear.

CHORUS.

For good old Jeff has gone to rest,
We know that he is free;
Disturb him not, but let him rest,
Way down Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked along,
Into an open field,
And then she paused to breathe awhile,
Then to his grave did steal;
She sat down by that little mound,
And softly whispered there:
"Come to me, father, 'tis thy child,"
Then gently dropped a tear.—*Chorus.*

But since that time how things have changed!
Poor Nelly that was my bride,
Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,
Down by her father's side.
I planted there upon the grave
The weeping willow tree,
I bathed its roots with many a tear,
That it might shelter me.—*Chorus.*

A Girls Best Friend is Her Lover.

Tune—"A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A song to you I'll sing, 'tis a very common thing,
Which you see occuring every night,
You'll see men and women talking about most anything,
But eventually they wind up with a fight.
Yet there is one whose name forever shall remain,
When he's gone they will soon have another,
You are always sure to find girls are of a kind,
They all claim their best friend is their lover.

CHORUS.

Then watch him very close, buy him lots of clothes,
So he will look as neat as any other,
Give him lots of cash, but never let him mash,
And give all your hard-earned dollars to your lover.

Some lovers look like roughs, their hair cut close like toughs,
They steer around the joints to raise a row,
Sometimes they meet their match, a sleeper they will catch,
Who'll jam their nose clean up to their eye-brow.
Some lovers they are nice, some should be put on ice,
And some young ones should be sent home to their mother,
In my song I show to you, you will find it is quite true,
A girl's best friend is her lover.

CHORUS.

Then hold him if you can, if he is a moneyed man,
Never let him go with any other,
Collar all his dust, yes, steal it if you must,
But make him remember he is the lover.

Sometimes girls say to you, "Whose baby is 'oo?"
And, "What will lovy do if dovy dies?"
Cigarettes they smoke, they are surely always broke,
They amuse themselves by telling each other lies,
You can bet your little boots, they always come to Roops,
When he is around they want no other.
Now I will end my song, perhaps it won't be long
Before you see some fairy and her lover.

CHORUS.

Then always use him well, always make him tell,
If he has been hugging any other.
When you get him to wed, just rap him on the head
So he will remember he's your lover.

The Sunny Hours of Childhood.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon, how soon they pass away,
Like flowers, like flowers in the wildwood,
That once bloomed fresh and gay;
But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Live but a few brief hours,
And then for age depart.

The friends, the friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy, happy days,
The fairy, fairy links that bound us,
No feeling now displays;
For, time hath changed forever
What youth cannot retain,
And we may know, Oh! never,
These sunny hours again.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Old Teddy O'Rourke kept a bit of a school,
At a place called Clarina, and made it a rule
If the mind wouldn't mark, faith, he'd soon mark the back,
And he'd give them their own with a devilish crack.
His scholars were: Jerry, Big Billy and Ned,
With Murrogh McCarthy, Old Darby and Ted,
Tall Dermot O'Clany and Dennis O'Shea,
Faith, all noble boys to drive learning away.

SPOKEN—Well, my boys, says old Ted, as you are all here, I'll just be calling your names over, to see if any of ye are missing. Gerald McShee.—I am not here, sir.—Then where are you, agrah?—I'm astride of the door, sir.—Then come in, and I'll beat you.—Corney O'Flaherty.—I'm here, but my brother Barney ain't.—Then where is your brother Barney?—Faith, sir, he's dead, and they are going to *wake* him.—Poor fellow! I'm sorry he's gone *home*, for he was my own scholar; but do you go and sit down, and don't fall asleep, or I'll be after *waking* you.

CHORUS.

So long life to old Teddy,
For he's always ready
To kick up a row or the whisky to smack;
With drinking and eating,
He's birching and beating,
And his hubaboo, philaloo, row de dow whack.

Faith, Ted had a nose as big as a ton,
And a chin, too! oell, honey! but they were all one;
A grin, too, he had, and if there was a noise,
He'd just give a squint and frighten the boys;
A fortune he had, too!—his birch and his wig,
A black ugly cow, and an old dirty pig,
A *pratty* plantation, a dog and a cat,
And his head that he kept in an old greasy hat.

SPOKEN—Phelim O'Maheney, says he one day, before you sit down, stand up and say your alphabet; so keep your five fingers out of your head for a few minutes, and begin. What letter's that, sir?—I don't know, sir.—Arrah! botheration to you; what was it I said when I saw you blacking Pat Mooney's eye?—Faith, sir, you said: Ah! you big blackguard.—Well, never mind the blackguard, but say Ah.—Ah.—Now, what letter's that?—Faith, sir, I don't know; you ought to know better than me.—What makes the honey, and hold your whist?—B.—That's a good boy. Now, what kind of a half-moon thing do you call that?—I don't know, sir.—Och! botheration, what do I do with my eyes?—He! he! he!—Well, what do you laugh at, sir? I ask you what do I do with my eyes?—You? you squint!—And what else, sir?—You see.—That's a good boy. Now go on.—D-E-F-G-H.—Well! why do you stop?—Because I can't go any further, sir.—What has your mother got at the corner of her nose?—A pimple, sir.—Och, my service, t'ye, sir; and what else?—One eye. Devil take you, and don't be getting into figures now. Say I without the one.—I without the one.—What's the next?—It's something, sir, but I don't know what.—What does your mother open the door with?—A string, sir, and sometimes her foot.—Well, did you never have anything else?—Yes, sir, K.—That's a good boy; and now, as you have got to L, (hell) you may sit down and warm yourself.—*Chorus.*

THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

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'Tis just one year ago to-day,
That I remember well;
I sat down by poor Nelly's side,
A story she did tell;
'Twas about a poor unhappy slave,
That lived for many a year;
But now he's dead and in his grave,
No master does he fear.

CHORUS.

The poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that he is free;
Disturb him not, but let him rest,
'Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked along
Into an open field;
And here she paused to breathe a while,
Then to his grave did steal.
She sat down by that little mound,
And softly whispered there:
Come to me, father, 'tis thy child!
Then gently dropped a tear.—*Chorus.*

But since that time, how things have changed!
Poor Nelly, that was my bride,
Is laid beneath the cold grave-sod,
With her father by her side.
I planted there, upon her grave,
The weeping willow-tree;
I bathed its roots with many a tear,
That it might shelter me.—*Chorus.*

I NEVER CAN FORGET.

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In vain, though banished from thy heart,
I strive to bend to fortune's will;
I cannot with fond memory part,
Thine image, dear one, haunts me still.
Thy smile, that dazzling beam of light,
That gilded hope's bright morning ray,
That starred the darkest hours of night,
I worship still, though turned, though turned away.

CHORUS.

Though banished from my heart, still mine
Remembers thee with fond regret,
I know thy love can never be mine,
But, ah! I never can forget;
My ever-constant thoughts are thine,
Ah! no, I never, never can, I never can forget.

Nor time, nor change of scene, to me
Afford their balm to soothe my pain;
My heart, though broken, clings to thee,
Reluctant to unloose thy chain.
Thy form, each feature, every grace,
As first they dawned upon my view,
The tyrant, memory, may retrace,
But never can one pang, one pang subdue.—*Chorus.*

—"Hullo, Mike, I hear yer on a strike." "So I am. I struck for fewer hours." "Did you succeed?" "Indeed I did. I'm not working at all now."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Father—Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child, and we expect you to be good. Tommy—It ain't my fault that I'm your only child. It is tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got.

—"I say, Jobkins, can you let me have the dollar you owe me?" "Want it to-day, particularly?" "Well, you see, I have the toothache." "What has that to do with it?" "A great shock will cure the toothache, Jobkins, and I thought, perhaps, if you paid me I——er——. Thank you."

WHEN IRELAND HAS AN ARMY AND NAVY OF HER OWN.

As sung by W. H. Power, in the "Ivy Leaf."

There is a little island in the middle of the sea,
The land where shamrocks grow so green, 'tis very dear to me.
'Twas there my mother raised me on a Tipperary farm,
In peace and comfort, loving, wishing no one any harm.
Our happiness did not last long, cruel tyrants did us oppress,
'Till on Columbia's shore we had to seek a place of rest.
The day will come that we can crush these men with hearts of stone,
When Ireland has an army and a navy of her own.

CHORUS.

Oh, the good old times are sure to come again,
And the dark clouds o'er us will have flown;
We'll have peace and plenty when old Ireland has
An army and a navy of her own.

What's fair and honest in our cause is all our people claim,
Sure Scotland has its own laws, then why can't we have the same?
That England's Queen should govern us, to that we are content,
What we demand in Ireland is our Irish Parliament.
The Englishmen they brag about their army, that's all right,
But it's Irish lads who constitutes the regiments that fight;
For all the sorrow caused to us, these tyrants shall atone,
When Ireland has an army and a navy of her own.—CHORUS.

PUT BY FOR A RAINY DAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oft-times the world may laugh and jeer,
At what I'm going to say,
That is: provide yourselves, my friends,
In case of a rainy day.
For if you don't, when you grow old—
On what I say depend—
If you can't help yourself,
'Tis hard to find a friend.

CHORUS.

So, now be careful and be wise,
And, like me, stow away
A little pelf, to protect yourself,
In case of a rainy day.

Be not extravagant nor mean,
Have just what you require;
Be kind and provident to all,
It is my heart's desire.
When I see my fellow-creature
Is trodden down with strife,
To help him on the road,
Is a proud time of my life.—*Chorus.*

"Waste not, want not," my motto is—
A maxim I would teach;
And this, another, I'd prescribe:
"Touch nothing out of reach."
For, "honesty's best policy,"
So honest people say,
And just remember, though but small,
Put by for a rainy day.—*Chorus.*

A pin a day is a groat a year,
Which proves that the smallest mite
Put by, will soon accumulate,
And shows my words are right.
So persevere when in your youth,
And then when old you'll say:
I care not how the world treats me,
I thought of a rainy day.—*Chorus.*

I'm hale, I'm jolly, you can see,
And I like my friends to call;
Though the best of friends I've ever found,
Was my pocket after all;
For, that old friend sticks to me still,
Through thick and thin, I say,
If you would be advised by me,
Put by for a rainy day.—*Chorus.*

"A friend in need's a friend indeed,"
But how often when you're poor,
Those friends will pass you one by one,
And on you close the door!
So, let your motto be like mine,
Whate'er the world may say,
Look out for number one—that is,
Put by for a rainy day.—*Chorus.*

WILL WATCH.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas one morn, when the wind from the Northward blew keenly,
While sullenly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then serenely,
Took helm, and to sea boldly steered out again.
Will had promised his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
Would coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore;
When his pockets were lined, why, his life should be mended,
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reached the offing, and cried:
This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lie, and a friend serve beside.
Will lay-to till the night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand;
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no heed on't,
Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall never feel the need on't—
We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys, we'll run.
Through the haze of the night a bright flesh now appearing,
Oh! now, cries, Will Watch, the Philistines bear down;
Bear-a-hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown.

But should I be popped off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see them kindly obeyed,
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you mind me?
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.
Poor Willie's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more;
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then sheered—and Will's hull to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If you listen to me, I'll sing a refrain,
Tidings of comfort and joy;
Your tears will flow down like the equinoxial rain,
Tidings of comfort and joy.
'Tis of a lover, who said he would shoot,
And called his gal's father a Spanish galoot,
Because he raised him with one of his boots,
Tidings of comfort and joy.

CHORUS.

Tidings of comfort and joy,
Tidings of comfrot and joy;
What I sing to you,
Yes, every word is true,
Tidings of comfort and joy.

He would take his girl out for a walk every night,
Tidings of comfort and joy;
She would send all his money up higher than a kite,
Tidings of comfort and joy.
She'd eat quail on toast, and you bet he would stare,
She'd eat and she'd eat till his pockets were bare,
And then he'd run home and pull out his hair,
Tidings of comfort and joy.—*Chorus.*

He got a position to work in a bank,
Tidings of comfort and joy;
And everyone said that he was a crank,
Tidings of comfort and joy.
He fooled around the safe like a clear-headed gent,
He soon had it opened, and quickly he went
'Way over to Europe, but took every cent,
Tidings of comfort and joy.—*Chorus.*

Wait Till the Bull-Dog Dies, Jennie.

Tune—"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Won't you come over to-night, Freddy?
I am so lonely now;
It has been very near a month, Freddy,
And I hear but the dog's bow, wow.
He is so gentle and passive,
If he hears but the wind, then he cries;
But I answered soft and sweetly,
Wait till the bull dog dies.

CHORUS.

Wait till the bull dog dies, Jennie,
Wait till he'll close his eyes;
Then I'll come around and see you,
But not till the bull dog dies.

I remember well when we parted,
'Twas on a very dark night,
How he tackled my pants and suspenders,
Oh! heavens didn't he hold on tight.
Then your parents got on to the racket,
And your dad blackened both my eyes;
So you will have to excuse me,
I'll wait till the bull dog dies.

CHORUS.

Wait till the bull dog dies, Jennie,
Wait till he'll close his eyes;
My pants are a wreck, and his teeth had effect,
Wait till the bow-wow dies.

OH, HOW DELIGHTFUL!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, how delightful, oh, how entrancing,
From this drear thraldrom soon to be free!
With wildest joy then my heart is dancing,
Dancing so gaily now with glee.
From morn till night imprisoned here,
Passed we our days in gloom and fear;
No joys to cheer us, no delight,
All was dreary, nothing bright;
Now how delightful, now how entrancing,
From this drear thralldom soon to be free!

CHORUS.

With wildest joy then my heart is dancing,
Dancing so gaily now with glee;
Ah! ah! my heart is dancing now with glee!
Ah! ah! my heart is dancing now with glee!

Oft when dark shadows are over us creeping,
And check the throbbing of youthful hearts,
Hope, like a sunbeam, watch near us keeping,
Breaks through the gloom and joy imparts.
No longer shall we droop and pine
In dreary hours our lives away,
When clouds are darkest, oft doth shine
Softly and brightly hope's cheering ray;
Yes, how delightful, yes, how entrancing,
From this drear thralldom soon to be free!—*Chorus.*

—Pat (reading)—"A few more sowl agints wanted." "Begorra, thin, Moike, what's the manin' o' that?" Mike—"An' sure it's ministers they're afther, don't yer think?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

—A girl working in a Biddeford (Me.) mill is the thirty-second child of the same father and mother. All her brothers and sisters write to her every week, and she has the largest correspondence taken from the Biddeford postoffice by a woman.

—"Well, we are penniless, or mighty near it," he said, as he reached home, and threw the evening paper to his wife. "Wh—what is it?" "The Mechanics' Bank has burst, and we had $4,000 on deposit there." "But, Richard," she said, after glancing at the article, "the president says that he hopes to be able to pay all depositors in full." "And didn't I say the same thing to my creditors when I failed in the grocery business, and did a single one of them receive five cents on the dollar?" he groaned.

IT'S ALL IN A MATTER OF TIME.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now there's objects in life that some people they want,
And how to gain them, of course, don't know,
But experience and ambition will ever pull you through
Although the path may be hard to row.
Dear friends, I'll tell you, if you've an object in view,
An object you want to call thine,
There must be no playing, but remember the old saying,
That it's all in a matter, a matter of time.

CHORUS.

It's all in a matter of time,
It's all in a matter of time,
There must be no playing,
But remember the old saying,
That it's all in a matter,
A matter of time

Now there's English actresses of great beauty, you know,
They, of course, are fine in their way;
The bald-headed prince fell in love with them all,
He was a prince, and of course held the day.
He used to explain that any actress he could gain,
That any actress would bow to his shrine;
But one made him flarry, and that was our Mary,
And all in a matter, a matter of time —*Chorus.*

Somewhere as you stroll out you sometimes meet
Gay young girls and fall into love;
They wear diamond rings and silk dresses, you know,
And the poor working girl far above.
They'll go around for fun, and drink lots of water,
Feeling elegant and considered quite fine;
But next morning they'll yell, finding themselves in a cell,
But it's all in a matter, a matter of time.—*Chorus.*

The boxing and prize-fighting is now all the rage,
There are champions you know by the score;
There's England's champion, Jem Smith, a good lad,
Who intends to make Kilrain feel sore.
They say our man hasn't got any sand,
And Smith will do him quite fine,
But if he tries to do it, you bet he'll rue it,
And all in a matter, a matter of time.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The other day, upon the street,
I met a curbstone broker,
Who handed me his card so neat—
Upon it "William Croaker."
He soon explained a little scheme—
A thousand would begin it—
And said it would prove a "cream,"
Because "there's millions in it."

CHORUS.

Don't grab or bite upon first sight,
Just stop and think a minute;
There's many a "fresh" got in a mesh,
Because "there's millions in it."

My friend, Fritz Jones, once bought some land,
Somewhere around Kellyville—
"A speculation safe and grand,"
'Tis this which made him feel ill.
The land was high—in fact so high,
You couldn't climb or shin it—
But some landshark had made him buy,
Because "there's millions in it."—*Chorus.*

How many men from day to day,
We see who wear long faces,
Who foolishly have thrown away
Their many hard-earned "cases."
Stocks, bonds and lots they eager bought
On the impulse of the minute,
And all because they merely thought
That "there was millions in it."—*Chorus.*

MOTHER, I WAS NOT TO BLAME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oft hast thou told me, mother dear,
Subtle man I'd cause to fear,
Thou, a saint in yonder skies,
Still thy warning voice I prize;
But, if he would still pursue,
Mother dear, what could I do?
Let this little tear proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

Sadly beats my breaking heart,
From one form so loved to part;
Oh! how hard my lonely lot—
Still to live by him forgot!
Though remembrance wake a sigh,
Though pale sorrow dim mine eye—
Let my silent tear proclaim,
Mother, I am not to blame

I'M THE FATHER OF A LITTLE BLACK COON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm the father of a little picaninny,
My first and my only little boy,
His birth-place it is in old Virginia,
And you know he is my pride and joy.
His mother thinks that he's the prettiest creature,
And his eyes shine like the silvery moon
I must let my joy be known of my pride and all I own,
I'm the father of a little black coon

CHORUS.

Mamma, hear the baby cry,
I fear he's going to raise his little wings and fly;
See the little baby rolling over,
I'll buy for him a tin-cup and spoon,
So he can drink his milk and make him fine as silk,
I'm a father of a little black coon.

When he grows up I'll show this generation
What can be made out of this lad;
A president, a statesman of this nation,
The folks all say he looks just like his dad.
A pair of hazel eyes and a heart brimful of eager,
Two little teeth will be out pretty soon,
So enjoy yourself with me, I'm as happy as can be,
I'm a father of a little black coon.

CHORUS.

A happier man there never can be,
The baby boy looks just like me;
He has my forehead, my eyes, and all my features,
He can almost whistle up a tune.
I will try my might and main to see you all again,
I'm a father of a little black coon.

LET'S BE GAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Let's be gay and banish sorrow, all our work is done to-day,
Laugh and sing until to morrow, 'tis the nigger's holiday;
In the morning out we go to de wood to chop and de corn to hoe,
Our hearts are free, and our spirits bright,
And we'll dance wid de gals till de broad daylight.
Let's be gay and banish sorrow, &c.

Strike the banjo, strike it gaily, bones and tamborine now play,
Fiddle, you shall bow more gaily, 'tis the nigger's holiday;
To the merry banjo play we'll dance all thought of sorrow away;
Our hearts are free, our spirits bright,
And we'll dance wid de gals till morning light.
Strike the banjo, strike it gaily, &c.

—First boy: Had any Christmas boxes. Second boy: Rather! First boy: How many? Second boy: Two. First boy: What were they? Second boy: A smack from mother and another from dad—*Moonshine.*

A SAD LOVE STORY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tail of wo
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don'd pelief I know.

You see I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot bridge
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
And all alone in this colt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she said:

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout
I put avay my gold und bills
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vas
Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dat vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vas engaged—Oh! blessed fact!
I squeese dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before the vedding day vas set,"
She vhispered in my ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob dear.

"I owns dis house und two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad stocks;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess,
A grand, big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy.
Der market voz no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her hant
To show I understood.

Next day—excuse my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In which dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too.—*The Bowery Boy.*

—"Can I go to the circus, dear mamma?" "No, my sweet darling; but if you will be good, I will take you to see grandmother's grave."

THE THREE ANGEL VISITANTS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Father, dear father, a young child said,
As she stole one night to his lonely bed;
Father, Oh come to my room with me,
And three beautiful angels there you'll see.

CHORUS.

But my gentle mother's eye grew dim
As she said, "Let her stay and comfort him;
To both but a few months of sorrow are given,
We'll then have them, Willie, with us in heaven.
Yes, yes, all in heaven, yes, yes, all in heaven."

Just now, as I lay with half-closed eyes,
I heard a sweet song from the sparkling skies;
And as I was wondering what it could mean,
Mother, Mary and Willie came gliding in.—*Chorus.*

They hovered around my little bed,
And each laid a hand on my aching head;
The tears from my eye-lids fell like pearls,
But they wiped them away with my loosened curls.—*Chorus.*

I'll tell you, dear father, why I cried,
'Twas because with them we had not died;
I thought when they'd gone, how lonely 'twould be,
To live all alone here—just you and me.—*Chorus.*

"'Tis a dream, a dream, my precious child,
Your aching head made your fancy wild;"
A dream, oh, no, that could not be,
For dreams do not come and talk with me.—*Chorus.*

And they did talk, for sister Mary said:
Her spirit was blest, though her body was dead;
And she said that but once the flowers should die,
And I'd find my home in her own bright sky.—*Chorus.*

And little Willie, as he stood there,
With his mild blue eyes and shining hair,
Lisped amid smiles I yet can see—
"Come, little sister, go home with me."—*Chorus.*

PRETTY LITTLE FLORA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I sing of pretty Flora, a gem behind the bar,
At the "Bird" in Highbury you'll find my guiding star,
She is the sweetest treasure, all round, near or far,
And to speak the truth, I adore her!
Swells flock, like little flies, aronnd a treacle pot,
And want to steal my fair one, and don't care a jot,
They chaff and drink just to look large, and fancy they're A1,
But they have not half a chance with little Flora.

CHORUS.

Pretty little Flora serves behind the bar
Basses, bitter ales and porter;
I stand there all the day, and cannot keep away,
It breaks my heart to leave my little Flora.

How I love little Flora, and for hours there I stand,
The proudest of the proud, the grandest of the grand,
And soon I'll place the gold ring on her tiny hand,
Yet I keep my eye on all who stand before her;
When swells they pass a joke, she says: "Sir, don't be rude."
And popping on a frown, declare they do intrude;
Then turning round she looks at me as just to say:
"Ah! George, you have the heart of little Flora."—*Chorus.*

I could eat pretty Flora, my love is so sincere,
She wants no "Rachel" touch, her skin it is so fair,
Her eyes are full of fire, and you should see her hair,
In a brooch she carries me before her;
We've named the happy day, and so I'm right for life,
If all she says be true, she'll prove a charming wife,
So am I not a lucky dog my rivals to defeat,
And drive off to church with little Flora.—*Chorus.*

Is There No Message Here For Me?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

"No message here for me?" she murmured pleadingly,
'Twas a mother who was waiting for her boy;
She sadly turned away, the tears began to stray
Down the cheeks that once were bright with hope and joy
A ship had come at last, through every stormy blast,
For a message from her boy with love came she;
Within the station there her heart had breathed a prayer,
As she asked: "Is there no message here for me?"

CHORUS.

Click! click! click! the words they come and go,
With messages of sorrow and glee!
Click! click! click! oh, sad are those who wait,
While they ask: "Is there no message here for me?"

She dried each falling tear, that mother proud and dear;
He is coming home, she murmured, though 'tis late,
I know a word of joy he'll send, my darling boy;
So with hopeful heart I'll think of him and wait;
The shades of twilight fell, but nothing came to tell
Any tidings from her boy who braved the sea,
Till over the wire sped these words: "Your son is dead!"
When she asked: "Is there no message here for me?"—*Chorus.*

Let Me Hug Her For Her Mother.

Tune—"Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Let me hug her for her mother,
Let me clasp her "scrumtious" waist,
How I'd like to almost smother
That form so tightly laced!
Kind snobs are buzzing round her,
They call her style divine;
One fellow's arm has bound her—
I wish that arm was mine!

CHORUS.

Dance, darling, dance,
I love you as no other;
Oh! how I'd like to kiss
And hug you for your mother!

Let me hug her for her mother,
All her curls and "fixins," too;
How I'd like to be her brother,
I'd make those chaps look blue!
I'd choose to be her poodle,
To follow where she went!
And though you'd call me "noodle,"
I wouldn't care a cent.—*Chorus.*

Let me hug her for her mother,
That is all I've got to say;
It's a fact, I would much "rather,"
Than be a shrimp in May!
Oh! I'd so much like to tease her,
But I really have my fears
That if I tried to squeeze her
She'd box a "feller's" ears!—*Chorus.*

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Bright things can never die, even though they fade;
Beauty and minstrelsy deathless were made!
What—though the Summer day passes at eve away,
Does not the moon's soft ray silver the night?

Kind words can never die; cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie, stored in the breast,
Like childhood's simple rhymes said over a thousand times,
Age, in all years and climes, distant and near.

Childhood can never die; wreck of the past
Floats over the memory bright to the last.
Many a happy thing, many a daisy Spring
Float over time's ceaseless wing, far, far away.

IRELAND.

Tune—"America."

Dedicated to the Irish people at home and abroad. By James Hurley Driscoll.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Land where the shamrock grows,
Land where the sunburst glows,
I live for thee;
Thy hills are ever fair,
Beauty is everywhere,
Thy sons will ever dare
To fight for thee.

Sarsfield and Emmett will
Live in our memory still,
Urging to do
What they have left undone,
What they so well begun,
Each patriot, sire and son
Will swear to do.

Who, when the hour is rife,
Shrinks from his country's strife?
Coward his name;
Close to him friendship's door,
Mention him nevermore,
Brand him forevermore,
Eternal shame.

Then when fair liberty
Crowns thee, isle of the sea,
Emmett shall be
Written in epitaph,
Tyrants shall cease to laugh,
And patriots a toast shall quaff
To liberty.

BIDDY TOOLE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I courted a girl called Biddy Toole,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
But of me she did make a fool,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
I loved her as I loved my life,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
And asked her if she'd be my wife,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!

CHORUS.

My Colleen is an Irish lass,
The devil a girl could her surpass,
To see my Biddy Toole upon a Sunday, oh!
By all the bogs in Ireland,
She'd break the heart of man—
You should see my Biddy Toole upon a Sunday, oh.—*Dance.*

When first to court her I began,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
She said she'd have no other man,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
But when that she got all she could,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
She left me sticking in the mud,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!—*Chorus.*

I bought her ribbons pink and green
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
And set her up in a neat shebeen,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
I stocked it well with spuds and meal,
Oh oh, oh oh, oh!
But she hooked it away with Pat O'Neil,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!—*Chorus.*

I wish that girl I never had seen,
Oh oh, oh oh, oh!
For she skedaddled with a big spalpeen,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
She's gone across the seas to sail,
Oh oh, oh oh, oh!
And I hope she'll make a meal for a great big whale.
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!—*Chorus.*

SUNSHINE WILL COME AGAIN.

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As sung in "Casper, the Yodler," by Charles T. Ellis.

Why droop thy head?
Those eyes moist with dew,
Tell of sadness at thy heart,
Its fibres are bursting in two,
Grief came and stole
Thy happiness away;
Fear not, fortune seldom fails,
So smile another day.
Harbor not sorrow, wait for the morrow,
Tidings of comfort shall reign,
Oh, be of good cheer, better days will be here,
Sunshine will come again.
Ley e le o hey le o, ley eo le o le o,
Ley e le o le o le o, ley e, la e o.

Soon will those clouds,
So dark in yonder sky,
Fade, and in their stead the darkest
Will bring you a glad bye and bye;
Wipe away those tears
That course down thy cheeks,
Golden days are yet in store,
The stars in the heavens bespeak;
Wake from thy dreaming, smiles sweetly beaming,
Leaving no traces of pain,
Thy poor heart so lonely, will echo its joy,
Sunshine will come again.
Ley e le o hey le o, ley eo, le o le o,
Ley e le o le o le o, ley e la e o.

The Bloated Young Aristocrat.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The Honorable Sidney Fitzdoodle
Is standing before you just now;
I'm looked upon oft as a noodle,
And often get into a row;
But all this my friends can attest, sir,
Although I'm inclined to be fat,
I can take my own part with the best, sir,
Although a bloated young aristocrat.

CHORUS.

You can see by the style of my walk,
The shape of my coat and my hat,
My style and my air, the cut of my hair,
I'm a bloated young aristocrat.

Of fashionable life I am weary,
And from it I soon shall retire,
For everything seems to be dreary,
There's nothing I really admire,
Except Sir John Muccoo's niece Carrie,
Who says I'm inclined to be fat,
And rather inclines for to marry
The bloated young aristocrat.—*Chorus.*

My good looks I often do rue—
What it is to be handsome, alas!
There's one girl in Fifth Avenue,
I notice, whenever I pass,
At the window, along with her poodle;
For the last fourteen days she has sat
Merely to gaze at Fitzdoodle,
The bloated young aristocrat.—*Chorus.*

I really must thank you profusely
For the kind way you've listened to me,
And really trust you will excuse me
If by accident I've been too free.
The gents I thank for their attention,
To the ladies I take off my hat,
But to see you again's the intention
Of the bloated young aristocrat.—*Chorus.*

I WISH I WAS A FISH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sweet Polly Primrose was a girl
Of nineteen Summers old,
I loved sweet Polly better far,
Than all the world untold;
And she was very fond of me,
But now I wail and weep,
For the girl I love's at present
At the bottom of the deep.

CHORUS.

So, I wish I was a fish with a great long tail,
I wish I was a fish with a great big tail,
A tiny little tittle bat, a winkle or a whale,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea. Oh! my.

Sweet Polly was on board a ship,
And bound for Union Square,
When the vessel sighted "Tammany"
It began to pitch and rear;
My love was gazing over
At the water rolling by,
When, somehow, she tumbled overboard,
And never said good-bye.—*Chorus.*

The captain and his gallant crew
Jumped overboard to save
My darling Polly, but in vain,
She'd sunk beneath the wave;
And when they told me of her fate,
I'd tear my hair and weep,
And requested I might be allowed
To plunge into the deep.—*Chorus.*

I had a dream last night that I
Was down below the wave,
And there I saw my Polly
In a gorgeous coral cave;
She'd changed into a mermaid,
She'd such a splendid tail,
She was doing double shuffles,
In conjunction with a whale.—*Chorus.*

While she's a sportive mermaid,
I'm so wretched here above;
So I think I'll take a plunge, and be
A merman with my love;
But the precise locality
I don't exactly know,
Where I may find my Polly,
So perhaps I'd best not go.—*Chorus.*

EMMET'S "LULLABY."

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Close your eyes, Lena, my darling,
While I sing your lullaby;
Fear thou no danger, Lena,
Move not, dear Lena, my darling;
For your brodder watches nigh you, Lena dear.
Angels guide thee, Lena dear, my darling,
Nothing evil can come near;
Brightest flowers bloom for thee,
Darling Lena, dear to me.

CHORUS.

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my baby,
My baby, my baby.
Go to sleep, my baby, baby, oh! by,
Go to sleep, Lena, sleep.

Bright be the morning, my darling,
When you ope your eyes,
Sunbeams grow all around you, Lena,
Peace be with thee, love, my darling;
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Lena dear,
Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling,
Full of sweetest melody;
Angels ever hover near,
Darling Lena, dear to me.—*Chorus.*

OUT IN THE COLD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street;
Children were many, who housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Caroled their joy in a land of bliss,
Without a care or thought of this—
They were warm in humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold!
Out in the cold!

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sleet.
All furred and shawled, man, woman and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild;
They could not bear the icicle blast,
Winter so rude, on their pathway cast.
Alas! no one pitied, no one consoled
This little wanderer out in the cold!
Out in the cold!

She had no father, she had no mother,
Sister none, and never a brother,
They had passed on the star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love—
Nothing but love—ah! men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow;
So they went by and worshiped their gold,
Leaving this little one out in the cold!
Out in the cold!

Wandered she on, till the shades of night,
Veiled her shivering form from sight,
Then with her cold hands over her breast
She prayed to her Father in heaven for rest;
When hours had fled 'neath the world's dark frown,
Hungered and chilled she laid herself down,
Laid down to rest, while the wealthy rolled
In carriages past her, out in the cold!
Out in the cold!

Out in the cold, lo! an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm,
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled;
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
Led her amid scenes of heavenly bliss,
And angels gathered into their fold
That night the little one out in the cold!
Out in the cold!

CHARLIE'S LITTLE DOG.

Recitation—By J. C. Murphy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Charlie had a little dog,
His hair was black as jet,
And everywhere that Charlie went
The dog went, too, you bet.
He followed him to school one day,
Which happened to be near,
And when the teacher booted him out,
He walked off on his ear.

Returning home he met a cow,
And at this cow did fly,
He tossed him up five hundred feet,
Now how is that for high?
The dog he never came down again,
And Charlie was left a mourner,
For the dog he stuck on the steeple top
Of the little church round the corner.

The dog never appeared again,
No dog like this could he see;
Charlie would say as the dogs passed by:
Shoo, fly, don't bother me.
When Charlie heard his darling's fate
Scarcely a word he said,
But toddled home, and weeping said:
Please put me in my little bed.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

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When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me—
And you'll remember, you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me—
That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

PAR EXCELLENCE.

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I'm "on the cards for Tammany,"
The "world" is not so old,
I need no "yellow passport,"
I live on a "cloth of gold."
I'm "caste" in good society.
They like my *nonchalance*,
Wherever I go they always know
The swell, Par Excellence.

SPOKEN—Many fellows stroll down Broadway into the "Olympic," because they like the "Streets of New York," gaiety being the order of the day, but stranger than ever, time tries all, and:

CHORUS.

I'm Par Excellence, the idol of the day,
New York, or in the Hub, my time I pass away;
I'm Par Excellence in form, in field, in dance,
In fact, in all the sports of life, I'm Par Excellence.

Now "after dark" I like to roam,
And have a loving cup,
Or at the hunt I'm quite at home,
And with the master sup.
I'm sweet on rural felicity,
Can course when I've the chance,
And as to give a "blow for blow,"
Why, I'm Par Excellence!

SPOKEN—Yes, every fellow ought to school himself in defence of the fair sex—from a Grand Duchess to a Lancashire Lass, even though she should be a woman of the world, or a girl of the period.—*Chorus.*

At Harvard I gained a B.A.;
Was never reckoned slow,
And at the side of liberty
A standard man to row;
A volunteer—was in the guards,
My military glance
Was noticed by the Governor
As quite Par Excellence!

SPOKEN—Ah! I mean the gallant Seventh. Ours is the, ah! crack corps, in which—*Chorus.*

St. James I've my chambers in,
Dunns can't make me retrench;
A little countess on the hill
Makes me "*au fait*" in French.
No Grecian eye to Tammany,
Where ballet-girls do prance;
To charm the No. 1 Belles my finesse
Is thought Par Excellence.

SPOKEN—Some find in the bower of the South a gallery of illustration; but give me the pavilion of the East, in the City of New York, where I can revel in an Alhambra of delight, for—*Chorus.*

What Shall We Name the Baby?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! such a tootsie wootsie
Was Mrs. Jones' girl,
Of all the baby wonders,
This baby was the pearl!
Its loudest squall was music,
And when it said: "Da! da!"
"What shall we name the baby?"
Exclaimed its happy pa.

SPOKEN—"What shall we call it, darling?" said Mrs. Jones. Jones thought awhile, then smiled, and said: "Let's call it"—

CHORUS.

Seraphina, Concertina, Maudie, Mary Ann,
Gushalina, Scarlatina, Roxiana, Fan,
Bridget, Susie, Allie, Sallie, Hopzibah, or Nan
Pittie, Ittie, mamma's darling, ya! ya! ya!

Then Mrs. Jones said sweetly:
"I'd like to call it, love,
Just after my dear mother—
The darling little dove!"
But Jones frowned very fiercely,
And muttered: "After that
He would not name the baby,
Nor would he name a cat!"

SPOKEN—"But, dearest George," exclaimed Mrs. J. "Madam," replied George, "don't let us perpetuate the mother-in-law. No; its name shall be"—*Chorus.*

His wife burst out a-crying,
And so did baby, too,
And oh! it bawled so loudly,
It turned from red to blue.
But Jones he stroked his whiskers,
A frightful tartar he,
And said he'd name the baby,
And this its name should be.—*Chorus.*

At last Jones he relented,
And kissed his darling wife;
He said that he'd repented,
There'd be an end to strife.
The baby smiled serenely,
It shook its daddy's hand,
And so they named the baby,
And had a christening grand.

SPOKEN—And this is what they came to the mutual conclusion to call it:—*Chorus.*

ROBERT EMMET.

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They tell us to breathe not the patriot's name,
They say let it rest in the gloom;
But can we forget all the glory and fame
Of him who sleeps cold in the tomb?

Forget him! oh! never, while one of our race
On the soil of Ireland remains;
His epitaph brightly in jewels we'll trace
When Erin her freedom regains.

In ages to come will his name still be blest,
Who loved his dear country so well,
And forever deep, deep in each patriot's breast
Will his fame and his memory dwell.

He parted with all and he joined in the strife
With freedom's bright banner in hand;
He left his heart's love, and he gave his young life
To raise up our downtrodden land.

He died for his land on the high gallows tree,
With the dark tyrant's cord round him cast;
He died as all should who would work to be free,
Defiant and true to the last.

Oh, heaven! I pray, ere I rest in the grave,
I may see by the Liffey's gray tide
The green flag of Ireland triumphantly wave
O'er the spot where the young hero died.

PAPA'S COMING, BYE AND BYE.

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Oh! our precious, fair-haired darling,
'Round our hearts she fondly clings,
And a flood of golden sunshine
To our happy home she brings;
There is mirth in every dimple,
And her merry, laughing eye,
How it sparkles when she whispers:
"Papa's coming, bye and bye!"

CHORUS.

Watching in the rosy twilight,
When the day goes softly by,
Oh! how lovingly she whispers:
"Papa's coming, bye and bye!"

Then she meets me at the threshhold,
And with tender, winning grace,
Throws her tiny arms about me,
Looking up with smiling face,
Asking question after question;
Then in all her childish glee,
With her lips to mine she whispers:
"Papa, got a kiss for me?"—*Chorus.*

Oh! her pure and warm affection,
How it steals our hearts away,
As we listen to the music,
Of her prattle all the day;
May our darling's life be happy,
May no sorrow dim her sky,
Still as fondly may she whisper:
"Papa's coming, bye and bye!"—*Chorus.*

THE WATCHER.

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The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye.
How wistfully she gazeth,
No gleam of mourn is there,
Her eyes to heaven she raiseth
In agony of prayer.
How wistfully she gazeth, &c.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain.
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be,
But, oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me.
And death alone can free him, &c.

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion far,
And merry feet are dancing,
They heed not mourning there.
Oh! young joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.
Oh! young joyous creatures, &c.

The morning sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray,
Beside her dead reclining,
The pale, dead mother lay.
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
And though she still were breathing,
There's light for us above.
A smile her lips were wreathing, &c.

—He: "Good gracious! Twenty-eight dollars for a hat! Doesn't that strike you as pretty high?" She: "Well, y-e-s; but then you know high hats are all the style!"

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 9.

CONTAINING 106 SONGS.

America's emblem, the violet
An Irish fair day
Am I not fondly thine own?
A private still
As through the park I go
Beautiful angel
Bobbing around
Bill it kept running up higher
Calibre fifty-four—RECITATION
Cold Stream Guards
Cradle's empty, baby's gone
Canadian boat song
Coat of other days
Come in and shut the door
Cousin Jedediah
Cricket on the hearth
Collier's dying child—RECITATION
Down went the captain
Don't forget the old folks at home
Dot ole bay mule of mine
Dying girl's message
Dandy Pat
Diamond ring
Five dollar note
God bless you, Colleen
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Grandma's vacant chair
Gal with the terrible feet
Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
Good-night, but not good-bye
Gray's elegy—READING
Give a man credit for what he has done
He tells me he loves me
How is your sister Mary?
Hard-back family
Home attractions—RECITATION
I'm a dude
I stood on the bridge at midnight
I'm off for Charleston
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
Irish Colleen
I am a masher
James Bird
Jim Fisk song
Knocking at the gates of Jordan
Little wife Nellie
Little Mag and I
Love not
Little Mohe
Lone starry hours
My sweetheart's family
Macgregor's gathering
My pretty Quadroon
Man the life-boat
Mary Le More
MIKADO songs—
A wandering minstrel I
Brightly dawns our wedding day
Derry down Derry
Flowers that bloom in the Spring
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum
Here's a how-de-do
My object all sublime
Our great Mikado
Sun and I
They'd none of them be missed
Three little maids from school
Willow, tit-willow
Minstrel's dream
Making love on a bench in the park
Only a workingman's child
Our Yankee college boys
Old-fashioned photograph of mother
Old play-ground
Pride of Mayo
Pretty as a daisy
Rosy's Sunday out
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Reuben and Rachel
Rhine vine Sharley
Sheeny glazier's ball
Schneider's little boy—RECITATION
Sweethearts and wives
Susan's Sunday out
Such funny things are done upon the Skidmore Guard [sly
Twelve stone two
Too utterly utter
To the song seekers
That's a matter of taste
Take good care of mother
Talk about your Moses
Take it, Bob
Take back those gems you gave me
Thou hast wounded the spirit that [loved thee
Van Dieman's land
Whisper and a kiss
Where the water lilies grow
We are out on the ocean sailing
What can the matter be?
Will o'-the-wisp
Whistling coon
Waiting for my ship to come this way
Waiting for a Broadway stage
What a blessing it is to have money
Whispering hope
Walking for dat cake
You put no flowers on my papa's grave

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 10.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

Angel mother waits for me
All on the quiet
Always do your duty, boy
A horrible tale of the suicidal family
Avondale disaster
Always take mother's advice
Araby's daughter
Alice Gray
A yaller dog's love for a Nigger—REC.
Be friends with your brother again
Called away
Clementine
Captain Cuff
Creole girl
Dar's a new moon in de sky
Dear Robin, I'll be true [pizened
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's
Early Monday morning in 1805
For one day of t there's six days
Fanny Gray [of hash
Flanigan, the lodger
Flowers of the forest
Friar of Orders Grey
Fine old Dutch gentleman
Good-night! but not good-bye
Good-evening
Give me a cot in the valley I love
Gold diggers lament
Gambolling man
His heart was true to Pol'
He's never done anything since
High daddie
It's all a matter of taste
I'm awaiting my love's return
I wouldn't advise you to do it
I'm saddest when I sing
Just plain Jim
Kissing in the street
Kiss in school—RECITATION
Larry O'Gaff
Lora Vale
Lord Lovel
Lone rock by the sea
Last link is broken
Laugh in school—RECITATIO
Lady Franklin
Maid of the mill
Mikado McAllister
Morrisey and the Russian
My love is like the red, red rose
Mulligan's daughter, Nell
Maid of Judah
Minnie Clyde
My mother, dear
Mollie, dear, come then with me
Malone at the back of the bar
Married
Never take the hind shoe from a mule
Nell McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann
New Jerusalem
No, sir!
One word would call me back again
Ocean burial
Oh! you girls
Old Susquehanna
Old country circus
Penny ballads
Pat's not so black as he's been painted
Poor old tramp
Pretty pond lilies
Phœbe, dearest
Paddy Carey
Poor old dad
Rat-catcher's daughter
Rosa Lee
Some other girl shall wear the ring
Sullivan and Ryan
Standard bearer
Spencer's firey slope
Sparking Sunday night
Sock her on her kisser
Sailor's widow
They can't keep the workingman down
Trust her not, she is fooling thee
There is no harm in kissing
Tick! tick! tick!
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Truth in parenthis—RECITATION
Three sailor boys
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings
Wash me, mother, dear
Wreck of the Hesperus—RECITATION
White Wings
Waiting at the ferry
What becomes of a lie—RECITATION
Wake! Dinah, wake
Young Charlotte
Your little Lize loves you
Yes, sir!

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 11.

CONTAINING 102 SONGS.

A sweet face at the window
American star
A kiss from dear old mother
Antony and Cleopatra—RECITATION
Aunt Jemima's plaster
Ballinamuck Brigade
Britannia reigns supreme
Brave old oak
Bridal ring
Bruce's address to his army
Blind boy's lament
Bryan O'Lynn
Buccanier's bride
Broken-hearted milkman
Come, sit by me, mother
Captive bird's complaint
Child's Prayer [home
Clap your hands till daddy comes
Does your mother take in washing?
Don't die an old maid
Dearest spot of earth to me is home
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Fellow who stole my wife
Fairy boy
Goot lager bier
Go it while you're young
Grandmother's birthday
Homeward bound
In other respects we are doing quite
I had $15 in my inside pocket [well
Irish stranger
I'm going to fight mit Siegel
Irish Brigade
Irish potheen
I'll marry no man if he drinks
I'm a broken down man
Jock O' Hazeldean
Joe Hardy
Johnny, get your gun
Kitty, the baby and I
Lass O' Gowrie
Little old red shawl my mother wore
Last hymn—RECITATION
Little Octoroon
Little hero
My home by the deep rolling sea
McCormick, the copper
Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd
Mary Aileen
My Nannie, O!
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Maryland, my home
Manilla boy
My mother's grave
Mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?
Mother, dear, write to your boy
My moustache is growing
Money
My love is a Zou-Zu
Molly, put the kettle on
Noble knights of labor
Never go back on the poor
Nora Creina
Oyster maid
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Over the Jasper sea
On the beach at Long Branch
Och! Paddy, is it yerself?
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
'Ostler Joe—RECITATION [mamma!
Oh! bring me but my Arab steed
Poor old horse, let him die
Peanut stand
Quilting party
Raging canal
Remember poor mother at home
Root hog or die
Ratapian
Shall we know each other there?
She wore a wreath of roses
Spot where I was born
Sea, the sea, the open sea
Sammy Slap, the bill sticker
Soap fat man
Since Maggie learned to skate
Seeing New York sights
Standing on the platform
Thou art gone, but not forgotten
That's where you make the mistake
That hired girl—RECITATION
Three maids of Lee
To show my respects to McGinnis
Will my darling come again?
What I heard an old maid say
Woman, lovely woman
Wreck of the Haddingtonshire
We fought in the same campaign
Washington, star of the West
What I'd like to know
When 'tis moonlight
Ye parliaments of England
You can't do it, you know

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 12.

CONTAINING 91 SONGS.

Any tinware to mend?
Alderman of the ward
A soldier and a man
Because she ain't built that way
Bill Mason's ride—RECITATION
Bad whisky—RECITATION
"Chestnut" bell
Come along, my darling
Cove vot spouts
County jail
Cast one little thought for me
Captain Dwyer
Cracksman's chant
Cunard dock
Cow that ate the piper
Dying Boy's request
Don't blame the mother
Drop the pink curtains
Did you notice it?
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine
Dream no more
Darling Mignonette
Down in Mobile
Duck-foot Sue
Excelsior!—RECITATION
Far away from home and mother
Fifty miles under the sea
Faster you pluck them the thicker they grow
German fun at Union Hill [grow
Golly, ain't I wicked?
Gideon's band
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Hamtown Bass Ball Club
Her own boy Jack
Hail to the statue of Liberty
I'm only going out for the beer
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
I'm not asleep
Irish-American tea
Jack's yarn
Katy Drew
Katy Ryan
Little old mud cabin near the bogs
Live, my love, oh, live
Life's lot
Little Eva to her papa
Mr. Finagan
My father sould charcoal
Maureen Mavourneen
My love beyond the sea
Man that couldn't get warm
Mountaineer's farewell
My friend from Chicago
Not married yet?
Never trust a nigger with a gun
Owen Reilly
Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
One penny portion
Oh, love, will you be mine?
Package of old letters
Please give me a penny, sir?
Polly Perkins of Washington Square
Petticoat Lane
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Remember me to all at home [live
Remember that the poor tramp has to
Swim out, you're over your head
Sweet heather-bell [different ways
She's the image of her mother in a 1000
Swinging on the old rustic gate
Sarah Walker
Simple Simon
She'd have her way or die
Shivering and shaking out in the cold
Something sweet to think of
S. O. T.
Something for the babies
Scanlan's rose song
Two little ragged urchins
That's what puzzles the Quaker
Trust to luck
Where can the wanderer be?
Wreck of the Princess Alice
Warrior's grave
Winking at me
Why Paddy's always poor
What do you think of it?
Whiskers on the moon
Widow McCarty
Whistler—RECITATION
You'll never miss your mother 'till [she's gone

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 13.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Australian exile
America beats them all
America
A patch from my angel brother's pants
A thousand years, my own Columbia
'Prentice boy
Broken-stringed banjo that hangs on
Bacon and Greens [the wall
Battle of Bull Run
Barney, come home
Brave boys are they
Cumberland's crew
Captain de Wellington Boots
Cod-fish balls
Cabin with the roses at the door
Can you, then, love another?
Christmas tree
Clara Nolan's ball
Dunderbeck's machine
Dreaming of mother's angel face
Dot leedle German band
Dorkins was tight
Don't put my father's picture up for
Embarrassment [sale
Ellsworth avengers
Foot-print in the sand
Foot-prints on the snow
First time in twenty-four years
Good-bye, lovely Lou
God knows what we'll do before we
Grecian bend [die
Ham-fat man
Home once more, or, remembrance of
Henry Green of Troy [home
Hoist up the flag
He said I said
I'se gwine to weep no more
It's enough to knock any one out
Johnny, take it easy
John, my boy, remember me
John Bull
Keep one little thought for me
Lively flea
Letter that never came
Lost chord
Light-house by the sea
Must we leave the old home, mother?
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My mother's wedding ring
Maiden's vow
Maguinnis Guards
Miss Maloney on the Chinese question
Molly Brallaghan [RECITATION
Mc'arthy's silver wedding
My heart is sad to-night
Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs
No sect in heaven—RECITATION
Norah, asthore
Never take "no" for an answer
Other arrangements
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, take me home to die
Organ-grinder
Plodding through the rain
Paul Jones
Paddy Magee's dream
Papa, come home
Papa's footsteps
Rollicking Rams
Since my mother's dead and gone
Squinty Dan
Sweet Summer roses
Save my mother's picture from the sale
Spitz dog
Soldier's dream
Style in which it's done
There's a smile waiting for me at home
They told me not to love him
There she blows
That's what's the matter with Hannah
They all have a mate but me
Two or three strings to my bow
Upper and lower ten thousand
Up went the price
Vat's de brice of peans, Jake?
Why didn't you say so before?
Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Widow McGee
Who stole the ham?
When you've got money
You know vat I know
You mustn't believe all you hear
Yellow-haired laddie

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 14.

CONTAINING 92 SONGS.

Allan, O'Brien and Larkin, (The Man-
All for money [chester martyrs)
Assassination of Ellsworth
Ah, there! stay there
Alabama again
A smart little bit ov a man
Adam's ale
American drinks
Belle of Baltimore
Billy Johnson's ball
Black flag
Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan
Cushlamachree
Castlebar boy
Chicago police patrol
Der Deitcher's dog
Day I walked against O'Leary
Eight years in Cherry Hill
Flora Belle
Far away
Gems of old Ireland
Ghost of Benjamin Binns
Green mossy banks of the Lee
Girl I left behind me
God, save Ireland
Gal with a roguelsh eye
He'll be back bye-and-bye
Have you seen Yum-Yum?
How I miss those little footsteps
Home rule for Ireland
Hat me father wore
Heaven's my home
Hungry boarding-house
It's hard when you can't trust a friend
I kissed her under the parlor stairs
I'll return bye-and-bye
Is Maud in?
I haven't for a long time now
I would not die at all
If your foot is pretty, show it
I would not die in Spring time
If I only were a pretty little fly
I would like to do it, but can't
I'm a bum
I've wandered by the hut side
I would not die in Winter time
It's English, you know
If I was the man in the moon
I shall never make a gentleman of you,
Letters we carved on the tree [John
Let my name be kindly spoken
Land League Band
Leader of the band
Little Meg and I—RECITATION
Letter came at last
Lessons learned at a mo.her's knee
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
McGonigle's game dog—RECITATION
My queen
No, never can thy home be mine
Oh, no, certainly not
Oh, my heart bleeds for old Ireland
Oh, Moses, ain't it cold?
Origin of the harp
Once in a while
Over the hills to the bar-room
One parting word, dear mother
Orphan boy's lament
Old red cradle
Oregon gypsy girl
Our flag is there
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick's day parade
Patrol wagon
Rock-a-bye, baby
Riding on the cable cars
Sweet dreams of Erin
Song of the farmer
Spree
Three perished in the snow
Thine, still thine
Telephone
That's the idea, exactly
Under the daisies
Ungrateful son
When Bridget goes out on a mash
Why do you coldly greet me?
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Woman's tongue will never take a rest
What a friend we have in Jesus
We ought to be thankful for that
Write a loving letter to your mother

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 15.

CONTAINING 90 SONGS.

Absent-minded man
As long as the world goes round
Alonzo, the brave, and fair Imogine
'Way down in Maine
Accent on
A letter from Ireland
All's well
Angels ever bright and fair
Army bean
Botany bay
Barbara Fritchie—RECITATION
Blarney (The)
Barney Brallaghan
Belle of Avenue B
Before and after marriage
Buffalo gals
Becky Miller - RECITATION
Creep into bed, my baby
Clock on the wall
Charleston eartiquake
Cork leg and James' crinoline
Constantinople countess
Dot beautiful Hebrew girl
Dese bones shall rise again
Dutchman's slate
Dollars do the business every time
Der Shoemaker boy
Donnybrook fair
Friendship—RECITATION
Gal with the balmoral
Go, get a derrick and hoist it
Hallelujah band
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Hail to the chief
It's dudish, you know
'Twill all come out in the wash
In the window a light I can see
Ill-fated Huron
I like it, I do
I saw Esau kissing Kate
Irish brigade—No. 2
It's nice
Joys that we've tasted
Just a little sunshine
King of the Cannibal Islands
Little Ah Sid
Lovely Nell
Look with thy fond eyes upon me
My mother's old slipper
My old scarlet coat
My own sweet Nellie Bawn
Man that couldn't get cool
Mother, home and heaven
Michigan, my Michigan
Many happy returns of the day
Mrs. Higgins' parlor floor
Nelly Brady
Old willow cradle
Old church of my childhood
Old-fashioned girl
Outcast (The)
O, fair dove! O, fond dove!
One black sheep will never spoil the
Pat O'Hara [flock
Patter of the rain
Queen of all flowers
Rory of the hill—RECITATION
Scotch brigade
Spree song
Shall I ever see my old home any more
Sheffield apprentice
Sleep well, thou sweet angel
Striker and his son
Ta-ra-rum
There's a little vacant chair
There's nothing surprising in that
There's no love like the love of a
U-pi-dee [mother
Wedding march
While the blue laws are in force
When you and I were boys
Wrecked and saved
We smile and speak as we pass by
Who'll be an old man's darling?
Write me a letter from home
Who's dat callin' so sweet
Woodstock bridge disaster
Water-mill
You'll get there all the same
Yes, we'll write you a letter from home

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 16.

CONTAINING 89 SONGS.

A flower I found in mother's bible
American Statues
Alpine Maid
And so say all of us
Boulanger's march
Boss tramp—RECITATION
Bold privateer [mother's grave
Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
Bye-low, baby Bunting (Howard's
Brigham Young [cradle song
Bismarck Guard
Chestnut Green from Wayback
Come to my arms, precious darling
Chewing gum
Celebrated speech of Robert Emmet
Caroline of Edinburg Town
Convivial man
Come along, sinners
Colleen Bawn
Damsel that I longed for never came
Dying cowboy's lament
Don't go out to-night, Joe
Dougherty's boarding house
Dar's a lock on de chicken-coop door
Dogs' meat man
Down in dot restaurant
Down among the coals
Flying your kite too high
First she would, and then she wouldn't
Green hills of Erin
Give me a house that's haunted
Gals on the avenue
Grecian statues
Grandmother's clock
Home by the wave
I am happy when you're near me
I wonder what will happen next
I'm so shy
It didn't surprise me at all
I have something sweet to tell you
I cannot sing that song to-night
I'm seventy-two to-day
I'se a Methodist 'till I die
Just to make a change in business all
Just as of old [around
Kitty Wells
Light-house keeper
Life of a soldier in the U. S. Cavalry
Let my people go
Maid of sweet Gorteen
My sweet little blossom
Miss Maloney's growler
Meet me to-night
McCarthy's fancy ball
Mamma's black baby boy
Miner's life
My Dutch girl's name
Man with the terrible gaul
Miss Julia
Mariner's grave
Monitor and Merrimac
Names we should never forget
Nobody's business but your own
Oh! share my cottage
Old oaken bucket
Only remembered by what I have done
Only a ringlet of hair
Old street lamp
Old King Cole
Old red barn
Patrick Riley
Poor little newsboy
Railway guide
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care
Spanish cavalier
See where she goes, my own Sophia
Simon, the cellarer
She shook der dailor
Sister Mary walked like that (Pit-a-pat)
That's all
Tom, if you love me, say so
Two new sports in town
Terry O'Rann
Under the moon
Will the roses bloom again?
When business picks up in the Fall
Wreck of the Southern Pacific express
You know [train at Tehachapi Pass
Years have come and passed away
You can do it, if you want to

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 17.

CONTAINING 101 SONGS.

America is good enough for me
America still ahead
Annie, who played the banjo
A button-hole bouquet
A hundred years ago
A girl's best friend is her lover
A sad love story—RECITATION
Benny Havens, oh
Blue glass
Boy from County Clare
Biddy Toole
Bloated young aristocrat
Copper and the cook
Controllin' influence of drink
Charlie's little dog—RECITATION
Don't count your chickens before they
Day we celebrate [are hatched
Danube river
Drunk again
Don't leave your father, Kate
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in
Emmet's "lullaby" [the grave
Fairy belle
Farewell, my own
Gipsy's warning
German home upon the Rhine
Harp that once thro' Tara's halls
It makes a man feel like a fool
I'll give you one more as you go
Ireland will yet be free
I believe it, for my mother told me so
Irish volunteer
Irish schoolmaster
I never can forget

I'm all broke up to-day
It's all a matter of time
I'm the father of a little black coon
Is there no message here for me
Ireland
I wish I was a fish
I'm going to have my name above the
Is my darling true to me [door
Johnny, get your hair cut
Jesse James
Jane O'Malley
Kind words can never die
Keystone brigade
Let her go, Gallagher
Let her go, Gallagher (topical version)
Little brother Joe
Lula Wall
Lula is gone
Love among big noses
Let's be gay
Let me hug her for her mother
Mary Ann
Maggie, the cows are in the clover
Maid of Monterey
Meek and lowly
May be you do, but I doubt it
Mother, I was not to blame
Mamma's baby boy
My heart's in the Highlands
Minstrel boy
Many changes have I seen
On the beach at Long Branch
Oh, how delightful
Out in the cold

Out of work
Pretty little Flora
Poor old Jeff
Put by for a rainy day
Poor old slave
Par excellence
Papa's coming, bye and bye
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Robert Emmet
Shells of ocean
She might have licked McCarty
Supposing
Somebody's mother—RECITATION
Song of the haymakers
Saturday night, when the barroom's full
Sunny hours of childhood
Sunshine will come again
Tell mother I die happy
That big beaver hat
Tidings of comfort and joy
There's millions in it
Three angel visitants
Tom Collins is my name
That's pretty good, what next
What shall we name the baby
Watcher
Wait 'till the bull-dog dies, Jennie
When Ireland has an army and navy
Will Watch [of her own
What do they care about that
What Norah said
You'll remember me
You'll never know a mother's love
[again

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 18.

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

A mark from my angel mother's shoe
A tress of baby's golden hair
A man to knock Sullivan out
Beauty of Limerick
Bring back my Bonnie to me
Barney, the lad from Kildare
Base ball—RECITATION
Boyne water
Bunch of shamrocks
Dreaming of the loved ones
Don't whisper no
Dear little duck of a girl
Dear harp of my country
Donnelly and Cooper
Dot stupporn pony—RECITATION
Death of Sarsfield
Day we went tobogganning
Farewell, farewell, my own true love
From the cradle to the grave
Give me back your smiles again
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
Hebrew clothing drummer
Huldy Ann, how is your mother
I owe ten dollars to O'Grady
It's all over now with the ladies
I forget
In the gloaming
I did it
It's funny what lager will do
Ireland's sword and shield
If we only had our way
Irish philosopher—RECITATION

Justine, you love me not
Kathleen, my darling
Killarney
Little boy blue
Little bright eyes watching for me
Live in my heart and pay no rent
Letter that came too soon
Little fishermaiden
Little stars won't tell
Larry's on the force—RECITATION
Limerick races
Lannigan's ball
My bewitching Nell
My daughter, Rachael
Mr. Levy's doter
Maid of Erin
Me be like Mellican man
My Nellie's blue eye
My cot beside the sea
My dear Savannah home [the hill
Never push a man when he's going down
Only an outcast, forsaken by all
Only a girl—RECITATION
Old black Joe
Out of the frying-pan into the fire
Over the hills and the valleys
Old village bum
Our stylish boarding house
Puzzled census-taker—RECITATION
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak
Pins and needles
Please spare that old home

Poor Robinson Crusoe
Pickin' on a harp
Puzzled Dutchman—RECITATION
Put on de golden sword
Poor old Ned
Rocky road to Dublin
Song that will never die
Song that reached my heart
Sheeny glazier
Song of all songs
Some day
Stand by your mother, Jack
Sally Jones, the cook
Ship that never returned
That's my girl
Three little maids from school (parody)
Talmage's "night side of life in New
Tickler [York"
There are friends that we never forget
Tim Finnigan's wake
There never was a coward where the
Where is Kathleen [shamrock grows
Will my Robin come again
When we ran with the old machine
What Biddy said in the police court—
Whole hog or none [RECITATION
Wearing of the green
Wild Irish boy
Walking mania
When Muldoon is mayor [got
Your mother's the best friend you've
Young man who used to live over the
[way

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 19.

CONTAINING 103 SONGS.

As I sat upon my dear old mother's
An American's toast [knee
A little knot of olue
A soldier to-night is our guest
A pretty little baby to dandle on your
A whiff of the pipe [knee
Broken playthings on the floor
Blue and the gray
Be kind to the motherless child
Boodle
Baby that never came
Constitution and Guerriere
Can Brigade
Carrie Lee—No. 1
Carrie Lee—No. 2
Drill, you terriers, drill [pany goes
Don't come in the parlor 'till the com-
Drinking with Daniel Maloney
Don't leave me, laddie
Dorkins' night
Dear Italian girl
Down by the old abbey ruin
Dude—RECITATION
Don't shut out the sunlight, mother
Don't take the children from me
Duncan Gray
Evicted
Fellow that plays the kazoo
French flats
Grandmother's garret
Gladiator—RECITATION
Gliding up the stream
Gilhooly's supper party
Grandpa's donkey
Hie away, ole Satan

Hello! bab-by
Honor thy father and mother
How sweet the name of mother
Hamlet's soliloquy on death—REC.
If the twinkling stars could tell
I'll be true, love, to you
Isn't that an awful shame
Ivy leaf
Irene, good night
I'll await your smiling face
I wonder what they're springing on us
I'm a jolly little fellow [now
Judge Duffy told me so
John L. Sullivan, the champion
Jumbo, the elephant
Kutchy, kutchy, coo
Keep your eye on it
Lullaby from "Erminie"
Little sister's gone to sleep
Letter from over the sea—No. 1
Letter from over the sea—No. 2
Mrs. Grogan's boy
My dad's dinner pail
My love's returned again
Mister Dooley's geese
Miller's song
Man who never tumbled
Ma's baby—RECITATION
Marguerite
My old Kentucky home
Maloney, the rolling mill man
Never to meet again
Nothing else
Old-fashioned cot in the lane
Our brave little Volunteer

Old doorstep
Only a blue bell
Orphan boy
One of the bravest
O'Hara, get the gag
One pair of black eyes
Piggy-back
Papa, come home to your darlings
Poor little newsgirl
Postal card that never came
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's daughter
Ring dat golden bell
Rock and Rye crazy [owi
Remember, you have children of you
Red-haired girl and the near-by whit
Sarah Jane's relations [horse
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all
Spray of four-leaved clover
Sailing home to Nell
Safely rocked in mother's arms
Steak that never came
Sour grapes
Side by side the old folks sleep
Sweet love, good-night to thee
Soldiers' song from "Erminie"
That's not English, you know
They all love Jack
They're not asleep
There's something in the cradle
Twenty years ago—RECITATION
What the dicky birds say
Wreck of the Alpina
You're born, but you're not buried ye

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No 20.

CONTAINING 110 SONGS.

Adam and Eve
Anchored
A sister's lullaby
At last
A scentless rose
All among the barley
Angels took mama
Bid me good-bye and go
Ballyhooley
Baby's footsteps on the sill
Baby show
Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
Black Maria, O
Bachelor's hall
Be sure you're right, then go ahead
Boys of the Bowery pit
Bring back my sailor boy
Brigade at Fontenoy
Click of the latch
Coon dat got de shake
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Do what de good book tells you
Don't do this and don't do that
Dear father, come down with the
Dick Darlin', the cobbler [stamps
Grandfather's darling
Good-night request
Glasses mother wore
Golden wedding—No. 1
Golden wedding—No. 2
Garryowen
Hail, Jerusalem, hail
Hail Columbia
Hear dem bells
Her wedding night
Hungry at somebody's door
High born liver Daniel

Hasten, sweet maiden, to me
Harp, or Ireland's resurrection
It's home, sweet home
I'll never have her back again
If the man in the moon could only
In a little fisher village [speak
I'll dance upon your grave
I never can forget you
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me
I likes a drop of good beer [so
I'm flying high
'Tis folly to be wise
Isht Mr. Dinglebender home
I've only been down to the club
Ketch on
Keyhole in the door
Let us part friends
Love, let your heart be faithful
Listen to my tale of woe
Little queen of May
Little darling, I'll be true
Letter that was written long ago
Let me die with my face to the foe
Lassie who loves but me
Let's make a little home for the old
My dear old Irish home [folks
Maple on the hill
Meet a coon to-night
Man, poor man
My little tot's high chair
Mother's locks of snow
Major Gilfeather
Many can help one
Man that struck O'Hara
My dandy cigarette
Old step stone
On Union Square

Only a rose from mother's grave
Oh! Mollie Grogan
Old and only in the way
Old Rosin, the bean
Red, white and blue
Rocking the baby
Remember mother's lessons when a
Sam Devere's dream [child
Star-spangled banner
Songs that we sing
Some day I'll wander back again
Sweet Jennie Bell
Sweet bye-and-bye
Slavery days
Some mother's boy
That doesn't go for a cent
True Irish hearts
There's no one like mother to me
Toboggan slide
Tell me you are mine
Two orphans
There was a jolly miller
Viva l'America
Virgin, only nineteen years old
Waiting, waiting, waiting
When his mother-in-law's at home
When yo' heah de big bell ring
When baby smiles in her sleep
Waiting at the window
When Nelly was raking the hay
Washington's grave
Widow in the cottage by the sea
Won't you dance with me, love
Washing-day
Wedlock is a ticklish thing
You'll hear the bells in the morning

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 21.

CONTAINING 93 SONGS.

Auld Lang Syne
Annie Laurie
A dark and roguish eye
Bring back my fisher boy
Big and little of it
Convict and the bird
Come, haste to the wedding
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 1
Carry me back to old Virginny—No. 2
Cat's meat man
Casey's boarding house
Come home, father
Don't run down the Irish
Dear little hands
Dotlet on the "i"
Dennis Grady's hack
Drinane Dhun
Drink to me only with thine eyes
Did he get there?
Day our mother died
Father's last words to me
Factory girl
Fish-ball musketeer
Father's come home
Gypey maid
Grandfather Brian
Hush, my baby Bunting
How happy I could be with either
Harbor lights
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Handy Andy
Hush! don't wake the baby
Henrietta Pye
Happy birds
His funeral's to-morrow
He's all right
I've paid the $10 to O'Grady
I wonder how long it will last?
If the waters could speak as they flow
I built a bridge of fancies
I hope it don't happen again
Is your mamma well?
I never saw a saw saw like this saw
I would't if I could [saws
Is marriage a failure?
Just arrived from Harrisburg
Judy McCarty
Jakey, de butcher boy
Kind, loving faces at home
Let baby sleep
Life in the army
Lawn tennis
Mother's letter
My soldier boy
Mistress Jinks, wife of Captain Jinks
Mill will never grind again with the
Madam Duvan [water that has passed
Man that knew the actors
New York Base Ball Club
Now I come to think of it
Never in the wide, wide world
Nancy
No, 'tis not true
Only a picture
O, whistle and I will come to you, my
Our own boy, Jack [lad
Over there
Old golden locket my mother used to
On board the Mary Jane [wear
Oh! write me a song of my father
Picture on the wall
Pictures of home
Paddy Whack
Pat and the priest
Razzle, dazzle
Songs I heard at home
She's waiting on the quay
Signor McStinger
Save enough to send for me
Saving it all for Mary
Ship on fire
Swiss boy
True as the stars above
That melody divine
Thy name was once the magic spell
With all her faults I love her still
When we sit in the President's chair
We've both been there before, many a
When the roses bloom in Spring [time
When the Springtime flowers bloom
Wait till the tide comes in
What a stunning pair of legs
Why do Summer roses fade?

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 22.

CONTAINING 96 SONGS.

Am I right?
Across the bridge he goes
All on account of a woman
Baby mine
'Neath the old maple tree
Blonde that never dyes
Broken pitcher
Baby's prayer
Bernard Reilly
Can you tell me the reason why?
Close to it
Cry baby, cry baby
Dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes
Don't let it worry you
Evening Telegram
Ella Rhee
Farewell, Marguerite
Finnegan's masquerade
Gently down the stream of time
Give me a man of honest heart
Good-bye, dearest heart
Growler that never came
Here lies an actor
Hannah's done stuck on a coon
Happy times passed and gone away
He's all right when you know him
How much would you give to find
Harp of the wild wind [out?—Rec.
I do feel so awfully loose
I will return again
I'd like to be a swell
If I were a millionaire
I left my love
I was it it, fairly in it
I doubt if it ever occurs
Jamsetjhee
Just a little
Kerrigan's masquerade
Let it be soon
List to the convent bells
List'ning for his coming step
Little ones at home
Larboard watch
Little maid of Arcadee
List to the thrush
My last cigar
Magee's back yard
McGinty, king of the rink
Molly Flynn
Mister Nobody
McMullen, the squire
Mrs. McCarty's party
My Maggie
Must we forever part?
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Near it
Oh, let it be soon
Old cabin home
Old love and the new
Once was enough for him
Old Granite State [grave
Put a headstone over poor mother's
Pig's head wid cabbage and praties
Raffle for Monaghan's stove
Save a sunny smile for me
Something a woman can do
Scissors grinder
Sally in our alley
Such an education has my Mary Ann
Spare the old homestead
Scanlan's swing song
Sweet love, be true to me
Sheriff's sale
Tootsy Wootsy
To be there
Terrance McMullin
Terrible tragedy
There isn't a law to prevent it
That innocent kid
Turn down the light
That's where the laugh comes in
Two lovely black eyes
Uncle Jeff's return
Villain never harmed her
What did they ever do to get there?
We've both been there before, many a
Waiting [time (Sam Devere's,
World is coming to an end
Where mother is, is home
When mother puts the little ones to
Where's the white horse? [bed
Women of the day
Won't you buy my pretty flowers
Where did you get that hat?
You and I, love
You'll have to be up to the times

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 23.

CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Actors dream
As long as the world goes round
A stitch in time saves nine
Barney's courtship
Be-eutiful Bill
Bully old horse
Call me darling once again
Ching, ching
Casey at the bat—Recitation
Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret?
Doncherknow
Down upon the banks of Tennessee
Day I first played ball
Did you ever hear a girl say nu?
Elly Mavourneen
From the source to the sea
Grandfather's clock
Give 'em string and let 'em went
Girl of the period
Go to sleep my baby girl
Gal what I calls mine
Good old friends of my youth
Hello! Riley
Hello, sweet "49!"
He went glimming
He's in the asylum now
Hodman's lament
Hattie May
I'm a chapple from over the wattah
I cannot see where it comes in
Ill-gifted ring
I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
I do not watch alone
Immenseikoff; or, the central toff
I love him more than I can say
I'll come back, my darling, to thee
Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown
Jack won't forget you
Kate's secret
Killaloe
Kathleen Mavourneen
Let each man learn to know himself
Later on, later on
Last sweet words of mother
My pretty red rose
My favorite, my queen
My heart is sad to-day
Mariner's daughter
Michael Dwyer
Mud Run disaster
Martha, the milkman's daughter
Meet me in the lovely twilight
Mr. Bob Fubbs; or, the love chase
Milwaukee Fire
McNally's row of flats
Never encourage the men
Nancy Lee
Nobody knows
Old hats and rags
O'Donnell, the avenger
Oh, if I had some one who'd love me
On yonder rock reclining
On the sea
Old musician and his harp
Postage stamp flirtation
Pretty little pigs in clover
Prodigal son
Paddy Shay
Sweet forget-me-not
Sandy-haired Mary in our area
See that my grave's kept green
She danced like a fairy
Spare that old mud cabin
Sam Devere's latest
Song I'll ne'er forget
Since Kate learnt how to play
Since my daughter plays on the type-
Sweet rose of dawn [writer
Some girls do, and some girls don't
Snowy strands among the jet
They cannot keep the working girls
Tilt skirt [down town
There's no such girl as mine
Tit for tat
True as the stars that are shining
Travelling man from Boston
What a fool you would be to believe her
Where was Moses when the light went
Whoa, Emma! [out?
When the robins nest again (parody)
When Jamie comes over the sea
When other friends are round me
We've a million in the field
We'll raise de roof to-night
Wreck of the "City of Columbus"

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 24.

CONTAINING 104 SONGS.

A mother's appeal to her boy
An orphan
A lady in love
A Buddhist soldier's grave
Adieu, dear friends, adieu
At the golden gate
Bonny Mae
Bell buoy
Blind mother
Buy a broom
Brooklyn tragedy
Banks of the Schuylkill
Barbary Ellen
Broadway swell and Brooklyn belle
Champion of the world
Calling me back to the old home
Charles Guiteau's confession
Chestnut broke my heart
Colonel Sharp
Chinaman washeeman
Don't believe all that you hear
Down where we roamed together
Don't be angry, mother
Down went McGinty
Don't say one thing and mean an-
Discarded lover [other
Dying soldier of Cerro Gordo
Gintleman from Kildare
Green linnet
Green willow tree
Green fellow
Hanki Panki; or the girl from China
Harp without the crown
He gets there just the same
Haul de wood nile down
How I got even with O'Grady
Have you seen my girl?
In the eye abides the heart
Irish spree
I'm sorry it ever occurred
Ireland for the Irish
It's funny what girls will do
I'm just beginning to like you
I wish I were single again
Independent lovers
Irish girl
I had nothing else to do
Johnstown flood
Jeanie with the light brown hair
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our
Just a little sunshine, No. 2 [home
Keep this flow'ret for my my sake
King and poet—Recitation
Love, Henry
Little empty stockings
Let us raise a row to-night
Little old sod shanty
Let me shake the hand that shook the
Little girl [hand of Sullivan
Loss of his dear
Life let us cherish
My Johnny was a shoemaker
My sailor girl
Mackafee's confession
Mill boy
My own true love
Nancy Downy
Not that I wish to say anything wrong
Nearing the harbor
No home to shelter her
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Over the banister
Ould plaid shawl
Old tobacco box
Oregon boys
Palms
People I have met
Polly Gold
Pure testimony
Sailor boy
Send that wagon home, John
Sweet William
Shakespeare's seven ages of man
Sighing for thee
Snow angels
Slavery's passed away
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have
Slide, Kelly, slide [my life
Song of the dying emigrant
Skating on one in the gutter
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Seventeen and twenty sweethearts
Those lovely Brooklyn girls
Tennessee boys
Two on earth and two in heaven
There's no place like home
Unfortunate lovers
Where did you get that face?
When the pansies droop and die
When my little one's asleep
World and his wife
What a wonderful world it would be
You can imagine the rest
Young man's warning

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S. W. Cor. Franklin & Vine Sts.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 25.

WEHMAN'S TEN CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 27. Containing 104 Songs.

WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 25.

CONTAINING 111 SONGS.

Are you with us, Casey?
A high old time
A curl from baby's head
Ask a policeman
Aunt Jemima's Courtship—RECITATION
At it every minute in the day
Angel's ladder
Bold Irish soldier
Bowld sojer boy
Bolivar blues
By-and-by you'll forget me
Blacksmith's story—RECITATION
Beautiful language
Banty Jim—RECITATION
Chump! or, they did me up
Casey's wife
Charming Kate
Don't you believe it, dear boys
Down on the farm
Darkest hours are just before the dawn
Dying cowboy
Drop a nickel in the slot
Don't leave me, laddie
Dip me in de golden sea
Down where the violets grow
Emmet's farewell to his true love
Flippity flop young man
Green above the red
Golden ring
Get on the funny walk
Good advice
He never deserted a friend
Husband's dream
Hurdy-gurdy man
Home, sweet home
Hooroo for Casey!
I am king over the land and the sea
Irish love letters
If I was home again
It's one too many for me
It couldn't occur in New York
I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
I'm going to be married
Kill or cure
King of the swells
Lamentation of Gen. James Shields
Lady of Knock
Land of potatoes, oh
Little Annie Rooney
Long ago! long ago!
Lizzie Schmitt
Leave that old cradle to me
Lilac
My good-looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high hat
Married life, No. 2
Maginnis' raffle
My name is Charles Livingston Brown
Monarch of the woods
My love is a mountaineer
My sailor boy, Tom
Michael Slather's spree
M-O-N E-Y
My Hat
McGinty's wake
Miller of the Dee
Night that Larry got wed
Nellie, the sailor's pride
Not too much, but just enough
No. 4, second floor
Now you're talking
Old boss Barry
O'Riley, the fisherman
Oh, doubting heart, hope on
Old playground
Old family album
One hundred and eighty-ninth street
Old Sunday dinner
Open thy lattice
Pretty Sarah
Paddy Miles
Paddy at the theatre
Pick up your duds and go
Pretty one, sleep
Paddle for the golden shore
Paddy and his sweet potheen
River Roe
Ragged Pat
She'll be mine, bye-and-bye
Same old walk
Say, won't you come out and play?
Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
Stars and stripes [singer
She told me I was dreaming
Sitting on de golden fence
Strike the iron while it's hot
Sunday school scholar
That sinner, Betsy
Three leaves of shamrock
There's a mother waits for thee
Teddy Regan's swarie
That rogue, Reilly
Thanksgiving at the old home
There is a tavern in the town
Two glasses—RECITATION
Waiting to hear the verdict
When Johnny gets his gun
Why don't they do so now?
Waltzingham McSweeney
When Ireland belongs the Irish again
You are a little too small young man

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WEHMAN'S 10-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 26.

CONTAINING 99 SONGS.

Annie Rooney's Sister
A True Little Heart and a True Little Arrow and the Song [Home
Another Good Man Gone Wrong
A Treasure More Precious Than Gold
Birdie Was So Young
Blow the Bellows, Blow
Barney, Dear Barney, I'm Thinking of Coon Dat Carried de Razor [You
Down Went Resonsky
Drifting Away
Der Oak and Der Vine—RECITATION
Dear Old Village School
Don't You See the Bright Light?
Diver
Every Inch a Sailor
Farewell, Dear Heart, Farewell
Faces
Garfield's Grave
Getting the Pigs in Clover
Get On to That Bouquet
Globe-Trotting Nellie Bly
Hunt the Buffalo
High License
Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn
Hannah, Get the Broom
Hi, Jenny! Ho, Jenny Johnson!
He's on the Police Force Now
I Say, Mike
Is That So?
I Really Can't Sit Down
I'll Be All Smiles To-night, Love
I'se Gwine Back to Dixie
I'll Paralyze the Man That Says
I'm a Cousin to Parnell [McGinty
I Love You All
Irishman of To-day
It Used to be Proper, but it Don't Go
I don't Know [Now
John Sullivan, My Jo!—RECITATION
Jack's Claim to Poll
Kearsarge and Alabama
Katie Molloy
Lady of Late
Little Annie Kelly
Left Alone
Little Family
Mamma's Baby Boy
Matzoths That Are Framed Upon the
My Inconstancy [Wall
Man That Knows It All
Molly
Moses in Ireland
Meeting of the Waters
Mother's Locket
Mr. Pat Mahone
Mrs. Brady's Daughter
Mulhaley on Baseball—RECITATION
Old Street Lamp
Oh My! How We Pose
One Wide River to Cross
Only as Far as the Gate
Only to See Her Face Again
Old Wooden Rocker
O'Brannigan Fusileers
Old, Old Farm
Plum Pudding
Pretty Polly
Poor Little Joe
Pat and His Little Brown Mare
Perry's Victory
Paddies Evermore
Painter of Seville—RECITATION
Pilot
Playmates
Rootity-toot, She Plays the Flute
Rock Dat Ship in de Morning
She Framed That Loving Picture of
Sinners, Take Warning [Her Boy
Seven Ages of Man
Say! Have You Seen O'Houlihan?
Shacob's Lament—RECITATION
Sweet Chiming Bells
Since Casey Runs the Flat
Song for Me
Songs My Mother Sang
Steve O'Donnell's Wake
She's My Heart's Delight
Safe in the Harbor
Ship That Carries Me Home
That's the Way the Story Goes
That's an Old Gag with Me
That's My Boy
Those Single Days of Old
William Owens
Wrestle of the Cats—RECITATION
We've All Had 'Em
White Wings Colored Club
Young Henry

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WEHMAN'S TEN-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No 27---Containing 104 Songs.

Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's Bean
As Sweet As Any Flower
A Trooper's the Pride of the Ladies
Blackbird
Bald-Headed Man—RECITATION
Brown Kept One
Beautiful Thoughts Linger Near Me
Breach of Promise Case
Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck
Brighter Days Will Come Again
Bum with the Terrible Gaul
Charleston Blues
Charcoal Man—RECITATION
Cawn't Do It, You Know
Come Where the Lilies Bloom
Coons' Christmas Dinner
Climb Up, Ye Chillun, Climb!
Dan Maloney Is the Man
Don't Leave Grandmother Now She Is
Dagoe Banana Peddler, [Old
Drum-Major of Schneider's Band
Dreaming of Mother
Drink Up, Boys
Death of Eva
Down by the Deep, Sad Sea
Dear Old Nursery Rhymes
Eva to Her Papa
Flirting in the Twilight
Golly, Ain't I Wicked?—No. 2
Hello! John Maloney
He Got It Again
Hogan's Flat
His Last Song
I'm Leaving Now the Old Folks
I Never Drink Behind the Bar
It Ain't Going to Happen in '90
I've Had 'Em All
I Left Ireland and Mother because We
I Think So, Don't You? [Were Poor
I Remember, I Remember
John Cope, or the Battle of Preston
Just Wait and See Maguire,
Kiss Just Once Again
Little Red Caboose Behind the Train
Little Topsy's Song
Mountain Dew
Muldoon with His New Overcoat
Market on Saturday Night
Masher
McCormick's Mule
McGinty's Back Again
My Love Remains the Same
Massa's in de Cold Ground
Masks and Faces
Maggie Darrow's Welcome
My Boyhood's Home
McGinty, the Ladies' Pride
Now, That's What I Think, Don't
Nancy, My Jewel [You?
New Church Organ—RECITATION
Old Feather Bed
Out of the Old Home Into the New
One I Love
Ossian's Serenade
Oh, Girly-Girly!
Oh! Mamma, Buy Me That
Only a Year
Paddy Duffy's Cart
Pretty Little Irish Queen
Parody on—
A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss
Baby and I
Call Me Back Again
Flag (The)
Lay Me on the Hillside
Over the Garden Wall
Sailing, Sailing
Patrick Michael McNally
Pretty Little Dark-Blue Eyes
Picture of My Baby on the Wall
Romping in the Clover
Remember Your Father and Mother
Salvation Army, Oh!
Sleep, Mother, Sleep
Sunshine Follows Rain
She's Just a Sweet Bouquet
Save My Brother's Whiskers from the
So Was Mine [Pail
Save My Father's Picture from the Sale
She Wants to Have Her Name Above
Sadie Ray [the Door
Song that Breaks My Heart
There Goes McManus
Throw Him Down, McCloskey
Tripping O'er the Hills
To My Sorrow
That Kiss of Long Ago
Uncle Tom's Religion
Up Comes McGinty
When the Sea Gives Up Its Dead
When I Saw Sweet Nelly Home
We Have Lived and Loved Together
You Were False, but I'll Forgive You
You Bet He Won't Try It Again

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WEHMAN'S TEN-CENT SONG COLLECTION, No. 28---Containing 126 Songs.

A Soldier Is My Beau
Amber Tresses Tied in Blue
A Bad-a, Tough Man
Answered
A Baby Adrift at Sea
A Sailor's Last Good-Bye
Along the Kansas Line
All that Glitters Is Not Gold
Black Wedding
Bald-Headed Man
Beggar Child's Amen
Boys and Girls
Blind Man's Trouble
Bramble Brier
Brennen on the Moor
Come Back to Your Children and Me
Come, Have a Smile with Me
Chevy Chase
Court-House in de Sky
Darling Nelly Gray
Dreaming Near the Hearth
Dreaming as She Sleeps
Don't Touch Baby's Grave
Do They Think of Me at Home
Erin, Mavourneen
Fair Columbia
Flag of the Free
Goblins in the Church-yard
Geraldine
Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye
Gilhooley's Violet Tea
Good-Night, Ladies
Good-Bye at the Door
Go Button Your Vest
Have You Seen Me Uncle Mickey?
Have You Seen Tim Casey?
Happy Hours
Her Tears Drifted Out with the Tide
Helping Katie o'er the Brook
Hal-l-l-lelujah
Howard's Cradle Song
I Never Liked O'Ragen
I Whistle and Wait for Katie
I Love You Best of All
It's the Only Bit of Comfort I've Got
I Wonder if There's Some One Who
I Was Dreaming [Loves Me
It's a Good Thing McCarthy Wasn't
I Miss Thee, My Mother [There
I'll Remember You, Love, in My Pray-
I Won't Be a Nun [ers
I've No Mother, Now I'm Weeping
James and Nancy
Jennie, the Flower of Kildare
Just Think of Your Mother
Juanita
Kelly's New Spring Pants
Kelley's Dream—RECITATION
Locking the Stable-door
Last Rose of Summer
Learning McFadden to Waltz
Love Lives Forever
Martha Jane Green
McMillan's Superstitions
My Little Nell
Maud Muller—RECITATION
McNally's Wicked Wife
Married? Nixey!
Matinee Brigade
My Little Four-Leaf Shamrock from
My Pretty Sunday Girl [Glennore
Marfa's Wedding Day
Mary of the Wild Moor
Molly Bawn
My Little One's Waiting for Me
Mother Kissed Me in My Dream
Night Maloney Landed in New York—
No Room [Parody
Nigger and the Bee
No Father, No Mother, No Home
Nothing to Wear
Of Course We Ought to Know, We
Only a Little Wand'rer [Were There
Oh, What Has Changed You?
Oh! Dar's but Little Consolation
Postman's Story
Parrot and the Parson
Pit-ti-pat, Patter, the Little Feet Go
Picking Cherries Down the Lane
Poor, but a Gentleman Still
Porters on a Pullman Train
Patrick Sheehan
Play Ball
Rose of Tralee
Reilly's Cutlet Hall
Roses Underneath the Snow
Rock of Ages
Seashore
Spider and the Fly
Spider and the Fly—No. 2
Song My Mother Used to Sing
Sam Bass
Since Maggie Learned to Sing
Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesto—REC.
She Gave Me a Pretty Red Rose
Song for Me
Sweet Genevieve
Slave's Dream
Three American Jacks
That Is Love
Twelve Months Ago To-Night
Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone
Take This Letter to My Mother
Tim Macarthy's Daughter
That's Swell, Awf'ly Swell
That's Love, You Know
That's Always the Way with You
They Never Told a Lie [Boys
Upper Ten and Lower Five
Up Went Mrs. Murphy
Virginia Rosebud
Vacant Chair
Wreck of the Life-Boat
When the Clock Strikes Ten
You Can't Play That on Me
You've Been a Friend to Me

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SONGS

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517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the sealskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lanigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon
547 Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Flaherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Nell McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven out
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack [hallelujah)
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen Dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you got served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things [old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 He's a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tackled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that I ever returned
713 Why did they bring ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the type
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dream of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Ace on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glennore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 100
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile
904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lee
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castleber boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and hisson
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I own to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland [knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry [parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fisharmaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

ALL BACK NUM

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MY BEWITCHING NELL.

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Look yonder, where the laughing babbling brook
Skips o'er the pebbles like a fairy,
There stands a little cot, a lovely nook,
The finest on the prairie,
The shades of evening linger when they meet,
To weave a spell around this bower,
Where dwells a blue-eyed maiden, pure and sweet,
The fairest prairie flower;
I love her, I love her, my secret I must tell.
My bewitching Nell.

Around the lattice creeps the blushing rose,
The ivy to the wall is clinging,
Beneath the roof the birds, in sweet repose,
Their lays of love are singing:
I see the blushing roses come and go,
I feel the twining ivy tremble,
I hear the lays of love, I see the glow
That can no more dissemble;
She loves me, she loves me, my secret I must tell,
My bewitching Nell

The little stars are twinkling on their way,
The moon moves on in silent splendor,
The zephyrs with my darling's ringlets play,
And whisper words so tender;
I watch the zephyrs in their airy flight,
I kiss those golden, flowing tresses,
I see two little stars so pure and bright,
My love her love confesses,
I'm happy, I'm happy, no words my joy can tell,
My bewitching Nell.

Only an Outcast, Forsaken by All.

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"Only an outcast," she wanders along,
Shrinking away from the hurrying throng;
Hungry and cold with her heart in despair,
Sighing to lay down her burden of care.
Far from the home that she once made so bright,
Far from the mother who weeps o'er her blight,
Sadly she wanders while night shadows fall,—
Only an outcast, forsaken by all!

CHORUS.

Only an outcast, a poor homeless outcast,
Alone in her sorrow while night shadows fall,—
Nobody near her, to comfort or cheer her,
She's "only an outcast, forsaken by all!"

Lonely and sad by the wayside she roams,
Gleaming around her are bright happy homes;
Music and laughter sound sweet on the air,
Telling of joy that she never can share.
Once she was fair as the roses of May,
"Sunbeam of gladness," they call'd her each day,—
Joys of the past, now how vain to recall!
Only an outcast, forsaken by all!—*Chorus.*

Only an outcast, yet warm in her breast
Still beats a kind heart, where love made its nest;
Still, as she hears now the sweet vesper bell,
Hope's gentle angel within seems to dwell.
Close by the belfry she rests on her way,
Whispering softly: "I'll weep not, but pray!"
Then to her heart comes a Friend in her fall—
God helps the outcast, forsaken by all!—*Chorus.*

Speaking of doughnuts, an exchange says the quickest way to digest them is to eat only the hole and throw the rest away. Despite this suggestion, the whole of the doughnut will be eaten, as usual.—*Norristown Herald.*

Give Me Back Your Smiles Again.

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Tho' the words of pain were spoken,
And I wander'd from your side;
Tho' each tender link was broken,
Yet my love I cannot hide!
Still your image comes to cheer me,
To forget is all in vain!
Like some angel linger near me,—
Give me back your smiles again!
Oh, the world to me is lonely,
And my life one dream of pain;
'Tis of you I think of only,
Give me back your smiles again!

When the flow'rs of summer perish,
Still I think of one sweet flow'r,
That you bade me fondly cherish,
In dear hope's enchanted hour!
Tho' your gift long since has faded,
Tell me not that love can wane!
Let the clouds depart that shaded,—
Give me back your smiles again!
Never more my heart shall doubt you,
Let the past be not in vain;
Life can ne'er be life without you,—
Give me back your smiles again!

WILL MY ROBIN COME AGAIN?

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When we parted in our sorrow
Where the wavelets danced in glee,
Still I'm watching for the morrow
When he'll come again to me!
By the billows fondly straying
Till the sunsets tranquil wane,
Days are flying, while I'm sighing,
Will my Robin come again?

CHORUS.

Ah! will my Robin come again,
O'er the dark and weary main?
Oh, what joy to me his face to see!
Will my Robin come again?

All the summer days have faded,
And the skies are dull and drear;
But the sadness that has shaded
Would depart if he were here!
Bird of ocean, swiftly winging
'Mid the tempest and the rain,
Linger near me, come to cheer me,
Will my Robin come again?—*Chorus.*

Tho' the billows sadly saver,
Yet I know he's true to me;
And my heart is true forever
To my darling o'er the sea!
Still I'm waiting, weary watching!
Oh, the sadness and the pain!
Straying lonely, sighing only,
Will my Robin come again?—*Chorus.*

The straight and narrow path is a difficult thing to keep in the rural districts after a heavy snow-fall.—*Puck.*

A rose by any other name would smell as well, but its price would probably increase 50 per cent.—*Merchant Traveller.*

The United States Treasury Department uses 18,000 towels a month. The department ought to have a pretty clean record, then.—*Boston Post.*

There is an old proverb which says: "It makes all the difference as to which end of a horn comes foremost." The same might be said with triple emphasis of the hornet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

I OWE $10 TO O'GRADY.

Copyright, 1887, by M. A. Kennedy.

CAUTION:—All persons are warned from publishing this song under penalty of the law HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song Publisher, 130 Park Row, New York City, has the exclusive right to publish the words of my Songs.—HARRY KENNEDY.

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I lost my situation twelve months ago to-day,
The *divil* a stroke I've done from then till now;
They had me on half wages, I struck for better pay,
They fired me out before I raised a row.
A bran new suit I'd ordered, from a tailor on our block,
I bought it on the new installment plan;
I paid him just five dollars, that left me owing ten,
Pat O'Grady was the little tailor man.

CHORUS.

I owe ten dollars to O'Grady,
You'd think he had a mortgage on my life;
He calls to see me early ev'ry morning,
At night he sends his wife.
He tried to have me pawn my girl's piano,
I think O'Grady has a dreadful gall;
Unless he wants to wait, I'll rub it off the slate,
And divil a cent he'll ever get at all.

A week ago last Sunday I walked around the block,
To get a pint of German lager beer;
O'Grady stood there drinking a glass of rye and rock,
I thought at once he acted rather queer,
He said I was a blackguard. I said he was the same,
He struck me, then we rolled upon the floor;
I whipped him in five minutes, O'Grady wasn't game,
As he walked away I couldn't help but roar;—*Chorus.*

Little Bright Eyes Watching for Me.

Copyright, 1887, by W H. Ewald & Bro.

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Little bright eyes at the window,
Watch for me with glances bright;
How I love to see them shining,
Fairer than the orbs of night
Peeping out with glance of welcome.
Fondly beaming when I come,
Little bright eyes at the window,
Starry beacons of my home!

CHORUS.

Watching for me, watching for me,
Fondly beaming when I come,
Little bright eyes at the window,
Starry beacons of my home!

Little bright eyes at the window,
Charm away each cloud of care;
Though the day be dark and dreary,
Life to me grows ever fair.
Like the dewdrops to the roses,
Cheering them at morning's gleam,
Oh, my heart is filled with gladness,
When those eyes upon me beam!—*Chorus.*

Little bright eyes at the window,
How my heart would miss their glow,
If they shone no more to greet me,
If their glance no more I'd know!
How I long with joy to meet them
When the cares of day are o'er;
Deep within my heart they're beaming,
Fadeless still forever more!—*Chorus.*

—Judge—"You were caught in the act of taking a valuable fur out of a shop window. This has occurred several times before now. Do you admit having committed these robberies?" Prisoner—"Well, Your Honor, you see I have had an influenza for the last few days, and my doctor recommended me to take something warm every morning."—*Le Grelot.*

A Tress of Baby's Golden Hair.

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I hold unto my lips one treasure
That brings to me the golden past!
It still recalls the days of pleasure,
Ere sorrow's cloud was o'er us cast.
Again I see a face so smiling,
Again I hear a laugh so fair!
Still dear to me, each care beguiling,
My tress of baby's golden hair!

CHORUS.

Oh, fondly forever I treasure
This loving tress so soft and fair!
It brings me back the days of pleasure,
My tress of baby's golden hair!

Those tiny feet are still forever,
And yet I hear them in my dreams;
How sad and weary 'twas to sever
My heart from hope's entrancing beams!
Oh, shining link that's ever binding,
My thoughts to yonder land so fair;
Of joys now dead 'tis still reminding,
This tress of baby's golden hair!—*Chorus,*

I think of one who slowly faded,
As roses fade beneath the blast!
Of lives that evermore are shaded
And live but in the happy past.
No treasure to my heart is nearer,
I'll keep it still with tender care;
As years go by it grows still dearer,
This tress of baby's golden hair!—*Chorus.*

Dreaming of the Loved Ones.

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Dreaming of the loved ones while the shadows fall,
Olden faces linger, now mem'ry will recall,
Scenes of happy childhood come before me now,
Mother's gentle kisses sweet fall upon my brow!

REFRAIN.

Happy dreams! happy dreams
Visions of beauty my heart now thrill!
Happy dreams! happy dreams!
Oh let me dream of the loved ones still!

Dreaming of the loved ones;—oh the happy past!
Sweet the ray of sunshine bright o'er my pathway cast!
Like the song of angels come their words to me,
When the twilight gathers dim over land and sea!—*Refrain.*

Dreaming of the loved ones gone from earth afar!
Oh, the joy to wander now where the dear ones are!
Gentle voices falling charm away my pain,
Hope still whispers soft and low, we shall meet again!—*Refrain*

—If there is anything in a name the masher ought to see with pulverize.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—When the Emperor of Germany takes off his crown after wearing the weapon for several hours, the people can see the crown prints.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—Old Gentleman (calling down the stairs)—"Clara, didn't I hear that young man go just now?" Daughter—"Yes, papa, you heard him go to the cellar for more coal."—*Epoch.*

—One hears a good deal nowadays about the necessity of having a "pull" to secure preferment; but it is as true to-day as it has been for years, that the dentist is the only one whose worldly success absolutely depends upon a good pull.—*Boston Budget.*

THAT'S MY GIRL.

Copyright, 1886, by Isidore Prager.

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Ah! that's my girl who sitteth yonder,
Within a mansion o'er the way,
And as I muse and silent ponder,
Each weary care is lead astray.
Her queenly form I see before me,
Her gentle eyes with beauty gleam,—
And do I sleep, or am I waking,
Her face doth haunt me like a dream.
Ah! that's my girl who sitteth yonder,
The summer sun shines thro' her hair;
And ev'ry night and ev'ry hour
I breathe a silent tender prayer.

CHORUS.

Ah! that's my girl who sitteth over yonder,
Dreaming the happy, the happy hours away;
Sweet sunny days, oh! linger with her ever,
And shelter my darling, my loved one for aye!

Ah! that's my girl, I see her yonder,
With queenly gait she cometh nigh,
A lovely maid in comely raiment,
And with a lustrous tender eye.
No wealth of robe nor jewel'd garment
Bedecks her form of nature's mould,
Her beauty rare, her auburn ringlets
Outvie the wealth of gold untold.
Ah! she's my girl who cometh yonder,
So sweet and grand beyond degree;
And do I dream, or am I waking,
There's not a one so fair as she.—*Chorus.*

DON'T WHISPER NO.

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Don't whisper "No!" birds wait for thee,
Out in the woodland so bright,
Where first we met, wander with me,—
Bring once again to my heart delight!
Here 'mid the roses love spoke its vow,
Queen of them all, I would speak once again,
Ere twilight closes, haste to me now,
Come ere the glories of summer shall wane.
Birds are calling, and night is falling,
In dreams thou'rt near me wherever I go,
Still I'm lonely to see thee only,
My rose, my lily, don't whisper "no!"

Don't whisper "No!" stars beam afar,
Why, dear one, linger so long?
Sadly I wait, thou art my star,
Love is the theme of the night-bird's song.
Soon leaves will wither, flowerets decay,
Tell me thy love will not fade like the flow'rs,
Winter comes hither, joys melt away,—
Say thou'lt be mine thro' life's weariest hour!
Love will meet thee, and kisses greet thee,
Ah, how I long for thy voice sweet and low!
Still I'm lonely to see thee only;
My rose. my lily, don't whisper "no!"

—"Der vhay of him was like dis," he said in explanation to his friends. "Der proker says if I puys wheat at eighty-two cents and he goes oop, I can't help but make some money; so I puys him." "But wheat went down." "Oxactly. Der proker forgot to tell me dot if wheat went down, I lose; but I knows better next time. I haf some experience."

—Young wife—"How awful! The paper says a young man who had only been married three months went to his room and committed suicide." Young husband—(with affected interest)—"Eh? How?" "He hanged himself with his suspenders." "Well, I suppose his buttons were all off and he hadn't any other use for suspenders."

Pretty Little Tommy With a Squeak

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

One afternoon as down the street I rambled,
My attention was attracted by a crowd
Of people, who with open mouths were list'ning
To some language, which to me seemed very loud;
It issued from a chap upon the corner,
A fellow who was overstocked with cheek,
He'd a little rubber toy which he was selling,
And he said it was a "Tommy with a squeak."

SPOKEN—He pulled a string, causing the little rubber toy to move its arms and legs in a ridiculous manner, and at the same time to utter a very peculiar little squeak; then the gentleman would turn round to his audience and say—

CHORUS.

Will you buy a little Tommy with a squeak, squeak, squeak?
Pull it for a week, it will squeak, squeak, squeak;
Buy a little Tommy with a squeak, squeak, squeak,
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak.

I purchased one, it was so very funny
That I couldn't keep it hidden out of sight,
At home we had a little boy in trousers,
Who had suffering been and crying all the night;
And I found the cause of all his youthful sorrow
Was, he'd had the stomache-ache for near a week,
But he laughed so loud, the pain at once departed,
When I let him take the "Tommy with a squeak."
Will you buy a little Tommy with a squeak, &c.

For some time I have sojourned in this city,
And of course I have been looking out for fun,
I've desired with the girls to get acquainted,
But they "turn me the cold shoulder"—every one;
There is one by whom I have been captivated,
And though to gain her notice I did seek,
She somehow frowned on all of my advances,
Till I bought a little "Tommy with a squeak!"

SPOKEN—I called on her last Sunday evening, the servant announced me. I made a very elaborate bow and said "Good evening, Sophronia." She turned up her nose at me and sat down in the corner. I made up my mind I had got to catch her some way, I walked over to where she was sitting, took the little rubber toy from my pocket and pulled the string. That settled the whole business, she laughed very heartily and as she clutched the little rubber toy she said—
Darling little Tommy with a squeak, &c.

Now advice in this matter I will give you,
And I'm certain you will find it true indeed,
If you try, and cannot win a girl's affections,
Buy a little rubber toy, and you'll succeed;
For if when to plead your cause you would endeavor,
Should the lady blush and hang her head so meek,
She'll quickly smile and whisper yes so sweetly,
If you buy a little "Tommy with a squeak!"

SPOKEN—If you are in love with some charming young girl and she fails to notice you, all that is necessary to gain her affections is to do just exactly as I done—
Go and buy a little Tommy with a squeak, &c.

—A Burlington teacher told one of her boys that the next time he wrote a composition there must be some point to it. The subject of his next disquisition was "Needles."

—Wife—"A box came to-day, John, addressed to you." Husband—"Did you open it?" Wife—"No." Husband—"Well, I wish you had. It may be one of those dinged infernal machines."

—In a dry goods store, New York. Lady—"Have you undressed kids?" Salesman—"Sh! not so loud, ma'am, if you please. Yes, we have them; but Anthony Comstock might drop in on us at any moment. We can't be too careful, you know."

—Brown—"How long does it take you to go from the bridge to your new place in Brooklyn, Robinson?" Robinson (late of New York)—"By the elevated road, fifteen minutes." Brown—"And how long on foot?" Robinson—"About ten minutes."

It's All Over Now With the Ladies.

Sung with great success by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I grieve to relate, I've bad news for the girls,
No longer they'll capture the Viscounts and Earls;
Each night at a swellish Fifth Avenue 'PUB,'
Meet the members and heads of the Bachelors' Club.
Monsieur de la Rue, whose wife treated him bad,
In starting the club laid out all that he had;
Married men, single men, at the chambers abound,
And they swear while the founder is standing drinks round.

CHORUS.

It's all over now with the ladies,
It's all over now with the girls,
They've treated the men
Rather rough now and then,
And the fellows declare
That they'll stand it no longer,
It's all over now with the ladies,
For Marquises, Viscounts and Earls,
Have sworn on the spot,
To get rid of the lot,
Of the poor little unhappy girls.

They've billiards and pool, banker, gribbage and whist,
To amuse all the members, of games they've a list,
They've taken an oath, and they've solemnly sworn,
If a lady comes near 'em, they'll treat her with scorn.
No man is allowed in the club to take part,
Unless he's been jilted and broken his heart;
Their waiters are males, and their barmaids are men,
And the members have voted again and again.—*Chorus.*

To picnics and parties they never repair,
In case they should meet with a young lady there,
To elude and escape them, they constantly try,
For they can't stand the wink of a feminine eye.
If a lady should say, "I am fainting, young man,"
They leave her to get around the best way she can,
To coax or to kiss, would be breaking the laws,
And so no member thinks of the darlings, because—*Chorus.*

Good gracious alive, what's this? Charles, dear friend,
The bachelors' club has just come to an end,
To-day de la Rue got the toast nice and brown,
Though the breakfast got cold, not a member came down.
He went up to see if they lingered in bed,
Astounded, he found every member had fled,
The beds were all empty, and all he could scan,
Was a note on each pillow, and here's how it ran:

CHORUS.

We've had to go back to the ladies,
We've had to go back to the girls,
We dreamt in the night
That our wives were in sight,
And we made up our minds
That we'd leave them no longer;
We went and gave in to the ladies,
And fell on our knees to the girls,
We're with them again,
And we mean to remain
With the dear little, sweet little girls.

—"Yes," said a fresh girl at a show, "I know my beau goes out between acts, but he's nice and never drinks anything but a cup of coffee, because I can always smell it as plain as day, and I know the smell of coffee from beer or whisky, if I am a little bit green." It is a very happy thing for a young man to have a girl's confidence.

—It was a colored preacher who said to his flock: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for de glory of heaven whichever one stole Mr. Jones' turkeys las' Thanksgivin' don't put anything on the plate." The result was that every blessed nigger in the church came down with the rocks.

—"An unfortunate mistake occurred in last week's edition," plaintively mutters a Custer County paper. "We referred to Mr. Takem, candidate for sheriff on the opposition ticket, as a 'roughhewn diamond.' It should have been 'ruffianly demon.' We trust our readers will forgive the mistake."

WHERE IS KATHLEEN?

Copyright, 1878, by Wm. E. Hounslow.

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I'm sitting alone while the sunset is falling,
In purple and gold, on the far distant hill,
And the throstle so sweetly his love-note is calling,
From out the old willow that bends o'er the rill.
I see the old cottage, with woodbine half cover'd,
The one brightest spot in that beautiful scene;
But where is the spirit that round it once hover'd,
So loving and gentle? oh, where is Kathleen?

CHORUS.

Where is Kathleen, darling Kathleen?
She who was ever my heart's fondest queen!
Where is the sweetheart I loved in my childhood?
I hear but the echo, oh, where is Kathleen?

I turn from the spot with a heart full of sorrow,
To think of the path I must tread all alone;
For no matter how bright be the sun of to-morrow,
I'll sigh for the love-light that once o'er me shone.
Though far from the scenes by her presence once gladden'd,
I still shall remember sweet days that have been;
And the voice of my heart, tho' 'tis broken and saddend,
Will ever be calling, oh, where is Kathleen?—*Chorus.*

JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I know, Justine, you speak me fair, as often as we met,
And 'tis a luxury, I swear, to hear a voice so sweet;
And yet it does not please me quite, the civil way you've got,
For me you're something too polite—Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you never scold at naught that I may do,
If I am passionate, or cold, 'tis all the same to you;
"A charming temper," say the men, to smooth a husband's lot,
I wish 'twere ruffled now and then—Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you wear a smile as beaming as the sun,
But who supposes all the while it shines for only one?
Though azure skies are fair to see, a transient cloudy spot
In yours would promise more to me—Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you make my name your eulogistic theme,
And say—if any chance to blame—you hold me in esteem;
Such words for all their kindly scope, delight me not a jot,
Just so you would have praised the pope—Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, for I have heard what friendly voices tell,
You do not blush to say the words, "You like me passing well;"
And thus the fatal sound I hear that seals my lonely lot,
There's nothing now to hope or fear—Justine, you love me not!

Live in My Heart and Pay No Rent.

Copyright, 1885, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Vourneen, when your day were bright,
Never an eye did I dare to lift to you,
But now in your fortune's blight
False ones are flying, in sunshine that knew you;
Still on our welcome true rely,
Tho' the crops may fail and the cow go dry,
Tho' your cabin be burnt and all be spent,
Come, live in my heart and pay no rent.

CHORUS.

Come, come, live in my heart,
Oh! live in my heart and pay no rent;
Come, come, live in my heart,
Oh! live in my heart mavourneen.

Vourneen, dry up your tears,
The sensible people will tell you wait, dear,
But, ah! in the wasting of life's young years,
And our innocent hearts were committing a chate, dear;
For hearts when they are young should make the vow,
For when they are old sure they don't know how,
So marry at once, and you'll not repent,
When you live in my heart and pay no rent.—*Chorus.*

Never Push a Man When He's Going Down the Hill.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P.O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In this sensation century,
Good songs are very few,
The words are little cared for,
If the music it is new;
And subjects they are hard to find,
But I have found one still,
That's "Never push a man because
He's going down the hill."

CHORUS.

Then help one another, boys,
Should fortune on you shine:
Remember, when you give your mite,
"Poverty is no crime!"
Though little be the offering, boys,
Give it with good will,
But never push a man because
He's going down the hill.

In this wide world there's many a man,
With brave and honest heart,
Who to raise his wife and family
In business makes a start;
But still his ends don't seem to meet,
Work which way he will,
Fate seems to be against him,
And—he's going down the hill.—*Chorus.*

As we journey on in daily life,
How many men we find,
That Poverty's a grievous sin,
To think they are inclin'd;
They meet, in sad adversity,
Some old friend, Tom or Bill,
And pass him by disdainfully,
As he's going down the hill.—*Chorus.*

Should e'er you meet an honest man
Struggling on with fate,
Ne'er speak words of discouragement,
Nor tell him 'tis "Too late!"
Don't sneer as you pass by him,
But help him with a will,
And perhaps some day you'll meet him
On the summit of the hill.—*Chorus.*

YOUR MOTHER'S THE BEST FRIEND YOU'VE GOT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

How well I remember dear mother, my boys,
The best friend that ever I had;
How she would encourage all my childish joys,
How happy to see her boy glad.
But a dark day did dawn, and poor mother died,
'Twas the first time I ever felt sad;
Through these long years I've remembered with tears,
She was the best friend that ever I had.

CHORUS.

So cling to your mother, my boys,
No matter what e'er be your lot,
You'll find out it's true, now, what I tell you,
Your mother's the best friend you've got.

If you'll take the advice your dear mother gives,
My boys, you will never go wrong;
Respect her gray hairs as long as she lives,
Remember, you'll soon be alone.
When she's laid away, remember this,
Let her dear face ne'er be forgot;
And think as you on her death brow print a kiss,
She's the best friend, my boys, you have got.—*Chorus.*

MY COT BESIDE THE SEA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A cot that stood beside the sea
Was once my childhood home,
But I had seen tall ships go by,
And long'd with them to roam;
I had my wish, and far and wide
I travers'd o'er the world,
And saw with pride in distant lands
My native flag unfurl'd;
Yet absence gave my early home
A thousand charms to me,
And more than palaces I priz'd
My cot beside the sea,
My cot beside the sea.

Tho' kind hearts beat in many lands,
Tho' gentle looks were true,
My longing hopes of home gave birth
To many a fervent pray'r;
And when I laid me down to rest,
The sweet desire of day,
Gave place to bright and happy dreams,
Of dear ones far away;
I woke, and fondly thought their dreams,
Perchance had been of me,
Thus day and night I longed to greet,
My cot beside the sea,
My cot beside the sea.

I hailed at length the happy land,
I pressed my native shore,
I felt my heart grow young again,
What could I ask for more?
But phantom-like my visions fled,
The friends I love are gone,
A stranger in my childhood's home,
I stand unloved, unknown;
Yet while one link in mem'ry's chain
Unbroken there shall be—
'Twill bind me to that once lov'd home
My cot beside the sea,
My cot beside the sea.

SHEENY GLAZIER.

Tune—"Josephus Orange Blossom."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by Frank Bush.

Good-evening, friends, I'm Solomon Bulerinsky,
I came here all the way from Ludlow street;
You bet I am a bully little sheeny,
At glass puteen, you bet I can't be beat.
My route is right through Ludlow to the Bowery,
And from the Bowery down to Avenue A,
When the loafers on the corner do insult me,
I only turn around to them and say:

CHORUS.

Butsky (sym) Vutsky, (sym),
The're Irish and they don't know what I mean,
That's the only way I fool dose Irish loafers,
For I am a bully sheeny glass puteen.

Now the other day a loafer on the corner,
Come up and asked me if I was alive;
And with a club he hit me on the shoulder,
And for the nearest store I made a dive.
The man that owned the store he chased me quickly,
And with his fist he hit me in the eye;
Then I told him for to nemt, a, missamashinna,
And at the dirty loafers I did cry—*Chorus*

Now another loafer standing on the corner,
Says there's going to be a big wind out to-day;
You better strap your business to a lampost,
And hold on or you'll both get blowed away.
He said he knew a place they wanted monkeys,
To carry signs for sixty cents a day;
And I asked him then, why he was not working,
And I nearly drove him mad when I did say—*Chorus.*

The Letter That Came Too Soon.

Tune—"The Letter That Never Came."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

A letter here for you?
Then his wife so angry grew,
When the postman handed her a note, one day,
He turned green and blue and white,
And his legs they shook with fright,
While he hung his head, and tried to sneak away;
But his wife "yelled" can it be,
You old wretch, you're false to me?
And she flew at him as crazy as a loon;
For she read the pretty name,
Of some fascinating dame,
And he cursed his luck, that letter came too soon.

CHORUS.

Oh! you old bald-headed duffer,
She cried, I'll make you suffer,
With a broom upon his crown she played a tune;
When he sought his couch that night,
He was just an awful sight,
For the letter that he looked for came too soon.

He had waited long to hear
From a dizzy little dear,
But the postman always met him with a wink;
He had seen her at the play,
In the ballet, light and gay,
And she knew that ancient masher had the chink.
So he wrote her on the sly,
And he waited her reply,
Just as happy as a bug in sunny June;
Then he murmured, surely she,
Won't make a "guy" of me,
But her letter, oh, her letter came too soon.

CHORUS.

Oh! his wife brought down her mother,
And their rage he tried to smother;
But his head was swelled as big as a balloon,
For they wiped the floor with him,
From the morn 'till twilight dim,
Yes, the letter that he longed for came too soon.

Now, to plays he doesn't go,
Just to "mash" in the front row,
For the fairies in the ballet, he don't care,
And he doesn't pen a note,
With the glee that once he wrote,
So the postman don't call very often there.
His head is plastered "round,"
And his jaw is neatly bound,
From the mantle-piece, he eats, and with a spoon,
Many years will pass, they say,
Ere he'll quite forget the day,
When the letter that he longed for came too soon.

CHORUS

Oh! the air was thick with boot-jacks,
He dodged a dozen hat-racks,
And he thought he was a poor gone coon,
If the postman had been "fly,"
He'd have brought it on the sly,
But the letter that he looked for came too soon.

—As between the dude and his cane, at this writing, the cane seems to have a trifle the best of it in the shape of head.

—"Then you do love me, Evaline?" he said. "I do," she murmured. "And shall I speak to your pa?" he asked. "No," she replied, "speak to ma; pa isn't of any account in this family."

—A suicide who killed himself with a revolver said in his farewell note: "I know it is foolish to commit suicide, but please see that I get credit with the public for knowing that it was loaded."

—Lover (passionately)—"My sweet! My darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine!" Fair maiden—"Oh, William, this is so sudden; I must have time——" Lover—"No, no! I must have my answer now, for I have my eye on another girl."

SONG OF ALL SONGS.

Tune—"The Captain with his Whiskers."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As sung by America's own vocalist, Tony Pastor.

I will sing you a song of the songs so gay,
That I saw in a window as I passed one day;
There was the "Marselaise" and the "Good Old Fatherland,"
And the jolly songs of England and every other land.
As I read them along, oh, my heart filled with joy,
For I saw the old songs that I sung when a boy;
'Twas our Home Sweet Home and the Old Arm Chair,
And the Star Spangled Banner and Erin Go Bragh!

SPOKEN.—Yes, these were the good old songs that our fathers and our mothers, and everybody sung.

Now, it's Pull Down the Blind, Come in and Shut the Door,
Mother Says I Mustn't, Oh, Not Before Pa,
On the Strict Q. T., They All Do It, On the Sly,
And they Never Miss the Lager 'Till the Keg Runs Dry.
Since Terry Joined the Gang, I'm Not Myself At All,
There's Bound to Be a Row, On the Raging Canawl,
With the Finest Police, Ten Thousand Miles Away,
Rolling Home in the Morning, When the Band Begins to Play.

There's Eileen Alanna, On a Flying Trapeze,
And Hilderbrand Montrose, A Shelling Green Peas;
Up in a Balloon, playing Billiards and Pool,
All On a Sunday Night When the Parlor it is Full.
That's the Way the Story Goes, I'm Waiting, Love, For Thee,
I Hear an Angel Sing, and Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me;
Hold the Fort, Oh, Emma, My Dream of Love is O'er,
Let Me like a Soldier Fall, on Grimes' Cellar Door.

A Hundred Years Ago, Strolling Up in Central Park,
Oh, What Lots of Fun, Going Out Upon a Lark,
A Courting in the Rain, When the Moon is Shining Bright,
And Skating On the Ice, all On a Summer Night,
Muldoon the Solid Man, He Played Upon the Drum,
Hurrah! for Old Ireland, Happy Days Will Come;
Don't Get Weary, Children, Oh, Never Say Die,
We May Be Happy Yet, in the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.

When We Ran With the Old Machine

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Written and sung by Gus Williams.

Brave relics of the past are we,
Old firemen staunch and true,
We're thinking now of days gone by,
And all that we've gone through.
Thro' fire and flame we've made our way,
And dangers we have seen,
We never can forget the time,
When we ran with the old machine.

CHORUS.

Through night and day, in sunshine or in rain,
We answered then, the warning bells refrain,
Those good old times we'll never see again,
When we ran with the old machine.

No rival could approach us then,
In valor, or in speed,
And often we have taken part
In many a daring deed.
The fire-bell was the bugle cry,
That brought us to the scene,
Where lives were saved and dangers braved,
When we ran with the old machine.—*Chorus.*

In numbers now, we are but few,
A host have pass'd away,
But still we're happy, light and free,
Our spirits ne'er decay.
We often sigh for those old days,
Whose mem'ry we keep green,
Oh, there was joy for man and boy,
When we ran with the old machine.—*Chorus.*

PINS AND NEEDLES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P.O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Uf you'll listen to my sdory
I will try und tole you someding
Vat you see most every day-time,
As you valk along de street:
Now und den you meet a fellow
Mit a voice he loud does bellow,
Vone of whom, when I describe him,
You did often meet;
He vill holler out so loud
To his audience (a crowd),
Und he gave such great inducements
In his own peculiar way.

SPOKEN—Und dis is vat you'll hear him say—

CHORUS.

Pins und needles by the dozens,
For your uncle, aunts, and cousins;
A blane gold ring, a vedding ring,
Und a locked—dot's immense;
A receipt for making chowder,
Und here is some fine tooth-powder;
Take de lot, I sell to you
For dwendy-seven cends.

Selling if it rains, or shining,
You vill never find him pining,
But as habby as an oysder
He does always seem to be;
Telling jokes dot are so funny—
Anyding to raise de money
From his audience around;
An eye to business—see?
If a boliceman moves him on,
In a minute he is gone,
But upon some oder corner
In dwo seconds he will be.

SPOKEN—You can't drive him away; he's like a jack-in-the-box. He's like a flea, vone minute here, de next dere, still crying his old song of—*Chorus.*

OLD BLACK JOE.

Copyright, 1860, by Firth, Pond & Co.

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Gone are the days
When my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends
From the cotton-fields away,
Gone from the earth
To a better land I know—
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep
When my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh
That my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms
Now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."—*Chorus.*

Where are the hearts
Once so happy and so free?
The children so dear
That I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore
Where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."—*Chorus.*

The Song That Reached My Heart.

Copyright, 1887, by Willis Woodward & Co.

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I sat midst a mighty throng
Within a palace grand,
In a city far beyond the sea,
In a distant foreign land;
I listened the grandest strain
My ear had ever heard,
Enraptured, charmed, amazed I was,
My inmost soul was stirred.
I looked on the singer fair,
My heart was at her feet,
She sang of love, the old, old theme,
In accents low and sweet;
And then she sang a song
That made the teardrops start,
She sang a song, a song of home,
A song that reached my heart.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
She sang the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
The song that reached my heart.

That night I shall never forget,
That night with its pleasure and pain,
I think of the singer, I think of the song,
And wish I could live it again;
In fancy again I recall
The scene with its splendor bright,
The mighty throng, the palace grand,
Oh, the mem'ry of that night.
My fancy it may have been
But never had I heard
A song that thrilled me o'er like this,
Like this so strangely stirred;
The memo'ries of that night of bliss
Will never from me part,
She sang a song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
The song that reached my heart.—*Chorus.*

MY DAUGHTER, RACHAEL.

Tune—"My Daughter, Julia."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written expressly for the great Frank Bush by James Richmond.

I have a daughter named Rachael,
She has nearly broke my gaul,
She goes on the stage singing Highland flings,
Down in Actors' Hall.
She dances a clog on a motzer,
As an actress she is all the rage;
She sang the Sweet Bye-and-Bye last Fourth-of July,
When Rachael came out on the stage.

CHORUS.

She waltzes around upon her ear,
She dances the ballet on a schooner of beer;
Waltzing around with Rachael,
She looks like an Irish page;
She stands on her toes and sings through her nose,
When Rachael leaps out on the stage.

Her photograph, twelve for a quarter,
Of the Queen of Ireland christening Jews,
She went to Australia for a million a week,
To support Edwin Boots or Shoes.
She can walk to Scotland on a wire,
She sleeps in an iron cage;
They throw iron medals and wooden cheese,
When Rachael leaps out on the stage.—*Chorus.*

—On a sign over a store in a New England village the following was painted: "Dry Goods; by John Baggster; Who wishes to get Married." This sign drew all kinds of customers. The single ladies went as a matter of course, and the married men told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily get good bargains out of one they think such a fool.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAIDEN.

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There was a little fishermaiden,
Of beauty sweet and rare,
Eyes ne'er saw one more fair,
Eyes ne'er saw one more fair.
No fishermaid such charms arrayed in!
When storms were wild and free,
She braved the tossing sea,
She braved the tossing sea.
The sea-nymphs sang a warning cry,
To tell the maid of dangers nigh,
To tell the fishermaid of dangers nigh.

REFRAIN.

The sea-nymphs sang,
The sea-nymphs' voices rang,
Fishermaiden, harken,
Waves with danger darken,
Trust them not, of storm beware,
Maiden of the sea, take care!
Fishermaiden, harken,
Waves with danger darken;
Maiden of the storm, beware,
Of the sea take care.

She said: oh, let me still be sailing,
I laugh at yonder sea;
'Mid storms I love to be,
'Mid storms I love to be;
Then on the Tritons came loud hailing;
When these the maiden saw,
She courage had no more,
She courage had no more.
They tossed about her fragile bark,
'Mid rocks and caves, and storms so dark;
They tossed her fragile bark
'Mid storms so dark.—*Refrain.*

The fishermaiden's bark lay shattered;
The drowning maiden's prayer,
Great Neptune answered there,
Great Neptune answered there;
The storm and thunder wild he scattered,
And led her to the land,
She trod again the sand,
She trod again the sand.
The fishermaiden, poor and lone,
Now weary sighs, all joy has flown,
Now sad and weary sighs,
Her joy has flown.—*Refrain.*

MR. LEVY'S DOTER.

Tune—"Mrs. Brady's Daughter."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receiv by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written by S. Wimpelberg, and sung by Frank Bush.

'Dwas at a party I vos invited,
I eat so hearty 'dwas dere I fighted
Vid Boronotsky und Keely Moses,
De son-of-a-roosters, I punched deir noses.
Dere vos Levy und his relations
Come in dere den vid invidations,
I know his doter, I nearly caught her,
Und her father keeps a wholesale clothing store.

CHORUS.

Levy's doter, I often sought her,
For to court her, I cross de vater,
She is my daisy, she sets me crazy,
Und her father keeps a wholesale clothing store.

Ven she goes valking she dresses tasteful,
And at a party she dances graceful,
I'm solid vid her ma, she's such a lah-de-da,
But her father doesn't like me for a cent.
Dere is Jakey, und brother Ike,
Sister Rachael, und cousin Mike,
Dey don't like me, dey'd like to fight,
But her father keeps a wholesale clothing store.—*Chorus.*

The Young Man Who Used to Live Over the Way.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It's singular—very! how young people meet,
A loving pair used to inhabit our street,
When George met his Sophie 'twas first at a ball,
Where she dazzled the men and enraptured them all;
But George saw her home, all the way to the door,
When she said that she fancied she'd seen him before;
Said he: "Yes, and I've loved you many a day,
I'm the young man who used to live over the way!"

CHORUS.

He gave her a kiss, and he bought her a ring,
And he called her a dear little innocent thing,
She made up her mind and got married to-day,
To the young man who used to live over the way.

He'd visit his darling on alternate days,
And wooed her in many affectionate ways,
When he took off his hat, you could see his hair
Had been parted and brushed with particular care;
In his best Sunday clothes, just as bright as a gem,
He was ready for Sophie at seven P. M.,
And with great satisfaction I gazed once a day
On the young man who used to live over the way.—*Chorus.*

Each night, they came back, they would stand at the door,
And kiss and canoodle an hour or more,
They used to imagine that no one was near,
But I was quite close, when she called him her dear;
Whenever she kissed him, I firmly aver,
I was fully as close as the lover to her,
And like an eves-dropper I'd hear all she'd say
To the young man who used to live over the way.—*Chorus.*

The wedding was one of the grandest on earth,
I wouldn't have missed it for all I was worth;
The lover was eager, the maiden was fond,
Tho' her voice faltered each time she had to respond:
I was so much delighted to think they were wed,
I felt I could almost have stood on my head,
I should certainly not have felt nearly so gay,
Only I'm the young man who lived over the way.—*Chorus.*

POOR OLD NED.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I once knew a darkey and his name was Uncle Ned,
O, he died long ago,—long ago,
He had no hair on the top of his head,
The place where the wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

Lay down the shovel and the hoe;
Hang up de fiddle and the bow;
Fo' no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long like the cane in the break,
And he had no eyes for to see;
He had no teeth for to eat the hoe-cake,
So he had to let the hoe-cake be.—*Chorus.*

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
Oh, the tears down massa's face run like rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
He'd neber see his like again.—*Chorus.*

—Young Stayer, at 11.55 P. M.; "What a chawming song that was. I wish you would repeat it. What is it called?" Miss Bored: "I chose it because I thought it might be new to you. It's entitled: 'Going.'"

—When a man comes home late at night, after working hard all the evening at the office on the books, it is mean for his wife to require him to say: "Should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?" before she will unbolt the front door.

Out of the Frying-Pan Into the Fire.

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Pity my sorrow and melt at my woes,
What I've put up with you would not suppose,
How I've been treated and snubbed all along,
Listen to me and I'll tell in my song.
When but a school-boy, tho' trying my best,
In the last form I continued to rest,
Getting well flogged when I tried to rise higher,
'Twas out of the frying-pan into the fire.

CHORUS.

Out of the frying-pan, out of the frying-pan,
Perhaps you may fall, if too high you aspire.
Out of the frying-pan, out of the frying-pan,
Out of the frying-pan, into the fire.

When tired of leading a bachelor's life,
Looking around me I sought for a wife,
Met with an angel with manners so soft,
Face like a cherub's that sits up aloft.
Oh! how I picture our lives free from care,
Happy as Dicky-birds up in the air,
But such a temper had darling Maria,
'Twas out of the frying-pan into the fire.—*Chorus.*

Doating on children, to babies endeared,
Happy was I when first twins appear'd,
But the next year they were triplets we had,
Somehow or other I wasn't so glad;
Now at my table twelve mouths do I see,
Hungry and open and waiting for me;
Why did I ever to marriage aspire?
'Twas out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Once I bought shares in a line that they made,
Twenty per cent. was the dividend paid;
Crash went the bubble, my savings entire
Went out of the frying-pan into the fire.—*Chorus.*

THERE ARE FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

Words by Alice Hawthorne. Music by Sep. Wimmer.

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There are friends that we never forget,
There are hearts that we ever hold dear,
Tho' we meet with a kiss in a moment of bliss,
Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.
Oh, we learn our first lesson of love,
At the home where our childhood is pass'd,
And we never forget, tho' we part with regret,
The friends of our youth till the last.

CHORUS.

There are friends that we never forget,
There are hearts that we ever hold dear,
Tho' we meet with a kiss, in a moment of bliss,
Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.

There are friends that we never forget,
Tho' the sea may divide us for years,
Yet we linger apart with a sorrowing heart,
In an absence that only endears.
There are friends that we never forget,
There are hearts that we ever hold dear,
Tho' we find but a few, who are earnest and true,
Yet how sweet is our passing career.—*Chorus.*

—There are lots of men in this world born to rule, but their wives get there all the same.

—As two little girls were playing together they became exceedingly confidential, and one of them told the other a long story about what her father did for a living, and ended by asking her companion: "And what does your papa do?" "Whatever mamma says," was the reply.

THE WHOLE HOG OR NONE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've just arrived across the sea,
All the way from Canada,
You Britishers I've come to see,
Not long escap'd from slavery.
Up and down, I know a dodge or two,
I'm pretty full of fun—
In and out, and round about,
I'll go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, I know a dodge, &c.

Just arrived at Liverpool,
A chap comes up and spoke to me;
Says he, "I know you are no fool!
These things I've smuggled here, you see—
Cigars they are, some fine Havana,
And India shawls, as sure as a gun;
I brought 'em in the ship Cabana—
I went the whole hog or none."
Up and down, I know a dodge, &c,

Straight up to London then I came,
Determined all to see;
I went to concerts, masquerades,
And all the sights with glee.
By Fechter, the Shakesperian,
I saw the great Othello done;
At Sydenham Palace, Mr. Blondin
Went the whole hog or none.
Up and down, I know a dodge, &c.

In Rotten Row the ladies all,
On every afternoon,
Their figures fine are showing off
To gain a husband soon.
Mammas desire to make a match,
By which they won't be done—
To catch a fine young chap like me,
They'll go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, I know a dodge, &c.

The married men of London
Never stop out late at night,
Though they like a bit of fun,
And dearly love a sight!
They love their children dearly,
Their boys and girls surpass'd by none;
They love their homes and wives, and like
To go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, I know a dodge, &c.

Your humble servant now before ye,
Will ever strive his part to play
"In the Strand," or "Dixey's Land,"
As "Uncle Sam," or "Peter Gray."
The welcome given shows that you
Appreciate what he has done;
To gain your smiles he'll be prepar'd
To go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, I know a dodge, &c.

Farewell, Farewell, My Own True Love

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How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee,
And then whate'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Nor to this heart enfold thee—
With spear and penon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.
Farewell, farewell, my own true leve!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

I'll think of thee with longing—
Think thou when tears are thronging—
And with my last faint sighing
I'll whisper soft, while dying,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

SALLY JONES, THE COOK.

Written, composed and sung by Wm. H. Lingard.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I met a friend the other night, "Where off to, Brown?" said he;
I told him, he said, "No, you don't, you'll go along with me;"
I first said "No," and then said "Yes,"—as with a knowing look,
Said he to me, "We'll go and see Miss Sally Jones, the cook."

CHORUS.

O, deary me—'twas such a spree, I never laughed so hearty,
By jingo! I enjoyed myself at Sally Jones' party.

Well, off we went, on pleasure bent, quite a jolly pair;
Arrived, Smith pulled the kitchen bell, close to Union Square;
And when we in the kitchen got, me by the hand Smith took,
And I was kindly introduced to Miss Sally Jones, the cook.—CHORUS.

Now after tea was over, the butler, Mr. Vance,
He kindly took his fiddle for us to have a dance;
And when the kitchen floor was cleared, law! how the girls did look,
When the first dance was led by me and Sally Jones, the cook.—CHORUS.

Well, in and out we danced about, upon the kitchen floor,
I thought I'd never leave off dancing any more;
When suddenly I smelt fire, and round to turn did look,
When the crinoline was blazing away of poor Sally Jones, the cook.—CHORUS.

We got the fire under when Sally began to faint,
We doused her face with water, which brought off all the paint;
But as soon as she recovered, my arm again she took,
And off again I danced like mad, with Sally Jones, the cook.—CHORUS.

Now the supper preparations were all one could desire,
A lovely plump fat leg of pork was roasting by the fire;
When some one bump against us came without giving a look,
And slap into the dripping-pan went Sally Jones, the cook.—CHORUS.

But you must know, in such a mess, Sally picked herself up quick,
She spoiled her new merino dress, that she had got on tick;
The boss he returned to town, so to our legs we took,
But I never shall forget the day, or Sally Jones, the cook.—CHORUS.

The Hebrew Clothing Drummer.

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My name is Isidor Moses,
I am a trav'ling man,
I sells men's and boys' closes,
I try the best I can;
For I travel the whole of the year,
In the winter time well as the summer,
The most liberal man that's on the road,
Is the Hebrew clothing drummer.

When I arrive in a town,
In morning or at noon,
I have my trunk brought to the hotel,
And put in a sample room;
If a man comes to look at my goods,
A sale I'll never miss,
For I'll date his bill three months ahead,
For that is my reg'lar biz.

And when the season is over,
I sell my samples out,
To the man who gives the highest price,
For I know what I'm about;
Then I'll figure what I've drawn and spent,
And hand it to the concern,
And if both the sides they do not meet,
The balance I'll charge to the firm.

The Hebrew clothing drummer,
In winter as well as in summer,
He is out on the road,
In his style a la mode,
You might think him a sport or a bummer;
He makes no stops or delays,
His bills he always pays,
His expenses so large,
To the firm he does charge,
That Hebrew clothing man.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My thoughts delight to wander
Upon a distant shore,
Where lovely, fair and tender,
Is she whom I adore;
May heaven its blessings sparing,
On her bestow them free,
The lovely maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation,
Endow'd with wealth and power;
That wealth and power sharing,
My peerless queen should be,
The lovely maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean
May long between us roar,
Yet, while my heart has motion,
She'll lodge within its core;
For artless and endearing,
And mild and young is she,
That lovely maid of Erin,
That sweetly sang to me.

When fate gives intimation
That my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation
I'll lay me down and die;
Fond hope my bosom cheering,
That I in heaven shall see
The lovely maid of Erin,
That sweetly sang to me.

THE TICKLER.

As sung by J. S. Berry.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There was a young man, as I've heard say,
That tickled everything that came in his way,
With his high fol de, de, de.
He tickled his father, he tickled his mother,
He tickled his sister, he tickled his brother,
And he wasn't content with tickling that,
But he tickled the dog and he tickled the cat,
With his high fol de, de, de.
He tickled the pigeon, he tickled the wren,
He tickled the cock and he tickled the hen,
With his high fol de, de, de.
He tickled the cow and he tickled the calf,
He tickled the duck till he made it laugh;
He tickled the cook, he tickled maid,
And he tickled the pig till he made it afraid,
With his high fol de, de, de.
He tickled the horse, he tickled the mare,
And tickled the girls at a county fair;
There was never known such a tickling job,
For after he'd done he got tickling a snob,
With his high fol de, de, de.
This tickling man was so tickling bent,
That he tickled the landlord right out of his rent,
With his high fol de, de, de.
He went out a tickling without any coat,
And he caught a sad tickling pain in his throat,
And that worst of all ticklers, grim Mister Death,
He tickled this tickler right out of his breath,
With his high fol de, de, de.

—A Nashville woman died happy. She was taken sick just after she had purchased a perfect love of a bonnet, and on her deathbed she was given the blessed assurance that it should be buried with her. It was.

I FORGET.

As sung by Hoey, in the Parlor Match.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I remember, I remember, who it was that wrote this song,
I remember that he sang it o'er and o'er;
He played the music to me till I'd learnt every note,
I could not help but shout to him encore!
He told me that 'twas safe to be a very big success,
'Twould surely make of me a public pet;
I remember that I bought the song, but did I pay the man?
I forget, I forget, I forget.

I remember, I remember that I madly fell in love,
Not once, not twice, but many a score of times:
But one girl in particular, the latest one I mean,
I lov'd and in her praises sung yards of rhymes;
I popp'd the question to her that I'd popp'd to many more,
She said she'd be my wife, my darling pet;
I remember that I promised—ah! did I wed the girl?
I forget, I forget, I forget.

I remember, I remember that I got a suit of clothes,
And I never, never had a better fit;
"I must congratulate you, sir," I to the tailor said,
"You've really made what I might call a hit,
I'll recommend my friends," so I sent a dozen pals,
Each one of them got in the tailor's debt;
I remember that he sent the bills, but did we settle them?
I forget, I forget, I forget.

I remember, I remember what occurr'd the other night,
I'd been dining, ditto, wining rather late;
My way home seem'd so roundabout, the streets got very mixed,
And the lamps went by at such a rapid rate!
My wife had gone to roost so I knocked loudly at the door,
When straightway to the window came my pet;
Did the hand wash-basin strike me, or one of my top-boots?
I forget, I forget, I forget.

I remember, I remember how one morning I'd to run
To fetch the needful doctor to my wife;
The occasion was so pressing I'd no time for coat or boots,
And I bade the doctor run as if for life:
An hour of anxious waiting and then it all was o'er,
I met that doctor's face so stern and set;
Is it one, or two, or triplets? tell me doctor;—he replied:
I forget, I forget, I forget.

ME BE LIKE MELLICAN MAN.

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Me pigee tail, him am cut short,
Me wear a pantaloons,
Me like to be a muchee sport,
Me walkee afternoons;
Me wasnee, washee not a bit,
Me loafee all me can,
Me drink, me smoke, me chew, me spit,
Me be like Mellican man.

In China lan' me workee some,
Me gettee no much pay,
Me tinkee by an' by me come
An' live in Mellica;
Me watchee people how dey do,
Me learnee all me can,
Me lie, me steal, me cheatee, too,
Me be like Mellican man.

Me getee money anyhow,
Me gettee plenty wife,
Me shootee, stickee, allee same,
Me packee longee knife;
Me sellee yotee mighty cheap,
Me cussee all me can,
Me learnee fas', me know a heap,
Me be like Mellican man.

The Little Stars Won't Tell.

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When the birds were dreaming in their nest,
And the sun was golden down the west,
Side by side we lingered by the brook
'Mid the roses in a lovely nook:
Stars were in the Summer sky,
Bright the moments wandered by;
Oh! need I softly whisper why?
'Twas there 'mid flow'rets fair
Her loving eyes as fondly shone,
Some one's heart was all my own,
Yet what was told me in the dell,
The little stars won't tell.

CHORUS.

Down among the lilies white,
Roaming in the moonlight night,
Oh, my heart I lost in love's delicious dream,
Gentle eyes were brighter than the silvery beam,
While a voice like music fell;
Who met me in the dell,
Oh, the pretty little stars won't tell!

Oh, the silvery moon was waning fast,
And the parting hour had come at last,
Fondly then we whispered sweet good-bye,
While the stars are peeping from the sky;
Loving eyes were sad to go,
Rosy cheeks were all aglow,
And parting words were whispered low;
And there 'mid lilies fair,
Oh, what if lips again did meet,
All among the flow'rets sweet,
Or some one's promise in the dell,
The little stars won't tell.—*Chorus.*

STAND BY YOUR MOTHER, JACK

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When I was a tiny lad,
Father said to me,
"Stand by your mother, Jack,
When I'm away at sea."
My heart recall the years of care
That frost my mother's head,
Ah! cherished be each whitening hair,
And dear those words he said.

CHORUS.

Stand by your mother, Jack,
Your duty do,
And should I ne'er come back,
Be thou ever true;
Love and respect her, lad,
More day by day,
Stand by your mother
When her hair is turning gray.

Often in my watch at sea,
When night gathers near,
Tender mem'ries come to me
Of home and mother dear;
She comes as in my childhood days,
With hand upon my head,
I see her tender, loving eyes,
And hear the words he said.—*Chorus.*

While life lasts, this holy trust
I will sacred keep,
Till beside his hallowed dust
My mother shares his sleep;
I'll guard with patient, tender love,
My mother, day by day,
And to my father faithful prove,
For still I hear him say:—*Chorus.*

OUR STYLISH BOARDING-HOUSE

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We keep a stylish boarding house,
On the "Græco-Roman" plan,
Our boarders come just when they please,
And go just when they can;
But when the time to eat arrives,
You'll find they all are there,
Waiting for the servant girl
To call out in their ear:

CHORUS.

Roast beef, roast pork,
And nice potatoes, too;
And a nice new mystery—
They call it sawdust stew;
And for dessert we have to-day
A dish, 'twill make you cry;
We made it fresh this morning,
And it's called sole-leather pie.

Our boarders are quite numerous,
Their occupations, too;
First on the list comes Doctor Quack,
With cures so sure and true.
And next we have Alfonso Spry,
Considered quite a match,
Whose ear is always open for
This welcome cry to catch:—*Chorus.*

We have Miss Seraphina Sharp,
A maid of many years,
She has the sweetest tabby cat,
With long and slender ears.
She has a dog, a little bird,
And many other pets;
But when the bell for dinner rings
She drops them all and gets.—*Chorus.*

Huldy Ann, How is Your Mother?

Words by Sidney Burt. Music by John J. Braham.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Tommy Thomas, I live on a farm,
I've a sweetheart by name Huldy Ann;
Her father's a neighbor of daddy's, and so
I go there whenever I can.
The first time I set foot on her father's step,
I didn't dare go a step farther,
Until she came out and said, "Tommy, come in;"
Said I, "Huldy Ann, how is your mother?"

CHORUS.

"Huldy Ann Hankinson, how do you do?
I called to inquire for your brother;"
I thought—I was thinking—I wanted to say—
"Huldy Ann, how is your mother?"

Says she, "Quite a fine evenin'; come over on foot?"
Says I, "No, Miss, I rode on old Dapple;"
Then I went, sat beside her, but soon she arose
And brought out the cider and apples.
Then went on with her work, while I sat there and looked
First at one foot then at the other;
But when I tried talking, all I could say
Was, "Huldy Ann, how is your mother?"—*Chorus.*

Thought I, now is my chance, for a kiss I will ask,
Though with blushes my cheeks seemed to burn up;
But she turned up her nose when I made my appeal,
And went on a peelin' a turnip;
"Then I'll take one," says I;" "Oh, no, you won't, mister,
If you dare to. I'll call my big brother;"
She didn't look like she meant it, so I gave her a buss;
Says she, "Hush, or you'll wake up my mother."—*Chorus.*

Please Spare That Old Home.

As sung by Ned Barry, in One of the Bravest.

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There's an old rustic cot that stands in a square,
For ninety odd years that cot has stood there,
Surrounded by trees and a fence that is worn,
It's the home of my forefathers, there I was born;
But misfortune came o'er us, it's hard for to tell,
The sheriff came in, our old home to sell;
It's then I did weep and my mother did mourn,
As I begged them in vain, would they please spare that home.

CHORUS.

Please spare that old home, please spare it I pray;
Don't turn out my mother so feeble and gray,
And my dear loving sister, so sickly and pale,
Auctioneer, auctioneer, won't you please stop that sale?

You seldom would find a happier lot,
Than our little family that dwelt in that cot,
With father and mother, sister, brother and I,
'Till sickness came over us and father did die.
My brother left home to find work to do,
But where he had gone to no one ever knew;
I toiled late and early to keep down the debts,
And I fancy I hear myself pleading them yet.—*Chorus.*

In vain did I plead but 'twas of no avail,
The auctioneer continued to cry on the sale,
And the very next bidder, a man quite unknown,
He laid down his money and purchased our home;
Then mother and sister, with hearts sad and sore,
Prepared to depart from that old cottage door,
When the stranger spoke up, saying your sorrow is done,
Accept a home from me your long lost son.

CHORUS.

What love and rejoicing was there on that day,
When brother embraced my mother so gray,
With a welcome for me and my sister, so pale,
And that put an end to the dread sheriff's sale.

Barney, the Lad From Kildare.

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How cruel it was of me parents to send me
Away o'er the dark, rolling waves of the sea,
They thought that a trip o'er the ocean would lend me
A great helping hand in this world wide and free.
I'm here, out of work and without a red penny,
I'd carry the hod if they'd give me half fare;
But, sure, they don't want we, they say there's too many,
So pity poor Barney, the lad from Kildare.

CHORUS.

Talk of this country and all of its glory,
When you're away it appears mighty fair;
Then when you try it you'll find it a story,
For such is the case of the lad from Kildare.

It's there in old Erin I left my Allanna,
A-weeping for me just because I'd to go,
And now to get back to her, tell me how can I,
For surely it's one of those things I don't know.
It's no use to write to the old folks for money,
They never would send it, for sure they don't care;
I don't play the part in our farm of a "honey,"
So pity poor Barney, the lad from Kildare.—*Chorus.*

I'd work my way back in a ship if they'd let me,
But fate seems against me, like death cold and grim;
For a man I was talking to said he would bet me
I never would get back, unless I could swim.
It's awful hard luck that a fellow must suffer,
Who tries to be honest and act on the square;
I'll have to turn out, be a gambler or "duffer,"
So look out for Barney, the lad from Kildare.—*Chorus.*

TALMAGE'S "NIGHT SIDE OF LIFE IN NEW YORK."

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When the Brooklyn folks were all in bed,
One night old Parson Talmage said,
"I want to see what does entice
Young men to the holes of sin and vice."
Said he, "To-night I'll take them in,
These gilded holes of vice and sin"—
As he took his hat from off the shelf
To see how the old thing worked himself.

He put on his ulster coat and gums,
For a jamboree in the New York slums,
Said he, "Ill shake this Brooklyn set
And go on a racket to-night, you bet."
Said he, "Oh, what a glorious chance
To see the great big elephant dance"—
And his face beamed up with a heavenly light
As he thought of the fun he'd have that night.

At the Buckingham he first peeped in,
Which made the good old parson grin;
Said he, "Oh, ho, I understand
What makes young men all do the grand."
In the mazy waltz he took a whirl
With his arms around a sweet young girl,
To satisfy him in his search
Of things that he wanted to tell his church.

To the Cremorne then he took a trip,
And here he let the old thing rip,
He danced the can-can out of sight,
And kicked up higher than Gilroy's kite.
From each dear girl he stole a kiss,
Then shouted, "Oh, what heavenly bliss!
Oh, hallelujah! bless the Lamb!
I feel as happy as a great big clam."

He whispered something strange and queer
To a big fat blonde in her offside ear;
She said, "You bet; well, I don't mind,"
And the parson meekly followed behind.
When he got to the door he heard them shout,
That's Parson Talmage just went out,
Then he shook the gal with the auburn hair
And scooted as hard as he could tear.

He ran as he never ran before,
Till he reached a boat for the Brooklyn shore;
Then he tried to think just what he'd say
To square himself with the church next day
Then he cooked up a sermon nice and brown.
On the "Night Side of Life in New York" town;
His congregation came in a throng,
And his salary was raised twelve thousand strong.

IN THE GLOAMING.

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In the gloaming, oh! my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go;
When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle unknown woe,
Will you think of me, and love me,
As you did once long ago?
In the gloaming, oh! my darling,
Think not bitterly of me.

Though I pass'd away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free,
For my heart was crush'd with longing,
What had been could never be;
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me,
It was best to leave you thus,
Best for you and best for me—
In the gloaming, oh! my darling,
Think not bitterly of me.

DEAR LITTLE DUCK OF A GIRL

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If ever you saw my girl you'd bust
With love for her I know,
She's sweet as 'lasses, 'deed she is,
And oh, I love her so.
A rosy, posey, nosey girl,
A hunkey, plunkey, spunkey girl,
A feeling, flirting, dashing, doating,
Smiling, smacking, jolly, joking,
Jaunting, jovial, poser, poker,
Whipity, skipity, laughing, joker,
Running, jumping, squealing, dancing,
Singing, whistling, kicking, prancing,
Hootsy, pootsy, tootsy, wootsy,
Dear little duck of a girl.

Sweet as a water-melon patch
Is my sweet Rosalind;
I never feed her on solid grub,
But fill her up on wind.
The brightest, fairest, sweetest girl,
The trimmest, gayest, neatest girl.
The funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest,
Roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest,
Spunkiest, spiciest, squirmest, happiest,
Shortest, thickest, nobbiest, nattiest,
Rollicking, frollocking, tearing, ripping,
Scolloping, walloping, hopping, skipping,
Humpsy, jumpsy, pumpsy, wompsy,
Dear little duck of a girl.

From the Cradle to the Grave.

As sung by Gus Williams.

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Life has its cares and sorrows,
Its pleasure and its pains,
As long its rugged road we go,
We oft strike narrow lanes;
The lucky star its favorite has,
While many it will miss,
But after all when life is done,
We find it only this:—

CHORUS.

Just a little cradle, just a little child,
Just a few fast fleeting years, just a boy so wild,
Soon he reaches manhood, then comes on old age,
Thus we have the journey from the cradle to the grave.

We see our loved ones fading,
And we are lonely here,
Our hair is turning gray, which shows
We older grow each year;
Let's be contented with our lot,
And as we go along,
Remember many are worse off,
And gaily sing our song.—*Chorus.*

Should you meet some poor fellow,
Who's struggling hard with fate,
Don't speak words of discouragement,
Or tell him 'tis too late;
But give to him a lifting hand,
To help him get along,
Your dreams will happier, brighter be,
And you'll think of my song.—*Chorus.*

—Ada: "Why, one of your cheeks is red as fire and the other pale as that of a ghost." Ella: "Yes; Harry was on one side, and I was afraid that mamma would see us on the other."

—Teacher: "Have animals a capacity for affection?" Class: "Nearly all." Teacher: "Correct. Now, what animal possesses the greatest attachment for man?" Little girl: "Woman."

I DID IT.

As sung by Ned Barry, in One of the Finest.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

To be obedient is a plan
I've acted on through life,
And on this simple principle
I always treat my wife;
The other day her cousins came,
Each one a charming Miss,
And like a loving relative,
I gave each one a kiss.

SPOKEN—Four sweet girls, two kisses each, upset the wife; she looked knives at me, and said, "You and your kisses, you havn't had enough; kiss them again; then kiss the servant girl—go on."

CHORUS.

I did it, I did it,
It didn't take me long!
I did it, I did it,
I didn't think it wrong;
The wife kicked up a rumpus,
Of that you may be sure;
I only did as I was bid,
A fellow can't do more.

I'm always most impatient if
The dinner should be late,
And in my temper once or twice
I've smashed a dish or plate;
Last Friday week the mid-day meal
Was later than before,
So in my rage I raised a joint
And dashed it on the floor.

SPOKEN—The wife said, "That's a sensible thing to do with a beautiful joint of beef, now perhaps you'll throw the greens and potatoes at me."—*Chorus.*

One night, well I'd been dining out,
And felt, hic! well, just so,
As jolly as a sandboy sort of
Feeling, don't you know;
I tumbled gently into bed,
But scarce began to dose,
Before the wife suggested that
I'd best take all the clothes.

SPOKEN—'Twas a frosty night, but—*Chorus.*

Her family all sponge on me,
And think I take it in;
Their flattery, I mean, just like
Her mother swallows gin;
At last they raised my temper, for
They came it just too hot,
So I declared I'd cut away,
And so cut all the lot.

SPOKEN—And a nice lot, too, as for mother-in-law, well, words fail me now, but they didn't on the occasion of her last visit; came to dine and lived with us three months; I said, "I can't stand this." The wife said, "Of course you're tired of poor, dear mother; you'd like to show her the door."—*Chorus.*

—Son: "Papa, how do they catch lunatics?" Cynical father: "With diamond necklaces, decollete dresses and fourteen-button gloves, my dear boy."

—The authoress of "Loving and Being Loved" compares a man to a silk umbrella in these quaint terms: "A good man is like a strong silken umbrella—trustworthy and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us. A mere walking-stick when the sun shines; a friend in misfortune."

—Eastern hotel clerk: "What did 988 want?" Hall boy: "Nothin'. He didn't ring. Must a been some other number, sir. He said he didn't ring an' didn't want anything, an' he says he's very comfortable, sir." "Very comfortable! He's got one of the cheapest rooms in the house. Go turn the heat off."

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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When I was a lad my fortune was bad,
My grandfather I did lose, oh!
I'll bet you a can you've heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Crusoe.

CHORUS.

Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!
High diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle;
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!

You've read in a book of a voyage he took,
When de ragin' whirlwind blew so,
Dat de ship wid a shock, fell plump on a rock,
Near drounding poor Robinson Crusoe.—*Chorus.*

Poor soul! none but he escaped from de sea;
Oh, fate! fate! how could you do so?
Till at length he was thrown on an island unknown,
Which received poor Robinson Crusoe.—*Chorus.*

But he saved from on board, a gun and a sword,
Another old matter or two; so,
That by dint of his thrift he managed to shift,
Pretty well for poor Robinson Crusoe.—*Chorus.*

MY DEAR SAVANNAH HOME.

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Whar de balmy air is sighing,
And de roses catch de dew,
And de mocking bird am singing in de trees,
Dar's a charming lubly city,
And I'll eber hold it true,
I was bro't up 'mong its butterflies and bees.
In de pastures and de fields
I lived de whole day long,
But from all of dem I'se been obliged to roam,
And when I think of happy times,
De merry dance and song,
I long to see my dear Savannah home.

CHORUS.

I long to see you once again, and feel de scented breeze,
And thro' dose sunny streets I long to roam;
I long to hear de mockin' birds a singin' in de trees
Dat grow around my dear Savannah home.

All de sweet magnolia blossoms
Dat was blooming in de lanes,
And garden dat was loaded with perfume,
All am dearer to dis darkey
Dan de long and lebel plains,
And dar I always had enough ob room.
When de shining moon at night
Was looking from de skies,
And we pushed de flat-boat from de ribber side,
And down de rippling waters whar
De Fort Pulaski lies,
Our jolly dancing parties used to glide.—*Chorus.*

But dose happy days are ober now,
De boys hab gone away,
And de collud gals are scattered o'er de land;
Oh! de times ain't as dey used to be
When massa had his say,
And each plantation had its niggar band.
Near dat little cabin home,
De place whar I was born,
Dar's a quiet, lubly spot, I'd like to see,
'Tis whar dey laid my mudder down,
One pleasant Summer morn,
While songsters sang a sad and plaintive glee.—*Chorus.*

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

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Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill,
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

PICKIN' ON A HARP.

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I's gwine to jine dat happy throng,
Pickin' on a harp, pickin' on a harp,
I's gwine to sing dat lubly song,
Pickin' on a harp wid de golden strings.
Come, sisters, all, I'll meet you dar,
Pickin' on a harp, pickin' on a harp,
We'll leab de banjo an' guitar,
Pickin' on a harp wid de golden strings.

De Mefodis' an' Baptis', too,
Pickin' on a harp, pickin' on a harp,
Am waiting dar for me an' you,
Pickin' on a harp wid de golden strings.
Don't be so aggravatin' slow,
Pickin' on a harp, pickin' on a harp,
You nebber will be fixed to go,
Pickin' on a harp wid de golden strings.

Before we go we'll pass de hat,
Pickin' on a harp, pickin' on a harp,
An' den we'll know jes where we're at,
Pickin' on a harp wid de golden strings.
If you don't gib you're money free,
Pickin' on a harp, pickin' on a harp,
My brudder, you will nebber be
Pickin' on a harp wid de golden strings.

A Mark from My Angel Mother's Shoe

Tune—"A Violet From Mother's Grave."

Scenes rise before me of boyhood's happy days,
I'm thinking of the stone-fights, the tricks and games and plays,
The days when we went swimming I was happy as a clam,
The coppers how they'd chase us, but we didn't care a d——n.
Father had the jim-jams, and he has passed away,
Mother loved her bug-juice, she's now beneath the clay,
While an orphan I remain, there's a scar I will retain,
'Tis a mark from my angel mother's shoe.

CHORUS.

Only a little scar, but how it made me dance,
When the toe of her cow-hide slipper just unroofed the seat of my pants.
While an orphan I remain, I'll remember with much pain,
'Tis a mark from my angel mother's shoe.

Well I remember my dear old mother's hoof,
She'd kick me full of knot-holes, of that I've lots of proof,
My spinal column she'd paralyze according to the rules of Hoyle,
And with me wipe the floor up, too, when she'd get full of oil.
When she elevated her pedal extremity and fired her cow-hide boot,
You bet your last trade dollar us kids got up to scoot,
In memoriam still I keep a scar, both long and deep,
'Tis a mark from my angel mother's shoe.

CHORUS.

Every time she'd raise her hoof, she'd take my breath away,
That's how gentle mother dear would pass the time away,
If she were here again, I don't think I'd remain
For another mark from my angel mother's shoe.

SOME DAY.

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I know not when the day shall be,
I know not where our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or will your words be sad or sweet;
It may not be till years have passed,
'Till eyes are dim and tresses gray,
The world is wide, but love at last,
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.

CHORUS.

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,
Love, I know not when or how—
Love, I know not when or how;
Only this, only this, this, that once you loved me
Only this I love you now,
I love you now, I love you now.

I know not are you far or near,
Or are you dead or do you live;
I know not who the blame should bear,
Or who should plead or who forgive;
But when we meet some day, some day,
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see,
And ev'ry cloud shall roll away,
That darkens love 'twixt you and me.—*Chorus.*

KILLARNEY.

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By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
Footprints leave on many strands,
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings, and rest
In that eden of the west,
Beauty's home Killarney
Ever fair Killarney.

Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's fate can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders floating by.
Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest;
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Eever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints;
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn Spring's natal day,
Bright-hued berries doff the snows,
Smiling Winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each soul a harmony,
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in extacy.
With the charmful tints below
Seems the heaven above to vie,
All the colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky,
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

PHILADA. AGENCY.
W. B. HUBBS.
S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is McNamara, and I came from County Clare,
In that darling little isle across the sea,
Where the mountains and the hills, the lakes and rippling rills,
Are singing sweetest music all the day.
Our little farm was small, it would not support us all,
So one of us was forced away from home;
I bid them all good-bye, with a tear-drop in my eye,
And I sailed for Castle Garden all alone.

CHORUS.

I am an Irish lad, of work I'm not afraid,
If it's pleasure to you I will sing or dance;
I'll do anything you say, if you'll only name the day
When they give an honest Irish lad a chance.

When I landed in New York, I tried hard to get work,
And I traveled through the streets from day to day;
I went from place to place, with starvation in my face,
But every place they want no help they say.
And still I wandered on, a hoping to find one
That would give a lad a chance to earn his bread,
But then it's the same, for I know I'm not to blame,
And oftentimes I wished that I was dead.—*Chorus.*

But I know I've one kind friend, who a helping hand will lend
To a poor boy, and to help him on at home;
I will bring my mother here, and my little sister dear,
And never more again from them to roam.
I will try to do what's right, I will work both day and night,
Yes, I'll do the very best I can,
And God will bless the heart that will take the poor boy's part,
And make an honest Irish lad a man.—*Chorus.*

LARRY'S ON THE FORCE.

By Irwin Russell.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Well, Katie, and is this yersilf? And where was you this whoile?
And ain't ye dhrissed! You are the wan to illusthrate the stoile!
But never moind thim matthers now—there's toime enough for thim;
And Larry—that's me b'y—I want to shpake to you av him.

Sure, Larry bates thim all for luck!—'tis he will make his way,
And be the proide and honnur to the sod beyant the say;
We'll soon be able—whist! I do be singin' till I'm hoorse,
For iver since a month or more, my Larry's on the foorce!

There's not a proivate gintleman that boords in all the row,
Who houlds himself loike Larry does, or makes as foine a show;
Thim eyes av his, the way they shoine, his coat and butthons, too—
He bates thim kerrige dhroivers that be on the avenue!

He shtips that proud and shtately-like, you'd think he owned the town
And hould his shtick convaient to be tappin' some wan down—
Aich blissed day, I watch to see him comin' up the shtrate,
For, by the greatest bit av luck, our house is on his bate.

The little b'ys is feared av him, for Larry's moighty shtrict,
And many's the litthle blagyard he's arristed, I expict;
The beggyars gets acrass the shtrate—you ought to see thim fly—
And organ-groindhers scatthers whin they see him comin' by.

I know that Larry's bound to roise; he'll get a sergeant's post,
And afther that a captincy widhin a year at most;
And av he goes in politics he has the head to throive—
I'll be an aldrwoman, Kate, afore I'm thirty-foive!

What's that again? Y'are jokin' surely,—Katie! *is* it thrue?
Last noight, you say, *he—married?* and Aileen O'Donahue?
O Larry! c'u'd ye have the hairt—but let the spalpeen be;
Av he demanes himsilf to *her*, he's nothing more to me.

The ugly schamp! I always said, just as I'm tellin' you,
That Larry was the biggist fool av all I iver knew;
And many a toime I've tould mesilf—*you* see it now, av coorse—
He'd niver come to anny good av he got on the foorce!

MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES.

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My dear Nelly's eyes are blue;
Hair of bright and golden hue;
Like her heart, her eyes are true,
My Nelly, my own;
Never lived a queen so fair,
With my Nelly life I'd share,
By her side I know no care,
My Nelly, my own.
Ne'er was curled from nature's bower,
Half so rare or sweet a flower,
Though we've culled them, hour by hour,
My Nelly, my own.

CHORUS.

My Nelly's blue eyes,
My Nelly's blue eyes,
Brighter than stars that shine at night,
My Nelly's blue eyes.

When I first saw Nelly's home,
Where the moon-beams softly shone,
From mine heart a lover's moan,
My Nelly, my own;
Fairer seemed this world to me,
Whilst the wind blew o'er the lea,
Words and kisses sweet for me,
My Nelly, my own;
Like a rose refresh'd with dew,
My sad heart when won by you,
Angel words said, "Thou art true,"
My Nelly, my own.—*Chorus.*

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

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My bonnie lies out on the ocean,
While sadly I wait on the shore;
He wander'd away o'er the billow,
I'm longing to see him once more!
He comes to my heart in bright visions,
His face like an angel's I see!
And, still do I sigh in my dreaming;
Oh! bring back my bonnie to me!

CHORUS.

Bring back bring back,
Bring back my love o'er the sea!
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my love o'er the sea!
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my bonnie to me!
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my bonnie to me!

He left me when roses were fading,
To bid me farewell, for a while;
My heart is so weary and lonely,
Bereft of his beautiful smile.
I stray where the billows are dashing,
And wonder where now he can be;
My heart to the waves ever whispers:
Oh! bring back my bonnie to me.—*Chorus.*

Then, darling one, can you forsake me?
My life is so weary and lone!
Oh! send me a word o'er the water,
And say you are ever my own!
In sorrow and tears I'm repining,
And sad is my watch by the sea,
My darling, my dear one forever!
Oh! bring back my bonnie to me.—*Chorus.*

—The truly helpful wife is the one who always returns her husband's pencil when she borrows it. She has not been born yet. So says a cynical editor.

ONLY A GIRL.

By Ruth Hall.

I hear a sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray;
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight.
Ah! out and away, ere the sun is high,
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry;
And I'm—only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead,
Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky;
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low, lush meadows he rattles by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind gusts meet to whistle and whirl;
And—yes! I may look for his coming back;
For I'm only a girl.

I may watch and wait all day for the ring
Of his pretty playthings glistening steel;
And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing
Over my work till I hear the wheel;
Then I shall see the eyes o' my lad,
And he a check and drooping curl;
And—well, yes—perhaps—I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl.

It's Funny What Lager Will Do.

Sung with great success by Leslie and Hardman.

I awoke up this morning with a terrible head,
I was nervous and I had the shakes,
I had to use a shoe-horn to put on my hat,
I imagined that I had the snakes.
For I had been drinking a little too much,
Which made me feel awfully blue,
I'd given the world for a cocktail,
It's funny what lager will do.

CHORUS.

It will make a man fight,
And stop out all night,
Get arrested and get ten days, too,
It will make a man stutter,
And sleep in the gutter,
It's funny what lager will do.

Make him join the marines,
Live all Winter on beans,
And put him in a terrible stew,
It will make him a bum,
By the copper get run,
It's funny what lager will do.—*Chorus.*

It will make him eat clams,
And have the jim-jams,
And sometimes get him clubbed black and blue;
It will make a man lazy,
And drive him near crazy,
It's funny what lager will do.—*Chorus.*

It will put him in rags,
Make him drain old beer kegs,
And various other things do;
And when he gets broke,
All his clothes he will soak,
It's funny what lager will do.—*Chorus.*

It will make him a fool,
Get him stuck playing pool,
And banged o'er the head with a cue;
And if he is flush,
It will soon make him lush,
It's funny what lager will do.—*Chorus.*

Make a man soon repent,
When he ain't got a cent,
You bet he'll feel awfully blue;
Made a man in the gallery
Spend all his week's salary,
It's funny what lager will do.—*Chorus.*

It will make a man stout,
It knocked Sullivan out,
Though he says the report is not true;
It made the coachman skip off
With Morrisania's fair daughter,
It's funny what lager will do.—*Chorus.*

The Old-Fashioned Homestead.

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I still do remember the old-fashioned homestead,
That beautiful place where I first saw the light,
Where oft I have played on the green when in childhood,
That lovely old spot was so happy and bright.
The garden was loaded with sweet scented flowers,
The pretty magnolias grew close by the door,
How sweetly the mocking bird sang in the wildwood,
Take me back home, let me see it once more.

CHORUS.

The old-fashioned homestead I still do remember,
The magnolia flowers grew close by the door;
How sweetly the mocking bird sang in the wildwood,
Take me back home, let me see it once more.

How often I've thought of my dear aged mother—
God bless and protect her from sorrow and pain;
She kissed and caressed me so fondly in childhood,
I long to return just to see her again.
The garden and groves will look strange when I see them,
Those sweet lovely places I still do adore;
The years, too, have vanished since last I beheld them,
Take me back home, let me see it once more.—*Chorus.*

BASE BALL.

The noon-day sun was pouring down
Upon a meadow sere and brown,
Where stood a youth with bat on high,
Loud to his comrades rang the cry:
"Baseball!"

He hopes to win himself a name
By playing soon "a great match game;"
For him 'twill be the greatest fun
To hear the words: "Live Oaks have won,"
"Baseball!"

Around the field he saw the light
Of friendly faces beaming bright;
Just by his head a ball has flown,
And from his lips escape a groan,
"Baseball!"

"Now, stop this game," the old man said,
"The second base has smashed his head;
The pitcher, too, has sprained his wrist,
The umpire's brain is in a mist,"
"Baseball!"

"Oh! drop that bat," the maiden said,
"And make a long 'home-run' instead;"
A hot ball hit him in the eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Baseball!"

"Beware! you'll soon be out on foul!"
This was the fielder's awful howl!
But still there echoed in his ear,
In that deep voice, so thick and queer,
"Baseball!"

"Used up," he sinks upon the ground,
While pitying comrades gather round,
And in the awful throes of death,
He murmurs with his latest breath,
"Baseball!"

There on the cold earth, drear and gray,
To perfect jelly smashed, he lay,
While o er the autumn fields afar
Was heard the victor's loud huzza,
"Baseball!"

—She, just through playing: "I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment." He, assuringly: "O, indeed I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know."

DONNELLY AND COOPER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all you true-bred Irishmen, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines you hear;
It's of as true a story as ever you did hear,
It's about Donnelly and Cooper, that fought all on Kildare.

'Twas on the 3d of June, brave boys this challenge sent o'er,
From Brittania to old Grauna to renew her sons once more;
To renew her satisfaction, and her credit to recall,
For they're all in deep distraction since Donnelly conquered all.

Old Grauna read the challenge and received and she smiled,
Saying: "You'd better hasten to Kildare, my well beloved child,
There you will reign victorious, which you often did before,
And your deeds will shine so gloriously around old Erin's shore."

The challenge was accepted; these heroes did prepare
To meet brave Captain Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare;
When these two bully champions were stripped off in the ring,
They both were still determined on each other's blood to spill.

From 6 to 9, parried their time, till Donnelly knocked him down,
Old Grauna smiled: "Well done, my child; that is ten thousand pound!"
The second round that Cooper fought, he knocked down Donnelly,
Likewise true game was Donnelly, he rose most furiously.

Right active then was Cooper—he knocked Donnelly down again;
Those Englishmen then gave three cheers, saying: "The battle's all in vain."
Long life to brave Miss Kelly; she's recorded on the plain;
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying: "Dan, my boy, what do you mane?
My Irish boy," said she, "my whole estate I've bet on you, brave Donnelly."

Donnelly rose again, and meeting with great might,
And to stagnate those nobles all, continued to his fight;
Cooper stood in his own defence; exertion proved in vain,
He soon received a temple blow that knocked him on the plain.

Now you sons of proud Brittania, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper, now, by Donnelly, he met a sad downfall,
Out of eleven rounds gave nine knock-downs and broke his jaw-bone;
"Shake hands," said she, "brave Donnelly, the battle's all our own."

DOT STUPPORN PONY.

By Harry Woodson.

I growt so ferry heffy
  Dot too much de walkin' pe,
So I pyed me of von pony;
  But dot pettler he sheat me.
Bote eyes of him was limpy,
  Bote lecks of him vas plint:
But dot vot prake of me mine heart
  Dot pony vas oonkint.

He keeck shust like a chackess;
  Oop town, pefore, pehint;
Und how a cure dot pony
  I rollt oop in my mint.
Dot sympathee vas nonsense;
  Shust everydinks he preak;
Vhen sutton coomt von grant itee,
  I tole you how I make:

I keetch him mit de shafters,
  But—outsite in instet—
His het oop py dot vagon,
  His dail vere vas his het.
Den—one, doo, tree—I schlag him.
  Ach, himmel, how he keeck!
But vhen he fints he noddings stroock,
  He stop dot pooty queeck.

Den looks he oop aschtountet,
  Oxcited pooty pat;
Den sutten makes he backvarts,
  Like as or he vas mat.
I laugh as I vas tying
  Ven I see him go dot vay;
Den on his haunch he stoomples town,
  As he vas going to bray.

How schamt he look, vateffer!
  I tole him vat I dinks;
Doo dears drop oud his eyepalls,
  Mit grief his dail he vinks,
Arount all right I toorn him,
  His het pefore him now,
Und streecks!—he trives as goot und kind
  As he vas peen my frau!

THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

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Sarsfield has sailed from Limerick town—
He held it long for country and crown,
And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore
o spoil our homes and our shrines no more!

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
Are fighting for France in the low country—
At his fiery charge the Saxon reel,
They learned at Limerick to dread the steel!

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain,
His corselet hath met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, Oh, that this was for fatherland!

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
He died in the arms of victory;
And his dying words shall edge the brand,
When we chase the foe from our native land.

What Biddy Said in the Police Court.

By E. T. Corbett.

Yis, luk at me now, if ye can, Tim,
  Luk in me face if ye dare!
It's bruised an' it's ugly—I know it—
  But sorra a bit do ye care,
Ye dhrunken—I'm ready, yer Honor,
  I'll show ye's the mark of Tim's fist,
An' the black an' blue bruise on me shoulther
  Where he pushed me agin the ould chist.

Sure I will—don't be winkin' at me, Tim,
  I'm done wid ye now, ye can say,
An' if ye're sint up for a twelvemonth
  It's rejoicin' I'd be ivery day,
Whisht, officer—what's that ye're sayin'?
  "Me complaint?" why, what's ailin' ye, man?
For sure an' I'm afther complain',
  Yer Worship, as fast as I can!

Whin ye kim home last night, now that's thrue, Tim,
  The place was so purty an' nate,
Wid such ilegant corn bafe an' inyons
  Set out on me blue chaney plate;
An' Molly a-waitin' to show ye
  The beautiful medal she'd got;
An' me, wid my fut on the cradle,
  A kapin' the tay good an' hot.

But, Tim, ye'd bin dhrinkin', ye blackguard,
  Yer wages was gone, ivery cint;
An' ye b-a-ate an' abused me a-an' M-ol-ly
  For sphakin' a word of the r-r-rint.
But whin ye turned over the table,
  An' smash! wint me plate on the floor,
An angel cud never kape silence,
  So thin—I'll confess it—I swore!

Jist wance, an' ye needn't have minded,
  Well knowin' me timper is quick,
But wurra! ye knocked down the shtove, Tim,
  And batthered the wall wid yer shtick,
Yis, an' broke the best chair, too, ye spalpeen!
  No wonder the naybors tuk fright,
Wid Molly an' Patsy, both screamin'
  Outside, in the cowld Winter's night.

What! *fine him tin dollars*, your Honor?
  Och, sure now, that's hard on poor Tim.
'Twas just the laste bit of a scrimmage,
  There's husbands far worser nor him!
But niver mind, darlint, here's money,—
  I'd saved up a thrifle, ye see,
By washin' an' clanin'—I'll spind it,
  Mavourneen, to let ye go free.

So come along home wid yer Biddy,
  There's breakfast expectin' ye there,
Sure ye're needin' the bit an' the sup, Tim,
  Ye're lookin' so white, yis, an' quaire,
See! Molly's outside there, a smilin',
  An' fifty cints left yit, asthore.
Come an, Tim—good mornin', yer Honor,
  I won't be a throublin' ye's more!

KATHLEEN, MY DARLING.

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Oh, Kathleen, my darling, I'm thinking of you,
Of you, my bright angel, so tender and true;
Your sweet face it haunts me each night in my dreams,
God love you, darling, my fairest Kathleen;
In dreams how I fancy I'm still by your side,
I'm whispering darling, and calling you bride,
Your cheeks like the roses, your laugh filled with glee;
God love my Kathleen, who's over the sea.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, my darling, so tender and true,
Fondly my heart beats for no one but you;
Your own sweet face haunts me while thinking of thee,
God love my Kathleen who's over the sea.

'Twas beautiful Springtime, the birds sang their lay,
When leaving you, Kathleen, at grey dawn of day;
The hunter's horn sounding far o'er hill and lea,
I promised you, love, that I'd think of thee;
Yes, Kathleen Mavourneen, my Colleen aroon,
You're fairer than flowers that in Springtime bloom,
I am always thinking of you, my sweet queen;
God love you, darling, my fairest Kathleen.—*Chorus.*

Three Little Maids From School.

Sung with great success by Tony Pastor.

Three little maids went skipping by,
Sweet as a slice of cherry pie,
Awfully meek, and very shy,
Three little maids from school.

Naughty boys shouted out, "Ah, there!"
Said they would "steal" these beauties fair,
"Three of a kind," they beat "two pair,"
Three little maids from school.

Three little maids so light and airy,
Bangs that were dyed a bright canary,
All of them fresh from Tipperary,
Three little maids from school.

One little maid chewed her parasol,
Two little maids hugged a poodle small,
Three little maids carried books for a "stall,"
Three little maids—no fools!

Then three little maids three "noodles" met,
Each on the end of a cigarette;
Soon they "caught on" to the "jays," you bet,
Three little maids—no fools.

Three little maids so tough and tender,
Out on a beer and ice-cream "bender,"
Each one could guzzle all you'd send her,
Three little maids from school.

Three little maids were asked to dine,
But all you've got they didn't decline;
Broke up these "gawks" on hash and wine,
Three little maids from school.

Then "just for a flyer" sailed away,
All on a "jamboree" that day;
"Spooned" on the boat, the deck-hands say,
Three little maids—no fools.

Three little maids so fresh and merry,
Filled to the necks with quail and sherry;
Having a gay old time—yes, very,
Three little maids—no fools.

One little maid then her "business" knew,
Two little maids saw the "gag" to do;
Three little maids went three pockets thro'
Three little maids—no fools!

Now, three diamond studs are up the "spout,"
Three watches, ditto, there's no doubt;
Three maids at home, send the "growler" out,
Three little maids—no fools.

Three little "chappies" mash, now never,
Three little maids so "fly" and clever;
Still work the "book bluff" same as ever,
Three little maids from school.

LIMERICK RACES.

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I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs,
So to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I came, sirs;
Oh, murther! what a precious place, and what a charming city,
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty!

CHORUS.

Musha ring a ding a da, ri too ral laddy, Oh!
Musha ring a ding a da, ri too ral laddy, Oh!

It was on the first of May, when I began my rambles,
When everything was there, both jaunting car and gambols;
I looked along the road, which was lined with smiling faces,
All driving off ding-dong to go and see the races.—CHORUS.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on a coach-and-four neatly took my place, sirs,
When a chap bawled out, "Behold!" and the driver dealt a blow, sirs;
Faith! he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.—CHORUS.

So then I had to walk and make no great delay, sirs,
Until I reached the course where everything was gay, sirs;
It's then I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story,
The band struck up a tune called, "Garry Owen and glory."—CHORUS.

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lassies dancing,
And chaps upon their nags, round the course sure they were prancing,
Some were drinking whiskey-punch, while others bawled out gaily,
"Hurrah! then for the shamrock green and the splinter of shillelagh!"—CHORUS

There was betters to and fro to see who would win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to me, sirs;
Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds and I'll put it down this minute,"
"Ah! then, ten to one," says I, "The foremost horse will win it."—CHORUS.

When the players came to town, and a funny set was they,
I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play;
They acted kings and cobblers, and everything so gaily,
But I found myself at home when they struck up, "Paddy Carey."—CHORUS.

The Song That Will Never Die.

Written and composed by J. F. Mitchell. Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

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I heard it first in a lowly cot
From the lips of a peasant bride;
Her voice was full of melody,
That she sang with a joyous pride.
I saw the husband return from toil,
And he stood in the porch to hear
The loving song that his young wife sang,
In a voice that was low and clear.

CHORUS.

And the same sweet song has been ever sung,
In each land beneath the sky;
And the sweetest song in the mother tongue,
Is the song that will never die.

I heard it next in the gilded halls,
Of a palace grand and rare,
And sweeter far than the siren's song
Came its burden on the air.
It brought me back to the happy times,
And I lived it o'er again,
When my mother folded a sleeping child,
While singing the sweet old strain.

LULLABY.

Slumber my baby, my darling,
Angels are hovering near,
Sweet may thy slumbers be,
All the world's wealth to me,
Slumber my baby, my dear, my own.

CHORUS.

And the same sweet song will be ever sung,
'Tis the mother's lullaby,
'Tis the sweetest song in the mother tongue,
And the song that will never die.

—An English journal states that the first prize-winner for Cheshire cheese at the Royal and the second prize-winner are two sisters; the third prize-winner is their mother, and the highly commended is taken by another sister; so that the whole of the honors in this class went to one family. That may be called a dairy family of premium-takers.

PUT ON DE GOLDEN SWORD.

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Oh, pretty little darkies, come and gather all around,
Put on de golden sword!
And dig de yaller taters from de bosom of de ground,
Put on de golden sword!
Dar's heaps o' trouble comin' from de bosom ob de deep,
Put on de golden sword!
Ole Satan am a watching for to catch you fast asleep,
Put on de golden sword!

CHORUS.

Oh, children, knuckle on, oh, children chuckle on,
Oh, children, buckle on—put on de golden sword!
Den fare you well, I'll meet you bye and bye,
Where angels sing, and darkies never die,
De road am rough, unless you hasten on,
And put on de golden sword!

Dar's heaps o' joy a comin' dat you little did expec',
Put on de golden sword!
So buckle on your armor if you want to be on deck,
Put on de golden sword!
Dar's dancing and a singing and a ringing in de sky,
Put on de golden sword!
So keep you on a moving and you'll eat potato pie,
Put on de golden sword!—*Chorus.*

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

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In the merry month of June, when first from home I started,
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my tears and grief to smother;
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born,
I cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghost or goblin;
With a pair of bran new brogues I rattled o'er the bogs—
Sure I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road to Dublin;
Here's the rocky road, now fire away to Dublin!

The steam-coach was at hand, the driver said he'd cheap ones,
But sure the luggage van was too much for ha'pence,
For England I was bound it would never do to balk it,
For every step of the road, bedad! says I, I'll walk it.
I did not sigh nor moan, until I saw Athlone,
A pain in my shin bone, it set my heart a bubbling;
And fearing the big cannon, looking o'er the Shannon,
I very quickly ran on the rocky road to Dublin.—CHORUS.

In Mullingar, that night, I my limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, with spirits light and airy;
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my spirits from sinking,
That's always an Irishman's cure, whenever he's troubled with thinking.
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while,
At my comical style, set my heart a bubbling,
They axed if I was hired, the wages I required,
Until I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.—CHORUS.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city;
'Twas then I took a stroll, all amoug the quality,
My bundle then was stole in a neat locality.
Something crossed my mind, thinks I, I'll look behind,
No bundle could I find upon my stick a wobbling,
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue,
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.—CHORUS.

A coachman raised his hand as if myself was wanting,
I went up to a stand, full of cars for jaunting;
"Step up, my boy!" says he; "ah, ah! that I will with pleasure,"
"And to the strawberry beds, I'll drive you at your leisure."
"A strawberry bed?" says I, "faith, that would be too high!
On one of straw I'll lie, and the berries won't be troubling;"
He drove me out as far, upon an outside car,
Faith! such jolting never wor on the rocky road to Dublin.—CHORUS.

I soon got out of that, my spirits never failing,
I landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing,
The captain at me roared, swore that no room had he,
But when I leaped on board, they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs I played such rummy rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, with the water round me bubbling,
But when off Holyhead, I wished that I was dead,
Or safely put in bed, on the rocky road to Dublin.—CHORUS.

The boys in Liverpool, when on the dock I landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
My blood began to boil, my temper I was loosing,
And poor old Erin's Isle, they all began abusing.
"Hurrah! my boys," says I, my shillalagh I let fly,
Some Galway boys were by, they saw I was a hobble in;
Then with a loud hurrah! they joined me in the fray,
Faugh-a-ballagh! clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin.—CHORUS.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by laws to grow on Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color last be seen,
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearing of the green.

Oh, I met with Naber Tancly, and he took me by the hand,
And he says, "How is poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

And since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
Then take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod—
It will take root and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow
And when the leaves in the Summer time their verdure do not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my cabeen,
But, 'till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to the wearing of the green.

But, if at last her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old soil will part;
I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of Freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing, in a strange and happy land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thrald was never to be seen,
But where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearing of the green.

The Ship that Never Returned.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

On a Summer's day, when the wave was rippled
By the softest, gentlest breeze,
Did a ship set sail, with cargo laden,
For a port beyond the seas;
There were sweet farewells—there were loving signals,
While a form was yet discern'd;
Though they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting,
For the ship—she never returned.

CHORUS.

Did she never return? She never return'd—
Her fate, it is yet unlearn'd;
Tho' for years and years there were fond ones watching,
Yet the ship—she never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
"I must cross the wide, wide sea;
For they say, perchance, in a foreign climate,
There is health and strength for me."
'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger,
And her heart for her youngest yearn'd;
Yet she sent him forth with a smile and a blessing
On the ship that never return'd.—*Chorus.*

"Only one more trip," said a gallant seaman,
As he kiss'd his weeping wife;
Only one more bag of the golden treasure,
And 'twill last us all through life.
Then I'll spend my days in my cozy cottage,
And enjoy the rest I've earn'd;
But, alas, poor man! for he sail'd commander
Of the ship that never return'd.—*Chorus.*

—Mother: "Then you have decided to marry James, Clara?" Daughter: "Yes," mamma. We think it will be an economical measure for us to get married." Mother: "Where does the economy come in?" Daughter: "Well, we both wear the same sized spectacles."

The Day We Went Tobogganning.

As sung with great success by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The other day my girl I met,
She's just the dearest little pet,
She asked me if I'd witnessed yet,
The fun where folks toboggan.
And so, to be in style, I dress'd—
A blanket made my coat and vest—
And such a crazy sight was I,
The boys they shouted, "See the guy!"
We quickly reached the icy spot,
The sport, I tell you, was red hot!
The laughing couples by us shot
That day we went tobogganning.

The girls were there in all their charms,
Around the chaps they placed their arms,
'Twas just to hush the wild alarms
They had where folks toboggan!
At length we started down the slide,
And like a flash began to glide;
My girl she hugged me, like the rest,
I tried to do my level best;
But half way down, while we did dash,
There was a very awful smash!
And on the ice we fell, ker-splash,
That day we went tobogganning!

When I got up, I looked around,
And this was what I straightway found;
My nose was broken, my limbs unsound,
Up there where folks toboggan!
My eyes were of the rain-bow's hue!
I'd lost my purse and "ticker," too!
Let others go enjoy the fun;
With this new-fangled sport I'm done!
So take your "best girl" where you will,
But if you don't want her to kill,
Take my advice, avoid a "spill,"
When you go out tobogganning!

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 300 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Farewell to the dear land I leave far behind,
Farewell to my father, although he be blind;
Shall I ever forget him, while my heart beats with joy?
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy—
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy.

When I came to this country, I had brogues on my feet,
And corduroy breeches, although I looked neat,
Yet the boys they all laughed at me, which to me was a joy,
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy—
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy.

There is one they'll remember and never forget,
'Tis Washington's dear friend, the bold Lafayette,
Who gave fortune and all, not wishing for fame,
For he dearly loved freedom, and Washington's name—
For he dearly loved freedom, and Washington's name

I'll send for my parents, and they will come here,
To a land filled with plenty, and a land they love dear;
For I know they will bless me, while there hearts beat with joy,
For they called me their own son, their wild Irish boy—
For they called me their own son, their wild Irish boy.

There's the land of my kindred I'll never forget,
For the time it may come when it will be happy yet;
Would to God it were now, for 'twould give me great joy,
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy—
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy.

A Man to Knock Sullivan Out.

Sung by Leslie and Hardman.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Short folks and tall folks, come listen to me,
Your attention I ask for awhile;
I'll sing you the latest sensation to-night,
And perhaps I may cause you to smile.
Gas bills and board bills have gone away up,
And the boot-blacks are running about,
If you ask what their looking for,
They'll reply, a man to knock Sullivan out.

Talk about sluggers, but he is the darling,
As a smasher now he is a pet;
There's big Herbert Slade on the shelf has been laid
From a slugging which he did get.
Paddy Ryan, so fine, got knocked out of time,
Charley Mitchell got turned inside out,
And Richard K. Fox will have to walk many blocks,
To find a man to knock Sullivan out.

Harry Miner wouldn't do it for he is too fat,
Cleveland smokes too many cigars,
Blaine says he can stand up four rounds
With a driver on a Third avenue car;
Kate Claxton's too thin, Clara Morris is too lazy,
Fanny Davenport is a little too stout;
But I will bet fifty, that Mrs. Langtry
Can knock John L. Sullivan out.

IRELAND'S SWORD AND SHIELD

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! Erin, my country, thee I dearly adore,
I hope I may see you as in the bright days of yore,
When no English landlord our soil would frequent,
Nor bring on starvation to pay back rents.

CHORUS.

Oh! the cruel-hearted Saxons,
Our vengeance they'll feel;
Ireland, Ireland,
To no Englishman yield.

Oh! Erin, my country, thee I dearly adore,
I hope in the future you will have peace in galore,
When your sons and your daughters no more they will roam,
But with peace and contentment they'll all stay at home.

CHORUS.

Oh! the cold-hearted Saxons,
Our answer they'll feel,
Ireland, Ireland,
Grasp your sword and shield.

Oh! Erin, my country, thee I adore,
In the battle for freedom may you rush to the fore,
When the battle is raging, for victory you are set,
Then we'll pay back the English our long-standing debt.

CHORUS.

Oh! the cruel-hearted English,
Our revenge they must feel,
Ireland, Ireland,
Sway your flag, sword and shield.

Oh! Erin, my country, thee I dearly adore,
Though I am far from thy bosom, yet I love thee the more,
May your voice for your freedom like waves ever swell,
Through as loyal a channel as Mr. Parnell.

CHORUS.

Oh! you true sons of Erin,
May your valor be seen
In your own parliament,
In old sweet College Green.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

By C. F. Adams.

I'm a broken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame;
I dells you vot der drouble is—
I doesn't know my name

You dinks dis very funny, eh?
Ven you der story hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas shtrange und queer.

Mein moder had two little twins,
Dey was me und mein broder;
Ve looks so ferry mooch alike,
No von knew vich from toder.

Von ov der poys was "Yawcup,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name;
But den it makes no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von ov us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcup,
Mein moder, she ton't know.

Und so I am in droubles,
I gan't git droo mein hed,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
Or Yawcup vot ish tead!

THE OLD VILLAGE BUM.

Composed and sung by P. J. Downey.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tune—"The Old Kitchen Floor."

Sometimes, when I'm musing, my memory flies back,
To pleasures and sorrows in life's stormy track,
There's one thing comes to me I cannot repress,
Those days are long gone, yet to me they are fresh.
A poor, lonely stranger to our village came,
His clothes they were seedy, his walk it was lame;
We gathered around him, and just out of fun,
We christened him Billy, the old village bum;
We gathered around him, and just out of fun,
We christened him Billy, the old village bum.

His labor was useful to neighbors around,
Give him but a meal, and his sorrows were drowned,
His shape it was known to most all in the place,
The children would smile at his good-natured face.
When we were a-playing, if things were unfair,
They soon would be righted if he were but there;
When strangers chastised us, how quick they would run,
If we'd call our Billy, the old village bum;
When strangers chastised us, how quick they would run,
If we'd call our Billy, the old village bum.

At last, cruel war it came unto our land,
He was not the last with a gun in his hand;
The day I remember, it made us all cry,
When he came around to bid us good-by.
The war it was ended—he came in the cars—
One poor arm was gone, and he covered with scars;
Although he was crippled, we never could shun
Our poor, honest Billy, the old village bum;
Although he was crippled, we never could shun
Our poor, honest Billy, the old village bum.

His wounds came against him—his age helped them on,
His limbs they were feeble, his strength it was gone;
We brought him a doctor and gave him a bed,
But death came at last, and poor Billy was dead.
The people to pacify children did try,
But thinking of Billy, they could not help cry;
By a tree in our grave-yard, just out of the sun,
We laid our poor Billy, the old village bum;
By a tree in our grave-yard, just out of the sun,
We laid our poor Billy, the old village bum.

BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a little green spray, that on meadow or brae,
Is kissed by the dew morn and eve,
And the sun from above throws a smile full of love,
On this cluster of emerald leaves;
'Tis the symbol of Erin's sweet spot in the sea,
And no flower more rare e'er was seen,
Than grows on its stem—'tis my own precious gem,
"Bunch of Shamrocks," so fragrant and green.

CHORUS.

'Tis the shamrock so green, the shamrock so green,
No flower more rare e'er was seen,
Than grows on its stem—my own precious gem,
"Bunch of Shamrocks," so fragrant and green.

Good fortune is found in the blessings that's round
This dear little treasure so fair,
In the famed days of old each warrior bold,
A charm in virtue so rare,
And still dew-kissed it peeps from bog or brake,
Bejewelled more rich than a queen;
The dear little gem on its triple-branched stem,
"Bunch of Shamrocks," so fragrant and green.—*Chorus.*

THE WALKING MANIA.

Sung by America's favorite, Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

About O'Leary's all the talk,
And how Sport he did from Bridgeport walk,
And since Lepper Hughes first toed the mark,
We've got the walking mania.
Brains in New York is played out,
It's only the legs they care about;
With a pretty girl you've now no power,
If you can't do six miles an hour,
If to win your darling's love you dream,
So kindly she'll upon you beam,
If she only finds you've got the steam
To keep up the walking mania.

No girl does for a sweetheart care,
Striped stockings now they will not wear,
A ten-mile walk by it they swear,
Since they've got this walking maina.
Even married men, it's turned their head,
All night they're walking round the bed,
As if they had the jim-jams got—
Going round and round in a regular trot;
In vain the little baby cries,
The wife gets up and does likewise—
It has taken this town by surprise,
Has this great walking mania.

The parsons now no more they preach,
But the way to raise your muscle teach,
Sweet Jordon's banks are out of reach,
All thro' the walking mania.
The *Herald* will tell you what to eat,
Madam Anderson's dose it can't be beat;
Her digestive powers will take the shine
From a bushel of oysters and a basket of wine;
The only ones that don't increase
Their regular speed, is our police—
Except a bribe their palm does grease,
Then they catch the walking mania.

Men and women now nothing mind,
But to beat the champions almost blind;
They must be worked by steam behind,
They've got such a walking mania.
Old maids whose dream of love is fled,
Have given up men and all thoughts bad,
They now their powers of youth retain,
By discarding love and going into train;
I must away on my practice walk
A ten-mile breather around the park,
Don't call me back and my purpose balk,
For I've got the walking mania.

IF WE ONLY HAD OUR WAY.

Written expressly for Rice and Barton.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of something new we're going to sing,
And joy to many hearts 'twill bring,
It's what we'd do with everything,
If we only had our way;
No more hard times, but plenty of cash,
An absence of hair in boarding-house hash,
Monopolies we quick would smash,
If we only had our way.
We'd clean each street, get rid of each beat,
To the girls so sweet we'd give small feet,
Beer from each mountain would freely flow,
We'd feed Oscar Wilde with fried balls of snow;
To fight the Indians we'd send our mother-in-law,
We know they couldn't stand her terrible jaw,
No more foreign paupers would land on our soil,
We'd rub Henry Ward Beecher with St. Jacob's Oil;
We' see that the rich gave poor men good pay,
In fact, every man should receive fair play;
Trade dollars would all be redeemed at par,
And two cents the fare on every street car;
We'd run a railroad clear up to the moon,
Have snow storms in the middle of June,
We'd make nigger minstrels get new gags;
In Ireland we'd hoist American flags.
Sara Bernhardt we'd make the ruler of France,
Irving would black up for a song and dance;
Each dude should have a nice little bang,
In Connecticut a few murderers we'd hang,
The Kennedy brothers we'd have mesmerized,
Then get them so full they'd be paralyzed;
No more the heathen Chinese man would wash the linen shirt,
We'd send him back to China, where he could live in dirt,
We get a few new ballet girls for men with heads of gray,
All of these things we'd do if we only had our way.
We'd collar the cash of millionaires,
And then with it put on lots of airs,
We'd make Bob Ingersoll say his prayers,
If we only had our way;
We'd give each dude a little brain,
Murderers wouldn't escape by being insane,
The Star Route frauds we would explain,
If we only had our way.
Each politician elected, if in stealing detected,
Would at once be corrected, by being ejected,
And as for the brutes who whip their own wives,
We'd have them will whipped, till they gave up their lives;
In Congress we'd have a few honest men,
In Massachusetts we'd keep old bias-eyed Ben,
Anna Dickinson's "Hamlet" we'd make all the rage,
We'd get Beecher and Talmage to go on the stage;
We'd get rid of both Republicans and Democrats,
By having them fight like the Killkenny cats,
We'd kiss every girl that had pretty lips,
And buy for the navy a few dandy ships;
Take charge of the army and treat the men right,
Get Sullivan and Grant to have a prize fight,
Make Vanderbilt and Astor go digging for coal,
Send Gould in his yacht to find the north pole;
Introduce Mary Anderson to the Prince of Wales,
Get rid of politicians by filling our jails,
We'll have the best of whiskey sold at one cent a glass,
And you bet from no country would we take any sass;
And as for Mrs. Langtry, we would send her home to stay,
All of these things we would do if we only had our way.

—Mamma: "But, Flora, my dear child, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" Flora: "Oh, no, mamma! But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

—A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says he hasn't read the book, but he knows what her wishes are: "First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; fourth, a new bonnet."

—"How nice and quiet it is out here," she said, as she led him from the crowded parlor and sat on the stairs. "Yes," he replied; "this would be a fine place to hang the mistletoe." "Oh, no," she returned, smiling archly; "it is so dark here that it isn't necessary."

Over the Hills and the Valleys.

Written and sung by Chas. Keilbach.

Over the hills and the valleys,
Over the hills far away,
I hear the banjos ringing,
They are ringing all the day.

CHORUS.

Father, adieu—mother, adieu,
Sisters and brothers, I am dreaming of you,
Dreaming of you, of you, dreaming of you,
Sisters and brothers, I am dreaming of you.

If a man has money,
Friends all flock around,
But if he has no money,
Not a friend is to be found.—*Chorus.*

If I would have obeyed my mother,
I would not be here to-day,
But I was young and foolish,
And I went my own stray way.—*Chorus.*

There Never Was a Coward Where the Shamrock Grows.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any addres, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Let cowardly slanderers say what they may
Against the dear land of my birth,
But I will maintain, in spite of all foes,
It's the dearest green spot on the earth.
Some say we are cowards and fit for naught else,
But drinking our home-made potheen,
But I'll throw back the villainous lie in their face—
We're as brave as the shamrock is green.

CHORUS.

Pat may be foolish, and very often wrong,
Pat's got a temper which don't last very long;
Pat is full of jolity, as everybody knows,
But there never was a coward where the shamrock grows.

Tho' oppressed and insulted for hundreds of years,
By the foe who once conquered them, they
Have left us the courage our fathers had,
For that they cannot take away.
They kept learning from us, stole all we held dear,
And crushed us till others cried "shame!"
But in spite of it all we have struggled to learn,
That courage and wit are the same.—*Chorus.*

WHEN MULDOON IS MAYOR.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 300 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am Michael Muldoon, a man of great fame,
And all of my ancestors, of course, were the same,
My first cousin Barney is on the police,
And the lord mayor of Dublin is married to my niece;
So I am highly connected across the big sea,
And I stopped Captain Williams dumping dirt in the bay,
And if I'm elected, I'll make the gang stare,
God help the commissioners when Muldoon is Mayor!

I'll raise all the city laborers to three dollars a day,
And send all the John Chinamen out West to chew hay,
Two schooners for five cents, it's then you can buy,
And the boys can shoot fire crackers on the fourth of July.
I will chase all the Italians and their peanut stands,
And fan every bloat I see carrying a can;
We'll have no country senators our spoils for to share,
But make law here in town when Muldoon is Mayor.

When Muldoon is Mayor you can wear your tall hats,
With high choked collars and silken cravats,
You can stand on the corner and smoke your segars,
And if you don't want to walk you can ride in the cars.
I'll have Coney Island upon Harlem flats,
And Talmage with Ingersoll in a sewer catching rats,
And no electric light up in Madison square,
But give the lovers a chance when Muldoon is Mayor.

THE BOYNE WATER.

July the first, of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare, of thousands he had thirty;
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water,
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying, "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valor here be shown, before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play, as you go over the water."

* * * * * * * * * *

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed over the water;
When that King William he observ'd the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He rein'd his horse, with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners, calling:
"What will you do for me, brave boys, see yonder men retreating,
Our enemies encouraged are—and English drums are beating;"
He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general under."

* * * * * * * * * *

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden sniff they got that day, which little they desired;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddles,
Others turned up their forked ends, which we call coup de ladle.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

LANNIGAN'S BALL.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In the town of Athol lived one Jimmy Lannigan,
He bathered away till he hadn't a pound;
His father died and made him a man again,
Left him a farm of ten acres of ground.
He gave a large party to all his relations,
That stood beside him when he went to the wall;
So if you but listen I'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions at Lannigan's ball.

CHORUS.

Whack, fallal, fallal, talladedy,
Whack, fallal, fallal, talladedy,
Whack, fallal, fallal, talladedy,
Whack, hurroo, for Lannigan's ball!

'Twas meself had free invitations
For all the boys and girls I might ask:
In less than five minutes I'd fri'nds and relations,
Singing as merry as flies round the cask.
Kitty O'Hara, a nate little milliner,
Tipt me the wink, and ask'd me to call,
Whin I arrived with Timothy Galligan,
Just in Time for Lannigan's ball.—*Chorus.*

Whin we got there they were dancing the polka,
All round the room in a quare whirligig;
But Kitty and I put a stop to this nonsinse,
We tipt them a taste of a nate Irish jig;
Oh! Mavrone, wasn't she proud of me!
We bather'd the flure till the ceiling did fall,
For I spent three weeks at Brooke's academy,
L'arning a step for Lannigan's ball.—*Chorus.*

The boys were all merry, the girls were frisky,
Drinking together in couples and groups,
Whin an accident happened to Paddy O'Rafferty,
He stuck his right foot through Miss Flanigan's hoops.
The craythur she fainted, and roared "Millia murther!"
Called for her fri'nds, and gathered thim all;
Tim Dermody swore that he'd go no further,
But have satisfaction at Lannigan's ball.—*Chorus.*

Och, arrah! boys, thin was the ruction,
Meself got a wollop from Phelim McCoo,
Soon I replied to his nate introduction,
And we kicked up the divil's phililaloo;
Casey, the piper, he was nearly strangled,
He squeezed up his bags, chaunters and all,
The girls in their ribbons all got entangled,
And that put a stop to Lannigan's ball.—*Chorus.*

In the midst of the row Miss Kavanagh fainted,
Her face all the while was as red as the rose,
The ladies declared her cheeks they were painted,
But she'd taken a drop too much, I suppose.
Paddy McCaty, so hearty and able,
Whin he saw his dear colleen stretched out in the hall,
He pulled the best leg out from under the table,
And broke all the chiney at Lannigan's ball.—*Chorus.*

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

By John G. Saxe.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine?'"
"*Ich kann nicht English!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

TIM FINNIGAN'S WAKE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tim Finnigan lived in Walker street,
A gentleman Irishman mighty odd,
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world, he carried a hod;
But you see he'd a sort of a tippling way—
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
And to help through his work each day,
He'd a drop of the creatur' every morn.

CHORUS.

Whack, hurrah! blood and 'ounds, ye sowl ye!
Welt the flure, ye're trotters shake;
Isn't it the truth Iv'e told ye?
Lots of fun at Finnigan's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake,
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
So they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With fourteen candles round his feet,
And a couple of dozen around his head.—*Chorus.*

His friends assembled at his wake;
Missus Finnigan called out for the lunch,
First, they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipes and tobacky and whisky-punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a purty corpse did ever you see?
Arrah! Tim avoureen, an' why did ye die?"
"Och none of your gab," sez Judy Magee.—*Chorus.*

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,
"Arrah! Biddy," says she, "ye're wrong I'm sure;"
But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob,
And left her sprawling on the flure.
Each side in the war did soon engage—
'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillalah law was all the rage,
An' a bloody ruction soon began.—*Chorus.*

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,
When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;
It missed him and hopping on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim!
Bedad, he revives! see how he raises!
An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
Cries, while he lathers around like blazes,
"Bad luck to yer souls, d'ye think I'm dead!"—*Chorus*

Hi! Waiter, a Dozen More Bottles

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Lovely woman was made to be loved,
To be fondled and courted and kissed;
And the fellows who've never made love to a girl—
Well, they don't know what fun they have missed.
I'm a fellow who's up to the times,
Just the boy for a lark or a spree;
There's a chap that's dead stuck on the women and wine,
You can bet your old boots that it's me.

CHORUS.

Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles,
Let's give the ladies a jolly good spree;
My dad was a "boodler," so "let her go Gallagher,"
Hang the expense, put it all down to me."

I'm beginning to think I'm tight,
Though I think I've room for one yet;
I'm afraid my cigar was a little too strong,
So, old man, give me one cigarette.
Now I feel I'm as good as a king;
Come along, have a "hooker" with me,
My eyes magnify, there's but one I know well,
But of waiters I see sixty-three.—*Chorus.*

There's my wife I've not seen for a year,
And she has not seen me for a week;
There's the children I love but I have not got one,
I will tell something else when I speak.
I am drunk, I am forced to admit,
But it is not my fault that I am,
'Tis the fault of the waiter, who's awfully slow,
In serving the nectar called Cham.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTY OF LIMERICK.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I sing of my loved ones—an idol to me,
Though parted we are by the deep rolling sea;
My thoughts gladly wander to Erin's green shore,
Where dwells my sweet treasure mavourneen asthore,
By the side of the brooklet—a clear running stream,
I fancy I see her, my cushla machree,
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree;
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree.

I sigh when I think of our farewell good-bye—
You strived for to keep the sad tear from your eye;
Poor Paddy, God save you, and send you safe home,
The heart that is melting for you all alone.
Sure don't I remember the promise I gave,
I'd go back to old Ireland when money I'd save;
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree;
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree.

I place 'neath my pillow at night, when I sleep,
A sweet little token she gave me to keep—
A wee bit of ribbon she took from her hair—
No King has a jewel more precious or rare;
In the morn when awakened I press to my heart
My colleen's last gift, with it never I'll part;
It comes from the fariest, the loveliest to me,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree;
Oh, there's no girl fairer, nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree.

—"Jennie," said a young lady, turning away from the mirror and addressing a companion, "what would you do if you had a moustache on your lip?" "If I liked him I would keep quiet," was the demure reply.

THE IRISH PHILOSOPHER.

LADIES AND GINTLEMEN:—I see so many foine-lookin' people sittin' before me, that if you'll excuse me I'll be after takin' a seat meself.

You don't know me, I'm thinkin', or some of yees 'ud be noddin' to me afore this.

I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a traveling philosopher; Terry O'Mulligan's me name. I'm from Dublin, where many philosophers before me was raised and bred. Oh, philosophy is a foine study. I don't know anything about it, but it's a foine study. Before I kim over I attinded an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin, and the discussin' and talkin' you'd hear there about the world 'ud warm the very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many imminent and learned min there at the meetin', and I was there too, and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, a man comes up to me, and says he, "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" "I do," says I, "but I don't understand yees." "Could you explain the sun's motion round the earth?" says he. "I could," says I; "but I'd not know could you understand me or not." "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he.

Sure'n I didn't know anything how to get out of it then, so I piled in, for says I to meself, never let on to any one that you don't know anything, but make them believe that you do know all about it. So says I to him, takin' up me shillalah this way—(*holding a very crooked stick horizontally*)—"We'll take that for the straight line of the earth's equator." How's that for gehoggraphy? (*To the audience.*) Oh, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument.

"Very good," says he. "Well," says I, "now the sun rises in the east." (*Placing the disenguged hand at the eastern end of the stick.*) Well, he couldn't deny that, "and," says I, "he—he—he rises in the mornin'." No more could he deny that. "Very early," says I, "and when he gets up he

Darts his rosy beams
Through the mornin' gleams."

Do you moind the poetry there? (*To the audience, with a smile.*) "And he keeps on risin' an' risin' till he reaches his meridian." "What's that?" says he. "His dinner-toime," says I. "Sure'n that's my Latin for dinner-toime. And when he gets his dinner

He sinks to rest
Behind the glorious hills of the West."

Oh, begorra, there's more poetry. I feel it croppin' out all over me.

"There," says I, well satisfied with meself, "will that do for ye?"

"You havn't got done with him," says he.

"Done with him?" says I, kinder mad like. "What more do you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the East to the West? What more do you want?" "Oh," says he, "you have to have him back agin in the east to rise the next mornin'!"

By Saint Patrick, and wasn't I near betrayin' me ignorance. Sure'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they riz one after the other; but I gathered meself quick, and says I to him, "Well," says I, "I'm surprised ye ax me that simple question. I thought any man 'ud know," says I, "that when the sun sinks to rest in the West that er—When the sun," says I— "You said that before," says he. "Well, I want to impress it strongly upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest behind the glorious hills of the East—no, West—why, he—why, he waits till it grows very dark, and then he *goes back in the night-time!*"

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

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I heard a mother singing to her babe upon her knee,
An old familiar childish strain, that had been sung to me;
It brought to mind my mother, she long has passed away,
I think I hear her tender words, as softly she would say:

CHORUS.

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?
He's under the haystack fast asleep!
Go wake him, go wake him! no, not I,
For if I do he will surely cry!

My dear, my gentle mother, I look back to her with love,
And think of all the lessons taught by one who's now above;
And of times when temptation assails me on my way,
I can resist them for I think I hear my mother say:—*Chorus.*

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend **100** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

h bin so müde
wenn du wärst mein eigen
ie ist möglich dann
chen von Tharau
er Großvater die Großmutter
ch ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Noah aus dem Kasten war
grünen Hudson-Strand
er schönen blauen Donau
l, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
port auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
hr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
n (Die)
r auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
ist der Tag des Herrn
weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
teur (Der) [zu sagen
sche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Käferknaben (Die)
muntre Burschen saßen
yman's Klage
Seele, die mich liebt
bfaches Lied
muß nach aussa
linken so lustig drei Sterne
t zwar kein Unglück
eht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
eit
heit, die ich meine
agte Ehemann (Der)
ne in Amerika (Der)
thorn's erster Brief (Des)
Kamerad (Der)

Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)

Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend **105** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

der Quelle saß der Knabe
gemeiner Toast
der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
m und Eva
reas Hofer
Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
es mit Noah ging zu End'
die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
ich an einem Sommertag
wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
liner Biermamsell (Die)
ider, lagert euch im Kreise
u Aeuglein sind gefährlich
ndeslied
trand's Abschied
liegst mir im Herzen
streiten sich die Leut' herum
n lieben langen Tag
m Herrn allein die Ehre
hab Diamanten und Perlen
bist mir nah und doch so fern
ei Wochen vor Ostern
ein Wohl, mein Liebchen
utsche Mutter (Die)
waren einmal drei Käferknaben
nsam bin ich nicht alleine
waren mal drei Gesellen
kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
ne Perle nenn' ich mein
nen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Mal hunderttausend Teufel
rn im Süd das schöne Spanien
reund, ich bin zufrieden
hr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
rad' aus dem Wirthshaus
ute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)

Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Sommer sein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ia mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum

O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

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A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Dorglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Reiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott

Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lustem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust

Mein Lied in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit!
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rose vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S' ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend **116** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz

Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen

Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen heraus
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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This book, the first of the series, contains 138 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

ishman's toast
I'm whisper
e of Claudy
bird
of Armagh
utiful isle of the sea
y bunch of roses
by McCoy
s of Brandywine
n O'Lynn
of Shandon
iful shamrock of old
McCarthy [Ireland
parte on Saint Helena
e me, if all those endear-
ey [ling young charms
n on the Rhine
an on the moor
of Kilkenny
of Sweet Dundee
unachree
in Dwyer
y boy
back to Erin
hat ate the piper
rish boy
ne Asthore
n Bay
's ass
of Sarsfield
arp of my country
ittle Colleen
ng for gould
fidle shamrock
n carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish strang r
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league land [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn [she wore
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Ailleen, Asthore
Mac's and the G s
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love!
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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s book, the second of the series, contains 128 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in No. 1. Examine the
m.

CONTENTS:

ful of earth
ricultural Irish girl
from Ireland
h fair day
Donahue
of Limerick
's courtship
ak Donahoe
Emerald Isle of the sea
Little spot on the ocean
m County Clare
ager boy
ish soldier
olan's ball
whiskey
ak to your Irish home
Bawn
n down the Irish
rien's raffle
d Irish gentleman
n, the lodger
honest Irish lad a chance
mmet
where the praties grow
e, Mike, good-bye, Pat
ven
bove the red
old Ireland
en that Ireland has seen
and Sayers
ddy stole the rope
's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good Stocking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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CONTENTS:

Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary hat got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Muleshey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Maclaine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
Widow Cummiskey
Yellow-haired Nellie
Yellow-haired laddie

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A lunch fiend
A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender puys a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der bloomaker's boy
Der night behind Chrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clare
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Frits und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Frits
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" sot the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [sheiks
Mary's ahmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's barty
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Leah
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

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CONTENTS:

...pon my dear old
...avourneen [mother's
...ooney's sister [knee
...ooney's Joe
...ooney's beau
...g and bright
...with us, Casey!
...Irish girl is the darling
...come home
...lintyres
...andon
...dream
...osey
...St. Patrick
...Toole's wedding day
...he ballet-girl
...lake whose gloomy
...il Erin [shore
...en lawn
...dhas Machree
...ar boy
...ra McNally
...est in this bosom
...g young widow
...l Casey
...jail
...wasn't in it
...ck to me
...dhas Cruthin Amoe
...ent McGinty
...Grady's hack
...e tarriers, drill
...old stick
...Pat [love
...'s farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It showered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudd...
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Mister Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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PHILADELPHIA AGENCY:

W. B. HUBBS,

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out?
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female strategem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie -RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill -RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride -RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Beside of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Mausa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [own
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river—you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky home
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Black well
308 Where the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kasiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aileen
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reelly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is."
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brass buzzers
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Pap dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

We will send **10** of the above Songs, your selection, for **10** cents; **30** for **25** cents; **50** for **40** cents; **100** for **75** cents, or **1000** for **$5.** ☞ Remember we will not send less than **10** of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers only. We will

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the sealskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lanigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon
547 Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 60th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven out
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
[illegible] Never take the horsehoe from the door
Woman, lovely woman
Napoleon's dream
[illegible]en the robins nest again
[illegible] you little darling, I love you
[illegible]lown the lane
[illegible]me back again
[illegible]ukee fire
[illegible]f the finest
[illegible]he mountain
[illegible]he ball
[illegible] boy
[illegible]k comes home again (Sailing)
[illegible]e, baby
[illegible]ivy grows so green

647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack [hallelujah)
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen Dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things [old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the [illegible]pe
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born

775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glenmore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile

904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Sonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Rinns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland [knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry [parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Massa's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play?
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Bally hooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyse the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old duddeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countre
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [burs
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra boom-
1308 Maiden and the lamb [O'arlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own [fireside

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It ofttimes has been told
That British seamen bold,
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, oh!
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch,
Oh, the Yankee boys, for fighting are the dandy, oh!

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming billows roll'd,
Commanded by brave Dacres, the grandee, oh!
With a choice of British crew,
As a rammer ever drew,
They could flog the French, two to one so handy, oh!

When this frigate bore in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
Come, clear the ship for action and be handy, oh!
To the weather gage, boys, get her,
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink, gun-powder mixed with brandy, oh!

Then, Dacres loudly cries,
Make this Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, oh!
Thirty-five's enough I'm sure,
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy, oh!

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answered not,
Till they got within the distance they call handy, oh!
Now, says Hull unto his crew,
Boys, let's see what we can do,
If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy, oh!

The first broadside we pour'd,
Carried her mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandoned, oh!
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
Lord, I didn't think these Yankees were so handy, oh!

Our second told so well,
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which dous'd the royal ensign so handy, oh!
By George, says he, we're done,
And then fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy, oh!

Then Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword,
Loth was he to part with it, it was so handy, oh!
Oh, keep your sword, says Hull,
For it only makes you dull,
So cheer up, come, let us have a little brandy, oh!

Come, fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, oh!
John Bull may toast his fill,
Let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

"PIGGY-BACK."

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In childhood's merry, happy days, we've gathered in a throng,
In joyous circle of the dance, or joined in merry song.
How sweet it is to think of days, our fairy childhood's life,
When we lived but in a dream, devoid of care or strife.

CHORUS.

Piggy-back, piggy-back, I'll carry you,
Piggy-back, piggy-back, I wish I vos you;
Lean on my shoulder now, you shall not fall;
Piggy-back, piggy-back, dot's vot I call.

When Winter comes and brings the frost, that kills the lovely flowers,
How mem'ry turns and brings the tho'ts, to childhood's happy hours.
For when the spell is broke at last, and children were no more,
We'll only hope to meet again on life's love-laden shore.—*Chorus.*

MRS. GROGAN'S BOY.

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A week ago last Sunday night
To a christening I did go;
It was held down here at Grogan's house,
A few short blocks below;
All the neighbors were invited
And welcomed them with joy;
Arrah, they shower'd heaps of compliments,
On Mrs. Grogan's boy.
Oh, ev'ry one was crazy
To hold the bouncing lad,
While we congratulated
The mother and the dad.
The child set up a squalling,
Which made the old house ring,
And the father gay, in a quaint way,
These words was heard to sing·

CHORUS.

Go to sleep, my baby,
Close your little eyes,
Can't you stop your crying,
Your parents they are nigh;
You are your mother's comfort,
And your father's heart's delight,
Now, do lie still, while the glass we fill,
For it is your christ'ning night.

The people who assembled there,
They were of great renown,
For Irish wit and humor,
Oh, there like could not be found;
The toast drank for the baby,
By its Uncle Tim Malone,
He hoped he'd make as good a man
As Parnell or Gladstone.
The music it was there on time,
A harp and violin,
And when they played sweet Garry Owen,
The old folks they did grin;
The jigs and reels were numerous,
How the good old ale did fly!
But what a joke when the baby woke,
For the father had to cry:—*Chorus.*

And just for sociability,
Oh, ev'rybody sang;
There was ballads from Tom Moore,
Also, "Terry joined the gang;"
O'Shaughnessy, the Irish dude,
Recited, "Fontenoy,"
'Twas rendered in dramatic style,
And never woke the boy.
When early dawn was breaking,
Casey danced a Highland fling,
And ev'ry one requested
Mr. Grogan for to sing;
The band struck up "Killarney,"
Sweeter strains sure never rang,
But they all were disappointed,
For this is the song he sang:—*Chorus.*

HIE AWAY, OLE SATAN!

Copyright, 1885, by White, Smith & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song wil be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Run away! hie away! baby, go to bed,
Go to sleep—slumber deep, pretty curly head;
Day is done, night has come, stars are out to peep,
Baby girl, pretty pearl, darling, go to sleep.

CHORUS.

Hie away, hie away, ole Satan,
Hie away, and leave my child alone.

It is late, do not wait, baby, go to bed,
Mother's here, watching near—see! the day has fled,
Night has come, day is done, slumber sweet and deep.
Baby girl, pretty pearl, darling, go to sleep.—*Chorus.*

Satan, stop! don't you pop in my chamber door;
Baby's sleep, dreaming deep of the happy shore;
Not an ill, sleeping still, mars her slumber deep.
Hie away! Satan, hie! let my baby sleep.—*Chorus.*

If the Twinkling Stars Could Tell.

Copyright, 1888, by T. B. Kelley.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
In the quiet evening sky,
Oh, the secrets they would whisper,
Of the hearts that lonely sigh;
They would tell you how I'm longing,
Fondly waiting, love, for you,
If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
Up in yonder heaven's blue.

CHORUS.

They'd tell you all I long to say,
When you are by my side,
The love repeat, so fond and sweet,
That ever shall abide;
They'd tell me how they sighed to kiss
The roses of your cheek,
If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
If the twinkling stars could speak.

If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
You ne'er should lonely be,
For they tell you I am thinking
Of you sweetly, longingly;
Tho' the weary hours might sever,
Life for us would not be glad,
If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
Telling you my message glad.—*Chorus.*

If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
They would whisper in your dreams,
All the love my heart is keeping,
While the moon so silv'ry beams;
They would tell you I am waiting,
Lead you safely to my heart,
If the twinkling stars could speak, love,
And we never more should part.—*Chorus.*

JUDGE DUFFY TOLD ME SO.

Tune—"Mother Told Me So."

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There's an honest little Justice, who in Harlem 'mid the goats
Dispenses justice like a sound old Democrat;
He's a sober little party, looks at frivolity with scorn,
And a world of wisdom carries 'neath his hat.
He told me that the angels watched o'er the ladies here,
And that girls with bangs would never stand a show;
He told me that St. Peter would close the door on them,
I believe it, for Judge Duffy told me so.

CHORUS.

He told me that the angels never wear a bang,
And that bangs and paint and powder they must go;
He said that girls with saucer bangs untruthful were and false
I believe it, for Judge Duffy told me so.

He told me Mayor Hewitt would view the Patrick's day parade,
And, like Oakey Hall, himself would march in line,
That a Democratic postmaster we'd see near City Hall,
And that Ireland would be free in eighty-nine;
He told me that old Canada would soon claim the annex,
Her fisheries' trouble then away would blow;
He said that John L. Sullivan would some day meet his match,
I believe it, for Judge Duffy told me so.—*Chorus.*

He informed me Grover Cleveland some day would jolly be,
When a bouncing boy would share his happy lot;
He said barroom politicians no more would rule the roost,
That our war veterans would never be forgot.
That every red-headed girl he'd present with a white horse,
And that the Socialistic drama was a go;
He said that Dennis Kearney would in China happy live,
I believe it, for Judge Duffy told me so.—*Chorus.*

He told me Gen. Badeau wrote most of Grant's "Memoirs,"
That the Stewart will contest would end next week;
That the Worcester's Dictionary beat Webster's ev'ry time,
He'll translate the former into Volapuk.
He told me that the G. A. R. looked on Hewitt as a saint,
A proud "savior of society," you know,
He also said the world was full of falsehood and deceit,
I believe it—Charles A. Dana told me so.—*Chorus.*

RING DAT GOLDEN BELL.

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Written for and sung by the great and only Lotta.

One night I had a pleasant dream,
Ring dat bell for glory;
I sailed me up the golden stream,
Ring dat golden bell.
Bob Ingersoll was working hard,
Ring dat bell for glory;
De angels told him leave his card,
Ring dat golden bell.

CHORUS.

Ring dat bell at de golden gate,
Come, you sinners, don't be late,
Hurry on, don't stop long,
Ringing at de golden bell, Ding-a-ling-ling.

I'd like to meet you all up there,
Ring dat bell for glory,
And punch your tickets for de fare,
Ring dat golden bell.
Old Jakey Sharp he won't be dar,
Ring dat bell for glory,
Dey'll bounce him from de Broadway car,
Ring dat golden bell.—*Chorus.*

I had another dream one night,
Ring dat bell for glory,
Mrs. Langtry fought with all her might,
Ring dat golden bell.
And Mary Walker jumped and danced,
Ring dat bell for glory,
And tore her bran new Sunday pants,
Ring dat golden bell.—*Chorus.*

Two countries tried to make a name,
Ring dat bell for glory,
But neither had the pluck nor game,
Ring dat golden bell.
The Russian bears and British hams,
Ring dat bell for glory,
Dey weakened like a pair of lambs,
Ring dat golden bell.—*Chorus.*

Come, all you sinners, watch your load,
Ring dat bell for glory,
Don't race your horses on de road,
Ring dat golden bell.
You'll hab no Comstock in de sky,
Ring dat bell for glory,
And you can gamble on the sly,
Ring dat golden bell.—*Chorus.*

As I Sat upon my Dear old Mother's knee

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As sung with unbounded applause by George Wilson.

I've a tender recollection that I'll cherish all my life,
And age but makes it dearer day by day;
'Tis the memory of a mother, whose smile in days agone,
Drove all my troubled childish thoughts away.
I remember in the evening when the fire was burning bright,
She'd call me to her side and say to me:
Be brave, my boy, and truthful, and never be ashamed
Of the teachings that you learned on mother's knee.

CHORUS.

She was gentle and so kind, and I'll ever bear in mind,
The many golden lessons she taught me;
I have wealth and earthly power, yet I'd give all for one hour,
That I sat upon my dear old mother's knee.

How her loving smile would cheer me when at evening I'd return
From toiling in the meadows all the day,
Each gentle word brought comfort, but that voice is silent now,
The mother that I loved has passed away.
In the quiet village churchyard she has slumbered many years,
And the only treasure life holds dear to me,
Is the mound that oft in twilight I have moistened with my tears,
And the lessons that I learned on mother's knee.—*Chorus.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

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By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet·
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel, Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

The Old-Fashioned Cot in the Lane.

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The fond days of childhood come back to me now,
Bringing thoughts of the sweet long ago,
My memory pictures a loved mother's smile,
And a face framed in tresses of snow.
A father so gentle, I'd climb on his knee,
When twilight stole over the plain;
In the glow of the grate, what tales he'd relate,
In that old-fashioned cot in the lane.

CHORUS.

It spoke not of grandeur, of wealth, nor of power,
But peace and content used to reign,
A mother's sweet smile banished sorrow and guile,
From the old-fashioned cot in the lane.

In Summer the flowers would climb to the sill
Of the window where mother would sew,
Thro' the murmuring trees came the laugh of the brook,
That danced in the valley below.
The broad shaded porch, the moss-covered well,
The creaking old gate with its chain,
Comes back through the years that has brought me but tears,
Since I left the old cot in the lane.—*Chorus.*

The cheery old kitchen when Christmastide came
Was a picture of peaceful content;
The mantlepiece high, where our stockings we'd hang,
Awaiting what Santa Claus sent.
How sadly has time changed the home that I loved,
But memory will ever retain
The bright days of joy I spent when a boy,
In the old-fashioned cot in the lane.—*Chorus*

—Said Brown: "The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but in a day or two I was all right." "Ah, how's that?" "I commenced chewing again."—*Texas Siftings.*

Be Kind to the Motherless Child.

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The kind heart is touched by the sight of distress,
And often the eyes overflow;
Sweet pity is nurtured by sorrowfulness,
And sympathy fostered by woe;
But all the kind feelings that sleep in the breast
Are seldom from slumber beguiled,
'Till the eyes on that picture of mournfulness rest,
The face of a motherless child.

CHORUS.

O soothe that sad heart with a kind loving word,
And ever be gentle and mild,
And let your heart's warmest affections be stirred,
Be kind to the motherless child:
And let your heart's warmest affections be stirred,
Be kind to the motherless child.

The loss of a father is heavy to bear,
His loving protection we miss;
Whose highest ambition and tenderest care,
Were ever to comfort and bless;
But, ah! there's a sorrow much greater by far,
The greatest of sorrows confess'd;
When home is deprived of its light and its star,
And mother has gone to her child.—*Chorus.*

The teardrop that trembles on infancy's cheek,
Proclaiming a loved mother's loss;
Oh, wipe it away, and a loving word speak,
And grief in sustaining it cross;
As rain-drops refreshen the sun-withered rose,
That blossoms alone on the wild,
So words kindly spoken will lighten the woes
That sadden the motherless child.—*Chorus.*

Don't Come in the Parlor 'Till the Company Goes Away.

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Words and music by Harry C. Talbert.

There is a charming little girl, I'd give for her my life,
And soon I'm going to ask her if she'll be my precious wife;
But every time I call on her, her brother's in the way,
So now I bring him lots of toys, and this to him I say:

CHORUS.

Tommy, you can go and play, 'till papa writes a letter,
Be a good boy, don't go far away, then I will like you better;
Don't go making mud-pies, or muss your clothes, I say;
Please don't come in the parlor 'till the company goes away.

It's pretty tough to stand a brat who'll tread upon your toes,
And pull your moustache, crown our hat, then drum upon your nose;
But now I've got a gag for them, to keep them from harm's way,
Just give them pennies, five or ten, and smilingly you'll say:
Tommy, you can go and play, &c.

Who knows but what this little boy some day will fall in love
With a pretty little maid, he'll call his turtle dove;
And if she's got a sister Mag, or a brother in the way,
Oh, he can think of my old gag, and this to them can say:
Tommy, you can go and play, &c.

I never shall forget the night, 'twas at a minstrel show,
A great surprise there met my eyes, 'twas Tommy and his beau;
I call'd on them, next afternoon, in a quiet sort of way;
The young girl blushed, and Tommy rush'd at me and this did say:

CHORUS.

Papa, you can go and play while Tommy writes a letter;
Be a good boy, don't go far away, then I will like you better;
Don't go making mud-pies, or muss your clothes, I say;
Please don't come in the parlor 'till the company goes away.

MY DAD'S DINNER-PAIL.

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Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

Preserve that old kettle, so blackened and worn,
It belonged to my father before I was born;
It hung in a corner beyant on a nail,
'Twas an emblem of labor, my dad's dinner-pail.

CHORUS.

It glistened like silver, so sparkling and bright,
I am fond of the trifle that held his wee bite;
In Summer or Winter, in rain, snow or hail,
I've carried that kettle, my dad's dinner-pail.

When the bell rang for meal time, my father'd come down,
He'd ate with the workmen about on the ground,
He'd share wid a laborer, and say he'd go bail,
You would ne'er reach the bottom of dad's dinner-pail.—*Chorus.*

If the day should be rainy, my father'd stop home,
And he'd polish his kettle as clane as a stone,
He'd joke wid me mother, an' me he would wail,
If I'd just put a finger on dad's dinner-pail.—*Chorus.*

There's a place for the coffee and also the bread,
The corned beef and praties, and oft it was said,
Go fill it wid porter, wid beer or wid ale,
The drink would taste sweeter from dad's dinner-pail.—*Chorus.*

The Fellow That Plays the Kazoo.

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Words and music by Victor Hawley.

I once was a happy young fellow,
I never knew trouble or care,
But now I feel blue, green and yellow,
And stand on the verge of despair.
The cause of my sorrow and moping
I'll mention in secret to you—
My gal she has just been eloping
With a fellow that plays the kazoo

CHORUS.

Oh, dear! what shall I do?
My heart is breaking in two;
I'm left all alone,
For my girl she has flown
With a fellow that plays the kazoo.

I think I'll jump into the ocean,
And pull for that beautiful shore,
Where men with kazoos have no portion,
Nor coachmen can e'er enter more.
It makes me feel like the old Harry,
I don't think it's right, now, do you?
For young girls to run off and marry
With a fellow that plays the kazoo.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear! what shall I do?
My heart is breaking in two;
'Twas like an earthquake,
When she gave me the shake
For a fellow that plays the kazoo.

I hope you'll not think me intruding,
If a word of advice I'd impart
To any young man who is brooding
O'er a maiden that's broken his heart.
Don't worry or get in a flutter,
Nor think that she'll ever be true,
But know that she's skipped o'er the gutter
With a fellow that plays the kazoo.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear! what shall I do?
My heart is breaking in two;
It is all very well,
She can just go to—ahem!
With the fellow that plays the kazoo.

I'LL BE TRUE, LOVE, TO YOU.

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Words and music by B. B. Custer.

Tell me truly that you love me,
And will keep your promise true;
You know that I did tell you truly, dear,
That I would come back to you;
And I want to see that old home,
Where I lived so many years;
And oh, how happy we will be, my dear,
No sorrow, no trouble need you fear;
Oh, those happy days have come and gone,
Take me to that home again,
Where I lived with my dear mother,
In that old house near the lane.

CHORUS.

I'll be true, love, to you,
Tho' we may never meet for years;
I'll be true, love, to you,
You are my darling own, dear.

Now, the Summer time is gone, love,
And the flowers are at rest;
I'll think of you, my darling, loved one,
I'll think of one I loved so dear;
You must not forget your promise,
When we parted at the gate;
The night was dark as it could be, you know,
You told me that the hour was growing late;
Tho' these many years have past and gone,
Will you keep your promise true?
Do you love me now as then, love?
Tell me darling, tell me true.—*Chorus.*

HELLO! BAB-BY.

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Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

Early in de morning when de sun do rise,
Lying on a corn-cob bed,
Bab-by rolling over, hazel colored eyes,
Little kinkey, wooly head;
Mammy is a dozing, dreaming of de bliss,
I'm thinking of de day a-coming on;
Oh, come along, my cherub, give your pop a kiss,
Bless the day that he was born.

CHORUS.

Hello! Bab-by, here's your Dad-dy;
Up and down he goes!
You black picaninny from old Virginny,-
Goodness, how she grows!
Black picaninny from old Virginny,—
Goodness, how she grows!

Buy a little wagon, roll de Bab-by out,
Let him swallow good, fresh air,
Feed him on bananas, neber have de gout,-
Yellow ribbon in his hair;
Jonah is his namesake, living in de whale,
A floating 'roun' de ocean in a storm;
Oh, shouting happy neighbors, haila, haila, hail!
Bless the day that he was born.—*Chorus.*

Buy him little slippers, cover up his toes,
Keep him from de frost and cold,
Sit him by de hot fire, don't you freeze his nose,
Only twenty-two months old;
Bring him up a Baptist, make him go to church,
Oh, rare him like a possum on a farm;
Oh, give him plenty gum drops, better than the birch,
Bless the day that he was born.—*Chorus.*

—Hypocrisy.—Ethel: "Mamma, I am writing to Nellie Lee; shall I say anything for you?" Mamma: "Writing to that contemptible person again? Yes, give her my love. How I detest that girl, to be sure!"

MY LOVE'S RETURNED AGAIN.

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We breathed farewell, my heart was fondly calling
Unto my love across the stormy deep;
The shadows dark around my life were falling,
No sunlight came to eyes that fain would weep,
With sad regret for words in anger spoken,
The past has brought its dreams of weary pain;
But joy, at last, the bitter spell has broken,
For to my heart my love's return'd again!

CHORUS.

Oh, bright the hours of gentle hope and gladness,
The days no more will bring their tears and pain;
My life awakes from ev'ry dream of sadness,
With smiles of joy my love's returned again!

Each thought of pride, thro' which our love was parted,
Has flown away and hope is fondly bright;
Once more I clasp my own, so gentle-hearted,
Once more I gaze in eyes of sweet delight;
The past forgot, how rosy dawns each morrow,
My joys come back like sunlight after rain;
The days were lone, and clouded o'er with sorrow,
But rapture's mine, my love's returned again!—*Chorus.*

THE BOODLE.

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Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

The little green note that keeps us afloat
Is equal to silver or gold;
It's made in D. C., oh, give it to me,
Oh, let it be new or be old!
'Twill buy anything, it's jingle and ring
Is heard on the land or the sea;
Wherever I go, I'd have you to know,
The boodle, the boodle for me!

CHORUS.

The boodle, the boodle, the boodle, the boodle for me,
Hold on with a grip and never let slip,
The boodle, the boodle for me;
The boodle, the boodle, the boodle for me,
Hold on with a grip and never let slip,
The boodle, the boodle for me.

It's money, my boys, makes troubles and joys
In politics, church or the law;
The worship of gold a story quite old—
A story twice told is a bore.
Now soldiers may cry, we're willing to die
For liberty, joyous and free,
Oh, say to myself, I'm fond of the pelf,
The boodle, the boodle for me.—*Chorus.*

Some marry for love a sweet little dove,
They struggle for bread and a home!
I'll never tie up for bite nor a sup,
I'd rather much go it alone.
Oh, she must have dust, if marry I must,
To one thing I'd have her agree;
When she is my wife, you bet your sweet life,
The boodle, the boodle for me.—*Chorus.*

The merchant and clerk, quite meagre from work,
Go running at midday to dine;
They swallow their food in dyspeptic mood,
Then back to their desk upon time,
To figure and write 'till late in the night,
A rich man determined to be;
As plodding along, they sing the old song,
The boodle, the boodle for me.—*Chorus.*

Oh, twice two are four, and sometimes it's more
In banking on financial seas,
The reason is why we're all on the try,
A millionaire banker to be;
Each man wants it all, tho' man's wants are small,
In this glorious land of the free;
Oh, everywhere the cry's in the air,
The boodle, the boodle for me.—*Chorus.*

Drinking With Daniel Maloney.

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Sung by George Wilson with tremendous success.

You've heard of Dan Maloney,
He's known both far and near;
He's ready to assist a friend
With heart and hand sincere.
And though he's not a toper,
He's ever light and gay;
When drinking with some old-time friends,
You'll hear Maloney say:

CHORUS.

Here's to ye, boys, good luck and long life,
Here's to ye Charles and Owney,
Have the best on the bar, aither wine or cigar,
When drinking with Daniel Maloney.

He's not inclined to Cliquot,
Or champagne, extra dry,
But like the solid man he is,
He sticks to good old rye;
He'll pass a joke or sing a song
All night 'till break of day,
And when the parting glass is filled,
You'll hear Maloney say:—*Chorus.*

His heart and pocket's open
To assist a fellow man;
No matter where you go you'll hear
A word in praise of Dan;
He's upright and he's honest,
With a conscience clear as day,
In rain or shine where'er he's met,
Right heartily he'll say:—*Chorus.*

DRILL, YOU TERRIERS, DRILL.

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The bullfrog spoke at last,
Two dollars a day from the first of May,
Two dollars a day and that fair pay,
For to work on the Midland Railway.

CHORUS.

Drill, you terriers, drill,
Drill, you heroes, drill,
You'll work all day without sugar in your tea,
When you work on the Midland Railway.

Our boarding boss was from Corktown,
And he got married to a bloody fardown;
She baked good bread and she baked it well,
But she baked it as hard as the hobs of ——*Chorus.*

Our boarding boss went to town one day,
To buy us some sugar and some tea;
He soon found out that sugar was too dear,
For now he is drinking his own tea clear.—*Chorus.*

He'll give you a drill for to drill a hole,
He'll curse and d——n your Irish soul,
The ship that brought you over the sea,
For to work on the Midland Railway.—*Chorus.*

We all go to work at seven o'clock,
You'll find twenty terries drilling a rock;
The boss says to Pat: "Can't you keep still,
And come down heavier on your cast-iron drill?"—*Chorus.*

It's there where you'll hear both Irish and Dutch,
And you must allow that they don't know much,
With a hi! hi! here, and phat are you doing there?
Sure you'd wake up the birds in the morning.—*Chorus.*

—Father: "What do you think of a boy that throws a banana skin on the sidewalk?" Son: "I don't know. What do you think of a banana skin that throws a man on the sidewalk?"—*Life.*

John L. Sullivan, the Champion.

Tune—"Donnelly and Cooper."

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John L. he is the champion, no man can well deny,
He started out upon a tour, each bully for to try,
Who wanted so to meet him, for to beat him was the craze;
There are some who did not mean it, but who tried to make a raise.

But when he stood before them, it's then there was some fun,
Some would rather hug the stage—I mean "Tug" and Robinson;
The other men who fought him were game without a doubt,
For each man faced the music until they were knocked out.

The Boston Boy's a brave one, the Britishers admit,
He never yet was beaten, from danger known to flit;
The noble blood of Erin, from there he takes his grit,
Posterity will praise him, for his name will long exist.

In the manly art of self-defence his equals yet ain't found,
They went to Australia and searched that place all round;
For Mace was speculating to make a few more pounds,
But Jim was irritated when Slade was whipped so sound.

He has faced the best of fighting men wherever he did go,
But like Samson with the Philistines, he strikes a heavy blow;
He never tried an unfair trick as the battle he did rage,
May his days be long and happy and live a ripe old age.

Hail! Columbia's lovely land that never yet was beat,
Who in your childhood's darkest days the foreign foe did meet;
And whilst your eagle soars on high, the stars and stripes we'll greet,
Remember John L. Sullivan who never met defeat.

Honor thy Father and Mother.

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Written for and sung by America's favorite, Chauncey Olcott.

The bright recollections of childhood come back
Thro' the years that have faded away;
Again I'm a boy in the old village home,
Where I first saw the light of the day.
Once more in the glow of the cherry old grate,
Sitting on grandmother's knee;
Her old wrinkled face beaming fondly with love,
As she whispers this lesson to me:

CHORUS.

Honor thy father and mother,
Change every sorrow to joy;
Remember the words of sweet childhood's refrain,
Honor thy parents, my boy.

'Twas the Father of all who spake the sweet words,
That grandma repeated to me,
And faithful I've been to the sacred advice,
That I learned when a child on her knee.
Like the bright star that guides the storm-beaten bark
Of the mariner, safe o'er the wave;
Was the lesson of love, I learned from the lips
Now silent and mute in the grave.—*Chorus.*

How sweet the reflection of duty well done,
At night in the firelight glow;
The old folks are telling my own little ones,
The sweet words I learn'd long ago.
On a bright Summer morning the old wrinkled face
Was hid 'neath the murmuring trees,
But oft in the twilight her sweet words of love,
Come back to my ear on the breeze.—*Chorus.*

—Court: "Mr. Clerk, is this Thursday afternoon?" Clerk: "Yes, your honor." Court: "To-morrow is the Turkish Sabbath; Saturday, the Hebrew, and Sunday, the Christian. We adjourn until Monday." Clerk: "But that is labor day; Tuesday is the Anniversary of Irish Independence, and Wednesday of the founding of the German Empire." Court: "Then we are closed for the week."—*Tid-Bits.*

MISTER DOOLEY'S GEESE.

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Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

I've a very noisy neighbor, Mister Dooley is his name,
He's fond of ructions, likewise of raising game;
With his turkeys and his chickens, oh, my troubles never cease,
From many innovations of Mister Dooley's geese.

CHORUS.

For it's all day long they're marching,
With they're quack, quack, quackle, quackle, quack!
And their gobble, gobble, gobble, and my shu, shu, shu!

Sure he has a Shanghai rooster, who is troubled with the croup,
He sits up at my window, likewise upon my stoop,
With his flopping and his crowing, oh, I have not any peace,
He cannot hold a candle to Mister Dooley's geese.—*Chorus*

'Tis in very rainy weather, oh, it's then they're mighty fond,
Of huddling up together to swim out in the pond;
Then in platoons and in sections, they're all covered o'er with grease,
To set on my piazzy--old Mister Dooley's geese.—*Chorus.*

When I'm drying of my linen, that is hanging on the line,
They fly and make it muddy, I'm busy all the time;
Wid my broomstick and my shovel, oh, I'd like to have a lease
To murder all those devils called Mister Dooley's geese.—*Chorus.*

Our Brave Little Volunteer.

Copyright, 1887, by M. Witmark & Sons, N. Y.

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Words and music by Miss Jennie Lindsay.

Hurrah! hurrah! for our gallant yacht,
The pride of the water blue;
Hurrah! hurrah! for General Paine,
Hurrah! for her skipper and crew.
We hold the cup, we'll not give it up,
It belongs to our Yankees, too;
The pride of all American hearts,
Is our Volunteer so true.

CHORUS.

We take the lead, we can't be beat,
And we are bound we will ever retain;
The honors we won honestly
No country on the earth from us shall gain.
We don't undertake, we appreciate
The Scotch cutter Thistle, her captain and his crew,
But our Yankee pet, the cup holds yet,
Our gallant Volunteer—(hurrah! hurrah!)

We have boats upon our waters,
None with us can compete;
They've tried it time and time again,
Still we never yet were beat;
We hold our own, and do intend
No foreign land will claim
The honors we have justly won,
For we'll keep our cup and name.—*Chorus.*

Johnny Bull sent the Genesta over,
Not very long ago;
She thought she'd be in clover,
But some great work we did show.
The Puritain fair, sixteen to spare,
She now 'mid thousands cheers;
So let foreigners boast, we'll clear the coast
With our little Volunteer.

PATRIOTIC CHORUS.

The Volunteer is the gem of the ocean,
The pride of our country so free,
The shrine of each American's devotion,
We offer our homage to thee.
The beauty and boast of the Atlantic,
To the hearts of our nation ever dear;
Success to your commander, crew and skipper,
Three cheers for our little Volunteer.

That's Not English, You Know.

Copyright, 1885, by N. Weinstein.

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There are fashions we see on the street, and we say,
That's not English, you know, that's not English, you know
When a party don't sport his own cab or coupe,
That's not English, not English, you know.
When youths at the club are quite meek and demure,
And don't dress and look like a regular cure,
And never get jolly and act like a boor,
That's not English, not English, you know.

CHORUS.

That's not English, you know, that's not English, you know
You will hear this remarked everywhere you may go;
If you're Yankee in style people sneeringly smile,
That's not English, not English, you know.

When a coachman we treat like the rest of mankind,
That's not English, you know, that's not English, you know;
When no fault with this land no one ever can find,
That's not English, you know, not English, you know.
If a fellow can't talk like a duke or a lord;
If he settles his wash bill, and oft pays his board,
And he doesen't live faster than he can afford,
That's not English, not English, you know.—CHORUS.

If a fellow can't dine at Delmonico's oft,
That's not English, not English, you know;
If he can't out-stare ladies and talk very soft,
That's not English, not English, you know.
If a toothpick umbrella a fellow can't swing,
And he won't skip along with a kangaroo spring;
If at everything Yankee he don't have a fling,
That's not English, not English, you know.—CHORUS.

Now there's Dixey who ne'er would allow his song sung,
That's his English, you know, that's his English, you know.
How the hearts of the public his stubborness wrung,
'Twas his English, his English, you know.
If he'd get an injunction all swells to suppress,
And would think of himself just a little bit less,
But his answer would be to all this, you may guess—
That's not English, not English, you know.—CHORUS.

DON'T LEAVE ME, LADDIE

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Words and music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

In the Spring of life a youth stood beside his mother's knee,
Waiting ere he sped across the main,
For a word of cheer to comfort, a smile to speed him on,
From the lips of her he ne'er might see again.
I'm going now, dear mother, oh, bid me sweet farewell
My country and its freedom call to me;
I'll bring thee gold in plenty, I'll fight for name and fame,
And when, some day, I'll come again, these all I'll bring to thee.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, dear mother, oh! do not weep and sigh,
Life is at best a book of pain;
Sweet sunny days will soon come back again,
And I will be with you bye and bye

But the mother, bent with age, took her laddie's hand in hers,
Drew him close unto her beating heart,
As she spoke in accents sadly: "We ne'er shall meet again!
If thou and I, my laddie, now must part!"
In pleading, sweet and sadly, I saw her bend her head,
And look into the eyes of her dear boy,
Then with a sigh of sorrow, she brush'd a tear away,
And kneeling there she held his hand and these words softly said:

CHORUS.

Don't leave me, laddie, oh! look into my eyes,
What is thy fame or gold to me?
These fade away, but true love never dies,
And that, lad, is all I ask of thee.

REFRAIN.

Never leave a mother for fame or gold,
Never leave a mother for wealth untold,
These fade away, but true love never dies,
And that, lad, is all she asks of thee!

Yet the lad he sail'd away, o'er the deep and silent sea,
Onward to a distant land of woe,
And beneath the starry heavens, where the bravest heroes fell,
With gallant heart he proudly met the foe!
A thrust from warrior's sabre had pierc'd his bleeding heart,
While far away, his mother watched in vain,
He'd fought for name and glory, he'd fallen with his fame,
And evermore, methinks I hear this sad, this sad refrain:
Don't leave me, laddie, &c.

ROCK AND RYE CRAZY.

Tune—"Rock-a-Bye, Baby."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Daddy is snoring on the station floor bare,
While mamma waits for him, quite ready to swear;
Her hand grasps the poker, which she gently swings,
But dad's snoring safely, while vengeance she sings.
He's rock and rye crazy, down in the dock,
You'll see by his nose he loves rye and rock.
Now he has the snakes and thinks that they crawl,
He sighs for his bottle, he'd drink cork and all.
Oh, it's rock and rye on the sly put him on his ear;
For rock and rye he would buy instead of good beer,
For angels and hummers he hovered too near—
The coppers have nipped him, he's up for one year.

Daddy sat drinking in the gin-mill next door,
With his hands in his pockets, his feet on the floor;
But he's jugged for a year, now it's tough and it's wrong,
For he'll die if deprived of his toddy too long.
He's rock and rye crazy, my dear old pop;
He's drunk as a daisy—a brick in his top.
He froze to the shutter, his head to the wall,
A policeman grabbed him, sore head and all.
When rock and rye he would spy, old daddy dear;
This rock and rye he would buy and get on his ear;
For angels like papa get drunk and don't care;
The judge winds them up with six months or a year.

My poor helpless daddy, you are in for it now,
You punished more rum than the law did allow;
We hope soon to greet you, without this refrain:
"There's ma with the poker, guess dad's drunk again."
You're rock and rye crazy, dad, you must stop;
You're rum-dumb and lazy, you drink 'till you drop.
Reform, now, dear papa, behind the jail wall;
Some day in the Springtime on you I will call;
For rock and rye you may sigh, for a whole year;
To rock and rye say good-bye, dad, with a tear.
The angels you look for will never come near,
So good-bye, dear papa, I'll see you next year.

THE CAN BRIGADE.

Tune—"Scotch Brigade."

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In a street of New York, there's a gay lot of fellows,
These fellows are famous, they're dandies, you know;
With singing and dancing they pass a dull evening,
Ofttimes to the corner the growler will go,
It is filled to the brim with bright foaming lager,
'Tis passed to each lad and each lovely fair maid,
Till bright eyes they glisten and the jokes they fly faster,
Drinking love and success to the Can Brigade.

CHORUS.

Merrily, boys, we pass the growler,
Drink from it every one,
And list to the stories the lads all tell
Of the conquests they have won.
Then cherish with care your darling so fair
If ill-fortune comes don't be dismayed,
Stick to business like wax, eight cents is the tax
For each lad in the Can Brigade.

These jolly young fellows, perhaps you will know them,
John Cullen, the dandy, whom no one can tame;
There's brave Jimmy Cavanagh, so witty and modest,
And Dod Gil, who sets the girls' hearts all aflame;
John Dwyer, the baker, with his lovely Lena,
And truth-telling Plumber, who is not afraid;
And sweet James T. Golden, who a pic-nic is holdin',
Sure they all drink success to the Can Brigade.—*Chorus.*

There's the Hon. William Murtha, the pet of the ladies
With each little fairy, don't he cut a dash;
And gay Larry Dalton, another old member,
And Frank Flynn who cherishes every new mash;
McCrady and Hannigan, the musical wonders,
Who leave Josef Hofman away in the shade;
Sure their fathers and mothers, their sisters and brothers,
Now they all drink good health to the Can Brigade.—*Chorus.*

Papa, Come Home to Your Darlings

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Words by Arthur W. French. Music by R. A. Kinzie.

Papa, come home to your darlings,
Mamma and baby and me·
Nobody ever can love you
Dearer and better than we.
We are so lonely without you,
How could you thus from us roam;
Surely no longer you'll wander,
Papa, dear, won't you come home.

CHORUS.

Only come home to your darlings,
Back to your lov'd and your own;
We are so lonely without you,
Papa, say, won't you come home.

Papa, come home to your darlings,
Why did you wander away;
We have been longing to see you,
Ever so many a day.
Over our hearts lies a shadow,
Ev'ry hour that you roam;
Only bring back the bright sunshine,
Papa, then quickly come home.—*Chorus.*

Papa, come home to your darlings,
There's a sweet welcome for you;
None in the wide world can love you
More than your little ones do.
You are the one whom our prayers
Follow wherever you roam;
Hark to us tenderly pleading,
Papa, why don't you come home.—*Chorus.*

She's the Gawkiest Gawk of Them All

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I have fallen in love, I am sorry to say,
With a Roman nose gugle-eyed belle;
I captured her heart in a business-like way,
But I've found her a regular sell;
'Twas a cold Summer's day on which fate made us meet,
She was dressed in her ev'ry-day clothes;
I was captur'd at once by the size of her feet,
And the dear little wart on her nose.
Now I shudder to think of the size of her smile,
She's a voice like an elephant's call,
And her laugh was imported I think from the Nile,
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all.

Her pretty blue eyes are now changing to gray,
And her pearly white teeth she has lost,
Her freckles and wrinkles have all come to stay,
She has seen many Summers and frost;
When she winks it will pay you to study her face,
But a line must be drawn on her cheek,
As that is her feature and leaves little space
For the rest of her charms so to speak;
Oh, she stumbles and waddles wherever she goes,
And she'll jamb you into a brick wall,
She will step in the mud and then tramp on your toes,
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all.

Her eccentric notion's the talk of the town,
She blunders in all that she tries,
She tripp'd on the stairway one day and slid down,
And blackened her beautiful eyes;
She's a Jonah to glassware. there's not a good clock
Within seven miles of this elf,
When her hand you shake, you'll receive such a shock,
That will lay you six months on the shelf;
She broke me all up one night at the play,
She haw-hawed till the curtain did fall,
The managers paid me to take her away;
She's the gawkiest gawk of them all.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARRET.

Copyright, 1884, by W. A. Evans & Bro.

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Oh! sweet to my heart is my grandmother's garret,
With its cobwebbed rafters and windows so small,
With its treasures of years and the dust thick upon them,
And rubbish enough a child's heart to enthrall.
You may sing all you please of the moss-covered bucket,
You may sing of the clock which stood on the stair;
But in my own heart there is naught can compare with
My grandmother's garret all out of repair.

There were chests packed with patch-work her dear hands had quilted,
There were books that she learned, when a child like myself,
There were bits of old china in a quaint corner cupboard,
Which had lost both its doors and a part of a shelf,
And a spinning-wheel old stood alone in one corner,
Suggestive of linen with a lavender scent,
Which grandma had packed in an old-fashioned bureau.
In a room where I followed whenever she went.

And the cradle in which I was rock'd when a baby,
With its red and white quilt, was a joy to my heart,
And in it I rock'd my own babies of sawdust,
With never a thought that we sometime must part;
In the years that have passed of joy and of sorrow,
A picture I've kept on mem'ry's fair wall;
'Tis of grandmother's garret, with cobwebs and contents,
With her love, as a veil, thrown over it all.

Spray of Four-Leafed Clover.

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There's a tiny little blossom growing in the country fields,
Where butterflies are flitting all day long;
Oh, the Summer air is perfumed with the fragrance that it yields,
And honey-bees around it love to throng:
'Tis said a magic power lurks in the fragrant flower,
Each country lassie in the charm believes;
And when the lads are mowing, through the meadows they are going
To find a spray of clover with four leaves.

CHORUS.

So all the world over where'er grows the clover,
'Tis eagerly gathered and prized as a gem;
Good luck will attend you and fortune befriend you,
If four leaves are clustered upon one green stem.

There's a legend that the fairies dine upon the clover bloom,
And swing their cobweb hammocks 'neath its shade,
And that when the closing roses will not give them sleeping room,
'Tis there their little fairy beds are made;
It has the fairies' blessing, and anyone possessing
A four-leafed clover ne'er with it should part,
For friends will ne'er forsake you, misfortne ne'er overtake you,
If you wear a four-leaved clover next your heart.—CHORUS.

SARAH JANE'S RELATIONS.

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I have not come to sell you, but a story I will tell you,
All about my Sarah Jane from old Carlisle;
She is very pretty, very, but she's apt to be contrary,
And she talks of her relations all the while;
She boasts of several mothers and of sixteen great big brothers,
Some smaller ones, and some that come between:
Of fathers she has two, and of uncles quite a crew,
And lots of country cousins, fresh and green;
My Sarah Jane's relations, they are bores and aggravations,
And they represent all nations in this land of tribulations;
They work at excavations, and they build steamboats and stations,
Now I often take vacations to be rid of Sarah Jane.

She speaks of sisters plenty, and her aunts they number twenty;
Oh, they must have been a very fruitful race;
Scores of grandpaps, and grandmothers and by marriage lots of others,
And far back her noble lineage she can trace.
To begin with, let me see, there is Thomas James D. B.
Who with pilgrims landed on this shore;
You may think it all a myth, that this old man's name was Smith,
But the natives heard of that name long before;
My Sarah Jane's relations all give food for her narrations,
And their trials and temptations are the cause of my vexations;
You'll excuse these explanations, for her tales have no foundations,
There'll be lots of vindications when I'm square with Sarah Jane.

We used to go out walking, but forever she'd be talking,
And with feeling I would listen to her tales;
I'd get weaker and she stronger, but it cannot last much longer,
For I'll leave her soon to capture other males.
She is robust and she's healthy, in her mind she's very wealthy,
And she's going to get a farm when some one dies;
She then can live contented with some other poor demented,
Who can listen to her stories and her sighs;
My Sarah Jane's relations have been full of expectations
Of getting invitations to our wedding celebrations;
But serious complications, have caused some alterations,
You'll excuse these variations, they were caused by Sarah Jane.

KUTCHY, KUTCHY, COO.

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Words and music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

"I'm as happy as a queen, I can do most anything,
I can dance and I can sing," sang a maid one evening,
As she passed along the street, searching for a lover sweet,
"All I want is just a beau to escort me to and fro."

REFRAIN.

As we journey all along through life's own busy throng,
We often meet a maiden gay, who'll to you sweetly say:

CHORUS.

Kutchy, kutchy, kutchy, coo! lovey me, I lovey 'oo!
Does 'oo lovey, lovey me as I lovey, lovey 'ee?
Kutchy, kutchy, kutchy, coo! lovey me, I lovey 'oo!
Kutchy, kutchy, kutchy, coo! lovey, lovey, 'oo!
Kutchy, coo! (kiss) kutchy, coo! (kiss.)

So he took this maiden fair, with her bangs and golden hair,
Down the street to take a trip, held her close and kissed her lip;
Tighter grew his fond embrace, though he scarce could see her face,
For the night was very dark, and he thought it such a lark!
As we journey all along, &c.

Shall I tell all the song? really, it was very wrong,
But, indeed, would you suppose—it was cruel—heaven knows!
Goodness gracious! in the light, there he saw a fearful sight;
He was stabbed as with a knife;—who d'ye think it was?—his wife!
As we journey all along, &c.

EVICTED.

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God help the homeless ones to-night,
Who lie on Irish soil,
Where British red-coats ruthlessly
Their sacred homes despoil.
Where mothers bent and worn with age
Are turned abroad to die,
While from a thousand breaking hearts,
There comes this wailing cry:

CHORUS.

Torn from the home that has shelter'd us,
Home of our joys and tears,
Thrust from the hearth where the laugh and song
Gladden'd us many years.
Homeless we wander abroad to-night,
Under the moonlit sky,
England may break the Irish heart,
But its spirit will never die.

See where the father clasps the babe
That cries aloud for bread,
See where the aged husband kneels
In silence with his dead.
Upward he looks to the One above,
His snowy locks are bare,
And 'mid the sound of crumbling walls,
His voice rings thro' the air:—*Chorus.*

God help the homeless ones to-night
And give them strength and trust,
The world is with the Irish cause,
Tho' trampled in the dust.
The struggles of a thousand years
Shall never be in vain,
And Ireland will no more have cause
To sing this mournful strain:—*Chorus.*

-Husband, groaning: "The rheumatism in my leg is coming again." Wife, with sympathy: "Oh, I am sorry, John! I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain."

—"What are you reading, B.?" "It's a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim." "How so?" "If you fall overboard, all you have to do is to turn to page 57, read the directions, and you are safe."

AN AMERICAN'S TOAST.

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Let Englishmen boast of the wealth of the Briton,
Give Scotchmen the thistle, the lily to France,
While Ireland extols her green shamrock and sunburst,
The German, his king, and the Moslem his lance;
Give the Arab his desert, the Switzer his mountains,
And Russia the pow'r of which tyrants may boast,
Golconda her diamonds, Italia her fountains,
But list, and I'll drink an American toast:

CHORUS.

Here's to Columbia, our Country, our Union,
Here's to the heroes we all love the most,
Here's to the North and the South in Communion,
As brothers we'll drink an American toast.

Our heroes that fought for America's glory,
Our statesmen who govern'd, with tongue and with pen,
Our Washington whose name is echoed in story,
Who's first in the hearts of his own countrymen.
Clay, Jefferson, Webster, Lee, Sumpter and Putnam,
Old Fanuiel hall of which Boston can boast,
And the old state-house bell that rang slav'ry's freedom,
Still seems to ring out an American's toast:—*Chorus.*

We'll drink peace and plenty to all that surround us,
Our liberty, glory, and country and cause,
Our wives and our children, who cluster around us,
Our freedom and happiness, honor and laws;
Let neighbors and friends, sweethearts, sisters and brothers,
And each sister country whose friendship we boast,
Our wives and our children, our fathers and mothers,
All fill up an drink an American's toast:—*Chorus.*

Broken Playthings on the Floor.

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God recalled the gift he sent us,
Little cherub, bright and fair;
Sunny ray that came and faded
In the gloom of grief and care.
Golden tresses, bright as amber,
Rosy cheeks we'll kiss no more,
Gone and left his little treasures,
Broken playthings on the floor.

CHORUS.

Little blue eyes closed in slumber,
Ne'er on earth to open more;
Fondly we will guard his treasures,
Broken playthings on the floor

Little lips that murmured mamma,
Still and silent now are they;
Tiny feet no longer patter—
Hushed forever 'neath the clay.
Oft we seem to see our darling
Smiling on us from the door;
Oft his joyous laughter echoes
From his playthings on the floor.—*Chorus.*

In the cot where baby slumbered,
With its pillow white as snow;
Now no golden tresses mingle
O'er a bright and sunny brow;
For the angels came and bore him
To that bright and golden shore,
Only leaving us to treasure
Broken playthings on the floor.—*Chorus.*

—Young wife, petulantly: "Well, even if I don't come to meet you every night as I used, what does it signify?" Young husband: "That we have been married six months."

—A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it."

ISN'T THAT AN AWFUL SHAME?

Copyright, 1886, by M. H. Rosenfeld and F. J. H. Stecher.

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Written for America's favorite comedian, Toney Hart.

Every night in my back yard,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Pussy cats are fighting hard,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Take my bootjack and my gun,
Isn't that an awful shame?
When I'm ready off dey run,
Isn't that an awful shame?

REFRAIN.

Isn't that an awful shame?
Isn't that an awful shame, little children?
Isn't that an awful shame,
What wicked things we do?

CHORUS.

Oh! come, dear children, we'll join dat happy band,
Oh! come, dear children, we'll reach dat promised land,
Oh! come, dear children, and take me by the hand,
Come along, come along, come along, come along wid me.

Nowadays the girls are fly,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Wearing bangs down on deir eye,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Trying hard to make a mash,
Isn't that an awful shame?
All they want is your sweet cash,
Isn't that an awful shame?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Lltle boy was very rude,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Said he'd like to be a dude,
Isn't that an awful shame?
'Till his mamma sung and danced,
Isn't that an awful shame?
With the broomstick on his pants,
Wasn't that an awful shame?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Have you heard the latest gag?
Isn't it an awful shame?
A girl's best friend's her powder rag,
Isn't it an awful shame?
Paints herself just like a rose,
Isn't it an awful shame?
Paints her mouf and jaws and nose,
Isn't that an awful shame?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

As I reed de paper through,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Of de land where shamrocks grew,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Dear old country o'er de sea,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Why not make old Ireland free?
Isn't that an awful shame?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Oh! Mary Walker loves to sigh,
Isn't that an awful shame?
"Hush, Little Baby, don't You Cry!"
Isn't that an awful shame?
See her skip, and see her dance,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Drest up in my Sunday pants,
Isn't that an awful shame?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Way down dar in Satan's hole?
Isn't that an awful shame?
Dar was Bobby Ingersoll,
Wasn't that an awful shame?
Bobby says, "I'm full of sin!"
Wasn't that an awful shame?
Satan said, "You can't come in!"
Wasn't that an awful shame?--*Refrain & Chorus.*

Street-car drivers on a strike,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Can't they treat them all alike?
Isn't that an awful shame?
Fourteen hours, mighty ruff,
Isn't that an awful shame?
Don't they have to work enough?
Isn't that an awful shame?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

THE OLD DOORSTEP.

Copyright, 1880, by F. S. Chandler & Co.

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I stand on the doorstep at eventide now,
The wind whispers by with a moan;
The fields will be whit'ning, but I will be gone
To roam o'er the wide world alone.
I stood on the doorstep when school-time was o'er
And longed for the time to go by,
And now it has gone, and I stand here to-night
To bid this dear stepstone good-bye.

CHORUS.

Good-bye to this stepstone, good-bye to my home,
God bless those I leave with a sigh;
I'll cherish dear mem'ries when I am away,
Good-bye, dear old stepstone, good-bye.

It is hard to be parted from those that we love,
When reverses in fortune have come,
And the strongest of heartstrings are broken in twain
By the absence of loved ones at home.
But I'll bid this poor heart cease repining in vain,
And hushed be each deep-heaving sigh,
Tho' the pain it will cost me none ever can know
To bid this dear stepstone good-bye.—*Chorus.*

There are many temptations with which I may meet,
And sad mournful scenes every day,
And the faces at home, oh! I never shall greet,
Their forms will be so far away.
But I'll think of the dear old stonestep at the door,
And oft drop a tear from my eye,
I will stand in my dreams as I stand hear to-night
To bid this dear stepstone good-bye.—*Chorus.*

A LITTLE KNOT OF BLUE.

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She hath no gems of lustre bright to sparkle in her hair,
No need hath she of borrowed light to make her beauty fair,—
Upon her shining locks afloat are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat a little knot of blue;
A little knot of blue, a ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams, that little knot of blue;
A little knot of blue, a ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams, that little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane beneath the apple tree,
The balsome blossoms fell like rain upon my love and me;
And what I said or what I did that morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid a little knot of blue.
A little knot of blue, a love-knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart 'till life shall part, that little knot of blue;
A little knot of blue, a love-knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart 'till life shall part, that little knot of blue.

ONLY A BLUE BELL.

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Only a blue bell, emblem of constancy,
Through long weary years, bringing her back to me,
Placed 'twixt the pages, faded and dead to-day,
Where she so tenderly plighted her love alway;
Oft as I gaze on this little flower, sent in her message long ago,
Fondly I dream of life's happy hour buried, alas! 'neath the snow.

REFRAIN.

Only a blue bell, emblem of constancy,
Through long weary years, bringing her back to me,
Placed 'twixt the pages, faded and dead to-day,
Where she so tenderly plighted her love alway.

When will this aching heart find its rest with thee?
When will this weary life be from sorrow free?
When will that loving smile, once so dear to me,
Welcome me home at last, where parting ne'er can be,
Welcome me home at last, where parting ne'er can be?—*Refrain.*

THE POOR LITTLE NEWSGIRL.

Copyright, 1886, by Wm. J. McVey.

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Only a poor little newsgirl,
With face that is smiling and bright;
Up at the gray of the morning,
And tolling 'till far in the night.
Blithely her papers she's calling:
The Telegram, Journal, and News,
"Help me, for mother is dying!
Oh, please buy one, do not refuse!"

CHORUS.

Only a poor little newsgirl,
Who wanders all day through the street;
Calling her papers so blithely,
With voice that is pleading and sweet.

Only a poor little newsgirl,
Who wanders along 'mid the crowd;
Wildly the snowflakes are falling,
And wrapping the streets in a shroud!
Hark to the voice that is pleading:
"My mother is starving at home,
Please buy a paper to help me,
From morning 'till night do I roam."—*Chorus.*

Only a poor little newsgirl,
With face that is pallid and cold!
Clasping her papers so tightly,
When rays of the morning unfold;
Hurries the crowd thro' the city,
With never a thought of the dead;
Pity the poor little newsgirl,
Who sleeps in her soft icy bed.—*Chorus*

The Postal Card That Never Came.

Copyright, 1886, by Frank A. Drake.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

For I love my Mezzie dear,
Tho' my heart is filled with fear;
For she's going way to leave me,
And to cross the deep blue sea;
For I love her, oh, so dear!
And she said she'd write to me;
I am waiting, darling Mezzie, by the lea;
For I'm lonely night and day,
When my darling is away;
For you said you'd write, my darling, every day.
For you said you would explain,
But I've waited her in vain
For that postal card and word that never came.

CHORUS.

It's no sister or no brother that said they'd write to-day,
It's no father or no mother that's old and turning gray,
It is from my darling Mezzie, she said she'd write again;
I am waiting for that postal—that card that never came.

I have waited for the day,
For a postal that would say,
For you told me that you'd write to me
When you was far away;
And my heart is full of pain,
For you said you'd write again;
But that postal, if you wrote it, never came.
You must not forget, I pray,
When you are so far away,
That your own true one is waiting for the day;
I will think of you the same,
And I know you're not to blame,
For I long to see that card that never came.—*Chorus.*

—Train boy: "Peanuts?" Funny passenger: "Haven't any teeth." Train boy (turning basket around): "Gum drops!"

—Judge (to prisoner): "It seems to me that I have seen your face before." Prisoner: "I shouldn't be surprised, judge; I used to tend bar down at the Bald Eagle."

JUMBO, THE ELEPHANT.

Copyright, 1882, by W. A. Evans & Bro.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by F. H. Evans. Music by J. Albert Snow.

O have you seen the elephant? is all the people's cry;
The great and mighty elephant, who stands so broad and high!
He daily eats a ton of hay, and drinks upon the sly
A tub of circus lemonade, and several pints of rye.

CHORUS.

O have you seen the elephant? from England late he came;
He is the king of elephants, and Jumbo is his name.

Old Jumbo likes a social glass, but he is never drunk;
Tho' people say he always keeps a bottle in his trunk;
But then there's always snakes around, and Jumbo thinks it right
To keep some rye on hand to cure an accidental bite.—*Chorus.*

When people went to see him first, they wondered at his size;
And then he looked so funny, too, and winked his knowing eyes;
But they were very much surprised when soon the monster ran
And left the ring between the acts to go and see a man.—*Chorus.*

THE IVY LEAF.

Copyright, 1886, by W. H. Power.

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Beautiful shining leaf of green,
Why were you plucked from the parent vine?
Only for sorrow and care I ween,
Only to break her heart and mine,
Only to break her heart and mine.

Soft as the plume of a cooing dove,
Innocent cause of all her grief;
Why were you sent as a pledge of love,
Beautiful, beautiful ivy leaf?

Beautiful leaf, if you only knew
How light her heart was before you came,
You'd hide away from the morning dew,
And in the sunlight blush with shame,
And in the sunlight blush with shame.

Ah! little she thought in her perfect bliss,
That her dream of love would be so brief,
As she welcomed you with a holy kiss,
Beautiful, beautiful ivy leaf.

How Sweet the Name of Mother.

Copyright, 1886, by W. F. Shaw.

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Oh, how sweet the dear old name of mother sounds to me
As I wander through the weary day;
How it lightens my poor heart and makes it glad and free,
Shedding sunshine o'er my lonely way.
Every thought of care and sorrow flees just like a dream,
And the little stars of heaven even brighter seem,
As they gently guide me o'er life's drear and restless stream,
Oh, how sweet the name of mother sounds!

CHORUS.

Oh, how dear the name of mother,
Softly stealing sweet and free,
With its echo true and constant,
Oh! how sweets it sounds to me.

Ev'ry night and ev'ry day while drifting thro' the years,
In my dreams I ever plainly see,
Just the same old kindly face as in days gone by,
Vanished now amid the vale of tears.
Naught is left me now in sorrow thro' each fading year,
Bringing recollections sadly with a falling tear,
Save the memory of that name I cherish ever dear,
Oh, how sweet the name of mother sounds!—*Chorus.*

SAILING HOME TO NELL.

Copyright, 1885, by Robert Schact.

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I left her standing on the shore,
My love so sweet and dear,
To sail the wide, wide ocean o'er,
Tho' skies be bright or drear.
But still a star yet shines for me
With joy that none can tell,
The star that guides me o'er the sea
While sailing home to Nell.

CHORUS.

I'm sailing home, I'm sailing home,
Across the dark blue sea;
Tho' far I wander o'er the foam,
There's one who waits for me;
Oh, still a star now shines for me,
With joy no heart can tell,
It's one bright star that shines for me,
I'm sailing home to Nell.

I sail the fierce and angry deep,
And still of her I dream;
I think of her whene'er I sleep,
Her eyes upon me beam;
Tho' while my watch I keep at sea,
One thought I love to tell,
'Tis true my heart shall ever be,
While sailing home to Nell.—*Chorus.*

Tho' when I sail again to home,
Across the dark blue sea,
I know there's one beyond the foam
Whose smile will welcome me.
As constant as the polar star,
No words her love can tell,
She'll greet me sailing from afar,
While sailing home to Nell.—*Chorus.*

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

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Mother! how I love that name!
As in those days of joy,
When but a child she did caress,
And called me her dear boy.
But time works changes, and I know,
Experience me has taught;
Alone, forsaken, mother's dead:
It broke her poor boy's heart!

CHORUS.

Mother's left me here alone, yes, alone!
Her last request was not to mourn;
An orphan boy! God! can it be,
Mother dead and I'm alone? yes, I'm alone!

Mother, she is dead and gone,
Her mem'ry causes tears!
I love and cherish that sweet name;
And, in the after years,
Have thought of childhood's happy hours,
And the little pray'r she taught;
God! can it be my mother's dead?
It broke her poor boy's heart!—*Chorus.*

Mother's love for me did last
Thro' many years of pain;
And, when I sinn'd or went astray,
Her voice was heard again.
She'd take me to her side and say:
"My boy is home to-night!
Remember well your mother's pray'r,
And God will keep you right!"—*Chorus.*

—"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," as he said when he sat on her new bonnet.

THE MILLER'S SONG.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! don't you remember, Lily dear,
The mill by the old brook-side,
Where oft we went, in Summer time,
To view the rippling tide;
And the miller with his slouchy hat,
And his eyes of mildest grey,
Plodding along in his dirty work,
And singing the live long day?

CHORUS.

Ulea, Ulea, Ulea,
Singing the miller's song.

Oh! Lily, the mill is torn away,
And a factory, dark and drear,
Raises its smoke in the clear blue sky,
And dims the atmosphere;
The only time for pleasure now,
Is the Sabbath all day long,
And what brings back the olden time,
Is the good old miller's song.—*Chorus.*

Oh! Lily, the miller's dead and gone,
In the old churchyard he's laid;
And the poor dog that used to growl
As round the mill we played.
He followed in the funeral train,
As the village round did throng;
He died upon his master's grave
As they sang the miller's song.—*Chorus.*

Safely Rocked in Mother's Arms.

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Gently, slowly to and fro, sways the old arm chair,
Tenderly the evening breeze stirs the curls of golden hair,
Drowsy eye-lids softly closing, lullaby has worked its charms,
Slumber deep has come to baby, safely rocked in mother's arms.

CHORUS.

Lullaby, sweet lullaby, silver stars begin to peep,
Sweet lullaby, hush all sound while baby sleeps;
Now baby's sorrows have all vanished, sooth'd by lullaby's sweet charms,
Gently, slowly to and fro, lullaby, sweet lullaby, safely rocked in mother's arms.

Snow-white brow and rosy cheeks, parted lips two teeth disclose,
All that mother loves on earth safe within her arms repose,
Oh! the pray'rs to heaven whispered, pow'r to shield him from all harm,
May he find in years of sorrow sweetest rest in mother's arms.—CHORUS.

THE BABY THAT NEVER CAME.

Copyright, 1888, by E. J. H. Stecher.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A baby here for me? was the question that he asked
Of his wifey at the closing of the day;
And he turned with a sigh as a tear stood in his eye,
Then he bowed his head and slowly sneaked away;
Then he murmured can it be, will it never come to me,
Had he waited all these many years in vain?
Yet from early morning bright he would watch till late at night,
For that baby, but alas! it never came.

CHORUS.

Then he called upon his mother, his sister and his brother,
But they told him that they thought he was to blame.
Yet from early morning bright he had watched with all his might,
For the baby, but alas! it never came.

He had waited many years, beers had mingled with his tears,
While his wifey met him often with a smile;
How his features they would brighten and his sad heart seem to lighten,
But his vain hopes lasted but a little while;
When his wifey she would say there is nothing here to-day,
He would walk away and say, "Oh, what a shame!"
Then he murmured surely she is forever kidding me,
And he wondered why the baby never came.—CHORUS.

So one day upon the floor he was found in grief, galore,
His poor wifey she had gone out for a ride;
In his hand they found a note with the last words that he wrote,
Should a baby come, please tan its little hide;
Sweet flowers twine around o'er the spot where he was found,
On which was scrawled his wish, also his name;
Many a night has passed to day since his wifey ran away,
But the baby that he longed for never came.—CHORUS.

NEVER TO MEET AGAIN.

Copyright, 1888, by J. Chs. Grasmuk. (The Standard Music Co.)

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On a crowded street one evening, when the lights were flickering low,
I saw a face of queenly form and grace,
Pass into the surging rabble and amid the seething stream—
Then fade away forevermore like some sweet pleasant dream.
With beating heart I hastened to cross the chosen way,
That ere the darkness chastened from me each hopeful ray;
And I sped along the pathway 'neath the stars that softly shone,
To see that form, to meet that face, but I was left alone.

CHORUS.

Never to meet again, never again to see;
Never to see her face—never, save in dreaming;
Unless perchance we meet on some fair golden street,
Never to see her face, never more to meet;
Never to see, never to see; never to meet again.

Ah! methinks I see that vision as it haunteth me each day,
In waking and in dreaming evermore;
And wherever I may wander, in the street or in the lea,
That face—that form of godly grace—doth guide and comfort me.
With longing soul I hearken to meet the image fair,
Yet every day must darken my hopes in deep despair;
For the image of that picture fled with never hope but this:
That up above, some day we'll meet—some day we'll meet again.—CHORUS.

DORKINS' NIGHT.

Copyright, 1877, by John F. Perry & Co.

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The theatre was full; it was Dorkins' night,
That is, Dorkins was going to appear
At night, in a favorite comedy part,
For he was comedian here.
Funny? why, he'd make you laugh 'till the tears
Ran down your face like rain,
And every time he came on the stage,
You'd try to stop laughing in vain.
A family? yes, he'd a family,
And he loved them as dear as his life,
And you'd scarcely find a happier lot
Than Dorkins' children and wife—
And you'd scarcely find a happier lot
Than Dorkins' children and wife.

There came one night, and I was in front,
And Dorkins was going to play
A character new to himself and the stage
Which he'd trod for many a day.
By eight the theatre was perfectly jammed;
All awaited a pleasant surprise,
For they knew they'd laugh 'till their sides would ache,
And they longed for the curtain to rise.
The play soon began; each neck was stretched forth,
And eagerly watched each eye
For Dorkins to make his first entrance, and then
To give him a cheerful hi! hi!—
For Dorkins to make his first entrance, and then
To give him a cheerful hi! hi!

At last he appeared amid loud applause,
But something was wrong you could see.
Why, Dorkins is playing quite badly to-night,
The people said sitting 'round me.
A hiss—yes, it was—I saw Dorkins start
As if stung by a serpent's fang,
And he'd cast a beseeching look all 'round,
While his head on his breast he would hang.
He's drunk! someone said, and I thought so myself,
For to me it was awful at times
To see how he'd struggle along with his part,
And continually stick in his lines.

The footlights at last he approached very slow,
And, "Ladies and gentlemen," said,
"If I cannot please you to-night,
The fault's not the heart but the head;
There's many a night I've made you all laugh
When so ill I could scarcely well stand;
And every effort was pain to me then,
Yes, if even I'd raise but my hand;
You hissed me to-night, and said that I'm drunk—
(From his heart came a sob and a moan)
I'll tell you the reason—I know you won't laugh—
I've a little one dying at home—
I'll tell you the reason—I know you won't laugh—
I've a little one dying at home."

DEAR ITALIAN GIRL.

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There's a pretty little maiden, that I ever shall adore,
In Italy that bright and sunny land;
My life would be a pleasure, I would wish for nothing more,
If she would only share my heart and hand.
Her father is a brigand on a lonely mountain pass,
And with him on the mountain she does dwell;
There is no titled lady in all Europe can surpass
That dear Italian girl I love so well.

CHORUS.

Though her father is a brigand on the mountain,
She's as gentle as the daughter of an earl;
And although she set me free, my heart will ever be
A captive to that dear Italian girl.

While roaming lovely valleys, 'neath the blue and sunny skies,
A band of sturdy brigands, bold and strong,
Did capture me, and helpless, with a bandage o'er my eyes,
A victim, I was quickly led along.
Five thousand pounds as ransom they said that I should pay,
But that I was not rich enough to give,
And only for the pleadings of that little mountain maid,
They would not have permitted me to live.—*Chorus.*

They put me in a dungeon, where I thought that I should die,
And while the brigand chief, with all his band,
Were plundering poor travelers, this lovely girl came nigh
In gloomy night, and by my side did stand.
She tore my bands asunder, bade me rise and quickly fly,
And from her father's coffers gave me gold,
And while the tears of love and pity glistened in her eye,
The secrets of our hearts were plainly told.—*Chorus.*

I bid her then fly with me, and be my darling bride,
Although her love for me was plainly shown,
Her duty, she declared, was by her outlawed father's side,
And so to America I returned alone.
But I cannot live forever in this free and happy land,
To Italy I'm going to return,
To seek with love, and try to win, if only for a while,
That girl for whom my heart will ever yearn.—*Chorus.*

THEY ALL LOVE JACK.

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When the ship is trim and ready, and the jolly days are done,
When the last good-byes are whispered, and Jack aboard is gone;
The lasses fall aweeping, as they watch his vessel's track,
For all the landsmen lovers are nothing after Jack—
For all the landsmen lovers are nothing after Jack.

CHORUS.

For his heart is like the sea, ever open, brave and free,
And the girls must lonely be till the ship comes back;
But if love's the best of all that can a man befall,
Why, Jack's the king of all, for they all love Jack!

Where he goes their hearts go with him; e'en his ship he calls her *she!*
Up aloft that "little cherub," sure a maiden she must be;
And as o'er the sea he travels, the mermaids down below,
Would give their crystal kingdoms for the love of Jack, I trow—
Would give their crystal kingdoms for the love of Jack, I trow.
For his heart is like the sea, &c.

When he's sail'd the world all over, and again he steps ashore,
There are scores of lasses waiting to love him all the more.
He may lose his golden guineas, but a wife he'll never lack,
If he'd wed them all they'd take him, for they all love Jack—
If he'd wed them all they'd take him, for they all, they all, love Jack!
For his heart is like the sea, &c.

—Woman (to tramp, sharply): "You don't seem to like that soup. Ain't it good?" Tramp: "Yes, it's good flavored enough, mum, but there ain't quite enough body to it. Couldn't you wash a couple more dishes in it?"

—Street-car conductor to countryman: "If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away?" Countryman: "I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of Pickpockets,' an', b'gosh, I was afraid to!"

THE GLADIATOR.

By J. A. Jones.

They led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not of all Rome's heroes ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye nought of lightning lacked;
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And carelessly threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,—
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice,—"Be the bold man unbound!
And by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face;
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he;
"Loose ye the Lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free:
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest;—
But, oh! who will not be
A hero when he fights for life,
For home and country, babes and wife?

"And thus I for the strife prepare:
The Thracian falchion to me bring,
But ask th' imperial leave to spare
The shield,—a useless thing.
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
Then o'er me would I fling
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath."

And he has bared his shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe;
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played;—
The desert-king lies low:
His long and loud death-howl is made;
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favored freed man took the palm.

"Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside?"
He knelt, that dark man;—o'er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;
And fair words gild it now:
"Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low;
And from our presence forth thou go'st
To lead the Dacians of our host."

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride
And grieved and gloomily spake he:
"My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube's waters to the sea:
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three:—
No Roman wealth or rank can give
Such joy as in their arms to live.

"My wife sits at the cabin door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes;—
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,
She speaks of sundered ties;
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

"I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire's protecting care;
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair."
The monarch spoke; the guards obey;
And gates unclosed are:
He's gone!—No golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

Down by the Old Abbey Ruin.

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One day as I strayed
'Neath the beautiful glade,
Enjoying the sweet Summer breeze,
I chanced to behold
The remains of an old
Ruined abbey o'ershadowed by trees;
And the picture to crown,
As I chanced to look down,
Was the figure and form I did see
Of a beautiful maid
Who reclined in the shade
Of a large spreading horse-chestnut tree.

CHORUS.

There were no eyes to see, no tongue to tell,
And the birds only knew of our wooin';
There I first chanced to see my sweet Jennie Lee
Down by the old abbey ruin.

I told her my name,
And friends soon became,
Though her shyness I cannot compare;
She fluttered and flushed,
Turned pale, and then blushed,
When I spoke of her beauty so rare;
By the old garden wall,
I soon told her all
I had in this world she could share;
And naught but the birds
Knew of our loving words,
Or knew of our love-making there.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE SISTER'S GONE TO SLEEP

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Lay her playthings all away,
She will never need them more!
Gone the sunlight of our day,—
Gone to yonder golden shore!
Clasp her hands upon her breast,
While we softly round her creep;
O, her sweet and holy rest!
Little sister's gone to sleep!

CHORUS.

Gone to yonder happy home!
Sadly round her bed we weep;
Angels bade our darling come,—
Little sister's gone to sleep.

Like a lily in the storm,
How she faded from our sight!
Crown with flow'rs her lovely form,
Never flower was half so bright;
O, the stillness all around!
O, the sadness lone and deep!
Hush'd her footsteps merry sound,—
Little sister's gone to sleep!—*Chorus.*

Rosy cheeks have grown so pale!
Nevermore we'll hear her words,
Sweet as voice of Summer gale,
Dearer far than warbling birds;
Angels to their starry home
Bore the gem we could not keep!
There she waits until we come,—
Little sister's gone to sleep!—*Chorus.*

REMEMBER, YOU HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In your path thro' life each day,
You will meet upon the way,
Fellow mortals upon whom this world doth frown,
Who from poverty or crime,
Have fallen in their time,
Or by circumstances crush'd and stricken down;
Young men with blighted names,
Who once had noble aims;
Young girls with shame and sorrow on their brow,
Whom a kindly word might save
From a dark, dishonor'd grave,
While a cruel one would drive to madness now.
They were once to someone dear,
So don't pass them with a sneer,
But speak a kindly word in cheering tone;
You know not what's in store
For the loved ones you adore;
Remember, you have children of your own.

The shop-girls on the street,
With as much respect should meet
As the millionaire, who in his carriage rolls,
And the honest laboring man,
With his strong and horny hand—
They too have hearts and feelings, yes, and souls;
And the wretched drunkard, too,
Who perhaps was once like you,
Respected and beloved by one and all,
Though no doubt from care and strife,
Or some sorrow of his life,
Has fallen, but not quite beyond recall.
And the poor outcast forlorn,
Don't pass her by with scorn,
But speak unto her with a gentle tone;
Perhaps she's not to blame
For her life of sin and shame—
Remember, you have children of your own.

Don't despise the wretched poor,
Who, perhaps, grim want may lure
To steal the bread their starving children crave;
Be not the one to blame,
You yourself would do the same,
With starvation at your door, you'd dare the grave;
Their family is as dear
To them as any here,
Tho' their clothes may be all ragged, torn and old;
Dejected and forlorn,
Yet still their hearts are warm,
Tho' they lack the rich man's cheerful home and gold.
They are all to some one dear,
So don't pass them with a sneer,
But speak a kindly word in cheering tone;
You know not what's in store
For the lov'd ones you adore—
Remember, you have children of your own.

IRENE, GOOD-NIGHT.

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Irene, good-night, think love of me, my pretty Irene,
Good-night, good-night, Irene, oh, precious one!

Irene, good-night, keep me always in thy dreaming,
Think, love, of me when the night closes day with its twilight;
Irene, good-night, softly the moonlight is gleaming,
Would I ne'er could leave thee, my pretty Irene, good-night!

I'll count the moments and the hours they pass so slowly by,
Until I see your sunny smiles and gaze into your eyes;
Oh, let me hear thy tender voice, I so oft heard before,
Irene, good-night, oh, precious one, oh, lov'd one I adore!

Irene, good-night, keep me always in thy dreaming,
Think, love, of me when the night closes day with its twilight;
Irene, good-night, softly the moonlight is gleaming,
Would I ne'er could leave thee, my pretty Irene, good-night!

Irene, good-night, think, love of me, my pretty Irene, good-night,
Good-night, Irene, oh, precious one, good-night, good-night!

You're Born, but You're not Buried yet

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In this age of great learning when people have riches
Not a thought do they give to the poor,
They think they will never have a misfortune,
Tho' to some it will come I am sure;
How well I remember the words of my mother,
As she toyed with the curls on my head;
I've had reason to think of them in recent years,—
Those words that my dear mother said.

CHORUS.

Treat all men with kindness whatever their station,
And your favors you'll never regret;
Never laugh at a man when he's down in the gutter,
For you're born, but you're not buried yet.

One day an old man who was tir'd, ill and footsore
Sat down on a curbstone to rest,
When the boys of the street gather'd around him
Just to plague him in ways they thought best;
Some one grabbed his old cane, while another young rascal
Knocked the hat from the old man's gray head,
He stood up with flush'd face all heated with passion,
While these words in a tremor he said:—CHORUS.

Some men you will find who are constantly smiling,
While others like dogs have their growl;
The former man finds that his friends number many,
While the latter gains few by his scowl.
The man who is cheerful you'll find toiling daily
To earn for his little ones bread;
The growler is shunn'd by respectable people,
For he scorn'd what his poor mother said.—CHORUS.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

By Shakespeare.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them! To die,—to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

I'll Await Your Smiling Face.

Copyright, 1886, by Isidore Prager.

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Oh! darling, come and meet me, when the evening shadows fall,
Come with your sweetest smile, when you hear the night-bird call;
I will be waiting, in our dear old trysting place,
Down by the grand old oak, I'll await your smiling face.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll await your coming, down in the dear old place,
When the nightingale is singing, I'll await your smiling face;
Yes, I'll await your coming, down in the dear old place,
When the nightingale is singing, I'll await your smiling face.

The evening shades are falling, calm is the sky above,
Haste to me, my darling, to the heart so full of love;
With the leaflets just above me, as the time creeps on apace,
'Mid sweet, sweet breath of flow'rs, I'll await your smiling face.—CHORUS.

THE DUDE.

Recited by Matt. McElroy.

Between his pearly teeth a pick,
In his hand a little stick;
Pointed toes, yards of collar,
In his pocket half a dollar.
Spiko pants, color light,
Can't sit down—awful tight,
Very tired standing, 'fraid to squat,
Bust the stitches,
Awful noise over rending breeches.
Little Dudeen passes by,
Langtry bangs, heaves a sigh,
Sighs a smole, bobs her sash,
Mr. Dude makes a mash.
Dudeen's thirsty, Delmonico
Sogood water, lemon squash,
Eyes bewitching, smiles intense,
He don't smile—sixty cents.
Tries to borrow from the mash—
She turns red, nixey cash.
Sound is heard of bursting stitches,
Awful noise of rending breeches.
Girley faints, dude flops.
No more mashes. Curtain drops.

FRENCH FLATS.

As sung with great success by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'll sing of a charming retreat,
Where I have been lately residing,
With everything cosy and neat,
My neighbors are sweet and confiding;
It's furnished in elegant style,
Rich carpets and soft Turkish mats—
And now I have something to tell you
Of the people who live in French flats.

CHORUS.

French flats are charming retreats,
For beautiful belles, for elegant swells;
French flats are charming retreats,
But, oh, they would never suit me.

There's an old Yankee lady from Maine,
Who lives with her dear married daughter,
All day you will hear her complain,
Of the smoke, and the gas, and the water;
There's an old maid who keeps herself jolly,
With parrots, and poodles, and cats;
And a barber, with eye melancholy,
May be found in those fancy French flats.—*Chorus.*

There's an actor of fame and renown,
Who practices terrible pieces;
He paces the floor up and down,
While grandly his passion increases;
There's a musical man with a flute,
He knows all the new-fashioned airs,
And the girl with her grand concertina,
Can be heard up the five flights of stairs.—*Chorus.*

Now often I'm out very late,
And when I get home I've a failing
For opening some other man's door,
And then be thrown over the railing;
Thro' long, narrow hallways I roam,
In terror my heart pit-a-pat;
Oh! you, who possess your own dwellings,
Keep clear of those charming French flats.—*Chorus.*

SPOKEN—You know those cosey, convenient apartments which they call French flats. They've got to be very fashionable, you know. You're bound to go up in the world when you live in them. Up five pairs of stairs. They have all the modern improvements. You can have the morning paper brought up on the dumb waiter. A friend of mine got married lately, and after a pleasant wedding tour I found him with his lovely bride at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He asked what sort of a house she would like for their honeymoon. Oh, lovely! she said, do take a—
French flats are charming retreats, &c.

The Man Who Never Tumbled.

Sung by the prince of sable humorists, Billy Birch.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1233, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There was a fellow, his name was Jake,
For nerve he did take the cake,
He combed his hair with a farmer's rake,
And like an earthquake grumbled;
He'd come to your house and make you sick,
He wouldn't care if him you'd kick,
His head was just about three feet thick,
This man that never tumbled.
He'd visit you, and your wife he'd kiss,
A chance for a drink he'd never, never miss,
And if he thought you had a dime
He'd give you the brace every time;
If a free lunch he would spy,
He'd eat it all or he would die.
He'd see a pretty girl on the street
And pass remarks about her feet,
He'd give a bartender the wink,
And never was known to pay for a drink.
He died of enlargement of the jaw,
When he tackled his mother-in-law;
When he died he wouldn't admit,
And made the undertaker have a fit.
When he was buried, what do you think?
He got out of his grave to get a drink;
His ghost went wandering through the street,
He met a cop on his beat,
He stole his coat and great big stick,
And called the cop a Chinese mick,
And when he got hit he grumbled.
And though his head in two was broke,
He thought it really was a joke,
And never a word by him was spoke,
For he was a man that never tumbled.

GLIDING UP THE STREAM.

By Edward Harrigan. As sung by Harrigan and Hart.

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Tune—"Gliding Down the Stream."

One year ago my Willie
Gently took a sail,
As far as Blackwell's Island,
He couldn't find no bail;
He'd been h'isting sour mashes,
'Till he got on too much steam,
In a Bellevue ferry vessel, oh!
He glided up the stream.

CHORUS.

Gliding up the stream,
Oh! how the snoozers scream,
With bums afloat on a Bellevue boat,
It's a ten day dizzy dream;
Gliding up the stream,
To wear a suit of Jean,
Oh! what a gawk, to leave New York,
And go gliding up the stream.

They put him in the baker's—
My Willie pure, as snow,
And made him count the raisins,
And stamp down all the dough;
They cut his curly ringlets,
Yes, shaved his head off clean,
To make him look respectable,
After gliding up the stream.—*Chorus.*

When Will came from the prison,
He floated in a tank,
He landed in Astoria,
On Long Island's grassy bank;
He fell down on his benders,
So bad his eye did gleam,
Saying, "You'll never catch-ee me no mor-ee,
Gliding up the stream."—*Chorus.*

Don't Shut Out the Sunlight, Mother.

Words and music by Will. H. Fox.

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Don't shut out the sunlight, mother,
Let the sunshine in again,
Its beams may woo me off to slumbers,
For I've tried to sleep in vain;
Mother, I have watched for hours,
As I lay here all alone,
How those sweet and fragrant flowers
Faded when the sun had gone.

CHORUS.

Don't shut out the sunlight, mother,
Let it beam on me once more,
Ere the angels call me, mother,
To the happy golden shore.

Don't shut out the sunlight, mother,
For it is my last request,
Nor do not close the shutters, mother,
Till I pass away to rest;
When you find that I am dying,
To be laid beneath the clay,
Lay me gently, won't you, mother,
Where the golden sunbeams stray.—*Chorus.*

GILHOOLY'S SUPPER PARTY.

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Gilhooly gave a supper to his friends a week ago;
There were guests from County Galway and from Sligo and Mayo,
The dining room was elegant with flowers and with fruit,
And Gilhooly was a dandy in his open-vested suit.
He'd everything that grew above or underneath the ground;
He had a dozen "naygurs" for to hand the grub around.
I never saw such etiquette as was displayed that night;
I swear that it would knock a whitehouse dinner out of sight.

CHORUS.

There was ham and lamb, beer by the bucket and imported "Cham."
And you never saw such a divil of a jam as there was when we all sat down,
With forks and knives we worked away like working for our lives, [town.
And the boys and girls, and the fellows and their wives nearly eat up half the

When Father Murphy started "grace" our heads we had to stoop.
When "grace" was over all the "naygurs" holler'd, "Who's for soup?"
Maloney with his knife and fork his soup began to ate,
'Till you never saw the whiskers of a man in such a state.
When Burke began to monkey with a bird's anatomee,
It flew right off the table onto Miss Mulcahey's knee,
"Have you ever been to Turkey?" says Gilhooly just for peace,
"I have not," says Miss Mulcahey, "but at present I'm in Greece!"—CHORUS

Bedalia Rooney eat so much we thought that she would die,
Says she, "I'm nearly bustin', but I'll take a piece of pie,"
And then to cap the "smilax," if she didn't may I sin,
She drank water from the bowl she should have washed her fingers in.
But taken altogether, it's a thing we won't forget,
And wait awhile, my Buckos, you've not heard the finish yet,
Gilhooly says, "you don't get suppers like this ev'ry day,
'Twill cost you just a V apiece," and faith we had to pay.—CHORUS.

GRANDPA'S DONKEY.

Sung with great success by Lester and Williams.

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Tune—"A Violet From Mother's Grave."

Grandpa had a donkey, his maiden name was Pete,
The masher of the stables, he had no nose or feet;
He would get drunk on oysters, was cross-eyed and too fresh,
His bones weighed forty ounces, and you could not see his flesh.
As a kicker, none slicker, he won the cake and cheese,
He'd wear out any sidewalk and eat up house and trees;
He was trained in the hind legs, he could drain stale beer kegs,
Grandpa's heart is broke since Peter died.

CHORUS.

Peter kicked the bucket, for he had the yellow jaundice,
They made mincemeat of his ears, tail and hide,
To remove him they were not able, so they put crape upon the stable,
Grandpa's heart is broke since Peter died.

He was born in the south of Italy, his parents they were Jews,
He stood seventeen feet high in stockings without shoes;
With Roscoe he went to Congress, and if he had acted smart,
He might have been conductor on a dizzy railway cart;
But he was a bummer, a loafer, a turncoat and a tramp,
His sickness was caused from drinking out of a Chinese lamp;
He ate up fourteen nens, cleaned out sixty-eight pig-pens,
Grandpa's heart is broke since Peter died.

CHORUS.

Snowballs on his tombstone to keep his memory fresh,
This quadruped I don't think ever lied;
He is buried in our back yard, his headstone is a postal card,
So grandpa's heart is broke since Peter died.

I Wonder What They're Springing on Us Now.

Written and composed by James McAvoy.

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Everybody has their troubles, and the more they fret it doubles,
While they link themselves in other folks' affairs,
They overdo themselves outrightly, their ideas are so slightly,
Instead of up, they are going down the stairs.
They all come to their senses when some witty brain commences,
For to start a thing and really show them how,
You will often here them mention, with a very light intention,
Asking what the deuce they're springing on us now?

CHORUS.

We laugh at things rediculous, and often it will tickle us,
It starts in fun, but winds up in a row,
And we ask and answer questions, and make such suggestions,
With a wonder what they're springing on us now.

Now, your foolish if you marry, you'll wish that you had tarried,
If you do you'll find your prospects ain't so bright,
'Tis then you'll have to hustle and exercise your muscle,
Just take my word you'll kick yourself for spite;
Sometimes your wife will jaw you, and tell you that she saw you,
A fooling with some other fellow's frau,
With a washboard or a pitcher, in the neck she'll surely hit you,
You'll wonder what she's springing on you now.

CHORUS.

And some night when you are snoozing, you wake up in confusion,
With a pair of twins the nurse will make a bow;
When she lays them on your arm, it would be no harm,
For to ask her what she's springing on you now.

The Letter From Over the Sea.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As Nelly one morning was thinking of days gone away,
To the beat of her heart and her spinning,
She warbled this sweet little, bright little lay,
The notes to her lips sweetly springing:
"He told me he ne'er loved another,
He called me Mavourneen Machree,
But ah! sure he's with me no longer,
For he is gone over the sea—
But ah! sure he's with me no longer,
For he is gone over the sea.

"'Tis long, very long since he left me,
And oh! they would make my heart sore,
They said that his Coleen forgetting,
He'd wed, and I'd see him no more.
But still in my bosom a whisper,
Tho' they chatted on very free,
Told honor and love would be sending
A letter from over the sea—
Told honor and love would be sending
A letter from over the sea.

"Last night in a beautiful vision,
A robin flew round where I lay,
And a voice chirruped over my pillow,
'Oh, come to your Willie away.'
I awoke and beheld it was morning,
The sun shone on fallow and lea,
And I got—oh—how my heart fluttered!
A letter from over the sea—
And I got—oh—how my heart fluttered!
A letter from over the sea.

"Impressed on the seal e'er I broke it,
Two hearts in a ribbon were bound,
When I kissed it and opened it swiftly,
Where a bonnie bright charm I found.
Its name I'll not mention to any,
But some one is watching for me,
Oh, waft ye winds till I answer,
The letter from over the sea—
Oh, waft ye winds till I answer,
The letter from over the sea."

The Letter From Over the Sea.

Written and composed by Barney Chambers.

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This is the letter sure Barney has brought me,
It's from the dear ones far over the sea,
Sure there's never a heart could ever forget them,
I know that I left them in sorrow and tears.
The sweet voice of comfort now is all silent,
Since I have left my own mother's knee,
The cot I was born in is taken now from her,
It says in this letter from over the sea.

CHORUS.

This is the letter sure Barney has brought me,
It's from the dear one far over the sea;
The boys and the girls they all gather round me
To hear that sweet letter from over the sea.

Sure I'll never forget when the big ship was ready,
The tears from her eyes rolled down on the shore,
Where she said good-bye, Barney, you're going forever,
Like the leaves with the tide you will come back no more.
Heaven, God bless you, I know that she loves me,
More than the jewels wherever I be,
If the sun shines to-morrow no more I'll have sorrow,
But go back with this letter from over the sea.—*Chorus.*

THEY'RE NOT ASLEEP.

Written by Hen. Allen, of Devere and Allen.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The female sex of the present day are in all sorts of disguise,
Their make up is neat, their talk is sweet, on them you say is no flies;
To Coney Island you may go, around you they will creep,
They'll cut a dash and then you're mashed, for they're not asleep.

CHORUS.

They're not asleep, they're not asleep,
Diamonds wear, with golden lockets, on the strength of young men's pockets,
They're not asleep, they're not asleep,
You'll spend your dust, go home you must, for they're not asleep.

The water is fresh, the air is cool, you bet they are no fool,
They'll call you dear, for a glass of beer, then play you a game of pool,
They walk you down upon the shore, their style you will adore,
You say it's nice, and spend your price, for wine you'll call for more.—CHORUS.

CHORUS.

They're not asleep, they're not asleep,
With celluloid bustle, they will hustle, use your face with all their muscle,
They're not asleep, they're not asleep,
They get your money, now ain't it funny, while you are fast asleep.

To Long Branch with your diamond pin, you take the races in,
With your money in your open hand, she tickles you under the chin;
She says, "Now George, dear, don't you bet," with their la-la they can't be beat,
Your boodle will go before you know, while they put you fast to sleep.

CHORUS.

But they're not asleep, they're not asleep;
You'll lose your diamond ring and lockets, then go home with empty pockets,
They're not asleep, they're not asleep, [ling.
You'll buy her a sealskin cloak, your bank-book broke, while you are fast a hust-

Pretty Mary, the Dairyman's Daughter

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Faix it's I'll sing you a ditty that's funny and witty,
Yet it wakens the pity of every one,
It's in vain ye'll be thryin' to prevint yeersels cryin',
An' yer eyes ye'll be dhryin' whin my song is done.
'Twas in swate 'Tipperary there stud a nate dairy,
Wid the name iv Ned Carey wrute over the door,
An' sure Ned sould good butter, so it said on the shutter,
And beautiful googeens a shilling a score.

CHORUS.

An' he had a fine daughter call'd Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy,
Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,
An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

Poor old Ned loved his daughter, for an angel he thought her,
An' fine clothes he brought her to make her look gay,
An' she was a sweet creature, so full of good nature,
An' as fair in ach fathure as the blossom o' May
She was always intrudhin' and niver a feud in,
So ye'll all be kincludin' she'd iv lovers her share,
There was tradesmin an' doctors an' lawyers and proctors,
Came no ind of miles from the divil knows where.

CHORUS.

Just to get a smile from sweet Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy,
Och! she was his delight and the pearl iv his sight,
An' as frisky and blithe as a fairy.

But so plaze you, sweet Mary lov'd one Paddy Rarey
Who could dance lik a fairy an' twirl his stick;
Tho' his birth was a misthry, could trace his ancistry,
Thro' the pages iv histhry to Amonachnic:
But Mary's ould daddy didn't care for young Paddy,
For no money had he sure a wife to support;
An' a silky ould waver, a well-to-do shaver,
Crept into Ned's favor his daughter to court.

CHORUS.

An' was promised the hand iv sweet Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy,
Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,
An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

Mary's lovers got jealous an' oft they did bellus,
Sayin' before they'll expel us we'll all take the sack;
One wint home to his garden, an' (cravin' yer pardon),
He dug up the devil an' shoveled him back.
An' some shouldered arums an' others sung pearms,
An' many tried charums till their houses they burn'd,
An' the papers related iv "death's contemplated,"
Thro' love it shtated, which wasn't returned.

CHORUS.

By the beautiful heart-killin' Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy,
Och! she was his delight, an' the pearl iv his sight,
An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

So one day to her father, sez Mary I'd rather
Be single for life, than that life shud be ruled
By a crawlin' ould waver, an' I'll not have the craver
If the hair iv his head hung with diamonds an' gold.
Sez her father, daunt raise me, for the divil may saise me,
If ye iver have Pat, I'd as lave see yer dead,
Thin he turn'd like a wild boor, an' bullied his child sure,
'Till she fell on the tiled flure, her senses most fled.

CHORUS.

An' yer wouldn't give that for poor Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy,
Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,
An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

But at last she got betthur an' wraut Pat a letthur,
Telling him to forget her an' bid him good-bye!
Thin she gave a great shiver, flue away to the river,
Axed God to forgive her, an' prepared for to die!
Cum away from the water, shouted Ned to his daughter,
An' you shall wed Pat an' have all yer dad's tin,
But it wasn't so aisy, for the spot bein' grazy,
An' her mind bein' crazy, she slipped and fell in.

CHORUS.

An' all down to the bottom went Mary,
In sight of her dad an' his dairy,
Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,
An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

An' Mary's poor lover did never recover,
An' his antics an' tanthrums 'twas horrid to see,
'Till he tuk off his garther, some forty years afther
An' hoong himself up to a mulberry tree!
An' sure ould Ned Carey follied Pat an' Mary,
An' they haunted the dairy an' kicked up a great din,
An' such shriekin' an' laughter, from foundation to rafther,
Was heard for years afther till the house it fell in!

CHORUS.

An' that was the ind o' poor Mary,
Her Paddy, her dad, an' the dairy,
An' from that same night I've never seen sight,
Iv the home iv the beautiful fairy.

A Soldier To-Night is Our Guest.

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Fan, fan the gay hearth, and fling back the barr'd door,
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on the floor,
And blithe be the welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

All honor to him, who, when danger afar,
Had lighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasures and country, and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind.

If you value the blessings that shine at our hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet mirth—
While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic repose.

Then share with a soldier your hearth and your home,
And warm be your greeting whene'er he shall come;
Let love light a welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

I'M A JOLLY LITTLE FELLOW.

Written by J. P. Skelly.

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I'm quite a social favorite,
Of all the girls the pet,
I sport the latest fashion,
Tho' I'm seldom out of debt.
My wardrobe's varied and complete,
My necktie's pink and yellow;
I'm known around society,
As a jolly little fellow.

CHORUS.

I'm a jolly little fellow,
In my manner free and gay,
Tho' with wine I'm often mellow—
'Tis for pleasure by the way;
All my friends with gladness greet me,
Wherever I may be,
They love to share the hours so fair,
In a jolly time with me.

I've lately thought of marriage,
And, with serious intent,
Unto the lady's rich papa,
With trembling heart I went.
He chilled me when he cooly said:
"What claims have you, pray tell?" "Oh!
I know she loves me, sir, because
I'm a jolly little fellow."

SPOKEN—Yes, the old gentleman seemed somewhat surprised when I demanded the hand of his daughter. "Who are you, anyway?" said he. "Why, don't you know me?" said I; "I'm Berry Wah! My parents are very rich. My father is a poet—hence their opulence. His wealth being 'tied up,' however, (in other people's purses), he is compelled to utilize his descriptive talents in the unromantic field of commerce as a book agent, while I, fully appreciating my own qualifications, drift upon the surface of a dazzling world as an exemplifier of fashion. I shall be a good husband to her," says I, "and do her errands for her like a little gentleman. I shall never lose my temper, because"—*Chorus.*

I soon shall be a Benedict,
And then I'll settle down;
I'll feed my wife on blandishments,
And kiss away each frown.
Perhaps in future there may come
Domestic storms to bellow,
When I am dancing on my knee,
A jolly little fellow!

SPOKEN—Of course, no one knows what may happen. But in any event, you always find that—*Chorus.*

—"Shall I play 'Over the Garden Wall?'" asked the organ-grinder. "No," replied the citizen, "I would rather you would play in the next street."

MA'S BABY.

Written expressly for Rice and Barton by Ben. Collins.

Who is it in the stilly night
Yells like satan in a fight,
Roars with paregoric might?
Ma's baby.

Who was it ate the arsenic,
And touched a match to the bed tick,
And told the cook to fry a brick?
Ma's baby.

Who was it drank the washing blue,
Put mush and milk in father's shoes,
And fed the chickens vermifuge?
Ma's baby.

Who was it with a loaf of bread did creep
Into a molasses barrel six feet deep,
And got stuck in there for over a week?
Ma's baby.

Who was it tied a flour sieve
To poor dog Towser's negative,
And castor oil to the Tom cat did give?
Ma's baby.

Who was it when but twenty-one
Robbed a hen roost just for fun,
And chewed tobacco by the ton?
Ma's baby.

Who was it called his father boss,
And his cock-eyed sister Charley Ross,
And got fourteen years for stealing a horse?
Ma's big baby.

The Steak That Never Came.

Written by Thos. P. Getz

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Tune—"The Letter that Never Came."

Last night I had ten cents, in a restaurant I went
To eat, for I was hungry as a bear;
The cashier sized me up as I went in to sup,
And the waiter handed me the bill of fare;
I looked it o'er and o'er, there were things there by the score,
Steaks and chops and every kind of game;
I ordered a small steak and the paper I did take
To sit and read, and wait until it came.

CHORUS.

Oh, would it be made of leather, that has stood out in the weather?
After eating, would it make me gripe with pain?
I waited there an hour that small steak to devour,
But the steaklet that I longed for never came.

The waiter rushed about, down the dummy he would shout,
"Where is the steak I ordered long ago?"
Then around the place he'd skate, and the people had to wait
For the cook to send the things up from below;
Then he murmured, "Waiter, here, will you kindly try and steer
That steak to me before I die in pain?"
I was almost out of breath, I was nearly starved to death,
While waiting for that steak that never came.

CHORUS.

You could hear the codfish ball, and the cockroaches would crawl
Around the pies till they were limp and lame;
When the butter got a chance it would do a song and dance.
Still the steaklet that I looked for never came.

They had Boston pork and beans, that were ripped down at the seams;
They had doughnuts that had laid there many days;
They had different kinds of pies, that were frescoed o'er with flies,
And they dished them up as currents to the jays;
They brought me a plate of hash, that was growing a moustache,
I cut its hair and shaved it with a plane;
It's a wonder I survived, it's a wonder I'm alive,
And I'm glad the steak I ordered never came.

CHORUS.

I paid my little bill and my heart with joy did fill
When I found myself upon the street again;
The odor it was fearful, and I was sad and tearful,
But I'm glad the little steaklet never came.

—Husband—"Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." "Well, finish it then, my dear."

—Superintendent (to little girl)—"Now, my dear, how can you best show your appreciation to your parents for the liberal education they have given you?" Little girl—"By marrying rich, sir."

ONE OF THE BRAVEST.

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When the bugle calls to arms, to arms,
The soldier's always ready,
Armed, capable, a hero he,
Is faithful, staunch, and steady,
The battlefield may have its charms,
For those who fame desire,
Go, count the famous battles won
By those who fight with fire.

CHORUS.

One of the bravest, one of the bravest,
One of the tenderest in the ranks of all the brave,
Never a stranger, where there is danger,
When from the jaws of death there is life to save.
Clambering higher into the fire,
Fighting the raging demon undismayed,
Never surrender, loving and tender,
Is the laddie of the fire brigade.

In the dead of night when all the world
In slumber calm is sleeping,
Faithful he stands, while in his hands
Our lives have got their keeping,
The bell peals out its warning note,
Red glows the morning sky,
The fireman at his post is found,
Perhaps he's there to die.—*Chorus.*

On the burning roof the hero stands,
Close to his bosom pressing,
A baby snatched from out the flames,
With tender touch caressing.
How often does the blazing mass
Become his funeral pyre,
God bless the gallant boys who fought
The demon foe called fire.—*Chorus.*

SOUR GRAPES.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A sly old fox, as I've been told,
Sat looking for an hour
At big sweet grapes he couldn't reach,
Then left and called them sour.
Now that's the way with the human race,
Their minds takes curious shapes;
Just watch them close, you'll find they're like
The fox and the "sour grapes."

A young girl sees her friend go by,
With a new and stylish dress;
She quick sticks up her little nose,
It causes her distress.
She says, oh, heavens! what a fit,
Of all the horrid shapes;
She wouldn't wear that ugly thing,
Because it's "sour grapes."

Then there's the dry old rusty cuss
Of sixty years or more;
When a fellow squeezes a lovely girl,
It makes him awful sore.
He once knew how it was himself,
Those naughty lovers' scrapes,
But now he hates the pretty girls,
Because they're "sour grapes."

Now, there's the married couple, too,
Who hates all kinds of noise,
And that's the reason they never had
No baby girls or boys.
They'd have no children, oh, dear, no!
They get in such horrible scrapes;
Do you know just why they don't have kids?
Because they're "sour grapes."

"O'HARA, GET THE GAG."

Written by John Wilkinson. Sung by F. Peggy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Pete O'Hara, boys,
In New York I do live;
And if you will but listen now,
The history I will give
Of a byword that is flung at me,
Wherever I may lag,
The "kids" cry out when I'm about,
"O'Hara, get the gag!"

CHORUS.

I am an American citizen,
Born under the American flag;
But I don't know what they mean at all,
When they cry out: "Get the gag!"

The other day I left my house,
And went upon a spree;
I took a boat and went afloat,
Up the river to Fort Lee;
And feeling tired and played out,
I sat down on a crag,
When a friend came by, I heard nim cry:
"O'Hara, get the gag!"—*Chorus.*

I am not rich at all, my friends,
I have to work hard now;
And every penny I have got,
Was earned by the sweat of my brow;
I bought a horse the other day,
Some they called him a nag,
When I said: "Get up," they cry: "Dry up—
O'Hara, get the gag!"—*Chorus.*

I am about tired of this thing,
In fact I'm almost mad;
And if they would forget that phrase,
Indeed I would be glad;
If I was only on the force,
Those fellows I would bag,
For crying out, when I'm about,
"O'Hara, get the gag!"—*Chorus.*

MARGUERITE.

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Marguerite! Marguerite! my star of hope,
I dread the day you'll forget me, Marguerite!
And still I know it soon will come,
The festive dance, the rich, the gay,
So different from our home, Marguerite!
I would not chide thee,
Chide thee, Marguerite!
Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet;
But, oh! I dread that weary day
You'll me forget, Marguerite!
But, oh! I dread that weary day
You'll me forget, Marguerite!

I wander'd down by the little babbling brook,
Its ev'ry ripple speaks of thee;
The roses, too, they droop their heads,
In sympathy with me, Marguerite!
If this bright world, it were all of mine to give,
I'd proudly lay it at thy feet;
But, oh! the thought you'll not be mine
Will break my heart, Marguerite!
But, oh! the thought you'll not be mine
Will break my heart, Marguerite!

—"How styles have changed since I was a girl," said the old lady. "When I was young we used to wear dresses up to our neck, and gloves with only one button. Now they wear the glove up to the neck and only one button on the dress."

There's Something in the Cradle.

Copyright, 1887, by T. B. Kelley.

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I know a cosy little home,
Where quiet always used to reign,
But now, if there you chance to roam,
For quiet you will look in vain;
But sunshine seems to round it cling,
And full of joy the hours go by;
The pretty birds, above it sing,
And would you know the reason why?
Say, can you guess the reason why?

CHORUS.

Hush! there's something in the cradle,
A tiny, little pet!
And mother fondly whispers,
It's just the sweetest yet!
While "rock-a-bye" she's singing,
Her glad heart beats with joy;
There's something in the cradle—
It's a bouncing baby boy!

Oh, home is never home at all,
And lots of joys 'tis sure to miss,
When on the stairs your footsteps fall,
And there's no baby cheek to kiss!
How proudly, too, a daddy grows,
When plodding from his toil each day;
How soon his weary trouble goes,
To hear those pleasant words that say,
Those ever-welcome words that say:—*Chorus.*

So, when a jolly smile you see
On any married face you meet,
Or when you hear a sound of glee
While passing thro' some quiet street,
You soon may know the reason why,
Or else to facts you're very blind;
Peep thro' the windows going by,
And this is what you're sure to find,
Yes, very, very sure to find:—*Chorus.*

ONE PAIR OF BLACK EYES.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

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Tune—"My Nellie's Blue Eyes."

Once I swore by eyes of blue,
Heaps of trouble I've been thro,
Would you know the reason true?
My Nelly's a fraud!
When we met 'twas at a fair,
Oh, she looked so lovely there,
Now for her I do not care,
My Nelly's a fraud!
Just one week before we wed,
At a ball some duffer said:
"That's my girl, I'll punch your head!"
My Nelly's a fraud!

CHORUS.

One pair of black eyes!
He wasn't my size!
That's what I got, when she struck out,
Much to my surprise!
One pair of black eyes!
Friends, take my advice,
Don't strike a man like Sullivan,
One pair of black eyes!

On my arm she used to cling,
Happy as the birds in Spring;
Oft we went tobogganning,
My Nelly's a fraud!
When her pa would come home late,
Oft he'd catch us at the gate,
How he'd swing his number eight,
My Nelly's a fraud!
When I asked him for her hand,
His disgust was something grand;
And now I understand
My Nelly's a fraud!—*Chorus.*

Side by Side, the Old Folks Sleep.

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I wandered to the cot,
The dear and hallow'd spot,
The home for years I'd long'd to see;
'Twas there, a happy child,
A mother's love so mild,
Made all the world so bright to me!
But, oh! 'twas sad and lone,
No smiles of welcome shone,
Where roses grew, the dark weeds creep;
And 'neath the churchyard clay,
Where once I used to play,
Side by side, the old folks sleep!

CHORUS.

The daisies gently wave,
Above each lowly grave,
And thinking of the past I sadly weep!
The sod is dear to me,
Where 'neath the willow tree,
Side by side, the old folks sleep!

I saw my mother's face,
In all its gentle grace,
For still her image fills my heart;
And father kind and true,
As when we bade adieu,
His mem'ry never shall depart!
How often would they sigh,
As days have wander'd by,
To see their boy across the deep;
They breath'd for him a prayer,
Then passed from earthly care,
Side by side, the old folks sleep!—*Chorus.*

Their weary steps grew slow,
Their locks as white as snow,
And still the cottage lamp shone bright;
To welcome back their boy,
Their darling and their joy,
Thro' every lone and dreary night.
Oh! could I but recall
The dearest love of all,
A parent's love so true and deep;
Ah! now I know its worth,
They've gone away from earth,
Side by side, the old folks sleep!—*Chorus.*

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I have wandered by the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, which sheltered you and me;
But none are left to greet me, Tom, and few are left to know,
That play'd with us upon the green, just twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Are sporting just as we were then, with spirits just as gay;
But master sleeps upon the hill, all conted o'er with snow,
That afforded us a sliding-place just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
The music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys are playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you have play'd the same with me;
On that same spot, 'twas play'd with knives, by throwing so and so—
The leaders had a task to do there twenty years ago.

The river is running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less wide;
The grape-vine swing is ruin'd now, where once we play'd the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very high—'twas once so low that we could almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name;
Your sweetheart is just beneath it, Tom—and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peel'd the bark—'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name you cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears come in my eyes—
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our class, excepting you and me;
But when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd just twenty years ago.

Don't Take the Children from Me.

By Frank Egarton.

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The exposure and the trial now is over,
My husband they tell me is free,
And ah, the cruel law says my children
Must be taken away from me;
But I will to my dear John go,
To his good heart I'll pray,
To think of by gone loving times,
And on my knees I'll say:

CHORUS.

I know I have fallen through another,
And my husband, I have wronged thee,
But I've always done my duty as a mother,
Oh, don't take the children from me.

'Twas the scoundrel you called friend who wrought my downfall,
Who poured the pois'ning flattery in mine ear,
That took me from my home, my loved children,
From you, John, and all I hold dear.
In silent sorrow I have wept
To think for life we part,
Don't take the boy and girl from me
To break my drooping heart.—CHORUS.

You know that I have ever loved our children,
Have watched them in sickness and in pain,
In your absence they have made our home a heaven,
Ah, spare them to me, I beg again.
Their mother's shame they ne'er shall know,
Their lips your name shall nurse;
Don't drive me to destruction, John,
To death, despair, or worse.—CHORUS.

The Red-Haired Girl and the Near-by White Horse.

Copyright, 1887, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Some people prophesy the weather,
And tell us by a certain sign,
When it will storm for days together,
Or when it surely will be fine.
But tell me, single ones, or wedded,
Why is it, when there comes in sight,
A nice young girl who is red-headed,
You next will see a horse that's white?

CHORUS.

Oh! tell me the reason, I'm dying to know,
The fact it is queer and it puzzles me so,
I see this phenomenon in town or out,
It's driving me crazy beyond any doubt;
They both go in pairs, now, I'd like to know why,
Just watch when the dear girls are passing you by,
See one and your vision the other will cross,
It's a read-headed girl, then the near-by white horse.

I've asked my friends to tell the reason,
I've looked in books the same to find,
I've pondered in and out of season,
To see the cause I yet am blind.
This other fact likewise unravel,
Or else my life to grief you hurl,
Why when you see a white horse travel,
Why do you see a red-haired girl?—*Chorus.*

In theatre, or church, no matter,
It haunts me like a funny dream;
I hear a footstep near me patter,
I see two eyes upon me beam.
Like sunset clouds her flaming tresses,
And while I keep her still in sight,
I see what ev'rybody guesses,
That very famous steed so white.—*Chorus.*

I give it up, I cannot guess it,
This riddle is too hard for me,
My wonderment I can't express it,
It seems an awful mystery.
E'en when I find within the butter,
A red hair flaming to my sight,
I can't restrain my lips that mutter,
There! now I'll see a horse that's white.—*Chorus.*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the beach by the old cabin door.
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!—*Chorus.*

The head must bow, and the back will bend
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days we'll totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!—*Chorus.*

KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT.

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If you should e'er be tempted to an editor to bring
An airy little poem on the novel theme of Spring,
Beware, the goat, the office goat, his horns are sharp and hard,
And, oh, he loves to dally with the unsuspecting bard;
So lest his horns should linger 'neath the coat-tails of your coat,
Keep one eye on the editor, the other on the goat.

If you should keep a beer saloon, and to you should appear
A most suspicious looking tramp who loudly calls for beer,
Be wary when he looks around to see what he may seize,
He surely has designs upon the crackers and the cheese;
Then take his measure carefully before you kick or punch,
Keep one eye on the nickel, and the other on the lunch.

If an Italian marquis you should ever entertain,
A titled scalawag who hopes an heiress' hand to gain,
His manners may be perfect, and his accent quite too sweet,
But for all that, perhaps he is the deadest kind of beat;
When dining, bear in mind, aristocrats are artful coons,
Keep one eye on the marquis, and the other on the spoons.

When calling on a pretty girl who smiles upon your suit,
Do not forget her father who may be a surly brute,
And while you pour your vows of love into her shell-like ear,
Be watchful that her parent on the scene does not appear;
Be sure the gate is opened wide and be prepared to scoot,
Keep one eye on the fair one, and keep one on papa's boot.

If you should be a candidate for some "fat office" job,
Be liberal with every one and shake hands with the mob,
Say that you think a man should vote as conscience bids him to,
That is, of course, providing conscience bids him vote for you;
Be early at the polls and watch until the voting's done,
Keep one eye on the ballot box, the other on your gun.

—"And so you think you will get married when you grow up to be a young lady, Flossie?" said the caller. "Oh, I haven't a doubt of it," assented Flossie. "Everybody says I am very much like my mamma; and she, you know, has been married three times."

A Pretty Little Baby to Dandle on Your Knee.

Copyright, 1888, by M. H. Rosenfeld.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, now-a-days there seems to be a certain kind of craze,
You hear it sung upon the streets, in books and all the plays,
'Tis all about a baby, a baby, a baby;
Some pretty little cherub of sweet and gentle ways.
No matter where you roam—in rambles to and fro,
The song that echos far and near is of some baby dear.

SPOKEN—Yes indeed! the envy of all the world—the sweetest treasure known to mortal—except, perhaps to the preacher, the old maid, and the Salvation Army, who must sadly sing as the world goes around:

CHORUS.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
I wish I had a baby to dandle on my knee!
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee!

Now there are many people that we do meet each day,
The old, the young, the handsome, the happy, sad and gay,
But what is ev'ry pleasure, each pleasure, each pleasure,
But what is ev'ry pleasure without a baby—say?
A pretty little cherub, with sweet and bonnie eyes,
A pretty little darling, one as bright as sunny skies.

CHORUS.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee.
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
A pretty little baby to dandle on my knee!

I often hear and read of love, and watch some loving pair,
As silently they sit and mope upon some parlor chair;
Sometimes it is a sofa, sofie, sofee,
It doesn't really matter whatever it may be,
But just you listen softly and quickly bye-and-bye,
You'll hear the maiden gayly laugh, as gently she will sigh.

CHORUS.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
Oh, buy me, love, a dolly to dandle on my knee!
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
Oh, buy me, love, a dolly to dandle on my knee.

I'm sure it isn't easy to sing of all I dare,
If I could sing a story, you'd laugh, I do declare;
If I could sing a story, storie, storee,
If I could sing a story, 'twould stiffen up your hair;
I'd tell you of a secret that Beecher doth adore,
And how dear Mary Walker, too, cries on the quiet for.

CHORUS.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee!
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee!

—Husband, airily (they had just returned from their wedding trip): "If I'm not home from the club by—ah—ten, love, you won't wait?" Wife, with appalling firmness: "No, dear; I'll come for you!" He was back at nine-forty-five sharp.

DUNCAN GRAY.

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Duncan Gray came here to woo;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On blithe Yule nicht, when we were fou;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie cuist her head fu' heich,
Look'd asklant, and unco skeigh,
Gart puir Duncan stand sbeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak' o' louping ower a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Slichtit love is sair to bide;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
"Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
"For a hauchty hizzy dee?
She may gae to—France, for me!"
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes, let doctors tell;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick as he grew well;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And, O, her een! they spak' sic things;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoored his wrath,
Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

NOTHING ELSE.

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Topical songs are now all the rage,
Nothing else, nothing else;
You hear them so often your brain is quite crazed,
Nothing else, nothing else.
Now a topical song I'll sing you to-night,
Don't throw any eggs, for that wouldn't be right,
You'd spoil this new dress, then I'd look like a fright,
Nothing else, nothing else.

Oh, the dude you will see with high collar and cane,
Nothing else, nothing else;
Doctors say his disease is decrease of the brain,
Nothing else, nothing else.
He sits like a king on a free-luncheon stool,
He glues himself there and fills up like a mule,
I think your opinion must be he's a fool,
Nothing else, nothing else.

All tailors have signs reading, "Cash in Advance,"
Nothing else, nothing else;
How to get a new suit knocks you into a trance,
Nothing else, nothing else.
You go to a pic-nic to have sport and fun,
While bathing a tramp takes your clothes on a run,
Going home in a barrel to the crowd is great fun,
Nothing else, nothing else.

Maloney, the Rolling Mill Man.

By J. W. Kelley.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've a first cousin named Dan Maloney,
An honest relation and friend,
Who always has made a good living,
And has often a dollar to lend;
He is well known by all the neighbors,
For a short name we call him Dan,
And there's no one in town more respected
Than Maloney, the rolling mill man.

CHORUS.

You will find him at church every Sunday,
Himself and his wife, Mary Ann;
And the one who takes up the collection,
Is Maloney, the rolling mill man.

There are some folks in town that don't like him,
Because Daniel will have a drink,
But, of course, when a man does feel thirsty,
A couple is proper, I think;
And if they would mind their own business,
It would be a very good plan,
For there's no one that likes a drink better
Than Maloney, the rolling mill man.

CHORUS.

You can find him at work every morning,
He's the first one to send out the can;
And draught ale is the favorite drink
For Maloney, the rolling mill man.

You will see him each day on election,
Around to see things going right,
He'll be out at the polls first at morning,
And stop till the last one at night;
And now, while I speak of elections,
It would be an excellent plan
To nominate for next mayor of the city,
Maloney, the rolling mill man.

CHORUS.

I am certain he would be elected
Without aid from clique or from clan;
And the best mayor we've had would be
Daniel Maloney, the rolling mill man.

LULLABY, FROM "ERMINIE."

Music by Ed. Jakobowski.

Words and Music, complete book, the only authorized edition of Erminie, as performed at the New York Casino, under the direction of Rudolph Aronson, by mail, post-paid, to any address, $1.50.

Dear mother, in dreams I see her
With loved face, sweet and calm,
And hear her voice, with love rejoice,
When nestling on her arm.
I think how she softly pressed me,
Of the tears in each glist'ning eye,
When she rocked to sleep
Her child with this lullaby:

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids, sleep;
Bye, bye, watching 'till thou art waking,
Darling, be thy slumbers deep.
Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids, sleep;
Bye, bye, watching 'till thou art waking,
Darling, be thy slumbers deep;
Bye, bye, bye, bye.

Ah! e'en when her life was ebbing,
Her words were all of me;
My future years were all her fears,
Her fate 'twas not to see.
My father, I heard you weeping,
As in sorrow you standing by;
And my mother's plaint, in accents faint,
This tender, sweet lullaby.—*Chorus.*

Sweet Love, Good-Night to Thee.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The exile leaves his native land
With sad and tearful eye,
He thinks upon his village home,
And heaves a bitter sigh.
But, ah! he feels not half the grief
That now is felt by me,
As when I falter out the words,
Sweet love, good-night to thee.

The miser views his golden store,
With joy it fills his heart,
His sordid mind is pained to see
One single coin depart.
Then let me be a miser, too,
Thy smiles are gold to me,
Ne'er let another voice repeat,
Sweet love, good night to thee.

The Soldier's Song, from "Erminie."

Words and Music, complete book, the only authorized edition of Erminie, as performed at the New York Casino, under the direction of Rudolph Aronson, by mail, post-paid, to any address, $1.50.

Dull is the life of the soldier in peace,
With hateful routine until war brings release;
Harsh discipline trammels the freedom, we know,
What better than that in the face of the foe?
The soldier has learnt he must bridle his will,
Submit without murmur to vigorous drill;
But the summons to war is the soldier's reward,
Joy to brighten his corslet, his helmet and sword.

CHORUS.

All for glory the soldier's life,
From the conflict scorning e'er to flee;
The hero's aim is fame in strife,
In love, in war the victor he.

Glad is the heart at the sternest campaign,
For we've nothing to lose, and we've plenty to gain;
To rush midst the steel, midst the smoke and the flame,
To carve with our sabre a pathway to fame.
We've learnt to obey, and until we are told,
We dream not of leaving the posts that we hold;
We'd fall where we stand, till the warning sound comes
Of recall, in the music of bugles and drums.—*Chorus.*

What the Dicky Birds Say, from "Erminie."

Words and Music, complete book, the only authorized edition of Erminie, as performed at the New York Casino, under the direction of Rudolph Aronson, by mail, post-paid, to any address, $1.50.

I'm not a free agent like any of you,
There's them as looks artea my fate;
I arsk their advice when I'v summat to do,
There care and attention is great.
Whenever I wishes to steal from the night
A few hours for use in the day,
Before that I knows I'm doin' what's right,
I see what the dicky birds say.

CHORUS.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, in the shrillest tone,
Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, in a tongue of their own;
What their warbles and twitters convey,
Taking study and thought, for a mind can be bought
To define what the dicky birds, the dicky birds say—
Chirp, chirp, chirp.

When brought afore his beakship evidence to give,
I'm allus in a dreadful state,
For fear I'll have to go to a settlement to live,
A penal one is sure to be my fate.
Now juries ain't very well up to their job,
They, for fear of confinement all day,
The verdict agree on by spinnin' a sob,
At least, so the dicky birds say.—*Chorus.*

WRECK OF THE ALPENA.

By J. W. Kelley.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1333, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In October, eighteen-eighty,
You all have heard, no doubt,
Of the wreck of the Alpena,
When but a short time out;
It happened on Lake Michigan,
Where she, called staunch and true,
Went down without a warning
To her passengers or crew.
Awakened from their slumbers
By a cry that pierced the heart—
"All hands on deck to save your lives,
The vessel's going apart!"
No welcome port was near them,
They got no friendly hail;
No, not a soul was left alive
To tell the dreadful tale.

A few days after some of
Their bodies washed ashore,
But many others sank to
Be seen on earth no more;
Their friends were walking 'long the beach,
And watched each coming wave,
But sons and daughters shared alike
The honest sailor's grave.
The tide washed in somebody's boy,
Who 'twas they could not tell,
'Till his father recognized him,
Then to his knees he fell:
"Thank God! you've sent poor Johnny home,
For nothing more I'd crave,
For now I'll see him buried close
Beside his mother's grave."

This isn't half the misery
Such accidents will bring,
And many a good old mother
For years will feel the sting;
You'd often see small groups of friends,
And 'mongst them hear it said:
"We'd be satisfied to see them once
To know that they were dead."
Somebody might be blamed for this,
But who we cannot say,
It wasn't poor Nels. Napier,
He was as honest as the day;
That God may rest their souls in peace,
Has been an earnest prayer,
And it will be the same with all
Good people everywhere.

CARRIE LEE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We've made her a grave in the greenwood shade,
Where the wild flowers wave in their bloom;
Where the sweet birds sing, and the midsummer wind
Chants its melody o'er her lone tomb.
'Tis there Carrie lies in the long sleep of death,
The queen of the valley was she;
And there oft we meet, and in grief sadly weep
By the grave of our own Carrie Lee.

CHORUS.

Then, oh, let her sleep in the grave we have made,
From sorrow and care she is free;
Then, friends, let us weep, while the sad willows droop,
O'er the tomb of our sweet Carrie Lee.

We've made her a grave in the greenwood shade,
Where flowers are reigning supreme;
Where all day is heard the sweet warbling of birds,
And the low murmuring flow of the stream.
No more her sweet voice shall be heard in the glen,
Her bright smile no more shall we see;
Her sweet songs are hushed, and her smile passed away,
In heaven dwells our own Carrie Lee.—*Chorus.*

A WHIFF OF THE PIPE.

As sung in "The Ivy Leaf."

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Oh, what joy in a whiff of the pipe for your soul,
When your labor is done for the day,
As you watch the blue smoke curling up from the bowl,
While you dream all your troubles away.
The tea-kettle merrily hums on the hob,
And the little ones climb to your knee;
While puss softly purrs as she watches your wife
While setting the table for tea.

CHORUS.

Glad-hearted and gay, your cares pass away
In the smoke from the bowl rich and ripe;
And the heart in your breast is made glad while you rest
And enjoy a few whiffs from the pipe.

What though you must toil for your bread, being poor,
True love makes the toiler's task light;
And when you go home to your own humble door,
Why, a whiff of the pipe sets you right.
No king on his throne is more happy than you
In your home, though it be but a cot;
With dear ones around you, who love you so true,
No king but might envy your lot.—*Chorus.*

And when tea is over you draw up your chair
To the fire, and you bask in its glow;
While your wife sits beside you, so happy and fair,
And you talk of the sweet long ago.
All rosey and plump, the little ones play,
Made glad by a smile or a nod;
I am sure one and all will agree when I say,
Such a home has the blessing of God.—*Chorus.*

CARRIE LEE.

By Harry M. Palmer.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When the babbling brook does flow,
And the honey-suckles grow,
And the ivy clings around the old oak tree;
In a cottage, neat and small,
Lived a maiden loved by all,
My bright-eyed darling, pretty Carrie Lee.

CHORUS.

Angels called her: "Loved one, come,
This earth's no place for thee!"
They took her to their happy home,
My bright-eyed Carrie Lee.

When the sun sank in the West,
And all nature was at rest,
Save the katy-did and plaintive whip-poor-will;
Carrie's lovely voice was heard,
Like some merry warbling bird,
As we sat together on the old door-sill.—*Chorus.*

Oft at noonday would we rove
Through the shady woodland grove,
And talk of the happy days to come;
When wedded I should be
With my gentle Carrie Lee,
And we'd mark that spot out for our future home.—*Chorus.*

Ah! but now how things have changed,
Summer flowers have come again,
But my darling from all earthly pain is free;
They have laid her in the grave,
'Neath the weeping willow's shade,
And my heart is breaking for my Carrie Lee.—*Chorus*

—Smithers: "Miss Parker sings much better than she used to. Her course at the Conservatoire has improved her considerably." Wilkins: "Improved? Well, I should say so! She knows when to stop now."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kannst man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli habn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

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No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald grad' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemoofter Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du tranter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich hab sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sinß
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolled
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
166 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can
180 Willie, we have missed you [never be
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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547 The Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven oud
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory hallelujah)
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
661 A dollar fifteen cents
662 Roger O'Mailey
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby
664 Bring back my bonnie to me
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're old
675 Dear little innocent things
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 Midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern sunny home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's growing
757 The farmer feeds us all
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Keyhole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith's shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night?
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem, the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife, Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim

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820 Mind and be home before the
821 Where the pretty little shamrock
822 My little four-leaf shamrock from Glennore
823 White wings
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Makido McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days of hash
829 Poor old dad
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the parties grow
853 You'll be kind to my mother
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
855 An agricultural Irish girl
856 I am a man that's done wrong to my parents
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel Dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along, my darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000 different
886 Belle Brandon [ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
893 Clementine
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's gone
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile
904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lee
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the sale
929 Rock-a-bye, baby
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish, you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little Widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty flowers to strew on mother's
954 Star of the evening [grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pinck them the thicker they
970 Mother, is the battle over? [grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrisey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum?
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Ta-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover coves again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's knee
1010 A letter from Ireland
1011 I'm going to have my name above the door
1012 Judge Duffy told me so
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies parade
1021 Old boss Barry
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Dont run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy
1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James
1045 Young man that used to live over the way
1046 We've both been there before
1047 Now I come to think of it
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston Blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry Springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the
1075 Mother's last letter to me
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 The market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrange ents
1085 Haul de wood pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the Buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and the near-by white horse
1096 Let her go, Gallagher
1097 Massa's wedding night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away

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WAITING, WAITING, WAITING.

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Waiting, waiting, waiting, was a friend of mine one night,
For a girl he loved most dearly, and to her he used to write;
He had arranged to meet her, but, alas! in his despair,
In a note he said, meet me to-night, but forgot to mention where;
And he was waiting, waiting, waiting, he had on his Sunday suit,
He stood waiting, waiting, waiting, 'till a policeman told him scoot

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was her husband with a club,
For the girl he met was married, and it was a put-up job;
She was peeping through the shutters, the rain came pouring down,
He never took a tumble, but stood there like a clown;
She left him waiting, waiting, waiting, and he took a terrible chill,
He waited, for he was a waiter from old Waitersville.

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was the tailor that made his clothes.
He mysteriously vacated, where he's gone nobody knows;
He paid a small installment, then away from here he shot,
The tailor got his measure, and that was all he got;
He left the tailor waiting, waiting, the dude he was too fly,
And I think he'll keep him waiting, waiting 'till the clouds roll by

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was a driver of a hack,
But the fellow he was waiting for he never did come back;
He got out and went into a saloon to get a drink or two,
But the back door it was open, out the alleyway he flew;
He left the driver waiting, waiting for two long hours and a half.
He never smiled while waiting, it wasn't his place to laugh

Waiting, waiting, waiting for her lover to name the day,
But the lover tried to shake her, and he hadn't a word to say;
She knew that he had money, but he wouldn't have it so,
She's been trying hard to marry him since twenty years ago;
She's been waiting, waiting, waiting, and her time is nearly due,
And I think he'll keep her waiting 'till nineteen ninety-two.

Waiting, waiting, waiting for him to give her a divorce,
But the husband wouldn't do it, and it made her mad, of course;
She's dead on to the husband, and he's dead on to her,
She wants to wed another, but I think it won't occur;
He keeps her waiting, waiting, waiting through clear and stormy weather,
But the other fellow doesn't care because they're not living together

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was a lady for a car,
She waited for an hour, and then she said, oh, pshaw!
'Till a policeman thus addressed her: Miss, I'm sorry for to say.
The las' car that you're waiting for has gone the other way.
She waited, yes, she waited until it was too late,
She thanked him very kindly and then she took a skate.

ADAM AND EVE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The first of all pas and mammas, I believe,
Was that notable couple, called Adam and Eve;
How badly they acted we all of us know,
And they brought on this world much trouble and woe.
T'other night, while in bed, I saw them appear.
And all they were saying I managed to hear;
I must have been dreaming, I really believe,
But I'll tell of the sayings of Adam and Eve.

Said Eve unto Adam, I'd like now to know,
Why girls wear their buttons all down in a row,
And why the young men all take such delight
In showing their legs through their pants made so tight?
Said Adam to Eve, and why does each Miss
Think a pair of whiskers so nice for to kiss?
Can it be the sweet flavor they love to receive?
Oh! suppose we now try one? said Adam to Eve.

Said Adam to Eve, how can you suppose
Each newly born baby has its papa's nose?
And why do the saints on Utah's far shore
Have twenty young wives, and still wish for more?
Said Eve unto Adam, what makes men who wed
Immediately after get bald on the head?
Now, that it's human nature I cannot believe.
Oh! we men have to stand it, said Adam to Eve.

Said Eve unto Adam, I think 'tis a sin,
Each wife should get stout, while her husband's so lean,
And why do the young swells from sense so refrain,
By pawning their shirts to buy them a cane?
Said Adam to Eve, what makes ladies fine
Turn around so scornful when in silks they shine?
A poor girl that's striving by labor to live,
She's above a fine lady, said Adam to Eve.

BID ME GOOD-BYE AND GO.

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If in your heart a corner lies that has no place for me,
You do not love me as I deem that love should ever be;
Is there a single joy or pain that I may never know?
Take back your love, it is in vain, bid me good-bye and go.
You do not love me, no! bid me good-bye and go,
Good-bye, good-bye, 'tis better so, bid me good-bye and go;
You do not love me, no! bid me good-bye and go,
Good-bye, good-bye, 'tis better so, bid me good-bye and go.

Man's love is like the restless waves, ever at rise and fall,
The only love a woman craves, it must be all in all;
Ask me no more if I regret, you need not care to know.
A woman's heart does not forget, bid me good-bye and go.
You do not love me, no! bid me good-bye and go,
Good-bye, good-bye, 'tis better so, bid me good-bye and go;
You do not love me, no! bid me good-bye and go,
Good-bye, good-bye, 'tis better so, bid me good-bye and go.

IT'S HOME, SWEET HOME.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When you come along a little full,
There's no place like home;
And at the bell you pull and pull,
There's no place like home.
But there is one who'll meet you in the gloom,
By the hair of the head she'll drag you to the room,
And comb your hair with the bald-headed broom,
Oh, there is no place like home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And comb your hair with a bald-headed broom,
There is no place like home.

Was you ever full of liquor, and tried to walk quicker?
Oh, there is no place like home;
And loudly you would utter, when you'd fall into the gutter,
Oh, there is no place like home.
You would get up quickly, look around with a glance,
You'd discover you'd busted your new Sunday pants;
To go home in a barrel is your only chance,
Oh, there is no place like home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
To go home in a barrel is your only chance,
Oh, there is no place like home.

ANCHORED.

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Flying with flowing sail over the Summer sea,
Sheer through the seething gale, homeward bound was she;
Flying with feath'ry prow, bounding with slanting keel,
And glad was the sailor lad, as he steered and sang at his wheel:

CHORUS.

Only another day to stray, only another night to roam,
Then safe at last the harbor past, safe in my father's home.

Bright on the flashing brine glittered the Summer sun,
Sweetly the starry shine smiled when the day was done;
Blithe was the breeze of heaven filling the flying sail,
And glad was the sailor lad, as he steered and sang through the gale:

CHORUS.

Only another day to stray, only another night to roam,
Then safe at last the harbor past, safe in my father's home.

Sudden the lightnings flashed like falchions in the dark,
Sudden the thunders crashed; alas! for the gallant bark,
There, when the storm had passed, a dreary wreck lay she,
But bright was the starry night that shone on the Summer sea.

CHORUS.

And a soft smile came from the stars, and a voice from the whispering foam:
Safe, safe at last the danger past, safe in his father's home.

DAN O'BRIEN'S RAFFLE.

Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

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Written and composed for, and sung by Miss Maggie Cline.

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Dan O'Brien gave a raffle to his friends a week ago,
The gang got hot when I threw forty-four;
Then they started in to fighting, and I really do believe,
They'd kill me when they got me on the floor.
I fought them like a tiger 'till O'Brien broke my nose,
Broke my ribs before the others had begun;
Then they hit me with a poker, turned spittoons upon my clothes,
It's a good thing that I didn't have my gun.

CHORUS.

If you've money you can bet it, I never will forget it,
I'll hold the grudge until the day I'm dying;
And I'll live to see the day when the penalty he'll pay,
And I will live to slaughter Dan O'Brien.

There were ten or twenty men started kicking at me then,
Their boots gently into me they drove;
Then they hit me forty cracks with the butt end of an ax,
S me one swore that I upset the stove.
When the half of them was done the other half begun,
I s id my prayers and thought I had to die;
Wh n O'B ien, to finish all, stood me up against the wall
And turned the excelsior water in my eye.

CHORUS.

If you've money you can bet it, I never will forget it,
I'll hold the grudge until the day I'm dying;
And I'd give a hundred pounds to fight a single round,
To show you all that I can lick O'Brien.

They thought they had me killed when my Irish blood they spilled,
O'Brien says, Don't hurt him any more!
Then to show his noble heart, and to give me a good start,
He gently shoved me through the barroom door.
On the very spot I fell I heard a curious bell,
'Twas the ringing of the patrol wagon sound;
When O'Brien shouted strong, Will you take the turkey along?
But I slighted him and never looked around.

CHORUS.

If you've money you can bet it, I never will forget it,
I'll hold the grudge until the day I'm dying;
And if I can't have his life, I will go and lick his wife,
But I would sooner go and lick O'Brien.

THE OLD STEP STONE.

As sung by Frank F. Jones.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 300 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I stand on the door step at eventide now,
And the wind whispers by with a moan;
The fields will be whitening, but I will be gone
To roam o'er the wide world alone.
I stood on the door step when school-time was o'er,
And longed for those days to go by;
But now they are gone and I stand here alone,
To bid the old step stone good-bye.

CHORUS.

Good-bye to the step stone, good-bye to my home,
God bless those I leave with a sigh;
I'll cherish dear memories when I'm far away,
Good-bye, dear old step stone, good-bye.

It is hard to be parted from those that we love
When reverses in fortunes they come;
The strongest of heart-strings are broken in twain
By the absence of loved ones at home.
But I'll bid this poor heart cease repining in vain,
And hushed be each deep heaving sigh;
Though the pain it will cause me none ever can know,
To bid the dear step stone good-bye.—*Chorus.*

—Nice life a married man leads when every time he asks his wife for a cup of tea he knows she'll make it hot for him.

—"Why, Mary," said her mistress, "I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder." "Yis, mum, and I did," said Mary; "but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, and he lost the button."

MY DEAR OLD IRISH HOME.

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As sung by Mr. John Walsh.

If ever you saw my dear old Irish home,
You'd say 'twas a pity from there I should roam;
There's a dear faithful mother, my sweetest joy,
As she fondles the children so happy and coy.
My father, so merry, our young hearts to cheer,
With a bit of a song would always draw near;
And we laughed 'till we cried, we had no grief to hide,
For happiness reigned by our old fireside.

CHORUS.

'Tis my home, my home, my dear old Irish home,
Dearer to me than palaces so grand;
'Tis my home, my home, my dear old Irish home,
Over in old Ireland 'tis my own native land.

When the bugle's loud blast called brave men to war,
When freedom's great banner was threatened with gore;
'Twas then you found Paddy with knapsack and gun,
Bravely he fought in the battle of Bull Run.
Honor is due him in this land of the brave,
O'er his head let the stripes and stars ever wave;
For the brave Sixty-Ninth fought with ne'er a groan,
Their names are in gold in my dear Irish home.—*Chorus.*

There is no costly carpets upon the floor,
But dear to my heart it will be evermore;
There's no pictures of kings or of queens on our wall,
But the faces of great men who answered death's call.
Washington and O'Connell hang side by side
With Lincoln and Emmett, who like true martyrs died;
You'll meet brave-hearted Irishmen where'er you may roam,
They come from old Ireland, my dear native home.—*Chorus.*

HAIL, JERUSALEM, HAIL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Walk along John and my Aunt Sal,
Wandering through dis world;
Both lived down in Shin Bone Al,
Wandering through dis world.
Number on de gate and de number on de door,
Wandering through dis world;
Next one is a grocery store,
Wandering through dis world.

I'm a long time a wandering, wandering, oh, wandering,
I'm a long time a wandering, wandering through dis world;
For de rocks in de mountains am done gone passed away,
Oh, won't we have a good time, for we can't stay away.

CHORUS.

Then hail, hail, hail, Jerusalem, hail,
Eh, h', eh, h', oh, my Lord,
Hail, Jerusalem, hail.
Then hail, hail, hail, Jerusalem, hail,
Eh', h', eh', h', shout good Lord,
Hail, Jerusalem, hail.

Look up yonder! what do I see?
Wandering through dis world;
A lot of black angels looking at me,
Wandering through dis world.
How much de mighty power I do feel,
Wandering through dis world;
Till along came Sal with tar on her heel,
Wandering through dis world.

I'm a long time a wandering, wandering, oh, wandering,
I'm a long time a wandering, wandering through dis world;
For de rocks in de mountains am done gone passed away,
Oh, won't we have a good time, for we can't stay away.
Then hail, hail, hail, Jerusalem, hail, &c.

I'll Never Have Her Back Again.

As sung by Jolly Nash.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My false wife she ran away from me
Some two or three weeks ago,
And now she wants to come back again,
Which is not right, you know;
Once bit, twice shy, is my reply,
And if it were to rain
Cats and dogs, mussels and frogs,
I'd not have her back again.

CHORUS.

The birds may sing, the bells may ring,
The fish in the sea remain;
The winds may blow, and she may go,
I'll never have her back again.

I'll tell you how she commenced the row,
One night I stayed out late,
She wanted to know where I had been,
And because I would not relate,
She ran away from me that night,
And unless I am insane,
If coals were to come toten cents a ton,
I'd not have her back again.—*Chorus.*

No doubt she thought I should break my heart,
Or else go out of my mind,
But it is not so I would have you to know,
I never was that way inclined;
I loved her once, but now she has gone,
This I will maintain,
If mutton and lamb were cheaper than jam,
I'd not have her back again.—*Chorus*

I've not any one now to kick up a row
When I return home late,
I sit at my ease, go to bed when I please,
I'm happy and proud to state;
No scolding wife to bother my life,
So single I'll remain,
And if the fish in the seas were to roost up on trees,
I'd not have her back again.—*Chorus.*

KETCH ON.

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Kind a folks, just a listen to dis darkey's refrain,
How he managed to ketch on to dat glory train;
How he followed dem kyars 'till his feet was froze,
An' how he ever got dar goodness only knows.
An' den dar was trubble, a heap, heap ob trubble,
A mighty sight ob trubble on de ole man's mind;
But now dis trubble am gone to de debbil,
An' dere's no more trubble on de ole man's mind.

CHORUS.

Dem kyars, dem kyars,
Dem gilded kyars to glory,
Ketch on, ketch on,
Ketch on, ketch on, ketch on.

Den dis glory train struck a powerful gate,
An' a faster hoss-time den dis nigger man made;
Over ties and trussels by de light ob de stars,
Dis coon he clinched on to dem glory kyars.
An' den dar was trubble, a heap, heap ob trubble,
A mighty sight ob trubble on de ole man's mind;
But now dis trubble am gone to de debbil,
An' dere's no more trubble on de ole man's mind.—*Chorus.*

When I'm a sailor on de Jasper sea
I want all you niggers for to look up at me;
I'll be steerin' ob de ship to de shores ob gold,
An' you coons on de banks will be badly sold.
An' den dar was trubble, a heap, heap ob trubble,
A mighty sight ob trubble on de ole man's mind;
But now dis trubble am gone to de debbil,
An' dere's no more trubble on de ole man's mind.—*Chorus.*

BALLYHOOLEY.

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There's a dashing sort of boy, who is called his mother's joy,
His ructions and his elements they charm me;
He takes the chief command in a water-drinking band,
Called the Ballyhooley Blue Ribbon Army.
The ladies all declare he's the pride of every fair,
And he bears the patriotic name of Dooley;
When the temperance brigade go out upon parade,
Faith! there's not a sober man in Ballyhooley.

CHORUS.

Willoo loo hoo! hoo!
We will all enlist, you know,
For their principles and elements they charm me.
Sure they don't care what they ate,
If they drink their whiskey nate,
In the Ballyhooley Blue Ribbon Army.

When we're out upon patrol and we're under his control,
We take, of course, a most extended radius;
Although it's very clear we drink only ginger beer,
We find the drinking sometimes rather tadius.
The police, one finedday, faith! they chanced to come our way,
And they said we were behaving most unruly;
When the sergeant he did state, that we were not walking straight,
Faith! we stretched him for a corpse in Ballyhooley.—CHORUS.

Then before the magistrate every one of us did state,
That we had taken nothing that could injure;
And as it's very clear we drink only ginger beer,
There must have been some stingo in the ginger.
Some of us did own we were drinking zosodone,
But the police were behaving most unruly;
It was of no avail, and within the county jail
Lies the temperance brigade of Ballyhooley.—CHORUS.

SAM DEVERE'S DREAM.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

The other night I just dropped in
To a German beer saloon,
And after putting away a keg
I fell asleep quite soon;
I dreamt all sorts of funny things,
And as it won't take long,
To tell you all about it now
I'll try in a little song.

I thought all sorts of things occured,
Funny, strange and queer;
Girls wore pretzels for ear-rings,
And the gutters flowed with beer;
Big German bologna sausage skins
The firemen used for hose;
And the good old strong limburger cheese
Smelled sweeter than the rose.

I thought old General Grant pulled hard
On a bad five cent cigar,
While Senator Conkling and Jim Blaine
Both put on the gloves to spar;
I thought St. Patrick appeared with a club,
And banished all the snakes
That crawled in old socks, hats and boots,
When they got the benzine shakes.

I dreamt old Sitting Bull came in
To get a new supply,
He gave them taffy all round,
And he shut the white man's eye;
Thought Francis Murphy and John B Gough
On the sly took rum and gum,
And the British lion was blowed sky-high
With a great big Fenian bomb.

Thought Doctor Walker lost her pants,
Which left her in the lurch,
And Beecher lectured on free love,
As the head of the Mormon church;
I dreamt they had a warrant out
For the arrest of the Russian Czar,
For trying to pass off whitewashed pennies
As dimes in a bob-tail car.

I dreamt that Doctor Tanner said
He could fast for twenty years,
But he got so thin they let him out
For a pair of tailor's shears;
I dreamt the tramps were getting fat
Draining out lager beer kegs,
And hoops were coming in style again,
To encircle the fair ones'—forms.

IF THE MAN IN THE MOON COULD ONLY SPEAK.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

What funny things we'd hear about this land so queer,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak;
What funny things he'd say of things going on day by day,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak.
He'd tell us why bank cashiers and aldermen like to travel,
He'd tell us of a way the Rahway mystery to unravel;
He'd tell us why at election time we must have so much gabble,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak.

REFRAIN.

If the man that's in the moon could only speak,
The things he'd say would surely be a treat,
Of the boodler and the juror, and the straw bail procurer,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak.

He'd tell us what the monopolists think of the Knights of Labor,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak;
He'd tell us why Jay Gould don't buy all the Atlantic cables,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak.
He'd tell us what the prospects are of re-instating Father McGlynn,
He'd tell us which is the safest bank to put our money in;
He'd tell us who for President in the next campaign will win.
If the man that's in the moon could only speak.

REFRAIN.

If the man that's in the moon could only speak,
The things he'd say would surely be a treat;
He'd tell us if our Grover will ever have a little rover,
If the man that's in the moon could only speak.

LET US PART FRIENDS.

Copyright, 1887, by Willis Woodward & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Let us part friends, tho' forever,
Sad was the hour we first met;
Links lightly made we must sever,
Tho' with a bitter regret.
Broken's the spell that enthralled me,
Broken the vows of the past;
Sweetheart I once fondly called thee,
Yet must I leave thee at last?

CHORUS.

Let us part friends, tho' we were dearer.
Tho' now at last the bright day-dream ends.
Tho' I shall never to thee be dearer.
Let us, oh, let us part friends.

Let us part friends, tho' the parting
Brings us but sorrow in love;
Tho' to our eyes tears are starting,
All of our hearts' passion prove.
Let us part friends without chiding,
Let us recall past bright hours;
Under the roses thorns are hiding,
Thorns must be grasped with the flowers.—*Chorus.*

THE MAPLE ON THE HILL.

Copyright, 1886, by W. F. Helmick.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Near a quiet country village grows a maple on the hill,
There I sat with my Jennetta long ago;
When the stars are shining brightly, and we heard the whip-poor-will,
Then we vowed to love each other evermore.
We would sing love songs together when the birds had gone to rest,
And would listen to the murmur of the rill;
Then I'd fold my arms around her, lay my head upon her breast,
When we sat beneath the maple on the hill.

CHORUS.

We are getting old and feeble, yet the stars are shining bright,
And we listen to the murmur of the rill;
Will you always love me, darling, as you did those starry nights
When we sat beneath the maple on the hill?

Don't forget me, little darling, when they've laid me down to rest,
'Tis a little wish, oh, darling, grant, I crave;
When you linger there in sadness, thinking, darling, of the past,
Let your tears kiss the flowers on my grave.
I will soon be with the angels on the bright and peaceful shore,
Even now I hear them coming o'er the rill;
So good-bye, my little darling, for my time has come to go,
I must leave you and the maple on the hill.—CHORUS.

Love, Let Your Heart Be Faithful.

Copyright, 1887, by F. Harding.

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Good-bye, she said to her sailor boy,
As the tears stood in her eyes,
I'll think of you when you're far away,
With the love that never dies;
My fears shall rise at the angry skies,
And the howling of the wind;
Oh, love, she cried, let your heart be true
To the girl you leave behind.

CHORUS.

Love, let your heart be faithful,
Ever the same to me,
Life will be sad without you
When you are far at sea;
How I shall count the days and hours,
Living in hope and pain,
Knowing no rest, dearest and best,
Until you return again, again.

He kissed the tears from her weeping eyes,
And he tore himself away,
Her form alone on the beach he saw
In the fast declining day.
The years rolled on, but he ne'er returned,
Still her love is pure and strong,
Tho' her eyes are dim, still she prays for him,
And she sings this tender song:—*Chorus.*

Do What de Good Book Tells You.

Copyright, 1884, by T. B. Harms & Co.

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Oh, do what de good book tells you,
Do what it wants you to;
Do as de captain bids you,
Or de devil will have you shu.
Little cherubim on a cloud-top,
Angels in de air;
Doing what de good book told 'em,
Is jes what put dem dar.

CHORUS.

Praise when you rise in de morning,
Praise de whole day long;
Pretty little birds in de tree top,
Dey praise him in dar song.
Den do what de captain bids you,
Do what he wants you to;
Do what de good book tells you,
Or de devil will nab you shu.

Elisha ascended the heavens,
Mounted on wheels of fire:
He didn't believe in de bad place,
So he kept goin' higher and higher.
Sinners don't believe in de good book,
Hope 'tain't so wid you;
Jump in de track wid de good ones,
Or ole Nick will hab you shu..—*Chorus.*

—A washerwoman is a cruel creature. She daily wrings men's bosoms.

—"Yes," said Quiggles, "I have a good deal on my hands just now." "So I perceive" replied Fogg; "why don't you try a little soap and water?"

—"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy, with an air of having the better of it.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

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Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner!—oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

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Hail Columbia, happy land! hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots rise once more, defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just, in heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty, &c.

Sound, sound the trumpet of fame, let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill and God-like power, he governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease the happier times of honest peace.
Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands again to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But armed in virtue firm and true, his hopes are fixed on heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay, and gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free, resolved on death or liberty.
Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty, &c.

—"You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a father to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the independent brat.

—A farmer out West is obliged to chalk his nose every time he takes a walk over his farm, to save himself from an old bull which has a strong antipathy to red.

—He ran three squares after what he thought was a street-car and, after he got out of breath, he laid down on the doorstep, to find out that it was only a lightning bug on his

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Sleep, little darling, sister is near,
She will watch o'er thee, so hush ev'ry fear;
Home to the angels mother has flown,
Sister and brother, we're left all alone.

CHORUS.

Sleep, little darling, no care shall annoy,
Angels will watch o'er the motherless boy,
Yes, angels will watch o'er the motherless boy.

Rest, little brother, sweet be thy dream,
Stars o'er thy pillow will lovingly beam;
Mother's fond kisses now will be thine,
Round thee in visions her arms will entwine.—*Chorus.*

Sleep, little darling, close now thine eyes,
Mother is watching from yonder fair skies;
Wake with the roses, brother, so dear,
Wake with the birdies, I still shall be near.—*Chorus.*

That Doesn't Go for a Cent.

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I'll admit I am somewhat of a liar myself,
I can tell you some horrible things;
I can tell you some darlings that never occurred,
When you hear them you'll say they are kings.
But we heard some to-day that knocks mine in the shade,
In my record they've made a big dent;
But the people that knows me and heard me tell mine,
Tells me that doesn't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

Now my voice is the finest that ever you heard,
Besides I am a single young gent;
I'd like to convince you I screech in high C,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Now to show you how bad as a liar I am left,
When I had it I thought my own way;
Now how does the girls spend twenty dollars a week
On seventy-five cents a day?
And as for myself, now I don't drink a drop,
But where has my salary went?
I might tell you I gave it away to the poor,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

Now to tell you the truth, no! I can't tell you that,
For you know 'twas a lie that I meant:
I was paying my debts, now I hope you'll believe me,
But I think it won't go for a cent.

Now my wife tells me that she loves no one but me,
I certainly tell her the same;
She knows that her word is no better than mine,
And the way we tell lies it's a shame.
Now I know you believe that we would not deceive
One another in any intent;
And she tells me she's lonely when I go away,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

She goes to her ma three or four times a week,
That's where all her evenings are spent;
She tells me her ma sends her love and regards,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Now I keep in the limits, you don't see me mashing,
If a girl winked at me I'd fall dead;
It's a hard thing to say, but, dear ladies, don't ask me
For my wife's sake I mean what I said.
Now you all know how naughty 'twould be if I did,
To her I confess and repent,
As I do every night as we both kneel and pray,
I suppose that don't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

I only can love you dear girls as a brother,
For my heart to another has went;
For all married men they are constant and true,
That ought to go for a cent.

When His Mother-in-Law's at Home.

Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

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The poor married man has enough on his hands,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
Like a statue of misery sadly he stands,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
You enquire how he is, he replies with a groan,
You will do him a favor and leave him alone;
And there isn't a bone in his body his own,
When his mother-in-law's at home!

CHORUS.

No more standing at the corner of the street,
Winking, blinking at every girl you meet!
Good-bye latch-keys, farewell fun!
There's no more stopping out till half past one!

His face wears a look of eternal disgust,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
And his language is not strictly pious or just,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
He thinks, with regret, of his bachelor joys,
He longs for excitement and pleasure and noise,
For he never goes out on a spree with the boys,
When his mother-in-law's at home!—*Chorus.*

He puts on the air of a meek looking saint,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
But his prayers that he says quickly prove that he ain't,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
He declares it's the cat, if his face should be scratched,
If his forehead or chin with court plaster are patched,
You may bet your sweet life that he's pretty well matched,
When his mother-in-law's at home!—*Chorus.*

He loses five pounds every week of his life,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
An encouraging word he can't get from his wife,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
But the day she is leaving he's full of delight,
And he stands on his head when there's no one in sight,
For a week or ten days he gets gloriously tight,
When his mother-in-law's gone home!—*Chorus.*

When Yo' Heah de Big Bell Ring.

Copyright, 1888, by Geo. M. Klenk & Co.

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Come 'long fo' yo' got no time ter lose,
When yo' heah de big bell ring;
Don' be skeer'd an' tremble in yo' shoes,
When yo' heah de big bell ring.
De preachers will tog in der Sunday clothes,
When dey heah de big bell ring;
Ef dey's gwine up er down, well, no one knows,
When dey heah de big bell ring.

CHORUS.

Ho! dar, yo' sinnahs,
Jine de angel ban'!
Scoot, happy niggahs,
'Way ter de golden stran'!
Whnow! Aunt Zenoby!
Tell de pickaninnies sing.
Unc' Bijy, twang de banjo!
When yo' heah de big bell ring!
Oh! git de chickens from de pens,
An' de roosters an' de hens,
An' de watermillyuns an' eb'ry ting;
Hab a barrel ob rye, an' a cartload ob pie,
When yo' heah de big bell ring.

Yo' kin do de cake-walk, dance and shout,
When yo' heah de big bell ring;
But don' raise Cain er yo'll git fir'd out,
When yo' heah de big bell ring.
In dat lubly lan', coons, yo'll hab ter pray,
When yo' heah de big bell ring;
An' yo'll allus git three squar' meals a day;
When yo' heah de big bell ring.—*Chorus.*

TRUE IRISH HEARTS.

Copyright, 1887, by John Walsh.

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I'm a true-hearted lad from the Emerald Isle,
The land where her sons ne'er knew fear,
My song is in praise of the heroes of old,
To every true Irishman dear.
For centuries England has held us in fear,
And called us an ignorant race,
But the glory of Erin again will return
And fling back the lie in their face.

CHORUS.

I'm a true-hearted son of old Erin,
Her emblems of green ever wearing,
And soon will her freedom be sharing,
Beneath her bright banner of green.

There's a name that will live in all Irishmen's hearts
When kingdoms and crowns are forgot,
A name that the whole world honors to-day,
And one without blemish or blot.
The fetters that bound us he holds to the light,
Her tale of oppression to tell,
Behind such a leader with us in a fight,
Her own son, Charles Stuart Parnell.—*Chorus.*

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

Copyright, 1884, by John F. Ellis & Co.

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A little peach in an orchard grew,
Listen to my tale of woe;
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew.
It grew, it grew,
Listen to my tale of woe.
One day in passing the orchard through,
Listen to my tale of woe,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister, Sue,
Them two, them two,
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.

Hard trials for them two,
Johnny Jones and his sister, Sue,
And the peach of emerald hue,
That grew, that grew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

Now up at the peach a club they threw,
Listen to my tale of woe;
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue,
Poor John, poor Sue,
Listen to my tale of woe.
Now she took a bite and John a chew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
And then the trouble began to brew,
A trouble that the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true, too true,
Listen to my tale of woe.—*Chorus.*

Under the turf where the daisies grew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
They planted John and his sister, Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,
Listen to my tale of woe.
But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Listen to my tale of woe,
That was warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah! well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu, adieu,
Listen to my tale of woe.—*Chorus.*

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O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
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And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
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A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
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Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
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And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots rise once more, defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just, in heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bondage fail.
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Let every clime to freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear;
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Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty, &c.

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The rock on which the storm will beat,
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But armed in virtue firm and true, his hopes are fixed on heaven and you;
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She will watch o'er thee, so hush ev'ry fear;
Home to the angels mother has flown,
Sister and brother, we're left all alone.

CHORUS.

Sleep, little darling, no care shall annoy,
Angels will watch o'er the motherless boy,
Yes, angels will watch o'er the motherless boy.

Rest, little brother, sweet be thy dream,
Stars o'er thy pillow will lovingly beam;
Mother's fond kisses now will be thine,
Round thee in visions her arms will entwine.—*Chorus.*

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Mother is watching from yonder fair skies;
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Wake with the birdies, I still shall be near.—*Chorus.*

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I can tell you some darlings that never occurred,
When you hear them you'll say they are kings.
But we heard some to-day that knocks mine in the shade,
In my record they've made a big dent;
But the people that knows me and heard me tell mine,
Tells me that doesn't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

Now my voice is the finest that ever you heard,
Besides I am a single young gent;
I'd like to convince you I screech in high C,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Now to show you how bad as a liar I am left,
When I had it I thought my own way;
Now how does the girls spend twenty dollars a week
On seventy-five cents a day?
And as for myself, now I don't drink a drop,
But where has my salary went?
I might tell you I gave it away to the poor,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

Now to tell you the truth, no! I can't tell you that,
For you know 'twas a lie that I meant:
I was paying my debts, now I hope you'll believe me,
But I think it won't go for a cent.

Now my wife tells me that she loves no one but me,
I certainly tell her the same;
She knows that her word is no better than mine,
And the way we tell lies it's a shame.
Now I know you believe that we would not deceive
One another in any intent;
And she tells me she's lonely when I go away,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

She goes to her ma three or four times a week,
That's where all her evenings are spent;
She tells me her ma sends her love and regards,
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Now I keep in the limits, you don't see me mashing,
If a girl winked at me I'd fall dead;
It's a hard thing to say, but, dear ladies, don't ask me
For my wife's sake I mean what I said.
Now you all know how naughty 'twould be if I did,
To her I confess and repent,
As I do every night as we both kneel and pray,
I suppose that don't go for a cent.

CHORUS.

I only can love you dear girls as a brother,
For my heart to another has went;
For all married men they are constant and true,
That ought to go for a cent.

When His Mother-in-Law's at Home.

Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

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The poor married man has enough on his hands,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
Like a statue of misery sadly he stands,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
You enquire how he is, he replies with a groan,
You will do him a favor and leave him alone;
And there isn't a bone in his body his own,
When his mother-in-law's at home!

CHORUS.

No more standing at the corner of the street,
Winking, blinking at every girl you meet!
Good-bye latch-keys, farewell fun!
There's no more stopping out till half past one!

His face wears a look of eternal disgust,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
And his language is not strictly pious or just,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
He thinks, with regret, of his bachelor joys,
He longs for excitement and pleasure and noise,
For he never goes out on a spree with the boys,
When his mother-in-law's at home!—*Chorus*

He puts on the air of a meek looking saint,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
But his prayers that he says quickly prove that he ain't,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
He declares it's the cat, if his face should be scratched,
If his forehead or chin with court plaster are patched,
You may bet your sweet life that he's pretty well matched,
When his mother-in-law's at home!—*Chorus.*

He loses five pounds every week of his life,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
An encouraging word he can't get from his wife,
When his mother-in-law's at home!
But the day she is leaving he's full of delight,
And he stands on his head when there's no one in sight;
For a week or ten days he gets gloriously tight,
When his mother-in-law's gone home!—*Chorus.*

When Yo' Heah de Big Bell Ring.

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Come 'long fo' yo' got no time ter lose,
When yo' heah de big bell ring;
Don' be skeer'd an' tremble in yo' shoes,
When yo' heah de big bell ring.
De preachers will tog in der Sunday clothes,
When dey heah de big bell ring;
Ef dey's gwine up er down, well, no one knows,
When dey heah de big bell ring.

CHORUS.

Ho! dar, yo' sinnahs,
Jine de angel ban'!
Scoot, happy niggahs,
'Way ter de golden stran'!
Whnow! Aunt Zenoby!
Tell de pickaninnies sing.
Unc' Bijy, twang de banjo!
When yo' heah de big bell ring!
Oh! git de chickens from de pens,
An' de roosters an' de hens,
An' de watermillyuns an' eb'ry ting;
Hab a barrel ob rye, an' a cartload ob pie,
When yo' heah de big bell ring.

Yo' kin do de cake-walk, dance and shout,
When yo' heah de big bell ring;
But don' raise Cain er yo'll git fir'd out,
When yo' heah de big bell ring.
In dat lubly lan', coons, yo'll hab ter pray,
When yo' heah de big bell ring;
An' yo'll allus git three squar' meals a day;
When yo' heah de big bell ring.—*Chorus.*

TRUE IRISH HEARTS.

Copyright, 1887, by John Walsh.

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I'm a true-hearted lad from the Emerald Isle,
The land where her sons ne'er knew fear,
My song is in praise of the heroes of old,
To every true Irishman dear.
For centuries England has held us in fear,
And called us an ignorant race,
But the glory of Erin again will return
And fling back the lie in their face.

CHORUS.

I'm a true-hearted son of old Erin,
Her emblems of green ever wearing,
And soon will her freedom be sharing,
Beneath her bright banner of green.

There's a name that will live in all Irishmen's hearts
When kingdoms and crowns are forgot,
A name that the whole world honors to-day,
And one without blemish or blot.
The fetters that bound us he holds to the light,
Her tale of oppression to tell,
Behind such a leader with us in a fight,
Her own son, Charles Stuart Parnell.—*Chorus.*

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

Copyright, 1884, by John F. Ellis & Co.

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A little peach in an orchard grew,
Listen to my tale of woe;
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew.
It grew, it grew,
Listen to my tale of woe.
One day in passing the orchard through,
Listen to my tale of woe,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister, Sue,
Them two, them two,
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.

Hard trials for them two,
Johnny Jones and his sister, Sue,
And the peach of emerald hue,
That grew, that grew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

Now up at the peach a club they threw,
Listen to my tale of woe;
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue,
Poor John, poor Sue,
Listen to my tale of woe.
Now she took a bite and John a chew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
And then the trouble began to brew,
A trouble that the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true, too true,
Listen to my tale of woe.—*Chorus.*

Under the turf where the daisies grew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
They planted John and his sister, Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,
Listen to my tale of woe.
But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Listen to my tale of woe,
That was warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah! well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu, adieu,
Listen to my tale of woe.—*Chorus.*

SONGS THAT WE SING.

Tune—"There's a Light in the Window."

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There are songs in the window to please one and all,
The latest, the greatest, the best to recall;
The songs that you read of, the songs that you hear,
The songs that in mem'ry forever are dear.
There's the "Australian exile" and "Peggy O'Moore,"
And "Why did she leave him because he was poor,"
The songs that delight us, the old and the new,
"The dying girl's message," and sweet "Peek-a-boo."

CHORUS.

There are songs in the window both witty and wise,
With songs bright and cheerful the world he supplies,
There are songs in the window to please high and low,
At Henry J. Wehman's, one-thirty Park Row.

There is "Rock-a-bye, baby," "It's English, you know,"
"The letter that never came," "Softly and low;"
"A boy's best friend is his mother"—that's true—
"The lighthouse by the sea" for the ship that is due.
Oh! "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"
In "The Scotch brigade," far away from my sight;
Or "Gathering the myrtle with Mary," so gay,
"I'll go back to the old bridge again," by the way.—*Chorus.*

"The finest police in the world" have renown,
But, truly, "They can't keep the workingmen down;"
It's funny "When Bridget goes out on the mash,"
"There's one day of turkey and six days of hash!"
"The poor married man" ran away from his wife,
He "Dreamed that old Ireland was free" from all strife.
And gay as "The wedding of Ballyporeen,"
"O fair dove, O, fond dove," pray "Where is Kathleen?"—*Cho.*

"Sleep well, thou sweet angel" while sadly I roam,
Forget not to "Write me a letter from home;"
"There is no harm in kissing" "The pride of Mayo,"
"The faster you pluck them the thicker they grow."
"I'll await my love" "When 'tis moonlight," so fair,
While "Little Ah Sid" plays with "Robin Adair."
For the songs that you need and the songs you don't know,
Go to Henry J. Wehman, one-thirty Park Row.—*Chorus.*

HEAR DEM BELLS.

Copyright, 1880, by The Chicago Music Co.

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We goes to church in de early morn,
When de birds am a singin' on de trees;
Sometimes dese clo'es am werry much worn,
But we wears dem out at the knees.
At night when de moon am a shinin' bright,
And de clouds hab passed away,
Dem bells keep a ringin' for de gospel fight
Dat will last till de judgment day.

CHORUS.

Hear dem bells! don't you hear dem bells?
Dey's a ringin' out de glory ob de lamb;
Hear dem bells! don't you hear dem bells?
Dey's a ringin' out de glory ob de lamb.

De church am old and de benches worn,
De bible am a gittin' hard to read;
But de spirit am dere, as sure as you're born,
Which is all de comfort we need.
We sing and shout wid all our might
To keep away de cold;
Dem bells keep a ringin' out de gospel light
Till de story ob de lamb is told.—*Chorus.*

All day we work in de cotton and de corn
Wid feet and hands so sore,
A prayin' for Gabriel to blow his horn,
So we don't hab to work any more.
I hear dem chariots comin' dis way,
And I know dey's comin' for me,
So ring dem bells till judgment day,
And de land dat I'se gwine for to see.—*Chorus.*

Harry Kennedy's Great Success:

MEET A COON TO-NIGHT.

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Oh, silver, silver moon, won't you shine on bright?
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night;
Meeting in de valley by de pale moonlight,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night.
Hurry, Aunty Liza, for I won't stop long,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night;
Listen to de bell wid its big ding-dong,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night.

CHORUS.

Meet a coon to-night, meet a coon to-night,
When de little stars are shining bright,
At de hour of eight, down by de garden gate,
I'se gwine to meet a dandy coon to-night.
Meet a coon to-night, meet a coon to-night,
When de little stars are shining bright;
At de hour of eight, down by de garden gate,
I'se gwine to meet a dandy coon to-night.

The leader of de choir in de Baptis' church,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night;
Never stole a chicken off a hen-roost perch,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night.
Nigger went a-fishing for a great big whale,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night;
Caught a little monkey wid a tom-cat's tail,
I'se gwine to meet a coon to-night.—*Chorus.*

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates makes heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.—*Chorus.*

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true;
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.—*Chorus.*

—A young woman tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money she gave to the conductor of the car; but he meekly gave her back the lozenge, on which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said that he was an orphan, with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

MAN, POOR MAN.

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Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and composed by Jas. McAvoy.

Who is it that the subject of my song is all about?
Man, poor man!
Who is it that the women folks they always have a doubt of.
Man, poor man!
Who is it when he's married he soon finds out his mistake?
Who is it gets a thumping if he dares to make a break?
And who is it says he wishes his wedding night it was his wake?
Man, poor man!

CHORUS.

Man, man rules this great nation,
Man, man to this world is known,
But women will stop you in all stages and stations,
You hardly can say your soul is your own.

Who is it walks the floor at night and never goes to bed?
Man, poor man!
And who is it that gets all the blame if baby's hair is red?
Man, poor man!
Who is it gets up early for to start the morning fire?
Who gets all the coal and kindling wood, please, may I inquire?
It is woman, lovely woman! No! excuse me, I am a liar,
It is man, poor man!

CHORUS.

Man, man sleeps on a clothes-line,
Man, man's afraid for to snore,
Man, if you do your wife will get even,
She'll make you get up and go sleep on the floor.

Who is it says he'll have no mother-in-law about the house?
Man, poor man!
But who is it when his wife speaks up he weakens like a mouse?
Man, poor man!
Who is it dodges knives and forks, and kettles, pans and plates?
Who stands before the glass and sees his eyes don't look like mates?
And who walks upon his uppers just because he has no skates?
Man, poor man!

CHORUS.

Man, man, when you're married you're murdered,
No good for anything, what are you worth?
You let your wife lick you, smash you and kick you,
If you have any sense, get off the earth.

Who sometimes thinks his wife she is an angel from above?
Man, poor man!
Who never takes a tumble that she's got another lover?
Man, poor man!
Who is it when he finds it out he makes an awful kick?
Who is it starts in drinking, soon becomes a total wreck?
And who is it says I married her and got it in the neck?
Man, poor man!

CHORUS.

Man, man, good enough for you,
Man, man, ain't you a jay?
Man, man, never get married
And raise up your children the very same way.

THE CLICK OF THE LATCH.

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Oh, the bright dreams of childhood have glided away,
The hours we were happy and young,
When we sat round the fire at the close of the day,
How sweet were the songs that were sung.
Gentle memory will often recall them to me,
Those quick passing moments of yore,
When I heard, as a child on my dear mother's knee,
The click of the latch on the cottage door.

CHORUS.

Gentle memory will often recall them to me,
Those quick passing moments of yore,
When I heard, as a child on my fond mothers's knee,
The click of the latch on the cottage door.

Though the years still roll onward, I oft have recalled
The days that are long ago past;
And the first hours of childhood when I was enthralled
By pleasures too happy to last.
Now a wanderer far from the ones that are dear,
On earth I may meet them no more,
Yet in dreams of my far away home I can hear
The click of the latch on the cottage door.—*Chorus.*

Harry Kennedy's Great Success:

When Baby Smiles in Her Sleep.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Baby's asleep in the cradle,
Eyes that were laughing with glee,
Now are so tranquil in slumber,
Baby's sweet face I can see.
Watch how the little cheeks dimple,
Smiles o'er her tiny face creep;
They say that the angels are whispering
When baby smiles in her sleep.

REFRAIN.

Baby's asleep in the cradle,
Blue eyes no longer I see;
But two little sweet tiny dimples
Seem to be laughing at me.
Oft have I heard the old story,
So close to the cradle I'll creep;
For they say that the angels are whispering
When baby smiles in her sleep.

CHORUS.

Sleep, baby, sleep, angels they keep
Watch o'er thy cradle, so sleep on my babe;
Sleep, baby, sleep, angels they keep
Watch o'er thy cradle, so sleep, baby, sleep.

What are the angels a whispering?
Could I but baby beguile
To tell me the message they bring her,
That makes her so sweetly smile.
Then could I solve the deep mystery,
Close in its secrets I'd peep,
And tell what the angels are whispering
When baby smiles in her sleep.—*Refrain and Chorus*

Some Day I'll Wander Back Again.

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Some day I'll wander back again
To where the old home stands,
Beneath the old tree down the lane
Afar in other lands;
Its humble cot will shelter me
From every care or pain,
And life be sweet as sweet can be
When I am home again.

CHORUS.

I'll wander back, yes, back again
To where childhood's home may be,
For memory in sweet refrain
Still sings its praise to me.

Some day I'll wander back again
To scenes so dear to me,
Where life sweet infancies refrain
Beside a mother's knee;
To live once more the golden hour
Of joyous merry play,
No thorns, but only sweetest flowers
There in life's merry way.—*Chorus.*

Some day I'll wander back again
To hearts so kind and true,
Whose gentle faces still remain
In memory's cherished view;
No more my wayward feet shall roam
Life's troubled pathway o'er,
But in the life and love of home
I'll rest me evermore.—*Chorus*

There's No One Like Mother to Me.

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Sadly I'm thinking, thinking to-night of days long gone by,
Memories of childhood so bright come back as a dream with a sigh;
I'm thinking of friends and of home in that cottage far over the sea,
Oh, no matter wherever I roam, there's no one like mother to me.

CHORUS.

There's no one like mother to me, no matter how poor she may be,
I'll go back to that home o'er the sea, there's no one like mother to me.

When I left that old home o'er the sea, kissed them good-bye at the gate,
Somebody whispered to me, a gentle voice asked me to wait;
Her blessing she gave with a kiss, and tears on her cheeks I could see,
Oh, how often that sweet face I've missed, there's no one like mother to me.
There's no one like mother to me, &c.

In a Little Fisher Village.

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There's a little fisher village that stands beside the sea,
Once a ship was anchored near it in the bay;
Stood a maiden and a sailor as sad as they could be,
For the ship was soon to carry him away.
They took a farewell kiss and spoke of days of bliss,
To welcome him whenever he returned;
They've been parted now for years, still she's waiting there in tears,
And the sailor for his lassie often yearned.

CHORUS.

In a little fisher village she's been waiting day and night
For her lover that has sailed far, far away;
She is waiting for a letter, wond'ring why he does not write,
For time and sorrow's turned her hair to gray.

To the little fisher village a stranger came one day
With a letter, with her name and her address;
And it bore a tale of sorrow of the laddie far away,
It came to turn her anguish to distress.
It told her of a shipwreck upon the coast of Wales,
How he with many perished on the sea;
Now she sits there by the window to watch the passing sail,
And her heart cries: "Bring my bonnie one to me."

CHORUS.

In the little fisher village she sits at home all day,
With her hands upon her head as if in prayer;
She is thinking of the sailor boy that died far, far away
Her life is naught but sorrow and despair.

AT LAST.

Copyright, 1887, by Isidore Prager & Julian Jordan.

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A mother is watching beside the blue waters,
Her heart filled with sadness, her eyes filled with tears,
Her boy far away, far away on the billow,
She waites for his coming with hopes and with fears.
O mighty wave, mighty wave, bring back my darling,
O bring back my treasure, my heart's truest joy,
O mighty wave, mighty wave, list to my pleading,
O bear back my loved one, my own darling boy!

CHORUS.

He came at last, O happy day! gone were her tears, banished her fears,
He came at last, O happy day! gone were her tears, banished her fears,
He came at last, great was her joy, the loving mother again clasp'd her boy,
He came at last, great was her joy, the loving mother again clasp'd her boy.

In this world of trials, what heart has no sorrow?
What breast has not felt bitter anguish and pain?
Be patient, be hopeful, who knows but to-morrow
May bring back the roses and sunshine again.
Be fearless, be honest, be upright and noble,
Be faithful and loving, be tender and true,
From out of the darkness the sun will be shining,
A bright day is coming, is coming for you.

CHORUS.

'Twill come at last, 'tis coming soon, the night will pass, welcome the noon,
'Twill come at last, 'tis coming soon, the night will pass, welcome the noon,
'Twill come at last, dry all thy tears bright days are dawning then banish thy fears
'Twill come at last, dry all thy tears bright days are dawning then banish thy fears

A SCENTLESS ROSE.

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Words and Music by Frank Conway.

We meet, but not as once we met,
With secret throbs of heart-felt pain,
With jealous fears, that fond regret
Oft kindled into joy again;
Alas! we meet as strangers now,
No jealous fears our lips unclose:
The victim of a broken vow,
My life is like a scentless rose,
The victim of a broken vow,
My life is like a scentless rose.

We part, but not affection's tears
Bedew our long and last farewell;
The past recall'd in future years
Will seem to toil its mem'ry's knell;
But heaven grant that love may shed
Around thy life a sweet repose;
To me its fragrance now hath fled,
My life is like a scentless rose,
To me its fragrance now hath fled,
My life is like a scentless rose.

My Little Tot's High Chair.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Most every one in every land holds in remembrance dear
Some token that to no one else is worth a thought or tear;
But when at night I reach my home I see a sight most fair,
Through window wide I see inside my little tot's high chair.

CHORUS.

My little tot's high chair, my little golden head,
Your little eyes of blue and heart so true, and lips of cherry red;
May care ne'er cross your way, your life be ever fair,
In wealth untold I'll always hold my little tot's high chair.

When work is o'er and I return to wife and babe at home,
No other place is half so dear wherever I may roam;
I clasp my darlings to my breast, no thought of toil or care,
While some one crows and laughs from out my little tot's high chair.—CHORUS

In storm or darkness 'tis the light that guides me safely through
The snares, where others sink and fall for want of heart so true;
And when at supper time we give our thanks in humble prayer,
A tiny head bends low while in my little tot's high chair.—CHORUS.

WAITING AT THE WINDOW.

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O come and shake a day-day, baby,
Kiss a fond good-bye to me,
And I'll be thinking of you, darling,
Till your sweet face again I see.
For you are our dearest treasure,
And your voice is full of mirth,
Like a little hov'ring angel,
Love, you make a heav'n of earth.

CHORUS.

O come and shake a day-day, baby,
Kiss a fond good-bye to me,
Baby, darling, you're an angel,
What would home without you be?

There's some one waiting at the window,
'Tis some one with golden hair;
Upon the pane her fingers tapping,
She will be waiting for me there.
Her blue eyes with merry twinkle
Brighten with a childish bliss,
As she runs to meet me saying:
"Papa, where's my little kiss?"—*Chorus.*

SWEET JENNIE BELL.

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On a hillside by the valley where the breezes softly blow,
Where the wild bird sings his happy song so free,
Stands a rose encumbered cottage 'mid the flowers' sweet perfume,
There dwelt a little maid so dear to me.
Oh, dearest little maiden, thy sweet face haunts me yet,
Though years have passed I now remember well,
And wherever I may wander I ever will remember,
I never can forget thee, Jennie Bell.

CHORUS.

Jennie Bell, sweet Jennie Bell, let my song thy praises tell,
Jennie Bell, sweet Jennie Bell, oh, I loved thee, Jennie Bell.

Yes, well do I remember all her gentle, winning ways,
How she used to play and climb upon my knee;
Her eyes so blue and tender, her voice so low and sweet,
She seem'd an angel sent from heaven to me.
Life's changes have been many, the past is like a dream,
Yet still I see that sweet face loved so well,
And wherever I may wander I ever will remember
The idol of my boyhood, Jennie Bell.—CHORUS.

LITTLE QUEEN OF MAY.

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Of all the gentle hearts I've known,
And faces I have seen,
There's one where love rules on his throne,
I fondly call my queen.
Her brow is deck'd with golden curls,
Her smile is bright and gay,
The fairest far of all the girls
Is little Queen of May.

CHORUS.

Oh, never can my heart forget
The first bright sunny day,
Long, long ago, when first I met
The little Queen of May.

Though years and years have onward roll'd,
My heart remains as true
As when, dear May, in hours of old
I first breath'd love to you.
But times have chang'd, we part no more,
Our hearts are one for aye;
And I will call you, as of yore,
The little Queen of May.—*Chorus.*

GRANDFATHER'S DARLING.

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. McEwen.

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Composed by Charlotte McEwen.

Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but four,
Yet they love to sit together beside the cottage door;
And as the old man dances his darling on his knee
He tells her of the far-back time when he was young as she.

Those long and rambling stories May oft before has heard,
But she listens with wide open ears to every well-known word;
And in her mind she wonders if he remembers, too,
The man who lived in Noah's ark when this old world was new.

Grandfather's hair is scanty, and white as driven snow,
While May's rich curls are golden, kissed by the sun's warm glow:
But as the young head nestles fondly against the old
You see the sunlight blending the silver and the gold.

Grandfather's not book-learned, but from his early youth
He has striven to walk heavenward, and loved the way of truth;
And now he clasps his darling as the day is getting dim,
And both together murmur a simple evening hymn.

His stalwart sons come round him, all well advanced in years,
And tell him how the world goes on with all its hopes and fears;
But from their modern gossip he turns away to hear
The childish prattle little May is whispering in his ear.

Folks call the old man childish, it may be even so,
His heart is as a little child's, and this we love to know;
And somewhere it is written, that not the wise alone,
But those who live in child-like faith, our Father calls his own.

Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but four,
So they will not sit together long beside that cottage door;
But we know when the old man from earth is called away,
His God and hers will still protect his darling little May.

I'll Dance Upon Your Grave.

As sung by Jack Hennessy.

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Now when I was a nice young girl,
And faith you needn't grin;
The boys they came from miles and miles,
My heart and hand to win.
Pat Burke's the boy I gave them to,
Swore he'd be kind and true,
But now he's always blind drunk,
And he bates me black and blue.

CHORUS.

Pat, you're a villain,
Patrick, you're a rogue,
There's nothing of you Irish,
Except your name and brogue.
You're killing me by inches,
You know I am your slave,
But when you're dead, you mane ould scut
I'll dance upon your grave.

Sometimes he works a nice full week,
Goes on a spree the next,
And sure he'd curse the cobwebs
On the ceiling if he's vexed.
He never can come straight home
Without boozing on the way,
Last week he only brought home,
About one-half of his pay.—*Chorus.*

Last week he came home speechless drunk
And wanted me to fight,
The noble art of self-defence
He said he'd teach me right.
Put up your hands, he quickly said,
When mad I thought he'd gone,
And he rose a lump upon my nose
You could hang your trousers on.—*Chorus.*

HER WEDDING NIGHT.

Copyright, 1885, by Thomas K. Serrano.

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To-night, to-night's her wedding night,
And she so very fair,
A girl whose dreamy eyes are blue,
A girl with golden hair.
And I am all alone to-night,
While sombre all things seem,
A thinking of departed years
And all that might have been.

CHORUS.

To-night, to-night's her wedding night,
Why shed for her a tear?
Her hand is in his keeping now,
But can her heart be there?
I hear the merry wedding bells,
A joy to me denied,
And while I ponder o'er the past,
I bless the beautious bride.

And one by one while alone I sit,
And stars in heaven burn,
The joys of other years like birds
On golden wings return;
They perch upon me, and their beaks
Are whispering regrets,
As if the mind had gone to sleep,
As if the heart forgets.—*Chorus.*

They tell me that a woman's hand
Is often bought for gold;
They tell me that a woman's heart
Like merchandise is sold.
Ah, can it be! ah, can it be!
That hers was sold to-night?
If so, her love for me was naught,
'Twas well it took its flight.—*Chorus.*

MOTHER'S LOCKS OF SNOW.

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It seems to me but yesterday, though long, long years have fled,
When mother danced me on her knee, while tender words she said;
She called me her own darling child, and fondly me caress'd.
She'd sing to me until I'd fall asleeping on her breast.
Methinks I see her gentle smile, her noble, winsome face,
Methinks I see that faultless form, the regime of grace;
At sunrise she would take my hand, and in the fields we'd go,
I'd piek wild flowers, and mingle them with mother's locks of snow.

CHORUS.

Mother's locks of snow, I oft gaze in the locket that she gave me long ago,
Her dear old face is smiling there, so gentle and so fair;
Tho' many years have passed since I a mother's love did know.
I cherish still that simple curl of mother's locks of snow.

No more she'll sing those songs to me I loved so well to hear,
In memory I seem to hear her voice so soft and clear;
She was too pure for this cold world, but anguish filled my heart,
To hear her say as death drew near, one kiss, dear, ere we part,
Her spirit fled, and on her grave I've planted flowers rare,
They bud and bloom, and fade away, as did her face so fair:
Tho' many years have passed since I a mother's love did know,
I cherish still that simple curl of mother's locks of snow.—CHORUS.

DE COON DAT GOT DE SHAKE.

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I once had a gal, and a good gal was she,
And I loved her to perfection,
She was jess as sweet as de little honey bee,
But she drove me to distraction;
She done run away, and she left dis coon
De day before yesterday, jess about noon,
And I don't expect dat she'll be back soon,
For when she left me she sang dis tune:

CHORUS.

Den a good-bye, my honey, I got another fellar,
Good-bye, my honey, you're black and he is yaller;
De reason I must go is because you are too slow,
So, my honey, I'm a-gwine to say good bye.
Den fare you well, I'm gwine away to leave you,
Leave you, leave you, honey fare you well now nigger don't you cry
Fare you well, don't let my parting grieve you, grieve you, honey,
Got my little satchel packed, I'm a-gwine to say good-bye.

I used to dress her up in the finest kind ob style,
And she looked jess like a queen,
Den I used to take her out to all de colored hops,
And I treated her to ice-cream;
But she done run away and she left her bed,
Eloped wid a nigger wid a pock-marked head,
To tell you de truth why she shook me dead,
And when she left me dese words she said:—*Chorus*

Baby's Footsteps on the Sill.

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by T. B. Kelley.

Oh! how sweet when home returning, and the toils of day have flown
While the heart for home is yearning once again to clasp our own;
How we listen for the voices that we know will greet us still.
Then 'tis joy to hear them patter, baby footsteps on the sill.

CHORUS.

Like soft music round us falling, oh, what bliss to hear them still,
Tiny footsteps, fairy footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill
Like soft music, oh, what bliss to hear them still,
Tiny footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill.

Dimpled arms are round us twining, loving kisses then we share.
Stars above so brightly shining never saw a sight so fair.
What would home e'er be without them? tears our longing eyes would fill,
If we heard no more those footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill.—CHORUS.

Oh, the heart is filled with gladness when those baby hands we hold,
And we pray that never sadness may our darling one enfold;
For the home would lose its sunshine, as we climb life's weary hill,
If we heard no more those footsteps, baby footsteps on the sill.—CHORUS.

Don't Do This and Don't Do That.

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Of course you go to see your love
Each Sunday night at eight,
And in the room with pa and ma
You chat 'till it is late;
The old folks say when off to bed,
Our clock's a little slow,
A roguish brother cries to you
As he up stairs does go:

CHORUS.

Now don't do this and don't do that,
Or pa and ma will smell a rat,
So mind, be careful what you're at,
And don't do this and don't do that.

The time goes by in merry chat
Of things the town about,
Till you are in the dark because
The light has quite burned out;
You venture in a little squeeze,
When lightly screams your love,
And all at once you hear this cry
Come down from up above:—*Chorus.*

You take your hat in hand just then
And start toward the door,
But linger in the hall awhile,
Perhaps an hour or more;
The sweets of love you give and take
In one loud ringing kiss,
When down the stairs there comes to you
A warning just like this:—*Chorus.*

Little Darling, I'll Be True.

Copyright, 1887, by Isidore Prager.

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When I'm over the deep blue sea
I will ever think of thee;
Darling, be undaunted and true
As I'll ever be to you.
E'en when memory fades away
I can ne'er forget the day
Which, when first my eyes beamed on you,
Little darling, I'll be true.

CHORUS.

Little darling, I'm far from thee,
Yet I know that mine you'll be;
Fondest, sweetest ever are you,
Little darling, I'll be true.

Little darling, then can you be
Faithless and untrue to me?
As my heart with sweet roundelays,
Bears me back to childhood's days,
When our bosoms first thrill'd with love,
How I called you "little dove!"
Still my heart is yearning for you,
Little darling, I am true.—*Chorus.*

Little darling, I'm far from thee,
Yet I know that mine you'll be;
Smiles for many, kisses for few,
As for me, they're all for you.
Soon I'll launch on the rolling sea,
That I may return to thee;
Fondest, sweetest ever are you,
Little darling, still I'm true.—*Chorus.*

—"I wish my name were 'Notoricty,'" sighed a thirty-year-old maiden. "Why?" asked her mother. "Because so many men court notoriety."

—Wife, looking up from her book: "You know a great many things, John. Now, what do you think should be done in a case of drowning?" Husband: "Have a funeral, of course."

Dear Father, Come Down With the Stamps.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps,
My dressmaker's bill is unpaid;
She said she would send it right home from the shop
As soon as the flounces were made.
Come down, come down, come down,
Please, father, dear father, come down.

CHORUS.

Oh, hear the sweet voice of thy child,
Who cries in her room all alone;
Oh, who could resist her most pitiful tears?
So, father, with stamps quick come down.

My new dress from Stewart's is down in the hall,
The boy will not leave without pay;
I've nothing to sport with, can't go to the ball,
So, please, send the shop boy away.
Come down, come down, come down,
Please, father, dear father, come down.—*Chorus.*

Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps,
My curls are not fit to be seen;
The hairdresser said he would not do them up
Unless I could pay him fifteen.
Come down, come down, come down,
Please, father, for Braiteau come down.—*Chorus.*

He only asks twenty to give a new set,
And take the old hair in exchange;
Besides, pa, my waterfall's awfully rough,
And so my back hair will look strange.
Come down, come down, come down,
Please, father, for Braiteau come down.—*Chorus.*

THE BABY SHOW.

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Oh, come and see the baby show,
It is a pretty sight;
We've every colored infant here,
Magenta, blue and white.
We've babies more than eight feet high,
And thirty square yards round;
I wouldn't miss a sight like this
For five and forty pound.

SPOKEN.—Hi! hi! they're all alive, and some of 'em kicking; all warranted sound. Hear 'em cry!

CHORUS.

The baby show, the baby show;
Come, bring your wives and mothers,
Come and see the baby show,
Come and hear the darlings crow.
The baby show, the baby show,
Come, bring your little brothers,
Your uncles and your grandmothers,
To see the baby show.

The pretty little infant there
Who's playing with a rattle,
Weighs six pound two and six, and lives
On Thorley's food for cattle.
You see that pensive piebald child,
That interesting pet,
Takes first prize at the show, and takes
Whatever he can get.—*Chorus.*

That olive branch of six months old,
Although he cannot speak,
Can read and write, and understands
His Latin and his Greek.
The next child, only ten days old,
Has grown so very stout,
He takes his mother in his arms
And carries her about.—*Chorus.*

The next one is a knowing child,
He must be, for he states,
That though his mother whacks and loves
His doctor whacks and ates.
The way he bit his aged nurse
Brought tears into her eyes;
He says, that as he is a twin,
He's sure t'win a prize.—*Chorus.*

That boy there is a little girl,
Just two foot high of age,
She's took to drinking, and with her
The bottle's all the rage.
The other child does nothing else
But suck his little thumbs;
Just put your finger in his mouth,
You'll bless his little gums.—*Chorus.*

It's feeding time, step in and see
The pretty little dears;
But if your nerves are weak at all,
You'd better stop your ears.
Then when we think you've seen enough
We give a hint to go,
And pinch the children till they cry,
Which clears the baby show.—*Chorus.*

THE GOOD-NIGHT REQUEST.

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Words by Allie L. Griss. Music by W. A. Kellar.

I know it's getting late, love, 'tis twelve o'clock and past,
Suppose we turn the hands around, it surely is too fast;
The ev'nings are so short, love, so very short, you know,
And, darling, won't you give me one more kiss and then I'll go?

CHORUS.

The stars alone can peep, love, the moonbeams only see,
Oh! won't you grant me this request, and give one kiss to me?
I pray don't look so pouting, and frown upon me so,
But, darling, come and give me one more kiss and then I'll go.

You know you said last night, love, you'd always try to please,
And now I claim your promise true, don't wait for me to tease;
But since you look so bashful, I'll keep myself just so,
But, darling, don't refuse me one more kiss, and then I'll go.—CHORUS.

The time will surely come, love, my own, my heart's delight,
When I shall ask no more, my love, a kiss for sweet good-night;
For you will be my wife, love, what joy I then shall know,
Then, darling, won't you give me one sweet kiss before I'll go?—CHORUS.

The Letter that was Written Long Ago

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With writing dim and faded it lies before me now,
And calls to mind the one who passed away!
What tender mem'ries gather as o'er the page I bow,
Of one whose smile was fairer far than day!
When twilight softly falling has lulled the hours to rest,
I see her face in all its youthful glow;
It brings to me a message so loving, sweet and blest,
The letter that was written long ago!

CHORUS.

That dear old faded letter, this fondly treasured letter!
How loved and cherish'd none on earth can know!
Forever while I wander I'll keep with tender care
The letter that was written long ago!

A little withered blossom between the leaves I see,
O dream of love that faded in its bloom!
Of all the hallow'd mem'ries that life has left to me,
The fondest one is this amid my gloom!
I sadly read them over these lines so kind, so dear,
From one who slumbers where the daisies grow;
Oh, better than all treasures that life can give to me,
The letter that was written long ago!—*Chorus.*

The Glasses Mother Wore.

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Words and Music by C. E. Randall.

We are sitting by the fire to-night near the closing of the year,
My wife has placed within my hands some things to memory dear;
Would you know what my hands contain and why my heart is sore?
They hold a well worn leather case and the glasses mother wore.

CHORUS.

Then do not deem me weak or mad, or mock these falling tears,
For she who wore these glasses has been dead for many years;
But she will never be forgot, nor is there in earth's store
A diamond half so dear to me as these glasses mother wore.

As I gaze on these bright crystals my mother's face is near,
Her dear old eyes look into mine, her voice I seem to hear;
But, no! alas, it cannot be, my heart it is so sore,
For mother's gone, and all I've left are the glasses that she wore.—CHORUS.

In many a happy home to-night there's a mother old and gray,
With feeble step and failing sight, so love her while you may;
For the time will come, and all too soon, when her face you'll see no more,
And you weep, like me to-night, o'er the glasses mother wore.—CHORUS.

All Among the Barley.

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Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun;
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun.
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red;
And the ripe and golden barley
Is hanging down its head.

CHORUS.

All among the barley,
Who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley
Is smiling on the scythe?

The Spring she is a young maid
That does not know her mind;
The Summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind.
The Autumn is an old friend
That loves one all he can,
And that brings the happy barley
To glad the heart of man.—*Chorus.*

The wheat is like a rich man
That's sleek and well to do;
The oats are like a pack of girls
Laughing, and dancing, too.
The rye is like a miser
That's sulky, lean and small;
But the free and bearded barley
Is the monarch of them all.—*Chorus.*

I NEVER CAN FORGET YOU.

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By Will S. Hays.

We met as strangers, parted friends, where balmy breezes kissed the flowers,
And, oh, it seemed two happier hearts ne'er formed a friendship such as ours;
And it has almost warmed to love, the ties of pleasure had to sever,
But, ah, one thought will live with me, I never can forget you, never.

CHORUS.

No matter where in life I roam, there's naught on earth but death can sever
The ties that made us friends for life, I never can forget you, never.

Though I should wander far away and live for years in foreign places,
Ah, do not think that I'll forget the fairest, sweetest of all faces;
No! no! if I should bid farewell to home, to you and friends forever,
And never see your face again, I never can forget you, never.—CHORUS.

I never can forget your face, your eyes so full of beauty beaming,
Your gentle voice so soft and sweet, I think of you awake or dreaming;
To love you and to think of you through life shall be my fond endeavor,
And though we may not meet again, I'll not forget you, never.—CHORUS.

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

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We belong to the upper class
Of the bon ton colored favored few,
We're the bright gem of de fashion
With our comment portez-vous;
All our ladies dey are full of dash,
And their figures like a statuette;
Oh, we've lots of brains and lots of cash,
We members of our social set.

CHORUS.

Come dance the Toboggan Slide over the floor,
Toboggan, Toboggan and all forward four.
At parties and soirees, or op'ra ball,
Real aristocratic folks one and all,
We dance the Toboggan till morning,
Toboggan confined to our set.

Mister Giggle, our chef-de-fete,
Oh, so grandly bowing over dar,
He's the magnate of de evening,
Madame Giggle, oh bon jour.
Lovely Clara, she is full of guile,
Such a dancer, see her pirouette,
Oh, we've lots of grace and lots of style,
We members of our social set.—*Chorus.*

In the grand art of terpsichore,
Oh, so stately we all bend the knee,
In de lancers or de polka
We are tres jolie esprit.
We are conversant of breck and breaks,
And we're polished off in etiquette;
We're the upper ten, the gilded claque,
We members of our social set.—*Chorus*

ON UNION SQUARE.

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On warm Summer days the actors of plays
Assemble to gossip and stare,
And grandly pose in a statuette way
At the plazza on Union Square.
Then it's how did you do at Kalamazoo,
Was business indiff'rent or fair?
We had to ring down and leave the queer town,
Because Paddy Rooney was there.

CHORUS.

I live in Brooklyn on the Heights,
I've often crossed the ferry
On Catherine street where I often meet
My second cousin Terry.

It's come have a beer, you frequently hear
The chorus, the answer, oh, where!
It's not very far, there's the Morton House bar
At the plazza on Union Square.
Then it's how did you do in the town of Yazoo,
Was business indiff'rent or fair?
We had to ring down and leave the queer town,
'Cause Haverly's Minstrels were there.—*Chorus.*

It's there we have cawn't, you shan't and you wan't,
It's English quite often you he'yar,
Get onto his nibs, his jibs and his gibs,
At the plazza on Union Square.
Then it's how did it pay in Canaday-a,
Was business indiff'rent or fair?
We had to ring down and leave the queer town,
Because Tony Pastor was there.—*Chorus.*

—Make up your mind that you will be cured by making up your mind that you will be cured, and you certainly will be cured of whatever you can be cured of by making up your mind that you have been cured of it.

You'll Hear the Bells in the Morning.

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Oh! boys, I'm going to leave you all
To marry Jerusha Ann;
She's had of lovers a score or more,
But I'm the happy man.
T'other night I saw her home and popped
The question you may guess;
My heart went all of a bumpity-bump
Until she answered, yes!

CHORUS.

So shout hurrah for this young man,
I'm going to marry Jerusha Ann;
Good-bye, boys, be as good as you can,
You'll hear the bells in the morning.

A "butcher" made sheep's eyes at her,
His mutton it soon was cooked;
A young "Dutch grocer" tried his soft soap,
On him with scorn she looked;
To a "sailor" she soon said tar-tar,
A "tailor" would not suit;
A "mason," oh, how she mortar-fied him,
A "cobbler" got the boot.—*Chorus.*

She shunned a "baker"—said that he
Was crusty and quite ill-bred;
An "undertaker" looked very grave
When she refused to wed.
Then a "coachman" asked her to elope,
She reined him in a bit;
And she scared a "dude" so he swallowed his cane
And fell down in a fit.—*Chorus.*

MAJOR GILFEATHER.

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Oh, beautiful Major Gilfeather!
The ladies remark with a sigh;
Oh, gracious, oh, my, did you ever
Observe such a beautiful eye?
The choicest of choice conversation
I give to the ladies, oh, dear!
In hotel or parlor, or station,
Oh, this is the language I hear:

CHORUS.

Oh, how is the Major Gilfeather?
I'm a little bit under the weather,
It's smilingly then I'd endeavor
To borrow a five, do you see?
Oh, take it and keep it forever,
My friendship for you cannot sever,
For you are so royally clever!
Oh, meaning the Major, that's me.

To dinner I'm often invited,
It's out of my style to decline;
With rapture and joy I'm delighted,
And often prostrated with wine.
The ladies they say I'm bewitching,
In fact I'm a real Belvedere;
In ball-room, in parlor or kitchen,
Oh, this is the language I hear:—*Chorus.*

The tailors and barbers all know me,
They're envious of my great success;
They say, come and pay what you owe me!
I give them my name and address.
I leave them to mingle with fashion,
Their voices grate hard on my ear;
When hungry and needing a ration,
Oh, this is the language I hear:—*Chorus.*

Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon.

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Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye sing, ye little birds,
While I'm sae weary fu' o' care?
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That warble on the flowery thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft have I strayed by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka-bird sing o' its love
As fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Sae sweet frae off the thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole the rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn with me.

Oh! blow ye flowers, your bonnie bloom
And draw the wild birds to the burn;
For Lumon promised me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
Oh! na, na, na, ye nood na bloom,
My een are dim and drowsy warn;
Ye bonnie birds, ye need na sing,
For Lumon never will return.

My Lumon's love in broken sighs
At dawning day by Doon ye'se hear;
At midday by the willow green;
For him I'll shed the silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
An join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes to aid the mane
I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

When Nelly Was Raking the Hay.

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When Nelly was raking the hay,
So often I think of that day;
Such little bare feet and blue eyes so sweet,
And cheeks like the roses of May.
Oh, nothing with her can compare,
No, I knew that my fate it was there;
So often it seems I see her in my dreams,
My Nelly when raking the hay.

What were those words that she whispered to me by the mill stream
Whispered so low like the voice of an angel above me;
Say you'll be mine! tell me now for I love you fondly!
Say, do you love me? for I ever shall love only you.

CHORUS.

When Nelly was raking the hay,
So often I think of that day;
Such little bare feet and blue eyes so sweet,
And cheeks like the roses of May.
Oh, nothing with her can compare,
No, I knew that my fate it was there;
So often it seems I see her in my dreams,
My Nelly when raking the hay.

Wait till the harvest is over,
Wait till we've gathered the clover;
Wait till the leaves will be falling,
And our song echoes over the lea.
Say you will come to me, darling,
Come when the dewdrop is falling;
Come to your own Nelly, darling,
Oh, come when the harvest is o'er.—*Chorus.*

—"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a gentleman of a colored man. "She has run off, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She said I was too dark too match de dress."

Hungry at Somebody's Door.

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Absent now from home and mother,
Among strangers doomed to roam,
Far from kindred, sister, brother,
And from loving hearts at home.
How I long for their embraces
As in days of long ago;
Far away with stranger faces,
Hungry at somebody's door.

CHORUS.

Treat the poor old pilgrim kindly,
What good he'll do you do not know;
For you may have an absent brother
Hungry at somebody's door.

Heart-sick, footsore, sad and dreary,
Wandering pilgrim in distress;
Brightest hearts sometimes grow weary,
Longing for those we love best.
Fate oft puts our hearts asunder,
Some to never meet no more;
Some are doomed through life to wander,
Hungry at sombody's door.—*Chorus.*

On he wandered all alone
Till he reached the ocean shore.
Cast an eye across the waters
Toward his childhood home once more.
They are waiting for his coming,
And for years they've waited sore;
But he's wandering on the ocean,
Hungry at somebody's door.—*Chorus.*

Only a Rose From Mother's Grave.

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Only a rose from mother's grave
That I planted long ago;
Pulled from the stem, it used to wave
Where the winds were soft and low.
Only a flower, white and fair,
That she used to love so well;
Sweet the perfumes that fill the air
'Round the grave down in the dell.

CHORUS.

Only a rose, a fragrant rose,
That bloomed so sweetly on mother's grave;
Peace to her soul and blest repose,
Where the bright roses above her wave.

Only a rose from mother's grave,
The flower she loved when she was here;
Press it away in a book and save
It through never ending years.
Mother was like this snow-white rose,
Gentle at heart and lovely, too.
Soon came the twilight with repose,
Angels made her bed anew.—*Chorus.*

Only a rose from mother's grave,
Kissed by dew from heaven above;
Over her form it used to wave
In its tenderness and love.
Only a rose, but through the years
Keep it in some hallowed shrine;
Often our eyes will fill with tears
Gazing on this flower divine.—*Chorus.*

—She was very stout, very jolly, and a little sarcastic, and she was chiding Mr. De Dood for not speaking to her at a reception the day before. "Aw, Miss Laura," he pleaded, "I wanted to, but you wouldn't recognize me. Really, don't you know, I walked all around you, but you wouldn't see me." "Clear around me, Mr. De Dood?" she said sympathetically. "How tired it must have made you!"

THE BLACK MARIA, O.

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Oh, here we come in filth and rags,
We snoozers sneak with tramp and bags,
We're bound away for Blackwell's Isle,
The Summer months to rest awhile.
There's highwaymen and ten-day bums,
All dragged from alleys, dark courts and slums,
From boozing kens and crooked drums,
To ride in the Black Maria, O.

CHORUS.

To-day we sail to the county jail
To eat our meat and mushy meal.
There's many a man that's out on bail
Who ought to be in the Black Maria, O.

Oh, ev'ry one in county jail
Must stand in line with coffee pail.
Then all sit down in royal style
To eat their hash on Blackwell's Isle.
With picks and shovels then off we go
To dig in quarries, what slavery, O;
Take my advise both friend and foe,
Keep out of the Black Maria, O.—*Chorus.*

Oh, my, oh, my, when we're afloat,
A sailing on the Bell'vue boat,
We chat and sing in happy style,
All pals that's bound for Blackwell's Isle.
Our prison cells are cold and bleak,
Their iron doors they creak and shriek;
Now if misfortune, boys, you'd seek,
Come ride in the Black Maria, O.—*Chorus.*

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Bachelor's Hall, what a quare-looking place it is,
Kape me from sich all the days of my life:
Sure, but I think what a burning disgrace it is
Niver at all to be getting a wife.
See the ould bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tay-kittle over the fire;
Soon tips it over, St. Patrick, he's mad enough,
If he were present, to fight with the squire.

How like a pig in a mortar bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
How he would favor his palate, you know.
Pots, dishes, pans, and such greasy commodities,
Ashes and pratie skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, his table's left setting so,
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can;
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.
Late in the night when he goes to bed shiverin',
Never a bit is the bed made at all;
He crapes like a tarapin under the kiverin',
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

—In teaching his boys the composition of sentences, a schoolmaster said to them: "If I ask you 'What have I in my hand?' you must not answer 'Chalk,' but compose a full sentence and say, 'You have chalk in your hand.' Now we will go on. What have I on my feet?" "Boots," was the immediate answer. "Wrong. You haven't listened to my directions." "Stockings," ventured another heedless one. "Wrong again; worse than ever!" wrathfully cried the master. "Well?" he continued interrogatively to a lad near him. "Please, sir—" Then he paused. Perhaps he thought his answer might seem funny; but, convinced that it was right, he gasped out recklessly: "Corns!"

I Couldn't Help Laughing, it Tickled Me So.

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From morning till night I'm indulging in mirth,
I've always been so from the day of my birth;
I grin like a Maltese cat all through each day,
And never feel right unless laughing away.
My infantile actions were certainly wild,
All folks said I was a most wonderful child;
And when first short-coated, I'd have you to know,
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.

And when, by degrees, I had reached man's estate,
I then looked about in search of a mate;
My eyes soon I set on a girl, tall and fair,
And begg'd that my heart and my home she would share.
And while so persistently urging my claim,
She gave her consent and at last the day came;
But, when in the morning to church we did go,
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.

I'm fond of a game, I'm a good one to chaff,
At all kinds of mischief I'm certain to laugh;
I oft play a lark on some innocent elf,
Nor care though the laugh should be turn'd 'gainst myself.
I once, walking out, saw a man in a fit,
To make him come round I his ear quickly bit;
And when he jump'd up, knock'd me down with one blow,
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.

My landlord once called for his two quarters' rent,
But I couldn't pay it because it was spent;
So off to a broker he went very quick
And vowed he would seize upon every stick.
Before he could get back I gave him leg-bail,
For I shot the moon but got caught, put in jail;
And tho' plac'd in "limbo" for what I did owe,
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.

Three times in succession my partner had twins,
My place to look like a small school-room begins;
Throughout all the day there is nothing but glee,
For all of them have laughing fits just like me.
The last time to add to our family joys,
To me three presented, a girl and two boys;
When I saw the three cherubs all of a row,
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I couldn't help laughing, it tickled me so.

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

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Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.
Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green border, so flowery drest,
With the hearts he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of the freeman, 'tis liberty's mound;
Thy name is immortal, our freedom you won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest on his dear native shore;
While the Stars and the Stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

MANY CAN HELP ONE.

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Some very good sayings I've heard in my time,
And some I believe to be true;
The one I will mention to-night in my song
Is one that is well-known to you;
If you meet a man who is down in the world
And assistance you can't give him any,
Remember that many can always help one,
Where one cannot always help many.

CHORUS.

Then give what you can to those in distress,
Let it be a dime or a penny,
For many can help one I've heard people say,
Where one cannot always help many.

How often a trifle wouldsave a man's life
When he is near dying for want;
He's tried to live honest all through his lifetime,
But finds in the end that he can't;
At last he is tempted to steal or to starve,
His rich friends they all pass him by;
They heed not his wishes, they care not his wants,
He's left like a dog there to die.—*Chorus*

A man may be wealthy one end of the year,
The next one be wretched and poor;
He's struggled his hardest to keep himself up,
But has sunk down to poverty's door;
Such men as these deserve your support,
So give it to them who most need;
For those who've experienced poverty know
'Tis a very hard battle indeed.—*Chorus.*

I hope what I've mentioned to-night in my song,
That nothing I've said out of place;
A man may be poor but still honest be,
For poverty 'tis no disgrace;
Then give what you can with a generous heart,
No knowing when the tide it may turn;
Just give him a chance to rise up in the world,
And your kindness he's sure to return.—*Chorus.*

OH! MOLLY GROGAN!

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There's a little Irish lass and she wears a gingham gown,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh! Molly Grogan!
And she's living wid her mam in a shanty way uptown,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh! Molly Grogan!
Her father is a laborer digging hills away,
A digging wid a shovel, digging every day;
Her brother is a gasman, working in the pipes,
Six feet in his stockings, oh, ye never saw the likes.

She's a pretty, rosy face with a dimple in her cheek,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh! Molly Grogan!
And she's helping of her mam while she's working all the week,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh! Molly Grogan!
She's washing every morning overalls and socks
For Dan'l Connell Grogan, blowing up the rocks;
She's tending to the goslings, Larries and the Mikes,
Five feet in her stockings, oh, you never saw the likes.

Oh! she walks the Boulevard with her father's dinner pail,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh! Molly Grogan!
With a little bread and meat and a half a pint of ale—
An' it's hey, Molly, oh! Molly Grogan!
You'll see her at the clothes-line hanging up the duds,
Then out into the garden planting of the spuds,
With her lanky beau from Harlem, Nicodemus Sykes,
Eight feet in his stockings, oh, ye never saw the likes.

—"Doctor, you ought to take a vacation." "My dear fellow, I tried that once, and it proved most disastrous. It was at least six weeks after I came back before my patients got into the way of being ill again. I tell you it doesn't pay for a man to let his business go at loose ends."

I Likes a Drop of Good Beer.

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I'm Roger Rough, a ploughman,
A ploughman's son am I,
And like my thirsty father,
My throttle's always dry;
Let the world go wrong, to me 'tis right,
Why need I interfere?
For I works an' I sings from morn till night,
And then I drinks my beer;
For I likes a drop of good beer, I dose,
I am fond of a drop of good beer, I is,
So let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But I likes a drop of good beer, I dose.
For I likes a drop of good beer, I dose,
I am fond of a drop of good beer, I is,
So let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But I likes a drop of good beer, I dose.

There's Sarah, that's my wife, sir,
She likes beer as well as me,
She's the happiest woman in life, sir,
Ah, as happy as woman can be;
She does her work, takes care of the bairns,
No gossiping neighbors near,
But as every Saturday night returns,
Like me, Sall drinks her beer.
For she likes a drop of good beer, she dose,
She is fond of a drop of good beer, she is,
So let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But our Sall likes her beer, she dose.
For she likes a drop of good beer, she dose,
She is fond of a drop of good beer, she is,
So let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But our Sall likes her beer, she dose.

So, lads, need no persuasion,
But fill your glasses round,
We'll never fear invasion
While the barley grows in the ground;
Let discord cease and joy increase
With every coming year,
Possessed of these and blessed with peace,
Why, we'll sing and we'll drink our beer.
For we likes a drop of good beer, we dose,
We're fond of a drop of good beer, we is,
So let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But we likes a drop of good beer, we dose
For we likes a drop of good beer, we dose,
We're fond of a drop of good beer, we is,
So let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But we likes a drop of good beer, we dose.

Tell Me You Are Mine.

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Look into my eyes, dear,
And tell me you are mine,
No other glance can charm me
Like that fond look of thine.
Look deep into my eyes, love,
And sweet your vows shall be,
As bright tipped crested wavelets
That crisp the Summer sea.

The breeze upon the mountain
Bathed in the morning dew,
Is not more pure, my darling,
Than is my love for you.
So whatever may betide thee,
Whatever fate is mine,
While life lasts you are mine, love,
And I am ever thine.

—A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for his dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

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The evening's bright stars they were shining,
The moonbeams shone clear on our land;
Our city was in peace and quietness,
The hour of midnight near at hand.
But, hark! do you hear that cry, fire?
How dismal the bells they do sound—
Our Brooklyn Theatre is burning!
Alas! burning fast to the ground.

CHORUS.

We ne'er can forget the "Two Orphans,"
Bad luck seems to be in its wake;
It seems it were brought to our city
The lives of our dear friends to take.

The doors they were open at seven,
The curtain was rolled up at eight;
Them that had got seats they were happy,
Outside they were mad that were late.
The play it went on very smoothly
'Till sparks from the scenes they did fly;
It's then that men, women and children,
"O God! save our lives!" they did cry.—*Chorus.*

Next morn in amongst those black ruins,
O God! what a sight met our eyes;
The dead they were lying in all shapes,
Some there that none could recognize.
Poor mothers there weeping and crying
For sons that were out all that night;
O God! let their souls rest in heaven
Amongst the innocent and bright.—*Chorus.*

What means this large gathering of people
Upon such a cold, dreary day?
Or what means this long line of hearses,
With tops plumed in feathery array?
Far out to the cemetery of Greenwood,
Where the wind makes the lone willow sigh,
'Tis there where the funeral is going,
The poor unknown dead there to lie.—*Chorus.*

The Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.

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Just one year ago to-day, love,
I became your happy bride,
Changed a mansion for a cottage,
To dwell by the river side;
You told me I'd be happy,
But no happiness I see,
For to-night I am a widow
In the cottage by the sea.

CHORUS.

Alone, all alone by the seaside he left me,
And no other's bride I'll be,
For in bridal flowers he decked me
In the cottage by the sea.

From my cottage by the seaside
I can see my mansion home;
I can see those hills and valleys,
Where with pleasure I have roamed;
The last time that I met him,
Oh, how happy then were we;
But to-night I am a widow
In the cottage by the sea.—*Chorus.*

Oh, my poor and aged father,
How in sorrow he would wail;
And my poor and aged mother,
How in tears her eyes would swell;
And my poor and only brother,
Oh, how he would weep for me,
If he only knew his sister
Was a widow by the sea.—*Chorus.*

I'M FLYING HIGH.

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My name it is John Anderson,
Myself and sister Lize
Is about to start an army
That will fly up to the sky;
So all you coons that want to join,
Just grab us by the hand;
For we'll command the army,
Marching to that promised land

CHORUS.

I'm flyin' high, I'm flyin' high;
You fly on before me, I will meet you in the sky.

Some people think I'm crazy,
Case I'm flyin' to the sky;
But they'll find that they're mistaken
When the judgment day arrives;
Case Parson Doe, who's in the lanes,
Got papers for to show
And I'm gwine to believe him,
Case I think he'd ought to know.—*Chorus.*

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR.

Written and sung by Budd Harris.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Things being dull not long ago with an idea I was hit,
To take a trip to Washington to stir them up a bit;
I packed my trunk, jumped on a train, arrived all safe and sound,
And having nothing else to do, I thought I'd look around.
I registered at Willard's, walked all around the town,
I visited the White House and places of renown;
I went to public buildings I had never been to before—
Now I'll tell you what I saw and heard through the keyhole in the door.

I heard the plan concocted to assassinate Abe Lincoln,
The negroes loved him as the men of old loved Washington;
But Lincoln, Johnson, Grant have gone and Hayes now fills the chair,
He went back on the men that put him there by foul means not fair.
Though Grant was thought the worst card in the presidential pack,
Of all the plunder that he got he gave his friends a square "whack;"
'Twould have been better if we had him in for four years more—
Expressions like this I heard through the keyhole in the door.

I heard them mourn George Fox's death, that good man—king of fun,
He played his part on life's great stage and many laurels won;
Edwin Adams, too, has gone, we ne'er shall see him more,
He's joined some combination on the bright celestial shore.
Billy Pastor and Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour and Unsworth,
Jim Budworth and many more have forever left this earth;
If I only had the time, my friends, I could tell a great deal more
Of things that I saw and heard through the key-hole in the door.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

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There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.—*Chorus.*

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love
And the blessings that hallow our days.—*Chorus.*

We shall rest on that beautiful shore—
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage-toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.—*Chorus.*

We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by-and-by.—*Chorus.*

Old And Only In The Way.

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As we walk thro' the street how often we meet
Some poor old men, whose lives are naught but woe:
With age their forms are bent, in their pockets not a cent,
And for shelter they do not know where to go.
With relations by the score, who keep them from the door,
And meeting on the street they pass them by;
If you ask them why it's done, they will answer you and say,
"We're poor, we're old and only in the way!"

CHORUS.

So let us cheer them on, they won't be with us long.
Don't let us sneer them because they're old and gray;
And remember while we're young, the days to us may come
When we'll be old and only in the way.

There was a time, I hear, when the young were not so queer,
But since that time there's come an awful change;
Young men in health and might their old parents they will strike,
And it happens every day, it's nothing strange.
Take this poor wreck of toil, his children him do spurn,
For death I'm sure he oftentimes does pray;
Himself and faithful wife, after toiling all their life,
When old they find that they are in the way.—*Chorus.*

My little song, I'm sure, is for rich as well as poor,
For take a rich man when he's growing old,
His friends will shake his hand, his relations round him stand,
Awaiting him to die—they want his gold.
Then let us from this hour do all that's in our power
To make the road for old folks light and gay;
And if they trouble on us cast, why, let it be our last
To say that they are old and in the way.—*Chorus.*

SLAVERY DAYS.

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I am thinking to-day of dem years dat passed away,
When dey tied me up in bondage long ago;
In old Virginny State it was dar we separate,
And it filled my heart with misery and woe.
Dey took away my boy, he was his mother's joy,
From a baby in de cradle we him raise;
Oh, dey put us far apart an' it broke de old man's heart
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days.

CHORUS.

Dey never come again, let us give our praise to Him
Who looks down whar de little children play;
So every night and morn we will pray for dem dat's gone
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days.

Still my mem'ry will steal o'er to dat dear old cabin floor,
When de shadow of de sun came peeping in;
At night when all was dark we would hear de watch-dog bark
And we'd listen to de murmur of de wind.
It seem to say to me: "You people must be free,"
For de happy time am coming, Lord be prais'd!
For den we would weep and moan, for our souls were not our own
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days.—*Chorus.*

I am very old and feeble and our life am nearly done,
I have traveled in de roughest kind of road;
Thro' sickness, toil and sorrow I have reached de end at last,
And I'm resting by de wayside wid my load.
Forget now and forgive has always been my guide,
For dat's what de golden scripture surely says;
But our mem'ry will turn roun', when our souls dey were tied down
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days.—*Chorus.*

—An ugly wart is a difficult thing to get off one's hands. An ugly daughter is still more difficult.

—Minister (dining with the family): "You were a nice little boy in church this morning, Bobby. I noticed you kept very quiet and still." Bobby: "Yes, sir, I was afraid of waking pa up."

Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead

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Be sure you're right, then go ahead,
Make this your motto, boys,
And fewer clouds will o'er you spread
To shadow life's fair joys;
There's naught that's great but may be won,
Of this I will remind you,
And when your eyes are on the sun,
The shadows lie behind you.
Be slow 'till doubts have all an end,
Then on, nor stop to rest,
For Providence will e'er befriend
The man who does his best;
Ah, many are the traps and snares
That lie on every side,
But when you're right you'll know no cares
Or fear whate'er betide.

CHORUS.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead,
My boys, oh, ne'er despond:
Be sure you're right, then go ahead,
Success lies just beyond.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead
With heart and conscience true,
You'll on the path of right be led,
And heaven will prosper you;
What though your station lowly be?
A purpose placed you there,
Which, though your earthly eyes can't see,
Shows wisdom everywhere.
Let slander wound you all it can,
The truth it cannot slay,
Fear not, my boys, an honest man
Is open as the day;
Act but your part as to your sight
The better course appears,
Walk in the right, and joy shall light
The skies of future years.—*Chorus.*

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

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There was a time I fondly loved
A young girl bright and fair,
The sunbeams sported in her eyes,
And glistened in her hair;
She was my star, my life, my all,
I gloried in my prize;
Where ignorance is bliss, you know,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Oh, many a pleasant hour I've passed
While sitting by her side,
And oft I kissed her ruby lips
And wished she were my bride;
And then I dreamed her heart so pure
Responded back by sighs;
Where ignorance is bliss, you know,
'Tis folly to be wise.

She used to go with me to balls,
And daily on me smile,
While I in my sweet innocence
Was happy all the while;
I never knew the cousin, Tom,
She seemed so much to prize;
Where ignorance is bliss, you know,
'Tis folly to be wise.

The truth came out at last one morn,
My treasure ran away,
And cousin Tom, the horrid scamp,
Went with her, so they say;
Alas! I know not where she went,
For I was too surprised;
Where ignorance is bliss, you know,
'Tis folly to be wise.

OLD ROSIN, THE BEAU.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I have traveled this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go,
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

CHORUS.

To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau;
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out, "Whiskey and water,
To drink to old Rosin, the beau,
To drink to old Rosin, the beau."—*Chorus.*

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The ladies will all want to, I know,
Just lift off the lid of the coffin
And look at old Rosin, the beau,
And look at old Rosin, the beau.—*Chorus.*

You must get some dozen good fellows
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half gallon bottles
To the name of old Rosin, the beau,
To the name of old Rosin, the beau.—*Chorus.*

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin, the beau,
And in it toss Rosin, the beau.—*Chorus.*

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toes,
And do not fail to scratch on it
The name of old Rosin, the beau,
The name of old Rosin, the beau.—*Chorus.*

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel, implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin, the beau,
Nor even old Rosin, the beau.—*Chorus.*

HIGH BORN LIVER DANIEL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Satan tempted Eve,
Eve tempted man;
Hadn't been for the mercy of the Lord,
We'd all been cursed in the land.
Nigger man he picks cotton,
Little bees sip the honey;
Colored man he work all day long,
And white man gets the money.

CHORUS.

Case he's a high born liver Daniel,
Daniel, Daniel;
He's a high born liver Daniel,
I'm going to the promised land.

Talk about good eating,
Your oysters and your clams;
If you want something good for to eat,
Just get hold of a sweet ham.
Talk about good buckwheat cakes,
If you want them good and done,
Just slap 'em on to a nigger man's heel,
And hold 'em up to the sun.—*Chorus.*

—A man about to travel said to his wife. "I am afraid, my dear, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, you needn't fear for me," quickly said his wife; "the longer you stay away, the better I shall like you."

ROCKING THE BABY.

Copyright, 1884, by Wm. McEwen.

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Composed by Charlotte McEwen.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Her room is next to mine,
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

CHORUS.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby-bye" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with mamma's rings,
The sweet, little, smiling, pouting mouth
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.—*Chorus.*

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on a heart,
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness?—*Chorus.*

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

CHORUS.

I hear her rocking the baby
Slower and slower now,
And I hear she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes and cheek, and brow.

VIVA L'AMERICA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Noble republic, happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations Columbia stands;
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise:
United we stand, divided we fall,
Union forever, freedom to all.

CHORUS.

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Viva l'America, home of the free!

Should ever a traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot,
Exile his heritage, his name a blot:
United we stand, divided we fall,
Granting a home and freedom to all.—*Chorus.*

To all her heroes justice and fame,
To all her foes a traitor's foul name;
Our stripes and stars still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of liberty, flag of the brave:
United we stand, divided we fall,
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.—*Chorus.*

The Boys of the Bowery Pit.

Tune—"The Newsboys."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am sitting in the Bowery pit amongst the gallus boys,
Seeing the play go off and listening to the noise;
The hi-hies and the whistling, an earthquake nothing to it,
For kicking up a thundering din, they're the boys to do it.

CHORUS.

The newsboys they're a gallus crowd, as I will let you know,
They go to the Bowery pit for to see the show.

When Cony with his dog comes on you ought to hear the cry,
And when the dog gets wounded and makes believe to die;
When Taylor comes with sword in hand, he and Cony fight,
The heart of all the gallus boys are brimful of delight.—CHORUS.

But presently the actors are seen looking at the wings,
As if they were watching for somebody or some things;
The gallus boys are wide awake, they know what's a coming now,
For J. R. Scott is coming, and then there's such a row.—CHORUS.

Oh, if you want to see some fun go to the Bowery pit,
Especially on some night there is a benefit;
And I'll be bound that you will think, amid the din and noise,
That they are gallus bloods indeed, and nothing but the boys.—CHORUS.

SOME MOTHER'S BOY.

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Oh, please, dear lady, one penny give me,
Plaintive and sweet was his voice like a sigh;
Oh, dear lady, pity me, I'm poor, you see,
But they'll not heed me, they all pass me by.
I looked and saw a dear little face,
And then I thought he has never known joy;
With hair golden yellow with poverty's trace,
God bless you, dear baby, you're some mother's boy.

CHORUS.

Wretched, forlorn, hungry, ragged and torn,
Little face tear-stained, with no look of joy;
Cold pinched and damp, and with poverty's stamp,
Though he's a beggar, he's some mother's boy.

Only a box with a few faded flowers,
Which the poor boy had been trying to sell;
But though he had trudged many sad weary hours,
Could not succeed as the number did tell.
No one would buy them faded and dead,
Could tears revive them then his would revive;
Oh, how the child wept, so dejected and sad,
For nothing restrained them however he tried.—*Chorus.*

He told the tale which we all would expect,
Poor mother's dead, then his joy saw an end;
His father he drank, and 'twas naught but neglect,
Oh, how I pitied him, dear little friend.
He's now in school with playmates to meet,
One little sad face it now beams with joy;
Then don't pass a beggar when out on the street,
But just think one moment he's some mother's boy.—*Chorus.*

Isht Mr. Dinglebender Home?

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name isht Dinglebender, I was porn in Germany,
Mine fadder und mine modder died vhen I vas a paby;
I vas porn to be a scoundrelman, und a shmart vone, I've no toubt,
Put de peobies all run after me, dat I've to say I'm out.

CHORUS.

Now, Jake, right avay go, see vhat's de matter?
Dere goes de door-bell, oh, vhat a clatter;
Isht Mr. Dinglebender home? (A voice) No! Dat shust de vay dey shou
If any vone calls, now don't forgot, pe shure to say I'm out.

Now dere isht Mr. Meyer who lives two plocks pelow,
Vho says I'm a shmart man und to Congress I must go,
Den he asks for half a tollard a tozen time a veek,
Und he's all de time a podering me, dat I have to say I'm sick.—CHORUS.

Dere's blenty more shust like him, only in anodder vay,
Dere's some vant me to marry, put dat game I vill not play;
I can't live in de gountry, for vherever I roam,
Dere's alvays some vone coming to see if I am home.—CHORUS.

I've Only Been Down to the Club.

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Last night I was out rather late,
'Twas only an innocent spree;
My wife for my coming did wait,
When sleeping I thought she would be.
I found her in temper and tears,
Oh, she cried, it's a sin and a shame;
And she scratched both my eyes and my ears,
But I told her I soon would explain.

CHORUS.

The club had a meeting to-night, love,
Of business we had a great sight, love;
Don't think for a moment I'm tight, love,
I've only been down to the club.

My boots I left down in the hall
And softly I crept up the stairs;
I kept rather close to the wall
And thought to ascend unawares.
But just as I got to the door,
I seemed to get lost in the dark;
I stumbled and fell on the floor,
And just then I could only remark:—*Chorus.*

She sobbed, she wept and she screamed,
And said she'd go back to her ma,
While I on the mantel-piece leaned,
And tried to enjoy my cigar.
I promised to buy her a dress,
If she'd let me alone for a while;
Then I gave her a sweet little kiss,
And I saw her beginning to smile.—*Chorus.*

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Copyright, 1883, by F. Harding.

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As sung by Mr. John Walsh.

This morning at breakfast I said to my wife,
But one golden wedding we see in a life;
'Tis now fifty years since the clergyman said
In that clear ringing voice: With this ring I thee wed.
So it is, so it is, said my dear old wife Jane,
Let us have our old wedding day over again;
Off we went to the church with our cheeks all aglow,
And the same love at heart as we had years ago.

CHORUS.

Oh, for the golden visions, oh, for the crimson glow,
Oh, for the golden day dreams fifty years ago,
Oh, for the fairy voices and the songs we used to sing,
Telling of heavenly joys, my boys, found in a wedding ring.

The service was ended, we passed thro' the door
And into the buttercup meadow once more;
I plucked Jane a bunch and she asked for a pin,
Which I gave and she fastened them under her chin.
We strolled by the stream, then our footsteps retraced,
And my arm slyly stole round the old lady's waist;
I gave her a squeeze, but she did not cry, oh,
As she did about two score and ten years ago.—*Chorus.*

We reached the old homestead and then went inside,
But no bouquet awaited the bridegroom and bride;
My thoughts wandered back to the hour of my joy,
When I opened my arms for my dear baby boy.
The happiness heaven has promised to men
Can not be compared to my happiness then;
It seemed the whole world was without an alloy,
I'd no eyes, I'd no thought that were not for my boy.

SPOKEN—My mind conjured up the old scene in an instant. I can see him now as I saw him then, standing at the cottage door, wishing his mother good-bye and saying: "Good-bye, Father, my country requires soldiers to sustain her honor. You would not have me called a coward and a traitor." That was the very last time we ever saw the poor boy again alive. As I thought of it, the tears ran down my silly old cheeks, and I felt two loving arms steal around my neck, and that dear old voice that had cheered me on through all these years, murmuring:—*Chorus.*

Let Me Die With My Face To The Foe

Copyright, 1864, by Horace Waters.

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Let me die with my face to the foe, boys,
On the field by the brave made gory;
'Tis sweet thus to die and to know, boys,
That the old flag waves in glory;
To hear the bugles pealing,
Where a fearful wrong is reeling,
While slavery's might and slavery's night
Sink down in the battle's glow.

CHORUS.

I hear the shout of the brave ring out
Where the land's high hearts lie low;
Then let me gaze thro' the cannon's blaze
And die with my face to the foe.

Let me turn my face to the foe, boys,
Ere the dark tide of death rolls o'er me;
Let the flames of the combat glow, boys,
And the old flag stream before me.
I know the glorious morning,
The gloom of war adorning,
Will drive away with deathless ray
The night of our nation's woe.—*Chorus.*

Let me die with my face to the field, boys,
As the shot of the foeman found me;
I crave no shroud or shield, boys,
Save the old flag wrap'd around me.
Those stars shall gleam forever
O'er land and sea and river,
In freedom's right and freedom's light
O'er hearts that will never yield.—*Chorus.*

DE GOLDEN WEDDING.

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Lets go to de golden wedding,
All de darkies will be dere;
Oh, such dancing and such treading,
And such yaller gals so fair.
All de high-toned colored people
Dat reside for miles around,
Have received an invitation,
And dey surely will come down.

CHORUS.

All de darkies will be dere,
Don't forget to curl your hair;
Bring along your damsels fair,
For soon we will be treading.
Won't we have a jolly time,
Eating cake and drinking wine?
All de high-toned darkies
Will be at de golden wedding.

We will have ice cream and honey,
Apple brandy and mince pie;
Darkies, won't it look too funny
When Aunt Dinah does shoo-fly?
Uncle Joe and Hezekiah,
From de old Car'lina State,
Will be at de golden wedding,
Kase dem colored gents am great.—*Chorus.*

Old Jim Grace will play de fiddle,
Beat de bones and old tambo;
And Kersands will play de essence
On Jim Bohee's ole banjo.
MacIntosh will kiss Lucinda,
Kase she is so very shy;
And de little piccaninnies
Dey will dance and sing shoo-fly.—*Chorus.*

BRING BACK MY SAILOR BOY.

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He kissed me sweet good-bye one day
Beside the cottage gate,
And whispered, Tho' I'm far away,
My dear one, watch and wait.
The falling tears were on my cheek,
He waved a last adieu;
Cheer up, he cried, what e'er betide,
My heart shall still be true.
Then breeze blow high or low,
Bear to him my message of joy;
And blue sea, over to me
Bring back my sailor boy

CHORUS.

Breeze blow high or low,
Bear to him my message of joy;
And blue sea, over to me
Bring back my sailor boy.

I watched afar the snowy sails,
They brought no word from him;
At night I heard the stormy gales,
That made my hopes grow dim.
In dreams I saw him on the deck,
And love, he said, be true;
Tho' storms may rave across the wave,
I'm sailing home to you.
Then breeze blow high or low,
Bear to him my message of joy;
And blue sea, over to me
Bring back my sailor boy.—*Chorus.*

The dawn is bright on sea and shore,
A sail is in the bay;
He comes to leave me never more,
My love comes home to-day.
Oh, bonnie ship that bounds along,
My heart flies out to you;
And winds may blow and seas may flow,
I know my love is true.
Then breeze blow high or low,
Bear to him my message of joy;
And blue sea, over to me
Bring back my sailor boy.—*Chorus.*

Won't You Dance With Me, Love?

Copyright, 1881, by E. H. Harding.

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Won't you dance with me, love,
Dance again with me?
Filled with merry gladness
And joy our waltz shall be.
In your sparkling eyes I'll read
Welcomes warm and sweet,
And with hopeful, gladsome words
Each loving smile I'll greet—
Hark! the music calls.

CHORUS.

Won't you dance with me, love,
Dance again with me?
Filled with merry gladness
And joy our waltz shall be.

Won't you dance with me, love,
Only dance with me?
In the radiant splendor
Around we'll whirl in glee.
In the glow of golden light,
'Neath each lustrous beam,
Beauty fairer, whispers warmer,
Glances brighter seem—
Hark! the music calls.—*Chorus.*

DICK DARLIN', THE COBBLER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Och! my name is Dick Darlin', the cobbler,
My time I served down there in Kent;
Some say I'm an ould fornicater,
But now I'm resolv'd to repent.

For twenty years I'd been a rover,
An' wasted the prime of my life;
One day I resolved to give over
An' settle myself down to a wife.

SPOKEN—Yes, I got married an' be d——d to me. Now, upon my sowl! a woman is the most obstroperous and outrageous creature on the face of the earth. Before I was married, whiniver I'd go among 'em, they'd be fighting for me; and when I married one o' them in the hopes to be quiet an' peaceable, d——n the day she'd be aisy if she wasn't fighting wid me.

Now I'll give ye the contints uv my oath: that before I was married there wasn't a nicer, quieter, dacenter, bether disposed or meeker disposition'd boy than myself; but since I'm married, be gob! if I didn't git into a bit of a fight now and then, I'd go mouldy. And divil a fight iver I was in or heard tell of, but a woman was at the top, the bottom, both sides and in the middle of it.

My wife she was blinkin' an' blearin',
My wife she was humpy and black,
The divil all over for swearin',
And her tongue it kept going click clack.

SPOKEN—Bad luck to me if iver I could tell how a woman's tongue is hung at all! We all know that a man's tongue is hung by one ind, but bad scran to me if I don't think that a woman's is hung by the middle, an' no sooner one ind strikes the upper part of her jaw, but the other ind hits the lower; an' there it is, upper an' lower, the whole day peltin', till, at last, I'd have to give her a welt in the gob wid my last to stop her. An' thin she'd run out of the cellar, roaring: Watch, watch, watch! here's this murder'n villin', he's killin' me; he's give me a welt in the gob wid his last, an' he's broke the collar bone of me.

A——row, wirrastrow! what'll I do? An' thin, widout waitin' for any one to tell her what to do, she up wid a brick an' lets drive at me. I can dodge it aisy enough 'cause I'm used to it; but another poor divil there, standing by an' not sayin' a word to anybody, he got it plumb in the mug. Up comes the police an' walks the three uv us off for assault an' batthery, an' d——n the one got batthered but the poor divil who had nothin' to do wid it. But that's the way of it, evil communications corrupt good manners.

But now we are parted for iver—
One mornin' before it was light,
I shov'd the ould jade in a river
And cautiously bid her good night.

My troubles of wedlock bein' over,
This counthry I thought I would try;
Once more I've become a free rover,
An' single I'll stop 'till I die.

SPOKEN—A fellow came into my shop the other day. Dick, says he. Sir, says I. I'll bet ye three dollars to one, says he, that I can sole three pair of boots while you sole one. You can't, says I. Will ye bet, says he. I will, says I. Done, says he. Done, says I, and to work we wint. An' afther I'd bate him, as an Irishman ought to do, the dirty bla'guard wouldn't pay me. But, maybe I hadn't satisfaction out of him; I wint out an' I bate him; I bate him 'till I was blind as a bat. I bate him 'till I broke nearly all the bones in my body an' they had to carry me home on a shutther. He come to me aftherwards, an' says he, you ought to pay me somethin'.

Didn't I give you a practical lesson in industhry? You didn't know how much work you could do till I brought it out uv you, says he. Be gob! but I knew how much work he hinder'd me from doin'. But hould on a bit; let me come across him again, if iver I come across him again—by J-s-s! I'll keep clear uv him.

—"How styles have changed since I was a girl," said the old lady. "When I was young we used to wear dresses up to our neck, and gloves with only one button. Now they wear the glove up to the neck and only one button on the dress."

The Man That Struck O'Hara.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Last night to Dan O'Hara's house a lot of good boys went,
We had a splendid supper, and a pleasant time we spent;
But in every company there's a fool who makes a lot of fuss,
And upsets all the harmony—'twas just the same with us.

CHORUS.

First we mopped the floor with him, dragged him up and down the stairs,
Then we had another go under tables, over chairs;
Such a sight you never saw—before he'd time to say his prayers,
Rags and bones were all we left of the man that struck O'Hara.

You never saw such value, boys, there never was such fun,
He wanted to apologize before we'd half begun;
We wanted no apology, for that would do no good,
But to wipe out that gross insult, we meant to have his blood.—CHORUS.

At first we played with him, like a cat will with a mouse,
We chased him in the corners, and, in fact, all 'round the house;
He shouted, mercy and police, it's time that you were done!
But when he shouted murder! oh, 'twas then we had the fun.—CHORUS.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

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There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

I live by my mill, God bless her!
She's kindred, child and wife;
I would not change my station
For any other in life;
No lawyer, surgeon or doctor
E'er had a groat from me,
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

When Spring begins his merry career,
Oh, how his heart grows gay;
No Summer's draught alarms his fears,
Nor Winter's cold decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy,
Who's wont to sing and say,
"Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee,
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee
Along the jovial ring,
With heart and voice let all agree
To say, "Long live the king."

MY DANDY CIGARETTE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, my dandy little Turkish cigarette,
You drive away all worry and all fret;
When you smoke so soft and creamy makes the prospect dim and dreamy,
Then I love you, dainty Turkish cigarette.
Having drained my little crimson coffee cup,
Then I roll you gold tobacco deftly up,
And send blue smoke flowers reeling lazily unto the ceiling from
Out my little Turkish cigarette.

CHORUS.

Cigarette, cigarette, you're a darling, you're a baby cigarette;
Cigarette, cigarette, you're a dreaming thought, a bon-bon cigarette.

Though you kill off dudes, you naughty cigarette,
You're a benefactor and I will not fret;
If you rid us of the chappie who makes our lives unhappy,
You're a dainty, you're a good kind cigarette.
Though I love my little Turkish cigarette,
They say it's rude to smoke you, and I'll bet,
And I'll wager and conjecture that I get an awful lecture for
Smoking you, my baby cigarette.—CHORUS.

WASHING-DAY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The sky with clouds was overcast, the rain began to fall,
My wife she wipped the children, who raised a pretty squall;
She bade me, with a frowning look, to get out of her way,
Oh, the deuce a bit of comfort's here upon a washing-day.

CHORUS.

For 'tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold away,
Oh, the deuce a bit of comfort's here upon a washing-day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife, there's none so free from evil,
Except upon a washing-day, and then she is the devil;
The very kittens on the hearth they dare not even play,
Away they jump, with many a bump, upon a washing-day.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked me, How long's poor Kate been dead?
Lamenting the good creature gone, and sorry I was wed
To such a scolding vixen, while he had been far away;
The truth it was, he chanced to come upon a washing-day.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

I asked him then to stay and dine; come, come, quoth I, odds buds,
I'll no denial take, you must, though Kate be in the suds!
But what we had to dine upon, in truth, I cannot say,
But I think he'll never come again upon a washing-day.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

On that sad morning when I rise, I put a fervent prayer
To all the gods, that it may be througout the day quite fair;
That not a cap or handkerchief may in the ditch be laid,
For, should it happen so, egad, I get a broken head.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

Old Homer sang a royal wash down by a crystal river,
For dabbing in the palace halls the king permitted never;
On high Olympus beauty's queen such troubles well may scout,
While Jove and Juno, with their train, put all their washing out;
Ah, happy gods! they fear no sound of thump and scold away,
But smile to view the peril of a mortal washing-day.

Garryowen.

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Let Bachus' sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus.

CHORUS.

Instead of spa we'll drink down ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to gaol
From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lights when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters figthing
And tearing all before us.—*Chorus.*

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.—*Chorus.*

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.—*Chorus.*

Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.—*Chorus.*

Johnny Cornell's tall and straight,
And in his limps he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.—*Chorus.*

Garryowen is gone to wreck
Since Johnny Cornell went to Cork;
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of all the soldiers.—*Chorus.*

The Virgin, Only Nineteen Years Old.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I was out walking one night near the strand,
I met a fair damsel all hooped up so grand;
She had feathers and finery, and jewels and gold,
And she said she was a virgin, yes, a virgin, only nineteen years old,
She had feathers and finery, and jewels and gold,
And she said she was a virgin, yes, a virgin, only nineteen years old.

Her fingers were tapered, her neck like the swan,
Her nose was a turn-up, and her voice not too strong;
In three weeks we were married, and the wedding bells tolled
That I'd married a virgin, yes, a virgin, only nineteen years old,
In three weeks we were married, and the wedding bells tolled
That I'd married a virgin, yes, a virgin, only nineteen years old.

The wedding party broke up and we retired to rest,
But my hair stood upright when my bride she undressed;
For a cartload of padding my young bride did unfold,
A thing rather peculiar, very peculiar for nineteen years old,
For a cartload of padding my young bride did unfold,
A thing rather peculiar, very peculiar for nineteen years old.

First she took off her right foot about a foot wide,
Then she unscrewed her left ear and laid it aside;
Then she pulled out her right eye, on the carpet it rolled,
Thinks I: here's a virgin, what a virgin, only nineteen years old,
Then she pulled out her right eye, on the carpet it rolled,
Thinks I: here's a virgin, what a virgin, only nineteen years old.

Next she unscrewed her left leg as far as the knee,
Then she pulled off her fingers, I counted just three;
Then on her left shoulder a large hump I did behold,
So I said, there's a virgin, yes, a virgin, only nineteen years old,
Then on her left shoulder a large hump I did behold;
So I said, there's a virgin, yes, a virgin, only nineteen years old.

When she wiped off her eyebrows, I thought I should faint,
And scraped from her thin cheeks a cartload of paint;
When she pulled off her black wig, then her bald pate soon told
That she was an old virgin, an old virgin, more than nineteen years old,
When she pulled off her black wig, then her bald pate soon told
That she was an old virgin, an old virgin, more than nineteen years old.

When she pulled out her false teeth, I jumped up in terror,
For her nose and her chin very near stuck together;
From the chamber I stepped it never more to behold,
This virgin, not nineteen, no, not nineteen, but ninety-nine years old,
From the chamber I stepped it never more to behold,
This virgin, not nineteen, no, not nineteen, but ninety-nine years old.

Now, young men, take warning, ere to church you go
Be sure your bride's perfect from the top to the toe;
Or you'll pay for your folly and like me be sold
By some patched-up old bit o' stuff, cruel old virgin, about ninety-nine years old,
Or you'll pay for your folly and like me be sold
By some patched-up old bit o' stuff, cruel old virgin, about ninety-nine years old.

Wedlock Is A Ticklish Thing.

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Wedlock is a ticklish thing,
Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey;
And will joy or sorrow bring,
Hey merrily ho, hey ho!
Oh, how delightful pass their days away,
Who, never spiteful, only toy and play.

SPOKEN—He: Will you take a walk, my dear? She: With great pleasure, my love. He: Then pray, put on your clogs, for it is very damp. She: And do you put on your great-coat, for fear of catching cold. He: Oh, thank you, my darling, for your tender care. Oh!

Wedlock's joys are soft and sweet,
Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey;
When fond hearts in union meet,
Hey merrily ho, hey ho.

Let us only change the scene,
Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho;
Take a peep behind the screen,
Ho, terrible ho, hey ho;
What she proposes, be it good or bad,
He still opposes till he drives her mad.

SPOKEN—In imitation of man and wife. She: Do you dine at home to-day, sir? He: Can't tell. She: What shall I order for dinner? He: What you like. She: Should you like chicken boiled or roasted? He: Neither, I hate chicken. She: Then what will you have? He: Nothing. She: Oh, very well, sir. He: Very well, ma'm.—Thus,

Wedlock is a terrible state,
Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho!
When cold hearts are joined by hate,
Ho, terrible ho, hey ho!

Remember Mother's Lessons When A Child.

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How well do I remember the lesson that I learn'd
In childhood from my mother fond and true;
In accents full of joy she'd say, my darling boy,
Now don't forget what I am telling you;
As through this life you go you'll meet with many a foe,
Temptations, too, will oft beset your way;
But when you kneel at night, ask God to guide you right
In all your actions each succeeding day.

CHORUS.

Then do not forget the lesson that you learn'd
In childhood at your loving mother's knee;
In thoughts of love so true she'll still remember you,
Tho' far from home and mother you may be.

Those lessons that I learn'd I think of with sweet pride,
And cherish those fond mem'ries dear to me;
Companions they have been in childhood oft I ween,
Since when I left my darling mother's knee.
As older now I grow and think of years gone by,
One thought of mother helps me on my way;
God bless her dear old face, none other can replace
Affections you receive in childhood's day.—*Chorus*

Hasten, Sweet Maiden, To Me.

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Sweet little maid of the valley, where are those bright eyes to-day?
Hours for your smiles I've been watching, smiles that are brighter than May.
Here by the side of the brooklet, where we so often have stroll'd,
I will sit down and await you, where our fond love was first told.

CHORUS.

Sweet little maid of the valley,
I'm longing that dear face to see;
Sad is my heart with its waiting,
Hasten, sweet maiden, to me.

Gaily the little birds warble, singing their songs as of yore,
While we were building air castles, chatting of bright things in store;
Here are the lilies and daisies and the old rock in the glade,
Yet is my heart filled with sorrow while I wait for you, sweet maid.—CHORUS.

THE ANGELS TOOK MAMA.

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An old man sat by his fire so bright,
And his grandchild play'd at his knee;
She said, they have taken my mama away,
Why don't they come and take me?
Oh, Marie, my darling, your mama is dead,
She has cross'd o'er life's dark sea;
The angels have taken her up to their home,
And to-morrow perhaps they'll take me.

CHORUS.

Good-night, mama, your troubles are o'er,
Gone to a home on that bright golden shore;
Never again your sweet smile I see,
The angels took mama, why don't they take me?
The angels took mama, why don't they take me?

Oh, grandpa, don't go and leave me alone,
For what will a poor orphan do
Without any mama, without any home?
Why don't they take me when they take you?
Our father in heaven will watch o'er his child,
And for her with his love he will care,
If you will but love him as your mama has done,
And remember that sweet childish pray'r.—*Chorus.*

The Harp, or Ireland's Resurrection.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Magic harp of Erin, what stills thy sweet cadence?
Why art thou silent when all else is glad?
The sun shines most glorious, the stars burn divinely,
Say, harp of Erin, oh, why art thou sad?

Thou'rt the hope of the race that adorns the story,
The gentlest in loves, the most fearless in wars;
The sons of Hibernia to beauty pay tribute,
And their falchions flash fierce on the red field of Mars.

Thou'rt the emblem of Ireland, the gem of old ocean,
Wilt thou gloriously ascend from vile slavery's thrall?
Will the God of high heaven break the spell which benumbs thee,
And gladden the souls of the sons of Fingal?

Yes! thou chosen emblem, great celestial glory!
For the harp in the heavens is Jehovah's own lyre;
Thou yet shall ring wildly to Tara resounding,
Delivered from bondage by heavenly fire.

Yes! God in his wisdom and judgments, remembering
The wrongs of the race of the kinsmen of Mars,
Will raise up a Joshua his tribe to deliver,
And plant thee, dear harp, at His throne 'mid the stars.

The Lassie Who Loves But Me.

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The lassie who loves but me,
High up on the craggy shore,
Is far away many a mile,
Tho' absent, my heart loves her more;
To India's shores I went,
But victory brings me home;
A letter of love I sent,
With promise no more I'd roam.

CHORUS.

Then blow, ye fair winds, I pray, and hurry me o'er the sea,
To bring me safe home to May, the lassie who loves but me.

The sight of fair Scotia's shore,
Soon back to my own dear love,
I'll clasp to my fond heart once more
My own dear, my sweet darling dove;
For the plow I'll exchange the sword,
And ne'er leave the Scot's noble land,
But give her my heart's best love,
With the ring that shall grace her hand.—*Chorus.*

Let's Make A Little Home For The Old Folks.

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Let's make a little home for the old folks,
Can any friends be dearer to us now
Than those who watched our footsteps in childhood,
With sweet affection smooth'd each youthful brow?
Let's make a little home for the old folks,
For time is swiftly passing—do not wait;
'Twill not be long, at most, they'll be with you,
Then cheer their footsteps ere it be too late.

CHORUS.

Let's make a little home for the old folks,
And God will surely bless you and I;
Then cheer them till some angel shall whisper,
Sweetly whisper, take a last good-bye,
Take a last good-bye.

Then make a little home for the old folks,
And care for them as long as life may last;
They'll honor any home you may give them,
And God will bless you now as in the past.
Remember, years of toil's surely telling,
And well they know life's journey's almost through;
Then cheer those loving hearts, faithful, willing,
And be to them what they have been to you.—*Chorus.*

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By our camp fires rose a murmur
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet-blast has sounded
Our footmen to array,
The willing steed has bounded
Impatient for the fray;
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy:
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
To-day at Fontenoy!"

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might,
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,
'Tis a voice from our own land;
God of battles, God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot's brand;
There are stains to wash away,
There are memories to destroy
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks;
Down chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks;
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel;
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse,
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for King Louis
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
We swept upon their line;
Then rang along the battlefield
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering:
"Erin, slanthagal go bragh!"

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip,
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship,
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid,
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line;
See, England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine;
Oh, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
The Briton turned to flee
From the chivalry of Erin
And France's "fleur de lis!"

As we lay beside our camp-fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren
Who had perished in the fray,
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy!

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern.

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No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch ausfix
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kannt man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 80 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grüß' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hahn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald graf' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemooster Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Rotzi
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Bergle bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und eingange im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leinenweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sins
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Nebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Mediku
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So ist das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maiküferl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave huzzars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Blue bells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
Up at Jones' wood [marching
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suance ribber
Wife's dream

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Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young
Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry picnic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discuesion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Eilen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old dudd:een
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proud
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland

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ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We part d by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can
180 Willie, we have missed you [never be
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the new
295 Broken down
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee?
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth?
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on the water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the shamrock
329 Love letters [grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 The tramp
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Do not heed her warning (Answer to No. 95)
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home?
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling?
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummers' hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aleen
391 Old sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 'Longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee
398 Bathing song
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 Der brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 How the gates came ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth.
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water 'till the well runs dry
483 Bonnie Eloise
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 Banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the train
494 Black-eyed Susan
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseillies hymn
503 God, save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at de door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning
517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the sealskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lannigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon

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SONGS

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547 The Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven oud
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory hallelujah)
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
661 A dollar fifteen cents
662 Roger O'Mailey
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby
664 Bring back my bonnie to me
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're old
675 Dear little innocent things
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 Midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern sunny home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's growing
757 The farmer feeds us all
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Keyhole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith's shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night?
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem, the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife, Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim

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820 Mind and be home when the clock strikes ten
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaf shamrock from Glennore
823 White Wings
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lilies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days of hash
829 Poor old dad
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on her kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the pratles grow
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma!
855 An agricultural Irish girl
856 I am a man that's done wrong to my parents
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along, my darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000 different ways
886 Belle Brandon
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, darling Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
893 Clementine
894 Sweet heather-bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate
897 You'll never miss your mother 'till she's gone
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile
904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lee
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the sale
929 Rock-a-bye, baby
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish, you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The Spree
940 Black pic-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny Black Bess
948 Little Widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara

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I PAID THE $10 TO O'GRADY.

Copyright, 1888, by Will H. Kennedy, Agent.

CAUTION. All persons are warned from publishing this song under penalty of the law. HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song Publisher, 130 Park Row, New York City, has the exclusive right to publish the words of my Songs.—HARRY KENNEDY.

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Words and music by Harry Kennedy.

I'm the man that owed ten dollars to O'Grady,
Now believe me when I say 'tis true;
If it wasn't that his wife was such a lady,
The ten dollars it would still be due.
I met her at an evening party,
She asked to have a waltz with me—
Pat O'Grady, your wife's a lady,
And the divil a growl you'll ever have with me.

CHORUS.

I've paid the ten dollars to O'Grady,
We settled up the matter for a V(vee);
If anybody wants to lick O'Grady,
First he must lick me.
His eldest son is trying to mash my daughter,
Last night he took her to a fancy ball—
Pat O'Grady, your wife's a lady,
And the divil a cent I owe you now at all.

You must know I'm not a dirty thaving vil-li-an,
But a dacint honest workingman;
Divil a cent I'd steal unless it was a million,
And I'd never run for Al-der-man.
My son shall wed O'Grady's daughter,
And drive her in a fine coupé;
She's a daisy, she'd set you crazy,
But the divil a word of her I'll have to say.—*Chorus.*

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

Copyright, 1887, by Willis Woodward & Co.

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'Mid splendor and beauty sublime,
On the wall in the dim light it hung,
A picture that thrilled as when loud beats the drum,
Or the trumpet to battle has rung.
A soldier is singing a song,
"Arouse ye! arouse ye!" he cries,
"Ye sons of freedom wake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?"
Again I hear the strain that from those lips did fall,
Again I read the story of the picture on the wall.

REFRAIN.

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?
Your children, wives, and grand sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty is bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye braves,
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death.

And there in the dim light it hangs,
A sentry by night and by day,
Inspiring the hearts of the brave and the true,
Its glory shall ne'er pass away.
Its grandeur my spirit awakes,
Ring out the refrain to the skies,
"Ye sons of freedom wake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?"
Again I hear the strain that tyrant hearts appall,
Enchained I stood, transfixed my gaze by the picture on the wall.
Ye sons of France awake to glory, &c.

—Mr. Mendelssohn's wedding march is very popular, but we think he failed to score a greater point when he forgot to write a divorce march.

With All Her Faults I Love Her Still.

Copyright, 1888, by B. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

With all her faults I love her still,
And even though the world should scorn;
No love like hers my heart can thrill,
Although she's made that heart forlorn.
Tho' other hearts have won her love,
I bear for her no dreams ofill;
Her face to me still dear shall be,
With all her faults I love, I love her still.
With all her faults I love her still,
And even so till death doth part;
No love like hers my soul can thrill,
No other love can win my heart;
I love her still, I love her still,
With all her faults I love her still.

She went away one Summer day,
And never came again to me,
And since that day I long and pray,
That I may pass life's dreary sea!
I see her now as first we met,
The sunlight shining o'er her brow;
The days were joy without alloy,
But, ah! my heart, my heart is weary now.
With all her faults I love her still,
And even so till death doth part;
No love like hers my soul can thrill,
No other love can win my heart;
I love her still, I love her still,
With all her faults I love her still.

With all her faults I love her still,
Although her love for me is dead;
In ev'ry dream her smile doth beam,
Nor care I what the world hath said.
I know that she'll return again,
Although her face no more I greet,
And when this life shall end the strife,
I know that we, that we again shall meet.
With all her faults I love her still,
And even so till death doth part;
No love like hers my soul can thrill,
No other love can win my heart;
I love her still, I love her still,
With all her faults I love her still.

ONLY A PICTURE.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Henry F. Smith.

She kiss'd her boy a fond good-bye, the hour had come to part,
His good ship sail'd that morn across the main;
The tears were coursing down her cheeks while sadly throbb'd her heart,
She knew not if they'd ever meet again.
Long, long she waited hopefully as slowly on roll'd time.
For tidings of her idol and her joy;
One day there came a message, it was from a foreign clime,
And with it came a picture of her boy.

CHORUS.

'Twas only a picture, only a picture,
Only an image of her boy;
For he was her pride and e'er at her side,
Only a picture of her boy.

The years sped by, but, lo! upon a drear December day
There came a stranger to that mother's door;
He told her how her boy, while in the thickest of the fray,
Fell fighting for the flag he bravely bore.
A little while she lingered ere she bade the world good-bye,
For realms where no more vexing cares annoy;
And as she softly whispered, "We shall meet again on high,"
She kissed that little picture of her boy.—CHORUS.

—Mrs. Bings—"There goes poor Mrs. Blather. She bears up well under the loss of her husband." Mr. Bings—"Yes! She stands it nobly. Blather carried a good deal of insurance, you know."

—The all-night hot corn peddler naturally has a husky voice.

HUSH, MY BABY BUNTING.

Copyright, 1888, by Montague Breslin.

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The cradle swings while mother sings,
And baby softly, calmly sleeps;
The old brass clock goes tick-a-tock,
As time to mother's song it keeps.
Hush, my baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
So close your loving eyes in sleep
Till morning light is dawning.
Hush, my baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
Then dream of him and mother dear
Till sunshine in the morning.

CHORUS.

Hush-a-bye, lullaby, baby, oh, bye,
Mother is watching, no danger is nigh;
Lullaby, hush-a-bye, mother will sing,
Till angels sweet slumber to thee will bring.

A footstep falls, a sweet voice calls,
'Tis papa coming down the lane,
From toil now free, he longs to see
His baby's smiling face again.
Hush-a-bye, baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
So close your loving eyes in sleep
Till morning light is dawning.
Hush, my baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
Then dream of him and mother dear
Till sunshine in the morning.—*Chorus.*

A smile, a kiss, there is no bliss
So sweet to them as baby boy;
In after years, thro' smiles and tears,
Oh, cheer their loving hearts with joy.
Hush, my baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
So close your loving eyes in sleep
Till morning light is dawning.
Hush, my baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
Then dream of him and mother dear
Till sunshine in the morning.—*Chorus.*

When We Sit in the President's Chair.

Written and sung with great success by John J. Hubin.

We are two politicians, two gutter musicians,
We just got in here from New York;
We're a museum freak, and we got lots of cheek,
They imported us over from Cork.
Just give us a chance to get in our pants,
Then we'll make the people all stare;
We will now tell to you all the things we will do
When we sit in the president's chair.

We will tell you the gag, why the girls use a rag,
And how the dudes get in their pants;
And the bald head so neat, always has a front seat
To see all the pretty girls dance.
So boys never fear, we will all get our beer,
And we'll eat from a large bill of fare;
Vanderbilt and Jay Gould will be out in the cold
When we sit in the president's chair.

We will all have a show, foreign labor must go,
The Chinese and Dagoes must sneak;
We will banish all Turks, give all honest men work,
Now you'll say this is true what we speak.
That thing called free trade we will lay in the shade,
We will see that all things are done square;
And that dear flag of green with our own will be seen
When we sit in the president's chair.

There's our statesman, Jim Blaine, from Europe he came,
And he tells us he don't care who wins;
What would poor Grover do if he heard something new,
That he was the daddy of twins?
The ball clubs may brag, but New York's won the flag,
And they made all the other clubs stare;
And Bellew and Lorillard will put on the gloves
When we sit in the president's chair.

MOTHER'S LETTER.

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I have a fond letter that came
From far distant lands o'er the sea;
A mother I've not seen for years
Now writes that she still thinks of me.
She prays for my safety as well,
No matter wherever I roam,
And she hopes that some day I'll come back
Again to dear mother and home.

CHORUS.

'Tis hard to keep back, oh, 'tis hard,
Each fond and affectionate tear,
Whenever I bring to my gaze
The letter from mother so dear,
The letter from mother so dear.

The writing how plainly it tells
That mother is now growing old;
Oh, God! what a joy it would be
Her sweet face again to behold.
"Forget not the promise," she says,
"You made me when leaving my side,
That forever my darling you'd be,
A fond mother's joy and her pride."—*Chorus.*

NEW YORK BASE BALL CLUB.

Written and sung with great success by John Hubin.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I will sing about our national game,
That we all love so dear,
And of our Giant Base Ball Club,
That won the flag this year;
They worked hard for their laurels,
And they struggled with might and main;
Jim Mutrie can wear those silk hats now,
For they got there just the same.

CHORUS.

Then give three cheers for our base ball club
With New York on their shield;
They showed us how to play the game
When they were on the field.
With lightning pace they won the race,
For success was theirs, I'm sure;
And I hope they stand up strong and grand
On their next season's tour.

Buck Ewing is our catcher,
And a ball will never drop;
Our pitchers, Keefe and Smiling Mick,
Johnny Ward is our short-stop.
They are the four invincibles,
The men that leads them all;
They can give all others pointers
When they want to play base ball.—*Chorus*

Roger Connor holds our first base,
And he does that up in style;
And when he puts a runner out
He always wears a smile.
Richardson holds the second base,
And Whitney holds our third;
When at the bat they hit the ball,
It goes up like a bird.—*Chorus.*

Tiernan right, and O'Rourke left,
And Slattery centre field,
You can bet they all do credit to
The name upon their shield.
Long may the Giants prosper
In health, wealth and fame,
And win the flag next season,
For they know how to play the game.—*Chorus.*

—Mountains are rarely jealous of each other, but they sometimes show a great deal of peak.

DON'T RUN DOWN THE IRISH.

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On the bosom of the ocean,
Like a jewel in the sea,
Is a poor and fertile island
That is struggling to be free;
And although I am an exile,
And upon a foreign strand,
My love remains for Erin's isle,
That unprotected land.
In poverty or luxury,
No matter where I be,
My heart beats true for Erin's isle,
The emerald of the sea.

Chorus.

Then don't run down the Irish,
They're good and they are true;
If some of them do wrong at times,
Why, so do some of you.
But call for them in battle
And you'll find them useful, too,
So don't run down the people
From old Ireland.

Upon her roll of honor
Stand many a noble name,
Of the men who've shed their life's blood
Their birthplace to reclaim;
For her their hearts did fondly beat,
With wealth of love untold,
They truly loved old Erin,
And could not be bought or sold.
I love the green and wear it,
It's treasured in my heart,
And on the field at Waterloo
It played a noble part.—*Chorus.*

And when that little island,
The emerald in the sea,
Shall proudly hoist her banner
Which gives her liberty,
Let in her memory linger
Sweet thoughts of this free land,
Who to her exiled heroes
Oft extended friendship's hand;
Though now held in oppression
By British tyranny,
The day is not far distant
When our island will be free.—*Chorus.*

We've Both Been There Before.

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My old pal Spifkins call'd on me, 'twas but the other day,
I had not seen him for a week, so he to me did say,
"It's no use sticking here at home, let's go out for a walk,
And call into the "Tankard" for a drink and pleasant talk.
Of course I ask'd the "Missis," for she's the "boss," don't you know!
She answer'd rather lovingly, "Of course you'd better go!"
We went into the "Tankard," had a glass of bitter beer,
Where ev'rybody wish'd us both a prosperous New Year!

Chorus.

For we'd both been there before, many a time, many a time!
We'd both been there before, many a time!
Where many a gallon of beer had gone to color his nose and mine!
And we'd both been there before many a time, many a time!

We came out of the "Tankard" and we wandered down the street,
And ev'ry saloon we came across we stood each other treat;
We swore eternal friendship over every glass of beer,
Until for want of eatables we both felt very queer.
My dear old pal suggested we'd go in for some pork pie,
With nice hot rum to wash it down, as we felt very dry;
But somehow they did not agree, my pal commenced to frown,
And as he was so sleepy, in the gutter he laid down.

Chorus.

For we'd both been there before many a time, many a time!
We'd both been there before many a time!
You laugh and sing and feel like a king when you lie on your back in the slime!
And we'd both been there before many a time, many a time.

A p'liceman read a sermon on the fruits of drink and crime,
So my pal paid for whiskies, I drank mine every time;
The "copper" knew me very well, so he to me did say,
"I'll have to run you in unless you both can walk away!"
We tried to chalk some drinks up, but as we had nothing more,
The "bouncer out" produced his toe and we went through the door;
We'd spent a "hundred" since we left the house that very morn,
And as we'd nothing more we put our watches into pawn.

Chorus.

For they'd both been there before many a time, many a time!
They'd both been there before many a time!
My pal got "fifty and four" on his, but only a "dollar" on mine;
And we'd both been there before many a time, many a time.

Then Spifkens said, "I think it is a treat to be alive,
We won't go home until we blow this blessed "fifty-five;"
We went into a music hall and loudly we did shout,
As each performer pleased us till they had to throw us out.
Then all seems blank for what occurred I really cannot tell,
I know I woke next morning with a headache in a cell;
Both fined a "ten" or fourteen days, the cell then we must tread,
We asked him what we'd done for it? he looked at us and said:

Chorus.

You've both been here before many a time, many a time!
You've both been here before many a time!
And the very next time you visit me here you'll not have the option of fine,
For you've both been here before many a time, many a time.

NOW I COME TO THINK OF IT.

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I'm a hardy handed son of toil,
With trouble, and a lot of it,
Now I come to think of it;
There may be happiness in life,
I've very little got of it,
Now I come to think of it.
They talk to me of honest toil,
Well, I do not think much of it;
I'm told that if I work for wealth,
I'm sure to earn a lump of it;
Well, I've been working all my life,
And now I've got enough of it,
Now I come to think of it.

It seems to me, the upper classes
Always get the best of it,
Now I come to think of it;
Ain't they got their palaces,
Their clubs and all the rest of it,
Now I come to think of it.
If a workingman thinks something's wrong,
And wants to go and speak of it,
The liquor store must do for him,
There's not the slightest doubt of it;
And when he's had enough to drink,
They come and throw him out of it,
Now I come to think of it.

If he goes out on the spree, he lets you know it,
You'll allow of it,
Now I come to think of it;
He don't seem to enjoy himself,
Unless he makes a fight of it,
Now I come to think of it.
He first begins to argue,
Then he does get excited at it;
Perhaps he'll kick a copper
When he's in the very height of it;
Gets a month without the option,
Then he feels he's had a night of it,
When he comes to think of it.

The copper says, I've got to go,
He's told me once or twice of it,
Now I come to think of it;
I'm going to have a quiet drink,
I find I've got the price of it,
Now I come to think of it.
They talk about the workingman,
His rights and all such stuff of it;
I s'pose life's smooth enough for some,
I only get the rough of it;
And now I think I'll give it up,
You must have had enough of it,
Now I come to think of it.

I Wonder How Long It Will Last?

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Words by Susan Crawford. Music by N. J. Travers.

We oft hear of fashions so odd and so queer,
The cigarette craze is increasing each year,
And babies will soon learn to puff them, I fear;
I wonder how long it will last?

CHORUS.

I wonder how long 'twill last?
We all get an awful blast!
Each cigarette fellow is colored quite yellow,
I wonder how long he'll last?

When tender young men take their girls out at night
To buy them ice cream with the sweetest delight,
Now, if they don't get but a salary slight,
I wonder how long it will last?

CHORUS.

I wonder how long 'twill last?
Their tailor bills come so fast!
The girls call them looney to find them so spooney,
And wonder how long they'll last?

Now married life's pleasant, I've heard people tell,
The first year or so goes along very well;
But when all your joy is dispersed by a yell,
You wonder how long it will last!

CHORUS.

You wonder how long it will last!
When all the long night is past
With some equally babby by some happy daddy,
You wonder how long 'twill last!

Now, if to the ballet some evening you'll go,
You'll see some old mashers who keep the front row;
And oft you'll exclaim as you guy each old beau,
I wonder how long 'twill last?

CHORUS.

I wonder how long 'twill last?
They're sixty odd years or past!
But when their wives catch 'em and pummel and scratch 'em,
I wonder how long they'll last?

The boodlers for some time have looked mighty blue,
A few, off to Sing Sing, have bid us adieu;
But if we send up all the sharp ones we know,
I wonder how long they would last?

CHORUS.

I wonder how long they'd last?
They gobbled our money fast;
But if we had strung them and to a post hung them,
I wonder how long they'd last?

Now base ball is raging all over the town,
The people go crazy o'er clubs of renown;
One pitcher goes up and another goes down,
I wonder how long they will last?

CHORUS.

I wonder how long they'll last?
They all curve the ball so fast;
Don't bet, you're a noodle to lose all your boodle,
For not very long 'twill last!

Give justice to Ireland's the theme of the hour,
For long it has suffered thro' tyranny's power;
We see her still linger in misfortune's shower,
I wonder how long it will last?

CHORUS.

I wonder how long 'twill last?
Let's hope clouds will soon be past!
That valley and highland, they'll free poor old Ireland,
And long may its sunshine last!

—Dudely (who is not as big a fool as he looks): "Did you, ah, give my card to Mith Bondclipper?" Servant: "Yes, sir." Dudely: "What did she thay?" Servant: "She told me to tell you, that she was sorry that she was not in." Dudely: "Ah, indeed! Please tell your mithtress that I said I was glad I didn't call."—*Mocking Bird.*

—The conversation had turned on the recent ravages of wolves in Hungary, when Jones remarked: "Well! you may say what you please. Not long ago I found myself face to face with three ravenous lynxes. Snow covered the ground, and it was evidently a long time since they'd had their breakfast. Their fierce eyes glared on me and I was without weapons." "Well?" "Well! I stared steadily at them in return, then turned on my heel and went off whistling." "And they didn't spring upon you?" "How could they? They were in a cage in the Central park menagerie!"—*Judge.*

THE SONGS I HEARD AT HOME.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

The days of dear old childhood come
In mem'ry bright and clear,
Again I see my cottage home
And loving voices hear.
I sing the songs they used to sing,
To cheer me o'er the foam,
They bring me rest, they soothe my breast,
The songs I heard at home.

REFRAIN.

The sweet songs I heard at home
Never can I forget;
The old songs, the plaintive songs,
Dear to my mem'ry yet.
In absence they cheer my heart
While o'er the sea I roam;
The sweet songs, the dear old songs,
The songs I heard at home.

I hear again each happy voice
In strains so pure and sweet,
Sing of the joys of love and home
That nowhere else I meet.
Within my heart they ever dwell
As through the world I roam,
The dearest mem'ries of my life,
The songs I heard at home.—*Refrain.*

They make the mind its cares forget,
And make the heart forgive;
The songs so simple and so sweet,
The songs that ever live.
In absence long they comfort me
While far away I roam,
They bring me back to dearest joys,
The songs I heard at home.—*Refrain.*

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

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Under the snowdrifts so silent and white
Those dear little hands lie in quiet to-night,
Evermore folded in slumber; to me
Caressing and playful they once used to be;
But now they are lying under the snow,
Dear little hands, I loved them so.

CHORUS.

Day-time or night-time in life's varied hours
I miss them as birds miss the sunshine and showers,
For now they are lying under the snow,
Dear little hands, I loved them so.

All through the night-time how lonely it seems
That no little hands wake me up from my dreams,
Day-time or night-time in life's varied hours
I miss them as birds miss the sunshine and showers,
For now they are lying under the snow,
Dear little hands, I loved them so.—*Chorus.*

Hands of my darling, long vanished from me,
That used to clasp mine in their innocent glee;
When earth is fading and breaking life's bands,
I'll clasp them, I know then, those dear little hands,
Thus crossing death's river safely we'll go,
Dear little hands, I loved them so.—*Chorus.*

—"All the presents you have ever given me, Mr. Sampson," said the haughty girl, "will be returned to you to-morrow, save, of course, the caramels and ice cream. Would that I could return them, too!" "You need not worry about the caramels and ice cream, Miss Smith," he returned, will equal hauteur; "my share of the responsibility for the broken arm chair will balance the cost of them."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Never in the Wide, Wide World.

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Words by Edward E. Kidder. Music by W. S. Mullaly.

Did you ever go to "Coney" that you didn't meet a crush?
Never in the wide, wide world;
When you try to borrow money is there anybody flush?
Never in the wide, wide world.
You toddle to your slumbers after weary hours of strife,
Your pockets they are rummaged by your very anxious wife;
But you couldn't find her pocket if you hunted all your life,
Never in the wide, wide world.

You think it isn't difficult for me to sing this song,
Never in the wide, wide world;
For I manufacture verses as I calmly go along,
Never in the wide, wide world.
We've got a worthy President as sharp as any knife,
He seems to please the people and he leads a busy life;
Do you think he'd be as popular if it wasn't for his wife?
Never in the wide, wide world.

The Britishers are clever, that no one can deny,
Never in the wide, wide world;
But they can't eclipse America no matter how they try,
Never in the wide, wide world.
We like the English people and we like the English beer,
And we patronize the actors they are sending over here,
But we don't believe the Thistle can beat the Volunteer,
Never in the wide, wide world.

O Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad.

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O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett be ajee;
Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were nae coming to me,
And come as ye were nae coming to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
At kirk or at merket, whene'er you meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were nae looking at me,
Yet look as ye were nae looking at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye care nae for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

—Brown: "Does your wife keep her temper very well?" Jones: "Um-um-er some, but I get the most of it."—*Goshen Democrat.*

—Barber: "How do you like to have your hair cut, sir?" Flanigan: "Wid de scissors, av coorse! D'ye supphose Oi wanted ye to take a scythe?"—*Judge.*

—The old question of how to support a family on a small salary is being discussed. Everybody but the small salaried men are doing the talking.—*Albany Union.*

SHE'S WAITING ON THE QUAY.

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Words and Music by G. Lord Davis.

To-night we are nearing the loved ones at home,
And my heart beats with rapture and joy,
To-night ev'ry lass to the haven will come,
To welcome back her sailor boy.
I know a sweet maiden with eyes beaming bright,
With the rest will be waiting for me;
Yes, I know she will come, she will be there to-night,
Awaiting on the quay.

CHORUS.

She'll wait on the quay, yes, she'll wait there for me,
And happy the meeting will be;
I'll kiss 'way the tears that I've caused her for years,
When I meet her on the quay.

She's true as the stars that look'd down from the skies
On the night when I bade her adieu,
She's the pride of my heart and the light of my eyes,
So constant, so faithful and true.
I long to enfold her again in my arms,
And to hear her sweet love songs to me;
Yes, I long for a glimpse of the harbor, and her
Awaiting on the quay.—*Chorus.*

FATHER'S LAST WORDS TO ME.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Tho' years have flown since we were parted,
The words he spoke I'll ne'er forget;
Dear father kind and gentle hearted,
No fonder friend in life I've met!
He called me to his side one twilight,
And said: "My boy, no more I'll see!
I'm fading fast; be good to mother!"
Were father's last words to me.

CHORUS.

Tho' life may be gay, oh, heed his words each day,
And never let the world your heart entice!
The lessons he taught but good to us have brought,
Forget not your father's last advice!

"Your poor old father now is fading,
But life for you is fair and bright;
The wing of death my brow is shading,
And soon I'll wander from your sight!"
He clasped my hand, and drew me closer,
And murmur'd: "Boy, where'er you be,
Remember still the good I've taught you!"
Were father's last words to me.—*Chorus.*

His voice grew faint, a smile of gladness
O'erspread his pale and wrinkled brow;
I think of him with pain and sadness,
I see those whiten'd hairs e'en now!
Oh, still his gentle words I cherish,
I've known no dearer friend than he!
So in my heart I keep for ever
My father's last words to me.—*Chorus.*

—Countryman (to drug clerk): "D'ye know where Jim Bullard lives? Jim's a friend of mine." Drug Clerk: "No, sir; there's a Trow city directory on the counter." Countryman: "I don't keer nothin' 'bout Trow city. Jim lives in York."—*Epoch.*

—Mrs. Moneybags (to her husband): "Now, understand me, Mr. Moneybags. Unless I can sit on the right hand side of the ship I don't want any meals at all." Mr. Moneybags: "Why, my dear?" Mrs. Moneybags: "I heard some one say the star board would be on that side, and I guess we're rich enough to have the best."—*Ex.*

SIGNOR McSTINGER.

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I sing of a feminine gender,
One whom I thought so divine,
Delicate, gentle and tender,
And hoping some day she'd be mine;
For op'ras this girl was crazy,
And opera singers as well,
For when I said be mine, she replied, I decline,
And the reason I quickly will tell.

CHORUS.

She said at the Gaiety theatre,
There was the man of her choice,
Signor McStinger, a baritone singer,
With such a magnificent voice.
I tried with my voice to enchant her,
Tra la la la la la la,
But she said it won't fizz, yours is nothing like his
Tra la la la la la la la.

Said I, darling, be not so silly,
Let me not live, dear, alone,
Smile on your own loving Billy,
Give up your big baritone;
I'll take lessons from Mr. Weldon,
If you say that you'll marry me,
Just wait for a year and I have no fear,
I'll warble as well then as he.—*Chorus.*

I've paid notes and gold for her daily,
Plainly I've stated my case,
In joke I have said to her gaily,
That my notes were good, his were bass;
But last night she pointedly told me,
My hopes and my wishes were vain,
So I'll go from the place, she shall ne'er see my face,
And I'll never be happy again.—*Chorus.*

LET BABY SLEEP.

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Words by Frank E. McNish. Music by Samuel Bradbury.

Oh, what is one without a friend?
His life is full of care;
Oh, what is home without a child?
Its rooms seem cold and bare;
But I have one with light blue eyes,
A girl that's bright and sweet;
She plays and cooes the whole day long,
Then gently goes to sleep.

CHORUS.

Now step very lightly,
And don't make a noise;
Turn down the light,
And away put her toys;
My darling is weary
With learning to creep,
Now step very lightly,
And let baby sleep.

She wakes up in the morning
With a rougish little smile,
Until I take her from her cot,
She cooing all the while;
And all day long she plays and laughs,
And mingles with her toys;
Our baby girl, our joy and pride,
Is one of heaven's joys.—*Chorus.*

—Miss Augusta Mayne (to Pat Chogue, who has just tendered her his seat): You have my sincere thanks, sir! Pat Chogue: Not at all, mum, not at all. It's a dooty we owe to the sect. Some folks only does it phen a lass be pretty; but I says, says I: "the sect, Pat," say I; "not the individool!"—*Puck.*

THE DOTLET ON THE "I."

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Music by Carl Klimmer. Words by Sydney Rosenfeld.

In olden days a learned man a learned message penn'd,
But when the people came to scan, not one could comprehend.
"We try to read they cried in vain! and yet the writing's plain."
"We try to read they cried in vain! and yet the writing's plain."

CHORUS

At last they saw why not, and this the reason why:
The man forgot the dotlet, the dotlet on the "i."
At last they saw why not, and this the reason why:
The man forgot the dotlet, the dotlet on the "i."

A royal house an heir requires, and father, mother pray,
The wish that most their heart desires be born to them one day.
"No little girl will bring us joy, we wish a little boy!"
"No little girl will bring us joy, we wish a little boy!"

CHORUS.

At last a tiny totlet, a prince arrives, oh, my!
That princelet was the dotlet, the dotlet on the "i."
At last a tiny totlet, a prince arrives, oh, my!
That princelet was the dotlet, the dotlet on the "i."

The scientific age of man has come to us at last;
The missing link that Darwin sought has finally been class'd:
It wears tight pants and bangs its hair, and is not very shy;
It wears tight pants and bangs its hair, and is not very shy.

CHORUS

Of all the silly rotlet of this and time gone by,
The dudelet is the dotlet, the dotlet on the "i."
Of all the silly rotlet of this and time gone by,
The dudelet is the dotlet, the dotlet on the "i."

OUR OWN BOY, JACK.

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Parody sung by John J. Hubin

The foremost picture in my mind is when I was a kid,
I'll tell you of the times I had and some things that I did,
I'd get paralized on cider, through a bung hole it was nice,
I would set a hen on snow balls for to see him hatch out ice.
One day I tried to ride a mule, he kicked me in the jaw,
You can bet I saw a thousand stars I never saw before;
One day I gave a poor old bum a dime to get some bread,
My mother caught me in the act, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

Be upright and gally, be nervy and bold,
Remember that old Vanderbilt has more rocks than Jay Gould;
You may not be a millionaire, but the growler you must back,
Then your mother will be proud of you, her own boy, Jack.

She used to make me chase the duck just forty times a day,
She always made me pay for it, she knew I was a jay;
I've traveled all around this world and strange things I did see,
I went from Spain to Russia and from there to Germany.
I went to growler parties and I tried to work the bluff,
But I would get it in the eye, you can bet I had enough;
The neighbors said I grew just like my mother every day,
My mother she was proud of me, and this is what she'd say:—*Chorus*

—Jones: "I say, Smith, I understand Brown is something of a literary man." Smith, "Literary man, yes. Why, Brown writes for the waste baskets of some of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country."

—Daughter (to materfamilias at Narragansett): "Mamma, this is Mr. Braveboy, who so heroically rescued me from the waves this morning." Materfamilias (who feels that the family owes Mr. Braveboy a debt of gratitude, but not liking the general appearance as to what the result may be): "Er–oh–yes, Mr. Braveboy, it was very noble of you, I am sure, and er–I–I trust you did not find the water unpleasantly cold?"—*Epoch.*

Save Enough to Send for Me.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

The ship was ready, and the sailor
Knew that soon the hour was nigh,
When gentle hearts were separating
At the sad, sad word, good-bye.
A lad was standing by a mother,
He was the last to leave the shore;
He kissed her brow and thought at parting.
"Will I ever see her more?"
She fain would go, but gave her blessing,
Though parted now by poverty,
"When you're happy, son," she whispered,
"Save enough to send for me!"

CHORUS.

"Save enough to send for me!
I'll await you patiently;
When you prosper, son, God bless you,
Save enough to send for me!"

A year has passed and now the mother
Bids her home a last farewell,
Her heart is aching with that sorrow,
No one save herself can tell.
Oh, far out on the mighty ocean,
Ere death released her weary soul,
She wished to see the captain, for she
Had a story to unfold.
"Dear captain, if you see my darling,
Oh, tell him now that I am free,
Tell him soon I will be happy,
Other friends have sent for me!"

CHORUS.

"Other friends have sent for me!
Soon forever I'll be free;
Son was good, so now, God bless him,
Other friends have sent for me!"

When the Roses Bloom in Spring.

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Words by James E. Adams. Music by Eddie Fox.

When the roses bloom in Spring,
And the Winter days have pass'd,
When the birds so sweetly sing,
My love will come at last;
No more sorrow, no more care,
Bright sunshine he will bring,
Content with love to share,
When the roses bloom in Spring
Come, love, now to cheer me,
I'm waiting to be near thee,
I will not be lonely.
For him I live only.
He is coming back to me,
My love far o'er the sea!

REFRAIN.

When the roses bloom in Spring,
And the Winter days have pass'd,
When the birds so sweetly sing,
My love has come at last;
No more sorrow, no more care,
Bright sunshine he will bring,
Content with love to share,
When the roses bloom in Spring.

Oh, he will never more from me stray,
Should harm befall him,
Oh, God, I pray,
Protect my darling, far o'er the sea,
And guide him safely
Back again to me.—*Refrain.*

MY SOLDIER BOY.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth

I saw him when the trumpets called,
March off so gallant and brave,
My soldier boy with all the rest
His country dear to save;
A smile was on his bonny face,
His step was proud and free;
Soon he will return,
Yes, he will return to me!

CHORUS.

'Neath banners waving far away
My soldier boy to-night
Awaits the trumpet that soon will call
To battle for the right.
And when the order comes to him,
I know he'll be true blue;
I know my soldier boy is true,
I know my soldier boy is true.

Then when at night he lies at rest
Where camp-fires brightly are gleaming,
'Neath the moon's beaming, tenderly seeming,
Sweet may be ever his dreaming.
And if he fall, a soldier's death
And all its glory awaits him,
But peril over, his country made free,
He will return to me.—*Chorus.*

When the Springtime Flowers Bloom.

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Words and Music by J. W. Wood.

Deep in my heart there is a sigh
For my loved one o'er the sea,
Again I hear his parting words:
"I'll come again to thee." Ah!
I'll come to thee, I'll come to thee
When the Springtime flowers bloom,
And sweet fragrance fills the air,
When the song of joyous birds
Makes all earth seem bright and fair;
Then my bonny lad will come
'Mid the roses sweet perfume,
For he promised he'd return to me
When the Springtime flowers bloom.

When thou art near, my darling boy,
Life seems a pleasure to me,
Come when the sun is shining bright,
Come then from over the sea.
Ah!—When the Springtime flowers bloom,
And sweet fragrance fills the air,
When the song of joyous birds
Makes all earth seem bright and fair,
Then my bonnie lad will come,
'Mid the roses sweet perfume,
For he promised he'd return to me
When the Springtime flowers bloom.

Oft I dream the Springtime's here,
And I sigh with aching heart,
When I wake to find, alas!
That still we're far apart;
But then my thoughts would steal away
And dispel all care and gloom,
For I know he will return to me,
When the Springtime flowers bloom.

—"A very clever girl, that stupid Miss Blum, who just went out." "Clever? Why, she never opens her mouth!" "That's where she's clever."—*Puck.*

THE CONVICT AND THE BIRD.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A convict sat in a prison cell,
Doom'd all the days of his life;
And his thoughts went out to the ones he loved,
To his home, his babe and wife;
A songster lit on his window sill,
And the poor soul's heart was stirred,
For he seemed to sing of the days gone by,
To the convict sang the bird.
He seemed to sing of the sunshine,
He seemed to sing of the clouds,
He seemed to sing of prosperity,
And of poverty's somber shrouds;
He seemed to sing of freedom
In the sky near the sun's bright ray,
And as it brought to his eyes the tears,
The bird it flew away.

CHORUS.

Come to me each day
Come to me, I pray;
Thou messenger of freedom, come to me;
Let me hear each note
That bubbles from thy throat,
The convict like the bird would fain be free.

The bird he came to sing his song
At dusk on a Summer's day,
And the poor thing chirped in loneliness,
For no convict heard his lay;
He sang his notes so plaintively,
Too sad for tongue to tell,
And at early morn the faithful bird
Lay dead in the convict's cell.
He sang no more of the sunshine,
He sang no more of the clouds,
He sang no more of prosperity,
Nor of poverty's somber shrouds;
He sang no more of freedom
In the sky near the sun's bright ray,
And as he finished his song,
The faithful bird it passed away.

CHORUS.

He came no more, they say,
He came no more each day,
The messenger of freedom none could see;
Silent was the cell,
As if by magic spell,
The convict like the bird again was free.

Just Arrived from Harrisburg.

Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

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O I'm shust arrived from Harrisburg, abound an hour ago,
Bis du gersund, mein friend?
To make a living in dis place, is hard as you must know,
Bis du gersund, mein friend?
I am thirsty, und I'm hungry, und mitout a single tollar,
I've walked around for dree days, und not sold a paper collar;
So help me Solomon Isaacs's dots the reason dot I holler,
Now who will puy of a poor pedler man?

CHORUS.

I will tell der next bolice I meet what a bad gang is around;
Dey kick mein hat, und rob mein sack und tump me on der ground,
But my goods you'll find are unexcelled, und warranted der best,
Dey are made by Cohn und Levi, who keeps a store out Vest.

I ain't eat a ting for dese dree days, der dimes dey are so shlack,
Bist du gersund, mein friend?
I vill pack up mein carpet sack, und leave for Cincinnati,
Bist du gersund, mein friend?
I'm a pedler und of Iky, you no doubt have often heredt,
I shumps up in der morning like a pooty leetle biredt;
I selling from a fine toot brush, und from dot down to a shiredt,
Now who will puy of a poor pedler man?

CHORUS.

Den who'll puy of me dots pedler Ike, he's der sheapest pedler round;
Dis padent fan, dot in mein hand, der price I have marked down;
All mein shtock of goods so help me friends, I shwear dey are der best,
Dey are made by Cohen und Levi, who keeps a store out Vest.

TRUE AS THE STARS ABOVE.

Copyright, 1887, by T. B. Harms & Co.

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Words and Music by F. G. Richmond.

His ship at anchor safely lay,
And he was by my side,
That night he had to sail away,
Across the ocean wide;
He look'd into my eyes and said,
One vow I'll ask of thee:
When I am far on ocean's bed,
Wilt thou be true to me?

CHORUS.

True as the stars above
Will I be to thee!
Never forgetting, dear,
That you love me!
Thinking of thee alone
On the stormy sea;
Praying that thou wilt come,
My darling, to me.

A year has pass'd, but not a word
From him I held so dear,
In dreams I saw him and I heard
His sweet voice low and clear;
But when from sleep I would arise,
My heart was fill'd with fear;
And when the daylight gently dies,
His words rang in my ear:

CHORUS.

True as the stars above
Will I be to thee!
Never forgetting, dear,
That you love me!
Thinking of thee alone
On the stormy sea;
Praying that thou wilt come,
My darling, to me.

One Summer evening when the sun
Was giving his last ray,
A noble ship with canvas spread
Came sailing up the bay;
My heart did leap to see my boy,
As on the shore he came;
And between the smiles and tears of joy
I whisper'd this refrain:

CHORUS.

True as the stars above
Have I been to thee!
Never forgetting, dear,
That you loved me!
Thinking of thee alone
On the stormy sea;
I've pray'd that thou would come,
My darling, to me.

How Happy I Could be with Either.

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How happy I could be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.
Ri tol de rol, lol de rol, li do, &c.

How happy I could be with either,
Dear, dear maids, so beauteous and gay;
And with thee my heart it would ever
Its love and affection convey.
Ri tol de rol, lol de rol, li do, &c.

How happy I could be with either,
To charm by night and by day;
To be to each one a fond lover,
And pass hours of pleasure away.
Ri tol de rol, lol de rol, li do, &c.

WAIT TILL THE TIDE COMES IN.

Copyright, 1887, by George Propheter, Jr.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by George Propheter. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

He kissed me by the sea,
The tears rolled down my cheeks,
My heart was filled with sadness,
To him I could not speak;
The ship was weighing anchor,
And sadly moaned the wind,
His last words were, "God bless you,
Wait till the tide comes in."

CHORUS.

Wait till the tide comes in,
I will return to you, love, again,
Back to sweet kisses, back to caresses,
And with you I will remain.
Think of me always when I'm away,
Watch for the white sails, love, day by day,
I will return, love, only be constant,
Wait till the tide comes in.

The days and weeks roll by,
And months turn into years,
Since that sad hour of parting
He left me here in tears;
I oft sit by the seaside
And watch the stormy main,
I can't forget his last words:
"Wait till the tide comes in."—*Chorus.*

THE HARBOR LIGHTS.

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Words by Joseph T. Long. Music by Kate Royle.

Young Pat had been some years away
From Cork, his native home,
And now with money saved he back
Was journ'ing on the foam;
The days to him like years appear'd,
And endless seem'd the nights,
Till he at last with joy beheld
The famed Cork harbor lights.

CHORUS.

The lights of the harbor, the harbor lights
The dream of so many long dreary nights,
Like the bright beaming star, and so near yet so far,
The lights of the harbor, the harbor lights.

He fancied in those distant lights
His mother he could see,
He pictured her with tearful eyes
E'er wond'ring where was he;
And how delighted she would be
To meet him once again;
He pictured this while gazing at
Those lights across the main.—*Chorus.*

Pat still those lights kept watching, which
To him seem'd slow to spread,
As onward o'er the mystic deep
The heedless vessel sped;
When, lo! a sudden fearful "bang"
Re-echoed thro' the night,
Then all was dark, and e'en those lights
Quite dissapeared from sight.—*Chorus.*

Alas! 'twas not ordained that Pat
That night should safely land,
For soon 'twas found the vessel was
In flames on ev'ry hand;
At length, with all aboard she sank
Beneath the foam like lead,
With Pat on deck and watching still
Those brilliant lights ahead.—*Chorus.*

—Why is a selfish friend like the letter p? Because though he is first in pity, he is the last in help.

AULD LANG SYNE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And the days of Lang Syne ?

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine,
And we've wandered mony a weary fit,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

We twa hae paddled i' the burn,
Fra mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a right good willie-waught
For Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

HIBERNIA'S LOVELY JEAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When parting from the Scottish shore,
And the Highland's mossy banks,
To Germany we all sailed o'er
To join the hostile ranks;
At length in Ireland we arrived
After a long campaign,
Where a bonny maid my heart betrayed,
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Her cheeks were of the roseate hue,
With the bright blinks of her e'en,
Besparkling with the drops of dew
That spangle the meadows green.
Jean Cameron ne'er was half so fair,
No! nor Jessy of Dumblane,
No princes fine can her outshine,
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

This bonny lass of Irish braw
Was of a high degree,
Her parents said a soldier's bride
Their daughter ne'er should be.
Overwhelmed with care, grief and despair,
No hope does now remain;
Since the nymph divine cannot be mine,
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

My tartan plaid I will forsake,
My commission I'll resign,
I'll make this bonny lass my bride,
If the lassie will be mine;
Then in Ireland, where the graces dwell,
For ever I'll remain,
And in hymen's band join heart in hand
Wi' Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Should war triumphant sound again,
And call her sons to arms,
Or neptune waft me o'er the flood,
Far from Jeannie's charms;
Should I be laid in honor's bed,
By a ball or dart be slain,
Death's pangs would cure the pains I bear
For Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Mistress Jinks, Wife of Captain Jinks

Tune—"Captain Jinks."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am Mistress Jinks of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and I puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While my husband's in the army;
Where'er I go I'm talked about,
I'm talked about, I'm talked about;
I wear the latest fashions out,
While the Captain's in the army.

SPOKEN—And why shouldn't I? Everybody that sees me knows:

CHORUS.

I am Mistress Jinks of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and I puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While the Captain's in the army.

I give my parties and my balls,
And tend to all my evening calls,
And buy the best I can find at Hall's
While my husband's in the army;
I write to him and he writes to me,
He writes to me, he writes to me,
And says that I must happy be
While the Captain's in the army.

SPOKEN—And why shouldn't I? He fights for his pay, I get it and spend it, he's happy, so am I, for—*Chorus.*

He says he'll get a furlough soon,
And come back home to stay till June,
O! won't I sing a different tune
To my husband in the army;
I'll meet him then with kisses sweet,
With kisses sweet, with kisses sweet,
I'll hasten out of the door to meet
With the Captain home from the army.

SPOKEN—And why shouldn't I? Haven't I spent all his money? Owe large bills, house rent due, nothing to wear, hungry, and, well—*Chorus.*

If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

If the waters could speak as they flow along
To the depths of the mighty sea,
What sorrow and tears and laughter and song
Would its pent up bosom free;
Tales of many a shatter'd life,
And once golden hopes laid low,
Would mingle with those of careers more bright
If the waters could speak as they flow;
Would mingle with those of careers more bright
If the waters could speak as they flow.

CHORUS.

Stories of laughter and tears,
And once golden hopes laid low,
Would mingle with those of brighter careers
If the waters could speak as they flow.

If the waters could speak as they flow along
Of scenes in the ages past,
Or tell of the great and mighty throng
That shall wake at the trumpet's blast;
Unwritten lore of love and war,
That the world will never know,
Would come before us from days of yore
If the waters could speak as they flow;
Would come before us from days of yore
If the waters could speak as they flow.—*Chorus.*

HANDY ANDY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

How are yez, me friends? sure I hope you're all well,
My cruel misfortunes to you I will tell;
I was born on a Friday, that ill omened day,
"He's a blundering blackguard," my father did say.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

My blunder, the first, I remember it yet,
I was sent to the Post Office letters to get;
"What name?" axed the clerk as I looked at him shy,
"That's none o' your business, you blackguard," says I.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

One morning there lay about two feet o' snow,
Said my boss, "You must clear off the pavement, ye know,"
He meant but the snow, but I cleaned it complete,
By shovelling the bricks wid the snow in the street.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

One night I was waiter at a party so nice,
They tould me to put the champagne in the ice;
I opened each bottle and thought it all right,
In the ice-water poured it, and ruined it quite.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

Says they "Ye young stupid, see what you have done,
You've spoiled our champagne, likewise all our fun,
Go! bring in soda water." Says I, "enough said;"
Soap and water I brought, which they threw at my head.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

Next I hired with a farmer to work by the year,
One day he says, "Give the cows corn in the ear!"
With shelled corn I filled up the ears of the cows,
When the farmer he kicked me straight out o' the house.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

One day a man led his horse up to a fence,
"Keep an eye on him," says he, "I'll give ye six pence,"
But he never paid me, 'cause the horse took affright,
Though my eye was on him till he run out o' sight.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

Then a footman I was, to attend to the door,
Where I had to tell lies as I did ne'er before;
"Is yer mashter at home?" one wud ax wid a grin,
"No, he told me to tell yez he wasn't just in,"
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

At last then I sez to myself: Andy, dear,
If ye wudn't be spiled ye had bether lave here;
Now I work at railroading and diggin' canawl,
And when grog time comes round, I am there at roll call.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

GYPSY MAID.

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I'm a merry gypsy maid from my tent to yonder glade,
Selling ballads is my trade, fortunes, too, I tell;
For village maids I've comfort bland, of sweethearts who complain,
You've only just to cross your hand to little gypsy Jane.
Tra la la la la la, &c.

With the lark I greet the morn when the dew is on the rye;
With the milkmaid 'neath the thorn stealthy am I;
For her I've tales of house and land, and husbands rich to gain,
She has but just to cross the hand of little gypsy Jane.
Tra la la la la la, &c.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If there's any young man here in love,
I think that I can cure him;
I once thought women angels were,
But now I can't endure them;
For I've been sold by a heartless maid
Who made of me a martyr,
She worked in a straw-hat factory,
And her name was Kitty Carter.

SPOKEN—She was the nicest little bundle of deceit that a man ever met with—she lived with her parents; her father was a brakesman in an oyster saloon, and her mother was book-keeper at an apple stand; but she, oh!

CHORUS.

Her eyes were bright, her footsteps light,
Her teeth as white as pearls;
She'd jet black hair and face as fair,
My pretty little factory girl;
I never shall forget the day
When first I chanced to meet her,
She looked so nice, I surely thought
I never saw one sweeter.

What lots of presents for her I bought:
Rings, pins, sacks, shawls and bonnets;
And I hired a poet at ten cents a line
To write some sweet love sonnets.

SPOKEN—Yes, I became highly extravagant, and deperately in love. I actually paid a dollar and a half for a love poem which I presented to her; it ran as follows:

Oh! Kitty Carter, the brakeman's darter,
No girl is smarter; to you I'm a martyr;
All the world I'd barter for a string of your garter,
And if you don't prove a tarter,
I'll love you forever and long arter—for—*Chorus.*

I sparked her for three months or more,
At last I was delighted;
I pressed her and she named the day
When we should be united;
O'erjoyed, upon her I bestowed
Such soft and fond caresess,
And I gave her all the cash I had
To purchase wedding dresses.

SPOKEN—Yes, I was rejoiced when she named the day. I rushed straight to the bank, drew all the money I had (twenty-seven dollars), and deposited it on her lap; I couldn't help it, because—*Chorus.*

At last the happy day came round,
To her house I did repair;
The door was locked and no one home,
The bride she wasn't there.
I searched all round, she couldn't be found,
With horror I was wrapt in,
When I learned that she had eloped that night
With a big canal boat captain!

SPOKEN—I was thunderstruck; the idea of her serving me so after I had given her all I had in the world! My first tought was suicide. I rushed to the nearest saloon and called for a glass of brandy and water and drank it to the last drop, and all through her—for—*Chorus.*

Since then I've wandered all alone,
With grief I am confounded,
The canal boat got wrecked last week
And the faithless girl was drowned.
I went to a friend, her burial to attend,
And I nearly lost my senses,
When the captain ran away, and I had to pay
All of her funeral expenses!

SPOKEN—Yes, I made myself very prominent as a mourner. The undertaker called on me to foot the bill; I had to do it. Since then I have carefully avoided the entire sex. I'll never go near one of them, even if—*Chorus.*

—A high chair: A Stock Exchange seat.

BRING BACK MY FISHER BOY.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. McVey.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by M. J. Cavanagh.

On a rugged shore where the sullen roar
Of the billows rent the skies,
And the boiling surge sang the seaman's dirge,
Stood a maid with tearful eyes.
She seaward gazed where the lightning blazed,
While this pray'r she sends above:
"Safe from the wave, oh, God! pray save
My fisher boy, my love!"

CHORUS.

Ye wild winds that blow,
Ye tides that ebb and flow,
Give back my love to me,
Give back my love to me;
Still, oh, God! the wave
That bears away my joy,
And bring back my blue-eyed lad,
Bring back my fisher boy.

His heart was gay as he sailed away
From his love that Summer morn;
His song of glee o'er the placid sea
To her ear was softly borne.
But skies grew dark—the fisher's bark
Is gulfed in the seething wave;
He'll ne'er return to the heart that mourns
Her love in his ocean grave.—*Chorus.*

COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come, haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbors,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your care and your labors
And let every heart beat with rapture to-day;
Ye votaries all, attend to my call,
Come, revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
Come, see rural felicity
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition
Still crowd to and beat at the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state;
We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ;
Come, see rural felicity
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude our bliss to annoy;
Come, see rural felicity
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

—Pa: "What would you like to be when you grow up, Johnny?" Johnny: "I think I'll be a soldier." "You might get killed." "Who by?" "By the enemy, of course." "Well then I guess I had better be the enemy."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Harlem Patron (rushing in): "Quick! Get this up to my house! It's a matter of life or death!" Snoozy (messenger number 44): "Lemme take it, Sully. Dey's der boss game 'r ball goin on 'bout five blocks dis side 'r where dat bloke lives."—*Judge.*

—"Gentlemen," said an indignant passenger on a south side cable car yesterday, "will none of you get up and give this old lady a seat?" "I'll thank you, sir," snapped the lady, "to attend to your own affairs. I am not as old as you are by twenty years, if I'm any judge of a person's age." The indignant passenger got off at the next crossing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

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Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the Spring-time,
There's where the old darkey's heart am longed to go;
There's where I labored so hard for old massa
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.

CHORUS.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the Spring-time,
There's where this old darkey's heart am longing to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live 'till I wither and decay,
Long by the old dismal swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away;
Massa and Missus have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more—*Chorus.*

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

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De floating scow ob old Virginny
Dat I worked in from day to day,
A-raking amongt de oysters' bed,
To me it was but play;
But now I'm old, and feeble, too,
I cannot work any more;
Den take me back to old Virginny,
To old Virginny shore!

Oh! if I was but young again
I would lead a different life,
And I'd save my money and buy a farm,
And take Dinah for my wife;
But now old age he holds me tight,
And my limbs are growing sore;
Den take me back to old Virginny,
To old Virginny shore!

Oh! when I'm dead and gone to rest,
Lay de old banjo by my side,
Let the possum and coon to the funeral go,
For dey was my only pride;
Den in soft repose I take my sleep,
And I'll dream for ebber more
Dat I'm taken back to old Virginny,
To old Virginny shore!

MADAM DUVAN.

As sung by Pat Rooney.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I have a daughter, her name is O'Holahan,
She comes out on the stage and she dances the can-can;
She can stand for three weeks on the top of her tippy toes,
And how she does it the Lord only knows;
She skips around like a jumping jack,
Some day or other she'll break her back.

CHORUS.

On the bills she is Madam Duvan,
And at home she is O'Holahan,
Is my daughter, Biddy, she is so pretty,
And they say she is just like her pa.

I took my old lady to see the performance,
But my daughter she kicked up so high in the clog dance,
The old lady got scared and commenced for to cry: "hi! hi!
Look out, Biddy, there, you'll kick a hole in the sky;"
For she leaps around like a jumping jack,
For she fell last week on the broad of her back.—CHORUS.

—Why does water *run* down hill? Because it can't walk.

DENNIS GRADY'S HACK.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Last Sunday morning early,
Tom Quin and Mary Haley,
Pat Brennan and Pat Daley,
Meself and my boy, Jack;
Ould nobby Denny Grady,
In livery coat and cady,
He drove each gent and lady
In his yellow painted hack.

CHORUS.

It's whoa, my pony!
'Glang, Napolean!
He is a pace the fastest on the track;
It's whoa, my dandy!
'Glang, Napolean!
He'll beat two-forty
Pulling Denny Grady's hack.

Oh! when we crossed the ferry,
All feeling very merry
From drinking port and sherry,
The tide was rather slack;
Like playful little children,
The sea-gulls, by the million,
They flew round in cotillion
As we sat in Grady's hack.—*Chorus.*

We reached our destination,
The horse in prespiration,
He took a long vacation
'Way out in Hackensack;
While we did gather flowers,
Unmindful of the hours,
Until the falling showers,
Oh! they drove us in the hack.—*Chorus.*

The road was dark and dreary,
And we were worn and weary,
A little over leery
When we were driving back;
'Twas there we struck a bowlder,
The horse fell on his shoulder,
The wheel came off and rolled us
Out of Denny Grady's hack.—*Chorus.*

Such swearing and such talking,
High kicking and fast walking,
A cursing old Wechawken
Along the railroad track;
Tongue-lashing Denny Grady,
His livery coat and cady,
All wishing him in hades
Wid his yellow-painted hack.—*Chorus.*

I BUILT A BRIDGE OF FANCIES.

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I built a bridge of fancies,
It reached from earth to heaven,
Yet scarcely ere completed,
Its slender chains were riven;
So many shadows crossed it,
In colors decked so bright,
No wonder that they broke it,
Although their weight was light,
Although their weight was light.

Yet stay, I now remember,
'Twas a blinding storm of rain
Fell from my eyelids heavy,
Raising a mist of pain;
When next I gazed with longing,
In one short Summer's day,
All I had loved had vanished,
My bridge was swept away,
My bridge was swept away.

ANNIE LAURIE.

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Maxwelton braes are bonny
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like a snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' fairy feet,
And like the winds in Summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

THE FISH-BALL MUSKETEER.

Tune—"The Cork Leg."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A musketeer went up and down,
To seek a dinner through the town;
He'd nothing touched for one long day,
No one to treat on all Broadway,
A fish-ball musketeer.

He opens his purse to count his pence,
And finds he has but just three cents;
This won't do much, but still I'll try
To see what my three cents will buy,
Says my my fish-ball musketeer.

At last he finds a right good place,
And enters it with modest grace;
The waiter stared as he came in,
And thought he looked quite short of tin,
This fish-ball musketeer.

The bill of fare he glances through,
To see what his three cents would do,
The cheapest viands of them all
Was just six cents for two fish-balls,
My fish-ball buccaneer.

Six cents! I've not but only three,
And for two balls I can't agree;
So the waiter to him he did call,
And gently whispered: one fish-ball,
This oyster-pie zouave.

The waiter brought him his fish-ball;
My zouave whispered, that's not all,
A piece of bread, sir, if you please,
Will appetite and conscience ease,
Says my little plum-broth ensign.

The guests all stared at our poor friend,
The waiter looked from end to end,
And then he roared it through the hall:
We don't give bread with one fish-ball,
My coffee and cake cadet.

MORAL—Which I hope the Captain of the Free Lunch Cadets will communicate to his company.

If your cash is down to just three cents,
O'Neil has left but one request:
Take my advice, now one and all,
Don't ask for bread with one fish-ball,
Like my fish-ball musketeer.

THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! love, it is a ticklish thing,
It makes true lovers blue,
I mean such chaps as me, whose heart
Is big enough for two;
For twelve long months I spent my time
And money, which was not much,
On a nursemaid in a family
Where they all spoke double Dutch.

CHORUS.

But Sarah's gone and left me,
Her love for me was sham;
I never thought she was so false,
And elope with a cat's-meat man.

By trade I am a sandwich man,
That is, I carry boards,
And a poor man has a heart to love
As well as dukes and lords;
And so had I, I told her so,
She promised me she'd wed,
And so she did, but 'twasn't me,
'Twas the cat's-meat man instead.—*Chorus.*

I never had cause to doubt her,
Until I used to see
A cat's-meat man call twice a day,
Who tried to rival me;
With his pen'orth of meat upon a skewer,
Half-price to her he'd sell,
And that was how he won her heart
And left me here to tell.—*Chorus.*

She thought by marrying the cat's-meat man
To lead a happy life;
But he takes his ease, she goes his rounds,
He's made her a useful wife;
I never knew that she could sing,
But she can so nice and sweet,
With a barrow in front, she screams and cries
Morning, noon and night: "Cat's-meat!"—*Chorus.*

I swore I'd have satisfaction,
I'll bring him to the ground;
I'll buy some poison and destroy
All the cats that's on his round;
If I kill the cats they won't want meat,
His trade to the dogs will go,
He stole my love, I'll steal his trade,
For a soldier then I'll go.

SPOKEN—And join the Donkey Rifle Corps.

LAST CHORUS.

Sarah's gone and left me,
Her love for me was sham;
She can go to Putney on a pig
Along with her cat's-meat man.

CASEY'S BOARDING HOUSE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Mr. Casey started a boarding house down here in Cherry street,
About twenty sailors came to board, his shanty was so neat,
He gave them feather beds and bolsters,
Laid them out just like a mouse;
In Summer time you'd be eat with bugs
At Casey's boarding house.

CHORUS.

That's where you could get your plum duff
And apple sauce,
Pigs' feet pies, and cod-fish eyes
At Casey's boarding house.

Casey came to us one morning, and this is what he said:
"Can't ye spare the butter, boys, there's plenty of fresh bread;
Butter costs me money, bread is so awful cheap,
There's plenty of cigar lighters there for to pick your teeth."—*Cho.*

THE BIG AND LITTLE OF IT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

FIRST LOVER—I've just arrived in town to-day,
To see the girl I love,
She lives in yonder little cot,
She is my turtle dove;
I know I've got a rival
That comes here on the sly;
I'm bound to have the girl, you bet,
At least I'm going to try.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! the girl she must be mine,
With her Grecian bend stuck out behind,
I'm bound to have the girl, you know,
The fairest in the land;
And I never will be satisfied
Until I take her hand.

SECOND LOVER—I wonder who that fellow was,
He thinks he cuts a shine,
He comes around the girl I love,
And very soon I'll find;
He'd better quickly take a walk,
On him I'll put a head,
And send him home with his ma,
She'll put him right in bed.—*Chorus.*

BOTH—Oh! what's the matter? excuse me, sir,
What was you doing here?
SECOND LOVER—I came to court the girl I love,
Now don't you interfere;
FIRST LOVER—I'd interfere, just if I like,
For you was now on time,
SECOND LOVER—I reckon not if I know myself,
She promised to be mine.—*Chorus.*

The Mill will Never Grind Again with the Water that has Passed.

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Last night I dreamed of home and friends and when I was a boy,
I thought I lived in scenes I had of yore,
I thought I heard my mother's voice in accents soft and low,
It sounded sweeter than it ever did before;
I went with father to the mill, as often I had done,
And watch the wheel go 'round so smooth and fast,
He placed his hand upon my head, and said to me: My son,
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

CHORUS.

Those dear old scenes I can't forget wherever I may go,
Far in my memory they will ever last,
And as I journey on through life there's something whispers low,
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

As years rolled on I grew to be a wild and reckless boy,
Not caring what I done or where I went,
I grew to be a drunkard, I who was my mother's joy,
And on the road to ruin I was bent;
My money gone, I sat me down to think what I had done,
And the tears rolled down my cheecks so thick and fast,
And as I sat I thought I heard my mother say: "My son,
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed."
Those dear old scenes, &c.

—Young father: Blamed if I know what's the matter with the baby, doc., but she cries all the time. Doctor: Perhaps she has been cutting her teeth. Young father: I don't believe it, doc.; she ain't had a knife or anything sharp to play with since she was born.

—"Ethel," asked a Lewiston mother of her daughter, as the fair young girl sat down to a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George leave any package for me, last evening?" Ethel blushed, and said, falteringly: "Why, no, mamma. What made you ask?" "O, nothing; I only heard him say at the door as he said good-by, 'Now, here is one more for your mother, and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me." Ethel said nothing.

SAVING IT ALL FOR MARY.

Tune—"Gathering the Myrtle with Mary."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You wonder why I am happy,
You I will tell;
I am about to marry
A charming little belle;
I'm saving all my money,
I never spend a cent,
I will give it all to Mary
So she may pay the rent.

CHORUS.

I am saving it all for Mary,
She will have every one,
I am saving it all for Mary,
Oh! what lots of fun;
When we are married I will be the boss,
Or make it hot for Mary.

I was never known to quarrel,
I was never known to kick,
Neither did I hit
My neighbor with a brick;
I was never known to fight,
I never came to blows,
I never was known to smash
Another fellow's nose.—*Chorus.*

PICTURES OF HOME.

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Words by Fred. Dixon. Music by Harry Pepper.

I'm watching by the old log fire
As ruddy flames they rise,
And pictures of my home I see
Through tears that dim my eyes;
I see each face once loved so well,
My heart is filled with pain,
I think where home I used to dwell
I ne'er shall see again.

CHORUS.

Home, home, pictures of home,
Home far across the sea,
Home, home, beautiful home,
Home ever dear, ever dear to me.

I see the cottage 'neath the tree,
I see the old arm chair;
I see my mother's bible,
But mother is not there;
I see the woods, the school-house old,
The brook with its soft flow;
I see the sweetheart fair, who told
Her love now long ago.—*Chorus.*

I see the happy Christmas time
The children with their toys,
And father's merry joyous face
And happy girls and boys;
I mutter low, "God bless them all,"
And try to say a prayer,
So let the curtain slowly fall,
The picture still is there.—*Chorus.*

—Drinking man (to friend): Congratulate me! I've stopped drinking; and I would have quit long ago if I had known how much better a man feels as a total abstainer. Friend: Good! How long since you quit? About fifteen minutes.

—I hate to make a complaint, Mr. Smith, but that lawn-mower of yours is a terrible nuisance." "Lawn-mower! I haven't got any lawn-mower." "Haven't got any lawn-mower? Well that's good. As though I hadn't heard it night and morning ever since I moved here. There! There goes the confounded thing again." "But, my dear sir, that isn't a lawn-mower. That's my son winding up his Waterbury."

The Man That Knew the Actors.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of a queer young man I'm going to tell,
And every one of you know him well,
He's rather a sort of a dizzy swell,
The man that knew the actors;
He knew every actor, both East and West,
The highest, the lowest, the least, the best,
In fact he would never give you a rest,
The man that knew the actors.

He knew Frank Girard, Charles White and Pat Rooney,
When he spoke of Add Ryman he nearly went "looney;"
He knew both the Tonys, Pastor and Hart,
And he said he gave Harrigan his very first start;
He knew John Wild, Johnny Shay and Billy Gray,
And he knew Billy Thompson wrote many a play.
He knew Billy Barry as well as his mother,
And Frank Bennett to him was dear as a brother;
Watson and Ellis he knew thoroughly well,
And he put in the business John and Harry Kernell.

He knew the Deveres, both Samuel and Billy,
And Fields and Hanson, who knocked the "guys" silly;
Gus Williams, he said, is a great friend of mine,
"He eats nothing but birds, and drinks nothing but wine;"
Lew Simmonds and Richmond are two of his pards,
And Sanford and Wilson enjoy his regards.
Bily Emerson and Newcomb are two of his friends,
And to Schoolcraft and Coes his best wish extends;
He knew Hughey Dougherty, and of him spoke well,
And he lived in the same house with Senator Bell;
Delehanty and Hengler, Harry Thompson and McKee
Were many times out with him on a good "spree."

He gave Charley Diamond his first lesson in music,
And writes all the songs for Bill Morton and Gulick;
He knows Backus and Wambold, and fat Billy Birch,
They introduced him to Thatcher one day in a church;
Billy Carter, Jacques Kruger, and himself are quite thick,
He knows all the Nortons, including one they call Nick.
Milt Barlow, George Wilson, West and Primrose,
Wouldn't lose his good will for a million of shows;
He knows Larry Tooley, Joe Lang and Ned West,
And Cummings and Harrington his friendship attest;
He knew Quilter and Goldrich, and old Walter Bray,
In fact, he knows every actor in the country to-day.

He knows people that were dead for ninety-nine years,
And whenever he spoke of them he always shed tears;
A Mick who was listening to him a couple of hours,
Said: "Do you know a young man by the name of Ed Powers?"
He said he did not; and could you suppose
That the terrier thumped him square on the nose,
Saying: "You're a liar!" as his ear he did eat,
And made kick at his neck as he ran in the street,
And now he knows no actor.

PADDY WHACK.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Arrah! Paddy's my name, and a comelier lad,
Sure, never sung whack at the end of a song;
Then give me a buss, it will make my heart glad,
And I'll love and sing whack, honey, all the day long.

CHORUS.

Yes, whack, my dear, whack, whack, my dear, whack,
Yes, whack, my dear, whack, all the day long,
Love and whack is the same in an Irishman's song.

Botheration, be aisy, I'm dying for love,
I can't sleep for grumbling out the old song;
I've a pain at me heart, yet that pain pleases me,
I love, dream, and cry whack all the night long.—*Chorus.*

In the land of Kilkenny the lasses ran after me,
Plaguing and teasing me all the day long;
And the good wives and widows were always a teasing me
To play the last stave of my good Irish song.—*Chorus.*

THAT MELODY DIVINE.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordah.

From out the mighty city, its tumult and its strife,
The noisy, noisy city, its bustle and its life;
From out the mighty city, its splendor and its blaze,
Transported in a dream I was to childhood's happy days;
Again I saw the fair green fields, and as again I strayed
The birds sang sweetly round me, the breezes softly played
Just as they did in days gone by, when free from every care,
I roamed about those sunny fields with heart as light as air,
And as I dreaming listened, another strain I heard,
More sweet than sound of sighing breeze more sweet than song of bird
It was a dear voice singing a song of olden time,
A dear old song of long ago, a melody divine,
It was a sweet voice singing a melody divine.

O melody divine, O vision come again,
And take me to that blissful scene, O dream of dreams return,
I fain would hear the strain again, the voice of long ago,
That song of "Annie Laurie," in tones so sweet and low;
The dear old songs will never die, they come to bless and cheer,
To bring us fond remembrances of loved ones ever dear;
Yes, there are songs that never die, around the heart they twine,
The dear old songs of long ago, the melodies divine,
The dear old songs of long ago, the melodies divine.
"Maxwelton's banks are bonny, where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that 'Annie Laurie' gie'd me her promise true,"
That melody divine, that melody divine.

I HOPE IT DON'T HAPPEN AGAIN

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I borrowed five dollars the week before last,
And I hope it don't happen again,
I went out with the gang and I blew it in fast,
And I hope it don't happen again;
It will take me a year to pay up the debt,
You can bet your sweet life that I've not done it yet,
But that's what I'll do the first money I get,
And I hope it don't happen again.

I once had a fight with our hired man,
And I hope it don't happen again.
He knocked me around like a John Sullivan,
And I hope it don't happen again;
He hit me so hard that I thought I was killed,
Sure that time of fighting I had my fill,
Only forty-three dollars was my doctor bill,
And I hope it don't happen again.

One morning last Spring I went out to play ball,
And I hope it don't happen again,
For of the game I knew nothing at all,
And I hope it don't happen again;
I was out in the field, I run for a fly,
Down came the ball and struck me in the eye,
Holy Jemima! I thought I would die,
And I hope it don't happen again.

I once had a scrap with my mother-in-law,
And I hope it don't happen again,
She broke my arm and fractured my jaw,
And I hope it don't happen again;
She hit me a whack on the back of my head,
For seven long weeks I lay stretched on my bed,
They had crape on the door for they thought I was dead,
And I hope it don't happen again.

CASTLES IN JAVA.

"Are you building air castles in Spain?"
The landlady asked of a boarder,
Then the poor fellow flushed with pain,
Replied, as he sadly glanced toward her,
"No, madam! my coffee's so poor
I think not of Seville or Havre;
Yet, really, I wish I were sure
I were looking at grounds, now in Java."

WHEELER'S
Philadelphia Agency,
W. B. Lu'ly.
S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

OVER THERE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! potatoes they grow small, over there, over there!
Oh! potatoes they grow small, over there!
Oh! potatoes they grow small,
'Cause they plant them in the Fall,
And then eats 'em tops and all, over there, over there!

Oh! the candles they are small, over there, over there!
Oh! the candles they are small, over there!
Oh! the candles they are small,
For they dips 'em lean and tall,
And then burns 'em sticks and all, over there, over there!

Oh! I wish I was a geese, all forlorn, all forlorn!
Oh! I wish I was a geese, all forlorn!
Oh! I wish I was a geese,
'Cause they lives and dies in peace,
And accumulates much grease, eating corn, eating corn!

Oh! they had a clam-pie, over there, over there!
Oh! they had a clam-pie, over there!
Oh! they had a clam-pie,
And the crust was made of rye,
And you must eat it or die, over there, over there!

PAT AND THE PRIEST.

Tune—"Villkins and His Dinah."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Pat fell sick on a time, and he sent for the priest,
That, dying, he might have his blessing, at least;
And to come with all speed did humbly implore him,
To fit him out right for the journey before him.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father the summons did quickly obey,
And found Paddy, alas! in a terrible way;
Fixed and wild were his looks, and his nose cold and blue,
And his countenance wore a cold churchyard-like hue.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li ru ral li day.

The good father bid Pat confess all his crimes,
To think of his sins, and forsake them betimes;
Or his fate else would be, like other vile souls,
To be flayed and be salted, then roasted on coals!
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Oh! think, my dear Pat, on that beautiful place,
Where you'll visit St. Patrick, and see his sweet face;
'Tis a country, my jewel, so charming and swate,
Where you'll never want praties, nor brogues to your fate."
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, with inquisitive face,
"That country must sure be a beautiful place;
St. Patrick, no doubt, will give us good cheer,
But d'ye think he has got any ould whiskey there?"
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father with wonder, amaze and surprise,
Clasped his hands and next turned up the whites of his eyes;
"Oh! vile sinner," says he, "can you hope to be forgiven,
If you think there is carousing and drinking in heaven?"
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, "though I cannot help thinking,
If in heaven they can do without eating or drinking,
(Though I don't mean to say what you tell is a fable,)
'Twould be dacent, you know, to see a drop on the table."
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

—Twiffkins: What's the reason they always have rocky passes and all that kind of thing in Irish plays? Bliffkins: Because nothing could be more appropriate for Ireland than sham-rocks.

—Stern Papa (hiding a stout cane behind his back, under a tree on which his young hopeful has been foraging among the apples): Charley, dear, come down; it is beginning to thunder. Charley: All right, pa; I can listen to it up here!—*Kladderadatsch.*

IS YOUR MAMMA WELL?

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There's a fellow so simple who calls upon me,
Who thinks he's surprisingly clever,
To be posted on every expression that's new,
Is always his eager endeavor;
"Are you going very far?" "Yes, I are." "Well, ta, ta,"
And such brilliant nonsense he mutters,
But of late he has caught something crazier still,
And this is the question he utters:

CHORUS.

Is your mamma well, baby, is your mamma very well?
Health of papa good, daisy, is your papa cheerful, tell?
And your sister is she very bright, brother, too, is he all right?
And again, love, are you quite sure you're mamma's well?

In the talk of the day he's a genius indeed,
For certainly none could be wiser,
Not a thing that occurs but he's sure to insist
Was "all on account of Eliza;"
"Not this eve!" "Well, good eve!" he so quickly did learn,
When "What, never?" he had to smother,
"Are you going to the ball, love, this evening?" came next,
With its answer, "Not this, but some other."

SPOKEN—He's a regular dictionary of popular slang. He knows all about "jays," "gillys," "freshes," "gawks," "rubes," "terrors," "daisies," and other curiosities, and talks about "shooting dicers," "taking tumbles," "bracing main guys," and going to the ball this evening, or some other, no other, this other, or any other good evening until he crazes me. And now he makes matters worse by asking me—*Chorus.*

What a Stunning Pair of Legs.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm a buxom little fellow, now it's true I do declare,
But still I'm not a dandy with a nobby head of hair;
As I roam along the streets they admire me, oh, fegs,
And the ladies cry when passing, what a stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

The very morn I was born I drained my mother's purse,
There was the cook and doctor, the mid-wife and the nurse;
They drank my health in gin and rum, and ogled me, oh, fegs,
And each in turn kept shouting, what a stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

Now when that I grew up a boy, and I was sent to school,
One day I played the truant, and fell into a pool;
My master went to flog me, he halloaed out, oh, fegs,
Hold fast the little rascal by his stunnning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

My mother doted on me and often she would sing,
Indeed, I think my little son will surely be a king;
One day I tried to stop a pig, it was a lark, oh, fegs,
For he gave a grunt and bolted though my stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

A policeman collared hold of me, oh, how he made me squeak,
He took me to the station-house and then before the beak;
Do you know him? said the magistrate; said the peeler, yes, oh, fegs,
You may know he is a prig by his stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

Send him off to Blackwell, the magistrate then says,
And let him work the quarry for one-and-thirty days;
Tell the Governor to watch him, and work him well, oh, fegs,
And clap a pair of ruffles on his stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

I served a month in limbo, in misery and pain,
I hope that I shall never get into their claws again,
I tried to run one morning, but trod upon some eggs,
And slipped into a plug-hole with my stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

—It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.

HUSH! DON'T WAKE THE BABY

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Two little eyes of azure blue,
Two little locks of golden hue,
One litle sweet and pretty face,
One little look of heavenly grace.
Like an angel, bright and fair,
Baby's asleep in the old arm chair;
Close the door softly, and just come and peep,
Softly! for baby is fast asleep;
Silent creep, baby's asleep,
Hush! don't wake the baby.

CHORUS.

Hush! don't wake the baby,
See how she's silently sleeping,
One little arm round her neck entwines,
Two little eyes half peeping;
Mamma, she's a lady,
Sleep on, my dear little baby;
See how she smiles with the angels bright,
Good night! good night! good night!

Innocent lips just made to press
Close in a mother's fond caress,
Language can never well define
One baby look of love divine;
Like the sound of angel wings
Soft to a mother's fond heart it clings;
Close the door softly and just come and peep,
Softly! for baby is fast asleep;
Silently creep, baby's asleep,
Hush! don't wake the baby.—*Chorus.*

I NEVER SAW A SAW SAW LIKE THIS SAW SAWS.

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I'm cheap Jack by trade, and all things I have sold,
Low priced, and expensive, and novel, and old;
I've journeyed o'er England, o'er Scotland and Wales,
And startled the natives with marvellous tales;
But to-night I've an article I want to sell,
That will suit any one, I can warrant it well,
This saw I can introduce safely, because
I ne'er saw a saw saw like this ere saw saws.

CHORUS.

You may have sought a saw that saws like this saw saws,
Or want a sort of saw that saws like this saw saws,
You purchase ought a saw that saws like this saw saws,
But you never saw a saw that saws like this saw saws.

Its uses I'll run through remarkably quick,
It can cut its own lucky and cut its own stick,
To cut along quickly it never has failed,
And goes faster than ever a cutter yet sailed;
Its assisted full many old fogies when ill,
To cut off their heir, I mean in a will,
It can cut in the light and can cut in the dark,
And has caused full many a cutting remark.—*Chorus.*

Now this very saw, mind, it's truth that I tell,
Assisted in cutting the Suez Canal,
And it's used you always distinctly can trace,
In taking a short cut to any known place;
It's used in cutting a dozen things more,
It can cut an acquaintance, a dun or a bore,
And as falsehood my spirit is muchly beneath,
I assure you it's true, it can cut its own teeth.—*Chorus.*

Mind what I now tell you is not in a joke,
'Twill assist you to long cut or short, if you smoke,
And though I've not tried, I believe these two facts
It's useful to cut down a rate or a tax;
I never saw a saw like this saw saws, no!
Will any one purchase it now, ere I go?
For though at the fact perhaps many may scoff,
This saw is compelling me now to cut off.—*Chorus.*

JUDY McCARTY.

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Come, all my hearty roving blades,
Some fun you are expecting,
And I will prove without any noise
That I am not neglecting;
You've heard the song of Biddy McGee,
And how she coaxed poor Paddy,
But another one you'll get from me
About charming Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c.

At Donnybrook fair I met her,
Along with Michael McCarty,
He handed her into a seat with care,
Then soon I followed after;
I asked her up to dance a jig,
She danced it nate and hearty,
It was then with love I felt quite big
For charming Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c.

I asked her would she be my wife,
Or, would she be my darling?
The best of husbands I would make,
And plaze her night and morning;
She said she would, and glad she was
I took her from the party,
That night was spent in devilment
Hugging Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c.

To go home then we did prepare,
We jogged it all the way, sir;
We slept together that very night
Until the break of day, sir;
Next morning to the priest we went,
Who tied us nate and hearty,
That night was spent in devilment
Hugging Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c.

Twelve months after we were wed,
What do you think she brought, sir?
But a pair of twins as like their dad,
As ever soup's like broth, sir;
And now I'll finish my little song,
My song so gay and hearty;
The Irish boys such devils are
For getting the young McCartys!
Whack fal la, &c.

I WOULDN'T IF I COULD.

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I wandered by the leafy lane,
The sun was going down,
I heard his gentle steps again,
And yet I did not frown;
Thinks I: "he came to walk with me,
To tell him No! is rude;
I couldn't if I would, you see,
I wouldn't if I could."

CHORUS.

I couldn't if I would, you see,
I wouldn't if I could!
I couldn't if I would, you see,
I wouldn't if I could.

The early stars were in the sky,
And still he did not go,
The garden gate we lingered by
In evening's silver glow;
He asked me if his wife I'd be,
And whisper "No," who would?
I couldn't if I would, you see,
I wouldn't if I could.—*Chorus.*

—The man who falls out of a balloon realizes the gravity of the situation before he has dropped five miles.—*Bazar.*

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

Tune—"Paddy's Wedding."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm safe once more and landed on shore,
And sound as a trout and sounder, oh!
No music so sweet my ears can greet
As the noise of a fourteen pounder, oh!
When honor calls for bullets and balls,
My heart is light and airy, oh!
My eyes get bright as the stars at night,
That shine over sweet Tipperary, oh!

SPOKEN—Oh! boys and girls, I'm just after putting over the devil's campaign, as Mickey Flinn said when he beat the devil! But the devil take the Russians for me, anyhow, for if I haven't had my hearty bellyful of them, the devil a well-fed man in Turkey has. But, boys, to make a long story short, I'll tell you how I became a soldier. Well, you see, I had an uncle by my mother's side, in the army, and he being over on the recruiting service in our part of the country, he came one fine morning, and says he: "Phelim Devlin, do you know what I'm after thinking?" "How should I know what you would be after thinking, before you tell me?" "Well," says he, "I am just thinking that you are losing your good looking time here when you might list for a soldier, go out to the Crimea and mix among the most respectable of society." "It's a very large society, uncle," says I, "they must have the devil's own mortality to pay, but devil a word ye're speaking about being kilt." "You're only to die once, Phelim, my boy." "By my sucklers, and you are right, and when I'm dead I'll be done buying blutchers, but kilt or not kilt, tip us the bob." "Well, sirs, he struck the left side of the heel of my fist with the shilling, and off we marched to the tune of—

CHORUS.

Hurrah! boys, machree, come join with me,
Those Russians, boys, can't harm you, oh!
Both night and day we're sure of our pay,
So, hurrah for a life in the army, oh!

To a shebeen we got, but the day was so hot,
And myself was tired of lushing, oh!
"Uncle, ochone, where are we gone?"
"Och!" says he, "we're gone down to the Russians, oh!"
"Is it to fight?" says I. Says he: "Aye, or die,"
When in marched Captain O'Leary, oh!
Says my uncle: "Don't fear, in a couple of years
You'll get back to sweet Tipperary, oh!

SPOKEN—And, sure enough, in walked Captain O'Leary, with a face upon him for all the world like a fourpenny loaf burnt brown, that a three year old kid had picked the currants out of. "Is your men all ready, sergeant, d'ye mind?" "They are, your honor's glory," says my uncle. "Thanks be to God I'm not one of them, anyway," says I. "I'll tell you what," says my uncle, "you're the Queen's man for ten years, or two, if required." "How the blazes can I be the Queen's man for ten years, or two, if required, when I'm Nelly Brady's at home for life, and we're going to be married the day after to-morrow?" "I'll tell you," says the captain, "you had better not tell your sweetheart anything about it or she might lie in next Winter" "You'll excuse me, Captain," says I, "but if you get the route out to India, you might lie out next Winter." But, boys, with talking I didn't see where I was walking, so the toe of my boot happened to rub up against the Captain's trousers. He turns round to me, and says he: "Mind where you're going, sir, mind where you're going; do you see what you're after doing to my trousers?" "I beg your pardon, Captain," says I, "but I think it's ten years since you could call them trousers." "What do you mean, sir? what do you mean?" "I mean that if you be after wearing them as long as you have done already, you'll have them worn into knee-breeches." But, boys, when he saw I turned the joke against him he gave me a look as sharp as a sack of razors. "Right-about-face!" says he. "Oh! here's you're shilling," says I, and I looked home to Nelly Brady. But, boys, it was no use talking, I might as well try to stop a railway train as to speak to either of them; so, boys, the Captain gave the word of command, and we all struck up a singing—*Chorus.*

We were ordered away, we'd no time to stay,
I got my trousers and jacket, oh!
With walking, astore, my feet were sore,
'Till we arrived on board the packet, oh!
We were ordered away, we'd no time to stay,
And the ship flew through the waves like a fairy, oh!
When coming near the shore, each man gave a roar
For the army in sweet Tipperary, oh!

SPOKEN—Down come my uncle, and says he to me: "Prepare, Phelim, for fight's the word." "Och! go and amuse yourself with shooting Russian sparrows. Is it committing murder you want me to be after?" "Well, if you don't they'll peg you down if they can." "Will they? let them try it, by my soul. Do you know this, uncle? the man that would peg me down wouldn't I get up and knock his brains out! d'ye mind that now." But, boys, we began fighting in real earnest, there we were to be seen going up the heights of Alma, there were to be seen heads looking for their bodies, and bodies looking for their heads in return. But when it came to the charge of the 88th, the 96th and the 77th, och! we put the chase on them, as Phil Doolan said to his bull dog. After two or three hours hard fighting, down comes my uncle, and says: "Dress up in the front, Phelim, for here comes the Captain with a despatch." Down comes the Captain and says to me: "Come here, Phelim Devlin, my Tipperary soldier, the field's our own." "Had we not better take it with us?" says I. My boys, he had scarcely the words out of his mouth, when he got the hit of a Russian bullet on the refreshment bag, and down he fell like a pig in a fit. "Ho, terenageous! the Captain's hit!" "I've got a ball, Phelim," says he. "Well, you can do no less than give them a ball in return," says I. "Get up," says I. "I can't," says he. "For why?" says I. "Because I'm kilt," says he. "Well, you shan't lie there as long as Phelim Devlin's here." So, boys, I got him on my shoulders and carried him off to the trenches. But, boys, as great a favorite as I was with the Captain, faith! he got that stiff, devil a word he'd speak to poor Phelim; the fact of the matter, boys, he was dead; so, of course we buried him in all due military respect. But, boys, I was forgetting to tell you that I didn't escape unhurt myself. I got the hit of a Russian bullet on the cap of my left knee that made me roar like a Spanish ass. I was sent home to Dublin on a shilling a day, and just arrived there in time for a jolly blow out that was given to all the Crimean heroes; then you may know what Phelim laid in, when he bursted three button-holes of his shareholder, but if ever I meet with any of my old comrades that suffered with me in the Crimea, I won't prevent my Tipperary tongue from singing —*Chorus.*

DRINANE DHUN.

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Of late I'm captivated by a handsome young man,
I'm daily complaining for my own darling John,
I'll be roving all day until night does come on,
And I'll be shaded by the green leaves of the Drinane Dhun.

Next fair day I'll get a fairing from my handsome young man,
Twenty bright kisses from my own darling John,
Confuse them, consume them that say I'm not true,
Through green groves and lofty mountains I'll rove with you.

My love is far fairer than a fine Summer day,
His breath is far sweeter than the new mown hay,
His hair shines like gold when exposed to the sun,
He is fair as the blossom of the Drinane Dhun.

My love he is going to cross over the main,
May the Lord send him safe to his virtuous love again;
He is gone and he's left me in grief for to tell,
O'er the green hills and lofty mountains between us to dwell.

I wish I had a small boat on the ocean to float,
I'd follow my darling wherever he did resort;
I'd sooner have my true love to roll, sport, and play,
Than all the golden treasure by land or by sea.

I'm patiently waiting for my true love's return,
And for his long absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn,
I'll join with the sweet birds till the Summer comes on,
To welcome the blossoms of the Drinane Dhun.

Come all you pretty fair maids get married in time,
To some handsome young man that will keep up your prime;
Beware of the Winter morn, cold breezes come,
Which will consume the blossoms early of the Drinane Dhun.

—It's all very well to pay as you go, but if you have no baggage the hotel proprietor would rather you would pay when you arrive.

—"By the way, where is Jones now?" asked Briggs. "I haven't heard of him for a long time." "He has gone to the spirit land," replied Quimby. "What, is he dead?" "I didn't say he was dead. He has moved to Kentucky."

NANCY.

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Written and Composed by J. F. Mitchell.

Come trim her sails and away we go
With a merrily, cheerily, ho, ye ho,
And away we'll sail for the glorious West,
To the land and the lassie I love the best;
And this was the sailor's song,
He sang it the whole day long.

CHORUS.

Nancy, Nancy, I hope that you have been true,
Miles away, night and day, I've always thought of you,
But now I'm sailing to the West,
Back to the lassie I love best,
Nancy, you're my fancy, and I'm still true blue.

I've stood the blaze of a "South'rons's" eye,
With its flashing of love and its langour shy,
But the compass never was found more true,
Than I through danger have been to you;
You gave me your love to keep,
I'll bring it back o'er the deep.—*Chorus.*

I've drunk your health in each seaport town,
'Till they thought you a lady of high renown,
And I gave three cheers and a tiger, too,
For your strawberry lips and your eyes so blue;
At last o'er the bounding main,
I'm sailing to you again.—*Chorus.*

HENRIETTA PYE.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

My name is Henry Higgins,
A simple country lad,
My sweetheart I have lost her,
All through her cruel dad;
He was a wealthy baker,
I was his 'prentice boy,
Who loved his Henrietta,
While in her pa's employ.

CHORUS.

"Oh, Henrietta! Henrietta! Henrietta Pye!"
The little boys would holler out whenever she'd go by;
And when her daddy ask for to know the reason why,
They responded with the chorus of "O, Henry, eat a pie!

Behind the baker's counter,
Oh, bless the flow'ry place!
When bending down for biscuits
I met her face to face;
Some boys looked in the window
And shouted: "What a guy!"
For kissing Henrietta,
My Henrietta Pye.—*Chorus.*

She held some ladies' fingers,
Also a lemon pie,
And when I kissed my darling
They wasn't fit to buy,
For there upon my bosom
Was lemon juice, oh, my!
From kissing Henrietta,
My Henrietta Pye.—*Chorus.*

Her daddy was a miser,
But nimble as a fly,
So when he saw the pastry
He pasted up my eye;
When black and blue and bleeding,
I asked him why, oh, why?
He said: "You are a glutton,
You, Henry, eat a pie."—*Chorus.*

NO, 'TIS NOT TRUE.

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'Tis not true, when I sat by thee enthralled,
Murmuring love 'til night had passed,
Hast thy memory e'er recalled
How our hearts were beating fast,
When I sat by thee enthralled,
Murmuring love 'till night had passed?
Ah! no, 'tis not true,
Ah! no, no, 'tis not true, no, no;
Has thy memory never recalled,
How our young hearts were beating fast?

No, 'tis not true, ah! dost remember thy lips said,
While I live I'll love but thee,
But before the sound had fled
Thy heart ceased to beat for me;
Dost remember thy lips said,
While I live I can love but thee?
Ah! no, 'tis not true, ah! no, no, 'tis not true, no, no;
But before the sound had fled
Thy heart had ceased to beat for me,
No, 'tis not true, no, 'tis not true.

HAPPY BIRDS.

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Words by C. T. Steele. Music by Eduard Holst.

Happy birds sing to me that I too may happy be,
O happy birds all the day warbling in the trees,
How your song floats along on the gentle breeze,
And it seems that the leaves wisper in their glee,
While your song floats along gay and merrily;
And your plumage gay, as ye dart in your flight,
Sends the sun's warm ray a glad splendor more bright,
And your glad refrain makest nature resound
As your voices ring from the hills and vales around.

CHORUS.

O had I wings to fly like you, then would I seek my love so true,
And never more we'd parted be, but live and love eternally;
O had I wings to fly like you, then would I seek my love so true,
And love forever, sighing, O never, e'er would be happy and gay.

Happy birds sing to me that I too may happy be,
O happy birds sing to me of the fields and flowers,
Of the woods, vales and hills and the leafy bowers,
So that I will not sigh nor will lonely be,
For my love now has gone far away from me;
Can'st thou not away from thy shady retreat
And unto my love bear a message so sweet?
Say my heart is true and will change never more,
Take my missive sweet to the one that I adore.—*Chorus.*

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

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Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that in my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself—but thee!

RAZZLE, DAZZLE.

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Words and Music by Willard Thompson.

Nobody knows when we're out upon a spree,
Nobody knows nor cares a D,
Nobody knows for it's underneath the rose,
So nobody knows but Eliza.

CHORUS.

Razzle, dazzle, razzle, dazzle, (hic)
How full I am; (hic) don't care a hang,
Razzle, dazzle, (hic) de dazzle,
Let's have one drink more;
We're out upon a terrible tare,
No matter how full we never will care,
For razzle, dazzle, (hic) de dazzle,
Let's have one drink more.

When morning comes and our little spree is o'er,
Everyone resolves to drink no more,
For R. E. horse has us very strong and sure,
So we'll all swear off together.—*Chorus.*

HIS FUNERAL'S TO-MORROW.

Copyright, 1888, by B. W. Hitchcock.

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Little Johnny in the street
Found a little toy,
'Twas a lump of dynamite,
Johnny jumped with joy;
Johnny played with it awhile,
Then began to tire,
And to see how it would burn
He put it on the fire.

CHORUS.

And his funaral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Little Johnny had to git,
But we've found a little bit,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Mary had a little lamb,
Mary's folks were poor,
Hard they worked most every day
To keep the wolf from door;
Once a tramp came to the house
With worn and weary feet,
Found the lamb was just his size,
And he the lamb did eat.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Now that tramp for tender lamb
Doesn't care a single—bit,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Bridget built a little fire
In the kitchen range,
And she poured in kerosene,
Which was nothing strange;
Presently like dynamite
Bomb-shells filled the room,
Bridget, with a peaceful smile,
Sailed the golden flume.

CHORUS.

And her funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow,
On her tombstone, luckless one,
They'll have the words "Well done,"
And we're going to plant her to-morrow.

Mary never had baked before,
But when she got wed
She said to her husband dear,
"I will bake some bread;"
Mary baked a little cake,
He to tea did sit,
Took that small cake in his hand
And ate every bit.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Doctor said he had to kick,
For he couldn't digest a brick,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Little Billy had a mule,
And it would not go,
Billy whacked it with a stick,
Cried "gee up," "gee whoa;"
To drive that kicking mule along
Billy he would tussle,
He tried to stick a great big pin
In that poor mule's bustle.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
The mule with his hind paw
Paralyzed poor Billy's jaw,
And we're going to plant him to-morrow.

Once my sweeetheart said to me,
"Let me hear your voice,
Sing to me a little song,
Make my heart rejoice;"
There we sat beside the fire,
I gently cleared my throat,
Then I let my sweet voice swell
Upon a big top note.

CHORUS.

And her funeral's to-morrow,
My poor heart aches with sorrow;
Now she is gone on high
Painting rainbows in the sky,
For we're going to plant her to-morrow.

THE OLD GOLDEN LOCKET MY MOTHER USED TO WEAR.

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Words and Music by Raymond A. Wilson.

It is many years ago since my mother passed away,
And left me in this wide, wide world to roam,
Still I have one memory sweet of the village and the church,
And of mother in that dear old fashioned home;
She said, "my boy, be upright, and never go astray,
Be like your poor old father, who struggled day by day,
So now this golden treasure I leave for you to keep,
For perhaps on earth my love not long you'll share;
But if ever you are tempted just open this, and think
Of this old golden locket your mother used to wear.

CHORUS.

She said, "my boy, this ... :ket is all I can give,
Ever keep it sacred as long as you live,
'Twas the gift of your dear father;" so that is why I care
For this old golden locket my mother used to wear.

Oh, I often sob and sigh, as the tears roll from my eye,
When thinking of my dear old happy home,
For I know that one I loved and who taught me when a child,
Now in yonder heaven far away doth roam;
Yes, father and dear mother are lying now asleep,
Within the village churchyard where silent willows weep,
I often go with blessings where my dear parents lie,
And I place a little flower sadly there;
So I'll always think of them, and a treasure fondly dear
Is this old golden locket my mother used to wear.—*Chorus.*

GRANDFATHER BRIAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Grandfather Brian departed this life,
It was on Saint Patrick's day,
He started off to the next world
Without ever asking the way;
Leaving me all his riches,
With a great deal of wealth, d'ye see?
With a pair of his cloth leather breeches,
That buttoned up down to the knee.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, for my grandfather Brian!
I wish he was living, och, sure!
And every day he'd be dying,
To be leaving me ten times as much more.

He left me the whole two sides of bacon,
Only one half was just cut away,
With a broomstick, with the head of a rake on,
And a field full of straw to make hay;
He left me some props and some patches,
With a beautiful new smock frock;
Six beautiful hens to lay duck's eggs,
Only one turned out to be a cock.—*Chorus.*

He left me a well full of water,
Only some said it was dry;
Three pitfulls of sand, lime and mortar,
And a squinting Tom-cat with one eye;
He left me an old dog and kitten,
His lapstone, knife and brad-awl;
With a lump of Dutch cheese that was bitten,
And a box full of nothing at all.—*Chorus.*

He left me a glass that was broken,
With a pair of new boots without soles;
And, faith! if the truth must be spoken,
A kettle with fifty-five holes;
A knife board make out of leather,
A treacle pot half full of glue;
A down bed without ever a feather,
And a fine coat nigh handy in two.—*Chorus.*

He left me a mighty fine clock, too,
Full of brass wheels made out of wood;
A key without ever a lock, too,
A stool to sit down where I stood;
A blanket made out of cloth patches,
A bread basket made of tinware;
A window without any sashes,
And a horse collar made for a mare.—*Chorus.*

He left me a starling, a beauty,
But it turned out to be a thrush;
He bid me in life do my duty,
And never comb my hair with a brush;
He left me six pounds all in copper,
With a splendid straight rule double bent;
And a beautiful bacca stopper,
With a view of Blackwater, in Kent.—*Chorus.*

He left me some whiskey for drinking,
And a beautiful stick, look at that;
And also a she bull for milking,
And a second-hand silk beaver hat;
He left me a shirt all in tatters,
Amongst other things, I must state;
And a rare stock of old broken platter,
And, In fact, all the family plate.—*Chorus.*

He left me the bog for a garden,
One night it got covered with the flood,
And when I went out in the morning,
I went up to my two eyes in mud;
He left me a fine mare for breeding,
Its age was over threescore,
And when I come here next evening,
I will tell you ten times as much more.—*Chorus.*

—"John," said Mrs. Billus, "I feel sorry for Mr. Ferguson, our next door neighbor. He bet everything he could rake and scrape on Cleveland, and lost." "If Ferguson bet everything he could scrape," rejoined Mr. Billus, "then he must have lost that infernal fiddle of his, and I'm deeply grateful, Maria."

ON BOARD THE MARY JANE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

HE—I'm going away to leave you, dear,
I'm going off to sea;
SHE—Now don't say so, my Johnny dear,
What will become of me?
HE—You know I love your darling face,
But I must tell you plain,
I'm off to sea as the captain bold
On board the Mary Jane.

CHORUS.

BOTH—On board the Mary Jane,
On board the Mary Jane,
I've fixed it right, I sleep to-night
On board the Mary Jane.

HE—Here's a lock of hair, you can have it made
Into a fine gold chain;
SHE—Oh! Jack, don't court another girl
When you are on the main;
HE—Now here's some chewing gum for you,
And to chew it find the knack, oh!
SHE—But, Jack, when you come home from sea,
Mind bring back some tobacco.—*Chorus.*

SHE—Here's a needle, Jack, to mend your pants,
Here's a thimble with a hole;
Jack, what's the cargo on board your ship?
HE— Oh! a great big lump of coal,
Two harpauites and a few chestnuts;
SHE— It's a large ship, that's quite plain;
HE—Yes, I'm the captain, mate and chief bone polisher
On board the Mary Jane.—*Chorus.*

HE—Well, I must leave you, darling dear,
And leave my native shore;
SHE—Will the voyage take long?
HE— An hour love, or, perhaps a quarter more,
Do you think you can keep true all that while?
SHE— So help me, Bob, I'll try,
HE—That's a put up job,
SHE— What?
HE—Why, so help me, Bob,
And I'll just show you why.

SPOKEN—I don't want any Bob to be helping you while I'm on my dangerous voyage to Brooklyn. I want you to be ter-rue to your Jack, your everlasting Jack.

SHE—And so I will be, Jack, only don't be away more than an hour or so; you can't tell what may happen while you're—*Chorus.*

HE—I don't want any Bob to be helping you while I'm on the raging sea, going to Brooklyn and other wild parts. No, I want you to be true to your Jack in blue, your seafaring Jack, your navigating Jack, your tarpauling Jack, your everlasting Jack. Oh, see! she starts.

SHE—Oh, Jack, I'll be true for an hour or two; only I'm told you sailors bold, when you go on shore, you find a drug store and quickly at once you get brisky, with drink you get insane, can't tell Mary from Jane, you dress up quite spruce, go the whole hog, little boys flog, and then into their eyes squirt tobacco juice, and then swear it's all through the bad whiskey. Now, Jack, don't do that, now look sharp, Jack; come, I say, and bring home lots of pay, and I'll be waiting for you.—*Chorus.*

Thy Name Was Once the Magic Spell

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Thy name was once the magic spell
By which my thoughts were bound,
And burning dreams of light and love
Were wakened by the sound;
My heart beat quick when stranger tongues,
With idle praise or blame,
Awoke its deepest thrill of joy,
To tremble at thy name.

Long years, long years have passed away,
And altered is thy brow,
And we who met so fondly once
Must meet as strangers now;
The friends of yore come round me still,
But talk no more of thee;
'Twere idle e'en to wish it now,
For what art thou to me?

DID HE GET THERE?

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Words and Music by M. J. Cavanagh.

A nice young man was a friend of mine,
And he loved a nice young maid,
And every night at half-past nine
In his Sunday suit arrayed,
He met this maid at the old front gate
When the moon shone bright above;
And he spoke so loud that he woke the dog
When he told her of his love.

CHORUS.

Did he get there? did he get there?
Yes, the dog got there, you bet,
The maiden wrote him to come again
But he hasn't got there yet.

He took his girl to the show one night,
He bought her a nice front seat,
She brought along her appetite,
She was well prepared to eat;
She thought of the oyster stew and wine
She'd devour when the show was out,
She steered him passed every restaurant,
But, alas, he failed to shout.

CHORUS.

Did she get there? She never got there,
Though she thought she had him pat,
The poor jay had but thirty cents
And she couldn't get there on that.

There was a dude who went on the mash,
Got stuck on another man's wife;
She told him to call when her husband was out,
And he nearly lost his life;
The husband dropped to the little game
And loaded his little gun,
When the nice young man got there that night
You ought to see the fun.

CHORUS.

Did he get there? the husband got there,
In a style that was most sublime,
And the masher's pants will be iron clad
When he goes there next time.

When a man goes to sleep while his linen dries
In an up-town neighborhood,
He wants to keep a gun for the William goats
Or his wash is gone for good;
For next to a lunch of oyster cans,
There's no other dish on earth
So toothsome to a hungry goat
As a flannel undershirt.

CHORUS.

And he'll get there, yes, he'll get there,
If you give him but half a chance,
He'll make his escape in proper shape,
With the breast of your only pants.

When the slick young man tells the hotel clerk
That his duds are lined with wealth,
And sneaks up stairs to the top floor back
To remove his trunk by stealth;
The train is due at half-past four,
And his board's been due four weeks,
The clothes line's weak, and, alas, his shoes
Are full of noisy squeaks.

CHORUS.

Did he get there? he never got there,
The trick was a trifle stale,
And the young man's trunk is still in soak,
And the young man he's in jail.

When a jay strikes town with a nice big roll,
Oh, the gang are all his friends,
When his watch and pin are both blown in
Then the game it quickly ends;
To get back home is his only thought,
He knows that he's been a gawk,
He strikes the railroad for a pass
For he feels too weak to walk.

CHORUS.

But, did he get there? yes, he got there,
They sent him home as freight,
In a big box car billed C. O. D.,
He arrived in a woeful state.

JAKEY, DE BUTCHER BOY.

Tune—"Jim, the Carter Lad."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Jakey, de butcher boy, a happy mans am I,
I drink a lot of lager beer, somehow I'm allaways dry;
I drink a lot of weiss beer to vot fills me up mit joy,
De happiest Dutchman in the land is Jackey, de butcher boy.

CHORUS.

Slap, slap, slap him on de kopp, I always like to sing (get up),
I sit upon dat butcher cart ash happy ash a king;
My horse can go 2:40, that's vot make me so much joy,
De happiest Dutchman in de land is Jakey, de butcher boy.

My father keeped a slaughter-house vay down in Sthanton street,
How often he'd send me out, you try und sell dat meat;
To go mit him to dat market for me was shust de thing,
I'd like to sit on the butcher cart und hear de old man sing.
Slap, slap, slap, &c.

Now church affairs und politics mack mir gar nix aus,
Vhen people ask me vat I vas, I told dem nix comeraus;
I do to odders as I vould have dem do to me,
Dat's vhy here beats an honest heart, I allaways gay and free.
Slap, slap, slap, &c.

Und now I guess I better quick bring an end to my song,
For if I keep on singing you'll say it was too long,
To see you smile off me, it give me so much joy,
So if you blease shust clap your hands for Jackey, de butcher boy.
Slap, slap, slap, &c.

The Kind, Loving Faces at Home.

Copyright, 1877, by G. P. Benjamin.

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Words by E. S. Dwyer. Music by Henry Maylath.

I am thinking to-day of the home of my youth,
Near the brooklet that runs through the glade,
The green, grassy lawn, and the orchard so dear,
Where oft in my childhood I have strayed;
'Tis many a year since these scenes I have left,
Through far distant countries to roam,
But wherever I wander I still longed to see
The kind, loving faces at home.

CHORUS.

And though we are parted, yet ever to me
Sweet thoughts of my loved ones come;
And wherever I wander I still long to see
The kind, loving faces at home.

How oft in my dreams have my thoughts wandered back
To my mother so kind and so true,
Who whispered good-bye, and God bless you, my boy,
When I bade her and father adieu;
E'en now, in my fancy, I once more can feel
Her warm loving kiss on my brow,
And sigh when I think that 'tis naught but a dream,
For I'm wandering far from her now.—*Chorus.*

My dear sweet sister with whom I have played
So oft in our childhood at home,
Has sent to me many a message of love,
To cheer me wherever, wherever I roam;
My father is waiting to meet me again
When my long weary journey is o'er,
And soon we will meet at the old fireside
To part on this earth nevermore.—*Chorus.*

COME HOME, FATHER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done;
Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me;
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers;
Please, father, dear father, come home?

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you;
Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die
Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent me to bring:
Come quickly, or he will be gone!
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!—*Chorus.*

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me;
Yes, we are alone, for Benny is dead
And gone with the angels of light,
And these were the very last words that he said:
I want to kiss papa good-night.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home.—*Chorus.*

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Why do Summer roses fade?
If not to show how fleeting
All things bright and fair are made,
To bloom awhile as half afraid
To join a Summer's greeting;
Or do they only bloom to tell
How brief a season love may dwell?
Or do they only bloom to tell
How brief a season love may dwell?

Then while Summer roses last,
Oh, let's be friends together;
Summer time will soon be past,
When Autumn leaves around us cast,
And then comes Wint'ry weather.
Surely as the Summer's day,
Friendship, too, will pass away;
Surely as the Summer's day,
Friendship, too, will pass away.

But though Summer roses die,
And love gives way to reason,
Friendship pass without a sigh,
And all on earth pass coldly by,
It's but a Wint'ry season;
And friendship, love, and roses, too,
The Springtime shall again renew;
And friendship, love, and roses, too,
The Springtime shall again renew.

—Superintendent: "Now, children, I have compared you all to flowers in a beautiful garden. What is it that you have that the flowers have?" Small boy: "Worms"

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast;
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Except when the lightning illumined it in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She pray'd to her God 'mid the hurricane wild,
"Oh, Father! have mercy, look down on my child!"
It pass'd—the fierce whirlwind career'd on its way,
And the ship like an arrow divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the breeze up aloft seemed to whistle, to whistle a tune,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle, to whistle a tune.

There was joy in the ship as she furrow'd the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home;
The young mother press'd her fond babe to her breast,
And sung a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore;
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree"—
Ah, gently the ship glided over the sea.

Hark! what was that? Hark! hark! to the shout—
Fire! then a tramp and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was: "Father! have mercy, look down, look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
Ah, there was her refuge whate'er might betide.
Fire! fire! it was raging above and below,
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light;
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher.
"Oh, God! it is fearful to perish by fire,
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in Thee."

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave;
First entered the mother, enfolding her child,
It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled;
Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day;
And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"Ho! a sail! ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee,
"Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea;
"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us,
They bear down upon us, the signal is waved,
Thank God! thank God! we're saved!"

—Chinamen should be encouraged in their desire to learn base-ball. It teaches them to make home runs.

—Dudish customer: "See here; these black pants have already worn shiny." Dealer: "Mein freint, dot was dot new style Vrench goots. De longer you vear dem de bedder dey match your boots."

—Examiner: "Suppose that during a bloody battle all the officers of your regiment were killed and the regiment thus left without a commanding officer; what would you do in such a case?" Cadet: "I'd think my chances for promotion were blamed good."

Oh! Write Me a Song of My Father.

Words and Music by C. Henry.

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Oh! write me a song of my father,
And tell me the reason, I pray,
You ever write songs about mother,
Not a word of dear father you say?
Is his love and affection less ardent?
Does his heart less emotion bestow?
Though the sun to the moon is less ardent,
Still but one light from both o'er us glow

CHORUS.

Oh! write me a song of my father,
And tell me the reason, I pray,
You ever write songs about mother,
Not a word of dear father you say?

Oh! think of him when in your childhood,
With dear mother he'd fervently pray,
And call you his child and his darling,
And that God might protect you alway;
Then blessings and kisses he'd give you,
And call you his own pretty boy,
When scarce you could lisp the word "Father!"
And your heart free from earthly alloy.—*Chorus.*

And now that you've grown into manhood,
Be grateful to him whose fond care
Ever guarded both you and your mother,
And as oft dried the sorrowful tear.
Oh! love him, think not of him lightly,
Cheer his heart, let it not be oppressed;
Love your mother, but don't forget father,
Let the one with the other be blessed.—*Chorus.*

Answer to "Come Home, Father."

FATHER'S COME HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Yes, Mary, my Mary, your father's come home,
You waited through all the long night.
He was deaf to your pleadings, for reason was drowned,
But, oh! it came back with the light.
It seems like a dream, oh! a terrible dream—
But, alas! now I know it was true;
Poor Benny is dead, but your father's come home,
Dear Mary, to mother and you.

CHORUS.

Oh! no more, through the dark, weary hours,
Little Mary in sadness shall roam,
Ah! how glad to her ears are the words which she hears:
Dear Mary, your father's come home.

Please, Mary, tell mother that father's come home,
And kneels by our little boy's bed;
And he prays for God's help, that the husband may fill
The place of the boy that is dead;
And say, though he left her forsaken to weep,
All alone to bear sorrow and pain,
He'll never more cause her a pang or a tear,
If once more she will trust him again.

CHORUS.

Oh! no more shall the wife watch and weep
All in vain for the loved one to come;
And all gone are her fears, as the message she hears:
Tell mother that father's come home.

Yes, Mary, tell mother that father has left
The drink that has made him so bad;
You can say he has taken the temperance pledge,
I know it will make her heart glad;
And tell her he waits to clasp mother and child,
And vow, on his knees, to be true;
For father's come home, to his reason, at length,
Dear Mary, to mother and you.

CHORUS.

Oh! no more, to the mother and child,
Shall the night black and desolate come,
For the fire shall be bright, and their hearts shall be light
While saying, Dear father's come home!

THE DAY OUR MOTHER DIED.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There was silence in the homestead,
By the hearth and in the hall,
And our sorrow, like a Wintry cloud,
Hung darkly over all;
For the love that was to us far more
Than all the world beside,
Went down with mourning to the grave
The day our mother died;
Went down with mourning to the grave
The day our mother died.

We remembered how she loved us,
We remembered well the tears
And the prayers that guarded all our way
Thro' many happy years;
But now her earnest love no more
Might seek our steps to guide,
And all our life seemed dark to us
The day our mother died;
And all our life seemed dark to us
The day our mother died.

We shall never, never meet her,
By the hearth or in the hall,
We shall never see her face on earth,
Where'er our lot may fall;
But memory brings each gentle grace
As ever to our side,
And hope and sorrow hollow still
The day our mother died;
And hope and sorrow hallow still
The day our mother died.

LAWN TENNIS.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Out among the clover as the noon-time passes
Over do we gather for a lark,
With joy each heart is teeming, every hour with fun is beaming,
And we linger there till nearly dark.
Each other gaily chaffing, at the harmless frolic laughing,
Heedless of the hours that steal away,
There is naught such pleasure yields as hid in clover scented fields,
Playing in the cool of the day.

REFRAIN.

Lawn tennis! Lawn tennis!
Sweethearts are wont to play at this,
The moments pass so jolly, 'tis
A pleasure not a folly,
Give me the game: Lawn tennis.

Lads and merry lassies mingle on the Summer grasses
After lunch is served each day,
When the sun is gently glowing and a balmy breeze is blowing,
You will find us eager for the fray.
Lots of fun and sayings witty, from the dimpled cheeks so pretty,
Glances of their winning eyes divine;
Tho' a little bit confusing makes the game much more amusing,
Then the gents try to them outshine.—REFRAIN.

—"A friend of mine told me last night that I would make a splendid jockey if I learned to ride," said DeSmythe. "Do you think he meant because I was a lightweight?"

"Not exactly," replyed Miss Snyder, not daring to look at him. "I suppose it was because you are so bow-legged."

—It was getting pretty near the end of leap year and Amarantha was becoming agitated.

"Charlie," she said with a sigh, as she raised her store frizzles from the shoulder of his Tewksberry mills all-wool cassimere four-button cutaway; "I've thought of a conundrum:—Why are you like green corn?"

"I don't know, I'm suah, Amarantha—Oh, it's because I'm so sweet."

"No," replied Amarantha, whose education was completed at the Athens of America; "it's because no degree of warmth causes you suddenly to expand into a desiderated effloreseence."

Then there was silence by the space of several minutes, while the significance of the answer was working its way through his nerve centers to his occipital vacancy, and then—he popped—*Springfield Union.*

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Words by James H. McGuinness (Orlando).

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Is marriage a failure? this question I hear
Many times and quite often of late,
Perhaps it was started because it's leap year
By some ancient maid anxious to mate;
Maybe she proposed to a gallant young man,
And that he said, no, I am sure,
And then through her mind disappointed thoughts ran,
So this question she started her feelings to cure.

CHORUS.

It's a problem that troubles both sexes
In all walks and stations of life;
It's a question that seriously vexes,
And it's caused much contention and strife.

It has bothered our scholars and statesmen,
Our millionaires and ministers, too,
The lawyer and the artist who handle the pen,
And a good many more than these few;
If a young man marries and gets a good wife
And a few hundred thousand in gold,
And she's faithful and true to him all through life,
You can bet all you're worth he's not sold.—*Chorus.*

But another man marries a maiden divine,
And of course she's an angel at first,
Until her ma comes, then it's not so fine
To be by a mother-in-law cursed;
Wifey flirts with young men in a manner quite rash,
And he tries in vain her to cure,
And one day finds out that she's gone with his cash,
Then marriage is a failure, be sure.—*Chorus.*

A DARK AND ROGUISH EYE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We all do like the pretty girls,
We see them day by day,
And how at first sight fall in love,
Whene'er they pass that way;
But a charming girl, the other morn,
I saw come walking by,
And as she gazed, I saw she had
A dark and roguish eye.

CHORUS.

I never can forget her,
The first time that I met her,
And as I looked my fate was looked,
I sealed it with a sigh;
I found that I had fell in love
With a dark and roguish eye.

Her dress was in the fashion cut,
Hooped up so gay and neat,
And as she went to cross the way,
I saw her pretty feet;
By chance she dropped her handkerchief,
'Twas marked L-u-c-y,
I picked it up, she thanked me with
A dark and roguish eye.—*Chorus.*

Of course this little chance I took,
We walked and talked awhile,
She said her father he was rich,
He lately had struck Ile;
But as I exclaimed: Will you be mine?
Her fellow he came by,
Walk off! he said, or I'll give you
A dark and roguish eye.—*Chorus.*

—"I can only be a sister to you, George; nothing more." "I'm afraid that won't do, Miss Clara. I have five grown sisters already, and, to tell you the truth, they are not very favorably disposed toward you; they think a match with you would be the mistake of my life." "In that case, George," said the girl, drawing herself up with haughty grace, "you may name the day."

HE'S ALL RIGHT!

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

This world is quite inquisitive at times,
And the questions people ask would fill a book,
There's one that is the subject of my rhymes,
I ask you now upon the case to look;
No matter whether young or growing gray,
On every side we hear it asked to-day,
Where'er our footsteps tend: "What's the matter with your friend?"
He's all right! you are quite sure to say.

REFRAIN.

He's all right! He's all right!
We are willing and quick to defend;
Wherever we may go, everybody wants to know:
"O, I say, what's the matter with your friend?"

They often speak of all our greatest men,
Yet they mention such with feelings of respect,
For though they joke a little now and then,
Each high position all will recollect;
The foremost in the land they will array,
And thus we often hear them brought to bay:
"How's Grover?" (no harm meant) "'S'matter with the President?"
He's all right! you are quite sure to say.—*Refrain.*

They ready are to own a gallant act,
'Tis no matter who the handsome deed may do,
Quite promptly they acknowledge such a fact,
Though it may be a home or foreign crew;
In yachting there is never boyish play,
When Burgess, Paine and Haff get under weigh,
"Where's Thistle?" "In the rear!" "'S'matter with the 'Volunteer'?"
She's all right! you are quite sure to say.—*Refrain.*

There is a pleasant pastime I recall,
'Tis the game that is called National by some,
I mean the sport familiar called base ball,
Now worrying the "boys" like "kingdom come;"
Some clubs are good at this exciting play,
But others very very far away,
Beat record if you can, "'S'matter out in Michigan?"
They're all right! you are quite sure to say.—*Refrain.*

America will welcome the oppressed,
All the poor and humble of the olden world,
She gives them labor, freedom, peace and rest,
Beneath the grandest banner yet unfurled;
The monarchs of the world are held at bay,
Our land is made the marvel of the day,
To foes we'll close our gates, "'S'matter with the United States?"
They're all right! you are quite sure to say.—*Refrain.*

THE SWISS BOY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Take thy pail, and to labor away,
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Take thy pail, and to labor away;
The sun is up with ruddy beam,
The kine are thronging to the stream,
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Take thy pail, and to labor away.

Am not I, am not I, I say, a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie to the mountain away?
For there a shepherd maiden dear
Awaits my song with listening ear;
Am not I, am not I, then, a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie to the mountain away?

Then at night, then at night, oh! a gay Swiss boy,
I'm away to my comrades, away,
The cup we fill, the wine is passed
In friendship round, until at last
With "good-night," and "good-night," goes the happy Swiss boy
To his home and his slumbers away.

Wehman's Collection of Songs, No. 1,

CONTAINING 100 SONGS.

A handful of earth
A warrior bold
All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave huzzars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Blue bells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
Up at Jones' wood
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
Wife's dream

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☞ We will send the above set of 100 Songs, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price. Postage Stamps taken.

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Wehman's Collection of Songs, No. 2,

CONTAINING 95 SONGS.

Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Boys of Kilkenny
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every harm
Huckleberry pic-nic
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're old
Things I don't like to see
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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Wehman's Collection of Songs, No. 3,

CONTAINING 97 SONGS.

A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree donsand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old duddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Aba
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Rang, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud
Wait till the clouds roll by
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of onld Ireland

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QUEENS
Public Library

Wehman's Collection of Songs, No. 10,

CONTAINING 98 SONGS.

Always take mother's advice
Angel mother waits for me
All on the quiet
Always do your duty, boy
A norrible tale of the suicidal family
Avondale disaster
Araby's daughter
Alice Gray
A yaller dorg's love for a nigger—Rec.
Be friends with your brother again
Cure for love
Called away
Clementine
Captain Cuff
Creole girl
Dar's a new moon in de sky
Dear Robin, I'll be true [pizened
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's
Early Monday morning in 1865
For one day of turkey there's six days
Fanny Gray [of hash
Flanigan, the lodger
Flowers of the forest
Friar of orders grey
Fine old Dutch gentleman
Good-night, but not good-bye
Good-evening
Give me a cot in the valley I love
Gold digger's lament
Gamboling man
His heart was true to Poll
He's never done anything since
High daddie
It's all a matter of taste
I'm awaiting my love's return
I wouldn't advise you to do it
I'm saddest when I sing
Just plain Jim
Kissing in the street—Recitation
Kiss in school—Recitation
Larry O'Gaff
Lora Vale
Lord Lovel
Lone rock by the sea
Last link is broken
Laugh in school—Recitation
Lady Franklin
Married
Maid of the mill
Mikado McAllister
Morrisey and the Russian
My love she's like the red, red rose
Mulligan's daughter, Nell
Maid of Judah
Minnie Clyde
My mother, dear
Mollie, dear, come then with me
Malone at the back of the bar
Never take the hind shoe from a mule
Neil McGuligan's daughter, Mary Ann
New Jerusalem
No, sir!
One word would call me back again
Ocean burial
Oh! you girls
Old Susquehanna
Old country circus
Poor old dad
Penny ballads
Pat's not so black as he's been painted
Pretty pond lilies
Poor old tramp
Phoebe, dearest
Paddy Carey
Rat-catcher's daughter
Rosa Lee
Some other girl shall wear the ring
Sullivan and Ryan
Standard bearer
Spencer's firey slope
Sparking Sunday night
Sock her on her kisser
Sailor's widow
They can't keep the workingman down
Trust her not, she is fooling thee
There is no harm in kissing
Tick! tick! tick!
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee?
Truth in parenthis—Recitation
Three sailor boys
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings
Wash me, mother, dear
Wreck of the Hesperus—Recitation
White Wings
Waiting at the ferry
What becomes of a lie—Recitation
Wake! Dinah, wake!
Young Charlotte
Your little Liza loves you
Yes, sir!

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Wehman's Collection of Songs, No. 11,

CONTAINING 102 SONGS.

A sweet face at the window
American star
A kiss from dear old mother
Antony and Cleopatra—Recitation
Aunt Jemima's plaster
Ballinamuck Brigade
Britannia reigns supreme
Brave old oak
Bridal ring
Bruce's address to his army
Blind boy's lament
Bryan O'Lynn
Buccanier's bride
Broken-hearted milkman
Come, sit by me, mother
Captive bird's complaint
Child's prayer
Clap your hands till daddy comes home
Does your mother take in washing?
Don't die an old maid
Dearest spot on earth to me is home
Don't you hear the bullgine?
Fellow who stole my wife
Fairy boy
Goot lager bier
Go it while you're young
Grandmother's birthday
Homeward bound
In other respects we are doing quite
I had $15 in my inside pocket [well
Irish stranger
I'm going to fight mit Siegel
Irish Brigade
Irish potheen
I'll marry no man if he drinks
I'm a broken down man
Jock O' Hazeldean
Joe Hardy
Johnny, get your gun
Kitty, the baby and I
Lass O' Gowrie
Little old red shawl my mother wore
Last hymn—Recitation
Little Octoroon
Little hero
My home by the deep rolling sea
McCormick, the copper
Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd
Mary Aileen
My Nannie, O!
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Maryland, my home
Manilla boy
My mother's grave
Mouse traps, a penny, who'll buy?
Mother, dear, write to your boy
My moustache is growing
Money
My love is a Zon-Zu
Molly, put the kettle on
Noble knights of labor
Never go back on the poor
Nora Creina
Oyster maid
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Over the Jasper sea
On the beach at Long Branch
Och! Paddy, is it yerself?
Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
'Ostler Joe—Recitation [mamma!
Oh! bring me but my Arab steed
Poor old horse, let him die
Peanut stand
Quilting party
Raging canal
Remember poor mother at home
Root hog or die
Rataplan
Shall we know each other there?
She wore a wreath of roses
Spot where I was born
Sea, the sea, the open sea
Sammy Slap, the bill sticker
Soap fat man
Since Maggie learned to skate
Seeing New York sights
Standing on the platform
Thou art gone, but not forgotten
That's where you make the mistake
That hired girl—Recitation
Three maids of Lee
To show my respects to McGlunis
Will my darling come again?
What I heard an old maid say
Woman, lovely woman
Wreck of the Haddingtonshire
We fought in the same campaign
Washington, star of the West
What I'd like to know
When 'tis moonlight
Ye parliaments of England
You can't do it, you know

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Wehman's Collection of Songs, No. 12,

CONTAINING 91 SONGS.

Any tinware to mend?
Alderman of the Ward
A soldier and a man
Because she ain't built that way
Bill Mason's ride—Recitation
Bad whisky—Recitation
"Chestnut" Bell
Come along, my darling
Cove vot spouts
County jail
Cast one little thought for me
Captain Dwyer
Cracksman's chant
Cunard dock
Cow that ate the piper
Dying boy's request
Don't blame the mother
Drop the pink curtains
Did you notice it?
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine
Dream no more
Darling Mignonette
Down in Mobile
Duck-foot Sue
Excelsior!—Recitation
Far away from home and mother
Fifty miles under the sea
Faster you pluck them the thicker they
German fun at Union Hill [grow
Golly, ain't I wicked?
Gideon's band
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Hamtown Base Ball Club
Her own boy Jack
Hail to the statue of Liberty
I'm only going out for the beer
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
I'm not asleep
Irish-American tea
Jack's yarn
Katy Drew
Katy Ryan
Little old mud cabin near the bogs
Live, my love, oh, live
Life's lot
Little Eva to her papa
Mr. Finagan
My father sould charcoal
Maureen Mavourneen
My love beyond the sea
Man that couldn't get warm
Mountaineer's farewell
My friend from Chicago
Not married yet?
Never trust a nigger with a gun
Owen Reilly
Oh, George, tell me if you love me?
One penny portion
Oh, love, will you be mine?
Package of old letters
Please give me a penny, sir?
Polly Perkins of Washington Square
Petticoat Lane
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Remember me to all at home [live
Remember that the poor tramp has to
Swim out, you're over your head
Sweet heather-bell
Swinging on the old rustic gate
She's the image of her mother in a 1000
Sarah Walker [different ways
Simple Simon
She'd have her way or die
Shivering and shaking out in the cold
Something sweet to think of
S. O. T.
Something for the babies
Scanlan's rose song
Two little ragged urchins
That's what puzzles the Quaker
Trust to luck
Where can the wanderer be?
Wreck of the Princess Alice
Warrior's grave
Winking at me
Why Paddy's always poor
What do you think of it?
Whiskers on the moon
Widow McCarty
Whistler—Recitation
You'll never miss your mother 'till
[she's gone

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can [never be
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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547 The Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGuilligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven oud
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest.
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad blace
658 Racketty Jack
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory hallelujah)
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
661 A dollar fifteen cents
662 Roger O'Mailey
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby
664 Bring back my bonnie to me
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're old
675 Dear little innocent things
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the .ountry
682 I'll be dar
683 Midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern sunny home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last .equest
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's growing
757 The farmer feeds us all
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Keyhole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith's shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night?
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem, the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife, Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim

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No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da fuhren uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kannst man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli habn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

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No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geb ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald graf' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemoofter Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, es wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeifelein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Bebrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wad're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sinß
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Patrisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So ist das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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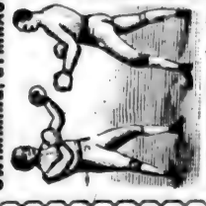
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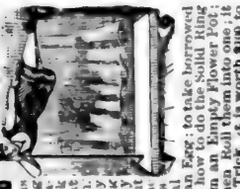
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Where Did You Get That Hat?

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Now how I came to get this hat
'Tis very strange and funny:
Grandfather died and left to me,
His property and money.
And when the will it was read out,
They told me straight and flat;
If I would have his money,
I must always wear his hat!

CHORUS.

Where did you get that hat?
Where did you get that tile?
Isn't it a nobby one,
And just the proper style?
I should like to have one
Just the same as that!
Where e'er I go they shout:
"Hello! where did you get that hat?"

If I go to the op'ra house,
In the op'ra season;
There's some one sure to shout at me,
Without the slightest reason.
If I go to a "chowder-club,"
To have a jolly spree;
There's some one in the party,
Who is sure to shout at me:—CHORUS.

At twenty-one I thought I would
To my sweetheart be married;
The people in the neighborhood
Had said too long we'd tarried.
So off to church we went right quick,
Determined to get wed;
I had not long been there,
When the parson to me said:—CHORUS.

HERE LIES AN ACTOR.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

One evening I was strolling through the city of the dead,
Where folks have slept for many years while birds sang overhead,
The little mound of baby, of father and mother dear,
To see them there united filled mine eye with many a tear;
I saw the grassy spot where my dear old grandpa lay,
And brothers, sisters scattered 'round, a mass of silent clay;
But that which mostly touched me was an open spot of ground,
These words upon a tombstone I saw above the mound:

CHORUS.

Here lies an actor, in life play'd many parts,
He had his joys and sorrows, was oftimes sad at heart;
May his sleep here be peaceful, beneath the bright blue skies,
While passing drop a flower where an actor lies.

Many people pass'd the grave that day, I knew not whence they came
The old, the young, the deaf, some gray, decrepid, blind and lame,
A silent throng of faces, they moved with gentle tread,
Each searching for a loved one in the city of the dead.
The one spot looked forsaken, no one it seemed drew nigh,
No tears were shed unless perchance they came down from the sky,
But being naught but stranger, with nothing else to do,
Those words impressed me vividly, again I read them through.—CHO

While pond'ring there, a little child with innocence and grace,
It seemed to me celestial, a babe with angel face,
Came up and scattered o'er that spot some flowers rich and rare,
Then kneeling by the actor's grave, bow'd down her head in prayer.
Oh, God! protect my papa thro'out the night and day,
I beg you treat him kindly, he's 'mong strangers far away,
For, oh, we loved him dearly, she said in accents mild,
Please heed the prayer, oh, Father, of an actor's only child.—CHO.

THE SHERIFF'S SALE.

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Words and Music by Barney Mullelly.

There's an old cot that stands in a square,
For ninety odd years that old cot has stood there;
Surrounded by trees and a fence that is worn,
'Twas the home of my forefathers, there I was born.
But misfortune came o'er us and soon it did tell,
The sheriff came in our old home to sell;
It was then I did weep, my poor mother did moan,
As I begged them in vain would they please spare the home!

CHORUS.

Please spare the old home, please spare it, I pray,
Don't turn out my mother, so feeble and gray;
And my dear loving sister, so sickly and pale,
Auctioneer! auctioneer! won't you please stop the sale?
Love and rejoicing were there on that day,
When brother embraced my dear mother so gray,
With a welcome for me and my sister so frail,
And that put an end to the dread sheriff's sale!

You seldom would find a happier lot,
Than our little family that dwelt in that cot,
With father and mother, sister, brother and I,
Till sickness came over us and father did die.
Then our brother left home to find something to do,
But where he had gone no one ever knew;
So I toiled late and early to keep down the debt,
And often I hear myself pleading them yet:—CHORUS.

In vain I did plead, but without avail,
The auctioneer continued to cry on the sale;
The very best bidder was a man quite unknown,
Till his money he paid and had purchased our home.
Then mother and sister, with hearts sad and sore,
Prepared to depart from our cottage door,
When the stranger spoke up saying, "Your sorrow's done—
I return you your home, I am your long lost son!"—CHORUS.

KERRIGAN'S MASQUERADE.

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Words and Music by Frank Davis.

One night I was invited to attend a fancy ball,
I dressed myself up in my best,
I hurried to the hall;
All sorts were there,
I do declare,
And sweet music it was played;
We had a jolly racket
At Kerrigan's masquerade!

CHORUS.

Hands all around, boys!
Sweet music it was played;
Arrah! forward four, we welt the floor,
At Kerrigan's masquerade.

At ten o'clock, precisely,
We had to close the door;
It was crowded to suffocation,
And it could hold no more.
There was ninety-seven couples
Round the hall did promenade,
Old Ireland was well represented
At Kerrigan's masquerade.—CHORUS.

Kerrigan was dressed, I do declare,
Regardless of expense;
He waxed his moustache up with soap,
He fairly looked immense.
His hair was tarred with axlegrease,
He had a five-cent shave;
It would make you die when to waltz he tried
The night of the masquerade!—CHORUS.

—A lot of bootblacks perched on a curbstone may not be India rubber boys, yet they are gutter perchers.

Can You Tell Me the Reason Why?

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Words and Music by Barney McDonough.

Good music is always quite pleasing to the ear,
Can you tell me the reason why?
But some you hear to-day is exceedingly queer,
Can you tell me the reason why?
If you're feeling quite ill, got an awful headache,
And a little Dutch band makes every thing shake;
Don't you wish you were in Rome, or a Southern earthquake?
Can you tell me the reason why?

They say a red-headed girl and a white horse are mates,
Can you tell me the reason why?
By inspiration they seem to make dates,
Can you tell me the reason why?
A red-headed girl you see on the street,
And just around the corner a white horse you meet,
Now if you'll explain the reason, I'll stand the treat,
Can you tell me the reason why?

Policemen in a city are very useful, indeed,
Can you tell me the reason why?
But do they get credit for every noble deed,
Can you tell me the reason why?
See a policeman off duty, meet him on the street,
He is dressed just the same as any other man you meet;
But you can always tell his business by the size of his feet,
Can you tell me the reason why?

Did you ever meet a dude with a pocket full of boodle?
Can you tell me the reason why?
But how about the girl who carries the poodle?
Can you tell me the reason why?
A man in our days must "get up and hustle,"
With one button on his pants he often has to tussel;
But his wife must always have the latest style of bustle,
Can you tell me the reason why?

Spiritualism in our days is growing very strong,
Can you tell me the reason why?
But to disturb a fellow's rest, don't you think it's very wrong?
Can you tell me the reason why?
Now it may be very pleasing to hear from those who're pass'd away,
By spiritualistic rapping through a medium they say,
But you'll find more honest spirits in a bar-room any day,
Can you tell me the reason why?

When you have the money you can always "let her go!"
Can you tell me the reason why?
But when your money's gone why you kind'er go it slow,
Can you tell me the reason why?
Go round to your grocer and ask him for trust,
He will tell you C. O. D., otherwise he would bust;
You always have a friend when you have the dust,
Can you tell me the reason why?

You come home at night, you know, you know,
Can you tell me the reason why?
And the faster you walk the slower you go,
Can you tell me the reason why?
You work the dead latch till your fingers are sore,
Then you pull the door bell for an hour or more;
But your wife is not surprised when she opens the door,
Can you tell me the reason why?

The donkey, you know, is very fond of kicking,
Can you tell me the reason why?
Of course it's his nature, he can't be cured by licking,
Can you tell me the reason why?
But some people in this world beat the donkey in his way,
They kick in their sleep and they kick all the day,
And they'll keep on kicking until they're laid away,
Can you tell me the reason why?

—The little boy came in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often I have told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy!" "Mamma," said Willie, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

FINNEGAN'S MASQUERADE.

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Words by Jerry Cohan. Music by Robert Recker.

Friends, here to-night ye have an invite
To a grand masquerade of a high-toned family;
Put on your queer clothes, masks and dominoes,
In gorgeous cheapness ye'll hop, dance wid glee;
We'll have kings and clowns in their garbs and crowns,
Lords, dukes and great ladies nice, there promenade,
All races of min since the world begin,
Will sash-a at the Finnegan's grand masquerade;
Ceaser, Boss Kelly and Brian Borough,
Wid Sitting Bull skipping the gay tra-la-loo.

CHORUS.

There'll be Sprague wid his gun, making Conkling run,
Then Garfield, Napoleon and Grant will parade;
The Parole horse will prance, Bernhardt will dance
Wid Rowell at Finnegan's grand masquerade.

Russian and Turk will get in their work,
And East India belles dance wid African beaus;
The bulls and the bears will assemble in pairs,
Brave knights and fair dames will shake their toes;
The Spaniard and Moore will welt the wax floor,
Britania's, Columbia's and Erin's fair maids,
With the queen of Japan and a big Injun man
Will chow-chow at Finnegan's grand masquerade;
The Sultan and Czar will dance and talk war,
And Grant smokes cigars wid the Emperor Bill!

CHORUS.

John Bull and Parnell will cut a great swell,
The Pope and Prince Bismark in peace will parade,
While the heathen Chinese wid his pig-tail all grease,
Will be fired from the Finnegan's grand masquerade.

TOOTSY WOOTSY.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Jesse Williams.

Moon light fell upon the lake,
Sailed a maid and lover bold;
And the moon but half awake,
Nodded as the tale was told.
Soft she spake, her arms around him,
While he drank her love notes true;
"I's oose ickle tootsy wootsy,
Whose ickle toots is 'oo?"

Sailed upon that self-same lake,
That same maid with lover bold;
But the moon now wide awake,
Listened as the tale was told.
For another love sat near by her,
Drinking words of honeyed dew;
"I's oose ickle tootsy wootsy,
Whose ickle toots is 'oo?"

Listening moon was sore distrest,
For two warriors met one night;
Each declared himself as blest,
(Faithless maid to cause such plight!)
Both were lovers, fond and fervent,
Each as sure as sure could be;
Both were her own tootsy wootsies,
Whose ickle toots was she?

—George—After Miss De Pink, eh? Are you solid with her father? Gus—Solid? Every time I am with her father I am petrified.

—Blobson—Say, Dumpsey, did you know that your ghost stories and anecdotes came near frightening Popenjay to death the other night? Dumpsey—Why, no! he seemed to be all right when he left. Blobson—I know it; but you see he kept thinking those horrible things over all the way home, and when he got to the door, and put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a skeleton key—why, man, it came near being the death of him!

SWEET LOVE, BE TRUE TO ME.

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Words and Music by Thos. LeMack.

My heart is where my darling dwells,
In a land so far away;
Oh, would that I was near her,
I'd forever with her stay.
I'll never forget at parting,
As we stood by the sea,
She whispered in my heart,
Sweet love, be ever true to me.

CHORUS.

Sweet love, be true to me,
She whispered by the sea;
When you are on the ocean wild,
I'll fondly dream of thee.
Farewell, you must not weep,
'Tis only for a while;
When Winter's o'er I shall return
With Spring's bright, happy smile.

In all of earth's beauties,
Flowers, rich and rare,
Nature never smiled upon
A flower so rich and fair.
When evening shades were falling,
We would wander side by side,
To a quiet shade that nature made,
For me to woo my bride.—CHORUS.

Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers?

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Words by Jennie Calef. Music by H. P. Danks.

Underneath the gas light's glitter,
Stands a fragile little girl;
Heedless of the night winds bitter,
As they round about her whirl.
While the thousands pass unheeding
In the evening's warning hours;
Still she cries with tearful pleading,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

REFRAIN.

There are many sad and weary
In this pleasant world of ours,
Crying in the night winds bitter,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

Ever coming, ever going,
Men and women hurry by,
Heedless of the tear drops gleaming,
In her sad and wistful eyes.
While she stands there sadly sighing,
In the cold and dreary hours,
Listen to her sweet voice crying,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?—REFRAIN.

Not a loving word to cheer her,
From the passers by is heard;
Not a friend to linger near her,
With a heart by pity stirred.
On they rush the selfish thousands,
Seeking pleasure's pleasant bowers;
None to hear with sad compassion,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers.—REFRAIN.

—Humorous husband: "Maria, what do you think? This morning a man looked me straight in the face and cut me." Trusting wife: "Good gracious! Who was it?" Humorous husband: "The barber."

—"How are my buscuits, Algernon, dearest?" asked a young wife. "Biscuits!" echoed the young husband, as one fell off on the floor with a thud (of the "dull, sickening" variety), "Well, as biscuits they are failures, but if you will gild or bronze a few, I'll take them to my office and use them for paper weights."

MUST WE FOREVER PART?

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Words by A. Punchinello. Musid by W. A. Sander.

Do you then love another?
Have you forgot the past?
Or are you loath to tell me
It was too sweet to last?
Love, like the tender rose-bud
That on thy breast doth lie,
Will, if 'tis left uncared for,
Wither and fade and die.

CHORUS.

Is then our love dream over?
Speak to my aching heart;
Do you then love another?
Must we forever part?

Do you then love another?
Why was it that we met?
Why did I love you ever?
Why can I not forget?
Life is a burden to me
When thou art from my side
Why do you leave me darling?
Conquer foolish pride.

CHORUS.

Tell me the old love lingers,
Speak to my aching heart;
Or do you love another?
Must we forever part?

Do you then love another?
What was my love to thee?
Gone like a withered flower,
Smiles that I loved to see.
Are all the vows forgotten,
Plighted for life to last?
Now day by day we're drifting,
Apart we're drifting fast.

CHORUS.

Say that you love no other,
Speak to my aching heart;
Kiss me once more, my darling,
Then we shall never part.

BABY'S PRAYER.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by James Norrie

With hands so softly folded,
She whispered, "Papa, dear,
Come hear my prayer, as mother heard it,
When she was with us here!"
Fondly then that little darling
Knelt beside her father's chair,
While the twilight shadows deepened
O'er her ringlets, golden fair.

CHORUS.

Then he taught his baby darling
Words so simple, pure and blest;
Taught the prayer as mother taught,
Ere his darling went to rest.

"Our Father, up in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth, in heaven the same."
"This is all I know, dear papa,
And I want to say it right;
Teach me, just as mother said it,
Ere I kiss you sweet good-night.—CHORUS.

—Little Willie (wanting to be sick about school-time): "Mamma, what sickness is it where you don't have to take castor oil?"

The Mottoes That are Framed Upon the Wall.

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Words by Wm. Devere. Music by W. S. Mullaly.

There's a wealth of pure affection,
  There's a retrospect of joy,
Mingled with the thoughts of mother and of home;
  And the tender recollection of her teachings when a boy
Seem to always hover 'round me where I roam.
  Every window, every door, every nail beneath the floor,
Every cranny from the kitchen to the hall,
  And engraven on my heart,
From memory never to part,
  Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wall.

REFRAIN,

"God bless our home," "In God we trust,"
  "Kind words," "A welcome to all;"
"Love one another," "What is home without a mother?"
  Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wall.

And while kneeling in the evening,
  I have echoed mother's prayer,
And I lingered for her gentle, loving kiss;
  And I heard her "good-night, darling," as I climbed the stairs,
For me there was no dearer sound than this.
  Her angel form reposes 'neath the daisies on the hill,
An offering to Him who rules us all,
  Her spirit hovers near,
Seems whispering to me still,
  From the mottoes that are upon the wall.—REFRAIN.

That's Where the Laugh Comes In.

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Words and Music by Eastburn.

Augustus Dom Pedro, a handsome young man,
  Who travelled on his shape, I am told,
Determined to get, if he possibly could,
  A wife who had plenty of gold.
So filling his noddle with many a plan,
  By which he the lady could win;
He hit upon one which I shortly shall tell,
  And "That's where the laugh comes in."

CHORUS.

"That's where the laugh comes in, ha! ha!
  That's where the laugh comes in,
'Twas owing all to the income tax,
  And that's where the laugh comes in."

He borrowed a watch and a massive gold chain,
  Rings, studs, and in fact all he could;
Then sold them for greenbacks, and shortly before
  The income assessor he stood.
He handed the money to one of the clerks,
  Who entered his name with a grin,
He thought him a nabob, and set him down such,
  And shortly "The laugh comes in."—CHORUS.

While eagerly scanning the paper next day,
  To his great delight did appear
His name, with his income in figures set down,
  At full twenty thousand per year.
The plan was successful, he married the girl,
  And tho' he was not worth a pin,
His wits got a wife who had plenty for both,
  And "That's where the laugh comes in."—CHORUS.

The father enraged at the terrible "sell,"
  Determined the young man to shoot;
But turning the matter again in his mind,
  Concluded Augustus to boot.
When the calmer he grew, he thought he would do
  The best that he could for his kin,
So he gave them the cash, and they cut quite a dash,
  And "That's where the laugh comes in."—CHORUS.

I DO FEEL SO AWFULLY LOOSE.

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I've been dining and wining to-day, you can see,
  In a manner remarkably loose;
And to go on the spree I know would suit me,
  For I mustn't go home, 'tis no use.
Oh, I do feel so gay, so reckless and gay,
  My spirits so lively and spruce;
I could dance, sing or play in a juvenile way,
  For I feel so awfully loose.

CHORUS.

I do feel so awfully loose,
  I do feel so awfully loose;
Of course you can see I'm out on a spree,
  For I do feel so awfully loose.

I was walking and talking along Broadway,
  And feeling decidedly loose;
I was laughing and chaffing with ladies so gay,
  The excitement must plead my excuse.
All at once I descried a girl by my side,
  And my heart went pit-pat like the deuce;
For I give you my word this would not have occurred,
  Had I not felt so awfully loose.—CHORUS.

Then to woo and to coo I embraced every chance,
  In a style that was certainly loose;
For I pressed her to go to the Argyle to dance,
  And really would take no excuse.
I said 'twould be bliss if she gave me a kiss,
  And to raise her veil tried to induce;
Who is that? on my life! I've been courting my wife,
  Oh, I did feel so awfully loose.—CHORUS.

Now what she said and I said may easily be guessed,
  We both felt remarkably loose;
The dispute grew so warm that I thought it be best
  To leave her by way of a truce.
So I left her behind and comfort I find
  In imbibing the generous juice;
Oh, I shall get it hot but I don't give a jot,
  For to-night I am out on the loose.—CHORUS.

I WILL RETURN AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Samuel Bradbury.

I am leaving thee to wander
  Far over the ocean wide;
Oh, say you'll not forget me
  Whatever may betide.
Tho' land and sea divides us,
  My heart shall ever be
As true as the stars above,
  So true I'll be to thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, love, say you'll be true
  When I'm far away;
Tho' years, love, come and go,
  Think of me night and day.
One kiss, love, and good-bye,
  Parting may give thee pain;
Faithful to thee, darling, I'll be,
  I will return again.

Tho' long years pass, my sweet one,
  And cares our path bestrew;
A constant love will brighten
  That path for me and you.
Tho' foreign lands I soon may roam,
  And other faces see;
My heart will still be true to my love,
  Will still be true to thee.—CHORUS.

—Frenchman: Yes, Miss Bostonia, in the Mediterranean I sailed through schools of sardines. Miss Bostonia: Nonsense! How could they swim in those heavy tin boxes?

MISTER NOBODY.

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Words by Elizabeth Prentiss. Music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

I know a very funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse;
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree;
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mister Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar!
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar!
The squeaking door will always squeak,
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mister Nobody.

He puts damp wood on the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mister Nobody;
Theres no one tosses them about
But Mister Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors,
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill,
The boots that lying round you see,
Are not our boots,
They all belong to Mister Nobody;
To Mister Nobody,
They all belong to Mister Nobody.

I'D LIKE TO BE A SWELL.

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To others I will leave the praise
Of being useful men,
It's ornamental I would be,
One of the upper ten;
I dare say when it's at your foot,
It's right to kick the ball;
But I always see he's most admired
Who nothing does at all.
For I'd like to be a swell,
Yes, I'd like to be a swell;
With his drawling talk, affected walk,
I'd like to be a swell.

CHORUS.

I'd like to be a swell,
Yes, I'd like to be a swell;
With his drawling talk, affected walk,
I'd like to be a swell.

I'd rather be a butterfly
Than a little ugly grub,
It always is the humble grub
That people like to snub;
But get a suit of handsome clothes,
A lot of stamps also,
And then no matter who you are
You're certain sure to go.
So I'd like to be a swell,
Yes I'd like to be a swell;
With his drawling talk, and affected walk,
I'd like to be a swell.—CHORUS.

THAT INNOCENT KID.

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Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

I pity the father and mother we've got,
An innocent kid!
They're always in water exceedingly hot,
With innocent kid!
The kid's an example to all kids around,
With sanctified phrases her speeches abound;
Yet in all sorts of devilment she will be found,
This innocent kid!

She talks goody-goody and loves Sunday-school,
Sweet innocent kid!
Yet she has her own way like a government mule,
This innocent kid!
She will tell you of "Mary and her little lamb!"
She will smear your best trousers with candy or jam;
Till you feel in your heart you'd like to say ———
To innocent kid!

There never was a secret that isn't well known
To innocent kid!
She will worry your life as a dog does a bone,
This innocent kid!
If her sister, at night, is alone with her spark,
And the beau should be bashful, well—he's just the mark!
For she'll turn out the gas and leave them in the dark,
Sweet innocent kid!

She will talk about marriage before she is ten,
This innocent kid!
And give pointers in courting to old married men,
Oh, innocent kid!
You may dress in the fashion and study with pains,
And present her big sister with lockets and chains;
But she'll quickly find out if you've got any brains,
This innocent kid!

When she grows up to womanhood, she is the same
Sweet innocent kid!
With a woman's ambition for changing her name,
Dear innocent kid!
Supper parties and balls, matinees and all that,
Are the aim of her life and she's got them down pat;
Oh, the fun she has when she catches a flat,
This innocent kid!

She goes fishing for men and her smiles are the bait,
Of innocent kid!
She will meet a big jay and she'll call him her fate;
Oh, innocent kid!
Ah, but when she has captured the man and his pelf,
The love, like cold mutton, is put on the shelf;
Then the husband sits down and sings to himself,
"I'm innocent kid!"

THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

There are lots of daily papers that are published every day,
And if you will listen I will tell you what they say;
First we have the Herald, Tribune and the Sun,
But I'll bet the Star was printed before the World begun.
We have the New York Clipper, for sporting news the best,
And what the Truth would like to know the Post and Express;
But if you want the news that's fresh, as sure as my name is Sam,
Call a newsboy from the corner and buy the Evening Telegram.

Would you like to know how Hewitt went over to Hunters' Point
In partnership with Talmage to start an opium joint?
How Doctor Mary Walker is waiting for a chance
To wear a jersey to expose the polonaise of her pants?
When President Cleveland's fishing he never has to wait,
For the fat woman in the museum is just the thing for bait?
And why the cheap Italians never expect to see a man
Of the Board of Health in Crosby street in the Evening Telegram?

'Twill tell you about divorces, and the cheapest place to eat,
How the Reverend Billy McGlory discovered Hester street;
About lady fortune tellers who try to rope you in,
And give you lots of taffy and collar all your tin.
Or if you have rheumatics and a turkish bath you need,
There's lot's of lady doctors who are very kind indeed;
And about the great East iron bridge two great cities span,
And when Hugh J. Grant will have twins in the Evening Telegram.

THE BLONDE THAT NEVER DYES.

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Words by Bobby Newcomb. Music by J. B. Donniker.

As I strolled out the other day,
In fashions best arrayed,
I passed and looked and listened to gents,
As compliments they paid.
And one that pleased me most of all,
Was spoken with such sighs;
A nice young man says there she goes,
The blonde that never dyes.

SPOKEN.—He was a real nice young fellow, and I felt quite taken with him, especially when he spoke the truth so charmingly in saying that I was—

CHORUS.

The blonde that never dyes,
The blonde that never dyes;
Both far and near that's what I hear,
The blonde that never dyes.
The blonde that never dyes,
Both far and near
I'm sure to hear,
The blonde than never dyes.

What's in a name? Shakespeare said,
But with him I don't hold;
For some have styled my hair of late,
As quite a rise in gold.
Yet I don't mind them, not a bit,
But wonder at their eyes,
To think I die while yet live,
The blonde that never dyes.

SPOKEN.—And it is so funny to hear the different remarks as I go by, I heard a young fellow the other day lisp out to his companion: I thay Charlie, ith that hair vermillion? No, replied his friend, I think its wed, but at that moment a third party tapped him on the shoulder and said your are quite mistaken for that lady is the—CHORUS.

To use a phrase I call my own,
And one of which I'm fond;
At once proclaims to all my friends:
I'll live and die a blonde.
Yet some will say that cannot be,
And add to my surprise;
That I must live and die the same as now
A blonde that never dyes.

SPOKEN.—So I suppose, my friends, you may congratulate me, as I shall in all probability live forever—that is, it must be so when I hear it daily announced that I am the—CHORUS.

JUST A LITTLE.

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Written for Sam Devere by Joseph Tabrar, of London, England.

When I go to a theatre a private box I occupy,
To notice all the pretty little darlings on the sly;
I don't like girls in long sleeves, but I really must confess,
I much prefer ladies in a slightly low-necked dress.

SPOKEN:—You know, not too low, but—

CHORUS.

Just a little, just a little,
I don't like to behold them when they are dressed below the shoulders;
Tho' it's proper, strictly proper
To wear their dresses open just a little.

All things in this world I think there's nought like married life,
And every fellow ought to have at least one true and loving wife;
But wives should ne'er permitted be to talk to other men,
And men should only be allowed to flirt just now and then.

SPOKEN:—Not flirt too much, but—

CHORUS.

Just a little, just a little,
Such as kissing sweet every pretty girl you meet;
Which is proper, strictly proper
For a married man to travel just a little.

I don't like girls who walk out without holding up their skirt,
And let them dangle on the ground to sweep up all the dirt;
In fact as far as I'm a judge I think young ladies ought
To have their trains cut off and wear their dresses rather short.

SPOKEN:—Not too short, but—

CHORUS.

Just a little, just a little,
If they wore them slightly shorter they would always have a courtier;
And it's proper, strictly proper
To wear their dresses shorter, just a little.

Dimpled Cheeks and Laughing Eyes.

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There's a secret that has placed me in distress,
And if you'll only listen I'll confess;
'Tis of a maiden fair, with sunny, golden hair,
And her eyes gave me a glance of tenderness.
It was early morn and in the month of May,
When I first chanced to meet her
In a quiet little grove, the residing place of love,
When the soaring lark was carrolling forth its lay.
She is the fairest in the land,
And very soon I'll claim her hand,
Dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
Greet me mornings at sun rise;
And together through the glen we stray,
When the soaring lark is carrolling forth its lay.

Sweet thoughts of her are always in my mind,
Now, harm in that you surely cannot find;
When the sun has gone to rest, and each bird has sought its nest,
We wander forth and leave all cares behind.
When the dew is calmly resting on each spray,
Reflecting back the moonlight;
We stroll thro' every glen, then part to meet again,
When the soaring lark is carrolling forth its lay.
She is the one I love, I prize,
With laughter in her eyes;
Dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
Greet me mornings at sun rise;
And together through the glen,
When the soaring lark is carrolling forth its lay.

LET IT BE SOON.

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Words by Clement Scott. Music by F. Paolo Tosti.

Let is be soon!
Life was not made to long for distant hours of futurity;
Thy presence soothes me like some far off song,
Thy presence soothes me like some far off song.
Oh, where my heart has rested let it lie,
Oh, where my heart has rested let it lie;
Hope is the morning, love the afternoon,
Let it be soon, let it be soon!

Let it be soon!
The treasured daylight dies,
And changes sadly to the chill of night,
But Summer reigns forever in thine eyes.
And at thy touch grief stealeth out of sight,
After sad years of lónging, love must swoon,
After sad years of longing, love must swoon,
Let it be soon, let it be soon!

Love cannot live like this,
Lost in a maze of wild expectancy;
Life can endure, if solaced by a kiss,
But faith, if unrewarded, it must die.
Thou art cold Winter,
I am sun in June;
Let it be soon, let be soon!
Let it be soon!

—"Talking about dogs of keen scent, I have one that will compare favorably with any of them." "Remarkable dog, eh?" "I should say so. The other day he broke his chain, and although I had been away for hours he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?" "I think you ought to take a bath."

—Impetuous fashionable, meeting old friend in the street: Oh, Countess, how do you do? I'm glad you're back. I haven't seen you since your brilliant wedding. Of course the Count is with you? Countess: No, I left him in Italy. Friend: I hope you had a good time there at his grand old castle. Countess: Well, you see, it took all my money to pay his debts on it, but a friend lent the money to come back with. By the way, you can do me a great favor. Friend (weakly): Certainly. What is it? Countess: Give me some sewing to do.

Gently Down the Stream of Time.

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Words and Music by Maj. J. Papton.

Gently down the stream of time
Floats our bark towards the sea;
Sweetly peals the evening chime,
Hear it echo wild and free.
Friends have gone, ties have been broken,
Fears and doubts and hopes sublime;
Careless words, tho' idly spoken,
Lie sleeping 'neath the sea of time;
Careless words, tho' idly spoken,
Lie sleeping 'neath the sea of time.

CHORUS.

Gently down the stream of time
Floats our bark towards the sea;
Sweetly peals the evening chime,
Hear its echo wild and free.

Yonder on the golden shore
Forms unseen are chanting low;
Strains we loved in days of yore,
Memories of long ago.
Voices are now hushed forever,
Tears and flowers strew their graves;
And this mighty rushing river
Buries all beneath its wave;
And this mighty rushing river
Buries all beneath its wave.—CHORUS.

WHEN MOTHER PUTS THE LITTLE ONES TO BED.

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Words by Chas. Noll. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

When mother puts the little ones to bed
With tender words and fervent, loving prayer;
She lays her hand upon each tiny head,
As close they gather round her easy chair.
She folds each little prattler in a loving, warm embrace,
And listens till each lisping prayer is said;
How tenderly she kisses every smiling face,
And listens as they call out from their bed:

CHORUS.

Good-night, mamma, good-night, papa,
Angels bright watch over us all;
God, bless mamma, God, bless papa,
Pleasant dreams and now good-night.

When mother puts the little ones to bed
She hears each childish tale of hope and fear;
And soothes all sorrows till all grief has fled,
And kisses off each tiny trickling tear.
Then when each little one is laid within its bed to sleep,
She kneels and prays as only mothers pray;
That heaven all her precious ones will safely keep,
And still the little voices softly say:—CHORUS.

When mother puts the little ones to bed,
She thinks of days and years long passed away;
Of those who long have slumbered with the dead,
Who once with her enjoyed their childish play.
She recalls her mother's anguish if her darling drooped in pain,
And tho't, "Supposing one of mine should die;"
With anxious heart she kissed them o'er and o'er again,
And listened as they murmured in reply:—CHORUS.

—Milkman: Do you wish to settle for your last month's milk? Housewife: Not to-day; I guess you'll have to chalk it, as you usually do.

—"What is a green grocer, papa?" asked Jones' youngest son as the two passed a Woodward avenue store this morning. "A green grocer, my lad, is one who advertises to sell thirteen pounds of 10-cent sugar for a dollar, and then trusts the customer—to be paid in a day or two, you know. But, my son, the grocer gets over his greenness if he lives."

LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

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List! 'tis music stealing
Over the rippling sea;
Bright yon moon is beaming
Over each tower and tree.
The waves seem list'ning to the sounds,
As silently they flow,
O'er coral groves and fairy ground,
And sparkling caves below.
List! 'tis music stealing
Over the rippling sea;
Bright yon moon is beaming
Over each tower and tree.
List! list! list! to the convent bells,
List to the convent bells.

Music sounds the sweetest
When on the moonlit sea;
We sail in our bark (the fleetest)
To a sweet melody.
Then as we're gently sailing,
We'll sing that plaintive strain,
Which mem'ry makes endearing,
And home recalls again.
List! 'tis music stealing
Over the rippling sea;
Bright yon moon is beaming
Over each tower and tree.
List! list! list! to the convent bells,
List to the convent bells.

Give Me a Man of Honest Heart.

Words by G. Stedman. Music by M. Hobson.

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Give me a man of honest heart,
I care not what he be;
He may be rich, he may be poor,
It matters not to me.
He may not wear a silken vest,
Or boast of high degree;
But if he owns an honest heart,
He's nature's all to me;
But if he owns an honest heart,
He's nature's all to me.

CHORUS.

All praise then be to him
Who acts a noble part;
For a right good man is he
Who owns an honest heart.

What if a man can learning boast,
And wealth of golden ore?
Yet, if he lacks an honest heart,
I call him yet but poor.
Tell me not of wealth and rank,
They're bubbles on the sea;
A man may dwell in gilded halls,
But may not honest be.—CHORUS.

Oh! if he owns an honest heart,
Is gentle, true and kind,
We need not search the wide world o'er,
A better man to find.
Then give to every man his due,
Who acts the honest plan;
It is the heart, and not the coat,
That makes the honest man.—CHORUS.

—"By the way Peckham, how's your wife? You used to say before you were married you had the boss girl." Peckham (sadly): "She's still boss."

—Mrs. Gorham Ware: "I must run now, dear. We're going to have a dreadful shower. I hope your dress won't spot. Why did you come out to-day without an umbrella?" Miss Korton: "Oh, I don't know; I suppose because you borrowed it yesterday." Mrs. Gorham Ware: "How stupid of me to forget! This is your umbrella, isn't it? Well, I'll send it around as soon as I get home."

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU GIVE TO FIND OUT?

Copyright, 1887, by E. J. H. Stecher.

A Recitation—By M. J. Cavanagh.

One morning in the "Sessions" a prisoner stood
In the dock, on suspicion of theft;
The facts brought against him were such that he'd not
Of escape e'er the faintest chance left,
The officer's evidence tended to show
That he'd caught him in rather queer plight;
Trying hard with a key to open a door,
In the silence and dead of the night.
The District Attorney, pompous and loud
In his general blustering way,
Addressing the officer, said, sir, when caught,
Pray what did the prisoner say?
The officer coughed [ahem!] and scratching his head
Looked around as if something in doubt,
Then smiled at the lawyer and answered him thus:
"How much would you give to find out?"

"Come, come, sir, we want not your levity here,"
The lawyer irascibly cried,
"Or you might find yourself, sir, repenting your joke
In the dock at the prisoner's side."
Now, look at the prisoner grinning away
At your myrth, sir, so low and ill-timed.
"You say, sir, you saw him creep up to the door
When over the railing he climbed."
The policeman replied, "Yes, I did sir, that's true,
Then I followed and collared him tight,
Dragged him off to the station, altho' to escape
He tried, sir, with main and with might."
The counsellor here interposed once again,
"Well, you stopped him from getting away,
But answer me this, when you seized him at first,
Then, what did the prisoner say?"
The policeman looked 'round and again scratched his head
As if of his ears were in doubt;
Then smiled, and amid roars of laughter he said:
"How much would you give to find out?"

The counsel jumped up and the counsel sat down,
Then at the policeman he glared,
And addressing the stern looking judge on the bench,
He solemnly vowed and declared,
That he'd never before since he'd practiced the law
Had with so much insolence met,
And hoped that the man reprimanded would be,
In a manner he would not forget.
The judge gave the witness a look of reproof,
And then with a manner severe,
Desired him at once a fit answer to give
To a question so simple and clear.
Then the lawyer addressed the policeman again,
"You have heard what his 'Honor' has said,
Which is only what I have expected from one
Who possesses his 'Honor's' great head."
The judge then continued, now, witness take care,
Just consider this is not child's play,
On your oath, when first you had seized upon him,
Pray, what did the prisoner say?
A silence profound then pervaded the court,
As tho' everyone's breath had been stopped
And there's not the least doubt but a pin could be heard
If down on the floor it had dropped;
The people, the jury, the bench and the bar,
'Fore the officer's gaze were all mixed—
The eyes from all quarters that glared on him now
Like one terrible optic were fixed;
Add yet round his mouth a faint smile was discerned,
As he carefully twirled about
His club, and replied in stentorian tones,
"How much would you give to find out?"

A loud shout of laughter rang out in the court,
Which the judge very quickly suppressed,
And even his Honor was fain just to smile
As if he to himself had confessed,
That the matter was one not quite guiltless of myrth,
Here the counsel in passion's tones spoke,
And observed that with all due respect to the court,
He failed to perceive any joke,
In the insolent answer repeated now thrice,
By the witness, who's satisfied air,
Was an open insult to his Honor and all
Honest citizens now present there.
The policeman must guilty of perjury be,
Or else dull and heavy as lead.
At this the poor wretch in the dock shouted out
"You, duffer, that's just wot I said.
The cop, when he collared me, asked me my game,
'Twas an hour honest folks ain't about,
And I give him the 'gag' he's been giving to you,
How much would you give to find out?"

UNCLE JEFF'S RETURN.

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My life is full of misery and pain,
I've travelled over land and on the sea;
But now I am back home once again,
I wonder how they'll welcome me?
Oh! where are the friends that I loved?
There is the home where I was born;
Oh! do they ever think of me?
Or do they think me dead and gone?

REFRAIN.

My life is full of misery and pain,
I've travelled over land and on the sea;
But now I am back home again,
I wonder how they'll welcome me?

CHORUS.

Back to the home he loves so well,
Back to never leave again;
Kind friends, I'm glad to see you welcome me,
Uncle Jeff has just returned.

The misery and pan has pass'd away,
My heart is filled with comfort and with joy;
No more to roam so far away from home,
I'll stay here now until I die.
And when I am called up above,
To meet the loved ones gone before;
I hope they'll be watching there for me,
When I reach that shining shore.—REFRAIN & CHORUS.

List'ning For His Coming Step.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

List'ning for the step of one she loves,
Looking for a manly face to cheer;
Longing for a tender loving smile,
List'ning for a voice to her so dear.
Trustingly a little maiden waits,
Soon he'll come, she's singing all the day,
Soon my Robin will come back to me,
Soon my anxious fears will pass away;
Soon my Robin will come back to me,
Soon my anxious fears will pass away.

CHORUS.

Speed, speed, lingering time, bring my Robin to me,
Bear him safe, oh, gallant ship o'er the stormy sea;
Speed, speed, lingering time, bring him back to me,
I listen for his coming step, and wait so lovingly.

Visions sweet her peaceful slumbers bless,
Visions of a meeting soon to be;
Visions of happy days to come,
When he's home far from across the sea.
Lovingly a little maiden waits,
Soon he'll come, she's singing all the day,
Soon my Robin will come back to me,
Listen while she sings her sweetest lay;
Soon my Robin will return to me,
Soon my anxious fears will pass away.—CHORUS.

—Minister (to boy digging for worms): "Little boy, don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in case of necessity?" Boy: "This is a case of necessity. A feller can't go fishin' 'thout bait."

WHERE'S THE WHITE HORSE?

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. W. Delaney

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Words and Music by Willie Wildwave.

I am a young maiden of bashful sixteen,
I'm troubled, I'm angry, I'm sad;
I don't like the many expressions I hear—
The latest one makes me so mad.
My hair, you must know, is of bright golden hue,
To term it a red is language quite gross;
If I ride in a car some fool will shout, ah!
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse?

CHORUS.

Where's the white horse? Have you seen the white horse?
To account for this saying I'm sadly at loss;
When I go on the street, my appearance they'll greet,
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse?

Why people poke fun at a maiden so shy,
And call her a "bright shining light,"
Is something I hardly can answer myself,
I'm sure you do not think it right.
These men about town are the plague of my life,
Their jokes are vulgar, their wit is so coarse,
They'll laughingly cry, when me they espy,
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse.—CHO

Now some folks imagine they're showing their wit,
When they speak of a lady's hair;
I'd advise them to stop or else we might take
From their heads a not modest share;
Young ladies, you know, are propriety's saints,
Sometimes you rile them, make them very cross;
When you shout out aloud before a whole crowd,
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse?—CHO

Hannah's Done Stuck on a Coon.

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Dar's a heap ob trouble I'm obliged to tole,
An' my heart am full of woe;
Dis wool am changin' from its cold black hue,
It am turnin' just as white as snow.
An' de cause ob all my tribulations,
My brothers I'll tole you soon,
Dar's been no cherrybubs about dis house,
Since Hannah's got stuck on a coon.

CHORUS.

Hannah's done stuck on de coon,
Hannah's done stuck on de coon;
She's gone on de figger ob a big swell nigger,
Yes, Hannah's done stuck on de coon.

I raised dat gal in de Baptis' camp,
To trabel in de righteous way;
No low down niggah could come nigh dat chile,
She was sweeter than de new mown hay.
But she's gone and went wid a yallar moke
And lef me to sing dis tune:
Dar's great commotion in de ole man's mind,
Since Hannah's done stuck on a coon.—CHORUS.

I would not worry if his hide was black,
My mind would be at ease;
But she's done skedaddled wid a washed out coon,
As yallah as a hunk of cheese.
But I've got a club, and a razor, too,
Gwine to spile dat honeymoon—umph!
Dar'll be trouble in de family shuah
When de ole man finds dat coon.—CHORUS.

—Coal dealer: "Where's John?" "Driver: "He staid up to Mr. Brown's." "Why on earth did he do that? Doesn't he know we're short-handed?" "I suppose he does, sir, but he said he was weighed in with his load, and he had an idea he belonged to Mr. Brown."

WOMEN OF THE DAY.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

There is a great change going on,
You can see it every day;
The women are trying to be like men,
And they're bound to have their way.
They have their racket on the sly,
In the courts they make a noise,
They want you all to understand
They're cut out for one o' the boys.

The men will have to take a back seat
If things keep on as they are,
The women are quickly coming to the front,
And the men are way below par.
We've female lawyers in our courts,
Their tongues will make a noise;
They will succeed and mash the judge,
It's the thing to please the boys.

Woman's rights are what we need,
For the men are getting rude,
If you don't believe were changing 'round,
Just look upon the dude.
And Doctor Mary walker is one,
And no one her annoys,
She wears her pants like a real, real man,
You bet she's one o' the boys.

They've got to be physicians,
And you've got to show your tongue,
And they'll rap you hard upon the chest
To try your little lung.
It's mighty nice to have 'em 'round,
To fill your heart with joys,
To kiss your brow and feel your pulse,
It's the thing to please the boys.

The Villain Never Harmed Her.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

A maiden resolved to pack her trunk,
But the villain never harmed her;
She looked like a number 9 mackerel shrunk,
And the villain never harmed her.
Her wealth was immense, and her wardrobe large,
With a hair-pin her loving father armed her;
She had a couple o' pairs of socks in a paper collar box,
And the villain never harmed her.

She wore a pair of seal-skin jackets in her ears,
But the villian never harmed her;
She had just got them out, they were in pawn seven years,
And the villain never harmed her.
When he pealed off his ulster she was stuck on his shape,
This fascinating scoundrel thought he had charmed her;
She stabbed him in the eye with a huckleberry pie,
But the villain never harmed her.

She clasped to her breast her long lost child,
And the villian never harmed her;
'Twas a monkey disguised as Oscar Wild,
And the villain never harmed her.
She tried to blow him up with a bladder full of wind,
He anticipated her motive and disarmed her;
With a mouth full of gum she dared him to come,
But the villian never harmed her.

She was combing her teeth with a fine tooth clam,
And the villian he never harmed her;
He spit blue fire, but she didn't give a darn,
But the villain never harmed her.
With a big tin dagger that he bought for a cent,
His manner so exceedingly alarmed her;
But the son-of-a-gun he was only in fun,
And the villain hever harmed her.

—Guest (in restaurant): "Here, waiter, there's a fly in this soup; take it away." Waiter: "'Scuse me boss. But dat ain' no fly." Guest: "I say it is. Take it away." Waiter: "All right, boss. But dat ain' no fly. Dat's a roach, boss. We don' have no flies yer in Wintah time. Dis am a fust-class place, an' we don' serve nuffin outen season, sah."

WHERE MOTHER IS, IS HOME.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

The world has many joys in store,
Though fleeting they may be;
We live its pleasures o'er and o'er,
Its clouds and sunshine see.
But there is still one hallowed place,
No matter where we roam;
And time can ne'er this truth efface,
Where mother is, is home.

REFRAIN,

Where mother is, is home,
She'll cheer you when you come;
Forever true her heart is to you,
Where mother is, that's home.

Though other scenes may bring delight,
And lure us for awhile;
We miss one face so dear and bright,
One sweet and loving smile.
And when in life we're tempest tost,
No star in yonder dome;
One hope is left though all be lost,
Where mother is, is home.—CHORUS.

Then fold her fondly to your breast,
And smooth her pathway here;
Her smile can bid our sorrow rest,
And make our life still dear.
Oh! gentle thought amid our care,
While here on earth we roam;
Though joy or pain the heart may share,
Where mother is, is home.—CHORUS.

MY MAGGIE.

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Written, and sung by W. J. Scanlan, in his new drama, "Myles Aroon."

Don't be trying to tease me
With your aggravating way,
Saying that I don't love you ,
That you wish me far away;
I dream of you when sleeping,
Awake I call you mine,
You're queen of all my thoughts, love,
My heart and soul are thine.
To take you gently in my arms,
And kiss those lips so sweet,
As flower meets flower in fond embrace,
As birds the poets greet;
What king could be more happy,
In his world of pomp than I?
What star of light to me so bright
As Maggie's roguish eye.

REFRAIN.

Give to me my Maggie, and her little roguish eye,
You may have your ladies, so haughty and high;
Give to me the flowers from my little Maggie's breast,
You may have your ladies, their jewels and the rest.

I'd not give my Maggie
For the queen and all her throne,
Maggie's heart is more to me
Than wealth or stately home;
What mine contains a jewel,
In this or foreign land,
So rare or pure as Maggie's heart,
So mountain-like and grand?
You, ladies grand, of high degree,
Who try to reach the sky,
With up-turned heads and haughty mein,
Who look as if they'd fly;
What place have they with Maggie,
In her simple, modest home,
Where nature's always smiling,
Where weary ones oft roam?—REFRAIN.

YOU AND I, LOVE.

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Written, and sung by W. J. Scanlan, in his new drama, "Myles Aroon."

The poets may dream of rapture and bliss,
Of lovers whose love is a lingering kiss;
Of hearts ever true thro' sorrow and strife,
Of home and its joys, the comforts of life.
Give to me the dell with all its fragrance sweet,
The dell where first my love and I did meet;
Where stars shown out the brightest in that grand retreat,
Where oft my love and I, together strolled.

REFRAIN.

Starry night in fairy dell,
We'll kiss again, love, but never tell,
None to see, love, but stars and sky,
None to tell, love, but you and I.

In fairy dell where we have oft met,
Those happy hours can you ever forget?
There by your side 'neath starry sky,
Like doves we coo, my love and I.
Happy, love, am I when e'er I think of thee,
Oh, how my heart doth beat when you I see;
Oh what would life, or fancy's dream be, love, to me,
Did I but feel that thou hath said farewell?—REFRAIN.

TURN DOWN THE LIGHT.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

If you ever go a courting I'll tell you what to do,
If you wish to be successful in your suit;
Pick out a Sunday evening when the father's out of town,
So you won't come in contact with his boot.
Just take her in the parlor, let her sit upon your knee,
Squeeze her and hug her awful tight;
Then kiss her on the upper lip, repeat it once or twice,
Then suddenly turn down the light.

CHORUS.

Turn down the light when you're both alone,
'Specially on a Sunday night;
When you're sitting on the sofa and she says "Oh, George!"
You'd better turn down the light.

One night I was a courting and I wasn't losing time,
For I thought her parents were asleep in bed;
But they were both awake and they took in all we said,
For their bedroom was just overhead.
The old man tried to come down stairs
To kick me clean out of sight,
But his wife said John, you know you was once young yourself,
And you'd better turn down the light.

CHORUS.

Turn down the light and don't be a fool,
You know it's Sunday night;
You was once young yourself, and when you came a courting me,
You always turned down the light.

I was having such a time that I didn't see the clock
Was pointing to half past one,
But I didn't care a nickle, she was sitting on my knee,
And her weight was only a ton.
I was just kissing her for the hundredth time,
And hugging her with all my might,
When a policeman peeked in the window and said:
You'd better turn down the light.

CHORUS.

Turn down the light, it's against the law,
You know it's Sunday night;
The neighbors are complaining, but they're all a peeking in,
So you'd better turn down the light.

—Wife: "Will you take me to the opera to-night, dear?" Husband: "Yes, go and undress."

—Young artist: "Well, Charley, what do you think I ought to get for this painting?" Charley: "Six months."

—On the rolling deep—First Passenger: "Well, old boy, what's up this afternoon?" Second Passenger: "All but the soup."

—"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chichen smothered in onions?" "No sah; we doesn't kill 'em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

—Out West: "How's Jim getting along, Sandy?" "Jim?" Oh, he kemitted sewerside 'bout a month back." "That so! How'd he do that?" "Wall, you see, he called me a liar."

Sam Devere's Version of

WE'VE BOTH BEEN THERE BEFORE, MANY A TIME.

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My friend, Al. Sheldon, called on me, 'twas but the other day,
I had not seen him for a while, so he to me did say:
You've just got back to New York, let's take a little walk,
And we stopped into a beer saloon for a quiet little talk.
But when we came out of that beer saloon we were pretty full, I think,
And every place we came across we went in and had a drink;
We tackled good old rock and rye, which made us feel quite queer,
And we eat a big cheese sandwich with every schooner of beer.

CHORUS.

For we'd both been there before, many a time, many a time,
For we'd both been there before, many a time;
Where many a gallon of beer had gone to color his nose and mine,
For we'd both been there before, many a time, many a time.

The next thing I remember in the Hoffman House we went,
We turned our pockets inside out, but didn't have a cent;
We tried to stand the barkeeper up for drinks, which made him awful sore,
He grabbed us, by the slack of our pants and fired us out of the door.
A copper then he collared us and to us he did say,
I'll have to run you in unless you both do walk away;
Both of us were b'iling full, our money was all gone,
And as we'd nothing more we put our watches in pawn.

CHORUS.

For they'd both been there before, many a time, many a time,
For they'd both been there before, many a time;
He got four dollars on his, I got a dollar on mine,
For they'd both been there before, many a time, many a time.

Then we left Uncle Simpson's, where three golden balls hang out,
And as we walked along the street we began to sing and shout;
We got a talking politics and said we owned the town,
When some one slugged us in the neck and in the gutter we both fell down.
Then all seemed blank, for what occurred I really cannot tell,
I know I awoke next morning with a big head in a cell;
Before Judge Duffy they took us both, ten dollars fine we paid,
And when we asked him what we'd done, he looked at us and said:

CHORUS.

You've both been there before, many a time, many a time,
You've both been there before, many a time;
And the very next time you come before me, you'll not get off with a fine,
For you've both been there before, many a time, many a time.

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

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I am thinking now of home, among my native hills,
And though afar thro' distant lands I roam,
The mem'ries of the past my heart with longing fills,
To see the darling little ones at home.
Ah! now their forms I seem to see,
Far o'er the rolling ocean's foam;
And hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee,
Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

CHORUS.

The little ones at home, the little ones at home,
I long to see the little ones at home,
And hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee,
Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft before,
And bathes the earth in floods of mellow light,
But its beams are not so bright upon this lonely shore,
As they seemed at home one year ago to-night.
Sadly my heart still turns to thee,
Wherever I may chance to roam
I hear your voices ringing in merry childish glee,
Oh, I long to hear the little ones at home.—CHORUS.

May guardian angels still their vigils o'er thee keep,
May heaven's choicest blessings on thee rest,
Till I am safely borne across the stormy deep,
And meet again with those I love the best.
Soon, soon your faces I shall see,
Never, nevermore from thee to roam,
Soon shall I hear your voices in merry childish glee
Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome home.

CHORUS.

The little ones at home, the little ones at home,
I long to see the little ones at home
Soon shall I hear your voices in merry childish glee
Proclaim the joyous welcome welcome home.

BABY MINE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine—baby mine;
I could read and never tire,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to me,
Baby mine—baby mine,
He is coming back to me,
Baby mine.

Oh! I long to see his face,
Baby mine—baby mine;
In his old accustomed place,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine—baby mine,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine.

I'm so glad, I cannot sleep,
Baby mine—baby mine;
I'm so happy I could weep,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine—baby mine,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none I love but Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
There's not a lady in the land that's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

Her father makes cabbage nets, and thro' the streets doth cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long to such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could never own so sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like a Turk, and bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his belly full, I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest all in my best, to walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart and she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church, and often I get blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch as soon as the text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time, to walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again, oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all, and give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thousand dollars, I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all, make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd rather be a slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out, oh! then I'll marry Sally;
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed, but not in our alley.

—"Tom, my boy, if you so dislike the lady, what made you propose to her?" "Well, you see, we had danced three dances together, and I couldn't think of anything else to say."

—Husband: "Now I think this is going too far. You promised me you would countermand your order for that dress." Wife: "I wrote to the firm that very day." "But here is the dress and the bill for it—enough to bankrupt me almost. How do you explain that?" "I gave you the letter and I suppose you forgot to mail it as usual."

ELLA RHEE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! Ella Rhee, so kind and true,
In the little church yard lies;
Her grave is bright with drops of dew,
But brighter were her eyes.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

CHORUS.

Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

Her pretty eyes and gentle form,
Methinks I yet can see;
I love the spot where she was born,
'Way down in Tennessee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.—CHORUS.

The Summer sun will rise and set,
And the night-birds thrill their lay;
And the 'possum and coon so softly step
Round the grave of Ella Rhee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.—CHORUS.

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE.

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You ask me, friend Harry, to say what I'd do,
If I were a millionaire;
You ask if I'd travel and have a good time,
And live without trouble or care.
Ah, Harry my boy, sordid aims give no joy,
And selfishness truly's a snare,
So if you will listen I'll say what I'd do,
If I were a millionaire.

CHORUS.

If I were a millionaire,
My blessings with others I'd share,
For the poor and down-trodden I'd tenderly care,
If I were a millionaire.

A poor workingman is thrown out of employ,
By a strike of the rich, called a trust,
His family is starving, he's tempted, he steals,
And his good name is dragged in the dust.
I'd employ the best counsel, for mercy appeal,
And bring ev'ry effort to bear,
To save the poor fellow and give him a chance,
If I were a millionaire.—CHORUS.

But the millionaire bandit who robs rich and poor,
Tho' he owns thousands more than he needs;
Who deals in "wheat steals," most gigantic and bold,
And other such high handed deeds.
Who raises the price of the workingman's bread,
To fight such a man I'd ne'er fail;
I'd spend ev'ry dollar I had in the world
To send the rich rascal to jail.—CHORUS.

There are young fact'ry children, white slaves in this land,
Who toil out their poor little lives;
There are hundreds of women who scarce earn their bread,
Tho' the boss they are working for thrives.
There is sadness and suffering, oppression and want,
To relieve and protect, I'd not spare;
And that's the way, Harry, I'd have a good time,
If I were a millionaire.—CHORUS.

LARBOARD WATCH.

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At dreamy midnight's cheerless hour,
Deserted e'en by Cynthia's beams,
When tempests beat and torrents pour,
And twinkling stars no longer gleam.
The wearied sailor, spent with toil,
Clings firmly to the weather shrouds;
And still the lengthened hour to guile,
Sings, as he views the gathering clouds:
Larboard watch, ahoy!

CHORUS.

But who can speak the joy he feels
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tir'd eyelids slumbering fall
He rouses at the welcome call
Of larboard watch, ahoy!

With anxious care he eyes each wave,
That, swelling, threatens to ov'rwhelm,
And his storm-beaten bark to save,
Directs with skill the faithful helm.
With joy he drinks the cheering grog,
'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse;
With joy he heaves the reeling log,
And marks the leeway and the course:
Larboard watch, ahoy!—CHORUS.

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

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I am going far away,
Far away to leave you now,
To de Mississippi river I am going;
I will take my old banjo,
And I'll sing dis little song,
Away down in my old cabin home.

CHORUS.

Here is my old cabin home,
Here is my sister and my brother;
Here lies my wife, de joy of my life,
And my child in de grave with its mother.

I am going to leave dis land,
With dis our darkey band,
To travel all dis wide world o'er;
And when I get tired,
I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my old cabin home.—CHORUS.

When old age comes on,
And my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up de banjo all alone;
I'll sit down by de fire,
And I'll pass de time away,
Away down in my old cabin home.—CHORUS.

'Tis dar where I roam,
Away down on de old farm,
Where all de darkies are free;
Oh, merrily sound de banjo,
For de white folks round de room,
Away down in my old cabin home.—CHORUS.

—If you should see your girl gazing intently at your feet, don't shift them about uneasily or draw them up, or sit upon them, under the impression that she is overwhelmed by their immense size. She is merely taking their measure mentally for a pair of slippers, on the toes of which she intends to work a blue dog with a green tail and scarlet ears.

—A priest in examining a confirmation class, asked the question—"What is the sacrament of matrimony?" to which a little girl answered—"A state of torment into which souls enter to prepare for another and better world." "Being," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her to the foot of the class," said the curate. "Leave her alone said the priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

ACROSS THE BRIDGE HE GOES.

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On the bridge, at midnight, stood I in dismay,
Watching weary stragglers passing on their way,
Silently reflecting, dreaming there alone,
All their joys and sorrows seemed to be my own;
See the wretched gambler, looking deathly white,
All his fortune vanished in one single night,
With a look of horror peeps into the stream,
Thinks of wife and children, shattered in his dream.
"Ruined, fleeced and cheated, fool I was to play,
Home, how can I face it? what am I to say?"
Whither will he wander, heaven only knows,
Crushed and broken-hearted, too,
Across the bridge he goes.

Next with steps erratic comes the city clerk,
Button-hole and stick too ready for a lark;
Been to smoking concert, sung his latest song,
"Can't be twelve o'clock yet, works have all gone wrong;
What a beastly nuisance, last omnibus has gone,
Must be in the office at nine to-morrow morn."
Then he'll ask the "Bobby," "oblige me with a light?
Thank you, all the same, old chap—much obliged, good-night!"
Only got threeha'-pence, this is jolly queer!
Where's the other six-pence? must have gone for beer!
Well, here he goes to walk it; jingo, how it blows!
Lights another cigarette as o'er the bridge he goes.

Comes the muffled burglar, glancing left and right,
Shuffling like a spectre, shuns the glaring light;
Touches his revolver with a murderous leer,
What's a life to him when sweet liberty is dear?
Next with flying footsteps comes the common thief,
Hunted like a tiger, trembling like a leaf.
Hark! the cry "They've got him"—tries to break away,
Appeals aloud for mercy, hear what he's to say.
Let me off this time, sir, my wife is ill in bed,
It's hard to hear the children crying out for bread,
This is my first offense, sir, it is, God only knows!
Mercy was not meant for him, as over the bridge he goes.

Hark! a peal of laughter, like a bird in song,
A pretty little actress trips her way along;
Hugging "floral tributes" in her dainty arms,
Whilst her tall admirer reminds her of her charms.
Did not they go frantic when I did my dance?
I told you I should knock them out when I got the chance.
Take a cab—no, thank, you, I have not far to walk,
Leave me at the corner, please, you know how people talk.
This is too bad of you, Flo—don't go on like this,
You know you are so fetching, just one platonic kiss;
There's not a soul about here, hang it, don't say, no!
Hugging, squeezing, teasing, across the bridge they go.

Comes the cunning miser, shriveled, shrunk and old,
Clutching in his bony hands a bag of shining gold;
How he looks about him to see if any one's near
To steal away his treasure, than God to him more dear.
He seeks his wretched hovel, with tottering step, and slow,
And curses pomp and splendor as it passes to and fro;
The wind is blowing fiercely he trembles with the cold,
And as he creeps along the bridge he whispers to his gold:
O, thou precious burden, that filled the world with ill,
'Tis you that prompts the murderer to draw his knife and kill!
The bane of all good feeling, the origin of woes,
Cursing, clutching at his wealth, across the bridge he goes.

Next a form approaches at a halting pace,
Grief has failed to shatter the beauty of her face;
Promises and falsehoods fondly she believed,
Now her dream is ended, forsaken and deceived.
Silently to heaven she offers up a prayer,
Gazes at the river, then shudders in despair,
Clutching some love token in her withered hands,
Like an apparition on the brink she stands.
Why did he forsake me—him I loved so well?
Hark! the bell is tolling, bidding earth farewell;
Frantically her hands high in the air she throws,
A sigh, a leap, a scream, 'tis done,
As o'er the bridge she goes.

Such an Education Has My Mary Ann.

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My Mary Ann's a teacher in a great big public school,
She gets one thousand dollars every year,
She has charge of all the children, you'd never find a fool,
For Mary gives them all the proper steer.
Oh! she's studied Greek and Latin, real French and Timbuctoo,
German, Spanish, Turk and Hindoostan,
Portuguese, Irish and Jerusalem Hebrew,
Such an education has my Mary Ann.

CHORUS.

She's a darling, she's a daisy,
She's a dumpling, she's a lamb;
You should hear her play the pi-an-a,
Such an education has my Mary Ann.

My Mary Ann's a lady, no contemptible coquette,
When I see her sure my heart goes in a drame;
She is thoroughly conversant with the art of etiquette,
And at cards she'd beat old Hoyle himself a game.
Oh, she'd play you whist or cribbage, forty-five or casino,
And she'd dale the cards like any gamblin' man,
Poker or peanuckle, or Sanky oh Pedro,
Such an education has my Mary Ann.—CHORUS.

My Mary Ann's a dancer in the art of terpsichore,
You would see her forward four and alamandi;
She'd break up all the lumber you'd put down on the floor,
Such a heavy stepper is my Mary Ann.
Oh, she'd dance you the mazourka, a polka or quadrille,
Reel or jig, or shuffle in the sand, schottische or the German,
You couldn't keep her still,
Such an education had my Mary Ann.--CHORUS.

SPARE THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Copyright, 1883, by Mrs. J. P. Webster.

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Words by Sydney Dyer. Music by J. P. Webster.

Oh! spare, spare the old homestead,
'Twas there I first knew
The love of my mother,
Still changeless and true.
A father's, a brother's,
A lov'd sister's care;
Oh, these are the mem'ries,
That beam on me there.

CHORUS.

Then spare, spare the old homestead,
'Tis dear to me yet;
The home of my childhood,
I never, never can forget.

Oh! spare, spare the old homstead,
Nor ruthlessly part
The ties that have bound it
So long to my heart.
When wandering and weary,
And burdened with care,
A bright spot of sunshine,
Still beams for me there.—CHORUS.

Oh! spare, spare the old homestead,
Though moss overgrown,
Its halls are deserted,
Decaying alone.
Yet back to its hearth-stone,
My heart will repair,
As though its warm greetings,
Still welcomed me there.—CHORUS.

Oh! spare, spare the old homestead
Till that pensive hour,
When age makes me weary
And life yields its power.
Then bear me when fainting,
To breathe the sweet air,
And die 'mid the sunshine,
That beams on me there.—CHORUS.

I LEFT MY LOVE.

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I left my love in a far off land
In poverty and pain,
The tears hung heavy in my eyes,
And hers came down like rain.
I gave her all I had to give,
Repressed the rising sigh,
And hoping for the days to come
I kept my courage high.
Oh, farewell, I said, if seasons pass
And sunshine follows rain,
And morning dawns on darkest night,
You'll see me back again.

A year had passed and I sought my love
And brought her over the sea,
A happy man, a happy wife,
To bless my home and me.
My home is small, my wants are few,
I bid all care depart,
And sit beside my cottage door
With proud but grateful heart.
Oh, the children smiling round my board
Never ask for bread in vain,
The day has dawned upon the night,
The sun has followed rain.

SCANLAN'S SWING SONG.

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Written, and sung by W. J. Scanlan, in his new drama "Myles Aroon."

Just like a flower in Spring time,
Swaying to and fro,
Like bells when ringing,
Swinging high and low;
Swings my bud of beauty,
Happy as days are long;
Who would not like me,
Bubbling with joy and song?
See those eyes of sunshine
Dance with childish glee;
On thy face, my dear darling,
May they ever be.

REFRAIN.

Just like a flower in Spring time,
Swaying to and fro
Like bells when ringing,
Swinging high and low;
Swings my bud of beauty,
Happy as days are long;
Who would not like me,
Bubbling with joy and song?
See! there she goes!
See! there she goes!

Kiss me, my little darling,
Crown me with childish love;
He who gives all, dear,
Watches from above.
Well the flowers greet thee,
Bathe their heads in dew;
Wishing to be culled, love,
Since they are all for you.
Like the bud that soon will bloom,
Like the bird that's free;
So, my blushing rosebud,
Thou wilt some day be.—REFRAIN.

—"John," she said sweetly, as she glanced at the clock, "do you know anything about bass ball?" "Well, I rather guess I do," he answered with pride. "There is a shortstop in every nine, isn't there?" "Certainly." "Is there a long stop, too?" "No." "It is a pity." "Why so?" "Because," and she glanced at the clock again, "if there was a long stop, you would make money. Every club would be bidding for you."

MRS. McCARTHY'S PARTY.

Copyright, 1888, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

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Words and Music by Frank C. Turner.

Mrs. McCarthy, stout and hearty,
Thought she'd give a birthday party
When her daughter, Mary Ann, was twenty-three;
She extended invitations,
To her friends and near relations,
For to call and have a time quite socially.
The Ryans and O'Briens were invited to attend,
The Bradys and O'Gradys led the van;
And the Irish politicians,
All who held high positions,
Came to pay their respects
To handsome Mary Ann.

REFRAIN.

At eight o'clock we all sat down to supper,
We cleared the floor to have a dance at ten;
At eleven we all felt frisky from drinking Irish whiskey,
And at twelve o'clock the fighting begin.

All the guests as they came in
Were received by Patsy Flynn,
And escorted to the parlor in big style;
The O'Learys from Galway,
Said that they had come to stay,
And to the parlor marched in single file.
Then social etiquette was quite forgotten for a time,
And Mickey Burke went out to fill the can;
With the singing and the dancing,
Sure the fun was quite entrancing,
And they wished long life
To the handsome Mary Ann.—REFRAIN.

Mrs. Terry got quite merry,
All from drinking "Tom and Jerry,"
And she vowed she'd break the leg of Mike O'Neil;
Mrs. Malony, oh, so tony,
Says, "be quiet, you old croney,"
Or on your body I'll dance a reel.
Then every one began to talk and tell what they could do,
The Ryans swore they'd kill O'Grady's gang;
Then they all began to battle,
And they made the windows rattle,
In the mansion of the
Handsome Mary Ann.—REFRAIN.

They all fought till they were tired,
And poor Patsy Flynn was fired
Through the parlor window out into the street;
Delia Clancy's nose was broken,
And Pat Ryan was a choking
Tom O'Grady who was stretched out at his feet.
The piano fell on Mickey Burke and squeezed him most to death,
He kicked and broke the jaw of Kate Mahone;
Mrs. McCarthy and McNally
Threw them all out in the alley,
And they left them there to
Fight it out alone.—REFRAIN.

The World is Coming to an End.

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When you hear that somebody mobbed a plumber,
The world is coming to an end;
When the girls refuse ice cream in Summer,
The world is coming to an end.
When a man, in the rain for an hour and a half,
Holds and compels you to listen to his chaff,
Then he tells you a "chestnut" that will make you laugh,
The world is coming to an end.

If you don't flop down on a banana peel,
The world is coming to an end;
When the color in the ladies' cheeks is real,
The world is coming to an end.
When lovers will cease to plot and to plan,
And give each other taffy when ever they can,
And when old maids turn their back on a man,
The world is coming to an end.

'NEATH THE OLD MAPLE TREE

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Near an old-fashioned school-house neglected, decayed,
Forgotten amid life's great throng;
A tree spreads its branches, beneath which we played,
In childhood when days were so long.
Companions for years together they've stood,
Together they've braved frost and snow;
Oh, my eyes fill with tears, in my heart there's a sigh,
As I think of days long ago.

REFRAIN.

For my mem'ry recalls the glad moments of yore,
When with heart full of laughter and glee;
With playmate and sweetheart together we played,
And swung 'neath the old maple tree

The old tree yet stands on the bank of the door,
But where are the dear ones who strayed
Beneath its kind shelter when school hours were o'er,
And games of sweet childhood we played?
Oh, could they but gather again as of yore,
So merry, so happy and free;
Oh, could they but gather again as of yore,
To swing 'neath the old maple tree.—REFRAIN.

BERNARD REILLY.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Bernard Reilly, Bernard Reilly, days have passed so lonely,
Since you left your cottage home to sail beyant the sea;
Every night and every morn I'm thinking of you only,
Won't you write a loving line to show you think of me?
In the meadow by the brook, 'neath the spreading tree,
Where we carved our names together, darlin', you and me;
There at twilight oft I wander, thinking of you fondly,
Won't you write a loving line to little Kate McGee?

CHORUS.

In the meadow by the brook, neath the spreading tree,
Where we carved our names together, darlin', you and me;
Bernard Reilly, Bernard Reilly, faith, I love but thee,
Won't you write a loving line to little Kate McGee?

Bernard Reilly, don't forget the vows we pledged together,
Near that little village church beside the shady lane;
Well you know when last we met, to roam the brush and heather,
Then you asked me, Bernard, dear, if I would change my name.
Though you've sailed so far away over the ocean wide,
Yet I'll never forget my promise, that I'd be your bride;
Bernard Reilly, Bernard, darlin', stay those tears of sorrow,
Won't you write a loving line to little Kate McGee?—CHORUS.

Happy Times Passed and Gone Away.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Oh, I never shall forget de many happy, happy times,
Dat we spent in Alabama long ago;
When we 'sembled in de evenin' to have a little dance,
And forget about de shovel and de hoe.
Whar de purty little yaller gals joined us in de fun,
Dat lasted till de breakin' of de day;
Oh, I never shall forget it to de longest day I live,
Dem dar happy times passed and gone away.

CHORUS.

I feel old time just creeping right along,
I'se getting right old and gray;
But I'd like to show de white folks how I used to dance
In de happy times passed and gone away.

Oh, I like to linger fondly on dem happy, happy days,
And de fun I used to have when I was young;
When we used to come together 'round de little cabin doors,
Oh, de merry, merry songs dat we have sung.
I used to pick de banjo all to pieces in my time,
How de darkies used to like to hear me play;
Oh, dar's no use in talking dey will never come again,
Dem happy times passed and gone away.—CHORUS.

AM I RIGHT?

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Words and Music by S. Russell Childs.

Now this city isn't noted for its water,
Am I right, am I right?
And the river doesn't suit us as it oughter,
It isn't quite clear and bright.
In every drop some anamalcular appears,
So that when a fellow thirsty gets he drinks in deadly fear;
It's good enough for washing but for drinking give me beer,
Am I right, am I right?

Now we're a very pugilistic nation,
Am I right, am I right?
Mister Sullivan affords an illustration
How to smite in a fight.
Jem Smith says he'll come over here and paralyze our men,
But Smith is given very much to blowing now and then,
And if he ever tackles John he'll never blow again,
Am I right, am I right?

Now the ladies have the latest art of dressing,
Am I right, am I right?
Their little waists so tight compressing,
It isn't quite exactly right.
Their present style of dressing seems to me a little crude,
It must please them at all events, yet still we must conclude,
That if they cut much more away they might as well be nude,
Am I right, am I right?

Now I've no doubt you're weary of my verses,
Am I right, am I right?
But if you give applause instead of curses,
I will recite some other night.
The patience of the public I have very much admired,
If I should sing another verse I'm sure I'd make you tired;
So I'd rather leave with dignity than wait till I get fired,
Am I right, am I right?

FAREWELL, MARGUERITE.

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I see thy loving smile,
I hear thy gentle voice,
That could the darkest hour beguile,
And make my heart rejoice.
I see thee still as in the happy past,
And in my bosom tender mem'ries dwell,
Bright hour of bliss that could not last,
Sweet Marguerite, farewell.

CHORUS

I know not if within the bounds of time,
We'll meet again our mutual love to tell,
I hear the hour for parting chime,
Sweet Marguerite, farewell;
I hear the hour for parting chime,
Sweet Marguerite, sweet Marguerite, farewell,
Marguerite, farewell, farewell.

What though between us oceans roll,
And swelling seas divide,
My heart still owns thy sweet control,
It knows no queen beside.
And often in the holy hush of night,
This theme my fondly waiting heart will swell
Dear dream of love that made earth bright,
Sweet Marguerite, farewell.—CHORUS.

And though in life we meet no more
As in the happy past,
We'll bless those blissful days of yore,
While life and time shall last.
Beyond the reach of every grief and pain,
Beyond time's dark and stormy billows swell
Above life's clouds we'll meet again,
Sweet Marguerite, farewell.—CHORUS.

—"Say, I've got the hiccoughs. Frighten me won't you?" "Lend me a five?" "Thanks it's all over now."

LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

Words by W. S. Gilbert. Music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

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Little maid of Arcadee
Sat upon cousin Robin's knee,
Thought in face and form and limb
Nobody could equal him;
He was rich and she was fair,
Truth, they made a pretty pair;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee:
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee,
Happy maid of Arcadee.

Moments sped as moments will,
Rapidly enough, until
After, say a month or two,
Robin did as Robins do;
Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her and ran away,
Wretched little maiden she;
Doleful maid of Arcadee,
Doleful maid or Ardadee.

To her little home she crept,
There she sat her down and wept,
Maiden wept as maidens will,
Grew so thin and pale and ill;
Till another came to woo,
Then again the roses grew;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee,
Happy maid of Arcadee.

You'll Have to Be Up to the Times.

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There's hundreds of people most worried to death,
They can't find out where the fault lays;
They bother t' emselves 'till they're all out of breath,
While they stick to old stereotype ways.
A synopsis we'll give in a skeleton form,
The very best way in our rhymes,
Give up the idea of old grandfather's day,
And try and be up to the times.

CHORUS.

Just save up your pennies and figure them close,
You can very soon count them in dimes;
Soon your dimes runs to dollars, and when you have them
You can always be up to the times.

Now appearance is half of the battle, you bet,
You're a darling in every one's eyes,
Remember you're working for all you can get,
Always spring something new by surprise.
There's lots of inducements to throw a man off,
When you listen to flattery's chime
You'll find yourself lost, and you'll be a dead frost,
Unless you are up to the times.

CHORUS.

It's a very wise lad, yes, that knows his own dad,
To find out if you're very inclined,
If your father can't tell, you can know very well,
That he was never up to the times.

Just look at the ladies each day that we meet,
They seem to know more than the men,
Well, your wife, just for spite, she goes out every night,
You can never find out where she's been.
You might think it's all right, but I know it's all wrong,
Well, there's other nice mashers she finds,
Whatever she does, and wherever she was,
You can bet she was up to the times.

CHORUS.

Girls at sweet sixteen Summers know more than their mammas,
Up the back stairs often climb;
Well, the skating rink never keeps open all night,
Well, the girls are all up to the times.

He's All Right When You Know Him.

Sung with great success by Tony Pastor.

The party that I sing about is called the "East-side Pet,"
He wears his hat upon one ear, and chews a cigarette,
He sports a sky-high-collar, and a diamond made of glass,
The chain upon his vest is like his features, "solid brass."

CHORUS.

He's all right when you know him, tho' he's spoiling for a fight,
He'll black your eye one minute, then he'll hug you with delight;
He wouldn't hurt a baby, he's a pal that you can trust,
He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust.

He has a bull-purp on a string, which follows him about,
Policemen look the other way whenever he walks out;
The only labor that he does as far as you can see,
Is blowing froth off schooners down the festive Bow-er-rec.—CHO.

He bangs his hair just like a girl, and takes the pic-nics in,
And when he makes a little raise he blows in all the tin;
At every East-side ball in town he manages the floor,
Or else he's the grand bouncer, who is stationed at the door.—CHO.

He goes to every slugging match, at peanuckle he's fly,
The East-side ladies think he's sweet, they love to catch his eye;
With lapel of his coat thrown back, he's just the gayest yet,
There isn't any flies on him, the nifty "East-side Pet."—CHORUS.

There Isn't a Law to Prevent It.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The ladies now dress
In style of distress,
They try to look just like a man;
Derby hats they will sport,
Wear their hair very short,
They want to be dudes if they can.

Pug dogs take our place,
They kiss their nose and face,
But some day they'll surely repent it;
They'll come around bye-and-bye,
After the boys on the sly,
And there isn't a law to prevent it.

Mr. Whitney's the man,
Who will see if he can
Get a navy that sometimes will float;
He'll do away with old junk,
That always has sunk
If it runs up against an old boat.

Cheap stuff will not do,
We want everything new,
For the Dolphin a million we spent it;
But when Whitney did drop,
Roach he shut up his shop,
And there wasn't a law to prevent it.

There's another funny crowd,
That go around shouting loud,
Promenading up and down the street;
They wear jerseys of red,
With no brains in their head,
And they're dancing the shoes off their feet.

And the women with poke hats,
Try to mash all the flats,
And their captain a tambourine sent it;
Their music's not charming,
That Salvation Army,
Please give us a law——

The Genesta came o'er
From old England's shore,
Thinking our prize she could win;
Sir Richard talked loud,
And his crew felt quite proud,
But to lose our boys thought it a sin.

She's won prizes on all foreign shores,
And to win our cup, John Bull
He sent it;
But our Puritan, so thin,
Scooped the Englishmen in,
And there isn't a law ——

HARP OF THE WILD WIND.

Copyright, 1881, by Orramal Whittlesey.

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Words by Miss Mary Bradford. Music by Orramal Whittlesey.

Sweet harp of the wild wind,
Thy soft and mellow strain,
Sweet as the notes of Cherubim
Is wafted o'er the plain.
It speaks of joys and gladness,
It tells of myrth and glee,
While steps of airy lightness
Move to music wild and free.

Now a wail is on the night wind,
That's howling o'er the plain,
And its numbers wild and mournful,
Tell of sorrow and of pain.
They speak of storm and tempest,
Wild horror and despair,
And its numbers chill the life blood,
For the dirge of death is there

Harp, oh, harp of the wild wind,
Wake, oh, wake thee in thy power,
For a spirit filled with fury,
Rules the tempest in that hour.
For the dread roll of the thunder,
And the fierce rush of the blast,
In angry tones they threaten
This moment is thy last.

Hark! a strain of fairy music
Now rises o'er the storm,
'Tis thee, my harp, that now pours forth
Its sweetest lay of song,
And answers to the storm king,
Who his fury pours on thee,
Thy rage can but awaken
My strings to melody.

WAITING.

Copyright, 1867, by H. Millard.

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Words by Ellen H. Flagg. Music by H. Millard.

The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves,
To guide him to the meadow
Among the golden sheaves;
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And list'ning as I wait
The nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to its mate;
Singing, singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.

The breeze comes sweet from heaven,
And music in the air,
Heralds my lover's coming
And tells me he is there,
And tells me he is there.
Come, for my arms are empty,
Come, for the day was long,
Turn the darkness to glory,
The sorrow into song.

I hear his footfall's music,
I feel his presence near,
All my soul responsive answers
And tells me he is here.
Oh, stars, shine out your brightest,
Oh, nightingale, sing sweet,
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet;
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet.

—Judge to prisoner: Your wife says you dragged her out of her bed by the hair. Prisoner: I didn't touch her hair, your honor. It was hanging on the back of a chair, just where she put it the night before. Case dismissed.

CLOSE TO IT.

Copyright, 1880, by Harding Brothers.

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A man should always be precise
In what he says thro' life,
And I am most precise
In all I say to my dear wife;
'Twas late last night when I roll'd in
To my domestic bunk—
"You're drunk," my wife said,
I replied, "My dear, I am not drunk."

CHORUS.

But quite close to it, so close to it,
Tho' I assured my loving wife
I'd not been drunk in all my life;
Close to it, quite close to it,
Well, not exactly loaded,
But close to it.

We have a pretty servant girl,
And so has Jones next door;
Well, I just treat our servant, Jane,
Politely, nothing more.
My wife declares I took the girl
To Barnum's show one night;
I said, "My love, by all the stars,
I swear you are not right."

CHORUS.

But quite close to it, so close to it,
I did not take our girl, I'm sure,
You see I took the girl next door;
Close to it, quite close to it,
My wife, of course, was wrong,
Yet quite close to it.

I went to the Hoffman House
To get a good cigar;
And while no one was looking,
I strolled behind the bar.
I run my hand into a box,
My pockets I did fill;
But why did Stokes kick up a row?
I was not at the till.

CHORUS.

But quite close to it, so close to it,
The policeman gave me such a whack,
'Twas not exactly on the back
Close to it, quite close to it,
The window it was closed
And I went through it.

I also am a modest man,
And when at the seaside,
I hate to see men stare while girls
Are bathing in the tide.
I'm not at all a hypocrite,
But practice what I preach,
So, while the girls are bathing,
I'm never on the beach.

CHORUS.

But quite close to it, so close to it,
'Tis fun to see an old maid
Approach the rope and try to wade
Close to it, quite close to it,
Not close enough to please her,
But close to it.

—The difference between a porous plaster and a lottery ticket is that the plaster draws something.

—A woman in the waiting room of the Third street depot the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her two children—a boy of seven or eight—and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible, and then observed: "Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father." "Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another man and failed. He can't have what I can't get."

TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES.

Strolling so gaily down Bowling Green,
This gay youth you might have seen;
Maginnis and I with a girl between,
But, oh! what a surprise.
I praised the Republicans frank and free,
Maginnis got angry quite speedily,
And in a moment he handed me
Two lovely black eyes.

CHORUS.

Two lovely black eyes,
Oh! what a surprise;
Only for telling a man he was wrong,
Two lovely black eyes.

The next time I argued I thought it best
To give the Republican's a rest;
So the merits of Henry George I pressed,
But, oh! what a surprise.
The man I had met was from Tammany true,
Nothing the workingmen right could do,
This was my share of that argument too,
Two lovely black eyes.—CHORUS.

The moral you've caught, there is no doubt,
Never on politics rave or shout;
Leave it to others to fight it out,
If you would be wise.
Better by far it is to let
Republicans and Democrats alone, you bet,
Unless you are willing and anxious to get
Two lovely black eyes.—CHORUS.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

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On the terrace in the moonlight when the leaves were turning red,
And the purple clouds hung heavy overhead,
Of love and hope he wove a golden chain,
To the music of the falling Autumn rain;
Ah, write those vows in water, or trace them deep in snow,
The sunlight of a new love will melt them with its glow.

CHORUS.

Write those vows in water or trace them deep in snow,
The sunlight of a new love will melt them with its glow;
Ah, me, too true!
How very oft the old love will fade before the new.

Came the Winter, died the Summer, and the golden Autumn fled,
Then I knew the old, old love with him was dead;
Those vows perhaps repeated once again,
To the music of the mournful Autumn rain;
Ah, write those vows in water, or trace them deep in snow,
The sunlight of a new love will melt them with its glow.—CHO.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A WOMAN.

I've just escaped the county jail,
All on account of a woman;
And I been ridden on a rail,
All on account of a woman.
I've been shot and stabbed and lost my hair,
For weeks I've been on a terrible tare,
I was bit by a bull-dog—never mind where,
All on account of a woman.

I've pawned my watch and all my clothes,
All on account of a woman;
I've often been smashed in the nose,
All on account of a woman.
I've missed my meals and jumped my board,
And spent lots of money I couldn't afford,
By friends and family I'm ignored,
All on account of a woman.

I was born when I was young,
All on account of a woman;
It happens to all since the world begun,
All on account of a woman.
Man was tempted and he fell,
The rest of this I hate to tell,
But the reason why there is a hell, is—
All on account of a woman.

THE SCISSORS GRINDER.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Catharine was my darling's name,
For short I called her Kitty,
Her clothes were not of the richest kind,
But folks all called her pretty.
She's bounced away, the Lord knows where,
And left me here behind her,
She left a note saying she eloped
With a little old scissors grinder.

CHORUS.

He carried a bell that he did ring,
And this is the song that he did sing:
Scissors to grind, scissors to grind,
Scissors and shears of every kind;
Give me a trial and you will find
I can grind your scissors.

The first time that he saw my Kitty,
She was dusting the window blind,
When he came by ringing a bell
And singing out scissors to grind.
He gave her a wink and then declared
Such a lovely gal as she
Could have his heart and his pocket-book, too,
And he'd grind her scissors free.—CHORUS.

My love for Kitty is very strong,
And daily it increases;
I'm thinking of her all the time,
She's broke my heart to pieces.
If I could see that gal again,
How happy I would be,
She's bounced away with that grinder man
To parts unknown to me.—CHORUS.

I'll advertise her everywhere,
And do my best to find her,
Forgive her all if she'll come back
And leave that scissors grinder.
I worry so I cannot sleep,
Oh, darling Cather-een;
I dreamt she was doing the go-as-you please
With a scissors grinding machine.—CHORUS.

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now I am going to sing you a nice little song,
While I am singing don't make any noise;
The words are all right and the subject is good,
But I am sorry for me and my voice.
If they play it in G I might sing it in C,
I go right along and don't stop,
I make a great bluff when I hit a blue note,
But, of course, I pretend I don't drop.

CHORUS.

Don't let it worry you, may be it's wrong,
Don't let it worry you, not very long;
Don't let it excite you, it's not going to bite you,
Don't let it worry you, it's all in the song.

Now the place where I am stopping I owe twenty for board,
The landlady duns me, so does the landlord,
They keep a close watch on the room where I bunk,
For fear that some robber might kidnap my trunk.
It's nailed to the floor, it's filled up with rocks,
I took everything out but a thin pair of socks,
While the trunk still remains, their traps are in bloom,
I give them this gag when they ask for the room.

CHORUS.

Now don't let it worry you, trunk isn't gone,
There's six suits of clothes in it I've never had on;
Now don't let it grieve you, I am not going to leave you,
Don't let it worry you, though you're not on.

A friend just approached me while all out of breath,
He weeped o'er the news of his mother-in-law's death;
Then he said he'd forgive her if she was alive,
For the trouble she made between him and his wife.
He said that he knew that her soul was at rest,
While the tears fell like rain down the front of his vest;
I tried to console him the most that I could,
And I whispered those words that did me so much good.

CHORUS.

Now don't let it worry you here on the street,
Don't worry, your face looks as pale as a sheet;
Some day you'll be with her, but at present you miss her,
So don't worry if you think that you can stand heat.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR HIM.

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There was a meek and mellow, hard-drinking young fellow,
Who was born in this wide world of sin;
Who loved the fleeker that fleek through the liquor,
Which we speak of as old Holland gin.
He loved it no duller than water in color,
And drink it no more it is said;
It seems that a slender, though a careless bar-tender,
Gave him water one day instead.

CHORUS.

Once was enough for him, once was enough for him,
He never more would attempt
To risk it any more,
Oh, once was enough for him.

There was a dear chappy so gay and so happy,
At the opera he sat in the front row;
As the chorus girls fleckered o'er the stage,
And they snickered, he thought he had mashed the whole show.
So he wrote one a billy, and sent her a lilly,
And asked her to supper that night;
At the stage door he waited, but her husband him berated,
When he got through that chappy was a sight.--CHORUS.

TERRANCE McMULLIN.

Sung by James Reilly.

My name it is Terrance McMullin,
I came from the sweet town of Trim;
Once I was stout, fat and hearty,
But of late I've grown awfully thin.
My business is lamp-post inspector,
A position I hold mighty well;
Every day as I go out inspecting,
There's a gang of young loafers will yell:

CHORUS.

Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest,
Now, that's too thin, give us a rest;
Tralla-la-lee, now over the creek,
Get on to McMullin, the mick.

Now when I first came to your city,
They wanted to elect me for your mayor;
For my ways and my talk was so witty,
And if I got there I'd act on the square.
But I'd rather be lamp-post inspecting,
For that's what I know more about,
Make my friend Reilly the mayor,
Then that gang of young loafers won't shout:—CHO.

McMULLEN, THE SQUIRE.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

There's a solid old sport in Phila.,
The 4th ward is his favorite spot;
Where the billy goat roamed at his leisure,
Long ago upon Sweeny's old lot.
Fair maids from the Rue de Fitzwater,
On a sweet Summer's eve would stroll by,
When they'd pipe off his nibbs, Squire McMullen,
You'd hear them exclaim with a sigh:

CHORUS.

Oh, bless his bald head, here's the squire,
He sets all the ladies on fire;
On a cold Winter's day they perspire,
When Squire McMullen goes by.
Oh, the babies stick to him like leeches,
He stuffs them with cream puffs and peaches;
They say he looks well in tight breeches,
Oh, Wm. McMullen, the squire.

They say his parents were Italians,
When a kid he was wicked and fat;
That he once sawed his grandmother's leg off,
And pulverized Sam Randall's cat.
Turned pirate on the dark, raging Schuylkill,
Made fortune and fame in a day;
Then the gory 4th ward made him alderman,
Now you'll hear the politicians all say:

CHORUS.

Who gets your big brothers positions?
Who made all your big politicians?
Who elects them on certain conditions?
Why Billy McMullen, the squire.
Oh, the committee of 100 looked sullen,
Their heads were so awfully swollen;
Who done it? why Squire McMullen,
Yes, Billy McMullen, the squire.

SAVE A SUNNY SMILE FOR ME.

Copyright, 1881, by Walter G. Reeve.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

When afar your footsteps wander,
Will you then your words forget?
Will you leave me but a mem'ry
Of the days when first we met?
Oh, my heart would fondly whisper
In the weary days to be;
Will, you dearest, tell me truly,
Save a sunny smile for me?

CHORUS.

Other smiles may beam upon you,
Other hearts may gentle be;
Will you, dearest, promise truly,
Save a sunny smile for me?

When you linger far away, love,
Will you think of me again?
Dreaming of the happy moments,
Moments that so soon must wane.
Will you think of days departed,
When your face no more I see?
Say that you will save forever,
Save a sunny smile for me.—CHORUS.

Never doubt the love I bear you,
Though you linger still afar;
Love for you is beaming brightly,
Fair as evening's fairest star.
Clasp my hand in yours so fondly,
Whisper that you'll faithful be;
Say that you will ever save, love,
Save a sunny smile for me.—CHORUS.

SOMETHING A WOMAN CAN DO.

Sung by Charles Allen.

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Of all the great things that have proven the test,
We always have found that the woman's the best;
All of us know she can stand lots of rest,
With sweet, tender smiles lay her head on our breast;
She can be very loving when she wants a new dress,
That's something a woman can do.

CHORUS.

She can say many words without taking breath,
She can stand on her head and talk you to death,
And keep on a chinning till you feel sore and blue,
That's something a woman can do.

She can talk to the neighbors, get into a muss,
If she comes out a loser with her husband she'll fuss;
If she's late with your dinner don't utter a sigh,
The best thing to do is to let it pass by,
Or she'll pick up a poker and put out your eye,
That's something a woman can do.

CHORUS.

She will say when she's forty, "I'm just twenty-two,"
She'll be wearing false teeth, bang her hair up with glue,
She will use paint and powder, make herself look like new,
That's something a woman can do.

If a woman is handsome she can make you feel sore,
You'll spend all your money till you can't spend no more;
You'll stay at home on Sunday when your clothes are tore,
When you've found she's deceived you, you are cut to the core,
But she's got all your cash, for she's been there before;
That's something a woman can do.

CHORUS.

What a woman can do is a thing that gets me,
She can close both her eyes and still she can see,
She can do all but one thing, and that's climb a tree;
That's something a woman can't do.

—Deacon: "How did you like the Doctor's sermon?" Parishioner: "First-rate; I always did like that sermon."

PUT A HEADSTONE O'ER POOR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

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Oh, Willie, dear Willie, our mother is dead,
Our mother, whom we loved so dear;
She's sleeping to-night in her cold, cold grave.
No more will she be with us here.
How happy we were when by the fireside,
With mother we'd sit all alone;
And what stories she'd tell to both you and I,
But now she has left our dear home.

CHORUS.

Yes, mother has gone to heaven above,
And there's one thing of you I would crave;
As children should do for a mother so true,
Put a headstone o'er her beloved grave.

How often when sickness kept us in our beds,
Not a friend in the world could we find
Half so good as our mother, who'd sit by our side,
And to us be so gentle and kind.
Yes, morning and night, she'd watch our sick brows,
Never thinking of rest;
But now she has left us alone here to weep,
And gone to the land of the blest.—CHORUS.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Sung by Louise Sanford.

A long time to come,
I remember it well,
All alone in a poorhouse
A maiden did dwell;
She lived with her father
And mother serene,
Her age it was red and her
Hair was nineteen.

Now this girl had a lover,
Who close by did dwell;
A banty-back roaster
And hump-legged as well.
Said he, fly with me
By the light of yon star,
For you are the eye
Of my apple you are.

Now the beautiful maiden
Said gently, be wise,
Or my father will scratch
Out his nails with your eyes.
If you love me so you'll not
Cause me disgrace,
Cried the girl as she
Buried her hands in her face.

When the girl she refused him,
He knocked down the maid,
Then quickly he opened the
Knife of his blade;
And he soon cut the throat
Of this damsel so fair,
Then he dragged her around
By the head of the hair.

Now just at this moment
The old man appears,
He gazed at the sight there,
With eyes in his tears;
He knelt down beside her and
The cold corpse kissed,
Then he rushed with his
Throat at the murderer's fist.

The old man ordered
The villain to bolt,
He drew a horse pistol
He'd raised from a "colt."
The villain he ran for the
Chimney, that's true,
Said he, now I'll fly,
So he flew up the flue.

What Did They Ever Do to Get There?

Written and sung by James McAvoy.

We'll dig up the records of people we know
That has climbed up ladder of fame;
And some in hard luck with no ladders to climb,
But those are the ones we can't blame.
I'd like to see some honest man that's got wealth,
Or has money by honesty made;
I'd rather take chances and rob all I can,
For it is one of the tricks of the trade.
When we think of the millions that some of them has,
I'll tell you right on the dead square,
It will keep me a going as long as I live,
What did they ever do to get there?

What has Jim Blain done to rule our great land?
And St. John with his temperance speech?
And where did Kilrain get the championship,
When he's out of John Sullivan's reach?
Why did young —— make arrangements quick,
And where did he get all his tin?
And how did Mrs. Langtry make such a great hit?
Where did So-and-So get all his wind?
And Why did McGargal to Canada go,
With Maloney his pleasures to share?
And why did Jake Sharp get four years in Sing Sing?
What did he ever do to get there?

What did Cleveland do to win fame so dear?
And why does the girls dress so neat?
And why did the Detroits win the pennant this year,
And the rest of the clubs they did beat?
Why is it Ben Butler sees straight every time,
Though his eyes are as crooked as spoons?
Why does the bartenders tend bar for a year,
And the next they own the saloons?
But the "Thistle" it did not stick nobody here,
But got beaten two miles on the square,
'Twas our own little yachty, our dear "Volunteer,"
Showed her what she could do to get there.

The Raffle for Monaghan's Stove.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Ould Monaghan used to be clerk to a mason,
He carried up mortar and bricks in a hod;
One day afther havin' too much of the craythur,
He slipped from the ladder and fell to the sod.
Oh, they had to pour soup through his nose wid a funnel,
He laid for a year without makin' a move,
Whin he got on his crutches, his friends all assimbled
To get up a raffle for Monaghan's stove.

CHORUS.

The Bradys and Gradys, along wid their ladies,
The Moonys and Roonys all came in a drove;
The Reagans and Fagans, along wid the Geoghans,
All came to the raffle for Monaghan's stove.

There was Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole and their daughter,
A bouncin' big girl wid a foot like a ham;
Rosanna McMullen and big Biddy Nolan,
Her mouth always open just like a dead clam.
There was ould Mr. Duffy wid nine of his family,
Alonzo McCarthy and Felix O'Dowd,
Old crooked-back Kelly, and Moogan, the miser,
McSwiggen, the fighter, came in wid a crowd.—CHORUS.

They drank till they all got as drunk as the devil,
The whiskey gave out and the raffle began;
I'll bet you a dollar I'll win it says Duffy,
Oh, ho! You're a gambler, says Conny Moran.
Just then McNamara caught young Johnny Reilly
Wid three loaded dice, and he kicked up a fuss,
He swore he was chatin', then young Johnny Reilly
Just hit McNamara a clout in the puss.—CHORUS.

McMullin called Peter McNulty a liar,
O'Shay left a terrible eye on McCann;
Ould Monaghan lifted up one of his crutches
And laid Paddy Duffy as flat as a pan.
Biddy Nolan made Mrs. O'Donnell yell morther,
And then the police they came up in a drove;
McSwiggin, the fighter, leaped out of the windy,
And took all the money for Monaghan's stove.—CHORUS.

—Young Belle: "I do love dress." Cynical Bachelor: "Then I should think you would wear more of it."

—"And so," said he, bitterly, when he realized that she rejected him, "and so you have been flirting heartlessly with me all the while. Well, thank, heaven, I have found you out at last!" "Yes," she replied, "you have; and, what's more, I think you will always find me out hereafter when you call."

NEAR IT.

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A man should always be precise
In what he says thro' life,
And I am most precise
In all I say to my dear wife;
'Twas late last night when I roll'd in
To my domestic bunk—
"You're drunk," my wife said,
I replied "My dear, I am not drunk."

CHORUS.

But I was near it, precious near it,
Tho' I assured my loving wife
I' not been drunk in all my life;
But near it, jolly near it,
Not drunk enough to tell the truth,
But near it.

I also am a modest man,
And at the seaside
I hate to see men stare while girls
Are bathing in the tide.
Oh, I am not a hypocrite,
I practice what I preach,
And whilst the girls are in bathing
I am never on the beach.

CHORUS.

But I am near it, nice and near it,
I seek a still secluded place,
And thro' my glasses view each face;
Quite near it, oh, so near it,
Not near enough to give offence,
But near it.

I went into a "sample room"
To get a glass of stout,
But there was no one in the bar,
And no one near about.
The landlord and his man came down,
And shouted with a will;
But why did they make such a noise?
I was not at the till.

CHORUS.

But I was near it, awful near it,
The landlord gave me such a whack—
Well, not exactly on the back,
But near it, very near it,
They called a savage dog,
And left me near it!

We have a pretty servant maid,
And so has Jones next door;
Now though I treat our servant, Jane,
Politely—nothing more,
My wife declares I took the girl
To Buff'lo Bill's last night;
I said, "My dear, by all that's good,
I swear you are not right."

CHORUS.

But she is near it, frightful near it,
I did not take our girl, I'm sure,
You see I took the girl next door;
How near it, awful near it,
My wife, of course, was wrong,
But she was near it.

Without a verse called "topical."
Of course, a song won't do;
And so, of names political,
I'll mention one or two.
Friend Grover Cleveland's "second term"
Has vanished into air;
And many others didn't get
The Presidential chair.

CHORUS.

But they were near it, very near it,
Yet everything went wrong, somehow;
They don't stand in the White House now,
But near it, jolly near it,
Whene'er they have an axe to grind,
They're near it.

I WAS IN IT, FAIRLY IN IT.

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I'm a most unlucky chap,
Of troubles I have my share,
If anything goes wrong, of course,
I'm in it, I do declare.
Last week outside a general shop,
Myself I chanced to find,
Some boys gave me a push, there was
A box of eggs behind.

CHORUS.

And I was in it, fairly in it,
I fell in the box of eggs and there I quickly stuck;
I was it it, fairly in it,
I was in it, for it's just my luck.

Of sport I always have been fond
Since quite a little boy;
A ride upon a donkey is
A thing I quite enjoy.
I had one out some time ago,
We'd not gone far, you see,
Up went his legs, and as there was
A ditch in front of me—

CHORUS.

I was in it, fairly in it,
My head into the ditch and there I quickly stuck;
I was in it, fairly in it,
I was in it, for it's just my luck.

I like a drop—drink you know—
I frequently get tight,
And into the wrong house somehow
I got the other night.
Unconscious I laid down to sleep,
And soon began to snore,
The proper owner came to bed,
But then he quickly saw—

CHORUS.

That I was in it, fairly in it,
I popped underneath the clothes, and there I quickly stuck;
I was in it, fairly in it,
I was in it, for it's just my luck.

Said he, get out, said I, not me,
In bed I mean to stop;
He said, somebody outside of
The window I shall drop.
He opened it and threw me out,
I uttered one loud cry,
I should have reached the ground but then
A mud cart just passed by.

CHORUS.

I was in it, fairly in it,
I went in with such a whop, and there I quickly stuck;
I was in it, fairly in it,
I was in it, for it's just my luck.

CRY BABY, CRY BABY.

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Words by Burt Shepard. Music by Morris Weston.

I know the girl of girls, with a crown of golden curls,
When she's good she's pretty as the day is long;
But she is often bad, making mamma sad,
And all the children they are glad to sing this song:

CHORUS.

Cry baby, cry baby, wipe out your eyes,
See! there's the "bogie man," tall as the skies;
If you are naughty he'll take you away,
Stop my dear, cry no more, run off and play.

But she'll no longer cry, I can tell it by her eye,
See! the smiles are chasing o'er her dimpled face;
Come to mamma's arms, my pet, you are the sweetest yet,
And on my breast your head will find a resting place.—CHO.

TO BE THERE.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

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I've had my ups and downs like others here,
And experience has taught many things;
I wedded once the sweetest little dear,
Alas! each day more trouble to me brings.
Now when I was a bachelor so free,
My married friends would joyfully declare,
"There's nothing half so sweet as a wife so nice and neat,"
We all know what it is to be there.

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there!
Now I know what it is to be there;
It's nothing new to me, tho' to others it may be,
For I know what it is to be there!

When first I went to see her, long ago,
How I lingered at the gate half the night;
Her eyes were like the stars that glow,
I held her little hand and squeezed it tight.
I hadn't called her my wife for many days,
When in her tantrums she would rave and tear,
She yelled for the police, I was held to keep the peace
Oh, I know what it is to be there.—CHORUS.

I've often wandered sadly down the street
In a duster when the snow lay around,
And not a friend I'd ever chance to meet,
When needed they are rarely to be found.
But soon a gilded sign has caught my eye,
And to my "uncle's" mansion I'd repair,
My purse it would grow fat, if I gave up the "collat,"
For I know what it is to be there.—CHORUS.

I love to lead a very quiet life
In the bosom of my home, day by day,
I never yet was fond of noise or strife,
And sleepless nights are anything but gay.
But now I often have to walk the floor,
With squalling twins a tugging at my hair,
While in her little bed, lies my wife's peaceful head,
Oh, I know what it is to be there.—CHORUS.

Now when you take your wife out for a walk,
When the bonnet shops have got all the styles,
Don't linger at the windows just to talk,
Because you'll find how cunning are her wiles.
Unless you've got a fortune in your purse,
Don't let her at the latest fashions stare,
For if she wants to stop, and to go inside the shop,
Oh, you'll know what it is to be there.—CHORUS.

I've often gone to sleep with lots of cash,
And in gentle dreams I've slept all serene;
My money has oft faded like a flash,
The midnight and morning hours between.
My pockets have been lovingly explored,
My letters all perused with special care,
My wife would look so meek when about my loss I'd speak,
Oh, she knows what it is to be there.—CHORUS.

MOLLY FLYNN.

Written and composed by J. F. Mitchell for Maggie Cline.

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I love the neatest gossoon that your two eyes ever saw,
But my mother says she will never become his mother-in-law;
She says that Johnny is a man who'll never make his mark,
So every night the poor boy comes to sing when it is dark:

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, my darlin', Molly Flynn,
Molly, Molly, get up and let me in;
Open wide the window and just pop out your head,
And tell me in a whisper has your mother gone to bed?

In hail or rain, in frost or snow, my Johnny will be found,
It makes me cry to know that I can never ask him round;
I won't be treated like a child, with Johnny I will skip,
Then he won't have cause to say when on our wedding trip:—CHO.

Pigs' Head Wid Cabbage and Praties.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Oh, it's in many far away countries I've travelled,
I'm fond of good eatin' and drinkin';
And the mysteries of fancy French cooking unravelled,
It's elegant, too, I be thinking.
I've dined with the best of them all the world o'er,
No matter whatever my state is;
Sure I'll be contented with lashins galore,
Of pigs' head and cabbage and praties;
Oh, good pigs' head and cabbage and praties.

Oh, in England I've dined on roast beef and plum duff, sir,
In Italy on famed moccaroni;
In Russia on fat tallow candles, sir,
In Germany I ate Dutch bologny.
In China I dined on their rats and their dogs,
Ate in France where the cookin' so great is;
And the nearest approach to French fricaseed frogs
Is pigs' and cabbage and praties;
Oh, good pigs' head and cabbage and praties.

Oh, my father nor mother before me were naither
Bad lookin', but handsome and healthy;
Divil an ache or a pain ever bothered them aither,
With nature's free gifts they were wealthy.
They reared a big family, the Lord to be praised,
And sure every one of them straight is;
All rosy and hearty, and all of them raised
On pigs' head and cabbage and praties;
Oh, good pigs' head and cabbage and praties.

Oh, at banquets and royal receptions quite numerous,
I've feasted on rarest occasions;
Where the wines were the choicest, the company most humorous,
Disturbed by no plebian invasions.
The viands were all of the choicest and rare,
Sure I know what a fine bit of mate is,
And there is no dish in the world to compare
With pigs' head and cabbage and praties;
Oh, good pigs' head and cabbage and praties.

OH, LET IT BE SOON!

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As sung by Mr. Chas. Duncan.

They say there's a good time coming,
You hear it ev'ry day,
When ev'ry one will be happy,
When ev'ry one will be gay;
When no one will ever feel hunger,
When poverty won't be a crime,
When the poor will be no more down-trodden,
Oh, for that glorious time.

CHORUS.

Oh, let it be soon, oh, let it be soon!
When we shall be contented and gay,
Work when you like, and get plenty of pay;
When we shall all have our three meals a day,
Oh, let it be soon!

This morning I'd nothing for breakfast,
For dinner I had just the same;
At six o'clock in the evening,
I was quite famished, weary and lame;
A friend I met, said "Charles, old fellow,
You're hungry and thirsty I fear;
Come with me, have some lunch and a 'schooner!'"
Oh, when he mentioned the beer!

CHORUS.

Oh, let it be soon, oh, let it be soon!
I've got such an emptiness in the region here,
And the thirst that I've got I shan't quench in a year;
So, if you're going to treat me to beer,
Oh, let it be soon!

My wife, (you all know that I'm married,)
Although we're so wretchedly poor,
Insists upon having her mother
Stop with us for evermore.
Just now she's a dreadful nuisance,
In fact she's laid up, very queer;
My wife goes about the house crying:
"We shall lose poor, dear mother, I fear."

CHORUS.

Oh, let it be soon, oh, let it be soon!
I'm sick of her horrible jaw,
It's worse than the noise of a circular saw;
If the angels intend to take mother-in-law,
Oh! let it be soon!

JAMSETJHEE.

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Just like Sinbad, the sailor,
Or Robinson Crusoe,
I left my native land, in search
Of wonders I would go.
I went to be a sailor,
I came back, as you see,
A mixture of an Indian,
A Turk and Chimpanzee.

CHORUS.

Jamsetjhee, ma jabajehoy,
Jabbery, Dobie, Porie,
Ikey, Pikey, Sikey, Crikey,
Chillingowullabadorie.

We'd been to sea a fortnight,
A dreadful storm arose;
Upon an island I was thrown,
To wind and rain exposed.
By savages surrounded,
(It was their island home,)
They addressed me in a language
Decidedly their own.—CHORUS.

I expected from these savages
Less pence than kicks and blows;
They'd a funny dress, in fact they'd not
A single stitch of clothes.
They tore my things from off my back,
My hair from out the roots,
They left me with a waistcoat,
A hat and pair of boots.--CHORUS.

When they'd got all my clothing,
Thinks I: what next they'll do?
They brought their paint and painted me
With colors, red and blue.
And so that was my costume,
A waistcoat for my clothes,
Striped red and blue, a hat and boots,
And a ring stuck through my nose.—CHORUS.

For five years, in that costume,
I roamed about the land;
To a damsel of the royal blood
They made me give my hand.
And there were great rejoicings
Upon the wedding day,
And we've got two pairs of black kids
My wife has taught to say:—CHORUS.

One day a ship appeared in sight,
I'd scarce believe it true;
To reach the ship I stole a boat,
And paddled my own canoe.
But now I'm back in Merikey,
The country I adore;
I'll take good care to stick to it,
And never leave it more.—CHORUS.

GROWLER THAT NEVER CAME.

Tune—"The Letter That Never Came."

Sung by Murphy and Wells.

He leaned against the fence und he scraped up seven cents,
Not another penny had he to his name;
If he only had three more, he'd go in a liquor store,
Und get a hummer, but, alas, he searched in vain.
Then a tho't flashed thro' his mind, beer's only seven cents a pint,
Den he called a little boy, who looked quite slick;
He said, "sonny, I'm in luck, I've got enough to rush the duck,
Here's the money, get a growler, come back quick."

CHORUS.

How long he waited we've forgotten,
We know he spit bales of cotton,
Und de wind blew through his whiskers just the same;
He had thought that boy all right,
Yet from early morn 'till night,
He waited but the growler never came.

McGINTY, KING OF THE RINK.

Copyright, 1884, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by Chas. Crandall.

Oh, they call me the "King of the Rink,"
A skater I am, so they think;
For when I appear the people all cheer,
And the ladies at me slyly wink.
So fondly at me they will glance,
When I have on my Oscar Wilde pants
And tight polo cap, their hands they'll clap,
For "McGinty, the King of the Rink."

CHORUS.

I can skate, for I bate ev'ry man in the rink
At "go as you please;"
I did pose on my toes, when they call'd out,
"McGinty, you're King of the Rink."

When I skated at Coney Island,
They have a fine rink on the sand,
I made fancy whirls, which captured the girls,
When the music struck up by the band.
I thought I would give the grape-vine,
When a fellow came up from behind;
But soon he was floored and everybody roar'd
For "McGinty, the King of the Rink."—CHORUS.

Now a lady with bright auburn hair
Last Saturday evening was there;
And how she did skate, I'm sure it was fate,
That I met this young lady so fair.
We did all the movements in style,
When she turn'd, saying with a sweet smile,
"McGinty, old man, do well as you can,
For we know you're 'King of the Rink.'"—CHORUS.

LIST TO THE THRUSH.

Copyright, 1886, by T. B. Harms & Co.

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Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

I hear the thrush a singing, singing,
I hear the thrush a singing
His merry, merry song;
Listen to his warble, warble, warble,
Listen to his warble the whole day long;
Little do you know the troubles we endure,
Whilst you sing your merry song,
Always sweet and pure;
Ah! that we are like you always blithe and gay,
To cheer our friends though near or far away.

CHORUS.

Ah! I hear the thrush a singing, singing, singing,
I hear the thrush a singing his merry, merry song;
Oh, listen to his warble, warble, warble,
Listen to his warble the whole day long.

Oh, flowers will bloom and wither, wither, wither,
Flowers will bloom and wither,
Flowers will fade away;
Youth will lose its color, color, color,
Hearts will knit and sever, love will have its day;
Life is short, so while we live
Joy should be our home,
Where the haunts of loving ones
Should never be dethroned of all that's pure and lovely,
By that which is not true,
So think of those we love and what we do.—CHORUS.

—A doctor was much annoyed because some of his patients would persist in consulting him in the street. In this way they thought they would escape being charged a fee, and, indeed, the doctor never put these consultations in the bill. But he adopted a plan to check this mania for gratuitous medical advice. When his carriage was stopped by a patient who exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, I'm so glad to see you—I've got on awful pain in my side," he expressed the greatest concern and said, "Shut your eyes—close! Now, show me your tongue." Then he drove off, leaving the patient with his tongue out.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE.

Copyright, 1843, by John Hutchinson.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains
  Of the "Old Granite State."
We're a band of brothers,
We're a band of brothers,
We're a band of brothers,
  And we live among the hills.

With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music
  We are passing round the world.
We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents
  In the "Old Granite State."

We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
  And we bless them in return.
Good old-fashioned singers,
Good old-fashioned singers,
Good old-fashioned singers
  They can make the air re-sound.

We have eight other brothers,
And of sisters, just another,
Besides our father and our mother,
  In the "Old Granite State."
With our present number,
There are fifteen in the tribe;
Thirteen sons and daughters,
  And their history we bring.

Yes while the air is ringing,
With their wild mountain singing,
We the news to you are bringing
  From the "Old Granite State."
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
  And their several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy (aniah),
Caleb, Joshua, Jesse and Beny (jamin),
Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
  And Abbe are our names.
We're the sons of Mary,
Of the tribe of Jesse,
And we now address ye
  With our mountain song.

We are all real Yankees,
We are all real Yankees,
We are all real Yankees
  From the "Old Granite State."
And by prudent guessing,
And by prudent guessing,
And by prudent guessing
  We shall whittle through the world.

Liberty is our motto,
Liberty is our motto,
Equal liberty is our motto
  In the "Old Granite State."
We despise oppression,
We despise oppression,
We despise oppression,
  And we cannot be enslaved.

Yes, we're friends of emancipation,
And we'll sing the proclaimation,
Till it echoes through our nation,
  From the "Old Granite State."
That the tribe of Jesse,
That the tribe of Jesse,
That the tribe of Jesse
  Are the friends of equal rights.

We are all Washingtonians,
Yes, we're all Washingtonians,
Heaven bless the Washingtonians
  Of the "Old Granite State."
We are all teetoatlers,
We are all teetoatlers,
We are all teetoatlers,
  And have signed the temperance pledge.

Now three cheers altogether,
Shout Columbia's people ever,
Yankee hearts none can sever,
  In the "Old Sister States."
Like our sires before us,
We will swell the chorus,
Till the heavens o'er us
  Shall rebound the loud huzza.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Like our sires before us,
We will swell the chorus,
Till the heavens o'er us
  Shall rebound the loud huzza.

I DOUBT IF IT EVER OCCURS.

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Sung by Lew Dockstader.

They say through the air we will navigate soon,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs;
Instead of a yacht, men will have a balloon,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.
If political speakers would get into one,
They'd supply it with gas to go up to the sun,
We'd be better off with their voyage begun,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.

CHORUS.

We'd be better off with their voyage begun,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs;
And ladies say thanks when you give them your seat,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.

They say that the cars on the crossing will stop,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs;
That if there is a puddle you'll not in it drop,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.
When in a street car, it would be a great treat,
If out of the aisle men would keep their big feet,
And ladies say thanks when you give them your seat,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.—CHORUS.

Mr. Comstock, a butcher, they say, will arrest,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs;
For the selling of beef from Chicago undressed,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.
That the walls of our houses must never be bare,
Show their limbs without leaves the trees must'nt dare,
And Mexican dogs must wear fur or grow hair,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.—CHORUS.

They say Charley Mitchell will Sullivan fight,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs;
John seems to have filled England's fighters with fright,
  So I doubt if it ever occurs.
Should Charley stop talking and fight, you can bet
Your money that John will be champion yet,
And Charley's fond mamma will not know her pet,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.—CHORUS.

It is said that the ladies their dogs will exchange,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs;
For the monkey and "gaitor," and other things strange,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.
Just imagine how funny will be the contest,
When a lady is yanking the "monk" she loves best,
If she wants to go East and the "monk" to go West,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.—CHORUS.

They say Buffalo Bill will of England be king,
  But I doubts if it ever occurs;
That Mrs. Brown Potter in opera will sing,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.
Up the second term ladder our President climbs,
And it's said that although he keeps up with the times,
On the quiet he's learning some nursery rhymes,
  But I doubt if it ever occurs.—CHORUS.

MY LAST CIGAR.

Copyright, 1884, by James M. Hubbard.

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'Twas off the blue Canaries,
A glorious Summer day,
I sat upon the quarter deck
And whiffed my cares away.
And as the volumed smoke arose
Like incense in the air,
I breathed a sigh to think in soothe
It was my last cigar;
I breathed a sigh to think in soothe
It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail
And looked down in the sea,
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully.
Oh, what had I at such a time
To do with wasting care?
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar;
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar.

I watched the ashes as they came
Fast drawing towards the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air;
I threw it from me—spare the tale—
It was my last cigar;
I threw it from me—spare the tale—
It was my last cigar.

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in distance dim,
I've watched with pain the blighted heart
Where once proud hope hath been;
Yet I have never known a sorrow,
That could with that compare—
When off the blue Canaries
I smoked my last cigar;
When off the blue Canaries
I smoked my last cigar.

GOOD-BYE, DEAREST HEART.

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Words and Music by Henry J. Sayers.

A sailor and his colleen fair
Stood on the Queenstown quay;
His good ship lay by, ready
To sail far o'er the sea.
A wave of sorrow swept her heart,
And low she drooped her head,
And as he held her to his breast,
These farewell words she said:

CHORUS.

Good-bye, dear heart, now we must part,
We part, perhaps forever;
But naught our hearts can sever,
Ah! good-bye, dearest heart.

Now we must part,
And as over the world you are roving,
God keep you from harm, all danger disarm,
That may threaten the lad I am loving;
And bring you safe home to these arms again,
To the girl you leave by the sea,
Who'll be waiting for you, with love fond and true,
Hasten home to your country and me.—CHORUS.

Long years had passed, no tidings came
Of him she loved so well,
Her weary heart was heavy
With pain, no tongue could tell;
"Oh, God," she cried in pity, "send
My darling back to me!"
But her only answer was
This echo from the sea:—CHORUS.

MAGEE'S BACK YARD.

As sung by Conway & McLeod, with great success.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The girl I love is Kate Magee,
And her one night I went to see,
But there was no admittance for me,
Unless by the back yard.
So I quickly climbed up o'er the fence,
When a terrible growling did commence,
And Magee's dog, Touser, seized my trouser,
Which made Magee laugh.

CHORUS.

Now I pulled, Touser pulled,
Touser got the best of it,
And we both pulled together,
And the pull was mighty hard.
I got the front away,
Touser got the rest of it,
And I left my seat of honor in
Magee's back yard.

At last my Sunday pants gave way,
And I flew off in sad dismay,
But I'll remember from that day
To be upon my guard.
My coat was tore, my hat was lost,
And the seat of my trousers, oh, what a cost,
But I'll remember forever, boys,
Magee's back yard.—CHORUS.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Words by "Nemo." Music by Henry Pontet.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Trip, trip over the grass,
Merrily went a laughing lass;
The daisies peeped to see her pass,
All on a Summer morning.
Her pitcher she bore unto the well
That lay in the lap of a mossy dell;
And her voice rang clear as a silver bell,
The rival song birds scorning.

But as she turned a hawthorn bush,
A youth rushed forth with speed so rash;
That down came pitcher with a crash,
And left her all a mourning.
Oh, sir, what have you done?
Ah, me, where shall I run?
My pitcher's gone, I had but one!
What will my mother say?
Oh, sir, what have you done?
Ah, me, where shall I run?
My pitcher's gone, I had but one!
Oh, what will my mother say?

"Stay, stay, my pretty maid!
Soon your pitcher shall be paid;"
A golden piece in her hand he laid,
Bright as the Summer morning.
But as he looked upon her face,
He saw her simple, winsome grace;
Nor gold, nor pearls, nor priceless lace,
Her slender form adorning.

He saw the blush, the drooping lash,
And gazed, tho' gazing there was rash;
When snip, and snap, his heart went crash,
And left him all a mourning.
"Oh, maid, what have you done?
Quick! quick! home let us run!
My heart is gone, I had but one,
What will your own heart say?"
"Oh, sir, what have I done?
Quick! quick! homeward we'll run,
What's fairly done can't be undone,
And that's all my heart can say."

—Brown: "Hello, Jones! How's your wife?" Jones (a little deaf): "Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning."

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern.

Preis per Nummer 10 Cents.

No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch auffa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschte auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in America
Liebe kannt man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heiraten soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hahn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald graf' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemooster Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Fatelhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Egame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sins
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Nebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can [never be
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the new
295 Broken down
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee?
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth?
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on the water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the shamrock
329 Love letters [grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 The tramp
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Do not heed her warning (Answer to No. 95)
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home?
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling?
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummers' hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aleen
391 Old sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 'Longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee
398 Bathing song
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 Der brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 How the gates came ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water 'till the well runs dry
483 Bonnie Eloise
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 Banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the train
494 Black-eyed Susan
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God, save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at de door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning
517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the sealskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lannigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon

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SONGS

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547 The Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven oud
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory hallelujah)
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
661 A dollar fifteen cents
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby
664 Bring back my bonnie to me
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're old
675 Dear little innocent things
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 Midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blow through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern sunny home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's growing
757 The farmer feeds us all
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Keyhole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith's shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night?
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem, the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife, Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim

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820 Mind and be home before the
821 Where the pretty little shamrock
822 My little four-leaf shamrock from Glennore
823 White wings
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Makido McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days of hash
829 Poor old dad
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the parties grow
853 You'll be kind to my mother
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
855 An agricultural Irish girl
856 I am a man that's done wrong to my parents
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel Dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along, my darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000 different
886 Belle Brandon [ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
893 Clementine
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's gone
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile
904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lee
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the sale
929 Rock-a-bye, baby
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish, you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little Widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty flowers to strew on mother's
954 Star of the evening [grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker they
970 Mother, is the battle over? [grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrisey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum?
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Ta-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover coves again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's knee
1010 A letter from Ireland
1011 I'm going to have my name above the door
1012 Judge Duffy told me so
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies parade
1021 Old boss Barry
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Dont run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy
1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James
1045 Young man that used to live over the way
1046 We've both been there before
1047 Now I come to think of it
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston Blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry Springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the
1075 Mother's last letter to me
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 The market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrange ients
1085 Haul de wood pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the Buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and the near-by white horse
1096 Let her go, Gallagher
1097 Massa's wedding night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away

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Words and Music by Martin Hennessey.

I have a piece of property, the title it is clear,
Tho' some day I may lose it, is the only thing I fear;
'Tis a large apartment dwelling house, each room is occupied,
Excepting one up near the roof, where Mike Mulcahy died.
It has an elevator, a bath and wash-tub set,
The tenants never use them, they're afraid of getting wet;
I am always out in front of it, I never miss a day,
And friends and neighbors as they pass, to me do always say:

CHORUS.

Hello! Riley, 'tis yourself that's looking grand,
Hello! Riley, is it there you always stand?
With your hands down in your pocket, and your little chain and locket,
Say, begorra, Mister Riley, you're a fine ould man.

It has all the improvements of a family hotel,
The tenants are contented, and live in peace as well;
All growler rushers and their kind must find some other place,
On Riley's big apartment house they'll never bring disgrace.
A man of education is Grover C. Malone,
I had his rooms connected with McSorley's telephone;
I yelled, McSorley, into it, I tried to make him hear,
It almost drove me crazy when the words came to my ear:—CHORUS.

The location it is splendid, it has plenty air and light,
For miles in all directions Riley's palace greets the sight;
They say 'tis ornamental, and a credit to the town,
Tho' some advised me recently to go and burn it down.
But wouldn't I be foolish if I'd do such a thing?
For as a place of residence 'tis worthy of a king!
Since Casey and his wife moved in the divil is to pay,
With their heads stuck out the window they yell at me, and say:—CHORUS.

The tenants tell me they are glad I never use red tape,
They gather every evening out upon the fire escape;
They talk about all sorts of things, the sight to me is grand,
I love to hear them sing of dear ould Ireland.
Pat Clancey he sings tenor to Brady's baritone,
While Frankie Folsom Reagan has the nerve to sing alone;
After singing all the songs they know, Rodego McIntee
Does always lead the chorus in this little verse to me:—CHORUS.

KILLALOE.

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Music by Alexander Spencer.

Well, I happened to be born at the time they cut the corn,
Quite contagious to the town of Killaloe;
Where to tache us they'd a shame, and a French mossoo he came
To instruct us in the game of "parlez vous."
I've one father, that I swear, but he said I had a pare,
And he struck me when I said it wasn't true;
And the Irish for "a jint," or the French for "half a pint,"
Faith, we larnt it in the school at Killaloe.

CHORUS.

You may talk of "Boneyparty," you may talk about "ecarte,"
Or any other party, and "comment vous parlez vous,"
We larnt to sing it "aisy," that song, the Marsellaise,
"Boolong, Toolong," "continong," we larnt at Killaloe.

"Mais oni," Mossoo would cry, "Well, of course you can," says I.
"Non," "no, I know," says I with some surprise;
When a boy, straight up from Clare, heard his mother called a "mare,"
He gave mossoo his fist between his eyes.
Says Mossoo with much alarm, "Go and call jonnydarm,"
"There's no such name," said I, "about the place;"
"Comment," he made reply, "Come on yourself," says I,
And I scattered all the features of his face.—CHORUS.

Oh, boys, there was the fun, you should see him when t'was done,
His eye-balls one by one did disappear;
And a doctor from the South took some days to find his mouth,
Which had somehow got concealed behind his ear.
Then he swore an awful oath, he'd have law agin us both,
And then he'd lave both Limerick and Clare;
For he found it wouldn't do, to tache Frinch at Killaloe,
Unless he had a face or two to spare.—CHORUS.

If disguise you would try, or would prove an alibi,
Or alter your appearance just for fun;
You've just one thing to do, go tache Frinch at Killaloe,
And your mother will not know you for a son.
Frinch may be very fine, it's no enemy of mine,
But as I think you'll aisily suppose,
Whatever tongue you take, it is mighty hard to spake,
While your ear keeps changing places with your nose.—CHORUS.

Now I'm glad to find 'tis true, ye are pleased with Killaloe,
And our conduct to the teacher they did send;
But I've tould you all that passed, so this verse must be the last,
That's the reason I have left it to the end.
We're all Irish tenants there, and we're all prepared to swear,
That to the Irish language we'll be true,
But we all, wid one consent, when they "ax" us for the rent,
Sure, we answer them in French in Killaloe.—CHORUS.

I'm a Chappie From Over the Wattah.

Copyright, 1884, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words by George D. Sutton. Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I'm a chappie from over the wattah,
My manners are quite recherche;
I'm out for a rich banker's daughter,
And I think the investment will pay.
The ladies, ah! all of them love me,
They call me their sun-beam, their pet;
I kiss and caress them so slyly,
I've never been captured as yet.

CHORUS.

I'm a chappie from over the wattah,
My style and manners are new;
I've a fad, just imported, to stuttah,
For that's the correct thing to do.
I'm an awfully fetching young chappie,
A sight for the dear girls to view;
I know I make their hearts happy,
As I flutter and stutter, "How'd do!"

REFRAIN.

Ah! deah chappie, ah, how happy,
Howdy do, howdy do, how are you?
Ah! deah chappie, ah, how happy,
Howdy do, howdy do, how are you?

Is marriage a failure? they ask me,
The girls are so awfully shy;
I tell them I think I'll ne'er marry,
They then say that I ought to try.
Proposals by scores, I've refused them,
I'm glad now that leap year is o'er;
The answer I give to the problem,
Is that marriage is really a bore.—CHO. & REF.

I often go off on a racket,
And dally with rosy old wine;
Assurance, I never then lack it,
My spirits are simply divine.
I go home when day-light is breaking,
The key-hole seems dancing a jig;
And I wonder when later I'm waking,
Why is it my head is so big.

FROM THE SOURCE TO THE SEA.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

I have followed a stream from the spring at its source,
Where it bounded away glad and free,
As a clear running brook, to a deep rivers course,
As a river glide on to the sea;
I have followed it on thro' the forest and glade,
And often the thought comes to me,
That life hath its beauty, its sun-shine and shade,
And runs as a stream from the source to the sea.

CHORUS.

Time like a stream a pathway has made,
And often the thought comes to me,
That life hath its beauty, its sunshine and shade,
And runs as a stream from the source to the sea.

The spring is like infancy, joyous and bright,
Untouched by a sorrow or care,
And the brook skimming on, laughing merry and light,
Like childhood so sunny and fair,
While the deep running river, like man in his prime,
Tho' mighty and strong he may be,
Is buried at last in the ocean of time,
And runs as a stream from the source to the sea.—CHORUS.

— Mr. Brown and his wife happened to be in the depot when an emigrant train came in. When the newly arrived foreigners, in their picturesquely dirty costumes, emerged from the train, the lady inquired, "What are all these people, Henry?" "That's a job lot of American citizens just come in," was the reply.

Wreck of the "City of Columbus."

Tune—"Shadows of Crime."

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Each day as we read our newspapers,
Of crimes and disasters we hear
Occuring all over the country,
Casting sorrow and gloom far and near.
There's the wreck of the fatal "Columbus,"
On the Devil's Bridge rocks, near Gay Head,
Where the lives of a hundred poor people
Were lost in the wild waves, 'tis said.

CHORUS.

Nearly all were asleep as the ship plough'd the deep,
While the wind blew the waves mountains high;
With a terrible shock she was cast on the rocks,
And many were doomed there to die.

The people were wild with excitement,
Their cries were heartrending to hear;
Loudly calling for some one to save them,
But, alas! none to help them was near.
Captain Wright tried his best to console them,
And to calm them he vainly did strive;
He bravely remained on his vessel
'Till the last man had left it alive.—CHORUS.

All the blame has been placed on young Harding,
Who steered from his course toward the shore;
'Twas little those poor folks were dreaming
Such a sad fate for them was in store.
I can't help condemning the Captain of the Glaucus,
Who quickly sailed by,
Leaving forty poor souls in the rigging,
From exposure to suffer and die.—CHORUS.

McNALLY'S ROW OF FLATS.

As sung in Ed. Harrigan's Local Comedy, entitled: "McSorley's Inflation."

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Down in Bottle Alley
Lived Timothy McNally,
A wealthy politician,
And a gentlemen at that;
Admired by the ladies,
The gossoons and the babies,
Who occupy the building
Called McNally's row of flats.

CHORUS.

Ireland and Italy,
Jerusalem and Germany,
Chinamen and nagurs,
And a paradise for cats;
Jumbled up together
In snow or rainy weather,
They represent the tenants
In McNally's row of flats.

The great conglomeration
Of men from every nation,
The Tower of Babylonian
Couldn't equal that
Peculiar institution,
Where brogues without dilution
Were rattled off together
In McNally's row of flats.—CHORUS.

Bags of rags and papers,
Tramps and other slapers,
Italian lazzaronies,
With lots of other rats,
Laying on the benches,
And dying there by inches
From the open ventilation
In McNally's row of flats.—CHORUS.

It never was expected
The rents would be collected;
They levied on the furniture,
The bedding and the slats;
It's then you'd see the rally,
As they'd battle down the alley,
Fired from the building,
Called McNally's row of flats.—CHORUS.

As Long as the World Goes Round.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

There once lived old Adam, and he courted Eve
So slyly and coy like a dove;
He was the first suitor, we're taught to believe,
The accepted inventor of love.
He started the fashion of meeting his dear
In a garden where roses abound;
Oh, there will be lovers, don't you ever fear,
As long as the world goes round.

CHORUS.

Where strong-minded mothers,
Athletic brothers,
Cruel old fathers and uncles abound,
So sly under cover,
Oh, there will be lovers
As long as the world goes round.

Where'er there's a maiden, with love in her heart,
A longing to meet her true mate;
Should they come together, oh, ne'er let them part,
They'll reunite sooner or late.
The king is old nature, who makes his decree
To follow his orders we're bound;
Oh, there will be lovers, so happy and free,
As long as the world goes round.—CHORUS.

Where'er there's a soldier, that's noble and brave,
A longing to fight on the field;
He conquers with honor, but love is a knave,
It forces the hero to yield.
Oh, sly little cupid, 'tis he leads the way,
Coquetishly tripping the ground;
Oh, there will be lovers, so merry and gay,
As long as the world goes round.—CHORUS.

BULLY OLD HORSE.

Tune—"Stokes' Verdict."

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Words by Richard J. Pigott.

Maud S. is considered the best on the turf
By sporting men, newspapers, too;
But I've got a boodle that says she is not,
And prove it, I will unto you.
Right here in New York dwells a poor millionaire—
A grocer—we know him, of course;
Well, he is the dandy that owns the mare's peer,
Which he christened the Bully Old Horse.

CHORUS.

He can go like the wind—down a hill—if he's pushed,
Or when charged with electrical force;
He's been used as a hat-rack by boys in the street,
Has this wonderful Bully Old Horse.

He is fast when he's tied, but is faster, I'm sure,
When he goes without food for a week;
A knot must be made of his tail, or, I'm told,
Through his collar he'll go like a streak.
He lost all his teeth years ago, I have heard,
While trying to eat stable doors;
The Herald or Times can be read through the ribs
Of the photo, called Bully Old Horse.—CHORUS.

The stall which he sleeps in is padded with bricks,
For fear he might injure his bones;
His bedding, indeed, is exceedingly fine,
Being mud, mixed with rare precious stones.
He gets shaved twice a week with a bale-stick or club,
Which makes him feel happy, of course;
He can wink with his ears, and sling ink with his heels,
Can this nondescript, Bully Old Horse.—CHORUS.

—The man who goes to a Summer resort for change and rest, often finds that the waiters get all the change and the landlord the rest.

Call Me "Darling" Once Again.

Copyright, 1872, by J. L. Peters.

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Chas. E. Pratt.

Call me "darling" once again
Let the past be all forgot;
Smile like sunlight after rain,
Dearest one, oh, chide me not.
Sad my heart is while you frown,
Sweet to me your loving smile;
Hope and joy my moments crown,
Dreaming of you all the while.

CHORUS.

Call me "darling" once again,
Let the past be all forgot;
Smile like sunlight after rain,
Dearest one, oh, chide me not.

Call me "darling" once again,
Ev'ry angry word forgive;
While you frown in weary pain
Evermore my heart must live.
Think of joys that we have known—
Turn me not in pride away;
Whisper I am still "your own,"
Dear as in life's happier day.—CHORUS.

Call me "darling" once again,
Bid my heart no more repine;
Dreary must my life remain,
Till your sweet eyes look in mine.
Clearer beam the skies above,
When the angry storm is past;
Dearer, fonder be our love,
For the clouds that do not last.—CHORUS.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.

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Weary and foot-sore, sad and faint,
By grief and sin opprest;
Father, unworthy as I am,
To thee I turn for rest.

Wide open stand the palace gates
To welcome rich and poor,
But one looks on from far, and fears
To seek the friendly door.
Not long he waits, a father's love
Can pierce that sad disguise,
Not long he fears, nor change, nor time,
Deceives a father's eyes.
With songs of joy the halls resound,
The erring son, long lost, is found,
With songs of joy the halls resound,
The erring son, long lost, is found.

In welcome now the servants bend,
Another son draws near;
"What mean these sounds of festive mirth?"
"My lord, thy brother's here!"

He turns away, his father pleads,
My son, my all is thine,
My son, my all is thine;
But this, our dead returns alive,
Our lost again is mine,
For this in joy our songs resound,
Beglad with me, our lost is found.
For this in joy our songs resound,
Beglad with me, our lost is found;
For this in joy our songs resound,
Beglad with me, our lost is found.

—After the marriage: A friend of the family takes the father of the bride aside, and says confidentially: "Do you know that your son-in-law is a terribly bad case, and is literally overwhelmed with debts?" "The deuce! you don't mean it!" "I am certain of it. Why, he has only taken your daughter to pay his creditors with her dowry." "And you didn't warn me before?" "You don't take me for a fool, do you? He owes me more than $20,000."

I Cannot See Where It Comes In.

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Words by Harry C. Clarke. Music by Jerome Hill.

To satirize topics some think very wrong,
But I cannot see where it comes in;
You'll probably say when I've finish'd this song,
I cannot see where it comes in.
I'll tell you of things that are now all the rage,
Not chestnuts of antediluvianage;
And until I've sung them I wont quit the stage,
For I cannot see where it comes in.

I'm courting a girl, but her father says, no!
And I cannot see where it comes in;
He looks at the clock to remind me to go,
But I cannot see where it comes in.
I spoke of toboggan this answer I drew,
"Toboggan," says dad, "Oh, that never would do,
Unless you take me and the family, too!"
But I cannot see where they come in.

My wife says "her mother's just too sweet to live"
But I cannot see where it comes in;
Her ma's little weakness I must forgive,
But I cannot see where it comes in.
She swears at the servants and wants them all fired,
She wakes up the babies when I have retired;
And what she is good for, I've often inquired,
But I cannot see where she comes in.

Some think that the shop girls have nothing to do,
But I cannot see where it comes in;
They're expected to labor 'till nightfall for you,
But I cannot see where it comes in.
Some folks keep the saleswoman slaving along,
Displaying the goods, then they placidly say:
I don't think I want any drygoods to day!
But I cannot see where it comes in.

(DRINKING WATER.)

Some tell us that water's a good thing to drink,
But I cannot see where it comes in;
This town cannot boast of its water, I think,
So I cannot see where it comes in.
I once tried to drink some, it then came to pass,
That worms, caterpillars, brown paper and grass,
Were a few of the things that I found in the glass,
And I cannot see where they come in.

(STREET CARS.)

I'm told that the cars are convenient things,
But I cannot see where it comes in;
The dust to your pants so persistently clings,
And I cannot see where it comes in.
You rise for a lady and beg her to sit,
She'll accept quick enough, but her brows she will knit;
Do you think she will thank you? No, devil a bit!
She cannot see where it comes in.

(PRIZE FIGHTS.)

There is far too much talk about Smith and John L.,
And I cannot see where it comes in;
They dont seem to fight, yet the gate receipts swell,
And I cannot see where it comes in.
They say that Jim Smith fought Kilrain very well,
Of the exploits of both I have heard people tell;
But compared with the world renowned champion, John L.,
I cannot see where they come in.

(CHOKE OFF.)

It's all very well to keep singing to you,
But I cannot see where it comes in;
My larynx is cracked, if not broken in two,
And I cannot see where it comes in.
Your patience to-night I have greatly admired,
But to linger much longer would make you all tired,
And to hang around here 'till I'm bodily fired,
Well, I cannot see where it comes in.

—"Do you realize, sir," said the long-haired passenger, "that there is one who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts, and before whom we are but crushed and bruised worms?" "Give us your hand, stranger," replied the other, "I know just how you feel. I'm married myself."

NEVER ENCOURAGE THE MEN.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

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A word of advice I'll give to the girls,
If they will but listen to me;
If the men do not like it it's little I'll care,
If the girls with me will agree.
Should a young man wink at you while passing the street,
Don't laugh or he'll do so again;
Pretend you don't see him and pass on your way,
And never encourage the men.

CHORUS.

Don't ever be flattered with what they may say,
Though they call you a rare little gem;
For if you allow them just one little kiss,
They surely will kiss you again.

If your lover's pocket should ever get light,
Of course he'll explain all to you;
Then he'll say, "Little darling, will you be so kind
As to lend me a dollar or two?"
If you lend him five dollars to-day, bear in mind,
To-morrow he'll surely want ten;
So cling to your purse, and don't act like a fool,
And never encourage the men.—CHORUS.

But when in the ball-room you're dancing so gay,
With a handsome young man at your side;
He vows that he loves you, and says that some day
He will surely make you his bride.
And if he should pinch you and give you a hug,
Stand up for your rights there and then;
And just tell him quickly he'd better behave,
And never encourage the men.—CHORUS.

And if out to the park you should go for a walk,
And should happen to meet a young swell,
With his gold-headed cane and his big diamond pin,
(Dame fortune has favored him well).
Don't look upon him any more than a man,
For George is no better than Ben;
But just pass him by, pay no heed to his sigh,
And never encourage the men.—CHORUS.

When Jamie Comes Over the Sea.

Copyright, 1869, by John Keynton.

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Words by John Keynton. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

When Jamie comes over the sea,
To fauld again to his heart;
How fond wi' that gentle heart be,
To know that we never s'all part.
For tho' he is roamin' afar,
I know that he will ne'er forget
The lassie he left lang ago,
With sunny bright tears of regret.

CHORUS.

So life may be wearie and sad,
It makes little matter to me;
For, oh, my puir heart will be glad
When Jamie comes over the sea.

When Jamie comes over the sea,
He'll gie me the flow'r that I gave;
The gloamin' he parted from me,
To wander across the sad wave.
I greet for him earlie and late,
The lad that I ken is so true,
Oh, wearie the moments have gane,
Since last time I bade him adieu.—CHORUS.

When Jamie comes over the sea,
My heart will no longer be sore;
He's still all the world unto me,
The lad that I love and adore.
I'll welcome him hame with a kiss,
And never again s'all we part;
My dear sailor lad s'all ne'er miss
The lassie he keeps in his heart.—CHORUS.

HELLO, SWEET "49!"

Copyright, 1889, by Adolph Kirchner.

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Words by Fulton Gardner. Music by Adolph Kirchner.

My sweetheart is a brakeman
On the elevated line,
And oft I hear him calling,
"Hello! sweet Forty-nine!"
That's the number on the door,
He doesn't know my name,
But he throws lots of kisses
From the elevated train.

REFRAIN.

Now the train is coming,
It's swinging up the line;
I hear the engine, engine, engine,
Here he is, "Hello! hello! sweet Forty-nine!"
The same to you, my dear darling,
He's always here on time;
Good-bye, my ducky, ducky, ducky, ducky darling,
"Good-bye, good-bye, sweet Forty-nine!"

Oh, yes, I love my darling,
So very sweet and fine,
And when I hear the whistle,
The rumble on the line;
I fly into the window,
My face against the pane,
Waiting for his love and kisses
From the elevated train.—REFRAIN.

They tell me he is flirting,
And that's his little game,
He's mashing all the ladies
From the elevated train.
Perhaps he has a hundred,
He calls me, "Forty-nine;"
Now list, I hear him coming
On the elevated line.—REFRAIN.

Now there's the good old engineer,
His name is Michael Cann;
He always throws me kisses,
But he's a married man.
If his wife should tumble
To his naughty, naughty game,
He'll think there was a smash-up
On that elevated train.—REFRAIN.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

As sung by Bryant's Minstrels.

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Kathleen Mavourneen, the gay dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever—
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then, why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then, why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

—A poor bargain: There is a new baby on Deer Hill Avenue. It is a small one. It's little five-year old sister watched it carefully for a few minutes yesterday, and then turning to its mother said: "Mamma, couldn't papa have paid another dollar and got a larger one?"

TIT FOR TAT.

Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.

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If you cross the hill, by my father's mill,
And walk along the fields about a mile,
By the willow copse, where the pathway stops,
You'll find a very high and awkward stile;
It has four high steps, so widely set,
To cross it by myself I am afraid;
I never dare that way repair,
Unless at hand I've strong and friendly aid.
'Twas there, one day in the month of May,
I met a loving lad, and in my sweetest tones,
I asked him would he mind, would he be so very kind,
As to help me o'er those four most awkward stones?
He helped me—"*one*,"— he helped me—"*two*,"—
And then to my surprise, he paused and said:
"Rose, I love you!" I only laughed;
"Rose, do you love me?" I said, "not I."
"Then stay where you are, sweetheart," said he,
And turned away without another word!
I could not get up or down in my fright,
What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight?

"Come back! come back!" I wildly cried,
"Come back! come back! I want to go to town,
If you help me o'er the stile, you'll gain my sweetest smile,
And p'raps I'll tell you more when I am down."
He helped me--"*three*,"—he helped me "*four*,"
Then, with a laugh, I bounded lightly o'er.
"Rose, what say you?" I only laughed: "Rose, you promised!"
I said, "not I." I told him to stay where he was just then,
And tripped away without another word;
He did not get up, he did not go down,
But sat upon the stile looking at me with a frown,
And if you cross the hill, and walk about a mile,
I think you'll find him sitting on that selfsame stile!

SWEET FORGET-ME-NOT.

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Oh! fancy brings a thought to me
Of flowers sweet and rare,
With grace and beauty there combined,
And brightest hues so fair;
So like a maiden that I loved,
It was my happy lot;
I whispered when we parted last,
"Oh! you'll forget-me-not!"

CHORUS.

Graceful and as charming as the lily in the pond,
Time has pass'd so swiftly, for of her I am so fond;
Daises and the roses, too, they grow' round the spot,
When we parted, and I whispered,
"You'll forget-me-not!"—(*Dance.*)

We met, I really don't know where,
But still 'tis all the same,
For love walks in the busy streets
As well as in the lane.
I gently pressed her tiny hand,
She glanced at me a shot,
She dropped a flower, I picked it up,
A sweet forget-me-not!—CHORUS.

At last there came a happy day,
And something that I said,
Just caused her lips to murmur, "yes,"
And shortly we were wed.
A little cottage by the brook,
And a tiny garden spot,
Where grows a little flower, called,
A sweet forget-me-not!—CHORUS.

—Sidney Smith said of Macaulay: "He is a book in breeches. He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies may have said before, though I never did so, that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence that makes his conversations perfectly delightful."

Sandy-Haired Mary in Our Area.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by David Braham

I board with Misses Dooley, I have an attic room,
There's a little Irish lady, that sweeps it with a broom·
Her name is Mary Daley, and when the supper's ate,
She's titivated gayly beside the area gate.

CHORUS.

She's a duck, she's a dove, she's the only one I love,
She's a jewel, she's a lily, she's a fairy;
She's a pet, you can bet,
She'll be Misses Grogan yet,
Fair sandy-haired Mary in our area.

She flirts with ev'ry M. P. patrolling on the beat,
The milkman in the morning, he has his tete-a-te;
The Dutchman in the groc'ry, he gives her double weight,
And lugs her heavy baskets down to the area gate.—CHORUS.

The man who carries letters, a certain Mister Flynn,
He hollers in the area, "Is Mary Daley in?"
It makes me aggravated to see her drop a plate,
And smile upon the postman, who meets her at the gate.—CHORUS.

The iceman and the butcher, the baker with the bread,
The plumber and the glazier, have nearly turned my head;
A dreamy undertaker has finished me complate,
He marries her next Sunday, we close the area gate.—CHORUS.

HE WENT GLIMMING.

Sung by J. F. Hoey, with Howard Athenæum Show.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In the glimming of the glemming
I went glimming in the glen,
There I met Mary Ann McGlomming,
She went glemming of my glemes.
But her papa's bull-dog, Towser,
Tore my pants so gracefully,
Oh, it is best, love, we never met, love,
Best for Towser and best for me.

CHORUS.

Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none I love but Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

In the glimming some fine evening,
When it is raining snow and hail,
I'll chloroform that dog, Towser,
And tie a milk can to his tail.
And with dynamite and gun-powder,
And a little fuse,
I will send him to the angels,
Where he came near sending me.

CHORUS.

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

ILL-GIFTED RING.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Ill-gifted ring, how many a vow
Of faith on thee I've sworn,
And blighted hopes are all which now
Thou leavest me to mourn.
This pledge o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Though given by me in happy years,
Comes back to me in grief.

Oh, if from mem'ry far away
The thought could now be chased,
That in my first affections day
Thou on her hand wert placed.
Sad pledge, o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Though given by me in happy years,
Comes back to me in grief.

DONCHERKNOW.

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Words by H. W. Emmet. Music by Isidor Witmark.

Oh, the lateet thing from England is this doncherknow!
To a chappie who is happy it is bliss, doncherknow!
To impress upon a feller or to meet a girl and tell her
That there's nothing could be sweller, doncherknow!

CHORUS.

How dy'e do? doncherknow! same to you, doncherknow!
When it's dark, ev'ry spark has a lark, doncherknow!
For you only want to waddle with no brains in your noddle,
And you'll catch the girls who toddle, doncherknow! doncherknow!

When a chappie's starting out to paint the town, doncherknow!
And a p'liceman's club gently lays him down, doncherknow!
Then his head out swells his collars and they fine him twenty dollars,
In his rage he only hollers, doncherknow!

CHORUS.

How dy'e do? doncherknow! same to you, doncherknow!
Get run in, call it sin, have to grin, doncherknow!
If you can't drink whiskey sourlah, without turning out a howlah,
You had better work the growlah, doncherknow! doncherknow!

When a fellah's got a proper sort of mash, doncherknow!
It is sure to play the devil with his cash, doncherknow!
It's a case of buy ice cream, or far away with love's young dream,
Or breach of promise soon is seen, or doncherknow!

CHORUS.

How dy'e do? doncherknow! same to you, doncherknow!
Gives you rope, till her hope is all soap, doncherknow!
For there's no more silly flirtin' when your love you've been assertin',
For the judge won't drop the curtain, doncherknow! doncherknow!

When a fellow has a wife and infant twins, doncherknow!
And at midnight such a holy row begins, doncherknow!
When the babies all want candy, cause the bottle isn't handy,
And your mother-in-law's a dandy, doncherknow!

CHORUS.

How dy'e do? doncherknow! same to you, doncherknow!
All your sleep has to keep, while they weep, doncherknow!
In your arms the kids are qualking, while your mother-in-law keeps talking,
Till your feet are sore with walking, doncherknow! doncherknow!

KATE'S SECRET.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother,
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day,
And birds in the branches of hawthorn
Are carrolling ever so gay;
And down by the rock in the meadow,
The rill ripples by with a song;
And, mother, I, too, have been singing
The merriest all the day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
Last night I was weeping alone;
The world was so dark and so dreary,
My heart it grew heavy as stone;
I thought of the lonely and loveless,
All lonely and loveless was I;
I scarcely could tell why it was, mother,
But, oh, I was wishing to die.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
But Willie came down by the gate,
And whispered, "Come out in the moonlight,
I've something to say to you, Kate."
Oh, mother, to him I am dearer
Than all in the wide world beside,
He told me so out in the moonlight,
And called me his darling, his bride.

So now I will gather my roses,
And twine in my long braided hair;
Then Willie will come in the evening,
And smile when he sees me so fair;
And out in the moonlight we'll wander,
'Way down by the old hawthorn tree—
Oh, mother, I wonder if any
Were ever so happy as we.

—Betsy, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen the other day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No ma'am, not 'zactly," said Betsy, "but the fac' is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to get out of my own way."

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

CHORUS.

Ninety years, without slumbering—tick, tick, tick, tick,
His life-seconds numbering—tick, tick, tick, tick,
It stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy;
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.—CHORUS.

My grandfather said that those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found,
For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
At the close of each week to be wound.
It was kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.—CHORUS.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm, for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped short—never to go again,
When the old man died.—CHORUS.

See That My Grave's Kept Green.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When I am dead and gone from you, darling,
When I am laid away in my grave,
When my spirit has gone to heaven above,
To Him who my soul will save;
When you are happy and gay once more,
Thinking of days that have been,
This one little wish I ask of you—
See that my grave is kept green.

CHORUS.

Oh! the days will come to you, darling,
When no more on earth I'll be seen;
One sweet little wish, darling, grant me—
See that my grave's kept green.

Though the hours of joy now are passing,
Yet how soon, alas! they will fade—
Though your glances of love are meeting my own,
Fair sunlight will turn to shade;
When from the world and its hopes I go,
Leave forever this scene;
Though others are dead, ah! will you then
See that my grave is kept green?—CHORUS.

Will you keep me, love, in remembrance,
Though the voice of chiding be heard,
And while others might speak in censure or blame,
Yet breathe no unkindly word?
Tell me you'll think of the past,
Think of the joys we have seen;
This one little promise keep for me—
See that my grave's kept green.—CHORUS.

—What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

CHING, CHING.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Ching Ching, come from China,
In a big large a shipa come along here,
Wind blow very hard, kick up bublee,
Make a poor Chinaman a feel very queer;
Me bring a little gal very much nicey,
She come along for to be my wife,
She say she love me wonce, twicee,
Make her mine for all my life;
Me like a bowwow very goodee chow chow,
Me like a little gal, she a likee me,
White man come along take to little gal,
Take a little gal from poor Chinee.

CHORUS.

Hi, ki, hi, ching, ching, ching,
Bung a rung a chickee,
Weckey supey fatly bung,
Funey Mosey peachey toesee, Keno John,
Chinaman a goodee manee from Hong Kong.

Now I live in San Francisco,
Very much nicee place, away over here,
Me got a hair cut short like a Melican man,
Me getee drunk on a goodee lager beer,
Me bring a little gal very much nicey,
She come along for to be my wife,
She say she love me wonce, twicee,
Make her mine for all my life;
Me like a bowwow very goodee chow chow,
Me like a little gal, she a likee me,
White man come along take to little gal,
Take a little gal from poor Chinee.—CHORUS.

When Other Friends Are Round Me.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other days have crowned thee
More fresh and green that mine;
Then think how sad and lonely,
This wretched heart must be,
Which while it beats—beats only,
Beloved one, for thee.

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains,
I would not live without thee
For all the world contains;
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea,
Whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

ON THE SEA.

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On the sea, on the sea in my fast sailing craft,
With my hand on the helm, and the gale far abaft,
Not a sail is in sight, nor a speck on the foam,
As she glides like a bird to our own native home.

In the wave, like a bird, she has dipped her broad crest,
And she shakes as she rises the drop from her breast,
And she bounds to the skies with such frolicsome glee,
That my heart goes along on the sea, on the sea.

On the sea, on the sea with a crew of my choice,
Not a false heart among them, nor lubberly voice,
And a cherub aloft as she sails in the wind,
From the wreath of the dew to the billows behind.

Three cheers for our craft as she rides on the wave,
With her captain so noble, her men all so brave,
For we heed not the tempest, nor shrink from a foe,
But with hearts free as air through the ocean we go.

On the sea, on the sea far away from the shore,
Where the winds whistle free and the billows loud roar,
On the ocean our home, none so happy as we,
And let this be our song on the sea, on the sea.

NANCY LEE.

As sung by Louis Dietrich.

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Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
See, there she stands an' waves her hands upon the quay,
An' ev'ry day when I'm away she'll watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

CHORUS.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo ho! we go across the sea;
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
'Tis long ere we come back I know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be,
An' all so neat, an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea,
An' Nancy's face to bless the place an' welcome me,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!—CHORUS.

The bo's'n pipes the watch below,
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
Then here's a health afore we go,
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea,
An' keep our bones from Davy Jones where'er we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!—CHORUS.

WHOA, EMMA!

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I took my girl one day
A sailing down the bay,
And Emma was the darling creature's name;
While standing on the pier,
Some chaps at her did leer,
And one and all around her did exclaim:

CHORUS.

Whoa, Emma! whoa, Emma!
Emma, you put me in quite a dilemma!
Oh, Emma! whoa, Emma!
That's what I hear wherever I go.

I asked them "what they meant?"
When some one at me sent
An egg which nearly struck me in the eye;
The girl began to scream,
Saying, "Fred, what does this mean?"
I asked again and this was their reply:—CHORUS.

I thought they'd never cease,
So shouted out, "Police!"
And when he came he looked at me so sly;
The crowd they then me chaffed,
And said, "I must be daft,"
And once again they all commenced to cry:—CHORUS.

An old man said to me,
"Young man, can't you see
The joke?" and I looked at him with surprise;
He said, "Don't be put out,
It's a saying got about,"
And then their voices seemed to rend the skies.—CHORUS.

"So you've had a cyclone in your county, have you?" "Yes, sir-ee! Just tore up everything by the roots. In some places it left the ground as bare as your hand." "How did you suffer?" "Well, it took my house and out-buildings and all the stock, the old woman and six children." "A clean sweep?" "No-o. There was one thing it never lifted." "What was that?" "The mortgage."

Some Girls Do, and Some Girls Don't.

As sung by Wallace Foy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of all the strangest girls on earth,
I think my girl's the one;
You know she has peculiar ways,
And quite devoid of fun.
She never sees a joke of mine,
Whenever humor flows,
But gives me a disdainful look,
And quite turns up her nose.

SPOKEN.—Some girls like a little joke, you know, but mine don't, she turns her nose up at it, I think she works on the same principle as this, [turning up nose with finger.]

CHORUS.

Some girls do, and some girls don't,
Some girls will but my girl won't;
I tried very hard to see if she would,
She said she really couldn't,
And I don't think she could.

I took my love to see the play,
As other fellahs do;
And thought that she'd enjoy herself,
She cried the whole night through.
And when we reached the street again,
Some oysters I proposed;
But she said, "No, not me, young man!"
Still turning up her nose.

SPOKEN.—Up it went again at three dozen of the best Dutch natives, just think of that. To see a girl turn up her nose at two pence a time, I said: Well, my love, if you won't have any supper, we will have a cab and go home." She said: "No, young man, no four-wheel cabs for me at this time of night."—CHORUS.

We met one Sunday afternoon,
For a day at Greenwich Park;
And when we mounted "One-tree Hill,"
We had, well, say a lark.
Georgiana said. "You know, young man,
Some girls prefer a stroll;
Not me, when I'm in Greenwich Park
I dearly love a roll."

SPOKEN.—Now there's an extraordinary girl for you; of course I wanted to take her for a nice quiet lover's walk in some shady lane, but she said she'd prefer a roll. Then I wanted to talk to her of love, romance and poetry, but no, she said she'd rather have a good dinner. Well,—CHORUS.

Not long ago my uncle died
And left me fifty pounds,
As soon as I received the news,
My joy it knew no bounds.
I thought, well, I will marry now,
So I at once proposed;
But when I mentioned the amount,
Up went her lovely nose.

SPOKEN.—The bad girl said she ought to have five hundred with such a man as me, I thought she would have jumped at me, for—CHORUS.

EILY MAVOURNEEN.

Sung by Pauline Corri, with Howorth's Hibernica.

Eily Mavourneen, I see thee before me,
Fairer than ever in death's pallid hue;
Mortal thou art not, I humbly adore thee,
Yes, with a love which thou knowest is true.
Lookest thou in anger? ah! no, such a feeling
Ne'er in thy too gentle breast had a place;
Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,
Eily, my own, o'er thy beautiful face.

Once would my heart with the wildest emotion
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;
Now I regard thee with deep calm devotion,
Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.
Tho' in this world were so cruelly blighted
All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart;
Soon in a holier region united,
Eily Mavourneen, we never shall part.

MY PRETTY RED ROSE.

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He gave me a pretty red rose
While rambling to-night o'er the lea;
And said, as he kissed me good-bye,
"Wear this in your breast, love, for me."
'Tis fading and falling apart,
But close to my heart it will cling;
While lonely I sigh for my darling's bright eye,
Of my pretty red rose I will sing.

CHORUS.

My pretty red rose, my pretty red rose,
'Tis a sweet little token, my pretty red rose,
While lonely I sigh for my darling's bright eye,
I'll sing of my pretty red rose.

'Tis a dear little mem'ry of love,
How sad it soon must decay;
But fondly I'll treasure its leaves,
Tho' their beauty may vanish away.
Sweet moments of joy it recalls,
And lulls ev'ry sigh to repose;
Though now we're apart, still my true lover's heart
Seems to dwell in my pretty red rose.—CHORUS.

THE ACTOR'S DREAM.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wenman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We'd a trip "Across the Continent,"
Old "Forty-nine" and I;
Met "Orpheus and Eurydice,"
Discussing "Romany Rye."
Saw "Fritz in Ireland," "In the Ranks,"
With "Clio" at the ball;
And "Hazel Kirke," "Three of a Kind,"
Jump "Over the Garden Wall."
In a quiet little "Hamlet,"
Where the "Lights o' London" shone,
"Two Orphans" with "The Magistrate,"
At "School" sat all alone.
Then "The Mighty Dollar," "Her Atonement,"
"Eily" said would be,
While "Adonis," with "We, Us & Co.,"
Struck "Rosedale" on a spree.

CHORUS.

The lovely "Piquita,"
And there's none could be sweeter,
On Tom, Dick and Harry did spoon;
While "M'liss" in a twinkle,
With gay "Rip Van Winkle,"
"Skipped by the Light of the Moon."

"Our American Cousin" soon we met,
On his "Vacation" there;
With "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller,"
Likewise "Fedora" fair.
So, "Round the World in 80 Days"
We went, but were "Called Back"
By "Sealed Instructions," though no "Cheese"
Nor "Money" did we lack.
But while "The Black Flag" waved aloft
A funny sight I saw—
"Old Lavender" won the "Banker's Daughter"
In a "Corner Grocery Store;"
A "Parlor Match" it proved to be,
They soon were "Man and Wife;"
And a "Pair of Kids" will just complete
Their "Lottery of Life."

CHORUS.

"Pygmalion and Galatea,"
Sipped Ehrlanger beer
"Ten Nights in a Bar Room," quite rash;
And the "Stranglers of Paris"
All tried to embarrass
"Sam'l of Posen," who paid them "Spot Cash."

MY FAVORITE, MY QUEEN.

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Words and Music by Banks Winter.

My Leonora is a little angel of sweet seventeen,
You'd love and adore her if you'd ever seen my darling;
She is fairer than the blushing flower, the lilys they seem
To bow in respect to my favorite, my queen.
Innocent, blithe and gay, joyous and full of play,
Bright as a sunny ray, heavenly divine;
When I am near her, 'tis rapture to hear her
Singing sweet melodies, favorites of mine.

CHORUS.

Ah! my Leonora is a little angel of sweet seventeen,
You'd love and adore her if you'd ever seen my darling;
She is fairer than the blushing flower, the lilys they seem
To bow in respect to my favorite, my queen.

Her promise she has made me, to love me thro' life,
And proud I shall be of my sweet little wife, my treasure;
Our home shall be all smiles and gladness, no storms ever seen,
God bless you, my darling favorite, my queen.
Life to me then will seem one bright and happy dream,
Sent like a sunny beam from heaven above;
Angels watch over thee, guard thee, dear one, for me,
True as the stars I'll be to you, my love.—CHORUS.

Give 'em String and Let 'em Went.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and recieve by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Life is but a span of horses—
One is age, the other prime;
Up and down the hill our course is,
"Go in, ponies, make your time."

Boyhood flies the whip of pleasure,
Youthful folly gives a stroke;
Manhood goads them at his leisure—
"Let em 'rip—they're tough as oak."

"Hi, yo! there; the stakes we'll pocket,
To the winds let them be sent;
Time: 2.40—whip in socket,
Give 'em string and let 'em went,"

On the sunny road to fifty,
Prime is drown'd in Lethe's stream;
Age is left old and unthrifty,
Life then proves a "one horse team."

Age jogs on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slackens in his pace,
Kicks the bucket, always ready,
Gives it up—Death wins the race.

Juliana, Phebiana, Constantina Brown.

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Oh, I'm going to sing a song to you about Juliana Brown,
She was the prettiest yaller gal was ever in the town,
She had eyes so bright and teeth so white, like diamonds they did shine,
And such a lovely foot she had, she wore a number nine.

CHORUS.

For she looked so sweet, and she dressed so neat,
Of all the pretty yaller gals was ever in the town,
It's my Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown.

Oh, the first time that I saw her, she was dressed up to the teeth,
The look that she then gave me nearly took away my breath,
I asked her if she would only be true to me,
And when I'd sell my poodle dog, a-married we should be.—CHORUS.

It's my Juliana Phebiana Constantina Brown,
She was the prettiest dancer for miles and miles around,
For when she went to balls her like was never seen,
For she was sure to be the belle, and I the belgerine.—CHORUS.

—An Irishman, somewhat disguised in liquor, was shouting in Edinburgh, "Three cheers for home rule." A Scotchman shouted in answer, "Three cheers for hell." "You are right," said the Irishman, "every one should stick up for his own country."

MY HEART IS SAD TO-DAY.

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I have need of all your kindness,
For my heart is sad to-day,
There's a cloud upon my spirits
You alone can chase away.
Let me hear but one low whisper,
Let that whisper be but kind,
Then shall mine, like children's sorrow,
Pass and leave no trace behind.

CHORUS.

We have happy been together
While the sunshine led our way,
Now I've need of all your kindness,
For my heart is sad to-day.

We have happy been together
While the sunshine led our way,
Now I've need of all your kindness,
For my heart is sad to-day.
Let the world look coldly on us,
While our hearts with kindness glow;
Each will be unto each other
As a shield against the foe.—CHORUS.

We have treasured in our bright days
Feelings dearer to us now,
Let remembrance of the pleasure
Chase the shadows from our brow.
We have happy been together.
What if clouds obscure the way?
There may be a sunny future.
Though my heart is sad to-day.—CHORUS.

ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING.

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On yonder rock reclining,
That fierce and swarthy form behold,
Fast his hands his carbine hold,
'Tis his best friend of old;
This way his steps inclining,
His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,
And his velvet cloak hangs low,
Playing in careless flow;
E'en while the storm is beating,
Afar hear echo repeating,
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

Although his foes waylaying,
He fights with hate and rage combined,
Tow'rds the gentle fair they find
He's ever mild and kind.
The maid too heedless straying,
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)
Home returns full sad and slow,
What can have made her so?
Each one the maiden meeting,
Is sure to be repeating,
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

While thus his deeds accusing,
Let justice, too, at least be shown,
All that's lost here, let us own,
Mayn't be his prize alone.
Full oft his name abusing,
Perchance some young and rustic beau,
Whilst his hopes with conquest glow,
At beauty's shrine bows low;
Each sighing lover dread,
For of him more truly be it said,
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

—A celebrated lawyer, who was well known for the repulsiveness of his features, once attacked a prisoner with great bitterness. The judge advised him several times to use more moderation, but the lawyer continued his tirade: "The wretch bears his character in his face—any one may read it. Why, he's the ugliest man I ever knew." "Counsellor," again interrupted the judge, "you are forgetting yourself."

WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When but a child I used to go to bed at eight each night,
The nurse girl used to frighten me when she put out the light;
She'd talk of ghosts and goblins in a very awful way,
She'd then put out the candle and to me she used to say:

CHORUS.

"Where was Moses when the light went out?
Where was Moses—what was he about?
Now my little man, tell me if you can,
Where was Moses when the light went out?"

Now Moses being my Christian name I used to feel afraid,
And dreaming something awful I for hours awake have laid;
Sometimes I'd cry myself to sleep, but horrid things I dream'd,
For naughty ghosts at my bedside glar'd at me while they scream'd:—CHO.

Upon the nurse I split, and she was kindly asked to leave,
But Moses Muggins married her for which we did not grieve;
I met her in the street when she had just two days been wed,
And didn't she warm my jacket when I innocently said:—CHORUS.

Some twenty years passed before I heard the phrase again,
Alone with a young lady I was riding in the train;
We rushed into a tunnel, and when all was pitchy dark,
My lively little lady friend gave vent to this remark:—CHORUS.

Now when once more the light of day we saw, to her I said,
As you've 'waken'd up old memories you're the girl I'd like to wed;
We're married now, and six fine boys amuse us every night,
And sing this jolly little chorus when their pa puts out the light:—CHO.

MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

By B. Lover.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Why art thou wandering alone on the shore?
The wind it blows cold and the white breakers roar:
Oh! I am wandering alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my fathers returning to me.
For the gale it blew thro' the darkness of night,
And I'm watching here since the dawning of light;
Looking thro' tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me.

Last when my father put forth on the deep,
To our cottage returning I lay down to sleep,
But while the calm sweet sleep came to me,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea.
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea,
I thought in a dream 'twas my father that spoke,
But, oh! to the voice of the tempest I woke,
And the father I dreamt of was far on the sea—
Good angels, keep watch o'er my father for me,
Good angels, keep watch o'er my father for me.

Down Upon the Banks of Tennessee.

Copyright, 1889, by D. A. Crane.

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Words and Music by James J. Mulcahy.

Come all you white folks and listen,
And to you a few words I will say;
Of the happy times to pass, and play upon the grass,
All the live long Summer day.
Oh, 'tis there you would see the young and old,
And as happy, and as happy as could be;
You would hear the darkies singing, and hear the banjos ringing,
'Way down upon the banks of Tennessee.

CHORUS.

Ho, ho, ho! them banjos,
It would fill your heart with glee,
On a moonlight night, when the stars are shining bright,
'Way down upon the banks of Tennessee.

Now there's to be a wedding,
And all the old parsons will be there;
With old Brother Dannah, with old Sister Hannah,
And the color'd girls so fair.
'Tis then you'll hear the banjos ringing,
While the birds are sweetly singing in the trees;
So you're welcome, one and all, as on you we will call,
To be down upon the banks of Tennessee.—CHORUS.

SWEET ROSE OF DAWN.

Copyright, 1888, by A. Buchbaum.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Ida Baarsch.

Sparkling with dewdrops, I greet thee once more,
Blushing so sweetly, rose so fair;
Soft winds have wooed thee till starlight was o'er,
Peeping from thy bower, now charming the air.
Last night brought the angels, yes, brought them here,
They woke thee, to blush and to bloom;
Ah, then, whisper of them in the sunlight so clear,
And charm from the daylight each thought of gloom.

CHORUS.

Sparkling with dewdrops, I greet thee once more,
Sunlight is gilding grove and lawn;
Soft winds have wooed thee till starlight was o'er,
Peep from thy bower, sweet rose of dawn.

Robins are chanting their praises again,
Brooks of the meadow sing of thee;
Over the flowers a queen thou dost reign,
Winds lisp thy beauty in soft melody.
Oh, where didst thou linger when winds were cold,
And dark were the skies overhead?
Ah, how long did we wander, thy bloom to behold,
Till Summer thy smiles to our hearts has led?—CHORUS.

Birds come to greet thee with songs of delight,
For soon will the Summer hours hasten their flight;
Then give to the day all thy sweetness and grace,
And hide not, fair flow'ret, the joy of thy face.
Soon will the Winter each joy bear away,
Ah, soon will thy beauty in sorrow decay;
Then give to the heart all thy sweetness and grace,
And hide not, fair flow'ret, the joy of thy face.—CHORUS.

They Cannot Keep the Working Girls Down Town.

Originally written and composed by James McAvoy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I will sing you of the latest things that happen every day,
Also many things that happens in the night;
And many things I'd do myself if I only had my way,
When you hear me you'll agree that I am right.
The poor man works eight hours, the rich drinks whiskey sours,
They stop police from sleeping on his beat;
They can stop a horse-car driver from eating two square meals,
They can stop conductors from walking on your feet.
They can keep a bum from drinking, they can keep the people thinking,
They can keep a married man from running round;
They can keep a dog from barking, and a tom-cat from skylarking,
But you cannot keep the working girl down town.

They can stop a flea from biting, and Sullivan from fighting,
And an alderman from going to Sing Sing;
They can keep a scandal quiet, if they want a thing they'll buy it,
If you tell a chestnut gag a bell they'll ring.
They can stop the kid from squawking, and your mother-in-law from talking,
They can stop you with a growler full of beer;
They can say your wife was flirting with some gilly while out walking,
And they can whisper something funny in your ear.
They can stop a barber chinning, and a gambler from winning,
They can make the smartest lawyer act a clown;
They can make a pretty lady think her husband is a baby,
But you cannot keep the working girl down town.

They can set an old maid crazy, if they tell her she is a daisy,
They can make you pay for what you never got;
They can put you on a racket, of you have the stuff to back it,
They can fix you so you never will be caught.
They can make a copper chase you, they can make a bummer mace you,
They can marry and divorce you in a day;
They can make you feel so funny, you must give her alimony,
When the old fifteen dollar a week you have to pay.
You can stop a train from going, you can stop a rooster crowing,
You can chew upon a sausage weighs a pound;
Take a regiment of soldiers with gatling guns on their shoulders,
They could not keep the working girl down town.

—A hint was sufficient: At a house in Ohio where a minister was boarding, the servant girl was anxious to anticipate everything in her work that any one wished her to do. She had always "just done it," or was "just doing it" when the order was given. This amused the young divine, and on one occasion he thought to nonplus the girl by a ruse. "I don't think Eliza has washed my bible since I have been here," he said to the mistress, in a low tone, but designed to be overheard by the girl. In a few minutes later the mistress said to her in the presence of the clergyman, "Eliza, have you washed Mr. Blank's bible?" "No, ma'am; but I've got it asoak."

I Went With Him; or, My Pal Jack.

Published by T. B. Harms & Co.

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Words and Music by Leslie Reed.

One day my pal said, "lets go out,"
So I went with him;
The streets he wandered round about,
And I went with him.
We met two young girls, bye the bye,
And one of them she looked so shy;
Jack said, "let's go there's no one nigh,"
So I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
I was very well aware that for mashing he'd a whim,
And the ladies took my fancy, so I went with him.

He saw them home, 'twas in the town,
And I went with him;
They asked him in and he sat down,
And I went with him.
When suddenly, oh, dear! oh, Lor'!
The father came and stamped and swore;
He kicked Jack clean out thro' the door,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
The father stamped and swore, then with a savage grin,
He kicked Jack in the gutter, and I went with him.

He went to take a drink one night,
And I went with him;
And strange to say he got quite tight,
Tho' I went with him.
And when he'd spent nearly all his tin
On whiskey, ale and rum and gin,
A policeman came and ran Jack in,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
The policeman was so strong, altho' he looked so slim,
He took Jack to the station, and I went with him.

Next morn he came before the judge,
And I went with him;
And strange to say, he could not speak,
Though I was with him.
The judge looked stern, and said at once,
"Young man, you must have been a dunce;"
He sentenced Jack to three long months,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
He was so much afraid, and shook in every limb,
And I thought he might feel lonely, so I went with him.

One day he went out on the ice,
And I went with him;
He said that skating was so nice,
So I went with him.
We both were skating very well,
When suddenly I heard a yell;
The ice gave way and in Jack fell,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
We were very nearly drowned, for Jack he couldn't swim,
And as I never learnt myself, I went with him.

—Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? They correspond, but never meet.

—First dude: "You look tired, old fellah." Second dude: "Yes, I am weal tired. I've been cawying a silvah dollah awound for ovah houah. I must huhwy up and get it changed into sewip."

HE'S IN THE ASYLUM NOW.

With Original Version and Text by Sam Devere.

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I knew a happy married pair,
Who lived not far from here,
They'd never had an angry word,
Their love was so sincere:
They'd call each other pet and duck,
Like doves they'd bill and coo,
One day his mother-in-law came round
To stay a week or two.

CHORUS.

He's in the asylum now,
Her voice was so sweet I vow;
How he longs to hear once more
That dear old lady's jaw—
He's in the asylum now.

Is marriage a failure?
Once inquired a married man,
He'd three dear wives and all alive,
Away from each he'd ran;
But how to solve the problem
He felt very much in doubt,
So he called the three together
Just to talk the matter out.

CHORUS.

He's in the asylum now,
With his hand to his classic brow;
Safe inside a padded room,
Writing verses for his tomb—
He's in the asylum now.

A friend of mine one evening,
Having nothing else to do,
Went out and bought an old trombone,
To play a tune or two;
To be a famed musician was
His one fond wish in life,
One day he played a solo on
That trombone to his wife.

CHORUS.

She's in the asylum now,
Where sweet music they seldom allow;
Laid in silence all alone,
How she'll miss his old trombone—
She's in the asylum now.

There's a new ten cent puzzle just came out,
Will cause you all to smile,
It's called the "Pigs in Clover,"
And has set the people wild;
I bought one and took it home
My family to entertain,
But in trying for to do it,
Has drove them all insane.

CHORUS.

And they're in the asylum now,
Squealing like a lot of pigs, I vow;
They'll never get a chance again
To drive the pigs into the pen,
For they're in the asylum now.

POSTAGE STAMP FLIRTATION.

Upside down on left corner—I love you.
Same corner, crosswise—My heart is another's.
Straight up and down—Good-bye, sweetheart.
Upside down on right corner—Write no more.
In centre, at top—Yes.
Opposite, at bottom—No.
On right hand corner, at a right angle—Do you love me?
In left hand corner—I hate you.
Top corner, at the right—I wish your friendship.
Bottom corner, at the left—I seek your acquaintance.
On line with surname—Accept my love.
The same, upside down—I am engaged.
At right angle, same place—I long to see you.
In the middle, at right hand edge—Write immediately.

THE TILT SKIRT.

Tune:—"Charming Young Widow."

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While walking down Broadway one morning, and thinking
Of the funny creations which fashion has bred.
As shown by the "pancakes," the "sundowns," the "gypsies,
And all the queer things girls wear on their head;
I saw "waterfalls," "puffs," "rats," "mice," and cheek "plumpers,"
Worn by maids, wives and widows, and dashing young flirts,
But nothing so much took my eye or my fancy,
As those killing, enchanting, suggestive "tilt skirts."

While thinking, before me I saw, what a figure,
My eyes were entranced, I was dumb with surprise;
She'd a waist of a Venus, a bust fit for a Juno,
And the wickedest, killingest kind of black eyes.
She smiled such a smile, as before a shop window
She stopped, first to peep—I was on the alert,
And as gracefully forward she stooped for a moment,
I saw such a sight! Oh, that blessed "tilt skirt."

What a foot! what an ankle! they set my heart bumping,
Oh, how my mouth watered as she onward sped;
And I followed, panting, and hoping and fearing,
With a thousand wild thoughts rushing through my poor head.
When, all of a sudden, she dashed in a doorway,
And up stairs she tripped—I hope 'twas not pert—
But who could restrain his eyes from then feasting
On all 'twas revealed by that blessed "tilt skirt."

What a foot! what a gaiter! an ankle, oh, dear me,
It quite drives me mad, but to think of it now,
And then what a leg! spanned by such a sweet gaiter,
I felt, quite all over, I cannot tell how!
I waited, how could I leave a feast so enchanted?
Five long minutes passed and still on the alert;
I saw her come down, and at each step she tilted,
And I fairly wilted! oh, that blessed "tilt shirt."

For a moment I stood without power to follow,
As she daintily tripped along over the "Russ;"
But soon I summoned courage, and caught up with my charmer,
Just as she her fingers held up for a "bus."
It stopped. The door opened. Her dry goods she lifted,
I stood in the rush, unmindful of hurt;
Ye gods! what a heaven to my eyes was then opened,
As once more she tilted that blessed "tilt skirt."

I rushed in behind her, a seat took beside her,
At the end of the street she rose to go out;
And I rose as well, I was in such a fever,
That really I knew not what I was about!
I followed her, spoke; she blushed, I insisted
On seeing her home, and she proved no flirt;
For she quickly consented, and I've never repented
The day I first saw that blessed "tilt skirt."

Good Old Friends of My Youth.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When I dream of the friends of my youth,
And the hearts that were dear to me then,
I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
Yet I love to recall them again.
When I dream of the joys that once were mine,
Of the hearts that were gentle and true,
My heart still bends to my good old friends,
And I sigh when I bid them adieu

CHORUS.

My heart still bends to my good old friends,
To my good old friends of yore;
And I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
And the hearts that shall greet me no more

When I think of a mother so kind,
And the hearth to my childhood so dear;
Wherever I roam I dream of that home,
With a sigh that will melt to a tear.
When I think of the hand that led me forth,
And the footsteps that followed my own;
The eyes that smiled when they called me a child,
But have failed and left me alone.—CHORUS

O'DONNELL, THE AVENGER.

Copyright, 1883, by W. J. McVey.

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Tune:—"Wearing of the Green."

In Newgate's gloomy prison they have dug a narrow grave,
And in it sleeps O'Donnell, the bravest of the brave;
From this world he sent a monster who is numbered with the damned,
The base and brutal Carey, who disgraced his native land.

CHORUS.

Now Carey's gone before the Great Tribune, where truth he had to tell,
Where all his perjured evidence could not save his soul from hell;
Where his crimes stood plain before him and he could not them deny,
And the blood of Irish martyrs for revenge did loudly cry.

He was the organizer of the Mysterious Number One,
He planned the double murder and he led the bloody van;
For worldly greed he done the deed, his countrymen he sold,
Like Judas in the Scripture, for his Saxon master's gold.—CHORUS.

O'Donnell left his native land when he was very young,
To seek an honest living in the land of Washington;
He bade adieu to Donegal, and prayed that he might see
The Saxon driven from Lough Foyle and the green flag flying free.—CHORUS.

He lived beneath the stars and stripes when fortune on him shone,
But thought he would return again to see his dear old home;
He was shadowed by detectives, so he bade his friends good-bye,
And started off for Africa his fortune there to try.—CHORUS.

On board the Kinsfaun Castle from England he did sail,
She was a British steamship, and carried the Cape Town mail;
Among the cabin passengers he met an Irishman,
Who with his wife and family were bound for that distant land.—CHORUS.

They shook hands and made acquaintance in the real old Irish style,
The stranger looked suspicious, but vainly tried to smile;
He seemed to be in trouble or had something on his mind,
O'Donnell thought he mourned the loss of those he left behind.—CHORUS.

'Twas noticed he kept distant from the passengers and crew,
And always tried to hide his face from everybody's view;
Like Cain when he slew Abel, he could find no place to hide,
He fancied vengeance followed him upon the ocean wide.—CHORUS.

When they arrived in Cape Town a rumor did arise,
That Carey, the informer, was with them in disguise;
The thought struck O'Donnell that Powers was the man,
And soon on board the Melrose they face to face did stand.—CHORUS.

The informer had been drinking, his manner it was changed,
It seemed as though he got a blow that set his mind deranged;
He rushed upon O'Donnell and swore he would have his life,
But a bullet pierced his traitorous heart in presence of his wife.—CHORUS.

They have found O'Donnell guilty in the first degree,
But he simply stood in self defense before a brute at sea;
Who brought his wretched family to sorrow, grief and shame,
They will shake with fear and blush to hear their cowardly father's name. - CHO

Surrounded by his enemies, and from his prison cell
Marched O'Donnell to the gallows, and his look did plainly tell,
He would mount the tyrant's scaffold, his Saxon foes defy,
For Ireland and the Irish he was not afraid to die.—CHORUS.

Oh! If I Had Some One Who'd Love Me.

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Oh! if I had some one who'd love me,
My troubles, my trials who'd share;
One to love and a little reprove me,
And lessen my heart of its care.
Oh! if I had some one who'd love me,
To cherish and comfort me, too,
The bright shining stars then above me
Would prove a great happiness, too.
For 'tis love that's the bliss of creation
Only love that's in nature sublime;
To the highest of lowly of station,
Love to all is a feeling divine.

CHORUS.

Oh! if I had some one who'd love me,
My troubles, my trials who'd share;
One to love and little reprove me,
And lessen my heart of its care.

Oh! if I had some one who'd love me,
Then nature more lovely would beam;
The flowerets' sweet perfume then round me,
Would hail and gladden the scene.
Oh! if I had some one who'd love me,
Whose heart and whose soul could be mine,
Then I'd praise the blest powers above me
For my life thus made truly divine.
For 'tis love that's the bliss of creation,
Only love that's the nature sublime;
To the highest of lowest of station,
To be loved is a feeling divine.—CHORUS.

THE HODMAN'S LAMENT.

Tune—"Poor Pat Must Emigrate."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Dennis Morgan,
I was born in the County Mohicon;
Where a nice nate farm I lived upon,
That was in days gone by;
I come over to this country
Along with my small family,
Where rich and poor were on equality,
My fortune for to try.
I am a long time from that good old sod,
Many miles of this broad land I trod,
My occupation was carrying the hod,
But those days will never more be seen;
For they've cut our wages down so small
A poor man can scarce live at all,
For the hod, the mortar, bricks and all,
They're hoisting up by steam.

Long life and health to you, Bill Tweed,
What'ere your nation or your creed,
For you always helped the poor in need
When you were Senator;
No soup house paupers then did lurk,
And less poor men were out of work,
For you fought the wolf just like a turk,
When hunger did occur.
But if ere you should come back again,
You'll meet the help of honest workingmen,
For no matter who may you condemn,
You were poverty's best screen;
But now your loss we do deplore,
And none will say much less, I'm sure,
Though you robbed the rich you fed the poor,
And never acted mean.

I could recall many facts here in my rhymes,
But God be with them good old times,
When in New York we had less crimes,
And labor got its pay;
But we daily see before our sight
That capital still backs up might,
And still do strive to cheat the rights
Up to the present day.
But pull together, show our power,
And wash out might with a rightful shower,
And heaven's blessing every hour,
Will help the poor man's cause;
For if Washington was here to-day,
His eloquence he would display,
And grant the poor man still fair play,
And put down thievery and fraud.

THE DAY I FIRST PLAYED BALL.

Tune—"The Day I Played Base Ball."

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By John E. Shea.

My name it is O'Gallagher,
I'm a ball player by trade;
I play now with a crack team, boys,
And a large salary I'm paid.

I rank among the best of men,
And deserve the praise of all;
But I tell you what, it was no fun,
The day I first played ball.

Oh, first I tried the catcher's mask,
Sure I thought myself in a powder flask,
And they struck me with a cobbler's last,
The day I first played ball.

Then next I tried a "home run" bat,
And hit the ball such a terrible smack,
That it knocked a horse-car off the track,
The day I first played ball.

They put me behind the plate,
And said if I caught a ball they'd treat;
But I showed them I couldn t be beat,
The day I first played ball.

So then I tried to steal a base,
Sure I fell down and broke my face;
Oh, it was worse than a six-days race,
The day I first played ball.

Sure then I tried to throw a "fly,"
And it struck the manager in the eye;
And they all jumped over the fence to die,
The day I first played ball.

The people then took off their hats,
And the kids they all did holler "rats;"
And they gave me all the broken bats,
The day I first played ball.

The ladies all appeared so gay,
And presented me with a fine bouquet;
And said I'd be worth 10,000 some day,
If I'd learn to play base ball.

Then I met a gang—one's name was Luke,
He said, "old man, go take a fluke;"
I turned and hit him a rap in the snute,
The day I first played ball.

The gang then gave me a bottle of rye,
And said, "old man, you've got to die;"
And they hung me on the gallows high,
The day I first played ball.

SAM DEVERE'S LATEST.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

They are going to try and stop them selling crooked auction pools,
It's the latest;
The Bowery they say it will be full of Sunday schools,
It's the latest.
Then the gawks that come from Jersey will fail to see the sights,
The dudes are going crazy, and bald heads are on a strike,
Because Miss Lillian Russell has refused to put on tights,
It's the latest.

Johnnie Bull he thinks that all the Irish people they are fools,
It's the latest;
Because they're fighting very hard to try and get home rule,
It's the latest.
How they suffer under English rule no human tongue can tell,
Old Pigott with his forgeries, and the London Times as well,
Couldn't down the Land League or its hero, Chas. Parnell,
It's the latest.

Down at Washington they're having quite a time the papers say,
It's the latest;
Since our President and Congress took their seats the other day,
It's the latest.
I hope they'll pass a bill to give the workingman a show,
Cleveland's administration you'll admit's been rather slow;
So with an empty cradle he'll go back to Buffalo,
It's the latest.

Of the elevated conductors I would like to say a word,
It's the latest;
I think the orders they receive are certainly absurd,
It's the latest.
They'll holler "here step lively," and in your face the gate they'll slam,
But I think they ought to be open when to save a fellow man;
But the directors for a poor man's life, you bet, don't care a ——,
It's the latest.

We produce the smartest fighters in this country there's no doubt,
It's the latest;
For Jack McAuliffe he has knocked the light weight English champion out,
It's the latest.
And John L. for his battle with Kilrain this time will surely train,
Then the draw across the water will be easy to explain:
For Sullivan the champion of the world, you bet, will still remain,
It's the latest.

A hundred years ago George Washington in New York did land,
It's the latest;
And to celebrate that arrival they fixed things very grand,
It's the latest.
And all the people from near and far they tried to get a chance
To see the Centennial parade and join into the dance,
For we invited all our sisters and our cousins and our aunts,
It's the latest.

—"My friend, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a dollar?" "Oh, yes! confidence enough, but no dollar."

—"Buy a trunk, Pat?" said a dealer. "And for what should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat. "To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked! exclaimed Pat? the divil a bit iv it."

—A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady, when she said, entreatingly: "Jabez, don't tell anybody you beaued me home." "Don't be afraid, replied he, I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

GAL WHAT I CALLS MINE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Just around the corner you'll observe
A snug little green-grocer's shop,
With the name of William Viggins
Painted large as life on top;
Well, that concern belongs to me,
And the trade I does is fine,
But I'd sooner part with all I have
Than that gal what I calls mine.

CHORUS.

For I dotes on the ground she walks upon,
And her two bright eyes that shine,
I would not take all the money in the bank
For that gal what I calls mine.

Now where she lives and what's her name
I don't intend to tell,
For certain sure she'd soon be quizzed
By every noble swell;
You may see me on a Sunday,
If the weather it is fine,
As I take my walk, and on my arm
Is the gal what I calls mine.—CHORUS.

There's servant maids and other maids,
What's dealers at my store;
They winks their eyes, so I winks mine
In fun, but nothing more.
If a duchess wished to marry me,
I'd beg leave to decline;
I'd rather live on bread and cheese
With the gal what I calls mine.—CHORUS.

'Twas last Sunday afternoon,
I plucked up nerve to pop
The question if she'd have me,
And my wegebles and shop;
She didn't say "no!" she didn't say "yes!"
But she said she'd "drop a line,"
'Cause so very bashful and so shy
Is the girl what I calls mine.

SPOKEN.—I do believe she'd blush herself to death if anybody'd let her. But it's a ton of coals to a pint of goose-berries she answers "yes!" So, if the wegebles should go up a penny or so, it will be owing to the matrimonial speculation of this "umble hindiwiddle" with the party of the hoppersite sect of which as I said before.—CHORUS.

MICHAEL DWYER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

At length brave Michael Dwyer,
And his undaunted men,
Were scented o'er the mountains
And tracked into the glen;
The stealthy soldiers followed,
With ready blade and ball,
And swore to trap the outlaw
That night in wild Emall.

They prowled about the valley,
And toward the dawn of day
Discovered where the faithful
And fearless heroes lay;
Around the little cottage
They formed a ring,
And called out, "Michael Dwyer,
Surrender to the king!"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer:
"Into this house we came
Unasked by those who own it,
They cannot be to blame;
Then let those guiltless people,
Unquestioned, passed you through,
And when they're passed in safety,
I'll tell you what we'll do."

'Twas done—"and now," said Dwyer,
"Your work you may begin;
You are a hundred outside,
We're only four within;
We've heard your haughty summons,
And this is our reply—
We're true, united Irishmen,
We'll fight until we die!"

Then burst the war's red lightning,
Then poured the leaden rain,
The hills around re-echoed
The thunder peals again;
The soldiers falling round him,
Brave Dwyer sees with pride—
But, ah! one gallant comrade
Is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining,
Good battle still to do,
Their hands are strong and steady,
Their aim is quick and true;
But, hark—that furious shouting
The savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them,
The roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment
The lurid flames arose,
And louder swelled the laughter
And cheering of their foes;
Then spake the brave M'Alister,
The weak and wounded man,
"You can escape, my comrades,
And this shall be your plan—

Place in my hands a musket,
Then lie upon the floor,
I'll stand before the soldiers,
And open wide the door;
They'll pour into my bosom
The fire of their array,
Then while their guns are empty,
Dash through them and away!"

He stood before the foemen,
Revealed amidst the flame,
From out their levelled pieces
The wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors
For whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer
Burst through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers,
Who followed like the wind,
And swam the river Slaney,
And left them far behind;
But many a scarlet soldier
He promised soon should fall,
For those, his gallant comrades,
Who died in wild Emall.

I DO NOT WATCH ALONE.

Words and Music by Annie Fricker.

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When every flower that ope'd at morn
Its weary eye shall close,
And by the wings of mem'ry borne,
My thoughts on thee repose;
I love to hear the ev'ning bells,
To list their soothing tone,
For to my heart their music tells,
I do not watch alone, I do not watch alone.

In fancy, while I hear that chime,
I rove again with thee,
And hear thy vow: "At ev'ning time,
My thoughts of thee shall be."
Then will I love those vesper bells,
And list their soothing tone;
For to my heart their music tells,
I do not watch alone, I do not watch alone.

SHE DANCED LIKE A FAIRY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'll relate to you public the source of my woes,
They're worse than hard blows, for nobody knows
When with love your young heart like a cauliflower grows,
And the girl don't care two-pence for you.
The case it is mine, I'm sorry to say,
Through a girl—when I think my heart heaves—
Whom I taught to dance in an exquisite way,
And sing twice as well as Sims Reeves.

CHORUS.

She danced like a fairy, and sang like a bird
She did on my word—but rather absurd;
She doated on Vivian, a man that you've heard,
And so she skedaddled from me.

Then her father sold goods on a second-hand plan,
He'd, when he began, no meat in the pan;
But from little to big he became a great man,
And he now has a hand-me-down shop
Coats, trousers and waistcoats for him she would turn,
And convert the old shirts into new;
When business was done, then her steps she would learn,
And dance in a suit of light blue.—CHORUS.

The first time that I met her, 'twas at her pa's shop,
I outside did stop, then inside did pop;
Half a sovereign bright in her little palm drop,
Said: "Have you got a suit to fit me?"
She showed an assortment, hats, coats, boots as well,
And at last I chose these like a man;
She said I looked handsome, in love with me fell—
From that time our courtship began.—CHORUS.

On each Saturday night I my clothes would redeem,
It's just like a dream, so strange does it seem;
Just to think we on Sundays looked like king and queen,
When from "Uncle's" I'd borrowed my clothes.
He'd lend me my Chesterfield just for the day,
And on Mondays I'd take him them back;
The money spend on her—but to my dismay,
One morning she gave me the sack.—CHORUS.

But Charles Vivian got clothes from the same shop as me,
And soon I could see with me 'twas U P;
He made friends with her father, and with them took tea.
And he sang them his last comic songs.
His soft winning ways her affections did win,
And then he took her feelings by storm;
He then brought her out, and he thus took her in,
For with him now she does perform.—CHORUS.

HATTIE MAY.

Tune—"Maggie May."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wenman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Her fairy form is flitting now
Before my ardent gaze,
The light of heaven is on her brow,
And happy are her days.
Her face is bright as morning light,
Her breath like new-mown hay,
She is a creature gay and bright,
Sweet charming Hattie May.

CHORUS.

My darling winsome Hattie,
With face as bright as day,
Your fairy form is sweet to see,
My charming Hattie May.

In years agone I knew her well,
And saw her budding charms;
Her loving nature I could tell
While nestling in my arms.
She is enshrined within my heart,
Grows sweeter every day;
May many years pass ere we part,
My charming Hattie May.—CHORUS.

Pretty Little Pigs in Clover.

Copyright, 1889, by W. H. Ewald & Bro.

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Words and Music by Frank Matthews.

A pleasant little sight oft fills me with delight
When day is done with all its toil and care;
As homeward I return, with fondest hopes I yearn
To see my little darlings gathered there.
About the floor they play, with hearts so light and gay,
They climb upon my knee, each tiny rover;
They shout in hearty glee, as merry as can be,
Contented they as little pigs in clover.

CHORUS.

Pretty little pigs in clover,
So happy is each tiny rover;
Each dimpled smile of glee
Is sunshine unto me,
Yon pretty little pigs in clover.

I join their sunny glee, for in each face I see
A glimpse of heaven while I gaze with joy;
The patter of their feet is music ever sweet,
I pray that God will bless each girl and boy.
So cosily they rest, with hope it fills my breast,
And here at home each earthly trouble's over;
There's Almy, bright and fair, and funny Sidney there,
With all the rest, like little pigs in the clover.—CHORUS.

My heart ne'er knows a care, while lovingly I share
The gentle loving smiles of faces bright;
For like a happy dream, the children round me seem,
Whose bed-time comes they kiss me sweet good-night.
Like roses on life's way, they bloom from day to day,
They cheer my heart and tide all sorrows over;
My life still keeps its joys for all my girls and boys,
Still may they be like little pigs in clover.—CHORUS.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am a girl of the period,
And am not afraid to venture
That I am just the gayest girl
Of this the 19th century;
Some gents think they are very fast,
But this is all conceited;
Give us gay girls but a square chance,
And we are bound to beat 'em.

CHORUS.

I am just sixteen and from mama,
With little poodle and cigar;
I strut the street with a flourishing cane,
And the Girl of the Period is my name.

I'll be seventeen next birthday,
For ma says, and she knows;
If any young man wants to marry me,
Let him pop and here she goes;
For I'm anxious for the day
To come when I'll be wedded
To a handsome chap with a black mustache,
Blue-eyed and curley headed.—CHORUS.

Now all you chaps that's twenty or more,
And don't want to be on the bachelor's score;
For heaven's sake don't longer tarry,
But come to me, for I'm bound to marry
I'm handsome and I know it, too,
With a waterfall of a golden hue;
With a Grecian bend and a heavy frill,
I tell you I'm a sweet little pill.—CHORUS.

—There are various stations in life; but the least desirable is the police station.

—A good old lady, who improved every opportunity to teach by precept and example, once remarked at a prayer meeting: "My friends, as I came along, I saw a cow, a cow a-switching of her tail—in this wicked world of strife she was peaceful and contented, a-switching of her tail—and I said to myself: Go thou and do likewise."

Immenseikoff; or, the Central Toff.

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Ha! my dear friends, pray 'ow de do?
I 'opes I sees you well;
Perhaps ye don't know who I am,
Well, I'm the Heastern swell.
My chambers is in Broadway,
And I fancy I'm a toff;
From top to toe I really think
I looks immenseikoff.

CHORUS.

Immenseikoff, immenseikoff,
Behold in me a central toff;
A toff, a toff, a toff, a central toff,
And I think myself immenseikoff.

For my togs I used to deal with Poole,
But now in these 'ard times,
I ain't no such a lively fool,
I gets my things from Lynes';
And 'e gives 'em to me cheaper,
'Cos 'e says I shows 'em off,
And certainly I really think
I looks Immenseikoff.—CHORUS.

With the fair sex, "bless 'em," need I say
That I am number one?
It's really quite a bore to me
The way the girls do run;
Not away from me, but after me,
Ah! you may laugh and scoff,
But I can tell you that the girls
Think I am immenseikoff.—CHORUS.

At skittles, bowls, and other games,
I licks 'em all to chalks,
In anything where skill's required
In first I always walks.
You should see me playing billiards,
'Ow my figure I shows off;
No one can 'old a cue with me,
'Cos I'm immenseikoff.—CHORUS.

By Jingo, Jove, and Jupiter!
I can't stay 'ere all night;
But before I leave this festive scene,
I wish to do what's right.
That's to thank you one and all,
For your kindness to the toff,
Who 'opes that your applause to-night
Will be immenseikoff.—CHORUS.

I Love Him More Than I Can Say

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Only an angel's eye can see
The holy throbbing of her breast,
Who, in her youth, loves fervently,
And knows the future to be blest.
In his true heart she finds a throne,
And reigns alone, then, day by day,
Daring, with modest pride, to own,
"I love him more than I can say."

Thus, one by one, pass happy years,
Endearing as they onward move;
E'en sorrow scarcely stirs her fears,
Ennobled by such princely love.
But the solemn messenger, called death,
Bears him with sudden haste away;
She pleads with failing head and breath,
"I love him more than I can say."

A struggle! then a holier fire!
Her soul has found its heavenward wings;
And meets his love translated higher,
In the palace of the king of kings!
The parting sorrow has passed by,
She kneels, with yearning heart, to pray;
Breathing, to greet his soul on high,
"I love him more than I can say."

Snowy Strands Among the Jet.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Youth has gone forever, my darling,
With its brilliant sparkling zest;
And the day is fast approaching
When our dearest joy is rest.
We have tasted many pleasures,
And their fragrance lingers yet,
But I mark amid your tresses
Snowy strands among the jet.

CHORUS.

You have worn when life was brightest,
Roses in your dark hair set;
Wear with equal grace, my darling,
Snowy strands among the jet.
You have worn when life was brightest,
Roses in your dark hair set;
Wear with equal grace, my darling,
Snowy strands among the jet.

We have lived and life was pleasant,
We have laughed, our mirth was gay;
We have sung and danced and flirted
As our youth fled fast away.
But the dance must end, my darling,
Let it pass without regret;
Time has placed his hand upon us,
Snowy strands among the jet.—CHORUS.

Let us not for joys departed
Grieve our souls with mournful thought·
Truer pleasures are before us,
If with patient faith they're sought.
Let us win a happy future,
Nor for past enjoyment fret;
Let us wear a crown of honor,
Snowy strands among the jet.—CHORUS.

Let Each Man Learn to Know Himself.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Let each man learn to know himself,
To gain that knowledge let him labor;
To improve those failings in himself,
That he condemns so in his neighb
How leniently our faults we view,
And guilty conscience strive to smother;
And yet how harshly we review
Those self-same failings in another.

CHORUS.

Let each man learn to know himself,
To gain that knowledge let him labor;
To improve those failings in himself,
That he condemns so in his neighbor.

If you should meet an erring one,
Whose deeds are blameable and thoughtless,
Consider, ere you cast the stone,
That you yourself are free and faultless.
Oh! list to that small voice within,
Whose whisperings oft make men confounded;
And trumpet not another's sin,
Lest you should blush if you were sounded.—CHOR.

If in self-judgment you should find
That you to others are superior;
Think Providence to you's been kind,
As you should be to your inferior.
Example sheds a genial ray,
Which oft-times men are apt to follow;
First learn to improve yourself to-day,
And then improve your friend to-morrow.—CHORUS.

—During an examination, a medical student being asked the question: "When does mortification ensue?" replied: "When you pop the question, and are answered 'No!'"

—An old minister, the other day, asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church? "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."

THE MUD RUN DISASTER.

Tune—"Mary's Dream."

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By M. A. C.

Now, comrades, one and all, give ear
In silence to my sad refrain,
And pray that while we linger here
We ne'er may hear its like again;
That ne'er again on such a scene
Shall rise the bright October sun,
As that on which the daylight dawned
That fatal morning at Mud Run.

October tenth, in eighty-eight,
To honor Father Mathew's day,
Came temperance men in numbers great,
With wives and children blithe and gay,
With music sweet that fills the air,
And banners flashing in the sun,
You ne'er may see a nobler host
Than met that day at Hazelton.

In recreation soon is spent
The long and happy Autumn day,
And then at eve, each—well content—
Turns to pursue his homeward way.
The trains approach, and soon are filled,
And friends have bade their last adieu,
Then moving from the busy town,
Are soon in distance out of view.

They rush along the mountain side,
Through tunnels deep, o'er bridges high,
'Mid rocky dells, through valleys wide,
And then along the dark Lehigh.
But soon they reach the brook "Mud Run,"
Where they for "time" wait minutes ten,
The last ten minutes' time on earth
For fifty women, boys and men.

While one thus waits, another train
Comes whirling 'round the curve below,
And crushing through two great long cars,
Turns all the mirth and joy to woe.
Oh! where's the man, and where the pen
Can trace the horror, grief and pain,
That centered in that awful wreck,
Pray God the like hap's not again.

Amid the hiss of scalding steam,
And cries for aid that there ascend,
Survivors quick the task essayed
Of rescuing each helpless friend.
And all throughout that dreadful night
They labored manfully, nor ceased
Until the morning's dawning light
Saw dead and wounded all released.

The rigid forms of fifty-five
At early morn I looked upon,
Awaiting Carbon's coronor
Upon the siding at Mud Run.
But why should I seek more to tell,
When most of you about me here,
The sad, sad story know so well,
And on some grave have dropped a tear.

The list of names is very long,
Too many far for me to tell
Within the limits of my song,
And yet, I know, you'd like them well.
Then I will mention just a few
Of fam'ly names I have by me,
Some of them lost one, some two,
While many lost as high as three.

There's Andrew, Atkinson and Flynn,
With Stevens, Coleman, Connor, Noon,
And Curran, Cannon, Featherstone,
Kilcullen, Conaboy and Rhone;
With Durkin, Duhigg, Dolan, Hart,
And Doran, Early, McKeehan,
And Farry, Gerton, Gallagher,
Farrell, Gibbons and Callahan.

There's Goelitz, Horrice, Jackson, Moore,
And Kelly, Keeley, Tool, Ahearn,
With Loftus, Lynett, Mehan, Welsh,
Mulligan, Moffat and Mulhearn.
McAndrews, Whalen and Maxwell,
And Malia, Cusick, Mullin, Klein,
Powell, Kennedy and Tyrell,
McNichols, Quinlan and O'Brien.

There's Ruddy, Reilly, Stephens, too,
Brehony, Barrett, Flaherty,
Ruane, Rogan, and Pat. Smith,
Whose smiling face no more we'll see;
And Johnny Gibson, young and brave,
With Ratchford, Keating and Moran,
All rest within the silent grave,
So ends the story of Mud Run.

BE-EUTIFUL BILL.

Tune—"Beautiful Bells."

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Don't talk to me, it's quite absurd,
Of dashing fellows, please!
I'll never listen to a word,
But think you mean to tease!
Although my heart is broken quite,
It goes on beating still,
For one I loved with all my might,
My be-eutiful, my Bill.

CHORUS.

(WHISTLE).—Be-eutiful Bill was a beautiful beau,
Beautiful Billy who bothered me so;
Sweetest of Williams, adorable Will,
Beattiful, beautiful, beautiful Bill.

'Twas at a ball I met my Bill,
He made the neatest bow.
He squeezed my hand in a quadrille,
And went on anyhow.
He praised my toilet, thought it neat,
As we walked to and fro;
The things he said were very sweet,
But then his waltzing, oh!—CHORUS.

The waltzing done, he said, "My love,
This balcony is nice;"
And then, oh, foolish, fluttering dove,
I let him kiss me twice.
And though I said, "Please, let me go?"
Resistance was in vain;
His lips were very near, and so
I—I—I kissed him back again.—CHORUS.

He promised we should meet next day,
Whatever did befall;
And so we did—up North-West way,
The Zo-o-lo-gi-cal.
'Twas in the parrot-house that Bill
Proposed a little walk,
For pretty polly-syllables,
To hear the parrots talk.—CHORUS.

The chattering parrots made a din,
Enough to drive one wild;
I didn't notice coming in
A lady and her child.
Bill blushed, and though he look'd confused,
With all the cheek in life,
The lady then he introduced
As Mrs. Brown, his wife.—CHORUS.

With hopes all crushed and tumbled down
I staggered to the door,
And murmured faintly, Mrs. Brown,
I've heard that name before.
And that is why I'm single now,
And shall be so until
Some future day, when perhaps I may
Take up another Bill.

SPOKEN.—And the next one must be a superior article, without encumbrances, quiet to drive in double harness, in fact,—CHORUS.

Martha, the Milkman's Daughter.

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The object that you now behold
Once loved a darling fairy,
In the shape of a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl,
Whose father kept a dairy.
Not far from the middle of the Harlem Road,
How well I knew it rather;
She lived with her daddy, a cross old buffer,
And my loved one's name was Martha.

SPOKEN.—Sweet Martha.

CHORUS.

Ah, I was once as happy as a young cock robin,
Or the pretty little fishes in the water;
Those days are gone, for now I mourn
For Martha, the milkman's daughter.

She served the milk in hap'orths and penn'orths,
From the bottom of a block-tin pail;
The only cow that her father kept
Was the one with an iron tail.
And that was kept in the little back yard,
Up against the white-washed wall,
It always yielded plenty of—
Well, I mustn't tell you all.

SPOKEN.—So excuse me.—CHORUS.

When the old boy used to "walk his chalks,"
'Twas then I'd call on Martha;
I loved the very ground she trod,
But I'd strong objections to her father.
Unexpected he one day returned,
And upon me placed a check;
For he nearly shook me inside out,
And vowed he'd break my neck.

SPOKEN.—The brute!—CHORUS.

Then I used to wander near the house
In hopes my love to see;
She'd take a survey from the second floor front,
In hopes that she'd see me.
One day she threw a "billet doux,"
Which made my blood turn cold,
Her daddy demanded that she should wed
An old codger with lots of gold.

SPOKEN.—The root of all evil.—CHORUS.

In time the wedding day arrived,
When she was to be bound
To a rich old fool she couldn't love,
But the bride could not be found.
They searched the house and scoured the streets,
When at last they did discover
A note to say that she'd gone away,
To die for her true lover.

SPOKEN.—And that was me.—CHORUS.

Next morning in the pure, bright Hudson,
Her lovely form was found,
With all her clothes in such a mess,
Her darling self she'd drowned.
From the horrible effects of sugar of lead
Her daddy died that night,
And the verdict the coroner's inquest found
Was—"It served the old fool right."

SPOKEN.—And so it did.—CHORUS.

In the middle of the night I jump upright,
For I dream such dreams while sleeping;
That the ghost of Martha, dressed in white,
Comes to my bedside weeping.
Without that lovely sky-blue maid,
I ne'er can be a liver;
If I knew how to swim, or wasn't afraid,
I'd throw myself in the river.

SPOKEN.—Ah, that I would.—CHORUS.

—A lady was examining an applicant for the office of "maid of all work," when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary, can you scour tinware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am," replied Mary,, "I always scour them with sand."

OLD HATS AND RAGS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Old hats! old rags! my trouble is great,
Could I be in a more wretched state?
I feel indeed my heart it will break,
List, and I will tell you of my wrongs.
Hark, and I will my woes unfold,
By a girl I have been cruelly sold;
And through her I've lost all my nice gold—
My heart and my gold are both gone.

CHORUS.

Old hats, old rags, my cry is old rags,
This bag on my back, the streets I drag.
And Ruth, mine Ruth, I did love her so,
But, Slotchzein, I find I've been sold.

She lived down an area in Union Square,
And every day I did pass me by there;
She was possess'd of beauty most rare,
And one day she beckoned me to come.
She had some old hats to exchange for new,
She melted the heart of this poor Jew;
But how I loved her, ah, just a few,
But, Slotchzien, I find I've been sold.—CHORUS.

I used to call on her most every day,
Down on my knees I implored her to say,
She'd be my dear wife and not to say, nay,
And then she agreed to be mine.
But, oh! my heart, I must have been cream,
For in my old coat I opened a seam,
And gave ten dollars to my hearts queen,
To buy her some things for the time.—CHORUS.

She said: "Now, dear Slotchzien, soon you'll be mine,
Drink my good health in a glass of old wine!"
It must have been poisoned, for I slept such a time,
Which she turned to profit it seems;
For when I awoke I thought I must choke,
I was tied by the arms and legs with a rope,
And Ruth had hooked it with mine coat,
With a thousand dollars sewed in the seam.—CHORUS.

WHAT A FOOL YOU WOULD BE TO BELIEVE HER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When you meet with a girl that is pretty and neat,
Who captures your heart by her beauty,
Who has bright winning ways and a manner so sweet,
That to love her you feel it a duty;
If you're handsome at all and you whisper in tones
Betraying the height of love's fever,
If she tells you she wishes you'd let her alone,
What a fool you would be to believe her!

When you are tenderly twining you arm round her waist,
To draw the beloved one nearer,
When you ask of the sweet ruby lips just a taste,
And swear that no maiden is dearer;
When you pour forth your love in a passionate strain,
And vow to die sooner than grieve her,
If she bids you not to mention the subject again,
What a fool you would be to believe her.

When out in the gloaming you take her to walk,
And under tree shadows you tarry,
When, impulsive, of love and the future you talk,
And pleadingly ask her to marry;
If she blushes and simpers while shaking her head
At the story your fancy doth weave her,
And declares it is not her intention to wed,
What a fool you would be to believe her!

—"Why do you not admire my daughter?" said a proud mother to a gentleman. "Because," he replied, "I am not a judge of paintings." "But, surely," replied the lady, not in the least disconcerted by this rude reflection, "you never saw an angel that was not painted."

NOBODY KNOWS.

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Words by J. J. Jackson. Music by Charles Van Leer.

Now, why do rude creatures make fun of us swells?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
And why call us dudes and at us ring chestnut bells?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
We are polite to the ladies and do what is right,
We give ma four dollars each Saturday night,
Why should you guy 'cause mince pie makes us tight?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Now, you have no idea how real hard I try,
Nobody knows, nobody knows
When people are cross to me, never to cry,
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
What sets the girls laughing when I try to dance?
I am sure I waltz splendid with all of my aunts,
But why should you guy 'cause ma makes my pants?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Now, why are all lovers so fond of the dark?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
And why do thin men the girls like to spark?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why is it when couples go out for a ride,
If married, the cab-seat is never too wide,
But if single there is plenty of room on each side?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why do men stand at corners on a wet, rainy day?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Are they watching that girl thro' the mud pick her way?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why do boxes obstruct the most public sidewalk?
Why do bores pull your buttons when they stop you to talk?
Why does reading the signs make you look like a gawk?
Nobody, nobody knows.

What makes some rich men up in Canada stay?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Will Uncle Sam pass a bill that can bring them away?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why does a great artist draw less than a freak?
Why stand off your wash bill till some day next week?
Why kiss a girl's lips instead of her cheek?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why do policemen frequent the back streets?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Do they watch the back doors to saloons on their beats?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
On street crossings, to ladies, he is such a love,
If a man passes by he will give him a shove,
But when he leads pretty girls why does he take off his glove?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why are bald-headed men all so proud of front rows?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
And also young men who wear such tight clothes?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why don't they like lectures about women's rights,
And why are they absent on prayer meeting nights,
But all come to the opera when the chorus wear tights?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why do ladies with new hats come to the show late?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Do they think they look better at nine than at eight?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why is it that 'tween acts men go out in droves,
And when they come back there's strong smell of cloves,
What makes them object to sit near the hot stoves?
Nobody, nobody knows.

How many new verses to this song must I learn?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Are they swearing out there while awaiting their turn?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
If I sing any longer they'll not think it right,
The last car will be gone and you'll walk home to-night,
What excuse will you give if your wife says you're tight?
Nobody, nobody knows.

There's No Such Girl as Mine.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's no such girl as mine
In all this wide world round,
With her hair of gold so fine,
And her voice of silver sound.
Her eyes are as black as the sloe,
Her lips in a smile combine;
Her breath is as pure as the snow,
There's no such girl as mine.

CHORUS.

Oh! there's no such girl as mine
In all this wide world round;
With her hair of gold so fine,
And her voice of silver sound.

Oft her soul in sweetness flows,
She's gainer of all hearts;
There's a smile where'er she goes,
And a sigh when she departs.
She's loved by the rich and the poor,
She is free from all dark design,
She is welcome at every door,
There's no such girl as mine.—CHORUS.

She is light to the banquet hall,
She is balm to the couch of care,
When around us troubles fall
She calmly takes her share;
At home, or when far away,
Her virtues will ever shine,
Her heart is as open as day,
There's no such girl as mine.—CHORUS.

PARODY ON;

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm going to sing that old refrain,
When the robins nest again,
I hope it will not cause you pain
When the robins nest again.
Now what I'll sing of in my rhymes,
Will be the topics of the times,
And people who will cut big shines
When the robins nest again.

What will become of Ingersoll
When the robins nest again,
Will he preach his doctrines to us all
When the robins nest again?
The lecture platform suits him well,
The public help his purse to swell,
But he'll find out there is a ——
When the robins nest again.

To Paris Buffalo Bill will go
When the robins nest again,
And take with him his Wild West show
When the robins nest again.
When Queen Victoria's taken ill,
The lawyers come to make her will,
She'll leave the throne to Buffalo Bill
When the robins nest again.

John L. Sullivan will cross the raging main
When the robins nest again,
With the scalps of both Smith and Kilrain,
When the robins nest again.
That New York sport, Richard K. Fox,
Will have to walk a good many blocks
To find a man that with John can box
When the robins nest again.

—Poor relief: Being relieved of one's watch.

—At a negro ball, in lieu of "not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

I'll Come Back, My Darling, to Thee.

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My wife was a charming young creature,
But she ran away from her home;
Because I would take all her earnings
She's left me alone, yes, alone.
I wrote her a letter, pathetic,
When she answered I was in high glee;
I thought she'd consented to come back,
But, oh, no, no, no, not to me.

CHORUS.

When the flowers that bloom in the Spring, love,
Shall not open their petals till Fall;
When the oyster, the clam, and the codfish,
Shall dance a "can-can" at the ball;
When all the old maids shall have sweethearts,
And married folks always agree;
When the man in the moon comes in a balloon,
Then, my darling, I'll come back to thee!

They say she's gone with another,
A man who lived over the way;
If she has, why, I hope she will send me
Some dollars my board bill to pay.
I've tried many dodges to get on,
But work and I cannot agree;
So I'm waiting to get a short letter,
To see if she'll come back to me.

CHORUS.

When chewing gum goes out of fashion,
And hackmen will charge the right fare;
When you point out a few politicians
Who've decided to act on the square;
When schemers of boodle are punished,
And women drink nothing but tea;
When we've a Chinee for our President,
Then, my darling, I'll come back to thee.

When, Ah, there! is dropp'd by the street boys,
And, Stay there! is dropp'd by the girls;
When He's all right! is no more shouted
By America's half drunken swells;
When the streets of our city are kept clean,
And fishes won't swim in the sea;
When your name is emblazon'd in history,
Then, my darling, I'll come back to thee.—CHORUS.

Mr. Bob Fubbs; or the Love Chase.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Mr. Bob Fubbs was a clerk confidential,
And to his employers was always essential;
He belonged to the firm of Scrawl, Scribble and Winnet,
And was always at his desk true to a minute.
His wages were nearly eight hundred per annum,
Enough to keep a man tidy on pannum;
At night he would frequent "The Admiral's Daughter,"
And take his six-penno'th of cold gin and water.

Now Mr. Bob Fubbs for a long time had tarried,
So thought it was really high time to get married;
One day it was showery when going to dinner,
He met with a damsel and swore he would win her.
He kindly invited her 'neath his umbrella,
And seeing that Bob was a smart looking fellow,
She accepted his offer, likewise his protection,
And from that moment he won her affection.

On Sundays they both went to church in the day time,
And then in the evening because it was hay time,
Through fields so delightful by moonlight they rambled,
And over the haycocks so playfully gambolled.
At last the alliance for life was agreed on,
To take place instanter and then to proceed on
By rail to Southampton the moment 'twas over,
And live out of town a few days in clover.

At last came the day they should both be united,
Bob was in raptures—Miss Stubbs was delighted;
Went to church, got cemented and ne'er to be parted,
And off in a cab to the railway they started.
But scarce had Bob handed his bride in the carriage,
When a darkness came o'er the bliss of their marriage;
She'd left her new reticule—oh, vile foreboding—
Containing her watch in a cab which they rode in.

Nothing must do but Bob must run back again,
And follow the cabman and cab in his track again;
While Bob thro' vehicles vainly was darting,
The sound of a bell told the train was departing.
In the ears of poor Bob like a death knell it sounded,
He rushed to the station and stood quite astounded;
The train with his bride—oh, confound steam power—
Was pelting along twenty-five miles an hour.

Poor Bob tore his hair, called himself a lost creature,
But they told him the next train would very soon reach her;
So as drowning men catch at a straw, what they told him
Brought the poor little clerk to himself and consoled him.
At last the train started, away went our hero,
Arrived at Southampton, he sought for his dear, oh!
Rushed into each tavern—he didn't get guzzling,
But frantic to find out his dear bit of muslin.

He scoured the whole of Southampton in vain, sir,
Night was advancing and so was the rain, sir;
His new bridal garments the rain peppered into,
And his white inexpressibles stuck to his skin, too.
At last one house more he espied in a canter,
And scarce had he asked when the maid cried instanter:
"La, sir, your good lady for you has been long weeping,
In No. 3. bedroom you'll find her asleeping."

He rushed to the bedroom with visions of blisses,
And smothered the beautiful creature with kisses;
But instead of his bride young and tender—more t'other—
'Twas a twenty-stone dame, old enough for his mother.
Of course, she screamed murder! the house was alarmed, sir;
The servants rushed in with tongs, pokers, all armed, sir;
They knocked him down stairs ere a word he could utter
And the two chamber-maids rolled him into the gutter.

SINCE MY DAUGHTER PLAYS ON THE TYPEWRITER.

Copyright, 1889, by Thos. P. Getz.

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Words and Music by Thos. P. Getz.

My daughter's as fine a young girl as you'll meet
In your travels day in and day out;
But she's getting high-ton'd and she's putting on airs,
Since she has been working about.
When she comes home at night from her office
She walks in with a swag like a fighter;
And she tells the old lady to drop on herself,
Since my daughter plays on the typewriter.

CHORUS.

She cries in her sleep, your letter's to hand,
She calls her old father esquire;
And the neighbors they shout when my daughter turns out,
There goes Bridget Typewriter Maguire.

She'll not carry her lunch in a basket no more,
And she'll not take a flask of cold tay;
For she says she goes out to lunch with a fish,
'Way down to theBon Ton Cafe.
She says that sometimes she goes out with the boss,
You can bet your sweet life he don't slight her;
For she says she can give him away to his wife,
Since my daughter plays on the typewriter.—CHORUS.

She says she's a regular daisy,
Uses slang till my poor heart is sore;
She now warbles snatches from operas
Where she used to sing Peggy O'Moore.
Sure she's gone to the divil entirely,
She's bleached her hair till it is lighter;
And I'll dance a can-can on the face of the man
That taught her to play the typewriter.—CHORUS.

Meet Me in the Lovely Twilight.

Copyright, 1876, by Wm. H. Ewald & Bro.

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Words by Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Meet me in the lovely twilight,
By the little garden gate;
When you feel that I am coming,
Darling Lila, do not wait;
Where the roses scent the breezes
And the lilies bloom so fair,
Come and greet me with a welcome,
You will ever find me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me in the lovely twilight,
When the roses bloom so sweet;
I shall bide your presence, darling,
Wait the coming of your feet.

Meet me in the lovely twilight,
With your eyes aglow with love;
When you hear the song birds warble
Or the cooing of the dove.
Meet me with true love's pure token,
While I watch and wait for thee
In the mossy valley, Lila,
Where no prying eyes can see.—CHORUS.

Meet me in the lovely twilight,
Ere the stars begem the sky;
Where the brooklet's gentle murmur
Echoes pure love's blissful sigh.
Meet me where the weeping willow,
Or the tall oak stands so fair;
Come and greet me with a welcome,
Meet me, Lila, ev'rywhere.—CHORUS.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

As recited by Mr. De Wolf Hopper.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "strike two,"

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud!
But the scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Boston—mighty Casey has struck out.

—The auctioneer's motto: Buy and buy.

—"There, John, that's twice you have come home and forgotten the lard." "Really, mother, it was so greasy it slipped my mind."

True as the Stars That are Shining.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by W. H. Brockway.

True as the stars that are shining,
Love, will I be unto you;
Fond as the vine that's entwining,
Dear as the rose to the dew.
Life that would ever be sadness
Tranquilly flows when you're near me;
Thus in your beauty and gladness
Love ever lingers to cheer me.

CHORUS.

True as the stars that are shining,
Love, will I be unto you;
Answer my fond heart's repining,
Say that you'll still be as true.

Day is bereft of its splendor,
Love, when you're gone from my sight;
Gazing in eyes that are tender
Life is a dream of delight.
Sweet is the breath of the roses,
Sweeter the joys that you bring, love;
Sorrow forever reposes,
Cares unavailingly cling, love.—CHORUS.

Look in mine eyes once again, love,
Say you'll be true unto me;
True in the sunlight and rain, love,
True wheresoever I may be.
Clasp me again to your bosom,
Tell me in accents of sweetness;
Dear as to Spring is the blossom,
Bring to my heart love's completeness.—CHORUS.

The Old Musician and His Harp.

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Words by Wm. S. Pitts. Music by H. M. Higgins.

Years have come and pass'd away,
Golden locks have turn'd to gray;
Golden ringlets, once so fair,
Time has changed to silvery hair.
Yes, I've neared the river side,
Soon I'll launch upon its tide;
Soon my boat, with noiseless oar,
Safe will pass to yonder shore.

CHORUS.

Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain;
Let me hear its chords once more
Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

Oh, those chords with magic power
Take me back to childhood's hour,
To that cot beside the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee;
But that mother she has gone,
Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,
While I wander here alone
Sighing for a brighter home.—CHORUS.

Soon I'll be among the blest
Where the weary are at rest;
Soon I'll tread the golden shore
Singing praises evermore.
Now my boat is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam;
Soon I'll be where angels roam,
Dear old harp, I'm going home.—CHORUS.

—If you want your neighbors to know all about you, give a party, and don't invite the folks who live next door.

—An Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he didn't set his bundle on the platform? He replied: "Be jabers! the horses have enough to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

SPARE THAT OLD MUD CABIN.

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It's a terrible tale to tell,
But down in a lovely dell
One bright Summer day, when nature was so gay,
And the song of the birds broke the spell;
The note of the bugle I hear,
It rings through the valley so clear,
Then lo and behold with scarlet and gold,
Of queen's gallant Welsh fusilier;
With sheriff and bailiffs, police by the score,
Surround our old cabin and tear down the door,
But they must do their duty by a landlord they're sent,
The tenant appears, but he has no rent;
An old man with silv'ry hair,
His thin face was haggard with care,
Knelt at their feet and tried to entreat,
Then came the cry of despair.

CHORUS.

Spare the old mud cabin, sir,
The home I love so dear,
For it has sheltered me and mine
For over forty year;
My dear old wife is dying, sir,
And I ain't worth a nail,
So spare the old mud cabin, sir,
And I will go to jail.

The sheriff wore a sneer on his face,
As he cried, oh, what a disgrace,
Come, come, old man, pay if you can,
Or I'll soon burn that wretched old place;
Men, do your duty, he cried,
When the bailiffs all rushed to his side,
And this cruel band, with torches in hand,
Like demons their weapons they plied;
But just at that moment a scream pierced the sky,
That chilled ev'ry true heart and dimmed ev'ry eye;
It was the sick woman trembling with fear,
For she knew that the hour of eviction was near;
An old man with silv'ry hair,
His thin face was haggard with care,
Knelt at their feet and tried to entreat,
Then came the cry of despair.—CHORUS.

A stranger appeared on the scene,
Like a deer he sped o'er the green,
It was a bold tar, with mettle and bar,
And the blue uniform of his queen;
Hold hard there, you lubbers, cried Jack,
And let those bold pirates stand back,
For I want to know what the old people owe,
And hang it I'll pay in a crack;
Four pounds the sailor was told,
And this noble fellow then threw down the gold;
It saved the old cabin, the humble old cot,
The sheriff was beaten and fled from the spot;
Then the old man with sil'vry hair,
Opened his eyes with a stare,
For he gazed upon his long lost son, John,
No more you'll hear him declare:—CHORUS.

The Travelling Man From Boston.

Written and composed by James McAvoy.

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It makes no difference where you go
You'll fall across somebody you know,
Wherever you be you'll always see
A travelling man from Boston.
You'll surely know he's from the "Hub,"
For pork and beans he's on the grub,
You couldn't face him with a club,
This travelling man from Boston.
He travels all over the country,
From Portland, Maine to Santa Fe,
From Winnepeg to New Orleans,
From New Orleans to Bowling Green,
From Bowling Green to Buffalo,
From Buffalo to Oswego,
From Oswego to Albany,
From Albany to Kankakee,
From Kankakee to Omaha,
From Omaha to Arkansas,
From Arkansas to Kalamazoo,
From Kalamazoo to Tuscaloo,
From Tuscaloo to Saganaw,
From Saganaw to Walkashaw,
From Walkashaw to Niagara Falls,
From Niagara Falls to Montreal,
From Montreal to Burlington,
From Burlington to Washington,
From Washington to Baltimore,
From Baltimore to Haverstraw,
From Haverstraw to Syracuse,
From Syracuse to Santa Croix,
From Santa Croix to Birmingham,
From Birmingham to Amsterdam,
From Amsterdam to Windsor Locks,
From Windsor Locks to Little Rock,
From Little Rock to Logansport,
From Logansport to Wallingsford,
From Wallingsford to Meriden,
From Meriden to Brooklyn,
From Brooklyn to Louisville,
From Louisville to Bunker Hill,
From Bunker Hill to Hackensack,
From Hackensack to Kalamazack,
From Kalamazack he went away,
He got to Philadelphia,
From Phila. he started on the go,
From there he took the B. & O.,
He landed out in Indianopolis,
Took the train to Minneapolis,
From Minneapolis to Keokuk,
From Keokuk to Naugatuck,
From Naugatuck to Chattanooga,
From Chattanooga to Saratoga,
From Saratoga to Morrisinia,
From Morrisinia to Allegheny
From Allegheny to Pensacola,
From Pensacola to Cappitalla,
From Cappitalla to Marinett,
From Marinett to Joliet,
From Joliet he took a steer
To Boston town he loved so dear,
Because he couldn't stay away
He said he'd be there New Year's Day,
About a week ago he was seen
In company with a gang of fiends,
They were wading into pork and beans
With the travelling man from Boston.

GO TO SLEEP MY BABY GIRL.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

Little baby, go to sleep
While the sun is setting low;
Angels watch thy slumbers deep
As the shadows come and go.
Little darling, pretty baby,
Go to slumber deep;
Day is done and night has come,
Softly steal away to sleep.

CHORUS.

Then go to sleep, my little baby girl,
Go to sleep, my little precious pearl;
Let me twine thy little bonnie curl,
And kiss my darling sweet good-night.
Ley he o, ley ye o, ho, ho o,
Ley ye o, ho ho, ley ye o, ho, ho, o;
Ley ye o, ley ye o, ho, ho o,
Ley ye o, ho, ho, ley ye o, ho, ho, ho, ho, o.

Little baby, sweetly dream,
Birds are in each downy nest;
Stars above will softly beam
While the angels guard thy rest.
Little darling, pretty baby,
Shadows 'round thee creep;
Close thine eyes till morning skies
Wake thee from thy gentle sleep.—CHORUS.

Little baby, close thine eyes,
Rest in slumbers pure and bright;
Angels from the starry skies
Bring the visions of delight.
Little darling, pretty baby,
Watch I'll fondly keep;
Bird and rose now seek repose,
Pretty rose-bud, go to sleep.—CHORUS.

—A hand to mouth existence: That of a dentist.

BARNEY'S COURTSHIP.

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Words by Dexter Smith. Music by C. B.

The sun shines brightly, Molly dear,
About your cabin door;
And joyous birds are singing clear
Their carols as of yore.
The sunshine that before you floats,
Is dimmed as by eclipse,
And, Mollie dear, the birds' sweet notes
Catch music from your lips.

CHORUS.

I hear the distant silv'ry bells
Ring out their dulcet strain,
And something in the glad music tells
Me I may hope again;
Something in the glad music tells
Me I may hope again.

The roses blush along the wall,
And lilies ope their bells;
Your lovely features blend them all,
And pale the flow'ry dells.
I wear a bouquet on my breast,
'Twas formed by thy sweet art;
You are the flower I'd like best
To wear within my heart.—CHORUS.

Oh, Mollie, darling, will you go
With me to distant lands?
You must not, cannot answer "no!"
My joy is in your hands.
I have not wealth, but hope and love
Are richer far beside,
And earth will seem like heav'n above,
If you will be my bride.—CHORUS.

I have your answer, it is "yes!"
'Tis murmured sweet and low;
An angel whisper, sent to bless
The heart of man below.
The roses' perfume 'round us steals,
The birds sing sweeter now;
May heaven bless the kiss that seals
Our heart's eternal vow.

CHORUS.

The good ship lies out in the bay,
To bear us o'er the sea:
Yes, we will go to America,
Dear Mollie, come with me;
We will go to America,
Dear Mollie, come with me.

WE'VE A MILLION IN THE FIELD

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The flags are flying, and brave men are dying,
The din of the battle is revealed;
The Union's quaking, the land is shaking
With the tramp of a million in the field.

CHORUS.

We've a million in the field,
We've a million in the field;
While our flag is slighted, with hearts united,
We can bring a million more to the field.

We were peaceful hearted, in days departed,
While foes kept their blighted plans concealed;
But they now must weather, the storms they gather,
For they must meet a million in the field.—CHORUS.

Down in old Kentucky, they're true and plucky
They know that the Union is their shield;
And they'll do their duty, in all its beauty,
When they find we've a million in the field.—CHORUS.

Can You, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret?

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Words and Music by H. M. Eastbrooke.

Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret,
If I whisper one to you?
I will say it very softly,
Can you, sweetheart, keep it true?
Bend your head a little lower,
Put aside each curling tress;
For the words I'll gently whisper,
And their meaning, can you guess?

CHORUS.

Can you, sweetheart, keep a secret,
If I whisper one to you?
I will say it very softly,
Can you, sweetheart, keep it true?

Do not turn away so shyly,
For my passion you must know;
Let me look into your face, love,
Where the roses come and go.
Let me look but once, my darling,
In your eyes of deepest blue;
Filled with love-light, warm and tender,
And I'll guess your secret, too.—CHORUS.

Ah! no longer 'tis a secret,
For within those dewy eyes;
Veiled by lashes long and silken,
Only pure affection lies;
Brighter than the stars of evening,
On my brow they seem to shine,
And I fold my arms about you,
Knowing you are wholly mine.—CHORUS.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

How well do I remember
When but a little child,
I sat upon my mother's knee,
How sweetly then she smiled.
In years as I grew older,
With heart so light and free,
I knelt in silence by her side,
When thus she spoke to me:

CHORUS.

Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you,
Always be upright, honest, tried and true;
Look upon the sunny side of life, but never pine,
And remember that a stitch in time saves nine.

It seems to me but yesterday
I left the dear old place;
A mother's grief and sadness
I yet see on that old face.
I gave to her the farewell kiss,
How bitterly she cried;
Good-bye, I said, when at the gate,
To which she thus replied:—CHORUS.

Long years of grief and sadness,
Combined with tears and sighs,
Have passed, and now that dear old soul
In yonder church-yard lies.
Sweet flowers hide the silent form
Whose thoughts were but of me;
And on the tombstone o'er her grave
These maxims you can see:—CHORUS.

—A youngster, after deep meditation, broke out to his father: "Pa, I know why colored people have white palms to their hands and white soles to their feet. When the first colored man was made, he stood on all fours while God painted him."

Did You Ever Hear a Girl Say No?

Copyright, 1889, by Harding Brothers.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

There are many words we hear,
Some are kind and some are queer,
Some are droll and some affection show;
But I'll mention now a word
That is very seldom heard,
Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"
Ev'rybody must confess
That it's easy to say "yes,"
And at talking girls are not so slow;
But wherever you have been,
And whatever you have seen,
Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"

CHORUS.

Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"
Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"
Did you ever, did you ever?
(If you did you are very clever!)
Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"

When you take her for a walk,
And a cosey little talk,
While her arm in yours is snugly twined;
Oh, what happiness you feel,
Till the fact will o'er you steal
That your pocket-book you've left behind!
'Mid your love's delightful dream,
She beholds a sign "Ice cream,"
And you haven't got a dime to show;
When you politely inquire
If ice cream is her desire,
Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"—CHORUS.

When pa's dog is safely tied,
And you nestle side by side
While the old folks are in slumber sweet;
There is much that you will say
Just to while the time away,
And your happiness is then complete.
She has lovely ruby lips,
That a rose-bud would eclipse,
But to press them to your own you're slow;
Don't be bashful then and miss,
If you ask a little kiss,
Did you ever hear a girl say "No?"—CHORUS.

When a fellow's very poor,
Why his chances are not sure,
If he ask a charming girl to wed;
So his heart will almost stop
When the question he will "pop,"
And he waits to hear the sweet "yes" said.
But a diamond ring or two,
This will place another view
On a fascinating, ardent beau;
Ask a girl to marry then,
You'll not have to ask again,
Oh, you'll never hear a girl say "No."—CHORUS.

The Last Sweet Words of Mother.

Copyright, 1884, by W. F. Shaw.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Chas. E. Pratt.

Of all the memories that I keep,
Like roses in my breast,
A gentle one lies hidden deep,
Far sweeter than the rest.
It brings me back one sunny year,
One dream of childhood's glee;
The last sweet words of mother dear
Are whisper'd now to me.

CHORUS.

The last sweet words of mother,
How dear their echo seems;
They bless my sad and lonely heart
With bright and heavenly beams.
I gaze within her gentle eyes,
Where shines the parting tear,
Again her tender soft replies
In accents pure I hear.
Her loving hand is on my brow,
Her lips are meeting mine;
Altho' in sadness I may bow,
These dreams my heart entwine.—CHORUS.

The last sweet words of mother dear
Shall never fade away,
Like voice of angels hov'ring near
They glad my life to-day.
The joys of old return once more
With all their mem'ries sweet,
And mine they are till life is o'er,
And fondly we shall meet.—CHORUS.

LATER ON, LATER ON.

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Girls won't flirt and mash upon the sly,
Later on, later on;
And they won't wear hats that will reach up to the sky,
Later on, later on.
Their hair they won't bang and curl,
And set each poor fellow's heart in a whirl,
And you can tell which is the bustle and which is the girl,
Later on, later on.

Everybody in New York will pay their back debts,
Later on, later on;
And all the hod-carriers smoke cigarettes,
Later on, later on.
And the boys won't grieve over money they have spent,
And a mormon with one wife will be content,
And Jim Blaine give up trying to be our president,
Later on, later on.

The boy now-a-days won't be played for a gawk,
Later on, later on.
When they take a young lady on the street for a walk,
Later on, later on.
They treat them to supper so very, very neat,
Everything they see they want to eat,
And he hasn't got a cent when he gets into the street,
Later on, later on.

PADDY SHAY.

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Oh, my name is Mike Riley and I came from Athlone,
And I'm going for to tell you my woes;
I'm nearly drove wild through the loss of my wife,
Where she's gone to nobody knows.
She skipped away from me, and crossed over the sea
Along with my cousin, Pat Shay,
But I'll hunt high and low, 'till I find him, you know,
Then the penilty he'll have to pay;
And while I was at work, the cute Irish turk,
With my money they skipped across the sea.

CHORUS.

If I ever run across the man that stole my wife and money,
I'll revenge me Irish honor if I hang that very day,
I'll garrotte him and I'll boot him, I'll cut him and I'll shoot him,
And I'll never sleep a wink until I murder Paddy Shay.

If I ever lay my hands upon the bandy-legged robber,
I will show him no mercy, he stole my wife away;
I'll grab him, and I'll jab him, with the butcher knife I'll stab him,
And I'll never sleep a wink until I murder Paddy Shay.
Oh, it makes me feel sore when I think of Pat Shay,
For I always believed him my friend,
I invited him down, like a good-natured gawk,
To my house, just a few months to spend;
It was then all the mischief began to take root,
He won my wife's love away from me.—CHORUS.

The Countess Chestnutta: Lorenzo, dearest, we must meet only as strangers hereafter. I marry Count Bowleggio to-morrow. (Lorenzo weeps.) Do not weep, sweet. Why weep? Lorenzo—I am weeping for the count.

THE MILWAUKEE FIRE.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

'Twas the gray of early morning when the dreadful cry of fire
Rang out upon the cold and piercing air;
Just that little word alone is all that it would require
To spread dismay and panic everywhere.
Milwaukee was excited, as it never was before,
On learning that the fire bells all around
Were ringing to eternity a hundred souls or more,
And the Newhall House was burning to the ground.

CHORUS.

Oh, hear the fire bells ringing at the morning's early dawn,
Hear the voices as they gave that dreadful cry;
Oh, hear the wail of terror 'mid the fierce and burning flame,
Heaven protect them, for they're waiting there to die.

The firemen worked like demons, and did all in their power
To save a life or try to soothe a pain;
It made the strongest heart sick, for in less than half an hour
All was hushed and further efforts were in vain.
When the dread alarm was sounded through the oft condemned hotel,
They rushed in mad confusion every way;
The smoke was suffocating and blinding them as well;
The fire-king could not be held at bay.—CHORUS.

At every window men and women would wildly beseech
For help in anguish and despair;
What must have been their feelings where the ladders could not reach?
And they felt death's grasp around them everywhere.
Up in the highest window stood a servant girl alone,
The crowd beneath all gazed with bathed breath;
They turned away their faces, there were many a stifled groan,
When she jumped to meet perhaps as hard a death.—CHORUS.

A boy stood at the window, and his mother stood below,
She saw him, and the danger drawing near;
With upraised hands to pray for him, she knelt down in the snow,
And the stoutest man could not restrain a tear.
She madly rushed towards the fire and wildly tore her hair,
Take me, oh, God, but spare my pride, my joy,
She saw the flames surround him, and then in dark despair,
Said: God have mercy on my only boy.—CHORUS.

Since Kate Learnt How to Play.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

Kate Reilly was a right smart girl, as bright as she could be.
With sweet and lovely handsome face, such as you seldom see;
She spoke the language of each clime, she studied night and day,
Her education was complete, but Katie couldn't play.
Old Reilly did not have a rest, he could not sleep or eat,
"An upright piano!" was the cry, whenever Kate he'd meet;
An instrument at last he bought, he sent it home one day,
The fam'ly are all dead or mad, since Kate learnt how to play.

CHORUS.

La la la la la la la, up and down the scale,
La la la la la la la, like an infant's wail;
"Fishermaiden," "Erminie," they're all played in one way,
There's not a tenant in the house since Kate learnt how to play.

She has her own peculiar style, she plays from morn till night,
At times she'll let her left hand rest and play both with her right;
Both pedals she will always use, she says, "to force the tone,"
She has a little fancy waltz which she plays with them alone.
She plays a song just like a march, an opera like a dance,
And sings about some fishermaid whene'er she gets a chance;
No soul now lives within a block, they all have moved away,
The horse-cars take another street since Kate learnt how to play.—CHORUS.

She buys her music by the load, she's everything that's out,
And if perchance you do meet Kate, of Wagner she will spout;
She's worn down all the ivory with "classics," so she says,
"Boulanger's March," the "Maiden's Prayer," for weeks and weeks she plays.
She drums on each and everything, on table, sofa, chair,
And talks of flats and sharps and rests, and always hums some air;
No policeman now will take that beat, no soul will pass that way,
The sun has not shone down that street since Kate learnt to play.—CHORUS.

—He: Can't I have just one kiss before I go? Only one? She: If I let you take one you will take two, won't you? He: No, I won't; indeed I won't. She: Then you shan't have any.

—Mr. Billus was standing up in a street car, holding tightly to a strap. The car gave a sudden lurch, he lunged forward, and an exclamation of pain came from the lips of the lady sitting next to Mrs. Billus. "If you didn't keep your great big hoofs sticking out so carelessly I wouldn't stumble over them," growled Mr. Billus. "When a woman hasn't any more sense—I beg your pardon sincerely, madam. I thought it was my wife's foot I stepped on."

We'll Raise De Roof To-Night.

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Words by H. G. Wheeler. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Come, niggers, grease yo' ankles and wenches bang yo' wool,
Ransack around, get on your duds, we aint got no time to fool
Take all de little chillun and make a big carouse,
Dars gwine to be a warmin' at Cinthy Johnson's house.
Augustus quit dat foolin', don't stan' dar in de middle,
But sasha down to Jupiter's and tole him fotch dat fiddle;
We'll shout dar, we'll sing dar, I'se tellin' you de troof,
When we go down to de warmin' we're gwine to raise de roof.

CHORUS.

Come along, oh, chillun, come along,
And while de moon am shining bright
We'll take de boat and down de ribber float,
And raise dat roof to-night.

Oh, 'scuse me, Miss Sebastian, yo' crimps am out ob gear,
Now shake yo'self, Mose Washington, and shufful over here;
Dars possums on de table and chicken in de pot,
Wid cold bak'd coon a floatin' and hoe-cake smokin' hot.
We'll all go down togedder and cut de pigeon wing,
Den leap about and kick de ar and step de kunjo fling;
De tickets am ready wid Miss Celestial Cline,
Den all you brackest smokejacks go get into de line.—CHORUS.

De essence an de juba in ole Virginny style,
While Uncle Rufe is pattin' he can watch de chicken bile;
We'll let de little chillun jump up and dance Jim Crow,
De quality will be dar, dey're all invited sho.
Den get yo' partners lively, be ready to skip out,
We'll all go down to 'freshments sho when Cinthy gibs de shout;
So hustle togedder and sasha to de right,
We'll go down to de warmin' and raise de roof to-night.—CHORUS.

THE SONG I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

I've listened to sweet music voluptous and grand,
I've listened to the melodies of every foreign land;
And many, many songs I've sung of praise, of chivalry,
And song of love, and songs of war, but never can it be,
That I'll forget one old, old strain, within my heart so deep,
The song my mother used to sing to rock her babe to sleep;
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed:

CHORUS.

Its echo lingers yet,
The song I'll ne'er forget;
The song my mother used to sing,
The song I'll ne'er forget.

'Twas not so much the music as 'twas the tender tone,
That made me pause and listen when often all alone;
With mother dear, and baby, so quiet would I keep
While list'ning to that mother's voice singing her child to sleep.
And now, though years have passed since then, its echo lingers yet,
The song my mother used to sing I never can forget;
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.—CHORUS.

JACK WON'T FORGET YOU.

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Words by M. J. Cavanagh. Music by Isidor Witmark.

Many years ago a seaman and a maid
Beside a moss-grown gateway stood and tender words betrayed;
The pain that gives to fond hearts leal and true,
"Forget me not" she cries while tears bedim her eyes of blue.

CHORUS.

Jack won't forget you, Jack won't forget you,
His heart will be loyal and true;
Jack won't forget you, should doubts, love, beset you,
Remember Jack, till he comes back, will think of you.

Weary years have fled, and faded now the eyes
That once with life and hope and love were bright as Summer skies;
Still watches she and waits by the crumbling gate each day,
And until life and all is o'er she'll wait and watch alway.—CHORUS.

—"Well, Ned, I proposed to Miss Jenkins last night, and she has accepted me." "Did you, though? Why, I never for a moment thought you had the slightest idea of marrying." "I didn't, but Miss Jenkins won me so completely by her beautiful tact and delicate forethought." "In what respect?" "Why, when I called she walked up to the mantle-piece and stopped the clock."

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Banks of Claudy
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Bonny bunch of roses
Barney McCoy
Banks of Brandywine
Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
Beautiful shamrock of old
Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Bing-a-on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
Cushlamachree
Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Cow that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Sarsfield
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin go my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Emigo-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Jersey
Limerick is beautiful
Luther and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Mavourneen
Mac's and the 7 9
Meeting of the waters
Moine, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengarry
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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An agricultural Irish girl
A letter from Ireland
An Irish fair day
Bridget Donahue
Beauty of Limerick
Barney's courtship
Bold Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bowld sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Keenan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnully and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tarnard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and acorn
A test look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy and I hate bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' words of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary had got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Muleshey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Mackaine's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesta
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make [her
Whistler
Wake of Tim O'Hara
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Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender buys a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Out behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der nighd pehind Ghrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' words of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [shells
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine children
Mine deory about bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's barty
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the Hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Leah
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te peeser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

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CONTENTS:

I sat upon my dear old
eeb Mavourneen [mother's
nie Rooney's sister [knee
nie Rooney's Joe
nie Rooney's beau
ending and bright
e you with us, Casey!
weet Irish girl is the darling
rney, come home
id McIntyres
ile Brandon
rke's dream
llyhooley
rth of St. Patrick
idy O'Toole's wedding day
ddy, the ballet-girl
that lake whose gloomy
autiful Erin [shore
uiskeen lawn
olleen dhas Machree
stlebar boy
leopatra McNally
ome, rest in this bosom
harming young widow
rporal Casey
unty Jail
ancy wasn't in it
ome back to me
olleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
own went McGinty
annis Grady's hack
rill, ye tarriers, drill
rting old stick
andy Pat
uffeys [love
mmet's farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It sho wered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old duddeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Mister Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Bahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hinteingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrentte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht t
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im...ier fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Halde
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im B...ger
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer in mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 't die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Adel
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friederikus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich hab sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein flotanter Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herum
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame geno'
Draußʼ ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sanft spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
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Wohin mit der Freud'
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Now it's not that I wish to say anything wrong,
Not for the world, not I;
But you can't help noticing some little things
That daily occur on the sly;
While walking along down the street here to-night,
A neighbor of mine passed me by;
Well, it was not his wife he had on his arm,
But I shall say nothing, not I.

CHORUS.

For it's not that I wish to say anything wrong,
Not for the world, not I;
But you can't help noticing some little things
Just as you are passing by.

There's Jenkins, the bobby, he lives next door to me,
But his house is much finer than mine;
And it's strange how he does it on ten dollars a week,
While my wages exceed twenty-nine;
He's got a gold watch and a beautiful guard,
And some rings that would dazzle your eye;
But how he came into possession of these,
Why, I shall say nothing, not I.—CHORUS.

Besides, there's Miss Brown, now she lives in our street,
But she dresses remarkably gay,
And however she can do it on nine shillings a week
Would puzzle a lawyer to say;
At night she is seen with so many young men,
That to find out I mean to try,
And mind if I find she does anything wrong,
Why, I shall say nothing, not I.—CHORUS.

Well, again, there's Miss Green, who has led a fast life,
To a banker was going to wed;
But somehow the marriage has been broken off,
Through flirting too much, it is said;
But while passing her house one evening this week
A baby was heard for to cry;
Well, they say it is one she has taken to nurse,
But I shall say nothing, not I.—CHORUS.

Oh, Leave Not Your Kathleen.

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Words by A. G. Chase. Music by Frank H. King.

Oh, leave not your Kathleen to cross the dark sea,
For she will be lonely, she cares but for thee;
The scenes that were bright will fade from her view,
Oh, say you'll not leave me for scenes that are new;
Oh, why do you leave the land of your birth,
The sweet land of shamrock, the home of your youth?
'Tis an emerald that glistens in the bright sunlight's gleam,
When away you'll forget her and your darling, Kathleen.

Oh, leave not your Kathleen, your Colleen Bawn,
She'll be broken-hearted when from her you're gone;
Her eyes will grow dim, the smile lose its beam,
The blush on her fair cheek will lose its soft gleam.
Oh, stay by her side and pass the sweet hours,
Together we'll wander in Killarney's green bowers;
Oh, think not from Erin there's a far brighter scene,
And leave not her shores and your darling, Kathleen.

Oh, have you forgotten your own Colleen Bawn,
And the days when we strolled on the beach and the lawn?
'Twas then you first told me of love's winning powers,
When beside the still stream we plucked the wild flowers.
And now you would leave me to wander afar,
And forget your Kathleen and Erin-go-Bragh;
No kind heart will cheer her if now we must sever,
When you part from your Kathleen we're parted forever.

—Bilby: "My trousers are short and do not touch my shoes. I do not see how they could get frightened that way." Dolby: "Don't you understand it? Why, they're frayed of your shoes. That's it." Then Bilby dropped dead.

Song of the Dying Emigrant.

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Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

The shadows of death hover'd over the bed
Where the young Irish emigrant lay;
The poor wasted hands on the coverlet spread
Were moved in a tremulous way.
His eyes sought the face of each person around,
Like a man who is dazed in a throng;
A hush came upon them, they heard but the sound
Of a pleading and piteous song.

REFRAIN.

My colleen is over the water,
My colleen is over the sea;
Oh, God, let an angel just lend her his wings,
That she may fly over to me.
Let me live, let me live till I see her again,
Let me see the blue heaven of her eyes,
For soon there will be but the mem'ry of me,
And the grave where the emigrant lies.

He smil'd as the dreams of his love and his youth
Came back to his mem'ry once more;
When together they plighted their troth and their truth
Out of love's inexhaustible store.
His eyes were alight with the fervor of love,
And he murmured her name as he smiled;
Then his song seemed re-echoed by angels above
As he passed to his rest like a child.—REFRAIN.

Ah, who was the colleen who won all the love
That lived in the moment of death?
And the name that was coupled with God's up above
As the emigrant yielded his breath?
It will never be known, she may think of him still,
She may weep for him all the night long;
But what angel will tell her he loved her until
He lay dead with that unfinished song?—REFRAIN.

THE PALMS.

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Words by A. J. Holden. Music by J. Faure.

All round our way the palms and beauteous flowers
Waft wide their odor on this glorious day,
Lo! Jesus comes to take away our tears,
Now awaiting hosts their adoration pay.
Let all creation join and raise
Loud songs of triumph to the glorious Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna, glory to God,
Oh, shout the praise of the Lord of Salvation.

He spake the word, the waiting nations hear,
And now rejoice in freedom lost before;
Peace to the earth he brought, good will to men,
And light has burst upon the world again.
Let all creation join and raise
Loud songs of triumph to the glorious Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna, glory to God,
Shout the praise of the Lord of Salvation.

Lift up thy voice, Holy Jerusalem,
Thy children, too, singing the Deliv'rer's fame;
By heavenly grace the God of Bethlehem
Hath given the hope and faith in his great name.
Let all creation join and raise
Loud songs of triumph to the glorious Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna, glory to God,
Oh, shout the praise of the Lord of Salvation.

—"Is marriage a failure? Great Scott! Don't I git up at five o'clock, make the fires, sweep out the house, git the breakfast, call my wife, wash the dishes, dust the rooms, and prepare for dinner! Marriage a failure? You just ask my wife."

—A fatal admission: She (his sweetheart): "Oh, what a nice present you have given me. I hope you have not been too extravagant." He: "Oh, no; a dollar down and a dollar a—oh, ah, I mean I didn't pay much for it."

IN THE EYE ABIDES THE HEART.

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In the eye abides the heart,
Every pure and tender feeling,
All emotions worth revealing
Through the eyes their charm impart.
Words are often clothed in guile,
For the lips with fear may falter;
E'en confiding smiles may alter,
Oh, believe not in a smile.

CHORUS.

'Tis the eye unveils the heart,
Every pure and tender feeling;
All emotions worth revealing
To the eyes their glow impart.

If thy bosom heaves a sigh
For a fair and cherished maiden,
Though her voice with love be laden,
Mark the language of her eye.
There each impulse of her soul
Beams for thee in truth and candor;
There her secret passions wander,
There remain beyond control.—CHORUS.

Keep This Flow'ret For My Sake.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Though I wander far away, love,
Though we never more may meet,
Yet my heart would have you treasure
One memento bright and sweet;
One dear emblem of affection,
Though my heart in sadness break;
When my love is but a mem'ry,
Keep this flow'ret for my sake.

CHORUS.

When we part, love, in your heart, love,
Mem'ries bright will fondly wake;
It will speak of joys departed,
Keep this flow'ret for my sake.

When your heart is sad and lonely,
One sweet thought may then arise,
Gazing on this withered blossom
While the tear-drops dim your eyes;
May it whisper, glad and hopeful,
Brighter days will surely wake;
Keep, when I am absent, dearest,
Keep this flow'ret for my sake.—CHORUS.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Composed by Mozart.

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Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;
Why are we fond to toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray
Which blossoms in the way?

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles adown the West?

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us ere we quit this shore
Contentment seek, it is life's rest,
The sunshine of the breast.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflict meet
Till death sounds the retreat.

OVER THE BANISTER.

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Over the banister leans a face
Tenderly sweet and beguiling,
While below her with tender grace
He watches the picture smiling;
The light burns dim in the hall below,
Nobody sees them standing,
Saying good-night soft and low
Haft way up to the landing.

Nobody, only those eyes of brown,
Tenderly and full of meaning,
Gazing on the lovliest face in town
Over the banister leaning;
Timid and tired with downcast eyes,
I wonder why she lingers
After all the good-nights are said?
Somebody holds her fingers.

Held her fingers and drew her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her lovely hair let its masses down
Like a mantle over his shoulder;
There's a question asked and a swift caress;
She's fled, like a bird, from the stairway,
But over the banister comes a "yes"
That brightens the world for him alway.

Don't Believe All That You Hear.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now the papers are full of strange stories of late,
But don't believe all that you hear;
They tell us that Jumbo is learning to skate,
But don't believe all that you hear.
They say that policemen must shave their mustache,
That girls take the rink in on purpose to mash,
That boarding-house tables have given up hash,
But don't believe all that you hear.

Now they say dynamiters old Ireland will free,
But don't believe all that you hear,
That Short and Miss Dudley soon married will be,
But don't believe all that you hear.
They say that the sizes of bonnets decrease,
And soon they will look like a new ten-cent piece,
That Senator Evarts is growing obese,
But don't believe all that you hear.

If you meet a slick fellow around Union Square,
Now don't believe all that you hear;
He'll say that he's sure he has met you somewhere,
But don't believe all that you hear.
He'll say he's a banker with plenty of tin,
And there's a nice club-room he'll steer you right in,
He says that a chance you are certain to win,
But don't believe all that you hear.

Now they say that our blondes are all turning brunettes,
But don't believe all that you hear;
That Vanderbilt gives away half that he gets,
But don't believe all that you hear.
They say Parson Talmadge will rest for a spell,
And over our wickedness soon cease to yell,
That Colonel Bob Ingersoll thinks there's no —— well,
But don't believe all that you hear.

Now they say that the actors have all got a job,
But don't believe all that you hear;
They say that Canadian cashiers wouldn't rob,
But don't believe all that you hear.
They say Mayor Grace closes each liquor store,
That boys with the growler can't work the back door,
That pool-sellers won't sell us pools any more,
But don't believe all that you hear.

—Johnny's generosity: Mrs. Brown: How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one yourself? Little Johnny: 'Cause there was a worm in it.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

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Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
When the birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish CAILIN in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm,
And, oh! her face, and, oh! her grace, the soul of saint would charm;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but the greatest charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her, "God save you, Miss," says I,
"God save you, kindly sir," said she, and shyly passed me by;
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
The grace of God about you and your ould plaid shawl.

I've heard of highway robbers that with pistols and with knives
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives.
But think of me that handed out my heart and head, and all
To a simple little CAILIN in an ould plaid shawl.

Oh, graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,
But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace, bower, or hall,
Clad half such witching beauty as that ould plaid shawl.

Oh, some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some in history's pages hope to win a glorious name;
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small—
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through Clare,
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveller everywhere;
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call
That little Irish CAILIN in her ould plaid shawl.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Curiosity bore a young native of Erin
To view the gay banks of the Rhine,
When an Empress he saw, and the robe she was wearing
All over with diamonds did shine;
A goddess in splendor was never yet seen
To equal this fair one so mild and serene,
In soft murmur she says: My sweet linnet so green,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The cold, lofty Alps you freely went over,
Which nature had placed in your way,
That Marengo Saloney around you did hover,
And Paris did rejoice the next day;
It grieves me the hardships you did undergo,
Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow,
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The crowned heads of Europe, when you were in splendor,
Fain would they have you submit,
But the Goddess of Freedom soon bid them surrender,
And lowered the standard to your wit;
Old Frederick's colors in France you did bring,
Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing,
That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

That numbers of men are eager to slay you,
Their malice you viewed with a smile,
Their gold through all Europe they sowed to betray you,
And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile;
Like ravens for blood their vile passion did burn,
The orphans they slew and caused the widow to mourn;
They say my linnet's gone and ne'er will return,
Is he gone—will I never see him more?

When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding
You marched to the North with good will,
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile sack clothing
You used your exertion and skill;
You spread out the wings of your envied train
While tyrants great Cæsar's old nest set in flames,
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plains
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling
In every field, high or low,
Fame on her trumpets thro' Frenchmen was calling,
Fresh laurels to place on her brow;
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall,
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbor did call,
Are you gone—I will never see you more.

I'll roam thro' the deserts of wild Abyssinia,
And yet find no cure for my pain,
Will I go and inquire in the Isle of St. Helena?
No, we will whisper in vain.
Tell me, you critics, now tell me in time,
The nation I will range my sweet linnet to find,
Was he slain at Waterloo, on Elba, on the Rhine?
If he was—I will never see him more.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

On a balmy day in May, when nature held full sway,
And the birds sang sweetly in the sky above;
A lovely city lay serene in a valley deep in green,
Where thousands dwelt in happiness and love.
Ah, but soon the scene was changed, for just like a thing deranged,
A storm came crashing through the quiet town;
The wind it raved and shrieked, thunder rolled and lightning streaked,
And the rain it poured in awful torrents down.

REFRAIN.

Then the cry of distress rings from East to West,
And our whole dear country now is plunged in woe;
For the thousands burned and drowned in the city of Johnstown,
All were lost in that great overflow.

Like the Paul Revere of old, comes a rider brave and bold,
On a big bay horse he's flying like a deer;
And he is shouting warnings shrill, "quickly fly off to the hills,"
But the people smile and show no signs of fear.
Ah, but ere they turned away, the brave rider and his bay,
And the many thousand souls he tried to save;
For they had no time to spare, or to offer up a pray'r,
They were hurled at once into a watery grave.—REFRAIN.

'Twas a scene no tongue can tell, homes strewn about pell-mell,
Infants torn away from loving mothers' arms;
And strong men battling for their lives, husbands struggling for their wives,
And no one left protecting them from harm.
Fathers, mothers, children, all, both the young, old, great and small,
Were thrown about like chaff before the wind;
When that fearful raging flood, rushing where the city stood,
Leaving thousands dead and dying there behind.—REFRAIN.

Soon the houses piled on high, reaching far up to the sky,
And containing dead and living human freight;
Loud shrieks and groans soon rent the air, from the wounded lying there,
With no chance to help avert their dreadful fate.
But a fearful cry arose, like the screams of battling foes,
For that dreadful sick'ning pile was now on fire;
While they poured out prayers to heaven, they were burned as in an oven,
And that burning heap had formed their funeral pyre.—REFRAIN.

THE IRISH SPREE.

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A fortnight ago, boys, me and Martin Brallagan,
Timothy McCarty and Darby O'Callagan,
Went for a spree down to Patsy Murphy's restaurant,
And being fond of fun, of course, we took some girls along.
We said to Murphy: Bring us half a gallon in,
Also some whiskey for the girls, they're included in;
When he brought it in, we said shove it up to Flaherty,
For he's our boss, and will settle up on Saturday.
Murphy said: No! for he's had quite enough of us,
He strapped us and never got the stuff of us;
We'd done him brown, but we couldn't do him black again,
So he picked up the drink and was going to take it back again,
When up jumped McCarty, and asked him what he meant by it?
And swore if he did take it back he'd repent of it.
Murphy said: Och! and was going to take the pitcher,
When up jumped O'Callagan, and neatly knocked his snitcher.
He shouted: Murder! Police! and Suicide!
Then to help him, Brallagan rushed up to his side,
Gave him such a kick it nearly knocked his belly in,
Then he called the barman, Patsy Kelly, in;
In came Kelly, and he had a lot of swagger, too,
Brought in a poker and tongues, and daggers, too;
He got a clout that very soon hit him down,
Since that day poor Kelly's never sit down.
Bang went the bottles, and bang went the glasses, too,
We were enjoying it, and so were the lasses, too;
Smash went the windows, and smash went the furniture,
Then on the fire we put it for to burn it, sure;
Then in the bar-room we turned the rum and whiskey on,
That's what the boys and girls all got frisky on.
Big John Burk and little Martin Brallagan
Served us a trick, forget we never shall again;
Only because they couldn't get a drop o' gin,
What does they do but goes and calls a copper in;
He got his head split, then we had the laugh at him,
For when he was down we used his own club on him.
He blew his whistle, when up came a score of them,
Privates, detectives, sergeants, and more of them;
They were no use, for we soon got the best of them,
And when on the ground we danced on every chest of them.
One got away, faith! it's true what I told you,
He brought back with him a regiment of soldiers,
Also a magistrate, because we wouldn't quiet act,
And what does he do, but he goes and reads the riot act.
They seized McCarty, and then little Brallagan,
Then into them went the girls and O'Callagan;
They left sixteen dead upon the floor, they did,
And then I sloped out of the back door, I did.
They have ten warrants out for murder and robbery,
As for myself they can all go to bobbery,
For I am going away as soon as day is dawning,
I set sail for Australia in the morning.

SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE.

Copyright, 1889, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

I played a game of base-ball, I belong to Casey's nine,
The crowd was feeling jolly, and the weather it was fine;
A nobler lot of players I think were never found,
When the omnibuses landed that day upon the ground.
The game was quickly started, they sent me to the bat,
I made two strikes, says Casey, "What are you striking at?"
I made the third, the catcher muffed and to the ground it fell,
I run like a divil to first base, when the gang began to yell:

CHORUS.

Slide, Kelly, slide, your running's a disgrace,
Slide, Kelly, slide, stay there, hold your base;
If some one doesn't steal you, and your batting doesn't fail you,
They'll take you to Australia, slide, Kelly, slide.

'Twas in the second inning they called me in, I think,
To take the catcher's place while he went to get a drink;
But something was the matter, sure I couldn't see the ball,
And the second one that came in broke my muzzle, nose and all.
The crowd up in the grand stand they yelled with all their might;
I ran towards the club house, I thought there was a fight;
'Twas the most unpleasant feeling I ever felt before,
I knew they had me rattled when the gang began to roar:—CHO.

They sent me out to centre-field, I didn't want to go,
The way my nose was swelling up, I must have been a show;
They said on me depended victory or defeat,
If a blind man was to look on us, he'd know that we were beat.
Sixty-four to nothing was the score when we got done,
And everybody there but me said they had lots of fun;
The news got home ahead of me, they heard I was knocked out,
The neighbors carried me in the house, and then began to shout:—CHO

Those Lovely Brooklyn Girls.

Copyright, 1889, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I've seen the dark-eyed girls of Spain,
The darling girls of France,
The English beauty o'er the main
With sweet and melting glance;
But none of those can e'er compare
With nature's precious pearls,
The sweetest far, 'neath moon or star,
Those lovely Brooklyn girls.

CHORUS.

Those lovely Brooklyn girls,
Delightful charming girls;
With faces sweet and graces neat,
Creation's proudest pearls.
Those lovely Brooklyn girls,
Enchanting Brooklyn girls,
The fairest and the rarest,
Are those lovely Brooklyn girls;
Pretty girls, pretty girls, pretty girls,
Those lovely Brooklyn girls.

The rose-buds in each sunny cheek
Were never made by art;
And well their modest glances speak
The true and trusting heart.
Their step is like the sunny breeze,
There's sunlight in their curls;
They seem a dream of joy supreme
Those lovely Brooklyn girls.—CHORUS.

Let poets sing of maidens dear
In strains of rapture grand;
The sweetest creatures far and near
Are those of Yankee land.
And in that land of beauty bright,
Where dwells the rarest pearls,
We find every grace combined,
Those lovely Brooklyn girls.—CHORUS.

SULLIVAN AND KILRAIN FIGHT.

Composed by Sam. Smith.

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Tune—"Donnelly and Cooper."

Come all you true-bred sporting men, attend to what I'm going to sing,
It's of the deeds of two brave men, two champions of the ring;
Who met and fought for the championship, each tried victory to gain,
Their names, I'm sure, you all have heard, are Sullivan and Kilrain.

'Twas in the town of Richburg, near the city of New Orleans,
On the eighth day of July, 'eighty-nine, they with their friends did teem;
And having staked the battle ground and named the referee,
They quickly stepped into the ring and shook hands cordially.

When time was called for the first round both men came up in style,
Kilrain's face had a careworn look, while Sullivan's wore a smile;
The betting was two to one that Kilrain would win the fight,
Sullivan's backers were not afraid and did not fail to bite.

Sullivan had his own way all through the fight,
To see him hammer Kilrain was a perfect sight;
He knocked him right and left, and sent him clean over the ropes,
Kilrain's backers got excited, they thought that he would croke.

Kilrain saw it was all one way and tried to make it a draw,
Sullivan said: "oh, no, we'll fight, for I've been there before;"
Then Kilrain's trainer tried to get the sheriff to stop the fight,
But he had $250 in his inside pocket and kept well out of sight.

Kilrain may no longer boast of the championship,
For the strong boy from Boston he could not whip;
They fought seventy-five rounds, then Kilrain saw it was in vain,
So ended the great battle between Sullivan and Kilrain.

THE YOUNG MAN'S WARNING.

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I boldly stepped up to the door,
A fair young Miss came over the floor,
Saying, who is it at my door?
Who is at my door?

It rains, it hails, it snows, it blows,
And I am wet through all my clothes;
I pray you please to ope the door,
Please to open the door.

Oh, no, kind sir, that cannot be,
There's no one in the house but me;
I bid you begone from my door,
Begone from my door.

I turned about my way to go,
A little compassion she then did show,
And she called me back again,
She called me back again.

That night was spent in sweet content,
And the very next day to church we went,
And I made her my lawful bride,
I made her my lawful bride.

Now all young men wherever you be,
'Tis not every pretty girl that you see
That will call you back again,
Will call you back again.

BONNY MAE.

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In the blooming valley, ah, down by the wood,
There's a cottage with roses and vines covered o'er;
And there dwelleth a fairy in that loved abode,
Bonny Mae, the sweet maiden who sighs by the door.

CHORUS.

Bonny Mae, Bonny Mae,
Wherever I roam and whatever my lot;
Sweet hope in my bosom to thee turns, for aye,
Bonny Mae, the fairy, and little low cot.

As I go in the morning to call home the kine,
In the garden I see her a culling sweet flowers,
As I come, I oft linger 'neath low jessamine,
And thus fly with the fairy the gay rosy hours.—CHORUS.

Oh, the blithe little maiden with lips of the rose,
With a kind beating bosom, and blue beaming eyes;
Without her this earth were a desert of woes,
But 'tis with her a garden, a bright paradise.—CHORUS.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

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Words from "Home Journal." Music by Edgar G. Spinning.

Oh, don't you remember the corn, Bell Blair,
That waved in the Autumn breeze;
Like the peaceful flow of a mother's prayer,
Or the swell of the singing seas.
And how when the harvest time came on,
We hid in the golden sheaves,
To wait for the coming of gentle John
From under the low barn eaves?
To wait for the coming of gentle John
From under the low barn eaves?

I am not ashamed that I loved John Dean,
For his heart is pure and true;
Though the flow'rs he cull'd in the Spring time green,
Were always given to you;
And you crushed them under your feet, Bell Blair,
As he lovingly turned away;
But I gathered them up to my heart and there
They are all abloom to-day;
But I gathered them up to my heart and there
They are all abloom to-day.

Ah! well I remember the roses borne
With his beautiful love for thee,
How he freed their stem of the faintest thorn,
And the briers were given to me;
They are all I shall ever ask, Bell Blair,
For I know my brier will bloom
To a fragrant flower for my soul to wear,
For I smell its hushed perfume;
To a fragrant flower for my soul to wear,
For I smell its hushed perfume.

Sometimes when the shadowy mist uncurls
From the path my soul will tread,
And the rose unfolds 'mid the eddying whirls
Of the snow around my head.
And now when the harvest times comes on,
In heaven I shall gladly wait
And watch for the coming of angel John
At the beautiful golden gate;
And wait for the coming of angel John
At the beautiful golden gate.

When the Pansies Droop and Die.

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Words and Music by George Arlington.

When the pansies droop and die,
And the birds have come and gone,
Then my Jamie will return
To the land where he was born;
For he said, long years ago,
When he bade us all good-bye,
"I'll return some day to you,
When the pansies droop and die."

Impatiently I've waited, Jamie, for you,
With heart sad and lonely, tender and true;
The warm days are over, song-birds depart,
Thy promise remember, cheer my poor heart.
For you said, long years ago,
When you bade us all good-bye,
"I'll return some day to you,
When the pansies droop and die."

Far from the home of thy childhood thou'st wandered,
Far from the loved ones waiting for you there;
Long years so dreary have passed since you left us,
Why need you linger? oh, Jamie we're watching for you.
Oh! come, Jamie, come, do not longer delay, hasten the day,
Oh! come, Jamie, come to this heart that is sad and lonely;
For Summer days are o'er, and the pansies droop and die,
Brighter days are in store, happy days for you and I;
As thro' life we roam, never more to part again,
Jamie, do not longer tarry, thy absence causes pain.

Seventeen and Twenty Sweethearts.

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Farewell, sweetheart, since we must part,
May the joys of the world go with you;
I will enter no more within your door
To tell you how dearly I love.

Since you have treated me with scorn,
Your conduct has betrayed you;
You are waiting for some better match,
But fortune will destroy you.

Some poets say until this day,
For love there is no cure;
But this is false for I did try,
The pain did once endure.

I know you hate my low estate,
But that shall never grieve me;
I am a brisk and lively lad,
And sweethearts have I many.

I used to have just seventeen,
But now I have them plenty;
The loss of one is the gain of two,
And also choice of twenty.

I count my health the greatest wealth,
So long as my pockets will jingle,
I am not afraid of coming to want
So long as I live single.

Oh, sweetie pink, what made you think
I could not do without you?
The love I had for you once was true,
But now care nothing about you.

WHEN MY LITTLE ONE'S ASLEEP

Copyright, 1886, by R. A. Saalfield.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

While the quiet stars are gleaming,
And the birds to their rest have flown;
Then I watch my darling dreaming,
Ling'ring by her side alone.
Oh, what visions wake to cheer me,
Angels, too, their vigils keep,
For their pinions hover near me
While my little one's asleep.

REFRAIN.

Songs of angels bless and cheer her
While the shadows round us creep;
All things lovely linger near her
When my little one's asleep.

Golden tresses now are shining
O'er the pillow soft and white;
Oh, the sunny smile reclining
On her placid brow each night.
In the land of dreams she wanders,
Where no eyes in sadness weep;
O'er its joy and bosom ponders,
While my little one's asleep.—REFRAIN.

Fondly now my heart is praying
For my darling day by day;
Little feet, now tired with playing,
May they never go astray.
Stars the azure skies adorning,
Watch her slumbers calm and deep;
Angels hover near till morning,
While my little one's asleep.—REFRAIN.

—She: Do you think of me daily? He: I should snicker, my dear little sugar-coated angel. You bet; and now that the days are longer, I sometimes think of you twice a day.

She: Last night I dreamt we were at Saratoga and stopping at one of the finest hotels. He: Don't talk that way. Money is so scarce nowadays that we can't afford even to dream of going to Saratoga.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

Words by Fred E. Weatherly. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The World first met his wife in May,
Where they were lad and lass,
And fell in love, the gossips say,
As sometimes comes to pass;
And such a sweet and tender bride
There never has been found;
And you'll be happy, the gossips cried,
As long as the world goes round;
And you'll be happy, the gossips cried,
As long as the world goes round.

The World, he loved his little bride,
His little bride, alas!
Was not content or satisfied,
As sometimes comes to pass;
She thought she had a crooked fate,
She fretted and she frowned;
For when she bade her world go straight,
He always would go round.

Forgive me, dear, he said to her,
I cannot bear your blame;
It is my fate, I can't go straight,
But I love you just the same.
And in those loving words of his
Her joy once more she found;
'Tis love, you see, sweet wife, said he,
That makes the world go round;
'Tis love, you see, sweet wife, said he,
That makes the world go round.

I'M SORRY IT EVER OCCURRED.

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I started in life as a pharmacy clerk,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
I had a desire for medical work,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
I treated a man for a pain in his side,
By giving him "strychnine" and "potash cyanide,"
I presume that he took it, for that night he died,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

I next took a notion a sailor to be,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
I "shivered my timbers" and started for sea,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
A great big wave swept clear over the deck,
I opened my mouth and swallowed a peck,
And I pulled my left lung through the back of my neck,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

I once asked a maiden if she'd marry me,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
She said if I'd get pa's consent she'd agree,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
I soon got a chance with the old man to speak,
At his answer I went through the door like a streak,
And I didn't sit down for the rest of the week,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

I once met a friend, who said, "how d'ye do, John?"
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
I'm going to dine, so I hope you'll come on,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
Of course I went with him, on pleasure intent,
And we certainly did dine to a royal extent,
But he left me to pay, and I hadn't a cent,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

I went into the country to better my health,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
I left there a wreck in physique and wealth,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
The cows gave no milk, the hens wouldn't lay,
It was ram, lamb and mutton, we'd eat every day,
And the fine feather bed were big bundles of hay,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

As a blacksmith I sat on a three legged stool,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
I had something to do with the hind legs of a mule,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
I didn't do much, for the first thing I knew
Like a cannon ball I struck the fence and went through,
I was picked up somewhere out in Kalamazoo,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

I once told a friend that I thought I could sing,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred;
I've carried my voice ever since in a sling,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.
I went for "high C" and, oh! what a tone,
My crochets and guavers made the audience groan,
And I split a cadenza way up the back-bone,
And I'm sorry it ever occurred.

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.

By A. A. Walls.

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Ireland for the Irish, is our motto, says Parnell,
Those fertile fields and flowery dales young Emmet loved so well,
Were never decked by nature for an English absentee,
Come, Erin's sons, take up your guns and fight for liberty.

CHORUS.
We'll meet the English army, those landlords we'll defy,
We'll meet them as our old brigade at the charge of Fontenoy.

Gladstone's bill is a failure, boys, and so is Foster's plan,
They said they would drive the Irish race from their native land;
They would force them to emigrate, or lock them up in jail,
And swore they'd stop the "Irish World" from coming thro' the mail.—CHO.

The brave and noble Davitt lies in a prison cell,
Likewise the brave John Dillon, Brannen, and Father Sheahy, as well;
They struggled hard for Erin's Isle, they organized the league,
For Ireland and the Irish to die they're not afraid.

CHORUS.
We'll meet the English army, those landlords we'll defy,
And free our noble heroes from the dungeons where they lie.

May Erin's sons and daughters live to see our Ireland free,
The great Parnell, our president, our ships upon the sea;
The army just like Sherman had, General Burke in full command,
To keep those frauds, or titled lords, out of our native land.

CHORUS.
Then Ireland's young Republic will happy, happy be,
No landlords' slaves or pauper's graves, when Erin's Isle is free.

Down Where We Roamed Together.

Copyright, 1883, by James E. Nolan.

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Words and Music by James E. Adams.

Down where we roamed together,
Darling, you and I,
Sweet was the Summer weather,
Bright the glowing sky;
There I told you love's fond story
'Neath the stars so fair;
Oh, the hours of sunny gladness
Once we used to share.

CHORUS.
Down where we roamed together,
Where the soft winds sigh,
Sunshine and fairest weather,
Wait for you and I.

Down where we roamed together,
Oh, what mem'ries dear
Come now of blooming heather
By the brook so clear;
There our heart-felt love was plighted,
There your winning smile
Cheer'd my heart, and I delighted
Clasped your hand the while.—CHORUS.

Down where we roamed together,
There the sweet birds sing,
Oft in the bright June weather
Joy to me they bring;
Still the love of old I cherish
Of that Summer night;
Sweet the mem'ry ne'er to perish
In my fond delight.—CHORUS.

THE BELL BUOY.

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Words and Music by Carl Rankin.

Forever deserted, my vigil keeping,
I'm chained to the rocks like a captive for life;
The waves, my tormentors, to keep me from sleeping,
I sound the alarm amidst the dark strife;
Tolling my warning from morning till morning,
And oft making happy poor souls in despair;
When nearing destruction in tones loud and clear,
The boom of the bell-buoy bids them beware.

When tempest is raging and storm-kings are howling,
When mountains of water rush on through the gloom;
When dark, threat'ning clouds 'mid the tempest are scowling,
I hurl back defiance with boom after boom.
Then when around me the ocean seems tranquil,
The sailor not dreaming that danger is there;
Will heedlessly glide tow'rd this death dealing snare,
But the boom of the bell-buoy bids him beware.

LITTLE EMPTY STOCKINGS.

Copyright, 1888, by Will H. Kennedy, Agent.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Hanging from the mantle-piece on every Christmas night
Little empty stockings can be found;
When the bells are ringing in the pale and frosty night
Santa Claus is speeding o'er the ground;
Climbing o'er the chimney tops, you'll see his chubby face,
Heeding not the Wintry wind or snow;
When the folks are fast asleep in every happy place,
Santa Claus is always sure to go.
Christmas bells! happy bells!
Their song can never tire,
What a world of happiness their jingle jangle tells,
Little empty stockings by the fire;
What a world of happiness their jingle jangle tells,
Little empty stockings by the fire.

CHORUS.

Little empty stockings on a Christmas night
Hanging from the mantle by the fire so bright;
Little curly heads peeping from their beds
Until their drooping eyelids tire.
With the morning light they open wide their eyes,
Santa Claus has come again, just hear their cries;
Oh! what pretty things old Santa Claus he brings
For little empty stockings by the fire.

Hanging from the mantle-piece on every Christmas night
Little empty stockings can be found;
Oh, what disappointment in the early morning light,
Santa Claus forgot to come around;
Little famished faces, how they ask with trembling voice:
Mamma, why don't Santa Claus come here?
From her slender store she cannot make their hearts rejoice,
Mamma's only answer is a tear.
Christmas bells! happy bells!
They ring but once a year.
How the heart is softened by that little childish voice:
Mamma, why don't Santa Claus come here?
Bid the wealthy listen to that little childish voice:
Mamma, why don't Santa Claus come here?

CHORUS.

Little empty stockings on a Christmas night,
Little stockings empty in the morning light;
Mamma, tell me why old Santa Claus went by
And didn't fill the stockings by the fire?
Little empty stockings on a Christmas night,
Little stockings empty in the morning light;
Would I were a king, what treasures I would bring
And fill the empty stockings by the fire.

—Jack: Suppose I were to ask you, just for fun, that we get married? Edith: And suppose I were to answer just for fun, No? Jack: Why, then, I'd think that if you were speaking seriously you'd say, Yes!

DON'T BE ANGRY, MOTHER.

Copyright, 1852, by G. Willig, Jr.

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Words and Music by Master Adams.

Don't be angry, mother,
Let thy smiles be smiles of joy;
Don't be angry, mother,
Don't be angry with thy boy.
Years have flown since we traversed
The dark and stormy sea,
Whilst your boy, quite broken-hearted,
Ne'er has ceased to think of thee.

Don't be angry, mother, mother,
Let the world say what it will;
Tho' I don't deserve thy favor,
Yet I fondly love thee still.
We have lived and loved together,
Then our hearts never knew a pain;
But forgive me, mother, mother,
Oh, forgive thy boy again.

Pray remember, mother, mother,
I've been kneeling at thy feet;
And I'm dreaming of thee nightly
While reclining in my sleep.
But forgive me, mother, mother,
It will ease thy heart of pain;
But forgive me, mother, mother,
Oh, forgive thy boy again.

Skating on One in the Gutter.

Copyright, 1877, by E. H. Harding.

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Words and Music by Gus Williams.

When I was a boy I was brimful of fun,
For all sorts of tricks I was noted;
From morning till evening I never was done,
On rollicking pleasure I doted.
I tried every game, and when Winter-time came,
With joy I was all in a flutter;
Then, out on the ice, oh, I tell you 'twas nice,
I went skating on one in the gutter.

CHORUS.

Skating an one, skating on one,
Oh, boys, there was never such glorious fun;
All other pleasures of youth I would shun,
And go skating on one in the gutter.

I beat all the boys with one far-fetching stride,
In fact I never was artistic;
While backward and forward so graceful did glide
I thought every motion majestic.
I cared not to skate on the rink or the park,
You may b'lieve it's the truth which I utter;
The best of all pleasures from daylight till dark
Was skating on one in the gutter.—CHORUS.

To join in the sport I would loiter from school
And gain the great wrath of my master;
Sometimes on the ice I would get a great fall,
And go home for a piece of shin-plaster.
And oft thro' the day I would steal soft away
With a hungry boy's balm, bread and butter,
To meet my companions, so noisy and gay,
And go skating on one in the gutter.—CHORUS.

—Charlie: That was a good game of poker we had last night. Harry: First rate. How did you come out? "Ten dollars ahead." "How do you figure it out that way? You borrowed twenty, didn't you, to begin on?" "Yes, but I only lost $10 of it."

—"Here, sonny, hold my horse," said a gentleman to a gamin as he alighted from a carriage on Washington street the other day. "Has he had his oats ter day, sir?" asked the boy, as he hesitated. "Had his oats! What has that to do with it?" inquired the gentleman in surprise. "Well, yer see, sir, de las' time I hung onto a hoss he eat de straw hat off me head, and I only got a nickle and a lickin' when I got home. Put up a quarter and I'll take de risk."

It's Funny What Girls Will Do.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I often sit and wonder how fickle some girls are,
Of course they're not all alike, there's a difference in them by far;
Some are fat, some are lean, some are short or tall,
But with me you'll all agree they all have lots of gall.
They'll laugh in your face and call you turtle dove,
Fill you up with taffy, you're the only one she loves;
They'll play you for a gillie, ice cream and candy, too,
Then shake you on the corner, it's funny what girls will do.

Now, before they get married how sweet they both do talk,
They'll sit for hours and slobber like a pair of great big gawks;
But when the honey-moon is over how quick she'll change her tone,
She'll hit him on the head with a frying-pan, and comb his hair with a broom.
When he becomes a father, with a kid upon his knee,
He'll have to pawn his ulster the landlord for to see;
With a double-barrelled shot-gun, the butch and baker, too,
How these poor gawks suffer, it's funny what girls will do.

There's No Place Like Home.

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When you're having a good time and getting full of beer,
There is no place like home;
When your feet get tangled up and you walk home on your ear,
There is no place like home.
There is one who will meet you at the door,
Her voice is familiar, you've heard it before,
When she pulls you out of bed and your head thumps the floor,
There is no place like home.

When you're coming down the street at 4 A. M.,
There is no place like home;
And you search for your night-key and find that it is gone,
There is no place like home.
You pull on the door-bell it, comes out with a bound,
The first floor is just twelve feet from the ground,
You have to sit on the door-step till the milkman comes round,
There is no place like home.

When your relations they come to visit you,
There is no place like home;
And they bring their trunks and stick like glue,
There is no place like home.
When you have to give up the best room you've got,
And go and sleep on an old tough cot,
With your brother-in-law, who is always half shot,
There is no place like home.

When the biscuits are bad, and the coffee it is sad,
There is no place like home;
When the butter it is rough, and the steak it is tough,
There is no place like home.
You run and you get the big carving knife,
You swear you surely will have his life,
When you catch the new boarder a hugging your wife,
There is no place like home.

When you have to get up in the middle of the night,
There is no place like home;
And search for paregoric without any light,
There is no place like home.
When the baby he cries till his lungs do crack,
And you step on the point of an old rusty tack,
And your wife she sticks her cold feet it the middle of your back,
There is no place like home.

HANKI PANKI.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I once had lots of cash, but now
I wished some one would lend it;
I thought I'd go and travel,
And found that the way to spend it.
I've been to the North, I've been to the East,
But now I'm a repiner;
You must know that all my trouble's caused
Thro' a girl I brought from China.

CHORUS.

But now do tell me true,
Have you seen my Hanki Panki?
Fo fum choke em chum,
Ta-pi-o-ca, sago, gum!

In the city of Nankin, 'twas there
Lived Hanki Panki's father,
He used to keep a barber shop,
And Hanki did the lather.
I used to let her lather me,
Ah! none could do it finer;
She could speak broken English, too,
Whilst I spoke broken China.

SPOKEN—And so our love began.—CHORUS.

Sweet Hanki's eyes were very small,
Her mouth—ah! well—no matter;
Her finger nails six inches long,
Her nose could not be flatter;
'Twas not her beauty that I loved,
The feeling I felt was finer,
I thought at home how grand 'twould look
To have a wife from China.

SPOKEN—But where is she now? echo answers—CHORUS.

She bid good-bye to Nankin,
And she bid good-bye to lather,
And left the chin shop business
To her ugly long tailed father.
I brought my love across the sea
In hopes to cut a shine, ah!
But now I'm much inclined to wish
She'd never come from China.

SPOKEN—For she's gone from my gaze like a beautiful—CHORUS.

One day there came a Chinaman
A begging at the door, sirs,
She saw him, screamed, then ran away,
I've never seen her more, sirs;
But the Chinaman he calls each day,
And kicks up such a shine, ah!
He vows he'll be the death of me
For bringing her from China.

SPOKEN—She turned out to be the Chinaman's wife! I was as innocent as a sucking pig, but—CHORUS.

My intentions were honorable,
And no one could be kinder,
But Hanki's husband says that I
Shall die if I don't find her;
So pity me I hope you will,
For dreadful troubles mine are;
I shall have to find my Chinese love
And take her back to China.

SPOKEN—For the Chinaman threatens me daily with his Hukaboo, Ningpo, Hanki Panki, chop-chop, chow-chow, Pekoe, Bohea and Souchong, to say nothing of his gunpowder.—CHORUS.

Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man.

By Shakespeare.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

This charming epitome of human life affords, in its brief space, almost every variety of expression. Running the gamut from the faint moan of infancy to the resonant base of manhood—again declining to the low, weak cadence of senility and feebleness:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again to childish treble pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all.
That ends the strange eventful history,
The second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—Minnie: "You say you make more money, by your pen, now than you did a year ago?" Arthur: "Yes." Minnie: "How is that?" Arthur: "I stopped writing stories and began addressing envelopes."

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

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Words by Acton E. Kelly. Music by Wm. Loraine.

'Oh, hoist the flag of victory, let the banner be unfurled,
We'll sing the praise of Sullivan, the champion of the world;
A title now he proudly holds, from which he'll never part,
'Twas nobly won at Richburg, boys, by his undaunted heart.
Where now the trait'rous, croaking crew who, be it to their shame,
With voice and pen were foremost to defile his hard won fame;
Yet greater still our hero is, malign him as they may,
A credit to his country and the best man of his day.

CHORUS.
Then give a hearty cheer, boys, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
A tiger, too, with heart so true, brave Jack has won the day!
The fight is done, the battle's won, he is our pride and joy,
The champion of the world he stands, our gallant Boston boy.

His equal we may never see, so let us hold him dear,
The greatest of all fighters, the man who knows no fear;
True as steel to all his friends, a terror to a foe,
A kindly word he always has for either high or low.
No foxy tricks could ever swerve the champion from the right,
He always went into the ring for a good square stand-up fight;
In all the battles he has won, e'en enemies will say,
He stood up like a thoroughbred, was guided by fair play.—CHORUS.

Among the names, the glorious names, in the annals of the ring,
No greater one will ever be found than his of whom I sing;
Bold "Sullivan, Columbia's son," will ever be our boast,
The champion of all champions, the one we love the most.
Then let us sound his praises, boys, with heartiest acclaim,
And on the roll of honor bright, emblazoned be his name;
Long may he live and prosper, his honors to enjoy,
Foremost in the hearts of all, the gallant Boston boy.—CHORUS.

SIGHING FOR THEE.

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Words and Music by Frederick Buckley.

Lonely I lie 'neath the sad, drooping willow,
List'ning to zephyrs gladsome and free;
Gazing afar on the wild tossing billow,
Sighing for thee, sighing for thee.
Starlight is streaming o'er forest and mountain,
Echoes are lost in the silence of eve;
Sweet fairies trip it by streamlet and fountain,
Love's tendrils weave, love's tendrils weave.

CHORUS.
Lonely I lie 'neath the sad, drooping willow,
List'ning to zephyrs gladsome and free;
Sighing for thee, sighing for thee,
Sadly I'm sighing, I'm sighing for thee.

Lovely wert thou as a seraph immortal,
Fleeting thy course as a meteor bright;
Angels awaited thee over death's portal,
Beaming with light, beaming with light.
Life hath no charms for the sad and forsaken,
Fondly I turn, yes, I turn to thy home;
Hearts that love truly, tho' sundered, shall waken
Never to roam, never to roam.—CHORUS.

THE OLD TOBACCO BOX.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There was an old man
And he had a wooden leg,
He had no tobacco,
Nor no tobacco could he beg;
There was another old codger,
Who was as cunning as a fox,
He had lots of tobacco
In his old tobacco box.

Says codger number one,
Will you give me a chew?
Says codger number two,
I'll be ——— if I do;
For if you'll save up your money,
And be cunning as a fox,
Faith, you'll always have tobacco
In your old tobacco box.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

Sung by Ben Collins.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I have been out to Australia,
I've met soldiers, I've met sailors,
I've met people of all nations,
Both in every land and clime;
I saw people who were thinking,
I met people who were drinking,
Would tell you all their history—
Yes, and more—for half a dime.

I saw girls out in Chicago
Whose big feet would make a cargo
Fit to sink the Adriatic—
Yes, or any ship afloat;
I saw four kings and four queenies,
Forepaugh's circus, and four sheenies
Trying hard to sell a one-armed man
A second-handed coat.

I've met girls in Philadelphia
That were forty, fat and wealthy;
I've seen girls in San Francisco
That could give them cards and spades;
I've met girls along the Bowery
Who could whistle "Annie Laurie"
Loud enough to close your doors up,
Or pull down your window shades.

I have met all kinds of actors,
I have met some tough characters,
I saw Sitting Bull and Sitting Calf
A sitting down to tea;
I saw talented hash-slingers—
Yes, and serio-comic singers,
Who had voices that would sour milk
Or set old Ireland free.

I have been in Pennsylvania,
Where the prohibition mania
Makes them hang a man for selling beer,
Just for his country's sake;
I've travelled—well, it little matters—
From Pork and Beans to Cincinnati,
But for red-headed girls and scrappers,
Brooklyn city takes the cake.

SNOW ANGELS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

What makes the snow come down, mamma,
The pretty flakes of snow?
I love to watch their soft white wings,
As merrily they go.
Their wings, my child, their soft, white wings,
What is it that you say?
They're little angels, dear mamma,
That come down here to play.

CHORUS.
The snow that's made where angels sing,
The pretty flakes of snow,
I love to watch their soft, white wings,
As merrily they go.

And see, mamma, how good they are,
They kiss each other while
They're flying playfully about,
With such a happy smile.
Not angels, darling little one,
They're only flakes of snow.
No, no, mamma, that cannot be,
Angels they are, I know.—CHORUS.

They shake their lovely wings for joy,
As down their feathers come,
And dance and circle through the air
Until they reach our home.
You think they're tiny feathers, dropped
Each from an angel's wing?
Yes, that is it, yes, dear mamma,
Whene'er the angels sing.—CHORUS.

NEARING THE HARBOR.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Oh, sailors, come with me,
The harbor lights I see,
Yeo ho, yeo ho!
To the harbor lights;
Nearing the harbor and home,
Nearing the haven of rest;
Nearing the smiles of a sweet sailor's lass,
Where gladness and joy are expressed.

REFRAIN.

Nearing the harbor and home,
Nearing the haven of rest;
Nearing the smiles of a sweet sailor's lass,
Where gladness and joy are expressed.
Never again shall we part,
Never from her will I roam;
Steering to-night toward the star of my heart,
Nearing the harbor and home.

Never again shall we part,
Never from her will I roam;
Steering to-night towards the star of my heart,
Nearing the harbor and home.
My mother kissed my boyish lips,
My father loved me true;
But my heart anchored with the ships
That sailed the billows blue.—REFRAIN.

I left my home to cross the foam,
And see lands strange and new;
I left a little maid in tears
When I bade them adieu.
Yeo ho! to the harbor lights,
She's waiting there to-night!
Oh, faithful one so true,
I'm coming back to you.—REFRAIN.

The Harp Without the Crown.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The Yankee loves the stars and stripes,
And Orangemen the blue,
And why not we our emblem show
As other nations do?
Or must we alter through the dread
Of any bigot's frown,
The sign for which our fathers died,
The harp without the crown?

Oh! many a warlike hero
Beneath its shadow died;
Of poets, bards and sages,
It always was the pride.
To please a few officials
Must me now pull it down,
The emblem of a thousand years,
The harp without the crown?

Let Fenians rage, and crafty spies
Against their objects plan,
Each link they gain—in rapture prize
To sell their fellow man.
Convict, imprison if you will,
And rebel cruisers drown,
But yet we'll show our emblem still,
The harp without the crown.

The world may change, and Mr. Black
May wear an altered mien,
I feel convinced he will not turn
To any shade of green.
He can't be white, but yet thro' time,
Perhaps he'll turn brown;
'Tis nought to us, we still will love
The harp without the crown.

DOWN WENT McGINTY.

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As sung by Sheridan and Flynn.

Last Sunday morning at nine, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine,
Was looking at a very high stone wall;
When along came Pat McCann, says he: I'll bet you five dollars, Dan,
I can carry you to the top without a fall.
On his back he got poor Dan, to climb up the ladder he began,
Until he very nearly reached the top;
But before he'd lose his five, as sure as you're alive,
Let go his hold, not thinking of the drop.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall,
Although he won his five, he was more dead than alive;
With kicks and bruises on his face from such a terrible fall,
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

To the hospital they took him, for dead the doctors booked him,
But McGinty gave the doctors a surprise;
Then he began to shout: Say, you blackguards let me out!
Although his head was twice its natural size.
To see his wife and child, with joy he near went wild,
He walked along as proud as John, the great;
On the sidewalk was a hole, to receive a ton of coal,
McGinty never saw until too late.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the hole,
The driver of the cart gave the ton of coal a start;
We were an hour and a half digging McGinty from under the coal,
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

When they dug McGinty out, for vengeance he did shout,
The driver of the cart then he spied;
He picked up half a brick and hit him such a lick
That it raised a carbuncle on his eye.
He then raised such a fuss that the cops got in the muss,
They arrested McGinty for being very drunk;
Next morning the judge did say, no fine you'll have to pay,
Six months you'll sleep upon a prison bunk.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the jail,
He stayed exactly six, his board it cost him nix;
Six long months, for nobody went his bail,
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

When the half year was up they let McGinty out,
He dressed himself as he did in days of yore;
But judging his surprise, he could scarcely believe his eyes,
When he heard his wife had skipped the day before.
To lose his wife and child, with grief he near went wild,
To drown himself he went down on the shore;
And foolishly jumped in, knowing —— well he could not swim,
For water Dan had never took before.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,
They haven't found him yet, for the water it was wet;
They say that McGinty's ghost haunts the docks at the break of day,
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.

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I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the soft Summer air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er;
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft Summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die.
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again;
Oh, I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts 'round her native glade,
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more;
Oh, I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft Summer air.

I'm Just Beginning to Like You.

Copyright, 1883, by B. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey.

I'm over head and ears in love with a charming girl,
She vows some day she'll be my loving bride;
Her eyes are blue, her figure fine, her teeth are white as pearl,
I'm happy when I'm seated by her side.
We often sit so cosey, with my arm around her waist,
Not thinking of the hours that pass away,
And when I rise to leave her in quite unexpected haste,
Oh, she gives me such a look and then she'll say:

CHORUS.

Don't, don't go away yet, I'm just beginning to like you,
The weather is fine, there's plenty of time, stop a bit longer, do;
Don't, don't go away yet, I'm just beginning to like you,
You're always in haste, put your arm 'round my waist, and stop a bit longer, do.

I called on her one evening, her folks were out of town,
And quickly she invited me inside;
We made ourselves so cosy as we lovingly sat down,
How fast the hours of happiness did glide.
I heeded not the moments nor the ticking of the clock,
In such a case we very seldom do;
It brought me to my senses and my nerves received a shock,
When I heard the old church clock a striking two.

SPOKEN—I immediately jumped up, but the girl took me by the arm and said:—CHORUS.

It doesn't seem to matter at what hour I chance to go
To visit the dear girl that I adore;
In daylight or at twilight, I would have you all to know,
There's always some new happiness in store.
I never wished to stop, or to detain her late at night,
Tho' often she would press me hard to stay;
And as I bid the girl adieu beside the garden gate,
She just takes my hand and then she's sure to say:—CHORUS.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A careworn face has waited and watched for many a day,
By the window for a fair-haired boy, who long since went away
Across the seas, but still the flame of love for him doth burn,
For one sweet look, for one sweet face, oh, will he e'er return?
For years, poor soul, she's waited with patient, anxious eye,
For years she's never failed to scan the face of passers by;
Each night she kneels down by his cot and prays aloud for him,
The constant watch she's kept so long has made her eyes grow dim.

CHORUS.

When she hears a footstep her heart bounds with joy,
She trembles like a leaf and hopes 'tis her boy;
She feels she's growing older, she knows it cannot last,
Oh, boy come to your mother, her eyes are failing fast.

Long years have passed but now I see that same old face again,
'Tis changed, 'tis sad and still, with all you see no trace of pain;
She's seated by the window, she is rocking to and fro,
And murmuring some old nursery rhyme she learned long ago.
But like all noble womankind, with hope unto the last,
She's watched through many a Summer's day, many a Winter's blast;
But now she listens to the plaintive moaning of the wind,
She hears, she feels, but that is all, the mother now is blind.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, a footstep, she's not heard in years,
Those eyes that were sightless, again filled with tears;
She falls in his arms with a sharp cry of pain,
In the arms of her boy she'll ne'er see again.

BUY A BROOM.

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From Teutchland I come with my light wares all laden,
To dear happy Boston in Summer's gay bloom;
Then listen fair lady and young pretty maiden,
Oh, buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom;
Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,
Oh, buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom.

To brush away insects, that sometimes annoy you,
You'll find it quite handy to use night or day,
And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away?
Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,
And sweep all vexatious intruders away.

Ere Winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,
My toils for your favor again I'll resume,
And while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in Boston I cried buy a broom,
Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,
Bless the time that in Boston I cried buy a broom.

SPOKEN—Yes, I shall go back to my own country and tell them there I sold all my wares in Boston, singing:

Oh, mein lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin,
Oh, mein lieber Augustin, alles ist weg;
Bock ist weg, stock ist weg, auch ich bin in dem dreck,
Oh, mein lieber Augustin, alles ist weg.

Don't Say One Thing and Mean Another

Words by Chas. Swain. Music by W. Palmer.

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The little lane, the greenwood lane
Where Mary dwelt was gay with singing;
For brook and bird, in many a strain,
Down vale and moor their notes were flinging.
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother;
For she had learnt at last 'twas wrong,
To say one thing and mean another.

'Tis right, 'tis due, when hearts are true,
To show the heart without deceiving;
And not to speak in idle freak,
To try if one's the power of grieving.
In Mary's heart and Mary's mind
She loved one youth and loved no other;
But Mary's tongue was oft inclined
To say one thing and mean another.

Would all might see, how sweet 'twould be,
If truth alone their words directed;
How many a day might then be gay,
That passeth now in tears dejected.
Would all might learn and all discern,
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother;
Then maids be kind and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing and mean another

MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER

Words and Music by W. J. Florence.

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My Johnny was a shoemaker,
And dearly he loved me;
My Johnny was a shoemaker,
But now he's gone to sea.
With nasty tar to soil his hands,
And sail across the briny sea,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

His jacket was a deep sky blue,
And curly was his hair;
His jacket was a deep sky blue,
It was, I do declare.
To reef the top-sails he has gone,
To sail across the briny sea,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

A captain he will be bye-and-bye,
With a sword and spy-glass, too;
A captain he will be bye-and-bye,
With a brave and valliant crew.
And when he gets a vessel of his own,
He'll come back and marry me,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

And when I am a captain's wife,
I'll sing the whole day long;
Yes, when I am a captain's wife,
And this will be my song:
May peace and plenty bless our days,
And the little one on my knee,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

Calling Me Back to the Old Home.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

I hear it wherever I'm roaming,
A whisper so loving and sweet;
It comes to my heart in the gloaming
And tells me the dear ones I'll meet.
My heart yearns with fondest affection
To wander afar o'er the main;
They're calling me back to the old home,
The home of my loved ones again.

REFRAIN.

Come back, come back,
They fondly call, "come back."

CHORUS.

They're calling me back to the home I love so well,
I long for their smiles with a joy no heart can tell,
For here I grow lonely with sadness,
But there is all sunlight and gladness;
They're calling me back to the old home,
Afar beyond the main;
Still calling me back to the old home,
My dear old home again.

It seems many years since we parted,
And yet those dear faces I know,
Have cheered me when alone, weary-hearted,
As roses are cheered by the dew.
A mother, with snowy white tresses,
Is watching for me at the pane;
She's calling me back to the old home,
The home of my childhood again.—REF. & CHO.

I go where the loved ones are sighing
To welcome the wanderer once more;
I'll haste, like the bird swiftly flying,
To yon distant home-nest of yore.
This world cannot give me the gladness
That waits for me o'er the main;
They're calling me back to the old home,
The home of my heart once again.—REF. & CHO.

JENNIE, OUR DARLING, THE PRIDE OF OUR HOME.

Copyright, 1880, by J. L. Feeney.

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Words and Music by J. L. Feeney.

I've a dear little wife, the joy of my life,
We've a sweet little baby girl;
She is just turning three, and so dear to me,
My baby, my own precious pearl.
Ev'ry night in the week, when my home I do seek,
There's no joy 'neath the heavenly dome
Can ever compare with the treasure I've there,
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our home.

CHORUS.

Papa, kiss me, take me on your knee,
I've no cause to wander or roam;
I's papa's own girl, my sweet precious pearl,
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our home.

She will bring to my side my slippers with pride,
Then merrily climb on my knee;
And soon she will say, in her sweet, childish way,
Oh, papa, dear papa, kiss me.
She will hug and caress, lay her head on my breast,
I love her, my darling, my own;
There's naught can replace my sweet Jennie's bright face,
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our home.—CHORUS.

As she sits on my knee in sweet ecstasy,
A story to her I relate;
An olden tale sweet she often makes me repeat,
What joy 'tis to hear her sweet prate.
If in some future time I perchance leave this clime,
Far away among strangers to roam,
'Twould grieve me to part from the light of my heart,
Jennie, our darling, the pride of our home.—CHORUS.

He Gets There Just the Same.

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There is a chance in this great world for every humble thing—
You must not judge one by his looks, as I'll proceed to sing:
The beetle has his crown of gold, the fire-fly has his flame,
The bed-bug has no flame or crown, but he gets there just the same.

The burglar knows his trade right well whene'er he comes to call,
He burgles all the live long night, whatever may befall;
The bank cashier, he also knows the points about his game,
He is a member of the church, but he gets there all the same.

The millionaire has money bags, and many bonds and stocks,
He owns a railroad, too, and has substantial business blocks;
But when the Winter days have come, with cold we all exclaim,
The plumber has no stocks or bonds, but he gets there just the same

The game of poker I enjoy, of it I never tire,
To sit behind four aces is a thing I much admire;
But when with aces four I sit and think I'll scoop the game,
A little straight flush don't look big, but it gets there all the same.

Tho' many fall by fire and sword and yield up their last breaths,
The perils of the railroads, too, cause many sudden deaths;
In deadly mines beneath the earth, fire-damp doth kill or maim,
Toy-pistols don't amount to much, but they get there just the same.

The roller skate has often caused a dull and sick'ning thud,
While others fall a victim to the thick and slippery mud;
But when it comes to shaking up a person's mortal frame,
The innocent banana peel will get there all the same.

The Gintleman From Kildare.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Six months ago I landed here, for pleasure I kem over,
I've travelled all the continent, in fact, I'm quite a rover;
They put me among the emigrants, ten days they left me there,
With indignity they treated me, a gintleman from Kildare.

CHORUS.

I'm a gintleman from Kildare,
And my name is Dennis O'Hare;
I'm a swell of the day, and I dress very gay,
I'm a gintleman from Kildare.

When up Broadway I gently strolled to view the glorious city,
A stranger took me by the arm and laughed and joked so witty;
He took me in and called for wine, of course I did not care,
But he ran away with the watch and chain of the gintleman from Kildare.—CHO

To Coney Isle I often go to have a day of pleasure,
The girls on me their smiles bestow, they think me quite a treasure;
I carry a cane and twirl it 'round with a gay and jaunty air,
And they all admire the faultless attire of the gintleman from Kildare.—CHO.

Now I'm going into politics and swell my reputation,
I want to be a Congressman and lead a delegation;
I'll be a good friend to all the boys, they'll always find me square,
So let all turn out and loudly shout for the gintleman from Kildare.—CHORUS.

JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE.--No. 2.

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Words and Music by George Cooper.

I paused upon life's journey to tell its story o'er,
And childhood with its golden dreams returned to me once more;
The pleasant faces smiled again that faded long ago,
And this, my heart responded there, is all of life we know,
And this, my heart responded there, is all of life we know.

CHORUS.

Just a little sunshine, just a little cloud,
Just a little glimpse of joy, then a heart that's bowed;
Just a little tranquil hour, just a little strife,
That is all the story of every mortal life.

I strayed beside the river, where when a youth I played,
It still was gliding to the sea in sunlight and in shade;
But now the face reflected there was older grown and sad,
No voice I heard to welcome me with accents fond and glad,
No voice I heard to welcome me with accents fond and glad.—CHORUS.

The mournful leaves were sighing, and sank the dying day,
I seemed to hear the voices there of friends long passed away;
The dear old home was silent now, the village churchyard lone
Bore graven on its marble white the names my youth had known,
Bore graven on its marble white the names my youth had known.

CHORUS.

Just a little cradle, just a little grave,
Just a voyage very brief over life's dark wave;
Just a thought in memory here, fading one by one,
Soon we are forgotten, and life's brief story's done.

Let Us Raise a Row To-Night.

Copyright, 1889, by J. Thome.

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Words by Reginald P. Forrester. Music by Frank Addis Kent.

A bed-bug said to his brother bug,
Let us raise a row to-night;
We'll lie in the bed-tick warm and snug
Until the boarder shows his mug,
His mug, his mug,
Let us raise a row to-night.
And soon upon the stairs they heard,
Let us raise a row to-night;
The boarder victim they preferred;
Up to the slaughter came the bird,
The bird, the bird,
Let us raise a row to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, how they nipped their prey,
Oh, how he scratched away;
All night long and next day,
All night they fight,
Let us raise a row to-night.

The boarder kicked and the boarder swore,
Let us raise a row to-night;
He never had such luck before,
He grabbed his clothes and rushed for the door,
The door, the door,
Let us raise a row to-night.
But, ah! 'tis a sad tale to relate,
Let us raise a row to-night,
From loss of blood he was in such a state,
He fell to the floor and mashed his pate,
His pate, his pate,
Let us raise a row to-night.—CHORUS.

The bed-bugs lived on fat and fine,
Let us raise a row to-night;
Among their fellows they will shine
As champions in the bed-bug line,
Bug line, bug line,
Let us raise a row to-night.
But where's the boarder? sad his fate,
Let us raise a row to-night,
He's in the grave-yard 'neath a slate,
On which is written in words sedate:
"Bug bit," "bug bit,"
Let us raise a row to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, how they nipped their prey,
Oh, how he scratched away,
No more on earth he'll stay,
That night, last fight,
Let us raise a row to-night.

SLAVERY'S PASSED AWAY.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham

Oh, child, come to me and just sit down on my knee,
I'll tell that same old story just once more,
Of dark clouded years, oh, so full of bitter tears,
In those bondage days of long before the war.
In rice field and in cane, there the black man felt the pain,
The driver's whip it cut him every day;
Our good Lord above, with his never dying love,
Made that cruel, cruel slavery pass away.

CHORUS.

Oh, shout hallelujah, freedom ever rules the land,
Go bend your knee, black people, for to pray;
The shackle and the band has fell from the bondman's hand,
And that cruel, cruel slavery's passed away.

Oh, child, in those times I lived among the pines,
Yes, in an old log cabin I was born;
Then I heard the moan, when the mothers lost their own,
In those bondage days, oh, thank the Lord they're gone.
That iron chain and band they grow rusty in this land,
No more the bloodhound hold the slave at bay;
So we bend the knee to the Lord that made us free,
For that cruel, cruel slavery passed away.—CHORUS.

Oh, don't complain, it will never come again,
So all our little children, black and brown,
They ne'er can be sold for that yellow shining gold,
For sweet freedom, child, she had put on her crown.
She came here in the night, oh, then might gave in to right,
Old Abram Lincoln brought about the day;
So shout hallelujah, there's a lot of work to do,
For that cruel, cruel slavery passed away.—CHORUS.

—"Deuced unpleasant typographical error in those invitations to the wedding," said young N. U. Bridegroom. "How so?" anxiously inquired the bride. "Why, instead of 'Your presence is requested,' the confounded printer made it read 'Your presents are requested.'"

HAUL DE WOOD PILE DOWN.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

De red cow brushing de old blue fly, away down in Florida,
De white man laugh when de coon go by, now haul de wood pile down;
De steamboat's ready to burn dat pine, away down in Florida,
De grape am ripe on de old black vine, now haul de wood pile down;
Den travelling, den travelling, as long as de moon am round,
Dat black girl mine on de Georgia line, now haul de wood pile down.

De musk rat hide in de old burnt log, away down in Florida,
De chip monk laugh at de old house dog, now haul de wood pile down;
Dar's Captain Jim, of de old Bob Lee, away down in Florida,
He drinks more rum den he does hot tea, now haul de wood pile down;
Den travelling, den travelling, as long as de moon am round,
Dat black girl mine on de Georgia line, now haul de wood pile down.

De old roof leaks an' de rain comes thro', away down in Florida,
De nig dun die if he touch hoo-doo, now haul de wood pile down;
When I grow weary den I lay down, away down in Florida,
De wench looks sweet in a new clean gown, now haul de wood plid down;
Den travelling, den travelling, as long as de moon am round,
Dat black girl mine on de Georgia line, now haul de wood pile down.

ADIEU, DEAR FRIENDS, ADIEU.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Tis sweet to be remembered by friends to us so dear,
'Tis comfort to our hearts to hear their words of honest cheer;
It helps us on life's journey, 'tis a source of heart-felt joy,
It softens many a sorrow that would our peace destroy,
It softens many a sorrow that would our peace destroy.

'Tis sweet to be remembered by smiles as well as tears,
The sympathy of constant friends gives joy to us for years;
Oh! friendship, pure and lasting, how dear to us the name,
In riches or adversity it clings to us the same,
In riches or adversity it clings to us the same.

'Tis sweet to be remembered, 'tis music to our ears,
To listen to the words of love that flow from hearts sincere;
Then welcome friendship to our breasts, be constant, kind and true,
And with life's latest breath we'll lisp, adieu, dear friends, adieu,
And with life's latest breath we'll lisp, adieu, dear friends, adieu.

THE OREGON BOYS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come, young ladies, listen to my noise,
Don't you marry the Oregon boys,
For if you do your portion will be
Johnny-cake and venison, that's all you'll see.

When you go to a neighbor's close,
It's "hello, madam, do you keep house?"
The first thing they say when they sit down,
"Young ladies, your Johnny-cake is getting mighty brown."

When they go to bake their bread
They build a fire as high as their head;
They rake out the coals and on them throw—
Well, the name they give it is dough, boys, dough.

Some houses are attached to a hugh log wall,
Without any windows in it at all;
An old mud chimney and batten door,
Clapboard roof and a puncheon floor.

When they dress it is like the rest,
Buckskin trousers, coat and vest;
Old yarn socks they wear the year 'round,
Old white hat more brim than crown.

Milk in the slop-bucket, strain it in a gourd,
Put it in the corner and cover with a board;
Some get a share and some get none,
And that is life at the Oregon's home.

—Nervous and tender-hearted: "Conductor, what was that?" asked a nervous old lady, as the wheels of the car made a little more jar than usual. "We went over a few frogs just then," he replied. "Most likely squashed the poor things, too," she said, with a tremor in her voice.

How I Got Even With O'Grady.

Copyright, 1888, by Thos. P. Getz.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Thos. P. Getz.

About twelve months ago, as most of you now know,
The ten I owed O'Grady drove me wild;
He'd never let me rest, and I think he done his best
To separate me from my wife and child.
So at last I went to work, and my debts I did not shirk,
And one fine day I paid O'Grady ten;
He took it with a smile, while I with rage did bile,
And I swore that I'd get even with him then.

CHORUS.

So I lent five dollars to O'Grady,
I made him think I owned him, life and soul;
I'd stop him on the way to church on Sunday,
And touch him for a part, if not the whole.
I joined a bad bill association,
Who sent a man to see him every day;
It makes me laugh and blink, and it tickles me to think
I got even with O'Grady in this way.

My daughters and my sons, and neighbors all with duns,
Would touch him as he'd walk along the street;
I took his wife and children and everything he had,
And tried to file a claim against his feet.
O'Grady begged and pleaded, his pray'rs were all unheeded,
I'll track him every day that I'm alive;
I'll make him sob and cry, and when he comes to die
He'll curse the day that he struck me for the five.—CHORUS.

A week ago to-day, at a picnic across the bay,
I put a lot of girls upon his track;
They made him buy ice-cream that was made of butterine,
And spend all the money he had in his sack.
When the time came to go home, O'Grady sobb'd and moan'd,
He didn't have a cent to pay his fare;
His wife and I did cry, we'll see you bye-and-bye,
And I hollered as we left him standing there:

CHORUS.

I lent you five dollars, Pat O'Grady,
I made you think I owned your life and soul;
I'll follow you to church on Sunday morning
And touch you for a part, if not the whole.
Your wife is so badly stuck upon me,
She follows me around from day to day;
Sure now I've got your wife and some day I'll have your life,
I'll be even with you, Patrick, in that way.

THE BROOKLYN TRAGEDY.

Written and sung by Fred Bessel.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Kind friends, if you will list to me a sad story I'll relate,
Of that horrible crime in Brooklyn, where poor Luca met his fate;
It was on the 23d of August that this murder did occur,
And in the annals of great crimes 'tis the worst we've ever heard.
On that quiet Summer's morning, when all nature seemed at rest,
Poor Luca was cruelly murdered, now may his soul rest with the blest;
He was so cruelly butchered by that fatal knife,
May God above us rest his soul for all eternal life.

Now the last horrible crime's excitement has not yet died out,
I mean the Lyman S. Weeks, murder, to which there was no doubt;
Now this great crime has shocked us, one and all, throughout the town,
The Luca murder we all know is the most shocking of renown.
The city of churches soon will be called the city of horrible crime,
For many murders have occurred within a few months time;
Poor Luca he was murdered for his money, we all know,
His poor wife is almost stricken down with sorrow, grief and woe.

Why men commit such crimes as these not one of us can say,
Their career is most always cut short at some soon or later day;
'Tis not the murdered man alone who suffered by this crime,
But the heart of all good citizens lay hurt from time to time.
Why McElvain committed such a crime not one of us do know,
His heart was filled with murder when he struck that fatal blow;
But as my song progresses with me you will agree,
That he's better under lock and key than mixed up with you and me.

The funeral of poor Luca was a grand and noble sight,
For he belonged to most good orders who's motto is just and right;
At the sight of that poor widow there was good men raved and swore,
It was lucky for McElvain he did not live in days of yore;
For if they did have such men as these in days gone by,
"Judge Lynch" he would quickly step forth and say that they must die;
But those days are now past and gone with me you all will say,
That our Creator tries them all on his great judgment day.

Let Me Shake the Hand that Shook the Hand of Sullivan.

Copyright, 1889, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

The Bradys and O'Gradys, ye may talk about them all,
The Laceys and Caseys from Bombay to Donegal;
I'd like to find another man that's fit to breath the air
Wid Sullivan, the gintleman from good old county Clare.
It's him that's aisy wid the girls and solid wid the men,
And whin the whiskey jug goes round can drink enough for ten;
If any man does know him here, I don't care who's the man,
Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan.

CHORUS.

He's the pride of the ward, happy as a lord,
He's got a reputation like a man;
Arrah, good luck to yez all, let's have another ball,
Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan.

He wears a hat the stoyle of that they wore in 'ninety-eight,
Wid whiskers thin foreninst his chin which makes him look so swate
A black-thorn stick widin, his fist, he's swinging night and day,
He houlds it there, the boys declare, to keep the girls away.
The widdy Dolan had a raffle for a stove one night,
He danced until the tin roof tumbled in and raised a fight;
To settle all the damages he stepped up like a man,
Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan.—CHORUS

The bootblacks on the corner they all wait to catch his eye,
It's "good-day, Mishter Sullivan," as he goes walkin' by;
He wears a rose as big as any turnip on his coat,
A stand-up collar half-mast high, and big enough to vote.
The tons av coal he gave away would fill the river up,
And when he drinks it's "come me b'ys and have another sup;"
He has me vote for president way down to alderman,
Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan.—CHORUS

Since Reilly Took an Oath He'd Have My Life.

Copyright, 1888, by M. Witmark & Sons.

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Words by M. J. Cavanagh. Music by Isidor Witmark.

I'm perfectly bewildered, I'm not myself at all,
But like a man that's walking in a trance;
I'm in mortal dread of Reilly, who swears he'll have my life
The first time that I give him half a chance.
We were always thick as brothers till a week ago to-night,
When McCarthy gave the neighbors all a spree;
'Twas there began the trouble, for Reilly he got vexed
Be the way his wife was buckling up to me.

CHORUS.

He swears he'll stop at nothing short of murder,
And says I tried to lead his wife astray;
All night I dreamed of Reilly and his pistol,
Me heart is in me mouth throughout the day.
I didn't give him reason to be jealous,
Shure I was only joking with his wife, I'm as timid as a mouse;
I'm afraid to leave the house
Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my life.

Shure I lay it to drinkin', we were all a trifle full,
And Reilly's wife was settin' on my knee;
Then Reilly he got boilin' and swore 'twas not
The place an honest married woman ought to be.
We tried to pacify him, but he'd murder in his eyes,
And all our augufying was no use;
It took them all to hoult him, till I got out the dure,
If they'd let him up he would have cooked my goose.—CHO.

When Reilly's name is mentioned I tremble like a leaf,
With fright I'm growing thinner than a rail;
I had him twice arrested, but Reilly has a pull,
The politicians got him out of jail.
He has a big revolver that 'ud kill a Texas steer,
And night and day he's always on my track;
Me eyes are growin' crooked from keeping watch behind,
For fear that Reilly'd stab me in the back.—CHORUS.

MY SAILOR GIRL.

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

The ship is sailing o'er the main,
My heart is light as air;
I'm nearing home and friends again,
I soon will meet them there.
When, oh! across the deck now treads
A being fair to see,
Her tresses waving in the breeze,
My sailor girl so free.

CHORUS.

Ah! fain would I thus sail with thee
Across life's bounding sea;
'Neath sunny skies or dark'ning clouds,
My sailor girl, with thee.

Her jaunty sailor hat is placed
So saucily one side,
The stars upon her collar shine
And nestle there with pride;
Her dainty feet are bearing her
Now closely to my side,
Ah! pass me not, but with me stay
And o'er the billows ride.—CHORUS.

The land is reached, we step ashore,
My sailor girl and I;
We seek the little church near by,
The parson find to tie
The knot that binds us in the bonds
Of matrimony sweet,
And thus my sailor girl from then
As dearest wife I greet.

CHORUS.

Ah! fain will I thus sail with thee
Across life's bounding sea;
'Neath sunny skies or dark'ning clouds,
My sailor girl, with thee.

The Banks of the Schuylkill.

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On the banks of the Schuylkill so pleasant and gay,
There, blest with my true love, I spend the short day;
Where the sun shed his rays through the mulberry tree,
And the streams formed a mirror for my true love and me.

On the spot of clover we sat ourselves down,
Not envying the greatest of monarchs that's crowned;
My name in the sand with his fingers he drew,
And he swore by the stream he would ever prove true.

To which I beheld the gay pride of my fair,
I gazed on his face while he played with my hair;
He need not have told me his love with a sigh,
For the Schuylkill secures my dear fellow to me.

Oftimes he told me the stories of love,
He would sing me a song my affections to move,
My lips were solicited, my hand gently pressed,
On the banks of the Schuylkill Jesse was blessed.

"Whenever we leave this enchanting retreat,"
With blushes, says he, "when next shall me meet?"
"Next Sunday," he says, "if the weather proves clear,
On the banks of the Schuylkill, I'll meet you my dear,"

Now all these innocent pleasures are o'er,
The murmuring river can please me no more
Since the banks of the Schuylkill have lost all their charms,
And the soldiers have torn my dear boy from my arms.

But should ever I clasp him again to my heart,
No more shall my true love and I ever part;
No more shall the wars take my true love away,
And the banks of the Schuylkill shall ever be gay.

A BUDDHIST SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

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Oh, the battle it is over, and the stars are shining bright,
The moon shone on the dying and the dead;
Not a sound could be heard but the screach of some wild bird,
As it fluttered over the dying and the dead;
But on that field lay one who nobly fought that day,
His comrades, true to him, were standing by;
As with anger he cried his comrades gently sighed,
And with their hands they wiped away a tear.

CHORUS.

Then he whispered good-bye to his comrades so dear,
His head on his knapsack gently laid;
Should you live to get home you may tell them
That I am sleeping in a pretty soldier's grave.

Oh, don't you remember that dear old oak tree,
With my knife I cut my name out in the bark;
Oh, that dear old lonely spot it will never be forgot,
Though many miles I am from it now.
Oh, that dear old shady lane it will never be forgot,
There's where I used to meet the girl I love;
Oh, go tell her not to cry, I will meet her bye-and-bye
In a bright and better land above.—CHORUS.

CHINAMAN WASHEEMAN.

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Heigho mungo Chinaman, no likee foolee with you
Takee my washee, run away, me take my pistol,
Shoot Irish boy, heap sorry all time likee fight,
Catchee my pigtail pull heap hard, no think him all light.

CHORUS.

Savy your brother, your sister, your cousin,
Washee all time for him,
No likee pay me, washee all day,
Go back to Hong Cle Chin.

Me work all day in laundry, Ching, Chang, Chinaman
Fall in love with Irish girl, I think on my head I stand;
Three week we get married, get three, four little kid,
One go to China, others up chimney slid.—CHORUS.

YOU CAN IMAGINE THE REST.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Subjects for songs now are quite hard to find,
But think that I've got something new,
And if you will list my rhyming so crude,
I'll try to explain them to you.
If a man he sits down on a red-hot stove,
The heat of the stove he does test,
'Tis then he will jump in the air and exclaim—
You can imaging the rest.

When a man goes to bed on a hot Summer's night,
Surrounded by bricks and boot-jacks.
To bombard the Tom-cats, that continually fight,
With a candle, a pistol, an axe.
He begins to bombard them about twelve o'clock,
And disturbs his next door neighbor's rest,
'Till he opens the window and hollers 'cross the block—
You can imagine the rest.

When a young man gets married and steps on a tack,
He says things that he never heard at school,
He never goes out but stays home with his wife,
And the gang then call him a fool.
But when he'd been married about one year,
In fact, a little bit less,
'Tis then the doctor comes to him and says—
You can imagine the rest.

—"Say," said a city youth to a modest countryman, "got the hayseed out of your hair yet?" "Wall, I jedge not from the way the calves run arter me."

PHILADA. AGENCY.
J. B. HUBBS,
S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

What a Wonderful World It Would Be

By John S. Gray.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If we could imagine this world full of peace,
What a wonderful world it would be;
If troubles and trials, and quarrels should cease,
What a wonderful world it would be.
If we all could get wives without temper or flaw,
Who would not give us, club nights, so much of their jaw,
If we never had heard of our mother-in-law—
What a wonderful world it would be.

CHORUS.

What a wonderful world it would be, my boys,
What a marvelous world it would be,
If the mothers of wives would but sweeten our lives,
What a wonderful world it would be.

If girls lost their fancy for eating ice cream,
What a wonderful world it would be;
If busts and bustles were great as they seem,
What a wonderful world it would be.
If the ladies in street cars which one daily meets
Would but offer the gentlemen standing their seats,
In a tone and style which acceptance entreats,
What a wonderful world it would be.

CHORUS.

What a wonderful world it would be, my boys,
What a marvelous world it would be;
If the girls smoked cigars on the end of the cars,
What a wonderful world it would be.

If streets of New York were respectably clean,
What a wonderful world it would be;
If aldermen were not in Canada seen,
What a wonderful world it would be.
If that sort of office which seeks out the man
Would ensure he was built upon honesty's plan,
Or place him immediately under the ban—
What a wonderful world it would be.

CHORUS.

What a wonderful world it would be, my boys,
What a marvelous world it would be,
If we knew a man's faults ere with boodle he'd waltz,
What a wonderful world it would be.

If boarding-house keepers would buy better meat,
What a wonderful world it would be;
If their chickens were fit for a mortal to eat,
What a wonderful world it would be.
If the butter was weaker, the coffee more strong;
If the hash wasn't always decidedly wrong;
If they didn't put mail where it didn't belong—
What a wonderful world it would be.

CHORUS.

What a wonderful world it would be, my boys,
What a wonderful world it would be,
If their eggs weren't stale as the jokes told at Yale,
What a wonderful world it would be.

A LADY IN LOVE.

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Oh, they say from this valley you are going,
I shall miss your blue eye and bright smile;
And, alas! it will take all the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway for awhile.

Then consider well ere you leave us,
Do not hasten to bid us adieu,
But remember the dear little valley,
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Do you think of the home you are leaving,
How sad and how dreary 'twill be?
Do you think of the heart you are breaking,
Or the shadow it will cast over me?

I have waited a long time, my darling,
For the words that you never would say,
And at last all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they tell me you are going away.

THE GREEN WILLOW TREE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There was a ship that sailed from South America,
Kown by the name of the Green Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowlands, lowlands lowey,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

Short time had she been sailing, dauntless and free,
When there hove in sight a Turkish robery,
As she sailed in the lowlands, lowlands lowey,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

Up steps the captain, saying, what shall we do?
Yonder is a Turkish robery;
She will sink us in the lowlands, lowlands lowey,
Sink us in the lowlands low.

Forward there came one of the captain's boys,
Saying, what will you give to me
If I sink them in the lowlands lowey,
Sink them in the lowlands low?

I will give you gold and will then set you free,
Besides my youngest daughter your wedded wife to be,
If you will sink them in the lowlands lowey,
Sink them in the lowlands low.

At once he took the task and away swam he,
And soon reached the Turkish robery,
Where they had anchored in the lowlands lowey,
Anchored in the lowlands low.

He had a little instrument just fitted for the use,
With which he cut some gashes and let in a sluice,
As they lay at anchor in the lowlands lowey,
At anchor in the lowlands low.

Some with their hats and some with their caps,
All tried their best to stop those water gaps
As they were sinking in the lowlands lowey,
Sinking in the lowlands low.

His task being accomplished, back swam he,
And soon regained the Green Willow Tree,
Where she was sailing in the lowlands lowey,
Sailing in the lowlands low.

He hailed the captain—will you keep your word?
Will you lay to and take me on board?
Or will you sink me in the lowlands lowey,
Sink me in the lowlands low?

No, I will not be as good as my word,
I will not lay to and take you on board,
But I will sink you in the lowlands lowey,
Sink you in the lowlands low.

If it were not for the guards you have on board,
I'd leave you just the same, I would upon my word,
I would sink you in the lowlands lowey,
Sink you in the lowlands low.

His appeals were useless and away swam he,
Bidding an adieu to the Green Willow Tree,
As he was sinking in the lowlands lowey,
Sinking in the lowlands low.

I Wish I Were Single Again.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Once I was single and lived at my ease,
Now I am married with a husband to please,
Three little children, too, to maintain,
Oh, how I wish I were single again.

One crying, mama, I want some bread,
Another, papa, I want to go to bed;
Washing and dressing them, the daily dread,
While papa sits scolding and wishing he were dead.

Washing and ironing I also have to do,
And carding and spinning I well remember, too,
Sweeping the floor and going to the spring,
Oh, how I wish I was single again.

These young men they flirt about the town
As if they were worth a thousand pounds,
Searching their pockets, not a penny will you find,
And quite as empty is their mind.

When they first begin to love,
It's my darling, little turtle dove;
When they're married 'tis another song they sing—
Get to work, you good for nothing thing.

S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

MACKAFEE'S CONFESSION.

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Draw near, young men, and hear from me
My sad and dreadful history,
And may you ne'er forgetful be
Of all I this day tell to thee.

Before I had reached my fifth year,
My mother and my father dear
Were both laid in the silent grave
By Him whom to them being gave.

No more a mother's voice I heard,
No more a father's love I shared,
No more was I a parents' joy,
Only a poor helpless orphan boy.

But Providence, the orphan's friend,
A kind relief did quickly send,
And snatched from want and poverty
Poor little orphaned Mackafee.

Beneath a humble, friendly roof,
From want and danger far aloof,
Nine years was I most kindly reared,
And uncle's best affection shared.

But I was thoughtless, young and gay,
Would from good counsel turn away,
My dear, kind uncle oft would chide,
But I seemed never satisfied.

At length there came a fatal day
When from my home I ran away
And 'mong my other acts in life
I took unto myself a wife.

Oh, she was kind and good to me
As any woman need to be,
And still alive would be, no doubt
Had I not met Miss Hetty Stout.

'Twas on a pleasant Summer day
When Hetty stole my heart away,
My love for her controlled my will,
And prompted me my wife to kill.

The act was done one peaceful night,
Quiet reigned and the stars shone bright,
My wife reclining on the bed,
When I approached and to her said:

My love, here's medicine I've brought
For you which this day I have bought,
With confidence, it will cure you
Of those bad fits, pray, take it, do.

She gave to me a tender look,
Then straightway she the poison took;
And with her babe upon the bed
Down to her last long sleep she laid.

But fearing that she was not dead,
My hands upon her throat I laid;
A deep impression I did make,
And then her soul its flight did take.

'Twas then my heart was filled with woe,
And I cried out, where shall I go?
How can I leave this mournful place?
The world again how can I face?

Her body lies beneath the sod,
Her soul I trust is with her God,
And soon into eternity
My guilty soul will also be.

I'd freely give up all my store,
Had I ten thousand pounds or more,
If I again could bring to life
My dear, my darling, murdered wife.

Young men, learn this, be warned by me,
And shun all evil company,
Walk in the path of righteousness,
And God your lives will surely bless.

But now the morn is drawing nigh,
When from this earth my soul shall fly
To meet Jehovah at His bar,
And hear my final sentence there.

THE MILL BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My parents raised me tenderly,
Provided for me well,
And in the town of Lexington
They placed me in a mill.

'Twas there I spied a pretty maid,
On whom I cast my eye,
I promised that I'd marry her,
But she believed a lie.

Not long ago, remembered well,
Oh, fatal was that day,
The devil put it in my head
To take her life away.

I went to her sister's house,
'Twas at the hour of nine,
But little did the innocent think
She never would be mine.

I asked her would she take a walk,
Among the flowers so gay,
That she and I might have a talk
And appoint the wedding day.

So hand in hand we walked along
'Till we reached a quiet place,
When from a fence I took a stake
And smote her in the face.

Upon her bended knees she fell,
And loud for mercy cried,
She said, oh, do not murder me
I am not prepared to die.

I paid no heed to all her cries,
But smote her more and more,
'Till finally I took the life
Which I could not restore.

I grasped her by her lily white hand,
And to conceal my sin
I dragged her to the river side
And there I plunged her in.

Returning to the mill again,
I met one by the way
Who asked, what makes you look so pale?
You seem quite gone astray.

Pray, what's occasioned so much blood
Upon your hands and clothes?
To which I quickly did reply,
'Twas bleeding from the nose.

I hurried on and went to bed,
I sought to get some rest,
But, oh, it seemed a burning hell
Was raging in my breast.

Her body was searched for far and near,
But it could not be found;
At last a magistrate was called,
And I in prison bound.

Now all young people warning take,
And to your love prove true,
And then the devil will never get
The upper hand with you.

—"My son," said a father to a seven-year-old, hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she said I was just like my father."

—A Chicago boy who has been sitting up nights reading pirate stories, called his father to supper the other evening, bawling out: "What, ho, there, base craven! Come hither to thy vesperian hash." And when that father and that son came together, it sounded as if the butt had slipped off a twenty-foot fly-wheel.

THE DISCARDED LOVER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I went to church last Sunday
My true love passed me by,
I knew her mind was changing
By the movements of her eye.

My true love she is handsome,
Quite proper, neat and small,
In fact, she is very winsome,
The merriest girl of all.

Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
Her hair as black as a crow,
Her cheeks are red as roses
All in the morning glow.

She said if she ever married
That I should be the man,
Stand with her at the altar—
'Twas thus her answer ran.

But now she has broken that promise,
She may marry whom she will,
Tho' it leave my poor heart bleeding,
I can't help loving her still.

I wish I were in Dublin,
Or some other seaport town,
I'd go at once on shipboard
To sail the ocean up and down.

While sailing o'er the deep,
From home and friends afar,
My thoughts of lovely Molly
Would save me from despair.

Charles Guiteau's Confession.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all ye tender hearted
And listen unto me,
Give heed and pay attention
To this short history.
For the murder of James A. Garfield
I am condemned to die,
And on the 30th day of June
Must mount the scaffold high.

My name is Charles Guiteau,
A name I'll ne'er deny,
I leave my aged parents
In deepest grief to die.
They little thought that I,
While in my youthful bloom,
Would be taken to the scaffold
To meet so great a doom.

It was down by the depot
I tried to make my escape,
But Providence was against me,
And I found it was too late.
They marched me to the prison,
There to await my doom,
And to-day the grim scaffold
Will claim me for its own.

I tried to play insane,
But I found it would not do,
The people were against me,
And proved the plea untrue.
Judge Cox passed the sentence,
And the clerk wrote it down,
That on this the 30th day of June
I was to meet my doom.

My sister came to the prison
To take her last farewell,
She clasped her arms around my neck
And wept most bitterly.
Said she, my darling brother,
To-day you must surely die,
For the murder of James A. Garfield,
Upon the gallows high.

THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am looking rather seedy now, I'm holding down my claim,
While the victuals are not always cooked the best,
And the mice they play around as I lay me down to sleep
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.

CHORUS.

Oh, the hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass,
And the roof it lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry coyotes as they sneak thro' the grass,
By my little old sod shanty on the claim.

Yet I rather like the novelty of living in this way,
Though my bill of fare is always rather tame,
But I'm happy as a clam on the land of Uncle Sam,
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.—CHORUS.

When I left my Eastern home, so happy and so gay,
To try and mine myself to wealth and fame,
I little thought I'd come down to burning twisted hay
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.—CHORUS.

My clothes are getting rusty, I'm looking like a fright,
And everything is scattered here and there;
I wish that some of Barnum's men could get their eyes on me
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.—CHORUS.

Oh, if some kindly-hearted Miss would pity on me take,
And would come and aid me in my labors here,
The angels how they'd bless her if this her home she'd make,
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.—CHORUS.

And if heaven should smile upon us and drive away all care,
Would cheer our hearts with pride and fame,
Then I'd never feel regret for the years that I have passed
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.—CHORUS.

BARBARY ELLEN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In the early month of May,
When the green buds were swelling,
Sweet William lay on his death bed
For the love of Barbary Ellen.

He called unto his serving man
To go and get his gelding,
Make no delay till he got there,
And bring him Barbary Ellen.

He started off at top of speed
And reached her father's dwelling,
Sweet William sent me here for you,
If your name be Barbary Ellen.

Then very slowly she rose up
And remarked that she was going,
But all she said when she got there was,
Young man I think you are dying.

He turned his face toward the wall,
Yes, turned his back upon her,
Adieu, he said, to kind friends all,
And woe to Barbary Ellen.

Don't you remember last country day,
While at your table drinking,
You drank a health to the ladies all
And slighted Barbary Ellen?

As she was returning home
She heard the death bell ringing,
And oft she stopped and listened while
The mourners still kept coming.

It was to-day that sweet William died,
And I will die to-morrow;
Out of his grave there grew a red rose,
And out of Barbary's a briar.

They grew as high as a steeple top,
And could grow no higher,
When the two linked in a true love knot,
The rose wrapped 'round the briar.

NANCY DOWNY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Young friends, I pray you all draw near,
And a story you shall hear
Of a young damsel of some fame,
And Nancy Downy was her name.

In her sixteenth year she sought the Lord,
And daily read His holy word,
Each day and hour she sought to gain
His favor and did soon obtain.

To the church she then did go
And told them what she wished to do,
That the Lord had set her free,
And baptized she wished to be.

She went to see some friends one day,
And met a negro on the way,
Who with a knife and murderous art
Pierced poor Nancy near the heart.

The wretch, with this act not content,
Dragged her to the river's brink,
And as her body floated down,
All nature seemed for her to mourn.

She struggled hard and reached the land
Unaided, without helping hand,
And there upon the earth sat down,
The blood still streaming from her wound.

Her brother chanced to pass that way,
And when the horrid sight he saw,
He cried, oh, Lord, my sister's gone,
Where is the wretch this deed hath done?

With haste he bore her to her home,
Where friends and neighbors quickly come,
While aching hearts and throbbing brow
Attested how all felt the blow.

Poor Nancy lingered till next day,
And to the mourners she did say:
My dearest friends, weep not for me,
For I shall soon my Jesus see.

Though my poor body shall sink down
And moulder in the silent tomb,
My happy soul will mount above
To shout and sing redeeming love.

The Chestnut Broke My Heart.

By Willie Wildwave.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tune—"The Song that Reached my Heart."

I sat last night amid a throng of actors, oh, so grand,
And listened to the dizzy jokes they told in manner bland;
I listened to the chestnuts fall from each one in his way,
For some were rather ancient and did service many a day.
I heard again the plumber joke, also about the goat,
About the ancient Thomas cat, of his melodious throat;
But when they told the gag—that made the tear-drops start,
They told the joke of mother-in-law, the chestnut broke my heart.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
What is home without a mother-in-law?
The chestnut broke my heart.

I think I can never forget, the jokes were so hoary with age,
I think of the actors, I think of the gags, and my heart is filled
I read me all the almanacs for forty years or more [with rage;
And found the jokes told o'er again, time but added to the score.
Again I heard that rank cashiers to Canada had flown,
That Irishmen policemen were ere they left their native zone;
But when they told that ancient friend, I thought it very tart,
They told the joke of mother-in-law, the chestnut broke my heart.

—Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

THE BROADWAY SWELL AND BROOKLYN BELLE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I guess you'll wonder to see me
A walking down the street,
I would not do so, but I hope
A nice young girl to meet.
In a buggy through the town I drive,
That you must know full well,
And New York City could not thrive
Without this Broadway swell.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm a swell, you all know well,
The figure head of this young swell,
If you don't know, the folks will tell
That I am called the Broadway swell.

SHE—From Brooklyn I have just come over,
A nice young man to see,
I met him at the Central Park,
And he vowed that he loved me.
I guess you know him well enough,
For he's called the Broadway swell,
And I am known by all the folks
As the handsome Brooklyn belle.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm a belle, and you I tell
I dearly love this Broadway swell,
He is such a swell, and in love fell
With me, the handsome Brooklyn belle.

HE—She's here!
SHE—He's come!
HE—Good evening, Miss!
SHE—Good evening, sir, oh, dear!
HE—Pray, why that sigh? I'm sure that I
Won't harm you, never fear.
SHE—I'm glad to see you, sir, I'm sure,
My feelings none can tell.
HE—And be certain, Miss, that I adore
The charming Brooklyn belle.
SHE—Oh, I'm a belle—
HE—And I'm a swell—
BOTH—That we are so the folks will tell,
And we both love each other well,
Oh, I shall soon wed this { Broadway swell. / Brooklyn belle.

HE—Where'er we go the fashions we
Will set, you may depend.
SHE—I'll wear a little jocky hat,
Also the Grecian bend.
HE—So, kind friends, we must leave you now,
And hasten home, pell-mell.
SHE—The bands of wedlock soon
Shall bind this handsome Broadway swell.—CHORUS

THE GREEN FELLOW.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I will tell you of a fellow, of a fellow I have seen,
He is neither red nor yellow, but altogether green,
His name it is not handsome, it is only Charming Bill,
He wants me to have him, but I hardly think I will.

The night he came to see me he made so long a stay,
I really thought the gawky thing would never go away;
He told me of a cottage, a cottage 'mong the trees,
And what do you think, that foolish babe, dropped upon his knees.

The very deuce is in him, and he says if I refuse,
He will not live a minute, which doth me much amuse;
But the blessed bible teaches 'tis wrong for us to kill,
So I thought the matter over and I'll take him, yes, I will.

—Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "I have heard such a smart minister. He stamped and pounded, and made such a noise; and then he got so mad he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't any body that dared to get up and fight him."

MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, fare you well, my own true love,
Fare you well, my dear,
I am going away, but coming back again
If it be ten thousand miles away.

Ten thousand miles, my own true love,
Ten thousand miles, my dear,
I shall travel through Scotland, France and Spain
Ere I see your face again.

Oh, who will shoe your feet, my, dear?
And who will glove your hands?
Who will kiss those ruby lips
While I am in foreign lands?

I wish that I had never been born,
Or died when I was young,
For I cannot bear to be left alone
To weep for those who have gone.

Don't you see yon turtle dove
Flitting from vine to vine?
It is weeping for its own true love,
As I am weeping for mine.

If I should prove false to you
Ere again I do return,
May the sun melt the rocks, the moon cease to shine,
And may the wild sea burn.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all young men, pray give attention
To this sad story here portrayed;
'Tis all quite true as I make mention,
Concerning a fair and beautious maid.

A young man courted this maiden fair,
He loved her as his life,
And oftimes to her he did declare
He would make her his wedded wife.

When his parents were aprised of this,
They resolved it should not be,
They said, you cannot have this maid,
She is too poor for thee.

Upon his bended knees he sought
Their favor to obtain,
For the girl was all the world to him,
And her hand he would gain.

When to her knowledge these facts came,
She quick resolved that life
Had no more charms, and wandered forth
To end all earthly strife.

She went down by the flowing stream,
And for death did prepare,
She said for her there was no hope,
She was in deep despair.

She then drew forth a dagger keen,
And with it pierced her breast,
She reeled and fell, as she exclaimed,
My love, I'm going to rest!

Her lover chanced to be quite near,
And thought he heard her cry,
He ran to her like one distraught,
Oh, love, I fear you will die.

He gently raised her bleeding form,
And held her in his arms,
Alas! too true, nor gold nor friends
Could give life to those charms.

Her coal black eyes like stars did ope,
She says, "You've come too late,
Prepare to meet me, where I hope
Our joys will be complete.

He seized the dagger from the ground
And pierced it through his heart:
From this may you a warning take,
Who would two lovers part.

No Home to Shelter Her.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Poor little innocent, hungry and desolate,
Tramping unheeded the great busy street;
Little head bowed with an air so disconsolate,
Summer seems blist'ring her poor little feet.
List to the voice that so sweetly and mournfully
Begs from the stranger a pittance of bread;
Treat not the poor little beggar so scornfully,
No home to shelter her poor little head.

CHORUS.

Lifeless she lay, but her spirit so beautiful
Enters the gate of the City of Pearl,
Old mother earth, to her children so dutiful,
Takes to her bosom the poor beggar girl.

Winter winds howling and moaning so fearfully,
Pierce thro' the rags that scarce cover her form;
Bright homes that smile upon others so cheerfully,
Heed not the little one out in the storm.
Cold, sleety rains fall upon her so chillingly,
Dyeing with purple her poor little hands;
She would partake of thy bounty most willingly,
Proud hearted owner of money and lands.—CHORUS.

Poor little darling, forsaken and motherless,
Timidly knocking at each stately door,
Pity the child, she is sisterless, brotherless,
Angel of charity, pity the poor.
Down on the pavements she sinks in her weariness,
Only a snow bank to pillow her head,
Morning will break in its cold, bitter dreariness
On the poor beggar girl, frozen and dead.—CHORUS

Where Did You Get That Face?

By Willie Wildwave.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tune—"Where Did You Get that Hat?"

Now I come from old Ireland,
The county of Kilkenny,
Born of honest parents,
Who left me not a penny;
But I am strong and hearty,
Though beauty's left no trace,
I'm troubled by the query:
"Where did you get that face?"

CHORUS.

Where did you get that face?
Where did you get that mug?
Isn't it a handsome one?
We'll put it in the jug.
I would like to have one
For a six-day race,
When I go out, they're sure to shout:
Where did you get that face?

If I take in a baseball game,
And sit upon the stand,
The crowd begin to stare at me,
The mascot is at hand;
But if the home club lose that day,
That is no place to be,
They swear that Jonah queered the boys,
And then they'll shout at me:—CHORUS.

Now at a masquerade last week
I was feeling jolly,
I had my sweetheart by my side,
My own darling Molly,
At 12 o'clock they all unmasked,
Of course, I did the same,
When all began to laugh at me,
I heard one girl exclaim:—CHORUS.

—A lassie wrote to a young man she had taken a fancy to, "Come and meet me in the gloaming, John," and when the time came John wasn't there. He subsequently explained that he couldn't find such a place.

THE INDEPENDENT LOVERS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas a lonely scene in Winter,
With chilling frost and snow,
Dark clouds around me hovered,
And stormy winds did blow.

I went to see my true love,
She acted scornfully,
I asked her if she'd marry,
But she would not answer me.

The birds would sing more sweetly,
And everything combine
To make my joys the greater
If you were only mine.

The time quite late is growing,
'Tis almost break of day,
I'm waiting for an answer,
Come, love, what do you say?

The answer I must give you is,
I choose a single life,
I never thought it suited
For me to be your wife.

I'll take that for an answer,
And you for yourself provide,
I'll choose another lover,
While you'll be put aside.

But a short time did elapse
Ere this lady's mind did change,
And she wrote me a letter,
Saying, she felt much ashamed.

If e'er again I slight you,
I'll ne'er see you more,
So here's my hand and here's my heart,
Come claim them as of yore.

I wrote her a letter,
And sent it with much speed,
Saying, oh, I once did love you,
Yes, loved you true indeed.

But now my mind has changed,
I have looked another way,
Upon a fairer damsel,
Who doth my heart now sway.

This world is large and widely
With many people filled,
And where there's one won't marry
There's always one who will.

THE IRISH GIRL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I walked out one evening
Down by the river side,
And as I cast my eyes around
An Irish girl I spied.

Round and rosy were her cheeks,
Coal black was her hair,
And costly was the jewelry
This Irish girl did wear.

The tears came trickling down her cheeks
As she began to cry,
My love has gone to Ireland
And has forsaken me.

I wish I were in Ireland
Partaking of good cheer,
A glass of wine within my hand,
And by side my dear.

How hard it is to love
And not be loved again,
For love it is a treach'rous thing—
Did you ever feel the pain?

LOVE, HENRY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Get down, get down, love, Henry, said she,
And stay all night with me,
There's a chair for you and a chair for me,
And a candle burning free.

I can't get down, little Margaret, said he,
Nor stay all night with thee,
For my own parents in Scotland
Are waiting to welcome me.

As he leaned over the horn of the saddle
And was taking kisses free,
She, with a small knife in her hand,
Did pierce him savagely.

Ride on, ride on, love, Henry, said she,
Ride on beneath the sun,
And see if you any physician can find
To cure a deadly wound.

I won't ride on, little Margaret, said he,
Ride on beneath the sun,
For there is no physician to be found
Who can cure a deadly wound.

There in my room doth lie a dead man,
Some one come take him away,
I murdered him for being false to me,
So bury him quick as you may.

Some took him by his long yellow hair,
Some took him by his feet,
And they threw him into a wide, wide well,
Full many a fathom deep.

Lie there, lie there, love, Henry, said she,
Till the flesh drops from your bones,
I think that your parents in Scotland
Will not soon welcome you home.

She turned herself around about
And gazed upon the leaves,
And there she spied a pretty bird
Flitting among the trees.

Fly down, fly down, little parrot, said she,
And sit all night on my knee,
Your cage shall be lined with golden beads,
And hung on a willow tree.

I won't fly down, little Margaret, said he,
Nor sit all night on your knee,
For I've seen you murder your own true love,
And soon you might murder me.

If I but had my arrow and bow,
And if I had my string,
I would shoot right through that pretty breast
That shines so bright and green.

If you but had your arrow and bow,
And if you had your string,
I would soar so high up in the air
That you never would see me again.

SWEET WILLIAM.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

To meeting, to meeting go I,
To meet sweet Willie, coming so nigh,
To meet him is pleasure and parting is grief,
An inconstant lover is worse than a thief.

A thief he will rob you and take all you have,
An inconstant lover send you to your grave,
In the grave you will moulder and be turned to dust,
Oh, where is the young man a poor girl can trust?

Come all ye fair maids, take warning by me,
Never place your affections on a green willow tree,
The leaves they will wither, the body soon die,
If I am forsaken I know not for why.

If I am forsaken he is surely foresworn,
When he thinks I am weeping, when he thinks I do mourn,
But to kill myself grieving that never will do,
Altho', my sweet William, 'tis all for you.

THE TENNESSEE BOYS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, Tennessee boys, I tell you
Our fate is awful but 'tis true,
The North and South once wore a yoke,
But now the tie is forever broke.

It was in the year of sixty-one
Those bloody battles first begun,
So you, the boys of Tennessee,
Into action soon must be.

But, oh, my boys, to see you start,
Leaving behind many a broken heart,
Leaving your wives and sweethearts dear,
Filled with grief and many a tear.

Your country called, and with might and main
You bravely marched through mud and rain;
From your good homes you were debarred
Many a cold night while standing guard.

But, alas! alas! my boys, we learn
The scale with you was forced to turn,
For on Thursday morn at break of day
Our orders to march away.

To the battle-field you did fly,
Where many a noble and brave did die;
There, stained with blood, did gain a name
For lofty courage and goodly fame.

We fought them bravely till Saturday night,
And had the Yankees put to flight,
But, alas! the North it sent a shower
Which did our army overpower.

The flag of surrender soon came up,
Which was to you a bitter cup,
And then you heard your general say,
Lay down your arms, they have gained the day.

There on the banks of Cumberland
Lay the bodies of ten thousand men;
Many of them quite helplessly,
While some from wounds were doomed to die.

Oh, may the God of heaven above
Look down on all you in love,
And send you back to those you adore,
To live in peace forevermore.

AN ORPHAN.

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Oh, will you hear my mournful story,
All my friends are dead and gone,
Father is no more, nor mother,
I am an orphan left alone.

Brothers I have none, nor sisters,
All forever from me gone,
They have left this world of sorrow,
I am an orphan left alone.

Mother said to me while dying,
When her breath was almost gone,
Dearest daughter, trust in Jesus,
You are an orphan left alone.

Take this bible to your bedside,
Read and for your sins atone,
Ask the Saviour to forgive you,
You are an orphan left alone.

When at last her eyes were closed,
And her corpse lay in the tomb,
My eyes rested but on strangers,
I was an orphan left alone.

Oftimes to her grave I've wandered,
Praying for my time to come
When I, too, may lie beside her,
Ne'er again to be alone.

—"I never got trusted for a hat," said a spendthrift, "because I should then feel as though I was in debt over head and ears."

POLLY GOLD.

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Give ear to me, ye sons of men,
Why stand gazing 'round my bed?
You all must go as well as I,
And slumber 'mong the silent dead;
Tho' now in health you were born to die
And turn to dust as well as I

When from my Maker's hands I came,
The seeds of death were in me sown;
Now without murmur or sigh,
Oh, may the moments quickly fly,
When welcome death shall set me free
My Saviour, dear, I long to see.

Farewell, my father, fond and near,
You have I loved with all my heart,
Farewell, my mother, doubly dear,
For you and I must shortly part;
My days are spent, my years are run,
Remember me when dead and gone.

Farewell, my brothers, one and all,
Farewell, my little sisters, too,
My hands are cold, my cheeks are pale,
And I must bid you all adieu,
Come, Jesus, I'll not linger more,
I long to reach your peaceful shore.

Farewell, young people, farewell all,
From death's alarm no age is free,
Remember 'tis a warning call,
Prepare to follow after me;
The wise, the unwise and the brave
Must try the cold and silent grave.

Farewell, my neighbors, fond and free,
The few short hours are hastening on
When you will say, concerning me,
That Polly Gold is dead and gone;
The same will soon be said of you,
Therefore a righteous path pursue.

The Lord Almighty, just and true,
'Tis He who has the right to reign,
He made and sent me unto you
'Till he should call for me again;
He has the right to take His own,
Oh, praise Him for His Son.

Now she is gone from realm of pain,
Her voice is heard no more on earth,
Her dust returns to dust again,
She has received a heavenly birth;
Her immortal soul has flown
To put eternal glory on.

THE LOSS OF HIS DEAR.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I walked out one evening I chanced to hear
A young man lamenting the loss of his dear;
A young man lamenting, and this was his cry
I am sorely tormented, for love I shall die.

My love she doth slight me because I am poor,
I'll work to maintain her, what can I do more?
The king could but love her, and I'll do the same,
I'll own her my mistress, my own darling flame.

When I sit beside her she is angry with me,
And when I talk to her she says I'm too free,
When I say nothing she rakes me amain,
And surlily says to me, go back as you came.

I'll wind up my ditty, I'll finish my song,
Here's a health to those proud girls to whom wealth belong;
I'll hug them and kiss them be they ever so mean,
'Tis an old saying and a true one, a new broom sweeps clean.

—An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addresses the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

COLONEL SHARP.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come, gentlemen and ladies, and listen unto me,
About a sad transaction which I will sing to thee;
'Tis of a brave young lawyer that lived in Kentucky state,
And a true lover upon whom he patiently did wait.

She said that she would marry him if he would avenge her heart
Of an injury that had been done her by one named Colonel Sharp;
She said that he had wronged her and brought her spirit low,
And without satisfaction no pleasure could she know.

He said, my loving sweetheart, that's pleasing talk to me,
To kill a man that's injured you I truly do feel free,
For I never could expect you to become my wife,
Unless I would protect you and surely take his life.

He made his preparations and unto Frankfort went,
To kill this valiant colonel it was his full intent;
He took him out to one side and gave to him a knife,
But Sharp said I can't fight you if this lady be your wife.

He made a great endeavor to see him the next day,
And hunted over Frankfort, but Sharp had gone away;
He then returned unto his love and told her what he had done,
And they together both agreed to let him longer run.

Within a few months after this couple they were wed,
And then came thoughts of the colonel more strongly in their head;
He said, I'll kill him secretly, then to my love I'll return,
When we'll betake ourselves from here, in some other land sojourn.

She made a mask of black silk and put it on his head,
That he might seem a negro as to the deed he sped;
He moved along quite cautiously to get to Colonel Sharp,
Then called him from his bedchamber and stabbed him to the heart.

The lawyer made good his escape unto his loving wife,
And told her how successfully he'd taken the colonel's life;
"As no one saw me do it and I made such haste to run,
They cannot prove against me the deed that I have done."

She said, "My loving husband, you did just as you please,
You've relieved me from much trouble and set my heart at ease,
It is great satisfaction for what the colonel done,
And now we shall be happier, my best love you have won."

But justice followed on his track, they took him back again,
Which turned the lady's happiness and pleasure into pain;
He was tried by judge and jury, and guilty he was found,
Then taken to the prison house and in it he was bound.

Oh, my dear old father, do not troubled be,
And you, my tender mother, give way to grief for me,
For the laws of old Kentucky say that I must surely die,
And leave my friends and kindred to meet my destiny.

And you, my own, my dearest wife, come stay awhile with me,
For soon I shall be called away into eternity;
May heaven kindly bless you while here on earth you stay,
And all my friends protect you and help you on your way.

She cried, "My dear, good husband, how can it ever be?
And this our greatest trouble was caused by me;
I always will be with you while on this earth you stay,
And when the horrid deed is done, lie with you in the clay."

She had prepared a trusty knife, and made it very sharp,
And while they thus together talked she stabbed it to her heart,
Then gave it to her husband to follow the same course,
But as he made a second thrust she warded off its force.

The hour was drawing on apace, the execution near,
While in his arms close folded he held the wife so dear,
Bewailing the sad fortune which had become her part,
While steadily the life blood was flowing from her heart.

At last the appointed hour arrived—he from the gallows swung,
And all around his friends deplored the crime that he had done;
Had been the cause of misery to all in him concerned,
To prove his tenderness to her for whom his bosom yearned.

—An up-town man who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every evening, and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be whether a woman could be expected to get along without a Spring hat, he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen he had climbed up in the hayloft, and was pulling the ladder up after him.

The Dying Soldier of Cerro Gordo.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

On Cerro Gordo's bloody height
A wounded soldier lay,
Cut down amid that fearful fight,
Far from his friends away.
Far from his home, his native land,
Beneath a foreign sky,
No mother pressed his dying hand,
No sister closed his eye.

He called a comrade to his side
To take his last request,
Ere yet was spent the vital tide
That trickled from his breast.
Adieu, my faithful friend, adieu,
The fatal hour is nigh,
Dark, misty shadows cross my view,
My time has come to die.

But ere I spend my latest breath
I have a word to say,
A word from a true heart in death
To loved ones far away.
I wish long after I am laid
Beneath the silent dust,
My dying message may be told—
With you I leave the trust.

Go tell my mother not to weep,
My sisters not to mourn,
That on a hostile shore I sleep,
From their embraces torn;
That I did not repent the day
I was for my country tried,
But like a soldier I had fought,
And like a soldier died.

Go tell the maiden that I love,
The darling of my heart,
That we shall meet again above,
There never more to part.
Tell her that on the battle field
I breathed my latest sigh,
And prayed that heaven may be her shield
Until we meet on high.

He ceased, and paler grew his cheek,
And fainter was his breath,
His feeble tongue no more could speak,
His form grew cold in death.
Far from home, his native land,
Beneath those foreign skies,
No mother clasped his dying hand,
No sister closed his eyes.

Two on Earth and Two in Heaven.

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Two on earth, their little feet
Fall like sunbeams 'round the door;
Two in heaven whose lips repeat
Words of blessing evermore.
Two on earth, at close of day
Softly sink to cradled rest;
Two in heaven, more blest than they,
Slumber on an angel's breast.

Two with crowns of budding flowers
Dance the Summer skies beneath;
Two in heaven's unfading bowers
Wear the glory like a wreath.
Two on earth whose merry call
Stirs my heart to gladness now;
Two in heaven whose kisses fall
Through the silence on my brow.

Oft I gaze with tearful eyes
When the churchyard daisies bloom,
Oft my prayers are only sighs,
Yearning for my children gone.
Yet I know an angel hand
Led them home in tender love,
Mine is sure a blest band,
Two on earth and two above.

A Mothers Appeal to Her Boy.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Henry F. Smith.

A mother was bidding good-bye to her boy,
He was going to leave her that morn;
'Twas hard to depart from the ones that he loved,
And the humble cot where he was born.
He treasured the parting advice that she gave,
With the love that a mother can feel;
In vain he endeavored his tears to restrain,
As he heard his fond mother's appeal:-

CHORUS.

"Be faithful and fearless, devoted and true,
Be manly in sorrow or joy;
In trials remember 'tis darkest ere dawn,
Was a mothers appeal to her boy.

The years glided by, and he wandered afar,
Often like a lone exile he'd roam;
In moments of sorrow his heart would be cheered,
When he thought of his mother at home.
She always said, "Boy, never yield to despair,
There's no pleasure without its alloy;"
They never more met, but he never more forgot
The appeals she made to her boy:—CHORUS.

Have You Seen My Girl?

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I've lost the girl that I adore,
Have you seen her?
Honest, though she's rather poor,
Have you seen her?
This timid maid she got mislaid
While out the other day,
And as I go along the street,
I shout out all the way:

CHORUS.

She's a great, big, tall girl,
On her chin she's got a dimple,
Rare, fair, square girl,
On her nose she's got a freckle.
Perhaps gone this morn,
I tell you she's a pearl,
But all I want to know is,
Have you seen my girl?

I've printed bills to give away,
Have you seen her?
I'm shouting for her night and day,
Have you seen her?
If you should meet her in the street,
You'll tell this little maid,
Is that young lady I can't find,
Who's stolen, lost or mislaid.—CHORUS.

She is a most peculiar elf,
Have you seen her?
She's lost her senses and herself,
Have you seen her?
If she's committed suicide,
Or in the jail should be,
You'll know by these directions, that—
The girl belongs to me.—CHORUS

In vain for my sweetheart I sigh,
Have you seen her?
And that is why I often cry,
Have you seen her?
You'd never miss her in a crowd,
Unless you are a flat,
You're bound to know the lady,
For the simple reason that—CHORUS.

—A tradesman told a youth in his shop to write in large letters on a sheet of paper. "Wanted, a stout lad as light porter." The young scapegrace, either from ignorance or design, wrote, "Wanted, a stout lad as likes porter."

I Had Nothing Else to Do.

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'Twas a pleasant Summer morning,
Just a day one could enjoy,
When I waked and looked out early,
Thinking how my time to employ.
In such fine and bracing weather
I don't care for work do, you?
So I went to see my sweetheart
As I'd nothing else to do.

Off I started through the meadows,
Where the dew beads pearled the spray,
And responsive to the song birds
I kept singing all the way.
Quite surprised she was to see me
Come so early there to woo,
But I said I'd just walked over
As I'd nothing else to do.

Then we rambled forth together
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While so gently stirred the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And whene'er our conversation
Languished for a word or two,
Why, of course, I gently kissed her
As I'd nothing else to do.

But before the day was over
I had quite made up my mind,
That I'd pop the question to her
If her heart to me inclined.
So I whispered, sweet, my darling,
Will you have me?—yes, or no!
Well, said she, perhaps I may, sir,
When I've nothing else to do.

THE SAILOR BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A sailor's is a grand old life,
But many are lost in the billows' strife,
It causes many to weep and mourn
The loss of their sailor ne'er to return.

Dark is the color of my true love's hair,
His cheeks near the hue of a lily fair;
If ever he returns it will give me great joy,
For none can I love but my dear sailor boy.

Oh, father, father, please build me a boat
In which over the ocean I may float,
And of every ship that I pass by
I'll inquire concerning my sailor boy.

As she sailed forth across the main
She spied a ship just coming from Spain,
She hailed the captain as he drew nigh,
And of him inquired for her sailor boy.

Captain, captain, tell me true,
Does my dear William sail with you?
Tell me quick, it will give me great joy,
For none can I love but my dear sailor boy.

Oh, no, oh, no, he is not here,
He is drowned in the gulf, my dear,
Below the rocky island as we passed by,
There we left your true love lie.

She steered her boat against the rock,
For her poor heart was almost broke,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
She was indeed in great despair.

Oh, father, father, dig my grave,
Make it as deep as the surging wave,
Place on my breast a turtle dove,
That the world may know I died for love.

—It takes thirty men a month to make a camel's hair shawl. But lovely woman never thinks of that as she throws it over her shoulders and asks her husband if it looks well behind.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

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I once knew a little girl,
I loved her as my life,
Would freely give my heart and hand
And make her my own wife.

I told her I'd be hers,
Forever to remain,
But the answer that she gave we was,
You shall not come again.

I took her by the hand
And led her to the door,
I placed my arms around her neck
And then asked her once more.

She turned and looked upon me
With much scorn and disdain,
And still the answer she gave me was,
You shall not come again.

I then did go away,
Was gone a month or more,
When she wrote me a letter, saying,
Oh, do come once more.

I wrote her a reply
In words of proud disdain,
Reminding her she'd told me
I shouldn't come again.

She wrote me another letter,
Much love it did contain,
Asking me to forget she had said
I shouldn't come again.

I finally replied,
And told her very plain,
Such fickleness as she displayed
Wouldn't bring me back again.

Now, maidens, take this lesson,
If your lovers you'd retain,
Be true to them, and where'er they be
They'll return to you again.

Send That Wagon Home, John.

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When the old hoss dies and the harness gives out,
Send that wagon home, John;
That it's good and stout, I never had a doubt,
Send that wagon home.
Oh, the wheels am old, but good and tough,
Send that wagon home, John;
For your mother and I it am plenty good enough,
Send that wagon home.

CHORUS.

Send that wagon home,
For it will hold us all;
You used to ride about in it
When you were young and small.
Your mother sat beside me
When we to the parson roamed;
In that old cart I won her heart,
John, send that wagon home.

If you mean to help the old folks along,
Send that wagon home, John;
Your mother am old and she aint strong,
Send that wagon home.
She can ride to church, and drive all 'round,
Send that wagon home, John;
On market days she can ride to town,
Send that wagon home.—CHORUS.

It was clean and neat when it was new,
Send that wagon home, John;
The wheels were red, and the box was blue,
Send that wagon home.
The paint am gone, but it's jes as good,
Send that wagon home, John;
It's made of ash and old oak wood,
Send that wagon home.—CHORUS.

THE PURE TESTIMONY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The pure testimony, set forth in the spirit,
Cuts like a sharp, a two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they are condemned by the word;
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
And wicked professors make light of the cross,
And Babylon trembles from fear of her loss.

Has not the time come for churches to gather
Into the one and true spirit of God,
Baptized by one spirit, all in one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh in His innocent blood?
They drink in one spirit which makes them to see
They are one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

The pure testimony will not persecute them,
But ever will hold them the same as their own,
The pure testimony cries out separation
And causes you still your lives to lay down.
Come out from your spirit, from your practices, too,
The track af your Saviour keep well in view,
And the pure testimony will cut its way through.

Then sound the loud trumpet for pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again and again,
Come all ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
And straightway your path take over the plain;
Come, wash your robes white in the blood of the Lamb,
Come walk in the spirit as Jesus has done,
And aught but pure testimony you will overcome.

The battle is near between the two kingdoms,
The armies are gathering mighty and strong,
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close quarters and conflict ere long.
Then gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord,
And he will protect you by his living word,
The word of the spirit will cut like a sword.

The great prince of darkness is must'ring his forces
To capture and make you his prisoner again,
By vile persecutions and sland'rous reproaches,
That you in his cause may forever remain;
Then shun his temptations wherever their sway,
Have no fear of his servants whatever they say,
And the pure testmony, will give you the day.

KING AND POET.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

A poet stood by a palace gate,
And saw the king pass by in state,
His crown upon his head;
But myriad crowns can never buy
A poets songs, that never die,
When poet and king are dead.

A poet's song is like the rose—
We know not how it comes or goes,
Fair nature's sweet surprise;
A breath of color and perfume,
A waif of love's exotic bloom,
Bloom out of Paradise.

The poet stood by the palace gate,
No wealth had he, or rank or state,
But only the voice to sing;
His song swept up with its mighty powers,
And circled above the palace towers,
Like an eagle on the wing.

The king leaned over to catch the strains
That drifted in through the purple panes
And silenced the mighty throng;
A sweet sense thrilled through the hearts of all,
And the poet was king in the palace hall
By the royalty of song.

—A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country and asked, "Who is the master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; "My wife has been dead about three weeks."

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That 'ere Tennyson
Voting for school committee
When Greek meets Greek
Widder Green's last words
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What he didn't want
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Exiles, The
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Father O'Flynn
Father Phil's subscription list
Goliath and David
Her cake was dough
Irish philosopher, The
Irish Lochinvar, The
Illegant affair at Muldoon's, The
Irishman's perplexity, An
Irish astronomy
Irish Excelsior, The
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Dorkins' night
Der baby
Dot baby off mine
Dying soldier
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Leedle Yawcob Strauss
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Lips that touch liquor must
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Moneyless man
Mule stood on the steamboat
Maniac [deck
Mother's fool
Maud Muller in Dutch
Miss Maloney on the Chinese
Mahoney's Fenian cat [question
No sect in heaven
Nobody's mule
Nobody's child
Old man in the model church
O'Reilly's billy goat
Over the hills to the poor-house
Old sayings
Old oaken bucket
'Ostler Joe
Only a girl
Polish boy
Please don't sell my father rum
Raven
Richmond on the James
Rory of the hill
Romance of a hammock
Sheridan's ride
Somebody's darling
Somebody's mother
Schneider's ride
Song of the shirt
Smack in school
Shamus O'Brien
Schneider's little boy
Twenty years ago
Tramp
That hired girl
Virginius
Wolf at the door
Why should the spirit of mortal
Which shall it be [be proud
What I would do for her
What is life
What became of a lie
Wreck of the Hesperus
What I live for
When McGee's nine played the
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Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
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Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
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Brennen on the moor
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Home rule for Ireland [halls
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Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
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Lament of the Irish emigrant
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Minstrel boy
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Meeting of the waters
Moline, darling
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Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Sharpus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
Wearing of the green
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Bowld sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Heenan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Beneeia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
Where McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Colher's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot water-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary hat got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Maclame's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
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Stowaway
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Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
Shacob's lament
Sign-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
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Ballad of the Rhine
Bender pays a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Dot behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der night pehind Ghristmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot stumporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don'd can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [sholls
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's barty
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Leah
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
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Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Avenging and bright
Are you with us, Casey?
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Cruiskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true

Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It showered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old duddeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible

Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Mister Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those angle days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
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Well, now, is it possible that at last I have found what I've so long sought? It is like drawing a prize in a lottery. Who knows but what this really is the true Stepping Stone to my future fortune? This is for you. It will lead you to something that is just as sure to pave your way to fortune as that you now exist. A bright future is yours if you only stretch out your hand and grasp the Golden Key that unlocks the Vault that opens to your astonished gaze the hidden treasure.

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Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Der)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar du führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deaner geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Aer sein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Bier
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ja mein
Muder (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Gildeli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeilselein
Der liebste Bube, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Wenn i leb in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Ernst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich hat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig lieb
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Roe
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out!
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamvoat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Those are so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [own
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
215 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river —ou and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarty!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alice
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Bay
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of earth
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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THAT SINNER, BETSY.

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Young people who delight in sin
A warning take from what has been,
A poor young woman lately died,
Who quickly dropped from wealth and pride.

She'd go to frolics, dance and play,
In spite of all her friends could say:
"I will be good when I get old,
And then my sins may not be told."

One early morning she took sick,
Her stubborn heart began to ache,
"Alas! alas! my days are spent,
And now 'tis too late to repent."

She called her mother to her bed,
Her eyes were rolling in her head,
"Mother, dear, do pray for me,
I'm passing to eternity."

"And you, dear father, fare thee well,
Your daughter Betsy's doomed to hell"—
She closed her eyes, this world all dark,
And to another did depart.

Come ye young people, warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake,
Turn to your God, or you must die
And sink to all eternity.

MY GOOD-LOOKING MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all you pretty fair maids, of courage brave and true,
I will teach you how to happy live, and avoid all troubles, too;
And if you live a wedded life, now plainly understand,
And don't you ever fall in love with all good-looking men.

When I was sixteen years of age, a damsel in my prime,
I daily thought on wedded life, and how I'd be at the time;
I daily thought on wedded life, its pleasures I did scan,
And I sighed and sobbed, both night and day, to get a nice young man.

My wish, it seems, too soon I got, for one Sunday afternoon,
As home from church I gaily tripped, I met a fair gossoon;
He looked so fine about the face, to win him I made a plan,
And that very day I set my cap for that good-looking man.

Again, by chance, as out I stepped to take a pleasant roam,
I met this handsome gentleman, who wished to see me home;
I'd fain say no, but it was no use, to go with me was his plan,
So to my home I walked along with my good-looking man.

He said to me, as on we walked: My dear and only love,
If with me you'll consent to wed, I will ever constant prove;
I'll ever be a husband kind and do the best I can,
So my heart and hand I then did give to my good-looking man.

That night was fixed for us to wed—he bid me have all cheer—
He gently pressed me to his breast, saying: Oh, my Mary dear!
He gently pressed me to his breast—to the parson's house we ran,
And there I tied that dreadful knot with that good-looking man.

It was scarce a week, when married I was, one Sunday afternoon,
The day went by, the night came on, off went the honeymoon;
My gent walked out—so did I—for to watch him was my plan,
When soon a flashy girl I saw with my good-looking man.

At once a thought came in my head to entrap my faithless swain,
So quickly I did gain on him, and followed on his tram;
It was then and there I heard him swear his love for her ouran,
The closest ties for any maid—"Oh, what a nice young man!"

They kissed and toyed, and tales of love to her he then did tell,
Thinks to myself, now is the time to serve you outright well;
He did not me at all espy, so to my home I ran,
And there sat down to anxiously wait for my good-looking man.

The clock was just striking ten, when my gentleman he walked in,
I gently said: My William, dear, where hast thou so long been?
I have been to church, my love, said he—Oh! this I could not stand,
So the rolling pin I did let fly at my good-looking man.

I blacked his eyes, I tore his hair, in ribbons I tore his clothes,
I then took up the poker and laid it across his nose;
He just looked like a chimney-sweep, as out the door he ran,
And never a lady loved again with my good-looking man.

Now, you married folks, take my advice, high and low degree,
When a rakish husband you do get, pitch into him like me;
When I found out I was deceived, it was my only plan
To disfigure the handsome countenance of my good-looking man.

He Never Deserted a Friend.

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Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

'Tis an Irishman's glory, an Irishman's pride,
That thro' ages of sorrow and strife
He has never deserted the love of his land,
But loved it far better than life.
His thoughts are in Erin, that speck on the wave,
Altho' in a far foreign clime;
And tho' 'tis but nature to think of his own,
Yet some there are call it crime.

CHORUS.

He never deserted a friend,
Nor turned his back on a foe,
You'll find him the same, light-hearted and free,
Wherever you may go.
Eviction has scattered his race
In every land upon earth;
You may rob him of home, of all that is dear,
But he still loves the land of his birth.

Can you see either honor or justice in laws
Which take a man's birthright away?
For the Irishman fights other's battles abroad,
He gets nothing but sneers for his pay.
There is not a spot in the civilized world
That the Irishman cannot be seen;
And no law ever passed can ever make him forget
His own little island of green.—CHORUS.

Thank heaven, when enemies have done him their worst,
And forced him over the foam,
'Neath the sheltering folds of the stars and stripes
He always is sure of a home.
Where the grip of the landlord no more can be felt,
Where no longer eviction can be,
For the moment he stands on American soil,
"Thank God," he can say, "I am free!"—CHORUS.

In America, land of the brave and the free,
Whose flag is the terror of foes;
The Irishman meets with both friends and respect,
And his mind is at rest and repose.
Sure the day can't be distant when Ireland is loosed
From the bull-dog that grips at her throat;
When her old flag of green, with the sunburst and hrp,
From every hill side shall float.—CHORUS

I Am King Over the Land and the Sea

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Words and Music by Will L. Thompson.

I am king over the land and the sea,
My power reaches out o'er the realm;
The good ship of state never fears of her fate
When my hand rests secure at the helm.
My subjects are slaves to my own gracious will,
I am king of the bond and the free;
Come and go at my call, for I am ruler of all,
Hail the king o'er the land and the sea.

CHORUS.

Hail the king o'er the land and the sea,
Hail the king o'er the land and the sea;
Hail the ruler of all, hail the king,
Hail the ruler of all, hail the king.

I am king o'er t e land and the sea,
My power there is none to withstand;
I have only to speak, or to sign a decree,
And my will is the law of the land.
I have treasures at hand, and I've gold to com and,
What more could my heart wish to be?
My banners unfurled, and I'm known o'er the world
As the monarch o'er land and o'er sea.—CHORUS.

THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK.

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Words and Music by James McGuire.

When leaving dear old Ireland in the merry month of June,
The birds were sweetly singing, and all nature seemed in tune;
An Irish girl accosted me, with a sad tear in her eye,
And as she spoke these words to me bitterly did cry:
"Kind sir, I ask a favor, oh! grant it to me please,
'Tis not much that I ask of you, but 'twill set my heart at ease;
Take these to my brother, Ned, who's far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir, that they were sent by me."

CHORUS.

Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
From his own darling sister, her blessing, too, she gave;
Take them to my brother, for I have no one other,
And these are the shamrocks from his dear old mother's grave.

Tell him since he went away how bitter was our lot,
The landlord came one Winter day and turned us from our cot;
Our troubles were so many, and our friends so very few,
And brother, dear, our mother used to often sigh for you.
"Oh, darling son, come back!" she often used to say,
Alas! one day she sickened, and soon was laid away,
Her grave I watered with my tears, that's where the flowers grew,
And brother dear, they're all I've got, and them I send to you.

Mr. McAnally and His Ould High Hat.

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Words and Music by Harry Kernell.

I'm an old sport from Erin's Isle, my face you all well know,
I travel about from place to place and don't care where I go;
I never borrow trouble, or care for this or that,
But sport around like a la-da-da and wear my ould high hat.

CHORUS.

Mister McAnally and his ould high hat,
Has the style and the way of a fine aristocrat;
There's none can tip the blarney from Kilkenny to Killarney,
Like Mister McAnally and his ould high hat.

In Summer I go to Coney Isle and stroll upon the sands,
And I often hear the music of Gilmore and his band;
I go to the races every day, and often have them pat,
For many a winning ticket I have carried in my ould hat.—CHORUS.

MARRIED LIFE.

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Words and Music by Fred Martin.

Matrimony's like a sausage,
Full of awful mystery,
When you meet a married couple
Don't believe in all you see;
Married life's like a grand piano,
Very often out of tune,
This is how married folks
Often spend their honey-moon.

CHORUS.

First week, second week, kissing and canoodling,
Third week, fourth week, just about the same;
Fifth week, sixth week, if you are a visitor,
Ten to one you'll catch them at the same old game.
Twelve months after darling gets a licking,
Honey-moon's all over and she wants a little sport;
Two years after this is how it finishes,
Separation papers from the nearest court.

Once it was "you ducky, darling,"
Now it's nothing but "you brute,"
Once her welcomes were all smiles,
Now it's nothing but her boot
Something heavy she will fire,
Stretching poor me on my back;
Darling's eyes were once sky blue,
Now they are a handsome black.—CHORUS.

She had nothing when we married
I think I'd just about the same,
Nothing did I ever give her,
Unless it was my respective name
She's gone to get a separation,
Hope she gets it, I am sure,
She can take the precious infant,
I'll be single forever more.—CHORUS.

The Night That Larry Got Wed.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Och, it was a glorious night,
The night that Larry got wed,
So brimful of fun and delight,
'Twas morn ere they got to bed.
For the whiskey in showers like rain,
Made the bride and the bridesmaids, too,
Each broth of a boy, e'en the swain,
Young hubby, have visions in view.

CHORUS.

Och, it was a glorious night,
The night that Larry got wed,
So brimful of fun and delight,
'Twas morn ere they got to bed.

The world unto all went round,
And they cared not a fig for sorrow;
In an ocean of joy spell-bound
Not one of them thought of the morrow.
The bridegroom kissed his young wife,
And so did some dozen others,
For all of them were, 'pon my life,
As loving as sisters and brothers.—CHORUS.

The fiddler began to scrape,
Their feathers the ladies did shake,
They all Taglioni did ape
Till the floor was in a quake
Heel and toe was all the go,
With an elegance quite sublime;
To the fiddler they dodged to and fro,
For they all danced in their own time.—CHORUS.

Calamity water they took,
Till both of their eyes were wet;
Tho' they tried engaging to look,
They couldn't their nature forget.
Lassies quarrelled 'bout Jack and 'bout Jim,
And they fought, and they swore, and they tore,
But their heads beginning to swim,
They one and all rolled on the floor.—CHORUS.

The smoke of the pipe filled the room,
They scarcely could each other see;
And their ogles were all in a gloom
Through potations of gin and whiskey.
The men now got in a rage,
For they like the ladies were slewed,
Their wrath no reason could assuage,
So a general fight ensued.—CHORUS.

Next day when things came to view,
As you may well suppose,
Their eyes looked wond'rous blue,
And fat had grown each nose.
Tattoo'd was each lady's face,
On all an impression made,
Of what at the wedding took place
Of one of the Irish Brigade.—CHORUS.

PRETTY SARAH.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I came to this country in 'forty-nine,
Saw many a lover but could not see mine;
I looked all around me, saw I was alone,
Only a poor soldier and along ways from home.

Farewell, my dear father, and dear mother, too,
I am going to ramble this wide country through;
And when I grow tired I'll sit down and pine
About pretty Sarah and wish she were mine.

My love she doth slight me because I am poor,
She says I'm not worthy to enter her door;
But of this she'll repent when she finds all is vain,
For love is tormenting—a heart-breaking pain.

If I were a merchant and could write a fine hand,
I'd indite her a letter that she'd understand;
Tell her that love for her does my heart overflow,
Ever thinking of Sarah wherever I go.

My love won't have me as I understand,
'Cause she wants some freeholder, and I have no land;
But I would maintain her with silver and gold,
And many a fine thing my love's house should hold.

If I were a lark and had wings and could fly,
This night to my love's house I would draw nigh,
In some quiet nook dream of rapture untold,
If in my arms could I her fair form enfold.

MAGINNIS' RAFFLE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

On Saturday night we'd a bit of a fight,
I was dressed in me best, so genteel,
While, for company's sake, in me fist I did take
Me ould country blackthorn shillalah.
Going through Cherry street, there who should I meet?
But me ould countryman, Larry McGaffie;
"Arrah, Mickey," siz he, "will yer take, d'ye see,
A ticket to go to a raffle?"

"Be me soukins, I swear all the boys will be there,
Wid fat Mrs. Byrnes an' her daughter;
The purpose, 'tis true, is for charity, too,
Take a ticket—it's only a quarter.
The prize, you must know, is a fiddle an' bow,
'Twas presented to Misther Tim Whaffle;
The chairman is he iv the grand committee,
On Mickey Maginnis' raffle."

Siz I, "Larry, begor, will you tell me who it's for?
Nor me mind with wild fancies bewildher;"
"'Tis to bring out," says he, "from the ould counthry,
Widow Doyle an' her fourteen small childer.
Her husband, the sot, at sheep stealing was caught,
He'd a narrow escape from the scaffold,
But was sint 'cross the say, out to Bottiny Bay,
An' for his widdy we've got up this raffle."

The quarter I spint, and with Larry I wint,
To Oak street we travelled from Cherry;
At aitch sheebeen we'd stop to take a small dhrop,
Be the time we got there we wor merry.
As the dure we passed thro', what a sight met me view,
All me powers of description 'twould baffle;
In all sorts of dress, full three hundred or less,
Wor at Mickey Maginnis' raffle.

The factions enraged, were in battle engaged,
An' the blood soon began to flow freely,
But the whole iv the crew couldn't lather us two,
That's meself an' me blackthorn shillalah.
Me stick got excited, it wanted to fight,
It longed to take part in the battle;
It hit Shaughnessy's Ted such a belt on the head
That it knocked him stone blind at the raffle.

IRISH LOVE-LETTERS.

Send your name and address to H. J.Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Och, faith, I'm as tight an Irish lad,
And so is my sister the same,
Here is a letter just sent her by Pat,
And Hoolaghan makes out his name.
Faith, the letter I've slyly got hold of,
It's an illegant article, too;
It's a secret that's not to be told of,
And so I shall read it to you.

CHORUS.

What a mighty fine thing is good larning,
It makes all one's troubles so light;
That man had a deal of disarning,
Who first larned to read and to write.

For a soldier Pat Hoolaghan went,
He's been gone just six years and a day;
From Ingy this letter he sent,
And sure that's a nation long way.
Each word will his fondness reveal,
How lucky to think it ain't missed;
Only look what a beautiful seal,
That he stamped wid a kick of his fist.—CHORUS.

SPOKEN—Now mind, here's the letter, and I'll begin wid the direction. To Mrs. Judy Callahan, at her mother's own house next to the "Calf and Cucumber," over the way, Inniskillen. My dear cratur—This comes to let you know that I am exceedingly bad wid the rheumatism in my stomach, and hope you are the same. Oh, it's a very fine thing to have good health when you are ill. Your aunt is in good spirits, though she died last night, and hopes it will not be long before she has the pleasure of seeing you. We are all well in the garrison. But Tim Foolzle has deserted all alone by himself wid two or three others, and is not yet taken. They are all to be tried last night, but their sentence will not be known till the day before yesterday. The doctor tells me (bad luck to 'em, the doctor's among 'em), the doctor tells me I shall never be cured till I'm well, which blessing I hope will be some time first, as the sooner the better for all three. But I must leave off or I shall never stop till I've finished. My own darling, may your happiness be as lasting as a snowball on a red-hot warming-pan. Give my ecompliments to Mike Murphy, wid a mighty big thump of the head, and accept the same for yourself. From yours, affectionately till death, Pat Hoolaghan."—CHORUS.

Here's my sister's reply to the letter,
She got the old parson to write;
Faith, I don't think you could find a better,
It took him a whole day and night.
There isn't so much as a blot in,
Which just shows how careful they were,
A great deal of news she has got in
Small compass, more credit to her.—CHORUS.

SPOKEN—You see my sister, Judy, is mighty careful, and for fear the direction might get rubbed out, she sealed the letter and then wrote it inside. Now then she begins with the day of the month:—May 42nd, 148—My dear Patrick—If this letter does not come to hand, you may conclude that I am not here nor any one else, but gone to Clonikilty. Tell Barney I am to say his whole family is dead entirely, barring the cat, and the cow is as good a mouser as ever. I love you as usual. I would write you more, but as there is no means of sending you this letter, I'll just let it go as it is, and believe me to be yours, your own, Judy Callahan. (Turn over.) P. S. (That means late at night.) If this does not reach you, let me know by return of post, and don't wait till you hear from me again; but write to me immediately and let me know how you are getting on. N. B. (That means early in the morning.) I've altered my mind, and won't sent you this letter after all, so you can answer it or not, just as you please. And when you come to the end of it, don't read any more, but just answer by the first return of the post office. Yours, Judy, once more.

OLD BOSS BARRY.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

There's a quiet little room at the back of a saloon,
That stands on the top of Cherry Hill,
Where the men from tenements hold lengthy arguments
On everything besides the liquor bill.
The owner of the place has a Connamara face,
A leader do you hear me? through and through;
When he comes in the door we all bow to the floor,
With, old Boss Barry, how d'ye do?

CHORUS.

Then it's old Boss Barry, how d'ye do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
Come, tell us of your plan,
We're with you to a man,
For old Boss Barry, hip hui'roo!

He's a dude in the ward, and he's perfectly adored
By those to the front and in the rear;
And to his constituents he speaks with eloquence
So flowingly besides a keg of beer.
For the county and the state he's the maker of the slate,
A leader, do you hear me? through and through;
Sure the rank and the file they greet him all the while
With, old Boss Barry, how d'ye do?—CHORUS.

Then his men all fall in line, 'round about election time,
Yes, all from the top of Cherry Hill;
Sure it's him could colonize, and really paralyze
The party that would vote against his will.
No office would he take, only let him take a rake
Of boodle, do you hear me? through and through;
Sure he's in, never out, that's why the people shout
With, old Boss Barry, how d'ye do?—CHORUS.

—Will the boy who threw the pepper on the stove please come up here and get a present of a nice book? said a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa. But the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

THE RIVER ROE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I went out one evening, all in the month of June,
The primroses and daisies, and violets were in bloom;
I espied a lovely fair one, and her I did not know,
I took her for an angel that was bathing in the Roe.

Her teeth were like ivory, her skin a lily white,
Her cheeks as red as roses, her eyes like diamonds bright,
Her surname I'll not tell, lest you might her know,
But her master's habitation is on the river Roe.

I quickly stepped up to her, and this to her did say:
"Are you a goddess, or what brought you this way?"
She answered me right modestly, and said: "I am not so,
I'm but a servant maid that was bathing in the Roe."

I said: "My pretty fair maid, if with me you'll agree,
We'll join our hands in wedlock, and wedded we will be;
My father, he's a nobleman, the country well does know,
And his dwelling lies convenient to the river Roe."

She quickly made me answer, and this to me did say:
"My mistress she is waiting, I have no time to stay;
I'll meet you to-morrow and my mistress won't know,
We'll have some conversing on the river Roe."

They both shook hands and parted, from each other did go,
In hopes to meet next morning along the river Roe;
She dressed herself in private, away then she did go,
Her true-love he was waiting along the river Roe.

When she came up to him, he thus to her did say:
"I'm glad to meet you here, my love, on this very day,
I'm glad to meet you here, love, the way that I will know,
If you're going to wed with me and dwell beside the river Roe."

She modestly did answer, and said: "She was content."
I kissed and embraced her, and away both went;
We were married next evening, as you will shortly know,
She has servants to attend her, and she dwells upon the Roe.

It was within ten miles of Newton, convenient to the tide,
You'll find my habitation convenient to the soil,
You'll see ships from Limerick sailing down the silvery tide,
And the lads and the lassies sparking along the river side.

Farewell to friends and parents, and to the flowing quay,
Likewise my old acquaintance, and I have no time to stay;
Here is health to my own sweetheart, the girl that you know,
And we will sing to the maid that dwells along the river Roe.

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Why, Dermot, you look healthy, now your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about, oh, tell me where you've been;
Your wife and family all are well, you once did use them strange,
Oh, you are kinder to them now, how came the happy change?

It was a dream, a warning voice, which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from a drunkard's curse, grim want and misery;
My wages were all spent in drink, oh, what a wretched view!
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starved my children, too.

What was my home or wife to me? I heeded not her sigh,
Her patient smile has welcomed me when tears bedimmed her eye;
My children, too, have oft awoke, oh, father, dear, they've said,
Poor mother has been weeping so because we've had no bread.

My Mary's form did waste away, I saw her sunken eye,
On straw my babes in sickness laid, I heard their wailing cry;
I laughed and sung in drunken joy, while Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep and had this warning dream:

I thought I once more staggered home, there seemed a solemn gloom,
I missed my wife, where can she be? and strangers in the room;
Then I heard them say: Poor thing, she's dead, she led a wretched life,
Grief and want has broken her heart—who'd be a drunkard's wife?

I saw my children weeping 'round, I scarcely drew my breath,
They called and kissed her lifeless form forever stilled in death;
Oh, father, come and wake her up, the people say she's dead,
Oh, make her smile and speak once more, we'll never cry for bread.

She is not dead, I frantic cried, and rushed to where she lay,
And madly kissed her once warm lips, forever cold as clay;
Oh, Mary, speak once more to me, no more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink again.

Dear Mary, speak, 'tis Dermot calls. Why, so I do! she cried,
I awoke, and true, my Mary, dear, was kneeling at my side;
I pressed her to my throbbing heart, while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven blessed for sending me that dream.

IF I WAS HOME AGAIN.

Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

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I've been from home for many a year, and struggled hard with life,
And I've shed many a bitter tear, and had my share of strife;
I left my mother, aged and gray, I thought she tried to strain
My foolish steps, but now I pray for her and home again.

CHORUS.

I left my mother and dear friends, 'tis now I feel the pain,
And I wonder if they'd know me now if I'd go home again?

How oft I took that little babe, a sister dear to me,
And sang for her sweet childish songs and danced her on my knee;
I'd take her to the window oft, to see the pattering rain—
I wonder if she'd know me now if I went home again?—CHORUS.

How sad I feel whene'er I think of many a pearly tear
That trickled down my mother's cheek, when answered with a sneer;
I'd like to recall those wrongs, but wishing is all in vain—
Still I know that she would love me as of old if I went home again.—CHORUS

RAGGED PAT.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now all you young gents to my song lend your ear,
'Tis about a poor Irishman whose name was Pat Clere;
His clothes were all patches, and torn was his hat,
So they called him the name of poor Ragged Pat.

CHORUS.

Oh! boy, Paddy awhack!
A cat won't catch mice if put in a sack.

On Sunday, at church, his coat was of black,
With a big ivory button sewed into its back,
And his breeches were blue, the cloth very coarse,
He'd look like a clown if he sat on a horse.--CHORUS.

Now this gent, Ragged Pat, although he was poor,
Sickness, no matter what sort, he could cure;
With a measure of oats, another of grass,
He could take away glanders from any jackass.—CHORUS.

His eyes they were black, and his voice was so sweet,
He stood up for the laws and on Friday eat meat;
On the Sabbath at church he'd sure shut his eyes,
With his big mouth wide open, as if catching flies.—CHORUS.

As you gave close attention I'll here end my song,
Although full of pathos, yet not very long;
In the churchyard of Erin, far under the sod,
Lies poor Ragged Pat, but trustful in God.—CHORUS.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Full often when our fathers saw the red above the green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike and sciene,
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish green above the English red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was seen—
The English red in triumph high above the Irish green;
But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the green maintain its place above the English red.

And they who saw, in after times, the red above the green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath the forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That, in some day to come, the green should flutter o'er the red.

Sure it was for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the red above the green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot see the green above the red.

So when the strife began, our darling Irish green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English red was seen;
Yet still we hold our fearless course for something in us said,
Before the strife is o'er you'll to see the green above the red.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English red below the Irish green;
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty spread,
Above the land once dark with blood—the green above the red.

The jealous English tyrant has banned the Irish green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by heaven! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the green and cotton to the red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God of good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands we vow our blood to shed,
Once and forever more to raise the green above the red.

PADDY MILES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

From the big town of Limerick lately I came,
I left Ireland solely bekase of my name;
For if anything wint wrong, or a mischief 'twas done,
Shure they'd lave all the blame on my mother's own son.
So my name now is Paddy O'Connor,
'Pon an Irishman's thrue word and honor;
Oh, misfortune my curse light upon her,
'Twas she christened me Paddy Miles.

If a windy was broke, or a house robbed of tiles,
And you'd ax who done that, shure they'd say Paddy Miles;
Who was it set fire to his reverence's wig?
And cut the tail off Pat Flanigan's pig?
Who was it called Mishes Muloney a scollop?
And gave Biddy Magee's cat the jallop?
Some blackguards would hit me a wallop
And say it was you, Paddy Miles.

I worked in the bogs and behaved, as I thought,
From my master, Mick Flynn, a character brought,
But it done me no good, and I thought that was odd,
So I made up my mind for to leave the ould sod.
For the divil a wan would employ me,
The girls there they would annoy me;
They threatened at once to destroy me,
All bekase I was called Paddy Miles.

Who cut off one of the tails of Pat Flanigan's coat?
And who broke the left horn of Ned Shoughnessy's goat?
Who, through the back door to the chapel got in,
And drank all the wine, blood and ounds? what a sin!
Who half murdered a poor-house inspector?
And fired at a police detector,
When, Miss Fagan, they tried to eject her?
Who was it, but you, Paddy Miles?

I trotted to Dublin to look for a place,
Tho' they'd ne'er saw me there, faix, they all knew my face;
The jackeens kept calling meself to annoy,
"There goes Paddy Miles, he's a Limerick boy!"
Till I flourished my sprig of shillalah,
And smattered their gobs so genteelly,
When the blood it began to flow freely,
Said I, "How do you like Paddy Miles?"

In short, before long to this country I came,
And found Paddy Miles here was the same;
If my name wasn't changed I was likely to starve,
For bad luck to the master could I serve.
So Paddy O'Connor it is made, sir,
An' if you wish to get a smart blade, sir,
Be me soul, then, you need not be afraid, sir,
For to hire me—I'm not Paddy Miles.

There's a Mother Waits for Thee.

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Words and Music by J. G. Lewis.

There's a cottage by the sea, where from early morn till night
A mother sits and watches for her boy;
Years ago he sailed away at the dawning of the day,
An aged mother's only hope and joy.
He said that he'd be here in the Springtime of the year,
When the birds began to sing their welcome lay;
Though the years have sadly flown, still the mother sits alone
And watches for her boy who's far away.

CHORUS.

There's a mother waits for thee by the deep and briny sea,
Oh, come and bring her tidings of great joy;
She has waited thro' long years, with sorrows and with fears,
For the coming of her bonny sailor boy.

At the closing of the day she was often heard to say,
"Oh, will my laddie ne'er come back to me?"
A tear stood in her eye and she murmured with a sigh,
As she looked far out upon the stormy sea.
The years have flown away, now her hair is turning gray,
And her brow is wrinkled with a mother's care;
Still she watched for the ship, and this prayer comes from her lip,
"Oh, God, to me my darling boy repair."—CHORUS.

She was lying ill one day, and the neighbors heard her say,
"A sail appears far out on the sea;"
Oh, her face it looked so bright as she said with calm delight,
"I knew that he was coming back to me."
Then she sank back with a sigh, and her eyes turned to the sky,
Oh, her poor soul it had gone out with the day;
They have laid her 'neath the sod, where her boy had often trod
In the days before he wandered far away.—CHORUS.

TEDDY REGAN'S SWARIE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You have heard of Teddy Regan,
How he won his Winnie fair,
And her fortune, fifty guineas,
Set them up in business rare.
For they crossed the briny ocean
To deal out the whiskey swate,
At the famed Hotel d'Irish,
Down in lovely Baxter strate.

CHORUS.

Fal de ral de ral de rady,
Fal de ral de ral de ra,
Fal de ral de ral de rady,
Fal de ral de ral de ra.

Things kept working brave and hearty—
Proving money makes the man—
Till the Dimycrathic party
Put up Ted for alderman.
Misther Regan felt the honor
With a relish of delight,
And resolved to give a swarie
When it was election night.—CHORUS.

With the strongest kind of welcomes
Rue de Baxter did abound,
For throughout that lovely section
Dimycrats are aisy found.
There was Levi, the old clo' man,
Smelling like the days of yore;
And McTurk, a fine dead rabbit,
True and honest to the core.—CHORUS.

Dan McCraisy, licensed vender,
In the clam and porgey line;
Count Muffini, whose hand organ
Always ground the music fine.
While, like Hector, that bould Trojan,
When he fought at Bunker Hill,
Mackerelville was represented
By the buffer, Wall-Eyed Bill.—CHORUS.

Then came in stout Dennis Murphy,
A very dacent soap-fat man;
While Myneer Van Pat McFadden
Drove up in his garbage van.
Teddy gave them lots of welcome,
And the pipes began to play
Tunes to set a mile-stone dancing
Lillerburo and Patrick's Day.—CHORUS.

Soon the whiskey done its duty—
Wall-Eyed Bill began the job,
And with his blackthorn shillalah,
Split old Levi on the nob.
Dan McCraisy belted Murphy,
Laid him stiffer than a log,
'Cause he couldn't else convince him
There was feathers on a frog.—CHORUS.

Soon they knocked the bar to splinters,
Kicked the pannels from the door,
For it was a splendid swarie
While the whiskey flowed galore.
Teddy, when the row was thickest,
With the poker got a clout,
By the howly mille murther,
Banged his siven sinses out.—CHORUS.

Ted was dead as Julius Cæsar
When the row was ended quite,
And a dacent wake they gave him
On his own election night.
And poor Winnie left a widdy,
Says she's doing very well—
And though Ted was hunkey dorey,
He couldn't keep a hotel.—CHORUS.

—Sentimental arithmetic: Two glances make one look; two looks make one sigh; four sighs make one waltz; three waltzes make one palpitation; two palpitations make one call; two calls make one attention; two attentions make one fool; (sometimes two); two fools make one flirtation; one flirtation plus two bouquets equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

THAT ROGUE, REILLY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a boy that follows me every day,
Although he declares that I use him vilely,
But all I can do he won't go away,
This obstinate, ranting Reilly.
In every street 'tis him I meet,
In vain the byway path I try,
The very shadow of my feet
I might as well attempt to fly,
As that boy that follows me every day,
Although he declares that I use him vilely,
Yet all I can say he won't go away,
That raking, ranting Reilly.

My mother she sent me ten miles away,
In hopes that the fellow would never find me,
But the very next day we were making hay,
The villain stood close behind me.
For this, says I, you shall dearly pay,
How dare you such a freedom take?
Says he, I heard you were making hay,
And I thought, my dear, you'd want a rake,
And therefore I followed you here to-day,
With your diamond eye, and your point,
Like a needle concealed in a bundle of hay,
But I found you out, said Reilly.

I told him at last, in a rage, to pack,
And then for a while he fought more shyly;
But, like a bad shilling, he soon came back,
That counterfeit rogue, that Reilly.
To hunt me up he takes disguise,
One day a beggar wench appears,
'Twas that rogue himself, but I knew his eyes,
And didn't I box the rascal's ears?
Yet still he keeps following every day,
Plotting and planning so 'cute and slyly,
And there isn't a fox more tricks can play
Than raking, ranting Reilly.

A nunnery, now, my old maiden aunt,
Declares for young women the best protection,
But shelter so very secure, I can't
Consider without objection.
A plague on the fellows, both great and small,
They bother us so till they find a wife,
Yet if we should never be bothered at all,
I think 'twould be rather a stupid life;
So the rogue still follows me every day,
And I continue to use him vilely,
But the neighbors all say, till I'm turned to clay
I'll never get rid of Reilly.

KILL OR CURE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm a roving Irish boy, I was born in Ballaraghan,
And christened with much joy, after my father, Patrick Fagan;
I had a sweetheart, Kitty, and I courted her so gayly,
Divil a thought I had of trouble, as I twisted my shillalah.

CHORUS.

Musha, Kitty O'Shaughnessy, she's the girl for me,
Whack fal de daddy, musha, O'Shaughnessy.

Och, 'twas herself I courted, a girl so neat and cosy,
She said she loved me in return—her cheeks were red and rosy;
Of sovereigns I had twenty, says she, I've seventeen,
We'll join ourselves and them together, and live like king and queen.—CHO.

So we both set sail for Liverpool, and packed our kits together,
And married got so neat and cool, in spite of wind or weather;
With our money we opened a shop, in business not amiss,
We sold oysters, haddocks, mack'rel, mussels, praties and fried fish.—CHO.

In business we did well, till one day she was taken ill, sirs,
And the doctor always ruined me by sending in his bill, sirs;
So I made a bargain with him, "kill or cure," for twenty pounds so frisky.
He was a decent sort, so I thought I'd stand a noggin of Irish whiskey.—CHO

But she grew worse and worse, which made me quake with fear, sir,
The doctor he attended her for more than half a year, sir;
Till one fine morn she died, and myself it did bewilder,
And the doctor he wanted his twenty pounds.

SPOKEN—Says I, you never cured her! No, says he. Then, says I (singing), you dare not say you killed her!—CHORUS.

So, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves, the whiskey drink like thunder,
You cannot help but own yourselves, there's mirth in an Irish blunder;
But when for your wives a doctor you want, mind and yer be sure,
Make the bargain, as I did myself, wid the doctor, "kill or cure."—CHORUS.

Don't You Believe it, Dear Boys.

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We tell you we're awfully shy,
Don't you believe it, don't you believe it;
We say that we're glad now to bid you good-bye,
But don't you believe it, dear boys.
You really can't tell half the thoughts we possess,
Some thoughts that not one in a day would confess;
We say that we don't care a snap for dress,
But don't you believe it, dear boys.

CHORUS.

For we frown and we say: "Leave off, get away,
You should not create such a noise;"
How forward you are, I shall tell my mamma,"
Oh, don't you believe it, dear boys.
For we frown and we say: "Leave off, get away,
You should not make such a noise;
How forward you are, I shall call my mamma,"
Oh, don't you believe it, dear boys.

You think when you're wed you'll find ease,
But don't you believe it, don't you believe it;
Stay out late at night and come home when you please,
Now don't you believe it, dear boys.
You think that a woman has no will of her own,
And after she's married won't alter her tone,
And you'll both live together like Darby and Joan,
Now don't you believe it, dear boys.—CHORUS.

PADDY AT THE THEATRE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

From the county of Monaghan lately I came,
I'm a tinker by trade, Larry Dooly's my name;
My cousin, Tim Murphy, I met yesterday,
Says he, "Mr. Dooly'll come to the play?"
Derry down, down, down, Derry down

"Is it the play that you mean, are you sure that you're right?
They're treating the town to Pizzaro to-night;"
But the treat, as he called it, and the one that I mean,
Bad luck to his treat, it cost me all my tin.
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Well, the green curtain drew up, and a lady I spied,
When a man came to kiss her she scornfully cried,
"Get out, you big blackguard, I'll bother your jig,"
When in comes Pizzaro with a grunt like a pig.
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

In the days of ould Goury, a long time ago,
The Spaniard's claimed war 'gainst Peru, you know;
They demanded its cash, its jewels and keys,
When a boy, they called Rowler, says, "No, if you please."
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Rowler came in, like a day-star appeared,
He made a long speech and the sojers all cheered;
Says he, "beat well the Spaniards, and do the neat thing,
And then, boys, stand up for your country and king."
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Mr. Murphy Alonzo somehow went to jail,
He got out by a back door without giving bail;
While Rowler was jumping o'er bridges and greens
He was shot by some blackguard behind the big screens.
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Rowler came forward, and with him a child,
Looking all for the world like a man that was wild;
"Here's your gossoon, dear Cora, it's my own blood that's spilt
In defence of your child, blood an' ounds, I'm kilt."
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Alonzo and Pizzaro had a terrible fight,
Pizzaro got killed, that seemed perfectly right;
For the audience came down with showers of applause,
They were all enlisted in the Peruvian's cause.
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Alonzo came forward and handsomely bowed,
Saying, "Ladies and gentlemen," meaning the crowd,
"By your kind permission, to-morrow, then,
We will murder Pizzaro over again."
Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

THE BOLD IRISH SOLDIER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A raw recruit, och, shure is me,
I enlisted in Philadelphy;
Field Marshall I soon came to be,
Tip top of the Union army.
Oh, what pleasure, and, oh, what joys
'Twill be to gain promotion,
I've a taste for fighting anyhow, boys.
An' a better one for the lotion.

SPOKEN—Arrah, an' ain't I, sure, fond of the lotion. Look at the bloom on the top of me nose. Ain't it beautiful? But the worst of it is, it is always runnin', an' the divil a bit can I stop it, and that's not military, is it, lads? It wants a rum puncheon (punching). I should think that would do it. But enough. I'll lave me nose alone an' go on wid me tale. Well, afther I took the bounty, I enlisted, and got drunk to the tune of

CHORUS.

Wid spirits gay I'll march away,
All danger to be scorning;
I could fight all night till the break of day,
An' come home quite fresh in the morning.

Now I an' another, an' a good man more,
Had to strip an' show our figger,
An' be well examined by Dr. O'Moore
Afore we could pull a trigger.
The docther patted us on the backs,
Says he, none can be prouder,
Yez can give and take some thunderin' whacks,
And' yer rattlin' stuff for powder.

SPOKEN—Well, and afther we were all squinted at, the sargent comes up, and says: "Fall in. Quick march, an' don't fall out," an' thin we all marched in a straight line down crooked lanes till we came to the Pig in the Pound, kept by a mighty civil landlord, who lost his appetite directly afther we entered, an' I belave has nót regained it since. However, he put us six in a bed, an' all of us dramed about ould Ireland, the first Jim of the say, bless the veins of her heart. An' somehow or another we all dramed we were fightin' the enemy, for in the middle of the night we all rolled on to the floor, an' I got a murtherous kick on the jaw from Mick Casey's iron-tipped boot, who let daylight into Kelly's skull, who holler'd blue murther, which woke the divil of a sargent up, who soon got knocked down, but up came the picket, and we were marched off to be drilled to the tune of

See these ribbons gayly flying,
I mane fightin' for the flag,
I mane fightin' for the flag,
For that I don't mind dyin'.
Since to ould Ireland good it's been,
I'll serve it with right good will,
And help to cure or kill
Any cruel despot's band,
Should they e'er attempt to land;
For we're made of fightin' stuff,
And they'll get handled rather rough.
Then three cheers for our Union flag,
Three cheers for our Union flag.

SPOKEN—Well, I shan't say anything more about myself or any other man to-night, lads, but drop in to-morrow if your poor feet will let you, an' hear me sing to the tune of—CHORUS.

Lamentation of Gen. James Shields.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Draw near all bold defenders of every race and clime,
Give ear to these few voices I hereby put in rhyme,
Concerning a brave warrior who fought on many fields,
A lion-hearted hero, whose name is General Shields.

At even-tide, the first of June, in eighteen and seventy-nine,
In Ottumwa's lovely city, fate's fiat cried, resign!
The fight is o'er, the field is won, the chieftain is at rest,
And pæans of joy re-echo in mansions of the blest.

He emigrated to America when sixteen years old,
And for his adopted country fought vigorously and bold;
He proved to be a true citizen as history relates,
And he fought many a hard battle for the United States.

He fought on bench and forum, and in field likewise,
And his love for truth and honor he never did disguise;
'Gainst the enemies of freedom he struck a manly blow,
And he raised our starry banner on the heights of Mexico.

He challenged Abraham Lincoln in 1842,
And showed the Western Hoosier what an Irishman could do;
He caused poor Abe to tremble, so the duel was soon o'er,
And brave Shields and honest Lincoln were friends forever more.

A Hercules in intellect, Bonaparte in skill,
A Hector on the war-path, a Hannibal in will;
With Alexander's valor, and Spartan pluck and toil,
He vanquished Stonewall Jackson on old Virginia soil.

Descended from the noble stock of Ireland's glorious kings,
His Irish genius soared aloft on fame's immortal wings;
He loathed the cruel Sassanach and scorned old Albion's laws,
And stood in proud defiance of the British lion's claws.

He ranks with Dan O'Connell, with Grattan, Burke and Flood,
And Wellington and Brian Boru, and all such noble blood;
So let every son of Erin breathe forth an honest prayer,
That with the saints of Ireland James Shields may have a share.

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am not so very happy, nor I am not so very sad,
So put me down as middling, tho' it really is too bad,
For any girl to serve a chap the way that I've been served—
I'll never be served so again, for I'll never take their word.
A girl I courted for six months, her Christian name was Fanny,
When I asked her if she would marry me, she said she would be glad;
But at present her intention was to stay at home with mamma,
And she couldn't think of parting from her dear, old, darling dad.

CHORUS.

She said it would break her heart for to go and leave her mammy,
She said it would break her heart to leave her poor old dad;
But now she's gone from home, has this false, deceitful Fanny,
And she travels about the country with a hurdy-gurdy man.

Now Fanny was not handsome, but I thought she was sincere,
And then she had such winning ways, which made me her revere;
Till a hurdy-gurdy grinder, he chanced to pass that way,
And for Fanny's recreation for hours he would play.
He'd grind a bit and dance a bit, and then he'd sing a ditty,
I often gave a steaver to this nasty, low-bred man;
Who said he was an orphan, which caused me him to pity,
But I never thought he'd cheek enough to run away with Fan.—CHORUS.

Her father and her mother they were very fond of me,
And often they invited me my Fanny for to see;
I found her father 'bacca, and I found her mother rum,
And on Fanny I invested a pretty tidy sum.
Now Fanny was a girl I always thought so well of,
When I think how she served me, it my peace of mind destroys;
Of Mother Cummins' kids I often heard her tell of,
But I never thought she'd run away with the biggest of her boys.—CHORUS.

When her father told me that Fan had cut her stick,
I felt as if I had received a blow from half a brick;
Now Fanny was a girl I thought a little more pride had
Than to travel about the country with a hurdy-gurdy lad.
I hear she has a tambourine, and her voice is loud and ringing—
Often in my wanderings, I fancy I shall meet
This hurdy-gurdy grinder and Fan a doing the singing,
Giving a morning concert to some children in the street.—CHORUS.

THE LADY OF KNOCK.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Attend, you faithful Christians, give ear to what I say,
It's of a glorious miracle occurred the other day;
Where our blessed Virgin did herself to sinners show,
In the holy church of Knock, in the county of Mayo.

A faithful few, to Mary, true, returning home at night,
Upon the chapel wall did view a most transparent light;
They stood amazed and on it gazed, and trembling struck with fear,
When to their astonished eyes three statues did appear.

On the right was blessed St. Joseph, upon his face a smile,
His holy hands uplifted as he meant to bless this isle;
Our blessed Lady's hands were raised in an attitude of prayer,
And in the right hand of St. John, God's holy word was there.

The faithful few that saw the sight, they say, both one and all,
The holy apparition was some distance from the wall;
And on the left side of St. John appeared to view quite plain,
An altar, cross, and the instruments by which the Lamb was slain.

There are hundreds come from far and near our Lady's aid to seek,
And by her aid the deaf and dumb are made to hear and speak;
And many who were born blind now see the way to go,
From the holy church of Knock in the county of Mayo.

At the wedding feast of Galilee, our blessed Lady said,
Oh, Son Divine, there is no wine, but water there is instead;
No sooner had she said the words when her aid, Divine,
The water that was at the feast was turned into wine.

Oh, blessed St. Joseph and St. John, we call upon your aid,
And Holy Mother of our God, for sinners intercede;
For the wonders that our Saviour did while preaching to his flock,
Are done again, through Mary's aid, in the holy church of Knock.

My Name is Charles Livingston Brown

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Words and Music by Chas. D. Crandall.

My name is Charles Livingston Brown,
And I am the talk of the town;
A daisy, born lazy, some say I am crazy,
My whiskers have gained quite renown.
When walking along on the street,
The people whom I chance to meet,
They turn in surprise, and roll up their eyes,
Crying, "There goes a genuine dude."

CHORUS.

Dude! dude! dude! I think it is awfully rude,
When I'm passing by to have people cry:
"Oh! there goes a genuine dude."
Dude! dude! dude! his pants to his legs are glued,
Not dollars and cents, pounds, shillings and pence,
Is the money now used by the dude.

When I step into a cafe,
The young fellows come forward and say:
"Why, how are you, Brown, when came you to town?
And, what will you take to-day?"
I will take an 'alf and 'alf, they raise up a horrible laugh;
Say, "take something straight,
For that drink we hate,
Why, that is the drink of a dude."—CHORUS.

At Macy's they wanted a clerk,
And as I was then out of work,
I tho't I would see if they would take me,
And I put on a beautiful smirk.
When the manager looking me through,
Said, "an English dude won't do,
And a German dude would be no good,
But a Yankee dude'll do."

CHORUS.

Work! work! work! for I am a dry-goods clerk,
I smoke cigarettes, and make foolish bets,
And Sunday I spend in the park.
Cash! cash! cash! the prettiest girls I mash,
With a smile so sweet the darlings I greet,
But I never do anything wrong.

O'RILEY, THE FISHERMAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I roved out one evening fair, down by the river side,
I heard a lovely maid complain, the tears fell from her eyes;
"This is a cold and stormy night," those words she then did say,
"My love is on the raging sea, bound for America."

My love he was a fisherman, his age was scarce eighteen,
He was as nice a young man as ever yet was seen;
My father he had riches great, and Riley he was poor,
Because I loved this fisherman, they could not him endure.

John O'Riley was my true love's name, reared near the town of Bray,
My mother took me by the hand, and these words to me did say:
"If you be fond of Riley, let him quit this country,
Your father says he'll take his life, so shun his company."

"Oh, mother, dear, don't be severe, where will you send my love?
My very heart lies in his breast, as constant as a dove."
"Oh, daughter, dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pound,
So send Riley to America, to purchase there some ground."

When Ellen got the money, to Riley she did run,
Saying, "This very night, to take your life, my father charged a gun;
Here is one thousand pound in gold, my mother sent to you,
So sail away to America, and I will follow you."

When Riley got the money, next day he sailed away,
And when he put his foot on board, those words she then did say:
"Here is a token of true love, and we'll break it now in two,
You'll have my heart and half my ring until I find out you."

It was three months after, as he was waiting by the shore,
When Riley he came back again to take his love away,
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore,
And found Riley in her arms, and they drowned upon the shore.

He found a letter on her breast, and it was wrote with blood,
Saying, "Cruel was my father, that thought to shoot my love."
So let this now be a warning to all fair maids so gay,
To never let the lads they love go to America.

THE LAND OF POTATOES, OH.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, had I in the clear five-hundred a year,
'Tis myself would not fear, though not aided one farthing of it;
Faith, if such was my lot, little Ireland's the spot
Where I'd build a snug cot, with a bit of garden to it.
As for Italy's dales, their Alps and high vales,
And their fine squalling gales, their signoras so heat us, oh;
I'd never unto thee come, nor abroad ever roam,
But enjoying my sweet home in the land of potatoes, oh.

CHORUS.

Hospitality, all reality, no formality, there you'll ever see,
But be so free and easy, that we would amaze you;
You'll think us all crazy, for dull we can never be.

If our friend, honest Jack, would but take a small hack,
So get on his back, and in joy ride over full to us;
He, throughout the whole year, should have the best cheer,
But, faith, no one's so dear as our brother, John Bull, to us.
And we'd teach him when there, both to blunder and swear,
And our brogue with him share, which both genteel and neat is, oh;
By St. Patrick, I think, when we'd teach him to drink,
That he'd ne'er wish to shrink from the land of potatoes, oh.—CHORUS.

Though I'd frankly agree that I'd more happy be,
If some heavenly she, in this country, would favor me;
For no spot on the earth can more merits bring forth,
If beauty and wealth can embellish, such is the she.
Good breeding, good nature, you see in each feature,
So nought you've to teach her, so nice and complete she's, oh;
Then if fate would but send unto me such a friend,
What a life could I spend in the land of potatoes, oh.—CHORUS.

BOWLD SOJER BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, there's not a trade that's going worth showing or knowing,
Like that from glory growing for a bowld sojer boy;
Where right or left we go, sure you know, friend or foe,
Will have the hand or toe from the bowld sojer boy.
There's not a town we march thro' but ladies looking arch thro'
The window panes will search thro' the ranks to find their joy;
While up the street, each girl you meet, with look so sly, will cry, "My eye,
Oh, isn't he a darling? the bowld sojer boy!"

But when we get the route, how they pout and they shout,
While to the right about goes the bowld sojer boy;
'Tis then ladies fair, in despair, tear their hair,
But the divil a one I care, says the bowld sojer boy.
For the world is all before us, where the landladies adore us,
But ne'er refuse to score us, but chalk us up with joy;
We taste her tap, we tear her cap, oh, that's the chap for me, says she,
Oh, isn't he a darling? the bowld sojer boy!

Then come along with me, gramachree, and you'll see
How happy you will be with your bowld sojer boy;
Faith, if you're up to fun, with me run, 'twill be done
In the snapping of a gun, says the bowld sojer boy.
And 'tis then that without scandal, myself would proudly handle
The little farthing candle of our mutual love and joy;
May his light shine as bright as mine, till in the line he'll blaze, and raise
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

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Words and Music by James T. Williams.

When a boy I used to dwell in a home I loved so well,
Far away amongst the clover and the bees;
Where the morning-glory vines 'round the cabin porch did twine,
And the robin red-breast sang among the trees.
There were brothers, young and gay, a father, old and gray,
A mother dear, to shield us from all harm;
There I passed life's golden hours, running wild among the flowers,
In my boyhood's happy hours down on the farm.

REFRAIN.

Many weary years have passed since I saw the old place last,
And mem'ry dear, steals o'er me like a charm;
Ev'ry old familiar place, ev'ry kind and loving face,
In my boyhood's happy home down on the farm.

And, to-day, as I draw near that old home I love so dear,
A stranger comes to meet me at the door;
'Round the place there's many a change, and the faces all seem strange,
Not a loved one comes to greet me as of yore.
For my mother dear, is laid 'neath the elm tree's quiet shade,
Where the golden Summer sun shines bright and warm;
And near the old fire-place, there I see a stranger's face
In my father's old arm-chair down on the farm.—REFRAIN.

CHORUS.

Sweet vision of childhood, sweet vision of childhood,
Dearer than all to me.

Thanksgiving at the Old Home.

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Words and Music by J. W. Wheeler.

'Tis thanksgiving at the old home,
'Tis the time when loved ones meet;
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Each one with a smile so sweet.
Whether in the crowded city,
Or upon the dear old farm,
Every heart with fond affection,
Beats with sympathetic charm.

CHORUS.

When we gather round the table,
Sweetest mem'ries then will come;
If a mother ever blessed you,
'Twas thanksgiving day at home.

'Tis thanksgiving at the old home,
We've been spared another year;
By His grace, our Heavenly Father,
To the ones we love so dear.
There are homes where chairs are vacant,
Graves where Summer flowers grow;
Filled by loved ones who were greeted
Only one short year ago.—CHORUS.

Should some little hungry beggar,
Knock with hand so cold and grim,
Place her by the dear old hearthstone,
Fill her basket to the brim.
Do not think because you're merry,
Every heart is blithe and gay;
There are homes where no sweet morsel
Enters on thanksgiving day.—CHORUS.

When it comes the hour of parting,
And fond kisses forth we pour;
When we bid good-bye the old folks
At the dear old cottage door.
Then it is sad thoughts overtake us,
And dear mother drops a tear,
With a blessing for her loved ones,
Till they meet another year.—CHORUS.

A HIGH OLD TIME.

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Words and Music by Harry C. Talbert.

Oh, my, don't you hear me humming?
We'll have a jolly time,
Join in the ranks, everybody's coming,
We'll have a jolly time;
Gwine to be a dancing match, give a goose away,
We'll have a jolly time,
Clear away de table, gwine to cut her loose,
We'll have a jolly time, we will.

CHORUS.

We'll have a jolly time, won't them wenches shine?
Come before you're late, pull out your pencil and slate,
And make a note of the high old time.

No use talking, we'll drive away the blues,
We'll have a jolly time,
Come up a walking in your low cut shoes,
We'll have a jolly time;
Sister Jane and Mary Ellen,
We'll have a jolly time,
Gwine to cut a big watermelon,
We'll have a jolly time, we will.—CHORUS.

We'll have dancing, we'll have singing,
We'll have a jolly time,
Every coon in de house keep winging,
We'll have a jolly time;
Just you keep your bright eyes glancing,
We'll have a jolly time,
All the coons and wenches dancing,
We'll have a jolly time, we will.—CHORUS.

SHE'LL BE MINE, BYE-AND-BYE.

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Words and Music by Walter Phoenix.

Some people you know have peculiar ways,
Did you ever take note on the street?
They look and they squint at you as you pass by,
From your head to the soles of your feet.
If you're out after dark, you'll hear them remark,
Did you catch on, Jimmy or Ted?
Jee whiz, what a stunner, get on to that bummer,
But here's some remarks I heard said:

CHORUS.

By jove, Jack, did you catch on to that?
Ain't she a la-la? she's a daisy!
Did you see her look at me?
Just my size, she'll set any man crazy.
I'll bet you ten to one it's easy catching on,
I know it for she has a roguish eye;
See her looking back, by jove, Jack,
She'll be mine, bye-and-bye.

Now the girls are the same, though they act very shy,
You would think they were angels sublime;
If you look at some cross-eyed they turn up their nose,
At the same time remark there goes mine.
The naughty young girls all love to be teased,
Though they tell us we're going too far;
Still they ain't got the spunk to say bring your trunk,
And board with me and my ma.—CHORUS.

Did you ever take notice to young people court?
How bashful they act for a while;
With their yes, dear, and no there, and ta-ta good-night,
And screw up their face when they smile.
It's different, you know, when you court an old maid,
You kiss her she'll ask you for more;
She's one of the perts, she knows how it works,
She'll tell you, I've been there before.—CHORUS.

Waiting to Hear the Verdict.

Copyright, 1889, by Harding Brothers.

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In my journey thro' life sad cases I've met,
But there's one which I think I shall never forget;
'Twas a case I had charge of, a lad who was tried
For forging a check, but the crime he denied.
Tho' the only support of his mother was he,
He'd forgotten the lessons he'd learned at her knee;
Yet the mother was there, and she tried with her smile
To cheer up her boy in the time of his trial.

CHORUS.

She was waiting to hear the verdict,
Clasping her hands in prayer;
Waiting to hear the verdict
On the lad who was standing there.
Not a word could be heard,
No sound save the tick of the clock,
While waiting to hear the verdict
On her boy in the prisoner's dock.

Well the court-house was crowded, the judge took the chair,
As he bowed to the bar and the jurymen there;
And a thrill of compassion went right through the court
When the prisoner clung to the railing for support.
Then he shifted his gaze, till it rested on one
Who could ne'er take her eyes from the face of her son;
'Twas the poor widowed mother, his only true friend,
Determined to cling to her son to the end.—CHORUS.

It is said we're hard-hearted, and sometimes we are,
From reading of prisoners who're tried at the bar;
Yet my heart gave a leap of relief, you're assured,
At the jurymen's verdict: "Not guilty, my Lord!"
Their decision, I've heard, was opposed to the law,
But who cares for that? it was justice, I'm sure;
For it filled a true heart with the wildest of joy,
And saved a fond mother who fought for her boy.—CHORUS.

THE BOLIVAR BLUES.

Copyright, 1879, by E. H. Harding.

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Written and Composed by Donly.

Oh, here we come, with bang and drum, de pets, de Bolivar Blues,
Gay warriors from South Avenue V, de brunette corps, de boss are we;
Besides de gun and rifled sword, its razzors we can use;
De pop of cannon's music to de trusty Bolivar Blues.
Dress right! mark time! Johnson, keep your hoofs a movin',
Guid right! wheel her round! my! but ain't dis movement soothin',
'Bout arms! halt! face! keep de captain always shoutin',
Heels out! toes in! as we tramp along.

CHORUS.

Oh, here we come, with bang of drum, de pets, de Bolivar Blues,
Gay warriors from South Avenue V, de brunette corps, de boss are we;
Besides de gun and rifled sword, its razzors we can use,
De pop of cannon's music to de trusty Bolivar Blues.

Jest watch de pace, observe de grace, of ev'ry Bolivar Blue,
De Skides and Gingers can't compare, dey bust deir ranks in black despair;
Jest see de gait of Captain Slate, a sight dat's bad to lose,
And hear him shout, fall in and out, my trusty Bolivar Blues.
Heads up! Eyes out! wonder what dem gals are sayin,'
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! dat's de tune de bands are playin';
Forward march! aldough we're shinin' and perspirin.'
Present! shoulder feet! in the trusty Blues.—CHORUS.

A CURL FROM BABY'S HEAD.

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Words and Music by Edwin Harley.

I've a darling waiting for me,
Pretty blue eyes so full of glee;
Tiny red lips are lisping papa,
While from him I'm away so far,
While from him I'm away so far;
When last I left him in his mother's arms,
Sleeping sweetly, fearing no harm;
Quickly I stole from his forehead, so fair,
This little lock of golden hair.

CHORUS.

A curl from my baby's head,
Yes, a curl from the baby's head;
It will never grow old,
This treasure of gold,
Next my heart I'll wear it till dead.
A curl from my baby's head,
A curl from my baby's head,
It will never grow old,
This treasure of gold,
This curl from my baby's head.

Oft when despondent, homesick and weary,
Far, far from home and family so dear,
Then do I kiss it and fondle it tenderly,
Which seems to say to me:
"Be of good cheer."
While I, thro' toil and care,
Cling to this lock of hair,
And every day, tho' far away,
I pray for my baby fair.—CHORUS.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

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'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hollow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—CHORUS.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.—CHORUS.

OH, DOUBTING HEART, HOPE ON.

Copyright, 1880, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

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Written and Composed by Harry Pepper.

How many years with hopes and fears have I this moment sought,
For close at hand I see the land with many changes wrought;
And as we near the shore my fear is strangly mix'd with pain,
For something greets my ear, and speaks, we shall not meet again.
Oh, doubting heart, hope on, hope on, for she was ever true,
I pray that you are waiting, waiting for your lover to come to you;
Oh, doubting heart, hope on, hope on, for she was ever true,
I pray that you are waiting, waiting for your lover to come to you.

But truth it was no fancy, for as I sprang on shore,
That blessed face was absent, a stranger missive bore;
Bidding me follow quickly and join her on the golden shore,
Where doubts and fears and partings would cease forever more.
Oh, doubting heart, hope on, hope on, for she was ever true,
I pray that you are waiting, waiting for your lover to come to you;
Oh, doubting heart, hope on, hope on, for she was ever true,
I pray that you are waiting, waiting for your lover to come to you.

THE DARKEST HOURS ARE JUST BEFORE THE DAWN.

Copyright, 1888, by C. T. Duvall.

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Words and Music by C. T. Duvall.

Life sometimes to all of us brings trouble,
Skies cannot remain for ever fair;
Happiness will often prove a bubble
Glowing bright, then bursting in the air.
When misfortune gloom is hanging o'er you,
Ne'er a ray of hope to light you on;
Keep the golden proverb then before you:
"The darkest hours are just before the dawn."

CHORUS.

Give away to melancholy never,
Soon the dismal shadows will be gone;
Let this cheering thought support you ever:
"The darkest hours are just before the dawn."

Cares may make our pathway dark and dreary,
Poverty may come with chilling blight;
And the day's long hours, once so cheery,
All be filled with shadows of the night.
Still amid the depths of your affliction,
When dispair is near, a spectre wan,
Heed the proverb's comforting prediction:
"The darkest hours are just before the dawn."—CHOR.

Cheerful heart will make the burdens lighter,
Murmuring at fate brings no relief;
Hope should, like a beacon, glow the brighter,
As the darker grows the gloom of grief.
Strive to be contented with your station,
Better days will come to you anon;
Ne'er forget the proverb's declaration:
"The darkest hours are just before the dawn."—CHOR.

PICK UP YOUR DUDS AND GO.

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Words and Music by Thos. L. Mack.

In this world of care and trouble there's heaps of strife and sin,
For as soon as you are born, from that day on all your trouble does begin;
So prepare yourself for the judgement day, save your pennies, boys,
Buy yourself a carpet sack, pick up your duds and go.

CHORUS.

Then hurry on to glory, now, children, don't be slow,
When the roll is call'd on the judgement day,
Pick up your duds and go.

And when you get up to heaven, mind, now, don't you get too gay,
Or particular 'bout your food, don't put on style, case de Lord don't like no dudes;
'Twas just there unhappy old Satan liv'd many years ago,
He did sin, and the Lord made him pick up his duds and go.—CHORUS.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.

Words by Michael Nolan. Music by George Le Brun.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A winning way, a pleasant smile, dressed so neat, but quite in style,
Merry chaff your time to wile, has little Annie Rooney;
Every evening, rain or shine, I make a call 'twixt eight and nine,
On her who shortly will be mine, little Annie Rooney.

CHORUS.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe;
Soon we'll marry ne'er to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

The parlor's small, but neat and clean, and set with taste, so seldom seen
And you can bet, the household queen, is little Annie Rooney;
The fire burns cheerfully and bright, as a family circle round each night
We form, and every one's delight is little Annie Rooney.—CHORUS.

We've been engaged close on a year, the happy time is drawing near,
I'll wed the one I love so dear, little Annie Rooney;
My friends declare I'm in a jest, until the time comes will not rest,
But one who knows its value best, is little Annie Rooney.—CHORUS.

By-and-By You'll Forget Me.

Copyright, 1880, by W. F. Shaw.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Arthur French. Music by Wm. A. Huntley.

By-and-by you will forget me,
When my face is far from thee;
And the day when first you met me
Only lives in memory;
For 'mid other scenes and pleasures,
Nearer joys my heart shall sway,
And my love, like childish measures,
Will be tossed and thrown away.

CHORUS.

Sweet the hour when first I met you,
Sad the hour my lips shall say,
By-and-by you will forget me,
By-and-by when far away.

By-and-by you will forget me,
When our dream of love is o'er;
And the voice that used to pet me
At my side is heard no more.
Lonely then I'll sit and ponder,
And my quivered lips shall say:
By-and-by you will forget me,
By-and-by when far away.—CHORUS.

THE SAME OLD WALK.

Words and Music by Harry Wright.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm called a curious fellow, eccentric in my dress,
But I know where'er I go I'm thought of none the less;
The people laugh at my walk, but why I fail to see,
When I go out the little boys shout, as they run along after me:

SPOKEN—That's him, Tommy, don't you see?

CHORUS.

He's still got the same old walk, he's still got the same old style,
He's still got the same old face, he's still got the same old smile;
He's still got the same old coat, oh, doesn't he look a flat?
And just look there, I do declare, he's wearing the same old hat.

I know this style of clothes was worn many years ago,
I can't find any easier style, let me try all I know;
They pass remarks at my coat, and at me often smile,
I don't care a pin, I laugh and grin, and still keep the same old style.

SPOKEN—I don't care what they say, they may shout as loud as they like.—CHO.

My style of dress I am sure to me is no disgrace,
My sweetheart often says it matches with my face;
When I take her off to church, the bells shall merrily ring,
And as we're toddling through the streets, the boys and girls will sing:

SPOKEN—Hallo, Harry, are you going to marry? How is Carrie? don't you tarry, I see—

CHORUS.

You've still got the same old walk, you've still got the same old style,
You've still got the same old face, you've still got the same old smile;
You've still got the same old coat, oh, don't you look a flat?
You make me stare, I do declare, you're wearing the same old hat.

PRETTY ONE, SLEEP.

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Words by Edwin Bethel. Music by Victor Hawley.

Of all the songs I love to hear,
Is one my mother sang to me
When I was but a little child,
As she rocked me on her knee;
Its music was so sweet and low,
It soothed me into kindly sleep;
Its melody is dear to me,
In my heart these loving words I'll keep:

CHORUS.

Hush-o-bye baby, no longer cry,
Nought shall e'er harm thee, mother is nigh;
Soft be thy slumber, vigils I'll keep,
Go to sleep, darling, pretty one, sleep.

YODLE.

A lio e ho, a lio e ho, a lio e ho, a lio e ho,
A lio e ho, a lio e ho, a lio e ho, e lio.

REFRAIN.

Go to sleep, go to sleep.

No kindly hand now smoothes my brow,
Her loving voice no more I hear;
Her smiles no longer on me beam,
Alone I shed my bitter tears.
Tho' she has gone so far from me,
Her spirit ever hovers near;
But when I, too, shall pass away,
Be this the last song I shall hear:—CHO., YOD. & REF.

Paddle for the Golden Shore.

Copyright, 1883, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by C. Claro. Music by F. C. Andrews.

Oh, de gospel stream am deep an' wide,
Come along and cross wid me;
For it am far to the odder side,
Whar you know you'll like to be.
Don't stop to fool nor stop to rest,
Soon the chance you'll git no more;
I tell you chillen it am best
To paddle for de golden shore.

CHORUS.

Paddle for de golden shore, children,
Paddle for de golden shore,
Oh, pull away strong, but don't steer wrong
While you paddle for de golden shore.

Take care for snags, don't run aground,
Always keep a good look-out,
For if you don't, you'll surely drown'd,
Nebber mind how much you shout.
Just put your shoulder to de wheel,
Trabble on while odders snore;
If you git left, my! won't you squeal,
So paddle for de golden shore.—CHORUS.

Look out den, brudders, don't get caught,
Tell you dar's no time to stay;
A brimstone bed am mighty hot,
Listen now to what I say:
Oh, too much heat am not so nice,
Mebbe you know dat before,
Down in dat place dey don't keep ice,
So paddle for de golden shore.—CHORUS.

—Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers, when one of them remarked: "Faith, I'm a brick." "And I'm a bricklayer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground. —*Sunday Mercury.*

NELLIE, THE SAILOR'S PRIDE.

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Words and Music by F. G. Richmond.

The sun was high in the bright blue sky
When we cleared the harbor bar,
And the glistening tears stood in Nellie's eyes
For that day we sailed afar.
"Oh, Andy, dear," she cried to me,
"Ye know that I'll be true to thee,
Tho' ye leave me now in woe,
'Cross the stormy sea to go."

CHORUS.

O'er the bright blue sea, I'll be true to thee,
Tho' years us two may part;
Of thy face I'll dream when the bright stars gleam,
And think of thy loving heart.
When the storms rage high and the petrels fly,
Thy face shall be my guide;
Over the sea I'll come back to thee,
Oh, Nellie, the sailor's pride.

In Sydney bay the good ship lay,
And right ashore went we;
With our three months' pay then we took our way,
Into town right merrily.
Such pretty girls you ne'er did see
As in the port o' gay Sydney;
But a sweet voice, low and clear,
Seemed to whisper in my ear:—CHORUS.

There is a Tavern in the Town.

Copyright, 1883, by Wm. F. Hills.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 75 cents; or this and any two other Songs for $1.50, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down;
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let the parting grieve thee;
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, with you;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark;
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.—CHORUS.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet;
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.—CHORUS.

THE MONARCH OF THE WOODS.

Written and Composed by J. W. Cherry.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Behold the monarch of the woods, the mighty old oak tree,
He braves the ragging of the storm, on land or rolling sea;
He waves his branches, deck'd with green, in Summer's golden glow,
And in heavy clothes his leaf-less form, through Winter's frost and snow;
King time, the conqueror of all, he boldly does defy,
For green and hearty will he stand when ages have gone by.

CHORUS.

Green and hearty, green and hearty, hearty will he stand,
When ages have gone by, when ages have gone by.

How oft the monarch of the woods, upon a Summer's day,
Has seen the merry children sport, and 'neath his shadow play;
From youth to manhood they spring up, and old age comes at last,
Then green grass waves upon their graves, and all life dreams are past;
Yet stronger grows the mighty tree, in hale and hearty prime,
And stands the monarch of the woods, defying age and time.

CHORUS.

Stands the monarch of the woods, the monarch of the woods,
Defying age and time, defying age and time.

Say, Won't You Come Out and Play?

Copyright, 1888, by J. G. Richards & Co.

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Words by Johnnie Prindle. Music by Alfred N. Labrie.

I guess you don't know who I am,
Or what my name may be;
I hope you won't go tell my ma,
For that would settle it with me.
She told me to take care of the baby,
And not to go away;
But I ain't taking care of him
Because I'd have no time to play.

CHORUS.

Oh, say, won't you come out and play?
Oh, come ahead out and play;
Thro' the mud we will run,
Oh, won't it be fun?
Won't you come out and play?
Say, won't you come out and play?
Oh, come ahead out and play,
We won't go to school,
And our mammas we'll fool,
If you'll only come out and play.

My biggest sister don't like me,
She says I plague her so;
'Cause I put tacks on the chair,
That she puts there for her beau.
Then I go hide behind the stove,
And wait till he comes around;
For it is such fun to see him jump
As soon as he sits down.—CHORUS.

Well, I must be going
Before it gets too late;
And if you want to come with me,
You can swing on our old gate.
We'll go and tickle baby's nose,
Oh, my, won't it be fun,
To tie tin cans to Towser's tail,
Oh, just to see him run?—CHORUS.

George Marion's Famous Song!

CHUMP! OR, THEY DID ME UP.

Copyright, 1889, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

How often folks are nicely done and right before their eyes,
At least that's been the case with me, the truth I don't disguise;
A friend of mine in confidence said: "If you want some tin,
Go in for backing horses and there's not a doubt you'll win."

CHORUS.

They did me up, just like a simple gilly,
I thought I was doing immense, you see,
Little dreaming at all they were doing me,
Oh, what a roast! now I'll bet a dollar
They'll not get a chance in a hundred years
To do me up again.

Acquainted at a party I became with Miss McGee,
I fancied Nancy very much, and thought that she liked me;
A friend of mine said: "Take her out, she lots of cash has got,
And if you make love to her, dont forget to make it hot.

CHORUS.

She did me up, just like a simple gilly,
I thought I was doing immense, you see,
Never dreaming at all she was doing me,
Oh, what a roast! now I'll bet a dollar
She'll not get a chance in a hundred years
To do me up again.

While going home I took a cab, a week ago to-night,
It wasn't long before I found the driver he was tight;
We went smash up against a post, and o'er went the lot,
The gang: said "You get up and drive, the driver he cannot."

CHORUS.

They did me up, just like a simple gilly,
The copper, ah! me he did quickly grab
For not having a license to drive a cab,
Oh, what a roast! now I'll bet a dollar
They'll not have the chance in a hundred years
To do me up again.

WHEN JOHNNY GETS HIS GUN.

Copyright, 1889, by Charles Warren.

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Words and Music by Charles Warren.

I hope the day will soon be here
When Johnny gets his gun;
For things will then be very queer
When Johnny gets his gun;
Although you may not understand
Why it's played by every German band,
Strange things will happen in this land
When Johnny gets his gun.

The base ball fiend will have a rest
When Johnny gets his gun;
The penant will again come West
When Johnny gets his gun;
Chicago's club will gain great fame,
And Anson's colts won't be to blame,
If they brace up and win a game
When Johnny gets his gun,

Detectives will not play old Sleuth
When Johnny gets his gun;
But seek for facts and learn the truth
When Johnny gets his gun;
The citizens will live in peace,
The city's crime will then decrease,
Politicians won't appoint police
When Johnny gets his gun.

The North side cables will run right
When Johnny gets his gun;
In the tunnel they won't stick at night
When Johnny gets his gun;
In bar-rooms men won't drink and smoke
Till three A. M.—tell chestnut jokes,
Then tell their wives "the cable broke,"
When Johnny gets his gun.

You'll never hear a girl use slang
When Johnny gets his gun;
She'll never wear a fluffy bang
When Johnny gets his gun;
She will not giggle, hem or haw,
With gum she will not fill her jaw,
She'll leave her powder rag with ma
When Johnny gets his gun.

MY LOVE IS A MOUNTAINEER.

Copyright, 1889, by W. H. Ewald & Bro.

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Words by Henry Gates. Music by M. Eldot.

On the base of the old Alpine mountains,
Mid flowers that bloom rich and rare,
There dwells a dear little maiden,
With cheeks like the blush roses there.
Light hearted and free, joyous is she,
As the birds that do warble above,
In voice sweet and strong she carols her song,
Which the wind carries on to her love.

CHORUS.

My love climbs the steep, craggy mountains,
Whose peaks seem to reach the blue sky;
Below he can hear the birds warble,
Above him the bold eagles fly.
Onward he goes gayly singing,
He knows not the feeling, call'd fear;
Happy am I when my sweetheart is nigh,
For my love is a bold mountaineer.

At night when the moon beams above her,
And peeps o'er the mountain's crest,
Clasp'd in the arms of her lover,
Her heart is at ease and at rest.
The story, so old, once more is told,
With a kiss he then bids her good-bye;
Her words of good cheer oft come to his ear
As he climbs the old mountain so high.—CHORUS.

LONG AGO! LONG AGO!

Words by James Mortimer. Music by G. F. Hatton.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas long, long years ago, and we were children then,
At noon we stray'd beneath the shade of the old chestnut glen;
Or wander'd hand in hand beside the purling brook,
Whose murm'ring stream the sunshine's gleam chased thro' many a nook;
Ah, those were happy years, unfraught with cares or fears,
Long ago, long ago, ah, those were happy, happy years long ago.

'Twas long, long years ago, when we were girl and boy,
He, strong and bold, his lovetale told to me, a maiden coy;
He made me promise then to be his sweetheart true,
I promised, yes, as you may guess, alas, 'tis nothing new;
Ah, and so sped on the years, he left me drown'd in tears,
Long ago, long ago, he left me drown'd in tears long ago.

'Twas long, long years ago, but I can never forget
That sad farewell, whose mournful spell clings to mem'ry yet;
And constant to the last my heart will still remain,
Tho' he whose vow is broken now may never return again;
Ah, each passing day endears those happy, happy years, long ago, long ago,
Those happy, happy years, long ago.

IT'S ONE TOO MANY FOR ME.

Copyright, 1888, by C. T. Duvall.

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Words and Music by C. T. Duvall.

Oft something I see that I cannot make out,
It's one too many for me;
The more it I study, the more I'm in doubt,
It's one too many for me;
How or why it is done, I can't tell the least bit,
And strive as I will, I the reason can't hit,
And at last in despair I'm compelled to admit,
It's one too many for me.

REFRAIN.

It's one too many for me, for me, it's one too many for me,
Oft something I see that I cannot make out, it's one too many for me.

What landladies use in the making of hash,
It's one too many for me;
Why Yankee girls wed English lords with no cash,
It's one too many for me;
When your water-pipes burst, or your gas has a leak,
And you of the plumber assistance must seek,
If he don't own your dwelling in less then a week,
It's one too many for me.

REFRAIN.

It's one too many for me, for me, it's one too many for me,
What landladies use in the making of hash, it's one too many for me.

Why a girl will say no, when she really means yes,
It's one too many for me;
How a three dollar clerk can spend ten upon dress,
It's one too many for me;
There is one thing I wish some wise man would explain,
And that is, "which is it contains the most brain—
The head of a dude, or the head of his cane?"
It's one too many for me.—REFRAIN.

Why red headed girls with white horses combine,
It's one too many for me;
How saloons sell on Sunday and yet pay no fine,
It's one too many for me;
How people who're willing to reason to list,
Can watch girls chewing gum and yet boldly insist
That perpetual motion here doesn't exist,
It's one too many for me.—REFRAIN.

Why servants use coal oil in lighting the fire,
It's one too many for me;
Why people blow the gas out before they retire,
It's one too many for me;
Why a man at a play who, when each act is through,
Goes out to exchange with a friend how de do,
Is compelled while away to exchange his breath, too,
It's one too many for me.—REFRAIN.

Why you will persist in thus calling me out,
It's one too many for me;
I confess if you ask what I'm singing about,
It's one too many for me;
It's nice I admit to receive an encore,
But my verses are few and I've sung them all o'er,
And I only can say, if you want any more,
It's one too many for me.—REFRAIN.

—A tailor being asked if the close of the year made him sad, said: Yes, until the clothes of the year are paid for.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Umbrellas all belong to a lone association. That's why people won't let them alone.—*Danville Breeze.*

THE DYING COWBOY.

Written and Sung by Nelson Forsyth (Showman), Montgomery, Frio Co., Tex.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!
Those words came low and mournfully
From the pale lips of a youth, who lay
On his dying couch, at the close of day.

He had wasted in pride, 'till o'er his brow
Death's shades were gathering thickly now;
And he thought of home and loved ones there,
As the cowboys came to see him die.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave, just six by three;
Where the cayotas and the crows sport free,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not so, I've been told,
Where the body lies, as the heart grows cold;
Yet grant, oh, grant this boon to me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

I always hoped to be laid where I died,
In the old church yard by the green hillside;
By my father's bones, oh, bury me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh, bury me where a mother's prayer,
Or a sister's tears, might mingle there;
Where my friends might come and weep,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh, bury me not—and his voice there failed,
But they took no heed to his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
And they buried him there on the lone prairie.

WHY DON'T THEY DO SO NOW?

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Written and Sung by E. F. Dixie.

When I was a little baby, the ladies all would say,
That I was a darling joker, but always in the way;
Nice stories they would tell me, with some sugar in a rag,
And in my little mouth they would put the sugar bag.
Some peppermint they gave me, and some nice, good clothes to wear,
Then they dress'd me up so neatly, and they curl'd my auburn hair;
They would tote me 'round the room, and when I kick'd up a row,
They would kiss me, and they'd hug me then, why don't they do so now?

CHORUS.

They would tote me 'round the room, and when I kick'd up a row,
They would kiss me, and they'd hug me then, why don't they do so now?

When evening came at last, my little frock was laid away,
They would put my little night gown on, and lovingly would say:
Now, go to sleep, my little dear, we'll keep your toe-ses warm,
You've nothing now to fear, my love, we'll keep you from all harm.
Then "Mother Goose's melodies," so sweetly I would hear,
While the ladies all would call me their darling little dear;
They would pat me on my little head, and talk to show me how,
They would press me to their bosoms then, why don't they do so now?—CHOR.

When I a little older grew, just big enough to walk,
I was the sweetest boy of all, so nicely I could talk;
Into a blacksmith's shop I went, to see the fire fly,
I was a little frightened, so I began to cry.
I saw a red hot iron bar, a prize I thought to gain,
I picked it up right quickly, but soon laid it down again;
The maid then took me in her lap, I cannot show you how,
But she kissed me and she hugged me then, why don't she do so now?—CHOR.

The maid she was a nice young girl, to Fairmount oft did go,
Of course she took the babe along to see the baby show;
And as we walked around the grounds, the different sights to see,
The ladies all would turn their heads to get a peep at me,
They would kiss the dimples in my cheeks, and smooth my auburn hair,
They would ask the maid what was my name, had I a pa or ma;
They would toss me way up in the air, me thinks, I see them now,
They would smoother me with kisses then, why don't they do so now?—CHOR.

—Over a Bowery free lunch is nailed a card upon which is scrawled this legend: "If you don't see what you want, it is kept from you by order of your family physician."—*N. Y. World.*

THE KING OF THE SWELLS.

Copyright, 1887, by M. Witmark & Sons.

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Words by M. J. Cavanagh. Music by Isidor Witmark.

You can see at a glance I'm a model of grace, perfection itself attire,
My bright glossy tile is the acme of style, no other my fame can acquire,
In dress I'm recherche, not vulgar or loud, my manners are quite debonnaire,
I am the attraction whenever I'm out, you can hear them remark ev'rywhere:

CHORUS.

I am the dandy, I am the king, the dude is the thing of the past,
In mute admiration the ladies look on wherever my glances are cast,
I am the pet, I am the dear, I am the ador'd of the belles.
My graceful pose at party or play proclaims me the king of the swells.

I am up to all games for pleasure or coin I'm never in want of the brads,
I can handle the cue for a bottle or two, but never mix up with the cads;
The mashers and dudes are not in the race when I stroll along upper Broadway,
My elegant air makes the darling gall stare, if you listen you'll hear them all say:
—CHORUS.

THE GOLDEN RING.

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Oh, Jamie, where's the golden ring,
And where's the necklace rare?
And where's the pretty velvet string
To tie my raven hair?
When last we met, oh, Jamie, think
On vows ye made to me,
Recall the Burnie's flowing brink,
Recall the birken tree.
To name the ring or necklace braw,
No more in time I'll dare,
But where's the heart ye wiled away?
Oh, Jamie, tell me where!
But where's the heart ye wiled away?
Oh, Jamie, tell me where!

I'll hie me to the Burnie side,
An' aye I'll seek it there;
I'll be the Burnie's weeping bride,
An' never grieve ye mair.
I'll tell the Burnie all my woes,
I'll tell the birken tree;
I'll kneel me on the gowan braes,
An' aye I'll pray for thee.
An to the bonnie moon I'll sing
Beneath the birken tree;
An' I'll forget the golden ring
Ye falsely promised me;
An' I'll forget the golden ring
Ye falsely promised me.

MY SAILOR BOY, TOM.

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Written by J. H. Conway. Music by D. H. Fitzgibbon.

You ask me, my child, why I'm weeping to night,
Why these tears that you see on my cheek;
Draw close to my side and I'll tell you, my child,
Why, to-night, I so bitterly weep.
It is twelve years to day since Tom went away,
My sailor boy, brave and true;
In the dark hour of night he fell in the fight,
And he sleeps 'neath the waters so blue.

CHORUS.

It is twelve years to day since Tom went away,
My sailor boy, brave and true;
In the dark hour of night he fell in the fight,
And he sleeps 'neath the waters so blue.

In a far distant clime 'neath a sunny bright sky,
Where the waves gently roll on shore;
They have laid him to rest, and he's now with the blest,
Oh, my boy, I can never see you more.
Not until that happy day when I'm called away
To realms of bliss in the sky;
Oh, how happy I will be from care and sorrow free,
With my sailor boy forever by my side.—CHORUS.

—"Yes, I am the victim of a maiden's sighs," said the young man, who married a 180-pound beauty.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Not Too Much, But Just Enough.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now I try to be quite moderate in every song I sing,
And if I hit the passing times I leave no bitter sting;
This song you'll find satirical, but then I mustn't puff,
Not too satirical, but just satirical enough!
The girls, of course, we like to see look lovely, sweet and bright,
With eyes that sparkle gaily, and complexions lily white;
I like those blondes, called strawberry—the druggist sells the stuff,
Not too strawberry, but just strawberry enough!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff!
Not too much powdered rag, my boys, but just powder rag enough.

Now the Sunday laws have laid their grip upon our city here,
They try to rob a fellow once a week of lager beer;
Their excise laws may be all right, but then on some they're rough,
Not too much Sunday laws, but just Sunday laws enough!
I don't believe the many should be governed by the few,
That up State countrymen should rule our city as they do;
To rob us all of Sunday beer I think is rather tough,
Not too much Sunday beer, but just Sunday beer enough!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff,
Not too much captain Williams, boys, just captain Williams enough!

Now in sealskin sacques the ladies look bewitchingly serene,
With bonnets on their little heads that hardly can be seen;
The charmers look angelical, their wee hands in a muff,
Not too angelical, but just angelical enough!
And then upon the burlesque stage, to see their neat attire,
To look like Adam's better-half they all try to aspire;
How gauzy are their costumes, there is no wast of stuff,
Not too much costume, but just costume enough!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff,
Not too much drapery, boys, just drapery enough!

Now I am a strict believer in the rights of women fair,
And like to see those rights defended with the greatest care;
But when a fellow stops out late, and clubs are trumps, that's tough,
Not too much woman's rights, but just woman's rights enough!
And when a mother-in-law you'll have to fight all by yourself,
Your matrimonial schemes you'd better lay upon the shelf;
A mother-in-law is handy when she's not up to snuff,
Not too much mother-in-law, but just mother-in-law enough!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff,
Not too much tough old girl, my boys, just tough old girl enough!

Now it's nice to take your best girl out when you have got the price,
But if you happen to be short it isn't half so nice;
If she should call for quail on toast, you'll meet with a rebuff,
Not too much quail on toast, but just quail on toast enough!
And then these sprightly widows at flirtations are superb,
They're full of fun and frolic, and their spirits none can curb;
They're fond of matrimony, and very hard to bluff,
Not too much matrimony, but just matrimony enough!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff,
Not too much kissy-kissy, boys, just kissy-kiss enough!

LIZZIE SCHMITT.

Words by George Murphy, and given by him to a few professional friends, and stolen by pirates who claim it as their own. Mr. Murphy simply makes this note to let the public know that this song and every song he sings is composed by him, and therefore must be his own property.

I am looking for a girl called Lizzie Schmitt,
She stood me up, yes, she did;
Oh, my heart was in a flitter, 'till she pushed me in de gitter,
Den she said she only done it for a kid.
Last Tirsday night I took her to a ball,
She wouldend dance mit me at all;
Den der komed an Irish duffer, and he said he was her loffer,
Den he knocked me down und gave me a good fall.
Oh, Lizzie Schmitt, [*break*] big, fat Lizzie Schmitt. [*break*]

CHORUS.

If I see her, oh, if it is in de schtreet,
I'll holler out and say she did;
I'll tell her she is dizzy, and call her pudden-headed Lizzie,
Don't anybody know where's Lizzie Schmitt?

De reason why I want to find Miss Schmitt,
Is to find out why und for what she did;
Why she played me for a sicker, oh, how I would like to kick her,
Dos anybody here know Lizzie Schmitt?
I'll give you her prescription er I go,
She's got a corn on her big toe, she's got a carbuncle on her nose,
Und she wears second-handed clothes,
Of you see her will you only let me know?
Oh, Lizzie Schmitt, [*break*] big, fat Lizzie Schmitt. [*break*]—CHO.

Paddy and His Sweet Potheen.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

While the moon shines brightly o'er the mountain,
There the smoke goes curling up the hill;
Oh, so slyly watching for the guager,
While we work with a will at the still.
The birds twitter sweetly as a warning,
That the darkness is gone from the green;
And you'll find Pat there in the morning
A making of his sweet potheen.

CHORUS.

Then we'll drink it down
With a smile and never frown;
To a friend, to a neighbor, and old Ireland green,
Let the glass go around.
We will welt it on the ground
To dear old Paddy and his sweet potheen;
Drink it down—drink it down,
Oh, we'll drink a shlanter all around.

In the old mud cabin by the hillside,
Where the turf burns brightly, do ye see?
There's a steaming kettle on the hob nail,
And it cries if you're dry, come to me.
Pour out from the jug on the table,
Oh, the whiskey unknownst to the queen,
That never was marked with a lable,
And we've christened it the sweet potheen.—CHORUS.

Let the French *vous parle* with the trader,
And the Dutch *ich sprechen* with the beer;
We'll drink botheration to the gauger,
With a quaff and a laugh, and a cheer.
You'll find it the juice of old nature,
Our whiskey, the first ever seen;
Oh, we'll drink a noggin of the crature,
A noggin of the sweet potheen.—CHORUS.

CASEY'S WIFE.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

Oh, my name is Michael Mooney, and I'm nearly driven looney
Since the day I married Barney Casey's wife;
She was a bouncing Irish widdy, well to do and fairly pretty,
And I thought we'd lead a quiet, happy life.
But the moment we were one, she was sorry it was done,
And on me she wreaks her vengeance ev'ry day;
If my mouth I dare to open, for an axe she will be gropin',
And my life she'll threaten for to take away.

CHORUS.

Oh, she licks me and she kicks me ev'ry morning, night and noon,
She plays a game of polo with my coco and the broom;
But her days of fun are over, I am going to have my rights,
Yes, her temper I will break or I will murder Casey's wife.

Now she has a strapping brother, and a fat slob of a mother,
And of course her side they take in ev'ry thing;
Both around the house are shirking while I am away at working,
And of ev'rything I own they're queen and king,
They have rows with all the neighbors, and the beer they drink, be gabers,
Is enough to keep them soaking for a week;
But if I should chance to mutter, I am landed in the gutter,
Then they dance on me till I cannot speak.

CHORUS.

Oh, she downs me and she pounds me, and she beats me black and blue,
Her mother grabs the poker, and she takes a hand in, too;
But I am going to pluck up courage and some day I'll have her life,
For I feel it in my bones that I'll be hung for Casey's wife,

Now the death of Barney Casey must have driven Mary crazy,
For she never showed her temper so before;
I used often to admire her to myself and say:
No finer woman ever walked on earth here to adore.
Ah, but since she married me, though, why, I cannot see,
She tries to make me out her little slave;
It would be her greatest pleasure, for a coffin to have me measured,
And to lay me down with Casey in his grave.

CHORUS.

Arrah, Missus Barney Casey, oh, why did I marry you?
The terror of my life, she has my heart near broke in two;
She was always hugging Casey, now she's always slugging me,
But some day we will have trouble, and her murderer I'll be.

WHEN IRELAND BELONGS TO THE IRISH AGAIN.

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Words and Music by John McGuirk.

Come all you true-born Irishmen, wherever you may be,
And I will sing a song in praise of home and liberty;
The subject is old Ireland, boys, the country of our birth,
Whose people are unhappy, and their spirits crushed to earth.
But soon the time is coming on when we shall strike the blow,
And struggle with determined strength to lay the tyrant low;
So cast aside false scruples, boys, and never mind your fears,
We'll give to Ireland, when she calls, a million volunteers.

CHORUS.

Then we'll stand by the green and we never will turn back,
Like the Irish of Fontenoy, true sons of Paddy Whack;
We'll never leave the field 'till our foes fall down like rain,
And Ireland belongs to the Irish again.

Our men will come from every clime unto their native shore,
When Ireland has her freedom and owns British rule no more;
Surrounded by united friends like freemen we will stand,
And praise to God and songs of joy will ring throughout the land.
Then here's success to Erin's cause and sound the battle cry,
And let each Irishman resolve to conquer or to die;
And when the green flag is unfurled we'll hail it with three cheers,
And give to Erin, when she calls, a million volunteers.—CHORUS.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

By Frank Olive.

Well, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;
And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still;
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
A better wife then Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow,
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir,
And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness;
'Twas here—'twas mine;—but I've no language to explain to you,
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath,
Dumb with an awful, worldless woe, we waited for his death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
For heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our greatful tears together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell accross our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing;
Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was tremendous strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
And while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two;
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, chocking with horrid doubt;
"If youre the man, just follow me; we'll try this mystery out!"
With dizzy steps, I led him to Mary. God! 'Twas true!
Then the bitterest pang of mystery, unspeakable, I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild despairing moan.
'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead.
But all too late—and with a bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
He strove in vain some tiding of his absent wife to learn.
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd 've killed him, too,
So dead he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner, at the judgment-seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt down and said:
"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not dead!"
I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words stuck tight!

"But John, I can't leave baby."—"What! wife and child!" cried I,
"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die."
Think of the long, sad lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that heaven ever wove.
Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no shame—
"My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife;
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done,
One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone!

DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT.

Written and Sung by James Dunn.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The latest craze that puzzles me is well known to you all,
'Tis seen at ferries, stations, and at every public hall;
In barrooms, streets and avenues, and every public spot,
This machine I believe the name is: Drop a nickel in the slot.
It produces almost anything, that any one desires,
As long as money drops inside, the machinery never tires;
You may have seen it long ago, perhaps you may have not,
This wonderful thing and they call it: Drop a nickel in the slot.

Then drop a nickel in the slot, and judge of your surprise,
And article jumps out, and you can scarce believe your eyes;
There's cigarettes of all kinds, and chewing gum, as well,
Just drop a nickel in the slot, what you'll get none can tell.
There's tobacco, candy, undershirts, suspenders, too, and socks,
Clothing new and second hand, and pills, too, by the box;
Whiskey punches and free lunches, freezing cold or hot;
No trouble to get, if you'll only drop a nickel in the slot.

Then drop a nickel in the slot and see what will come next,
If you don't get a house and lot you must not then get vexed;
There's castor oil and bathing suits, and bustles, too, they say,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and the band begins to play.
Just drop a nickel in the slot if you want a loving wife,
She'll be a comfort to you for the balance of your life;
And if you're fond of dressing, and very little money you've got,
If you want a suit of clothes, drop a nickel in the slot.

MICHAEL SLATHER'S SPREE.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

Oh, to night I'm out upon a spree, my heart is full of joy,
For this morn' I got a wonderful surprise;
Shure my wife made me a present of a pair of bouncing twins,
So I laid off work to go and tell the boys.
I collected all my wages from the foreman right away,
And I put on all the best clothes in my trunk;
So now, if you want to join me, boys, to celebrate the day,
Why just come and we will soon be biling drunk.

CHORUS.

Oh, for I'm out upon a racket, I have money in my jacket,
Let ye not at all be backward, but just come along with me;
We'll stop over to McGinty's, and we'll smoke and drink in plenty,
Michael Slather's now a father, and he is on a roaring spree.

You can order what you fancy, for with joy I'm nearly wild,
And I want to give you all a splendid time;
For all previous to this hour I had neither chick nor child,
Ah, but now I've two that's stout and fat, and prime.
And I'm going to celebrate it if it costs me every cent,
That I've scraped and saved out of my monthly pay;
For I'm exceedingly elated at this wonderful event,
I'm the father of two baby boys to day.—CHORUS.

Shure I haven't lost an hour, no not one this blessed month,
So it's time I had a little jollity;
And there's not a man among you, if it happen'd to yourself now,
That wouldn't go and get upon a spree.
The old woman said this morning if I came home drunk to-night,
She would let me have a sweet taste of a row;
But I'm going to buy a cradle for the babies on our way,
That will soften the old girl anyhow.—CHORUS.

ASK A POLICEMAN.

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Composed by A. E. Durandeau. Sung by Joe. O'Connor.

The police force is a noble band, that safely guard our streets,
Their valor is unquestion'd, and they're monarchs on their "beats;"
If any thing you wish to know, they'll tell you with a grin,
In fact, each one of them is a complete "inquire within."

CHORUS.

If you want to know the time, ask a policeman,
The proper city time, ask a policeman,
Every member of the force has a watch and chain, of course,
How he got it, from what source? ask a policeman.

And if you stay out late at night and visit regions queer,
Thanks to those noble guardians, of danger you've no fear;
If beer you want, and stores are closed, go to the man in blue,
He'll show you where the side door is, and tell you what to do.

CHORUS.

If you want to get a drink, ask a policeman,
He'll manage it, I think, will a policeman,
He'll find out the secret way, where you can, both night and day,
Get a cocktail right away, can a policeman.

And if your hired girl suddenly should leave her cosy place,
Don't publish an advertisement, her whereabouts to trace;
No matter what the neighbors say, if you wish her to trace,
Go ask the fellow dressed in blue, he'll soon find out the place.

CHORUS.

If you don't know where she's gone, ask a policeman,
Or where from you she's run, ask a policeman,
He may say some dude did try to make her from home fly,
You'll know better bye and bye from that policeman.

And if you're getting very stout, wish to be trim and nice,
No need a doctor to call in, you just take my advice;
Go in for running all you can, both morning, noon and night,
And if you want a pattern, watch a policeman in a fight.

CHORUS.

If you want to learn to run, ask a policeman,
When a battle has begun, watch a policeman,
Round the corner he will go, swift as arrow from a bow,
He don't care to meet the foe, does a policeman.

Or if you're called away from home, and leave your wife behind,
You think, oh, would that I a friend to guard the house could find;
And keep my love in safety, but let all your troubles cease,
You'll find the wished for safeguard in our honest, good police.

CHORUS.

If your wife requires a friend, ask a policeman,
Who to her wants will attend, ask a policeman,
Or if manliness you'd trace, on a guileless honest face,
To take care of wife and place, get a policeman.

Leave That Old Cradle to Me.

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Written and Composed for, and Sung by T. J. Farron.

One morning the bailiffs on mischief were bent,
Which the law had no mercy to show;
Poor old Jim Shea was behind in the rent,
To evict him the bailiffs did go.
To ransack his cabin at once they did start,
Threw his furniture on the roadside;
Old Shea he looked on with a pitiful eye,
With an outburst of grief he did cry.

CHORUS.

Of friend I'm bereft, I have not a soul left,
My boys and my girls o'er the sea,
They were raised in that cot, you may take all the lot
But leave that old cradle to me.

So cold was the weather, but it mattered not,
The bailiffs cruel were they;
By degrees they were making a wreck of that spot,
Which left poor Shea homeless that day.
Not even his sighs or his pray'rs of distress,
Those monsters they would take no heed;
And for that old relic he longed to posess,
To them on his knees he did plead.—CHORUS.

The work of destruction how soon it was o'er,
The gang then prepared for to start;
Old Shea he looked on with his eyes full of tears,
That once was the home of his heart.
The sight was too much for poor feeble old Shea,
So he fell and was soon free from care;
His soul it had fled to that land far away,
But the last words old Shea whispered were:—CHORUS.

SIGNOR BING BINGER, THE BARITONE SINGER.

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I sing of a feminine gender,
Delicate, gentle and kind,
Innocent, sweet and tender,
And vowing one day she'd be mine.
For operas this girl was crazy,
And opera singers as well,
But when I said: Be mine! she replied: "I decline!"
And the reason I'm going to tell.

CHORUS.

She said, at the Chinese theatre
There was the man of her choice,
Signor Bing Binger, the baritone singer,
With such a magnificent voice.
I tried with my voice to enchant her,
I sang her my tra la, la, la,
But she said: Your no singer,
Go hear my Bing Binger sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

Said I, now my darling Ti-ti-ti,
For that was the dear creature's name;
My heart is as dry as old tinder,
Don't add to the fuel with flame.
I'll take lessons of Campanini,
I'll strike the high "C" like a bell—
That was all of no use, she gave me the deuce,
And she stuck to her baritone swell.—CHORUS.

I imported an upright piano,
And also a teacher that sings;
He taught me sweet "Eileen Alanna,"
And a new song he called "White Wings."
He taught me "Sweet Violets" and chestnuts,
And "When the Swallows Homeward Fly,"
And "Sadly I roam" and "Home Sweet Home,"
And "We Never Speak As We Pass By."—CHORUS.

It Couldn't Occur in New York.

Written and Sung by Lew Dockstader.

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Mayor Grant was to cut the poles down, so it's said,
But it couldn't occur in New York;
You may fool with a wire without dropping dead,
But it couldn't occur in New York;
The wires over head may be put under ground,
Corporations with wealth may be easily downed,
But it couldn't occur in New York.

They tell me in Chicago that the World's Fair
Couldn't occur in New York;
That their fame for big "feats" will attract it out there,
So it couldn't occur in New York;
They do things in Chicago that we wouldn't dare,
Like that Arnachist meeting in Haymarket Square,
To say nothing at present of the Cronin affair,
Which couldn't occur in New York.

They have peers in England, at least I'm told,
But they never appear in New York;
Whose titles date back to the great days of old,
But they never appear in New York;
And that's rather queer because over here
Such big fish as they are outrageous dear;
Just to think! Thirteen thousand for one "oyster" pier,
And that paid right here in New York.

—A poultry trust has been organized and thus the fowl business goes on.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Fond Mother: Tommy, darling, this is your birthday, what would you like best? Tommy (after a moment's reflection): I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.—*Paris Figaro.*

No. 4, SECOND FLOOR.

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By Joseph Flynn.

Now it happened one Summer, a beautiful Miss
I met by the briny sea shore;
And in love I soon fell, for the truth I will tell,
Yes, this charmer I really adore.
We kissed and we spooned all the long afternoon,
Oh, I'll ne'er forget the day;
And she managed to whisper these words in my ear,
Ere her mamma did take her away:

CHORUS.

By-by, she did sigh, when the moon's in the sky
I will meet you, my darling, once more;
At nine, by the clock, just come in and don't knock,
To the house, number four, second floor.

To the house then I went, and the signal I sent;
When, by jingo, I turned quickly pale;
For a flower pot down from the roof broke my crown,
And a bull dog he grabbed my coat-tail.
Then I made a quick dash, and I jumped right kersplash
In a barr'l full up of rain,
When the people came down, why, they found me near drowned,
And my presence they wanted explained.

CHORUS.

By-by, I did cry, for the fence I did fly,
But the bull dog grabbed me once more;
At nine, by the clock, I was caught by a cop
At the house, number four, second floor.

Well, my feelings that moment I cannot describe,
My looks I am sure were absurd;
The policeman, so bold, of my collar grabbed hold,
Dragged me off without saying a word.
In the front of a judge I was placed the next morn,
And bugl'ry was the crime;
And as I was led down to a cell underground,
Why, the turnkey remarked with a smile:

CHORUS.

By-by, he did cry, two years will roll by,
And your darling shall see you no more;
At nine, by the clock, just go in and don't knock,
To the cell, number four, second floor.

To the prison I went, but my heart was content,
For my darling she swore she'd be true;
In a long loving note, why, those words she had wrote,
I will never wed any but you.
You can judge my dismay, when one sunny day
To her house quite free I walked;
On a coppers big knee she sat easy and free,
When I kicked I was licked like a gawk.

CHORUS.

By-by, she did cry, you're the greenest old guy
That I ever did meet with before;
At nine, by the clock, I was wed to this cop,
At the house, number four, second floor.

HOOROO FOR CASEY!

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Words and Music by James E. Sullivan.

Mr. Casey gave a party at his house last Tuesday night,
Every one was feeling jolly, sure, I got roaring tight;
There was little Johnny Docherty, and big, fat Jerry Tracey,
A yelling out the whole night long, Hooroo for Casey!

CHORUS.

"Hooroo for Casey!" some one in the corner yelled out,
"Hooroo for Casey!" Tracey yelled again;
Mr. Casey's very aisy, but he thought the boys were crazy,
With their one, two, three, four, Hooroo for Casey.

We all sat down to supper, it was such a lordly spread,
Casey went to make a speech, but they stood him on his head;
Tracey spilled the lobster salad upon the lemon pie,
When all at once throughout the room they yelled the same old cry:—CHORUS.

'Twas four o'clock next morning when we left Casey's house,
The neighborhood is dacent and quiet as a mouse;
How I got home that morning I don't remember well,
But we stood outside of Casey's door and gave him one more yell.—CHORUS.

—Liquor Dealer: I thought there was half a barrel of that campaign whiskey left? Clerk: There was, but it ate a hole through the barrel and ran into the cellar.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

DON'T LEAVE ME, LADDIE.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

In the Spring of life a youth stood beside his mother's knee,
Waiting, ere he sped accross the main,
For a word of cheer to comfort, a smile to speed him on,
From the lips of her he ne'er might see again.
I'm going now, dear mother, oh, bid me sweet farewell,
My country and its freedom call to me;
I'll bring thee gold in plenty, I'll fight for name and fame,
And when some day I'll come again these all I'll bring to thee.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, dear mother, oh, do not weep and sigh,
Life is at best a book of pain;
Sweet sunny days will soon come back again,
And I will be with you, bye and bye.

But the mother, bent with age, took her laddie's hand in hers,
Drew him close unto her beating heart,
As she spoke in accents sadly: "We ne'er shall meet again,
If thou and I, my laddie, now must part."
In pleading, sweet and sadly, I saw her bend her head,
And look into the eyes of her dear boy;
Then with a sigh of sorrow she brush'd a tear away,
And kneeling there she held his hand, and these words softly said:

CHORUS.

Don't leave me, laddie, oh, look into my eyes,
What is thy fame or gold to me?
These fade away, but true love never dies,
And that, lad, is all I ask of thee.

REFRAIN.

Never leave a mother for fame or gold,
Never leave a mother for wealth untold,
These fade away, but true love never dies,
And that, lad, is all she asks of thee.

Yet the lad he sail'd away o'er the deep and silent sea,
Onward to a distant land of woe;
And beneath the starry heavens, where bravest heroes fell,
With gallant heart he proudly met the foe.
A thrust from warrior's sabre had piere'd his bleeding heart,
While far away his mother watch'd in vain;
He'd fought for name and glory, he'd fallen with his fame,
And evermore me thinks I hear this sad, this sad refrain:

CHORUS.

Don't leave me, laddie, oh, look into my eyes,
What is thy fame or gold to me?
These fade away, but true love never dies,
And that, lad, is all I ask of thee.

REFRAIN.

Never leave a mother for fame or gold,
Never leave a mother for wealth untold,
These fade away, but true love never dies,
And that, lad, is all she asks of thee.

Emmet's Farewell to His True Love.

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Farewell, love, farewell, love, I now must leave you,
The pale moon is shining her last beams on me;
In truth I do declare I never deceived you,
For it's next to my heart is dear Erin and thee.

Draw near to my bosom, my first and fond true love,
And cherish the heart that beats only for thee;
And let my cold grave with green laurels be strewn, love,
For I'll die for my country, dear Erin, and thee.

Oh, never again in the moonlight we'll roam, love,
When the birds are at rest and the stars they do shine;
Oh, never again shall I kiss thy sweet lips, love,
Or wander by streamlets with thy hands pressed in mine.

Oh, should a mother's love make all others forsake me,
Oh, give me a promise before that I die,
That you'll come to my grave when all others forsake me,
And there with the soft winds breath sigh then for sigh.

My hour is approaching, let me take one fond look, love,
And watch thy pure beauty till my soul does depart;
Let thy wrinklets fall on my face and brow, love,
Draw near till I press thee to my fond and true heart.

Farewell, love, farewell, love, the words are now spoken,
The pale moon is shining her last beams on me;
Farewell, love, farewell, love, I hear the death token,
Never more in this world your Emmet you'll see.

M-O-N-E-Y.

Written and Sung by James Dunn.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Money makes the mare to go, is a saying old and true,
And when you got the ready cash, your friends will stick like glue;
But when your pocket's empty, those friends you thought sincere,
Will proudly turn upon their heel, and quickly disappear.
'Tis then you murmur to yourself: I must have been a fool,
To let those artful fellows make me their ready tool;
If fortune smile on me again, 'tis then you can rely,
The only friend that I will trust, is m-o-n-e-y.

CHORUS.

M-o-n-e-y, that is the stuff to bring you joy,
When you've got the dust, you see everybody seems so free;
Folks you never seen befor, will flock around you by the score,
And girls to win your love will try, for your m-o-n-e-y.

The parson preaches in the church, he does not do it free,
The lawyer, he will plead your case, but he always wants his fee;
The butcher quickly smells a rat when funds are getting low,
And if you want your meat on tick, he'll quickly answer: No!
The landlord smiles upon you if you your rent can pay,
But miss a month and you will find your sticks in the street next day;
Your wife seems cold and distant if to stint her you will try,
And won't be civil till she gets your m-o-n-e y.—CHORUS.

DIP ME IN DE GOLDEN SEA.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, I long for to reach dat hebenly shore,
To dip in de golden sea;
To meet old Peter a standing in de door,
To dip in de golden sea.
He'd say to me, oh, how do you do?
Come set right yonder in de ivery pew;
Oh, good colored people, go clar clean through,
To dip in de golden sea.

CHORUS.

Den dip me, bathe me, sisters, you and me,
Come get in de boat, for we all gwine float,
For to dip in de golden sea.

Oh, we'll all ride behind a silver white steed,
To dip in de golden sea;
And every one a Baptist, an' no other creed,
To dip in de golden sea.
Den I look down on de world below,
And watch you niggers a shoveling snow;
While angel fishes dey nip my toe,
To dip in de golden sea.—CHORUS.

In de moonlight, oh, dar I'll lay on my back,
To dip in de golden sea;
As happy as a clam when de tide am slack,
To dip in de golden sea.
When I'll get dar I'll wear white wings,
Have a crown on head with lots of other things;
And shout, hallelujas, de big choir sing,
To dip in de golden sea.—CHORUS.

THE OLD PLAYGROUND.

Copyright, 1855, by Firth, Pond & Co.

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Words by Edward Jay Allen. Music by J. De Ruver.

I'm sitting to-day in the old playground,
Where you and I sat so oft together;
I'm thinking of the joys, when you and I were boys,
In those merry days now gone, John, forever.
'Twas here we sat in the merry olden time,
And we dreamed of the wide world before us;
And our visions and hopes of the coming time
Were as bright as the sun which shone o'er us.

O'er this treshold, John, we passed forlorn,
To wander we knew not where;
The heaven, we thought so bright, was o'ershadowed by night,
And the pathway lay dark and drear.
But I'm sitting to-day in the old playground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together;
And these memories wild have made me a child,
As in those merry days now gone, John, forever.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Copyright, 1861, by Lee & Walker.

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Words by Francis De Haes Janvier. Music by George Felix Benkert.

The stars and stripes, what hand shall dare
To desecrate the flag we bear?
The flag of stars whose cheering light
Beamed through oppression's gloomy night,
The flag of stripes, whose heavenly dyes
Flashed freedom's day-spring through the skies;
Our flag, our flag, the standard of the free,
Symbol of hope and liberty.

CHORUS.

The flag of stripes, whose heavenly dyes
Flashed freedom's day-spring through the skies;
Our flag, our flag, the standard of the free,
Symbol of hope and liberty.

The stars and stripes, what memories rise
Whenever that banner greets our eyes;
By patriots borne o'er land and sea,
It led the way to victory.
When slaughter swept the surging main,
When carnage strewed the crimson plain,
It marked the spot where heroes stood,
It was baptized in heroes' blood.—CHORUS.

The stars and stripes, what power shall stay
Immortal freedom's onward way;
The heavens are the triumphal arch
Through which she takes her mighty march.
Her mighty march, nor shall she halt
'Till, like the spangled azure vault,
O'er every land around the world
The stars and stripes shall be unfurled.—CHORUS.

I Loaned My Sunday Coat to Maloney.

Copyright, 1880, by Spaulding & Kornder.

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Words by Irene Hildreth. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Tim McCarthy was a friend to Mike Maloney,
And Mike Maloney was a friend to me;
Poor McCarthy was afflicted wid memory,
And now he's taken off to Calvary.
Maloney paid a visit the other evening,
As I my supper was about to take;
And said he to me: O'Toole now would ye lend me
A coat to wear to Tim McCarthy's wake.

CHORUS.

Oh, I loaned me Sunday coat to Maloney,
The only dacent coat I had to wear;
The coat that made me look so very toney,
And now I cannot find it anywhere.

Oh, that coat was always put away by Judy
On Monday morning when I went to work;
And it then was brushed and smoothed again on Tuesday,
For exactness, sure, my Judy is a Turk.
When Maloney called, she said: Don't be aisy,
Don't be green enough to lend your Sunday coat;
If Pat Maloney gets it, ye are crazy,
It's meself will be saying, you're a goat.—CHORUS.

Now the way I got the coat I will tell ye,
But ye must not tell any body else;
I lent seventeen dollars to a copper,
And the coat he did mortgage to meself;
He said: I'll let ye kape the coat, O'Toole, dear,
It will never be claimed again by me;
If the money is not paid to ye by New Year,
O'Toole come have a drink just now wid me.—CHORUS.

—If this world were made to suit every critic's wishes, what a deformed, bulging, lopsided. depressed, irregular, dime museum affair it would be.—*Baltimore American.*

THE OLD FAMILY ALBUM.

Copyright, 1889, by William Gilligan.

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Words and Music by William Gilligan.

How well I remember, in days long gone by,
The old-fashion'd homestead I valued so high;
Where father and mother and sisters, so dear,
Were happy and cheerful whene'er I draw near.
But now all is chang'd, time has left its own print,
My vision of happiness lost its bright tint;
But there's one consolation far dearer than all,
The old family album I love to recall.

CHORUS.

Then cherish it dearly that treasure of love,
A keepsake so precious, a charm from above;
And the fond recollections of faces so dear,
The old family album brings ever more near.

The friends of my youth I have here by the score,
What pleasure to look at their faces once more;
And think of the hours that together we spent
In harmless enjoyment and wild merriment.
The years come and go and life seems but a dream,
When I think of the homestead so close by the stream;
Still there's one little comfort remaining for me,
The old family album I'm happy to see—CHORUS.

There's picture of mother with silv'ry white hair,
The pride of the album, so guard it with care;
And kind, aged father, and sisters, so true,
Their faces appear in this old album too.
So let us push on thro' this world's endless strife,
And fill every space in our album of life;
But remember there's nothing so holy by far
As the old family album, your own guiding star.—CHORUS.

SHE TOLD ME I WAS DREAMING.

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Words by Samuel Minturn Peck. Music by Walter A. Phillips.

The amber beams were flitting from meadow newly mown,
My love and I were sitting in the waning light alone;
I told her of my passion and the hope I had at stake,
She said that I was dreaming, she said that I was dreaming,
She said that I was dreaming, ah, let me never wake.

The mellow glow grew dimer, I clasp'd her hand in mine,
The stars began to glimmer above the drowsy pine;
I said their beams were shining the brighter for her sake,
She told me I was dreaming, she told me I was dreaming,
She told me I was dreaming, ah, let me never wake.

I felt her fingers tremble, the tear drops I could see,
Her heart could not dissemble the love she bore for me;
I whispered, were you faithless, sweetheart, my heart would break,
If loving is but dreaming, ah, let me never wake,
If loving is but dreaming, ah, let me never wake.

THE LILAC.

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Words by Marion May. Music by Gustave Kline.

Do you remember, sweetheart, those happy days gone by,
When you and I together climbed the high rocks?
Your eyes with love were bright, a tender, happy light,
I handed you a little bunch of lilacs;
You loved me then, sweetheart, I know, you often told me so,
When the evening sun caressed the dear, old, grey rocks;
The sweetest thought to me, as dear as life could be,
You kissed me when you took the bunch of lilacs.

CHORUS.

Sweetest bunch of lilacs I will pick for you,
Wonder if you love me if your heart is true;
Give to me a promise, surely you'll do this,
Tell me that you love me, answer with a kiss.

Those happy days of childhood, with golden visions crown'd,
As the radiant sun with beauty crowns the high rocks;
Sweet love was in your eyes, a love that never dies,
I pick'd for you a little bunch of lilacs;
Dear love, you said to me, be true, as I will be to you,
And mem'ry twins with love the dear, old, grey rocks;
And so the thought to me, as dear as life could be,
You kissed me when you took the bunch of lilacs.—CHORUS.

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

Waal, girls—if ye must know—reckon I must tell ye. Waal, 'twas in the Winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o'quiet like when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I: "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Wasn't that a rap at the door?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" and he sez, sez he, "Are ye sure?" and I sez, sez I, "No sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood—a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about politics, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father, father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down in the cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and the man he drinks, and father he drinks, the man drinks till they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir." "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing gown and slippers." And he put them on and arter awhile he went to bed.

And there sat that man, and bimeby he began a-hitching his chair up toward mine—oh, my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No sir!" for I was most scared to death; "Waal," there we sat, and arter awhile, will ye believe me, he began backing his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't the heart to take it away 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" and he sez, sez he, "for the third and last time, I shan't ask ye again, will ye have me?" and I sez, sez I, "Yes sir!" —fur I didn't know what else to say.

WALTZINGHAM McSWEENEY.

Copyright, 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

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Words by Jim Campbell. Music by Chas. Dockstader.

I'm Waltzingham McSweeney, a man well known to fame,
I'm a shining light at all the clubs, I'm a man of pluck and game;
I'm the best known man on Broadway, on account of my form and face,
And the stylish way I carry myself, with a walk of air and grace.
I'm the one you can't help notice, I'm a man of splendid parts,
I've a high-born education, I'm decomplished in all the arts;
I can swim like captain Boynton, I can walk a highland fling,
I can pull a boat with Hanlan, I'm a crack shot on the wing.

CHORUS.

Waltzingham McSweeney, that's the cognomen I bear,
The ladies admire my pretty shape and aristocratic air;
The swells they all get jealous when the dashing girls at me lear,
For my graceful glide in the ballroom, I'm called the gay cavalier.

I'm a great pedestrian walker, my record dates far back,
I'd be sure to beat O'Leary, if they'd let me on the track;
I'm known at all the races, my bets are all the boast,
I can always name the winning horse before he leaves the post.
All politicians seem to know me, they shake my hand with pride,
For they know my great influence in elections turn the tide;
All the Congressmen and Senators admire me everywhere,
And Waltzingham McSweeney, some say will be your Mayor.—CHORUS.

At Rockaway or Long Branch, I'm great mogul of all,
And the landlords of the big hotels they fight to have me call;
And all the bathers upon the beach they watch me do the grand,
And the lords and dukes, and ladies, feel proud to shake my hand.
When I walk out in my bathing-suit, and step upon the beach,
The opera-glasses are levelled at me, as far as they can reach;
And your lords and dukes are known, where like a flower they fade away,
When Waltzingham McSweeney steps into the boiling sea.—CHORUS.

—Henry, said a millionaire father, you are now about to start out into the world. Which would you rather have me give you —my blessing or a cool hundred thousand?" one, father, one, one. I couldn't stand a hundred thousand blessings such as you ask. —*The Dude.*

—When a married woman goes out to look after her rights, her husband is usually left at home with his wrongs.—*The Dude.*

BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE.

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

You may talk of the language of beautiful Spain,
Also the Italian soft tone;
But where in the world will you find such a flow
Of words as there is in our own?
You just give a hackman a bad dollar bill,
Then linger awhile very near;
When he finds it out he will open his mouth,
Then standing entranc'd you will hear:

CHORUS.

Beautiful language, soft and sweet,
Beautiful language, choice and neat;
Words, rich and rare, float out on the air,
Oh, what beautiful language!

Observe an old gentleman, puffy and stout,
Who after a car has to fly;
Then listen to all his Italian and French,
When the car will not stop, but goes by.
Then follow him slyly, and if he should make
For one of those seats in the parks,
And when he sits down on a new painted bench,
You'll hear some most touching remarks:—CHORUS.

Now, if to the racecourse you ever should go,
'Tis there the bookmakers will set
Their traps, which are baited with odds they will give,
And kindly invite you to bet.
And if they should lose, keep your ears open wide,
Amidst the confusion and strife;
For then you'll hear English as she should be spoke,
The purest you've heard in your life.—CHORUS.

To the ladies I'll say, have you ever observed
Your husband on some certain day,
When he is complaining because he is late,
His fault causes all the delay.
The starch in his shirt causes him for to fret,
And his temper it rises, I fear;
When under the bureau his collar-button goes,
'Tis then, if you'll listen, you'll hear:—CHORUS.

Take the game of baseball, on your own native grounds,
Some day when the game it is close,
When the weather is well—most decidedly hot,
And the crowd it is rather morose.
About the last inning you think the home club
Is certain, dead sure, for to win,
When the umpire gives a decision quite bad,
Then you'll hear, 'midst the bustle and din:—CHORUS.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Gus Williams.

One day I met a nice young girl, 'twas at a country fair,
Was introduced, then saw her home, and call'd quite often there;
She had an odd expression, that she very often used,
And when I ask'd her to be mine, she seem'd to be confused.

SPOKEN—And she said:

CHORUS.

Now You're talking, now you're talking, now you're talking loud,
And when she said it, she look'd up as she felt quite proud;
I try to break her of it, but nothing I can do,
Will stop her, and I find myself a talking that way too.

The wedding-day it came around, the sun was shining bright,
The minister his questions ask'd I answer'd them all right;
But when he came to speak to her, I wish'd that I was dead,
Before the crowd assembled there, why this is what she said: —CHORUS.

We're married now about a year, she is a charming wife,
And I can say I never was so happy in all my life;
The other day while trav'ling, and while in a railroad car,
A telegram was handed me, which said I was a "pa."

SPOKEN—The moment I read it I was crazy; fancy the feelings of a man when he receives news that he's a father for the first time. I gave the conductor all my segars, the porter my duster, and I'd given all my money away if they hadn't stopped me. I asked the conductor where the next telegraph office was? He said, at the next station and that we stopped there a half hour for supper. I thought we'd never get there. I didn't want any supper, I couldn't eat then if I'd been starving. I ran into the telegraph office and telegraphed to my wife: "Is it really true, am I a father? answer quick." Just before the half hour was up the answer came. I read it. It simply said:

CHORUS.

Now you're talking, now you're talking, now you're talking loud,
These were the words, but I tell you they made me feel quite proud;
I took the next train homeward, got there as day begins,
And found I was the father of a pair of bouncing twins.

MY HAT.

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Music by F. Neddermeyer. Words by Gus Williams.

To write a song is easy if you once the title get,
And the one I now will sing you is the best I've hit as yet;
It's odd, I don't deny it, you may say it sounds flat,
So do not be offended when I sing about my hat.

CHORUS.

My hat, my hat, there's character in it,
Your clothes may look seedy, but still, for all that,
They will not be noticed, if you are but wearing
A neat and respectable black high hat.

It is worn in odd positions, as you frequently have seen,
From the bus'ness man, so steady, to the countryman, so green;
And his character 'twill show you as the street he goes along,
And you can judge his standing the by way he puts it on.—CHORUS.

You can weave a romance 'round it, as I will now plainly show
From an incident that happen'd to me just two years ago;
I know I should not tell it, but it was so odd and queer,
I think 'twill bear repeating, as the party is not here.

SPOKEN—About two years ago a friend of mine, who lives on the outskirts of town, invited me to a reception to be given at his house. I went out there, and as the cloak-room was full, I placed my hat on a chair in the reception-room. I found quite a crowd of ladies and gentlemen there, and on the identical chair where I had left my hat, sat a beautiful young lady. I could not get near enough to her to tell her she was sitting on my hat on account of the immense crowd, so I began to make signs to her. While so doing, an old gentleman called me on one side and accused me of flirting with his daughter, I denied the accusation, and told him that his daughter was sitting on my hat. After finding out the truth of my assertion, he was full of apologies, introduced his daughter to me, and she seemed so embarrased and felt so bad because she had sat on my hat, that, to make her feel at her ease, I changed the subject and asked her to dance. Before the evening was over we were very well acquainted. She begged me, with her father's approval, to call on her. I did so, in fact I've been calling on her for the past two years, and last week I married her. Romantic, wasn't it? And it came around from her sitting on—CHORUS.

The Flippity Flop Young Man.

Written, Composed and Sung by George W. Kenway.

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I once was a matter-of-fact young man,
And thrived on port or sherry;
But now I'm a kind of cracked young man,
The reverse of ordinary.
I flip and I flop—(*echo*), all over the shop—(*echo*),
And take it for granted you can;
I'm a very sunflowery, Eastcheapy, towery,
April showery man.

CHORUS.

I'm a very æsthetic young man,
A non-energetic young man;
Slippity, sloppity, over the shoppity,
Flippity flop young man.

I once was a hymny and tract young man,
And sternly opposed to stooping;
A kind of a stick-up-the-back young man,
But now I incline to drooping.
Consummately if—(*echo*), on no account stiff—(*echo*),
I scarcely know how I began;
I'm a bitter and mildy, nativey, childey,
Oscary Wildey man.

CHORUS.

I'm a Fuller's earth-color young man,
A greeny and 'guller' young man;
Pretty externally 'patience' and colonelly,
Utterly, utter young man.

I once was a three-dollar dinner young man,
And at table knew which was the best end;
But now you would not find a thinner young man,
Tho' you walk from the East to West-end.
Two steps and a stop—(*echo*), a skip and a hop—(*echo*),
I require but a puff and a fan;
I'm a Fulton street cuttery, skip o'er the guttery,
New bread-and-buttery man.

CHORUS.

I'm a worship the lily young man,
Crutch and tooth pick-a-dilly young man;
Cracket in the fliberty, Burnand and Gilberty,
Strike-you-with-paper young man.

BANTY JIM.

By John Hay.

I reckon I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you stay.
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out of joint,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now, dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights,
How ripped and torn and tattered we lay?
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned;
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he dropped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thare's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim;
He trumped death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

Sitting On de Golden Fence.

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Written and Composed by A. Wiggins.

Oh, I shall see that promis'd land, sitting on de golden fence,
Awaiting for de color'd band, sitting on de golden fence.
Put away my old gray coat, for no more I'se gwine to vote,
Wash my hands wid scented soap, sitting on de golden fence.

CHORUS.

Come and kiss me, Dinah, darling,
I shall meet you bye-and-bye;
I can hear dem bells a ringing, ringing over yonder,
Sitting on de golden fence.

Oh, put some b'ar's grease on my hair, sitting on de golden fence,
I want to look nice when I get dar, sitting on de golden fence.
Gabriel sure will let me in, for no more I'se gwine to sin,
I shall hear dem angels singing, sitting on de golden fence.—CHORUS.

One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Street.

Written by John Carroll. Sung by Carroll & Walters.

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You heard the song of the boulevard,
To go there you must have a card,
And where the poor men work so hard
From morning until evening.
I once for a man did vote,
He gave me a bit of a note,
By himself it was surely wrote,
For to get me a situation.

CHORUS.

To use shovels and picks
On stones and bricks,
And clubs and sticks,
And all such tricks,
They are good for nix,
And I'm heartly sick of political situations.

At night I would lay me down to sleep,
The Yankee bugs around me creep,
And divel a wink they'd let me sleep
Until day-light in the morning.
Next day when I arose
I jumped into my clothes,
And where do you think I goes,
But up to One Hundred and Eighty-ninth street.—CHORUS.

In eighteen hundred and forty-five,
When Dan O'Connell was alive,
At such a job I'd never drive,
To keep myself from starving.
But although I'm old and poor,
There is one thing I'm sure,
I don't want any sinecure
Up in One Hundred and Eighty-ninth street.—CHORUS.

At it Every Minute in the Day.

Written and Sung by James McAvoy.

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As we read the daily papers, some very funny capers
Is noted in each column that we see;
Your eyes is always fishing, as you search through each edition,
For the latest items published, you'll agree.
There's elopements and divorces, base ball and trotting horses,
Prize fights and all exciting sports, so gay;
Regards to society, they search for notoriety,
They're at it every minute in the day.

CHORUS.

If you chance to win a dollar, there are one thousand that will follow,
Like educated thoroughbreds they stay;
For to keep the pot a boiling, you'll find them always toiling,
For they're at it every minute in the day.

There's the crazy, silly dude, don't get his regular food,
All day he smokes a penny cigarette;
And the bummer you will meet, parading on his beat,
A shooting all the snipes that's dry or wet.
Just walk to any point, you can find an open joint,
Where they hit the pipe, like pigs around they lay;
In a Chinese laundry those opium fiends you'll see,
For they're at it every minute in the day.

CHORUS.

Some girls all day they hum, with a wad of chewing gum,
Like a hungry mule that strikes a bale of hay;
The only thing they'll do, is chew and chew and chew,
Oh, they chew every minute in the day.

Married ladies they go out, and they gallivant about,
They can beat the single ladies mashing men;
They've got so many ways, for rules and jays,
And the hubby never drops to where they've been.
For wine they never bluff, they know beer is good enough,
For a schooner every time they holler, hey!
Every now and then they'll shout, for to chase the crowler out,
For they rush it every minute in the day.

CHORUS.

From an early hour 'till late, the girls they tittivate,
For some mask around the corner how they flight;
And they'll whisper in your ear, they call you baby dear,
Oh, they're at it every minute in the (night) day.

Strike the Iron While It's Hot.

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Words and Music by William Gilligan.

As we journey through life let us live by the way,
Is an old and true maxim we hear day by day;
The old and the young folks have something to do
To drive away care in the world we go through.
Our chances are few, but never despair,
Keep pushing along with a still, silent prayer;
Your fortune depends on the pluck you have got,
To strike the iron while it's hot.

CHORUS.

Then strike the iron while it's hot,
And let your hammer ring;
True courage brings its own reward
And takes from life its sting.
The poverty you've long endured
Is checked right on the spot;
Take heed and learn your lesson well,
And strike the iron while it's hot.

If you meet with misfortune don't give up the ship,
But strive to do something and not lose your grip;
For time rolls along, both for rich and for poor,
Who knows what the morrow may bring to your door.
Be cheerful and kind, let sorrow depart,
And charity hold the first place in your heart;
So when your time comes bless your own happy lot,
Just strike the iron while it's hot.—CHORUS.

ARE YOU WITH US, CASEY?

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Words and Music by Martin Hennessey.

A crowd of politicians, by promise of high positions,
Enticed me in to dine with them, expenses they'd defray;
Oh, I nearly lost my head when I first beheld the spread,
I thought from life that I had passed away.
On the table there was sherry, and a bowl of Tom and Jerry,
All delicasies in their season, and others that were out;
McGilligan had the call and a rolling sent the ball,
He introduced me to them and they all began to shout:

REFRAIN.

Are you with us, Casey are you with us?
Are you with us, are you ready for the fray?
If you're with us we can trust you, if against us we will bust you,
If you're with us we are sure to win the day.

When all were through with eating, they talked of the awful beating
They'd give the opposition when it came election day,
Oh, they say'd they'd hire a band, grasp each voter by the hand,
And have their votes or chase them far away.
For success they all were scheming, of defeat not one was dreaming,
The way they talked of money was, "oh, what did his nibs chip in?"
McGilligan once again said: "Now Casey don't be vain,
We'll make a policeman of you, if you're with us when we win."—REFRAIN.

The struggle soon was over, the boys they were all in clover,
They'd met success, their candidate had fairly won the day;
Invitations went around, to my sorrow I soon found,
That none of them would ever come my way.
Then myself began a thinking, I did almost take to drinking,
I swore that I'd leave the Demo's and go over to the Rep's;
When I started to tell them so, they said: Casey you may go,
I wanted to argue further, but they chased me off the steps.—REFRAIN.

GET ON TO THE FUNNY WALK.

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Words and Music by Jos. J. Sullivan.

I'm always full of fun, I spend my money free,
I'm in love with all the girls and they think the world of me;
But the boys they have me worried, I think they have too much talk,
And when I am out in the street, it's get on to the funny walk.

CHORUS.

Get on to the funny walk, just look at those big feet,
Where did he get that coat, why, down in Baxter street;
He ought to shake the face for it don't become the gawk,
The cry, is I say: Get on to the funny walk.

I went to a ball last night, they made me lead the march,
Oh, my, but I looked grand with my collar stiff as starch;
My heart went in my mouth when the band it commenced to play,
As I walked around the floor you'd hear the people say:—CHORUS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

Sung by Lew Dockstader.

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I'm a Sunday-school scholar-ar-ar-ar,
I dearly love my pa and ma-ma-ma-ma;
I dearly love my teacher too-oo-oo-oo,
And do whate'er she tells me to, oo-oo-oo.

CHORUS.

Teacher, teacher, why am I so happy,
Happy, happy, in my Sunday-school?

On Sunday I put up my toys-oys-oys-oys,
And do not play with horrid boy-oys-oys-oys;
For unto wicked men they grow-ow-ow-ow,
And then I don't know where they'll go-o-o-o.

CHORUS.

Teacher, teacher, why am I so happy,
Happy, happy, in my Sunday-school?

I get a penny from my ma-ma-ma-ma,
To send to Boulu, Bouluga-ga-ga-ga;
And with each off ring I put in-in-in-in,
Some heathen kid I save from sin-sin-sin-sin.

CHORUS.

Urchin, urchin, if you wish to happy be, e-e-e
Join our Sunday-school.

THE OLD SUNDAY DINNER.

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Words and Music by John Carroll.

A sweet vagrant fancy of days long departed
Carries me back to my home like a dream;
When I was a boy, oh, so wild and light-hearted,
And cares came and went like a merry sunbeam.
There's always a thought like a last dying ember,
'Tis all that remains of the logs merry glow;
Like something I know, I will ever remember
The old Sunday dinner a long time ago.

CHORUS.

The table was set with the best we could boast of,
The bread was as light as the first fall of snow;
We had plenty for twenty, and we made the most of
That old Sunday dinner a long time ago.

When Saturday night came my father and mother
Would both go to market, but not to stop long;
They'd tell us be good and to mind your big brother,
We'd listen while he sang us some childish song.
And when they'd return with the basked o'erflowing,
We'd each get an apple, then wanted to know
What we'd have for dinner, while hints they'd be throwing
Of the old Sunday dinner a long time ago.—CHORUS.

GOOD ADVICE.

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Shall I then love him, or shall I leave him,
Who has my heart's great happiness made?
Ceasing to love him, shall I then hate him?
Ceasing to love him, shall I then hate him?
Counsel me well, oh, do not dissuade.

Wild is he truly, hasty in manner,
But my devotion to him I have paid;
Wild is he truly, hasty in manner,
Wild is he truly, hasty in manner;
Counsel me well, oh, do not dissuade.

Let me be cautious, my fate not sadden,
Better at once in the grave be laid;
May I then ever listen to wisdom?
May I then ever listen to wisdom?
Counsel me well, oh, do not dissuade.

McGINTY'S WAKE.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

Now you all have heard tell of McGinty,
Who went down to the depths of the sea
To teach mermaids the hod to carry,
And was missing for many a day.
Well, to-day on his back he came floating
Round the dock with sea weed in his nose;
Though the fishes had eat both the shoes of his feet,
He was still in his best suit of clothes.

CHORUS.

Have you seen McGinty's body? then the cry ran loud and clear,
And the ladies came in thousands for to see his face so dear;
They gazed on him with rapture, kissed bim for his mother's sake,
We thought they'd surely steal the corps down at McGinty's wake.

Now we raised what was left of McGinty
By a derrick and chain round his heels;
And we started in scrubbing his whiskers,
To remove all the shrimps and the eels.
Then we tied up his toes in green ribbons,
And a shamrock we placed on his nose;
Then we banged out his hair in spit curls with great care,
And he still wore his best suit of clothes.

CHORUS.

Have you seen McGinty's body? was the question through the town,
The same old Dan McGinty who was always falling down;
He'd have a coffin like a coal cart to remind him of his fate,
Sure we had to charge admission down at McGinty's wake.

In the night sure we brought out the whiskey,
And we passed around the snuff and the pipes;
When the manager of a dime museum,
McGinty's best suit tried to swipe.
He'd the pants nearly off when we spied him,
But we caught him and fractured his nose;
Then we all took a fright for the corps sat upright,
And yelled out, in his best suit of clothes.

CHORUS.

Have you seen McGinty's body? were the first words that he said,
And he scared the wits from every man, they nearly tumbled dead;
The ladies fled with yells and shrieks, we thought we'd the snakes,
There wasn't a soul left of the crowd down at McGinty's wake.

Sure we thought it was only a fancy,
And perhaps that we had the nightmare;
So we crawled back to see were we dreaming,
But we couldn't see Mac anywhere.
He'd eloped and deserted us meanly,
Through the chimney he must have arose;
He flew up the flue and the whiskey went, too,
Along with his best suit of clothes.

CHORUS.

Have you seen McGinty's body? the undertaker wants to know,
But his ghost has rheumatics and he'll have to toddle slow;
If you meet him just inform him that he made a foolish break,
For he lost a splendid funeral down at McGinty's wake.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00, or this and any two other Songs for Two Dollars, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song forever used to be:
"I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me."

I live by my mill, God bless her, she's kindred, child and wife,
I would not change my station for any other in life;
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, ever had a groat from me,
"I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me."

When Spring begins his merry career, oh, how his heart grows gay,
No Summer drought alarms his fears, nor Winters cold decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy who's wont to sing and say:
"Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day."

Thus like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing;
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial ring,
With heart and voice let all agree to say: "Long live the king."

OPEN THY LATTICE.

Copyright, 1883, by G. Schirmer.

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Words and Music by Louis Grech.

Nature is slumbering and mute, love, dallying winds kiss the tide,
Echo the voice of my lute, love, draw but thy curtain aside;
In the blue sky the moon soareth, silversheen'd orb, bright and free,
Trilling the nightingale poureth, canticles to liberty.
Ah, from out thy lattice beaming,
Let one soft glance of the bright eyes, full into my soul streaming;
Yield a heaven to my sighs, ah, from out thy lattice beaming,
Crown thou with heaven my sighs in one soft glance of thy bright eyes.

Neath thy loved casement I'm sighing, soon 'twill thy rosy dawn break,
Give but one smile for I'm dying, sweetest one, all for thy sake;
List to the prayer my heart urges, wait not till Phebus in might
Steal with his luminous surges that which thou owest to the night.
Ah, from out thy lattice beaming,
Let one soft glance of thy bright eyes, full into my soul streaming,
Yield a heaven to my sighs, ah, from out thy lattice beaming,
Crown thou with heaven my sighs in one soft glance of thy bright eyes.

Winghoused the bird asleep falleth, now that his day's warbling's done,
But when the rosy dawn calleth, quickly he wakes to the sun;
Whilst thou, my dallying beauty, heedest not that love on thee waits,
Leaving him jilt like on duty, shivering here at thy gates.
Ah, from out thy lattice beaming,
Let one soft glance of thy bright eyes, full into my soul streaming,
Yield a heaven to my sighs, ah, from out thy lattice beaming,
Crown thou with heaven my sighs in one soft glance of thy bright eyes.

I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED.

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Words and Music by Jos. J. Sullivan.

I'm going to be married this evening,
Oh, how very happy I will be;
To a pretty little girl, named Sally,
And she thinks the world of me.
Oh, you can bet that she is a daisy,
She's as handsome as a rose;
She's as pretty as the flowers in the garden,
But she has a Roman nose.
Oh, how I love my daisy, [*break*]
She almost drives me crazy. [*break*]

CHORUS.

I'll invite you all to the wedding,
We'll have a glorious time;
The boys and girls will all be dancing,
And we'll all get full on wine.

My cousins and aunts they will be there,
And so will my big uncle Mike;
We'll forward four and welt the floor
Until the broad daylight.
We'll have old Mickey Shay, the fiddler,
And Owen McGinty, too;
We'll dance of four legs in saratoga's,
Before we'll all get through.
Oh, how I love my daisy, [*break*]
She almost drives me crazy. [*break*]—CHORUS.

CHARMING KATE.

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Words and Music by Jos. J. Sullivan.

I'm in love with a pretty girl and her name is Kate,
She has promised to be mine to-night at half past eight;
She's lovely, she's charming, but she always looks so neat,
I'm in love with this turtle dove, for to me she is so sweet.

CHORUS.

Oh, my charming Kate, will you be my mate? do before it is too late,
If not I'll go away and some future day you'll be sorry, charming Kate;
Oh, my charming Kate, will you be my mate? do before it is too late,
If not I'll go away and some future day you'll be sorry, charming Kate.

When I'm a married man happy I will be,
With a babe named little Kate, a dancing on my knee;
I'll never think of sorrow, I'll be happy all my life,
Pleasant hours I'll pass away with my charming little wife.—CHORUS.

You Are a Little Too Small, Young Man.

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Words and Music by Al. Haynes.

I'm one of those jolly young fellows you meet,
Who always enjoy a good time;
I pay out my share, too, wherever I go,
I'm willing to give my last dime.
But I've one great misfortune, tho' I'm not to blame,
Because I don't stretch and grow tall;
And I think it a wicked, abom'nable shame,
When they say I'm a little too small.

CHORUS.

Oh, you are a little too small, young man,
You never would answer at all, young man;
You're young yet, you know, perhaps you may grow,
But at present you're a little too small.

One day while out walking, by chance did I meet
A lady, a schoolmate of mine;
While escorting her home, why, of course, I stood treat,
And took her to a cafe to dine.
I asked if I might be her escort some eve,
And if at her home I might call;
Says she: "I'll ask ma, but I really believe
She will think you a little too small.—CHORUS.

Now, there was another young girl in our town,
I loved her, I did, 'pon my life;
One night, like a goose, on my knees I got down,
And asked her if she'd be my wife.
She gave her consent, in my arms then she fell,
We were to be one in the Fall;
I'm single as yet, and the reason I'll tell,
It's because I'm a little too small.—CHORUS.

A short time ago my old rich uncle died,
Of course, I came in for my share;
And these were his words as I stood beside his side,
"My boy, you're a young millionaire."
No end to the congratulations next day,
Nor the ladies that on me did call;
But said I, "Girls, excuse me, I'm sorry to say,
You are just a little too tall."

CHORUS.

Oh, you are a little too tall, young girls,
You never would answer at all, young girls;
I'm young yet, you know, perhaps I may grow,
But at present you're rather too tall.

Down Where the Violets Grow.

Composed by P. H. O'Donnell.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Down where the violets grow,
In a moss covered sunny glad;
Near where the little brooklets flow
In sunlight and in shade;
I met a handsome maiden,
Blue eyes, and breast like snow;
'Twas there I gained her love,
Down where the violets grow.

CHORUS.

'Twas there I gained her love,
And often kissed her rosy lips,—(*break*)
Down where the violets grow.—(*dance*)

The day I asked her for her hand
She started like a fawn;
And blushed like the sunlight, that o'er our land
Spreads early in the morn.

She placed her little hand in mine,
And looked up in my face,
As she whispered softly: "I'll be thine!"
Down where the violets grow.—CHORUS.

THE TWO GLASSES.

By Ella Wheeler.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue, and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
Which has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky:
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad;
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I have quenched, and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of that powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told to each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

THE ANGEL'S LADDER.

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Words and Music by Harry Pepper.

If there were a ladder, mother, between the earth and sky,
As in the days so long ago, I would bid you all good-bye;
And go thro' every country, and search from town to town,
'Till I had found the ladder, with angels coming down.

There I would wait quite softly beside the lowest round,
'Till the sweet looking angel had stepped upon the ground;
I would pull his dazzling garments and speak out very plain,
Will you take me, please, to heaven, when you go back again?

Ah, darling, said the mother, you need not wander so,
To find the golden ladder where angels come and go;
The loving, gentle Saviour, whose life for you was given,
The loving, gentle Saviour, whose life for you was given,
He is the wondrous ladder, to take you back to heaven,
He is the wondrous ladder, to take you back to heaven.

—He was the politest of riding masters, and the other day he distinguished himself. Lady Mabel Pantagenet: Well, captain, how am I getting on? The captain: Splendid, my lady, you'll soon ride like the devil.—*Topical Times.*

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern.

Preis per Nummer 10 Cents.

No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Baue.
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deaner'l geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wenderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Stevrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hahn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald graf' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemoostes Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich hat'sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame geno'
Draußʼ ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sins
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Kuster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl wabt
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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Baby's got a tooth
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Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
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Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's childings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
Up at Jones' wood
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
Wife's dream

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A lock of mother's hair
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Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Boys of Kilkenny
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every harm
Huckleberry pic-nic
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're old
Things I don't like to see
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old duddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud
Wait till the clouds roll by
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland

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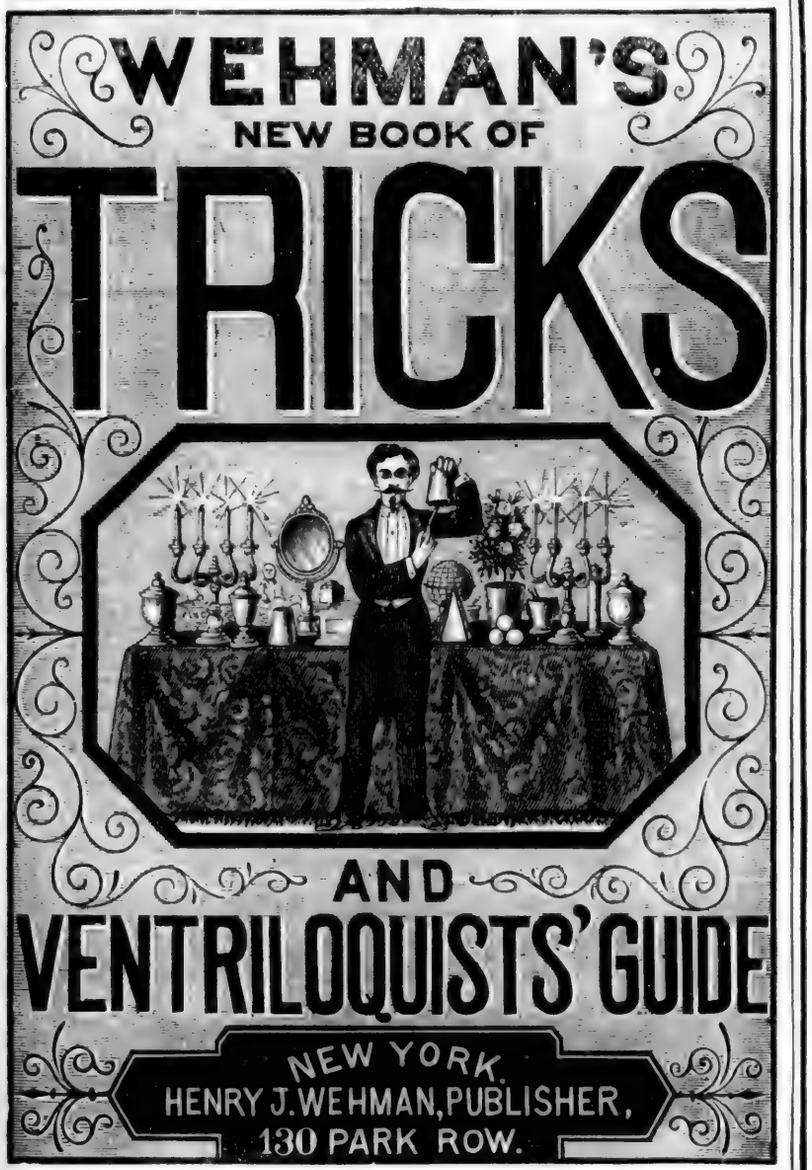
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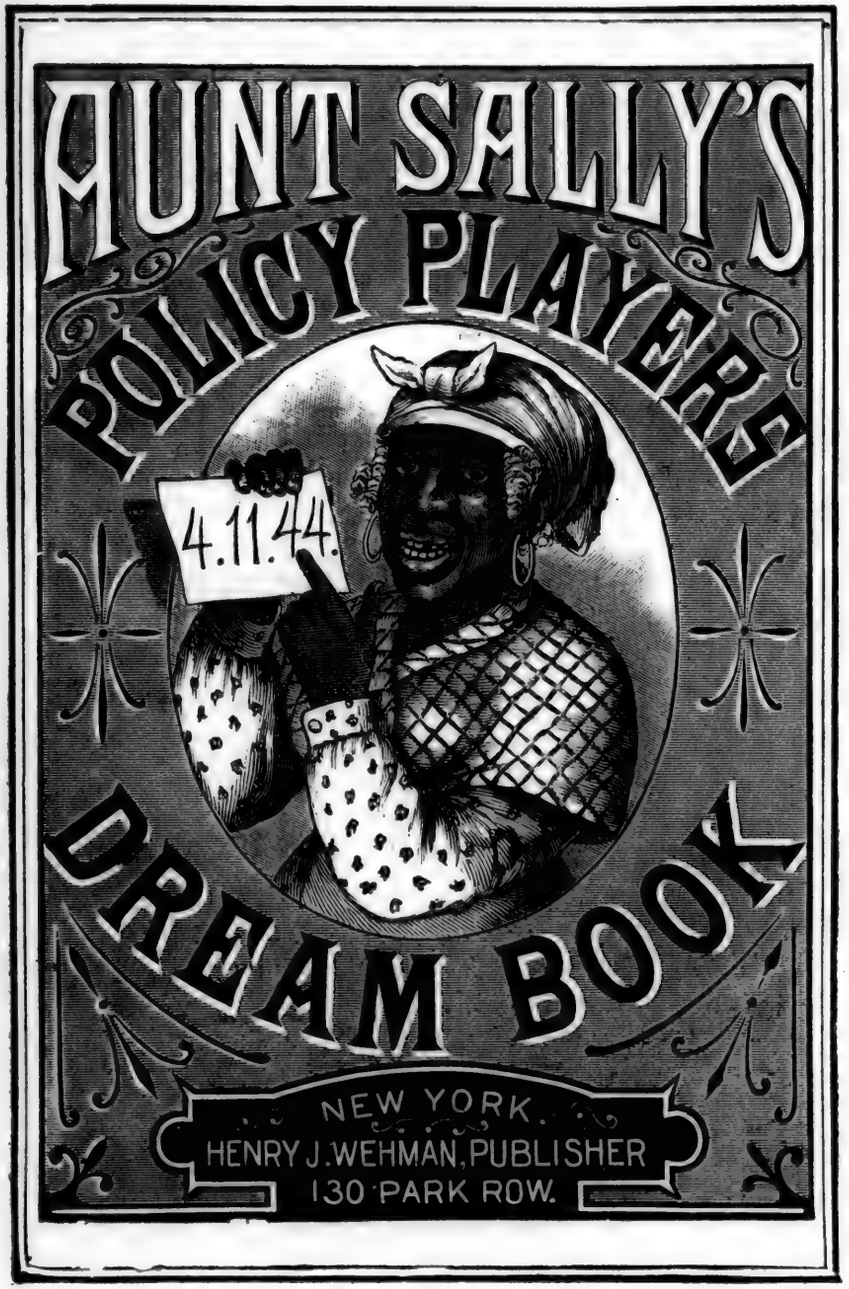
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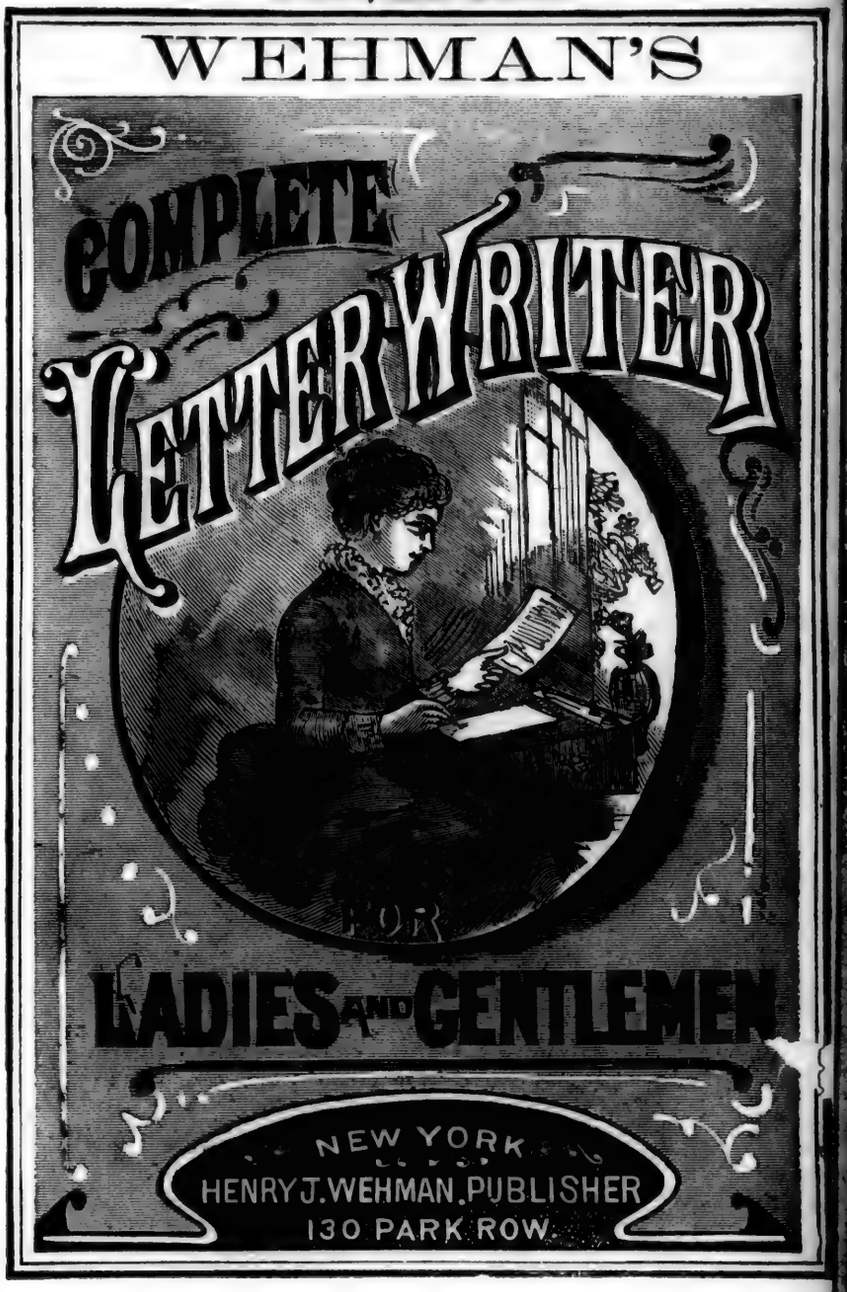
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18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls.
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
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45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
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54 Husband's commandments
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58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
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63 Wandering refugee
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68 Dancing on the green
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70 Take back the heart
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72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
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117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
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121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
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135 Hallway Door
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201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
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211 Will you love me when I'm old?
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213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
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225 Now I lay me down to sleep
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232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
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242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
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267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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I SAY, MIKE!

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

I'm living in a neighborhood, and such a neighborhood,
To see the sights on Saturday night would do your heart good;
Foreigners of every nation down there you will meet,
On a Sunday when they're out in force, believe me it's a treat.
The Yank who likes his pork and beans, the Chinaman his rice,
The Dutchman and his sourkrout, with an odor mighty nice;
The bold and fearless Irishman, who nothing can disparage,
When he can fill himself chocked full of corned beef and cabbage.

CHORUS.

I say, Mike! What? Hold your breath! don't you hear the noise?
What's that? There's a ruction down among the boys;
Listen! Yes! To Dolan's bell they've tied McCarthy's cat,
And now they're looking for the Chinaman that ate the rat.

They howl all day in "double B flat, at night they reach "high C,"
They work the growler all day long, for full they're bound to be;
Talk about their ancestors, their betters won't allow,
But tell about their doings with a where, when and how.
The row begins when the Irishman the Chinaman he pounds,
The Dutchman and the nagur slug like mischief for four rounds;
The Yankee with a cunning smile, he acts like a referee,
The cop on the corner looks the other way, says: That's no place for me.

CHORUS.

I say, Mike! What? Hold your breath! did you hear the news?
What's that? Biddy Ghrogan stole Pat Feeney's shoes;
Listen! Yes! O'Donovan sarv'd Daly such a trick,
For kissing Julia Brady stove his head in with a brick.

A week ago last Thursday, just two weeks next Thursday night,
Nearly everybody in the neighborhood got "tight;"
To raffle off a blooded horse they borrowed Casey's dice,
Then shook all night till broad daylight, and kept the horse on ice.
McFinnegan shook "forty-two," and quickly sold his chance,
O'Brien he shook "forty-three," they shouted, yelled and danced;
McGinty in his Sunday suit came rushing through the door,
He grabbed the dice like a gambler bold, and shook out "fourty-four."
SPOKEN.—Then he said:

CHORUS.

I say, Mike! What? Come here, quick! I'll tell you what you'll do!
What's that? Take the horse and carry him home with you;
Listen! Yes! Go find a rope and hitch him in the shed,
When Mike went looking for the horse, he found him stiff, stone dead.

McGinty then got furious, and this is what he done:
He jumped upon a herring box, and then commenced the fun;
He called his gang and shouted loud: "My kingdom for a horse,
Produce one quick, I ask you, don't compel me to use force.
I can stand a joke as well as any man you ever met,
But I never have mistook a dead horse for a live one yet."
The lights went out and every one began to kick and cuff,
McGinty hollered: "Im no hog, I know when I have enough."

CHORUS.

I say Mike! What? Oh, my head! what have they done to me?
What's that? They've closed both eyes up and I cannot see;
Listen! Yes! What do you think? they tried to take my life,
Then threw me in an ambulance and sent me to my wife.

GARFIELD'S GRAVE.

By J. W. Kelley.

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With steady step and muffled drump the cortege passed along,
And mournful silence reigned supreme amid that mighty throng;
The sombre tolling of the bells reminded us we must
In time, just like our President, return again to dust.
Men with heads uncovered would mutter Guiteau's name,
And there feelings on that day I'm certain were the same;
But if the villain then was free no power on earth could save
The man who sent our President to his untimely grave.

The city was in mourning whichever way you'd go,
And everyone their sympathy in some way tried to show;
Many a wife and mother a fervant prayer has said,
And taught it to the little once when putting them to bed.
When all was o'er and the sufferer laid in his resting place,
There came an aged colored man, the tears rolled down his face;
He brought a little bouquet and a card marked "Uncle Dave,"
'Twas all he had, wild flowers bright, for Massa Garfield's grave.

How sad, indeed, it was to see his patient, hopeful wife,
And dear, old gray-haired mother, who for him would have given her life;
How different were their feelings when around him they did stand,
To see him honored by the highest place in freedom's land.
Although he once felt poverty, he always was a man,
Who thought that truth and honesty would be the better plan;
Then peaceful rest the ashes of the soldier true and brave,
And our nation's tears will moist the earth on James A. Garfield's grave.

BIRDIE WAS SO YOUNG.

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Birdie was so young, Birdie was so fair,
Never lived a maiden who with Birdie could compare;
Birdie's rosy mouth, Birdie's bright blue eyes,
Ah, to look on Birdie's face was glimpse of paradise.
Oh, happy youth, oh, gladsome prime, oh, true love's mateing time,
We felt no vague alarms, wrapt in each other's arms;
In silent groves at night we drank in love's delight,
Tho' ample was the shore, I longed for more and more;
For ah! for ah! for ah! for ah! for ah! ah!

CHORUS.

Birdie was so young, Birdie was so fair,
Never lived a maiden who with Birdie could compare;
Birdie's rosy mouth, Birdie's bright blue eyes,
Ah, to gaze on Birdie's face was climpse of paradise.

Full thirty years have since gone by with time's remorseless speed,
And she who made my life so glad now makes it sad indeed;
That rosy mouth of hers that gave me such delight,
Now unrelenting and eternal, never ending and infernal, raves all day and night.
She cries, alas! and what have I, poor woman, ever done,
To be afflicted with this man, this truly useless one?
To leave my home alone all day and not get back all night,
You fearful, awful, most unlawful, weary, dreary, bleary, good-for-nothing fright;
For ah! for ah! for ah! for ah! ah!

CHORUS.

Birdie has grown old, Birdie's lost her looks,
And I often pray that Birdie will fly off the hooks;
Birdie will not fly, Birdie stays right here,
How I wish that I had never met my Birdie dear.

Birdie's lost her teeth, Birdie's scrumped her neck,
And to tell the truth, my Birdie is a perfect wreck;
Still my Birdie clings with the same old cling,
Will she never climb the stair? Birdie, dear old thing.
Birdie has no hair on her dear old head,
And where once hung golden locks hangs a wig instead;
Still she smiles her smile, dear, old, toothless smile,
Oh, could I but loose my Birdie on some desert isle.—CHORUS.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

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Words by H. W. Longfellow. Music by C. B. Hawley.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where, I know not where;
For so swiftly it flew, so swiftly it flew,
The sight could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and so strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

ROCK DAT SHIP IN DE MORNING

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Written and Sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

When Gabriel died he made a will, he made a will, he made a will,
When Gabriel died he made a will, and Gabriel he did say:
When Gabriel died he made a will, he made a will, he made a will,
When Gabriel died he made a will, and Gabriel he did say:

CHORUS.

Children, rock dat ship in de mornin', and rock dat ship at night,
Rock dat ship de whole day long, be sure you rock it right;
Rock dat ship in de mornin', and rock dat ship at night,
Rock dat ship de whole day long, be sure you rock it right.
Lottie Lee, come sit by me, a tale of love we'll tell,
Beneath the bright moonbeam, my love, a place we remember so well;
For there'll be no sorrow there, there'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there.

Get a balloon, to heaven we'll go, to heaven we'll go, to heaven we'll go,
Oh, get a balloon, to heaven we'll go, with Gabriel we'll remain;
Oh, get a balloon, to heaven we'll go, to heaven we'll go, to heaven we'll go,
Oh, get a balloon, to heaven we'll go, with Gabriel we'll remain.—CHORUS.

MAMMA'S BABY BOY.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Precious little jewel, locks of pretty gold,
Baby's face forever in my heart I hold;
Home would be so lonely if my baby pet
Had not brought the sunshine, sweetest baby yet.

CHORUS.

Tiny, rosy toes, merry, dimpled chin,
Mouth just like a rose, one wee tooth therein;
Lovely lily hands, eyes that beam with joy,
Heart's delight and diamond bright, that's mamma's baby boy.

When the birdies slumber baby goes to sleep,
Angels all the night long watch above him keep;
When the birdies waken baby wakens, too,
What is sweeter music than my baby's "coo?"—CHORUS.

Fairer than the rosebuds, purer than the snow,
Brighter than the sunshine, mother loves him so;
Little glimpse of heaven sent our hearts to cheer,
All the world to mamma, darling baby dear.—CHORUS.

THOSE SINGLE DAYS OF OLD.

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Those single days, or days of old, when I knew no care or strife,
Fortune tellers false tales have told, when love made me a bride;
Soon I found love but a dream and marriage made love cold,
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.

Those single days, or days of old, when I knew no care or strife,
My whims and frets he humored, and all I did was right;
Now everything I do is wrong, he is distant, cross and cold,
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.

He always has an appointment made, and an excuse to stay away,
He leaves me alone at night, and leaves me alone all day;
He takes his love with him now, to another girls house he goes,
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.

My courage failed, my health gave way, he thought that I would die,
It brought the rover home again, with a tear in both his eyes;
His home he loves, he makes amends, he is scarce ever from my side,
How much more blessed are wedded days to those single days of old.
How much more blessed are wedded days to those single days of old.

HUNT THE BUFFALO.

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As sung by Wm. B. Dunley.

Come all ye brisk young fellows, who have a mind to roam,
Unto some foreign country, a long way from home;
Unto some foreign country along with me to go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.

REFRAIN.

Sweet and shady grove, thro' the wild woods we'll wander,
And we'll hunt the buffalo, yes, we'll hunt the buffalo;
Thro' the wild woods we'll wander and we'll hunt the buffalo.

Come all ye pretty fair maids and spin us some yarn,
To make us some clothing to keep ourselves warm;
You can card and spin, my love, while we reap and mow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.—REFRAIN.

There's fishes in the river, love, all fitting for our use,
There's a large, lofty sugar-cane that will give us some juice;
There's all sorts of game, my love, likewise the buck and doe,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.—REFRAIN.

Now, if ever those wild Indians do ever come us nigh,
We'll all unite together, love, to conquer or to die;
We'll march into their tents, my love, and strike a deadly blow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.—REFRAIN.

SINNERS, TAKE WARNING.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

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Den I'm gwine to leave dis wicked land,
Oh, my glory!
For I'se gwine to join old Pharoah's band,
Oh, my halleluiah!
Den won't I be happy when I get up there,
Oh, my glory!
Wid golden wings I fly in de air,
Oh, my halleluiah!

CHORUS.

Den, sinners, you better take warning,
And listen to what I say;
If de angels are singing in de morning,
Prepare for de judgment day.

Now I know old Peter will let me in,
Oh, my glory!
For I'se got religion an' I'm free from sin,
Oh, my halleluiah!
For I was brought up in de good old way,
Oh, my glory!
To read my bible, to sing an' to pray,
Oh, my halleluiah!—CHORUS.

Den, sinners, you'll find it is no joke,
Oh, my glory!
When your time is up, an' you have to croak,
Oh, my halleluiah!
To live with Satan, you'll find it ain't so nice,
Oh, my glory!
For you'll need a linen duster, an' about a ton of ice,
Oh, my halleluiah!—CHORUS.

THE IRISHMEN OF TO-DAY.

By J. W. Kelley.

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I am told every day that the Irish are fools,
And degraded by every shame;
And that every effort they make for their rights,
Adds only disgrace to their name.
Murder is wrong and for vengeance 'twill cry,
To the zenith of heaven's great dome;
But how can a man see the ones that he loves
Just driven like dogs from their home.

CHORUS.

So don't form opinions until you know well
Who's to blame, and then what you say
Will cast no reflection on true-hearted men,
The Irishmen of to-day.

I have seen sons and daughters of Irish descent,
Who would fain pass their old parents by;
For maybe their clothes were not cut in the style,
Or their walk wasn't fair to the eye.
And perhaps their old father to educate them
Had spent all that hard labor gains;
To see them grow up to deny both his name
And the blood that sent life through their vains.—CHORUS.

Do you think we would stand England's tyranny here
In this mightiest land of the free?
Do you think she don't know it for many a year,
Since she lost the tax on the tea?
Then why should poor Paddy be held in disdain
For holding his place on this earth;
For a man is a coward who would not stand up
And fight for the land of his birth.—CHORUS.

—"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. "Yes, you could easily get a long engagement in a dime museum."—*Boston Herald.*

—Clerk: I want an increase of salary. Employer, (wearily): All right. Anything else? Clerk: And I want to get off an hour earlier every day, so I can spent it.—*Puck.*

DOWN WENT RESONSKY.

Tune—"Down Went McGinty."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By Harry Thompson.

On a shabes morning just at nine, Mr. Resonsky dressed so fine,
He was standing on the synagogue steps;
When a bitzomer approached and said:
Mr. Resonsky, I would like to make a bet for a hundred dollars,
That I can wrestle with Mr. Levy on the roof.
They went on a French elevator, and they soon commenced to reach the top,
When Resonsky was quit tough, to the corners they did walk,
And some loafer hollered pork, and they all took a Hebrew fit.

CHORUS.

Down went Resonsky to the bottom of the bay,
The Solomons and the Cohns they would no longer stay;
Even all the dummies commenced to walk away,
Dressed in their second-handed suit of clothes.

Solomon Isaac made the jump over a croton water pump,
When he found poor Resonsky in the mud;
Then an ambulance they did call,
Took Resonsky to the Hebrew hall.
All his friends thought he was dead,
When an Italian organ grinder commenced
To play a tune that was not new,
Where are you going my pretty, fair jew?

CHORUS.

Down went Resonsky to the sidewalk very quick,
He swore by all the matzoths that the Italian he would lick;
On the Italian he got hung, when he was stabbed by the monk,
Dressed in the Rabbi's suit of clothes.

Resonsky fought hard and bold, 'till the sheenies got a hold of him,
The Italian grabbed his stick and his monk he quickly would lick;
The stick it would commence to fly, it hit Resonsky in the eye,
Two Jew cops saw the fight,
And seen that Resonsky was tight,
On him they quick got hunk;
And they tried to catch the Italian and the monk,
And Resonsky is now in Essex market jail.

CHORUS.

Down went Resonsky to the bottom of the cell,
In came Rachel Roisker and brought Resonsky a matzoths cloister;
And Schmidthy hocked his diamond and went Resonsky's bail,
Dressed in a baritone suit of clothes.

Resonsky got before the judge and with joy of his little Abie he did hug,
She was as stiff as starch, when the judge him quietly did discharge;
Resonsky made a bow and his face commenced to smile,
He threw his arms around his wife, and let us go to Loone's isle.
So Resonsky and his family rode away with a steamer down the bay,
He went up on the iron pier, a codfish with a diamond in his ear
Struck his thought, he quickly wanted to grab his treasure and jumped overboard,
When all the jews on the iron pier commenced to sing:

CHORUS.

Down went Resonsky to the bottom of the sea in a very funny motion,
He pulled three balls out of his pockets,
And quickly the ocean commenced to hock;
The Hebrews they say: They think Resonsky is dead,
But his shadow came around last night, when he was standing on his head,
Chased Sam Perry out of his bed in his night suit of Coney Island clothes.

The Matzoths that are Framed Upon the Wall.

Tune—"The Mottoes that are Framed Upon the Wall."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By Harry Thompson.

There's a wealth of Hebrew affection which fills the jews with joy,
When they sell their second-handed clothes so neat;
There is Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Biotsky, and Mr. Rubenstein,
The finest business men of Lotto street.
On shobes a bitz would holler out when Salinsky he would shout:
Who wants to buy the matzoths that are framed upon the wall?
When the Hebrews they all chaff, and commenced to laugh about
The matzoths that are framed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

God bless the jews that freed old Ireland,
Benjamin with his second-handed clothes;
The jews cheat one another, what is a home without a lover?
Are the matzoths that are framed upon the wall.

Walle promenading through the Hebrew East Broadway
The other night, I lingered with a beautiful Hebrew girl;
Her name it was Sabesky, she lived across the way,
Her hair it was made out of second-handed curls.
Her brother's name was Rotsky, he had a second-handed face,
They used to stitch him up with silk in Meyer's hall;
And whenever he'd go out, the people they would shout:
That he was one of the matzoths that are framed upon the wall—CHORUS.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Words by John P. Harrington. Music by George Le Brun.

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Shakespeare tells us seven ages constitute the life of man,
Reck'ning up from earliest childhood till he ends his mortal span;
First we see him as an infant, lolling on his mother's lap,
Swaddled up in lengthy garments, howling hugely for his pap.
Next a knickerbocker'd urchin, frosty nose and down at heel,
Always seedy, always needy, always hungry for his meal;
Worst of scholars, wearing collars of a wondrous shape and size,
Readier far for fights then lessons, proud to carry two black eyes.

REFRAIN.

With a slouch like this to school he goes,
With stockings down and peeping toes;
Sometimes he'll stop to punch a nose,
And in a fight engages.
An orchard wall he'll gaily climb,
And thinks each petty crime sublime;
His is the grimiest, happiest time
In Shakespeare's seven ages.

Next observe him as a lover, sighing at a maiden's feet,
Blushing, flushing, spooning, gushing, of a love that's incomplete,
Won't you have me, love me only? such the simple noodle's pleas;
I've no money, still what matters? we can live on bread and cheese.
Then we see him in his manhood wed to England's sacred cause,
Strong and brave a British soldier, fighting to protect our shores;
Fighting in the heat of battle for his country and his queen,
Where the conflict fiercest rages, there his stalwart form is seen.

REFRAIN.

With a dauntless heart to war he goes,
With kindling eyes he meets his foes;
His flashing sword doth ne'er repose
While bitter warfare rages.
He stands erect in manhood's prime,
Protecting England's fame sublime;
His is the bravest, the manliest time
In Shakespeare's seven ages.

Fifth upon the list I'm quoting, comes the prosperous city man,
Sleek and sly, clad in broad-cloth, grasping all the wealth he can;
Till by some rash speculation all his funds are swept away,
And a friendless, hopeless bankrupt he is found one luckless day.
The sixth age comes upon him, drinks the God to whom he'll turn,
Drink that makes his eyes more sunken and his every pulse to burn;
Staggering, reeling thro' the city, where he once so proudly strode,
Dissipated, ragged, wretched, see him sinking in the road.

REFRAIN.

With a drunken leer he onward goes,
So pale his cheek, so red his nose;
His hat knocked in and torn his clothes,
He falls by frequent stages.
"Here, bar-maid, let's have one more drink,
A "go" for gin and here's the chink;"
This is the wretchedest scene I think
In Shakespeare's seven ages.

See the aged grand-dad sitting 'mongst the ones who loved him long,
Proud tears in his orbs so sunken as the children round him throng;
Shaking limbs and failing accents, eyes that now can scarcely see,
Close upon the final chapter of his seventh age is he.
Tott'ring thro' the little village, leaning heavy on his stick,
Life for him grows shorter, shorter, death is pressing on him quick;
He can see again the lassie he wooed on the Devon shore,
She has died long years since, but they soon will meet once more.

REFRAIN.

With a falt'ring step his way he goes,
Each aged limb that needs repose;
More feeble and yet feebler grows,
His life nears its last pages.
One sob, one sigh, one bitter moan,
One glance and then his spirit's flown
So draw the veil, thus ends the tale
Of Shakespeare's seven ages.

—When a man goes over Niagara Falls in a barrel "two heads are better than one." That is, the two heads of the barrel are better than the one on the man's shoulders.—*Norristown Herald.*

IS THAT SO?

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

We wandered in the Summer, the birds were singing gay,
We sat beneath the bowers to watch the sunbeams play;
To tell my love I lingered with cheeks all in a glow,
And when I said she was my pet, she murmured: Is that so?

CHORUS.

Is that so? is that so?
If you kiss me, George, I'll go;
I called her love and turtle dove,
She blushed and murmured: Is that so?

She sent me to her papa to ask for his consent,
But when I begged his daughter, he scarce knew what I meant;
I said that I adored her and long had been her beau,
He only showed me to the door and shouted: Is that so?—CHORUS.

Oh, now we two are married and happy as the birds,
She always meets me smiling and gives me pleasant words;
But when late home I wander she's waiting up, I know,
And if I say, 'twas business, love, she whispers: Is that so?—CHO.

MY INCONSTANCY.

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My parents raised me tenderly, they had no child but me,
But being of a rambling mood with them could not agree;
So I became a rover, and it grieved my heart full sore
To leave my aged parents, whom ne'er shall I see more.

There was a worthy gentleman who lived in our part,
Who had a lovely daughter, and I had gained her heart:
She was noble-minded, and beautiful and fair,
With Columbia's fairest daughters she truly could compare.

I told her my intention wa squite soon to cross the main,
And asked if she'd prove faithful 'till I returned again;
Big tear-drops came into her eyes, her bosom heaved a sigh,
As earnestly she quick replied: My love can never die.

She said: "I lately had a dream, I cannot well believe,
What distance breaks the link of love and leaves a maid to grieve;"
I fondly pressed upon her cheek warm kisses without fear,
"I swear by Him who rules the sky that I will prove sincere."

Her heart was true, as I believe, her eyes once more were calm,
She placed her arms around my neck, they seemed as healing balm;
Go forth, she said, my prayer shall be for perfect health and mind,
And heaven grant you safe return to the girl you leave behind.

According to arrangement I went on board a ship,
And to the town of Glasgow I made a pleasant trip;
I found that gold was plenty, the maidens very kind,
And my love began to cool for the girl I left behind.

For Duplitstown I next set forth, a hospitable land,
Where handsome Jenny Ferguson soon took me by the hand;
Said she: I have gold in plenty, am in love with you, I find,
So thoughts of riches destroyed my love for the girl I left behind.

She said: If you will marry me and will no further rove,
The gold that I possess is yours, and I will faithful prove;
Your parents and all others whom you have left behind,
You'll see no more if you marry me, and this must keep in mind.

To this I soon consented, but only to my shame,
For how can one be happy who is false to his good name;
'Tis true I've gold in plenty and a wife who is good and kind
But still my pillow is haunted by the girl I left behind.

My father is in his winding sheet, my mother, too, has gone,
The girl I love seems standing near my fickleness to mourn;
With broken hearts they all have died, and now too late I find
That God doth know my cruelty to the girl I left behind.

HIGH LICENSE.

Tune—"I Owe $10 to O'Grady."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Composed and Sung by Budd Harris.

Kind friends, I'm bothered in my mind and very much perplexed,
The liquor question in the town has got me sorely vexed;
To get my license from the big four I have tried in vain,
The way they jumped upon me, it has drove me quite insane.
At the polls in days gone by on each election day,
I've did the best that I could in the thickest of the fray;
And now to think republicans can give me no relief,
No license will they grant me and they treat me like a thief.

CHORUS.

I went down the court to get my license,
You'd thought I was on trial for my life;
They made me think I had committed murder,
And they asked me if I ever licked my wife.
They told me that I had sold beer on Sunday,
They said for thieves my house was a resort;
And they made me think it was a crime to drink,
When I tried to get my license from the court.

On many a night in Winter, when the stormy winds did blow,
The coppers worked my side-door and came in out of the snow;
Smoked my cigars and drank my beer, and sometimes took a drop
Of something that was stronger, just to keep their insides hot.
Now the poor cop must go dry, no liquor can he get,
No stove to warm his shins when he comes in out the wet;
No back room to sleep it off when he gets badly boozed,
What will the police do now since my license got refused?—CHORUS.

Now for something else to do I must look out, of course,
I might get in the custom house or on the police force;
Out in Fairmount park perhaps they'll send me cutting grass,
Or maybe boss McManus will put me at making gas.
Maybe I can get a job as spy for lawyer Vail,
Perhaps I might get in the mint, or keeper of the jail;
Anxiety to get a job has got my poor heart bruised,
I must come down to hard work since my license got refused.—CHORUS.

COON DAT CARRIED DE RAZOR.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Went to a ball de oder night,
At Susie Simkin's hut;
Whar de coons all carry razors,
And how dem niggers cut.
Horace Jinks got in a row
With slow-foot Jimmy Frazier;
"Take care!" squealed out old Sallie Gum,
"Dat coon has got a razor."

CHORUS.

De coons did fly, de gals did cry
For poor old Johnny Frazier;
Dey nearly cut dat coon to death,
Dat coon dat had de razor.

Dey cut poor Johnny's coat-tail off,
Dey carved him to de fat;
Dey chopped his ear clean off his head,
Den cut his beaver hat.
Aunt Hannah said: "For gracious sake,
You'll kill poor Johnny Frazier;"
But he never noticed her at all,
But slashed 'round wid dat razor.—CHORUS.

Coon come flying down de stairs,
Gals all hollered murder;
Johnny Frazier he fell down,
He couldn't fall no further.
Horace he rushed for de mokes,
And old policeman Hazier
Said: "I aint gwine to take dat coon,
For he has got a razor."—CHORUS.

—A Man who keeps a livery stable and a mule for sale, and hearing that a friend in town wanted to buy one, he sent him the following: "Dear friend: If you are looking for an A1 mule, don't forget me. Yours," &c.

—An Indian man bet $10 that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

PRETTY POLLY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

One morning young Polly, while tossing in bed,
Had very queer notions come into her head;
Neither father nor mother could make her false prove,
So she dressed as a soldier to follow her love.

She went to the stable and viewed the steeds 'round,
And at length fixed on one that could travel the ground;
With a bright sword and pistol, both swung at her side,
Like a valiant young soldier forth she did ride.

She rode till she came to a town of renown,
And there she put up at the sign of the crown;
The first-one to enter was a brave English lord,
And he was soon followed by Polly's adored.

She gave him a letter, which he took with great care,
Saying: Here is a missive from Polly, your dear,
And under your window a guinea will be found,
For you and your men to drink Polly's health around.

He seemed broken-hearted, with sorrow cast down,
Exclaiming: oh, Polly, dear Polly, my own!
If this fairest maiden I never shall have,
I will take my last sleep in some watery grave.

And then being drowsy he hung down his head,
And called for a candle to light him to bed;
My couch is quite large, two can sleep there with ease,
And you can lie with me, kind sir, if you please.

I care not for sleep, 'tis a dangerous thing,
For one who is here to fight for his king;
But I'm not what I seem—am soldier no more,
I am your dear Polly, the girl you adore!

WILLIAM OWENS.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Listen you people from far and near, who have come here to-day
To see my body put to death and burried in the clay;
I would have you all take warning by what you now may see,
Be sure and trust in honesty, and shun bad company.

'Twas in December, ninety-eight, as you will understand,
Which was the time that I set out to work a cruel plan;
I started with the intention a fortune for to make,
But I, oh, poor unhappy man, have made a great mistake.

Louis Colind was the man persuaded me to go
To my eternal ruin and everlasting woe;
'Twas very much against the will of my good wife, so dear,
The night before I started she shed many a bitter tear.

Then down to Mr. Ireling's I was on folly bent,
But to commit a murder there it was not my intent;
When I asked him for his money he quickly seized his gun,
And so to save my own life I had to shoot him down.

And then to secure his money we quickly did prepare,
But it seemed to have been ordered we should get but little there;
It was the first crime of the kind that I had ever done,
My guilty conscience frightened me and from the house I ran.

And then to quit the company, no more on folly bent,
Go home to wife and children dear it was my full intent,
With their insinuating tongues they pressed on me quite hard,
And sneered that for so small an act I should feel aught regard.

Through their ingenious artifice some comfort I did take,
More cheerfully I went along and made another break;
I'm glad that justice did pursue, or where should we have been,
Perhaps still adding guilt to guilt, and crowning sin with sin.

—Photographer: "You say you want card photographs, sir?" Patron: "Yes; one dozen cards." Photographer: "I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but it would be impossible—impossible. We never put that size mouth into anything smaller than cabinets."

Say! Have You Seen O'Houlihan?

Copyright, 1890, by T. B. Harms & Co.

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Words by H. J. Campbell. Music by E. J. Nealon.

I met O'Houlihan last week while going down to work,
He's quite a sport around the town they say;
"Come play the horses, Mike," says he "I've got a dead sure tip!
I'm going to take the races in to-day!"
I gave him fifty dollars, "put it on Spokane" says I;
He took it and the horse he won the race;
That's yesterday a week ago, but I've not seen a cent,
I want to meet the villain face to face.

REFRAIN.

Say! have you seen O'Houlihan? Bedad, there'll be some fun?
His mother will never believe, I'll bet, that he's her son;
O'Houlihan won't know his name if I meet him to-day,
There'll be a wake and funeral if ever he comes my way.

And yesterday O'Houlihan walks boldly to the house,
And tells my wife I sent him for my coat;
She goes up to the wardrobe, gets the best one that I had,
For which I paid a fifty dollar note!
He took the coat and pawn'd it, then the ticket sent to me,
To get it twenty dollars I did pay;
The greatest rogue that's living, is this man O'Houlihan,
I'll change his name to "Mister Mud" to-day.—REFRAIN.

I never found out till this morn, that, in the coat he stole,
I had a hundred dollars in a bunch;
And when I got the coat from pawn, I found a little note
That read: "I took the boodle for my lunch!"
O'Houlihan may think he's smart, and very much alive,
But I'll get square or know the reason why;
I've bought a good revolver, that will shoot a thousand feet,
'Tis mournful—but the villian's got to die.—REFRAIN.

Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Hurry, little children, Sunday morn,
De ole mule's tied at de door;
Get into de wagon, come along,
An' see ole Parson Moore.
Standing in de pulpit, bible in hand,
Happy as a clam in de shell;
Come, hurry, little children, oh, de lamb,
Hear dat ole church bell.

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong,
Listen to the echo in the dell;
Hurry, little children, Sunday morn,
Hear dat ole church bell.
Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong,
Listen to the echo in the dell;
Hurry, little children, Sunday morn,
Hear dat ole church bell.

Flowers in de roadside bending low,
De blackbird chirping on de tree;
Labor's done and over, come and go,
And set ole Satan loose and free.
Smoking in de hollow, foggy on de hill,
Sunny round de church in de dell;
Oh, hush, you little children, do keep still,
Hear dat ole church bell.—CHORUS.

Froggy in de brookside croaking loud,
De ole cow chewing on its cud;
Goosey goes a-waddling, mighty proud,
De pig sleep in de juicy mud.
Ressurrection morning, hear dat horn,
Sinner man he run a pel-a-mel;
Oh, scramble in de churchyard, newly born,
To hear dat ole church bell.—CHORUS.

Neighbor on a roadside walking slow,
A-humming of Zion's happy tune;
Aunty Chloe Kesiah, and uncle Snow,
He's just exactly eighty-five in June.
Mourners in de vestry, sisters in de pew,
Everybody happy, fat and well;
Oh, hush, you little children, keep still, do,
Hear dat ole church bell.—CHORUS.

GETTING THE PIGS IN CLOVER

Composed by E. Harrigan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm going to sing a song which won't take me very long,
I'll sing about some funny things you know;
There's a game that's puzzled Turks, to see how the old thing works,
The smartest at the game are very slow.
They can twist and turn all day, and won't get it the right way,
They can think and think it all over;
They may climb the greasy pole, but still they're in the cold
Trying to get the pigs in clover.

Our lawyers and clerks, and director of public works,
Have all tried the little game, there's no mistake;
And the mayor of our city, who said it was a pity,
But at the same time the game it took the cake.
Phila's biggest bums, also their closest chumps,
Have been disgusted, and yet they try it over;
They all have bought the game, and try their might and main
To get the little pigs in clover.

In the days of Adam and Eve, you would scarcely believe
That men could get up such a game;
I don't say the girls are slow, but this game just comes to show
That the male sex gets there just the same.
The woman leads in talking, and the men they lead in walking,
I don't mean to throw the question over;
The girls have kissed their fellows, and banged them on the smellers,
Trying to get the pigs in clover.

I have brought the game along, to wind up my little song,
It might take me all night to get them in;
You have to work it steady, there go two in already,
To get the other two I'll make them spin.
There goes the third one in, now the other one will win,
That is, if I don't upset it over;
There go the whole three out; I'm surely up the spout!
D——the little pigs in clover!

She Framed that Loving Picture of Her Boy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As she kissed her boy that fond good-bye she started for her home,
She knew that they would never meet again;
She prayed that he might have his health while far from her he roamed,
And thought of him as he plowed the raging main.
But patiently she waited for his coming day by day,
And oftimes she would mention his dear name;
And as that stranger handed her that picture of her boy,
To morrow it shall be within a frame.

CHORUS.

She framed that loving picture, she framed that loving picture,
And to treasure it was her aim;
For it was her joy and of her darling boy,
And now she has placed it in a frame.

And after years it faded, though 'twas dear to her as gold,
And often she would gaze on it and cry;
And when his name was mentioned and his tale of life was told,
Then from her heart would come a mournful sigh.
At last the time it came when her life of sorrow was done,
As she bid this world good-bye amidst her pain;
And the last words she whispered while upon her dying bed:
Oh, God, protect that picture in the frame.—CHORUS.

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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By the quaint old flower market where the winding crossways meet,
An old street lamp was shining for the last time in the street;
It thought of all the faces that had loved its kindly ray,
Oh, some where changed with changing years, and some were gone away.
The young, the old, the happy and the far-off quiet dead,
The old street lamp remembered all, and this is what it said:
Long ago one night in Winter I was shining down the street,
And a lover came beneath me and read a letter sweet;
I shone upon his head, I heard the words he said:
My love, my love, the golden days when we at last are wed—
I saw him pass away, his face was blithe and gay,
But his words are in my heart forever and for aye;
It was shining for the last time, as it shone in days of yore,
And the faces and the tender dreams came back, came back once more.

And that other night in Winter I was shining down the street,
I saw a bier with lillies, a maiden white and sweet;
I saw a low bent head, I heard the words he said:
My love, my love, I am alone, my love, my heart is dead.
I saw him pass away, his head was bowed and gray,
But his words are in my heart forever and for aye;
So it shone there for the last time and still I lingered on,
But the song and dream were ended and the flick'ring light was gone,
The song and dream were ended and the flick'ring light was gone.

THE MAN THAT KNOWS IT ALL.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The day of election is coming on,
Coming on, coming right on;
Oh, there will be trouble and lots of storm,
Oh, what d'ye think of it now?
Oh, that's an old chestnut, I've heard it before,
Long before, oh, take it next door,
To the deaf and dumb woman upon the top floor,
I'm the man that knows it all.

CHORUS.

Oh, he's an oracle, oh, so wise,
He'll take the prize I should surmise;
His legs are bewitching, oh, look at their size,
The man that knows it all.

We'll soon have the new Arcade underground,
Underground, under the town;
We'll drive off the stages, and bring fares down,
Oh, what d'ye think of it now?
Oh, that's an old timer, don't give it to me,
Not to me, oh, send it to sea
On our beautiful vessels, John Roache's navy,
I'm the man that knows it all.

CHORUS.

The cut of his figure is excellent,
He's ne'er a cent, crooked and bent;
His clothes are from Simpson's, his uncle lent,
The man that knows it all.

Oh, free trade and tariff are now at war,
Now at war, oh, what a bore;
Come solve us the riddle, come tell us the law,
Oh, what d'ye think of it now?
Oh, that's an old circus, it's perfectly muck,
Get a truck, take it to *Puck;*
He'll give it a cartoon, oh, he has the pluck,
I'm the man that knows it all.

CHORUS.

Oh, he's a Webster, but overfed,
He lays in bed with a swelled head;
Jim Blaine and Grove Cleveland they hold him in dread,
The man that knows it all.

There's shiploads of Mormonites coming o'er,
Coming o'er, bound for Utah;
Oh, each has five wives and they shout for more,
What d'ye think of it now?
Oh, that's an old wrinkle in Solomon's time,
Not in mine, I'm much inclined
To take but one trick, boys, not five of a kind,
I'm the man that knows it all.

CHORUS.

His voice is a tenor, he's quite *au fait,*
Feeds on hay, he is a jay;
He thinks he's an actor, he'll kill the play,
The man that knows it all.

They're sending out vessels up to the North Pole,
Every soul gallant and bold;
A maid, I am told, they will never behold,
What d'ye think of it now?
That's an old Mother Hubbard, it's buried in snow,
Let it go, tell it to Joe;
I've sat on an iceberg while all in a glow,
I'm the man that knows it all.

CHORUS.

Oh, he is a darling, a regular slim,
Fond of gin, plenty of chin;
He'll tell you a story or sing you a hymn,
The man that knows it all.

—Tom: Your employer has just called you, Jack. He addressed you as "Mister." How polite he is to his clerks. Jack: Polite? Ah, yes; he owes me three weeks' salary.

PLUM PUDDING.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

If you wish to learn to cook, go out and buy a book,
And read it every day and night;
Then study every dish, from mutton down to fish,
And learn to make it tempting to the sight.
Be careful with your dough, and roll it very slow,
Oh, have it just the proper size;
Have an eye upon your spice, oh, cook it brown and nice,
And then you'll carry off the winning prize.

CHORUS.

You get a little flour, a lemon very tart,
A handful of raisens with a clove;
You put it in a bag, or any other rag,
A nice bright fire in the stove.
A little milk and egg, molasses, just a dreg,
A drop or two of fine old rum;
You'd better watch the clock, don't have it like a rock
This pudding that is mixed with plums.

Oh, have the kitchen clean, remember you're the queen
Of all the cooking in the house;
And when you see a roach the domicile approach,
Oh, kill him as you would a little mouse.
Now always have your broom to titivate your room,
And number every pot and pan;
To keep your kitchen bright, go lock it up at night,
The larder has a charm for hungry man.—CHORUS.

Now tell your servant maid, when the gas bills they are paid,
To find another place for beaus;
Of course she'll answer back, and put you on the rack,
And tell you "I'm a lady" as she goes.
Now always keep your place, and have a smiling face,
For servants they have rights like you;
Remember all your lives, ye fiery little wives,
Don't never put your husband in a stew.—CHORUS.

The lady gay upstairs she's putting on her airs,
A-shouting down the pipe like fun;
Hi! Susan, Nell and Kate, you surely will be late,
It's time you had the pudding nearly done.
You answer with a yell, I'm running to the bell,
The postman and the butcher's at the door;
It's really very hard, from the roof unto the yard
I'm a-running and I can't do any more.—CHORUS.

Oh, when you hear the whoop, the milkman's on the stoop,
Awaiting with his jingling can;
Oh, never stop to chat about the pussy cat,
Don't let him call you simple Mary Ann.
Now when he drives away, oh, to yourself you say:
When I get my Sunday out
I'll meet him in the park a little after dark,
And hook him as I would a little trout.—CHORUS.

THAT'S AN OLD GAG WITH ME.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm looking for something that's new,
On my honor, I'm getting blas-e;
Of many tricks I know a few,
And I'm willing to give them away.
I heard an old story last night,
No smile out of me, I could cry;
The party took it for a slight,
Oh, but what can I say in reply?

CHORUS.

Oh, that's an old gag with me! oh, that's an old gag with me!
Now tell something new, for goodness sake do;
Oh, now give me a laugh, and I'll cotton to you,
Oh, that is so awfully blue, and that's an old gag with me.

They say such a man has got wealth,
Worth a million in bonds or in gold;
Enjoying the best kind of health,
It's a story that's currently told.
Some day he sells out for a song,
They give me the tip on the sly;
He's making a bluff all along,
Oh, but what can I say in reply?

CHORUS.

Oh, that's an old gag with me! oh, that's an old gag with me!
He must make a show to friend and to foe;
For to make a big noise he must keep on the go,
Oh, the tide will be high and be low, and that's an old gag with me.

While walking down Broadway one day,
Oh, I met with a handsome young man,
So pleasant, so winning and gay;
He said: "Major, you're down from Pennyann."
He thought he would give me a steer,
'Gainst bunco, oh, my! he was fly;
He asked me to come take a beer,
Oh, but what can I say in reply?

CHORUS.

Oh, that's an old gag with me! oh, that's an old gag with me!
Now don't you forget the party you met;
I am too old a sucker to catch in your net,
When I'm left, oh, the day will be wet, and that's an old gag with me

The ladies who go on the stage,
And in seeking to reign as a star;
They first make their beauty a rage,
And the money is furnished by pa.
While talent must step to the rear,
Give way to an ambitious guy;
Why is it that acting is queer?
Oh, but what can I say in reply?

CHORUS.

Oh, that's an old gag with me! oh, that's an old gag with me!
Now work on the press, buy plenty of dress;
Oh, have three or four scandals, that's all, nothing less,
For you don't have to study or guess, and that's an old gag with me.

LADY OF LATE.

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A lady, a lady, a lady of late,
Was courted by a soldier whose fortune was great;
A fortune so great that it scarce could be told,
And the lady loved him because he was bold.

"My father is so cruel I fear I shall be slain"—
"Oh, don't fear at all," said the soldier with disdain;
He drew his sword and pistol and swung them by his side,
Saying: "We will yet be married whatever may betide."

So they quietly were married—returning home again,
She spied her father coming with many armed men;
"Oh, yonder comes my father, I know I shall be slain"—
"Fear not," the soldier said, "I will his silence soon obtain."

Forward steps the old man and to her did appeal:
"Is this your doing, daughter? I pray you at once tell;
Is it your intention to be a soldier's wife?
If so, in this lone valley I soon will end your life.

He drew his sword and pistol and made them much to rattle,
The lady held the soldier's horse while he did give them battle;
The first one he reached he pierced through the main,
Then followed the others and served them the same.

"Oh, run," cried the remaining once, "we find 'tis all in vain,
To fight a valiant soldier that never can be slain;"
"Stop!" said the old man, "don't carry yourself so bold,
You shall have my daughter and ten thousand pounds in gold."

"Fight on!" said the lady—the portion she thought small,
"Be quiet!" said the old man, "and you shall have it all;"
He took him to his own home and called him son most dear,
It was not from good nature, but rather that of fear.

Come all you rich ladies, while happy in your store,
Never slight a gallant soldier even though he be poor;
If he be good natured, good humored, kind and free,
See how he'll ever willing fight for love and liberty.

—Friend: What on earth are you photographing that umbrella for, dear boy? Amateur Photographer: You said you wanted to borrow it to go home with, and I'm getting something to remember it by, that's all.

Pat and His Little Brown Mare.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

In sweet Dublin town, where my father drove roun'
On a side-seated old jaunting car,
How he'd hold the reins, down the highways and lanes,
It was joy to the girls near and far.
The ladies would sigh when my dad he'd drive by,
At a race-track, a fun'ral, or fair,
And you'd hear the sportsmen say: *Faugh-a-ballagh!* clear the way!
Here's Pat and his little brown mare.

Oh, my! she was wise; och! a man would surmise
She was gifted with great common sense;
How she'd look about when my dad would step out
To the gents as they paid him their pence.
If you hear her neigh, when my dad got no pay,
All the old countrymen would declare
There is something in the baste, let's go in and take a taste
To Pat and his little brown mare.

She looked just twelve hand high, oh, when she'd stop and stand,
But in running, och, hone! to be just,
My dad, car, and baste, or, when she'd start with haste,
Sure, they seem'd like a flash in the dust.
How she tossed her head, oh, whene'er she was fed,
There was no work could wet down her hair;
And the universal song, when my dad would say: "go long!"
Was Pat and his little brown mare.

Her teeth they were sound, and the grass from the ground
She would swallow with rank weeds and all;
How she'd draw a load down an old country road,
Sure, a cyclone could ne'er make her fall.
The flies they'd a fear for to 'light on her ear,
Och! her tail was afloat in the air;
And the universal song, when my dad would say: "go long!"
Was Pat and his little brown mare.

I REALLY CAN'T SIT DOWN.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, I am a single chappie, and worried to my cost,
My pantaloons so nobby, last Sunday they were lost;
A certain Mister Wiggins, oh, he has left the town,
And left to me his trousers, so I really can't sit down.

CHORUS.

Oh, everywhere it's take a chair, thank you, I'd rather stand,
He's off his base, an awful case, they whisper under hand;
Oh, my! oh, my! it makes me sigh, the ninny of all the town,
I stand upright, in trousers tight, for I really can't sit down.

When I get on a horse-car, there's lots of other chaps
Fill every seat that's vacant, while I hang to the straps;
I'm greeted by the ladies with ha! ha! all around,
They whisper, who's his tailor? oh, he really can't sit down.—CHORUS.

When I go to the play-house I walk down to my seat,
Not thinking of the trousers, expecting such a treat;
Politely I am usher'd, I stand up like a clown,
Oh, say, sit down, you fellow, oh, I say, I cant sit down.—CHORUS.

Now I went to a party and acted like a fool,
When asked to play the banjo I reach'd out for a stool;
The people scream'd with laughter, oh, all but Mary Brown,
She said, you've burst your trousers, oh, poor fellow, please sit down.—CHORUS.

Now I received a letter from Wiggins yesterday,
He said he was so sorry to learn he'd pack'd away
By mistake my new trousers, wait till he comes to town,
I'll have my satisfaction, oh, you bet I'll set him down.—CHORUS.

—Was it a mean editor that headed the account of a death from delirium tremens "Spirited Away?"

—Dime Museum Manager: Well, is there anything new to-day? Attendant: I should say so. The living skeleton is dead. Dime Museum Manager: Great heavens! What was the matter? Attendant: Fatty degeneration of the heart.

SHACOB'S LAMENT.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose avay;
Und if a lump was in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this cold vorldt.
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout
I put avay my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I sleep so sound as nefer vos,
Vhile rich folks go to schmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I say: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day was set,"
She vispers in mine ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds and railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelf hundred in
Der cleanest kind o'chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shtopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me,
In vich dot vidder say:

DEAR SHAKE:

"Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

—Mrs. Briske: "Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?" Johnny: (stopping his play)—"Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night." Mrs. Briske: "Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see, it was the baby."

I'll Be All Smiles To-Night, Love.

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I'll deck my brow with roses,
The loved one may be there;
The gems that others gave me
Will shine within my hair.
And even them that know me
Will think my heart is light;
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.

CHORUS.

I'll be all smiles to-night, love,
I'll be all smiles to-night;
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.

And when the room he entered,
The bride upon his arm,
I stood and gazed upon him
As if he were a charm.
So once he smiled upon her,
So once he smiled upon her;
They know not what I've suffered,
They found no change in me.—CHORUS.

And when the dance commences,
Oh! how I will rejoice;
I'll sing the song he taught me
Without one faltering voice.
When flatterers come around me,
They will think my heart is light;
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.—CHORUS.

And when the dance is over,
And all have gone to rest,
I'll think of him, dear mother,
The one that I love best.
He once did love, believe me,
But now has grown cold and strange;
He sought not to deceive me,
False friends have brought this change.—CHORUS.

OH, MY! HOW WE POSE.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

For lovely belles and charming swells
Sixth avenue takes the cream;
On Sunday night, when skies are bright,
These darkies can be seen
Meandering so gracefully
To while the time away;
We do the grand, with cane in hand,
Oh, my! how we pose.

CHORUS.

Oh, gaily we move at a fair or ball,
Such delicious music for one and all;
Our moments of leisure we while away,
Oh, my! oh, dear! how we pose.

We never grieve on Sunday eve,
For that's our meeting night;
With sweethearts dear, so grand and proud,
Oh, my! ain't we a sight?
Our ladies may be black or brown,
No matter, they're *au fait;*
We do the grand, with cane in hand,
Oh, my! how we pose.—CHORUS.

Some colored girls are fond of pearls
And ribbons very loud;
The dazzle is bewildering,
While mingling 'mong de crowd.
These charmers, fair, quite *debonair*,
Recherche, not too gay;
We do the grand, with cane in hand,
Oh, my! how we pose.—CHORUS.

BLOW THE BELLOWS, BLOW.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

It's all day long I work at the forge,
And blow, blow, cheerily, oh!
Proud as any royal King George,
I blow, blow, cheerily, oh!
With hammer and sledge I pound away,
All the long day I keep on the go;
And merrily sing that labor's king, as
I blow the old bellows, blow.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's all day toiling away,
Hammer and clatter, I make the old anvil ring;
Heigh, ho! gaily I sing,
Good honest old labor is king,

The tinkling of my anvil is heard,
With bang, bang, cheerily bang!
Sounds to me as sweet as the birds,
Oh, bang, bang, cheerily bang!
I'm up with the lark at break of day,
Summer or Spring, or Wintry snow;
I merrily sing that labor's king, as
I blow the old bellows, blow.—CHORUS.

The children as they're coming from school,
Say: "Baldy, shoe me a mare!"
Bless their hearts, I act like a fool
To please them everywhere.
The millionaire horsemen, truckmen, too,
Come to old Baldy; sure they all know
That I'm the boy to put on a shoe,
So blow the old bellows, blow.—CHORUS.

Then ev'ry Sunday morning, oh!
It's just outside of my door,
Smoking my old dudeen, boys,
Oh! after church is o'er.
The hammer is still, the birdies trill,
Beautiful nature's all of a glow;
Oh, that is the day I read and pray, and
On Monday my bellows blow.—CHORUS.

MOLLY.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, the love that is burning in my bosom,
Oh, sure my heart is filled with bitter melancholy;
For it's you've won me ov'r, and I can't say no more,
Than to promise for to be your true love Molly.

CHORUS.

I'll say the word, you must not pine,
Oh, you may call me thine,
Oh, I promise to be your true love Molly.

Oh, the nights they were dreary for me, darling,
Oh, sure, my love, I thought nothing else but folly;
For awake or asleep, oh, my secret I'd keep,
While a-praying that you'd call me your own Molly.—CHORUS.

Sure my heart it was drooping down with sorrow,
Oh, at no time was I really ever jolly;
For my heart's not grown cold, and I'll wear your ring of gold,
I am longing that you'd call me your own Molly.—CHORUS.

—Editor: I do not think that we can use your article. Contributor: Press of other matter and all that twaddle, I suppose? "No, but you don't seem to understand what you are writing about." "Surely you are mistaken, sir." "Not much. Here you speak of Mars with his stern front." "Well, what of it?" "What of it! you blankety-blank idiot, can anything have its stern in front?"

THE WRESTLE OF THE CATS.

Recited by O'Neil and Conroy.

Mrs. Maloney had a cat, and a female cat was she,
Her voice it was a soprano, and she sung in the key of G;
Oh, it was my delight, of a starry night, when coming home from a ball,
To hear her singing "We met by chance," on the top of Maloney's wall.
I know she went up as high as "G," and sometimes I think she went higher,
And the way she dwelt on the very last note, you'd think she was hollering fire!
I really think she could say the word fire! but still I'll not swear to that,
For I wouldn't like to make a liar of Mrs. Maloney's cat.

Now old Mrs. McFadden she had a Tom, (a cat I mean by that name),
And she called Mrs. Maloney's cat, in the other yard, a most disrespectful name;
Maloney's cat cried out: "Your another!" then McFadden's loudly did bawl:
"You sucker send out your big brother, or come yourself over the wall;
I'll wrestle you collar and elbow, I'll throw you as quick as a rat!"
"Arrah, don't be getting your back up!" says Mrs. Maloney's cat.

Now Jerry McGill had a bull dog, and Jerry he lived in the rear,
And the bull dog was lean, lank, and hungry, and divil a cat did he fear;
Now Jerry he called his dog "Boney," says he: "Now, I'll bet a new hat,
If I leave off his chain and his muzzle he'll make sausage-meat out of them cats."
One night, (it was dark and dreary, and the divil a star in the sky),
Boney had off his chain and his muzzle and he laid for the cats on the sly;
Now the cats they met in the hallway, and they wrestled clean out to the yard,
The first hold was "collar and elbow," and their breathing was terrible hard.
Then they both tried "Graeco Roman," but you couldn't tell who got first fall,
And Boney was acting as referee in the shade of the garden wall;
They howled, and they spit, and they fluttered, and the blood from their noses ran,
Says Boney: "I'll take a new boult, I'll wrestle them catch as catch can."

Then like lightning he sprang in amongst them, in his jaws he had one by the back
Such a yell was ne'er heard in that quarter, as came from Maloney's poor cat;
McFadden's cat fought like a tiger, but Boney's strength didn't him fail,
With a twist of his jaws, like a general, he bit off McFadden's cat's tail.

Oh, the howling and yelling, and growling of the dog and the cats filled the air,
And the windows all 'round in the barracks flew open everywhere;
Heads with night-caps, of old men and old women and children, poked out in the dark,
They thought that the house was on fire, or the divil was out on a lark.
They tried to look out in the darkness where the noise came from down by the wall
And thinking some one was being murdered, they loud for the police did bawl.
Then they came out in droves and in dozens, the children, old women and men,
With candles, with lamps, and with matches, but, ah! what a sight met them then;
McFadden and Mrs. Maloney they sorrowfully shook their night-caps,
To see McGill's bull dog, old Bouey, holding a wake over the two defunct cats.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

As sung with success by Johnny Gibbons.

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While strolling one night through New York's gay throng,
I met a poor boy, he was singing a song;
Althoug he was singing, he wanted for bread,
And though he was smiling, he wished himself dead.
I spoke to this poor boy, out in the snow,
He had no home to shelter him, no place to go;
No mother to guide him, in the grave she is low,
Cast on the cold street was poor little Joe.

CHORUS.

Cold blew the blast, down came the snow,
He had no place to shelter him, no place to go;
No mother to guide him, in the grave she is low,
Cast on the cold street was poor little Joe.

A carriage passed by with a lady inside,
I looked on poor Joe's face and saw that he cried;
He followed the carriage, she not even smiled,
But fondly caressing her own darling child.
I looked on this waif, I thought it was odd,
Is this poor, ragged urchin forgotten by God?
And I saw by the lamp light that shone on the snow,
The pale, deadly features of poor little Joe.—CHORUS.

The light had gone out, the clock had struck one,
Along came a policeman, whose duty was done;
I could tell by the sound of his dull, heavy tread,
You'd think he was sinking the graves of the dead.
Oh! what is this? the policeman he said,
It was poor little Joe, on the ground he lay dead,
With his eyes turned to heaven, covered with snow,
Died in the cold street did poor little Joe.—CHORUS.

—Minister: (to choir master)—The music went splendidly this morning. Choir Master: Yes; I flatter myself it did. Minister: I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deception in singing as that. Choir Master: Well, no, I should say not. You see, Mr. Thumper, I told the choir last night that an operatic manager would attend church to-day for the purpose of finding some good voices.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

As sung by Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

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I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer.
I miss de old plantation,
My home and my relation;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dixie, I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where de orange blossoms grow;
For I hear de children calling, I see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon de river;
I used to think if I got off
I'd go back dere, no, never.
But time has changed de old man,
His head is bending low;
His heart's turning back to Dixie,
And I must go.—CHORUS.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble;
I pray de Lord to help me,
And lead me from all evil.
And should my strength forsake me,
Den, kind friends, come and take me;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.—CHORUS.

MOSES IN IRELAND.

Sung by Frank Bush.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm a Hebrew that traveled around in my time,
And many great lands have I seen;
In China, and England, and France I've been,
And I stopped at that island so green.
Jerusalem, too, I have traveled it through,
And I love it, my own native sireland;
But although I'm a Jew, I can speak it out true,
There is no place I love like old Ireland.

CHORUS.

I'm Moses in Ireland, Moses in Ireland,
Its old wooden huts, with the bogs and the mireland,
The pigs and the sows, and the maids milking cows,
Seem so curious to Moses in Ireland.

Some ask how a Jew can an Irishman love,
But still it's a very plain case;
I'll tell you quite plainly, it's simply because
They're both of a down-trodden race.
For although they are poor, 'tis no reason, I'm sure,
Their devotion should cease for their sireland;
That a man for his country should live, fight, and die,
Is the teaching of Moses in Ireland.—CHORUS.

A Jew is a creature whose heart can be touched,
There's feelings of pity within;
And because in his struggles through life he does thrive,
Some jealous men think it a sin.
Of wealth I've my share, and a little to spare,
With its help the poor peasant shall smile;
And I'll lighten their cares, then I know that their prayers
Will be offered for Moses in Ireland.—CHORUS.

—Yabsley: What has become of old man Figg? I never hear of him any more. Is he dead? Wirewicke: No, not exactly. His wife is keeping boarders.

—Mrs. Diamondust: Why, Ethel, what is the meaning of this extensive correspondence? Ethel: Mamma, who could resist writing since Mr. Wanamaker has put such delicious strawberry flavoring on the stamps.

ONE WIDE RIVER TO CROSS.

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We'll chase the devil around the stump,
There's one wide river to cross!
We'll chase the devil around the stump,
There's one wide river to cross!

CHORUS.

One wide river, one wide river to cross!
One wide river, one wide river to cross!

When duty calls us to the field,
The order we'll obey;
If to defend our native land,
We'll mingle in the fray.—CHORUS.

And by our camp-fires burning bright
We'll have a jolly spree;
We'll tell our jokes and sing our songs,
And laugh and shout with glee.—CHORUS.

I love to hear the stirring drum,
The cannon's booming roar;
To be a soldier is my joy,
I ask for nothing more.—CHORUS.

And when our battles all are o'er,
A joyous place to come
To meet our comrades side by side,
It is the "soldiers' home."—CHORUS.

We'll float together, we'll float together,
There's one wide river to cross!
We'll float together, we'll float together,
There's one wide river to cross!—CHORUS.

ONLY AS FAR AS THE GATE.

As sung by Gus Williams.

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My sweetheart's a sly little fairy,
Tho' she's only sweet seventeen;
Her parents think she's much too airy,
But a sweeter girl never was seen.
At night she steals out from the cottage,
Her mother says: "Whither now, Kate?"
She answers: "Dear ma, I'm not going far,
Only as far as the gate."

CHORUS.

Only as far as the gate, dear ma,
Just down to the old garden gate;
The moon is so bright, and it's such a nice night,
I'll stroll just as far as the gate.

Of course at the gate I am waiting,
And sweet are the words that we say;
While within the old folks are debating
The price of the next load of hay.
Sometimes they call gently for Katie,
She answers: "Oh, ma, 'tis not late;
There's no sign of storm, and the night is so warm,
I love to stand here by the gate."—CHORUS.

They say she's too young to be maaried,
But with them we do not agree;
Love's message to Katie I carried,
And a kiss was the answer for me.
We'll wander away in the moonlight,
Much longer I'm sure we can't wait;
Some night by-and-by to the parson's we fly,
When Katie comes down to the gate.—CHORUS.

—Mrs. Caterer: Of course you know that's a Spring chicken, Mr. Carver, but what particular breed do you think it belongs to? Mr. Carver: By the way it turns the edge of this carving knife, I should say it was a Plymouth Rock.

BARNEY, DEAR BARNEY, I'M THINKING OF YOU.

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Oh, Barney, dear Barney, I sit by the river,
By the Shannon's bright waters I rest as of yore;
But you, Barney loved one, are not here beside me,
You're miles far away on Columbia's shore.
Recall to your mind, love, the fond vows I gave you,
I hope you will ever to me remain true;
If you'd me forsake, love, my poor heart would break, love,
Asleep or awake, love, I'm thinking of you.

CHORUS.

If you'd ceased to cherish me, Barney, I'd perish,
But sadly I'd fear you'd another one woo;
If you've my love slighted, my life then is blighted,
Oh, Barney, dear Barney, I'm thinking of you.

Oh, Barney, dear Barney, why have'nt you answered
The long loving letters I sent to you, dear;
Why haven't you wrote me these words of affection,
"Norah, despair not, your Barney's sincere."
The birds 'mong the leaves of the trees gently twitter,
The country all 'round me is splendid to view,
But these scenes I scorn, love, for you I now mourn, love,
Oh, Barney, my own love, I'm thinking of you.—CHORUS.

HANNAH, GET THE BROOM.

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Words and Music by Charles H. Sheffer.

There's gwine to be a weddin',
And we are to be wed;
Oh, won't we have a jolly time,
You just hear what we said.
Der'll be Julia Johnson,
And cross-eyed Hannah Green;
And all the coons for miles around,
At the weddin' will be seen.

CHORUS.

Hannah, get the broom, Hannah, get the broom,
Sweep our sidewalk nice and clean, Hannah, get the broom;
Hannah, get the broom, preacherman is comin' to-night
To wed us in de light of the moon.

After the weddin' is over
We'll have a jolly spree;
Eating cake and drinking wine,
How happy we will be.
John Anderson will play the fiddle,
And act just like a loon;
And all the girls will do the buck
While Hannah gets the broom.—CHORUS.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

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There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms which we feel in this world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

SWEET CHIMING BELLS.

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Like a dream ye come to cheer me,
'Round me echoed soft and low;
Still your mem'ries linger near me,
Chiming bells of long ago.
Sweetly fall your silv'ry numbers
Down the still and fragrant air;
Wake my soul from gentle slumbers,
List'ning to your echoes fair.
Friends and hopes of happy childhood
Blest me in their purest glow;
Softly rang o'er grave and wildwood
Chiming bells of long ago.

CHORUS.

Sweet chiming bells, sweet chiming bells,
Ye murmur soft and low;
Sweet chiming bells, sweet chiming bells,
Sweet bells of long ago.

Happy visions rose before me,
Brightest that my heart could know;
Still your spell is ling'ring near me,
Chiming bells of long ago.
Sweetly now your notes are falling
O'er my heart so sad and lone;
Mem'ry from the past is calling
Dreams that once I called my own.
Visions of my dear ones only
Bless me now at evening's glow;
Oh, ye cheer my life so lonely,
Chiming bells of long ago.—CHORUS.

MOTHER'S LOCKET.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

You ask me why I love it so
And treasure it with care,
And why I keep this tiny tress,
A tress of silv'ry hair.
She had the locket many, many years,
'Twas all she had to give,
And with it came her blessing, too,
Remembered while I live.

DUET.

Mother's locket, how I love it,
And my kisses linger there;
For within this little trinket
Is a tress of silv'ry hair.

CHORUS.

Mother's locket, how I love it,
And my kisses linger there;
This locket old that now enfolds
A tress of silv'ry hair.

I've had the keepsake many years,
And worn it next my heart;
But mem'ries of the past arise,
The tears unbidden start.
'Tis all I own, my world, my all,
To cheer my heart to-day,
This little locket worn and old,
And tress of silv'ry gray,
This little locket worn and old,
And tress of silv'ry gray.—*Duet and Chorus*

—Softleigh: (walking in the Boston Public Garden, to friend) Look at that sign: "No Dogs Allowed in this Garden!" Friend: Well, what of it? Softleigh: I'm going to have one of those on my place next year. The dogs have scratched up everything we've planted this season; and how nice everything looks here!

MR. PAT MAHONE.

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Words and Music by Harvey Linwood.

On the seventeenth of March I dressed so neat and gay,
For to join the grand procession I at once set on my way;
There was citizens both tall and short, and ladies short and tall,
All anxious for to see us march fornist the City Hall.
There was little Michael Dooley wid a bran new suit of clothes,
That was made by "Johnny Docherty," who everybody knows;
Muldoon, the solid man, was there, as decent as could be,
But there wasn't one in all the crowd could stand aside of me.

CHORUS.

Did you see Pat Mahone with his shining bran new hat?
Did you see him march along like a gay aristocrat?
Flags and banners were waving high, dress in style was shown,
But the finest man in all the crowd was Mr. Pat Mahone.

The Mayor near by the City Hall quite stately took his stand,
He noticed none till I came by and then he waved his hand;
He saw at once the style was there, for he stared wid both his eyes,
For he thought I was the President all dressed up in disguise.
We marched all through the city, till I thought we'd never stop,
And as I needed stimulant I thought I'd take a drop;
The people there were talking of the sights they'd seen that day,
And I felt a little flattered when I heard some ladies say:—CHO.

I received an invitation to attend a fancy ball,
But without an evening suit of clothes I could not go at all;
Old "Docherty," the tailor, my measure could not take,
Because for Mr. Dooley he had got a suit to make.
I then walked to the Bowery, bought a new suit second-hand,
And wid a flower stuck in my coat I looked a trifle grand;
We danced till nearly midnight when we went home in the dark,
You could not walk a yard but what you'd hear the remark:—CHO.

MRS. BRADY'S DAUGHTER.

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Mrs. Brady, a widow lady,
Has a daughter that I adore;
I go to court her across the water
Every Sunday afternoon at four.
She sings so sweetly, she dresses so neatly,
So like a fairy she trips the floor;
She's good society, she's full of piety,
And her mother keeps a little candy store.

CHORUS.

Dainty feet, measured beat,
Trips the street, oh! so neat;
Dresses sweet, what a treat,
And her mother keeps a candy store.
Her name is Norah, I do adore her,
She's like an angel, my heart is sore;
She's such a daisy, she sets me crazy,
And her mother keeps a little candy store.

Every Sunday, and often Monday,
With the family I go to dine;
And the daughter, I do escort her
Every evening till the clock strikes nine.
One Summer evening the moon was beaming,
I said I loved her as dear as life;
She blushed completely, and smiled so sweetly,
Yet she promised she would be my darling wife.—CHORUS.

—Jackson: I wear what I please. I don't care what people say. Mrs. Jackson: (a few days later)—You surely don't intend to throw away that hat. You ought to wear it for a long time yet. Jackson: Wear that shabby tile! What would people say?

—Citizen: (at the nursery)—Have you any plants with insects on them? Florist: No, indeed, I don't keep such things. Citizen: (disappointedly)—I was in the hopes you did. My wife never lets me smoke in the house, except when there are insects on the plants.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

By Susan Wilson.

Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting, by his master, a St. Anne, and a holy Joseph, which are extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit. The incident related occurred about the year 1630.

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing where'er its glowing radience gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing 'round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray.
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace—
A poet's brightest dreams was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed;
"Whose work is this?—speak, tell me!—he
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all;
Would I had done it!—Ferdinand!
Isturitz, Mendez!—say whose hand
Among ye all?—With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered: "'Twas not I!"

"How came it then?" impatiently
Murillo cried; "but we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian!"
At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave.

For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threatened—if he did not tell
The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.
"Thou answerest not," Murillo said;
(The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
"Speak on!"—At last he raised his head,
And murmured, "No one has been here."
"'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee,
And clasped his hand imploringly,
And said: "I swear it, none but me!"

"List!" said his master. "I would know
Who enters here—there have been found
Before, rough sketches strewn around,
By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show;
See that to-night strict watch you keep,
Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
If on to-morrow morn you fail
To answer what I ask,
The lash shall force you—do you hear?
Hence! to your daily task."

* * * * * * * *

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray
Within Murillo's study—all were gone
Who there, in pleasant task or converse gay,
Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence save,
That to one sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
One bright-eyed boy was there, Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child—that boy had seen
Not thrice five Summers yet,
But genius marked the lofty brow,
O'er which his locks of jet
Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said,
"The lash, if I refuse to tell
Who sketched those figures—If I do,
Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon-cell!"
He breathed a prayer to heaven for aid;
It came—for soon, in slumber laid,
He slept until the dawning day
Shed on its humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more!" he cried: and now,
Three hours of freedom I may gain
Before my master comes; for then
I shall be but a slave again.
Three blessed hours of freedom! how
Shall I employ them?—ah! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light
Gave to the head a softened glow;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
He cried: "Shall I efface it?--No!
That breathing lip! that beaming eye!
Efface them?—I would rather die!"
The terror of the humble slave
Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings nature gave—
Which only gifted spirits know.
He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed
His pencil had some magic power;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
Sebastian then forgot the hour!
Forgot his master, and the threat
Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
For with each touch, new beauties met
And mingled in the face before him.
At length 'twas finished, rapturously
He gazed—could aught more beauteous be!—
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started—horror chilled his blood!
His master and the pupils all
Were there, e'en at his side!
The terror-striken slave was mute—
Mercy would be denied,
E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
Each with an artist's joy;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke:
"Who is your master boy?"
"You, Senor," said the trembling slave.
"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered: "Only you."

"I gave you none," Murillo cried!
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
"What you to others said,"
"And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said: "'tis plainly shown
That you have profited."

"What (to his pupils) is his meed?
Reward or punishment?"
"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried
(Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)
"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo, kindly; "choose
Your own reward—what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
Then speak at once and fearlessly."

"Oh! if I dared!"—Sebastian knelt
And feelings he could not control
(But feared to utter even then)
With strong emotion shook his soul.
"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpow'ring dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,
"Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,
Ask for your *freedom!*"—At the word,
The suppliant strove to raise his voice:

At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—
"Oh! master, make my *father* free!"
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.
"Thy talent rare, and filial love,
E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
Of generous feelings passed his lips,
Sebastian's talents soon must lead
To fame that would his own eclipse;
And, constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care, such matchless skill
As made his name the pride of Spain.

GET ON TO THAT BOUQUET!

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by L. C. Wegefarth.

I'm the ladies' pet and the finest yet when I stroll down the street,
My clothes are nice, I owe the price, my style is hard to beat;
I sport a belt and tooth-pick shoes, and when I walk Broadway,
The boot-blacks cry: "Oh, stag the guy! get on to that bouquet!"

REFRAIN.

Like a cabbage fair, is my BOUTONNIERE,
And it makes a fine display, this little rose I wear;
All the people shout as I wabble out:
"Get on to that bouquet!"
Like a cabbage fair, is my BOUTONNIERE,
And it makes a fine display, this little rose I wear;
All the people shout as I wabble out:
"Get on to that bouquet!"

On my breast it lies, and there are no flies on me when I go 'round,
My gloves are gay, my tile O. K., my walk's a skip and bound;
One of the proud "four hundred" I, and very "distang gay,"
To prove it so, old chap, yer know, "get on to that bouquet."—REFRAIN.

If you took away this, my grand bouquet, I'd just lie down and die,
I'd lose a meal, I'd go and steal, this BOUTONNIERE to buy;
I'd wear a sunflower, or a beet, a marigold so gay,
If I couldn't get a rose, you bet—"Get on to that bouquet!"—REFRAIN.

The Ship That Carries Me Home.

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Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

The ship that carries me home to-day, to she whom I love and prize,
Is dancing out on the glist'ning bay, with sails like the fleecy skies;
My heart pulsates like the restless tide when I think of my lassie sweet,
For we'll join at last, after years have past, and our hearts and our lips shall meet;
I'll gather the sailors 'round me in a ring,
And this shall be the song that I will sing:

CHORUS.

There's a pair of roguish dark blue eyes watching for me on shore,
A pair of arms that will twine around, and never lose me more;
A smile that's like the sunshine, as it dances on the spray,
So sing: "Yo ho!" that the ship may go, which carries me home to-day.

I've cast my lead in the sea of love, 'tis full twenty fathoms deep,
It reflects the joys of a land above, the log in my heart I'll keep;
Like a boy I long for the day we'll meet with a ship-wrecked sailor's thirst,
On the prow I'll stand, as we near the land, that my eyes shall behold her first;
I'll gather the sailors 'round me in a ring,
And this shall be the song that I will sing:—CHORUS.

A Treasure More Precious Than Gold.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

There's a tear in your eye, my beloved, my own,
Your smiles and your laughter are gone;
Come tell me the reason, my darling, I pray,
Why all so sad and forlorn?
We are poor, we've a struggle, my darling, I know,
The Winter is dreary and cold;
But yet we've a treasure that wealth cannot buy,
A treasure more precious than gold.
Ah, yes, we've a treasure that wealth cannot buy,
A treasure more precious than gold;
Then dry all thy tears, my beloved,
And smile once again as of old;
Remember our baby, our own little one,
A treasure more precious than gold.

Supposing our neighbor who lives o'er the way,
Who has riches and treasure untold;
Supposing he'd say: For your baby I'll give
All my houses, my land and my gold.
Ah, well do I know what your answer would be
As closer our baby you'd press;
Then are we not rich, my beloved, my own?
I know that your heart will say yes.
Then are we not rich, my beloved, my own?
I know that your heart will say yes;
Then dry all thy tears, my beloved,
And smile once again as of old;
Remember our baby, our own little one,
A treasure more precious than gold.

Hi, Jenny! Ho, Jenny Johnson!

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Once I loved a yaller girl, she said she'd marry me,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!
Saw her eating apples at a huckleberry bee,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!
Took her to a ball, and we never did get back
Till the breaking of the morning, when you hear the chickens quack;
She wouldn't take the cars, so I took her in a hack,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson! Jenny, Jenny Johnson, Johnson!

CHORUS.

Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny! come along with me,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny! ho, my Jenny Johnson!
Sweeter than the honey at a huckleberry bee,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!

Oh, my daughter Jenny, she's the sweetest girl in town,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny! ho, my Jenny Johnson!
Captivates the neighborhood for miles and miles around,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!
Said she loved another and it broke my heart in two,
And I had to get it mended with a little piece of glue;
She gave me back my locket and a little silver shoe,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson! Jenny, Jenny Johnson, Johnson!—CHORUS.

Now my Jenny's married to a little yellow coon,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny! ho, my Jenny Johnson!
Take care for Jenny's hubby, for he'd kill you mighty soon,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!
Wooly-headed picaninnies running 'round the floor,
For they say there's only two, but I wish they had a score;
I'm gwine away to China, so I'll never see her more,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson! Jenny, Jenny Johnson!—CHORUS.

—Transient: What are the rates at this hotel? Clerk: Three dollars and upward. Transient: Three dollars and upward? What does that mean? Clerk: It means that if you only pay $3 a day you keep going upwards till you reach the roof.

—"The fish were very nice, William; but how did you come to catch fresh mackerel in Fox Lake? "What's that? What do you mean?" "I mean that you have deceived me. You never went fishing at all." "Of course I did." "No, you didn't. It was a stupid blunder of the fish market to send fresh mackerel instead of black bass, wasn't it? We'll talk this matter over later. If you can explain your week's absence in any better way than that you are leading a double life I shall be very glad of it."

ONLY TO SEE HER FACE AGAIN.

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Words and Music by James E. Stewart.

Only to see her face again,
Only to hear her speak;
Only to see her smile once more,
Only to hear her speak.
She was as fair as a sunny flower,
Full of beauty and of grace;
One little wish is all I ask,
Only to see her face.

CHORUS.

Only to see her face again,
Full of beauty and of grace;
One little wish is all I ask,
Only to see her face.

Only to see her face again,
Fair as the stars above;
Only to hear her one little word,
Only one word of love.
Sad was the night when we parted
Down by the old trysting place;
One little word is all I ask,
Only to see her face.—CHORUS.

WE'VE ALL HAD 'EM.

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Written and sung by Charles Duncan.

Misfortunes come to every man
And woman in this life;
And all of us have had our share
Of trouble, woe and strife.
Corns, warts and bunions are conferred
On folks the very best;
And even when we go to bed,
The bugs won't let us rest.

CHORUS.

We've all had 'em, we've all had 'em,
Though some folks turn their noses up and cry: "Oh, my!"
We've all had 'em, we've all had 'em,
And if you haven't had 'em you will have them bye-and-bye.

Most fellows have been a-courting,
And have thought it jolly fun;
To love some pretty little girl,
They've called their only one.
Then arm in arm they have strolled,
And wandered where 'twas dark;
And had some loving kisses, too,
Yes, I think I can remark:

CHORUS.

We've all had 'em, we've all had 'em,
Those very loving kisses often makes the ladies sigh;
We've all had 'em, we've all had 'em,
And if you haven't had 'em you will have them bye-and-bye.

When men get married then's the time
Their little ones commence;
Of course they must have their pleasures,
But they also have expense.
It's nice to think on frosty nights,
That as a fond papa;
You must get out and nurse the "kid,"
We know what babies are.

CHORUS.

We've all had 'em, we've all had 'em,
Those very naughty "kids" that often make the ladies sigh;
We've all had 'em, we've all had 'em,
And if you haven't had 'em you will have them bye-and-bye.

—"Yes, I am the victim of a maiden's sighs," said the young man who married a 180-pound beauty.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

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Words and Music by A. Sinnah.

Squire B was a banker, a high-toned man,
Of spotless reputation e'er his woes began;
No effort was complete without his name,
Of mercantile or social or religious aim.
But one day upon securities he "went it short,"
And tried to raise the wind on stocks by "going it long;"
But he "didn't know 'twas loaded" and it made rare sport,
When the "boys" took up the chorus of this wicked song:

CHORUS.

Another good man gone wrong,
Another good man gone wrong;
How the demons below
Stir the fires till they glow,
While they shout and they sing
Till the lower regions ring,
Another good man gone wrong,
Another good man gone wrong.

Brother D was a pastor, a high-toned saint,
The idol of his flock until they "scraped his paint,"
And found beneath the coat their shepherd on the sly
Would "go for" all the girls to hug them fatherly.
They might have overlook'd this for they'd "been there too"
But when he "kissed the cook" they cried he goes too strong;
So the deacons raised a rumpus and the pastor looks blue,
While the "boys" took up the chorus of this wicked song:—CHO.

Billy C was a cashier, a high-toned clerk,
Was trusted by the firm until they twigg'd his lark;
He always went to church and taught the infant class,
Was never known to "smile" but when he took a glass.
But one day rumors got about that "things wasn't straight,"
That "champ. and oysters" lively boys had drawn him along,
That he back'd the tiger, went behind the scenes, and stay'd out late,
Then the "boys" took up the chorus of this wicked song.—CHO.

KATIE MOLLOY.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

In the vale of Avoca the sweet waters meet,
And not far away from the shore
Is a neat little colleen whose smile is so sweet,
As she stands by the old cabin door;
She's waiting for me and anxious she'll be,
To mother the good news I've carried;
Yes, boys, it is true what I'm telling to you,
To-morrow we're going to be married.

CHORUS.

She's fair, fair as the morning, when her face I see,
All this world seems brighter, for she's all the world to me;
And our love is but dawning, and I'm filled with joy,
There's not a girl in all this world can equal sweet Katie Molloy.

When the sun goes to rest my sweet Katie will wait
Till I come for my last single kiss;
And I'll bid her good-night at the old cabin gate,
To-morrow brings nothing but bliss.
May the little birds sing as I put on the ring,
And the piper his merry tune whining;
May to-morrow be gay, for it's my wedding day,
And her eyes like the sun brightly shining.—CHORUS.

She brings me a fortune will last me for life,
But that is not plenty of pelf;
But the dearest of treasures is a sweet little wife,
And that is her dear little self;
The jewels she's got are certainly not
Like those in a queen's crown entwining;
Oh, no! they're more rare, it's her glossy brown hair,
And her eyes full of love clear and shining.—CHORUS.

—A tailor being asked if the close of the year made him sad, said, yes, until the clothes of the year are paid for.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Words by Dexter Smith. Music by Geo. Dana.

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Drifting away, drifting away,
Upon life's changeful ocean;
With peace and sunshine sweet to-day,
To-morrow wild commotion;
Drifting, drifting, drifting away,
Drifting, drifting, drifting away.

Drifting away, drifting away,
Each hour the shore receding;
While on the beach the breakers play,
No mortal sorrows heeding;
Drifting, drifting, drifting away,
Drifting, drifting, drifting away.

Drifting away, drifting away,
While love and friendship cheer us;
And hope's bright flowers will ne'er decay,
For God is ever near us;
Drifting, drifting, drifting away,
Drifting, drifting, drifting away.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

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As sung by C. R. Dockstader.

I remember the songs that my mother used to sing
When I was a child long ago;
I see her dear face bending over me now,
As she sang in a voice sweet and low.
How she'd cheer and caress me, and teach me to talk,
As close to her side I would creep;
At the close of the day she would teach me to pray,
I remember: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

CHORUS.

Sing that good old song, that dear, good, sweet old song,
The old song dear to us in days gone by;
Oh, the ones we used to hear from our angel mother dear,
The song that she sang for you and I.

And when I older grew to other scenes I roamed,
Then when alone at evening I would be
I would sit down and think of the dear ones at home,
It seemed my mother's face I could see;
As she sang me to sleep in the days long ago,
How again I would dearly love to hear
The songs that my mother sang for they were sweet to me,
The songs of my old mother dear.—CHORUS.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

Tune—"Paddies Evermore."

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The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might:
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

What, though they menace? suffering men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again?
We know their words are lies:
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

Look 'round—the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one,
We're Paddies evermore.

That strong and single love to crush
The despot ever tried;
A fount it was whose living gush
His hated arts defied.
'Tis fresh as when his foot accursed
Was planted on our shore,
And now and still, as from the first,
We're Paddies evermore.

What recked we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled?
The soul that roused O'Connor's spears
Still lives as true and bold.
The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore;
And we stand here to-day, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
For which they nobly died;
Our duty? By our cause to stand,
Whatever chance betide;
Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
That rankle at her core;
Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

OLD WOODEN ROCKER.

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There it stands in the corner, with its back to the wall,
The old wooden rocker so stately and tall;
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom,
For no one now uses that back parlor room.
Oh, how well I remember, in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I;
And we listened to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker that we all loved so well.

CHORUS.

As she sat by the fire she would rock, rock, rock,
And we heard but the tick of the old brass clock;
Eighty years she had sat in that chair, grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

If this chair could but speak, oh, the tales it could tell,
How poor, aged grandpa in fierce battle fell;
'Neath the stars and stripes he fought bravely and true,
He cherished his freedom, the red, white and blue.
It could tell of bright days and of dark ones, beside,
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride;
This is why we all love it, this old chair, grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.—CHORUS.

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done,
Her children have followed her, yes, one by one;
They have all gone to meet her "in the sweet by-and-by,"
And all that is left is dear sister and I.
Never more will we hide her gold specs or her cap,
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap;
Never more will she slumber in that chair, grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.—CHORUS.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

By Charles Follen Adams.

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lots;
But I vants to gontradict dot shap
Dot made dis leedle shoke:
"A voman was der glinging vine,
Und man der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue,
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees frendts dhey all was gone,
Und he was shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in;
Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der pase-ball groundts
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays;
Who vas id fighdts him midoudt resdt,
Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort always prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine den,
Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"
Der boet one time said:
Dhere's leedle dot man he don'd vant,
I tink it means, inshted;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype vhen oaks dhey gling some more;
Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To help run life's masheen.
In heit und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should always gling togeddher.—*Harper's Magazine.*

SINCE CASEY RUNS THE FLAT.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

We've got a brand new janitor, and Casey is his name,
The way he runs McNally's flat I think an awful shame;
He walks around just like a lord, you'd think he owned the place,
He has a frightful, rasping voice, and "scups" around his face.
All lights go out at eight o'clock, your friends must leave at nine,
And if you don't obey the rules, he makes you pay a fine;
He cleans the halls up with a hose, and scrubs them with a mat,
The place looks like a public bath since Casey runs the flat.

REFRAIN.

You can't chew tutti-frutti, you can't sneeze in the hall,
You've got to have a permit if you want to make a call;
You can't have songs or dancing, you can't have dog or cat,
You don't know if your living since Pat Casey runs the flat.

He thinks it such a funny joke to go and ring your bell,
When he comes in at three A. M. and asks if all is well;
The halls are full of glaring signs: "No kissing on the stairs,"
"No dudes allowed without a chain;" "Please mind your own affairs."
"Take notice, this is no hotel," "We don't give board with rent,"
"The tax to rush the growler is, for every pint a cent;"
"No coughs allowed around the house, and in the halls no chat,"
There's only two more tenants left since Casey runs the flat.—REFRAIN.

He yells all thro' the house each month: "Be ready with the rent,
And have it down by two o'clock, or hire another tent;"
He gave us all a note to-day: "Please change your shades to green,
This flat is strictly Irish now, I want its colors seen."
Last night at twelve he yelled out "fire!" he only cared to see
How fast the tenants could get out in case a fire should be;
I've taken all I care to take, I won't put up with that,
The house is far from being safe since Casey runs the flat.—REFRAIN.

THE SONG FOR ME.

Words by J. Endersohn. Music by Michael Watson.

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As sung by Chauncey Olcott.

On a Winter night, when the fire was bright,
And the door was barred on care;
I asked the maiden I prize so well
What she would sing to me there?
I asked the maiden I prize so well
What she would sing to me there?

She warbled a song of "La Belle France,"
And a song of Italy;
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear,
But they were not the songs for me;
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear,
But they were not the songs for me.

Their accents hung on her 'witching tongue,
As I listened dreamily on;
And I fancied I roved in distant climes,
Where she was the flower and the sun;
I fancied I roved in distant climes,
Where she was the flower and the sun.

Then she sang a strain from lordly Spain,
And a lay of Germany;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home,"
And that was the song for me;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home,"
And that was the song for me.

The Dear Old Village School.

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Words and Music by Bobby Newcomb.

How oft I've said too late, since I tarried by the gate,
Near the dear old school-house down the shady lane;
Where little boys were classed, many happy days we passed,
Oh, those happy days that ne'er will come again.
How oft in childish glee I have read my A. B. C,
While my classmates played the scholar or the fool;
If I had the chance to-day, what attention I would pay
To the teachings of the dear old village school.

CHORUS.

Those days of childish glee seemed a paradise to me,
As either one played scholar or the fool;
If I had the chance to-day, what attention I would pay
To the teachings of the dear old village school.

My playmates ev'ry one, when the school-house bell was rung,
In their merry laughter side by side would go;
Cheerful faces beaming bright, in the sunshine's welcome light,
As to mother dear a good-bye kiss we'd throw.
Those days unheeded flew, for how little then I knew
The value of the pencil, slate and rule;
Such grains of knowledge cast, but to mingle with the past,
They were left to crumble with the village school.—CHORUS.

The years have passed and gone, for the night has followed morn,
And to man's estate from boyhood's dream I've strayed;
My weary plodding feet tread a busy thriving street,
Just where the quiet shady lane once laid.
Where the school-house used to stand there's a stately mansion grand,
Where still they play the scholar and the fool;
And I'm thinking now to-day of the chances thrown away,
That were mine when in the dear old village school.—CHORUS.

—Jones: I should think the flies would annoy you. Don't they bite your bald head? Smith: But suppose I had hair. Do you catch on? "No." "Of course you don't, but my wife would."

—"Can you let me have $10 till next week?" asked the Snake editor. "No, I can't," replied the Horse editor, without the slightest hesitation. "You don't appear to know what a good thing it is to lend that amount." "How is it good?" "It is X lent."

—"Your father is an easy, 'come-day, go-day' sort of fellow, isn't he, Clara?" "Don't mistake him, George. I have had suitors before now who thought that of him, and who have subsequently been obliged to admit that he was a person of considerable push."

GLOBE TROTTING NELLIE BLY.

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As sung by Hallen and Hart. Words and Music by Joe Hart.

I hold here in my hand a lengthy cablegram,
That came from far across the sea;
It's from Miss Nellie Bly, and its contents I will try
To tell, if you will listen unto me.
She's trying very hard to beat the world's record,
To round the world in seventy-five days;
Of the many funny sights in her cablegram she writes,
Of the people and their very curious ways:

CHORUS.

With an umbrella and a grip, she gave her friends the slip,
Far across the deep blue sea; it was a pleasant trip,
For her grip was not "La Grippe," consequently she was happy as could be.

When she landed in Cork, to Killarney took a walk,
And kissed the blarney stone with her sweet lips;
She told funny tales to the Prince of Wales,
And left him laughing almost in a fit.
She did the Gaiety dance and set Paris in a trance,
Sang "Little Annie Rooney" to Jules Verne;
She would have spoken French and Greek, if she could have stayed a week,
But she knew fond hearts for her at home did yearn.

CHORUS.

She cheered up all the crew with a little song or two,
At sea she ate three times a day; from the bottom of the sea
Up came McGinty to wish her luck upon her way.

When she landed in Hong Kong, she rang the dinner gong,
And they thought her quite a curiosity;
To see our Nelly hustle, and she did not wear a bustle,
A sight which even here we rarely see.
When she reached Yokohama she met a Jersey farmer,
And together they sipped too-long boo-long tea;
She was courted by a Jap, sat in the old king's lap,
And he wanted her to marry him, you see.

CHORUS.

But when the Oceanic sailed, how that poor fellow wailed!
Now she's on the ocean blue, she's a box of chewing tu-lu
For each one in Honolu', I wish she'd bring some back to me and you.

Rootity-Toot, She Plays The Flute.

Published by T. B. Harms & Co.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

You all know what a sister is to mend your socks and darn 'em,
Well, I have got a sister, and she ought to be with Barnum;
She was so nice and steady till she started learning music,
And now to hear her practice it would make both you and I sick.
From morning until evening at her instrument she's sitting,
And consequently all the neighbors 'round about are flitting;
We've lost two young men lodgers who departed without paying,
And all because they couldn't stand my sister Susan's playing.

REFRAIN.

For rootity-toot, she plays the flute, in a very charming manner,
Pinkity-pong, she runs along the keys of the grand piano;
Rumpity-pum, she bangs the drum, or else she beats the gong,
Since sister Susan learnt to play we've all gone wrong.

She sends her compositions to the Reverend Stuart Headlam,
Since she's been a composer all the house is like a Bedlam;
And when the family circle gathers 'round the dinner table,
She beats tattoo with knife and fork as well as she is able.
She started on the banjo, too, and all day long she's playing,
Our tom-cat's given notice that he couldn't think of staying;
He went to pa and told him, tho' he knew that it would grieve us,
He wouldn't stand it longer, so he'd pay his bill and leave us.—REFRAIN.

I wish she would recover, tho' the chance I fear remote is,
She's married a professor, one whose furry overcoat is
The admiration of the kids as he walks down the alley,
He's something like a hearth-rug and a lady in the ballet.
He married her last Tuesday, and thank heaven she's departed,
Tho' now I do believe that he is nearly broken-hearted;
I met him but this morning, on his mind there's something preying,
I asked him what's the matter? and he answered me by saying:—REFRAIN.

—Briefless Barrister: (mockingly)—False one! You refuse my hand and heart after all these weeks of wooing? Fair Maid: (calmly)—I do. B. B.: Then hear me now. By the shades of coke and blackstone I'll have you arrested for contempt of court!

—Nervous Old Lady: Conductor, do you think we'll get to Chipmunk Crossroads on time? Conductor: P'raps we will an' p'raps we won't. We're eleven hours behind now, and we've just lost our smoke-stack by running into a cow. It's down grade, though, and the engineer says he's going to get there if he loses a wheel.

Don't You See The Bright Light?

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Hurry up and don't be late,
Buy a ticket for the golden gate;
I must go, I cannot wait,
Do not miss this train.
Soon she'll whistle "down the brakes,"
Goodness! but she takes the cake;
You'll be dead and buried
'Fore she comes this way again.

REFRAIN.

Don't you see the bright light shining over yonder, children?
Farewell, good-bye, for then I'm going home!
Don't you see the bright light shining over yonder, children?
Farewell, good-bye, for I am going home!

Packed up my old "grip" last night,
Not a hen-roost was in sight;
I must leave this world all right,
Keep my 'counts all straight.
When old Gabriel blows his horn,
Have your "trav'ling dusters" on;
I'll write you a letter
When I reach dat golden gate.—REFRAIN.

THE OLD, OLD FARM.

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Words by Gus Williams. Music by Harry Pepper.

How oft I sit and think of my childhood's happy days,
When I was home and sat at mother's knee;
And when the day was o'er, how I'd stand at the door
To watch my father coming home to tea;
To see the horses feed, to the old barn then I'd speed,
To me it was a pleaure and a charm;
How the old cow used to stand, to be milked by father's hand,
At evening, on the old, old farm.

REFRAIN.

Oh, those happy days are o'er, and they will return no more,
To think of them can surely do no harm;
When I was young and gay, and happy roamed all day
Barefooted on the old, old farm.

How the rooster'd crow each morn, to proclaim the day was born,
I almost fancy I can hear him now;
How the swallows used to fly away up in the sky,
When evening cast its shadows deep and low;
And then in bed I'd creep, to have my night's sweet sleep,
To feel there was no danger or alarm;
Those were happy days to me, which I think of tenderly,
Together with the old, old farm.—REFRAIN.

And when harvest time would come, in the yellow fields I'd roam,
And follow up the cradle all day long;
How we used to stack the wheat, with a sheaf on top so neat.
While the blackbirds used to cheer us with their song.
And the robin with her young, how oft I've heard her song,
Up in the tree secure from every harm;
Oh, how still, how peacefully Sunday always seemed to be,
At home upon the old, old farm.—REFRAIN.

—Griggs: What is the matter between you and Diggs? I thought you used to be sworn friends. Biggs: So we were once; but that is over now. "Why, what separated you?" "He made me a present of a fountain pen."

—Stranger: (In Western city)—What are all those armed men after? Native: They're hunting for the man who killed three members of a Hamlet company that struck town yesterday. "And will they lynch him?" "Not much. They're going to present him with the proceeds of all the faro banks and elect him mayor. Maybe you don't think we have any gratitude out here, but we have."

The White Wings Colored Club.

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Words and Music by James Mass.

We're a band of colored brothers, and our club is called "White Wings,"
There's none superior to us, for as waiters we are kings;
The Italian population tries to run us off the track,
But they'll find we've got the ace and deuce, and likewise turn up Jack.
No foreign interference will the colored White Wings stand,
We'll protect our noble calling with a razor in each hand;
So let the nations gather, their name it will be "Mud,"
For the motto of the "White Wings" is: "Liberty or Blood."

CHORUS.

White Wings are sailing up in de sky,
"White Wings forever!" our battle cry;
Spread out your pinions, soar in de air,
White Wings are on your path, "Dagoes," beware!

When the club goes out parading you should see the wenches throng,
Although but few in number, you can bet your life we're strong;
Our skins they may be dusky, but our hearts are snowy white,
And our cognomen is "danger," when we get into a fight.
So let our foemen tremble, for us "coons" are sure to win,
And a nigger's very wicked when you touch him on de shin;
So, "White Wings," grind your razors just as sharp as they can be,
And show de great Italian that Africa shall be free.—CHORUS.

He's On The Police Force Now.

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Words and Music by Martin Hennessey.

I know you are acquainted with a man named Dan. McCann,
He stands in pretty solid with our friend, the alderman;
And at the last election he put in a lot of work,
There's nothing light or heavy that this friend of ours would shirk.
Election day down at the polls he thought 'twould be the thing
To show the politicians that he still was in the ring;
He walked with them, he talked with them, until they reached the door,
All that is past, he's fixed at last, he'll never work no more.

CHORUS.

He's on the police force now,
And no funny jokes with him will he allow;
He's fond of gin and brandy, and his job comes in quite handy,
For he's on the police force now.

Last year the people voted on the question yes, or no,
The verdict was high license, so the poor man has no show;
For many in the business, oh, that was a fatal day,
They're lonesome, absent-minded, since Mulcahy went away.
A friend of mine no license got, it made him feel quite sad,
He went to see the mayor, for his heart was filled with mad;
He walked with him, he talked with him, he said he was no slob,
They tested him, he's in the swim, he has a darling job.

CHORUS.

He's on the police force now,
With a smile of satisfaction on his brow;
Although he sells no liquor, he is growing stout and thicker,
For he's on the police force now.

One day a man went crazy, just as crazy as a loon,
He thought he was the circle 'round the man up in the moon;
He often went out evenings when it was very dark,
There was something queer about him, it was something you would mark.
At last one day they laid for him, and tied him with a rope.
They took him to the doctor's and they said there was no hope;
They walked with him, they talked with him, they worked on him in vain,
His health is sound, he's big and round, but he has got no brain.

CHORUS.

He's on the police force now,
And he's always out of sight when there's a row;
He thinks he is a daisy, but it's straight, the man is crazy,
But he's on the police force now.

A friend of mine was lazy, always idle, a disgrace,
For somehow or another, he could never keep a place;
He met with queer adventures in each place that he had been,
I would tell you of his virtues only scandal is a sin.
He worked at this, then worked at that, but never very long,
Though clumsy and block-headed, he was six feet tall and strong;
He tried for it, he made a hit, his thanks they were profuse,
He has a jog just like a log, he is no earthly use.

CHORUS.

He's on the police force now,
All he does is draw his wages, that I vow;
I hear he has stopped drinking, but I know he's stopped thinking,
For he's on the police force now.

—Teacher: James, you have been fighting. I can tell it by the look in your eye. James: Yes, but you should see the look in the other boy's eye.

A TRUE LITTLE HEART AND A TRUE LITTLE HOME.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

You've wandered afar from me, leaving me lonely,
You've lingered 'mid scenes that are dazzling and bright;
You've left the fond heart that was true to you only,
The smiles that were once all your joy and delight.
Though sweet are the glances that others may proffer,
Though many may cheer you wherever you roam;
Remember when weary, my darling, I offer
A true little heart and a true little home.

CHORUS.

A true little heart and a true little home,
A sweet word of welcome whenever you come;
A fond, loving smile that is yours all the while,
Oh, come back again to your own bonnie home;
Oh, come back again, come back again,
Oh, come back again to your own bonnie home.

No word of reproof, love, shall evermore greet you,
When back you return like a bird to its nest;
With fondest affection I eager will meet you,
No feeling of anger remain in my breast.
Though lured from my bosom, false friends will forsake you,
Whose love will depart like the sea's melting foam;
I'll keep for you, darling, till back your steps take you,
A true little heart and a true little home.—CHORUS.

STEVE O'DONNELL'S WAKE.

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Words and Music by Frank C. Turner.

Steve O'Donnell was a gentleman, so everybody said,
He was liked by all his friends, both rich and poor,
So of course they all felt sorry when they heard that he was dead,
And they saw a piece of crape hung on his door;
Now undertaker Feeney had the job to lay him out,
He got a casket of the finest make;
And he dressed the corpse in broadcloth, and said: Boys I have no doubt
You will all remember Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS.

There were biters, there were fighters, lots of dynamiters,
There was beer, and there was whiskey, wine and cake;
There were men in high positions, there were Irish politicians,
And they all got drunk at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

A barber came and shaved his Galway sluggers from his throat,
And cut his hair a la la pompadour;
A red necktie and buttonhole bouquet was in his coat,
And a bunch of shamrocks in his hand he bore.
There was thirteen candles at his head and twenty at his side,
And lots of flowers sent for friendship's sake;
Yerra, Steve, my b'ye, why did you die, the weeping widow cried,
Sure, we all felt bad at Steve O'Donnell's wake.—CHORUS.

Now Mike McGovern said he thought O'Donnell was a Jew,
Of course, he only meant it for a joke;
But Patsey Mack got up his back and at McGovern flew,
And he hit him in the eye an awful poke.
Sure all hands began a-fighting then, for everyone was mad,
And blood enough was spilled to form a lake;
They knocked the corpse upon the floor and blew out all the lights,
There was murder down at Steve O'Donnell's wake.—CHORUS.

The police came in and stopped the row and made them understand,
The corpse was picked up by his brother, Dan;
But someone stole the necktie that was 'round O'Donnell's throat,
Tim O'Reilly said McGovern was the man.
Then McGovern's friends got crazy mad and swore they'd have his life,
O'Reilly saw he made a big mistake;
But he fought and yelled, and danced around until the cops came in
And arrested all at Steve O'Donnell's wake.—CHORUS.

—"At what age do we stick most closely to business?" asked the Horse Editor. "At the mucil-age, I suppose," replied the Snake Editor, gazing pensively at his paste-pot.

—Miss Griggs: Your friend, Miss Hightone, is very musical, I hear. Mr. Perkins: Yes. She lives in quite a musical atmosphere. "So I should judge. I've noticed over their front door that she lives in a 'B Flat.'"

THE O'BRANNIGAN FUSILEERS.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

Allow me now, please, to introduce a warrior bold and true,
A man of fame and glorious name in O'Brannigan Guards of blue;
We were never engaged in a regular war, if we should we'd prove the best,
For we'd stop the pistol and cannon balls with the flannels upon our chest.
Our captain's name is Mike Malone, he's the man that don't like work,
He is very fond of fighting, and at drinking he's a Turk;
But when we're out on a promenade the air resounds with cheers,
For there's not a braver lot of men than the O'Brannigan Fusileers.

CHORUS.

Oh, ain't we sweet, so nice and neat.
The pets of all the lovely cooks and maids;
Our style bewitching captivates the people,
Rich and poor in every grade.
For fun and wine we're right in line,
We take the prize from the famous Bowery Grenadiers;
An elegant, sweet fashion plate,
Jolly party, brave and hearty fusileers, the O'Brannigan Blues.

Our battle cry: We'll booze or die! is known both far and near,
There's not a man in the whole command but can run like a mountain deer;
In the heat of war when the bullets are thick we are sure to be always found,
And that's under the amunition truck a-sleeping upon the ground.
Just fourteen balls have pierced this noble, manly breast of mine,
They were codfish balls, I ate them all one day at dinner time;
And our gatling guns are loaded with rum, and our canteens full of beer,
For divil a hand is a temp'rance man in the O'Brannigan Fusileers.—CHORUS.

Our marching is like the forty thieves, we crawl along like snails,
The captain tells us every day that we'll all land in the jail;
I have had my head cut off three times, I mean my head of hair,
And one day I got a fatal wound with the leg of an iron chair.
But I hear the bugle sounding, sure, it must be dinner time,
And my appetite is very strong, I'm never left behind;
And this maxim I will always keep, for to eat when grub is near,
For we only get one meal a week in the O'Brannigan Fusileers.—CHORUS.

SHE'S MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

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Words by J. F. Staley. Music by George C. Staley.

Along the mountain path she glides, enwrapped in childish mirth,
Her voice is heard by faithful guides, who have loved her from her birth;
Her sunlit face reveals within a nature pure and sweet,
To me she's one so rarely seen, my own, my joy complete.

REFRAIN.

For I love you, my baby girl,
With eyes so blue and hair in curl;
Treasure mine, with cheeks so fair,
Angels will guard thee is ever my prayer.

CHORUS.

She's my heart's delight, so fair and so sweet,
My treasure bright I fondly greet;
Her childish heart as pure as the pearl,
My own, my baby girl.

When morning's sun has kissed the rose she's romping, blithe and gay,
Refreshed by slumber's sweet repose, she is bright throughout the day;
Her face, e'er beaming with delight, is one we fondly greet,
No star could e'er reflect more bright, my own, my joy complete.—REF. & CHO.

JOHN SULLIVAN, MY JO!

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

John Sullivan, my Jo, John, you've earned a great renown,
First slugger of the universe an' pride of Boston town;
But now you've got ambition, John, to Congress halls to go,
You'll find they fight less fairly there, John Sullivan, my Jo!

John Sullivan, my Jo, John, you've had full many a "mill,"
You vanquished every foe, John, remaining champion still;
But yours were blows dealt fairly, John, while in Congress soon you'll know
They gouge and strike below the belt, John Sullivan, my Jo!

John Sullivan, my Jo, John, it e'er has been your plan
To take your medicine straight, John, nor kick a fallen man;
But you'll find a different rule, John, in Congress, if you go,
They will, I fear, corrupt you there, John Sullivan, my Jo!

John Sullivan, my Jo, John, oh, do not go down there,
'Tis trick and bluff that win, John, and not the game that's square;
Your simple heart would fire up, John, to watch their faking show,
An' eke some day you'd clear the house, John Sullivan, my Jo!

John Sullivan, my Jo, John, I know just how you feel,
And how you'd swing those iron arms and hands like slings of steel;
Those taking chaps would rile you, John, so, sonny, do not go,
The prize ring's the more honest "ring," John Sullivan, my Jo!

Farewell, Dear Heart, Farewell.

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Words and Music by H. M. Rosenfeld.

Though cruel fate should sever thee
In anguish from my loving heart,
Thine image e'er shall rest with me
Despite that we are thrust apart;
For love like mine not time nor place
Can blithe while life, while life within me dwell;
One more fond glance of thy sweet face,
Then, Mercides, farewell! farewell!

CHORUS.

Farewell, dear heart, farewell, ah, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in sorrow and in pain;
Farewell, the thought of thee sweet hope has brought to me,
A promise that we'll meet, will meet again;
Farewell! farewell! farewell!

In vain they tear thee from me now,
For love shall live till life is done;
What though in sorrow I must bow,
Our hands they part, our hearts are one.
Though severed far as earth from sky,
Thy love, thy love within my soul shall dwell;
Sweetheart, I yield one parting sigh,
Ah, Mercides, farewell! farewell!—CHORUS.

SAFE IN THE HARBOR.

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Words and Music by M. J. Cavanagh.

Bound homeward, our good ship speeds over the wave,
Each snowy sail spread to the breeze;
Our hearts are as light as the favoring gale
That bears us away o'er the seas.
To loved ones, who've waited our coming by day,
And prayed for the sailor at night;
The fears of the anxious shall soon fade away,
With home and the harbor in sight.

REFRAIN.

Two sweet eyes of blue, and a heart as true
As the stars in the heavens above,
Awaits there for Jack, to welcome him back
To that haven of joy and love.

CHORUS.

Safe in the harbor at last,
Safe with the joy of my heart;
Her loving embrace will sorrow efface,
Ah, never again to part.
Safe from the tempest and wave,
The gates of our haven are past,
And bright lights ashore now greet us no more,
We're safe in the harbor at last;
We're safe in the harbor, we're safe in the harbor,
We're safe in the harbor at last.

In a little white cottage high up on the craigs
A beacon of love ever burns;
And two loving eyes gazes out o'er the main,
She waits for her sailor's return.
Thro' death and darkness of night, when the storm
Rages loud in its fury and might,
For him who is out on the treacherous wave
The lamp at the window burns bright.—REF. & CHO.

—"Poverty is no disgrace," said Jinks. "In many cases it is something to be proud of." "Yes," replied Jones. "It's a constant struggle with me to keep my pride down."—*Merchant Traveler*

—French Girl: Papa, a man who looks like an American is observing those gloves in the window. What shall I ask for them? Shopkeeper: Twenty dollars. Man—(entering): How much? Girl: twenty dollars. Man: Sar-r-r-e! Shopkeeper: Forty cents, M'sseer. —*Omaha World.*

I'LL PARALYZE THE MAN THAT SAYS McGINTY.

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Words by Ed. E. Pidgeon. Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

I'm a meek and quiet man, but I'd have you understan'
That sometimes, sure, I'm driven to the wall;
'Tis hard to get me riled, for me temper's very mild,
And a little joke I never mind at all.
But one day it came my turn, and I'd have ye all to learn,
That here's the reason why I can't get bail:
Sure, last night a man I killed, and his hide with bullets filled,
And this is why they landed me in jail.

CHORUS.

You ought ter seen me lick him, and stick him, and kick him,
You ought ter seen me grab him, and stab him to the floor;
I'll stand a joke of any kind, no matter what it be,
But I'll paralyze the man that says McGinty.

T'other day in Jordan's place, where I often wet my face,
We were having just a little social smile,
When McNulty he dropped 'round, and says he to me he's found,
While the rogue he meant McGinty all the while.
But I asked him who he meant, before outside he went,
Then he poked me in the ribs and said, says he:
Why, McGinty, you old jay! but before he went away,
I kicked him where his bustle ought to be.—CHORUS.

Now when I come from work, just as tired as a Turk,
I like to have me little mite o' rest;
And I'm as quiet as a mouse in my nate and dacent house,
And always have a welcome for each guest.
But last night at wan o'clock, sure, I heard a rousin' knock,
And a neighbor met me at the door, says he:
We want to raise the price for to put him on the ice!
Who's that? says I. Says he, why, Dan McGinty.—CHORUS.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

Tune—"Admiral Benbow."

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We sailed to and fro in Erie's broad lake
To find British bullies or get into their wake;
When we hoisted our canvas with true Yankee speed,
And the brave Captain Perry our squadron did lead.

We sailed thro' the lake, boys, in search of the foe,
In the cause of Columbia our brav'ry to show;
To be equal in combat was all our delight,
As we wished the proud Britons to know we could fight.

And whether like Yeo, boys, they'd taken affright,
We could see not, nor find them by day or by night;
So a-cruising we went in a glorious cause,
In defence of our rights, our freedom and laws.

At length to our liking six sails hove in view,
Huzza! says brave Perry, huzza! says his crew;
And then for the chase, boys, with our brave little crew,
We fell in with the bullies and gave them "burgoo."

Though the force was unequal, determined to fight
We brought them to action before it was night;
We let loose our thunder, our bullets did fly—
"Now give them your shot, boys!" our commander did cry.

We gave them a broadside, our cannon to try,
"Well done," says brave Perry, "for quarter they'll cry,
Shot well home, my brave boys, they shortly shall see
That quite brave as they are, still braver are we."

Then we drew up our squadron, each man full of fight,
And put the brave Britons in a terrible plight;
The brave Perry's movements will prove fully as bold
As the fam'd Admiral Nelson's prowess of old.

The conflict was sharp, boys, each man to his gun,
For our country, her glory, the vict'ry was won;
So six sail (the whole fleet) was our fortune to take,
Here's a health to brave Perry who governs the lake.

MULHALEY ON BASEBALL.

By George F. Marion.

I'm sorely perplexed about a son of mine,
Who's a victim of this ball game;
And from the way I've heard of his goings on,
'Pon my word, I think the gossoon's insane.

Less than a wee short year ago
A better boy ne'er trod our street,
But now he's bunged and battered,
It's a wonder at all he keeps his feet.

Now phat this baseball bawling is,
Faith, I really can't understand,
But the crimes they commit and the devilty they do
Would disgrace any civilized land.

Sure, I've not the heart to stand fornist the bar
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But when I think of what he'll be after doing,
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He's guilty, there's never a doubt, upon me word,
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At every step I fear some policeman will say:
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Yesterday morn, when I'd gone to me work,
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And, from what I hear, the clerks were in,
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He said they knocked the pitcher out of the box,
For each one has a club called a bat;
The one he had I buried deep in the cellar,
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He boasts of having rapped him several times,
And for each welt captured a base,
And, worst than all, he says in the sixth,
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He says he was thrown out while stealing home,
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The cold-hearted wretch then told me
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I can hardly believe it's me own son
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And says, in the midst of his hideous work,
He went out in the field catching flies.

Then they whitewashed their victims,
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And, worst of all, roasted the umpire alive
For standing in with the other nine.

There was ten, I suppose, standing about,
For he assures me as a fact,
With a double he made in the lucky seventh,
He ripped the whole crowd up the back.

I'm afraid if I go home to sleep,
He'll murder us all in our beds;
By the morn, I suppose, the police will know all,
And offer a price for his head.

I think to the court-house I'd better go
And have a talk wid the chief of police,
And, if he's allowed to stop in the house this night,
I'll have him bound over to keep the peace.

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Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night, there's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep;
Go down! the sailor cried, go down, this is no place for thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be.

Oh, pilot, dangers often met we all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves, but to subdue their might;
It is not apathy, he cried, that gives this strength to me,
Fear not! but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulph'd my father's lifeless form,
My only brother's boat went down in just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate, but still I say to thee:
Fear not! but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be.

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Two sisters and a brother dwelt there quite happily;
In praying and in praising, like angels in the sky,
At morning and at evening they raised their voices high.

They lived in peace and quietness through many changing years,
And laid away their treasures beyond the vale of tears;
Though very poor and moneyless, their kindness made amends,
Their home was always open to Jesus and His friends.

But while they lived so happy, so kind, so pure, so good,
Their brother was afflicted, and to his couch confined;
In faithful, patient nursing they with each other vied,
But vain were all their efforts, he lingered on and died.

The Jews came to the sisters and laid Lazarus in the tomb,
They tried to solace, comfort them, and drive away their gloom;
When Jesus heard the tidings in a far-distant land,
He journeyed forth to Bethany to see this little band.

When Martha saw Him coming she met Him on the way,
And told Him that her brother had died and passed away;
He blessed her and He cheered her, and told her not to weep,
For in Him there was the power to raise him from his sleep.

When Mary noticed His approach she ran and met Him, too,
And at His feet, distressful, rehearsed the tale of woe;
Jesus was sorely troubled, He sought to heal their wound,
And wept until they showed Him where Lazarus was entombed.

They rolled away the cov'ring, He looked upon the grave,
And prayed unto His Father this buried friend to save;
When, lo! with life and strength renewed young Lazarus arose,
Again on earth to praise the Lord till life once more should close.

So if we but love Jesus, and do His holy will,
Like Martha and like Mary we always serve Him well;
From death He will redeem us, will take us to the sky,
And bid us live forever where pleasures never die.

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The distant days of childhood come back again to me,
The dear old face of mother in fancy I can see;
Her smile, so sweet and loving, would banish every care,
Her gentle voice at twilight's close taught me a mother's prayer.
The years rolled quickly onward, to manhood I had grown,
And one day duty forced me to leave her all alone;
How fondly she embraced me when parting on the quay,
And in my ear still lingers sweet her farewell words to me:

CHORUS.

Be upright, brave and truthful, where'er your lot is cast,
That little word of honesty contains a meaning vast;
Tho' fortune's smile may shun you, 'twill fill my heart with joy
To proudly say to all the world: That's my boy.

The words she spoke when parting I've treasured all my life,
How often have they cheered me thro' trouble, toil and strife;
Upon the field of battle, amid the cannon's roar,
I heard her whispered blessing just as sweetly as of yore.
No more she waits my coming to take me to her breast,
Beneath the churchyard mosses she slumbers now at rest;
But when the twilight shadows fall softly o'er the lea,
The echo of my mother's voice comes back again to me:—CHORUS.

—Botanist: This, Miss Harlem, is the tobacco plant. Miss Harlem: How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes? —*Time.*

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'Tis of a fair young damsel, the fairest of her clime;
More beauteous than the lily, or rose at early dawn,
And known as lovely Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

Young Henry was a noted man, and courting her he came,
But this her parents quite opposed and 'gainst him did declaim;
So as he was a wicked one he unto her did say:
Arise, my lovely Caroline, and with me haste away.

We'll hie away to London, and there we'll wed with speed,
And there together we will find true happiness indeed;
Thus being enticed by Henry, to none she made it known,
And away went lovely Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

Away o'er hills and mountains together they did roam,
And finally reached London, far from her happy home;
She said: My dearest Henry, you must not on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

They had not been in London much more than half a year,
Before hard-hearted Henry proved cruel and severe;
He said he went to see her friends and they did on him frown,
So beg your way without delay to Edinboro' town.

Much grieved, and finding no relief, this damsel she did go
Out to the woods to pluck such fruit as on the bushes grow;
Some strangers saw and pitied her and some on her did frown,
And some did say: Why did you stray from Edinboro' town?

She hastened to the river side and there sat down to cry,
Unheedful of the many ships as they were passing by;
Then with a scream for Henry she plunged into the main,
And away floated Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

Now all you tender parents ne'er try to part true love,
For sure you'll see in some degree the ruin it will prove;
Likewise, young men and maidens, ne'er on your true love frown,
Think of the fate of Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

Words and Music by John Read.

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My uncle Jack is what some people call a jolly tar,
And I should think that he was born beneath a lucky star;
If all is true, that he's gone through, a wonder he must be,
He's every inch a sailor, and was born upon the sea;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.

CHORUS.

Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.

On a stormy night it's my delight to mix a glass of grog,
And then get Jack to spin a yarn before the burning log;
And after you've been listening to all that he has said,
You feel so frightened that you cannot go alone to bed;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.—CHORUS.

One night, said he: While out at sea there came a dreadful gale,
Which washed me overboard and I was swallowed by a whale;
And there I lived for twenty days a wandering about,
Then seized the whale right by the tail and turned him inside out;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.—CHORUS.

So if you wish to pass a pleasant hour or two away,
Just call and see old uncle Jack, and then I think you'll say:
He's every inch a sailor, and as jolly as can be,
For many years a whaler, quite a hero of the sea;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler.
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.—CHORUS.

—Young Wife: You should have tasted the pies dear mother used to make. Cynical Hubby: Yours, my dear, are quite heavy enough for me to bear.—*N. Y. News.*

—Prospective Tourist: I'm going West because I have reason to believe that it's a great place to settle in. Returned Tourist: I'm not so sure of that; I lived there ten years myself, and never paid a bill while I was there.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

I'LL PARALYZE THE MAN THAT SAYS McGINTY.

Copyright, 1890, by M. H. Rosenfeld.

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Words by Ed. E. Pidgeon. Music by M. H. Rosenfeld,

I'm a meek and quiet man, but I'd have you understan'
That sometimes, sure, I'm driven to the wall;
'Tis hard to get me riled, for me temper's very mild,
And a little joke I never mind at all.
But one day it came my turn, and I'd have ye all to learn,
That here's the reason why I can't get bail:
Sure, last night a man I killed, and his hide with bullets filled,
And this is why they landed me in jail;

CHORUS.

You ought ter seen me lick him, and stick him, and kick him,
You ought ter seen me grab him, and stab him to the floor;
I'll stand a joke of any kind, no matter what it be,
But I'll paralyze the man that says McGinty.

T'other day in Jordan's place, where I often wet my face,
We were having just a little social smile,
When McNulty he dropped 'round, and says he to me he's found,
While the rogue he meant McGinty all the while.
But I asked him who he meant, before outside he went,
Then he poked me in the ribs and said, says he:
Why, McGinty, you old jay! but before he went away,
I kicked him where his bustle ought to be.—CHORUS.

Now when I come from work, just as tired as a Turk,
I like to have me little mite o' rest;
And I'm as quiet as a mouse in my nate and dacent house,
And always have a welcome for each guest.
But last night at wan o'clock, sure, I heard a rousin' knock,
And a neighbor met me at the door, says he:
We want to raise the price for to put him on the ice!
Who's that? says I. Says he, why, Dan McGinty.—CHORUS.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

Tune—"Admiral Benbow."

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We sailed to and fro in Erie's broad lake
To find British bullies or get into their wake;
When we hoisted our canvas with true Yankee speed,
And the brave Captain Perry our squadron did lead.

We sailed thro' the lake, boys, in search of the foe,
In the cause of Columbia our brav'ry to show;
To be equal in combat was all our delight,
As we wished the proud Britons to know we could fight.

And whether like Yeo, boys, they'd taken affright,
We could see not, nor find them by day or by night;
So a-cruising we went in a glorious cause,
In defence of our rights, our freedom and laws.

At length to our liking six sails hove in view,
Huzza! says brave Perry, huzza! says his crew;
And then for the chase, boys, with our brave little crew,
We fell in with the bullies and gave them "burgoo."

Though the force was unequal, determined to fight
We brought them to action before it was night;
We let loose our thunder, our bullets did fly—
"Now give them your shot, boys!" our commander did cry.

We gave them a broadside, our cannon to try,
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Then we drew up our squadron, each man full of fight,
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The conflict was sharp, boys, each man to his gun,
For our country, her glory, the vict'ry was won;
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MULHALEY ON BASEBALL.

By George F. Marion.

I'm sorely perplexed about a son of mine,
Who's a victim of this ball game;
And from the way I've heard of his goings on,
'Pon my word, I think the gossoon's insane.

Less than a wee short year ago
A better boy ne'er trod our street,
But now he's bunged and battered,
It's a wonder at all he keeps his feet.

Now phat this baseball bawling is,
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But the crimes they commit and the devilty they do
Would disgrace any civilized land.

Sure, I've not the heart to stand fornist the bar
And convict me only child,
But when I think of what he'll be after doing,
It almost drives me wild.

He's guilty, there's never a doubt, upon me word,
I know that his course is run;
At every step I fear some policeman will say:
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Yesterday morn, when I'd gone to me work,
He had me white Sunday pants cut off at the knees,
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He starts out, as bold as ye please.

He went to hunt for a diamond, he said:
(I suppose, to rob some jewelry store).
And, from what I hear, the clerks were in,
And indulged in a sort of war.

He said they knocked the pitcher out of the box,
For each one has a club called a bat;
The one he had I buried deep in the cellar,
For he says he knocked the poor man out with that.

He boasts of having rapped him several times,
And for each welt captured a base,
And, worst than all, he says in the sixth,
For two bags he caught him square in the face.

He says he was thrown out while stealing home,
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The cold-hearted wretch then told me
The next two men then died at the bag.

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That stands before me own eyes,
And says, in the midst of his hideous work,
He went out in the field catching flies.

Then they whitewashed their victims,
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And, worst of all, roasted the umpire alive
For standing in with the other nine.

There was ten, I suppose, standing about,
For he assures me as a fact,
With a double he made in the lucky seventh,
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When Martha saw Him coming she met Him on the way,
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He blessed her and He cheered her, and told her not to weep,
For in Him there was the power to raise him from his sleep.

When Mary noticed His approach she ran and met Him, too,
And at His feet, distressful, rehearsed the tale of woe;
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And wept until they showed Him where Lazarus was entombed.

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And one day duty forced me to leave her all alone;
How fondly she embraced me when parting on the quay,
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Be upright, brave and truthful, where'er your lot is cast,
That little word of honesty contains a meaning vast;
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To proudly say to all the world: That's my boy.

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And known as lovely Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

Young Henry was a noted man, and courting her he came,
But this her parents quite opposed and 'gainst him did declaim;
So as he was a wicked one he unto her did say:
Arise, my lovely Caroline, and with me haste away.

We'll hie away to London, and there we'll wed with speed,
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Thus being enticed by Henry, to none she made it known,
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He said he went to see her friends and they did on him frown,
So beg your way without delay to Edinboro' town.

Much grieved, and finding no relief, this damsel she did go
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Some strangers saw and pitied her and some on her did frown,
And some did say: Why did you stray from Edinboro' town?

She hastened to the river side and there sat down to cry,
Unheedful of the many ships as they were passing by;
Then with a scream for Henry she plunged into the main,
And away floated Caroline, of Edinboro' town.

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On a stormy night it's my delight to mix a glass of grog,
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LITTLE ANNIE KELLY.

Tune—"Little Annie Rooney."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 4000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By Dave Rinaldo.

A nice young girl, a pleasant look, I spoke to her, my arm she took,
She whispered softly she'll be mine, little Annie Kelly;
Every day when I'm at work she passes by, with me she flirts,
I think she's lovely all the while little Annie Kelly.

CHORUS.

She's my sweetest, she's my own,
She's the prettiest girl that's known;
I will take her and make her my wife,
Little Annie Kelly will be mine for life.

We're married close on to a year, and to me she is very dear,
A bouncing baby on her knee, has little Annie Kelly;
Every night when I come from work, I sit and think how we did flirt,
But I am happy all the while with little Annie Kelly.

CHORUS.

She's my sweetest, she's my own,
She's the prettiest girl that's known;
I have won her and made her my wife,
Little Annie Kelly is mine for life.

Our household's very neat and clean, a happier couple seldom seen,
There's nothing that's too good for me and little Annie Kelly;
Pleasant evenings, when work is o'er, I stroll in some theatre door,
But never do I leave behind my little Annie Kelly.

CHORUS.

She's my sweetest, she's my own,
She's the prettiest girl that's known;
I have won her and made her my wife,
Little Annie Kelly is mine for life.

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

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Would'st know, my lad, why ev'ry tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes
And braves each boist'rous gale that blows,
To fetch from climates near and far,
Her messes and her gear.
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms,
While love his bosom warms;
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms;
For this, when safe and sound come back,
For this, when safe and sound come back—
Poll takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
For breakfast, out at sea,
Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
Encount'ring many a boist'rous gale;
For the sugar to some Western isle,
To China for the tea,
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms,
Braves dangers and alarms;
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms;
While grateful, safe and sound come back,
While grateful, safe and sound come back—
Poll takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
To see her lightly tread;
Her petticoat, of orient hue,
And snow-white gown, in India grew;
Her bosom Barcelona hides,
Leghorn adorns her head,
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To deck his fair one's charms,
To deck his fair one's charms;
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To deck his fair one's charms;
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back—
Poll takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.

PLAYMATES.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Thro' the storms of life I've battled, I have seen its saddest side,
Fortune has not deigned to hear me, tho' my level best I've tried;
Some but get the milk and water, others get the richest cream,
Oft the mem'ry of my boyhood comes back to me as a dream.
All the trouble of those schooldays centered in the master's rule,
All we had to think or care for were our lessons and the school;
Ofttimes I meet those playmates who once made my heart rejoice,
Some are smiling glad and hearty, others sing with broken voice.

CHORUS.

Playmates were we, little we thought it then,
How we should change when we should both be men;
Sweet boyhood's days, free from all care and pain,
Playmates, playmates, I wish we were boys again.

Very well I can remember one young lad named Henry Dare,
Brightly gladsome were his features, brightly golden was his hair;
He was everybody's idol, softened o'er the master's heart,
When young Harry got in mischief everybody took his part.
Some few months ago I met him, all his hair was ghastly gray,
When he saw me, with a shudder, turned and went the other way;
Years ago he'd robbed employers, been in prison as a thief,
Sought in drink and dissipation, what he ne'er could find, relief!—CHORUS.

Sometimes I have grown a-weary of the world and all its strife,
Out of work and out of money, black and dismal seemed this life;
One day by strange chance I wandered past a mansion in the West,
Dr. Jasper on the door-plate, on the step I sat to rest.
Presently the door flies open, could it be the Jack of yore?
Johnny Jasper, my old playmate, don't you know me? Look once more!
I am starving, cold and homeless, help me, hear my piteous tale!
No! said he, I pay my taxes, seek the poorhouse or the jail.—CHORUS.

This is but few months ago, boys, yet remembrance will not die,
Neither in the jail or poorhouse have I yet been forced to lie;
But I've been inside a poorhouse, I was sent for yesterday,
Some one dying wished to see me, and I went without delay.
When I reached that wretched bedside, there lay gasping for his breath,
Johnny Jasper, Dr. Jasper, almost at the gate of death;
Tom, he whispered, I have fallen from my wealth and grand estates,
For my cruelty forgive me, don't say no, we once were mates!—CHORUS.

ANNIE ROONEY'S SISTER.

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Words by G. Carleton. Music by F. C. Andrews.

They're both twin roses so blushing and bright,
Twin stars that twinkle by day and by night;
One of them is my heart's fond delight,
That's Annie Rooney's sister!
She's the gem of her home, to my mind,
Tho' Annie is gentle, and loving and kind;
Go search all the world, not the equal you'll find
Of Annie Rooney's sister!

CHORUS.

She has brown eyes, Annie blue,
She's my darling, sweet and true!
When fair Annie's wedding you see,
Annie Rooney's sister then will marry me!

She's just as winning and graceful and neat,
No one gets weary her charms to repeat;
All the neighbors will tell you how sweet
Is Annie Rooney's sister!
When the toils of the daylight are o'er,
Each evening light-hearted I meet her once more;
There's one I have promis'd to love and adore,
That's Annie Rooney's sister.—CHORUS.

Soon in the dear little church we'll be wed,
Roses and lillies around will be spread;
Orange blossoms will crown the fair head
Of Annie Rooney's sister!
In a cottage beside a bright stream,
Where birds of the Summer will linger to dream;
The star of my home will forevermore beam,
That's Annie Rooney's sister!—CHORUS.

—Razzle: What's the matter? You look sad. Dazzle: I lost a suit of clothes this morning. "How so?" "Hung it up in my wife's wardrobe."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

I'M A COUSIN TO PARNELL.

Copyright, 1890, by William Gilligan.

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Words and Music by William Gilligan.

My name it is O'Callahan,
I've descended from a nobleman;
Just gaze on me and you will see
What I'll do when America's free:
I will make the landlords stand around.
For I'll pull their shanties to the ground,
And I'll build French flats both safe and sound,
For I'm a cousin to Parnell!

CHORUS.

Look out for me upon land or at sea,
For I'll turn the whole universe upside down,
And I'll rule the world and wear a crown,
For I'm a cousin to Parnell!—(*Dance*).

I'll have a navy built of tin,
I'll go down and scoop the Zulus in;
I'll renovate the City Hall,
Learn the Turks to play baseball.
I will capture all the kings and queens,
And they'll not escape by any means,
For I'll feed them all on pork and beans,
For I'm a cousin to Parnell!—*Chorus.*

I'll give the lion's tail a twist,
And I'll smash the White House with my fist;
Electric lights will have to go,
When I start to run the show.
There will be no pension agencies,
For I'll turn the rascals out to freeze,
Then I'll help the poor man take his ease,
For I'm a cousin to Parnell!

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

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It was early Sunday morning, in the year of sixty-four,
The "Alabama" she steam'd out along the Frenchman's shore;
Long time she cruised about, long time she held her sway,
But now beneath the Frenchman's shore she lies off Cherbourg Bay.

CHORUS.

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave;
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America—the home of the brave.

The Yankee cruiser hove in view, the "Kearsarge" was her name,
It ought to be engraved in full upon the scroll of fame;
Her timbers made of Yankee oak, and her crew of Yankee tars,
And o'er her mizzen peak she floats the glorious stripes and stars.—CHORUS.

A challenge unto Captain Semmes, bold Winslow he did send:
Bring on your "Alabama" and to her we will attend,
For we think your boasting privateer is not so hard to whip;
And we'll show you that the "Kearsarge" is not a merchant ship.—CHORUS.

It was early Sunday morning, in the year of sixty-four,
The "Alabama" she stood out and cannons loud did roar;
The "Kearsarge" stood undaunted, and quickly she replied,
And let a Yankee 'leven-inch shell go tearing through her side.—CHORUS.

The "Kearsarge" then she wore around and broadside on did bear,
With shot and shell, and right good will, her timbers she did tear;
When they found that they were sinking, down came the stars and bars,
For the rebel gunners could not stand the glorious stripes and stars.—CHORUS.

The "Alabama" she is gone, she'll cruise the seas no more,
She met the fate she well deserved along the Frenchman's shore;
Then here is luck to the "Kearsarge," we know what she can do,
Likewise to Captain Winslow and his brave and gallant crew.—CHORUS.

"Oh, would I were a bird!" she sang. And the young man leaned his head wearily on his hand and murmured: "Would you were, and the windows were open."

"Look here," said the new arrival at the hotel, "I want somebody arrested." "What charge?" "I guess you might as well make it robbery. That fellow in the next room has kept a clarionet going for over three hours." "Well, he didn't rob you of anything?" "He didn't! He robbed me of a night's sleep that I wouldn't have missed for $17."

LEFT ALONE.

Copyright, 1866, by C. J. Whitney.

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Words and Music by C. T. Lockwood.

Oh, my child, my darling child, how much I love thee,
Thou art all that's left thy mother's heart to cheer;
And the long and dreary days, how sad they would be,
Were thou gone and I to weep the silent tear.

CHORUS.

Left alone, left alone,
Thou art all that's left thy mother's heart to cheer;
Oh, this world how cold and sad to meet it would be,
Were you gone and I to weep the silent tear.

Why, ah, why should fortune frown so sadly on me?
Heavenly Father, hear a mother's earnest prayer;
Spare my darling boy, oh, spare him I implore Thee,
I'm alone to mourn and weep the silent tear.—CHORUS.

Silent voices, once so joyous, how we miss them,
Here and there the severed link it may be found;
Where's my father? where's my mother? where's my loved one?
They are sleeping sweetly, sleeping 'neath the ground.—CHO.

Fold thine arms, thy little arms so close around me,
Papa's child, how much he loved his little one;
When that kiss, alas! that parting kiss he gave thee,
And with weeping eyes he said: I'll soon come home.—CHO.

I LOVE YOU ALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. T Ellis.

Although no single sweetheart, dear, dwells in my heart to-day,
A score of small ones linger there, with joy and laughter gay;
No matter where I chance to roam, be it on land or sea,
Amongst the children I'm at home, I know that they love me.

CHORUS.

I love you all, I love you all. I hold you just like this,
And I know you could not refuse to give me one little kiss;
I love you all, how I love all your faces bright to see,
I love you all, I love you all, and I know that you love me.

YODLE.

U le o le, u le o, u le o le, u le o le u!
U le o le, u le o, u le o le u!

Now sit upon my knee, and smile so sweetly as you rest,
And close your little eyes awhile, and lean upon my breast;
I'll hold you tightly in my arms, you need not fear to fall,
I'll ever guard you from all harm, because I love you all.—CHO. & YODLE.

THE DIVER.

Words by G. Douglas Thompson, Esq. Music by Edward J. Loder.

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In the caverns deep of the ocean cold
The diver is seeking a treasure of gold,
In the caverns deep of the ocean cold
The diver is seeking a treasure of gold;
Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck,
Taking rich gems from the dead on her deck;
And fearful such sights to the diver must be,
Walking alone, walking alone,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea.

He is now on the surface, (he's gasping for breath),
So pale that he wants but the stillness of death
To look like the forms he has left in the caves,
Silent and cold 'neath the trembling waves,
Silent and cold 'neath the trembling waves;
How fearful such sights to the diver must be,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea;
And Mammon's the master, and man is the slave,
Toiling for wealth on the brink of the grave.
Leaving a world of sunlight and sound
For night-like gloom and a silence profound;
And fearful the death of the diver must be,
Sleeping alone, sleeping alone,
Sleeping alone in the depths of the sea.

FACES.

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By Thomas Le Mack. All rights reserved.

As we go thro' life's busy path, we see some curious things,
And hens and roosters all broke up, with weather-beaten wings
And faces that would charm you, make a chill run down your back,
And faces that would scare a locomotive off the track.

As you go 'round dif'rent places, you'll see many sights and faces,
  There's the faces of the tough young man and faces of the jay;
It would pay a man good salary for to start a big rogues' gal'ry
  With the faces that you meet upon our streets here ev'ry day.
There's the tramp that's always bracing, on their coats there's no silk facing,
  But they wear long linen dusters, cov'ring multitudes of shins;
And the girls with turned-up noses, always mashing, holy Moses,
  One good look from them would knock our John L. Sullivan off his pins.
Faces of the drummer, whether in winter or in summer,
  They keep a set expression on their monumental cheek;
If you drive them from the basement, they'll drop thro' an upper casement,
  And they'll sell you if they have to stay and chin you for a week.
Faces of the big black coon, that look all round just like the moon;
  You must light a match to find them, they're as dark as they can be,
Saffron-colored niggers, with high collars and cut figures,
  That promenade on Thompson Street all hours after tea.
Then there's your next-door neighbors, who are always asking favors;
  When you get through your work, come home, sit down to sup your tea,
Then in comes Mrs. Fowler for six cents to fill the growler,
  With a countenance upon her that would set old Ireland free.
It's nice to lead a quiet life and have a handsome little wife,
  With her face to brighten up your life, you're happy as a king;
She'll send up for her mama to come down and spend the Summer,
  And her ma comes with a face on her that just queers everything.
You've seen those fresh young mashers, with incipient mustaches,
  That promenade on Broadway; they're all wool and three yards wide!
With toes that come out to a point, and arms and legs all out of joint,
  And one side of their face just like a good toboggan slide.
Gents that after marriage have to push the baby carriage;
  While his wife is dressed in satin, for suspenders he'll use strings;
And at night he has to stir up to deal out the soothing syrup,
  And the wind blows through his whiskers while unto the kid he sings.
To leave you here I know is tough, but still I think I've sung enough;
  By looking at your faces I can see the song's too long—
I know you want me for to chase, so now I guess I'll close my face—
  I won't say good-bye to you, but I'll bid you all so long.

I DON'T KNOW.

Copyright, 1890, by M. Witmark & Sons.

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Written and composed by Arthur West.

When a young man begins a mustache,
Nearly of age and has plenty of cash,
It's a thousand to one he goes out on the mash
And lots of young girls in his eye;
Flirting and dancing at ev'ry ball
Till he meets one he thinks fairest of all;
In the Conservatoire why does he fall
On both bended knees with a sigh.

CHORUS.

I don't know, what is the use of inquiring?
I can't tell, a puzzle it always will be;
He can't get a wink when to bed he does go,
Can't eat his dinner and feels very low;
What does he do it for? I don't know,
So it's no use your asking me.

How he hangs round on Sundays for tea,
How quite by accident every time
She manages just to sit close by his knee,
And closer and closer they sit.
Will you take some more cake, dear? she answers him no—
One small cup of tea, she so delicate, oh,
And though he's hungry as any old crow,
How is it he can't eat a bit?

CHORUS.

I don't know, what is the use of inquiring?
I can't tell, a puzzle it always will be;
On Sunday he takes her away for a row,
Far up the river he pulls very slow;
What does he do it for? I don't know,
So it's no use your asking me.

Father gets angry, there's bother one night;
Mother says things that are hardly polite;
Poor Adolphus to set matters right
Must marry his treasure and joy;
Twelve months after that he comes home to tea
In a nice little home, just as neat as can be,
And, strange to relate, though a puzzle to me,
He's nursing his dear baby boy.

CHORUS.

I don't know, what is the use of inquiring?
I can't tell, a puzzle it always will be;
When a smart little fellow's no longer a beau,
But off to the church with his sweetheart must go,
What does he do it for? I don't know,
So it's no use your asking me.

IT USED TO BE PROPER, BUT IT DON'T GO NOW.

Written and sung by J. W. Kelley.

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In the history of each nation, we read of in creation,
  Their styles and manners change from day to day;
But many an earnest preacher and worthy old school teacher
  Against progression have had lots to say.
But when we see a city so business-like and gritty
  Then everybody surely ought to know
Those preachers and their preaching, those teachers and their teaching,
  To other parts will surely have to go.

CHORUS.

For it used to be proper, but it don't go now;
We have to make a living, and we don't care how;
Honesty used to be proper, I'll allow,
It used to, but it don't go now.

A fellow thinks it's funny when he has lots of money
  To have a jolly time and he gets tight;
He tries his drinking powers at downing whiskey sours,
  The sun is shining for him day and night;
But on the morning after he has no time for laughter,
  And maybe not a cent to get a drink;
He tells some gay bartender he's been upon a bender,
  The bar boy laughs and tells him with a wink:

CHORUS.

That used to be the caper, but it don't go now;
We had to get your money and we didn't care how;
You've been a good fellow, of course we'll allow,
You used to be, but it don't go now.

In our trouble with Samoa, John Kline, a Yankee blower,
  Tried to fix a fight for Uncle Sam;
But now we stopped the kicking, and no one got a licking,
  And everybody "happy as a clam."
We, through procrastination, nearly lost our coaling station,
  But as it's settled, keep it now we may;
While reports were being wired, just making people tired,
  Old Bismarck only had to laugh and say:

CHORUS.

Well you used to have a navy, but it don't go now;
You'll have to get some Krupp guns before you make a row,
You used to have some monitors, of course we'll allow,
They were daisies, but they don't go now.

That's the Way the Story Goes.

Sung by Lester and Williams.

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We're two young men that know our book,
  That's the way the story goes;
We gain our knowledge by hook or by crook,
  And that's the way the story goes.
We read the papers night and day,
Politicians we are in a quiet way,
We'll tell you the news, and you've nothing to pay,
  And that's the way the story goes.

If an old maid tells you she's never been kissed,
  That's the way the story goes;
You can bet fifteen she's down on the list,
  That's the way the story goes.
If you kiss her once, she'll say go away;
If you kiss her twice, she'll make you stay;
If you kiss her three times, your board she'll pay,
  And that's the way the story goes.

Now, the girls don't like the electric light,
  And that's the way the story goes;
They'd much prefer the darkest night,
  That's the way the story goes.
They say the bright electric spark
  Has spoiled them from having many a lark,
They can't do the same as they did in the dark,
  And that's the way the story goes.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
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179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can [never be
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
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268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
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273 Hat me father wore

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560 Dreaming of home and mother
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562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
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568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
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575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
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706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
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715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
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730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
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738 Let me like a soldier fall
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742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
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747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
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750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
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781 Sunny hours of childhood
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784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
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793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
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797 Sights for a father
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809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
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814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
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I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
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'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
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Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry pic-nic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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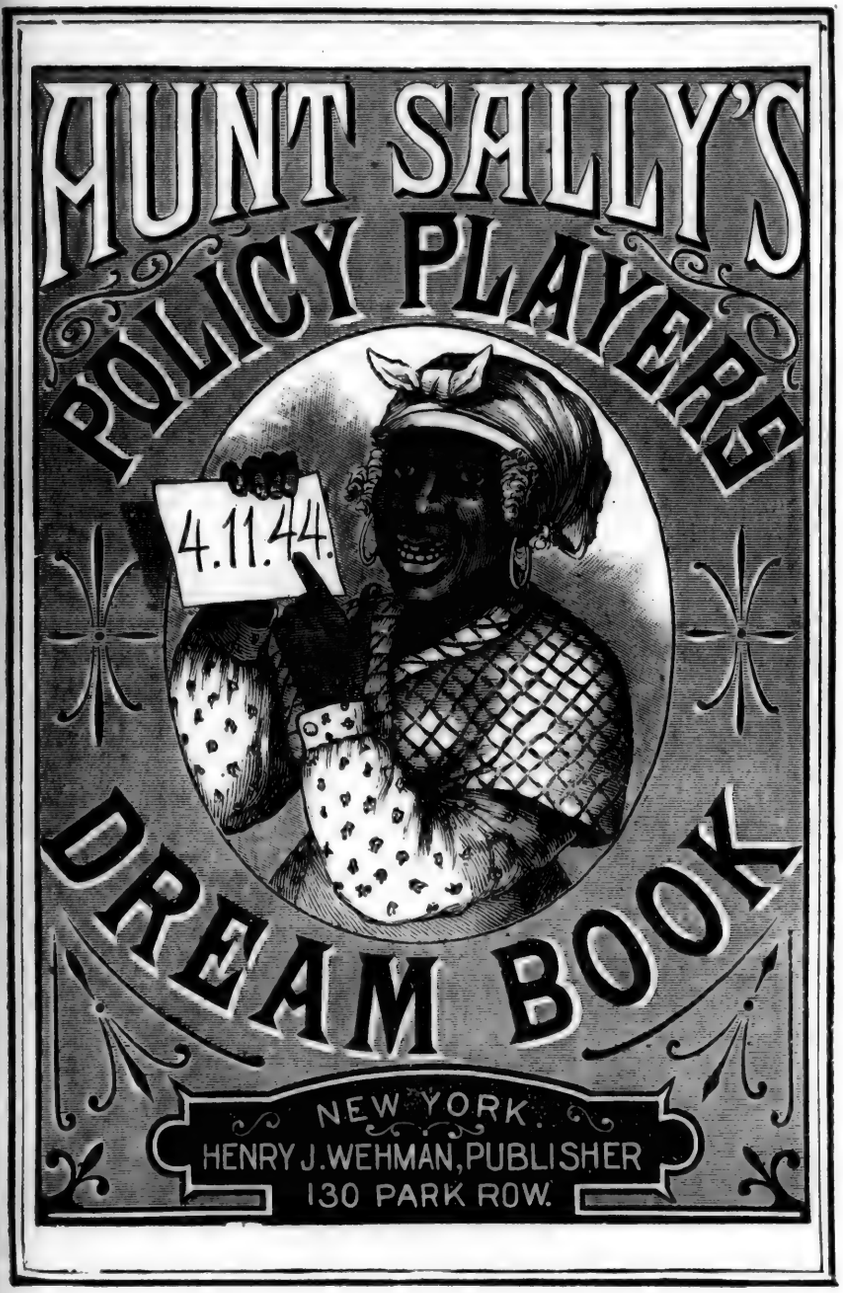
A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Maloney is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old duddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proad
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland

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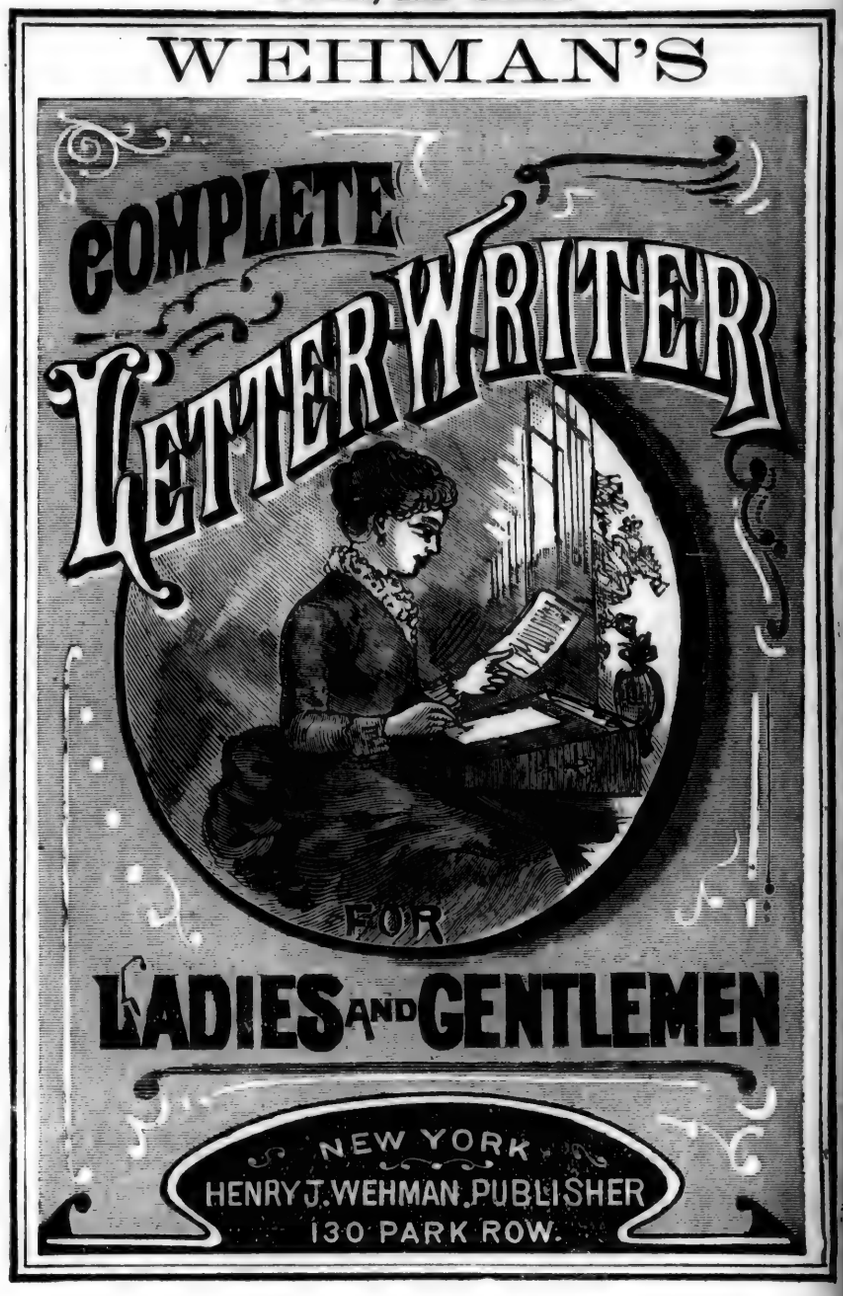
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Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern.

Preis per Nummer 10 Cents.

No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45fach's Lied
Eins muß noch auffa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da fuhren uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Kunstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kannt man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Gruß aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hahn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat wull dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald graf' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemoostes Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich hat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Fasselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn je de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sins
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolled
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Santi Paulus war ein' Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Eisen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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It was on one fine morning, for soft recreation,
I heard a fair damsel making a sad moan,
Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation,
Saying, my Blackbird most loyal has flown.

My thoughts they deceived me, reflection it grieves me,
And I am o'er-burdened with sad misery;
But if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,
My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever I be.

Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king.

But, oh, that false fortune has proved so uncertain
That caused the parting between you and me,
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
I'll be true to my Blackbird wherever he be.

In England my Blackbird and I were together,
When he was the most noble and gen'rous of heart;
But woe to the time when he arrived there,
Alas! he was soon forced from me to part.

In Italy he beam'd and was highly esteemed,
In England he seems but a stranger to me,
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
All blessings on my Blackbird wherever he be.

But if by the fowler my blackbird is taken,
Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune;
But if he is safe, and I'm not mistaken,
I hope I shall see him in May or in June.

The birds of the forest they all flock together,
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove,
So I'm resolved in fair or foul weather,
Once in the Spring to seek out my love.

Oh, he is all my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
He's justly belov'd, though my heart follow thee;
How constant and kind, and courageous of mind,
Deserving of blessing wherever he be.

It's not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,
Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,
More than from one that in Britain was born.

I'm Leaving Now the Old Folks.

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I'm leaving now the old folks, to go I know not where,
I'm leaving them in sorrow, grief and care;
They're poor and almost helpless, they're old and feeble, too,
So I must try and see what I can do.
My mother's heart will nearly break when I have left my home,
And father he will bow his head and say, "I'm left alone;"
God knows I would not leave them, but what am I to do?
I cannot stay and see them starve, 'tis true.

CHORUS.

I'm leaving now the old folks, to go I know not where,
I'm leaving them in sorrow, grief and care;
They're poor and almost helpless, they're old and feeble, too,
So I must try and see what I can do.

Oh, who will love the old folks when I am far away?
Oh, who will cheer their sad hearts day by day?
They've petted and caressed me through childhood's tender years,
And now I'm leaving them in grief and tears.
But I will write a letter when I've found some work to do,
And tell them how I missed them, that my heart to them is true;
Their faces then will brighten, when they shall both read this,
I'll write it and I'll seal it with a kiss.—CHORUS.

I've just received a letter, "Your help, my boy, has come,"
'Twas written by my mother's feeble hand:
"Forgive you, yes, God bless you," she underlined it too,
"For what the Lord's enabled you to do."
What greater treasure could I hold than these my mother's words?
They've wakened feelings in my heart and pleasing memories stirred;
God bless the old folks ever with each declining year,
And may I live to help their lives to cheer.—CHORUS.

PADDY DUFFY'S CART.

Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to ay anddress, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

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The many happy evenings I spent when but a lad
On Paddy Duffy's lumber cart, quite safe away from dad;
It stood down on the corner near the old lamp-light,
You should see the congregation there on every Summer's night:
There was Tommy Dobson, now a Senator,
Billy Flynn, Johnny Glynn, they were killed in war;
All merry, boyish comrades recollections bring,
Seated then in Duffy's cart on Summer nights to sing.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love, laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine, peeping stars they seem to be.

We'd gather in the evening, all honest working boys,
And sit on Paddy Duffy's cart—no one marred our joys;
All seated in the moonlight, laughing 'mid its rays,
I love to talk of old New York and my boyish days:
There was Henry Gleason, now a millionaire,
Curly Bob, Whitey Rob, they're living on the air;
All merry, boyish comrades recollections bring,
Seated then in Duffy's cart on Summer nights to sing.

CHORUS.

Leetle Fraud, (she) chews terbacker! Leetle Fraud, (she) vat's der matter?
Vas der pootiest leetle vaiter gal of all.
Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater! Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater!
Vas der pootiest little Deitcher gal of all.

A merry little maiden, nobby, neat and coy,
Smiling up at Duffy's cart upon her sweetheart boy;
It made a jealous feeling, a quiet bit of chaff,
All in play it died away, and ended in a laugh.
There was Larry Thompson, he was a chum of mine;
Sandy Green and Lemy Freen died in forty-nine;
All merry, boyish comrades recollections bring,
Seated then in Duffy's cart on Summer's nights to sing.

CHORUS.

Leetle Fraud, (she) chews terbacker! Leettle Fraud, (she) vat's der matter?
Vas der pootiest leetle vaiter gal of all!
Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater! Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater!
Vas der pootiest leetle Deitcher gal of all.

A Trooper's the Pride of the Ladies.

Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

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We soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
We fear no deadly strife;
To fight our foes and love our king
Makes up a trooper's life.
We know no care in peace or war,
But laugh when trouble comes;
The ladies all do us adore
As we march to the tap of the drum.

CHORUS.

Row-dow, row, dy, dow-dow,
In London, Paris, or Cadiz,
Here, there, everywhere
A trooper's the pride of the ladies.

We soldiers all at bugle call,
Each valiant son of Mar,
Is up in arms to stand or fall,
Hope is our guiding star.
To every lass we toss a glass
Of brandy, wine, or rum,
Then off we go to fight our foe,
As we march to the tap of the drum.—*Chorus.*

Then hand-in-hand to foreign lands
We troopers boldly go,
To draw the sword and nobly stand
For England's blooming rose.
Each lassie shy, with roguish eye,
Will laugh and ne'er be glum;
Then home again with laurel's fame
We march to the tap of the drum.—*Chorus.*

—Banker: But it's really impossible for me to lend you any money! Why don't you go to somebody that knows you? Montague Tigson: That would be of no use at all, my dear sir. It's a perfect stranger I want!—*Funny Folks.*

THE MOUNTAIN DEW.

As sung by Edward Harrigan in "The Blackbird."

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Let grasses grow and water flow in a free and easy way,
Give me enough of the prime old stuff thats made in Granua;
Ye gangers all from Donegal, Galway and Leitrim, too,
We'll give ye the slip and take a sip of the rale ould mountain dew.

Under the hill there's a little still where the smoke rolls up to the sky,
Ye'd aisy tell by a whiff of a smell there's whiskey, boys, close by;
It fills the air with perfumes rare, and, between both me and you,
When home you roll, come take a bowl of the rale ould mountain dew.

All learned men who use the pen have wrote the praises high,
Of the sweet potheen from Ireland green, distilled from the wheat and rye;
Away with pills—'twill cure the ills of Pagan, Christian and Jew,
Off wid your coat and wet your throat with the rale ould mountain dew.

SALVATION ARMY, OH!

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Come all ye creatures woe begone,
Come join us and march along,
Join, oh, join the mighty throng
In the Salvation Army, oh!

CHORUS.

Away, away with rum and gum,
Hear the drum, come, oh, come!
The regular, proper lum-tum tum
Is to join the army, oh!

New York city is run by two of the boys,
When they rattle their millions they make a big noise,
They own all the railroads and all of the land,
And tell all the people to go and be d———!—*Chorus.*

Jonah lived inside of a whale,
In a little back room, down by the tail,
Don't give it away, but he's out on bail,
And he's joined the Salvation Army, oh!—*Chorus.*

Cleveland and Folger went out for a fight,
Cleveland hit Folger with all his might,
The winner he lives in Buffalo,
The loser has joined the army, oh!—*Chorus.*

Oscar Wilde came here for to show
His æsthetic taste, but it was'nt a go,
He's now reformed I'd have you to know,
And he's joined the Salvation Army, oh!—*Chorus.*

Oh, now I've sung all I know
About the Salvation Army, oh!
I get a dollar for playing the drum,
And I'll drink it all in rum and gum.

I Never Drink Behind the Bar.

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Written and sung by Edward Harrigan.

I used to own a fine saloon with mirrors on the wall,
The finest class would never pass, but just drop in and call.
"Good morning, Pete," they'd say to me, "You're looking slick—ta-ta!
Will you jine?" "I must decline while I'm behind the bar."

CHORUS.

I never drink behind the bar, but I will take a fine cigar,
Or a sip of Poliuar, I never drink behind the bar.

Like a pink I'll mix a drink and toss the glass in style,
"The round on you, a dollar due," I'd whisper with a smile.
"Don't go home, I'm quite alone, you've time to call a car;
Try one with me, oh, don't you see that I'm behind the bar?"—CHORUS.

Oh, I could mix a lemonade, a cocktail or gin fizz;
'Twas given out that none about could beat me at the biz.
"You're a lally cooler, Pete—a regular lardy-da,"
They'll wink at me and bet a V I'd drink behind the bar.—CHORUS.

John Cope, or the Battle of Preston.

As sung by Edward Harrigan in "The Blackbird."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The blair in trumpet sounded far,
And horsemen rode weel graithed for war,
While Sir John Cope marched fra Dunbar
Upon a misty morning.
Prince Charlie wi' his Highland host
Lay westward on the Lothian coast,
But Johnnie bragged wi' mony a boast
He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaimed it day
The prince's men stood in array,
And, though impatient for the fray,
Bent low the knee that morning.
When row-dow roll'd the English drum,
The Highland bagpipe gied a bum,
And told the mountain clans had come,
Grim death and danger scorning.

Ilk hand was firm, ilk heart was true—
A shot, and down their guns they threw,
Then forth their dree claymores they drew
Upon that fearful morning.
The English raised a loud huzza,
But durstna bide the brunt ava;
They wavered, turned, syne ran awa'
Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

Fast, fast their foot and horsemen flew,
And caps were mixed wi' bonnets blue,
And dirks were wet, but no wi' dew,
Upon that dreadful morning.
Few stay'd, save ae devoted band,
To bide the blow frae Highland brand
That swept around, and heart and hand
Lopp'd on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befell!
When faint had grown the battle's yell,
Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell
Upon that awesome morning.
Nae braggart, but a sodger he,
Wha' scorn'd wi' coward loons to flee;
Sae fell aneath the wuld-thorn tree
Upon that fatal morning.

Muldoon with His New Overcoat.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Muldoon, from Roscommon,
But I go by the title of Dan,
I'm a brother to that famous hero
That's known as the great solid man.
The blackguards they have me tormented
With a new slang they use in their throat;
They shout and they ball as I pass City Hall:
That's Muldoon with his new ulster coat.

CHORUS.

Oh, they shout and they ball as I pass City Hall:
Pipe the terrier with his new ulster coat.

Last week I went to the circus
Along with my old lady, too;
I hired two seats near the actors,
In order to get a full view:
When a laddybuck came out dressed in ribbons,
When he leaped in the ring like a cat,
And he shouted out loud, forninst the whole crowd:
That's Muldoon with his St. Patrick's Day hat.

CHORUS.

And he shouted out loud, forninst the whole crowd:
That's Muldoon with his St. Patrick's Day hat.

—"You say that drinking is one of your husband's failures?"
"Failures? Oh, no. It is one of his successes."

THE OLD FEATHER BED.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

In the County Mayo, long, long ago,
Me father himself took a wife;
'Twas all understood he'd do what he could
To provide for me mother through life.
His father, old Dougherty, gave all the crockery;
He gave up his table to ate off their bread;
Her mother, God save her, said all she could lave her
Was her bouncing, big soft feather bed.

CHORUS.

Me father and mother, me sister and brother,
Me granny and aunty and big Cousin Ted,
Me uncle, a sailor, his nephew, a tailor,
All slept on the bouncing, big down feather bed.

When the ship Idaho came over, you know,
Me husband and me anyhow
Took passage outright in the dead of the night,
And anchored ourselves on the bow.
The rooms they were jumbled, the ocean was tumbled,
Sick of the sea and, begorra, half fed;
The ocean kept roaring, but I kept a-snoring
As I slept on the bouncing, big down feather bed.—*Chorus.*

In all sorts of weather I'd shake up the feathers
That mother herself she did pluck;
She stuffed the old tick, 'twas herself had the knack
To trim off a turkey or duck.
It never was lumpy, to make your back humpy,
No bolster you'd need for to tuck up your head;
When I would get dozy, I'd lay down so cozy,
And sleep in the bouncing, big down feather bed.—*Chorus.*

CHARLESTON BLUES.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

We're all de way from Souf Caroline,
Down in Dixie's land;
White folks say: "Oh, ain't dey fine!
Oh, how dey hug de sand."
Hold your breath, sure as death!
Oh, when you hear de news,
Fall down and kiss de ground,
And shout for de Charleston Blues.

CHORUS.

Come, come, every one, I golly ain't we high!
Roll, roll, roll dat drum, catch dat wench's eye;
Oh, my! hi, hi, hi! we ain't got time to lose;
Good-bye, girls, don't you sigh, we're off in de Charleston Blues.

REFRAIN.

'Tis but a little faded flower, but, oh, how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour, through many a weary year.

Wid teeth so white, ain't we a sight,
We never shut de mouth,
Don't mind flies, make dust rise,
Gemmen from the Souf.
Hold your ground, don't look round,
Keep well in your shoes;
Hurrah! we're off to-day,
De elegant Charleston Blues.—CHORUS.

REFRAIN.

Oh! how I love my ada, pretty little Ada, charming little Ada;
Oh! how I love my Ada, Ada, with the golden hair.

Each New York gal—we hope you shall
Send us your photographs.
We're so sweet from head to feet—
Oh, goodness, don't you laugh!
You're so kind, bear in mind,
Our loves we're gwine to lose;
Be still, my heart, oh, gals, we part,
We're off in de Charleston Blues.—CHORUS.

REFRAIN.

The corn is waving, Annie dear—oh! meet by the stile,
To hear thy gentle voice again, and greet thy winning smile.

—"The plot thickens," remarked Flitkins at the play. "Well, don't stop it," said Jenkins, "it's thin enough, goodness knows."

The Market on Saturday Night.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm a poor market woman, I do a fine trade,
Selling my goods at the stall;
A nate bit of money myself I have made
Where I sit with my back to the wall.

CHORUS.

I sell turkeys and partridges, turnips and cabbages,
Crockery and tinware so bright;
Parsnips and cresses, and little babe's dresses,
At the market on Saturday night.

The Mondays and Tuesdays and Fridays are fine,
Wednesdays and Thursdays are light;
But thousands of people they stand in a line
At the market on Saturday night.

CHORUS.

We sell lemons and butter-beans, carrots and holly greens,
Celery, so crispy and white;
Pickles and chow-chow, and dogs that say bow-wow,
At the market on Saturday night.

In Summer or Winter, or when the wind blows,
Filling wid dust all our eyes;
In rain or in frost, or terrific snow,
We're shouting and yelling our cries.

CHORUS.

We sell peanuts, bananas, and Chinese Havanas,
It's really a beautiful sight;
It's oleomargarine, little pigs' crubeens,
At the market on Saturday night.

DAN MALONEY IS THE MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now, here is my man Dan-i-el,
He comes from Donegal,
Just look at his chin whiskers,
Now, don't he bate them all?
And if he meets an old-time friend,
He'll always fill the can;
And when ye seek for blooded stock,
Dan Maloney is the man.

CHORUS.

Maloney's my man, now don't he look grand?
He is down here to-night wid his cronies;
At raffle or wake, sure he'll take the cake;
No man in the world is like Maloney.

Sure he is no day laborer,
His debts he'll always pay;
He hires all his men himself
At five dollars a day.
Now when the politicians
They need a helping hand,
They send for Dan, for well they know
Dan Maloney is the man.—*Chorus.*

THE MASHER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am a masher, as you can plainly see,
When I go out upon the street, the girls all flirt with me.
They write love letters, fifty every day;
When I go out you'll hear them shout, and this is what they say:

CHORUS.

There goes the masher, the German masher,
The girls all sigh as I go passing by;
Ain't he witty, ain't he pretty,
That's the cry you'll hear all over in the city.

Here on the corner every Saturday
I flirt with all the pretty girls coming from the matinee.
The police all know me, they always let me be;
When on the Square I make them stare, there's none so nice as me.—CHORUS.

—"What did Miss Frost say in answer to your proposal?" "Well, she spoke in such a hoarse whisper that I found it impossible to understand her." "Oh, then she probably said neigh."—*Boston Gazette.*

Now, That's What I Think, Don't You?

Copyright, 1888, by Willard Spenser.

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Words and Music by Willard Spenser.

We're getting along at a pretty fast rate;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
The husbands get home from their clubs rather late;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
The wives dress in style, if it takes all you make,
And the hats are a sight and for height take the cake,
And a milliner's bill now would cause an earthquake;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

CHORUS.

Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
We'll surely not grumble when the hat takes a tumble;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

The Darwinian theory makes most of us quail;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Darwin claims that we're monkeys just minus the tail;
It's not what I think, do you?
Just see how it works, if you love a sweet girl,
And you plead to the father for the hand of this pearl,
To be told you're both monkeys would make your head whirl;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

CHORUS.

Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Darwin thought he was shrewd, the missing link is the dude,
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

There's a topic that's now agitating the press;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Is marriage a failure? the cranks all say yes;
It's not what I think, do you?
A crusty old bachelor looks very wise,
And tells how his life's spent in dodging blue eyes.
If a girl would accept him, he'd drop dead with surprise;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

CHORUS.

Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Marry your cook, Bridget O'Fazzle, and you'll get the razzle-dazzle;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

Young ladies of fashion are after new fads,
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
With their tailor-made gowns and their elephant plaids;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
The banjo's old style, with its tum-te-tum tum;
And society belles are now looking quite glum,
For they've nothing to do, so they're all chewing gum;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

CHORUS.

Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Belva Lock—— can chew gum the next four years to come;
Now, that's what I think don't you?

We'll go to the theatre to see a good show;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Arrive rather late and disturb the whole row;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
When the curtain goes down just as meek as a mouse,
The boys stir up the row, again seek the front of the house.
If you ask where they've been, why it's nix-come-a-rouse;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

CHORUS.

Now, that's what I think, don't you?
Now, that's what I think, don't you?
There's enough clove in the air to make a prohibitionist swear;
Now, that's what I think, don't you?

—Chicago Citizen: Any trouble, Wabash, between you and your wife? Nothing that I know of; why? "I saw her at a divorce suit this afternoon, and she had a very set look upon her face and was taking voluminous notes.—*Philadelphia Press.*

McCORMICK'S MULE.

Recited by Pat Rooney with great success.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

McCormick had a jack-ass
Blind in the teeth, lame in one eye;
He had a celebrated record
For eating water and drinking pie;
This jack-ass was a high-kicker,
He won many an undisputed prize;
He kicked out seven rows of Mrs. Murpoy's teeth,
And jabbed out both her eyes.—McCormick's mule.

This mule was born in Ireland,
He wears the shamrock on his nose;
At the centennial he stole an iron safe,
And dressed himself in a suit of clothes;
He broke into a jewelry store,
Stabbed the proprietor with a nail;
Chased four policemen into the river,
And set fire to the jail.—McCormick's mule.

McCormick was arrested and produced the mule
For him all the neighbors had a grudge;
He slapped the jury in the mouth with his tail,
And kicked the necktie off the judge;
The mule escaped and they held McCormick,
For the doings of the mule he was tried;
He was just getting ten years' sentence
When a telegram came the mule had died.—McCormick's mule.

MORAL ON HIS GRAVE-STONE.

Judge me as a jack-ass,
Or judge me as a fool,
I was smarter than some politicians
That went to grammar school;
I had the brains of a mighty man,
But for one I could not pass;
So please have printed on my grave:
McCormick's little jack-ass.

Out of the Old Home Into the New.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Out of the old house into the new
With glad and joyous hearts we go;
The walls are white, the ceilings bright,
While in the old one they're dingy and low;
The broad panel-doors of the new one are high,
While those of the old one are worn.
In the new house I'll live and there, too, may die,
But the old house is where I was born.

CHORUS.

Out of the old house into the new—
Out of the old house few there are to go;
Dear friends are now with angels fair—
Mother waits on the golden stair.

In the new house a book-case there is
Of walnut in beautiful mold,
With safe, lock and key to protect the outlay
Of morocco and trimmings of gold;
But in the old house a pine cupboard was made—
No barrier 'gainst all that was there;
And low on the shelf, within reach of all,
Laid the old Bible and church book of prayer.—CHORUS.

Out of the old house into the new,
But few there are now left to go;
Our mother has gone to her new home above
And we to our new one below.
In the old one she nursed me, taught me of God,
And of all the true blessings of prayer;
And she beckons me on to her home in the skies
As she waits on the golden stair.—CHORUS.

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess there ain't. If I bite my finger-nails, I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's just cunning!"—*Puck.*

—Silly Fop (on a steamboat): Aw, I say, Miss Caustic, wouldn't you be surprised to see me jump overboard? Miss Caustic: Indeed I would, for I never expect to see a donkey exhibit any sense.—*New York Journal.*

DON'T LEAVE GRANDMOTHER NOW SHE IS OLD.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The white apple blossoms are falling in showers,
The roses in bloom 'mid the soft falling air,
Enjoying the calm of the sweet summer hours,
Grandmother sits in her old easy chair.
She reads in her Bible of cities so fair,
Whose walks are resplendent with jasper and gold,
And waits for the angels to carry her there—
Don't leave dear grandmother now she is old.

CHORUS.

Don't leave dear grandmother now she is old,
Don't leave dear grandmother now she is old;
White silver locks have now displaced the gold—
Don't leave dear grandmother now she is old.

Ah, well we remember when poor mother died,
And laid her to rest where the green willows wave,
How grandmother comforted us and our tears dried,
Tenderly led us away from the grave.
How patient and gentle and kind she has been,
Her unceasing love for us can ne'er be told;
Oh, may her life's evening be calm and serene—
Don't leave dear grandmother now she is old.—CHORUS.

The old village school-house that stands on the hill,
The quaint country church-yard where tall grasses grow,
The swift running stream by the old watermill,
Bring back fond mem'ries of long, long ago.
These may all be forgot, but grandmother's care,
Her tenderness, watchfulness, richer than gold,
Shall e'er be remembered, our home she shall share,
We will not leave dear grandmother now she is old.—CHORUS.

PRETTY LITTLE IRISH QUEEN.

By Dave Conroy, of Conroy and Murphy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In a cosy little cot in dear old Ireland,
Where the grass grows so green,
There lives a little maiden,
A handsome, bright-eyed queen.
She's the sweetest little fairy in all Ireland,
The fairest that you ever seen,
And I never will forget the day when first I met
My pretty little Irish Queen.

CHORUS.

She is all the world to me, (*break*)
No one half so dear can be; (*break*)
She's the sweetest little flower in all Ireland,
The fairest that your eyes have ever seen,
And I never can forget when first I met
With my pretty Little Irish Queen.

Now, if you saw this pretty little charmer,
You'd fall in love with her, I'm sure;
She is so handsome, gay and witty,
So innocent and pure.
The first time I met this little maiden
She was singing by a little running stream,
And I never shall regret the day when I first met
My pretty little Irish Queen.—*Chorus.*

SLEEP, MOTHER, SLEEP.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Home hath lost its charm—mother is not there,
Angels came and wafted her away;
Dark is her room and vacant is her chair,
Gone to realms that never know decay.
And returning seasons in their varied course
Wreathe her grave in flowers and in snow,
While across the bosom that soothed us to repose
Oft' the bleak and cruel winds doth blow.

CHORUS.

Sleep, mother, sleep, thy toils forever o'er,
Peaceful be thy rest from worldly care;
God, whose love is greater than mortals can bestow,
Has called thee to a happier, brighter sphere.

Oft have thine eyes been dimm'd with saddened tears
As our wayward feet thou soughtst to guide,
Planning out our future, full of hopes and fears,
Faithful and true, whatever might betide.
Well I remember how fondly she caressed,
And with sweet lullaby soothed each aching dart,
But she is gone—numbered with the blest,
And in heaven I'll meet her, never more to part.—CHORUS.

THE ONE I LOVE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Dear little Jennie, pride of my heart,
Kiss me good-by, for now we must part;
Long ere the robins have flown to their nest
Far I will be from the one I love best.
Kiss me good-bye and say you'll be true,
True to the heart that beats only for you;
And, love, remember, tho' far on the sea,
My thoughts will ever turn fondly to thee.

CHORUS.

Jennie, my darling, cease your repining,
Banish those tears, oh, why do you mourn;
Tho' dark be the clouds, there's a bright silver lining
In the thought that ere long to you'll I'll return.

Jennie, my darling, why so forlorn,
Take you this ring which for years I have worn,
Treasure it, darling, tho' not of great worth,
'Twas mother's last gift ere she passed from earth.
She will, I know, from her home there above,
Watch o'er the footsteps of one that I love;
Kiss me good-by, then, and sorrow no more,
Soon I'll return to thee whom I adore.—CHORUS.

NANCY, MY JEWEL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Nancy, my jewel, my love and my dove,
You're the girl of my choice and the one that I love,
I always shall love you, I really believe,
Then why should you slight me your parents to please.

I know I am poor, love, and held in disdain,
But to work for my living I ne'er felt ashamed,
Or was never so poor, love, but had I a friend,
So if you'll go with me, pray give me your hand.

Were it not for my parents I would give you my hand,
And the day of our marriage by your side would stand,
For I always shall love you as dear as my life,
And wish it were ordered I could be your wife.

Fare you well, lovely Nancy, I bid you adieu,
To-morrow I leave you in sorrow and woe,
I am bound for my captain, am forced to go—
Won't you let me go with you? Oh, no, my love, no.

I will go to your captain, fall down on my knees,
Ten thousand bright guineas shall secure your release,
And when I have done this, for I love you, you know,
Won't you let me go with you? Oh, no, my love, no.

My hair I'll cut off, in men's clothes will stand,
Enlist under your captain same as any young man,
And when I've done this, for I love you, you know,
Won't you let me go with you? Oh, no, my love, no.

What a hard-hearted lover—you know full well
The love I have for you no tongue can tell,
And every day, love, wherever you go,
You will wish I were with you, you need not say no.

SUNSHINE FOLLOWS RAIN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I left my love in England in poverty and pain,
The tears were heavy in my eyes, while hers ran down like rain,
I gave her part of all I had, repressed a rising sigh,
And thinking of the days to come, I kept my courage high.
Farewell, I said, as seasons pass and sunshine follows rain,
The morn will crown the darkest night, and I'll come back again.

I left my love in England and crossed the stormy sea
To earn my bread by daily toil, an honest man and free;
I labored hard from morn till night and gained a little store,
And every season gave me wealth and made that little more;
At length I bought the field I'd plowed, and sunshine followed rain,
The morn had crowned the darkest night, and I went back again.

I sought my love in England and brought her o'er the sea,
A happy man with happy wife to bless my home and me;
My house is large, my wants are few, I bid dull care depart,
And as I sit beneath the tree with glad and grateful heart
My children 'round the cottage door ne'er ask for bread in vain;
Each morn doth crown the darkest night and sunshine follows rain.

OSSIAN'S SERENADE.

Copyright, 1850, by Ossian E. Dodge.

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Oh, come with me in my little canoe
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue;
Oh, come with me, for I long to go
To those isles where the mango apples grow;
Oh, come with me and be my love,
For thee the jungle depth I'll rove,
I'll gather the honeycomb bright as gold,
And chase the elk to its secret hole;
I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I'll climb the palm for the bias nest,
Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast,
I'll pierce the cocoa's cup for its wine,
And haste to thee if thou'lt be mine;
Then come with me in my light canoe,
While the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
For, should we linger another day,
Storms may arise and love decay.
I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

Oh, come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the Lapwing found;
Our sands are bare, and down their slope
The silv'ry-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marbled courts of kings.
I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

It Ain't Going to Happen in '90.

By "Kilkey."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5,000 Popular English and German Songs- Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In Boston eye-glasses will never be seen,
But it ain't going to happen in '90;
The streets of New York will be perfectly clean,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.
Chicagoans about their enterprise won't blow,
Grand Army men won't be asking for a show,
Mayor Grant will appoint Republicans to all the offices you know,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.

On Broadway there will be no theatres or hotels,
But it ain't going to happen in '90;
A hall-boy will be discovered who will answer the bell,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.
McGinty will come up from the bottom of the sea
Near the place of his birth in the old country,
Then he'll help Parnell to set old Ireland free,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.

All the death-dealing wires will be under ground,
But it ain't going to happen in '90;
A man who's ahead of the races will be found,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.
Draw poker will be an unknown game,
"Buck" Ewing to a National League contract will sign his name,
And Johnnie Ward won't be looking for fame,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.

A dude may be unearthed who has an ounce of brain,
But it ain't going to happen in '90;
You'll always have your umbrella with you when it rains,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.
We shall never meet people to whom we are in debt,
There'll be no more chumps who on combinations bet,
And Patti on her farewell tour will sing "Sweet Violets,"
But it ain't going to happen in '90.

Prohibitionists will elect their candidate to the Presidential chair,
But it ain't going to happen in '90;
Then the whole crowd of them will go on a razzle-dazzle tare,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.
No American girls their fortunes will throw away a title to procure,
Millionaires will go to work, and give their boodle to the poor,
And Congress will present Chicago with ten million dollars, sure,
But it ain't going to happen in '90.

PATRICK MICHAEL McNALLY.

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There's a sport in our ward that looks like a lord;
He's always in style and in fashion;
The girls are all mad about this fine lad,
He's a daisy at what you call mashing;
Where'er he may go, he creates quite a show,
And 'round him will ev'ry one rally;
He can speak like a king, he can play, waltz, and sing,
This sport, Patrick Michael McNally.

REFRAIN.

Patrick McNally lives down our alley,
He is the sport now that ev'ry one knows;
The girls are all crazy about this new daisy,
The man with the fine London, English-made clothes.
His style is so graceful, his dressing so tasteful,
He's something odd and yet something new,
That whene'er you meet him someone will greet him
With, "Mister McNally, why, how do you do?"

Mary Ann Kate McCoy she loved this fine boy;
His shape and his style were bewitching:
She worked on Broadway, made very good pay
At some kind of sewing or stitching.
She thought Pat immense, she had dollars, no sense;
They called her the queen of the alley;
And it did please her so when they talked of her beau,
This sport, Patrick Michael McNally.—*Refrain.*

They are married a year—the neighbors all fear
McNally don't do much supporting;
For Mary works more than ever before,
And Patrick has not forgot sporting;
He wanted a wife to support him thro' life—
'Twas lucky for Liz, Rose, and Sally;
For I'll wager a brick that poor Mary is sick
Of her sport, Patrick Michael McNally.—*Refrain.*

THERE GOES McMANUS.

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McManus loaned a dress suit for a ball the other night,
The coat was much too large for him, the pants were very tight;
He bought a pair of patent shoes, a white tie and a rose,
In fact he had most everything in keeping with the clothes.
He called for Miss Gilhooley, who looked every inch a queen,
Her face was full of powder and her dress of emerald green;
The street was filled with neighbors when the party drove away,
They gave a shout when "Mc" came out, and he could hear them say:

CHORUS.

There goes McManus in the latest London style,
There goes McManus and his face is all a smile;
He's as pretty as a picture, and as handsome as a rose,
There goes McManus in a brand new suit of clothes.

He felt his own importance when he walked across the hall—
They told him Miss Gilhooley was the belle of all the ball;
He danced the "polka" and the "waltz," and did it very nice,
But for a better fitting pants he'd given any price.
The next dance was a "lancers" and everything went well—
"Salute your pards." McManus did, and then there was a yell;
No pants could stand a bow like that, and so Mc's gave away,
And when they rolled him in a cloth, he heard some people say:

CHORUS.

There goes McManus with a rip right up his back,
There goes McManus, please, do go and call a hack;
For he looks just like a dummy and we only see his toes,
There goes McManus in a misfit suit of clothes.

He packed the clothes all in a lump and took them back to "Cohn,"
And told him he'd not pay a cent for having them in loan;
"Mc" got so mad he took the coat and ripped it right in two,
Then got a grip on Levi Cohn, and punched him black and blue.
A policeman heard the racket in passing by the door,
He grabbed McManus by the arm and helped Cohn from the floor;
Cohn told the judge his story, then McManus had his say,
And as he paid the fine he thought he heard the people say:

CHORUS.

There goes McManus and he tried to be a sweil,
There goes McManus and he nearly got a "cell;"
He will always hear the story now, no matter where he goes,
About the night he tried to wear the misfit suit of clothes.

HELLO! JOHN MALONEY.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

I'm a rale owld sport from Erin's Isle and a man ye's all know well,
A reg'lar lally-cooler too, and a Dublin, Jackeen swell;
I'm known at all the races, at the baseball ground I'm there,
And when the boys all see me this cry rings out thro' the air:

CHORUS.

Hello, John Maloney, you're the man I want to see,
Shake hands, John Maloney, then come and dine with me,
I am really plazed I met ye, I never could forget ye,
For, by thunder, you're a wonder and the grand king-bee.

Last Thursday night I took a walk to pass the time you see,
And soon beheld a lovely girl, who gaily winked at me,
I soon made her acquaintance, to a restaurant did go,
And ran right up against my darling wife and brother Joe.

CHORUS.

Hello, John Maloney, you're the man I want to see,
Look out, John Maloney, then they made a dive for me,
They were really plazed to meet me, but they licked and kicked and bate me,
And with tables, plates and ladles nearly murdered me.

One day about a month ago I went out on a spree,
And had a fight with Flannigan, we never could agree;
We rolled and kicked and struggled till the coppers, half-a-score,
They clubbed and dragged us to the jail, where I had been before.

CHORUS.

Hello, John Maloney, you're the man I want to see,
Ten days, John Maloney, was the sentence he gave me;
He was really plazed to jail me, and I had no friend to bail me,
So, be gorry, to the quarry I was sent, you see.

I know a lovely servant girl in a mansion down the street,
And yesterday I went around this charmer for to meet;
I told her I was wealthy and my name was Arthur Brown,
When the milkman came, a friend of mine, and hollered like a clown:

CHORUS.

Hello, John Maloney, you're the man I want to see,
Pay up, John Maloney, forty cents you owe to me;
Then the girl she took a tumble, the poker she did fumble,
And she poked and bit and choked me till I could not see.

I'VE HAD 'EM ALL.

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Words and Music by M. J. Cavanagh.

In childhood I am sure that I received my share of ills,
I've had the measles, mumps, and croup, the whooping-cough and chills;
In fact, if any new disease broke out about the town,
It always was my luck to be the first one taken down.

CHORUS.

I've had them all, yes, every blessed one,
I've had 'em all, I'm thankful they are gone,
I'm sure I've had my share and a lot that I could spare,
For more I hardly care, I've had 'em all.

Perhaps among you there are some not troubled with those pests
That uninvited in your beds will come and make their nests,
There's several different species, from the bed-bug to the flea,
But all my schemes to shake 'em fail, for they get on to me.—CHORUS.

I used to be a drinking man, but quit it here of late,
To suffer with a swollen head has often been my fate;
I know what the jim-jams are, I've shivered with the shakes,
And on my bedroom walls I've seen about ten thousand snakes.—CHORUS.

My first wife had three sisters when to better lands she flew,
To fill her place I married got to sister number two;
When number two had gone above with her who went before,
I took on number three, who soon made room for number four.—CHORUS.

—She: "Where do most of your poems appear?" He: "In the waste basket."

—She (in evening toilet): "I wasn't coming to-night, for I hadn't anything to wear." He: "And you seem to have worn it."

—Lady Doctor (young and fair): "Please turn your head a little." Masculine Patient: "Ah! dear, you have already turned it."

—"I hear your husband is quite gallant. Do you ever find any letters in his pocket?" "Only the ones I give him to mail."

JUST WAIT AND SEE MAGUIRE.

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I saw Pat Murphy yesterday,
He looked an awful sight,
His legs and arms were up in splints,
His head was bandaged tight;
In fact you only saw his eyes,
And they were mighty small—
Maguire and he had had a scrap
At Brady's Union Hall.
"Hello! old man," says I to him,
"Hello! yourself," says he,
I've had a little "picnic," Mike,
As you, no doubt, can see,
Maguire and I we had a row
About my diamond stud,
And when the thing was over, why,
Maguire's name was mud.

CHORUS.

I may look like a cripple
And feel like one, I know;
I may look like McGinty's ghost,
Or like some funeral show;
I've not been in a railroad wreck,
I've not been in a fire;
If I look bad and broken up,
Just wait and see Maguire.

And did you both use clubs, says I,
Use clubs, says Pat, not much,
There's not a thing in "Union Hall"
That we forgot to touch;
It started in a quiet way
While we were drinking wine—
Miss Kelly thought the stud I wore
Was very, very fine.
I quite forgot what happened then,
Or how it came to pass,
I only know Maguire remarked
The stone was made of glass,
"You lie," says I, "I what," says he,
"I'll make you take that back,"
And when the thing was over, why,
He went home in a hack.—*Chorus.*

At first we had it right and left,
And then we took up chairs,
We had it all around the hall,
And then we went up stairs;
Maguire then grabbed a table leg,
I took a chandelier
And broke the globes upon his head,
While he bit off my ear;
The mem'ry of that night of bliss
I never shall forget,
The grudge I have against Maguire
Has not been settled yet,
Maguire must still square up with me
For what the racket cost,
For when the thing was over, why,
My diamond stud was lost.—*Chorus.*

—Preserving Quiet: "Who was that ringing at the front door last night?" "The policeman." "What did he want?" "He wanted the baby to stop crying. It kept him awake."

—Mrs. Gossippe: "Don't you think Mrs. Lowcutte was overdressed at the subscription dance?" Mrs. Malapropos: "Not a stitch too much for decency."

—Teacher: "The rainbow is God's promise that he will never again destroy the earth by water." Pupil: "I reckon my pap 'll feel right pert when he hears that."

—Why does the young man leave the farm? In New Hampshire, generally because it is so loaded down with rocks that he cannot conveniently take it away.

McGINTY'S BACK AGAIN.

Copyright, 1889, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by D. H. Fitzgibbon.

You've heard about McGinty, who got so many falls
From coal-holes in the sidewalks, likewise from high stone walls,
His wife ran off and left him, which brought his prestige down,
He felt so broken-hearted that himself he tried to drown,
And ev'ry one was certain that poor Dan had passed away,
The neighbors thought that he was at the bottom of the sea,
And I was fully satisfied that Dan was surely dead,
Until I met young Pat McCann, who shocked me when he said:

REFRAIN.

McGinty's back again, he's dressed up like a dandy,
He's down at Mike's saloon, and full of wine and brandy,
He's the talk of all the neighborhood, both women and the men—
The town is all excited, for McGinty's back again.

I hastened down to see him, to hear what he would say;
His suit of clothes were just as good as when he went away;
Because his wife skipped off they thought that he was in the soup,
But now, says he, I'll tell you boys, "I'm glad she flew the coop,"
I thought it would be funny for to give my friends a shock,
So I pretended suicide and jumped right off the dock,
But then I swam beneath the wharf and climbed upon a beam;
When yesterday I showed myself the crowd began to scream:

REFRAIN.

McGinty's back again, he's dressed up like a dandy,
He's down at Mike's saloon, and full of wine and brandy,
He's the talk of all the neighborhood, both women and the men—
The town is all excited, for McGinty's back again.

The crowd flocked in to look at him, and with them all he drank,
He got so full he couldn't stand and to the floor he sank,
'Twas then he crawled out in the street and called O'Brien a "skunk,"
A 'copper' came and yanked him in again for being drunk;
McGinty tried to free himself, and called the judge "a dunce."
The 'copper' laughed, the jury smiled, they all yelled out "six months,"
McGinty said he didn't care, for he'd been there before;
The warden scream'd with all his might to the keeper thro' the door:

REFRAIN.

McGinty's back again, he's dressed up like a dandy,
He was down at Mike's saloon, got full of wine and brandy,
He's the talk of all the prisoners, both women and the men;
The jail is all excited, for McGinty's back again.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries:
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies:
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form,
All speckled with the feathery storm,
Yet in his honest bosom lies
No spot nor speck—though still he cries:
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies:
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries:
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies:
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries:
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies:
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"—While at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal-man,
Though dusky as an 'African.
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries:
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies:
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

THROW HIM DOWN, McCLOSKEY.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.

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'Twas down at Dan McDevitt's, at the corner of this street,
There was to be a prize fight, and both parties were to meet
To make all the arrangements and see every thing was right—
McCloskey and a nagur were to have a finish fight;
The rules were London Prize Ring, and McCloskey said he try
To bate the nagur wid one punch or in the ring he'd die;
The odds were on McCloskey, though the betting it was small—
'Twas on McCloskey ten to one, on the nagur none at all.

CHORUS.

"Throw him down, McCloskey," was to be the battle cry—
Throw him down, McCloskey, you can lick him if you try,
And future generations, with wonder and delight,
Will read on his hist'ry's pages of the great McCloskey fight.

The fighters were to start in at a quarter after eight,
But the nagur did not show up and the hour was getting late;
He sent around a messenger, who then went on to say
That the Irish crowd would jump him and he couldn't get fair play;
Then up steps Pete McCracken and said that he would fight.
Stand up or rough and tumble, if McCloskey didn't bite?
McCloskey says I'll go you, then the seconds got in place,
And the fighters started in to decorate each other's face.—CHORUS.

They fought like two hyenas 'till the forty-seventh round;
They scattered blood enough around, by gosh, to paint the town;
McCloskey got a mouthful of poor McCracken's jowl;
McCracken hollered "murther" and his seconds hollered "foul";
The friends of both the fighters that instant did begin
To fight and ate each other, the whole party started in;
You couldn't tell the dif'rence if you'd fighters if you'd try;
McCracken lost his upper lip, McCloskey lost an eye.—CHORUS.

FLIRTING IN THE TWILIGHT.

Copyright, 1870, by Wm. A. Pond & Co.

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Oh, I'm very fond of roving when the stars are in the sky;
And a heart so true and loving often meets me on the sly;
The sweetest words he whispers, and his eyes are sparkling blue;
But what he tells, you may be sure, I'll never tell to you.
Oh, we wander while the shadows fall, but a pair of eyes are my light;
Of all the joys it beats them all, this flirting in the twilight.

CHORUS.

Oh, my heart kept going pit-i-pat, I scarce could tell what I was at;
We wandered in the shadows, but his beaming eyes they were my light,
Of joys we meet, there's none so sweet as flirting in the twilight.

Now he called me "pet" and "dearest," and I could not tell you half;
And he said I was the "nearest," then I laughed a little laugh;
His arms he kindly offered, then he offered me his hand,
And said he'd make his darling one the happiest in the land;
Tho' 'twas darkness in the pleasant air, yet his beaming eyes were my light;
He kissed me—ere I was aware—while flirting in the twilight.—CHORUS.

Now I never can forget him, nor his dear, enticing way;
Near the place where I have met him, O, I wander every day;
My heart is in his keeping, he has stolen that I know;
He really makes a very sweet and fascinating beau;
So we wander in the darkness yet, but his charming eyes are my light;
My heart was caught in cupid's net while flirting in the twilight.—CHORUS.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rabid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments silence; "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look, at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you will keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THE DAGOE BANANA PEDDLER.

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Words and Music by Frank Dumont.

They call me a dagoe from It'ly, in my basket I see de banan',
De orange, de lemon, de chesanut, I try to get rich if I can;
Plenty garlic and nice maccaroni for my dinner I want ev'ry day;
In de winter I buy me a monkey, and in front of your house I will play.

CHORUS.

Good and sweet, sell-a you cheap, nice banan, you can eat;
Take your picka, three for nicka, all a tuka from de tree last-a week;
Buy a few, one a-two ? Cost-a price, I sella you nice banan';
Never can buy so cheap from de Italian man.

My brudder he playa the fiddle, some-a time I playa de harp;
On a Sunday de boota I blacka, in a bis'ness I getta very sharp;
My fadder, you know, was a brigand, but he was a-hung by de neck;
I always have my good stiletto where de police can never suspect.—CHORUS.

—The Widow O'Hara (in front of a marble-yard, in which there is a fine granite monument): "What is it, raly?" Mr. Shafts: "That, Madam, is a Scotch granite monument." The Widow O'Hara: "Sure an' ol tho't it waz sassige-mate in a glass case."

The Drum Major of Schneider's Band.

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Words and Music by Arthur J. Mundy.

Sogers marchin' oop de street to moosic grand on ev'ry hand;
All de beeples run to meet and welcome Schneider's band;
Proudly marchin' on pefore he looks so grand, mitt staff in hand,
See dot major of de corps, dey call 'em Schneider's band.
Hear dem, de beeples cheer dem as dey draw near dem mit moosic grand;
Dey blay so fine now dot Wacht am Rhine now,
It sound sooblime now on Schneider's band;
Dot vas such booly moosic, fine deutschen Wacht am Rhine,
But ven you heers dot moosic blay so sveet,
See dot band a-marchin oop de street,
Vy it vas you tink dey blay so grand,
Who it vas you tink dot leads dot band;
You hear de moosic gay, you hear de beeples say
It surely must be Schneider leads dot band;
You hear de moosic gay, and as dey march avay
You know dot it vas Schneider leads dot band.

Ven dey marches to de vors dot band vill blay such moosic gay;
Ven dem guns an' cannon roars dot band vill valk avay;
Sogers blenty you may find at death's command vill lend a hand;
Schneider he vill stay pehind, an' so vill Schneider's band.
Hark now, dem cannon bark now, dot sun vas dark now mit battle's schmoke;
Dey have conclooded, if dey got shooted,
Dey don't vas suited, dot vas no joke;
An' so dey blay dot moosic fine, de deutschen Wacht am Rhine;
But ven you heers dot moosic blay so sveet,
See dot band a-marchin' oop de street,
Vy it vas you tink dey blay so grand,
Who it vas you tink dot leads dot band;
You hear de moosic gay, you hear de beeples say
It surely must be Schneider leads dot band;
You hear de moosic gay, an' as dey march avay
You know dot it vas Schneider leads dot band.

Home dem sogers dey have got, de vor is done an' back dey come;
From their ranks was many shot, from Schneider's nary one;
Marchin' proudly as pefore, mit staff in hand he look so grand,
See dot conquer'r of de vor, Herr Schneider mit his band.
Hear dem, de beeples cheer dem and lager-beer dem at ev'ry stand;
Dey feel so fine now mit beer an' vine now;
Dot Wacht am Rhine now on Schneider's band
Vill sound more besser grand an' fine deutschen Wacht am Rhine;
But ven you heers dot moosic blay so sveet,
See dot band a-marchin' oop de street,
Vy it vas you tink dey blay so grand,
Who it vas you tink dot leads dot band;
You hear de moosic gay, you hear de beeples say
It surely must be Schneider leads dot band;
You hear de moosic gay, an' as dey march avay
You know dot it vas Schneider leads dot band.

Pretty Little Dark-Blue Eyes.

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There is a girl, a little pearl,
And of her to you I'll sing;
So fair and bright, she brings delight,
To her fondly I will cling;
Her heart, I know, is pure as snow,
And she never frowns or sighs,
Her voice so clear I love to hear,
And she has such pretty dark-blue eyes.

CHORUS.

She's the only girl I love,
She's the only girl I prize;
She's the darling of my heart,
My pretty little dark-blue eyes.

At night and day she's ever gay,
And her laughter, ringing clear,
Makes care depart and glad the heart—
There's sunshine when she's near;
In happy dreams to me she seems
Like an angel from the skies,
While o'er me shine, like stars divine,
Those bewitching little dark-blue eyes.—*Chorus.*

When far away from her I stray,
Still her image dwells with me,
In ev'ry place her rosy face,
Fair and smiling, I can see;
She welcomes me with voice of glee,
To my arms she fondly flies;
Tho' dark the night, like beacon light,
I can see her pretty dark-blue eyes.—*Chorus.*

I Left Ireland and Mother Because We Were Poor.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any addess, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a dear spot in Ireland that I long to see,
It's my own native birth-place, and it's heaven to me,
Shure my poor widowed mother lived there all alone;
With my brothers and sisters 'twas a bright happy home.
Shure we hadn't much money, but my own mother dear
To me gave her blessing, bade my heart be good cheer;
Then the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
And I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

CHORUS.

Oh! my thoughts oft go back to that dear little spot,
To my brothers and sisters, and the little thatched cot,
To my poor widowed mother—I'll ne'er see her more,
'Twas a shame, but I left her because we were poor.

I will never forget on that bright rosy morn
When old Ireland I left, how my poor heart did mourn,
When my blessed old mother said be of good cheer,
Good-bye, Michael darling—farewell mother dear.
Then my brothers and sisters took me by the hand,
And bade me do right when I left Ireland;
Then I bade them good-bye at our cottage door,
And left Ireland and mother because we were poor.—*Chorus.*

Since leaving old Ireland my poor mother's dead;
God bless and protect him were the last words she said.
And the ring that my father gave, she sent to me—
'Tis a far dearer prize than bright gems could e'er be.
And my brothers and sisters, I wish they were here,
For I'm longing to see them, but they'll come, never fear!
I've a neat little cot on America's shore,
Where happy we'll live, yes, although we are poor.—*Chorus.*

MY LOVE REMAINS THE SAME.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

In early youth I loved a girl, yes, dearer than my life;
She was to me a priceless pearl, and would have been my wife;
But through my parents' haughty pride a separation came,
And I was forced to leave her, yet my love remains the same.

CHORUS.

She's gone from me, my heart's best love, and though we never meet again,
Why all thro' life and until death my love remains the same;
Yes, all thro' life and until death my love remains the same.

They tell me she forgets me now; another fills my place,
Yet absence makes me love her more—I see no other face;
Although love's chains are severed, and we're forced to live apart,
I'll always keep a trysting place for her within my heart.—CHORUS.

TRIPPING O'ER THE HILLS.

Copyright, 1890, by Harding Brothers.

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Tripping o'er the hills among the buttercups and daisies,
Strolling thro' the fields among the new-mown hay
When the merry, merry Springtime's clad in fairest flowers,
Life seems like a dream on a bright May day.
Life's sweet merry Springtime soon is over,
Happiest of moments glide away.
Youth's around of pleasure—let us treasure
Ev'ry happy moment while we may.

CHORUS.

Tripping o'er the hills among the buttercups and daisies,
Strolling thro' the fields among the new-mown hay
When the merry, merry Springtime's clad in fairest flowers,
Life seems like a dream on a bright May day.

Tripping thro' the merry hours, with feet as light as fairies,
Eyes that sparkle, hearts as yet unknown to care,
Time comes round too soon, alas! to tell us all what care is;
Let us for the time believe the world more fair.
Pity 'tis that time rolls on so swiftly,
Pity 'tis old time will ne'er stand still,
That our youth is not one glorious Springtime,
Passing on to leave us youthful still.—*Chorus.*

The Bum with the Terrible Gall.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a bum who hangs out in this village,
And sleeps on the floor of saloons;
He's fed on the bird seeds and crackers,
And his business is juggling spittoons;
He's known by all saloonkeepers;
As a bum he is worse than them all,
For he's swept out in the morn with the rubbish,
That bum with the terrible gall.

CHORUS.

Then the people all say what a hoosier—
Oh, what a snoozer, what a bruiser;
If he borrows your coat, you're the loser,
That bum with the terrible gall.

He's got eyes in his head like a mackerel,
His neck is as long as a crane's;
He can feed on the grub made of sawdust,
Mixed up with the seven days' rain;
His clothes wouldn't cover a hair-pin—
Oh, shoot him with a big cannon ball;
You may bet he'll never take a tumble,
That bum with the terrible gall.—*Chorus.*

His relations they are all in the poor-house—
As many as a big circus troop;
They are fed on the wind of a bellows,
Mixed into a pulverized soup;
You may set him afloat on the ocean,
With steamers and icebergs and all;
You can bet that he'll catch the suckers,
That bum with the terrible gall.—*Chorus.*

DREAMING OF MOTHER.

Copyright, 1888, by B. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Sweet are the dreams of my mother
That come in my slumbers at night;
In mem'ry blest like no other,
Recalling the past fair and bright;
Far o'er the sea as I wander
Her face seems to shine from above,
Turning my heart to her fonder,
In dreams of devotion and love.

CHORUS.

Dreaming of mother, fond, gentle mother,
Far o'er the billows she waits night and day;
Still growing dearer, in spirit I'm near her,
Dreaming of mother and home far away—
Dreaming of mother and home far away.

Sweet are the dreams of my mother,
'Tis then that her dear face I see;
Songs that she sang in my childhood
In mem'ry still linger with me;
Fondly I know she is waiting,
While homeward I sail o'er the sea;
Joy now my heart is elating,
For soon by her side I shall be.

—The following conversation took place in an office: "Did you ever realize anything in the lotteries?" "Yes, sir. I tried five times and realized that I was an idiot."

—C: "How is friend Schmidt, the milkman, coming on?" D: "He has gone to a watering place to recuperate his shattered health." "That's what I call gall. He is indebted to the water for all his wealth, and now he relies on water to restore his health."

—"Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday." "Yis, Mr. Ellis, I was. Bless me, if I weren't a-layin' in the gutter wid a pig. Father Ryan came along, looked at me, an' says, says he, 'One is known by the company he kapes.'" "And did you get up, Patrick." "No, but the pig did."

SADIE RAY.

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Near a cool and shady woodland, where the rippling streamlets flow,
Dwelt a maiden, kind and lovely, but 'twas in the long ago.
Oft I kissed her and caressed her, as we danced the hours away;
Oft I told her that I loved her, but she's dead, my Sadie Ray.

CHORUS.

Oft I kissed her and caressed her, as we danced the hours away;
Oft I told her that I loved her, but she's dead, my Sadie Ray.

When at eve the golden sunset ushered in the moon and stars,
Arm-in-arm we walked together to the gate of chestnut bars.
Here we talked of future pleasures, here I named our wedding day,
But, alas! 'tis long in coming, for she's dead, my Sadie Ray.—CHORUS.

In my dreams I see her smiling, far above the clear blue sky;
She is kneeling to the angels, who in groups are standing by.
Then, again, I hear her calling: "Come, my darling, come, I say,
There is room here for another, come and kiss your Sadie Ray."—CHORUS.

CAWN'T DO IT, YOU KNOW.

By E. Cureau.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I have heard people say that they'd startle the world,
But they cawn't do it, you know;
That they'd navigate ships through the air to be whirled,
But they cawn't do it, you know.
And pious Bob Ingersoll's lectures they tell you
To go as you please and in heaven you'll dwell;
That there are honest lawyers who keep out of—well,
But he cawn't do it, you know.

CHORUS.

They cawn't do it, you know—
They cawn't do it, you know.
Let some clever man try Ingersoll to reply,
But they cawn't do it, you know.

They say that John Bull can outsail Uncle Sam,
But he cawn't do it, you know;
Tried to take the wind out of our yacht Puritan,
But they cawn't do it, you know;
Prove the "Pall Mall Gazette" is a very clean sheet,
That old England will yet young America beat,
That they won't have to come over here for their meat,
But they cawn't do without it, you know.

CHORUS.

They cawn't do it, you know—
They cawn't do it, you know.
Master Bismarck tried hard our pork to discard,
But he cawn't do it, you know.

Just show me a country where women can vote,
But you cawn't do it, you know;
Show a true Irishman who will wear a red coat,
But you cawn't do it, you know.
Prove a policeman never drinks beer on his beat;
That they'll drive all the rats from Chicago's main street;
Just show us a gal in this town with small feet,
They cawn't do it, you know.

CHORUS.

They cawn't do it, you know—
They cawn't do it, you know.
They often have tried their small anklets to hide,
But they cawn't do it, you know.

They say they can show us a dude that has brains,
But they cawn't do it, you know;
One who has sense enough to go in when it rains,
But they cawn't do it, you know.
The Schuylkill water, too, drinks very queer—
I'm afraid, if they do not soon filter it clear,
Philadelphia Quakers will have to drink beer,
But they don't like it, you know.

CHORUS.

They cawn't do it, you know—
They cawn't do it, you know.
'Twould be very sad news if they'd all take to booze,
For they cawn't stand it, you know.

Show a woman who has not the gift of the jaw,
But you cawn't do it, you know;
Show a man who's in love with his mother-in-law,
But you cawn't do it, you know.
A married man often looks like a gawk,
Who comes home late at night with his coat full of chalk,
And thinks he can sleep when his wife wants to talk,
But he cawn't do it, you know.

CHORUS.

But he cawn't do it, you know—
He cawn't do it, you know.
When he tries loud to snore, she will talk more and more,
And he cawn't do it, you know.

TO MY SORROW.

Words by Dave Rinaldo.

One day while walking out so neat,
To my sorrow,
I met a girl that looked so neat,
To my sorrow;
I thought to her a word I'd talk,
I asked her if she'd take a walk,
She said, why certainly, you gawk,
To my sorrow.

CHORUS.

She pulled my leg,
I had a big head,
My fare I had to borrow;
She played me for a regular guy,
To my sorrow.

One day to the races I did go,
To my sorrow;
I carried along a nice big roll,
To my sorrow.
When it came time to start for home,
On the railroad track I walked alone;
I got a tip from a friend at home,
To my sorrow.

CHORUS.

I pulled my hair,
I swore I'd get square
On the friend that gave me the tip;
I thought I had a dead sure thing,
To my sorrow.

One day I played a game of cards,
To my sorrow;
But twenty-five is all I had,
To my sorrow.
The dealer dealt the cards around—
I was surprised when I had found
Three nice cold aces in my hand,
To my sorrow.

CHORUS.

I made my bet,
I'm not over it yet;
From my friends I tried to borrow—
They put me out when I got broke,
To my sorrow.

The Picture of My Baby on the Wall.

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Words and Music by Thos. P. Getz.

In the evening when the twilight shadows gently steal around,
And the crickets song is heard upon the hearth;
And the sound of children's voices are wafted to my ears,
Who are happy in their innocence and mirth,
'Tis then I sit and listen, there's a pain within my heart,
And unbidden tears steal down my cheek and fall;
And I murmur, dear God, bless you, as my glances rest upon
The picture of my baby on the wall.

CHORUS.

Smiling at me sweetly, just as she did in life,
As her dear, blue eyes in love upon me fall;
And I murmur, dear God, bless you,
As I look into the eyes of the picture of our baby on the wall.

It is hanging o'er the mantle in its little frame of gold,
Where the sunshine seems to shed its brightest ray;
And the little wife and I are sitting side by side,
Together at the closing of the day;
'Tis oft' in times of trouble, when we have our cross to bear,
When beneath a load of sorrow we would fall,
'Tis then our hearts are gladden'd, and it brightens us to gaze
On the picture of my baby on the wall.—CHORUS.

—How much sooner it gets too dark to saw wood than it does to play lawn tennis.

—Imported.—Customer: "Give me a good imported cigar, will you?" Donnerwetter: "Ya, here was a very fine artikle." Customer: "Can I depend on this being good?" Donnerwetter: "Ya, dot was a imported cigar of my own manufacture."

SHE'S JUST A SWEET BOUQUET.

Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

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We met 'twas in the garden, sweet summer days were near;
I softly asked her pardon, she blushed my words to hear;
Oh, bright the roses glistened, when she wandered gaily by;
The little birds they listened, can't you guess the reason why?
Oh, her words were melody, and her lips would tempt the bee.
Oh, I don't know what to call her, so fair she is and gay;
She's witty and so pretty, she's just a sweet bouquet.—(DANCE).

The leaves were softly sighing, while scarce a word we said;
Sweet cupid there came flying, and hovered overhead;
Beneath the boughs, while straying, with her lily hand in mine,
The hours we kept delaying 'till the stars began to shine.
Oh, her words were melody, and her lips would tempt the bee.
Oh, I don't know what to call her, so fair she is and gay;
She's witty and so pretty, she's just a sweet bouquet.—(DANCE.)

In moonlight so entrancing, my love I fondly told;
Her eyes were shyly glancing, I thought I'd been to bold.
Oh, there among the posies did we vow to never part;
She's queen of all the roses, and I wear her on my heart.
Oh, her words were melody, and her lips would tempt the bee.
Oh, I don't know what to call her, so fair she is and gay;
She's witty and so pretty, she's just a sweet bouquet.—(DANCE.)

EVA TO HER PAPA.

Written and sung by G. C. Howard.

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Sung with Booth & Collier's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When your daughter's taken away,
And your heart is filled with care;
When with angels I shall pray
For your peace and comfort here,
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me.

When your little Eva's there,
Robed like those in spotless white,
And the conquering palm I bear,
Blessed with love and heaven's light,
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me.

Wife and children send him near,
When forever I am gone,
Papa, check the falling tear,
Think upon my dying song:
Uncle Tom—oh, make him free!
Papa, papa, do for me.

AS SWEET AS ANY FLOWER.

Copyrigat, 1890, by Edward Harding.

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Words and Music by "Ted" Harding.

While strolling by the river with my sweetheart by my side,
I was talking of the future and the day she'd be my bride;
She looked into my face and said: "There's time enough I'm sure,"
So on we walked for quite a while until we reached her door.

CHORUS.

She's as sweet as any flower that can be seen,
She's my darling, and my precious queen,
Just to think that some day she'll be mine forevermore,
Then I'll feel the happiness I never felt before.

Each summer's eve I'd call and wait outside the garden gate,
Sweet loving words I'd whisper and I'd ask her for my fate;
She was always undecided and she coyly would remark:
"Just wait until another night, as now it's getting dark.—CHORUS.

One evening in the month of June, when the birds sang blithe and gay,
I strolled across the meadows and thought what I would say;
She was waiting at the old farm gate, what joy for me in store,
When she murmured softly in my ear, I'll be yours forevermore.—CHORUS.

—He Drew the Line.—Proprietor of cheap restaurant: "Yes, I want to hire a man. Are you willing to do any kind of work?" Applicant: "Oh, yes; I am perfectly willing to do any kind of work but eat here, sir."

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Round de meadows am a-ringing de darkeys mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing, happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping, o'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping, sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn-field hear that mournful sound;
All de darkeys am a-weeping, massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When de Autumn leaves were falling, when de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling, 'cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange-tree am blooming on the sandy shore,
Now the Summer days am coming, massa nebber calls no more.—CHORUS.

Massa made de darkeys lub him, 'cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him, mourning 'cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow, 'cayse de tear-drop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrw pickin' on de old banjo.—CHORUS.

GOLLY, AIN'T I WICKED?

Words and Music by G. C. Howard.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung with Booth & Collier's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Oh, white folks, I was never born,
Aunt Sue raise me on de corn,
Send me errands night and morn,
Ching a-ring, a-ring a-ricked.
She used to knock me on de floor,
Den bang my head agin de door,
And tear my hair out by de core,
Oh, 'cause I was so wicked.
Black folks can't do naught they say,
I guess I'll teach some how to play,
And dance about dis time ob day,
Ching a-ring, a-bang goes de break-down.

Oh, Massa Clare, he bring me here,
Put me in Miss Feeley's care,
Don't I make dat lady stare,
Ching a-ring, a-ring a-ricked.
She has me taken, clothed and fed,
Den sends me up to make her bed,
When I puts de foot into de head,
Oh, I'se so awful wicked.
I'se dark Topsy, as you see,
None of your half-and-half for me,
Black or white it's best to be,
Ching a-ring, a-hop goes de break-down.

Oh, dere is one will come and say:
Be good, Topsy, learn to pray,
And raise her bu'ful hands dat way,
Ching a-ring, a-ring a-ricked.
'Tis little Eva, kind and fair,
Says if I'se good I will go dere,
But den I tells her, I don't care,
Oh, ain't I very wicked?
Eat de cake and hoe de corn,
I'se de gal dat ne'er was born,
But 'spects I growed up one dark morn,
Ching a-ring, a-smash goes de break-down.

UNCLE TOM'S RELIGION.

Sung with Booth & Collier's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Far away from wife and children, still I plod my way along,
Massa Clair has gone to Eva, leaving friendless poor old Tom.
Yet, with trust and strength in heaven, I remain a faithful slave;
When de whip to me am giben, I'll think of Him who died to save.

Shall I turn against my brother, raise the hand of cruelty?
No, we must love one another, den we'll get where all am free.
Patience here I'll go to glory, there is comfort for the slave;
When de lash makes dis flesh gory, I'll pray to Him who died to save.

Good-bye, Chloe, farewell children, poor old Tom you'll see no more;
Mind, be good and hab religion, 'twill bear you to the faithful shore.
Do not weep, nor feel defected, suffering's over in the grave;
But at the glorious resurrection we'll meet with Him who died to save.

HE GOT IT AGAIN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Joseph Flynn, of Sheridan & Flynn.

Of a lover and his lady sweet
I now will sing to you,
The lady she was constant,
And the lover he was true,
But her papa did not like him,
So he kicked with all his might,
And the lover he was foolish,
For he stood and tried to fight.

CHORUS.

Then he got it again, by jingo,
In a spot where it caused him most pain,
Then he started to scoot,
But the old fellow's boot
Shot away, and he got it again.

Now a friend of mine he drank so much
He often has the shakes;
He very nearly murdered me
One day he had the snakes;
He went off to the doctor,
And the pledge took for a year,
But he found he couldn't keep it,
And he soon was drinking beer.

CHORUS.

Now he's got 'em again, by jingo,
For the whiskey it drove him insane;
Every night he gets up,
Chasing devils and pups,
And his wife knows he's got 'em again.

Now the other day my watch I took
From where I had it pawned,
And proudly I did stroll around
From dusk till early dawn;
In a faro-bank I rambled;
And I betted rather free
I lost, and, with my watch,
I went my uncle for to see.

CHORUS.

Now he's got it again, by jingo,
In his keeping 'twill have to remain,
For I lost all my checks,
And this spot on my neck
Is the place where I got it again.

Of a dizzy actor now I'll tell,
Who thought he was a star;
He started for the country towns
To play in "Paul Kauvar,"
But the hayseeds wouldn't have it,
For they bounced him from the stage,
And the landlord that he owed for board
Went for him in a rage.

CHORUS.

Then he got it again, by jingo,
And for mercy he pleaded in vain;
From the hotel he slunk,
But they kept his big trunk,
And I don't think he'll get it again.

Now I know a lovely lady
Who had sued for a divorce,
And when she had secured it,
Why, I married her of course,
But she often did repent it,
And just here the other day
Her other hubby happened
For to come across her way.

CHORUS.

Now he's got her again, by jingo,
But the parting it gives me no pain,
For she's giddy you see,
And he's richer than me,
And I don't think I want her again.

ENCORE VERSES.

Not many moons ago, you know,
The public thought John L.
Would be an easy mark to lick—
He wasn't feeling well;
So Kilrain started for him
With sly old Fox's belt,
But Sully won the trophy back
With a hard and heavy welt.

CHORUS.

Now he's got it again, by jingo,
In his keeping 'tis bound to remain;
Yes, the Champion belt
Sully still retains yet,
And I don't think he'll lose it again.

Of another favorite now I speak,
A man you all admire,
Who often showed his manly pluck
And courage when desired;
I'm speaking of Jack Dempsey,
Who has fallen rather low,
And lost his reputation by an unexpected blow,
But he'll get it again, by jingo.

CHORUS.

He'll get it again, by jingo,
For the best in his class he remains,
And if Geo. La Blanche
Give him one other chance,
He will prove he can get it again.

Parody on:

LAY ME ON THE HILLSIDE.

Written by Will J. Hardman.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs. Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung with great success by Lester & Williams.

Beneath a woodshed, sick of work, a starving tramp did lay,
The coal-dust from his hair the wind was blowing fast away;
The friends who stood upon his hat his ears could scarcely see;
His thoughts were of a kitchen on the route to Milwaukee;
His spirit brought him to a place where turkey was in sight,
But it was inside iron bars, and he couldn't get a bite
Before his golden spirit came down to take him up the spout;
He opened wide his hungry face, and these sad words fell out:

CHORUS.

Lay me near a kitchen, lay me gently in a group,
And place my nose so it can catch the flavor of the soup;
Let a barrel of Boston beans upon my breast be shook;
My last request is that you give my picture to a cook.

His friends stood round, all beggars too, who oft had felt the sting
Of boots beneath their six-cent coats, while door-bells they did ring;
In fact, right there they each could eat a yard of his off cow,
But what of that, began says I, meander row-de-dow.
In Potter's field he's now at rest, that's what he always did;
His route was auctioned off before his life of sand had slid;
So take this lesson to your shoes, eat all the grub you can,
Remember Putz O'Hana's words, the exile from Japan:

CHORUS.

Place me near a beefsteak, with my face towards a pie,
And place an oyster fritter on the hinges of each eye;
Put my head upon a bale of big wheat-cakes debuct,
For I am going where they never give an exile chuck.

—A scholar in a country school was asked: "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow?'" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary!" "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

—He: "Will you marry me?" She: "Wait a minute. (Exit. Reappearing with shot-gun.) Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seeming rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Come Where the Lilies Bloom.

Copyright, 1878, by W. L. Thompson.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 60 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and composed by Will L. Thompson.

Come away, away, away,
Come where the lilies bloom so fair;
Come away, away, away,
Come where sweet fragrance fills the air.

Come where the lilies,
The sweet fragrant lilies;
Oh, come where the lilies bloom so fair;
Down in the meadows,
The green verdant meadows,
Oh, come where sweet fragrance fills the air.

Come away, away, away,
Come where the lilies bloom so fair;
Come away, away, away,
Come where sweet fragrance fills the air.

Here beautiful lilies grow,
Here beautiful lilies grow,
White, white as the driven snow;
Here beautiful lilies grow white as snow.

Come where the shadows
Gently are falling
Over land and sea,
Over land and sea.

Evening shadows fall around us,
And the flowers have gone to sleep;
Softly the night winds
Fan 'mid the flowers,
Whispering music sweet;
Lightly the nightingale is singing
When the flowers have gone to sleep.

Come, come where the lilies,
The sweet fragrant lilies,
Oh, come where the lilies bloom so fair;
Down in the meadows,
The green verdant meadows,
Oh, come where sweet fragrance fills the air.

On the winding path by the brookside,
There we'll wander 'mid flowers, beautiful flowers;
Where the rippling waters are flowing
And the sweet music of birds floats on the air.

Come away, away, away,
Come where the lilies bloom so fair,
Come away, away, away;
Come where the lilies bloom,
Come where the lilies bloom;
Come away, come away,
Come, oh, come away.

You Were False, but I'll Forgive You.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Fare thee well, for once I loved you even more than tongue can tell,
Little did I think you'd leave me, now I bid you all farewell.
You have wrecked the heart I cherished, you have doomed me day by day;
You are false, but I'll forgive you, but forget you I never may—
You are false, but I'll forgive you, but forget you I never may.

When I saw your eyes in virtue, I scarce could believe my own;
When I heard your voice in anger, it was death to every tone.
They have told you some false stories, and you believed them all they say;
You are false, but I'll forgive you, but forget you I never may—
You are false, but I'll forgive you, but forget you I never may.

One more word, and all is over—why are you unkind to me;
Tell me why you do not love me; turn aside, how can it be?
No word; not one word of pleasure; you believe them all they say;
You are false, but I'll forgive you, but forget you I never may—
You are false, but I'll forgive you, but forget you I never may.

—A small coal business is unprofitable, because the nature of the commodity requires a large scale.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

THE LITTLE RED CABOOSE BEHIND THE TRAIN.

Sung by Mack Vincent.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am a jolly railroad man, and braking is my trade;
I work upon the road both day and night;
Turning switches, making fly stops as along the line we go,
And we see that all the trains are made up right.
We are always ready when we are called to go,
Whether in the sunshine or the rain,
And a jolly crew you always find, if you go to see,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

We hang one red light on each side, and another on behind,
As the day goes by and the night comes stealing on;
And the boy who rides ahead you bet he keeps it in his mind,
And sees that all the train is coming on;
And when we near a station, we are startled from our thought
By the sound of the whistle's thrilling scream;
Then we run out on the hurricane deck, while the cove winds up the wheels
Of the little red caboose behind the train.

Now, this little car I speak of is more precious and more dear
Than all the coaches on the railway line;
And the reason why we say so is because it is our home,
And we always keep it in the neatest style;
Although we have no fashion lights, or velvet-cushioned seats,
But everything within looks neat and clean,
And many an honest heart there beats beneath the rusty roof
In that little red caboose behind the train.

When the Sea Gives Up Its Dead.

Copyright, 1890, by F. Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by J. J. Nolan.

A fair young girl, with a sweet, sad face,
Stood on the shore at the close of the day,
And said: "Come back to me, my love;
'Tis just one year since you sailed away!"
As if in answer to her cries,
Seemingly, the wild waves said:
"Thy love to thee will return again
When the sea gives up its dead!"

CHORUS.

"Oh, love, will you ne'er return to me?"
'Mid her sobs and tears she said;
"Oh, yes, he'll come again," seem'd the waves sad refrain,
"When the sea gives up its dead!"

A mother sits in an humble cot,
And weeps and prays for her one loving child,
Who had sailed away in a gallant bark
Across the ocean wide and wild;
Weep and mourn both night and day,
In prayers for his soul bow thy head,
For thy bright-eyed lad thou shalt see no more,
He is numbered with the ocean's dead.

CHORUS.

"Come back, come back, my boy, to me!"
The weeping mother said.
"Thy prayers are in vain, he can only come again
When the sea gives up its dead!"

How many weary, weeping hearts
Does this wild world contain;
How many prayers for safe return
Have been offered, alas! in vain.
Oh, the number of silent souls that are now
Sleeping in their watery bed
Will ne'er be known till the day shall come
When the sea gives up its dead.

CHORUS.

Oh, the number of silent souls that are now
Sleeping in their watery bed
Will ne'er be known till the day shall come
When the sea gives up its dead.

—Yabsley: "Is Timmings doing pretty well on the police force?" Wickwire: "Beautifully. He arrests the attention of every hired girl he comes in sight of."

LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

Words by Eliza Cook. Music by A. B. Hutchinson.

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Sung with Booth & Collier's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I 'spects I'se very wicked, that's just what I am,
Only you jist give me a chance, won't I rouse ole Sam;
'Tain't no use in being good, 'cos' I'se black ye see;
I neber cared for nothing yet, and nothing cared for me.
Ya, ya, ya! Miss Feely's hands dun know how to grip me,
Neber likes to do no work, and won't widout they whip me.

CHORUS.

This is Topsy's savage song—
Topsy's cute and clever;
Hurrah then for the white man's right,
Slavery forever.

Topsy neber was born, neber had a moder;
'Specks I growed a nigger brat, just like any oder;
Whip me till the blood pours down—ole missus used to do it;
She said she'd cut my heart right out, but neber could get to it;
Got no heart I don't believ, niggers do without 'em;
Neber heard of God or love, so can't tell much about 'em.

CHORUS.

This is Topsy's savage song—
Topsy's cute and clever;
Hurrah then for the white man's right
Slavery forever.

Don't you die, Miss Evy, else I go dead too;
I knows I'se wicked, but I'll try and be all good to you;
You have taught me better things, though I'se nigger skin:
You have found poor Topsy's heart, spite of all its sin;
Don't you die, Miss Evy, dear, else I go dead too;
Though I'se black, I'se sure that God will let me go wid you.

CHORUS.

This is Topsy's human song
Under love's endeavor;
Hurrah then for the white child's work.
Humanity forever.

You Bet He Won't Try It Again.

By Harry Ralston.

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I'll sing you a song that is not very long,
It is topical, quite, in its way,
Now don't be alarmed, it's not the same song,
It's about things you see every day;
If you like it, you probably will give it applause,
But if it should give you a pain,
And I should get hit with a brick in the jaw,
You bet I won't try it again.

CHORUS.

You bet I won't try it again,
You bet I won't try it again,
If you holler rats, or go throwing brick bats,
You bet I won't try it again.

There's a wily old fellow who lives in Chicago,
And the people they like him not much;
He sends the quotations of wheat up and down,
And he goes by the name of "Old Hutch."
His latest performance, as I've heard said,
Has on poor people caused quite a strain;
He added two cents on each of loaf of bread,
And I hope he won't try it again.

CHORUS.

I hope he won't try it again,
I hope he won't try it again,
The laws will in time make such things a crime,
And you bet he won't try it again.

On the recent election I thought a good chance
A few hundred dollars to make;
I drew my accounts from the National Bank,
And to the pool-rooms I made a big break;
I bet all my boodle, my watch and my chain,
I thought I had a sure thing;
But I heard——from New York,
And you bet I won't try it again.

CHORUS.

You bet I won't try it again,
You bet I won't try it again,
But I'm telling you, in eighteen ninety-two,
"Grover" may try it again.

DRINK UP, BOYS.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

A man who is fond of his drinking
Is known as a jolly good fellow too;
The night he will spend without winking,
At his club he'll drink and play;
But when he's hard up, I am thinking,
He never gets a chance of a drink or two;
But when in his pocket there's clinking
Yellow gold, you'll hear him say:

CHORUS.

"Drink up, boys, and have a glass with me,
For it isn't every day you'll find me out upon a spree;
I'm all right, I've got the cash, you see,
And I mean to keep it up, for I'm as happy as can be."

Then off he will go in a hansom,
As fast as the horses can carry him;
He feels just as strong as a Samson,
For his purse is as strong, no doubt.
He's able to pay any ransom,
And asks every girl if she'll marry him;
With every charming damsel
At the bar you'll hear him shout:—*Chorus.*

With a policeman some words he is saying,
The officer tells him to go away;
At boxing he thinks he is playing,
Till he stands before the beak;
Then for mercy he's humbly praying,
But the magistrate says: "You'll have to pay!"
His friends all his fines are soon paying,
And, like himself, you'll hear them say:—*Chorus*

DEATH OF EVA.

Sung at Eva's death in Booth & Collier's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We will miss you, darling Eva, when you sleep beneath the sod,
And the summer winds are murmuring o'er your grave;
We will think of you in kindness in your heavenly home above;
And your spirit, free from sorrow, pain and care,
The sands of life are slowly ebbing with the tide;
And soon your bones will mingle with the clay;
In the winter of our sorrow we will think of how you died,
And will miss you Eva when you are laid away.

CHORUS.

For Uncle Tom is feeble—(echo) Uncle Tom is feeble,
And his head am bending low—(echo) bending low;
Old master calls, he can no longer stay—(echo) can no longer stay.
In the winter of our sorrow we will think of how you died,
And we will miss you, darling Eva, when you're gone.

We will tell our little children that Miss Eva dwells above,
How the angels led her up the golden stairs;
We will tell them how she loved them, with a fond and sacred love;
They must try to meet again Miss Eva there;
And when the judge his trumpet sounds from realms of bliss on high,
And the morning of the great day comes at last,
I will meet you, darling Eva, and together you and I
Will no longer dread December's wintry blast.—CHORUS.

—How does 1881 not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa?—There is 1 at each end.

—A Quincy boy sat beside his girl for just one hour last night, and during that time kissed her ninety-six times out of a possible hundred; the other four times she got in a hurry and kissed him.

—When the editor proposed and was accepted he said: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss." She hesitated, and he added: "Not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith." She could not resist that.—*Exchange.*

—"Father," said a little fellow, apparently reflecting intently on something, "I sha'n't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married." "Why not, my son?" was the fond father's inquiry. "Because," said the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours."

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

As recited by Theodore Eckert.

They've got a brand-new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in *my* voice and vote,
For it was never *my* desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister, good and true,
For five-an-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Jest as the preacher read.
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led.
And now their bold new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out.

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read: "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard.

Some wordly chaps were standin' near,
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrariwise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "Mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone.
But, oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone.
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kept it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough.
It kept her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off.

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through an' through,
And laid it on the seat.
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat,
But when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go
And never more come back;
But when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
A-squealin' over me.

Parody on:

A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss.

Sung by Lester & Williams.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now we all do our best to get a good night's rest,
I am sure you will think I am right,
For I live in a French flat that is chuck full of cats,
And I can't sleep a wink any night.
They growl and they fight in the middle of the night,
For it makes my poor wife awful cross;
I have fired old hats, and I fired brick-bats,
But a good paving-stone is the boss.

CHORUS.

So where'er you may be,
This advice take from me,
This world is a wide one to cross;
When you hear a Tom-cat yell,
Take a gun and blow him to Brooklyn,
For a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Now we sneak back to bed and cover up our heads
And try for to sleep there once more,
But the cats' back will creep, through our key-hole they peep,
And sing Peek-a-boo outside.
My wife cries what's that—with a big base-ball bat
And a lamp through the entry I cross;
I have fired old hats, and I fired brick-bats,
But a good paving-stone is the boss.—CHORUS.

Parody on:

CALL ME BACK AGAIN.

Sung with great success by Lester & Williams.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You said ta-ta, the last words that you uttered,
So I'll run away to some far distant land;
I'll be a cannibal, or else an Indian fighter,
Or else I'll join some desperado band.
How can it be for drink that you have shook me,
You are the worst one that I ever saw;
I'll give you back your brass ring and your photo—
Then run away to some far distant shore.

CHORUS.

Now don't you call me back—
If you do, go hire a hack,
So I can ride to a place of destination—
Now I am sure you won't call me back.

I never thought the first time that I met you
That I could ever give to you the shake;
But since that time I've found you are a snoozer;
For drinking beer I'm told you take the cake;
I leave you now, perhaps you will do better.
You chin too much—you have got too much jaw;
Don't send no postal, telegraph, or letter,
But say good-bye to my beautiful mother-in-law.—*Chorus.*

SAVE MY BROTHER'S WHISKERS FROM THE PAIL.

Written by James McAvoy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tune—"Save My Mother's Picture from the Sale."

We've been thinking of the day when my brother, like a jay,
Started in to raising whiskers on his chin,
So one day he shaved his snout, and in a week they started out,
Till at last they came in contact with the wind;
In a growler or a jug he was the first to put his mug,
No matter cider, lager beer, or ale;
When he'd go to take his first then the gang to me have cursed
And said: Go save your brother's whiskers from the pail.

CHORUS.

The dear old lush had whiskers like a brush,
At a distance they looked like a horse's tail,
But it always was my job to assist my brother slob,
While drinking, save his whiskers from the pail.

For to work he was too strong, for this world he was not long,
Because he was too short for to get tall,
Still his whiskers on a pinch every day grew an inch,
Till they used to trip him up and make him fall.
We used to give him shots till he tied them up in knots,
Like an overskirt he fixed them up in a loop;
When at dinner he'd sit down I would have to be around,
For to save my brother's whiskers from the soup.

CHORUS.

His whiskers were like wire and twice as red as fire;
I tried hard to avoid him when I could;
When he'd take me rainy days to go smoking Henry Clays,
Then I'd save my brother's whiskers from the mud.

One day upon the street a strange copper on the beat
Saw my brother had them combed out like a broom,
So instead of to a station-house, he ran him up an alley,
And he steered him right into an auction-room;
They tried to sell his whiskers to the seven Southerland sisters;
But a girl of his that just got out of jail
She ran right in the place and she grabbed my brother's face,
And she saved my brother's whiskers from the sale.

CHORUS.

That dear old face it came within an ace;
If he ever lost them, he'd look like a pig;
But in another second more they'd have these sluggers that he wore,
So she saved my brother's whiskers from the wig.

Parody on:

SAILING, SAILING.

Composed by A. Hampson.

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Yeave-ho my lad, the ocean's blue,
Ye, ye, ye, yam ye-ha, ha-ho-ho,
A sailor's wife his sun shall be,
And pawn his togs while he's at sea;
And here's success to all the jolly crew,
Whose out of work and don't want none to do,
And here's to the sailor who never did a chew,
And never blew his nose because his nose was blue.

CHORUS.

Sailing, sailing over the ocean deep;
Many a sailor's changed his mind,
But has never changed his feet;
Sailing, sailing on through a dreadful storm,
Many a sailor lost his birth
Because he's never been born.

He loves the foam upon the sea—
He does, he does, he does, does he?
And when he sees the sight of land,
Upon his head he's bound to stand;
And when he's in beer he's sure to be in port;
If he can't get a pint, he'll take on with a quart;
And then when he's sailing over an angry wave,
He'll ask the captain may he go aloft to get a shave.

CHORUS.

Sailing, sailing round the New York docks,
Many a sailor's changed a bill,
But has never changed his socks;
Sailing, sailing on through a dreadful gale,
Many a sailor has been saved from a wreck
Through being stuck in jail.

She Wants to Have Her Name above the Door.

Written, composed and sung by James McAvoy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tune—"I'm Going to Have My Name above the Door."

I've got a charming girl, and to me she's all the world;
She is sweet enough for any horse to eat;
I pass her house most every day, but I don't know where she lives,
For I forget the name and number of her street;
I asked her for a favor to send me her address;
I am worse off now than I was before;
But to her expense and cost, just for fear I would get lost,
She's going to have her name upon the door.

CHORUS.

Yes, she's going to have her name upon the door,
And upon my word I cannot say what for;
She keeps no groceries—she's no baker, no milliner or dressmaker,
But she's going to have her name upon the door.

Yes, she's going to have her name upon the door
So I'll never miss the number any more—
Just because I chanced to miss it the night we had the blizzard,
She is going to have her name above the door.
Yes, she's going to have her name above the door—
She thinks some lady stole me once before;
I told her to get out dodgers, but she said 'twas too expensive,
That she'd rather have her name above the door.—CHORUS

Yes, she's going to have her name above the door,
And if I do not see it there'll be war;
When I didn't show up Sunday, she got a painter Monday,
She had him daub her name upon the door.
And when he put her name upon the door,
She made him go and paint it on the gate;
And the bartender on the corner said, for fear I'd disappoint her,
She made him put her name upon the slate.—CHORUS.

Yes, he said he had her name upon the slate,
And every day she wrote it once or twice;
He asked her if she'd settle when he filled her growler kettle,
But she told him to put her name upon the ice.
So he had to put her name up for a grudge—
It was a bill for whiskey, beer and budge;
Now, for fear that he'd get busted, he'd have her nobs arrested—
So she's going to have her name before the judge.—CHORUS.

Still she's going to have her name upon the door
It ought to be under the carpets on the floor;
But she's bought a calcium gleamer to reflect a flashy streamer,
So I can see her name above the door.
Now, if she'd only take a little bit of chalk,
And some morning out to the country take a walk,
Write her initials on the fences from Yonkers to Mott Haven,
Then she'd surely have her name above New York.—CHORUS.

DOWN BY THE DEEP, SAD SEA.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Down by the deep, sad sea,
Down where the seagulls roam,
I wander on the rock-bound shore,
Where stood my boyhood's home;
But years have changed those happy scenes
That once were dear to me,
For all I loved in life now sleep
Down by the deep, sad sea.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sea, the sad, sad sea—
The sea, the deep, blue sea;
I'd give the world to live again
Down by the deep, sad sea.

Down by the deep, sad sea
The evening shades draw nigh;
I gaze upon its bosom soft
With sad and tearful eye;
And mem'ry takes its wayward flight
To scenes that use to be,
And leaves me sitting lone and sad
Down by the deep, sad sea.—*Chorus.*

—A Deep Hole.—An Irishman knows how to wittily overcome all difficulties. "What shall I do with this unsightly heap of rubbish, Pat?" "Dig a hole and bury it," answered the man of invention. "Ah, yes, Pat, but what am I to do with the dirt I dig out of the hole?" "Well, sir, I would advise you to dig a hole big enough for the whole of it."

OH, GIRLY-GIRLY!

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm a darling, they say, among the girls,
The dear little creatures I love;
As walking they go, sweet kisses they throw
From my third story window above.
When they roll up their dear little eyes,
I would fall from the window and die;
And all of the boys, who envy my joys,
Say: Danny, they give you the guy.

CHORUS.

Oh, girly-girly!
Will anyone name the day?
Dolly and Kitty, and Mary so pretty—
For gracious sake! take me away.
Oh, girly-girly!
With love I am drooping, they say;
I'll have one of ye yet—
That is, if I am let—
Oh, girly! Oh, girly! Oh, girly!

I buy all the nice valentines
To send to the ladies I know;
Bay rum on my hair--they often declare
I smell like the roses that grow;
My kids is a nate number ten,
It covers a went and a wen;
Wid propriety in society,
I walk among the fine gentlemen.—*Chorus.*

Nicoll, the tailor, knows me—
I open a basket of wine
To take out the straw to pad my coat more—
I'm home in my bed about nine.
When I walk for a day's exercise,
The goggles are over me eyes;
I'll wrestle and fall over top of them all
Wid any man under my size.—*Chorus.*

My collars, the Dave Levrick style,
Fresh from the laundry at Troy;
Oh, every old maid who works at the trade
They say let him go, he's a boy;
To Salt Lake I must emigrate;
Great Caesar! but I'll fascinate
Every young girl with a bang or a curl
That swings on her father's front gate.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

Sung by Billy La Rue.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Every night about half-past two,
Over the garden wall,
The Tom-cats trip the tra-la-la-loo
Over the garden wall.
They yell in a voice come over Mariah,
The heart of your Thomas with love is on fire;
And then they yell in a note or two higher:
Come over the garden wall.

CHORUS.

Over the garden wall, hear that old war-horse squall;
We fire brick-bats and St. Patrick's day hats;
And our voices are husky from hollering scats,
Over the garden wall.

There's cats with the ague, the croup and the gout,
Over the garden wall;
On crutches and canes they hobble about,
Over the garden wall.
We give them some disgusting cracks,
Dislocating their hind-legs and breaking their backs,
With lots of coal scuttles, old shoes and boot-jacks,
From over the garden wall.

CHORUS.

Over the garden wall, hear Thomas George Washington call:
Mariah, Mariah, your back is on fire—
Old Mrs. Maguire got a crazy desire to slaughter that Theodore Thomas cat-[quire,
Over the garden wall.

Parody on:

THE FLAG.

Sung with great success by Lester & Williams.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We will open up this evening, and we'll sing you a new ditty—
To the best of our ability we will rhyme;
We will guarantee our voices are not the very choicest,
But we'll try and get there with you every time.
We will warble out our latest, and we'll do our very greatest,
And we'll try and give your money's worth to you,
For we're feeling good in spirits, and we'll do it on our merits,
So think just what you like when we get through.

CHORUS.

Then here's to Annie Laurie,
And Annie Pixley, too;
And Annie Hart,
Or anybody that I ever knew.

Now, the first we will sing you, it will be a recitation,
Of Lawrence Barrett jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge--
Of Mary Anderson, her son and his wife's sister--
'Twas one of the family, I don't know which;
Davy Crooked, Davy Crocket, in his drama called "Frank Mayo,"
The gal he wouldn't harm her if he could;
Then hurrah for Texas Jack, Buffalo Bill and Fanny Herring,
But the bravest of them all was N. S. Wood.

CHORUS.

Then here's to Andy Collum
And the land that gave him birth—
Then here's to Mollie Wilson,
It's her second time on earth.

Edwin Booth and P. T. Barnum, Fourteenth Street and Henry Irving,
Pat Rooney, Brooklyn Bridge and Central Park;
Cal Wagner, the Lorenzo Brothers, Shedman and his dogs,
And old Maggie Mitchell, just from Noah's Ark;
Serio-comics who have been all through the Mexican war
And fought and bled poor managers to death;
If you want a copy of this song, just write to Tony Pastor,
And he'll send it if you leave him your address.

CHORUS.

Then here's to Ida Siddons
And all old mother-in-laws;
And here we have an American flag,
So fire us your kind applause.

Parody on:

BABY AND I.

Written and sung with great success by Billy Mack.

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Oh, I'll sing of a maiden,
Fat, fair and green,
Her age it was red,
And her teeth it was seventeen.
She could eat an umbrella,
Or dissect a beef stew,
And got a million a week,
And had nothing to do.
Her father is wealthy, he's serving three years
For drowning himself in a schooner of beer;
She drinks lager beer, she could eat a whole pie,
This fat little maiden baby and I.

CHORUS.

Oh, when she gets drunk she rolls on the floor;
She plays one of the sailors on the ship "Pinafore";
Oh, she is a dandy, she drinks rock and rye,
The one that I mean it is baby and I.

When her I first met, it was in the month of July,
There was snow on the ground, there was ice in the sky;
She was wrestling with a bull-dog to get the first fall,
The bull-dog he threw her and busted her gaul.
She was picked up the next day and throwed in a coup,
And brought to a lunch-house and made into soup;
The soup turned out bad—how the lunchers did cry
When they found it was made out of baby and I.
But, alas, now she's dead, not drunk I mean;
On her grave I planted carrots to see it's kept green;
She drank lager beer, she could eat a whole pie,
This fat little lady—oh, baby and I.

—He who receives a "good turn" should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

I THINK SO, DON'T YOU?

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A song on topics set to rhyme
Is popular most any time;
I think so, don't you?
To speak of matters that you know
Is always sure to be a go;
I think so, don't you?
The things we see and those we hear
When in a song quite bright appear,
And what is very common place
In verse takes on another face;
I think so, don't you?

A kiss is just the sweetest thing
That any maiden's lips can sing;
I think so, don't you?
There's not a woman but is pleased
To have a kiss and then be squeezed;
I think so, don't you?
Hugging and kissing are the rage
In every land at every age;
The old and young alike agree
It is the same with you and me;
I think so, don't you?

The young men in this city are
The nicest I have seen, by far;
I think so, don't you?
They sit here in the nearest rows,
Quite picturesque in nobby clothes;
I think so, don't you?
Now I've the chance, I want to say,
It is not flattery I pay,
They're just as sweet as they can be!
Don't laugh, for you can plainly see;
I think so, don't you?

When winter nights are long and bright,
The sleigh ride brings a wild delight;
I think so, don't you?
It makes us merry, bright and gay,
And every one, I know, will say—
I think so, don't you?
In crispy air our faces glow,
And as we cross the crested snow,
The pleasure has a double charm
When your escort drives with but one arm;
I think so, don't you?

Our senses all the brighter shine
To greet a glass of sparkling wine;
I think so, don't you?
It gives to life a double zest,
And puts all nature at her best;
I think so, don't you?
To some it leaves a crimson stain,
While others say it causes pain;
But thousands want it filled again;
I think so, don't you?

In poker we could take a hand,
And on "a call" make quite a stand;
I think so, don't you?
And though defeat might cause a blush,
We're always pleased to hold "a flush";
I think so, don't you?
We like to see a play-house packed,
We like to see a deck well stacked;
A "full house" pleases just the same
As if we held it in the game;
I think so, don't you?

A dozen times, or more, each day
We're apt to one another say:
I think so, don't you?
Coincidences rich and rare
Are thrust upon us unaware;
I think so, don't you?
To say the least, it's very queer
How strange these incidents appear:
A red-haired maiden in the street
A white horse you are sure to meet;
I think so, don't you?

MASKS AND FACES.

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By Richard Jose.

In life we all must wear a mask, some facial disguise,
To hide the workings of our hearts from other people's eyes—
The thief before his judge will wear the mask of penitence,
The magistrate assuming that of sham benevolence;
While in some little hamlet, where the squire's a man of might,
His servants say: "How good he is, how gen'rous, how upright!"
They know him for a tyrant, yet they wear a mask each day,
And praise his many virtues, why? because they find it pay.

REFRAIN.

See him in church, what piety! He reads his prayer-book fervently;
On each subscription list we see his name in several places;
But when at home a servant's slow, or growing old, it's "out you go!"
It's then he'll his true colors show in the play of masks and faces.

See there upon the mimic stage the pet comedian plays—
What wit there is in every speech, how whimsical his ways;
While loud and long the plaudits ring at each new quip and jest,
As from his lips each new one falls, seeming brighter than the rest;
Each lady through her opera-glass his changing features quiz;
They smile, applaud, and then exclaim: "How very droll he is.
Oh, happy actor, idolized alike by stall and pit,
How very happy you must be, blest with so choice a wit!"

REFRAIN.

See him at home an hour or so, as o'er his wife's bed, bending low,
Watching life's tide ebb and flow, returns her weak embraces;
When suddenly, before his eyes, the darling of his heart she dies.
'Tis then he learns what mockery lies in the play of masks and faces.

Who is it warmly shakes your hand and treats you to the best,
And tells you of his many friends 'tis you he likes the best,
That President you'd surely be if he could have his way,
'Tis the politicians' oily tongue that sings this siren lay;
He's a candidate for office, he wants your little vote,
His song he does not improvise, he always sings by rote,
And as from right to left he moves throughout the voting throng,
It matters not if Brown or Smith, he sings the same old song.

REFRAIN.

But when election's strife is o'er, and he's elected, then you're sore;
Alas! he shakes your hand no more, 'tis roughened by toils' traces;
Office may be a public trust, but he'll be honest if he must,
For he is looking for the dust in the play of masks and faces.

The Companion Song to "White Wings."

MAGGIE DARROW'S WELCOME.

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O'er the waves in the sunset light,
I see White Wings afar;
Haste to me ere the shades of night,
My own, my guiding star,
My heart's own guiding star.
Oh, far away at the dawn of day,
You sailed like a sea-bird fair;
But back to me, o'er the bounding sea,
Oh, speed, my love, to shore.

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, White wings, to me,
Sailing over the bounding sea;
Near my heart forever be,
My darling, so fond and true.

Longs my heart for your words so sweet,
The smiles of love so dear;
Oh, the joy, when at eve we meet,
Your cheerful hail to hear,
Your cheerful hail to hear.
Tho' storms may sweep o'er the billows deep,
And cares may cloud each day,
But joy will come when I welcome home
My love from far away.—*Chorus.*

--"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps. That settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

ANNIE ROONEY'S JOE.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

My name is Joseph Dennessy, you've heard of my sweetheart;
We've travelled long together, and I know we ne'er shall part;
There's something in her happy smile that wins me as I go,
And I am not ashamed to say: I'm Annie Rooney's Joe.

CHORUS.

I'm Annie Rooney's Joe, and everybody knows it;
Let her heart feel joy or woe, from mine own none can depose it;
I know she thinks of me while far away I go,
And in her heart, tho' we're apart, I'm Annie Rooney's Joe.

She occupies a mansion fair of purity and love,
And in my dreams she's ever there, like an angel from above;
Although she is not rich and grand, and what she does not know
Might fill books by the dozen, still I am Annie Rooney's Joe.—CHORUS.

The same sweet Annie Rooney has a grievance for her woes—
When rainy weather comes about she feels her "corny toes";
Sometimes she's not accessible unto her bully beau,
But all the same she knows that I am Annie Rooney's Joe.—CHORUS.

KISS JUST ONCE AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Charles Connolly.

The wondrous, witching bliss of every loving kiss
Will linger in our hearts forevermore;
So when our lips are met, be wise and ne'er forget,
Whene'er you kiss repeat it o'er and o'er.
What sweet delight, what pleasure bright,
What dreams of love lie in the rapture of a kiss—then

CHORUS.

Kiss, * kiss, * kiss just once again, then again, * *
Once again, * * kiss, * kiss, * fear not 'twill give pain,
For you and I and all of us must kiss, * *
So let us kiss. * *

When race of love begins, the faint heart never wins;
To "do and dare" with ardent, loving grace
Is what the battle needs—not words so much as deeds—
For vict'ry comes in love's fond, sweet embrace.
What sweet delight, what pleasure bright,
What dreams of love lie in the rapture of a kiss—then—*Chorus.*

Kiss at sign *

When I Saw Sweet Nelly Home.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In the sky the bright stars glittered, on the grass the moonlight fell,
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle, closed the pink-eyed pimpernell;
As down the moss-grown woodpath, where the cattle love to roam,
From Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nelly home.

CHORUS.

When I saw sweet Nelly home, when I saw sweet Nelly home;
How I bless the August evening when I saw sweet Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered o'er her brow as white as snow,
And her cheek, the crimson sunset, scarcely had a warmer glow;
'Mid her parted lips' vermillion, white teeth flashed like ocean foam;
All I marked with pulses throbing, as I saw sweet Nelly home.—CHORUS.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood, turning all the leaves to gold,
In the lawn by alders shaded, I my love to Nelly told;
As we stood together, gazing on the star-bespangled dome,
How I blessed the August evening when I saw sweet Nelly home.—CHORUS.

White hairs mingle with my tresses, furrows steal upon my brow,
Yet a love-smile cheers and blesses life's declining moments now.
Matron in a snowy 'kerchief, closer to my bosom come,
Tell me, dost thou still remember when I saw sweet Nellie home?—CHORUS.

—An easy-going German, lately married, says: Id vas yoost so easy as a needle cood valk oud mit a camel's eye as to get der behindt vord mit a vomaus."

—A Western paper reports the birth of a male child with wings. Probably nature intended him for a bank cashier.

Save My Father's Picture from the Sale.

Written by Walter Burnot. Composed by Sam Redfern.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Tis many years ago, in the time of frost and snow,
My poor old father felt ill and he died;
Though but a child then, for my age was scarcely ten,
They cast me friendless on the world aside;
My father went the pace all through life's busy race,
And when he died it was the same old tale—
For the little one bereft there was next to nothing left,
They even put his picture up for sale.

CHORUS.

My father's face, his dear old face,
His loss I ever shall bewail;
Don't break an orphan's heart, from that don't bid me part,
Oh, save my father's picture from the sale.

In the auction-room they laugh'd, they bargain'd, and they chaff'd,
But I sat in the corner sad to mourn,
Whilst every relic old of my childhood's days they sold,
I felt as though my heart was racked and torn.
The chair on which he sat, and with me used to chat,
All passed away like chaff before the gale;
My heart beat fierce and fast, I was forced to say at last:
Oh, save my father's picture from the sale.—*Chorus.*

But the picture was passed round, and a bidder quickly found,
In a lovely little angel English girl,
With cheeks of rosy hue and eyes of heaven's blue,
Her head a mass of sunny, golden curls—
Even now for her I'd die—she whispered: "Do not cry,"
To joy she turned my sad and piteous wail,
She bought it, and for me, with happiness and glee,
She saved my father's picture from the sale.—*Chorus.*

ANNIE ROONEY'S BEAU.

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Words and Music by Hubert Loring.

I am a nice young man, my name is Joe McCann,
My sweetheert is as fair as birds of Spring;
I visit her each night, for she's my heart's delight,
And when she speaks you think of birds that sing;
Her home is not so grand, but not in all the land
Could any palace brighter beauty show,
For at the doorway there I meet my Annie fair,
They all know that I'm Annie Rooney's beau.

CHORUS.

Oh, she's the darling for me, my wife she soon will be,
She the sweetest and the neatest, and I love my Annie so,
She's always wearing a smile, about her there is no guile,
She's "always there," and she seems to care for Annie Rooney's beau.

She has a winsome way, and cares not for display;
She has a winning smile for all who call,
The idol of her home; no matter where I roam
That little home's the sweetest home of all.
Each evening just at eight, she meets me at the gate,
And by her side the fondest joys I know,
She's soon to be my wife, the darling of my life,
Because, you see, I'm Annie Rooney's beau.—CHORUS.

—A lawyer says that a convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you will find it out immediately.

—A brother arose in a weekly prayer-meeting and said: "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

—"O'Rafferty," said the magistrate, "your wife swears that you struck her with great violence." "Wid great violins—when there isn't a fiddle, big nor little, in the house. She exaggerates too much entoirely. It was only a flat-iron."

—"Oh, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson River recently. He succeeded in rescuing her, saying: "My dear, if you had been drowned, what should I have done? I ain't going to let you carry the pocket-book again."

OH! MAMMA, BUY ME THAT.

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Words and Music by Al. Himan.

There is a saying far and wide
That one hears ev'ry day,
'Tis spoke by babies, dudes, dudines,
Go wander where you may.
If you have something new to wear,
Kid gloves, fine coat or hat,
You won't go far before you hear:
Oh! mamma, buy me that!

CHORUS.

Oh! mamma, oh! mamma,
Oh! mamma, buy me that!
Oh! mamma, oh! mamma,
Now, won't you buy me that?
Mn, mn, mn, yum, yum, yum;
Oh! mamma, buy me that!
Oh! wouldn't I like to own it;
Mamma, buy me that!

The little tot, whose good mamma
When going out to shop,
Shows baby all the pretty things,
And he with glee does hop.
No matter what the rascal sees,
You're sure to hear the brat—
He pulls and tugs and shouts aloud:
Oh! mamma, buy me that!

CHORUS.

Oh! mamma, oh! mamma,
Oh! mamma, buy me that!
Oh! mamma, oh! mamma,
Now, won't you buy me that?
Mn, mn, mn, yum, yum, yum;
Oh! mamma, buy me that!
Oh! mamma, I won't break it;
Mamma, buy me that!

A fresh young man, dressed spick and span,
While walking down the street,
He met a girl who wore a curl
That almost touched her feet.
He straightened out his dudish form,
To her he tipped his hat,
She looked at him, then laughed and said:
Oh! mamma, buy me that!—*Chorus.*

When dudes meet dudines on the street,
They impudently stare,
They hold their "glawses" to their eyes,
Twirl mustache of two hair.
The darlings thus encourage them,
Then flirt with great eclat,
And then they ridicule them with:
Oh! mamma, buy me that!—*Chorus.*

ROMPING IN THE CLOVER.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

While romping in the purple clover I feel so light and free,
My heart with joy is bubbling over and happy still I'll be.
Let those who like begin their sighing, to care I've bid adieu;
A merry heart, there's no denying, is life and sunshine, too—
A merry heart, there's no denying, is life and sunshine, too.

CHORUS.

In the clover, in the clover!
Romping so gay in the purple clover!
What so happy could there e'er be
As romping in the clover.—(DANCE.)

While romping in the purple clover, contented with my lot,
From care I'll ever be a rover—now tell me who would not?
I carrol with the birds so gaily, no matter shine or rain;
And this is still my motto daily: "The tide will turn again!"
Oh, this is still my motto daily: "The tide will turn again!"—CHORUS.

While romping in the clover, and still I'll shout and sing!
I know that every storm blows over, that Winter brings the Spring.
This life was never made for pining—a song, no sermon mine:
Each cloud still has a silver lining; the sun is sure to shine!
Each cloud has still a silver lining; the sun is sure to shine!—CHORUS.

UP COMES McGINTY.

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he Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by J. W. Wheeler. Music by Harry J. Ballou.

When McGinty slipped away, faith, said he, I think I'll sthay
Till the neighbors give me up a drowndid man;
Then I'll bob up to the top, hustle round, and find a cop,
And dhrop around and call Pat McCann;
If the sthory gets about that five dollars sold me out,
It's the ruination of Bedaley's heart,
So I'll step no foot ashore till this wonderment is o'er,
For McGinty has the name of being shmart.

CHORUS.

Up comes McGinty wid a sculpin in his fist,
And a fish-hook in his nose, and a chain around his wrist;
He's all ready for a tussle or a social game of whist,
Right from the bottom of the say.—(*Dance.*)

When he found Bedaley Ann she was married to a man
By the name of Dennis Fagan o'er the way;
And she thought a splendid dish was McGinty for the fish,
While he slumbers at the bottom of the say;
So he took a dhrop of gin—faith, says he, I'll now begin
For to straighten all these funny matters out;
If they take Dan for a fool, or they think his head ain't cool,
Shure they'll find McGinty knows what he's about.

CHORUS.

Up comes McGinty and he looks his very best,
With a lobster in each ear, and with sea-weed in his vest;
And he wants to fight the Fagans and the judge and all the rest,
Right from the bottom of the say.—(*Dance.*)

Now McGinty take my hand, says his good friend Pat McCann,
And we'll call the thing a mighty funny joke;
Tell the folks you lost your route, and you couldn't quite swim out,
For your head was rather dizzy when you woke;
Go and get a brand-new suit, and give this old one the shoot,
Take a hatchet, scrape them whiskers from your chin,
And we'll call around to-night, and we'll set the matter right,
And Bedaley'll take you to her heart again.

CHORUS.

Up comes McGinty and he raps upon the door,
And Bedaley gives a yell, and the kid begins to roar;
For she said she never saw Dan when he looked so fine before,
Right from the bottom of the say.—(*Dance.*)

BROWN KEPT ONE.

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Written and composed by Arthur West.

I've a friend in dear old Brown, perhaps you do not know him—
He's a man about the town, nothing you can show him;
We were playmates years ago, mischievous like rakes;
I was hungry and I noticed in his hands he held two cakes.

CHORUS.

So Brown kept one and gave to me the other—
Oh, what a spree and what a jubilee;
Brown, said Thompson, I love you as a brother,
Everything I have you can share with me.

I met Brown the other night—Brown said he was bully;
But I saw that he was tight, and was rather fully—
Two girls he had on his arm—pretty ladies, too—
I said Brown you've got too many—one, I think, is enough for you.—CHO.

Once I thought I'd like to see a fighting match and did it—
Brown had got a ticket, too, but he quickly hid it
From his wife and said come on, to my intense surprise;
Interfering in the matter, Brown soon got two nice black eyes.—CHORUS.

Brown got married to a girl he met up in the city—
Golden hair and teeth like pearl—he did, and more's the pity:
One fine day there came to him a judgment for his sins—
A nurse to keep the household right, and handed Brown two lovely twins.—CHO.

—Boarding-house chicken soup can be made, it is said, by hanging up a hen in the sun so that her shadow shall fall into a pot of salt and water. The only trouble is that on a cloudy day the soup is liable to be weak.

DEAR OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

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Words and Music by Wm. D. Hall.

When but a child, 'twas long ago, my nurse these stories told,
And with a boy's simplicity I valued them as gold—
Time and again I've listened to her fables strange and queer,
And during winter weather gathered round the fire to hear
The fate of poor "Cock Robin" and the tale of "Jack and Jill";
Whene'er she'd tell "Red Riding-hood" o'er me 'twould send a chill;
No more I'll hear those legends told, with such joy and sublime;
There dwells within my heart a love for those old nursery rhymes.

CHORUS.

Where's the heart that does not keep some fond remembrance hidden deep?
Who hath not saved some trifle to treasure and enshrine?
No harp can boast of sweeter notes, nor bells of sweeter chimes—
I love them more than diamonds rare, those dear old nursery rhymes.

In after years, when I recall the days of pleasure past,
I think of joyous hours that have flown away so fast,
When some forgotten air I hear brings back past scenes to me,
Which gently claims a list'ning ear, and then methinks I see
The play-room with its splendor, with the old nurse sitting there,
Telling me sweet stories from her old arm-chair;
My childhood was a golden time, then all the world was bright,
For sunshine came with ev'ry morn, and sweet dreams came at night.—CHO.

When grown a man I often smiled, rememb'ring all these things,
To think when I was but a child, fond recollections bring,
To mem'ry many happy days I'll see again no more,
Along with the old play-room and the clock above the door,
At night-time when my prayers were said, into my crib I'd creep,
To reach the land of slumber to the music of "Bo-peep,"
With fragrant retrospections now my eyes reflect in tears,
When those melodies divine fall sweet upon my ears.—CHORUS.

THE COONS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

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Words and Music by John Demond.

I received an invitation to attend a Christmas dinner
That was given by some colored folks in eighteen eighty-eight,
I chalked my paper collar, polished up my beaver,
Started and arrived there on the very day and date.
I rang the door-bell gently, Angelina came and opened,
She says to me "Kind Sir, you have just come here in time"—
She took my hat and ulster, and she hung it in the hallway,
Then she took me in the parlor, which was furnished very fine.
There the guests were chatting merrily, with joy the music rang,
And after I was introduced these am the words I sang:

CHORUS.

Oh, Christmas comes but once a year, let every one be gay,
Lots of whiskey, gin, and beer we're going to give away;
Food a-plenty for to eat, cooked by ole Sall Skinner,
She am de colored individual dat cooked dat Christmas dinner.

The first coon dat I recognized when I went in the parlor
Was ole Jimmy Parker making love to big, fat Hester Brown,
Den I saw Melindy Jackson, dressed up in installments,
Hair done up in yellow ribbon, just to take the town.
Den I saw ole Edgar smiling—says he: "Jim, my bunions hurt me,
But I 'spect to have a good time with the darkies just the same"—
Uncle Rufus introduced me to a coon down in Georgia.
'Spect his name was ole Ben Harrison or Morton or Jimmy Blaine.
There the guests were chatting merrily, with joy the music rang,
And after I was introduced these am the words I sang:—CHORUS.

Beautiful Thoughts Linger Near Me.

Copyright, 1872, by Cory Brothers.

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Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by Chas. D. Blake.

Beautiful thoughts linger near me, sweetest of visions appear,
Bearing their gladness to cheer me every bright day of the year;
Velvety voices are bringing tidings delightful to hear,
Heavenly angels are singing, beautiful thoughts linger near.

CHORUS.

Beautiful thoughts linger near me, sweetest of visions appear,
Bearing a gladness to cheer me every bright day of the year.

Beautiful thoughts linger near me, fairest of maidens I view,
Coming with roses to cheer me, kisses so tender and true;
Bluest of eyes are a-peeping, slyly and careless of fear;
Blushes in cheeks are a-sleeping, beautiful thoughts linger near.—CHORUS.

Beautiful thoughts never leave me, always be ready and near,
For you can never deceive me, all is so charming and dear;
While the days quickly are flying, skies will be cloudy and clear,
And when all others are sighing beautiful thoughts linger near.—CHORUS.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

Words by J. T. Haines. Music by W. M. Rooke.

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My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley's changeful green,
And manhood's eye a teardrop fills,
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen.
My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley's changeful green,
And manhood's eye a teardrop fills (a teardrop fills),
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen—
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen—
My boyhood's home, my native home,
My boyhood's, boyhood's home.

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule;
But while I gaze on each loved plain,
I feel—I feel I am a boy again.
To the war-steed adieu, to the trumpet farewell,
To the pomp of the palace, the proud, gilded dome;
For the green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell,
The warrior returns to his boyhood's home—
For the green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell,
The warrior returns to his boyhood's loved home,
To his boyhood's loved home, his loved native home,
To his loved native home—returns to his loved native home.
My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley's changful green,
And manhood's eye a teardrop fills (a teardrop fills),
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen—
Though years have rolled since thee I've seen.
My boyhood's home, my native home—
My boyhood's, boyhood's home.

HOGAN'S FLAT.

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Words and Music by W. A. Brockway.

The boys and girls all gather in each night on Hogan's flat,
There's Bridget Moriarity, sure, and Barney's Duffy Pat;
Selphina Ann McGilligan, Bermudas Faggan, too;
Berdelia Jane O'Sullivan, Pat Hogan, and McGlue;
With Sophie Ann and Biddy Guff and Constantine McGuff,
Along with Patsy Conners, and Miss Constantine McGuff,
There's quiet for a minute, and you'll hear old Hogan shout:
We'll adjourn for fifteen minutes, while we push the growler out.

CHORUS.

Then, Paddy, are you waitin' now? just take the cash and fly,
And get over to the Dutchman's in the twinklin' of an eye;
Oh, don't you bring it frothy now, but mind what you're about,
And bring all red to Hogan's when we push the growler out.

The growler passes merrily around the joyous ring
Till Bridget Moriarity, sure, is called upon to sing;
She rises and commences, "When the robins nest again,"
While Biddy Moriarity, sure, is courting with McShane.
Then we play "Drop the handkerchief," "How many in the well?"
The growler keeps agoin', where the Dutchman's beer does sell,
Till some of them gets boist'rous, and O'Regan gets a clout,
We fight, shake hands, and meet next night to push the growler out.—CHORUS.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER!

As sung by George Mason.

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I remember, I remember that boarding-house forlorn,
The little window where the smell of hash came in the morn.
I mind the broken looking-glass, the mattress like a rock,
The servant-girl from County Clare, whose face would stop a clock.

I remember, I remember the gutta-percha hen
They used to serve for chick of spring to thirteen hundred men.
We blasted it with dynamite, we vexed its bones full sore,
In vain; 'twas served up fricasseed for two or three days more.

I remember, I remember the next room's fiendish wight,
Who practised the B flat cornet from early morn till night.
We stood his dreary "Peek-a-Boo," "Sweet Violets," and more,
But when he tried "We Never Speak," we wallowed in his gore.

I remember, I remember the lengthy weekly bill
Received by me with shudders, and the symptoms of a chill.
I also call to mind the night when no one was about,
When into space I dropped my trunk, and through the dark skipped out.

—One swallow does not make a Summer, but, says an exchange, thoughtfully, a little repetition has frequently been known to make a bummer.

THAT KISS OF LONG AGO.

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Words and Music by Wm. D. Hall.

'Tis joy when memory recalls
The days when but a child,
When I would sit upon my mother's knee.
Her presence saved me from despair,
And gave my life its bloom,
They were pleasures that I never more shall see.
I'd run with little arms outstretched,
How fondly me she'd greet,
And speak her love in tender words,
With kisses soft and sweet.
Each night my little crib she'd rock,
With love and heaven's bliss,
And as I'd reach the land of dreams,
Her good-night was a kiss.

CHORUS.

Forever may those thoughts divine ne'er from my bosom fade,
Oh, could they—oh, could they in their splendor bestow
Those happy moments that have passed away with mother dear,
And that fond and precious kiss of long ago.

Through days of doubt and darkness,
With fear and trembling breath,
I've often missed that kiss with earnest love.
Her voice to me was sweeter
Than a nest of nightingales,
'Twas pure as heaven's air from above.
This life has many crosses,
As well as joys to share,
With grief and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear;
Fond mem'ries come and hover near
That I might chance to gaze
Upon my mother's face again
As in my childhood days.—*Chorus.*

Our days may pleasantly be passed,
With friends to bless and cheer,
But roam where'er you will, you'll never find
A love as pure and gentle
As that of a mother dear,
With hope, advice and blessings all combined.
So learn to make the most of life,
Make glad each passing day,
For time will never bring thee back
A chance once swept away,
Leave no tender words unsaid,
Do good while she may last,
For well you know the mill can't grind
With waters that have passed.—*Chorus.*

CLIMB UP, YE CHILLUN, CLIMB!

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. W. Held.

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Words by Reginald P. Forrester. Music by Frank Addis Kent.

Jacob dreamt he saw a ladder reachin' to de sky,
Angels goin' up and down it, climb up, chillun climb!
What a show to git to heaben, such a happy time—
Don't I wish I'd bin dar, honey, climb up, chillun, climb!

REFRAIN.

Climb up, ye little chillun! Climb up, ye older people!
Climb up to de sky!
Now is your chance for heaben, go up in six and sebens,
Climb up, little chillun, climb!
Climb up, ye little chillun! Climb up, ye older people!
Climb up to de sky!
Now is your chance for heaben, go up in six and sebens,
Climb up, ye chillun, climb!

If I had a golden ladder reachin' to de sky,
I would shinny up to heaben, climb up, chillun, climb!
I'd shake hands wid Moses, Aaron, and de circle jine—
Sing de songs among de blessed, climb up, chillun, climb! REFRAIN.

'Lijah did'nt need a ladder reachin' to de sky—
Up to heaben he was carried, climb up, chillun, climb!
Git ye ready, cullud breddern, for de happy time,
When we'll be as white as angels, climb up, chillun, climb!—REFRAIN.

The Song that Breaks My Heart.

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Composed by Hubbard T. Smith.

I'm fond of classic music, e'en of the Vaagner school,
And dearly love to hear it sung by Signor Mike O'Tool;
But the music that I love the best is that I hear each day,
Played by a wand'ring refugee on a sweet street pianay.
He plays "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty," too,
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle," even "Old Black Joe,"
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

Sometimes this wand'ring minstrel comes ere I'm out of bed,
And rouses me from pleasant dreams to mis'ry and "a head,"
But then he plays such lively airs, as only he can play—
That ere he stops I'm quite myself and braced up for the day.
He plays "Johnny, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty," too,
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle," even "Old Black Joe,"
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

Oh, "Mosey on to glory," you "Little Divil Dan,"
"With all her faults I love her still," "My darling, Mary Ann,"
The "Isle where grows the shamrock," "The fair maid of Dundee,"
With three-score ten sweet lullabies inscribed to Babe McKee.
He plays "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty," too,
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle," even Old Black Joe,"
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

His runs and his cadenzas in "Skids are out to-day"
Would make a "Patti" hide her face, an "Abbott" faint away;
And when he strikes the dulcet trills of "Kelly's new spring pants,"
The neighbors shout bravo! ongkore! and to these tunes they dance:
He plays "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty," too,
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle," even "Old Black Joe,"
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

And yet they talk of passing laws to break up strolling bands,
The organ-grinder, with his monk, who on the corner stands;
The girl with tambourine and bell, the harp and fiddle, too;
If they succeed, oh, dear, what will we music lovers do?
He plays "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty," too,
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle," even "Old Black Joe,"
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

Bad luck to all the legal lights who've grown too old and gray
To longer love the soothing tones of a fine street pianay;
I'd like to have the cranky lot upon some island drear,
With a mighty steam calliope to play them by the year.
He plays "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty," too,
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle," even "Old Black Joe,"
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

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We have lived and loved together
Thro' many changing years—
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow
That was long unsooth'd by thee,
For thy smile can make a summer
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us
In autumn's fading hours
Are the traitor smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow lowers.
And tho' many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas! to range,
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time can never change.

We have lived and loved together
Thro' many changing years—
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future,
As the past has been, will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

—Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

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Arranged by Otto Heboe. Sung by Joe O'Connor.

The judge took his seat in the court-house one day,
A nice "breach of promise" to hear,
The plaintiff stepped up with a veil round her face,
A lovely and blushing young dear,
She looked at the jury with a shy, loving glance,
Then smiled at the counsellor below,
Then, turning her sweet, pretty eyes to the judge,
She tenderly murmured, "Hello!"

CHORUS.

The judge he winked at the counsellor, the counsellor winked at the "clark,"
The jury passed the wink along and murmured there's a lark,
The usher winked at a copper, the copper left his seat,
And, going to the window, winked at somebody on the street.

Pray tell me the facts of your case, the judge said,
Your wrongs we are anxious to hear—
I'll try, my good Lord, the sweet maiden replied,
My poor heart is broken, I fear;
The monster who wooed me he swore on his life
He'd make me his bride bye-and-bye,
He took me long walks in the moonlight alone,
And kissed me when no one was nigh.

CHORUS.

So his lordship grinned at the counsellor, the counsellor winked at the "clark,"
The jury passed the grin along and murmured there's a lark,
The usher grinned at a copper, the copper left his seat,
And, going to the window, grinned at somebody on the street.

The judge took a pinch of his fragrant rappee,
With dignity spread over his face,
You really must name him, my sweet, pretty maid,
Or we cannot proceed with this case—
The maiden then snatched the thick veil from her face,
Then smiled like a mischievous elf,
Then, turning around to the judge, cried: My Lord,
The false-hearted man is yourself.

CHORUS.

So his lordship blushed at the counsellor, the counsellor blushed at the "clark,"
The jury passed the blush along and murmured there's a lark,
The usher blushed at a copper, the copper left his seat,
And, going to the window, blushed at somebody on the street.

The judge reviewed the charms of the maid he once loved,
And longed her lips once more to press—
Oh, sweet, pretty maid will you marry me now?
She blushingly answered him yes;
They sent for a parson, they sent for a "clark,"
And before one hour had fled,
They threw all the musty law-papers aside,
And each held a prayer-book instead.

SPOKEN—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, after a few years of separation, she meets the villain right there in open court. And who was the villain? Why, don't you know? No. His lordship. And what did his lordship do?

CHORUS.

His lordship tickled the counsellor, the counsellor tickled the "clark,"
The jury passed the sentence and murmured there's a lark,
The usher tickled the copper, the copper left his seat,
And, going to the window, winked at somebody on the street.

ONLY A YEAR.

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Words by J. F. Mitchell. Music by F. W. Cumard.

Beside the sea she stood and sang—ah!
Only a year, 'tis only a little year,
Yet it has brought me many a bitter tear.
Only a year past, in the sweet summer tide,
I stood beside him his promised bride,
Ships that go sailing over the ocean
Oft bring the sailor to his last sleep—
There lies my darling sunk in its bosom,
Waves singing over him low and deep.
Only a year, 'tis only a little year,
Yet it has brought me many a bitter tear.
Only a year past, in the sweet summer tide,
I stood beside him his promised bride.

Close by her side in the gloaming somebody stands—
Now she is close to his bosom, hands meeting hands.
Ah! there is joy, there is gladness, hearts beat with glee,
Thoughts of the past are all vanished, 'tis he, 'tis he!—Ah!

—Too many glasses may make a tumbler of a man.

SO WAS MINE.

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Words and Music by M. Cavanagh.

Says Jones to me last night, we'll go and have a good old spree—
Before we start the game, old man, let's have a bite, said he;
We went into a restaurant that happened to be near,
The waiter brought us chops for two, says Jones mine's rather queer.

CHORUS.

So was mine, so was mine, so was mine,
The flavor it was something extra fine;
Jones' chop was simply awful, I found out when I'd a jawful,
So was mine, so was mine, so was mine.

We went into a concert-hall, two lovely girls we met—
A blonde caught Jones' fancy, I was mashed on a brunette;
We ordered cham' and drank away until the clock struck one,
And after they had said "ta-ta," Jones found his watch was gone.

CHORUS.

So was mine, so was mine, so was mine,
The way they touched us up was something fine;
Jones' watch and chain and locket had departed from his pocket,
So had mine, so had mine, so had mine.

To soothe our feelings with a drink we stopped in a cafe,
The girls had taken our cash and for the booze we could not pay,
The man behind the bar said here that trick's too old, 'twon't do,
And when he'd got done thumping Jones, his eyes were black and blue.

CHORUS.

So was mine, so was mine, so was mine,
As a slugger he was something extra fine;
Jones' eyes and nose were turning to the deepest shade of mourning,
So was mine, so was mine, so was mine.

We got upon our feet somehow and hollored for a cop—
The one who answered said he'd find a way to make us stop;
Jones stood upon his rights and said an inch he would not budge,
The next thing I remembered we were up before the judge.

SPOKEN—I remember the judge saying: "Here again, eh? Well, Jones, your sentence this time will be three months," and

CHORUS.

So was mine, so was mine, so was mine,
Although we thought we'd get off with a fine;
Jones' cell for all this Summer will be shared by some old bummer,
So will mine, so will mine, so will mine.

Remember Your Father and Mother.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

She kissed him good-bye, with a fond, loving sigh,
One night as his ship sailed away,
And whispered: "Be true in all that you do,
And never, my boy, go astray,
For still bear in mind that faithful and kind
Our hearts for your welfare shall be—
Wherever you roam, over land or the foam,
Think, lad, of your father and me;
For you 'tis we live, we've little to give,
Save God speed, yet take ere you stray
This pittance of gold from your father so old,
And, lad, may we ne'er have to say:

CHORUS.

Remember your father and mother, who nursed you in days gone by,
Do not turn them from your door into the streets to die.
Remember the days of your childhood, when you sat on your fond mother's knee.
Don't be unkind, this bear in mind: You've only your father and me.

The lad sailed away at the eve of the day
To lands that were teeming with gold;
With hands that could toil, he delved in the soil,
And gathered him riches untold.
He came back at last, when long years had passed,
But knew not the dear ones of yore;
With scorn and with pride, he spurned from his side
The old folks that knocked at his door;
With sad, broken heart, he saw them depart,
And heard on the pitiless wind
The words of that day when he sailed on his way
From his kindred so loving and kind.—CHORUS.

He basked for a while in fortune's bright smile,
And trod with the festive and gay,
But soon all his gold, with its glitter untold,
Had melted like bright dreams away;
Of years that had fled, with anguish and dread,
He thought of the loved ones of yore;
For no gold of the earth now could purchase the worth
Of the love and affection they bore,
'Till poverty grim laid its chill hand on him,
And a lone prison cell was his fate.
Where he heard day and night, with their pitiless might,
The words he recalled—ah, too late!—CHORUS.

Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck.

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Words by Billy Dorney. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Me name is Jerry Brannigan, I came from County Cork,
An' the divil a bit do I care, now that's so
But there's a gang 'round here that fill themselves with beer,
And they laugh at me wherever I may go.
Now on last Saturday I got me full week's pay,
And down "the bay" I started, just for luck,
I bought a suit of clothes, then the gang cried: "There he goes!
Oh, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!"

CHORUS.

"Brannigan, Brannigan," now this is what they say,
"You'd better go and lose yourself or put yourself away,
For every time we meet you, sure, you're always in hard luck—
Good-bye, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!"

I got married t'other day to a Dutch woman across the way—
They said she owned in Wall Street lots of stock,
But, it seems, she had to fail, and the gang at me does rail:
"Misther Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!"
But I think I'll move away from where I now do stay
As soon as I can hire a horse and truck;
I'll be glad to see the day when no one to me can say:
"Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!"

CHORUS.

Brannigan, Brannigan, you are an awful jay,
When you married that Dutch woman, sure, you fired yourself away—
The marriage and the suit of clothes, wid nathur you had luck
Good-bye, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!

Now me old friend Tom Malone has a row-boat of his own,
And when he went last Sunday for a row,
Shure he took me wife and me, for the boat would just hold three,
But up towards "salt creek" we all did go—
On the mud we all got fast, just then a crowd sailed past
More than all our strength to get us off it took
Just then the gang all cried: "Stay there until high tide—
Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!"

CHORUS.

Brannigan, Brannigan, don't stay there like a gawk,
If soon the tide don't come, for you'd better get out and walk—
We'd like to have your picture now to send it off to "Puck,"
Good-bye, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!

Brighter Days Will Come Again.

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Words and Music by Grace Atherton.

While I wander by the stream, love,
Thoughts of days gone by do rise,
And a vision like a dream, love,
Come before my weary eyes,
But the time will soon be here, love,
When we shall be free from pain,
For brighter days will come again,
Banishing this weary pain—
Bounding back I'll come to thee
O'er the stormy sea—
To thee o'er the raging main
After tempest, storm and rain,
Brighter days will come again,
My love, to thee and me.

CHORUS.

O'er the sea I come to thee love,
Free thy heart from every pain,
All the past is dead to me,
For brighter days will come again.

When the silvery moon is shining
O'er the meadows and the lea,
And the sweetest vines are twining,
Then, my love, I think of thee,
Wond'ring if you still remember
That dear vow you made to me.
Oh, brighter days will come again,
Banishing this weary pain—
Bounding back I'll come to thee
O'er the stormy sea—
To thee o'er the raging main
After tempest, storm and rain,
Brighter days will come again,
My love, to thee and me.—*Chorus.*

McGINTY, THE LADIES' PRIDE.

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Words by Charles Graham. Music by Wm. D. Hall.

You've all heard of me, I'm McGinty, the copper,
The model adonis in blue—
My standing is high, and my character proper,
Although I've nothing to do.
Political influence got me appointed—
I worked in my district for Councilman Shea;
When Shea was elected, McKay was rejected,
And Shea made a copper of me.

CHORUS.

Life for me is always gay, whether it rain or shine—
A stormy day I pass away at the bar of a friend of mine.
When it's fair, I walk the square on the shady side;
For the fashion I've a passion, McGinty, the ladies' pride.

At every reception that ever was given
To men of renown in the town,
From the President down to the small politician,
As watchman I'm always around;
When people approach me to seek information,
I answer in language that's classic and grand;
I've got a big pull, for I never get full,
And that's why I'm in such demand. CHORUS.

I'm always on hand to assist the dear ladies,
My gallantry owes me much praise;
I frequently talk with the nurse and their babies
To while away long summer days.
A friend I have proven to all sorts of people—
A jerk of my arm stops a runaway horse;
When I am in sight, there is never a riot,
For I am the king of the force.—CHORUS.

When out on review, I conduct the procession—
My style is a thing all admire;
I'm fond of my work, and I love my profession,
But soon I am going to retire,
Then I'll get an office, a paying position,
And out in my carriage with coachman I'll ride—
A blue-blood I'll be, with a fine pedigree,
And in a big house I'll reside.—CHORUS.

HIS LAST SONG

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Out on the plght a song was ringing with gladness,
'Twas sung from the heart, and fell all ears to delight—
What though the lips that sang had tasted of sadness,
The world, to the rest who heard, was happy and bright.
Back to the singer came the dreams of his childhood,
The hopes that had faded like sweet flowers on the plain.
Once more in sunny hours he roamed 'mid the wildwood,
While singing of "brighter days" to soon "come again."

CHORUS.

Joy filled the hearts that heard, hope breath'd in every word,
They knew not the singer sang from out his heart that strain.
Sweet as the songs of birds that tell winter's over,
That song telling "brighter days" would soon "come again."

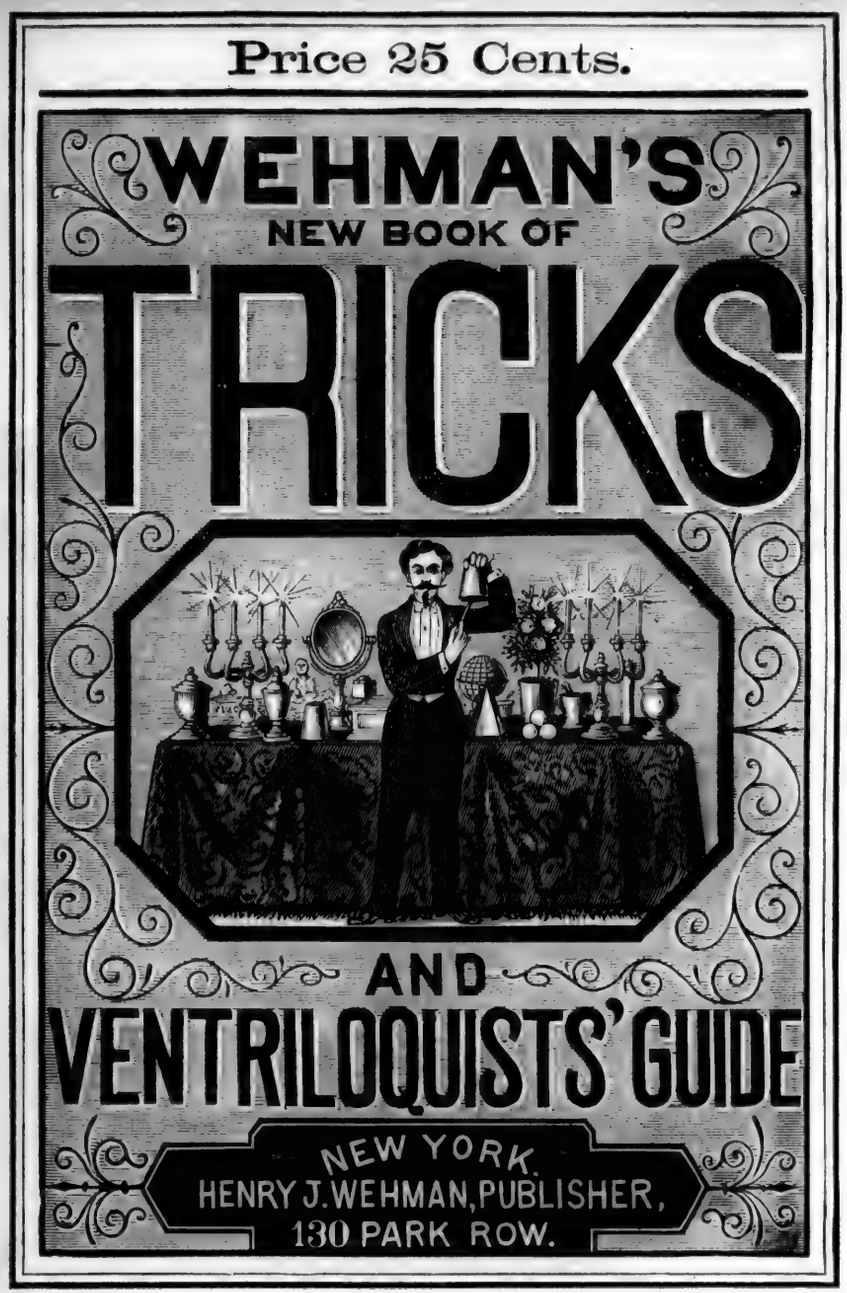
Still rang that hopeful song, the heart strangely holding,
It stirred with its magic strain the listening throng.
Little the singer knew that portals unfolding
Would soon show those "brighter days," the theme of his song.
There, 'mid the glad applause that greeted the closing,
The heart that had sung that song, 'mid sadness and pain,
Safe in yon realms of bliss was calmly reposing.
His last song was "brighter days" which *had* "come again."—CHO.

—The cheapest of lawyers—keeping one's own counsel.

—"Did you read my last poem?" "Yes; it was simply perfect." "Oh, come now, you know nothing is perfect in this world." "Oh, yes—nonsense is."

—Meeting Her Half Way.—She: "If we are going to get married, you must give up smoking." He: "Yes." She: "And drinking and your club." He: "Yes." She: "Now, doesn't anything else suggest itself to you that you will give up of your own accord?" He: "Yes." She: "What?" He: "All idea of marrying you."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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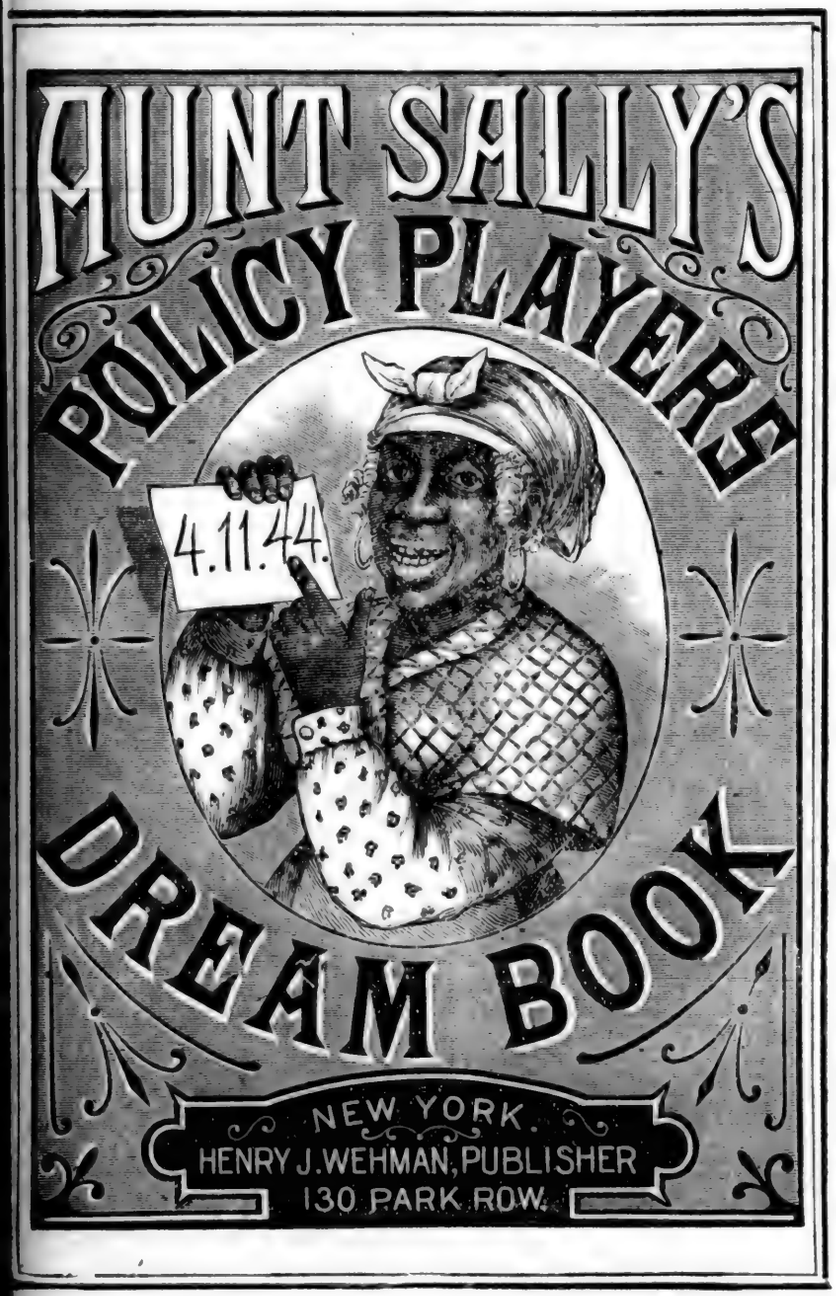
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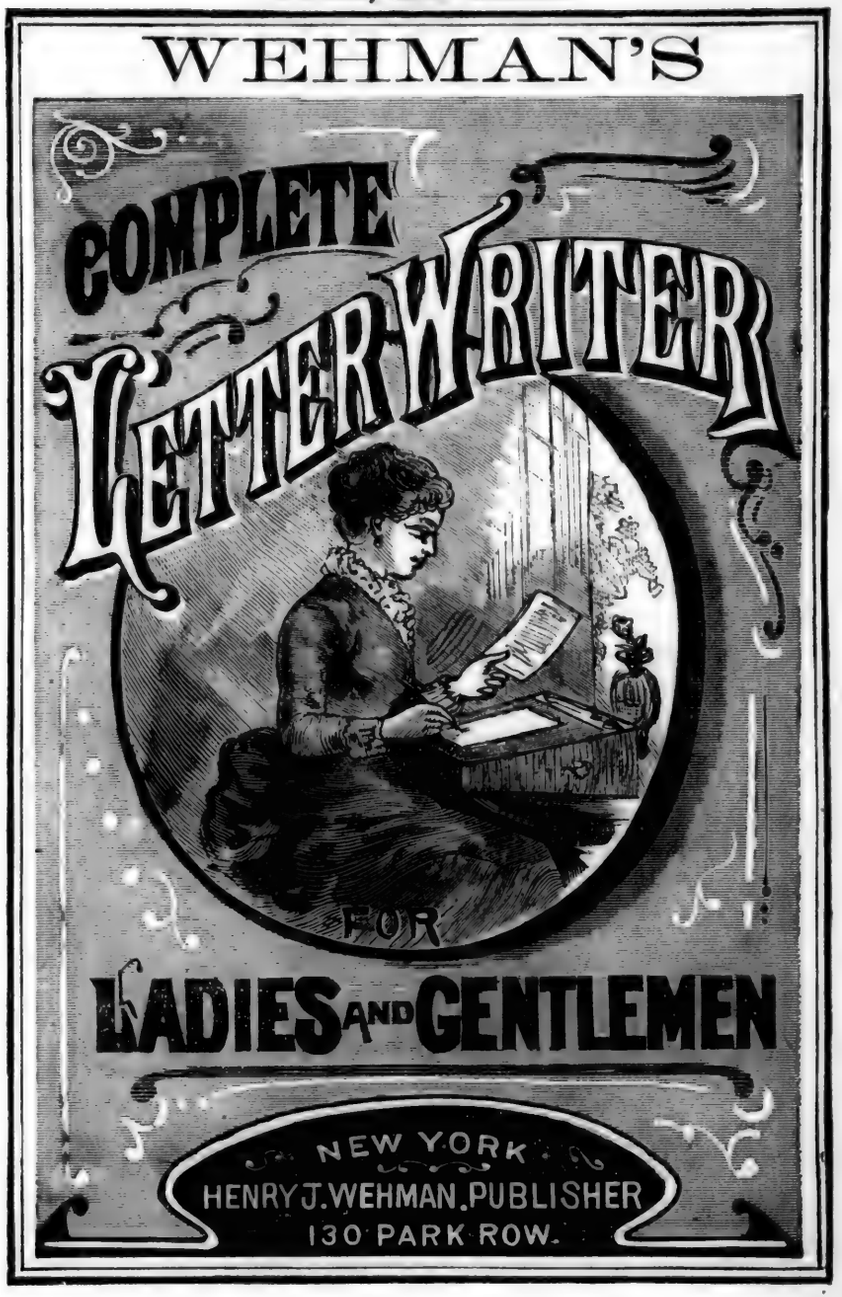
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130 PARK ROW,

(P. O. Box 1833.) **NEW YORK.**

Price, 25 Cents.



SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can [never be
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

547 The Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven oud
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory hallelujah)
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
661 A dollar fifteen cents
662 Roger O'Mailey
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby
664 Bring back my bonnie to me
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're old
675 Dear little innocent things
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 Midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern sunny home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's growing
757 The farmer feeds us all
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Keyhole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith's shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night?
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem, the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife, Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim

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820 Mind and be home before the
821 Where the pretty little shamrock
822 My little four-leaf shamrock from Glennore
823 White wings
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Makido McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days of hash
829 Poor old dad
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the parties grow
853 You'll be kind to my mother
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh,
855 An agricultural Irish girl
856 I am a man that's done wrong to my parents
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel Dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along, my darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000 different
886 Belle Brandon [ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
893 Clementine
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's gone
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile
904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lee
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the sale
929 Rock-a-bye, baby
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlebar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish, you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little Widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty flowers to strew on mother's
954 Star of the evening [grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker they
970 Mother, is the battle over? [grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrisey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum?
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Ta-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover coves again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's knee
1010 A letter from Ireland
1011 I'm going to have my name above the door
1012 Judge Duffy told me so
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies parade
1021 Old boss Barry
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Dont run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy
1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James
1045 Young man that used to live over the way
1046 We've both been there before
1047 Now I come to think of it
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston Blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry Springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt it in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the
1075 Mother's last letter to me
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 The market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrange ients
1085 Haul de wood pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the Buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and the near-by white horse
1096 Let her go, Gallagher
1097 Massa's wedding night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away

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No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kannst man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrennte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli habn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald gras' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemooster Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, da
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeifelein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sinß
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne krähn
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Nebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Meditus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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MARTHA JANE GREEN.

Copyright, 1890, by Spaulding & Kornder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Buck Sheffer.

Martha Jane Green is a funny name it seems--mind just the same,
Very funny sight to see a nig at night, no one can tell his name;
It's different with me, as you can plainly see;
How very strange it seems,
No matter where I go, every one, you know,
Says: How do you do, Martha Jane Green?

CHORUS.

Martha Jane Green, funny name it seems;
I like it just the same;
Walk along the street, little ones I meet
Say: How do you do, Martha Jane Green?

I go to grand balls, if I ever get a chance, you do the same;
Invited by them all to 'tend the fancy ball, even if it rains;
I dance in every set, and you can always bet
I never treat you mean;
As I walk upon the floor, nigs begin to roar:
A-how-do-you-do, Martha Jane Green?—CHORUS.

Have You Seen Me Uncle Mickey?

Written by J. W. Kelly, and sung by James O'Neil with great success.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Have you seen me Uncle Mickey?
Let me introduce him to you;
He never was known to wear a hat,
But a neat little number six shoe.
He was six foot one with his stockings on,
And a voice like a sound of a drum;
He carried a stick, did my Uncle Mick,
That would knock a policeman down.

CHORUS.

Have you seen me Uncle Mickey
That wears the Yankee hat?
His Irish frieze would dazzle your eyes,
And his nose was rather flat.
He was six foot one with his stockings on,
And a voice like the sound of a drum;
He carried a stick, did my Uncle Mick,
That would knock a policeman down.

You'd never know where to find him,
And I would not be surprised
To see him coming along this way
And him thoroughly paralyzed.
He worked upon the horse-cars,
But of him they soon got sick;
From the smell of his breath, the team met their death,
And they fired me Uncle Mick.—CHORUS.

Parody on:

Night Maloney Landed in New York.

Written by Tony Bush, Black-Face Boy Comedian.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now you all heard of Maloney, and you know he was not tony,
So off to a cheap lodging-house he did go—
Maloney paid his fee and the clerk gave him a key,
To bed he went, tired as you all know;
Maloney was getting undressed, he'd just taken off his vest,
When some one yelled out fire for a joke,
Maloney, bed-clothes, and all went through the window from the hall
Right into a barrel filled up with rain, kersoak.

CHORUS.

Poor Maloney he was soaking, from the water nearly choking;
He knew that he'd been taken for a gawk—
You can bet that he was mad, he'd never been sold so bad,
So Maloney swore that he would go back to Cork.

A policeman came to the rescue, and said young man I will arrest you
For trying to commit suicide;
So like a little gent to the station-house he went,
And into a dungeon cell did slide;
The magistrate next morn said: Michael Malone,
Are you the man the actors sing about—
The joke it then was proving, and liberty was given—
The door was open and Maloney walked out.

CHORUS.

Maloney, without delay, bought a ticket to cross the sea,
He was so happy that he could hardly walk;
To a boarding-house he went, there the rest of the week he spent,
At the end of which the ship had sailed for Cork.

—Birds are getting cheaper. A golden eagle is now worth only $10.

THREE AMERICAN JACKS.

Written and Composed by Jos. M. Lawrence.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung with great success by Lottie Gilson.

I'll sing in my song about fair and square sports,
The title of which is Three Jacks;
It's not about cards, as you all may surmise,
Nor of horses that trot on our tracks;
The art of defence is the theme I select,
And of its exponents I'll sing;
'Twill give justice to those to whom it is due,
Our heroes who have fought in the ring.

For years England has claimed the champion's belt
For pugilists of every grade,
But before our own boys her bluster soon melts;
We've convinced her she is now in the shade;
For light-weights we have the King Pin of them all,
In McAuliffe, our own little Mac,
He stands at the top, may he ne'er take a fall,
For he's one of our American Jacks.

For forty odd battles the grand Nonpareil
As champion asserted his rights;
Fogarty, McCarty, and others can tell
He's a bad one to meet in a fight;
He gave the Marine too much odds we all know,
But his laurels he'll surely win back;
So give him a fair chance, and there'll be no La Blanche,
But Dempsey, the American Jack.

There is still a Jack left, the right-bower of all,
His equal has never been found;
He has made all the champions go to the wall
That we've found in this country around;
But all the fools are not dead in this wide world of ours,
For Peter Jackson has made foolish crack;
But Sullivan, you know, to this whole world will show
That he's boss of our American Jacks.

I NEVER LIKED O'RAGEN.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

There's a blackguard Mike O'Ragen living in the house with me,
And I confess I'm stuck upon his wife,
I buy lager by the keg, 'till he cannot lift a leg,
I'd sooner buy an axe to take his life;
And I always treat him grand, to the finest in the land,
He could kill me now with pleasure if he'd like,
But you see it is his wife that I love with all my life,
But the devil a straw I care at all for Mike.

CHORUS.

I never liked O'Ragen or his mother,
But his darling little wife sure I adore;
She always treats me like a loving brother,
But I'm dying for to be a little more;
She's the mother of a dozen kids by 'Ragen,
And she owns a dog and cat I'll never like,
But I'd take the blessed lot if she'd have me on the spot,
Then I'd go and shoot the daylight out of Mike.

When the drink he's after taking, sure he treats her like a brute—
I often have to go and take her part;
All his ugly kids I kiss, and the sorra one I miss,
To keep his wife from breaking her poor heart;
Sure it's me that pays his rent, and he's welcome to each cent,
Tho' it's not himself at all, the rogue, I like;
For his wife, the pretty dear, I would gladly lose an ear,
But the devil a hair I ever cared for Mike.—CHORUS.

Sure myself I nearly busted treating all the ward around
To boom him for a county alderman;
If he'd ask me for a leg, for a wooden one I'd beg,
I'll do him any favor that I can;
Many a bottle did I buy when for drink he would be dry,
He could always have a dollar when he'd like;
For his charming little wife sure I'd go and hock my life,
But the devil a slap I'd care a rap for Mike.—CHORUS.

—The man who whistles all the time is generally of a cheerful disposition himself, but he makes the whole neighborhood sad.

—His Preference.—Father: "If you don't listen to me when I am talking to you, I'll give you a thrashing you will never forget." Son: "All right. I'll take the thrashing in preference to listening to your sermons."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Another Tune Entirely.—Stone-Cutter: "Would you like the words, 'We will meet again,' engraved on your husband's tombstone?" Widow: "For heaven's sake, no! What you want to put on that stone is, "Rest in Peace!"—*Texas Siftings.*

THAT IS LOVE.

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Words and Music by P. S. Wilcox.

Love, sweet love is the poet's theme,
Love, sweet love is the poet's dream;
What is the love of which they sing?
Only a phantom, unreal thing;
'Tis but the dalliance, the dalliance of youth and maid;
'Tis but the passion, the passion and vows that fade;
'Tis not the heaven, the heaven implanted glow
That true hearts call love—ah, no! ah, no!

REFRAIN.

See a mother gazing on her baby boy
With ecstatic eyes and heart that fills with joy;
He to her is purest gold without alloy;
For him how she prays to heaven above;
How she guides his footsteps through the vale of strife,
Watches o'er his bedside when infection rife,
Risking for her baby boy her health, her life,
That is love! that is love.

Love, sweet love, how the word's misplaced;
Love, sweet love, how the theme's disgraced;
What is a fond lover's ardent glance?
What is a maiden's shy advance?
What is the pressure, the pressure of am'rous lips?
What is the pressure of finger tips?
Only the pleasure, the joys of a passing day;
'Tis not the love that will live for aye.

REFRAIN.

See a father standing at his cottage-door,
Watching baby in the gutter rolling o'er,
Laughing at his merry pranks—but, hark! a roar!
Help! oh, help him, gracious heaven above!
Dashing down the road there comes a maddened horse,
Out the father rushes with resistless force,
Saves the child, but he lies there a mangled corpse,
That is love! that is love!

Oh, the love of a faithful friend,
True, true love that will never end—
Where can such friendship be found on earth?
In true hearts above it findeth birth;
Friends meet friends and they vow, they vow to cling;
Often, alas! does their love, their love take wing;
Seldom, alas! can such a faithful friendship be
As that of two comrades who went to sea:

REFRAIN.

When a squall had struck the ship and she was lost,
Clinging to a plank, the chums were tempest tossed,
But the plank was water-logged and sunk almost—
One of them must meet his God above—
One of them said: Jack, this plank will not hold two;
You've a wife and children, so I'll die for you—
Good-bye, Jack, he leaves the plank and sinks from view,
That is love! that is love!

Come Back to Your Children and Me.

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By Sam Dearin. Adapted and arranged by Harry Kennedy.

In a cabin that stands on a dear little island
That's known o'er the world as the land of the green,
A poor wife and mother sat watching and waiting
For one that she loves never more will be seen;
Her children stand round her, their youthful eyes gazing
On her as the tears gently roll down her cheek;
She beckons them to her and sadly they're listening
To hear the sad story she scarce dares to speak.

CHORUS.

Where's my darling? Where's my dear? Is he on the foam?
Is he living? Is he dead? Will he ne'er come home?
If he'd only return again, happy would I be;
Oh, husband dear, if you are near, come back to your children and me.

The message it came with the dawn of the morning,
The billows ran high and so fierce rolled the tide;
The wreck-laden shore told its sorrowful story,
How bravely they fought and how bravely they died;
But while she sat watching her husband lay sleeping,
His soul it had fled to his Father above,
In vain was her waiting, in vain was her weeping,
In vain was her singing this sad song of love:—CHORUS.

OH, WHAT HAS CHANGED YOU?

As sung by Fred Stark with great success.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As I was strolling down the street, I heard a mournful cry,
A girl was weeping bitterly, her lover stood close by,
She cried: "Oh! do not leave me," as the tears streamed down her face.
"Oh! don't desert me now," she cried, "you know I'm in disgrace."
Once you said you loved me before I knew a care,
Once you flattered me and kissed my bonny face so fair,
Now you want to cast me off and leave me in my shame;
Oh! don't desert me, cried the girl, and then she did exclaim:

CHORUS.

Oh, what has changed you? can you forget
How you once loved me when first we met?
When we were lovers you were my downfall,
Now I am sneered at and jeered at by all.

The poor girl clasped her lover, but he spurned her from his side,
And as some people paused to look, his face he tried to hide;
Come back to me, his sweetheart cried, or else my heart you'll break,
Forgive me what I said just now for my poor baby's sake;
But the man in rage turned round on her, and said now will you go?
Before we had time to stop him, he struck her a cruel blow,
A carriage dashing past just then, beneath the wheels she fell,
And as we picked her up she moaned, how sad I ne'er can tell:

The life's-blood streaming from her face, she lay there in the snow,
She cried go bring my babe to me, one moment ere I go;
And when they brought it to her, she clasped it to her breast,
And prayed: Oh, heaven protect my child when my poor soul's at rest;
And as the man who had caused her woe was standing by her side,
She forgave him all the wrong he had done, kissed her poor child and died;
The stern policeman and the crowd they walked away in tears,
And as I strolled on down the street, these words rang in my ear:

Twelve Months Ago To-Night.

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Words by J. F. Mitchell. Music by Will H. Fox.

Twelve months ago this very night 'midst loving friends I sat,
And 'round the board went laughter, jest and song;
We thought not of the future, for there lived in every heart
The present of a manhood pure and strong;
We drank to wives and sweethearts and to friends across the sea,
For everything was rosy-hued and bright;
Not a shadow of a sorrow came between us and our joys,
In our happiness twelve months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Then where are the boys who vowed eternal friendship?
Good-natured fellows, with spirits gay and bright;
Where are the ones who sang the songs of gladness,
And spent an hour in Paradise twelve months ago to-night?

Twelve months ago this very night in friendship's name we met
To taste the sparkling essence of the vine;
We toasted lovely woman for her purity and worth,
And wished that she were never less divine;
And—oh, the pleasant stories, the laughter and the wit,
That woke the sleeping echoes of delight,
As we shook hands with each other, and we sang of "Auld Lang Syne,"
When we parted friends twelve months ago to-night.

REFRAIN.

One little year has told its tale, for men will ever roam,
Some of them lie in foreign lands, while others sleep at home;
But still my heart goes back again, in sorrow and delight,
To friends I had and joys I knew twelve months ago to-night.

THE SEASHORE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I was taking a walk down by the seashore,
The drums they beat loudly, the waves they did roar,
I had sought him in high lands, but my lover's not there,
I had sought him in lowlands till I sank in despair.

CHORUS.

Crying, Oh, my love's gone, he's the one I adore;
He has gone where I never shall see him more.

Then I turned my sad eyes to a far distant shore,
Saying, fare thee well, Jimmy, I shall see you no more,
The smallest of fishes will grow to be wales
And the largest of ships be propelled without sails.—CHORUS.

In the midst of the ocean there will be a green tree,
If ever I'm false to my darling, Jimmy;
I've been asked oft to marry another to please,
But the answer I made was, my love's o'er the sea.—CHORUS.

The shells of the ocean shall be my death-bed,
While the tribes of the sea shall float o'er my head;
Then she plunged her form in the waves cold and deep,
And closed her blue eyes in the ocean to sleep.—CHORUS.

THE POSTMAN'S STORY.

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Written and composed by Charles Osborne. Arranged by E. W. Eyre.

Many a time in my fancy I see
Many a face that is watching for me;
Mighty and lowly, the rich and the poor,
Welcome the postman's footstep at the door;
One eager face I can see as I stand,
Shading his eyes with an old wrinkled hand,
Winter and Summer I found him the same,
Waiting a letter that never came.

CHORUS.

The old man was waiting and watching at the door,
Longing for a letter from the lad he'll see no more;
See how wistfully he stands as he clasps his feeble hands,
While the ship lies a wreck upon the treacherous sands.

Two years before, from the city of Cork,
The good ship "America" went out to New York;
Standing on deck was a youth strong and brave,
Seeking a fortune away on the wave;
Wilful and headstrong, determined to win,
What could the old father do but give in;
Then came their parting, that chill Autumn night,
Ended at last by that promise to write.—*Chorus.*

Off to the harbor the train swiftly ran,
Back to the house went the heart-broken man;
All earthly comforts denied him but one,
Though he'd not see, he might hear from his son;
On went the ship, but she stuck on the sands,
Not one was saved of her two hundred hands;
How it occurred will never be known
Until the ocean shall yield up its own.—*Chorus.*

Two years ago—ah! it scarcely seems true,
Since the "America" was lost with her crew;
When the old man heard the tidings, they said,
He made no sign, for his reason had fled;
Tender hands nursed him to life back again;
Weak as a babe to the end he'll remain;
When I deliver my letters that way,
There he will stand at his post night and day.

CHORUS.

The old man still watching and waiting at the door,
Longing for a letter from the lad he'll see no more;
Yet, alas! in vain he stands as he clasps his feeble hands,
While the ship lies a wreck on the treacherous sands.

THE PARROT AND THE PARSON.

Written by Frank Archer. Arranged by Peter Conroy.

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A very pious parson, Jones, was mashed upon the cook,
The cookie was a maiden fair, with quite a modest look,
The mistress for a trip had gone to Long Branch for the day,
And when the cat's away, you know, the mice will always play;
The parson kissed the cookie as he took her on his knee,
The parrot hanging in the cage his capers there could see,
The cookie found a pot of jam and placed it in the cage,
To draw the bird's attention while in kissing they'd engage.

CHORUS.

The parrot in the cage was in a dreadful rage,
The parson had the cookie on his knee,
Each other they did chaff, which made the parson laugh,
The parrot shouted, "What a jolly spree!"
They tickled and they teased, canoodled and they squeezed:
He said, "You are my darling little lamb;"
She kissed him once or twice, said the parson, "This is nice,"
And the parrot shouted, "Jam, jam-jam, the jam!"

Now the very artful parrot for their courting did not care,
And as they went on spooning, she began to rave and swear;
The parson said, "You naughty bird," the cookie turned quite red,
And as they sat the parrot dropped the jam-pot on his head;
He fastened up the cage-door, and in a temper flew,
Then placed a cloth around the cage to hide them from her view;
Poll shouted, "Thieves and Murder!" just because she couldn't see,
And once again the parson took the cook upon his knee.—CHORUS.

The mistress home returning quickly guessed what they'd been at,
For on the kitchen-table was her pious husband's hat,
Poor cookie only stammered and with fear turned very pale,
As Polly let the secret out, and added to the tale;
The mistress sent her off, then asked poor Jones what he'd to say,
He only begged for mercy as he tried to run away;
She tore his hair and whiskers, till a faint he had to sham,
So ne'er will he forget the cook, the parrot, and the jam.—CHORUS.

The Goblins in the Church-Yard.

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Words by M. Cavanagh. Music by Walter Hastings.

I went down to the Hoffman House, stopped there till I got tight,
At twelve the bouncer put me out, I bade my friends good-night;
They all refused to see me home, I thought this rather hard,
I staggered on alone till I got lost in a church-yard,
I stumbled o'er the grave-stones till I heard a noise close by,
I turned, "Oh, Lord!" a dozen ghosts in white then met my eye,
My hair stood up, my knees gave way, they filled me with alarm,
For each ghost had his coffin-lid tucked underneath his arm.

CHORUS.

Some of the ghosts were short, some of the ghosts were tall;
There they sat in a ghostly row on top of the church-yard wall;
They all gave a loud, "ha, ha!" They all gave a loud, "ho, ho!"
I said good-night a dozen times, but they would not let me go.

One of the ghosts began to speak, down on my knees I fell,
He said that in life I always preached that there was not a h——,
Wherever I was billed to speak I always drew a crowd;
In fact, I was a favorite before I wore a shroud;
I had a splendid funeral, and right here let me say,
That even now on earth they mourn the good man gone away,
I wish that I were back again, I'd quickly change my role,
For where I am it's much too warm for Robert Ingersoll.—CHORUS.

A dry-goods salesman's ghost was there, and, with a girlish squeak,
He said in life I used to get four dollars every week
For showing ladies' dress-goods, but he vanished like a flash
When all the other ghosts at him began to holloa "cash!"
I knew a row was brewing, for 'twas plain the ghosts were vexed,
Because a barber spook got up and loudly shouted "next!"
They threw their coffin-lids at him and chased him in his grave,
'Twas force of habit, he'd forgot that ghosts don't need a shave.—CHORUS.

The next one on the programme was a goblin lean and tall,
An exiled boodler's ghost that just arrived from Montreal,
Said he excuse me if I'm late, of course, you know, that I
Can only get a chance to come and see you on the sly;
At this the other phantoms laughed as if they'd have a fit,
And woke a sheriff's ghost, who'd left his grave to serve a writ;
The moment that the boodler saw the sheriff off he flew,
He did not even wait to bid the other ghosts adieu.—CHORUS.

A female ghost stood on the wall and waved her bony paw,
I shivered, for I saw 'twas my departed mother-in-law,
The other ghosts got mad with rage, would not hear her at all,
I grabbed a near-by goblin's skull, and knocked her off the wall,
What followed after this I can't remember very well;
Next day when I awoke I found myself locked in a cell,
I went before a magistrate, on me he fixed his gaze—
Found in a grave-yard crazy drunk, we'll give you thirty days.- CHORUS.

NO ROOM.

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Written by A. E. Martin and M. Cavanagh. Composed by Ernest J. Symons.

In me you see a most unlucky man, and my heart with grief is torn;
For things, you see, are going wrong with me, and I wish I'd ne'er been born;
That I'm a bore to every one, I'm sure is as plain as plain can be;
I want to leave this weary, wicked world, for there is no room for me.

CHORUS.

No room, no room! Happy I ne'er shall be,
In vain I've tried, the world is wide, but there is no room for me.

I lived in lodgings when a single man, I was happy, blithe and gay;
And with the mistress often used to flirt when her old man was away;
He once came home before his usual time, she was sitting on my knee,
He punched my head, and then he gently said that there was no room for me.

CHORUS.

No room, no room! Outside you go! said he;
He broke my jaw, and slammed the door, 'cause there was no room for me.

I loved a girl, a pretty little pet—yes, I loved her fond and true;
One night I thought my love I'd serenade, as a lover ought to do;
At dead of night I climbed the garden wall just as gently as could be,
But the dog came round, and I quickly found that there was no room for me.

CHORUS.

No room, no room! He came behind, d'ye see?
He took one bite, I said "good night!" There was no room for me.

I had a dream, an awful, horrid dream—yes, I dreamt I was no more;
I surely thought I'd find a quiet place on that far-off golden shore,
But Peter slammed the wicket in my face—you can't come in here said he,
I had to go to the other place below, for they had no room for me.

CHORUS.

No room, no room! Happy I ne'er shall be;
In vain I tried to get inside, but they had no room for me.

—Mamma: "I wonder what shall we call the baby." Johnny: "I don't think we'd better call him any of the names papa called him last night when he was crying. He mightn't like it when he growed up."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a Spider to a Fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
You've only got to pop your head within side of the door,
You'll see so many curious things you never saw before—
Will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

"My house is always open, says the Spider to the Fly,
I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by."
"They go in, but don't come out again—I've heard of you before."
"Oh, yes! they do, I always leave them out at my back door—
Will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss, then?" says the Spider to the Fly,
"To taste your charming lips—I've a cu-ri-os-i-ty."
Said the Fly: "Once our lips did meet, a wager I would lay
Of ten to one you would not let me go away."
"Will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

"If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?" says the Spider to the Fly,
"Before you leave me to myself in sorrow sad to sigh."
"Oh!" says the Fly, "there's nothing handsome unto you belongs,
I declare you should not touch me, even with a pair of tongs."
"Will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

"What handsome wings you've got," says the Spider to the Fly,
"If I had got such a pair, I in the air would fly;
'Tis useless—all my wishing—and only idle talk,
You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk—
Will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

"For the last time I will ask you—wil you walk in Mr. Fly?"
"No, if I do I may be shot, I'm off—so now good-bye!"
Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast!
The Spider laughed: "Ha, ha! my boy, I have you safe at last—
Will you walk OUT, pretty Fly?"

MORAL:

"And, pray, how are you NOW?" says the Spider to the Fly,
"You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly buy;
'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,
And you who into cobwebs run, surely deserve your fate—
Listen to me, listen to me, foolish little Fly."

The Song My Mother Used to Sing.

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Words by J. McCristall. Music by Pauline McCristall.

I dreamt of scenes in days of yore, when I from pain and care was free;
I saw my mother's face once more, it beamed with joy to welcome me;
I saw her as she used to sit, while childish glee around did ring,
And softly, sweetly as she knit, she sang the song she used to sing.

CHORUS.

I think of dear and sainted mother everywhere I roam,
I fancy I hear her singing, far from "the old folks at home."

I saw the play-ground where the boys, so joyous, gay and free from care,
Would sport around with merry noise, while I in every sport did share;
I skipped across the emerald lea and plucked the flowers of early spring,
But dearer far than all to me, the song my mother used to sing.—CHORUS.

I wandered by the little brook that through the greenwood winds its way,
Where in a shady, little nook I've fished for minnows many a day,
I climbed the old oak tree anew, and sat upon the little swing,
Where oft I swung and listened to the song my mother used to sing.—CHORUS.

Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone?

As sung in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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I had a dream, a happy, happy dream: I dream that I was free,
And in my own dear far off distant home I lived so fancy free.

SOLO.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's gone;
She has left me here to sigh and to mourn;
Can't you tell me where my Eva's gone?

CHORUS.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's gone;
She has left me here to sigh and to mourn;
Can't you tell me where my Eva's gone?

And in this that seemed a happy dream I was so proud and brave,
And when I woke and found 'twas but a dream I found myself a slave.—S. & CHO.

I long to dream that happy dream again, to see my home so fair;
For now I roam where all is sad and drear and life is full of care.—SOLO & CHO.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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Words by Cobb Webb. Music by Eastman.

Now you all have heard the story of the very naughty spider,
Of the cruel, wicked spider and the fly;
And although we don't believe it, yet we every day perceive it
On the faces we meet when passing by.
There's a charming little lady, and she smiles on you,
You think she is your own forevermore;
But look out, for she's a "spider" and she's catching little "flies,"
While she meets you, smiling sweetly, at the door.

CHORUS.

"Won't you walk into my parlor," says the spider to the poor little fly,
"Come and sit down in the parlor, and don't you be so shy!
For it is the coziest parlor," says the spider, with a sweet little sigh;
Smile, if you may, but you can't get away, she's got you, Master Fly!

Every fly is fond of sugar, and we all do like to taste it,
Though we often find it on forbidden ground;
If we meet the naughty spider we will take a seat beside her,
While the other flies go buzzing round and round.
Oh, these little lumps of sugar, they are sweet, sweet, sweet,
But then you know they come so awful high;
While you're buzzing round to find them you will surely lose your wings,
Then you'll think about the spider and the fly.—CHORUS.

THE BLACK WEDDING.

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Words and Music by Harry C. Talbert.

There's going to be a wedding here to-night,
We heartily invite you all to come;
Story-telling, darkies yelling,
Goodness, oh, won't we have fun;
As soon as the dancing will begin,
The dark aristocrats will brightly shine,
And at the flat-foot dance you'll see them prance,
They promise to have a lively time.

CHORUS.

Many of the white folks coming too;
See old Aunt Eliza sling her shoe,
Dancing 'neath the glare of an electric-light,
At the wedding that's coming off to-night.

Oh, all the pretty gals from far and near
They promised they would surely meet us there;
Hoe-cake eating, banjo beating,
And such laughing, I declare;
Yes, very soon you'll hear the music ring—
The tamborine, the fiddle, and the bones;
Oh, goodness, and such shouting when they sing,
At the wedding of Carolina Jones.—*Chorus.*

COME, HAVE A SMILE WITH ME.

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Words by J. McCristall. Music by Pauline McCristall.

In walking the city at night, reflecting on matters awhile,
There's one thing that puzzles me quite, the number of people who "smile;"
If into a bar-room you go to order a dozen of beer,
You're bound to meet some one you know, and these are the words you will hear:

CHORUS.

"Come, have a 'smile' with me, my friend," come have a smile with me;
Though parsons howl and elders scowl, come have a drink with me;
Come have a "smile" with me, my boys, come have a smile with me;
There's pleasure found in drinks around, "come have a smile with me."

The office aspirant each year will "smile" for the chance of your vote;
He freely distributes the beer, or tempts with a two-dollar note;
The friends of each candidate stand at the polls on election day
And, smiling, take you by the hand, with a knowing wink they will say:—CHO.

Our shrewd Prohibitionists bawl for high license every year;
They never drink whiskey at all, yet it seems to me very queer,
If into their cellars you go, you'll find an abundance of rye;
A few, I won't mention, you know have whispered to me on the sly:—CHORUS.

Our President smiles every day, the Cabinet officers too,
Though some of them lecture and pray, and tell others what they should do;
The actress, the prince and the duke, the poet, the peasant and king,
The doctor, the lawyer, the cook, are "smiling," perhaps, as I sing:—CHORUS.

THE NIGGER AND THE BEE.

Copyright, 1888, by S. T. Gordon & Son.

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Words and Music by Charles H. Sheffer.

Did you ever hear tell of the nigger and the bee?
Yes I did, yes I did;
I know the little creature and felt him, too, you see,
Yes I did, yes I did.
Did you ever see a nigger try to catch a bee at night?
Yes I did, yes I did;
He ran like the devil when the bee began to bite,
Yes he did, yes he did.

CHORUS.

Then the nigger he said to the bee:
"There's a slight in the garden for to see,
You suck the flowers and get all the honey,
I lay around and get all the money;"
Den de nigger he thought he'd be funny,
He robbed the little bee of its honey,
The bee laid for him—oh, didn't they have fun?
My goodness gracious! how that nigger did run;
The bee, the bee, that little honey bee
Stung that nigger so bad dat nigger could hardly for to see (The see).
The bee, the bee, dat little honey bee
Stung dat nigger so bad dat nigger could hardly for to see (The see).—DANCE.

Did you ever see a nigger take the honey from the comb?
Yes I did, yes I did;
And then all of a sudden didn't the bees begin to come?
Yes they did, yes they did;
And didn't mister king bee try to start a little muss?
Yes he did, yes he did;
But the queen bee stepped in then and she stopped the little fuss,
Yes she did, yes she did.—CHORUS.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore;
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you're gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.—CHORUS.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone—the neighbors say
The white man bound her with his chains;
They have taken her to Georgia, for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.—CHORUS.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung—
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.—CHORUS.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray—
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way-
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Take This Letter To My Mother.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Take this letter to my mother, far across the deep blue sea,
It will fill her heart with pleasure, she'll be glad to hear from me.
How she wept when last we parted, how her heart was filled with pain,
When he said, "Good-bye, God bless you—we may never meet again."

CHORUS.

Take this letter to my mother, far across the deep blue sea,
It will fill her heart with pleasure, she'll be glad to hear from me.

Take this letter to my mother, it will fill her heart with joy,
Tell her that her prayers are answered, God protects her darling boy;
Tell her to be glad and cheerful, pray for me where'er I roam,
And ere long I'll turn my footsteps back towards my dear old home.—CHORUS.

Take this letter to my mother, it is filled with words of love;
If on earth I'll never meet her, tell her that we'll meet above,
Where there is no hour of parting, all is peace and love and joy;
God will bless my dear old mother, and protect her darling boy.—CHORUS.

KELLY'S NEW SPRING PANTS.

Copyright, 1889, by Hubbard T. Smith.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

Bill Kelly bought a pair of pants, their like was niver seen,
He paid tin dollars for thim at the tailors "Brown and Green;"
The first time that he sported thim was at the Reagan's dance,
And such a bloomin' row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;
Oh, mighty foine he looked in thim the night of Reagan's dance,
But, whoop, the divil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

You see young Bill has winnin' ways, that took well wid der sex,
Yet somehow didn't take wid men, but seemed to rather vex,
So when young Bill came on the floor, wid Biddy Moore to dance,
Her swateheart Dan O'Brien yell'd: "Oh, Moses see thim pants."
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;
Oh, mighty foine he look'd in thim the night of Reagan's dance,
But, whoop, the divil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

Then Bill dropped Biddy's willin' arm and jumped O'Brien's frame,
The way he struck out wid his left would put John L. to shame;
He knocked the bye clane o'er the stove, along wid his two aunts,
And got the first blood in the row o'er Kelly's new spring pants.
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;
Oh, mighty foine he look'd in thim the night of Reagan's dance,
But, whoop, the divil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

O'Brien scrambled to his feet, a-streamin' o'er wid gore;
He swore he'd have those new spring pants to mop up Reagan's floor,
He hit poor Kelly 'twixt the eyes each time he got a chance,
When he got through no stoile was left in Kelly's new spring pants.
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;
Oh, mighty foine he look'd in thim the night of Reagan's dance,
But, whoop, the divil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

HAVE YOU SEEN TIM CASEY?

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. W. Held.

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Words and Music by E. E. McGrath.

I'm in the greatest trouble, I know you'll pity me;
I had a friend named Casey, but he's run away from me.
Have you ever seen him? or will you look for him?
His name I said was Casey, but his other name was Tim.

REFRAIN.

Have you seen Tim Casey? He is a gentleman;
I'll pay you if you find him, so do the best you can;
I'm looking for him daily, wherever can he be?
Oh! if you find Tim Casey, boys, just send word down to me.

For years we walked together, we were true friends and tried;
Wherever you saw Casey I was always by his side.
He had a great big wallet, and in it lots of tin;
It won't be hard to make you know the love I had for him.—REFRAIN.

He was a politician, one of no low degree;
And if we need a President, he'd be the man for me,
For if you had a dozen friends, and Casey you should meet,
You wouldn't have a cent to spend, he'd surely stand the treat.—REFRAIN.

In case that you should meet him, I'll try to make it plain:
He wears the finest clothing, and a big gold watch and chain;
Fine kid gloves and a high silk hat, a cane and silk cravat;
It isn't every poor man's luck to have a friend like that.—REFRAIN.

The last time that I saw him was on election day;
Things didn't seem to suit him, and so he run away.
We were standing on the corner, says he: "I've lost my bet!"
And tho' I followed after, I haven't found him yet.—REFRAIN.

It isn't where he's gone to, at all, that troubles me;
He may be with McGinty, in the bottom of the sea.
Gone off with Annie Rooney, or worse than that, maybe;
But if I don't find Casey, what will become of me?—REFRAIN.

—"Marriages are made in heaven," quote Miss Antique. "Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cruel response of her younger sister.

TIM MACARTHY'S DAUGHTER.

Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

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Tim Macarthy gave a party, invitations he sent out
To two or three dozens of big-headed cousins,
To tall and short and thin and stout;
Mrs. Tim the room did trim, and candle-greased the floor so well
That half of the dancers fell down in the lancers
And hurt their——I'm afraid to tell;
How they banged at the door, in they came with a roar—
Oh, such a teasing, a squeezing and sneezing,
Tim Brannigan walked on the chests of a score;
Oh, 'twas death to tall hats, coats got used up as mats,
Till they were in with the struggle and din,
You'd have thought you were out in the yard with the cats.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas a rare, fine, swell, grand, aristocratic affair,
With dukes and earls and nice young girls, and everybody was there;
Never was seen in the land of the green such a set-out, you can swear,
As the coming of age of Tim Macarthy's daughter.

When the girls, all scent and curls, had undergone a few repairs,
They heard a great tustle, Miss Finnerty's bustle
The dog had gripped upon the stairs;
Captain Foy, the stout old boy, while dancing on the stairs for joy,
Fell through on his "crumpet" and yelled like a trumpet:
"I'm wrecked entirely, ship ahoy!"
Then the dancing began, girls all looked for a man;
Oh, such a heat and a treading on feet,
Well, the devil may beat such a dance if he can;
How the ladies did flop, how the corks they did pop;
Winking and blinking and thinking and drinking,
Bedad! you'd have thought that they never would stop.—CHORUS.

Barney Doolin had been foolin' all the night with Miss Maguire,
When in came young Jerry, her lover from Kerry,
And pitched poor Doolin on the fire;
In the room some boys with sticks for hours had talked on politics,
And, hearing the row, said: "Come on wid ye now,
And we'll teach yez all some fightin' tricks!"
Off came coats by the pile, they went at it in style,
Buttons were bursting, shillelaghs were thirsting
To crack in a head, or, at least, shift a tile;
Every man made his mark, ne'er was seen such a lark,
Till some great villain, who didn't want killing,
Extinguished the lights and left all in the dark.—CHORUS.

All the ladies shrieked with fear, but when the boys their sides got near,
And tenderly placed a right arm round each waist,
They said: "Isn't the darkness nice? oh, dear!"
Something smack'd, and tho' each Miss when lights were bro't soon told us this,
They'd snapped a gold ear-ring, yet still I am fearing
The snap was nothing but a kiss;
When the fighting was done, then we did have some fun,
Boys lost their pains, readjusted their brains;
If they'd broken one leg, sure they danced upon one;
Though for weeks they were sore, each man fervently swore;
Never, oh, never did anyone ever see
Such an affair as Macarthy's before.—CHORUS.

CHEVY CHACE.

Arranged by G. A. Macfarren.

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A Celebrated Old Ballad of the Sixteenth Century.

God prosper long our noble king, our lives and safetyes all;
A woeful hunting once there did in Chevy Chace befall;
To drive the deere with hound and horne, Erle Percye took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne the hunting of that day;
With fifteen hundred bowmen bold, all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede to ayme their shafts aright,
And long before high noone they had an hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went to rouse the deare again.

Loe! yonder doth Erle Douglas come, his men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres all marching in our sight;
At last the two stout erles did meet, like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wode, they lay'd on lode, and made a cruell fight.
"Yield thee, Lord Percye," Douglas say'd, "in faith I will thee bringe
Where thou shalt high advanced bee by James our Scottish king."
"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percye then, "thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott that ever yett was borne."

With that there came an arrow keene out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart, a deepe and deadly blow;
Who never spake more words than these: "Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end: Lord Percye sees my fall."
A knight among the Scots there was which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge upon the Lord Percye;
And past the English archers all, without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percye's body then he thrust his hateful spere.

The news was brought to Edinborrow, where Scotland's king did raign,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye was with an arrow slaine:
"Oh, heavy newes," King James did say, "Scotland may witnesse be,
I have not any captaine more of such account as hee."
Like tidings to King Henry came, within as short a space,
That Percye of Northumberland was slaine in Chevy Chace:
"Now God be with him," said our king, "sith 'twill no better bee;
I trust I have within my realme five hundred as good as hee."

THE WRECK OF THE LIFE-BOAT.

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Written and Composed by Charles Osborne. Arranged by Alfred Leggett.

In an old-fashioned cottage that stands on the cliff, a woman is sitting alone,
Sewing with fingers so nervous and stiff, and cheeks that are cold as a stone;
The lantern that's lit in the window gleams on the waters below;
She's thinking, yes thinking, of that night twelve months ago.

CHORUS.

The life-boat went out in the wind, leaving a lassie behind
Thinking of Jack, wishing him back, praying for those on the foam,
But Jack, with the best of his band, was wrecked within sight of the land,
Never will she her sailor see, or give him a welcome home.

Playmates from childhood were Nell, Jack and I, for he was the son of a tar;
Nell was my sister, and, absent or nigh, he called her his bright guiding star;
We joined the crew of the life-boat, first to the rescue was he,
But they parted, yes parted, wrecked by the waves of the sea.—CHORUS.

One starry night, far away o'er the sea, a vessel was fast on a reef,
Out went the life-boat and in her went we, away to her help and relief;
Jack brought aboard the survivors, see how we pull for the shore,
But she's sinking, yes sinking, no human eye saw her more.—CHORUS.

Only one man from the life-boat was saved, only one sailor came back—
I was the sailor they snatched from the waves, our bold-hearted skipper was Jack;
Nell sits at home in the twilight, watching the lights on the foam—
She's watching, still watching, waiting to welcome him home.—CHORUS.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

Copyright, 1889, by L. C. Wegefarth.

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Words by F. P. Hamlet. Music by L. C. Wegefarth.

Oh! he thinks he's just a dandy, the bald-headed man;
He's as sweet as taffy candy, the bald-headed man;
Flirts with all the pretty girls; likes to smooth their sunny curls;
With a towel he parts his hair—Ah! you giddy girls beware,
Beware, beware of the bald-headed man.

REFRAIN.

The bald-headed man, the bald-headed man,
He'll please you and he'll tease you, this dear bald-headed man;
To mash you is his plan, he'll do it if he can,
This naughty, this naughty, this bald-headed man—
This naughty, this naughty, this bald-headed man.

At the stage-door he'll be waiting, the bald-headed man;
Flies upon his top go skating, the bald-headed man;
He will fill you with ice cream; he will tell some fairy scheme;
That he loves you he will swear—Oh, you dizzy girls beware,
Beware, beware of the bald-headed man.—REFRAIN.

He will shake your hand so friendly, the bald-headed man;
Whispers "got a 'V' to lend me?" the bald-headed man;
Asks about your kids and wife; swears he'll be your friend for life;
When you want him he's not there—Oh, you lovely girls beware,
Beware, beware of the bald-headed man.—REFRAIN.

Oh, he thinks he's mighty fly "too," the bald-headed man;
He's a regular Bill Nye, too, the bald-headed man;
Makes you laugh till you can't stop; has a skating-rink on top,
Where the flies skip here and there—Ah! you naughty girls beware,
Beware, beware of the bald-headed man.—REFRAIN.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

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The bright morn was rising above the green mountains,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea;
When I strayed with my love to the cool, crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

CHORUS.

She was lovely and fair as the rose in Summer,
Yet it was not her beauty alone that won me;
Ah! no; 'twas the truth in her eye ever beaming
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading,
And Mary, all blushing, was listening to me;
The moon through the valley her pale ray was shedding
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.—CHORUS.

—Author: "I want to give my book a good notice. I want to see it in the hands of every mother, wife and daughter in the country." Editor: "I can fix that. In criticizing the book I'll say that it is not a proper book for any self-respecting lady to read, and then they all will buy it."

I Whistle and Wait for Katie.

Written and Composed by Michael Nolan. Arranged by John S. Baker.

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After business you will find me, every night as sure as fate,
At the corner of the street here, waiting for my bonnie Kate;
Her papa has quite forbidden young men to the house to go,
In consequence of which I whistle, just to let my true love know.

CHORUS.

I am waiting here to greet blue-eyed Kate with kisses sweet;
Every night at the end of the street I whistle and wait for Katie.

You may think it awkward standing in a business street like this,
But I'm sure you would not mind it could you meet so sweet a Miss;
Of course I wait till all is still, see there's no one passing by,
Before I venture on the whistle, known alone to "Kate and I."—CHORUS.

How her father means to take it, when he hears the news, forsooth,
I wonder what he'll say to Katie when he learns it is the truth;
I've at least this consolation, that my heart is just and right,
Therefore I shall fondly whistle for my Katie every night.—CHORUS

A SOLDIER IS MY BEAU.

Words and Music by John Mahon.

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Oh, a soldier is my beau, I would have you to know,
And he's gone, at his country's call,
To fight 'gainst the daring, the traitorous foe,
And he'll conquer or nobly fall;
For his heart's always right, he's as true as the light:
On his breast will be found his scars,
With his face to the foe he will bravely fight
In defence of the Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS.

Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah!
Hip hurrah for the Stripes and Stars;
God bless those brave men again and again,
Who fight for the Stripes and Stars.

There's no maiden fair but would, no true woman but should,
Give a place in her inmost heart
To the hero who, passing through fire, field and flood,
Bears a patriot's glorious part;
But no bright, sunny smile should the moments beguile,
Or shine through the dungeon bars,
That imprison the heart of the caitiff so vile,
Who loves not the Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS.

Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah!
Hip hurrah for the Stripes and Stars—Hip hurrah!
God bless those brave men again and again,
Who fight for the Stripes and Stars.

Oh, may heaven protect my beau from the wiles of the foe,
And spare him his bride to claim,
Let victory crown him where'er he may go,
Till he win an immortal name;
And with true courage, nerved for the cause he has served,
Let him haul down the Stars and Bars,
For "this Union it must, and it shall, be preserved,"
And supreme wave the Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS.

Three times three, three times three!
Three times three for the Stripes and Stars;
"This Union it must, and it shall, be preserved"—
Then hurrah for the Stripes and Stars!

AMBER TRESSES TIED IN BLUE.

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Far away in sunny meadows, where the merry sunbeams played,
Oft I lingered 'mid the clover, singing to a village maid;
She was fairer than the fairest, ever faithful, fond and true,
And she wore beneath a bonnet amber tresses tied in blue.

CHORUS.

She was fairer than the fairest, ever faithful, fond and true,
And she wore beneath a bonnet amber tresses tied in blue.

Ere the Summer days departed, we had made a solemn vow,
And I never, never wearied kissing her sweet cheek and brow;
She was dearer than the dearest, pure as drops of morning dew,
And adown her neck was hanging amber tresses tied in blue.—CHORUS.

'Twas decreed that fate should part us ere the leaves of Autumn fell,
And two loving hearts were severed that had loved each other well;
She was all I had to cherish—she has bade a last adieu—
And I see in every vision amber tresses tied in blue.—CHORUS.

—"He owes everything he has to me." "That's bad. He owes a great deal more than he has to me."

LOCKING THE STABLE-DOOR.

Copyright, 1890, by Fred Martin.

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Arranged by Frank Shaw.

John Binks, an old farmer, once lost a gray mare,
Which caused the old fellow to weep and to swear;
He offered rewards, but all was in vain;
He never set eyes on his horse-flesh again;
The mare had been stolen, a big oath he swore
That each night after that he would lock fast his door,
And no matter how cold the night it had been,
Every night about ten the old man could be seen:

CHORUS.

Locking the stable-door, click!
Locking the stable-door, clack!
He just turned the key, and then, don't you see,
The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

Now his servant-girl Mary, a forward young minx,
Got casting sheep's-eyes at our friend Mister Binks,
His wife did not twig it, he thought it was fun,
But conscience said plainly, "this girl you must shun;"
But he could not resist it, and so once or twice
He kissed the girl—smacking his lips, said "It's nice,"
Till one night he whispered: "It's dismal and cold,
Will you come to the stable the candle to hold?

SPOKEN—While I'm

CHORUS.

Locking the stable-door, click!
While I'm locking the stable-door, clack!
He just turned the key, and then, don't you see,
The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

They only got far as the old stable-door,
When a gust of wind blew the light on the floor;
He searched all around with the key in the dark;
He made for the keyhole, but went wide of the mark;
The girl said "let me try, I've eyes like a cat,"
When a voice from behind said: "What are you at?"
There stood Mrs. Binks, saying: "That's how you do,
Well, I never imagined before it took two."

SPOKEN—To go

CHORUS.

Locking the stable-door, click!
To go locking the stable-door, clack!
He just turned the key, and then, don't you see,
The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

Mrs. Binks went to law, as a matter of course,
And tried from her husband to get a divorce;
She said she could not live with him any more
Since he and the servant went locking the stable-door;
The lawyers and judges went all through the laws,
But they could not find the least chance of divorce -
"No," the judge said, "you'll have to stick to him thro' life,
For I can't find a law that can part man and wife."

SPOKEN—For

CHORUS.

Locking the stable-door, click!
For locking the stable-door, clack!
He just turned the key, and then, don't you see,
The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

THE COURT-HOUSE IN DE SKY.

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Words by J. A. Macon. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Now I'se got a notion in my head that when you come to die,
And stand the 'zamination in de court-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angels gwine to ax;
When they get you on the witness-stand and pins you to de facts,
'Cause dey'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doings in de night;
And de water-million question's 'gwine to bother you a sight;
Den your eyes will open wider den dey ever done before
When he chats you 'bout de chicken scrap dat happened long ago.

CHORUS.

To de court-house in de sky, I will raise my wings and fly,
You must stand examination in de court-house in de sky.

De angels on de picket line, along de milky way,
Keep watchin' what you're drivin' at an' hearin' what you say—
No matter what you want to do, no matter where you're gwine,
Dey is mighty apt to find it out and pass it 'long de line;
An' often at the meetin', when you make a fuss and laugh,
Why dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph,
Den de angels in the office, what's a-sittin' by de gate,
Jus' read the message wid a look and claps it on de slate.—CHORUS.

Den you better do your duty boys, and keep your conscience clear,
And keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' where you steer,
'Cause after while de time will come to journey from de land,
And dey'll take you way up in de air and put you on de stand,
Den you'll have to listen to the clerk, and answer mighty straight;
If you ever 'spect to travel through the pretty golden gate,
Oh, you better quit your foolin', dat's de place you can't slide by—
You must stand de 'zamination in de court-house in de sky.—CHORUS.

Pit-ti-pat, Patter, the Little Feet Go.

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Words and Music by F. P. Dalrymple.

Home has its pleasures, though humble it be;
Its laughter and frolic, its innocent glee;
But of all its attractions none charms me more
Than the patter of little feet over the floor.

REFRAIN.

Pit-ti-pat, patter, the little feet go,
Pit-ti-pat, patter, all day to and fro;
What music more charming, what echoes more sweet,
Than the pit-ti-pat, patter, of the dear, tiny feet?

CHORUS.

Pit-ti-pat, patter, the little feet go,
Pit-ti-pat, patter, all day to and fro;
What music more charming, what echoes more sweet,
Than the pit-ti-pat, patter, of the dear, tiny feet.

Busy, so busy from morning till night;
Just toddling and tripping, the sweet little sprite;
And the steps without number fall by the score,
As toddles the darling one over the floor.—REFRAIN & CHORUS.

Precious feet long ago flitted from home;
Through life's rugged pathway they now bravely roam;
But my fancy still catches, as in days of yore,
The patter of little feet over the floor.—REFRAIN & CHORUS.

SAM BASS.

(This song was sent to us by Nelson Forsyth (Showman), Sion, Walker Co., Texas.)

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home;
At the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam;
He first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,
A kinder-hearted fellow you hardly ever see.

Sam once dealt in race stock, once called the Denton mare—
He matched her at scrub races and carried her to the fair;
Sam used to coin the money and spend it very free;
He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

Sam left the Collins' Ranche in the merry month of May
With a herd of Texas cattle the black hills for to see;
Sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree—
A harder set of cowboys you hardly ever see.

On their way back to Texas they robbed the U. P. train;
They split up in couples and started out again;
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon—
With all their hard cash money they had to meet their doom.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock July the 21st;
They pierced poor Sam with rifle-balls and emptied out his purse;
Now poor Sam's a corpse and Piper's in the quay,
And Jackson's in the bushes a-trying to get away.

Jim Murphy borrowed Sam's good gold and did not want to pay;
The only way he saw to win was to give poor Sam away;
He sold out Bass and Barnes and left their friends to mourn;
Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn.

Oh! Dar's but Little Consolation.

Copyright, 1875, by L. P. Goullaud.

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Words and Music by George H. Coes.

Lord bless you, Pompy, come tell me where you've been,
Ever since you left me I've been like a crazy hen,
I really thought I'd never more see your face again
In our once happy home in Alabama.

CHORUS.

Oh! dar's but little consolation, ever since emancipation,
For de colored population in de good old state of Alabama.

I went up to Washington to see what I could see,
De niggers 'round de Capitol dey're most too proud for me,
Dey all want an office, and dere was no chance for me,
So I trabbled back again to Alabama.—CHORUS.

Oh! here I want to live and here I want to die—
De North ain't no place, Pomp, for either you or I,
Better days must come—I hope de time is drawing nigh
For de good old state of Alabama.—CHORUS.

I thought dat de white folks would take me by de hand,
And Pompy would be welcome to de freedom of de land;
But dey shook me, and why I couldn't understand,
So I trabbled back again to Alabama.—CHORUS.

Since Maggie Learned to Sing.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

Terrence Grady has six children, five are girls and one a boy;
And till late life was a pleasure, each one gave him boundless joy;
But the eldest joined a choir, Terrence now is nearly mad;
Some one said "she sang soprano," tho' a voice she never had,
Then she plagued poor Terrence daily that some lessons she must take;
She was going to sing in Op'ra, what a furore she would make.
He said "yes;" and now the family, one by one, have passed away;
And the neighbors all go crazy when they hear this roundelay:

REFRAIN.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do all day long you hear;
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do grates upon your ear;
"Marguerite!" "Farewell, My Own!" "To Thee, My Love, I Cling!"
We're having rain most every day since Maggie learned to sing.

She can sing in every language, be it old or be it new;
If she howls in French or German, it will be all Greek to you;
She takes high "C" and she holds it, but you'd wish she let it go;
She sings a la chills and fever, and she calls it "tremolo!"
"Just like Patti," she will tell you, "when she sings 'Il Trovatore!"
Tho' you faint and cry for mercy, she will surely sing once more;
Every cat will cease its howling when her voice is roaring high;
They all join her in the chorus when she sings "Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

REFRAIN.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, morning, noon and night;
Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, sung with all her might;
"Violets, Sweet Violets!" "What Will the Harvest Bring?"
The city's put on mourning now since Maggie learned to sing.

She will sing dramatic music in a voice that fairly shrieks;
And she sings with such emotion that the tears run down her cheeks;
Battle songs she sings so fiercely that your blood is bound to creep;
Lullabys she sings so tender that they put you fast asleep;
Scales she runs in such a fashion that you think she's going to fall;
Only once she sang in concert, then policemen cleared the hall;
She's a voice just like a whistle of a steamboat out of gear;
Everyone gets influenza, if her voice perchance they hear.

REFRAIN.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do drives us nearly wild;
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, poor afflicted child;
"Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Oh! Hasten, Gentle Spring;"
There hasn't been a bit of frost since Maggie learned to sing.

REILLY'S CUTLET HALL.

Copyright, 1890, by Ike Kroch.

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Words by Ike Kroch. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Con Reilly was a laborer, who, finding wages scant,
A notion took into his head to start a restaurant;
To celebrate the opening he gave a fancy ball,
And business started with a boom at Reilly's Cutlet Hall;
The walls were full of showy signs, "Welcome to one and all;"
"Fried bologna juice, thirteen cents, and with it goes a ball;"
"An axe we give with every steak!" "Here corned beef has the call;"
They'll paralyze your appetite at "Reilly's Cutlet Hall."

CHORUS.

"Good morning, Mister Reilly," the customers all say,
"'Pon my soul, Reilly, you're looking fine to-day,"
And Reilly's always ready with a smile for one and all,
Now all the politicians dine at Reilly's Cutlet Hall.

The dishes are as white as ink, the service very fine,
Each cutlet has a number and it hangs upon a line;
In work the waiters don't believe, on races they want tips;
When you order fried potatoes they will bring you poker chips;
Con Reilly's very popular and known for miles around,
There's hardly any big event at which he is not found;
He pulls a good stroke with the boys, and satisfies them all;
If you want to be "in it" go to "Reilly's Cutlet Hall."—CHORUS.

Each day the bill of fare is changed, at that you cannot kick;
There's not a thing upon the list that wouldn't make you sick;
The butter's old enough to vote, it's been on many a skate,
The Board of Health has passed it by and left it to its fate;
Each sausage wears a collar, but the muzzle it is gone—
When you have eaten one of them, you'll look sad and forlorn;
Roast beef with mud all over it, the waiter he will bawl;
They need a special coroner at "Reilly's Cutlet Hall."—CHORUS.

—"You see," said a maudlin toper, "I drink simply to drown my cares; but it's no use, for every care can swim like a duck."

—Wife (pleadingly): "I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to do." Husband: "Why?" Wife: "Because you always let me get up to light the fire." Husband: "Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

McMILLAN'S SUPERSTITIONS.

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Words and Music by Wm. D. Hall.

It was at an evening party down at Michael Flynn's,
Which was given in the honor of a pair of bouncing twins,
His friends were all invited from all around the town,
And when the dance was over, to supper they sat down--
There was Tim McMillan, with Roderick Muldoon,
And Theodore Mulcaly brought Bridget Ann McCuen:
O'Hara and his brother some friends with them did bring,
Which made the party number just thirteen.

They all sat down to supper, with hearts so light and gay,
And drank galore the liquors to drive dull care away,
The babies had been christened, and all was good and well
Till McMillan, like a tiger, was heard to give a yell:
"Bedad," cried he with horror, as he began to bawl:
"There's thirteen at the table, some bad will happen all:
McMillan was a prophet, for what he said came true,
So listen and I will relate what they went through:

They soon were superstitious, which made them drink the more,
For soon they all were paralyzed and rolling on the floor;
Somebody got a quarreling with Stevedore Muldoon,
And O'Hara in the rumpus was struck with a spittoon,
And Theodore Mulcaley yelled murder and police,
And lost his upper ivories while trying to make peace;
It was a reign of terror, such sights were never seen--
No more that gang will ever dine where there's thirteen.

O'Hara, in a hurry, while making for the door,
Upset an umbrella-lamp upon the parlor-floor;
Before they knew what happened there was a terrible noise,
Which woke the copper on the beat from slumber's sweetest joys;
Soon fire-bells were a-ringing about the Flynn setto;
And how to reach the pavement from Flynn's nobody knew;
The firemen through the window sent in a chilling stream,
Which came within an inch of drowning all thirteen.

How the fire happened not one of them could tell,
So to the station they were marched and locked up in a cell;
With faces scratched and battered they were a sight forlorn,
And all the clothing they had on was soaking wet and torn;
Next morning at the court-house before the judge they stood,
To give explanation the best way that they could;
To get the fire insurance, the judge called it a scheme,
And off to prison they were sent the whole thirteen.

Now in the penitentiary their conduct they regret--
Their work is hard and plenty, but no wages do they get,
So let this be a lesson for all to memorize:
Before to supper you sit down be sure to use your eyes;
When at an evening party be careful what you do,
Or else some sad misfortune will surely happen you;
I am a hypochondriac from sights that I have seen--
I'd starve to death before I'd eat where there's thirteen.

THAT'S SWELL, AWF'LY SWELL.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

One sees a queer lot in a walk on the street,
That's swell, awf'ly swell!
The dude with a cape and vests on his feet,
They're swell, awf'ly swell!
And there is the girl with a string to a pug.
She'll call it sweet, pet names and give it a hug,
While hubby, at night, will sleep on a rug,
It's swell, it's swell!
While hubby, at night, will sleep on a rug,
It's tough, but it's swell!

You stroll with your girl to the "Hoffman Cafe,"
That's swell, awf'ly swell!
You think that ice-cream is the bill you will pay,
That's swell, awf'ly swell!
You're wrong, she orders an "omelette souffle,"
Some "truffles on toast" and a "Perrier Jouet."
She feels out of sight, and you are the jay,
That's swell, that's swell!
She feels out of sight, and you are the jay,
That's swell, that's swell.

The latest thing is the "society star,"
She's swell, awf'ly swell!
To travel around in a big special car,
It's swell, awf'ly swell!
A duke or a prince she'll manage to get,
And then she'll play Shakespeare without a net,
Just because she is society's pet,
That's swell, that's swell!

The theatre--two chappies--full dress--back seat!
They're swell, very swell!
There's the girl, in front--large hat--so sweet,
She's swell, very swell!
"I say, old chappie," saysone, "don't you know,"
With his face just as red as the roses that grow,
"I cawn't see a thing of the blooming old show,
But it's swell, awf'ly swell.

A BAD-A, TOUGH MAN.

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Words and Music by Charles Connolly.

Ma name Pedro Mikeroni, me boss-a sweep-a gang,
Crossberry Street me live-a, 'round Riley's s'loon me hang;
Me no Italian duffer, at fight me take a whack,
Me smash and kick and slug-a, me drink and shew tobac.

CHORUS.

For me Pedro, a bad-a, tough man, who from a battle no ran;
Me good on de fight-a, me boss on de bite-a, me tough, me a verra bad man.

Ma brud he sell de chesnut, ma sist'r sell de beer,
Ma kid play harp and sing-a: "Den Vive l'Italia, dear;"
We carry all de knife-a, we pull-a sharp and quick;
De nose-a we no punch-a, but rib-a we can stick.—CHORUS.

Irish a-man me hate-a, he like de whisk and beer,
He drink-a much, dhen say me: "I bit-a off your ear!"
I draw a stiletto quick-a, no frighten, still he stands,
But when I pull-a bomb-shell he throw-a up his hands.—CHORUS.

I LOVE YOU BEST OF ALL.

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Words by J. F. Mitchell. Music by Wm. Loraine.

In the flood-tide of my sorrow, in the vigil of each night,
In my fancy I can borrow from those days of glad delight,
When you said you loved me only, when you held my heart in thrall;
Though now I'm sad and lonely, still I love you best of all.

CHORUS.

I love you best of all; though my love has brought nothing but pain,
The dream of the past makes fresh my life, like the sunshine after rain;
And the mem'ry of your voice, with its rhythmic rise and fall,
Proves there is none like the old, sweet love, and I love you best of all.

Building dreams of regal splendor, you were mine, my lowly queen;
Ever with me, true and tender, with no one to come between;
That sweet dream I still am dreaming, and I will whate'er befall;
Though the world with love were teaming, still I'd love you best of all.—CHO.

DREAMING NEAR THE HEARTH.

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Words by M. Cavanagh. Music by Alfred Lee.

When you hear the kettle singing on the hob on a winter night,
And the children's voices, ringing, fill the old home with delight,
To your heart it brings such gladness, sweetest music to your ear;
Banishing all thoughts of sadness, happy are we when we hear:

CHORUS.

Drip, drip, drip, falls the rain upon the window-pane;
Ha, ha, ha, laugh the little ones in mirth;
Chirp, chirp, chirp, you hear the cricket's merry note,
Singing to the old folks, who sit dreaming near the hearth.

Granny's in the corner sitting, with her work upon her knee;
Sometimes sewing, sometimes knitting, like a girl of twenty-three;
Children's voices, ceasing never, merrily they sing and shout;
Near the hearth there's comfort ever, tho' the night is drear without.—CHORUS

Little Sue has got a lover; every night he calls, you know,
To be teased by one or other, 'cause he's there in rain or snow;
Grandma has a welcome for him, and old grandpa by her side,
As he thinks of days gone o'er him, slyly smiles at his old bride.—CHORUS.

ANSWERED.

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Words by Emily Stuart Weed. Music by J. T. Draper.

Oh, Jamie, the breezes are blowing
My wishes far over the sea,
Do you hear them, my Jamie? They're saying,
"Come back to your love on the Dee."
The hills miss their music and murmur,
From their purple there floats down to me
The song that the valley is singing
To the river that floats to the sea.

The brightness has gone from the morning,
And the hills overshadowed will be
'Till we meet where we parted, my Jamie,
On the banks of the sweet river Dee;
Oh, Jamie, alone I am weeping,
Your answer has blown back to me,
"We shall meet as we parted, my darling,
But not on the banks of the Dee."

GERALDINE.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by M. J. Betz.

Like the limpid little dewdrop, shining brightly in the sun,
With heavens sparkling colors softly blending into one,
My fair and lovely Geraldine, she has my poor heart won,
With love her eyes are beaming, like a diamond in the sun.

CHORUS.

Oh, those eyes so pure serene, sweeter eyes have never been seen,
Will the woes of coming years ever shadow them with tears;
Oh, that she was near me now, my nightingale, my queen,
That I might fondly her caress, my own, my Geraldine.

She's the fairest of all flowers, tinged her cheek with rosy hue,
Oh, her smile has witching power, she is handsome, pure and true;
Though now she's far beyond my sight, across the rolling main,
I'll cheer me up, my precious one, for we will meet again.—CHORUS.

May the path be strewn with flowers, fair and sunny, bright and gay,
Free from storms thy future hours, as a cloudless summer day;
Many weary days have past and flown since I and thee did part,
But I will wait to claim my own, the idol of my heart.—CHORUS.

MY LITTLE NELL.

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Words and Music by Wm. Davis Hall.

What joy there is each evening for me when toil is done;
When work is o'er, then to return to wife and babe at home;
And when at night I reach my home, I see a sight most fair,
Thro' the window so wide I see them inside, my true wife and baby so dear;
My home is not a palace, nor a dwelling fit for king,
But everything within its doors is cosy, neat and clean;
A loving wife to share my life through poverty and strife,
And a baby as well, that none can excel, my little Nell.

CHORUS.

Sleep thee on, my precious one, your mamma's always near
To cover up your tiny feet in case they should get bare;
She will sit and rock and watch the clock with joy no tongue can tell;
No gold could compel, or induce me to sell, my little Nell.

Last night I only slept to dream—I dreamed of leaving you—
What joy I felt when I awoke to find my dream untrue;
Fairy-like and innocent, so happy and so free,
With smiles of pure affection my baby will always greet me;
To see her play about the floor, how often her I tease;
And should she ask for anything, we've taught her to say "please;"
Her eyes so blue and heart so true, and lips of cherry red;
When her prayers they are said, she jumps into bed, my little Nell.—CHORUS.

Little eyes of azure, describe them no one can,
Bright as stars that shine above, dearest, how I love
To fondly hug and to caress and place you to my breast,
And kiss you "good-night," then turn out the light, for baby to slumber and rest;
I think about her all the day, at sunset and at dawn,
With arms placed tightly 'round my neck, she wakes me every morn;
Throughout the land none half so grand, nor none that can excel
The pride of my home, sweet baby, my own, my little Nell.—CHORUS.

No Father, No Mother, No Home!

Copyright, 1881, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by William Dwyer.

Dead in the pitiless street, and friendless, forsaken, unknown,
No one to fondly repeat the name of that child-waif so lone;
Where were the kind, loving eyes, to watch while his footsteps might roam?
Dead 'neath the blue, arching skies, no father, no mother, no home.
Only three bright golden curls to tell who he was 'neath yon dome—
Pity that little child-waif—no father, no mother, no home.

Lost in the whirl of the crowd, and needing a mother's dear care,
Spurned by the rich and the proud, so young and so pure and so fair—
Ye who have children so sweet, oh, pity these waifs as you roam,
Dead in the pitiless street, no father, no mother, no home.
Only three bright golden curls to tell who he was 'neath yon dome—
Pity that little child-waif—no father, no mother, no home.

Gone from the pain and the strife, the angels are clasping him now,
Gone from the struggle of life, the sunlight of God on his brow;
No one to care for them here, thus ever around us they roam,
No one to shed but a tear, no father, no mother, no home.
Only three bright golden curls to tell who he was 'neath yon dome—
Pity that little child-waif—no father, no mother, no home.

—Lady Guest (to small boy): "Why, Willie, how tanned you are!" Willie (frankly): "Yes'm; father done it."

It's the Only Bit of Comfort I've Got.

Written and Composed by R. Garcia. Arranged by J. M. Harrison.

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Some day, well, so they tell me, we shall all be better off,
That's the only bit of comfort that I've got;
We shall wear no kind of clothing, but we'll never catch a cough,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got;
We shall have a pair of wings with which to fly about the air,
And no pawning clothes on quarter-day for rent, 'cause we shan't care;
But we'll get no pay on Saturday, and nobody will swear,
It's the only bit of comfort I have got.

CHORUS.

For I've had a deal of trouble in my married life of late,
I've a wife, I think, could fairly talk the hinges off a gate;
But it's going to be different in that happy future state,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.

We shall have no work to look for in that happy time to come,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got;
And if we don't like to work at all the dear wife won't look glum,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.
I shall find the "blossom" then disappearing from my nose;
We shall all be nice and equal, with the same amount of clothes,
But what some of us will look like then, well, goodness only knows,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.

CHORUS.

We shall all be happy children, yes, and always on the grin;
We shall never know the evils of a pocket full of tin,
For we'll have no trousers' pockets then to put the dollars in,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.

We shall have no politicians then to ask us for our vote,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got;
And Republican or Democrat will never "turn their coat!"
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.
It's glorious to think we'll have no character to lose,
There will be no one to wake us if we want to have a "snooze,"
And nobody to jaw us when we go out on the "booze!"
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.

CHORUS.

We shall all be kind and gentle and shall lead a happy life,
We shall go straight home on Saturday, without a sign of strife,
P'raps they'll let me "swap" my missis then for some one else's wife,
That's the only bit of comfort I have got.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN.

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Words by J. McCristall. Music by Pauline McCristall.

I met a charming creature upon the strand one day,
And took her for a little cruise around the craggy bay;
The shades of night were falling when we came back again,
She says you'll have to leave me when the clock strikes ten.

CHORUS.

When the clock strikes ten, when the clock strikes ten,
Look out for papa's footsteps, you must leave me then—
When the clock strikes ten, when the clock strikes ten,
Oh! George you'll have to leave me when the clock strikes ten.

I said I'd call and see her, perhaps, next Sunday night,
She hesitated for a while, but finally said I might;
Her papa is eccentric and not like other men,
He generally retires when the clock strikes ten.—CHORUS.

Last Sunday night I wandered down to her garden-gate,
She sat upon the little stile where she was wont to wait;
We went into the parlor, 'twas my intention then
To say good-night and leave her when the clock struck ten.—CHORUS.

When lovers talk together the time flies very fast,
So when I thought of going home 'twas twelve o'clock and past,
Another thought that stunned me, what was I to do when
The doors were bolted tightly when the clock struck ten.—CHORUS.

I snatched my hat in horror, the dog howled at the gate,
A footstep sounded on the stairs, I had no time to wait,
I crept out thro' the window and started on a run,
The bull-dog followed after and the clock struck one.—CHORUS.

I have not quite recovered from that confounded fright,
My nerves they're awfully unstrung since that unlucky night,
My brand new pants are minus—I'll not say what—but then
From sparking I'll retire when the clock strikes ten.—CHORUS.

—She: "What's the matter? You looked flushed." He: "I'm hot! Just got my ice bill!"

—"What's the trouble about this woman?" said the judge. "Why, your honor, she keeps quarreling and fussing, and won't give her neighbors any peace whatever." "Then why don't you charge her with being a common scold?" "Because she ain't a common scold, she's exceptional."

MAUD MULLER.

By J. G. Whittier.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health;
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mocking-bird echoed from his tree;
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died; and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road;
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup;
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather;
And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes;
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine;
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still—
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;
And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine! and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues;
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."
Then he thought of his sister, proud and cold;
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold;
So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power;
Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside-well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms,
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
But care and sorrow, and household pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft when the summer-sun shown hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
In the shade of the apple-tree, again
She saw a rider draw his rein;
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow-candle an astral burned;
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw—
And joy was duty, and love was law! . . .
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for maiden, alas! for judge;
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all!
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the Hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

NOTHING TO WEAR.

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By Winner.

How strange are the ways of the world—only think
Of the mortals that people its shores,
The women that eat, and the men who will drink,
And the backs to be cloth'd by the stores.
With plenty to eat, to drink, and to spend,
Its mortals might never despair,
Were it not for the sigh that is heard to ascend
When we find we have nothing to wear, to wear,
When we find we have nothing to wear.

Miss Clara was truly as charming a maid
As ever my heart could desire;
I sought for her hand on a short promenade,
For I knew of her gaudy attire;
I knew of her ribbons and dresses—the best—
Her moments too many to spare;
But she would not comply to my simple request,
For she said she had nothing to wear, to wear,
For she said she had nothing to wear.

And such is the case with Matilda and Jane,
With Mary and Nancy and all,
Tho' plenty of satine, of laces, delaine,
Not a dress for the concert or ball.
Oh, would I could find 'neath the hoops of a skirt
A woman that would not declare,
With a shrug of the shoulders, in answer expert,
That she really has "nothing to wear," to wear,
That she really has nothing to wear.

Picking Cherries Down the Lane.

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Words by G. Cooper. Music by H. Millard.

It was in the golden summer, and we met beneath the trees;
There were fond and loving glances, there was laughter on the breeze.
In the green and wavy orchard, rosy hands met mine again,
While we linger'd there together,
Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.

CHORUS.

How I bless the happy moments—how I long for them again;
When we lingered there together,
Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.

Oh, the boughs with rubies laden; they were far beyond her reach,
But I helped her, and she thanked me, sweet and bird-like was her speech.
Little hands so fair and dimpled, in my own would oft remain,
And I longed to linger ever,
Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.—CHORUS.

Now the scented breezes whispered all the secrets that were told,
And the birdies saw somebody some one's waist in joy enfold.
Ere the rosy sunset faded over hill, vale and plain,
Loving lips were picking cherries,
Picking cherries down the lane.—CHORUS.

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

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'Tis the last rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away;
When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

Sullivana vs. Sylvio Sylvesto.

As adapted and rendered by Mr. Alex. J. Brown.

John L. Sullivan's combination while on its tour gave a show at Kansas City, Mo., and advertised to give $1,000 to any man who could stand up to John L. for four rounds. Macaroni Spaghetti sees the advertisement and matches his friend Sylvio Sylvesto against Sullivan. He tells of the defeat and his great loss in his own peculiar way:

"Well you see we reada in the paper that the Shamrocka Sullivana coma here. You know the Shamrocka Sullivana, the fighta man who knocka everybody out with a onea punch. Well we have onea stronga Italian boy--oh, he stronga as the dev'. Biga de mus' disaway, biga de mus' dataway, and chest lik one elephant. Well I go to Sylvio and say: Sylvio you fighta the Shamrocka Sullivana! He say you beta sweeta lifea I will fighta for my countra. Well, I taka him home wida me and give him plenta good eat—maccaroni, soft da shella a crab—maka him very stronga man—oh, he very strong—biga da leg, biga da mus', yes biga da head. I sell onea da wag' for forty dol'; I sell onea da horse for twenty dol', and sell anoder wag' for forty dol'; dat maka one hundred dol', then I go to brother Lugi. I say, 'Lugi, sella da peanutta stand an' banan' stand for whata you getta.' Well, he sella da stan' and puta da mon' upon Sylvio—Ver' well; da mighta Shamarocka come—Theatre all biga crowd—very mucha excite. Puty quick a man wida balda heada, his name is—is—isa Pattada Sheedy, coma outa da stagea—He say, gentlemena, we hava a threeta fourda rounda fighta, gooseberry marka rules.

Thena! Shamrocka Sullivana he sita dat a side of da stage. Sylvio sita dees side of da stage. Then Pattada Sheedy say, 'gentleman, I introduce Sylvio Sylvesto, Champion Itily'—then everyonea of the Italian man clapa da foot and stampa da hand and cry, 'Viva la Italianno. Knocka out a Shamrocka wida onea Punch.' Thena he say, 'I introduce Shamrocka da Sul', champion Ireland.' Then evrry one of the Irishman clapa da foota and stampa da hand—'Horoo, be jabers. Killa de banan' wida onea punch.' Then purty quick he pulla da watch out of his poc' and say *time;*' then they come up to the fronta of da stage and shaka da hand just lika da besta frien'. Purty quick Shamrocka Sullivana stand lika dis—very nica way he stan'—everybody lika da stand—Sylvio standa lika dis—everybody no lika da stand—Sylvio he spita da hand deesa way—he hava two biga da hand lika onea bunch a da banan'. Purta quick Sylvio maka a puncha for Shamrocka; he no hita de Shamrocka, Sylvio maka noder punch a' Shamrocka he no hitta him agan—Purty quick Shamrocka go deesa way—you call him cutta up way—hitta de Sylvio onea punch knocka him downa—vera quicka. Then I jumpa da stage and go to Sylvio and say, 'Sylvio, Sylvio, speaka to me'—he no speaka to me I speaka to him threeda fourda time, he no still speaka to me—Shamrocka knocka him outa wida onea punch—I dhinka he killa him—I feela very mucha bad, I nearly go craze. I loosa alla my mon', the twoa wag' and onea horse; my brother Lugi loosa da peanutta and chestnutta stand, and feel lika cutting Sylvio's d—— throat wid a stilletto. I will go back to New York and try to geta more mon' and make plenta mor' with da organ and da monk,' if Mayor Granta will giva me a permita pape to play da muse and showd the monk."

THE BEGGAR CHILD'S AMEN.

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Words and music by Frederic Solomon.

The Sunday morn service for that day was o'er,
And the priest from the altar stepped down,
When a poor little beggar girl ran to his side,
And clung to the holy man's gown;
What want you my poor little maiden? he said,
Then the tears down her cheeks quickly fell,
My mamma is dying, but somebody said
That your prayers, sir, would help make her well.

REFRAIN.

Then he knelt by her side, praying earnest and firm
For that poor baby's mother, and then,
In the deep sacred silence, she softly replied
For her mamma a gentle amen.

The prayer being over he followed the steps
Of that poor little heart-broken waif,
And soon found that her mother, whose life had near gone,
Was out of all danger and safe;
With eyes full of tears, yet so grateful was she
That she thanked him again and again,
But casting his eyes up to heaven above,
Said, God answered your baby's amen.—REFRAIN.

—A Scotch race—scratching the favorite.

Learning McFadden to Waltz.

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By M. F. Carey.

Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,
But his feet wasn't gaited that way,
So he saw a professor and stated his case,
And said he was willing to pay,
The professor looked down in alarm at his feet,
As he viewed their enormous expanse,
And he tacked on a five to his regular price
For learning McFadden to dance.
One, two, three, balance like me,
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults,
While your left foot is lazy your right foot is crazy,
But don't be unaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

He took out McFadden before the whole class,
And he showed him the step once or twice,
But McFadden's two feet got tied into a knot,
Sure he thought he was standing on ice;
At last he broke loose and struck out with a will,
Never looking behind or before,
But his head got so dizzy he fell on his face,
And chewed all the wax off the floor.
One, two, three, balance like me,
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults,
While your left foot is lazy your right foot is crazy,
But don't be unaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

McFadden soon got the step into his head,
But it wouldn't go into his feet;
He hummed "La Gitana" from morning till night,
And he counted his steps on the street.
One night he went home to his room to retire
After painting the town a bright red,
Sure he dreamt he was waltzing and let out his feet,
And he kicked the dash-board off the bed.
One, two, three, balance like me,
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults,
While your left foot is lazy your right foot is crazy,
But don't be unaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

When Clarence had practiced the step for a while,
Sure he thought that he had it down fine,
He went to a girl and he asked her to dance,
And he wheeled her out into the line;
He walked on her feet, and he fractured her toes,
And he said that her movement was false,
Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch
For learning McFadden to waltz.
One, two, three, balance like me,
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults,
While your left foot is lazy your right foot is crazy,
But don't be unaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

By Felix McClennon. Sung by Miss Nellie Parker.

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Say, boys, don't you think the girls
Nice enough for anything,
Nice enough for anything?
Say, boys, don't you think their curls
Nice enough for anything?
And their lips like honey sips, or rosebuds bath'd in dew;
Waiting to be kissed, how can you resist?
Now don't you think they're far too good for you?

CHORUS.

Oh, the girls! oh, the girls and the boys! yes the boys!
You will find them together in all sorts of weather;
They go kiss, kiss—yes, they go kiss, kiss;
And they squeeze and they spoon and they sigh—oh, what joys!
For the boys are in love with the dear little girls,
And the girls are in love with the boys.

Say, girls, don't you think the boys
Nice enough for anything,
Nice enough for anything?
Say, girls, ain't they pretty toys?
Nice enough for anything.
Lots of cash, a big mustache, to which our lips are pressed;
Arms around us cast, 'tis too sweet to last;
Oh, don't we ladies like to be caressed.—CHORUS.

Say, boys, don't you think you are
Far too slow for anything,
Far too slow for anything?
Say, boys, ain't each pretty dear
Ready to do anything?
Single boys, taste the joys that marriage always brings;
For the parson search, take your girls to church,
And on their fingers place the wedding ring.—CHORUS.

—Jones: "I had a dollar in the lottery last month." Brown: "Is that so? Did you get anything. I never do." Jones: "Oh, yes; I always do." Brown: "No, you don't say. What did you get this time?" Jones: "A ticket, just as usual."

FAIR COLUMBIA.

Copyright, 1890, by James McCristall.

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Words by J. McCristall. Music by Pauline McCristall.

Columbia, the fair, the land of the brave,
Columbia, the hope of the exile and slave,
Thy bright shores are havens of beauty sublime,
Where anchor the homeless of every clime;
Then hail to the land of the brave and the free;
And hail to thy sons who have fought for liberty;
All hail to the flag that has led to victory,
Three cheers, three cheers, hurrah!

REFRAIN.

The stars and stripes, long may they wave,
They led those hearts so stout and bravo
Who died America to save,
Three cheers, three cheers, hurrah!

CHORUS.

Three cheers, three cheers, hurrah!
The stars and stripes, hurrah!
Three cheers, hurrah! Three cheers, hurrah!

America, the land of beauty and art,
America, thy name is dear to every heart,
Prosperity be thine, peace and joy serene,
Columbia, our love and our only queen;
May heaven guard our shores by day and by night,
And heaven bless those brave hearts who fought for our rights,
And long may our flag nerve us onward in the fight
That leads to victory!—REFRAIN & CHORUS.

Columbia, thy name thrills us with delight;
Columbia, the land of treasures rare and bright,
The grand march of progress is found everywhere,
While the hum of industry rings in the air;
Then long may we enjoy peace and unity;
Henceforth may our land from war and strife be free;
Let our forts and bulwarks be truth and honesty,
Three cheers, three cheers, hurrah!—REFRAIN & CHORUS.

LOVE LIVES FOREVER.

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Words and Music by Banks Winter.

Stars of midnight softly beaming in your purple deeps on high,
Is my darling of me dreaming while the silent hours go by?
One dear message bear unto her from my longing heart to-night,
Whisper all my love, and woo her back to me in visions bright.

REFRAIN.

Shine o'er my love afar! say, though we sever,
Love's star is burning bright, love lives forever!
Still in my inmost heart do I adore her,
Back to my longing arms love will restore her.

Stars of midnight, o'er her pillow watch till crimson dawn be near;
As the night-wind lulls the billow, charm away all gloomy fear;
Still my soul, with patient longing, holds her image ne'er to die,
Ne'er to fade till star-beams thronging perish from the boundless sky.—REFRAIN.

A BABY ADRIFT AT SEA.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A gallant ship in a storm at sea, and the waves rolled mountains high;
To the life-boats, quick! the captain shouts, for the grave was ne'er so nigh;
A frenzied mother lowers her babe, all alone in the boat it lay,
And the cruel waves, remorselessly, swept the boat and babe away!
Oh, horror-stricken the mother stands, watching it fade from sight,
Despair now falls upon her heart in clouds as dark as night;
Oh, God! she cries, in mercy send my darling back to me,
And she knelt and prayed to Him on high for her babe adrift at sea.

CHORUS.

Our Father who art in the heavens! that was the mother's sad cry;
I beg Thee, Father of Fathers, protect with Thy watchful eye
The dearest of all to a mother, most precious on earth to me—
A mother now begs and appeals for her baby adrift at sea.

The night seemed years to her anxious heart, but at last it passed away;
The ocean's breast was calmed in sleep, and just at break of day,
They scanned the waters far and wide, no eye without a tear,
For hope was drowned in deep despair, forever lost they fear.
A boat ahoy! the look-out shouts, a boat without a sail,
And as they near that bark so frail, they hear a plaintiff wail—
An infant's cry—but twelve strong arms six oars in water dip,
And the babe is safe in mother's arms on board the staunch old ship.—CHORUS.

HAPPY HOURS.

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Words by Katie Belle Wichmann. Music by H. Millard.

Joyous childhood, never heeding future sorrow, future pain,
Happy hours swiftly fleeting, never more to come again:
For the mirth of childhood ceases as old time doth swiftly fly,
But the mem'ry of those hours, happy, bright, can never die.

CHORUS.

There is toil and there is sorrow in this world, this world of ours;
But there mingles with the shadows ever sunny, happy hours.

Clasping merry, laughing baby, playing gaily 'midst the flowers,
Mother's daily toil and sorrow lost in light of happy hours;
Little mischief, romping, shouting, petting blossoms in wee showers,
Filling mother's heart with gladness, making bright the happy hours.—CHORUS.

Looking back to days of childhood, seem they not like happy hours
That have vanished all too quickly, faded like the fairest flowers?
Golden moments, precious are they seen by mem'ry's soft'ning powers,
There's no joy like that of childhood, never are more happy hours.—CHORUS.

I WONDER IF THERE'S SOME ONE WHO LOVES ME.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I wonder if there's one who truly loves me,
And for my presence ever breathes a sigh;
I wonder if perchance I'm ever thought of
By many dear ones whom I've bade good-bye.
I wonder if a heart there is that's longing
My saddened face once more to see—
Is there one spot on earth where I am welcome?
I wonder if there's some one who loves me?

CHORUS.

I wonder now if at this very moment
Some dear one is wishing now to see
The face of one who roams afar 'mid strangers,
I wonder if there's some one who loves me?

I wonder if of me they speak in anger,
And of my childhood's days some fault will find?
I wonder if amid such chiding some one
Will speak a little word for me that's kind?
I wonder now if some one ever thinks of
The grape-vine swing beneath the tree,
Where oft we swung amid the twilight shadows,
I wonder if that some one still loves me.—CHORUS.

I wonder if to-night there is a loved one
Who kneels in prayer with eyes turned to sky,
And silently appeals there for the wand'rer,
And hopes for his returning bye-and-bye?
But stay, there's one I know who'll always love me,
At sight of me she'll bound with joy—
I know that there's a home where I am welcome,
A mother, too, who loves her absent boy.—CHORUS.

DREAMING AS SHE SLEEPS.

Copyright, 1889, by Arthur S. Josselyn.

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Words and Music by Arthur S. Josselyn.

Far away among the mountains and the fields of ice and snow,
Where the tempests and the storms are fierce and wild,
There's a quiet cottage home, and a mother singing low,
As she watches o'er her sleeping infant child.
Dream away in peaceful slumber, dream away my darling one,
With your smiling face so innocent and gay;
How those pretty tresses fall! they're as golden as the sun,
And around your little mouth they seem to play.

CHORUS.

Dreaming as she sleeps, while the twilight softly creeps
Through the window at the closing of the day;
There's a mother watching near, and to her your life is dear—
Hush! darling baby, dream away.

As the night approaches nearer and the clouds are gath'ring fast,
There's a well-known sound outside the cottage-door;
Comes a father from his toil—from the angry winter's blast
Comes a father to his wife and child once more.
In that far-off mountain home joy and peace will ever reign,
For a mother's heart is beating full of love;
And the father by her side now is kneeling once again,
As they send a silent payer to heaven above.—CHORUS.

THAT'S LOVE, YOU KNOW

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

When a maiden first says to her friend "you may call,"
That's love, you know, that's love;
He squeezes her fingers so tight in the hall,
That's love, you know, that's love;
She shows him the parlor, he feels rather strange,
And she acts so timid as chair doth arrange,
They sit far apart, but in time it will change,
That's love, you know, that's love.

CHORUS.

Oh, love, love! oh, love, it's something delightfully queer,
That comes o'er you stealing with such a nice feeling,
And fills you with such a strange fear. Oh, how queer is this
Love, love, oh, love! it's something that s awfully nice,
You think you're in clover, just wait till it's over,
You'll find it is dear at its price.

When you see a young couple so sweet on the street,
That's love, you know, that's love;
And pay no attention to any they meet,
That's love, you know, that's love.
But then you must know they have quarrels a few,
She gets awful mad, says I won't speak to you,
They kiss and make up like the rest of you do,
That's love, you know, that's love.—CHORUS.

If a man he does marry the girl he admires,
That's love, you know, that's love;
If he rises up early and makes all the fires,
That's love, you know, that's love.
When breakfast is over, the table still spread,
She looks for her kiss ere to work he has sped,
But when he has gone she gets back into bed,
That's love, you know, that's love.—CHORUS.

If a man he can live with his mother-in-law,
That's love, you know, that's love;
If he gets up with baby and walks the cold floor,
That's love, you know, that's love.
If he goes to his labor with heart feeling light,
And returns with his boodle on Saturday night,
He gets a sweet smile if its counted all right,
That's love, you know, that's love.—CHORUS.

When you see an old man to the theatre go,
That's love, you know, that's love;
To witness the ballet he takes the first row,
That's love, you know, that's love.
He brings a bouquet, says the usher who for?
The old gent he whispers and says nothing more,
But sends a coupe around to the stage-door,
That's love, you know, that's love.—CHORUS.

A SAILOR'S LAST GOOD-BYE.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Frederick Silva.

An out-bound bark was leaving, and upon its deck there stood
A sailor, who was going far away;
Adieu he bade a lassie, knowing not it was for good,
His duty called, and it he must obey.
The tints of daylight vanished soon, and all grew dark and dim,
No stars made bright the gloomy-looking sky.
She wept in silent solitude, her thoughts were all of him,
Her laddie who had spoke his last good-bye.

CHORUS.

She was his lassie, he was her joy,
She was his idol, he was her boy;
His vessel ne'er turned homeward, her prayers knew no reply,
Save echoes sweet which would repeat that sailor's last good-bye.

The hungry sea was roaring, while each billow talked of death,
That ocean's dirge was all that she could hear;
Then watching clouds convolve above, with fright she held her breath,
And prayed aloud, "Oh, spare my bonnie dear."
Then, turning, homeward she did go, distracted with her grief,
To suffer languishment, no tongue can tell;
And there she pined, no tidings came to cheer or lend relief
From her laddie who had spoke his last farewell.—CHORUS.

Each day upon the strand she walked, and looked far out to sea,
And watched with eager eye each passing sail;
But years rolled on, no word arrived, where could his vessel be,
Why did no message come and tell the tale?
Unjust and ill she classed the charm that held her lad divine,
And caused her once gay heart to sob and sigh.
To see his features once again, the world she would resign,
For then no more they'd part, nor say good-bye.—CHORUS.

Each night fond thoughts made bright her dreams, as visions came to view,
Of many pleasures they together spent;
She little knew at rest he was beneath the ocean blue;
In hope she lived, and tried to be content;
She thought of lives that siren's song had often ticed and craved,
And left fond ones ashore to mourn and to cry;
But now she knows the word came thro' a seaman who was saved;
He told her of that sailor's last good-bye.—CHORUS.

McNALLY'S WICKED WIFE.

Copyright, 1890, by W. F. Shaw.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Frederick Silva.

Up town there lives a stevedore, McNally is his name,
His genial disposition has gained for him much fame,
Like other working people he likes his drop of rum,
And under its influence he is always in for fun.
When out he goes on rackets his wife gets mad of course,
Time and again she's threatened that she'd get a divorce.
To keep him home she locks the door, like any wife of sense,
But thro' the window then he'll sneak and jump the back-yard fence.

CHORUS.

Zing, zang, biff, bang! is the racket you can hear
Down at McNally's when they're both at home.
Most wrecked, hen-pecked, the man's afraid to say a word;
The very air McNally breathes he dare not call his own.

McNally's wife, to mend his ways, a plot she did conspire—
To a hardware-store she went and bought some new barbed-wire,
Upon the fence she stretched it, not once she thought of cats,
Her object was to try and stop McNally going for rats—
That day when work was over McNally went straight home,
His wife's malicious doings to him were quite unknown;
He dressed himself up in his best, to paint the city red,
And jumped the fence to dodge his wife, but now he's nearly dead.

CHORUS.

Poor man, he ran to try and get away from her;
Both ran together, it was a thrilling sight;
He jumped, she thumped, when he tangled in the wire;
It looked more like murder than an ordinary fight.

Upon the fence where he was stuck, he yelled out for relief,
Which brought a copper to the scene, who took him for a thief,
The nippers he put on him, and blackened both his eyes,
Then used him for a foot-ball by way of exercise.
McNally's wife flew at him and grabbed his red goatee,
And beat him with a poker, while the cop was referee,
Then to the station he was marched without his nose and ears,
And there he'll stay for many moons, he's laid up for repairs.

CHORUS.

In jail, no bail, he will have to stay a bit,
Bent like a pretzel, through his Mary Ann,
No nose, torn clothes, proves he got the worst of it—
The only thing for Mac to do is do the best he can.

His working days are over now, all thro' his wicked wife,
He swears her only object was to try and take his life;
His Sunday suit of broadcloth looks like a flag of truce,
He'll stand a bar-room licking, but not his wife's abuse;
The neighbors in their gossip all say it was a sin,
And wonder what her object was in trying to kill him.
When he's released no doors she'll lock when he wants to go out,
And never more the fence he'll jump, he'll take another route.

CHORUS.

He's sad and mad, because she got the best of it,
But he was lucky to get off with his life;
Most dead, in bed he will have to stay a bit—
I'd rather have pneumonia than McNally's wicked wife.

MARRIED? NIXEY!

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

I'm one that's fond of pleasure, and I love society,
And I am my husband's treasure, at least he says of me;
But when I meet with gentlemen, I'm single, young and gay;
But don't suppose that it "all goes" because I laugh and say:

CHORUS.

Married? Nixey! I've got more sense than that—
Me! keep house and mind a child! scrub and clean 'till almost wild?
Oh, married life's a pleasure, of that there is no doubt,
But I'll be plain, that is remain still single when I'm out.

We live so nice and gayly, tho' we're not quite alone,
For we have a darling baby to cheer our little home.
I oft go out a-pleasuring, I have my every wish,
It's fun to see when men ask me such silly things like this:—CHORUS.

Now every pleasant evening my Charlie minds the "kid,"
Tho' he "kicked" to-night when leaving, that's all the good it did.
I mix with good society, to win my heart all try—
To lovers bold, both young and old, I always do reply:—CHORUS.

—Teacher: "Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. (Five minutes later.) Now, then, Benjamin, what was it you wanted to say?" Benjamin: "There was a tramp in the hall awhile ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol."

THAT'S ALWAYS THE WAY WITH YOU BOYS.

Copyright, 1882, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

I've something to say to you cruel young men,
Who flatter the pretty young belles,
And call them your darlings again and again
When taken with sweet loving spells;
You swear by Saint Cupid you'll always be true,
But make of them only your toys;
It's off with the old love and on with the new,
That's always the way with you boys.

CHORUS.

That's always the way with you boys,
You make of the ladies your toys;
You laugh and you chaff, but mean only half,
That's always the way with you boys.

You take them to walk in the moon's gentle gleam,
And tell them the sweetest of tales;
You show them the glory of "Love's young dream,"
As bold as the great Prince of Wales.
The soft hand you press with a gentle caress,
You whisper of rapture and joys;
They think every moment you're going to propose,
That's always the way with you boys.—CHORUS.

And when you get married you'll stay out at night,
And nobody knows where you go;
Sometimes you are out till the morning's gray light,
And come home a little "just so."
A scolding you get from your dear little pet,
Perhaps my description annoys;
But I'm only joking, I've been there myself,
That's always the way with you boys.—CHORUS.

ROSES UNDERNEATH THE SNOW.

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Summer groves may lose their gladness, wint'ry winds may wander by,
Cares may come and weary sadness, must we then forever sigh?
Brave the storm with firm endeavor, let your vain repinings go;
Hopeful hearts will find forever roses underneath the snow.

CHORUS.

Brave the storm with firm endeavor, let your vain repinings go;
Hopeful hearts will find forever roses underneath the snow.

One by one the links that bind us may be severed here on earth,
But the sun will surely find us thro' the Winter's gloomy dearth;
Cheerful hearts around us beating, wearing ever Summer's glow;
Ah! we know you're always meeting roses underneath the snow.—CHORUS.

Never joy that earth can send us can forever leave us here;
Ev'ry flower that Spring can lend us blooms again another year;
Cares may come, but never mind them, joy may come and joys may go—
Look around and you will find them—roses underneath the snow.—CHORUS.

She Gave Me a Pretty Red Rose.

Copyright, 1883, by R. A. Saalfield.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

We roamed through the beautiful woodland,
With hearts that were happy and light,
The birds of the springtime were mating
And nature was blooming and bright,
The stars in the azure were gleaming,
The flowers had gone to repose;
And there by the vine-covered cottage
She gave me a pretty red rose.

CHORUS.

She gave me a pretty red rose,
She gave it at twilight's soft close;
With promise so loving and tender,
She gave me a pretty red rose.

The love of my heart there I whispered,
While gazing in eyes that were true;
Oh! sweet was the love that we plighted,
While flowers were asleep 'mid the dew;
The cricket sang soft in the meadow,
The breezes had sank to repose;
While there 'neath the woodbine I lingered,
She gave me a pretty red rose.—CHORUS.

The flowers of the woodland have withered,
The birds of the springtime are fled;
The glory and bloom have departed,
The beauty of earth now is dead;
But still in my heart I shall cherish,
Till life and its memory shall close,
The darling, the joy of my bosom,
Who gave me a pretty red rose.—CHORUS.

POOR, BUT A GENTLEMAN STILL.

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Don't think by my dress that I've come here to beg,
Though the sharp pangs of hunger I feel;
The cup of misfortune I've drained to the dregs,
But I'm proud, though I'm shabby-genteel.
A time was when snobs who met me would say,
"Ha, Harry, dear boy, come and dine;"
But now when they meet they look t'other way—
My company now they decline.

CHORUS.

Though poverty daily looks in at my door,
I am hungry, I am footsore and ill,
I can look the whole world in the face and say,
"If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still."

Reverses in business brought me to a stand—
I found very soon I should smash;
My friends advised me to fly from the land,
And seize upon all my loose cash;
But my reputation was dearer to me
Than all the bright gold in my till,
So I paid what I owed, and proudly I said,
"If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still."—CHORUS.

One evening last week, the other end of the town,
Whilst wandering sadly along,
I picked up a purse a lady had dropped—
The temptation to keep it was strong—
My pockets were empty, but firmly I said,
"She shall have her own," come what will;"
She looked at my dress as I gave it and said,
"If you're poor, you're a gentleman still."—CHORUS.

Last evening I rescued a poor, homeless girl
Whom a swell was insulting; I found
My strength for the moment was something immense,
As I hurled the great brute to the ground.
He cried out, "You beggar, don't meddle with me,
Or very soon you'll get a pill;"
But I said, "Lay a hand on that girl and you'll find
If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still."—CHORUS.

THE MATINEE BRIGADE.

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Words and Music by Sam Devere. Arranged by Henry P. Keens.

I'm going to tell you what I know of a nice society,
The ladies, almost every one, declare they are N. G.,
You'll always find them at their post at every dress parade,
To stand outside the theatre-doors in the Matinee Brigade.

CHORUS.

On the mash they cut a dash, cheeks as hard as rocks;
On the street from morn till night, like geese they come in flocks;
All in a line, rain or shine, these rosebuds all parade;
They stand for ladies to admire, in the Matinee Brigade.

Jawdge and Charles and Jerome are there, got up with wond'rous skill,
And when they wink their naughty eye it never fails to kill;
With ten-cent canes and dizzy suits, by sheeny tailors made,
The choicest plumbs in all the land are the Matinee Brigade.—CHORUS.

They always strike an attitude to give themselves a tone;
They live on love and dutch free lunch and smell of bad cologne;
I'll bet two cents, if the truth was known, their wash-bills was'nt paid,
But nobody knows how hard they mash in the Matinee Brigade.—CHORUS.

MY LITTLE FOUR-LEAF SHAMROCK FROM GLENNORE.

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It was on St. Patrick's cold and frosty morning
I was treading home across the barren moore;
I remember well my poor old mother's warning
When I left my little shamrock in Glennore.

CHORUS.

Then it's, here's to the king of flowers from Killarney.
You may never see the likes of it no more;
It grew upon the rocks of Irish blarney,
It's my little four-leaf shamrock from Glennore.

Poor mother, she was old and daily failing,
She would oft speak to me of the days of yore;
And never in my life of long duration
Have I found the equal of my shamrock from Glennore.—CHORUS.

Now here's my joy, my little Irish token,
It's a treasure that I ever shall adore;
And never while away from old Killarney,
Forget my little four-leaf shamrock from Glennore.—CHORUS.

UP WENT MRS. MURPHY.

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Words by Stuart S. Taylor. Music by H. G. Ritzheimer.

How all the country papers spoke about the great World's Fair,
They gave a full description of the wonders gathered there;
They spoke about the big balloon that was to sail that very noon
To view the moon, perched high up in the air.
Mrs. Murphy read the news—"I'll go at once," she cried;
The owner then asked any one to come and step inside.
Mrs. Murphy thought to play a joke, she stepped inside to have a smoke,
The rope it broke, the b'loon no more was tied.

CHORUS.

Up went Mrs. Murphy, up from out the great World's Fair;
She had just time to say good-bye, and breathe a hurried prayer;
She shot up from the startled crowd, and aimed towards, with shriek so loud,
A little cloud which sailed up in the air.

Mrs. Murphy'd read in novels how you pulled a little string
And the gas will be exhausted—it is such a little thing;
She grasped the string to yank it, which she did, of course, and sank it,
But the crank it spilt her out when on the swing.
An Alderman was standing beneath when out she fell—
She struck his collar-bone, and she broke his neck as well.
The judge said to his warder: "Twenty months she'll be our boarder,
That's my order, take her to her dungeon-cell!"

CHORUS.

Up went Mrs. Murphy, it was such a pleasant sail,
To Sing Sing, near the Hudson, where they locked her into jail;
She asked to write a letter for her Pat to come and get her;
She was debtor for two thousand dollars bail.

Mrs. Murphy, when, at last, was free, she went at once straight home,
No more to take excursions or in other climes to roam;
Her Patrick was a miner, yes, he was a "forty-niner,"
None were finer than her Pat from 'cross the foam.
One day when Mrs. Murphy she was busy with a task,
Along come Mike O'Shauncssy, a bit of light he'd ask;
Says he, "Pat's kilt, he's had a fight!" she fainted and she dropp'd the light,
And dynamite was 'neath it in a cask.

CHORUS.

Up went Mrs. Murphy in a blaze of yellow flame;
Altho' she's scattered to the winds, she'll get there just the same;
A set of teeth and ear-rings, half-a-dozen pins and shoe-strings,
There were few things that you'd recognize by name.

The Coroner and jury came to sit upon the case,
They asked if they might look upon the 'flicted woman's face;
Says *Pat*, "*No loabe*, you're very koind, just look where'er ye have a moind,
For I can't foind her here nor any place."
They said her death was caused by freely generated heat;
The funeral it was beautiful, 'twas very hard to beat;
The minister then made a prayer, they lower'd her with greatest care,
Their heads were bare and everything complete.

CHORUS.

Up went Mrs. Murphy, much more higher than balloon;
Her death has lost to earth one of its greatest charms, too soon;
And Pat now swears that he can see—oh! just as plain as plain can be—
Above the sea his wife up in the moon.

HER TEARS DRIFTED OUT WITH THE TIDE.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A maiden stood at the water's edge and kissed her hand "good-bye"
To a lad who sailed toward the sinking sun in the Western sky;
She sobbed and she cried in wild despair, "Oh, cruel waves of the sea!
If you have one spark of feeling left, bring back my love to me!"
The waves seemed to lull at the maiden's feet, and they seemed to sing a song:
"Weep not, fair one, for all is well, we will bring him back ere long!"
The maiden stood on the sea-beat shore on that cold, dismal day,
And thought of her love, her life, her soul, who soon would be far away;
Her heart went out in a silent prayer for her sailor true and tried;
With head bow'd low the sweet soul wept, and her tears drifted out with the tide.

The ship sailed on ere the hour was gone, the storm-king raged in glee,
And sank the proudest ship that floats to the bottom of the sea;
The sailor lad clung to a spar, and the waves they washed ashore
A lad into his sweetheart's arms to rest forevermore;
The maiden bathed his head with her tears 'till his eyes were opened wide—
"He lives, my sailor boy, he lives!" and her tears went out with the tide.
The maiden stood on the sea-beat shore on that cold, dismal day,
And thought of her love, her life, her soul, who soon would have been far away.
Her heart went out in a silent prayer for her sailor true and tried;
With head bow'd low the sweet soul wept, and her tears drifted out with the tide.

—Early in the Morning.—Old Gentleman (at head of the stairs): "Hem, ain't it gittin' purty late?" Fannie: "Oh, no, father dear, it's hardly light yet."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THEY NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Thomas T. Carter. Arranged by Charles Connolly.

Two wily fishermen they sailed forth
To the briny deep where the fish are caught,
For they'd oft told of deeds they'd done
To the finy tribe and the mess they'd won;
There never was a fisherman but knew the spot
And the time and the tide where fish were got.

CHORUS.

They never told a lie, they never told a lie,
Both Sunday-school scholars, every one,
And they followed in the steps of Washington,
And they never told a lie.

Both shedder-crabs and shrimp had they,
To lure the fish that came that way,
And a bottle of rye, I'll also state,
For they never could fish without liquid bait.
They hooked one fish, it was lost, of course,
For it's always the largest fish that's lost.—CHORUS.

They fished all day in the red-hot sun,
The amount they caught, it was not one;
They homeward stopped in a market spot,
From the man's ice-box they bought a lot,
Just to show their friends what they both had caught,
But they never said a word of what they bought.—CHORUS.

When they walked home, the rain came down,
It rained so hard they were nearly drowned;
But they felt proud of the load they had,
They'd filled themselves with whiskey bad,
These two rogues, they'd not be stuck,
For they never said a word about fisherman's luck.—CHORUS.

Their friends flocked 'round expectantly,
This wonderful mess of fish to see;
As each one gazed, he held his nose,
Now, what was the reason do you suppose?
They didn't smell sweet as fresh fish ought,
For it must have been a week since they'd been caught.—CHORUS.

DON'T TOUCH BABY'S GRAVE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by May E. Cooper.

I wandered in a pensive mood where lay the silent dead,
And as I mused above the grass so green,
The names of those who slept below with reverence I read,
And thought of joys and sorrows they had seen;
The turmoil of a city fell upon the silence there,
As its people thronged with ever restless wave,
And with a voice of sadness and a look of weary care,
A woman pleaded, "Don't touch baby's grave!"

CHORUS.

They were moving from their resting-place the silent dust of those
Who thought when life had fled from all its toil they'd have repose,
But a loving mother pleaded there her little one to save,
And begged with pitying accents: "Don't touch baby's grave!"

She thought of all her child had been, the sweet and laughing eyes,
The rosebud lips that were to her so dear;
She knew that she would meet her babe above in Paradise,
Yet o'er that grave fell the silent tear;
The outer world could little know the grief that filled her breast,
As with all her love she strove that mound to save;
She wrung her hands with anguish and a mother's sad unrest,
And wildly pleaded: "Don't touch baby's grave!"—CHORUS.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.

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The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew-drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss, with bliss too brief.
How sinks my heart with fond alarms—
The tear is hiding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms—
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye! Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!
For time doth thrust me from thine arms—
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer;
The leveret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here, yet I am, yet I am here.
For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I said:
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye! Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."
I could not leave thee, though I said:
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good bye."

Of Course We Ought to Know, We Were There.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

No doubt you've heard it all 'bout the troubles and the fall
Dan McGinty got so early Sunday morning,
And how he did contrive for to win that little five,
With a smile upon his face so bland and fair.
If he had to been at mass, where he was the Sunday past,
Shure he never would have met with such a warning,
Or down a ladder drop when he knew he couldn't stop,
Of course we ought to know, for we were there.

CHORUS.

Flannigan grabbed him by the feet, Casey grabbed his head,
Brady says it's no use, for shure the man is dead,
Riley ran to the hospital, for ambulance as well,
The day we picked McGinty up just after he had fell.

Next day when he got out he could hardly walk about,
And to reach his home he had to call a cabby;
His arm was in a sling and his step had lost its spring--
In fact, he was a picture of despair;
Then he stopped in Owney Shay's, which is down the street a ways;
It was then they told him that he was a daddy,
And 'twas there, upon me soul, where he tumbled in the hole,
Of course we ought to know, for we were there.

CHORUS.

Flannigan told the driver quick to stop his load of stuff,
Casey says, be heavens, yes, the man has had enough;
Brady says to Riley come and let me down the hole,
The day we pulled McGinty from beneath a ton of coal.

He looked with eyes so sad upon his nobby suit of plaid
That was made by little Fogarty, the tailor;
'Twas then he grabbed his stick, and it flew around so quick
That it sent the driver spinning in the air.
Poor Mac they then run in--ah! we thought it was a sin,
For the man had suffered like a shipwrecked sailor;
They took him down to jail with a thousand dollars' bail;
Of course we ought to know, for we were there.

CHORUS.

Flannigan went for Callahan, Casey for O'Moore,
Brady went for Flaherty, he'd died the day before;
Riley says we'll all get drunk, we cannot get him bail,
The day we left McGinty with the keepers of the jail.

We told his wife at once that her Danny got six months,
And we pitied her, so lonely with her baby;
Then O'Donnell from next door soon came in to smooth it o'er,
But he got her to elope with him somewhere;
This we let McGinty know while they had him still below;
When we told him of his wife, it drove him crazy,
And when they set him free, he did end his misery,
Of course we ought to know, for we were there.

CHORUS.

Flannigan took the grappling-irons, Casey took the rope;
Brady would not risk his life in such a little boat;
Riley took the grub along and rum enough for three,
The day we fished McGinty from the bottom of the sea.

MY PRETTY SUNDAY GIRL.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Eduard Holst.

Her cheeks are like the peaches' bloom, her eyes are sparkling, too;
She smiles away each thought of gloom; her heart is warm and true.
The birds that warble in the air all sing to praise my pearl;
You'll never meet one half so sweet as my own Sunday girl.
Oh! she's the rarest, she's the fairest yet;
So bright and pretty, gay and witty, just the nicest, neatest;
My heart's own darling, she's no sad coquette;
A little cosy home, so rosy, I'll make for my sweetest.
My Sunday girl, dear Sunday girl!
My rose, my gem, my life, my pearl, my love, my joy, my treasure evermore;
Till life is o'er, she's promised to be mine, my pretty Sunday girl!

REFRAIN.

Oh! she's my own, my pretty Sunday girl;
Of all the girls she is the fairest pearl;
She's purer than the dew, so bright and true;
And from my heart she'll never part, my Sunday girl.

I think of her the whole week long, and, when with joy we meet,
Her words are like a pleasant song, they sound to me so sweet;
We wander where the fields are green, my heart all in a whirl;
And, oh, her kiss is honey'd bliss, my own dear Sunday girl;
Oh! she's the neatest and completest yet;
She's always smiling, care beguiling, just a dear home blessing;
How fond the moment when by chance I met
This sunny fairy, light and airy; joy beyond expressing.
My Sunday girl, dear Sunday girl!
My rose, my gem, my life, my pearl, my love, my joy, my treasure evermore;
Till life is o'er, she's promised to be mine, my pretty Sunday girl.--REFRAIN.

ALONG THE KANSAS LINE.

As sung by J. C. Helms, of Denver, Col.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs--Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A soldier from Missouri, in early manhood's prime,
Lay with the dead and dying in a Mississippi clime;
'Twas on the field of Corinth his life was ebbing fast,
His comrades, faint and weary, in crowds were hurrying past.

A comrade stopped beside him, and raised his drooping head,
And then, in faltering accents, the wounded soldier said:
Farewell, my darling comrade, a long and last adieu,
Though shortly you may follow me, I'll ne'er return to you.

With me this war is over, my marching at an end,
And still a dying message by you I feign would send--
Oh, bear it to those kindred, those distant friends of mine,
For I have both friends and kindred along the Kansas line.

I have an aged mother--you know that mother well--
Oh, bear to her these tidings how I in battle fell;
Tell her that I remember, in anguish, her advice
To stay at home in quiet, and not join the rebel Price.

And had I then but heeded the good advice she gave,
I need not now been hastening to fill a rebel's grave;
But I heeded other counsel, and left that home of mine--
That home of peace and comfort along the Kansas line.

You know my brothers also; tell them the mournful tale--
And when in death I'm sleeping they will my fate bewail;
They know the things that drove me away from that home,
And the phantom light that lured me through Dixie's land to roam.

Tell those wealthy neighbors, who preached secession loud,
And counseled me and others to swell the rebel crowd,
That though they now are loyal, their own dear lives to save,
'Twas them that sent me surely to fill a rebel's grave.

Although I have forgiven them, I'd have them not forget
That but for them I might have been at home with mother yet;
And although I lie far distant, this mangled form of mine
Will haunt their dreaming slumbers along the Kansas line.

There is a dark-eyed beauty, I need not call her name,
Who swerved me from my duty, and fanned the rebel flame;
Her words I well remember--no hand will mine write--
Unless I find it boldly defending Southern rights.

Those Southern rights, alas! my friends, I knew not what they were,
But you and others following the gleeting phantom's glare,
I sacrificed my judgment at beauty's magic shrine,
And joined the rebel regiment along the Kansas line.

And ere this war is over--so foolishly begun--
Many a thousand youths, misguided, will do as I have done;
Many a thousand doating mothers will be bereft like mine,
And many a home made desolate along the Kansas line.

Our land is dark with mourning, all draped in weeds of woe,
And wailing notes of sorrow are heard from high and low;
And many's the home made desolate, with fire and sword combined,
To make a howling wilderness along the Kansas line.

And now his reason failing, the soldier ceased to speak;
While on the field of battle, where Greek had met the Greek,
His life was made an offering unto the god of wars,
Whose victims bled by thousands, alas! alas! what for?

IT'S A GOOD THING McCARTHY WASN'T THERE.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Flannigan and Riley, there was Murphy and Magee,
Casey and McGuigan, with old Muldoon,
They started out together so gayly and so free
To call on MacAnally last Sunday afternoon;
He sent out invitations about a score or more,
Invited all his neighbors to the joy;
He didn't like McCarthy and he didn't ask the party,
For he'd only spoiled the christening of the boy.

CHORUS.

It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there last Sunday,
It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there,
There'd been a jolly riot and you'd never got 'em quiet,
It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there.

Whiskey by the gallon, shure the house was full of fun,
Everything was lovely as the flowers in bloom,
Till McGuigan got a wrangling with Jerry Donovan,
Down at MacAnally's last Sunday afternoon;
Then did Jerry grab McGuigan and hurl him to the floor
And struck O'Riley 'cause he interfered;
Then Miss Brady she did shout, shure there's murder, let me out!
And McGuffin pulled out all of Casey's beard.--CHORUS.

McGuigan grabbed the poker and the kettle from the fire,
Donovan the ice-pick and short-end broom--
The way they wailed each other I thought they'd never tire,
Down at MacAnally's last Sunday afternoon;
Then the women screamed out murder! police and robbers, too,
And Rooney's widow nearly died of fright;
Then the coppers and patrol run in every living soul,
And we stopped behind the bars that Sunday night.--CHORUS.

GILHOOLEY'S VIOLET TEA.

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Written and Composed by Charles D. Crandall.

Last week my wife and daughter told me they thought we oughter
Take up the style that's going round and give a "Violet Tea,"
A hundred invitations to friends and our relations
Were sent and on each corner stamped: D. Q. R. S. V. P.

CHORUS.

China cups and saucers, with violet filagree,
The real old violet water, imported from Paree;
McGinnis sang "Sweet Violets," and took the upper C.
Oh! what a time those folkses had down at our "Violet Tea."

There's Mary Ann McToosey, also her sister Lucy,
Who's lover is from Dublin town, they said they could not stay;
I noticed that they lingered, it was so very recherche;
Some sixty-eight were present at our little "Violet Tea."—CHORUS.

Few ladies took "Young Hyson," while others thought they'd try some
Of the "Oolong" and "Formosa," 'twas the best variety;
The men they tarried longer, partook of something stronger;
'Twas morning when the last man left our little "Violet Tea."—CHORUS.

McAllister's "four hundred," so many times have blundered,
Are trying hard to beat it, but they have not done so yet;
Reporters from the papers saw my friend McAldee,
Who gave them all the points about Gilhooley's "Violet Tea."—CHORUS.

PORTERS ON A PULLMAN TRAIN.

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Written and Composed by Charles D. Crandall.

We need no introduction, you can see just who we are,
Porters on a Pullman train,
Standing at the platform of the sleeping-car,
Ready, quick and willing to explain,
Where you are located, we must be remunerated,
Don't forget the little friendly tip,
We think you oughta give us a qua tah,
For then you'll have a very pleasant trip.

CHORUS.

Porter, porter, give us more air—porter, the window please close—
Porter, this pillow is hard as a rock—porter, come, give us more clothes—
Porter, come here, porter, stay there, all night the people complain;
We are porters, dandy porters, and we run on the vestibule train;
We are porters, dandy porters, we run on the vestibule train.—(DANCE.)

To study human nature, you should travel on the rail—
Those that have the least to say
Are the cultivated, sure as you are born;
They don't try to make a grand display;
But the very shoddy are always dressed so gaudy,
Try to make us think they know it all;
Uneducated and overrated,
While every night we listen to their call:—CHORUS.

When our through run is finished, then we strut Sixth Avenue,
With our girls we then parade;
There's style about a darkey dressed in Pullman blue
That places other darkies in the shade;
We don't carry razors, or wear the striped blazers,
Or with the lower folks associate—
Aristocratic, and not erratic,
We're always at your service, never late.—CHORUS.

Helping Katie o'er the Brook.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Will C. Hastings.

Down the lane we walked together, and she looked so sweet and fair;
Ev'ry birdie in the woodland seemed to know my Katie there.
In a corner of the meadow, near a green and cosy nook,
Ere I knew it, I was helping pretty Katy o'er the brook.

CHORUS.

Down the lane we walked together, and she looked so sweet and fair;
Every birdie in the woodland seemed to know my Katy there.

Then she blushed like summer roses, as she held this hand of mine;
And I felt her heart beat softly, while her waist I did entwine.
"Life is but a stream of trouble," said I, as our way we took;
"Must we cross alone? I whispered, helping Katy o'er the brook.—CHORUS.

What she told me in the meadow I'll not tell, it may be guessed;
Soon the sun in golden glory softly glided down the west.
On her face of gentle beauty every day I now may look;
For we cross life's stream together, as I helped her o'er the brook.—CHORUS.

MARFA'S WEDDIN' DAY.

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Written and Composed by Charles D. Crandall.

Marfa Jackson kiss yo' ma, oo la, I la, I la,
Sweetest girl I ebber saw, on dis your weddin' day.
Fadder's bref, yo' mudder's nose, oo la, I la, I la,
Don't yo' soil dem weddin' clos, for 'tis yo' weddin' day.

CHORUS.

Hold yo' bref, de bride am comin'
Down de centre, clear de way;
Oh! yo' darkies heah dat music,
Balance to corners, all hands round, 'tis Marfa's weddin' day.

Hang dat smilax on de wall, oo la, I la, I la,
Heah dat blessed baby bawl on Marfa's weddin' day.
Marcus Rufus 'tend dat chile, oo la, I la, I la,
Whare yo' fadder all dis while, 'tis Marfa's weddin' day.—CHORUS.

Marie Louisa, whar yo' bin? oo la, I la, I la,
Cut dat cake wid de berries in, 'tis Marfa's weddin' day.
Tell yo' fadder slice dat ham, oo la, I la, I la,
Open up dat pot of jam on Marfa's weddin' day.—CHORUS.

Sal go poke dat hickory fire, oo la, I la, I la,
Make dem darkies all perspire on Marfa's weddin' day.
Den go bring my low-neck shoes, oo la, I la, I la,
Got to dance, I can't refuse, 'tis Marfa's weddin' day.—CHO s.

UPPER TEN AND LOWER FIVE.

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NOBLEMAN.—I have no coppers, my good man,
Three times to you I've told.
BEGGAR.—I don't object to silver, sir,
And I ain't too proud for gold.
N.—But I am one of the upper ten, good man,
So to be polite contrive.
B.—I begs your pardon, my good lord,
I'm one of the lower five.

CHORUS.

N.—Well, I belong to the upper ten, the upper ten, the upper ten,
Eight thousand a year is my income clear,
And I manage to spend it too.
B.—And I belong to the lower five, the lower five, the lower five;
I live in a dive, and sometimes contrive
To pick up a copper or two.

N.—My coat is of the latest cut,
No doubt you can perceive.
B.—My coat is cut all over, and
I've cut away the sleeve.
N.—For a good fit no boots like mine you'll see,
For, in fact, there are none such.
B.—Vell, my boots ain't like yourn at all,
'Cos mine fit me rather much.—CHORUS.

N.—My uncle lent me all his tin
When I was quite a lad.
B.—My uncle lent me 'alf a crown
On the last good coat I 'ad.
N.—Lady de Vere, of the upper ten,
I shall wed when twenty-five.
B.—I'm going to marry Sukey Scraggs,
Who belongs to the lower five.—CHORUS.

N.—Please call my carriage, my good man,
And pray don't make a fuss.
B.—I never in a carriage ride,
I go by Walker's 'bus.
N.—Well, as you seem to be hard up, good man,
A gold sovereign I will give.
B.—Ah! you rich men, sir, scarcely know
How half of this world do live.—CHORUS.

HAL-L-L-LELUJAH.

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I went in de country, I went out to de well,
A snake crawled up my trouser legs, but I gave dat ole snake--Hal-l-l-lelujah.

CHORUS.

Ole Gip Liza Coon, I would sooner marry you
Dan marry ole Miss Bloom.
Gip Liza, ole Gip Liza Coon, I would sooner marry you
Dan marry ole Miss Bloom.

Georgie Washington was a great man, a lie he'd never tell,
But when he got dat hatchet, didn't he give dat cherry tree—Hal-l-l-lelujah.—CHO.

Fitzgerald walked for six days, and he done it very well,
And at the end of six days, didn't he give Rowell—Hal-l-l-lelujah.—CHORUS.

JAMES AND NANCY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Lovers, I pray, lend an ear to my story,
Take an example from this constant pair,
How love a young creature did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy, of Yarmouth, we hear.
She was a merchant's fair, lovely daughter,
Heiress to fifteen hundred a year;
A young man did court her to be his sweet jewel,
The son of a gentleman living quite near.

Many long years this maid had he courted,
When they were infants in love they agreed,
And when of age the twain had arrived,
Cupid his arrow between them displayed.
Each to the other they promised to marry,
But when to her parents the troth did declare,
They to their charming, their beautiful daughter
Acted a part that was truly severe.

Daughter, they said, give o'er such proceedings,
If 'gainst our wishes and will you do wed,
Forevermore we resolve to disown you,
Should you choose one that's so lowly bred.
Her mother said, you are one of great fortune,
Beside you are beautiful, charming and young,
You are a match, dearest child, that is fitting
For any lord in all Christendom.

Then did reply this beauteous young virgin,
Riches and honors I both do deny,
If I'm deprived of my own dearest lover,
Farewell to this world, 'tis all vanity.
James is of all men the best worth admiring,
He hath those riches that I most adore,
For to be greater I have no desiring,
My heart is fixed ne'er to love more.

Then, said her father, 'tis my resolution,
Although I have no daughter but thee,
That if with him you're resolved to marry,
Banished forever from us you shall be.
Oh, cruel father, still I implore you,
Grant me that James once more I may see,
Tho' you do part us I yet will be loyal,
None in the wide world I'll love but he.

At once for the young man he sent in a passion,
Saying, forever, now sir, take your leave,
I have a more fitting match for my daughter,
Therefore 'tis useless, 'tis folly to grieve.
Oh, honored father, exclaimed the young lady,
Joined we are by the ties of true love,
Why of all comfort would you bereave me,
Our love is registered in heaven above.

Then, said the father, a trip on the ocean
The young man shall take in a ship of my own,
I will consent that he have my dear daughter
When to fair Yarmouth he doth return.
Oh, thou kind father, thus spake the lovers,
As it is your will we can but obey,
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
And your decision but causes delay.

Then, dearest James, said the beautiful Nancy,
While crystal tears like a fountain did flow,
Thou knowest my heart in return I have given you,
Your love will sustain me wherever I go.
When on the ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
Thoughts of my jewel my compass shall be,
How tedious the days time alone will discover,
Bringing me home again, safe, love, to thee.

Therefore be constant, my dear, lovely Nancy,
For, be assured, if you prove untrue,
My troubled spirit shall forever torment you,
In life or in death I'll have none but you.
Closely around him her arms then she folded,
Exclaiming, my dear, while you're on the sea,
If so that fate should to us prove cruel,
And we each other no more should see.

Should death's sad tidings to me be wafted,
And my true love fore'er lost to me,
Then would my life be naught but a burden,
Earth have no happiness unshared by thee.
Then, with the hope of an early returning,
Wind and wave suited by fav'ring gale,
James and the good ship being in readiness,
For the Barbadoes straightway set sail.

While James was floating on the wide ocean,
Her cruel parents were plotting the while
How that the heart of their beautiful daughter
With glit'ring gold they could serve to beguile.
Many a lordly one of fame and station
Sought for the favor of this charming maid,
But their addresses found no recognition—
Constant I'll be to my lover, she said.

Now 'mid the plotting against this fair maiden,
What of her lover across the deep sea?
The good ship reached the Barbadoes in safety,
But, alas, for poor Jamie, what 'came of he!
Comely in person and noble each feature,
A Barbadoes lady sought him as a prize,
So at once she determined her charms should enchant him,
And all his virtues would laud to the skies.

In fairest of fabrics and richly appareled,
Diamonds resplendent bestudding her hair,
Surrounded by slaves all bedecked and attendant,
A message she sent him to visit her lair.
Come, noble sailor, she cried, you're entrancing,
With riches unbounded I fain would you greet,
Minions shall ever await and attend thee,
Softest of music shall lull thee to sleep.

In richest of garments, my dear, I will robe thee,
Pearls and fine jewels I'll lay at thy feet,
In chariot of gold thou mayst ride forth at pleasure,
If with thy best love thou wilt me greet.
Amazed and quite speechless awhile he stood gazing—
Forbear, noble lady, at length he replied,
In fair, sunny England I've vowed to a lady,
On my return I will make her my bride.

She is a charming, most beautiful creature,
And has my heart, I can never love more,
Ever in my eyes are her sweet, lovely features,
She of all others on earth I adore.
When this he told her, she raved, was distracted,
Crying, unfortunate am I to love
One that so cruelly slights all my glory,
And of my offerings will not approve.

Lords of renown their favors I've slighted,
And now must die for a sailor so bold;
I cannot blame him because he is constant,
True love I find is much better than gold.
Having thus spoken, a jewel she gave him,
Then, with a trembling hand, seized she a knife,
One fatal blow, and before they could save her,
Quickly had ended her mortal life.

'Mid lamentation o'er this maid's destruction,
Gladdened in heart at escape from her snare,
James for old England and home soon departed,
Anxious once more to meet Nancy, the fair.
But when her father learned he was returning,
A letter he wrote to the boatswain, his friend,
Promising to most handsomely reward him
If he the life of young James would end.

Void of all honor and for sake of the lucre,
The cruel boatswain his task did complete;
As on the deck they together were walking,
He threw him overboard into the deep.
At dead of night, while all were sleeping,
James' troubled spirit to his love did appear,
Calling upon the young, beautiful Nancy,
To accomplish the vow she had made to her dear.

You are my own love, so tarry no longer,
Many long years for your sake I did stay,
Hymen now waits but to crown us with pleasure,
The bride guests are ready, come, let us away.
She sought whence the voice came, and there at her window
Appeared her true lover, who to her did say:
Your parents are sleeping, and ere they awaken
Come with me, my own Nancy, you must not delay.

Oh, James, dear, she cried, if they should but hear us,
We would be ruined, so quickly repair
Down to the seashore alone and await me,
I will arise and at once join you there.
As she thus answered, straightway her light robes
Loosely around her fair form she drew,
Then out in the darkness, alone, unattended,
Hastened to join the lover so true.

Close in its arms did the spirit enfold her—
Why art thou colder than clay, she cried,
Oh, can it be that you're my adored one,
And thus in death come to claim me your bride!
Yes, fairest creature, I am your true love,
Come for fulfillment of promise to me,
In life or death, on land or wave,
Promise that you my own bride would be.

While far away did another fair maiden
Seek by her beauty and riches to gain
My heart's best affections from you, my dear Nancy,
But all her pleadings proved fruitless and vain.
Your cruel parents have wrought my destruction,
And now I sleep beneath the dark wave,
Come, to your promise, we'll lie here together,
Wedded by death, in one common grave!

Trembling, amazed, and sorely affrighted
At the sad summons sent from the sea,
'Gainst her proud parents inveighing most strongly,
For their deception and base cruelty.
But sternly resolute, true to the promise
Made to her lover long days before,
One sudden plunge—the sad waves closed o'er her,
And beautiful Nancy's troubles were o'er.

—A man went into a crowded store to buy some stockings for his wife. "I want striped ones," he said to the clerk. "We have very few stripes, sir," the clerk replied; "they are not so much worn now." "Are you sure?" "Oh, yes, quite sure? I will demonstrate the fact to you." Then he leaned over the counter and shouted: "Rats!" "See?" he added. "Yes," said the customer," give me plain colors."

Jennie, the Flower of Kildare.

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I'm thinking of Erin to-night,
And the little white cot by the sea,
Where Jennie, my darling, now dwells,
The fairest and dearest to me.
I know that she waits for me day after day,
My heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

CHORUS.

I know that she's waiting for me—
My heart ever longs to be there;
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

I'm waiting her sweet face to see,
While we're parted I linger in pain,
But soon will my heart beat with joy,
O'er the seas I'll be sailing again;
Again her sweet kisses of love to receive,
For her the sea's storms I will dare,
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.—CHORUS.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

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Good-night, ladies, good night, ladies, good-night, ladies,
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

Farewell, ladies, farewell, ladies, farewell, ladies,
We're going to leave you now,
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies, sweet dreams, ladies, sweet dreams, ladies,
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

THE SONG FOR ME.

Words by J. Endersohn. Music by Michael Watson.

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On a Winter night, when the fire was bright and the door was barred on care,
I asked the maiden I prize so well, what she would sing to me there?
I asked the maiden I prize so well, what she would sing to me there?
She warbled a song of "La Belle France," and a song of Italy;
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear, but they were not the songs for me;
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear, but they were not the songs for me.

Their accents hung on her 'witching tongue as I listened dreamily on;
And I fancied I roved in distant climes, where she was the flower and the sun;
I fancied I roved in distant climes, where she was the flower and the sun.
Then she sang a strain from lordly Spain and a lay of Germany;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home," and that was the song for me;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home," and that was the song for me,
And that was the song for me;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home," and that was the song for me.

GOOD-BYE AT THE DOOR.

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Of all the mem'ries of the past
That comes like summer-dreams,
Whose rainbow hues still round us cast
Their bright but fleeting beams,
The dearest, sweetest that can be,
Of days long gone before,
Are those that bring to mind to me
The good-bye at the door.
Are those that bring to mind to me
The good-bye at the door.

But time and place had quite estranged
Each early friend we knew;
How few remain, how many changed
Of those we deemed so true.
Those happy hours again to me
But mem'ry can restore,
And life's last moments seem to be
The good-bye at the door.
And life's last moments seem to be
The good-bye at the door.

—Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

All that Glitters Is Not Gold.

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In this world of care and trouble,
Where men toil with hand and brain,
Seeking fame—that airy bubble—
And not always seek in vain;
Though the path be strewed with flowers,
And the laurel bind his brow,
All his friends admire his powers,
He can do without them now.
Still he's wasted, worn and weary,
And he finds he's growing old;
Remember thou the sage's adage—
"All that glitters is not gold."

See the warrior, brave in action,
Ever ready for the fray,
Sternly, nobly scorns all faction,
And to freedom fights his way;
How he bears with cold and hunger—
Houseless, homeless 'neath the sky;
He must march a little longer,
'Till he hears the battle-cry—
Then his soul is filled with glory,
Tho' his friends lie stark and cold;
Thus ends many a hero's story—
"All that glitters is not gold."

See the great and mighty noble,
Rolling in his coach of state;
Surely he has ne'er known trouble,
His seems such a happy fate;
He has heaps of land and money,
Lovely wife, and children fair;
What a grand ancestral dwelling!
Surely he has not a care;
Ask his friends—and he will mutter:
By his bankers he's been sold;
This will prove the truth I utter—
"All that glitters is not gold."

HOWARD'S CRADLE SONG.

Copyright, 1883, by J. F. Martindale.

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Words by Henry J. Sayers. Music by Frank Howard.

In a thatch-covered cot at the bend of the road,
That leads to the far distant town,
A mother sits singing her baby to sleep,
For the sun it is fast going down,
And the baby's bright eyes are heavy with sleep,
Still a white chubby arm fondly clings
Round that tired mother's neck, as she rocks to and fro,
And this old-fashioned lullaby sings:

CHORUS.

Bye-low, baby Bunting, papa's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit-skin to wrap his baby in.

Now the twilight's gray shadows are shading the day,
And the hills wear a sun-guilded crest,
The mother stops singing, sweet smiles light her face,
And the baby lifts his head from her breast,
An echoing foot-fall is heard drawing near,
The door opens wide, baby springs
Into papa's strong arms, that will hold baby close
To his heart while for baby he sings:—CHORUS.

ONLY A LITTLE WAND'RER.

Copyright, 1875, by L. P. Goullaud.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by E. N. Catlin.

Only a little wand'rer, out in the cold and rain;
Plodding the streets so dreary—heart-sick, in tears and pain;
Motherless in my sorrow, darkly the days go by,
Poverty for my portion, wearily now I sigh.

CHORUS.

Only a little wand'rer; pity me while I roam,
Out in the cold and tempest, far from my cheerful home.

Only a little wand'rer, begging my daily bread;
Nowhere in all the city for me to lay my head;
Father and mother left me, called to their home above,
Lonely and weary-hearted now I must daily rove.—CHORUS.

Only a little wand'rer, but with her kindly eyes,
Mother her darling watches out of yon starry skies;
Soon from this world so dreary I shall be far away,
Help me, oh, help me, stranger, while I in sorrow stray.—CHORUS.

—Wickedness may prosper for a while; but in the long run, he who sets knaves at work will pay them.

JAMES AND NANCY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Lovers, I pray, lend an ear to my story,
Take an example from this constant pair,
How love a young creature did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy, of Yarmouth, we hear.
She was a merchant's fair, lovely daughter,
Heiress to fifteen hundred a year;
A young man did court her to be his sweet jewel,
The son of a gentleman living quite near.

Many long years this maid had he courted,
When they were infants in love they agreed,
And when of age the twain had arrived,
Cupid his arrow between them displayed.
Each to the other they promised to marry,
But when to her parents the troth did declare,
They to their charming, their beautiful daughter
Acted a part that was truly severe.

Daughter, they said, give o'er such proceedings,
If 'gainst our wishes and will you do wed,
Forevermore we resolve to disown you,
Should you choose one that's so lowly bred.
Her mother said, you are one of great fortune,
Beside you are beautiful, charming and young,
You are a match, dearest child, that is fitting
For any lord in all Christendom.

Then did reply this beauteous young virgin,
Riches and honors I both do deny,
If I'm deprived of my own dearest lover,
Farewell to this world, 'tis all vanity.
James is of all men the best worth admiring,
He hath those riches that I most adore,
For to be greater I have no desiring,
My heart is fixed ne'er to love more.

Then, said her father, 'tis my resolution,
Although I have no daughter but thee,
That if with him you're resolved to marry,
Banished forever from us you shall be.
Oh, cruel father, still I implore you,
Grant me that James once more I may see,
Tho' you do part us I yet will be loyal,
None in the wide world I'll love but he.

At once for the young man he sent in a passion,
Saying, forever, now sir, take your leave,
I have a more fitting match for my daughter,
Therefore 'tis useless, 'tis folly to grieve.
Oh, honored father, exclaimed the young lady,
Joined we are by the ties of true love,
Why of all comfort would you bereave me,
Our love is registered in heaven above.

Then, said the father, a trip on the ocean
The young man shall take in a ship of my own,
I will consent that he have my dear daughter
When to fair Yarmouth he doth return.
Oh, thou kind father, thus spake the lovers,
As it is your will we can but obey,
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
And your decision but causes delay.

Then, dearest James, said the beautiful Nancy,
While crystal tears like a fountain did flow,
Thou knowest my heart in return I have given you,
Your love will sustain me wherever I go.
When on the ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
Thoughts of my jewel my compass shall be,
How tedious the days time alone will discover,
Bringing me home again, safe, love, to thee.

Therefore be constant, my dear, lovely Nancy,
For, be assured, if you prove untrue,
My troubled spirit shall forever torment you,
In life or in death I'll have none but you.
Closely around him her arms then she folded,
Exclaiming, my dear, while you're on the sea,
If so that fate should to us prove cruel,
And we each other no more should see.

Should death's sad tidings to me be wafted,
And my true love fore'er lost to me,
Then would my life be naught but a burden,
Earth have no happiness unshared by thee.
Then, with the hope of an early returning,
Wind and wave suited by fav'ring gale,
James and the good ship being in readiness,
For the Barbadoes straightway set sail.

While James was floating on the wide ocean,
Her cruel parents were plotting the while
How that the heart of their beautiful daughter
With glit'ring gold they could serve to beguile.
Many a lordly one of fame and station
Sought for the favor of this charming maid,
But their addresses found no recognition—
Constant I'll be to my lover, she said.

Now 'mid the plotting against this fair maiden,
What of her lover across the deep sea?
The good ship reached the Barbadoes in safety,
But, alas, for poor Jamie, what 'came of he!
Comely in person and noble each feature,
A Barbadoes lady sought him as a prize,
So at once she determined her charms should enchant him,
And all his virtues would laud to the skies.

In fairest of fabrics and richly appareled,
Diamonds resplendent bestudding her hair,
Surrounded by slaves all bedecked and attendant,
A message she sent him to visit her lair.
Come, noble sailor, she cried, you're entrancing,
With riches unbounded I fain would you greet,
Minions shall ever await and attend thee,
Softest of music shall lull thee to sleep.

In richest of garments, my dear, I will robe thee,
Pearls and fine jewels I'll lay at thy feet,
In chariot of gold thou mayst ride forth at pleasure,
If with thy best love thou wilt me greet.
Amazed and quite speechless awhile he stood gazing—
Forbear, noble lady, at length he replied,
In fair, sunny England I've vowed to a lady,
On my return I will make her my bride.

She is a charming, most beautiful creature,
And has my heart, I can never love more,
Ever in my eyes are her sweet, lovely features,
She of all others on earth I adore.
When this he told her, she raved, was distracted,
Crying, unfortunate am I to love
One that so cruelly slights all my glory,
And of my offerings will not approve.

Lords of renown their favors I've slighted,
And now must die for a sailor so bold;
I cannot blame him because he is constant,
True love I find is much better than gold.
Having thus spoken, a jewel she gave him,
Then, with a trembling hand, seized she a knife,
One fatal blow, and before they could save her,
Quickly had ended her mortal life.

'Mid lamentation o'er this maid's destruction,
Gladdened in heart at escape from her snare,
James for old England and home soon departed,
Anxious once more to meet Nancy, the fair.
But when her father learned he was returning,
A letter he wrote to the boatswain, his friend,
Promising to most handsomely reward him
If he the life of young James would end.

Void of all honor and for sake of the lucre,
The cruel boatswain his task did complete;
As on the deck they together were walking,
He threw him overboard into the deep.
At dead of night, while all were sleeping,
James' troubled spirit to his love did appear,
Calling upon the young, beautiful Nancy,
To accomplish the vow she had made to her dear.

You are my own love, so tarry no longer,
Many long years for your sake I did stay,
Hymen now waits but to crown us with pleasure,
The bride guests are ready, come, let us away.
She sought whence the voice came, and there at her window
Appeared her true lover, who to her did say:
Your parents are sleeping, and ere they awaken
Come with me, my own Nancy, you must not delay.

Oh, James, dear, she cried, if they should but hear us,
We would be ruined, so quickly repair
Down to the seashore alone and await me,
I will arise and at once join you there.
As she thus answered, straightway her light robes
Loosely around her fair form she drew,
Then out in the darkness, alone, unattended,
Hastened to join the lover so true.

Close in its arms did the spirit enfold her—
Why art thou colder than clay, she cried,
Oh, can it be that you're my adored one,
And thus in death come to claim me your bride!
Yes, fairest creature, I am your true love,
Come for fulfillment of promise to me,
In life or death, on land or wave,
Promise that you my own bride would be.

While far away did another fair maiden
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My heart's best affections from you, my dear Nancy,
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Your cruel parents have wrought my destruction,
And now I sleep beneath the dark wave,
Come, to your promise, we'll lie here together,
Wedded by death, in one common grave!

Trembling, amazed, and sorely affrighted
At the sad summons sent from the sea,
'Gainst her proud parents inveighing most strongly,
For their deception and base cruelty.
But sternly resolute, true to the promise
Made to her lover long days before,
One sudden plunge—the sad waves closed o'er her,
And beautiful Nancy's troubles were o'er.

—A man went into a crowded store to buy some stockings for his wife. "I want striped ones," he said to the clerk. "We have very few stripes, sir," the clerk replied; "they are not so much worn now." "Are you sure?" "Oh, yes, quite sure? I will demonstrate the fact to you." Then he leaned over the counter and shouted: "Rats!" "See?" he added. "Yes," said the customer," give me plain colors."

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But soon will my heart beat with joy,
O'er the seas I'll be sailing again;
Again her sweet kisses of love to receive,
For her the sea's storms I will dare,
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We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

Farewell, ladies, farewell, ladies, farewell, ladies,
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies, sweet dreams, ladies, sweet dreams, ladies,
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Words by J. Enderssohn. Music by Michael Watson.

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I asked the maiden I prize so well, what she would sing to me there?
She warbled a song of "La Belle France," and a song of Italy;
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear, but they were not the songs for me;
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear, but they were not the songs for me.

Their accents hung on her 'witching tongue as I listened dreamily on;
And I fancied I roved in distant climes, where she was the flower and the sun;
I fancied I roved in distant climes, where she was the flower and the sun.
Then she sang a strain from lordly Spain and a lay of Germany;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home," and that was the song for me;
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home," and that was the song for me,
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The good-bye at the door.
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—Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

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Though the path be strewed with flowers,
And the laurel bind his brow,
All his friends admire his powers,
He can do without them now.
Still he's wasted, worn and weary,
And he finds he's growing old;
Remember thou the sage's adage—
"All that glitters is not gold."

See the warrior, brave in action,
Ever ready for the fray,
Sternly, nobly scorns all faction,
And to freedom fights his way;
How he bears with cold and hunger—
Houseless, homeless 'neath the sky;
He must march a little longer,
'Till he hears the battle-cry—
Then his soul is filled with glory,
Tho' his friends lie stark and cold;
Thus ends many a hero's story—
"All that glitters is not gold."

See the great and mighty noble,
Rolling in his coach of state;
Surely he has ne'er known trouble,
His seems such a happy fate;
He has heaps of land and money,
Lovely wife, and children fair;
What a grand ancestral dwelling!
Surely he has not a care;
Ask his friends—and he will mutter:
By his bankers he's been sold;
This will prove the truth I utter—
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HOWARD'S CRADLE SONG.

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For the sun it is fast going down,
And the baby's bright eyes are heavy with sleep,
Still a white chubby arm fondly clings
Round that tired mother's neck, as she rocks to and fro,
And this old-fashioned lullaby sings:

CHORUS.

Bye-low, baby Bunting, papa's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit-skin to wrap his baby in.

Now the twilight's gray shadows are shading the day,
And the hills wear a sun-guilded crest,
The mother stops singing, sweet smiles light her face,
And the baby lifts his head from her breast,
An echoing foot-fall is heard drawing near,
The door opens wide, baby springs
Into papa's strong arms, that will hold baby close
To his heart while for baby he sings:—CHORUS.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by E. N. Catlin.

Only a little wand'rer, out in the cold and rain;
Plodding the streets so dreary—heart-sick, in tears and pain;
Motherless in my sorrow, darkly the days go by,
Poverty for my portion, wearily now I sigh.

CHORUS.

Only a little wand'rer; pity me while I roam,
Out in the cold and tempest, far from my cheerful home.

Only a little wand'rer, begging my daily bread;
Nowhere in all the city for me to lay my head;
Father and mother left me, called to their home above,
Lonely and weary-hearted now I must daily rove.—CHORUS.

Only a little wand'rer, but with her kindly eyes,
Mother her darling watches out of yon starry skies;
Soon from this world so dreary I shall be far away,
Help me, oh, help me, stranger, while I in sorrow stray.—CHORUS.

—Wickedness may prosper for a while; but in the long run, he who sets knaves at work will pay them.

KELLEY'S DREAM.

Recited by J. W. Kelley with great success.

About a week ago I was invited by an old-time friend of mine
To come up to his residence and test his beer and wine;
We eat a lobster salad and a lot of other truck,
And drank each other's health until the hour of three had struck—
Well, we drank until we didn't know which was wine or beer,
Till our heads felt rather heavy and our brains not very clear.
Well, I got home, I didn't know how; my prayers I think I said;
But, anyhow, I was paralyzed when I got into bed.
Well, I died and went to heaven, I saw that repentance was now for me too late,
When suddenly I was ushered before the golden gate.
"Well, what will you have?" said Peter, "don't you know you can't get in?
For you must surely suffer the greedy glutton's sin."
Then I turned aside and said no more, and hung my head in shame,
And Peter's clerk stood close by and wrote "lost" against my name.
Next came an Italian, one whom I knew well,
So I stopped and listened patiently to the story he might tell.
"Gooda Father Petro, I comma to you at last:
My peanutta days are overa anda my banana nights are passed;
I treata my neighbora lika myself, no begga, no robba, no steal,
And nevera ou the sidewalka I throwa the banana peel."
"You get out!" said Peter, "your gains were ill-be-gotten;
Your peanut-shells were empty, and your bananas oftimes rotten."
The Italian turned away, and a tear was in his eye;
He came and stood behind me and heaved a heavy sigh.
Next came an aged Hebrew with a satchel in his hand,
And before the gate and old St. Peter the "sheeny" took his stand:
"Ah, Father Peter, I vill tell you vat hi vill do:
Hi haf got jewelry fit for angels hi vill auctiou hoff for you.
Hi could sell dem on the installment plan, but that would be a sin;
So hi vill give them to you at haf price, if you vill only let me in.
On earth hi kept a clothing-store, my goots were neat and strong,
And to show you hi had an overcoat hi forgot to fetch along."
"Then you did well," said Peter, "for very well you know
There'll be little use for overcoats where you will have to go."
So the Hebrew turned aside, and as he was a friend of mine,
Just like me and the "dago," he sashaud into line.
Next came an old maid, one bound to have her say;
And she began addressing Peter in this peculiar way:
"Oh, goodness, gracious me, here I am after gossiping many a year,
So open the gate and let me in, I will be catching cold out here.
Give me a first-class pair of wings, a silver shield, and then
I won't be afraid of the naughty, naughty men."
"No," Peter answered blandly, "no angels have gray hair,
And you have no sons or daughters, so you would be a stranger there."
The poor, old maiden wilted, she must evermore repine,
And just like me and all the rest she waddled into line.
Next came a German, now paralyzed with fear,
Who on earth oftimes paralyzed his customers with beer.
"Vell, Fadder Beter, I come to you free from sin,
Und I vill only ask you ein favor. Das is: If yu vill let me in,
Mein vife she runned away from me; to hide mein shame I cried,
So I went down by the river und committed suicide."
"Then you begone," said Peter, "and suffer thy disgrace.
You came before I sent for you, I cannot make a place."
The German turned away and said: "Oh, Gott! oh, mein!"
And just like me and all the rest took his place in line.
Next came poor Paddy, a son of Erin's Isle,
And greeted old St. Peter with a very gracious smile.
"Ha, ha! Is it yeself, St. Peter, looking so nice and swate,
So get yer clark to let me in and show me to me sate."
"Hold," cried Peter, "your case, like all the rest, must first be tried.
You will have to show a passport before you get inside."
"But hurry up," said Paddy, "or for supper I'll be late."
And purposely he took his old slouch hat and threw it inside the gate.
"Go, get thy hat," said Peter, "thou sacrilegious lout."
So Paddy went in and slammed the gate and locked St. Peter out;
Then, through the keyhole, loud he cried: "I'm master now, ye see,
But I'll give up heaven, gate and crown, if ye'll set ould Ireland free."
I then awoke and found my head between the bed and wall;
The sheets got tangled around my feet, 'twas that lobster did it all.

JUST THINK OF YOUR MOTHER.

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Words by F. B. Hawkins. Music by I. Witmark.

Never speak unkindly of your mother,
For you will regret it if you do,
Don't let all your thoughts be of another,
When you know she always thinks of you.
A mother's love is sacred, pure and tender,
And never can be bought at any price;
Let not a thought, a word offend her,
And always list to this, her good advice:

CHORUS.

"Be upright and honest, my boy," she would say,
"And think of the loved ones ever;
If any temptations should your thoughts annoy,
Just think of your mother at home, boy."

Though her heart may be heavy and weary,
She ever tries to wear a smile of joy,
And her words are always bright and cheery,
All her hope and love is for her boy,
When she's gone you'll never find another.
It matters not how close he is or near,
E'en though it be a sister or a brother,
There's none so true as mother, none so dear.—CHORUS.

—"Yes, I'm a victim of a maiden's sighs," said a young man who married a 280-pound beauty.

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

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It was on one cold Winter's night,
As the wind blew across the wild moor,
When Mary came wandering home with her babe,
Till she came to her own father's door;
"Oh, father, dear father!" she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish and die
By the wind that blows across the wild moor."

"Oh, why did I leave this dear spot,
Where once I was happy and free?
But now doomed to roam, without friends or home,
And no one to take pity on me!"
The old man was deaf to her cries—
Not a sound of her voice reached his ear—
But the watch-dog did howl, and the village-bell toll'd,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

But how must the old man have felt
When he came to the door in the morn—
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,
Closely pressed in it's dead mother's arms.
Half frantic, he tore his gray hair,
And the tears down his cheeks they did pour,
Saying: "This cold Winter's night, she perished and died
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

The old man in grief pined away,
And the child to its mother went soon,
And no one, they say, has lived there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out the spot
Where the willows droop over the door,
Saying: "There Mary died, once a gay village bride,
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

I WAS DREAMING.

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The other night, not feeling bright,
I sought my bed for rest,
When I retired, sleep I desired,
As my health was not the best.
I tossed, I rolled, I kicked about,
With madness I did scream,
Do what I would, I could not sleep—
In fact, I'd only dream.

CHORUS.

I was dreaming, only dreaming,
My mind disturbed, strange things I heard,
And curious sights I then observed,
While dreaming, yes dreaming,
I will tell you what I saw while I was dreaming:

I dreamt that I could see the time
When a laboring man could say:
This life it is a pleasant one,
Eight hours' work a day.
I dreamt I saw Jay Gould's small heart
Shrivelled up just like a bean—
To the poor he gave his wealth away,
But I was only dreaming.

CHORUS.

I was dreaming, only dreaming,
He holds a grip, but he'll let slip,
And to the World's Fair largely chip—
But I am dreaming, only dreaming;
He'll keep his eyes upon his wealth,
No dreaming.

A new star lately has appeared
In the pugilistic sky;
Tho' in color off, we must not scoff
If our champion he would try.
Jackson on the other side
With Smith he did quite well;
The Englishmen are chiming now
He can whip our own John L.

CHORUS.

But they are dreaming, only dreaming—
With his strong right hand,
He'll on Jackson land,
And out of him he'll knock the sand;
He'll not be dreaming, no not dreaming,
John L. will put him fast asleep,
No dreaming.

Next year baseball will be the rage—
In fact, there'll be a fight,
The Brotherhood against the League,
I believe the boys are right.
The Magnates claim they'll do their best
To prevent them playing ball;
They say they'll knock the boys clear out
And drive them to the wall.

CHORUS.

But they are dreaming, surely dreaming—
They played fast and loose
And cooked their goose,
And got their necks within the noose
While dreaming, yes dreaming—
The Brotherhood is wide-awake,
Not dreaming.

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I miss thee, my mother, thy image is still
The deepest impressed on my heart,
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill
Ere a line of that image depart.

Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most,
When my reason could measure thy worth,
When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost
Could ne'er be replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my mother, in circles of joy,
When mingling in rapturous jest,
For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy
All the fairy-web spun in my breast.

Some melody sweet may be floating around
Of a ballad I learned at thy knee;
Some strains may be played and I shrink from the sound,
For my fingers oft waked it for thee.

I miss thee, my mother, when young health hath fled,
And I sink in the languor of pain,
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain.

Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall,
For the fond and the true are yet mine,
I've a blessing for each, I am grateful for all,
But caresses none soothing as thine.

I miss thee, my mother, in Summer's bright day,
When I rest in the ivy-wreathed bower,
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,
Or gaze on thy favorite flower.

There's the gravel-path, too, where I played by thy side,
When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,
Where I carefully led thee with pleasure and pride,
When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

I miss thee, my mother—oh, when do I not,
Tho' I know 'twas the wisdom of heaven
That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,
And the ties of devotion were riven.

For when thou wert with me, my soul was below,
I was chained to the world I then trod;
Then were my thoughts all earth-bound, but now
They have followed thy spirit to God.

THE BLIND MAN'S TROUBLE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My pathway thro' life is as dark as the tomb,
No ray of the sun can pierce through the gloom,
Like a stream in the valley, I'm winding my way,
Trusting that God will soon brighten the day.

CHORUS.

Now I hold out my hand, with God for my guide,
And a family at home, for which to provide.

As onward I travel, oh, dark is the way,
As it was in the war, where I served many a day.
When all around is beauteous and bright,
To me all is blackness and roughness and blight.—CHORUS.

While riches and wealth are at your command,
There is nothing for me but the child at my hand;
The family to me was the joy of my life,
With sweet little children and a dear, loving wife.—CHORUS.

There I'll open my eyes with delight and love,
To see my dear children and Saviour above;
There this darkness will vanish, and new light will shine
To brighten my pathway more lasting than time.—CHORUS.

Now, please buy this ballad in remembrance of me,
And I hope in life's journey much joy you may see,
That light will your heart be where'er you may go,
And a blessing upon you the Lord will bestow.—CHORUS.

JUANITA.

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Soft o'er the fountain, lingering falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon;
In the dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.

CHORUS.

Nita, Juanita, ask thy soul if we should part;
Nita, Juanita, lean thou on my heart.

When, in thy dreaming, moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not relenting for thine absent lover sigh,
In my heart consenting to a prayer gone by.—CHORUS.

THE BRAMBLE BRIER.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Near Bine-water a rich man dwelt,
With two sons and a daughter fair,
Who of his wife had been bereft,
Which caused their hearts much fear.
These young men journeyed across the sea,
To get riches was their aim,
But finding things not as they wished them to be,
Returned with a factor to their domain.

Now this factor was tall and handsome,
Neat and genteel withal,
Their sister soon in love with him fell,
Quite unbeknown to them all.
One night as the lovers were talking,
The young brother chanced to o'erhear
The secrets to each they were telling,
Those secrets to lovers most dear.

He resolved that their love should be blighted,
This love-making nipped in the bud,
On the morrow they'd take him out hunting
And secretly have him removed.
Bright and early the following morning,
On their errand they quickly set forth,
Induced the young man to go with them,
On the mountains to have a day's sport.

They hunted o'er hill and o'er mountain,
Through valleys before quite unknown,
Till they came to a dense bramble brier,
Into which his dead body was thrown.
On returning home to their sister,
She questioned them as to the man,
And asked them why did they whisper—
Pray, brother, tell me if you can.

We lost him while we were out hunting,
Searched for him, but nowhere could find,
But you need not in this wise confront us,
We were thus forced to leave him behind.
Late that night she lay restlessly tossing,
At her bedside a vision appeared,
His eyes full of tears to o'erflowing,
And his form all covered with blood.

He said, my dear, give o'er your weeping,
It is folly for you thus to grieve;
Your cruel brothers have sought to kill me,
And that die I may, I do believe.
Deep in a ditch, from view quite hidden,
Thickly with briers and thorns overgrown,
There was the scene of the bloody encounter,
There sought to kill me, there I was thrown.

She roamed far over hills and high mountains,
Through lone valleys to her quite unknown,
Till she came to the dense bramble brier,
Where they killed him and where he was thrown.
His handsome cheeks were all marred and bloody,
His manly form quite cold in death;
Fondly she kissed him, with ardor exclaiming
She would be true to him while she had breath.

When she returned and met her brothers,
They questioned her as to where she had been,
To all of which she made a quick answer,
She the young man's dead body had seen.
You have brutally murdered my own true love,
Committed a sin of deepest dye,
Just punishment you'll receive from above,
I feel that your end is nigh.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Soon after the brothers went forth to swim
And were met by a mighty wave,
By it were engulfed in its surging foam,
And both found a watery grave.

Do They Think of Me at Home?

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Do they think of me at home, do they ever think of me?
I who shared their ev'ry grief, I who mingled in their glee?
Have their hearts grown old and strange to the one now doomed to roam?
I would give the world to know—do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve? of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched? does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind, forgiving word come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh—do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved in my happy, early days?
Do they think of him who came, but could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side, and from mine he'll never roam;
But my heart will sadly ask—do they think of me at home?

—Bride: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud, you can lug this valise."

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And the dew-drops of heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove
In haste with the message it bears,
To bring you a kiss of affection, and say:
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

CHORUS.

Go where you will—on land or at sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night, when I kneel by my bedside to pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me,
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips,
When you told me how true you would be;
I know not if fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
I know that I love you wherever you roam,
And remember you, love, in my prayers.—CHORUS.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you;
And may its bright spirit be with you through life,
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs,
And meet with the one who has loved you so true,
And remember you, love, in her prayers.—CHORUS.

BRENNEN ON THE MOOR.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It's of a fearless Irishman a long story I shall tell;
His name is Willie Brennen, in Ireland he did dwell;
It was on the Calvert Mountains he commenced his hellish career,
Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.

CHORUS.

Brennen on the moor, Brennen on the moor,
Bold and undaunted, stood Brennen on the moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried with him each day;
He never robbed a poor man upon the Queen's highway;
For what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and black Bess,
He always did divide it with the widows in distress.—CHORUS.

One night he robbed an Irishman by the name of Juler Bawn,
They traveled on together till the day began to dawn;
The Juler found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
He at once encountered him and robbed him back again.—CHORUS.

When Willie found the packman was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway his companion for to be;
The Juler threw away his pack without any more delay,
And he proved a faithful comrade amidst his Agnus-dei.—CHORUS.

One day upon the highway, as Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashil a mile outside of the town;
The Mayor he knew his features—I think, young man, said he,
That your name is Willie Brennen, you must come along with me.—CHORUS.

Willie's wife, she being in town provisions for to buy,
When she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry;
I wish he handed me the temperers; as soon as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.—CHORUS.

It's with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold;
One hundred pounds he offered for his apprehension there,
And he, with horse and saddle, to the mountains then repaired.—CHORUS.

Willie, being an outlaw upon the mountain high,
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
He laughed at them with scorn, until at length did say:
Ah! a false-hearted young woman did basely me betray.—CHORUS.

In the County of Tipperary, in a place called Clonmore,
Brennen and his comrade was made to suffer sore;
He lay amongst the briars, that grew thick upon the fields,
And he received nine wounds before that he would yield.—CHORUS.

They were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound,
Conveyed to Clonmell jail, and strong walls did them surround;
The jury found them guilty, the judge made this reply:
For robbing on the Queen's highway, you're both condemned to die.—CHO.

Farewell unto my wife, and you my children three!
And you my aged father, that may shed tears for me!
And you my loving mother, tore her gray locks and cried:
It were better, Willie Brennen, in your cradle Agall Chigh!—CHORUS.

—Mean Time.—The hour for getting up.

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name is Patrick Sheehan, my years are thirty-four,
Tipperary is my native place, not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents—but now they're lying low—
And many a pleasant day I spent in the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes outside our cabin-door—
The landlord and the sheriff, too, were there the day before—
And then my loving mother, and sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts from the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work, I wandered far and near;
I went, then, to the poor-house, to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart, but still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves in the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin—with plenty all around—
I starved within my cabin, and slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was, I ne'er did hardship know
'Till I joined the English army, far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the Corporal, "you lazy Hirish 'ound;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog, the call 'to arms!' sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming of days long, long ago,
I woke before Sebastopol, and not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—how dark I thought the night;
Oh, blessed God, it was not dark, it was the broad daylight;
And when I found that I was blind, my tears began to flow,
I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of Aherlow.

Oh, blessed Virgin Mary, mine is a mournful tale—
A poor, blind prisoner here I am, in Dublin's dreary jail;
Struck blind within the trenches, where I never feared the foe;
And now I'll never see again my own sweet Aherlow.

A poor, neglected mendicant, I wandered through the street,
My nine months' pension now being out, I beg from all I meet—
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors in the Glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths—dear countrymen—take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks you'll surely rue the day;
And whenever you are tempted a-soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan of the Glen of Aherlow.

THE VIRGINIA ROSEBUD.

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I had a bud—'twas in my garden growing—
A slip I nourished with a father's care,
When other darkies round that plant were hoeing,
A fragrant zephyr seemed to fill the air;
Oh, how I've watched that little plant while creeping,
She, like her mother, all was blithe and gay;
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,
And in the morning she was stole away.
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,
And in the morning she was stole away.

CHORUS.

They stole—they stole—they stole my child away;
Oh, hear me now calling, hear me, I pray;
My heart, my heart is breaking,
For my child, for my child they've stole away.
I hear the hoofs upon the hill,
Their footsteps growing fainter still—
They stole—they stole—they stole my child away;
They stole—they stole—they stole my child away.

And then this heart it withered, and dejected
Wandered through the fields, but all in vain;
And every plant on me a shade reflected,
My tears they flowed upon them like the rain.
The thunder-storm that breaks in horror o'er us,
Throws back the rainbow's bright refulgent rays;
Though dark the cloud that is now hovering o'er us,
Bringing back the light of other days—
Though dark the night that is now hovering o'er us,
Bringing back the light of other days.—CHORUS.

MOLLIE BAWN.

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Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining
Or lonely waiting here for you,
While the stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do?
The flowers late were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you,
But their mother, Nature, kept them sleeping,
With their rosy faces washed in dew.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
And maybe you were made for mine.
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
He takes me for a thief, d'ye see?
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling,
And then transported I should be.

ROCK OF AGES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood, from Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure, save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow, could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when my eyes shall close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown and behold thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Nobly our flag flutters o'er us to-day,
Emblem of peace, pledge liberty's sway;
Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dismay
If ever insulted it be!
Our stripes and stars, loved and honored by all,
Shall float forever where freedom may call;
It still shall be the flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty!

CHORUS.
Here we will gather its cause to defend,
Let patriots rally and wise counsel lend,
It still shall be the flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty!

With it in beauty no flag can compare,
All nations honor our banner so fair;
If to insult it a traitor should dare,
Crushed to the earth let him be!
Freedom and progress our watchword to-day,
When duty calls who dare disobey?
Honor to thee, thou flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty!—CHORUS.

I WON'T BE A NUN!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any addess, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now, isn't it a pity such a pretty girl as I
Should be sent to a nunnery to pine away and die?
But I won't be a nun,
No, I won't be a nun,
I am so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I am sure I cannot tell what the mischief I have done;
But my mother often tells me that I must be a nun.
But I won't be a nun,
No, I won't be a nun,
I am so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I could not bear confinement, no, it would not do for me;
For I could not go a-shopping, to see what I can see.
But I won't be a nun,
No, I won't be a nun,
I am so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I love to hear men flatter—love fashionable clothes;
I love music, and dancing and chatting with the beau,
So I can't be a nun,
No, I won't be a nun,
I am so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

So, mother, don't be angry now, but let your daughter be;
For the nuns would not like to have a novice like me—
And I can't be a nun,
No, I won't be a nun,
I am so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When the pure sense of honor shall cease to inspire thee,
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore,
When the nations that knew thee no longer admire thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When the trumpet of fame shall cease to proclaim thee,
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore;
When the muse and the record of genius disclaim thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When thy brave sons no longer are generous and witty,
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore,
When thy daughters no longer are virtuous and pretty
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

—Lick Observatory.—Post-office stamp window.

YOU CAN'T PLAY THAT ON ME.

Banjo Solo by E. D. Gooding.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Good people all, you see I'm here to meet you once again,
And I will try and please you all, my object I'll explain,
To tell you of the slang remarks you'll hear where'er you be,
But the one that you will hear the most is, "You can't play that on me."

CHORUS.
Oh, yes, you bet—these words you'll get
Where friends have met where'er you be,
And oft you may hear some one say,
My boy, you can't play that on me.

The other night I took a stroll and dropped in a saloon,
I met some friends, we had a bowl, and didn't leave there soon,
We drank our beer and smoked cigars and chatted merrily,
And tried to stand the bar boy off, he says, "You can't play that on me.—CHO.

'Twas at a party some time since, I met a charming maid,
At least, I thought her charming then, but I missed it, I'm afraid,
I took her to the supper-room, so happy then were we,
I asked her could I see her home—she says, "You can't play that on me.—CHO.

The day was set, at last arrived, and I did call her wife,
Oh, horror, such an awful sell you ne'er saw in your life,
When we retired and she disrobed—oh, that such a thing could be,
She took out her teeth, unscrewed her leg, says I, "You can't play that on me."

CHORUS.
So my pants I took—with rage I shook—
One final look—and I did flee,
For I had one dose and I'll watch close
That they don't play such g-a-m-e-s on me.

GO BUTTON YOUR VEST.

Words by George Murphy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now if you will listen I'll sing you a song,
If you yust addention will pay;
It ain'd very shord und it ain'd very long,
It's about schlang you hear every day.
You've heard "Pull down your vest" und "Wipe off your chin,"
Und "Go lay down" und "Give us a rest."
But de latest one out is when de little boys shout:
"Say, mister, go button your vest!"

CHORUS.
Say, mister, go button your vest,
For heaven's sake, button your vest;
Go and bury your feet, shave de hair off your teeth,
Und den go und button your vest. (Repeat.)

While walking along de street t'other day,
I met such a charming young girl,
She flirted mit me as much as to say,
Come und speak—my head was in a whirl.
I spoke und I treated to oysters und beer,
I spent every cent I possessed,
I ask her to kiss me, when she said, oh dear,
Then she laughed und said, "Button you vest.—CHORUS.

My Little One's Waiting for Me.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In the dell, where the brooklet's gently flowing,
On the bench, 'neath the old willow tree,
Where the birds their songs are sweetly singing,
There my little one's waiting for me.
And she knows well the sounds of my footsteps,
As I cross o'er the bridge by the lea,
And I hasten with arms stretched to greet her—
My little one's waiting for me.

CHORUS.
In the dell, where the brooklet's gently flowing,
On the bench, 'neath the old willow tree,
Where the birds their songs are sweetly singing,
There my little one's waiting for me.

And at night, when my daily toil is o'er,
And I'm wending my way towards my home,
My heart's always beating with pleasure,
For my little one surely will come.
As I pass o'er that clear, rippling brooklet,
There, watching, I always can see,
On the bench, 'neath the old weeping willow,
My little one waiting for me.—CHORUS.

—Miss Gushing: "You are a widower, are you not, Mr. Newman?" Mr. Newman, of Salt Lake City: "Only partially, Miss Gushing. Three of my wives are still living."

PLAY BALL.

Copyright, 1890, by Spaulding & Kornder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

I've a friend named Dan McCloskey, and he's crazy on base-ball,
I told him I could play third base, but, sure, I can't at all,
McCloskey said his "nine" would play that coming Saturday,
And when I heard my name called out, I bought a suit to play;
We went out to the base-ball grounds and all dressed up in tights,
And when we came out on the field, we looked such holy sights;
McCloskey, he went first to bat and knocked a little fly,
But the bum short-stop he let it drop, and the mob began to cry:
Play ball! play ball! You'd give a man a fit,
You muffers, you bluffers, you cannot play a bit;
To make us pay a quarter each you have an awful gall;
All through the game they would exclaim: Play ball! Play ball!

When our side got the fielding, McCloskey made a muff,
And some one on the benches yelled: McCloskey, you're a "stuff";
At that poor Mac got awful mad and grabbed a bat to fire,
It missed the man upon the stand and struck the poor umpire;
The captain of the "Neverswents" began to scrowl and frown;
Before the man had time to think, McCloskey had him down;
Oh, I myself was scared to death, and from the field I fled,
And when the fight was at its height, the umpire to us said:
Play ball! play ball! You'd give a man a fit,
You muffers, you bluffers, you cannot play a bit;
To make us pay a quarter each you have an awful gall;
All through the game they would exclaim: Play ball! Play ball!

And when the game was over 'twas an interesting score,
McCloskey's nine were beaten by just eighty-six to four;
Poor Mac's saloon was crowded with a broken-hearted mob,
And if you'd ask them, they would say the umpire was a slob;
At twelve o'clock I started home as drunk as I could be;
I kicked the door and rang the bell like an Indian on a spree;
My wife raised up the window-sash and then put out her head,
She gave a roar, who's at the door? and this is all I said:
Play ball! play ball! Come down and let me in;
My daisy, I'm crazy because we didn't win;
And when I gained an entrance, sure there came an awful squall;
And now I'll shoot the man that says: Play ball! Play ball!

I've No Mother, Now I'm Weeping.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've no mother, now I'm weeping;
She has left me here alone;
She beneath the sod is sleeping,
Now there is no joy at home.
Tears of sorrow long have started—
Her bright smile no more I'll see,
And the loved ones, too, have parted;
Where, oh, where is joy for me?

CHORUS.

Weeping, lonely, she has left me here;
Weeping, lonely, for my mother dear.

Oh, how well do I remember—
"Take this little flower," said she,
"And when with the dead I'm numbered,
Place it at my grave for me."
Dearest mother, I am sighing—
On thy tomb I drop a tear,
For the little plant is dying,
Now I feel so lonely here.—CHORUS.

I've no mother, still I'm weeping,
Tears my furrowed cheek now rave,
Whilst a lonely watch I'm keeping
O'er her sad and silent grave.
Soon, I hope, will be our meeting,
Then the gladness none can tell;
Who for me will then be weeping
When I bid this world farewell?—CHORUS.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I had a dream, a happy dream, I dreamed that I was free,
And in my own bright land again there was a home for me;
Savannah's tied rushed bravely on, I saw wave roll o'er wave,
And when in full delight I awoke, I found myself a slave—
And when in full delight I awoke, I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love, though happy were my days;
'Twas by my own dear father's side I sung my simple lays;
He died, and heartless strangers came, and o'er him closed the grave;
They tore me, weeping, from his side, and claimed me as a slave—
They tore me, weeping, from his side, and claimed me as a slave.

And this was in a Christian land, where men oft kneel and pray,
The vaunted home of liberty, where whip and lash hold sway.
Oh, give me back my Georgian cot—it is not wealth I crave;
Oh, let me live in freedom's light, or die if still a slave—
Oh, let me live in freedom's light, or die if still a slave.

SWEET GENEVIEVE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past;
The rose of youth with dew empearled,
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee,
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

CHORUS.

Oh, Genevieve! sweet Genevieve!
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hand of memory weave
The blissful dream of long ago.

Fair Genevieve, my early love,
The years but makes thee dearer far;
My heart shall never, never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star.
For me the past has no regret,
Whate'er the years may bring to me,
I bless the hour when first we met—
The hour that gave me love and thee.—CHORUS.

YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND TO ME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My bark of life was tossing down the troubled stream of time,
When first I saw your smiling face, when youth was in its prime.
Then life's dark hours were turned to light—my sorrowed heart was free;
And since that time I've always found you've been a friend to me.

CHORUS.

I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam, wherever you may be,
If ever I have had a friend, you've been a friend to me.

Misfortune nursed me as her child, and loved me fondly, too;
I would have had a broken heart, had it not been for you.
Kind words were whispered softly sweet, but glad I could not be,
Until I found that you had been a faithful friend to me.—CHORUS.

The light of hope from your bright eyes dispelled the clouds of strife,
And shed their rays of sunshine down my weary path in life;
I now look back upon the past, across life's stormy sea,
And smile to think, 'mid all life's scenes, you've been a friend to me.—CHO.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him, while we breathe our evening prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden chord is severed, and our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him when we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story how our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor, in the strength of manhood's might.—CHORUS.

True, they tell us wreathes of story evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.
Sleeps to-day, oh, early fallen! in thy green and narrow bed;
Dirge from the pine and cypress mingle with the tears we shed.—CHORUS.

Mother Kissed Me in My Dream.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Lying on my dying bed, thro' the dark and silent night,
Praying for the coming day, came a vision to my sight;
Near me stood the form I loved, in the sunlight's mellow gleam,
Folding me unto her breast, mother kissed me in my dream—
Folding me unto her breast, mother kissed me in my dream.

Comrades, tell her when you write that I did my duty well;
Say that when the battle raged, fighting in van I fell;
Tell her, too, when on my bed, slowly ebbed my being's stream,
How I knew no peace until mother kissed me in my dream—
How I knew no peace until mother kissed me in my dream.

Once again I long to see home and kindred far away,
But I feel I shall be gone ere there dawns another day.
Hopefully I bide the hour when will fade life's feeble beam,
Every pang has left me now, mother kissed me in my dream—
Every pang has left me now, mother kissed me in my dream.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend **100** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fidacit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend **105** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im ...er fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im B...er
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ist mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 'e die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend **102** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Dergelein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Dringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Veilchelein
Der liebste Bube, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schultze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Lediq ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft! (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Nectar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und sinae
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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Only one
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Father O'Flynn
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Captain Dwyer
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Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland hasseen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league hand [old
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Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
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Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
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Mac's and the 's
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
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No Irish need apply
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Neil Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound to
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love!
Wearing of the green
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Willy Reilly
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Bold Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bowld sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
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Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland hasseen
Heenan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'man Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Kilkilee
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
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My good looking man
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My father sould charcoal
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Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
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Pat O'Hara [painted
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Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
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Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
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Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Farrell
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
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Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary haf got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
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Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
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Mulcahey's sooner dog
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Man who rode to Conemaugh
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McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
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Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Out behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
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De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der night behind Ghristmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot vife of mine
Dot young widdow Clara
Dot stuppern pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches Red
Fud, Fur und Fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Fritz
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don't can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" set the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half
Leedle Yawcob Strauss [shelle
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory about bedigree
Mit Sigel
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Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census-taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Rockermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Leaf
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Lard and watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went [out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule ahtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drank again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Ballo for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hill: to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were fickle, but, I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon.
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river —ou and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fan asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Dawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [now
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kasdeg
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aileen
391 Old Sexton
392 Full down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Claro
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Dornn's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Chunco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave hazzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildaro
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well [runs dry
483 Bonnie Eloise
484 River Dee
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseillies hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Sit up dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

We will send **10** of the above Songs, your selection, for **10** cents; **30** for **25** cents; **50** for **40** cents; **100** for **75** cents, or **1000** for **$5.** ☞ Remember we will not send less than **10** of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers only. We will send the sheet music of any song on this page, arranged for the piano, words and music combined, for **40** cents per copy, or **3** copies for **$1.**

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

617 Lottie Lee
618 Who's at my bedroom window?
619 I have no home
620 It's nice to be a father
621 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
622 Only to see her face again
623 Kingdom coming
624 Barney O'Hea
625 Teddy O'Neal
626 Man with the sealskin pants
627 Medicine Jack
628 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
629 Keep in the middle of the road
630 Lanigan's ball
631 Lula is gone
632 An Irishman's toast
633 Village blacksmith
634 Naughty Clara
635 Dying nun
636 When the leaves begin to turn
637 Larry O'Brien
638 Mother kissed me in my dream
639 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
640 Dying Californian
641 Grandmother's birthday
642 Come where my love lies dreaming
643 Pop goes the weasel
644 Monkey's wedding
645 Mary had a little lamb
646 Wait for the wagon
647 Cork leg
648 Uncle Sam's farm
649 My old wife and I
650 I'm so lonely
651 Only as far as the gate
652 Peek-a-boo
653 Moonlight at Killarney
654 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
655 We never speak as we pass by
656 Tipperary christening
657 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
658 Old rustic bridge by the mill
659 Paddy Magee's dream
660 Dreaming of home and mother

661 Shall we know each other there?
662 Jolly Irishman
663 Folks that put on airs
664 Rosalie, the prairie flower
665 If I had but a thousand a year
666 Fisherman and his child
667 Gwate Castle Garden
668 In the gloaming
669 Bring me back the one I love
670 Spider and the fly
671 A warrior bold
672 Tar's farewell
673 In her little bed we laid her
674 Dark girl dressed in blue
675 Separation
676 Pitcher of beer
677 Nell McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
678 Nobody knows what a racket was there
679 It's a cold day when I get left
680 Alice, where art thou?
681 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
682 Jessie at the railway bar
683 Ada, with the golden hair
684 Streets of New York
685 Courting in the rain
686 I'm dying for some one to love me
687 Is that Mister Reilly?
688 Let my name be kindly spoken
689 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
690 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
691 Poor old Mose
692 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
693 A life on the ocean wave
694 I am dreaming
695 Gypsy Countess
696 She's as good as gold
697 Watchman, tell us of the night
698 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
699 Ten thousand miles away
700 Give my love to all at home
701 Nygel Snyder's party
702 Increase of crime
703 Ship on fire
704 Josephus Orange Blossom
705 Oh! Susannah
706 Old Bob Ridley
707 Bonnie blue flag
708 Nell Flaugherty's drake
709 John Barleycorn
710 Rules for love-making
711 Land League Band
712 Down by the old abbey ruins
713 Glorious 69th
714 Old willow cradle
715 Funny old gal
716 Religious card player
717 Paddy's the boy
718 Teddy McGlynn
719 Lads who live in Ireland
720 Worn-out sailor
721 Mott street, 449
722 Limerick is beautiful
723 Seven out
724 Let me kiss him for his mother
725 Pretty lips
726 Sullivan's boot in my eye
727 Villikins and his Dinah
728 Captain with his whiskers
729 A knot of blue and gray
730 Foley's hotel
731 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
732 Never take the horseshoe from the door
733 Woman, lovely woman
734 Napoleon's dream
735 When the robins nest again
736 Oh! you little darling, I love you
737 Just down the lane
738 Call me back again
739 Milwaukee fire
740 One of the finest
741 Over the mountain
742 Belle of the ball
743 Farmer's boy
744 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
745 Hush-a-bye, baby
746 Where the ivy grows so green

747 Bridget Donahue
748 Down the hill
749 My Nellie's blue eyes
750 Ragged coat
751 Kitty Kimo
752 Lilla darling, dream of me
753 Juice of the forbidden fruit
754 Minute gun at sea
755 Some day
756 Sour kraut
757 Don't give the name a bad place
758 Racketty Jack [hallelujah)
759 John Brown song (Glory, glory
760 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
761 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
762 Roger O'Malley
763 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
764 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
765 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
766 I'll await my love
767 Hard times come again no more
768 Mulcahey's gone away
769 Nineteen hundred and one
770 Colleen Dhas Machree
771 Only to see thee, darling
772 Blue bells of Scotland
773 A boy's best friend is his mother
774 That's how you get served when you're
775 Dear little innocent things [old
776 Mother, I've come home to die
777 Just before the battle, mother
778 Down in a diving-bell
779 Kissing through the bars
780 Skipper and his boy
781 Young man from the country

782 I'll be dar
783 The midshipmite
784 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
785 Naughty, naughty men
786 Naughty, naughty girls
787 New coon in town
788 Will a monkey climb a tree?
789 Bold soger boy
790 Heenan and Sayers
791 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
792 Sally, come up
793 Sea king's burial
794 One-horse open sleigh
795 Baby show
796 Swim out for glory
797 Jessie Green
798 Duffy's grand opening night
799 I'm a dude
800 Run for the doctor
801 Climbing up the golden stairs
802 My good-looking man
803 How a married woman goes to sleep
804 I'm off for Baltimore
805 Bright little spot on the ocean
806 I tickled her under the chin
807 Lakes of Cold Finn
808 My Newmarket coat
809 He will come with the flowers of May
810 Ten years in Cherry Hill
811 Maloney's the man
812 Ship that I ever returned
813 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
814 How much does the baby weigh?
815 A mother's watch by the sea
816 Uncle Billy's dream
817 Some day I'll wander back again
818 High-water pants
819 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
820 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
821 Paddy stole the rope
822 Duffy, the swell
823 Not much
824 Don't leave your mother, Tom
825 Pretty little dark blue eyes
826 A rolling stone gathers no moss
827 Dream faces
828 Wind blew through his whiskers
829 Good-bye to my Southern home
830 Pretty little rosy cheeks
831 Knock at the window to-night, love
832 Hard up
833 Forgive and forget
834 Captain Mishler
835 Butterfly dude
836 Bowery on Saturday night
837 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
838 Let me like a soldier fall
839 Enniskillen dragoon
840 Papa's baby boy
841 I ain't as young as I used to be
842 The Dreadnought
843 See-saw
844 What's in a kiss?
845 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
846 Darling Clo'
847 Mother's last request
848 Texas ranger
849 God, save Ireland
850 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
851 Bold Jack Donahue
852 Last farewell
853 Sweet dreams of mother and home
854 Mary Ann Kehoe
855 Only an emigrant
856 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
857 The farmer feeds us all [ing
858 Strike while the iron is hot
859 Better days will come again
860 Baby's lullaby
861 Dying girl's message
862 Some other girl shall wear the ring
863 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
864 Somebody's tall and handsome
865 Mother keeps the gate locked now
866 Sweet Alpine roses
867 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
868 Constant farmer's son
869 Upper ten and lower five
870 Karl's new lullaby
871 Key-hole in the door
872 Act on the square, boys
873 Lackawanna spooners
874 Cot where I was born

875 Burke's dream
876 Four-leaved shamrock
877 Up a tree
878 Down where the lilly bells grow
879 Behind the parlor door
880 Peggy O'Moore
881 Sunny hours of childhood
882 O'Reilly, the fisherman
883 Old village blacksmith shop
884 False one, I love thee still
885 Shannon side
886 Pennsylvania tramp
887 We'll paint the town red
888 Look always on the sunny side
889 Green linnet
890 Gentle Annie
891 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
892 There's a light in the window
893 Annie of the vale
894 Rising of the moon
895 Who will care for mother now
896 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
897 Sights for a father
898 Old gray mare
899 How is your sister Mary?
900 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
901 Grandma's vacant chair
902 America's emblem the violet
903 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
904 Take good care of mother
905 Whisper and a kiss
906 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
907 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
908 Little Mag and I
909 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
910 Rosy's Sunday out
911 My sweetheart's family
912 Little wife Nellie
913 Too utterly utter
914 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
915 They can't keep the workingman down
916 Angel mother waits for me
917 Good-night, but not good-bye
918 Dar's a new moon in de sky
919 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
920 Mind and be home when the clock
921 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
922 My little four-leaved shamrock from
923 White Wings [Glennore
924 Always take mother's advice
925 Pretty pond lillies
926 Dear Robin, I'll be true
927 Mikado McAllister
928 For one day of turkey there's six days
929 Poor old dad [of hash
930 The Haddingtonshire
931 McSorley's twins
932 Cricket on the hearth
933 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
934 Trabling back to Georgia
935 Noble knights of labor
936 He gets there just the same
937 Johnny, get your gun
938 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
939 Maggie Darrow's welcome
940 Come, sit by me, mother
941 I'm not asleep
942 Put on de golden shoe
943 I'll think of my mother at home
944 Two little ragged urchins
945 Silver-bells of memory
946 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
947 Sock her on the kisser
948 Oh! you girls
949 Because she ain't built that way
950 Flanigan, the lodger
951 Married
952 Garden where the praties grow [gone
953 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
954 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
955 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
956 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
957 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
958 Annie Lisle
959 I will be true to thee
960 Down by the river side I strayed
961 Kitty Clyde
962 Under the willow she's sleeping
963 Bay of Biscay, O!
964 Hazel dell
965 It's funny when you feel that way
966 They've all got a wife but me
967 What is home without a mother?
968 Bowery Grenadiers
969 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
970 Good-bye, Susan Jane
971 Nellie was a lady
972 Nettie Moore
973 To the West
974 Joe Hardy
975 Think of your head in the morning
976 Wash me, mother, dear
977 Remember, boy, you're Irish
978 Where can the wanderer be?
979 Colored band
980 It's naughty, but it's nice
981 We'd better bide a wee
982 Come along my, darling
983 Old turnkey
984 Sarah's young man
985 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
986 Belle Brandon [different ways
987 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
988 Hungry man from Harlem
989 When Johnny comes marching home
990 I was despised because I was poor
991 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
992 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
993 Clementine [thee
994 Sweet heather bell
995 Windy man from Brooklyn
996 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
997 You'll never miss your mother till she's
998 Remember me to all at home
999 Oh, what a night
1000 Did you notice it?
1001 Since my mother's dead and gone
1002 America beats them all
1003 Australian exile

1004 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
1005 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
1006 Her own boy, Jack
1007 Clara Nolan's ball
1008 Letters we carved on the tree
1009 Two Irish police
1010 Little old red shawl my mother wore
1011 Our Jack's come home to-day
1012 He's never done anything since
1013 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
1014 Can you, then, love another?
1015 Light-house by the sea
1016 An Irish fair day
1017 It's for money
1018 As I read the paper through
1019 They can't do it, you know
1020 Letter that never came
1021 A handful of earth
1022 Is Maud in?
1023 Southern soldier boy
1024 Green mossy banks of the Lea
1025 Manchester martyrs
1026 Dear Irish boy
1027 I haven't for a long time now
1028 Save my mother's picture from the
1029 Rock-a-bye, baby [fire
1030 Lay my head beneath a rose
1031 Castlebar boy
1032 Flora Belle
1033 It's dudish you know
1034 The letter came at last
1035 My pretty Jane
1036 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
1037 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
1038 Dad's dinner pail
1039 The spree
1040 Black pick-a-ninny
1041 Widow Nolan's goat
1042 Maid of the Mill
1043 Paddy Duffy's cart
1044 Little green leaf in our bible
1045 Mary Kelly's beau
1046 He'll be back bye-and-bye
1047 Bonny black Bess
1048 Little widow Dunn
1049 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
1050 Man that struck O'Hara
1051 A flower I found in mother's bible
1052 Dying cowboy's lament
1053 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
1054 Star of the evening [mother's grave
1055 Poor little soldiers' boy
1056 Bold McIntires
1057 Howard's cradle song
1058 Handkerchief flirtation
1059 Angel's whisper
1060 Tom, if you love me, say so
1061 Flying trapeze
1062 Little old caboose behind the train
1063 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
1064 I believe it, for my mother told me so
1065 Mamma's black baby boy
1066 Ungrateful son
1067 Double-breasted mansion on the square
1068 Yankee Doodle
1069 The faster you pluck them the thicker
1070 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
1071 Sullivan and Ryan
1072 Package of old letters
1073 Cabin with the roses at the door
1074 Morrissey and Heenan fight
1075 Matrimonial suggestions
1076 Mother's wedding ring
1077 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
1078 Never take "no" for an answer
1079 Have you seen Yum-Yum
1080 I'll return bye-and-bye
1081 It's English, you know
1082 In the window a light I can see
1083 Little Ah Sid
1084 The striker and hirson
1085 Tu-ra-rum
1086 I cannot sing that song to-night
1087 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
1088 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
1089 We draw the line at that
1090 Merry shanty boys
1091 Slightly on the mash
1092 Down among the sugar cane
1093 When my rover comes again
1094 There's no one to welcome me home
1095 John Mitchell
1096 Dearest Mae
1097 My bonny laboring boy
1098 The dawning of the day
1099 Wreck of the "London"
1100 The song that reached my heart
1101 The Scotch brigade
1102 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1103 I'm the father of a little black coon
1104 Where is Kathleen
1105 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1106 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1107 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1108 Just a little sunshine
1109 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1110 A letter from Ireland [knee
1111 I'm going to have my name above the
1112 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1113 Man, poor man
1114 When baby smiles in her sleep
1115 Songs that we sing
1116 Listen to my tale of woe
1117 Meet a coon to-night
1118 Copper and the cook
1119 Bring back my sailor boy
1120 Where the sparrows and chippies
1121 Old boss Barry [parade
1122 Midnight squad
1123 Isabelle St. Clair
1124 Don't run down the Irish
1125 From the cradle to the grave
1126 The little fishermaiden
1127 You know
1128 Up went the price
1129 Honor thy father and mother
1130 Marguerite
1131 Bid me good-bye and go
1132 I'm so shy

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side-door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Mason's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play?
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Bally hooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Ding Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old dudideen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign hestil above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countre
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom-de-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to mo
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra boom-
1308 Maiden and the lamb [O'arlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own [fireside

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Words by J. McCristall. Music by Pauline McCristall.

When at night I stay out late, it's my unhappy fate
To get lectured by my wife an hour or more,
For she says she cannot rest with that confounded pest,
The rattle of the latch-key in the door.

CHORUS.

Oh, the rattle of the latch-key in the door,
It has got me into trouble oft before;
For it stirs up such a rattle that it never fails to tattle—
The rattle of the latch-key in the door.—(DANCE.)

If at night I chance to meet a friend upon the street
Whom I haven't seen for many a year before,
We may drink a social glass, and the time will quickly pass,
Then it's hard to fit the latch-key in the door.—CHORUS.

Sometimes to the club I go to spend an hour or so,
There I meet the jolly fellows by the score;
Very often, you can bet, razzle-dazzled we will get,
Then it's hard to fit the latch-key in the door.—CHORUS.

Saturday night I stayed out late, being in a jolly state,
Sunday morning I reached home at half-past four;
It was dark, I could not see where to place the horrid key,
And I tried to fit it in my neighbor's door.—CHORUS.

LITTLE FANNIE McINTYRE.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I've a little sweetheart, Fannie, that's her name,
We met only yesterday—tell me, can you blame
Me for loving an angel, with eyes as bright as fire?
Some day I am going to wed Miss McIntyre.

CHORUS.

Little Fanny McIntyre, she's the one I most admire;
She sets my heart strings on fire, little Fannie McIntyre;
She leads in our old church choir, she's the picture of her sire;
Girls, they envy, boys admire, little Fanny McIntyre.

Like a burst of sunshine, like a dear, sweet dream,
She came into my life, strange as it may seem;
We both loved at first sight, two lips in kisses met,
One to live for the other, sworn to ne'er forget.—CHORUS.

Soon will be the wedding, soon the bells will ring,
Angels up in heaven will wish us joy and sing;
Could we tell of the future, to what hopes we aspire,
Then you'd hear folks singing of Fanny McIntyre.—CHORUS.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A story I'm going to tell of a grave
In the South, where a brave soldier fell;
For his cause now he sleeps by the side of a track,
What his colors, none able to tell;
A plain, simple board, rudely carved, that was all
That was left to remind one of that sacred spot;
The words, as we traced them, were simple enough,
"A soldier sleeps here—oh, forget me not."

CHORUS.

The lone grave is there by the side of the track,
It contains a wanderer who never came back,
And when he appears on the great judgment day,
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray?"

There's a mother that sits by a fireside to-night,
She is thinking of days long gone by;
And she pictures a loved one who went to the war,
But returned not, she says, with a sigh;
If the mother could know that her boy calmly sleeps
Undisturbed by the march or the progress of time;
What feelings would haunt her, what thoughts would she have—
Sobs, tears and heart-aches, what sadness sublime.

CHORUS.

The lone grave's still there by the side of the track,
It contains her boy, who will never come back,
And when he appears on the great judgment day,
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray?"

I'VE A LITTLE YALLER WATCH.

Copyright, 1889, by Jos. A Prosser.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Jos. A. Prosser.

Two weeks ago last Saturday, shure I resaved a letther
Frum me brother Barney, who thaught he cud do betther
Be cuming t' America an' lave his frinds behind.
He thaught that here we did no wurk, but all our muunie find.
He axed me if I'd mate him—uv coorse, shure I consinted,
An' off t' Castle Garden me way I quickly wint it,
An' whin we met, I grabbed his hand, him I was glad t' see.
Thin Barney he tuck me aside, an' this he sed t' me:

CHORUS.

"I've a little yaller watch in me vest pocket;
But I've made me mind up that I'll go an' hock it.
So thin wid it goes th' chain, an' also goes th' locket,
But I go wid ye, Tom, an' we will have a spree."

So thin t'gether we both wint t' Simpson's, there t' pon it,
Look was in his favur, he got tin dollars on it.
We starhted off t' Brannigan's, fur him he'd like t' see.
While there we got so billin' dhrunk, begor, we couldn't see,
Thin Barney got excited, an' began t' abuse me,
An' officer he came 'long, thin Barney did a'cuse me
Uv stalin' watch an' chain an' locket—tright near killed me dead;
Nex' day befure a police judge I swure that Barney said:—CHORUS.

Sbure Barney heard all that was tould, an' knew he was outwitted;
He lied t' his Honor, faith he quickly admitted,
Sez he: "I beg yer pardon, sur, if rung shure I have dunn,
Fur I thaught in this counthry th' people lived for funn;
But if it's rung to do it, ye'll find that I'll kape frum it,
So now thin, plaze, yer Honor, I'm sorry that I dunn it;
It's me furst day in this counthry, plaze judge don't kape me in."
His Honor scratched his ould bald pate, an' answered wid a grin:

CHORUS.

"Ye'd a little yaller watch in yer vest-pocket,
But ye wur not satisfied 'till ye'd go an' hock it.
So thin wid it wint th' chain, an' also wint th' locket,
But, Barney, ye go t' th' pennitentiary."

Then You Wink the Other Eye.

As sung by Marie Loftus.

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Say, boys, whatever do you mean
When you wink the other eye;
Why, when you tell where you've been,
Do you wink the other eye?
You preach your wives such stories, you can tell them just a few,
Just met an old acquaintance, or the train was overdue;
And when the simple wife believes that every word is true,
Then you wink the other eye.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, now is it quite the thing;
Say, should we let you have your fling;
Oh, when you've got us on a string,
Then you wink the other eye.

Say, boys, you meet a turtle-dove,
Then you wink the other eye;
First sight, you madly fall in love,
Then she winks the other eye.
You take her thro' the city for a pleasant little stroll,
And up against a jeweller's shop by accident you roll—
She'd like that lovely diamond brooch, you find you're in a hole,
Then she winks the other eye.—CHORUS.

In court a breach of promise on,
Then they wink the other eye;
Up steps the maiden all forlorn,
Then they wink the other eye.
She tells the Judge her story with the salt tear in her eye,
How the villain woo'd and won her—here she heaves a bitter sigh—
How he used to kiss and cuddle her when nobody was nigh,
Then they wink the other eye.—CHORUS.

A sweet, young creature calls a cab,
And she winks the other eye;
"Right, mum!" another fare to grab,
Cabby winks the other eye.
Her purse, alas! is empty, but somehow she must get there;
She whispers something in his ear, then it's "Drive to Leicester Square."
"All right—jump in!" says cabby [pause] oh, "Cabby knows his fare,"
For he winks the other eye.—CHORUS.

George: "You look, sleepy, John." John: "I did not go to bed until three o'clock this morning. I was out calling on my girl." "Three o'clock! I should think the old man would have come down stairs with a shot-gun." "Her father is a widower, and is courting a lady in the next block. I never have to leave until he comes home."—*Omaha World.*

MY SAILOR JACK.

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Words and Music by Wm. Henry Whyte.

Come mess-mates all and list to me, come listen to my song;
My tale of love I'll tell to you, to while the hours along:
Five years to-day I went away, our grand ship sailed afar,
Mag bade adieu to ship and crew as we sped o'er the harbor bar.
Oft'times at night upon the sea these words come back, come back to me:

CHORUS.

Don't leave your Maggie, Jack, my poor heart with anguish rack,
I'll be here when you come back, to welcome home my sailor Jack.

Just one short year passed by, mess-mates, once more I was at home;
But Maggie, lovely Maggie, mates, to heaven she had flown;
She was too good for this rough world, so happy, gay and free;
Now as I keep my midnight watch, upon the top-mast tree,
Oft'times at night upon the sea these words come back, come back to me:—CHO.

This Little Pig Went to Market.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Gustave Kerker.

When shades of night begin to fall, and in the quiet skies
The little stars peep shyly out, like baby angels' eyes,
When ev'ry bird has ceased its song and slumbers on its nest,
My little girl with sunny hair gets ready for her rest;
We romp together for a time and then she sits her down,
And takes her shoes and stockings off, with many a dainty frown,
Then climbs upon my knee and says, "Please, papa, one more time,
Tell me about the little pigs, and so I sing the rhyme:

CHORUS.

This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home,
This little pig he had roast-beef, this little pig he had none,
This little pig cried, wheek! wheek! wheek! I cannot find my way home,
This little pig cried, wheek! wheek! wheek! I cannot find my way home.

Five little dainty, rosy toes, I count them each in turn,
And all in vain the baby tries the jingling rhyme to learn;
She mixes all the pigies up and misses half the toes,
But still she tries, and ev'ry time is sure that now she knows;
She thinks I'm very mean to laugh, and then a frown appears,
And then her lips begin to pout, her eyes to fill with tears,
But long before the tear-drops fall I kiss them all away,
And once again I count the toes, and once again I say:—CHORUS.

She makes one last endeavor now, she says it very slow,
But still there's not enough of pigs, or else an extra toe,
She don't know what's the matter, and she guesses that will do,
She says, "I don't think anyway that pigs are nice, do you?"
Her little eyes grow heavy and she thinks she'll go to bed,
So kneeling in her gown of white, the "Now I lay me's" said,
A last good-night to one and all, a last kiss, long and sweet,
And as I leave her to her dreams, I hear her still repeat:—CHORUS.

YOU'LL BE KIND TO MY MOTHER WHEN I'M GONE.

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Let me whisper to you, father, ere I close my eyes in death,
Speak low, I would not have the angels hear;
But tell me, I beseech you, ere I take my dying breath,
What makes you act so strangely, father dear?
You are not the same to mother as in happy days gone by,
She seems to be dejected and forlorn;
Then promise me, dear father, 'tis your dying child's request,
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Then, father, ere I die, bid your Willie dear, good-bye,
And, mother, for your son do not mourn;
I am going now to rest, and will soon be with the blest,
So be kind to my mother when I'm gone.

Oh, you'd always come home early, ere the sun had sank to rest,
And ev'rything was happy, gay and bright,
But now she waits and watches with sad feelings in her breast,
And her heart is full of sadness day and night;
Then, father, dearest father, you can never, never know
The sorrow and anguish she has borne;
Then promise me, dear father, ere I take my dying breath,
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone.—CHORUS.

Oh, you'd often kiss her, father, ere you left our cottage-door,
There were no wrinkles then upon her brow;
And oft I've heard you tell her that you'd love her more and more,
But I never see you kiss her, father, now;
And oft I've heard her weeping, when she thought me fast asleep,
And I wondered what it was that made her moan;
Then promise me, oh, promise ere I close my eyes in peace,
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone.—CHORUS.

THEY'RE AFTER ME.

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Words by Frank N. Scott. As sung by William Hoey.

Our ship of state is sailing on a most uneven keel,
The people are dissatisfied and want another deal,
The country's bound for ruin at a headlong railroad speed,
To stop all this they say they've found the very man they need.

CHORUS.

So they're after me, after me, to capture me is ev'ry one's desire;
They're after me, after me, I'm the individual they require.
They're after me, after me, to capture me is ev'ry one's desire;
They're after me, after me, I'm the individual they require.

The girls admire a handsome face and go a heap on "style";
They like to see a noble brow support a shining tile,
And when a manly form appears in stunning garb arrayed,
Straightway all womankind is "mashed"—wife, damsel and old maid.—CHO.

In baseball matters things are said to be a little "mixed,"
And all who love the game desire to see the trouble fixed;
Both managers and players say there's only just one man
Can straighten things and have them run upon a better plan.—CHORUS.

Our shrewd Postmaster-General and Anthony the wise
Declared Kreutzer's Sonata quite unfit for modest eyes;
The book Sonata sold in scores, and people think the thing
A put-up job to make it sell and mighty profits bring.—CHORUS.

In England Queen Victoria would like to take a rest,
But to resign the crown to Wales she doesn't think it best;
She says in all the universe there's just one man alone
She wants as her successor on Great Britain's mighty throne.—CHORUS.

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

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When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of Spring,
No flowers were there that could compare
With the lovely girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar,
Good-natured old soul, never ask'd for his toll,
But look'd after the low-back'd car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes
Of death in warlike scars;
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly,
As she sits in the low-back'd car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these.
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming God of Love.
As she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come from afar
And envy the chickens that Peggy is picking,
As she rides in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
With a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit forninst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
As we rode in that low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Magar,
Oh, my heart would beat high at each glance of her eye,
As we rode in the low-back'd car.

HE WAS A PAL OF MINE.

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Words by M. J. Cavanagh. Music by Isidor Witmark.

Ned and I were schoolmates many years ago,
I loved him like a brother, he returned my love, I know;
Our lives had not a shadow of care or sorrow then;
We never dream't how fate would change our paths when we were men;
But school-days, like all other things, at last must have an end;
I well remember how I grieved to leave my youthful friend;
He wrung my hand at parting, and he whispered in my ear:
Tho' I be far away, old pal, in mem'ry keep me near—ah,

CHORUS.

He was a pal of mine, he shared my hopes and fears;
But, oh, for the scenes that fancy brings back from those golden years
When we sat at the same old desk, and together line by line
We studied our lessons, Ned and I, for he was a pal of mine.

Years rolled quickly onward, at last I heard from Ned—
Discouraged by misfortune, downward he was led;
Poor lad, he had been drifting upon life's troubled stream,
And o'er his darken'd pathway hope shed not one single beam;
No friendly hand to stay him, he had reached destruction's brink.
Discarded by the world, he sought forgetfulness in drink;
I found him by the road-side there, mocked by the rabbles jeers,
And, as a man should do, I raised my friend of other years—For—CHORUS.

Seeds that drink had planted brought the fruit of crime;
I vainly sought to make Ned the lad of olden time;
Too low had he descended, his path was downward now,
Until at last the felons' brand was placed upon his brow;
I saw him in the court-room on the morning he was tried;
Disgraced, a thief, a vagabond, by all the world denied,
"The judge's sentence is declared," a prison-cell for years,
The only friend to speak for him, I told them thro' my tears that—CHORUS.

When the shadows deepen, and all nature's still,
I often love to wander to a church-yard on the hill;
In a nook, secluded from the cold world's gaze,
Beside a humble grave I muse on half-forgotten days;
No monument of grandeur now marks where he lies at rest.
But God's own pretty flowers lift their heads above his breast;
In peace, poor lad, he slumbers there, his cares and griefs are o'er,
But, ah, what would I give to live again those days of yore, when—CHORUS.

UNCLE JOE.

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Words and Music by James Bland.

Oh! they call me Uncle Joe, I was bred and born, you know,
In a pleasant spot not far away from here;
When I think of days gone by, it almost makes me cry
For my birth-place that I've always loved so dear;
I used to play the banjo just beside the cabin-door
And watch the children dancing on the green,
But them days am passed and gone and they never will return,
Since I've left my old log cabin by the stream.

CHORUS.

Will I hear the darkies voices as I used to years ago,
Yes, we're waiting to receive you, Uncle Joe.
Oh! it seems to me a dream—hark! list to the tambonrine;
Oh! the sound comes from my cabin by the stream.

Oh! I know I soon shall die, and it almost makes me cry
When I've got to leave the spot where I was born;
I have traveled far alone just to see my dear old home,
But I thought that all the color'd folks had gone,
But now I think I'm wrong, yet I'll sing my little song,
For everything to me seems like a dream;
When the darkies hear my voice it will make their hearts rejoice.
For I've come to see my cabin by the stream.—CHORUS.

PRETTY LITTLE LOU.

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Words by G. Stansill. Music by J. Schwenseck.

There is a fair one living near, I don't mind telling you,
Who promised for to be my wife, her maiden name is Lou;
The first time that I met her was down by a purling stream,
And when she turned and smiled on me how happy I did seem.

CHORUS.

While strolling through the grove, by this lovely little stream,
This vision floated past my sight just like a happy dream;
I never can forget her, with her eyes of bonnie blue,
She is so fair, I do declare, my pretty little Lou,
She is so fair, I do declare, my pretty little Lou.—(DANCE.)

I smiled on her and raised my hat, she blushed and hung her head,
My heart kept going pit-a-pat, I scarce knew what I said.
Pray, pardon me, then Miss, said I, I hope I don't intrude,
She raised her eye and winked so sly, my pretty little Lou.—CHORUS.

NORA MAGUIRE.

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Written and Composed by Thos. Le Mack.

In a little house just down the street there lives a lovely miss,
Whose roguish ways have filled my heart with ecstacy and bliss;
A Venus, filled with loveliness, would not be any where
To see her walking Sundays with your humble servant here;
It's not me that makes the picture, although Nora says I'm sweet,
But a look at her I'm sure that it would raise you off your feet;
The words like music from her lips, I'm sure you'd never tire,
If you were fortunate enough to meet sweet Nora Maguire.

CHORUS.

You should see her on Sunday walking down the street,
You would think her an angel beautiful and sweet;
My mind is nearly crazy, my heart it is on fire,
With love for this charming, beautiful Nora Maguire.

You've admired lovely women, you have met with pretty girls,
You've seen them decked with diamonds and many precious pearls,
But if by chance at any time on Nora you should call,
Just one glance at her lovely face, you'd say she beats them all;
Now, it is not for her beauty that this little girl I praise,
But the charms she has about her are her natural, loving ways;
Discomforted when parted from her, when happy I'm nigh her,
That is the way I've gone through life since I've met Nora Maguire.—CHO.

IT SHOWERED AGAIN.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The clouds were low'ry, the rumble of thunder
Was shaking the vaults of a dark, heavy sky,
When I met Mary Casey, and said, come in under
The awning of Murphy till the shower goes by.
Said she, with great pleasure, I have plenty of leisure,
I'm trembling and nervous in fear of the rain.
Oh, we waited and waited, till the storm had abated,
She started to go, but it showered again;
Oh, we waited and waited, till the storm had abated,
She started to go, but it showered again.

We talked of the weather, the rain kept a falling,
And Murphy's white awning began for to leak;
Then we heard a loud voice in the bar-room a-bawling,
'Twas Murphy himself with his musical squeak.
He sang, oh, so bravely: "The Last Rose of Summer,"
The crowd gathered 'round for to hear the sweet strain;
Then said Mary: Good-bye, oh, sure, now I must leave you!
She started to go, but it showered again;
Then said Mary: Good-bye, oh, sure, now I must leave you!
She started to go, but it showered again.

The horse-cars were crowded, the street was blockaded
With buggies and wagons, yet Murphy did sing;
Oh, said I, lovely Mary, I'm lone and unaided,
When on her first finger I placed a gold ring.
She blushed like a posy, and bowed her head shyly,
And whispered: Now, Barney, oh, what do you mean?
For my mother has promised, sure, my hand to Pat Reilly!
She started to go, but it showered again;
For my mother has promised, sure, my hand to Pat Reilly!
She started to go, but it showered again.

The sky it grew darker, the elements warring,
The thunder of heaven so loudly did roar;
While I said: Dearest Mary, your love I'm imploring,
Then Murphy looked out with a smile from his door.
Said I: Mary Casey, don't take this for a blarney,
The name of Pat Reilly has given me pain;
Will you marry me, loved one? then she answered: Yes, Barney!
The sun it came out and cleared off the rain;
Will you marry me, loved one? then she answered: Yes, Barney!
The sun it came out and cleared off the rain.

—"You love my daughter?" said the old man. "Love her!" he exclaimed passionately; "why, sir, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet below." The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

THE IRISH JUBILEE.

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Words by J. Thornton. Music by Chas. Lawlor.

Oh, a short time ago, boys, an Irishman named Doherety
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority,
He felt so elated that he went to Dennis Cassidy,
Who owned a bar-room of a very large capacity,
He said to Cassidy, go over to the brewer
For a thousand kegs of lager beer and give it to the poor,
Then go over to the butcher-shop and order up a ton of meat,
Be sure and see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat,
Send out invitations in twenty different languages,
And don't forget to tell them to bring their own sandwiches;
They've made me their Senator, and so, to show my gratitude,
They'll have the finest supper ever given in this latitude—
Tell them the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty,
Assisted on the bag-pipes by Felix McCafferty;
Whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the tin,
And any one who doesn't come, be sure and do not let him in.

Cassidy at once sent out the invitations,
And everyone that came was a credit to their nations;
Some came on bicycles, because they had no fare to pay,
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay away;
Two-by-three they marched in the dining-hall,
Young men and old men, and girls that were not men at all,
Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn,
Single men, double men and men who had their glasses on;
Before many minutes nearly every chair was taken,
'Till the front rooms and mushrooms were packed to suffocation;
When every one was seated, they started to lay out the feast;
Cassidy said, rise up and give us each a cake of yeast;
He then said, as manager he would try and fill the chair;
We then sat down and we looked at the bill-of-fare;
There was pige-head and gold-fish, mockingbirds and ostriches,
Ice cream and cold cream, vasaline and sandwiches.

Bluefish, green-fish, fish-hooks and partridges,
Fish-balls, snow-balls, cannon-balls and cartridges;
Then we eat cat-meal till we could hardly stir about;
Ketchup and hurry-up, sweet-krout and sour-krout,
Dressed beef and naked beef, and beef with all its dresses on,
Soda-crackers, fire-crackers, limburger-cheese with tresses on,
Beefsteaks and mistakes were down on the bill-of-fare;
Roast-ribs and spare-ribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare,
Reindeer and snow-deer, dear me and antelope;
And the women eat so-mushmellon, the men said they cantalope;
Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrin's from old Erin's Isle,
Bologna and fruit-cake, and sausages a half-a-mile;
There was hot-corn and cold corn, corn-salve and honeycomb,
Read-birds, read books, sea-bass and sea-foam,
Fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little liver pills,
And every one was wondering who was going to pay the bills.

For desert we had tooth-picks, ice-picks and skipping-rope,
And washed them all down with a big piece of shaving-soap;
We eat everything that was down on the bill-of-fare,
Then looked on the back of it to see if any more was there,
Then the band played, horn-pipes, gas-pipes, and Irish reels,
And we danced to the music of "the wind that shakes the barley-fields,"
Then the piper played old tunes and spittoons so very fine
That in came Peiper Heidseck and handed him a glass of wine;
They welted the floor till they could be heard for miles around;
When Gallagher was in the air, his feet was never on the ground;
A fine lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon,
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on;
Some danced jig-step, door-steps and highland flings,
And Murphy took his knife out and tried to cut a pigeon-wing;
When the dance was over, Cassidy then told us
To join hands together and sing this good old chorus:

(AFTER LAST VERSE.)

Should old acquaintance be forgot, wherever we may be,
Think of the good old times we had at the Irish Jubilee.

OH! ERIN, MY COUNTRY

By Charles Jeffereys.

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Oh! Erin, my country, tho' strangers may roam
The hills and the vallies I once called my home,
Thy lakes and thy mountains no longer I see,
Yet warmly as ever my heart beats for thee.
Oh! Cushla Machree, my heart beats for thee,
Erin, Erin, my heart beats for thee.

Oh! years have passed o'er me since last time we met,
Yet lived I a thousand, I could not forget
The true heart that loved me, the bright eyes that shone
Like stars in the heaven of days that are gone.
Oh! Cushla Machree, my heart beats for thee,
Erin, Erin, my heart beats for thee.

Dear home of my youth, I may see thee no more,
But memory treasures the bright days of yore,
And my heart's latest wish, the last sigh of my breast,
Shall be given to thee, dearest land of the West.
Oh! Cushla Machree, my heart beats for thee,
Erin, Erin, loved Cushla Machree.

MY SON, MY ONLY SON.

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Written by E. W. Rogers. Composed by George Le Brunn.

Just five and twenty years ago, how well I know the day,
My only child, a son, was born my lands and house to sway;
With fond delight my darling wife called him her joy and pride,
And I was proud, as he grew up, to have him by my side;
And when from college home he came, so tall and full of grace,
I thought how well in future days he'd fill his father's place;
But one dark day I came to learn that he had forged my name,
With curses deep I drove him forth to bear his load of shame.

CHORUS.

My son, my son, my only one, come back to your father once more,
I'm sorry I drove you with curses away, to roam on a foreign shore,
Your mother is dead, her spirit has fled to brighter realms of joy,
Let by-gones be by-gones, come home once more to your father, my darling boy.

He went off to Australia's shores, and as the weeks flew on
His mother's face began to fail, her face grew pale and wan,
And in her sleep she dreamt of him, one night she woke and said:
"My boy, my boy is innocent, you'll know it when I'm dead."
And on her dying bed she cried, "my race is nearly run,
Oh! John, my heart is breaking for a glimpse of him—my son!"
That night she died, and oh! the grief it nearly drove me mad,
For news then came to me of how I'd wronged my noble lad.—CHORUS.

His cousin, dying, had confessed, his hand had forged the bill
My son to ruin and his place to take upon my will.
I sent at once to find my boy—six months they searched in vain,
And anxiously I'm waiting now for news across the main—
What's that? a telegram for me—what makes me tremble so?
My eyes are dim—I cannot see the news I long to know:
"Dear sir, your boy is found at last, has sailed across the foam,
His ship is due, he longs for you, so bid him welcome home."—CHORUS.

CRUISKEEN LAWN.

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Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman doth his hounds,
And the shepherd each sweet, shady grove;
But I, more blest than they,
Make each happy night and day,
With my smiling cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
With my smiling cruiskeen lawn.

CHORUS.

Gramachree ma cruiskeen, slanta gal mavourneen,
Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Gramachree ma cruiskeen, slanta gal mavourneen,
Arrah, ma colleen bawn, bawn, bawn,
Arrah, ma colleen bawn.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again
To fill another cruiskeen lawn,
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.—CHORUS.

And when grim death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass is run,
I'll say, "Begone, you slave,
For great Bacchus gives us leave
To drink another cruiskeen lawn,
To drink another cruiskeen lawn."—CHORUS.

IN THY DREAMS REMEMBER ME.

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Words and Music W. C. Parker.

Sweet one, I 'neath thy window sing, many angels fill thy pillows soft,
With plumage plucked from heavenly wing to guide thy holy dreams aloft,
The bright stars shine in mirrowed stream, while over meadows' fair expanse
Benignant planets kindly gleam to light good fairies' midnight dance.

REFRAIN.

Good-night, good-night, good-night, sweet one, good-night;
In thy dreams remember me, good-night, sweet one, good-night.

The fragant honey-suckle vine, sweet night-winds' odors chalices sips,
Its censor, hanging in thy shrine, finds sweeter incense on thy lips;
Good-night, when fond birds come to wake my loved one in her downy nest,
Breathe prayer seraphic for his sake, who wears thine image in his breast.—REF.

WHISTLING SUSANNA.

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Words and Music by Frank Dumont.

I court a little yellow girl, her name's Susanna,
She's from Savannah, she's happy as a bird,
I tell you she's a daisy when she starts a-whistling,
Sweetest I ever heard.
The nightingale and robin and the big green linnet,
Oh, they're not in it, she drives 'em all away;
She never stops a minute, but she keeps right at it,
And this is what she whistles all the day.—(WHISTLING CHORUS.)

I've never tried to kiss her, for her lips are going,
A-puck'ring, blowing, I never get a chance;
She sits upon my knees, but then she keeps on whistling,
Only to make me dance.
Her mouth is getting crooked and it looks like blubber,
Of "injun" rubber, and shining like the moon,
Oh, even while she's sleeping you can hear her whistle,
To save her life she couldn't change the tune.—(WHISTLING CHORUS.)

THE BOLD McINTIRES.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

From sweet Templemore, on Hibernia's shore,
Come the family of John McIntire;
So fearless and bold, in Ireland of old,
Oh, they whaled every blackguard Maguire.

CHORUS.

The Kelleys and Rileys and O'Shannessy's,
The Caseys and every Maguire,
Bow down to us low as walking we go,
It's the elegant, bold McIntires.

Oh, every man of the McIntire clan,
Sure they're prouder than the great Marc Anthony,
And born without a mark, they all see in the dark,
Like an owl on a gooseberry tree.—CHORUS.

Oh, there's Uncle Pat, with his high beaver hat,
Cousin Tim, who would ate a Maguire;
There's Tom and Jack, the twins, who stand upon their pins
Like an elegant, bold McIntire.—CHORUS.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

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Words and Music by Edwin French.

The winter has come and the jolly, good fun
At Sheepshead Bay is o'er,
Pickin' the nags at the drop of the flag,
That sport we'll see this year no more,
Where the ladies en masse and every young lass
Are dressed so neat and gay,
It's really no bluff, they're out for the stuff,
Down at Sheepshead Bay.

CHORUS.

There goes the bell, they're now at the post, get off of my feet, you jay,
A hundred for me on Kingston, you see; it's a dead sure winner to-day—
What! Murphy up? we're all in the soup—get out! you're right in the way;
Now, what do you 'spec', he wins by a neck, down at Sheepshead Bay.

Barney Aaron will shout that they're all weighed out,
Now bet your money free,
There's a slippery tip on butter to-day,
It's a very strong thing, now you take it from me,
There's another Mike Kelly, why you're off your base,
Don't you give it away,
Git out you young snipe, you've been hitting the pipe,
Says his nibs to the tout at the Bay.—CHORUS.

Now we will have a bottle of wine,
And white seal has the call,
So has McCarty, so has Fitzpatrick,
But Jimmy McLaughlin's the boss of them all;
I have lost my girl, I heard a cry,
When some one they did say:
My gracious sake, she gave him the shake,
When he lost her at Sheepshead Bay.

CHORUS.

There goes the bell, they're all in a bunch, I wonder who will win;
The ladies are flirting, the niggers are betting and doing the pigeon-wing;
Here they come and all in the stretch, my horse is all O. K,
So come, my honey, we got the money, down at Sheepshead Bay.

WIDOW NOLAN'S GOAT.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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Oh, I'm a lone widdy, meself and my daughter,
We live in a house where there's welcome galore;
My husband he formerly carried up mortar
From the ground to the third or fourth floor.
When he died he will'd over the land and the shanty,
His pipe and his stick and his frieze overcoat;
The pig and the goslins, the chickens so banty,
And his favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.

CHORUS.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hone,
Come back to my bosom, my own darling Billy,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hone,
My favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.

Wid horses he slept ev'ry night in the stable,
He'd rise in the morn at the break of day;
When breakfast was ready he'd come to the table,
Shure I never could drive him away.
He could butt down a fence, oh, so gentle and aisy,
He'd stand near the pond for to see the ducks float;
He'd climb over the hills, sure he never was lazy,
My own favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.—CHORUS.

His whiskers were long, like the wandering Jewman,
He ate up old hoop-skirts, newspapers and rags;
When a kid he belonged to young Mary Ann Doolan,
He would skip and sleep out on the flags.
'Twas a blast from a quarry that sthruck him on the shoulder
The morning my husband went out for to vote;
He laid sick a-bed from the fall of the boulder,
Did my favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.—CHORUS.

He'd fight like a trooper, his horns were like sabers,
He'd bate all the goats for so many miles 'round;
Sure he'd butt at a stranger, but never a neighbor,
Sure they could not take him to the pound.
Oh, his right name was Willy, but I called him Billy,
He was my companion, on him sure I'd doat;
So fond of sunflowers and daffydown dillies
Was my favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.—CHORUS.

His white hairs were silken, they hung long and drooping,
He traveled some time with Mike Regan's big Nan;
If a child in the neighborhood took on a crooping,
He'd halt and he'd gaze like a man.
All the dogs and the cats, sure they'd never come near him,
Wid his horns he would buck them a terrible smote;
The long years and days it took me for to rear him,
Oh, my favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.—CHORUS.

I Can't Believe Her Faithless.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

'Twas a modest little cottage, where love alone did dwell,
A youth who labored daily for one he loved so well,
But this was in the long ago, the springtime of his life,
When two souls they were happy as loving man and wife,
But he came home one evening and tears quick filled his eye;
He found his cottage empty, not one word, no good-bye—
'Twas an awful shock, a sad blow, like a bird she'd taken wing;
There's a sad face at the window, each night you'll hear him sing:

CHORUS.

I can't believe her faithless, those eyes of tender blue
Could not be so deceiving, I don't think she's untrue;
I'm watching for her coming from dusk till break of day,
The hours are very lonely since Nelly went away.

'Tis but a simple story of love that never dies,
Of faith that naught can shatter, the purest 'neath the skies;
You see him at all hours, he sighs and sighs again,
He can't forget his Nelly, he watches, but in vain;
He's growing very feeble, his look is far away;
He seems to be in dreamland, he's growing old and gray;
He murmurs, how she loved me, I know she won't stay long—
The passers by the window can hear this plaintiff song:—CHORUS.

—Wife (at breakfast): "I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What are the 'probabilities?'" Husband (consulting his paper): "Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."—*Puck*.

LITTLE SAM.

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Words and Music by Will S. Hays.

I'm a happy little darkey, all the way from Alabam,
Whar I used to hoe de cotten and de cane,
An' de white folks dey will miss me when dey shout for little Sam;
Kase I'm neber gwine to lib wid dem again.
Oh! I left 'em in de night, when de moon was shining bright,
An' I struck out to find de happy land;
I left my only brudder to take care of my mother—
I was bound to be a little contraband.

CHORUS.

High, oh, high! Listen till I tell you who I am;
I'se a roving little darkey, all de way from Alabam;
I'se as free as anybody, an' dey call me little Sam.

De cabin whar I used to lib is settin' on de hill,
And de mockin'-bird is singin' jes' as free,
Whar I used to set and listen to de music ob de rill,
As it hunted for de riber to de sea;
And when de work was o'er, we would gather 'round de door
Ob de cabin—all de darkies in a jam;
An' dey'd keep de banjo ringin' while dey listen to me singin',
But I run away to be a contraband.—CHORUS.

I'se around among the white folks, doin' for dem all I can,
For to keep me busy workin' all de day;
And when I duz my duty well, dey pays me like a man,
And I goes and puts my money all away;
And I'll save up eb'ry cent, 'cept what I've gone and spent,
Kase I'se gwine to travel down to Alabam,
For to see my only brudder and my dear old, aged mother,
Who will gib a welcome home to "Little Sam."—CHORUS.

I'D HAVE DONE IT FOR HER.

Copyright, 1890, by Mrs. Frank Harding.

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Adapted by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I love a girl, and for her sake most anything I'd do,
But all her folks they seem to be a very selfish crew;
She's quite a cinderella, whilst they lead such lazy lives,
To-day her little brother wouldn't help her clean the knives.

CHORUS.

I'd have done it for her, glad to get the chance;
I'd do it and I wouldn't care a rap;
If she'd only said the word, I'd have done it like a bird,
For I always was a very willing chap.

She told me that the other day her parents went away,
Up to the country where they have their usual holiday,
They left her all alone at home and just to think of this:
They went away and wouldn't even give the girl a kiss.—CHORUS.

Last night she came from theatre and was so tired out
She couldn't take her fin'ry off—her sisters stood about,
And tho' they saw that by herself her dress she couldn't doff,
They wouldn't even help the girl to take her bustle off.—CHORUS.

My little girl, not long ago, began to grow quite stout,
So stout, indeed, 'tis often hard for her to get about;
Last night she stooped and bent in vain, her heart was very blue,
For not a soul was kind enough to tie her little shoe.—CHORUS.

Her father never liked her from the day she was a little child;
If ever she went near him, it would almost drive him wild;
He never kissed or fondled her as children ought to be,
And always shamefully refused to take her on his knee.—CHORUS.

At last she got disgusted with that kind of life, and so
She thought she as a housemaid in a family would go,
But sad misfortune was her lot, 'twas not the modern style,
They wouldn't even take her for one little month on trial.—CHORUS.

MINNIE GRAY.

Written by S. Dyer. Composed by H. Tucker.

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Sadly now I make my mourn, breathing forth my life in sighs;
Minnie to the grave is borne, and my heart is where she lies.

CHORUS.

Softly, freely fall the tears, sadly pass the hours away;
Nothing now my spirit cheers since they buried Minnie Gray.

Oh, the bliss almost divine, when her plighted love she gave;
Ah! how brief that joy was mine—flowers now bloom upon her grave.—CHO.

Now my heart with grief is riven, hopeless pass life's sands away;
But 'tis bliss to know in heaven I shall meet sweet Minnie Gray.—CHORUS.

MOTHER IS MY SWEETHEART.

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. W. Held.

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Words by Ed. E. Pidgeon. Music by Wm. E. Slafer.

Mem'ry oft recalls the picture of a time-worn rocking-chair,
And a silv'ry-haired old matron with her knitting sitting there;
How her face with joy would lighten as she'd press me to her side;
And those loving eyes would brighten, when I'd cry, in boyish pride:

CHORUS.

Mother, you're my sweetheart; you're my pride and joy!
Will you always love, as now, your own, darling boy?
Twine your arms about me, from me never part,
Mother mild, come kiss your child; mother, my sweetheart.

Those were happy, happy moments; I no care or sorrow knew;
Only knew I loved my mother as I thought I ought to do;
I would be her gallant soldier, her protector, lord and king;
Crown her dear, gray locks with jewels; then, again, to her I'd sing:—CHORUS.

Many years have left their changes, now the old home's in decay;
And the dear, familiar faces, like the dream, have passed away;
But my heart still wanders backward, when a happy child at play,
How, in mother's arms, I nestled when to her I used to say:—CHORUS.

Little Green Leaf in Our Bible.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

It is Sunday evening, children,
The parlor's warm and bright;
Hand down our family bible,
That dear old guide to right.
To you I'll show my treasure,
Yes, Mary, Nell and Dave,
A little green leaf, an emblem of grief,
From your loved mother's grave.

CHORUS.

The little green leaf, dear emblem of grief,
From the grave of your mother, my idol;
Oh, guard it with care, her spirit is there,
With the little green leaf in our bible.

She was called away in Spring-time,
All nature seemed to smile;
The birds with sweetest music
My sorrow tried to guile.
I read the dear old bible,
Be meek and you'll be brave;
I plucked the leaf, sweet emblem of grief,
From your dear mother's grave.—CHORUS.

When it's withered, old and faded,
And papa's called from here,
Preserve its priceless ashes,
Oh, hold them ever dear.
Through grief and tribulation,
Oh, try, oh, try to save
This little green leaf, sweet emblem of grief,
That came from mother's grave.—CHORUS.

LARRY McCUE.

Copyright, 1890, by John P. Byrnes.

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Words by John P. Byrnes. Music by Wm. E. Slafer.

To the show we went the other night, Larry McCue and I;
The bell it rang, the play went on, when Larry he got dry;
He asked me out to have a drink at Garry's on the corner;
Mixed ale we took, I looked around, but Larry was a goner.

CHORUS.

Oh, Larry McCue, how I love you! What a time we had together!
With spree and bout, when we were out, like birds of gayest feather—
To stand me up there at the bar without a single nickel;
Oh! Larry, dear, you drank the beer and got me in a pickle.

The man that stood behind the bar, he hit me with a mallet;
I whirled around, my feet went up, like a dancer in the ballet;
They put me in the swift "Patrol," I woke up in a cell;
When in a glass I saw my face, like a savage I did yell:—CHORUS.

At another bar I did appear, the court did shout and cry;
I felt fatigued, could hardly stand, you bet I was quite dry.
"Ten days!" I heard the sentence passed, and now my story's through;
I'll never drink with any man, much less with you McCue.—CHORUS.

We Were Shipmates, Jack and I.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Will E. Nankivelle.

We were shipmates, shipmates, Jack and I, and of him my song shall be,
For a truer heart and a bolder tar ne'er sailed the deep, blue sea;
And Jack and I braved many storms when raging billows rolled;
Though Jack is gone, yet his manly deeds shall ne'er be left untold.

CHORUS.

We were shipmates, shipmates, Jack and I, and of him my song shall be;
A truer heart and a bolder tar ne'er sailed the deep, blue sea.

We were shipmates, shipmates, Jack and I, but I hear his voice no more;
On a dismal night we ran on a reef when far away from shore;
Though Jack and I fought the angry waves, their fury drove us back;
And poor Jack sank with this parting cry: "Remember, shipmate, Jack."

CHORUS.

We were shipmates, shipmates, Jack and I, and a right good soul was he;
A truer heart and a bolder tar ne'er sailed the deep, blue sea;
We were shipmates, Jack and I.

Why Can't the Girls Propose?

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Written and Composed for and sung by Miss Nellie Parker.

I will not sing of women's rights, nor dwell on women's wrongs;
The subject has been well thrash'd out in lecture and in songs;
A woman has her grievances, and these I want to show;
To men of sense I'll sing, and this is what I want to know:

REFRAIN.

Why don't they let the girls do just the same as the men?
Why don't they let the girls have freedom now and then?
Why should the dear little girls be led about by the nose?
And if a girl wants to marry a man, why can't the girls propose?

Now, if a man should love a girl, he tells her straightaway;
But if a girl should love a man, the word she dare not say;
For, if she spoke her mind, the world would call her "forward elf!"
So she, in single wretchedness, must rest upon the shelf.—REFRAIN.

A man may still respected be, tho' he may carry on;
But if a girl should chance to slip, her reputation's gone;
Why should the girls get all the blame? while men get off scot free;
Why shouldn't what is good for you be good, also, for me?—REFRAIN.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Composed for the pianoforte by Lowell Mason.

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From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver their land from error's chain.

What tho' the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases and only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted by wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation! the joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, and you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature, the lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign.

THE PILGRIM.

Words by Beatrice Abercrombie. Music by Stephen Adams.

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The way had been long and lonely, and heavy the burden pressed,
For the aged limbs were weary, the pilgrim long'd for rest;
But now he hath reach'd the city, yet still, still must he wait
Till the hand of love and mercy should lead him thro' the gate—
Till the hand of love and mercy should lead him thro' the gate.

And now, as sleep steals o'er him, in dreams doth he behold
The long road he hath travelled before his eyes unfold;
But the crosses by the wayside, all changed to angels they,
With outstretched pinions, waiting to guide him on his way—
With outstretched pinions, waiting to guide him on his way.

He wakes! he wakes! 'Tis their wings departing;
Away, away they soar; away, away they soar;
For their work is now completed, they leave him at the door;
The gates of pearl are open, and thro' their portals blest
He enters the golden city, and now, at last, hath rest—
He enters the golden city, and now, at last, hath rest—
He enters the golden city, and now, at last, at last, hath rest.

KATE CONNOR.

Written by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Composed by George Barker.

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Oh, weep not, dear Kate—tho' deceived and beguiled
By the proud one who mocked the poor cottager's child;
Tho' my wrath could not shield thee from insult or woe,
Yet my pity shall cheer thee wherever we go;
Say not thou'rt deserted—tho' left by another,
Thy head shall still rest on the heart of thy brother.

We'll go back, my poor Kate, to our own humble home
Far away, while no thought of the spoiler shall come—
Thro' the haunts of our childhood we'll wander again,
And forget the bad stranger who wrung us with pain,
Yes, forget him, pale darling, and cling to another—
To the love that forsakes not, the love of a brother.

In that calm, happy spot, as the days calmly pass,
Peace shall fall on thy heart, like the dew on the grass,
And I'll hear thy sweet voice at our low cabin-door,
Singing songs in the old cheering cadence of yore;
When this long night of sorrow, endured for another,
Shall dawn into light for the sake of thy brother.

Poverty's Tears Ebb and Flow.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, nature she gives us the snow and the rain,
The piercing, cold wind and the dew;
Misfortune she gives us both sorrow and pain,
To the many and not to the few.
The years come and go, old time moves along,
Still bearing his burden of woe;
For ever and ever 'twill be the same song,
While poverty's tears ebb and flow.

CHORUS.

For ever and ever 'twill be the same song,
While poverty's tears ebb and flow;
For ever and ever 'twill be the same song,
While poverty's tears ebb and flow.

Ye fathers and mothers, ye sisters and sons,
Remember that God made us all;
Ye rich help the poor and the weak little ones,
Go and answer sweet charity's call.
For life's but a span on time's endless road,
Good deeds inculcated will grow;
Go help the afflicted and lighten their load,
Where poverty's tears ebb and flow.—CHORUS.

Oh, pause in your pleasures, ye wealthy and grand,
Remember that hunger's aboard;
Oh, turn to the needy and stretch forth a hand,
Oh, now listen to sympathy's chord.
Its sweet holy strain encircles the soul
Of the ragged, the fallen and low;
So pause in your pleasures, seek charity's goal,
When poverty's tears ebb and flow.—CHORUS.

The wine-cup it's laden with sin and deceit,
Be careful, my friends, how you quaff;
While merry and jolly its bitter is sweet,
There's a deep, hidden sting in its laugh.
Oh, man is a fool when drink rides the mind,
Not knowing a friend from a foe;
Believing and trusting, he falls on behind,
When poverty's tears ebb and flow.—CHORUS.

WHAT IS THE USE.

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By Coralie Bell.

What is the use of removing your hat if you don't intend to tarry?
What is the use of your wooing a maid if you don't intend to marry?
If you never intend to marry—if you never intend to marry?
What is the use of your wooing a maid if you never intend to marry?

What is the use of your buying a coat if you don't intend to wear it?
What is the use of a dwelling for two if you never intend to share it?
If you never intend to share it—if you never intend to share it?
What is the use of a dwelling for two if you never intend to share it?

MURPHY OWES ME RENT.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by Geo. C. Marshall. Arranged by F. Shaw.

I own a row of tenements in the neighborhood below,
I'm respected as a fine aristocrat,
But now I'm in hot water since I let a family in,
For I rented them the best rooms that I had,
Murphy is their name, I think they are insane,
And the rent is due me now for many a day;
I have an awful task of it, most every time I ask for it,
For divil a cent do they intend to pay.

CHORUS.

Murphy owes me rent and I'm goin' to make him pay it,
I want my money now, and he'd better not delay it;
Abuse is all I get from him, he will not pay a cent,
In the street he goes to-morrow if he don't pay me the rent.

The tenants all complain of Murphy's children and their noise;
They fight together like a lot of cats;
They've broken all my windows and tore paper off the walls,
I would like to wring the necks of all his brats;
The baby cries all night, and Murphy comes home tight,
'Tis then he starts right in to beat his wife;
And if I chance to interfere, they bounce me out upon my ear,
In danger am I of my very life.

CHORUS.

Murphy owes me rent and I'll soon have him ejected;
I am the landlord and, as such, I'm bound to be respected;
He drinks all of his earnings and to beat me he's content;
I will be the death of Murphy if he don't pay me the rent.

Most every time I meet him sure he wants to pick a fuss,
And he calls me very disrespectful names;
He tells me to me face I haven't courage of a calf,
But I am on to all his little games;
He wanted bad to fight when he met me last night;
He pulled my nose and said I couldn't scrap,
But if he don't apologize, I'm going to blacken both his eyes,
His little Irish face I'm going to slap.

CHORUS.

Murphy owes me rent and I'm goin' to work and lick him;
Early in the morning to the sidewalk I will kick him;
A sheriff I will send to him to collar every cent,
And they'll march him off to prison if he doesn't pay the rent.

SWEET BELLE MAHONE.

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Soon beyond the harbor-bar shall my bark be sailing far;
O'er the world I wander lone, sweet Belle Mahone.
O'er thy grave I weep good-bye—hear, oh, hear my lonely cry;
Oh, without thee what am I, sweet Belle Mahone?

CHORUS.

Sweet Belle Mahone, sweet Belle Mahone;
Wait for me at heaven's gate, sweet Belle Mahone.

Lonely, like a withered tree, what is all the world to me?
Life and light were all in thee, sweet Belle Mahone.
Daisies pale are growing o'er all my heart can e'er adore;
Shall I meet thee, evermore, sweet Belle Mahone.—CHORUS.

Calmly, sweetly, slumber on (only one I call my own),
While in tears I wander lone, sweet Belle Mahone.
Faded now seems everything, but when comes eternal Spring,
With thee I'll be wandering, sweet Belle Mahone.—CHORUS.

CLEOPATRA McNALLY.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

You may sing of Annie Rooney and other pretty maids,
I'll tell you of a damsel that will give them cards and spades;
She has not a bewitching eye, she don't look modest or act shy;
She's not pretty at all, and she's not a bit fly,
This Cleopatra McNally.

CHORUS.

She's my hoodoo, I'm her Jonah; she's mashed on me, I'm a goner;
She is happy, I'm a mourner, she whistles and waits at the corner,
This Cleopatra McNally.

Her nose is cut on the bias, with a wart upon the end;
One front tooth in her mammoth mouth looks as if it had no friend;
Her feet don't match, her face is bent, her upper story is to rent;
To punish me she to this world has been sent,
This Cleopatra McNally.—CHORUS.

If her face is all her fortune, she'll always be dead-broke;
Whene'er she looks up at a clock there's ne'er another stroke;
What to do with her now makes me guess; she loves me true, I must confess;
If any one wants it, I'll give the address
Of Cleopatra McNally.—CHORUS.

SWEET KATIE CONNOR.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

On my honor, Katie Connor is the grandest girl you'll meet,
I'm mashed on her, quite a goner, she's just nice enough to eat,
Near the water I first caught her, in a little fishing town,
But just lately she's turned stately, and my brain's turned upside down.

CHORUS.

Sweet Katie Connor, I dote upon her,
Kate, Kate, as sure as fate, you'll have to marry me,
Or else I'll have no notion of dividing in the ocean,
And mashing with the mermaids at the bottom of the sea.

When she's colder, I have told her how those mermaids long for me,
How they blessed me and caressed me when I've dived in open sea;
Then she chaffs and only laughs, says go and mash them right away;
Snaps her fingers, still she lingers long enough to hear me say:—CHORUS.

Then we parted, then I started for the mighty ocean brink,
Kate looked squeamy, she could see me take a brick to make me sink;
Near the water she bethought her: "Jack come back"—said I, too late.
Jack, my jewel, don't be cruel, come back Jack and marry Kate.

CHORUS.

Sweet Katie Connor, I dote upon her;
Kate, Kate, as sure as fate, she's going to marry me;
So now I have a notion of diving in the ocean
And mashing with the mermaids at the bottom of the sea.

POMPEY'S HONEYMOON.

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Words and Music by Edward J. Virtue.

I'm gwan to old Kentucky to spend my honeymoon,
To be congramulated, like a high fallut'n coon,
I saunt a 'ram by de grapevine to 'spect me berry soon,
For I'm gwan to dear Kentucky to spend my honeymoon.

CHORUS.

Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, Ain't I a happy coon?
I'm gwan to old Kentucky to spend my honeymoon.

My wife she am de lubliest gal dat eber you did see,
She beats the rose of Texas and belle of Tennessee;
Her nose am like a punkin, her mouf from ear to ear,
And eb'ry time she sees me she calls me Jugum dear.—CHORUS.

When we arrived in dear Kentucky we heard a bully cheer
From de crowd on the platform, fo' we uns dey did steer,
Dey shout'd loud and wav'd dar hats and rais'd us by de har,
Den slam'd us down side by side in a Rush'n bottom char.—CHORUS.

De c'm'ittee of derangements knock'd us down to de * Mar,
Who 'spress'd his gratulations from de hall outside de stars,
Den we all sot down to sup'r of †stage-planks and lem'nade,
We danc'd all night till daylight, den home did slamenade.—CHORUS.

* Mayor. † Ginger-bread.

DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

Copyright, 1871, by M. Gray.

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Written and sung by Charley Howard. Arranged by George T. Evans.

I love to think of the days when I was young,
Then my heart was free from care;
Among the girls and boys, it's there I had my joys,
There wasn't one who could with me compare;
I could sing until the breaking of the morn,
I could dance just as long as I could stand;
I was han'some, I was happy, I was gay
As any other nigger in the town.
Oh, I love to think of the days when I was young,
And it don't seem long ago.
Although my hands do shake, my eyes are wide awake,
And I think this is the way I used to go:—(DANCE.)

I love to think of the days when I was young,
When a little piccaninny so high;
It's where the cotton grows I first my eyes unclosed,
Then I was the apple of my mammy's eye;
I can see her as she pat me on my head,
And she called me her darling little child;
Then she kissed me and she put me in my bed,
And told me she thought that I was spoiled.
Oh, I love to think of the days when I was young,
And it don't seem long ago.
Although my hands do shake my eyes are wide awake,
And I think this is the way I used to go:—(DANCE.)

Liberty Enlightens the World.

By Fred Emerson Brooks.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the bay
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day
To vent their opinions on matters and things
On this side the Atlantic,
In language pedantic;
'Twas much the same gathering as any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lip curled;
"See ze Liberte Statue enlighten ze world,
Zee grandest colossal zat evair was known!
Thus Bartholdi he speak:
'Vive la France—Amerique!'
Bartholdi make ze statue and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o' yes spakin' sa frae,
The thing's na so sma', sir, that we canna' see.
Dae ye think that without ye the folk couldna' tell?
Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
I kenna' why that ye
Didna' keep it at hame to enlighten yersel'!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:
"'Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly 'igh!
A monstwosity, weally too lawge to be seen!
In pwoportion, I say,
It's too lawge faw the Bay,
So much lawger than one w've at 'ome of the Queen."

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
"I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
I call-a 'Bartholdi'—Frenchman got-a spunky—
Call-a me 'Macaroni,'
Lose-a me plendy moany,
He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!"

"Mine-a broder, a feesherman, hear-a what he say:
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de bay;
He drop-a de seine—he no get-a de weesh—
When he make-a de grab-a,
Only catch-a de crab-a;
De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

"By the Home Rule!" said Pat; "and is that Libertee?
She's the biggest ould woman that iver I see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand;
But the truth is, O'im towld,
That the sthone is too cowld!
Would ye moind the shillelagh she howlds in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "Thaat's non 'shillelagh,' ye scaamp!
Looaks to Oi like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is laamp,
Searchin' 'aard fur a 'onest maan!" "Faith, that is true,"
Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
For he's lookin' mol way,
And by the same favor don't recoguize you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans, "vat's der matter:
It vas von uf dem mermaits coomed owd fun der vater;
Unt she had noddings on; unt ter vintry vind plows;
Unt fur shame unt fur pidy
She vent to der cidy
Und buyed her a suit fun der ready-mate clothes."

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed: "Dat's de cullud man's Lor'!
He's come back to de earf; somefin' He's lookin' for;
Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;
Jess you looken dat crown!
Jess you looken dat gown!
Lor' 'a' mussy, I knows I's a gone Nigga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;
And I reckin yeou strangers hain't seen nuthin' bigger;
Wall, I hain't much on boastin', but I'll go my plic:
When yeou furreners cum
Yeou'll find her to hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Wall, somewhat, I should smile!"

"Me no sabee you Foleners; too muchee talkee!
You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee.
Him alle same Chinaman velly big Joshee.
Him Uncle Sam gailee;
Catch um lain, no umblailee!
Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

Muffle the Bell, Our Nellie's Dying.

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Words and Music by James E. Stewart.

Muffle the bell, our Nellie's dying, soon she'll close her soft blue eyes;
Kiss her pale lips now sweetly parted, kiss our darling e'er she dies;
How we'll miss her little footsteps, and her voice we loved so dear,
Kiss our sweet darling, kiss her gently, e'er the angel forms draw near.

CHORUS.

Muffle the bell, our Nellie's dying, soon she'll close her soft blue eyes;
Kiss her pale lips now sweetly parted, kiss our darling e'er she dies.

Muffle the bell, our Nellie's dying, softly tread upon the floor,
Speak low, for fear you'll wake our darling, soon we'll see her nevermore;
She was all that made home happy, with her little words of love,
Listen! the angels now are calling from their home in heaven above.—CHORUS.

Muffle the bell, our Nellie's dying, soft and lower grows her breath,
Only a little moment later she'll be called away in death;
Angel forms are hov'ring near her, soft we hear their footsteps tread;
Hush! our sweet darling breathes no longer, darling little Nellie's dead.—CHO.

SAYS AARON TO MOSES.

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By Max Vernor.

Now Moses and Aaron were talking of the times,
And Aaron said to Moses, "Let us make some rhymes
On the ways of this wicked world;
It's not a bed of roses;
No better than it ought to be."
"You speak the truth," says Moses.

Says Aaron to Moses, "Now really it is sad,
To see our aristocracy going to the bad;
Why ev'ry day a big divorce
Some high-toned swell exposes;
The ladies often are to blame."
"I know they are," says Moses.

Says Aaron to Moses, "If marriage laws are thus,
So very quickly broken, why make such a fuss?
Let's do without such easy laws—
Then, when a chap proposes,
Why he can take a girl at once!"
"I'm in for that," says Moses.

Says Aaron to Moses, "It really gives me pain
To see so many people wasting all they gain;
They send it to the heathen,
That's what ev'ry one supposes.
Ah! why not send the coin to us?"
"We know too much," says Moses.

Says Aaron to Moses, "When Talmage took a walk,
He thought he'd stir the people, just to make a talk.
But now his people bounce him out—
The cry where e'er he goes, is
'See, there's the man that caught them all.'"
"Excepting me," says Moses.

Says Aaron to Moses, "They tell me on the stage
Some improper pieces now are all the rage;
There's one that's by the author of
The Black Crook and the Roses;
It's very naughty, I've been told'—
"Let's go and see," says Moses.

ENCORE VERSE.

Says Aaron to Moses, "This song has been encored,
And now 'tis most important that people shan't be bored,
So while you listen, worthy friends,
The plan that I propose is,
That when you leave the hall to-night,
You'll think of me and Moses."

WIDOW McGINNIS'S PIG.

Copyright, 1883, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

A widow had a pig, quite a frolicsome pig,
Who was gentle and kind and as gay as could be;
From the breaking of the morn to the setting of the sun
No pig in all this wide world was happier than he;
Said the widow to the pig, "You are getting too lazy,
You're a fat little brat, it will never do at all,
So I guess I will take ye to the civil reformers
For a raffle in the boodle and a divvy in the ball!"

CHORUS.

He was a corker, a sweet little porker, a dear little porker was he;
They gave him a raffle, and were very careful to keep it concealed as could be;
Dear little porker, sweet little corker, faith, you are growing quite big;
Bandannas are flying, boodlers are sighing, for Mrs. McGinnis's pig.

There was Micky, Jim and Larry, O'Connell, O'Hara,
O'Rooney, O'Spooney, O'Rufus in a jig;
O'Mason was a-racin' and the widow was a-bracin'
All the high-toned politicians for a ticket on the pig;
When I get into the White House, I'll play 'round the yard;
I will be a little mogul, a sweet lump of lard;
I will get a gen'rals' pension, and I'll strut 'round so big,
And all the world shall know me as the only living pig.—CHORUS.

—"Mike, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em with a shtick, sorr."

Christmas Day in the Work-house.

By George R. Sims.

It is Christmas Day in the Work-house,
And the cold bare walls are bright
With garlands of green and holly,
And the place is a pleasant sight:
For with clean-washed hands and faces,
In a long and hungry line,
The paupers sit at the tables,
For this is the hour they dine.

And the guardians and their ladies,
Although the wind is east,
Have come in their furs and wrappers
To watch their charges feast;
To smile and be condescending,
Put pudding on pauper plates,
To be hosts at the work-house banquet
They've paid for—with the rates.

Oh, the paupers are meek and lowly
With their "Thank'ee kindly, mum's";
So long as they fill their stomachs,
What matter it whence it comes?
But one of the old men mutters,
And pushes his plate aside:
"Great God!" he cries; "but it chokes me!
For this is the day *she* died!"

The guardians gazed in horror,
The master's face went white;
"Did a pauper refuse their pudding?"
"Could their ears believe aright?"
Then the ladies clutched their husbands,
Thinking the man would die,
Struck by a bolt, or something,
By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment,
Then rose 'mid a silence grim,
For the others had ceased to chatter,
And trembled in every limb.
He looked at the guardians' ladies,
Then, eyeing their lords, he said:
"I eat not the food of villains
Whose hands are foul and red:

"Whose victims cry for vengeance
From their dank, unhallowed graves."
"He's drunk!" said the work-house master.
"Or else he's mad and raves."
"Not drunk or mad," cried the pauper,
"But only a hunted beast,
Who, torn by the hounds and mangled,
Declines the vulture's feast.

"I care not a curse for the guardians,
And I won't be dragged away.
Just let me have the fit out,
It's only on Christmas Day
That the black past comes to goad me
And prey on my burning brain;
I'll tell you the rest in a whisper—
I swear I won't shout again.

"Keep your hands off me, curse you!
Hear me right out to the end.
You come here to see how paupers
The season of Christmas spend.
You come here to watch us feeding,
As they watch the captured beast.
Hear why a penniless pauper
Spits on your paltry feast.

"Do you think I will take your bounty,
And let you smile and think
You're doing a noble action
With the parish's meat and drink?
Where is my wife, you traitors—
The poor old wife you slew?
Yes, by the God above us,
My Nance was killed by you!

"Last winter my wife lay dying,
Starved in a filthy den;
I had never been to the parish—
I came to the parish then.
I swallowed my pride in coming,
For, ere the ruin came,
I held up my head as a trader,
And I bore a spotless name.

"I came to the parish, craving
Bread for a starving wife,
Bread for the woman who'd loved me
Through fifty years of life;
And what do you think they told me,
Mocking my awful grief?
That 'the House' was open to us,
But they wouldn't give 'out relief.'

"I slunk to the filthy alley—
'Twas a cold, raw Christmas eve—
And the bakers' shops were open,
Tempting a man to thieve;
But I clenched my fists together,
Holding my head awry,
So I came to her empty-handed,
And mournfully told her why.

Then I told her 'the House' was open;
She had heard of the ways of *that*,
For her bloodless cheeks went crimson,
And up in her rags she sat,
Crying, 'Bide the Christmas here, John,
We've never had one apart;
I think I can bear the hunger—
The other would break my heart.'

"All through that eve I watched her,
Holding her hand in mine,
Praying the Lord, and weeping
Till my lips were salt as brine.
I asked her once if she hungered,
And as she answered 'No,'
The moon shone in at the window,
Set in a wreath of snow.

"Then the room was bathed in glory,
And I saw in my darling's eyes
The far-away look of wonder
That comes when the spirit flies;
And her lips were parched and parted
And her reason came and went,
For she raved of our home in Devon,
Where our happiest years were spent.

"And the accents, long forgotten,
Came back to the tongue once more,
For she talked like the country lassie
I woo'd by the Devon shore.
Then she rose to her feet and trembled,
And fell on the rags and moaned,
And, 'Give me a crust—I'm famished—
For the love of God!' she groaned.

"I rushed from the room like a madman,
And flew to the work-house gate,
Crying, 'Food for a dying woman!'
And the answer came, 'Too late,'
They drove me away with curses;
Then I fought with a dog in the street,
And tore from the mongrel's clutches
A crust he was trying to eat.

"Back, through the filthy by-lanes!
Back, through the trampled slush!
Up to the crazy garret,
Wrapped in an awful hush.
My heart sank down at the threshold,
And I paused with a sudden thrill,
For there in the silv'ry moonlight
My Nance lay, cold and still.

"Up to the blackened ceiling
The sunken eyes were cast—
I knew on those lips all bloodless
My name had been the last;
She'd called for her absent husband—
Oh, God! had I but known!—
Had called in vain, and in anguish
Had died in that den—*alone*.

"Yes, there, in a land of plenty,
Lay a loving woman dead,
Cruelly starved and murdered
For a loaf of the parish bread.
At yonder gate, last Christmas,
I craved for a human life.
You, who would feast us paupers,
What of my murdered wife?

* * * * * *

"There, get ye gone to your dinners;
Don't mind me in the least;
Think of the happy paupers
Eating your Christmas feast;
And when you recount their blessings
In your smug parochial way,
Say what you did for *me*, too,
Only last Christmas Day."

THE LINDEN TREE.

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Translated from the German by Wm. H. Fessenden.

Beside a rippling fountain there bloomed a linden tree,
And 'neath its grateful shadow come soothing dreams to me,
And I had carved upon it so many tender words
It seemed to draw me to it, with mem'ries silken cords.

I wandered by at midnight, no sound of life was there;
Beneath its leafy shelter I dreamed away my care;
And lo! its branches rustled, and seemed to suggest the words:
"Dear youth, come hither and thou wilt find thy rest."

Then came the wind and tempest, the darkness grew apace,
But not for wind or darkness would I my path retrace.

Again I hear the rustling of linden branches dear;
Again they whisper to me, "Repose in quiet here."
Like well-remembered voices, long silent, yet so near,
They call me in sweet welcome, "Oh, rest thee, rest thee here,
Come rest thee, rest thee here."

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

By J. R. Thomas.

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Oh, the old farm-house down beside the valley stream,
Where in childhood so oft I have played,
Ere sorrow had clouded my heart's early dream,
Or life's purest joys had decayed;
How well I remember its vine-covered roof,
And the rose-bushes clust'ring nigh,
And the tall, stately poplar trees standing aloof,
Whose tops seemed to reach to the sky;
Oh, the old farm-house, my childhood's happy home.

Oh, the old farm-house, how I've sported 'round its hearth
With my sisters and brothers so dear,
How oft has it rung with our innocent mirth,
And hallow'd our soft evening pray'r,
But the old farm-house now is bowing to decay,
Its stones like dead friends lie apart,
But its dear cherished image shall ne'er fade away
From affections domain in my heart;
Oh, the old farm-house, my childhood's happy home.

LITTLE QUEENIE LEE.

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Words by Arthur West. Music by Geo. Whitear.

Once in my heart was hidden deep a secret that I intended to keep;
Walking one day in a deep, deep dell, in love with a fairy I fell;
Not such a fairy as books declare floating about in the desert air;
Solid, substantial, and you could see a fairy queen, for she

CHORUS.

Is modest, fair and beautiful; her father keeps a farm;
And when she tries to smile, her eyes a serpent sure would charm;
When once you've seen my little queen, with me you would agree,
The finest girl in all the world is little Queenie Lee.

Once in my heart was hidden deep a secret that I intended to keep,
But as you're all friends I will tell you true—I know anything I could trust to you.
The reason that I am dressed so gay, to-day has been fixed for our wedding day;
Her father will give the old farm to me when married we will be.

CHORUS.

She's modest, fair and beautiful; her father keeps a farm;
And when she tries to smile, her eyes a serpent sure would charm;
When once you've seen my little queen, with me you would agree,
The finest girl in all the world is little Queenie Lee.

ADELINE.

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Words and Music by Wm. D. Hall.

On the shore stood a maiden with tears in her eyes,
Who kissed her hand adieu,
And bade farewell to a restless craft
That held her laddie true;
Each sail filled for duty to take from her gaze
The one she loved so dear,
And each strain of that ocean's dirge
Distracted her with fear.
"Oh, will he e'er return to me?"
She murmured midst her sighs,
And as she saw the billows toss,
Sad tears dimmed her eyes;
An object was fast going 'way from her sight,
The timbers that held her Jack;
She cried out aloud, "I'll await thy return,"
And the echoes answered back.

REFRAIN.

"Good-bye, my darling, from you I must part, fond one do not weep;
May the scenes of pleasures past comfort thee in thy sleep;
Pray for your laddie by night and day, and keep his mem'ry green;
"Happy be thy sweet repose," my darling Adeline.

A year soon elapsed, but no tidings arrived—
Where could his vessel be?
Had waves of anger swallowed it
Whilst on the raging sea?
She prayed to the heavens to guard from all harm
And send him back again,
But on she waited many years,
Her prayers had been in vain.
A fisherman one morning on
The shore a bottle found,
Within it was a note which told
How he had been drowned;
Her last hope soon vanished, she then knew it all;
Alas! her poor bonny was dead.
She glanced o'er the message that came from the wreck,
And through her tears she read:—REFRAIN.

DOT VIFE OF MINE.

Written and Recited by Lester Howard.

Dot vife of mine, dot vife of mine,
She boders mine life out all der time,
She slaps mine nose und pulls mine face,
Und knocks mine ears all out of blace.
She drives me of my own house out,
Und makes me wander der night about,
Till ven morning comes, mit a dove-like smile,
I am coaxed back to my domicile
By dot vife of mine.

Dot vife of mine, dot vife of mine,
Ven I goes to der tavern in der evening time,
I sits me down in mine easy chair,
Und eats mine Limburger und drinks mine beer,
Ven in she comes, mit an old broom-stick,
Und hurries me home on der double-quick,
Vile der people all look and laugh and stare,
Und wonders who wears der britches dere,
Me or dot vife of mine.

Dot vife of mine, dot vife of mine,
She wakes me up in der midnight time,
Und tells me a pain in her stomach she's got,
Und vants me to make her a viskey hot.
I goes down shtairs in my cold shirt-tail,
Und shkins my shins on der bucket-pail,
Drying to make viskey hot in a coffee-pot
For dot vife of mine.

Dot vife of mine, dot vife of mine,
Ven ever will come der happy dime,
Ven on dis mortal earth her breath
Forever shall be stopp'd mit death.
No more I wonder and shtare und see
Der leetle shtars she make for me,
Den I shall be so happy und free
From dot voman of mine.

—Mary: "George, if I die, promise me one thing." George: "What is it, Mary?" Mary: "That you will marry Emma Wilkins." George: "Why, I thought you hated her, Mary." Mary: "I do, George; I want to get even with her by giving her a mean husband."

LAST NIGHT.

Words by Christian Winter. Music by Halfdan Kjerulf.

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Last night the nightingale woke me,
Last night, when all was still,
It sang in the golden moonlight
From out the woodland hill.
I open'd my window so gently,
I look'd on the dreaming dew,
And, oh! the birds, my darling, were singing,
Singing of you, of you.

I think of you in the daytime,
I dream of you by night,
I wake and would you were here, love,
And tears were blinding my sight.
I hear a low breath in the limetree,
The wind is floating thro',
And, oh! the night, my darling,
Is sighing for you.

Oh, think not I can forget you;
I could not, tho' I would;
I see you in all around me,
The stream, the night, the wood,
The flowers that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue,
Oh! heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you.

SOMEBODY'S SHIP WILL BE HOME BY-AND-BY.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

There's a low, soft song in a chamber, where sits in the dark'ning room
A young wife lulling her babe to rest, scarce seen in the deep'ning gloom,
And her song to her babe is telling how, with hope and joy, she sees
The white sails homeward swelling of a ship before the breeze.
She rocks her baby boy to sleep, and sings to the wind as by they sweep:

REFRAIN.

Some little bird has been singing to me,
Bringing me tidings from over the sea;
Some one is sailing to Baby and I,
Somebody's ship will be home by-and-by.

Far away a sailor is pacing his deck as he hums a song,
While homeward-flying the good ship speeds like a fleet-winged bird along;
His heart with his ship is bounding, and his song it well may cheer;
In the gusts of the night-wind sounding, a refrain he seems to hear;
As foaming past the surges fly, there comes to his mind a lullaby:—REFRAIN.

THE SONG THE CHIMNEY SANG.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Fred Silva.

One night by a hearth-place I sat all alone,
In the grate burned a fire, dim and low;
Ev'ry window did rattle, which told of the night,
On each pane danc'd the fast falling snow.
My thoughts seemed to wander to days that would come,
As the wind down the flue fiercely rang;
I fancied its music and welcomed each sound,
And here's what the old chimney sang:

REFRAIN.

"Be upright and honest," the blast seemed to squeak;
"Be kind to the needy," I then heard it speak;
A thousand such lessons came forth 'midst its clang,
And that was the song that the old chimney sang.

I never once tired, as if charmed there I sat,
Controll'd by the maxims it told;
To live that night over and hear the same old song,
I'd gladly resign the world's gold.
'Twas then, when a boy, I so happily lived,
And my heart, always gay, knew no pang;
How well I remember those once golden days,
And the song that the old chimney sang.—*Refrain.*

DON'T YOU KNOW?

Words by T. Malcolm Watson. Music by Wilford Morgan.

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Whither away my rustic lass, whither in such swift haste?
Nay, sir, I pray you, let me pass, for time I have none to waste;
The sun's going down in the West, don't you know?
The birds flying home to their rest, don't you know?
And night will be here, too quickly I fear,
So, sir, you must please let me go, don't you know?
Yes sir, you must please let me go.

How can I go if you hold my hand fast in your own, as now?
While, heedless of threats, you laughingly stand right in my path, I vow;
How "rumor" would wag her wise head, don't you know?
With many a "Just as I said," don't you know?
Were she to be told of conduct so bold;
So, sir, you must please let me go, don't you know?
Yes, sir, you must please let me go.

"Not till I've paid the toll," you say, and what may the toll then be?
"A kiss!" Ah, no! I decline to pay such an extravagant fee;
But, if you should take it by force, don't you know?
I'd protest, as a matter of course, don't you know?
Then none could opine the blame to be mine,
For, otherwise, how could I go, don't you know?
Since you, sirrah, would have it so.

My Sweetheart in the Gallery.

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I'm a girl that's just come over,
Over from the country where they do things big;
And among the boys I've got a jolly sweetheart,
Since I got a sweetheart I don't care a fig.

CHORUS.

For the boy I love is up in the gallery,
The boy I love is looking now at me;
There he is, can't you see him waiving off his handkerchief,
As merry as the robin that sings in the tree?
For the boy I love is up in the gallery,
The boy I love is looking now at me;
There he is, can't you see him waiving off his handkerchief,
As merry as the robin that sings in the tree?

He is not tall, but yet he's manly,
And I always see him in the same old place;
Curly head is bobbing, don't you see him nodding?
There he is! don't you see his smiling face?—CHORUS.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

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Words by Wordsworth. Music partly adapted from "Curschman" by C. Remlab.

Swiftly turn the murm'ring wheel, swiftly turn the murm'ring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour, when the weary fingers feel
Help as if from fairy power, dewy night o'ershadows the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round, round and round, round and round,
Turn the swift wheel round and round, turn the wheel around.

Now, beneath the starry sky—now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scattered sheep; ply the pleasant labor, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep, runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gath'ring up a trustier line, trustier line, trustier line;
Gath'ring up a trustier line, up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred, short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes; but true love is like the thread,
Which the kindly wool supplies when the flocks are all at rest,
Sleeping on the mountains' breast, mountains' breast, mountains' breast,
Sleeping on the mountains' breast, on the mountains.

—A German-American parent, living in New York, had occasion to say to his daughter: "Katrina, such a big girl ash you vash should not play so much dose poys mit." "Dot ish so, fader, put de bigger girl I vas de more I like to play dose poys mit."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"George, dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?" "Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted. "But, dear," she went on, anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?" "He discovered it this morning." "Oh, George, and what did he say?" "He said, 'well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD WILL LAUGH WITH YOU.

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Words and Music by Henry J. Sayers.

A picture of my childhood's home is one I now recall,
A loving mother and a father dear;
These words of worldly wisdom from my father's lips do fall,
And drop like pearls upon my list'ning ear:
Do to others as you would that they should do to you,
Learn to live as you would wish to die,
Let your honor be untainted, and to your friends be true,
Though grief oppress, let no man hear you sigh.

CHORUS.

Laugh with the world, and the world will look bright to you,
Sorrow and mourn, and the day seem as night to you,
Cry to your friends, they will leave at the sight of you,
Laugh, and the world will laugh with you.

Though many years are past since then, and I am left alone
To battle with the world and all its woes;
The seeds of worldly wisdom, by my father's teaching sown,
Has made me many friends instead of foes.
Do not be discouraged should Dame Fortune on you frown;
Fickle now, to-morrow she may smile;
So remember that uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,
Though poor you be, keep laughing all the while.—*Chorus.*

MY LOVE IS FAIR COLUMBIA.

Copyright, 1889, by Heinrich Conried.

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Adapted from the German by Heinrich Conried.

I've travelled in strange lands and foreign clime,
My heart was true to my love all the time;
You think that my love is a maiden fair,
With bright, blue eyes and curly, golden hair—
You're wrong, you're wrong—confidentially,
Maid my love can never be;
My love is fair Columbia, Columbia, I say,
My love is my America, three cheers, three cheers, hooray!

CHORUS.

My love is my Columbia, Columbia, I say,
My love is my America, three cheers, three cheers, hooray!

In this wide world you can search everywhere,
No love like mine can be found, none so rare;
Apostle of freedom, progress and art—
America, my land, pride of my heart.
Land of freemen staunch and true,
Long wave the red, white and blue.
My love is fair Columbia, Columbia, I say,
My love is my America, three cheers, three cheers, hooray!—CHORUS.

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sung an old, sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes loves old, sweet song.

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

THE SONG OF THE STEEPLE.

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By Edmund E. Price and Monroe H Rosenfeld.

I am sitting to-night within the twilight,
Dreaming of the happy days gone by,
When a child in the home of my kindred
I roam'd 'neath nature's sunny sky.
The old school-house, I remember it well,
The church of my father that shadowed the dell,
And methinks I can hear in my dreaming still
The song of the steeple on the hill.

CHORUS.

Hear those bells, those chiming bells;
Ah! what joy their music tells!
And methinks I can hear within my dreaming still
The song of the steeple on the hill.

'Tis the song that recalls to me the golden hours
Drifted in the days of long ago,
When I stroll'd o'er the meadows with my sweet Helene,
And stood 'neath the bells, chiming low.
'Twas there fond words in the twilight fell
From lips of the maiden I loved, ah! so well;
And methinks, as of yore, I can hear them still
In the song of the steeple on the hill.—*Chorus.*

Ah! well I remember now the Christmas bells,
Ringing with their gladness o'er the snow,
And the welcome music of the Easter morn,
That seem'd from the skies above to flow.
But dearer far are the chimes to me
Of the wedding bells that ring their glee,
And they linger, methinks, with my dreaming still
In the song of the steeple on the hill.—*Chorus.*

ONCE MORE WE SPEAK.

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Words and Music by James H. Cullen.

Once more we speak, 'tis long since we were parted
By false friends, who said my love was untrue,
And made my life a burthen in its splendor,
Long years had passed before his faults he knew.
Whene'er we'd meet, like strangers we would pass,
The pain was sharp and very hard to bear;
And while he thought me happy in my splendor,
I vain would meet with mis'ry and despair!

CHORUS.

Once more we speak, no more will idle fancy
Bring bitter tears to dim his manly eye;
And side by side we'll battle life together,
Once more we speak, so let the past go by.

In lonely hours without a friend to cheer me,
My mind would wander back to her again;
And in my dream I oft'times see her near me,
With happyless look she would at me gaze.
But after years at last there came a change,
The link was found, the myst'ry cleared away;
In words of kindness all was soon forgotten,
When jealousy no longer held its sway.—*Chorus.*

—A young man who went "West" filled with enthusiasm and a desire to "grow up with the country" surprised his friends by returning home after an absence of several weeks. He said that while he was out land-hunting in what he thought was the garden-spot of America, he came across a boarded-up-claim shanty. On the boards nailed across the door he found this inscription, which accounted for his unexpected return: "Fore miles from a nayber. Sixteen miles from a postofis. Twenty-five miles from a raleroad. A hundred and atey from timber. Two hundred and fifty feet from water. There's no place like home. We've gone East to spend the winter with my wife's folks."

HE AIN'T IN IT.

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Words and Music by Philip Hastings.

A slangy expression you hear on the street—
"He ain't in it."
The small boy remarks, whom you happen to meet,
"You ain't in it."
This by-word is truly a very good thing,
It's short, and it has an appropriate ring.
Of some people and things I will now sweetly sing
Who ain't in it.

The oyster you look for when at a church fair
Isn't in it.
The soup is all right, but the oyster's not there—
It ain't in it.
At your boarding-house, too, when your dinner you take,
You are passed what is labelled "strawberry short-cake;"
You search for the berry all over your plate—
It ain't in it.

You often sit down to play poker, and think
You are in it.
You merrily chat and most knowingly wink,
And you're in it.
But all of a sudden there is a jack-pot,
You draw to three aces and get one more spot,
But the "cops" ramble in and yank in the whole lot—
You ain't in it.

When first you go out in the surf for a swim,
You are in it.
Perhaps you are fat, and perhaps you are slim,
But you're in it.
The girls all declare you are awfully sweet,
Your bathing-suit is very nobby and neat,
But it suddenly rips from the neck to the seat—
You ain't in it.

ENCORE VERSES.

A short time ago I went out to a brook
And looked in it.
The water was tempting, with no one to look—
I jumped in it.
But some tramps came along in a very short time,
They stole all my clothes and my watch and last dime;
I went home in a barrel, and, though covered with lime,
I was in it.

You are deeply in love with a maiden most fair,
And you're in it.
To her back-yard each evening you swiftly repair,
And you're in it.
But one fateful evening disaster you meet—
Pa turns loose the bull-dog, you beat a retreat—
You still have your trousers, but where is the seat?
It ain't in it.

A young dude sits in the front row every night,
And he's in it.
To gaze at the chorus-girls is his delight,
And he's in it.
From one of them finally he gets a smile;
He waits at the stage-door, she comes after 'while,
She's aged about forty, says, "Good-night, my child,
You ain't in it.

If you really admire this beautiful tune,
Then I'm in it.
So I'll tell you about the man in a baloon,
Who was in it.
He went up so easily, high in the air,
But sad my narration, he did not take care—
As he fell to the earth he remarked, "I declare,
I ain't in it."

You dream of the number that wins the grand prize,
You are in it.
You buy the whole ticket, a big twenty flies,
You are in it.
The list soon arrives, how your fingers do itch,
Your mind is wrought up to a terrible pitch,
But the number you think is to make you so rich
Isn't in it.

You people down there in the audience, of course,
All are in it.
You laugh and you howl till you make yourselves hoarse,
But you're in it.
But here I stand gloomily grinding out rhyme
While up to high "C" I endeavor to climb.
I now will announce for the very last time,
I ain't in it.

—**The Bitter Before the Sweet.**—Jimmy: "Mamma, I wish you'd lick me real good and hard." Mother (surprised): "Whip you! Why, Jimmy, you haven't done anything wrong, have you?" Jimmy: "No; but me an' Bill Jones are goin' swimmin', and you know you told me you'd lick me if I went, so I thought I'd enjoy the swim a good deal more if you'd do it beforehand."—*Lawrence American.*

COMRADES.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon. Arranged by E. Jonghmans.

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We from childhood played together, my dear comrade, Jack and I;
We would fight each other's battles, to each other's aid we'd fly;
And, in boyish scrapes and troubles, you would find us everywhere;
Where one went the other followed, naught could part us, for we were

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might betide,
When danger threatened, my darling old comrade was there by my side.

When just budding into manhood, I yearned for a soldier's life;
Night and day I dreamed of glory, longing for the battle's strife;
I said, "Jack, I'll be a soldier, 'neath the red, the white and blue;
Good-bye, Jack!" said he, "no never! if you go, then I'll go too."—CHORUS.

I enlisted, Jack came with me, and up-and-downs we shared;
For a time our lives were peaceful, but at length war was declared;
England's flag had been insulted, we were ordered to the front,
And the reg'ment we belonged to had to bear the battle's brunt.—CHORUS.

In the night the savage foemen crept around us as we lay,
To our arms we leaped and faced them, back to back we stood at bay;
As I fought, a savage at me aimed his spear like lightning's dart,
But my comrade sprang to save me and received it in his heart.—CHORUS.

CURFEW'S GOOD-NIGHT PEAL.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Frod Silva.

When my truant fancy strays to my childhood's happy days,
I can see the things with which I used to play;
All my toy-sheep in their pen, and my little soldier-men
Watching o'er them that they cannot go astray.
Each night my spelling blocks were secreted in a box,
And their hiding-place to none would I reveal;
Then into my crib I'd creep, but ne'er would I go to sleep
Till I heard the sounds of Curfew's good-night peal.

CHORUS.

It was my sole delight to hear those strains each night,
Ringing from the chapel's belfry high;
My mind cannot embrace other thoughts to take the place
Of that old familiar wordless lullaby.

Those fond toys still faithful stand, waiting for a little hand
To release them from a coat of aged dust;
All those sheep within that pen still obey those soldier-men;
But, alas! from age they now are red with rust.
I used to watch and wait till the sunshine would abate,
Knowing that the day o'er western hills would steal;
Then I'd close my drowsy eyes to my mother's lullabies,
And those precious sounds of Curfew's good-night peal.—*Chorus.*

In a shadowy design, I can see those things divine,
As I muse at times in silence most profound;
And as dying rays of light disappear into the night,
How I long to hear that old familiar sound.
I think of pleasant dreams, of rare and gorgeous themes,
And of kisses which each night my lips did seal;
Also of that voice so grand which sang me to slumberland,
'Midst the merry sounds of Curfew's good-night peal.—*Chorus.*

THE THREE OF US.

By Charles H. Truax.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The Pope of Rome's a man of sense, his living comes from Peter's pence.
He drinks the very best of wine—would that his happy lot were mine.

But no, he's not a happy wight, he cannot kiss a girl at night.
He sleeps in his cold bed alone—glad am I that his lot's his own.

How happy is the Turk's Sultan, as happy be as any man;
A thousand girls around him shine—would that his happy lot were mine.

But no, he's not a happy man, he's bound by rules of the Koran;
He cannot drink a drop of wine—glad am I that his lot's not mine.

I'll never be the Romish Pope, I'll never be the Turk, I hope;
But better far does it suit me that Pope and Sultan I can be.

Come, maiden, give me but a kiss, and mine is more than Sultan's bliss;
Come, brother, share with me my wine, and more than Pope's delight is mine.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

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By J. S. Knight.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim, since forty years ago,
When gals wore woollen dresses, Jim, and boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calf-skin, Jim, and socks of home-spun wool,
And children did a half-day's work before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim, upon the spinning-wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim, on swift and reel;
The boys would ride bare-back to mill, a dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day, some forty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim, in sleds instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim, as buggies nowadays;
And oxen answered well for teams, though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast some forty years ago.

Oh, well do I remember, Jim, that Wilson's patent stove
That father bought and paid for, Jim, in cloth our gals had wove;
And how the neighbors wondered, Jim, when we got the thing to go;
They said 'twould bust and kill us all some forty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim, from what it used to was,
For men are always tamp'ring, Jim, with God's great natural laws;
But what on earth we're coming to—does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much since forty years ago.

OUT ON THE DEEP.

Words by Samuel R. Cowan, M.A. Music by Frederic N. Lohr.

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Out on the deep, when the sun is low
And the sea with splendor burns,
With his sealy spoil, from his evening toil,
The fisher homeward turns,
And his oars flash bright in the ocean light,
And he knows that eyes on shore
Look out on the deep for his bright-oar sweep;
And he sings as he swings his oar:
"A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys,
And a song, as along we go,
For the hearths that yearn for our home return,
When the evening sun is low,
When the evening sun is low."

Out on the deep, when the sun is dead
And the first sweet star doth gleam
Of a day that is dead and a love that is fled,
The fisher oft will dream,
And he thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star,
She is still beside as of yore,
And his oars gleam bright in the sweet pale light,
And he sighs as he plies his oar:
"A slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys,
And a song, as along we go,
For the star of love that is bright above,
And its gleam in the wave below,
And its gleam in the wave below."

DOWN THE SHADY GROVE.

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Words and Music by Henry Morse.

Down by the shady grove, where in happy days gone by
We oft wandered by the clear, running stream,
All alone did I stray in the gloomy twilight gray,
Fondly thinking of fond love's faded dream.

CHORUS.

Oh, oft have we strayed in the green and shady grove,
In the green, the green and shady grove;
Oh, there my love and I oft have wandered by the brook,
When the Summer stars were beaming above.

Ah, soon I heard a voice, and it thrilled my heart with glee;
It was one that I had oft heard before;
'Twas my love come again, proving hope was not in vain,
Now our hearts are free from care as of yore.—CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis sweet to wander down in the green and shady grove,
When the wild warblers sing in their glee;
Ah, I never shall forget its happy scenes of love,
Nor the one that's wandered there oft with me.—CHORUS.

Swinging in the Grape-vine Swing.

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Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the old bayou,
The fairest spot in all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came o'er the cotton and corn,
To the long, slim loop I would spring,
With brown feet bare and hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grape-vine swing.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh for the days gone by,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.
Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh for the days gone by,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Out over the water-lillies, bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees,
With ringing laugh and heart as light
As a rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-birds all echoed my glee,
And I longed for no angel's wing;
I was as near heaven as I wished to be,
While swinging in the grape-vine swing.—SEMI-CHORUS.

I'm weary at morn and I'm weary at night,
Fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white,
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm weary of the world's pride and pomp,
For to me no joy it can bring;
I would barter it all for one day's romp
And a swing in the grape-vine swing.—SEMI-CHORUS.

OLD SALT PORK AND BEANS.

Copyright, 1883, by Henry Morse.

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Words and Music by Henry Morse.

Oh, the fairest maiden I've seen,
She was fond of pork and beans,
There I was looking while she was cooking
Old salt pork and beans.

CHORUS.

Old salt pork and beans,
Old salt pork and beans—
Then I was looking while she was cooking
Old salt pork and beans.

Then my love was there,
There my maid I've seen,
There she was cooking, while I was looking,
Old salt pork and beans.—CHORUS.

Then she said, "Come in;"
"No, I must go to Lynn,"
Then you must not be looking while I am cooking
Old salt pork and beans."—CHORUS.

"Do not go to Lynn,
There where the tide comes in,
Then you can be looking while I am cooking
Old salt pork and beans."—CHORUS.

Then you must love me well,
There is no one in the room can tell;
You must not say no, for I won't let you go

(ALL TOGETHER.)

'Till you have some pork and beans,
'Till you have some pork and beans,
'Till you have some pork and beans.—CHORUS.

—"Sarah," said Moses Schaumburg to his oldest daughter, on his return to Austin from a business trip, "I have some good news for you." Sarah: "Vas ish den dot, fader?" "I have selected mit care a nice hushpand for you, a schentleman in pishness in dot New Orleans, vere I vash." "Vat sort of a looking man ish he, fader? I have got some curiosities." "He vas a peauty." "Has he got plonde hair, fader?" "No, I dinks not." "Den he is a prunette. I likes dose prunettes." "He vas not a prunette, Sarah." "So he has got red hair, fader. I vould not hev dot." "Don't be afraid, Sarah. He hasn't got any hair at all. He is palt like a schnuff platter."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE OLD GRAPE-VINE SWING.

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Words by James A. Morrison. Music by Thos. Hindley.

I have wandered for years, and it seems like a dream,
As I sit in the evening dim,
And my memory flies back o'er the old beaten track
To the cot and the old grape-vine swing.
It was hung in the old cedar grove in the dell,
By the side of a murmuring brook,
And dear Nell and I we would meet there and swing,
As she studied from her old spelling-book.

REFRAIN.

But the old grape-vine swing it has gone to decay,
And the old cedar grove is no more,
And dear little Nell I shall ne'er see again
Till we meet on that bright golden shore.

When the lessons were learned and the book laid away,
On her finger I placed the ring,
And I dreamt of the day when she'd be my bride,
As we rocked to and fro in the swing.
But the dream it soon vanished; they laid her to rest
Where the blossoms first bloomed in the Spring;
And the ebb-tide of memory to-night takes me back
To the grave and the old grape-vine swing.—REFRAIN.

But time with its hand can never erase
That one spot in mem'ry dear—
The old cedar-grove, the grave and the swing,
And the brook that has murmured for years.
It was music to me in my boyhood's bright days,
And in memory it always seems near;
It's the little green spot where bright fancy can twine;
In my heart 'twill be ever held dear.—REFRAIN.

LIKE AND LOVE.

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Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar.

Some girls think they're deep in love, directly they behold a man
Swear by all the stars above he's as good as gold or better,
They make up their minds to act on a matrimonial plan,
All arrangements made intact, but it is as I've been told:

CHORUS.

Liking is all very well, love is a terrible thing,
Billing and cooing is what you are doing, according to how you move;
Liking's a thing that is often done, courting is all very well for fun,
But when you're in real there's a very great deal of diff'rence 'tween like and love.

Some girls meet a beau sublime, with a heart as true as steel,
Proves in everlasting time throughout life we'll ne'er forget her;
Some make vows by all above, but their vows are not in real,
Make out that their like is love—all their love is love for gold.—CHORUS.

Love's a power sent from above, like is quite a diff'rent thing,
Cupid has the power to move and enchain hearts with love's fetter;
Hand-in-hand and heart-to-heart vows were pledged in days of old;
Those who've swore to never part, as a rule, are bought for gold.—CHORUS.

LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

There's a saying you have often heard, that since the world begun
No obstacle ever two hearts can sever when love has made them one;
Tho' a stern and angry sire may boil with ire, all in vain will be his "Nay!"
For, as sure as fate, he'll learn too late that love will find the way.

CHORUS.

There's never a puzzle in life so hard, but love will find the way;
There's never a prison so tightly barred, but love will find the way;
Tho' mists of doubt may dim the eye, tho' clouds of fear obscure the sky,
Tho' dangers tower mountain high, love will find the way.

You may lock a maiden in a tower, full fourteen stories high;
And guards by the dozen that none can cozen may on her keep their eye,
But, as sure as you are born, before the morn she'll be miles and miles away;
And you'll have to own when the bird has flown that love will find the way.—CHO.

When you're calling of a Sunday eve on the fairest of her sex,
Do not let a trifle affection stifle, or doubt your mind perplex;
If you only find one chair is vacant there, don't get mad and go away—
One chair will do, on a pinch, for two, for love will find the way.—CHORUS.

—Was it a mean editor that headed the account of a death from delirium tremens "Spirited Away?"—

PADDY FLYNN.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by Ed. Barry.

I occupy apartments down in Casey's tenement,
I'm a man has very little for to say,
But when I am insulted, I'm the boy can take me part,
And like a dacent man I pay me way;
Oh, ever since Pat Flynn and his family moved in
There's nothing but ructions day and night;
Last night with a brick-bat he killed me Maltese cat;
I challenged him, to-morrow, boys, we fight.

CHORUS.

Will ye's all be with me when I tackle Paddy Flynn?
[Response: We will!] Will ye's all be there when the scrap begins?
[Response: Yis!] Let us all be there for the fight is on the square,
I'll make a mop of him to-morrow morning.

I'm taking boxing lessons from a professor up town,
I'm training like the divil ev'ry day;
All up and down the street, then the boys they rub me down,
I declare to God I'm eager for the fray;
Be with me to a man, for he has the divil's gang;
Don't leave me in the thickest of the fray;
And when I'm done with Flynn, all that will be left of him,
In an ambulance they will take him away.—CHORUS.

He's a terror in the neighborhood, that's what the people say;
He's licked, yes, every Dutchman on the block;
And when they see him coming, sure, they keep out of his way;
'Tis with his fist, I'm told, he's breaking rock;
He fought a bull-dog in a ring, bit the nose off Mike McGlynn,
Cleaned out a Chinese laundry just for fun;
If ever he gets one in on me, daylight I'll never see,
Be with me to a man, yes, every one.—CHORUS.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

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Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame!
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I loved thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee or perish there too.

TELL HER I LOVE HER SO.

Words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. Music by P. de Faye.

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Gleam, gleam, oh, silver stream, seaward gaily swelling;
Flow, flow, whisp'ring low, to your banks my story telling;
Far, far o'er sandy bar lies my little one's dwelling.
Flow, flow merrily, merrily flow;
Tell her I love her so, I love her so.

Greet, greet softly my sweet, by thy spangled margin roaming;
Croon, croon under the moon, in the tender love-tide gloaming;
Greet, greet softly my sweet, tell her I am coming.
Flow, flow merrily, merrily flow;
Tell her I love her so, I love her so.

Say, say, when she's away, life is dark and lonely;
Bright and fair when she is near, for 'tis she is the sunshine only.
Greet, greet softly my sweet; she is my love, mine only;
Flow, flow merrily, merrily flow;
Tell her I love her so, I love her so.

—"Now, do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other," answered the affectionate wife.

—A Badge of Distinction.—"I suppose you think I wear this high collar from dudish motives," inquired Longnecke of his prospective employer. "It certainly looks that way." "That is where you do me wrong, sir. Last Summer while promenading in Central Park the menagerie broke loose. A gang of keepers caged me by mistake, while my best girl returned home with the giraffe. No, I am no dude!"—*Dry-Goods Chronicle.*

Must We Leave Our Old Home.

Copyright, 1890, by J. P. Broder & Co.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. Alexander.

On the quay at Queenstown harbor, not many years ago,
Stood an old man bent with age and visage tanned,
Close beside him sat his wife, with her head bow'd down with grief,
For they were about to leave dear Ireland.
He was gazing on a Yankee ship that anchored close to land,
The stars and stripes flew from her peak so gay.
He was thinking of the past and his tears fell thick and fast;
I remember well the words I heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Must we leave our old home on Erin's green shore,
And be driven from our dear native land?
Must we die in exile in some foreign clime,
When there's room here for all in old Ireland?"

"We have lived nigh three-score years upon our little farm,
And strove hard to keep starvation from our door.
We worked hard both night and day, just to earn a bite and sup,
And to our flag been loyal to the core.
Sure we sold our cow and little pig to try and pay the rent.
We murmured not, but still were quite content,
'Till the fever took our dear little ones—'twas God's will and had to be—
And they drove us from our cabin by the sea."—CHORUS.

Now that day is past and gone, and they've both been laid at rest;
And, in spirit, they are roaming with the blest.
Still the Irish, year by year, flock in thousands to our shore
To escape cruel England's laws forevermore.
They are fighting for their rights, dear friends, did we not do the same?
'Twas Paddy, then, that helped us win our fame.
So don't look down on the Irish, but lend them a helping hand,
And pray to God that dear old land to free.

CHORUS.

They must leave their old homes on Erin's green shore,
And be driven from their dear native land.
They must die in exile in some foreign clime,
When there's room there for all in dear Ireland.

BOIL IT DOWN.

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Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty or grave or gay—
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way.
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend, boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend, boil it down.

Tell My Mother Not to Weep.

Copyright, 1886, by Thomas Ford.

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Words by Thomas Ford. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Far away from home I wander, yet in dreams I linger there;
O'er its loving scenes I ponder, all its gentle smiles I share;
Far away my steps are roving, yet, I know, across the deep
Waits one patient heart so loving—tell my mother not to weep.

CHORUS.

Tell my mother, tell my mother, sweetest thoughts of her I keep;
Bear to her this loving message—oh, tell my mother not to weep!

Soon I'll wander o'er the ocean to the home I left behind;
Soon I'll clasp, with fond emotion, gentle ones so true and kind.
Oh, what tender thoughts come thronging; watch for me she'll ever keep;
While she waits with tender longing, tell my mother not to weep.—CHORUS.

Every hope to her is turning—bless her tresses, white and fair;
Still my heart, with fondest yearning, sighs for her and dear ones there.
Ah! the world with all its gladness oft will bid affection sleep;
Go to her and cheer her sadness—tell my mother not to weep.—CHORUS.

I'M ALWAYS MISUNDERSTOOD.

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Words and Music by L. H. Whitman.

I'm just the most innocent man in the world,
I do all I can to be good.
I never did anything wrong in my life,
But I'm always misunderstood.
I remember when I was a bit of a lad
That the people all thought I was shockingly bad,
And often for naught I was whaled by my dad,
I was always misunderstood.

REFRAIN.

For I'm always misunderstood,
I'm always misunderstood;
And often for naught I was whaled by my dad,
For I'm always misunderstood.

A hole in my pocket once gave me away
As completely as anything could.
I never play cards, for I think it is wrong,
But I'm always misunderstood.
An ivory, let's see, they call it a chip,
Through the rent in the lining did quietly slip,
I was taking it home for the children to flip,
But I'm always misunderstood.

REFRAIN.

For I'm always misunderstood,
I'm always misunderstood;
I was taking it home for the children, of course,
But I'm always misunderstood.

I went to a drama a few days ago,
'Twas a shocking display of the nude.
My friend, Mr. Comstock, was present, of course,
But he's always misunderstood.
Now, Anthony Comstock's a very nice man,
And the next day the play was put under the ban,
But the reason he gets as far front as he can
Is, he's always misunderstood.

REFRAIN.

For he's always misunderstood,
He's always misunderstood;
And Anthony gets as far front as he can,
But he's always misunderstood.

I went to the insane asylum one day,
And in front of a grating I stood,
But, alas, for the ill-luck that follows me round,
I'm always misunderstood.
Some visiting ladies were walking about,
And one of them saw me and raised a great shout,
"Oh, Dorothy! See! there is one that's got out!"
I'm always misunderstood.

REFRAIN.

For I'm always misunderstood,
I'm always misunderstood;
"Oh, Dorothy! See! there is one that's got out!"
I am always misunderstood.

I was told that a young lady friend was engaged,
So I called 'round as soon as I could
To congratulate her on hooking her fish,
But I'm always misunderstood.
I gazed in her eyes with a fatherly glance,
And kissed her, the depth of her joy to enhance,
Got her fiance's boot in the seat of my pants,
For I'm always misunderstood.

REFRAIN.

I'm always misunderstood,
I'm always misunderstood;
And I got his big boot in the seat of my pants,
For I'm always misunderstood.

ENCORE VERSE.

I would like to stand here for an hour and sing,
You can bet your sweet life that I would;
But I dare not impose on your kindness much more,
For I'm always misunderstood.
Applause from the public is sweet to my ear,
But the last of my verses I'm giving you here,
Come 'round to the back and I'll set up the beer,
That's never misunderstood.

REFRAIN.

That's never misunderstood,
That's never misunderstood;
Come 'round to the back and I'll set up the beer,
That's never misunderstood.

—Young wife (at dinner-table, exclaims, between sobs): "I made that—that apple-dumpling as a pleasant surprise for you, and—and now—you—want me to bring a hand-saw to cut it in two with!" Young husband: "Good heavens, Susan, is that a dumpling? I took it for a cocoanut!"—with desperate firmness—"I'll eat some of it now, if it kills me. All I ask is that you will make just such a dumpling for my successor."

The Lament of an Irish Woman.

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Ah! little did I think, my boy,
When we crossed the briny foam,
To seek in other lands the bread
We could not find at home—
Ah! little did I think that thou
Would lay thee down and die
Just as the welcome shore was gain'd,
And bread so very nigh.

Could I but lay thee 'neath the sod
Thy infant feet first prest—
That velvet sod, with daisies wrought,
Where sire and sister rest,—
I would not weep such lonely tears;
For kindred had been there
To send the corsnach's low wail
Upon the midnight air.

Oh! Virgin Mother! hear my prayer,
To him the undefiled
That he would guard from fever's rage
My last—my only child.
Ah! gather flowers, my precious gem,
To deck thy brother's grave,
Perchance thine own, ere many suns,
Shall sink beneath the wave.

Till the Snowflakes Come Again.

Copyright, 1887, by George Propheter, Jr.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I'm lonely to-night as I sit by the fire,
Thinking of one far away,
Reading old letters I've treasured from him,
Who was to have been here to-day;
Oh, if I could hear his footsteps at the door,
My heart would not languish in pain;
I know he will come, for his last words were,
"Wait till the snowflakes come again.

CHORUS.

Till the snowflakes come again, will you think often of me?
After days of weary pain, I will return, little bright eyes;
Kiss me, darling, ere we part, sunshine will follow the rain,
Keep me always in your heart till snowflakes come again.

To-day I was glad when I saw the snow fall,
And its pearly flakes fly through the air;
I thought of my loved one, my all,
I knew it was time he was here.
I long for his presence once more in this room,
And hear him say, love, I'll remain;
For sad was the hour when he left me, to roam
Till the snowflakes come again.—CHORUS.

KATTY, DARLING.

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Now the flow'rs are blushing, Katty, darling,
And the birds are warbling on each tree,
Heed not your mother, Katty, darling,
I'm only now waiting for thee.
The sun is brightly beaming,
And my heart with love is beating high;
Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty, darling,
Ere the sun has left the morning sky;
Katty, Katty, Katty, Katty,
Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty, darling,
Ere the sun has left the morning sky.

Yon grove shall hide us, Katty, darling,
While the sun is sparkling o'er the lea;
Oh! then meet me early, Katty, darling,
And love's truth I'll whisper to thee.
The golden rays around are shining,
But the lustre of thy bright eye
To me is dearer, Katty, darling,
Than the rays that sparkle in the sky.
Katty, Katty, Katty, Katty,
Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty, darling,
Ere the sun has left the morning sky.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hopes may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A smile so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame;
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name!

Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

UP FOR THE GREEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Tis the green, oh, the green is the color of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange and we'll raise it o'er the blue,
For the color of old Ireland alone should here be seen;
'Tis the color of the martyr'd dead, our own immortal green.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green;
Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hands, oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and raise again our own immortal green.

They may say they have powers 'tis vain to oppose,
'Tis better to obey and live than sure to die as foes;
But we scorn all their threats, whatever they may mean,
For we trust in God above us and we dearly love the green.
So we'll up for the green, boys, and we'll up for the green!
Oh! to die is far better than to be curst as we've been;
And we've hearts, oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green.

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure;
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure;
No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor evermore!
For we've hopes on the ocean and we've trust on the shore.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Shout it back to the Sassanach: "We'll never sell the green!
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue and avenge us and our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb
At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb;
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fontenoy.
Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Oh 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!

—He: "Did you enjoy the sermon?" She: "Of course, I did; I had on a new hat and dress and the sexton seated me directly in front of that dreadful Miss Briggs."

DARLING OLD STICK.

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My name is bold Morgan McCarthy, from Trim,
My relations all died except one brother, Jim;
He is gone a-sojering out to *Cow Bull*,
I dare say he's laid low with a *kick* in the skull;
But let him be dead or be living,
A prayer for his corps I'll be giving,
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue, it could tell you some tales,
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neils;
It made bits of skull fly about in the air,
And its been the promoter of fun at each fair.
For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses
It has often broke bridges of noses
Of the faction that dared to oppose us—
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it 'twas on Patrick's day,
Larry Fegan and I got into a shilley;
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate McEvoy;
Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And, by Jabers! he brought in a dozen;
A doldhrum they would have knocked us in
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

War was the word when the factions came in,
And, to pummel us well, they peeled off to their skin.
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
And the first that came up I sent on his back;
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy
(For he once humbugged sister Nancy);
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
To myself and a bit of a stick.

I smathered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped me the wink—we were off in a crack;
We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And we cheered up our spirits by letting some down.
When I got her snug into a corner,
And the whiskey beginning to warm her,
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick.

We got whiskificated to such a degree,
For support my poor Kate had to lean against me;
I promised to see her safe to her abode,
By the tarnal, we fell clean in the mud on the road.
We were roused by the magistrate's order
Before we could get a toe further—
Surrounded by peelers for murther
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Kate swore to the fact
That before I set too't I was decently whacked;
And the judge had a little more feeling than sense—
He said what I done was in my own defence;
But one chap swore again me, named Carey
(Though that night he was in Tipperary);
He'd swear a coal-porter was a canary
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted I leaped from the dock,
And the gay fellows all around me did flock;
I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,
For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin;
I went and bought a gold ring, sir,
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sir,
So next night you come, I will sing, sir,
The adventure of me and my stick.

—It does not necessarily follow that a sailor is a small man because he sometimes sleeps on his watch.

—"Why did you marry a man who is eighty years of age?" "Because I couldn't find one equally as rich who was ninety."

—"Felt slippers?" repeated Johnny contemptuously, reading the advertisement aloud. "You bet I have; I've felt my mother's slippers a good many times."

THE WHISTLING WIFE.

Written by Harry Randall and A. S. Ellis. Arranged by John S. Baker.

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You've heard about the latest fad that fills us with amaze,
I mean that silly fashion called the female whistling craze;
My wife is fairly on the job, although it's so absurd,
And all day long, to my dismay, she whistles like a bird.

CHORUS.

You should hear her whistling, drives me mad with her whistling,
She starts it in the evening, and don't leave off till dawn;
You should hear her whistling different kinds of whistling,
She whistles "Yankee Doodle" and the "Dead March in Saul!"

She never calls me by my name, but treats me like a dog,
For now she always whistles me, as if I were a dog;
Last Sunday night we went to church, and I with shame turned red,
For when the people sang the hymns she whistled 'em instead!—CHORUS.

She's known at all the pubs around, for she wets her whistle now,
And if I want my meals at home, it don't come off somehow;
I have to whistle for my grub, and chirrup for a sip,
And they say we are the loveliest pair that ever "cocked a lip!"—CHORUS.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

Sure, won't you hear what roaring cheer
Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O?
And how so gay they spend the day,
From churching to the bedding, O?
First, book in hand, came Father Quipes
With the bride's dadda, the bailie, O,
While the chaunter with the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Tiddery, teddery, etc.

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy, O,
And Murdock Maggs and Tirlogh Shaggs,
McLoughlin and Dick Durfey, O;
And then the girls, rigged out in white,
Led on by Ted O'Rily, O,
While the chaunter with the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Tiddery, teddery, etc.

When Pat was asked if his love would last,
The chapel echoed with laughter, O;
"By my soul," says Pat, "you may say that
To the end of the world and after, O;"
Then tenderly her hand he gripes
And kisses her genteely, O,
While the chaunter with the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Tiddery, teddery, etc.

Then a roaring set at dinner met,
So frolicksome and so frisky, O;
Potatoes galore, a skirrag or more,
With a flowing madder of whiskey, O;
Then around, to be sure, didn't go the wipes,
At the bride's expense so freely, O,
While the chaunter with the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Tiddery, teddery, etc.

And then, at night, oh, what delight
To see them capering and prancing, O!
An opera or ball were nothing at all
Compared to the style of their dancing, O;
And then to see old Father Quipes
Beating time with his shillelah, O,
While the chaunter with the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Tiddery, teddery, etc.

And now the lot so tipsy are got,
They'll go to sleep without rocking, O,
While the bridesmaids fair so gravely prepare
For throwing of the stocking, O;
"Decadorus, we'll have," says Father Quipes,
Then the bride was kissed round, genteely, O;
While, to wish them good-night, the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Tiddery, Teddery, etc.

—The man who is right is seldom left.

The Charming Young Widow.

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I live in Vermont, and one morning last Summer
A letter inform'd me my uncle was dead,
And also requested I'd come down to Boston,
As he left me a large sum of money, it said;
Of course I determined on making the journey,
And to book myself by the "first-class" I was fain,
Tho' had I gone "second" I had never encounter'd
The charming young widow I met in the train.

Yet scarce was I seated within the compartment
Before a fresh passenger enter'd the door;
'Twas a female—a young one—and dress'd in deep mourning,
An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore;
A white cap surrounding a face—oh, so lovely!
I never shall look on one like it again;
I fell deep in love overhead in a moment
With the charming young widow I met in the train.

The widow and I side by side sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more;
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who inquired the time by the watch that I wore;
I, of course, satisfied her, and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, 'till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met in the train.

We became so familiar, I ventured to ask her
How old was the child that she held at her breast—
"Ah, sir!" she responded, and into tears bursting,
Her infant still closer convulsively pressed;
"When I think of my child I am well nigh distracted,
Its father—my husband—oh, my heart breaks with pain!"
She choking with sobs, leaned her head on my waistcoat—
Did the charming young widow I met in the train.

By this time the train had arrived at a station,
Within a few miles of the great one in town;
When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked thro' the window,
"Good gracious alive! why, there goes Mr. Brown,
He's my late husband's brother—dear sir, would you kindly
My best beloved child for a moment sustain?"
Of course, I complied—then off on the platform
Tripped the charming young widow I met in the train.

Three minutes elapsed when the whistle it sounded,
The train began moving—no widow appeared;
I bawled out, "stop! stop!" but they paid no attention,
With a snort and a jerk, starting off as I feared;
In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour,
But my watch—ha! where was it? where, where was my chain?
My purse, too, my ticket, gold pencil-case—all gone!
Oh! that artful young widow I met in the train.

While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing,
The train again stopped, and I "tickets, please!" heard;
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,
The loss I'd sustained—but he doubted my word;
He called more officials—a lot gathered round me—
Uncovered the child—oh, how shall I explain!
For, behold, 'twas no baby—'twas only a dummy!
Oh! that crafty young widow I met in the train.

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,
Though, of course, I'd to settle my fare the next day;
And now I wish to counsel young men from the country,
Lest they should get served in a similar way:
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway,
Who lean on your shoulder—whose tears fall like rain;
Look out for your pockets in case they resemble
The charming young widow I met in the train.

OLD IRELAND FOREVER.

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Attend to me, landsmen and sailors and others,
My ditty appeals to your courage and sense,
Come round me, my lads, let's shake hands like brothers,
And join one and all in old Ireland's defence.
Tho' statesmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor,
We'll stand by our country, old Ireland forever,
By our own dear country, old Ireland forever;
We'll stand by our country, old Ireland forever.

Our forefathers fully considered the cause
Of justice and wisdom, of honor and fame;
Then wisely and bravely established such laws
As raised above others Hibernia's great name;
Then shall we lose sight of them? Never, boys, never!
Huzza for our country, old Ireland forever!

Ye sons of Hibernia, come, join hand-in-hand,
We'll drive all invaders quite out of the land;
And when o'er the grog, the first toast that is given
Shall be: "Plenty and peace to the land that we live in."
Tho' statesmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor,
We'll stand by our country, old Ireland forever.

I WAS ON IT.

Written by Wal Pink. Arranged by Edmund Forman.

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There's been a lot of fun outside, and folks have had a hunt
To catch a horse that made a bolt clean through an oil-shop front,
The people laughed until I thought their sides would all have cracked,
And I should have laughed myself at the mad horse, but for the fact

CHORUS.

That I was on it, I was on it!
Holding on with might and main
As he went through the window-pane;
He got a licking, started kicking,
And threw me in a barrel full of paraffin oil.

This morning I was gasping, but was fairly "stoney broke,"
I saw two men inside a "pub," and thus to them I spoke:
"There's such a row outside, there'll be somebody killed I fear,"
They rushed outside to see it, but they left their pot of beer—

CHORUS.

And I was on it, I was on it!
Blew the froth from off the top,
Swallowed every blessed drop;
They came back swearing, for beer preparing,
But found I'd shifted all the lot and took my hook.

Last night to me a jailer of his prison duties said
A lot of things—he introduced the oakum, skilly, bread!
"And now," said he, "shall I explain the treadmill?" I said "No!"
I understand the treadmill, for not very long ago

CHORUS.

I was on it, I was on it!
I only stole a pound of lard,
Still they gave me "six months hard!"
The bread and skilly drove me silly,
While the treadmill brought my bunions up like hard-boiled eggs.

I had to journey to Boulogne, so got on board a boat,
We started off and, when we'd been some fourteen hours afloat,
I called the steward, said, "I s'pose we'll soon be at Boulogne?"
"Boulogne," said he, "you must be mad, this boat goes to Hong Kong!

CHORUS.

And I was on it, I was on it!
Stuck on board an ocean liner,
Off, away I went to China;
When I got there, found it hot there,
I had to live on bird-nest soup and boiled bow-wow.

I went to see my girl one day, I thought her dad was out,
But up he came behind me and he gave me such a clout;
He opened wide the front street-door and, as I turned to go,
He very gently lifted up his hobnailed boot, and oh!

CHORUS.

I was on it, I was on it;
My feet scarcely touched the floor,
As I went flying through the door—
Oh, he had got a large-sized trotter,
And knew the place to put it where I feel it most.

MARY OF TIPPERARY.

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From sweet Tipperary see light-hearted Mary,
Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the dew
As she joyously springs and as joyously sings,
Disdaining such things as a stocking or shoe;
For she goes bare-footed, like Venus or Cupid,
And who'd be so stupid to put her in silk,
When her sweet foot and ankle the dewdrops bespangle,
As she trips o'er the lawn at the blush of the dawn,
As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.

For the dance, when arrayed, see this bright mountain maid,
If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond lure,
O'er some clear fountain stooping, her dark tresses looping,
Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure!
How lovely that toilet—would Fashion dare soil it
With paint or with patches when Nature bestows
A beauty more simple, in mirth's artless dimples?
Heaven's light in her eye—the soft blue of the sky—
Heaven's light in her eye, and a blush like a rose!

—One of Her Bad Days.—Bereaved Widow (to servant): "If that is a caller, Bridget, you may say that Mrs. Hendricks is feeling so bad to-day that she is quite unable to see any one." Servant (returning): "It's not a caller, mum; it's the dressmaker." Bereaved Widow: "Ask her into the parlor, Bridget."—*New York Sun.*

CABBY KNOWS HIS FARE.

Written by F. Bowyer. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

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Wise men write of life's great contrasts, but have they true knowledge got?
Can they from their lofty station truely read life's mingled plot?
To know actual men and manners, we must mix amid the throng,
"Cabby" marks the varied thousands as they pass the streets along.

REFRAIN.

Seated on his box so smart, contemplates the crowd below,
Merchants hurrying to the mart, beggars plodding slow.
"'Ere y' are, sir; jump in, please; all right, sir; I know the square!"
Off he goes, well at his ease, Cabby knows his fare.

Now come two domestic lovers, cook has had her evening out,
To the play she's been escorted by her young man, tall and stout;
"Oh! I say, it's past eleven; if I'm not by half-past back,
Won't the missis get the needle—ten to one I gets the sack.

REFRAIN.

"Call a cab; what! got no cash? 'Ere you are, Joe, take my pus.
It's a hansom; ain't we flash! me pay—what looks wus?
Ask him first; what! half a crown; can't be helped, I must get there;
Pull up at the Goose and Gown," Cabby knows his fare.

In the dim and misty nightfall steal a guilty pair away;
He has lured her from her husband, she has left her home for aye;
Words of passion he has spoken to that wretched wife so weak;
Even now she shrinks and shudders, thus the cabman hears her speak:

REFRAIN.

"Will you swear that you'll be true?" Watch her as she tearful pleads,
"All my future rests with you!" and his lie succeeds.
Nevermore her way she'll take to her home and children fair;
Her husband's honest heart may break, Cabby knows his fare.

Now the sound of music floating—from a ball-room come a pair,
Golden youth and petted darling form the subject of this fare.
"Let me help you with your cloak, dear. "Thank you, I'm not feeling cold."
He's been dancing with her rival, a lover's tiff, the same of old.

REFRAIN.

"Don't let me drag you away, she'll so disappointed be."
"She; explain yourself, dear, pray, you're the girl for me!"
Pouting lips are hard to keep, kisses them and smooths her hair,
Cabby doesn't dare to peep, Cabby knows his fare.

Hurrying, with a look of terror, hat pressed down to hide his face,
Panting, gasping, nearly speechless, from a hot, exciting chase;
'Tis a hunted murd'rer flying from the crime his hand has wrought;
Hark! the sound of his pursuers—"Drive like ——, I'll not be caught."

REFRAIN.

"Hark! I hear them drawing near—Faster, faster make her go.
Ten pounds if you get me clear; God's sake don't say no;
They shall not take me alive; I am innocent, I swear;
A pistol-shot—thus ends the drive of Cabby and his fare.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Words by A. P. Graves. Music arranged by C. Villiers Stanford.

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Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte and slainte and slainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher and tenderest teacher,
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix and the divils and all at divinity,
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all;
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology into thayology,
Troth, and conchology if he'd the call.—CHORUS.

Och, Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you;
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you;
You've such a way wid you, Father, avick!
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' on alsy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.—CHORUS.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity?
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"—CHORUS.

I GUESS NOT.

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Words by Frank N. Scott. Composed by Walter Neville.

If a maiden has a lover, is that really your affair?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
If they go out promenading, now should everybody stare?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
Is that sufficient reason why the neighbors all should quiz?
Now, girls, if he is yours, and you, in turn, perhaps, are his,
I would like the information, is it anybody's biz?
I guess not; well, I guess not.

Do the damsels of the present love to dally with ice cream?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
When invited murmur, "No, sir!" with a modest little scream?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
They gurgle, "how delicious!" as they trifle with a spoon,
But ere they stop, you bet, six plates of cream will vanish soon,
And your money all will fade away, just like the rose of June.
I guess so; well (spoken), you know how it is yourself.

In the races for the Queen's cup, did the boats of England win?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
Did they gobble all the prizes, and likewise much Yankee tin?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
The gay "Genesta" and, still later on, the "Galatea,"
Our "Burgess" flyers left them both to follow in her rear,
And the Scottish "Thistle" proved a picnic to our "Volunteer."
Well, rather, don't you think so?

If a lady has a bonnet rising proudly in the air,
I guess not; well I guess not.
And shows it in the meeting-house, should anybody swear?
I guess not; why, of course not.
If she wears it to the play, is it worse, I'd like to know,
Than to have some thirsty dude who sits a long way up the row,
Between the acts "to see a man" so regularly go?
I guess got; well, I guess not.

Are the fools all on vacation—they of whom we often read?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
And the id-i-ots sen-sa-tion-al, it can't be they're all dead—
I guess not; well, I guess not.
A full enumeration would demand a mammoth page,
Of those who jumped from Brooklyn Bridge, or swam Niagara's rage,
Can this legion now be ornaments upon the museum stage?
I guess not; well, I guess not.

If a fellow takes his best girl out to have a little ride,
I guess not, well, I guess not.
And she cuddles so confidingly against his manly side,
I guess so; well, they all do.
Now is this any reason why some meddling fools should say,
"How can he, with his salary, such big expenses pay?"
Just mark my words, the next we'll hear, he's skipped to Can-a-da.
I guess not; well, perhaps so.

Do all our railroad officers with honesty abound?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
And bank-cashiers—can all the cash within the vaults be found?
I guess not; well, it's doubtful.
Or do they, like the little birds, each feather his own nest,
And labor hard to hoard the gold depositors invest,
Then quietly, between two days, go seek a place of rest?
I guess so; well, quite often.

Is the sweet girl of this period contented with one beau?
I guess not; well, I know she ain't.
Or does she have her lovers marshalled in one lengthy row?
I guess so; don't you think so?
With lashes drooping modestly and blushes on her cheek,
In accents full of tenderness, sweet words of love she'll speak,
Impartially to each in turn, thro' each succeeding week.
I guess so; well, you bet.

ENCORE VERSE.

If you keep on encoring, do you think that I'll come out?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
And add a new and funny verse for every time you shout?
I guess not; well, you bet I won't.
I've given you already more than twice your money's worth;
Until I've quite exhausted every subject for my mirth;
I think I've sung sufficient—say, do you want the earth?
Well, I think so; you won't get it.

—If you happen to see a small boy chasing a bumble-bee, you will know when he yells that he has caught it.

—The world may owe you a living, young man, but the account cannot be turned over to an attorney for collection.

—A girl will naturally express a candied opinion of the young man who is constantly bringing her confectionery.

—The nuisance of the hotel was in the parlor warbling: "Oh, would I were a bird." "Well, here's a beginning for you," said the landlord, as he handed him his bill.

LOVE IN A TOY-SHOP.

By Fred Leslie.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Think not that love is ours alone, as by my tale you'll see
That sawdust equals flesh and bone, in holding hearts as free.
My tale is of a big-boy doll, whose blue eyes all did admire,
Miss Dolly standing at a stall some two or three doors higher.

CHORUS.

But she longed for better society,
He content in lower grade;
She was marked eight shillings, he but four,
And that a great difference made.

No wand'ring 'neath the trees cool shade, her waxen hands to squeeze;
Their home ancestral, an arcade where music swelled the breeze.
The humming-tops they loved to hear, as the cuckoo chimed the hour
With its "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," so dear, beneath their glassy bower.

CHORUS.

But she longed for higher society,
He content in lower grade;
But she could say "Mamma," he only "Pa,"
And that a great difference made.

So time went on, but they stood there until the dawn of Summer
Brought dolls from Paris, fresh and fair, including a "French Drummer."
Soon did the Frenchman gain her love, he danced and bowed politely,
But a pop-gun sent his soul above to the top shelf, "damaged slightly."—CHO.

Alas! a cruel, hot scorching sun poured in on his complexion,
And he could feel his flaxen locks parting from their connection;
The glow of health his cheeks once bore had faded past detection,
And his eyes of blue hue had sunk from the glue, and he died in deep dejection.

CHORUS.

Then he moved to higher society,
She a great mistake had made;
For armless and legless, with one eye knocked out,
On the fire, died a wretched old maid.

AILEEN MAVOURNEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 4 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he hath won he can wish to deceive—
Forever and always his fond words to me
Are, Aileen Mavourneen, a cush-la-machree;
Last night when we parted his gentle good-bye
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
Each time with a sigh, and still the same words he whisper'd to me,
My Aileen Mavourneen, My Aileen Mavourneen, a cush-la-machree.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth;
Yet still the same fond words he whispered to me
Were, "Aileen Mavourneen, a cush-la-machree!"
Oh, when will the day come, the dear, happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say, all a lover can say?
And he speaks out the words he has whispered to me,
"Aileen Mavourneen, Aileen Mavourneen, a cush-la-machree!"

FANNIE LEE.

Composed by Frederick H. Pease.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Fannie Lee, I sing of thee, so gentle, kind and true,
With the morning's first ray, she's tripping away, ne'er minding cold or dew.

CHORUS.

Fannie Lee, Fannie Lee, so gentle, kind and true,
With the morning's first ray, she's tripping away, ne'er minding cold or dew.

Oft we see Sweet Fannie Lee reclaim the fallen one;
Her gentle power, in every hour, cheers up the sad and lone.

CHORUS.

Fannie Lee, Fannie Lee, wherever we may roam,
Oh, may we be like sweet Fannie Lee, who's gone to her last home.

Let us be like Fannie Lee wherever we may roam,
Till we shall each sweet Fannie reach in her bright starry home.—CHORUS.

—Mistress: "You are so stupid. I told you to pay attention when the milk boiled over." Servant: "And I did, mum. It was a quarter past eight, mum, by the clock, when it boiled over."

I'm a Jolly Little Chap All 'Round.

Words and Music by G. Martin.

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Some go in for grieving and for sorrow,
Some they love to simper and to sigh,
Some talk about to-day and not to-morrow—
Never mention such a word as die;
But for myself I hate all melancholy;
It will, with my temper, not at all agree;
The fact is that I'm consequently jolly,
I'm as jolly as I well can be;
Always sprightly, tripping lightly,
That is the way I'm always found;
Happy ever, grieving never,
I'm a jolly little chap all 'round.

CHORUS.

For grieving it is folly, I am consequently jolly,
As jolly a chap as ever can be found—
From my boots up to my collar, you may bet your bottom dollar,
I'm a jolly little chap all 'round.

There's many a lad who's been too kindly-hearted,
As good a boy as you would wish to know,
But when with all his money he has parted,
There are chaps who say, "I always told you so!"
Give me the chap who, when you be gone a howler,
Always at your elbow will be found;
He's simply worth a dozen of the growler,
He's a jolly little brick all 'round.
Always true, boys; friend to you, boys;
That is the way I'm always found;
Friend in need, boys; friend indeed, boys;
A jolly little brick all 'round.—CHORUS.

Now, whether in low water or in clover,
Your motto should be, "Dont desert a friend;
If a pal should meet a stile, why, help him o'er,
You'll find it will not hurt you in the end.
And so, whatever trouble I am meeting,
You will find that I am going strong and sound,
For the boy who always takes a lot of beating
Is the jolly little chap all 'round.
Heart as light, boys; heart so right, boys;
That is the way I'm always found;
Happy ever, grieving never,
A jolly little chap all 'round.—CHORUS.

It's a Long Lane that Has No Turn.

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Words and Music by Dan Lyons.

As we journey along through this life,
Over the land and the sea,
Hard luck and sorrow will come to us all,
Where'er on this earth we may be.
Never despair, but drive away care,
We've all got a lesson to learn,
You'll say that I'm right, when I tell you to-night,
It's a long lane that has no turn.

CHORUS.

Then borrow no trouble where'er you may be,
Look at hard luck brave and stern;
If it does not to-day, it will soon come your way,
It's a long lane that has no turn.

For instance, a man he may run in hard luck
The biggest part of his days,
When Dame Fortune's wheel it will stop at his heel,
And his eyes on a fortune will gaze.
So be of good cheer, all thro' the long year,
Don't cry at a scald or a burn,
And some day, like me, you will surely agree,
It's a long lane that has no turn.—CHORUS.

Now take this lesson unto yourself,
Try and do all that you can;
If hard luck and sorrow stares you in the face,
Don't mind it, brace up like a man.
Some day it will fall good luck to us all
If the good will of God we all earn;
You'll find in the end that the lane it will bend,
It's a long one that has no turn.—CHORUS.

—Something to Remember It By.—Friend: "What on earth are you photographing the umbrella for, dear boy?" Amateur Photographer: "You said you wanted to borrow it to go home with, and I'm getting something to remember it by, that's all.—*London Tid-Bits.*

—"When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my son; and if you want to be a man you must be industrious." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

There You Are, There You Ain't.

Written and Composed by Harry Boden.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I have a little friend of mine, a timid sort of chap,
Who, when in ladies company, soon meets with some mishap.
He came the other morning to me looking rather blue,
And said he "when I meet a girl just tell me what to do?"

SPOKEN—I thought it a somewhat strange question, but answered it simply to satisfy him, not that I thought he'd remember what I said, for he generally forgets the part he ought to recollect. However I gave him my advice in the following words:

CHORUS.

Nod politely, but do it nicely,
And if the chance occurs, just do a wink,
Don't be hasty, but if it's tasty
Try within your own her arm to link;
While you're talking and onward walking,
Be careful that you do not go too far,
And if the girl's the proper sort and you do just what you ought,
Why there you are, there you are, there you are!

Before he left he told me he was going to a ball,
And promised one day in the week upon me he would call;
He there expected he would meet of girls a score or so,
And how he got on with them he was then to let me know.

SPOKEN—When he came he said, a nice thing you've done for me. I said how, he said through doing as you told me. I said well what did you do? He replied:

CHORUS.

I saw a lady, I rose my cadie,
I went like this and then I did a wink;
I said your tasty, very tasty,
Then proposed adjourning for a drink,
But she was stuck up and turned her nose up,
And tried to look as though she were a saint,
I did just what I thought, but she wasn't quite my sort,
So there you ain't, there you ain't, there you ain't.

Our friendship's broken up, this morn a letter to me came
Which says for his misfortunes that I am alone to blame;
He says through taking my advice he has been "had" a treat,
And so he thinks it best that we as strangers now should meet.

SPOKEN—There is a postscript to the letter, with these words:

CHORUS.

I did my duty, said you're a beauty,
I asked her who'd been dotting both her eyes,
I thought to please her, so tried to squeeze her,
But couldn't, for the girl was such a size;
I said, I'll treat you when I meet you,
And then she went right clean off in a faint,
But the game it didn't pay, so allow me just to say,
There you ain't, there you ain't, there you ain't.

SO DID I.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

A friend of mine went to the race and had a jolly time,
So did I, so did I;
He bet his money on a horse upon a dead-sure tip,
So did I, so did I;
A book-maker had told him that he knew the horse would win,
So he quickly forced himself into the betting-ring,
And with that very man he bet—he bet with all his vim,
So did I, so did I.

CHORUS.

So did I, so did I—
I thought him a pet, but he's running yet;
I turned pale as a ghost, he got left at the post,
My friend got a roast, so did I.

A little game of poker, oh, the other night he played,
So did I, so did I;
The limit was away up high, but in that game he stayed,
So did I, so did I;
Every penny that he had he lost, just like a simple gawk;
He hadn't even car-fare, and with rage he couldn't talk;
To his boarding-house, three miles away, through mud he had to walk,
So did I, so did I.

CHORUS.

So did I, so did I—
A car I espied—of course, could not ride;
Oh, his shoes they were thin, and it rained hard as sin,
He got wet to the skin, so did I.

He went in a saloon the other night to get a drink,
So did I, so did I;
He did not have a penny so he gave the boss the wink,
So did I, so did I;
He was a great big fellow, of that there is no denying;
He tried to smooth it over, but he felt much more like crying,
When the boss he quickly grabbed him, thro' the window he went flying,
So did I, so did I.

CHORUS.

So did I, so did I;
He had hardly dropped, was seized by a cop;
The station-house near, and the judge he was queer,
He got just a year, so did I.

THROUGH THE MEADOW.

Copyright, 1884, by H. A. Freeman.

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Verses by Emily S. Oakley. Music by Will H. Veith.

A song of my darling who came through the meadow,
With bonny brown hair and her kirtle of red;
The sunshine she brought with her stole through my shadow,
And sweet to my ear were the words that she said,
And sweet to my ear were the words that she said.
She gave me a flower she wore in her bosom,
And violets not half so blue as her eyes,
Down deep in my soul they immortally blossom,
I read her warm heart in their fairy disguise.
She gave me a flower she wore in her bosom,
And violets not half so blue as her eyes;
Down deep in my soul they immortally blossom,
I read her fond heart in their fairy disguise.

She makes no pretence of undying devotion;
Her love, by her showing, is fleeting as dew;
She laughs at my constancy, yet, I've a notion,
She's truer than many who boast themselves true,
She's truer than many who boast themselves true.
Her chiding is sweeter than others' caressing;
She leads me at will by a thread she doth hold;
The least little touch of her hand is a blessing,
And a kiss of my darling is better than gold.
Her chiding is sweeter than others' caressing;
She leads me at will by a thread she doth hold;
The least little touch of her hand is a blessing,
And a kiss of my darling is better than gold.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Copyright, 1890, by I. Kroch and Dave Rinaldo.

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Words by I. Kroch. Music by Dave Rinaldo.

There's a day that I cherish far dearer than life
Since the time that I was a small boy;
The coming of it thrills me o'er with delight,
For me there is no greater joy.
Oh, I love it so dear, and it comes once a year,
With the bloom of the flowers in May;
The birds in the trees warble sweet melodies
At the break of my mother's birthday.

CHORUS.

My mother's birthday, my happiest day,
In my heart it will ever hold sway;
All life seems so gay, all my cares pass away,
On my silv'ry-haired mother's birthday.

I can picture her face on the pillow so white,
As into her room I would peep;
Oh, what untold bliss I'd derive from the kiss
With which I'd awake her from sleep.
She smiled on me sweetly, while her eyes filled with love,
And then, clasping me to her, she'd say:
God bless you, my son, you are always the one
To remember your mother's birthday.—CHORUS.

Come and Meet Me, Rosa, Darling.

Copyright, 1880, by W. F. Shaw.

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Written by Samuel N. Mitchell. Composed by William A. Huntley.

Come and meet me, Rosa, darling, when the evening shadows fall,
I'll be waiting near the arbor by the lonely garden-wall.
Come when moonlight softly glimmers through the tops of yonder trees,
And the valley's fragrance mingles with the gentle evening breeze.

CHORUS.

Come and meet me, Rosa, darling, when the evening's shadows fall,
I'll be waiting near the arbor by the lonely garden-wall.

There I'll tell you, Rosa, darling, while the merry crickets sing,
How I fondly love you, dearest, and the joy your glances bring;
There I'll offer tender kisses to those lips of rosy hue,
While the purest love-light sparkles in your hazel eyes so true.—CHORUS.

—Eli: "This steak is awful." Jess: "Then, why did you eat it?" Eli: "To keep it from being made into hash."

—Giles: "It seems dreadfully extravagant to go to such an expensive tailor." De Jinks: "What could I do? He was the only one who would trust me."

—An Iowa farmer, who believed in having two strings to his bow, put up in his garden this sign: "Boys, don't touch these melons, for they are green and God sees you."

THERE ARE NO ANGEL MEN.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.

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tten and Composed for and Sung by Miss Nellie Parker.

'Tis said, ere since this world began, when beautiful young girls die
Just like a swan they grow large wings and fly up to the sky;
But all the men, the poor, dear men, 'tis said they go below;
If that be true, what we shall do I am sure I do not know.

CHORUS.

Say, girls, what shall we do in the beautiful realms above?
There will be no nice young men for us to fondle and love;
We shall all have to sleep on the clouds, won't it be awful then?
We'll all have to tarry, we never can marry, there are no angel men.

Won't it be dreadful dull, dear girls, no lovers to take us out
To party, ball, or music-hall and pay for bottled stout?
No one to tell us fairy tales and fill us with delight?
No one to take us for a trip and miss the train at night.—CHORUS.

Then we will have no clothes to wear—won't we look awfully queer
A-flying about from cloud to cloud in night-gowns down to here?
We'll never drink champagne again, old Scotch, or mountain dew;
And never have a gentle squeeze, whatever shall we do?—CHORUS.

THE DUFFEYS.

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ords and Music by Loren Bragdon.

I will tell you of the Duffeys, of their fam'ly great and small:
They came over from old Ireland ten years ago last fall;
There was Mister and Mrs. Duffey, and their children by the score,
And they brought with them Mary Ann McCann, old Duffey's mother-in-law;
There was Mike, there was Dan, there was Susan Ann McGill,
And don't forget the billy-goat that lives upon the hill;
He came from a good old family, from the aristocracy,
And old Duffey keeps this billy-goat for respectability.

CHORUS.

Now listen to this little tale, of the Duffeys I will sing;
There was Mike, there was Dan, there was Susan Ann McGill;
And don't forget the billy-goat that lives upon the hill;
He came from a good old family, from the Irish 'tocracy,
And old Duffey keeps this billy-goat for respectability.

When old Duffey first came over he practiced on the hod,
And he said that rather than work like that he'd be planted under the sod;
So he thought he'd start a restaurant on the European plan,
And he took in partnership with him his mother-in-law McCann;
He took Mike, he took Dan, he took Susan Ann McGill,
As waiters in the restaurant that stood upon the hill;
When he'd got in all his family, he says I think they'll do,
And he even took the billy-goat to make an Irish stew.—CHORUS.

Now old Duffey made a fortune in the twinkling of an eye,
And he built himself a great big house that almost touched the sky;
He had rooms from top to bottom, furnished in the latest style;
He bought Mary Ann a piano that cost a great big pile;
Mister Mike, Mister Dan, even Susan Ann McGill,
Were all elected Aldermen by the big folks on the hill;
And old Duffy was elected Mayor wid McCann, who was so smart;
And they had for a coat-of-arms the goat upon their Sunday cart.—CHORUS.

We're Glad to Hear the News.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

De Gospel preacher, Henry Brown, is gwine to wed to-day,
We're glad to hear de news;
The colored population will be thar in grand array,
We're glad to hear de news.
Miss Ann Eliza Brackson is de lady he's to wed,
We're glad to hear de news;
She's very highly educated, 'least I've heard it said,
We're glad to hear de news.

CHORUS.

De church-bells will be ringing, de darkies will be winging,
De little children singing, to drive away the blues;
De old church-gate a-creaking, de little sheep a-bleating,
To welcome massa's wedding-day, we're glad to hear de news.

Dere's gwine to be a wedding feast of possum, cake and wine,
We're glad to hear de news;
De darkies dey will light on it like bees in Summer time,
We're glad to hear de news.
Ole Ebenezer Clay will call de figgers at de ball,
We're glad to hear de news;
And razors will be left at home, dey won't be used at all,
We're glad to hear de news.—CHORUS.

AMERICA'S GOLDEN ROD.

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Words by C. Thomas Duvall. Music by R. M. Stults.

There's a bright little flower that blooms in our land,
Adorning our mountains and leas,
The emblem of liberty, proudly it stands,
And gracefully waves in the breeze.
It blooms for all classes, no more for the great
Than the toilers who wearily plod;
'Tis the flower that best represents freedom's state—
America's own golden rod.

CHORUS.

Let France sing the praise of the lily,
And England the charms of the rose;
Let each nation boast the flower loved most,
We envy no emblem that blows.
More dear than the proudest of flowers
That grow on nature's green sod,
Is the bright yellow plume of our ever-loved bloom,
America's golden rod.

All over Columbia's wide-spreading domain
The golden rod raises its plume;
The broad plains of Texas, the bleak hills of Maine,
Alike are made bright with its bloom.
On mountains and meadows, by forests and streams,
Wherever man's footsteps have trod;
Defiant, erect our proud banner gleams,
America's own golden rod.—CHORUS.

The plumes of our emblem they wave ever free,
Yet none from the main stem are rent;
So our States cluster 'round in a firm unity
On the stem of our firm government.
Thus true to our motto of "many in one,"
Triumphant it waves o'er the sod;
The fairest of flowers 'neath liberty's sun,
America's own golden rod.—CHORUS.

MINNEHAHA.

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Words and Music by O. Ormsby Clark.

My name is Minnehaha, Minnehaha,
Tho' the pale-faces call me Laughing Water;
And merrily I take my canoe upon the lake,
For you see I am the chieftain's daughter

REFRAIN.

My name is Minne, Minne, Minnehaha,
Ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha,
And merrily I sing as my bark-canoe I swing
Up and down the silver waters of the Waha.

When thro' the pines the moon is brightly beaming,
And the little stars are winking and a-blinking;
Oh, 'tis then I ply my oar, pulling bravely from the shore,
To watch the mountain-deer as they are drinking.—REFRAIN.

I listen to the breezes 'mong the branches,
See them swinging, see how they're swaying,
And I hear the robins red singing gaily overhead,
While in the wood the squirrels all are playing.—REFRAIN.

I waken with the merry birds of morning,
I linger by the silver-flowing fountain;
And singing all the day, for my heart is light and gay—
I wander to and fro along the mountain.—REFRAIN.

My name is Minnehaha, Minnehaha,
Tho' the pale-faces call me Laughing Water—
I'm a merry, laughing maid of the mountain and the glade,
For you see I am the chieftain's daughter.—REFRAIN.

A Mother Is a Mother After All.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A mother's heart is ever affectionate and true,
And naught but death can sever the love she feels for you.
The world, tho' cold and dreary, breaks not that sacred tie;
Her voice is always cheery, to save you she would die.

CHORUS.

A mother is a mother; she grieves at your downfall;
She loves as can no other, she's a mother after all.

Though you may not be living a life upright and pure,
Her sweet soul is forgiving, and she will wrongs endure.
You'll never find another so brave, so kind, so dear,
As she whom you call mother, then strive her life to cheer.—CHORUS.

O'GEOGHAN, THE GANDER.

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Words by J. Joseph Goodwin. Music by B. H. Janssen.

The Dooley's, when moving, were very unkind,
They left their poor gander in mis'ry behind;
'Twas christened O'Geoghan, a real Irish name;
Besides being blind, the poor bird was lame.
The Dooley's now gone, the McSorley's moved in.
"Begad," said the gander, "I'll get rid of thim;
The divil a Mac now, whatever his age,
Shall feed on an O' stuffed with onions and sage!"

CHORUS.

In and out the house at night, O'Geoghan he would limp,
With his hissing and his gobbling and his curious gimp,
He set the neighbors crazy, and they all will tell you this,
That O'Geoghan was a dandy, with his hiss, hiss, hiss.

The Macs gave a party, it wasn't revealed
O'Geoghan was under the sofa concealed;
Tim Fagan starts singing, "Oh! give me a kiss!"
When there started from under the sofa a hiss.
"Who's hissing?" says Fagan; "That's you, Blinky Dunn!"
"You lie, Tim," says Blinky—that's how it begun;
While poor Mrs. Fagan for mercy did beg,
The gander just gave her a nip in the leg.

CHORUS.

In and out the house that night they pounded Blinky Dunn,
When O'Geoghan hissed and gobbled, then the crowd did run;
They'd surely murdered Blinky if it hadn't been for this,
That O'Geoghan saved his mutton with his hiss, hiss, hiss.

Then all that was left of them started to shout,
"For God's sake, McSorley, why don't you move out?
And, while they all helped him to pack up his things,
O'Geoghan kept hissing and flapping his wings.
The house is now empty, but one who was bold
Looked in through the shutter, 'twas this that he told:
"There's hissing and gobbling all over the place,"
And the ghost of O'Geoghan looked him in the face.

CHORUS.

In and out the house at night the ghost is seen to limp,
With his hissing and his gobbling and his curious gimp.
Oh, now the place is haunted, and they will all tell you this,
That O'Geoghan is a phantom with his hiss, hiss, hiss.

MY MOTHER'S MOTTO:

A KIND WORD GOES A GOOD WAYS, AFTER ALL.

Copyright, 1890, by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Ah! fondly I remember, in the days of long ago,
The faces and the scenes I loved so well;
The gentle words of mother, breathed in accents soft and low,
That in my heart forever silent dwell.
"Whene'er in life you wander and are tempted on your way,
Be upright, lad, and honest, and never go astray;
Let never a word of anger from your lips in passion fall—
"A kind word goes a good ways, after all."

CHORUS.

'Twas the motto of my mother, be kind to one another,
Upon life's way to totter, rise or fall.
This maxim bear in mind, some day you'll surely find
That a kind word goes a ways, after all.

How often in my wand'rings have I paused upon the way,
And seen my friends or neighbors meet in strife;
And heard the words of passion that within their hearts held sway,
As each in hatred sought the other's life.
I've seen the gleaming weapon, by a brother held on high,
And heard the cry for mercy, and saw the victim die;
When, ah, that gentle motto of my mother I'd recall:
"A kind word goes a good ways, after all."—CHORUS.

How often will a gentle word some erring child reclaim,
And guide her back to home and friends so dear;
How often will its kindliness remove from guilt or shame
The human soul that on the brink is near.
So speak it gently ever, as life's weary way you wend,
Unto a fallen brother, a sister or a friend;
Wherever you may wander, ah, this motto still recall:
"A kind word goes a good ways, after all."—CHORUS.

—One Marriage a Success.—Wise Father (to married son): "You are living very nicely, I see; but are you saving any money?" Wise Son (whispering): "Yes, but don't tell my wife." —*N. Y. Weekly.*

When I Get to Be a Man Like Pa.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

A little girl and little boy I heard in the street one day—
He told her this with a merry laugh, as they both sat there at play:
'Fore long I think I'll leave my house, my sister and my Ma,
I'll have a house all by myself, when I get to be a man like Pa;
I'll have a horse and a wagon, too, I'll make Sam Jones feel awful blue;
If he has a wife, why I'll have two, when I get to be a man like Pa.

I'll go out to the club each night and I wont come home till three;
I'll paint the town a fiery red, all the boys I'll take with me;
I'll tell my wife I missed the train, I've heard that told to Ma,
It worked so well, I'll do the same, when I get to be a man like Pa!
I'll spend my money like a flash and always be out on the mash;
In "sassiety" I'll cut a dash, when I get to be a man like Pa.

A typewriter, too, I'm going to have, and as handsome as can be;
I'll pay her fifty dollars a week and take her out with me;
I'll take her out to lunch each day, unknown, of course, to Ma;
I'll treat her better than my wife, when I get to be a man like Pa.
She'll be my darling, be my pet, and what she wants, why, of course, I'll get;
Oh! I'll be a regular blood, you bet, when I get to be a man like Pa.

I'll make a "bluff" I'm worth a mine, when I don't possess a brick;
I'll have a home just like a king's, and I'll furnish it on "tick;"
And when the due bills come around, I'll let them worry Ma;
I'll "hang up" every one I know, when I get to be a man like Pa;
I'll move each month, and so, you see, I'll have a "cinch" and live rent free;
I'll be as "slick" as I can be, when I get to be a man like Pa.

I'll "play the races" every day on tips that always lose;
I'll be all smiles down at the track, but come home with the "blues;"
I'll blow my money in on cards, but not one cent on Ma;
I'll pass off as a single man, when I get to be a man like Pa;
I'll buy a "place" and buy a "straight" on the horse that always comes in late,
And come home in a happy state, when I get to be a man like Pa.

MADELINE.

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Words and Music by C. A. White.

Madeline, I think of thee while bitter tears they flow;
I love you as I would be loved and still you bid me go.
Joy was mine when first we met, oh, angel of my heart.
Oh, Madeline, say 'tis not true that we forever must part!
Ah, Madeline, say 'tis not true that we forever must part!

Years have passed, I've travelled far, I could not bear the pain;
I would forget that e'er we met, alas, 'tis all in vain!
Sighing winds, o'er land or sea, will ever breathe thy name.
Oh, Madeline, alas, farewell! thy love was cold and vain.
Oh, Madeline, alas, farewell! oh, Madeline, farewell, farewell!

CLANCY WASN'T IN IT.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

I'll ne'er forget the day I saw Pat Clancy playing ball,
The day was fine, but very hot, the crowd was rather small;
Pat won the toss and took the bat, the other side went out;
And then the greatest game began that's been played hereabout;
As Clancy was an amateur, had never played a game,
He couldn't tell a "ball" from "strike," he thought them both the same;
He only played one inning and that one was with regret;
He went home on a stretcher and I haven't seen him yet.

CHORUS.

Clancy wasn't in it from the very start;
He thought the game was easy, but it broke his heart;
He'll never play a game again, on that I'd like to bet;
The way they laid him out that day he won't forget.

He took the bat into his hand, the ball shot quickly by—
"Strike one," the umpire loudly cried, but Clancy said, "You lie!"
I never struck the ball at all, don't try those tricks on me;
I'll let you know just when I strike, send on the ball to me;
He stood there with uplifted bat, the ball came like a shot,
And struck poor Clancy in the face, he fell down on the spot;
He lay like dead for quite a while, but just as he "came to,"
And sadly asked the umpire, "I suppose that was strike two?"—CHORUS.

At last he really struck the ball, and darted for the base;
He went so fast he tripped and fell, but reached it on his face.
Now, Clancy, when he hits the ball, you run and never stop;
And when you get near second-base, land on it with a flop!"
The ball was hit, and 'twas a foul, but Clancy didn't care;
He ran like mad and gave a jump, then sailed down through the air;
He knocked the baseman off his feet, they both fell in a heap;
And Clancy's clothes were all in rags, while he was "knocked to sleep."—CHO.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend **100** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Gesölle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Bist du schon ist der Tag des Herrn
Blümlein weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Heplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Lebi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen aus
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Strassburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend **105** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Ach an der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir gesichant in die Augen
Im Leben sein--lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heiraten soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer la mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindele
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gelä
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend **102** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Oerglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Dringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Vehrele in's Exame gena'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Nebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Steckpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend **116** Lieder.—Preis **10** Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck mit Jo!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich hat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig lieb
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Rotiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Stedbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen heraus
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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Barney McCoy
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Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
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Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Singing on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
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Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Cow that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Sarsfield
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league band [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Aileen, Asthore
Mac's and the O's
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
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Nell Flaugherty's drake
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Napoleon's farewell to Paris
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Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the bravo
Shamus O'Brien.—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengarry
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, love?
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Willy Reilly
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Young rose [Molloy
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You remember Ellen

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Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
That little spot on the ocean
Boys from County Clare
Bold sojer boy
Irish soldier
Ben Nolan's ball
Clay's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Can't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Hannan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hibernia's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
I'm that Mr. Reilly!
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
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Mantle so green
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My good-looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
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Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
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Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
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Pat O'Hara [painted
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Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
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Shamrock, rose and thistle
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Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
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Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
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Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' words of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary haf got
Drafted
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Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
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Her lovers [Teacher
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Words and Music by J. H. Woodhouse.

In a neat little cabin far o'er on the hillside,
Over in Wicklow, a widow does dwell;
But not all alone, for a colleen lives with her,
The sweetheart of one whom they both loved so well;
It was not for treason he left his own country,
But to better his lot, to bring comfort and joy;
And whenever the neighbors inquire if he's living,
With tears in her eyes she will speak of her boy.

CHORUS.

He's gone to the land where they pave the streets with money,
Where freedom and friendship their flags they do unfurl;
And when he's rich my boy, I know my darling honey will return
To his mother and the pick of Irish girls—his pick of Irish girls.

Each meal-time his arm-chair is placed near the table,
As if she expected her boy coming home;
The slippers he wore are placed down by the fender,
Forgetting awhile that he's far o'er the foam;
Her mind is quite absent from watching and waiting;
The postman's rat-tat can alone make her start,
And when she has read the contents of his letter,
She sings and then presses it close to her heart.—CHORUS.

He thinks of the colleen he left in old Ireland,
The tears of pure love to his eyes often start;
He worships the soil that belongs to his Ireland,
And grieves when he thinks of his mother's sad heart;
The thought of returning will oft help to cheer him;
From morning till night at his labor he's seen,
And often he'll murmur when any one's near him,
May God keep my mother and Irish colleen.—CHORUS.

ONLY TIRED.

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By C. A. White.

Soft and low I heard them singing,
And I saw the angels, too,
And I heard the gate-bells ringing,
As I to them nearer drew.
Oh, gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us thro' this lonely vale of tears.
Come all that's weary, I'm not forsaken;
I'm not doubting nor forsaken—only tired.
Say, am I dreaming faint hopes are gleaming;
I'm not doubting nor forsaken—only tired.

Like a dream came o'er me stealing—
Ah! divine, oh, rapturous bliss.
'Round the throne they all were kneeling,
Singing songs of love like this:
Oh, gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us thro' this lonely vale of tears.
Hope on forever, life is eternal;
Never doubting or forsaken—only tired.
Is it not written, ah, such devotion;
I'm not sad nor am I dreaming—only tired.

Tho' life to us seems a failure,
And the heart at times may break,
In the light of God, eternal,
There the soul will yet awake.
Oh, gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us thro' this lonely vale of tears.
Oh! God of Israel, oh, how enraptured,
Never doubting or forsaken—only tired.
Light 'round us breaketh, each soul awaketh;
I'm not doubting or forsaken—only tired.

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

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Words and Music by C. A. White.

There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the vale,
Tho' the heart strings nearly sever, God's great wisdom ne'er will fail—
Tho' the heart strings nearly sever, God's great wisdom ne'er will fail.
There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the vale,
There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the grave,
Tho' the ties of earth may sever, God alone our souls can save.

REFRAIN.

Tho' ties of earth may sever, God's wisdom ne'er will fail;
There's life beyond the shadows, there's hope beyond the vale,
God's wisdom ne'er will fail; there's hope beyond the vale.

Tho' the heart at times seems doubting, and the soul is filled with fear,
Yet the word of God's eternal; he alone has placed us here.
Many hearts have here been shattered, but life's mission cannot fail.
There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the vale,
Tho' the heart at times seems doubting, and the soul is filled with fear,
Yet the word of God's eternal; he alone has placed us here.—REFRAIN.

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS.

Copyrigot, 1868, by D. S. Holmes.

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Composed by Stephen C. Foster.

As you've walked through the town on a fine summer's day,
The subject I've got, you have seen, I dare say;
Upon fences and railings, wherever you go,
You'll see the penny ballads sticking up in a row;
The titles to read you may stand for a while,
And some are so odd they will cause you to smile;
I noted them down as I read them along,
And I've put them together to make up my song.

CHORUS.

Old songs! new songs! every kind of songs!
I noted them down as I read them along.

There was "Abraham's daughter" "Going out upon a spree,"
With "Old Uncle Snow" "In the cottage by the sea;"
"If your foot is pretty, show it" "At Lannigan's ball;"
And "Why did she leave him" "On the raging canawl?"
There was "Bonnie Annie" with "A jockey hat and feather;"
"I don't think much of you" "We were boys and girls together."
"Do they think of me at home?" "I'll be free and easy still;"
"Give us now a good commander" with "The sword of Bunker Hill."—CHO.

"When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"
"For, everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high;"
"The young gal from New Jersey," "Oh, will thou be my bride?"
And "Oft in the stilly night" "We'll all take a ride."
"Let me kiss him for his mother," "He's a gay young gambolier;"
"I'm going to fight mit Sigel" and "De bully lager-bier."
"Huukey boy is Yankee Doodle" "When the cannons loudly roar,"
"We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more!"—CHORUS.

"In the days when I was hard up" with "My Mary Ann,"
"My Johnny was a shoemaker," or "Any other man!"
"The captain with his whiskers" and "Annie of the Vale,"
Along with "Old Bob Ridley" "A riding on a rail!"
"Rock me to sleep, mother," "Going round the Horn;"
"I'm not myself at all," "I'm a bachelor forlorn."
"Mother, is the battle over?" "What are the men about!"
"How are you, Horace Greeley," "Does your mother know your out?"—CHO.

"We won't go home till morning," with "The bold privateer,"
"Annie Lisle" and "Zouave Johnny" "Riding on a railroad kerr;"
"We are coming, Sister Mary," with "The folks that put on airs."
"We are marching along" with "The four-and-thirty stars;"
"On the other side of Jordan" "Don't fly your kite too high!"
"Jenny's coming o'er the green," to "Root hog or die!"
"Our union's starry banner," "The flag of Washington"
Shall float victorious o'er the land from Maine to Oregon!—CHORUS.

COME, SILVER MOON.

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By C. A. White.

Come, silver moon, so calm thy spell,
Wood-sprites now meet their love to tell;
O'er hill and dale waft gentle breeze,
While fairies dance 'neath forest trees.
Sweet hour of night, shine, silver moon,
While the wood-sprites now dance,
Grant, oh, grant this boon, grant us this boon.
Merrily dance, merrily sing,
Shine, gentle moon, our loved ones bring
O'er hill and dale, o'er land and sea—
Come, silver moon, bring them to me.
Come, silver moon,
Come, bright moon, bring them to me.
Come, silver moon.
Sweet, silver moon—come, silver moon.

Thy gentle power will soothe all pain,
Cheer ev'ry hour, bring joy again;
The fairy spell comes o'er my dream,
Making all things in beauty gleam.
Now 'tis sweet hour of night; shine, oh, shine, silver moon,
Wood-sprites now dance, grant us this boon.
Gladly I'll yield to thy sweet power,
Which comes o'er me in night's lone hour;
Come, silver moon, so pure and bright,
Filling with joy sweet hours of night.
Come, silver moon,
Fill with joy sweet hours of night.
Come, silver moon—
Sweet, silver moon—come, silver moon.

—The Peace Problem of Europe.—"I wonder if the other fellow's gun is really loaded?"

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

By Samuel Lover.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Paddy, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone and no money to pay,
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,
And went to confession just afther;
"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."
"What, what!" says the priest, "at your owld thricks again?
Faith, you'd rather be stalin' than sayin' *amen*,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view,
For I stole it to make it a present to you,
And you can absolve me afther."
"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
"If your riv'rince won't take it?—By this and by that
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat
What your riv'rince would have me be afther."
"Why then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,
Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,
For, if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it—'tis thrue
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you;
But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do?"
Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughter.
"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthruse;
If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose—
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,
Paddy O'Rafther."

"But, for the sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies,
Some widow or orphan with tears in their eyes;
And *then* you may come to *me* afther."
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,
And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,
And, says she, "'pon my word you're the cleverest boy,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor, lonely widow, in want and dismay,
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.
"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,
For repentantly making the best of the bad,
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

THE TEXAS RANGER.

This song was sent to us by Nelson Forsyth (Showman), Groesbeck, Limestone Co., Texas.

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Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of a story that happened unto me.

My name it's nothing extra, to you I will not tell;
I am a jolly ranger, although I wish you well.

Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right:
Before you reach yon station, my boys, we have to fight.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give the yell;
My heart it sank within me, my courage almost fell.

I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky;
My feelings at that moment were now is my time to die.

We fought for nine long hours until the strife was o'er;
The sight of the dead and wounded I never saw before.

There was six as good old rangers as ever traveled West
Lie buried with their comrades, sweet peace be their rest.

Perhaps you have a kind old mother, likewise a sister to like you;
Likewise a good old sweetheart to weep and mourn for you.

If this is your situation, although you like to roam,
I'll advise you by experience you had better stay at home.

My old mother in tears to me did say,
To you they are all strangers, with me you'd better stay.

But I thought she was old and childish, the best she did not know;
My mind was bent on ranging and with them I was bound to go.

By That Lake, Whose Gloomy Shore.

By Thomas Moore.

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By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him her's, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or West, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it, too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love and mourned her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
'Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

By Thomas Moore.

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When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and, however, my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next-dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

—Mr. Gowing: "May I escort you home, Miss Cumming?" Miss Cumming: "I promised ma I would not allow any one to walk home with me—but here comes a car."

—Why He Did It.—Old Brown (bringing out the strap): "Do you know why I'm going to whip you, my son?" Little Johnny: "'Cause I'm small. If I was as big as that man next door who called you a liar last night, you wouldn't put a finger on me."

ALL BACK NUMBERS OF THIS PA

THE WIDOW OF WICKLOW.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by J. H. Woodhouse.

In a neat little cabin far o'er on the hillside,
Over in Wicklow, a widow does dwell;
But not all alone, for a colleen lives with her,
The sweetheart of one whom they both loved so well;
It was not for treason he left his own country,
But to better his lot, to bring comfort and joy;
And whenever the neighbors inquire if he's living,
With tears in her eyes she will speak of her boy.

CHORUS.

He's gone to the land where they pave the streets with money,
Where freedom and friendship their flags they do unfurl;
And when he's rich my boy, I know my darling honey will return
To his mother and the pick of Irish girls—his pick of Irish girls.

Each meal-time his arm-chair is placed near the table,
As if she expected her boy coming home;
The slippers he wore are placed down by the fender,
Forgetting awhile that he's far o'er the foam;
Her mind is quite absent from watching and waiting;
The postman's rat-tat can alone make her start,
And when she has read the contents of his letter,
She sings and then presses it close to her heart.—CHORUS.

He thinks of the colleen he left in old Ireland,
The tears of pure love to his eyes often start;
He worships the soil that belongs to his Ireland,
And grieves when he thinks of his mother's sad heart;
The thought of returning will oft help to cheer him;
From morning till night at his labor he's seen,
And often he'll murmur when any one's near him,
May God keep my mother and Irish colleen.—CHORUS.

ONLY TIRED.

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By C. A. White.

Soft and low I heard them singing,
And I saw the angels, too,
And I heard the gate-bells ringing,
As I to them nearer drew.
Oh, gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us thro' this lonely vale of tears.
Come all that's weary, I'm not forsaken;
I'm not doubting nor forsaken—only tired.
Say, am I dreaming faint hopes are gleaming;
I'm not doubting nor forsaken—only tired.

Like a dream came o'er me stealing—
Ah! divine, oh, rapturous bliss.
'Round the throne they all were kneeling,
Singing songs of love like this:
Oh, gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us thro' this lonely vale of tears.
Hope on forever, life is eternal;
Never doubting or forsaken—only tired.
Is it not written, ah, such devotion;
I'm not sad nor am I dreaming—only tired.

Tho' life to us seems a failure,
And the heart at times may break,
In the light of God, eternal,
There the soul will yet awake.
Oh, gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us thro' this lonely vale of tears.
Oh! God of Israel, oh, how enraptured,
Never doubting or forsaken—only tired.
Light 'round us breaketh, each soul awaketh;
I'm not doubting or forsaken—only tired.

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

Copyright, 1888, by White, Smith & Co.

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Words and Music by C. A. White.

There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the vale,
Tho' the heart strings nearly sever, God's great wisdom ne'er will fail—
Tho' the heart strings nearly sever, God's great wisdom ne'er will fail.
There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the vale,
There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the grave,
Tho' the ties of earth may sever, God alone our souls can save.

REFRAIN.

Tho' ties of earth may sever, God's wisdom ne'er will fail;
There's life beyond the shadows, there's hope beyond the vale,
God's wisdom ne'er will fail; there's hope beyond the vale.

Tho' the heart at times seems doubting, and the soul is filled with fear,
Yet the word of God's eternal; he alone has placed us here.
Many hearts have here been shattered, but life's mission cannot fail.
There is life beyond the shadows, there is hope beyond the vale,
Tho' the heart at times seems doubting, and the soul is filled with fear,
Yet the word of God's eternal; he alone has placed us here.—REFRAIN.

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS.

Copyrigot, 1868, by D. S. Holmes.

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Composed by Stephen C. Foster.

As you've walked through the town on a fine summer's day,
The subject I've got, you have seen, I dare say;
Upon fences and railings, wherever you go,
You'll see the penny ballads sticking up in a row;
The titles to read you may stand for a while,
And some are so odd they will cause you to smile;
I noted them down as I read them along,
And I've put them together to make up my song.

CHORUS.

Old songs! new songs! every kind of songs!
I noted them down as I read them along.

There was "Abraham's daughter" "Going out upon a spree,"
With "Old Uncle Snow" "In the cottage by the sea;"
"If your foot is pretty, show it" "At Lannigan's ball;"
And "Why did she leave him" "On the raging canawl?"
There was "Bonnie Annie" with "A jockey hat and feather;"
"I don't think much of you" "We were boys and girls together."
"Do they think of me at home?" "I'll be free and easy still;"
"Give us now a good commander" with "The sword of Bunker Hill."—CHO.

"When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"
"For, everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high;"
"The young gal from New Jersey," "Oh, wilt thou be my bride?"
And "Oft in the stilly night" "We'll all take a ride."
"Let me kiss him for his mother," "He's a gay young gambolier;"
"I'm going to fight mit Sigel" and "De bully lager-bier."
"Hunkey boy is Yankee Doodle" "When the cannons loudly roar,"
"We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more!"—CHORUS.

"In the days when I was hard up" with "My Mary Ann,"
"My Johnny was a shoemaker," or "Any other man!"
"The captain with his whiskers" and "Annie of the Vale,"
Along with "Old Bob Ridley" "A riding on a rail!"
"Rock me to sleep, mother," "Going round the Horn;"
"I'm not myself at all," "I'm a bachelor forlorn."
"Mother, is the battle over?" "What are the men about!"
"How are you, Horace Greeley," "Does your mother know your out?"—CHO.

"We won't go home till morning," with "The bold privateer,"
"Annie Lisle" and "Zouave Johnny" "Riding on a railroad kerr;"
"We are coming, Sister Mary," with "The folks that put on airs."
"We are marching along" with "The four-and-thirty stars;"
"On the other side of Jordan" "Don't fly your kite too high!"
"Jenny's coming o'er the green," to "Root hog or die!"
"Our union's starry banner," "The flag of Washington"
Shall float victorious o'er the land from Maine to Oregon!—CHORUS.

COME, SILVER MOON.

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By C. A. White.

Come, silver moon, so calm thy spell,
Wood-sprites now meet their love to tell;
O'er hill and dale waft gentle breeze,
While fairies dance 'neath forest trees.
Sweet hour of night, shine, silver moon,
While the wood-sprites now dance,
Grant, oh, grant this boon, grant us this boon.
Merrily dance, merrily sing,
Shine, gentle moon, our loved ones bring
O'er hill and dale, o'er land and sea—
Come, silver moon, bring them to me.
Come, silver moon,
Come, bright moon, bring them to me.
Come, silver moon.
Sweet, silver moon—come, silver moon.

Thy gentle power will soothe all pain,
Cheer ev'ry hour, bring joy again;
The fairy spell comes o'er my dream,
Making all things in beauty gleam.
Now 'tis sweet hour of night; shine, oh, shine, silver moon,
Wood-sprites now dance, grant us this boon.
Gladly I'll yield to thy sweet power,
Which comes o'er me in night's lone hour;
Come, silver moon, so pure and bright,
Filling with joy sweet hours of night.
Come, silver moon,
Fill with joy sweet hours of night.
Come, silver moon—
Sweet, silver moon—come, silver moon.

—The Peace Problem of Europe.—"I wonder if the other fellow's gun is really loaded?"

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

By Samuel Lover.

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Credit all gone and no money to pay,
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,
And went to confession just afther;
"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."
"What, what!" says the priest, "at your owld thricks again?
Faith, you'd rather be stalin' than sayin' *amen*,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view,
For I stole it to make it a present to you,
And you can absolve me afther."
"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
"If your riv'rince won't take it?—By this and by that
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat
What your riv'rince would have me be afther."
"Why then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,
Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,
For, if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it—'tis thrue
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you;
But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do?"
Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughter.
"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthruse;
If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose—
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,
Paddy O'Rafther."

"But, for the sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies,
Some widow or orphan with tears in their eyes;
And *then* you may come to *me* afther."
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,
And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,
And, says she, "'pon my word you're the cleverest boy,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor, lonely widow, in want and dismay,
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.
"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,
For repentantly making the best of the bad,
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

THE TEXAS RANGER.

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Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of a story that happened unto me.

My name it's nothing extra, to you I will not tell;
I am a jolly ranger, although I wish you well.

Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right:
Before you reach yon station, my boys, we have to fight.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give the yell;
My heart it sank within me, my courage almost fell.

I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky;
My feelings at that moment were now is my time to die.

We fought for nine long hours until the strife was o'er;
The sight of the dead and wounded I never saw before.

There was six as good old rangers as ever traveled West
Lie buried with their comrades, sweet peace be their rest.

Perhaps you have a kind old mother, likewise a sister to like you;
Likewise a good old sweetheart to weep and mourn for you.

If this is your situation, although you like to roam,
I'll advise you by experience you had better stay at home.

My old mother in tears to me did say,
To you they are all strangers, with me you'd better stay.

But I thought she was old and childish, the best she did not know;
My mind was bent on ranging and with them I was bound to go.

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Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him her's, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or West, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it, too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love and mourned her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
'Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

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Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and, however, my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next-dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

—Mr. Gowing: "May I escort you home, Miss Cumming?" Miss Cumming: "I promised ma I would not allow any one to walk home with me—but here comes a car."

—Why He Did It.—Old Brown (bringing out the strap): "Do you know why I'm going to whip you, my son?" Little Johnny: "'Cause I'm small. If I was as big as that man next door who called you a liar last night, you wouldn't put a finger on me."

LET EACH NUMBERS OF THIS BE

CIGARETTE McCARTY.

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Words and Music by Dan Lyons.

I'm Clarence McCarty, a man about town,
I'm sure I'm well known to you all;
I go to parties and masquerades,
I can always be seen at a ball.
I flirt with the ladies and drink champagne wine,
The d.. ings they think I'm so sweet;
They call me a dude, for I never act rude
With all the young ladies meet.

SPOKEN—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, as I walk down Washington Street every day, smoking me "Sweet Caporal Cigarette," you'll see all the aristocratic young ladies turn around and point at me and say:

CHORUS.

There's Cigarette McCarty, he's hale and hearty,
Always in fashion and looking well.
Oh! he's the dandy, gum-drops and candy,
Cigarette McCarty, the masher, the swell.

At the polls on election day I can be seen,
With a big stack of bills on me arm,
Soliciting votes from each one that I meet,
My smile acts on them like a charm.
They say that's McCarty, what he says is right,
They know that I always act square.
On the Democratic ticket next fall you will see
Cigarette McCarty for Mayor.

SPOKEN—I was taking me constitutional ride down Beacon Street this morning on me bicycle, I could hear everybody remark as I passed along:

CHORUS.

There's Cigarette McCarty, he's hale and hearty,
Always in fashion and looking well.
Oh, he's the daisy, he sets them crazy,
Cigarette McCarty, the masher, the swell.

Erin! the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes.

By Thomas Moore.

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Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form, in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

AUNT PEGGY AND UNCLE DAN.

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Words and Music by C. A. White.

Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan—we are poor, but we're honest and true;
Of sorrows we've had our share, but of riches we never knew;
We've buried our children almost alone, for poverty's friends are few;
We've tried to live best we can—Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan.

REFRAIN.

Let the winds blow high, let the winds blow low,
And the worst ill may come now that can;
We'll stick together while life shall last,
Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan.
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low,
And the worst ills may come now that can;
We'll stick together while life shall last—
Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan.

Oh! Peggy, how sad the day when we buried our eldest boy;
It seemed that your heart would break, and life for you'd lost all joy;
Oh, Daniel, your heart it was brave and true, your faith in the future strong;
We've lived thro' it best we can—Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan.—REFRAIN.

We've struggled together hard for to bring up our children when young;
And many a hope we've had as their lullaby songs we sung;
The angel of death came and took them all, and left us without a child;
We've done just the best we can—Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan.—REFRAIN.

DAYLIGHT'S A-BREAKIN'.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Daylight's a-breakin', hear the rooster crowin',
Wake up everybody, see the sun rise;
Mornin' larks a-singin', dewdrops a-fallin';
Clouds am a-gittin' mighty scarce in de skies;
Buzzards fly together in stormy weather;
Cream am a-sourin' when it begins to turn;
Ducks quack, quackin' when the rain am a-pourin';
Pigs all a-rootin' while the dairy-maids churn.

CHORUS.

Daylight's a-breakin', hear the rooster crowin',
Wake up everybody, see the sun rise;
Mornin' larks a-singin', dewdrops a-fallin';
Clouds am a-gittin' mighty scarce in the skies.

Honey-bee hummin' when the Winter's comin';
Lean horse hobbles, interfering with his shins;
Big bull-frog am noisy, growlin' in thicket;
Colored man suffer mighty hard for his sins;
Possom keep a-climbin' whar de simmon grow;
If you want to catch a rabbit, don't be too slow;
Cricket chirp louder when the day am spent;
Nigger dreamin' policy and never gets a cent.—CHORUS.

Tom-cat a-hidin' while the old hen's hatchin';
Smack at my lips a when de hoe-cake's hot;
Sparrer-hawk a-peepin' while de chicken's scratchin';
Gravy am a-waitin' for the 'taters in the pot;
Mule fine as silk when you feed him on clover;
Chip-monk am happy, just a-hoppin' in de tree;
Owl am wide-awake when daylight's over;
Hog starts a-runnin' when de jackass sneeze.—CHORUS.

MARY O'MARA.

By Samuel Lover.

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Mary O'Mara, I think that I see thee,
Still blooming and young.
Crown'd with a beauty as dazzlingly beaming
As poet e'er sung.
Lovers deep-sighing,
All emulous vying
Thy love to secure;
While 'twas mine to adore,
And my lot to deplore—
For thy minstrel was poor,
Mary O'Mara.

Mary O'Mara, the lordly O'Hara
Might make thee his own,
For his lineage was high, while the light of thine eye
Might have challeng'd a throne!
If his love rise
To the worth of the prize
He hath captur'd in thee,
Then a homage is thine
That a saint in her shrine
Scarcely deeper may see,
Mary O'Mara,

Mary O'Mara, I think that I hear thee,
With voice like a bell,
So silver-sweet ringing, the minstrelsy singing
Of him who lov'd well;
Of him who, still loving
And hopelessly roving
In regions afar,
Still thinks of the time
That he wove the sweet rhyme
To his heart's brightest star—
Mary O'Mara.

—"Father," said Willie, who had just been corrected, "that strap is hereditary, isn't it?" "I don't know that it is." "But it descends from father to son, doesn't it?"

—Stout Lady: "Sir, I beg that you will desist from following me, or I shall call a constable." Perspiring Stranger: "Pray, don't say so. It's the only bit of shade in the whole park. I'd do as much for you, but my shadow isn't worth mentioning."

THE OMNISCIENT OSTRICH.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

In an African desert once there dwelt
An ostrich wondrous wise,
Who carried his head so proudly high
It almost touched the skies.
He had lived so long and had seen so much,
He was vain as vain could be;
And this wonderful bird was frequently heard
To remark complacently:
"If you seek for information, or desire an explanation,
I'm a brimming fount of wisdom that responds to every call,
For assorted, gilt-edge knowledge, I can discount any college;
I'm a simple little ostrich, but I know it all."

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha! how very silly; we must laugh tho' willynilly,
We must laugh tho' willynilly, we must laugh tho' willynilly.
If you seek for information, or require an explanation,
I'm a brimming fount of wisdom that responds to every call,
For assorted, gilt-edged knowledge, I can discount any college;
I'm a simple little ostrich, but I know it all.

Now this imbecile fowl was frequently warned
Of hunters to beware,
But he turned up his nose at all advice
With a supercilious air.
Said he: "No bird with a brain like mine
From hunters needs to flee;
You seem to forget there never was yet
A bird as wise as me.
There is nothing you can teach me, bows and arrows cannot reach me;
They may lay their snares with cunning, but I'll never into them fall.
All in vain they seek to harm me, there is nothing can alarm me;
I'm a simple little ostrich, but I know it all."—CHORUS.

Now this ostrich had an occasion soon
His wisdom to display,
For a couple of hunters gave him chase
In a highly hostile way.
"Observe, my friends!" he merrily cried,
"How I'll fool these sons of Ham;
For I'll hide my head in the sand," he said,
"And they won't know where I am.
It's an easy operation to elude their observation;
In emergencies like this one on your brain, not legs, you call,
And, in spite of their endeavor, I will prove them far from clever;
I'm a simple little ostrich, but I know it all."—CHORUS.

There was something wrong with his well-laid plan,
I must regret to say;
For they snaked him out of his hiding-place
Without the least delay.
They plucked his long-tailed feathers out,
Till he was a sight to see;
And they clipped his wings with shears and things,
Though it hurt confoundedly;
Then they shipped him o'er the ocean, and to-day, if you've the notion
At a second-rate museum in this neighborhood to call,
You will see a sight pathetic, for with mien apologetic,
Stands the simple little ostrich, stuffed, who knew it all.—CHORUS.

There's a moral tied to this ostrich's tale
That must be plain to all:
That a pride with too much enbonpoint
Precedes an awkward fall.
Tho' a Solomon's wisdom you possess,
Don't good advice deride;
For a head that grows abnormally large
Is a difficult one to hide.
So, unless you crave a stumble, you'll do wisely to be humble,
And the melancholy ending of the ostrich to recall;
For the man of highest wisdom of his merits always is dumb,
And the men who know but little always know it all.—CHORUS.

HOLY SMOKE.

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Words and Music by Sam Weston.

The Meth'dist church am blazing, the holy smoke am raising,
The Bible am a-flying in the air;
The wenches am a-yelling, the holy bells am telling
There's going to be a nigger roasted there.
I hear, like thunder busting, niggers jumping, wenches hustling;
The preacher man am missing from this pew,
The pulpit it is burning, to holy smoke am turning,
Every nigger will be cooked into a stew.

CHORUS.

Holy smoke, dem coons will choke;
Go get a rope, or they will surely croak;
Holy smoke, dem coons will choke;
Go get a rope, or they will surely croak.

I see the angels coming, with water-buckets running,
With a golden hose them niggers they will soak;
Out of the windows wenches climbing, some are laughing, some are crying,
Some are turning pale and others into smoke.
Oh, brothers, sisters, sinners, if there's any religion in us,
Go chase the devil away from our church-door;
And then we will climb higher, keep away from the satan's fire,
And thus we will be saved forevermore.—CHORUS.

THE NIGHT MALONEY LOST HIS NEW HIGH HAT.

Tune — "Night Maloney Landed in New York."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Dan Maloney, dressed so neat, was walking down the street
To see his sweetheart, Mary Ann Magee;
On his coat he wore a rose, the color of his nose,
And as happy as an alderman was he.
He walked about a block when he got quite a shock,
For a nagur hit him with a base-ball bat;
And I'm sorry now to say that the divil was to pay,
For he smashed in poor Maloney's new high hat.

CHORUS.

Maloney began to cry, the nagur would have to die!
For he never would take an insult like that;
So they both toed a scratch and there was a slugging-match,
The night Maloney lost his new high hat.

Maloney broke the nagur's nose, so the story goes,
And the nagur's shins he tried hard to kick;
But, as quick as a flash, poor Maloney got a smash
On the top of his head with a brick.
Maloney began to yell to the crowd as he fell,
Get an ambulance, don't let me die here like a rat!
Me friends, I did me best, and it's me last request
That you bury in me grave me new high hat.

CHORUS.

Maloney began to shout, I think I am knocked out!
For the nagur's knocked me head in nearly flat;
But the crowd began to laugh and said, shut up you big giraffe,
For at your funeral we'll all wear a new high hat.

Now, Maloney didn't die, for an officer, passing by,
Carried him to the station-house upon a shutter;
They threw him in a cell, and on his head he fell,
But, to save his life, a word he couldn't utter.
In the morning he was brought to plead before the court,
For they charged him with attempting suicide;
And the judge gave him ten days in which to mend his ways,
And in the prison-van poor Maloney took a ride.

CHORUS.

Poor Maloney went to jail, for he could get no bail,
And for ten days in a dismal cell he sat;
And when he got out of there, he solemnly did swear
That he'd never wear again a new high hat.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

By Thomas Moore.

Oh! where's the slave, so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell Erin! farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouched and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is plucked to shade
The brows with victory glowing;
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate, before us;
Farewell, Erin! farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall!

—A man must be pretty sick of work when he throws up his job.

—"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I have often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say, 'rich but honest?'" "Tut, tut, my son; nobody would believe them," answered the father.

—"Mr. Jones!" said the old millionaire. "Yes, sir," answered the private secretary. "Here are fifty begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal." "Yes, sir." "And you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp inclosed for reply." "Yes, sir." "Well, answer them on a postal."

Is There No Kiss for Me To-Night?

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Words and Music by Thos. P. Westendorf.

Is there no kiss for me to-night, love,
Is there no smile to welcome me now?
Must the hopes that were once so bright, love,
Be dispelled by the frown on your brow?
Must the past with its joys be blighted
By a future of sorrowing pain?
Must the vow we have made be slighted,
Don't you think you could love me again?

CHORUS.

Tell me why has your heart grown cold, love,
Tell me where are your smiles so bright?
Have you banished the joys of old, love,
Is there no kiss for me to-night?

When I feel that you do not love me,
That your heart is not true as of old,
Oh, how dark seems the skies above me,
And the world, oh, how strangely cold;
All the years would be sad without you,
There'd be nothing to cheer my poor heart;
Darling, how could I live without you,
Tell me now that we never shall part?—CHORUS.

Bid me hope coming days will bring, love,
All the joys that the past ever knew,
Let the mem'ries so dear still cling, love,
To the heart that is faithful and true;
And I'll promise you, love, that never
Shall a word from my lips give you pain;
And my life shall be yours forever,
If you only will love me again.—CHORUS.

THE PAWNBROKER'S TICKET.

Words by T. H. Tooker. Tune—"Three Leaves of Shamrock."

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While walking down the Bowery in the merry month of June,
I had an overcoat on my arm, which I was to part with soon,
For the weather it was getting warm, and the coat I could not wear;
So I took it to Levy, the pawnbroker, down in Chatham Square;
"I'll give you just two dollars, sir, on that overcoat," he said;
But, for heaven's sake, don't tell my wife, or she surely will drop dead;
I took the two dollars that he gave, and then went on a spree,
And when I got sober all I had left was the ticket he gave me.

CHORUS.

Just a little yellow ticket, a pawnbroker's ticket,
Now you've caused all my troubles, my sorrow and my woe;
For I tell you it's no joke when your overcoat is in soak
And you have to wear a linen duster while the cold winds do blow.

Ever since I parted with that coat bad luck has followed me,
And if I only had it now, how happy I would be,
For with the cold I'm shaking, and the wind near takes my breath away;
The Coroner will soon have a job, for I'll freeze to death some day;
When I parted with that overcoat, I must have been insane,
For I never will get money enough to get it out again;
But, no matter what my troubles are, this ticket I'll always save,
And I hope it will be buried with me in my lonely grave.—CHORUS.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

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I have heard the mavis singing
His love-song to the morn;
I have seen the dew-drops clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me
At the evening's gentle close;
I have seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drops on the rose;
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness, too,
Though thy step may loose its fleetness,
And thy hair it's sunny hue,
Still to me shalt thou be dearer
Than all the world can own;
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone;
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

YOU CAN'T DO IT.

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Words by Robert Reece. Music by Frontignac.

I've been trying for years to live under my means,
You can't do it;
I've tried to avoid awkward conjugal scenes,
You can't do it.
Your wife says you'd better your income improve,
To very much larger apartments remove,
And get out of that horrible public-house groove,
You can't do it.

She says you must pay rent and taxes this week,
You can't do it;
You're to go to your friends the "spondulicks" to seek,
You can't do it.
She says what she earns is her own by the law;
She gives you two hours' unlimited "jaw,"
Then expects you to eat mutton-chops that are raw,
You can't do it.

She gives you a brassy old bracelet to spout,
You can't do it;
Then tells you "be quiet" and speaks with a shout,
You can't do it.
She wakes up the child and then sings for an hour,
And scolds about "nothing" at fifty-horse power,
And wants you to shut the back gate in a shower,
You can't do it.

She tells you to curb your addiction to thirst,
You can't do it.
She says, "Stop the leak!" when the water-pipes burst,
You can't do it.
She gives you the baby, your fingers to gnaw,
Or clear out the boy when he's swallowed a "taw,"
Then asks you to kiss your old mother-in-law,
You can't do it.

If poker you're playing, don't bet on ace high,
You can't do it;
If you do, bid farewell to your cash, with a sigh,
You can't do it;
And if you try faro, you'll find it the thing
To bet your chips small and scoop in what they bring;
When the deck is all dealt out, don't copper the king,
You can't do it.

WE SHALL ALL BE ANGELS IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

Written and Composed by Fred Roberts. Arranged by Laughton Field.

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We're going to have a glorious time by the parsons we are told,
For all you nice young people who have been as good as gold,
Some wings are to be given so the gentry prophecy,
They don't give us the date but say it will be by-and-by.
Now when they give those wings away there's bound to be a rush,
And six-pence extra you must pay and so avoid the crush;
The news has fairly settled me and nearly turned my brain,
I'm bound to have a pair myself and that's why I exclaim:

CHORUS.

We shall all be angels in the sweet by-and-by,
All have a pair of wings, be able to fly
Far, far away from this wicked world so gay,
Oh! how I'd like to be an angel!

The great Salvation Army, they will be first, there is no doubt;
They'll soon fly to that happy land they rave so much about;
But, in spite of all their fussing, their scandal and their din,
I think it's very doubtful whether they will all get in.
We all shall be so happy, forgetting every vice;
No one will cause to trouble, all things will be so nice;
Your mother-in-law will hold her jaw and things will be so prime,
For your wife on Saturday won't ask for your over-time.—CHORUS.

There's the tally man, oh, lor'! oh, dear! whatever will he do?
He'll find his occupation gone, upon my word it's true;
And the fussy-bloated landlord, who calls 'round on Monday morn,
Will find his houses all "to let" and all his lodgers gone;
And your dear, respected uncle, too, will fairly be done brown,
The three gilt balls outside his shop, he'll have to take them down;
A little notice you will see, informing you with love
That business for the future will be carried on above.—CHORUS.

So very, very careful of your ways you will have to be,
Or else no chance of wings you'll stand, it's very plain to me;
They're only going to give them out to those that have been good,
And I'm one of that number, I will have it understood;
You ladies must be careful not to stay out late at night,
You must not paint, or dye your hair, such doings are not right;
Your bustles, too, you must leave off, and all such clumsy things,
Or you'll find it very awkward when you go to flap your wings.—CHORUS.

—Mrs. Bloodgood: "What! not an open fireplace nor a stove in the house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie?" Willie (ruefully): "Warms 'em on me, ma'am."

THE SWELL WITH THE GLASS IN HIS EYE.

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Arranged by John Braham.

How d'ye do, my dear boy, how d'ye do?
You're looking remarkably well;
I think we have met before somewhere—
Was it Broadway, Long Branch, or Pall Mall?
By Jove, now I cannot remember,
But you'll recollect me by-the-by;
I'm known by respectable members
As the swell with the glass in his eye.

CHORUS.

For it gives a distinguished appearance,
And as I go sauntering by,
The darlings all sigh, as tho' they should die,
For the swell with the glass in his eye.

Some fellahs go in for mustachios,
And make them stick out like a pole,
Others weaknesses lie in their whiskaws,
But mine never would grow, pon my soul.
Some fellahs go in for "La pose,"
"Roman Fall," and such dodges, but I
Rest content with my natural charms,
And this small piece of glass in my eye.—CHORUS.

Some say, Can I see any better?
By Jove, now I can't see as well;
My eyesight's as good as most people's,
Though I'm fancied a near-sighted swell;
But it makes a coon seem interesting,
Though some low people call me a "guy,"
Which meets with a glare of contempt
From this small piece of glass in my eye.—CHORUS.

NELL AND MOTHER'S NAME.

Copyright, 1886, by E. J. H. Stecher.

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Words and Music by M. J. Cavanagh.

On a gory, blood-stained battle-field a wounded soldier lay,
His dying moments full of thoughts of loved ones far away—
The gray-haired, widowed mother he had left at home in tears,
The little blue-eyed sweetheart who had waited him for years;
He whispered to the comrade who stood weeping by his side:
"Don't grieve lad, 'tis an honor for your country to have died,
But, lad, your promise give me when you're safe at home again,
You'll say I died in battle, breathing Nell and mother's name.

CHORUS.

Take a dying soldier's message home to those who wait in vain;
Say I fell while facing foemen, breathing Nell and mother's name.

Ere the night his proud soul passed away to join the brave that fell,
And death had hushed the tender words of mother, home and Nell;
'Mong comrades, yet unnumbered, he now fills a soldier's grave,
Afar from hearts that love him true and wait him o'er the wave;
The lass whose heart went with him, the mother gray and old,
Are longing to embrace the form that now is still and cold;
They say he fought so bravely for his country, love and fame,
And fell while facing foemen, breathing Nell and mother's name.—CHORUS.

SCOTCH LASSIE, JEAN.

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In Scotland's fair lands, o'er mountains and rills,
That's where I roamed for many a day,
In looking at the lads and lassies on the green,
In the fair old land of Scotland far away.
I have waited for her coming, but she has not come as yet;
The truth seems to dawn upon me plain;
They say she is false, but I still believe her true—
She's my darling blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jean, my bonnie Jean, come to your laddie once again!
They say you are false, but I still believe you mine,
You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean.

She said she would meet me, but I've waited long in vain—
In lands far away she does roam;
Her promise she will keep; oh! break it not, my Jean,
We'll be happy in our bonnie little home.
Oh! then let me not long wait, let me meet thee soon, my Jean,
And the heavens will smile on our love,
And when life is dead, we will leave this earthly scene,
And our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss above.—CHORUS.

—If a man were his own enemy, what hard stories he could tell of himself.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE OLD BOWERY PIT.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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As sung by Harrigan & Hart in "Mordecai Lyons."

Oh, I'm an old-timer, I date away back,
I've hollered and shouted, I'm fit
To get a front seat and my peanuts to eat,
When a boy in the Old Bow'ry pit.

CHORUS.

In the old palmy days we had red-hot plays,
Along with my daddy I'd sit,
We'd laugh and we'd gag, and shout "H'ist up the rag!"
When a boy in the Old Bowery pit.

Now Cook played a sailor one Saturday night,
He shiver'd his timbers of oak;
You talk about blood, it was thicker than mud,
Oh, you could not see action for smoke.—*Chorus.*

We had our fav'rites, and we stood by them, too;
No failure, we'd make them a hit;
'Tis then we'd all screech, "Say, come give us a speech,
To the boys in the Old Bow'ry pit."—*Chorus.*

There's no use of grieving, the stage has gone wrong
Since the old-timers passed out and quit;
Oh, then we'd have "Hamlet," "Ben Bolt," with a song,
Would the boys in the Old Bow'ry pit.—*Chorus.*

Oh, I have seen Forrest, Macready and Keen,
The bosses, now don't you forgit;
When they'd walk on the stage, we would stand up and scream,
Would the boys in the Old Bow'ry pit.—*Chorus.*

Oh, most all the good ones lay under the clay,
Farewell to their talent and wit;
The old stock's played out, oh, it don't live to-day,
No more does the Old Bow'ry pit.—*Chorus.*

The Little Bunch o' Berries.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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As sung by Harrigan & Hart in "The Muddy Day."

It's down by the riverside I stand behind the bar,
My customers are workingmen and sailors,
And every jolly Jack that comes off a man-o'-war,
Steamboats, merchantmen and whalers;
They surely call on me when they come home from sea,
From Patagonia Island or Canaries;
They say, "Let's have a glass, oh, we never, never pass
The widow at the Little Bunch o' Berries.

CHORUS.

The number's forty-four, the name is on the door,
Oh, Mary Ann Elizabeth O'Leary;
You couldn't pass her by, whenever you were dry,
The widow at the Little Bunch o' Berries.

Oh, you'd see a crowd of boys a-standing 'round the stove,
I'm dealing out the sherry and the brandy;
With juicy, spicy whiskey punch, a lemon and a clove,
Airy, gracefully and handy.
I'm rolling out the gin, the money's rolling in,
From boatmen and the pilots of the ferries;
They say, "Let's have a glass, oh, we never, never pass
The widow at the Little Bunch o' Berries.—*Chorus.*

On Saturday night, my boys, it's then I do my trade,
They're paying off the stevedores and spooners;
Oh, come and hurry, quick, and get a brandy sour made,
Soda, schweitzer-kase and schooners.
The boss he hollers out, now let ye stand about,
And hurry, hurry up the Tom and Jerries,
For we must have a glass, oh, we never, never pass
The widow at the Little Bunch o' Berries.—*Chorus.*

—Banana skins are reminders that the fall is near.—*Glens Falls Republican.*

DON'T FORGET MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Gus Williams.

Soon you may wander from home far away,
Young and light-hearted the world o'er to stray;
Thoughts of the old folks may drift from your mind
Day after day as you leave them behind;
But there is one you must hold ever dear,
One who will cling to you year after year;
Keep her in mem'ry in gladness or woe,
Don't forget mother, wherever you go.

CHORUS.

Don't forget mother; she'll not forget you;
Cheer her with kindness; 'tis easy to do;
Keep her in mem'ry in gladness or woe;
Don't forget mother, wherever you go.

Dear to the heart is a mother's last word,
Sleeping or waking, in mem'ry 'tis heard;
When to her loved one she murmurs good-bye,
Who does not echo her last plaintive sigh?
See how she stands at the old cottage-door,
Watching and waiting to see you once more;
While you are from her no rest will she know,
Don't forget mother, wherever you go.—CHORUS.

Think of her ever, no thought is so blest,
No balm so sweet to the suffering breast;
Through the land roaming or far o'er the sea,
First in the vision her dear face we see;
Think of her patience and think of her pain,
Longing to gaze on her own once again;
Fortune may smile on you, but, in its glow,
Don't forget mother, wherever you go.—CHORUS.

IN OLD MADRID.

Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by H. Trotere.

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Long years ago, in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star!
There on the casement ledge when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face look'd out, as from the river shore
There stole a tender serenade!
Rang the lover's happy song,
Light and low, from shore to shore,
But ah! the river flow'd along
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

Far, far away from old Madrid
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent veil those eyes hid,
And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain!
But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand opens the lattice wide,
The faint sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide!
Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore,
Though flows a stream than all more strong
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

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The tear fell gently from her eye
When last we parted from the shore;
My bosom heaved with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er should see her more,
To think I ne'er should see her more.
Dear youth, she cried, and can thou haste away?
My heart will break—a little moment stay.
Alas! I cannot, cannot part from thee;
The anchor's weighed, the anchor's weighed—
Farewell! farewell! remember me.

Weep not, dear love, I trembling said;
Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er shall meet another maid
Whose charms can fix this heart like thine,
Whose charms can fix this heart like thine.
Go then, she cried, but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her thou leav'st in tears behind.
Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge will be;
The anchor's weighed, the anchor's weighed—
Farewell! farewell! remember me.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Erin Go Bragh."

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Caledonia, my country, thy rivers and fountains,
And green fertile valleys, exalting, I sing.
How pleasant's thy sweet-blooming moorlands and mountains
When drest in the gaudy profusion of Spring;
Where, fanned by the soft summer sea-breeze thy shore is,
While flocks bleat around us, and woods pour their chorus,
And mild morning-beams gild the landscape before us,
All spangled with dew-drops, how charming the scene!

Healthy thy clime is, of mild temperature,
Remote from the rays of the polar extreme;
And distant from regions where languishing nature
Melts in the blaze of the sun's torrid beam;
Happy land! where no raging volcanoes are pouring,
Where no serpents hiss, no fell monsters devouring,
No clouds stored with death in thy horizon lowering,
No pestilence floats on thy soft breezes' wing.

While daring, yet prudent, thy sons fill their stations,
Scarcely equaled in arts, and unrivaled in arms;
For learning thy fame resounds through all the nation,
And peerless thy daughters in virtues and charms.
From times unrecorded, thy freedom descending
Through ages of heroes whose valor defended
Thy charters, while foes all their vengeance expended
Against thy wild mountains and borders in vain.

Be plenty, my country, and peace thy possession,
And freedom's bright sunbeams illume thy fair day.
And far from thy shores be all want and oppression,
While virtues bold streams sweep corruption away!
May friendship unite, and may love and affection
And virtue thy children exalt to perfection.
To guard thy loved shores, be their strength and protection,
While time rolls through ages unnumbered, away!

SONG OF THE STAGE.

By I. Kroch. Tune—"Faces."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

While sitting in theatre we see some curious sights,
As portrayed by the actors in both afternoon and nights;
And artists who amuse you, make your face with pleasure beam,
And others whom you'd like to give a dose of "Paris Green."
If you go there on burlesque nights, you'll see bald heads by the footlights;
They try to mash the ballet-girls, who work them all for jays;
And silly dudes, who look like flats, and ladies with their great big hats—
To see the show you must look in a thousand different ways.
There's the bad and wicked villain in a scene that's very thrillin',
And the funny low comedian, who tries to make you roar;
There's the man who dives in trenches and saves the big adventuress,
But her complexion's different from the one she had before.
Actors very serious make you feel quite delirious,
The gray-haired physician, who's prescribing right and left,
And the lovely banker's daughter, her sweet face would freeze hot water,
And the daring trapeze artists, who will dive into a net.
The minstrel with his stale puns, and the soldier with his fake guns,
Admired by the pretty girls, while the other men all fail;
The tramp who's never dreary, though his face is very beery,
Always bracing for price so he can fill his pail;
The business man so natty, he is prompt, polite and chatty,
With his good-looking typewriter sitting near his chair;
Then comes the revelation of the clerk's defalcation,
But before the show is ended with everybody he is square.
There are many incidentals, and things that are ornamental,
And the supes who play "Richard the Third" for fifty cents a night.
Maggie, Rose and Sallie, who look lovely in the ballet,
If you saw them with their make-up off you'd get an awful fright.
Then there's the sweet bell-ringers, the grand opera-singers,
Their notes in voice and salary both come very high;
Every year they try to do us with their ancient farewell tours;
If it wasn't for old America, where would they get their pie.
Jugglers who are clever please us with their endeavors,
And acrobats tumbling 'round in spangles shining bright.
Now these are few attractions that drive away distraction,
And help us one and all to pass away a pleasant night.
As the play draws to the climax in wedding scenes and smilax,
We hastily leave our seats and pass up the aisle;
We tell our darling Mary Ann we've got to go and "see a man",
But before we return again, we have our quiet "smile".

THE WIDOW.

Translated from the Italian (La Vedova) by E. Muzio.

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Think not now thou canst awaken joys that once gave me delight,
They, like gathered flowers forsaken, all have perished in the blight.
In the wind my locks are blowing, o'er my shoulders loose are they flowing,
What care I now for beauty showing, my beloved cannot see nor know.
Ask me not why faint and weary, I have bowed me beyond control;
Let me rest from a life so dreary, from the darkness within my soul.
Silent standeth my harp from sadness, I forsake it for sigh and tear,
What care I for song and for gladness, my beloved can never hear me,
What care I for gladness, what care I for gladness, my beloved can never hear,
My beloved cannot hear, my beloved can never hear.

NEW COON'S DONE GONE.

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Words and Music by C. H. Sheffer.

New coon's done gone, left the other day,
Broke all the yaller gal's hearts before he ran away;
He told me that he loved me, on me he did dote;
He borrowed my watch and chain, in the morning I got a note:

CHORUS.

New coon's done gone, new coon's done gone,
New coon he left the other day;
Diamond, watch and chain; he took dat eight-ten train,
Dat new coon am done gone and run away.

New coon's done gone, what do you think he done?
Run away with a man's wife, the big, black son of a gun;
He was a gay deceiver, away from me he slid;
I heard he had eleven wives and fifteen nigger kids.—CHORUS.

The Biscuits Miss Flanigan Made.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. H. McGarry.

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Words and Music by C. Frank Horn.

One day as I laid on my satin divan,
Mister Fogarty called upon me,
Sayin', "Mister Gilhooly, I'm wantin' a man
To go with me to Flanigan's tea";
We wint, an' Miss Daly met us at the door,
Where the table for tea had been laid;
Oh, Gilhooly, just plaize an' try some of these,
They are biscuits Miss Flanigan made.

REFRAIN.

Oh, my! say what you will,
But the biscuits were snowy and flaky,
Whin I think of them still
It makes me feel trembly and shaky;
Oh, my! made up to kill,
Of my life I am sadly afraid,
Since I swallow'd such terrible nuggets of lead
As the biscuits Miss Flanigan made.

"Just cut one in two," says Maloney to me,
And slash on the butter for life;
I tried just as faithful as ever could be,
Till the foire flew off of my knife;
Then Galligan broke off a couple of teeth,
An' tould me that he was afraid
That we wanted a wedge and an ax, or a sledge,
For the biscuits Miss Flanigan made.—REFRAIN.

I handed them up to a healthy young chap,
Whose name was John Peter McGraw;
He shut down his teeth with a vigorous snap,
An' the splinters flew off of his jaw,
While I, to relieve him, done all in my power,
I was tould by young Hector McDade
That Helena O'Brien had injured her spine
With the biscuits Miss Flanigan made.—REFRAIN.

I took a few biscuits and started for home,
I scarcely knew whither nor how,
And I knocked a big hole in the Custom-house dome,
And murdered McGittigan's cow.
When I saw the justice and tould my sad tale,
He said, though this mischief you made,
I think at the best we will have to arrest
The biscuits Miss Flanigan made.—REFRAIN.

I was fearfully sick, an' my heart was quite sore,
When the news kem around the next day
That a contractor's cart was at Flanigan's door
An' was takin' the biscuits away.
They may send them to Germany, Russia or France,
Where there's rumors of war it is said,
But I'll bet you the treats they're pavin' the streets
With the biscuits Miss Flanigan made.—REFRAIN.

BLUE-EYED NELLY.

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When the bird is on the bough, retiring, love, to rest;
When the sun is gently sinking down in the beauteous West—
I roam then with my Nelly, my own, my lovely bride,
And I bless the hour of gladness when both our hearts were tied.

CHORUS.

Oh! darling Nelly, I'll e'er be true to thee;
My sweet, my blue-eyed Nelly, thou art all the world to me.

That blessed little church, down yonder shady lane,
Its form is in my sight, where Nelly changed her name.
We cannot boast of riches, which others may possess,
But peace and happiness is all we wish with to be blessed.—CHORUS.

O'GRADY, THE SWELL.

Composed by Dave Rinaldo.

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Parody on "Since Barney O'Rafferty Gave Me the Sack."

My name is O'Grady, a swell and a masher,
Admired by all the young ladies I meet;
I'm always in fashion, they call me a dasher,
For my name is O'Grady, the swell of the street;
You can bet with my make-up I set them all crazy,
With a cane in my hand, they say don't he look sweet,
In the hearts of the ladies I'm known as a daisy,
My name is O'Grady, the swell of the street.

CHORUS.

Very often I'm seen strolling down by the seashore,
The ladies all smile and say don't he look neat;
I wear stylish clothes, I'm a dude and a la-la,
They call me O'Grady, the swell of the street.

I act very fine when I'm out in society,
For I'm not a common swell you always meet,
I never get tight, I'm the leader of soberiety,
I'm known as O'Grady, the swell of the street.
I'm known on the race track, the people all eye me,
I always get tips and the horses I beat;
I'm an all around sport and the pet of the ladies,
O'Grady's my name, I'm the swell of the street.

CHORUS.

There's a girl over there, and she's looking right at me,
I know that she loves me, for I am so sweet,
She's stuck on my shape, I'm my mama's own baby,
My name is O'Grady, the swell of the street.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

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By Carl Millocker.

When the evening's fair, all the world asleep,
Just to meet the air, out I softly creep,
Tho' the night be chill, I am always warm
When I get the thrill of my love's arm.
We had many quarrels, oh, the hateful man;
First time it was nice making up again;
But my heart is sore ever since last night;
I called him a bore, he called me a fright.
Such a bear I don't care ever to meet again;
I shan't cry—no, not I, not a sigh, if I die;
I'll not miss my love's kiss, but he'll miss mine;
Oh, I am sure of that, he will miss mine.

There are finer fish, if I choose to try,
Who would dearly wish on my hook to die.
It provokes me so, when I thought him mine,
Such a catch, you know, to break my line.
But my love, you see, has the sweetest kiss,
Often it gave me such extatic bliss;
Now I count them all; he had many charms—
Hark! yes, that's his call, come to my arms;
Hug me tight, darling dear, close to your loving arm,
Sweet to die where I lie, out of breath, squeezed to death,
Hug me tight, darling, dear, oh! hug me tight,
From me he'll never fly, now you know why.

LITTLE JIM.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

As the years roll swiftly by, I remember with a sigh
A lone grave strewn with flowers far away;
Where the vines so softly creep o'er the spot where babe doth sleep,
It takes me back to far-off yesterday;
In old age or in youth, in falsehood or in truth,
Through life my thoughts shall ever be of him;
Though the days may come and go, on that grave sweet flowers shall grow,
In mem'ry of our baby, "little Jim."

CHORUS.

At the closing of each day I'll kneel me down and pray,
In accents soft and low I'll plead for him—
That his soul may calmly rest 'mong the angels 'mid the blest,
And this I'll do for baby, little Jim.

May the angels in the sky welcome baby upon high,
And place upon his little head a crown;
While o'er that sacred spot will form a grassy plot,
And tenderly place wreaths upon his mound;
My sad heart holds one place, in mem'ry there's a face;
In future years when my eyes grow dim,
Each day on his tomb-stone these words I'll trace alone,
In mem'ry of our baby, "little Jim."—CHORUS.

MY SWEETHEART TRUE.

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Written and Composed by Isidor Witmark.

What the sun is to the day, o-e-da la-e-hi;
What the stars are to the night, o-de a-e-de;
As a child does love its play, o-de-de la-e-hi;
So I love my sweetheart true, so fair and bright;
When strolling with my loved one thro' the meadows wide,
My heart goes pit-a-pat with joyous love and bliss,
While pleasure it affords me when I'm by her side;
To seal my rapture with a loving kiss,
As the bird chirps for its mate, o-e-de la-e-hi;
So for her I always long, o-de a-e-de;
If she happens to be late, o-e-de la-e-hi;
I call her with my own, my little song:

YODLE.

O, la e-la-o-da-e-hi! o-da-e-hi!
La-e-oh la-e-de oh-de, la-o-da-e hi!
Oh-e oh-e oh-e la o-e da, o-la-e da-e.

How I'm longing for the day, o-e-da la-e-hi;
How I'm waiting for the hour, o-de a-e-de;
When that "little word" she'll say, o-de-de la-e-hi;
Then her sweetest smile shall be her only dower;
Our little cot shall be a place of loveliness;
And none but she, my love, shall be its reigning queen,
With nothing else to care for but our happiness;
Ah! such a loving pair has ne'er been seen;
When the toil of day is o'er, o-e-de la-e-hi;
When the twilight shadows fall, o-de a-e-de;
She'll be waiting at the door, o-e-de la-e-hi;
And she'll welcome me by echoing my call:—YODLE.

A STORY OF THE SHAMROCK.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Chas. Page.

I'll relate to you a story, the truth I'll tell with pride;
You've heard of Ireland's emblem, with its three leaves, far and wide;
Love, truth and valor are the words impressed upon each leaf;
That flower can boast a pedigree, though now bowed down by grief.
I've not come here to agitate or speak of shining lights;
Nor is it my intention here to affirm on Irish rights;
The story that you'll hear from me, I tell where'er I roam;
That emblem dear is in my heart, that grows at home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

It's planted in an Irish heart as deep as in the soil;
Its leaves are watered by the tears that come of honest toil;
The thistle and the rose will grow in any common ground,
But you can't transplant the shamrock from old Ireland—it's land.

The modest shamrock loved the rose, and courted it from youth;
It did no underhanded work, but always spoke the truth;
It had a good foundation, too, 'twas backed by modest pride;
The shamrock, thistle and the rose with truth and love were tied,
Till, like a serpent in the grass, ambition crept between,
And wrenched the bonds of truth and love just off that peaceful scene.
The rose repaid the shamrock with ingratitude for love,
Just like the hawk that pounced upon the unsuspecting dove.—CHORUS.

The rose may well remember when the shamrock stood his friend,
The dear old homes of England he helped him to defend;
And though the shamrock shed its blood, as hist'ry plainly shows,
It seems the paltry rose forgets to pay the debt she owes.
We ask you, can you wonder at old Ireland's bittered smile?
When base and cowardly traitors are plotting all the while;
But with love, truth and valor, and honest hearts unfurled,
The future of the shamrock will electrify the world.—CHORUS.

The Tender Love that Never Dies.

Copyright, 1890, by Isaiah M. Rosenfeld.

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Words by F. J. M. Music by Isaiah M. Rosenfeld.

The heart can never love but once, we're told that true love never dies,
That every vow of true devotion is recorded in the skies;
The gates of love thrown once ajar, and heart to heart, as star to star,
Will cling though souls divided are, for true love it never dies,
Will cling though souls divided are, for true love it never dies.

The heart can never love but once, though fate may cruelly divide,
Though years may age divided hearts, true love it cannot hide;
The moon will light with silver beam an angel face in every dream,
From out the darkest hours will gleam, for fond love it never dies,
From out the darkest hours will gleam the tender love that never dies.

The heart can never love but once—ah, me, alas! deluded one,
Try as thou wilt to crush the pain, 'twill last till life is done;
A final day will come by-and-by, then shall thy longing heart outcry
For one whose face is ever nigh, that love can never die,
For one whose face is ever nigh, for tender love can never die.

LAZY JOHN.

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Words and Music by Lamartine.

There was a boy whose name was John, his name was John,
But the people called him lazy John, lazy John;
He would not work, he would not play,
But slept and dreamt his life away,
This do-less, good-for-nothing boy was lazy John.

CHORUS.

Sleep on, lazy John, nap and yawn 'till life is gone;
Hush, softly, do not wake him, sleep on.

To school one day this boy did stray, nod, nid, nod;
But he yawned and slept the live-long day, nod, nid, nod;
His head went bobbing, bobbing down,
'Til on the floor went Johnnie's crown,
This boy was the laugh of all the town, nod, nid, nod.—CHORUS.

One day he rolled into the pond, nod, nid, nod;
Now that was the last of lazy John, nod, nid, nod;
For there he went to sleep so sound,
His head went bobbing to the ground,
And so you see the boy was drowned, nod, nid, nod.—CHORUS.

His funeral was very slow, nod, nid, nod;
Not faster than a snail would go, nod, nid, nod;
The preacher he did go to sleep,
And the mourners all forgot to weep,
But the lazy bones were planted deep, nod, nid, nod.—CHORUS.

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.

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'Tis years since last we met, and we may not meet again;
I have struggled to forget, but that struggle was in vain—
For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes at will;
In the midnight, on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still.
For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes at will;
In the midnight, on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still.

At the first sweet dawn of light, when I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight, while the stars their vigils keep.
When I close mine aching eyes, sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise her bright smile haunts me still.
When I close mine aching eyes, sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies, I have trod the desert path;
I have seen the storm arise like a giant in his wrath;
Every danger I have known that a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown, her bright smile haunts me still.
Every danger I have known that a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown, her bright smile haunts me still.

A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE.

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I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems;
I have pictures of friends dear to me;
I have trinkets so rare, and that came many years ago
From far distant homes across the sea;
But there's one little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,
Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave;
Though a small faded flower that I plucked in childhood's days,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Treasured in my memory, like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave,
And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and withered leaves—
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

In the quiet country church-yard they laid her down to sleep,
Close beside the home she's at rest;
And the low, sacred mound is enshrined within my heart
By the sweet ties of love forever blest.
In the still and silent night I often dream of home again,
And the violon ever tells me to be brave,
For the last thing that binds me to that place I love so well
Is the flower from my angel mother's grave.—CHORUS.

— A citizen who has been run into by a safety bicycle says it hurts just as much as the old kind.—*Jamestown Journal.*

— A man named Putty was filled full of holes during a quarrel near Cairo the other night. The impression had gone abroad that putty was used to stop up holes.—*Chicago Herald.*

GUESS AGAIN!

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Words by Albert Raymond. Music by Philip Hastings.

A fellow meets a maiden fair and makes a solid mash;
Then to some cafe they repair and blow in all his cash;
Then, when he's almost penniless, she says, "I'm dry, my own,
I'll take some Pom'ry Sec, I guess," which causes him to moan:
Guess again, guess again;
Dear girl, I'll have to be quite frank, I really do not own a bank—
Again, yes, guess again;
I think that you had better guess again.

Have you e'er gone upon your knees and vowed undying love?
You call her tender names which please, and gently press her glove;
But when you've popp'd, twixt hope and fear, she says, "My boy, I'll try
To be a sister to you, dear," you quietly reply:
Guess again, guess again;
Of sisters like you I've a score, I'm sure I don't want any more—
Again, yes, guess again;
I really think you'll have to guess again.

You go out for a pleasure sail upon the rolling brine;
You hungry get—your senses fail—you guess you'll go and dine;
But as you reach the cabin-door, the ship seems to revolve;
You think of dining then no more, and solemnly resolve
To guess again, guess again—
You know quite well that every dish will simply go to feed a fish—
Again, yes, guess again;
You do not dine, but simply guess again.

Have you e'er been upon a jag and got supremely full?
You feel as limber as a rag, your latch-key out you pull;
You surely think you're safely housed, and try the stairs to climb;
But when with water you are soused, you think another time—
You'll guess again, guess again—
Your house it was the one next door, 'twas twenty-six, not twenty-four;
Again, yes, guess again;
Next time you're full you'll surely guess again.

You stroll down to the Turf Exchange and pick a winner, sure;
You blow in all your silver change, suspense you then endure;
Then finally the gong rings out, you find you're "in the soup,"
And think that next time without doubt, in order to recoup,
You'll guess again, guess again.
The bookmakers your gold have fleeced, your salary is much decreased;
Again, yes, guess again;
You'll see them hanged before you'll guess again.

I've sung you all the lines I know, until my throat is sore;
It's hardly right to treat me so, and ask for more and more;
Perhaps you guess I think it's fun to stand up here and yell;
But if you only had my place, you'd wish this song in—well
Guess again, guess again.
If you were only in this scene, you'd know exactly what I mean—
Again, yes, guess again;
It isn't Heaven, just you guess again.

BEN BOLT.

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Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the wall as you gaze,
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
That stood in the pathless wood?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,
That nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt;
You would look for the tree in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shady nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I!

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt;
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale!

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

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We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear!

CHORUS.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, Good-bye!—CHORUS.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.—CHORUS.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground;
Many are lying near—
Some are dead and some are dying—
Many are in tears!

CHORUS.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

The Little Sign Is Still Above the Door.

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Words and Music by Chas. H. Johnson.

I'm an owner of a gin-mill, it's the best one in the ward;
I sell the finest whiskey, ale and beer;
It is there they meet their chums, from the rich to the poor old bums;
They drink until they walk home on their ear.
The neighborhood is very tough, as for fight you'll see enough—
The neighbors are complaining more and more.
Faith, they tried to break my license, and they sent a policeman
To take my name of gilt from over the door.

CHORUS.
He tried to take the sign from over the door;
Such a fight, upon my word, you never saw;
I hit him and I kicked him, I held him while I bit him;
I knocked him down and with him swept the floor;
The little sign is still above the door;
And that policeman will never look for more;
They took him to his station, he'll have a nice vacation—
The little sign is still above the door.

Sure, I thought the fight was over, but I found out my mistake;
A p'liceman with a ladder up did climb;
I ran up stairs and raised the window and I hit him with an axe;
Down he fell and in I pulled the sign;
I took it down stairs in the store and I nailed it to the floor,
Then twelve police with clubs marched in in line,
And another fight began, then I heard the patrol-bell;
I swore I'd lose my life to save the sign.

CHORUS.
Once more I hung the sign up over the door,
Then they threw a rope around it to make sure;
They pulled, but what a joke, my wife she cut the rope;
They all fell down and two rolled in the sewer;
The little sign is still above the door;
I was fined just ten and costs, but I'm not sore;
There were clubs and bottles broken, and several heads cracked open;
The little sign is still above the door.

Waiting at the Farm-House Door.

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By E. S. Phelps.

When the bloom was on the orchards, Bess and I came home from school,
Ling'ring on the bridge together, throwing pebbles in the pool,
Wond'ring why the ripples widened, till the small ones touched the shore;
Bess kissed me and I kissed Bessie, waiting at the farm-house door—
Bess kissed me and I kissed Bessie, waiting at the farm-house door.

CHORUS.
Gentle Bessie, tender, loved one, tales like this were told before,
Truer hearts have never waited, waited at the farm-house door.

Time has changed since then to sorrow, and the seasons waxed and waned,
You at rest and I still toiling; that was all to me remained;
Yet when evening stars are shining, and your face I see no more,
Still am I in sadness waiting, waiting at the farm-house door—
Still am I in sadness waiting, waiting at the farm-house door.—CHORUS.

McManus and His Spike-Tail Coat.

Copyright, 1890, by M. F. Carey.

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By M. F. Carey.

More power to McManus, for he was the one
Who distinguished himself above all;
Did you see the burlesque in the shape of a coat
That he wore at the Hibernian ball;
The tails of the garment hung down at his sides,
Like fenders they have on a boat;
And when he whirled 'round, you could play forty-fives
On the tail of McManus's coat.

CHORUS.

Then all waltz around the room, everybody float;
You should see McManus then—he never missed a note;
Where was Ward McAllister—he'd surely cut his throat,
For McManus paralyzed them all with his spike-tail coat.

When McManus received his invite to the dance,
He at once gave his clothier a call;
Says he to McManus, I'll show you a coat
You can wear at a prize-fight or ball;
The tails of it can be detached from the rest,
A point in its favor you'll note;
Be gob, says McManus, I'll wear it to both,
And he purchased the wonderful coat.—CHORUS.

When McManus togged out and jumped into the whirl,
Sure he took every one by surprise;
Get on to McManus, the young fellows cried,
Why don't he take off his disguise;
He collided with some one, the tails got unloose,
But of this sure he never took note;
At last one fell down and disclosed a big patch,
Right under McManus's coat.—CHORUS.

When the music had stopped and the dancers sat down,
It was then that the leader arose;
Says he, here's a rag that was found on the floor,
'Tis a section of somebody's clothes.
It's mine, says McManus, who jumped to the front
And grabbed the poor man by the throat,
And bad luck to the spieler, who ever he was,
That waltzed on the tail of me coat.—CHORUS.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

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Arranged by Isidor Witmark.

Mary and John, down in a distant old village,
Fell deep in love and were engaged to be wed;
But one fine day up went the nose of sweet Mary
At what her John of some other girl had said;
John simply smiled, he was much given to teasing,
And some old song softly he started to sing;
Mary with rage every moment grew warmer,
And at his feet threw their engagement ring.

CHORUS.

"I won't be your wife," said Mary.
"Thank goodness for that," said John.
"I hate such a brute," said Mary.
"But other girls don't," said John.
"I'm going back to the dairy,"
"Well, that's just as well," said he.
"I hope you'll be at the wedding
Of Molly Malone and me."

Mary turned 'round, just went a step or two from him,
Then at her John one farewell glance she threw;
Thinking, perhaps, he was already repenting,
But all he said was, "I don't care what you do."
Out came his pipe, soon clouds of smoke he was puffing into the air,
Stretched out full length on the green.
Mary stood by, somehow her heart was nigh breaking;
Had John become tired of his village queen?

CHORUS.

"Am I to go?" said Mary.
"I don't care a rap," said John.
"To spite you, I won't," said Mary.
"Well maybe you won't," said John.
"Oh, why are you so contrary?
I'll down myself, sir," said she.
Said John "On your way, dear Mary,
Send Molly Malone to me."

Tears filled her eyes, as with her apron she covered
Her pretty face, heaving a heart-rending sigh;
All now seemed o'er, what was the use of her staying?
Turning to John, she then gently said, good-bye."
Up like a shot jumped the young fellow all smiling,
Touched to the heart by such a tender farewell;
Kissed all the tears from the sweet face of his Mary,
Told her the tales fond lovers always tell.

CHORUS.

Johnny he hugged his Mary,
And Mary she hugged her John.
He vowed that fairer fairy
He never had gazed upon;
And while little Mary's laughing,
Her head resting on his breast.
With that I'll conclude the story,
No doubt you can guess the rest.

THE BANK HAS FAILED TO-DAY.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

One morning I was strolling thro' the city's busy street,
Observing all the sights that pass'd along,
And as I slowly wander'd on, a crowd I chanced to meet
Outside a large stone building, grim and strong;
The doors were closed, the blinds were down, policemen stood around,
And vainly tried to keep the crowd away;
A notice that was posted up explained it all, I found,
In simple words, "The bank is closed to-day."

REFRAIN.

The savings of a life-time, of a mother for her child,
The fortunes of the rich, the great and gay;
The reward of great careers, and of the labor's thrifty years,
Are gone at last, "The bank has failed to-day!"

I watched a while the people, and I saw their sad despair,
As each one read the notice on the door;
They scanned the paper over, but no word of hope was there,
Just one short line they saw, and nothing more;
Some slowly walked away at last to tell the story home,
And others in the crowd a while would stay;
They watch'd and waited vainly for other news to come,
But that was all, "The bank is closed to-day."—REFRAIN.

I thought of all the comforts that were swept away by greed,
The vanished hope of many happy lives;
The wives and widow'd mothers who were placed in want and need,
While on their all some rogue in splendor thrives!
I saw the curse that gold can bring when av'rice rules the man,
The greed that passes conscience by the way;
While those who trusted blindly take such comfort as they can
When told at last, "The bank has failed to-day."—REFRAIN.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

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By Harry Braham.

I've been in many countries, I have been in many climes,
Across the seas has been my lot to roam;
But I feel a thrill of pleasure when I hear the merry chimes
Of the Sunday morning bells that ring at home.
No country is so free, what ever it may be,
The rich and poor themselves alike enjoy;
When in the labor blest, with happiness and rest,
Nothing then to mar his pleasure or annoy.

CHORUS.

On a Sunday morning, on a Sunday morn,
When the bells so merrily do ring;
Ev'ry one then may, in his own peculiar way,
Enjoy himself at home on Sunday morning.

When does the postman rest the feet that travel many miles,
And go to see his girl on whom he's sweet;
And the copper 'round the corner, yes, indulge in Sunday smiles
Before he chases drunkards off his beat.
In spite of temperance wails, the Sunday closing fails,
Tho' the raising of the tariff was a shock,
The liquor-saloons close, yes, but ev'rybody knows
That half of New York's booz'd by nine o'clock.

CHORUS.

On a Sunday morning, on a Sunday morn,
When the bells so merrily do ring;
The curtains they are drawn, all saloons look quite forlorn,
But they work the little side-door Sunday morning.

Where is it Mrs. Brown upon a Sunday wants to go?
To chapel, and her best dress she will don;
She kneels in fervent pray'r, but you should hear her "Mamma O,"
What a lovely jacket Mrs. Jones has on.
And those who have no clothing, lie in bed as I suppose,
Quite warmly 'neath the blankets shelter curlet;
Yes, on Sunday, day of rest, they will tell you bed's the best
To peruse the "Herald" and the "Morning World."

CHORUS.

On a Sunday morning, on a Sunday morn,
When the bells so merrily do ring;
The rich contribute great to the foreign mission plate,
But forget the poor at home on Sunday morning.

Songs Wanted.—A young woman in the mining regions of California recently wrote the following letter to a music-dealer in Sacramento: "Have you got a song with the words & accompliment called chipy Get your Hair cut, johny get you gun—I don't know the name of the song but I think that is part of the first verse. Please let me know right away if you have it & the price of it also have you the music of a Song called of the day and the price of it, & have you got a song called she is my big Fat Consumpted liza jane & price of it." These inquiries will remind our readers of the only communication ever written by Larry O'Rorke during his imprisonment to his wife Margaret—"For the luv of God send me pop Goes the Weezle."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

SECOND-HAND HOTEL DOWN WHERE I BOARD.

Tune—"Down on the Farm."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and Sung by James W. Dunn.

I'm a boarder, and I dwell at a second-hand hotel;
If I stop there long, I know I'll be insane;
But my trunk I cannot take, for my life will be at stake,
For the board I owe it fills my heart with pain;
There are doctors, undertakers, and all dizzy kinds of fakirs,
Who eat the best the hotel can afford;
There are gamblers, preachers, tailors, bunco-steerers and sailors
In this second-hand hotel down where I board.

CHORUS.

Oh, it nearly drives me mad, a square meal I haven't had,
And the music of them boarders as they snored;
The landlord's crazy, so is his wife—I'm afraid I'll lose my life
In that second-hand hotel down where I board.

When they ring the dinner-bell all the boarders give a yell,
And they make a rush to get in at the door;
When the bill-of-fare was read, two new boarders they dropped dead,
And the landlord searched their pockets on the floor;
They have clam-shell soup and pie—if you'd eat it you would die,
And the doctor's always called when dinner's o'er;
The undertaker he hangs 'round, for lots of business can be found
In this second-hand hotel down where I board.—CHORUS.

When the landlord he gets tight, he starts in to look for fight,
With an axe he'll chase the boarders up and down;
One poor fellow lost his ear, and I think it mighty queer
That I'm still alive and breathing in this town;
My heart is nearly broke—if I stay there long I'll croak;
My life it hangs upon a slender cord
With those robbers and man-catchers, lunatics and body-snatchers,
At this second-hand hotel down where I board.—CHORUS.

THERE'S NONE LIKE A MOTHER, IF EVER SO POOR.

You tell me you love me; I fain would believe,
And will make me your own bride and never deceive;
You offer to me your heart and your hand,
And make me the mistress of houses and land.
I am but a poor girl, the truth I will tell;
My mother's a widow, in you cottage doth dwell;
She who nursed me in sickness, with little in store,
Now I'll never desert her because she is poor.

You have promised me servants and carriages gay,
And, perhaps, to deceive me and lead me astray;
For some men they will flatter to destroy a girl's name,
And soon she's reduced to a sad life of shame,
And then she's insulted by each passer-by;
Her life is a burden, she could lay down and die,
While here I am contented by our own cottage-door;
There's none like a mother, if ever so poor.

My dear father's words still ring in my ears;
When dying he bid me my Maker to fear,
And be kind to my mother—from her never part;
If I were to leave her, it would break her heart.
Still, if we were to marry, I should lead a sad life,
When your friends that are rich knew you'd got a poor wife;
Your parents might slight me—it has been so before;
I'll not leave my mother, altho' she is poor.

But if I were your equal, with wealth to command,
I'd willingly give you my heart and my hand,
And soothe every sorrow, dispel every care,
For there's truth in your face—I believe you're sincere.
If your parents would bless us, and give their consent,
We would all live together in peace and content;
Then my poor aged mother should sorrow no more,
For there's none like a mother, be she rich or poor.

JERSEY-BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all you vifes and maidens, and attention give to me,
While the cruelties of loveship I'll relate them unto thee:
'Tis of the maid of Cooper's Creek, Isabella by name,
She was driven to distraction, and she wasn't to blame.

CHORUS.

Broken-hearted she wanders for the loss of her lover,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief tied under her chin—
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief tied under her chin.

In the sandy soil of Jersey Isabella did reside;
She was courted by a Jerseyman, she longed to be his bride,
But the face of another, far prettier than mine,
Has taken my Jerseyman, I'm left here to repine.—CHORUS.

A maiden so fair, with her glossy black hair,
Alone at Billy Cooper's, I vish I vas there;
'Way up in his garret alone I do cry—
For a maiden I am and a maiden I'll die.—CHORUS.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

Recited with great success by A. J. Jackson.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing; there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrad's hand,
And he said: I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground;
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay, ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death wound on their gallant breast, the last of many scars,
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
And I was, aye, a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I left them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And, with boyish love, I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head—
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine!

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown—
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

COME BACK TO ERIN.

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Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aroon, to the land of my birth;
Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure, when we lent you to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the star shine
Over the mountains, the bluffs and the brays.

CHORUS.

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of my birth;
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
Riding the white waves that fair summer mornin',
Just like a Mayflower afloat on the bay.
Oh! but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Like a gray curtain the rain falling down,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away where my Colleen had flown.—CHORUS.

Oh! may the angels, O wakin' and sleepin',
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away!
And it's my prayer will consign to their keepin'
Care o' my jewel by night and by day,
When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.—CHORUS.

—If this world were made to suit every critic's wishes, what a deformed, bulging, lopsided, depressed, irregular, dime-museum affair it would be.—*Baltimore American.*

—A violinist is like a charming young maiden in that he likes to get his bow on a string.—*Binghamton Republican.*

THE SAME OLD HOME.

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Words and Music by Irvin T. Bush.

I left my dear old home in Ireland when I was a boy,
My youthful fancies forced me far to roam;
I've passed thro' many lands and climes, for me there was no joy,
My heart was with the dear ones left at home;
I never shall forget when our good ship sailed away,
When my parents clasped me to their hearts in tears:
"Don't forget the homestead, lad, for in the future 'twill be yours,"
But I pray they'll live for many, many years;
It's the same old home, it's the same old place,
And the same old fence surrounds the dear old space
That I left when but a boy, yet in after years with joy
I return to see the old familiar faces.

CHORUS.

There's the same old path, through the same old grove,
And the same old fields in which I used to rove;
Oh, the many happy thoughts of my school-boy days in love,
When I romped with little Nellie through the garden.

How oft do I regret the day I left the old homestead;
Tho' years have passed, the picture still remains,
When I, an infant toddler, by my mother's hand was led
To wander thro' those dear old shady lanes;
Tho' grown to manhood now, yes, with wrinkles on my brow,
Sweet mem'ries of the past I still retain;
To the old home I've returned once more, the dearest spot on earth,
That good old home I ne'er shall leave again;
It's the same old home, it's the same old place;
And the same old fence surrounds the dear old space
That I left when but a boy, yet in after years with joy
I return to see the old familiar faces.—CHORUS.

With beating heart I reach the home I left so long ago,
And tears of joy course down my cheeks like rain;
I my feelings try to smother and those tears to stop, but, No!
Alas! I find the effort is in vain;
I near the old turnstile, where I linger for a while
To enjoy the lovely picture I see there;
The sweet face of dear mother, seated, as in days of yore,
By the window, knitting in her old arm-chair.
It's the same old home, it's the same old place,
And the same old fence surrounds the dear old space
That I left when but a boy, yet in after years with joy
I return to see the old familiar faces.—CHORUS.

RALE McMULLIN STYLE.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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Oh! I am a rale descindent of McMullin from Glendall;
For beauty and education the McMullin's bate them all;
The name is handed down from the days of Adam's time,
Wid the greatest admiration, I claim the name as mine.

CHORUS.

For I walk wid stately tread, I keep up my noble head,
I'm a credit to my country, Erin's Isle;
McMullin is my name, without any fear or shame
I'd stand out here forninst you in the rale McMullin style.

My father often tould me never tell a lie,
I always help a beggar if I saw him passing by;
Be free and mdependent as a bird that flies the air,
Let my heart be like a dove and my spirit like a bear.—CHORUS.

Mr. Shakespere's brain said there's nothing in a name,
But he was a total stranger to McMullin all the while;
For, if he'd lived to-day, one thing he'd surely say—
There's nothing can compare, my boys, to rale McMullin style.—CHORUS.

My father's blood is in my veins, and McMullin is my name,
It's known from Ireland unto the river Nile,
And when you have bad luck, don't cry out like a duck,
But put your shoulder to it in the rale McMullin style.—CHORUS.

HUSH, LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY!

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By E. E. Rice.

Hush, little girl, don't cry! you've broken your doll, I know;
Your tea-set, too, with its color of blue, are things of long ago.
Dry little eyes and smile, as sunshine follows rain,
Your childhood cares will soon pass by—hush, little girl, don't cry!
And when you older grow, strong hearts you'll serve the same;
Withered, they die for loss of love, but you'll not be to blame;
For little dolls were made for children sport to make;
And manly hearts too often seem for older ones to break.
Hush, little girl, don't cry; you've broken your doll, I know;
Your tea-set, too, with its color of blue, are things of long ago.
Dry little eyes and smile, as sunshine follows rain,
Your childhood cares will soon pass by—hush, little girl, don't cry!

THE BOULEVARD.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

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Good evening to you, one and all; you're looking well, I see;
I took a trip in a great big ship across the raging sea;
I've been out of work a month or more, and you know it's very hard;
But now I've got a job to do beyant on the Boulevard.

CHORUS.

Whist I ad-i-dy! Whist I ad-i-dy! times are very hard,
But now I've got a job to do beyant on the Boulevard.

So here I am, an Irishman, and to work I'm not afraid,
While my son does carry the pick, my boys, and I do handle the spade,
My Uncle Dan is an Alderman, and he holds a grip in the ward;
'Tis him that gives the tickets out to work on the Boulevard.—CHORUS.

So now farewell! I'm going away, I can no longer stay;
For, if I sing any more for you, I'll lose a half-a-day;
I'm going down to City-Hall to try and get a card
To put my father's uncle to work beyant on the Boulevard.—CHORUS.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

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Written by Charles Swain. Arranged by Geo. T. Evans.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp, tho' only for a day,
I'd try to find a link to bind the joys that pass away;
I'd try to bring an angel's wing upon the earth again,
And build true worth a throne on earth, a throne beloved by men.

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate, increase the widows' store;
And industry should wear a smile it never wore before;
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness, I'd speed my magic way;
And none should be in poverty, or fear the coming day.

It should be May, and always May, I'd wreathe the world with flowers;
I'd robe the barren wilderness, and bring life happy hours;
Oh, had I but Aladdin's lamp, tho' only for a day,
I'd try to find a link to bind the joys that pass away.

THE DOG.

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Written and Composed by Harry Gates. Sung by Gus. Pixley.

There was a friend of mine bought a bull canine,
It was a dog, a little dog;
Of this dog he was proud, and he sang his praises loud,
It was a dog, a little dog.
He brought him home in the house one night,
The family and servants they went off into a fright,
They had cause to laugh when the sun shone bright,
It was the dog, the little dog.

CHORUS.

Some one came o'er the fence, then the circus did commence,
They found a pair of pants full of tears and rents,
It was the dog, the little dog.

I found his pride in life was not his wife,
It was the dog, the little dog;
He couldn't pay his rent, for his money he had spent,
Yes, for the dog, the little dog.
The brute he got in a yard close by,
Goose and chicken feathers all around began to fly,
Tho' the family starved, who had chicken pie?
Why, the dog, the little dog.

CHORUS.

With anguish he did wail, saw a sight that made him pale,
What think you he has offered now for sale?
Why, the dog, the yaller dog.

On the quiet one night my friend got tight,
That was a dog, another dog.
As quiet as a mouse, who was it watched the house?
It was the dog, the other dog.
The lights were out, all within was dark,
No one, he thought, would know that he had been out on a lark—
Who awoke the folks with a joyous bark?
Why, the dog, the little dog.

CHORUS.

His wife was on the stairs, hit his eye and pulled his hair,
What grabbed him hard and fast where he'd pants to spare?
It was the dog, the little dog.

Pretty girls he'd admire, and he soon did tire
Of the dog, the nasty dog.
He loved the serving maid, as about the house she strayed,
Without the dog, the little dog.
When he'd a chance his arms were placed
Very lovingly about his darlin's little waist,
What gave them away just as they embraced?
It was the dog, the little dog.

CHORUS.

Oh, how the wife did cry, and the girl for life did fly,
My friend has bought a gun—do you know who'll die?
Why, the dog, the little dog.

OH! SQUEEZE ME, JOE.

Written and Composed by John Read.

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In Lincolnshire there once did dwell a charming little widow,
Whom I used to meet and sometimes treat to a walk across the meadow;
I knew that she was fond of me, tho' she never told me so—
But when I pressed her to my breast, she said: "Oh! squeeze me, Joe."

CHORUS.

"Oh! squeeze me, Joe—oh! squeeze me, Joe;
It makes me feel so jolly, you know;
Oh! squeeze me, Joe—oh, squeeze me, Joe,
And if you love me, tell me so."

She kept a pretty little farm, and horses she had three;
So I said, "My dear, there'll be no harm to take a ride with me."
She did, and slipped from off the horse, but I caught her, you must know,
Then placed my arm around her waist, when she cried: "Don't squeeze me, Joe."
Oh! squeeze me, Joe—oh! squeeze me, Joe, etc.

I popped the question there and then, I did upon my life,
And asked this charming widow would she really be my wife?
She gave a sigh, then said: "Oh, my! I really can't say 'No';
I'll be your wife and joy through life if you'll only squeeze me, Joe."
Oh! squeeze me, Joe—oh! squeeze me, Joe, etc.

I married then the widow and am happy as can be;
For the little farm and all its charms, of course, belongs to me;
And when I say I'm going away to town for a day or so,
I can't do less than give her a kiss, then she'll say: "Oh! squeeze me, Joe."
Oh! squeeze me, Joe—oh! squeeze me, Joe, etc.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Words by John S. Adams. Melody by T. Badarzewsky.

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Each hour of life to thee I turn,
Toward thee my inmost soul doth yearn;
Both day and night, where'er I be,
My trusting heart still turns to thee.
Hopeful, I pray that I may keep
My love as now, serene and deep.
May the pure feeling, upward now stealing,
Ever be strengthen'd 'twixt me and thee.
Each hour of life to thee I turn,
Toward thee my inmost soul doth yearn;
Both day and night, where'er I be,
My trusting heart still turns to thee.

WITH PLEASANT SMILES.

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Words and Music by Tommy Tucker. Arranged by Jos. Schwenseck.

With pleasant smiles my love does greet me, I know she thinks of me all day,
And when the twilight's closed around us, unto her side I quick make way.
There's not another maid so winsome, for her I'd travel many miles,
When she sees me in the distance, her face is wreathed in pleasant smiles.

CHORUS.

With pleasant smiles my love does greet me, her loving face it beams so bright,
Red lips to mine are pressed so sweetly whene'er I call on Wednesday night.

With pleasant smiles my love did answer my request for a loving kiss;
And as we wander in love's roamings, both of our hearts full of bliss.
Soon we will stand before the altar, for she has named the wedding day,
When we are married I'll feel happy, and by her side I'll always stay.—CHO.

Mother Don't Weep for Your Darling.

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Words and Music by Tommy Tucker. Arranged by Jos. Schwenseck.

Mother don't weep for your darling, for I soon will be at rest;
'Cross that dark and silent river I will mingle with the blest.
From this cold world I am going, to my heavenly home above,
Where the angels they are singing sweetest songs of joy and love.

CHORUS.

Mother don't weep for your darling, for I soon will be at rest,
'Cross that dark and silent river I will mingle with the blest.

Mother don't weep for your darling, wipe those tears from off your cheek,
If I ever have offended, pardon from you I would seek.
Cheer up, mother, don't feel sad now, for I only go before,
I'll be waiting there to meet you on that lovely golden shore.—CHORUS.

The Day that My Poor Mother Died.

Copyright, 1881, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

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Words by T. Tucker. Music by J. Schwenseck.

Now my thoughts they go back to my young childish days
When I played 'round our old cottage-door,
And my heart 'twas as light as the birds that did sing,
Though my parents they were very poor.
And my dear, good old mother, how me she would kiss,
For I was her joy and her pride;
And my heart received a shock, which I never shall forget,
The day that my poor mother died

CHORUS.

And whenever my thoughts they go back to that day,
The tears, oh! I never can hide;
For I lost the best friend that I had in this world,
The day that my poor mother died.

How she'd sing me to sleep in that dear little crib,
How she'd dress me when I went to school;
And the advice she gave me when I started in life
Kept me often from playing the fool.
But at last she was called to her home up above;
And sorrowful how I cried
When they told me she's dead, I could only sob and weep,
The day that my poor mother died.—CHORUS.

MARIA'S RUN AWAY.

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Words and Music by Tommy Tucker. Arranged by Jos. Schwenseck.

Once I had as pretty a girl as ever you did see,
I loved her truly, and, of course, I thought that she loved me.
On Saturday night I'd trot her out and take her to the play,
But now I find I've got the shake, Maria's run away.

CHORUS.

Sweet Maria, dear Maria, do come back again,
And if you'll only love me I will never cause you pain.
I cannot sleep a wink at night, my youthful heart is torn,
Can anybody tell me where my sweet Maria's gone.

Sundays in the summer up to high bridge we would go,
To walk among the shady trees, or on the Harlem row;
The Central Park we would take in when on our journey home,
I never thought that she'd prove false, or from me she would roam.—CHORUS.

Perhaps she skipped to Kalamazoo to join the Forepaugh show,
Or else dressed up in man's attire, a mashing she did go.
She might be Barnum's beauty, or else she's Oscar Wilde,
But if she would come back again, I'd treat her kind and mild.—CHORUS.

ALWAYS BE POLITE, BOYS.

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Words and Music by Tommy Tucker. Arranged by Jos. Schwenseck.

Politeness is a virtue that's possessed by very few,
But those are just the folks that get along;
If over this you ponder you'll find that it is true,
So act upon it and you won't be wrong.
A kind word spoken often will prevent a sad affray
When in a hot debate or faction fight,
And you will find that always it does pay,
If at all times you try to be polite.

CHORUS.

Always be polite, boys, always be polite,
Follow up this maxim, you will come out right,
Never give short answers, but speak up quick and bright,
Always be polite, boys, always be polite.

The girls they all do like to catch a handsome, nice young man,
Especially one who has got plenty cash;
It's through the streets they ramble, each bearded face they scan,
To try if they can catch a dashing mash.
And when they've caught a lover who suits them to a T,
It makes their hearts feel happy, gay and light;
The way to keep them true to you is to do like me,
And speak in tones quite tender and polite.—CHORUS.

Politeness to our parents is what we should cultivate,
No matter what our station in this world;
For surely we'll regret it, when, of course, it is too late,
And on our own resources we are hurled;
When we look back and think of them who brought us through
The hardships of this life both day and night,
We'll know how much they suffered and what for us they did do,
So at least to them we ought to be polite.—CHORUS.

MARY AND JOHN.

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Arranged by Joseph Schwenseck. Sung by Miss Nellie Parker.

Mary and John, a loving young couple,
Together sat side by side, as sweet lovers frequently do;
Telling soft tales, their hearts both as light as a feather,
Vowing that they would ever be constant and true;
But time told its tale, and up went the nose of sweet Mary
At what her John to some other damsel had said.
He, with a smile, said, "Why should you be so contrary?
You know full well we shortly expect to be wed."

CHORUS.

"I won't be your wife," said Mary.
"Well, maybe you won't," said John.
"I hate such a brute," said Mary.
"But other girls don't," said John.
"I'll go right away to the dairy,
I ne'er wish to see you more!"
Said John, with a smile, "Dear Mary,
You've told me the same before!"

Mary sat down, the tears her sweet eyes were fast filling;
Looked at her John submissively down by her side;
John gazed at her, to make up the quarrel was willing;
He slyly laughed, altho' to keep solemn he tried;
Out came his pipe, soon clouds of smoke was puffing
Into the air, with countenance calm and serene;
She slowly rose and said, "I am going to leave you!"
John, with a smile, was quietly enjoying the scene.

CHORUS.

"I'm going away," said Mary.
"Well, just suit yourself," said John.
"You're like all the rest," said Mary.
"Well, maybe I am," said John.
"I'll just drown myself," said Mary;
Perhaps, that will set you free!"
Said John, "On your way, dear Mary,
Send Molly Malone to me!"

Slowly she rose, almost convulsively sighing,
One fond good-bye, she never might see him again;
John knew full well the love in his heart was not dying;
Sorry he felt to cause his sweet Mary such pain;
Then up quick he jumped, to him there was no one like Mary;
Dried all her tears, and pressed her at once to his heart.
She said, "Dear John, forgive me for being contrary!"
And, as before, they would never more depart.

CHORUS.

Then John he got squeezing Mary,
And Mary was squeezing John,
He vows she's the sweetest fairy
That ever the sun shone on;
And now little Mary's laughing,
Her head resting on his breast;
With that I'll conclude my story,
No doubt you can guess the rest.

COME DOWN, MRS. FLYNN.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelley. Sung by Maggie Cline.

There's a boarding-house next door to mine not of the highest grade,
Where no one but a gentleman would stay;
And Mrs. Flynn keeps them in line, she has them all afraid,
And not a saucy word they have to say;
Sometimes there will be one come home with his skates on;
He falls six times before he finds the door;
He has lost his key as well, and has to pull the bell,
Then sings a song he often sung before:

CHORUS.

Come down, Mrs. Flynn, are you going to let me in?
I'll rouse up every neighbor in the block;
For it's raining, don't you see; so throw me down the key,
And I'll promise to be home at ten o'clock.

Last Tuesday night the servant-girl to a party had to go,
A friend of her's got married to a man;
She said she would be home again at ten o'clock or so;
She didn't think they would send out the can;
The party wasn't through till a quarter after two,
And she came strolling home with Paddy Joyce;
The door was locked, of course, and she a little hoarse,
So she sang out in a robust tenor voice:—CHORUS.

When Saturday comes 'round it brings a heap of trouble in,
As each man steps up and pays his bill;
To kick about the supper then they instantly begin,
But Mrs. Flynn can easily keep them still;
"I'll scold the man," says she, "that speaks of mine or me";
To get outside they think the proper thing;
But, sure as you are born, at three on Sunday morn
The crowd gets home together and they sing:—CHORUS.

—A man in a peck of trouble is in a measure to be pitied.—*Cleveland Sun.*

THE SAME OLD TUNE.

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Words by John F. Birch. Music by Wm. Cronin.

I'll sing you a song of a little Irishman,
But he isn't a policeman now;
He was the happiest looking man that ever walked a beat,
And as graceful as a pretty county cow.
He had bunions on his feet and corns upon his nose,
And a face like P. T. Barnum's baboon;
You'd split your sides a-laughing just to see his flannel mouth
When he'd whistle this same old tune.—(WHISTLE.)

His name was Michael Murphy, and from County Clare,
In that darling little isle across the sea;
He didn't know enough to come in when it rained,
And he couldn't tell his coffee from tea.
He'd walk along the beat in his suit of blue so neat,
And as happy as the little birds in June;
His eye he'd never wink to a bartender for a drink
But he'd whistle the same old tune.—(WHISTLE.)

He wrote himself a letter just to see how he could spell,
And he waited for an answer day and night,
And because he didn't get it sure his Irish blood got hot,
And he roamed about looking for a fight.
He met Dempsey, Jack, the fighter who was smoking a segar,
And he couldn't get at him too soon;
He got a hard punch in the leg, which spoiled his handsome mug—
This is how he whistled that tune.—(WHISTLE.)

He whistled in the morning and he whistled in the night
And he whistled the whole day long,
He whistled Annie Rooney and McGinty by the yard,
For he couldn't sing any song.
One day he took a walk with himself to have a talk,
Sure his breath left him at the stroke of noon;
When they laid him on the bed, says he, boys, although I'm dead,
Still I'll whistle the same old tune.—(WHISTLE.)

'Twas Dooley Raised the Fight.

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Words and Music by Thomas F. Casey.

I'm a man of sports and pleasure, Mike Dooley is my name,
And when you'll hear my story, I declare
You will say that I'm abused, and what a dreadful shame
For a man like me that's known everywhere;
Barney Hogan gave a brilliant dance in honor of his wife,
And I among the gents he did invite;
But it was no fun for me—I escaped with just my life,
And the gang swore black and blue I raised the fight.

CHORUS.

Cassidy struck the fiddler and the fiddler struck O'Rourke;
Mary McGraw was hit in the jaw with a half-a-pound of pork;
Legs and wings of chickens and things were flying around like rain,
And Mickey Malone was hit with a bone and severed his jugular vein.

The dance commenced and Hogan led the grand de promenade,
And things went on so smoothly right along;
Miss Nolan sang "Fair Marguerite" like the cats in our back yard,
For that, they say, is Hogan's favorite song;
They then formed sets and danced till they rang the supper bell,
And marched down to the lay-out full of life;
They joked and made some speeches, and raised old general h—l,
And gave three cheers for Hogan and his wife.—CHORUS.

The scrap began about half-past one, continued until two,
And sticks and plates were flying in the air;
Some bad remarks were given out by Timothy McCue—
That Mrs. Hogan looked good with bleached hair—
He said 'twas typhoid coffee and consumptive tea,
And the diamonds on old Mulligan's wife were light,
What he was getting for his price he really couldn't see,
And that Hogan's full-dress suit was out of sight.—CHORUS.

Now I'm the wreck that's all done up from Barney Hogan's hop;
I believe they would have killed me if longer there I'd stopped;
The fun it was unlimited till there were several fights
Raised by Pug McManus, who turned out all the lights;
Then Hogan took a hand in with a small bit of an axe,
When I stepped in to make peace with this return:
He split the hump on Riley's back because he was not taxed,
But revenge against Hogan in my heart does burn.—CHORUS.

—He'd Never Get It.—"Drop me a line," yelled the drowning man. "What's the use?" said the humorist on the dock. "There's no post-office where you are going."—*Life.*

—Rather Broad.—Cholly: "They say that excessive coffee-drinking induces softening of the brain." Miss Snyder: "I suppose you regret now that you have been such a slave to the habit."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Philada. Agency.
W. B. Hubbs.
S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

THE LITTLE PIE.

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Words and Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

Little wife, tired of books, moping 'round in cosy nooks—
In the little kitchen looks—watches Dinah while she cooks.
Little wife thinks she'll try all alone to make a pie;
First attempt and proud, oh, my! bakes it brown and sets it by,
There is goin' to be trouble in the household.

CHORUS.

Lots of trouble, lots of trouble,
Lots of trouble in the household.

Hubbie hurries home from town—gone his care and business frown—
Kisses wife, both sit down; Dinah brings the pie so brown.
Twelve o'clock and all is still, mousie roams about at will,
Save the rain-drops on the sill—Hark! what means those shrieks so shrill,
There is lots of trouble in the household.

CHORUS.

Lots of trouble, lots of trouble,
Lots of trouble in the household.

Mustard plasters, all in vain, only serves to make more pain;
Dinah rushes through the rain, hunts a doctor for the twain—
Same old story, nothing new, doctor did what he could do,
Up the golden stairs they flew, hapless husband, wife too,
There is no more trouble in that household.

CHORUS.

No more trouble, no more trouble,
No more trouble in that household.

One more wail and I am through—my story's ended and it's true—
It shows what one small pie can do. I think the moral's plain, don't you?
Loving wifies stick to books—spend your spare time on your looks,
Off the cooking keep your hooks, leave pie-making to the cooks,
And you will have no trouble in your household.

CHORUS.

Have no trouble, have no trouble,
Have no trouble in your household.

I've Only Been Out with the Boys.

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Words and Music by Tommy Tucker. Arranged by Jos. Schwenseck.

'Bout one month ago I got married, and, of course, I'm not quite settled down;
On a Saturday night I'm inclined to, with the boys, take a stroll 'round the town.
I come home about two in the morning, when I think everything is serene,
But I find that my young wife is waiting, to ask what does such conduct mean.

SPOKEN—After going through my pockets she asks where I've been, so I just tell her:

CHORUS.

I've only been out with the boys, my dear,
We made quite a noise and got full of beer,
And that is the reason I act so queer,
I've only been out with the boys.

Of course, she does then pout and tell me that she will go home to her ma,
And just for a joke I do ask her to please come and light my cigar.
I then tumble down on the sofa, while she has a short little cry,
And when she says this is a nice time to come home, I only reply:—CHORUS.

Now when I wake up in the morning, I promise the pledge I will take,
And tell her if she wants a favor, I will do anything for her sake.
We're happy and friendly once more, like two turtle-doves on a tree,
Till Saturday night comes around again, and I have another good spree.

SPOKEN—And when she scolds, all I say is:—CHORUS.

WHAT'S IN A KISS?

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Turn not away, turn not away, I am near, love, I am near;
Close not your eyes, close not your eyes, I am near, love, I am near.
Oh, just one kiss from off those lips, soft with nature's dew,
Just one kiss from off those lips, one little kiss from you,
Yes, from you love, yes, from you love, yes, from you.
What's in a kiss? joy and bliss, nothing more, love, nothing more.

If love is bliss, if love is bliss, I am thine, love, I am thine;
One loving kiss, one loving kiss from those lips, love, lips divine;
The moon will kiss the mountain tops, the flow'rs and birds of May,
The ocean's wave will wed the wind, the leaves will kiss and play,
Kiss and play, love, kiss and play, love, kiss and play.
What's in a kiss? joy and bliss, nothing more, love, nothing more.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

By Henry C. Work.

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Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound;
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found;
How the sweet-potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast;
So the saucy rebels said—and 'twas a handsome boast—
Had they not forgot, alas! to recken with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

THE OLD PUMP ON THE GREEN.

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Words and Music by Walter H. Blakeslee.

There's a spot that's loved by all, 'neath the elms so grand and tall,
Where the pump stood on the corner of the green;
And the crystal water clear to my mem'ry ever dear,
That I drank from that old pump upon the green;
Now the thoughts of by-gone years, with their joys and with their tears,
Take me back to youth and friends in days of yore;
And the mem'ries clustered here 'round the spot so loved and dear,
They will linger in my heart forevermore.

CHORUS.

Golden days, they will never more return,
And, like by-gone friends, will never more be seen;
When life's shadows darken deep in my mem'ry,
I shall keep recollections of that old pump on the green.

With its long and tangled chain, I can see that pump again,
And the cup with water sparkling to the brim;
And a thousand diamonds bright could not glisten in my sight
Like the water from the old cup's rusty rim;
Though good fortune on me smiles, and in far-off spicy isles
I shall find a sunny home and wealth of gold,
I may rove the wide world o'er, but, oh, never, never more
Can I find a spot so dear as this of old.—CHORUS.

BYE, BYE, BABY, BYE, BYE.

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Dear Ilma, come kiss papa, it's time he was away,
I'll be with thee this evening, to laugh, sing and play.
Don't pucker up your lips now, as if about to cry,
But like a dear good baby kiss papa one bye, bye.

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye! bye, bye, baby dear.
Say da, da, to papa, while mamma love is near.
Bye, bye, Ilma dear, one big kiss for papa,
Bye, bye, baby, dear.

When I come home this evening, I'll bring you something nice,
Just like our good old Santa Claus, who plods thro' snow and ice,
To cheer the little babies, and all their stockings fill
With candies, cakes and playthings, I promise you I will.—CHORUS.

Whene'er I see that cunning babe enrolled in childish play,
I think of many moonlight nights, which since have passed away,
When wife and I together would wander thro' the dell,
Where breezes kissed her lily brow, and tales of love we'd tell.—CHORUS.

Young Boy: "My intended took a lock of my hair last night." Old Bachelor: "Yes, and after you are married she'll take it by the handful."

Philada. Agency.

STEADY, BOYS, STEADY.

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Arranged and adapted by Waldo Allen.

Our regiment was raised, 'twas by Colonel Blake,
And a right brave man was he;
No quarter would he take, but in battle he would make
For the strongest of the enemee;
In the van he shone, as he led on,
For a right brave man was he;
And the foe would fear when they heard us cheer,
When he called out merriee:
Steady, boys, steady; ready, boys, ready;
Duty, boys, duty, wherever we are sent;
Never know defeat, boys; death before retreat, boys;
This is the song of the regiment.

CHORUS.

Steady, boys, steady; ready, boys, ready;
Duty, boys, duty, wherever we are sent;
Never know defeat, boys; death before retreat, boys;
This is the song of the regiment.

Now our colors unfold, here's to Colonel Blake,
For a right brave man was he;
Like a paladin of old, he was killed, proud and bold,
With his face towards the enemee;
He is with us yet; who could e'er forget
What a right brave man was he;
And we still can hear his well-known cheer,
For this was his legacee:
Steady, boys, steady; ready, boys, ready;
Duty, boys, duty, wherever we are sent;
Never know defeat, boys; death before retreat, boys;
This is the song of the regiment.—CHORUS.

SWEET LOUISA.

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Words by Ned Harrigan. Music by E. N. Catlin.

HE—Oh! I wonder vere she vas, oh! dat sweet Deitscher gal,
Coom und told me vere she vas, oof you please;
I vas crazy and axtonished dat she don't been here to-night,
Drinking beer und eating sweet Limburger cheese.
Her father he vas rich, und he vas a brewer, too;
Oof he see me he would took me by mine ear;
But I want to see Louisa, und I'll valk out oof dem trees,
Und I'll wait oof it vas a hundret year.

CHORUS.

Sweet Louisa, will you come here;
Will you come, sweet Louisa, right away?
Right away I'll meet you here and we'll drink some lager beer,
If you'll meet me, sweet Louisa, anyhow.—(DANCE.)

SHE—What's the matter that you holler when you know dat I vas dere,
Vashing glasses by dat brewery where I dwelt;
Oof one ting I was sure, and dat is, you vas poor,
And you want to run away mit fader's kelt.
But dat vas ausgespeil, for oof mine heart I feel
Dat you want some odder Deitscher for a frau,
And oof I find dat out, I vound shake you mit some krout,
Und shook you right away as soon as now.—CHORUS.

HE—Come change your name, Louisa, and I'll ask you oof mine knees;
Oof you don't, I'll join dem Prussians anyhow;
So shoost gif me your hand, and like Bismarck I will stand,
When you was mine happy, lubly Deitscher frau.
SHE—Oh! Heinrich, don't been mad, so sure mine heart was sad,
And I love you like them pretzels by dat plate;
So now we run away and get married just to-day,
And start so soon before it vas got late.—CHORUS.

KING DEATH.

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Words by Barry Cornwall. Music by Ernest Ries.

King Death was a rare old fellow, he sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow and poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine—hurrah! for the coal-black wine.
There came to him many a maiden whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen, for a draught of his coal-black wine;
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine—hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

The scholar left all his learning, the poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning, like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine—hurrah! for the coal-black wine.
All came to the rare old fellow, who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow, and pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine—hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

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Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

Eight bells had struck and the sea was calm as the face of a sleeping child,
And Jack sat down on a capstan-bar and thought of his boyhood wild;
The waves sang a murmuring lullaby, as the ocean can only do;
The dream of his youth came back again as fresh as the morning dew;
And the ship she went merrily sailing along,
And from out the forecastle came this song:

CHORUS.

She's a fine old ship, and 'tis Jack's last trip
On the crest of the ocean foam;
I'll sail no more to a foreign shore,
I've a mother I love at home.

As he sang the song every heart was touched, from the cook to the captain grim,
And the passengers from the cabin came to take one look at him
Who thought, in the midst of the pathless deep, of the one who gave him birth;
Not an eye was dry as they heard him sing of his dearest friend on earth;
And the ship she went merrily sailing along,
And from out of the forecastle came this song:—CHORUS.

When the watch was chang'd he went down below, with a glad and a joyous heart,
And he pictured a home of happiness, in which his mother took part,
When all at once he heard a shout from full a hundred throats,
And the first to help was Jack, who cried, "Let the women have the boat!"
But the ship she went steadily down, down, down—
Jack's never been seen in his native town.

CHORUS.

'Twas a fine old ship and 'twas Jack's last trip,
For he sleeps 'neath the ocean foam;
The last words uttered by Jack were,
"I've a mother I love at home."

Oh! Jennie, When We Both Grow Old.

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Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

Oh! Jennie, when we both grow old,
And when our heads are bowed with care,
When, mingled with these locks of gold,
There comes the shining, silver hair,
I wonder if these hearts of ours
Will love as fond, as tender, true,
As when we gather'd youth's bright flowers,
All dripping with life's morning dew.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jennie, when we both grow old,
When youth and beauty all are fled,
Will love that's in the heart grow cold?
Will brightest hopes and joys be dead?

Oh! could we see in future years
The trials that are yet to come,
The joys, the sorrows, and the tears,
The silent grave, the broken home,
I wonder if we would not try
To make each swiftly-fleeting day
Still brighter to both you and I,
As we are passing on our way.—CHORUS.

How sweet is life when shared with thee,
What joy to feel your heart is true,
What happiness there is for me
In knowing I am loved by you;
But oft a pain comes to my heart,
A gloomy shadow o'er my brow,
'Tis when I think that we may part
And leave a shattered, broken vow.—CHORUS.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

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Words by C. Thomas Duvall. Music by R. M. Stults.

When autumn in her gorgeous robe the woodlands doth enfold,
And leaves from green begin to turn to crimson and to gold;
When nature, tho' in her decay, her brightest tints receives,
I love to rove thro' dell and grove and gather autumn leaves.

REFRAIN.

Ah! the leaves from off the trees float softly on the breeze;
Some spirit rare pervades the air and lends a blissful ease;
The spell of vanished days now mem'ry fondly weaves;
And o'er my breast sweet peace and rest come with the autumn leaves.

I love the golden autumn tide, for then I live again
Those happy, dreamy days, ere love and youth began to wane;
My longing heart to that glad time still ever dearly cleaves,
When with my love I roamed the grove and gathered autumn leaves.—REFRAIN.

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

By Thos. J. Ham.

A mournful throng drifts past my door as sadly tolls the bell:
The village-barber is no more! Good man; I knew him well.

His heart was light; his mind was free, and noble was his soul.
His like we ne'er shall find, though we may search from pole to pole.

A rustic born, here did he dwell until his sad release;
Yet, strange to say, it so befell, he passed his life in grease.

He was no Pharisee in thought, with heart 'gainst pity shut;
Those who his humble friendship sought from choice he never cut.

He played no sycophantic part; nor flattered, we may hope;
Yet, truth to tell, he knew the art of laying on the soap.

In him were found those virtues, rare, which in the Christian blend;
He always dealt upon the square, yet often shaved a friend.

Artistic were his tastes. 'Twas said he made the fair more fair;
His studies were the human head; his brush immense on hair.

Modest, withal, as violets are, when Spring retints their bloom;
He climbed at night his attic-stair, and there he shed perfume.

He studied little, yet was wise; his days were given to toil;
To read by lamp-light hurt his eyes, yet used he lots of oil.

A Democrat was he, and shared the poor man's joys and woes;
Anointed oft the pauper's beard, and pulled the nabob's nose.

He scorned the right to vote alway, nor cared who reached the goals;
Yet, hour by hour, election day he lingered 'round the polls.

Content he ate his honest bread—nor craved the miser's box;
Yet oft, alas, he got ahead by handling others' locks.

He was a man of peaceful name, though not a whit afraid;
He seldom spoke of blood or fame, yet often drew his blade.

What though his chosen calling brought a score of scrapes a day;
No blows he struck, no fight he fought, no foe he turned away.

Let who that would invade his place to smite him thigh and hip;
'Twas his to give the "corp de grace" by one artistic clip.

His harshest acts begot no pangs—no pains for poor or rich;
The tend'rest maid would seek his bangs, the proudest Miss his switch.

Down on his proud boy's chin he spied Imperial shadows dim;
Yet, "Here's a heart content," he cried, "to razor part with him!"

But when his daughter died, pomade, then asked he in his gloom:
"Mustaches" sweet as these be laid to moulder in the tomb?

Still, when his days were nearly flown, he felt no craven fears;
And bravely yet he held his hone—defiant, spite his shears.

But now he's dead and gone to rest, why should we weep or sigh?
He met the foe with standing crest; he rather liked to dye.

E'en as he scraped and cut and curled, his brush with cowlick vexed;
Clear-spoken from the unseen world, he heard his summons: "Next!"

Such joys he felt; such griefs he bore; such luck his cup to fill;
The village-barber is no more—I knew him well and ill.

Stick to Work and Save Your Cash.

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Words and Music by Walter Keen.

Long years ago, when I was but a boy,
In the home of my childhood so dear,
Happy was I, there was naught to annoy,
For my kind, loving parents were near,
Seated at home 'round the warm fire's light,
There at the close of the day;
Father, with kindness, would teach me the right,
And these honest words he would say:

CHORUS.

Stick to work and save your cash, with your money don't be rash,
You will surely go to smash if gambling conquers you;
When you've parted with your gold, friends will leave you in the cold;
If you're poor when you grow old, you'll know dad's words were true.

Years rolled along and to manhood I grew,
And the old folks have both passed away;
Thrown on the world, soon the value I knew
Of the words that my father would say.
Often and often, when tempted astray,
Conscience would guide me aright,
Mem'ry would point to a home far away
And the words that I heard every night:—CHORUS.

Now I am wed to a dear little wife,
And we live in comfort and ease;
Happy are we, for we know not a strife,
But each tries the other to please.
Now we are blessed with a sweet little son,
Home is a real paradise;
For every night when my day's work is done
I will give to the lad this advice:—CHORUS.

—It is a woman's privilege to change her dress eight times a day, and her mind one thousand and eight times.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

She's the jauntiest of creatures, she's the daintiest of misses,
With her pretty patent-leathers, or her alligator ties,
With her eyes inviting glances, and her lips inviting kisses,
As she wanders by the ocean or strolls under country skies.

She's a captivating dresser and her parasols are stunning;
Her fads will take your breath away; her hats are dreams of style.
She is not so very bookish, but with repartee and punning
She can set the servants laughing and make even dudelets smile.

She has no attacks of talent; she is not a stage-struck maiden—
She is wholly free from hobbies and she dreams of no "career."
She is mostly gay and happy—never sad or care-beladen—
Though she sometimes sighs a little if a gentleman is near.

She's a sturdy little walker, and she braves all kind of weather,
And when the rain or fog or mist drive rival crimps a wreck,
Her fluffy hair goes curling like a kinked-up ostrich feather
Around her ears and forehead and the white nape of her neck.

She is like a fish in water, she can handle reins and racket,
From head to toe and finger-tips she's thoroughly alive;
When she goes promenading in a most distracting jacket,
The rustle 'round her feet suggests how laundresses may thrive.

She can dare the wind and sunshine in the most bravado manner,
And after hours' of sailing she has merely cheeks of rose;
Old Sol himself seems smitten, and, at most, will only tan her,
Though to everybody else he give a danger-signal nose.

She's a trifle sentimental, and she's fond of admiration,
And she sometimes flirts a little in the season's giddy whirl;
But win her if you can, sir, she may prove your life's salvation,
For an angel masquerading oft' is she—the summer girl.

THE TYPICAL MASHERS.

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By Edgar Selden.

In ages past and gone, dear boys, and likewise so to-day,
The gallant knights and ladies fa' were ruled by fashion's sway.
Most loyal subjects to their king, his freaks their dearest joys,
To sing his praise it is, you know, the proper thing, dear boys.

CHORUS.

I am a typical masher, that is the name to-day,
Valiant knights, errants have vanished, their castles are left to decay;
We are the latest edition—match us in style if you can;
The ladies all say, Oh, isn't he gay? the model and modern young man.

We all effect the English drawl, and carry canes like clubs;
Our coats are very short, indeed, our hats inverted tubs.
But what care we, it is the style, old London has it so;
We walk and stalk about New York, the proper thing, you know.—CHORUS.

We bang our hair, we use perfume, and write an English hand
That looks just like a picket-fence and hard to understand.
We scorn the good old-fashioned style we wrote long years ago—
That's out of date, and not at all the proper thing, you know.—CHORUS.

The vulgar atmosphere we breathe is hard for us to bear;
Instead of London's smoke and fog, our skies are bright and fair.
We can't reverse this state of things so common and so low;
We long for rain and smoke and fog, the proper thing, you know.—CHORUS.

When we go out to take a stroll, we're made to feel so blue;
We have no strand to promenade, so Broadway has to do;
But then the girls, the dear, dear girls, who walk with pug in tow,
They grow more English every day, the proper thing, you know.—CHORUS.

I say, old chappies, don't cher know it's deuce'd 'ard to bear
The price the 'orrid laundries charge for collars that we wear?
Of course, it takes a lot of starch to make them stand up so,
But, on the other 'and, it is the proper thing, you know.—CHORUS.

FATED.

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Words by Jean Ingelow. Music by Horatio C. King.

Midsummer night, not dark, not light, dusk all the scented air,
I'll e'en go forth to one I love, and learn how he doth fare;
The ring, the ring, my dear, for me—the ring was a world too fine;
I wish it had sunk in a forty-fathom sea, or ever thou mad'st it mine;
I wish it had sunk in a forty-fathom sea, or ever thou mad'st it mine.

Soft falls the dew, stars tremble through, where lone he sits apart;
Would I might steal his grief away to hide in mine own heart;
Would 'twere shut in yon blossom fair, the sorrow that bows thy head,
Then I would pluck it, to thee unaware, and break my heart in thy stead.

That charmed flower, far from thy bower, I'll bear the long hours through;
Thou should'st forget, and my sad breast the sorrows twain should rue;
Oh sad, sad flower, sad ring to me, the ring was a world too fine;
And would it had sunk in a forty-fathom sea ere the morn that made it mine,
And would it had sunk in a forty-fathom sea ere the morn that made it mine.

ALAS! FOR ME.

From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

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Alas! for me, what shall I do?
They drove me away from Molly,
And out of doors poor me they threw,
With kicks and words unholy.
Oh, woe is me, my heart is broke;
No more they'll let me enter there;
At my distress they only joke;
Ill-luck pursues me everywhere—
Ill-luck pursues me everywhere.
Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu,
Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu—ah, me!
Ah, me! I mourn aloud the fates austere,
My wailing grief refuse to hear.
I'm driven from that blest abode
Where I my love had wooed.
So then adieu, thou lovely one;
My sweetest bride, my truest one;
And fare-thee-well dear veal-cutlets
I made with condiments.
Ah, me! no one my sorrow e'er can measure;
Great is my need and small my feed.
Although a cook, I've nothing for my pleasure;
I ne'er shall get relief 'till dead;
Stern fate would e'en appropriate
What's dearest to my heart;
And force me then, at any rate,
To play the beggar's part—ha!
I am the poor Jonathan
That gets the "duce" on every hand;
I've nothing for breakfast nor dinner
That can quiet the keen cravings I suffer;
When one each day quite hungry goes,
Of life at last he weary grows;
Pocket and bottle hold nothing in store,
I will drag thro' this wide world no more.

Many years I've trouble seen,
I've swept the snow—a banker been,
And I've been pulled most every way,
Tormented night and day;
Engaged as clown I too have been
In circus-ring to act, and then
I've blacking made (now us betwixt)
That was with vitriol mixed;
Oh, Lord, I've been in numberless bad fixes,
As man and beast at "sevens and sixes,"
Misfortune's followed me thro' all my turnings,
Ill-luck alone, all that it brings;
Now every sort of scheme I've tried that one might dare,
And yet I have not made myself a millionaire—ha!
I am the poor Jonathan
That gets the "duce" on every hand;
I've nothing for breakfast nor dinner
That can quiet the keen cravings I suffer;
When one each day quite hungry goes,
Of life at last he weary grows;
Pocket and bottle hold nothing in store,
I will drag thro' this wild world no more.

EVER BEFORE ME.

From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

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To me it seems as tho' 'twere yesterday;
Ever before me is the light, lingering still, of days so bright,
When she, a child in blossoming May-time,
I found midst violets, a beauteous sight.
Now has the maid so lovely grown,
Speechless I gaze on her alone;
I'd ask her trembling, gently dissembling,
If she her heart had yet found out;
What they would tell thee, ne'er could I utter,
Verily, ne'er could I tell myself—
Hidden the feeling, past all revealing.
All seems to me as tho' 'twere a dream,
Ever, ever a dream, still a dream—
Yes, let me still dream in love most blest;
Let peace but dwell here in my breast;
Soon will the day send forth its bright ray;
Then will I hear what fond love may say?
Not yet, maybe; maybe, not yet;
I cannot tell myself; I answer ne'er can make, ne'er can make.

Wilt thou still dream in quiet rest,
While hope still slumbers in my breast?
When will the day send forth its bright ray?
When wilt thou hear what fond love may say?
Lovest thou not? Art thou beloved?
Tell but the truth e'en tho' the heart do break;
Art thou beloved? lovest thou not?
Tell me the truth e'en tho' my heart do break,
E'en tho' my heart do break, heart do break.

—"Young man," thundered the camp-meeting orator, "were you ever fired with enthusiasm?" "It is a painful subject," he responded, "but I was. Miss Wedly's father supplied the enthusiasm."

THOU'LT BE MY LOVE.

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From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

Well, now, I willingly the contract sign!
Quite famous you will be within a year
And I a millionaire!
Perhaps 'twere well, a song for me to sing
In honor of this thing!
Twould be, I'm sure, well meant;
A fitting compliment.
Thou'lt be my love, I trow?
No, no, no, no!
Ah! wouldst thou scorn my caress?
Yes, yes, yes, yes!
Fearest thou love's sweet thrall, not so, at all,
For thee alone I watch, to thee I call!
So spoke Zanetto to Zulietta, Zanetto was a fellow, dear;
Where'er he went sigh'd ev'ry poveretta! "Oh look, oh look, a cavalier!"
He most of all, made love instanter, no one could bide his vanity;
And if on him a maiden's glance did wander,
One then would hear this double lay,
Now sly, now bold, now high, now low;
His no, his yes, his yes, his no!
"Thou'lt be my love, I trow?"
No, no, no, no!
"Ah! wouldst thou scorn my caress?"
Yes, yes, yes, yes!
Fearest thou love's sweet thrall? not so at all!
For thee alone I watch, to thee I call;
So did Zanetto many seasons
Still lonely, vain and stupid wait;
The fellow tho't from his conceited reasons
That any maid with him would mate.
At last each girl would make an ending of all his silly love-making;
Oh, poveretta! now then would each maiden
Just answer him in double lay,
Now bold, now sly, now high, now low;
A no, a yes, a yes, a no.
The melody a moral hath:
Seize fortune when 'tis in your path.
"Thou'lt be my love, I trow?"
No, no, no, no!
"Ah! wouldst thou scorn my caress?"
Yes, she really sings superbly, therefore let us.—CHORUS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, "See me now at your door!"
But wait right here, praise her greatly;
All our praise to her alone be,
For I am now another's dear,
Yes, I am now another's dear;
Given hail to the great, the sweet singer.
My fine young fellow stop right here,
For I am now another's dear!
Hail! yes, the queen of singers hail!

Young Lady Students' Chorus.

From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

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We are young lady students, we, that hail from college halls!
And free are we, as free can be, within those classic walls.
Man's rule and sway we've cast away, for free we ever mean to be;
Yes, true and free, still happy students we will be!
Young Miss and Misses, Misses, Miss, with pat upon the cheek like this!
And on the ear a tweak and slender walking stick!
By Jupiter! we surely are young Miss and Misses, Misses, Miss;
A jolly lot we students are!
A jolly lot we students are!

The Black-Edged Letter from Home.

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Words and Music by Morris Weston.

In a village in Australia, far away from London shore,
Many poor men wandered there to search for precious ore;
Left their families far behind them to strive for their daily bread;
Wives and mothers for news were waiting to hear were they living or dead;
At the village post-office waited miners for their mail;
Some had good news, some had bad news—their expressions told their tale;
One was handed a black-edged letter, which he waited to have read;
Little knew that mark of mourning that we all so deeply dread.

CHORUS.

Yes, that is from my boy, what does he say?
Can it be that Nell is dead, and I so far away?
What will become of our little ones left all alone;
Oh, this will break my heart, the black-edged letter from home.

Back to his tent he traveled, thinking of his poor wife Nell,
With his pard he shared their gold, to him his sad tale did tell;
How together they did struggle to keep poverty from the door,
And now with all this gold he ne'er would see her more;
The little ones are waiting, praying for papa day by day;
Not knowing if he'd the letter that they sent so far away;
I bid you now "good-bye," mate, you can work the claim alone;
And may you ne'er receive a black-edged letter from home.—CHORUS.

YES, 'TIS THE IMPRESARIO.

From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

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Yes, 'tis the Impresario who always lives exactly so;
Scarce is he here when elsewhere too, by lightning onward whirled;
And thus I say: Dexterity, dexterity, celerity,
Without the least temerity, 'tis thus they rule the world.
First I music copied, then I bears instructed;
Elephants I trained and crocodiles subjected,
Hercules depicted, five-hundred weight I lifted,
India rubber one—'twas easier done;
Famous singers I engaged, and dancers also,
Great and small, on every kind I laid embargo;
Or a tenor, new, "di grazia" or "robusto"—
What sure would please I always know.
So I journeys take over land and sea,
Seeking novelties where'er they may be.
One day in Berlin, next Vienna, see;
Hustle, bustle, din always sure to be.
New York, Boston, too, New Orleans we do,
Everybody knows when I come—
Ra-ta-ta zin, ra-ta-ta zin, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum;
Thus with my life exactly so, a genuine Impresario,
Scarce is he here when elsewhere too, by lightning onward whirled.
And thus I say: Dexterity, dexterity, celerity,
Without the least temerity, 'tis thus they rule the world.

Now I've ne'er found, upon my honor, in all my managerial-ship,
The singer yet, and 'tis a wonder, who would a contract strictly keep.
'Tis always thus with prima-donnas,
And tenors, basses, just the same,
They're very like to prove tormentors
At times that are inopportune;
While at table sitting, I, perhaps, am dining,
At the door a rapping comes with moans and whining;
'Tis the Diva's husband sent to tell me off hand:
Diva hoarse, sir; not a note.
I rush forth instanter,
At her suite I find her
Weeping, wailing, frightful—
Still in voice delightful,
Poodle had the colic;
Diva almost frantic,
Griping, moaning, wildly confusing.
Ah, but you must sing;
Oh, the poor, dear thing;
I've the contract here;
Ah! my poor, poor dear;
Full the hall will be,
All the same to me;
Every seat is sold,
That need not be told;
Fiercer then I shout,
She begins to flout,
Poodle howls and growls;
Ah, me! oh, woe! ah, me! oh, woe!
Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.
Thus with my life exactly so, a genuine Impresario,
Scarce is he here when elsewhere too, by lightning onward whirled.
And thus I say: Dexterity, dexterity, celerity,
Without the least temerity, 'tis thus they rule the world.

PRIMA DONNA'S SONG.

From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

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Ah, we hapless prima donnas, great the trouble do we see!
Ev'ry one thinks that with honors we contented e'er should be;
Of us wonders are exacted, tho' we've plaudits none the less,
Which they reckon we're expected to accept for happiness!
Ah, un trillo! brava, brava, brava!
Ah, tres bien, tres bien, ah, quelle est belle!
Ah, ach, Jott, wie jottvoji! Eljen! Slava!
Ah, oh charming, very well! but 'midst all their praise sweetly ringing,
Midst all the throng assembled there the eye seeks but one cherish'd being,
But ah, no where! oh, deep despair! yet while I am anxiously gazing,
Where wanders he with weary feet?
Where dwells he, is he still living, where finds he now love's greeting sweet?
I ask this of each eye-glance met,
But answer only do I get:
Ah! you make always a great furore sing, Sonambula, the Barbier,
Traviata Trovatore, this is quite enough, my dear!
And so multiplies all our misfortune and increases our troubles for us,
It is—shall I it mention? scandalous!
Still we can always find a reason, when we think we are displeased,
And at any time or season, be with sudden hoarseness seized;
Always hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch!
For with hoarseness—yes, with hoarseness can always be seized!—ah!
Scandalous! Scandalous!
Ha, ha, ha! always hbsch, hbsch, hbsch!
For with hoarseness—yes, with hoarseness can always be seized!
We can with hoarseness be seized, yes, with hoarseness be seized!
Scandalous! Scandalous!
Ha, ha, ha! always hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch, hbsch!
For with hoarseness—yes, with hoarseness can always be seized!
We can with hoarseness be seized, yes, with hoarseness be seized!
Scandalous! scandalous! scandalous!
Ha, ha ha! always hbsch, hbsch, hbsch!
For with hoarseness—yes, with hoarseness can always be seized!
We can with hoarseness be seized—yes, with hoarseness be seized!
For with hoarseness—yes, with hoarseness can always be seized!
We can with hoarseness be seized—yes, with hoarseness be seized!

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

Written and Composed by Charles Osborne. Arranged by F. W. Eyre.

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Sung with great success by Thomas T. Carter.

The scene was a fire-house, the time was midnight,
The fatal word fire on the lamps glittered bright;
The firemen are dozing, while, safely at hand,
The horses were waiting the words of command,
Click goes the message of danger and death,
Down dash the firemen, not pausing for breath;
In go the horses, hi! hi! clear the way,
While borne on the zephyrs a voice seemed to say:

CHORUS.

Heaven speed the members of the fire-brigade;
Heroes true as steel, hearts that never fear;
Ready, steady, and undismayed,
Are the noble-hearted members of the fire-brigade.

On, on like the wind, how the horses perspire;
See, they arrive at the scene of the fire;
Crash go the beams of the roof to the ground,
Scorching the people standing around.
Hark! how that cry of dismay rends the air,
Look at yon window, a woman's up there;
Up goes a fireman, with resolute will,
Hushed are the people, the boldest are still.—CHORUS.

Steadily upward, still higher and higher,
Choking and scorched by the smoke and the fire,
Onward he goes till the woman he nears,
Stop—see—she falters, and then disappears.
Down go the sashes, he's in through the frame,
Out with the woman he comes once again;
Faint and half-blinded he reaches the ground,
While to the skies goes the echoing sound:—CHORUS.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

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Words by Frank Egerton. Music by Page.

Who dares to assert there's no friendship in Pat?
Who dares to assert he's untrue;
There is not a hardship, a grievance or task,
He'll ever refuse to go through.
More so if that task is to help an old friend,
Or help a lame one in distress;
'Tis then to the end of the world he will go
To willingly give and to bless.

CHORUS.

Heart to heart, hand to hand, proud erect we nobly stand;
Though we're exiled from our land, parted we may be,
Still each other we'll befriend with a love that knows no end;
Irishmen will e'er extend hands across the sea.

From infancy Irishmen always are taught
Each other to love and revere;
And women as angels they ever regard,
To them they are sacred and dear;
No creed or religion steps in between men
Who've sworn they've a duty to do;
The strong for the weak has a hand that will help
Their cause to be steadfast and true.—CHORUS.

Just now o'er our land hangs a cloud of despair,
And thousands will watch us and pray
That quickly the men of bloodshed and war
From Ireland will pass clear away.
Good hearts, loyal and strong, have rebelled against laws
They deem to be harsh and severe;
Though fugitives now in a far distant land,
To their countrymen's hearts they are dear.—CHORUS.

A BOY'S BELIEF.

By Eva Best in "Harper's Young People."

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It isn't much fun a-living if grandpa says what's true,
That this is the jolliest time o' life that I'm a-passing through.
I'm 'fraid he can't remember, it's been so awful long.
I'm sure if he could recollect he'd know that he was wrong.

Did he ever have, I wonder, a sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite, or tangle up his twine?
Did he ever chop the kindling, or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer? If he did, he was awful good.

In summer, it's "weed the garden;" in winter, it's "shovel the snow;"
For there isn't a single season but has its work, you know.
And then, when a fellow's tired, and hopes he may just sit still,
It's "bring me a pail of water, son, from the spring at the foot of the hill"

How can grandpa remember a fellow's grief or joy?
'Tween you and me I don't believe he ever was a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life? Believe it I never can;
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy as a really grown-up man.

Is Marriage a Failure? What Say You?

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. Thomas.

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Composed by Wm. Thomas.

Is marriage a failure? This question all ask.
And to solve it, 'tis certainly no easy task.
My experience of life, both the bright and dark side,
I have come to conclude and this question decide;
For all men and women from youth up, I declare,
Have a sort of a notion that two make a pair;
So from Eden I'll take and endeavor to prove
That marriage itself was ordained from above.

CHORUS.

Marriage is a failure, some people say,
While others from experience answer, Nay,
And between these two extremes, I am ready to decide,
If you'll just accept my verdict as a matrimonial guide.

Of Adam himself, you all know, it is said,
For one of his ribs got a good wife instead;
And to us it's so plain, he'd no choice of his own,
But accepted his bride when fine clothes were unknown.
Such a beautiful rib Adam knew he had got,
And Eve, on her part, was as pleased with her lot,
For in those days they needed no powder and puff,
And, no doubt, Adam thought she was handsome enough.

CHORUS.

What a beautiful picture from nature we learn
Of the first man and wife—it's so plain to discern;
For they lived and they died near a thousand years old,
In sweet simple innocence and pleasures untold.

Now, it sometimes occurs that a man or his wife,
From the day they are wed, cause much family strife,
When a kind, loving word or a sweet, winning smile,
Would smooth anger away and again reconcile;
And when this proves a failure, there's but one last resource—
Quickly settle the question and obtain a divorce.
This picture I draw as a contrast, you see,
To prove marriage no failure, if you're guided by me.

CHORUS.

Marriage is a failure if you don't choose well;
So take your time, my boys and girls, and time will tell,
And when at times you are deceived, then put the law in force,
Far better part (than break your heart) by getting a divorce.

Now, if my views on marriage seem a trifle too severe,
There's something wrong at home with you, it's evidently clear;
Let man his true position hold, one wife his lot to share,
And woman also take her stand, for equal rights declare;
Let husbands dearly love their wives, and wives their husbands, too,
And as thro' life they journey, to each other stick like glue,
For if both pull together and be faithful, kind and true,
Then marriage is no failure. What say you?

CHORUS.

That marriage is no failure, I've tried to prove to you;
And having done my duty, I bid you all adieu;
And should you still remain in doubt, just try it for yourself;
So name the day, without delay, or you'll soon be on the shelf.

EILLEEN ALLANNA.

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Eilleen Allanna, Eilleen Asthore,
Light of my soul and its Queen evermore,
It seems years have lingered since last we did part,
Eilleen Allanna, the pride of my heart.
Oh! darling, loved one, your dear smile I miss;
My lips seem to cling to that sweet parting kiss.
Mavourneen, thy sweet face I see at the door,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore.

CHORUS.

Faithful I'll be to the Colleen I adore,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore;
Faithful I'll be to the Colleen I adore,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore.

Eilleen Allanna, Eilleen Asthore,
The ocean's blue waters wash by the shore
Of that dear land of shamrock where thou dost abide,
Waiting the day when I'll call thee my bride.
God bless you, darling, I know you are true,
True to the boy who would die now for you;
My heart is now bleeding to its innermost core,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore.—CHORUS.

—The fisherman is a shrewd financier. He always keeps an eye on the net profits.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—He was a mean husband who begged his wife not to bake any more cake until he had paid his life-insurance dues.

—A Transparent Lie.—"Boy, I read in your eyes that you have told a lie." "Papa, that is impossible. You cannot read without spectacles."

MY SON CHARLEY.

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By Joseph P. Skelly.

The chap I'm going to sing about, I'm very proud to tell,
Is a member of my family, you ought to know him well;
He keeps the corner store above, where he sells his beer and wine,
And he holds a public sinecure, for he's a son of mine!

CHORUS.

My son Charley! Oh, he's the lad! I hear them say he's awful bad!
Such a boy I never had as my son Charley!

My Charley is a citizen, and he votes for Tammany Hall;
They will put him up for Alderman if he lives until next fall;
He has the ward all to himself, and it's him that cuts a shine;
He commands a great influence there, for he's a son of mine!—CHORUS.

He wears a handsome black mustache, and puffs his long, brown hair,
And in his breast immaculate, the richest emeralds glare;
In a quiet neighborhood, up town, he has a girl so fine;
And she's going to marry next Sunday week, this darlin' son of mine.—CHO.

KATHLEEN.

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By B. F. Baker.

I'm sad when I think of the day that we parted,
When you left me to linger in dear Erin's Isle,
And in thinking of you I am sad, broken-hearted,
For you said you'd remember your Kathleen's sweet smile,
But the years they have flown, yet I've heard from you never,
And I think you've forgotten the days we have seen.
With the silence unbroken, our friendship 'twill sever,
Tho' you told me you'd ne'er forget pretty Kathleen—
For you told me you'd ne'er forget pretty Kathleen.

I ne'er can forget the sweet days of my childhood,
In the bright long ago that can never return;
How we prattled and played like the birds in the wildwood,
And you vowed for my love that you ever would yearn.
And now far away o'er the deep briny ocean,
You've forgotten our vows of old Ireland so green,
When I think of the past I am filled with emotion,
For you told me you'd ne'er forget pretty Kathleen,
For you told me you'd ne'er forget pretty Kathleen.

Irish Through and Through.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

An Irishman once trudged along the highway to the town,
And as he walked he piped a song, to keep his troubles down;
He had no land to call his own, no roof above his head,
And not a copper in his purse to buy him daily bread;
But deep down in his heart was hope, just like a beacon-light;
That dims misfortune from our thoughts, and makes the world seem bright;
It guided him on to the town, to work, to strive, to toil;
To fight life's battles o'er again, a true son of the soil.

CHORUS.

Irish, Irish, Irish through and through; it's proud I am to take the hand
Of every true son from the land where shamrocks grow so green and grand,
I'm Irish through and through.

You'll never find a friend more true than in this Em'rald Isle,
Or any one who'll try to do some kindness all the while;
The very skies seem brighter here, and song-birds sweeter sing;
No matter at what time of year, you'd think 'twas always spring;
And then the blarney of the boys, the sighing of each girl;
And oh! the rapture and the joys this courting doth unfurl;
So when at last they settle down and own their own snug farm,
Their rustic love is all complete and filled with simple charm.—CHORUS.

—Nothing Wasted.—Jakey Einstein: "Fader, O Fader! Dese five gollars and guffs vat you pud inter der vinder vas all fly-shpeckled." Solomon Einstein: "Neffer mint, Shakey. Gen a card and mark it, 'Dis fine new line of polka-dods jusd arrive from Ny York,' ain'd it?"—*Boston Traveler.*

—Street-Car Courtesy.—A sallow-faced woman, with a wealth of freckles on her long nose, entered an Austin Street car. There were eight or ten well-dressed gentlemen in the car, but none of them showed any inclination to give her a seat. After she waited a reasonable time, she remarked with asperity: "Ef any of you galoots air waiten' for me to squat in your laps, you are a sucked-in crowd, for I want you to understand I am a lady from the ground up." A dread that she was not in earnest about sitting in their laps caused six of the gentlemen to leave the car.

KATY, DARLING.

Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

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Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Katy, darling,
That thy smile I may never more behold!
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy, darling,
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold?
Oh, they know not the loving
Of the heart that beats for thee;
When a love like to thine, Katy, darling,
Is the goal to the race set for me.
Oh, hear me, sweet Katy.

CHORUS.

For the wild flow'rs greet me, Katy, darling,
And the love-birds are singing on each tree;
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy, darling;
Behold, love, I'm waiting for thee.

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy, darling!
This world is a bleak world to me;
Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy, darling,
Or think, love, I am sighing for thee;
Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light;
And thy heart would be melting, Katy, darling,
Could'st thou see thy lone Dermot this night.
Oh, listen, sweet Katy.—CHORUS.

'Tis useless all my weeping, Katy, darling!
But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide;
And that when my life be spent, Katy, darling,
They will lay me down to rest by thy side.
Oh, a bitter grief I'm hearing,
Though I scarce heave a sigh;
And I'll ever be dreaming, darling,
Of thy love every day till I die.
Farewell, then, sweet Katy.—CHORUS.

SWINGING ON THE TOLL-GATE.

Copyright, 1890, by Frank Armstrong.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by George M. Vickers. Music by Adam Geibel.

In a neat little cot by the wayside,
Daddy Wicket, the toll-taker lives,
And each traveler who rides o'er the turnpike
A mite to the toll-taker gives;
He holds out his hand very gracefully,
While a twinkle is seen in his eye,
And he says a kind work to all comers,
And he smiles as they swiftly glide by;
And he says a kind word to all comers,
And he smiles as they swiftly glide by.

CHORUS.

Swinging on the toll-gate, swinging to and fro,
Happy, happy moments, long and long ago;
Swinging on the toll-gate, swinging to and fro,
Happy, happy childhood in the long ago.

When the sun o'er the hill-top is peeping,
When sweet is the flower-kissed air,
When the day goes to rest in the gloaming,
Still dear Daddy Wicket is there;
He stands in the door of the toll-house,
Or he sits on his three-legged chair,
And his pride is to care for a stranger,
Yet is he quite a stranger to care;
And his pride is to care for a stranger,
Yet is he quite a stranger to care.—CHORUS.

Oh, then who can forget Daddy Wicket,
Or the wonderful shake of his head?
He who oft gives the homeless a shelter,
Who oft hungry mortals has fed!
Oh, may we, as through life we journey,
Never meet with a less noble soul
Than the friend and the joy of our childhood,
Daddy Wicket, who gathers the toll;
Than the friend and the joy of our childhood,
Daddy Wicket, who gathers the toll.—CHORUS.

—The man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble. He has enough of it.

—Teacher: "Give me an example of a leading question?" Student: "Aren't you a liar?" Teacher: "How's that? What does such a question lead to?" Student: "A fight."

—An Aid to Letter Writing.—Mrs. Diamondust: "Why, Ethel, what is the meaning of this extensive correspondence?" Ethel: "Mamma, who could resist writing since Mr. Wanamaker has put such delicious strawberry flavoring on the stamps."—*Time.*

LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon. Arranged by John S. Baker.

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Sung by Tony Pastor.

In joy and in sorrow we ramble through life,
From when our existence begins;
When first in our cradles we smiling are seen,
We all look as like as two pins.
A girl grows to maidenhood—still in short frocks
She giggling and larking is seen;
But as she grows older a change we observe,
And when she's about sweet sixteen—

CHORUS.

She's very shy and bashful, modest and so good,
Says, "Now, don't you kiss me, for you know it's rude!"
Screams out, "Oh, you mustn't!" whispers then, "You may"—
Fond of romping with the boys on life's highway.

From girlhood to womanhood's but a short step,
She stands at the altar with pride;
Her husband looks fondly as she says, "I will,"
And kisses his newly-made bride.
'Midst hearty good wishes, 'midst slippers and rice,
They're off on their honeymoon sped;
He thinks her an angel and everything nice,
But when she's a year or two wed—

CHORUS.

She's sneaking all the bed-clothes, saying, "Good-night, Jack!"
Warming her cold tootsies on her husband's back.
"Don't you hear the baby? get up, nurse him, pray—
You're a nice 'un for a dad on life's highway.

But husbands are not always what they should be;
A wife very soon finds it out.
A woman's chief weapon's her dear little tongue,
And, oh, when she's vexed can't she shout.
Her husband goes out with his bachelor friends,
Says, "I shall come home when I like."
She nurses her wrath and the poker as well,
And when he returns she's on strike.

CHORUS.

She's waiting for her husband—one or two A. M.—
Waiting with the poker—"Take that, oh, you gem!
Running thro' his pockets, collaring his pay—
'Tis the usual married dodge on life's highway.

The love that a fond mother bears for her boy
Is the tenderest feeling on earth;
His tottering footsteps she lovingly guides;
Her eyes beam with pleasure and mirth;
But, ah! when her boy has to proud manhood grown,
A sword he is yearning to wield.
My country's in danger; the poor mother sighs
As he starts for the grim battle-field.

CHORUS.

"Heaven bless you, darling; tho' it breaks my heart,
England wants brave soldiers, from you I must part."
See her when the news comes—fallen in the fray,
'Tis a mournful episode in life's highway.

Old Time has rolled on, and his fingers have traced
The furrows of sorrow and care,
And grandmamma sits at the cosy fireside,
With dim eyes and silvery hair;
Beside her is grandpa, once sturdy and strong,
But now he is feeble and slow;
But grandma still loves him and clings to his side,
As she did in the days long ago.

CHORUS.

Clinging to her husband, none on earth like him,
Thinking of by-gone days, ere their eyes grew dim.
Kissing him so fondly, tho' he's old and gray,
Side by side they near the end of life's highway.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

There are lots of things that a woman can do that a man cannot:

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb-nail.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half-a-dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "No," and stick to it for a time. She may also say "No" in such a low voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you a faint idea of what the text was.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live a mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

DON'T ABUSE THE OLD FOLKS.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

One day while walking through the streets I saw a touching sight,
A man and woman bent with age, and hair turned snowy white;
I ventured then to speak to them, and asked in kindly tone,
"If I could lend them any aid in reaching their own home;"
The woman's eyes were filled with tears, my words had touched her heart;
The old man tried to soothe her with kind words he did impart;
He said their son had turned them out of the homestead they once owned,
Yet the mother tried to shield her boy, while the old man sadly moaned:

CHORUS.

Don't abuse the old folks, don't neglect your parents,
You'll miss them when they leave you here behind;
When doors are closed upon you, and every friend does shun you,
Why your old folks are the best friends you will find.

The old man said he'd labored hard from morning until night
To bring the boy who turned them out up in life's pathway right;
He'd saved a little money, too, and this he gave to Jim,
For knowing that they were getting old, in business put him in;
The mother said he was our pride, we'd pray for him in bed;
But lately he has cursed us both, and wished that we were dead;
I offered them assistance then, saying for them I'd provide,
They both refused and started off, while the mother sadly cried:

CHORUS.

Don't abuse your father, never slur your mother,
Remember how they toiled for you since birth;
In trouble they are by you, they never will belie you,
For your parents are the truest friends on earth.

I bought the newspapers next day, and in sorrow there I read,
A man and woman side by side in the river were found dead;
Their hardships they had ended, with life's trials they were through;
I offered up a pray'r for them, and now I ask of you,
Where is the boy who has not loved his old folks during life?
Then why not help them battle through this weary world of strife;
Adversity may reach us all e'er death puts in its claim,
So think well of my motto now while I sing you this refrain:

CHORUS.

Don't abuse the old folks, don't turn against your mother,
You'll know their value when you're left behind;
Should every one forsake you and sickness overtake you,
Then your parents are the best friends you can find.

CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK.

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Written by H. J. Byron.

I'm an aristocrat, make no mistake in that;
I come of a line remarkably fine, for troubles I do not care.
For pleasure's my aim, delight is my game, and I adore the fair.

CHORUS.

I'm a swell, you can tell, and behave, of course, as such;
Close-cut hair, elbows square, with my toothpick and my crutch.

With glass enclosed in eye, I scan the passers-by,
I've pantomime-cuffs and ready rebuffs for cads familiar.
Although really glad, I say, not bad, when leaving drawl, "Ta-ta."—CHORUS.

To your true aristocrat all luxuries come pat,
The driest champagne, the softest La Rose, the tastiest caviar;
Havanna for us especially grows its exquisitest cigar.—CHORUS.

Though we're aristocrats, at fighting we're no flats,
For when England's fame the foe would defame, swell dandies tho' we be,
In meeting the foe no swelldom we show, so own the enemy.

CHORUS.

Staunch and true, red or blue, sure our courage isn't Dutch,
And the sword we can wield with more vigor than the crutch.
I'm a swell, you can tell, and behave, of course, as such;
Close-cut hair, elbows square, with my tooth-pick and my crutch.

—Tip for Tip.—"Here, waiter, is a dollar for a tip. I've just been looking over the bill-of-fare. Now, tell me honest, what you can recommend?" Waiter (in a hoarse whisper): "Go to some other restaurant."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—Artless Innocence.—Mother (gazing at her daughter's dressing cushion): "Why, where did you get so many gentlemen's scarf pins?" Daughter: "I don't know myself. I find one in my hair almost every night after Gus calls, and to save me I can't imagine how they got there."

Why He Whistled.—Old lady, to grocer's boy: "Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy: "That's what the boss told me to do, mum." Old lady: "Told you to whistle?" Boy: "Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything, we'd have to whistle for the money."

Don't Blame Me, for I Didn't Do It.

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By Charles H. Duncan.

Some time ago, as you must know, I met a charming girl;
She looked so very pretty my brain got in a whirl;
She wore a small shell-bonnet that became her well, indeed;
But when she slipped down on the ice, my heart for her did bleed.

SPOKEN—Oh, heavens! you should have seen that girl's countenance change when she struck. "She was all broke up, and so was the ice." Thinking to do her a favor, I went up and tried to assist her to arise, when she exclaimed, "It seems to me you are very officious." "Why," said I, "young lady, so far as your fall is concerned, why"—

CHORUS.

Don't blame me, for I didn't do it;
Don't blame me, for I didn't do it;
Don't blame me, for I didn't do it;
I am not to blame.

She begged that I'd excuse her, which, of course, I quickly done;
She handed me a scented card—the charmer I had won;
She stated that her father was a very peculiar man,
Was training for a prize-fight and his name was Reckless Dan.

SPOKEN—Reckless Dan, one of these fellows that goes into a butcher-shop, calls for a pluck, liver and lights, with a sheep's heart attached, carrying it around, telling everybody he has cut somebody's heart out. Reckless Dan, beautiful name for an infant to lisp, nice name for a father-in-law, but I was completely "gone" upon the girl, so I made an arrangement to call the next evening. I called; sang her a little song outside; I got through one verse, and received a present. The night being very warm, I thought first it was perspiration; well, it didn't rain that night, and I got sopping wet. As I walked sadly away, I heard a shrill voice yell:—CHORUS.

I stuck to her just like a leech; we're married most a year;
On good terms with her father, and have nothing now to fear.
We've got a baby; it's a girl; she is her mother's joy;
But I'm not fond of girls at all; I'd rather have a boy.

SPOKEN—Yes, and I told my wife only the other day that I'd sooner have a boy, and said she, "Charles"—now, ladies and gentlemen, I don't mind telling you what my wife said (of course, a man's conversation with his wife is supposed to be secret), but I feel confident that you won't betray my confidence, Now, when I told my wife I'd sooner have a boy than a girl, she said:—CHORUS.

THE LITTLE WIDOW.

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Words by Jessie Villars. Music by Waldtern Pegg.

Oh, dear, what I've suffer'd, there's nobody knows,
I'll endeavor to tell you my troubles and woes,
A lone little widow, two husbands I mourn,
And now I'm forsaken, heart-broken, forlorn;
No one to love me, no one to bless,
No one to tease me, none to caress!
And just twenty one, 'tis true on my word—
So I am thinking of taking a third.

CHORUS.

I'm a widow, a little widow,
I am simple, but I'm witty,
I am stylish, gay and pretty;
Yes, a widow, a charming widow,
But I won't remain single very long.

Dear George was my "first," he doted on me,
And, oh! we were happy as happy could be;
He died, all the doctors said, "shortness of breath;"
The women, the wretches, said, "worried to death;"
What could a poor little, lone widow do?
Charlie consoled me and became number two;
And only last week he said, "Daisy, good-bye!"
I'm going to meet George in the sweet by-and-by.

CHORUS.

And I'm a widow, once more a widow;
I am simple, but I'm witty,
I am stylish, gay and pretty;
Yes, a widow, a charming widow,
But I won't remain single very long.

I wonder why single girls are such mean things,
They'd like to be angels, of course, without wings;
Make eyes at the men with such a sly glance,
And won't give us dear little widows a chance,
But I'm going to show them of what we are made,
I'm looking around me, oh, don't be afraid!
Yet, if there's one here who'll be number three,
He'll find me as loving as widows can be.—CHORUS.

—Why He Failed.—Bibbs: "I wonder why my tailor failed?" Fibbs: "Pure politeness. His customers wouldn't come down, so he went up."

—"William," said she, severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?" "Clara," said he, with equal sternness, "how much longer are you going to persist in refusing me?"

The Band Played "Annie Laurie."

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

Do the men who write of topics always meet with great success?
Yes, to hear them tell it;
When you're "done up" in a court-room do you always get redress?
Yes, to hear them tell it;
Did you ever see a lawyer who would not take up your case,
That is if you had money and a confidential face;
Do they ever give your money back or fail to give a brace?
Oh! yes, to hear them tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

Does the "hayseed" come to town without a bundle in his pocket?
Yes, to hear him tell it;
Does he blow his money in for diamonds, watch and chain and locket?
Yes, to hear him tell it;
When the hayseed meets the bunco and the "bunc" begins to skin
The poor old Reuben out of every dollar of his tin,
Would the hayseed take the bunco's cash if he should chance to win?
Oh! no, to hear him tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

Do the challenges of fighters prove they really care to fight?
Yes, to hear them tell it;
When they step into the ring they're going to knock things out of sight;
Yes, to hear them tell it;
The Jacksons, Slavins, Corbetts in the papers whoop their whoop;
You'd think that so much bluster would at last give them the croup,
But John L. Sullivan can put the whole mob "in the soup";
Oh! yes, you hear me tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

Does the man who stays out late at night come home without a head?
Yes, to hear him tell it;
When his wife calls him at daylight does he jump right out of bed?
Yes, to hear him tell it;
He sits down to his breakfast, tells his wife he's feeling great,
And sends her to the cellar, while he sneaks out through the gate;
Does he stop to enter you saloon on account of cruel fate?
Oh! yes, to hear him tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

Does the man who goes to England get the least bit of fair play?
Yes, to hear them tell it;
Those invited to the ring-side are the best sports of the day;
Yes, to hear them tell it;
When they'll try and do a man up who came there with open hand,
To battle fair and square against a worthless cut-throat band?
Would there be a chance for any man who came from this fair land?
Oh! yes, to hear him tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

Oh! Chicago is the greatest city now upon the earth;
Yes, to hear her tell it;
And her bluster keeps the city of New York in constant mirth;
Yes, you hear me tell it;
Chicago and St. Louis boast of great things that are there,
New York smiles on serenely while they pull each other's hair,
But Chicago's going to make a great success of our World's Fair;
Oh! yes, to hear her tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

When a woman sues for a divorce her husband is to blame;
Yes, to hear her tell it;
She tells how she was beautiful before she changed her name;
Yes, to hear her tell it;
The trial is over, the Carters and Potters go on the stage,
Because most of the papers have their names on every page;
There going to do some acting, and they know they'll be the rage;
Oh! yes, to hear them tell it;
And the band played "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney," too.

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A fair-haired boy in a foreign land at sunrise was to die;
In a prison-cell he sat alone, from his heart there came a sigh;
Deserted from the ranks, they said, the reason none could say;
They only knew the orders were that he should die next day;
And as the hours glided by, a messenger on wings did fly
To save this boy from such a fate—a pardon, but it came too late.

CHORUS.

The volley was fired at sunrise, just after break of day,
And while the echoes lingered, a soul had passed away
Into the arms of his Maker, and there to hear his fate;
A tear, a sigh, a sad "good-bye"—the pardon came too late.

And 'round the camp-fire burning bright the story then was told;
How his mother on a dying-bed called for her son so bold;
He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way;
She never saw her boy so fair—he died at break of day;
And when the truth at last was known, his innocence at once was shown,
To save from such an unjust fate a pardon sent, but 'twas too late.—CHO.

—No matter how hard silence falls, it does not break.

HAUL ME BACK AGAIN.

Tune—"Call Me Back Again."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written by James Curran.

Last night I went to see my little sweetheart,
To meet her I had to climb a garden-wall;
I got myself all cut with broken bottles,
And right into the garden I did fall.
Just then I heard a bull-dog sweetly warbling,
I tried to scramble back, it was all in vain;
I managed to get nearly half-way over,
When that 'ere bull-dog hauled me back again.

CHORUS.

He hauled me back again—he hauled me back again;
I lost the seat of my new Sunday waist-coat,
When that 'ere bull-dog hauled me back again.

Last week I did attend a public meeting,
I got upon a chair to make a speech;
With sticks and stones I got a friendly greeting,
My voice was drowned, though loudly I did screech.
With last year's eggs the roughs did vaccinate me;
They fell on me as thick as hail or rain;
To save my life I jumped into a tram-car,
The crowd pursued and hauled me back again.

CHORUS.

They hauled me back again—they hauled me back again;
They took me down and chucked me into the river,
And with a boat-hook hauled me back again.

The other day I nearly found a sixpence,
I never was so near a thing before;
It was lying on the street, and no one near it,
I murmured, there's a drink for me in store.
Alas! alas! my hopes were disappointed,
A little hole that sixpence did contain,
And as I stooped some fellows burst out laughing,
As with a string they hauled it back again.

CHORUS.

They hauled it back again—they hauled it back again
They said old man that tanner is quicksilver.
They pulled and dragged and hauled it back again.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

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Sung with immense success by Bonnie Kate Harvey.

The world is full of great mistakes, for instance, some believe
That all the faults of human-kind are traced to mother Eve.
Men say that Adam was a saint who loved his solitude,
Until a female came to him and taught him to be rude.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a delusion! oh, what a mistake,
What a terrible blunder for anybody to make,
It's really just the opposite, they've run right off the course,
They've got the story wrong side up and the cart before the horse.

A girl get's home a trifle late, her ma looks awful black;
And says, "I hear you've been a walk with that young Wastrel Jack.
And people saw him kissing you just where the lights were dim.
No, no, mamma, Jack ne'er kissed me! for I was kissing him.—CHORUS.

Some people come to music halls and listen to each song;
They find fault here and find fault there and criticise so strong.
They say if they could get a chance, a star they'd quickly be;
But when they face an audience, how soon they change their key.—CHORUS.

Some loving pairs made up their minds to go and do a splice;
In spite of all our warnings, and of married folks' advice,
She thinks that wedlock's bliss on earth, he thinks it's worth a try;
But afterwards you'll sometimes hear these spooney couples cry:—CHORUS.

—Making a Pleasure of Duty.—"I believe you Presbyterians don't keep Lent, Miss Lawrence?" "I just guess we do. I always have a new suit for Easter."—*Puck.*

—Flinders: "How is it your wife doesn't find fault with such a tiny flat?" Flanders: "She has probably come to the conclusion that there isn't even room for complaint."

—Citizen: "Yes, I have an umbrella that needs mending, but if I let you have it, how am I know that you will bring it back?" Umbrella-Mender: "Haf no fear. I alvays sharge more for mending dan I could sell zee umbrella for."

—"What is the deepest depth of ignorance?" asked the philosopher musingly, and the man of the world made haste to answer: "It is the ignorance displayed by a railway-official when there has been a wreck on his road."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE SHEENEY MAN.

Sung by J. C. Rich.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I only come to America about von year ago,
It really is the truth, upon my vord;
I am sure to make my fortune with the lovely goods I show,
So if you vant to buy some have a look.
When first I come to England I hadn't got a dollar,
And, upon my vord, I had to work without a paper-collar,
And that's the reason all the day I am sure to holler,
Von't you patronize the Sheeney man?

CHORUS.

Von't you puy my vashleathers,
And my slippers and my sponge,
For they call me Ikey Moses;
And my goods they are the best,
Then von't you patronize the Sheeney man?

Perhaps you von't believe me, once I didn't have a cent,
It really is the truth, upon my vord;
Vell, the boys they call me ooftish, you all know what it means,
If you vant to puy some have a look.
I've a small establishment around the corner in a cellar,
And I've got a leetle vife whose yiddish, her name is Bella;
I am making lots of monish, brown, white and yellow,
Von't you patronize the Sheeney man?—CHORUS.

Now, my friends, I must away, I can no longer stay,
It really is the truth, upon my vord;
Vell, perhaps, I make a fortune if I call some other day,
If you vant to puy some have a look.
The articles I sell to you to make a little oofttish,
Perhaps you think my manners are getting rather roughtish,
Von't you puy a sponge or a pair of eufftish,
Von't you patronize the Sheeney man?—CHORUS.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Written by F. V. S. Clair. Composed by E. Jongmans.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung with great success by Will Oliver, the "Man on the Spot."

One cold winter's night in the year fifty-four,
The battle had scarcely ceased,
The soldiers were going to camp for the night,
The storm had in fury increased,
The camp-fires lit, the warriors prepared
To seek a few hours' repose,
A poor little drummer-boy drew near the fire
And said, so the story goes:

CHORUS.

Wrap me in the old flag, the standard of the free,
The flag that has for ages waved o'er land and sea;
Wrap me in the old flag, the banner of the brave,
And let my body lie within a British soldier's grave.

The drummer boy had in the thick of the fight
Fought just like a Briton so true,
Tho' only a bit of a stripling was he,
He proved what a youngster can do,
Surrounded was he, yet bravely he fought,
And many the death-thrust he gave;
When covered with wounds, he had crept into camp
To seek there a soldier's grave.—CHORUS.

He called his friends round, and he asked them to write
A note to his own mother dear,
Informing her how his last thoughts were of her
While dying out in the Crimea;
They laid him to rest, obeyed his request,
Each one would have died him to save;
He peacefully sleeps close to Alma's famed heights,
He found there a warrior's grave.—CHORUS.

COPPER MALONE.

Copyright, 1890, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Frank Davis.

I'll introduce myself to you, you don't know me, of course;
My name is Timothy Malone, I'm the pride of all the force.
In my natty way upon Broadway, oh, don't I cut a dash,
When I pass by the ladies sigh, and I always make a mash.

CHORUS.

For I am the Copper Malone! I came from the county Tyrone;
When I'm on my beat, the young girls so sweet call me their darling, their own!
In my uniform don't I look grand, as I walk with my stick in my hand;
The ladies and babies, the sweet little daisies, are mashed on the copper Malone.

I'm a lallah with the ladies, no matter where I am,
From the Batt'ry up to Harlem Bridge, they admire the policeman.
I'm a beauty bright, way out of sight, and rivals I have none,
When I pass by you'll hear them say, ah! there! Tim Malone!—CHORUS.

We're going to have a festival, and games of every kind,
Contested by the great M. P.'s, the bravest you can find.
And after there'll be music, sure the latest tunes they'll play,
And you can bet that Tim Malone will be champion of the day.—CHORUS.

TWO NEW MICKS IN TOWN.

Tune—"New Coon in Town."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by the Two Macs.

For our beauty we have been engaged;
When we smile the people faint;
You might fancy I'm the Prince of Wales,
But I tell you straight that I ain't.

CHORUS.

We're two new Micks in town, two new Micks in town,
Out of jail we came the other day;
We're two new Micks in town that nobody can down.
For the beauties clear the way.

We have two girls—two lovely girls—with black and rolling eyes—
Oh, meet me when the bloom is on the nose!
We gave them two pigs' feet that we picked up in the street—
Pigs' feet with lovely warts upon their toes.

CHORUS.

When the corn is waving, dear—
Waving on my toe—
We'll meet them at the work-house gate,
Where ginger-whiskers grow.

Tripe and onions is the land for me!
England never will be Wales;
Bathing in the Irwell, fishing for old boots,
Putting curls in bull-dogs' tails.

CHORUS.

We're two new Micks in town, two new Micks in town,
Out of jail we came the other day;
We're two new Micks in town that nobody can down,
For the beauties clear the way.

SKIBBEREEN.

Sung by Charles Collette.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, divil a bit can I tell ye now
What happened to me at the wake o' me cow;
There was Larry an' Patrick an' Jerry and Tim,
An' all the relayshuns, hooch, bad scan to thim.
They came in their thousands from valley and hill,
An' broke the resource ov the whiskey still,
That was the great fayture of Ballynahog,
With their lashuns an' drinkin's an' crying for grog.

CHORUS.

Wid their tearing, daring, cursing, swearing,
Scooting, looting, hooting, shooting
Whiskey, potatoes, och, wigs on the green,
Shillalaghs were flying in ould Skibbereen.

When Larry, the spalpeen, an' Tim tuk the floor,
An' hung up their hats on the back of the door;
Be jabers, said I, just for fun loike, to Pat,
How's that for turnips, cried Larry, take that—
I took it, and then, for the rest of my loife,
I'll never forget the ructions an' strife;
I can't tell entoirely how that row was fixed,
But all me relayshuns was pretty well mixed.—CHORUS.

Oh, begorra, the shouting an' tearing around,
The boys that were broke up an' stitched on the ground,
Pat tuk up the pavement an' pulled down the roof,
Then evicted me out by the power ov his hoof.
They broke up me meal-cask, they split the potteen,
Divil another such shindy was seen;
Then they blazed at me windows an' stritched out me sow,
To await the last trump by the side of me cow.—CHORUS.

My head the next morning was just like a rattle,
Me oies an' my nose both showed signs of the battle;
P. C. 92 took us up for our thrial;
Tho' we said we weren't foighting, he'd take no denial.
Poor Tim got a fortnit, we all got a week;
The judge said, "Be aisy, ye've had a bad squeak,
But if iver the boys an' yourself want a row,
Don't let it occur at the wake of a cow."—CHORUS.

Blue-Eyed, Sweet Evangeline.

Copyright, 1890, by J. P. Broder & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by J. W. Wilson. Music by Owen Conduit.

Whilst meand'ring through a shady dell one lovely day in June,
I beheld a pretty blue-eyed belle, midst flowers' sweet perfume;
My heart she quickly stole from me, with the twinkle of her eye;
I danced and laughed with joyous glee as she smiled and passed me by.

CHORUS.

Blue-eyed, sweet Evangeline, the waking of my ev'ry dream;
She's the idol of my heart, and my dainty, sweet sunbeam;
How can I ever from her part, my blue-eyed, sweet Evangeline?

Next day we met, and out we strolled to talk of happy bliss;
Two hearts that beat as one and rolled with fond and loving kiss;
I felt my heart was in a flame as I clasped her to my side,
'Twas then she promised she would name the day she'd be my bride.—CHO.

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fidacit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [sucht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
S' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n
[Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käfernaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Winter sein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer in mein
Muder (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindele!
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 132 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Aleris send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Bergalein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Trambambull, das ist der Titel
Ja droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Kelselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Draußen ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Kind in meine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maiülfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
S' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Adel
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
Am Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Alt ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Nottz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was flinget und singet die Straßen herum
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 1

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This book, the first of the series, contains 138 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

An Irishman's toast
Angel's whisper
Banks of Claudy
Blackbird
Bard of Armagh
Beautiful Isle of the sea
Bonny bunch of roses
Barney McCoy
Banks of Brandywine
Bryan O'Lynn
Bells of Shandon
Beautiful shamrock of old
Biddy McCarthy [Ireland
Bonaparte on Saint Helena
Believe me, if all those endear-
Blarney [ing young charms
Bing-en on the Rhine
Brennen on the moor
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Sweet Dundee
Bushlamachree
Captain Dwyer
Croppy boy
Come back to Erin
Now that ate the piper
Dear Irish boy
Dermot Asthore
Dublin Bay
Doran's ass
Death of Parnell
Dear harp of my country
Dear little Colleen
Digging for gould
Dear little shamrock
Dublin carman
Donnelly and Cooper
Erin is my home
Exile's lament
Erin's green shore
Exile of Erin
Erin-go-bragh
Erin's lovely home
Erin, Mavourneen
Father Tom O'Neil
Fenians' escape
Four-leafed shamrock
Green mossy banks of the lee
Green fields of America
God, save Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Girl I left behind me
God bless you, Colleen
Harp that once through Tara's
Home rule for Ireland [halls
Hat me father wore
Irish stranger
Irishman's shanty
Irish colleen
I left Ireland and mother be-
Irish girl [cause we were poor
Ireland will yet be free
Jennie, the flower of Kildare
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Kate Kearney
Katty Avourneen
Kate O'Brien
Kitty Tyrrell
Land league land [old
Let Erin remember the days of
Lament of the Irish emigrant
Legacy
Limerick is beautiful
Lather and shave
Manchester martyrs
Molly Muldoon
Molly Bawn
Maureen Mavourneen
Moonlight at Killarney
Minstrel boy
My heart's in old Ireland
Ma Aulleen, Asthore
Mac's and the Z's
Meeting of the waters
Mollie, darling
My Emmet's no more
Maid of Sweet Gorteen
No Irish need apply
Norah McShane
Norah, the pride of Kildare
Nora O'Neal
Nell Flaugherty's drake
Napoleon's dream
Napoleon's farewell to Paris
Origin of the harp
Oh, breathe not his name
O'Donnell, the avenger
One penny portion
Oh, where's the slave
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin
Oh, the shamrock
O'Donnell Abu
One pound two
Poor Pat must emigrate
Pride of Mayo
Patrick's day parade
Pretty maid milking her cow
Paddy is the boy
Pat Malloy
Patrick Sheehan
Rich and rare were the gems
Rory O'More [she wore
Remember the glories of Brian
Shamus O'Brien [the brave
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Song of Innisfail
Sogarth Aroon
Star of Glengary
Shan Van Vogh
Tim Finigan's wake
True lovers' discussion
Tail iv me coat
Terence's farewell to Kathleen
Valley lay smiling before me
Wedding of Ballyporeen
Where the grass grows green
Wild Irish boy
White cockade
What will you do, lovet
Wearing of the green
William Reilly's courtship
Willy Reilly
Whistling thief
Young Dermot and Bridget
Young rose [Molloy
You would not leave your Norah
You remember Ellen

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WEHMAN'S IRISH SONG BOOK No. 2

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This book, the second of the series, contains 128 Popular Comic and Sentimental Irish Songs, not found in No. 1. Examine the contents.

CONTENTS:

A handful of earth
An agricultural Irish girl
A letter from Ireland
An Irish fair day
Bridget Donahue
Beauty of Limerick
Barney's courtship
Old Jack Donahoe
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea
Bright little spot on the ocean
Boy from County Clare
Bould sojer boy
Bold Irish soldier
Clara Nolan's ball
Casey's whiskey
Come back to your Irish home
Colleen Bawn
Don't run down the Irish
Dan O'Brien's raffle
Fine old Irish gentleman
Flanigan, the lodger
Give an honest Irish lad a chance
Green linnet
Garden where the praties grow
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
Garryowen
Green above the red
Gems of old Ireland
Great men that Ireland has seen
Hogan and Sayers
How Paddy stole the rope
Hiberula's lovely Jean
Husband's dream
Inniskillen dragoon
Is that Mr. Reilly?
Irish Molly, O
Irish-American tea
I'm proud I'm an Irishman born
I'm going to have my name
Irish spree [above the door
Ireland for the Irish
I dreamed that old Ireland was
Irish schoolmaster [free
Irish potheen
I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son
Irish volunteer
Irish love-letters
John Mitchell
Just to show my respects to
Jolly Irishman [McGinnis
Judy McCarty
Johnny Doyle
Killaloe
Kill or cure
Lamentation of James Rodgers
Lakes of Cold Finn
Lamentation of Johnny Reel
Lads who live in Ireland
Land of potatoes, oh
Lamentation of General James
Lady of Knock [Shields
MacKenna's dream
McDonald's return to Glenco
Mantle so green
Morrissey and the Benecia boy
Morrissey and Heenan fight
My dear old Irish home
My Bonny laboring boy
Man that struck O'Hara
My good looking man
Mr. McAnally and his ould high
Maginnis' raffle [hat
My father sould charcoal
Mrs. McLaughlin's party
Norah, Asthore
Night that Larry got wed
Ould plaid shawl
Old leather breeches
Over the mountain
Och, Paddy, is it yerself
Old bog-hole
O'Riley, the fisherman
Pat Roach at the play
Peggy O'Moore
Patrick, mind the baby
Poor Irish minstrel
Patriots of Ireland
Paddy's curiosity shop
Pat's not so black as he's been
Pat O'Hara [painted
Pretty Mary, the dairyman's
Paddy Carey [daughter
Paddy Magee's dream
Paddy Whack
Paddy Miles
Paddy Shay
Petticoat lane
Pat of Mullingar
Paddy at the theatre
Rose of Tralee
Remember, boy, you're Irish
Rocky road to Dublin
Rambler from Clare
Robert Emmet
River Roe
Ragged Pat
Sullivan and Kilrain fight
Swate Castle Garden
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Shamrock shore
Shamrock, rose and thistle
Tan-yard side
There never was a coward where
Teddy McGlynn [the shamrock
Tipperary christening [grows
True Irish gents
Terry O'Rann
Teddy Regan's swarie
Three leaves of shamrock
That rogue, Riley
When McGinnis gets a job
Where is Kathleen
Written in letters of gold
Widow Malone
Wrongs of ould Ireland
Widow McCarty
Why Paddy's always poor
What Norah said

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CONTENTS:

Across the bridge he goes
Archie Dean
An Irishman's letter
Atheist and scorn
A last look
Betsy and I are out
Betsy destroys the paper
Betsy und I hafe bust up
Banty Tim
Brakeman at church
Boss tramp
Bed-bug
Bad whiskey
Bernardo del Carpio
Bootblack
Burial of Sir John Moore
Bill Mason's ride
Christmas day in the work-
Casey at the bat [house
Calibre fifty-four
Collier's dying child
Coney Island down der b
Convict's dream
Charcoal man
Don't be tazing me
Dying gladiator
Drunkard's dream
Dot vater-mill
Der drummer
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Dot lambs vot Mary hat got
Drafted
Diver
Dude
Der plumber
Der oak und der vine
Face upon the floor
Foreclosure of the mortgage
Fireman's wedding
Go vay, Becky Miller
How we tried to whip the
Her lovers [Teacher
How Micky got kilt in the war
How "Ruby" played
Increase of crime
Irish wife
In a cellar in Soho
Kitchen clock
Kiss in school
Kelley's dream
Kissing in the street
Liberty enlightens the world
Larry's on the force
Ma's baby
Mulcahey's sooner dog
Montgomery Guards of Boshton
Machone's child
Man who rode to Conemaugh
Murillo's trance
Money musk
Mona's waters
McGonigle's game dog
Monks' magnificat
New church-organ
Only a pin
On the Rappahannock
Orphan boy
Pat's mistake
Puzzled census-taker
Paul Revere's ride
Pride of Battery B
Pauper's Christmas eve
Puzzled Dutchman
Red Jacket
Stowaway
Sword of Bunker Hill
Sullivans vs. Sylvio Sylvesto
Shacob's lament
Sigu-board
Ship on fire
Truth in parenthesis
Wife's dream
Water-mill
Woman is what man doth make
Whistler [her
Wake of Tim O'Hara
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Yellow-haired Neille
Yellow-haired laddie

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A dutchman's answer
A lunch fiend
A dutchman's testimony in a steam-
Ah-goo [boat case
Ballad of the Rhine
Bender puys a delephone
Book agent and the tailor, The
Breitmann in Maryland
Burlesque of John B. Gough's tem
Cut behind [perance speech
Carl Dunder talks to the children
Coney Island down der bay
De pooty widder
Der shoemaker's boy
Der nighd pehind Ghrisdmas
Der coming man
Der oak und der vine
Der kicker und der krank
Der crafen
Der patter of der shingles
Deutscher love song
Dot funny leetle baby
Dot Hoboken bucket
Dot mule
Dot widow und Shakey
Dot water-pipe
Dot wife of mine
Dot young viddow Clara
Dot stupporn pony
Dot Musquiter
Dot Fritzey
Dutch Maud Muller, The
Dutch advertisement
Dutchman's clock, The
Dutchman's telephone, The
Dutchman's serenade, The
Dyin' vords of Isaac
Ediket
Ein Deutsches lied
Fad, fair und fordy
Fritz und I
Fritzey's dead
German barber, The
Go vay, Becky Miller!
Gretchen und me go oud
Hans and Frits
Hans Donderbeck's wedding
Hans's hundred dollars
Habby Grisdmas
He don't can dold a lie
He vos dhinkin'
How to learn Dutch
How "Sockery" sot the hen
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own
I vash so glad I vash here [schooner
Initiated as a member of the United
Jake und Minnie [Order of Half-
Leedle Ya-cob Strauss [sheller
Mary's shmall vite lamb
Marriage ceremony, The
Mine shildren
Mine deory aboud bedigree
Mit Sigel
Mother-in-law, The
Mr. Schmidt's mistake
Mygel Snyder's party
Mutilated-currency question, The
Parody on Barbara Frietchie
Parody on Betsey and I are out
Parody on the wreck of the Hesperus
Pells, pells, dot court-house pells
Puzzled census taker, The
Puzzled Dutchman, The
Reckermemper der poor
Schlosser's ride
Schneider's description of the play
Schneider's ride [of Leah
Schneider's dermarters
Schnitzerl's philosopede
Snyder's nose
Te pesser vay
Two tollar
Vas Bender henshpecked
Yoppy's varder unt hees drubbles
Zwei lager

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CONTENTS:

As I sat upon my dear old
Aileen Mavourneen [mother's
Annie Rooney's sister [knee
Annie Rooney's Joe
Annie Rooney's beau
Arousing and bright
Are you with us, Casey?
A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Cruiskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It sho vered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Kaby O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudeen
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green lear in our bible
Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
Morrisey and the Russian
Mister Dooley's geese
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Mary of the wild moor
Mr. John Malone
Murphy owes me rent
Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
Mary of Tipperary
Must we leave our old home
Mr. O'Gallagher
Mickey Free's lament
My jaunting car
Michael Dwyer
Maloney, the rolling-mill man
My Maggie
Mary O'Mara
Mary, I believed thee true
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
Nora Maguire
Night Maloney landed in New
Noreen [York—Parody
Nora's lament
Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the bugaboo
Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Paddy Duffy's cart
Paddy Flynn
Paddy's trip from Dublin
Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those single days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
Widow Nolan's goat
When Ireland belongs to the
Widow Machree [Irish again
Widow McGinnis's pig
Wake of Teddy the tiler
When he who adores thee
Widow of Wicklow

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Bold McIntyres [all
Boil it down
Cruiskeen Lawn
Cleopatra McNally
Christmas day in the work-house—RECI
Comrades
Curfew's good-night peal
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Cabby knows his fare
Come and meet me, Rosa, darling
Clancy wasn't in it
Days when I was young
Dot vife of mine—RECITATION
Don't you know?
Down the shady grove
Darling old stick
Duffeys
From Greenland's icy mountains
Forty years ago
Father O'Flynn
Fannie Lee
He was a pal of mine
He ain't in it
I've a little yaller watch
It showered again
Irish jubilee
In thy dreams remember me
I can't believe her faithless
I'd have done it for her
I'm always misunderstood
Irish wedding
I was on it
I guess not
I'm a jolly little chap all 'round
It's a long lane that has no turn
Kate Connor
Katty, darling
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lone grave
Low-back'd car
Little Sam
Little green leaf in our bible
Larry McCue
Liberty enlightens the world—REC
Linden tree
Little Queenie Lee
Last night
Laugh, and the world will laugh with
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Like and love
Love will find the way
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Love in a toy-shop
My sailor Jack
My son, my only son
Minnie Gray
Mother is my sweetheart
Murphy owes me rent
Muffle the bell, our Nelly's dying
My sweetheart in the gallery
My love is Fair Columbia
Must we leave our old home
Mary of Tipperary
My mother's birthday
Minnehaha
Madaline
Nora Maguire
Oh! Erin, my country
Old farm-house
Once more we speak
Out on the deep
Old salt pork and beans
Old grape-vine swing
Old Ireland forever
O'Geoghan, the gander
Pretty little Lou
Pilgrim
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
Pompey's honeymoon
Paddy Flynn
Rattle of the latch-key in the door
Sheepshead Bay
Sweet Belle Mahone
Sweet Katie Connor
Says Aaron to Moses
Somebody's ship will be home by-and-
Song the chimney sang [by
Spinning-wheel
Song of the steeple
Swinging in the grape-vine swing
So did I
Then you wink the other eye
This little pig went to market
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
They're after me [gone
Three of us
Tell her I love her so
Tell my mother not to weep
Till the snowflakes come again
There you are, there you ain't
Through the meadow
There are no angel men
Uncle Joe
Up for the green
Whistling Susanna
Widow Nolan's goat
We were shipmates, Jack and I
Why can't the girls propose?
What is the use
Widow McGinnis's pig
Whistling wife
We're glad to hear the news
When I get to be a man like pa

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Aunt Peggy and Uncle Dan
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Aladdin's lamp
Always be polite, boys
A sailor's story
Autumn leaves
A boy's belief
Beyond the shadows
By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Biscuits Miss Flanigan made
Blue-eyed Nelly
Ben Bolt
Bank has failed to-day
Bingen on the Rhine—RECITATION
Boulevard
Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
Black-edged letter from home
Band played "Annie Laurie"
British soldier's grave
Blue-eyed sweet Evangeline
Come, all ye moon
Cigarette McCarty
Caledonia
Come back to Erin
Come down, Mrs. Flynn
Crutch and toothpick
Cart before the horse
Copper Malone
Daylight's a-breakin'
Don't forget mother
Dog
Day that my poor mother died
Don't abuse the old folks
Don't blame me, for I didn't do it
Drink the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Eileen Alanna
Fire brigade
Fated
Faces again
Holy smoke
Her bright smile haunts me still
Hush, little girl, don't cry
Hands across the sea
Haul me back again
'Twas Dooley raised the fight
Is there no kiss for me to-night?
In old Madrid
I've only been out with the boys
Is marriage a failure? What say you?
Irish through and through
Jersey-blue handkerchief
King death
Kathleen
Katy, darling
Little bunch o' Berries
Lover's quarrel
Little Jim
Lazy John
Little sign is still above the door
Lovers' quarrel—No. 2
Little pie
Life's highway
Little widow
Mary O'Mara
Mary of Argyle
My sweetheart true
McManus and his spike-tail coat
Maiden's prayer
Mother, don't weep for your darling
Maria's run away
Mary and John
Marching through Georgia
My son Charley
Night Maloney lost his new high hat
Nell and mother's name
New coon's done gone
Only tired
Omniscient ostrich
Oh! where's the slave
Old Bowery pit
O'Grady, the swell
On a Sunday morning
Oh! squeeze me, Joe
Old mump on the green
Oh! Jennie, when we both grow old
Paddy O'Rafther
Pawnbroker's ticket
"Poor JONATHAN" Songs-
Alas for me
Ever before me
Prima-donna's song
Thou'lt be my love
Young lady students' chorus
Yes, 'tis the impresario
Pardon came too late
Rale McMullin style
Song of all songs
Swell with the glass in his eye
Scotch Lassie Jean
Song of the stage
Second-hand hotel down where I board
Same old home
Same old tune
Steady, boys, steady
Sweet Louisa
Stick to your work and save your cash
Summer girl—RECITATION
Swinging on the toll gate
Sheeney man
Skibbereen
Texas Ranger
Tender love that never dies
Tenting on the old camp ground
There's none like a mother, if ever so poor
Typical mashers
Two new micks in town
Village barber—RECITATION
Widow of Wicklow
When he who adores thee
We shall all be angels in the sweet by-and-by
Widow
Waiting at the farm house door
With pleasant smiles
What's in a kiss?
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You can't do it

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Answer
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Bring my boy back again
Babies on our block
Baby's tears
Bridal march
Chickabiddy
Cupid
Casey's ball
City waif
Cobwebs on the wall
Could I only spot the winner
Coming home from meeting
Castaways
Down in Gossip Row
Daisy is dead
Don't you dare to do it, George
Danny takes after his father
Erin is my home
Frost upon the pane
For a week or two
Fight at Canada between Morrissey and
Fireman's boy [Heenan
Gilligan's on a tear again
Gently does the trick
Going home with Nelly after five
Good-bye, old party, good-bye
Girl with the patent roller-skates
Get on to Reilly
Heart of my heart
It goes with a pound of tea
I got it
I wish he were here to-night
If you love me, darling, tell me with your
Irish poker club [eyes
I traced her little footsteps in the snow
Irish stew
I've worked eight hours this day
I am waiting at the door, Mary Ann
In a very different place
I shall have 'em
Irish Row
Isn't it awfully hot!
It's a thousand to one
I know [request)
I want to see Nelly once more (Gen. Grant's
I'm sorry, my boy, you're too late
I'll go back to my old love again
Just another
Keep on kissing me
Little sign is gone
Little beggar boy
Little household king
Little Widow Dunn
Little Tillie's grave
My boy Bill—RECITATION
McFadden's up-town flat
Mr. Mulcahey, Esquire
Musical flat
Molly
My little side door
Mother's good-night kiss
Mr. Barney Flynn
McGuffin's home run
McNulty, you're a daisy
Nelly lost and found
Never, never, no more
Not in a thousand years
Old pals
Old Massachusetts' Ninth
Oh! take care of it
Only a dear little star
Oh! what an operation
Off—very much off!
Old log cabin in the dell
Old leather breeches
Old Hickory's days
Peggy Malone
Pitcher of beer
Poor old maid
Parody on—
Comrades
Down on the farm
Here lies an actor
It's for money
Maggie Murphy's home
Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
Where can the wanderer be?
Roll on, silver moon
Ragged coat
Roller-skating rink
Reason why it's so
Ring the bell softly
Something went wrong with the works
Stop dat car
She'd kept them all for me
Sentenced to death
She lives on Murray Hill
She works the little racket this way
Say a kind word, love
There is no home like my own
That's how he carries on
That never could happen here
That's what he did for his country
Ten years in Cherry Hill
There's another good man gone wrong
Take me back to home and mother
What can I tell her?
Wait a little bit
Widow Clancy's party
Wash-tub song (Annie Pixley's)
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As we wander in the orange grove
Alms-house fire
A message from mother
At it again
Arkansaw
A pretty girl
Ask the man in the moon
A sailor's home, sweet home
Butterfly dude
Bard of Armagh
Be my mother till I die
Birdie, darling
Bonnie, sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee
Bring down your wants to your means
Boys together
Blame it on to the girls
Baby, baby
Christopher Columbus—RECITATION.
Call me pet names
Call me thine own
Drop it
Day I lost me job
Do all the good that you can
Darling Bessie of the Lea
Drummer of the Sixty-ninth
Dance, Judy, dance
Every day I'll be Sunday by-and-by
Exile of Erin
Erin's green shore
Excuse me, excuse me
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone
Every rose must have its thorn
Faded coat of blue
Face upon the floor—RECITATION.
Girl that got stuck on the country
Give Paddy but a chance
Georga Washingdone—RECITATION.
Gal with her hair cut curly
Heigh, ho! Hugo Sally
He never came back
I guess not
I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know
I cannot call her mother
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart
I knew it [can never be
I don't think he'll do it at present
I never tell tales out of school
It's all going to happen next year
Isaac Cohen's home
India-rubber man
I found her sleeping
I want to be somebody's darling
I'm seventeen to-day
Just to show there was no ill-feeling
Jubilee hymn
Jack was a true friend to me
Judgment day
Little old log cabin in the lane
Lullaby, baby dear
Little rosebud
Large schooners
Lightship's straight ahead
Life-boat crew
Midnight squad
McCormick's Irish flat
Me and Jack
Mamie's wedding night
Maggie's secret
Memories of the past
Mary Ann Kehoe
Moon behind the hill
Mother, do not weep for me
Mulligan's masquerade
Mother's prayer by the sea
Man with an elephant on his hands
Mary Barry
Nellie Clancy
No work
Only one
Oblige a lady
Old black crow
Oh, Maria
Old barn floor
Oh! Joshua
Papa's baby boy
Paddy stole the rope
Pretty little rosy cheeks
Picture that is turned toward the wall
Pleasures of boarding
Paddy's land
Park Place horror
Poor old bum
Parody on—
Down went McGinty
Letter that never came
Wash me, mother dear
Quiet lodgings
Right idea
Rose-bush
Sights at the dime museum
She trotted me off to church
Sweethearts were we
Six feet of earth
Sella de banan'—RECITATION
Skipper and his boy
Still, still in debt
Speed on, my bark
She never blamed him, never
Sights in New York City
Square, honest man
Sail to the lights on the shore
Turn-verein cadets
Tan-yard side
These words no Shakespeare wrote
Tray bong
They never will invite you any more
To be a lone widow
Up went McGinty
Widow Nolan's door
Weavers' strike
When you and I were young, Maggie
When the women folks boss the whole world
When I was a child of three
Wild man of Borneo
Where are you going, my pretty maid
Your necktie's up behind
You press the button, we do the rest
You can't get a drop on a Sunday

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A drink
Brudder Barnes is grieved at the lack of faith which Bartimeus [prevails
Better stay whar yo' is
Beware
Bad for the other fellow
Barber finds that every one in New York is for himself
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Es vos noit Peeeness
Donkey was there
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Fitch
Grigg and his bones
Getzheim's bardy
Gals went over the fence
Go-away
He sought for gore
How Mr. McGinty won the
Her letters [widdy
How Jimmy tended the baby
His memory "all right"
Hans Yager on bustles
He gets dere shust der same
How his garments got
He will die soon [turned
Hochspieler's hired girl
Happy the man
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows
id's own schooner
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Irish inquest
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Moses Strauss [ing turkey
Mine shildren
My musical neighbor
Mr. Diffident's speech
Mrs. O'Raherty's good
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Mecca of the West
Mary Ann's mother afraid
of "that Gibhardt felly"
Moving to the city
Mr. Barney Boru McFinn
declares his intentions
Neighbors were too brash
and too curious for him
No rose without a thorn
Newly-arrived "Irish immi-
Orthography [grant
Ode to the full moon
Old dinner-horn
Odds and the evens
Often so
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Perhaps the stingiest fellow
Pumpkins tree [on record
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Polly in a court-room
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Sambo's wooing [ence
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Schmidt is grateful
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School trustee
Silence
To a new legislator
Too previous
Tobias—so to speak
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Tom
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Two tollar
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JUST ANOTHER.

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Words by Cavanagh and Robey. Music by G. M. Rosenberg.

I know it's hardly right for me to talk about my sex,
But still those over-modest girls a saint would surely vex;
Give me the girl who when she's kissed will never pout or cry,
Who thinks one kiss is not enough—that is, when no one's nigh.

SPOKEN—Not one of those girls who wants to be kissed a score of times, but a girl who wants:

CHORUS.

Just another, just another,
Just another sip of honey, for it makes you feel so queer;
And it's pleasing, oh! so pleasing,
Kissing jolly girls who ask for just another.

SPOKEN—Not too many, you know, but—(REPEAT CHORUS.)

Some time ago I used to have a friend who'd come to tea,
And when no one was looking, I would sit upon his knee;
I could not count the times he's placed his arms around my waist,
And often have I said to him, "Well, this just suits my taste."

SPOKEN—Sometimes he'd give me such a squeeze, and say, "Have you had enough?" and I invariably exclaim:

CHORUS.

Just another, just another,
Just another little pressure, for it makes me feel so queer;
Oh, the squeezing is so pleasing,
Squeezing loving girls who ask for just another.

SPOKEN—No matter how hard he squeezed me, I always ask for—(REPEAT CHORUS.)

You'll see a fellow watch a girl as through the street she'll go,
Especially if it's muddy, for her ankles she must show;
He'll say, "Oh, look here, Charley, see the darling lift her dress,
And what a well-formed ankle! why, it's tasty, I confess.

SPOKEN—His friend says, "Come along, old man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you don't want to look again." He turns with a sigh, and exclaims:

CHORUS.

Just another, just another,
Just another sip of honey, for it makes me feel so queer;
Struck by Cupid, nearly stupid,
Human nature makes me ask for just another.

SPOKEN—Don't be impatient, my boy.—(REPEAT CHORUS.)

"Is married life a failure?" That's the question of the day;
Some answer, "yes," some answer, "no;" but I've a word to say:
When husbands walk the floor all night in cold and misery,
With squalling kids, why marriage then no failure seems to be.

SPOKEN—You come home from business, meet the nurse at the door, and she exclaims:

CHORUS.

Just another, just another,
Just another little baby that will set you almost wild,
And another, and another,
And for fourteen years it's been—well—just another.

SPOKEN—What? No sir! Not any more, but—(REPEAT CHORUS.)

May be a game of poker you have been induced to play,
You cannot win a pot and vow you'll quit it right away,
You know you're being swindled, but you've not the power to stop,
You get so fascinated, nearly every cent you drop,

SPOKEN—Somebody suggests that it shall be the last hand, but, when you lose it, you say:

CHORUS.

Just another, just another,
Just another little jack-pot, we'll let this one be the last;
Watch the faces, kings and aces,
Though you've got no chance, you ask for just another.

SPOKEN—You can't resist—(REPEAT CHORUS.)

You go out on a racket and get loaded up with wine,
You vow the company is good, the girls are all divine;
You meet some friends who've just returned from some far foreign clime,
And as it's long since last you met, you have a real good time.

SPOKEN—You know you're full, but just for old acquaintance sake, you say:

CHORUS.

Just another, just another,
Just another little taster, let it be champagne or beer.
Oh, the feeling, when you're reeling,
Though you've got enough, you ask for just another.

SPOKEN—Come on and let's have—(REPEAT CHORUS.)

—If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

Strong Circumstantial Evidence.—Husband: "Wasn't it late last night when young Sampson left?" Wife: "Yes." Husband: "And Clara is not up yet?" Wife: "No, poor girl, I thought I would let her sleep." Husband: "I wonder if that young man really intends to propose to Clara?" Wife: "I think he has done so already. I noticed this morning when I came down that one pa of the legs of the large easy-chair in the parlor was broken."—*Epoch.*

SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE WORKS.

Written and Composed by Punch Browne. Sung by Arthur Corney.

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I'm in an awful rage to-night—in fact, I'm nearly mad—
Last week I bought a watch, and now I find that I've been had.
The swindling wretch who sold it me spoke loudly in its praise;
The precious thing went on all right for just about two days. Then

CHORUS.

Something went wrong with the works,
Something went wrong with the works,
The spring went crash and all to smash,
And all the wheels came out;
Something went wrong with the works—
In fact, I really doubt
If you'll buy a watch for a dollar without
Something goes wrong with the works.

A friend of mine—a wealthy chap—once owned a sailing-yacht;
He asked me, "Have you been to sea?" I told him I had not.
He took me for a little sail, I felt so calm and brave;
I laughed and sung "Y'heave ho!" until we met a great big wave. And

CHORUS.

Something went wrong with the works,
Something went wrong with the works,
The bottled-beer came right up here,
And this part rolled about;
Something went wrong with the works—
In fact, I really doubt
If the poor little fishes could live without
Something went wrong with the works.

Some years ago I truly loved a girl named Sarah Maggs,
And went to "pop the question" in a brand-new pair of "bags";
The "bags" were tight, and I felt quite as handsome as you please;
The precious thing went on all right till I went on my knees. And

CHORUS.

Something went wrong with the works,
Something went wrong with the works,
For when I bent the buttons went,
And all the seams came out;
Something went wrong with the works,
And Sarah gave a shout,
Now I should have married that girl, no doubt,
But something went wrong with the works.

My wife and I get on first-class—in fact, we always did;
There's only one thing I don't like, she makes me nurse the kid;
To-day she said, "You take the child, whilst I to mother's go;
I nursed the child, 'twas good as gold for just an hour or so. Then

CHORUS.

Something went wrong with the works,
Something went wrong with the works;
He scratched my nose and tore my clothes,
Began to scream and shout;
Something went wrong with the works—
In fact, I really doubt
If a man can nurse a kiddy without
Something goes wrong with the works.

WHAT CAN I TELL HER?

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Words by Gus Williams. Music by J. P. Skelly.

I've a wife who is a darling, she weighs twice as much as me,
And altho' I hate to say it, she's as strong as she can be;
When I come home in the mornings, and her heart is in despair,
Of course, like every proper man, I try to make things square.
If I call her "ducky, darling," she will say that it's a chestnut;
If I tell her she's a beauty, she will say that I'm a bore;
If I call her popsey-wopsey, she will hit me with a mallet;
So now what can I tell her that she has not heard before.

I have tried the old dodge racket, but it never would avail;
With a sick friend I've been sitting up, but that dodge, too, is stale;
I tell her tales in honeyed words, but she will ne'er believe;
No matter how I state my case, she thinks that I deceive;
If I say the boat delayed me, she will want to see the captain,
To ask him if I told the truth, or if I was on shore;
If I say the carriage smashed up, she will say I should be walking;
So now what can I tell her that she has not heard before.

If I send her to the country, in the summer bright and gay,
She will say that I am flirting, while she lingers far away;
Should she want a seal-skin jacket, and the same should not appear
She'll say the money I have spent on vulgar lager-beer;
If I bring her home some oysters, she will surely ask for chicken;
If I say, "come baby, kiss me," she will faint upon the floor;
If I say I lost my night-key, she will swear I have been drinking;
So now what can I tell her that she has not heard before.

—Always sooted: Chimney sweep.

MY BOY BILL.

By William D. Hall.

What's all the excitement, stranger?
What's the meanin' o' this 'ere throng?
There's goin' tu be a parade, you say?
Oh! I thought there wuz somethin' wrong.
There's going tu be a parade, eh?
Well, I reckon they'll pass this way;
Be hit any particular 'casion?
Oh! I see, "Decoration Day."

Well, I'm 'bliged fer your infermation,
But parades don't interest me,
'Cause the very sight o' a soldier
Recalls scenes I don't like tu see.
I once wuz one o' these fellers
What carries a knapsake an' gun;
An' I remember the time when paradin'
Tu me would heve be'n lots o' fun.

But now, fer some reason er 'nother,
I can't be contented no more;
Fer I met with a loss what I can't replace
In the times o' our last cruel war.
When I says I met with a loss, sir,
I hain't thinkin' 'bout my gone arm,
I refer's tu a bullet what one day came
Tu a lad with hits deadly charm.

Hit came from the enemy's forces,
From one who made shootin' a skill;
Fer hit pierced the heart o' a drummer-lad,
An' that lad wuz my boy Bill.
This happened 'way back in the sixties,
When the war had 'bout reached hits height;
When I gave tu the country my service
Tu help in that long lastin' fight.

My boy he heard o' my intentions
An' made up his mind tu go, too;
Tho' I tried to get him tu stop tu hum,
But that he objected tu do.
So, finally, I gave my permission,
An' tugether we went tu our fate;
He jined a band es a drummer-boy,
An' I volunteered a private.

My wife wuz dead—that's the reason
I wanted tu be near my boy,
An' the day that he got his cap an' drum
He leaped in the air wild with joy.
At times he wuz bad ez a hornet,
But show me the boy what hain't;
'Cause I know when I wuz a youngster
I never wuz much o' a saint.

Well, at last word arrived to load up,
We knew then the time was nigh;
So I called my boy back o' the camp
An' kissed him, which meant "good-bye."
All that day we kept loadin' an' shootin',
Till the dead lay 'bout at our feet;
An' every time I would think o' my boy,
How my poor heart would beat.

We fought all day till night came on,
Then the bright moon crept to hits place;
An' ez we went out tu find our men,
Hits light made plain every face.
On we went till a voice said low,
"Why, here's a drummer, an' dead;"
I tell you stranger, 'twas 'em few words
What completily turned my head.

I stood there dazed, 'fraid tu look,
An' all fer a minute wuz still;
But the silence wuz broken by one who said:
"Hits our young drummer, Will."
I took his hand intu my own,
In hopes that he wuzn't dead;
But there I found where life once wuz,
Cold death had come instead.

Each man drew close beside my boy
With caps hung at each side,
An' ez they stood there lookin' on
All o' 'em sob'd an' cried.
They had hearts o' oak within 'em,
An' would laugh at a cannon's ball;
But my grief riled their feelings,
An' they couldn't stop cryin' 'tall.

Some of 'em must o' had children,
Fer they carried on ez if mad;
An' even our hard-hearted sergeant
Show'd signs ez if he wuz sad.
But there wuz one, an evil-tongued capt'n,
Who wuz classed by all ez a scamp;
'Cause he'd ways like those o' a villain,
Not a friend had the man in our camp.

He wuz overseein' some comrades
That were digin' a trench close by,
An' the instant he came across us men,
An evil look show'd in his eye.
Then an oath that would 'stonish a sailor
Came forth from his p'isened tongue;
Such words ez would make a man tremble,
Intu our bosoms stung.

'Round his neck my boy had a locket
That his fond mother told him tu wear;
In one side wuz seen her sweet picture,
In the other a lock o' her hair.
I thought that I'd like fer tu have hit,
'Fore they laid him intu his last bed;
But ez soon ez the cap. saw me take hit,
He 'cused me o' robbin' the dead.

He swore that he'd have me court-martialed,
An' shot on the next comin' day;
An' he meant every word that he uttered,
'Cause he wuzn't a man what would play.
Then ez the moon shined down upon us,
He made a plunge arter my boy,
An' grabbed his body tu throw in a trench,
Ez an infant would handle a toy.

His eyes bulged each socket with anger,
Ez he started tu go from the place;
While the moon threw hits rays on the features
O' my darlin' boy's pretty face.
Then the capt'n stood still fer a minute,
An' hit seemed that his harshness had fled,
Fer a big lump came up in his throat, sir,
An' he, too, took his cap off his head.

Then 'fore we could learn his intentions,
He laid my boy down on the ground,
An', at seein' 'twas only a youngster,
He glared with surprise all around.
Then he spoke out, "Who be this young feller
That you men are tryin' tu rob?
Come, speak, or I'll send you tu Satan,
An' make you pay dear fer this job."

His face fer a while wuz a study,
Durin' which time all wuz still;
Then I mustered up courage an' told him,
That the dead one wuz my boy Bill.
That explained 'bout me takin' the locket
Away from the lifeless lad;
Then he hug'd my boy tu his bosom,
Fer he knew he had wronged his dad.

Then he said to the crowd what had gathered,
Ez his cheeks wuz streamin' with tears,
That he once had a boy like my William,
Who'd be'n dead fer many long years.
Next he said: "fer the way I have acted
Give me my dues fer this sin;
I'm not worthy o' any one's mercy,
Tear me from limb tu limb.

"Don't stand there cryin' like babies,
Come, collect every muscle an' nerve,
An' sweep down upon me like panthers,
Hit's jes' 'bout what I deserve.
I'm unfit tu be here among you,
I'm a brute, I'm a hound, an' a cur;
Intu my heart with your bayonets;
Come, I say; won't no one stir?

"Then you mean tu show me your mercy?
More than I would have shown you;
Oh, God! this torture is terrible;
I wish that I wuz dead, too."
But I told him that I would forgive him,
Then he reached fer a flag-pole quick,
An' ez swift ez a flash o' lightnin',
He'd the buntin' from off the stick.

Then he wrap'd my boy up in hit,
An' we slowly made off from the spot
To give him a sort o' a funeral,
Such ez few soldiers got;
Side by side we walked together,
Wrapped in our mournful gloom;
An' the owls in the trees, tu add distress,
Were singin' a dreary tune.

'Twarn't long 'fore the walk wuz ended;
Then halt, the capt'n did say;
An' he who we thought wuz hard-hearted,
Wuz the first tu kneel down an' pray.
He wuzn't so well edgercated,
But he preached the best that he could.
An' the way he spoke fer my dear boy,
Did do my old heart good.

Then a grave the men quickly opened,
An' my boy in hit wuz quickly lowered down
To slumber an' rest in a shady spot,
Where a willow-tree bent with a frown.
Then we all from the spot separated,
An' each man went his own way,
To turn ourselves intu our blankets
Fer tu wait on the next comin' day.

Next mornin' drums rolled bright and early,
An' we all got up with the sun,
But 'afore we received any orders,
A skirmish fer life had begun.
Hit wuz a terrible engagement,
Fer friends o' the day 'afore
Didn't 'pear that night at roll-call,
So I reckon they hain't no more.

Now you know the reason, stranger,
Why I asked you 'bout this throng;
An' ez hit's nothin' but soldiers,
I'll jes' quietly journey along.
'Cause I know the sight o' these comrades
Would intu my heart send a chill,
An' bring tu mind that dreadful day
That I parted with my boy Bill.

GILLIGAN'S ON A TEAR AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Mike Gilligan's a man well known in our ward,
He has liv'd there for many a year;
He was only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard
Till they made him an overseer;
As the boss of the road-gang, he's in a good way,
But he's somewhat a divil-may-care;
So last Wednesday night when he got his pay
He went off on a glorious tear;
As he came down the street, in his Sunday clothes,
With a brand-new hat and cane;
A cigar in his mouth, in his coat a rose,
He could hear all the neighbors saying:

SPOKEN—What?

CHORUS.

Gilligan's on a tear again, he'll stay till Saturday night;
Just give him all the room he wants, or else he'll raise a fight.
'Tis once in ev'ry month he throws his money left and right,
But he'll go to work again on Monday morning.

On Thursday at Reilly's he treated the boys,
And the boys they all treated as well;
Friday morn at McKay's place he made such a noise
That Mac told him no liquor he'd sell;
You have had quite enough for a while said McKay,
Take a seltzer and lemon with me;
But Gilligan swore for his drinks he could pay,
And no soft drinks at all it would be.
"So go home," said McKay, "like a decent man;
If you don't I'll throw yez out."
Then Mike threw off his coat and yell'd, "If you can!"
While the gang mov'd back with a shout:

SPOKEN—What did they shout?

CHORUS.

Gilligan's on a tear again, he'll stay till Saturday night;
Just give him all the room he wants, he's spoiling for a fight.
He's up against McKay, and Mac can knock him out of sight;
He'll be a sorry man on Monday morning.

Right over the bar came McKay with a howl,
And right down to the floor went his foe;
And Mac pounded and hammer'd his face and his jowl
Till his own hands and knuckles were sore;
What was left of poor Mike when McKay let him go
Was taken away in a hack;
Poor Gilligan's face, sure, you never would know,
And there was not a coat to his back.
'Twas on Saturday night he went home again
Just as quiet as any mouse,
And he heard once again all the neighbors saying,
As they took him into the house:

SPOKEN—What's that?

CHORUS.

Gilligan's on a tear again, he stay'd till Saturday night;
He tried to run the town, but now he is an awful sight;
He got what he went out for, but he couldn't win the fight,
And he'll be a wiser man on Monday morning.

McFADDEN'S UP-TOWN FLAT.

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Words and Music by Paul Jassett.

McFadden lived quite well, the neighbors all could tell;
He was a man well known throughout the ward;
He had an old tin roof, 'twas good and waterproof,
But then he sighed for mansions proud and broad;
At last he moved up town, quite thirsty for renown,
And took with him his furniture and cat;
Then invitations sent to honor the event
And celebrate McFadden's up-town flat.

CHORUS.

I tell you it was fine, McFadden's up-town flat,
Tho' there was hardly room therein to swing a cat;
But neighbors one and all agreed, when they did call,
It was a stylish place, McFadden's up-town flat.

They came in twos and threes, and in began to squeeze;
The janitor went crazy at the sight;
He stopped the growler, too, and swore till he was blue,
And tried to kill a fiddler there on sight.
McFadden tried to coax and quiet him with jokes,
When in came Miss Maguinis, neat and fat;
She stuck there in the hall and never saw at all
The inside of McFadden's up-town flat.—CHORUS.

The neighbors on that floor they bellow'd and they swore;
The ceiling underneath began to drop;
McFadden said he'd dance whene'er he got the chance,
The landlord had no right to make him stop;
The janitor then goes and just turned on the hose,
Which flooded ev'rything it could get at;
McFadden notice got for making things so hot,
Now some one else is in McFadden's flat.—CHORUS.

THE LITTLE SIGN IS GONE.

Written by Thos. Moore. Sung by Jas. Gordon.

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Tune—"The Little Sign Is Still Above the Door."

You have heard about the sign on which the name was mine,
And how proud I was to hang it o'er the door;
Alas! it's gone away, and I think it's going to stay;
I don't believe I'll see it any more.
A gang came in one day and I heard the leader say:
If he makes a "kick," we'll nail him to the wall,
Then, without a word of warning, they tore away the awning,
And they carried off the sign, saloon and all.

CHORUS.

Now the little sign is gone from o'er the door—
When I think of it my heart is sad and sore.
I'll take my money, every penny, and go back to old Kilkenny,
And I'll never go in business any more.

When they came to clean me out, they began to hoot and shout;
They said I was a "jay," I wasn't in it;
When at one I made a pass with an empty-schooner glass,
I was hanging to the ceiling in a minute;
When I cried to them to stop, they went out and brought a cop;
He cut the rope and down he let me fall;
Then he rapped me on the head and left me there for dead,
While they took away the sign, saloon and all.—CHORUS.

Just the cause of all the row is what I'm going to tell you now:
The business had been falling off of late.
So, of course, when Munch, the brewer, put his foot inside the door,
He'd see a hundred names upon the slate.
When one day he brought his bill and I showed the empty till,
And told him that again he'd better call,
Away goes Mr. Munch and takes a mortgage on the lunch,
And now he has the sign, saloon and all.—CHORUS.

From the way that I was treated, I believe that I was cheated;
I never saw the likes of it before;
They took away the bar on an elevated car;
Sure, they didn't leave the sawdust on the floor;
They took away the pictures, the box and all the fixtures,
The license I had hanging on the wall,
And I think, upon my life, if she was there, they'd take my wife,
When they took away the sign, saloon and all.—CHORUS.

IT GOES WITH A POUND OF TEA.

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Words and Music by Paul Jassett.

You see in all the tea-stores now
A lot of chromos flash;
They're given with the stuff you buy—
That is, when you pay cash.
When you look surprised at the natty clerk
When he hands you two or three,
He will say to you, "Take one home, now do!
It goes with a pound of tea." Oh!

CHORUS.

Jimmy, get on to the chromo! what is it, can you tell?
It looks like some prize-package, Jim, that on the cars they sell!
Guess what it is, you can have it, it's awful funny, see?
This dizzy jay you meet each day, it goes with a pound of tea!

You're strolling some day down the street,
And, looking round, you spy
A fellow like a freak broke loose—
In fact, a perfect guy.
In his fist he holds such a nobby stick,
And he skips just like a flea;
See the small boys shout, as he roams about,
"It goes with a pound of tea!" Oh!—CHORUS.

You see an old maid with a smile,
Her hair all banged and frizzed,
A bustle like a big balloon,
Which everywhere is quizzed.
With a giddy smile, she will skip along;
How she'd like a bride to be!
But you turn and say, if she comes your way,
"It goes with a pound of tea!" Oh!—CHORUS.

Then there's the front row, bald-head swell,
Who thinks the ballet fine;
He likes their smiles of celluloid,
And swears each shape divine;
When the play is o'er, round the small stage-door
With the Johnnies he will be;
But the girls all say, in their giddy way,
"It goes with a pound of tea!" Oh!—CHORUS.

—Silly Fop (on a steamboat): "Aw, I say, Miss Caustic, wouldn't you be surprised to see me jump overboard?" Miss Caustic: "Indeed I would, for I never expect to see a donkey exhibit any sense."—*New York Journal.*

I GOT IT.

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Words by Edgar Smith. Music composed by Gustave Kerker.

When a baby, if there was a tack on the floor—
I got it.
If the measles broke out within ten miles or more—
I got it.
At school, when the boys into mischief had slipped,
They always escaped while I always got nipped—
The school-master said I was born to get whipped—
I got it.

A rich damsel's hand I once wanted to catch—
I got it.
I wanted her papa's consent to the match—
I got it.
But the family dog used to eye me askance,
And one fatal evening he got a good chance—
He wanted the bosom of my sunday pants—
He got it.

My gas bill was large, and once every four weeks
I got it.
I paid for the lights and I paid for the leaks—
I got it.
Last Summer I thought I would cut the bill down,
So I shut up the meter and went out of town—
I thought that for once the bill wouldn't come round—
But I got it.

I sighed for a hand as at poker I sat—
I got it.
A lovely club-flush, I had collared it pat—
I got it.
One by one they dropped out, but one fellow staid—
And out on the table my club-flush I laid—
When one of those beautiful clubs was a spade—
He got it.

CHICKABIDDY.

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Arranged by J. C. J. Sung by Mrs. R. A. Brennan.

When leaving dear old Ireland, my poor Pat said unto me,
May heaven guard you, Nora, dear, across the deep blue sea.
But you'll not forget your own true lad, nor dear old Erin's shore,
But hasten back to bless us with thine own sweet smile once more.

SPOKEN.—Saying:

CHORUS.

To go is wrong—don't stop long, but come back to your own Chickabiddy,
For my heart beats so when away you go from Pat and poor old Ireland!

He kissed me with his ruby lips and gave me such a smack,
And said, in troth, before you go, faiks! I wish you would come back.
The grass will not grow half so green, the sky seem half so bright,
When Norah leaves old Ireland, for she's my heart's delight.

SPOKEN.—Saying:—CHORUS.

I could not help the scalding tear that trickled down my cheek,
Nor keep the big lump from my throat, that would not let me speak.
I threw my arms about his neck and, to relieve his pain,
Declared that I'd return to him and Ireland once again.

SPOKEN.—Saying:—CHORUS.

There's Is No Home Like My Own.

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In the wild chamois track,
At the breaking of morn,
With a hunter's pride, o'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
Tra la la la la la la la la;
Oh, that voice to me is a voice of glee,
Wherever my footsteps roam;
And I long to bound, when I hear that sound,
Again to my mountain home.

In the wild chamois track,
At the break of morn,
With a hunter's pride, o'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
Tra la la la la la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

I have crossed the proud Alps,
I have sailed down the Rhone,
And there is no spot like the simple cot,
And the hill and the valley I call my own,
Tra la la la la la la la la;
There the skies are bright,
And our hearts are light, our bosoms without fear;
For our toil is play and our sport the fray
With the mountain roe or the forest deer,
Tra la la la la la la la la.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Fred Medina.

While homeward bound one Christmas night I met a tiny form,
It was a little homeless lad out in the winter's storm;
The baby feet were bare and blue that tramped from door to door,
To try and beg a few pence as oft he'd done before.
A tattered bunch of rags and strings that none would ever miss,
Two little sunken cheeks so pale that never knew a kiss,
Two pleading, tearful eyes so red; he cried for food to eat,
A homeless child that knew no bed, an outcast in the street.

CHORUS.

A tattered bunch of rags unblest, unshod, unwashed, uncombed;
A little form that knew no rest, wherever he had roamed;
Loved by none beneath the sun, his poor heart knew no joy;
No gentle friends, not even one, had this poor beggar boy,
Had this poor beggar boy.

I watched the trembling, feeble steps that sadly moved away;
A little bunch of misery that knew no Christmas day.
The world about him seemed so bright, for ev'rywhere he'd see
A group of happy little ones around a glitt'ring tree.
He knelt beneath a window and offered up a prayer
That God might come and take him up above to mother dear.
His prayer was heard and answered, for next morn, at break of day,
There lay the little sufferer, but life had passed away.—CHORUS.

Next morning all the papers told of how a boy was found
Beneath a mansion window-ledge, fast frozen to the ground.
I read it to my little ones, it's sadness made them cry,
And even now the thought of it brings sadness to my eye.
It was a scene of mis'ry I never shall forget,
And all my thoughts in future will be tinged with vain regret.
But in the graveyard corner there's a tomb none would destroy,
Which bears these words upon its scroll, "Rest here, thou beggar boy."—CHO.

I Wish He Were Here To-Night.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Henry F. Smith.

A father and son had a quarrel one day,
And the father in rage struck the son.
The mother, courageously shielding her boy,
Blamed the father for what he had done.
The spirited boy hastened out of the house,
And in anger from home ran away.
His sorrowing mother, lamenting him, said,
As she thought of her boy night and day:

CHORUS.

"My bonny boy is away from his home,
I know that he's battling for right;
I'd give all the world to see him again,
I wish he were here to-night."

The father repented the act he had done,
For his boy then he sought far and near.
The heart-broken mother was mourning at home
For the one that was always her cheer;
For no one could call her "Dear mother" again,
And be ever found close by her side.
She wept for her boy with a true mother's grief,
As she oft in her loneliness cried:—CHORUS.

For off, in a land that is over the sea,
There's a boy struggling hard for his life.
He misses the fond mother's voice that would aid
And encourage him on in his strife.
But now he is wand'ring unloved and unknown,
For his fondly loved mother is dead.
But with her last breath she was praying for him,
And these were the last words that she said:—CHORUS.

—Dignified Mamma: "When that young man left you last night, I heard something which sounded like a kiss." Dignified Daughter: "Did you? How does a kiss sound, mamma?"

—Precious Boy: "Pa, what is the difference between baby and our old cow?" Cautious Father: "I give it up, Frank." Boy: "The old cow drinks water and makes milk, and baby—doesn't."

—A mother (to her boy): "Master Tom, stand in the corner." Master Tom: "Wot fur?" His Mother: "Because you're a bad boy." Master Tom: "Can't I be a bad boy standin' here just as well?"

—Miss Snapper: "Stop the car! I won't ride if I can't have a seat." Conductor (with an air of gentle reproach): "I have to stand up all day, ma'am." "Yes, but you don't have to pay five cents a trip for it."

KEEP ON KISSING ME.

Copyright, 1876, by F. Blume.

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Written and Arranged by Rollin Howard.

Well, there, now! did you ever? ma says I'm dreadful bold,
Because when men come courting I'm not reserv'd or cold;
Now, gents, pray tell me, would you have me make a face that's wry?
Or when you ask me once to kiss you, like a fool to cry?

SPOKEN—No, no! I'm sure you would rather I'd say:

CHORUS.

Keep on kissing me, keep on kissing me, bless me, Bob, don't be so shy;
Keep on kissing me, keep on kissing me, once more only, love, to try;
Keep on kissing me, keep on kissing me, 'tis the height of true love's bliss;
Keep on kissing me, keep on kissing me, no joy equals love's fond kiss.

Bob says not to mind mother; when she was young like me
She ne'er thought men a bother, or married would not be;
And so I thought if men would follow, I'd not say them nay.
Nor for my mother or any other bid them turn away.

SPOKEN—But I've made up my mind that when the right one comes along I'll say:—CHORUS.

I think that Bob means business, tho' not much yet he's said,
But truly from his actions I think he means to wed;
Now should he ask me if I'll have him, I'll not bid him wait,
And say the sea holds plenty fishes, for oft we lose our bait.

SPOKEN—Oh! yes, I tell you, these giddy girls who keep on saying, "There's just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," they forget that sometimes they lose their bait. Not for me! oh, no! I'll continue saying:—CHORUS.

If You Love Me, Darling, Tell Me With Your Eyes.

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Words by Samuel Minturn Peck. Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

Thro' the gloaming chilly falls the silent snow,
Like a shattered lily drifting to and fro;
Yet beside our ingle summer dreams arise;
If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.

CHORUS.

Listen to my pleading—speak, dark eyes of blue;
Lift your dusky lashes, let the love light through;
Be no promise spoken; breathe no broken sighs;
If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.

Fires that burn in quiet long and brightly glow,
Flames that rush and riot soon to ashes go;
Lips that move not often when they love are wise;
If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.—CHORUS.

There are none to listen, yet why should we speak?
When soft glances glisten whispered words are weak.
We who know love's silence need no low replies;
If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.—CHORUS.

CUPID.

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Words by Charles Osborne. Music by J. H. MacCann.

Cupid is the little God of love, cupid is a rascal, I'm afraid;
How he lifts his tender darts,
And he aims at human hearts,
Then he laughs at all the havoc he has made;
And yet we kiss the hand that gave the loving blow,
Because we understand it was ever so.

CHORUS.

Cupid is the little God of love, cupid is a rascal, I'm afraid;
How he lifts his tender darts,
And he aims at human hearts,
Then he laughs at all the havoc he has made.

Cupid is imperial in his ways, welcomed by the highest and the low;
In the palace or the cot—
Well, it really matters not—
He is always on the watch to deal the blow,
For he never sleeps, whate'er may be the hour, [BREAK.]
But on the watch he keeps till we admit his power.—BREAK & CHO.

—Mrs. Binks: "Oh, Johnny, you naughty little boy! The idea of your chewing tobacco!" Johnny: "Honest, I ain't, ma. I was bad in school to-day, so teacher made me put this in my mouth to get me sick, for a punishment."

STOP DAT CAR.

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Words by Thomas Addison. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Stop dat car! stop dat car!
I want to take a ride
With Maria by my side—
Stop dat car! stop dat car!
An' enjoy eb'ry sight
'For de falling of de night—
So you har, do you har,
Whoa dar, stop dat car!

REFRAIN.

Hol' your horses dar—will you stop dat car?
Oh, when our hearts are free from care,
And we had a day to spare,
Don't we niggers cut a dash?
Don't we lay out all our cash?
Don't we niggers cut a dash?
Don't we lay out all our cash?
Whoa dar, driver, whoa dar;
Why don't you stop dat car?

Stop dat car! stop dat car!
It only costs a dime
An' we're bound to hab a time—
Stop dat car! stop dat car!
We ain't no common trash,
We've a pocket full of cash—
So you har, do you har,
Whoa dar? stop dat car.—REFRAIN.

Stop dat car! stop dat car!
We're black, but den we pay
Eb'ry inch upon our way—
Stop dat car! stop dat car!
An' to ride we've got a right
Just as good as any white—
So you har, do you har,
Whoa dar? stop dot car!—REFRAIN.

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLD KING.

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Words by W. D. Hall. Music by Fred Sylva.

There's a little wooden cradle resting in our attic high
In which long hours I have often spent;
But now I look upon it with a momentary sigh,
And I think of when I was its occupant.
The chair that stood beside it has been vacant many years,
And silver webs stretched o'er its rounds I see,
Which wakens golden memories and fills my eyes with tears,
For it brings to mind this old-time melody:

LULLABY.

Close your little drowsy eyes, now don't you dare to peep,
And I will guard your little crib while you are asleep;
Angels will watch o'er thee until the morrow gleams,
So close your eyes, my precious prize, for that sweet land of dreams.

That cradle was my empire—a most pleasant one to me, I'll own—
And I was classed the little reigning king;
My rattle was my sceptre, and a pillow was my throne,
Near which my mother used to sit and sing.
My tiny, golden tresses acted as a golden crown,
And my court-dress was a baby-skirt quite long;
But ev'ry night my power I resigned without a frown,
As I'd hear this old familiar cradle song:—LULLABY.

ANSWER?

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Composed by Alfred G. Robyn.

Could you but read, my love, this heart of mine,
You'd find a wondrous story written there;
It is the tale my lips would frame to thee
If I but dare, if I but dare;
The tale of one unto whose soul was borne
An angel's whisper, soft as summer's wind,
"There is a heart which heaven has made for thee,
Go forth and find, go forth and find;
There is a heart which heaven has made for thee,
Go forth and find, go forth and find."

The tale of one who wandered over earth
By land and sea, by home and foreign shore,
Until into your eyes he gazed and knew
His search was o'er, his search was o'er;
Give me, my love, the courage then to speak
All that of which I've told the smallest part;
Let but your eyes, love, bid my tongue to say,
What's in my heart, what's in my heart;
Let but your eyes, love, bid my tongue to say,
What's in my heart, what's in my heart.

THE IRISH POKER-CLUB.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

'Twas up in Reily's garret, ev'ry Friday night,
The "ten-cent-limit" poker-club would gather;
They started in December—they had just ten members;
You'll find them there in rain or snowy weather;
McDougel was the banker, buttons were the chips;
A dollar's worth he gave to each of them.
With all their pipes well lit, to pass a pleasant night,
They'd cut the cards and the game it would begin.

CHORUS.

Sweeney he would antie, Reily then would deal,
McSorley was the bluffer and the pot he'd try to steal;
Casey held four aces, the best hand in the poker,
When Reiley said you've only three, sure, the other one is the joker.

Poor Casey he got broke, his buttons were all gone,
But quietly he sat there just the same;
I've an idea now said he, his face lit up with glee,
I know how I can still stay in the game;
Then he took out his jack-knife, opened the big blade,
And kept a weather-eye upon the rest.
Then he began to cough to keep from getting caught,
And he cut all the buttons off his vest.

CHORUS.

Reilly dropped onto him, fighting then began,
And Casey got his nose between the teeth of Flannigan;
The "cops" came in and "pulled" them, such ructions they did raise,
No more at poker will they play again for thirty days.

MR. MULCAHEY, ESQUIRE.

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Words and Music by C. Frank Horn.

From Antrim I came, Mulcahey's my name,
With Dennis in front, do you see?
I'm a man of fine style, you'd travel a mile
And not find another like me;
To greatness I always aspire,
And I think I will reach my desire;
On account of my tone, I always am known
As Mister Mulcahey, Esquire.

CHORUS.

Gay and free, there's none like me; in society no one stands higher,
And the people cry as I pass by, there goes Mister Mulcahey, Esquire.

With a good intent, on politics bent,
I called at the White House one day,
But the man at the door told me, with a roar,
That the "Micks" must keep out of the way;
But him down the steps I did fire,
Where I hope he got over his ire;
When Cleveland I spied, "Arrah, Grover," I cried,
I am Mister Mulcahey, Esquire.—CHORUS.

Tho' good at a speech, I did overreach
Myself one fine evening just past,
When, in accents quite loud, I said to the crowd,
"My friends we are living too fast,"
But the people cried out, you're a liar,
As they trampled me into the mire;
Then some one, alack! put this card on my back,
This is Mister Mulcahey, Esquire.—CHORUS.

THE FROST UPON THE PANE.

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Written by Richard F. Carroll. Composed by Frederic Solomon.

The winter world was clad in white, the window-panes with frost,
As in my chair that silent night I dreamed of hopes that were lost.
I idly scratched the window-panes, drew fancy pictures free
Of the past that could never come back again, hopes lost fore'er to me!

REFRAIN.

A fair-faced, brown-hair'd lady; a laughing, prattling child;
A sweetly-pretty picture, drawn by my fancy wild;
Dreams of the joys before me—had my life commenced again?
I saw there in those pictures in the frost upon the pane!

The sun arose at peep o' day, struck thro' my window-pane;
The melting snow was washed away, my hopes were dead again.
I prayed the sun to hide its light, the frost come back again,
But ah! no more came to my sight those pictures on the pane!

REFRAIN.

Through the sun-wash'd windows the village church I saw,
And on the sward beyond it a silent grave, no more;
There lie both wife and child, my earthly hopes and aims,
The dear ones that I'd pictured in the frost upon the pane!

I TRACED HER LITTLE FOOT-STEPS IN THE SNOW.

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Words by Geo. Russell Jackson. Music by C. W. Bennet.

The shades of night had fallen, the December air was chill,
When mother missed sweet Jennie from the room.
She had wandered down the valley, she had wandered up the hill,
To meet her papa coming through the gloom.
Oh! we feared to lose the darling, and our hearts were very sore
As we felt the chilly, wintry breezes blow;
'Till father came and told us we would see our pet once more,
For he'd trace her little footsteps in the snow.

CHORUS.

Oh! fast our tears were falling as we sought her thro' the night,
And hoped to find our little one before the morning light;
But father kept repeating, as we wandered to and fro:
I'll trace the little footsteps of my darling in the snow.

So all the night we searched for her until the light of dawn
Its coming in the East began to show.
The long, long hours had ended, and the dreary night was gone,
But we found no little footsteps in the snow;
And our hearts were almost breaking as we watched the rising sun
Its beams upon the field and forest threw;
We feared her voice was silent, that her little life was done,
And we'd never find her footsteps in the snow.—CHORUS.

But at dawn we saw our father coming quickly up the lane,
And in his arms he held our pretty pet.
He had found her safe and sound, and we saw our pride again,
Though our eyes with tears of joyfulness were wet;
And we asked him how he found her, and he answered with a smile,
Though tears a-down his withered cheeks did flow,
"I knew I'd find my darling in a very little while,
I traced her little footsteps in the snow."—CHORUS.

THE IRISH STEW.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

A week ago last Friday night, I never will forget,
McCarthy gave a christ'ning of his youngest child, his pet;
The whiskey it flowed freely and set ev'rybody wild;
Out went the lights, they had a fight, when all fell on the child.

CHORUS.

Murphy looked like a potato, McFarland like a carrot,
O'Reilly got hit with a dumpling, and they fired him up in the garret;
O'Brien got hit with an onion, his eyes turned black and blue;
Now, I tell you, before they were through 'twas a real old Irish stew.

Cora Muldoon put on more airs than any one in the place;
She tried to dance with McKenna, but he fell and broke his face;
McCarthy thought his daughter Nell with McCormick was too thick,
So he struck poor "Mac" on the top of his head with a great big walking-stick.

CHORUS.

Fighting commenced again; Casey's face looked a beet;
McKenna got hit with a cabbage that knocked him clean off his feet;
O'Grady threw a cauliflower, and squash and turnips flew;
McCarthy got wild when he found his child in that real old Irish stew.

Old Reilly looked down from the garret, said he I'd like to cry:
Casey, do me a favor, send me up my other eye;
McLaughlin lost his new false teeth, Fitzgerald couldn't walk;
They bound Mulcahey's head with ice in a bran-new table-cloth.

CHORUS.

Pat was sent home in a cart, he couldn't see at all;
And when they found old McManus he was under the mat in the hall;
O'Grady was out in the woodshed, and Casey in the flue;
Oh, they forgot to christen the child from that real old Irish stew.

—"Willie," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?" "I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

—Two Decided Opinions.—One day a pair of twin babies put in an appearance at Neighbor Brown's. Previous to the advent of the twins the junior portion of the family consisted of two sons, aged respectively four and six years. When the lads were taken by their father to see the babies, the elder boy seemed much displeased and, turning to his father, said: "Oh, papa, take them out and shoot them like you did the little puppies last week." The younger boy clapped his hands and cried: "Ain't they nice! Why didn't you buy a whole wagon-load, papa?"—*Communicated to the World.*

I've Worked Eight Hours This Day.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon. Sung by Maggie Cline.

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Have ye heard the rule, me boys; the latest rule, me boys?
Ye mustn't work more than eight hours any day or else you're fined;
Eight hours' work a day, then eight hours to play,
Ye must work no more, d'ye mind?
Pat had a hod of bricks to-night, 'twas striking six,
The top of the ladder he was on, but wouldn't lave thim thin,
He wouldn't work overtime, for that wud be a crime,
Says he, "I'll carry thim down agin—

CHORUS.

"For I've worked eight hours this day,
And I think I've earned my pay;"
Whin the clock struck six he tuk down the bricks,
He wouldn't work half a minute longer.

Patsey Mulligan last night got full agin,
He came home drunk at two o'clock A. M. and made a din;
He kicked at the dure, he did; jumped on the flure, he did,
Shouted, "Bridget, let me in!"
She heard the shindy and she opened the windy,
And says she, "Is that you, Pat?" Says he, "Sure, I'm wet to the skin."
Says she, "I'm sorry, Pat, but till to-morry, Pat,
Me darling, I can't let ye in—

CHORUS.

"For I've worked eight hours this day,
And I think I've earned my pay;
Ye can stop out there in the rain and swear,
I won't work half a minute longer."

Barney Brockey was me fav'rite jockey,
And whene'er he rode a horse, I had me bottom dollar on.
He was a flier and a good ould trier.
Wan day I got ten to wan,
Me quids I parted and the horses started;
They ran like the divil up to ten yards from the winning-post,
Then he stopped, bedad; I nearly dropped, bedad.
Says he, "To-morrow I'll finish this race—

CHORUS.

"For I've worked eight hours this day,
And I think I've earned my pay;
The others may pass, let my horse eat grass,
I won't work half a minute longer."

Johnny Hooligan's been made a fool agin:
He went to the barber's just to get a dacent penny shave;
He'd lovely whiskers on, Donegal whiskers on,
But bad that barber did behave.
He soaped and lathered, then he jawed and blathered;
He scraped wan side of Johnny's face so nice and clean all o'er;
He went to the other jaw, then the clock he saw,
Says he, "To-morrow I'll finish your shave—

CHORUS.

"For I've worked eight hours this day,
And I think I've earned my pay;
Lave your whiskers on till the mornin', John,
I won't work half a minute longer."

Now, I am quiet and I don't like riot,
But last night at the corner of the street a man came up to me,
Says he, "I'll batter ye, bedad, I'll scatter ye,"
And then he smashed my nose, d'ye see?
His fist was a whopper, so I called out, "Copper!"
Then a p'liceman grabbed him, and says he, "Me boy, I have ye tight."
Then the clock did chime, says he, "Luk at the time,
I can't lock this man up to-night—

CHORUS.

"For I've worked eight hours this day,
And I think I've earned my pay;
Fa-la-loo-ting, ting, put yer nose in a sling,
I won't work half a minute longer."

OLD PALS.

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Written and Composed by Harry Boden. Arranged by John S. Baker.

The happiest hours in man's career are those, I think, he spends
With genial-hearted, honest men, who claim the title, "Friends!"
We meet with many new ones, but, as on the game still goes,
Who can deny the best of all we ever meet are those—

CHORUS.

Old pals, dear pals, pals both firm and true!
Tried pals, who as pals have always been to you.
Thro' sun and rain still the same, the best we ever knew
Are the good old pals who never, never alter!

When luck goes wrong, as oft it will, acquaintances are few;
We look, but only look in vain, for those we once thought true;
At such a time the new found ones your company will shun,
Then what can cheer the heart up more than just to meet with one.—CHORUS.

We cannot always hold the cash, misfortune comes to all;
One day we're in the stirrups and next go to the wall;
But be our luck the good or bad, as fortune's die may cast,
The ones we'll always cherish and stand true to till the last:—CHORUS.

WAIT A LITTLE BIT.

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Words by Grace Carleton. Music by Carl Millocker.

Those tailor-made girls are perfection, all say,
Oh, my! oh, my!
Their forms ev'ry grace—that is, lovely display—
Guess why? guess why?
Just see them some morning before they go out
To walk! to walk!
Before on their faces they carfully put
The chalk! the chalk!
And when cotton-lined and with bustle entwined,
If then to wed one you should make up your mind—

REFRAIN.

Wait a little bit, wait a little bit;
Don't you hasten to marry
Nice fashion-plates of the latest dates,
But for some real girl tarry.
Wait a little bit, wait a little bit;
Don't you hasten to marry
Nice fashion-plates of the latest dates,
But for some real girl tarry.

Society actresses always abound,
Oh, my! oh, my!
With glowing success they are most always crowned,
They're fly! they're fly!
At first they get stage-struck, altho' they may live
At ease! at ease!
And then their ambition's the artistic world
To please! to please!
Ten lessons or so to learn acting they go,
But ere they can star it in any grand show—

REFRAIN.

Wait a little bit, wait a little bit;
Soon you'll find them the "bosses,"
And all the rage, when the dears engage
In paper-made divorces.
Wait a little bit, wait a little bit;
Soon you'll find them the "bosses,"
And all the rage, when the dears engage
In paper-made divorces.

Most girls have sweet tempers before they are wed,
Oh, my! oh, my!
They won't contradict you, no matter what's said,
They're shy! quite shy!
But wait till the honeymoon's over and then
Deny, deny,
The "coin" that they ask for, or don't what they wish
Supply! supply!
Then if you can't see just how mad they can be,
And how they can make life a grand jubilee—

REFRAIN.

Wait a little bit, wait a little bit;
Wait until they have captured
A scented note in your vest or coat,
And then they'll be enraptured.
Wait a little bit, wait a little bit;
Wait until they have captured
A scented note in your vest or coat,
And then they'll be enraptured.

Some husbands, at home, are as meek as a lamb,
Oh, my! so shy!
You never would think it pretence and a sham,
Nor I! not I!
They tell their wives business is keeping them out
So late, so late!
The simple dears pet them, bemoaning their fate,
Sad fate! sad fate!
But if you would know where those poor husbands go,
And what business it is that keeps them out so—

REFRAIN.

Wait a little bit, wait a little bit,
Till the ballet is over;
From that stage-door they will then, once more,
Escort some girl in clover.
Wait a little bit, wait a little bit,
Till the ballet is over,
From that stage-door they will then, once more,
Escort some girl in clover.

—A Nice Adjustment.—"How is it that poet fellow, Bavebons, gets along so well with his wife?" "It's very simple. She can read what he writes and he can eat what she cooks."

—His Specialty.—Dentist: "I shall have to charge you twenty-five dollars for that job." Victim: "Mr. Yankem, you have mistaken your profession. You can pull a man's leg better than you can pull his teeth."—*Chicago Saturday Herald.*

—Far Enough.—Mamma: "Have you washed your face, Johnny?" Johnny: "Yes, 'm." Mamma: "And your hands?" Johnny: "Yep." Mamma: "And your neck?" Johnny: "Aw, see here, ma, I ain't a angel."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE MUSICAL FLAT.

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Words and Music by Ed. Barry. Sung by Maggie Cline.

I lately moved into a flat, four families on a floor,
With electric-bells and all accommodations;
Every family in it some instrument they play,
And with music they have drove me to distraction.
There's banjos, tambourines, pianos, accordions,
Every kind of music, I declare;
And when I lay me down to sleep from working hard all day,
This is what will grate upon my ear:

CHORUS.

The fellow on the top floor, he plays the clarionet,
And the family underneath me, they grind the organette;
McCarthy, with his fiddle, plays the "Wearing of the Green,"
And Mulligan's daughter, Rosie, plays a great big accordion.

When I come home from working hard and sit down to my tay,
To take a little comfort after labor,
The fellow with the banjo, he then begins to play,
And I nearly choke myself with a potato.
I quickly leave the block, run down to the dock,
Gaze contentedly out on the say,
At midnight I return again, and fall off in a doze
When the fellow with the flute begins to play.—CHORUS.

Pat Brady's daughter, Julia, is up at the break of day
To practice on the big pianofortay,
The march they call Boulanger you'll hear her thump and play,
Then I lose the appetite I had so hearty.
I know I'll have to shoot the fellow with the flute,
With his tidleidi ludibum dida.
A new family just come and their boy has brought a drum,
So I'll raise my carpets and I'll move away.

SPOKEN—For I never could stand—CHORUS.

CASEY'S BALL.

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Words and Music by Flora Moore.

Michael Casey gave a party at a tenement up the street,
And for singing and for dancing it couldn't well be beat.
There was Bryan O'Flynn and Widow McGlynn and Thomas Rafferty,
Sure we were well represented by the aristocracy.
Thomas Moore got on the floor and danced an Irish reel,
Bryan O'Flynn from Widow McGlynn a kiss did try to steal.
The whiskey flowed so freely, I really felt quite ill,
When Piper Clare called from his chair, "All hands for a quadril e."

CHORUS.

Alamand left, forward four, * all hands around,
There was fun, whiskey galore, that evening to be found;
Up and down the middle, boys; * ladies, take your places;
We danced all night till broad daylight down at Michael Casey's.

Oh, we danced till day was dawning—the crowd did clear away,
And such swelled heads that morning you'd not find in a day;
Such laughing and such cheering and such shouting as were there,
When Misses Casey, just for fun, kissed old Piper Clare.
She threw her arms around his neck and gave him such a squeeze,
We nearly all died laughing, for it made the old man sneeze.
Good-bye, girls; good-bye, boys; and good-bye, one and all;
I haven't had such fun since then as I had at Casey's ball.—CHORUS.

* All shout.

I Am Waiting at the Door, Mary Ann.

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No rose that blows, or flower that grows, smells half so sweet to me
As the girl to whom I hope that I will shortly married be;
Her father said his girl should wed a man of high degree;
And he makes full sure, when he locks his door, his daughter I shan't see.

CHORUS.

I am waiting at the door, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
Where I've often been before, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
If your father's in, come out
And we'll take a stroll about;
If he's not, then I'll come in, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
If he's not, then I'll come in, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!

I like her father well enough, but he does not care for me,
And he won't let Mary Ann enjoy her sweetheart's companee;
So I wait about the house all day, and when the night comes round,
Right full of love for my turtle-dove on the doorstep I am found.—CHORUS.

I wish I was a sailor bold, that ploughs the angry sea,
Or a great big gilded drummer in the Royal Artilleree—
I would go straight to her father's house, like a noble of the land,
And I'd say, "Proud sir, I will not stir" till I gain your daughter's hand.—CHO.

The Old Massachusetts' Ninth.

Copyright, 1890, by M. P. Gallagher.

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Words and Music by M. P. Gallagher.

We're members of the old Ninth Massachusetts' Volunteers,
Who fought so bravely for the Union's right.
At the nation's call we responded one and all,
And showed them how brave Irish boys could fight.
The old Ninth it did nobly, its name is famous still,
Composed of Irish boys so brave and true;
Colonel Cass was our commander, there was not a man looked grander,
As to the old Bay State we bid adieu.

CHORUS.

We were met with shot and shell,
Many's the brave hero fell;
When we heard the rebel's yell,
'Twas then we made our charge;
Face to face we met the foe,
Blood like water it did flow;
Gave shot for shot, and blow for blow,
The old Massachusetts' Ninth.

REFRAIN.

We march to the fife and the drum;
When we march, march on to glory,
With our green flag flying high, it was victory or die,
Our records tell the story.

'Twas then we joined the army of our gallant Little Mac,
We had no coward in our gallant band.
Irish hearts so true beat beneath each coat of blue,
The foe we faced together, hand in hand.
The boys all did their duty, they won their laurels fair,
'Twas few of us were left the tale to tell.
At the battle of Malvern Hill, 'twas there we gave the "Rebs" their fill,
That's the battle where our brave commander fell.—CHO. & REFRAIN.

The blue and gray's united now, and peace reigns o'er our land;
The black and white men they have equal rights.
"Forget and forgive," that's our maxim while we live,
We'll honor but one flag, the stars and stripes.
The sword and gun we've laid away, we hope, for evermore—
All honors to the heroes that are dead.
Many brave men pass'd away that wore the suit of Southern gray,
And nevermore to battle will be led.—CHO. & REFRAIN.

WIDOW CLANCY'S PARTY.

Copyright, 1880, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

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By Jim O'Neil and Jack Conroy. Arranged by Ned Straight.

How are you's one and all? sure we thought we'd make a call
And tell you all about the widow's party;
'Twas at Pythogora's Hall we gave a break-down ball
And invited all the young folks gay and hearty;
There was handsome Paddy Grace, sure, he's now on the police,
He was put there by a political party.
He came from County Cork to the City of New York;
He joked and sang and made us laugh so hearty.

CHORUS.

Ah, the charming Widow Clancy,
She was any man's fancy;
She was a fluent talker
And a rattling six-day walker,
And a Venus is the charming Widow Clancy.

McGinn sang "Pinafore" 'till his throat was very sore,
And "Little Dundeen," sang by Smith so sweetly;
Crosby sang a little ditty, the girls all called him witty,
And McGuffin done an Irish jig so neatly.
Flynn sang "Dancing on the Green," also "She's a Fairy Queen";
Flood sang "Hold the Fort for We're the Strongest Party";
And Murphy and Tim Lang done the "Lackawanna Gang,"
Down at the charming Widow Clancy's party.—CHORUS.

As it was growing late, sure, we thought 'twas time to ate;
We went in two-by-two's down to the supper;
We were hardly seated right when there was a fearful fight,
For McGinnis swore the whiskey was all water;
All around 'twas hand-and-hand, and they nearly killed the band,
When in step'd the famous boxer, Mike McCarthy;
He swore by pow'rs above that he'd just put on the gloves
And clear out ev'ry sucker in the party.—CHORUS.

—"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?" "Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother. "Because, when I dropped him on the floor this morning, he didn't bounce a bit."

—A Silly Question.—"May I have the honor to conduct your daughter to the supper-table?" asked a society gentleman of a lady from the country, who is staying with some friends whom she is visiting. "May you take her to supper?" was the response. "Why, of course, and you may take me too. That's what we came here for."—*Texas Siftings.*

FOR A WEEK OR TWO.

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I've got an engagement to sing at this hall,
Not for long, for a week or two.
Though I freely admit that the sal'ry is small,
Still I'm here for a week or two.
You've heard of Sims Reeves, a great tenor is he,
But a far greater tenor before you you see,
And when you have heard me you're certain to be
Very ill for a week or two.
I don't mean for good,
It's not likely I should,
Only just for a week or two.

Some girls are so true that they stick to one man,
Heart and soul, for a week or two.
They say that "forget him, oh, they never can!"
And they don't for a week or two.
If you ask for a kiss, the dear girl stands aghast,
And says you are wicked and forward and fast;
If you kiss her, she likes it and wishes 'twould last,
Yummy, yum! for a week or two.
Each dear little miss
Thinks that kissing is bliss,
And would hug for a week or two.

I courted a dear girl name Julia Gray
On my knees for a week or two.
Then married and to the seaside went away,
Happy man for a week or two.
Some fellows won't marry, they don't wish to splice;
They'd get married at once if they took my advice;
Married life is delightful, it's glorious, it's nice,
It's am jam for a week or two.
Your wife seems a love,
She's an angel, a dove,
All your own for a week or two.

Before I sing here all my songs, I rehearse
Very hard for a week or two.
And I know that a pointed, political verse
You'll applaud for a week or two.
Some speak of Lord Churchill in language unkind;
They say he is foolish because he resigned,
But he's better than some, for he knows his own mind,
So he does for a week or two.
In the statesmanship race
He took Beaconsfield's place,
Which he held for a week or two.

I own I've not been on good terms with my wife,
Awful rows, for a week or two.
In fact, we've had nought but dissension and strife,
Wretched home for a week or two.
My wife caught me kissing our servant girl, Jane,
And "ructions ensued, tho' I tried to explain,
But I've promised I never will trouble again,
And I won't for a week or two.
I'm getting too warm,
I'm going to reform,
I'll be good for a week or two.

OH! TAKE CARE OF IT.

Sung by Arthur Corney.

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A careful man I've always been, cared for myself, you see;
But I have lately married, and the wife takes care of me;
Man feels much more respectable when Cupid's knot is tied;
So if a loving heart rolls by, with a pretty girl outside—

CHORUS.

Oh, take care of it! oh, take care of it!
Though to see you hold it tight will make the people smile,
Oh, take care of it! oh, take care of it!
You'll find that with a little care 'twill last you such a while.

Perhaps to Paris you may go, just for a little spree;
You boldly face the dangers that await you on the sea;
Your wife and other valuables are in the cabin stored,
And if you've had a hearty meal before you go on board—CHORUS.

A patch upon your trousers, when they're getting rather thin,
Though ugly, gives more comfort than the cold draught pouring in;
You see a sixpence in the street, don't stoop or make a snatch;
Though diamond rings be at your feet, remember well that patch.—CHORUS.

You get upon a train and find a timid little maid,
Who says, that of dark tunnels she is very much afraid:
Be fatherly, and place your arm around the little dear,
And when you to the tunnel come, just tell her not to fear.—CHORUS.

—"Can't I stay home from church with you, pa, just to-day?" pleaded small sinner, Bobby. "No, Robert, you must go with your mother." Then he added to his wife, as he slapped his morning-paper into position, "I believe my mother's old adage, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

IN A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE.

Sung by G. H. McDermot.

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The man who wrote this ditty is no poet laureate;
His songs are rather tasty, but they're neither good nor great;
He lives up in an attic, lives on sprats, and should he die,
I'm very much afraid in Poet's Corner he'll not lie.

CHORUS.

But a very different place, ah, a very different place;
When a dust-cart passes by
They will clear the old dust-bin, and then chuck the poet in,
Till the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

My two big brothers bought some plums, which I resolved to sneak,
But oh! they watched the cupboard, for as I went there so meek,
They both kicked out at once, and as I grasped those plums so sweet
A pair of boots were on me, but they were not on my feet.

CHORUS.

But a very different place, ah, a very different place;
As I heaved a frantic sigh,
I'd discovered, to my cost, sitting down would be a frost,
Till the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

To hear a sermon preached I went when I was quite a lad,
And I for the collection got a shilling from my dad;
Said he, "It's for the heathens, put it in their plate just so."
But did I put that shilling in the heathens' plate? Oh, no!

CHORUS.

But a very different place, ah, a very different place;
For those savages I'd sigh,
But when they trotted round the plate, I said "Let the heathens wait
Till the sweet, sweet by-and-by."

Around my house there walk each night a rowdy, ramping lot,
They call themselves Salvationists, and spout such awful rot;
They say they're bound for glory, of future bliss they yell.
Now, if they go to glory, I'd much rather go to—well—

CHORUS.

To a very different place, ah, a very different place;
Where they keep things warm and dry,
Ah! and where, I will be bound, comic singers will be found,
In the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

I like to do the "heavy," as my style was years ago,
But still, I must confess, my style is only outer show;
For though I wear a really splendid bright watch-chain, I vow;
Yet strange to say my watch is not inside my pocket now.

CHORUS.

In a very different place, ah, a very different place;
Where the three brass balls hang high,
Safe within my uncle's shop, where I rather think 'twill stop
Till the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

A cousin I'd not seen for years invited me to go
To a higher school for ladies, that she kept in Pimlico;
I feared the thing would be so slow, to shirk it hard I fought,
But, to my great delight, I found 'twas not the school I thought.

CHORUS.

But a very different place, ah, a very different place;
When the midnight hour is nigh,
If inside you chance to drop, I will bet a crown you stop
Till the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

ONLY A DEAR LITTLE STAR.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I stood last night on the dear old spot where we met long ago,
Where we pledged love eternal, that spot we both well know;
I gazed up at the shining stars, and one gem caught mine eye,
It was the same bright "Northern star" that shone on you and I;
Again I saw the sweet face that nestled on my breast,
While shades of night hung o'er us, sweet birds had gone to rest;
Again the tears came to mine eyes, it seemed like yesterday;
Again we vowed eternal love beneath that star's bright ray.

CHORUS.

Only a dear little star, bringing back dreams of the past,
Shining in bright sunny climes as well as in winter's blasts.
Sheding its light on the rich and lowly from up in the sky;
Only that same little star that shone on you and I.

I saw you in your loveliness, in all that word implies;
I saw love's own affection beam out your love-lit eyes;
We told how we'd be faithful, and we thought it not amiss
To pledge our love by that bright star, and seal it with a kiss;
May troubles ne'er beset us, may sorrow never come,
May we love one another until life's task is done;
When old age overtakes us, and we see the end afar,
Then, as in life, both hand and hand we'll sail to you bright star.—CHO.

OH! WHAT AN ALTERATION.

Words and Music by Eldred Powel. Sung by Charles Coborn.

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As every one's aware, America's always in repair,
And frequently we hear the exclamation,
When people see a change, and they come on something strange,
Oh! what an alteration.
On the stage of life we see things that genuine seem to be,
But, after all, they're only imitation.
When the scenes we look behind what a difference we find,
Oh! what an alteration.

REFRAIN.

Now, there! well, I do declare!
Oh! what an alteration.

What lots of friends you'll find, so generous and kind,
Who'll show you such respect and admiration;
But tell them that you're down—want to borrow half-a-crown—
Oh! what an alteration.
Though poverty's no sin, let a man be stumped for "tin,"
His friends will give him little consolation;
But if by chance they hear he's been left a thou' a year,
Oh! what an alteration.

REFRAIN.

What joy! How d'ye do, dear boys?
Oh! what an alteration.

Some fellows take delight in boasting they can fight.
You'd fancy they were champions of the nation;
But if into a row they ever get, somehow,
Oh! what an alteration.
Though if you are too bold, you are likely to be sold
By some one strong in fistic agitation;
And your pals to you may say, when they see your face next day,
Oh! what an alteration.

REFRAIN.

Oh, law! why wasn't it a draw?
Oh! what an alteration.

Then you meet with Tom or Jack, and a horse he's going to back
For all he's worth, on solid information;
But when the race is run and the horse it hasn't won,
Oh! what an alteration.
And when a Welsher, flash, gets a crowd of people's cash,
And they catch him trying to leave the situation,
When they've given him a treat in a horse-pond, cool and sweet,
Oh! what an alteration.

REFRAIN.

What a plight! Serves the beggar right!
Oh! what an alteration.

In town there's many a don with cuffs and collar on,
Looks fit for lords' and dukes' association;
But when his coat is off he's a dickey-looking toff—
Oh! what an alteration.
While the darling ladies, sweet, look so pretty, plump and neat,
Their charming figures gain our admiration;
But when at home they stay, with the bird-cage put away,
Oh! what an alteration.

REFRAIN.

Girls, it's true, you know it's what you do.
Oh! what an alteration.

In a fellow's courting days his girl he loves to praise;
But when he's passed the marriage operation,
And he finds that she has got such a temper, nice and hot,
Oh! what an alteration.
Then he forward looks, with joy, to a darling baby boy;
Ah! But when he has to soothe its agitation,
In a garment very slight, in the bedroom late at night,
Oh! what an alteration.

REFRAIN.

Ain't he wild! "Come and take the child."
Oh! what an alteration.

Brown Eyes Has That Little Maiden.

Copyright, 1875, by O. Ditson & Co.

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Words by Laurius. Music by Geo. L. Osgood.

Brown eyes has that little maiden, maiden, maiden,
All with sparkling humor laden, laden,
O'er the meadow green she dances,
Like the sunlit-dew her glances.
Brown eyes has that little maiden, maiden, maiden,
All with sparkling humor laden, laden.

And she has a mouth of roses, roses, roses,
Heavenly sweetness it discloses, discloses,
Temptingly for kisses pouting,
Is she then my ardor doubting?
Brown eyes has that little maiden, maiden, maiden,
All with sparkling humor laden, laden.

And she has such lily fingers, fingers, fingers,
Lovingly my hand there lingers, lingers,
Is she true, or is she heartless,
Maiden sweet that seems so artless?
Brown eyes has that little maiden, maiden, maiden,
All with sparkling humor laden, laden.

NELLIE LOST AND FOUND.

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By Henry C. Work.

Ten o'clock, the rain begins to fall,
And Nellie still from home;
Vainly now her loving name we call,
Oh, wither does she roam?
Can it be she wandere from the street,
Thro' the wood to find her lonely way?
Bless the child, I fear her little feet
Have carried her astray.

CHORUS.

Wake the boys to search for Nellie, stay not for the dawn;
Who shall sleep when from the mother's fold one little lamb is gone?

Eleven o'clock, the little brothers wait,
Still hoping her return;
Peeping through the lattice of the gate,
Their darling to discern.
Weary now they turn them to the door,
While their tears, for lips that now are dumb,
Ask the question often asked before,
Oh, mother, will she come?—CHORUS.

Twelve o'clock, and in the forest wild,
What terrors rule the hour;
Who can tell what foes surround the child,
Or shield her from their power?
Storms to face and torrents to be cross'd,
Beasts of prey that in the darkness roam;
Would to God that only I were lost
And Nellie safe at home.—CHORUS.

One o'clock, methinks I hear a voice,
With tidings in its tone;
Does it bid this trembling heart rejoice,
Or sorrow makes it known;
Still I hear that midnight echo stirred,
Surely, too, it bears a joyful sound;
Praise the Lord, a mother's prayer is heard,
The darling one is found.

CHORUS.

Through the wood the midnight echoes bear a joyful sound,
Praise the Lord, a mother's prayer is heard, the darling one is found.

I SHALL HAVE 'EM.

Sung by E. J. Lonnen.

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I'm a jolly clever fellow, and I'm very wide-awake,
And I've studied human nature, and I'm up to every fake.
I can see through all the dodges, and I'm up to all the rigs,
Of paupers and of princes, and of p'licemen and of prigs.
I have intimate relations with the palace and the cot,
And when there's any mischief I am always on the spot.
They may think they're very artful, and to get away may try,
But I've got my optic on 'em and shall have 'em by-and-by.

CHORUS.

They may wriggle, they may struggle,
But I've got 'em in my eye,
And I'll have 'em, yes, I'll have 'em,
I shall have 'em by-and-by.

There's a Glasgow bank director, you should see him roll his eyes—
He has one upon his pockets and the other on the skies;
He thinks it wrong to whistle, but he sticks to lots of cash,
And ruins tens of thousands when the bubble goes to smash;
He may gang to kirk on Sunday, and about his goodness brag,
But he's not above a swindler if he stands in the swag;
To impose upon the people let the canny humbug try,
I have tumbled to the rascal and I'll have him by-and-by.—CHORUS.

There's a well-known West-End lawyer, whose money has been lent
To swells in want of ready cash at SIXTY-FIVE per cent.,
He gets them in his clutches like the spider does the fly,
And squeezes them and squeezes them until he's squeez'd them dry.
There's a gentleman whose custom was to go to ev'ry race,
But the Jockey Club have warned him and he dare not show his face;
On the tape he now is betting and he thinks he's very fly,
But he'll take the knock directly and I'll have him by-and-by.—CHORUS.

I've a friend who keeps a club-house, he is quite the ladida,
But he's got his wits about him when he plays at baccarat;
At leaving off a winner he is always very deft;
And he plucks his pigeons till there's not a feather left.
There's an impecunious fellow, who was always on the mash,
He married a young lady with a lot of ready cash,
But he left her like a rascal when he made her money fly,
But I'm keeping him a corner and he'll be there by-and-by.—CHORUS.

—Father: "Well, what has Tommy been doing to-day?" Mother: "He's cut off a piece of the cat's tail, broke three windows, blacked the cook's eye and built a bonfire in the cellar." Father: "Is that all? Tommy must have been a good boy to-day."—*Epoch.*

THE CITY WAIF.

Sung by Miss Jennie Hill.

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Alone, in the streets of London, my papers I sell each day,
And notice each sight around me, though only a "waif and stray."
I ain't 'ad much eddication, it's wasted on such as me,
Except what the Ragged School gave me, or else the reformat'ry.
"'Ere you are, sir! the Star, sir? a tanner! ain't got any change—bank's struck—
What, keep it all? thankee kindly! I'll spit on it, jest for luck!
Eh, what cabby? mind yer horse? yus my eye but this 'ere's all gay.
Oh! bother the Star and Ekker, 'ere's a tanner and no outlay!"

REFRAIN.

I'd never no mother nor father
To love me, like some I see,
And what does this big, cold world care
For a poor little chap like me.
Out of my bed in a doorway,
Bobbies all hunt me down,
And no home have I beneath the sky
But the streets of London town.

When country chaps sneak our "pitches," it ain't at all what we like,
And, you bet, us true-born cockneys soon give 'em a good "chi-like."
Well, Johnson he was a bumkin, he opened cab-doors and sich,
And his 'ands was as a lady's, or fellers what's grand and rich.
Well, the chaps, they all sneered and chaffed him, says they he's a toff he is,
Till he cried, "if you're men, you'll hear me, and learn how I came to this!"
Then he told how he'd tramped to London, along with his poor, sick wife,
In search of some work to keep 'em, but it cost him his darling's life.

REFRAIN.

He told how she sank by the wayside,
One sigh! and her soul was gone,
But up in his arms he took her,
And carried her on and on,
Then, as he sobbed while he told us
How he came down, down, down,
All our eyes were dim with tears for him,
In the streets of London town.

Sal Brown she ain't rich nor 'andsome, and cresses each day she cries,
And Lor'! she's an artist, she is, at dotting her old man's eyes;
And some say she ain't no better, ain't Sal, than she ought to be,
P'raps she ain't, p'raps she is, I don't care, though, she's been werry good to me;
One night, in the depth of winter, my sister she lay jest here,
Poor kid! she's a cripple, she is, and she was so faint and queer,
She lay in the snow quite 'elpless, and, oh! how my poor heart bled,
For I knew that my little sister was a-dying for want of bread.

REFRAIN.

Then up comes Sal Brown at that moment,
And rough as she is, says she,
"Take this money, here! run for food, boy,"
Then she took Kitty on her knee;
She saved the life of my sister,
And though people run her down,
She played an angel's part that night
In the streets of London town.

One night, it was on midnight, I was minding a cabby's 'orse,
Outside of a big swell "caffy," in a street off of Charling Cross,
When a shabbyish sort of a feller, he comes up and says to me,
Describing a man and woman, "have yer seen sich a pair," says he.
Jest then a gent comes from the "caffy" with a lady all jools and lace,
And the shabby cove turns in a moment, and meets the pair face to face,
My father! my child! you villain! the shabby chap 'orsely cries,
"I've found you my child's betrayer," then straight at his throat he flies.

REFRAIN.

He snatched up the old cabby's 'orsewhip,
And the swell he turned white and blue,
As the shabby chap laid the lash on,
He 'owled as a kid might do;
He ruined a poor man's daughter,
Trampled her good name down,
And we said he deserved all he got
That night in the streets of London town.

MOLLY.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, the love that is burning in my bosom,
Oh, sure my heart's filled with bitter melancholy,
For it's you've won me o'er, and I can't say no more,
Than to promise for to be your true love, Molly.

CHORUS.

I'll say the word, you must not pine,
Oh, you may call me thine,
Oh, I promise to be your true love, Molly.

Oh, the nights they were dreary for me, darling!
Oh, sure, my love, I thought nothing else but folly;
For awake or asleep, oh, my secret I'd keep
While a-praying that you'd call me your own Molly.—CHORUS.

Sure, my heart it was drooping down with sorrow,
Oh, at no time was I really ever jolly,
For my heart's not grown cold, and I'll wear your ring of gold,
I am longing that you'd call me your own Molly.—CHORUS.

GENTLY DOES THE TRICK.

Sung by Arthur Corney.

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Some people in this world go very much too fast,
They start out at a pace that knocks them up at last;
And some are much too rough, and some are clumsy, too,
But "gently" is the dodge that knowing people do.

CHORUS.

For 'tis gently, gently, gently does the trick,
Do it softly, slowly, never be too quick;
For sneaking ladies' lockets,
Or for clearing out back pockets,
Oh, 'tis gently does the trick.

Some people pay their rent and other people don't,
Some people really can't and other people won't;
I hope that none of you have weaknesses that way,
But should you shoot the moon, remember what I say.

CHORUS.

Do it gently, gently, gently does the trick,
Sneak out softly, slowly, never be too quick;
Just let a silent tear drop,
And then leave word at the beer-shop
That you've gently done the trick.

Now if a boiler bursts and shoots you in the air,
You have a kind of feel, you'd rather not be there;
Your elevation seems—well, anything but nice—
But don't come down a "whop," no, take a friend's advice.

CHORUS.

Come down gently, gently, gently does the trick,
Come down softly, slowly, never be too quick;
Your eye the distance gunges,
And you drop by easy stages,
For 'tis gently does the trick.

Some people go to church, and say they go to pray,
And others go to see what they can take away;
And some hand round the plate, and some are most devout,
And some put three pennies in, and others take them out.

CHORUS.

But 'tis gently, gently, gently does the trick,
Do it softly, slowly, never be too quick;
And when the plate is filling,
Give a "brown" and take a shilling,
But 'tis gently does the trick.

Now, perhaps, in prison you may suddenly be popped
For picking something up that no one ever dropped;
Be humble, meek and mild, yea! pious if you will,
For if you are not good they'll put you on the "mill."

CHORUS.

Where 'tis gently, gently, gently does the trick,
Turn it softly, slowly, never be too quick;
If put your legs in order,
But you softly cuss the warden,
Yes, 'tis gently does the trick.

COBWEBS ON THE WALL.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm an old peculiar fellow, and I've some peculiar ways;
I believe in sticking to a friend or anything that pays.
There's one thing true in nature, old time was made for all,
Without your leave 'twill wind and weave like cobwebs on the wall.

CHORUS.

Then here's to my old attic, a rusty, dusty place,
Where pride, deceit or envy must never show their face;
Then here's to my old slippers, my bottle, pipe and all,
Likewise my old companions, oh, the cobwebs on the wall.

I believe in living humble, oh, for what's the use of pride?
Don't you grumble if compelled to walk, nor envy those who ride.
Contentment is a blessing, it's at your beck and call;
Away with woe, oh, let it grow like cobwebs on the wall.—CHORUS.

We must never carry malice, we must bury all our spleen,
Hating cunning with our heart and soul, let charity be queen.
For mercy is her guardian, go spread it over all,
Oh, let her weave her golden threads like cobwebs on the wall.—CHORUS.

Here's a toast to thee, old spider, and it's may you bring good luck
While your weaving in the steps of time with energy and pluck;
Let ruins rot and crumble, and ages rise and fall,
Your silver thread among the dead will gather over all.—CHORUS.

—Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding): "My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you." Bride: "Never mind, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to go housekeeping on, so you may not lose me, after all."

OFF—VERY MUCH OFF!

Sung by Arthur Roberts.

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If you ask me the title of this little song,
Well, it's off—very much off!
I don't mean by that that the color is wrong,
But off—very much off!
What it all is about you may know when I'm gone,
Or find out the subject I'm singing upon,
What the deuce does it matter now what it is on?
When it's off—very much off!

Now the love of my heart said, "Come out for a row,"
We were off—very soon off!
And I said, as I rowed, "I am pulling it so,"
We're off—very much off!
But the boat it capsized, we went in then and there;
I seized hold of her tresses luxuriantly fair,
When her head became bald, in my hand was her hair,
Right off—very much off!

Said a chap, to the ball we had better be gone,
We were off—very much off!
I only found out he was very much on,
When off—very much off!
There a beautiful lady I met, I confess,
Dressed in shoulder-straps, belt, be the same more or less,
With voluminous shirts, but the rest of the dress
Was off—nearly all off!

I have heard from the girl who should soon be my bride,
It's off—very much off!
So I started at once for the merry seaside,
I was off—very much off!
I met with a friend, so I thought I'd explain
At a neighboring bar all that troubled my brain;
We had five drinks apiece—when I looked for my train,
It was off—very much off!

I have loved her for years, for years, that is on
And off—specially off!
I told her my passion, she answered, "Begone!"
Be off—very much off!
She said, sir, how dare you? I blush for your cheek,
But the rain it came, oh! while the lady did speak,
And the beautiful flush which did mantle her cheek,
'Twas off—very much off!

I thought that I'd go for a ride in the Row,
I was off—galloping off!
The horse and I started together, you know,
We were off—very much off!
The horse gave a buck, just as some horses might,
My grip of the saddle I'll own it was slight,
At the end of the game, well, the horse was all right,
I was off—very much off!

MY LITTLE SIDE DOOR.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I've a nate little bar for beer and cigar,
Fine whiskey and sweet lemonade;
About six o'clock there's no bar on the block
Can equal my family trade.
I've brandy and gin, there's no bar can begin
For to beat me in liquors galore;
They say, "How are you, Dan?" with growler in hand,
As they enter my little side door.

CHORUS.

It's there one and all of the neighbors would call,
Patronizing quite freely my store;
Oh, it's, "Good-evening, Dan," with growler in hand,
They enter my little side door.

Oh, there's Timothy Burke, when he's done his work,
So eager he looks for his beer;
I fill up his can like a true decent man,
I give him good measure, ne'er fear.
Oh, there's Widow Malone, oh, she's quite sad at home,
Yet she sends in her can o'er and o'er;
They say, "How are you, Dan?" with growler in hand,
As they enter my little side door.—CHORUS.

When the supper is spread with corn, meat and bread,
It's take down the pail and go buy
A pint of bock beer, oh, the poor man to cheer,
A-toiling all day makes him dry;
A sweet little boy, he's his father's own joy,
Comes a-running right into my store,
He says, "How are you, Dan?" with growler in hand,
As he enters my little side door.—CHORUS.

There's many a cop calls in for a drop,
So sly, but that's nothing new;
Between you and I, the police are dry,
Quite friendly am I to the blue;
There's poor Mrs. Rugg and her little brown jug,
With her apron she covers it o'er;
She says, "How are you, Dan?" with growler in hand,
As she enters my little side door.—CHORUS.

THE IRISH ROW.

Written by Tom Browne, Esq. Sung by Mr. Frank Caffrey.

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It was a week last Saturday I went out on a spree,
The day that Dolan's daughter, Ann, got married to Magee,
Things went all right 'till near midnight, when, by the holy fly,
Magee gave Mick Maginnis a big polthogue in the eye;
For Mick began his blathering and spouting of Home Rule,
And kase Magee tould him to shut, he said he was a fool.
He said there was a million men all ready in New York,
A million more in Dublin, and a million more in Cork,
And millions more already drilled and armed, armed and ready for to rise,
To free ould Ireland, Denis said, "shut up, you're telling lies,
If they are ready for to rise, why don't they rise," said he,
"And set about their work at once and get ould Ireland free?"
"Sure there you show your ignorance," to Denis then says Mick,
"There's forty million Irishmen, and they would rise up quick,
But the Bobbies won't allow them," as he said it Denis rose,
And banged Maginnis in the eye and on the head and nose.
As soon as Denis struck at Mick, Mick's brother with a jug
Struck Denny right across the gob and spoilt his purty mug;
The Dolan's then joined in the fray, all helping up Magee,
And soon the streets were up in arms and joined the melee;
Relations of both parties took their stands both left and right,
Soon the field of Waterloo was nothing like the sight;
Skin and hair was flying round, and so was stones and bricks,
Heads were cracked and backs were broke with pokers, tongs, and sticks;
Half-a-dozen Bobbies came and tried to interfere,
I will bet they did no duty for the next two year;
Then they called the soldiers out, but they were put to rout,
Then they went and called the Ballyrag Militia out,
They, of course, joined in the row, on fun and plunder bent,
For the bould policemen and the regulars they went;
They stole the Bobbies' truncheons and their watches and all else,
Then they set about with the buckle end of belts,
While the people left and right were slaughtering away,
Till somebody telegraphed to London for to say:
"Send the special constables and regular police,
Your army and your navy, too, and give them guns apiece;
Your boats and men-of-war ships, too, for, if you don't, we vow
There'll be a murder done—they've scalped a magistrate just now."
At last somebody thought of what would quickly stop the fun,
He telephoned the Fire Brigade, and they came with a run,
They rigged the pumps and set to work by turning on the hose,
Then the people flew just like so many frightened crows,
Leaving ears and eyes and noses lying on the field;
This is what was told me by the man who made them yield:
"Irishmen will stand" says he, "real good ould Irish Pats,
And fight their foe till both drop dead like two Kilkenny cats.
In front of powder, shot and shell, they'll stand the battle's heat,
They'll stand being drowned in whiskey, but they can't stand water—neat."

Could I Only Spot the Winner.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Behold in me one who has lost a fortune on the "field,"
But still my great propensity is to never, never yield.
I've "made a book," I've taken "tips," I've edged, I've squared, I've crossed,
But when I've balanced my accounts, I've found that I have lost.

CHORUS.

Could I only spot the winner, what a happy man I'd be,
I'd spare enough to share enough, to show my charity.
I'd be a second Peabody, I'd stand a great big dinner
To all my little, good old jovial pals, could I only spot the winner.

I've studied sporting papers 'till they've nearly driven me mad;
I've known each horse's pedigree sinch I was quite a lad.
I've tried all sorts of dodges, and committed many a sin,
But misfortune's been my fortune, for my fortune I can't win.

CHORUS.

Could I only spot the winner, a different man I'd be,
For I'd spend some dollars on linen collars, no more paper for me.
No more would I eat trotters and tripe by the gas-light's nightly glimmer,
But a jolly blow out on beefsteak and stout, could I only spot the winner.

I've mingled with the fancy, and I've won the whitest hats;
On shaking-hand terms I have been with all the sharps and flats,
I've bribed the jocks, to make 'em lose, they've won the race instead,
And so I've parted with my coin, these words I've often said:

CHORUS.

Could I only spot the winner, Bradlaugh I'd go and see,
And ask Mrs. Bresant if she thought it decent to talk on philosophy;
I'd sport my rhino like a prince, if I was not a skinner,
I'd treat you all with civility, could I only back the winner.

Fain't heart ne'er won fair lady, so I'll have another try,
And as long as I've a fiver, boys, by jove, I'll ne'er die.
I know my luck will change some day, so I'll not throw up the sponge,
And whilst my locker holds a shot, I'll have another plunge.

CHORUS.

And I'll try and spot the winner, and let you have rent free,
For I'll win some siller, and purchase a villa, or a cottage by the sea.
No more will I eat herrings red for breakfast or for dinner,
But eggs and ham and gooseberry jam, could only I spot the winner.

—Marrying rich widows, like drinking liquors, is often solely for the "effects."

ISN'T IT AWFULLY HOT?

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The sun it goes up and the sun it goes down,
Isn't it awfully hot?
And people get riled and say with a frown,
Isn't it awfully hot?
We crawl through the streets, feeling nearly half-dead;
If you're feeling white, it soon turns you red,
While the old man exclaims as he mops his old head,
Isn't it awfully hot?

Our butcher sits grinning like mad at his door,
Isn't it awfully hot?
He's thinking how soon you'll have to pay more,
Isn't it awfully hot?
Then our grocer is stamping and tearing his hair,
For the flies to collar his sugar do dare,
And his butter, oh! Lor', where is it? oh! where?
Isn't it awfully hot?

Out in the fields nearly every night,
Isn't it awfully hot?
Young lovers they seem to take a delight,
Isn't it awfully hot?
They're under the trees whenever you pass,
In every corner a lad and a lass;
Tho' shy, the girls say, let us lie on the grass,
Isn't it awfully hot?

Some couples I saw go to church yesterday,
Isn't it awfully hot?
The wedding-bells rang and seemed for to say,
Isn't it awfully hot?
It's deucedly nice getting married, we know,
'Till twelve o'clock strikes and your friends all do go,
Then you toddle to bed in a minute, but, oh!
Isn't it awfully hot?

If this goes on longer, oh! where shall we be,
Isn't it awfully hot?
We'd better be mermen and live in the sea,
Isn't it awfully hot?
If it's hotter below, it much me deceives;
How cool it would be if they'd let us wear leaves,
We could then walk about like Adams and Eves,
Isn't it awfully hot?

Our milkman is doing a rare lot of trade,
Isn't it awfully hot?
'Tis said by the wise, a fortune he's made,
Isn't it awfully hot?
But you'll soon find out how he makes it pay,
For his farmer but fetches him five cans a day,
Yet he always sells eight, at least so they say,
Isn't it awfully hot?

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagen.

What is a home without a mother dear?
Nobody ever can be to me
What mother was when I was a child
And sat with my head upon her knee;
At even, when the twilight was fading
And darkness was closing the day,
Softly she would murmur, my darling boy,
Down upon your knees and pray;
And when my little pray'r was finished,
She would clasp me to her heart so full of bliss;
I never closed my drooping eyes
Without "mother's good-night kiss."

REFRAIN.

Her winning word I miss, her tender care and this:
The love she gave me here on earth, her teaching was never amiss—Ah!

CHORUS.

Her smiles that on me beamed, her affection and fond caress,
But in vain, for all my poor heart yearns for my "mother's good-night kiss."

Close to my bedside in the morning she,
The angel one that lov'd me so well,
Would be standing there, tears in her eyes,
The smile on her face her joy would tell;
Then gazing in those eyes so blue and tender,
There a meek, gentle, soft loving light
I could trace like a gleam of holiness,
Shining like the stars so bright;
Gone from me now to dwell forever
Where happiness becomes eternal bliss;
Oh, there was such a world of love
For my "mother's good-night kiss."—REFRAIN & CHO.

—A young lady who expected a telegraphic message from her "best fellow," waited in the office for it. After a while the little machine began to click. "That's from Jack," she said, "I know his stutter."

THAT'S HOW HE CARRIES ON.

Sung by Miss Jennie Hill.

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Man's a noble animal, there isn't any doubt;
He's like the gay kaleidoscope when twisted well about;
I've studied physiognomy, so something ought to know
Of this omniv'rous biped, so his ways I'll try and show.
See him in good temper, how he'll rub his hands and smile,
"Delighted boy to see you, come and dine and stay awhile.
Here's a check to get that bonnet, dear; so sorry I forgot."
That's when his temper's nice and smooth, but see him when it's not.

CHORUS.

Off will go his coat then, bangs it on the ground,
What d'ye say? you take a run! I'll give it to the hound—
Put 'em up at once, sir, hang your pro and con!
When's he got the needle, well, that's how he carries on.

See him in the summer when it's beautiful and warm,
His check suit is the checkiest, it takes the world by storm;
The latest pattern he must have, no matter what the charge;
It takes two suits to show it, for it is so fine and large.
His hat is at an angle, say of forty-five degrees;
He does a sort of knowing wink at every girl he sees;
He is a lovely picture, fit for any frame of gold—
That is, you know, in summer—but you see him when it's cold:

CHORUS.

Up will go his collar then, mooching down the road,
Nose as red as beetroot—"ain't it, jolly code?"
His back up like a greyhound, don't he look a don?
See a "toff" in winter time, that's how he carries on.

See him when he's dancing with the girl he loves,
Snatching at her madly, see him split his gloves,
Hear him say, "Thanks awfully, a very jolly dance";
And hear him pop the question—that's, when he gets the chance.
See him when he's married, Agustus and Maria,
Tossing head or woman who's to rise and light the fire;
See him bring his wages home and give her all the lot;
I'm assuming that he's sober, but you see him when he's not.

CHORUS.

What d'ye say? it's two o'clock? wrong, my dear, I'm sure;
Excuse me coming into bed, I'll sleep upon the floor;
Get up and pay the cabby, dear, brought me from "the swan."
When's he's had a drop too much, that's how he carries on.

See him when Mother England is calling on her sons
To rally round the standard, brave the foemen's guns,
All his little follies then vanish in the air.
Proving, when it's wanted, the British pluck is there.
Hear him say, "Good-bye, love; God guard you when I'm gone,
Let me kiss the children," and then away he's borne
Over miles of ocean to some distant land,
Where the battle's raging, fighting hand to hand.

CHORUS.

See him grasp his sword then, dashing left and right,
Mowing down the foemen with a giant's might;
Hear him shout, "Hurrah! boys, the victory we've won."
That's the way an Englishman in battle carries on.

She'd Kept Them All for Me.

Sung by Arthur Lloyd.

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The lady I have made my wife was once a sweet young miss,
And I was her third husband when I tasted wedded bliss;
While courting, I remember well one night a special tea,
She'd a lovely lot of muffins hot, she'd kept them all for me.

CHORUS.

She'd kept them all for me, not one or two or three,
But a lovely lot of muffins hot, she'd kept them all for me.

She was a buxom widow and her ways they were so sweet;
Her heart was very tender then, and so were her poor feet;
This is her second husband's suit; it fits me well, you see;
The first one's shirts and socks I wear, she'd kept them all for me.

CHORUS.

She'd kept them all for me, not one or two or three,
But a great big box of shirts and socks, she'd kept them all for me.

But she has got a temper though, as this poor fellow knows;
We often have a flare up, and sometimes it comes to blows;
Last night when I went out we kissed, but when I came back at three,
I'd boots and shoes thrown at my head, she'd kept them all for me.

CHORUS.

She'd kept them all for me, not one or two or three,
But the blessed lot at my head got, she'd kept them all for me.

We both went down to Margate to spend our honeymoon,
But our lodgings were so full of fleas we left them very soon;
My landlady said, "Never before had she ever seen a flea;"
Of course, not—'twas my usual luck—she'd kept them all for me.

CHORUS.

She'd kept them all for me, not one or two or three,
But great big chaps, with big fat backs, she'd kept them all for me.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Will H. Fox.

The gray dawn had crept o'er the stillness of morning,
The dewdrops they glisten'd like icicled breath,
The notes of the bugle had sounded its warning,
A young Irish soldier lay sentenced to death;
No cold-blooded murder had stained his pure conscience;
He called as a witness his Maker on high;
He'd simply been fighting for Ireland's loved freedom,
Arrested and tried, he was sentenced to die.

CHORUS.

Lay him away on the hillside, along with the brave and bold;
Inscribe his name on the scroll of fame in letters of purest gold.
"My conscience would never convict me," he said with his dying breath,
May God bless the cause of freedom for which I am sentenced to death.

He thought of the love of his feebie old mother,
He thought of the colleen so dear to his heart;
The sobs of affection he scarcely could smother,
Well knowing how soon from them both he must part.
He feared not to die, though his heart was near broken,
'Twas simply remembrance of those he loved well;
His Bible he pressed to his heart as a token,
Its words cheered his soul in a felon's cold cell.—CHORUS.

To the old Barrack Square they marched the young hero,
The bandage he tore from his eyes with disdain,
You think I'm afraid of a crime-soddened "Nero,"
I'd die for my country again and again.
I blame not my comrades for doing their duty;
"Aim straight at my heart" were the last words he said,
Exposing his breast to the point of the rifle,
The smoke cleared away, the young soldier was dead.—CHORUS.

BRING MY BOY BACK AGAIN.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon. Arranged by F. W. Meecham.

There's a vacant chair in the old home, there's a loved one far away,
My bright-eyed boy, my hope and joy, and for his return I pray;
He was the light of my failing years, he was my only pride;
But far from his home he's gone to roam over the treacherous tide.

CHORUS.

Every stormy wind that blows, every gale I hear,
Fills my heart with anguish, fills my heart with fear;
Out on the sea he's roaming, out on the stormy main,
Blow, friendly winds, and bring my boy back again.

I had children and I loved them, but they left me just like he;
Their hearts were warm, they feared no storm, they one by one went to sea;
Never again did I see my boys, down in the deep went they;
I was bereft, all I had left is the one for whom I pray.—CHORUS.

Oh! the partner of my sorrows could not bear each cruel stroke,
She pined away, like the close of day, with grief her poor heart broke;
Fondly I yearn for my only boy, all I have left to love;
Oh! why does he stay from me away, why does he o'er the sea rove?—CHO.

But the kindly winds may waft him back to his native shore;
I may yet rejoice, I may hear his voice, and gaze on his face once more;
Ah! but the days seem dark and drear, and the nights seem long and sad,
And my heart will yearn for his return, my brave, manly sailor lad.—CHO.

HEART OF MY HEART.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

Heart of my heart, light of my eyes,
Come to me now, precious gem that I prize!
Years that have gone bring back to me
Your loving face—it is all I can see.
Patiently waiting your sweet voice to hear,
Trusting your absence and never knowing fear,
Believing you faithful though miles apart;
Loving you always, heart of my heart,
Forgetting you never, heart of my heart.

CHORUS.

Days come, years go, hours swiftly fleeting,
Still your image is within my keeping;
None can replace you, though we're apart;
First love, true love, heart of my heart;
First love, last love, heart of my heart.

Does not mem'ry ever take you to those happy days gone by,
Underneath the hawthorn sitting, fond vows pledging, you and I?
Though our paths in life lay different, still I'll never love but thee,
And, when dying, I will bless you, my star of affinity.—CHORUS.

PEGGY MALONE.

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Written by R. W. Gyle. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In a neatly thatched cottage on Erin's green shore
There lives a sweet maiden, the one I adore;
Her face is her fortune, and scores I could name
Would give all their wealth to inherit the same;
Her soul is as pure as her face is sublime,
And lots of fine offers she's had in her time,
But in my fond heart she has set up her throne,
And queen of my heart is my Peggy Malone,
And queen of my heart is my Peggy Malone.

CHORUS.

Peggy Malone, Peggy Malone,
Her face, sure, a princess might envy to own;
The brightest, bright colleen that I've ever known
Is my own sweet Peggy, my Peggy Malone.

Her voice is an angel's, so sweet is its tone;
And often she sings to me when we're alone;
Her lips are so tempting, no saint could resist
When nature provides such sweet spots to be kissed;
Her eyes are resplendent, like diamonds they shine;
In truth, she's perfection, this darling of mine;
The fairest of flowers that Erin has grown
Is my own sweet Peggy, my Peggy Malone,
Is my own sweet Peggy, my Peggy Malone.—CHORUS.

Her beauty's so famed her throughout Erin's Isle
That tourists oft ramble for many a mile
To catch a brief glimpse of a colleen so grand
That's turned crazy most of the squires in the land;
I've heard many wishing that I were but them,
To be the possessor of such a bright gem;
I'll whisper a secret, but don't make it known,
To-day I got married to Peggy Malone,
To-day I got married to Peggy Malone.—CHORUS.

COMING HOME FROM MEETING.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Coming home from meeting on last Sunday eve,
As happy as a bumble bee,
Wid Jane and Aunt Eliza, Lucas, John and Steve,
A-singing in de key of C;
Down by the cross-roads, close to the mound,
We had for to stand right still;
Oh, it's coming home from meeting, how we hug de ground,
And listen to de whippoorwill.

CHORUS.

Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,
Oh, it's birdie on de tree-top gazing all around,
And colored people climbing up a hill;
Oh, it's coming home from meeting, how we hug de ground,
And listen to de whippoorwill.

Toady in de footpath, hopping mighty soon,
A-hearing of de footsteps fall;
Oh, just behind de black clouds comes along de moon,
It is a lonely road for all;
Down by the brookside, turn right around,
For their stands the old windmill;
Oh, it's coming home from meeting, how we hug de ground,
And listen to de whippoorwill.—CHORUS.

Sitting in de kitchen, talking very low,
A-thinking and a-making love,
We kiss and go a-hugging till a "yes" or "no"
Is spoken by a sweet, black dove;
Back log a-burning, sparks fly around,
Oh, hush, lovers, do keep still!
Oh, it's coming home from meeting, how we hug de ground,
And listen to de whippoorwill.—CHORUS.

MR. BARNEY FLYNN.

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I received an invitation from Mister Barney Flynn,
A man of reputation, who keeps a cosy inn,
To enjoy myself with Barney upon his wedding-day,
And if you list I'll tell to you how we passed the time away.

CHORUS.

For Reilly was under the table, Murphy was on the floor,
And Barney got into bed along with a dozen more;
His wife was under the bedstead along with a rolling pin,
For she couldn't stand the blarney of Mister Barney Flynn.

When at the house we did arrive, Barney said to me,
Now if you want to stay all night, sure, welcome you will be;
The band got up, the music played, which got us in a fix,
And very soon out went the lights, sure, we one and all got mixed.—CHORUS.

BABIES ON OUR BLOCK.

Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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Sung by Ed. Harrigan in "The Mulligan Guard Ball."

If you want for information, or in need of merriment,
Come over with me socially to Murphy's tenement;
He owns a row of houses in the First Ward, near the dock,
Where Ireland's represented by the babies on our block.
There's the Phalous and the Whalens, from the sweet Dunocudee,
Sitting on the railings, with their children on their knee,
Gossiping and talking with neighbors by the flock,
Singing "Little Sally Waters" for the babies on our block.

CHORUS.

Little Sally Waters, a-sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping for a young man;
Rise, Sally, rise, wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's sung by the babies a-living on our block.

On a warm day in summer, when the breeze comes off the sea,
A hundred thousand children lay on the Battery;
They come from Murphy's building, their noise 'nd stop a clock,
There's no perambulator with the babies on our block.
There's the Clearys and the Learys, from the sweet Blackwater side,
Dozing on the Battery, gazing at the tide;
All royal blood and noble of Dan O'Connell stock,
Singing "Gravel, Greeny Gravel" for the babies on our block.

CHORUS.

Gravel, greeny gravel, how green the grasses grow
For all the pretty, fair, young maidens I know;
Green, gravel green, wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's sung by the babies a-living on our block.

It's good-morning to you, landlord, and how are you to-day?
When Patrick Murphy, Esquire, walks down the alleyway,
With his shining silken beaver—he's as solid as a rock,
The envy of the neighbors, boys, a-living on our block.
There's the Brannons and the Gannons, Far Downs and Cannaught men,
Aisy with the shovel and quite handy with the pen;
Neighborly and friendly, with relations by the flock,
Singing "Little Sally Waters" for the babies on our block.

CHORUS.

Little Sally Waters, a-sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping for a young man;
Rise, Sally, rise, wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's sung by the babies a-living on our block.

Going Home with Nelly After Five.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, Broadway is a thoroughfare for both the high and low,
There side by side, just like the tide, it's up and down we go.
It's laboring men and working girls, like bees out of a hive,
Among the crowd I'm going home with Nelly after five.

CHORUS.

When I hear the whistle blow, then up Broadway I go,
My happiest hour in all the day, as sure as you're alive;
Oh, when I've done my daily toil, oh, with this working girl,
Among the crowd contentedly with Nelly after five.

My Nelly is but seventeen, so gentle, mild and coy;
Quite pretty, too, with eyes of blue, at every working boy.
You'd easy see, they envy me, oh, how they push and strive
To take my place in going home with Nelly after five.—CHORUS.

Oh, merchants in the doorways there, and hackmen on the walk,
Oh, young policemen now and then, they all turn round and talk.
"Oh, there she goes!" "Ain't she a rose!" "I knew they would arrive!"
Oh, that's what I hear when going home with Nelly after five.—CHORUS.

BABY'S TEARS.

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Written and Composed by Paul Dresser.

Papa loves his darling, baby don't you weep,
Sings a father to his child, as evening shadows creep;
Dry your tears, my angel, now the day is done,
My heart aches for you, love, but mamma ne'er will come.

CHORUS.

Papa will watch you, darling, through the long, long years;
Heaven protect you, sunshine, who can resist baby's tears?
Papa's sad when baby weeps, eyelids drooping, now she sleeps

On a winter's evening, when my work is o'er,
Papa laughs with baby, and he rolls her on the floor;
Now the baby's lonely, wants mamma, you see;
Sleep for aye, and father alone, now lives for thee.—CHORUS.

THE LITTLE WIDOW DUNN

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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Sung by Ed. Harrigan in "The Mulligan Guard Ball."

There's a charming little widow who keeps a candy store,
Where the little children buy their chewing gum;
She sells taffy for a penny—her name is on the door—
There's music in the face of Widow Dunn.
She's from the County Kerry, her husband was a Tip.,
And in the English Army beat a drum;
At singing—holy Moses! can't she give it lip?
Such a voice has the little Widow Dunn.

CHORUS.

"Eileen Allanna!" "Starry Banner!"
"Slavery Days!" boys, every one,
She'd warble aisy—surely plaze ye,
Such a voice has the little Widow Dunn.

You should hear her at a party sing "Brennon on the Moor,"
Just as stately as the Duke of Wellington;
She raises up the ceiling and shakes the parlor floor;
Oh, everybody loves the Widow Dunn.
She's a pretty little body, just like a 'ristocrat,
Wid eyes rolling over full of fun,
And she'd drink a glass of lager just like a Democrat,
It's a pleasure for to meet the Widow Dunn.

CHORUS.

"Savourneen Deelish!" "Mother's Last Wish!"
"The Battle's Over!" "Murphy's Won!"
"Do You Love Me?" "Moriarity!"
That's sung by the little Widow Dunn.

Oh, she plays the concertina, self-taught, without a book,
She never told a lie, like Washington;
She'd turn your head completely wid a sly, bewitching look,
Such a banshee is the little Widow Dunn.
She's very fond of children, she sings them all to sleep,
And gives them lollypops and sugar plums;
At every neighbor's funeral she'd dress in white and weep
Such a tender creature is the Widow Dunn.

CHORUS.

"The Little Dudeen!" "She's My Fairy Queen!"
"In the Ballet!" "Oh, Mary, Run!"
"Keep My Grave Green!" "Sweet Evangeline!"
They are sung by the little Widow Dunn.

She'd read the "Ledger" stories, wrote by Sylvanus Cobb,
The "Daily News," the "Herald" and the "Sun;"
And at every passing stranger she'd give her head a bob,
So familiar is the little Widow Dunn.
She has a cure for measels, the chicken-rash and croup,
And every summer's morning, in the sun,
All the neighbors' babies are sitting on her stoop,
Such a fairy is the little Widow Dunn.

CHORUS.

"Michael Muldoon!" "Will You Buy a Broom?"
"On the Boulevard!" "My Sugar Plum!"
"Darling Sadie Ray!" "Down at Rockaway!"
They are sung by the little Widow Dunn.

SHE LIVES ON MURRAY HILL.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As sung by Ed. Harrigan in "Mordecai Lyons."

I drive a butcher cart, I serve my meat around
Among the low and upper ten, all over New York town;
I've got a sweetheart, boys, a beauty I call Lill,
She's a servant in a family that lives on Murray Hill.

CHORUS.

It's ev'ry morning early, when I am feeling well,
I skip down from the butcher cart and ring the basement bell;
She meets me like a baby, my dainty little Lill,
She's just the cream, the girl I mean, she lives on Murray Hill.

On Sunday, when it's fine, I drive out for a ride,
I cut the proper caper, boys, when she is by my side;
And when we strike the park, I hand the reins to Lill,
The people say, "Oh, who are they, those swells from Murray Hill?"—CHORUS.

Some day I'll own a stall in the market down below,
And then I'll tie up to my love, she'll be Mrs. Reilly, oh!
I'll give the boss blow-out, you bet, I'll dress to kill,
We'll marry in the lower ward, and not on Murray Hill.—CHORUS.

—Closed until the fall—the oyster.—*Boston Gazette.*

—Change in our feelings follows the discovery of no change in our pocketbooks.—*Washington Star.*

—It takes a tramp a long, long time to break up a cord of wood; but it doesn't take long for a cord of wood to break up a tramp. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

PITCHER OF BEER.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by Ed. Harrigan in "The Mulligan Guard Ball."

I'm a friend to the poor man, where'er I may roam,
No matter what countryman he;
Come share my loaf and the meat on the bone,
I have a gramachre welcome for thee;
Each night in the week, and week in the year,
With a heart and a conscience that's clear,
I've a friend and a glass to let the toast pass,
As they drink from my pitcher of beer.

CHORUS.

Each night in the week, and week in the year,
With a heart and a conscience that's clear,
I've a friend and a glass to let the toast pass,
As they drink from my pitcher of beer.

The child in the cradle, the dog at the door,
The fireside, cheerful and bright;
The old folks at the table, with plenty galore,
To welcome you in with delight;
Their blessing they give, it's long may you live,
And merrily pass o'er each year;
They hand you a glass to let the toast pass,
As you drink from their pitcher of beer.—CHORUS.

Good health and good nature, when brought side by side,
Are champions of real merriment;
Any poor creature in the world, far and wide,
Ne'er begrudges the penny well spent
For a drop of the malt—they couldn't find fault
With that which turns sorrow to cheer;
Get a friend and a glass and let the toast pass,
And drink from your pitcher of beer.—CHORUS.

Be social and merry, for life's but a day,
We die and leave others behind;
To fret and to worry, to sigh and to pray,
When relief they could easy find.
If they draw up a chair and drive away care,
Have a friend with his pipe sitting near,
Tell a story or two, let it be old or new,
And drink from their pitcher of beer.—CHORUS.

DOWN IN GOSSIP ROW.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by Ed. Harrigan in "The Mulligan Guard Ball."

I moved my family, bed and board, last year, the first of May,
From a very quiet neighborhood, sure, Dan coaxed me away;
Hypocrisy and scandal they have caused me bitter woe
Ever since the morning I moved down to Gossip Row.

CHORUS.

Good-morning, Mrs. Dooley, oh, have you heard the news?
Mary Ann went to a ball, and borrowed Peggy's shoes;
There's a second-hand piano in twenty-two below,
And lots of drunken boarders in that house on Gossip Row.
Now listen, Mrs. Crowley, I've something for your ear—
What is it? oh, what is it? we are dying for to hear;
The brunette, Julia Dempsey, I'm told she has a beau,
She run off with a soldier from that house in Gossip Row.

I wear my new-made bonnet, I walk along the block,
They poke their heads from windows and whisper, "What a shock!
She thinks she's a young school-girl, ain't she a horrid show?"
You'd have to run the gauntlet if you moved to Gossip Row.

CHORUS.

Good-morning, Mrs. Dooley, and did you have your tay?
I drank a pint of lager beer just now with Mrs. Fay;
She wants to be a Yankee, I'll let the neighbors know
She lived in Mulligan Alley 'fore she moved to Gossip Row.
Now listen, Mrs. Crowley, I never like to speak—
Who throws out the garbage every Sunday in the week?
Sure, I could tell yoh aisy—go on, we want to know,
'Tis Mrs. Lynch, ah, ha! ah, ha! that lives in Gossip Row.

They borrowed all my kindling wood and dove into my coal,
They broke up all my crockery, 'cept one old sugar-bowl;
Dan's overcoat, my seal-skin sacque, I needed for the snow,
Was stole from off the clothes-line from the yard in Gossip Row.

CHORUS.

Now listen, Mrs. Crowley, I went to Coney Isle;
Your old man wasn't home till six, you flirted there awhile;
I met a German bugler, yes, yes, we want to know,
He ate clams wid a lady that's well known in Gossip Row.
Oh, dear me, Mrs. Crowley, won't you take a chair?
I'm told that Mrs. Coogan she is dyeing up her hair,
Her little daughter, Dalia, she sent off to Bor'do
To learn the parley-voo-voo for the French in Gossip Row.

—The scissors-grinder is the only man who invariably finds things dull.—*Boston Transcript.*

That Never Could Happen Here.

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By Frank Dumont.

Yes, other cities have troubles and evils,
You know people suffer and groan;
We read with a shudder of things that are queer,
And the high-handed way it is done.
When "boodle" commands, politicians obey;
They'll give up our streets if the railroad will pay,
Then a quiet combine makes 'em a present of Broadway,
But that never could happen here.

CHORUS.

Oh! certainly not, oh! certainly not, it never could happen here;
Oh! certainly not, oh! certainly not, it never could happen here;

The Jersey policemen when out on the beat,
They tell me, are never alert,
In case of a row or a murder going on,
Because they don't care to get hurt.
But they'll give up a chance near a "lager beer store,"
To tell them it's Sunday and not to break the law;
Then they'll take a sly drink behind the side door,
But that never could happen here.—CHORUS.

In Brooklyn the bonnets the ladies now wear
Are built up so solid and tall
That when in theatres a man sits behind
The poor man can see nothing at all.
Not a glimpse of the stage, he does nothing but gape,
Till the lady has pity on the half-blinded chap,
And she takes off her bonnet and holds it in her lap,
But that never could happen here.—CHORUS.

There once was a country that wasn't afraid
Of foreigners looking for war,
Because they had harbors protected by forts,
And the people were anxious for more.
And on their flag they would joyfully dont,
You couldn't take from them a fisherman's boat,
For they had a navy that could actually float,
But that never could happen here.—CHORUS.

FIGHT AT CANADA BETWEEN MORRISSEY AND HEENAN.

Composed by J. Brady. Tune—"Donnelly and Cooper."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You sporting sons of New York, I hope you will draw near,
I will tell you as true a story as ever you did hear;
It concerns a fight which took place the other day,
And our hero he did conquer on the plains of Canada.

When Morrissey got the challenge, he received it with great might,
He ran unto his backers and told them he had to fight.
Go on, go on, my noble boy, go on and you will see,
All we are worth that day we'll bet upon you, Morrissey.

Morrissey, true game, he pointed out the day,
On the twentieth of October to have this grand display;
On the twentieth of October the sports did all agree,
And that's the way the Benicia Boy did fight with Morrissey.

It was a pleasant Wednesday morning when the sun was shining bright,
There a large assemblage gathered to see the fight,
And then two bully champions stripped off for the display,
They boldly stepped into the ring at the plains of Canada.

For the first four rounds of the battle Morrissey took it very cool,
But coming on the fifth round he said he would be no fool,
He turned to his seconds, and thus to them did say:
Oh! now I am going to have him low at the plains of Canada.

There was a hundred now to twenty bet on Morrissey,
But no one to accept it, as you will plainly see;
They said that they would bet no more, and neither would they stay,
For they saw their man was whipped upon the plains of Canada.

Coming on the eleventh round, they had a little chat;
He hit him in the jugular and knocked his man quite flat;
It's there he lay a full half hour before he'd anything to say,
And our hero was crowned victor on the plains of Canada.

You bullies of Benicia Boy, your boasting now give o'er,
Since Morrissey has conquered ye, and left ye in your gore;
For I am sure myself they both curse and rue the day
When first they challenged Morrissey to fight at Canada.

Long life to brave John Morrissey and all his noble friends,
Long life to all his backers, on them we may depend;
Likewise his jolly trainers that did show him the way
To lash the Benicia Bully on the plains of Canada.

—Age gives us experience of love, but it does not give us love of experience.—*Wasp.*

NEVER, NEVER, NO MORE.

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I'll sing of a place where trouble will reign,
Never, never, no more.
Where the rich man will take the laborer's gain,
Never, never, no more.
It's a beautiful place, though quite far away,
Removed from the world's temptation and fray,
And when asked to leave it, each one will say,
Never, never, no more.

CHORUS.

Never, never, no more,
Never, never, no more,
And when asked to leave it, each one will say,
Never, never, no more.

The dudes at the corner, cigarette in their hand,
Never, never, no more.
They'll be nibbling their canes and like statues will stand,
Never, never, no more.
They will powder their faces and bang their front hair,
Then blushingly at ev'ry lady they'll stare,
Then pluck up courage to shout, "Ah there,"
Never, never, no more.

CHORUS.

Never, never, no more,
Never, never, no more,
They pluck up courage to shout, "Ah there,"
Never, never, no more.

The girls will be giddy and flirt in the street,
Never, never, no more.
They'll wear number five shoes on number ten feet,
Never, never, no more.
They will bleach out their hair to a nice yellow gold,
Then try to look girlish when forty years old,
If you should try to kiss them, they say you're so bold,
Never, never, no more.

CHORUS.

Never, never, no more,
Never, never, no more,
If you should try to kiss them, they say you're so bold,
Never, never, no more.

Jay Gould, with his millions, will cause men to strike,
Never, never, no more.
And force working people to do as he likes,
Never, never, no more.
An honest day's labor with an honest day's pay
Each workingman wants, and he'll have it that way;
If he's once been imposed on, in future he'll say:
Never, never, no more.

CHORUS.

Never, never, no more,
Never, never, no more,
If he's once been imposed on, in future he'll say:
Never, never, no more.

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.

As sung by Miss Jennie Hughes.

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As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
About the beginning of June,
'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more with my lover I'll stray
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more with my lover I'll stray
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

As the hart on the mountain my love was brave,
So handsome, so manly and clever;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.
But now he is dead, and gone to death's bed,
He's cut down like a rose in full bloom;
He's fallen asleep, and poor Jane's left to weep,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more with my lover I'll stray
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
And weep for my lover so brave,
I'll embrace the cold turf and wash with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.
But never again shall my bosom know joy,
With my Edwin I hope to be soon;
Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more with my lover I'll stray
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

THE RAGGED COAT.

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Oh! what a world of flummery, there's nothing but deceit in it,
So you will find through life, e'er as you travel on,
Old and young, rich and poor, every one you meet in it,
'Tis the same, I will maintain, and prove it in my song;
When I was poor I found that friends seldom e'er did heed me,
'Till a rich one died and left me cash, which set me all afloat,
So then I had money, but I kept it quite a secret,
And to fathom out deception I put on a ragged coat.

I thought my friends I would try, as I had so many;
At least so they professed to be, at Brooklyn, Mr. Ford;
And as a trip by steamboat would be as cheap as any,
I went down to the ferryboat and quickly stepped on board,
When I heard a silly puppy say, though lowly he did breathe it,
'Tis a shame to let a ragged man on board of a steamboat;
Says I, you spooney rascal, there's a good heart beats beneath it,
Don't despise a man because he wears a ragged coat.

My journey being ended, I placed my foot on shore, sirs,
Glad enough I was of such a crew to get relief;
I went to the house and knocked at the door, sirs,
The people all kept eyeing me as though I was a thief.
The door was banged against my face with many a snarl, sirs,
When I shouted loud, "Good Master Ford, I come to pay a note,"
I beg your pardon, sir, said he, come step into the parlor,
We thought you were a-begging when we saw your ragged coat.

A chair was quickly placed for me, and down I sat instanter,
You've come from town, you must be tired, pray stop here and dine;
Jane, bring the glasses, likewise the decanters,
I think you will find that is most excellent port wine.
Your wine you may keep, though I got this ragged dress on,
I tell you what! I changed my mind, I mean to keep my note
And put it to a better use, so let this be a warning,
Don't despise a man because he wears a ragged coat.

Next I went a-courting the brisk young Widow Moore, sir,
I went to the house, and boldly I proposed;
My suit I pressed, but she exclaimed, pray show this knave the door, sir,
At the sight of my appearance she soon turned up her nose.
But when I showed my bag of gold, she fain would be a talker,
At the sight of all my money, she quickly changed her note;
Says I, I'm off, dear madam, 'tis time my name was Walker,
Don't despise a man because he wears a ragged coat.

Never trust to appearances, they often will deceive you,
'Tis not the gaudy peacock turns most faithful bird,
'Tis not your wealthy relatives stand forward to relieve you,
Trust not those who raise their nose, the thought is quite absurd;
But when of those deceitful friends this country has a clearance,
Down life's tide there's many a bark once more will proudly float;
So mark my moral well, don't trust to one's appearance,
For there's many an honest heart beats beneath a ragged coat.

The Old Log Cabin in the Dell.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am drifting down de hill of life, I never can work any more;
But de home of childhood still I love de same as in bright days of yore;
I've laid down de spade and de hoe, with sorrow de heart ne'er can tell;
And now I'se gwine to lib and die in de old log cabin in de dell.

CHORUS.

I'se going, going back to de home I love so well,
And now I'se gwine to lib and die in de old log cabin in de dell.

When dey speak of how I'se gwine to lib, I don't 'zactly know how 'twill be,
But I don't 'spect want will ever come while massa libs who set me free;
He always did like all de hands, he was sad when he bid dem farewell;
I don't think he would see dem starve in de old log cabin in de dell.—CHORUS.

Many changes I have passed in life, some hard ones I don't like to tell—
But dere soon must be anoder change in de old log cabin in de dell;
De angel of peace will be dere wid de keys of de home where he dwell;
And den I'll bid a long farewell to de old log cabin in de dell.—CHORUS.

As Gay As a Steer in the Corn.

Words by Paul Plume. Music by R. G. James.

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If fortune goes back on your efforts,
Don't rail and bemoan your sad fate;
Don't throw up the sponge, but remember
'Tis manly to battle with fate.
The darkness of night is not always,
For followeth ever the morn;
Step out to the music of nature
As gay as a steer in the corn.

The crib may be empty at morning,
But at noon may be fully supplied;
And you know that 'tis only a dead fish
That swims with the fast flowing tide.
Don't weaken, but strive like a hero,
Laugh ever, than sullenly mourn;
Step out to the music of nature
As gay as a steer in the corn.

She Works the Little Racket This Way.

Sung by Peter Daly in "A Straight Tip."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There are many kinds of mashers, young and old and fat and slim,
And each one has a method that's peculiar to him;
There's the chappy at the opera, you can see him linger about
The stage-door of the theatre to see the girls come out.

CHORUS.

We all know him, we all know him,
We run across him every day.
He imagines he can catch a prima-donna,
And he works the little racket this way.

There's your sweetheart so annoying, whom you ask to see a show;
You hurry and you flurry, she is certain to be slow;
You've a carriage by the hour, want to see the play intact;
It makes your temper sour when you miss an entire act.

CHORUS.

We all know her, we all know her,
We run across her every day.
She takes up all her time when she is dressing,
And she works the little racket this way.

Parody on:

COMRADES.

Sung by Gus Williams.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When I first came to this country every one made fun of me,
'Till I whipped Jake Bottledbeerplace, who stood just six foot three;
From that time we formed a friendship, kept it up until he died.
If he was alive to-day, I bet he'd be here by my side.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since I whipped Jake,
Telling each other stories, sharing each other's cake;
Always together when sober, when full together we cried;
When the patrol-wagon came after me, Jake was there by my side.

We together'd go to funerals, he was with me in a muss.
The Siamese twins were strangers in comparison to us;
Once we thought of getting married, for our weddings did prepare;
Jake's intended died one day, and I shook mine right then and there.—CHORUS.

But one evening while half crazy (which, of course, I now regret),
On a wager I attempted for to smoke a cigarette;
'Twas no use, it was a failure, and I threw it to one side;
Jake came in, picked up the remnant, puffed it, gasped, and gently died.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, so through the world we'd skim,
When Jake was cold and hungry, I'd have to eat for him;
Once when they thought I was kidnapped, and searched for me far and wide,
Near a beer-barrel they found me a-sleeping, and Jake by my side.

Parody on:

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I remember when a boy how I would jump with joy
To hear a song of home and mother dear;
Mother's old red shawl, or tomatoes on the wall,
When sad at heart my spirits they would cheer;
But there's one that makes me sad and nearly drives me mad,
And makes me think in life there is no charm,
Is to hear somebody sing, and in praises loudly ring,
Of their boyhood's happy days down on the farm.

When you speak of farms to me I want to climb a tree,
Or take an axe and cut off my right arm;
I would sooner go to jail, with no one to go my bail,
Than to spend ten minutes down upon a farm.
Last year I spent a week in a town called Hide and Seek
To get away from city life and harm;
They advertised fresh air, that was all that I got there,
And I nearly starved to death down on the farm.

—Mrs. Moodle: "Well, Maud, how did you and Mabel enjoy the performance of 'Hamlet?'" Maud: "Not very well, mamma." Mrs. Moodle: "Was the acting poor?" Maud: "Oh, I suppose the acting was well enough, but we forgot to take any caramels."

—Taxation Without Representation.—Sexton: "Mr. Healthy, I called to get your share of the fund annually subscribed for keeping the cemetery in repair." Mr. Healthy: "Well, I've concluded I won't pay any more toward it. I've contributed for fifteen years and none of my family have as yet got a cent's worth of benefit from it."—*Omaha World.*

A Little Beard on a Young Man Grew.

Tune—"Listen to My Tale of Woe."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by Lew Dockstader with great success.

A little beard on a young man grew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
A base-ball beard of a golden hue,
Prized by the boy and his sweetheart, too;
And the wind it blew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
One day while walking the avenue,
Listen to his tale of woe.
A barber sign dawned on his view,
A sign that was painted red, white and blue,
Read, shave, shampoo,
Listen to his tale of woe.

CHORUS.

Hard trials for them two,
The poor young man and the barber who
Tried to shave the hair that grew
So few—on Lew—
Listen to his tale of woe.

Into the barber-shop he flew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
The shop was full and the barber, too,
A barber who was raised in Kalamazoo,
Shave Lew, poor Lew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
A mug of lather he began to brew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
He filled that mug and Lew's mug, too,
And forever dissapointed the wind that blew
Through the beard on Lew,
Listen to his tale of woe.—CHORUS.

Straight to his girl's house then he flew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
With a heart full of love so fond and true;
But without the sluggers she didn't know Lew,
Gave Lew the razoo,
Poor Lew, razoo;
Down the front steps, two by two,
Listen to his tale of woe,
Assisted by the toe of the old man's shoe;
With pants full of sorrow and Chicago mud, too,
Poor Lew, oo, oo,
Listen to his tale of woe.—CHORUS.

Straight to a drug-store then he flew,
Listen to his tale of woe;
Bought Paris green and arsenic, too,
Swallowed 'em both, skipped the tra-la-la-loo.
Undertaker real'ice, too,
Listen to his tale of woe;
Under the turf they planted Lew,
Listen to his tale of woe,
Instead of green grass whiskers grew;
They were shaved every year by the barber who
Shaved Lew, adieu,
Listen to his tale of woe.—CHORUS.

Good-Bye, Old Party, Good-Bye.

By C. S. White.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Campaign Song of "The People's Party of America."

It was no more than a year ago, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
That I was in love with my party so, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
To hear aught else I never would go, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
Like all the rest I made a great blow, good-bye, old party, good-bye.

CHORUS.

Bye, party, bye, lo; bye, party, bye, lo;
Bye, party, bye, lo; good-bye, old party, good-bye.

I was often scourged with the party lash, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
The bosses laid on with demands for cash, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
To do aught else I deemed it rash, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
So I had to take it or lose my hash, good-bye, old party, good-bye.—CHORUS.

I was raised up in the kind of school, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
That taught to bow to money rule, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
And it made of me a "Kansas Fool," good-bye, old party, good-bye;
When they found I was a willing tool, good-bye, old party, good-bye.—CHORUS.

The old party is on the downward track, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
Picking his teeth with a tariff tack, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
With a placard pinned upon its back, good-bye, old party, good-bye;
That plainly states, "I will never come back, good-bye, old party, good-bye."
CHORUS.

—"Mamma, where do the cows get their milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Do the cows have to be spanked, then?"

IT'S A THOUSAND TO ONE.

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by Bonnie Kate Harvey.

I've just got a book and a pencil—so now
I'm ready to lay you long odds;
Just tell me your fancy (don't make too much row),
And I'm ready to lay you long odds;
It isn't on horses I wish you to lay,
But only on popular songs of the day;
Now which is the best song I'd like you say,
To name it I'll give you long odds.

CHORUS.

It's a thousand to one on the gallery,
If the chorus is catchy and bright,
They'll lift off the roof with their voices
And call for it every night;
It's a thousand to one that the singer
Isn't sorry to see it "catch on;"
That she'll chant it—when they want it,
It's just a thousand to one.

A girl may be timid before she is wed,
But I'm ready to lay you long odds
When she's landed the fish there's a tongue in her head,
I'm ready to lay you long odds;
These very still waters are frequently deep,
And husbands may think they're getting off cheap,
But soon they will have good occasion to weep,
I'm ready to lay you long odds.

CHORUS.

It's a thousand to one on the ladies,
If they make up their minds for a fight,
Her dear little tongue I'm afraid is
Inclined to go all day and night;
It's a thousand to one that her husband
Will wish he'd not "taken her on,"
For she'll slang him and she'll bang him!
It's just a thousand to one.

Sometimes on the racecourse you'll meet a young man
Who's ready to lay you long odds;
He'll give higher prices than honest men can;
He offers such very long odds;
And if you're a Juggins you'll artlessly part
Without a suspicion of tricks in your heart;
He'll watch for his chance then away he will dart,
And you'll fish for your very long odds.

CHORUS.

It's a thousand to one on the welsher
If he makes up his mind for a bite,
But sometimes he isn't successful,
They catch him just taking his flight;
It's a thousand to one that the public
Will teach him for trying it on;
They will bang him—nearly hang him,
It's just a thousand to one.

Old England is still the fair land of the free,
And I'm ready to lay you long odds,
She'll ever continue the first power to be,
I'm ready to lay you long odds;
The threatenings of Russia are puerile and vain;
We lead by our kindness, they drag with a chain;
We've trashed them before, and we can do it again,
I'm ready to lay you long odds.

CHORUS.

It's a thousand to one on old England
If we make up our minds for a fight,
We can prove ourselves ready and plucky,
We'll prove both our might and our right;
It's a thousand to one that our foemen
Will wish they'd not taken it on,
For we'd beat them—nearly eat them,
It's just a thousand to one.

ROLLER-SKATING RINK.

Words and Music by Edward Atkins.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas on an afternoon last fall, to whirl the hours by,
I strolled into a skating rink, the rollers on to try;
And as I whirled around the hall, I met a maiden's glance,
And at that time this miss divine my heart she did entrance.

CHORUS.

She had dark hair, this angel fair, and since that time I think
I was in luck the day I struck the roller-skating rink.

We passed a pleasant evening by, and stopped a little late,
But then it was the first time I had on the roller skate.
With such a lovely teacher, too, and now I really think
'Twas happy day that I did stray into the skating rink.—CHORUS.

Now soon the day will come around when I can call her mine;
This little dear whom I revere, all others doth outshine;
And when some years we have been wed, kind friends, I really think,
When we have raised some little chips, we'll start a skating rink.—CHORUS.

Parody on:

HERE LIES AN ACTOR.

By Bob Branigan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

While walking on South Second Street the other afternoon,
I saw a man in tattered clothes, an utter wreck and ruin;
His nose was the color of strawberry, his hair as black as snow,
And he asked his friend, Gallagher, to let her go.
Now this man was an actor, for his mother told him so,
And he came from Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio:
His tank was full of benzine, in the gutter he had fell;
The gang all gathered round him, and all commenced to yell:

CHORUS.

Here lies an actor who never played a part,
And as a song-and-dance man he was very, very tart;
He was walked from here to Boston, and from Boston to Cohoos,
He had feet upon his bunions, but he hadn't any shoes.

As he lay there in the gutter to my eyes the tears did start,
To hear him sing that good old song, "The Song that Reached My Heart."
It was about a letter, he said, that never came;
"In the Evening by the Moonlight" it will get there just the same.
With such feelings did he sing that song, a policeman standing by—
Who wasn't like a rainbow that is "Up Dar in de Sky"—
He took him to the station house, the police all knew him well,
They threw him in a dark and dreary dismal-looking cell.

CHORUS.

And there lay the actor that wouldn't play a part,
Because he wasn't able, and he knew it in his heart.
He was the Prince of Lushers in his own peculiar style;
He won the six days eating match according to Hoyle.

That's What He Did for His Country.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and Adapted by W. C. Robey.

At the door of the poor-house some sad sights are found
Among famished souls who at night gather round;
And, although I'm familiar with scenes of distress,
My feelings sometimes are quite touched, I confess.
I recently witnessed a sight I deplore:
A poor man came limping, quite lame to the door,
He'd once been a soldier, he'd begg'd for a bed;
And sadly I learned from the words that he said:

CHORUS.

He was one of the Sixth Brigade, one of those heroes true,
Stricken down at Gettysburg, while fighting as soldiers do;
Neglected now and left to starve, with age his eyes were dim;
That's what he did for his country, and his country did for him.

When I spoke to the man, he confided in me,
And told me of "Sherman's great march to the sea!"
He'd fought hard in battle, defended his flag,
Until it was rent like an old tatter'd rag;
"Is this my reward?" he exclaimed with a sign,
"In the poor-house, a pauper, they leave me to die?"
I'm too old for service, no pension I'm paid;
They didn't say that when they needed my aid.—CHORUS.

Almost ev'ry day the old soldier I'd meet,
Till I heard he'd been crushed by a car in the street;
Away to the poor-house, at once, he was borne,
To die as a pauper, unwept and forlorn.
And as he lay there rack'd with anguish and pain,
He thought he was charging the foemen again.
The reward for his valor, his country denied;
Although he'd fought bravely, forgotten he died.—CHORUS.

DAISY IS DEAD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, close the door gently, our Daisy is dead,
And soon the bright flowers will bloom o'er her head;
No more will her sweet childish laughter be heard,
Filling our souls like the song of a bird.
No more will her rosy lips murmur again,
Calling her papa or mamma by name,
Or saying sweet prayers ere retiring to bed,
A pearl beyond price, our sweet Daisy is dead.

CHORUS.

Our Daisy is dead, our darling and pride,
And soon she will rest by her dear brother's side;
An angel's bright crown now encircles her head,
Oh, close the door gently, our Daisy is dead.

Oh, close the door gently, we are lonely to-day,
For the light of our home has indeed passed away;
There's a void in our hearts for our darling so dear,
Yet it seems though her bright spirit still lingers near.
Our bosoms are filled with anguish and pain,
When we think that we will ne'er see our darling again,
Or lay her to rest in her wee downy bed,
She's at home with the angels, our darling is dead.—CHORUS.

THE CASTAWAYS.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

On the good ship "Dolly Dorkins,"
From London I set sail,
All bound for the Indian Ocean,
Oh, hear my mournful tale;
The whole ship's crew, and captain, too,
The cook, a brown Malay;
In a hurricane of wind and rain,
Brave boys, we were cast away.

CHORUS.

With a hay, hay, hay, and a ho, ho, ho!
I'll ne'er forget that day;
When the whole ship's crew, and the captain, too,
Brave boys, we were cast away.

We'd a cask or two of water
Stowed in the old ship's boat;
A box of old sea biscuit,
By chance we found afloat;
All tempest tossed, with compass lost,
We had no time to pray;
Our flag of distress was a pants and vest,
Brave boys, we were cast away.—CHORUS.

Aflont on the Indian Ocean,
Through fair and foul and calm,
I saw, as the sun was rising,
An island full of palm;
Ho, land! I cried, I never lied,
Says captain, where away?
On our starboard bow we're safe, lads,
Now, hip, hurrah, for the castaways.—CHORUS.

Says the captain, do your duty,
All hands, when you're ashore;
The first man who goes for booty
I'll brain him with an oar;
We struck the beach, we heard a screech,
'Twas Indian girls at play;
It drove away the blues when they came out in canoes,
Hip, hurrah, for the castaways.—CHORUS.

An Indian Queen of sweet sixteen
Says we were drove from home,
A king of another island
Sent us here to die alone;
One hundred wives, for all your lives,
I give each sailor, gay;
Then each copper-colored belle sent up an Indian yell,
Hip, hurrah, for the castaways.—CHORUS.

All sailors bold, I have been told,
Who ship before the mast,
Will sail the ocean over
To find that isle at last;
But, bless your hearts, 'tain't on charts,
All the navigators say;
But I've done no harm, I've spun my yarn,
Hip, hurrah, for the castaways.—CHORUS.

TEN YEARS IN CHERRY HILL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, ye citizens of Philadelphia, come listen unto me,
And I will sing you a few lines, all for to let you see
How our judge and jury they do our laws fulfill,
By sending their innocent victims to the walls of Cherry Hill.

It's about one Johnny McMullen that I am going to speak,
You all have heard the sentence that he received last week;
When the people heard the sentence, oh, it made their hearts stand still,
He was sentenced to hard labor to the walls of Cherry Hill.

He being intoxicated, all on the ninth of May,
To the house of one James Philips with an axe he made his way;
He found him laying on his bed, and swore his blood to spill,
Not thinking he would suffer for it in the walls of Cherry Hill.

First the cry of murder—the policemen in did pour,
They beat him with their billies and they knocked him on the floor;
They dragged him off to prison, and there to wait until
He would receive his sentence to the walls of Cherry Hill.

While he lay down in prison, his trial came up soon;
He was taken to the court-house all on the ninth of June;
He was tried for assault and battery, with no intent to kill,
He was sentenced to hard labor ten years in Cherry Hill.

Now you that's read his sentence, oh, don't you think it hard,
You all remember the murderer who came from the Nineteenth Ward,
It's one John Alexander—Al. Hales' blood he did spill—
And the sentence he received for that was five years in Cherry Hill.

God help that judge and jury that had this case on hand,
They need not hope for mercy when before the judgment stand;
For if they get their sentence, it'll be a bitter pill,
They will be sent to a warmer place than the walls of Cherry Hill.

Now I've sung to you my song, I have no more to say;
But when we get an honest judge it will be a happy day;
And when we get twelve honest men our jury-box to fill,
The innocent need never fear the walls of Cherry Hill.

OLD LEATHER BREECHES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It was at the sign of the Bell, on the road to Clonmel,
Paddy Hegarty kept a neat sheheen;
He sold pig's meat and bread, kept a good lodgin' bed,
And so well liked round the country had been;
Himself and his wife both struggled thro' life.
In the week days Pat mended the ditches,
But on Sunday he dressed in a coat of the best,
But his pride was his old leather breeches.

For twenty-one years at least, so it appears,
His father those breeches had run in—
The morning he died he to his bedside
Called Paddy, his beautiful son, in;
Advice then he gave ere he went to the grave—
He bid them take care of his riches—
Says he it's no use to pop into my shoes,
But I'd wish you'd step into my breeches.

Last winter the snow left provisions so low,
Poor Paddy was eat out completely;
The snow coming down he could not go to town,
Thoughts of hunger soon bothered him greatly.
One night as he lay dreaming away
About big dogs, frogs and witches,
He heard an uproar just outside of the door,
And he jumpt to steal on his ould leather breeches.

Says Bryan M'Guirk, with a voice like a Turk,
Paddy come get us some eating;
Says big Andy Moore, I'll burst open the door,
For this is no night to be waiting;
Scarce had he spoke when the door went in, broke,
And they crowded round Paddy like leeches;
By the great mortal gob, if he didn't get them prog,
They'd eat him clean out of his breeches.

Now Paddy in dread slipt into his bed,
That held Judy, his darling wife, in;
And there he agreed to get them a feed—
He slipt out and brought a big knife in;
He took up the waist of his breeches—the baste,
And cut out the buttons and stitches,
And cut them in strips, by the way, they were tripes,
And boiled them, his ould leather breeches.

When the tripes were stew'd, on a dish they were strew'd,
The boys all cried out, Lord be thanked,
But Hegarty's wife was afraid of her life,
She thought it high time for to shank it.
To see how they smiled, for they thought Pat had boiled
Some mutton and beef of the richest,
But little they knew it was leather burgoo,
That was made out of Paddy's ould leather breeches.

They wollip't the stuff, says Andy it's tough,
Says Paddy you're no judge of mutton;
When Bryan M'Guirk, on the point of a fork
Lifted up a big ivory button.
Says Darby, what's that? sure I thought it was fat,
Bryan leaps on his legs, and he screeches,
By the powers above, I was trying to shove
My teeth trough the flap of his breeches.

They made at Pat, he was gone out of that,
He run when he found them all rising—
Says Bryan, make haste, and go for the priest,
By the holy Saint Jackstone, I'm poisoned.
Revenge for the joke they had, for they broke
All the chairs, tables, bowls and dishes;
And from that very night they will knock out your daylight
If they catch you with leather breeches.

Parody on:

IT'S FOR MONEY.

Written and Sung by Al. Martz.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You've heard the song of money, no doubt it made you sick
When you felt in your pocket and found none;
I will change the subject for a little while,
And sing you another version of my own;
Why do old bald-headed men dress up the best they can
And try to make themselves look so young?
Why do dry-goods clerks knock down? It's done in every town,
It's been so since the world began.

CHORUS.

It's for woman, blessed woman,
The more we have of them,
The more we are like a gilly; we go silly
Over woman, woman, woman, everywhere.

Why do bank cashiers skip to Canada?
Why do we have a man we call a dude?
For wealth a man will fight from morning until night;
What is it keeps so many from acting rude?
Why do conductors on the train inquire the ladies name
As soon as the engine-bell has rung?
Why do so many walk the street, when they should be asleep?
What was it that killed poor Brigham Young?—CHORUS.

LITTLE TILLIE'S GRAVE.

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'Tis midnight gliding on her deep, dark wings,
And the wind o'er my gentle Tillie sighs,
And my poor heart trembles like the banjo strings
That I'm tumming near the hillock where she lies.

CHORUS.

Weep, zephyrs, weep, in the midnight deep,
Where the cypress and the vine sadly wave;
I have taken down my banjo, for I could not sleep,
And I'm singing by my little Tillie's grave.

When they tore my Jennie from her sweet, sweet child,
And her heart was withering with mine,
In my arms I bore thee to this island wild,
Lest the fate of thy mother should be thine.—CHORUS.

How sweet have the seasons glided by since then,
How happy each moment of the year,
Save a sigh that the loved one might come back again,
We have known not a sorrow nor a tear.—CHORUS.

But the swamp fever lighted on thy dark-brown cheek,
And I knew death was knocking at the door;
How my full soul trembled with its bursting grief
When I saw that my Tillie was no more.—CHORUS.

Now the wild cat is wailing and the night hawk screams,
And the copperhead is hissing in the shade;
They shall come not hither to disturb thy dreams,
For I'll watch where thy sleeping dust is laid.

CHORUS.

Sleep, Tillie, sleep, in the midnight deep,
Where the cypress and the vine sadly wave,
Let my fingers keep tumming and my fond heart weep
Till I die by my little Tillie's grave.

Annie Pixley's "Wash-Tub Song."

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Words by A. C. Gunther. Music by Edgar Selden.

Yes, scrub, scrub, scrub till fingers have base-ball joints;
Oh, soap, soap, soap till castile my wounds anoints;
Oh, work, work, work at what men call women's chores,
Yes, wash, wash, wash, dad says it is "Providence' laws."
Oh, you men, men, men, if you knew how chores wore our life,
You'd think more, more, more of that slave of the house you call wife.
Oh, you men, men, men, if you knew how chores wore our life,
You'd think more, more, more of that slave of the house you call wife.

Yes, wring, wring, wring, my heart beats in throbs of wrath;
Yes, strike, strike, strike like Indians upon the war-path;
Oh, splash, splash, splash till I e'en hate cold water;
I'd swear, swear, swear, but I am a deacon's daughter;
Oh, you girls, girls, girls, you must break thro' old-fogy laws;
When you wed, wed, wed, you must make hubby do all the chores.
Oh, you girls, girls, girls, you must break thro' old-fogy laws;
When you wed, wed, wed, you must make hubby do all the chores.

I twist, twist, twist off the buttons and hooks and eyes;
I grin, grin grin till I look like an old, old wife;
I dream, dream, dream of a happy life of bliss,
And I wake, wake, wake to a big batch of washing like this;
Oh, you boys, boys, boys, don't think that we're anxious to wed,
And slave, slave, slave for calico, water and bread.
Oh, you boys, boys, boys, don't think that we're anxious to wed,
And slave, slave, slave for calico, water and bread.

SAY A KIND WORD, LOVE.

Copyright, 1891, by Henry Morse.

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Words and Music by Henry Morse.

Say a kind word, love, don't be angry with me,
Often I've caressed you, darling—you have me.
How we love to wander way down upon the green;
Say a kind word, love, don't be angry with me.

CHORUS.

Say a kind word, love, how often we met,
Remember 'tis nature to forgive and forget.
Now we are here together, and happy we are at last.
Only a kind word, love, 'tis all I do ask.

No we are not angry, do you not see,
I'll promise and promise my love, yes to thee.
Now we're here together and happy we will be.
Say a kind word, love, don't be angry with me.—CHORUS.

Still we are united and ne'er we will part,
One silent kiss, love, then press me to your heart.
Take this little flower, it's a token of love for thee.
Say a kind word, love, don't be angry with me.—CHORUS.

Don't You Dare to Do It, George.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I courted once a lovely girl, a beauty young and fair;
She'd cherry-red lips and teeth like pearl, and golden was her hair;
Her eyes were like the evening stars that shine in heaven above,
And with this lovely beauty I was overhead in love.

SPOKEN—I shall never forget the first time I met that girl—never—no never—and when the time came to bid her good-bye, you know that time always comes, although it comes rather late with some and rather early with others. We were early birds that time—early in the morning, you know. So, I'd gone through all the preliminary ceremonies, such as, good-bye, darling, and pleasant dreams, and I'd just slided my arm around her waist and was going to give her one good kiss right square on the mouth, when she boxed my ears and said:

CHORUS.

"Don't you dare to do it, George,
Don't you dare to do it, George;
If 'twas found out, what would my mother say?
Don't you dare to do it, George,
Don't you dare to do it, George;
Ain't you a very, very naughty man?"

I took her for a walk one night, 'twas in a flowery dell,
And while there, to my fair one I tales of love did tell.
She sat down in a shaded spot, I sat down by her side,
And with my arm around her waist, I said, "Darling, be my bride."

SPOKEN—"Yes," I says to her, says I—"Susan," says I—says I—"Susan," says I—darned if I know what I did say now; but I know I said it, yes I did, and when I showed her the ring and asked her for her answer, she said: "Get away, George, you're always saying something." That means yes, yes it does; so I says to her, says I, I'll go and have our names put in the morning papers, and then I'll go to the minister and have our names called in church next Sunday, George so-and-so and Miss Susan so-and-so, to be joined together in holy wedlock, and any one having any objections will please state them or forever after hold their peace, and my Susan actually swooned over in my arms, yes she did; and when she came to herself the very first words she uttered were:—CHO.

Well, I need not tell you more about those happy nights we met;
For soon we put off courting, boys, and married we did get,
And now I feel so happy, oh! my heart is filled with joy,
For yesterday my Susan, dear, brought forth a little boy.

SPOKEN—Yes, it's the prettiest little baby you ever saw. Oh! girls, do come and see it! all the girls in the neighborhood have been to see it, and they say it's the handsomest child they ever saw—the very picture of its father. I'm its father; yes, I am. By the by, boys, before I go I'll let you into a little secret, on the quiet, you know. When you take your sweetheart out for an evening's promenade and you want to kiss her good-bye at the door, and she says, "Don't you dare to do it," that's the time you must. They only pretend to be a little shy—why, bless your souls! after they're married their shyness and bashfulness all vanish just as quickly as a glass of lager in the hands of a thirsty Dutchman. Why, since I've been married, I don't remember, not even once, my Susan ever saying:—CHORUS.

I KNOW.

Copyright, 1885, by H. Millard.

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I know where my darling is waiting,
With love in her beautiful eyes;
I know that the breezes are frightened
With rapture and passionate signs;
I know her red lips are murmuring
With many a lingering sweet,
And I know that her heart counts the moments
'Till I lie at her beautiful feet.
I know, I know,
I know she is waiting for me;
I know where my darling is waiting,
I know she is waiting for me.

I know that her dreams are but visions,
Where loving together are we;
I know that in waking or sleeping
Her thoughts are but day-dreams of me;
I know while she breathes that her fond heart
Can never prove false or grow cold,
And that stronger than death is the life of
The true love that never grows old.
I know, I know,
I know she is waiting for me;
I know that my loved one is waiting,
I know she is waiting for me.

—"How much does that fellow owe you?" "A cool thousand." "Ah! cool but not collected, eh?"

—Wise Advice.—He was going away with his mother, and his father was saying "Good-by" at the station. He was looking appropriately blue and his male friends were rallying him. "That's all right. You'll see some pretty woman to-morrow and begin to flirt with her and you won't miss your wife very much." The small boy was emphatic. "Say," he said to the speaker, "if you see my father gettin' stuck on anybody while mamma's away, you go right in and cut him out."

General Grant's Request:

I Want to See Nellie Once More.

Written and Composed by Harry Barron.

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Great tho' the pain while my soul is upstarting,
Death I can face, I have faced it before;
Soon will the spirit from earth be departing,
Would I could see my child, Nellie, once more.

CHORUS.

Come to me Nellie, dear Nellie, come from that far away shore,
Come to your father, my darling, he wants to see Nellie once more.

I've heard the dull roar of the musketry rattle,
Mingling its sounds with the moans of the slain;
Defended the flag in many a battle,
And lived thro' it all to see Nellie again.

CHORUS.

Then come to me now, darling Nellie, come from that far away shore,
Come to your father, he's dying, and wants to see Nellie once more.

Soon will the trials of this life be over,
Hark to that sound! Who is it that's come?
Soon I must leave all my darlings forever;
Yes, 'tis her voice, my Nellie is home.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to my bosom, dear Nellie, Nellie from Albion's far shore,
I can die now contented, my darling, since Nellie is with me once more.

Girl with the Patent Roller Skates.

By Tommy Tucker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I once had a girl who was pretty as a pearl,
And her age was forty-five;
In her face there was a gash, where she'd stow away hash
Quicker than any woman alive.
She was light as a cork, and she'd get outside of pork,
Ham and eggs, or any kind of fruit;
When those roller skates came out, how she would dash about,
With one tightly strapped upon each boot.

CHORUS.

But now she'd dead and buried, and has climbed the golden stairs,
But before she died, she loudly cried, don't forget to bang my hair.

Through the streets she would fly, in her hand a piece of pie;
When on her way to school,
If you got in her way, she would dump you and say,
Come here, I'll pick you up, you fool.
Once she went out west to take a little rest,
And they charged her double rates,
For she skated in the car till she got to Omaha,
On her pretty little patent roller skates.—CHORUS.

Now she was number one, and thought she'd have fun
A-skating on the railroad track;
Along the road she flew, and had not sense to
Turn round and look back.
Somehow the engineer chanced to be upon his ear,
So, of course, he did not whistle down brakes;
The cow-catcher hit her a welt just right beneath the belt,
And she's gone where they don't use roller skates.—CHORUS.

THE BRIDAL MARCH.

Copyright, 1887, by William A. Pond & Co.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, those bells chiming so gay, oh, so gay,
Bride happy to-day, joyful day;
Welcome, oh, welcome,
It's massa's bright wedding morn;
Welcome, oh, welcome,
So happy from daylight 'till dawn.
Bells chiming so gay, oh, so gay,
Bride happy to-day, joyful day;
Oh, we wish them all good fortune on their way,
All hail, hail to the bridegroom and bride.

Oh, the cling clang of those bells gayly swells
Over the woodland and dell;
Welcome, oh, welcome,
We welcome with mirth and glee;
Singing and dancing
This day of our glad jubilee.
Cling clang of those bells gayly swells
Over the woodland and dell;
May their pathway through life happy be,
All hail, hail to the bridegroom and bride.

OLD HICKORY'S DAYS.

Tune—"Our Grandfathers' Days."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By Eug. T. Johnston.

A song I'll now sing of the happy days gone by,
When peace and prosperity reigned in the land;
Then the North and the South were together united,
And ere dastard traitors had kindled the brand.
When old Andrew Jackson was head of our nation,
A soldier and statesman who made no delay,
But quickly put down the bold nullification,
And saved our dear land in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days we'd no shoddy contractors
That swindled the nation they pretended to love;
Our merchants were honest, and their manufactures
We're free from all shoddy, as history will prove.
In old Hickory's days boys wore no false mustachios,
And girls of fourteen didn't have their own way;
The people were honest, and no bounty-jumpers
Were ever heard of in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days we had no provost-marshals
Drawing a large salary and nothing to do;
Or good loyal men forged no proclamations,
Oh, no! we'd a man that would put them through.
In old Hickory's days mighty scarce were pawnbrokers,
For people lived within their means and their ways,
And our bar-rooms were not so infested with soakers,
For they, too, were scarce in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days flunkeys and counter-jumpers
Didn't wear broadcloth and cut a big dash;
Oh, no! they were saving and laid by their money,
Well knowing their best friend in need was their cash.
Our ladies spent part of their time in the kitchen,
Could cook their own dinners and make their own stays,
Knit stockings, make shirts and other such fixin's;
And such were the gals in old Hickory's days.

THE REASON WHY IT'S SO.

Written by Billie Bell.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The root of every evil in this busy world of ours—
For why do we observe where'er we go,
From the poorest pauper to the richest Millionaire,
This eagerness for wealth we'd like to know?
Why is justice often blind when there's lots of wealth behind,
And why did Cleveland the pension bill veto?
For our soldiers who did fight to gain our nation's rights,
We'd like to know the reason why it's so.

There's Jay Gould, the grasping miser, with his countless millions wealth,
Where he got it, now inform us if you can;
In the recent railroad struggle, why did Congress take his part
And do nothing for the honest workingman?
Why do lawyers run up fees? why do actors try to please?
Why do bank defaulters rob both rich and poor?
Why do oarsmen sell a race when they know 'tis a disgrace?
We'd like to know the reason why it's so.

There's our street-car conductors, a lot of honest men,
And support their family on a salary small;
Now, before the bell-punch was invented the conductors were contented,
But now the company they take it all.
When passengers get in, the little bell must ring,
To register the fares for one and all;
Now, if the bell-punch wasn't there, he'd only take what's fair,
He'd like to know the reason why it's so.

GET ON TO REILLY.

Sung by John T. Keegan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am a decent workingman, Mike Reilly that's my name,
I often take a drink or two, while others do the same;
But when I come home from my work, I meet upon the road
A gang of blackguards, who do yell, Reilly's got a load.

CHORUS.

Get on to Reilly, what a dandy load of peach;
Get on to Reilly, ain't he got a jag;
Mr. Reilly trips so shyly and holds his head so highly;
If you want to see a sight get on to Reilly.

They have such funny sayings, I don't know what they mean;
Of "nixey cully," "pipe, his rabs," "that Spaniard he's too green,"
And when I go to the corner to get a scuttle of beer,
Before I have the foam shaved off these words I am sure to hear:—CHORUS.

—A porous plaster has its draw backs.

THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of sayings that are old and new,
A good stock I have heard,
That well apply to many things,
Both solemn and absurd;
But still the best of all, I think,
The subject of my song;
Though please don't round on me and say—
"There's another good man gone wrong."

CHORUS.

There's another good man gone wrong,
There's another good man gone wrong.
How oft you'll hear that speech severe—
There's another good man gone wrong.

In coming down the street to-day
I noticed neighbor Spare
Reclining in the gutter, with
His heels high in the air;
He'd two black eyes, a broken nose,
Around him was a throng;
I couldn't help remarking then—
"There's another good man gone wrong."

SPOKEN—Very good sort of a chap was Spare, but he married a widow and very naturally took to drink, they always do; whenever I see a case of that kind I always say:—CHORUS.

At home I am the quietest chap,
And rows I never raise,
Although I own I cannot bear
The thought of washing-days;
But last week I had such a row,
We went at it ding-dong,
Until the neighbors shouted out—
"There's another good man gone wrong!"

SPOKEN—I banged the furniture about, smashed fourteen plates, two cups and a soup tureen, threw the baby's cradle into the fire, burned my wife's chignon, and all the neighbors shouted out:—CHORUS.

We had the brokers in last month,
At least we'd only one,
But he had appetite for six,
When feeding he'd begun;
To pay him out I took my watch,
To pawn it for a song,
But "Uncle," when I showed it, said—
"There's another good man gone wrong."

SPOKEN—I asked him only two pounds on it, but before I knew where I was, I found myself kicked out into the street and the pawnbroker remarking: "Why, the works ain't fit for a mangle!" while all the little boys cried:—CHO.

Some slight advice I tender you
Before I take my leave,
And that it is of value, you
Will readily conceive;
Be careful, as you go through life,
To work with vigor strong;
Then folks will ne'er have cause to say—
"There's another good man gone wrong."—CHORUS.

Danny Takes After His Father.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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I've a very large family at home,
Meself and the old woman, two,
Four girls and five little boys;
I have plenty of labor to do
To advise and instruct them in study,
And walk by the square rule of three;
They all take after their mother,
But Danny he takes after me.

CHORUS.

He's as proud as a soger on parade,
Or a blackbird that sings from a tree;
He's the image, they say, of his father—
For Danny he takes after me.

Rudolpho takes after his mother,
Elvina and Rosy likewise,
And just like a goat in the parlor,
They'd butt if they didn't get pies.
When Edwardo sits down to his dinner,
With the sugar he makes himself free;
Dan hits him a puck in the jugular—
For Danny he takes after me.—CHORUS.

He's an eye in his head like an eagle,
He resembles the great Bull-vi-dere;
And just like the Empress of Chiny,
His foot's just as small as his ear;
His voice it resembles the cuckoo,
Or the mermaid that swims in the sea;
He's a darling, I'm tould, 'mong the ladies—
For Danny he takes after me.—CHORUS.

THE FIREMAN'S BOY.

Tune—"The American Boy."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Mother, look out and see that light—how red it makes the sky;
Oh! 'tis a grand, though fearful sight! see how the bright sparks fly!

It is a house on fire, my son—an agonizing sight—
It serves to make more deep the gloom that haunts my soul to-night.

Mother, what dreadful noise is that which thunders o'er the pave?
Who are those men in pretty caps and shirts of red, so brave?

'Tis the heavy engines, son, that makes the deafening noise you hear;
Those gallant men with pretty hats are firemen brave, my dear.

Oh! were my father but alive, would you not, mother, try
To make him be a fireman, too? but, ah! why do you cry?

I would not chill the sunny glow that nestles in thy breast,
Nor have thy little heart to know the pangs which mine oppress.

Nay, mother, pray, confide to me the griefs which wring thy heart;
I'm sure I do not wish to be more happy than thou art.

God bless thee, boy! I can but weep, yet 'tis with mingled joy,
To think how like thy father's self thou art, my noble boy.

He was a fireman, gallant, brave as ever grasped a rope;
A nobler heart ne'er bent to save the sufferer void of hope.

One stormy night the deep-toned bell the fireman summoned forth
To duty—but, alas! he fell, my dearest hope on earth.

He fearless rushed thro' smoke and flame to save a hapless child,
Whose fearful screams he heard amid the din and storm so wild.

His brave companions brought him forth, and many a manly tear
Coursed down their blackened cheeks, and fell upon a fireman's bier.

'Mid Greenwood's consecrated bloom, the drooping willow weeps
Its dewy tear beside the tomb where thy brave father sleeps.

Oh! 'twere a noble death to die! my heart swells big with pride!
And though I weep, yet proud am I to think how father died.

I wish that I were but a man, in fireman's rig I'd dress;
"Hurrah, my boys, don't lag!" I'd shout as loud as the rest.

What though I met my father's fate! I am sure I could not die
In nobler cause, nor half so great; but, mother, do not cry.

God bless thee, boy! and never may untarnished by thy name!
Let cowards skulk—carve thou a way that leads to endless fame.

'Tis winter now, but when the spring returns, my boy shall go
With me where wild birds sweetly sing and fragrant flowers grow.

To-morrow I will give thee seed of flowers choice to save—
And when we go to Greenwood, plant them round the fireman's grave.

I grieve to see thee, mother, look so very pale and worn;
I would I could restore the rose grief from thy cheek has torn.

How often, when so lovingly you kiss me in my bed,
I cry myself to sleep, and dream I see my mother dead.

But my heart shall bless the fireman and sacred hold his name;
It proudly should emblazoned be upon the scroll of fame.

McGUFFIN'S HOME RUN.

Copyright, 1891, by Willis Woodward & Co.

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Words by Bert C. Norman. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I received an invitation to play a game of ball,
And so I journeyed thither, accomp'nied by my gal;
My side was in, I went to bat just like a bold dragoon,
And when the ball came near me, sure, I drove it to the moon.
I let the bat then quickly drop, then chased the bases round,
Arrived upon the home-plate with my limbs all safe and sound;
My side almost went crazy, the band commenced to play,
And when I asked the reason why, they all began to say:

CHORUS.

We are the people, you are a dandy,
You've hit it a whack now which quite takes the bun,
You are a beauty, you've done your duty,
You're a daisy, McGuffin, since you made that home run.

Pat McCann stepped up to me then, says he sure you're a king,
To see you swipe that base-ball was enough to make one sing;
Come, boys, a tiger we'll give him, or, sure, your heads I'll break,
And when he dies, begorra, we'll give him a rousing wake.
I went to get some beer to drink and find a cooler place,
When, "pon me soul," a bouquet struck me squarely in the face;
I stood the situation like any other man,
When Katie Duffy whispered as she tapped me with her fan.—CHORUS.

—Large checks are always fashionable for lawyer's suits.

I'm Sorry, My Boy, You're Too Late.

By Chas. Sully.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm one of those fellows you don't often meet,
As you're trudging this life's weary way;
If I had an engagement just over the street,
I couldn't get there in a day.
When a boy, with my books I was going to school,
For me the teacher would wait,
She'd measure the seat of my pants with a rule,
And, why? because I was too late.

CHORUS.

Now, if I was to die and ask Uncle Peter
To open the beautiful gate;
There is no use of talking, he'd spring the old gag,
I'm sorry, my boy, you're too late.

When a youth I went courting, as other youths do,
A maid that was charming to see;
Although her admirers were not very few,
She vowed she loved no one but me.
For she promised to wed me one night as we stood
Down by the old garden gate,
But she married another fellow when the day came round,
And, why? because I was too late.—CHORUS.

I was most broken-hearted with what had occurred,
So I wanted to lay down and die;
For I never could do the least thing on time,
No matter how hard I would try.
I was seized with a fever, that to all was sure death,
So I thought I had played my last date,
But the doctor informed me with tears in his eyes,
To die, my boy, you are too late.—CHORUS.

NOT IN A THOUSAND YEARS.

By Chas. Sulley.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The title of this very heart-rending song
Is, "Not in a thousand years;"
Could I tell you to whom it does really belong,
Not in a thousand years.
Will the large opera-hat ever go out of style,
Or dudes cease going out between acts for awhile,
Just to take on the quiet what they call a smile?
Not in a thousand years.

Can a man go home full and unlock the door?
Not in a thousand years;
Can a woman keep track of a base-ball score?
Not in a thousand years.
Was there a ball-player that wouldn't swear
The umpire was a cheat and not on the square;
Will a conductor knock down anything that's not fare?
Not in a thousand years.

Will ever an old maid tell you her right age?
Not in a thousand years;
Or John L. ever do soubrette parts on the stage?
Not in a thousand years.
Will girls of sixteen quit wearing short hair,
Or Belva Lockwood ever sit in the President's chair?
Is a bobtail flush better than two little pair?
Not in a thousand years.

Where the Sweet Magnolia Grows.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

'Twas in the balmy evening, when our day's work was o'er,
We'd gather in the moonlight, down on the river shore;
The old folks, young and babies, just when the horn did blow,
All met there in the valley where the sweet magnolia grows.

CHORUS.

In that land, that land,
That sunny, sunny land,
Down where the Swaney River gently flows,
Oh, a band, a band, a happy darkey band
Would meet thee in the valley
Where the sweet magnolia grows.
Oh, yes, oh, yes, would meet them in that valley
Where the sweet Magnolia grows.

So happy and contented we passed the time away,
A-listening to the banjo that Uncle Pete did play;
While Silas, Sam and Pompey, and dear old Aunty Clo,
They sang there in the valley where the sweet Magnolia grows.—CHORUS.

That river, oh, so muddy, roll'd silently along;
It seem'd as if its murmur was part of our old song;
So softly, sad and mournful forever on it flows,
Way down there in the valley where the sweet magnolia grows.—CHORUS.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Someone has gone to the bright golden shore!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

CHORUS.

Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in.
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light.
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's glad shore!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.—CHORUS.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest—
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, one less to kiss,
One more departed to heaven's bright shore!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.—CHORUS.

I'll Go Back to My Old Love Again.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

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I'll go back to my old love again,
She will smile and forgive me I know,
Every day brings sorrow and pain,
And I'm weary wherever I go;
While we live thus apart, there's a sigh in my heart,
And I try to be glad, but in vain,
There's a sweet voice that whispers to me—
"You must go back to your old love again."

CHORUS.

I'll go back again, I'll go back again,
And remove from my heart all its pain;
In my sorrow no more I shall roam—
I'll go back to my old love again.

Once again I will sit by her side,
And the light of her smile will be mine,
And the love which my absence denied,
Will be brought back in gladness divine;
We will kiss and forgive, and in future will live
Far away from all sorrow and pain;
Oh! the thought brings me hope and delight—
I'll go back to my old love again.—CHORUS.

She will sing all the songs of the past,
Which have echoed so long in my heart;
I remember the sweet spell they cast
All around me, that ne'er would depart;
Many years since have fled, but the dream is not dead,
While I live it will always remain;
There is joy in the future for me,
For I'll soon see my old love again.—CHORUS.

Take Me Back to Home and Mother.

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Take me back to home and mother—I am weary wandering here;
There can never be another spot on earth that is so dear.
Tho' I roam 'mid scenes of splendor, yet my heart is filled with pain,
And a longing, soft and tender, whispers, "Take me home again."

CHORUS.

Take me back to home and mother, for my heart is filled with pain;
Take me back to home and mother, only take me back again.

Take me back to home and mother, to the happy scenes of yore,
Friends of childhood, sister, brother, long to welcome me once more.
I can hear their voices ringing in sweet memory's refrain—
To the past my heart is clinging—only take me back again.—CHORUS.

Take me back to home and mother, gentle words will greet me there,
For on earth there is no other kindness like a mother's care.
Life is but a dream of pleasure, sweetest hours must turn to pain—
Home is all I have to treasure, only take me home again.—CHORUS.

McNULTY, YOU'RE A DAISY.

Copyright, 1890, by Will H. Kennedy.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

McNulty had a one-dollar note, and as lottery he'd heard was fine,
He went to the store and he bought a slip, it was number ninety-nine,
McNulty made a grand mistake, though he never was called a clown;
He thought his slip was sixty-six, for he'd read it upside down,
When he took it from his pocket, in his trunk he safe did lock it;
He towld the number to his friends, McNulty ne'er towld lies.
That evening in his slumbers he thought of naught but numbers,
And dreamt that number sixty-six had won the great big prize.

CHORUS.

McNulty, you're a daisy, drinking or sober;
How could you make sixty-six from number ninety-nine?
If you'd won the thirty thousand, you would be in clover,
On the livil, you're a divil, Mister McNulty.

The shock unhinged McNulty's mind, he did everything upside down;
If at night he'd roam, when he'd start for home, he would wander out of town.
He'd place the cart before the horse, and from that very day,
If ever you'd ask him to say yes, he'd surely answer nay.
He swore that in his slumbers some fairy changed the numbers;
He advertised his funeral, for he thought that he was dead.
When he'd get up in the morning, just as the day was dawning,
Instead of standing on his feet he'd stand upon his head.--CHORUS.

Parody on:

MOTTOES THAT ARE FRAMED UPON THE WALL.

Sung by Keating & Flynn.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a wealth of pure affection, there's a retro-spective speck,
I expect to speculate on it some time;
It's the memory of the spectacles my dear papa wore,
He saw four kings so often he got blind.
Every pair of pants he wore had a kind of a side door,
Made to keep his money safely from us all.
But engraven in my heart was the way we tore apart
His old trousers when he hung them on the wall.

CHORUS.

Gone now is papa to the angels,
Vacant are his barn-door overalls;
Gone are his suspenders, I pawned them last September,
Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, darling; farewell, I must leave you;
I will write and send you money in the Fall;
Put the pigs in clover, don't ask me to keep sober,
Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

Tell the landlord I will send his rent to him
When Anson of Chicago plays good ball;
And if the sheriff comes, sing Johnnie get your gun,
Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

Kiss the baby on his toothlet, oncelet;
Don't wake him; if you do, he will wake us all;
If he cries, you know your duty; feed him with tutti-frutti,
Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wall.

POOR OLD MAID.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Here I am all in muss, poor old maid;
Leap year fills me with disgust, poor old maid;
I have popped the question to two and twenty just;
But men are getting wuser and wus.
For I have never been squeezed, and that's the wus,
Poor old maid.

Dressed in yellow, pink and blue, poor old maid;
I am fresh and fair as the morning dew, poor old maid;
Dressed in yellow, pink and blue,
Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?
To a husband I would stick like glue,
Poor old maid

I am going to dye, I am getting gray, poor old maid;
From living single I am almost dead, poor old maid;
No tender word to me is said
When I put my nightcap on my head,
But all alone I go to bed,
Poor old maid.

I wish some dude would marry me, poor old maid;
For I get the shake repeatedly, poor old maid;
I'm sure I will never married be,
For while spring chickens are so free,
The boys won't tackle an old maid like me,
Poor old maid.

Parody on:

MAGGIE MURPHY'S HOME.

Copyright, 1891, by Henry J. Wehman.

☞ Send 40 cents to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, N. Y., and obtain by mail, post-paid the original words and music of this song, entitled: "Maggie Murphy's Home." Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Written by George Cooper.

He rings the bell each evening just as proud as any prince;
He has a pair of whiskers the color of a quince.
A green neck-tie adorns him, and all in Battle Row,
When they see him, grin and whisper: that's Maggie Murphy's beau!

CHORUS.

He smokes cheroots, wears shining boots, claw-hammer coat, as well;
And the boys he'll meet upon the street, shout, "Git on to the swell!"
When he sits up in the parlor, the "growler" out will go,
And your welcome to a "lager" with Maggie Murphy's beau.

He takes her to the picnics, and they spoon the time away,
While on the barge so crowded they're sailing down the Bay;
So close to him she cuddles, she never lets him go;
All the lads around are jealous of Maggie Murphy's beau.—CHORUS.

At every ball and party by her side he's always seen;
And every soul's remarking: "Oh! ain't she just a queen!"
But when they strike up the waltzes, no others have a show;
He's a "spieler" right from "Spielville," is Maggie Murphy's beau.—CHO.

He meets her on the corner when she comes home from the shop,
And down the street they saunter admired by every "cop."
She never minds the "mashers" that wait 'round in a row;
He's the only one that's "solid"—gay Maggie Murphy's beau.—CHORUS.

Upon the stoop they linger when the summer nights are fine;
And on his manly whiskers her head she'll oft incline;
There soon will be a wedding—you'll all be asked to go,
And the man to proudly envy is Maggie Murphy's beau.—CHORUS.

Parody on:

Where Can the Wanderer Be?

Written by W. S. Campbell.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A man on the corner stood silent and sad
As he carefully gazed down the street;
For his intended he was looking, as he stood in the rain,
For she told him at nine they would meet.
It was then a past ten, he was drenched to the skin,
But she'd forgotten and gone to a show,
And with a dude so fine she was having a good time,
While the poor gawk was whispering low:

CHORUS.

Say, will she ever return? why does she keep me in the rain?
Oh! how my heart seems to yearn, her face to break with this cane;
If we were only married, how happy I would be;
With her I'll mop the floor,
For I do feel so sore for making a jay of me.

An old country Rube just got into town,
The sights of the city to see;
He was blowing his pennies on good lager beer,
And feeling as good as could be,
When a charming young girl, that set his head in a whirl,
Says, hello! pard, come and take a stroll with me;
In a quiet little room, in the back of a saloon,
He's still sitting and waiting patiently.

CHORUS.

Say, will she ever return? where is my watch and chain?
And all my money is missing, will I ever see her again?
She told me that she loved me, and would marry me right away;
How she gives him the laugh, while she spends all his cash,
And he's back on the farm making hay.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! I have roamed o'er many lands and many friends I've met;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content, no more I wish to roam,
Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, for Erin is my home.

In Erin's Isle there's manly hearts and bosoms pure as snow;
In Erin's Isle there's right good cheer and hearts that ever flow;
In Erin's Isle I'd pass my time, no more I wish to roam;
Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, for Erin is my home.

If England was my place of birth, I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonny Scotland was my home, her mountains I'd adore.
But pleasant days in both I've passed, I'd dreams of days to come;
Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, for Erin is my home.

—A life of ups and downs: the hod-carrier's.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Swanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma!
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 Wife's commandments
54 Husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck—REC.
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable)
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night, when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen, on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' thro' the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway Door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can [never be
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive you
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God, bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river, you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finigan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore

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A handful of earth
A warrior bold
All on account of Eliza
Are you going to the hop this evening
A violet from mother's grave
Angel's whisper
Betsy and I are out—RECITATION
Biddy, the ballet girl
Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Brave hussars
Betsy destroys the paper—RECITATION
Blue bells of Scotland
Baby's got a tooth
Beautiful leaves
Betsy und I hafe bust up—RECITATION
Blue Alsatian mountains
Chickens in the garden
Cows are in the corn
Charge of the light brigade—RECIT.
Colored hop
Campton Races
Come where my love lies dreaming
Decision in "the Gipsy's warning"
Double-breasted mansion on the square
Dar am honey on dese lips
Down in a coal mine
Drunkard's dream
Dear Irish boy
Emmet's "mountain song"
Father Tom O'Neil
Granite mill fire
Grant's trip around the world
Grave of Wolfe Tone—RECITATION
Gwine to cross de river by and by
Garden where the praties grow
Hang up your hat behind the door
Hard times come again no more
I can't make it out, can you?
I've a baby in Kalamazoo
I don't like a cur at my heels
In de lowlands, low
Irish fair
Joe Bowers
Keep in de middle ob de road
Kitty Tyrrell
Little brown cot on the hill
Little old house on the rhine
Let Erin remember the days of old
Lost Rosabel
Little flower you gave me
Love's chidings
Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
Moonlight at Killarney
Mother would comfort me
Mulligan's funeral
My pretty Jane
Mary Ann McLaughlin
Mary's gone wid a coon
Mr. and Mrs. Malone
Norah, the pride of Kildare
No one to love
Oh! Fred, tell them to stop
Our army and navy of blue
Over the garden wall
Old-fashioned church on the hill
Old-fashioned homestead
On the strict Q T
Oh! breathe not his name
Old brown pants
Old mountain tree
Our grandfather's days
O'Reilly's billy goat—RECITATION
Pallet of straw
Patrick, mind the baby
Patter of der shingles—RECITATION
Sadie, darling
Sarah's young man
Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
Spring, gentle Spring
Same thing over again
Schneider's ride—RECITATION
She is far from the land
Temple of fame
There is a fine ship on the ocean
Tramp—RECITATION
True Irish gents
Turnpike gate
Twickenham ferry
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tam O'Shanter hat
True as steel
Tar's farewell
Torpedo and the whale
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
Up at Jones' wood [marching
When these old clothes were new
Wist! wist! wist!
White cockade
'Way down upon de Suanee ribber
Wife's dream

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Angel Gabriel
Annie Lisle
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Annie of the vale
A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
A lock of mother's hair
An Irishman's letter—COM. READING
Barney McCoy
Believe me if all those endearing young
Boys of Kilkenny [charms
Boston burglar
Boston fire
Belle Brandon
Big sun flower
Billy Grimes, the rover
Bold Jack Donohue
Cod liver oil
Captain Jinks, of the horse marines
Close the shutters, Willie's dead
Casey's whiskey
Death of President Garfield
Drifting with the tide
Dying soldier—RECITATION
Don't call in the morning
Dreamy eyes haunt me still
Don't get weary, children
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone
Evening star
Flags of all nations
Farmer's boy
Fisherman and his child
Flying trapeze
Gentle heart be true
German fifth
Good-bye, Susan Jane
Good-bye, Charlie
Give bread to the poor
God save our president from every
Huckleberry pic-nic [harm
Hungry man from Harlem
It's naughty, but it's nice
I hope I don't intrude
I love my love in de morning
I'll bet you a dollar you don't
I'm a man you don't meet every day
In de evening by de moonlight
I will be true to thee
I'd offer thee this hand of mine
I'm the governor's only son
I've got a donkey
In the days when I was hard up
It don't belong to me
I'd choose to be a baby
I long to be single again
I wandered by the brookside
John Brown song; or glory, glory
John Mitchell [hallelujah
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Just landed
Jim Bludso—RECITATION
Kitty Clyde
Leave not your Kathleen
Lecture on "demperance"
Love! love! love!
Let the dead and the beautiful rest
Last night I was dreaming of you
Mid-watch
Muldoon, the solid man
MacKenna's dream
Minnie, hear the bluebird sing
My sweetheart, when a boy
Never empty cradle, twins are born
Not before pa, dear
Old Zip Coon
Old plantation's lonely
Paul Revere's ride—RECITATION
She's a gal o' mine
Squire and Maria
Sunny days will come again
Sailing on the lake
Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
Strawberries and cream
That's how you get served when you're
Things I don't like to see [old
Tiddle-a-Wink, the barber
True to the core
Toss the turk
True lovers' discussion
Under the willow she's sleeping
Violets dipped in dew
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
We are coming, sister Mary
Yankee Doodle
Your lassie will be true

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A hundred years to come
Atheist and acorn—RECITATION
Annie o' the banks o' Dee
A man's a man for a' that
A motto for every man
Beautiful dreamer
Beautiful Venice
Blue and the gray
Baby's got a cramp
Bay of Biscay, O!
Boys, keep away from the gals
Bread and cheese, and kisses
Bright emerald isle of the sea
Buck Fanshaw's funeral—RECITATION
Captain with his whiskers
Clarabel Magee
College days
Come and kiss me
Digging for gold
Don't slam the gate
Duffy's opening night
Dan Malony is the man
Dying Californian
Days of '49
Down by the river side
Dree dousand miles away
Ellen Bayne
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Flow gently, sweet Afton
Farmer sat in his easy chair
Goat
Gentle Annie
Guilty or not guilty—RECITATION
Gum tree canoe
Hazel dell
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
Is it anybody's business
Irishman's shanty
It's funny when you feel that way
Indian hunter
Indian warrior's grave
Ingleside
Irish jaunting car
John Anderson, my Jo, John
Johnny Sands
Katy's letter
Kiss me quick and go
Kate Kearney
Little old daddeen
Little Yawcob Strauss—RECITATION
Little more cider
Miss Gruber's Boarding house
Maggie by my side
Merriest girl that's out
Mike Brady's shirt
Mistletoe bough
Meet me at the lane
Mulligan guard
Nettie Moore
Nicodemus Johnson
Nancy Till
O'Donnel Abu
Old arm chair
Our front stoop
Pat Malloy
Patriots of Ireland
Pat Maloney's family
Pretty Jemima, don't say no
Pull down your vest
Perhaps she's on the railway
Pirate's serenade
Polish boy—RECITATION
Paddy Blake's echo
Rose of Allandale
Row of tenement houses
Ring, ring de banjo
Regular army, O!
Rory O'More
Spade
Stump speech
Shelling green peas
Skin-tight pants
Tipperary christening
They've all got a wife but me
Three black crows
Twinkling stars
Tapping at the garden gate
Thou art gone from my gaze
Valley lay smiling before me
Walking down Broadway
Why should the spirit of mortal be
Wait till the clouds roll by [proud
When the band begins to play
What is home without a mother?
Who will care for mother now
Widow Malone
Wrongs of onld Ireland

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No. 1.—Enthaltend 100 Lieder.

Ach, ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach, wie ist's möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen, die
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn, der
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu
Deserteur, der [sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika, der
Drei Käferknaben, die
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß noch aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann, der
Grüne in Amerika, der
Grünhorn's erster Brief, des
Gute Kamerad, der
Handelsjude, der
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknab, der
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle, die
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kannst man nicht, die
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [Schritt
Macht man ins Leben kaum den ersten
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu
Menge muß es bringen, die
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden, die
Nach der Heimath möcht ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigs mal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt, der
Räthsel von Wien, die
Rattenfänger von Hameln, der
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen
Schneiderlied
Schönsten Augen, die
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie du
Stop a little
Thräne, die
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind
Vergißmeinnicht, das
Verrenkte Herz, das
Wald, der
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will, muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir gehn nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein, der
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf

No. 2.—Enthaltend 105 Lieder.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deaneri geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End
Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell, die
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter, die
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum, die
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt
Ich wollt ich wär ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst der Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein — lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß, der
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents, das
Lindenbaum, der
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein
Mucker, der
Meine Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein, der
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen, der
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer, der
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen, das
Schlaf du mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde
Schlaue Hansel, der
Schneiderlied
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus, das
Trompeter, der
Toast
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hahn a
Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja, der
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland
Wacht am Rhein, die
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut, die
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz

No. 3.—Enthaltend 102 Lieder.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist, das
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen [Becher
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise
Bürgschaft, die
Blauen Augen, die
Bald graf' ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid, das
Bemoofter Bursche zieh ich aus, ade
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig, der
Essen, nicht das Trinken
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand, wie schön bist du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus, der
Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein
Ich war ein rechter Fafelhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor
Jahr ist gut, das
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kömmt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose, die
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief, der
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin, der
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude, der
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll, das
Waren mir selige Tage, das
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'
Was klinget und singet die Straße herauf
Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine
Wanderer in der Sägemühle, der
Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten, der

No. 4.—Enthaltend 116 Lieder.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Aleris send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Bebrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sins
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Gyanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb'- und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Patrisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Seht euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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can be obtained at the Phila. Agency, Wm. B. Hubbs, S. W. Cor. Franklin & Vine Sts.

I GUESS NOT.

Sung by Charlie Frey.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Is my boarding-house one of the best?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.
Do the bed-bugs ever let me rest?
I guess not; no, I guess not.
Last night I sneaked into the place,
I grabbed my trunk and I left in haste.
Did I pay my board before I chased?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.

Will a Dutchman ever stop drinking beer?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.
Will the Chinamen ever stop coming here?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.
Will limburger cheese ever smell sweet?
Will policemen stop sleeping on their beat?
Is there a girl in the house who's got small feet?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.

Does Ingersoll ever say his prayers?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.
Will he ever climb the golden stairs?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.
Does Jay Gould know how much he's worth?
Has he watered stocks ever since his birth?
Would he be contented if he owned the earth?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.

Is the Louisiana Lottery hard to beat?
Well, I guess yes; oh, I guess yes.
The capital, don't it look sweet?
Well, I guess yes; oh, I guess yes.
On it many a dollar I've spent,
To get back half I'd be content.
Do you think I'd ever get back a cent?
Well, I guess not; no, I guess not.

YOUR NECKTIE'S UP BEHIND.

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Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

Of all the little troubles that men are called to bear,
There's none that I can think of so apt to make them swear;
You dress yourself so neatly, but when 'tis done you find
The folks around you smiling; your necktie's up behind.

REFRAIN.

Your necktie's up, your necktie's up; please bear this fact in mind,
That folks will laugh and joke and chaff if your necktie's up behind.

You start for business early and hurry to the store,
The red-head clerk will meet you all smiling at the door;
He'll shout out when he sees you, in voice that seems unkind,
"Excuse me if I tell you, your necktie's up behind."—REFRAIN.

You call upon a maiden, the one you like the best,
You tell her of your passion in pretty words expressed;
You fondly wait her answer, when suddenly you find
She's only laughing at you, your necktie's up behind.—REFRAIN

There's nothing can prevent it, no matter how one tries,
For neckties are in fashion and they are bound to rise;
They'll do it, too, I warn you; at least I think you'll find
That, when you don't expect it, your necktie's up behind.—REFRAIN.

SIGHTS AT THE DIME MUSEUM.

Tune—"Paddy Stole the Rope."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written by Harry Barron.

I took a stroll the other night, not having else to do;
I stepped into the dime museum, the many sights to view;
I paid my ten cents at the door, and then was ushered in;
So listen to the sights I saw, 'twill surely make you grin:
Three-legged men and dog-faced boys were sitting close together,
Circassion girls in skirts too short to suit this chilly weather,
A hundred darkies, dressed so queer, you only ought to see 'em,
But they call them most jaw-breaking names when in the dime museum.

There was something called the "missing link," 'tis neither brute nor human,
And I very near came getting mashed upon the bearded woman.
The skeleton was making love to a lady weighing tons,
But the thing that made the children laugh was a monkey chewing buns.
A Hindoo girl was feeding snakes as large as all outside;
I do not think I'd like that maid to be my blooming bride,
They crawled around her slender form—oh, my! you ought to see 'em,
Such sights are always going on at any dime museum.

The horned man from Africa, the long-haired ladies—seven,
Ah! when I looked into their eyes I thought myself in heaven.
The minstrel show was very good, I laughed at all the jokes,
The serio-comic filled the bill, as also did the mokes.
But best of all I made a mash—a girl with seal-skin jacket—
We'd oysters afterwards, and—well you tumble to the racket.
I paid ten cents to see the freaks, you only ought to see 'em,
That supper cost me something more outside the dime museum.

THE RIGHT IDEA.

Written by Billie Bell.

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In this busy world of bustle we two mortals have to hustle,
If you want to get the right idea;
All our time it must be given to earn an honest living,
If you want to get the right idea.
Yet how many friends we meet, as we walk along the street,
Who never work a day throughout the year,
Yet they dress in clothes so fine, and at a swell hotel they dine,
Just because they've struck the right idea.

CHORUS.

For work some men don't care if they have good clothes to wear
And enough to buy tobacco and their beer;
They're always on the borrow, saying I'll pay you back to-morrow,
But they're giving you the wrong idea.

Our young ladies in their teens like to dress beyond their means,
I think that is a bad idea;
And old maids wear bangs and frizzes, and short dresses just like misses,
To give the men the wrong idea.
Bald-headed men go to the show and sit in the first row
To watch the ballet-girls when they appear,
And through their opera-glasses gaze upon these shapely lasses,
To them it's just the right idea.

CHORUS.

Married men go on the mash and try to cut a dash;
If their wives would do the same, they'd growl and sneer,
And use language not in grammar, and they'd send them home to mamma,
Don't you think we've got the right idea?

The Giant Base-Ball Club can give them all the rub,
Of the game they've got the right idea;
Johnnie Ward and big Buck Ewing their very best are doing,
Because they've got the right idea.
You can bet all your lose tin the pennant again they'll win,
And the Boston Pets will be left in the rear;
In the league no club can down them, so success is sure to crown them
Don't you think we've got the right idea?

CHORUS.

They are good men one and all, and experts at playing ball;
Now, boys, let's give to them a hearty cheer;
May their good luck ne'er forsake them, and the champions it will make them,
Don't you think we've got the right idea?

Just to Show There Was No Ill-Feeling.

Sung by Lester & Williams.

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A friend of mine said lets go and have a drink,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling;
And closer bind old friendship's link,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling.
We had it, but with looks dismayed,
He found out he'd his purse mislaid;
I sympathized, and, of course, I paid,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.

CHORUS.

Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
Clinging together in all sorts of weather;
Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
Who show there is no ill-feeling.

I left my friend and walked away,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling;
I met a pretty girl, who at once did say,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling.
She said, I hope you'll not think I'm too free,
For I've fallen in love with you, you see,
So walk a little way home with me,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling.

CHORUS.

And we've both been there before, many a time, many a time,
We've both been there before, many a time.
And many a bottle of wine we drank to color your nose and mine,
We've both been there before, many a time, many a time.

We strolled 'neath the silvery moon,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling;
She said sit down and we'll have a spoon,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling.
When my senses they returned again,
I was on my back in the pouring rain,
And the girl had sneaked my watch and chain,
Just to show there is no ill-feeling.

CHORUS.

She done me up, just like a simple gilly;
I thought I was doing immense, do you see?
Never dreaming she was doing me;
And it's, oh, what a roast, and now I'll bet a dollar
She'll not get a chance
In a hundred years to do me up again.

—Some strong holes—safe-deposit vaults.

Parody on:

DOWN WENT McGINTY.

Written expressly for Barney Ferguson.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Said McCarthy one foine day to me, McGinnis say,
Suppose we see the ballet-girls to-night;
Shure we'll get as full as owls, and we'll fill the air with howls,
Faith, I stand in with all the coppers here all right.
My wife was off, so I said, of course
I will me bye; we went and I got at home at break of day,
Then McCarthy followed suit, with the ballet-girls to boot,
I knew we'd have the divil then to pay.

CHORUS.

Up came McCarthy to me house chook full of booze,
He'd the ballet-girls in tow, one on each arm, don't you know;
Me wife dropped in, grabbed a club she well knew how to use,
Whacked at our best suit of clothes.

McCarthy came again, but he seemed in awful pains,
I asked him why he kept so very still;
His face did not relax while he pulled a little axe,
And said he had a Chinaman to kill.
Just then in One Lung spurts, he had come to get the shirts,
McCarthy followed closely in his track,
And very soon he delt him a vicious spiteful welt,
And filled poor One Lung's head all full of axe.

CHORUS.

Up went McCarthy to the judge and said,
You knew when a Chinaman says, Pat where did you get that hat?
Enough, said the judge, here is fifty dollars,
Go and buy yourself a new suit of clothes.

McCarthy came once more, and sez he, there's fun galore
Abroad to-day down at the river bank;
Says he, of course you'll go, Larry, well, I don't know;
Says he, come on, don't be a mane old crank.
We wint and Mac made talk that he'd catch a shark,
He got a line and soon was in a drame;
'Twas then he got a bite, and jumped up in a fright,
Down went McCarthy in the stream.

CHORUS.

Up went McCarthy 'mongst the branches of the tree,
The rope was very stout with which we pulled him out;
I know 'twill be about a month 'fore Mac will speak to me,
Dressed in his old overalls.

I GUESS I'LL KEEP IT LONGER, DON'T YER KNOW.

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Written and Composed by Wm. B. Glenroy.

I started in to write a song, but no title had I for it,
And then I thought it was no use and would not make a hit;
I was just about to tear it up and throw the scraps away,
When something seemed to change my mind, a thought struck me to say:

CHORUS.

I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
For although I do not need it now,
I may find use for it somehow,
And I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know.

You'll notice as I sing this song a hoarseness in my throat,
I've got an awful cold for I have no overcoat;
The one I had is up in pawn, I hope to get it soon,
The broker now has had it ever since the first of June.

CHORUS.

I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
For all the money I can earn,
To treat my friends the most will turn,
So I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know.

I was married to a nice young girl about a year ago,
I thought she was the sweetest lass that one could wish to know;
But she skipped off with another chap while at my work away,
And the rascal's had her ever since two weeks ago to-day.

CHORUS.

And I guess he'll keep her longer, don't yer know,
I guess he'll keep her longer, don't yer know;
The girl is handsome, strong and fat,
What more can a fellow want than that,
So I guess he'll keep her longer, don't yer know.

—He Didn't Believe in Mixing Things.—Farmer Yoeman: "Doc, that quinine and whiskey don't do me and my wife no good. The ague has got ahold of both on us yet." Doctor: "Do you take it according to directions?" Farmer Yoeman: "Yep. Mother takes the quinine and I take the whiskey."—*Judge.*

You Press the Button, We Do the Rest.

Copyright, 1891, by Willis Woodward & Co.

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Words by Webster C. Fulton. Music by W. S. Mullaly.

We're living at a rapid pace, I vow,
These times are filled with fancies strange and queer,
Electric snaps are now familiar things,
New wonders great are bobbing up each year.
In olden days for pictures they would sit
In attitude like this—an awful guy,
But nowadays the Kodak changes that,
And photographs are captured on the fly.

REFRAIN.

Isn't it simple? isn't it quick?
Such a small box, it must be a trick;
How do you work it? what is the test?
You press the button, we do the rest.

No longer is a cottage small our home,
Apartment buildings come to take their place;
We all before the janitor bow down;
The elevator boy's the toughest case;
He's always down when you are at the top;
When you're in haste, he's reading or asleep;
You ring an hour, and then an hour you wait;
You swear, and he replies, well, walkin's cheap.

REFRAIN.

Isn't it tiresome? Isn't it slow?
He makes you wait above or below;
Oh, what a nuisance, oh, what a pest;
You press the button, he takes a rest.

Last week I traveled far into the West,
To Iowa and Kansas both I went,
And plainly saw how prohibition works,
'Twas funny just as an experiment.
A hotel man may keep a stock of drugs,
And when the thirsty pilgrim seeks the bar,
The clerk, with many smiles, will read the rules
As posted on the door—and there you are.

REFRAIN.

One ring for water, two rings for ice,
Three for a lemon, or sugar or spice;
Don't give the snap away, this their request;
You press the button, they do the rest.

The art of making love they've tried to change,
Like other things, the old style was to slow;
In learning it the girls are smarter far,
Reduced it to a science fine, you know;
And yet a youth can always hold his own,
Give him but half a chance to fight the case;
The end's now reached in record-breaking time,
And finished quickly is the shorter chase.

REFRAIN.

Two in the parlor, light very low,
One chair between them, how can he go?
How does he win her? you know, I guess;
He'll press the maiden, she answers yes.

DROP IT.

Words and Music by Chas. Sulley.

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Now, the title of the song I sing
Is, "Drop it";
If you've got a bell you're going to ring,
Why, drop it.
I'm a swell young fellow, as you see,
And just as fresh as fresh can be;
If you've an egg you're going to throw at me,
Why, drop it.

If a red-hot stove you try to take,
You'll drop it;
If you ever tackle our boarding-house steak,
You'll drop it.
I went to a saloon, you see,
And grabbed the lunch they said was free,
But when the big bartender collared me,
I dropped it.

For this song I cannot think of rhyme,
So drop it.
I guess you think it's nearly time
To drop it.
Did you ever stop at a hotel
Where all night the boarders like Indians yell?
If you've got the idea there is no discord,
Why, drop it.

—At a ball an adoring admirer approached a young girl who was dressed in black. "May I ask you to dance," he asked. "Yes," she replied; "but please dance very slowly. I am not yet out of mourning."

ONLY ONE.

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Words by S. Russell Childs. Music by F. G. Richmond. Encore Verses by Frank N. Scott.

Only one—one little song I'll sing to you,
Only one;
So listen pray 'till I get through,
Some funny jokes I'll try to sing,
And though I may some "chestnuts" spring,
I think I've struck a clever thing
In only one.

Only one mother-in-law do I possess,
Only one;
She's one too many, I confess;
Last night she picked a row with me,
I blacked her eye, then danced with glee;
I'd blacked them both, but don't you see
She'd only one.

Only one pianoforte did I buy,
Only one;
And that one broke me high and dry;
I bought it on the three-years' plan,
The first instalment I began,
And paid it like a little man,
The only one.

Only one—one little encore verse I know,
Only one;
I'll sing it quick, then let me go;
To sing much more would make you tired;
The manager says my time's expired;
If I don't stop, he'll have me fired,
The only one.

ENCORE VERSES.

Only one umbrella I had in stock,
Only one;
My uncle has that one "in hock";
I called on a friend and there did spy
Two umbrellas neat and dry;
When I had gone he said, "Oh, my!
There's only one."

Only one Havana cigar I had on hand,
Only one;
The very choicest kind of brand;
A friend I met asked for "a light"
He said, "Ah, thanks! ta, ta! all right!"
I had his cigar and was sick all night,
The only one.

Only one—one little Utah way out West,
Only one;
Where polygamy has made a nest,
A Morman has of wives a score,
The very pious ones have more,
One's quite enough, { I'm awful / a chap is } sore
With only one.

Only one—only one friend with faith, you see,
Only one;
To lend his shekels unto me;
Last night I struck him for a loan,
Which to "the tiger" soon was "blown,"
And with his ten the friend has flown,
The only one.

Only one—one gilt-edged dentist have I found,
Only one;
He fixed my teeth up good and sound;
I slipped just as I left his door,
And with my jaw wiped up the floor,
Now of a set of thirty-four,
I've only one.

Only one—one mighty nation of the earth,
Only one,
Where glorious freedom had her birth;
All people love their banner bright,
The stars and stripes are my delight,
And Yankee land I think all right,
The only one.

JUBILEE HYMN.

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What will we do when de great day comes,
Sounding of de horns and a-banging of de drums,
All you sinners a-gwine to be late,
And you'll find no latch on de golden gate.

CHORUS.

No use of waiting till to-morrow,
Sun will never set on your sorrow;
Colored man's smarter dan a bamboo briar,
Shouting, send 'em higher and higher.

Went down to de cellar to draw a glass of cider,
Dere I seen a great big spider,
Spider and a bedbug had a little tussle,
Spider busted open de bedbug's bustle.—CHORUS.

THE TURN-VEREIN CADETS.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

When the moon shines bright on a summer's night,
We go out on a grand parade;
The Arion Club is a handsome sight
All dressed in a masquerade;
Such pretty German boys, their mother's little joys,
Oh! hootey, tootey, Kleiner Deutcher Pets;
In soldier's clothes away we go
In the Turn-Verein Cadets.

CHORUS.

Ein, zwei, drei, oh, keep your headup high,
When marching by you hear them ladies cry;
Oh! dear me, come over Mister Getz
And see these little children in the Turn-Verein Cadets.

Don't we put on style down at Coney Isle,
Where they drink of the good bock-beer;
We laugh and sing while the cymbals ring,
And dance with our sweethearts dear;
We listen to the band play airs from Faderland,
We're hootey, tootey, Kleiner Deutcher Pets;
'Mid mirth and song we march along
In the Turn-Verein Cadets.—CHORUS.

There's the sweet trombone and the baritone,
And the trumpet that plays so fine;
The Arion Band that sounds so grand,
They came from the dear old Rhine;
Oh! lots of pleasure, too, you bet they give to you,
We're hootey, tootey, Kleiner Deutcher Pets;
So neat and gay we march away
In the Turn-Verein Cadets.—CHORUS.

WIDOW NOLAN'S DOOR.

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By Barney Carey.

There's a little widow down the street, the boys all know her well,
She keeps a liquor shanty and dresses mighty swell;
On Sunday evenings there we meet, as oft we met before,
To criticise the neighbors while they pass the widow's door.

CHORUS.

First comes Mary Casey, with her bustle soaring high,
Along with Patsy Duffy and his whiskers nice and dry;
Next comes Mister Houlihan, who lives at number four;
His hat he tips and fondly skips by Widow Nolan's door.

Now the widow stands behind the bar, and smiles when we drop in;
She serves us all politely to whiskey, beer or gin,
And when you want a "ball" on "tick" she'll set them up no more,
But tell you to go watch the crowd that pass the widow's door.—CHORUS.

When the Alderman comes on the block, he'll just drop into say,
How are you Missis Nolan, and how is trade to-day?
He treats the boys to drink all round, havanas by the score,
And then goes out to bow to friends who pass by her door.—CHORUS.

Oh, the widow she's a charmer, and respected far and near;
She has a cast-iron license, the "cops" she doesn't fear;
They sneak in thro' the entry way to get a drink or more,
Then swing their clubs and watch the styles that pass the widow's door.—CHO.

THE MIDNIGHT SQUAD.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

For your protection and correction now we go patroling,
With clubs in hand we do command, yes, sometimes with a nod.
With consternation to the station trams we take a-rolling,
The rogues they fear when we draw near, the gallant midnight squad.

CHORUS.

Shout hip hurrah for the law, now we're off for duty,
Hunt the burglar with his booty, take him into quod.
Shout hip hurrah for the law, we are marching,
Guarding the city when our duty calls, hurrah, for the midnight squad.

Along the highways and the by-ways thieves about we seize them;
From twelve o'clock each lonely block we cover every rod.
Oh, in the areas all the Marys love to meet policemen;
Then we catch on in the early morn, the gallant midnight squad.—CHO.

For transportation, reformation, we arrest the prowler;
The drunken bum, out of a slum, we move him with a prod.
With penetration, observation, we detect the growler;
We've but to wink to get a drink, the gallant midnight squad.—CHORUS.

McCORMICK'S IRISH FLAT.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by Ed. Barry.

Come gather 'round me neighbors and listen to me song,
I'll tell you of me troubles and I'll not detain you long;
For sorry was the moment that ever I driv a tack,
Or laid down me Brussels carpet, in McCormick's Irish flat.

CHORUS.

For the Halys and the Dalys, the Flynns and McElroys,
They nearly drive me crazy with their babies and their noise;
There's a Custom-house inspector and a County Democrat,
And all live down together in McCormick's Irish flat.

Sure I hangs out me washing when the weather it is clear;
Be jingoes, it is stolen by the gang that's in the rear;
Arrah! 'pon me soul, they climbed me pole, took an undershirt of Pat's;
Ah! last night at nine they cut me line in McCormick's Irish flat.—CHORUS.

They light bonfires in the street and fill the room with smoke—
Do you know, Mrs. Dugan, me old man would like for to choke.
If you send out for a pint of ale, they'd talk of this and that;
On every flight there is a fight in McCormick's Irish flat.—CHORUS.

Of a hot night in the summer time they never let me sleep,
For they're singing "Annie Laurie" out on the fire-escape;
Sure I can never close an eye between them and the cats;
For every brick there is a mick in McCormick's Irish flat.—CHORUS.

'Tis in the Fifth Election, me boys, we hold our grip,
All bundled, boys, together, far down, high and tip,
We sweep them all before us, bold, solid Democrats;
Five hundred men registered from McCormick's Irish flat.—CHORUS.

She Trotted Me Off to Church.

Sung by Wm. Ashton.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I dare say you are wondering why I've dressed in this queer way;
Well, you must know, I in these clothes got wed this very day.
I know I look quite happy, but I'm miserable and ill;
The fact is this, the marriage took place against my will.

SPOKEN—I didn't know I was to be married, I didn't want to be married, but she said that I looked unhappy. I said I'd just lost my father. She said, why, it's but a short time since you lost your mother. What a careless fellow you are; come with me, the parson's waiting; and before I could reply—

CHORUS.

She put me under my father's hat, and his gloves she made me wear;
She stuck in my hat a big sunflower, and told me I looked all there.
And when she got me quite complete, oh, wicked Jemima Burch,
She said no more, but collared my arm and trotted me off to church.

I found she'd everything prepared, apartments and the rest;
But what was—I must say—the worst, she went in for the best.
To have the whole concern complete, she was, I'm bound to say,
Considerate and thoughtful, for all I'd to do was pay.

SPOKEN—She found everything. I found the money. When dinner time arrived she said, don't waste time having dinner. Have a shrimp with your tea. Oh, why did I marry? She did it, for—CHORUS.

I've swindled been, but never mind, I'll have no more of she;
I've got some money in my clothes, I'm off upon the spree.
As soon as I the chance can get, I'll change my dress and start
For Pimlico or South Bank or some such happy part.

SPOKEN—She's so ugly. She can't laugh on Sunday without breaking the Sabbath. We had our fortunes told once. The gipsy asked me if Jemima cared for me. I said she always had me in her eye. She said "yes." I see she's got a large stye there. When she finds herself single she'll wish she wasn't married. She'll find herself alone in the crowd, with her hopes blasted forever.—CHORUS.

Every Day'll Be Sunday By-and-By.

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I hear dem children crying loud, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
Dey are standing round in a great big crowd, every day'll be Sunday by-and by;
Dar was Isaac, Peter, John and James, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
And now I've told you all de names, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by.

CHORUS.

Crying amen, shine on, for every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
Crying amen, shine on, for every day'll be Sunday by-and-by.

Good evening, brother, how de do? every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
Oh, I am well and how are you? every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
Now bretherin what I want to say, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
I tell you 'fore I leave to-day, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by.—CHORUS.

When I went down the valley to pray, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
I'll tell you what I saw dat day, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
I saw ole Eli on de fence, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by;
And God knows I ain't seen him since, every day'll be Sunday by-and-by.—CHO.

THE GIRL THAT GOT STUCK ON THE COUNTRY.

Sung by Wenzel & Morris.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There is a young lady who lives on our street,
Who gets stuck on every young man she meets;
She got stuck on the Mayor and a lively flea,
In fact, she gets stuck on everything she does see.
She got stuck on our boarding-house, got stuck on the hash,
She got stuck on the clerk and his dizzy moustache,
She got stuck on a book-agent, got stuck on his gall,
She got stuck on a pawnbroker and shoved up her shawl,
She got stuck on a boxer, got stuck on a tramp,
She got stuck on coal oil, and swallowed a lamp,
She got stuck on a crank, got stuck on a chump,
She went after water and got stuck in the pump,
Got stuck on free lunches, got stuck in the soup,
Got stuck on eating snow-balls, and they gave her the croup,
Got stuck on bock beer, drank nearly a peck,
Tried to do a flip-flap and stuck on her neck,
Got stuck on Cleveland and Ben Butler's glass eye,
Went down to dinner and got stuck on mince pie,
Got stuck on the butter, which was stuck full of hair,
Got stuck on the pudding, and stuck in her chair,
Got stuck on a wart that was stuck on her nose,
Got stuck in the snow and she liked to get froze,
Got stuck on Sullivan, got stuck on Jim Mace,
Got stuck on a bill-poster, and got stuck in the paste,
Got stuck on Tony Pastor, got stuck on his plug,
Got stuck on Pat Rooney, got stuck on his mug,
Got stuck on a masher, got stuck on a dude,
Got stuck on a bull-dog, and her bustle he chewed,
Got stuck on Fred Gebhart and Texas Jack,
Sat down on the floor, and got stuck on a tack,
Got stuck on Buffalo Bill, the notorious scout,
Got stuck in the mud, and couldn't get out,
And still she wasn't satisfied,
So she stuck in a sewer, and there she died.

Parody on:

WASH ME, MOTHER DEAR.

As sung by Tommy Dayton.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, my collar's awful dirty, darling mother,
From perspiring it has wrinkled and so squashed;
Won't you let me have a quarter, darling mother,
So that I can get a clean one from the wash.
Oh, please do not refuse me, darling mother;
If you do, my fondest hopes they will be squashed;
So let me have a quarter, darling mother,
So that I can get a clean one from the wash.

CHORUS.

A clean one from the wash, a clean one from the wash,
A clean one from the wash, my mother dear;
Wash my mother, wash my mother,
A clean one from the wash, my mother dear.

Oh, I want to join a base-ball club, dear mother;
I will make the finest pitcher in the land;
I can make a ball curve fifty times, dear mother,
Before it ever gets into the catcher's hands.
Oh, I will make a dandy, darling mother;
We can live upon the finest kind of grub
If you will give me your consent, dear mother,
And let me go and join a base-ball club.

CHORUS.

Oh, join a base-ball club; oh, join a base-ball club;
Oh, join a base-ball club, my mother dear.
Club my mother, club my mother,
Oh, join a base-ball club, my mother dear.

Oh, I think I will get married, dearest mother,
I can marry a rich lady, don't you see;
Then I will get all her money, darling mother,
And then how happy we will be.
But I don't want a mother-in-law, dear mother,
So I think 'twill be hard to make a match;
But if ever I get married, dearest mother,
You can bet my wife will have to toe the scratch.

CHORUS.

She'll have to toe the scratch; she'll have to toe the scratch;
She'll have to toe the scratch, my mother dear.
Scratch my mother, scratch my mother;
She'll have to toe the scratch, my mother dear.

Oh, I had a nice little gold watch, dearest mother,
Was presented to me on my last birthday;
But I gave it to the pawnshop, dearest mother,
And for it some day I know I'll have to pay;
So I come to you for money, dearest mother,
And I know you'll not refuse your little bloake;
For I promised I would take it out, dear mother;
Yes, I promised I would take it out of soak.

CHORUS.

I promised I would get it, I promised I would take it;
Take it out of soak, my mother dear;
Soak my mother, soak my mother;
To take it out of soak, my mother dear.

A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss.

Sung by Harry D'Esta.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now we all do our best in this world to get on,
While some think they're awfully clever;
If you heed what they say, you may go the wrong way,
Don't be led by your friends in the future.
Some say, "go abroad, and a fortune you will make,"
While others have roamed to their loss;
So you had just as well now remain where you are,
For a rolling stone gathers no moss.

CHORUS.

Now let us take heed through the path that we lead,
This world is a wide one to cross;
So you may just as well now remain where you are,
For a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Now in lands far away, I've heard people say,
That diamonds like stars can be found;
And that diamonds like stars are in the ground hid away,
With thousands of searchers around;
If its gold you would seek you must first persevere,
For the ocean's a wide one to cross;
So you may just as well now remain where you are,
For a rolling stone gathers no moss.—CHORUS.

Now in roaming around there can never be found
The comforts we find at home;
Then why do we leave friends behind us to grieve
And wander away alone.
My advice now to you, believe me 'tis true,
If you wander 'twill be at your loss;
So mind what I say, stay at home, don't go away,
For a rolling stone gathers no moss.—CHORUS.

UP WENT McGINTY.

Written and Composed by James McAvoy.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You heard about McGinty at the bottom of the sea,
How he landed long before his time was due;
So I'll tell you of his brother, how he took another course,
You can easily see the difference with the two.
Since McGinty he went down and never yet was found.
Off the dock down to the bottom took a drop,
But the other brave and game, to keep up the family's name,
I'll fool them all says he, now I'll go up.

CHORUS.

So up went McGinty just as high as he could get,
On the top floor you can bet, for there was no more to let;
Says he who the devil cares, it's eleven flight of stairs;
He carried up his bedsteads, his tables and his chairs.
It took him from the morning 'till the middle of the night;
It broke him up and winded him to climb eleven flights;
He was living there a year and never paid a cent,
'Twas too high for the landlord to go up and get his rent.
If he looked out the window, the folks they stopped in crowds,
With a broom they see McGinty there a-sweeping off the clouds.
It was ninety-five degrees, but he lived there at his ease,
And the only thing that kept him up was eating German cheese.
When he wanted to come down he'd eleven flights to go,
But there was no elevator, and McGinty he says no;
Says he, "I'll never walk it, and I hardly think I'll jump,"
So to show his ingenuity, McGinty was no chump.
So he raised his umbrella, you can bet it was a beaut,
Put a stick across the handle to see if it would suit,
He straddled and down he flew upon his parachute,
Dressed in his best pair of cuffs.

There was ninety "World" reporters saw McGinty when he dropped
By a lodging-house just seven blocks away;
Although he was not registered, they knew just where he stopped,
For beneath the parachute McGinty lay.
With a broom the neighbors swept him up, as much as they could find,
In a Babbitt's soap box to the morgue he went,
But the parachute, turned inside out, they had to leave behind,
For the landlord kept it for McGinty's rent.

CHORUS.

So up went McGinty to the happy hunting ground,
But he couldn't get in heaven for Peter wasn't round,
There was fifty more ahead of him, they said he was too late,
He sat down and took a smoke, and told them that he'd wait,
He waited there an hour, 'till the gate it came ajar,
But before you come in here, they said, just tell us who you are,
I am sorry for McGinty, and I think it was a shame,
He got tangled up and rattled and could not tell his name.
He asked where his brother was, they said they didn't know,
They told him ask the devil, down a block or two below;
So to get inside McGinty said he'd do it or he'd die,
The gate was barred and bolted and the fence it was too high,
He heard a band of music, but he couldn't see them play,
So at last he got disgusted, and at last he walked away;
Then down the ladder once again, McGinty he did swoop;
Says he, my name is Dennis, I think I am in the soup,
At last he struck the rolling-mill, they wouldn't let him in,
He picked up his extra baggage and he started back again;
Well, he couldn't get inside and he's sorry that he tried,
Dressed in his best pair of specs.

OBLIGE A LADY.

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Written by J. P. Harrington. Arranged by Callaboe. Sung by Tony Pastor.

In a crowded car, on a rainy day, yours truly sat inside,
When a maiden sweet looked for a seat, but they all were occupied.
Said I, "My dear, you can have my lap!" but the girl preferred to stand,
Then I heard this cry from the lips of our conductor, close at hand:

CHORUS.

"'Blige a lady! 'blige a lady! 'blige a lady, sir!"
Said I, "Old chap, she can have my lap, but I couldn't get wet for her."
Then a little fat voice, from a little fat man in the opposite corner, cried,
"If she ain't satisfied with a full-sized lap, let the lady ride outside."

As a compromise with a maiden fair, I rose, and gently said,
"As you won't sit on my lap, my dear, why I'll sit on yours instead."
Then, all at once, came another girl in, and so woe-begone looked she;
While I sat there on the first girl's lap, I said, "You sit on me!"—CHORUS.

How the people laughed and joked and chaffed—a rare joke, on my life;
I enjoyed it much, till, bless my soul, in popped my own, my wife;
When she saw me there, she said, "Great Scott! I know you're a brainless elf;
Who'd think you'd thus in a public car make a sandwich of yourself."—CHO.

Parody on:

The Letter that Never Came.

Written by Peter McCanon.

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Not a drink I've had to-day, were the words that he did say,
As he greeted men he met upon the street;
He was thirsty, oh! so dry, and declared with many a sigh,
"He was honest," but no one would him treat.
He grew more wretched day by day, on the corner he would stay,
But, though unfortunate, was always game,
"One more and then I'll stop, just the price of a little drop,"
But the ten cents that he longed for never came.

CHORUS.

Might it come from a snoozer, or else an old-time boozer,
He had waited all the many hours in vain?
Then he murmured with a sigh, "I shall ever be so dry,"
But the angel that he longed for never came.

Then in frenzied rage and thirst into a liquor store he burst,
And in vain he pleaded for a little smile;
The bartender, stern and cold, would give none but what he sold,
The tramp, in despair, did then his woes beguile.
Of my deeds I will repent, but that fellow shall relent,
Though my pleadings have proven all in vain,
Then over the counter he did fly, but the bartender was too spry,
And the grapes that he reached for never came.—CHORUS.

Now, from the effects of rum, this delapidated bum
Became treacherous and murderous in his plans,
Until at length a "cop" his wild career did stop,
And in Sing Sing now dwells with all his clans.
He is temperate and at ease, though his whims they'll never please,
As many others have got there just the same;
A rumor now is out that on temperance he fain would spout,
But the release that he longed for never came.—CHORUS.

THE TAN-YARD SIDE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am a rambling hero, by love I am ensnared;
Near to the town of Bollingiass there dwells a comely maid;
She's fairer than Diana bright, she's free from earthly pride,
She's a lovely maid—her dwelling place lies near the tan-yard side.

I stood in meditation, I viewed her o'er and o'er,
I thought she was Aurora bright, descending down so low;
"No, no, kind sir, I'm a country girl," she modestly replied,
"I labor daily for my bread down by the tan-yard side."

Her golden hair, in ringlets rare, hangs o'er her snowy neck,
The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck,
Her two brown, sparkling eyes, and her teeth like ivory white,
Would make a man become her slave down by the tan-yard side.

For twelve long months we courted, 'till at length we did agree
For to acquaint her parents and married we would be;
'Till at length her cruel father to me he proved unkind,
Which makes me sail across the seas and leave my true love behind.

Farewell, my aged parents, and to you I bid adieu;
I'm crossing the main ocean, dear, for the sake of you;
But if ever I return again, I will make you my bride,
And I'll roll you in my arms down by the tan-yard side.

—Now that cold weather is coming on charity should begin to hum.

SWEETHEARTS WERE WE.

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Words and Music by Webster C. Fulton.

Let me tell you of the changes that the year has brought to me,
Though the time has passed so quickly, 'tis not long, at most, you see,
But how different the world seems since those happy days of old,
When the time was endless summer, and all 'round me rose and gold.
There was Jack, my little playmate, fondest memory of my life,
Used to put his arms around me and declare I was his wife;
In our nook down by the river we would always be at play,
As I look back to those moments, I can only sigh and say:

CHORUS.

Sweethearts were we, little we thought how life
Would find us changed when we were man and wife;
Sweethearts were we, happy and careless then,
Oh, bliss! love's kiss! oh, to be sweethearts again.

When we grew a little older, we were started off to school,
Loitering along the roadway, sailing ships in every pool,
Chased the butterfly and song-bird, plucked the daisies in the grass,
Happy little lad and lassie, watching not the moments pass;
When at eve our lessons ended, we would slowly homeward stroll,
Jack would cry, "Let's play at soldiers!" oh, to have a drum to roll;
I will go to be a warrior, each wife cries when husband starts,
Innocent, I played in earnest, thinking grown up folks had hearts.—CHORUS.

Years pass on, Jack grew to manhood, I a winsome maiden, too,
And one night he came to woo me, quite the way he used to do;
I said "yes," while blushing rosy, and in summer time we wed,
Lived serenely in a cottage, till at last a year had fled!
What at first was joy unending grew to be most commonplace,
And at last our first real quarrel found us scolding face to face;
Jack wished he had died—and I did, next he'd leave me, quickly swore;
I replied, I wished that something would bring back those days of yore!—CHO.

Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I am getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more,
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest;
Old Massa and old Missus they're sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest;
Things are changed about the place, the darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather 'round the door;
They used to sing and dance at night, and play the old banjo,
But, alas! they cannot do it any more.
The hinges are all rusty now, the door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain;
Oh! the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

Oh! daddy, don't you be so sad and melancholy now,
For you there's many happy days in store;
Although you're old and feeble, your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you for evermore;
I'll try and do the best I can and make you happy now,
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain,
And the angels they will bless us in our happy little home
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

Oh! child, I am contented, but the day must quickly come,
When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore;
The angels they will take me from my humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright celestial shore;
Oh! don't despair, but come what may, you will be happy yet,
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain;
For the angels they will bless us in our happy little home
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

ALWAYS TOGETHER.

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Written by Thos. LeMack. Composed and Sung by W. Andrew Mack in "Aunt Bridget's Baby."

Jim and I were playmates—together went to school
In childhood's happy hours, where we learned the golden rule;
Many were the good times then in happy days gone by;
Many hardships we've endured, my dear old pal and I.

CHORUS.

Always together—ever together Jimmie and I have been—
Loving each other—dear as a brother—nobody came between;
Together when we were at school, together when we were at sea;
I'd give up my life for my dear old pal—he'd do as much for me.

Fancy Jim and I one night out on the rolling sea,
Our ship a mass of flames, the smoke was suffocating me;
The last thing I remember—Jim said, "Courage, don't be alarmed!"
I awoke to find myself locked tightly—saved in my shipmates arms.—CHORUS.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his robe was heavy and chilly;
For his country he sighed when, at twilight, repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on its own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
A home and a country remains not for me.
Ah! never again in the green shady bower,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

Oh! Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door, so fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and sire did weep for its fall;
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend—dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessings,
Land of my fathers, Erin-go-bragh.
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
And the harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin Mavourneen, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

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THE OLD BLACK CROW.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

De old black crow in de corn field flew,
Caw! caw! caw!
Said he, Mister Coon, oh, a how d'ye do?
Caw! caw! caw!
Oh, dar he sit till he eat his fill,
An' he stuffed himself right up to de bill,
An' den he laughed at de whip-poor-will,
Caw! caw! caw!

CHORUS.

Den a husk, old lady, shake down, de miller has gone to de mill,
Den a sweep dat floor, dere's dancing, oh, come, climb up to de hill;
Come and bring your mother and your aunty and crowd dem niggers to de door,
Den a husk, old lady, shake down, caw! caw! caw!

De old black crow see a coon go by,
Caw! caw! caw!
He said, Mister Coon, you are mighty sly,
Caw! caw! caw!
You're just as black as a black can be,
An' de poor white man, oh, he hates you and me,
So, Mister Coon, oh, let me free,
Caw! caw! caw!—CHORUS.

De old black crow, oh, he roost so high,
Caw! caw! caw!
He talks mighty lond when he's in de sky,
Caw! caw! caw!
He looks at you, den he looks at me,
Den he flies right down from de old pine tree,
An' den he laugh wid a he, he, he,
Caw! caw! caw!—CHORUS.

—Husband: "Is this canned chicken or canned lobster, Ethel?" Wife: "I don't know, John. The label had been torn off the can before I opened it."

—She Dreamed It.—He (about to ask for a kiss): "I have an important question to ask you." She (playfully): "I know what it is, Charlie. You want me to be your wife; I dreamed it. Well, take me." He (rather taken aback): "You dreamed it?" She: "Yes. I dreamed it last night, and I answered you as I am answering you now, and you took me in your arms and kissed me." What could Charlie do?—*Chicago Ledger.*

SIX FEET OF EARTH.

Copyright, 1873, by F. W. Helmick.

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I'll sing you a song of the world and its ways,
And the many strange people we meet—
From the rich man who rolls in his millions of wealth
To the struggling wretch on the street.
But a man, tho' he's poor, and in tatters and rags,
We should never affect to despise,
But think of the adage, remember, my friends,
That six feet of earth makes us all of one size.

There's the rich man with thousands to spare if he likes,
But he haughtily holds up his head,
And who thinks he's above the mechanic who toils,
And is honestly earning his bread;
But his gold and his jewels he can't take away
To the world up above when he dies,
For death levels all, and conclusively shows
That six feet of earth makes us all of one size.

There's many a coat that is tatter'd and torn,
That beneath lies a true honest heart,
But because he's not dressed like his neighbors in style,
Why "society" keeps them apart;
For on one fortune smiles while the other one fails,
Yes, no matter what venture he tries,
But time calls them both to the grave in the end,
And six feet of earth makes us all of one size.

Then when you once see a poor fellow that tries
To battle the world and its frown,
Let us help him along, and perchance he'll succeed—
Don't crush him because he is down;
For a cup of cold water in charity given
Is remembered with joy in the skies,
We're all but human—we're all got to die,
And six feet of earth makes us all of one size.

PAPA'S BABY BOY.

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What happiness there is each night, when toil and cares are done,
To meet a darling baby boy, who's the sunshine of your home;
And as you put him on the floor, just to see him romp and play,
You take him up so lovingly—thus sing to him and say—

REFRAIN.

You're mamma's little darling, papa's baby boy!
The happiness of home, its sunshine and their joy.
I see you rolling on the floor in merriment and glee,
Come, my darling baby, papa will dance you on his knee.

CHORUS.

Hippe hip he hoy, papa's baby boy! hippe hip he hoy, what do you say?
Hippe hip he hoy, papa's baby boy! hippe hip he hoy, baby darling.

When the little one is tired out you place him in his bed;
How proud and happy you do feel when his evening prayer's been said;
Then see him close his loving eyes, when to sleep he's laid away,
You then await the coming morn, that you may sing and say—REFRAIN & CHO.

And when the coming morn arrives, and breakfast table set,
You then place him on his high chair, your dear baby boy, your pet;
And when the time does come for work you kiss him good-bye, day-day,
Still longing for the night to come, so you can sing and say—REFRAIN & CHO.

A Mother's Watch by the Sea.

Copyright, 1883, by J. F. Martindale.

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Words and Music by Frank Howard.

A mother stood on a sandy beach,
At the close of a summer day,
And kissed her hand to her noble boy,
As the proud ship sailed away.
And the mother's cheeks were blanched with fear,
And her heart convulsed with pain,
As she thought of the ship and her fair-haired boy,
Who might never come back again.

CHORUS.

Oh! deep, heaving sea, he was my joy;
Ye restless waves that oft are graves, give back my darling boy.

Years rolled on, yet no tidings came,
And she mourned her child as dead,
When one day a lad in sailor's garb
Drew near and asked for bread;
Oh, God! she cried, thou hast heard my prayer
And given my boy to me,
When I thought he slept in a cold, cold grave,
Far down in the deep dark sea.—CHORUS.

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE.

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One evening, so late, as I rambled
On the banks of a clear purling stream,
I sat myself down on a bed of primroses,
And so gently fell into a dream.
I dreamed I beheld a fair female,
Her equals I never saw before,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

I quickly addressed this fair female,
"My jewel, come tell me your name,
For, here, in this country, I know you're a stranger,
Or I would not have asked you the same."
She resembled the Goddess of Liberty,
And of Freedom the mantle she wore,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

"I know you're a true son to Granue,
And my secrets to you I'll unfold;
For here in the midst of all dangers,
Not knowing my friends from my foes,
I'm a daughter of Daniel O'Connell,
And from England I lately came o'er,
I have come to awaken my brethren
That slumber on Erin's green shore."

Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds,
Or the stars of a cold, frosty night;
Her cheeks were two blooming roses,
And her teeth of the ivory so white;
She resembled the Goddess of Freedom,
And green was the mantle she wore,
Bound round with the shamrock and roses
That grew along Erin's green shore.

In transports of joy I awoke,
And found I had been in a dream;
For this beautiful damsel had fled me,
And I longed to slumber again.
May the heavens above be her guardian,
For I know I shall see her no more;
May the sunbeams of glory shine o'er her,
As she strays along Erin's green shore.

LULLABY, BABY DEAR.

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Words by J. Van Loan. Music by Harry Pepper.

From the little rosy lips, list to her evening prayer,
Now I lay me down to sleep, saith the dear one so fair;
Tiny hands so soft and white, folded so saintly and meek;
Oh, gentle rays of evening light, softly fall on her cheek;
Oh, gentle rays of evening light, softly fall on her cheek.
Lullaby, baby dear, lullaby, baby dear.

Sleep, my darling little one, cling to thy fond mother's breast,
Weary have thy footsteps run, lay thy dear head to rest.
Angels guard thee in thy sleep, till the morning light;
Oh, Lord, I pray thee her soul to keep until the morning light,
Oh, Lord, I pray thee her soul to keep until the morning light.
Lullaby, baby dear, lullaby, baby dear.

GIVE PADDY BUT A CHANCE.

Written and Composed by W. J. Scanlan.

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My home is a cabin, Erin is my land,
By birthplace and home forever I'll stand;
Wealth may be handy in time of worldly strife—
I could be happy with Maggie for my wife.
Aisy's the way, pleasant the travel;
Glad would my heart be, though far, far away.
Music and song will ever be my joy,
Battle and love for a true Irish boy.

CHORUS.

Give Paddy but a chance and he'll show you what he's made of;
Give Paddy but a chance and you'll never find him slow.
In battle or in love you'll find him all devotion;
Give Paddy but a chance and to the front he'll go.

With an acre of bog for fire in the winter,
To warm the cabin, made cheerful and bright
By Maggie's dear face, so sweet and so rosy,
What rays from the heaven could give more delight;
No bird in the tree, nor flower in the garden,
More sweetly does sing, more pleasantly smile;
Show me the girls more purer or winsome
Than those you'll find on Erin's green isle.—CHORUS.

ME AND JACK.

Tune—"Comrades."

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Words by T. H. Tooker.

We're a pair of first-class bummers, my dear comrade, Jack and I;
We've emptied many barrels of rum but still we're always dry;
It's whiskey that compells us to wear old second-hand clothes,
For it's cost me and Jack a fortune to get a big red nose.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were bums,
Sleeping in stale-beer dives down in the slums;
Working free-lunch counters to get enough to eat,
I tell you its tough when you get to be an old dead-beat.

Now, nearly every evening when we get full of booze,
We try to find an empty truck to take a quiet snooze;
But the police they won't let us rest, they know us very well,
And many a time they've landed me and Jack in a cell.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were tramps,
We never drew a sober breath when we had the stamps;
We always were too strong to work, we'd much prefer to beg,
And the only labor that we do is when we drain a keg.

I went into a saloon the other night to get a glass of rye,
I told the man behind the bar I'd pay him by-and-by;
He quickly grabbed a great big axe and at me made a rush,
My comrade's whiskers got the blow—it shaved the dear old lush.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, I'll never forget my old chum,
He smelled like a distillery from drinking five-cent rum;
I'll never see his face again, he's in his lonely grave,
Though Jack died to save me, he got a nice clean shave.

MASSA'S WEDDING NIGHT.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Go bar de news, dear children, black people, young and old;
Oh, come 'long to dat gath'ring like sheep into de fold.
Go throw away your burdens, and let your hearts be light,
We're welcomed in de parlor on massa's wedding night.

CHORUS.

Den forward and caper, cross over, den hoe down;
Oh, step high, good ladies, go turn de old man round.
Oh, swing on, keep winging to de left and to de right;
Oh, let me be at de jubilee on massa's wedding night.

Oh, bring along dem flowers, dem lilies from de bed,
And don't forget dem roses, dem white ones and de red.
Oh, hail de bride and bridegroom, and shout with all your might,
We're welcomed in de parlor on massa's wedding night.—CHORUS.

Bow low to dat old preacher, bow low to every guest,
And don't forget on Sundays you dress up in your best.
And when you reach dat meeting, oh, pray with all your might,
We're welcomed in de parlor on massa's wedding night.—CHORUS.

HEIGH, HO! LINGO SALLY.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

De river's very muddy whar' de turtle creeps,
Go 'long, whoa dar, Bally!
Oh, come and shear de wool upon de old black sheep
Heigh, ho! Lingo Sally!
De night time comes, de morning goes,
Oh, tuck a little children in de ole bed clothes;
De mouse in de garret dun eating all de corn,
I'll buy a bran-new bonnet when de ole one's gone;
Go 'long, whoa dar, Bally!
Heigh, ho! Lingo Sally!

It's raining very heavy when de dark cloud comes,
Go 'long, whoa dar, Bally!
Dar's trouble for a nigger when de wild bee hums,
Heigh, ho! Lingo Sally!
De night time comes, de morning goes,
Oh, tuck a little children in de ole bed clothes;
De mouse in the garret dun eating all de corn,
I'll buy a bran new bonnet when de ole one's gone;
Go 'long, whoa dar, Bally!
Heigh, ho! Lingo Sally!

De ceiling's very dusty till de new broom swinge,
Go 'long, whoa dar, Bally!
De spider in de corner, golly, how he clings,
Heigh, ho! Lingo Sally!
De night time comes, de morning goes,
Oh, tuck a children in de ole bed clothes;
De mouse in the garret dun eating all de corn,
I'll buy a new bonnet when de ole one's gone;
Go 'long, whoa dar, Bally!
Heigh, ho! Lingo Sally!

THE BUTTERFLY DUDE.

Copyright, 1885, by Chas. D. Blake.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Sam Devere.

Oh! the latest sensation they say
Is the dude—he's the swell of the day;
He's all hat and collar, he'd make a mule holler,
He's tender as the flowers in May;
He's a birdie that's fond of his ease,
To get into his pants is a squeeze—
And the ladies say: maybe now, ain't he a baby!
He'd fall all apart if he'd sneeze.

CHORUS.

Oh! the dude, the butterfly dude;
The sweet little dolly, he talks like a polly;
Oh! the dude, the butterfly dude—
Say! did you ever get on to the dude?

He's his mammie's own sweet little pet,
He can smoke a real strong cigarette;
He's a sugar and candy, sweet matinee dandy,
He'd melt if he ever got wet;
You'll get on, if you meet by chance,
That his coat is quite short, at a glance;
He's lighter than paper—it's the real proper caper
To show all he can of his pants.—CHORUS.

He is nursed and he's handled with care;
Uses bandoline on his front hair;
He's a sweet-scented monkey, he's awfully spunkey,
He'd strike you real hard if he dare;
On a cream puff he will thrive,
On his cart through the park he will drive—
Puts the girls in a flutter—he's softer than butter—
You'd bet thathe wasn't alive.—CHORUS.

Have you watched the dear dudes in the streets—
How sweetly they smile when they meet?
Well, now I should snicker, if anything's sicker—
They carry their brains in their feet;
The dude has a cane and a fan—
He's modeled on the European plan;
He wears corsets and flowers, and lace on his pants,
And they say he is not a real man.—CHORUS.

PADDY STOLE THE ROPE.

Written and Sung by Pat Feeney.

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There were once two Irish laboring men, to America they came over,
And they tramped about, in search of work, from New York to Dover;
Said Paddy to Mick: "I'm tired of this; we're both left in the lurch,
And if we don't get work, bedad! I'll go and rob a church!"
"What! rob a church!" said Mick to Paddy, "how could you be so vile?
Sure something bad will happen you when in the sacred aisle;
But if you do, I'll go with you! we'll get safe out, I hope."
So listen, and I'll tell you true, how Paddy stole the rope:

They tramped about through mud and mire, and the place they wanted finding,
They got inside a country church, which nobody was minding;
They scraped together all they could, and then prepared to slope;
When Paddy said: "Hold on, now, Mike; what shall we do for rope?
We've got no bag to hold the swag, and before we go outside,
With something stout and strong, my lad, the bundle must be tied!"
Just then he spied the church bell-rope, and, swift as an antelope,
He scrambled up on the belfry high to go and steal the rope.

When Paddy reached the belfry-ropes—"Be jabers!" said he, "Stop!
To get a piece that's long enough I must climb to the top!"
So, like a sailor, up he went, and when near the end, said he:
"I think the piece that's underneath quite long enough will be."
So, holding by one arm and leg, he pulled his clasp-knife out,
And right above his head and hand he cut the rope so stout;
He quite forgot it held him up. By the powers of Doctor Pope!
Down to the bottom of the church fell Paddy and the rope.

Says Mick to Paddy: "Come out of that!" as he on the floor lay groaning,
"Is that the way to steal a rope? no wonder now ye're moaning,
I'll show yez how to cut a rope, there, just lend me your knife."
"Yerra, Mick, be careful!" cried out Paddy, "or else you'll lose your life!"
Mick bounded up the other rope, and like an artful thief,
Instead of cutting it up above he cut it underneath;
The piece fell down—and he was left to hang up there and mope—
"Bad cess unto the day," said he, "when we came stealing rope."

There was Paddy groaning on the floor, while Mick hung up on high;
"Come down," says Paddy. "I can't," says Mick, "for if I drop I'll die."
Their noise soon brought the preacher 'round, the sexton and police,
But though they set poor Mickey free, the pair got no release;
They took them to the station, where their conduct they now rue,
For if they had no work before, they've plenty now to do;
And for their ingenuity they have a larger scope
Than when they broke into the church and tried to steal the rope.

—Daughter (indignantly): "Why, mamma, would you have me marry a man for his money?" Mother: "Of course not; but I'd be quite as willing that you should as that you should marry him for his poverty.

AS WE WANDER IN THE ORANGE GROVE.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Let us wander in the orange grove to-night,
Where the moonlight falls so gently thro' the trees;
Oh, the birdies watch us, love, while cooing up above.
And nestling in the shadow of the leaves.
Happy sweethearts, oh, how loving there,
As through the flow'ry paths and dells we rove;
Oh, really it is bliss when we can steal a kiss,
As we wander in the orange grove.
All the little stars of night are peeping, love,
From the sky above, their bright eyes beaming
On the lovers there below; they gently go
All to wander through the pretty orange grove.

CHORUS.

The daisies and roses, the lilies and buttercups,
Pinks and the pansies greet us as we rove;
The bluebell, the cowslip, the primrose and clover
Bloom in the orange grove.

Let us wander in the orange grove to-night,
When the perfume of the flowers fill the air;
Oh, the brooklet and the rill, the silent water-mill,
Add beauty to the picture, I declare.
Pretty roses and the creeping vine
There in a lover's knot together wove;
Come, listen to the trill sung by the whippoorwill,
As we wander in the orange grove.
All the little stars of night are peeping, love,
From the sky above, their bright eyes beaming
On the lovers there below; they gently go
All to wander through the pretty orange grove.—CHORUS.

Let us wander in the orange grove to-night,
In the silence of the pretty Southern scene,
Where the golden fruit, like bells, from trees in glade and dells,
Hang listless in the moonlight silver sheen.
Echo answers to our laughter there.
As through the woodland we together rove,
So swiftly do we tread upon the leafy bed,
As we wander in the orange grove.
All the little stars of night are peeping, love,
From the sky above, there bright eyes beaming
On the lovers there below; they gently go
All to wander through the pretty orange grove.—CHORUS.

Jack Was a True Friend to Me.

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Words and Music by Tom Carter.

In a quiet country village we lived, Jack Dunn and I;
Though Jack was much the stronger of the two;
A great big blust'ring fellow, but still a chum of mine,
A faithful, honest creature, kind and true!
We had our petty quarrels, as boys will often do;
We treasur'd up no malice, no, not we!
We'd soon forget our troubles, each other's hand we'd grasp,
For Jack was a true friend to me.

CHORUS.

Jack was a true friend to me,
True as a true friend could be!
I've had many others, yet I loved him like a brother,
For Jack was a true friend to me.

We soon grew up to manhood, and staunch friends still remained;
But little did I think I'd cause him pain;
My old friend Jack ne'er told me he loved the village belle,
Or mentioned that her hand he'd tried to gain;
But when she promised to be mine, the tears stood in his eyes,
He grasped my hand as manly as could be,
He wished me joy and happiness, good fortune and good-bye,
For Jack was a true friend to me.—CHORUS.

We were wed, but sad misfortune swept o'er us like the tide,
And ruination stared us in the face;
I did my best to comfort and cheer my youthful bride;
I told her to be poor was no disgrace.
But Jack, somehow, had got the news that we were in distress,
He paid our debts and once more set us free;
Altho' he did not sign his name, I knew it came from him,
For Jack was a true friend to me.—CHORUS.

I strolled out one spring morning, down by the river bank,
Where Jack and I had rambled when a boy,
When suddenly I started, there, standing by my side,
Was he who'd shared my sorrow and my joy.
Struck down by cruel sickness, he'd come back home to die;
And when from earthly troubles he was free,
I carved upon his tombstone the old familiar words:
Jack was a true friend to me.—CHORUS.

EXCUSE ME, EXCUSE ME.

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Words and Music by Will Rossiter.

A song on topics of the day is all the rage, you bet,
To have a catchy ending line is what we try to get;
To have a phraze not used before, that is the scheme, you see,
For ours we do no pardon beg, but excuse me, excuse me.

CHORUS.

Excuse me, excuse me, is said to be right;
You know it will often prevent row or fight,
For rudeness or insult, bad manners, you see,
It comes in so nicely, excuse me, excuse me.

Now those two words, you will agree, are heard in every place,
It's grown to be the proper thing among the human race;
You have a man walk over you, though careful you may be,
In a crowd you have your hat smashed in, excuse me, excuse me.—CHORUS.

If getting theatre tickets, men will always take their turn,
Though for a place ten yards ahead with all your heart you yearn,
But if perchance a lady comes, wants seats for matinee,
She'll cooly push in front of you, saying, excuse me, excuse me.—CHORUS.

It is a very funny thing that Tascott can't be found;
There's time enough since he got loose to have run him to the ground;
I've asked a dozen officers the cause to tell to me,
They always change the subject with—excuse me, excuse me.—CHORUS.

I know some actors in this line, and hear them often say,
It's hard to please each one and all, or to whom they should play;
Some say the parquet should be first, and some the balcony,
For us, up there, they are our choice, *excuse me, excuse me.—CHORUS.

*Said looking to lower part of house.

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE.

Tune—"Wearing of the Green."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and Sung by Harry Barron.

Ye people all, both great and small, come listen to my lay,
'Tis about the striking weavers who demand an honest pay;
But the bosses say they will not yield, they love too much their pelf,
Before they die, ah, who can tell, each may be poor himself.
The weavers only say, "Be just: an honest toil's reward."
Enough to keep the hungry wolf from those we most regard;
Enough to pay our rent, and live on less we cannot do,
'Tis just as well to idle starve, not work while starving, too.

But the meanest thing of all, I think, is bringing workers here
To take our honest townsfolks' place, who've toiled for many a year;
No wonder people gather, just to hoot the dirty curs,
An honest indignation in each honest bosom stirs.
What a shame to think policemen have to club the people so,
Who are goaded half to madness by their bitter wrong and woe:
Although deploring violence, what can wretched labor do?
A worm will turn when trod upon—be honest, wouldn't you?

In Kensington on workers' toil each boss grows quickly rich,
In Manayunk the same, I ween—the poor sink in the ditch.
After toiling on and moiling on, each generation fade,
And leaves the one they leave behind poorer and poorer paid.
A Schofield lives high on a hill, the people starve below,
For one man's wealth a thousand toil, so that's the way we go;
For wealth can ever find some tool to do its dirty work,
And closer grind their fellowman, a task they never shirk.

Ye Camerons and Stevensons can ever be found and bought,
And thus it is that workmen's strikes forever come to nought;
For traitors have existed ever since the world began,
The informer and the rat seem made to be the workman's bane;
Why such people should exist at all, I really cannot say;
I would send them to fight the Mahdi, if I only had my way;
I would send them all to Africa or to the Polar zone,
Or to the penitentiary to work at breaking stone.

PRETTY LITTLE ROSY CHEEKS.

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I've something sweet your ears to greet, for my heart is all aglow;
I will whisper to you softly, and the secret you shall know;
So touch those notes so sw[illegible] again, I love sweet music's strain;
I'm deep in love, but not to blame, with pretty little rosy cheeks.

CHORUS.

This little girl divine, I've loved for many weeks;
She promised to be mine, did pretty little rosy cheeks.

There's not a rose in the garden grows with her that can compare;
With blushing face, sweet form and grace, and diamonds deck her hair;
She promised me, if I'd agree, while walking place from place;
I answered, "Miss, please let me kiss your blushing, little, smiling face.—CHO.

OH, MARIA!

Tune—"Whoa Emma."

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Written, Sung and Copyrighted by Sam Devere.

'Twas a stormy, cloudless night, the moon was shining bright,
A night that lovers love the best of all;
But the scene was quickly marred by a noise in our back yard,
When I heard a great big Tom cat loudly call—

CHORUS.

Oh, Maria! oh, Maria!
Maria, your Thomas with love is on fire;
Oh, Maria! oh, Maria!
That's what I heard the whole blessed night.

At love they both did play in their own peculiar way,
With now and then a most unearthly yell;
Their courtship was immense, 'till, from over another fence,
Another great big Tom cat loud did bawl—

CHORUS.

Oh, Maria! oh, Maria!
If you shake your Thomas, he'll sureiy expire;
Oh, Maria! oh, Maria!
That's what I heard the whole blessed night.

These Tom cats humped their backs, and made some wild attacks,
Each other's hides they terribly did mawl;
While they were fighting hard, a Thomas in the next back yard
Just took Maria's ear and loud did bawl—

CHORUS.

Oh, Maria! oh, Maria!
Come over in our yard and sit by the fire;
Oh, Maria! oh, Maria!
That's what I heard that whole blessed night.

THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

Sung by Edward Harrigan.

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Oh! listen to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains of his old withered hands,
But remember those fingers, they once could move sharper
In raising the merry strains of his dear native land.
It was long before the shamrock, dear isle, lovely emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw,
And all the pretty colleens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
Though four score and three years have flew by them!
It's king's sweet reflection that every young joy,
For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men.
At a fair or a wake I could twist my shillelah,
And trip through a dance wid my brogues tied wid straw;
There all the pretty maidens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

In truth, I have wandered this wide world over,
Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me,
And oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover,
Be cut from the land that is trod by the free;
And when sergeant death in his cold arms doth embrace,
And lull me to sleep with old Erin-go-bragh,
By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh, place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

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The marriage rite is over; and though I turn aside,
To keep the guests from seeing the tears I could not hide,
I wreathed my face in smiling, and led my little brother
To greet my father's chosen—but I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature, with meek and gentle air;
With blue eyes soft and loving, and silken, sunny hair.
I know my father gives her the love he bore another;
But, if she were an angel, I could not call her mother.

To-night I heard her singing a song I used to love,
When its sweet notes were uttered by her who sings above;
It pained my heart to hear it, for my tears I could not smother,
For every word was hallowed by the dear voice of my mother.

My father, in the sunshine of happy days to come,
May half forget the shadow that darkened our old home.
His heart no more is lonely; but me and little brother
Must still be orphan children—God can give us but one mother.

—"Are the winters warm in Arkansas?" "I'm not sure; but they always have Hot Springs."

SELLA DE BANAN.

The shades of eve were growing bright
Beneath the street's electric light,
When on the pensive air there rung
The accents of a Dago's tongue—
"Sella de banan!"

He had a queer ram-shackled cart,
And all day long he stood where bart-
Ter 'mid the throng raged fierce and high,
And yelled to all the passers-by—
"Sella de banan!"

His face was of the chestnut's hue;
A bunch with either hand he drew
And wildly thrust beneath your nose,
Still crying, tho' your ire arose—
"Sella de banan!"

"Go!" shouts a big policeman there,
"Git from this corner, or I'll bear
You off to decorate a cell!"
Still rang that persevering yell—
"Sella de banan!"

He bribed that big policeman there
With two bananas plump and fair!
And still in sweet security
He sang out with Italian glee—
"Sella de banan!"

Some of them picked were over-ripe,
Others where of a pea-green stripe;
He trimmed the former ones to suit,
Still bellowing above his fruit—
"Sella de banan!"

At last there came along a team,
It heeded not that Dago's scream—
Smashed him and cart in smithereens!
His ghost now yells, 'mid other scenes—
"Sella de banan!"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Deesa man liva in Italia a gooda longa time ago. He hada greata head ever since he was a kidda. Not a bigga heada like de politicians nowaday—not a swella heada. His fadda keepa de standa in Italia. Sella de peanutta and de banan. Maka plenta de mon. Christopher Colum' he say, "Fadda, gimma de stamp, I go finda de new world." His fadda he laugh, "Ha! ha!" just so. Den Christopher he say, "Whata you maka fun? I betta you I finda a new world." After a long time his fadda say, "You go finda de new world and bringa it over here." Den de olda man he buy him a grip-sack, an' giva him boodle, an' maka him a present of three ships to come over to deesa contra. Well, Christopher Colum he saila an' saila for a gooda many day. He don't see any landa. An' he say, I giva fiva dollar bill if I was back in Italia!" Well, he saila an' he saila, an' vera soon he strika Coney Island. Den dat maka him glad! Vera soon he coma to Castle Garden, an' den he walka up Broadway an' he feel vera bad. He find outa dat de Irish gang has gotta possession of New Yorka! He don't lika de Irish, an' de Shamrocka donta lika him. He donta go vera far before a pleasanta mana speaka to him. He say, "How-a-you do, Mista Jones? How a-de folks in Pittaburg?" Christopher Colum' he say, "I notta Mista Jones; I reada de papers; I thinka you sella de green goods, ha? You go away or I broka your jaw!" Den he shaka hees fista deesa way an' de man he skedadle. Den he tries to crossa de Broad-a-way, but it fulla de mud an' he canta swim. Vera soon he sees a policeman clubs de man, one, two, three times, an' he feela sicka de stom'! Next he meeta de politicians uppa Tammana Hall, an' dees wanta him to runa for Alderman. He getta plenty friend. He learna to "settom op" at de bar many times. Next day he hava heada like deesa!

His fadda writa, "Why you notta bringa back de new world? I lika to hava de earth!" Christopher Colum' he writa back dat New Yorka is already in de hands of the Shamrocka. Den he goes to Ohio and buys a place an' calla it after himself—Colum'. Soon he goa broka an' taka de nexta train home in disgusta because he reada in de paper dat de Fair in '92 will be holda in Chicago.

—Many a man who thinks himself a great gun is nothing but a smooth-bore.

—Miss Alice Parker, a Boston lawyer, in an article in the *Home Journal* entitled "Law for My Sisters," says: "Next to having a good husband alive is to be left a comfortable widow." No doubt of it. And a good thing for the next man, too.—*Cape Cod Item.*

—No One Would Notice It.—Foreman: "That article about the McCoy murder has all pied. What shall I do?" Editor: "Shove the type together, head it "The political situation," and place it in the editorial column."—*American Stationer.*

These Words No Shakespeare Wrote.

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To blushing Mary said her sweetheart, Hugh,
My darling, night and day I think of you,
Come, place your pretty little hand in mine,
And softly whisper to me, I am thine.
Despite the fact that we are rather poor,
We are rich if our mutual love is sure,
For when two loving hearts beat as one,
A happy future has begun, yes, yes.
These words no Shakespeare wrote, these words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free,
It is an honest heart speaks to a precious friend,
And yet it sounds like purest poetry.

The son leaves home, his father says to him:
"My boy, let not your love for us grow dim,
Where'er you may be on a foreign strand,
Never forget your native fatherland,
Your mother will pray every night for you,
Remember her last words, 'be good and true,'
And may your future a bright story tell,
Bless you, my boy, farewell, farewell!" yes, yes.
These words no Shakespeare wrote, these words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free,
It is a father's heart speaks to a trusted friend,
And yet it sounds like purest poetry.

A child, whose mother had fallen ill, prayed thus:
"Our father graciously watch over us,
Upon my knees I pray the best I can,
Make mother well, so I can be a man,
If you will only listen to my prayer,
My toys and playthings with me you shall share,
My candy, soldiers, more than I can tell,
Only make my dear mother well!" yes, yes.
These words no Shakespeare wrote, these words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free,
It is a helpless child who pleads with God, his friend,
And yet it sounds like purest poetry.

One day a beggar walking 'long the street,
A poor man met, asked him for bread to eat,
The latter felt the former's strait was sore,
Said, "I've two nickels, sorry it's not more,
Here's one for you, my friend, an honest deal,
Now we'll go get a first-class evening meal,
To-morrow, if I'm in a fix like you,
I've done the best that I could do!" yes, yes.
These words no Shakespeare wrote, these words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free,
'Tis a poor human heart aiding a poorer friend,
And yet it sounds like purest poetry.

THE DAY I LOST ME JOB.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding

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Words and Music by George Marshall.

I'm nearly driven looney since the day I lost me job,
I'd been working for the grocerman Pat Flynn;
But he bounced me without warning, just a week last Friday morning,
For he noticed I had taken too much gin.
He paid to me my wages, and then I started home
For to tell me family all about the row;
But instead of sympathizing, sure, they turned on me like pizen,
And they all do make it pleasant for me now.

CHORUS.

I've searched the city like a Turk, to try and get a stroke of work;
Me wife she wipes the floor with me and soaks me in the gob;
My two sons Dan and Micky, sure, they beat me and they kick me,
They have me killed entirely since the day I lost me job.

They locked me out the other night without a bite to eat,
'Twas raining and me clothes got very damp;
I kicked the door and hollared, but I very soon got collared
By an officer that took me for a tramp.
He fanned me with his cudgel, and I made my escape;
In a wagon round the corner I did hide,
And soon I was a-dozing, in the morning I was frozen,
And from the cold that night I nearly died.

CHORUS.

I'm just as frightened as a mouse, I dasen't go inside the house,
For if I do I'm sure to be attacked by the mob;
They swear that I am lazy, but they've nearly drove me crazy,
And they treat me like a booby since the day I lost me job.

Me next door neighbor, Murphy, says to me the other day,
"Mr. Reagan, will you have a drink with me?"
And for to soothe me trouble, sure, I drank till I saw double,
And we both got on the divil of a spree.
We then got in an argument, I don't know what about,
Until Murphy threw his fist into my face,
And the gang all gathered round me, and they started in to pound me,
Then with me sure they tried to sweep the place.

CHORUS.

I'm getting humpbacked, do ye see, from dodging lamps and crockery;
I think they mean to murder me and have me life begob;
With axes they do chase me, and with cowhides they do lace me,
I haven't had no comfort since the day I lost me job.

Empty Is the Kitchen, Biddy's Gone.

Written and Sung by Sam Devere.

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In a Brooklyn hash-house lived a rosy maid,
Wrestling pots and dishes all the day,
Frying hash and beefsteak, making liver stew,
To make the boarders' stomach full and gay.
One cold winter's morning, when all was still in sleep,
She alighted from her couch at early dawn,
To light the fire quickly she used some kerosene,
Now the kitchen's empty, Biddy's gone.

CHORUS.

Gone to meet her grandma and grab a pair of wings,
No more she'll rise to light the fires at dawn;
How she singed her eyebrows and her cardinal hair,
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone.

In her little chamber, packed away in ice,
Like a number eleven mackerel, Biddy lies;
No more she'll roll the fish-balls around the kitchen floor,
Nor make the boarders injin-rubber pies.
How the stove exploded she never will tell,
Put her little clothes away in pawn,
Bald-headed with the angels now she'll have to dwell,
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone.

CHORUS.

Don't molest the oil can, oh! disturb it not,
When you light the fires at early dawn;
Now she's making flap-jacks for the angel band,
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone.

Do All the Good that You Can.

Copyright, 1891, by I. Kroch.

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Words by I. Kroch. Music by H. F. Smith.

We all have to battle with troubles and pains
As we go through the struggle of life;
And oft' in our roaming we strike narrow lanes,
Where we meet with misfortune and strife.
But men who are honest most hardships can brave
That on life's rugged road may be spread;
And these are the words that my old mother gave
To her boy ere her spirit had fled:

CHORUS.

Do all the good that you can, and in after years you will find
That charity always receives its reward in the peace which it brings to the mind.
Braveness wins treasures that wealth cannot gain, in gladness or woe be a man;
And always remember my dying request, do all the good that you can.

I make it my object where'er I may live
For a person in trouble to plead;
And when it's deserving I'm ready to give
My assistance to help those in need.
I do unto others as I'd be done to,
And consider their welfare my own;
'Twas mother who told me this course to pursue,
And to me good results it has shown.—CHORUS.

MAGGIE'S SECRET.

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Oh! many a time I am sad at heart,
And I haven't a word to say;
And I keep from the lads and lasses apart,
In the meadows a-making hay.
But Willie will bring me the first wild-rose,
In my new sun-bonnet to wear;
And Robin will wait at the keeper's gate,
For he follows me everywhere—
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me,
For my heart—my heart is over the sea.

Two Summers ago, when a brave ship sailed
Far away to the golden West,
Oh! nobody knew that my heart went, too,
For the secret I ne'er confessed.
A mother took leave of her boy that day,
I could hear her sob and cry,
As I followed her back to her dreary home,
But never a word said I—
But you see that they needn't come wooing to me,
For my heart—my heart is over the sea.

I sat by his mother, one mid-summer day,
And she looked me through and through,
As she spoke of her lad who was far away,
For she guessed that I loved him, too;
She turned to me fondly, and whispered low:
I was worthy her sailor-boy.
My foolish tears they began to flow,
Though my heart beat high with joy—
So, you see that they needn't come wooing to me,
For my heart—my heart is over the sea.

THE OLD BARN FLOOR.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

When de sun goes down an' de moon comes roun',
Den a go get your gal for to bring;
Whar de old hoss fly, oh, he shut his eye,
Worn out in de leg an' de wing.
De pig in de pen, de goose an' de hen
Wake up for to look in de door,
When ev'ry nig in a flat-foot jig,
Dey dance on de old barn floor.

CHORUS.

Wid a bow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, come in and shut dat door;
Wid a ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, white man knows no law.
Chick, chick, chick, chick, quack, quack, quack, quack, hear dat shanghai roar;
Wid a cock-a-doodle, doodle, doodle do, a dance on de old barn floor.

How a we did hug dat a old brown jug,
So a full to de drim wid de juice
Of de sweet white corn, come a take a horn,
It's on dis earth for to use.
Go sit on de keg, your hat on de peg,
Get up for to jig little more;
Dat bow's dun slide on de old time fid',
Come dance on de old barn floor.—CHORUS.

Play a hop light loo to Milindy Sue,
Good a lor' dat's de gal for to wing;
For she's high up dar an', I do declar',
De fiddler dun broke a string.
Come join in de pat of sweet ham a fat,
Swing roun' wid a shout an' a roar;
Den all hoe down, oh, dat nig from town
Can't dance on de old barn floor.—CHORUS.

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Far away beyond the glamor of the city and its strife
There's a quiet little homestead by the sea,
Where a tender, loving lassie used to live a happy life,
Contented in her home as she could be;
Not a shadow ever seemed to cloud the sunshine of her youth,
And they thought no sorrow could her life befall,
But she left them all one evening, and their sad hearts knew the truth
When her father turned her picture to the wall.

REFRAIN.

There's a name that's never spoken and a mother's heart half-broken,
There is just another missing from the old home, that is all;
There is still a memory living, there's a father unforgiving,
And a picture that is turned toward the wall.

They have laid away each token of the one who ne'er returns,
Ev'ry trinket, ev'ry ribbon that she wore;
Tho' it seems so long ago now, yet the lamp of hope still burns,
And her mother prays to see her child once more;
Tho' no tidings ever reach them what her life or lot may be,
Tho' they sometimes think she's gone beyond recall,
There's a tender recollection of a face they never see
In the picture that is turned toward the wall.—REFRAIN.

NELLIE CLANCY.

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Words and Music by George C. Marshall.

In a cottage up in Harlem there lives my sweetheart, Nell,
On Sunday nights I call on her sweet love tales for to tell;
We sit on the veranda, midst flowers' sweetest scent,
And pass such pleasant hours away in happiness, content.

CHORUS.

Eyes so blue, rosy checks, cherry lips, pearly teeth,
And she dresses in attire, oh, so fancy;
Her smiles are so sweet and her form so trim and neat,
Are the charms of my own Nellie Clancy.

In the evening we go walking, and as we stroll along
We pass such happy moments with our merry jest and song;
She coaxes and she teases, her silvery laugh enchants,
I can't resist her if I try, she has such an artful glance.—CHORUS.

I'm soon to ask her parents if I can wed their girl;
Should they agree, I'll thank my stars for such a precious pearl;
Then shortly we'll be married and in sunshine we will dwell,
I'll know no care or sorrow with my handsome little Nell.—CHORUS.

THE ALMS-HOUSE FIRE.

Tune—"Ten Years in Cherry Hill.

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Written by Harry Barron.

Ye citizens of Philadelphia, who don't forget the poor,
Come listen to a poor man's song, who stands outside your door—
'Tis all about the Alms-house fire, that occured the other night,
A tale of horrid, ghastly dread to blanch your faces white.
Fire! Fire! at the Alms-house, where the crazy poor they keep,
Seven hundred poor demented souls awakened from their sleep,
They madly rushed from place to place, the flames creep higher, higher!
Oh! who'll describe the horrors of that dreadful Alms-house fire.

The firemen came like heroes, worked reckless of life and limb,
They plunged into the seething flame, where danger was most rife;
They fought the fire, they fought the smoke, they dragged the crazy out,
And one by one they lowered down—oh, how the people shout!
Oh, firemen of Philadelphia, before I've sang thy praise,
Although I sing with feeble note, an honest voice I raise;
Ah, surely in the hereafter to a crown you may aspire,
Not millions would repay your work at the dreadful Alms-house fire.

And now the fire is over, its fruit a score of dead,
Ye rich of Philadelphia well may ye hold your head,
"The Almshouse is a tinder-box," ye often have been told.
"'Tis good enough for paupers, you must not touch our gold,"
Has ever been your answer unto each loud appeal.
Ye held your bonds, ye hugged your store, ye turned your hearts to steel;
I would not have your conscience, think of that funeral pyre,
Twenty accusing souls rise up from out that Alms-house fire.

Twenty accusing souls will stand upon the judgment day,
Twenty voices rise on high and fingers point your way;
They will charge you with foul murder and very justly, too;
Ye hate the poor, their time will come, ye devilish canting crew;
No wonder men do mutter low and gather in the night,
Small blame if they grow desperate and whisper with lips white;
Though suffering long and bearing still, beware their rising ire,
And guard hereafter well against another Alms-house fire.

GEORGA WASHINGDONE.

Georga Washingdone vos a vera gooda man. His fadda he keepa bigga place in Washingdone Street. He hadda greata bigga lot planta wees cherra, peacha, pluma, chestnutta, pea-nutta an' banan' trees. He sella to mena keepa de standa. Gooda mana to Italia mana vos Georga Washingdone. He hata de Irish. Kicka dem vay lika dees.

One tay wen litta Georga, his son, vos dessa high, lika de hoppa-grass, he taka hees litta hatchet an' he beginna to fool around de place. He vos vera fresh, vos litta Georga. Poota soon he cutta downa de cherra tree lika dees. Dat spoila de cherra cropa for de season. Den he goa round trea killa de banan' an' de peanutta.

Poota soon Georga's fadda coma rounda quicka lika dees. Den he lifta uppa hees fista, looka lika big bunch a banan', an' he vos just goin' to giva litta Georga de smacka de snoota if he tolda lie. Hees eyes blaze lika dees.

Litta Georga he say in hees minda—"I gitta puncha anyhow, so I tella de square ting." So he holda up hees litta handa lika dees, an' he calla "Tina!"

Den he saya, "Fadda, I cutta de cherra tree weesa mia own litta hatchet!"

Hees fadda he say, "Coma to de barn weesa me! Litta Georga, I wanta speeka wees you!"

Den hees fadda cutta big club, and he spitta his handa lika dees.

Litta Georga say, "Fadda, I could notta tella de lie because I know you caughta me deada to rights!"

Den de olda man he smila lika dees, an' he tooka litta Georga righta down to Wall street an' made him a *present* of de *United States*.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

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Words by Percy Kingsley. Music by Chas. W. A. Ball.

I list' to the sweet birds' singing, as daylight fades away,
And think of old familiar scenes, in the twilight cold and gray;
My heart it thrills with ecstacy, a charm by memory cast,
As I ponder o'er those happy days, tho' but memories of the past.

CHORUS.

Memories of the past, scenes of mirth and joy;
Forget them? No! I never can, no matter how I try!
Engraven on my heart, I'll wear them till the last;
No weary years can e'er erase those memories of the past.

The old and familiar scenes again, how strangely new they seem;
Like some old song and cherished strain, in the music of a dream.
With a dear form, beloved to me, in love's embrace held fast,
I would give the world to recall those happy days now of the past.—CHORUS.

MARY ANN KEHOE.

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I have a daughter, Mary Ann, Mary Ann, my daughter,
She fell in love with hump-back Dan—Mary Ann Kehoe;
She'll not work at all, at all, Mary Ann, my daughter—
But flirts all day below in the hall—Mary Ann Kehoe.

CHORUS.

Such sparking and larking,
Mary Ann, my daughter;
Faith! all day in the hallway,
Mary Ann Kehoe.—(Repeat.)
Ho, ho, ha, ha! Ough!

Ev'ry morn, at break of day, Mary Ann, my daughter,
She rises up for to drink her tay, Mary Ann Kehoe;
Summer day, when it's very hot, Mary Ann, my daughter,
She goes to sleep on the childer's cot, Mary Ann Kehoe.

CHORUS.

Such roaring and snoring,
Mary Ann, my daughter;
I'm crazy, she's lazy,
Mary Ann Kehoe.—(Repeat.)
Ho, ho, ha, ha! Ough!

Ev'ry night, when supper is done, Mary Ann, my daughter,
In the yard she meets Burke's blackguard son, Mary Ann Kehoe;
Red-headed Burke's an accordeon player, Mary Ann, my daughter,
And they dance to the tune of "Slobbery Days," Mary Ann Kehoe.

CHORUS.

Such reeling and spelling,
Mary Ann, my daughter,
With a hop, skip, and a do dip,
Mary Ann Kehoe.—(Repeat.)
Ho, ho, ha, ha! Ough!

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true;
He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave,
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave.

CHORUS.

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown!
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried—"Give me water and just a little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue."—CHORUS.

He cried—"My dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother, she'll find me if she'll come;
I fear she'll not know me, among the good and true,
When I meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue."—CHORUS.

Long, long years have vanished, and though he comes no more,
Yet my heart will startling beat with each footfall at my door;
I gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last adieu,
But no gallant lad I see, in his faded coat of blue.—CHORUS.

No sweet voice was there, breathing soft a mother's prayer,
But there's One who takes the brave and the true in tender care—
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat of blue.—CHORUS.

THE SKIPPER AND HIS BOY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The sea ran high and the wind was wild
When the skipper called to his only child:
"My boy, if fears assail thee now,
Go, pray in silence down below."
"Fear!" cried the boy, "I know not fear,
Father, when thy right hand is near;
But merry it is o'er the waves so high
To ride together, my father and I."

"Mother will watch from the door and pray
For us both, dear father, till break of day;
And she'll be the first, when her prayer is done,
To catch sight of our sail 'neath the morning sun."
"Yes, yes," quoth the skipper, brief and stern—
"To-morrow shall see our bark return
O'er the green waves; 'neath the morning sky
We'll ride together, my boy and I."

She is watching, watching—but nevermore
Will that gallant skipper return to shore;
The boy's black handkerchief lies on the sand,
It was tied 'round his neck with her parting hand;
And all that doth of the skipper remain
Is the compass he shall never use again;
But she knows that now on the jasper sea
They ride together, his father and he.

'Tis Hard to Give the Hand Where the Heart Can Never Be.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Tho' I mingle in the throng of the happy and the gay,
From the mirth of dance and song I would fain be far away;
For I love to use no wile, and I can but deem it sin
That the brow would wear a smile when the soul is sad within;
Tho' a parent's stern command claims obedience from me,
Oh! 'tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be;
Oh! 'tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be;

I have sighed and suffered long, yet have never told my grief,
In the hope that for my wrong time itself will find relief.
I will own no rebel thought, and I will not wear the chain
That for me must still be fraught with but misery and pain;
In all else I will be bland, but in this I must be free,
And I will not give the hand where the heart can never be;
And I will not give the hand where the heart can never be.

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

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I watched last night the rising moon upon a foreign strand,
'Till mem'ries came, like flowers of June, of home and fatherland—
I dreamt I was a child once more, beside the rippling rill—
When first I saw, in days of yore, the moon behind the hill;
When first I saw, in days of yore, the moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand that purpled boyhood's dreams;
Its youthful loves, its happy land, as bright as morning beams;
It brought me back the spreading lea, the steeple and the mill,
Until my eyes could scarcely see the moon behind the hill;
Until my eyes could scarcely see the moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love until, in accents wild,
I prayed her from her home above to guard her lonely child;
It brought me one across the wave, to live in mem'ry still;
It brought me back my Mary's grave, the moon behind the hill;
It brought me back my Mary's grave, the moon behind the hill.

And there, beneath the silvery sky, I lived life o'er again;
I counted all its hopes gone by, I wept at all its pain;
And when I'm gone, oh! may some tongue the minstrel's wish fulfill,
And still remember him who sang: the moon behind the hill—
And still remember him who sang: the moon behind the hill.

STILL, STILL IN DEBT.

Written and Sung by J. C. Rich.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Once I was the gayest in the land,
With wealth and servants at my command;
Once I had bright gold in store,
Now I am the poorest of the poor.

CHORUS.

Still, still in debt, still, still in debt,
Where has my money gone to that to me was left?
Where are my clothes in which I cut the fashion fine?
My uncle has got them for some coin.
Still, still in debt, still, still in debt!

Once with lords and dukes I could dine,
And turn out in fashion fine;
Once the dantiest of bits I could eat,
Now I know not the taste of meat.—CHORUS.

To go to work I think it is a sin,
I have done none for years, so shall not begin;
When I think of work it makes me sweat,
So I shall have to remain in debt.—CHORUS.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Little Rosebud, are you lonely now I am so far away?
For of you I'm thinking only, as I ever sadly stray;
Since from you I sweetly parted, earth has no delights for me,
And I wander, heavy-hearted, o'er the land and o'er the sea.

CHORUS.

Little Rosebud, are you lonely now I am so far away?
For of you I'm thinking only, as I ever sadly stray.

Little Rosebud, I am coming home to see you once again,
For I'm weary now of roaming, drifting o'er the stormy main;
Will you welcome the ranger to the sunshine of your smile?
Then shall sadness be a stranger, and life's sweetest joys beguile.—CHORUS.

BE MY MOTHER TILL I DIE.

Words by Elmer Ruan Coates. Music arranged by Septimus Winner.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Ladies, some one be my mother, then 'twill seem that I am home;
I'll imagine I'm a brother, hearing each familiar tone;
But I want a mother near me, with that heaven in her eye,
Ladies, some one be my mother, be my mother till I die.

CHORUS.

Now I feel my wound is mortal,
Soon I'll breathe my parting sigh,
Ladies, some one be my mother,
Be my mother till I die.

Long before I was a soldier, long before I fought and bled,
In our cottage all the dear ones thus would gather round my bed.
Do not treat me as a stranger, let me feel a brother's tie;
One of you I want as mother, be my mother till I die.

CHORUS.

Soon no wicked war will harm me;
Angels bringing peace are nigh;
Ladies, some one be my mother,
Be my mother till I die.

BIRDIE DARLING.

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Fly across the ocean, birdie, fly beyond that gloomy sea;
There you'll find a truant lover, who has pledged his life to me.
Tell him how my heart was aching, aching that I gave him pain;
That my pride will not allow him to recall those words again.

CHORUS.

Birdie, birdie, darling birdie, do not tarry on the way;
When you hear the ocean murmur, birdie, birdie, fly away.

Take with you this glossy ringlet, place it on his bosom bare;
Tell him, birdie, to remember how my curls have nestled there.
Let him call to mind the moments when our hearts were both so free,
When he pledged his life forever unto me, yes, unto me.—CHORUS.

Let him think how once he faltered, near the window, by my side,
When he asked me would I love him—when he asked me for his bride.
Fly away now, birdie darling, stay no more to hear me sigh;
There now, bless you, birdie, bless you, bear my message through the sky.—CHO.

DARLING BESSIE OF THE LEA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! I wander 'mid the roses, in the golden summer time,
And listen to the streamlet, while it rings a merry chime;
But far sweeter than the roses, or the streamlet unto me,
The sun-bright face of Bessie, darling Bessie of the lea.

CHORUS.

Oh! she is the sweetest flower ever sent to comfort me;
Pure and gentle as an angel, darling Bessie of the lea.
Yes, she is the sweetest flower ever sent to comfort me;
I love that little fairy, darling Bessie of the lea.

Not a bird in all the wild-wood but will answer to her call;
Oh! most I love the twilight when the pearly dew-drops fall;
Then she meets me in the valley, and she kindly welcomes me—
My bonnie star of evening, darling Bessie of the lea.—CHORUS.

Oh! the honey-bee may linger where the buds and blossoms grow,
The gentle breeze of summer in its fragrance come and go.
But they all will pass unheeded, for wherever she may be,
My heart is full of Bessie, darling Bessie of the lea.—CHORUS.

Mother, Do Not Weep for Me.

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Words by Jas. P. Glenn. Music by Chas. C. Doutrick.

Kiss me, mother, I am going to the home of angels blest,
Where there's never any weeping, where the soul will be at rest.
We will meet where there's no parting, but eternal life shall be;
Though this parting makes you weary, mother, do not weep for me.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, mother, I am dying, it's so dark I cannot see,
Kiss me now, but when I leave you, mother, do not weep for me.

"Good-bye, mother, I am dying, come and kiss me ere I go!"
Spoke a mother's little darling, while her tears did downward flow;
Then she to her aching bosom, softly, gently, raised its head;
Kissed him with a mother's fervor, ere her little one was dead.—CHORUS.

In that home that once was happy, there is nothing now but gloom;
On the door-bell crape is hanging, shutters bow'd a darkened room.
Some one's lost a little darling, some one's parting now endears;
Some one's mem'ry will be cherished, some one's joy now end in tears.—CHO.

The Drummer of the Sixty-Ninth.

Written and Composed by J. F. Mitchell.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The sound of martial music my senses steals away;
Beside a band of music grand, I'd march the live-long day.
The Sixty-ninth's my favorite, they always take the prize,
And off the man who plays the drum I never take my eyes.

CHORUS.

For he bangs the drum with a pum-pum-pum in a style that drives me crazy;
And the way he whacks and bangs and cracks will prove he isn't lazy.
My head goes bump when he gives a thump, he's a blooming "Irish daisy,"
And I dream all night till the broad daylight of the drummer of the Sixty-ninth.

Sometimes I dream my heart's a drum, that ever beats a bang;
I thinks he whacks me with a stick as from his neck I hang.
And when he's banged and banged until I think that I shall break,
The band will of a sudden stop, and then, of course, I wake.—CHORUS.

He is the pride of all the girls, the envy of the men,
And lots of dudes would like to be like him, just five feet ten.
There's no mistake, he takes the cake, and makes the city hum,
For everybody walks beside the man who bangs the drum.—CHORUS

LARGE SCHOONERS.

Tune—"White Wings."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by J. Lester Raymond.

Sail home, full of sours and punches,
I stagger along on both sides of the street,
Chock full of Snyder's big lunches,
My darling will think I'me overcome by the heat.
High up, in the fifth floor we're abiding,
That's where my darling with a club waits for me.
Lay low, in a brewery I'm hiding,
Bracing up courage, my dear, to face thee!
Yo! ho! have you heard the news?
Ho! papa he's on a booze.

CHORUS.

Lifting schooners! from the bar I'm never parted,
I linger in front of it so gay and so free;
Night comes, I'm as fresh as I started,
I'll take in four schooners and float home to thee.

Roll home, full of mud and devotion,
I long for my darling, Lizzie, so dear;
Steer home, with a dignified motion,
Choking from "rats" and dizzy from beer.
Sail! home, the pledge I'll be taking,
To please my darling, who has lots of tin;
Alone! home, loud shirts she is making,
While I'm at the bar here blowing it in.
Yo! ho! I have the shakes
When I see large snakes.—CHORUS.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID OF DUNDEE.

Copyright, 1873, by White, Smith & Perry.

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By J. L. Gilbert.

A highland laddie there lived o'er the way,
A laddie both noble, and gallant and gay,
Who loved a lassie as noble as he,
A bonnie sweet lassie—the maid of Dundee.
This lassie had lands, but the laddie had nane,
And yet to her it was all the same,
For dearly she loved him, and said she knew
This laddie, dear laddie was gude and true.

Ere years or even months had fled,
This laddie and lassie were happily wed;
Nae better wifey e'er lived on the lea
Than bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee!
A happier hame nae mon ever had
Than this that held twa hearts sae glad,
And ne'er did Bessie have cause to rue
Her wedding this laddie, sae gude and true.

But sorrow came to her heart one day,
And her dear darlin' was taken away,
Then oh! how sad and lone was she,
Poor bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee.
And when in the ground her darlin' they laid,
Her heart then broke, and she fervently prayed,
"O God in heaven, let me go, too,
And be wi' my laddie, sae gude and true!"

—Every time you tell the truth you add to your strength of character.

A MESSAGE FROM MOTHER.

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I had a message from mother this morning,
It filled my sad heart with joy;
It brought me glad tidings of home and from loved ones,
She's not forgot her boy.
She says they are lonely, and watching for my coming
Back to the old home again;
I will be greeted with joy and with gladness,
For they all love me the same.

CHORUS.

I had a message from mother this morning,
It filled my sad heart with joy;
It brought me glad tidings from home and of loved ones,
She's not forgotten her boy.

I had a message from mother this morning,
And all the loved ones at home;
They ask me to come back once more to the homestead,
Never again from it to roam;
Often my heart turns to scenes of my childhood,
Bright happy days of my youth,
To the old school and the church on the hillside,
Where I was taught love and truth.—CHORUS.

I Don't Think He'll Do It at Present.

Written by T. E. Pinder.

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My tailor he wanted a check for his bill,
I don't think he'll get it at present;
I said, "I will pay you with pleasure, I will,"
But I don't think I'll do it at present.
I gave him a seat on a soft-bottomed chair,
He didn't observe that a pin was put there;
I'd like to sit down! now he says with a swear,
But I don't think he'll do it at present.

Lord Randy would step into Beaconsfield's shoes,
I don't think he'll do it at present;
He fancies he'll boss the job over the blues,
I don't think he'll do it at present;
No doubt he is clever and soon as he can
He'll lead with eclat the Tory clan,
And try on the hat of the Grand Old Man,
But I don't think he'll do it at present.

The ladies, some day, will not go in for dress,
I don't think they'll do it at present;
Bird-cages, if worn then, in size will be less,
I don't think they'll do it at present.
To whisper a secret I feel just inclined,
The Postmaster-General says he's a mind
To ask them to carry his parcels behind,
But I don't think he'll do it at present.

TRAY BONG.

Sung by Miss Lizzie Valrose.

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Last summer I went away
To France to spend my holiday;
Whilst I was there in love I fell
With what you would call a nice French girl;
I won her at once, this charmer so meek,
But felt very bashful—no French could I speak,
The language I could not get into my head;
I thought she'd be vexed, but she only said:

CHORUS.

Tray bong, tray bong, tray bong, tray bong,
That's what this French girl said all along;
Whatever I did I could never do wrong,
She only said, tray bong, tray bong.

She told me tray bong meant that's good,
And teach me more she really would;
In fact, she said, before you go
Me teach you more than you now know;
She took me to see the sights in France,
The gay mobille and can-can dance;
A kiss or a squeeze she never denied,
But always seemed pleased and gayly replied:—CHORUS.

At last I found I'd lost my ring,
My watch and chain, my purse and pin,
And looking round I lost my belle,
And found out, alas, she was a sell;
I raved to the police, said, I'd lost my tin;
They misunderstood me and soon ran me in,
So when I got home in old England, you bet,
I told all my pals I shall never forget—

CHORUS.

Tray bong, that's good, tray bong, tray bong,
It seems to run in my head the day long;
If you go to France, mind you do not go wrong,
For the girls are not always tray bong, tray bong.

BRING DOWN YOUR WANTS TO YOUR MEANS.

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Words by John Crow. Music by J. H. Turner.

I know an old proverb worth graving in gold,
'Twas spoken in years that are past;
And he too is gone that once made it his own,
But while there's a world it shall last.
Its saying was pithy, its meaning was this,
Which ever way providence leans,
If what fortune grants don't come up to your wants,
Why bring down your wants to your means.

CHORUS.

Then think of my song as you journey along
Through life with its changeable scenes;
If your wants be too high for your means to supply,
Why bring down your wants to your means.

How often we see the gay man of the world,
With money and plenty to spare,
Did he use it aright? but he puts it to flight,
And seems though as short of his share.
He oft pays a dollar to borrow a half,
His folly he carefully screens
As he parts with his wealth, losing station and health,
His wants overrunning his means.—CHORUS.

The rough-handed ploughman's up early and late,
His days with hard toil are beset;
If he's scanty of clothes, it's for nothing he owes—
He's happier than those who're in debt.
Yet homely and rough, he is happy withal,
Though little from earning he gleans,
Yet he never need run from sheriff or dun,
For he measures his wants with his means.—CHORUS.

Now you who have little and you who have much,
Enjoy what you have in content;
Don't squander your store, for your health's getting wore,
Live right and you'll never repent.
This world is a garden of pleasure well filled,
Tho' sorrow sometimes intervenes,
Yet troubles will fly like the clouds drifting by,
If you measure your wants by your means.—CHORUS.

Gal with Her Hair Cut Curly.

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Dar's Miss Roxana Gusta Durly,
She's shiny eyes and teeth so pearly;
She's lately had her hair cut curly,
Like de white gals, too.
Sewing machines am her vocation,
Chief-engineer her situation,
She's Danny Icher's son's relation,
An' college has gone through.

CHORUS.

De gal, de gal wid her hair cut curly,
De gal, de gal wid her hair cut curly,
She's Miss Roxana Gusta Durly,
Frizzle, frizzly, frizzby.

Young barber Jimsen am her lubber,
Cologne an' hair-oil lots he's gub her;
I'll cut him out and make him blubber—
He darsn't say I won't.
I cotch him wid her eb'ry mornin',
Talking lub beneath his awnin',
I'se gwine to gib de nigger warnin',
Jis' you see if I don't.—CHORUS.

A suit of sojer clothes I'll borrow,
And 'scort her home day arter morrow;
Den Jimsen he'll go mad wid sorrow,
Kase I cut him out.
Gals nowadays will sojers collar,
Fall smack in lub, and arter foller—
Civilian lub dey will not swaller,
Dat's beyond a doubt.—CHORUS.

In stature big am young Miss Durly,
De dictionary calls it burly;
I like her for her hair cut curly—
She shall yet be mine.
It's all up wid dat barber feller—
My sojer clothes will be a queller—
Dar ain't no use for him to beller,
I'm bound to shine.—CHORUS.

—Clara: "Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married." Clara's Mamma: "Then why do you marry him." Clara: "To relieve his mind of a false impression."

PHILADA. AGENCY.
W. B. HUBBS,
S.W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

PLEASURES OF BOARDING

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I rented a room in a boarding-house, it's a shame and a disgrace;
I'll pack my trunk and leave when I can find another place;
I never saw such sights since the day that I was born;
A lot of tramps came yesterday, and more would come this morn.
There's an old maid lives up stairs, and a dude that puts on airs,
Next door there's two that fight like cat and dog.
The next room to me, but one, there's a fiddler and his son,
They're teaching two old maids to dance a clog.

One cold, cold night, while sound asleep and dreaming of a dance,
They broke into my room and stole my only coat and pants;
They even took the bed clothes, and crept away like mice,
When I woke I thought I was a cake of manufactured ice.
I called for help in vain, I was full of aches and pains;
Some one who heard me, said there was a fight;
They crowded in the door and the carpet up they tore,
In the dog-house with the cats I slept that night.

I was almost starved to death one day, and tempted was to steal,
I went and asked the landlord for enough to buy a meal;
He sent me to the kitchen, said he thought I was a beat,
And I sat down to have a feed, but blamed if I could eat.
There was two tramps on the floor, and a pig behind the door,
In the corner was a dirty chicken-coop;
There was insects in the air, in the butter all red hair,
And the baby had both feet in the soup.

The alley's full of cats and dogs, and all the neighbors say
They'd throw Maria in the fire if they could have their way;
The yard is full of brick-bats, old shoes and water-pails,
And every day the dogs come home with tin pans on their tails;
There's the landlord's daughter, Hannah, thumps on the Chickering piano;
To hear "Barney McCoy" you'd want to die;
And you'd surely suffocate to hear her articulate:
"Wait till the clouds roll by."

I Never Tell Tales Out of School.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By Joe Hart.

I hate a girl who's always telling everything she hears,
And watches just what people say or do;
I know a lot of things, but then, of course, I would'nt tell—
That is, except in confidence to you;
When Bridget broke the bric-a-brac, and the porter came home tight,
And the cook gave things and told the boy to run;
And the housekeeper sat in the parlor with her beau last night,
I told the landlord, oh! my! there was fun.

CHORUS.

But I never tell a thing that I might see or hear,
So don't you mention what I've said just now,
For if you do, I'm sure that they'd be awful mad,
And that would get me into such a row;
'Twas funny when papa kissed our new servant girl,
I wonder if he does it as a rule,
But, of course, I wouldn't mention it to anyone else,
For I never tell tales out of school.

I never will forget one day when Mary, on the sly,
Gave a policeman some cold lunch and wine,
And when mamma came home that night, I told her just for fun,
Oh! my! but she just raised an awful time;
When brother John fell in the pond and spoiled his Sunday clothes,
And James he broke the brand-new entry lamp;
And the butcher hugged our hired girl until she couldn't breathe,
When I said "yum yum," oh! my! how they did scamp.—CHORUS.

NO WORK.

Copyright, 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Berger and Amon. Music by Ned Straight.

I am hard up, you don't know me, for my clothes are tattered and torn;
My parents died when I was young, I'm forsaken, disliked and forlorn;
I travelled this country thro' and thro', on the road and on the rail;
My limbs are getting stiff and cold for the want of a warm meal;
They say, why don't you go to work? when they know there's none to be had;
They slam the door in front of your face if you ask them for a bite of bread.

Some tramps they beg from door to door, and they ask for charity;
They say they've children, ten, at home, and they can't support their family;
But place a nickel in their hand, to some grog-shop they will run—
A poor man's money they will take, and they spend it all for rum;
Now that's the kind that want no work, for they're weak and sick, is their plea;
When they get bread they'll throw it away, from a workingman's poor family.

'Twas at an humble cot I called, and I rapped at the back door,
A man asked me what would I have? I told him I was hungry and poor;
Said he, come in and take a seat; and he gave me bread and tea;
He was a son of Erin's Isle, toiling for his family.
I shook his hand, so hard and tough, and the tears rolled fast down my face;
May heaven protect his good family, for you're welcome always at his place.

MULLIGAN'S MASQUERADE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sweet Codilly Mulligan,
Wife of the noble Dan,
To invite her friends in harmony
She formed a curious plan;
She shyly approached her husband,
So solid, stiff and staid,
And says, my dear, with ten years wed,
And we must have a masquerade.

CHORUS.

Up and down the parlor and all around the room,
Mulligan in the centre, waltzing with a broom;
It was all the latest dances, to music sweetly played,
Here and there and everywhere, in the Mulligan's masquerade.

Invitations Mulligan sent
To all his friends next day,
Lochmire took charge of them,
But he lost them while at play—
Two frisky darkies found them,
They were nigs of the upper grade;
They formed a plan to crush poor Dan
And attend to the masquerade.—CHORUS.

Of royal dukes and princes,
Cordelia was the queen,
The crazy Czar of Russia,
And fairies dressed in green,
Was tripping the light fantastic,
To music sweetly played,
When we heard a shout from friends without,
Saying, there's coons at the masquerade.—CHORUS.

Every gent must now unmask,
Mulligan cried aloud;
The women now stood silent,
There was a stir in the colored crowd;
A noise is heard in the hallway,
Friends to Mulligan's aid,
Let your razors fly, was the darkies cry
At Mulligan's masquerade.—CHORUS.

All books advertised in this publication can be obtained at the Phila. Agency, Wm. B. Hubbs, S. W. Cor. Franklin & Vine Sts.

DANCE, JUDY, DANCE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Down in Tipperary, where I pass my time away
Courtin' all the purty girls and making of the hay,
It's there I met my Judy and the truth I tell to you—
She was me darlin' crature and me lovely Colleen Rhue.

CHORUS.

Dance, Judy, dance, and show your pretty feet,
'Pon me sowl it is yourself can jig it away so nate.
Dance, Judy, dance, and do the best you can,
For the boy to walk upon the jig is Tipperary Dan.

In Sterlintip, where I was born, and the boys they are so free,
And the girls they are so frisky, and haven't they fun at a spree;
When at Donnybrook Fair was all the rage, it's there you'd see some fun,
With sticks and stones and marrow-bones, 'pon me soul they'd make you run.—
[CHORUS.

Ould Ireland is the place for frolic, fun and mirth,
Its equal cannot be found if you search all through the earth;
For there's Jerry Noon and Paddy Flynn, also Kate McCann,
Are going to dance an Irish jig with Tipperary Dan.—CHORUS.

If me song it has amused you, I hope on me you'll smile,
And let us give three hearty cheers for dear old Erin's Isle.
I've done my very best to please you, and the best can do no more,
All I want is your smiles and kind applause, and I'll ask for nothing more.—CHO.

SPEED ON, MY BARK.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 60 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Chas. Kenna. Music by J. J. Nolan.

Speed on, my bark, o'er the snowy-capped waves of the sea,
Speed on to her who is all the world to me;
Life will be brighter with my love by my side,
Speed o'er the snowy-capped waves of the sea to her who will be my bride.

When the dark night-shadows o'er the earth fall,
Sweet thoughts of her will my mind e'er recall,
And, in those dear dreams of happiness, I,
As if on the wings of a dove, to her fly.

Speed on, my bark, o'er the snowy-capped waves of the sea,
Speed on to her who is all the world to me;
Life will be brighter with my love at my side,
Speed o'er the snowy-capped waves of the sea to her who will be my bride.

In a cottage by the sea dwells my life's bright light,
And she fondly waits and watches for my coming day and night;
Oh! how the hours seem to slowly roll away,
Will he ne'er return to me? I, in fancy, hear her say.

S.W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

It's All Going to Happen Next Year.

Composed and Sung by Reid Warren.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's the Baltimore girls that wear those curls,
They're all going to drop them next year;
For they're no' going to tarry, but they're all going to marry,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

Then the boys will be witty and the girls will be pretty,
For they're going to shake corsets next year;
But the girls will all hustle to get back their bustle,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

There's the Women's Alliance will offer defiance
In the campaign that's coming next year;
And they will, if they can, be superior to man,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

There's the great big campaign, and it's coming again,
And Cleveland's the man for next year;
You can bet, if it's fair, that old "Grover" 'll get there,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

Jim McGlone and Ike Russell will have a hard tussle
In political matters next year;
You can just bet your dollar they'll make some one holler,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

You can be at your ease, you can say what you please,
But free will be Ireland next year;
For Dillon's the man that will free our land,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

There's the great big World's Fair will have castles in the air,
'Way out in Chicago next year;
And Victoria, the queen, at the Fair will be seen,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

Now all the bean-catchers and the pocket-book-snatchers
Are laying their plans for next year;
And to reap a rich harvest they will try their hardest,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

They say Kilrain and Slavin for fighting are cravin',
And Corbett will try it next year;
But they'll all get the gout when "John L." knocks them out,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

It's the talk of the town, that the rum will go down
When license is a thousand next year;
But "speak-easies" will come and flood the city with rum,
And it's all going to happen next year,
And it's all going to happen next year.

ISAAC COHEN'S HOME.

Tune—"Maggie Murphy's Home."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written by Isidore Hyatt. Sung by Joe Lynn.

Beside a little clothing store, in a single tenement,
I live with my wife Rachael and sometimes pay the rent;
A bedstead and a table, that is what we own,
And you're invited every evening at Isaac Cohen's home.

CHORUS.

On Saturday night I stand outside and try to pull customers in,
As they pass by, you hear them cry, oh, Cohen you're a big skin;
Your brother made a million dollars, you are trying it, too,
But he always treated his customers right, and he didn't skin like you.

My daughter works in Ridley's, she's a nice young lady, they say,
But all I know, she wants fine clothes, and never gives me pay;
She's got a young man they call Cohen, and Cohen is her name, too,
And you're invited every evening by Isaac Cohen, the Jew.—CHORUS.

Every night they take a flight, away from the house they go,
They got a bunk where they get drunk—where that is, I don't know;
They come home twelve o'clock at night, and start to kick at the door,
But when I get up to open it, with me they begin to roar:—CHORUS.

But now I'm glad my daughter's wed, how happy I will be
That no one will come home at night, from my sleep trouble me;
But now my daughter went away, and left us all alone,
And you're invited every evening at Isaac Cohen's home.—CHORUS.

—A bright, laughing blonde was telling about shooting a snake while racing across the Kansas plains on her pony's back. "Did you kill it?" asked Dr. Gytten. "Yes," she said; "I aimed at a cow, but hit the snake."

BOYS TOGETHER.

Written by John P. Harrington. Words by Orlando Powell.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

What's so dear in life as friendship?
Sure, it fills the heart with bliss,
For the rough hand of a true friend
Is as sweet as woman's kiss.
Micky Free and I were children,
Schoolmates in the motherland;
Fished the streams and robbed the orchard,
Got in trouble, hand in hand;
Then we went to sea together,
And where big waves rolled in strife,
I fell overboard, and Micky
Dared the waves and saved my life.

CHORUS.

Boys together, men together, Micky and I have been,
Holding each other as dear as a brother, nobody came between;
Loving playmates at school, loving playmates at sea,
Sure I'd lay my life down for Micky, my pal, and he'd do the same for me.

When a fair colleen I courted
With a first love, fond and true,
'Twas with sorrow I was learning
That my old friend loved her, too.
When I told him—"Never mind, lad,
Let the best man win!" said he;
And with fair field and no favor,
Faith, her dear hand fell to me;
Ah! it wounds his brave heart sorely,
Yet his friendship never stirs;
"There's my hand! you've fairly won her,
I am still your friend and hers."—CHORUS.

When the big ship stood at anchor,
Mick and I made all the noise;
For we kissed the girls together,
And he helped me thrash the boys.
And if I rowed with a policeman,
And he acted somewhat odd,
He'd a mighty rough five minutes
Ere he ran me into quod;
Once they took me on a shutter,
'Twas a shameful trick to do;
"What! take my old pal?" cried Micky,
"Faith, where he goes I'll go too!"—CHORUS.

In my berth I had been sleeping,
In mid-ocean, one dark night,
When I woke and saw, great Heavens!
A wild glare of lurid light.
Leaping, glowing like a furnace,
"Ship on fire!" I tried to speak,
But the flames pressed nearer, nearer,
And with hot tongues licked my cheek.
To the floor I reeled, but vainly
Tried to reach the cabin door,
When I felt Mick's strong arms lift me,
Murmured "saved!" and knew no more.—CHORUS.

THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

McFinny's wife was ever prone to call upon her neighbors;
He tried his best to keep her home, but fruitless were his labors.
At last he hit a novel plan, says he, I mean to spite her,
I'll dress me as a "rubber man" and some dark night affright her.

CHORUS.

Beware, beware of the "rubber man," avoid the sad disaster
Of meeting him some lone, dark night with his "gum-shoes and a plaster."

All in a suit of gum he dressed, with shoes of India rubber,
His nearest friend could know him not from villain, thief or lubber.
When on her route from neighbor Gray's, he made his sly appearance,
And plastered up her mouth to save all noise from interference.—CHORUS.

He took her cash, he grasped her hand and all the rings upon it,
But worse than all, in this mishap, she spoiled her Sunday bonnet.
Her furs and all her best attire with hasty hands he rifled;
She scratched, she kicked, of no avail, her voice too well was stifled.—CHORUS.

At last for home she made her way, and fearful was her hurry,
She fainted as she entered there, for dreadful was her flurry.
With water cold, and with a fan, they brought her to her senses;
"He robbed me"—who?—the rubber man! and here the joke commences.—CHO.

Her neighbors all, both young and old, her story heard with pity,
Each neighbor then her neighbor told, till known o'er all the city.
The joke was good, to keep at home through fear, in every quarter,
The gadding wife, the roving maid, the mother and the daughter.—CHORUS.

—A girl who gives up chewing gum shows she has gum-shun.

—Miss Loewenstein: "No, Isaac; dot engagement vos all up. I see by der bapers dot your father vas burned out last night." Mr. Oxstein: "Rebecca, my lofe, vas you mad? der oldt man has given me dot insurance-bolicy, and we vas twice as rich as pefore."

You Can't Get a Drop on a Sunday.

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In a prohibition town where they put rum down
And lock it up from Saturday till Monday;
Then the drug-store clerk you try for to work
To get a hummer early on a Sunday.
At the end of the week you go to bed,
And get up next day with a head;
You'll look rather pale and you want a cocktail,
But you can't get a drop on a Sunday.

You'll feel very dry and you sneak on the sly
To try and get a hummer on a Sunday;
Also the bum, he's fond of his rum,
And he'll work the barrel on a Sunday.
Content yourself, you may as well,
And drink the sparkling sarsaparill;
Don't wish prohibition was in h—l
When you can't get a drop on a Sunday.

If you're playing to luck, you'll go chase the duck,
But you won't get a drop on a Sunday;
Try as you may, this much I'll say,
You will have to wait until a Monday.
The side doors they are closed up tight,
The bar-room it contains no light,
So you'll have to get your load on a Saturday night,
For you can't get a drop on a Sunday.

You can't work the gate and put it on the slate,
For that's been abolished on a Sunday;
Since the new blue law we'll drink no more,
Unless we wait until a Monday.
The can and basket stand no show,
The oil-can racket will not go;
You can see the girls hustle with a kettle in their bustle,
But they can't get a drop on a Sunday.

Some say it is a sham, but you can't get a dram,
Try as you may upon a Sunday;
License is high and there's no use to try,
For they don't dish it out till a Monday.
The price will shortly go up high,
And one with cramps will have to die,
So a cramp would be risky where you can't get whisky,
For you can't get a drop on a Sunday.

In days gone by if a man felt dry
He could sneak in an alley on a Sunday;
Now you walk about a mile to try and get a smile,
But you can't get a drop on a Sunday.
How a man will scheme and try
To get spirits of frumenti,
I know its rather rough, for I've been there myself,
When you can't get a drop on a Sunday.

She Never Blamed Him, Never.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

She never blamed him, never—but received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever, and she tried to look the same—
But vainly she dissembled, for whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled in her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying, and she dreaded not her doom;
She never thought of sighing o'er her beauty's blighted bloom—
She knew her cheek was altered, and she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only faltered when she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her from the isle where she was born;
'Tis true he had injured her to the cold world's cruel scorn.
But yet she never blamed him for the anguish she had shown;
And tho' she seldom named him, yet she thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her, for she knew that they must part—
She spoke not when he pressed her to his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her, and she heard the bugle's sound;
They passed—and strangers found her cold and lifeless on the ground.

When You and I Were Young, Maggie.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I wander, to-day, to the hill, Maggie, to watch the scenes below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to, long ago.
The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie, where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, since you and I were young.

CHORUS.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie, and the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, when you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie, where the young and the gay and the best
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie, have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, and join in the songs that were sung,
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie, when you and I were young.—CHORUS.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie, my steps are less sprightly than then;
My face is a well-written page, Maggie, but time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie, as sprays by the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, when you and I were young.—CHO.

BLAME IT ON TO THE GIRLS.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and Composed by James Thornton.

No matter what happens to men nowadays,
They blame it all on to the girls;
If they spend their money like poor silly jays,
They blame it all on to the girls;
If you meet a man who hasn't got a cent,
And ask, "Why all his money he spent,"
I'll bet ten to one that this foolish gent
Will blame it on to the girls.

CHORUS.

But you can't do without them—you wouldn't if you could;
Some of them are naughty and some of them are good;
When you spend your money different than you should,
You blame it on to the girls.

When a man is awakened by the baby through the night,
He blames it all on to the girls;
At four in the morning the fire he must light,
He blames it all on to the girls;
He cries out, "Oh, woman you're the cause of all my sins,'
The baby pulls his whiskers and at his papa grins;
He goes and gets loaded when he learns he has twins,
And blames it on to the girls.—CHORUS.

The other day I met a man with plasters on his head,
He blamed it all on to the girls;
He said he once was happy, but that's before he wed,
And he blamed it all on to the girls;
It took all he earned to buy his wife a seal-skin sacque;
While his clothes are in hock and are hanging on the rack,
His leg is pulled out of joint, he can't get it back,
And he blames it on to the girls.—CHORUS.

When a man's arrested for a breach-of-promise case,
He blames it all on to the girls;
To settle the question the judge he must face,
And he blames it all on to the girls;
With tears in her eyes she says, My poor young heart is broke;
The man says he was only fooling when he spoke,
But it cost him fifty thousand to keep up the joke,
And he blames it on to the girls.—CHORUS.

AT IT AGAIN.

Words and Music by Arthur Lloyd.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I've just come from the country to spend a day or two,
But I've been so vexed since I've been here, I don't know what to do,
For everybody says the same, no matter where I be,
And no matter what I'm doing, this is what they say to me:

CHORUS.

At it again, at it again,
You rascal, I'm looking, you're at it again;
You're a naughty old man, I can see very plain,
You wicked old geyser, you're at it again.

I took a cab frae station, wi' my bandbox and my bag,
And 'cos I'd not pay double fare, the cabby said he'd drag
Me to the police station and to the magistrate complain,
Then the crowd said I was cheating, and cried out, "At it again."—CHORUS.

I paid him then to get away, and sneaked off like a mouse,
And bein', as it were, upset, went in a public house;
I drank three brandies right clean off, and as the third I'd taken,
A young brat opened the door and cried, "Halloa! at it again."—CHORUS.

A comely lass was standing near, said, "Never mind the brat,"
"You take a brandy, love, with me," by gum I did, that's flat;
To kiss her lovely lips then, I no longer could abstain,
When the same brat shoved his head in and roared out, "At it again."—CHO.

I rushed out to hit him a kick, when, all my woes to crown,
A dandy chap in evening dress by chance I did knock down;
We both rolled in the gutter, for the drink was in my brain,
When a bobby rushed up, seized me and said, "Now, then, at it again."—CHO.

I was taken off to the station, eh, the magistrate did frown,
Fined me two pounds ten, and said, I'd better leave the town;
I think so, too, and so good-bye, I've no wish to remain,
With court house I have done, you'll not see me at it again.

CHORUS.

At it again, at it again,
No more will I drink to confuse my poor brain,
And when I get home there I'll remain,
And you'll never hear of me at it again.

—"Yours is a queer language," said a foreigner to an American; "when you 'fire' a man you put him out."

—She: "You don't mind my talking so much, do you?" He: "No, indeed; but (facetiously) I may mind it after we are married." She: "But I sha'n't mind then if you do."

SIGHTS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

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Written by James Thornton. Music arranged by William Loraine.

In our glorious city of New York there are many sights to see,
And some of them, no doubt, you will think strange;
A friend of mine he came to town to stop a week with me,
And thought it was a very pleasant change.
We dined at famed Delmonico's, to Union Square strolled down,
And on the Bowery we made a stay;
He gazed with admiration on the sights he saw there,
And this is what he said of them next day:

SPOKEN--Broadway.

CHORUS.

Old maids, young maids, ready mades, tailor mades
Like to toddle up and down Broadway;
Haughty girls and naughty girls, sporty girls, all sorts of girls,
You can see them on a summer day.
Race-track gamblers, midnight ramblers,
Imported swells, who never worked a day;
Pretty girls, who play the races, all dressed up in silks and laces,
That is what he thought about Broadway.

SPOKEN—Union Square.

CHORUS.

Neat girls, sweet girls, girls with bleached curls,
Like to promenade around the Square;
You can see each little beauty chewing hard on tutti-frutti,
Rosy cheeks and yellow colored hair.
Bunco-steerers, always near us,
Trying Mister Hayseed to ensnare;
Jersey farmers, in pajamas, soon get mashed on pretty charmers,
That's the way they act upon the Square.

SPOKEN—Bowery.

CHORUS.

Dago venders, Dutch bartenders,
Men of every nationality;
Ball-room spielers, faro dealers, hackmen shouting on two-wheelers,
Soldiers who have been out on a spree.
Tinkers, tailors, tipsy sailors
Spending all they earned while on the sea;
Hebrews selling strong suspenders, pawnbrokers and money-lenders,
That is what they thought of Bowery.

SPOKEN—Baxter Street.

CHORUS.

Crossing sweepers, doorstep sleepers,
Tramps who take the sidewalk for a bed;
Doubtful girls, in paint and powder, talk quite loud and dress much louder,
Men who have their noses colored red.
Organ-grinders, cigar-stump finders,
Chinese joints, where smokers like to meet;
Salvation army out parading, beating drums and serenading,
That is what he thought of Baxter Street.

THE SQUARE, HONEST MAN.

Copyright, 1891, by J. H. Rohde.

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Words and Music by J. H. Rohde.

We all have our hobbies, and I have as well
Some few odd ideas I may as well tell;
That which I object to, we hear everywhere,
'Tis women are saying the men are not square.
Tho' on one another we all do depend,
You'll find that most men are a friend to a friend;
The greed that seems common is born in us all,
'Tis a race where the weak have to go to the wall.

CHORUS.

For "man's greatest study is man," you'll agree,
To claim a "fair deal" is a hobby with me;
So I like to see all men do right when they can,
As God's grandest work is a square, honest man.

I like to have dealings with old-fashioned men,
They're honest, you'll find, nine times out of ten;
Their good hearts and customs how well we do know,
But best folks to meet with wherever we go.
'Tis all wrong when children will slight their old dad,
Whose ways may be slow or whose grammer is bad;
The respect they owe him is next to their God,
E'en tho' he's a banker, or carries a hod.—CHORUS.

I don't like the Judas who runs down his friend
With murderous glee, his good name to rend;
So take care and watch him, as thro' life you pass,
His tongue is but venom, a snake in the grass;
I speak of the Grundy we see every day,
Whose word is no good, and all men are his prey;
For of all the mean men to whom woman gave birth,
The scandal creator is the meanest on earth.—CHORUS.

There are men in public who try to do right,
Who frown upon evil with all of their might;
I'll mention but one man, quite well known to you,
And heedless of party, we'll give him his due;
You anticipate me, as surely you must,
When I speak of a man who was true to his trust,
Tho' he differed from many in his tariff plan,
We know Grover Cleveland was a square, honest man.—CHORUS.

They Never Will Invite You Any More.

Written by C. D. Hickman and G. W. Hunter. Sung by G. W. Hunter.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If you receive an invitation to attend a celebration,
A dinner or a feed of any sort,
Read up your etiquette, do, and try not to forget to
Refrain from doing things you never ought.
By this book, I do declare, 'tis wrong to criticise the fair,
Never say the greens are over-ripe,
If they hand to you the picking of a forty-year-old chicken,
You shouldn't say you'd sooner have some tripe.
And table-spoons, you know, across the room you shouldn't throw,
For if you do such things, I'm very sure,
The people who are with you the cold shoulder soon will give you,
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.

When you sit down to dinner, do not be the first beginner,
But wait until the host has said the grace;
You can then go in a "buster," without any noise or fluster
(In the gravy it is rude to wash your face);
Pray, be careful what you're doing if a hunk of bread you're chewing,
Never sling it in the waiter's eye;
Act polite, if you're able; do not lay across the table,
With your head upon the custard or the pie.
If there's whiskers on the butter, a complaint you shouldn't utter,
Though it's strong enough to walk along the floor,
For the ladies who are able will quickly leave the table,
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.

If you're asked to pass the cruet, pray, be careful how you do it,
Or possibly you'll meet with some mishap;
It should be a pleasant labor to wait upon your neighbor;
Don't throw the salad in a lady's lap,
And do not mix the mustard in the pastry or the custard,
And never try to eat soup with a fork;
At the hostess don't be winking, or from her finger glasses drinking,
And when your mouth is full don't try to talk.
Before the ladies be aware, 'tis unusual to swear,
And if you're smoking during dinner, I am sure
You'll hear from people at the table that you're more fit for the stable,
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.

If you should give a dinner, do not think yourself a sinner
If a guest receives a cockroach in his soup;
Dispel the trouble like a wizard, by handing him the gizzard
Of a chicken that has lately died with croup;
And if the table-cloth wants mending, and you find your wife is sending
To the pawnshop all the knives and forks and spoons;
If there's any guest who lingers, and won't eat with his fingers,
Don't tell them all that they're a set of coons.
To behave you should endeavor, ask a girl rude questions never,
Or her sweetheart may be anxious for your gore;
And don't insult the waiters, they may sling at you the "'tateys,"
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.

CALL ME PET NAMES.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Call me pet names, dearest, call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er thinking of flight,
That tenderly sings there, in loving delight.
Oh, my sad heart is pining for one fond word,
Call me pet names, dearest, call me thy bird.

Call me fond names, dearest, call me a star,
Whose smiles' beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee;
When the night time of sorrow steals over life's sea,
Oh, trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are,
Call me pet names, darling, call me thy star.

Call me sweet names, darling, call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven, thy love, grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold,
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower,
Call me pet names, darling, call me a flower.

Call me dear names, darling, call me thine own;
Speak to me always in love's low tone;
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold,
Let my fond worship thy being enfold.
Love me forever and love me alone,
Call me pet names, darling, call me thine own.

—A False Hope.—"Bessie, can you come over to see our new border this afternoon?" "With pleasure. Is he nice?" "He? Why, I mean the new border on our hall-paper." "Oh! You will have to excuse me, deary. I almost forgot my engagement with Florence this afternoon."—*Judge.*

I KNEW IT.

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Words and Music by Loren Bragden.

A lass that I loved was the belle of the town,
I knew it, I knew it;
Such lips and such eyes there could scarcely be found,
I knew it, I knew it.
We loved as two lovers had ne'er loved before;
She pledged me her faith and her constancy swore;
She said she would live only me to adore,
I knew it, I knew it.

We were married and lived as two young lovers do,
I knew it, I knew it;
With nothing to live on but the breath we each drew,
I knew it, I knew it.
She said she would live only me to adore,
But she never once mentioned my mother-in-law;
She said that the ranch she would rule evermore,
I knew it, I knew it.

Now a drummer I was and I travelled around,
All knew it, all knew it;
I spent all my time taking in every town,
All knew it, all knew it.
For my long absence from her I was not to blame,
Excuses I made that she thought rather lame,
But in each town I had a girl just the same,
I knew it, she knew it.

One day I came home from a trip in the West,
None knew it, none knew it;
I went to my home, for I needed some rest,
I knew it, I knew it.
When I entered the house, not a thing to be found,
My wife and her mother with my money gone,
Some other drummer had been doing our town,
I knew it, she knew it.

OH! JOSHUA.

Copyright, 1886, by W. F. Shaw.

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Words and Music by C. Frank Horn.

De sweetest gal in Johnson's Row am 'Cindy Barton,
I lub her from de mawnin' dawn until de close ob day;
She nearly busts my pocket, so I'll hab to shake her sartin',
For if she sees a thing she wants, she nebber fails to say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Joshua, oh! Joshua, doan' rush away Joshua Brown,
Come here, I say, now doan' delay, to hab some moah I'se boun';
I say now Joshua, dear Joshua, my sugar plum, Joshua Brown,
If you doan' treat me kindly, I'll 'luminate the town.

I tuk her to a supper once, oh, my! oh, my, oh!
De way she put de fodder down hit almos' turned my head;
She tackled beans and warious greens and oyster stews and pie, oh!
Den when she had 'em gobbled in she turned to me and said:—CHORUS.

I tuk her out a-sleighin' once, de bells did jingle,
De hoss was tame, I hugged her close as close as close could be;
And when I got her home again, wid col' my ears did tingle;
Den when I went to help her out she softly said to me:—CHORUS.

She often tells me dat I am a gay deceiber;
I gib her points in makin' lub in de ole-fashioned way;
Yet ebry time I kiss dat gal, and turn aroun' to leab her,
She'll grab my coat and pull me back and dis is what she'll say:—CHORUS.

The Mother's Prayer by the Sea.

Copyright, 1889, by M. J. Fitzpatrick.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by M. J. Fitzpatrick.

The sun was setting in the West, the song-birds sang their lay,
When recollections of the past recalled to mind the day
A mother prayed with outstretched arms, "Bring back my boy to me,"
As she kissed her lad his last farewell, as he steered for the open sea.

CHORUS.

That mother waits with anxious heart, and watches day by day,
And hears the sound of the breakers roar like a lion upon his prey;
Then turns to Him who guides life's bark through this dark and stormy sea,
Her last words were the parting prayer, "Bring back my boy to me."

Time and tide roll quickly by, and vessels come and go,
But of the tidings of that lad there, no one seemed to know;
And through the lone and dreary night, when hearts from care were free,
That beacon light there shone so bright, in the cottage by the sea.—CHORUS.

The cottage now is lone and sad, that mother's passed away,
The sailor lad's returned again, but now he's old and gray;
And wand'ring through the village streets, in visions oft does see,
And hears that mother's parting prayer, "Bring back my boy to me."—CHO.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

Copyright, 1881, by G. Schirmer.

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Translated from the German by W. Caldwell. Composed by Faustina Hasse Hodges.

A child sleeps under a rose-bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests and on dream-wing flies,
To play with the angels in Paradise—
And the years glide by.
Sweetly it rests and on dream-wing flies,
To play with the angels in Paradise,
To play with the angels in Paradise—
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air,
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest—
And the years glide by.
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest—
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air,
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes—
And the years glide by.
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish dedim her eyes,
Tears of anguish bedim her eyes—
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound—
And the years glide by.
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound,
They silently cover a new-made mound—
And the years glide by.

PADDY'S LAND.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

One morning, very early, while sitting in my easy chair,
In a cottage of my own, that was free from both strife and care,
A pretty maid come up to me, and took me gently by the hand,
And begged for a verse or two in praise of Paddy's land.

The people of this nation is of a free and open mind,
And always unto strangers, it's well known, they do prove kind;
But if any dare impose on them, such orders they'd soon countermand,
They would make him smell shillalie, it's a plant that grows in Paddy's land.

There is nothing there that's venomous, but all of the sweetest scent,
The air is pure and healthy, and the girls are shining with content.
For virtue and beauty bright, no nation can them withstand,
They're the roses of all Europe and the pretty girls of Paddy's land.

There is some will contradict this, and say they're of another race,
And ask what is the reason so many leave so fine a place;
But I will quickly give to them the answer that I have at hand,
'Tis because they took the trade from that lovely place called Paddy's land.

So come all my jovial country-men, and let us fill a flowing quart,
And drink to old Washington, and all of such a noble heart;
Likewise old Carroll of Carrollton, and all of the signing band,
That signed the "Declaration" for a refuge from Paddy's land.

CALL ME THINE OWN.

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Call me "thine own," name fond endearing,
Like music sweet it falls on mine ear;
Tell me of hope, life's pathway cheering,
Whispers of home with thee ever near.
Call me "thine own," doubt would destroy,
For only thro' faith are we secure,
Making our hearts strong to endure
What lies before us, sorrow or joy.
Call me "thine own," thine, thine alone,
Name fond endearing, call me "thine own."

Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us,
Hopes faint and die that lighted our way,
Trials may come, sorrows may grieve us,
Friends may depart or falsely betray.
Call me "thine own," all else may fail;
With love in our hearts, heaven still remains;
Each bond with time fresh vigor gains,
And o'er life's tempests love shall prevail.
Call me "thine own," thine, thine alone,
Name most endearing, call me "thine own."

WHEN THE WOMEN FOLKS BOSS THE WHOLE WORLD.

Tune—"Did That Ever Occur to You."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Sung by the Two African Macks with great success.

The girls will be able to do as they please,
When the women folks boss the whole world;
Can ask the young men to give them a squeeze,
When the women folks boss the whole world.
When they have a beau they'll sit on one chair,
This may happen before the Chicago fair,
And all of the girls stop wearing false hair,
When the women folks boss the whole world.

The dudes, I am sure, will not have a show,
When the women folks boss the whole world;
Into cages with other monks they will go,
When the women folks boss the whole world.
We'll have women's clubs, and girls on each car;
You will also find women behind every bar,
And perhaps some of them will smoke a cigar,
When the women folks boss the whole world.

The girls will have a chance to get their rights,
When the women folks boss the whole world;
There'll be no looking under beds at night,
When the women folks boss the whole world.
'Twill be the best world that you ever saw;
In women there will not be a flaw;
We'll make angels out of each mother-in-law,
When the women folks boss the whole world.

Cashiers will not skip away with the cash,
When the women folks boss the whole world;
The dudes will not go out on the mash,
When the women folks boss the whole world.
The chinese will stay home, there eat their rats;
No more we'll be bothered at nights with Tom cats,
And men won't come home with bricks in their hats,
When the women folks boss the whole world.

We'll all be quite happy, yes, all be content,
When the women folks boss the whole world;
You men folks will not then have a cent,
When the women folks boss the whole world.
To you men, I'm sure, it will be quite a shock,
For women will all have hearts like a rock,
And if you say a word your head off she'll knock,
When the women folks boss the whole world.

ARKANSAW.

This song was sent to us by Nelson Forsyth (Showman), Rockdale, Milam Co., Texas.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My name it is Sanford Burns, I came from Nobilville town,
I traveled this wide world over, I traveled this wide world around;
I met with ups and downs in life, but better days I saw,
But I never know'd what misery was till I came to Arkansaw.

I landed in St. Louis with ten dollars and no more;
I read the daily papers till my eyes were sore;
I read the evening papers until at last I saw
Where ten thousand men were wanted in the state of Arkansaw.

I wiped my eyes in great surprise when I read this grateful news,
And straightway off I started to the agent Billy Hughs;
He says, pay to me five dollars and a ticket for you I draw,
And land you safely on the railroad for the state of Arkansaw.

It was in the year of '82, in the merry month of June,
That I landed in Forth Smith, one sultry afternoon.
So up stepped a walking skeleton, with a long and lantern jaw,
And invited me to his hotel, the best in Arkansaw.

I followed my conductor and to his dwelling place,
Where poverty was pictured in his melancholy face;
His bread it was corn dodgers, and the beef I couldn't chew,
This was the kind of hash they fed me in the state of Arkansaw.

I started off next morning to catch the early train;
He says to me, you better work, for I have some land to drain;
I pay you fifty cents a day, your board, washing and all,
And you'll find yourself a different man when you leave old Arkansaw.

I worked six weeks for the son-of-a-gun (Jess Harren was his name),
Six foot seven in his stocking feet, as tall as any crane;
His hair hung down in rat-tails over his long and lantern jaw;
He's the photograph of all the gents that lived in Arkansaw.

He fed me on corn dodger as hard as any rock,
'Till my teeth began to loosen and my knees began to knock;
I got so thin on sassafras tea I could hide behind a straw,
Indeed I was a different man when I left old Arkansaw.

Farewell to swamp angels, to cane brakes and to chills,
Farewell to sage and sassafras and the corn dodger pills;
If ever I see that land again, I give to you my paw,
It will be through a telescope from here to Arkansaw.

I jumped aboard the evening train a quarter after five,
I started for St. Louis half dead and half alive;
I bought a quart of whiskey, my misery to thaw,
And I got as drunk as a boiled owl when I left old Arkansaw.

QUIET LODGINGS.

Tune—"Teddy the Tiler."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

All you that love retirement, free, I'm sure you will pity me,
Who all my life-time used, do you see, to very quiet lodgings;
You must know that word was sent me down that my good old uncle Brown
Had died and left me every crown; so I must come and live in town.
I wrote to my cousin, Jemmy Wood, and axed if he'd be so good
As find me in his neighborhood very quiet lodgings.

All right; I came to town next day, and to my lodgings went straightway,
And really thought them, an fawit, a very quiet lodgings;
A street without a thoroughfare, well down town, I do declare,
Where the river runs at the end so rare, and sends up such refreshing air,
My landlady, with look demurred, said, I'd find them quiet and very pure,
So I took them for a twelve-month, sure, my very quiet lodgings.

That night, at twelve, I went to bed, but scarcely had laid down my head,
When I heard a noise that would awake the dead, in my very quiet lodgings;
The sleep at once forsook my eyes, I bolted up with great surprise,
I wondered, but could not surmise, what it was that made the horrid noise;
Next day I found it out, by chance, that a nigger singer, named Tom Vance
Every night rehearsed a break-down dance, overhead in my quiet lodgings.

Next morning, long before I rose or popped my head from 'neath the clothes,
A fife and drum played "Off She Goes," in front of my quiet lodgings;
And scarcely had they gone away, when I hoped to be quiet all the day—
When a barrel organ began to play, "Nix My Dolly Pallo Fake Away."
And they had hardly left the place, when two cornets and a double bass
Came blowing in my very face, in front of my quiet lodgings.

My dinner I thought to get in peace, but the nuisance didn't cease;
In fact, it seemed more to increase all around my quiet lodgings;
For a regular band appeared in view with drums, cornets, and cymbols, too,
And kicked up such a philaloo, I wished they'd blown themselves in two.
And scarcely had the fellows fled, when two chaps, by instinct led,
Began to punch each other's heads in front of my quiet lodgings.

The mob hurrah'd with all their might, and urged the fellows on to fight,
And they went at it left and right, in front of my quiet lodgings;
Soon on each side their friends went in, and a regular fight did soon begin;
Through my window a brick came smashing in, with rage I sent it back again;
Then six policemen came in view, and twigged me as the brick it flew,
And lugged me off to prison, through the row at my quiet lodgings.

Next day with rage my heart did swell; out by the roots I pulled the bell;
My landlady rushed up pell-mell, at my very quiet lodgings;
"Are these your quiet lodgings, pray? I'll leave your house this very day!"
"But before you go away, a twelve-month's rent you'll have to pay."
I paid the year with sad grimmace, and rushed out of the cursed place,
And slam'd the door in the old hag's face, and d——d her quiet lodgings.

The Lightship's Straight Ahead.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

Far out at sea the lightship rocks the waters, day by day;
The sailor lad, returning home, it safely guides the way.
It cares not how the sea may rave or how the wind may blow;
The darkest night becomes as day beneath the lamp's bright glow.
And as he reaches port that night, from far-off distant lands,
Cries out with joy to those below, as in the mast he stands:
"The lightship's straight ahead! the lightship's straight ahead!
The lightship! the lightship! the lightship's straight ahead."

REFRAIN.

What joy, what bliss to see that light, to know we're home at last;
To know that dangers that have been are memories of the past;
To see our loved ones once again, then, standing on the quay;
To hear the welcome: "Jack is home from far across the sea!"
To hear the welcome: "Jack is home from far across the sea."

'Take to the boats," the captain cries, "lost is our gallant bark;"
The sea is running mountains high, and all around is dark.
We pray to God to guide our way, we know not where we are—
If many miles away from shore or near the harbor bar.
Despair is marked on every face as silently we row;
When lo! behold! there in the North, we see a lamp's bright glow—
The lightship's straight ahead! the lightship's straight ahead!
The lightship! the lightship! the lightship's straight ahead.—REFRAIN.

—"I see some Canadian has invented a buttonless shirt." "That's nothing new. I've worn them ever since my wife was engaged in church work."

—"Who is that dancing with Mrs. Smith, Rose? She seems so fond of him." "That's her husband." "How odd. And they've been married three months."

—Beggar: "Please, please, help a poor cripple." Passer-by (giving him money): "Poor fellow! Where are you crippled?" Beggar (pocketing the money): "In my finances, sir."

When I Was a Child of Three.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

When I was a child of three,
Heigho, long ago;
Some one gave a doll to me,
Rosy cheeks she had, and eyes
Blue as are the summer skies.
Though she answered not a word,
Yet I fancied that she heard
All the childish hopes and fears
That I whispered in her ears;
Whispered all in secrecy,
When I was a child of three.
Heigho, long ago, long, long ago,
Long, long ago, long, long ago, long ago.

Even when I older grew,
Heigho, long ago;
To my doll I still was true;
Other toys aside were thrown,
Still my heart was all her own;
All my griefs to her were told,
Childhood's sorrows manifold.
Time had all her roses culled,
And the blue eyes sadly dulled;
She was fair to none but me,
Still at heart a child of three.
Heigho, long ago, long, long ago,
Long, long ago, long, long ago, long ago.

Childhood's days are vanished quite,
Heigho, long ago;
Older toys my love invite,
Grown up dolls of flesh and bone,
I by dozens count my own.
Some are pretty, some are wise,
Some I very dearly prize.
But at times my memory strays
To those far-off yesterdays;
And I'd give them all to be
Once again that child of three.
Heigho, long ago, long, long ago,
Long, long ago, long, long ago, long ago.

THE PARK PLACE HORROR.

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Written by George Cooper.

A cry of horror fills the land, how many weeping ones
Lament the fate of husbands dear, of daughters and of sons;
Without a moment's warning heard, while life was bright and fair,
The dark death-angel hovered o'er, and scattered wild despair.

CHORUS.

Oh! pity now those stricken hearts that moan in agony,
And pity now those weeping eyes no more their loved to see.

Where toiled the throng for bread, all day, dark ruin now is seen;
And blackened embers mark the spot where cheerful smiles have been;
The hour of noon had hardly past when death, with sudden stroke,
Felled to the earth this shrine of toil as lightning fells the oak.—CHORUS.

How little thought those hearts, so light, that left their homes that day,
They nevermore on earth should meet night's welcome warm and gay;
The mother now is lonely there, the father looks in vain
To greet the children of his heart within that home again.—CHORUS.

Oh, aid the desolate, ye rich! heed ye their hearts' appeal!
How many now are suffering with wounds that ne'er shall heal?
Give to that home where poverty now prowls like wolf at bay,
Oh! give the comfort that it needs and cheer sad hearts to-day.—CHORUS.

TO BE A LONE WIDOW.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

To be a lone widow is sad, yes, 'tis sad,
My life has been hard to endure, you may be sure;
When I think of the comforts I formerly had,
No surgeon my suff'ring can cure.
I've done all I could, and there's none could do more,
To bring up my offspring, so nearly a score,
And poverty's wolf I have kept from the door,
Since Frimousse knew enough his dear life to insure.

—Roman punches.—A fight between Italians.

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR.

By D'Arcy.

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum, or gin?"
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace—
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know.
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou,
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks; that braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too,
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserable tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame.'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and much, to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile;
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.
Why! what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye;
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture, dead.

A PRETTY GIRL.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

A pretty girl, a summer's night, a moon, serenely mellow,
A fond caress, a loving vow, a kiss, and all is well, oh!
Again the girl—another night—same moon—so far all's well, oh!
But if we took another look, we'd see another fellow.

A shady nook, a babbling brook, red lips where kisses dwell, oh!
"Swear to be true!" "I do! I do!" pwp, pwp! the lucky fellow!
Again the nook, once more the brook, same lips—but sad to tell, oh!
The one who sips those ruby lips is quite another fellow.

HE NEVER CAME BACK.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter.

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

A soldier kissed his wife good-bye, he was going to the war;
The tears they trickled down the face of the one he did adore;
"Be patient until I return, my own sweetheart," he cried,
But at the battle of "Bull Run" he like a soldier died.

CHORUS.

He never came back, he never came back;
His dear form she never saw more,
But how happy she'll be when his sweet face she'll see
When they meet on that beautiful shore.

I went into a restaurant, as hungry as a bear,
And like a raving maniac I grabbed the bill of fare;
The waiter said, "What will you have?" "Bring me a steak," I say,
He took my order, bowed his head, and slowly walked away.

CHORUS.

He never came back, he never came back;
I waited an hour or more,
But his face I'll break if he's not got that steak
When we meet on that beautiful shore.

I went to see the Barnum's show, and took my mother-in-law;
She laughed at ev'rything she saw until it broke her jaw;
Outside the tent, a big baloon it proved to be my friend;
I shoved her in, then cut the rope, and up she did ascend.

CHORUS.

She never came back, she never came back,
But high in the air she did soar,
And I'm happy to-night that she's 'way out of sight
Till we meet on that beautiful shore.

A jay that lived "Down on the Farm" came in to see the town,
And registered at Smith's hotel as Mister Hayseed Brown;
He took his key and went up-stairs, with whiskers green as grass,
Pulled off his boots, jumped into bed, and then blew out the gas.

CHORUS.

He never came back, he never came back;
And when they broke open the door,
The last words he said, before he dropped dead,
Were, "we'll meet on that beautiful shore."

An old maid who was forty-five, she madly fell in love,
And with a young man just nineteen, who called her turtle dove.
The wedding day at last arrived, the birds did gaily sing,
He touched her up for a hundred to go out and buy the ring.

CHORUS.

He never came back, her sailor boy, Jack,
But left her up on the top floor;
The sassy young thing, he may bring her the ring
When they meet on that beautiful shore.

THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO.

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By George Le Brunn.

The wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.
The daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

(REPEAT EACH OF THE FOLLOWING LINES FOUR TIMES.)

The dog of the daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The tail of the dog of the daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The hair on the tail of the dog of the daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The flea in the hair on the tail of the dog of the daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The whiskers on the flea in the hair on the tail of the dog of the daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The wind that blew through the whiskers on the flea in the hair on the tail of the dog of the daughter of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

—Going Out with the Tied.—Bridesmaids after a wedding in church.

THE MAN WITH AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, there once was a king, as minstrels sing, who a herd of elephants had;
And a peasant poor, who lived next door, he wanted an elephant bad;
So the generous king did a foolish thing by giving the peasant one;
For sky-blue ruin at once began brewin' for that luckless son-of-a-gun;
For that elephant ate all night, and that elephant ate all day;
Do what he would to furnish him food, the cry was still "more hay!"
Till he tore his hair, in wild despair, and piped his lachrymal glands,
And cursed his lot that ever he got an elephant on his hands.

CHORUS.

So great the beast's demands, that his lachrymal glands
He piped like mad, because he had an elephant on his hands.

He had hoped to ride, in pomp and pride, on the elephant down the street,
While the boys should cheer, as he drew near, and the girls say, ain't he sweet?
But, to his disgust, it was hustle or bust, for the elephant must be fed,
Or the S. F. T. P. C. T. A. the riot act would have read.
For that elephant ate all night, and that elephant ate all day;
And ev'ry cent of his earnings went to keep the wolf away,
Till he envied the lot of a Hottentot on Africa's burning sands,
And cursed the whim that had saddled him with an elephant on his hands.

CHORUS.

So great the beast's demands, that his lachrymal glands
He piped like mad, because he had an elephant on his hands.

At length, one day, so runs the lay—as the king sat on his throne,
Came crawling in a man so thin, he was simply skin and bone.
"Great king," said he, "have pity on me before my name is mud.
Take back your elephant sire, I beg; he's too rich for my blood.
For I find he eats all night and I find he eats all day;
And I'm nearly dead from the life I've led to furnish that beast with hay;
I'll gladly crave to become your slave, and obey your last demands,
But, for heaven's sake, send round and take that elephant off my hands."

CHORUS.

Oh! with joy his breast expands when the king gives commands
That no longer he a man need be with an elephant on his hands.

You think, no doubt, you've all found out that the moral of this sad song
Is, "Be content, though you haven't a cent;" but that's where you are wrong.
For the moral is, to know your biz; and when pie is passed by fate,
Not to trouble invite by taking a bite you cannot masticate.
Remember the saying trite, that to over-indulge don't pay;
And a steady diet, even of pie, pall on one's palate may.
So take my friends what fortune sends, without "ifs," "buts" or "ands,"
And avoid the plight of the luckless wight with an elephant on his hands.

CHORUS.

Comply with fate's commands, without "ifs," "buts" or "ands,"
And avoid the plight of the luckless wight with an elephant on his hands.

MARY BARRY.

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Words and Music by Alfred Buckman. Sung by Lottie Gibson

Did you hear of Mary Barry, the girl I'm going to marry—
If not, a moment tarry, and I'll tell
About this pretty little creature, so divine in every feature
That o'er my heart she's cast a magic spell.
She's the pride of all the fellows, which makes all the girls quite jealous,
But her heart is mine alone, you may depend.
So if ever you should meet her, she'll be glad to have you greet her,
If you'll only kindly mention you're my friend.

CHORUS.

Then here's to Mary Barry, the girl I'm going to marry—
The daintiest little darling in the land.
I'm saving every dollar, so our wedding soon will follow,
And we'll brave the world together hand-in-hand.

She's up early every morning, fashionable habits scorning,
Then, her pretty form adorning, off she goes
To her work so bright and early; and the fellow would be surly
Would deny she's sweeter, far, than any rose.
O'er a counter, down in Macy's, she sells ladies' silks and laces,
But not one of all their faces is as fair;
And though dressed in latest fashion, they're spent piles and piles of cash on,
Yet it looks the veriest trash on beside her.—CHORUS.

We've all heard of Annie Rooney, who set all the fellows loony;
Maggie Murphy, who invites us all to call;
But, although they're very charming, there's not the slightest harm in
Declaring Mary Barry beats them all.
She can rattle the piano till you think it was Carreno;
She can sing like Adelina Patti, too,
So I'm sure you'll be delighted when I tell you you're invited
Just to call when you've got nothing else to do.—CHORUS.

—In the Japanese language there is no word for kiss, but the Japs get there, just the same.

ASK THE MAN IN THE MOON.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, lots of things curious are, if you have an inquiring mind;
Every day, on your way, you a host of conundrums will find.
Ah! but when their solution you seek,
You'll be forced to admit very soon,
That there isn't a doubt, if you want to find out,
You must ask of the man in the moon.

REFRAIN.

You must ask of the man in the moon,
You must ask of the man in the moon;
If you're anxious to know just exactly what's so,
You must ask of the man in the moon.

New York is a city of wealth, millionaires we can count by the score;
And can boast of a host who have hundred of thousands or more.
But Grant's monument tho' isn't built—
If you'd ask a subscription they'd swoon;
Will the Washington Arch be completed next March,
You must ask of the man in the moon.—REFRAIN.

The way that the L roads are run, an annoying conundrum I call;
Less and less our distress meets with any attention at all.
And in view of the way we're abused,
Why some suffering, down-trodden loon
Doesn't imitate Cain, and just kill Colonel Hain,
You must ask of the man in the moon.—REFRAIN.

In the matter of cleaning streets, too, we are fooled to the top of our bent;
Tho' it's clear that each year a small fortune upon them is spent.
Oh! the dust fills them full when it's dry;
When it rains each becomes a lagoon;
And what Beattie can mean when he says they are clean,
You must ask of the man in the moon.—REFRAIN.

Our cousins in Canada seem annexation to have on the brain,
And, I vow, it looks now as if they'd had enough of Vic's reign.
Well, if Canada wants to be spliced,
Then, perhaps, we will grant her the boon;
But when we're made one, where will bank-cashiers run?
You must ask of the man in the moon.—REFRAIN.

When staying out late at the club, you have taken no notice of time,
And you roam to your home, and the stair-case you noiselessly climb,
When your wife, half aroused from her sleep,
Wants to know what's the time, and you croon:
"Just past twelve, dear, no more." Why that blamed clock strikes four
You must ask of the man in the moon.—REFRAIN.

A SAILOR'S HOME, SWEET HOME.

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Words by W. E. Robey. Music by Robert Recker.

A mother sits reading a message, her fond heart is beating with joy;
It tells her the good ship's returning that carries her long absent boy;
It bids her be brave and light-hearted, her old eyes are filled with glad tears;
She thinks of the day when they parted—she's not seen her loved one for years.
Ah! little she thought she would ne'er see him more,
His good ship was wrecked within sight of the shore;
Her gallant young sailor went down 'neath the foam;
He'd only just pictured that bright dream of home.

CHORUS.

When I come back again, when I return from sea,
A loving mother, with outstretched arms, is waiting to welcome me.
Parted from her for years, sailing across the foam,
Nobody knows a sailor's love for home, sweet home.

She's sitting alone in her cottage, her thoughts are still out on the sea;
Each footstep she hears in the distance, she startles and says, "Is it he?"
There's no one to tell that his vessel was wrecked by a ponderous wave;
And right within sight of the homestead he lies in a watery grave.
At last she grows restless, the breakers they roar,
A letter has drifted by chance to the shore;
She read with despair, tho' 'tis dripping with foam,
It tells of his death and his last dream of home.—CHORUS.

Every Rose Must Have Its Thorn.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Day by day love's rose unfolding, first the bud and then the bloom,
In our heart of hearts we're holding, bringing sunshine to life's gloom,
But, too late, we learn with sorrow, shades of night must follow morn,
Joy to-day is grief to-morrow, every rose must have its thorn;
But, too late, we learn with sorrow, every rose must have its thorn,
But, too late, too late, we learn with sorrow, every rose must have its thorn.

BABY, BABY.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
Up you go and down you go, ninety times high as the moon;
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
You shall dine on cake and wine, and eat from a silver spoon.
Oh, little Miss Muffet she sat on a tuffet
A-eating of curds and whey,
Then came a big spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
Oh, little Miss Muffet she sat on a tuffet
A-eating of curds and whey,
Then came a big spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
Up you go and down you go, ninety times high as the moon;
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
You shall dine on cake and wine, and eat from a silver spoon.

Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
Up you go and down you go, ninety times high as the moon;
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
You shall dine on cake and wine, and eat from a silver spoon.
Oh, little Jack Horner he sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."
Oh, little Jack Horner he sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
Up you go and down you go, ninety times high as the moon;
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
You shall dine on cake and wine, and eat from a silver spoon.

Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
Up you go and down you go, ninety times high as the moon;
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
You shall dine on cake and wine, and eat from a silver spoon.
Oh, little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And don't know where to find them,
Leave them alone and they will come home
And bring their tails behind them.
Oh, little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And don't know where to find them,
Leave them alone and they will come home
And bring their tails behind them.
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
Up you go and down you go, ninety times high as the moon;
Baby, baby, dance my darling baby,
You shall dine on cake and wine, and eat from a silver spoon.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Will H. Fox.

Standing alone in the twilight, her old eyes are filling with tears,
Asking the old village postman for news she has not heard for years;
He hands her a strange, foreign letter, she clutches the missive with joy;
Her hands with emotion are trembling, the writing is that of her boy.
She opens the half-broken letter, afraid that one word she might lose,
And, oh, how she's anxiously waited and longed for her present bright news;
The top line begins, "Dearest mother," but what is that feeling of dread?
She glances at once at its contents, for these are the words that it said:

CHORUS.

I promised to write to you when out in a foreign land,
Oh, for one look of thine own sweet face, one touch of a mother's hand;
Think of me kindly at home, I've prayed for you night and day,
Mother forgive your wayward boy, we'll meet on the judgment day.

Ten years ago in the springtime, he went o'er the ocean to roam,
He carried his mother's good wishes, and promised he'd soon return home;
His young heart was filled with adventure, his spirit was seldom at rest,
He knew we were pressed by misfortune, he longed for the gold in the West.
He toiled like a slave through each season, quite anxious to add to his store,
Bright visions of home gave him comfort, fatigue he unflinchingly bore;
One night he was struck down by fever, his letter was sent o'er the wave,
And all that remains of her darling now lies in a lone Western grave.—CHORUS.

The cottage has long since been empty, she's finished her mission of love,
They found her still grasping his letter, her maker had called her above;
They laid her to rest in the churchyard one morning mid silence of gloom,
And carved the last words of her loved one, in stone, at the head of her tomb.
She's waiting the archangel summons, her spirit is hoping once more
To see the bright face that she cherished, and meet on a happier shore;
He told her in life he would meet her, although in a land far away,
Let's hope nevermore they'll be parted, but join on the great judgment day.—CHO.

—Sunday-school Teacher: "Do you always forgive your enemies, my boy?" Small Boy "Yessum; if they're bigger'n me."

I'M SEVENTEEN TO-DAY.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter

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Words and Music by W. J. Melbourne.

I have a sweetheart, and I know he dearly loves me, too,
And, of course, I must love him—what else am I to do?
He's popped the question to me, and he says I am his queen,
And so he means to marry me when I will be eighteen.

CHORUS

I'm seventeen to-day, and as happy as a sunbeam,
Heart so light, free and bright, with my love it is such delight;
And to me he's never mean, I am his only queen,
And he is going to marry me when I will be eighteen.

He asked my father for my hand, he frowned and said, "Oh, no,
There's time enough to think of that, at least, a year or so."
Of course, we both felt hurt at first, at what seemed cruel fate,
But we intend to cheer up, it's not so long to wait.—CHORUS.

But fortune seems to smile on us, tho' father's mind is firm;
And won't he be just awfully mad, when of our scheme he'll learn.
For we intend to run away, because he was so mean,
And so you see we will not wait till I will be eighteen.—CHORUS.

THE LIFE-BOAT CREW.

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Written and Composed by Frederick J. Titus.

The night is dark, the storm-winds blow, the sea is raging mountains high;
The thunders crash again is heard, the blinding lightning cleaves the sky;
The flash of the minute gun is seen, its sound is drowned in ocean's roar;
Too well we know what that must mean, a ship has struck our rock-bound shore.
So then and ready his life to give that those on board that bark may live.

REFRAIN.

Then all together, boys! pull together, boys!
Hearts as light as any feather, boys;
Each sinew tough as any leather, boys,
All eyes, my boys, are on the life-boat crew.

Now see, the boat is riding high upon the white foam-crested wave,
And now engulfed she seems to be in danger of a watery grave.
But no, she rises up again—she reaches bark and ship-wrecked crew;
Oh, grant we may not ask in vain, assist our boys to pull her through.
The crew are rescued one by one, give thanks, the life-boat's work is done.—REF.

I Want to Be Somebody's Darling.

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Words and Music by Macy.

I want to be somebody's darling, I'm tired of living alone;
I sigh for a dear little kingdom, to be queen upon somebody's throne;
Sweeter are the flowers in springtime, bright is the dew on the rose,
But 'tis sweeter to be some one's darling than a poor girl whom nobody knows.

I want to be somebody's darling in a home by the sea-girdled shore,
Where I shall be waiting for Charlie, to meet me with smiles at the door;
And mother she scolds me for flirting, you know, but what can a poor girl do,
For this world would be nothing without the love of a heart that is tender and true.

I want to be somebody's darling before I am aged and gray;
I'll start on life's journey with some one to help me along on the way;
And when I am waiting to bid you good-bye, with a heart that is light and free,
You may know that I'm somebody's darling, just ready to sail o'er the sea.

Sail to the Lights on the Shore.

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Written and Composed by Gussie L. Davis.

Sail, sail to the lights on the shore, to the smiles that first made my heart glad;
Sail to the maiden so constant and pure, that loves none but her sailor lad;
Sail, sail to the kisses of old, back to the one I adore;
Back where fond words of love were told; so sail to the lights on the shore.

Last night I dreamed that her heart was another's;
Lonely my bark floated down life's dark stream;
Hard words were spoken, love-ties were broken—
It was only a dream, it was only a dream.

Sail, sail to the lights on the shore, to the smiles that first made my heart glad:
Sail to the maiden so constant and pure, that loves none but her sailor lad;
Sail, sail to the kisses of old, back to the one I adore;
Back where fond words of love were told; so sail to the lights on the shore.
Yo, ho! to my heart's delight! yo, ho! to my beauty bright!

I FOUND HER SLEEPING.

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Words and Music by Arthur S. Josselyn.

I found her weeping, weeping tears of sorrow,
Out upon the silent streets one night in cold December,
And softly creeping, creeping thro' the moonlight,
Came a strain of music which I ever shall remember.
Out into the wide, wide world she was cast alone,
Motherless, and driven from a cruel father's home;
I told her I'd befriend her, and tried to dry her tears;
I've watched and guarded over her for nigh on fifteen years.

CHORUS.

I found her weeping, weeping tears of sorrow;
She's to be my darling bride if all goes well to-morrow;
Each night a vision comes to me while sleeping,
I hear the same sweet music as when first I found her weeping.

The birds are singing, singing to my darling;
Their merry songs are telling her they know about the wedding;
The bells are ringing, ringing for the sundown;
A thousand tears of joy to-day her pretty eyes are shedding.
All the roses seem to smile whenever she is near;
Hark! I hear her footsteps fall, she's beside me here;
Our love is like the sunshine, it brightens every day,
Not all the clouds in all the skies can take that love away.—CHORUS.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

MATAYA.—Where are you going, my pretty maid?
MARIE.—Down to the meadow to milk the cow.
MATAYA.—May I go with you?
MARIE.—No, not now. When I send for thee, then come thou!
MATAYA.—"When you send for me?" why not now?
MARIE.—Patience! I'll send for thee, I vow.
MATAYA.—Oh! but I've love for thee sincere.
MARIE.—That you have love for me sincere, cannot be true, I greatly fear.
Ah! cannot be true, I greatly fear.
MATAYA.—Every doubt shall disappear, if but my tale of love you'll hear.

MATAYA.—I have a fortune, my pretty maid.
MARIE.—Pardon my saying, so have I.
MATAYA.—Where do you keep it?
MARIE.—Keep it? why—sir, in my face my riches lie.
MATAYA.—May I then hope to win thy heart?
MARIE.—Yes, if you love me, mine thou art.
MATAYA.—Ah! but I've love for thee sincere.
MARIE.—That you have love for me sincere, cannot be true, I greatly fear.
Ah! cannot be true, I greatly fear.
MATAYA.—Every doubt shall disappear, if but my tale of love you'll hear.

THE POOR OLD BUM.

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Words by Francis C. Long. Music by Carl Richter.

Not many years ago I was wealthy, you shall know;
I had houses, lands, and bonds of Uncle Sam.
Then my wife with gems did gleam, and I drove a tandem team,
Now you can plainly see just what I am.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm a poor old bum, and my curse it has been rum,
Still I like to linger where the glasses clink, clink, clink;
But with every drink I take, a sad mistake I make,
Yet I'd pawn myself this minute for a drink, drink, drink.

There are other men, I see, who are bummers just like me,
They have fallen in the tempter's iron grip;
How we'd hang our heads in shame if some one was but to name
All the tricks we daily play to get a nip.—CHORUS.

Ah! too late I learned to know bar-room friendship is a show;
Oft we curse a man while handing him a cup;
Still around the bars I mope, fondly clinging to the hope
That some verdant one will come and set 'em up.—CHORUS.

The chums I used to treat often meet me on the street,
And they pass me with a cold and freezing frown;
Boys, I warn you one and all, drink will surely cause your fall,
And nobody will stand by you when you're down.—CHORUS.

—The Rum Curse.—She: "Rum is the greatest evil of the day." He: "Undoubtedly. It has produced the temperance orator."—*Life.*

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A sweet Irish girl is the darling
Barney, come home
Bold McIntyres
Belle Brandon
Burke's dream
Ballyhooley
Birth of St. Patrick
Biddy O'Toole's wedding day
Biddy, the ballet-girl
By that lake whose gloomy
Beautiful Erin [shore
Cruiskeen lawn
Colleen dhas Machree
Castlebar boy
Cleopatra McNally
Come, rest in this bosom
Charming young widow
Corporal Casey
County jail
Clancy wasn't in it
Come back to me
Colleen dhas Cruthin Amee
Down went McGinty
Dennis Grady's hack
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Darling old stick
Dandy Pat
Duffeys [love
Emmet's farewell to his true
Eileen, sweet Eileen
Erin! the tear and the smile in
Fairy boy [thine eyes
Faster you pluck them the
Father O'Flynn [thicker they
Groves of Blarney [grow
Gathering the myrtle with Mary
Gems of old Ireland
Grave of Wolfe Tone
Harp without the crown
Hello! John Maloney
How oft has the banshee cried!
I owe $10 to O'Grady
Irish jubilee
I say, Mike
I whistle and wait for Katie
It showered again
I had $15 in my inside pocket
Irish wedding
I was the boy for bewitching 'em
Ivy green
Irishmen of to-day
I'm not myself at all
John Cope, or the battle of
Katie Molloy [Preston
Kate Connor
Kitty of Coleraine
Katty, darling
Katy O'Ryan
Low-backed car
Little old dudden
Little Annie Rooney
Little Fannie McIntyre
Lannigan's ball
Learning McFadden to waltz
Little green leaf in our bible
Last rose of summer
Lament of an Irish woman
Love's young dream
Larry McCue
Larry O'Gaff
Larry O'Brien
Let me shake the hand that
Lanty Leary [shook the hand of
Limerick races [Sullivan
Mike Brady's shirt
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Mary of the wild moor
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Murphy owes me rent
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Must we leave our old home
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Mary, I believed thee true
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Oh, leave not your Kathleen
Old feather bed
Oh! Erin, my country
On board of the Bugaboo
Oh, Molly, I can't say you're
Old Ireland forever [honest
Oh, blame not the bard
Pat and his little brown mare
Poverty's tears ebb and flow
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Paddy Flynn
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Pat and the priest
Pretty little Irish queen
Paddy O'Rafther
Spare that old mud cabin
Sweet Belle Mahone
Since Casey runs the flat
Sweet Katie Connor
Shall the harp then be silent?
Sprig of shillelah
Sublime was the warning
Send back my Barney to me
Slide, Kelly, slide
Those sangle days of old
There goes McManus
Throw him down, McCloskey
Twig of shillelah
Time I've lost in wooing
Tim Macarthy's daughter
Up for the green
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Widow Machree [Irish again
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A drink
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Bartimeus [prevails
Better stay whar yo' is
Beware
Bad for the other fellow
Barber finds that every one in New York is for himself
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Carl Dunder—No. 2
Charge of the lightning
Dishcound [judge
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Der shoemaker's poy
Der oak und der vine
Don't shpoil dot leedle fun
Der times of long ago
Discouraging railway con-
Dialect medley [versation
Dot vos nod Peesness
Donkey was dere
Don't unpack your samples 'till you've in sured up
Dot baby off mine'n your man
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Fly-copper's dream
Fitch
Grigg and his bones
Getzheim's bardy
Gals went over the fence
Go-away
He sought for gore
How Mr. McGinty won the
Her letters [widdy
How Jimmy tended the baby
His memory "all right"
Hans Yager on bustles
He gets dere shust der same
How his garments got
He will die soon [turned
Hochspieler's hired girl
Happy the man
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows id's own schooner
Irish widow
Irish inquest
Jork's gone dead
Jacob Beers
Joe's palpitation
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Kept her promise
Like mother used to make
Larry's on the force
Little breeches
Larrie O'Dee
Lovers
Mrs. O'Flaherty fancy dress
Mine vamily [ball
Mister Johnsin's Thanksgiv-
Moses Strauss [ing turkey
Mine shildren
My musical neighbor
Mr. Diffident's speech
Mrs. O'Raherty's good
My baby [dream
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Often so
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Polly in a court-room
Raffle of Callaghan's pig
Simon Dutell's polo experi-
Sambo's wooing [ence
Sorter man Jim is
Schmidt is grateful
Shust like me
School trustee
Silence
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Too previous
Tobias—so to speak
Typewriter girl
Tom
Try it again
Two tollar
Tramp [question
Uncle Seth on the marriage
Various-colored school
When wife's a-go'n away
Widow's wooing
Why he was discharged
Why the persimmons didn't
Wisest fool [taste well
Winnie's welcome
When he struck town
Ye coffee bean



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And they all said they'd take sugar in thern
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But the villain still pursued her
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Charity dinner [rights
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Human nature [law
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How de Norf Pole got lost
In for the railroad
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Stump speech
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Speech on woman's rights
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Teco Brag's lecture
Vomens
What a woman can do
Where the lion roareth, and the
Woman [wang-doodle mourneth
What I know about farming
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Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Gesell war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freiheit, die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grüne in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht']
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

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An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Immer fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im B'cher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer la mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Raitlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

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A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei [illegible]nern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildu[illegible]acht sein
Bin a[illegible]nd einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an luft'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Bube, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Draußt ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lied in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maitüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graj ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen heraus
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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IT'S 'WAY OUT OF SIGHT.

Copyright, 1890, by Will Rossiter.

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Words and Music by W. Rettissor.

Something new I've got for you, and I think I'm right;
Every one of you will say, it's way out of sight.
If you wish to have your photograph, your strength, your weight, your height,
Just drop a nickle in the slot, and it's 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

It's 'way out of sight, is the latest, you know;
It's heard nowadays wherever you go;
If asked your opinion and wish to be right,
Simply remark, it's 'way out of sight.

Winning on fast horses, I always cut a dash;
When I get a friendly tip I put up all my cash.
The other day I was quite sure that I had struck it right,
And, sure enough, my horse came in 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

Yes, 'way out of sight, in that little horse race;
So far out of sight, he'd not got a place;
Yes, racing and horses I think are all right,
Alas! oh, your cash, it's 'way out of sight.

Are there any here to-night blessed with mother-in-law?
One that you would dearly love to dislocate her jaw?
Do as I did, take her for a boat-ride some fine night,
Then by accident you tip her 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

She's 'way out of sight of our happy home;
I guess she's cremated below with brimstone;
How happy we've all been since that summer night
When poor mamma, dear, went 'way out of sight.

Putting other jokes aside from a first-class source,
They tell me that your city has the finest police force.
They're noble and courageous, their stars shine out so bright,
At fights, at rows, or when in need, they're 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

They're 'way out of sight, from view evermore;
Gone for a drink through the little side door.
They're all on the dead beat with clubs in their right;
Policemen, you know, are 'way out of sight.

Will ladies ever wear again the bustle as of old?
All the married men hope not, at least, so I've been told,
For while in style they couldn't nurse their wives with much delight,
But now to hold them in your arms, oh, it's 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

It's 'way out of sight, so from torture we're free,
No more steel wires will run in your knee;
If worn as of old, or not, as now right,
Literally speaking, they're 'way out of sight.

A ring last night at our bell made me jump out of bed;
At this hour who can it be, just to myself I said.
Nothing but a telegram, which said in black and white,
"Just arrived, both doing well," it's 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

It's 'way out of sight, but that's a great phrase
To apply to a family you've started to raise;
A man without any could use the term right,
My first son and heir, he's 'way out of sight.

STREET CAR.

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Words and Music by John de Witt. Dedicated to Otto M. Heinzman, New York City.

If you're feeling very tired after working hard all day,
And you buy an evening paper just to while the time away,
And you hail a passing street-car, where you get a corner seat,
Ten to one some clumsy lubber will then tread upon your feet.

CHORUS.

This is real, 'tis not talk, while your riding by the way,
In a city like New York, such things happen every day.

Or a man with an umbrella, ent'ring briskly by-and-by,
Makes you nervous while you watch him, lest he jab you in the eye;
Or fat women with their baskets, whom you thought that you'd escape,
Will get on and lean against you, pressing you all out of shape.—CHORUS.

Or a very stately matron will get on at a side street,
And remark to some one near her, "In that corner there's a seat."
Or a woman with a baby will do all that she can do
To draw from you loudest praises, while it wipes its feet on you.—CHORUS.

Or a lovely elder maiden, clutching at a hanging strap,
Is somehow precipitated on your unoffending lap;
Or a (hic) fellow, razzle-dazzle, will get (hic) on to the same car
And insist (hic) that you shall listen to a (hic) member of the bar.—CHORUS.

So that you will dream of future, hoping for some kind of car
With compartments that are private, place to smoke a good cigar,
Rack to hold your paper handy, place to put your feet upon,
But you bet you'll never get it till your work on earth is done.—CHORUS.

It's the Hat that Makes the Man.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Tousey.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by I. Kroch. Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

McNulty bought a new silk hat, then on a racket went;
He had ten dollars in his clothes, and blew in every cent;
He got so full of tanglefoot he didn't know his name,
And just as he was coming home it started in to rain.
The people gazed in wonder as McNulty they did meet,
His face was tied up in a knot, his shoes were full of feet;
His dress suit was a total wreck, his whiskers they did leak,
And as he strolled along the street most loudly he did shriek:

CHORUS.

It's the hat that makes the man, so I do not care a rap;
I haven't got a dollar, but I'd never wear a cap;
For I have a nobby tile, and I work upon this plan,
Fine feathers make fine birds, me lads, but it's the hat that makes the man.

His feet were making monograms as he went staggering by,
The little kids around him at his dicer bricks did shy;
When he got tired yelling out then he began to dance,
But fell upon the sidewalk bare, and laid there in a trance;
At last he reached his dwelling, gave the bell an awful tug,
The night was dark, his darling wife could only see his mug;
She dropped the poker on the floor, she had no use for that,
But cried with joy, McNulty, dear, where did you get that hat?—CHORUS.

A cap I always did dislike, it makes a man look small,
It robs him of his character and takes away his gall;
Some men upon their uppers tread, and use a rusty nail;
To elevate their pantaloons, wear coats without a tail;
But if your dicer's shined with molasses or with glue,
You bet your life, me gallant boys, your hat will see you through;
And should in politics you want a job that's big and fat,
Just imitate our brother Ben and wear your grand-dad's hat.—CHORUS.

ISLE DE BLACKWELL.

As sung by Harrigan & Hart.

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Come, gather ye cracksmen and ganiffs so fly,
Maces and braces, shoplifters draw nigh;
I'll warble a ditty, while the chorus you swell,
Of the blokes doing time on the Isle de Blackwell.

CHORUS.

With my one, two, and three, four, then all in line,
To the shoe shop and quarry, each bloke must keep time;
We work like a Turk, then back to our cells,
Such a grand institution is the Isle de Blackwell.

Oh! there is a darling who'd sugar galore,
He hypothecated to the Canada shore;
The boodle was heavy, he tripped and he fell,
Singing Moody and Sankey on the Isle de Blackwell.—CHORUS.

Oh! there is a baby, 'tis a pity he's here,
He was nabbed by a hipper a-shoving the queer;
His people are nobby, on the avenue they swell,
He's a family skeleton on the Isle de Blackwell.—CHORUS.

There's Scotty, our keeper, we all know his snoot,
He collars the old togs, and then hands out a suit;
Striped like a zebra, then it's good-bye, farewell,
We're regular boarders on the Isle de Blackwell.—CHORUS.

SWEET ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Copyright, 1891, by Malcolm Douglas.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Malcolm Douglas. Music by Llewellyn B. Reakirt.

Sweet orange blossoms, weaving your wondrous spells,
Softly awaking echoes of wedding-bells;
Fragrant and pure, sweet with the dew and the sun,
Whispering sweetly to all, hearts shall beat fondly as one;
Spotless and white, each clust'ring spray
Tells of the rapture and joy that come with a wedding-day.

REFRAIN.

She will be true, she will be true;
Pure as these blossoms, sweet with the dew;
Never a doubt, all sadness will vanish away;
She will keep true till we meet the promise she gave one day.

Sweet orange blossoms, oh, for the vanished past,
Leaving its memory ever in life to last;
Loving and true, fondly she watched for me then,
Longing to see these sweet buds bloom in their fragrance again;
But all our dreams ne'er were to be,
Pure as these blossoms she loved, she passed in her youth from me.—REF.

WE NEVER SPEAK HER NAME.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words and Music by Julian Holmes.

We never speak her name again, she left us long ago,
And filled her parents' hearts with grief the world will never know;
She was the pride and light of home, our idol and our joy,
We little dreamed unhappy fate would all our hopes destroy.
She was too trusting, and one hour to her the tempter spoke;
One summer day she left us, and her mother's heart she broke.
Her father bowed his head in grief and then our trials came;
Although 'tis many years since then, we never speak her name.

CHORUS.

We mourned for her, we hoped for her, we sought for her each day,
We prayed that Heaven would pity her, the one who went astray;
We see her sweet face in our dreams, and love her just the same,
But for her dear old mother's sake, we never speak her name.

As still we gather 'round the hearth, her name is never heard,
Yet as we think of by-gone days, sweet memories are stirred;
Long years we sought for her return, to meet her once again,
We waited for the missing one, alas, 'twas all in vain;
She nevermore returned to us, her place no one can fill,
The merry voice is silent now that once would ever thrill.
She died heart-broken, and they said she wasn't all to blame;
But we have pardoned her, although we never speak her name.—CHORUS.

Mamma Will Rock You to Sleep.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Come, come to mamma, my little one,
Flowers are closing, the long day is done;
Stars upon high are beginning to peep,
Mamma will rock you to sleep.
Tired little hands and tired little feet,
So tired of playing all day in the street;
Eyes, that so sleepy, scarce open can keep,
Mamma will rock you to sleep.

REFRAIN.

Close your eyes, darling, to dreamland we'll go,
Gently so gently we'll rock to and fro;
Now, while the shadows around softly creep,
Mamma will rock you to sleep.

Sleep, sleep my baby, mamma will sing,
Sing to you tenderly, slumber sweet to bring;
Singing and swinging, a loving watch to keep,
Mamma will rock you to sleep.
Tired little hands and tired little feet,
Tired is my baby, my baby so sweet;
Broad as the ocean, my love, and as deep,
Mamma will rock you to sleep.—REFRAIN.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

"Father, look up and see that flag, how gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be a rainbow in the skies."
"It is your country's flag, my son, and proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes, a symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that, like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats, and rush along in crowds?"
"It is the noise of cannon, child, the glad shouts of the free,
This is the day to memory dear—'tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I were now a man, I'd fire my cannon, too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—but, father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak, but still my heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this—shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee! God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword of freedom in my hand!"
"Well done, my boy—grow up and love the land that gave you birth,
A home where Freedom loves to dwell, a paradise on earth."

—You don't look for motes in the eye of your summer girl; you look for the beams.

—International Affair.—Smart Youth (to hand-organ man): "Garibaldi, how's business this morning? don't you need a cashier?" Hand-Organ Man (grinding away): "No. One monka 'nuff."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Just to See Mother's Face Once Again.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

Last night I wandered back again to home I love so well,
How glad was I to see the dear old place;
My dear old father welcomed me, my brothers, sisters, too;
But sadly there I missed the dearest face;
It all came back to me just then, an evening long ago,
The saddest hour of grief and anguish I shall ever know;
I knelt down and I placed my hand upon her form of clay,
And promised I'd be good, for I was going far away.

REFRAIN.

If I owned the vessels that float on the sea,
If I owned each bush, each shrub, and each tree,
If I owned the birds that sing with such glee,
The mountains, hills, valleys and plains,
Each air castle fancied I'd gladly forget;
If I owned the treasures unearthed as yet,
I'd give them all up without sigh or regret,
Just to see mother's face once again.

At twilight when we knelt and father led in evening prayer,
And we responded to them soft and low;
The sweetest voice of all no longer mingled with the rest,
My heart ached, for I loved my mother so.
I never knew what sorrow was until she passed away;
Her picture hangs upon the wall, her hair turned slightly gray,
And everything seems much the same around the dear old place,
But still I'm always longing, for I miss my mother's face.—REFRAIN.

It changed and made a man of me, the once wild, wayward youth,
Who caused his mother many a heart-felt sigh;
I tried to keep my promise, and to-day I'm not ashamed
To look my fellowman right in the eye.
And when the tempter often comes, and I about to fall,
Hear something whisper in my ear, beware! beware! that's all.
It brings to mind a promise that I made and should hold dear,
'Tis then I know the spirit of my mother hovers near.—REFRAIN.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

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Out in this cold world, out in the street,
Asking a penny of each one I meet;
Shoeless I wander about, thro' the day,
Wearing my young life in sorrow away.
No one to help me, no one to love,
No one to pity me, none to caress—
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam;
A child of misfortune, I'm driven from home.

CHORUS.

No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress;
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Nursed by my poverty, driven from home.

The flowers that bloomed, that I once loved to see,
Seem bowing their heads, as if pitying me;
The music that mingles with voices of mirth,
From the windows of pleasure and plenty on earth,
Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor,
And I feel I shall faint when I knock at the door;
Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come
To help a poor wanderer, driven from home.—CHORUS.

Oh! where shall I go, or what shall I do?
I've no one to tell me what course to pursue;
I'm weary and footsore, I'm hungry and weak,
I know not what shelter to-night I may seek.
The Friend of all friends, who rules earth and sea,
Will look with a pitying eye upon me;
I'll wander about, till His messenger comes
To lead me to father and mother and home.—CHORUS.

DUBLIN BAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

They sailed away in a gallant bark, Roy Neill and his fair young bride;
He had ventured all in that bounding ark that danced o'er the silvery tide.
But his heart was young and his spirit light, and he dashed the tear away,
As he watched the shore recede from sight of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sailed, and a storm arose, and the lightning swept the deep,
And the thunder-crash broke the short repose of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Roy Neill he clasped his weeping bride, and he kissed her tears away—
Oh! love, 'twas a fatal hour, she cried, when we left sweet Dublin Bay.

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship some stood in their mute despair;
And some, more calm, with a holy lip, sought the God of the storm in prayer.
She has struck on a rock! the seaman cried, in the breath of their wild dismay,
And the ship went down, and the fair young bride that sailed from Dublin Bay.

THE TEXAS RANGER.

Written by J. F. McDermott, of Scranton, Pa.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come all you Texas Rangers, bound West by the "overland,"
Come listen to my hardships—that you may understand
What 'tis to roam from friends and home to that land so far away,
Where savage Indians lie in wait the Rangers brave to slay.

I had a pretty sweetheart—I drew her to my side,
And asked her in a trembling tone if she would be my bride;
She promised me so faithfully her love would never die,
That I kissed her and caressed her till my heart was filled with joy.

I was but sixteen years of age when I joined this roving band;
We marched from Fort McHavett down to the Rio Grande;
'Twas there our captain said to us, "My boys, look sharp this night,
For before we go much further we will have a bloody fight."

When I saw the Indians coming, and heard their awful yell,
What dreadful feelings swept over me no human tongue can tell;
With glittering knives and tomahawks they gathered 'round our trail,
My heart it sank within me and my courage quite did fail.

Our captain called upon us to meet them hand to hand;
And soon I found myself engaged obeying his command,
First emptying our rifles, and then with sabres drawn,
We fought the redskins right and left until the early dawn.

We fought them full five hours before the fight was o'er—
Such heaps of dead and wounded I never saw before—
Five hundred of the bravest men that e'er ranged Texas round,
Lay bleeding there next morning from many a ghastly wound.

Now, perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister true,
Perhaps you have a sweetheart that would weep and mourn for you;
If that be your condition, I advise you ne'er to roam,
And I tell you from experience you had better stop at home.

I saw the fruits of rambling, I know it's hardships well;
I crossed the Rocky Mountains where many a brave man fell;
I have been in the great Southwest, where the wild Apaches roam,
But I never forget my parents, dear, nor the girl I left at home.

MY MOTHER'S KISS WAS THE SWEETEST OF THEM ALL.

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Words and Music by Harry F. Allen.

How well do I remember the years that have gone by,
When a youth my paths were always strewn with flowers;
I never realized the future of sorrow and all care,
That my mother would advise me every hour.
When seated by her side life's story she would tell,
She would tell me how in manhood I could fail;
I would kiss those wither'd lips that I so long have missed,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

Chorus.
You may kiss your wife, your child, your sister or your brother,
They may all be sweet, but still for one you'll call;
In sorrow or distress, I always will confess,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

Many times I think of mother sitting in that oaken chair,
While the fire in the hearth was burning bright;
I would listen with amazement to the stories she would tell,
And now fondly I would wish 'twas but to-night,
It seems but like a dream, since last dear mother I've seen,
Her last words; "My boy, be careful, never fail!"
I kissed her then "good-bye" and she closed her loving eyes,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.—Chorus.

TA-RA-RA BOOM-DER-E

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Written by Henry J. Sayers.

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see, queen of swell society,
Fond of fun as fond can be, when it's on the strict Q. T.
I'm not too young, I'm not too old, not too timid, not too bold,
Just the kind you'd like to hold, just the kind for sport I'm told.

Chorus.
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.

I'm a blushing bud of innocence, papa says at big expense;
Old maids say I have no sense, boys declare I'm just immense;
Before my song I do conclude, I want it strictly understood,
Tho' fond of fun, I'm never rude, tho' not too bad I'm not too good.—Chorus.

OH! WHAT A DIFFERENCE—IN THE MORNING.

Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

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I'll sing of the curious sights that we see
At night, at night;
They're awfully funny, I think you'll agree,
At night, at night.
There's Johnny, the waiter, who hasn't much cash,
He likes with his pals to appear very flash,
So he calls for champagne, and he cuts such a dash,
At night, at night.

Chorus.
But, oh! don't his head ache in the morning,
Then comes repentance with the dawning,
It's twice its usual size, and he's got two fine black eyes,
And he's glad to get a seltzer in the morning.

There are ladies who go for a walk up Broadway
At night, at night;
Their figures are handsome, they seem very gay,
At night, at night.
Their waists are so dainty, complexion so new,
And tootsies so neat in a number two shoe,
With hair of such delicate straw-colored hue,
At night, at night.

Chorus.
But, oh! what a difference in the morning,
What an alteration with the dawning;
Observe her in her room, on her cheeks there's little bloom,
And her hair lies on the table in the morning.

And then there's the frivolous, gay married man
At night, at night;
To tell what he gets at, is part of my plan,
At night, at night.
With plenty of money he goes on a booze,
He meets some old pals, and they have a carouse,
And when he gets home on the door-step he'll snooze,
At night, at night.

Chorus.
But, oh! what a difference in the morning,
Then comes repentance with the dawning;
Tho' he's very, very dry, for a drink he'd vainly cry,
For his wife's been thro' his pockets in the morning.

I'm Not Old Enough to Know.

Copyright, 1890, by Will Rossiter.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by William Jerome. Music by Frank David.

He.—My pretty little miss, would you like to have a kiss?
She.—I'm not old enough to know.
He.—They are very nice to-day, do take one now, I pray.
She.—I'm not old enough to know.
He.—Many nice things you are missing, pleasures that are found in kissing,
That intoxicate the soul with great delight;
Oh, how happy you would be if you only would kiss me,
For as a kisser I am out of sight.

Chorus.
She.—I'm not old enough to know;
If the things you say are so,
I never yet have ventured in a kiss,
But I really will try one.
He.—Oh, Johnnie get your gun.
She.—I never yet before enjoyed such bliss.

She.—Why do men stay out all night, and come home rather tight?
He.—I'm not old enough to know.
She.—And work the same old dodge about the same old lodge.
He.—I'm not old enough to know.
She.—If I should marry you, such things would never do,
Or quickly from you, darling, I would part.
If you found you'd lost your wife, would it affect your life?
Now, tell me if it would not break your heart.

Chorus.
He.—I'm not old enough to know,
But Gallagher let her go,
To-day his wife applied for a divorce.
She.—I'd do the same, you see,
For there are no flies on me.
He.—With me it is a case of horse and horse.

He.—Why do hats the ladies wear, reach for miles into the air?
She.—I'm not old enough to know.
He.—Why do men get in a rage, when they cannot see the stage?
She.—I'm not old enough to know.
He.—Why don't the ladies think of the man who loves his drink,
And have a door placed in their hats so wide?
With a glass and bottle small, so the men could get a ball
Without going out to meet the tide.

Chorus.
She.—I'm not old enough to know
Why tides should come and go,
To drink I really think it is a sin.
He.—I do not like to brag,
But I love a good old jag,
And I love to see the flowing tide come in.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

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Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—CHORUS.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—CHORUS.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we loved the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—CHORUS.

BEN BOLT'S REPLY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, yes, I remember her name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear;
I seek her grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear.
And when the heart is o'erburdened with woes
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my heart shall repose
Where sweet Alice lies, under the stone.

I roam through the woods, where so joyous we've strayed,
And recline on the green, sunny hill;
All things are bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill.
The hand that so fondly I pressed in my own,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave and I am left all alone,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah, well I remember the school-house and brook,
And the master so kind and so true;
The wild, blooming flowers in the cool, shady nook,
As fragrant with incense and dew;
But I weep not for thee, though so dear to my heart,
Or the friends that have left me alone,
The bosom will heave, and the tear-drop start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone.

BEN BOLT'S GRAVE.

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By the side of sweet Alice they have laid Ben Bolt,
Where oft he longed to repose;
For there he would kneel with the early spring flowers,
And plant on his darling the rose.

His heart was as true as the star to his gaze
When tossed on the billows alone,
But now it is cold and forever at rest,
For he calmly lies under the stone.

At last he is gone to the bright spirit lands,
And free from all sorrow and pain;
He tastes the full rapture of angels above
To meet with sweet Alice again.

We gather the flowers from the green, shady brook,
And moss from the silent old mill,
To strew o'er the grave where now doth repose
The hearts that death hardly could chill.

And oft when the soul has grown weary and sad
We come by twilight alone
To muse o'er the spot where together Ben Bolt
And sweet Alice lie under the stone.

—So It Was Checked.—He: "And, darling, what does your father think of my suit?" She (sobbing): "He thinks it is a misfit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Obedience.—"And, mamma," sobbed the unhappy wife, "he—he threw his slippers across the room, and t-told me to go to the dud-dud-devil." "You did right, my poor, dear child, to come straight home to me."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE CROPPY BOY.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It was early in the spring,
The small birds whistled, sweet did sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree;
The song they sung was: Old Ireland free.

It was early last Thursday night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright,
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
When I was taken to Lord Cornwall.

It was in his guard-house where I was laid,
And in his parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my spirits low,
When to New Guinea I was forced to go.

When I was marching through the street,
The drums and fifes did play so sweet,
The drums and fifes did so sweetly play,
As we were marching so far away.

When I was marching past my father's door,
My brother William stood on the floor;
My aged father did grieve full sore,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

When my sister Mary heard the express,
She ran down-stairs, in her morning dress,
Saying: Five hundred guineas I would lay down
To see you march through Wexford town.

As I was marching through Wexford Street,
My sister Mary I chanced to meet;
That false young woman did me betray,
And for one guinea she swore my life away.

And when I am dead, and taken to my grave,
A decent funeral, pray, let me have,
And over my head plant a laurel tree,
In sweet remembrance, remembrance of me.

When I was marching o'er Wexford hill,
Oh! who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind me, I looked before,
But my tender mother I ne'er saw more.

I chose the dark, I chose the blue,
I chose the pink and the orange, too;
I forsook all those, and did them deny,
I wore the green, and for it I'd die.

When I was mounted on the gallows high,
My aged father was standing by,
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was: The Croppy Boy.

It was in old Ireland this young man died,
And in old Ireland his body's laid;
All the good people that do pass by,
Say: The Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! I long to lie, dear mother, on the cool and fragrant grass,
With the calm, blue sky above my head and the shadowy clouds that pass,
And I want the bright, bright sunshine all round about my head,
I'll close my eyes and God will think your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel to take me up to him;
He will bear me slow and steadily far through the ether dim;
He will gently, gently lead me close by the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven, my eyes I'll open wide.

Then I'll look among the angels that stand around the throne
Till I find my sister Mary, for I know she must be one;
And when I find her, mother, I'll go away alone;
I'll tell her how we've mourned for her all the while that she's been gone.

Oh! I should be delighted to hear her speak again,
For I know she'll not return to us, to ask her would be vain;
So I'll put my arms around her and look into her eyes;
I'll remember all I say to her and tell her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel to take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily far through the ether blue,
And you'll only think, dear mother, that I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath the tree this sultry summer day.

—Who Did It? He: "Dearest, if I had known this tunnel was so long, I'd have given you a good hug." She: "Didn't you? Why, somebody did!"

—The Tramp's Revenge.—Sour-faced Woman: "You get right out of here or I'll call my husband." Tramp: "Y'r husband ain't at home." Sour-faced Woman: "How do you know he ain't?" Tramp: "I've allers noticed, mum, that w'en a man is married to a woman wot looks like you, he never is at home except at meal-time."—*New York Weekly.*

SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

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Words and Music by Dan Lewis.

I've an object in view, which I'll explain to you,
'Bout people you'll take as your friend;
They'll ride in your carriage and dine with you, too,
And ask you if you've money to lend;
And should you tell them no, behind your back they'll go,
And run you down to the very last;
And that is my motto, which I wish to explain,
That I call a snake in the grass.

CHORUS.

Don't let smooth talk make you too many friends,
You might know what they were in the past;
You must find out the future before going ahead,
And think of the snake in the grass.

Sometimes you'll meet with a man that will treat,
And pretends that he knows you well;
He thinks you're a gentleman, and will say drink again,
When he sees what you got he can tell.
Come, friend, to the theatre, it's a very funny play,
I know we can both enjoy a good laugh;
Find out what he is before with him you go,
It might be the snake in the grass.—CHORUS.

You have heard of the trouble this country has had,
Don't you think it's an awful disgrace,
By losing such good men as Abe Lincoln and Fisk,
It is something that our country should trace.
I will speak of another, James A. Garfield we loved,
But our nation had to lose him at last;
Bear it in mind, some days you will find
There's more than one snake in that grass.—CHORUS.

TO MOTHER, BOY, BE TRUE.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Charles Miller.

Though many years have onward rolled, I recollect the day
The nation called for soldiers and my father went away.
He heard the pressing summons and he bade us all good-bye,
And hastened to the battle-field to conquer or to die.
My mother's heart was sad that day, in vain she checked her tears;
But father told her not to grieve and lay aside her fears;
He said that he'd return to us and bade us hopeful be;
And as he gave his parting kiss, these words he said to me:

CHORUS.

"To mother, boy, be true, wherever you may go;
Your mother is the dearest friend that you will ever know.
For when your mother goes, your home goes with her, too;
Remember, then, your father's words, to mother, boy, be true."

The war was over and the troops were crossing hill and plain,
And heroes that were enemies were brothers once again.
The Blue and Gray were side by side, all strife was laid to rest,
While loving hearts were waiting for the ones they loved the best.
My mother sought for father, but, alas! he came no more.
He fell upon the battle-field amid the cannons' roar;
And when my good old mother bowed at last her aged head,
Then I recalled the last sad words my poor old father said:—CHORUS

RECALL THAT SAD GOOD-BYE.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Have I not been true to you, my darling?
Have I not kept sacred every vow?
Tell me where my love has ever falter'd,
And why you turn your back upon me now?
Can it be you've banished me forever?
Cast me from your heart without a sigh?
Have I not been kind, tell me, love, the fault you find,
Recall that sad good-bye.

CHORUS.

Recall that sad good-bye, recall that sad good-bye;
Have I not been kind, tell me, love, the fault you find, recall that sad good-bye.

Days ago you made my life so happy,
Your constancy I madly did admire;
I thought you gave me your sincere affection,
The sunshine of your smiles was my desire;
Our home a little paradise of comfort,
The baby that resembled you and I,
So innocent and fair, will be without a mother's care,
Recall that sad good-bye.—CHORUS.

I WANT A SITUATION.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Adam Itzel, Jr.

I've been a rover the wild world o'er; I've sailed every sea;
Yes, Suabia and Arabia are all one to me.
Madagascar and Alaska and far Timbuctoo,
The Sahara and Ferrara, Shanghai and Foochoo,
Scandinavia and Moravia I know and I love.
I have wandered, I have pondered in all the above.
At last, far away, I am cast away; leave me not in the cold,
Or the coroner of this mariner an inquest will hold.

CHORUS.

Or the coroner of this mariner an inquest will hold.

SOLO.

I want a situation and I want it very badly,
However humble the station, I'll accept of it gladly.
I want a situation; I am pliable and reliable; I am such a good chap;
I'll take anything; I'll do anything; I don't care a rap.

CHORUS.

He wants a situation and he wants it very badly,
However humble the station, he'll accept of it gladly.
He wants a situation; he is pliable and reliable; he is such a good chap.

I've been a tailor, I've been a jailer; a book agent sleek;
I've been a fakir, an undertaker, and a dime-museum freak;
A tragedian (a seedy un); I've posted up show bills;
I've been reckoned a splendid second in prize-fighting mills;
I've peddled matches, put on patches; I've lectured on rum;
I've studied surgery, practised perjury; I've played the bass-drum.
Don't speak chillingly, I'd be willingly a sweep as a king;
Pray be mollified, I am qualified for 'most anything.

CHORUS.

Pray be mollified, he is qualified for 'most anything.—SOLO & CHO.

BIRD OF BLUE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Sing, bird of blue, sing, heart so true!
Once, long ago, when the blossoms were white on the tree,
Far, far from my side sailed the heart that I loved o'er the sea.
Sweet, sweet from the bough then you sang, while I bade him adieu;
Love, love was your song, when he whispered a promise so true.
Still in my heart sang a bird the days to cheer,
Tho' the winter was nigh, gloomy the sky, meadow and valley so drear.
Then o'er the wave came a dream of hope to me,
'Twas carolled by you, my sweet bird of blue, high on the budding tree.
Sail, ship so fair, to the heart that was lonely and sad!
Bird, welcome him home with a song that is sunny and glad!
Break, vales, into bloom for the one that my heart longs to see!
Near, near to the shore is the ship that is sailing to me.

Sing from the bough, bird of blue, of the heart that is loving and dear!
Sing for the joy that is mine, and the ship that is sailing so near!
Sing for the promise so sweet, and the love that forever is true!
Joy has come back to my heart, it has come with my bird of blue.

Sing, bird of blue, sing, heart so true!
Sail, ship so fair, to the heart that was lonely and sad!
Bird, welcome him home with a song that is sunny and glad.
Break, vales, into bloom for the one that my heart longs to see!
Near, near to the shore is the ship that is sailing to me!
Sweet bird of blue, sweet bird of blue.

MR. STRAUS ON THE TRUTH.

Adair Welcker [of Berkeley, Cal.] in "Washington Hatchet."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Der Chinaman beats on his gong, und dearly lofves der noise;
Der savage fighds in fedders, und he warhoops mit his voice;
Der bravo, who's a coward, quide an armory embloys,
Dot much I hat obserfved.

Der wooman, vot is fading, vhy she dhen begins to baint;
Der man, vot's dissibated, if to your-score he remainedt,
Vot little of him's left he dhen vill turn into a saint,
So much I vas obserfved.

Der man mit smallest business always told der biggest lie,
Und dink his batrons vos but fools, believing vot he cry,
Unk sh'pose, himself, he vas dot shmart, he neffver oughd to die,
Dot, too, I haf obserfved.

'Tis better so, to told der truth in effveryding you do;
Der truth it vas der only ding vot see you safely drough,
For vhen you bonitice fibps mit lies, der wound break oud anew,
All vich had Straus obserfved.

BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

By the boarders of the ocean, one morning in the month of June,
For to hear those warlike songsters, their cheerful notes and sweetly tune;
I overheard a female talking, who seemed to be in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte, concerning the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Then up steps young Napoleon, and takes his mother by the hand,
Saying, mother dear, have patience until I am able to command,
Then I will take an army, through tremendous dangers I will go;
In spite of all the universe I will conquer the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

The first time that I saw young Bonaparte, down on his bended knees fell he;
He asked the pardon of his father, who granted it most mournfully.
Dear son, he said, I'll take an army, and over the frozen Alps will go,
Then I will conquer Moscow, and return to the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

He took five hundred thousand men, with kings likewise to bear his train—
He was so well provided for that he could sweep this world alone.
But when he came to Moscow, he was overpowered by the driven snow,
When Moscow was a-blazing, so he lost his bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Oh, son, don't speak so venturesome, for in England are the hearts of oak;
There is England, Ireland, Scotland, their unity was never broke.
Oh, son, think on thy father—on the Isle of St. Helena his body lies low,
And you must soon follow after him, so beware of the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Now do believe me, dearest mother, now I lie on my dying bed;
If I had lived I would have been clever, but now I droop my youthful head.
But whilst our bodies lie mouldering, and weeping willows over our bodies grow,
The deeds of great Nopoleon shall sting the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

BROKEN DOWN.

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Once I'd money, plenty, and friends, too, by the score;
Then fortune smiled upon me and no one passed my door.
Now I'm poor and lonely, and not worth half a crown,
No one seems to know me—I'm completely broken down.

CHORUS.

I wander through the world, and meet with many a frown;
No one seems to know me now, because I'm broken down.

With an ample fortune, I went it rather fast,
The pace was almost killing, and I found it couldn't last.
Too proud to put the curb on, I thought myself high-bred,
And now, for want of "bread" at times, I have to "fast" instead.—CHORUS.

The immortal Shakespeare says, "All the world's a stage,"
And every man must "play his part," from childhood to old age;
And when I think of days gone by, how I was made the tool
Of rogues and sharps, 'tis then I know my part has been the "fool."—CHORUS.

Friends could recognize me when Poole he made my coat,
But when I had no "note to change," how soon they "changed their note!"
An object sad and needy, I wander through the town,
A living paradox am I, "Hard up," yet "Broken down."

CHORUS.

I wander through the world, and meet with many a frown;
The time to try your friends, you'll find, is when you're broken down.

RAGGED PAT.

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They call me Ragged Pat, my clothes and my hat,
Although they are tattered and tore;
Sweet flowers, my friend, they stuck to the end
Until poverty came at the door.
When I was a small lad I had a bad dad,
Mean and cruel in his ways;
Each dollar and cent for whiskey he spent
Until death came and carried him away.

CHORUS.

Flowers! Bouquets! Flowers! I cried;
While roaming the street, I do not look neat,
I'm struggling for mother and I.

My mother she was taken sick and forced to her bed,
And there she lingered with pain;
She called me to her bed, and this is what she said:
Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
The next morning I arose, went out into the street
To earn one penny for bread;
When I returned home my sad heart did mourn
To find that my mother was dead.

CHORUS.

"Evening Sun!" Papers! "Evening Sun!" I cried;
While roaming the street, I do not look neat,
I'm struggling for mother and I.

—It's a poor mule that won't work both ways.

CLANCY'S TROTTER.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

Michael Clancy lives in Harlem, now a place you all know well;
He moved up there from Water Street to be an Irish swell;
He bought a "bung'd up" trotting-horse from Mister Dan Malone,
And now he's dead stuck on himself, the trotter is his own.
He spins along the Boulevard each morning and each night,
And with his wife beside him, sure, he looks a holy sight;
He'll hold a brush with any one, the beast is lame and sore,
You can always tell his coming, for you're bound to hear him roar

CHORUS.

Of "Hoop-lah," says Clancy, as along the road he flies.
"Hoop-lah," says Clancy, and the big whip he applies;
He lashes and he thrashes, and every one he passes;
Sure, Irish town is upside down with Clancy.

Patsey Dorgan's got a trotter that is no slouch, you bet;
While driving up the Boulevard both he and Clancy met;
They raced for just about a mile, to see them was a treat;
The horses kept at neck and neck, and neither one could beat.
And neither being satisfied, a match was quickly made;
To trot the best three heats in five, their money down they laid;
They both began a-training, and each morning in the week
You'd see them flying up the road, and surely hear the shriek

CHORUS.

Of "Hoop-lah," said Clancy, as along the road he'd dash.
"Hoop-lah," said Clancy, and the old horse he would lash;
He said, "you bet, by gorrah, I'll make Pat Clancy sorry
He ever made a match with Michael Clancy."

Patsey Dorgan is a milkman, and he has a paying route;
Of course he used his trotting-horse to cart the milk about;
The moment Dorgan hollers "Milk," the horse will surely stop;
So when the day came for the race, to this old Clancy dropped;
Sure, Dorgan won the first two heats, the next two Clancy got;
They started for the final heat, th' excitement it was hot;
Old Dorgan had the lead, you see, when Clancy hollered "Milk,"
Pat's horse stopped still, and Clancy won in his suit of greenish silk.

CHORUS.

And "Hoop-lah," yelled Clancy, as he passed the wire first;
"Hoop-lah," says Clancy, "now I'll go and quench my thirst";
He treated all the heelers, the peelers and the squealers,
And every one had lots of fun with Clancy.

ONE POUND TWO.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Maggy dear, I come to hear that you've been on a spree,
Where is my whole weeks wages, I pray come tell to me;
When I come home at night I find no smell of drink on you,
Yet I would like to know how you laid out my one pound two.

Oh! Johnny dear, I have it here, penned down in black and white;
Come count it now, right after me, and you will say I'm right;
You've been told that I've been on a spree, but you'll find it is not true,
For I will let you know how I laid out your one pound two.

In the first place there's one shilling paid for two stone of meal,
Served four of us around the week—I'm sure it ain't a great deal,
And four stone of potatoes, for you know no less would do;
That's three and two pence hapenny out of your one pound two.

For two hundred weight of coal three shillings I did pay,
Fourpenny loaf each morning, and two on the sabbath day,
And every morning for the child—it's a baby son, it's true;
That's seven and eleven pence out of your one pound two.

Seven pence for sugar, seven pence for tea,
Seven pence for tobacco—that's one penny worth each day;
And one shilling for beef, you know no less would do,
That's ten and nine pence hapenny out of your one pound two.

Six pence for a pound of ham, and seven pence for a steak,
And six pence for vegetables it every week does take,
Four pence for two eggs this day I paid for you,
That's eleven and eleven pence hapenny out of your one pound two.

Twenty pence for butter, John—you know it's of the best,
And four pence more for butter-milk—now add that to the rest;
Oh! Johnny dear, you ask what with your money I do,
That's thirteen and ten pence hapenny out of your one pound two.

There is four shillings for rent—that's all we do require,
And nine pence for sticks for to kindle up the fire,
And one shilling for milk, soap, soda, starch and blue,
Add that up and you will exactly find your one pound two.

Maggy dear, your neighbors on you do complain,
They tell me my whole wages you every day do spend.
That a virtuous woman is worth gold I find it to be true;
You've exactly counted up my one pound two.

—Going and Coming.—"Well, Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?" "It's pretty good fun. I like comin' home the best, though."

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

By S. W. Foos.

The gret big church wuz crowded full uv broad-cloth an' uv silk,
An' satine rich as cream that grows on ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stove-pipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they cou'dn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain't here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
Give an' interductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle.
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge:
"This man purfanes the house er God! W'y this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawrin' thro' the keys, and soon there rose a strain,
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, and bulged ont into the sky,
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our ears,
That brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol'-time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby-days, an' mother, an' all that.

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates uv heaven;
The mornin' stars they sung together—no soul was left alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe an' God wuz on his throne.

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come again,
An' a long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
An' then - the tramp, he staggered down an' reeled into the night.

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

More than Tongue Can Tell.

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Written and Composed by Chas. H. Graham.

With the fading light of day, a hope cherished fondly for years
Will sink like the sun in the Western sky and set in a rain of tears;
She whom my soul has loved with the strength of a flowing tide
Will pass from my life like a beauteous dream and become another's bride.
Never again her voice to hear, sweet as the trill of bird,
Never to hold her hand so dear, whose touch all my heart has stirred!
The chimes for me are ringing a knell—farewell, sweetheart, farewell!
The chimes for me are ringing a knell—I loved her more than tongue can tell.

REFRAIN.

Gaily they ring in the old church tower, Sally they ring for me,
Fair is the morning to bless the hour, happy the bride may be;
Ding, dong, ding, dong, softly they rise and swell,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, I love her more than tongue can tell.

In the happy days gone by those bells were sweet music to me;
As children together we heard them ring their measure of merry glee;
Often we spoke of love as we played 'neath the old church tower;
Nor thought that our lives could forever part, as they have in one short hour.
Sweet were the childish vows we told, bright were those halcyon days;
Sacredly in my heart I hold that brief childhood's dream always.
The bells still softly rise and swell, farewell, sweetheart, farewell;
They ring to all my hopes a knell—I loved her more than tongue can tell.—REF.

ALABAMA SAM.

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I come from Alabama, my name is Sam-u-el,
The white folks call me Sam, and that suits me quite as well.
'Most everything I spy, though I look so jolly green,
To take me in, 'tis all my eye, for you'll find me all serene.

CHORUS.

Oh! such a genius you never yet did see,
North, East, South or West, there's none comes up to me.
I'm a modern nonpareil, the white folks say I am;
The pride of all creation is Alabama Sam.

I come up to New York City my fortune for to make:
By golly, it nearly broke their hearts the fair ones to forsake.
Amongst them all I was first chop, a regular darkey swell,
A taxation nigger I was called by every yaller belle.—CHORUS.

ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER.

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Oh, kind folks listen to my song, it is no idle story;
It's all about a volunteer, who's goin' to fight for glory;
Now don't you think that I am right, for I am nothin' shorter.

CHORUS.

And I belong to the Fire Zou-Zous, and don't you think I oughter;
We're going down to Washington to fight for Abraham's daughter.

Oh, should you ask me who she am, Columbia is her name, sir;
She is the child of Abraham, or Uncle Sam, the same, sir.
Now if I fight, why ain't I right, and don't you think I oughter.

CHORUS.

The volunteers are a-pourin' in from every loyal quarter,
And I'm goin' 'long to Washington to fight for Abraham's daughter.

They say we have no officers, but, ah, they are mistaken;
And soon you'll see the rebels run with all the fuss they're makin',
For there is one who just sprung up, he'll show the foe no quarter.

CHORUS.

McClellan is the man I mean, you know he hadn't oughter,
For he's gone down to Washington to fight for Abraham's daughter.

We'll have a spree with Johnny Bull, perhaps, some day or other,
And won't he have his fingers full, if not a deal of bother;
For Yankee boys are just the lads upon the land or water.

CHORUS.

And won't we have a "bully" fight, and don't you think we oughter,
If he is caught at any time insulting Abraham's daughter.

But let us lay all jokes aside, it is a sorry question,
The man who would these States divide, should hang for his suggestion.
One country and one flag, I say, whoe'er the war may slaughter.

CHORUS.

So I'm goin' as a Fire Zou-a, and don't you think I oughter;
I'm going down to Washington to fight for Abraham's daughter.

ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER.

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Some years ago, I suppose you know, Johnny Bull sent missioners
To the north and south of America to separate the Union;
But he tried it quite, with all his might,
But we will give him a warmer, oh, oh, oh!

CHORUS.

And when he comes here to interfere, won't we give him a warmer;
Then march right down to Washington to fight for Abraham's daughter.

Now there's Napoleon right from France, who swears he'll be revenged;
Oh, if Johnny Bull sends his farin-yard to the Southern ports, oh!
He'll jump right in and tan his skin,
Kilkenny is behind him, oh, oh, oh!—CHORUS.

Now Johnny Bull has gone to grass, to fatten up his calves, sir;
He talks of sending a shilling-a-day soldiers to the South, sir,
But we licked him well in Eighteen-twelve,
And we can lick him weller, oh, oh, oh!—CHORUS.

Now Johnny Bull may put on airs, but what care we for that, sir;
He's been itching now for some time to have a little spat, sir;
But if he will but just keep cool
Till we've settled our family quarrel, oh, oh, oh!—CHORUS.

DEAR HEART, LEAVE ME NOT.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Tito Mattei.

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Sung by Lillian Russell in "The Queen's Mate."

So long the day, so dark the way, dear heart, before you came;
It seems to me it cannot be this world is still the same,
For then I stood as in some wood, and vainly sought for light,
But now day dawns on sun-lit lawns, and life is glad and bright.
Oh, leave me not, oh, leave me not, dear heart, dear heart;
I did not dream that we should part.
I love but thee, oh, love thou me, and leave and leave me not,
Dear heart, dear heart; leave me not, dear heart.

With you away, the brightest day, dear heart, goes by in vain;
I dare not dream what life would seem if you ne'er came again.
Dark ways before would darken more, the world would change to me;
Each sun would set in vain regret that morning brought not thee.
Oh, leave me not, oh, leave me not, dear heart, dear heart;
I dare not dream that we must part;
I love but thee, oh, love thou me, and leave and leave me not, dear heart,
Dear heart, leave me not, leave me not; dear heart, leave me not, dear heart.

Fixing Its Gender.—"They have decided that 'phonograph' is in the feminine gender," said Mrs. Gabley's husband. "I wonder why?" asked Mrs. Gabley. "Because it always has the last word."

MISTAKES ARE APT TO HAPPEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

I've studied human nature since I'm old enough to know;
I have picked up many pointers now and then;
And I mix with every kind and creed as here and there I go,
And I call the chances nine times out of ten.
Still I've made remarks and blunders, that's before I gave a thought;
I've regretted after what I've said and done,
But the little thing that squares me up when openly I'm caught,
I use it for my best and only one.

CHORUS.

That is, mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families,
And the strictest folks at times forget their punctualities,
But it's a good old rhyme to square yourself in all emergencies,
That mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families.

In street-cars I have often stepped on other people's feet,
And umbrellas I've picked up that were not mine;
And folks I've disappointed that I've often said I'd meet,
And I've also paid for beer instead of wine.
In church I put plugged nickels in the contribution-box,
And I've celebrated New Years Patrick's Day;
Strange ladies that I thought I knew I've followed them for blocks,
And finding I was wrong, of course I'd say:—CHORUS.

I have often gone in dry-goods stores and asked them for a drink;
In the dark I took the servant for my wife;
I would kiss her every time we'd meet, I didn't stop to think,
Oh, I've taken desperate chances on my life.
I rung my neighbor's bell one night, his wife she let me in,
She thought it was her husband, so she said;
She never knew the difference 'till she felt my beardless chin,
And when she lit the gas she fainted dead.

CHORUS.

Mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families;
Every day I think I am getting absent-minded by degrees,
But to-day we found our locks alike—they fit each other's keys;
So mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families.

Wonders they will never cease—they happen every day;
No chick nor child have I to call my own;
There's nothing calls me papa, yet it has not come my way—
No not until this evening have I known.
Well, the nurse she fairly freightened me when I came home to tea,
And with all the other neighbors stood in line;
They brought to me a baby boy and said it looked like me,
But there's not the least resemblance I could find.

CHORUS.

For mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families,
And a man may have his doubts, of course, and think just as he pleases,
But when we read and hear about so many mysteries,
Well mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families.

HE GOT KELLY TO INSULT ME.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

Some time ago O'Brien and I were at a fancy ball,
We got into a little mess while up there at the hall.
Some friends of mine were very loud about Mike Kelly's grit;
It seems he had a little "scrap" and never once was hit;
O'Brien said he knew a man that Kelly couldn't beat,
The gamest man for size and weight that ever walked the street;
He asked me would I face the man; I proudly answered yes;
That happened quite some time ago, and still I'm in distress.

CHORUS.

I'll never speak a word again to Michael James O'Brien;
His face I never care again to see;
I was laid up for a week, and so bad I could not speak;
He's to blame, for he got Kelly to insult me.

We all were down at Finnegan's when Kelly came along;
O'Brien said I would oblige and sing for them a song;
And while I sang of Ireland's woe in patriotic style,
He took Mike Kelly out of doors and stayed there quite a while;
They both came in when I was through and Kelly wore a smile,
"That was the worst I ever heard, Muldoon please use a file;
Your voice is rusty, so are you"—he did not say much more;
I made a feint, he dodged, then struck, and I fell on the floor.—CHORUS.

He's rather small, but very quick, and seems a trifle stout,
But just the same, though I was game, he knocked me all about;
Just twice he sent me through the door, and twice he pulled me back;
And once I saw a million stars, I got an awful whack;
At last O'Brien said enough and Kelly answered yes;
Muldoon was quite a boxer, boys, in times gone by, I guess;
They got a cart and took me home—I fainted dead away,
And did not get my senses back until the other day.—CHORUS.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

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Back, back to his dungeon they bore him,
Our champion, our stay, and our guide!
Ah! well may his country deplore him—
Deplore, but deplore him with pride.
Be his name ever treasured with glory;
In green and in gold be it seen—
In gold may it glimmer in story,
In our hearts may it never be green.

A Brutus in love for his nation,
But a kind-hearted Brutus was he—
Himself both high-priest and oblation—
Himself neither freeing nor free—
A Tell, eschewing all glory,
Yet yearning for liberty's glow—
A hero unrivaled in story,
Who, fettered, confounded his foe!

Thou art gone, Michael Davitt, our martyr;
Yet, grieving, we pride in thy name,
For we know thou thy lot would'st not barter
For a crown won by treason and shame;
Yet a duplicate crown is preparing
To encircle thy brow full of love—
One smiles through the shamrocks of Erin,
One gleams 'mongst the angels above!

And if thou art kept from us, brother,
Then, phoenix-like, may it be told
That out of thy ashes another
Sprung up with a spirit as bold;
How the reptile, with coils rare and splendid,
Tried vainly our ranks to disband;
How we fought the good fight till it ended,
And, ending, gave peace to our land.

Back, back to his dungeon they bore him,
Our champion, our stay, and our pride!
Ah! well may our people deplore him,
Our saviour, our joy, and our pride—
The chiefest of patriot sages,
The beacon of hope to our isle,
Whose name shall be treasured through ages
Where'er sacred freedom doth smile.

IT'S HARD TO BE A NIGGER.

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Words and Music by Harry Earle.

You may pick de cotton and hoe de corn,
And house it up in de white man's barn;
You may work from morn till late at night,
You may preach and pray with all yo' might—

CHORUS.

But it's hard, it's hard, it's hard to be a nigger, nigger, nigger;
But it's hard, it's hard, for you can't get your money when it's due.

I met a chicken on de road,
I asked Miss Hen whar she was going;
Her legs was long, her feathers blue,
Tuck, tuck, tuck, my nigger, but I'm on to you.—CHORUS.

I was born down in de low-land low,
Where dey raised de cotton, but dey don't raise snow;
How niggers live—oh, my, you know;
Sweet potatoes, possum, and a cake called hoe.—CHORUS.

I walk my way like an honest man,
Go to meetin' on a Sabbath, do all the good I can;
I own a yaller dog, a mule and a cow,
And I earn my living by de sweat ob my brow.—CHORUS.

WITHOUT THEE.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

Though you said 'twas best to part, still it nearly broke my heart;
I have tried and I have failed, for my love prevailed;
All your goodness and love so pure made my task more than I could endure;
Do not bid me go again, but with thee, love, remain.

CHORUS.

Like a bird that soars up in the sky without a resting-place,
Like a stranger who has lost his guide and his footsteps can't retrace;
Like a flower without sunshine, like a rudderless ship on the sea,
Like a wand'rer alone, without a home, that's what I am without thee.

How I missed your presence near, and your voice I longed to hear;
My life seemed a blank to me, severed, love, from thee.
If my heart could but speak 'twould say, never more from me, my love, stray;
Be my love, my life, my guide, forever by my side.—CHORUS.

Four Little Curly-Headed Coons

Copyright, 1889, by S. W. Blair.

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By J. W. Wheeler.

There lived in a town with a great long name
Four little curly-headed coons;
And they talked of wealth and they talked of fame,
These four little curly-headed coons.
They'd sit all day and think, think, think,
With mischief in their eye,
And look at you and blink, blink, blink,
These four little coons so sly.

QUARTETTE.
Four little curly-headed coons, four little curly-headed coons,
They'd perch upon a box as cunning as a fox,
These four little curly-headed coons, four little curly-headed coons.

I'se born for a lawyer, the first coon said.
"What!" says the other little coons;
An' I 'spec' dem fees gwine ter kill yo' dead.
"Mighty right," says the other little coons.
You'll walk into my parlor like
De spider tole dat fly;
I'll talk wif yo' till you're dead broke,
Den larf till I almost die.—QUARTETTE.

I'se gwine fer a job in de pulpit sho'.
"Rats!" says the other little coons;
If yer skuff dem feet, den I trow yer out de do'.
"Hold yer bref," says the other little coons.
When dat collection-box goes roun',
I'll tend dat snap myself;
Now yo' des trus' dis chile fer dat,
Doan' fret 'bout de holdin' of de bref.—QUARTETTE.

Now when yo' get sick yo' can send for me,
I'm des de curly-headed coon;
In a doctor's shop I'm a-gwine fer ter be.
"Bress de lam'," cried the other little coons.
You tink dis chile talk like a goose,
But yo' doan' know dis coon;
I'll dose yo' so on lixer juice,
You'll feel like de chilun in de moon.—QUARTETTE.

I 'spec' I must open a bank for you.
"Lord!" said the frightened little coons;
And yo' fotch dat cash till I think 'twill do.
"Hyar him talk," says the other little coons.
I'll imitate de white cashier,
Or some good pious crank,
And when dat coast am mighty clear,
I'll scoot wif de money in de bank.

QUARTETTE.
Four little curly-headed coons, four little crazy-headed loons,
Their little hearts were broke, they'd like to take and choke
This smart little curly-headed coon, smart little curly-headed coon.

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

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Written and Composed by Geo. W. Lederer.

The wheel of fate whirls round and round, and makes a mock of eager eyes;
And when a golden thread's unwound, with what delight we hail the prize;
But when the tangled knots come fast,
Or if at first, or if at last,
How quickly are we overcast,
As clouds make dark the summer skies.

REFRAIN.
No matter, let the vital skein
Twist and twist and twist again.
The deed is done, the word is said,
'Tis death alone that cuts the thread.

Oh! fast and free, oh, fast and free, awhile runs out the skein to me;
And in the thread no knots I see, and never comes a pain to me.
But, lo! ere I can turn my head,
There looms a tangle in the thread;
My golden days are spent and sped,
And life is mist and rain to me.—REFRAIN.

Oh! sad and slow, oh, sad and slow, the tangle thickens wearily;
And as I watch the spindle go, my heart keeps time, how drearily.
Nay, see! 'tis free, the silken skein
Is running fast and fair again;
The knots are loosed, forgot the pain,
The golden thread runs cheerily.

REFRAIN.
Ah! yes! ah! yes! a twistless skein
Runs from off the wheel again.
No more I would that I were dead,
There are no tangles, tangles in the thread.

—Broken Slumber.—Mrs. Bull: "Are you asleep, dear?" Mr. Bull: "No; but I would 'a' been by this time if you hadn't waked me up."

TO THE LOVE OF MY YOUTH I'LL BE TRUE.

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Words by T. W. Hanshew, Esq. Music by E. G. B. Holder.

There's a day when the roses shall wither,
There's a day when the sunlight shall fade,
There's a day when the weight of time's finger
On the gold of thy curls shall be laid.
When whispering voices of angels
Call o'er the dark river to you,
But e'en to that day, little darling,
To the love of my youth I'll be true.
When the pink from the rosebud has flown, love,
When the violet has lost its bright hue,
Then bloometh the flower of affection,
To the love of my youth I'll be true.

CHORUS.
* To the love of my youth I will ever be true,
To the love of my youth I will ever be true,
To the love of my youth I will ever be true,
To the love of my youth I'll be true.

When the song of the woodlark is hushed, love,
And the voice of the linnet is still,
When no low, rippling music doth break, love,
From the silvery waves of the rill,
When the chill of life's snows on thy forehead,
When the cold world shall turn, love, from you,
Then list to my heart breathe affection,
To the love of my youth I'll be true.
When the pink from the rosebud has flown, love,
When the violet has lost its bright hue,
Then bloometh the flower of affection,
To the love of my youth I'll be true.—CHORUS.

* Chorus may be omitted at pleasure.

THE DUMB WIFE.

By O. Whittlesey.

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There was a jolly blade, and he married him a maid,
And safely conducted her home, home home;
She was neat and she was smart, and she pleased him to the heart,
But, alack and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could bake, she could sew and she could make;
She could keep the house clean with a broom, broom, broom;
She could card and she could spin; she do 'most everything,
But, alack and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went, to make himself content,
And to get his wife cured of the mum, mum, mum.
Oh, it is the easiest part, says the doctor, of my art
To make a woman speak who is dumb, dumb, dumb.

To "the doctor" he did bring, and he cut her chattering string,
And so set at liberty her tongue, tongue, tongue.
When her tongue began to walk, and she began to talk,
She rattled in his ear like a drum, drum, drum.

To the doctor then he goes, and to him he vents his woes;
Saying, "Doctor, you have me undone, done, done,
For my wife she proves a scold, and her tongue she ne'er will hold,
I wish that again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake to make your lady speak
It was a thing easy done, done, done,
But 'tis past the art of man, let him do the best he can,
To make a scolding woman hold her tongue, tongue, tongue.

Dearest, Then I'll Love Thee More.

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Yes, I love thee, and how dearly, words but faintly can express,
This fond heart beats too sincerely e'er in life to love thee less.
No! my fancy never ranges, hopes like mine can never soar;
If the love I cherish changes, 'twill but be to love thee more,
To love thee more, 'twill but be to love thee more, to love thee more.

Though this world hath many sorrows, and perchance they may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows, like the earth from summer showers.
We will share our griefs and gladness, in the present as of yore,
And in all your hours of sadness, dearest girl, I'll love thee more.
I'll love thee more, dearest girl, I'll love thee more, I'll love thee more.

Youth may pass, but ask not whither, when you're old I'll love as true;
Shall we not grow old together, and time's changes mark me, too?
Death may come, but then to heaven, shall my pure affection soar;
When relieved from earthly leaven, dearest girl, I'll love thee more.
I'll love thee more, dearest girl, I'll love thee more, I'll love thee more.

WHERE IS MY NANCY?

By G. W. Hunt.

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A charming young creature named Nancy Barr,
Nancy Barr, lived with her ma;
Of fair ones, oh, she was the fairest by far,
A charmer bewitching and smart.
No dickey bird singing up in the sky,
In the sky, was more happy than I;
But to happiness I have said "good-bye,"
For in pieces she's broken my heart.

CHORUS.

Does any one know where my Nancy's gone,
Nancy's gone, Nancy's gone?
Does any one know where my Nancy's gone,
Where, oh, where is my Nancy?

At a ball I first met her one night by chance,
Quite by chance, couldn't she dance;
While others would clumsily shuffle and prance,
Her waltzing was something divine;
I felt I was madly in love at first sight,
Love at first sight (lumps of delight);
When I took her to supper and did the polite,
Or helped her to ices and wine. But—CHORUS.

When she spoke, oh, my head spun round like a top,
My heart went wop and flippety flop,
So terrible the question I ventured to "pop,"
She blushed and then softly said, "Yes."
I measured her finger and bought the ring,
Bought the ring ('twas just the thing),
All the next week did nothing but dance and sing,
My joy there are few who could guess. But—CHORUS.

The day it was fixed, and I felt so gay;
Oh! so gay, in my bridal array;
As I went to church, little boys cried, "Hooray,"
I felt quite inflated with pride.
We were to be married at Hanover Square,
Hanover Square, carriage and pair;
When I got to the church she wasn't there;
Oh, where was my Nancy, my bride.—CHORUS

They say she's eloped with a Horse-Guard Blue,
A Horse-Guard Blue, oh, a regular do;
I thought her so pretty, so good and so true,
I felt really out of my mind.
I've searched for her everywhere, but in vain,
All in vain, I feel all over pain
When I think I may never look on her again,
But I'll wander till Nancy I find.

CHORUS.

So does any one know where my Nancy's gone,
Nancy's gone, Nancy's gone?
Can't somebody tell me where my Nancy's gone?
Oh, where, ah! oh, where is my Nancy?

STRAUS AND KATRINA.

Adair Welcker [of Berkeley, Cal.] in "West Shore."

I am vandering to-nighd by der sawtmill,
Und der owels, as dhey roost in der trees,
Und der bats und der frogks und der moonlight,
Magkes me titsmal, as ligkewise der breeze.

For der owels hoots der same as dhey used to,
Und der man in der moon he vas dhere,
Und he loogk chust der same as of oldten
Vhen he vatch me mit cynical air.

Vhen he schmiled in der days of my boyhood,
As he loogked on Kadrina und me,
As we sat in der shade of der sawtmill,
Vhile he peebped drough der black cloudts to see.

Und der frogks got der same kind of "ricket,"
Und der owels hoots der same as of yore,
Vhen I dold my Kadrina I loffved her,
Und loffving vould loffve evermore.

Berhaps, for dhey see dot she leafves me,
Vhen a rich man vould press, too, his suit;
Berhaps, for dhey see dot she marry,
Und dot vas for vhy dot dhey hoot.

I am vandering to-nighd by der sawtmill,
Und der bats, as dhey dart drough der trees,
Und der frogks und der owels und der moonlight,
Magkes me titsmal, as ligkevise der breeze.

—That Was It Exactly.—Mrs. Cubbage: "Emma, young Mr. Swayback doesn't seem to want me in the parlor when he calls." Emma: "No; he loves me for myself alone."—*Epoch.*

—Quick Advice.—Hay-Fever Victim: "Doctor, can't you tell me how I can find relief from this constant inclination to sneeze?" Physician: "Yes, sir. Sneeze."—*Chicago Tribune.*

When Mr. Straus Played 'Mumblepeg.'

Adair Welcker [of Berkeley, Cal.] in "Norristown Herald."

Vhen I vas a leedle boy, vhile I blayed der 'mumblepeg,
Den der hours dhey flew me by mit vings of gold;
Mit leaping, walking Spanish, or mit hopping der hop Scotch,
I vas habby—shtill, vas vishing to be old.

For I vished to be a man, so I buy myself a gun,
Und I have a dog, und go und hunt for Bayers,
Or I have a bank accoundt, mit vich I buy a ship,
Ubon whose raking masts above der birates flag appears.

Oh, dhose habby, habby days, vhen mit shtones I trow at cats,
Or I sail my leedle boat ubon der bay;
Oh, dhose exdra habby days, vhen I "sic" my dogk at rats,
Und he dig mit fraudic violence for prey.

Vhen, mit breeches vell rolled up, yet I fall into a hole,
So I hide from home and catch my death of cold,
Und I shlip in lade at nighd, und my fader up der shtairs
Tips, to vip me mit a demper uncondrolled.

Oh, dhose habby, habby days! Dhen at war mit all der vorld,
Did I svore I'd be a robber mit my band;
Mit gombanions in der voods dhen I shardt to dig a cave,
From vich, we dink, we billage all der land.

Oh, dhose exdra habby days! Dhey vas gone to come no more,
Since der bloom of life der vines have strewt around.
Und left me barren branches of dhose roses now bereft,
Mit vich my boyhood's fancy had it crowned.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A MAIDEN.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Edward E. Rice.

Once upon a time there lived a maiden
In a little cottage by the sea;
Twining round about it, heavy laden,
Grew a honeysuckle fair to see;
And the maiden watched the blossoms daily,
Heard the bees about it as it grew;
Bent above it, singing ever gaily;
Every bud and every blossom knew
When the wind a leaf blew down
Came a sudden, dainty frown;
Jealous was the maid, I trow;
Greater love she did not know,
No! Greater love she did not know, know, know, know, know!

To the maiden came one day a lover,
Tall and brave and full of manly grace;
Whispering tender words he bent above her,
Stooped and kissed her sunny, smiling face;
Underneath the honeysuckle walked they,
But her eyes were cast demurely down;
Seeing not, as softly, sweetly talked they;
How its leaves were turning sere and brown,
Withered now its tendrils twine,
Bird and bee have left the vine;
Careless is the maid, I trow;
Greater love hath learned to know,
No! Greater love hath learned to know, know, know, know, know!

SWINGING IN THE LANE.

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How oft we talked of childhood's joys—of tricks we used to play
Upon each other while at school, to pass the time away!
But, oh! how often have I longed for those bright days again,
When little rosy Nell and I went swinging in the lane.

CHORUS.

But yet I'd give the world to be with rosy Nell again;
I never, never will forget our swinging in the lane.

The boys and girls would often go a-fishing in the brooks,
With spools of thread for fishing lines, and bended pins for hooks;
They sometimes wished me with them, but they always wished in vain;
I'd rather be with rosy Nell a-swinging in the lane.—CHORUS.

But soon a cloud of sorrow came—a strange young man from town
Was introduced to rosy Nell by Aunt Jemima Brown.
She stayed away from school next day—the truth to me was plain—
She'd gone with that old city chap a-swinging in the lane.—CHORUS.

Now, all young men with tender hearts, pray, take advice from me:
Don't be so quick to fall in love with every girl you see;
For, if you do, you soon will find you've only loved in vain;
She'll go off with some other chap a-swinging in the lane.—CHORUS.

—Beethoven was stone deaf during the latter part of his life. But he had a good ear for music just the same.

TEDDY O'NEAL.

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I dreamt but last night, oh! bad cess to the dreaming,
Sure I'd die if I thought 'twonld come truly to pass;
I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were streaming,
That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
Oh! didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing,
The grief of the thought was too much to conceal;
My mother cried, Nora, child, what is your ailing?
But all I could utter was Teddy O'Neal—
My mother cried, Nora, child, what is your ailing?
But all I could utter was Teddy O'Neal.

I went to the cabin he danced his wild jigs in,
As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;
Considering it served to keep poultry and pigs in,
I'm sure you'll allow 'twas most decent and clean;
But now all around it looks cold, sad and dreary,
All sad, and all silent, no piper, no reel;
Not even the sun through the casement shines cheery
Since I lost the dear darling boy, Teddy O'Neal—
Not even the sun through the casement shines cheery
Since I lost the dear darling boy, Teddy O'Neal.

Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,
And the moment was come for my love to depart;
How I sobbed like a spalpeen, good-bye to you, Teddy,
With a tear on my cheek and a stone on my heart?
He said 'twas to better his fortune he wandered,
But what would be gold to the joy I should feel
If he'd only come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, yet my own darling Teddy O'Neal—
If he'd only come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, yet my own darling Teddy O'Neal.

TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY, MY PRETTY LOUISE.

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Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
And sing me the songs that I love;
They call back the days when together we sat
On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove.
There was one that you sang, my pretty Louise,
It brings fond recollections to me—
You remember the mocking-bird mimicked it once,
As it perched on the sycamore tree.
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise;
Just touch the harp gently, Louise;
Oh! touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
And sing me the songs that I love;
They call back the days when together we sat
On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove.

Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
And sing the songs that I love;
They'll recall the bright days when we played in the wood,
And watched the birds flitting above.
There was one that you sang, my pretty Louise,
The words, I remember them well—
I loved it, and when you had finished each verse,
I kissed you and said: "Never tell!"
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise;
Just touch the harp gently, Louise;
Oh! touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
And sing the old songs that I love;
They'll recall the bright days when we played in the wood,
And watched the birds flitting above.

WAIT FOR THE LAGER.

Will you come with me, my Billy, into the cellar, near,
Where the music sounds the sweetest with a glass of lager beer?
It's every pleasant evening, when I have got the chink,
We'll step into the cellar and have a social drink.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the lager! here's to the lager!
Wait for the lager, and we'll all have a drink.

Where the lager runs like blazes, and the music is so sweet,
I'll order lots of liquor and something nice to eat;
We'll listen to the singers, they'll make you laugh and wink;
So come into the cellar and have a social drink.—CHORUS.

You can't believe a moment that rum or gin, my dear,
Can make you half so merry as a glass of lager beer.
We'll have a glass of lager, segars and oysters, too,
And listen to the singers with their "Hop de doodle do."—CHORUS.

Your cheeks are red as a lobster, your nozzle blooms so sweet,
Your bristles smooth and shining with candle-grease so neat.
It's every pleasant evening, when I have got the chink,
We'll step into the cellar and have a social drink.—CHORUS.

Together when we're tipsy, we're spinning like a top,
An' if we have no tumble, we'll never have a stop;
Then come with me, my covey, for I have lots of chink,
We'll step into the cellar and all have a drink.—CHORUS.

WAKE, NICODEMUS!

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
And was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth;
But he died, years ago, very old.
'Twas his last sad request—so we laid him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree.
Wake me up! was his charge at the first break of day,
Wake me up for the Great Jubilee!

CHORUS.

The good time coming is almost here;
It was long, long, long on the way.
Now, run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day.

He was known as a prophet—at least, was as wise—
For he told of the battles to come;
And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes,
And we heeded the shake of his thumb.
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore
Were in patches at elbow and knee;
And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore,
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.—CHORUS.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,
Though the bullet has oft crossed his path;
There were none of his masters so brave or so rash
As to face such a man in his wrath;
Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim—
He obeyed who was born to command;
But he longed for the morning which then was so dim—
For the morning which now is at hand.—CHORUS.

'Twas a long, weary night—we were almost in fear
That the future was more than he knew;
'Twas a long, weary night—but the morning is near,
And the words of our prophet are true.
There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone—
There are tokens in endless array;
While the storm, which seemingly banished the dawn,
Only hastens the advent of day.—CHORUS.

Mr. Straus's Advice to Bridegrooms.

Adair Welcker [of Berkeley, Cal.] in "Binghamton Republican."

I've studied up der broplem, und I've gome to dis conclusion,
If you marries mit a widow, you will gome to some confusion,
For she'll keep you on der gallop, und she'll magke you march around
Till she breaks your well-fixed habits, und your beace of mindt confound,
For I've tried it, have I not?

I'm very fond of schmoking, but my frau she don't desire it,
So I schmokes but ten pipes daily, as my frau she does require it;
Dough, vhen I vas unmarried, vhy I schmokes, at least, a fifty;
Of gourse she has reduced dem, as she being rather thrifty—
Thoughd she'd try it. Vaell—she did.

So I do impress der young men, if dhey are abound to marry,
Chust to marry some young gosseling, else dheir habits will miscarry;
If dhey marry mit a widow, dhey will find der solemn fact is,
Dot she learn some rules der first time, vich der next she puts in practice,
For dheir conduct—dot she will.

All resistence dot vas useless, for she'll talk to dem so sweetly,
Und mit insinuations she will conguer dem gombledely,
Dill dhey vas her slaves und bondsmen, vhile dheir vishes, dhey vas solely
Her own vishes (dill she change dem) und she does condrol dem wholly
Vhen she tries it—dot she does.

All der time dot he vas dinking dot der ding vot he vas doing
Vas his own vish, shtill it vas not; he vas but her vish pertsuing,
Till he gets ubon der owetside, vhen his views quide sudden changing,
Does he see now very clearly how it all vas her arranging—
Dot it vas—quide clearly.

Hence I would advise a gossling—one vot's never more dhan dwendy,
Whose knowledtch of der glup-house it vas dim und vague und scandty;
One who never heardt of latch-geys, nor bolidical conventions,
Und dinks you vas an auchel, mit but heavenly intentions—
Dot I would—in fact, I should.

Don't Be Angry with Me, Darling.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Don't be angry with me, darling, smile your brightest, sweetest smile;
Keep the joyous twinkle beaming in your bright eyes all the while.
Let your laugh be one of pleasure, drive each shadow from your brow,
Be again the heart's sweet treasure—don't be angry, darling, now.

CHORUS.

Don't be angry with me, darling, drive away that look of pain;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure, smile your sweetest smile again.

Don't be angry with me, darling, keep the tear back from your eye;
'Twas a friendly, timely warning, given for the days gone by.
Not for worlds would I distress you, cast one cloud upon your brow;
Let not, then, my words depress you—don't be angry, darling, now.—CHORUS.

NEVER IN A CASE LIKE THAT.

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Written and Composed by Jas. McAvoy.

I will tell you of a friend of mine, a good old jolly boy;
Yes, a friend he is to me when I am broke;
I have touched him for a fiver often, time and time again,
That's when everything I owned was up in soak.
He told me always ask him when I wanted anything—
How often I have carried him that news;
So last night I got a tenner, for I told him I was broke,
And I knew the angel never would refuse.

CHORUS.

Never in a case like that,
Never in a case like that;
For every time I borrowed he was sure to give it up,
Still I wonder if he's thinking will I ever take a drop,
But I couldn't in a case like that,
With such an easy brace like that;
I have never yet made good,
But I often wished I could;
I'd be willing in a case lake that.

One night I jumped aboard a car, for where I live is far,
And near the door I got the last and only seat;
A lady right behind me came crowding through the door,
And while squeezing in, she tramped upon my feet.
Every seat was occupied, and standing up she had to ride;
And, now and then, she'd throw a glance at me.
She smiled and at me squinted, but I would not take the hint,
For she was ancient and her face was out of key.

CHORUS.

Well, I couldn't in a case like that;
Nor I wouldn't for a face like that;
For it wasn't on the map, so I let her hold the strap;
She pretended she was weary and she started in to gap,
But when she walked upon my toes like that,
Nothing with me goes like that,
I'd have given her my seat
If it wasn't for her feet,
But never with her feet like that.

I took a girl to supper once—my limit it was two;
Said I, "That's all I have, so make it light."
When the waiter took her order and brought back an oyster stew,
Said I, "This now must do me for the night."
When I gave her cream and soda all was left was twenty cents,
Then I started for to see the lady home.
When she reached the sidewalk, kicking for a cab she did commence;
So I left her there to kick it out alone.

CHORUS.

Well, I shook her in a case like that,
When she was getting off her base like that;
Then the waiter in the place called the man behind the bar;
He brought her out a seltzer and he put her on a car;
But when a lady makes a break like that,
She wants to get the shake like that;
If she tries to make a kick,
Say, "Good-night" and shake her quick,
Or she'll fool you in a case like that.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

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I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally;
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley;
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking-bird, listen to the mocking-bird,
The mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the mocking-bird, listen to the mocking-bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side,
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking-bird was singing far and wide.—CHORUS.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking-bird is singing on the bough;
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken,
Since Hally is no longer with me now.—CHORUS.

—A Seasick Joke.—"Did you ever see a sailor at an auction?" "No." "Neither have I; and it is funny, too, for they take in all sails, you know."

Have You Seen Dan McKenna?

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Words by Conroy & Fox. Music by Harry S. Miller.

Dan McKenna was a friend of mine, 'till here the other day,
I never can forget the trick the wily rogue did play;
He got a friend and I to stop our work along the docks, did he;
To go and play the races, sure, he'd tickets enough for three.
We gave him all our money for to play a race for us,
At plunging we were new upon the ground;
And, bedad, the horse it won that he had the money on,
Now McKenna or our money can't be found.

CHORUS.

Have you seen Dan McKenna around about this way?
Have you seen Dan McKenna at any time to-day?
Oh, I don't mean to insinuate or any thing like that,
If his family has any respect for him, they'll soon be wearing black.

Now McKenna wasn't satisfied with what he went and done,
For when he left the races with our money that he'd won,
Didn't he go and tell our little wives we'd both fell off the dock,
And send a suit of clothes for each, he'd carry them to the spot.
But when we both got home and heard McKenna had been there,
And took our sunday clothes, where, no one knows,
And our wives believed in Mac, thought he'd done a noble act,
And to keep from catching cold they sent our clothes.

CHORUS.

Have you seen Dan McKenna around about this way?
Have you seen Dan McKenna at any time to-day?
Oh, I only want to meet him for a little while or more,
If your 'round this way in the morning, look for crape upon the door.

Now then when we heard the story from our little wives so true,
It made us mad enough to go and cut the rogue in two;
Arrah! we never thought a friend of ours would do the likes of that,
We couldn't hardly believe it, sure, the villainy of Mac;
My rent that day was due, and it was in my Sunday pants,
Bedad, it's gone along with all the rest;
And my watch I had, so fine, that I bought from Dan O'Brien,
It is missing with my Sunday silken vest.

CHORUS.

Have you seen Dan McKenna around about this way?
Have you seen Dan McKenna at any time to-day?
Oh, I won't go into details now, but when we meet the cuss,
If there isn't a wake in his street, 'twill be a funny thing to us.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

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My wife and I live all alone in a little brown hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum—tell you what it is, don't we have fun!

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha! 'tis you and me, little brown, don't I love thee!
Ha, ha, ha! 'tis you and me, little brown jug, don't I love thee!

If I had a cow that gave such milk, I'd dress her up in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay, and milk her twenty times a day.—CHORUS.

'Tis you that makes my friends, my foes, 'tis you who makes me wear old clothes;
But, seeing you are near my nose, "tip her up and down she goes!"—CHORUS.

When I go toiling on my farm, take little brown jug under my arm,
Sit it under some shady tree—little brown jug don't I love thee!—CHORUS.

Then came the landlord tripping in, round-top hat and peaked chin;
In his hand he carried a cup—says I: "Old fellow, give us a sup!"—CHORUS.

If all the folks in Adam's race were put together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to drop a tear before I'd part with you, my dear.—CHORUS.

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.

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I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs by my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls that I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count—could boast of a high ancestral name;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you loved me still the same;
That you loved me still the same, that you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors besought my hand; that knights, on bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand, they pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host came forth my hand to claim;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you loved me still the same;
That you loved me still the same, that you loved me still the same.

—May Try Grease.—"Aren't you going to have an Ice Palace this year?" "No," said a Westerner, sadly. "Ice is too scarce. We may get up a Lard Carnival."

JIMMY RIDDLE.

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Now, I'll tell you, if I can, of a pretty girl called Nan,
Who stole the young affections of this individual.
I never knew no love, but I know it now, by jove!
And I sorrow through the treatment of a false young gal.
She was a perfect Venus; and, had nothing come between us,
We might have been as happy as a great big turtle-dove.
But a man, named Jimmy Riddle, what played upon the fiddle,
He managed for to swindle me out of my true love.

At a bakery, down in Grand, you will please to understand,
I first beheld my Nancy, who behind the counter stood.
She looked so neat and nice, while serving out her pies
To the many hungry customers—the sight would do you good.
Rather hungry I did feel, so I thought a little eel
Would gain a smile from Nancy, if not beneficial prove.
But, oh! that Jimmy Riddle, the man that played the fiddle,
I knew that he would swindle me of my true love.

Now, I told my love to Nan, like an honest, good young man—
She smiled and wiped her nose, and said that I was very kind.
And if I would but stay till her twenty-first birthday,
She'd think the matter over and let me know her mind.
The fiddler used to frown so, I thought I'd done him brown.
To gain a smile from Nancy—what happiness, by jove!
But, oh! that Jimmy Riddle, what played upon the fiddle,
He managed for to swindle me of my true love.

Now her birthday drawing near, thinks I, I'll go and see her.
So in I goes, quite full of hope, into her little shop;
But, judge of my surprise, there was another girl serving pies—
My head began to spin around, and I thought that I should drop.
Thinks I, I'll know the worst, my brain it almost burst,
I asked for Nan—the young woman my worst of fears did prove.

SPOKEN—Why, haven't you heard the news! Why, we got the laugh at you, and I discovered that

She'd married Jimmy Riddle, the man that played the fiddle—
He managed for to swindle me of my true love.

Now, I doesn't mean to fret, though I never yet have met
A girl half like my Nancy, so loving and so nice.
And as to Riddle, he, if my will should be,
Compelled to live on nothing else but little pies;
And if his days they were not short, they're better than I thought.
So, farewell! darling Nancy, though faithless you did prove.
Bad luck to Jimmy Riddle—I'd like to smash his fiddle,
For he managed to swindle me of my true love.

Dreaming of Home and Mother.

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Dreaming of home, dear old home,
Home of childhood and mother—
Oft when I wake 'tis sweet to find
I've been dreaming of home and mother.
Home, dear home, childhood's happy home!
When I played with sister and with brother
'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam
Over hill and through dale with mother.

CHORUS.

Dreaming of home, dear old home,
Home of my childhood and mother—
Oft when I wake 'tis sweet to find
I've been dreaming of home and mother.

Sleep, balmy sleep, close mine eyes,
Keep me still thinking of mother—
Hark! 'Tis her voice I seem to hear—
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother.
Angels come soothing me to rest,
I can feel their presence as none other,
For they sweetly say I shall be blest
With bright visions of home and mother.—CHORUS.

Childhood has come, come again,
Sleeping I see my dear mother—
See her loved form beside me kneel
While I'm dreaming of home and mother.
Mother dear, whisper to me now,
Tell me of my sister and my brother—
Now I feel thy hand upon my brow—
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother.—CHORUS.

—Mumble's Victory.—"Maria, it makes me awfully nervous to see you put pins in your mouth!" said Mr. Mumble, as he looked over to where his wife was sewing. But she could not answer without danger of choking. There was no last word. Mumble had broken the record.

—"What a charming moon, Adelaide. The rippling of the waves, the plash of the oars—" "But, Algernon, you are getting rather in shore, are you not?" "Yes, Adelaide. It is pleasanter to hug the shore." "Is it, indeed? I didn't know. You'll have the satisfaction of recalling that you hugged something or other."

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

A happy, careless chap am I, and boast where'er I go,
That tho' I have made many friends, I've not a single foe,
To be a genius I do not and never did pretend,
But move in good society as everybody's friend.

SPOKEN—And, having lots of cash,

CHORUS.

They take me for a millionaire, my cash I freely spend,
And so I'm welcomed everywhere as everybody's friend.

A mother once with sixteen girls to me thus did apply,
Watch and protect my darling dears, so timid, young and shy.
She said, tho' once I really thought you marriage did intend,
Then a breach-of-promise action brought 'gainst everybody's friend.

SPOKEN—Verdict in her favor. Damages $10,000.

MORAL—Avoid mother's with sixteen grown-up, gushing daughters; for, in their desperation to get them off their hands, they'll do anything, especially if—CHORUS.

A married man said, "Jack, my wife and I don't quite agree."
The wife she whispered in my ear, "he treats me shamefully";
I gave the best advice to each, and, of course, why, in the end
They made it up and kicked me out, and now I'm neither's friend.

SPOKEN—The husband was indignant because I took her part; and the wife, precisely for the same reason, called me a nasty wretch, but I don't care, for—CHORUS.

A friend of mine once bought a house somewhere close to Rye,
And meeting me one day, said he, "A fool I was to buy—
The walls are damp, the windows shake, and burglars oft attend;
Dear Jack, do take it off my hands, you're everybody's friend."

SPOKEN—I did, and I hadn't been in the house three nights before burglars broke in and took every stick I had, and the last ruffian, as he descended the stairs and got outside of the house, looked up to me at the window and said: "I say, old boy,"—

CHORUS.

We took you for a millionaire, your cash we'll freely spend,
And so you're welcomed everywhere as everybody's friend.

LITTLE EVA IN HEAVEN.

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Childless, desolate this heart, naught on earth is left to cherish,
All is lost since we must part, every hope and joy will perish.
Eva, Eva, gentle daughter! are those bright eyes veiled in death—
That so fondly beamed with goodness upon all at parting breath?
Art thou gone from me forever? Shall I never behold thee?
Bud of life, my heart's fond treasure—what is now the world to me?

Lonely here, and worn with sadness, no loved child's sweet voice I hear;
Life has ceased to yield its gladness, since without my little dear.
Eva, Eva, lovely daughter! Are those soft lips closed and cold
That so sweetly spoke of heaven, emblem of an angel's mould?
Picture of divine perfection, loved by all, enslaved and free.
Oh, my heart and soul's affection—what is now the world to me?

Home is silent, dread and drear, Uncle Tom is seen to weep;
Topsy lingers near the bier, strewing flowers at thy feet.
Eva, Eva, charming daughter! smile upon me from above,
Open wide those gates of pearl, bless me with thy spotless love!
Little angel, thou art gone there—filled at last thy prophecy.
Farewell, only child, forever! what is now this world to me?

HAPPY BE THY DREAMS.

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Oh! happy, happy, happy be thy dreams,
Bright be the vision that before thee lies;
Dreams of radiant hills and sunlit streams,
Dreams of the bright and blue unclouded skies.
Sleep, for thy mother watches by thy side;
O'er thee, unseen, the watchful spirits glide,
Pure as the star that o'er thee mildly beams;
Oh! happy, happy, happy be thy dreams,
Happy, happy, happy be thy dreams.

Oh! happy, happy be thy path in life,
Long still thy mother's tender love to share,
Till heaven has called her from this vale of strife,
And purer bliss succeed to worldly care!
Then, if the angels earthward turn their eyes,
She will watch o'er thee from the radiant skies.
Sleep while yon star still o'er thee mildly beams;
Oh! happy, happy, happy be thy dreams,
Happy, happy, happy be thy dreams!

—Timid Burglars.—Wife: "I am sure, John, that burglars attempted to enter the house last night." Husband: "You don't say so! What do you suppose frightened them off?" Wife: "I think it must have been your snoring."

THE MABEL WALTZ.

Tune—"The Naval Waltz."

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I once did know a pretty girl, she dressed so very neat;
She used to run a sewing-machine down in Chatham Street.
Her eyes were bright, complexion light, her cheeks were like the rose;
She'd a dimple chin and pouting lips, and a beautiful turn-up nose.
I never can forget the night I met her at a ball;
'Twas a fancy hop, a dollar a head, up at Irving Hall.

CHORUS.
She looked so neat, I never thought she ever would prove false;
Her step was light as the bounding fawn, dancing the Mabel Waltz.

I often met her after that, of tender things we talked;
And every Sunday out of two I'd take her out to walk.
I bought her lots of diamonds at a dollar-jewelry store,
And also bought her a new silk dress, which every day she wore;
In buying presents for that girl, I all my money spent,
Until I found myself dead-broke, and I hadn't got a cent.—CHORUS.

And then I thought 'twas getting time the question for to pop.
I went, one day, dressed in my best, straight down to the shop;
She didn't come; I asked the cause, and learned from one Miss Brown,
My charmer had, that very day, just gone out of town.
Judge my feelings when Miss Brown these cruel words let slip:
"It's my opinion she's gone off upon her wedding trip."—CHORUS.

And when a year had passed away, at a window I did see
My fair, but false one, sitting with a baby on her knee.
I quickly marched into the house, and, there, what met my view!
'Twas a tall policeman, six feet high, he was her husband, too.
He collared me, and then commenced a series of assaults—
I never chasseezed it so fast before, while dancing the Mabel Waltz.—CHO.

MR. STRAUS'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

Adair Welcker [of Berkeley, Cal.] in "Boston Courier."

Vhen I stardted oud in life, vhy I chump into der strife,
For I know I vas a sordt of heafvy veight;
I vas cerdain dot I vin chust so soon as I begin,
Und my indellect begins to scindeliate;
But some dings dhey soon arise, fill me full of great surbrise,
Und my confidence did sordt of hesidate.

Vhen first I vent to school, vhy I undertook to rule,
So confident vas I it should be so;
So, mit chips uhon my shouldter, I chust walk around more bolder
As Nero, Alexander, or der warrior Teitcero;
Und der little vones dhey cheer me, und der bigger vones dhey fear me,
Dill fighding my first baddle gomes my dreadful overdhrow.

Dehn der little vones dhey chump me, und der larger vones dhey tump me,
Und der teacher, too, did vip me, for he said each day I fighd,
Dill my ears vas torn asunder, und my eyes vas blacker under
As der golor of der shadow from der brighd elegdric lighd;
Und der teachers hand gigantic, made me, vhen I sit, grow frandic,
Und der thoughdt of sitting down, it filled my heart mit frighd.

But ligke a town vot's booming, vhen my fifteenth year vas coming,
I grows up ligke der mutstard tree, so suddenly I grow;
Dhen I sees my first obinion it vas righd, und for dominion
I had been gonsididuded, as der odders came to know.
My revenge I vell may crave it, hence I starded oudt to have it,
Und I toogk it from der largest to der smallest in der row.

Dhen I polished up my muscle, for I thought if in a tussle
I tump der teacher, also, dot I got a righd to crow;
But my growing was so weedy, und I vas so large already,
I vas mitdrawn; und had no chance to have dot final row.
So vas saved from a hiding und der gonsequent deriding
Of scholars who had seen me rise who once vas down so low.

Jersey Sam, or Fifty Years Ago.

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Oh! I was born in Jersey, and of that I'm going to sing;
And yet it seems but yesterday, for time is on the wing.
I went down to New Orleans, and there I fought the foe,
Along with Hickory Jackson, some fifty years ago.

CHORUS.
For I am one of the olden time, and may be thought too slow;
For I'm Jersey Sam, the farmer's man, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah.

I bear the name of Samuel, though some they call me Sam,
And through this world I rove along, as happy as I can;
The world, they say, has been improved, but I should like to know
If folks are any better now than fifty years ago.—CHORUS.

When I was young, then boys were boys, and went to bed at ten,
But now, when they are twelve years old, they think that they are men;
You'll hear them call for rum and beer, and smoke cigars, heigh-o!
What would our parents have thought of that some fifty years ago.—CHORUS.

At midnight, too, one heare young men with husky voices sing
That "Champagne Charlie" is their name, and they know it's no such thing;
They go to bed with a headache, at least they tell us so—
I never heard of such a thing some fifty years ago.—CHORUS.

The women of the present time they cannot draw a line,
But wear our hats and jackets, and appear quite masculine;
They wear false hair, for it's the style, and call it their own, you know,
But our girls would scorn to wear a wig some fifty years ago.—CHORUS.

WE DREW HIS CLUB MONEY.

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Micky Rooney went and joined
The Salvation Army in search of morality;
He'd an illigant lump of a musical bump,
So they gave him a drum to blow.
He used to practice every night
In an old back-yard behind the tenement,
Till his father bursted the drum with a brick,
And bursted Micky with his toe.

CHORUS.
We drew his club-money this morning,
To the sexton we gave warning,
No more he'll beat the drum, back again he'll never come,
And we drew his club-money this morning.

A friend of mine, who thought he was bold,
Joined the ranks of the Horse Artillery;
He longed for war, for he'd oft been told
He'd soon be captain of the gang.
One day he'd got his musket to his nose,
He was squinting down the barrel to examine the machinery,
When he somehow tickled the trigger with his toes,
And the gun went off with a bang.

CHORUS.
We drew his club-money this morning,
To the sexton we gave warning;
No more he'll touch the trigger, in the sky he cuts a figure,
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Jeremiah Joskins went to see
Professor Baldwin drop with his parachute;
Jerry was bigoted and thought that he
Could do the trick as well.
So he went and he captured an old umbrella,
And climbed on the scaffold where his father was a laborer—
Nobody was there, so the poor little fellow
Jumped off—and down he fell.

CHORUS.
We drew his club-money this morning,
To the sexton we gave warning,
No more he'll climb the scaffold, for his Sunday clothes are raffled,
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Brannigan, the "bruiser," had a big bull-dog,
That was known all around for its ferocity;
It lay in the corner quiet as a log,
Looking "green" as forty plants.
The next-door neighbor was a "fly" young man,
Also renowned for his roguish precocity,
He was scaling the wall to steal a lump of coal,
But the dog seized him by the 'pants'—and—

CHORUS.
We drew his club-money this morning,
To the sexton we gave warning,
That dog was short of meat, so it tore his trousers' "seat,"
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Johnny married a maiden fair,
Who was so shy and full of timidity,
So he vowed the breeches he would wear,
And wouldn't by his wife be "bossed,"
But as soon as the honeymoon was passed,
His wife went in for a little variety;
He found out who was the "boss" at last,
When the ten-things at his head she tossed.

CHORUS.
We drew his club-money this morning,
To the sexton we gave warning,
He thought he'd try her mettle, so she floored him with a kettle,
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh! thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet
Turned in anguish or regret,
The past forgive, the future spare—
Sweet spirit, hear my prayer.
Oh! leave me not alone in grief,
Send this blighted heart relief—
Send this blighted heart relief!
Make, thou, my life thy future care—
Sweet spirit, hear my prayer!
Ah! make my life thy future care—
Sweet spirit, hear my prayer!
Hear, oh! hear my prayer!
Ah! hear my prayer!

Oh! thou, to whom my thoughts are known,
Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears;
Oh! turn away the world's cold frown,
And dry these falling tears.
Oh! leave me not alone in grief,
Send this blighted heart relief—
Send this blighted heart relief!
Make, thou, my life thy future care—
Sweet spirit, hear my prayer!
Ah! make my life thy future care—
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!
Hear, oh! hear my prayer!
Ah! hear my prayer!

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

This piece is intended to represent an Eastern man's experience among the inhabitants of Arkansas, showing their hospitality and the mode of obtaining it. Several years since, he was travelling the state to Little Rock, the capital. In those days railroads had not been heard of, and the stage-lines were limited; so, under the circumstances, he was obliged to travel the distance on foot. One evening, about dusk, he came across a small log house, standing fifteen or twenty yards from the road, and enclosed by a low rail fence of the most primitive description. In the doorway sat a man, playing a violin; the tune was the then most popular air in that region—namely, "The Arkansas Traveller." He kept repeating the first part of the tune over and over again, as he could not play the second part. At the time the traveller reached the house it was raining very hard, and he was anxious to obtain shelter from the storm. The house looked like anything but a shelter, as it was covered with clapboards, and the rain was leaking into every part of it. The old man's daughter Sarah appeared to be getting supper, while a small boy was setting the table, and the old lady sat in the doorway near her husband, admiring the music.

The stranger on coming up, said, "How do you do?" The man merely glanced at him, and, continuing to play, replied, "I do as I please."

STRANGER.—How long have you been living here?

OLD MAN.—D'ye see that mountain thar? Well, that was thar when I come here.

STRANGER.—Can I stay here to-night?

OLD MAN.—No! ye can't stay here.

STRANGER.—How long will it take me to get to the next tavern?

OLD MAN.—Well, you'll not get thar at all if you stand thar foolin' with me all night! [Plays.]

STRANGER.—Well, how far do you call it to the next tavern?

OLD MAN.—I reckon it's upwards of some distance. [Plays as before.]

STRANGER.—I am very dry—do you keep any spirits in your house?

OLD MAN.—Do you think my house is haunted? They say thar's plenty down in the graveyard. [Plays as before.]

STRANGER.—How do they cross this river ahead?

OLD MAN.—The ducks all swim across. [Plays as before.]

STRANGER.—How far is it to the forks of the road?

OLD MAN.—I've been livin' here nigh on twenty years, and no road ain't forked yit. [Plays as before.]

STRANGER.—Give me some satisfaction, if you please, sir. Where does this road go to?

OLD MAN.—Well, it ain't moved a step since I've been here. [Plays as before.]

STRANGER.—Why don't you cover your house? It leaks.

OLD MAN.—'Cause it's rainin'.

STRANGER.—Then why don't you cover it when it's not raining?

OLD MAN.—'Cause it don't leak. [Plays as before.]

STRANGER.—Why don't you play the second part of that tune?

OLD MAN.—If you're a better player than I am, you can play it yourself. I'll oring the fiddle out to you—I don't want you in here! [Stranger plays the second part of the tune.]

OLD MAN.—Git over the fence, and come in and sit down—I didn't know you could play. You can board here if you want to. Kick that dog off that stool, and set down and play it over—I want to hear it agin. [Stranger plays the second part again.]

OLD MAN.—Our supper is ready now; won't you have some with us?

STRANGER.—If you please.

OLD MAN.—What will you take, tea or coffee?

STRANGER.—A cup of tea, if you please.

OLD MAN.—Sall, git the grubbin'-hoe, and go dig some sassafras, quick! [Old man plays the first part.]

STRANGER.—(To the little boy.) Bub, give me a knife and fork, if you please.

BOY.—We hain't got no knives and forks, sir.

STRANGER.—Then give me a spoon.

BOY.—We hain't got no spoons neither.

STRANGER.—Well, then, how do you do?

BOY.—Tolerable, thank you; how do you do, sir? [Old man plays the first part again.]

The stranger, finding such poor accommodations, and thinking his condition could be bettered by leaving, soon departed, and at last succeeded in finding a tavern, with better fare. He has never had the courage to visit Arkansas since.

Little Darling, Now Good-Bye.

Copyright, 1886, by J. W. Wood.

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Composed by J. W. Wood. Sung by George Brunton.

Little darling, now good-bye, 'tis sad, but we must part;
I'm going far away from thee, to leave thy loving heart.
Across the sea I go to roam, far from the loving ones at home—
You'll think of me where'er I stray, in distant lands far, far away.

CHORUS.

You'll think of me when I'm away in distant lands, where'er I stray;
Come back to thee, I'll come to thee, from distant lands beyond the sea.

Little darling, now good-bye, to leave it gives me pain,
But dry your tear-drops, weep no more, true love will bring me back again.
For I will be to thee, my love, true as the stars that shine above—
On some bright day I will return, for you my heart will ever yearn.—CHORUS.

Little darling, now good-bye—no tongue can ever tell
How hard it is to speak those words—the parting words that say farewell;
But, with your love, I'll banish care—that day will dawn, both bright and fair,
When you and I, our trouble o'er, shall meet again to part no more.—CHORUS.

—Always Wants Something Else.—Old Fogy (reading paper): "It says they weighed anchor; but, confound them, they don't say how much it weighed. What I want is facts, but these newspapers never tell what a man wants to know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Parody on:

HIS FUNERAL'S TO-MORROW.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'll sing of Pat McCann, an honest, hard-working man,
Who was killed while fooling with a can of dynamite;
For while Pat was on a spree, with the can he made too free,
And it soon went off and blew him out of sight.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow, my poor heart breaks with sorrow—
Now we'll never more see Pat, but we've found his old high hat,
And we're going to bury it to-morrow.

Old Jones, a friend of mine, a drink never would decline;
With the jim-jams every day he used to shake;
But he died yesterday, in great agony they say,
For he drank a glass of water by mistake.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow, my poor heart breaks with sorrow;
Yes, we'll miss his big red nose, for he's turned up his toes,
And we're going to bury him to-morrow.

Little Willie Dunn found his grandpa's old gun,
And with it some noise he tried to make;
He fired it off once, that's all, when he heard the angels call,
Now at his house to-night we hold a wake.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow, my poor heart breaks with sorrow;
Now Willie found it was no fun to fire off that rusty gun,
For we're going to bury him to-morrow.

A friend of mine once said: "To-night I'm going to wed
The prettiest little maiden, I think, you ever saw";
But he got in a fight with his mother-in-law last night,
And with him the old lady wiped the floor.

CHORUS.

And his funeral's to-morrow, my poor heart breaks with sorrow,
For his big mother-in-law got an axe and broke his jaw,
And we're going to bury him to-morrow.

BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

It is of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful, I'm told;
Her parents died and left her a large amount in gold;
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
But you soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a plough-boy young Mary loved quite well,
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell.
There was a wealthy squire that oft came her to see,
But still she loved her plough-boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

It was on a summer's morning, her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at this maiden's door, and unto her did say:
"Arise, arise! my pretty maid, and a lady you may be,
For the squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

"I care not for your squires, your dukes or lords, likewise;
My Willie's eyes appear to me like diamonds in the skies."
"Begone! unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
For I intend to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day.
"Young William is in favor," her uncle he did say.
"Indeed, it is my intention to tie him to a tree,
And then to bribe a press-gang on the banks of sweet Dundee."

A press-gang came to William, when he was all alone;
He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to one.
The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray, kill me now," said he,
"For I will die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee!"

This maiden fair, walking, lamenting for her love,
She met this wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove;
He put his arms around her: "Stand off! base man," said she,
"You have sent the only lad I loved from the banks of sweet Dundee!"

He put his arm around her, and tried to throw her down;
Two pistols and a sword she saw beneath his morning gown;
She took the weapons from him; his sword he used so free;
But she did fire, and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and hastening to the ground,
Saying: "Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death-wound."
"Stand off!" then cried Mary, "undaunted I will be!"
She the trigger drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for—a man of noted skill—
And then there came a lawyer for him to sign his will;
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully;
Then he closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

—Paddy O'Blarney's Toast.—May we live all the days of our lives—and a day after.

Parody on:

A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother.

By John W. Woller.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I'm going to tell you of a saying that is true,
The subject is about a mother-in-law;
I tell you she's a terror and she never makes an error,
When with a dish-pan she measures your jaw;
She'll pucker up her snoot and say, "You old galoot,
Advice give to you I oughter;"
If her advice you refuse, she'll call you a dumb goose,
And say you're not man enough for her daughter.

CHORUS.

When you come home at night she's sure to raise a fight,
By hitting you with a custard-pie in the jaw;
Then with a loaf of bread she'd bang you on the head,
A man's best friend is his mother-in-law.

When on a Saturday night perhaps you are jolly tight,
You'll tell her the club held a meeting,
My bottom dollar I'd bet that she would make you sweat,
When with a broom she'd give you a warm greeting.
She'd pull you through the door and with you wipe the floor,
That's just the time her tongue is loose;
She'll ask you for your pay, yes, every Saturday,
And to refuse her I tell you it's no use.

CHORUS.

For she'd bang you on the head till you are nearly dead;
If you strive to holler murder, you'll get another.
Gentlemen, if you are wise, take a fool's advice,
Don't marry a girl that has a mother.

Parody on:

ACROSS THE BRIDGE HE GOES.

By Max Brooks.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

On the street at midnight, while passing on my way,
Listening to the tramps what they had to say;
Among them was an old man, about fourteen years of age;
He said he was an actor and never worked upon the stage.
That man was my father—I knew him at first sight—
He said he was hungry and had a good appetite.
For breakfast he had sawdust, for dinner he had the same,
And for supper he gets sawdust and the same thing over and over again.
So I took him to a gin-mill and fed him on stewed tripe;
The tears rolled down the back of his neck as he told me to do right;
I told him I was honest and stole all I could find.
He started off as if he was mad—I'm sure he was out of his mind.
I took him to the Bowery that very same day,
The snow it was falling and the wind blew him away.
I started to look for him, but I didn't think he was dead and gone,
But now it is a funny joke, I'll have to be in mourn;
I didn't care for my father, but I'm sorry he has gone;
But what has made me happy—he took my watch along.
If any one should see him, I hope you'll let me know.
His name I will tell you—I forgot it—there's his footsteps in the snow;
His face is full of wrinkles; his shoes is full of feet;
His nose is full of pimples; his breath it smells so sweet;
There's seventeen cents rewarded to the one that finds that man,
And if he has suicided, he'll have to rush the can.
Ah! what is it you wish, sir? Is it my father you have found;
We haven't got no chair, sir, come in and sit down.
At last you've found my father, now you must rush the can;
My father wasn't Jack, the Ripper, but McGinty was the man.

EVER OF THEE.

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Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
Still in my heart thy form I cherish,
Every kind thought like a bird flies to thee.
Ah! never, till life or memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wand'ring afar, my soul joyed to dwell;
Ah! then I felt I loved thee only,
All seemed to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee.
Ah! never till life or memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

TEDDY McGLYNN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I left me ould mother wid one little brother,
And came to this country when scarcely a boy;
And though I am Irish, and lived on the parish,
I'm first-cousin-german to Patrick Malloy;
I came in a short breeches that often lacked stitches—
Had nails in my shoes fit for horses to wear;
Me mother'd not know me, but if you would show me,
I'd quick know me mother and Dublin of yore—
I'm Teddy McGlynn, from the town of Dublin,
And that is the name you will find on the door.

I've worked and I've waited, me brains I've berated;
I've been to the schools and to Lannigan's ball;
Me father was uncle to Kathleen Mavourneen—
So I'm proud of me kindred, me mother and all;
But now I'm a lawyer, and feel like a warrior;
I'll dance you the lanciers or jig if you call;
I've kept me shillelah, and own I'm 'most crazy
To see me ould mother and Dublin once more—
I'm Teddy McGlynn, from the town of Dublin,
And that is the name you will find on the door.

And soon I'll be goin' the truth to be knowin',
And judge for meself of ould Ireland's woes;
If green I am wearing, the shamrock is sharing
The love in me heart for my country's repose;
For light is now dawning, and liberty's morning
Will shed its warm ray on ould Ireland's shore;
Then Katy I'll marry, and no longer tarry—
To see me ould mother and Dublin once more—
Then Mister McGlynn, when at home in Dublin,
Will welcome you all at his new cabin-door.

I've found many cronies amongst the Maloneys,
And often drank whiskey wid Phelim O'Toole;
O'Brien and McNielly, and poor Miles O'Reilly,
Were all of us sprung, when we waked Tim McDoul;
In the finest society, famed for sobriety,
I'm welcomed with pride at each Fenian ball;
I'll soon be an alderman like Jimmy Flanagan,
Who lives on Fifth Avenue, as good as them all—
I'm Teddy McGlynn, from the town of Dublin,
And that is the name you will find on me door.

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest was snarlin',
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and stye,
When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapped at the window where Katty did lie.
"Arrah! jewel," said he, "are ye sleepin' or wakin'?
The night's bitter cold, an' my coat it is thin;
Oh! the storm 'tis a-brewin', the frost it is bakin';
Oh! Katty Avourneen, you must let me in."

"Arrah! Barney," cried she, an' she spoke thro' the window,
"Ah! would ye be taken me out of my bed?
To come at this time it's a shame and a sin, too—
It's whiskey, not love, that's got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender—
Consider the time, an' there's nobody in;
Oh! what has a poor girl but her name to defend her?
No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

"Ah! cushla," cried he, "it's my heart is a fountain
That weeps for the wrong it might lay at your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure;
I'll go to my home, though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within;
An' the words of my Kathleen will comfort an' bless me—
"Oh! Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

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The harp that once thro' Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul had fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now but seldom wakes; the only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives.

—Worse and Worse.—Mrs. Browntop: "Simon, they are not satisfied with sanding the sugar and watering the milk. They're adulterating everything." Mr. Browntop: "What have you discovered now, my dear?" Mrs. Browntop: "Well, this morning I actually caught the gas-man pouring water into the meter."

What's the Matter with Your Feet?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Just a week ago this very day we buried old McKough;
Sure, he ought to have died a year ago, but that he didn't do;
Arrah, we all went to the fun'ral, for we'd nowhere else to go,
And I must confess, upon my life, it was an awful show;
It was seen that McAnally never rode in style so neat;
He couldn't keep his blessed boots down from off the seat;
And it made the driver fighting mad, we saw that very well,
And all along the street he'd stop his horses for to yell:

CHORUS.

Ho, ho, there, McAnally, what's the matter with your feet?
Hi, hi, there, McAnally, don't you let them go to sleep;
You monkey-headed dagoe, take them down from off the seat;
Ho, ho, there, McAnally, what's the matter with your feet?

Soon we reached the cemetery, which was on the river side;
Mac he said he'd have the driver's life that minute if he died;
Soon as he leaped out from the carriage we saw murder in his eye,
But the driver shut the other just as soon as he let fly;
Then he clinched with McAnally and he gave him quick the foot,
Down they went together with an Irish yell and whoop;
You can bet that Mac was 'in it,' too, he never touched the ground,
We couldn't help but shout at him as he had the driver down:

CHORUS.

Ho, ho, there, McAnally, what's the matter with your feet?
Hi, hi, there, McAnally, up and kick him down the street;
You lazy-looking gossoon, would you spoil your hands so neat?
Ho, ho, there, McAnally, what's the matter with your feet?

Now the mourners they did gather round at such a sight as that,
And they thought it was the native games—no funeral they were at;
Arrah! they wrestled Græco-Roman in a dozen styles or more,
And sorra a bit they ever cared for coppers or the law;
Now they fought out to the water's edge, the driver threw Mac in;
He yelled for us to save him—sure, none of us could swim;
We watched him struggling there awhile, he soon went out of sight,
We threw him bricks and everything, and yelled with all our might:

CHORUS.

Ho, ho, there, McAnally, what's the matter with your feet?
Hi, hi, there, McAnally, is the water very deep?
You crazy-splashing dummy, keep your head from underneath;
Ho, ho, there, McAnally, what's the matter with your feet?

GARFIELD.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Lay him to sleep, whom we have learned to love;
Lay him to sleep, whom we have learned to trust.
No blossom of hope shall spring from out of his dust;
No flower of faith shall bloom his sod above.

Although the sod by sorrowful hands be dressed,
Although the dust with tenderest tears be drenched,
A feebler light succeeds the new light quenched,
And weaker hands the strong hands crossed in rest.

Our new, our untried leader—when he rose,
Though still old hatreds fed upon old griefs,
Death or disgrace has stilled the cry of chiefs
Of old who rallied us against our foes.

A soldier of the camp, we knew him thus:
No saintly champion, high above his kind,
To follow with devotion mad and blind—
He fought and fared, essayed and erred, with us.

And so, half-hearted, went we where he led;
And, following whither beckoned his bright blade,
Learned his high will and purpose undismayed;
And brought him all our faith—and found him dead.

Is of the sacred pall, that once of yore
Draped Lincoln dead, one mouldering fragment left?
Spread it above him—Knight whose helm was cleft
Fair in the fight, as his who fell before.

As his who fell before, his seat we dress
With pitiful shreds of black, that flow and fall
Upon the bosom of the breeze, whose wail
Prays us respect that hallowed emptiness.

Ay! who less worthy now may take that chair,
If our first martyr's spirit on one hand
And this new ghost upon the other stand,
Saying: Betray thy country if thou dare!

—"Is Pat Flannigen on board this ship?" roared Nelson, during a lull in the firing at the battle of the Nile. "I'm here, my lord," said Erin's son, showing himself on deck. "Then," said the gallant Nelson, looking satisfied, "let the battle proceed." That story is Pat's.

Such Were Not Shakespeare's Words.

Copyright, 1890, by F. A. Rockar.

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Words Translated from the German by F. A. Rockar. Music by Joh. Sioly.

Oh, fair and gentle rose, her lover said,
With all my heart I love thee, sweetest maid;
Come, place your pretty little hand in mine
And tell me, darling, soon I will be thine.
However plain our modest home may be,
We'll live together quiet, contented, free·
For when our hearts shall fondly beat as one,
Peaceful and swift old time will run, yes, yes.

CHORUS.

Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classicly;
'Tis but an honest lad who to his love doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

A son will wander forth the world to see,
His aged mother prays on bended knee:
My dearest boy, thy home do not forsake,
Thy mother's heart for thee will surely break;
Ah! do not leave the dear old fatherland,
To lay thy weary head on foreign strand;
The forest bird who roams, finds not his rest,
But seeks at eve his tiny nest, yes, yes.

CHORUS.

Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classicly;
'Tis but a mother's love, which to her child doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

A child, whose mother's life is near its end,
Seeks trustingly in grief her heavenly friend:
Good Father, don't take my mama away
And I will love thee better every day;
Oh, keep her here, and I will give thee all
My pretty toys, my story-books, my doll;
Yes, I will give you all the pretty things
Which Santa Claus each Christmas brings, yes, yes.

CHORUS.

Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classicly;
'Tis but a guileless child, who to her God doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

A beggar in the street—worn, aged and cold—
Entreats with trembling voice: Oh, help the old!
"Good friend," says one who listens to his plea,
Not much I have—I'll share it though with thee;
For soon on me may cold and hunger fall,
And drive me on sweet charity to call;
But there shall He, to whom the ravens cry,
Hear me and help me lest I die, yes, yes.

CHORUS.

Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classicly;
'Tis but a generous heart, which of its faith doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

THE DEEP, BLUE SEA.

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When the breeze is softly singing, over the deep, blue sea,
And the vesper-bell is ringing, I'll steal away to thee, to thee,
I'll steal away to thee—
From a world whose iron chain sits heavy on my soul,
From many a weary pain beyond my weak control.
Oh! when the breeze is singing, over the deep, blue sea,
And the vesper-bell is ringing, I'll come back, my love, to thee, to thee.
I'll come, my love, to thee.

Away to the shining waters, rippling over the land;
Away to the rocks of Coral, along the moonlit sand,
Along, along the moonlit sand.
The glow of health will meet us on the sweet evening air,
The sparkling waves will greet us with a murm'ring welcome there.
Oh! when the breeze is singing, over the deep, blue sea,
And the vesper-bell is ringing, I'll come back, my love, to thee, to thee,
I'll come, my love, to thee.

—Sure Death.—"Do you hunt, doctor?" "No. I am not an expert at handling a gun." "But you might prescribe for the game."

—Dora Will Change.—Marguerite (seated beside her affianced on a sofa, to her sister in adjoining room): "What is that you've just been playing, Dora?" Dora (aged fifteen): "Oh, you and Clarence ought to know!" Clarence (bravely, but rashly): "Whisperings of Love, isn't it?" Dora (crushingly): "No; the Lunatic's Waltz."

MAVOURNEEN.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Sung by Wm. J. Scanlan in "Mavourneen."

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore,
But sweeter and purer, oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Asthore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.

Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—CHORUS.

MOLLY, O!

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan and sung by him in "Mavourneen."

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;
So light her tread, so fond her gaze,
Who would not love my Molly, dear?
Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,
Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near;
Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,
Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
She's plain Molly, O—her heart is love's retreat;
She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine;
Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,
With Molly, dear, the world I would defy.
Tender her heart, loving and true,
Flowers of the valley call her queen.
So like the lily, so like the rose,
Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;
Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright
Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.—CHORUS.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. Scanlan and sung by him in "Mavourneen."

Christmas time is coming, the little ones are glad,
Santa Claus will soon be here to cheer each girl and lad;
See their laughing faces, watch each merry eye,
Would that I were like them, happy girl and boy;
Thro' the door comes grandma, bending low with age,
Every line upon her face speaks to us of a page,
Tells a life-long story of battle, care and strife;
See the husband, father, mother, wife.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells merrily,
Christmas is coming, happy are we;
Bring in the old folks, as well as the young ones,
To gather and sing round the Christmas tree.

Hear the voice of hunger that's stifled in a moan,
Hear the cry of poverty, and still they cry alone;
Through the streets they wander, only ask for bread,
Would they ne'er were living, better were they dead.
You with wealth of pleasure, all the power of gain,
Think of these poor creatures, of their suffering and pain,
Bring to them the sunbeams, the kindness of your heart;
Through each beam some ray of joy im, art.—CHORUS.

Raffle for a Waterbury Watch.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

We took two tickets, Dan and I, last Sunday afternoon,
While strolling down to Casey's for a walk,
To aid the little widow of the late Michael Muldoon,
The tickets for her benefit we bought;
It was to be a raffle for a Waterbury watch,
And carried by her husband, that was Mike,
And the throwing was to be at the house of Dan Magee,
Eight o'clock the following Monday night.

CHORUS.

There was throwing there by Brady, Granigan and Grady,
Reilly threw the highest—forty-three;
Then Casey says I'll beat you. If you do, he says, I'll treat you,
But I hardly think you're in it, Mike, with me.

Now Casey threw three sixes every time he turned the box,
And Murphy said, bedad, that's out of sight;
Then Reilly says, be heavens, he can never have the watch,
He has the dices fixed this blessed night!
'Twas then they started throwing everything within their reach,
And Sweeney hollered fight, and got it hard;
Though he wasn't all to blame, but he got it just the same,
And they threw him over in the neighbor's yard.

CHORUS.

There was throwing there by Nolan, Dougherty and Dolan,
Duffy through McCarthy to the floor;
Then Reilly grabbed McGuigan, and some one took O'Swigan,
And threw them out together through the door.

The house was in disorder, from the bottom to the top,
The neighbors thought the place was burning down;
They all were throwing something, and, of course, it didn't stop
Till furniture lay broken on the ground.
Then some one threw O'Ragen to the bottom of the stairs,
And Casey he was mad, to tell the truth,
For he took old McElwee, Darby Connor and McGee,
And he threw them off the second-story roof.

CHORUS.

There was throwing there by Hagan, Flaherty and Fagan,
Murphy threw O'Reardon down the well;
Then Dolan grabbed the table, and some one threw the cradle,
Then the coppers threw the rest into a cell.

FINALE.

While the band played 'Annie Laurie,' and 'Down Went McGinty,' too;
Then they ran in 'Annie Rooney,' but they died on the 'Red, White and Blue.'

STORY OF THE OULD COUNTRE.

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan and sung by him in "Mavourneen."

I'll tell you a true story of a gossoon bould and free,
Who left his home in Aghada and sailed across the sea,
But he took a heavy heart with him, and many tears he shed,
As past Kinsale the distance hid the ould historic hill.
For his love she was behind him, and his fortune still to make,
And Killarney's hills were dear to him for ould time's sake,
And every day and every hour there rolled a broader sea
Between the ship that bore him and the ould countre;
And every day and every hour there rolled a broader sea
Between the ship that bore him and the ould countre.

And when he reached the far-off land he worked with might and main;
He'd sworn to win a fortune ere he should return again;
The toil was hard, the days were long, but, ah, the hardest part—
No line or message ever came to cheer his aching heart;
Fate smiled on him, the gold rolled in, and every one was kind,
But he never for a day forgot the love he left behind,
And night was welcome, bringing dreams in which he seemed to be
With the girl he'd left behind him in the ould countre;
And night was welcome, bringing dreams in which he seemed to be
With the girl he'd left behind him in the ould countre.

And then the cruel war broke out, the Irish boy took hold;
He drew his sword for Liberty where once he worked for gold,
And fortune did not lave him, for his name was on men's lips;
He had a soldier's fame, his heart sailed homeward with the ships.
He shared in many battles and won many meeds of praise,
But, ah, he sickened in despair, to count the long, long days,
And when the war was over, oh, how blithe and gay was he
To seek the girl he worshipped in the ould countre;
And when the war was over, oh, how blithe and gay was he
To seek the girl he worshipped in the ould countre.

He found her and her cheeks were pale, and tears were in her eyes;
He found her, but her voice of love was strangled in her sighs;
He found her thus, and all his wealth, his glory and renown,
Were turned before him into weights that dragged his spirits down.
And then and there he swore an oath, whatever might betide,
That life, fame, riches, all, he'd stake to win her for his bride.
She knew him not, yet love like hers he felt could never be
All quenched in ten years' absence from the ould countre;
She knew him not, yet love like hers he felt could never be
All quenched in ten years' absence from the ould countre.

A JOB LOT.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Brighton. Additional Words by Harry Miller

I know I look a "mash," because I've got 'em on to-night,
They're a job lot;
The trousers fit me rather loose, the coat's a bit too tight,
They're a job lot;
Just here and there you may detect a little spot of gray;
But, as they haven't cost me much, I haven't much to say;
I bought 'em of a "Sheeney" for a "tollar," down the bay
They're a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot they were cheap;
If the weather doesn't change, they'll keep;
Suit a cabman in bad weather,
For the pants are lined with leather—
As a job lot they are cheap.

Oh, giddy girls, it grieves me very much to have to say,
You're a job lot;
We never need to show you how to fling the cash away,
You're a job lot;
Perhaps a fellow weds a girl, and thinks he's got a saint,
But when he finds she wears a wig, and has recourse to paint,
Thinks he "I thought it genuine, but now I find it ain't,
It's a job lot."

CHORUS.

As a job lot, girls go cheap;
And with rage a chap's inclined to weep
When she's ugly, tall and lanky,
With false teeth, and temper cranky,
As a job lot she's not cheap.

I once was married, for a dollar, with a dozen more,
As a job lot;
The minister said to the clerk, as we came in the door,
Here's a job lot.
Fourteen of us got very "tight," soon as we got outside,
No man could tell which was his wife, no matter how he tried;
I gave each husband fifty cents, and bought up every bride
As a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot they were cheap;
But I didn't calculate their keep;
They looked careful, staid and thrifty,
But the youngest one was fifty,
But as a job lot they were cheap.

I bought a "safety bicycle," got guyed by all the boys,
'Twas a job lot;
It had no bell, but pressing something made a funny noise,
'Twas a job lot.
The first night I went out I carromed, with a mighty bang,
Upon the man who played the drum in some salvation gang;
And as they all marched over me, the sisters sweetly sang,
Here's a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot I looked cheap;
Rags and tatters bundled in a heap;
And my elegant knee-breeches
Wanted quite a lot of stitches,
As a job lot they'd go cheap.

I bought some eggs a cent apiece, a bargain you'll admit,
Quite a job lot;
Went in for chicken-raising, and induced a hen to sit
On this job lot.
Some sixteen eggs were hatched, a most unusual thing, I know,
And sixteen little "chicks" all stood before me, in a row,
But not one hen among them, every one knew how to crow,
They're a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot they are cheap,
But they never let a fellow sleep;
For, as crowers, they are "stayers,"
But they are no good as "layers".
As a job lot they'll go cheap.

The other night a pal and I went out to see the sights,
Quite a job lot;
We sampled whiskey, champagne, beer, until we looked like frights,
Such a job lot.
We chummed together till the day was dawning rosy clear,
A "copper" tried to waken us, his voice we didn't hear,
He got us on our feet, and to the station-house did steer,
Such a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot we were cheap;
And the judge he said, in accents deep,
"I shall have to put the 'snuffers'
On you pretty pair of 'bluffers,'"
As a job lot you're not cheap.

The cats around our boarding-house make lively things each night,
They're a job lot.
To entertain the boarders they begin to yowl and bite,
They're a job lot.
The other day I got some dynamite, and on the fence
I safely laid it, and I chuckled in my joy, immense,
Then watched 'em from the window with anxiety intense,
Watched the job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot now they're cheap;
Of their tails and whiskers there's a heap;
They have now postponed their howling
And their everlasting yowling—
As a job lot they'd go cheap.

I like to sleep at night, but next to me's a wedded pair,
They've a job lot;
They've half-a-dozen children and I hear them everywhere,
They're a job lot.
The other morn that father came, with twinkles in his eyes,
And told me that the night had brought him such a great surprise,
He whispered "triplets" in my ear, "and each one of a size"—
Quite a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot they are cheap,
But they will not let the neighbors sleep;
They might do in the museum—
People there might like to see 'em,
As a job lot they'd go cheap.

I read we have some splendid ships, but my opinion is—
They're a job lot;
They'd go down to the bottom if a quib began to fizz—
They're a job lot.
We ought to have a navy for the prices that they charge,
The people in authority talk mighty fine and large,
But half of them don't know an iron-clad from a barge—
They're a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot they'd go cheap,
But they cost us quite a mint to keep;
With their boilers old and rusted,
And their timbers mud-incrusted,
As a job lot they'd sell cheap.

Parody on:

PLAYMATES.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Through the storm of life I've battled; through the mill of care and strife
I've been born and raised a bum—I had no pudding in this life;
Some get milk and some get water, some get roasted, some get froze;
When I ask for milk or water some one wets me with a hose.
All the troubles of my schooldays centered in the master's boot;
All we had to think or care for when we saw him was to scoot;
Oftentimes I meet those playmates, stand in with them and their jobs;
Some are working, some are loafing, some are still the same old slobs.

CHORUS.

Playmates were we, little we thought of work;
How things would change when we'd be lazy turks;
Sweet boyhood days they used to give me a pain;
Playmates, playmates, I wish we were all insane.

Very well I do remember one young "mug" named Harry Dare;
When the coppers went to pinch him Handsome Harry wasn't there;
He had everybody crazy, drove his uncle Mike to drink;
He's doing sleeping-time, they tell me—ten or twenty years, I think—
Some few months ago I met him in a cell next door to me
When I paid my six months' rent in the penitentiary;
Years ago he robbed a drunken bum that didn't have a dime,
The jury found he wasn't ready, so the judge he gave him time.

CHORUS.

Playmates were we, played till we'd get dead-broke;
How quick we learned to sand-bag some easy old bloak;
Sweet liberty beating a cattle train;
Playmates, jail-birds, I wish we were out again.

Always I've been fat and lazy, got too big and strong to work;
All the bums and tramps they call me Rip Van Winkle's sleeping clerk;
One day snoozing on a clothes-line, just this side of Syracuse,
Some one passing by disturbed me, woke me from my gentle snooze;
Suddenly my eyes flies open, all the flies flies down my throat;
Chaw-mouth Hicky, my old playmate—if it isn't, I'm a goat;
Hick, I said, you've touched some "ru-bin," blow yourself for just one ball;
No, says he, you let me choke one morning I was in the hole.

CHORUS.

Playmates were we, no we never was working mates;
Little we thought when we were doing the Erie freights
Sweet sixty day, dragging a ball and chain;
Playmates, playmates, I'll see him dead-broke again.

'Tis but a few months ago, boys, I was eating custard-pie,
'Twasn't in the jail or poor-house, take my word I wouldn't be;
The last time I was in the poor-house, a year ago St. Patrick's day,
Some one there would like to see me—in I went without delay—
In I walked behind the keeper, walked the soles all off my shoes,
Then the bloak, the keeper says, 'twas chaw-mouth Hicky with the blues;
Cull, he whispered, I have fallen from a freight-car in the mud,
For my cruelty forget me—Nix, said I, you are no good.

CHORUS.

Playmates, said he—playmates, said I, and when
Playmates, says he, before we were up in the pen;
Swelled head, says he—if it isn't, then I am a rube.
Says I, playmate, I am even; I am glad you are in the soup.

Not Her Maiden Effort.—The widow had married again. After the ceremony at the church the widow was receiving congratulations at the house. "How nicely it all went off," chattered a lady, "and you did your part to perfection." "Oh, yes," she said complacently, "you know this isn't my maiden effort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Parody on:

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Far away, amidst the glamor of a city rolling-mill,
Where the noise would set you crazy day and night,
Lived a tender, saucey lassie with her father, Gas-house Bill,
A man, they say, would sooner eat than fight.
The girl she was too lazy for to work, to tell the truth,
She let nothing ever bother her at all;
When she wouldn't drive an ice-cart, they saw it was no use,
So her father turned her picture toward the wall.

CHORUS.

If her name is ever spoken, her father he gets soaking,
And her mother's always joking when the old man takes a bail;
There's a son stands six foot seven, on the family he is living,
And a picture with its face toward the wall.

They have laid away her chewing-gum she chawed before she went;
They have pawned the clothes she left the night she flew,
And they never stopped the growler till they blew in every cent,
Next the mother fell and broke her pledge in two;
They all packed up a week ago; they moved away in haste;
They've gone beyond recall to Montreal;
The son has gone to work and now the family he's disgraced,
Since his father turned the picture toward the wall.

CHORUS.

If her name you'd ever mutter to her mother or her brother,
You would flutter on a shutter, to the morgue you'd make a call;
She's struck a pal fakir since her father, that old bloaky,
Turned her picture with its face toward the wall.

She was stuck to be an actress and to go upon the stage,
Everything stood in her favor but her feet;
She accepted ten and railroad fare and bought a set of tights,
With a creole show that night she left the place;
She's gone to swet a first-part chair; she's joined a yaller troupe
With that cross-road show to-night up at Town Hall;
Still they don't know where she's gone to, but they think she's in the soup,
So they nailed her picture faced toward the wall.

CHORUS.

There's a name was once McGinnis, but they changed it round to Dinnis;
There's another in the business that her tights don't fit at all;
There's a burlesque troupe, Barn-Stormer, and an extra old chair-warmer,
And a picture with its chin toward the wall.

Parody on:

HE WAS A PAL OF MINE.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Ned and I were school-mates many moons ago;
We called him mutton-headed Ned and monkey-faced Jo-Jo;
He used to keep me guessing, I'd wake up in the night;
His looks would haunt me in my dreams and make me screech with fright;
The same old pudding-face of Ned sticks to him like a friend;
How often with an axe I've tried poor Edward's face to bend;
One day he said I am going to romp—so fare you well, old chum,
I am going to get another mug, for this one's on the bum.

CHORUS.

He was a pal of mine when we were draining kegs;
We were two hard workers—see our hands from pulling sailors' legs;
We worked on the same rock-pile when we couldn't pay our fine;
When Ned got pinched they pinched me to, for he was a pal of mine.

Years rolled quickly onward, I hadn't heard from Ned;
I thought he got good-looking, and it might have swelled his head;
When up in Huber's Museum I went one foggy night,
I there beheld a freak that gave the other monkeys a fright;
The keeper told us not to move and called the thing by name;
We breathed a trifle easy when he told us it was tame;
He said the thing would speak to us as soon as it was fed;
It spoke—I recognized the voice of my old partner Ned.

CHORUS.

For he was a pal of mine—I must have been insane—
I would rather have a dollar-bill than look at his mug again;
When he's smiling his face folds up and it looks like half-past nine;
Now he's breaking cobbles with his cheek—he once was a pal of mine.

At last from good to better he went from bad to worse;
The broken-necked Circassian girl he touched her for her purse,
For the crime he had committed he soon was overtook;
They found he was humpbacked and they pinched him for a crook;
I saw him in the court-room on the morning he was caught;
Howe & Hummel wasn't there and he wasn't in the court;
The judge says what's the name of it, and meaning Ned, his blobbs,
And when he gave him sixty years I whispered to his slobbs:

CHORUS.

That he was a pal of mine—I am glad that he is pinched;
The jury they were White-Caps, they thought that he'd soon be lynched;
I spoke in behalf of Ned—the defence I made was fine;
He'd got discharged if I kept still, but he was a pal of mine.

Parody on:

IRISH JUBILEE.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

I've seen the greatest actors, in their new and palmy days,
Received with grand orations and presented with bouquets;
I saw great Booth and Barrett, Mary Anderson and all,
And all the leading, shining lights my memory does recall;
Well, I swore I'd be an actor and upon the stage I'd act;
My friends that knew me also swore they thought that I was cracked;
So I made my first appearance at a benefit to sing,
And all that happened I'll relate and tell you everything;
I thought that I was in it, but the audience I could see
Their difference in opinion did not correspond with me;
While advancing to the footlights, as all other singers do,
Well, I'll try and mention all the stuff the gallery at me threw:

Piggs' heads, pigs' feet, pig-iron and overshoes,
Brick-bats, cobble-stones, cigarettes, tobacco-chews;
A kid up in the gallery first he soaked me with a peanut;
When the copper he went to fire him out he said he didn't mean it;
Another threw a sandwich—he bought it in a beanery—
It exploded like a bombshell up against the scenery;
There were soldiers and sailors, bootblacks and business men;
They pasted me with sickly eggs they got from some consumptive hen.

My nearest friends they bought a box—a dozen jolly fellows—
They kept me busy dodging—throwing canes and umbrellas;
Then a big head of cabbage from the gallery came a-floating;
It struck the cornet-player when the leader wasn't looking;
The big bass-player they soaked him with an iron bludgeon;
It smashed him on the kisser before he had time to run;
They made such an uproar I couldn't hear the drummer
If he was playing 'Annie Laurie' or 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

Bartenders, car-drivers, carpenters and waiters
They smashed me with beer-mugs, turnips and potatoes;
Says I excuse my singing I'll recite a recitation;
They started up a war-whoop like an Indian reservation;
A half-sucked lemon hit the man that played the clarionet;
The same time another one knocked me a twisting somersault;
Then, says I, the man that did it I think he is no gentleman,
Before I said another word he soaked me twice as hard again.

I stopped my recitation, just the same as my singing,
The gang they started clapping and I tried to do my winging
As soon as the audience in front I thought was done with me;
The actors and stage-hands they said they'd have some fun with me;
With slap-sticks, barrel-staves, stuffed-clubs and other props;
Red fire, blue fire, broom sticks and scrubbing-mats,
Milk-cans, beer-cans, can-cans were firing,
And friends of mine that knew me said I must be made of iron.

I then had a stage fright—it frightened the musicians;
I was going to do a skirt-dance but wasn't in condition;
With jig-shoes, clog-shoes and horse-shoes they pelted me;
With sand-bags, pool-cues, the scene-shifters welted me;
When they got a little quiet then I tried to sing a ballad;
The property-man put out his hand and smacked me with a mallet;
He hit me such a poultice I was nearly going under,
And a reporter told the manager he thought I was a wonder.

There was nothing only standing-room, for all the chairs were broken,
And the seats that were not taken they were sent at me a-floating;
The boys in the gallery started ripping up the railing;
Then I asked them please excuse me as I thought my voice was failing;
Well, I made such a hit, I'll pledge my word and honor,
I pleased the people twice as well as James Owen O'Connor;
They dropped a dummy on my head—when it struck it knocked me double,
And I beat Marinelli's act without the slightest trouble.

My courage then it failed me, I was fairly filled with horror;
They hollered from the dressing-rooms his funeral's to-morrow;
There were first-part swetters old enough to draw a pension;
With pails of water from the flies they had me soaked and drenching;
There were fire-eaters, ballad-singers, sleight-of-hand performers,
Night owls, screech owls, and thirty-five chair-warmers;
I gave imitations of Frank Bush and Pat Rooney;
They broke a barrel on my head and nearly knocked me looney.

I sung 'Sweet Katie Connor,' yes, and 'Throw Him Down McCloskey;
Says I I'll have to quiet you, for my throat is getting husky;
They hit me with a lumber-pile—it stunned me for a minute;
I could see the way they hollered Maggie Cline she wasn't in it;
I bowed and thanked the audience for their very kind attention;
They hollered back, 'You're out of sight' and things I wouldn't mention;
And of all the actors on the stage that night I was the sorest;
They dropped the curtain, then the audience all joined in the chorus:

REFRAIN.

Should old acquaintance be forgot, it filled my eyes with tears;
I'll not forget—no, if I live for fifteen thousand years;
But, if ever I appear again, I'll fool them all, you bet;
I'll be prepared—I'll get James Owen O'Connor's wire net.

—"Can't you give a poor fellow a lift?" asked the tramp. "Not very well; I've only got my slippers on," said the farmer. "But if a little push will help you, there it is." And he shoved him out into the night.

Parody on:

A JOB LOT.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Just size me up, I am in it, for I've got them on to-night,
They're a job lot;
The coat and vest they fit too quick, the pants are out of sight;
They're a job lot.
In the day-time there are spots and stains that give the suit away;
They didn't cost me very much, but still they come in play;
I bought them for a dollar from a Sheeney down the bay,
They're a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot they were cheap;
If the weather doesn't change, they'll keep;
If it rains, you know the rest—
Good-bye coat and pants and vest,
But as a job lot they were cheap.

Now, you naughty, naughty, giddy girls, I am sorry for to say
You're a job lot;
The more we see, we know you're getting fresher every day;
You're a job lot;
You catch a mash and get the gawk to buy you beer and lunch;
You drink anything from a beer all the way to whiskey punch;
If you were for sale, you wouldn't sell for thirty cents a bunch
As a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot you'd be cheap,
The price would be then too steep;
The truth I am going to tell you,
If we had to buy and sell you,
As a job lot you'd be cheap.

Now I bought some eggs for fourteen cents—a bargain you'll admit—
As a job lot;
Says I, I'll raise some chickens, so I coaxed a hen to sit
On the job lot.
For eleven weeks the faithful hen she done the best she could;
To make her sit another week I hardly think she would;
Come off the perch, the rooster said, the eggs they can't be good,
They're a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot, I was sold—
The eggs were four years old—
So the hen she flew the coop
To join the hennery troupe—
As a job lot she got soaked.

I was married for a dollar, with a half-a-dozen more,
As a job lot;
The clerk he told the parson, as we entered at the door,
Here's a job lot;
Then we all adjourned to celebrate in a beer-saloon outside;
Soon no man could tell which was his wife, no matter how he tried;
So I gave each husband sixty cents and bought up every bride,
As a job lot.

CHORUS.

As a job lot at half price,
They were every age and size;
The youngest one was mine,
And she was over sixty-nine,
And as a job lot I got stuck.

Speak Kindly to Your Mother.

Copyright, 1888, by Isidore Prager.

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Words and Music by J. W. Wood.

Speak kindly to your mother, now she's old and gray,
Soon her journey will be o'er and she'll pass away;
When gone you'll sadly miss her—though kind friends you'll meet,
You will find no other love like mother's ever sweet.
She has proved herself to be a loving friend to you;
From your earliest childhood hours ever she's been true,
So remember when you greet her, and when she is near,
Never speak an unkind word to your mother dear.

CHORUS.

Speak kindly to your mother, now she's old and gray,
Soon her journey will be o'er, and she'll pass away;
When gone you'll sadly miss her when dark clouds appear;
Never speak an unkind word to your mother dear.

Speak kindly to your mother, 'twill not be in vain;
Constant is her precious love, till death it will remain;
When o'er you shadows darken mother will be nigh
With counsel sweet to guide you till the clouds go by.
In after years you stand beside an angel mother's grave,
And watch the creeping grasses, while blossoms o'er her wave;
Though far beyond recall, this your heart will cheer,
You never gave an unkind word to your mother dear.—CHORUS.

—The average barber does not hesitate to scrape an acquaintance.

Parody on:

Twelve Months Ago To-Night.

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Written, Composed and Sung by James McAvoy.

Twelve months ago this very night with loving friends I sat,
And every one was feeling out of sight;
Yes, I've got it in my books, and it's twelve months up to this date;
I wouldn't be for just one little night.
We drank to wives and sweethearts, but our wives they were not there,
But the sweethearts were, and they were feeling right.
"We won't go home till morning" was the chorus that we sung
When we chased the duck twelve months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Where is the lad that I met at the party?
Where is the man that licked me in a rough-and-tumble fight?
Where is the guy we nearly killed—that sung "Down went McGinty?"
Who was it kicked my whiskers off twelve months ago to-night?

CHORUS.

Where is the man that night that borrowed money from me?
That "Cohen'd" me out of twenty—oh, he was a beauty bright!
Where is the guy that walked off with my new silk umbrella?
What was that game I went against twelve months ago to-night?

CHORUS.

Where are those poker fiends that steered me up against it?
Where are the jack-pots that vanished out of sight?
Where is the man that sold the pools the day I bet on Tennis?
What got me sore on Salvador twelve months ago to-night?

CHORUS.

Oh, where are the jays—oh, the jays that pull your ankles?
Where is the fellow that pulled my left and right?
And where is my watch—here's the ticket—do not ask me;
I soaked it down in Simpson's twelve months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Where is that ballet-girl said I could be her papa;
I saw her with Kiralfy's when her clothes were awful tight;
And when I asked to see her home she said she'd call a copper;
I had to say, Good-night, Irene, twelve months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

And where is the bunco-man shook hands and called me Perkins?
That roped me in to play the game—they call it black and white—
And piloted me around the town and nearly got his work in,
And "Cohen'd" me out of all I had a month ago to-night?

CHORUS.

Where is the gang that always said I was a good one;
When they saw me on my uppers they let me down so light;
I was such an easy-going slob—on me they had a pudding;
We never speak as we pass by since twelve o'clock last night.

CHORUS.

Where are the girls I went out with and to chances;
They said Herman, the magician, brought them from the other side;
For a month I bought them beer and lunch—two kidney-feet skirt-dancers;
They'll kick your hat off for a bier after twelve o'clock at night.

CHORUS.

Where is my mother-in-law? she's dead, and I'm not sorry;
She said, my boy, I am going to die and upward take a flight;
She said good-bye and died, and then the band played "Annie Laurie;"
She must have been cremated since six months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Where is the wife, boys, I married on suspicion?
She said, By-by, my honey, there's no rope to me tied;
The next poor gawk she gets I hope she'll keep him in condition,
Or we'll be smoking at his wake before St. Patrick's night.

CHORUS.

Where are the friends? oh, I wonder would they know me?
They pass me by; they know me not; my presence always slight;
I always had them on my staff—for weeks and weeks they'd follow me;
They say my name is Dinnis since twelve months ago to-night.

REFRAIN.

One little year has told the tale among our happy group;
There's some that's doing time in jail and some are in the soup;
There's others that are on the bum—in cattle-cars they ride.
Well, we all got soaked, and I've been broke since a year ago to-night.

—The dog may have his day, but the cat certainly takes the cake so far as the night is concerned.

—"What do you want?" "Your daughter's hand." "Can't do it. Take her as a whole or leave her. We don't do an instalment business here."

—Boy (at grindstone): "Pap, have you read anything about the labor movement?" Old Man: "Well, you jist git more labor movement in yer elbow, and we'll git these axes done sooner."

All on Account of the Price.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

The reason I am singing these ditties to-night,
It is all on account of the price;
When you hear it you'll say, it's 'way out of sight,
For it's all on account of the price.
There are things I've wanted I never yet got,
And many good chances I've lost in a trot;
I meant well enough and I'd bought the whole lot,
But the truth was I hadn't the price.

CHORUS.

It was all on account of the price,
It was all on account of the price;
When you haven't a cent then what can you do?
When it's all on account of the price.

The parson in church every Sunday he'll preach—
Well, it's all on account of the price;
In opera, please tell why does Patti screech,
It is all on account of the price.
And why does our Mary in England remain?
And why did Miss Langtry go over again?
It's a matter quite easy for me to explain—
Well, it's all on account of the price.

CHORUS.

Well, it's all on account of the price,
It is all on account of the price;
It's money they get and they're making a hit,
And it's all on account of the price.

Sometimes in a hurry you chase up the street,
It is all on account of the price.
When a stereotyped story a bum will repeat,
And it's all on account of the price,
He'll give you the gag that he's a hard-working man;
If you don't believe it, just look at my hands—
And that's what he tells you, as pleading he stands—
And it's all on account of the price.

CHORUS.

Well, it's all on account of the price,
Yes, it's all on account of the price;
He'll not work a lick, but he'll work the old trick,
And it's all on account of the price.

THIS IS THE TOWN FOR NELLIE.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

The song I'll sing I hope 'twill please—to make it go I'll try—
It's about a girl called Nellie, a maiden awfully fly;
She visited towns both great and small; she traveled near and far,
But most of them were one-night stands and none of them suited her.
The gal she hailed from Kankakee, from the State of Illinois;
The town it was not large enough; she shook the country boys;
She took the train and started East and landed in New York,
And as soon as she struck old Union Square, to herself she did remark:

CHORUS.

Well, this is the town for Nellie, this is the place for Nell;
I've made up my mind to settle down; I am sure I will do well;
The sights around the Morton House they fairly knocked her silly;
Says she, Tra la la le, old Kankakee, oh, this is the town for Nellie.

That night she saw New York lit up—it filled her heart with glee—
She kicked herself and sorry she ever was born in Kankakee.
From Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third a dozen times she ran,
Looking in all the windows like a jay from Olean;
Her Chicago feet were heavy, but her head and heart were light;
She walked all over the Bowery then till nine o'clock that night;
She's clerking up in Macy's since she's made up her mind to stay;
She's furnished a flat with her aunt up-town—now you could not club her away.

CHORUS.

Oh, this is the town for Nellie, this is the city for Nell;
And why she clerks in Macy's I never, never could tell;
She says New York it beats Chicago, Boston, Cin., or Phillie;
There's no hayseed on her, you bet, this is the place for Nellie.

She can tell you every street in town—she's never yet been lost;
She's always dressed in the very best, no matter what it costs;
Her aunt sometimes is anxious if Nell is late to tea;
But let her alone and she'll come home—she carries her own night-key;
She takes in all the matinees and every night she goes to plays,
But after ten she never stays unless she goes to dine;
Telephones make too much noise; she sends her notes by messenger-boy,
And when she comes out of the Hoffman cafe the dudes are standing in line.

CHORUS.

They say, this is the town for Nell, this place for Nell;
Both day and night she's out of sight—old gal, you're looking well;
But the gawk that you got with you he's getting awfully swelly,
But, whoever he is, he knows his bus., and he is the boy for Nellie.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

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Written, Composed and Sung by James McAvoy.

The title and the subject of the song I am going to sing you,
It is sure to be a woman in the case;
Should I mention little things might hit you hard at home and sting you
When a woman's implicated in the case.
She mixes in with everything, as long as I remember,
From the first of January till the last day of December,
And when things are running smooth and in the end you find a damper,
You can bet that there's a woman in the case.

CHORUS.

There's sure to be a woman interested
When they start to raise the devil—how they raise;
When you hear a pack of lies, well, don't you never be surprised,
But you can gamble there's a woman in the case.

If a man goes out of town one day and does not tell his neighbors,
They will hint that there's a lady in the case;
You will never satisfy them till they have it in the papers;
They must surely have a woman in the case.
The scandal in the papers, for the wife it is sufficient;
And to kick up some excitement all the papers they are fishing
For some pretty young typewriter girl to cover with suspicion,
For they've got to ring a lady in the case.

CHORUS.

And there's sure to be a woman there to swear
That she saw you go in such and such a place;
When you're suing for divorce, we must all admit, of course,
That they will have to ring a woman in the case.

If your wife she sits up with a club and waits for you till morning,
Don't forget that there's a woman in the case;
When you're coming up the stairs she reaches down and gives you warning,
Just to show you there's a woman in the case;
Then down the stairs and after you around the yard she's racing,
With a stick of wood your cocoanut every second she is grazing,
When she hollers out, you mormon, will you stop your chippy-chasing,
Then you know that there's a woman in the case.

CHORUS.

There's a woman always in the case to queer you,
That is sure to keep you guessing in a maze;
Should you chance to get a soaker in the kisser with a poker,
Just imagine that your wife is in the case.

Sometimes when you are sober and the scripture you are reading,
You will read that there's a woman in the case;
And when Adam climbed the apple-tree in the garden of old Eden,
Oh, it tells you there's a woman in the case;
Adam saw the apples on the tree—Miss Eva told him get 'em;
And when Adam eat the peaches, old Miss Eva she was with him;
Yes, we know they stole the quinces, but whatever good it did 'em,
Still Miss Eva was indicted in the case.

CHORUS.

There's a woman mixed in everything to do you;
They know how to fool you fifty thousand ways;
If you want to have a pudding, get a wife and get a good one,
Make her work and have a woman in the race.

Only Friends and Nothing More.

Words by Alice Hawthorne. Music by Sep. Winner.

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We met as many have before, nor wished nor hoped to meet again;
Ne'er dreaming of our fate in store, with days of pleasure or of pain.
We met again with right good will, yet paused when parting at the door.
We lingered with a sigh, but still as only friends and nothing more;
We lingered with a sigh, but still as only friends and nothing more.

CHORUS.

We met as many oft have met, and just as others have before;
We met from time to time, and yet as only friends and nothing more.

We sat upon the trellised porch full many an eve and pleasant day,
In cloud and sunshine off and oft, to wile the happy hours away.
The fleeting moments came and went, till months were numbered by the score,
And still our passing days were spent as only friends and nothing more;
And still our passing days were spent as only friends and nothing more.—CHO.

—Here to-day and gone to-morrow—the man who borrows a five-dollar bill from you.

—Ethel: "Johnnie, if you slide down the banisters again, mamma will whip you." Little Johnnie: "Yes, but if I slide down enough I'll get so tough it won't hurt."

—Husband: "Am I never to have my own way?" Wife: "Certainly, my dove; when we are both agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine."

Whatever I Tell You It Goes.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

It is seldom I speak, and whenever I do
You can bet your sweet life that it goes;
And whenever I sing you will hear something new—
Now mark what I tell you it goes.
What little there is of this song it is right;
If I do shock your feeling, 'twill be very light,
But I'll pledge you my word I won't shock you to-night,
And whatever I tell you it goes.

CHORUS.

You can make up your mind that it goes,
You can make up your mind that it goes;
You will quickly admit that the song is a hit,
And you'll find what I tell you it goes.

A tout on the track he will give you a tip,
And he says what I tell you it goes;
He'll watch if you win and he won't let you slip,
Just remember what I tell you goes.
He knows all the winners from Soda to Hock;
He'll swear he got tips from McLaughlin, the jock;
You're a sucker if in him you take any stock—
You can bet your good coin that it goes.

CHORUS.

Just wait till they start and it goes,
He'll be left at the post, and that goes;
If you lose and you're out, you won't see Mr. Tout;
I'm calling the turns, and it goes.

You must watch your new silk umbrella in church;
You'll think it is safe, but it goes;
They'll ring in an old one that's not worth half as much—
Remember what I tell you goes.
They're sorry, but never a new one they'll get;
No new umbrella you haven't got yet;
Some pious old deacon has nailed it, you bet—
They've got two of mine and it goes.

CHORUS.

It might be a mistake and it goes;
Now maybe I am wrong, but it goes;
I'll not go again any Sunday it rains,
If it snows or it blows, and that goes.

Old, bald-headed men in the front seats they'll beat—
There are lots here to-night, and it goes;
If they hadn't no railing there, where would they get—
They'd be climbing up here, and that goes.
They can sit where they please for to witness the sights;
I envy no man of his privilege or rights;
But should they see a lady appearing in tights,
They get plum off their noodle—that goes.

CHORUS.

You can see for yourself, and that goes;
It's a true and old saying, it goes.
They don't care a hair, for there's no hair up there,
But he wants a front chair—that goes.

If you have any trouble or family affairs,
Right into the *Journal* it goes;
They'll fix all troubles with ideas of their's—
If they say it's divorce, well it goes.
It's pretty Miss So and So sues for divorce—
They say that she's pretty—too jolly, of course.
If she's homely as sin and built like a truck-horse,
She's pretty, they say, and it goes.

CHORUS.

If reporters they say so—it goes;
If he's a reporter, he knows
If he'd cut out the pretty and print the plain truth
And say old pudding-faces—that goes.

LOVE WILL FIND ITS OWN.

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By Emily Smith.

The light of day is dim and low; sweet dreams of joy now come and go;
They bring the time you loved me so—ah! do you now forget?
The light of love is burning clear, though all alone I linger here;
In thought once more you bless and cheer, for, oh, my heart it whispers yet:

REFRAIN.

"Love will find its own again at last;
And all our lives have known of pain be past;
What though the years have brought their tears,
Yet love will find its own at last;
Take heart, my sweet, we yet shall meet,
For love will find its own at last."

When hearts are one and paths are two, dear hopes depart like morning dew;
For plighted souls that bid adieu, love's star can never set;
The brooks will find the distant sea, though on their way they parted be;
True hearts will meet eternally, for, oh, my heart, it whispers yet:—REFRAIN.

The Little Old Seven a Week.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

'Tis a mystery to know just how some people live
On a salary of seven a week;
How they do it so regular 'tis hard to believe,
On the wages of seven per week;
Everything that they wear all appears to be new;
There's some legerdemain—that's between me and you—
But it's funny to me what sane things they will do
On that little old seven a week.

CHORUS.

On that little old seven big dollars
Of the poor dry-goods clerk I will speak;
I will solemnly swear they look like millionaires
On that little old seven per week.

There's the widow that goes out a-sewing each day
For her little old seven a week,
And still she insists, and will positively swear,
That she only gets seven a week.
Her husband is dead only but a short year;
Her deep crape and mourning does soon disappear;
Soon she dresses like a queen, with big sparks in her ears,
On that little old seven a week.

CHORUS.

On her seven big silvers a week,
And with powder and paint on her cheek,
Still she dresses quite fine, and she's right up in line
On her little old seven a week.

Now the single young man's to be married quite soon—
Well, his salary is seven a week;
But what will he do when he whistles this tune
Of the little old seven per week.
When he says that word "Yes" he'll be sorry he spoke;
He'll soon look like a tramp, when his clothes are in soak,
When he drops from a dude to a tough-looking bloak
On his seven "Pea Astors" a week.

CHORUS.

On his poor little seven a week,
When he looks like a museum freak;
And where will he land with six kids on his hands
When the limit is seven per week.

There's the girl that trims hats in a millinery store,
Her salary is seven a week;
But, the way it appears, I am sure she gets more
Than that small sum of seven per week.
To parties and balls she'll stay out very late;
She gets only seven, but knows more than eight;
She can beat any girl drinking beer in the State
On some dude's little seven a week.

CHORUS.

On her little old seven a week,
However she does it she's slick;
Her board and her washing cost twelve and a half,
And she only gets seven per week.

MY BRAND NEW T'SHOVEL.

By C. R. Dockstader.

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Down on the dock they had a row,
'Twas all on board of a canal scow;
Arrah! jolly sailors, come tell me true,
Is my brand new t'shovel,
Is my brand new t'shovel on board wid you-ou-ou?
Is my brand new t'shovel on board wid you?
Arrah! jolly sailors, come tell me true,
Is my brand new t'shovel,
Is my brand new t'shovel on board wid you-ou-ou,
Is my brand new t'shovel on board wid you?

Oh, the captain on the deck he stood;
He was covered all over wid dirt and mud;
Arrah! jolly sailor, I tell you true,
Paddy Clancy broke,
Paddy Clancy broke your brand new t'shovel in two-ou-ou,
Paddy Clancy broke your brand new t'shovel in two;
Arrah! jolly sailor, I tell you true,
Paddy Clancy broke,
Paddy Clancy broke your brand new t'shovel in two-ou-ou,
Paddy Clancy broke your brand new t'shovel in two.

—A Boarding-House Problem.—To be able on beef hash to beef hash on able.

—Overheard.—The following was overheard at a picnic in a shady nook: "Darling, there's a bug crawling down my back, so I'll have to let go of your hand till I catch it. You won't be angry, dear."

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

We've got a room in a boarding-house too small to wash your face;
We're too lazy for to leave it for to get another place;
We never see a chamber-maid from morning until night,
And the landlord, too, that keeps it he is a beauty bright;
There's 14,000 rats and 19,000 cats come in and out as often as they please;
They play hide-and-seek and tag round the wood-shed for a gag;
Every one of them has bunions on his knees.

CHORUS.

Through the hallway the tom-cats flicker,
Where they scratch and fight and weep;
And the landlord's wife, the kicker, she won't let no one sleep;
When the daughter sings the boarders they yell, come off the perch;
When she sings that chestnut called "Comrades" they tell her go to church.

There are thirteen boarders in one room; they sleep on two bed-slats;
They're all barefooted, for they threw their boots and shoes at cats;
The porter's always full of ale; they use him for night-clerk;
He lost his sight one foggy night a-looking after work.
The landlord's daughter, Floss, her face is full of Irish moss,
With her fellow in the parlor starts a fight;
The boarders jump like apes and fly down the fire-escapes,
And on the sidewalk yell till broad daylight.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing at us, for we are not dressed;
They holler to a half-starved boarder:
Chuck me down my pants and vest.

The cook she tries to run the place; she makes an awful bluff;
She has a cheese-knife in her hand to make us think she's tough.
We get beans that are thirty-five years old, blue-molded mush and buns;
The regular boarders look to me like walking-skeletons;
If you'd ever mention pie, they'd all take sick and die;
'Twould insult them if they'd get a decent meal;
The steak is tough as leather, and, when they get together
In an operated chorus how they squeal.

CHORUS.

No soup—then we don't get any;
Don't touch the cheese—they let it lay there;
And as soon as they all smell the butter—
Ah, there! cover it and stay there.

There's a couple sleeps next door to me—oh, how they scrap and fight;
I'd give a dollar-bill to see their faces in daylight;
They fight four hours every night, ten minutes to each round—
At the wind-up you would fairly think the house was falling down.
The wife she goes to bed with cracked ice on her head;
The husband shoves his eye back into place.
When I try to close my eyes, in walks a gang of flies
And help the 'squitoes chew the whiskers off my face.

CHORUS.

And how the flies and 'squitoes come early there to chew!
I'd give a million dollars to sleep an hour or two;
We are ossified already—we are hungry—now we'll stop.
If we board there one week longer, we'll both die standing up.

DOWN IN THE CO'N FIEL'.

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By Will S. Hays.

I see de black smoke rollin' high,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Dat boat am comin' by and by,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
I hear dem engines belchin' steam;
She's a-comin' whoopin' up de stream;
She's gettin' warm when de whistles scream,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field—Den

CHORUS.

Hanna wake me airly in de morn,
I'm a-gwine down yonder to de shuckin' ob de corn;
I'll nebber come home till I hear de dinner-horn
From 'way down yonder in de corn-field.

I hoe de corn to de end of the row,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
When you get to the fence den lay down your hoe,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Get on de fence an' you'll see her come;
Dem big wheels fillin' de ribber wid foam;
It's de *Baton Rouge*, an' she's gwine home,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field—Den—CHORUS.

Dem Anchor Line boats am fast an' fine,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
But Bixby's boat am de boss ob de line,
'Way down yonder in de cornfield;
Look at de smoke and de steam she make;
Catch all de fast boats—gib 'em de shake;
No use talkin', for she calls for de cake,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field—Den—CHORUS.

Parody on:

MARY AND JOHN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Mary and John for eight or nine seasons were courting,
Chinned one fine day in the rain till they got wringing wet;
John said to Mamie he'd wed her if she could support him;
Then Mary replied, have you rooms in your attic to let?
John told her no, then up went the nose of sweet Mary;
It went up so high that she caught a whole face full of rain;
Then John saw that Mamie was getting too local and airy,
And the way Mamie started to roast him it gave him a pain.

CHORUS.

I won't be your wife, says Mary; wait till you're asked, says John;
And if you were my husband, says Mary; I'd get a divorce, says John;
The presents I promised, return them—don't pawn them, remember, says he;
If you have, Mary, make preparations for a fight to a finish with me.

Mary turned round to roast him—alas! but she couldn't;
Her jaw once was sprained, and her mouth wouldn't work for a cent;
John laughed, and said if you loose me, you're loosing a pudding;
It near broke her heart—well it didn't quite break, but it bent.
In silence they stood, when Mary spoke out and said nothing;
John said the same, and he meant every word of it, too;
Mame spoke in Dutch, saying, I'll try him and see if he's bluffey;
The pet names she called him I only remember a few.

CHORUS.

Well, am I to go? says Mary; Go straight where I said, says John;
I'll see you there first, says Mary; it's a little too warm, says John;
You'll marry me, John, or I'll sue you—well, if married we should be, says he,
You'll do scrubbing and washing, dear Mary, to get cigarette money for me.

Mamie stopped to think is it best for to lick him or love him;
John turned and smiled; then their two pudding faces did meet;
They then clinched and kissed and renewed their sweet loving and doving;
John blushed and sighed and kneeling at sweet Mary's feet;
All then was fixed, and vowing whatever might happen,
All was forgot, and Mary then pulled down her nose;
They both pledged their word there'd be no more kicking or scrapping;
Then John says, remember whatever I tell you it goes.

CHORUS.

Then Mary she cuddled her darling and says, how I love you, John;
Get off my feet, dear Mary, you stepped on that big soft corn.
Says Mary, I'll work and support you. It's the best news, says John, I've heard;
The last thing that John says to Mary, I hope that you'll stick to your word.

Mother's Picture on the Wall.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weller.

Whose heart will not with rapture thrill
When boyhood's days come to his mind?
Look o'er your life, your eyes will fill
When you recall your mother kind;
Thrice fortunate if she yet lives;
Can still caress her darling boy;
No sweeter pleasures fortune gives
Than mother's love and mother's joy.

REFRAIN.

If she has gone to heaven above,
Her mem'ry still you fondly love,
And nought at home more joys recall
Than mother's picture on the wall.

You may become a soldier great,
As admiral command a fleet;
A ruler be in halls of state,
Your name with cheers the people greet;
You may succeed and wealthy grow;
The world's delights your own may be;
A joy supreme you then will know
If she your great success can see.—REFRAIN.

Be poor or rich, be low or great,
A mother's love is steadfast, true;
'Tis not your rank, nor your estate,
She loves, the love is all for you;
So treasure her while life remains—
A good son be, 'twill please her best,
And count the greatest of your gains,
You've had a chance to love attest.—REFRAIN.

—Jones's Ambition.—"Ha! Carpentering, Jones?" "Yes, I'm building a hen-coop." "What! are you going to keep hens?" "I am." "I thought you always hated hens?" "So I have and do hate 'em; but my neighbor Smith swears he'll have a prettier garden than mine this summer, and I'm bound he sha'nt."

THERE'S NO DECEPTION THERE.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

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This world's made up of frauds and shams,
You really can't deny it, you know it;
Every one tells me little fibs and crams,
Good old Ananias-like they go it.
There's little Miss Prim got a red, red nose—
How was it caused is the question;
Ask Miss Prim, she will tell you, with a sigh,
It's all through indigestion.

CHORUS.

But there's no deception there—no deception there—
It isn't indigestion, that I'll swear; good "Old Tom" has been there.

There's Mr. Meek, just two years wed,
He looks as if his heart was "busted";
He's been heard to say he wishes he were dead—
With married life he seems to be disgusted.
He's got no hair on the top of his head;
He's getting bald in a hurry.
Ask Mr. Meek what has caused the shiny pate,
He'll say it's business worry.

CHORUS.

But there's no deception there—no deception there—
'Tisn't business worry, that I'll swear; his good old wife has been there.

There's a big fat cook down in Pimlico,
She's the pride of master and missus,
But last night there was such a row,
Both of them said, "Oh! a nice thing this is—"
A chicken and some lamb from the pantry gone.
The cook was, oh, so fussy;
When they asked her who had eaten them,
She blamed it on the pussy.

CHORUS.

But there's no deception there—no deception there—
'Twasn't pussy ate the chicken, I'll swear; good old "slop" has been there.

There's poor Henpeck I met to-day,
His eyes seemed very red with weeping.
"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "Why those briny tears?
Down your cheeks like rain-drops they are creeping."
Said he, "My mother-in-law has died to-day,
To brighter realms she's departed;
She has left me a thousand pounds or so,
With grief I'm broken-hearted."

CHORUS.

But there's no deception there—no deception there—
'Twasn't grief that caused those tears, I'll swear; a good old onion's been there.

For sake of fashion, what things we do;
The ladies—bless their hearts—paint and powder;
I hear some men wear stays to make themselves look slim;
To be considered stout some are prouder.
My fine proportions are all my own,
At me the people can't snicker;
Though some sceptics keep telling me that I
Must pad to have such a "figger."

CHORUS.

But there's no deception there—no deception there—
Not a little bit of padding, I swear; good roast-beef has been there.

Eight Hours' Work, Eight Hours' Pay.

Written, Composed and Sung by F. V. St. Clair.

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They say our country, truly, is a free and happy land,
Beneath her flag you'll never find a slave,
Her sons are all true-hearted, and in war a noble band,
Upon the field they're ever true and brave.
But do we treat our sons of toil as men who build our fame—
Ah, no, they are not treated fair and square;
For what the British workman wants is fair and honest pay,
Of all fruits of his labor honest share.

CHORUS.

And eight hours' work, eight hours' pay,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight bob a day,
And then the workingman joyfully will say,
God save the Queen and Rule Brittania.

Just at election time the horny-handed son of toil
Is sought by those who wish to gain a seat;
They promise him reforms, but when election time is o'er
He soon finds out the depth of their deceit.
The work that should be done at home is sent to foreign lands,
Both parties thus have ruined British trade;
Tin bayonets, guns that always burst, from Germany were brought,
The very things that should be British made.—CHORUS.

The wealthy should remember it is the workingman
Who in the rank and file great deeds have done;
George Stephenson and Livingstone and Scotia's Robert Burns
Rose from the toiling masses every one.
So let the rich remember that amongst our struggling poor
We have some nature's nobles now and then;
Not nobles like some of those who boast of Norman blood,
The masses yet may show far nobler men.—CHORUS.

HUNGRY MAN FROM CAMDEN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Of a hungry man I'm going to sing,
And the tears to your eyes it will surely bring;
He could swallow almost anything,
This hungry man from Camden.
He'd eat a hundred times a day,
And for his board could not pay;
He could get outside a bale of hay,
This hungry man from Camden.

CHORUS.

The way he'd eat it could not be beat,
All kinds of meat both sour and sweet;
He'd eat everything they had in the place,
And bit a big chunk from his mother-in-law's face;
He chewed up his father, devoured his mother,
He swallowed his sister and tackled his brother;
He swallowed the clock, bit a hole in the door,
Chewed a hole in the roof and swallowed the floor;
He chewed up his shoes and chewed up his hat,
Made a raid on the kitchen and swallowed the cat;
He chewed umbrellas and eat seven stoves,
And bit off one-half of the servant-girl's nose,
And that's the way he used to eat,
This hungry man from Camden.

He eat so much it made him thin;
His hair fell out and his cheeks fell in;
His bones were sticking through his skin,
This hungry man from Camden.
He struck this city one fine day,
And for a meal he could not pay;
He took a walk along Broadway,
This hungry man from Camden.

CHORUS.

The very first thing he chanced to meet
'Twas a German band coming down the street;
He swallowed them all as fast as they came;
He chewed up the music and eat the base-drum.
He tackled a crowd coming home from a ball,
They began to dance and he swallowed them all;
He went down to the ferry and swallowed a boat;
He went out on election and chewed up his vote;
At last he came into Brooklyn town,
He met a big preacher and gobbled him down;
He swallowed a pump, put his teeth through the handle,
And ate the reports of the Brooklyn scandal.
Then, getting disgusted with grub so light,
He swallowed himself clean out of sight,
And that's the way he used to eat,
This hungry man from Camden.

Parody on:

HE NEVER CAME BACK.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

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Old Bilkins, a farmer, went to New York one day,
With hayseed in his whiskers—his boots covered with clay;
He went there to buy a nice lot of green-goods
To pass on his neighbors, who lived out in the woods.

CHORUS.

Did he go back? yes, he went back,
But, when he opened the bag, he felt sick;
For, instead of the swag, he found an old dirty rag,
Wrapped around the outside of a brick.

Now another old jay came from "Wayback" one day,
To the race-track he went, the horses to play;
When he dropped all his tin, how it made him swear,
For he had to walk home, for he had no car-fare.

CHORUS.

Did he go back? yes, he went back,
But behind him he left all his cash;
Now the poor old jay is on his farm making hay,
While his family lives on cold hash.

Austin Gibbons, the pugilist, thought he could fight,
So he tackled "McAuliffe" at Hoboken one night;
But bold Jack was in trim and as strong as an ox,
And he sent "Gibbons" home to learn how to box.

CHORUS.

Did he go back? yes, he went back,
For he left by the very first train;
And his backers, they say, had to walk the whole way
To Paterson that night in the rain.

When "Cleveland" left the White House a few years ago,
He took with him a cradle—'twas empty, you know;
But now our next President he surely will be,
Since he's got a nice baby to dance on his knee.

CHORUS.

Will he go back? yes, he'll go back
To give the corrupt politicians a scare;
For, when the election is over, they'll find honest "Grover"
Seated in the President's chair.

Parody on:

I've Worked Eight Hours This Day.

By Johnnie Moore.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Last Sunday a friend of mine dressed himself so very fine,
For he was going to call upon his own dear girl;
He had just bought a new suit, with shoes and hat to boot,
And in his hand a cane he did twirl.
In the morning it had rained, but the sun came out again,
So there was no dust to blow upon his pretty clothes;
But misfortune served him a trick, for he stepped on a loose brick,
Which squirted muddy water from his head to his toes.

CHORUS.

Now what he said would not look well in print,
And about it I won't give you even a hint;
Although it's very clear he didn't say, "Oh, dear,"
But something that was a great deal stronger.

'Twas on last Monday I saw a woman looking gay,
For she had her washing done before the clock struck nine—
All her rubbing and rinsing, all her soaking and starching,
And she was just hanging them on the line;
She had up all the white clothes when, what do you suppose,
Just as she was sticking a clothes-pin in the last shirt,
The strain it was so great that the rope did break
And let them all fall in the dirt.

CHORUS.

Now what she said would not look well in print,
And about it I won't give you even a hint;
Though I must confess she didn't say, "My goodness,"
But something that was a great deal stronger.

I once knew a maiden fair, with blue eyes and golden hair,
Whom everybody said was just a little saint,
For to Sunday-school she'd go, where she had a class, you know,
And she never smeared her face up with paint;
Slang she'd never use, and you for it she'd not excuse,
For she said the habit was common and vulgar quite;
But I was shocked one day at something she did say,
Just because her dress would not hang right.

CHORUS.

Well what she said would not look well in print,
And about it I won't give you even a hint;
But she didn't say, "Oh, pshaw"—for proof ask her 'maw,'
But something that was a great deal stronger.

Now about poor married man I'll say a good word if I can—
Did you ever see him putting a stove-pipe together;
For you know, without being told, just as soon as it gets cold
You have to bring the stove in out of the weather;
To fit the pipe he tries, the soot gets in his mouth and eyes;
He twists and turns it, in a manner that is far from gay;
At last he gets the hang of it, and thinks that now he'll make it fit,
When the whole thing again slips away.

CHORUS.

Well what he says would not look well in print,
And about it I won't give you even a hint;
For it would break the type, his remarks about the pipe,
'Twould take something a great deal stronger.

Parody on:

COMRADES.

By Kenny & Reilly.

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We from childhood bummed together, my dear comrade Jake and I;
We would share each other's whiskey, to each other we'd give the lie;
And in bar-room scraps and wrangles you would find us out of sight;
Where one went the other followed, for we'd rather run than fight.

CHORUS.

We were bummers, bummers ever since we were born,
Sharing each others sorrows whenever we felt forlorn;
Bummers when we were in trouble, bummers when we were in jail—
If anybody should have us arrested, a bummer would go our bail.

At last we got tired of bumming, and we started on the road,
But before we reached the Bowery we had on an awful load.
"Jake," says I, "I feel so tired, what do you say if we give up the roam."
Jake says: "No, we'll sit on this beer-keg and we'll sing "Driven from Home."

CHORUS.

Bummers, bummers ever since we left home,
Sharing each other's hard-tack wherever we might roam;
Bummers if we were friendly, bummers if we had a fight;
If we were sober an afternoon, we'd be paralyzed by night.

One day, as we stood on the corner, a copper he grabbed us both,
And he took us to the lock-up for being on the loaf.
"Jake," says I, "this is awfully sudden"; but he blamed it all on me.
Next morn we were brought before the Justice—we got six months in Albany.

CHORUS.

We were bummers, bummers since we became convicts,
Sharing each other's tobacco, and playing the same old tricks;
Bummers when we had money, bummers when we had the "dust."
If we could get but three "hookers" a day, we'd go on an awful bust.

I PUT IT ON

Sung by Paul Pelham.

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They say that children ape the ways of men, and I am sure
That saying's true, of instances I know at least a score;
When quite a boy I saved my cash, a tall hat bought, a don,
And going to meet my sweetheart, why, of course, I put it on.

CHORUS.

I put it on, I put it on,
Her other mash he punched my nose,
Smashed my hat and tore my clothes,
The way he paid me no one knows,
The day I put it on.

A friend of mine persuaded me at billiards once to play,
My ignorance of which I did not like to him display;
I seized the cue as bold as brass and chanced what might betide
Said he, my boy, to make that shot you want a little side.

CHORUS.

So I put it on, I put it on,
I drove the ball right out of baulk,
Smashed the cue and lost the chalk,
Didn't I make the people talk,
The day I put it on.

Last week my tailor brought me home a pair of trousers light,
But soon I found he'd make the things so very, very tight;
I met a lady whom I knew and proudly walked along,
Not noticing I'd split the things the day I put 'em on.

CHORUS.

I put 'em on, I put 'em on,
The little boys aloud did shout:
Does your mother know you're out,
Giddy, giddy, giddy gout,
The day I put 'em on.

My wife and I get on first-class, though sometimes things go cross,
Last night our little baby cried, and so I said, of course,
My dear, why don't you take it up, the pretty little elf,
But, feeling tired, she said, not me, just see to him yourself.

CHORUS.

So I put it on, I put it on,
I knew not how to fold the thing,
Which way even to begin,
And in the baby stuck the pin,
The night I put it on.

Last summer down at Brighton I went bathing in the sea,
And got into the wrong machine, most awkward, you'll agree;
The tide was coming up and I afraid to stay there long,
Although the clothes were ladies', why, I had to put 'em on

CHORUS.

I put 'em on, I put 'em on,
You should have heard the people roar
When I stepped upon the shore,
The bustle was hindside before,
Just as I'd put 'em on.

POWDER-MONKEY JOE.

Words by Hugh Cummerford. Music by Odoardo Barri.

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You ask me for a story, boys—I've told ye times before
How in my powder-monkey days we sailed from shore to shore;
How little Joe, the smallest lad we had in all the fleet,
Was just as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat.
A proper monkey he for tricks as ever carried can,
And many a good rope's-ending got, but, in spite of it, each man
Would laugh and hail him comrade, and at night both young and old
Would bid him join the chorus when their jolly, jolly songs they trolled.
Cheerily, boys, the wind blows fair, pipe all hands and away we go;
Three long cheers for our captain's share, and one for the powder-monkey Joe.
Cheerily, boys, the wind blows fair, pipe all hands with a Yo heave ho!
Three long cheers for our captain's share, and one for the powder-monkey Joe,
And one for the powder-monkey Joe.

Our captain was a right good man, as kind as he was brave;
He'd face the hottest fire in fight, and court a sailor's grave;
Yet two among our good ship's crew conspired his life to take;
To shoot him as he lay asleep (they dared not when awake),
But powder-monkey Joe o'erheard the coward's wicked plot,
And with some grog contrived to soak their powder and their shot.
He saved our captain's life, he did, and reap'd his pluck's reward,
For soon they made him second-mate, and now he dons a sword.
Cheerily, boys, the wind blows fair, pipe all hands and away we go;
Three long cheers for our captain's share, and one for the powder-monkey Joe.
Cheerily, boys, the wind blows fair, pipe all hands with a Yo heave ho!
Three long cheers for our captain's share, and one for the powder-monkey Joe,
And one for the powder-monkey Joe.

—Customer (in cheap restaurant): "I hope you don't call this a square meal?" Waiter: "Well, we'll call it square when you settle for it."

MULLIGAN'S OFF AGAIN.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Tim Mulligan was a man of nerve, who tried to beat the earth;
To do what no one else could do was all he tried from birth;
He beat the babies drinking milk when he was but a year,
And when he got to man's estate, he beat them drinking beer;
He tried to jump the Brooklyn Bridge, but found it was a crime;
So he tried to jump a board-bill, but they stopped him just in time;
He started out for Ireland in a skiff St. Patrick's day;
They brought him back half-drowned that night, and he heard the neighbors say:

CHORUS.

"Mulligan's off again!" he never seems to stop;
He makes a monkey of himself—he ought to take a drop—
He thinks he is a daisy, but he gives us all a pain—
The gilly must be crazy—Mulligan's off again!

Now Mulligan tried to ride astride a bycicle one day,
And when he once was started, sure the big wheel ran away;
He went down hill like blazes, and he had no time to think,
Till he ran into a bar-room, where he stopped to take a drink;
When he was "oiled" he asked some kids to start the old machine;
And he got a "spurt" that raised his hair, such speed was never seen;
He ran into a railroad train and tried to run inside;
The wheel was hanging round his neck, once more the people cried:

CHORUS.

"Mulligan's off again!" he thought he'd take a ride;
He started on the bycicle, but tried to get inside;
He'd better take the ferry when he wants to catch a train;
Every one is leary—Mulligan's off again!

Poor Mulligan soured on earthly things, and looked for something higher,
And so he built a big balloon and called it the High-flyer;
He asked his friends to be on hand the day that he'd ascend;
They came, and vainly told him he would meet a fearful end;
The air-ship soon was ready and the hero got on board.
"Boys, let her go!" yelled Mulligan, and then the people roared;
They cut her loose, away she flew as fast as any bird;
Poor Tim he hasn't come back yet, but I think he must have heard:

CHORUS.

"Mulligan's off again!" he'll find it hard to stop;
He won't be in it any more if he should take a drop;
He'll never come back, never, he must stay out in the rain;
He's out of sight forever—Mulligan's off again!

HI-TIDDLEY-HI-TI.

Composed by George Le Brunn.

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I've had a fair Bank Holiday,
Things with me lately have been gay;
First I dodged the tax-collector, then I did the gas-inspector,
Then with the lodger my dear wife
Sloped with the children—on my life;
So, to find my woe and strife, I thought I'd have a lark;
So in half-a-tick I toddled round, toddled round,
And some pals I quickly found, good and sound;
Soon our joys and cares we drowned, you be bound,
I was so gay I swore I'd pay, and to them made remark:

CHORUS.

All of you come along with me, I'm for a rare old, fine old spree;
Everybody here's invited, come with me, I'll see you righted;
All of you come, you must be dry, hi-tiddley-hi-ti-hi-ti-hi!
Come along and wet your eye, for I'm all right.

Down to the West I went with ten
Good, solid, lasting, fasting men;
Arm-in-arm we started strolling, soon the blessed lot were rolling.
Dear little girls from near and far
Said, with a smile, "Ah! there you are"—
Then I asked them to the bar, as they all looked so dry;
There were fourteen girls with golden hair, oh! so fair,
Twenty cabmen standing there did a stare,
All came in to have a share, take their fare,
And for the lot upon the spot for drinks I had to cry:—CHORUS.

After I'd treated half the town,
I tried to borrow half-a-crown,
Asked my pals, but each old crony swore to goodness "he was stoney,"
I, being fairly on the job,
Asked a policeman for a bob,
But he tapped me on the nob and told me I was tight;
Then my pals came round—their tempers rose, came to blows—
Some one struck the policeman's nose—such a nose;
He called "Help!" as you'll suppose—oh! our woes—
Then ran us in, and with a grin he shouted with delight:

CHORUS.

All of you come along with me, you've had a rare old, fair old spree;
Everybody here's invited, join me, and I'll see you righted;
All of you come, you must be dry, hi-tiddley-hi-ti-hi-ti-hi!
Come along and wet your eye, for I'm all right.

—Goes without saying—The young man too bashful to pop the question.

You'd Better Stay at Home, Lad.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Graham.

The day was bright and fair in May, the harbor white with sails,
And stately ships were sailing out to sea;
A fair-haired boy upon the shore looked on with wistful eyes,
A sailor in his heart he longed to be;
An old tar who was passing saw the lad and read his thoughts,
And so he stopped to greet him on the way,
"How can I go to sea, sir?" at last the youngster said,
And this is what the old tar had to say:

CHORUS.

"You'd better stay at home, lad, until you taller grow;
You say you like the sea, lad, you're not old enough to know;
The sea's not always bright and blue, the weather always fair;
You'd better stay at home awhile your happiest days are there."

'Twas on a day like this, my lad, I ran away to sea;
I knew not what the future had in store;
Like you, my lad, the present was the only time for me,
But now my cup of sorrow's brimming o'er;
Now perhaps you have a mother, lad, as I had long ago;
And perhaps, like mine, she would not from you part;
Your maiden voyage over—too late, too late you'll know
Your mother's gone, and you, lad, broke her heart.

CHORUS.

"You'd better stay at home, lad," the youngster heard him say;
"You won't find fame and riches for many and many a day;
You'll leave sad hearts behind you, lad, and many bitter tears;
You'd better stay at home awhile and wait a few more years."

GONE, GONE, GONE.

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By Chas. Dittmar.

A little song I'll sing to you, called gone, gone, gone;
So listen, pray, till I get through with gone, gone, gone;
Some funny jokes I'll try to sing, although I may some chestnut spring,
I think I've struck a clever thing in gone, gone, gone.

I once did have a nice clear voice—it's gone, gone, gone;
My clothes that always were so nice are gone, gone, gone;
My diamond pin, gold watch and chain, my umbrella and walking-cane,
Will never trouble me again, there gone, gone, gone.

A Thomas cat so gayly sang, mieu, mieu, mieu,
A boot-jack hit him with a bang, mieu, mieu, mieu,
The sausage-maker came around, and in the yard that cat was found,
To little pieces it was ground—it's gone, gone, gone.

My sixty-dollar overcoat is gone, gone, gone;
My best girl she says I'm a blote—gone, gone, gone;
She left for good, took all my cash, and skipped out with another mash;
Before she left my head she smashed, and she's gone, gone, gone.

A carpet-tack lay on the floor—it's gone, gone, gone;
You'll never see it any more—it's gone, gone, gone;
The baby on the floor did crawl when all at once I heard him call—
The baby, carpet-tack and all are gone, gone, gone.

YOU AND I.

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By Raymon Moore.

Sweetest love will come at last for you and I;
Sorrow deep will soon be past for you and I;
I'll be yours and you'll be mine, with a fond, pure love divine,
The sun of happiness will shine on you and I.

REFRAIN.

Happy then we'll be, sweetheart,
When we meet no more to part;
In the future, bye-and-bye,
We'll be happy, you and I.

Gliding down the stream of life, you and I;
Loving husband, faithful wife, you and I;
Happy and contented rest with the one we each love best,
We'll build a loving little nest for you and I.—REFRAIN.

—Two little boys, Ernest (four) and Phil (six).—Ernest: "Phil, can you tell me what amen means?" Phil: "Oh, yes. It means 'mustn't touch it.' Ma said so." His mother had told the young seeker after knowledge that amen meant "so let it be," and what could those words mean to his little mind but "mustn't touch it."

THE STORY OF THE BELLS.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

Bells, bells, I love to hear them play every day;
Bells, bells, I love to hear them when they are gay;
Oh! what tales of woe they tell
When they're rung for a funeral knell;
Oh! what tales of joy they swell,
And they seem to say:

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, when will those bells stop ringing?
Old and young, rich and poor, sweethearts are constantly bringing;
Dame Fortune smiles on one another she brings to the ground,
But so it will be with the boys and the girls as long as the world goes 'round.

Bells, bells, I love to hear them play every day;
Bells, bells, I love to hear them when they are gay;
When they come, both he and she,
With the baby on their knee,
Innocently full of glee,
Hark! they seem to say:

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, when will those bells stop ringing?
Old and young, rich and poor, joy to their hearts they are bringing;
Dame Fortune smiles on one while others with none are found,
But so it will be with the boys and the girls as long as the world goes 'round.

Bells, bells, I dread to hear them play every day;
Bells, bells, how we all fear them when they're not gay;
Tolling for a friend that's gone
To that great eternal borne,
Whence no one can e'er return
'Till the judgment day.

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, when will those bells stop ringing?
Old and young, rich and poor, dearly to life we are clinging;
Dame Fortune plays until she brings every one to the ground,
But so it will be with the boys and the girls as long as the world goes 'round.

KATIE O'BRIEN.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

From sweet County Galway, I met in the hallway
A lovely colleen kissing Darby O'Rourke;
Said I to Dan Dacey, "I'll win the fair daisy
As sure as my name is Cornelius McGuirke;
So I put on a coat that was worn by St. Patrick,
And a hat that my brother sent over to me;
I borrowed O'Callahan's pipes and I started;
And under the window I sang merrily:

CHORUS.

Katie O'Brien, Katie O'Brien,
I love you dearly, fondly and true, yes I do.
Katie O'Brien, sighing and crying
For a heart that beats for you, for you, only you.

I sang for an hour to this sweet Irish flower,
The rain and the hail and the snow it did fall;
I then began sneezing, the bag-pipes were freezing;
I don't know that she ever heard them at all.
With her form on the curtain I stood there a-flirting,
And hoped that she'd open the window to see
Who was there serenading; to my knees I was wading
In mud, but I still sang my sweet love ditty.—CHORUS.

BONNY JEAN.

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Oh, the summer moon is brightly glowing, the wild birds wake their song,
And the streamlet as it softly murmurs, so gently glides along.
Where the sweet hedge-rose is blowing, in the woodlands green,
There I love to wander with my heart's true queen—
My bonny, bonny Jean.

CHORUS.

Where the sweet hedge-rose is blowing, in the woodlands green,
There I love to wander with my heart's true queen.

Yet 'tis not the rosy tint of summer, nor the song-birds' joyous lay,
Nor the streamlet's murmuring music, that makes my heart feel gay;
'Tis her smile that beams upon me, 'mid each flowery scene,
While I fondly wander with my heart's true queen—
My bonny, bonny Jean.—CHORUS.

Bonny Jean, your smile is always on me, when absent, love, from thee;
Making joy and sunshine round my pathway, wherever I may be.
May they ever beam upon me, in this mortal scene,
While I fondly wander with my heart's true queen—
My bonny, bonny Jean.—CHORUS.

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

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Words by Charles Williams. Music by Leo Dryden. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

At his post the soldier's standing, "duty" tells him he must stay;
'Tis love's calling over yonder, which command must he obey?
Little Nell, his wife, is dying—why, oh, why's his lot so hard?
Like a dream, perchance, she'll vanish, while he's standing here on guard.
Blinding tears his eyes are filling as he thinks, what shall I do?
Stick to post and lose my darling, without one fond, last adieu?
Though he's proved himself a hero, with the foe stood face to face;
Now to leave would mean dishonor, on his good name bring disgrace.

CHORUS.

He stands between love and duty, fighting the bitter fight;
His heart is torn with anguish between the wrong and right;
But the soldier's love still remains the same, his country's cause he'd ne'er shame,
But wife comes first, and who can blame, he stands between love and duty.

In a far-off country mansion sits a woman worn and old,
'Tis, alas! the old, old story that has been so often told;
Mother's love and boyhood's downfall, he has brought disgrace and shame;
She knows he's a thief, an outcast, having forged his father's name;
Though degraded, she'll protect him, yes, protect him with her life;
First, because she is a mother; secondly, she is a wife.
Now the stern, old father enters, "Where's my one-time son," says he;
She who never yet deceived him, head bowed down in grief, we see.

CHORUS.

She stands between love and duty, fighting the bitter fight;
Her heart is torn with anguish between the wrong and right;
The mother's love still remains the same, altho' she feels her darling's shame,
She shields her son, and who can blame, she stands between love and duty.

The hour's midnight, all is silent in a peaceful village street;
Heedless of the dismal darkness, walks a policeman on his beat;
Soon the sound of hurried footsteps breaks the stillness of the night.
"Who goes there?" and then a policeman stops a burglar's hurried flight;
Then ensues a fearful scuffle, soon he has the burglar fast.
"Who is this?—my brother Reuben!" the p'liceman cries with face aghast.
"Let me go, Jack," pleads the burglar, "let me go and I'll repent;
You know it will kill poor mother if to prison I was sent.

CHORUS.

He stands between love and duty, fighting the bitter fight;
His heart is torn with anguish between the wrong and right;
But brotherly love still remains the same, altho' he feels the disgrace and shame,
He sets him free, and who can blame, he stands between love and duty.

We Sat by the River, You and I.

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We sat by the river, you and I,
In the sweet summer time, long ago,
So smoothly the water glided by,
Making music in its tranquil flow;
We threw two leaflets, you and I,
To the river as it wandered on,
And one was rent and left to die,
And the other floated forward all alone.
And, oh! we were saddened, you and I,
For we felt that our youth's golden dream
Might fade, and our lives be severed soon,
As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

'Tis years since we parted, you and I,
In that sweet summer time, long ago,
And I smile as I pass the river by,
And I gaze into the shadow depths below;
I look on the grass and bending reeds,
And I listen to the soothing song,
And I envy the calm and happy life
Of the river as it sings and flows along;
For oh! how its song brings back to me
The shade of our youth's golden dream,
In the days ere we parted, you and I,
As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

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Gin a body meet a body comin' through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, and what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile on me, and what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body comin' frae the toun;
Gin a body greet a body, need a body froun?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, nane, they say, ha'e I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, and what the waur am I?

He's Talking Through His Hat.

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By W. R. Williams.

How many people one may meet who think they know it *all*,
But what they know, compared with what they think they know, looks small;
So when a man declares that he has everything down pat,
Then bet your bottom dollar he is talking through his hat.
Now lots of actors on the stage will often have the cheek
And say the salary they get is ninety-five per week,
But when the truth is really known, it's hardly quite so fat—
Then you'll discover that the man's been talking through his hat.

Old England said awhile ago that she would rule the sea,
And catch our seals whenever and wherever she might please;
But when our Uncle Sam rose up, and set his foot down flat,
Then Johnny Bull discovered he'd been talking through his hat.
But England is a dandy place to be from all the while;
Their "English jokes" they make us sick—there at them they smile.
They think the Prince of Wales is great, of him they ever chat,
But here, we know, he's out of sight; they're talking through their hat.

And when Chicago got the fair, some jealous cities tried
To throw cold water on the show—they kicked, they squirmed and lied,
And said 'twould be a failure, and a lot of talk like that,
But now they realize that they were talking through their hat.
Wee Benny Harrison is said to have a hope that when
His present term expires he can get back in again,
But Benny's name is "Dennis," and his "boomlet" will be flat;
'Tis plain to see he's talking through his grandpa's poor old hat.

Now if, perchance, your rent is due, for cash you are pinched tight,
A better way, by far, there is than moving out at night:
The landlord comes to get his dust, the door he'll gently tap,
Just tell him through the keyhole that he's talking through his hat.
'Tis nice to have a loving wife, as all the wide world knows;
Such lots of fun to spend your "mun" to buy her winter clothes;
When, with her arms around your neck, she wants a seal-skin sacque,
Then softly whisper in her ear, "you're talking through your hat."

Now maybe you are married, but you lead a jolly life,
You roll home pretty early in the morning to your wife;
Of course you talk; you feel so gay, you don't know what you're at,
And if you did, you'd swear that you'd been talking through your hat.
Your wife gets up next morning and asks you to explain
About the one last night you called your own sweet "Mary Jane;"
You make a bluff, and tell her not to notice things like that,
She ought to know by this time you were talking through your hat.

You introduce a game of cards to pass the time away,
So with the boys at poker, for an hour or two you play;
Somebody says he'll raise the pot, you look and then stand pat,
Of course you think the fellow must be talking through his hat.
You hug four kings in both your hands, and sit there quite content,
Somebody says he'll raise the pot a dollar to a cent—
You show four kings; to your surprise, four aces he's got pat,
You kick yourself and say that you've been { talking / playing } through your hat.

A man declares the Tariff Bill's a blessing to the land,
He tries to make the workingman his meaning understand;
He stands upon the platform, he's got his speech down pat,
Some Democrat shouts out, "Me boy, you're talking through your hat."
He swears John Wanamaker is as honest as the light,
The trouble in the Keystone bank he still declares is right,
But until Wanamaker gives us proof of this peculiar fact,
We'll still maintain "his highness" is talking through his hat.

I AM NOT BABY McKEE.

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

I was born 'way down in Maine, near the home of James G. Blaine;
I came to town to have a little fun;
I went and packed my grip, and gave the folks the slip,
And came here without telling any one.
My folks they will be wild when they miss their only child;
What will they do without their darling lamb.
I know my dear old dad for me will have a gad,
So I think I'd better stay just where I am.

CHORUS.

I am not Baby McKee from Washington D. C.;
Grandfather's hat for me has gained no fame;
I am only a little jay that arrived in town to-day;
I'm a hayseed, but I get there just the same.

I know Ben Butler well, also the great John L.,
'Twas I that showed him how to wip Kilrain;
But now he's going to play in a drama, so they say,
And I don't think he will ever fight again.
When I cut little capers it is never in the papers;
I never spent the summer at Cape May.
I have no Uncle Russ who's a prince to make a fuss,
Or a President my hotel bills to pay.—CHORUS.

—Don't let the stream of your life be a murmuring stream.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Written by Fredrick Bowyer. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

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Life is all a game of chance, some are losers, some are winners,
Fate and force of circumstance mould us all to saints or sinners;
There are some whom fortune dowers with her gifts of wealth and name,
Honor, talent, splendid powers, yet somehow they lose the game.

REFRAIN.

See the day is slowly breaking o'er a college old and gray,
There within a student's chamber gamblers stake their gold away;
Some already cleaned completely, yawning, watch the reckless game;
Ghastly look the youthful faces 'neath the lamp's expiring flame.
Mark the fair-haired host, whose losses far exceed his power to pay;
"One last flutter—lost by jingo!" thus he falls an easy prey
To the snares of the road to ruin.

'Tis a glorious summer day and the scene is Ascot Races;
Fashion's brilliant leaders gay in the paddock take their places;
There amid that tide of fashion, grown to manhood see him now,
Gambling his deep-rooted passion, deeply lined his anxious brow.

REFRAIN

"If the favorite should be beaten—I have backed it for the cup
For four figures, at long odds, too—I shall fairly be 'done up';
It's my last chance, but I've staked it—surely luck must turn for me.
"Ten to one against!" "I'll take you—ah! they're off at last I see!
What! the favorite's beaten! curse it! how shall I face settling day?
I shall have to borrow money—debts of honor I must pay—
For games on the road to ruin."

'Tis the same sad story old, down he plunges ever faster;
Squandered is his father's gold, ruin stares him and disaster;
See the storm upon him breaking, while his children play around;
Wife appalled, with heart-sore aching, listens trembling at each sound.

REFRAIN.

"I must see your master, flunky, see I've got a warrant here.
'Tain't no use to say he's out now." "Let him in, it's all right, dear!"
"Very sorry, ma'am, but duty must be done—don't be afeared;
I ain't going to 'arm the Guv'nor, but these papers must be squared."
Frightened, see his children gather closely at their mother's knee.
"Beg your parding, sir, but you, sir, 'ave got to go along o' me!"
Still down the road to ruin.

Alien on a foreign shore, creditors to be escaping;
Wealth and rank are his no more; he his anxious thoughts is shaping
In a comedy, but with paltry pittance by his pen,
Dreaming yet 'twill fame be bringing, fame and fortune—ah! but when?

REFRAIN.

Hark! a knock—a woman enters: "M'sieur he must pay ze bill;
Five week he arranged to settle and he keep me waiting still;
I so sorry am for madam and ze leetle children, too,
But zey must quit ze appartement if I do not get my due.
Ah! ze lovely angel sleeping in ze pretty cot—ah, moi!
Till to-morrow I will give you—zen we say adieu—ma foi."
How bitter's the road to ruin.

Dawn is stealing chill and gray through an attic window dreary,
Ushering in a wintry day, and the wind moans wild and eerie;
All alone within that attic, see a wild, despairing man,
On the floor his work dramatic failed his last resource and plan.

REFRAIN.

Wife and children—all have left him, he will never see them more,
With a desperate glance around him he secures the chamber-door;
On the table lies a pistol, on the floor a broken toy;
"God have mercy and forgive me! bless my wife and baby boy!
I—I cannot face the future—see my dear ones starve and die";
When they found him he lay silent, face turned to the gray, gloomed sky,
At the end of the road to ruin.

Tripping Down the Sunny Lane.

Copyright, 1884, by Russell Brothers.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by A. W. French. Music by J. L. Gilbert.

Tripping down the sunny lane comes my little darling,
Laughing to the sweet refrain of the thrush and starling;
'Mid the bloom of white and gold fairy footsteps creeping,
Nearer to the oak tree old love's own tryst is keeping.

CHORUS.

Ah, ah, ah, ah,
Softly sing your sweet refrain, happy thrush and starling;
Tripping down the sunny lane comes my little darling.

Dancing on her sunny way, where each flow'ret lingers,
With their blossom, bud and spray, kissed by sunbeam's fingers;
Never maid so dear to me in this wide world over;
Just as sweet as sweet can be, wand'ring in the clover.—CHORUS.

Merrily the flitting birds sing among the daisies,
Never sweeter than the words of my tender praises;
Ruby lips are pressed to mine; side by side we wander
Till the stars of heaven shine in the skies o'er yonder.—CHORUS.

—At the Club.—Brown: "Does your wife keep her temper pretty well." Jones: "No; I get the most of it."

THE LOYAL BOSTON MAN.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weiler.

There was a man from Boston, Bostonian through and through,
Who just believed in Boston as Boston people do;
And he so much loved Boston, his heart was filled full of pain
When sent from dear old Boston down to the State of Maine.
He landed far from Boston, and then he looked all around;
How different from Boston, this rough and rocky ground.
It was so unlike Boston, he couldn't call up a smile,
Away from Boston Common at least a hundred mile.

CHORUS.

Yes, 'tis Boston, 'tis Boston, 'round which the world revolves;
Yes, 'tis Boston, 'tis Boston, where pork and beans are grub;
Yes, 'tis Boston, 'tis Boston, that one to leave resolves,
But no, he cannot do it, he will not quit the hub.

REFRAIN.

Because, when far away from Boston, no Boston joys I see;
Because the Boston music, Boston sights and Boston ways suit me;
Because the Boston culture, cranks, east winds, to me they all are prime;
Because 'tis Boston, Boston first and last, and Boston all the time.

He struck the supper-table, 'twas not at all Boston style;
He'd not be false to Boston and taste such cooking vile.
For pork and beans called loudly, Bostonian bill-of-fare,
But as it was not Boston, no Boston beans were there.
No restaurants like Boston's, no music-hall, beer and "pops,"
No musty ale and lobster, no Parkses' mutton-chops;
No chance to sit when drinking, they had only open bars;
No Boston German bands and no Boston open-cars.—CHORUS & REFRAIN.

He thought of Boston science, æsthetical Boston things;
The Boston angel-maid, who can paint, and writes and sings.
Oh, anything from Boston to pass such a night away,
Till nature's sun greets Boston in Boston's beauty bay.
No Boston nap could get, for the silence was thick and dense,
And so this Boston man went to roost upon a fence.
Not e'en a Boston newsboy to cheer him the livelong night,
With *Errat*, *Globe* and *Rekkid*, to yell till morning light.—CHO. & REFRAIN.

Next morning went to walk, with a hope that he'd something meet;
There was no Boston sidewalk, no kind of Boston street.
He wished to climb a mountain, but how to he did not know;
No Boston elevator and so he did not go.
No kind of Boston meeting, no Socialist with complaints,
To advocate that tramps and the scamps should share with saints.
He found no Boston pictures to cheer up his Boston heart,
Though nature pleases some, he was sound on Boston art.—CHO. & REFRAIN.

No Boston man could stand it, with Boston so far away;
When Boston folks love Boston, in Boston they should stay.
He asked the road to Boston, the Boston road they did show,
And murm'ring, "Boston, Boston," to Boston he did go.
Oh, Boston, Boston, Boston, thy children all love thee so;
They would not go to heaven, such earthly joys they know,
But if they go, they'll take Beacon Street and the State-house dome,
To make celestial Boston like Boston left at home.—CHORUS & REFRAIN.

MOTHER IS A MOTHER STILL.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

An erring son may crimes commit; forget the lessons of his youth;
May steal or forge or counterfeit, but there remains one loving truth:
Whate'er he does, one heart forgives—in sympathy one's eyes will fill;
Despite his acts, while he yet lives, his mother is his mother still.
Despite his acts, while he yet lives, his mother is his mother still.

REFRAIN.

Happy child with such a mother, one who loves till death does part;
Nothing can her deep love smother, suff'ring wins a mother's heart.
Poor return was made for kindness, pleasure found in doing ill;
But, despite this wilful blindness, mother is a mother still.

Her child, her boy, her little one in trouble is and deep disgrace.
One thought she has—he is her son, and she sees but that pretty face.
Ah! can it be long years ago it looked in her's, with smiles did fill;
Yes, time turns back its onward flow, her baby is her baby still.
Yes, time turns back its onward flow, her baby is her baby still.—REFRAIN.

A daughter with a fair, sweet face may break her trusting parents' hearts,
For beauty may lead to disgrace that from a home and kindred parts.
A sad-eyed form will sit and wait and say, "She'll come, I know she will!"
The lost one finds the open gate, her mother is her mother still.
The lost one finds the open gate, her mother is her mother still.—REFRAIN.

That curly head that nestled to her bosom warm, her little girl—
And this is she! Can it be true? This wreck thrown up by passion's whirl.
Not so! she sees another face brought back by mem'ry's touch at will,
And on her breast, the old-time place, her darling is her darling still.
And on her breast, the old-time place, her darling is her darling still.—REFRAIN.

—When a girl elopes with her father's coachman some other man is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Otto Bonnell.

Beside a vine-clad covered cot, an old man stood one day,
Where years ago he'd cursed his son, and drove the lad away;
He knows he wronged his only boy, his heart is racked with pain;
'Twas that that marr'd his life and joy, and started this refrain:

CHORUS.

He never smiled again,
He never smiled again;
When he banished his boy, it shattered his joy,
He never smiled again.

A friend of mine, with spirits light, declared one night he'd go
To see a laughing comedy at some well-posted show;
He went to see the (local show), they heard his laughing strain,
But the band played "Annie Rooney," and the water soaked his brain.

CHORUS.

He never smiled again,
He never smiled again;
That murderous strain soon softened his brain,
He never smiled again.

One day a country hayseed stood upon a race-course track,
He made a bet he'd jump upon a frisky horse's back;
The horse turned on the "hayseed" with a look of quiet disdain;
The jury said, "Kicked by a horse," and sang this sad, sad strain:

CHORUS.

He never smiled again,
He never smiled again;
They buried him deep, and said let him sleep,
He never smiled again.

Beneath the window of a store, a dude stood one fine day,
And watched a safe ascending, he'd been warned to stand away.
He smiled and ridiculed their fears, when suddenly the chain
Gave 'way, and when the safe came down it freed him from all pain.

CHORUS.

He never smiled again,
He never smiled again;
'Neath the bed of the stones they looked for his bones,
He never smiled again.

A lover called upon his girl, he stood within her room,
Her brother that same day had sworn that dude should meet his doom.
He sat down on a two-inch tack, then howled with fearful pain;
He rubbed the bosom of his pants just where he'd felt the strain.

CHORUS.

He never smiled again,
He never smiled again;
When he goes into sup, he's compelled to stand up,
He never smiled again.

THE LITTLE FRUIT STORE ON THE CORNER.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

A little dago keeps a store on the corner near my house;
The street boys call him Tony Moore, he's as timid as a mouse.
He works from six to twelve at night, he'll get rich, and very soon,
For when his trade is growing light, his harmonica starts a tune.

CHORUS.

On Saturday night you will see him there as busy as a bee,
Bananas and grapes, apple, peach and pear, he keeps for sale, you see.
There's candy and gum and good nuts, all sound, the orange, lemons bright;
Attending to costumers he'll be found till twelve o'clock at night.

He talks to me of Italy, 'tis the land he loves so well;
And as he talks my eye can see that a lump in his throat does swell.
He wipes away a falling tear, and picks up a nut or prune,
To give a boy who's standing near, then he suddenly starts a tune.—CHORUS.

He has a father still alive and a mother strong and well;
Of brothers four, and sisters five, would they come? he cannot tell.
He's sending money home each week, and the last went yester noon;
A great big tear falls on his cheek, but he skilfully starts a tune.—CHORUS.

They've come at last to Freedom's land, and there's twelve, I find, in all;
The maid that tends the peanut stand, that they Leonora call,
I learn is Tony's sweetheart, true, a black-eyed and dark-haired "brune;"
I'd like to know if times get blue, will the whole of them start a tune?—CHORUS.

—Dixter: "I sent my trousers over to the tailor's yesterday to be repaired." Wixter: "I wondered why I didn't see you on the street."

JENNIE AND JOE.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey.

Jenny and Joe for years had been settled together,
Neither had heard a word about Mary or John;
Years passed away, all storms they had managed to weather,
And in the world together they'd both got on.
Time brought a change, Jenny got tired of the country,
Somewhere in town she wanted to live with her Joe;
Joe shook his head, determined he'd not leave the homestead,
She, in a rage, said, "Stay where you are, I'll go."

CHORUS.

"I'm mistress right here," said Jenny. "I am the master," said Joe.
"Half of it's mine," said Jenny. "The other half's mine, said Joe.
Said Joe, "I'll live here in the country." Said Jenny, "To town I will go."
'Twas just that small matter that started the quarrel twixt Jenny and Joe.

Joe took his hat and bid his sweet Jenny good morning;
Out through the fields so sad and quite silent he went;
Jenny sat down, the tears from her eyes quickly falling,
Thinking, no doubt, that Joe he would soon repent.
Quickly she rose, with rage in her heart nearly boiling,
Packed up her trunk and scattered his things on the floor;
Out of the house Jenny forever was going,
Just as her Joe walked in at the open door.

CHORUS.

"I've packed up my half," said Jenny. "Leave my half alone," said Joe.
"I don't want your's," said Jenny. "Don't lose your temper," said Joe.
"I'll go to my mother," said Jenny, "your conduct to her I will show."
"You're welcome to go to your mother, but don't bring her up here," said Joe.

Jenny then cried, as yet they had never been parted,
Said with a sigh, you first caused this strife to begin;
Joe said that he would rather remain by the river,
And when she pleased Jenny could come and drop in.
Then came a change, sighing and sorrow was banished,
Both gave a start and then fell to laughing instead;
Quickly they found their trouble and quarrel had vanished,
To their surprise they had been dreaming in bed.

CHORUS.

"You've got all the clothes," said Jenny. "You've got a fair half," said Joe.
"I've had a dream," said Jenny. "And I've had the same," said Joe.
They cuddled so fondly together and loudly with laughter did scream,
Both Jenny and Joe's still together, their quarrel was only a dream.

RING, MERRY BELLS.

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By B. H. Janssen, and sung by Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

The wedding-bells that ring to-day tell us the story old,
That ever since the world began by poets has been told;
A tale of happy love and bliss, of hearts both light and gay;
Two souls with but a single thought united are to-day.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, ring, ye merry bells, let the air resound with joy and gladness;
Each peal happiness fortells, drive away all sorrow, care and sadness;
Ring, ring, ring out clear and long, let your chimes be joyous as our meeting;
Peal a welcome true and strong, friendship gives the lovers welcome greeting.

May wedding-bells that ring to-day, ring happiness for you,
And may the love that fills your heart be faithful, always true;
Then ev'ry cloud will roll away, and with it every pain;
The joys and mem'ries of the past will all come back again.—CHORUS.

SWEET ANNABEL.

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By B. H. Janssen, and sung by Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

There's nothing half so sweet as love, a love that is strong and true;
My heart no wealth or gold can buy, for sweetheart, 'tis all for you.
My eyes, my darling, let you know what my lips refuse to tell;
My every dream is but of you, my own sweet Annabel.

CHORUS.

Sweet, dear little Annabel, sweet, dear little Annabel,
'Till the angels doubt and the stars burn out, I am yours, sweet little Annabel;
Sweet, dear little Annabel, sweet, dear little Annabel,
'Till the angels doubt and the stars burn out, I am yours, sweet little Annabel.

Your eyes are like the mountain stream, your chin is pert and neat;
There's not a girl in all the place with lips that are half as sweet.
To me the world is always bright, as bright as a summer day,
And darkness only dims the light, when from you I'm away.—CHORUS.

—Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

TURN DOWN THE GAS.

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Words by John A. Fraser, Jr. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

When a girl is so bashful that blushes suffuse
Her cheeks every time that a young fellow woos,
There is only one way, boys, to comfort the lass;
Don't say that I told you, but turn down the gas.
When mamma and papa are safe in their beds
No thought of the young folks will enter their heads,
And, boys, it's a secret, but girls, as a class,
Are tickled to death when you turn down the gas.

REFRAIN.

She will say, "Charlie, don't; you're just awful;
What would mamma say? please let me pass;
Oh, I'm so frightened, so late at night,
And, Charlie, how could you—you've turned down the gas."

She'll pretend to get mad, and she'll say that "you're mean,"
But if you believe her, you're awfully green;
Just you tell her you think it's a jolly old lark
To sit with a dear little girl in the dark.
Don't lose any time then, but let your arm stray
Around her slim waist in an innocent way,
And when she says "quit it," just give her a squeeze,
And turn down the gas lower still, if you please.—REFRAIN.

When you've quite calmed her fears of this innocent bliss,
You will make a mistake if you ask for a kiss;
Just you turn her face upward, and bend down your own;
But, pshaw! you know how, you don't need to be shown.
Remember, faint heart never won lady fair;
So don't be afraid, you'll succeed if you dare;
Oh, had I a beau, but I have not, alas!
* Say, won't you come over and turn down the gas?—REFRAIN.

* Pointing or looking to some one in audience.

THE IRISH ARE TRUE.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham, and sung by Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

They say o'er the ocean old Ireland can never
Become a fair, flourishing land as of yore,
That true Irish patriots will vanish forever,
And men like Parnell will be seen never more;
Though England may boast of her strength and her power,
And dimmed for a while be the gem of the sea,
Her sons may be sure in adversity's hour
The Irish are true in the land of the free.

REFRAIN.

True to the dear isle that's over the sea, ready with heart and with hand,
Her sons have a motto, where'er they may be, "United forever we stand!"

As long as America's violet's a token,
As long as the shamrock in Ireland shall bloom,
The link of true friendship can never be broken,
The sun-burst of freedom will shine thro' the gloom;
As long as the harp decks the old flag of Erin,
The star-spangled will float by its side,
The emblems of freedom, of right and of daring,
For which in the past noble heroes have died.—REFRAIN.

Then here's to the harp and the shamrock we cherish,
And long live the cause of the true and the brave,
And here's to the country where freedom they nourish,
Where patriots are ready their country to save;
And when through the world sounds the war-cry we long for,
Proclaiming the struggle of right against might,
May the Irish abroad rally one million strong,
For the old soil on which 'tis a glory to fight.—REFRAIN.

'Tis but a Little Faded Flower.

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'Tis but a little faded flower, but, oh! how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart the secret of its power,
But, treasured in my inmost heart, I keep my faded flower.

CHORUS.

'Tis but a little faded flower, but, oh! how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour through many a weary year.

Where is the heart that does not keep, within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep, of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing more prized than jewels rare?
A faded flower—a broken ring—a tress of golden hair?—CHORUS.

—Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

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Neither had heard a word about Mary or John;
Years passed away, all storms they had managed to weather,
And in the world together they'd both got on.
Time brought a change, Jenny got tired of the country,
Somewhere in town she wanted to live with her Joe;
Joe shook his head, determined he'd not leave the homestead,
She, in a rage, said, "Stay where you are, I'll go."

CHORUS.

"I'm mistress right here," said Jenny. "I am the master," said Joe.
"Half of it's mine," said Jenny. "The other half's mine, said Joe.
Said Joe, "I'll live here in the country." Said Jenny, "To town I will go."
'Twas just that small matter that started the quarrel twixt Jenny and Joe.

Joe took his hat and bid his sweet Jenny good morning;
Out through the fields so sad and quite silent he went;
Jenny sat down, the tears from her eyes quickly falling,
Thinking, no doubt, that Joe he would soon repent.
Quickly she rose, with rage in her heart nearly boiling,
Packed up her trunk and scattered his things on the floor;
Out of the house Jenny forever was going,
Just as her Joe walked in at the open door.

CHORUS.

"I've packed up my half," said Jenny. "Leave my half alone," said Joe.
"I don't want your's," said Jenny. "Don't lose your temper," said Joe.
"I'll go to my mother," said Jenny, "your conduct to her I will show."
"You're welcome to go to your mother, but don't bring her up here," said Joe.

Jenny then cried, as yet they had never been parted,
Said with a sigh, you first caused this strife to begin;
Joe said that he would rather remain by the river,
And when she pleased Jenny could come and drop in.
Then came a change, sighing and sorrow was banished,
Both gave a start and then fell to laughing instead;
Quickly they found their trouble and quarrel had vanished,
To their surprise they had been dreaming in bed.

CHORUS.

"You've got all the clothes," said Jenny. "You've got a fair half," said Joe.
"I've had a dream," said Jenny. "And I've had the same," said Joe.
They cuddled so fondly together and loudly with laughter did scream,
Both Jenny and Joe's still together, their quarrel was only a dream.

RING, MERRY BELLS.

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By B. H. Janssen, and sung by Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

The wedding-bells that ring to-day tell us the story old,
That ever since the world began by poets has been told;
A tale of happy love and bliss, of hearts both light and gay;
Two souls with but a single thought united are to-day.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, ring, ye merry bells, let the air resound with joy and gladness;
Each peal happiness foretells, drive away all sorrow, care and sadness;
Ring, ring, ring out clear and long, let your chimes be joyous as our meeting;
Peal a welcome true and strong, friendship gives the lovers welcome greeting.

May wedding-bells that ring to-day, ring happiness for you,
And may the love that fills your heart be faithful, always true;
Then ev'ry cloud will roll away, and with it every pain;
The joys and mem'ries of the past will all come back again.--CHORUS.

SWEET ANNABEL.

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By B. H. Janssen, and sung by Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

There's nothing half so sweet as love, a love that is strong and true;
My heart no wealth or gold can buy, for sweetheart, 'tis all for you.
My eyes, my darling, let you know what my lips refuse to tell;
My every dream is but of you, my own sweet Annabel.

CHORUS.

Sweet, dear little Annabel, sweet, dear little Annabel,
'Till the angels doubt and the stars burn out, I am yours, sweet little Annabel;
Sweet, dear little Annabel, sweet, dear little Annabel,
'Till the angels doubt and the stars burn out, I am yours, sweet little Annabel.

Your eyes are like the mountain stream, your chin is pert and neat;
There's not a girl in all the place with lips that are half as sweet.
To me the world is always bright, as bright as a summer day,
And darkness only dims the light, when from you I'm away.—CHORUS.

—Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

TURN DOWN THE GAS.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter.

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Words by John A. Fraser, Jr. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

When a girl is so bashful that blushes suffuse
Her cheeks every time that a young fellow woos,
There is only one way, boys, to comfort the lass;
Don't say that I told you, but turn down the gas.
When mamma and papa are safe in their beds
No thought of the young folks will enter their heads,
And, boys, it's a secret, but girls, as a class,
Are tickled to death when you turn down the gas.

REFRAIN.

She will say, "Charlie, don't; you're just awful;
What would mamma say? please let me pass;
Oh, I'm so frightened, so late at night,
And, Charlie, how could you—you've turned down the gas."

She'll pretend to get mad, and she'll say that "you're mean,"
But if you believe her, you're awfully green;
Just you tell her you think it's a jolly old lark
To sit with a dear little girl in the dark.
Don't lose any time then, but let your arm stray
Around her slim waist in an innocent way,
And when she says "quit it," just give her a squeeze,
And turn down the gas lower still, if you please.—REFRAIN.

When you've quite calmed her fears of this innocent bliss,
You will make a mistake if you ask for a kiss;
Just you turn her face upward, and bend down your own;
But, pshaw! you know how, you don't need to be shown.
Remember, faint heart never won lady fair;
So don't be afraid, you'll succeed if you dare;
Oh, had I a beau, but I have not, alas!
* Say, won't you come over and turn down the gas?- REFRAIN.

* Pointing or looking to some one in audience.

THE IRISH ARE TRUE.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham, and sung by Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

They say o'er the ocean old Ireland can never
Become a fair, flourishing land as of yore,
That true Irish patriots will vanish forever,
And men like Parnell will be seen never more;
Though England may boast of her strength and her power,
And dimmed for a while be the gem of the sea,
Her sons may be sure in adversity's hour
The Irish are true in the land of the free.

REFRAIN.

True to the dear isle that's over the sea, ready with heart and with hand,
Her sons have a motto, where'er they may be, "United forever we stand!"

As long as America's violet's a token,
As long as the shamrock in Ireland shall bloom,
The link of true friendship can never be broken,
The sun-burst of freedom will shine thro' the gloom;
As long as the harp decks the old flag of Erin,
The star-spangled will float by its side,
The emblems of freedom, of right and of daring,
For which in the past noble heroes have died.—REFRAIN.

Then here's to the harp and the shamrock we cherish,
And long live the cause of the true and the brave,
And here's to the country where freedom they nourish,
Where patriots are ready their country to save;
And when through the world sounds the war-cry we long for,
Proclaiming the struggle of right against might,
May the Irish abroad rally one million strong,
For the old soil on which 'tis a glory to fight.—REFRAIN.

'Tis but a Little Faded Flower.

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'Tis but a little faded flower, but, oh! how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart the secret of its power,
But, treasured in my inmost heart, I keep my faded flower.

CHORUS.

'Tis but a little faded flower, but, oh! how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour through many a weary year.

Where is the heart that does not keep, within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep, of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing more prized than jewels rare?
A faded flower—a broken ring—a tress of golden hair?—CHORUS.

—Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

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RIDING IN A SLEIGH.

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By Will S. Hays.

Snow-flakes glistened in the moonlight, falling everywhere;
Sleigh-bells rung their merry voices on the wintry air;
Every gallant had his lassie, dashing down Broadway;
I had mine, and we were happy, riding in a sleigh.

CHORUS.

Hip, hurrah! hold your horses or they'll get away!
Ain't it pleasant, with your sweetheart, riding in a sleigh.

Dashing out the road to Brighton, sliding o'er the snow;
Horses panting, eager racing, "Mercy, how they go!"
Twenty sleighs and fifty horses going out that way,
While the merry girls are laughing, riding in a sleigh.—CHORUS.

Whips were cutting, drivers shouting, horses flying fast;
Sleighs upsetting, voices yelling as they quickly passed;
Till at last the race was ended, morn was turning gray,
Homeward came the jolly parties, riding in a sleigh.—CHORUS.

Coming home with Kate beside me, crossing o'er a ridge,
I turned round and slyly kissed her, coming 'cross the bridge;
Then she asked how many bridges on our journey lay,
And I answered, "*Count the kisses*," riding in a sleigh.—CHORUS.

Coming home, and near the mansion (this I will confess),
But I asked her—well, no matter, for she answered "Yes!"
On a certain night this winter, I'll not name the day,
But there'll be a preacher with us, riding in a sleigh.—CHORUS.

WE ALL WEAR CLOAKS.

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When I came to town lately I found, 'tis no joke,
Men, women and children were all wearing cloaks;
So I says to myself, do as other folks do,
And to be in the fashion we'll wear a cloak, too.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Why not? for I'll prove, in the course of life's pother,
We all of us wear a cloak some time or other;
For there's none but must own, however great is their pride,
There are some things 'tis sometimes convenient to hide.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The dandy in military still wears his cloak,
And thinks a cigar is the tiffy to smoke;
With his fine frill and wristbands he makes a great show,
But take off his cloak, 'tis all dickey, you know.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Young Miss with her beauty, her airs and her graces,
In the hood of her cloak often carries two faces;
Her lover declares she's an angel uncommon,
Till she throws off her cloak, when she finds she's a woman.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The lover, till wed, seems to court beauty's sway,
And says he but lives her commands to obey;
But once tightly noosed in the conjugal yoke,
"Do as I tell you, madam!" for off goes his cloak.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The lawyer a cloak wears as well as the lover,
So many old suits he has always to cover;
His cloak once thrown off, shows a great deal of evil,
For instead of the lawyer, oh, there is the d——l.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The doctor will boast of his skill, and the way
To lengthen out life and cheat death of his prey;
He has a grand panacea for every ill,
And when he's no lancet he'll bleed with a bill.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Some clergymen there are, of the hypocrite stock,
Who care more for the fleece than they do for the flock;
You may always know such before you instal,
For the larger the salary, the louder the call.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The singer will sing a song for your pelf,
With his eye on your purse, and his thoughts on himself;
The ring of the spelter is his key-note, I choke,
So, I pray you excuse me, and I'll keep on my cloak.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

Copyright, 1881, by William J. A. Lieder.

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Words and Music by Ada Burnett. Arranged by Jos. Schwenseck.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass with eyes like morning dew,
Whose charms all other maids surpass, 'twould blind both me and you;
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, has won my right good will;
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

CHORUS.

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air and on the tree-tops dance,
We cull the flowers we know they prize with but a single glance;
How happy will this shepherd be, that calls this nymph his own;
Oh, may her choice be fixed on me, mine's fixed on her alone.—CHORUS.

Wedded Once, but Parted Now.

Copyright, 1891, by Richard A. Saalfield.

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by M. E. Cooper.

Glad the bells that once were ringing in the golden happy past,
Still to them sweet memories bringing, dreams of joy too frail to last;
Then they vowed no more to sever, and the thought and light the vow,
Distant ways they roam forever, wedded once, but parted now;
Through life to meet as strangers still, no more to speak love's gentle vow.
Alas! for hearts that pride has severed—if wedded once, but parted now!
Alas! for hearts that pride has severed—if wedded once, but parted now.

Gone is all the sweet affection, gone the joys of other days;
Naught is left but recollection, love's bright rose at last decays;
Yet methinks two hearts are yearning, oft in tears their spirits bow;
Oh! that bitter thought returning, wedded once, but parted now,
A life to meet as strangers still, no more to speak love's gentle vow.
Alas! for hearts that pride has severed—if wedded once, but parted now!
Alas! for hearts that pride has severed—if wedded once, but parted now.

Cold and stern is now their greeting, smiles may hide a broken heart,
Pride oft hinders souls from meeting, oh! to love and then to part;
Every thought of love divided, broken every tender vow,
Like two streams for aye divided, wedded once, but parted now;
A life to meet as strangers still, no more to speak love's gentle vow.
Alas! for hearts that pride has severed—if wedded once, but parted now!
Alas! for hearts that pride has severed—if wedded once, but parted now.

LOOK OUT FOR INFORMERS.

By Peter Peppercorn. Tune--"Things I Don't Like to See."

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Though Janus-faced men by the thousand are found,
And hundreds of hypocrites canting around;
But class them together, the great and the small,
The sneaking informer's the worst of them all.
Let him go where he will he's an unwelcome guest;
All honest men shun him as a spy and a pest;
A coward that is always in trouble and fear,
The sneaking informer's despised everywhere.

CHORUS.

The informers are coming, look out! look out!
The sneaks on a Sunday are always about;
Beware of the frauds—but if they should come near,
Help the rascals along with a kick in the rear.

The reason they took to the informer's trade,
Is because they have always of work been afraid;
And now, Judas like, they are paid by the kirk
To do on a Sabbath their honorable work.
In skulking around as informer and spy
To trap the unwary by fraud on the sly;
But treat them with swill if they ask you for beer—
The sneaking informer's despised everywhere.—CHORUS.

From saloon and tavern such bummers expel,
And treat with contempt their employers as well;
If allowed to continue, how long will there be
Any freedom left in the land of the free?
Be united and firm and let no party draw
Your vote if it upholds the obnoxious law
That deprives workingmen on a Sunday of cheer,
But the sneaking informer boycott everywhere.—CHORUS.

—"No, siree; I ain't a-going to put my name to every piece of paper I see around," said a stranger of the way-back type, standing in front of the register of one of the hotels. "Some fellows I know got took in that way onct, and had ter buy 'nuf lightning rod ter build a railroad, and I ain't goin' to sign nothin'."

Think of the Loved Ones at Home.

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Words and Music by Otto M. Heinzman.

How well do I remember when I was leaving home
To sail so far away across the sea;
I was going to be a sailor on board a man-o'-war,
A hero in my country's cause to be.
My mother she caressed me and smoothed down my hair,
And kissed me ere I left her side to roam;
Then said, "My boy, be faithful unto your country's flag,
And think of all the dear loved ones at home.
She kissed me good-bye with tears and a sigh,
And said, "Boy, be true, while far you may roam;
Where'er you may be, on land or at sea,
Just think of the loved ones at home."

That day the ship was leaving the quay was thronged with friends
Who came to bid their dear loved ones farewell;
My mother stood there weeping, with tear-stains on her face;
I watched her there with grief that none could tell.
Just then the chains were loosened, and off our ship was bound,
Perhaps no more to come back o'er the foam;
But as it moved away I heard a dear voice say,
Just think of all the dear loved ones at home.
She kissed me good-bye with tears and a sigh,
And said, "Boy, be true, while far you may roam;
Where'er you may be, on land or at sea,
Just think of the loved ones at home."

A few months had departed when a letter I received,
It said that mother dear had passed away;
Her heart must have been broken with fretting and with care,
While thinking of her boy from day to day.
She said she'd like to see him and kiss him ere she died,
But he was far away upon the foam;
And where'er I may linger I'll think of that refrain,
Just think of all the dear loved ones at home.
She kissed me good-bye with tears and a sigh,
And said, "Boy, be true, while far you may roam;
Where'er you may be, on land or at sea,
Just think of the loved ones at home."

JOLLY DOGS.

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There is a school of jolly dogs, I've lately come across,
They're game for any mortal thing, from this { sparring / attitude } to pitch and toss.

CHORUS.

And they always seem so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh!
They always seem so jolly, oh! wherever they may be;
They dance, they sing, they laugh ha, ha, they laugh ha, ha;
They dance, they sing, what jolly dogs are we.
Fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, fal la la,
Fal la la, fal de the ral, de the ral lal li do;
Slap, bang, here we are again, here we are again, here we are again;
Slap, bang, here we are again, what jolly dogs are we.

They meet each night at six o'clock, and then sit down to dine,
They put the courses out of sight, and then they take their wine.—CHORUS.

At eight o'clock they sally forth, because you know it's dark;
"Follow my leader," cries the chief, to-night we'll have a lark.—CHORUS.

To balls or hops, of course, they go, and each man does his weed;
They stick by one another, as they've previously agreed.—CHORUS.

Spring-heel Jack and all his pals, with their nocturnal larks,
I'm sure were not a patch upon this school of modern sparks.—CHORUS.

Mother, I've Come Home to Die.

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Dear mother, I remember well the parting kiss you gave to me,
When merry rang the village-bell, my heart was full of joy and glee;
I did not dream that one short year would crush the hopes that soared so high;
Oh! mother dear, draw near to me, dear mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

Call sister, brother to my side,
And take your soldier's last good-bye, good-bye;
Oh! mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark!—mother, 'tis the village-bell, I can no longer with you stay;
My country calls—to arms! to arms! the foe advances in fierce array!
The vision's past—I feel that now for country I can only sigh,
Oh! mother dear, draw near to me, dear mother, I've come home to die.—CHO.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all—one parting kiss—to all—good-bye!
Weep not! but clasp your hand in mine, and let me like a soldier die;
I've met the foe upon the field, where kindred fiercely did defy;
I fought for right—God bless the flag! dear mother, I've come home to die.—CHO.

TAPIOCA.

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When I used to work upon the levee,
Many happy darkies there you see,
Cotton coming in so very heavy,
Oh! jolly, there was lots of work for me.
Black man hauling in the cargo,
Sun am very hot upon the head;
When he's done he dance a jolly jargo,
Rum, tum, on the banjo and then to bed.

CHORUS.

To my oakum, to my chokum, oh! Pompey, can't you pick a peck of oakum;
Ah! ah! ah! golly ain't the levee nigger free.
Working on the cotton-boat, ten shilling a day;
Johnny can't you pick upon the banjo.
Oh! me, oh! my, mamma, mamma, mamma, don't you hear the baby cry;
Oh! me, oh! my, ah! mamma, mamma, mamma, don't you hear the baby cry.

When I used to work off in the river,
Satin wood and water all the day,
Chilly wind he come and make me shiver,
Oh, glad this child he was to get away.
White man he gave me silver dollar,
Every day I work upon the dock;
Then I get some whiskey and I holler,
Biom'e, biom'e, Caterrego rock.—CHORUS.

This child is fond of fried 'tatoe,
Catfish and coffee, oh, it's nice;
Make him feel just like an alligator
When him just about to catch a mice.
When the bell he rings I go to dinner,
Den I goes and see my Dinah, dear,
I'll marry her as sure as I'm a sinner,
And love her all the days that's in the year.—CHORUS.

Nothing Is Like It Used to Be.

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Words by Harry Smith. Music by Adam Itzel, Jr.

We sigh for the days, the good old days when we were such gay young sparks;
We had eyes that could win a girl at sight, oh, those were the days for larks.
We had pretty pearly teeth and had graceful shapely limbs;
We'd complexions like the rose, we were jolly young dogs, I vow;
We had voices then to sing and danced like agile fawns;
We'd no rheumatism then, but we're awfully different now.

CHORUS.

Nothing is like it used to be, nothing is like it used to be;
Yes, everything's changed for the worse, that I must vow;
Nothing is like it used to be, nothing is like it used to be;
Things used to be right, but they're not so now.

Then the children went to bed at night, did as they were told to;
They never did a naughty thing, never spoke a word untrue.
No young girl received a beau till her mamma said she might,
But mamma staid down below, and was never out of sight;
Once a girl was coy and staid, she was pert and snappy, snippy;
Once we called her pretty maid, nowadays we call her "chippy."—CHORUS.

For an actress-star when we were young, toil and talent were required,
Now we only need that she should be rich and gorgeously attired.
Nowadays 'tis different quite, everything is now serene,
And an actress is all right if she is a social queen;
She must take the best of care her divorce-crop never fails,
Then she needs a dress from Worth's, and a nod from the Prince of Wales.—CHO.

When first Columbus reached this shore, beauteous was the land he found,
For nature then a garment wore fraught with majesty profound.
But nature is no longer free, to deadheads she no more consents;
Niagara Falls you cannot see unless you shell out fifty cents;
As up the Hudson you proceed, the scene sublime your bosom thrills,
Till on some massive rock you read: "Use Carter's Little Liver Pills."—CHO.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS.

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There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am going to see,
No other darkey knows her, no darkey only me;
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,
And if I ever find her, we never more will part.

CHORUS.

She's the sweetest rose of color this darkey ever knew;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew;
You may talk about your "Dearest May," and sing of "Rosa Lee,"
But the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing, and the starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night;
She thinks if I remember, when we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again, and not to leave her so.—CHORUS.

Oh, now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the songs together that we sung so long ago;
We'll play the banjo gayly, and we'll sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore.—CHORUS.

THE NAME ON THE DOOR.

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Words by Webster C. Fulton. Music by W. S. Mullaly.

I've been thinking once again of the name upon the door,
For I've seen it in my dreams as in the past;
But, alas! I know that home I shall enter nevermore,
For those dear old days were all too sweet to last.
How my memory rushes back to that time so long ago,
When I'd hasten up the steps my love to meet,
But those happy, happy hours are forever dead, I know,
And I seldom seek the old familiar street.

CHORUS.

When I pass the old place as in sweet bygone years,
How my heart cries aloud for the days of yore,
But I know they are dead, and the hot, blinding tears
Fill my eyes at the sight of the name on the door.

Oft in silvery summer nights, stealing softly up the stair,
And my darling, weaving love dreams, I'd surprise;
Then, with heart to throbbing heart, I would kiss my love so fair,
As I read the old, old story in her eyes.
And if silent we became, love was only unexpressed,
With her hand so softly resting in my own;
Then, with love too deep for words, I would clasp her to my breast,
For I knew she was my loved one, mine alone.—*Chorus.*

Ah, that name upon the door! hush, my loudly beating heart!
You must suffer on in silence 'till you break;
'Tis like death to recollect, but our paths lie far apart,
I must bear it all alone for her dear sake.
Oh, those golden hours of bliss, how I live them o'er and o'er,
As I wait the long, last sleep to set me free;
Dearest heart, I love you then, now I worship you far more,
But your memory is all that's left for me.—*Chorus.*

THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

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I've been thinking, Uncle Sam, I've been thinking,
And my thoughts I can scarcely define;
I've been thinking why people can wonder
At America's increase of crime.
Cries old Uncle Sam: It's a poser,
There is something I can't understand;
I would give up a trifle to know, sir,
Why crime should increase in our land—
We have plenty of gold, I am told, sir;
We have heaps laid away in store, sir,
Guarded with bolts and bars, sir,
And still there is an increase of crime.

It's quite true what you say, Uncle Samuel,
We have gold laid away in store,
Mouldy with mildew and rust, sir,
And guarded with heavy iron doors;
While you, like a dog in your manger,
Your gold to yourself you confine,
When a little would make a great change, sir,
In this terrible increase of crime—
For expenses you don't care a jot, sir;
Politicians you feed a whole lot, sir,
While the poor man with hunger may rot, sir,
And still there is an increase of crime.

Can you wonder at crime—can you wonder,
When you meet the police, on their beat,
Arresting the poor car-monger
For earning his bread in the street?
While the thief on the corner stands grinning
In the broad open light of the day;
Your pockets he will pick for a shilling,
And the law cannot touch him, they say—
While he laughs with contempt and derision,
Defies all your police division,
This poor carter you cast into prison,
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

It's quite true what you say, Uncle Sam, sir,
Temptation is hard to resist,
Just look at our poor needle girls, sir,
Trying their best to subsist;
Can you wonder at their prostitution,
When blood-sucking firms barely give
Enough to ward off destitution?
Although she is poor, she must live—
There is our poor servant girl, God defend her,
With feelings as pure and tender
As our proud city ladies, remember—
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

Just think while you are drinking your wine, sir,
How the poor of our land they are fed,
While you with your rich folks can dine, sir,
'Tis a God-send for them to get bread;
Go visit the house of the poor, sir,
Such sights you will never behold—
The prison dens go and expose, sir,
Then scatter your hoardings of gold—
When a little would soon break asunder
The chains that the poor sufferer is under,
Go list to that great voice of hunger,
And never more wonder at crime.

THERE'S NONE WILL FORGIVE LIKE A MOTHER.

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by L. C. Wegefarth.

There's a white-haired mother waiting in a cottage far away,
And she listens for the footsteps that so long have gone astray;
In the city's whirl and splendor is the child who left her care;
And while teardrops softly gather, in her heart she breathes a prayer;
And while teardrops softly gather, in her heart she breathes a prayer.

CHORUS.

There's none, while we live, like a mother;
There's none will forgive like a mother;
Whate'er we may do, she is faithful and true,
There's none will forgive like a mother.

O'er the mantel hangs a picture that she gazes on with tears,
'Tis the face of her own darling, she has never seen for years;
Sin has sullied now those features, and has tarnished that fair name,
But unto that loving mother, oh! her child is still the same;
But unto that loving mother, oh! her child is still the same.—*Chorus.*

At the door she hears a footstep, 'tis her poor returning child;
How that mother's heart is throbbing with its joy so pure and wild;
Let the whole world scorn her darling, yet her arms are open still,
Though a father may turn from us, yet a mother never will;
Though a father may turn from us, yet a mother never will.—*Chorus.*

A LOYAL KNIGHT.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

There was a knight who loved a lady fair,
'Twas in the golden time of long ago;
His deeds of chivalry beyond compare,
He knew no fear, come either weal or woe.
For love I'd live, for love I'd die, he sang
Beneath her window oft, in tender tone;
This song of love in sweetest accents rang,
"A truer love than mine was never known";
This song of love in sweetest accents rang,
"A truer love than mine was never known.
"My love," he sang, "a loyal knight am I,
For thee I'd gladly live or die."

Like this brave knight, I too of love will sing
At evening when the stars shine bright above;
The gloom of eve, sweet thoughts of love will bring;
Ah! then I'll sing a sweet, sweet song of love.
At eventide I'll sing to my guitar,
As sang the knight of old in tender strain,
A song of love, thou'lt hear it from afar,
Thou'lt hear it and thou'lt know thy love again;
A song of love, thou'lt hear it from afar,
Thou'lt hear it and thou'lt know thy love again.
My love! my love! a loyal knight am I,
For thee I'd gladly live or die.

McDONNELL'S OLD TIN ROOF.

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In summer time, when all is fine, and the trees and grass are green;
When the boys are drinking lager beer, and everything's serene,
On Tom McDonnell's old tin roof, the boys do dance at night,
With Kitty Malone and Mary Shea, who sing with all their might.
They have a big accordeon—the music it is grand;
You'll hear them shout for miles away,
Faith they never will go home, while they can have a tune,
And Tracy on his instruments will play.

CHORUS.

It's polkas, waltzes, quadrilles all the night;
'Tis finer than the Op'ra Bouffe;
If you don't believe I'm right, call around there any night,
And you'll find us on McDonnell's old tin roof.

They call themselves the midnight owls; they dance by light of moon;
To start for home at two o'clock, they say it is too soon.
They keep the folks awake all night, they never have their rest,
To sing their songs and play their tunes, they do their level best.
The music it is charming—it really is divine;
'Tis finer than the Op'ra Bouffe.
When they the Boston dip, faith the house rocks like a ship;
Oh, there's no place like McDonnell's old tin roof.—*Chorus.*

Across the street from where I live, a German keeps a store;
He is a baker man by trade, he's worth a thousand or more.
He keeps about five men at work—of course, they're up all night,
But when they hear the music play, they shout with great delight.
About the time the bread is baked the boys and girls descend;
They don't stop till they've reached the door.
Then they'll skip across the street, and the bread they'll nip so neat;
Oh, you ought to hear the bakers how they roar.—*Chorus.*

THIS AND THAT.

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Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.

"Now, grannie, prithee do not scold me, I know full well 'tis passing late;
I know, to hurry home you told me, but some one met me at the gate;
Now, grannie, prithee do not frown—indeed, 'twas only Cousin Mat,
Who, driving home from London town, just stopped to tell me this and that.
This and that, all very fine, you think your grannie blind, no doubt;
I've eyes to see, granddaughter mine, and know full well what you're about;
If for so long he made you linger, and just of this and that to speak,
Then what is *this* upon your finger, and what is *that* upon your cheek?

"Well, gran', I'll tell you all the truth—*this*, on my finger, is a ring;
Now don't be hard upon the youth, 'tis such a tiny, weeny thing;
And, as for *that* upon my cheek, well, gran', there's nothing much amiss;
The truth, you know, I said I'd speak, 'twas auntie sent us both a kiss.
One for me and one for you, so, as 'twas getting very late,
To save delay I took the two, then safely locked and barred the gate."
"So! so! my lass, give that ring; next time I see your Cousin Mat
I'll give him back the tiny thing, and box his ears for *this and that*."

COME TO MY HEART, MY LOVE.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Here in the shadows' deepening gloom stand I alone at evening's hour;
Hushed is the song of every bird, and the bell in yonder tower
Tells me our trysting time is come; here now I wait alone for thee;
Here in the quiet evening hour, my love, I'm waiting for thee.
Come to my heart, my love, this heart that beats but for thee,
Come rest thee here, my own, deep is my love as the sea;
No harm shall reach thee here, my own, come to my arms then, weary one,
Here, where love looks from every star above, come to my heart, my love.

Come to my heart, thou'lt find it true, how true and strong thou can'st not know;
Only the years, that love will prove—yes, 'twill ever brighter grow;
Come then, I long to hear once more those magic words thy lips can tell;
Dear heart, dear heart, I love thee true; I love thee, love thee so well.
Come to my heart, my love, this heart that beats but for thee,
Come rest thee here, my own, deep is my love as the sea;
No harm shall reach thee here, my own, come to my arms then, weary one,
Here, where love looks from every star above, come to my heart, my love.

Promise that You'll Never Tell.

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Words and Music by Edgar Seldon.

Now isn't it a pity, in a city large as this,
In spite of law and order, how things will go amiss?
How accidents will happen, politicians go astray?
And some brand new sensation occurs most every day.

CHORUS.

What are we going to do, boys? what is the world coming to?
Really we're growing so wicked that I am afraid, aren't you?
Good people now are so precious, do let us try to keep well;
And whatever I say, in my innocent way, why, promise that you'll never tell.

Why is it at the seaside, when the billows rush and roar,
You'll find the lovely maidens reclining on the shore?
Is it 'cause they are so timid? oh, no! for they're too cute,
They merely wish to stun you with their three-ounce bathing suit.—*Chorus.*

Why are our young girls anxious with some foreign lord to wed,
Who hasn't half a nickle, whom she'll support instead?
I wonder why their brothers, too, the British customs ape
And try to wear an eye-glass 'till their face is out of shape.—*Chorus.*

When Hayseed Green comes into town he starts out for a lark,
And in the gayest places you'll find him after dark;
He soon makes friends with Bunco Bill, then comes a game of "hearts,"
And Bunco Bill with Hayseed's cash skips out for unknown parts.—*Chorus.*

ENCORE VERSES.

A bashful youth once loved a lass, and "Crystal" was her name,
He wooed her, won her, made her his, while cupid fanned the flame.
But, now, when he comes from the lodge, braced up with fine old "Scotch,"
The name of "Crystal" fits her well, she's always on the "watch."—*Chorus.*

How oft on winter evenings when the baby has the croup,
You'll smother exclamations like, I wish him in the soup;
And as you pace your bed-room floor with him at dead of night,
You jam a tack 'way in your foot and howl with wild delight.—*Chorus.*

I've searched for encore verses, and for topics old and new,
'Till in an awful flurry I've extemporized a few.
I'd like to keep on singing if some pleasure it affords,
And I'll do it, if you'll get me a new set of vocal chords.—*Chorus.*

MY DEAR OLD MOTHER'S HOME.

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By Joe Hart.

The dearest spot in all this world to me, where in childhood days I grew—
Years have passed since last I gazed on it, still my heart is ever true;
Silence slumbers in each flower, songsters gather in each tree,
And they welcome every stranger in that little home across the sea.

CHORUS.

No one knows how much I love it,
Through it's green fields I would roam;
There's not a place on earth that's half so sweet
As my dear old mother's home.

My dear old mother and her soft, gray hair, I see her before me now;
Her fond embrace and parting words I hear, as she kissed me on my brow;
God bless you, may you soon return, were her words so sweet to me,
And I know that she is waiting in that dear old home across the sea.—*Chorus.*

GET YOUR HAIR CUT.

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Words written and music arranged by B. H. Janssen. Sung by George Beauchamp.

I came across from London town a week ago to-day,
To-morrow I go back again, I can no longer stay;
My hair in London was all the style—in fact, was raved about,
But here I'd hardly touched the soil when I heard some one shout:

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Or the wind will breeze and blow
Thro' those locklets, don't cher know;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

Of course, this made me very mad, I knew they yelled at me,
So in a cab I quickly jumped, but there I wasn't free,
For cabby on his box up high I could hear very plain,
And every time he'd hit the horse he'd sing the same refrain:

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Oh! but mamma he's a beaut',
Flowing locks and striped suit;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

I stopped up at a swell hotel, the clerk was mild and bland;
Gave me a room nine stories high, but that I would not stand;
We had a scrap, he yelled out, "Front," just throw his lilacs out,
And when my grip came after me, each "Front" began to shout:

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
He is mamma's pretty boy,
Dearest little Fountleroy;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

Of course, this drew up quite a crowd, to them I told my tale;
A policeman came along just then and lugged me off to jail;
I fought him nearly all the way, but he was very strong,
And all the way that dreadful mob just kept up this same song:

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Do them up in papers, dear,
And they won't look half so queer;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

Next day they took me into court and charged me with the crime
Of blocking up a public street for hours at a time;
Now, lilacs, said the judge to me, just trim your window mop;
I'll let you off, here's thirty cents, go find a barber-shop.

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Save a locklet, dear, for me,
That I may remember thee;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

I left the court resolved to go to London that same day,
As every one was down on me, though why I couldn't say;
For just as I was coming here I passed a parrot store,
The moment they caught sight of me each bird began to roar:

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
And then every bird would shout,
Does your mother know your out;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

—The faster the horse, the sooner the ride is ended.

AN OYSTER'S LOVE.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by W. J. D. Leavitt.

A bivalve once did fall in love, of course, with a female oyster;
His shell he opened when he proposed, his words they, of course, rejoiced her.
Now Mister Oyster was *haut ton*, he was a Blue Point and wealthy,
While she from Shrewsbury River came, and they were both young and healthy.

REFRAIN.

Yes, the bivalve heart has a beat that's full;
There are those who scorn and deride it;
But I speak of love that sweetly grows
In an oyster for one beside it.
For an oyster's love is a passion strong,
Though an uncouth shell conceals it;
Oh! how can we scorn a love so true,
When the pearl within reveals it?

They met one day at dinner-time, while he on a half-shell rested;
She was, I must confess the truth, in pickle, of her robes divested.
His furtive glance fell on her form, by love then his heart was shattered;
He wished that fate had willed that both should escolloped be or batter'd.—*Ref.*

And next he thought it had been best if they had been stewed *au nat'rel*;
He'd thanked his stars with all his might if fried with his heart's collat'ral.
A pan-roast, too, it seemed to him, would offer a chance to win her;
And then a cold sweat chilled his brow, for the guests came in to dinner.—*Ref.*

Then to his heart a sweet thought came; true love, there is nought can hamper.
A gourmet took him on a fork, our youth down his throat did scamper.
The gourmet then looked round the board, *Bonne bouche* for his throat to tickle;
Oh! joy! oh! happiness supreme, for his eye fell on the pickle.—*Refrain.*

The youth, I've said, had gone below, the fork left a wound, 'twas burning.
But still his heart was safe and sound, though filled with a loving yearning.
What's this he sees? my love, she comes, and she in his arms alighted;
Though life could not their loving bless, yet by death both were united.—*Ref.*

SWEET MARJORAM.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin Music by Morris Berlyn.

How far will you go? the conductor said
As I passed a five-dollar bill;
I said, I don't know, but I guess I'll go
'Bout as far as the money will.
He gave me a check that was marked North Jay,
And I slept till we reached the town;
He yelled, I awoke, took a jump,
And struck pretty girl in a Hubbard gown.
I apologized for my carelessness;
'Tis of no account, said she;
And she walked ahead, with a dainty tread;
Once she turned and looked at me.
"Who's that girl?" I said, to a country youth
"That is Marjoram Green," said he,
"Yes, she lives to hum with her dad, old Green
And he keeps a boardery."

REFRAIN.

Sweet Marjoram, sweet Marjoram, sweet Marjo, Marjo, Marjoram,
Sweet Marjoram, sweet Marjoram, sweet Marjo, Marjo, Marjo, Marjo, Marjoram.

I strolled up the lane till I found the house,
Saw sweet Marjoram at the door;
Old Green put my board ten a week,
But said, pretty soon he might charge me more.
I jumped at the chance, when I found that I
Was the only young man they had;
I thought I could tell in sweet Marjoram's eye,
By a look, that she too was glad.
Yes, we went to ride, and we fishing tried;
Best of all, she loved a yacht;
It capsized one day, but I rescued her,
And ashore her form I brought.
What astonished me, there appeared to be
Lovers, none who jealous grew;
But, I said, "They see they've no chance 'gainst me,
That's what Marjoram thinks, too."—*Refrain.*

The time flew away, and I said one day,
"I, Miss Marjoram, must leave you;"
I glanced at her then, and I thought I saw
On her face that a pallor grew.
Said I, "I'm ashamed that I did not tell,
When I came, I'm a married man;
Be good, little girl; when I'm gone, don't grieve,
But forget—that is, if you can."
Then she said, I'll try, 'twould be sad if I
Had no one who loved me true;
There's my papa, Green, who for years has done
What he told his son he'd do.
"Who's his son?" I cried, and I stood aghast;
Marjoram looked up to me,
"Why, I should have told, he's my husband, sir,
And he's been three years at sea."—*Refrain.*

MY CHUM, TOM.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

In a quiet little country town, my chum, Tom and I,
Played as boys on the school-house grounds, in dear old days gone by;
Upon that quiet village green he'll be seen no more,
For he laid down his life for me on board a man-of-war.

REFRAIN.

My chum, Tom, from me has gone, nevermore to return;
We were like brothers, how my heart for him did yearn;
We were boys together, faced manhood in all kinds of weather,
I'll never find another like my chum, Tom.

We were fighting on the sea, our only thought was victory;
A shell tore our mizzen mast away, and wounded on the deck I lay;
A deadly bomb fell by my side; to hurl it overboard, Tom tried;
Hark! hark! a report! it burst! a moan! to save my life he gave his own.—*Ref.*

LOVE'S CAPTIVITY.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Dear heart, dear heart, of thee to-night I'm thinking;
Dreaming, my darling, only of thee;
The time is weary and the heart is lonely,
My darling, when thou'rt far from me.
Oh, could I burst the bonds that bind me prisoner,
I'd fly on wings of love so fleet and strong;
And naught again, my love, our paths would sever,
Too long our loves have suffered, ah! too long.
No more I'd leave thee, no, my darling, never;
Thy life should be one glorious song.

And now, as here a captive lone I languish,
Thy love makes even bright my prison cell;
I thought of thee amid the dreadful carnage,
I thought of one I love so well;
And should I never more again behold thee,
"Unknown a soldier's lot must ever be."
Know that thy name, the last my lips did utter,
Dying, alone I think of thee, of thee;
Thy name, thy name the last my lips did utter,
Dying, alone I think of thee,
Living, I live for thee; dying, I love but thee.

I KNOW I AM IRISH, AND PROUD OF IT, TOO.

Copyright, 1891, by James Stillman.

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Words and Music by Thomas T. Carter.

Far o'er the sea is the land that I came from,
The most beautiful spot on the face of the earth,
Where the boys are so free and the girls are so tender,
I'm Irish, and proud of the land of my birth.
For wit and good nature they all have their share of;
There are no braver men if they've duty to do;
Let them sneer if they will, their sneer cannot hurt me,
I know I am Irish, and proud of it, too.

CHORUS.

May God bless the land of the Emerald green verdure,
In that land you'll find ladies and gentlemen true;
Although I am poor, I'm not ashamed to own it,
I know I am Irish, and proud of it, too.

If you should visit the green isle of Erin,
It's there you'll be welcome and took by the hand;
Such fun and diversions that you never dreamt of,
'Twould open your eyes, in that beautiful land.
The land of the poet, in the history we read of;
Its old ruin castles give such a grand view;
Its songs and its music, dear land, how I love it,
I know I am Irish, and proud of it, too.—*Chorus.*

Oh, may the sun shine again in its beauty,
And bring back the old days of happiness then,
For that was the time each man did his duty,
For none on this earth with them could compare.
They stood brave and steady, and fought back the foe man,
And scattered the many, although but a few.
As long as I live I ne'er will deny it,
I know I am Irish, and proud of it, too.—*Chorus.*

—The more we help others to bear their burden, the lighter will be our own.

GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

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On a desolate isle in the midst of the deep,
Where the howling winds never are calm in their sleep,
Where the mighty waves roll in their bright-crested foam,
And the daring sea-bird o'er the dark waters roam,
The hero of Austerlitz sleeps in his grave,
From the scenes of his glory far over the wave.
The clarion may sound in the death-dealing strife,
Yet it never will wake brave Napoleon to life.

Thy name, noble chieftain, shall ever remain
Enrolled with your deeds on the bright scroll of fame;
Oh, spirit of Lodi, when others did quail,
With your flag you rushed on thro' the dread battle's hail—
Thy soul, tho' departed, looks down from on high,
To the glory of France, for which thou didst die.
And thy spirit may hover o'er the fields that you won,
But your triumphs are over, your battles are done.

The morning is breaking o'er land and o'er sea,
The light waves are dancing with brightness and glee,
When far in the distance the cannon's loud boom
Re-echoes with joy o'er the Emperor's tomb.
'Tis the fleet of a prince—from his home he doth come
To bear back with honor his country's proud son.
He heeds not the joy of that brave happy band
As they take him with pomp to his own native land.

GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

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On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
Assail the stern rock and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew drooping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, leaned over the grave;
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain,
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name, which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas! they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

THE STAGE-DRIVER ON THE KNICKERBOCKER LINE.

Composed and sung by Unsworth.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now, white folks, pay attention, Ise gwane to sing a song;
I hope it's going to please you, though it isn't very long;
It's about one of the old boys so gallous and so flue—
For he drove an omnibus on the Knickerbocker line.

He was such a favorite wherever he went,
And he never was known to knock down a cent;
He slung a graceful whip; for he was bound to shine
Like a high-salaried driver on the Knickerbocker line.

He was driving down Broadway the other afternoon,
When, just as he was passing a lager-beer saloon,
'Twas there he spied a young gal, the prettiest e'er was seen;
She'd just arrived that morning from the Jersey quarentine.

Oh! whar' are you going, young woman? he said.
She guv' him a look dat like to kill him dead—
She handed up her band-box and den got up herself—
She so exprised George Henry dat he nearly lost his breff.

He thought he'd caught an heiress, a Southern Lucy Neal,
Like the galliant French capting and the maid of Mobile.
Says she: the sun am very hot, gib me half of your umbrella;
My name is Miss Plehlmineson, and I peddles sasaparilla.

When George heard this news, which couldn't have been wus,
His mug it did turn yellow, and he rolled off the bus.
Dey bathed his head in vinegar, to take away the scars,
And now he's driving mules on the Second Avenue cars.

NEVER IN A THOUSAND YEARS.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter.

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Words by John A. Fraser, Jr. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

There's a little gag that's common, now you hear it on the street,
Never in a thousand years;
And it's certain to be used by every second man you meet,
Never in a thousand years.
If, perchance, you're talking politics and say, "Jim Blaine will be
The Republican Convention's man, the party nominee,"
Some fool friend of Ben Harrison will yell in fiendish glee,
Never in a thousand years, never in a thousand years.

Do you think to Willie Tascott they will ever find a clue?
Never in a thousand years;
Will the telephonic fairy ever "call you when they're through?"
Never in a thousand years.
Do you think if Grover Cleveland gets the Democratic bun,
It will be through Dave Hill's influence the battle will be won?
And will he be indorsed by Charles A. Dana and *The Sun*?
Never in a thousand years, never in a thousand years.

Do you think our "boodle" bankers, home, from Canada will come?
Never in a thousand years;
And will school-girls, at the matinee, refrain from chewing gum?
Never in a thousand years.
Do you think Alliance farmers will sub-treasury their wheat?
And will Wall Street hoist "free coinage" as the motto of the street?
And will Jerry Simpson evermore wear socks upon his feet?
Never in a thousand years, never in a thousand years.

Will a lady in a street-car ever thank you for a seat?
Never in a thousand years;
Will a copper ever "pull" a night saloon upon his beat?
Never in a thousand years.
And will races some day yet be run entirely on the square?
Will Chicago gambling all be stopped before they hold the Fair?
Will we get a city council with no "boodle" in the air?
Never in a thousand years, never in a thousand years.

Will Pete Jackson, as a slugger, John L. Sullivan supplant?
Never in a thousand years;
Do you think New York will ever build a monument to Grant?
Never in a thousand years.
Now I've finished all my verses and my song is nearly done,
But I've one more little question that I'll ask you just for fun,
Will a Prohibition President be sent to Washington?
Never in a thousand years, never in a thousand years.

THE CUCKOO CLUB.

Copyright, 1891, by C. J. Dittess.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Have you ever seen the "Cuckoo Club" down on the corner street;
Well, ah, me boys, it is the hardest crowd you'd ever want to meet;
They hang around McCarty's place just seven days a week,
And call themselves the cuckoos, do you mind?
They are beyond comment, and they seldom have a cent,
But when they do, the growler's in it hot,
And they're up all night at that, singing "Comrades" in B flat,
Till the neighbors yell for heaven's sake to stop.

CHORUS.
Then the gang all whistle—[*Whistle.*]
The gang all whistle—[*Whistle.*]
It makes the neighbors mad, it makes them worse, bedad,
When the gang all whistle—what?—[*Whistle.*]

Now McCarty has his troubles with the gang most every week,
And, ah, the coppers have the same to do to keep them off their beat;
They flirt with all the shop-girls going up and down the street,
And call themselves the cuckoos, do you mind?
They take in matinees, and then when the show does cease,
They stand out out on the sidewalk in their pride;
When they see the coppers come, it's against their will to run,
But they slowly get on to the other side.

CHORUS.
Then the gang all whistle—[*Whistle.*]
The gang all whistle—[*Whistle.*]
They walk across the street, it's off the copper's beat,
Then the gang all whistle—what?—[*Whistle.*]

Oh, the Cuckoo gave a party here one night on Easy Street,
And, ah, the way they come through windows there it must have been complete;
And them that couldn't use their fist were in it with their feet,
And call themselves the cuckoos, do you mind?
The coppers took a hand, and the whole gang they did land
Before the judge, who said, without a fear:
"Well, me birds, you're quite the rage, but you're safer in a cage,
So I'll send you to the island for a year."

CHORUS.
Then the gang all whistled—[*Whistle.*]
The gang all whistled—[*Whistle.*]
'Twas very sad, you know, but still they had to go,
So the gang all whistled—what?—[*Whistle.*]

—An American biz-mark—$.

Parody on:

The Three Leaves of Shamrock.

Composed by D. J. McGraw.

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I sold my old canal-boat and bought out a saloon;
The first day that I opened up I started with a boom,
When a local tramp approached me, he had a bloodshot eye,
And as he came up to the bar, he said trot out your rye.
He said you mustn't mind me if perchance I tap your till,
I've never done a hard day's work, and what's more I never will.
One day I asked a farmer for a small slice of bread,
When he pointed out to his wood-pile, and I laid him out for dead.

CHORUS.

There stood three cords of hemlock, the ever green hemlock;
He knew my hands I'd blister, so one to him I gave,
Then I gave him another, also one for his mother,
And now there is a hemlock tree growing on his grave.

He sailed into my free lunch, I thought he'd never stop;
I was wishing I could get a chance to go and call a cop,
But, of course, there wasn't any, and what was I to do?
As left and right, with all his might, he downed my mutton stew;
My bologna, cheese and crackers he quickly put away—
In fact, he eat most everything I had for lunch that day.
The meal he moistened with two beers, then said to me Razzoo,
This is the song he sang to me as out the door he flew:—*Chorus.*

TA-RA-RA BOOM-DER-E.

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Written by Henry S. Sayers.

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see,
Queen of swell society,
Fond of fun as fond can be,
When it's on the strict Q. T.;
I'm not too young, I'm not too old,
Not too timid, not too bold,
Just the kind you'd like to hold,
Just the kind for sport I'm told.

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.

I'm a blushing bud of innocence,
Papa says at big expense;
Old maids say I have no sense;
Boys declare I'm just immense;
Before my song I do conclude,
I want it strictly understood,
Tho' fond of fun, I'm never rude;
Tho' not too bad, I'm not too good.—*Chorus.*

ENCORE VERSES (By Lew Hawkins).

I'll sing a little song, it won't take long;
If I sing it wrong why ring the gong,
Then I will say to you, So long,
And start at once for Old Hong Kong.
Then a tear to my eye 'twill surely bring,
And I'll call you a saucy thing,
Then for the patrol you all may ring,
And hear the copper sweetly sing:—*Chorus.*

Played a little poker the other night
With a jay I thought I had all right.
The hand I held was out of sight;
I held them close, I held them tight.
The hand I held contained four kings;
I bet all my stuff on the pretty things,
But the Rube at me four aces flings;
He copped my stuff and gently sings:—*Chorus.*

A jay came in from Buffalo,
Who long had let his whiskers grow;
They were white as the driven snow;
They were great for the wind you know.
He was no Yank; he was a Jew;
He sold old clothes in Kalamazoo;
He was fond of music that was new,
So the wind played this as it passed through:—*Chorus.*

I called on my uncle at his farm;
Of course, to call there was no harm;
But the country has for me no charm,
In weather cold or weather warm.
My uncle has a goat, a lively flea,
But the goat and I could never agree;
As he chased me up against a tree,
He sang this song as he gave it to me:—*Chorus.*

In '92 there'll be a race,
With Ben and Grover to set the pace;
I wonder who will get the place;
For the White House chair there'll be a chase,
But a horse may win that comes from Maine,
A horse who's been out in the rain;
A candidate he'll be again,
So you want to look out for old Jim Blaine.—*Chorus.*

SIX MAGNIFICENT BRICKS.

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Myself and some friends once, thinking there'd be no harm,
Went for a walk, a row, arm-in-arm;
The night it was dark, the streets they were very calm,
When we went out for a spree.
Said Jones, Now do what I tell you, boys, hurrah! hurrah!
Louder still, for that isn't half a noise, hurrah! hurrah!
Now we'll strike up the bag-pipes all the way, and let the people see
That we six magnificent bricks have made up our minds for a spree.

CHORUS.

Fal de loodle, fal de ral doodle um, argh! argh!
Fal de doodle um, doodle um dey—oight!

Through Leicester Square, Long Acre, and Drury Lane,
Just like jolly cocks, sure enough, on we came;
A lot more fellows all joined in our little game
When we went out for a spree.
Here we stop a minute to bawl hurrah! hurrah!
The others replied at once to the call: hurrah! hurrah!
Then we struck up the bag-pipes once again to let the people see
That we six magnificent bricks had made up our minds for a spree.—*Chorus.*

Going along we went down to a narrow street,
A party of bobbies out marching did chance to meet;
They took us to Bow Street just as a kind of treat,
To heighten the joy of our spree.
But we were determined to keep our pluck, hurrah! hurrah!
So we gave another by way of luck: hurrah! hurrah!
Then we struck up the bag-pipes in our cell to let the bobbies see
That we six magnificent bricks had made up our minds for a spree.—*Chorus.*

The other chaps locked in the station began to shout;
Inspector he couldn't make what was the row about,
He ordered the bobbies again to turn us out,
And not come in there for a spree.
We were shoved out of the station door, hurrah! hurrah!
So, for joy, we gave just one cheer more: hurrah! hurrah!
So home we went with the bag-pipes to let the people see
That we six magnificent bricks had made up our minds for a spree.—*Chorus.*

MONEY'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

By Robert J. Stein. Tune—"Woman's the Cause of It All."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

If you listen to me, I will sing you a song,
Money's the cause of it all.
Now don't walk away, it won't take me long,
Money's the cause of it all.
For instance, I'll start with a laboring man;
He'll go off on a drunk whenever he can;
If his friend's got a dime, you can bet he's a man—
Money's the cause of it all.

If you catch on to a girl out in the street,
Money's the cause of it all.
You bet your sweet life you'll have to treat—
Money's the cause of it all.
And if you tell her that you are dead-broke,
She'll give you a look as though she would croke;
And when she shakes you, you'll have to mope—
Money's the cause of it all.

What's the reason some men are taking their lives—
Money's the cause of it all.
Some have good homes and other's good wives—
Money's the cause of it all.
They get into a quarrel and then all is o'er,
The man leaves his home and is seen no more;
The wife now lives with her mother-in-law—
Money's the cause of it all.

The cashiers of banks make a big haul—
Money's the cause of it all.
They leave here for Canada or Montreal—
Money's the cause of it all.
And when you look for him the very next morn,
You'll hunt high and low and find he has gone
With the large sum of money which he has drawn—
Money's the cause of it all.

Of political subjects we all have our say—
Money's the cause of it all;
You know very well we can't have our own way—
Money's the cause of it all.
I suppose you're all waiting for '92,
For the Chair to be filled by Chauncey Depew;
If another man takes it, he will surprise you—
Money's the cause of it all.

Why did the crank visit Sage on Broadway—
Money's the cause of it all.
He knew what he was after, that very day—
Money's the cause of it all.
He produced a letter, and in it it said:
Give bearer the money or you will drop dead;
Sage smiled for a moment, then he turned red—
Boom-bang—Money's the cause of it all.

—When you hear a man say he has a bad wife, just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

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Woodman, spare that tree, touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand that placed it near his cot—
There, woodman, let it stand—thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—and would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke, cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak, now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade—
In all their gushing joy, here, too, my sisters played;
My Mother kissed me here—my father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear, but let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling, close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild birds sing, and still thy branches bend;
Old tree, the storms still brave—and, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save, thy ax shall harm it not.

THE HOTEL ROYAL FIRE.

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By Grace Carleton. Tune—"The Picture that Is Turned toward the Wall."

In the midnight and the silence came a cry of wild despair;
The sky was lurid with the light of death;
Oh, the pity for the victims that were calmly sleeping there,
To feel so soon the flames' devouring breath.
There was manhood in its vigor, and womanhood so bright;
The youth of beauty and the aged sire;
Oh, the horror, so appalling, on that dark and awful night,
When the bells rang for the Hotel Royal fire.

CHORUS.

There is mourning, sad and dreary; there are hearts so lone and weary;
There's a cry from out the city for a fate so dark and dire;
Hark! the moans of anguish swelling! See the blackened ruins, telling
Of the horror of the Hotel Royal fire.

'Mid the flames the victims pleaded to our firemen bold and brave,
The gallant boys all danger there defied;
In that dread and awful moment they had come to shield and save,
But many forms had perished, side by side.
Oh, the cries, for help imploring, still are ringing in the air;
Its memory from our hearts will ne'er expire;
God protect the souls of those who gave their lives up in despair
When the bells rang for the Hotel Royal fire.

CHORUS.

There are eyes so sadly weeping, there are hearts their sorrow keeping,
There is loneliness in homes, to think of death so dark and dire;
Oh, the moans of anguish swelling; oh, the blackened ruins telling
Of the horror of the Hotel Royal fire.

O'GRADY AT THE GAME.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. W. Held.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

A friend of mine, O'Grady, came from far across the sea;
For base-ball he was crazy, so he went one day with me;
And when we reached the base-ball grounds, he felt so very gay;
He said he'd "paint the town bright red if he could have his way!"
We paid our money, in we went, and on the benches sat.
The players filed out on the field, O'Grady waved his hat;
The game began, and Mullin he ran in to catch a "fly";
He didn't catch it in his hands, but caught it in his eye.

CHORUS.

Mulligan he played centre-field, and played it to a charm;
And old Pat Reilly, short-stop, he forgot his old glass arm;
Finnegan played at third-base, and the "bleachers" kept on bawling,
We're far ahead, "play ball," they kept a-calling.

'Twas in the seventh inning, and the game it was a tie;
O'Grady had ten dollars bet, and felt as if he'd die;
Then Mulligan came to the bat, which made O'Grady howl;
His "fly" went in a chicken-coop, the umpire whispered "foul!"
The players then came from the field, the umpire got it rough.
O'Grady stood up like a man, and gave him lots of "guff";
And when the game came to an end the score stood ten to three,
And then O'Grady, Mac and I went off upon a spree.—*Chorus.*

We went down to Mike Murphy's, and began on lager-beer;
In less time than I tell it, we were feeling mighty queer.
Mac turned on poor O'Grady, and he threw him in the sink;
He thought he was a "Fasset," or the famous missing link;
'Twas bad for poor O'Grady, sure, the day he saw that game.
His clothes they were in tatters, and his arms and legs were lame;
He swore at me in English, and he cursed the game in French,
And not until next season will you see him on the bench.

CHORUS.

Mulligan he played centre-field, and played it to a charm;
And old Pat Reilly, short-stop, he forgot his old glass arm;
Finnegan played at third base, with his mouth forever yawning;
But what a sight O'Grady was next morning.

THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE HIGH, HIGH HAT.

Copyright, 1890, by G. H. Kline.

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Composed for Miss Patti Rosa by Gustave H. Kline.

How many sweethearts I have got is hard for me to tell;
If I should some describe to you, perhaps you'd know them well;
It keeps me busy counting all the presents that they bring;
Although there's none of them my choice, I've got them on the string.

SPOKEN—There's the

CHORUS.

Funny little fellow with the high, high hat,
And another little fellow with a cane.
A big, fat man who walks like that,
And a fellow with a title to his name,
A Frenchman gay with his "Oui Monsieur,"
And an Englishman with "On are you, me boy?"
A Deitchman mit his "Nix-come-a-rous,"
And a Mick named Pat Malloy.

While going to church or driving out with handsome Harry Brown,
Oh, he is just the dearest boy, the sweetest man in town;
While at the corners there they'll stand, to look they know not how,
So, with a sigh and jealous eye, they tip their hats and bow.

SPOKEN—Oh, this—*Chorus.*

Now, by-and-by we'll married be, dear Harry and myself;
I do not wish to die an old maid, or be laid on the shelf,
But when at times I'm left alone, and Harry's gone away,
I cannot help but think of all my beaus of by-gone days.

SPOKEN—Especially—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Oh! What a Difference in the Morning.

Composed by Harry E. Thompson.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There is quite a difference on the Bowery
At night, at night;
No more you can find Annie Laurie
At night, at night.
Poor Johnny has went up to Dudley's Grove,
And his girl went out and hocked the oil stove,
And to all this the *New York World* them all drove,
At night, at night.

CHORUS.

Oh! what a difference on the Bowery;
No more the band plays "Annie Laurie;
Billy McGlory he's went up;
The dives are all closed up,
And, oh, what a difference on the Bowery.

Oh! the sweet little chippies—what will they all do
At night, at night;
Their dear little darling no more will be true
At night, at night.
No more in the annexes sit there for a while
To enjoy all their drinks with pleasure and smile,
For the slide is closed up, and poor Beatrice went wild
At night, at night.

CHORUS.

Oh! what a difference on the Bowery;
Gombosey looks so sorry,
And the rest there look so queer,
And poor Buttner lost all his cheer,
And the pianos are all in mourning on the Bowery.

The Bowery don't look as it did years ago
At night, at night;
No such places then you would know
At night, at night.
With your families you could go to Lindemueller's for a while;
To the Atlantic, National and Bowery Gardens for a smile,
But those days on the Bowery have lost their prime
At night, at night.

CHORUS.

But, oh, what a difference on the Bowery;
How some of the old faces look so sorry,
But the dives are getting less;
They are in the power of the press,
And, oh! what a difference on the Bowery.

—A widower married a second time, and his choice was a wealthy widow lady about fifty years of age. When they returned from the wedding the husband, introducing the wife to his children, said: "My dear children, kiss the lady's hand. She is the new mother I promised to bring you." After taking a square look at the new mother, little Charlie said: "Pa, you have been fooled. She ain't new at all!"

Parody on:

TA-RA-RA BOOM-DER-E.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a song that everybody's singing—it seems to be the rage—
The German bands now play it; serio-comics warble it on the stage:
It matters not where you may go, you'll hear it night and day,
And even the Italian organ-grinders have the nerve to play;

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.

While in a theatre, the other night, the "star" came out and sung
"Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e" unti I thought he'd surely burst a lung;
But, when the first act it was over, I could no longer stay,
For the orchestra got their instruments, and soon began to play:—*Chorus.*

I've tried hard to avoid this song—yes, I've done my level best,
And even when I go to bed, I cannot get a full night's rest;
For, just as I'm sleeping nicely, I'm sure to hear the bloody jay
That promenades the avenue, and on an old accordeon does play:—*Chorus.*

Old "Comrades" and the "Picture that is turned toward the wall,"
"Save grandpa's whiskers from the soup," I'll listen to them all,
Or any other chestnut, no matter what the name of it may be,
But I'll paralyze the son-of-a-gun that has the gall to sing to me:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

Composed by D. J. McGraw.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

There's a bar down in the cellar of a frame-house painted white,
And once this joint was very dear to me;
There dwells a pink-eyed beauty who, I thought, was out of sight,
But she gave herself away while on a spree.
No saloon-keeper would trust her, if she choked dead with the drought;
I tell you, boys, she had an awful gall,
But she chased the duck one evening, and the guys all knew the truth,
When she fell and broke the pitcher in the hall.

CHORUS.

From the fall she came near croaking, and her back was nearly broken;
There are just four front teeth missing from her wabble jaw—that is all.
Now for spite she says she's living, but she never was forgiven
For the night she broke the pitcher in the hall.

She has hid away, still hoping that her good looks will return—
Every pimple, every wrinkle that she bore.
At night she seams and sows now, while the lamp on the mantle burns,
And longs, she says, to chase the duck once more;
For no chiding hour would teach her what a lot of jags I missed, said she,
I sometimes think I'll switch off for a stall.
She has got a small collection, that she wants no one to see,
Of the picture that was broke down in the hall.—*Chorus.*

THE WILLAGE PLACKSCHMIDT.

By Stephen B. Harvey.

Under der same oldt chastnut tree, a dirty plackschmidt stands;
Der schmidt, a greadt big man vas he, mit large and bony hands;
Der music chords mitin his arms vas sthrong as Dutch brass bands.

His hair vas crisp like ginger-schnapps; his face vas plack und tan;
His brow is vet mit home-made dew; he cheats vat e'er he can,
Und looks at no one in der face, 'cause he owes most every man.

Somedimes he vorks for a veek at a stretch; then you hear his bellows blow;
You can see him swing his heavy sledge so very, very slow,
Like a church-duster ringing a pelfry bell ven de evening sun is low.

Und children coming home from school valk in thro' de open door;
They lofe to see his big red nose, und hear him schneeze und roar,
Und schmell der vhiskey fumes, that fly like rocks upon der floor.

On Sunday he goes to der saloon, und sits among der boys;
He hears der partender laf und joke; somedimes he hears his good vife's voice,
Saying to him, "Come home, mine lof"; und it doan't make his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like his mother's voice vhen he playing hookey vent;
He needs must dhink of her vonce more, how o'er her knee he bent,
Und mit her hard, rough hand she sphanked his pants until dhey rent.

Loafing, drinking, schmoking, onvard thro' life he shtrains;
Each morning sees some beer-keg tapped, each eve he drinks its drains;
Someding attempted, someding done, to him a night's rest gains.

Dhanks, dhanks to dhee, mine vorthy frendt, for the lesson thou hast lent,
How at dhe beer-saloon of life our fortunes should be spent;
Dhus, o'er dhee, rosevood par, ve pass each continental cent.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

By Isaac Marks. Scene is in The Philadelphia Dramatic Club.

'Twas in 1890, about ten o'clock, on a cold and dreary night,
We were sitting 'round the fireside of our club, so cozy and so bright;
Some of us were sipping wine and reading, having nothing else to do;
Some of us were actors, giving the amateurs their cue.

As time was hanging heavily, I asked some one to recite,
Or tell a funny story, or sing, perhaps, he might,
And as one was collecting his thoughts, and was about to begin,
We heard a noise at the door and a tramp marched boldly in.

If a ghost had appeared among us, we couldn't have been more surprised;
We looked at him and stared at him, and could scarcely believe our eyes--
"How did he ever come in here?" some one cried out.
"Was the doorman at his post?" another one did shout.

His clothes were torn and ragged, his nose was strawberry red,
And a tile that had seen better days was perched upon his head;
His shoes, too big and old and torn, must have been number nine,
Which never felt a shoe-brush and never had a shine.

After getting over our surprise, we thought we saw a chance for fun,
And asked him to take a drink with us, and tell us how he came to be a bum:
He said if we'd give him another drink, he would tell
How he came to be a tramp, and to feel the pangs of hell.

After he had drank again, he cleared his throat and said:
"Boys, it's pretty hard to say it, but I wish that I was dead;
You've treated me pretty nicely and I'd like to do the same to you,
So you'll see why I'm a tramp to-day by the time that I get through.

"'Twas 'bout forty years ago I determined to become one of the forty-niners,
And go out West and look for gold, along with the other miners,
But, before I went, I promised my wife and child that I'd not forget them in my roam,
But when I had enough for all, I would return to home.

"So, with a light heart I started out, and reached at last a mine,
Where gold was found in plenty, and the sun seemed forever to shine;
I had luck and found the gold, and gained a fortune fast,
And every hundred that I added I promised would be the last.

"But somehow when I got the hundred, I didn't want to leave,
For I thought of my wife and child, and how it would them please,
For I had grown to be like a miser, and didn't want to drop my claim,
Especially as I had struck it rich again, on a better-paying vein.

"So I broke my promise to them and begged them to come out to me,
And when they came, I was as happy, God knows, as happy as I could be;
For there was 'Nell' to cheer me when I came home at night,
And little 'Lill' always at my side, making the working hours bright.

"They had been with me 'bout a year, and during all this time
I had been working, day after day, at the same old mine,
Hoarding and making the pile grow larger day by day,
And as we grew richer with gold, so did our spirits grow gay.

"About this time we were growing uneasy, because the Indian pillages
Had at last become a source of terror in the surrounding villages,
And as they were growing more hostile, I determined at last to leave
And return to the East and spend my money and live in perfect ease.

"We packed up our things and were about ready to go,
So I thought I'd bid farewell to an old partner of mine named Joe;
And kissing my wife and child good-bye, I set off whistling a tune,
For I was thinking, yes thinking, that I'd be going east by next day noon.

"After bidding my friend farewell, I started back for the cabin,
And when I got up to the door, all seemed quiet within.
I opened the door—all was turned upside down, and there on the bed,
With their arms entwined, lay my wife and child—dead.

"Oh, God, it was I who had killed my wife and child;
I had broken my promise—oh, the thought of it almost drives me wild,
For had I gone East and kept my word when enough gold I had found,
I wouldn't then have to lay them, no, in the cold, cold ground.

"The Indians had heard I was going, and had all day watched the house,
And when I had gone, crept up on all fours, more quiet than a mouse,
Murdered my wife and child, stole all my gold and goods,
And, after trying to fire the cabin, had started back to the woods.

"I didn't have the courage to kill myself, so I 'listed in the war,
Praying that I might be killed in a good cause—then, perhaps, I might go to yonder shore—
But, no, when I die I know to heaven I won't go—
They don't allow promise-breakers up there; I'm sure to go below.

"Now, gents, you've treated me as well as though I was one of you to-night,
And I hope to God you may never see my side of life, but always see the bright,
And now I leave you, to tramp the cold streets once more
'Till something happens in this world to call me to another shore."

With this he bowed his head and silently left the room,
And the fireside that had seemed so bright before he came, now seemed filled with gloom,
And I, taking my hat and coat, was soon in the fog outside lost,
Wending my way to my home, thinking of what that broken promise had cost.

—Coming of Age.—What do we mean by coming of age? From birth a boy can own property; at seven he is, if intelligent, answerable for crime; at fourteen he is punishable for a misdemeanor; at fourteen he, if necessary, could choose his guardian, and could contract marriage; at eighteen he is qualified for military service; at twenty-one he may declare himself independent of his father, and is then old enough to vote; at twenty-five he is eligible to Congress; at thirty to the United States Senate; at forty to the Presidency; at forty-five he is exempt from military duty.

Parody on:

ASK A POLICEMAN.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The barber is a man's best friend—your face he'll safely shave;
Cut your hair and trim your whiskers—don't take him for a knave;
If there's anything you wish to know, he'll tell you with a grin,
And give the full particulars, while daubing lather on your chin.

CHORUS.

If you want the latest news, ask a barber;
He never will refuse, will the barber;
For he talks both night and day, just to pass the time away;
If you want the facts, I say, ask a barber.

Now, it often used to puzzle me, just to know the reason why
That certain gamblers could do business, and thus the law defy;
When I asked my barber to explain—"I'll quickly do it," said he.
So, if you listen, now you'll hear what the barber said to me:

CHORUS.

It's a case of hoss and hoss, said the barber;
They stake the "Captain," of course, said the barber;
When they shut down on the rent, he'll soon close up their tent,
And to jail they'll all be sent, said the barber.

I'm acquainted with a bank-cashier—in "society" he cuts quite a dash;
He lives like a king in a palace; he's always got plenty of cash—
He said he was left a fortune—but when I told my barber that,
Said he: "You're a jay to believe it, for he's talking through his hat."

CHORUS.

I'll give you a straight tip, said the barber,
To Canada some day he'll skip, said the barber;
And when he goes away, though he's a deacon in a church, they say,
The bank will close that day, said the barber.

A young lady, who led a fast life, was shortly about to be wed,
But the marriage was broken off, for a very good reason, 'tis said.
Now, while passing by her house one night, I heard a baby cry;
When I asked my barber about this case, he winked his other eye.

CHORUS.

I heard the story last night, said the barber;
Oh, it is a beauty bright, said the barber.
Then he whispered in my ear, it's one she's taken to nurse, I hear;
Don't you think that's very queer? said the barber.

THE SPRIG OF GREEN.

At Fredericksburg on that dread day ere yet the strife began,
Along the battle-line of Blue the general's order ran:
"Win we or lose, our country's curse upon the wretch who shirks,
But honor to the man who dies the nearest to the works!"

Before them rose the giant range of hills in martial round,
From whose grim tops all bodefully the bristling cannon frowned;
No break within that iron line, but 'neath, from left to right,
Brave Meagher with his Irish lay before St. Mary's Height.

No gloom was there; but every face as careless and as bright
As if it were a wedding morn and not a day of fight;
And in their caps (though all around no tree nor shrub was seen)
They wore—heaven knows from whence procured—each man a sprig of green.

Not long they waited for the sound that told the strife begun.
Hark! from the river's further side, it is the signal gun!
A thousand cannon from the hills bellowed in fierce acclaim,
And all the mighty line of Blue swept upward through the flame.

Of what avail are words to paint the strife that none can tell;
The hurrah from the Union host, the wild Confederate yell;
The sabres' clank, the horsemen's tramp, the scream of shot and shell,
And groans of dying men, that went to make the mimic hell.

All day against those awful heights our lines were hurled in vain;
All day the shattered ranks closed up but to be torn again;
Until the sun withdrew his light, as if for very shame,
And night came down upon the field to end the bloody game.

The morning broke all fair and bright upon the dead array,
And lovingly on hill and plain the blessed sunbeams lay.
The fight was done; the field was won—the Blue had lost the day;
And from their works all curiously swarmed down the men in gray.

Thick lay the slain, like sheaves of grain ripened by battles' suns;
But one had died beyond the rest, a stone's cast from the guns;
They raised him softly—for the brave respect the brave, I ween—
And in his cap, unwithered still, they found a sprig of green.

Of all the thousands lying round, close locked in death's embrace,
That one—though all were brave and true—from death had got such grace.
No bearded soldier, old in wars, had won the happy place;
He who died nearest to the works had only a boy's face.

They buried him just where he fell—these foemen—with rude art;
They said that he had earned the place by his undaunted heart;
And one—a poet in his soul, though rough in garb and mien—
Planted upon the simple mound the dead boy's sprig of green.

The brave man dies, but the brave deed with death will not be found;
And travellers say that, to this day, the children playing round
Can point the stranger to the spot—the fairest in the scene—
The grave where sleeps the Irish boy who wore the sprig of green.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Come, sinners, an' listen to what I say—
It's hard to get in de promised land.
If you want salvation, put yo' razors away
And jine de Gospel-band.
For de preacher-man's a-gwine to hold a meetin' to-night,
An' dar'll be singin' by ole sister Snow an' brudder Isaac White;
Holy Moses! how us coons will knock ole Satan out of sight
To get in de promised land.

CHORUS.

Ain't it hard? ain't it hard?
Ain't it hard to get in de promised land?
Ain't it hard? yes, it's hard
If you don't jine de Gospel-band.—[*Repeat.*]

Now, sinners, don't laugh at what I say—
It's hard to get in de promised land;
So get on yo' marrow-bones an' begin to pray,
And jine de Gospel-band.
When ole Satan calls me, den I'se a-gwine to make him run;
Goodness sakes! little children, but dar'll be a heap ob fun;
For I'll shoot off his whiskers wid my brau'-new gospel-gun
To get in de promised land.—*Chorus.*

THE PICTURE.

Composed by Hovey Cook, Esq.

Standing about a bar-room were a crowd of noisy men,
Chaffing a poor old beggar, as they "set 'em up again";
But he seemed a jovial fellow, and didn't mind their chaff;
And at every witty remark, he too joined in the laugh.

I admit, boys, I'm a filthy tramp—soaked, as you say, in rum.
Laugh at me if it please you, boys—ah, yes, I'm a dirty bum.
Maybe you will not believe it, but I tell you, boys, it's true—
I once had health and wealth, as, perhaps, have most of you.

Did you ever hear this saying, boys—no, it's not my own—
It is "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; but weep, and you weep alone?"
And many the time have I laughed, and many the time I've wept—
And many the time on a bed of down and on a bed of board I've slept.

Do you want to hear a story, lads, of how a woman fell
From a life of virgin purity, and made one man's life a hell?
Well, listen and I'll tell you—'tis a portion of my life;
Of a daughter who brought disgrace upon a husband and a wife.

In a little country village I lived with my darling wife;
I toiled as a roller-mill hand, toiling for bread in life.
Ah, we lived so happy—to please her I hard did try;
Love was master in our cottage in those happy days gone by.

Well, there came a little baby to bless our humble lot;
I shall never forget how pleased I was to hold that cunning tot.
I'd return from work each evening, my wife she'd meet me at the door;
Ah, boys, those were the happiest days that in life I ever saw.

I think I forgot to tell you—that baby was a girl—
Ah, many the happy hour she's been clasped in these hands of toil.
Well, years rolled quickly onward, and she grew to a lady fine;
And I was proud to say, lads, that she was a child of mine.

There was a lad who worked in the mill, boys, and a handsome lad was he;
He was welcome to my house then, I thought him a friend to me.
We'd smoke and we'd chat for hours—Joe Oleson was his name—
And I never once suspected that he'd lead my child to shame.

But such, indeed, was the case, boys, and then she ran away;
And never a tiding have I heard from my child since that day;
And my poor wife, God, bless her, for weeks and weeks she cried,
And one night she, heart-broken, fell at my feet and died.

And this wretch who wronged my daughter, I've heard it said, he's dead;
Why, stranger, you are weeping—is it at what I have said?
Excuse me, good bartender—that picture behind the bar,
Would you please let me see it? it looks a bit like her.

Thank you, sir, may I place it on that table over there?
And I'll draw a picture from it—indeed I will, I swear!
Give me a piece of paper, please—yes, that's about the size.
Now I'll show you that I can draw a bit, and prove I've told no lies.

Where did you get this picture? why, it's the picture of my Nell—
The picture of my daughter. Come, don't be afraid to tell;
I think I've seen your face before—yes, you're Jack who led her astray!
You're the man I've wanted to meet for many and many a day.

Don't stand there laughing at me—you've changed, but I know you!
Come, speak up like a man if you are one! come, is not what I say true?
My God, boys, it's he; I know him! Stop! don't tell me I lie!
Nellie—mother—wife—my child—my God, boys, I die!

All was silent as the tomb
In the hot and crowded room;
Not a word for minutes spoken,
As the man lay there heart-broken—dead.

—A slow match—four years of courtship.

THE MINER.

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Words and Music by Felix Marti.

A thousand feet in the earth I delve,
With hammer and pick, with mattock and helve,
With hammer and pick, with mattock and helve,
Gems and gold from the earth I wrest,
Toil for me and for other's rest.
Through galleries long my lamp doth gleam,
Casting for its golden beam,
Rings each blow above below,
While I sing, "Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!
Delving down below—heave ho! heave ho!
Delving down below, down below, down below."

With every blow that I strike below,
I see flashing forth the bright golden glow,
I see flashing forth the bright golden glow.
Cities fair and the village farm,
All depend on this stalwart arm—
I strike for home, I strike for life,
For my love and loving wife.
As I strike my song shall flow,
"Heave, boys, heave—heave ho! heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!
Delving down below—heave ho! heave ho!
Delving down below, down below, down below."

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

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Words by John F. Lawler. Music by John Levy.

Far out at sea on a winter's night
A gleam came from the harbor light,
And from the shrouds where I was lashed
I saw that light as it beamed and flashed;
It made me think of one at home
That prays for me wherever I roam;
Bright light still burn while the billows roar,
And guide me safely back to shore.

CHORUS.

Harbor light, shine out for me, spread your rays far o'er the sea;
Let me by your beacon-light shape my course through darkest night.
Harbor light, shine out for me, spread your rays far o'er the sea;
Let me by your beacon-light shape my course through darkest night.

Far o'er the deep and the stormy sea
A loving, sweet face waits for me,
And, like the rays of the harbor light,
Her dark-blue eyes shine clear and bright;
The memory of those haunting eyes,
I see like beacons brightly rise,
To cast their light o'er the narrow path
That leads me from the tempest's wrath.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

Written and Sung by Cook & Reed.

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Far away at Coney Island, where we stopped for just one week,
In a dizzy little hotel by the sea;
Where we got hash for our breakfast, our lunch and supper, too;
Where the butter was a stranger unto me.
One day they gave us turkey, and we nearly had a fit;
That turkey it weighed one pound, that was all—
In a crowd we all went at it, and broke our knives and forks,
Then we nailed that little turkey on the wall.

CHORUS.

There's a name that's never spoken, there's a few teeth that were broken,
There's a turkey that was ancient—was nine years old, that's all;
Now the boarders, every one, if you say turkey, pull a gun,
And put holes in the turkey on the wall.

One morning we got desperate and called for hard-boiled eggs;
That's something that we never did before;
They brought us in three large ones, with a sign on, "Eat with care";
In the rush for them one fell upon the floor.
Then I heard a cry of horror, and I looked where it had fell;
There stood a little turkey, that was all;
Then we heard another gobble, and the one that we had nailed
Was alive, but still nailed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

So we all in fours and pairs went at those turkeys with our chairs,
But those turkeys were good game and held their own, that's all.
When we broke the chairs and dishes, we gave those turkeys our good wishes,
And now we have their pictures on the wall.

The Flowers Will Come in May.

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Oh, sweetheart, don't be sighing, the winter won't be long;
Soon merry birdlings crying will glad the earth with song.
For though it be December, and dark and drear the day,
Be cheerful, and remember the flowers will come in May.

CHORUS.

The flowers will come in May, sweet flowers bloom in May,
And hearts now sad shall then be glad, when the flowers come in May.

Oh, sweetheart, so with sorrow—the winter of the heart—
Some golden, fair to-morrow will see it all depart,
And love's own birds be singing their carols sweet and gay,
With wedding bells a-ringing, when the flowers come in May.—*Chorus.*

BOOM TA-RA.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Alexander Spencer.

I sat down to a social game,
And "poker" was its pretty name;
I hugged myself, with special glee—
Thought I, this "pot" belongs to me.
I held four "kings," the bets ran high,
A smile was dancing in my eye!
I showed those "kings" that "pot" to take—
My friend's four "aces" yanked the cake!
And he sang: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra—
And he sang: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

A married man came home one night,
He smiled a smile of sweet delight;
He heard a sound, 'twas like a squall;
He heard the nurse so softly call.
Thought he, now I've a cherub sweet,
My happiness will be complete!
But instantly his joy was dead—
"You've triplets!" that nurse loudly said.
And they squalled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra—
And they squalled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

There was a goat—a one-eyed goat—
And he was old enough to vote!
Tomato cans were his delight;
He chewed bill-posters day and night;
He butted through a big stone wall;
He terrorized the neighbors all.
One day Miss Murphy, fat and fair,
He struck while at the wash-tub there!
And she howled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra—
And she howled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

A little boy once climbed a tree,
The peaches there were fine to see;
He gobbled up that fruit, and then
Proceeded to climb down again.
The farmer had a dog that prowled,
It ran up to that tree and howled;
It caught the boy—now 'twas a sin—
Just where his panties they were thin!
And he yelled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra—
And he yelled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

A small banana peel once lay
Where thronged the passers by, so gay;
It looked so mild and innocent,
As if it had no bad intent!
There came a dude, who skipped along—
Poor thing! he never thought of wrong!
He struck that peel—sat down, somehow!—
And wears a chest-protector now!
Oh! he screamed: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra—
Oh! he screamed: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

I'd like to sing here till the dawn,
But then my voice is almost gone!
My throat's atrocious, as you see,
And troches are no help to me.
There are some dozen verses more,
But, ere I'd sing them to you o'er,
I fear each one of you would say—
"Oh, take that voice of yours away!"
And you'd sing: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra—
And you'd sing: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

—A saw cuts both ways; remember the fate of the early worm.

A LETTER TO HIS DAD.

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Words by William Collier. Music by Isidor Witmark.

Just a few lines to you, daddy, to let you know I'm well;
My kindest love to all at home, and a kiss for baby Nell;
I've much good news to write you, daddy, 'twill make your heart so glad,
But even words cannot express how much I miss you, dad.

CHORUS.

This was the message from a foreign land,
These were the words that pleased the dear old man,
Sitting by the fireside with heart so glad,
Reading from his darling boy a letter to his dad.

It's been some time since I wrote you, but have no fear for me,
I'm writing now from my own home, and our baby's on my knee.
Tell mother dear it's her own image—his prattle makes us glad;
If I could only see you all, I'd not ask more, dear dad.—*Chorus.*

Sam Johnson's Colored Cake Walk.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Sam Johnson is de sexton of Zion's Bethel church;
Oh, come along, you children, don't hang back in de lurch;
Hear de harp and de flute, Sam'el Johnson beats de big bass drum;
Hear de horn and de fid'—oh, tell all de neighbors to come!
Dar's a cake all full of raisins, and dat's de raisin why
We're assembled here together; to win dat cake we'll try.

CHORUS.

All around the room we're waltzing, ladies and gents so shy,
With steps so majestic! oh, my! oh, dear! oh, white folks, it's no use to try;
Dis music would set you dreaming, lovingly sigh and talk;
We'll dance till the morning is beaming at Sam Johnson's colored cake walk.

We children have our pleasure in harm'ny sweet and mild;
Oh, come along, dear papa, and watch your little child;
Hear de harp and de flute, Sam'el Johnson beats de big bass drum;
Hear de horn and de fid'—oh, tell all de neighbors to come!
Be careful of your footsteps, and always point your toe;
Tread lightly on de carpet; do try to be jus' so.—*Chorus.*

Dar's ginger and dar's citron; dar's pruens full of juice;
All in dis cake called angel; oh, cut dese children loose!
Hear de harp and de flute, Sam'el Johnson beats de big base drum;
Hear de horn and de fid'—oh, tell all de neighbors to come!
As gently as a feather, or the falling of the snow,
Dese children walk together; you could not ax for mo'.—*Chorus.*

Der's Georgy and der's Samuel, dar's Julia, Jane and Ad,
With cousin Joe and Lemuel all smiling at dere dad;
Hear de harp and de flute, Sam'el Johnson beats de big bass drum;
Hear de horn and de fid'—oh, tell all de neighbors to come!
Now, children, don't you tarry, keep moving wide awake,
If home you wish to carry Sam Johnson's citron cake.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD HICKORY CANE.

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Words by Josephine Furman. Music by H. T. Merrill.

How well I remember when I was a boy [or girl],
We lived in the old-fashioned home;
The chimney was deep, and the stone hearth was broad,
The fire-dogs how brightly they shone.
The spirit of mischief seemed ever in play;
We tried to keep still, but in vain;
The signal for quiet I ne'er shall forget—
The thump of the old hick'ry cane.

CHORUS.

The old hick'ry cane, the old hick'ry cane,
The cane that is knotty and worn;
Our father's companion, the staff of his Life;
Its absence he ne'er could have borne.

'Twas pleasant when living far out on the farm;
How welcome the old dinner-horn;
The long winter evenings brought cider and fruit,
And popping of chestnuts and corn.
We thought it a treat when, with hand on his cane,
Our father a story would tell;
Each eye would be bent on his good-natured face;
Ah! me, I remember it well.—*Chorus.*

The high-backed, old arm-chair looks silent and lone;
His Bible is lying there still,
For time laid the snows of old age on his head,
And bent the tall form to his will.
A niche in the corner still holds the old cane;
The hand that caressed it is cold;
We laid him to rest, but, still, ever we keep
The cane that is knotty and old.—*Chorus.*

JACK GORMAN.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

A little lad who cries his ware of papers on the street
Met death not very long ago as few men death would meet;
A car that came the other way struck him while passing by—
A whirr of brakes, alas! too late, a moan—then plaintive cry;
They got him from beneath the wheels and carried him aside;
His little face so ghastly white, not even dirt could hide,
And to the doctor then he turned, "Say, Doc., does mother know?
Just kinder spring it light on her if I ain't got a show!"

CHORUS.

Every pain was forgotten in that one sweet thought of home,
Bravely love held the starting tear-drops back;
Only care for the dear ones, in the shadow of death;
Greater men have not lived than little Jack.

He lay there on a pillow and at last his mother came.
"It's all my fault, my mother; don't you give the driver blame;
I s'pose the 'doc.' has told you that my chance looks pretty black,
But then, you know, I always said, 'they can't kill little Jack';
The money's in my pocket; 'tain't so much, but you know why;
You'll need it; now don't worry, for I hate to see you cry;
I was always good and honest," and Jack Gorman said no more;
A mother's only hope was dead, a hero's life was o'er.—*Chorus.*

THE POOR OLD TRAMP.

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Words and Music by Will L. Thompson.

I'm only a poor old wanderer;
I've no place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

CHORUS.

Only a poor old wanderer,
I've no place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

I tramp, tramp along, though I'm weary;
No rest through the long, long day;
Through the rain and the snow I must tramp to and fro,
For I've no place in shelter to stay.—*Chorus.*

How I wish for a place by the fireside,
For the night is so dark, cold and damp;
Vacant places I see, but there's no room for me,
For I'm only a poor old tramp.—*Chorus.*

Long ago I was peaceful and happy,
With dear, loving friends ever near;
But now they are gone, and I'm left all alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD LOVE.

Words by Frederic E. Weatherly. Music by Paul Rodney.

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Just a face in a crowd, just a face that I met;
But the look that lies in the longing eyes I never shall forget;
Just a face in a crowd,
Longing and looking in vain
For a dream that is fled, for a rose that is dead,
For a love to come back again.
Oh! for the eyes that sadly yearn, oh! for the silent tears;
For a love that will never return out of the bygone years.
Oh! for the eyes that sadly yearn, oh! for the silent tears;
For a love that will nevermore return,
For a love that will nevermore return
Out of the bygone years, out of the bygone years.

Just a word on my ear, just a look in my eyes,
And the birds are telling it all so clear up in the golden skies,
And the birds are telling it all so clear up in the golden skies.
Just a face in a crowd,
Looking, but not in vain;
For the dream may be fled, and the rose may be dead,
But the love may come back again.
Oh! for the hearts that are beating fast, oh! for our happy tears;
For my love has come to my heart at last out of the bygone years.
Oh! for the hearts that are beating fast, oh! for our happy tears;
For my love has come to my heart at last,
My love has come to my heart at last,
Out of the bygone years, out of the bygone years,
The bygone years, the bygone years.

—Clothes Observers.—Tailors and swells.

SHAMROCKS AND KISSES.

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Words and Music by Duncan B. Harrison.

There's a dear little plant that grows on our isle;
It's just like our Irish, it's sure to run wild;
And it's just like our hearts, steadfast and true,
So I plucked a big bunch, love, and brought them to you.

CHORUS.

Shamrocks and kisses, shamrocks and kisses,
They're just as sweet as the dear honey dew;
I'll give you the kisses, the shamrocks they grew—
Shamrocks and kisses, shamrocks and kisses.

We may leave our dear Isle and sail 'cross the sea,
In the far Western wilds, or where'er Celt may be,
You'll find to his colleen and shamrocks he's true;
So I plucked a big bunch, love, and brought them to you.—*Chorus.*

ONCE MORE WE SPEAK.

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Words and Music by Morris Weston.

Once more we speak; 'tis long since we were parted
Thro' a false friend who said my love untrue
And made my life a burden in its sorrow;
Long years had passed before his faults he knew.
Whene'er we met, like strangers we did pass;
The pain was sharp and very hard to bear;
And while he thought me happy in my splendor,
I fain would weep with mis'ry and despair.

CHORUS.

Once more we speak; no more will idle fancy
Bring bitter tears to dim his manly eyes,
And side by side we'll battle life together;
Once more we speak and will let the past go by.

In lonely hours, without a friend to cheer me,
My mind would wander back to happier days,
And ofttimes in my dreams I saw him near me,
With hopeless looks he would sadly at me gaze.
But after all those years there came a time,
The link was found, the myst'ry cleared away;
In words of kindness all was soon forgotten,
When jealousy no longer held its sway.—*Chorus.*

Watching at the Window for Her Boy.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

He left his mother's side to roam the world so wide;
He left her without warning or good-bye,
And all the weary night her heart in pain and blight,
She watched and waited with a tearful eye;
But to the lonely heart, where love still held its part,
No message came, no word of grief or joy,
And there she sits each day—that mother old and gray,
Still watching at the window for her boy.

CHORUS.

Watching at the window for her darling boy,
Watching at the window for her only joy,
There she sits each day, that mother old and gray,
Still watching at the window for her boy.

The cottage home so fair still wears its welcome air;
It seems a beacon on the sloping hill;
'Tis there the mother's tear falls for the loved one dear;
With gentle hand she smooths his pillow still.
The years have come and gone, the world goes lightly on,
But love and patience time can ne'er destroy.
The mother's heart is strong, and there the whole day long
She's watching at the window for her boy.—*Chorus.*

Sometimes at twilight gray, when weary of the day,
She sinks into a calm and gentle sleep;
'Tis then in visions bright, with heart that feels delight,
She sees her darling sailing o'er the deep;
Her dreams are fair and sweet, she seems again to meet
The child that e'en in absence gives her joy.
She feels again sweet rest, she folds him to her breast,
While watching at the window for her boy.—*Chorus.*

—Why do not all wicked people work on a Sunday? Some are too lazy.

GRACE DARLING.

Written and Composed by G. Linley.

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Oh! Father loved, the storm is raging,
And cold and heavy the night mist falls;
Some hapless crew, a prey to danger,
For help, for help despairing calls.
Trim, trim the lamp, the boat launch quickly;
The danger threaten, the worst we'll brave;
The toil I heed not if we can rescue
The shipwrecked wand'rers from the grave.
Oh! Father loved, the storm is raging,
And cold and heavy the night mist falls;
The boat launch quickly, the boat launch quickly,
Some hapless crew for help now calls.

My gentle child, 'twere worse than madness
To tempt the billow this fearful night;
Again to sleep, to rest betake thee,
Await, await the morning's light.
I cannot sleep, their shrieks appal me;
Oh! Father, heard ye that piercing cry?
Arise ye, hasten, the day is breaking,
Look out, look out, a wreck I spy.
Oh! Father loved, I fear no danger,
With you I will boldly breast the wave,
The boat launch quickly, the boat launch quickly,
You hapless crew we yet may save.

The boat is launched through breakers roaring;
Like to some wild bird, the frail skiff flew;
That gentle girl, with love unshaken,
Has saved from death that hapless crew;
The danger past, her heart beats lightly,
Her silent transport no pride betrays,
Though grateful tears are round her falling,
And hearts are throbbing to her praise.
The danger past, her heart beats lightly,
Her silent transport no pride betrays,
Tho' grateful tears are round her falling,
And hearts are throbbing to her praise.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

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'Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dwell,
He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young gal;
Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old,
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

As Dinah was a-valking the garden one day,
Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say:
"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
And take yourself a husband, both galliant and gay."
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

"Oh, papa! oh, papa! I've not made up my mind,
And to marry just yet, why, I don't feel inclined;
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er
If you'll let me live single a year or two more."
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,
"If you won't consent to be this here young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

As Vilikins was valking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead upon the ground,
And the cup of cold p'ison it lay by her side,
With a billet-doux a-stating 'twas by p'ison she died.
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
And called her his Dinah, though she was no more,
Then swallowed the p'ison like a lovyer so brave,
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

MORAL.

Now all you young maidens take warning by her,
Never, not by any means, disobey your guverner;
And all you young fellows, mind who you clasp eyes on—
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah and the cup of cold p'ison,
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

—Professional punsters are trying to cracker joke about the biscuit trust.

—A bright youth, undergoing examination for admission to one of the Government departments, found himself confronted with the question: "What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply: "I'm unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is so near as to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get the clerkship."

ALWAYS THE SAME OLD THING.

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By Hattie Marshall.

No matter where we go to-day, no matter what we do,
The novel things one sees or does are far between and few;
For rich or poor it's just the same, in palace or in cot,
To seek new pleasures never found is everybody's lot;
But it's always the same old thing;
It's always the same old thing;
Wherever we go, or whatever we do,
At home or abroad, there is nothing that's new;
And sooner or later, we find it is true—
That it's always the same old thing.

The rich, when tired of life at home, may go across the sea
In search of something new or strange, wherever it may be;
The poor may spend their holidays and hard-earned wages, too,
In fun at home, but all find out, no matter what they do,
That it's always the same old thing;
It's always the same old thing;
That whatever they do has been oft done before;
That have what they please they will always want more;
That life at best is a terrible bore;
That it's always the same old thing.

For instance, take a chap who counts his love-scrapes by the score,
Who cuts the lot, and swears that he will ne'er love woman more;
He seeks distraction far from town beneath the woodland shade,
And there he meets and loves, full soon, a simple country maid;
But again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
The maiden is coy, but the maiden is "fly";
When he tells her his love there's no green in her eye;
"How much are you worth?" is her answering cry;
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when a bachelor is tired of single life,
And, seeking domesticity, takes to himself a wife;
There's happiness a little while, but when their passion cloys,
He goes to see the other girls and she flirts with the boys;
And again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
For a year or two, maybe, they're happy, of course,
Then they tire of each other, and it couldn't be worse;
And so, as an ending, there comes a divorce;
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when some maiden prim, who children can't abide,
Yet longs to wed, gets one last chance on marriage to decide;
She coyly says to him who pops—"I'll wed, if you'll agree
That you'll be happy, just the same, without a family";
But again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
For though they were happy as happy could be,
Their happiness didn't last long, you'll agree;
One morning the doctor said: "Sir, there are three";
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when you're weary of the many shows in town,
And go to see a brand-new play of very great renown;
The bill-boards, decked in colors bright, flash forth upon your view,
And, as you enter, you exclaim, "At last, here's something new";
But again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
The villain pursues the fair maid as of yore,
And slakes his hot thirst in the hero's red gore;
Or a soubrette sings songs with farce-comedy roar;
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when you're tired of fizz, and cocktails lose their charm,
When rye and bourbon fail to soothe and, seeking some new balm,
You beg the man behind the bar to "set up" something new,
He winks an eye and straightway serves a drink of strangest hue;
But again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
He changes the color to pink, blue or red,
But the usual "jag" you tote with you to bed,
And you have the next morning the usual "head";
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, some new-fangled game you're asked one night to join,
And tired of poker, euchre, whist, you risk your pile of coin;
And when the deal is made and you are posted on the play,
You fondly think you've struck it rich and sing, "Too-loo-ri-lay";
But again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
You sadly find out what a poor hand you've got;
That the kings and the queens you thought in it are not;
That the aceiets, as usual, capture the pot;
That it's always the same old thing.

For instance, when a fellow sings until he knows no more,
And tries to give an encore verse that's not been heard before,
And hopes his lines will surely prove a winner ev'ry time,
He boldly enters once again and chants his little rhyme;
But again it's the same old thing;
Once more it's the same old thing;
He finds, as I do, that he's sung a poor verse,
That it's not a bit new and it couldn't be worse,
That if he sings more he'll go home in a hearse—
Singing the same old thing.

—There is a deaf and dumb man in Kansas seven feet tall. This is what we might call a long silence.

SHE'S MY DARLING.

Copyright, 1890, by S. Turney.

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Words and Music by S. Turney.

Dimpled cheeks and light-brown hair, dark blue eyes and lily fair;
Crimson lips so rich and rare, that's what suits my fancy;
Slender form and sweetest face, gliding with a modest grace,
Like Diana in the chase; that's my charming Nancy.

REFRAIN.

She's my darling, sweet, sweet darling; I'm her chappie, she's my style.
None can sever us forever; we are lovers all the while.

She is like a fragrant flower, culled from cupid's magic bower;
Soon will be the happy hour, I shall see my fancy;
When the day is on the wane, when the gloaming comes again,
Then I'll sing the old refrain to my charming Nancy.—*Refrain.*

REUBEN GLUE.

Copyright, 1888, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.

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Words by Johnny Prindle. Music by Prof. Jas. Wall.

I'm Reuben Glue from old Varmount, oh, how d'ye like my style?
I see you're on to the cut of my clothes by the way you wink and smile.
I am my mamma's baby boy, so cute, so fresh, so fat,
That the girls all stare at me and say, "For heaven's sakes, what's that?"

CHORUS.

It's the nearest to what is it that's ever been seen about;
It walks, it talks, just like any man—can any one make it out?

I am my mamma's pride and joy, and always have my way,
For I'm so cute, and so cunning also, that I won't live they say.
Ma says I look so much like pa—red eyes and ginger hair,
For his ambrotype it took the prize at last year's cattle fair.—*Chorus.*

"I goll!" when I am twenty-one—I'm only seven yet—
Ma says I'll marry a real woman—won't that be fun? you bet!
I went last night to see a girl; she came out to the door;
When she gazed upon this manly form, she fell right through the floor.—*Cho.*

Parody on:

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

Composed and Sung by Joseph E. McKenna.

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Far away in old Hoboken, where the mud it gathers quick,
There's a little shanty standing on mud flats,
Where a maiden—please excuse me, she was nearly forty-five—
Was reared so tenderly with a bed-slat,
But she wanted to be an actress, and play little children's parts.
"If you don't let me I'll never work at all."
So she left her ma one wash-day, and the mail soon brought the truth;
Now her lithograph is nailed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

And it shows her all in spangles, all covered o'er with bangles,
And the face upon that picture would cure the grip, that's all.
But her father says she's kind, for that sheet keeps out the winds,
So they keep her lithograph nailed on the wall.

They have laid away each hair-pin that this "maiden" used to wear,
And her little shoes and stockings are now at rest;
She is with some burlesque show that they call the Fly-by-Nights,
And she's playing in the "wild and woolly" West.
Though no tidings ever reached them what her salary might be,
Though they sometimes think she'll walk home in the fall,
They've a painful recollection of a face they think will freeze
In that lithograph that's nailed upon the wall.

CHORUS.

"Oh, we hope she'll stay," says mamma. "We don't want her home, says papa."
For, to tell the truth, when she was here she was no good at all.
If we'd ask her for a dollar, for a mile you'd hear her holler,
And we've got her face nailed up there on the wall.

—A Problem.—Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are, but you can find out by following these instructions, the young lady doing the figuring: Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will tell her age, and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822, she is 22 years old, and was born in the 8th month (August).

WHENEVER THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Copyright, 1892, by James Stillman, New York.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

'Way back in Eden Garden, long before the year of one,
Before there was a woman in the case,
Father Adam he was happy there and having lots of fun,
Before there was a woman in the case!
But his happiness was ended when he listened to Eve, you bet,
The garden-keeper told them to pack up their duds and "get";
If it had not been for Eve, Adam could have been there yet,
But you see there was a woman in the case!

REFRAIN.

Woman, woman, you are the daisy! you bring us to poverty, grief and disgrace!
Drive some to suicide, set others crazy, whenever, wherever you're in the case!

Your husband may be out late from his home 'most ev'ry night,
And you think there is a woman in the case;
When at home he's cross and angry, with his wife he wants to fight;
It's because there is a woman in the case!
He will come in late, half tipsy, just enough to kick up strife;
You kiss him and say, "Hubby, don't you love your little wife?"
If he says "you make me tired!" not upon your natural life,
You can bet there is a woman in the case!—*Refrain.*

If you take the morning papers, you can read the daily crimes,
'Most always there's a woman in the case!
Men are killing one another in these quiet, peaceful times;
There is trouble 'bout some woman in the case!
Now your best girl she will shake you, she will leave you in the cold,
And skip off with some fellow that has lots and lots of gold.
You go get a gun and kill him, for your darling he has stole;
Then they "swing" you for the woman in the case!—*Refrain.*

When seated in a horse-car, how politely you will rise
If a woman chances to enter in the case;
If she does not even thank you—if she does, it's a surprise—
Because she is the woman in the case!
They preach up "woman-suffrage"—the same rights as a man,
They say that women ought to vote—we'll fix it so they can,
So when she's riding in a car, give her the right to stand,
Even though she is the woman in the case!—*Refrain.*

BREAK AWAY, McCAFFERTY!

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By M. F. Carey.

If you have an opportunity to fill up with impunity,
Oh, never do as did a friend of mine;
I refer to one McCafferty, who with his friend O'Rafferty
Went out and loaded up with German wine;
They started to a party after drinking long and deep,
But getting rather tired upon the way,
McCafferty sat down upon a stoop and fell asleep,
While O'Rafferty did shake him up and say:

CHORUS.

Break away, McCafferty, let up for half a minute;
Break away, break away.
Do you think that no one else at all beside yourself is in it;
Arrah, McCafferty, why don't you break away?

After lashing him and thrashing him, and shaking him and waking him,
McCafferty got up and moped along,
Resolved to stand or fall with him, he quickly reached the hall with him;
Their friends were there with greetings loud and long;
McCafferty went in to dance, a partner quickly found,
And soon he was a-spieling 'round the floor;
The music stopped, but Mac did not, he still kept whirling 'round,
No wonder then the crowd began to roar:—*Chorus.*

By the recognized authority that lies in the majority,
The boys proposed McCafferty should treat,
So McCafferty, to please them all as well as to appease them all,
Invited them to Murphy's down the street;
So down they went to Murphy's; he had turkey out for lunch;
McCafferty fell in and grabbed a wing;
The boys stood by and watched him and remarked his steady crunch,
And finally they all commenced to sing:—*Chorus.*

When McCafferty had ate enough he turned and then did straighten up,
And challenged each and every man to fight,
But instead of getting riled at him they only snuffed and smiled at him,
And bid him come around some other night.
He jumped and grabbed the nearest man, the two of them went down,
But McCafferty was under as they fell;
The gang rushed in to part them, but McCafferty held on—
In earnest then they all began to yell:—*Chorus.*

After this our friend O'Rafferty, disgusted with McCafferty,
Went out with him and hailed a passing hack;
Resolved no more to roam with him, he quickly speeded home with him
And dumped him in the hallway on his back.
It was then a strange desire to sing came o'er him unawares;
With "Brennan on the Moor" poor Mac begun;
In a twinkling all the tenants in the house were on the stairs,
Responding with the chorus ev'ry one.—*Chorus.*

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

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Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were baith for me.
He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stone awa;
My father brak' his arm, my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes will you marry me?"
My heart it said nae, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack! why didna Jennie-dee?
And wherefore was I spared to cry, "Wae is me?"

My father argued sair; my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.
I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say!
Ae kiss we took—nea mair—I bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead; but I'm nae like to dee;
And why do I live to say, "Wae is me?"
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I derena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I will do my best a gudewife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

THE VETERANS.

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Words by William W. Badger. Music by David T. Shaw.

Columbia, thy vet'rans are marching,
Are marching down into the grave—
But grandly the blue skies are arching,
The land which they offered life to save;
Freedom lives though her brave sons are dying,
And liberty no longer is a lie,
And gallantly the starry flag is flying,
Though the vet'rans are marching down to die.

CHORUS.

Though the veterans are marching down to die,
Though the veterans are marching down to die,
And gallantly the starry flag is flying,
Though the veterans are marching down to die.

Soon all the soldiers will be sleeping,
And soon all the pensions will be paid,
Soon a grateful land will be weeping,
Where the last old vet'ran is laid;
Raise your hats, men, to-day and not to-morrow,
Give a cheer to heroes passing by,
'Tis only craven souls that have no sorrow,
When these vet'rans are marching down to die.

CHORUS.

When these veterans are marching down to die,
When these veterans are marching down to die,
'Tis only craven souls that have no sorrow,
When these veterans are marching down to die.

And all the coming years tell the story
How far and fast they marched in '61,
With flashing eyes and swords, to endless glory,
Till all our noble vict'ries were won;
Then cheer, men, to-day and not to-morrow,
Drop a tear for soldiers passing by,
And shame the craven hearts that have no sorrow,
When these veterans are marching down to die.—*Chorus.*

Columbia, thy heroes assemble,
Whom Grant led to fame in '65,
And the pale lips of treason shall tremble
While love keeps their mem'ry alive—
And the old flag shall float on forever,
With new stars still coming in view,
And the sunshine of love waneth never
'Neath the folds of the red, white and blue.—*Chorus.*

—An Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the Court, the jurymen found them not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailor, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep these respectable gentlemen until half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like at least to have two hours' start of them.

Parody on:

THE SONG OF THE STEEPLE.

By Johnnie Moore.

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I was sitting one night within a boarding-house,
Thinking of the times when I was young,
Before I'd to eat hash for every meal,
But often had chicken, oysters and tongue;
Those rice-puddings, I remember them well;
The cocoa-nut custards the baker used to sell,
And no tongue can tell the pleasure that to my heart would spring
When I'd hear the dear dinner-bell ring.

CHORUS.

Oh, that bell, that charming bell;
Oh, the joy its music tells,
And no tongue can tell the pleasure that to my heart would spring
When I'd hear the dear dinner-bell ring.

One night, while out with some friends of mine,
I thought I would crack a little joke;
I imagined when I'd spring it it would make a hit,
But I was sorry the moment that I spoke,
For, among the whole crowd, not one of them smiled,
And I really thought some would go wild,
And they said if I escaped with my life I'd do well,
Then each and all they rung a chestnut-bell.

CHORUS.

Oh, that bell, that awful bell;
What agony its music tells;
For, after thinking that I would do so well,
They broke my heart by ringing a chestnut-bell.

I WONDER WHAT HIS FACE LOOKED LIKE.

Copyright, 1887, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Published by Willis Woodward & Co.

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By Sydney Rosenfeld.

The proper study of mankind, the poet says, is man,
And I pursue that study where and whensoe'er I can,
The human face alone, in its variety of looks,
Can give you more expressions than a closet full of books.
Some chap, for instance, bets his all upon a game or race,
Convinced 'twill prove a winner in his individual case;
The game is played, the race is run, he's gambled but to lose;
I wonder what his face looks like,
I wonder what his face looks like when first he hears the news.

Young Percival de Windemere woos Miss Atlanta Thorn;
The woman who'd refuse his hand, he thinks, has not been born,
For is he not the polished nob, the nobbiest of nobs,
For whom all swelldom feminine, with yearning passion throbs;
But Miss Atlanta one fine morn elopes with plain Bill Smith,
And Percival's allurements have turned out to be a myth!
Dumb with dismay, he says no word t'express his views,
But I wonder what his face looks like,
I wonder what his face looks like when first he hears the news.

My married friend young Robinson one fine morn, in accents glad,
Tells me, in strictest confidence, he's going to be a dad;
And all that day his pleasant thoughts are in a giddy whirl,
A-guessing if it's going to be a little boy or girl.
And home he trots, prepared to chuck the chubbiest of chins,
When nurse informs him softly that his son and heir is twins;
Is this a joy? is this a pain? his lips all speech refuse—
I wonder what his face looks like,
I wonder what his face looked like when first he heard the news.

It is a sad reflection that we're made of such base stuff;
One-half the world forever tries the other half to bluff.
My uncle learned draw-poker, and, rejoicing in his fate,
He bet his little boodle on a paralytic straight;
He would have raked the ducats, in a state of gleeful gush,
If t'other bluffer hadn't backed his own bow-legged flush;
My uncle says he didn't care, well maybe he did not,
But I wonder what his face looked like,
I wonder what his face looked like when he gave up the pot.

How often, oh, how often in this vale of woe and sin,
Have I bewailed the havoc of the stray banana skin,
So guileless in appearance, yet so deadly in its deals,
You utterly miscalculate the action of your heels.
The very proudest men on earth have dropped and not asked why;
Their toes in wild ambition have soared upwards to the sky—
Yes, you've been there! and said no word, and only watched your feet,
But I wonder what your face looked like,
I wonder what your face looked like when first you took your seat.

The man who first made razors ought to've met a felon's doom,
Yet barbers, in this shaving age, are needed, I presume;
Have you not felt at times, when you were seated in the chair,
As though the barber took delight in toying with each hair;
The little notches in his blade a-crawling through your cheek,
Until your very jaw-bone seemed to shrivel and to creak?
And when you've paid the demon, who has grabb'd your coin and grinn'd—
You wonder what your face looks like,
You wonder what your face looks like, believing that it's skinned.

You Will Find Out Your Mistake.

Written and Sung by Johnnie Moore, the Humorist.

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Now if you expect to hear something nice,
Why you will find out your mistake;
Something fresh and just off the ice,
Why you will find out your mistake,
For I really don't know anything new,
As all will find out before I am through;
It's the same gag again, wherever you go—
It is without any mistake.

If a man gets married, expects to have his own way—
Oh, but he will find out his mistake;
If he thinks he won't do what his wife to him will say—
Oh, but he will find out his mistake;
For when she accepts him for better or worse,
She accepts his heart and hand, his pocket and purse;
If he has an idea the children he won't have to nurse—
Oh, but he will find out his mistake.

If a woman believes all a man says to her,
Why she makes a big mistake;
If in two years after marriage she don't find out better,
Why then I have made a mistake.
Unto her he will swear he'll be loving and true,
That by her always his duty he will do,
But if she don't have to cut the wood and bring up the coal, too,
Why then I have made a mistake.

Bob Ingersoll says there is no bad place—
Oh, but Bob will find out his mistake;
When him and old Satan meet face to face—
Oh, but he will find out his mistake.
What old Satan will say to him no one can tell,
But I'll bet a dollar Bob will kick and yell
When Satan grabs him and throws him into—
Well, he will find out his mistake.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

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By J. H. Pixley.

Two brown heads with tossing curls, red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew, two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they, Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook, bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks of green willow fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play, Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red; he was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow, swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play, chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—and there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will, Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh, "You shall carry only half";
And then, tossing back her curls, "Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall, hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day, Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook, bending like a shepherd's crook.

Is it strange that Willie said—while again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep, hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie, dear? Walk beside me without fear;
May I carry if I will all your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh, "No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook, bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands, late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where, to-day, Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In a porch she sits, and lo! swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one that she swung in years a-gone;
This is long and deep and wide, and has—rockers at the side.

—A Little Encouragement.—He was a hard-faced workingman, and he wanted to have his wife's portrait taken. While the photographer was arranging his camera, the husband sought to give some advice to the companion of his life regarding her pose. "Now then, Betty," he said, "be sure and keep your face straight and not be laughing. Think seriously or you'll spoil the picture. Remember that your father is in prison, and that your brother has had to compound with his creditors, and just try to imagine what would have become of you if I hadn't taken pity on you." If Betty didn't look serious after that it certainly wasn't his fault.

My Vife She Vas Vaiting for Me.

Tune—"My Little One's Waiting for Me."

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

You may vonder vy I vonder so distracted, put de reason is I've got a vife,
Who, vhenever she gets a hold of me, vill peat me in an inch of my life.
I'm afraid for to go home dis evening; for I know right veil vere she'll be—
Pehind de door mit a pig club stick, my vife she is vaiting for me.

CHORUS.

Oh! she looves me, I know, to distraction; und I really ought habby to be;
Put pehind de door now mit a pig club my Katie vas vaiting for me.

Her eyes, how shall I describe dem? dey're like holes dat vas purnt in a rag;
Her nose looks as if it had pusted; her mouth looks like a coffee-pag;
She says dat I often apuse her, put apused she vill never more be—
So pehind de door now mit a pig club my Katie vas vaiting for me.—*Chorus.*

THE LIGHT-GREEN PARASOL.

By Frank Van Hess. Sung by Charles Morton.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The most eventful, precious day, I never shall forget,
'Twas in the merry month of May, a blue-eyed girl I met.
Oh! such a duck, with wavy hair, slender waist, and rather tall;
She'd rosy cheeks, complexion fair, and a light-green parasol.

CHORUS.

She'd a light-green parasol, she'd a light-green parasol;
Fit for an earl, I thought this girl with a light-green parasol.

She made a curtsey, then I bowed—what man could do much less?
Said I: "There's rain in yonder cloud, take shelter, charming miss."
"There's not a tree about," said she, "but if the rain should fall,
We both will find a shelter 'neath my light-green parasol.—*Chorus.*

Although the rain did not descend, I got beneath its shade;
Said I: "I hope I don't offend." Said she: "Don't be afraid;
You are just the partner I should choose for life or at a ball;
So how a share can I refuse of my light-green parasol?"—*Chorus.*

I felt enraptured with her quite, so proffered her my hand.
She accepted mine with much delight, but my woes you'll understand,
When I tell you how I was victimized, which I was, no doubt at all,
And by the only girl I prized, with the light-green parasol.—*Chorus.*

Next morning we'd to meet at church, quite punctual I was there;
But I found I'd been left in the lurch, and sold, too, I declare;
For another chap, in wedding clothes, him her intended she did call,
Who knocked me down and broke my nose with her light-green parasol. *Cho.*

How many wretched months rolled by, of her I saw no more,
Till one morn I heard an infant cry on the footsteps near my door;
I took the babe within my arms, but nearly let it fall;
For in its breast it had the mark of a light-green parasol.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Tis of a rich Dutchman in New York did live,
He had von fine daughter, you petter believe;
Her name vas Katarina, so fair ash a rose,
Und she had a large fortune in the hands of old Mose.

Ash Katarina vas drawing de lager-bier von day,
Her fader comed to her, und dus he do say:
"Hurry up, Katarina! de parior go to,
A customer vaits to go riding mit you."

"Oh, fader! vy don't dey some oder ghal find
To ride mit dem fellers? I don't feel inclined;
De vay day drives de buggy, it makes me feel veak,
Und I vants to get married mit Hans Dunder next week."

Den her fader get mad, und he shvear his "gott dam!"
She nefer must marry mit any young man.
"If you love dis Hans Dunder, you may go take his bags,
Mit his hooks und his paskets, und go gadder rags."

Katarina now back to the kitchen she ran,
Saying: "I'll eat up mine breakfast so fast vot I can;
Den I'll dravel avay, ash I can't be his vife;
But dat vas de vay dat she losed her life!

For, as she vas eating a big Bolony sassage,
It shtick't in her troat und it shtop'd up de passage;
She tried for to breathe, but, by greef overcome,
Her head it reeled round, und she falled very dumb.

Now Hans Dunder he happened to valk in the door,
He seed his Katarina lying dead on the floor;
A big Bolony sassage vas lying by her side,
Says Hans: "I be tam, 'tvas mit dis thing she died."

MORE-ALE.

Now all you young vommins, votever you do,
Don't let dat Hans Dunder shpeak somedings mit you;
Und all you young fellers, ven you courts in de passage,
Dink of Hans und Katarina und de big Bolony sassage.

YOUNG ELLEN LORAINE.

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When I parted from Erin heart-broken to leave thee,
I dreamt not of falsehood, young Ellen Loraine;
I thought, tho' but woman, thou would'st not deceive me—
Ah! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine!
I loved thee in sorrow, I sought thee in danger,
And dear was the peril, and sweet was the pain—
But now is thy look as the look of the stranger;
Ah! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine?

Oh! thou wert the vision that lightened my pillow,
The star of my darkness, young Ellen Loraine;
As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the billow,
Thou com'st to my slumber, young Ellen Loraine.
Then think of me yet when the false world deceives thee,
And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane,
When the sheen of thy cheek, like the summer's night, leaves thee,
Thou'lt think how I loved thee, young Ellen Loraine!

Oh! speak not to me—in those eyes I discover
The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Loraine;
Go, rest in the arms of a happier lover—
Go, lovely, but faithless young Ellen Loraine!
The moments of rapture, the vow and the token,
They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain—
Go, false one! and laugh at the heart thou hast broken—
Go—lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Loraine!

THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW.

Sung by Miss Jennie Engel.

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I'm a poor, unlucky married man, I've got an awful wife,
To please her I do all I can, but still she plagues my life.
If I do everything that's right, she'll find a fault somehow,
And if not in at eight each night, there's bound to be a row.

CHORUS.

There's bound to be a row, bound to be a row;
Do all in life to please my wife, yet there's bound to be a row.

She makes me do the household work when I come home at night;
If I cough or sneeze when going to bed, of course, that is not right.
If she should wake the young ones up, with rage she'll storm, I vow,
And if I snore too hard for her, why, there's bound to be a row.—*Chorus.*

She wakes me early every morn in an awful cruel way;
She kicks me round about the room, yet not a sentence dare I say.
I have to wash my stockings, my pants and shirts, I vow,
And if I don't wash for her as well, there's bound to be a row.—*Chorus.*

And when I'm paid my wages, after working hard all week,
I give her every farthing up, and then she's got the cheek
To give me two pence for myself, and for that I have to bow;
But if I spend it all at once, there's bound to be a row.—*Chorus.*

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

'Twas on a stormy day, far southward of the Cape,
When from a high nor'wester we just made our escape;
Like an infant in its cradle, each breeze was hushed to sleep,
And peacefully we sailed along the bosom of the deep.
At length, the helmsman gave a shout of terror and of fear,
As if he just had gazed upon some sudden danger near;
We looked around the ocean, and just upon our lee,
We saw the Flying Dutchman come bounding through the sea.

"Take in your flowing canvass, lads! our watchful masters said,
To us and our ship's company great peril doth betide;
The billows cresting white with foam, all angry doth appear,
The wind springs up a hurricane—now Vanderdecken's near!"
He comes—the Flying Dutchman! comes o'er the lofty spray,
Preceded by the tempest dire, he makes for Table Bay;
With bird-like speed he's borne before the wind and howling blast,
But ere he can cast anchor there, the bay, alas! is past.

He scuds along too rapidly, to mark the eagle's flight,
And, lightning like, the Dutchman's helm full soon is out of sight.
The crews of ships far distant now shudder at the breeze
That bears the Flying Dutchman in fury o'er the seas.
Then mourn for Vanderdecken, for terrible's his doom—
The ocean round the stormy Cape, it is his living tomb;
There the Dutchman beats about for ever, night and day,
And tries in vain his oath to keep by entering Table Bay.

Fresh Air.—Every person spoils a gallon of air every minute. If you were shut up in a room seven feet long, seven feet broad, and seven feet high, the doors and windows fitting so tightly that no fresh air could enter, you would die, poisoned by your own breath, in a few hours.

PHILADELPHIA ONCE MORE.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I left Trenton City a long way behind me,
The Good Will Boys and Miss Lizzie Gore,
They all became frightened when they can't find me,
So I must go back to Philadelphia once more.

CHORUS.

Philadelphia once more, Philadelphia once more,
And so when I rise with the lark on the morrow,
I will travel again to Philadelphia once more.

Lizzie was my sweetheart, and the boys all liked her,
So I got angry, left her, and slammed the door,
But soon I cooled down and my affections did miss her,
And I must go back to Philadelphia once more.—*Chorus.*

So gals, one and all, listen to my ditty:
My thoughts on that gal made me feel dizzy,
So when I get back to Philadelphia City
I will then soon forget my false-hearted Lizzie.—*Chorus.*

Oh, sweet Trenton City! Oh, dear Trenton City!
I regret that I ever left your bright shore,
But when I rise with the lark on the morrow,
I must go back to Philadelphia once more.—*Chorus.*

WEARING OUT THE GREEN.

Tune—"Wearing of the Green."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Written and Sung by Fred Rouse.

Oh! Judy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
There's not a blade must grow a blade of grass now in the ground;
On carrots, beets and turnips you must now be fed;
And if you want to grow a cabbage, why, you must grow it red.
Now, there's the little children, they must not raise their heads,
Or, in their infant fancy, speak of parsley beds;
And if you want to change their food, you must live on pork and beans;
For men and women are forbid by law to indulge in any greens.

Now, there's the priceless Emerald, of which you've often read;
It will be superseded by the pearl or ruby red;
And the rainbow in the sky must never more be seen;
For, you know, that glorious emblem it wears a stripe of green.
I met with neighbor Green, and took him by the hand,
Says I: How's your potato patch, and does your cabin stand?
Mr. Green no more on paper written must be seen;
And you must change your name, old boy, or you'll be jolly Green.

Now, there's the glorious thistle that grows wild on the heath,
And the rose, you know, must cease to grow if it shows but one green leaf·
And the Welchman, with his leak, must never now be seen,
For there's a bloody law against everything that's green;
And young men from the country must not come out after dark,
Or be seen, in town or city, going out upon a lark;
And now I've done my song; at the bar I may be seen,
When, if I refuse to take a drink, you'll say I'm jolly Green.

"POLICE GAZETTE."

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

One day while in the city I had nothing else to do,
I bought a ten-cent paper, so well known to all of you;
The day being warm, I thought I'd like a cozy hour to pass,
So stepped into a tavern, just to read and take a glass.
Of different things I read, about each place that caught my eye,
So interested was I that I could not pass it by;
Of clever men I read about—all sound ones, you may bet,
So I'll sing on whom I read of when I bought the *Police Gazette.*

The first I saw was Hanlon's race with Courtney of New York;
I smiled to think how easy they six thousand dollars caught;
And he has gained himself a name the whole wide world around,
Though Englishmen have often tried to pull his colors down.
He stands a challenge to the world, none in the least perplexed;
He is holding back for Trickett, for they say he meets him next;
But the man to beat young Hanlon they have not found him yet—
Well, that was my opinion when I read the *Police Gazette.*

The next I read, it showed to me the Gross and Ryan fight—
For eighty-seven long rounds they fought, each man with all his might;
A gamer fight I'd never read, no favor and fair play,
The best man to be champion and the laurels take away,
When fifty rounds were fought no one knew how the fight would go,
But Ryan, being much younger, proved one too much for Joe;
The old man did his best to win—his backers don't regret,
So I hailed Pat Ryan champion when I read the *Police Gazette.*

I next read of an accident that happened just of late,
Where nigh a hundred human beings had met an awful fate
On board the "Narraganset" as she was outward bound—
Was run into by the "Stonington" when in Long Island Sound.
The passengers in wild despair as for the boats they flew,
While some in anguish knelt in prayer, not knowing what to do.
The sight it was heart-rending, I never shall forget;
I said, "God help the lost ones," and threw down the *Police Gazette.*

The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell.

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Farewell, farewell, my native home, thy lonely glens and heath-clad mountains;
Farewell, thy fields o' storied fame, thy leafy shaws and sparklin' fountains;
Nae mair I'll climb the Pentland's steep, nor wander by the Esk's clear river;
I seek a home far o'er the deep, my native land, farewell forever.

Thou land wi' love and freedom crowned—in ilk wee cot, an' lordly dwellin'
Many manly-hearted youths be found, and maids in ev'ry grace excellin';
The land where Bruce and Wallace wight for freedom fought in days o' danger,
Ne'er crouch'd to proud usurper's might, but foremost stood, wrong's stern [avenger.

Though far frae thee, my native shore, an' toss'd on life's tempestuous ocean,
My heart, aye, Scottish to the core, shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion;
An' while the wavin' heather grows, and onward rows the windin' river,
The toast be, Scotland's broomy knowes, her mountains, rocks and glens forever.

OUR EMBLEM.

By Peter Peppercorn.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The North has its star, but there's one in the West,
And brighter, by far, is its ray;
A radiance it throws around liberty's shrine,
And its brightness will never decay;
Adored by the young and beloved by the old
As the greatest, the grandest, the best;
The world has its planets, but greater than all
Our emblem, the star of the West.

CHORUS.

The lightning may flash, the thunder may crash,
And the storm-king the sky overcast,
But one star remains until time is no more—
Our emblem, the star of the West.

A century ago, when the nation was young,
And struggling its power to expand;
Down in old Virginia the star first arose,
When king-craft reigned over the land,
And soon it was greeted with love and delight,
As a boon to a people oppressed,
And hailed as a messenger sent from above,
Our emblem, the star of the West.—*Chorus.*

And when desolation spread over the land,
In the dark days "when men's souls were tried,"
As an anchor of hope the star was still there,
A beacon to cheer and to guide;
And there it remained where the victory was won,
The greatest, the grandest, the best,
And to-day on our banner as brightly still shines
Our emblem, the star of the West.—*Chorus.*

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

As motto songs are all the go, how many will pretend,
The good advice they'll give to you, I will stand by my friend;
Don't treat a man disdainfully, and also broken down,
But when you look for these good friends they're seldom to be found.
You sing about those good old friends that once stood close by you,
But when you are in want you'll find such friends are very few.
It's cling to those who cling to you, such nice rhymes they will teach,
But where's the man, I'd like to know, who'll practice what he'll preach.

Judge not a man by the clothes he wears, you've heard it sung, I know,
But he that has not got the togs to parties cannot go;
When these old clothes were new, my boy, will do right well to sing,
But when you come to try it on you'll find it not the thing;
As friends in need are friends indeed, how often I've been told,
But when you come to look for them they are as scarce as gold;
It's never push a man down hill, how often folks will screech,
But where's the man that's got the nerve to practice what he'll preach.

Now money is your only friend is good to sing about,
But when you want to borrow some your words they're sure to doubt;
Don't strike a poor man when he's down, for surely that is wrong,
But where's the one will do his best to help his friend along;
There are many of these songs you know just put upon the shelf,
For number one is all the go, and look out for yourself;
Some men they say they will be true, stick closer than a leach,
But when you ask a favor will they practice what they preach.

It's pulling hard against the stream, you know it is the plan,
The ragged coat looks very hard, who'll help him if they can;
It's never let your boyhood's days like sunbeams pass you by,
For you will never miss the water 'till the well runs dry.
When friends are false you all have heard and also good as gold;
There are many in this town, I know, goes back on young and old,
While they themselves are snugly fixed, good morals try to teach,
Are these the men, I'd like to know, that practice what they preach?

—A book that is likely to "make some stir"—the cook-book.

Little Old German Home Across the Sea.

Copyright, 1877, by W. R. Dehnhoff.

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Soon I will leave thee, my dear German home;
In a new land afar off a stranger I'll roam—
Away from the friends who have loved me so dear,
But, though far away, in my heart ever near.

CHORUS.

My old German home on the banks of the Rhine,
May the sun of prosperity on it brightly shine—
I'm going to leave thee, afar off to roam,
But I'll never forget my old German home.

I see around me those friends, kind and true,
Who have loved me since childhood; 'tis hard to leave you-
Soon I will come back to this good home once more;
May prosperity attend you as in days of yore!—*Chorus.*

FATHER HAS TURNED THE DEAR PICTURE AGAIN.

Copyright, 1891, by M. Witmark & Sons.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A lassie came home, who for years had been gone,
Her pride had been conquered, a mother's love worn,
In youth she had married the choice of her heart,
And lived from her home and her kindred apart;
Her picture was turned to the wall with the past,
But mem'ry will live, and love conquers at last;
Forgotten the hatred, the pride and disdain,
Her father has turned the dear picture again.

CHORUS.

Her name is still blameless, her heart true and tender;
Her soul is still pure after long years of pain;
Her dear mother murmurs, "I prayed heaven to send her,
And father has turned her dear picture again.

The love of her youth has been long laid away;
He died in her arms like an infant one day;
Once more to the shelter and peace of the "fold,"
She came back the same blue-eyed lassie of old.
The tokens of youth that she loved long ago
Are all hers again, for her goodness they know.
The sunshine comes after the darkness and rain—
Her father has turned the dear picture again.—*Chorus.*

CAPTAIN ROBERT KIDD.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You captains bold and brave hear our cries, hear our cries,
You captains bold and brave hear our cries,
You captains brave and bold, tho' you seem uncontroll'd,
Don't for the sake of gold lose your souls.

My name was Robert Kidd when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My name was Robert Kidd when I sailed,
My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.

My parents taught me well when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well to shun the gates of hell,
But against them I rebell'd when I sail'd.

I cursed my father dear when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I cursed my father dear when I sail'd,
I cursed my father dear, and her that did me bear,
And so wickedly did swear, when I sail'd.

I made a solemn vow when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow, to God I would not bow,
Nor myself one prayer allow, as I sail'd.

I'd a bible in my hand when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I'd a bible in my hand when I sail'd,
I'd a bible in my hand, by my father's great command,
And sunk it in the sand when I sail'd.

I murder'd William Moore as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I murder'd William Moore as I sail'd,
I murder'd William Moore, and left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.

And being cruel still, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,
And his precious blood did spill, as I sail'd.

My mate was sick and died, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My mate was sick and died, as I sail'd,
My mate was sick and died, which me much terrified,
When he call'd me to his bedside as I sail'd.

And unto me did say, see me die, see me die,
And unto me did say, see me die, see me die,
And unto me did say, take a warning now by me,
There comes a reckoning day, you must die.

Parody on:

DOWN ON THE FARM.

By John Queen.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now I've heard Annie Rooney literally butchered by Pat Rooney,
McGinty handled without gloves by Flora Moore;
But the song that's most admired, on the dead, it makes me tired,
It's supposed to take us back to days of yore.
Oh, my boyhood happy days, I remember well the jays
Who used to sit around the house from night till morn;
They would talk of sheep and sows and of old 'Squire Jenkins' cows,
And they spit tobacco-juice down on the farm.

CHORUS.

The author speaks of happy hours, running wild among the flowers,
Why I never heard such cracks since I've been born.
Now, don't think that I'm a chump, but I'd rather do six months
Than spend a few short days down on the farm.

CHORUS.

Down on the farm that makes me sick; why, it's worse than laying brick;
I used to grab a plough at early morn,
And at night take quinine pills for to wrestle with the chills,
In my boyhood's happy days down on the farm.

CHORUS.

As you walk along the street, perhaps by chance you'll meet
A great big Rube who says, "I'll be darn";
His clothes they smell like stalls, his face would give him his base on balls;
He's a moss-back, just escaped from off the farm.

CHORUS.

On any evening after dark, just take a stroll through any park,
And meet a big jay with a fly-girl on his arm;
Don't think she's on the beg, for you can bet she's got his leg,
And when she quits him why he'll walk back to the farm.

OTHER PEOPLE'S SONGS.

By William Jerome.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The other day while strolling out to have a pleasant walk,
We met two pretty maidens and to them commenced to talk;
They said that they were strangers and had just arrived in town,
To make it pleasant for the girls, we thought we'd show 'em round.

CHORUS.

Of course, we done it just to please the girls,
Those lovely maidens with long, flowing curls,
And being they were strangers, to protect them from all dangers,
We took in all the sights with pretty girls.

We took them for a carriage ride, 'way out to Central Park,
Of course, we didn't mean no harm, 'twas just a jolly lark;
They said they thought we were real good to use them both so kind,
We told them that was nothing, such a thing we didn't mind.

CHORUS.

For we'd both been there before, many a time;
We'd both been there before, many a time;
We didn't care what the racket cost, 'twas nobody's business and nobody's loss,
For we'd both been there before, many a time.

They said that they were thirsty and would like to have a drink;
That suited us just out of sight, as we had lots of chink,
So to a cafe we went, not very far from there,
And filled these little maidens up with oysters, wine and beer.

CHORUS.

And the band played "Annie Laurie," we never saw such tanks;
Oh, they would make great soldiers for the Salvation Army ranks.

When supper it was over, we started to go out,
The four of us were loaded, we could hardly move about;
Somebody tried to guy us, and, of course, we made a kick,
Then a fight was started, in a minute we were sick.

CHORUS.

Some one hammered us with chairs, then they threw us down stairs,
In the gutter we both fell, thought we surely were in ——
We were a dizzy-looking mob, holy Moses what a job;
We never shall forget the day that we met these two maidens.

A copper came and nailed us, to the station-house we went;
Our watches and our chains were gone, we didn't have a cent;
The damsels they had flew away and taken all the lot;
The judge said we were suckers and this sentence then we got:

CHORUS.

Down on Blackwell's Island we went for thirty days,
Working on a pile of rocks, for being foolish jays;
The trouble that we went through, sure heaven only knows,
Dressed in our best Sunday clothes.

—"Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when, on Sunday, you put raisins in it and call it mince-pie, I draw the line."

Parody on:

COMRADES.

By F. D. Bryan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

While working in a foundry, I made up my mind to strike—
Night and day I dreamt of a brewery, 'round the corner to the right.
I said: Bill, I'll be a rover, 'neath the white foam of the booze.
Good-bye, Bill, said he—no, never—if you booze then I'll booze, too.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we quit work,
Sharing each other's chewing-tobacco, sharing each other's shirts.
Comrades when, with but a nickle, I tackled a cheap whiskey punch,
And while I was drinking, my darling old comrade was diving into the lunch.

I insisted, Bill came with me, one lunch route we did work·
We always had an opening, and our beer we never shirked;
The saloons at last got on to us and quick gave us the chase;
A great big copper nailed us, and in jail soon we were placed.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades even while doing time,
Longing for one big glass of beer, or some one to pay our fine.
Comrades when we were in hard luck, comrades when we had a tide;
Even while learning to make shoes at Sing Sing my comrade was at my side.

When we got out we quick enlisted in the Salvation Army, oh!
Since then we've had a soft snap, and to work we'll never go.
We wear good clothes, for we've struck luck—we eat three meals a day—
Our address is 16 Easy Street; it's there we're going to stay.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, they use us for a terrible example:
They give us a couple of dollars each day, then for a saloon we do scramble;
They lecture on us in the evening; take warning they loudly declare. [chairs.
We chuckle and snooze, for we're chuck full of booze, my comrade and I in our

HE'S A GOOD OLD "HAS BEEN."

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In ev'ry noble city in this wondrous world of ours
We meet with squalid beggars who have once been mighty powers;
They tell their tales of misery in many diff'rent ways,
And soon it is apparent they have seen much better days.
Some of these tales are piteous, and wring our hearts with pain,
While some of them will make us laugh until we cry again.
A red-nosed crossing-sweeper says, "I've been rich as a lord,
But lost my money on the turf and through a banking fraud."

CHORUS.

He's a good old "has been" of days gone by,
A good old "has been," but that don't signify;
He's lost his popularity, and that is worse than crime,
No matter what he may have been once upon a time; he's a once upon a time.

A judge is list'ning calmly to a melancholy case—
A lady charged with damaging a gentle p'liceman's face,
But hark! she speaks her own defence, let's hear what she's to say.
"Look here, your worship, I'm a lady gone a bit astray;
I used to have a fortune, till my husband took to drink,
Then lower, lower, lower we both commenced to sink;
At Queen Victoria's Court I was presented years ago,
But times have altered now--I'm often presented here, you know."

CHORUS.

She's a good old "has been" of days gone by,
A good old "has been," but that don't signify;
She's lost her popularity, and that is worse than crime,
No matter what she may have been once upon a time; she's a once upon a time.

Now, see this poor old animal, as bony as a crab,
Held up by shafts belonging to a most unhandsome cab;
We're told it is a horse, and yet can scarcely think it true—
"By jingo," says the cabby, "he has won the Derby, too!
Ah! that old horse was once the rage, and fairly went the pace,
And as for hurdles, bless your heart, he always won the race;
They called him 'Spitfire'—what do you say? 'They shot him long ago!'
You're wrong, and take the tip from me, you see, sir, 'cause I know.—*Chorus.*

I met a man in seedy clothes, with rough, unshaven chin,
With patent ventilated boots to let the water in;
Says he, "I am an actor, and my name is Gregson Funk,
The star who took the leading part in 'Miss Maria Monk.'
Ah! well can I remember when the walls of Drury Lane
Have rung with shouts, and wreaths have fallen on the stage like rain;
I've had to bow and bow, like so, before the panting horde,
But now somehow the 'boards' don't pay, and I can't pay my board."—*Cho.*

Now, see this man with grizzled beard and features roughly kind,
A noble face, with eyes whose glance predicts a noble mind,
But, ah! what sad misfortune hath deformed that manly frame?
He answers me, but not without some diffidence and shame—
"Misfortune, sir? I think you'll own this life can have no charm
For men whose lower limbs are crushed, and only have one arm.
At Balaclava, in the charge, my life I threw away"—
And now he gets a pension of a few odd pence a day.

CHORUS.

He's a good old "has been" of days gone by,
A brave old soldier, but that don't signify;
He's lost his limbs for country's sake, was ruined in his prime;
Forgotten now the way he fought once upon a time.

SPEAK TO ME, SPEAK.

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Why turn away when I draw near? Why cold to-day? once I was dear!
Then thy heart stirred, and flushed thy brow; never a word welcomes me now.
Now thy hand lies listless in mine—once its replies spake love divine!
Cold as if we never had met, can it be then hearts can forget?

CHORUS.

Ah! speak to me, speak; be my heart heard, or will it break for one poor word!
No vow to bind, no pledge I seek—only be kind; speak to me, speak.

One idle day thou didst deplore some cast-away on desert shore;
'Twas but a tale by poet feigned, yet thou didst pale, silent and pained,
And thou didst moan—sad, sad to be utterly alone by the bleak sea!
My life is drear, I cast away—give me the tear thou shedd'st that day.—*Chorus.*

THE JOYS OF A WEDDING-RING.

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Words by George Cooper. Arranged by Harvard Spencer.

He sat by the fireside, a white-haired old man,
The bells in the steeple their chiming began;
He smiled as he listened, for years long ago
Returned to him now with their joys all aglow.
By his side sat his wife, and he spoke of the time
When they walked to the church, while those bells rang their chime!
And she smiled in her joy, as he gave her a kiss,
For it brought to her mind all their dear olden bliss!

CHORUS.

Oh! for those days of gladness! Oh! for their dreams so bright!
Oh! for the sweet bells chiming, hopes of fond delight!
Past were those hours forever; their hearts were like the spring!
Angels above know no sweeter joy than joys of a wedding-ring!

They spoke of the children that played round their knee—
The boy that they cherished, ah, where now was he?
The cottage was lonely, and years had gone by,
They whispered his name with a tear and a sigh.
How they fondled the letters that told them their boy
Would again to that home bring them comfort and joy!
That was long years ago, but they tenderly yearned
For their dear sailor boy who had never returned!

SPOKEN—The fire burned bright, while the old couple gazed within it, and fancied they saw their boy upon a rock-bound coast. He was tossing upon the waves, a shipwrecked sailor clinging to a mast! His last words seemed to fall upon their ears: "God protect my father and mother!" Then the old man took the hand of his wife and whispered soothingly that God would shield them in their old days! The bells chimed without. When, hark! there came a loud tap on the pane. A voice called them by name. The door flew open, and their long lost boy was clasped to their hearts! Louder rang the chimes, and they seemed to hear thro' all:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

MAGGIE MURPHY'S HOME.

By F. D. Bryan.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Last week I paid a visit to a home well advertised;
It's a tenement-house, 'way up town; it's twenty-eight stories high.
Oh, bless the pleasant moments that people with money know,
For I'll be hanged if there's any comfort up at Maggie Murphy's home.

CHORUS.

Now Maggie's home is up ten flights of fever and ague stairs;
If you get to the top without losing your life you're fortunate, I declare.
There's but one elevator, eight cents will make it run—
It's an old tin pail and a piece of rope, at Maggie Murphy's home.

They've got the latest popular songs; they've got a dime savings-bank,
And dear of "Comrades" is slaughter'd and sung by a gang of song-sheet cranks.
They whistle it in the hallway; it's played on an old trombone,
And they've worn out a fiddle playing this tune at Maggie Murphy's home.—*Cho.*

Now, what gives tone to Maggie's home is its neighborhood so far;
All kinds of people from over the world are represented there.
A Chinese laundry is on the first floor, on the second there's nothing but coons,
But you must hire a guide to show you up to Maggie Murphy's home.—*Chorus.*

The parlor that they sing about, great Scott, it is a holy show;
It's six by eight—if you want to turn round, in the hallway you must go.
The piano draws a pension; it's a cripple and how it does groan;
It's been tickled to death by the company up at Maggie Murphy's home.—*Cho.*

There's newspapers, wall paper, fly paper and bricks;
There's boxing matches, wrestling matches, parlor matches and micks.
There's a nanny-goat in the parlor, just to give the place cologne,
And he's chewed the flowers all off the carpet at Maggie Murphy's home.—*Cho.*

On Monday night they have a fight, on Tuesday night as well;
On Wednesday night they have a dance, on Thursday they raise ——
On Friday they play poker, on Saturday they chew gum,
And on Sunday they chase the duck to death at Maggie Murphy's home.—*Cho.*

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA.

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Beautiful isle of the sea, smile on the brow of the waters;
Dear are your mem'ries unto me, sweet as the songs of your daughters;
Over your mountains and vales, down by each murmuring river,
Cheered by the flower-loving gales—oh! could I wander forever?

CHORUS.

Land of the true and the old, home ever dear unto me—
Fountain of pleasures untold, beautiful isle of the sea.

Oft, on your shell-girdled shore, evening has found me reclining,
Visions of youth dreaming o'er, down where the light-house was shining;
Far from the gladness you gave, far from all joys worth possessing,
Still o'er the lone, weary wave comes to the wanderer your blessing.—*Chorus.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

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Words by George Bruce. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Winds were howling, waves were raging, and the ship was sinking fast;
Ev'ry man on board the vessel knew too well she could not last;
"She is doomed," the captain whispered, whispered to his new-made bride,
As she stood there, pale but fearless, by her darling husband's side.

CHORUS.

Out on the angry waters, battling with the foam,
Thinking of loved ones left behind at home;
Praying to heaven above them, amid the storm and strife,
The noble-hearted captain and his brave young wife.

Ready, waiting, was the last boat; said the captain to his wife:
"There is but one seat left, darling; you must take it, save your life!
Just one kiss before we sever! Farewell, love, my wife, adieu!"
But she answered, "Husband, never! I will die, will die with you!"—*Chorus.*

Slowly, surely, the ship is settling down—sinking, sinking in the deep;
Slowly, surely, the cruel waters rise—heart to heart in death they'll sleep!
A sail in sight! help,oh, help,they cry; they see our signals, help,ere hope is past!
The waves o'erwhelm us, eager for their prey, see the waters close around us fast.

CHORUS.

Bounding, bounding over the waves, with hearts so staunch and true;
Bounding, bounding over the waves, comes the good boat's crew;
And eager hands are ready to clasp the captain and his bride.
Saved, thank God! Saved from the angry tide!
Saved, thank God! Saved from the angry tide!

SO DO I.

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Words by Norton Atkins. Music by Felix McGlennon.

My old friend Gus is always in some trouble and some strife;
I never knew a more audacious fellow in my life!
Whenever he goes out with me, in search o' drinks to roam;
He gets a "skin-ful," and upon a shutter he goes home—

REFRAIN.

So do I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So do I—he, he, he, he!
By his wife he then gets sat on—goes to bed with boots and hat on,
So do I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So do I—he, he, he, he!
Of course, he gets kicked out of bed—and so do I.

The things that he gets up to—well, they're little short of crimes
(I've tried to make him better, and reform him many times,
But all in vain). He will act on the wild, unruly plan—
Why, when he meets his girls he vows that he's a single man—

REFRAIN.

So do I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So do I—he, he, he, he!
When the darling girls he meets 'em (naughty man) he always treats 'em,
So do I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So do I—he, he, he, he!
He tells 'em oh, such fairy tales—and so do I.

It's really quite alarming—for the things he gets up to
Are utterly disgraceful—well, you'll think it, p'r'aps, untrue—
We go to see a ballet, pay, and sure as eggs are eggs,
He'll take his op'ra-glass like this and criticise the legs—

REFRAIN.

So do I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So do I—he, he, he, he!
Then he says, "You pretty creature, I could really almost eat yer!"
So do I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So do I—he, he, he, he!
He stands 'em champagne suppers then—and so do I.

Once we were flirting with two girls ('twas most delightful sport),
When suddenly our wives popp'd in—Oh, we were fairly caught!
Of course, they kicked up ructions, and with reason, you'll agree,
For Gus—the horrid, faithless wretch—had one girl on his knee—

REFRAIN.

So had I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So had I—he, he, he, he!
Yes, his wife came in and found her, while he'd got his arms around her!
So had I—ha, ha, ha, ha! So had I—he, he, he, he!
Next morning he'd a broken nose—and so had I.

Where Are the Friends of My Youth?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Where are the friends of my youth? say, where are those cherished ones gone?
And why have they dropp'd with the leaf? ah! why have they left me to mourn?
Their voices still sound in mine ear; their features I see in my dreams;
And the world is a wilderness drear; as a wide-spreading desert it seems.
Ah! where are the friends of my youth? ah! where are the cherish'd ones gone?
Ah! why have they dropp'd as the leaf? Ah! why have they left me to mourn?

Say, can I never again—such ties can I ever renew,
Or feel those warm pulses again, which beat for the dear ones I knew?
The world as a winter is cold; each charm seems to vanish away—
My heart is now blighted and old; it shares in all nature's decay.
Ah! where are the friends of my youth? Ah! where are the cherish'd ones gone?
Ah! why have they dropp'd as the leaf? Ah! why have they left me to mourn?

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter.

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By J. O. D. de Bondy.

When you see a ragged urchin standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers, dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding, smile upon him; mark me! when
He's grown he'll not forget it; for, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant, youthful spirits overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents; do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage, when the erring boys are men.

Let us try to add some pleasures to the life of every boy;
Show him that you take an interest in his sorrows and his joys.
Make his home-life more attractive, he'll avoid the secret den,
And seek for pleasure elsewhere—just remember, boys make men.

THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

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Farewell, mother, home and friends! we may never meet again—
Soon 'mid strangers I must roam, oh! the parting gives me pain—
Tho' I wander far away, lonely o'er life's stormy sea,
Who will shed one gentle tear for a wandering refugee?
Who will shed a gentle tear for a wandering refugee?

CHORUS.

Mother, oh! farewell! I must go, I'll think of thee—
Oh! mother, I must leave thee, I'm a wandering refugee!

Farewell, sunny Southern home! Home I always loved so true—
Oft will tear-drops dim mine eyes, when my memory flies to you!
But the happy scenes of yore, I, alas! will never see—
I'll be roaming far away, a lonely wandering refugee!
I'll be roaming far away, a lonely wandering refugee!

CHORUS.

Mother, oh! farewell! I must go, I'll think of thee—
Oh! mother, I must leave thee now, I'm a wandering refugee!

SWINGING ON RILEY'S GATE.

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Written and Composed by C. W. Murphy.

Who has not some treasured relic of their sunny, by-gone days?
Some will prize a withered flowret, other's on a portrait gaze.
But, though I have no such keepsake, mem'ries oft my heart elate,
Bringing back the bright and happy hours we spent on Riley's gate.

REFRAIN.

There all the day we would swing away till it was growing late;
No thought of care troubled us there, swinging on Riley's gate!

There it was I met a colleen, fair as any flower was she!
From the first I knew I loved her, found ere long that she loved me.
When my daily toil was over, I would haste to meet my Kate;
Eight o'clock each night you'd see us arm-in-arm at Riley's gate.

REFRAIN.

There, blithe and gay, we would courting stay till it was growing late;
No thought of care troubled us there, courting at Riley's gate!

Soon I asked my love to marry—Kate became my own sweet bride;
On the journey o'er life's highway ever to be at my side!
And, now years have flown, our children, let the hour be soon or late,
Do as I did in my boyhood-swing on Riley's dear old gate.

REFRAIN.

There all the day we will swing away till it is growing late;
No thought of care troubles them there, swinging on Riley's gate!

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR TO ME.

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Written and Composed by J. W. Hall.

You hear folks say that spooning is a most delightful sport,
But, ever since I've tried it, nothing but bad luck it's brought;
For to a girl next door to me I made love night and day,
And oh! what I have suffered is heart-rending in its way!

CHORUS.

Next door to me, next door to me, the girl next door to me!
Her hair's a beautiful ginger tint,
But her lovely eyes have a diff'rent squint—
Next door to me, next door to me, the girl next door to me!
All my friends grin and say
I've been made a "jay"
By the girl next door to me.

I called, dressed in my Sunday best, and looked so "span and spick,"
I'd bought a button-hole bouquet, and twirled a "mashers'" stick;
Her brother met me at the door—a savage six-foot lout,
Who said, "Hello! you here again?" then turned me inside out!

CHORUS.

Next door to me, next door to me, the girl next door to me!
Her brother, big, he knows how to box,
And right on my nose rat-a-tat he knocks—
Next door to me, next door to me, the girl next door to me!
Yes, and each of my eyes
Swelled to twice its size,
Through the girl next door to me.

Her dad came up that moment, and I tried to him explain;
Said he, "Are you a sheriff, or do you come after Jane?"
I said, "I love your daughter!" and he then commenced to "slog,"
And shouted, "Seize him, Towser!" when up came the big bull-dog.

CHORUS.

Next door to me, next door to me, the girl next door to me!
They keep a dog with a healthy bite,
And it took a nip at my "pants" last night—
Next door to me, next door to me, the girl next door to me!
It's all over the town
That I can't sit down,
Through the girl next door to me.

THEY ALL CAME BACK.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Lester Barrett.

I have a birthday every year, and sometimes two or three;
I always give a party, and a good old roaring spree;
The last was extra jovial, we'd an extra cask of beer,
And as my friends departed, they all gave a hearty cheer.

CHORUS.

But they all came back, they couldn't stay away;
They'd scarcely turned the corner when I heard them shout "hooray!"
They swore they'd never leave me, they were fairly on my track;
The barrel wasn't empty, so they all came back.

Our landlord put the brokers in, the rent was in arrears—
In fact, I owed a lot of things, the writs came in in pairs;
The house was full of bailiffs, you couldn't move about;
I borrowed cash and paid the rent, then turned the fellows out.

CHORUS.

But they all came back, they couldn't stay away;
We began to feel deserted if without them for a day;
They swore they'd never leave me, they were fairly on my track;
I hadn't paid the taxes, so they all came back.

I and a lot of jolly pals one night felt rather free,
We went into a restaurant and had a little spree;
We ordered everything they had, the landlord looked dismayed,
And for a lark we thought we'd slope, and leave the bill unpaid.

CHORUS.

But we all went back, we couldn't stay away;
We had a splendid supper, and we didn't want to pay;
We all got out and bolted, we were nicely on the track,
The bobbies overtook us, so we all went back.

I thought that as an actor I would be a shining light;
As Hamlet I appeared, but it was only for one night;
The audience were critical, of that there was no doubt;
Before the second act began they everyone went out.

CHORUS.

But they all came back, they couldn't stay away;
They must have been disgusted with my acting in the play;
They swore that they would kill me, they were fairly on my track;
They pelted me with brickbats when they all came back.

—A street-car driver in Avenue D recently ran over a young lady and she was thrown to the ground. He was promptly fired by the company for knocking down the fair.

I WAS UNDERNEATH.

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Written and Composed by George Lester.

The house I live in is "all right," now that we have got
Some acrobats for lodgers (they are a lively lot);
Beside their acrobatic tricks, they lift weights by the score,
But the mischief is, these nimble "fakes" live on the second floor.

CHORUS.

And I live underneath, I live underneath; bang on the floor they're flopping,
And hundred-weights keep dropping, while I live underneath.

Last night I'd an adventure with my old crony, Binks;
I've come to the conclusion that we'd too many drinks.
I held him up, although he is the heaviest chap in town,
But my legs gave 'way, and in the mud the pair of us went down.

CHORUS.

And I was underneath, I was underneath; yes, Binks, the eighteen "stunner,"
Came wallop! a full "tunner," and I was underneath.

The missus said the other day, "would I be so good
As go down in the cellar and chop her up some wood?"
I'd hardly started chopping, when the plate moved off the hole,
And before I'd time to yell out "Stop!" down came a load of coal.

CHORUS.

And I was underneath, I was underneath; no chance I had of "getting,"
The coal they kept upsetting, and I was underneath.

"When married, I will be the boss!" often I would say,
But now I am a husband, things don't work out that way.
To bless me with three sets of twins my wife has been so kind,
And she tells me now "that room in bed for me she cannot find!"

CHORUS.

So I sleep underneath, I sleep underneath; snug in the bed she's resting,
While on the boards I'm nesting, for I sleep underneath.

AS THE CHURCH-BELLS CHIME.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Time, eleven, Sunday morning; scene, outside a church in town;
People, clad in Sabbath raiment, there are passing up and down;
Some seek gaiety and pleasure, others bent on praise and prayer;
While the organ softly, sweetly, plays a tender, sacred air.
Hither comes the city merchant, to his velvet-cushion'd pew;
Hither comes a wretched outcast, with a face of ghastly hue;
Meeting on the solemn threshold, when they reach the sacred place,
Son and father know each other, once again stand face to face.

REFRAIN.

"Father!" he pleads, "my repentance is strong—
Have I not suffered for that, my one wrong?
You'll hope for mercy yourself before long; pray then, forgive me my crime!"
"Forger! begone! you are none of my kin!"
One glance of scorn and he passes within,
Leaving his son to starvation and sin, as the church-bells chime!

Hark! what means that joyous shouting? Crowds of people line the way,
Waiting to receive a carriage—this is some one's wedding-day!
Ev'rybody knows their hist'ry, tho' it happened years ago;
How the girl, to save her father, married his relentless foe;
How the lovers, broken-hearted, parted, p'rhaps no more to meet,
Now behold what happy changes time hath brought with flying feet;
How the lovers, free as ever—strange, indeed, the hand of fate—
Learn the truth of that old adage, "All things come to those who wait!"

REFRAIN.

Bright shines the sun as they enter the church,
After long, long years of sorrow and pain;
Oft had they prayed they might meet, but in vain, many and many a time!
Though in hard places their lots have been cast,
Fair dawns the future, for parting is past,
Two faithful hearts are united at last, as the church-bells chime!

'Tis the hour of praise and worship, in a dreary prison's gloom,
And the distant church-bells ringing, breaks a silence like the tomb.
Seated in his lonely dungeon, is a man with haggard face;
Yet, tho' grief has told upon it, nothing vicious there you trace.
Grim and stern the jailor enters, takes him to the place of prayer;
Mark his brow, so calm and fearless, not a sign of guilt is there!
Then the kindly chaplain bids him fervently to pray and fast;
Ere the church-bells ring next Sunday, he is doomed to breathe his last.

REFRAIN.

"I fear not death!" he replies, "but my child!—
She by a villain to sin was beguiled;
I struck him down in my frenzy so wild—surely it wasn't a crime!"
What is it thrills me? ah! what do I see?
Why, 'tis a message, a pardon for me!
Merciful heaven! I'm saved! I am free!" as the church-bells chime!

—A new-made widow called at the office of an insurance company for the money due on her husband's policy. The president said: "I am truly sorry, madam, to hear of your loss." "That's always the way with you men," said she; "you are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

See that My Grave's Kept Green.

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When I am dead and gone from you, darling, when I'm laid away in my grave,
When my spirit has gone to heaven above, to Him who my soul will save;
When you are happy and gay once more, thinking of days that have been,
This one little wish I ask of you—see that my grave is kept green.

CHORUS.

Oh! the days will come to you, darling, when no more on earth I'll be seen;
One sweet little wish, darling, grant me—see that my grave's kept green.

Though the hours of joy now are passing, yet how soon, alas! they will fade—
Tho' your glances of love are meeting my own, fair sunlight will turn to shade,
When from the world and its hopes I go, leave forever this scene;
Tho' others are dead, ah! will you then see that my grave is kept green.—*Cho.*

Will you keep me, love, in remembrance, though the voice of chiding be heard,
And while others may speak in censure or blame, yet breathe no unkindly word?
Tell me you'll think of the past, think of the joys we have seen;
This one little promise keep for me—see that my grave's kept green.—*Chorus.*

AN IRISHMAN'S WAY.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Every man and woman has a certain way of doing
Anything and everything to which his thoughts incline;
Each woman has a different way of baking, boiling, stewing,
And we all a different way of taking wine.
We'll find a different fashion, too, in almost every nation,
And every different thing they do is in a different light;
So, with your kind attention, I will give an illustration
Of the methods of an Irishman who means to have a night.

REFRAIN.

He takes up a bowl with a drop of the crathur in,
Strong wid the essence of Irishman's nature in,
Pours in hot water, but not very much of it;
Sugar to sweeten, perhaps just a touch of it;
Lemon to flavor, bedad! he'll have none of it,
Raises the bowl, and the whole lot is gone of it.
Mixes another, and then half a score of 'em;
Swears at the finish he's ready for more of 'em;
Twirls his shillalegh, and says he can fight a bit;
Bangs a policeman for calling him tight a bit;
He gets locked up just to finish the day,
Arrah! that's getting tight in an Irishman's way.

Such is Paddy's mode of drinking; when it comes to courting,
Sure, his blarney wins the heart of every village queen;
From the Frenchman's fervered passion to the Yankees' sporting,
Paddy's is the love to win both lady and colleen.
Sandy thinks of braw baw bees and woo's his highlan' Mary,
John Bull in some lordly mansion courts a gentle dove,
While Taffy's sweet on some Miss Jones, whose father keeps a dairy,
But Pat can beat the whole lot hollow when he's making love.

REFRAIN.

He winks at a colleen, takes hold of the fist of her,
Kisses her ere she has time to cry "Christopher!"
If she gets crusty and makes his ear ache a bit,
Hushes her, plazes her, won't let her speak of it;
Rolls up his eyes and then heaves a big sigh for her,
Tells her a score of times "that he would die for her;"
Leaves to the poets all lack-a-day, well-a-day,
Scribbling of sonnets and heart-broken melody;
Walks with her, talks with her, sits by the side of her,
Laughs with her, chaffs with her, swears he's the boy for her;
Presses, caresses her saucy and gay,
Arrah! that's making love in an Irishman's way.

Each country has a different method when she goes to battle;
Some are rather cautious ones and others rather rash;
Scotland's sons are famous where the cannons fiercely rattle;
Johnny Bull is storming strong entrenchments with a dash.
Known the wide world over is the Irish Faugh-a-ballagh;
And if we search this history on every page of strife,
On the plains of Egypt or some distant Indian millah,
We find how Paddy bears himself whenever warfare's rife.

REFRAIN.

First he makes sure he's a good cause to fight about,
Then all his foes he will send to the right-about;
Breathing a prayer for his colleen in Ireland,
Rushes to fight 'gainst the foes of his sireland;
There you will find him when cannons are thundering,
Cutting and slashing, 'till all the world wondering;
Meeting the foeman and gallantly fighting them;
Wrongs of his side, with his sabre soon righting them,
O'erwhelmed by numbers, but fighting while life shall last,
And never says die untill all his hope is past;
Falls like a man in the thick of the fray,
Yes, that's how to fight in an Irishman's way.

—Teacher: "How can a deaf and dumb man be deprived of the power of speech?" Scholar: "By cutting off his fingers."

No Tidings from Over the Sea.

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Words by Frank Dumont. Music by James E. Stewart.

I have waited so lonely, my darling, to hear from you day after day,
For you promised to send me a message—oh, tell me why do you delay?
You know that my heart is so lonely since you have departed from me,
For each day passing by brings no letter, or tidings from over the sea.

CHORUS.

No tidings from over the sea, no sweet word of love dear to me;
Each day passing by brings no letter, or tidings from over the sea.

Oh! you promised you'd never forget me, tho' the waves of the sea did divide,
Tho' the billows of blue roll'd between us, your heart would be over the tide.
My lips feel your kisses no longer, and ever my heart calls for thee;
May to-morrow bring news from my darling, sweet tidings from over the sea.

CHORUS.

No tidings from over the sea, no sweet word of love dear to me;
Each day passing by brings no letter, or tidings from over the sea.

PULL FOR THE SHORE.

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Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See, o'er the foaming billows, fair heaven's land;
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er;
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

CHORUS.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for the shore.

Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail;
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale;
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar,
Watch the "Bright Morning Star," and pull for the shore.—*Chorus.*

Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"—Pull for the shore.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TA-RA-RA BOOM-DER-E.

Composed and Sung by Scull & Grome.

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The girl that lives in McNulty's Row
Will drive us crazy soon, we know;
She bangs the piano night and day
In a reckless, John L. Sullivan way.
If she don't very soon "let up,"
We'll go over there with a great big club.
We like to hear, "Ask the Man in the Moon,"
But we must object to that crazy tune:

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.

The neighbors all have moved away
Since that silly tune she learned to play.
She plays it in the key of C,
She plays it in the key of G.
The policemen they all know her face—
They've threatened that they'd pull the place;
We're hoping that it soon will be,
For we cannot stand that melody:—*Chorus.*

The song has taken the town complete,
You'll hear it sung on every street.
The boys have got it down quite fine,
They can sing and whistle every line.
"The picture that is turned toward the wall"
Has not been sung of late, at all;
And many other songs we know
That haven't got the slightest show

SPOKEN—With—*Chorus.*

—On Deck.—Mrs. L.: "Rufus, have the children come up yet?" Rufus (who is having a hard time): "No, but they are the only things of mine that haven't."

When the Old Church Clock Struck Ten.

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Words by Gussie L. Davis. Music by Julian Jordan.

Ring out, ye bells, on the silent night, and awaken old mem'ries again!
O ye bring back a time of the long ago, when the old church-clock struck ten!
Ye reminded me of a village-maid, who was the village belle!
In childhood we loved each other, more than tongue can ever tell!
Faithful still is the maiden—long years have passed since then;
When I kissed her good-night at the gate, and the old church-clock struck ten!

Ring out, ye bells, ring out, ring out ye bells!

From that sacred edifice, at the silent hour of prayer,
How oft we'd hear some heavenly strain come floating on the air!
Come floating on the air.

Our plighted vows were made more solemn then;
There while I lingered till the clock struck ten!

Ye remind me of a village maid, who was the village belle!
In childhood we loved each other, more than tongue can ever tell;
Faithful still is the maiden—long years have passed since then;
When I kissed her good-night at the gate, and the old church-clock struck ten!

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN ONE WANTS TO BE ALONE.

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Words by G. C. Weinberg. Music by L. Reinhard.

Now every boy remembers when he smoked his first cigar—
When he lit it, how it filled him with delight.
I was happy when I started, but I hadn't smoked it far,
When the things about me didn't seem so bright.
I saw my friends a-grinning, things about me started spinning—
I hastened to the woodshed, oh, I thought my heart would break.
There are moments when one wants to be alone—
That is one of them, that is one of them;
I like my friends devotedly, I'm awful fond of company,
But there are moments when one wants to be alone.

The colored man is fond of promenading late at night,
And when the coast is clear he makes a swoop;
He'll watch his chance, and when the silvery moon is out of sight,
He crawls into his neighbor's chicken-coop.
The neighbors think it's awful queer the way those pullets disappear;
Our colored man trots homeward with a chicklet in each arm.
There are moments when one wants to be alone—
That is one of them, that is one of them;
But then this colored man ain't proud, you'll often see him in a crowd,
But there are moments when he wants to be alone.

'Twas late the other evening, I was coming from the club,
And I had a jag that was simply out of sight;
I'd upset the ash-barrels, and I'd yell to keep my spirits up—
I'm a regular Pine Ridge Indian when I'm tight.
I sang so loud and long and deep I aroused a policeman from his sleep;
He grabbed me and he told me that I had to go with him.
There are moments when one wants to be alone—
That is one of them, that is one of them;
Next day in court I was a sight, the judge said that my song was right.
And for fifteen long, long days I sat alone.

Have you ever been to parties where a girl gets up to sing
With a voice that you could use for boiling eggs.
She has studied Italian opera and all that sort of thing,
And then she will not stop until one begs;
Oh, how you'd like to get away, but, of course, you know you have to stay.
Just listen and I'll show just exactly how she sings:
There are moments when one wants to be alone—
That is one of them, that is one of them;
Of course, she's got a lovely voice, and it would make our hearts rejoice,
But those are moments that she ought to be alone.

An alderman was going to attend a fancy ball,
And he had to rent a suit to wear that night,
And he had to wear the darned thing, but it didn't fit at all—
Why, he could scarcely breathe, it was so tight.
And when they danced the Boston Dip, then something gave an awful rip;
He hastened from the ball-room while he sang this little tune:
There are moments when one wants to be alone—
That is one of them, that is one of them;
Oh, he could dance the whole night long, and mingle in the giddy throng,
But there are moments when he wants to be alone.

The boys all like to play a little poker now and then,
And wrestle with the jack-pots half the night;
Yes, it's nice to rake in jack-pots and to raise it five or ten;
And each one thinks his game is out of sight.
And oft they play till early dawn, and oft a fellow's money's gone;
This happens very frequently—I'll show you how it's done.
There are moments when one wants to be alone—
That is one of them, that is one of them;
Of course, he'd like to play all night—to play the game is his delight,
But there are moments when one wants to be alone.

—Every time you buy an article you are encouraging the manufacturer or producer.

Under the Hawthorn Bower.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The tardy steps of the woodman homeward turn;
Long ago the song-bird winged home to its mate;
I anxiously wait, woud'ring why you do not come,
For the old village-bell has just chimed eight!
Down in the verdant meadow, love, I am waiting for you;
List'ning for sounds of your footstep—sweetheart, I know you'll be true!
Faithful and true to your promise to come when the clock chimes the hour;
Down in the verdant meadow, under the hawthorn bower!
Love, have you forgotten how you lingered with a kiss
Ere we parted last night at the meadow gate?
Do you not remember, whilst amid your joy and bliss,
That you promised we would meet to-night at eight?

Down in the verdant meadow, love, I am waiting for you;
List'ning for sounds of your footstep—sweetheart, I know you'll be true!
Faithful and true to your promise to come when the clock chimes the hour;
Down in the verdant meadow, under the hawthorn bower!

MOLLIE.

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By Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch.

Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
The whisp'ring winds that pass her by, but woo her day and night,
To steal from off her ruby lips love's off'rings of delight;
To steal from off her ruby lips love's off'rings of delight.
Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
Her modest praises speak? her modest praises speak? her praises speak?

The grass and leaflets greener grow when pressed beneath her feet;
They are so small and fairy like, so graceful and so neat,
And in her voice there rings a charm that gladdens all around—
It tones the music of the heart, and in her own it's found;
It tones the music of the heart, and in her own it's found.
Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
Her modest praises speak? her modest praises speak? her praises speak?

And in her little dimpled hand, so dapper and so white,
You trace the lines of promised bliss, and thrill with pure delight;
And hand and foot and voice and heart are all, yes, all mine own;
Her eyes the fond assurance speak—therein my treasure's shown!
Her eyes the fond assurance speak—therein my treasure's shown!
Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
Her modest praises speak? her modest praises speak? her praises speak?

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

Words by Edgar Allan Poe. Music by Henry Pontet.

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Take this kiss upon your brow,
And in parting, parting from you now,
Thus much, thus much, thus much let me avow,
You are not wrong who deem
That my life, my life has been a dream,
Yet if hope hath flown away,
In a night or in a day,
In a vision or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream, a dream within a dream;
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream, is but a dream,
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand;
How few! yet how they creep
Thro' my fingers to the deep!
While I weep, while I weep.
Oh, why can I not grasp them?
Grasp them with a tighter clasp?
Oh! why can I not save one,
One from the pitiless wave?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream, a dream within a dream;
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream, is but a dream,
Is but a dream within a dream.

—Every time you refrain from speaking in defence of a friend you prove that you are not a friend.

THE BROKEN HOME.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

The church-bells they were ringing, the choir was sweetly singing,
In a far New England village, just two short years ago;
The flowers they were blooming, the birds in tree-tops tuning—
Two hearts had been united, fair Lillian and Joe.
The husband he toiled daily and happy was their lot;
He loved his wife and baby; his vows he ne'er forgot;
One day a former sweetheart came, and, finding him away,
Through flattery and promises Joe's love was led astray.

CHORUS.

There's her picture on the table, there's a baby in the cradle,
There's a husband crying bitterly alone.
There's no wife's voice to cheer, in his sorrow to be near—
What was Paradise is now a broken home.

His eyes are dim with weeping, yet faithful watch he's keeping
O'er his precious little treasure, for whom his heart doth moan;
Forgetting all dishonor which she had brought upon her,
For baby's sake he'd gladly forgive if she'd come home.
Oh, why do people falter and lose all self-respect,
For vows made at the altar, and make their lives a wreck?
These questions Joe has asked himself, with heart heavy as lead,
And baby's smile prevents him from being numbered with the dead.—*Chorus.*

THE PRODIGAL SON.

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Written by Bill Nye. Sung in "The Cadi" by Thomas Q. Seabrooke.

There was an old man and he had two sons, he had, he had.
He lived on a ranch, so the story runs, he did, he did;
'Twas built on the good old Queen Anne plan,
Right next to the new Jerusalem.
The vicinity, it does not matter a ——
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

The elder son was a goodly man, he was, he was,
And built on the Moody and Sanky plan, he was, he was;
With calm and sanctimonious face,
He talked about love and undying grace,
And hoped for a seat in the heavenly place,
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

The younger one was a son-of-a-gun, he was, he was,
He shuffled the cards and he played for mon', he did, he did;
He wore a red tie and a high standing collar,
Would go with the boys and get full and then holler,
Oh, he was a regular Jim Dandy loller.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

The old fellow's purse was large and fat, it was, it was,
The Prodigal he was quite on to that, he was, he was;
And he of the sanctimonious smile,
Just kept his weather-eye on the pile,
And hoped he would get there after awhile.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

To divide on the square he did his best, he did, he did,
The Prod took his share and went out West, he did, he did;
Fell in with some cowboys and had a great time,
Woke up in the morning with nary a dime,
Stranded 'way out in a foreign clime.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

A telegraph man in his office sat, out West, out West,
When in rushed a tramp without a hat or coat or vest;
Come send this message right over the track,
The Prod is a wreck and is coming back,
Have plenty of veal for one on the rack.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

The answer he got was both short and direct, it was, it was.
It read: Yours received—Go to blazes! collect! it did, it did;
The Prod he was used to this knock-down of fate,
So pawned his suspenders and put on a skate,
And started for home on a limited freight.
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

To a lawyer's office he went next day, he did, he did,
And sued the old folks for pay while away, he did, he did;
Got out an injunction and put them out,
Oh, he was a la la, you hear me shout,
That's the sort of a Prod I am singing about,
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra-la, la, la, la, la, la.

That's all of the yarn yours truly knows, it is, it is,
I've gone as far as the parable goes, I have, I have;
I've never heard what became of pa.
The religious brother is tending bar,
And the Prod, I believe, is driving a car,
Sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, sing tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

—A man says this is a "tough world," and it is his opinion that very few who are in it will ever get out alive.

SHE'S SEVENTEEN TO-DAY.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

I have a sweetheart, and, of course, it's natural for to say
She is the sweetest little thing, so winsome and so gay;
She's just returned to home again, her course at school is through.
To enter in society and make her first debut.

CHORUS.

And she's seventeen to-day, pretty as a picture,
Eyes so blue and heart so true, hair of a bright and golden hue,
Has my little Idaleen, the sweetest ever seen,
And I am going to marry her when she's eighteen.

We've been engaged almost a year, the secret no one knew,
And when I told her of the facts she scarce knew what to do;
She blushed and said, "I think it best to tell mamma our scheme,
I hardly think she will consent until I am eighteen."—*Chorus.*

I asked her mother for her hand, she smiled and said, "Oh, no;
She's plenty time to think of that, at least, a year or so!"
I thought it hard to be refused, and her I love so dear
Must share the fate along with me and wait another year.—*Chorus.*

The Poor Gal Didn't Know, You Know.

Written by Fred'k Bowyer. Composed by John Cooke.

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My sister's about the most simple of girls
That ever a person could get;
She's not very old, so there's time to improve;
She isn't quite twenty-one yet;
She had a new sweetheart she'd known but two days,
And he asked her "what money she'd got?"
She says "look for yourse.f," and she gave him her purse,
And the fellow walked off with the lot.

CHORUS.

But the poor gal didn't know, you know;
She hadn't been in London long;
I'm always a-telling her she must wake up,
And she ought to know right from wrong.
For any gal would know what the fellow was at,
But she stood there and watched him go,
And stared like this, with her finger in her mouth,
But the poor gal didn't know.

Her "missis" is careful with fresh servant gals;
Once a week she insists that they go
To church, where they put in a good hour's sleep,
And back by nine-twenty or so;
Poor girl she went off—as she didn't come back,
They searched for her, such a hubbub,
When, after two good, solid hours on the scout,
They found her inside of a "pub."

CHORUS.

But the poor gal didn't know, you know;
She hadn't been in London long;
I'm always a-telling her she must wake up,
And she ought to know right from wrong;
For any girl would see by the sign outside
'Twas a different kind of a show;
Her eyes were red, and she did look tired,
But the poor gal didn't know.

Her fortune she had it told on the quiet
By a woman who came to the gate.
She told her she'd marry a fellow in blue—
A p'liceman she thought was her fate.
She swore she would find out which fellow it was,
So she started on Division A;
Her rule is to walk out with two every week,
And next week she'll be right up to J.

CHORUS.

The poor gal doesn't know, you know;
She hasn't been in London long;
I'm always a-telling her she must wake up,
And she ought to know right from wrong.
She says "they're the nicest men in the world,"
And she'll follow where'er they go;
They never tell lies, and never go wrong,
But the poor gal didn't know.

I think it must be that her memory's bad—
For one night we went out for a walk,
When, all of a sudden, a man gave a shout,
And soon put an end to our talk.
He said, "Ha! I've found you out at last; have I, dear?
I've led such a miserable life;
Oh, come home at once!"—I said, "What do you mean?"
He said, "That young person's my wife!"

CHORUS.

But the poor gal didn't know, you know;
She hasn't been in London long;
I'm always a-telling her she must wake up,
And she ought to know right from wrong.
"She must know," he said, "if we've met before;
The marriage lines will show!"
So I said, "You let my sister alone,
For the poor gal doesn't know!"

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door.

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Written and Composed by J. P. Dane.

There's a sweet garden spot in our memory,
It's the place we were born and reared;
'Tis long years ago since we left it,
But return there we will if we're spared.
Our friends and companions of childhood
Would assemble each night, near a score,
'Round Dan Murphy's shop, and how often we've sat
On the stone that stood outside his door.

CHORUS.

Those days in our hearts we will cherish,
Contented, although we were poor;
And the songs that were sung, in the days we were young,
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

When our day's work was over we'd meet there,
In the winter or spring the same;
The boys and the girls all together,
Then would join in some innocent game.
Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle,
While his daughter looked after the store;
The music did ring, and sweet songs we would sing,
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.—*Chorus.*

Back again will our thoughts often wander
To the scenes of our childhood's home,
The friends and companions we left there—
It was poverty caused us to roam.
Since then in this life we have prospered,
But now still in our hearts we feel sore,
For memory will fly to the days now gone by,
And the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.—*Chorus.*

KEEP IT LONGER.

Copyright, 1889, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

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Written and Composed by Wm. B. Glenroy.

I started in to write a song, but no title had I for it,
And then I thought it was no use, and would not make a hit;
I was just about to tear it up and throw the scraps away,
When something seemed to change my mind, a thought struck me to say:
I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
For, although I do not need it now,
I may find use for it somehow,
And I guess I'll keep it longer, don't yer know.

You'll notice, as I sing this song, a hoarseness in my throat;
I've got an awful cold, for I have got no overcoat;
The one I had is up in pawn—I hope to get it soon—
The broker now has had it ever since the first of June.
I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
For of all the money I can earn,
To treat my friends the most will turn,
So I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know.

The great prize-fight is over now, and I think the best man won.
John L. went there to stand and fight, Kilrain went there to run;
At last poor Jake was tired out, and to the ground was hurled,
While the Boston boy retained his name, the "Champion of the World."
I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know;
Against all men from everywhere,
He's won the title fair and square,
And I guess he'll keep it longer, don't yer know,

The base-ball craze is at an end, each had a favorite nine,
Both East and West and North and South, and some of them were fine;
Some people thought the Boston Club of the pennant had a loan,
But New York won the great league race and brought the pennant home.
And I guess they'll keep it longer, don't yer know,
I guess they'll keep it longer, don't yer know;
How Chicago folks did boast and brag,
But the New York Club has got that flag,
And I guess they'll keep it longer, don't yer know.

I was married to a nice young girl about a year ago;
I thought she was the sweetest lass that one could wish to know,
But she skipped off with another chap while at my work away,
And the rascal's had her ever since two weeks ago to-day,
And I guess he'll keep her longer, don't yer know,
I guess he'll keep her longer, don't yer know;
The girl is handsome, strong and fat,
What more can a fellow want than that?
I suppose he'll keep her longer, don't yer know.

[☞ **The above song was published by us under the title of "I Guess I'll Keep It Longer, Don't Yer Know" in our Song Collection No. 32, erroneously giving credit to Al. Martz as the author of same, which should have been titled and credited as above, viz.: "Keep It Longer." Written and Composed by Wm. B. Glenroy.—ED.**]

MARY'S CHEEKS ARE ROSY.

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Written by Thos. Le Brunn. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Yonder gate is the place where I every morn am waiting,
Waiting to meet a dainty maid (secrets I'm now relating).
If you should chance to pass that way, listen and you will hear me
Sing this about the girl I love, wishing that she were near me.

CHORUS.

Mary's cheeks are rosy, Mary's eyes are blue,
Mary's waist is slender, Mary's heart is true;
Mary's ways are winning, never cross nor cold;
She's a nice little, plump little country girl, and worth her weight in gold.

Sometimes, for fun, she hides away—then as I creep behind her,
How she will start, so coy and shy, wondering how I could find her;
How my heart beats when gloaming falls and eight o'clock is ringing;
Somehow I can't restrain myself from in her praises singing.—*Chorus.*

Oft she vows that she is annoyed, then she commences to rate me
If, as we pass the village lads, they try to imitate me;
I think it fun, and lightly laugh, while they in sport displease her;
All down the street my words they sing, while I join in to tease her.—*Chorus.*

TRUE TO JACK.

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Written by Lindsay Lennox. Composed by Theo. Bonheur.

He sailed away a year to-day, across the ocean blue—
Upon the quay he vowed that he would be forever true,
Would be forever true.
At duty's call, whate'er befall, the tar must sail the foam,
But love will guide him o'er the tide when Jack comes sailing home.

Merrily Jack is sailing, sailing across the foam,
Longing to meet the true lass who waits for him at home;
Her love will be a beacon to guide him safely back;
At night and day for him she'll pray—her heart is true to Jack!

Far out at sea is flying free a ship with spreading sail;
She cleaves her way towards the bay, the harbor soon she'll hail,
The harbor soon she'll hail,
And then ashore they'll meet once more, the lad and lassie true,
When love has brought him safe to port across the ocean blue.

Merilly Jack is sailing, sailing across the foam,
Longing to meet the true lass who waits for him at home.
Her love will be a beacon to guide him safely back;
At night and day for him she'll pray—her heart is true to Jack,
Her heart is true to Jack!

THE FUNNY MAN.

By James Curran. Composed and Sung by T. E. Dunville.

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Last summer, next winter, the year before last,
A man with a hammer sat breaking his fast;
Some cast-iron cheese-cakes he tried hard to eat,
But they fell down and broke all the corns off his feet.

CHORUS.

He laughed; he cried, ha! ha! ha! ha!
He lived till he died; such a very funny man was he.

He sent for a doctor and stated his case,
The hot tears from his eyes burnt a hole in his face,
But he filled up the hole with some sawdust and tar,
And then with a cricket-match lit his cigar.—*Chorus.*

The doctor advised him to keep within doors,
So to keep out the cold he filled up all his pores;
Then he poulticed his feet with some Russian shellac,
Which drew all his hair down the neck of his back.—*Chorus.*

He wasted away, and at last grew so thin
That one morning his eyebrows fell down to his chin;
The blood left his veins, and he lost all his flesh,
Then he watered his whiskers to make 'em look fresh.—*Chorus.*

One night he got up and a candle he lit,
Then he seized his revolver and soon loaded it.
"I'll stand this no longer," he savagely said,
Then he blew out his—candle and went back to bed.—*Chorus.*

—A Scranton mother, whose son had a toothache, took him to a faith-healer. "Look me in the eyes," said the doctor, fixing a fascinating gaze on the weeping youth, "Now your toothache has entirely disappeared. You haven't a bit of toothache about you." "You lie! I have," yelled the boy with a fresh howl. The mother then took him to a dentist.

STROLLING WITH NORA.

Copyright, 1891, by W. F. Shaw.

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Words and Music by Walter Tilbury.

I have a sweetheart, Nora's her name,
I love her dearly, she loves me the same;
And in the twilight, when day it is o'er,
I meet my Nora at her cottage door.
The nightingale sings, and the stars they shine bright,
The moon lights the way with her pale silver light;
And I am certain there's no one can know
What rapture I feel as each evening I go.

CHORUS.

Strolling with Nora, stealing one little kiss,
With my arm around her, isn't it truly bliss?
Dear little Nora, when she's by my side,
We love to spoon by the light of the moon, and soon she'll be my bride.

The lads of the village, they all seem to frown
When they see Nora with me in the town;
For, as their beauty, she reigns supreme,
Sweet little Nora, my own, my queen.
No jewel on this earth could ever compare
With my Nora's beauty, so rich and so rare;
How happy I feel there is no tongue can tell,
As each evening I go over hill and o'er dell.—*Chorus.*

Her parents consented, they could not decline,
So we're to be married next Sunday at nine,
At the old-fashioned, rustic church in the lane,
Where my little Nora will then change her name.
I've bought a small cottage, so simple and neat,
It's close to the spot where we both used to meet;
And when we are married there's one thing I know,
As each evening comes 'round, I am certain to go.—*Chorus.*

The East and West Side of Town.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

The East side and the West side have their manners and their fashion—
We'll take a little glance at each as through the town we dash on.
Up there's a restaurant high-toned, where swells flock in to dinner,
And here's a hash-house where you'll find the bill-of-fare much thinner.

REFRAIN.

"Aw, waitah, bwing some sherwy here!" that's West side.
Young feller give us schooner beer!" that's East side.
Nice quail on toast before the guest they place when one dines in the West.
With pork and beans they change the scenes down East side.

The contrast, too, in making love is likewise very funny,
For one goes in for honest worth, the other oft for money;
The stylish fellow takes his girl out riding in his carriage,
The other down the Bowery strolls and talks of love and marriage.

REFRAIN.

"Wilt thou be mine, sweet little dove!" that's West side.
"Come 'long, git hitched! I'm dead in love!" that's East side.
And when to serenade they go, "Oh, she's my sweetheart, I'm her beau!"
And "She's My Annie, I'm Her Joe!" that's East side.

Then glance within a ball-room, see, the West side couples stately,
With white kid-gloves and silks and diamonds, seated 'round sedately;
Then view the girls in calico, their eyes with pleasure glancing,
Who drop into some East side hall just ripe for fun and dancing!

REFRAIN.

"Oh, may I waltz, fair one, with thee!" that's West side.
"Keich on, Kate, come along wid me!" that's East side.
Then in the dreamy waltz they swing, and happy as a queen or king;
Oh, jigs and break-downs are the things down East side.

In matters that belong to dress the contrast is quite glaring—
One trots around—a tailor's sign, the latest fashions wearing;
The other, oft without a coat, and hat on one side tilted,
Walks with an easy swagger in a suit that's badly wilted.

REFRAIN.

"Excuse me, sir, beg pardon pway!" that's West side.
"I'll do yer up! What d'yer say?" that's East side.
Champagne they sip, and wines the best, just over in the side called West;
They rush the growler—like that best—down East side.

—The Old Story.—Smith to Hunter (who recently entered into the bonds of wedlock): "Well, old boy, how do you like it since you joined the 'Royal Henpecked Club?'" Hunter: "Well, old fellow, marriage has its joys, but then there are drawbacks, you see." Smith: "That's so, but I hope you are quite suited to each other." Hunter: "Why, certainly, I worship the ground—which is coming to her from her father, and the sooner the old man turns it over to her the better."—*Omaha World.*

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

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Written and Composed by Will Goodwin and Leo Dryden.

It is ten weary years since I left Ireland's shore,
In a far distant country to roam;
How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at home.
Last night, as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,
One that seemed to bring distant friends near;
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

REFRAIN.

I saw the old homestead and faces I love; I saw England's valleys and dells;
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy, to the sound of the old village bells;
The log was burning brightly—'twas a night that should banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in.

While the joyous bells rang, swift I wended my way
To the cot where I lived when a boy;
And I looked in the window, yes, there, by the fire,
Sat my parents—my heart filled with joy.
The tears trickled fast down my bronzed, furrowed cheeks,
As I gazed on my mother so dear;
I knew in my heart she was raising a prayer
For the boy whom she dreamt not was near.—*Refrain.*

At the door of the cottage we met face to face,
'Twas the first time for ten weary years;
Soon the past was forgotten—we stood hand in hand—
Father, mother, and wanderer in tears.
Once more in the fire-place the oak log burns bright,
And I promised no more would I roam;
As I sit in the old vacant chair by the hearth,
And I sing the dear song "Home, Sweet Home."—*Refrain.*

CONNEMARA;

—OR:—

Leave Your Boots on the Mat.

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Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

Paddy Gill, without warning, one morning was wedded
To Bridget McCoy, whose papa was long headed.
Miss Bridget, 'twas funny, sweet honey, had money.
So Paddy says, "We'll have a spree, none the less."
To friends and relations, all stations, this joker
Wrote out invitations on brown paper-note.
He sealed them all down with the end of a poker—
"Come to our house-warming next Monday," he wrote.
The whole house was sand-papered and scrapered, be jabers;
Upholstered and draperied, as you will all guess;
And for fear that the floor would be spoilt by the neighbors,
Pat put at the foot of each note this P. S.

CHORUS.

Leave your boots on the mat, with your overcoat and hat
In the care of Mick O'Hara;
For the party, do you mind, is the finest of the kind
That ever yet was known in Connemara.

All the telegraph-clerks soon were wiring and tiring;
The postmen like watering pots were perspiring;
From Friday to Sunday 'twas nothing but Monday
That filled up each hour of chatter and jest;
Then to the house-warming came swarming and laughing
And storming the whole of the country, bedad;
All knocking and ringing and singing and chaffing,
To think of the fun that would shortly be had;
And for fear the house-warming got cooling, Tim Doolin
Brought 'round his shillelagh, and so did the rest;
And, outside, they were twirling and whirling and fooling,
While they were fulfilling Pat's modest request.—*Chorus.*

In they tumbled—some grumbled at such a big squeezing.
The bride, how she bridled and sidled displeasing
When some one, provoking and joking, fun poking, said,
"Am I to leave my false teeth at the door?"
Pat ladled out whiskey so frisky, and filling
Each guest rather risky, partook of the cake;
The cake was home-made—I'm afraid it was killing;
It gave everybody a big stomach-ache.
While dancing entrancing and glancing and flirting,
Some boy broke the glasses, which fell on the floor;
And the glass, penetrating their feet, was most hurting,
And all through Pat Gill's silly order, och, sure.—*Chorus.*

With a terrible rush and a crush they were flying
To Micky O'Hara—for boots they were crying;
But, oh, with a stare, every one began sighing—
Some thief of the world had stole all the whole lot.
A peddler, the meddler, had taken and pawned them
While they in the parlor were dancing with glee.
By this and by that they said Pat should have warned them;
Then came a house-warming remarkably;
They warmed Paddy—his brother, another, each other,
Walked home in the morn all barefooted and hot,
But to-day, though they say that their woes they can smother,
The following strain they have never forgot:—*Chorus.*

I MAY BE THIS, I MAY BE THAT

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Words by Edgar Smith. Music by Gustave Kerker.

A maiden sly, I wink my eye at every nice young man,
And then when he winks back at me, I blush behind my fan;
If he's a noodle, with lots of boodle, I always catch him if I can;
But if he's cold, blase, or old, and proof against deceit,
I then, with grace, my skirts displace, and trip across the street;
For men, you know, are never slow to notice that an ankle's neat.
Perhaps you may think me a coquette and a flirt,
A giddy young thing, who's inclined to be pert.

REFRAIN.

I may be this, I may be that, but I'm a very peculiar case.
I may be this, I may be that, still I'm a fav'rite in the race.

I'm so demure that I am sure you'd think me mamma's pet,
An angel child, so meek and mild, with wings not sprouted yet,
But I must own that I've been known to smoke a whole big cigarette
To church I go on Sunday, so, with my modest air,
But always try to keep an eye on what the ladies wear;
My rapid ways on other days I think are neither here nor there.
Perhaps you may call me a flirt and a cheat,
And other hard names not polite to repeat.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

With All Her Faults, I Love Her Still.

By Hawkins & Collins.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

In a boarding-house there dwells a cook,
And by this cook I have been shook;
She's greasy, fat, and somewhat tall;
Her nose is flat, she thinks she knows it all.
She used to cook nice steaks for me,
And big plum-puddings every night for tea,
And now, alas, my dream of love is o'er—
She's stuck on a cook, a cook, a cook that cooks next door.

CHORUS.

But with all her faults, I love her still;
Her clothes don't fit her, and they never will;
She's full of corns and bunions, green corn and onions,
But with all her bunions, I love her still.

We had cold suspenders last night for tea,
And the buckles came near strangling me;
She cooked a pair of trousers and said it was mutton,
She never stopped to cut away the buttons.
The napkins they have faded, gone—
She's put the dishes and stove in pawn;
I eat pig's feet and prayed for more,
While she has a picnic with his cooks, his cooks that cooke next door.

CHORUS.

With all her faults, I love her still;
Her hair is false, her teeth are filled;
She's mashed on Snapper Garrison and Ben Harrison,
But with all her faults, I love her still.

Parody on:

MARY GREEN.

Written by the Eccentric Comedian, William J. Duval, and sung by the Daly Bros.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Close beside a policy-shop dwells a maid of eighteen;
Her right name it is Mag McGee, but they call her Mary Green;
She can write the slips and give you some tips on playing a gig or two;
She could pull your leg all out of joint, and say that she loves you.
On Monday she goes to the "Hock," on Tuesday to a wake,
On Wednesday she goes to the church—she goes there for a fake.
She thinks she is out of sight, and dresses like a queen;
The boys know well this cross-eyed belle, and call her Mary Green.

CHORUS.

Mary, a tall little fairy is Mary Green;
Her right age is forty-six, but she says she's eighteen.
All the fellows are onto this mixed-ale queen—
Mary, O Mary, a chippie canary is Mary Green.

What a change has come about—she changed her socks last week;
She wants to join a burlesque show, or be a museum freak.
I think she ought to stay at home, than travel on her gall,
For the only thing that she can do is to rush the can in the hall.
A gent around the neighborhood—for short they call him crutch—
He swears that he will never work—he loves to work so much.
He is sick and tired of single life; he's dead stuck on this queen;
He thinks he'll take a furnished room and marry Mary Green.

CHORUS.

Mary, oh, Crutch and his Mary, oh, soon they'll be one;
His mother she will kick up a rumpus for taking her lovely son.
Dickey Say and Hop Along Peter and Billy, the free lunch fiend,
Will be at the wedding of Crutch and his Mary, who is now Mary Green.

IN A DIME MUSEUM.

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and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 r this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

ten and Composed by F. D. Bryan. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

I went one night for to see the sights
In a dime museum by electric light,
So I jumped on a car and quick did go
With my Sunday girl to this side-show.
It cost ten cents to get in this place,
But they'll rob you before your face.
I had lots of money when I went in;
When I got out I had no tin.
I saw an elephant and a coon,
A great big snake and a big baloon;
There were whales and eels and a long sword-fish
That swam in water in a big glass dish;
And there were cow-boys, wild and rough,
From New York City and Council Bluffs;
A man had rocks broke on his head—
If he had any brains it'd killed him dead.

There was a man from Boston, Mass.,
Who ate nothing but broken glass;
He washed it down with common soap,
And I hope some day that gent will choke.
There was a freak stuck full of pins,
A man that walked on red-hot tin,
A Circassian that had no meat
Upon her shins, but, oh, what feet!
I turned around, and, holy smoke,
There was a man with a broken throat;
He had his face all harnessed up
Like an old car-horse to a four-wheeled truck;
There was a tattooed man, half-dressed,
In his bare skin—he wore no vest;
A man they claim was ossified,
But I think they told a darn big lie.

There was a young girl, fair and fat;
She weighed five-hundred, think of that;
She had an arm like a big wash-tub,
And a face on her like an English pug;
A beautiful beard this maid did grow,
Through which the wind did softly blow.
Ten cents to her I quickly gave,
And said, "For heaven's sake, go get shaved."
I hope she did, but what do you think—
The minute that I showed my chink,
It seemed as if I was fenced in
With highway robbers and confidence men.
I got weighed at the candy-stand,
Bought pictures of the legless man;
It cost me ten to expand my lungs
And blow on a pipe like a son-of-a-gun.

Then everybody started to go
Down stairs, where they gave a show,
But when I got down to the gate
I had no ticket for the man to take.
He said go over to that man
With a bunch of paste-boards in his hand;
I gave him a dollar and got no change,
But I got down stairs all the same;
I was too cute, you can bet your life;
I saw the show—it was out of sight.
There were serio-comics old and tough,
That handled ballads very rough.
The old stock actress closed the show
With a drama laid in Ohio;
I counted forty men she killed—
What a lot of blood that woman spilled.

When the show was out my brain did whirl;
In the crowd I lost my Sunday girl,
My pocket-book, my watch and chain,
My common sense—now I'm insane.
And every night in my back yard
I have the horrors good and hard;
I've lost my girl, but I don't care;
I've still got left an old nightmare;
And I can't sleep and I can't eat;
My flesh does creep—I'm a dead-beat.
On every street I see a freak
That makes me sneak for some retreat,
Where I can quickly drown in drink
The thoughts that every time I think
Of [illegible] sights I saw that night
[illegible] by electric light.

J[illegible]

The [illegible]
cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball, to blot out every stain;
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom, that gentler ones may tell,
Howeer forgot, unknown my tomb, I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race, which ends its blaze in me,
To diethe last and not disgrace its ancient chivalry;
Though o'er my clay no banner wave, nor trumpet *requiems* swell,
Enough they murmur o'er my grave: "He like a soldier fell!"

MR. MURPHY'S WILL.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

Mr. Pat Murphy lay on his death-bed,
Mr. Mike Flaherty sat by his head,
Trying to write the last words that were said.
"Mickey," groaned Patrick, "Oi've told ye moi will,
Bekase I made strength for the lasht cody-cil.
Now thin," exclaimed Patrick, revived, "as moi frind,
I lave ye tin dollars in cash ye must sphind
On the lads who moi funeral sure will attind."
Ah, Paddy, me darlint," said Michael, with pride,
"To a fault ye are ginerous-hearted inside—
Begorrah, the lads won't be missin' the ride.
But, Murphy, plase tell me at wunst, if ye will,
Whin shall we be sphindin' the lasht cody-cil—
Goin' or comin'?" "Whist, Mickey, be still
While Oi'm thinkin'," said Patrick, a-scratching his chin,
"To sphind it widout me that would be a sin—
Moike, sphind it a-goin'—Oi'll be wid ye thin."

THE "WOLF AT THE DOOR."

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By Will S. Hays.

"Mamma, look out at the beautiful snow;
Hark! how the merciless cold winds blow;
See how the streets are all mantled in white.
What! are you thinking of papa to-night?
Why are you weeping so silent and sad?
I know papa's gone, but can't I make you glad?
Come kiss me, mamma, and don't weep no more."
Hush! listen, my child, there's a wolf at the door.

CHORUS.

Pity the fatherless child ere it dies,
Pity the widow with tears in her eyes;
Go help the homeless, the friendless and poor—
Do all you can—drive the wolf from the door.

"Mamma, don't weep; see me kneel at your feet;
I know you are cold, and we've nothing to eat;
I'm weary and foot-sore; I've gone out and tried
So hard to beg something, but I've been denied;
Oh! why do you tremble, you've nothing to fear,
The fire's gone out, and 'tis very cold here,
Put your head on my lap, you can sleep on the floor."
No, child, there's no sleep, there's a wolf at the door.—*Chorus*

"Mamma, God bless you, cheer up all you can;
Some day I may be a good, honest man;
But while I am nothing as yet but a boy,
Please let me speak to your breaking heart joy;
Though papa is dead, there is one left us still—
Friends may forsake us, but God never will—
Come, let's go to sleep," and their troubles were o'er,
And the verdict was "dead," found a wolf at the door.—*Chorus.*

CLEVELAND'S BABY GIRL

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Written and sung by Charles M. Ernest.

You've heard the song of "Peek-a-boo" and "Papa's Baby Boy,
But I have here another that will fill your hearts with joy;
The news has just been spread about all countries in the world
That Cleveland is the father of a bouncing baby girl.
The paregoric bottle now will always be in sight,
And papa he'll step on the tack when he walks the floor at night
In the year 1892, you bet, she'll make things whirl,
Baby McKee will then give way to Cleveland's baby girl.

CHORUS.

Cleveland's little baby, Cleveland's baby girl,
She's the Democratic leader, and her flag we will unfurl
Although not a voter—we know what she can do.
She'll help to [illegible] House in '92.

She knows nothing, yet [illegible] form,
But Republicans will find that she can make things very warm;
And when she gets quite hungry for "free milk" she will cry,
She'll be mistress of the White House in the sweet by-and-by.—*Chorus.*

Now this darling little creature will cause many a family jar,
For half belongs to papa and the other half to ma;
They'll argue who shall rock the child when she's not feeling well,
But Grover he will go to sleep, and say let his half yell.
You can call her papa's darling, and mamma's little pet,
But you must not take her in your lap, for fear that she will fret
But, just like other babies, she's the dearest in the world,
And Republicans are all afraid of Cleveland's baby girl.—*Chorus.*

Why Should We Live As Strangers?

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

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By Joseph P. Skelly.

Why should we live as strangers, and cherish our pride and pain?
Speak but a word of kindness, and we shall be friends again;
Think of the days so bright, love, that brighter still would be;
Think of our old delight, love, when your heart was all for me.

CHORUS.

Why should we live as strangers, and cherish our pride and pain?
Speak but a word of kindness, and we shall be friends again;
Speak but a word of kindness, and we shall be friends again.

Why should the spell be broken that left us from sorrow free?
Gladness is love's best token, forever, with you and me;
Say that your pride is dying, forgive and forget the past;
Hear me and heed my sighing, let this parting be the last.—*Chorus.*

Ever my heart is pining to whisper its love to thee;
Angels of peace, combining, are singing its fondest plea.
Think of my pain and weeping, and the hopes that still remain;
Say that thy love's but sleeping, and will wake for me again.—*Chorus.*

THREE UNITED NATIONS.

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Words and Music by Tony Farrell. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

In a pretty little cottage way out in Summerville,
A friend of mine he owns a little farm,
And I know that he's quite happy with children by his side,
And an income that will keep him from all harm.
He has a little garden, where pretty flowers grow;
He styles them the shamrock, the thistle and the rose,
And this dear old friend he asked me if I thought they could be foes,
Those emblems of the three united nations.

CHORUS.

Why should they be rivals? Why should they be foes?
Why despise the tree for the fruit that it grows?
What difference is there in the shamrock, thistle, or the rose,
Those emblems of the three united nations?

Those sweet, contented flowers in that pretty little house,
My mind upon one thing I'll ne'er forget,
They remind me of the fable of the lion and the mouse,
When the mouse he freed the lion from the net.
I thought the mouse the shamrock, the lion was the rose,
The net was bonny Scotland that's been shattered by her foes,
But the lion he's forgot to pay the mouse the debt he owes,
And that refers to these united nations.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TAKE A DAY OFF, MARY ANN.

By Johnnie Moore, the Humorist.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

My wife cleaned house last April, and the carpet I had to tack.
While trying to stretch it into place, I nearly broke my back;
But what got me rattled was when, looking around, I did see
Mary Ann on the breadth I was pulling at, and I yelled in agony:

CHORUS.

Take your feet off, Mary Ann;
Don't you see where you are standing—
You stand there like a brass band,
While the skin off my fingers I am pulling;
I have smashed my thumb nail—
Oh, ah, come and help your poor husband—
Since I went to school, I never saw such a fool—
Oh, take your feet off, Mary Ann.

Of a cold night in winter, with the weather below zero,
When you go to bed—at getting under the blankets you're not the least bit slow;
And just as you begin to snore, and feel so nice and warm,
Your wife puts her cold feet on your back, and you cry out in alarm:

CHORUS.

Take your feet off, Mary Ann;
My poor back you are freezing;
They feel as cold as a clam—
On my back-bone they are not pleasing.
You are pushing me out of bed—
Oh, ah, on the floor I soon will land;
You've an awful gall, but if you love me at all,
Oh, take your feet off Mary Ann.

—It is never his weakness that is the cause of a man's fall, but the strength of the temptation.

Stolen Kisses Are the Sweetest.

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Now, some may call me bashful, but I'll prove that I am right;
We girls should ne'er give kisses, don't treat the matter light;
I love my Charley dearly, for in my heart I feel it;
But if he asks me for a kiss, I'll make him try to steal it.

CHORUS.

Stolen kisses are the sweetest when they're taken on the sly;
Often you may steal another—that is, if there's no one nigh.

I often go to parties where I'm sure to be the belle;
I listen with attention to the tales of love they tell.
And when the ball is over they see me to the door;
Then there's a chance to steal a kiss, I wish they'd steal some more.—*Chorus.*

THE O'KEELYS.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by Jas. Swope.

Said Brady to Patrick O'Keely one day:
"O'Keely, you owe me a V!"
Said Patrick, "I do, but you bet I won't pay;
I haven't the money, you see."
Said Brady, "You have, for I know you're the man
Who got twenty-five for your vote."
"You lie, Mister Brady, and whip you I can,"
Said Pat, as he took off his coat.
Said Brady, I don't like that last remark, Pat,
Shut up or I'll give you a thump."
But Pat, being drunk, sure he didn't mind that,
So he said it again, like a "chump."

CHORUS.

And the doctor thinks O'Keely will recover,
But he will be laid up a month or more;
When he struck out with his paw, Brady broke O'Keely's jaw,
So many stars O'Keely never saw before.

A few days ago, in a game of baseball,
The umpire, O'Keely's son James,
Was making mistakes, and the boys, one and all,
Were calling him indecent names.
The score it was close, and each side, to a man,
Was working to come out ahead;
'Twas in the eight inning the trouble began,
When Jimmy, the umpire, he said:
"For kicking, I'll fine you ten dollars, McKnight."
At this the boys set up a howl.
Just then, when O'Cool made a home run to right,
Jim O'Keely pronounced it a "foul."

CHORUS.

And the doctor thinks O'Keely will recover,
But he will be laid up a month or more;
When the gang went in for blood, James O'Keely's name was mud,
So many stars O'Keely never saw before.

O'Keely's son Mike, who was known as a sport,
Was playing draw poker one night
With some of the boys at O'Brien's resort,
Sure no one expected a fight.
The rumpus began when the deal came to Mike,
Who dealt some big hands to each man:
A straight flush, a full, and four kings, all alike,
Were out when the betting began.
O'Keely was raising them all out of line,
When somebody called him at that;
He shouted, "You suckers, the money is mine,
For I have got five aces 'pat.'"

CHORUS.

And the doctor thinks O'Keely will recover,
But he will be laid up a month or more;
They nearly broke O'Keely's face, knocked his teeth all out of place,
So many stars O'Keely never saw before.

'Twas Daniel O'Keely, a brother of Pat,
Who went out to have a good time;
He drank day and night, and bad whiskey at that,
And for it he spent his last dime.
While strolling along, Casey's mule did he see,
Hitched up in a yard to a rail;
Dan laughed as he thought what a joke it would be
To burn up a jackass's tail.
So Dan lit the tail, which became very hot,
Then laughed at the joke, like a fool;
But in his excitement poor Daniel forgot
To get out of the way of the mule.

CHORUS.

And the doctor thinks O'Keely will recover,
But he will be laid up a month or more;
When the mule kicked out at Dan, there was a sore Irishman,
So many stars O'Keely never saw before.

—Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts.

A Night in Florida on the Banks of the Tallahassee.

Copyright, 1891, by Charles F. Pidgin, Cambridge, Mass.

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Poem by Geo. E. Hicks. Music by Henry Walden. Arranged by Chas. F. Pidgin.

Still is the night—in the garden below
Whisper the flowers in the moon's mellow glow;
White rose and blush rose, and passion flower pale,
To the kisses of midnight their perfume exhale.

CHORUS.

The moon's bright rays, in a silver maze, fall on the peaceful river;
Each gleam of light, like an arrow white, drawn from a crystal quiver,
They romp and play, in an elfin way, on tree and shrub and flower;
And fill the night with a shining light, that drops like a silver shower.

Still is the night—veiled in glimmering gray
Stand the tall poplars that shadow the way;
Far spreads the valley in silvery sheen,
And as far lift the highlands 'neath cloud-land serene.—*Chorus.*

Waking or sleeping, it haunts like a dream,
Murmuring call of the slow, gliding stream.
Plashing and ripling it wanders along,
From the tangled wild rose comes melodious song.—*Chorus.*

Under my window a jasmine in bloom
Sends its aroma to float through my room;
Moonlight and fragrance, and silence profound,
Enfold me and thrill me with charms beyond bound.—*Chorus.*

Highlands nor valley can hide from my sight
Scenes that my heart e'er recalls with delight;
Moonlight nor midnight unuttered can keep
The music I hear when the world is asleep.—*Chorus.*

Now, through the darkness, it calls me once more,
Bids my heart fly to its beautiful shore;
And, on its tide, to the islands of light
I drift and I dream in the still, summer night.—*Chorus.*

MAUD AND KATE.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Alice E. Fleming.

Ah, Maud, with thine eyes so fond and true,
Those dear eyes as blue as the skies above;
Ah, Maud, with thine hair of golden hue
In the sun's rays so brightly shining.

Ah, Kate, but thine eyes no beauties lack—
To my heart they speak with the voice of love.
Ah, Kate, 'tis thine hair of jetty black
Binds my heart fast, so soft entwining.

You may rave about golden tresses,
About eyes of heavenly blue,
Of the hair that the sun caresses,
And the eye that from the sky doth borrow its hue.

I will rave about ebon tresses,
About eyes of a jetty black,
Of the hair that the night wind presses,
And the eye that can flash like a storm in its track.

Bright is the glint on the golden-haired maiden,
Sweet is the glow of her heavenly eye—
When a man is with love heavy laden,
Blue and gold cheer him—for heaven he'll try!

Bright is the glow on the ebon-haired maiden,
Sharp is the glint of her piercing black eye—
When a man's heart is with love heavy laden,
Black and flame 'bolden him—he'll win or he'll die!

Sweet sun shine on the golden-haired girl,
Brighten each tress and lustre each curl,
Fill the blue depths of each laughing eye—
For the gold and the blue a man may well die.

Night-wind blow on the ebon-haired girl,
Darken each tress and shadow each curl,
Fill the warm depths of each flashing eye—
For the black and the flame to win would I die.

Those eyes of thine, Maud, so beautiful and blue;
When I spoke love, Maud, I thought my words were true.
Those eyes of thine, Kate, so ebon black in hue,
Thou art my own, Kate—I know I love but you.
Thou art my own, Kate—I love, I love but you.

—Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beaten: "It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose, only it had but one leg. He turned it over on its belly and rubbed its back with a stick, an' och, by St. Patrick, how it did squeal!"

BROTHER JOE.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weiler.

I am a man full six feet tall, have never been sick a day;
I've made a living, and that's all—a laborer my trade they call;
I've never had time to play—I'll tell you why in my humble way;
I've never had time to play—I'll tell you why in my humble way:

CHORUS.

Joe, Joe, my brother Joe, takes all the time I can find;
Joe, Joe, my loving Joe, deaf, and he's lame and he's blind—
Eyes, ears, to brother Joe; he is the care of my life;
Yes, I have lived for my Joe, never have taken a wife.

I'm up at five, and so is he, away to the field we go;
I tell him all that I can see—with hands we talk, both Joe and me;
He sees with his mind, you know, and from his lips does the laughter flow.
He sees with his mind, you know, and from his lips does the laughter flow.

CHORUS.

Joe, Joe, my brother Joe, blind to the joys of the world;
To Joe, my happy Joe, earth all its pleasures unfurled;
When I to brother Joe tell all the sights I can see;
One pair of good eyes, you know, answers for Joe and for me.

I'm off at six, Joe waits for me, and supper together we take;
An op'ra, play or minstrelsy—each evening's spent in jollity—
I hear sweet sounds, Joe's hands will shake, and of the melody can partake.
I hear sweet sounds, Joe's hands will shake, and of the melody can partake.

CHORUS.

Joe, Joe, my brother Joe, deaf to the sound of the world;
To Joe, my jolly Joe, music its beauties unfurled.
Said he, my brother Joe, "Jim, you can listen for two;
One pair of good ears, you know, does both for me and for you."

When Sunday comes to church we go, the sermon and music we hear;
What is the text, he first must know, and if the hymn is fast or slow;
His little voice is sweet and clear, to give the pitch my hand is near.
His little voice is sweet and clear, to give the pitch my hand is near.

CHORUS.

Joe, Joe, my brother Joe, lame, and he's deaf and he's blind,
Yet, Joe, my patient Joe, joy in this world he can find.
I'm to my brother Joe, eyes, and his ears, as you see;
One pair of good legs, you know, answers for Joe and for me.

If the Fair at Chicago's a Frost.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter.

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Words and Music by W. R. Williams.

Now wouldn't New York have a glorious time,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
They'd join with St. Louis in champagne and wine,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Then over this country their big bluffs they'd shoot;
With joy they would pull out their hair by the root,
To think that Chicago was 'way in the soup,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

And every one's heart would be heavy as lead,
If the fair at Chicago's a frost;
They'd use them for tomb-stones, now 'that's on the dead,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Every one now in charge they've got a soft job,
Each salary's enormous, that city they rob,
There's many a one that will carry the hod,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

There's one class of people that will meet their fate,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
The ones that blow thousands in old real estate,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.
And when the crash comes it will turn every brain;
They'll not know enough to go in if there's rain;
The entire gang will be on the 'hog train,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

Now maybe a girl I will marry some day,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
But then, till that great time, I'll have to chew hay,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Her parents expect to catch 'English, yer know,'
But when they find out there is nothing but blow,
To Tom, Dick, or Harry they'll then 'let her go,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

Maybe the river will turn into ice,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Then for a skating-rink it would suffice,
If the fair at Chicago's a frost;
We'd tell 'N. G.' people, 'take a skate' at your ease.
The strength will support any rocky old knees,
'Twill even bring blushes to a strong 'tan-yard breeze,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

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Oh! Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows;
The river Shannon, full of fish, beside that city flows;
'Tis not the river nor the fish that weighs upon me mind,
Nor wid the town of Limerick I've any fault to find—
Oh! the girl I love is beautiful, she's bright-eyed as a fawn,
She lives at Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen Bawn;
And proudly as that river flows beside that great city,
Still prouder, and without a smile, that Colleen goes by me—
O hone! O hone! oh! Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows.

Oh! if I was the Emperor of Russia, to command,
Or Julius Cæsar, or the Lord-Lieutenant of the land,
I'd give me goold and silver-plate, likewise me army,
The Horse-Guards, the Rifles, and the Royal Artillery;
I'd give the crown from off me head, me people on their knee;
I'd give me fleet of sailing ships upon the briny sea;
A beggar I would go to rest, to rest at early dawn,
If by my side, just as a bride, I'd find the Colleen Bawn—
O hone! O hone! O Eiley! you're me darlin', Acushla Gramacree!

WOMAN'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

As sung by Lorinne & Diamond.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 5000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When a man waxes his mustache and tries to look neat,
Woman's the cause of it all;
He brushes his clothes from his head to his feet,
Woman's the cause of it all;
He walks down the street, a young lady he'll meet;
He's caught by her smile, because she looks neat,
But when he feels the effect of her husband's big feet,
Woman's the cause of it all.

When a man's married a year he loses his brain,
Woman's the cause of it all;
One year, that's all, and he's fully insane,
Woman's the cause of it all;
A baby is born, he raved and he swore;
He carries the kid and walks up and down the floor;
One kid is enough, he don't want any more,
Woman's the cause of it all.

Adam one time the apple did bite,
Woman's the cause of it all;
He must have done wrong, for he didn't do right,
Woman's the cause of it all;
Mother Eve made him do it, he wasn't to blame,
And when they got Able, they started to raise Cain.
And now the whole world is doing the same,
Woman's the cause of it all.

THE "MOONY MAN."

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Poem by George E. Hicks. Music by Louis Weiler. Arranged by Charles F. Pidgin.

In the dark'ning heavens hangs the silver ladle,
While I sing you bye-low, bye-low-bye;
Shut your eyes, my baby, I will rock your cradle,
You must rest each pretty, sleepy eye.

CHORUS.

Time to shut "oo" eyes, and 'top "oo" roguish blinkin'—
No! they sha'n't scold "oo," now don't "oo" cry;
See, the "moony man" at baby-bye is winkin',
Bye-low, bye-low-baby, bye-low-bye.

REFRAIN.

Bye-low, bye-low, bye-low, bye-low,
The "moony man" is winkin',
And baby's eyes are blinkin',
Bye-low, baby, bye-low, bye-low, baby, bye-low-bye.

See, like glist'ning lights, the watching stars are gleaming,
Soft the moonbeams tremble on thy bed;
Catching brighter rays from where thy curls are streaming,
O'er the snowy pillow 'neath thy head.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

Now your red lips grieve—there's nothing to alarm you,
For, of such as you, up in the sky
Angel bands keep guard that nothing ill may harm you,
Hush-a-bye-low, baby, hush-a-bye.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

See my baby's eyes—two gold-fringed curtains cover
Those bright wells of brown so soft and deep;
Tender, flitting smiles o'er red lips hover,
Angels kissing baby in his sleep.—*Cho. & Refrain*

But—Every time you refuse to do a favor when you can as well as
But, you prove that you are growing mean.
And Rep

—Teacher: "Mention an infant industry." Student: "Sucking one's thumbs."

ALL BACK NUMBERS OF THIS PUBLICATION CONSTANTLY ON HAND

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REMEMBER THE POOR.

As sung by Lottie Grant.

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Now winter has come with his cold, chilly breath,
And the verdure has dropped from the trees;
All nature seems touched with the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze.
When wanton young lads o'er the river can slide,
And Floria attends us no more;
When in plenty you sit by a good fireside,
Sure you ought to remember the poor.

When the cold-feathered snow does in plenty descend,
And whiten the prospects around;
When the keen cutting wind from the North shall attend,
Hard, chilling and freezing the ground.
When the hills and the dales are all covered with white,
When the rivers congeal to the shore;
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,
Then remember the state of the poor.

When the poor, harmless hare may be traced to the woods,
By her footsteps indented in snow;
When the lips and the fingers are standing in blood,
When the markemen a game-shooting go,
When the poor robin redbreast approaches the cot,
When the icicles hang at the door;
When the bowl smokes with something reviving and hot,
That's the time to remember the poor.

Soon the day will be here when a Savior was born,
All the world shall agree as one race;
All nations unite to salute the blest morn,
All ends of the earth shall rejoice.
Grim death is deprived of his all-killing sting,
And the grave is triumphant no more;
Saints, angels and men hallelujah shall sing,
And the rich shall remember the poor.

THE BROADWAY SWELL AND THE BOWERY BUM.

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Dixon & Lang's Musical Sketch. Arranged by Noble McDonald.

BUM.—Oh, mister, will you please give me a nick—I want to eat.
SWELL.—Oh, no, sir, by your looks and dress I think you are a beat.
BUM.—You are mistaken, my dear sir, I'm only broken down.
SWELL.—While I'm in luck I'm never stuck; I've always got a crown.

CHORUS.

SWELL.—For I'm a Broadway swell,
BUM.—And I'm a Bowery bum;
I give up the booze;
On my feet I've no shoes,
And it's all on account of rum.
SWELL.—But I always do the grand, with my nobby cane in hand;
Yes, I am the pet of the ladies, you bet, and by them I will stand.

DIALOGUE.

SWELL.—Well, my good man, where did you come from? where were you born? and what's your name?
BUM.—Where did I come from, where was I born, and what's my name! I'm from New York; was born on Fifth Avenue; my name is Paul Etler.
SWELL.—Paul Etler! why I know you well—at least, I knew you when I was a little boy. My name is Louis Markham.
BUM.—I knew you well; why didn't you notice me before?
SWELL.—Because you wear a ragged jacket.
BUM.—Did you ever hear what Bobby Burns, the great Scotch poet, said about the ragged jacket?
SWELL.—No; what did he say? Let me hear.
BUM.—Listen.

RECITATION BY BUM.

Although I'm but a workingman, I live by honest labor;
I always do the best I can to assist a needy neighbor;
Content, in health, is all my wealth, with honesty to back it;
My motive's pure, although I'm poor, I respect a ragged jacket.

Let people say what ere they may, of broadcloth and who wears it,
It's not the coat that makes the man, but the deeds through life that bears it;
So always help a fellow man, if assistance, he should lack it;
Do him all the good you can, though he wears a ragged jacket.

All men were equally born at first, through this and every nation,
The rich among the poor would be, but for wealth and education;
And, when we're laid beneath the sod, with a hundred years to back it,
Who can tell which were the bones that wore the ragged jacket.

DIALOGUE.

SWELL.—Well, here, my friend, may this cheer your lonely heart (gives money), and may it never be said that a friend in good circumstances ever went back on a friend in hard luck.

BUM.—Oh, thank you, sir; I'm much obliged; to-night my rent I'll pay.
SWELL.—I think you're honest after all; we'll meet again some day.
BUM.—And should you die before that time, I'll offer you my love.
SWELL.—A ragged jacket is permitted yonder up above.

CHORUS (*Bum and Swell sing together*).

For he's a Broadway swell, and he's a Bowery bum;
He'll give up the booze; on his feet he's no shoes, and it's all on account of rum,
But he always does the grand, with his nobby cane in hand;
Yes, he is the pet of the ladies, you bet, and by them he will stand.

PATSY BRANNIGAN;

OR:

His Name Is Patrick Brannigan.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

My son is a great politician,
He works on the big boulevard,
They say that he soon will be alderman,
For now he's the boss of the ward.
Some day he'll be running for president,
His equal, sure, never was seen,
And if he gets into the White House chair,
He'll paint it an Emerald green.

CHORUS.

And his name is Patrick Brannigan;
Do you know him, boys? (*Who?) Patsy Brannigan;
He's a thirty-second cousin to O'Lannigan,
They're both from the County Tyrone.
He's a reg'lar lally cooler at a christening,
Are you list'ning, boys? (*What?) at a christening,
He's a hoop-de-doodle-do, he can skip the tra, la, loo,
Do you know him, boys? (*Who?) Patsy Brannigan.

He's the pet of the girls in the neighborhood,
And when he's a-passing them by,
You'll hear them all murmur, oh! ain't he nice,
We'll meet in the sweet bye and bye.
And when he's elected as alderman,
He'll get all the boys out of jail;
There's never a judge within twenty miles
Would dare refuse Brannigan's bail.—*Chorus.*

After alderman then he'll be governor,
As president next he'll sashay,
He'll bring over Ireland to Sandy Hook,
And anchor it outside the bay.
On the greenbacks he'll then have his photograph,
He'll have newspapers all printed green;
My own brother Dan shall be New York's mayor,
And I'm to be ould Ireland's queen.—*Chorus.*

*Who and what are to be spoken.

It Takes a Girl to Do It Every Time.

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Written and Composed by Matt C. Woodward.

If you ask a man to tell you all about the human race,
He will make you think the men are quite supreme;
Yet although the girls are weaker, they can always find a place,
For they're never quite so simple as they seem.
A man is not content unless a jewel he can flash,
Then he thinks that his appearance is sublime;
But to make him pawn his diamonds and turn them into cash,
Why, it takes a girl to do it every time.

That "marriage is a failure," you will hear the men exclaim,
And they call it penal servitude for life;
Yet I notice that they always seem to get there just the same,
For they find it hard to live without a wife.
But when it comes to keeping house, the husband knows a heap,
And at lighting kitchen fires he's simple prime;
But to stop the baby howling, and to send it off to sleep,
Why, it takes a girl to do it every time.

When men tread on each other's toes they very seldom smile,
But the air is blue for many miles around;
If you brush the hair the wrong way on a fellow's Sunday tile,
The atmosphere with thunder will resound.
But let a man upset his soup upon a lady's cloak,
Though she feels inclined to perpetrate a crime,
Yet a frown is not becoming, so she treats it as a joke,
But it takes a girl to do it every time.

There are certain things a man can always do with easy grace,
Such as borrowing a dollar bill or two,
But to take a lady shopping, and to wear a pleasant face,
Is a thing a man can very seldom do.
Do you think a man would shopping go from two o'clock till ten
With nothing in his pocket but a dime?
Would he make them show him all the goods, then say he'll call again?
No, it takes a girl to do it every time.

'Tis evening, and the patient wife is waiting for her hub,
Who tells her that his business keeps him late;
But at that very moment you should hear him at the club
Saying, "Hang it, boys, it does her good to wait!"
At last he makes a track for home with many a roll and lurch,
And he tumbles down the stairs he meant to climb,
And his little wife believes him when he says he's been to church,
Oh, it takes a girl to do it every time.

—Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON DUFFY.

Copyright, 1892, by Will Rossiter.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Casey's grand reception in the honor of his heir
Occurred last Sunday night down at his home.
He invited all his neighbors in the joy with him to share,
And have a little time all of their own.
But he thought it was a sin when they let O'Riley in,
The way that Duffy jerked the man about,
Then O'Rafferty and Dunn and McGuigan, just for fun,
While seated in the corner, they did shout:

CHORUS.

Keep your eye on Duffy, there's going to be a row;
Just keep your eye on Duffy, they're going to have it now;
Flynn will be the referee—and Flannigan did shout,
Ten to four on Duffy; sure he'll knock O'Riley out.

Everything went lovely till O'Riley he, somehow,
Had stepped upon the corns of Duffy's wife.
Oh! she gave a yell of murder, and would you believe it now
Old Duffy swore he'd have O'Riley's life.
Then says Casey, Now, bedad—for he was ripping mad—
There'll be no fighting here this blessed night.
Let him come down stairs with me, cried out Duffy in great glee,
'Twas then the women yelled out in a fright.—*Chorus.*

They went down to the floor below to settle their affairs,
And, ere a blow was ever struck at all,
Will ye apologize, says Duffy, to me darling wife up stairs
Before I have the coroner to call.
Then O'Riley he let fly, caught poor Duffy in the eye,
That laid him out for dead upon the floor.
There was only one blow struck, Duffy he forgot to duck,
And now the gang the words will shout no more:—*Chorus.*

THE BAD HOTEL.

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By Joseph Hart. Sung in Hallen & Hart's "Later On Company."

I will sing of a hotel, of it, take care of it, beware!
It's a place I know quite well, take my advice, for I've been there;
The salt and pepper's good, and the water's pretty fair,
And if you want to eat at all, you must be the first one there.

REFRAIN.

Butter loud, butter proud, you could find it in a crowd;
Good for turks, dry-goods clerks, butter that's too strong to walk;
All worn out, gives you gout, always in and never out,
'Margerine, seventeen, strong? well I should shout!

REFRAIN.

Hash that's fried on each side, hash that comes in with the tide,
Been on drunks, cut in chunks, made from hinges of old trunks;
Kills you quicker than bad liquor, it would make an old lamp flicker,
Neuter gender, like suspenders, hash! well I should snicker.

REFRAIN.

Doughnuts round, weigh a pound, drop them and they shake the ground,
Doughnuts hard, cooked in lard, good to kill cats in a yard,
Big as boulder, tough old soldier, doughnuts that will break your shoulder,
'Nuts dramatic, 'nuts rheumatic, well I should grow older.

REFRAIN.

Biscuits light, and so white, used for candles every night,
Full of dust, tough old crust, biscuits that you cannot bite,
Biscuits plain, down from Maine, makes each boarder swear like Cain,
Just like lead, kill you dead, hard? well I'd refrain.

REFRAIN.

Pies like brick, how they stick, pies that you can buy on tick,
Out of date, 'fectionate, pies that have stood many kicks,
Under weather, tough as leather, crust from bottom you can't tell,
They will give you the dyspepsia, pies? well I should yell.

REFRAIN.

Onions large, onions small, onions that make morning calls,
On the shelves, speak themselves, onions that wear overalls,
Onions plain, go to your brain, onions that drive you insane,
Onions sweet, served with meat, strong? well I'd exclaim.

CHEESE.

Cheese that walks, cheese that talks, cheese that's good for country gawks,
Cheese that votes, cheese that floats, cheese as strong as William goat.
Cheese that mutters, cheese that flutters, cheese that's far worse than the butter,
Cheese that's speckled, cheese that's freckled, cheese? well I should stutter.

CHAMBER MAIDS.

Chamber maids don't get paid, you could never guess their age,
Once I tried, she nearly died when you're forty-five I cried.
Sir! she said, I have seen eighteen summers in my time,
I fell dead, only said: How long were you blind?

SOUP.

Soup that's hot, soup that's not, soup that's made from Lord knows what,
Soup that's cold, soup that's bold, soup that's over six years old,
Soup that's mean, soup that's lean, bean soup that has never been,
Lamb's tail, ox tail, retail, wholesale, soup? well I should scream.

There's Always a Chair for Me.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

There's a circle of faces so smiling and bright
At home, sweet home,
And I know that they'll welcome me back with delight,
No matter wherever I roam,
No matter wherever I roam.
In morning or evening, for dinner or tea,
There's always a chair at the table for me;
In fancy their dear, happy faces I see
At home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

There's always a chair for me, no matter wherever I roam,
In morning or evening, for dinner or tea, at home, sweet home;
There's always a chair at the table for me at home, sweet home.

How we miss the dear friends that forever have gone
From home, sweet home;
When we know that they'll never, no never return,
Across the dark river they've flown,
Across the dark river they've flown.
How sweet to remember that while we are here
We're loved by the ones that we ever hold dear;
Thro' life's stormy battle there's nothing can cheer
Like home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

There's always a chair for me, no matter wherever I roam,
In morning or evening, for dinner or tea, at home, sweet home;
There's always a chair at the table for me at home, sweet home.

REFRAIN.

Home, sweet home, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

THY LAND'S MY LAND.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

They were standing talking in the pale moonlight,
The same old tale;
They were young and healthy, and their ages right
For the same old tale,
But the girl was blushing as a young girl should,
And her heart began to quail;
He said that marrying would do her good,
And this is how he told his tale:

REFRAIN.

Thy land's my land; I'd live in a cannibal island;
I don't care so long as you are there;
Where you go I go, out of the County of Sligo;
I'm not an old fogie, but, like an old bogie, I'll follow you everywhere.

She took no notice of the things he said,
'Twas the same old tale;
It was like those stories she had often read,
The same old tale;
So he said I'm waiting for your "yes or no,"
And his face grew hard and pale;
Then she told him straight as she turned to go,
"I don't believe your fairy tale.—*Refrain.*

They strolled off homeward by the river side,
Where the small boats sail,
But the girl's foot slipped and she fell in the tide,
'Tis the sad, sad tale,
Then his coat went flying and he plunged in, too,
For the form so fair and frail,
And thus he proved to her his words were true
When he sang to her the old love tale.—*Refrain.*

Well, he saved his darling from a watery grave,
'Twas the village tale,
And she loved him better since he'd proved so brave,
'Twas the old, sweet tale;
When he asked her later if she'd name the day,
She was not the girl to fail,
For she kissed her hero in a spanking way,
And then she sang this old, sweet tale.

REFRAIN.

Thy land's my land; I'd live in a cannibal island;
I don't care so long as you are there;
Where you go I go, out of the County of Sligo;
Deceive you I'll never; I'll love you forever, and follow you everywhere.

—The Business Outlook.—Business has been rather dull up the State this year. A drummer who had made a tour of the State, on his return to this city was asked by his boss: "Well, did you get any orders?" "I should smile. I don't think I went into a single store that I wasn't ordered out by the proprietor himself."

The Sacrilegious Gamesters.

By Eliza Cook.

A stranger journeyed through the town one dark and wintry night,
And as he passed the ivied church he marked a flitting light.

It shed a restless, waving gleam through the Gothic window-pane,
And now it vanished for a space, and now it came again.

He stood and thought it wondrous strange that such a scene should be,
He stood, and now the full, red beam shone strong and steadily.

He looked around—all else was dark, not e'en a star was left;
The townsmen slumbered, and he thought of sacrilege and theft.

He roused two sleepers from their beds, and told what he had seen,
And they, like him, were curious to know what it should mean.

They hied together to the church, and heard strange sounds within
Of undistinguishable words, and laughter's noisy din.

The window is high; a ladder—quick—'tis placed with stealthy care,
And one ascends—he looks below, oh, what a sight is there!

The white communion-cloth is spread with cards and dice and wine,
The flaming wax-lights glare around, the gilded sconces shine.

And three of earthly form have made the alter-rail their seat,
With the Bible and the books of prayer as footstools for their feet.

Three men, with flashing, bloodshot eyes and burning, fevered brows,
Have met within those holy walls to gamble and carouse.

But the darkest work is not yet told: another guest is there,
With the earthworm trailing o'er his cheek to hide in his matted hair.

He lifted not the foaming cup, he moved not in his place;
There was slime upon his livid lips, and dust upon his face.

The foldings of a winding-sheet his body wrapped around,
And many a stain the vestment bore of clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appeared, where his withered hands fell out on the sacred board,
And between those hands a goblet stood, in which bright wine was poured.

Oh! he was not like the other three, but ghastly, foul, and cold,
He was seated there, a stiffened corpse, all horrid to behold.

He had been their mate for many a year, their partner many a game,
He had shared alike their ill-got gold, and their deeply-tarnished fame.

He had died in the midst of his career, as the sinful ever die,
Without one prayer from a good man's heart, one tear from a good man's eye.

He had died a guilty one, unblessed, unwept, unmourned by all,
And scarce a footstep ever bent to his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night, and reveled in drunken glee,
And talked of him who a month ago formed one of their company.

They quaffed another brimming glass, and a noisy oath they swore,
That he who had joined their game so oft should join their game once more.

And away they strode to the old church wall, treading o'er skull and tomb,
And dragged him out triumphantly, in the midnight, murky gloom.

They carry him down the chancel porch and through the fretted aisle,
And many a heartless, fiendish laugh is heard to ring the while.

They place him at the hallowed shrine, they call upon his name,
They bid him wake to life again, and play his olden game.

They deal the cards; the ribald jest and pealing laugh ring on,
A stroke—a start—the echoing clock proclaims the hour of one.

And two of the three laugh louder still, but the third stares wildly round—
He drops the cards as if his hand were palsied at the sound.

His cheeks have lost their deepened flush, his lips are of paler hue,
And fear hath fallen on the heart of the youngest of that crew.

His soul is not yet firmly bound in the fetters of reckless sin,
Depravity hath not yet wrought its total work within.

The strong potation of the night drowned all that might remain
Of feeling, and his hand shrunk not while madness fired his brain.

But now the charm hath lost its spell, the heated fumes have passed;
And banished reason, to her throne usurped, advances fast.

He rises—staggers—looks again upon the shrouded dead;
A shudder steals upon his frame, his vaunted strength is fled.

He doubts—he dreams—can, can it be? a mist is o'er his eyes;
He stands aghast. "Oh! what is this? where? where?" he wildly cries.

"Where am I?—see the alter-piece—the Holy Bible. Say—
Is this the place where I was brought a tiny boy to pray?

"The church—the churchyard too—I know I have been *there* to-night;
For what? Ha! mercy! see that corpse! oh!! hide me from the light!

"I have been deemed a profligate, a gamester, and a knave,
But ne'er was known to scoff at God or violate the grave.

"I've long been what man should not be, but not what I am now.
Oh! help me! help! My tongue is parched! There's fire upon my brow!

"Oh! save me! hide me from myself! I feel my pulses start;
The horror of this drunken crime hath fixed upon my heart.

"Again I feel the rushing blood! I die! the unforgiven!
Again it comes! all—all is dark—I choke—Oh! mercy, Heaven!"

One struggling groan—he reels—he falls—on the altar-steps he lies;
And the others gasp with fear, for now *two* corpses meet their eyes.

—A little boy who had been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and clothes, recently asked: "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

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Words by Grace Carleton. Music by Carl Zeller.

When a youth of twenty years, blest with all that life endears,
'Neath the stars that shone above, while he kissed his own true love,
Oft he heard, in woodland vale, sweetly sing the nightingale!
Long since then, by night, by day, his heart has heard that lay.

REFRAIN.

Once more sing on, once more chant thy lay, nightingale!
Once more sing on, once more sweetly sing o'er hill and dale!
Once more sing on, once more chant thy lay, nightingale!
Once more sing on, once more sweetly sing o'er hill and dale!

Though 'tis seventy years ago, and the feeble step is slow,
While the streamlet mirror's there, wrinkled brow, and look of care,
In his heart he fondly sighs; well-a-day, how time it flies!
But that song sounds just as dear in moonlight silver clear.—*Refrain.*

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

By T. B. Macaulay.

The Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down,
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.
How down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.

In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius—a Ramnian proud was he—
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius—of Titian blood was he—
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."
"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array, forth went the dauntless three.

* * * * * * * *

Soon all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless three.
And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold Romans stood,
The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear in the wood.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cries the fathers all,
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces, and on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And battlement and plank and pier whirled headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O, Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank.
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore with pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows
And oft they thought him sinking—but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom—now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers to press his gory hands,
And, now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

FLYING JIM'S LAST LEAP.

By Emma Dunning Banks.

The hero of this tale had been once a trapeze performer, much famed for his daring leaps in the circus ring. Later in life he had fallen into evil ways, and was now a fugitive from justice, closely pursued by officers of the law.

Cheeriest room, that morn, the kitchen. Helped by Bridget's willing hands,
Bustled Hannah, deftly mixing pies for ready waiting pans.
Little Flossie flitted round them, and her curling, floating hair
Glinted gold-like, gleamed and glistened, in the sparkling sunlit air;
Slouched a figure o'er the lawn; a man so wretched and forlorn,
Tattered, grim, so like a beggar, ne'er had trot that path before.
His shirt was torn, his hat was gone, bare and begrimed his knees,
Face with blood and dirt disfigured, elbows peeped from out his sleeves.
Rat-tat-tat, upon the entrance, brought Aunt Hannah to the door;
Parched lips humbly plead for water, as she scanned his misery o'er;
Wrathful came the dame's quick answer; made him cower, shame, and start
Out of sight, despairing, saddened, hurt and angry to the heart.
"*Drink!* You've had enough, you rascal. Faugh! the smell now makes me sick.
Move, you thief! Leave now these grounds, sir, or our dogs will help you quick."
Then the man with dragging footsteps, hopeless, wishing himself dead,
Crept away from sight of plenty, starved in place of being fed,
Wandered farther from the mansion, till he reached a purling brook,
Babbling, trilling, broken music by a green and shady nook.
Here sweet Flossie found him fainting; in her hands were food and drink;
Pale like death lay he before her, yet the child-heart did not shrink;
Then the rags from off his forehead, she with dainty hands offstripped,
In the brooklet's rippling waters, her own lace-trimmed 'kerchief dipped
Then with sweet and holy pity, which, within her, did not daunt,
Bathed the blood and grime-stained visage of that sin-soiled son of want.
Wrung she then the linen cleanly, bandaged up the wound again
Ere the still eyes opened slowly; white lips murmuring, "Am I sane?"
"Look, poor man, here's food and drink. Now thank our God before you take."
Paused she mute and undecided, while deep sobs his form did shake
With an avalanche of feeling, and great tears came rolling down
O'er a face unused to showing aught except a sullen frown;
That "our God" unsealed a fountain, his whole life had never known,
When that human angel near him spoke of her God as his own.
"Is it 'cause my aunty grieved you?" quickly did the wee one ask.
"I'll tell you my little verse then, 'tis a holy bible task,
It may help you to forgive her: 'Love your enemies and those
Who despitefully may use you; love them whether friends or foes!'"
Then she glided from his vision, left him prostrate on the ground
Conning o'er and o'er that lesson with a grace to him new found.
Sunlight filtering through green branches as they windwave dance and dip,
Finds a prayer his mother taught him, trembling on his crime-stained lip.
Hist! a step, an angry mutter, and the owner of the place,
Gentle Flossie's haughty father and the tramp stood face to face!
"Thieving rascal! you've my daughter's 'kerchief bound upon your brow;
Off with it, and cast it down here. Come! be quick about it now."
As the man did not obey him, Flossie's father lashed his cheek
With a riding-whip he carried; struck him hard and cut him deep.
Quick the tramp bore down upon him, felled him, o'er him where he lay
Raised a knife to seek his life-blood. Then there came a thought to stay
All his angry, murderous impulse, caused the knife to shuddering fall:
"He's *her* father; love your en'mies; 'tis 'our God' reigns over all."

At midnight, lambent, lurid flames light up the sky with fiercest beams, [seems;
Wild cries, "Fire! Fire!" ring thro' the air, and red like blood each flame now
They faster grow, they higher throw weird, direful arms which ever lean
About the gray stone mansion old. Now roars the wind to aid the scene;
The flames yet higher, wilder play. A shudder runs through all around—
Distinctly as in light of day, at topmost window from the ground
Sweet Flossie stands, her golden hair enhaloed now by firelit air.
Loud rang the father's cry: "O God! my child! my child! Will no one dare
For her sweet sake the flaming stair?" Look! one steps forth with muffled face,
Leaps through the flames with fleetest feet, on trembling ladder runs a race
With life and death—the window gains. Deep silence falls on all around,
Till bursts aloud a sobbing wail. The ladder falls with crashing sound—
A flaming, treacherous mass. O God! she was so young and he so brave!
Look once again. See! see! on highest roof he stands—the fiery wave
Fierce rolling round—his arms enclasp the child—God help him yet to save!

"For life or for eternal sleep,"
He cries, then makes a vaulting leap,
A tree branch catches, with sure aim,
And by the act proclaims his name;
The air was rent, the cheers rang loud,
A rough voice cried from out the crowd,
"Huzza, my boys, well we know him,
None dares that leap but Flying Jim!"
A jail-bird—outlaw—thief, indeed,
Yet o'er them all takes kingly lead.
"Do now your worst," his gasping cry,
"Do all your worst, I'm doomed to die;
I've breathed the flames, 'twill not be long,"
Then hushed all murmurs through the throng.
With reverent hands they bore him where
The summer evening's cooling air
Came softly sighing through the trees;
The child's proud father on his knees
Forgiveness sought of God and Jim,
Which dying lips accorded him.
A mark of whip on white face stirred
To gleaming scarlet at his words.
"Forgive them all who use you ill,
She taught me that and I fulfill;
I would her hand might touch my face,
Though she's so pure and I so base."
Low Flossie bent and kissed the brow,
With smile of bliss transfigured now;
Death, the angel, sealed it there,
'Twas sent to God with "mother's prayer."

—Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

THE DANDY FIFTH.

By Frank H. Gassaway.

'Twas the time of the workingmen's great strike, when all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths that labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased, and startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops, the tillers of the soil.
White-faced militia-men looked on, while women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then—'twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on, a carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which a young patrician lay.
And as, with haughty glance, he swept along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met, and soon the chairman said;
"There hides a Judas in our midst, one man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee when capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!" rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held erect his head of gray:
"I am no traitor, though I bowed to a rich man's son to-day;
And though you kill me as I stand—as like you mean to do—
I want to tell you a story short, and I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first, the old flag to defend,
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant, I followed to the end;
And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan, when the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut; they brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a servant, too, to keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,' and, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth, when we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort the Rebs tried hard to take,
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught, while it held out, could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then—the reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth, hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid, and each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns boom like a funeral knell;
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up, and then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front and our colors spread we swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone—they had dreaded that the most—
The next their last scant ration went, and each man looked a ghost.

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun, like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—though not defeat—draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth not fourscore men could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale, as we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay, save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns, grim sentinels in blue;
And their Colonel, *he* could not speak or stir, but we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff where the old flag floated still.

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down, while the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh at the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell who fought in the Dandy Fifth."

Parody on:

GET YOUR HAIR CUT.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

Now, kindly listen and I'll tell you the cause of all my woe,
And the reason I attract so much attention, wherever I may go;
Most people think I am a crank, or a freak in a museum I must be,
For everywhere they admire my hair, and then they yell at me:

CHORUS.

Get your hair cut, get your hair cut;
Oh, you'd be a beauty bright
If your hair was out of sight;
Get your hair cut, get your hair cut,
Let the barber have a chance, dear boy.

Some years ago I said I would never let a barber cut my hair
Until a Prohibition candidate was seated in the President's chair;
But one has not reached the White House yet, at Washington, D. C.,
And now you know the reason why 'most everybody bawls at me:—*Chorus.*

One night I went into a theatre to see a female burlesque show;
I heard them guy the bald-headed men down in the front row;
It seemed to please the audience—it made them howl with glee,
But the old jays weren't in it when a big blonde said to me:—*Chorus.*

I went to see a lawyer one day and told him my tale of woe;
He soaked me just "ten dollars," for his advice, you know;
And when he heard my story, said he: "Don't let it cause you pain,"
Just wear a pair of ear-muffs and you'll never hear again:—*Chorus.*

—Considerate Boy.—Little Charley: "Papa, will you buy me a drum?" Fond Father: "Ah, but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Charley: "Oh, no, papa, I won't drum except when you're asleep."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THE STORY OF DEACON BROWN.

Have you heard the story of Deacon Brown—
How he came near losing his saintly crown
By uttering language so profane?
But it wasn't his fault, as I maintain;
Listen, Maria, and you will see
How it might have happened to you or me.

A worthy man was Deacon Brown
As ever lived in Clovertown;
Bland of manner and soft of speech,
With a smile for all and a word for each.
"There's odds in deacons," as I've heard tell;
But one who has known him for quite a spell
Has often told me that Brown stood well,
Not only in church, but among his neighbors,
Esteemed and loved for his life and labors.
Not a man in the town at Brown would frown,
There wasn't a stain on his fair renown;
His soul was white, though his name was Brown.

One morning the deacon started down
To purchase some goods at the store in town—
Sugar and salt and a calico gown,
And a pair of shoes for the youngest Brown,
And other things which he noted down—
A good provider was Deacon Brown.
His guileless heart was light as a feather,
As he rode along in the sweet May weather,
Till he came at length to the garden gate
Of the Widow Simpson, and there did wait
For a moment's chat with the pious dame
Who, years agone, was the deacon's flame.

The Widow Simpson was meek and mild,
With a heart as pure as an innocent child.
She dwelt in a cottage, small and neat,
A little way back from the village street;
And now, in sun-bonnet, with trowel in hand,
She was tickling the soil of her garden land.

The widow looked up and said, "Du tell!
Is that you, deacon? I hope you're well."
And the deacon replied to the gentle dame:
"Quite well, I thank you; I hope you're the same."
Then they talked of the crops and the late spring storms,
Of the sparrow grass and the currant worms;
And she asked the deacon what she should do
For the varmints that riddled her bushes through.

The deacon, scratching his head, said, "Well,
If I were you I would give them hel—"
He bore too hard on the fence as he spoke,
When suddenly, swiftly, down it broke;
And prostrate there at the widow's feet
Lay the fence, and the deacon pale as a sheet!

The deacon's pride was sadly humbled;
His teeth dropped out and he wildly mumbled,
As blindly there in the dirt he fumbled;
And the widow's faith as suddenly crumbled,
When she found how her good friend Brown had stumbled,
And her beautiful fence to the ground had tumbled;
While it seemed to her that an earthquake rumbled;
In fact, as you see, things were generally jumbled.
The widow turned pale, and well she might,
As she looked at the ruin with womanly fright;
But the pious soul was shocked still more,
As she thought 'twas an oath the deacon swore.

The deacon, too, in his grief intense,
Was afraid he had given the widow offense.
He looked around in a vague surprise,
While he tried to dam the tears that would rise
(Of pain and shame) in his dust-filled eyes.
But when he recovered his teeth and sense
He borrowed a hammer and fixed the fence,
And endeavored with meekness to explain
His late remark, which was cut in twain
By the fall of the fence and his sad refrain;
No man could say he ever swore!
He was only speaking of *hellebore*,
A drug she could buy at what's-his-name's store,
To kill the bugs which her bushes bore.
I cannot tell all that the deacon said,
But he started for home with an aching head,

And a heavy heart that could not rest;
For a guilty feeling was in his breast,
Which he couldn't get out, though he tried his best.
And the widow, she was ill at ease,
In spite of the deacon's apologies.
She left the garden, went up the stair,
Threw herself into her rocking-chair,
And rocked and rocked till the soothing balm
Of the breeze and the sunshine made her calm.
Then she searched the Scriptures to find a text
That would somewhat ease her mind perplext;
For her righteous soul was sorely vext,
And she wondered, "Whatever will happen next?"
And she thinks to this day, as I've heard her say,
Brown shouldn't have spoken in just that way.
But as for myself, I question whether,
If he'd just put his syllables nearer together,
There had been the least trouble or scandal—but then
Such mistakes will occur with the wisest of men.
In viewing such things with our moral eyes,
There's a tendency always to moralize;
And this is the moral I offer for all:
When you think you are standing take heed lest you fall!

Mary Jane, Change Your Name.

As sung by Alfred Melbourne.

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Where flowers grow in summer time, down a shady lane,
There lives the darling of my heart, my own dear Mary Jane.
She loves me and I love her, how happy we could be,
I'd marry her, indeed I would, but her father he don't like me.

CHORUS.

Mary Jane, change your name, take mine in its place, it's no disgrace;
Mary Jane, change your name, and married we'll be in the morning.

Now shortly we will married be, and settled down in life,
I know I'll be contented when my Mary Jane's my wife.
Purest, sweetest love is ours, how happy we will be,
I'll marry her, indeed I will, though her father he don't like me.—*Chorus.*

VISIONS WHILE I SLEEP.

By Harry Ralston.

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In coming home from the club, my head was in a swim,
It was almost bursting, for I had been filling in.
My wife was sleeping soundly, so into bed I crept—
I'll tell you of the visions that came o'er me while I slept:

CHORUS.

I thought I saw a policeman who would refuse a drink,
I thought I saw a pretty girl who would not give a wink,
I thought I saw a car conductor who would not knock a fare,
I thought I saw a dude that was flying through the air,
I thought that all the bank cashiers from Canada were back,
I thought that sailors were fed something else besides hard-tack,
I thought I saw Charley Mitchell learning how to fight,
I thought I saw Bob Ingersoll so gloriously tight,
I thought I saw a ton of coal that weighed two thousand pounds,
I thought I saw Sullivan and Kilrain fight two hundred rounds,
I thought I saw the North Pole found by General Washington,
I thought I saw a laundry that on time would have your washing done,
I thought I saw a minister practice what he preached,
I thought I saw a workingman getting forty dollars a week,
I thought I saw a married man who was not on the mash,
I thought I saw a millionaire's son without a cent in cash.
I would have kept on thinking, but I awoke in a swoon,
My feet were out the window, and my head in a spittoon.

PROSPERITY.

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By Marcus G. Harrison.

There are many who are sleeping in the grave a silent rest,
That have passed away to see this world no more,
Who have had a golden chance to earn a bright and honored name,
But have let it pass like wreck upon the shore.
When the field of earth's prosperity has opened wide its gate,
They've turned their head to take another course,
But have finally found their mishap when the chance would pass away,
And their days would end in sorrow and remorse.

CHORUS.

'Tis the same old truthful story that for ages bards have sung,
'Tis he who's labored faithfully who has bright laurels won.
Who's faced the storm adversity until the tempest ceased,
And then has smiled on fortunes hearth to see his goods increase.

This world is big and large enough for all who tread its soil,
To drink its flowing waters and be filled,
But he who stops to tarry when the tide is at its height,
Will wake to find the waters have been stilled.
Although enough and plenty, there are those who strive for all,
Who never stop to hear the poor man's cry,
But sail ahead like mighty ships to reach a foreign port,
Not thinking of God's justice by and by.

CHORUS.

It isn't he who has tens on to gain an early crown,
Who often meets success in life with favor and renown;
But he who creeps before he walks as saying goes to say,
And trusting that the words are true, that each shall have his day.

Cheer up you that are burdened, and feel that you can't march on,
Push forth your step and say I will, I must,
For whenever there's an earnest will there always is a way,
To those who undertake to do what's just.
But if success you chance to meet, remember days since passed.
When first you started out to make a mark,
Fail not to hear the hungry voice that daily rings aloud,
And try to make the sun shine where 'tis dark.

CHORUS.

Then when you're old and feeble, with your face turned toward the grave,
No fear of death will haunt you nor for Heaven's mercy crave,
There'll be angels standing waiting till the trumpet note does sound,
Who'll bear you into glory, where you'll wear a golden crown.

MAGGIE McINERNY.

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Words and Music by the Wesleys (Florence, Teddy and Neil).

There's a girl that lives in our town, she's modest as can be,
She's the envy of the ladies, she's so happy, gay and free;
She reads the latest novels, the daily papers, too;
She's posted on the races, and bets a cent or two.

REFRAIN.

McInerny, you're a daisy, you're a darling on the street;
You're the belle at all the picnic parks, you trip lightly on your feet;
You have all the young men crazy, sure the old men are just as bad;
Your style is very hard to beat, and it is the latest fad.

She's well up in all the fashions, with dress low at the neck,
She's expensive to the dudies, she eats candy by the peck;
Eats frogs' legs by the dozens, and soft shell crabs on toast;
Drinks soda and don't feel it, I'm always well she'll boast.—*Refrain.*

Now her pa's a politician, of course he has a pull,
And the young bloods take this girl out, and drink wine until they're full;
This girl will never marry, she's modest and too shy;
She's Maggie McInerny, this daisy is too fly.—*Refrain.*

McANULTY'S GARDEN PARTY.

Written, Composed and Sung by Pat Rafferty.

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You've heard of garden parties as given by the swells,
To all the tip-top mashers and all the fairest belles;
Well, I'll sing of another, one given by a pal
To celebrate the wedding of him and his old "gal."
There was Flanigan and Brannigan and Brady and McGee,
Asked down to McAnulty's to have a jolly spree;
When all who were invited there were present to a man,
McAnulty made a little speech and then the fun began.

CHORUS.

Oh! boys, we had a jolly spree down at friend Barney McAnulty's,
And not one could jolly well see, when we stagger'd home at three in the morning.

We'd lots of beer and whiskey, for Mac's a jolly card;
Said he, "I've got no garden, we'll go into the yard."
We did, and when we got there, McGee some capers cut,
Which ended with his falling splash in the water-butt.
When we dragged him up and wrung him out, and made him nice and dry,
Mac said, "Let's have the 'Lancers,' so, boys, for partners try;"
"Come out, that girl I'm looking at!" says Brady, with a roar;
And the girls all made a rush for him, and bash'd him on the floor.—*Chorus.*

Now when the dance was over we all went in the house,
And each sat at the table as quiet as a mouse,
For we were pretty busy with chicken boiled and roast,
When Counsellor O'Callaghan got up to give a toast—
Here's a health to McAnulty, and good luck his whole life long!"
McGee was tired of spouting, so said he'd sing a song—
"Oh! let me like a soldier fall," he straight began to yell,
But before he got half through the verse, "he like a soldier fell."—*Chorus.*

DAN McCARTHY'S BALL.

Copyright, 1891, by James Stillman.

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Words by James McCorry. Music by Paddy Murphy.

Dan McCarthy gave a party, 'twas on last Sunday night,
The boys and girls for miles around to come he did invite;
Young and old from near and far in fun there did engage,
All came to celebrate the day McCarthy came of age.
There was lots of good old whiskey, enough for every man,
All the girls were feeling frisky, the dancing then began;
The boys all took their partners, the piper loud did bawl:
Change partners, swing, and ladies chain! at Dan McCarthy's ball.

CHORUS.

Such dancing and a-prancing, the girls were all entrancing,
Such ruction and destruction you never saw before;
Maginnis played the fiddle, the piper loud did bawl,
'Twas hands all round, and all sasshay! at Dan McCarthy's ball.

The dancing was all over, they sat down all around,
Pat Murphy and O'Reagan's wife were nowhere to be found;
We got them in the corner when we looked 'round to see,
Pat Murphy with O'Reagan's wife a-dancing on his knee.
Then O'Reagan tackled Murphy, and Murphy tackled him,
The boys all got their Irish up, to fight they did begin;
The ladies all were screaming, and loud for help did call,
They fought all night till broad daylight at Dan McCarthy's ball.—*Chorus.*

The Bradys and O'Gradys, the Roches and the Burkes,
They walloped all the Flannigans, the Connors and McGurks;
The Nolans and Maguires, the Sullivans and Flynns,
They had a grudge to settle with the Maddens and O'Lynns.
You ought to see them fighting, you should have heard them shout,
The girls were under all the beds, afraid to venture out;
For lots of fun and pleasure, the divil a place at all
For raising bloody murder, equaled Dan McCarthy's ball.—*Chorus.*

O'CONNOR, THE TRAGEDIAN.

Written by James McAvoy expressly for Edward Leslie.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

I'm James Owen O'Connor, the tragedian,
My tragedy has turned the public's brain;
I'm an actor, not a common low comedian,
Though the press they tried to make me out insane.
The one-night stands we played throughout the country
Were successful 'till I opened in New York.
If the papers spoke the truth they would injure Edwin Booth,
But they lied and said I was a gawk.

CHORUS.

But I'm James Owen O'Connor, the tragedian,
I'm the greatest living actor of the age;
The two Leonzo Brothers, Arizona Joe and others,
Know I'm the only Hamlet on the stage.

Now, why did Henry Irving leave the country?
And why did Booth and Barrett stay out West?
And why did Barnum's circus go to Brooklyn?
And why? because O'Connor was the best.
When they really knew for certain I was coming,
The Union Square theatre they burned down,
For Robson and Crane they saw it very plain,
They failed when O'Connor struck the town.

CHORUS.

But I'm James Owen O'Connor, the tragedian,
I'm stage-struck, crazy and insane;
You thought I and Doctor Landis were a couple of old ganders,
But you'll never get your money back again.

In "Hamlet," my masterpiece, you've seen me;
You've seen my "Romeo and Juliet";
You've seen my leading man that sued for salary,
But I took his wife and still she's with me yet.
The *Police News*, the *World*, *Times* and *Herald*,
They never got a dollar for an add,
And the manager he told me if the grocery stores'd kept open,
They could've sold out every egg they had.

CHORUS.

But I'm James Owen O'Connor, the great actor,
That gave you all the laugh and made a bluff;
But foolish James O'Connor, upon my word and honor,
Had sense enough to get your elegant stuff.

Parody on:

MARY AND JOHN.

By Louis Harrison.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

Sydney and John Drew were a-going out starring—
Each had a play, and a good manager, too;
Brothers were they, each thought he'd be successful,
But one fine day they had a hot interview.
John said to Syd, wait just a year or two longer
Ere yet you try wrestling for fame with the fates;
Sydney with rage every minute grew warmer,
And said to John, I've filled all my open dates.

CHORUS.

My trunks are all packed, said Sydney. Unpack them again, said John.
My printing is great, said Sydney. Your bills will be greater, said John.
I open in Troy, said Sydney. Said John, Troy is near Cohoes,
And if you should close there, Sydney, walk back in your strongest shoes.

Syd said to John, you've been ten years now with Daly—
You've played in New York, Berlin, Vienna and France;
You've dined with Kings, Princes and Duchesses gayly,
But you can't give your brother this song and dance.
Take my advice, stay where you're getting a salary,
It's tough out West playing to cattle and hay;
In Omaha you'll have one man in the gallery,
If you're in luck, an usher in the parquet.

CHORUS.

You'll play in Oshkosh, said Sydney; a shudder crept over John.
You'll play in Penn Yan, said Sydney. That's not on the map, said John.
You'll play in the wilds of Kansas, where theatres are built on rocks,
And cowboys give hard-boiled eggs in exchange for a private box.

John dropped a tear right on the foot of young Sydney,
Quick as a flash Sydney drew his foot away;
All seemed so drear—he'd have to give up his flat now,
Live on the cars, dining on papier-mache.
John said to Syd, this is a horrible story
You've told to me. Tell me, dear Syd, is it true?
Syd said to John, every word's true as gospel,
But you'll succeed in Brooklyn and Kalamazoo.

CHORUS.

John opened a pint for Sydney, Syd opened a pint for John,
He vowed that a better actor he never had gazed upon;
And John read his play to Sydney, and Syd read his play to John,
And Shakespeare turned pale with envy—I hope that they'll both catch on.

APPLES, FOUR A PENNY.

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America is my nation, humble is my station,
A grocer by situation, oh, how shall I explain;
Well I loved a girl called Kitty, who sells apples in the city,
On me she'll not take pity, her love I tried to gain;
I've asked her in marriage, I've a donkey and a carriage,
And I'd take her out to Harlem, if she'd but name the day.

CHORUS.

But now she goes each morning, and thro' the streets she's hauling
A hand-truck, and loudly calling, in a voice so loud and high,
Apples, ripe and rosy, here's your fine strawberry,
Damson plums and cherries, you can taste before you buy.

I oft at market meet her, and with smiles I greet her,
And then I wish to treat her as one that I love dear;
And if I do tell her of some bargains I could sell her,
A nasty, low-lifed fellow says, what do you want here?
And if to her I'm speaking, perhaps with fond words greeting,
This fellow's always sneaking, and every word will hear.
And now she goes, etc.

I made up my mind one morning, upon this fellow calling,
To tell him of my falling in love with Kitty dear;
Well, I did repent it, for he raised his fist and sent it
To my nose and bent it; what shall I do? oh, dear!
For her I'm always fretting, the tears my eyes are wetting,
So I'll drown my woes in betting, for I've always in my car—
So now she goes, etc.

When the Pay Car Comes Again.

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Words by W. I. Leggett. Music by Mrs. Lizzie Leggett.

The mén that run on the rail are the jolliest ones in our land;
They stand by the right to the last, obeying the word of command;
Their duty they do to the letter to-day, to-morrow the same;
If any a little bill owe you, the pay car is coming again.

CHORUS.

Oh, the pay car is coming again, yes, the pay car is coming again;
It will give them much pleasure, and afford them some leisure,
When the pay car comes again.

Many dangers they have to encounter, many hardships they have to endure,
But they are really contented, their money, they know, that's sure;
To duty they go in all weather, they toil in snow or the rain;
Their courage is kept up by knowing the pay car is coming again.—*Chorus.*

Many lives they have in their care, with millions of dollars at stake,
And how great the loss might be, if they an error should make.
The life they follow is a charm; some climb the ladder of fame,
While others keep working along, for the pay car's coming along.—*Chorus.*

Many have nice little homes, with dear ones under their care,
And joy it gives to their hearts to be again with them there.
They welcome the husband and father whenever he comes from his train;
And they all remember with pleasure the pay car is coming again.—*Chorus.*

I MUST GO OUT ON SUNDAY.

Sung by Miss Kitty Brooke.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

I'm Jenny Jinks the kitchen maid, of hard work not at all afraid,
Nor yet particular to a shade, but I must go out on Sunday;
Six days I'll work with all my might to keep the pots and kettles bright,
And put the cobwebs out of sight, but I must go out on Sunday.

CHORUS.

Six days I'll work with all my might to keep the pots and kettles bright,
And put the cobwebs out of sight, but I must go out on Sundays.

When first I went to take a place, the lady looked me in the face,
And said, "Young girl, now state your case, and what about your Sundays."
"Marm, I can bake and I can brew and I can cook an Irish stew,
And wash a shirt and iron it, too, but I must go out on Sundays.—*Chorus.*

"Indeed! why then 'tis plain," said she, "that you will never do for me;'
I took my leave with a curtsey, resolved to have my Sundays;
A dozen places more I tried throughout great New York City wide,
But everywhere the ladies cried, "We don" give out our Sundays."—*Chorus.*

At last to bring the fate to book, sly counsel with myself I took,
And got a place with Doctor Hook, who never mentioned Sundays;
But when came round all days the best, in pink and green myself I dressed,
And sailed off gayly to the West, like other girls on Sunday.—*Chorus.*

With Corporal Tompkins of the Blues, so handsome—six feet in his shoes,
I spent the day, did what I chose, and planned for future Sundays;
But fancy when I homeward sped the family was all in bed;
Says one, who through the keyhole said, "That's going out on Sunday."—*Cho.*

Now wasn't this a pretty plight? no friends at hand, locked out all night,
And told it only served me right for going out on Sundays;
But worse, because I kicked the door, "police!" was called; there came up four,
Who took me to—I'll say no more, but it wasn't a place for Sundays.—*Cho.*

LITTLE WILLIE.

Written by Rev. E. W. Jones. Music by C. M. Traver.

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Little Willie slumbers sweetly in his lonely, narrow bed;
Pelting storms and howling tempests cannot reach his little head.
Sweet affection drops a tear o'er the spot where Willie lies;
Angels whisper, "look up yonder," pointing upward to the skies.

On our memories deeply graven stands his little image fair;
Sparkling eyes and shining temples, rosy cheeks and golden hair;
Ruby lips so full of smiling, neck and arms of spotless white;
Little feet so full of running, little Willie was so bright.

Little Willie slumbers sweetly in his lonely, narrow bed;
Pelting storms and howling tempests cannot reach his little head.
On that bright and glorious morning Christ will whisper from above,
"Rise, my child, and let me dress thee in robes of white and spotless love."

THE PULLMAN BOX CAR.

Tune—"Court House in De Sky."

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Composed by Chas. H. Kabrich.

I am a railroad beat, I can bum as well as eat,
Through the country I have wandered near and far;
I went from bad to worse, from there to Syracuse,
I then began to travel in a pullman box car,
I then began to travel in a pullman box car.

Much nerve I have, 'tis true, which I need to take me through;
I can bribe a "brakie" with a mild cigar.
But boys a warning take or else your necks you'll break,
When looking for a birth in a pullman box car,
When looking for a birth in a pullman box car.

I take a side-door sleeper, because, you see, it's cheaper
Than to pay my fare just like a lardy-dar.
And when I have the stuff choice havanas I do puff,
And am happy when I travel in a pullman box car,
And am happy when I travel in a pullman box car.

Many cons have gone insane, they have laid for me in vain,
Strange to say, I have escaped without a scar;
Soon my journeys will be o'er, then I'll beat my way no more,
I will bid adieu forever to the pullman box car,
I will bid adieu forever to the pullman box car.

HE'S A HAREM SCAREM;

— OR: —

When I Was Just the Same.

Written by George Horncastle. Composed by John Cooke, Jr.

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I'm proud to say that I possess a very handsome lad,
And, without vanity, he is the image of his dad;
He's always been a "scorcher," too, since first he saw the light,
And consequently often got into an awkward plight.

SPOKEN—But there! so did I at his age! I can't blame the boy, for

CHORUS.

He's a harem-scarem, devil-may-care-'em, rollicking sort of a boy,
A tease 'em, squeeze 'em, girls, he'd please 'em, filling their hearts with joy;
Witty, plucky, happy-go-lucky, up to each sly little game,
And I can remember years ago when I was just the same.

Before he reached his fourteenth year his cutty pipe he smoked,
He polished off his glass of beer, and with the bar-maid joked;
At every kind of manly sport he proved uncommon smart,
But got into a row because he called a girl a "tart."

SPOKEN—Girl's brother didn't like it, threatened to punish Jack, he! he! Found if his sister was no "tart," Jack was a "tartar." Jack went to the hospital to see him, and apologize in this way: gave him some fruit, not too ripe. "How do you like it?" says Jack. "Well, it's a little tart," says he. "And so is your sister," says Jack, "for I've tasted her lips." Well, I couldn't blame the boy, for—*Chorus.*

Before the age of twenty-one he'd fairly gone the pace,
He knew each "pub" and billiard room, and went to every race;
He soon ran up a pretty pile of rather tidy debts,
But one thing I can say of him, he always paid his bets.

SPOKEN—That is to say, he always got me to pay them for him, he! he! Why, I've had as much as five and twenty shillings to pay for him on a Derby settling day, but then it was always a pleasure, for—*Chorus.*

He's had his breach-of-promise case, I may say two or three,
But as the girls were just as bad, they got no L. S. D.,
He's had—at least, his wife has had—well, all I know is this,
A little stranger came to town, and people say it's his.

SPOKEN—Well, suppose it is! I've had little strangers in my day, I can't blame the boy, for—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, GOOSIE.

Tune—"Good-bye, Charlie." Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

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Oh! how I envy dose dot have dere durkeys glose by home,
Vile I to get a decent vone along de sdreets must roam;
Dankegiving comes but vonce a year, you know dot I can see,
Und ven I left my house last nide my wife she said to me:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, Goosie, ven you do go out,
Get me a durkey, dear, to eat Dankegiving, dear;
Good-bye, Goosie, ven you do go out,
Don't forged dot durkey, darling."

Id's nice to have a durkey for to ead Dankegiving Day,
Because it comes but vonce a year, und den passes away.
Id's nice to have an appedide, ven on durkey you're sduck,
But awful bad in rafling, for not to have some luck.

SPOKEN—I never did have much luck, und id vill be a gread deal vorse dan ever now, und all because my wife said:—*Chorus.*

BACCARAT.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

The Prince said, "I'll be a banker," and then he wank a wink,
And with old Lady Wilson did an absinthe cocktail drink;
He stroked his royal stomach, pulled down his princely vest,
"Oh, drop some sovereigns in the slot and I will do the rest;
For I'm a randy dandy of the William Rufus line,
Hoss racing and gam-bo-ling I have got down very fine.
I only race and gamble with the loftiest of the loft,
Oh, let us make it lively while we stay at Tranby Croft."

The Prince he was the banker; he gave the cards a flip,
He said: "Now this is earnest; it's bullion and not lip;
The more you put up here, my friends, the less you will rake down.
I'm bound to bust this party if I have to spout the crown.
Oh, yellow is the water where the Yellow Paint Creek flows,
Oh, yellow are the sovereigns that buy such chips as those;
Those chips I carry with me, and I use them oft and oft,
For I'm a handy dandy, and the cream of Tranby Croft."

The Prince he was the banker, and he dilligently dole,
But Gordon Cumming won the cash, and not a smile he smole;
And then said Gordon Cumming: "Your luck I do deplore,
If you stay here with me all night you'll owe eight millions more."
Oh, always let his Highness win. To beat his game was rash,
It wasn't hoss-pitality to win the Prince's cash.
You've won the Prince's good hard stuff and then you've gone and coughed,
And called the world's attention to the ways of Tranby Croft.

Victoria, Victoria! may you be long on earth,
America sends tribute to your greatness and your worth;
Oh, make your will, Victoria, and will the English throne
Back to the English people, and let poor Wales alone.
The people they can rule themselves, and then it will be fine
To have a noble sovereign end off a royal line;
And Wales will like it just as well, the snap will be so soft,
He won't have anything to do but stay at Tranby Croft.

Parody on:

A LIFE'S STORY.

As Sung by Tony Pastor.

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It only takes a little to make life's story here,
Where some were born to quaff champagne, and some to guzzle beer.
I've found it so since happy days when I was but a boy,
And used to play those artful tricks the neighbors to annoy.

CHORUS.

Just a little bent pin, just a little chair,
Just a little howl of rage from the victim there,
Just a little daddy's knee, just a little strap,
Just a little woodshed, just a little tap.
Just a little apple, just a little green,
Just a little bite or two, where we can't be seen,
Just a little doubling up, just a little prayer,
Just a little urchin up the golden stairs.

The years go by a little, a youth we are at last,
We cultivate a weak mustache, and like to be called "fast."
We puff the festive cigarette, we court some charmer sweet,
Although it takes our salary each time that girl we treat.

CHORUS.

Just a little powder, just a little paint,
Just a little curl or two, but her own they ain't,
Just a little flounce or two, just a little waist,
Just a little diamond, ten to one it's paste.
Just a little bustle, just a little ring,
Just a little victim, caught on a little string,
Just a little honeymoon, just a little cash,
Just a little house-keep, just a little hash.

HER EASY CHAIR.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

When Edith, my wife, is all snug in bed,
And cozy I sit in her easy chair
To dream by the embers and smoke my pipe,
I feel that the world is passing fair.

For though I've been working my head nigh off,
Dressing the babies and mending frocks,
Sewing on buttons and washing up spoons,
Sweeping the rooms and darning the socks.

Polishing gaiters and scrubbing the floor,
Setting the table—(I broke a cup
And nearly my heart along with it, too,
For I know that my Edith will blow me up).

Yet love still lightens my labors sore,
For I feel that my wife for higher things
Than these was born, and I never grudge
Her all the leisure my labor brings.

She's up in the ologies, every one,
In metaphysics and physics, too;
Know the microbes, and can discuss
Fauna and flora till all is blue.

And when she talks with Professoress Swipes
Of nebulæ, star dust, and earth's round moon,
Of faculæ, ether, and Saturn's rings,
I feel like dancing a rigadoon.

For my glee is so great that my eyes stick out
In admiration of her and her kind,
And "what is man that she's mindful of him?"
I say to myself and I never mind.

She up on the tariff and up on her ear
On McKinley's bill and the Sugar Trust,
And when she is slinging her flexible jaw
Round the rights of man, you should hear her—just!

To-morrow she is going to Yonkers, there
To hear the Methodist Conference talk
Of women and voting. How little they know
How Edith could make them walk their chalk.

She's bought her ticket and darned the expense;
I've packed her gripsack and all is well;
And now to my room I will totter me off,
For I hear the baby beginning to yell.

"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies,"
Though it lie like blazes, I do not care;
For my pipe is out, and no longer I'll sit
And dream of love in her easy chair.

HALF-PAST TWELVE.

Written and Composed by Frederick Gilbert.

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I'll sing a song of London and some people it contains,
From simpletons with empty skulls to sharpers full of brains;
I'll mention first the moocher," who imbibes with one and all,
And not until it's "closing time" for any drink will call.

CHORUS.

Why does he want just a little drop more about half-past twelve?
Why is he ready with money galore about half-past twelve?
Simply because it's too late to pay out, then in his pocket he'll delve,
Men such as he are *so* eager to pay about half-past twelve.

One night at Euston Station I observed a man rush in,
As though some heavy wager he'd made up his mind to win;
His train—the last—as off it puffs, he through the wicket sees,
Then starts on his devotions with a string of "big, big D's."

CHORUS.

Why does he stamp on the platform and swear about half-past twelve?
Why like a maniac tear at his hair about half-past twelve? [delve,
Simply because the twelve-thirty he's missed, and into strange diggings must
He went out and swore at a coffee-house door about half-past twelve.

The sweet "Blue Bells of Scotland" have been honored by the bard,
Let me now sing and praise the big "Blue Swells of Scotland" yard.
Our helmeted protector is as watchful as a lynx,
But where he puzzles me is this—he scarcely ever drinks.

CHORUS.

Why is the bobby so close to the "pub" about half-past twelve?
Why is his bull's-eye so near to the tub about half-past twelve?
Simply because he's no more than a man, and thirst cannot manage to shelve;
He bundles *us* out that *he* then may go in about half-past twelve.

A gas-lit London picture next I'll paint in modest tints,
'Tis that of the young lady who, with luring looks and hints,
Upon your homeward road you meet when midnight's hour is past,
And wonder when she walks so *slow* how folks can call her "*fast*."

CHORUS.

Why does she give you her sunniest smile about half-past twelve?
Why does she murmur of "waiting awhile" about half-past twelve?
Simply that you may develop your mind, and in moral philosophy delve;
Girls of her stamp are excessively kind when it's half-past twelve.

Come, All Have a Drink with Me.

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Written by Harry Boden and Charles Deane. Composed by F. W. Venton.

Great Bachus, God of vintage sparkling,
The first to fill for man the brimming measure,
The first to fill the bowl of friendship,
We thank thee for the boon, a priceless treasure,
Which ever since that happy day
With us has held its potent sway;
Bring drink divine, bring sparkling wine,
And this shall be our toast for aye:

REFRAIN.

Here's to the one you love, my boys; here's to the one that's true and free;
I'll be happy, I'll be gay; while I've the money I'll spend it to-day;
You have a drink, you have a drink; come, all have a drink with me.

Good fellowship to man is needful;
When friends are near us, then the heart rejoices;
It wakes the sweetest recollections
Whene'er we hear the old familiar voices,
And then, with jovial jest and song,
The time rolls merrily along;
To women rare, the dark, the fair,
We drink again both deep and long.—*Refrain.*

What need to pine, though fortune's fickle?
'Tis but the faint heart that gives way to sorrow;
To-day the angry clouds may lower,
But joyous sunshine wakes again to-morrow;
So let us all be gay and free,
Fill up again, and drink with me;
Friends true and fast, staunch to the last,
This toast our very own shall be:—*Refrain.*

ANNIE BODY'S ROONEY.

Written by George Dance. Composed by Michael Nolan.

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Now little Annie Rooney is the most loved one on earth,
In every clime and latitude they chant her peerless worth;
In England she's at least a million lovers at her feet,
For every other fellow warbles as he walks the street:

CHORUS.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe;
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

In bonnie, bonnie Scotland she is worshipped everywhere,
From John O'Groats to Glasgie town her name floats in the air,
For when each brawny Scotchman takes the liquor he loves most
And drinks unto his lady love, this always is his toast:

CHORUS.

She's my lassie, I'm her chiel,
She loves purridge, cakes and meal;
On heath and heather our lives we'll pass,
Annie McRooney is a braw wee lass.

The gallant Frenchman loves her too, and sounds her charms on high,
From cafe and from boulevard her praises rend the sky;
Some scores of duels have been fought, and while one man lies dead,
His rival halloes this refrain as he walks home to bed:

CHORUS.

She's ma cherie, I'm her beau,
She's so charmant, comme il faut;
We kiss and cuddle ze whole day long,
La petite ma'm'selle Rooney is bonne, bonne, bonne.

The happy Dutchman smokes his pipe and chuckles to himself,
For little Annie Rooney has entranced the sly old elf;
And o'er his glass of beer he sings his favorite rhyme
(While on the floor with his sabot he beats in measured time):

CHORUS.

She's my Gretchen, I'm her chaps,
She lofes lager, I lof schnapps;
We live together in sweet vedlock,
Fræulein Annie Rooney vos mein Dutch clock.

The cute old Yankee is a judge of beauty, you can bet,
And so susceptible is he, he's fallen in the net;
He takes a plug of 'bacca and rolls it round his tongue
And sings the New World version of the universal song:

CHORUS.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her dude,
Guess she's smart and slick and good;
I sorter reckon she suits me well,
I call Annie Rooney a square-built gel.

Our heroine has sweethearts far across the rolling sea,
And 'mongst the suitors for her hand is found the bland Chinee;
With thumbs upturned he trots about the streets the whole day long,
And like a porter staggers 'neath the burden of his song.

CHORUS.

She's my chang chang, I'm her ching,
Me poppy question, she buy ring;
Chinaman love lillie girl, lots of cash,
Lillie Annie Rooney am Chinaman's mash.

Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well.

By Thomas H. Bayly.

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Shades of evening close not o'er us, leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas, will not restore us yonder dim and distant Isle;
Still my fancy can discover sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round us hover, isle of beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places? who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us, breathing fond fare thee well.

When the waves are round me breaking, as I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder, isle of beauty, fare thee well.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

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By J. M. Kieffer.

Oh! bright is the fire on the hearth-stone to-night,
And sweet are our echoing songs;
The hours bring delight when fond hearts reunite,
And music the pleasure prolongs,
But we'll not forget those who sorrow to-night,
The gentle, the loving, the true,
Whose hearts ne'er unite in the strains of delight,
Whose voices a song never knew.

CHORUS.

Remember the poor; the cold world cannot know
All the sunniest hearts may endure,
When hope's ruby glow has been darken'd by woe,
Remember, remember the poor.

We've gather'd to-night 'neath the roof-tree of home,
A joyous and warm-hearted band;
Our souls bud and bloom 'neath its bright, genial dome,
And peace gives a welcoming hand.
Alas! for the many who sorrow alone,
Where shivering want keeps the door,
With neither a bone nor a crust of their own,
Remember, remember the poor.—*Chorus.*

Oh! how the young cheeks flush with rosy delight,
As music and laughter go round,
And eyes sparkle bright as the stars of the night,
And hearts beat their merriest bound.
Alas! for the many who sorrow to-night,
The gentle, the loving, the true,
Whose hearts ne'er unite in the strains of delight,
Whose voices a song never knew.—*Chorus.*

Take Back My Sorrowful Heart.

Copyright, 1891, by Stephen S. Shameon.

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Words and Music by Stephen S. Shameon.

Won't you take back a heart that is aching with pain,
And knows not for place where to fly?
My sky is so dark and there's no rest for me,
And sometimes I wish I could die.
The birds they may sing and the flowers bloom so fair,
The sun in his glory may shine,
But they bring not the joys that my poor heart doth crave,
I pray thee, now be ever mine.

REFRAIN.

Take back my heart, 'tis breaking with sorrow,
And earth has lost all her charms;
I am weary to-night, and long for the morrow,
When I shall rest, I shall rest in thine arms.

Oh! could I but hear thy sweet voice kindly say,
Thy poor bleeding heart I'll receive;
My soul would no longer its sorrow contain,
What peace and what joy it would give.
The sweet birds might fly to their far distant homes,
The flowers might ne'er bloom again,
But I would have sunlight along down my path,
And be the most happy of men.—*Refrain.*

Now I have said all that a poor man can say,
But ask thee once more to forgive;
Let us travel life's road, not apart, but as one,
Not parted, but one let us live.
Let our hearts beat as one as onward we go,
No matter if we have to roam;
Together we'll sail over life's raging sea,
Together we'll anchor at home.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.

As sung by Harry W. Collins.

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A broken nose, a hatchet face, enough to bring the town disgrace,
Night and morn she's on the brace, little Annie Rooney.
She's on the war-path day and night, to break your face is her delight,
Her skin is cracking for a fight, cowboy Annie Rooney.

CHORUS.

I'm her sandbag, she's a blood,
Her name's Annie, my name's mud;
Of late I've been anxious to know what to do,
For little Annie Rooney I will soon shake you.

She's not very large, but then, oh, my, you'd have to dodge, or else she'd try
To break a stove-lid on your eye, sure shot Annie Rooney.
She makes me wash and scrub the floor, she lies in bed till three or four,
Holy smoke, how she can snore, lazy Annie Annie.

CHORUS.

She's my husband, I'm her wife;
She's half crazy, oh, what a life!
I think I will shake her, I would if I could,
For little Annie Rooney you were never any good.

A year ago the neighbors said I'd have a snap if I got wed,
But now I wish that I was dead, and gone from Annie Rooney.
At first I thought she was a saint, but now I'm dead sure that she ain't,
I wish I'd never got acquaint with cross-eyed Annie Rooney.

CHORUS.

She's my Annie, I'm her Bob;
She's my birdie, I'm her slob;
I'll have her arrested and put in the jug,
For little Annie Rooney you're a dead tough mug.

Parody on:

HE NEVER CAME BACK.

Written, Composed and Sung by Alfred Coan.

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A foolish man went on the bridge and jumped into the river;
As soon as he got to the bottom, oh, how he did shiver;
A man saw him jump in, and for help he loudly cried,
At last it was too late, in the water he had died.

CHORUS.

He never came back, he never came back;
For you couldn't see him any more,
And there he didn't lay, the tides had driven him away
Far out on that beautiful shore.

I went into a barber shop with whiskers on my face;
The store was very crowded, for me there was no place;
The barber was so busy he didn't know what he was about,
Then I quickly opened the door and slowly walked out.

CHORUS.

I never came back, I never came back;
In there I didn't go any more,
But the barber was mad and he felt very sad
When we met on that beautiful shore.

A man married a beautiful girl, just eighteen years of age;
She was a well-known actress that went upon the stage;
The man loved her very much, for her he'd do his best;
She went travelling with her company away out in the West.

CHORUS.

She never came back, she never came back;
She didn't come back any more,
But how happy he'll be when her sweet face he'll see
When they meet on that beautiful shore.

One day a shoemaker came in my house and asked me for a job;
A poor man he was and also a slob;
He took my shoes and said he'd bring them back the next day,
He bid me good-bye and slowly walked away.

CHORUS.

He never came back, he never came back;
My shoes I didn't see any more,
For I'll break his jaw, I'll make him feel sore,
When we meet on that beautiful shore.

A business man he bought his goods on thirty days' credit;
His time was due, he didn't pay, the merchant did regret it;
Statements were then sent to him, that made the poor man worry,
The goods he sold, half the price, and sneaked off in a hurry.

CHORUS.

He never came back, he never came back;
He didn't show up any more,
The man had no rest, they searched East and West.
Until they met on that beautiful shore.

THE TEMPLE FIRE.

[Philadelphia, Pa.]

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Words by Augustus Assenmacher. Tune--"Over the Hills to the Poor House."

The Temple Theatre is burning, is the cry that goes through the town,
Its beautiful walls, its fine towers, in ruin and ashes are down.
But the loss we mourn for most deeply is the death of two firemen bold,
Who, crushed under the falling masses, were found there lifeless and cold.

CHORUS.

Enshrined in the mem'ry of loved ones, these brave men we proudly here name,
Truck B lost John Johnson, "a hero"; 4 engine, John Gibson, "the same."

The fire-laddy's lot is full of danger, grim death lurks for him every day,
So the city ought to act graceful, give "laddy more generous pay."
Provide for the widows and orphans, look when he's feeble and old, "shame,"
Leave me to private donations, what the city owes to its name.—*Chorus.*

WHAT SHALL I ASK FOR THEE?

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Words by Mrs. R. B. Edson. Music by James R. Murray.

What shall I ask for thee, wish for thee sweet? skies that are peaceful and calm,
Seas that are stormless, and winds that are soft as the low breath of a psalm?
No, as I love thee, I ask not that life be from all bitterness free,
Something of sweetness and something of strife, dear one, is better for thee.

CHORUS.

May the kind angels, who watch o'er the good,
Guide thy dear feet as they roam,
And in the land that is better than this,
Give thee forever a home.

Still I would ask for thee, out of my love, more of the sunshine than storm,
With but enough of life's sorrows and pain to keep thy heart tender and warm;
Faith to look upward in gladness or gloom, hope mid the direst defeat;
Firmness in trial and patience in pain, these would I ask for thee, sweet.—*Cho.*

This most of all I would ask for thee, sweet, grace to be patient and strong,
Meekness to bear all thy crosses and care, courage to battle with wrong;
May the kind angels, who watch o'er the good, guide thy dear feet as they roam,
And in the land that is better than this, give thee forever a home.—*Chorus.*

You Should Have Seen Them Go.

Written by George Lyon. Composed by John S. Baker.

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On Monday morning, from a man for sixteen pence, I bought
A pair of handsome pigeons—I will fly them, so I thought;
I'd taken them for young ones, but I was had, no doubt,
They knew their way home well enough, for when I let them out—

CHORUS.

You should have seen them go, you should have seen them fly;
To my one-and-fourpence worth I said good-bye;
I whistled and called them back, but my labor was all in vain,
They went, and the odds are ten to one they'll never return again.

My luck has been right out of late, and thanks to want of trade,
I owe my landlord six months' rent, and ructions he has made;
To-day he gave us notice that he firmly did intend,
If we weren't out by six to-night, the brokers in to send.

SPOKEN—But—

CHORUS.

You should have seen us go, you should have seen us fly;
My wife with the happy home in her lap, as we said good-bye;
He whistled and called us back, but his labor was all in vain,
We left, and the odds are a hundred to one we'll never return again.

Last night I went into a "pub," possessed of but "two D,"
And while my humble pint they drew, a "cadger" swooped on me;
His eyes were never off the beer—he told me such a tale,
That I felt forced to say, "Well, drink," and when he seized my ale—

SPOKEN—Oh!

CHORUS.

You should have seen it go, you should have seen it fly;
To my chances of a drop I said good-bye;
I shouted a frantic hi! but he hadn't left me a drain,
It went, and the odds are a thousand to one it'll never return again.

I loved a girl, she's married now, but still seems sweet on me,
And as her husband works till late, she asked me home to tea.
That very night he "smelt a rat," or else had got the sack,
For as we sat there cosily, the old man he came back—

SPOKEN—And—

CHORUS.

You should have seen me go, you should have seen me fly
Out of the window with a ——*, and a fine black eye;
He whistled and called me back, but his labor was all in vain,
I went, and the odds are a million to one I shall never return again.

* The singer raises his foot as in the act of kicking some one out, and a loud chord is struck.

HER PARTING WORDS TO ME.

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By G. L. Spaulding.

In a bright and cozy valley, where the merry birds in spring
Sing their joyous lays from song-land, joy and gladness with them bring,
Lives a pretty little maiden that I'd give the world to see,
Just to hear her sweet voice whisper her parting words to me.

REFRAIN.

When you are far away, love, braving the storms at sea,
Think of the little girl, love, waiting at home for thee,
Longing to hear you whisper that you will ever be
True to the heart she gives you her parting words to me.

Just a year ago we parted, I will ne'er forget the day
When she said, "Now don't forget me," as the proud ship sailed away,
And, now I'm bounding homeward, soon my little girl I'll see,
And I'll say I've not forgotten your parting words to me.—*Refrain.*

MY MARY ANN.

Tune—"Moriarty, the Swell."

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Words by T. H. Tooker.

I have a daughter, she is a swate little daisy, my Mary Ann;
The dudes are stuck on her shape, she sets them all crazy, my Mary Ann.
At the theatre each night, she makes the "hit" of the show;
Yes, she is a great actress, now I'll have yez to know;
For she does the skirt dance and spins around on one toe, my Mary Ann.

CHORUS.

My daughter Mary Ann, 'pon me soul she is all the rage;
I'm taking things mighty aisy now, since me Mary Ann went on the stage;
Wid the neighbors I sit and gossip and rush the growler in our back yard;
Yes, I've laid away me ould overalls, no more I'll carry the hod.

On the stage she is known as Madame De Rose, my Mary Ann;
But her right name is Gilhooley, as everyone knows, my Mary Ann.
It's the divil a stroke of hard work that I do nowadays,
But each night wid a hand-cart bring home the bouquets
That are thrown on the stage by the bald-headed jays, at my Mary Ann.

CHORUS.

My daughter Mary Ann, as a singer she's 'way out of sight;
Shure, I took me wife Biddy to hear her only last St. Patrick's night,
And whin our big daughter came out and sung, "I've Worked 8 Hours This Day,"
Biddy yelled out: "You lie, Mary Ann, you never was built that way."

BABY'S SONG.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

I'm mamma's little baby, and papa's baby, too;
My hair is short and curly, my eyes are big and blue;
I live at home with mamma, and papa lives there, too;
I have a brother Jimmy, besides big sister Lu.

CHORUS.

'Tis nice to be a baby, and have such pretty things;
Have mamma call me angel, and say I should have wings;
I'm sorry to grow older, become a great big miss;
I'm sure to be a woman is not so nice as this.

REFRAIN.

Being a mamma's blessing, being an auntie's joy,
Being a grandma's treasure, of home and heart the light;
Being a papa's precious, being an uncle's pet,
Being a grandpa's darling, a baby's life is bright.

I have a little dolly, I call her Baby Boo:
Her hair is long and golden, her eyes will shut up, too;
I have a little carriage, in which she goes to ride;
I've got to buy a boy doll, so she can be a bride.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

I have a little cradle, to rock my dolly in;
I have a little kitchen, with kettles made of tin;
I have some pretty dishes, a tub to wash the clothes;
I hang them on the clothes-reel, and whirligig it goes.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

I have a little Kitty, her claws are sharp and long;
I whip her with a feather, when she does something wrong;
I had a little birdie, one day it went away;
But grandpa says that Kitty did eat it up in play.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

They've put me in long dresses, I wear a great big hat;
My picture's on the first page, I truly look like that;
My name is Alice Bertram, 'tis such a pretty name;
I think if I get married, I'll keep it just the same.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

I love my darling mamma, I love my papa, too;
I love my brother Jimmy, I love big sister Lu;
I love my aunt and uncle, I love my Baby Boo;
I love grandpa and grandma, be good, and I'll love you.—*Cho. & Refrain.*

OH! DAT WATERMELON.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

A little colored girl and her brudder Sammy went into a watermelon patch;
They were afraid of mammy, for dey knew what dey would catch.
Lucinda spied a great big watermelon, as ripe as ripe can be;
Sammy's face it brightened up, how he showed his ivories.

CHORUS.

Um, um, oh! dat watermelon, um, dey's so sorry now;
Um, oh! dat watermelon, it wasn't very ripe anyhow;
Um, oh! dat watermelon, um, dey's so sorry now;
Um, oh! dat watermelon, de doctor's wanted now.

They didn't have a knife for to cut dat melon, dey broke it wid a great big twig;
Dey ate 'till Sam exclaimed, dey said I couldn't, but I did.
Lucinda smiled, but she did look so funny, and green about de eyes;
Sammy's face was all out of shape, how he had increased in size.

CHORUS.

Um, um, oh! dat watermelon, um, dey's so sorry now;
Um, oh! dat watermelon, it wasn't very ripe anyhow;
Um, oh! dat watermelon, um, too long did dey linger,
Um, oh! dot watermelon, send for Sanford's ginger.

SUNNY SOUTHERN HOME.

By Will E. Ford.

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I am thinking now of them good ole days
When down in de cotton fields we'd roam;
Of my wife and little ones dat am departed long ago
To dat bright land where sorrow never comes;
How ole massa and ole misses, when our daily work was o'er,
Would sit 'neath the arbor by de dell,
And list' to de mellodee ob de darkies' jubilee,
In my sunny Southern home I loved so well.

CHORUS.

Den give me back dem days, dem good ole days,
Of de happy times we had I love to tell;
Where de banjo and fiddle would make de cabin ring,
In my sunny Southern home I loved so well.

I'se gittin' ole and feeble, my eyes am gettin' dim;
Soon dis feeble frame of mine will hab to go
To dat cannan's happy land to join de contraband,
Who hab left dis world of hardship, toil and woe;
But I will wander back to de ole plantation home,
Just to gaze on de spot where I did dwell,
Where de little ones would roam around de cabin home,
In my sunny Southern home I loved so well.—*Chorus.*

SUNNY SOUTHERN HOME.

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Words by Frank E. Cutler. Music by T. H. Lennon.

I am thinking to-day of my sunny Southern home,
Where I used to while away the happy hours;
Yes, my memory roams back to the place where I was born,
To de land of birds and sweet magnolia flowers.
But the years are flitting by, and soon we all must die,
Must leave this land below for one above;
Oh, how I should like to see, before God shall beckon me,
That sunny Southern home that I love.

CHORUS.

Of my sunny Southern home I will sing where'er I roam,
For it seems to me the dearest spot on earth;
Oh, how I would like to lie, when my time shall come to die,
Near the sunny Southern home of my birth.

I am thinking to-day of the friends I left behind,
How the parting filled my mother's heart with grief;
And my father's tears did flow as on me he did bestow
The blessings which caused my heart much relief.
But wherever I may roam, I'll sing of my old home,
Where I spent many a happy, happy day;
When at last I leave this land, I shall join the angel band,
From my sunny Southern home far away.—*Chorus.*

I am thinking to-day of the happy hours we spent
In the cozy little cabin I called home;
And recall with a sigh, while my pulse is beating high,
All the scenes which caused me far away to roam.
But the cruel war is o'er, the darkies, slaves no more,
They're scattered o'er this land forever free;
When they hear old Gabriel call, they'll assemble one and all,
In Heaven at last a happy family.—*Chorus.*

SPEAK A KINDLY WORD.

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By Howard Clifton.

We must part, and part forever, mine the fault and mine the pain;
What we were, we can be never, we must never meet again;
Sadly you have suffered through me, yet for gentle pity's sake,
Speak one kindly word unto me, speak, love, or my heart will break.

CHORUS.

Speak it gently, speak it softly, now that we forever part,
Let the last word be a kind one, do not, do not break my heart.

When the lark was soaring, singing, bravely upward to the skies,
Your soft arms around me clinging, and I looked into your eyes,
Then you told me that you loved me, sweetest sound I ever heard,
By that fond remembrance, darling, speak to me, or my heart will break.—*Cho.*

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

Copyright, 1892, by C. H. Jost. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Now, this world is all a stage, and from quite a tender age
We play our parts through life until the last act's o'er,
But there's lots of people, though, really think they own the show,
And say the earth is not as good as in days of yore.

CHORUS.

But it's all right now, it's all right now,
Don't grumble like a dunce, for you only die but once;
Enjoy life ere it's fled, when you die you're long time dead,
The earth will take care of itself, for it's all right now.

Once a nice young man did work in a dry-goods store as clerk,
And 'round the place quite useful did he make himself,
But he thought it was too hard, selling ribbons by the yard,
So he said he'd leave and give up work and save his health.

CHORUS.

But he's all right now, he's all right now,
He's got a job, of course, for he's on the police force,
And nothing else to do, but to mash the girls a few,
As he stands upon the corner, for he's all right now.

Mister Brown was caught, they say, by his wife the other day,
A-strolling with another on the avenue,
And it made her mad, of course—she filed papers for divorce,
So the trial came up this afternoon at half-past two.

CHORUS.

But he's all right now, he's all right now,
The jury did agree, and, of course, they set him free;
He gave a joyous shout, and he called the jury out,
Well, it only cost him twenty, but he's all right now.

Willie called, with heart so light, on his sweetheart Sunday night,
And lingered 'till the clock had struck its midnight tone;
Soon he heard a step somewhere, like a stealing down the stairs,
And Willie knew it was a case of "Home, Sweet Home."

CHORUS.

But he's all right now, he's all right now,
He in the papers found that her papa had been drowned;
Untimely fate he met, and they haven't found him yet,
But dear Willie runs the parlor, for he's all right now.

There was once a poor old maid, who was very much afraid
She'd have to end her life alone in single bliss;
She had lovely sunset hair and it fell in ringlets fair,
But she never knew the meaning of a good-night kiss.

CHORUS.

But she's all right now, she's all right now,
She's married, so she says, to a boy she took to raise;
He's twenty, and the maid is forty in the shade,
But she says it's no one's business, for she's all right now.

Little Johnny's papa's gun was a double-barreled one,
It hung behind the door upon the white-washed wall;
Johnny said he'd have some sport, or, at least, that's what he thought,
For when he blew in, the gun blew out, and that was all.

CHORUS.

But he's all right now, he's all right now,
And all of him they found they have laid beneath the ground;
When Gabriel blows his blast, they will have an awful task
Of getting John together, but he's all right now.

Now a Reuben came one day to see city life so gay,
He took in lots of sights before the day had gone,
And when night came he was tired, so a hotel room he hired,
Blew out the gas and jumped into bed to sleep till morn.

CHORUS.

But he's all right now, he's all right now,
When morning came, alas! they found him full of gas;
They opened wide his room, he went up like a balloon,
And no one's ever seen him since, but he's all right now.

There's a friend of mine named Betts, who has children just like steps,
His neighbor's married seven years and hasn't none,
But he looks with jealous eyes on old Betts, and often sighs
He would give this world and more, he says, to just have one.

CHORUS.

But he's all right now, he's all right now,
He got his wish at last, but it made him look aghast;
His wife presented him with a double set of twins,
It is more than he expected, but he's all right now.

KITTY, THE IRISH QUEEN.

Copyright, 1891, by James Stillman.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Frank Banta.

Every morn I go at nine, just to see a form divine,
One that's promised to be mine, tell me who I mean;
Full of fun, but pure and chaste, nature formed her fairy waist;
Dresses smart, but quite in taste, does Kitty, the Irish queen.

CHORUS.

Sweet as the dew on the rosebud, fair as the fairest e'er seen,
Pretty, witty, sweet little Kitty, they call her the young Irish queen.

She's so winning, yet so shy, all the boys for her would die;
When they see me passing by, they know where I've been;
Standing by the cottage gate, she for me will often wait,
Quite content to meet her fate, is Kitty, the Irish queen.—*Chorus.*

I will let the neighbors know, all the boys will feel the blow,
When to church we'll proudly go—she will grace the scene;
How I'm longing for the time, send the news through every clime,
Soon the wedding bells will chime for Kitty, the Irish queen.—*Chorus.*

KELLY'S MASQUERADE BALL.

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Words by Eugene Fox. Music by Otto Heinzman.

Last night, sure, I attended to a high-toned masquerade,
'Twas given by a gentleman of wide renown and fame;
So thinking I would show up strong, I dressed up in my best,
And being in a hurry I forgot to don my vest.
I ordered up a carriage to take me to the hall,
I thought I'd be the finest man that attended to the ball,
So when the driver stopped his coach and said we had arrived,
I found I had no vest on, and I thought I'd nearly die.

CHORUS.

For the ball was the finest ever given in the land;
I expected, when I entered, every one would clasp my hand,
But instead I was a laughing stock for all in the hall;
Oh! what a night at Kelly's masquerade ball.

I sat up on the balcony as if I were in a trance,
And up came pretty Miss McKeon and asked me down to dance;
Of course I had no vest on, and her I did refuse;
She then sat down beside me 'till I asked to be excused,
Just then the music started and the marching it began,
The sight that met my eyes just then was something very grand,
To see little Tommy Mulligan linked arms with Kitty Dunn,
While the band up in the balcony murdered "Johnny Get Your Gun."—*Cho.*

The music made me feel good, and I got out on the floor,
For the height of my ambition was to dance with Bridget Moore;
We danced a Berlin Polka and a few more dances, too,
And with our fancy step and moves we easily got through,
Then the supper march was started and, of course, I fell in line,
With dear Bridget by my side, then we both went down to dine;
And when the supper it was o'er I sat back for the rest,
And the crowd around the tables shouted, "Casey, where's your vest."—*Cho.*

Parody on:

AS I SAT UPON MY DEAR OLD MOTHER'S KNEE.

Written and Composed by James McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

I had once a tender feeling, but my parents made me tough;
I've been kicked and licked, and clubbed with base-ball bats;
I have fought and licked old grandpa, knocked my brother out of time,
I have jumped from roofs of sixteen-story flats.
But the number eleven cowhide that went with my father's foot,
Oh, how often has he swung it after me.
And the only show I had is when they licked me with a gad,
As I lay across my dear old mother's knee.

CHORUS.

When he stopped then she'd begin, and my panties they were thin,
She used to sting me like a bumble bee;
With a forty-five horse-power she'd lambaste me for an hour,
When I laid across my dear old mother's knee.

But they never licked me right, in a regular stand-up fight,
They'd always have to hit below the belt;
Now what could a fellow do, when they'd double you in two,
Then with a barrel stave they used to welt?
From off the mantel-piece a thousand times I've ate my meals,
I could hollow then from A up to high C
You could use me for a target, I am hard and calloused now,
Since I lay across my dear old mother's knee.

CHORUS.

I've been knocked off tracks by freight trains, I've been married fourteen times,
I've been struck by cyclones out in Kankakee;
But I'd rather take those chances, than go through the old routine,
Then go back and lay across my mother's knee,

THE WRONG MAN.

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Written and Composed by Harrington & Le Brunn.

One night my beau was rather late in calling round for me,
So when I heard a loud tat-tat, thinks I "that must be he,"
So I rushed in the passage and, no chance of courtship missing,
All in the dark I kissed him twice, then found that I'd been kissing
The wrong man, the wrong man—was that not awful rum?
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh! Jeruselum;
I never was in such a fix before, pity me if you can,
I thought I should fall, for I'd given them all to the wrong, wrong man.

A fellow once, for love of me, would sing on our back wall,
"What, there again, young man," I thought your cheek shall have a fall;
So I got a pail of water, and the form below I covered,
Then I let go the pailful, and I found I'd almost smothered
The wrong man, the wrong man—was that not awful rum?
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh! Jeruselum;
I never was in such a fix before, pity me if you can,
For there on the spot I emptied the lot on the wrong, wrong man.

A fellow once called me a false, deceitful little flirt;
I went and told my sweetheart Joe, and he was awful hurt.
Says I, "He lives at number six." Says Joe, "He'll get a milling";
And when I followed Joe, I found him pretty nearly killing
The wrong man, the wrong man—was that not awful rum?
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh! Jeruselum;
I never was in such a fix before, pity me if you can,
He was spoiling the clothes and punching the nose of the wrong, wrong man.

MY WEDDING DAY.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

I'm a married man at last, boys, I have done the proper thing,
For I've wooed and won a lassie, and she wears my wedding ring;
We had courted one whole winter by her daddy's cozy fire,
And to make her mine forever was my constant, fond desire.
I was bashful and quite timid, I was so afraid to "pop,"
That my courage always weakened, and my pleading had to stop;
But Matilda she was hopeful, and she knew what I would say,
So she led me on so gently that we named the fatal day.

CHORUS.

Wasn't I proud on my wedding day,
Hast'ning to church in the month of May;
Hear the bells ringing, hear the choir singing,
Out from the organ-loft old and gray;
Roses were strewn down the centre aisle,
Classmates looked on with a friendly smile,
Flushed was the bride who stood by my side,
For this was my glad wedding day.

First I hurried to my tailors, who kept shop down in the "Strand,"
And gave orders for a "full dress," that was eloquent and grand;
Then I visited my hatter; got my license on the way;
Cracked a pint of "mum" at dinner, and was feeling jolly gay.
In the evening at the club-house I bade my chums good-bye,
And they toasted me with bumpers of the rarest, rare old rye;
All agreed I was a hero, unknown dangers to embrace,
But the last thing I remember, I was (*sic*) carried from the place.—*Chorus.*

Soon the day that was selected to unite two loving hearts
Rolled around with sunny splendor, bringing jellies, cakes and tarts;
Soon the old church bells were chiming, calling friends from far and near;
I in my lodgings, frantic, saw the minister disappear.
Where, oh, where was that blanked tailor, the cause of all my woes?
Ah, ha! some one is knocking—please, mister, here's your clothes;
I jumped in them in a jiffy—wildly tear my hair and swear—
For the coat would fit a hay-stack, and the pants too small to wear.—*Chorus.*

With my temper sorely ruffled, I made my way with haste
To the cottage of Matilda, for there's little time to waste;
When we meet, she stares in horror, asks me, "what on earth I mean";
To come dressed in such a manner is enough to turn one green."
I ask pardon, say I'm sorry, and every other thing;
Goodness, gracious! what a spasm! I have lost her wedding ring!
False alarm—I've found it safely; oh, what luck I've had to-day;
Just another shock like that one, and my brain will melt away.—*Chorus.*

We are standing at the altar, every one is hushed and still,
But a thousand eyes are on me, and I feel uncommon ill;
I grow dizzy, weak and nervous, cold chills roll down my spine,
Till a voice of thunder asks me, "Dost thou take her to be thine?"
"Yes," I stammer in a whisper, it's all that I can say,
And the parson further questions, "Who will give this girl away?"
"I can," yells her little brother, "but you bet yer life I'll not!"
While his mamma warms him soundly on a very tender spot.—*Chorus.*

'Twas last night we celebrated twenty years of married life—
Twenty years of joys and sorrows, of happiness and strife;
We recalled the days of courtship, we blessed our blissful fate,
Talked about the dear old bull-dog and her father's old front gate.
Golden days to be remembered, which most of us have had;
Of strolls when it was moonlight, of escapes from her dear dad;
How we'd linger in the parlor until the clock struck two,
And it still remains the fashion, for our daughter does so too.—*Chorus.*

SLUMBER PEACEFULLY.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

I'll serenade to-night! I'll serenade to-night! by the moon's bright rays I'll sing,
Oh, my own, mine alone, may you slumber peacefully, dream of me, only me!
When sleep from your eyes hath flown, with your thoughts you're all alone,
Think, oh, think, my love, of me, and let me come to thee, my own.

CHORUS.

Sleep, my darling, sleep! peaceful be thy dreams,
Angels will guard thee, sweetheart, and my love will keep, for me.
Sleep, my darling, sleep! peaceful be thy dreams,
Angels will guard thee, sweetheart, and my love will keep, for me.

WHEN HOGAN PAID HIS RENT.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

Malachi Hogan rents his place from Gallagher's estate;
Peter Brady is collector, whom the neighbors hate;
He went to Hogan's Tuesday night and asked him for his rent,
Treat the boys, says Hogan, or I'll never pay a cent.
Indeed I won't, says Brady, and I'll tell you to your face,
Until you pay me every red, I'll never leave the place;
Both of them were fighting mad, on murther they were bent,
And all the crowd stood back to see how Hogan paid his rent.

CHORUS.

Each gave back the other what he sent;
The bones they didn't break were badly bent;
They slugged each other, hugged each other,
And with sticks they clubbed each other,
Any kind of fighting went when Hogan paid his rent.

When Hogan sent an upper cut, and Brady threw a chair,
It knocked Tim Fagan's teeth out, he swore he would get square;
He countered with a cuspidore, but Brady let it pass,
It found a home behind the bar in Hogan's looking glass;
Then Hogan leapt for Fagan and Fagan tried to run.
Look out, says Andy Monahan, Mike Walsh has got a gun.
Let me out, says Fagan, my life is nearly spent,
I'm wit you, too, says Brady, and let Hogan keep his rent.—*Chorus.*

The noise brought all the neighbors out for six or seven blocks;
Brady fought with boots in hand, and wearing out his socks;
A basketful of broken glass was thrown upon the floor,
Poor Brady cut his feet, of course, and then the fight was o'er.
The police brought the wagon 'round at last to stop the row,
Sure every man was cut or bruised, but no one could tell how;
Well Brady paid the fines for all, and then he dropped a hint
That he would always buy the drinks when Hogan paid his rent.—*Chorus.*

The Portrait of My Mother in Old Ireland Far Away.

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Words by Frank Archer. Music by Tom Richards.

It was on St. Patrick's day, when a young boy blithe and gay,
I left old Ireland o'er the seas to roam;
My mother she was poor, with misfortune at her door,
Which compelled me to leave my good old home.
She left me on the quay, and her portrait gave to me,
I kissed it and I gently dropped a tear;
With sad heart I left the place with my dear old mother's face,
The portrait that my mother gave to me.

CHORUS.

For it hangs in the corner of an old-fashioned cot,
And may the shamrocks round it ne'er decay;
Though she's many miles from here, in my heart her face is dear,
The portrait of my mother in old Ireland far away.

In a neat, old-fashioned cot a place I quickly got,
As stable boy, tho' scarcely yet sixteen;
My duties they were light, yet I toiled from morn till night
To make a home for my old mother dear.
My master he was kind, and in sympathy he said,
You'll find a friend in me whate'er befalls;
In that cot I found a place for my dear old mother's face,
And it hangs with the pictures on the wall.—*Chorus.*

I will soon see her again, and with her I'll remain;
She's growing old and feeble every day;
She will welcome me, I know, for it seemed so long ago,
I left my dear old home so far away.
And her dear face I'll miss when she is dead and gone,
And laid beneath the cold, cold ground to sleep;
With the shamrocks that she gave I will decorate her grave,
Her portrait near my heart I'll always keep.—*Chorus.*

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

Composed by J. S. Black.

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I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood,
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand,
Tho' the fields were as fair and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land,
No, no, no, no, yet it was not my own native land.

The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland,
But happier far were the hours I had passed
In the West in my own native land,
In my own native land, far, far, far in my own native land.

Then hail dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree,
'Tis the birthplace of freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, 'tis the land of the free.

WHERE'S McGINTY?

Written by Ben Collins. Sung by Lew Hawkins.

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Now, the very latest craze we are blessed with nowadays,
To worry us and bother us to death,
To make us all to sleep, and make us all to weep,
And scare us so we fear to draw our breath;
On the corner of the street, and from every one you meet,
In the bar-room where you go for your gin fizz;
In the ball-room, or the park, you will hear the same remark,
Mister, can you tell me where McGinty is?

REFRAIN.

Perhaps he's gone to England, perhaps to Germany,
Perhaps he's gone to Dublin to set old Ireland free,
Perhaps he's gone to Panama, or some other place that's hotter;
Perhaps he's gone to Paris for to marry Mrs. Potter,
Perhaps he's gone to Russia to influenza with the Czar,
Perhaps he's waiting now to catch a State Street cable car,
Perhaps he's got old Queen Victoria's brothers, aunts and sisters
All helping him to catch the wind from "Jack, the Ripper's" whiskers,
Perhaps he's gone to photograph where Slavin fought in France,
Perhaps he's gone to give Jem Smith our Mary Walker's pants,
Perhaps he's gone to Italy to eat some maccaroni,
Perhaps he flew to Kalamazoo with little Annie Rooney,
Perhaps he's gone with Jake Kilrain, 'way down to Mississippi;
Perhaps he's got the yellow jaundice, perhaps he's got the grip,
Perhaps he's with Ben Harrison and his old grandfather's hat;
But I do hope, for McGinty's sake, it's not as bad as that.
Perhaps he's down on Clark Street eating an oyster stew,
Perhaps he's waiting for a tip on the races to come true,
Perhaps the bottom of the sea has given Dan the cramps,
Perhaps he's with John Wanamaker stealing postage stamps.
Oh, where's McGinty? that's the question nobody knows.
What's become of old Daniel, all dressed up in his new suit of clothes.

KATIE AND TOM.

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Words and Music by Henry J. Sayers.

Rosy-cheeked Kate was his sweetheart, barefooted Tom was her beau,
And when roaming the meadows together, free as the breezes that blow,
He was her hero so gallant, she was his lady fair,
Children so joyously happy, building their castles in air.

CHORUS.

"When I'm a man," says Tom, "dear Katie, tell you what I'll do,
Buy you dresses, oh, so pretty, pretty 'most as you;
I'll buy you horses and a coach, we'll lead a jolly life;
'Twill happen as in story books, when you're my little wife."

Men are but boys grown taller, hearts are the same after all,
So when Katie and Tom, some years after, the dreams of their childhood recall,
Brave Tom, with his brown cheeks all flushing, asked Katie his future to bless,
With sweet face so rosily blushing, she lovingly murmure a yes.

CHORUS.

Says Tom, "Dear Katie, as we journey on life's great highway,
Your every burden I will bear," but, Katie answered, "Nay,
"Of burdens I will take my share," said Katie with a laugh;
"In love you'll find me strong as you, so I will carry half."

Now they are married and happy, music their night hours cheer,
For the music that comes from the cradle, to Kate seems the music of spheres;
But Tom is a man and grows weary of serenades all the night long;
To him baby's crying is music, but music gone awfully wrong.

CHORUS.

"Dear Tom," said Katie, "half the baby, as you know, is yours,
So do get up and rock the child, just while his pain endures."
"Dear Kate," says Tom, "you are quite right, your words I can't deny,
So you may rock and nurse your half, but I'll let my half cry."

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Words and Music by Michael Watson.

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Oh, a grim and a silent man is he, as he steers due North or South,
His cold gray eye on the compass fixed, and firmly set his mouth;
A word to him, and it's strange how small, how exceedingly small you'll feel,
For in characters bold, you'll find you're told not to speak to the man at the wheel.
Then merrily, oh! and a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel,
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.

Oh, a sad and a dreadful fate is his, who once was blithe and gay,
For his wife, in short, has a tongue so long, like the sea it flows for aye;
You've only to sing of "Home, Sweet Home," to find to your surprise,
That he'll wither you up with a stony stare from his cold and glassy eyes.
Then merrily, oh! and a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel,
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.

He has steered his ship for many a year o'er the deep and briny sea,
With a quip or a crank to his rear or flank, but never a smile smiles he;
And to calm and steady his nerves for home, he is silent when at sea;
So, mariners all, just beware how you fall in the jaw of matrimonee.
Then merrily, oh! and a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel,
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.
Then merrily, oh! and a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel,
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.

Between You and Me and the Gate-Post.

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Words by J. B. Sweet. Music by Alfred Von Rochow.

My heart it was set on a pretty maid; I loved her as hard as I could;
To ask her to marry me I was afraid, I didn't know whether she would;
Whenever I tried it, there came such a whirr, I could not see clearly my way;
Between you and me and the gate-post, sir, the dickens was always to pay.
Between you and me and the gate-post, sir, the dickens was always to pay.

One night I fixed up in my Sunday best, and started my sweetheart to see,
The dear little darling was out of her nest, and at the gate waiting for me,
And there we stood talking until very late, 'till finally turning, I said,
Between you and me and the gate-post, Kate, it's a very nice night overhead.
Between you and me and the gate-post, Kate, it's a very nice night overhead.

And as we kept talking and talking away, on things of no value or note;
And still, the main thing I wanted to say, kept sticking tight down in my throat;
At last it was growing so terribly late, I spoke, and said, how will it be,
Between you and me and the gate-post, Kate, will you marry a fellow like me?
Between you and me and the gate-post, Kate, will you marry a fellow like me?

Her head came down on my Sunday vest, and then, as she gave me her hand,
Said she, John, I really do love you the best of any one else in the land;
But mercy! 'tis ten! how the time goes on! I am glad that it's not any more,
Between you and me and the gate-post, John, why didn't you ask me before?
Between you and me and the gate-post, John, why didn't you ask me before?

The Captain's Daughter Nell.

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Words and Music by John Keynton.

She's the loveliest craft that a sailor could spy,
Her eyes are the ocean's blue;
And her laugh is as fresh as the breeze rushing by,
Her heart it is kind and true, her heart it is kind and true,
For her there's a toast, for her there's a song;
Her smile is a world of cheer;
While over the sea we're bounding along,
To Jack she's an angel dear.
Yo, ho! hilli ho! for the captain's daughter Nell!

CHORUS.

So the winds they may blow, the seas they may flow,
There's one that poor Jack loves well;
She is trim, she is neat, a beauty complete,
The captain's daughter Nell.

When it's Jack's watch below, she is still in his dreams,
He thinks of his home ashore;
And he sees his own girl, when her smile on him beams,
And walks by her side once more, yes, walks by her side once more.
She heeds not the storm, she paces the deck;
For fearless is she, and brave;
She laughs at the sky that threatens to wreck,
Our queen of the ocean wave.
Yo, ho! hilli ho! for the captain's daughter Nell.—*Chorus.*

Not a sailor aboard but would die to defend
This beauty all hearts admire;
On the help of poor Jack she can always depend,
To serve her he'd never tire, to serve her he'd never tire.
A rainbow is she, the sailors' delight,
A joy to the hearts of all;
The life of the ship, from morning till night,
Tho' loud is the Bosun's call.
Yo, ho! hilli ho! for the captain's daughter Nell.—*Chorus.*

JACK OF THE NINTH BRIGADE.

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Words and Music by Henry J. Sayers.

Our country was calling defenders to arms! was the cry, loud and clear;
Disturbing the calm of our village, with fears for our old flag so dear.
Jack Ross and I were true comrades, always in sunshine and shade, [Brigade.
So together we shoulder'd our muskets, and march'd to the front with the Ninth

CHORUS.

Comrades were we together, in sunshine and stormy weather;
Loving each other, oh, show me another like Jack of the Ninth Brigade.

And whether on march or in conflict, dear Jack at my side could be found;
Sharing our changeful fortunes, yes, comrades, in friendship fast bound.
But one day o'ermatched in close combat, I thought life fast nearing its end,
The fatal thrust came to Jack, not to me, Jack gave up his life for his friend.—*Cho.*

When Her Papa Goes Down to the Club.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

There is but one sweet little maid, just one that I dearly do love,
Of her papa I'm greatly afraid, but still she's my own little dove;
I have to be sly when calling on Kate;
If caught by her pa, small chances I'd take,
The neighbors all wonder why I watch and wait
Till her papa goes down to the club.

CHORUS.

When her papa goes down to the club, the club,
Then I call on Katie, my love, my love;
We kiss and we squeeze, we do as we please,
While papa is down at the club, please,
When papa is down at the club.

Now Katie is just seventeen, with eyes like the stars up above,
And I call her my sweet fairy queen because she's the girl that I love;
But papa seems cross, don't like me at all,
And only on me his vengeance doth fall,
But nevertheless upon Katie I call,
When her papa goes down to the club.—*Chorus.*

My Katie is her papa's pride, he calls her his own turtle dove,
There is nothing from her that's denied, and pleasure she has plenty of;
And yet I'm forbidden my darling to see,
Her papa, she says, keeps watching for me,
Some night we'll go walking and married we'll be,
When her papa goes down to the club.—*Chorus.*

The Irishman's "Home, Sweet Home."

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Written by Felix McGlennon. Composed by J. W. Rowley.

Oh! for five long years I've rambled, and in foreign lands I've gambolled,
I have been to what they told me are the finest spots on earth;
But I've come back o'er the ocean with my heart full of emotion,
And an Irishman's devotion to the land that gave me birth.
They talk about their *Rooshia*, they brag about their *Prooshia*,
And their lovely *Andalooshia*, as a bright and sunny land;
They boast of Niagara and their famous Riveyara,
But they can't beat Counemara, with its mountains stern and grand.

REFRAIN.

Foreign men are very witty, foreign ladies very pretty;
You may like each foreign city, from St. Petersburg to Rome;
But to spend a pleasant night in, and with comfort to get tight in,
And to have an Irish fight in, give me "Home, Sweet Home."

Their songs and their *fricasses*, and their *Patsey Foydegrasses*
May be good enough for asses, but for Irish stomachs, no!
They talk about *tomaties*, but none of 'em fit to ate is,
Sure they're not like floury praties that in Ireland do grow;
And then they go a-drinkin' some quare things, I am thinkin',
Och! their names would set you blinkin' and they'd nearly break your jaw;
Ah, but if you would be frisky, never mind their drinks so risky,
You are safe on Irish whiskey that the Gauger never saw.

REFRAIN.

Foreign men are very witty, foreign ladies very pretty;
You may like each foreign city, from St. Petersburg to Rome;
But in friendship to be treated, or to get your nose inflated,
Or your jaw-bone dislocated, give me "Home, Sweet Home."

Then a bit of dacent fightin' they pretend to take delight in,
And they use their dirty daggers, their stilettoes and the rest;
But, for striking disputation, or a friendly salutation,
There is nothing like a black-thorn when you put it to the test.
You can argue any matter, your opponent's head can batter,
And their noses you can scatter 'till you can't tell Mick from Pat;
Sure its only in good nature that you alter every fayture,
And a small drop of the crayture seals the friendship after that.

REFRAIN.

Foreign men are very witty, foreign ladies very pretty;
You may like each foreign city, from St. Petersburg to Rome;
But to get knocked in the gutter, or to go home on a shutter,
With your head as soft as butter, give me "Home, Sweet Home."

A Welcome that Will Never Die.

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Words and Music by Barney Mullelly.

I remember leaving home and parents;
Oh! dear, but it makes me feel sad
To think I should roam far away from home,
Away from dear mother and dad.
My poor old father stood in the door,
The sad sight I will see evermore,
As they bid me good-bye, my mother did cry,
Saying, my joy and love is o'er.

CHORUS.

Teddy, my own darling boy, you will return by and by;
Let fortune be good or bad as it may, you'll be welcome by father and I.
Teddy, my own darling boy, you will come back by and by;
Let fortune be good or bad as it may, we've a welcome that never will die.

So I left home and came to this country,
Then sorrow it fell to my share;
Wherever I'd roam, there was no place like home,
My heart would turn back to them there.
With a sickness I soon was laid low,
With the fever I raved, I know;
Mother's words I could hear so plain in my ear,
Saying, my joy and love is o'er.—*Chorus.*

When I recovered I again sought labor,
But dame fortune on me did frown;
No favor for me, I plainly could see—
The fates they seemed holding me down.
Then once more I was confined to my bed,
Yes, my spirit had very near fled,
When to my surprise, before my own eyes,
My parents stood there and they said:

CHORUS.

Teddy, my own darling boy, we thought we could come ere you'd die;
Let fortune be good or bad as it may, you'll be welcome by father and I.
Teddy, my own darling boy, dry your tears and do not cry;
Let fortune be good or bad as it may, we've a welcome that never will die.

FLANNIGAN'S IRISH CANARY.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Misther Flannigan dwelled in the swell part of town
Ninety-foort Street close by the East River,
He'd a bit uv a record for social renown,
An' wuz what ye might call a "high liver."
His shanty wuz built on the top uv a rock,
Where ducks, goats an' ganders did cluster,
'Till a blast of gun powdher would give them a shock,
An' disperse them as fasht as they'd musther.

CHORUS.

Old Misther Flannigan bought him a bird,
Loike a cross twixt a hin an' a owl;
'Twas knock-kneed an' bandy an' fond uv rock candy,
This queer looking, crooked-faced fowl;
It's beak it wuz keen, an' its feathers wuz green,
Loike the shamrocks that grew in his area;
The neighbors came in, wid a laugh an' a grin,
To See Flannigan's Irish canary.

He invited the neighbors one night to a "spread,"
An' they came loike the street wuz on fire;
Shure they drank soda wather an' ate ginger-bread
'Till you'd think that they'd shurely expire.
Miss Murphy sang German, an' some one cried "rats,"
Howly murther but there wuz a scuffle,
For the guests wint to fightin' loike Killkenny cats,
An' they lost all their looks in the shuffle.—*Chorus.*

On a dark, stormy night, wid the moon shinin' bright,
Misther Flannigan turned into bed,
He'd been drinking all day at McSwiggin's cafe,
An' the load had all gone to his head.
His dreams they were wonderful, strange an' not thrue;
He wuz just getting ready to snore,
Whin the bird hollered, fire! turn the hose! you're a liar!
An' old Flannigan fell on the floor.—*Chorus.*

'Twas on St. Patrick's Day, in his uniform gay,
He marched to the tune "Garry Owen,"
While the Clannagael boys made a beautiful noise
Wid the rocks, stones an' clubs they were throwin'.
In front of the house where old Flannigan lived,
They halted to thry his potheen;
As they entered the door, every blessed man swore,
For the bird shouted, "God save the queen."—*Chorus.*

For a whole year or more he had trouble galore,
Twinty times he had landed in jail;
He wuz growin' so thin, he wuz all bone an' skin,
An' his friends would no longer go bail.
To get rid of the pest he had thried every plan,
Not a small bit of good would it do,
'Till he slaughtered the bird, an' the neighbors concurred
That it made a rale fine Irish stew.—*Chorus.*

SHE'S THE BOSS, I'M THE GILLIE.

Written and Composed by James Rolmax.

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Will some kind Christian pack me off to Jericho or Spain,
Or anywhere, so I shall never see my wife again;
She treats me just as if I were a little boy of three,
And scolds until I wish her at the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS.

She's the boss, I'm the gillie!
On the lodgers I've to wait, black the boots and clean the gate,
For she's the boss, I'm the gillie! I wish I was a single married man.

At drinking beer or whiskey all creations she'll eclipse;
'Twould take a good-sized bucketful to moisten her sweet lips;
And when she gets a drop too much I'm always in a "funk,"
For she kicks up peace and quietness, and vows it's me that's drunk.—*Chorus.*

She makes me wash and feed the kid, and rock it off to sleep,
And if it cries, she knocks me with the poker in a heap;
While with the young man lodger she sits cosily at tea,
I'm slaving at the wash-tub, and they both make game of me.—*Chorus.*

OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

Adapted from an old Irish melody by Battison Haynes.

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My name is Paddy Leary, from a sphot called Tipperary,
The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in;
But before the break of morn, faith! 'tis they'll be all forlorn,
For I'm off to Philadelphia in the mornin'.

CHORUS.

Wid my bundle on my shoulder, faith! there's no man could be boulder,
I'm lavin' dear ould Ireland widout warnin';
For I lately took the notion for to cross the briny ocean,
I shtart for Philadelphia in the mornin'.

There's a girl called Kate Malone, whom I'd hoped to call my own,
And to see my little cabin floor adornin',
But my heart is sad and weary, how can she be Missis Leary,
If I shtart for Philadelphia in the mornin'?—*Chorus.*

When they told me I must lave the place, I tried to keep a cheerful face,
For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scornin';
But the tears will surely blind me for the friends I lave behind me,
When I shtart for Philadelphia in the mornin'.

CHORUS.

But tho' my bundle's on my shoulder, and there's no man could be boulder,
Though I'm lavin' now the shpot that I was born in,
Yet some day I'll take the notion to come back across the ocean,
To my home in dear old Ireland in the mornin'.

THE MASHAH UP TO DATA.

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

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I'm a tailor-made young feilah, I'm the latest style in town;
The coin I spend is yellah, I don't touch white nor brown.
I'm living with my mamma, I've whiskers on my toes,
I light segars with "fivers," as each girl knows.

SPOKEN—When they meet me in Belgravia it is not at all uncommon to hear them sweetly murmur—

CHORUS.

Ain't he nice? ain't he sweet? quite the latest style,
With a face, full of grace, would kill you at half a mile;
And his eyes mesmerize, as he takes his evening roam;
One smile will beguile, and make a girl leave her home.

I feed off pure white lillies, to make my complexion nice,
And the juice of daffodillies I drink each morning, twice.
I also drink gold liquid, which ascends into my hair;
By jove! I've let the cat out, why I'm so fair.

SPOKEN—Aha! Here comes my very best girl. Do you know what she'll do when she "spots" me? She'll stand like so (*comic position*); place her eye-glass in her eye, so, and treat me to the following *choicelets:*

CHORUS.

Ain't he nice? ain't he sweet? quite the latest style;
By his face you can trace he's a Spaniard from Erin's Isle;
And his feet are a treat, each day they larger grow;
He was young, very young, about thirty-five years ago.

I wear the best sealskin garters, I buy them where they're sold;
I always wear a bustle for fear of catching cold;
My teeth are set with diamonds, so are my heels and soles,
To tell the truth, I'm jewelled in fifteen holes.

SPOKEN—All the dear creatures say—

CHORUS.

Ain't he nice? ain't he sweet? quite the latest "fash";
By his air, you can swear, he's suff'ring from too much cash;
And the style of his smile has a charm we can't explain,
For its length and its strength has wrecked an excursion train.

OUR NOBLE FIRE BRIGADE.

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Words and Music by James Barron. Arranged by W. C. Parker.

No doubt you've oft been told of firemen strong and bold,
To tell you of them now is my desire;
To tell you how they're praised in a thousand different ways,
When at their duty nobly fighting fire.
They never know the danger that a fire to them may bring,
As still as death their quarters are, when lo! the bell it rings;
Like lightning they obey the call, one instant not delayed,
Till they dash along the street, our noble Fire Brigade.

CHORUS.

When all's asleep at midnight, and they hear the cry of "Fire!"
It's their fellowmen and women to rescue's their desire!
What to them is fire and water? it's the rescues that are made,
And the courage so undaunted of the Fire Brigade!

The people shout and cheer, "the Fire Brigade is here!"
And thro' the street they dash so swift and grand!
No sign of fear is traced in the sturdy fireman's face,
While he obeys the captain's loud command!
The engine's quick in action and the hooks and ladders up,
In an instant ev'ry man of them is busily engaged
Fighting fire in ev'ry quarter, all around, up and below,
Are the gallant heroes of our noble Fire Brigade.—*Chorus.*

As they go flying past, tho' the call may be their last,
And think not of their little ones so sweet;
No honest fireman dare to a danger have a care;
It's honor or it's death that they've to meet!
They see the flames leap madly up, and burning sparks they fly,
Down from a window, wrapt in flame, comes forth heart-rending cries!
Next, at the window, we can see a woman and her babe
In the strong arms of the heroes of the Fire Brigade.—*Chorus.*

Night after night we keep a watch o'er those who sleep
Throughout the city, north, south, east and west!
Waiting ever and anon, 'tis the sounding of the gong!
A fireman's life's a hard one, at the best!
No second ever is their own, the time they think their due;
No rest when bang, bang, goes the gong from box "one twenty-two!"
As down the poles they slide, they're soon outside and quickly ride,
The best of time is then made by the Fire Brigade.—*Chorus.*

What Can You Expect for Your Money?

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre. Sung by Harry Freeman.

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No wonder we find a depression in trade,
Since profits are cut up so close;
I once saw some sovereigns a fellow had made,
At "three and a tanner" per gross;
He passed a lot off to the public at large,
Detectives declared it was funny!
And one of them said, as he took him in charge,
"What can you expect for your money?"

CHORUS.

Heigho! it's always so! Money is a dreadful thing, O!
But an empty purse is a great deal worse—
It is, by jingo!

Now when a young fellow goes hunting for gold,
And drops on a "lady of coin,"
He pops the grand query, the question of old,
And asks her his fortune to join.
Then after they're married, much to his surprise,
He finds she is sixty (that's funny);
She takes off her wig and her cork leg, and cries,
"What can you expect for the money?"—*Chorus.*

Or when an old "buffer" of eighty or so,
Gets 'mashed' on a juvenile Miss,
And gives her a check for a "fiver" or so,
Then asks her to give him a kiss.
She gives him just one, in a half sort of way,
He thinks it is sweeter than honey;
But if he should ask for another, she'll say,
"What do you expect for your money?"—*Chorus.*

A clever young gentleman went to the "Zoo,"
The monkeys he liked to enrage;
One of them grabbed hold of his hat, which was new,
And tore it to shreds in the cage.
The masher went out to the "boss of the show,"
Who laughed—for it struck him as funny,
Then said, "You should keep from relations you know,
Or else you are bound to lose money."—*Chorus.*

Suppose you go out in an emigrant ship,
To sail for the antipodes,
And pay but a trifle for taking the trip,
You can't expect comfort and ease.
If you should be wrecked and find watery graves,
The captain is bound to be funny;
He'll ask you ere sinking beneath the green waves,
"What can you expect for such money?"—*Chorus.*

NONSENSE; YES, BY JOVE!

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By Joseph Hart.

How do you feel, old chappie? very queer; nonsense; yes, by jove!
I'm very glad at last we're here, are you? yes, by jove!
I'd give a crown if I felt flitter, look here, old chap, now don't you titter,
I'm going to order a glass of milk and bitter; here? yes, by jove!

CHORUS.

Nonsense; yes, by jove! nonsense; yes, by jove!
The ladies all stare, as they pass through the square,
And so nonsense; yes, by jove!

Missed you last night, old chappie; beastly bore, very; yes, by jove!
Where were you, chappie? theatre stage door; nonsense; yes, by jove!
I waited there with two or three, 'till Lulu came, and I could see,
Do you know she very nearly looked at me; nonsense; yes, by jove!—*Chorus.*

I stayed at home yesterday, course you know, nonsense; yes, by jove!
What for? had my nails manicured, nonsense; yes, by jove!
In the morning I felt rather chipper, in the afternoon I felt real flipper,
But I caught cold drinking from a dipper; water? yes, by jove!—*Chorus.*

THE FLY.

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Words by Frank Marion. Music by Eduard Holst.

Of all the winged insects that make us rave and tear,
There's none that with the household fly that ever can compare;
He's with us in the morning, he's with us, too, at night,
And only ceases buzzing when we blow out the light.
And did you ever notice if you haven't any hair
Upon your scalp, the little fly is sure to gambol there.

CHORUS.

Oh, fly, darling little body;
If I could only catch you, you would not be so naughty;
Of all the insects in the land there's nothing like the fly,
When he begins to buzz on your nose, oh, my!

And when the day is peeping, if you try to lie a-bed,
The little fly turns somersaults upon your arms and head;
And yet the learned tell us the house-fly is of use,
As he purifies the atmosphere, by swallowing the juice
Of vile malarial gasses, and thus adding to the wealth
Of us poor suffering mortals by keeping us in health.—*Chorus.*

And if you try to hit him, then at once away he flies,
You cannot catch him napping, for he's got two thousand eyes;
I truly hope in heaven the air is clear and pure,
So that we'll not be called upon the fly to there endure.
For an able-bodied angel must not swear with earthly vim,
He will have to grin and bear it, if there are flies on him.—*Chorus.*

COUGH, JOHN, COUGH, AND MAKE THE BABY LAUGH.

Written by Thomas Pinder. Music by W. F. Lancelott.

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You see that I'm a married man, at least I think you ought;
By eighteen months of wedded bliss some trouble I've been taught;
I'm father of a bouncing boy who's always wide-awake;
And I've to cough to keep it quiet until my jaws they ache.

SPOKEN—Yes, I'm the happy parent of a 'crying doll.' I've bought rattles, India-rubber tooth-rings, sugar-sticks and everything else I could think of, but it is impossible to keep that child quiet, except in one manner; and that is why my wife is always crying out:

CHORUS.

Cough, John, cough, John, cough, and make the baby laugh;
Cough, John, cough, John, and make the baby laugh.
Why don't you keep it still? Its crying makes me ill;
Cough, cough, cough, John, and make the baby laugh.

Some call the baby "pretty pet," and ask us out to tea,
Where I've to act the part of nurse, and dance it on my knee;
My wife she sits down with the rest to have a good "blow out,"
But as that blessed infant squalls, to me she's sure to shout:—*Chorus.*

I never get a wink of sleep, for when in bed at night,
The baby's sure to waken up, and cry out with affright;
My wife commands me with one word and then begins to snore,
While I've to hug that wretched child about the chamber floor.

SPOKEN—Fancy me roused from my virtuous couch at midnight by a dig 'n the ribs, and told to carry that wretched baby about in my night shirt, singing, "Hush-a-bye, baby," etc. It's "Don't you hear, John; wake up, John; get up, John," and—*Chorus.*

My trouble never has an end, it's morning, night and noon;
If I continue coughing so, I'll have a coffin soon;
I hear the baby coughing now, and, as my throat is sore,
If you, my friends, will cough with me, you'll quiet it I'm sure.

SPOKEN—I feel as though I had the hooping cough, and could swallow a box of Keating's Cough Lozenges. So, just to keep the baby quiet, we'll—

Cough, boys, cough, etc.

THE BOOTBLACK'S CHRISTMAS.

Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by Barney Mullely.

A bootblack slept in a dry-goods box, it was on one Christmas eve;
Tho' all alone in his scanty home, in Santa Claus he did believe.
He slept on rags and straw, then placed his little shoes outside,
Just as he had hung his stockings up, before his mother died.
The night rolled on and no Santa came, but a thief crept soft and low,
And he stole away those little shoes, that were left standing in the snow.

REFRAIN.

Sad, sad, indeed, to see the lad standing in the storm alone
Beside the empty dry-goods box that served him as a home;
And the look of disappointment—Santa Claus did him refuse—
But saddest of all was to hear him call, Santa Claus bring back my shoes.

But a moment's time had scarcely passed, till I was beside the lad;
"What makes you weep, my dear boy?" I said; "Have you indeed not got a dad?"
"Oh! no, kind sir," he said, with a beseeching look to me,
"My poor mother died a year ago, papa was lost at sea."
I started back when I heard his tale, for I was returning home;
Then I scanned his face, what did I trace? it was the outline of my own.

REFRAIN.

Thank God, indeed, to find my boy, although in the storm alone,
Beside the empty dry-goods box that served him as a home;
I dispelled his disappointment—Santa Claus will not refuse—
For your father has come, my own dear son, I will buy for you new shoes.

I grasped the box, as I held my child in a father's fond embrace;
I could feel that my brain was whirling, and the hot tears rolled down my face.
On a whale-ship I sailed, for a six month's voyage to sea;
I was wrecked and cast on foreign shore, where none could hear from me.
The truth was clear, my wife so dear, from earth had passed away;
I play'd the part, with a broken heart, of Santa Claus that Christmas day.—*Ref.*

WILT THOU BE GONE, LOVE?

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By Stephen C. Foster.

JULIET.

Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love? gone, love, from me?
Stay! 'tis the nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Deem not 'tis the lark, love; day is not yet near—
Believe me, 'tis the nightingale whose song hath pierced thine ear.
Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love? wilt thou be gone from me?

ROMEO.

I must be gone, love; I must be gone from thee.
'Tis not the nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
'Tis the lark, 'tis the lark, 'tis the lark,
'Tis the lark, love, that sings in yonder tree.
I must be gone, I must be gone, love;
Gone, love, from thee; gone, love, from thee.

JULIET.

Stay! 'tis the nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Love, 'tis the nightingale; love, 'tis the nightingale;
Love, 'tis the nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love?
Gone, love, from me, gone, love, from me?

ROMEO.

It is the lark, the herald of the morn, love; no nightingale.
See! the clouds are brightning, the stars are growing pale—
Day is on yon mountain top that veils the eastern sky—
I must be gone and live, love, or stay with thee and die;
I must be gone, I must be gone, love; I must be gone from thee.
'Tis not the nightingale that sings in yonder tree;
'Tis the lark, 'tis the lark, 'tis the lark,
'Tis the lark, love, that sings in yonder tree.
I must be gone, I must be gone, love; I must be gone, love, from thee.

JULIET.

Wilt thou be gone, love? wilt thou be gone from me?
Stay! 'tis the nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Love, 'tis the nightingale; love, 'tis the nightingale;
Love, 'tis the nightingale that sings in yonder tree.
Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love? wilt thou be gone, love, from me?

Bound to See It.—Mrs. Figg: "John, there's a long, red hair on your shoulder. And your sleeve is ripped, too. Mr. Figg: "Yes; I put the hair on there myself so you'd notice the ripped place."

—"Remember the example of George Washington, my boy," said the careful father. "Who was George Washington, papa?" queried the hopeful. "Why, he was the man who couldn't tell a lie, of course." "What was the matter with him—couldn't he talk?" There was much anxiety in the parental mind as to the youngster's future.

Who'll Buy My Water Cresses?

Copyright, 1874, by S. Brainard's Sons.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by M. E. T. Music by Jules Lafort.

Water cresses so bright and green—who'll buy cresses of me, I say?
Down by the brook, all cool and clean, I gathered them fresh for you to-day.
Crisp and cool from their mossy bed, bright and clear with the morning dew,
Look! what beauties by streams fed, lady, dear lady, I brought to you.

CHORUS.

Water cresses! water cresses!
Who'll buy! who'll buy! who'll buy! who'll buy!
Water cresses! water cresses!
Who'll buy cresses to-day.

From the dawn to the sunset red, I am busy as girl can be,
Father is gone and mother is dead, and only Robbie is left to me.
And he sits by the window pale, wondering why doesn't Effie come?
He might sicken if I should fail his good nice supper to carry home.—*Chorus.*

Little, you say? I'm the head of the house; I must earn whatever we eat;
Robbie can work no more than a mouse, he never can stand on his poor lame feet.
Tired? oh, no! though my feet are sore; one little bunch do please to buy;
I must hie home with my morning store; nobody's left but Robbie and I.—*Cho.*

WANTED A GOVERNESS.

Composed and Sung by John Parry. Written by George Dubourg, Esq.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I know not a cure so good for the vapors,
As reading the "wants" which appear in the papers;
There's wanted a husband, or "wanted a sample,"
Or "wanted to borrow," but here's an example:
"Wanted a governess"—"Wanted a governess"—"A governess wanted"—
A governess wanted, well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill,
In a gentleman's family highly genteel,
Where 'tis hoped that the lady will try to conceal
Any fanciful feelings or flights she may feel,
For this gentleman's family's so very genteel, they're so very genteel!

Superior attainments are quite indispensable,
With everything, too, that's correct and ostensible;
Morals of pure unexceptionability;
Manners well formed and of strictest gentility!
The pupils are five—ages six to sixteen—
All as promising girls as ever were seen;
And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in)
There are two little boys, but they only learn Latin.

Wanted a governess, fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill,
In a gentleman's family highly genteel,
Where, in order that things may go "Toujours Tranquille,"
They seldom express themselves quite as they feel,
For this gentleman's family's so very genteel, they're so very genteel!

The lady must teach all the several branches,
Whereinto polite education now launches;
She's expected to speak the French tongue like a native,
And be to her pupils of all its points dative;
Italian she must know, of course, nor needs banish
Whatever acquaintance she may have with Spanish;
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,
In the absence, that is, of the master, Herr Hermann.
"Wanted a governess," fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill,
In a gentleman's family highly genteel,
Where the lady will find, by attention and zeal,
That she'll scarcely have time to partake of a meal,
For this gentleman's family's so very genteel, they're so very genteel!

The harp and the piano (cela va sans dire),
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.
In drawing in pencil and chalk, and the tinting
That's called Oriental, she must not be stint in.
She must paint upon paper, on satin and velvet,
And if she knows wax work she'll not need to shelve it.
Dancing, of course, with the newest Gambades,
The Polish Mazurka and best Gallopades;
Arithmetic, history, joined with chronology,
Hereldry, botany, writing, conchology,
Grammar and satin-stitch, netting, geography, astronomy,
Use of the globes and cosmography!

These are the principal matters (au reste),
Address, "J. Z. X. Q. V., Easy Place, West."
As the salary's very moderate, none need apply
Who more on that point than on comfort rely;
But, perhaps, 'twere as well, to make matters shorter,
To mention the terms—namely, five pounds a quarter.

Wanted a governess, well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill,
Where 'tis wished that the pupils should never be still,
Nor the governess either, be she well or ill—
"A governess wanted"—"Wanted a governess."

—Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning.

THE EVENING NEWS;

— OR: —

Ragged Matt.

Copyright, 1889, by J. R. Bell. Words and Music by Barney Mullelly.

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I'm called "Ragged Matt," for my clothes and my hat
They are ragged, they are tattered and torn;
Evening News is my friend, it has stuck to the end,
When poverty's hour was most known,
When a small child I had a very bad "dad,"
Bad, I mean, in his way,
Every dollar and cent for liquor was spent,
Till death came and took him one day.

REFRAIN.

Evening News! Evening News! Evening News! I would cry,
While roaming the streets, I did not look neat, but I hustled for mother and I.

My mother took sick and was forced to her bed,
With sorrow I'd nearly gone wild;
No money or friends, my poor mother did weep,
Saying, "What shall we do, my dear child?"
At early day I started away
To earn some money for bread!
When I returned to my home, it's then I did moan,
For there lay my poor mother dead.—*Refrain.*

SHE COULDN'T.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

Of a girl I'll tell to you, and the things she couldn't do—
That is, she couldn't and she wouldn't learn;
And at school she led all classes, and was envied by the lassies,
And for some things she was envious in return.

CHORUS.

She could sing, she could play, she could dance from night till day,
She could while the hours away, so it is said;
She could skate, she could paint, she could play the patron saint,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't make a bed.

She could sing a pretty song, "Miss your mother when she's gone,"
"With all her faults I love," she'd sing alone;
"We were comrades, Jack and I," too; "Marguerite," "Sweet by and bye," too,
But she couldn't sing sweet "Maggie Murphy's home."

CHORUS.

She could cook, she could sew, she could play the piano,
She could make a very pretty, dainty frock;
Safety bicycles ride, row or swim against the tide,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't wind the clock.
She couldn't, she wouldn't, she couldn't and she wouldn't even try,
She couldn't, she wouldn't, she said she couldn't, no, not if she died.

Everybody Takes Off the Hat to Me.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Eduard Holst.

To put my best foot foremost was my motto from a boy;
I love to win the crowd's applause, it gives me boundless joy.
When I'm abroad a smile I see on faces here and there—
In fact, respectability I eminently share.

CHORUS.

Everybody takes off the hat to me whenever I pass by;
A solid man—that's what I am, and rated very high;
I'm very careful how I act, so none my faults may see;
And that is why, as I pass by, everybody takes off the hat to me.

Of course, 'tis money makes the man, yet I do nothing rash;
I only do just all I can to gobble up the cash.
I organized a banking scheme, a great financial stroke,
And money poured in like a stream, but soon the bank it broke.

SPOKEN—Yes, it busted. Many lost all. I didn't; that's the reason—*Cho.*

The ladies are my chief delight, their mammas think that I
Am most particularly bright, and for a match they sigh.
I'm looking for an heiress fine, my bank account to swell;
All other offers I decline, the darlings know this well.

SPOKEN—Why shouldn't I secure an heiress? Just look at me; observe my demeanor.—*Chorus.*

I'm always dressed in fine attire, the swell I never ape;
To make impressions I desire I travel on my shape.
I use the choicest language, and wherever I may go,
I'm always bound to do "the grand," avoiding all that's low.

SPOKEN—So you see, this is why—*Chorus.*

AH, JONATHAN.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

A little country maiden, with a heart so heavy laden,
Because her city sweetheart had proved untrue,
By another youth quite fickle, who thought her heart to tickle,
On bended knees was told the words, "I love but you,"
But the maid was not so fickle, the youth was in a pickle,
She said: "Young man, I'm sorry, but you will not do,"
For I have a pretty sister, and last week she said you kissed her,
And you told her that you loved her, so you can't love two.

CHORUS.

Ah, Jonathan! ah, ah, Jonathan! Jonathan, I've heard that little tale before;
Ah, Jonathan! ah, ah, Jonathan! Jonathan, I've heard that little tale before.

This youth was in a flurry, so he went off in a hurry,
Back to her pretty sister, whom he first kissed.
Beside her sat a fellow, with a voice so soft and mellow,
A-making love, which proved to him he was not missed.
Her heart was in a flutter—Excuse! he tried to mutter.
The maiden slyly looked at him and shook her head.
She said: "I love another, but you may be my brother."
Then she winked her eye and looked so shy and softly said:—*Chorus.*

I'm Sure I'd Have Something to Say.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

If, after we are married, I should stay out late at night,
I'm sure I'd have something to say;
And if, well, say by chance that I came home a little tight,
I'm sure I'd have something to say.
If I told you by accident that I had missed the boat,
Or by a very dear friend was detained to cash a note,
But if you found a long, blonde hair and chalk upon my coat,
I'm sure I'd have something to say.

CHORUS.

I'm sure I'd have something to say, for such things occur every day;
They may be quite wrong, but they cannot last long,
For I'm sure I'd have something to say.

If I should gaze for hours at a big hat made of flowers,
I'm sure I'd have something to say;
And if I said, oh, ain't it nice; let's go and ask the price,
I'm sure I'd have something to say.
If I should ask my dear mamma on us to make a call,
And spend a week or two with us—a short time, that is all,
But if she came in the spring-time and stayed until the fall,
I'm sure I'd have something to say.—*Chorus.*

HE DIED TO SAVE HIS FLAG.

Copyright, 1891, by James Stillman.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey. Arranged by Frank Banta.

On the battlefield of Gettysburg a soldier lay;
He'd played a noble part.
For the glory of the Union he'd fought that day,
With a true and gallant heart.
But still the cannon's roar is heard from shore to shore;
Thick clouds of smoke hang o'er him like a pall;
Though not afraid to die, he gives one single sigh;
The bugle sounds the old familiar call:

CHORUS.

Comrades, advance to glory, willing to do or die,
Recording as brave a story as they did in the days gone by.
Gaze upon the standard as you pass, brave boys,
Although it's but a torn and tattered rag;
Leave an honored name upon the scroll of fame,
We're fighting for the dear old flag.

On the gory plain of Gettysburg the hero died,
And with his parting breath
Said, Heaven bless the dear old flag, Columbia's pride;
I am not afraid of death.
No matter wrong or right, I fought my country's fight;
I strove to be the foremost in the van;
With comrades true and brave give me an honored grave;
I'm proud to die a soldier and a man.—*Chorus.*

But when the proclamation came, and peace at length
Was signed by those in power,
We discovered then that unity would bind our strength,
And all united from that hour.
May friendship's hand go forth, cementing South and North,
And may the stars and stripes be e'er unfurled,
Though peace is what we crave, we've sons on land and wave,
Who'll still defend our flag against the world.—*Chorus.*

FRINGE ON HIS PANTS.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

As I was coming down Broadway,
The bootblacks on the corner at leisure did play,
They all looked up and saw me by chance,
Cried one, stab the gawk, he's got fringe on his pants.

I took my girl to the ball last night,
The gang on the floor commenced for to fight,
My daisy got drunk, they slugged her by chance,
For mashing a supe who had tar on his pants.

Now all you young blokes take warning from me,
Oh! never get married, how sorry you'll be;
You'll go to the parks, and you'll meet them by chance,
But beware of the daisy who wears fringe on her overalls.

AFTERWARDS.

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by John W. Mullen.

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After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I lingered yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flowers have fled that blossomed in that springtide,
The birds are mute that sang their songs above,
And tho' the years have drifted us asunder,
Time cannot break the golden chain of love.
Still we can love, although the shadows gather;
Still we can hope, until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart, and whisper thro' the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness,
Sometimes my life grows weary of its pain,
Then, love, I wait and listen for your whisper,
Till fears depart and sunshine comes again.
It cannot be that we should part forever,
That love's sweet song is hushed for us alway;
I hear it yet, although its theme be altered;
'Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Dat's de Time a Nigger Feels Glad.

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Words and Music by Frank Dumont.

When de music it is playin' and de dancin' does begin,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
A-sneakin' round a chicken-coop, a-tryin' to get in,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.
When he has roast 'possom and gravy every meal,
And owns a turkey dat he had to steal,
And ain't got a blister upon his heel,
Or kidnaps a pig dat didn't squeal,
Livin' mighty easy on de fattest in de land,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
A-goin' to camp meetin' wid a razor in his hand,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.

CHORUS.

Oh! my! listen to de fiddle, dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
Hoe-cake fryin' on de griddle, dat's de time a nigger feels glad,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.

When he's owner of a dandy hat and little silver cane,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
A Waterbury watch and a little brass chain,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.
Pocket full of eggs dat he didn't have to buy,
Got all he wanted and didn't half try,
De only time dat he'd like to die
Is when his mouth's full of custard pie;
See him eatin' chicken when he's got it all alone,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
He eats up all de feathers and he swallows every bone,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.—*Chorus.*

He sees de farmer planting watermelons on his farm,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
He waits until they ripen, then he reaches out his arm,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.
Like a rabbit he runs when he hears de farmer come,
Never drops everything, but always keeps some;
He hides in de bushes so quiet and mum,
With melon juice all over his gum;
Everybody's property some day belongs to him,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad;
And anything that pleases him, he's sure to scoop it in,
Dat's de time a nigger feels glad.—*Chorus.*

Which Will You Have, My Pretty Maid?

Copyright, 1892, by F. Harding. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Wm. Loraine.

I slept on a bank by the side of a stream;
Whilst sleeping I had a most beautiful dream:
An old and a young man came close to my side
And said they were both looking out for a bride;
The old man had money, the young man had none;
I thought and I pondered on what could be done;
My dream seemed as real as the brightness of day—
In fact, I distinctly could hear them both say:

CHORUS.

Which will you have, my pretty maid? which is it going to be?
Here is a bag that's filled with love, and this one is golden, you see;
Balance them both in the scale, my girl; what do you mean to do?
Money or love, old or young, which will you have of the two?

I felt so surprised at the sight I beheld,
Though fear from my mind was entirely dispelled,
I looked at the old man and then at the young,
And found I had lost the whole use of my tongue;
I had to choose one, so I married the old;
I bartered my youth in exchange for his gold;
The young man looked sad, I could see he was true;
If you were in my place, now what would you do?—*Chorus.*

I dreamt we were wed—what a beautiful sight—
But, to my dismay, I discovered ere long
He had but one eye, with a false leg and arm;
I rushed from the room in the greatest alarm.
Said he, you knew well I was withered and old,
Refusing the young man, you married my gold;
I awoke with a start from my vision to scream—
I'd rolled down the bank and fell into the stream.—*Chorus.*

I FORGOT IT.

Written by E. A. Martin. Composed by Harry Randall.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Now, once I had a notion I was cut out for the stage,
And thought that as a singer I would start;
I sold my clothes and pawned my watch, to buy some comic songs,
And practised till I knew them all by heart.
I made my first appearance at a little concert hall—
The curtain rose, the prompter struck the gong,
The band's-men played the symphony, I walked upon the stage,
But when I went to start that blessed song—

CHORUS.

I forgot it! I forgot it!
The prompter said in language strong, "Hang it all! begin the song";
But I forgot it! quite forgot it!
And then they let the curtain down and kicked me off.

One day I paid a visit to some dear old friends of mine,
Who lived out in the suburbs, so to speak;
Out in their little yard they kept a cock and two old hens,
And from them had at least one egg a week.
They gave me one, a beauty, as a present for my wife,
Said I, 'twill surely give her great delight;
So in my coat-tail pocket, I it safely stowed away,
But when I reached my home that very night—

CHORUS.

I forgot it! quite forgot it!
I sat myself down in a chair, jumped up and began to swear;
I'd forgot it! quite forgot it!
And my wife declares I tried to hatch that egg.

I took my wife and baby up to Scotland last July,
And as we meant to stay a week or two,
My wife took lots of boxes, her parrot, cat and dog;
To look after them I had my work to do.
When we got to Edinboro' town I piled them in a cab,
And straight to our hotel we drove away,
When suddenly my wife exclaimed, "Good gracious, where's the child?"
I scratched my head and gasped in blank dismay—

CHORUS.

I forgot it! quite forgot it!
The parrot, cat and dog are here, but our baby boy, oh, dear!
I'd forgot it! quite forgot it!
He's in the train and half way back to London town.

I don't suppose I shall forget the day that I got wed,
We had a little "flare up" at her pa's;
I'd done a little scene in the "sherbert shifting" line,
Was jubilant and laughed with loud ha! ha's!
But when the bride, so newly made, said good-night to her friends,
And to our rooms had hurried quick away,
My memory must have left me, to my lodgings home I went,
And calmly slept and snored until next day.

CHORUS.

I forgot it! quite forgot it!
I to my simple lodgings ran, forgot I was a married man,
I'd forgot it! quite forgot it!
I had to beg her pardon just to put things right.

PERHAPS.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

I married such a lovely girl, so handsome, tall and fair,
And life to me seemed but a blissful dream;
You never know just how you stand—take my advice, beware!
Or, like me, you'll be in the soup tureen;
I went down town one morn, came back and she was gone
With a drummer, and a note she left for me
Said, "Good-bye, ducky dear, no more from me you'll hear."
I wonder where on earth now she can be.

CHORUS.

Perhaps she's gone to Germany, perhaps she's gone to France,
Perhaps she's gone to Letty Lind to learn the gaiety dance,
Perhaps she's gone to Panama, or some place that is hotter,
Perhaps she's gone to steal Kyrle Bellew from Mrs. Potter, per-sauce!
Perhaps she's on a ferry-boat, perhaps she's on the slip;
As she went with a drummer, perhaps she's got the grip,
Perhaps she's gone to Russia to influence the Czar,
Perhaps she's on the corner a-waiting for a car.

CHORUS.

Perhaps she's gone to help Jay Gould because she knows he's poor,
Perhaps she's waiting for her change in a corner dry-goods store,
Perhaps she's cutting off the heads of chickens by the peck;
If she is cutting off their heads, they'll get it in the neck;
Perhaps she's gone to Wanamaker, perhaps she's gone to Quay,
Perhaps she's gone to see the seals in San Francisco Bay,
Perhaps she's gone to Italy to get some macaroni,
Perhaps she's flew to Kalamazoo with little Annie Rooney.

CHORUS.

Perhaps she's waiting for her race tip to come true,
Perhaps she's in a restaurant eating an oyster stew,
Perhaps she's with Ben Harrison and his old grandfather's hat;
Well I do hope, for her sake, that it is not as bad as that.
Perhaps she's gone to Davie Hill, perhaps Davie has kissed her;
Perhaps she's gone to be one of the seven Southerland sisters,
Perhaps she's gone to Jersey—if so, she is lost.
Perhaps she's gone to Washington to get some Chili sauce.

Saturday Night at McSorley's.

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Harding.

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Words and Music by J. Joseph Goodwin. Arranged by Noble McDonald.

For a night's sport there's no fun like dancing
In the Fourth Ward below Franklin Square;
McSorley, the Cherry Hill piper,
Has opened a dance hall down there.
The boys and the girls from the fact'ries
Assemble on Saturday night
To waltz and to dance the Mazourka,
And end up the sport with a fight.

CHORUS.

Sweet Katie O'Connor, stately Maggie McDonough,
They dance so slow with little Joe and Annie Donnelly's beau.
Tim Houlihan's Lizzie, a blonde undoubtedly dizzy,
With Mickey Friel they waltz and spiel on Saturday night at McSorley's.

The hall's in the rear of a bar-room,
Next door to a stable that's old;
The mules and the horses are kicking;
They can't sleep at night, I am told.
There's noisy Fitzgerald and McFadden,
With noisy O'Neill and O'Brien;
There's noisy Miss Brown and Miss Madden,
All howling for whiskey and wine.

CHORUS.

May Susie and Jennie; Jake, the grocer; and Hennie,
Bartenders fair with plastered hair, they all assemble there.
Mamie McManus and Kittie, girls both pretty and witty,
They'll crack a joke, or drink and smoke, on Saturday night at McSorley's.

Next Saturday night there'll be prizes
For those who know best how to waltz,
And the contest will be for all comers,
No matter what may be their faults.
Joe Levy, the Baxter Street clothier,
Will offer new suits for the men,
With dresses and hats for the ladies,
The hall will be open at ten.

CHORUS.

Fay Simpson will be there; oh, what a crowd you will see there—
Sweet Katie Coyle, McLoughlin's girl, will spiel and twist and twirl;
Casey, the pride of New Jersey, will dance with Mary Ann Kersey,
The crowd will stay and waltz away on Saturday night at McSorley's.

—"Since you have insisted on trying on my hat, Miss Mable, I shall certainly claim the forfeit." "I don't know what you mean, sir; and besides, this isn't a good place; they can see us from the hotel."

SING, YE SWEET BIRDS.

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Words and Music by E. S. Getchell.

Beautiful birds, ring out your sweet carols;
Murmur, ye zephers, through the green trees;
Blossom, ye flow'rets, bathed in bright dew-drops:
Vain are your efforts my sad heart to please;
For the birds sing of love's sweet emotion,
And the soft winds are whisp'ring to me
Of a bright land far, far o'er the ocean,
And all your music brings sorrow to me.

REFRAIN.

Sing, ye sweet birds; murmur, ye winds,
If ye can waft me over the sea;
Blossom, ye flow'rs, shed your sweet fragrance,
If ye can bring aught but sorrow to me.

Vain are the longings of my deep sorrow,
Vain are the tears which daily I shed,
Vain are the hopes each day of the morrow,
For they at evening lie shattered and dead.
Sad is my heart and lonely the hours,
Bringing no joy or pleasure to me,
Mournfully whispers the breeze, 'mid the flowers,
Of a bright land far away o'er the sea.—*Refrain.*

THAT WAS ME!

Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

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In a quarter of London, well known as the Dials,
Two gentlemen once had been out on the tiles;
By that, understand me, I mean on the loose,
Sherbeting up at the "Glue-pot and Goose."
Well, just as they reached that salubrious spot,
Out rushed two fellows who gave them what's what·
So number one masher immediately fled,
And left number two in the gutter half dead—

CHORUS.

That was me! that was me!
I was jumped upon and pounded into mince;
When they finished up their joke, oh, I'd a dislocated boko,
And I've never had the same nose since.

When Baldwin was doing his wonderful drops,
A number of thick-headed flippity-flops
Determined to try "parachuting" as well,
And have a flare-up at some aerial hotel;
So upwards they sailed in a mighty balloon,
And when they got five minutes' walk from the moon,
Our gay parachutest descended below,
And then Mr. Baldwin the second let go.

CHORUS.

That was me! that was me!
And the distance was a mile and half an inch;
But I landed such a cropper on a bandy-legged copper,
And I've never seen the same cop since.

To witness the Derby at Epsom, you know,
Some bicycle-riders determined to go;
Of course they concluded to travel by road,
Commencing at eight, from their captain's abode.
Well, three of them started, and all looked serene,
Till a steam-roller cannoned the leader's machine;
The brake of the second one snapped into twain,
And the third lost his balance and fell down a drain.

CHORUS.

That was me! that was me!
Even now in Condy's fluid I have to rinse;
It's a marvel how enduring are the miseries of touring,
For I've never been the same road since.

In the greenest of meadows, one fine afternoon,
A swell and a lady were having a spoon;
With the old-fashioned stuff he was filling her head,
And she like a woman believed all he said.
Now a bull had been watching this loving affair,
And, being inquisitive, made for the pair;
So the lady skedaddled, as ditto did he,
But was caught and assisted up into a tree.

CHORUS.

That was me! that was me!
My position was as lofty as a prince;
For my hat was vaccinated, and my trousers ventilated,
And I've never worn the same "bags" since.

The time was the morning, the hour about three,
The place was the village of Sloshton on Sea,
And inside a bedroom, the best to be had,
A man with his boots on was snoring like mad.
He'd been for a sail with some friends on the foam,
And with their assistance had "screwed" his way home;
To try and see life he declared he'd a whim,
And, by jingo, the fleas made it lively for him.

CHORUS.

That was me! that was me!
They were there in all varieties and tints;
They were so very nimble, and at every bite they raised a pimple,
That I've never visited the same place since.

GLASS PUT IN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

Oh! my song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Johnny Glass;
He was a glazier by trade, and the stamps he made
As through back streets he'd pass.
He started in life with putty and knife,
And a big pane of glass to begin;
He was fat as a bub and fond of his grub,
And he hallooed out, "Glass put in!"

He'd rise with the lark and, from daylight till dark,
He'd trudge through wind and the rain;
By the light of the lamps he would count his stamps,
Next morning he'd be off again.
'Twas joy to his soul when he spied a hole,
Or a window patched with tin,
With his eyes rolled up he'd yelp like a pup:
"Do you want any glass put in?"

At length he fell deep in love,
But the fault was not all his own;
He got shot through the heart, with Cupid's dart,
By a little Dutch girl half grown.
With a huge, large paw she broke his jaw,
When his keg was half-full of gin,
As he rolled in the dirt, she cries, "Where is you hurt?"
And his answer was, "Glass put in."

Oh, he made her his frou, but I can't tell you how
They passed a honeymoon;
The pork was all hot boiling in the pot,
As he toddled home that noon.
Years rolled by, three children did cry—
Two boys and a girl—what a sin!
Oh, they christened the last Miss Put-in-Glass,
And the boys they called: Glass-Put-In.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

By John Mackenzie. Tune—"Donnelly and Cooper."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

It was on the sixteenth day of April that they agreed to fight,
The money it was all put up and everything was right,
But Heenan was arrested and brought to the county jail,
Where he was held, to keep the peace, under three hundred bail.

His friends they went quickly there and they did bail him out,
He was forced to change his training ground and take another route;
They thought for to discourage him, so as to prevent the mill,
But having a brave heart in him, swore that Sayers's blood he'd spill.

To see those heroes in the ring it would make your heart feel gay,
Each bore a smile upon his face in honor of the day;
The spectators they were eager those champions for to see,
For they both said that they'd either die or gain the victory.

Time was called, they both stood up, the excitement it was great,
To see those champions seeking for to seal each other's fate;
Sayers he made a left hand punch at Heenan's pretty face,
Who quickly dodged and with a blow laid Tommy near a case.

But when the second round came on the Briton was up to time,
Heenan gave him another blow, which nearly broke his spine;
His friends they then began to cheer, which made Sayers feel sad,
For he thought that he'd easily win, which would make the Yankees mad.

Sayers was up to time again, and his face it bore a smile,
Heenan made a pass at him, which slightly bruised his dial;
He made a terrific right hand pnuch, which got home on Heenan's jowl,
But quickly a sledge-hammer blow caused Sayers for to howl.

A look of melancholy was upon each Briton's face;
They thought that Sayers would get whipped, and to England be a disgrace;
But then he got a handsome blow upon brave Heenan's nob;
Their faces bore a smile again, and the betting on Sayers was odd.

Time was called, they both were up to toe the scratch once more;
Sayers got home on Heenan's mug, which made the Britons roar;
Heenan followed quickly up, and as Sayers turned around,
He met him with a right hand blow, which sprawled him on the ground.

Bold Sayers was up to time again, and he looked very bad;
Heenan looked as fresh again, which made the Britons mad;
They had a little false sparring, then at each other did gaze,
When Heenan sprawled him out again, which did the *Bulls* amaze.

Then the cheers and bawls of Heenan's friends would make your heart feel gay;
For they were sure, they had no doubt, but he would gain the day;
The friends of Sayers began to think that he would soon give in,
And to think their champion would get beat, it caused them to grin.

The fight was drawing to a close, the excitement growing worse;
The friends of Heenan they did cheer—and of Sayers, they did curse;
The *Bulls* were sure that Heenan would win, which caused them all to fret,
For every cent that they were worth on Sayers it was bet.

But then the thirty-seventh round came on to be the last;
The Briton's friends they plainly saw their man was failing fast;
When Heenan gave him another blow, which made them feel forlorn—
The Briton's friends jumped in the ring and said the fight was drawn.

But Heenan called on Sayers again to come and fight it out,
But he was so badly punished, he could scarcely open his mouth.
Heenan said: the fight is mine—and stood upon his ground—
Saying: I am the champion of the world in the thirty-seventh round.

MIZPAH.

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Words by Homer Green. Music by Harry Standish.

I kissed your lips and held your hand, and said farewell, and went away,
Well knowing that another day would speed you forth for other lands;
And down the summer scented street I heard your echoing voice repeat
That plaintive, low and sweet refrain that almost cleft my heart in twain,
That ancient motto, sad and sweet, Mizpah! Mizpah! Mizpah! Mizpah!

And when with flowers of June you come, and face to face again we stand,
And heart to heart and hand to hand, oh, love, within the one dear home,
We shall not need to say again, in winter's snow or summer's rain,
Those tearful words when last we met, those mournful thoughts of sad regret;
Ne'ermore we'll need that sweet refrain, Mizpah! Mizpah! Mizpah! Mizpah!

TEDDY.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

I have a pretty sweetheart whom I tease;
He is waiting now for me to say
When his true and loving wife I'll be;
I've promised I would tell him every day;
He is the only one I ever loved;
Last evening as he kissed me good-bye
He asked me to promise next eve we'd wed,
And to him I made this reply:

CHORUS.

Teddy! Teddy! I'll be ready—ready with a heart so true—
By the gate at half-past eight, love, I will watch for you;
Do not tarry, then we'll marry, for my heart you carry, Teddy;
Good-night, sleep tight, pleasant dreams—I love you, yes I do!

Oh, every evening when no one is near,
And all nature seems to be at rest,
In a little quiet, shady nook,
There my love he tries to test;
Enraptured with sweet bliss, he steals a kiss;
As homeward we would slowly stray,
When in front of my door he would ask once more,
And to him I softly would say:—*Chorus.*

I PICKED IT UP.

Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

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No doubt you've heard about Paul Pry, who pokes his nose in every pie;
And thousands more have felt the taint—in fact, I've got the same complaint.
It came out at the Lord Mayor's Show, where "Rhino" had been pitched below;
My inattention seemed complete, when six-pence rolled down at my feet.

CHORUS.

I picked it up, I picked it up—
To do so, well, I must have been a clown;
That "tanner" must have been "off";
It fairly burned the skin off—
Jumping Moses! I put it down.

I'm rather fond of chemicals, and when I went with two old pals
To see the fireworks they display at the Palace down at Sydenham way. (*Sym.*)
The shells went bang, the rockets whizz'd, the crackers crack'd, the fizgigs fizz'd,
When close to me, amongst the throng, there dropp'd a squib some six feet long—

CHORUS.

I picked it up, I picked it up—
To do so, well, I must have been a clown;
For "wollop," and it goes off,
And nearly blows my nose off—
"Ask your uncle," I put it down.

Since youthful days you'll understand I've tried to lend a helping hand—
That is to say, I've done my best to help another when distressed. (*Sym.*)
But my experience to teach, there are some things beyond your reach—
For instance, late last night I found a second Tichborne on the ground—

CHORUS.

I picked him up, I picked him up—
At least, I tried to do so, like a clown;
I'd shifted him two paces,
When "bang" went both my braces—
Great Columbus! I put him down.

Of human ills I think the worst is when a single man is cursed
With near relations who can boast of olive branches in a host. (*Sym.*)
My married sister Jane's got two—I called last night to say, "How do?"
She popped out for a "pint of four," and left the baby on the floor.

CHORUS.

I picked him up, I picked him up—
To do so, well, I must have been a clown;
Whilst she'd gone round the houses,
He spoiled my Sunday trousers—
Hang the baby! I put him down.

TIP YOUR HAT TO NELLIE.

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Words and Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

There's a pretty little girl, and Nellie is her name;
I always go to see her every Sunday afternoon;
Whether rain or shine, I walk in there on time,
For Nellie is the one to whom I will be married soon.
She plays on the piano and she knows the latest tune,
And for her friends she plays, while they go dancing round the room.
They're very fond of Nellie, for she's gentle, true and kind;
And every evening Nellie with her mother you will find.

CHORUS.

Tip your hat to Nellie when you see her passing by;
Tip your hat to Nellie, you are sure to catch her eye;
Tip your hat to Nellie, she's the sweetest in the land;
There's not a girl in all the world like Nellie.

Sunday, when she goes to church, so winsome and so shy,
The boys all tip their hats and say, "That's Nellie—she's our pride!"
Always dressed so neat, and looking, oh, so sweet,
That every one is proud to walk with Nellie by their side;
There's Gracie, Jennie, Josie, Clara, Mame and Lizzie, too,
They are so awful jealous now, they don't know what to do;
The boys will hardly look at them when Nellie is near by;
And when they lift their hats to her, you always hear them cry:

CHORUS.

Tip your hat to Nellie if you see her out to-day;
Tip your hat to Nellie, she's a treasure, they all say;
Tip your hat to Nellie, for she is a little queen.
Ah, yes, the idol of my heart is Nellie.

A PITY TO WASTE IT.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

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To rest aright I went one day into a restaurant.
Said I, "I'd like a cup of tea—I want it nice and strong;
I'd also like a new laid egg." They brought it in a jiffy,
But when I sampled that 'ere egg, oh, crikey! it was sniffy.

CHORUS.

'Twas a pity to waste it, a pity to waste it;
I thought that some one else ought to taste it;
The waiter then I saw, and he got it on the jaw;
So I didn't waste it, after all.

I've got a little garden, and in it I often dig;
I've dug up curiosities—some small, some rather big.
When digging there one day, I found—this story may sound strong—
But, straight, I found a pair of boots exactly two yards long.

CHORUS.

'Twas a pity to waste them, a pity to waste them,
And so with some one else I have placed them.
They now adorn the feet of the p'liceman on our beat,
So I didn't waste them, after all.

Now, I am fond of babies, as the most of fellows are,
And if I could afford it, to them all I'd be a pa;
But I have plenty of my own, so I *did not* thrill with joy,
When on my doorstep yesterday I found a baby boy.

CHORUS.

'Twas a pity to waste it, a pity to waste it,
And so with some one else I have placed it.
I sent that babe this morn to the Marquis all for Lorne,
So I didn't waste it, after all.

Some people who admire me, and my talents recognize,
Send me a present now and then, just for a sweet surprise.
Some fellow wrote, "Dear sir, I heard you sing a song last night,
I think you're worthy of a rise—here's a lump of dynamite."

CHORUS.

'Twas a pity to waste it, a pity to waste it;
I thought some one else ought to taste it.
I met a German band, blew them to their native land;
So I didn't waste it, after all.

I'm very, very fond of dogs—I had a black-and-tan,
His fav'rite game was chasing cats, but after *one* he ran.
That cat was nasty-tempered, and he settled poor old Guzzle,
And all I've got to comfort me is my poor doggie's muzzle.

CHORUS.

'Twas a pity to waste it, a pity to waste it,
I thought that some one else ought to taste it.
My ma-in-law I saw, and I clapped it on her jaw;
So I didn't waste it, after all.

It's singular the curious people that you often meet;
It's singular the curious things you pick up in the street.
I saw a parcel t'other day, the paper had come undone,
I picked it up, and found it was a map of good, old London.

CHORUS.

'Twas a pity to waste it, a pity to waste it,
And so with some else I have placed it.
I sent it to our Queen; it's a place she's seldom seen;
So I didn't waste it, after all.

SWEET CHARITY.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

From without came the roar and the rattle,
The noise of the great busy throng;
While I, in my solitude musing,
Was humming a fragment of song;
Thinking was I, yes thinking,
Life's lesson pondering deep;
Its joys and its tears, its hopes and its fears;
Why men struggle and why women weep;
And my heart to my thoughts made answer;
The world needs more charity, charity and love.

Not the love that is born of mere passion,
Not the love that will die in a day,
But a love that makes every man better,
A love that is lasting alway;
Go teach men charity, one toward another,
To 'do unto others as you'd have them do,"
Living a life that is noble,
Living a life that is true.

Would men look for the good in each other,
Nor enlarge every fault that they see,
Would men look for the good in each other,
This world would a better place be;
Would they look for a life that is higher,
And live for a life soon to come;
Then half this world's tears, its doubts and its fears,
Its sorrow and blight, would be gone;
Thus my heart to my thoughts made answer;
Pleading sweet charity, charity and love.

Not the love that is born of mere passion,
Not the love that will die in a day,
But a love that makes every man better,
A love that is lasting alway;
Go teach men charity, one toward another,
To "do unto others as you'd have them do,"
Living a life that is noble,
A life that is loyal and true;
Yes! my heart thus spoke to me,
Pleading sweet charity, pleading sweet charity.

You Fancy Yourselves, You Do.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

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Experience has taught me to say of the men,
You fancy yourselves, you do;
You strut like an old rooster mashing a hen,
You fancy yourselves, you do.
You put on a suit for which you've never paid,
You tone yourselves up with a small lemonade,
And then on the poor ladies' hearts make a raid,
Oh! you fancy yourselves, you do.

CHORUS.

You lay your snares, put on airs, try to look immensikoff;
Smile like this, go kiss, kiss, and then you give a gentle little cough (*hem! ha!*);
The girls you treat, say sweet, sweet, and think you are a heavy toff,
But when you've won their dear little hearts, you trot right off.

When you see a married man out for the night,
He fancies himself, he does;
He tries hard to keep his bald head out of sight,
Oh! he fancies himself, he does.
He thinks he looks young with his deep-dyed moustache,
He winks at the girls and he rattles his cash,
But his wife comes along, she soon settles his hash,
Though he fancies himself, he does.—*Chorus.*

You think that a girl all your nonsense believes,
You fancy yourselves, you do,
We listen to you, but we laugh up our sleeves,
For we fancy ourselves, we do.
We may say we love you, and kiss you as proof,
That's all bogey business—a sweet game of "spoof,"
Why, bless you! we love you, dear boys, for your "oof,"
Though you fancy yourselves, you do.—*Chorus.*

You hang round stage doors, oh, you gay, mashing dogs,
You fancy yourselves, you do;
Send in little notes to Miss Tottie Short-togs,
You fancy yourselves, you do.
You ask her to supper, you're artful, you're bold,
She answers you yes, but your love soon grows cold,
When you see the paint off, she looks fifty years old,
Oh! you fancy yourselves, you do.

CHORUS.

You lay your snares, put on airs, try to look immensikoff;
Smile like this, go kiss, kiss, and then you give a gentle little cough (*hem! ha!*);
The girls you treat, say sweet, sweet, and think you are a heavy toff,
But when you see the old girl's face, you trot right off.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

Words and Music by James G. Clark.

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My mountain home, my own green hills, I see your long-lost glories rise;
I hear the birds and gushing rills that roam beneath your clear, blue skies.
Ah, here I dwelt in early years, when hopes were high and hearts were true,
Ere love's bright dream was dimmed with tears, and life had lost its rainbow hue.

CHORUS.

I see my home on yonder hill; the woods are waving o'er it still,
While far below the torrent shines like silver through the towering pines.

My mountain home, sweet home of yore, I left thy hills in life's fair May;
But while I view their scenes once more, I wipe the starting tear away.
They greet me not, the young, the old, the early loved of boyhood's bloom,
For years have rolled and hearts grown cold and friends are sleeping in the tomb.

CHORUS.

Their dirge is sung by rolling waves, the woods are mourning o'er their graves;
While far away the torrent shines in glory through the towering pines.

WHERE LINDENS BLOOM.

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Poetry by Francis Bennoch. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.

Come, come, come! you know where the lindens bloom!
Come, come, come! and drink of their sweet perfume!
Come, meet me, beloved, beneath the shade,
When day into night begins to fade.
A time for wooers and wooing made
Is twilight's deep'ning gloom—come, come, come!
Come, come, come! You know where the lindens bloom!
Come, come, come! My sweetest one, come—ah, come!

Wait, wait, wait! I will come unto thee betimes;
Wait, wait, wait! I will come with the evening chimes;
I will come when shimmering up the sky
The wavering light retreats on high,
And dark'ning shadows in veiling lie
Beneath the odorous limes—wait, wait, wait!
Wait, wait, wait! I will come unto thee betimes;
Wait, wait, wait! Beloved one, wait—ah, wait!

Here, here, here! My beautiful, met at last;
Here, here, here! My sheltering arm thou hast;
The storms of life may fiercely blow,
And sorrow in surging tides may flow;
Whatever may come—come joy, come woe—
Thy refuge is my breast—here, here, here!
Here, here, here! My beautiful, met at last;
Here, here, here! Thy refuge forever is here!

THE ROVIN' IRISH BOY.

Words by Wm. Carleton. Music by C. J. Mibbs.

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I'm a rovin' Irish boy, I was christened Auckna-cloy;
With a turn o' the wrist my stick I twist, I am my mother's joy;
I've travelled many a mile to win a colleen's smile;
With a love o' my heart from them I'd part, and many an hour beguile,
But now I'm here to tell you all the places I have been,
And all the very funny things in my thravels I have seen.

CHORUS.

For, I'm a rovin' Irish boy, I was christened Auckna-cloy;
With a turn o' the wrist my stick I twist,
And I'm my mother's joy. (*Dance Garryowen.*)

I've been to "La Belle France," where the girls know how to dance;
If I left the boga, yet I couldn't ait frogs, tho' I've often had a chance;
Don't think that I am green, for, in Germany I've been,
Where sausages strong, and pretzels long, a yard or more I've seen.
Then to Roossia I have rushed, the land of furs and capes,
The men all make the women work, and the soldiers look like apes.—*Cho.*

To China thin I wint and got my heart's contint
Of the briny say, and wretched bad tay, enough to make me squint·
Japan then came in view—be my sowl I saw that, too;
But yellow Jack nigh broke my back, that's why I look so blue.
Then sailin' undher stars and stripes, I reached Columbia's shore,
And now I love the place so well, I'll never leave it more.

CHORUS.

Except the cry will be: "Come, Paddy, join with me,
And brave once more the Atlantic's roar, and make ould Ireland free."

—A Holey Terror.—"I can't take this Canadian ten-cent piece," said a horse-car conductor to a passenger in New York the other day. "Why not?" "Because there's small-pox in Montreal. Some of you fellers never seem to read the papers." "You're safe enough," answered the passenger, "don't you see it's got a hole in it? That's where it's been vaccinated."—*Texas Siftings.*

MY DONALD.

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Words by E. S. Getchell. Music by H. A. Saxton.

Oh! the dearest, sweetest lad in all creation
Is my noble Donald, whom I love so well;
And the fairest, sweetest spot in all the nation
Is my little home, so humble, in the dell.
Oh! 'twas there that first we met, and I never shall forget
How his glance did thrill my trembling heart;
And I'd rather bide with him in my low station
Than to be a queen and live from him apart.

Oh! no earthly pain can e'er have power to harm me,
With noble Donald ever at my side;
And no other voice than his has power to charm me;
I'd forever be content with him to bide.
Oh! his love my shield shall be, and he's all the world to me,
And I ask no greater joy or bliss;
While in his strong arms I bide, what can alarm me?
Can a lassie ask a greater boon than this?

Send My Boy Safe Home to Me.

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Words and Music by Charles F. Jerome.

There she stands by her cottage door, awaiting day by day
A letter from her darling boy, who years has been away;
He left his home when but a lad, and ran away to sea,
He had some trouble with his dad, they never could agree.
I oftimes told his father that boys when young were wild,
And that he must remember, himself was once a child;
He heeded not my pleadings, for they were all in vain,
And now I pray both night and day to see my boy again.

CHORUS.

Then come back to your mother, come back to your dear old home,
To the scenes of happy childhood days, and ne'er again to roam;
I know God will protect you when out upon the sea,
And answer a mother's prayer—send my boy safe home to me.

Now the old home is cheerless since his dad has passed away;
There's no one left to comfort her, she's growing old and gray;
She sits beside the old grate fire, the tears bedim her eyes,
She longs to see her darling boy once more before she dies.
A tap upon the window, her heart beats fast with joy,
And as she opens the cottage door, there stands her darling boy;
Thank God! my prayer was answered, my boy is safe at home;
His mother he'll ne'er leave again, this wide, wide world to roam.—*Chorus.*

WAKE UP McCORMICK.

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Composed by Ed. Joyce (of Joyce & Leslie).

As a Tam'ny Politician, shure, I've held a high position
Since the day I landed in America;
I banked up my money, soon the int'rist it grew strong,
And a boarding-house my wife has got to-day.
We have Mr. and Mrs. Healy, who come to their meals daily;
They live in a furnished flat on Avenue A;
Bricklayer McCormick, an old boarder, who is very seldom sober—
In the morning sure you'll hear my wife say:

SPOKEN—What?

CHORUS.

Wake up McCormick, he's going to work to-day;
He owes me fifty dollars and I know that he will pay;
He's been on a drunk this five weeks, himself and Paddy Shay;
Mary Ann, wake up McCormick, he's going to work to-day.

In the parlor Sunday evening all the boarders do assemble
With their friends and their relations, high and low;
There's the Flannigans from Kerny, and O'Rooks from Londonderry,
And the Rileys and O'Gradys from Mao.
Mary Flynn plays the piano while she sings "Eileen Alanna";
She's accompanied by her brothers Mike and Dan;
Oh, they nearly set me looney singing "Little Annie Rooney,"
While McCormick he keeps shouting, "Rush the can!"

SPOKEN—What?—*Chorus.*

Our boarding house's the finest one, the best you ever seen;
We have boarders, shure, from almost every shore;
We've a German music teacher, and a Presbytarian preacher,
And the McAmaly family from Kildare.
Soon we'll have enough of money, and the boarding-house will close up;
In the summer we will go to the seashore;
We'll have fast horses in our stable, my wife Bridget will be able
For to lie in bed and holler out no more;

SPOKEN—What?—*Chorus.*

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

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Queen Victoria is very sick, Napoleon's got the measles,
Sebastopol's not taken yet—pop goes the weasel.

CHORUS.

All 'round the cobbler's bench the monkey chased the weasel;
The priest he kissed the cobbler's wife—pop went the weasel.

A penny for a ball of thread, a penny for a needle,
That's the way the money goes—pop goes the weasel.—*Chorus.*

My wife she is awful sick, the baby's got the measles,
Sally's got the whooping cough—pop goes the weasel.—*Chorus.*

Johnny Bull he makes his brag he can whip the whole creation,
Why don't he take Sebastopol by pop goes the weasel.—*Chorus.*

Mayor Wood has put the rumsellers through, the Maine law's a sad evil,
We cannot get our toddy now—pop goes the weasel.—*Chorus.*

BABY McCOY.

Copyright, 1891, by James Stillman.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by W. McCarthy.

When Dan McCoy got married, twenty-seven years ago,
He wanted to obtain a little boy;
As time went on, the neighbors said that he was very slow;
Until, last week, the father jumped for joy.
At last he'd got a son—he was bent on having fun;
At every door he gave a joyful knock.
He felt quite reconciled, and to christen that dear child,
He invited all the neighbors on the block.

CHORUS.

The Hooligans, the Doolagans, put on their Sunday hats;
Three hundred Dutchmen came along from Tim O'Mara's flats;
The Raffertys and Caffertys went nearly wild with joy,
On the Sunday afternoon they christened baby Dan McCoy.

The neighbors looked upon the child, as each one made a call;
The ladies kissed the baby's pretty face;
A great big Dutchman said it wasn't like McCoy at all;
O'Reilly said the joke was out of place;
He seized the Dutchman by the throat and swore he'd have his life,
Unless he'd beg the pardon of McCoy:
Declaring it was slander upon a neighbor's wife,
And detrimental to the baby boy.—*Chorus.*

Four hundred kegs of lager beer, three hundred pounds of beef,
Two hogsheads of the finest "rock and rye,"
Were placed before the company, which banished every grief,
And made the water float in every eye.
They drank to Dan McCoy, and praised his darling boy,
Till not a mother's son of them could speak;
And if it could be done, just to finish up the fun,
They hoped he'd have a baby every week.—*Chorus.*

My Sweetheart of Long, Long Ago.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

Last night I was seated by the fire,
I found myself in thoughtful reverie;
Imagination lent its kindly aid,
And brought former faces back again to me;
Once more in that old cradle I found myself a child;
A youth of twelve I fancied then again
The faces of the old folks—brothers, sisters, there I saw,
Sweet mem'ry for the moment gave me pain.

CHORUS.

The face of a baby, the face of a boy,
I saw in the embers and both gave me joy;
My heart it stood still when I saw in the glow
The face of my sweetheart of long, long ago!

The face as it shone there yester eve
Brought back to me the days long since gone by;
Against my will the tears began to fall;
It seemed my soul went forth in one long sigh;
For the moment I felt bitter, to think that she was false,
My heart with anger seemed to overflow;
The angels that watched o'er me were whisp'ring, so it seemed,
And I forgave my sweetheart long ago.—*Chorus.*

It was but a quarrel as of old;
She wed another just to give me pain;
The step she took it changed her after life;
They say my sweetheart never smiled again;
When my days are nearly over, at the setting of life's sun,
A prayer for her I'll offer soft and low;
I'll kneel down by her tombstone and I'll place thereon a flower,
Through the love I bore my sweetheart long ago.

CHORUS.

The face of an angel, an innocent dove,
One heart bears the imprint of the face that I love;
The tall pines may moan, and the night winds may blow—
They keep watch o'er my sweetheart of long, long ago!

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Copyright, 1886, by Geo. Molineux.

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Oh, Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow,
And ev'rywhere that Mary went that lamb was sure to go;
It followed her to school one day, but that was 'gainst the rule,
It made the children laugh and play to see a lamb in school.

And so the teacher turned it out, but still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about till Mary did appear;
And then it went to her and laid its head upon her arm,
As if to say, I'm not afraid, you'll keep me from all harm.

The lamb grew old and contrary, with fleece as white as snow,
And ev'rywhere that Mary went the lamb would not go;
It would not follow her one day, she whipped it for the spell,
The family had it fried next day, and it just went very well,
It just went very well.

Angels Are Watching Baby Sleep.

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Words and Music by Will E. Nankivelle.

What is a home without sweet baby?
Life seems so weary without its care;
I have a dear little cherub darling,
Angel from heaven so bright and fair.
Laughing and playing in innocent glee,
Filling our hearts with pure ecstacy;
Earth with its riches, nought can compare,
With one little kiss from her cheeks so fair.

CHORUS.

Sweet little face from the window so bright,
Watching for papa from morning till night.
There in the cradle in slumber so deep,
Angels are watching sweet baby sleep.

Angels are watching baby slumber,
Dear little eyes now are closed in sleep;
While mother gently rocks the cradle,
Singing that lullaby soft and sweet.
See her smiles play o'er her beautiful face,
Pretty blue eyes and such innocent grace,
God will protect her slumbers deep,
The angels are watching sweet baby sleep.—*Chorus.*

NELSON.

Written and Composed by John Braham.

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O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
Brittania mourns her hero now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves, whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay we saw the Frenchmen lay;
Each heart was bounding then; we scorned the foreign yoke,
For our ships were British oak, and hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson marked them on the wave, three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty, nor thought of home and beauty,
Along the line the signal ran, "England expects that every man
This day will do his duty, this day will do his duty!"

And now the cannons roar along th'affrighted shore,
Our Nelson led the way, his ship the Vict'ry named;
Long be that Victory famed, for Vict'ry crowned the day;
But dearly was that conquest bought, too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home and beauty, for England, home and beauty.
He cried as 'midst the fire he ran, "England shall find that every man
This day will do his duty, this day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound, which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast, the hero's breast received;
Heaven fights on our side, the day's our own he cried;
Now long enough I've lived; in honor's cause my life was past,
In honor's cause I fall at last,
For England, home and beauty, for England, home and beauty;
Thus ending life as he began, England confessed that every man
That day had done his duty, that day had done his duty.

—Do not forget it! Small profits little risk; large profits great risk.

A Successful Struggle.—"Charlie stayed pretty late last night, didn't he, Lil?" asked sister Kate the next morning. "Yes," said Lil, sleepily, "we were trying the pigs in clover puzzle till nearly eleven o'clock." "And did you get the pigs in the pen, Lil?" asked Kate, eagerly. "No, we didn't; but I got my finger in this solitaire diamond ring."

The Little Empty Cradle by the Wall.

Copyright, 1891, by Mary E. O'Connor.

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Words by Mary E. O'Connor. Music by Eduard Holst.

There's a memory I treasure of a promise that I gave,
As I stood beside my mother long ago;
To hear her loving blessing ere I sped across the wave,
And the parting words she whispered soft and low,
Remember, lad, my babies that have played around my knee,
One by one have answered heaven's call;
And when you cross the sea, there'll be nothing left to me
But that little empty cradle by the wall.

CHORUS.

Never forget your mother, lad, wherever you may be;
Remember, wherever duty calls,
My heart will lonely be when there's nothing left to me
But that little empty cradle by the wall.

And though trials oft'times assailed me, many words of love I mailed,
And I kept that promise made whate'er betide,
Till I read the postman's message, that my mother's health had failed,
With a prayer to see her boy before she died.
I hastened on my journey and the well-known path I sped;
No mother came to greet me at the door,
And when again I kissed her, her spirit it had fled,
But my heart found comfort as I murmured o'er—*Chorus.*

Though many years have faded since they laid her down to rest,
That home to me will never seem the same,
For I miss the charm that bound me to that place I love the best;
'Twas her face that smiled a welcome when I came,
But mem'ry often paints it while my willing footsteps pause,
And tho' her smile I never more shall see,
I feel a blessing from above will follow me because
I ne'er forgot her parting words to me—*Chorus.*

Since Sullivan's Gone on the Stage.

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Words by W. Retisor. Arranged by O. Bonnell.

Something I will sing to you 'bout the topics that are new,
And of things that will come true, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Hotel-keepers sneak from view, oysters won't stop in the stew,
Scanlan can't sing "Peek-a-boo," since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Some think him lazy, some think him crazy, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Some think John L. should not star, just because he used to spar,
But some queer things there are, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Papers say 'tis naught but trash, plot mixed up like corn-beef hash,
But, "Isaac," how they make the cash, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Now is it not queer he does not drink beer, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Do they mean to have the fair; if they do, will he be there?
If he is, how they will stare, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Booth and Barrett are N. G.; Henry Irving we won't see,
Bands won't play "Annie Laurie," since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Two drinks of whiskey 'twill make him frisky, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Girls their stick of gum won't chew, minstrel jokes must all be new,
Board-bills must be paid when due, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
The winds will blow as of yore, but get shaved the day before,
Then you will not feel so sore, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Oh, he's out of sight, now isn't that right, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Tobacco fiends in street cars sit, and I almost have a fit,
When I see them, how they spit, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Where is Uncle Sam's navy? "Out of sight," away at sea,
Gone to set old Ireland free, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage, [stage.
When John L. is near the scenes shake with fear, since Sullivan's gone on the

If you meet a pretty girl, one you think could be your pearl,
Help you through this busy whirl, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Take her by the hand and say, you may work all night and day,
Sunday morn give me your pay, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
He has to be smart, a great thinking part, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

If an actor sings old songs, never heard of chestnut gongs,
With the angels he belongs, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Annie Rooney, she's a bore, and the singer makes me sore;
I get a brick, nothing more, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Takes but a minute to see he's in it, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Our girls this truth won't confess, that like men they try to dress,
Or that young men do caress, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Girls will say that I'm unfair, yet there's one thing I would swear,
Our pants they would love to wear, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Every one knows the wind it still blows, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

TOGETHER.

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Words and Music by C. W. Bernard.

Just at the close of ev'ning, all nature is hushed and still;
Shadows are crowding around me, causing my heart to thrill;
Thoughts of the past come before me, thoughts of a mother at home,
Thoughts of the fate that has caused me so far from my loved ones to roam;
Thoughts of the fate that has caused me so far from my loved ones to roam.
Fondly I gaze at the picture that memory has caused to appear;
Fondly I waft them sweet kisses, wishing that they were near;
Oh! that some day in the future fate may have something in store
To bring us more closely together, together to part no more;
Oh! that some day in the future fate may have something in store
To bring us more closely together, together to part no more.

Gladly I'll greet the dawning of the day that will bring us rest;
Gladly I'll welcome their coming, the dear ones that I love best;
I care not for friends that desert me, I care not for hardship or pain;
I'm counting the hours that are flying 'till I see their dear faces again;
I'm counting the hours that are flying 'till I see their dear faces again.
Though sorrow and care overwhelm me, though dark and drear be the night,
The sun will shine bright on the 'morrow, and out of darkness come light;
All clouds have a lining of silver, an adage both old and true;
I'll take it, dear friends, as an omen, and hasten, my loved ones, to you;
All clouds have a lining of silver, an adage both old and true;
I'll take it, dear friends, as an omen, and hasten, my loved ones, to you.

THE NAVAL RESERVE.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

The Yankee tar in olden days was king of ocean's wave;
Once more must we a navy raise our banner bright to save.
'Tis not the hardy son of toil who leaves his spade and plow,
Who tears himself from home and soil—the rich men's sons go now.
Oh! wondrous sight, our Squadron White upholds our country's law,
The brave Reserve comes forth to fight when honor calls for war.
When man and gold combine for right, we fear no lion's paw.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! the man of wealth who never works,
And wealthy ones who do. The call of honor neither shirks,
Both seek the ocean blue, the ocean blue; now down they slide the tarry ropes,
No gloves their hands preserve, and beauty's smiles lift up their hopes,
Their hopes, and they cheer our brave Reserve.

About the "Dandy Fifth" you've heard, its gallant days are o'er,
But patriotic blood is stirred at sea as on the shore.
In tennis courts a man may play, and dance till rise of sun,
But in a fight he'll make his way with cutlass and with gun.
Farewell to fears—our volunteers a nation's thanks deserve;
We'll warm their hearts with toasts and cheers—here's to each brave reserve.
Now one, two, three; a nation hears and will their fame preserve.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! the proverb says, like father, son;
Their "dads" in eighteen-twelve on ev'ry sea their vict'ries won; [intent
Those who for money delve, for money delve, now forward march, all hearts
To liberty preserve, and heaven's arch with cheers is rent,
Is rent, for our Navy's Grand Reserve.

ETHELINDA.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weiler.

Oh! Ethelinda, Ethelinda!
I love thee more than life; say, wilt thou be my wife?

May I not hope—give me a year in which to wait and trust,
That love so true may me endear; you'll love me then, you must;
Your form and face, your matchless grace, are mirrored in my heart;
Nor tongue confess, nor words express, my grief if we must part—
Nor tongue confess, nor words express, my grief if we must part.

CHORUS.

Oh! Ethelinda, Ethelinda; my own, my darling Ethelinda!
I'll love thee as my life, and thou wilt be my wife.
Oh! joy, my Ethelinda, Ethelinda!

Recall the day, a year ago—have you forgetful grown
That words of love, with passion's glow, my ardent hopes made known?
I thought that then you loved me when you placed your hand in mine;
Another came and spoke the same—my hope I'll not resign.
Another came and spoke the same—my hope I'll not resign.—*Chorus.*

You turn your head away, and weep sweet tears of joy, you say.
May I this hand that's trembling keep, to all my hopes repay?
Nor wait a year, but, darling, here say you will be my wife.
Sweet recompense, oh! bliss intense, that kiss binds us for life—
Sweet recompense, oh! bliss intense, that kiss binds us for life.—*Chorus.*

—Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

THE OLD OAK CHEST.

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Words and Music by Harry Braham.

I was just seventeen when a visit I paid
To my good old uncle's farm;
As I passed from the train, my cousin I met;
Her face show'd deep care and alarm.
I begged that she'd tell me what really was a-miss,
And why was her heart so oppressed;
Said she, "Uncle's dead, and his will last night was read,
And he's left to you the old oak chest."

CHORUS.

It has been in the family for many, many years,
On the front he had painted his crest;
And what I found in there, of jewels rich and rare,
Had been treasured by my uncle in the old oak chest.

'Twas in silence I sat, with thoughts of the past,
As the old village church-bell tolled;
And the sound seemed to say that the life passed away
Was one who'd been gallant and bold.
He'd served in the army for many, many years,
But now we have laid him to rest;
The pride of them all was my good Uncle Joe,
And in mem'ry I've the old oak chest.—*Chorus.*

The key I received, then I opened the chest,
The sight startled all who stood 'round;
His medals and bars were tokens of wars,
Where once my old uncle was found.
He fought for his country, a hero born was he,
Like his comrades, he fought at his best;
And at night, when alone, his deeds are ever green,
When I look down on the old oak chest.—*Chorus.*

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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By Hattie Marshall. Sung by Miss Lottie Gilson.

I think I've got a song here that is going to be a winner;
What do you think?
I think my friends will like it; if they don't, I'll buy a dinner;
What do you think?
I tried it on a dog one night, the rest I hate to tell;
His death was hard, but then you know, perhaps, 'twas just as well;
There are no dogs in heaven, so I think that he's in h—— ! !
What do you think?

I think the girls are most exasperating in the summer;
What do you think?
I think a man that runs with one has got to be a "hummer";
What do you think?
They wear dresses cut down low and show their pretty skin;
But a fellow has no chance at all without a lot of tin;
I think to furnish poor men girls they soon ought to begin;
What do you think?

I think it's wrong for hubby to stay out and get a "jag";
What do you think?
I think when he comes home it's wrong for a little wife to nag;
What do you think?
If she would only have a little pitcher by the bed,
All filled with nice cold water to soothe his aching head,
I think, myself, in such a case, a man would drop down dead;
What do you think?

I think a girl that takes a drink is oftentimes called rapid;
What do you think?
But I think I like her better than the good girl mild and vapid;
What do you think?
She has a charm that's all her own and wins you every trip;
She calls you "pet" and "dear" and 'round your dollars gets a grip;
I think it's best to see her once and then give her the slip;
What do you think?

I think it must be lots of fun to sit down in the front row;
What do you think?
I think that most men like to flirt with ladies in the show;
What do you think?
They send us flowers and lots of notes and tell us pretty things;
Why don't they take a "brace" just once and send us diamond rings?
I think 'twould be the easiest way to win a girl that sings;
What do you think?

I think that Mr. Cleveland is a man of good sound brain;
What do you think?
I think he knew his business when he planned this little game;
What do you think?
I think he hoped to have a boy and call him "Grover," too;
I think he must have sighed when nurse presented Ruth to view;
But I think his chance is just as good as with a boy, don't you?
What do you think?

—A true man never frets about his place in the world.

A LOVE THAT I LET DRIFT BY.

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Words by J. Manning Roberts. Music by Loren Bragden.

Down by the sea when the sun is low
I stand and dream of the long ago;
The waves rush on with their ceaseless roar
To break and foam on the rocky shore;
And ships sail by on their seaward flight,
Now here, now gone in the fading light;
I think of a love that I let drift by,
On the ocean of time, 'neath a rosy sky,
But skies are dark and I'm alone,
With nothing to cheer but the waves wierd moan,
And I sit and gaze on the rolling sea,
And wish for the days that are gone from me.

The past is but a memory, the present sad and lone,
The future's bleak and dreary, and my heart is like a stone,
As I think of things that might be, of the one I threw aside,
Of the fair face that always haunts me, of the love that has never died.

WHEN THE OLD CHURCH BELLS ARE RINGING.

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Words and Music by Bert C. Norman. Arranged by H. Hermanson.

I'm thinking to-night of other days, while without the winds are sighing,
Of the pleasant hours and by-gone joys, as I watch the embers dying;
In my poor heart so filled with pain, where mem'ries fond are clinging;
The burning tears come down my cheeks when the old church bells are ringing.

CHORUS.

When the old church bells are ringing, and the merry birds I hear;
With their gladsome voices singing, visions of the past return.
When the old church bells are ringing for the village folks to meet,
Then old time rolls backward, bringing forms and faces fondly sweet.

I'm viewing again the dear old scenes where we wandered oft together,
Or watched the mid-day sunbeams dance out upon the golden heather;
Or in some shady forest nook where happy birds are singing;
It comes before me like a dream when the old church bells are ringing.—*Cho.*

Just to Show There's No Ill-Feeling.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

A friend of mine said let us go see the play,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling;
When we got to the theatre for tickets I paid,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.
We had just eaten supper, a "table de hote,"
When the first act was over he was handed a note,
Then he borrowed a fiver and my overcoat,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.

One night I escorted a young lady home,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling;
Then we stood in the hall in the dark all alone,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.
Then she kissed me good-night, and she said, call again,
When I got just outside it was pouring down rain,
And I found she had borrowed my gold watch and chain,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.

One night a policeman looked at me quite black,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling;
Then he hit me a crack with his club on my back,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.
Then he said: "My young man you now seem quite content
To live here in the street and to never pay rent,"
And he said, "come with me," and, of course, then I went,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.

Grover Cleveland called Frankie his treasure, his pearl,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling;
And together they talked to their sweet baby girl,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.
Grover now is as happy, as happy can be,
And he takes little Ruth and sits her on his knee,
Then he tells her some day she will wed babe McKee,
Just to show there was no ill-feeling.

—The only way capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are. It is not what a man gets, but what he saves, that constitutes his wealth.

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

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In happy moments, day by day, the sands of life may pass
In swift but tranquil tide away, for time's unerring glass.
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem remembrance will recall,
Whose pure and whose unfading beam is dearer than them all;
Whose pure and whose unfading beam is dearer than them all.

Tho' anxious eyes upon us gaze, and hearts with fondness beat,
Whose smile upon each feature plays with truthfulness replete,
Some thoughts none other can replace, remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace is dearer than them all;
Which in the flight of years we trace is dearer than them all.

MY BABY LOVE.

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Words and Music by The Wesleys. (Florence, Teddy and Neil.)

My love is my baby, so winsome and fair,
With soft, curling ringlets of silken light hair,
And eyes that in color will vie with the hue
Of fleecy-light clouds in the brightest of blue;
Oh, darling, oh, loved one, with dear dimpled face,
Your mamma will hold you in loving embrace,
And safe guard your life from all sorrow and pain,
And sing to you softly the tender refrain,
My baby, my darling, I'm with you again.

REFRAIN.

Singing a lullaby, my little love,
The angels will join me in songs from above;
And softly I'll sing you the tender refrain,
My baby, my darling, I'm with you again.
Lullaby, lullaby, one I love best,
May my simple lullaby bring you sweet rest.

My love is my baby, so bonnie and neat,
My loved one is always so loving and sweet;
My own little lassie I treasure your smile;
My eyes shall be lighted with love all the while;
Oh, darling, oh, loved one, I'm watching o'er you;
I'll guard your young life, oh, so precious and true;
I'll kiss you, I'll love you while my life remain,
And sing to you softly the tender refrain,
My baby, my darling, I'm with you again.—*Refrain.*

THE GALLANT KNIGHTS OF OLD.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Fred A. Jewell.

To-morrow morn I give my hand to one I ne'er can love;
A grandee proud, none in the land can hold their heads above;
He's rich in land, he's rich in gold, but still it is a shame
To link my youth with one so old, though with an honored name;
To link my youth with one so old, though with an honored name.
The gallant knights of old, who wore the plumed casque.
They would not see a maiden sold, did wealth her parents ask;
They love of woman placed far 'bove the reach of gold;
The charms that lovely woman graced belonged unto the bold;
The charms that lovely woman graced belonged unto the bold.

But fam'ly ties, they all tell me, must conquer thoughts of love;
My heart may break, but I must be just like a turtle dove.
I'll marry him, this aged man, but in my heart I'll keep
A corner pure, which Cupid can find entrance to and sleep;
A corner pure, which Cupid can find entrance to and sleep.
The gallant knights of old, etc.

This grandee old will droop some day beneath increasing years;
But when he's gone I'll find a way to stop my falling tears;
A widow young I then shall be, possessed of name and gold.
If suitors come, they can't wed me, unless they're knights of old;
If suitors come, they can't wed me, unless they're knights of old.
The gallant knights of old, etc.

Nay, do not think I've heartless grown, and mean my husband ill;
But when to gold a heart is thrown, that heart must die or kill.
The price is paid, my heart must die, my life must be a blank;
With one I loved I'd gladly fly, forsake both gold and rank;
With one I loved I'd gladly fly, forsake both gold and rank.
The gallant knights of old, etc.

—Fight your troubles one at a time. Knock down the first one and the others will run.

—It is said of a Canadian mother who died the other day: "She was a true wife, a fond mother, and so managed affairs as to marry off her nine girls before any other female in the neighborhood could even get a beau."

SELDEN'S NEW CUCKOO'S CALL.

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Words and Music by Edward Selden.

Oh! the cuckoo to his mate is sweetly calling,
While the little stars shine far above;
And the moonbeams in the vale are softly falling,
While I linger here to meet my love;
Nature never made a place more fairer,
Crystal waters ever come and go;
And perfume of thy flowers is rich and rarer,
Music of the birds so soft and low;
So, on a night like this, I pause with longing
For a sound that's dearer far than all;
A song that dies away at break of morning,
And I know it is the cuckoo's call.

REFRAIN.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo; don't you hear the cuckoo's call?
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, hear the laughing waters fall;
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, moonbeams shining over all;
When I linger here, with no one near,
I always hear the cuckoo's call.

Oh, 'tis here my little darling always greets me
When the birds and blossoms are asleep;
And with fond embrace the little charmer greets me
When there's nobody around to peep;
When she laughs the valley rings with gladness;
She is all that's known as good and dear;
And when she speaks she drives away all sadness,
Bids begone all trouble and all fear;
So, hand-in-hand we wander here together,
'Neath the maple trees so grand and tall;
Or pause to listen down amongst the heather,
When we're welcomed by the Cuckoo's call.—*Refrain.*

A Little Bird Whispered to Me.

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Words and Music by John D. Gilbert.

While reading a book in a hammock I lay,
A little bird whispered to me;
Of peculiar people and things of the day,
This little bird whispered to me.
Of the freaks of the times, now between me and you,
He whispered some things, and I find they are true;
Of young men and women and old people, too,
This little bird whispered to me.

CHORUS.

Tattle tale, tattle tale, fly away home, do not believe all you hear;
Don't listen to tattle or scandalous prattle, but just put a cork in your ear.

The American girl is the leader of all,
This little bird whispered to me;
Whether met at a picnic, a party, or ball,
This little bird whispered to me.
In England, all for the dear Yankee girl's sake,
The lords and the dukes give their own girls the shake,
And when she comes back she has hold of the cake,
This little bird whispered to me.—*Chorus.*

"Elevate the dramas," the cry of the day,
This little bird whispered to me;
The more elevation the more stay away,
This little bird whispered to me.
Society says we should turn o'er a new page,
And yet dear society's own latest rage,
Is to fight with their husbands and go on the stage,
This little bird whispered to me.—*Chorus.*

May whiskey be sent from one state to another,
This little bird whispered to me;
May we bar out the goods that are sold by our brother,
This little bird whispered to me.
May a state shut its doors 'gainst society's foe,
The wise men are trying to have it just so;
If they do, the original package must go,
This little bird whispered to me.—*Chorus.*

Our statesmanship lately has had good effect,
This little bird whispered to me;
We have certain rights that John Bull must respect,
This little bird whispered to me.
We get what we want and we don't bluff or gas;
We warn him he must not steal seals and give sass,
Just keep out of trouble and keep off the grass,
This little bird whispered to me.—*Chorus.*

Oliver Cromwell usually said the following grace before meals: "Some people have food but no appetite; others have an appetite but no food. I have both. The Lord be praised."

He Had Her There.—Mrs. Brown: "I made that chalk-line on the floor to see if you had been drinking again, and I find that you have." Mr. Brown: "Pshaw! What's that prove? Don't you know that a woman can't make a straight line."

THE TRYST.

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Words by Jessie Villars. Composed by Waldten Pegg.

The bright moon flings her beams across the bay, the stars are peeping one by one,
And waiting by the trysting-path; I wonder will my darling come;
The night wind low is sighing thro' the tree a plaintive, mournful lay,
The silv'ry wavelets lap the pebbly beach, flowing on for aye;
The silv'ry wavelets lap the pebbly beach, flowing on for aye.

Flow on, O silv'ry waves; flow on forevermore;
Tides will ebb and flow e'en when life is o'er;
Roses may bloom and fade, stars may cease to shine,
But, O, thou silv'ry waves flow on thro' all time.

She's coming now; her step is like the fawn; her white dress flitting thro' the trees;
I hear a fragment of an old, old song, borne upon the breeze;
Her soft, white hand is clasped within mine own, we wander by the shore;
To the wild waves' music lovers true may hear when we are no more;
To the wild waves' music lovers true may hear when we are no more.

Flow on, O silv'ry waves; flow on forevermore;
Tides will ebb and flow e'en when life is o'er;
Roses may bloom and fade, stars may cease to shine,
But, O, thou silv'ry waves flow on through all time;
But, O, thou silv'ry waves flow on through all time.

LOVE'S CHANGELESS CHIMES.

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Poetry by Samuel K. Cowan, M.A. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.

Sometimes I ask no more than this,
No more than this—that love's old rhymes
May sometimes wake a vanished bliss,
Or dry a passing tear sometimes;
I know not if thou hearest now
Those by-gone rhymes of woe and bliss;
Yet I still hear sometimes; dost thou?
Yet I still hear sometimes; dost thou?
I ask no answer, dear, but this:
I ask no answer, dear, but this—
"It may be so; I hardly know;
So long ago; such foolish rhymes;
They come and go; I hardly know;
An old stray rhyme, perchance, sometimes."

What brings them back, those by-gone rhymes?
Why slumbers not the past at rest?
When hearts are parted, why, sometimes,
Come those old strains to vex thy breast?
Ah, heart, dear heart, though far or near,
'Tis love that rings his changeless chimes;
Still, still the same, though hearts may hear
Forever, dear; or, dear, sometimes.

In glory there, in echoes here,
Love rings, on high, his golden chimes;
Forever there where souls are near
Love rings his golden, changeless chimes.

MOTHER IS WAITING THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

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Words by Webster C. Fulton. Music by Julian Jordan.

In a neat little cottage, half hid by June flowers,
Dwelt a maiden, the pride of each loving heart there;
Strewn with roses her pathway, all golden her hours,
Like a bright cloudless day, was her heart free from care.
But one day came the tempter, a spell he threw 'round her,
Her home, friends and all, she at length cast away,
'Till heart-broken and wretched, misfortune now found her,
Sadly wrecked seemed this young life, forever and aye.

REFRAIN.

Dearest and best is the wayward one straying,
Nightly for her doth the guiding light burn;
In the dear, dear old home, ever watching and praying;
A mother is waiting the wanderer's return,
Waiting, waiting, patiently waiting,
Waiting the wanderer's return.

Then one dark, dreary night, when asleep the great city,
This weary one wandered, grim death by her side;
With no one to cheer her, alas! none to pity,
And she thought to find rest in the swift flowing tide.
Then her footsteps grew slower, she saw as a vision,
The home of her childhood, her mother at prayer;
Like a flood came repentance, with hope came decision,
For she knew that forgiveness awaited her there.—*Refrain.*

When the Corn Is Waving, Annie Dear.

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When the corn is waving, Annie dear, oh! meet me by the stile,
To hear thy gentle voice again, and greet thy winning smile;
The moon will be at full, love, the stars will brightly gleam;
Oh! come, my queen of night, love, and grace the beauteous scene.

CHORUS.

The corn is waving, Annie dear, oh! meet me by the stile,
To hear thy gentle voice again, and greet thy winning smile.

When the corn is waving, Annie dear, our tales of love we'll tell,
Beside the gentle flowing stream, that both our hearts know well;
Where wild flowers, in their beauty, will scent the evening breeze;
Oh! haste, the stars are peeping, and the moon's behind the trees.—*Chorus.*

DARLING MINNIE LEE.

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Where the violets are blooming, smiling in the gentle breeze,
And the zephyrs sing sweet carols, as they flit among the trees;
Where the merry songsters warble from the morn till shades of night,
There we laid our darling Minnie, evermore from mortal sight.

CHORUS.

Where the merry songsters warble, from the morn till shades of night,
There we laid our darling Minnie, evermore from mortal sight.

Death has robbed us of our treasure, and the angels have her now,
Where no shade of pain or sorrow comes to cloud our darling's brow;
O'er her grave the birds are singing, in the sunlight, sweet and free;
But they cannot bring our loved one back to us, sweet Minnie Lee.—*Chorus.*

Silver Threads among the Gold.

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Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day; life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be, will be always young and fair to me—
Yes! my darling, you will be always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day; life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white, and your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May, I will kiss your lips, and say,
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone, you have never older grown—
Yes! my darling, mine alone, you have never older grown.—*Chorus.*

Love can never more grow old, locks may lose their brown and gold;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow, but the hearts that love will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill, summer warmth is in them still—
Never winter's frost and chill, summer warmth is in them still.—*Chorus.*

Love is always young and fair; what to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow, to the heart that beats below;
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone, you have never older grown—
Since I kissed you mine alone, you have never older grown.—*Chorus.*

WE MET—'TWAS IN A CROWD.

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We met—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would shun me;
He came—I could not breathe; for his eye was upon me;
I spoke—his words were cold, and his smile was unaltered,
I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice faltered.
I wore my bridal robe, and I rivaled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair; how I hated their brightness;
He called me by name—as the bride of another—
Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother.

And once again we met—and a fair girl was near him;
He smiled and whispered low, as I once used to hear him;
She leaned upon his arm—once 'twas mine, and mine only—
I wept—for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.
And she will be his bride; at the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother—
Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother.

And now, although he's given those vows to another,
His heart will be mine, still will throb for no other;
And she who hung upon his arm, which was mine and mine only,
For him has no charms; he'll be wretched and lonely—
Farewell to thee—whom this heart only cherished;
Oh, say you forgive ere I lay down and perish;
When you pause o'er my grave—and your feelings you smother—
Forgive, as I now do; oh, forgive my poor mother.

—Trials never weaken us. They only show us that we are weak.

LOVE IS A MIST.

Copyright, 1891, by Page & Norman.

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Poem and Melody by Bert C. Norman. Arranged by Robert Bloom.

Love is a mist that's encircled us all
At some happy time in our life;
Ah, Paradise is where its devotees all dwell,
Far distant from dread care and strife.
A maiden so fair, with blue eyes and brown hair,
Attracts a sweetheart to her side;
Then it will not be long, amid kisses and song,
Until he proudly makes her his bride. For—

REFRAIN.

Love is a mist, aye, a beautiful mist,
That hides every fault from the glance;
And those who have known it all say with a sigh
That it seems like a heavenly trance—seems like a heavenly trance.

But soon the scene changes, the sunshine is gone,
A serpent in Eden is found;
Dread jealousy enters the once pleasant home,
And the picture is dashed to the ground. For—*Refrain.*

WOULD I WERE WITH THEE.

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Would I were with thee every day and hour,
Which now I pass so sadly far from thee;
Would that my form possessed the magic power
To follow where my heavy heart would be—
Whate'er thy lot o'er land o'er sea,
Would I were with thee eternally.

Would I were with thee, when the world forgetting,
Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown;
While bright and red our evening sun is setting,
And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone—
While happy dreams thy thoughts employ,
Would I were with thee in thy joy.

Would I were with thee, when no longer feigning
The hurried laugh that stifles back a sigh;
When thy young lip pours forth its sweet complaining,
And tears have quenched the light within thine eye—
When all seems dark and sad below,
Would I were with thee in thy woe.

Would I were with thee when the day is breaking,
And when the moon has lit the lonely sea,
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me—
In joy or pain, by sea or shore,
Would I were with thee evermore.

A SONG OF PEACE.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Is it fancy, or what is it, thrills
My soul as I listen a strain?
A strain of martial music,
And I think of the old days again.
"Columbia, the gem of the ocean!"
"Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"
As I list to the strain so enchanting,
Old fires are rekindled anew.
I see a long line of brave soldiers,
Caps are waving, or thrown high in air,
For the cause that is dear will they suffer,
Aye, for it e'en death will they dare;
For the cause that is dear will they suffer,
Aye, for it e'en death will they dare.

Is it fancy, or what is it, thrills
Again as I listen a strain?
A strain of martial music,
And I think of the old times again;
And brave men have marched to its measure,
'Twas heard 'fore the cannon's loud roar.
Oh, think of the heroes now sleeping,
Who'll wake at the old strain no more.
I see a line of brave soldiers, etc.

The strife is o'er and peace broods o'er the land;
Then, as of old, united let us stand,
The flag our fathers gave us to defend;
Upon it e'er may heaven its blessing send;
Oh, may it wave in triumph o'er us evermore.
The strife is o'er; let petty strivings cease;
United let us sing the song of peace,
Rememb'ring only those who bravely fell,
Who wore the blue, who wore the gray as well,
Their names will live in memory forevermore;
The strife is o'er; then let us sing
The glorious song of peace.

Little Robin, Tell Kitty I'm Coming.

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Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming; yes, tell her to meet me for sure;
Oh! say I'll await in the gloaming, with love ever constant and pure;
How bright is the bloom of the flowers, bedecking the sweet new-mown hay?
While up in the blue heaven's bowers rings sweetly the nightingale's lay.

CHORUS.

Then Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming; yes, tell her to meet me for sure;
Oh! say I'll await in the gloaming, with love ever constant and pure.

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming, with fondest of hopes in my heart,
I'll wait where the brooklet is running—then fly, birdie; quickly depart;
I'll be at the foot of the meadow, a-down in the shady green dell,
And there in the oak's spreading shadows, our love for each other we'll tell.—*Cho.*

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming to meet her the same as of yore,
The old love is still purely burning—there's none I so fondly adore;
Then go, pretty bird, with your message; don't tarry so long in the air,
But fly, don't delay on your passage, and tell her be sure to be there.—*Chorus.*

NORA McSHANE.

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I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me;
To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
And faith I'm as wretched as wretched can be.
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy,
The beautiful hills and the emerald plain,
And, oh! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy
About that young black-eyed rogue, Norah McShane.

I sigh for the turf pile so cheerfully burning,
When barefoot I trudged it from tolling afar,
When I tossed in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the tune of "Erin-go-Bragh."
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted;
To my country and love I must get back again,
For I've never been happy at all since I parted
From sweet Ballymornach and Nora McShane.

Oh! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
Tho' the walls are of mud, and the roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
What music in lifting the rusty old latch.
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow;
My pockets were light, but my heart had no pain;
And if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,
I'll be off to old Erin and Norah McShane.

Sunday Night, When the Parlor's Full.

Copyright, 1877, by E. H. Harding.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

My Johanna lives up in Harlem,
Sunday night, boys, sure I go there;
Three long years her I've been a-courting,
She's a beauty beyond compare;
There's a kitchen, bedroom and parlor,
Piano to push and pull;
They throw me out in the hallway,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

CHORUS.

There's a kitchen, bedroom and parlor, a piano to push and pull,
They stand me out into the hallway, Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

My Johanna is always singin'
"Hold the Fort, for I'm left behind";
"Eilleen Allanna went on a picnic,"
"For Heaven's sake now pull down the blind!"
Pat Murphy gives recitations
On the taking of Sebastopol;
They set me on the refrigerator,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

CHORUS.

There's Dan Burns, the gladiator; Dionysius Carahull,
Making love to sweet Johanna, Sunday night, whin the parlor's full.

I went and spoke to Johanna's mother,
Said her daughter had shaken me;
Then her mother condescended
To throw me into the street, you see;
Then Johanna shouted "Papa!"
He fell upon me like a bull;
I'll keep away from sweet Johanna,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

CHORUS.

There's Syd Welsh, the whiskey brewer, in Tammany Hall, boys, he has a pull,
Making love to sweet Johanna, Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

THE GOOD RHINE WINE.

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Pour out the Rhine Whine! let it flow
Like a free and gushing river
'Till sadness sinks and every woe
Lies drowned beneath its waves forever!
For naught can cheer the hearts that pine
Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine Wine!
Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine Wine!

Pour out the Rhine Wine ever more!
Let the goblet ne'er be tiring!
The poet's song and the sage's lore,
And the patriot's lofty soul inspiring,
For an offering, meet at Freedom's shrine,
In a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine Wine!
In a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine Wine!

Pour out the Rhine Wine! when each hand
Doth grasp a brimming measure,
The pledge shall be: Our Fatherland,
And Freedom, Friendship, Love and Pleasure!
Then: Hurrah for the land of the purple vine,
And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine Wine!
And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine Wine!

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Our bark was far, far from the land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew deadly pale, and weaned away,
Like the twilight of an Autumn-day;
We had watched him through long hours of pain;
Our cares were great, our hopes in vain;
Death's stroke he gave no coward's alarm;
But he smiled and died in his messmate's arms.

We had no costly winding-sheet;
We placed two round-shots at his feet;
He lays in his hammock as snug and as sound
As a king in his long shroud, marble-bound;
We proudly decked his funeral vest
With the Starry Flag upon his breast;
We gave him this as a badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for a sailor's grave.

Our voices broke, and hearts turned weak;
Oft tears were seen on the brownest cheek;
The quiver played on the lips of pride,
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side;
Then a splash and a plunge and our task was o'er,
And the billows rolled as they rolled before,
And many wild prayers hallow'd the waves,
And he sank beneath a sailor's grave.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

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This life is but a difficult riddle,
For how many people we see
With faces as long as a fiddle,
That ought to look shining with glee!
I am sure, in this world there are plenty
Of good things enough for us all,
And yet there's not one out of twenty
But thinks that his share is too small.

CHORUS.

Then what is the use of repining? for where there's a will there's a way,
And to-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day.

Did you never hear tell of the spider
That tried up the wall hard to climb?
If not, just take that as a guider—
You'll find it will serve you in time;
Nine times it tried hard to be mounting,
And every time it stuck fast,
But it tried hard again, without counting,
And, of course, it succeeded at last.—*Chorus.*

Some grumble because they're not married,
And cannot procure a good wife,
Whilst others they wish they had tarried,
And long for a bachelor's life.
To me it is very bewilderin';
Some grumble, it must be in fun,
Because they have too many children,
And others because they have none.—*Chorus.*

Do you think that by sitting and sighing
You'll ever obtain what you want?
It's cowards alone that are crying,
And foolishly saying, "I can't!"
It's only by plodding and striving
And laboring up the steep hill
Of life, and you'll ever be thriving,
Which you'll do, if you've only the will.—*Chorus.*

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

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Now I lay me down to sleep, and the blue eyes, dark and deep,
Let their snowy curtains down, edged with fringes golden brown;
All day long the angels fair I've been watching over there;
Heaven's not far, 'tis just in sight; now they're calling me, good-night!
Kiss me, mother, do not weep; now I lay me down to sleep.

CHORUS.

Over there, just over there, I shall say my morning prayer;
Kiss me, mother; do not weep; now I lay me down to sleep.

Tangled ringlets' all smooth now, looped back from the waxen brow;
Little hands so dimpled white, clasped together, cold to-night.
Where the mossy, daisied sod brought sweet messages from God;
Two pale lips with kisses pressed, there we left her to her rest,
And the dews of evening weep where we laid her down to sleep.

CHORUS.

Over there, just over there, list the angels' morning prayer!
Lispings low through fancy creep, now I lay me down to sleep.

PUSH DEM CLOUDS AWAY.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

If you want to git to heaven on de nickle-plated road,
Just push dem clouds away;
Bring along all yer baggage and check it to de Lord,
When you push dem clouds away;
If de train am a-speedin' an' you can't catch on,
When you push dem clouds away;
You're a coon dat's gone, and wuss dan none,
When you push dem clouds away.

CHORUS.

Just push! Don't shove!
Just push dem clouds away!
Keep a-pushin' an' a-shovin' an' a-pushin' an' a-shovin'
'Till you push dem clouds away. [*Whistle.*]

Oh, de chickens up dere don't have to scratch,
When you push dem clouds away;
All green and yaller is dat watermillion patch,
When you push dem clouds away.
If de people am a-yellin' for pie and milk,
Just push dem clouds away;
De angels dere all dress in silk,
When you push dem clouds away.—*Chorus.*

There'll be no boys a-puffin' cigarettes,
When you push dem clouds away;
They'll all have wings, those mammy's little pets,
When you push dem clouds away;
Old Gabriel's horn will toot and roar,
When you push dem clouds away;
There'll be no dudes around the stage-door,
When you push dem clouds away.—*Chorus.*

SURE, MIKE.

Written and Composed by Chas. Hoey, and Sung by Hoey & Daly, Dutch and Irish Comedians.

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Wherever you go on the street nowadays,
You'll hear this expression, sure, Mike!
Each man and each woman, and child when he plays,
All know this new by-word, sure, Mike!
If you ask your best girl will she go to a ball,
Or on a nice evening, to go for a stroll;
Just ask an old "rounder" will he take a ball;
He'll answer you quickly, sure, Mike!

CHORUS.

Positive, Michael is always around,
Wherever you look he is sure to be found;
Just go to a hop or a picnic at night,
You're bound for to hear this new saying—sure, Mike!

I've been courting a damsel for nigh on two years;
I love her, I do; sure, Mike!
I proposed to her, and she burst into tears;
She grabbed me and answered, sure, Mike!
To hear such good news she had waited so long.
She said, "Ask my pa can I go right along."
I asked, and he kicked me and said, "You begone!"
And I plaintively answered, sure, Mike!—*Chorus.*

Since this phrase has come out I am nearly insane;
At night in my dreams I see Mike;
Whenever I hear it, I'm always in pain;
To use such a name isn't right.
Poor Mike—how he suffers there's no one can tell;
I'd end all his misery if I knew where he dwelt;
I'd poison this fellow, and send him to h——
And then put an end to sure, Mike!—*Chorus.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

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I once did know a farmer, a good and faithful soul,
Who used to work upon his farm around his cottage home;
He had an only daughter, and to win her I did try,
And when I asked him for her hand, this was his reply:

CHORUS.

Treat my daughter kindly, and say you'll do no harm,
And when I die I will leave to you my little stock and farm;
My house, my home, my sheep, my plough, horses, stock and barn,
And all those little chickens in the garden.

Now I own I love that young girl, and dearly she loved me,
I used to go round her home her smiling face to see;
To watch and milk her father's cows, while she was watching me,
And many a drink of milk I got before I left the barn.—*Chorus.*

Now the old man has consented, and married we will be;
We will own that little farm ourselves, and live in harmony;
And try to keep the promise that the old man asked of me:
Was to use her as his only child, and treat her kindly.—*Chorus.*

When the Flowers Fall Asleep.

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Where the water lilies grow, and the zephyrs gently blow;
Where the waters softly flow, meet me, darling Annie.
When the whip-poor-will doth call, and the dewdrops softly fall,
While the moon shines over all, kiss me, darling Annie.

CHORUS.

When the flowers fall asleep, and the moon shines o'er the deep,
Tell me I your heart may keep, then, my darling Annie.

Hearken to the turtle dove, cooing from his nest above,
List'ning to the tale of love whispered unto Annie.
How he envies me the bliss, pressing such a form as this,
How he wishes he might kiss your sweet lips, my Annie.—*Chorus.*

While the little stars do shine, place your snowy hand in mine,
Whispering softly, "I'll be thine," now, my darling Annie.
From the clouds the moonbeams break, showering silver o'er the lake,
List'ning to the vows I take from you, darling Annie.—*Chorus.*

I Have Recalled Those Angry Words.

Copyright, 1891, by I. Prager.

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Words and Music by J. W. Wood.

I have recalled those angry words—oh! my love, come back again;
True to thee I'll be forever, do not let me plead in vain;
We shall never more be parted if your heart to me is true.
Banish every care and sorrow, for I love none else but you.

CHORUS.

I have recalled those angry words—oh! my darling, come again;
True to thee I'll be forever, do not let me plead in vain.

I have recalled those angry words—to your heart take me once more;
Tell me, love, am I forgiven? Tell me is my sorrow o'er?
Oh! how long the day seems coming when your face again I'll see,
And that hour will be so sweet, love, when you're coming back to me.—*Chorus.*

I have recalled those angry words—bitter words to you, I know;
When you left me, love, in silence; when I told you, love, to go.
Let the past be all a dream, love, that for me you will forget;
And forgive those words of anger, tell me, dear, you love me yet.—*Chorus.*

COME, BIRDIE, COME.

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Beautiful bird of Spring has come, seeking a place to build his home,
Warbling his song so light and free, beautiful bird, come live with me.
Come live with me; you shall be free, if you will come and live with me.
Come live with me, you shall be free; beautiful bird, come live with me.
I'm all alone; come live with me, come live with me.

CHORUS.

Come, birdie, come live with me; we will be happy, light and free;
You shall be all the world to me; come, birdie, come and live with me.

Ye little birds that sit and sing, many a thought of loved ones bring,
Hovering around your tiny nest, calling your loved ones home to rest.
Oh! happy bird, no thought of care, no aching heart, no grief to bear,
Over the land, over the sea, come change your home and live with me.
Come change your home, no more to roam; come change your home.—*Chorus.*

Birdie, what makes you fly away when I come near you? tell me, pray;
I'll not deceive you; you are free if you should come and live with me.
Now, birdie, fly, fast to the sky, to your sweet home, for night is nigh;
And when the sun shines o'er the lea, bring thy sweet mate and live with me.
Then we will sing, daylight to bring; then we will sing.—*Chorus.*

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LITTLE BRIGHT EYES.

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Words and Music by Agnes Clayton.

Oh, come, little darling, now lay in my arms; now come, little darling, don't cry;
The moon is a-beaming out from the sky, I'll sing you a sweet lullaby;
Your mamma she told me to watch over you, she told me to not let you weep;
So come now, my darling, my own little dear, and I will rock you to sleep.

CHORUS.

Little bright eyes now go to sleep,
Little bright eyes now do not weep;
For mamma will come when the daylight is dawning,
Little bright eyes I'll watch you 'till morning.

Your papa and mamma have gone to a ball, to watch the departing old year;
They left you with me to keep you from harm, so hush, little baby, don't fear;
So now close those eyes, those little bright eyes, and nestle up close to my breast,
Now put up your lips and give one little kiss, then I will rock you to sleep.—*Cho.*

MARY ANN McGUIRE.

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Words and Music by Bobby Mack.

A little Irish maiden, with hair of golden hue,
A little blue-eyed darling was always kind and true;
We loved each other dearly, to her I gave my heart,
But by a brother's treachery caused my love and I to part.
It wasn't that he loved her, but hated me, his brother,
And forged my name to a letter, saying, "I loved another";
That broke her loving heart, for she tho't our love in vain;
One day I got a message, saying, we ne'er meet again.

CHORUS.

Mary Ann McGuire was the girl that won my heart;
Mary Ann McGuire, it was cruel for us to part;
I loved her fond and true, to marry her was my desire,
That little Irish lady, roguish Mary Ann McGuire.

Both day and night I wandered, my heart was sore and sad,
The mystery of her message it nearly drove me mad;
At last I learned the truth at my brother Tom's death-bed,
He told me how he wronged us, and "Forgive me, Jack," he said;
Forgive is always just, and forget I will endeavor;
The wound he placed within my heart will linger there forever;
I went to see my love, but, alas! it was in vain,
She, too, was dead and passed away, in Heaven we'll meet again.—*Chorus.*

They Deny Me When They're Men.

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Words and Music by Barney Mullelly.

It was the time of frost and snow, when the stormy winds did blow,
I took the train one morning to the town;
I was going to see my boys through sorrow and through joys,
For two of them had risen to renown.
But Tom, our youngest child, had grown quite rough and wild;
Yet a picture of the happy past I drew
When my dear old wife and I answered every baby cry,
And fondled them as all kind parents do.

CHORUS.

In my fancy I can see our darlings dear to me,
And hear those baby voices as they've been,
And after many years my old eyes fill with tears,
To think that they deny me when they're men.

I was going to John and Joe, for they were my oldest two;
The home I sold to start them both in life;
And I thought that they'd be glad to see their poor old dad,
Or say a loving word for you, dear wife.
But sorry, I must say, when I reached their place that day,
As I walked in they me met with a frown,
And they neither cared to speak—said, "What made you call this week;
Next week we would be glad if you'd call down."—*Chorus.*

With heavy heart and weary feet I trudged along the street;
At some lodging I could stay, as cash I had;
When our Tom I did espy and I tried to pass him by,
I thought he too would like to shun his dad.
But when I was most by, his voice rang loud and high,
"Why, bless me, there's my father, dear to me;
And a picture I have sold for twice its weight in gold,
Fetch mother in, I'll share it all with thee."

CHORUS.

And thus spoke our wayward Tom, whom we never helped along,
And who we left in this wide world to roam;
Then after many years he bids me dry my tears,
And says, "For you and mother I've a home."

THE POTATOES THEY GROW SMALL OVER THERE.

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Arranged by Harry Birch.

Oh! potatoes they grow small over there;
Oh! potatoes they grow small over there;
Oh! potatoes they grow small, 'cause they plant 'em in the fall,
And then eats 'em tops and all, over there.

Oh! the candles they are small over there;
Oh! the candles they were small over there;
Oh! the candles they were small, for they dips 'em lean and tall,
And then burns 'em sticks and all, over there.

Oh! I wish I was a geese, all forlorn;
Oh! I wish I was a geese, all forlorn;
Oh! I wish I was a geese, 'cause they lives and dies in peace,
And accumulates much grease eating corn.

Oh! they had a nice clam pie over there;
Oh! they had a nice clam pie over there;
Oh! they had a nice clam pie, and the crust was made of rye,
You must eat it or must die, over there.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

Copyright, 1888, by Mrs. J. P. Webster.

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Words by G. M. Ballard. Music by J. P. Webster.

I'm dreaming a dream, this afternoon, of days accounted olden,
When laughter played a silver harp, and youthful smiles were golden.

CHORUS.

I'm dreaming a dream of the olden time,
When life was smooth as the poet's rhyme,
When my feet were bare and my cheeks were brown,
And my heart was light as the Elder down.

I'm dreaming again, this evening time, of her whose love grew stronger—
We're walking down the homestead lane, while evening shades grow longer.

CHORUS.

My daughters I see, and my little boys—
Those pledges of love that crown'd my joys;
And the babe comes, too, and we all now meet,
And we kiss them oft—oh! my dreams are sweet.

I'm dreaming no more, this lone midnight, for footsteps give me warning,
That soon I'll hear the stringlatch raise, and angels say, "Good morning."

CHORUS.

I'm dreaming no more on this lone midnight,
For the embers give but a feeble light,
And I hear a step in the outer halls—
Good night, good night, for the angel calls.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

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Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light she loves,
On a bed of daffodill sky;
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in the light and to die.
Come into the garden, Maud;
I am here at the gate alone;
I am here at the gate alone;
I am here at the gate alone.

Queen of the rosebud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun;
Shine out, shine out, and be their sun;
Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
She is coming, my own, my sweet—
Were it ever so airy a thread,
My heart would hear it, and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed.
Come, my own, my sweet; come, my own Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.

THOU CAN'ST NOT FORGET.

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Words by Anon. Music by J. J. Nolan.

Thou can'st not forget me, for memory will fling
Her light o'er oblivion's dark sea;
And wherever thou roamest, a something will cling
To that bosom that whispers of me.
Though the chords of thy spirit I never may sweep,
Of my touch they'll retain a soft thrill;
Like the low undertone of the murmuring deep,
When the wind that assails it is still.

CHORUS.

Thou can'st not forget me, for memory will fling
Her light o'er oblivion's dark sea;
And wherever thou roamest, a something will cling
To thy bosom that whispers of me.

The love that is kept in the beauty of trust
Cannot pass like the foam from the sea;
Or a mark that the finger hath made in the dust
When 'tis swept by the breath of the breeze.
They tell me, my love, thou wilt calmly resign,
Yet I ever, while listening to them,
Shall sigh for the heart that was linked unto mine,
As a rosebud is linked to its stem.—*Chorus.*

Thou can'st not forget me, the passion that dwelt
In thy bosom will slumbering lie;
In the memory of all thou hast murmured and said,
The thought of me never will die.
Thou mayest turn to another and wish to forget,
But the wish will not bring the repose;
For, oh! thou wilt find that the thorns of regret
Were but hid by the leaves of the rose.—*Chorus.*

RELATIONS.

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Written by Walk Pink. Composed by Fred Eplett.

Relations are many, relations are nice,
Relations are pleasant I've found once or twice;
Relationship's always supposed to be fixed
By law, but in this little song it gets mixed.
When only a lad, father buys you a hat,
Your very first bowler, you're so proud of that,
But, playing some fool's trick, your hat's jumped upon;
You sniff'ling go home, with its beauty all gone.

CHORUS.

Who smilingly says it's a thing you can't help? your mother.
Who'll kiss you and coax you till you cease to yelp? your mother.
She will say never mind, it's a boy's silly trick;
Strokes your poor head, saying, get to bed quick;
But who strokes your back with a big walking stick? your great strong father.

Relations may vary—some distant, some near;
Relations to live with are oftentimes queer,
But if you're a young fellow and live with your dad,
Your mother and sister, that is not half bad.
Where, strauge to say, some other young fellow is found;
Though not a relation, he keeps calling 'round,
You can't understand why such things he should do,
Still he explains this way, he's so fond of you.

CHORUS.

He's so very kind, all the neighbors think he's your brother—
In fact, he himself says he'd much like to be your brother;
Each time he calls around he will greet you with glee;
So pleased to see you old fellow, says he;
But who does he really call round there to see? why, your fine, fat sister.

Relations are useful, their tact you admire—
That is, if a ten dollar bill you require;
You write to your father, he strictly says no;
Your brother emphatically says it also.
When father and brother both firmly decline
To lend you the money, you do not repine,
But straight for ten dollars you write to your aunt,
Then auntie replies and informs you she can't.

CHORUS.

Then you're done for; you tho't you could always depend on auntie;
She now absolutely refuses to lend, does auntie;
You think and you ponder on ways known to men,
To another relation you go now and then,
You put down your watch and you soon get the ten from your good old uncle.

Relations are awkward sometimes in this life,
More often than not in the case of a wife;
You live just as happy as did Jack and Jill,
Till you see some dear girl you love far better still.
For walks with this dameel you frequently go,
But do you inform her you're married; oh! no!
To tell her you're married would upset the lot,
Though thousands of times you will wish you were not.

CHORUS.

You kiss her, and tell her you're sorry she's not your wife;
Of course, you don't tell her you've already got a wife;
But your wife's brother comes on the scene and says, Sir,
Who is this lady? you don't make a stir;
You turn round to him, and you introduce her as your good old cousin.

FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

To the friends of other days often mem'ry turns;
For the friends of other days how the heart e'er yearns;
Friends we loved in childhood's happy time, friends of our youth's bright day;
Oft ye come in fancy's dream, though so far away!
Oft, oft ye come in fancy's dream, though so far away!

In this changing, fleeting life, in this world of pain,
Though we meet not in the strife, nevermore again!
Unforgotten are the friends of yore, long, long as mem'ry stays;
In my heart a place you'll hold, friends of other days;
Here in my heart a place you'll hold, friends of other days!
Unforgotten through the drift of years, friends of other days!

DREAM VOICES.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In the tender gloaming, when the lights are low,
Hear the sweet bells pealing, 'mid the twilight gray;
Come the old-time memories from the long ago,
Voices that from dreamland echo on for aye.

CHORUS.

Sweet dream voices from the far away,
Sweet dream voices at the close of day;
In my heart they're ringing, tender soft and low,
Bringing back the memories of the long ago.

Floating 'mid the shadows, with an old refrain
From the land of memory, at the close of day;
While the echoes quiver, half with joy, half pain,
Bringing only memories death can take away.—*Chorus.*

IT DON'T BELONG TO ME.

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By Dan Lewis.

When I was but a little boy I used to go to school—
There I was so very good, some said I was a fool;
But yet I never claimed a thing that didn't belong to me,
I always was as honest and as truthful as could be.
The other day, as I walked out, by a policeman I was stopped;
He said, "Young man, this purse of gold now from your pocket dropped,"
But as I never carried one, and had but little coin,
As an honest boy I did reply, "The purse it is not mine."

CHORUS.

It don't belong to me, it don't belong to me,
I always was an honest boy, as truthful as could be,
And never yet have claimed a thing that didn't belong to me,
For I was always honest and as truthful as could be.

My wages being very small, I live in humble style,
But with the girls I lardy dah, among the great and fine;
I tell them almost everything, for I've got lots of cheek,
But little they knew I do the swell upon five dollars a week.
The other day I bought a herring, I placed it in my hat,
I saw a lady come down the street, I knew she'd stop to chat;
My hat blew off, the herring fell out, the street boys laughed with glee,
But when they brought it back I said, it don't belong to me.—*Chorus.*

I occupy a front room in a house in Camden town,
And in the back there lives a girl, a Miss Jemima Brown;
Whene'er I chance to speak to her or pass the time of day,
Or do a little gossip in a friendly kind of way—
The other night when I came home, oh, what a dreadful scene,
The landlord, rushing after me, says, "Dan, what does this mean?
Miss Brown has gone and left behind that infant, as you see."
Says I, "'Tis quite surprising, but it don't belong to me."—*Chorus.*

—An amusing story is told concerning the Rev. Dr. Backus, the first president of Hamilton College. Before he went to Clinton he was settled at Bethlehem, Conn., where his salary was fixed at "$200 and his fire-wood." During one very cold winter his wood-pile became exhausted, and he bought a cord of a neighbor, who, while praising his wood enthusiastically, delivered a cord of unsplit white birch. Of course, after the bark had sputtered furiously and burned out, the birch itself would burn no more than so much iron. The good doctor rushed away to the sly neighbor. "I want twenty cords more of that wood," he said. "Twenty cords, doctor! What can you do with so much?" "Smother the flames of hell; that's all it's good for!"

Memories of the Old Homestead.

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Written and Composed by Anthony J. Gray.

I sit to-night in silent thought, and think of days gone by,
I can picture our old homestead as it stood 'mid floods of rye.
A brother and a sister dear, a father old and gray,
Sweet memory brings me back to when I heard my mother say:

CHORUS.

Good-night, good-night, sleep well my darling;
Mother will watch and pray that no harm befall thee.
Good-night, good-night, sleep well, my treasure;
Good-night, baby, darling, good-night, good-night, sleep well, sweet one.

Though far away 'mid strangers now, in foreign lands I roam,
I have still the recollection of my boyhood's happy home,
The lessons that poor father taught when done with childish play.
When tired out, my mother she in accents soft would say:—*Chorus.*

The village church where oft I've walked upon a Sabbath morn,
And listened to those joyous bells that echoed through the corn,
And in the still of eventide to God above I bow,
And listened to my mother's words methinks I hear them now.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY AND I AND THE BABY.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

I've a neat little cottage, and in it does dwell
Molly and I and the baby;
And I'm sure that for comfort no king can excel
Molly and I and the baby.
My dear little Molly is just twenty-three,
The baby's turned one, and between you and me,
We're the nicest young family you ever did see,
Molly and I and the baby.

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, always so jolly, always laughing, chock full of glee,
Living as happy as happy can be, Molly and I and the baby.

Now we care not for riches or palaces grand,
Molly and I and the baby;
For I'm sure we'd not change with the best in the land,
Molly and I and the baby.
When I get home from work with my babe on my knee,
I sit in my arm chair, while Molly makes tea,
Then we dine at a table that only seats three,
Molly and I and the baby.—*Chorus.*

Every bright Sunday morning to church we will go,
Molly and I and the baby;
As we walk down the street all the people they know
Molly and I and the baby.
Now Molly's a girl that you'd all like to meet,
Her ways are so charming, her smile is so sweet;
If you chance to be our way, just drop in and greet
Molly and I and the baby.—*Chorus.*

THIRTEEN LITTLE MURPHYS.

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Words and Music by Thomas E. Powers.

Oh! Murphy Michael and his wife are wed a score of years,
They've thirteen children, boys and girls, oh! bless the little dears;
Their life it is a happy one, they never fight or strike;
Faith, Murphy loves his darling wife, Johanna loves her Mike.

CHORUS.

Thirteen little Murphys sleeping on the floor;
Climb in thro' the window, you can't get in the door;
Thirteen little Murphys eating pig's head pie,
Murphy and Johanna drinking rock and rye.

Oh! Murphy Michael works all day for his big family;
He drives a coal-cart and one horse for Mister Dan Dooley;
He keeps a blanket on this horse, as thro' the streets they go,
To stop the wind from blowing hay out of the horse, ho, ho.

CHORUS.

Thirteen little Murphys play ball on the stoop;
Pick up Duffy's gander and drop him in the soup;
Thirteen little Murphys laugh at funny tricks,
Murphy drinks full dipper, makes him awful sick.

Oh! Murphy Michael's home at night, to wash the babies O!
He scrubs them with Pearline and suds and fine Sapollo,
He hangs them on the line to dry, the thirteen in a row,
Then for a quart of good old ale to Casey's he does go.

CHORUS.

Thirteen little Murphys join hands in a ring,
Murphy in the middle, they dance around and sing;
Thirteen little Murphys pull the nine-pin's hair,
Murphy gets red-headed, bangs them with a chair.

McGARRY'S NEW WHITE HAT.

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Words and Music by Acton E. Kelly.

There's a great commotion in our street, the excitement is intense,
McGarry's got a new white hat, and, begorra, it's immense;
The neighbors talk of nothing else—no more of this or that,
From morn 'till night it's have you seen (*What?) McGarry's new white hat.

CHORUS.

McGarry's new white hat, McGarry's new white dicer,
It's a corker it's a beauty—you never saw a nicer;
It's a daisy little plug; sure, every one sees that;
It's the dandy of all stove-pipes, boys, (*What?) McGarry's new white hat.

Mrs. Reilly drops the wash-board quick, Mrs. Hogan drops the child,
McSorley drops the pick and stares, the boys and girls grow wild,
The dudes almost drop off the earth, and Dan and Mike and Pat
Drop work at once when they behold (*What?) McGarry's new white hat.—*Cho.*

The little widow Nolan, too, of husbands she's had four,
Lived with her cat a quiet life, she vowed she'd have no more;
But now she says she'll try again; she's bounced the ould Tom cat;
He's camping out since first she saw McGarry's new white hat.—*Chorus.*

* Spoken.

The Little Black Girl on the Wall.

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By C. J. Wilson.

Now the daylight is done, and the curtains are drawn,
And the katydids sings all alone on the lawn,
And my little one cries, as she comes at my call,
"Can't I play with the little black girl on the wall?"
It is bedtime, and Bessie, our own little lamb,
Comes bleating, oh, mamma, I'm lonely, I am;
I've no brothers nor sisters, I've no one at all,
But that dear, little, darling black girl on the wall.

CHORUS.

So our pet prattles on when she's in for a race
With her shadow—oh, isn't life just such a chase?
And she dances like mad down the fire-lighted hall,
As she hunts for the little black girl on the wall.

I don't see her by day time, oh, where does she go?
But at twilight she followed me now to and fro,
And wherever I turn, and if I get a fall,
Why then down goes the little black girl on the wall;
Mamma, what does she eat? and, oh, what does she drink?
And what does she do all day long do you think?
Now she's little like me, and next minute she's tall,
But I never can catch that black girl on the wall.—*Chorus.*

WHEN SUNDAY COMES AGAIN.

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Written and Composed by Charles Williams.

In a neat little cabin in County Tyrone
Dwells a gem of a girl that I'm longing to own;
This rare little, neat little, sweet little dove,
Has eyes that are bright and are brimful of love.
No high pedigree can this young maiden trace;
Her fortune's her fairy-like figure and face;
Next Sunday at ten, boys, a bride she will be,
The bridegroom is yours very truly, that's me.

CHORUS.

And next Sunday morn when the clock strikes ten
She'll be my wife and I the happiest of men.
Oh! what joy! no more pain;
She and I the knot will tie when Sunday comes again.

Both the highest and lowest that dwell in the land,
Oft have sought, but in vain, for this fair damsel's hand;
Ah! little she cared for their words or their pelf,
And vowed she'd resolved to live all by herself;
But one day Dan Cupid at her shot his dart,
And somehow or other it pierced her young heart;
Well I, being handy, got quickly to "biz";
I told her my love, and the consequence is—*Chorus.*

On last Saturday morning a note came to me
From a jolly old uncle who dwells o'er the sea;
He wished both myself and my future bride joy,
Concluding by saying, "And now my dear boy,
I've got far more money than I want myself,
So knowing that you're not o'erloaded with pelf,
From me you'll receive on your bright wedding day
A thousand or two for a start on life's way."—*Chorus.*

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

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By Geo. Ingraham.

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money, wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the stars above, and sang to a small guitar:
"O lovely pussy, O pussy, my love, what a beautiful pussy you are."

Pussy said to the owl: "You elegant fowl, how charmingly sweet you sing;
Oh! let us be married, too long we have tarried, but what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day, to the land where the bong tree grows,
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood, with a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling your ring?" said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day by the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince, which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand, they danced by the light of the moon.

Remember the Old Friends at Home.

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Written by T. L. Clay. Composed by Orlando Powell.

You are going to leave the old country, your fortune to seek far away,
And the hearts that have loved you from childhood will miss you for many a day.
But 'twill soften the grief of our parting, to know that where'er you may roam,
Tender memories shall now and then waken a thought of the old friends at home.

REFRAIN.

New friends and true friends be yours when we part,
And far distant countries you roam;
Yet keep for us still a kind place in your heart;
Remember the old friends at home.

Should misfortune or sorrow befall you, be sure that, though seas may divide,
Our hearts staunch and true are still breaking as when you last stood by our side.
You perchance may be hungry and homeless, or dwell 'neath a palace's dome,
Rich or poor, all the same we should welcome a tho't of the old friends at home.
—*Refrain.*

THE OWL CRITIC.

By James Y. Fields.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and *he* couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*—little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head nor made a suggestion—
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown," cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is, how preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?
I make no apology, I've learned owl-ology,
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any defections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown! do take that bird down
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls and other night fowls,
And I tell you what I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost with his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world ever had his claws curled;
Ever had his legs slanted, ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude.
He can't do it—because 'tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches, ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe that *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed you should be so gone-crazed
As to put up a bird in that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes! I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermist should pass off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem they'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh to encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down, have him stuffed again, Brown!
With some sawdust and bark I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that! I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather!"
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch;
Walked around and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say:
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

ON PRINCIPLE.

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Written and Composed by Arthur Seldon.

Now, I may as well mention I'm singing this song—on principle;
You may all rest assured I shall sing nothing wrong—on principle.
When the author a letter sent, saying he'd call
For his money, I thought thro' the floor I should fall;
But I wired: "Needn't come; I pay no one at all—on principle.

All the jokes about policeman with laughter we greet—on principle;
They, we know, take a pride in their fairy-like feet—on principle.
But, in spite of our sarcasm, we must allow
That both caution and wisdom they show, for somehow
They always turn up at the end of a row—on principle.

In my youth I was mashed by a sweet rural maid—on principle;
'Neath her window I once sang a short serenade—on principle.
But the seventeenth verse I had hardly begun,
When she tenderly whispered, "Pa's loading his gun,"
I at once said, "Ta-ta, love! it's time for a run—on principle."

When chaps start for a chowder they hire a big brake—on principle;
And to cheer up the horses, a cornet they take—on principle.
Coming home, they are "full up" on lager and stout—
It, perhaps, comes on raining, at which they all shout:
"Ooray! we shall get wet both inside and out"—on principle.

Now beware of card sharpers wherever you go—on principle;
When invited by strangers to play spoof, say "No!"—on principle.
Don't be fooled by pretexts of fair play they evince—
I myself once was "had," but I've made a rule since
To play baccarat with no one else but the Prince—on principle.

It's already been mentioned I'm singing this song—on principle;
Well, I've just had the tip not to make it too long—on principle.
I, from singing too much, should most certainly shrink;
Besides it's convenient just now, for I think
It's about time I went out and got a big drink—on principle.

THE SMILE.

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Written by Alfred J. Morris. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

There are people you can understand exactly what they mean
By their smile, by their smile;
And others that you can't make out, and nothing seems to gleam
By their smile, by their smile.
There's the friend who tries to bluff you as he tells a clever lie,
Or another who will nudge his pal and wink the other eye;
You're going to lend them twenty-five, when suddenly you spy
That they smile—such a smile.

CHORUS.

Such smiles as that you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean
When they ask you for a dollar; you declare your out of collar,
And you smile—such a smile.

Have you ever seen a tough with his girl upon his arm,
Don't he smile, don't he smile;
He'll shove her in the jaw for love, and don't she take it calm—
See her smile, see her smile.
See 'em down at Coney Island, there's Maria and 'Rorty Ted.
See 'em in a swing, devouring clams or fish and bread,
And if the works go wrong and Ria comes down on her hand,
Don't he smile—what a smile.

CHORUS.

Such smiles as that you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean,
But if instead of Ria, it is Ted who comes the flyer,
Don't he smile, don't he smile.

When a dirty gutter urchin spots an old gent drop a dime,
Don't he smile, don't he smile;
And when he grabs it up and murmurs, "Now I'll cut a shine"—
Mark his smile, see him smile.
Then he ponders for a moment, gives a knowing kind of wink:
"Shall I speculate or save it," you can almost hear him think;
He spins it up—well, heads or tails? hard luck—it's down the sink—
Then don't he smile—what a smile.

CHORUS.

Such smiles as those you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean;
You can't hear what he stutters, but you guess the word he mutters
By his smile—what a smile.

When a fellow asks his sweetheart and she names the happy day,
Don't he smile, don't he smile;
And on a pleasant honey-moon he carries her away
With a smile, such a smile.
For one long year they've married been, and never had a row,
He a loving husband, she true to her marriage vow;
And when the nurse says, "It's all right, sir; you're a father now"—
Don't he smile—what a smile.

CHORUS.

Such smiles as those you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean
When she says, They're just like you, sir; why, don't you know there's *two*, sir;
Don't he smile—what a smile.

SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH.

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Written by W. F. Lytton. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Now it's often been sung that the old and the young
Should all have their toys to amuse,
And it's true, every bit, though, of course, we'll admit,
Their playthings they sometimes abuse.
Some mothers complain that it gives them much pain
When baby will chew dad's old boot,
Or when dressed spick and span, nurse an old frying pan,
And joyfully lick off the soot.

CHORUS.

They must have something to play with, they've got nothing else to do;
For a strong appetite is a youngster's delight, and it's only a toy it's true.

When a felonious card gets fourteen days hard,
Of nothing has he to complain,
For lodging and board, more especially board,
He's able in jail to obtain;
When once he's inside, all his wants are supplied
To make the dull moments pass quick;
Though the law might refuse him his labor to choose,
His oakum he knows he can pick.

CHORUS.

He must have something to play with, he's got nothing else to do;
And there's always a hope of plenty of rope—well, it's only a toy it's true.

When Harry gets boozed, he's down-right amused,
As happy as happy can be;
Rolls home to wife, who exclaims on my life,
You've been drinking again I see;
But the fond-hearted boy yells out with joy,
And playfully kicks her down stairs,
Then on her he jumps, with his soft patent pumps,
And breaks up the tables and chairs.

CHORUS.

He must have something to play with, he's got nothing else to do;
He throws at her pate a dish or a plate—well, they're only his toys it's true.

HE IS AN ANGEL NOW.

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Words by Lew Carroll. Music by Effie Huested.

Bill Sikes he had an awful headache, he thought that he was going to die;
His ma-in-law came to his rescue, some sledlitz powders he should try;
She mixed them up in separate glasses—Bill drank the blue one like a flash,
And next, of course, he drank the white one, when lo! a burst and then a crash.

CHORUS.

Bill is an angel now, his headache won't trouble him now,
He's gone, so they say, 'mongst the clouds far away.
SPOKEN—He is an angel now.

A word or two about a friend of mine, at shooting he was out of sight;
He taught his wife, in case that burglars might come around his house at night;
Last week he tried to fool his tootzy-wootz, and he played burglar just for fun;
His wife, excited, grabbed the weapon and pulled the trigger of that gun.

CHORUS.

Pa is an angel now, poor fellow he's dead, oh! how
His wife mourns her loss; she's a widow, of course.
SPOKEN—He is an angel now.

One day when it was very stormy, and telegraph wires were blown about,
Young Jimmy Fresh thought he'd be funny, so to his playmates he did shout:
"Say, fellers, you can't do what I can do." "What is it?" said his playmate Pete,
"Why, hold this wire." He did, but once was all, the current knock'd him 20 feet.

CHORUS.

Jimmy's an angel now, he was knocked silly, I vow;
And the little kids sang, there's one less in our gang.
SPOKEN—He is an angel now.

An editor of a Western paper a bull-dog had of fighting powers;
He kept that dog for would-be authors, who bothered him in business hours;
One day a dude brought in a poem sweet, he read it through, then, sad but true,
The answer that the editor gave him was, "Sic him, Towser!" Towser flew.

CHORUS.

Dude is an angel now, he was chased by that ugly bow-wow;
All was left of that pet was a stump cigarette.
SPOKEN—He is an angel now.

Last winter ma-in-law went skating, she tried to cut the figure eight,
Her movements they were very fancy, in backward skating she was great;
A danger hole was near and in she went; we tried to save her, all in vain;
She came up twice, we couldn't reach her, the third time she went down again.

CHORUS.

She is an angel now, all that she left was a cow;
No more can we hear our ma-in-law dear.
SPOKEN—She is an angel now.

THE WITHERED ROSEBUD.

By G. W. Simons.

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Ah, why does this rosebud more beautiful seem
Than when fresh on the bush where it grew,
All withered and pale, of a flower but a dream?
'Tis because, 'tis because, 'tis because it was given by you.

'Tis because the sweet floweret had lingered awhile
On the bosom of beauty and youth,
Had borrowed her lustre, had stolen her smile,
And came to me breathing her truth.

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,
And mournfully drooping its stem,
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,
'Twill still be, 'twill still be, 'twill still be of roses the gem.

Buy a Nice Little Home in the Country.

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Words and Music by Ed. Barry.

I'm a man that's lately married, and rents are so high about town,
So I thought I no longer would tarry, but buy a small house of my own.
A nice little home in the country, no rent would I then have to pay,
And my friends one and all did advise me, and this unto me they did say:

CHORUS.

Buy a nice little home in the country, a dear little place for your wife;
Be your own landlord and owner, and settle down there for your life;
With your pigs and your chickens and garden, no doctor to send in his bill,
When the springtime comes, gentle Annie, oh! what a chill.

I was up at daybreak the next morning, and for work then I started to go;
It was just as the day was a-dawning, the wind thro' my whiskers did blow.
The train it was blocked for an hour, I was late when I reached the shop door,
And the boss he then quickly discharg'd me, while all of the men they did roar:
—*Cho.*

When I started for home in the evening, oh! then the rain did begin,
The weather was way below zero, and the icicles hung on my chin.
A bull-dog he made a rush at me, the tails of my coat he tore,
My wife she raised up the window, and this unto me she did roar:—*Chorus.*

The springtime it brought us malaria, my wife and myself took the chills,
It took all the money we had in the house to keep us a-going eating pills.
The furniture shook in the parlor, the clock it walked off the shelf,
The carpet it joined in the racket—why, it got up and shook itself.—*Chorus.*

The summer it brought us mosquitoes, they came in by the light of the moon,
They then did begin for to eat us, each bit as big as a balloon.
They drove us all out of our beds, on the floor we then had to lay,
And while round my head they kept buzzing I fancied I could hear them say:
—*Chorus.*

THE DESERTER.

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Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

In old Dover Castle one night rather late
A solemn court-martial was sitting in state,
Trying a soldier who stood in suspense,
Charged with "deserting," a serious offence.
Out in the ante-room, gloomy and wide,
There sat the sire of the prisoner inside,
Many a mile he had journeyed that day,
He must be near him if only to say:

CHORUS.

He's not guilty, whate'er his accusers say;
Surely there must be some mistake, or some one has led him astray;
He's not guilty, remember "the cross" he's won;
I am the father who nursed him, and he is a soldier's son.

The witnesses called in the room one by one,
Established the guilt of the old soldier's son;
Their favorite sergeant, it pained them to tell,
Had deserted the flag he had fought for so well.
When called on to plead, he admitted, with shame,
The crime he'd committed had tarnished his name;
His guilt he acknowledged, whilst, broken with tears,
The echoes were wafting these words to their ears:—*Chorus.*

At last the old colonel arose from his chair
The sentence to pass on the prisoner there,
But ere he could seal the deserter's just doom,
A travel-stained soldier dashed into the room—
"A royal proclamation"—the Queen's Jubilee!"
Deserters are pardoned—the prisoner is free!
A shout from the culprit! a cheer from the throng!
And then the refrain of the old soldier's song.—*Chorus.*

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL

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Words by George Russell Jackson. Music by J. A. Barney.

You may think that she loves you sincerely—
In fact, that she's honest and true,
When really and truly she's thinking
Of some other fellow than you.
Perhaps when she's giving you "taffy"
She's thinking of some other swell,
And wishing that he were beside her,
The fact is you can't always tell.

CHORUS.

You can't always tell that she's doting on you,
For tho' she appear to be honest and true,
Your belle may be flirting with some other swell,
And fooling you nicely, you can't always tell.

She'll meet you all smiling with pleasure,
And tell you she's glad you have come;
But when you sit down in the parlor
She'll murmur, "I wish he'd go home;"
And when you are calling her "popsey"
And saying you love her so well,
Her thoughts are, perhaps, with another,
The fact is you can't always tell.—*Chorus.*

But still it may be that she loves you;
Yes, loves you far dearer than life,
And "Yes, dear," would willingly answer
If you should say, "Sweet, be my wife;"
And never in life have a weakness
Or fancy for some other swell,
But love you with fondest devotion,
The fact is you can't always tell.—*Chorus.*

WE'RE ALL RIGHT.

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Written by Will Godwin. Composed by Charles Williams.

I've been out with a pal of mine
On the spree and on the dine;
We went in for the best of wine
Until we both felt frisky.
Arm in arm we walked along;
"Jolly Company" was our song;
We felt right, but soon went wrong
Low'ring the Irish whiskey.

CHORUS.

We're all right when we are tight,
Out all night till the broad daylight,
Wrenching knockers, ringing bells,
Every danger scorning.
Oh, what fun when then the job was done;
Bill spent three pounds, I spent one,
But to stop our fun, we both were run
In front of the judge next morning.

We were right till the clock struck three,
Then saw two girls on the spree;
Bill had one and one had me,
All dangers we were scorning.
Bill kissed my girl, I kissed his,
Oh, what fun the game did fiz,
Eggs and coffee was our biz,
Till the clock struck six next morning.—*Chorus.*

"What's your game," said a man in blue.
Bill said, "What's that to do with you;
Come on now, for I'll die or do,"
But, oh, he was mistaken.
Our two girls screamed o'er and o'er.
I cried out, "Oh, dear, oh, Lor',"
When up came policemen by the score,
And we all to court were taken.—*Chorus.*

And the lot in the dock next morn
Stood with faces all forlorn;
Scores of coppers then all were sworn;
They're rather good at swearing.
I blamed Bill and he blamed me;
Our girls blamed us both, you see;
Bill paid one pound, I paid three,
And we all came out that morning.—*Chorus.*

—"Did you see the beginning of this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness against a man who had struck his wife. "Yes, sir; I saw the very commencement of the difficulty. It was about two years ago." "Two years ago?" "Yes, sir. The minister said 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' and she said 'I will.'"

ANNIE LEE.

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Words and Music by Chas. B. Soule.

In all the world there lives no maid so fair as Annie Lee;
Each morn I meet her in the glade—she's all the world to me;
Her eyes are bluer than the skies, her cheeks are fairer than the rose,
And on her virgin breast there lies the drift of mountain snows.
The stars that shine so bright above are not more fair than she,
And that is why I fell in love with pretty Annie Lee.

The world is full of music now, and sorrow is no more;
The bird upon the myrtle bough sings sweeter than before.
What care I for those mystic ships they say may come from over the sea,
For I have heard sweet Annie's lips speak words of love to me.
In humble cot, with all my pride, contented I can be
If Annie Lee is by my side—she's all the world to me.

Across yon mountain valley far you see the church spire rise,
And often on its golden star we turn our longing eyes.
And now the secret I'll reveal—next Sunday morning, side by side,
Before its altar we shall kneel, sweet Annie as my bride.
And then some cozy nook we'll find upon the mountain crest,
And leaving all the world behind, we'll build a little nest.

THE HEBREW FANCY BALL.

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Words and Music by Edwin R. Lang.

My name is Moses Levy, a Hebrew staunch and true,
'Moet everybody says that I am a cranky Jew;
I have been keeping pawn-shop for nearly fifteen years;
And when I lose my money, my eyes they fill with tears.
But I love to gamble once in a while in stocks, for then I make the money,
And whenever I go to the Hebrew ball it makes me feel so funny.

SPOKEN—Yes, and when I get to the ball-room I hear all the people saying:

CHORUS.

How do you do, Resinsky? how are you, Lubelsky?
How's your father? how's your mother? how's your sister? how's your brother?
How is all the family? how's your cousin Isidore?
I'm glad to see you dancing at the Hebrew fancy ball.

I've got a daughter, Rachel, her nose is hooked like mine;
She's pretty as a picture, her feet they are divine;
The image of her father, and dances like a top,
And makes things very lively in Levy's old pawn shop.
Yes, she likes to dance with cousins and aunts, she's sweeter than a stick of candy.
At the Hebrew ball she is full of gall, at waltzing she's a dandy.

SPOKEN—Yes, at waltzing Rachel is a regular daisy, my friend Boem gave a ball the other night. I took Rachel, when we got there they all said:—*Chorus.*

SHE DANCED.

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Written and Composed by W. E. Goodwins.

If there's one thing really in this world I liked, that one thing was a dance;
And if a "hop" came off, no matter where, I'd go on half a chance.
Well, not long ago, in a paper advertised, I spotted one and thought
"I'll go a-mashing to that merry ball," and straight my ticket bought.
I went—oh! shall I e'er forget that night! for there I met the girl
Who captivated this poor heart and set my senses in a whirl.
For her dancing sweet quite took my breath away—I stood as in a trance,
Till some one introduced me, to my joy! and I begged "one little dance."

CHORUS.

Oh! she danced and pranced; she did the gay schottische and polka;
Waltzing, too, she really made divine;
I lost my heart while fairly gloating o'er her steps,
But now she's gone from me, that girl I once thought mine.

Then we took our places in a jolly "set," the music soon began;
I viewed with pride the partner by my side, and felt a happy man. [please!"
Then "top and bottom couples, left and right," we did, "set, turn your partners,
Next "ladies chain" and "promenading" round, wound up our dance with ease.
Soon in a sweet and mazy little waltz I clasped her slender waist;
With "one, two, three," we glided o'er the floor, and flirted as we paced.
In a schottische fresh delight for us was found, 'twas lovely, we agreed;
Then a roguish little polka we enjoyed, and of others took no heed.—*Chorus.*

Ah! the night too quickly seemed to slip away—she said, "I now must go;"
I asked permission just to see her home; she murmured "Really, no.
Dear mamma, you see, is very, very strict—if she saw me with you
She'd be so cross, and bother would create, and then what should I do?"
I begged her an appointment near to make; she did, and with a kiss
And a loving good-bye was lost to view, but left me filled with bliss.
At that moment some one asked me for the time—my watch I seek in vain.
It was gone! that fair, but false, deceitful girl had collared, too, the chain.

CHORUS.

Then with rage I pranced, and cursed the gay schottische and polka!
Waltzing then I didn't think divine;
For she stole my watch, my chain, while we were whispering;
Oh, yes, she did me clean, the girl I once thought mine.

ONLY TO SEE HER FACE AGAIN.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. D. Newhall & Co.

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Only to see her face again, only to hear her speak,
Only to see her smile once more, only to hear her speak.
She was as fair as a sunny flower, full of beauty and of grace,
One little wish is all I ask—only to see her face.

CHORUS.

Only to see her face again, full of beauty and of grace;
One little wish is all I ask—only to see her face.

Only to see her face again, fair as the stars above,
Only to hear her one little word, only one word of love.
Sad was the night when we parted down by the old trysting place;
One little word is all I ask—only to see her face.—*Chorus.*

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.

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Now I am going to sing you a song,
Whether you like it or not;
I'll sing it whether it's right or it's wrong,
Whether you like it or not.
If it happens to please, I'll be awfully glad,
But then if it don't, and you get very mad,
I'll sing you another that is equally as bad,
Whether you like it or not.

Some married men like for to stay out at nights,
Whether you like it or not;
Some of their capers wouldn't stand the electric light,
Whether you like it or not.
They roll home in the morning after being on a cruise,
With noses colored carmine, and snakes in their shoes,
With heads big as pumpkins and stomachs full of booze,
Whether you like it or not.

There are scheming politicians around on election day,
Whether you like it or not;
Like a brother they'll treat you, so polite in every way,
Whether you like it or not;
When election is over there's another story to tell,
The candidate elected finds his head it is swelled;
If you ask him for a favor, he'll say go to——
Whether you like it or not.

There are lots of foreign champions making loud bluffs,
Whether you like it or not;
They're all newspaper fighters and a lot of big stuffs,
Whether you like it or not.
With boxing gloves they are dandies—they jump, spring and plunge;
They can duck, dodge and feint and parry a lunge,
But when Sullivan shows fight, they all throw up the sponge,
Whether you like it or not.

IN OUR BACKYARD LAST NIGHT.

Copyrighted. Composed by Geo. Beauchamp.

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There's lots of funny things take place
In our backyard at night;
The old tom cats each other chase
In our backyard at night;
And lots of Marias—the female ones
Were warbling "Johnnie, Get Your Gun"—
But with a big brick-bat I spoil their fun
In our backyard at night.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, oh! They'll not come back again I know,
To keep us awake with their midnight shows in our backyard.

A big bull-dog he broke his chain
In our backyard last night,
And he caused me grief and pain
In our backyard last night,
For as soon as that bull-dog got a chance,
Oh, me! oh, my! he made me dance,
And I left without the seat of my pants
In our backyard at night.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, oh! He made me dance for an hour or so,
And now I can't sit down, I know, in our backyard.

A German band by chance did stray
In our backyard at night;
"Oh, that is love" they tried to play
In our backyard at night,
For as "Martha and John" they made things hot,
But their rooty-toot we soon did stop,
For when they played "Comrades" they all got shot
In our backyard at night.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, oh! They'll not come back again I know,
For their funerals did go from our backyard.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

Words by the Hon. Mrs. G. R. Gifford. Music by Claribel.

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Only a spark from love's dear shrine, whose altar fires are dead;
Only a tress, whose silken sheen once crowned a lovely head;
Only a token, wrapped away, of happier days that were,
Long vanished from my wistful gaze, only a lock of hair.

Only one link, a link of gold, between the past and me;
One tender leaflet flutt'ring still upon a blasted tree;
Only a relic, dim with tears, of what was once so fair,
The image sweet of life in death, only a lock of hair.

Of what was once my all in all, but these sad links remain,
To bind me, now and evermore, within their silken chain;
Poor token of a faded past, dim relic once so fair,
To lie upon my lonely heart, only a lock of hair.

I'LL WHISTLE IN THE REST.

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I'm going to sing a song, and I'll try and do my best—[*Whistle.*]
If I don't say all I mean, why I'll whistle in the rest.—[*Whistle.*]
If you don't quite understand me, don't go and make a kick,
But have a little patience till you get on to the trick;
If you can't catch on, why then, of course, your heads are very—[*Whistle.*]

I'm, perhaps, the most respectable young man upon the earth—[*Whistle.*]
I never smoke, I never drink, and scorn all vulgar mirth—[*Whistle.*]
I do not like to hear them sing those naughty songs, do you?
I only love the beautiful, the pure, the good, the true,
So its no use expecting it, you won't get any—[*Whistle.*]

The Salvation Army racket is a very lively game—[*Whistle.*]
But the brothers and the sisters they all get there just the same—[*Whistle.*]
Such song and dance religion I am very sure is shamm'd;
With such a lot of rubbish I'm not anxious to be cramm'd;
I'd rather take my chances, if I wouldn't I'll be—[*Whistle.*]

WOMAN'S IN IT.

Copyrighted. Words by Sam Devere. Music by G. F. Redfern. Sung by Sam Devere.

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If ever there's anything happens, why then
Woman's in it;
No matter just when it may happen, or when,
Woman's in it.
If you see a big bundle of feathers and lace
Floating around in the stores or in some other place,
At the theatre or opera or, perhaps, at a race,
Woman's in it.

If ever you happen in an auction store,
Woman's in it;
If you see a man broke and awfully sore,
Woman's in it.
There's your uncle with three golden balls on the top,
Where your ulster's in soak and you often may stop,
You can bet your last dollar if you go in that shop
Woman's in it.

If arrested, locked up, there's a cell next to you,
Woman's in it;
There's a fight in the night with a copper or two,
Woman's in it.
In a Prince of Wales' scandal or any affray,
In the darkness of midnight, or the moonlight so gray,
If there's anything where there's the devil to pay,
Woman's in it.

If ever you have the bad luck to be born,
Woman's in it;
Get wed by the priest all shaven and shorn,
Woman's in it.
When you peg out at last and somewhere you must go,
Whether upwards or downwards there's none of us know,
But if you should visit the place down below,
Woman's in it.

There's many a deed that a man cannot do,
Yet woman's in it;
If danger is there, aye, and pestilence, too,
Woman's in it.
When warfare has made all its wounded and killed,
When the dead ones are buried, the hospitals filled,
Like an angel of mercy, brave, gentle and skilled,
Woman's in it.

—Knowledge is power, but it takes a good deal of it to know how to live without work.

PADDY, WAIT AWHILE.

Copyright, 1891, by James Stillman.

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Written and Composed by Miss Nellie Brown.

I'll sing you a song about Paddy, the boy who's the pride of my life;
Though him I've consented to marry, faith I don't think I'll be Paddy's wife;
For the blackguard is always a-teasing, so I'll tell him I don't like his ways;
It's cheating, although it is pleasing, so to Paddy I oft have to say:

CHORUS.

"Paddy, wait awhile, till I get o'er the stile!" Says he,
"My darling Katie!" Says I, "Oh! Paddy, do be easy!"
"Hold your tongue," says he, "for I'll not let you be,
So give me a kiss, and don't resist, Acushala Macree!"

Now when Paddy goes on with his blarney, sure what can a poor colleen say?
For I know very well there's Kate Karney, who'd be glad to take Paddy away;
And, of course, I don't mind Paddy squeezing when there is no one about.
Bedad, if there is, and he's teasing, bad luck to me if I don't shout:—*Chorus.*

Wish-a, give me a kiss now, says Paddy; give me one and I'll ask for no more.
Sure you know that your bold Irish laddie loves his own darling colleen Asthore;
We'll go to the church, say next Sunday, we'll get spliced without any delay;
So I promised that I'd no more tarry, also that I'd nevermore say:—*Chorus.*

THE PICTURE THAT WE WON'T TURN TO THE WALL.

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Words and Music by Edward Tompkins.

There's a picture hanging near us, 'tis the dearest and the best,
It shines like rosy dawn on every eye;
'Tis a father's dear old face, with its look of love and grace,
And it brings us back to happy days gone by.
The brow, tho' stern and cold, just as in days of old,
Seems telling us of gladness to befall;
It is there and shall remain, and to gaze none can disdain,
On the picture that we won't turn to the wall.

CHORUS.

There it hangs, there it hangs,
And forever 'twill the fondest thoughts recall;
'Tis the light of mem'ry dear, with beaming eye to chide or cheer,
The picture that we won't turn to the wall.

With its gaze of might and grandeur it forever points the way
To manly pride and duty day by day;
And beside our mother's chair we forget our ev'ry care,
When that picture we behold in shining sway.
Again in childhood's glee we climb upon his knee,
His dear old voice in laughter we recall;
It tells of an honest heart, and with it we'll never part,
The picture that we won't turn to the wall.—*Chorus.*

THE FORSAKEN.

Written by David P. Sobel, of the Philo Dramatic Society.

"Oh, ruby lips of thine so sweet,
Oh, love, my dear, must I retreat
From the threshold of your gracious love—
Away from you, oh dearest dove?
No, never shall I venture thus,
Until proclaimed by you I must,
Then I that widening path will take
Where human souls will never wake.
Beware me, though, is all I say,
Before that step I'll take, nay, nay,
Your beauteous face to render sweet,
First revenge and then defeat."
Thus spoke a young and handsome boy
At the age of twenty and one;
He uttered these words in his slumber
At the rising of the sun.
His troubles they were many,
Although so young in years;
Of life he knew not any,
He was listless in his fears—
He started up as if in fright,
With a blank stare in his eyes:
"Who is it that just spoke to me—
Oh, dear, I don't know why.
Oh, mother dear, in heaven now,
Come to the help of me your son,
Who here thus stands in great distress,
And has but you—by all he's shun.
My life is ended, my love is gone—
I have no one, no love but strife
To live for in this wicked world—
This sorrow shall end my weary life."
Without a quiver on his lips
He stood grief-stricken by his bed;
His mind it wandered like the ships,
Knowing of great distress ahead.
A sigh was heard and all was still;
His soul the angels led;
Although so young, he had his fill—
With a shriek he faltered—dead.

JIM AND HIS PARTNER JOE.

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Written by Geo. Bruce and Harry Lemore. Composed by F. W. Venton.

I am a fisherman and I have got a dear chum Jim;
A noblehearted fellow he, all speak in praise of him.
Together we as children played, and now to manhood grown,
Together we as partners work—as partners we are known.
Jim has a pretty sweetheart, and they're shortly to be wed,
And oft when putting out to sea his lass to me has said:
"Joe, take care of dear Jim for me, 'twould break my heart," she'd sigh,
"If any harm befell my love"—I'd laughingly reply:

CHORUS.

I love Jim and Jim loves me; like brothers are we two;
Always together you'll find us, faithful, staunch and true;
We promised we'd stick to each other, when youngsters years ago,
Through sunshine and rain, true friends still remain Jim and his partner Joe.

We both were out at sea one day, when angry grew the sky,
The lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, the waves ran mountains high;
Then suddenly our boat capsized, in deadly peril we,
Far, far from any hope of aid were struggling in the sea.
But now my strength exhausted grew, Jim clutched me by the arm,
"Cheer up, old chum," said he to me, "we'll weather this alarm;
I am a sturdy swimmer, and, with God's help, you I'll save;
'Twould break your poor old mother's heart to lose her laddie brave."—*Cho.*

On, on swam Jim courageously, till by my weight pulled down;
"Oh! save yourself, Jim; let me sink, or both of us will drown;
You have a sweetheart, and with grief your loss would drive her mad."
"I have a sweeteart, true," said Jim, "but you've a mother, lad."
Again he battles with the waves—thank God we're saved, hurrah!
The life-boat has put out to sea, and soon on board we are;
We reach the shore in safety, and a cheer goes up for Jim;
And my old mother's grateful tears fall as she kisses him.—*Chorus.*

SEE HIM AT HOME.

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Written by Harry Castling. Composed by F. W. Venton.

Oh, what a jolly dog the married man is when he's on the spree;
He quite forgets the plagues of wedlock when he has some L. S. D.
You can see him in his glory where some pretty cash-girls are,
Calling all his old pals, chappie, putting on the "ladida."
Hear him shout: "What's yours, old fellow! do have just one more with me;
It isn't oft I get the chance, you know, old boy, to have a spree;
Tho' from my wife I stand no nonsense, and where'er I please I roam,"
And so he carries on till midnight, next we see "his nibs" at home.

REFRAIN.

He's dodging the poker that's thrown at his head,
Or some of the crockery, maybe;
As he murmurs, "My dear, let me get into bed;"
To square her he seizes the baby;
Between them they very near strangle the kid,
Who howls in a loudish tone;
Oh, what a spree 'tis to just see
The married man when he's at home.

Next see the fellow known as "Johnnie," sponged on by a host of friends,
Pronounced by all a jolly fellow, doesn't care how much he spends;
Once a month he draws his wages, then, as big as lord or earl,
See him swagger in the store and chaff with ev'ry pretty girl.
Hear him shout with lusty voice the chorus of the latest song,
While the cab that he's angaged with, his last cent rolls swift along;
At last they reach his humble lodging, where he hic-coughs all serene;
He goes to bed and sleeps till morning, then a change comes o'er the scene.

REFRAIN.

With tongue parch'd and dry and his limbs rather sore,
Some beautiful language he mumbles,
When he falls out of bed, such a whack on his head,
And over the furniture he tumbles.
He swears, "Oh, I'll never get tight any more,"
In, oh, such a pitiful tone;
Holds his poor head, rolls into bed,
That's Johnnie next morning at home.

And next we see a single chap, who thinks a single life don't pay,
Upon his arm hangs some sweet maiden, who has found him for a jay;
How he blushes when she tells him tales she's told to quite a score,
"Only just come from the country, never had a beau before."
Then poor Simon gets quite reckless with what money he has got,
Maiden sticks like glue to Simon, 'till he's spent the blessed lot;
Oh, hear her say, "Good-bye, my lovey," flouncing off with laughing scorn,
And next we see him in his lodgings, stony broke on Monday morn.

REFRAIN.

A tap at the door comes, "I've called for the rent;"
He hears, while he groans, "Clean I'm skinned, oh!"
Sadly searches his pockets and finds not a cent;
He feels fit to jump out the window.
He puts on his garments as fast as he can,
And uncle's is where he'll roam;
Gold watch and chain, popped once again,
To pay up the ex—'s at home.

DARLING, I WILL COME AGAIN.

Copyright, 1876, by C. W. Harris.

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Darling, I must part from thee, with a sweet voice of farewell;
Though a little while it be, sad it is to break the spell.
Give me now your sweetest kiss, keep no thought of grief or pain;
Only hear me promise this: Darling, I will come again.

CHORUS.

When the stars of heaven shine on the roses in the lane,
Don't forget this promise, mine: Darling, I will come again.

You are all in all to me, none can love thee as I do;
Parted tho' from you I be, still believe my heart is true.
Now that all your love is mine, hear me with a sweet refrain,
Whisper 'neath the stars that shine: Darling, I will come again.—*Chorus.*

When I linger by thy side, life seems fairest unto me,
And the moments sweetly glide, sweet as ever sweet can be.
Dreaming of the hours of bliss, could I long from thee remain,
So I tell thee with a kiss: Darling, I will come again.—*Chorus.*

TWO SWEETHEARTS.

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Written and Composed by Lester Barrett.

I know it's not correct to have two sweethearts at a time,
Tho' I must candidly confess I'm guilty of the crime;
But things are getting rather warm, and soon there'll be a smash,
The one has lots of beauty and the other lots of cash.

CHORUS.

And I don't want the one that I don't want to know
That I want the one that I want,
And the one that I want she wants me to go
And give up the other at once.
Why I don't want the one that I don't want to know
That I want the one that I want,
Is, if I lose the one that I want, don't you know,
I might want the one that I don't want.

Matilda, with her pretty face, has got a charm for me;
Jemima, tho' she's rather old, has got the L. S. D.
I must have one—I can't have both, for that would not be right,
And if they find me out, why, then, I'd have them both to fight.

SPOKEN—The ladies I am sure, will think me a monster; but I think the gentlemen will sympathize with me, when I tell them that—*Chorus.*

I often think 'twould serve me right if, through my long delay,
Some other fellow came and stole the darling ones away;
In such a case I hardly know whatever I should do,
But then, of course, I quite forgot he couldn't have the two.

SPOKEN—I went to my solicitor to-day for advice. He said I ought to be horsewhipped, and satirically inquired if I would like an Act of Parliament passed for my especial benefit; but he was still more disgusted with me when I told him that—*Chorus.*

COME BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

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Words by John P. Harrington. Music by Orlando Powell.

Within a lone hut on the fair Devon shore,
In tears sat a lovely young bride;
The one whom she wed had in bitterness fled
To a land far away o'er the tide.
A few hasty words they have blighted her bliss;
He'd left her without one last look or kiss;
Her mother sat by her, with silver gray hair,
And whispered of hope while she sobbed in despair:

REFRAIN.

Come back to the old home, come back o'er the sea,
Come back to the old home, come back to mother and me;
Tho' you in anger departed, to sail away o'er the foam,
Come back, my darling, come back to me, come back to the dear old home.

A suitor whom she had passed by for his sake
Had poisoned the ear of her love;
He vowed there was shame on her name, although she
Was as pure as the angels above.
The false accusation she proudly denied,
But he would not heed her his newly-made bride.
Go! leave me, if I of your faith have been robbed!
He went and too late in her anguish she sobbed.—*Refrain.*

Ten years had sped by, and the snowstreaks of grief
Had silvered the young wife's dark hair,
When, one winter's eve, came a knock at her door—
She looked up and her husband stood there.
"Dear Maggie, the villain who wronged you is now dead,
Confessed ere he died all was false that he said.
Say, can you forgive me?" "I do!" was her cry.
"Dear love of my heart never more need I sigh."—*Refrain.*

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

Bells are ringing in yonder tower, sweet church bells;
'Tis a wedding of wealth and power, peal all the bells;
They are a "May and December" pair,
Standing before the altar there;
Bridegroom is old and the bride so fair, but what care the bells.

REFRAIN.

Old church-bells are sweetly chiming, merrily chiming, ring-dong-doug!
In their jingle these words mingle: there is another good man gone wrong!

There are belles of a diff'rent kind, female belles;
Some of them in the street we find, loud, brazen belles;
Johnnie will think her a sweet young miss;
She leads him on and he thinks it's bliss;
Then he goes ringing* a bell(e) like this, and clang go the bells.—*Refrain.*

There are belles with a load of cash, golden belles;
Old and stale, but they wish to mash, cracked, worn-out belles;
Some of the belles will advertise,
"Wanted a husband with sky-blue eyes,"
Up comes a wastrel who "cops" the prize, and clang go the belles.—*Refrain.*

Then we've the ladies who serve at bars, fine glass belles;
Belles who serve you with bad cigars, electric belles;
Taking the presents from gay young men,
Taking a drive with him now and again (gen),
Sometimes he marries her—oh, well then clang go the bells.—*Refrain.*

* Business putting ring on finger.

The Good Young Man Who Died.

Words by H. P. Stephens. Music by Edward Solomon.

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He has left this world for a brighter sphere;
There's a neat little head-stone o'er him,
Telling how much we held him dear,
And how deeply we deplore him;
But that cannot tell how we miss his ways,
Our friend, philosopher, and guide;
For years to come we shall sing in praise
Of the good young man who died;
Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died,
He never murdered flies and he said he hated lies,
The good young man who died.

He would never drink Bass or Guinness's beer,
He would faint at the name of porter,
And aveer'd that he saved two hundred a year
By consuming filtered water;
He never smoked a pipe or Havanna cigars,
Because he was ill whene'er he tried,
But he did fancy work for the best bazaars,
Did the good young man who died;
Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died,
He was meek as a lamb and he never said d——
The good young man who died.

He ne'er visited theatres except with a pass,
For he looked upon plays as baneful,
And whene'er he did go he would whisper, "Alas!
Oh, this exhibition's painful."
Then he'd send to some of the actresses notes,
With highly moral tracts inside,
Rebuking the shortness of their petticoats,
Would the good young man who died;
Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died,
He never gave a handle to any sort of scandal,
The good young man who died.

He would go to a race and say he had lost,
And descant on the ways of sinners;
He would reckon the sum that the trip had cost,
Though he always named the winners.
He didn't know how to play billiards or pool,
Or the niceties of "screw" and "side,"
But he managed to beat his opponent, as a rule,
Did the good young man who died;
Oh, the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died,
There were few who could resist the hands he held at whist,
The good young man who died.

—Stranger (in office of *Chicago Trumpet*): "Are you the advertising manager of this paper?" Haughty Gentleman: "If you mean, sir, am I the chief of the bureau of promotion and publicity of this great journal, I beg to inform you that I am." Stranger: "Well, then, I desire to apprise your chieftainship of the gentle fact that your great journal is not going to promote or give any further publicity to the remarkable merits of my soap until your rates for same are reduced 50 per cent."—*The Kings' Jester.*

A SILENT MAIDEN.

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Written and Composed by J. Percy Ashdown.

The proverbial bird was warbling, the sun shone bright above;
'Twas Spring, and as my fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,
Like each lover in each ballad, I sought the streamlet's side,
When, sitting lone and pensive, a maiden I espied.

CHORUS.

And, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, sitting beneath the oak;
Her features were fine, her smile was divine, but never a word she spoke.

I murmured then, "I love you!" in most bewitching style;
She only smiled most sweetly, and shook her head the while.
Ha! now, thought I, I see it, my perception is to blame,
The darling's French, I know it, so I softly sighed "Je t'aime."
For, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

Alas! my hopes were shattered—again she shook her head,
Again she smiled divinely, but not a word she said.
"Elle comprise!" I have it, she's Italian I feel sure.
"Io t'amo!" then I whispered—she was silent as before.
But, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

She's German, next I fancied, "Ich liebe dich!" I cried,
Yet still she never answered, she never even sighed.
I was puzzled—perhaps she's Spanish, so "Io ticara!" I
Then breathed in softest accents, yet she still made no reply.
But, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

I said these words, "I love you!" in Irish, Scotch and Dutch;
In Russian, Norse and Flemish—did she understand? not much.
At last she took her sunshade and wrote upon the earth:
"I don't know what you're saying, for I'm deaf and dumb from birth."
Yet, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

THE TEMPERANCE BRIGADE.

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Words by T. Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

In Ireland, sure, they started once a temperance brigade,
All for the country's good, the leader said;
With their banners and their music they all marched about the town,
Forty men, with Michael Crogan at their head.
Making speeches asking landlords to close up their saloons;
No doubt it would have gone on very well.
All the people went and joined them from Kinsella's whiskey inn,
Then they tried to paralyze McGee's hotel.

REFRAIN.

And the band was loudly playing; sure, it was a splendid sight;
Ould Crogan he was raving to the boys with all his might;
Ay, and at the first beginning every one attention paid;
They drank nothing else but water in the Temperance Brigade.

First Crogan started speaking to McGee; says he, "My man,
Shut up your house and throw away your beer;
Make a coffee palace of it and sell only lemonade."
All the Temperance Brigade then called, Hear! hear!
Then McGee got on a barrel, all the boozers gathered round,
For they knew that he was rolling in his wealth;
Then of beer he drew nine gallons and he cried to all the crowd:
Here, boys, I ask ye come and drink my health.

REFRAIN.

But the band still kept on playing—oh! it was a splendid sight;
Ould Crogan he was raving to the boys with all his might;
But McGee, with his nine gallons, did the trick, I am afraid;
All the boys were getting thirsty in the Temperance Brigade.

Then the boys they all "hurrooed!" and cried, "Three cheers for Pat McGee!
For he's the boy that gives the beer away;
And down with all teetotalers, we don't want any here."
Poor Crogan looked at them in bland dismay;
Said he, "I will reclaim them;" so he shouted to the crowd,
"Give over drinking; sure, ye make me shrink."
Said McGee, I'll paralyze him; with a gallon in his hand
He invited them once more to have a drink.

REFRAIN.

But the band still kept on playing—oh! it was a splendid sight;
Ould Crogan he was raving to the boys with all his might;
But the band was nearly gasping, and a desperate charge they made;
All the boys were drinking whiskey in the Temperance Brigade.

Ould Crogan said: "That's done it; I must bid ye all good day;"
But Pat McGee cried out for him to stop—
"I don't bear any malice," said McGee, "just step inside,
Come on with me and have a little drop."
Then old Crogan took on whiskey, and it got into his head,
Says he, "D—— all teetotalers," quite loud;
As McGee got three more gallons, with a smile upon his face,
And took it to the ever thirsty crowd.

REFRAIN.

Then the band gave over playing, and they drank with all their might;
Ould Crogan on a shutter, sure, was carried home that night;
And the thought of water drinking slick away did quickly fade;
All the boys got paralytic in the Temperance Brigade.

THE RING MY MOTHER WORE.

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The earth has many treasures rare in gems and golden ore;
My heart hath one more precious far—the ring my mother wore.
I saw it first when I, a child, was playing by her side;
She told me then 'twas father's gift when she became his bride.

I saw it oft in sorrow's hours, which marked the after years,
When shining on the soft, white hand that wiped away my tears.
And O, I saw it once again when, on her dying bed,
She lifted up her hands in prayer, and laid them on my head.

Beside that bed where fell my tears the ring to me was given;
She placed it on my hand and said, We'll meet again in heaven.
I kissed the cheek I oft had pressed, from which the rose had fled,
And, bowed with grief, stood motherless, alone beside the dead.

Among the blest, in realms above, where sorrows are unknown,
O, may I meet my mother dear, no more to weep alone.
Her dying words of love and faith I'll cherish evermore
Within the heart which holds so dear the ring my mother wore.

HE'S GOT A NEW HAT NOW.

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Written and Composed by James Rolmas.

You've often heard of me before, I am the fellow that
The people used to chaff about, "Where Did You Get That Hat?"
Because to gain my uncle's cash—a tidy sum—I had
To wear a hat that was in vogue when Adam was a lad.

CHORUS.

I sold that old hat to the tailor, Jimmy Lundy,
Who wears it on one side when he goes out on a Sunday;
And then I bought this tile, which causes many a row,
For the boys all say, hip! hip! hooray! he's got a new hat now.

With lightning-like rapidity my legacy I spent;
I was the "J" who used to pay for all where'er I went;
And topers and teetotalers became quite thirsty, while
They asked me all the facts about my uncle's famous tile.—*Chorus.*

When I'd that hat, I oft received big offers to engage;
To travel round exhibiting my "brain-pan" on the stage.
And Barnum telegraphed to say, he'd pay in princely style,
If I would sell him for his show that pre-historic tile.—*Chorus.*

Day after day I was besought to sell, but I refused,
Till Jimmy Lundy tackled me, one night when I was boozed;
Then for a paltry dime or two that famous hat was sold,
Which, as a curiosity, is worth its weight in gold.—*Chorus.*

KATE O'GRADY.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Osborne.

They say that an Irishman dotes on three things—
His country, his girl and his glass;
But when in the praise of his sweetheart he sings,
That theme does all others surpass.
Well that is exactly the case with myself,
Though mine's a long distance away;
She puts all the other colleens on the shelf,
No matter what rivals may say.

REFRAIN.

And her name's Kate O'Grady, but she's no high-born lady;
Sweet and tender as the daisies in the dell:
She's the best girl of any all around ould Kilkenny,
And, sure, I'm her Denny, and she's my Irish belle.

Her goodness is known to the neighbors around—
In fact, she's the pride of the place;
And as for her beauty—well, you may be bound,
Her merits are matched by her face.
Her rich, glossy hair is as black as the sloe,
Her bright eyes devotion impart,
And that I'm her love 'tis my glory to know,
For she is the queen of my heart.—*Refrain.*

Her lot is but humble, the same as my own,
But we can endure it with ease,
So long as we're able to ramble alone,
And court 'mid the birds and the trees.
We're both saving money as fast as we can,
An', faith, that's a pretty good sign
That I'll before long be a proud married man,
And she will forever be mine.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

These Words No Shakespeare Wrote.

Composed and Sung by Arthur J. O'Brien and Lewis H. Carroll

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

A little baby had a little pain,
That darling papa tried to soothe in vain;
At midnight 'round the bedroom papa goes,
Finding chairs and sofas with his toes;
The baby cries in several different keys,
While papa's legs are just about to freeze,
When, in despair, he finds the ipecac
And plants his bare foot on a tack.

CHORUS.

These words no Shakespeare wrote, these words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free;
Papa said something with a word on the end
That sounded very much like a great big D.

A game of poker I went into one night—
A game that I play 'way out of sight—
A jackpot came; I stayed on bobtail straight;
I tried to draw a queen or an eight;
I raised this fellow, oh, as high as heaven;
I looked again, I drew a seven,
I made a bluff by betting all I got.
He said, "I pass; you take the pot."

CHORUS.

His words no Shakespeare wrote, his words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free;
But when I made that bluff I knew he had enough;
His words they were the sweetest poetry.

There is a place it is a Sunday place
And one that's always in the race;
Now Coney Island is the place to steer,
Where everybody swims in beer,
Where all young girls do congregate,
And never come home till very late,
That's the place they'll make you spend your tin,
And back to New York you'll have to swim.

CHORUS.

These words no Shakespeare wrote, these words no Byron penned,
Nor poet classical, with fancy free;
They'd break you if you were the First National Bank,
For Coney Island is built around a tank.

JAYS, RUBES AND MARKS.

Tune—"Oh! Let It Be Soon."

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Composed and Sung by Arthur J. O'Brien and Lewis H. Carroll.

While at the beach bathing last summer
We met with a charming fat maid;
She asked us if we would not float her—
Of the breakers she was much afraid.
A jolly good time we were having;
She was just as coy as a mouse,
And when we got through with our bathing,
Some thief stole our clothes from the house.

CHORUS.

Oh, wasn't we jays; oh, wasn't we jays,
Standing in the water for fully an hour;
Sweating like Turks, oh, great was our sorrow
When this fat darling said, "Boys, I'll see you to-morrow."
Oh, wasn't we jays.

On the beach we stood shivering and shaking,
Not knowing just what we should do,
When the kids cried out, "Pipe the two lobsters!"
With the cold we were turning quite blue;
With our clothes along went our money;
Then along came a cop on a run.
Says he, "There goes two freaks from a museum;
It's a good thing I haven't my gun."

CHORUS.

Oh, wasn't we rubes; oh, wasn't we rubes;
The copper that caught us his name was Pat Farrol.
Says he, Boys, I know it's a tough way to travel,
But as you have no clothes, go home in a barrel.
Oh, wasn't we rubes.

Misfortunes are liable to happen
To the rich as well as the poor.
While at the races last summer
We were tipped to bet 15 to 4
On a horse that they said was a winner.
'Twas a friend that gave us the steer;
The horse that we bet on was N. G.,
That our money was gone it was clear.

CHORUS.

Oh, wasn't we marks; oh, wasn't we marks;
We loaned our friend 20 because we were tipped;
When the horses went 'round we saw we were flipped;
We looked for our friend, but we found he had skipped.
Oh, wasn't we marks.

NO MONEY—THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

As recited by Lewis H. Carroll, of O'Brien & Carroll.

No money—so the world is now, and cupid's dead,
Love of gold reigns in its stead.
Listen and a lesson I will teach you—
And one that your parson may never preach you:
The rich man good—the poor man better—
And I can prove it to the letter—
For he who has money soon gets a wife;
He who has none can go free all his life.
He who has money can ride coach and horse;
He who has none can walk of course.
He who has money can lose it and feel sad;
He who has none can find it and feel glad.
He who has money dines on the etiquette plan;
He who has none dines when he can—
For he who has money may not fancy bite,
And he who has none has a good appetite.
So whether rich or poor don't blame,
They started in the cradle alike,
And shall finish at the grave the same—
For he who has money his life cannot save;
He who has none only comes to the grave.
That six feet of earth no distinction doth bring
To the worm that crawls and is as fat as a king,
And when one hundred years with its troubles have past
The *rich man* and *poor man* are level at *last*.

GAGLETS.

Tune—"Kerry Dances."

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Composed and Sung by Arthur J. O'Brien and Lewis H. Carroll.

Hurrah for the present, the past and future,
Hurrah for the gags that ought to be shaved,
Squibs, conundrums and old-time chestnuts;
Gags that have whiskers and ought to be shaved,
Gags that were told to our great grandfathers,
Gags that were hammered, tattered and torn;
Gags that were smothered, tarred and feathered;
Gags that were sprung before we were born,
And now we'll sing of gags they tell in a tune you all know well:

REFRAIN.

[Tune—"Gaiety Dance."]

Oh, what makes a chicken cross the street, is what the end man said;
The rooster on the other side she wants the needle and thread. [mouth—
What's good for a bald head? Plenty of hair—You just took the word out of my
I always thought you had hair on your teeth the other end man did shout.

REFRAIN.

'Tis the song and the sigh of the actors—
Night stands, night stands, come again no more;
Many days we have lingered around the old stage-door.
Oh, week stands, come again once more.

There's a Home for the Wanderer Still.

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By Richard J. Jose.

I left all the loved ones in sadness and tears,
My mother so fond and so true;
The home of my childhood I've not seen for years,
In sorrow I bade it adieu;
Yet now, in my vision, I fondly return,
While tears come my eyelids to fill,
And my heart tells me ever, while sadly I yearn,
There's a home for the wanderer still.

REFRAIN.

There's a home sweet and bright, there's a home of delight,
And it shines o'er the valley and hills;
Tho' sad and distressed, always there he'll find rest,
There's a home for the wanderer still.

I've met with misfortune, I've battled with care,
And yet through it all like a star,
I know that a mother, with silvery hair,
Is waiting her dear boy afar.
I'll go to the hearts that are kinder than all,
I'll roam o'er each valley and hill,
The voices of old to my heart fondly call,
There's a home for the wanderer still.—*Refrain.*

—Tells on Itself.—"I wish I knew how to tell a good egg from a bad one," writes a young housekeeper, "they all look alike to me." Look at 'em with your nose, Clara, look at 'em with your nose. You must be blind if you couldn't tell the difference then.

WHEN I'M MADE CAPTAIN.

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Words and Music by Will King.

I'm a jolly midshipman, adored by my crew,
My craft she is sound, and my lass she is true;
And when I've to leave her and ordered to sea
I whisper these words as we part on the quay:

CHORUS.

Good-bye, my darling, don't pipe your eye,
Another fond kiss, love, another good-bye;
If you're true to me while I'm on the sea,
When I'm made captain, my mate you shall be.

My Polly's the model of womanly grace,
A fine figure head with a sweet looking face;
A spirit as proud as the breakers ahead,
But often breaks down when these words I have said:—*Chorus.*

They say that a sailor in every port,
Has either a wife or a sweetheart to court;
But if ever suspicion should darken Poll's brow,
These few parting words always keep her in tow:—*Chorus.*

The time is approaching when Polly and I
Will get the knot made which no hand can untie.
She'll act as my compass to help me to steer,
And I shan't any more have to sing in her ear:—*Chorus.*

Since Murphy Broke His Pledge.

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Words & Music by James Thornton.

Tim Murphy was a sober man for sixteen months or more,
During all that time he never raised a row;
He did a thriving business in a corner liquor store,
Where in partnership he was with Mike O'Dow.
Election day was coming on, Murphy ran for Mayor—
His money and his beer he gave away;
He said, "If I'm elected I will give you all a job,
Every one will loaf and get his pay."

At last election day arrived, his friends stood at the polls,
They all got drunk on poor old Murphy's pelf;
And when the votes were counted, sure, they only found but one,
And that's the vote he voted for himself.
He then cried out, "I'm cheated," his fury knew no bounds,
He ran into a blacksmith's for a sledge,
He cried, "Give me my money back, or I'll elect myself,"
He took a hammer out and broke his pledge.

'Twas then the fun began, he acted like a crazy man,
He drove everybody from the street;
He ran into a liquor store, then behind the bar he tore,
And asked himself if he was going to treat.
No policeman showed up that night, every cop was out of sight,
The horse-cars stopped running all that day;
The Chinee and the Dago men barred and locked their door, then
They knew that the devil was to pay.

'Twas the jim jams he had, he ran down the street like mad,
'Till he came to a Dutchman's 'baccy store;
He smashed in the window pane, then he smashed it out again,
And killed the wooden Indian at the door.
Down to One Lung's he ran, a dried up little Chineeman,
And threw him in the washtub clothes and all;
He played billiards with his queue, then he beat him black and blue,
And now One Lung has got no lung at all.

He rang up the fire alarm, thinking it would be no harm,
Very soon there was a busy scene;
The engines and the firemen came, but couldn't see a sight of flame,
While the hose played "The Wearing of the Green."
They soon spied poor Murphy out, climbing up a water spout,
If he fell he would surely lose his shape;
They cried out, "Come down here, Tim," it had no effect on him,
He was waiting there to see the fire escape.

They played the hose all over him, thinking it would sober him,
He fell, but they caught him in a net;
The noise soon brought the cops around, they soon had him gagg'd and bound,
The fire-bells they all were ringing wet.
They put the hand-cuffs on him then, although it took a hundred men
To take him to the station house that night;
They beat and they scolded him, then they blindfolded him,
And Murphy shouted "Now I'm out of sight."

Next morn before the judge he stood, his whiskers were full of mud,
That he was sober now there was no doubt;
They placed him under bonds for trial, his friends came in a little while,
And with tin dippers bailed him out.
Now there's peace in the neighborhood, for Murphy is behaving good,
No more will he break things with his sledge;
He's back in his shop again, he'll never drink a drop again,
For he bought a pot of glue and fixed his pledge.

OUR WEDDING JUBILEE.

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Written and Composed by Robert Field.

Come and sit by my side, my darling, yes, my darling, tho' aged and grey,
For I love you as well this moment as I did on our wedding day;
And altho' fifty years have gone by, love, thro' each I've been happy with thee,
And to-day is our golden wedding, to-day is our wedding jubilee.

CHORUS.

Our golden wedding, 'tis our golden wedding,
Just fifty years ago since we
Knelt together side by side, and you became my bride,
Yes, to-day is our wedding jubilee.

We have seen many changes, darling, and of troubles we've had our share,
Yet, we always have pulled together when the burden was hard to bear; [rain,"
And we've taken fresh heart from the proverb, "Bright sunshine will follow the
Feeling sure that upon the morrow dame fortune would smile on us again.—*Cho.*

All our children will come, my darling, yes, and all our grandchildren, too,
Proud to honor our golden wedding, and to show their fond love for you;
So, then, let us be happy, my darling, while dear ones and friends gather 'round,
'Ere upon us shall close life's evening, and calmly we sleep beneath the ground.
—*Chorus.*

O'BRIEN'S HORSE, BONYPARTE.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

O'Brien was a sporting man, and he owned a large saloon,
And his money he would bet just as quick as any coon;
He was very fond of race horses, and he wanted one to buy,
Says he, "I'll give most any price, if the beast will suit my eye."
It happened that McFinnegan, the owner of a horse and hack,
Said he would sell him Bonyparte, the fastest horse on Brighton track;
He then told him his pedigree, and a great big oath he swore,
That he could prove that Bonyparte was a faster horse than Salvator.

O'Brien bought old Bonyparte, McFinnegan's face it wore a smile,
When he told O'Brien he had a horse would break the record for a mile;
He built a stable for him in the further end of his saloon,
Then he fed the horse on free lunch, till the poor old beast began to swoon.
He played the hose all over him, then he let him take a nap,
For on the morrow he must win the famous Brooklyn Handicap;
He cut the hair all off his tail, a fiddler bought it for his bow,
Now on the fiddle he does play, "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

He banged his hair, and banged his nose, then he stuffed his ribs with hay,
And hid the scales behind the door, for fear the horse would get away;
He rubbed him down with sandpaper, till the hair came off his hide,
'Tis well they called him Bonyparte, he was getting ossified.
Poor Bonyparte was very weak, a week had passed since he was fed,
They laid him on a bed of straw, but he got up and eat his bed;
A funnier horse you never saw, he'd make you laugh yourself to death;
They put a plaster on his mouth, just to help him draw his breath.

They then gave him a Turkish bath, with porous plasters he was patched,
Which made the horse feel itchy, and they felt afraid he would be scratched;
At last the famous day arrived on which the horses were to start,
The people near fell off their seats when they set eyes on Bonyparte.
O'Brien sat on Bony's back, his mouth was fairly in his throat,
When some one shouted out to him, "Say, where did you get that goat?"
At last they shouted they are off, it was pronounced an equal start,
But who is that that's in the lead? 'tis Pat O'Brien on Bonyparte.

The other horses couldn't move, their jockeys tried with all their might,
When they set eyes on Bonyparte every horse was seized with fright;
Old Bonyparte kept running on and O'Brien felt immense
When he looked around and saw the other horses jumping o'er the fence.
Bonyparte he ran so fast the people thought he'd surely drop,
They tried to stop him but in vain, old Bonyparte he couldn't stop;
He threw O'Brien off his back, then passed the judges like the wind,
With one big leap he cleared the fence, and left the race track far behind.

He kept on running all that day, he kept on running all that night,
He ran just like an eight day clock, he ran till he was out of sight;
He ran until he came to where another race was taking place,
He entered just as they got off, and showed them all a lively pace.
Spokane was in the lead, the fastest horse in all the stalls;
Poor Bonyparte thought he'd lose the race, till some shouted, "Spokane Falls,"
Bonyparte he came in first, but kept on running all the same,
He ran a heat with another horse, I think that Steampipe was his name.

He ran right through the city's streets, it was a funny sight to see
The boys run after Bonyparte, and a band played up "They're After Me;"
He ran until he came to where he ran against the city's mayor,
He beat him by a vote and a half, then ran a side show at a fair.
He ran a pool room down the street, he also ran a liquor store,
He ran a policeman out of town, they ran a boat upon the shore,
He ran through all the money he had, then he ran right into debt,
We heard no word about him, but it's ten to one he's running yet.

—Mrs. Bibbs (suspiciously): I don't see how it is that typewriter girl of yours manages to dress better that I can. Mr. Bibbs: Why, you see, she works for a living, and you don't.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Why Does Mother Stay so Long?

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. A. White.

Father, you are sadly weeping, let me climb upon your knee,
Brother Will is gently sleeping, tell me, where can mother be?
All the day so sad and weary, I have sung my little song,
Now the night has come so dreary, why does mother stay so long?

CHORUS.

Tell me, kind and gentle father, while the evening shadows throng,
Why is all the house so lonely, why does mother stay so long?

Yesternight they called us sadly, where she lay so calm and still,
Then she kissed us, oh, so gladly, me and darling brother Will;
Now we see your tears of sorrow, hushed is every childish song,
Father, will she come to-morrow? Why does mother stay so long?—*Chorus.*

Fold me gently to your bosom, tell me, father, why you weep?
Call me once again your blossom, kiss me, now I'll go to sleep;
Shall we never more to mother sing our little good-night songs?
Oh, 'tis sad for me and brother—why does mother stay so long?—*Chorus.*

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

Everybody has a sweetheart underneath the rose,
Everybody loves a body, so the old song goes;
I've a sweetheart, you all know him just as well as me,
Every evening I can see him shortly after tea.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's the man in the moon,
I'm going to marry him soon;
'Twould fill me with bliss, just to give him one kiss,
But I know that a dozen I never would miss.
I'll go up in a great big balloon,
And see my sweetheart in the moon,
Then behind some dark cloud where no one is allowed,
I'll make love to the man in the moon.

I have often wondered where he spends his time all day,
Perhaps he has another sweetheart many miles away;
Maybe some sweet dark haired maiden daily he does woo,
But as long as I don't catch him I'll believe him true.

CHORUS.

Last night while the stars brightly shone,
He told me through love's telephone,
That when we were wed, he'd go early to bed,
And never stay out with the boys, so he said.
We are going to marry next June,
The wedding takes place in the moon;
A sweet little Venus we'll fondle between us,
When I wed my old man in the moon.

THE FAMOUS KEELEY CURE.

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Words and Music by James W. Thornton.

Behold in me a mortal who was very fond of drink,
And more than once, I must admit, was at destructions brink;
My friends advised me for to go and try the Keely cure,
But sad to say, I couldn't just because I was too poor.
But soon I realized enough to take me there, I thought,
And after having a farewell drink my railroad ticket bought;
I went there like a broken swell, that is, so I've been told,
But in the morning I was full of bichloride of gold.

They filled me full of old gold rings, gold watches and gold chains,
The whiskey that they fed me on was made from golden grains;
For breakfast I had goldfish, I was eighteen karat pure,
Ah! those were golden moments when I took the Keeley cure.
I soon had lost all thirst for drink, I tell you I felt fine,
When I left there I was full of gold as a California mine;
My mind was full of golden thoughts, there was gold dust on my shoes,
My hirsute growth had golden fringe, I was full of golden booze.

Pawnbrokers they would watch for me whenever I'd pass by,
Thinking I would pawn myself, but I winked the other eye;
Every Hebrew in the city became drunkards, so I'm told,
Not because they wanted it, but just to get the gold.
There was lots of gold inside of me, but it I couldn't spend,
So I went to Uncle Isaac and asked how much on me he'd lend,
He loaned me fifty dollars, then put me up the spout,
But no one would redeem me, so in three months I ran out.

My life became a burden soon, no matter where I ran,
Dime museum managers chased me, saying, there's money in that man;
And a hundred undertakers followed closely, so 'tis said,
Saying they'd bury me for nothing if I only would drop dead.
The gang then stood me on my head to see the gold run out,
And twenty dollar pieces kept flowing from my mouth;
They shook out every dollar until I became as poor
As the day before I went to take the famous Keeley cure.

SOMETHING OCCURRED.

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Written and Composed by Boy Jones.

The most unfortunate of men am I who sings this song,
If e'er I take a step in life, fate makes it turn out wrong;
For instance, on my wedding morn, I felt so blithe and gay—
(My lovely bride weighed two hundred) but as we drove away—

REFRAIN.

Something occurred! to a very heavy bride—
I heard her shout, "The bottom's come out, we shall have to run inside!"
I swore a swear—she tore her hair, and oh, there was a row!
She takes all her carriage exercise in a street car now.

Our neighborhood has been the scen of burglaries of late,
So, just to please the wife, I sought a dog for our back gate;
Brown said he had a mastiff rare, he took me down to see,
But when I stooped to pat that blessed hound of pedigree—

REFRAIN.

Something occurred! to a lovely pair of pants,
And I, inside 'em, "Murder!" cried, as his teeth that mastiff plants!
And I swore a swear and tore my hair, and, oh, there was a row!
Whenever I pat strange dogs I wear tin trousers now.

Although I try to pay my way, last quarter-day, bar two,
My landlord wrote to say the rent was three years overdue;
I took no heed, but when he came with minions of law,
I climbed among the chimney pots, and as he reached the door—

REFRAIN.

Something occurred! to my landlord's new *chapeau*,
Instead of the "oof" a brick from the roof laid him on the path below—
He swore a swear, a terrible swear! and, oh, there was a row!
He does all his rent collecting in a helmet now.

I have an ancient maiden aunt, who skating thinks "so nice!"
And so, last winter she and I went out to try the ice;
We both of us had put on skates, said Auntie, "come along,
I'll show you how it's done," and she was going well and strong—when,

REFRAIN.

Something occurred! I heard an awful crack,
And looking round, there on the ground, saw Auntie on her back!
Her boots in air, made people stare, and oh, there was a row!
And Auntie's obliged to eat her dinner standing now.

GILHOOLEY, YOU'RE A TERROR.

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Words and Music by Otto. M. Heinsman.

I've an awful next door neighbor, Gilhooley is his name;
He's liv'd there now just two weeks, and I wish he'd never came.
Not a minute is he quiet, either day or thro' the night;
And never is he happy, unless he's in a fight.
He took a walk the other day, but where he would not tell;
He was not gone an hour, when I heard him give a yell;
I knew there was some trouble, and I rushed out to the door,
And there lay Pat Gilhooley full and stretched out on the floor.

CHORUS.

Oh, Gilhooley, you're a terror! this is what the tenants say;
Either you or we shall get out on the first of May.
You are always making trouble, in the house and round about;
Gilhooley, you're a terror, and we'll have to put you out!

Now, Gilhooley isn't married but there's one girl whom he likes;
He calls her "Darling Bridget!" and she calls him "Mr. Swipes!"
He said that he would take her some night to see a show,
But if she asks when 'twill be? he'll say, "I do not know!"
Now, Bridget she has told him that she'd soon give him the shake,
And Pat says if she does, then, why then Paris green he'll take!
Now this got Bridget frighten'd, and away she quickly ran,
And told her ma what Pat had said, then the mother she began:

CHORUS.

Oh, Gilhooley you're a terror! wherever you may be;
Oh, yes, you are an awful man, that ev'ry one can see.
My daughter's never happy when you are around;
Gilhooley you're a terror, and so was always found.

Gilhooley got a notice from his club the other night,
They said he ne'er attended unless he cans'd some fight;
They promised him an office, or some good and steady place,
If he only would act decent, and take the whiskers off his face.
So the next time they had meeting, Pat Gilhooley he was there,
But he was sorry that he shav'd, for his face them all did scare!
Matt Gallagher then said to him "that Crowley he looked like!"
This got Gilhooley awful mad, and then there was a fight.

CHORUS.

Oh, Gilhooley, you're a terror! and this fighting you must stop;
And if you don't obey us, then we'll have to call the "cop!"
Pat did not heed their warning, and locked up was he then;
Gilhooley, you're a terror, was then cried by all the men.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey.

Don't talk about the present days, they go the pace quite fast,
The style, as well as custom, is a bit too smart to last;
No matter where you chance to be, it seems all outside show,
And yet there's many things which I should really like to know.

CHORUS.

I wonder will boys be boys, I wonder will men be men,
Will girls of twelve stay out at night alone with a masher of ten?
How will the ladies dress? oh, what a style to some,
How will they tussel, with bird-cage or bustle, in a hundred years to come?

I'd like to know if married men will all lead moral lives,
Or will there be elopements still with one another's wives?
Will women be as talkative, or will they all be dumb?
Will young men lodgers run the house, in a hundred years to come?—*Chorus.*

Will politicians act upright, when asking for your vote?
Will they do all they promise you, or will they change their coat?
Without a doubt, in days to come, there'll be an awful change,
The coming generation will think our custom strange.—*Chorus.*

SHE.

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Words and Music by Samuel C. Demby.

How well I remember, though years now have passed,
When first my dear Mamie I met;
She sat 'neath an arbor, and a more lovely lass
No one ever claimed for his pet.
Her cheeks were like roses, her smile was so sweet,
And her voice was as soft as a dove's;
She was good and true, perfection complete,
My darling, my own true love.

REFRAIN.

She is the one that I love, she's happy when I'm by her side;
And she's as true as the stars above, she's promised to be my bride.
Oh! she's as true as the stars above, she's promised to be my bride.

Though years have sped by, our love is the same,
The time for her promise is near;
And soon I'll return from over the main,
To her whom I hold so dear.
And then life's journey together we'll start,
I know that her love will not fail.
A happy home, and two loving hearts,
Where peace shall ever prevail.—*Refrain.*

TO-DAY I'VE MADE SWEET ANNIE ROONEY MY WIFE.

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Written by J. C. Rich. Composed by. Henry E. Pether.

Oh! why are the bells ringing so sweetly?
Why am I feeling so blithe and gay?
Why am I dressed so trim and neatly?
Because, you must know I've got married to-day.
I have just left a party of friends and relations
To tell you the news, so I must not stop long;
Tho' my bride's not a lady of high rank and station,
You've oft heard her praises related in song.

CHORUS.

And that is why the bells are ringing,
Because I have taken a partner for life;
Ev'ry one's smiling and dancing and singing,
To-day I've made sweet Annie Rooney my wife.

Sure, never I've felt blest so completely
As when sweet Annie replied, "I will!"
Vowing to love and cherish sweetly,
Like music her tones on my ear linger still.
Och! they're having some fun, are the lads and the lasses,
The pipers before never played in such tune;
Friends are waiting for me, gaily clinking their glasses,
To wish us "God speed," on our bright honeymoon.—*Chorus.*

And where will we go? over to Ireland,
Where we have oft wished to go before;
Seeking like pilgrims shrines of sireland,
The darling ould country our parents adore.
We shall visit the hills and the lakes of Killarney,
And see all the sights that are there to be shown;
And for fear we should ever run short of "the blarney,"
We'll both, just for luck, kiss the famed blarney stone.—*Chorus.*

ROSEY'S LIPS.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Rosy is my darling's name, poets love to sing her fame,
And for life I soon will claim Rosey's lips;
Rip-chip-chip, chip-chip, have you seen a cherry's hue,
Or a rosebud bathed in dew, like a posey is my Rosey, Rosey is my own.

REFRAIN.

My Rosey's lips are rosey, my Rosey's lips are cosy,
Sweet little missy-miss give me a kissy-kiss, Rosey my own.

Rosey is a dainty miss, Rosey's life's a dream of bliss,
Even the sunbeams love to kiss Rosey's lips;
Rip-chip-chip, chip-chip, how they love to linger there,
How they woo that face so fair,
Like a posey is my Rosey, Rosey is my own.—*Refrain.*

Rosey's heart is free from sin, and there's something hard to win,
Just between her nose and chin, Rosey's lips;
Rip-chip-chip, chip-chip, just one kiss my Rosey bright,
Heaven will guard you through the night,
By by Rosey sweetest posey, Rosey is my own.—*Refrain.*

MOTHER AND SON.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by David Day.

Day after day a mother watches and waits in vain,
Thinking of one who's absent, she may not see again;
Watching the restless ocean, pacing the lonely quay,
Praying for him, her loved one, knowing that there will be—

CHORUS.

No one to greet him, no one to smile,
No one, no one clasping his dear hand,
Over the foam, far from his home,
Alone, all alone in a stranger's land.

Vainly she begs a message, vainly implores one word,
Ah! but her dream is shattered, no news of him is heard,
Still on the quay she's watching, watching with eager eyes;
"Send him safe home, oh, Father," sadly the mother cries.—*Chorus.*

After the weary waiting, after the lonely years,
One day at last comes answer, answer to prayers and tears;
Hark, on the stairs a footstep, "Mother"—"My darling Jack,"
Safe to her breast she clasps him, sweet is his welcome back.

CHORUS.

Some one to greet him, some one to smile,
Some one, some one clasping his dear hand;
After the pain he is again
Safe, safe at home in the dear old land.

Oh, Polly! Pretty Little Polly.

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Written by Harry Castling. Composed by F. W. Venton.

You may talk about your ladies, you may talk about your belles,
I'll bet you'll never find a girl to equal Polly Wells;
She's not a stuck up fairy, no, she's sensible and bright,
She drinks a little whiskey and she dresses out o' sight.
She's up to every sort of spree, and good for any lark,
Lor'! see her on a holiday, that's just about her mark.
But, there! I've just remembered that I've come to take her out,
I can see her at the window, so I'll give the usual shout.

CHORUS.

Oh, Polly! pretty little Polly,
Throw up the sash and tell me if it's right;
Don't put yourself about, I've come to take you out,
So, Polly, are you coming out to-night?

What say Polly? you want to know who plays the villan's part,
I've got the programme, here it is, I'll tell you precious smart;
It's that same man that played it when we saw it here before,
You know, the one that kissed you, and I nearly broke his jaw.
Oh, no, I wasn't jealous, no, not a little bit,
I felt as though I'd like to throw that fellow in the pit.
There now, she's shut the window down, I think that's quite unkind,
No, no, she ain't, she's there and she's a peeping thro' the blind.—*Chorus.*

Now I've not got many dollars, but bear in mind I've got a few,
And I'll have a fortune left me in about a year or two;
Lor', then won't I be happy with my Polly by my side,
I don't think I can wait till then for her to be my bride.
As soon as we come from the play I'm going straight up stairs,
To ask her dad's consent for Poll to share my joys and cares.
And if he will only give it, 'twill fill my heart with bliss,
For then I will not stand outside here and have to shout like this.—*Chorus.*

THE WAY TO LIVE.

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Written by Charles Wilmott. Composed by F. W. Venton.

Life's a span which Old Time measures, and to each one gives his share,
With the changes, toil and pleasures, and the sorrows we must bear;
Thus we all begin and end it, but if really as a man
Your ambition is to spend it, this you'll find the truest plan.

CHORUS.

Always try to be bright and gay, save a bit for a rainy day;
A dollar to spend and a dollar to lend, and one when distress cries "give!"
Cheer the sufferers whom you meet, true and honest without deceit;
Acting to others as men and brothers, and that's the way to live!

So much sunlight so much shadow, of our lives make up the sum,
Even o'er the fairest meadows, gloomy clouds will often come;
So in life come pain and trouble, but to let them cast us down
Only seems to make them double, so however fate may frown.—*Chorus.*

If you wish to cheer the sorrow others meet with on the way,
Never mind your own "to-morrow," only think of their "to-day;"
Freely give what aid is wanted, for with grateful pleasure stirred
Hearts will be, when it is granted with a pleasant smile and word.—*Chorus.*

GRANDAD'S TALES OF GLORY.

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Written and Composed by J. W. Hall.

There is no land beneath the sun, with this one can compare,
And of the gallant deeds she's done I'd list at grandad's chair;
While many a stirring tale he's told, of fights by land and sea,
That took us back to days of old, as we clung round his knee.

CHORUS.

Telling us children how they fought on Gettysburg's great plain,
He points to the sword that hangs on the wall as his battles he fights again;
Amidst the canon's deadly sound, dying comrades on the ground,
Down they dashed, as the fierce shot crashed, with pluck all marvelled at!
Where are those heroes none could beat?
A voice cries: "Starving in the street!"
They're old and lamed! but grandad's ashamed to tell the children that!

We heard him tell how years ago, from out the canon's mouth,
The shot and shell laid many low, that fought for North and South;
And on the field of Gettysburg, upon that fatal day,
Three thousand heroes nobly fell, the "blue" as well as "gray."—*Cho.*

He told us how the battlefield was deluged with their gore,
That neither North or South would yield, such scenes we still deplore;
Thus sitting at dear grandad's side, around his old arm chair,
We learned how heroes fought and died as heroes only dare.—*Chorus.*

She Promised to Meet Me Here.

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Words and Music by Wm. D. Hall.

An air of grace, a pretty face, cheeks that are tinted with hue,
A foot's that's small and that's not all, her sparkling eyes are blue;
Modestly she gives to me smiles of affection sincere,
And yesterday early, she who I love so dearly, consented to meet me here.
She was not jesting, nor making fun of me,
For we have locked our hearts secure and thrown away the key;
'Tis she I prize, and idolize—no envious swain do I fear,
And this little treasure, I love beyond measure, has promised to meet me here.

CHORUS.

I wouldn't change places with any one in the land,
Neither would you yourself, could you but understand;
Soon we are to marry, now won't that be fine,
Then every day I'll pass away with this little sweetheart of mine.

The time is nigh when she and I will be united for life,
For once or twice in language nice, she said she'd be my wife;
'Tis she alone, who is my own, her actions have made it quite clear,
But if she don't hurry, I'll start me to worry, for I'm getting lonesome here.
She now is wearing a little ring of gold,
And every one thinks I'm in fun to whom of it I've told;
But very soon, a bride and groom, out arm in arm will appear,
And it is this daisy, who near has me crazy, who promis'd to meet me here.—*Cho.*

Well she knows how to disclose beauty enchanting and rare,
A counterpart for my sweetheart, you can't find anywhere;
But I'm perplexed and and somewhat vexed, for she is acting quite queer,
I'm weeping and sighing, and soon will be crying, because she is not right here.
I am impatient to see that form so neat,
And take a walk and hear her talk, and get a kiss so sweet;
Although it's late I mean to wait, to see her I value so dear,
Now just keep it shady, for here comes the lady, who promised to meet me here.
—*Chorus.*

MY SWEETHEART, JANE.

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Written and Composed by J. W. Hall.

You know the joys of spring, spring with its flow'rets untold;
You've heard the sweet birds sing, while nature's beauties unfold.
But of its blossoms so tender and fair,
Filling with perfume the zephyr like air,
None of the choicest their charms can compare
With one whom I met in spring.

REFRAIN.

Through the meadows singing merrily, while the bells are ringing cheerily,
And the tuneful song bird's note joins in the refrain;
When our daily labor's over, there we stroll amid the clover,
That is the way, that is the way I court my sweetheart Jane.

Down in a shady lane there's an old seat just for two;
There, when the sunbeams wane, you a young couple may view.
When they to that well known spot have drawn nigh,
Watch, in pretence, how the maiden will try,
Past that old nook to go blushingly by,
Will she whom I met in spring.—*Refrain.*

She's heard the old, old tale, to her I've vowed to be true;
Never can our fond love fail, nothing shall sever us two.
My only joy is when she's by my side;
But since she's promised to be my sweet bride,
I to my wedding look forward with pride,
With her whom I met in spring.—*Refrain.*

Conroy & Fox's "Latest Cinch."

Not on Your Life, Says Dolan.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Dolan and and Magee one day quit work and donned their clothes,
For they were out the night before and got it up their nose;
Their heads were really twice the size, and they couldn't work at all,
They told their boss the cause of it was Mulligan's little ball.
I never shall forget that night no matter what you say,
The way that Dolan waltzed around with Mary Ann O'Day;
Didn't he get his feet tied up with hers and down they go at last,
When they lifted Mary Ann from him I was the first to ask:

CHORUS.

Will you finish the waltz with Miss O'Day?
Not on your life, says Dolan;
Finish the dance they all did say,
Not on your life, says Dolan.
Don't think the woman she ways a ton,
She only pulls three hundred and one;
Come finish the waltz before it's done,
Not on your life, says Dolan.

They took the races in that day to play a horse or so,
Devil a bit 'bout racing, shure, did either of them know;
Now I'll buy a tip says Dolan, Pat on anything that's right,
He got his ticket ten to one on a horse called "Out of Sight."
They started off with Dolan's choice the first ore round the line,
But when the race was over why he wasn't one to nine;
Then the gang they said the horse was pulled, and he had no chance to win,
And this gag they gave to Dolan and they tried to jolly him.

CHORUS.

I am sorry you lost said one of them,
Not on your life, says Dolan;
Square yourself said another one then,
Not on your life, says Dolan.
I've got a "cinch," you want it of course,
Forty to one on a dead sure horse;
Stand in with me and a dollar boss,
Not on your life, says Dolan.

Soon they made a start for home, as they were nearly broke,
Just then the gang came up to them, took Dolan by the coat;
Says they, me friend come try your hand, and find the little ball
That lays beneath the little shells, and it's twenty if you call.
The fellow raised the shells did he to show the ball was there,
When Dolan says, I'll go you and he won the twenty square;
But they were only drawing Dolan on for higher stakes to play.
But he knocked them out when he remarked, as one of them did say:

CHORUS.

Well, I'll go you a forty now this trip,
Not on your life, says Dolan;
Go him, says one, I'll give you the tip,
Not on your life, says Dolan.
I'll play you no more, says he, that's plain,
I'm twenty now ahead of the game;
Give us a chance to win back again,
Not on your life, says Dolan.

—Jonesey: "Why did you name your youngest daughter Rose?"
Father: "Because she is the flower of the flock."

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

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Written and Composed by John J. Stamford.

It often sets me thinking, when I'm feeling sad and low,
Of the house that I was born in, ah, it seems so long ago;
Where my father and my mother lived before I thought to roam,
'Mid the sweet associations of the dear old house at home.

CHORUS.

I fancy I can see it, I fancy I am there,
Grandad sitting in the old arm-chair;
Tho' far away I wander, wherever I may roam,
I always think with feeling of the old house at home.

A wild and truant rover, I in many lands have been,
And many are the ups and downs, that in my life I've seen;
In the mining camp, the battle field, and on the stormy sea,
But 'mid them all, the house at home was ever dear to me.—*Chorus.*

The ones that made it home for me have gone forever more,
And stranger fancies now are seen around the cottage door;
But while I have life, I'll never cease to cherish and revere,
The mem'ry of the house at home and those I hold so dear.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD FAMILY CIRCLE.

Copyright, 1892, by A. M. Hall.

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Words and Music by Wm. Dowling.

There's a sweet thought comes to mind, 'tis in mem'ry's wreath entwined,
And it brings before my gaze, bright scenes of yore;
Happy days that long have past, blissful hours too sweet to last,
But still they'll cling to mem'ry ever more.
In my dreaming now I see, each lov'd spot of childish glee,
And a dear old face with happiness aglow;
Neath a mother's tender care, naught but love and peace was there,
In the dear old family circle, long ago.

CHORUS.

In the fire-light's flickering gleam, now I sit and sweetly dream,
While my fancy forms the pictures in the glow;
I can see the one most dear, whose kind words then would cheer,
In the dear old family circle, long ago.

Ah, 'twas then the future years, were no cause for doubt or fears,
For what were they when happiness was nigh?
Still the day will come to all, when a sadness must befall,
That will bring the tears of sorrow to our eye.
I remember well the day, when they gently bore away,
That one whose like on earth I'll never know;
Ev'ry heart was filled with pain, for the love we'd ne'er regain,
In the dear old family circle long ago.—*Chorus.*

WELCOME THE EXILE HOME.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Osborne.

In a little log hut, in the wilds of New Zealand,
A miner lay stretched on the ground;
In solitude there he was peacefully sleeping,
Unconscious of ev'rything round.
He was dreaming of home and auld Erin,
The country he'd left far away;
When in accents so sweet and endearing,
A voice that he knew seemed to say:

REFRAIN.

Come back again, come back asthore,
Back to the mother who bore you, back to the shamrock shore;
All is forgotten, friends o'er the foam
Are waiting and longing to grasp your hand, and welcome the exile home.

He had left the dear country to better his fortune,
And lend the auld people a hand;
But luck was against him in spite of his striving,
Tho' others success could command.
Not for years had he written and told them,
At least they believed he was dead;
Yet in dreaming he seemed to behold them,
And fancied a loving voice said:—*Refrain.*

As he silently slumbered his thoughts seemed to wander
To a place that he'd oftimes passed;
And, waking, he found in his "claim" over yonder,
That gold he had struck on at last!
Sure the next ship that sailed home to Ireland,
Soon landed him there once again;
Where oft, among friends in his sireland,
He tells of that dream and its strain.—*Refrain.*

WE WERE LADS TOGETHER.

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Written and Composed by J. W. Hall.

Oft as through the streets we wander, we a passing face may see,
One whose features make us ponder, as we think "Who can he be?"
Then a flash of recollection, and the village school you see,
And the truth comes with reflection—once he went to school with me!

CHORUS.

We were boys, merry boys, we were lads together,
How many times as we walk thro' the street,
The face of some old school-fellow me meet;
Some seem quite "down," but don't on them frown,
Some day the sun will shine;
Cheer them in their strife thro' the battle of life,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne!

There was Ted, so bright and steady, lads whose lessons were behind,
He to help was ever ready, always cheerful, truthful, kind;
Sad, alas! the path he's trodden, dead the promise bright he gave,
Now you meet him dazed and sodden, drink has made poor Ted its slave!—*Cho.*

Some of them are glad to meet you, some pass by with down cast eye,
Some with hearty words will greet you, that recall the days gone by;
Should you see one sad and weary, try to held him on the way,
Let your smile be bright and cheery, take him by the hand and say:—*Chorus.*

It's Only Artificial After All.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

The world is not a bed of garden flow'rs, don't yer know!
As well as sunshine we've to take the show'rs, don't yer know!
And the shams we meet our temper often sours, don't yer know!
While the road of life we wander through;
For instance take a masher on the stare, don't yer know!
Who looks as if he was a millionaire, don't yer know!
But his head is empty and his pockets bare, don't yer know!
He's a member of the hard up crew.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? with his shining hat so tall,
An his India rubber collar, in his pocket half a dollar;
So he's only artificial after all!

The ladies in the ballets of to-day, don't yer know!
With witching looks entice our hearts to stray, don't yer know!
You must buy them presents or a nice bouquet, don't yer know!
Or they're sure to say you are no good.
They've pretty blushing roses "on their cheeks," don't yer know!
And some of them have roses on their beaks, don't yer know!
Lots have diamonds on five dollars too, a week, don't yer know!
How 'tis done, to tell I never could!

CHORUS.

Say, boys,'don't you see the style? pray observe the "Grecian fall;"
While your eyes are getting bigger you say, "what a lovely figure;'
But it's only artificial after all.

The politicians now are flinging mud, don't yer know!
The language that they use oft stirs the blood, don't yer know!
And the arguments they pour out like a flood, don't yer know!
But the spoils they're after, ev'ry one!
And whether 'twill be Grover C. or Blaine, don't yer know!
Or Grandpa's hat will fill the chair again, don't yer know!
It will make but little diff'rence, I maintain, don't yer know!
And affairs will just as smoothly run.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? politicians great and small,
In their sleeves are softly laughing, and the dear fool, public, chaffing;
So their game is artificial after all!

Our parsons have been going it of late, don't yer know!
Their servants can some funny tales relate, don't yer know!
But it's time we stopped them taking round the plate, don't yer know!
If they work it on this system long.
Some of them have so little work to do, don't yer know!
With lots of ready cash to help them through, don't yer know!
Thro' sheer weariness they join old Satan's crew, don't yer know!
Then "another good young man's gone wrong!"

CHORUS.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? bad enough to raise St. Paul,
And you must make this confession, tho' religion's their profession,
That it's only artificial after all!

—If your daughter has no taste for music, don't insist on her murdering time as well as murdering the circumambient air by drumming on a piano hour after hour. She may have a decided taste for something else just as ennobling as music. If so, let her cultivate it. Don't, for example, spoil a good artist by attempting to make a bad musician.—*Vick's Magazine.*

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Written by Lieutenant Colonel Addison. Composed by George Barker.

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Oh, read the news, the old man cried, my eyes with tears are dim,
My only son is in the wars, oh, read, oh, read of him;
Has he survived the fatal strife, or died upon that field,
I know he'd rather lose his life than e'er to hundreds yield.
Oh, read the news, the old man cried, my eyes with tears are dim,
My only son is in the wars, oh, read, oh, read of him.

Alas! he loved a maiden high, he sought her for his bride,
And though she loved—her parents still forbade the match from pride.
They drove my son to seek for wealth, each hardship to endure,
To lose his life or risk his health, because that he was poor.
Then read the news, the old man cried, my eyes with tears grow dim,
My only son is in the wars, then read, oh, read of him.

But, ah! what joy now lights his brow, that son again returned,
The meed of merit on his breast, bright laurels he has earned;
And now within the church he stands, he waits his father there,
While all allow he won his bride, the brave deserve the fair.
And now within the church he stands, he waits his father there,
While all allow he won his bride, the brave deserve the fair.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOME.

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Words and Music by Peter High Stauffer.

After many weary years, full of gladness, full of tears,
I again behold my childhood's happy home;
As a pilgrim, wan and worn, at the home where I was born,
'Mongst the happy scenes of childhood here I roam.
Here a father, old and gray—I can see his face to-day—
Gave to me these parting words, "God bless my boy;"
And a mother as she pressed me in parting, to her breast,
Left to me a lasting legacy of joy.

QUARTETTE.

Oh, my childhood's happy home, as a pilgrim here I roam,
'Midst familiar scenes of childhood's happy days;
Kindest friends and comrades dear, holy mem'ries cluster here,
They, like angels, guard me on my pilgrim ways.

Here I spent life's happiest hours—shady nook and leafy bowers,
Waken recollections of my childhood's home;
In the old familiar place, where I see the stranger's face,
As in days of yore again to-day I roam.
Hallowed ground I softly tread—mem'ries from the sainted dead,
Bringing back to me my childhood's happy days;
Father, mother, brother dear, holy mem'ries cluster here,
Guarding me like angels on my pilgrim ways.—*Quartette.*

SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

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Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar.

The good old songs my father sung are always in my ear,
Reminding me of mem'ries of the past;
When troubles to the winds are flung from all that he held dear,
His life with grief is seldom overcast.
For the greatest blow he ever felt, was when an old friend died,
The morning that the church bells sadly rung;
I thought his poor old eyes would melt, so piteously he cried,
Then 'midst his tears the poor old fellow sung:

CHORUS.

School-boys together were we when our hearts were young,
School-boys together were we when the good old songs were sung;
Never a cloud begloomed our path, nothing but golden rays
Lit the lives of playmates in our school-boy days.

My old dad's silver wedding came upon last New Year's Day,
When we all met it mother's fav'rite room;
To sit and sing with hearts aflame the good old fav'rite lay,
"When clouds go by, kind sunshine quells the gloom."
Then my mother sang "Long life to all," and "God protect the weak,"
If they be friend or foe, or old or young;
And when the tears begun to fall down poor old uncle's cheek,
My father took him by the hand and sung:—*Chorus.*

It's no use fretting o'er the past altho' my heart is sore,
In turn we must be touched by death's cold hand;
My mother's eyes are upwards cast to glimpse thro' Heaven's door,
As father now lives in the better land.
'Tho' 'twas ruled by Him who rules the sun, and done for Heaven's good,
It seemed to us a cruel, bitter sting;
My mother she was quite undone, it chilled one's very blood,
When father cried: "Hark! hear the children sing:"—*Chorus.*

THE CURSE.

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By Paul Dresser.

I came at last, a dream is o'er, you have broken every vow,
The babe that sleeps in yonder grave fails to bind us together now;
May the curse of misery follow thee, may your head with shame yet bow,
For as madly as I loved you once, so do I hate you now,
For as manly as I loved you once, so do I hate you now.

REFRAIN.

So when the judgment day rolls 'round and you stand trembling there,
I trust no baby face will greet you in your wild despair;
But I'll be there to meet you, to tell you of a blow
That you so cruelly struck and broke, a heart, long, long ago;
My curse will follow thee, my curse will follow thee.

I hope when your wild cries go forth on the silent midnight air,
That not a helping hand comes nigh, in your misery and despair;
May your tears prove unavailing, may conscience never cease
To call back days of long ago, of blissfulness and peace,
To call back days of long ago, of blissfulness and peace.—*Refrain.*

By the memory of the babe you loved, you swore that you loved me,
My fondest wish is that this curse will always follow thee;
When you appear on that last great day, these words won't be forgot,
May that babe look straight at you and say, oh! woman I know thee not,
May that babe look straight at you and say, oh! woman I know thee not.—*Ref.*

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Norton Atkins and Victor Wallace.

Peace on earth, that holy message, o'er the frosty morning swells,
Peace on earth, good will to men, clang the noisy Christmas bells;
Telling once again the story, story sent from Heav'n above,
Singing of the rest eternal and a kind-eyed Saviour's love!
And a kind-eyed Saviour's love!
Here to-day within this city two hearts have been joined for aye,
Ring the bells with double meaning for this is their wedding day;
Hand in hand, henceforth together, they must tread life's thorny path,
Share together all its pleasures, share together all its wrath.

CHORUS.

Darling he cries, as he clasps his young bride,
I fear no danger with you by my side;
I will be pure, love, whatever betide,
You I will never deceive;
"Jack," she replies, as she looks in his eyes,
"Never we'll part until one of us dies;"
Future to them seemed a sweet paradise,
On this Christmas eve!

Once again the joy bells ringing, swiftly have those twelve months past,
To them both a dream of pleasure, fate ordained 'twas not to last;
'Twas indeed the old sad story, comes the tempter on the scene,
Love was lord of that small homestead, 'till a villain came between.
'Till till a villian came between.
Wealth and splendor he has promised, and a life of guilty sloth,
Costly dress for child and husband, and the fool she sells them both;
Left her home and bonny baby, left them all without a groan,
And the husband, home returning, realizes she has flown.

CHORUS.

"Flown," he exclaimed, then in accents so wild,
"I see it all, by a villain beguiled;
She has flown from me, left me and the child,
Left us alone here to grieve.
Falls on his knees then with agony rife,
Oh! God forgive her, she still is my wife;
Tho' Heaven knows she has blighted my life
On that Christmas eve!

Christmas eve within an attic, one more year has passed away,
Wondrous changes she has witnessed, since that last eventful day;
For a time her life was peaceful, and her titled lover kind,
But at last he changed toward her, for her former home she pined.
For her former home she pined.
Then one fatal day they quarrelled, sprang the noble to his feet,
Rings the bell, cries to the lackey, throw that woman in the street;
Now within this dreary attic, all her wicked life comes back,
She resolves that she will end it, end it in the water black.

CHORUS.

Back to her mind comes the past like a dream,
One last, long look, then a plunge in the stream;
Who is this leaps to her help with a scream?
Heavens! 'tis hard to believe;
Safe on his breast, see, he pillows her head,
Merciful Heavens! her spirit has fled;
Side by side husband and wife were found dead
On that Christmas eve!

—There is no use in turning over a new leaf unless you have something sensible to write on the page.—*Puck.*

ONCE ONLY COMES THE HOUR.

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Arranged by C. Bohm.

Should heart of thine find ever, a love that's fond and dear,
Let naught on earth e'er sever, the joy that blossoms near;
Oh, yield thy soul's devotion, and cherish love's sweet flow'r,
For heart's true fond emotion, once only comes the hour.
For heart's true fond emotion, once only comes the hour.

And if two heart's are sighing, with love unaltered there,
And lips are ne'er replying, to Hope's unspoken prayer;
Oh, soon the bud shall blossom, in sunlight and in shower,
For joy to rule thy bosom, once only comes the hour.
For joy to rule thy bosom, once only comes the hour.

Ah, then sweet, happy lovers, the blissful moments bless,
And hearts can ne'er be rovers, but live 'neath joys caress;
Tho' storm of sadness meets thee, yet fair will bloom loves flow'r,
When heart to heart love greets thee, once only comes the hour.
When heart to heart love greets thee, once only comes the hour.

DEAR OLD FRIENDLY FACES.

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Written and Composed by Norton Atkins.

I sit alone in the twilight, and dream of the days gone by,
When life was so fair and cloudless, and bright as a summer sky;
All things were pure and tender, unknown the thought of pain,
And gazing in the embers I seem to see again:

REFRAIN.

Dear old friendly faces, faithful unto me,
Dear old friends departed across the silent sea;
In golden days of long ago, how blithe we used to be,
Ah! happy dreams of dear old friends and faces.

I think of youthful companions, whose love was the world to me,
I think of the dear old village, and life as it used to be;
In dreams again the lassies upon the green advance,
And while the fiddler's playing we join the rustic dance.—*Refrain.*

I feel again in the twilight the touch of the vanished hands,
And hear once again those voices long passed to other lands;
I seem to hear them singing the songs I loved the best,
I know my old companions are calling me to rest.—*Refrain.*

VERY QUIETLY.

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Words by Chas. Wilmot. Music by John Cooke.

A very quiet, simple lot the girls seem nowadays,
Of course, it's not their nature, but the quiet business pays;
Say, dining at a party with a girl you chance to be,
And offer her a glass of wine, you'll always notice she—

CHORUS.

Takes it quietly, very quietly,
And to make you think she's innocent and shy,
Only one will she accept, but she'll notice where it's kept,
And she'll help herself and plenty bye and bye.

Suppose to get a lover she has tried all sorts of tricks,
But, somehow, hasn't had the luck on any one to fix,
But suddenly she meets one who proposes straight one night,
She blushes, and though feeling she'll go crazy with delight.

CHORUS.

Takes it quietly, very quietly,
Although into his arms she'd like to fly,
Says "yes," and gets the ring, and does a highland fling
At home upon the quiet bye and bye.

Such games, when safely married, she, of course but seldom plays,
But to her loving husband she'll keep up her quiet ways,
And if he stops out drinking and comes home at two or three,
While he is knocking at the door, the bedroom window she—

CHORUS.

Raises quietly, very quietly,
And as he thinks she's going to reply,
Fills the water jug instead, pours the lot upon his head,
And leaves him there to soak till bye and bye.

She never makes a bother if of cash he keeps her short,
While spending more upon himself for liquor or for sport,
But when he's fast asleep in bed, and snoring 'neath the clothes,
She takes his trousers just outside and through his pockets goes.

CHORUS.

Very quietly, nice and quietly,
Takes a little out of each upon the sly,
Then puts them back with care, so exactly as they were,
He sees them when she wakes him bye and bye.

DANNY M'CALL.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

In a neat little village one bright afternoon,
The boys and the girls being frisky;
There was Danny M'Call, the king of them all,
Right up to his eyebrows in whiskey.
Said Paddy M'Cann, I'll bet ye, Dan,
You duren't kiss Norah O'Grady;
Accepting the bid, quite easy he did,
And sure, it is I am the lady!

CHORUS.

If they'd only have left him alone, sure he'd never have done it at all;
The pride of my heart and county Mayo is rollicking Danny M'Call.

We started out courting from that very day,
His hair in a locked I carried;
And one night in my ear, he said, "Norah, dear,
I think it is time we got married."
The gay wedding night stirred up a fight,
I sat in a corner a crying;
For Dan with his stick, the whole lot did lick,
And there they lay round me a dying!—*Chorus.*

Before long a policeman appeared on the scene,
And tried to arrest my poor Danny;
Sure, he came in the door, but went to the floor,
For Danny he found was "too many."
Dan hit him a lick wid his big stick,
The top of it knotted and knobby;
And down he went flop! then Dan gave a hop,
And jumped on the chest of the bobby!—*Chorus.*

Then they sent for more p'lice, and the whole fire brigade,
And Danny at length was arrested;
To the station-house they were soon on the way,
Poor Danny with bracelets invested.
The magistrate said, "How many's dead?"
Said they, "None, but plenty are dying!"
And all thro' this shine, that husband of mine
Inside of a prison is lying!—*Chorus.*

LONG AGO.

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Written by Arthur West. Composed by Fred. Eplett and Arthur West.

I received a most superior education,
In the days of long ago,
And they said I was a credit to my nation,
In the days of long ago.
I owned a lovely mansion in a pretty little park,
And a thousand a year, or so;
By the fellows about town I was considered quite a spark,
But it's many, many years ago!

REFRAIN.

Long ago, long ago!
I wore a masher collar and could always spare a dollar,
Long ago, long ago! in the days of Auld Lang Syne!

You could always find an honest man at racing,
In the days of long ago;
And "pulling up" was voted quite debasing,
In the days of long ago.
But nowadays the way they run is really sad to see,
That's the reason that I'm brought so low;
For I once could earn a living on the turf by honesty—
But it's many, many years ago.

REFRAIN.

Long ago, long ago!
I had a Sunday dinner and could always spot a winner,
Long ago, long ago! in the days of Auld Lang Syne!

I used to have some beauty in my features,
In the days of long ago;
And was pelted by the pretty little creatures,
In the days of long ago.
The postman every morning used to come around with a sack
Full of notes from little girls I'd know;
Yes, sweethearts to right, sweethearts to left, and sweethearts at my back!
But it's many, many years ago!

REFRAIN.

Long ago, long ago!
My feelings I can't smother, they would "kiss me for my mother,"
Long ago, long ago! in the days of Auld Lang Syne!

They would give me fifty pounds a week for singing,
In the days of long ago;
In every body's mouth my name was ringing,
In the days of long ago.
Proprietors ran after me, and managers would cry,
If they could not have me at their "show,"
Sims Reeves was fit to shoot himself, with envy they did die,
But it's many, many years ago!

REFRAIN.

Long ago, long ago!
Enraptured folks would linger, I was such a splendid singer,
Long ago, long ago! in the days of Auld Lang Syne!

KISS ME AS I FALL ASLEEP.

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Words by George Birdseye. Music by Jno. P. Dougherty.

Mamma, you are tired I know, watching by me night and day,
Soon you'll rest, for I must go—I must die, I heard them say;
That means going to the skies, Mamma, does that make you weep?
Dimmer grow my weary eyes, kiss me as I fall asleep!

CHORUS.

Oh, your tears fall on my face, mamma, mamma, do not weep!
Heaven is such a pretty place, kiss me as I fall asleep!

Mamma, I remember now, brother Charlie lay just so,
And you kissed him, lips and brow, when he said that he must go;
Soon dear mamma, we shall meet, be again as brothers are,
Playing thro' the happy street of that sunny land afar.—*Chorus.*

You will miss your little boy, and I'd rather stay with you,
Think, dear mamma, of the joy when we meet where all is day;
You have told me of the land where the skies are ever fair,
I am going, take my hand, we shall be together there.—*Chorus.*

TRUST THE BOY WHOSE MOTTO IS "MY MOTHER."

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By J. W. Wheeler.

Oh! trust the boy whose motto is "My mother,"
Whose happiest hours are those when mother's near;
His thoughts are more for her than any other,
No friend to him is ever half so dear;
Lovingly how oft he's lingered by her side and heard her pray,
Should temptation meet my darling, stop and think what mother dear would say.

CHORUS.

Trust him as you would no other, you will find him ever true,
The boy whose motto is "My mother," will prove an honest friend to you.

Then trust the boy whose motto is "My mother,"
You'll find him at his post when duty calls;
He'll prove as true to you as any brother,
No matter where or when the burden falls;
Trust the boy with such a motto, never fear his word to take,
Trust him for his stearling honor, you will find him true for mother's sake.—*Cho.*

We Shall Miss Them Bye and Bye.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Osborne.

We're beset with many dangers as we climb the hill of life,
And hard it is to toil to gain our ends;
But the brightest gleam of sunshine that can gild the battle strife,
Is the sympathy of kindred and of friends.
Although I fear, indeed we pay but little heed,
And greet their words of counsel with a jest;
But, ah! the time will come when their voices will be dumb,
Their kindly hearts forever laid at rest!

REFRAIN.

We shall miss them bye and bye, when the clouds roll darkly by,
And to see their loving faces sigh in vain!
We may treat them now with scorn, but when from us they're borne,
We would give the world to bring them back again.

Do you recollect an old friend's love, while you were but a child?
How he would pet and nurse you on his knee?
And how oft he tried, in later days when you were wayward wild,
To teach you what a good true man should be?
He's bent and feeble now, and furrowed is his brow;
But still his heart's affectionate and kind;
What! though his speech betrays its quaint old-fashioned phrase,
As sure as snow in winter you'll find.

REFRAIN.

You will miss them bye and bye, when the clouds roll darkly by,
And to see his dear old face will sigh in vain;
You may treat him now with scorn, but when from life's he's borne,
You would give the world to have him back again.

Is the poor old mother living still? who, since your father died,
Has loved you as a mother only can;
How she toiled with aching fingers for the baby at her side,
How she doats upon you now you are a man.
To-day's she's worn and old, the silver tints the gold;
Yet priceless is her love beyond all pelf!
Ah, slight her if you will, she's the same fond mother still,
Who helped you when you could not help yourself!

REFRAIN.

You will miss them bye and bye, when the clouds roll darkly by;
And to see her dear old face will sigh in vain!
You may treat her now with scorn, but when from life she's borne,
You would give the world to have her back again.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

Copyright, 1888, by J. R. Bell.

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Words and Music by Barney Mullelly.

This is the spot 'neath the old oak tree, where my love said she'd meet me;
How I long her smiles to see, she's as fair as fair can be;
With a face so sweet and rare, bright blue eyes and golden hair,
Come, oh, come and meet me there, e'er patience changes to despair.

CHORUS.

Oh, you little beauty, oh, you little dear,
Don't forget your promise that you'd meet me here;
Still I'll wait in patience till you do appear, come, oh, come my dear;
Still in patience I will wait, come, oh, come my dear;
Still in patience I will wait, so come, my dear.

Oh, how delightful is this spot to me, sheltered by the old oak tree;
Here my love has promised me, my sweet wife she'd surely be;
'Neath these friendly boughs of oak, loving vows were often spoke,
Vows like ours should ne'er be broke, no power on earth should them revoke.
—*Chorus.*

Hear me now pleading near the old oak tree, my own love, I sing to thee,
Love songs from my soul most free, you're the one that's dear to me;
If to-night you don't appear, my fond hope will turn to fear,
And you'll lose a love sincere, so heed my call, my pretty dear.—*Chorus.*

DO AS I TELL YOU.

Written and Composed by Leslie Reed.

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I and a friend of mine, called Joe,
When to a party a few nights ago;
By Jove! it was a brilliant affair,
And the first time I'd been there.
He introduced me to them all,
The dark, the fair, the short, the tall;
And after we had finished tea,
We both sat down, and he said to me:

CHORUS.

"Do as I tell you, and you'll do right,
Don't you be nervous or timid at night;
I'll tackle one girl, you tackle two,
And if I get a kiss back, so will you!"

I took the tip he gave to me,
We went in for a glorious spree;
I kissed two sweet girls somehow,
Then there was an awful row.
Their young men both kicked up a fuss,
And swore they'd kill the pair of us;
Then my pal hit one in the eye,
And shouted out as he let fly:

CHORUS.

"Do as I tell you, and you'll do right,
I knew that this would end in a fight;
I'll tackle one chap, you tackle two,
And if I get a black eye, so will you!"

While I tackled two chaps, he settled one,
I couldn't see in the game much fun;
And soon to my dismay I found,
That I was sprawling on the ground.
But when at last the policeman came,
The girls cried, "What a horrid shame!"
Then my pal cracked a "copper's" head,
Seized me by the arm and said:

CHORUS.

"Do as I tell you, and you'll do right,
Don't let the policemen take us to-night;
There's one on the nob for the man in blue,
Now if I get locked up, so will you!"

At last the policemen collared us both,
To go to the station I was awfully loth;
And when morn before the beak,
I found my voice extremely weak.
And my pal, when brought into court,
To speak to me in vain besought;
But no good, try what dodge he may,
So in dumb show contrived to say:

CHORUS.

"Do as I tell you, and you'll do right,
Don't you be nervous or you're in a plight;
And don't you round on the man in blue,
For if I get six months, so will you!"

—Teacher (to boy whose father keeps a corner grocery): Johnny, if your father has a hundred eggs and twenty of them are bad, how many of them does he lose? Johnny: He doesn't lose any of them. He sells the bad ones to the restaurant keeper to make egg omelets of.—*Texas Siftings.*

Will My Darling Come Again?

Copyright, 1676, by Mrs. J. M. Hall.

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Words by Arthur W. French. Music by H. P. Danks.

Summer's fingers softly linger on the meadows far and wide,
Breezes sighing, daylight dying, in the hush of eventide;
'Neath the shadows, down the meadows, of the little mossy lane;
Some one roaming in the gloaming, saying, "Will he come again?"

CHORUS.

Will he come again to meet me? some one asks their heart in vain,
Will he come with smiles to greet me, will my darling come again?

Moonlight over fields of clover, golden-tinted dew impearled,
Birdlets sleeping, bright stars keeping watch and ward above the world;
Time is flying, hope most dying, down that little mossy lane;
Some one straying, sadly saying, "Will my darling come again?"—*Chorus.*

Some one parted, happyhearted, yestereve in joy and bliss,
I will meet you, I will greet you, some one whispered with a kiss;
Footsteps falling, some one calling, one sweet name in glad refrain;
All their sadness turned to gladness, truly, he will come again."—*Chorus.*

GIVE JOHN L. CREDIT FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE.

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Composed by G. C. Edwards.

The great fight is over, and Corbett has won,
Thousands have won money and thousands have won none;
The world is now excited, the Boston boy has lost,
It looked bad for Sullivan when Corbett won the toss.

CHORUS.

Give John L. credit for what he has done,
For ten long years he has made them all run,
Though Corbett, they say, is a wonder to-day,
Give John L. credit for what he has done.

Corbett knew his business and kept out of John's way,
And when he got his chance on him he did play;
There stood the poor champion all covered with blood,
And everybody in the place knew John's name was mud.

CHORUS.

Give John L. credit for what he has done,
For in ten long years many battles he has won;
His career has come to an end like all great things,
And all through the country his praises we sing.

He has fought many battles from California to Maine,
And now he has lost both money and name;
We see his hair is now turning gray,
And his fighting days have now passed away.—*Chorus.*

GOOD HEALTH, OLD BOY.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

How happy are the moments spent with dear old friends of mine,
When we're together chatting o'er a social glass of wine;
All business, toil and care gives place to harmony divine,
As we're drinking, drinking, drinking.
The merry toast goes 'round the board and with it joke and jest;
To right the wrongs we may have done we do our very best,
And good will towards our fellowman is kindled in each breast,
While we're drinking, drinking, drinking.

CHORUS.

Good health, old boy, good health, old boy,
I know you well and I wish you joy;
May no quarrel e'er destroy
The friendship we have for each other.

'Tis then, like dear old comrades, with each other we can vie,
'Tis then, to keep the fun alive, a jovial song we try;
Or else recall a story of the days that have gone by,
When we're drinking, drinking, drinking.
'Tis then the room gets always very foggy, for indeed,
We know there's one thing that to aid good fellowship we need,
So that's the time we introduce tobacco's fragrant weed,
While we're drinking, drinking, drinking.—*Chorus.*

Then let the merry toast go round, there's nothing can compare
With having just a pipe and glass amid true friends so rare;
And so, while we've the chance, each night you're sure to find us there,
Gaily drinking, drinking, drinking.
But if one of us stays out late or feels inclined to roam,
We always bid him bear in mind the loving ones at home;
Or the missis with the rolling-pin his hair, perhaps, will comb,
Through the drinking, drinking, drinking.—*Chorus.*

My Guiding Star of Long Ago.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Henry F. Greim.

Last night, as I lay dreaming, I beheld a sight sublime,
It was the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine;
And though quite melancholly, there a sense of joy I felt,
For near me, in my sweet repose, a face familiar dwelt.
Two cherry lips bent o'er me and imbeded a sweet kiss,
With all the old time lovliness, with all the old time bliss;
But as the dawning rays of morn across my room did gleam,
I then awoke to realize it all had been a dream.

REFRAIN.

'Twas only a dream that came to redeem a once happy time that has flown;
And thro' that sweet kiss I knew heav'n's bliss, for I fanci'd her once more my own.

The birds which charm the forest, in the trees fly to and fro;
And sing their songs enchanting as the passing hours go;
The robin twitters sweetly to his fond and loving mate,
While I am here dejected, alone and desolate.
My guiding star of long ago bestow your smile on me,
And be your old self once again just as you used to be,
And let the lustre of thine eyes in mine enhance their beam,
That I may realize that kiss of last night's precious dream.—*Chorus.*

BAD COMPANY.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

When I was but a little lad, not many years ago,
My father came to me one day, and said look here you Joe;
I saw you with some boys to-day, amongst them one Jack Blair,
I thought I cautioned you before, then dad these words said there:

REFRAIN.

Dear Joe drop young Blair's friendship now, I fear he'll do you harm;
His manner I don't like somehow, there Joe, my boy, be calm.
You may, my lad, think well of him, but I can plainly see,
That young man is bad company, therefore, Joe, let him be.

My dad's kind words I did not heed, and as the years rolled by,
Bad company began to keep, Jack Blair met on the sly;
Temptation came my way one day, I stole—was sent to Jail,
And as the gates were closed on me these words I heard dad bewail.—*Refrain.*

The other day my time expired, and homeward I did stray,
Again I saw that dear old spot, my tears I could not stay;
I made inquiry for my folks, both long had passed away,
And as I kneel beside their graves I plainly hear dad say:—*Refrain.*

Young friends, from this a lesson take, and should you any time,
Meet with bad company in life, perhaps be urged to crime;
Don't let temptation conquer you, but firmly hold your ground,
Think of the warning dad gave me, my sorrow at his mound.—*Refrain.*

WHAT A CONTRAST.

Copyright, 1892, by Hamilton S. Gordon.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

Did you ever notice, friends, the contrast to be seen?
The black old maid of sixty-three, the girl of sweet sixteen,
The man that has no brains at all, the man that knows it all,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.
See the handsome maiden powdered, made up for the ball,
Watch her graceful figure as she waltzes round the hall,
See her then the morning after, if, perchance, you call,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.

See the gay young business man all smiles, and clothes so neat,
Good morning sir, how do you do? shakes hands and offers treat,
Then see him as with surly frown, that night, his wife he beats,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.
See the weeping actress in some role upon the stage,
The audience do shout as they in admiration gaze,
Watch her out-door antics, when some dude she tries to cage,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.

See the dirty vagabond, unkempt he goes his way,
All ragged clothes, now swelled red nose, saloons his only pay,
Last year a prosp'ros merchant was, the populace do say,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.
See the stylish bank cashier, a man held in repute,
Skips the city one fine day, with bank funds he does scoot,
See him in some foreign den, a gambler, destitute,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.

See the little daisy, with whom you cut a dash,
She swears she loves you dearly, says she'll have no other mash,
Just ask her if she'll marry you, tell her you have no cash,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.
See the politician as for office he does run,
Promising most anything to friends or to the bum,
Ask him for a favor whence the battle he has won,
What a contrast, what a contrast, what a contrast.

IF YOU'LL BE TRUE TO ME.

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Written and Composed by Fred Gilbert.

Last year I saw a scene that brought a tear into my eye,
A fine young Irish workman trying hard to say good-bye;
His sweetheart was departing for a strange and distant land,
And then I heard him tell her as he clasped her trembling hand:

REFRAIN.

If you'll be true to me, love, if you'll be true to me,
I'll work and scheme in my love's young dream, to raise a bank for thee;
And when your heart is pining for manly faith and trust,
You'll then come back to your own true Jack, you will come back, you must.

Although I've never been in love, I think I've got a heart;
To me it did seem cruel, that this loving pair should part;
She clung unto her sturdy Jack as if she could not go,
And then I saw her crying as he whispered soft and low:—*Refrain.*

My work-shop's at the back, close here, and oft my eyes I raise,
To one who worked with limb and brain thro'out the longest days,
'Tis Jack—so sad and silent, though to some of us it's known,
He sings unto his sweetheart when he thinks he's all alone:—*Refrain.*

Dancing on de Kitchen Floor.

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By James Bland.

Oh, the darkies all will have a jubilee,
Such a gathering there never was before,
Oh, how happy every one will be,
As we dance upon the kitchen floor.
There'll be walking for the cake, all the ladies' hearts we'll break,
When we all commence to do the promenade;
Betsey Brown and Julia Lee will pass the coffee and the tea,
Down to the darkies' jubilee.

CHORUS.

Tell the children all to come, black-eyed Sue and Hannah Gum,
Music ringing, darkies singing, every one agree;
Grease the floor and close the window, don't forget to tell Malinda
That we all are getting ready for the jubilee.

All the ladies will be dressed so very neat,
Everybody will look very nice and clean,
When we darkies promenade the street,
Everything will be just like a dream.
There is dandy Dick and Pete, they will exercise their feet,
And the yaller gals will do the same, you see,
We will dance until the morn just as sure as you are born,
Down to the darkies' jubilee.—*Chorus.*

SHIPMATES AND MESSMATES.

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Written by W. J. Lytton. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Our ship has just returned from far across the foam,
Back to hearts that yearn—back to "Home Sweet Home!"
Faces beam with pleasure, once again to view—
Once again to mingle with the boys in blue.
But my heart feels sad when I call to mind
Mem'ries of the shipmate, left so far behind!
I must break the tidings of his wat'ry grave—
I must bear his loved ones the message that he gave.

REFRAIN.

For we were shipmates and messmates afloat and ashore,
Shipmates and messmates to plough the sea no more;
Friends here below, whether fate smiled or scoffed,
Shall we be shipmates, up, up aloft?

In fancy once again the parting scene I see,
Mothers, sweethearts, wives weeping on the quay;
I can hear Jack whisp'ring, "Mother, do not fret,
I will make a fortune for you and Polly yet!"
All went well until the ship was ordered home,
Fever took poor Jack—his grave's beneath the foam;
Oh, the mem'ry fills me with a choking here,
And in vain I try to restrain the falling tear.—*Refrain.*

I stood beside him when the end was drawing near,
As he took my hand, whisp'ring in my ear:
"Go to dear old mother messmate, take her this,
Say I sent it for her,—give for me a kiss.
To my sweetheart, Poll, this, my medal take,
Bid her always wear it, for her lover's sake;
And, ere we forever say the last adieu,
Just one little keepsake, this ring, dear boy, for you!—*Refrain.*

THE VOICE OF ANGEL MOTHER.

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Words and Music by S. Schiff.

I was sitting alone at midnight, listening to a heavenly sound,
I sat there like in dreamland, and one who is spellbound;
I heard the harp-strings ringing, and a voice so sweet and clear;
And while there I was sitting, I felt her presence near.
That air was so familiar, and although not very long,
I heard it when a baby, it was my cradle song;
And then the voice was fading, and in the distant ring,
I heard once more the lovely song my mother used to sing.

What is to me the wealth, my jewels and my gold?
I'd give them all away, for those happy days of old;
When nestled to her bosom, I looked in her face so bright,
She'd take me to my cradle, kiss me a fond good-night.
And sitting by the fireside, she'd sing that song I hear,
As I sit alone at midnight, thinking of my mother dear;
I can hear the sweetest music, in the distant ring,
It is the angel voice of mother, and the song she used to sing.

CHORUS.

Go to sleep my baby, close your aching eyes,
Mother watches near thee, with angels from the skies.

The Song Dear Mother Loved to Sing.

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Written by T. L. Clay. Composed by Theo. Bonheur.

A simple old-world ditty, with a plaintive, sweet refrain,
That had a homely story, told in language smooth and plain;
Yet when dear mother sang it, as we gathered raund her knee,
No other music in the world could match its melody!
Could match its melody!

Across the vale of bygone years His tender notes still sweetly ring,
And mem'ry yet to me endears the song my mother used to sing!
It comes as borne on angel wing,
The song my mother used to sing!

My father loved to hear it when at evening we would sit,
And cluster round the firelight, while the shadows quaintly flit;
For it wakened happy mem'ries of the dearly cherished time,
When first she used to sing it in their courtship's golden prime!
In their courtship's golden prime!

And just before she died—it seems but yesterday—
We stood beside the bed where with wand'ring mind she lay,
In feeble accents fell faint echoes of that strain
Which we ne'er from her lips might hear again;
Though long years have flown, yet the spells o'er me cast,
And thrice hallowed is each tone with the mem'ries of the past.
So seek where'er ye may no song has charms for me
Like Auld Robin Gray's sweet, plaintive melody!

THE SECRET, SWEET.

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Written and Composed by Hattie Marshall.

I have a little sweetheart fair, so tender and so true,
Her name is—ask the roses red, they know, and may tell you;
While walking 'mid the flowers one eve, my heart o'erflowed with love,
I whispered soft—ah, would you know? well, ask the stars above.
So pretty, sweet and pure was she, with ruffled golden hair,
I stooped and—no, I may not tell, it may not be quite fair;
The secret sweet is all my own, and if you want to know,
Why, ask the zephyrs, sighing soft, and they may whisper low;
The name that is so dear to me, perchance they'll even tell,
The something that I told my love down in that flowery dell.

I'm sure she loves me truly, for that night she coyly said,
Well, I know a daisy listened, for I saw it nod its head;
And, as I gazed into her eyes with love's pure flame aglow,
I asked her if she'd be—suppose you ask the moon she'd know.
Her answer came, my listening ear caught just one little word,
A nightingale burst forth in song, I knew he must have heard.
The secret sweet is all my own, and if you want to know,
Why, ask the zephyrs sighing soft, and they may whisper low;
The question that I asked my love, perchance they'll even tell,
The answer that she gave to me down in that flowery dell.

Perhaps I'll tell how her fair head was nestled on my breast,
Perhaps I'll tell how her sweet lips were to my own soft pressed;
But I'll not tell the reason why I took her little hand,
And a dainty, slender finger with a blade of grass I spanned;
Nor will I tell what joy'll be mine, all in the month of May,
The merry chimes will ring it then, come list to what they'll say.
The secret sweet is all my own, and if you want to know,
Why, ask the zephyrs sighing soft, and they may whisper low,
The happy day that's coming, for perchance they'll even tell
Just why I plucked that blade of grass down in that flowery dell.

When Your Mother Leaves This World.

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Words and Music by Wm. Dowling.

Time has swiftly glided by since childhood's golden years;
It seems but only yesterday I first shed bitter tears;
Whispered words of blessing that a dying mother gave,
And when the last sad scene of all, that resting place, the grave.
Oh, could I only now recall one hour from childhood days,
Bring back again the happy past, a mother's love and praise;
Friends will often come and go, as life we journey on,
But when your mother leaves this world, your dearest friend is gone.

CHORUS.

Treat your dear old mother always with respect,
Her welfare and her happiness you never should neglect;
Soon life's care and trials forever will be done,
Then when your mother leaves this world, your dearest friend is gone.

Mem'ry treasures in the heart the home of long ago;
The church-yard and the grassy mound in spring when flowers grow;
They're often moistened with the tears of sister, brother, friend,
While kneeling o'er that silent grave and prayers to heaven send.
Respect and love her while she's here, 'tis only honor due,
When cares of life environ thee, she's always kind and true,
For when at last she leaves this world, a sweeter life to dawn,
The truth you'll sadly realize, your dearest friend is gone.—*Chorus.*

I LIVE AND LOVE THEE.

English version by Dr. Wm. J. Wetmore. Music by F. Campana.

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Give me the balmy breathing sigh, that o'er the lips is stealing,
Like friendship's tender melody, the heart's fond wish revealing;
Whene'er thy brow shall throb with pain,
Let me be ever near thee, then my heart will be glad again!
And life more bright appear, let me be near thee,
Give me the balmy breathing sigh,
Let me be ever near thee, and life more brightly,
That over thy lips is stealing, like friendship's tender melody.
And life more bright appear, and life more brightly,
The heart's fond wish revealing whene'er my brow shall throb with pain,
And life more brightly appear, then my heart will be glad again,
And life more bright appear, to me revealing the heart's emotion.

The tender feeling of faithful love,
From thee, oh, never can my heart sever,
What joy, what pleasure, dear angel treasure,
I live for thee, what joy to see, I live for thee!
Dear angel treasure I live for thee! to me revealing heart's emotion.
Thy tender feeling of faithful love,
From thee, oh, never can my heart sever, I live for thee!
What joy, what pleasure, dear angel treasure, I live for thee,
What joy to see, I live for thee, dear angel treasure, I live for thee!
Dear angel treasure, I live for thee! what joy, what pleasure,
I live for thee! my angel treasure, I live for thee! I live for thee!

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

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On the door of the cottage in which I was born,
An emblem of luck may be seen;
It's looked on with pleasure and pride by us all,
And over each heart reigns supreme.
'Tis shared in our sorrows and also our joys,
Till we feel that not one of us rue,
But look back with pleasure and pride to the day
That old grandad nailed up the horseshoe.

CHORUS.

'Tis only a horseshoe, but yet it will bring you
Good luck and good fortune, I cannot say more;
No room will it take, but another friend make,
So give to the horseshoe a place on the door.

On a cold winter's day, many long years ago,
The emblem of luck that we found,
Was buried quite deep in a foot-fall of snow,
And quietly lay on the ground.
Old grandad cried out: "I have brought you good luck,
Here's something that's travelled apace,
So give me a hammer and nail, that I may
On the door find the horseshoe a place.—*Chorus.*

Since then many years have passed over our heads,
And he whom we loved most and best,
Who first gave the horseshoe a place in our home,
Has long since been gathered to rest.
Yet still we gaze on it with feeling of pride,
Each day seem to love it the more,
And as long as we live, for his sake we will give
The horseshoe a place on the door.—*Chorus.*

Where Have the Girls all Gone to?

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Written and Composed by Harry Castling.

I've been to a party but left there again,
Disappointed to find the place crowded with men;
I stood quite amazed for it gave me a scare,
When I looked round and saw not a female was there!
I rushed up the stairs scanned the rooms left and right,
Yes, supper and "fizz," but no girl met my sight;
Said I to myself "Here's a funny set out!"
When the fellows all set up this pitiful shout:

CHORUS.

Where have the girls all gone to?
Where are the dear little ones?
Strolling about, flirting, no doubt,
With rich men's sons!
Leaving us all alone,
While they flirt with their viscounts and earls—
A charm there's about them, we can't do without them,
The dear little, sweet little girls!

The supper was ready, but none would begin,
And each face looked as long as an old violin;
They 'rose from the table, quite pictures of woe,
And to fetch hats and coats were beginning to go,
When up jumped the chairman, our jolly friend Brown,
And tried with a speech to smooth everything down;
The waiters all grinned, and knew what was amiss,
When instead of a toast, what he gave out was this:—*Chorus.*

We'd scarcely been seated ten minutes or more,
When a sharp-featured female peeped in at the door,
Brown turned pale and went out, exclaiming, "My wife!"
Very soon in the hall there were heard sounds of strife.
The liquor was now fast beginning to fly,
And I thought it high time to slope on the sly,
So slid out, and after me bolted the door,
Put my ear to the keyhole, and heard them all roar:—*Chorus.*

Where One Goes, We All Go!

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Written and Composed by Charles Williams.

I have some pals, and on my word, they fairly beat creation! [Brown;
There's Green, and Jones, and Smith, and Snooks, and Briggs, and dear old
And I can safely say, without the slightest hesitation,
We are the best and truest friends you'll find in all the town!
We never have an angry word, are more like loving brothers,
And each of us knows very well the other fellows' "biz;"
We also know each other's wives, and sisters, dads, and mothers,
But after all is said and done, our good old motto is:

REFRAIN.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other whatever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
If one wants to go on the spree, you must know, we all go too!"

Among this jolly crowd of chums, there's only one unmarried,
P'rhaps you can guess which one it is—why, poor, unlucky me!
I have a sweetheart—oh, dear yes! but why so long we've tarried,
Is really quite a myst'ry to my married friends, you see.
The other night I said, "Dear boys I really must be leaving,"
Of course you will excuse me, for at nine I meet my "belle!"
Then with the glow of love I felt my bosom heaving,
Till they all shouted with one voice, "That tale's all very well"—

REFRAIN.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other whatever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
There's no need to part, go and meet your sweetheart, and we'll all go too!"

Now, by a strange co-incidence, each old pal and his "missis,"
At twelve o'clock last Tuesday night, had quite a dreadful row!
They'd "jaw" instead of supper, "devil'd tongue" instead of kisses;
(A pretty way that is, indeed, to keep the marriage vow.)
On Wednesday we all chanced to meet, and started taking liquor,
Each paid for drinks, until, at last, we all were "stony broke,"
Then good old Brown observed, "Dear boys, I'm off to spout my ticker!"
When all of us in chorus said, the minute that he spoke:

REFRAIN.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other whatever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
If Brown's ticker goes, so will ours I suppose, and they all did go too!"

Upon the coin the watches brought, we all got fairly "frantic!"
I never saw Bill Brown in such a shocking state before;
We went in for all sorts of larks, and every kind of antic,
Till all at once we found ourselves outside a workhouse door.
Bill laid hold of the knocker and commenced a dreadful banging,
And when he pulled the bell, oh, dear, the place with echoes rang;
The porter came and asked the cause of all this row and clanging.
Said Brown, "I'm going in the 'lump!'" and we in chorus sang:

REFRAIN.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other what ever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
In the morning the "beak" sentenced Brown for a week, and we all went too!"

LET'S BE GAY.

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Let's be gay, and banish sorrow, all our work is done to-day,
Laugh and sing until to-morrow, 'tis the nigger's holiday;
In the morning out we go to de wood to chop, and de corn to hoe,
Our hearts are free, and our spirits bright,
And we'll dance wid de gals till de broad daylight.
Let's be gay, and banish sorrow, all our work is done to-day,
Laugh and sing until to-morrow, 'tis the nigger's holiday;
In the morning out we go to de wood to chop, and de corn to hoe,
Our hearts are free, and our spirits bright.
And we'll dance wid de gals till de broad daylight.

Strike the banjo, strike it gaily, bones and tamborine now play,
Fiddle you shall bow more gaily, 'tis the nigger's holiday;
To the merry banjo play we'll dance all thought of sorrow away;
Our hearts are free, and our spirits bright,
And we'll dance with the gals till morning light.
Strike the banjo, strike it gaily, bones and tamborine now play,
Fiddle you shall bow more gaily, 'tis the nigger's holiday;
To the merry banjo play we'll dance all thought of sorrow away;
Our hearts are free, and our spirits bright,
And we'll dance with the gals till morning light.

FULL MOON UNION.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

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The noble order of full moons, descendants of old Ham,
Dey recognize dere brethern wid de secret word Basam;
All dressed in full regalia, Hiberniane give us room,
All please stand clear, don't interfere with a full grown colored moon.

CHORUS.

The first degree—all bend your knee, and then cross every hand,
The head you dip, den give the grip, the password Ireland;
Oh, on your ear, den on your eye, and all march around de room,
Imitate them darkies in de order of full moon.
When de little stars are sleeping, all in de evening afternoon,
It's dar you'll see a nigger peeping out from that red and gorgeous moon.

We hold a monster barbecue, we're going to kill a calf,
Our lunar sacrifice it is; there mist'ry, don't you laugh,
This auspicious occasion it am held next year in June,
Oh, we invite de satellites connected with de moons.—*Chorus.*

De object of this order now am not to study stars,
But prevent Irish people from a-riding on de cars;
It seems extraodinary, but, dere isn't any coon
But, what a luminary in a half a quarter moon.—*Chorus.*

CORBETT AND SULLIVAN FIGHT.

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Tune—"Donnelly and Cooper."

All lovers of the manly art come listen to my lay,
I'll sing about two gladiators met in fistic fray;
Bold John L. Sullivan, of Boston, champion of his day,
And sprightly Jimmy Corbett from far California.

They met way down in New Orleans, September seventh, at night,
And thousands of the sporting bloods were there to see the fight;
The betting was on Sullivan, and many friends were found
Who said John L. would finish Jim before the second round.

At last they shook hands in the ring, and Sullivan led out,
But Corbett was too spry for him and nimbly danced about;
Then two more blows of Sully's right the head of Jim did miss,
At which the crowd looked on amazed, and some began to hiss.

The 'Frisco lad, round after round, came up with smile so gay,
Whenever John L. banged at him, he grinned and slipped away;
Then right and left his anvil blows upon the champion fall,
First blood for Jimmy Corbett now his friends so lively call.

And so these gladiators fought till twenty rounds were done;
'Twas plain the champion could see his brave career was run;
Blow after blow was rained upon his nose by lucky Jim,
Who came up smiling every time so chipper and so trim.

Then came the last round of them all, John L. was much distressed,
Although his firm admirers thought that he had fought his best;
A blow from dauntless Jimmy sent him reeling to the floor,
When time was called he heard it not, his championship was o'er!

Then up steps Jimmy Corbett and he took him by the hand,
He knew that he had conquered the first fighter in the land;
Said John L.: "I acknowledge that I am a beaten man,
But I'm proud the championship was won by an American."

DAD'S RED BARN.

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Words and Music by Whittey and Leonard.

To the country in the summer time, a pleasant place to go,
Where lasses are as pretty as the roses, don't you know!
Their cheeks are red, their eyes are bright, as pretty as can be,
They always have a pleasant smile, when a city chap they see.

CHORUS.

There was Mary Jane and Kate, who seldon stayed out late,
And always met together near our old farm gate;
As pretty as can be, in them there was no harm,
They never missed a husking at my dad's red barn.

When Autumn comes, they take their leave, once more they go home;
How we miss those city chaps, while strolling all alone!
Their bright smiles and their winning ways, their love-tales and their yarns,
Bring back the recollections of my dad's red barn.—*Chorus.*

A Starry Night and a Beautiful Girl.

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A starry night and a beautiful girl, a shady lane and a flowery dell,
A rosy bower—now isn't it bliss, a silent hour and a sweet little kiss;
The light of her eye is a fairy lamp, the rose on her cheek, how sweet and damp,
Her beautiful lips so often entice, those rip-a chip chips, now isn't it nice.

CHORUS.

A starry night and a beautiful girl, a shady lane and a flowery dell,
A rosy bower—now isn't it bliss, a silent hour and a sweet little kiss.

A beautiful form and rather shy, a pearly tooth and a diamond eye,
A ruby lip and a rosy cheek, a boot with a tip and a weazel squeak;
She's a wopsy waist and golden hair, she's cherry ripe and lily fair,
And the panting heart of a turtle dove, a fairy hand and a sixes glove.—*Chorus.*

There's Julia Jane—oh, isn't she a lamb, Clara Vane and rollicking Sam,
Lots of cash and plenty of cham, going to smash, and he'll stand Sam.
Sweet cigarette, Havana cigar, dear little pet and his ladida,
Come along, do, don't tell your ma, but I know a thing much better by far.—*Cho.*

RAILROAD BOY'S APPEAL.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

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Poor, helpless and alone am I, how sad the words do seem,
As through this life I journey on, a cripple maimed and lame.
With parents dead these many years, and none to care for me,
I'm forced to offer you my song, with a crippie's prayerful plea.

There was a time, long, long ago, when I from pain was free;
A happy boy at home was I—at school none gay as me.
From school I went to labor hard, as newsboy on a train,
To battle with this mighty world my daily bread to gain.

I little thought, as time flew by, that troubles thick and fast
Would o'er me fall, and make me go on crutches to the last;
But here I am, as you can see, drawn out of shape by pain,
A sad reminder of the night I fell between the train.

Do unto others as you'd have them do to you, is an adage old as time,
Think how, my friend, if in my place, you'd bless the giver of a dime;
Reach in your pocket for your change, and help the cripple on;
'Tis but a mite to you, I know, but to me 'tis quite a sum.

Parody on:

COMRADES.

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We were both in jail together, my pal Jack and I,
In gin mills and in bar-rooms, Jack was by my side;
But when I'd ask for a hand out, before he'd ask for one he'd die;
I myself would eat the hard bread, and to Jack I'd give the pie.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were tramps,
Roaming about from place to place, with patches all over our pants;
One night while macing the main street, a copper Jack quickly spied,
When danger threatened, my darling old pal Jack hollered, slide, Kelly slide.

We travelled from Maine to 'Frisco in the rain, snow storm and hail,
And whenever I'd fill the growler, Jack would drink half the pail.
The other night we both got loaded, a policeman then at me he flew,
"Run," says Jack; says I, "no, never! if you go, why I'll go, too."

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were pinched,
Doing six months on an island, we might as well got punched.
There's nothing in this world shall ever part us;
Where there's a divorce case there's always a will;
The only thing that will separate me and Jack will be the McKinley Bill.

Parody on:

COMRADES.

Written by Norton Atkins.

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We have broke the pledge together, my dear comrade Jack and I,
And to lead each other homeward, when blind drunk, we'd often try;
When we're upon the "fuddle," for a slop we'd never care,
If there was a gutter handy, you'd be sure to find us there.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, shedding each other's blood,
Sharing each other's gutter, sharing each other's mud;
Comrades at ten in the morning, when in the police van we'd ride,
And when Jack got fined forty bob or a month, I was there by his side.

When just budding into blossom, my nose began to ache,
And my wife said, "Join the army, or your blooming neck I'll break;"
I said, "Jack, I've got to do it, got to wear the ribbon blue,"
"What!" said he, "oh, s'welp me! never! if you join, why I'll join too."

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, taking on ginger beer,
Bursting ourselves with water, 'till we'd get pains just here;
Comrades with pains in the "stum-Jack," till for some brandy we cried,
And when my dear comrade broke into a "pub," I was there by his side.

I went out and Jack went with me, several quarts of booze we shared,
'Till the man refused to "strap us," and then slaughter was declared;
He swore that he had been insulted, spoiled my cuffs and tore my front,
Then he donned his hob nail boots, and on his toe we had to shunt.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, boozing like good old bricks,
Sharing each other's oakum, sharing each other's kicks;
Comrades when coppers were calling, faithful whate'er might betide,
And when my old pal went to work on the mill, I was there by his side.

But one night my savage missus came and found us as we lay,
In her hand she held a poker, and she struck me, so they say;
As I fought, my poor old woman raised her hand to use her claw,
But my comrade sprang to save me, and received it on the jaw.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were wed,
Seeing each other home, with noses so nice and red;
Comrades when wifey was jawing, gently from her we would slide,
And when my old pal got a punch on the nose, I was there by his side.

LOST AND FOUND.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

About three months ago, oh dear, I got into a bother,
Me and a pal named Jenkins fought, and damaged one another;
Two p'licemen straightway collared me, remarked I was a beauty!
And 'twas their place to lock me up, so they would do their duty!

CHORUS.

I was lost, lost, lost! really lost, lost, lost!
My friends hunted for me all around;
But the judge he was no dunce, and the next six weeks, for once,
I was found, on the island, I was found.

I'm always losing things, I am, and much regret to say it,
That I don't keep a thing a week, one hundred I will lay it;
I went out for a walk last night, but like a silly noodle,
I found out when I reached my home, I'd gone and lost the poodle!

CHORUS.

He was lost, lost, lost! really lost, lost, lost!
I whistled and I shouted all around;
For my dog I felt forlorn, but his little tail next morn,
It was found, in a sausage, it was found!

I had a row with Brown last night, and smashed his nose to pieces,
When suddenly in comes his wife, and then the fun increases;
She clouted and she banged me till I shouted "come and stop her!"
And ran all up and down the street, but couldn't find the "copper!"

CHORUS.

He was lost, lost, lost! really lost, lost, lost!
I whistled and I shouted all around;
But soon after, down an "airey," with his arm 'round our girl Mary,
He was found, good old mutton, he was found!

We had a girl, a servant girl, who used to drive us crazy,
She'd break the plates and dishes up, oh, she was such a daisy!
We jawed at her from night till morn, and often gave her warning,
But strange to say we couldn't find that girl last Sunday morning!

CHORUS.

She was lost, lost, lost! really lost, lost, lost!
Our rapture and delight they knew no bound;
But at ten o'clock at night, on our doorstep, oh, so tight,
She was found, without her bustle, she was found.

SINCE JOHN JOINED THE GENTS' BOWLING CLUB.

Copyright, 1891, by William Lawler.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 30 cents, by the publisher, Dodworth, 108 E. 125th St., New York City.

Words by William Lawler. Music by William Dressler.

I've a son, John by name, he's gone wild on a game,
Where they're yelling all night, strikes and spares;
At the breaking of day, homeward bound he will stray,
Then he crawls on all fours up the stairs.
When his days' work is o'er, he will rush in the door,
And yell out, "Come give me my grub!"
He won't mind his dad, sure he's gone to the bad
Since John joined the gents' bowling club.

CHORUS.

With his "'down go the pins,' I'm the boy always wins,"
You can bet all your wealth I'm no scrub;
I'm not giving you bluff, that's his talk, sure it's tough,
Since John joined the gents' bowling club.

On his breast there does shine, a gold medal so fine,
Sure he says he's the boss of the gang;
When he picks up a ball to fling way down the hall,
Sure the pins all go down with a bang.
Then it's up to the bar for a beer or cigar,
His head then it swells like a tub!
When he's out of sight, that's his racket at night,
Since John joined the gents' bowling club.—*Chorus.*

In the tournament grand, sure he always takes hand,
And he runs up a mighty big score;
Sure they can't get along without John, he's so strong,
When he makes a clean sweep then they roar.
They all call him the king, of his skill they do sing,
All night its an awful hub bub!
With that gang he will roam, he don't know his home
Since John joined the gents' bowling club.—*Chorus.*

COME, COME TO ME, DARLING.

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Written by Alfred J. Morris. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Once a little maiden said she did not care,
If her lover chose to leave her;
Haughtily she tossed her pretty golden hair,
Vowing still it would not grieve her.
There are many others, who, perhaps, can tell
Love's delightful story equally as well;
But tho' when he'd left her to be brave see tried,
Tears would trickle slowly, while the cried:

REFRAIN.

Come, come to me, darling! sweetheart, you're my own!
Oh, what shall I do, my love, now I'm left alone?
Why should we be parted? I am broken-hearted!
Oh, think of the days gone by and come back to me.

Many months pass'd over ere again they met,
Coldly he, at first, received her;
Then she begged so fervently that he'd forget,
Till he owned that he believed her.
But he told her sadly, such was cruel fate,
Tho' he loved her madly, this had come too late;
He must join his regiment, starting for the war—
As he left, there echoed from the shore:—*Refrain.*

Anxiously she read of each heroic deed,
Always for his safety sighing;
Dreading every moment that his name she'd read
In the list of dead and dying.
Then a letter reached her—he was coming home,
Never more to leave her, never more to roam;
Soon the happy time came, he stood by her side,
And he fondly whispered to his bride:

REFRAIN.

Come, come to me, darling! sweetheart, you're my own!
Oh, how my heart yearns, my love, yearns for thee alone!
Ne'er will we be parted, fond and faithful-hearted,
All sorrow forever fled, now I'm back with thee!

—A handsomely-dressed young woman entered a crowded street-car. A long-whiskered old fellow, wearing a dingy slouch hat and a suit of homespun clothes, got up and said: "Miss, take my seat. I don't look as well as these here gentlemen"—nodding at several men—"but I've diskivered that I've got more politeness." The young woman sat down without thanking the old fellow. "Miss," said the old fellow, with a smile, "I b'lieve I left my pocket-book thar on that seat. Will you please get up?" The young woman got up. The old fellow sat down, and stroking his whiskers, remarked: "B'lieve I'll jest keep on settin' here, miss. I've got a leetle more politeness that these here gentlemen, but I have diskivered that I ain't got nigh so much sense!"—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

SHE NEVER TOLD ME THAT.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

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The girl I loved was beautiful as any waxworks show,
Her face like cream and roses, used to make my poor heart glow.
I used to love her dearly, ah, but now I love her not,
I found that her complexion cost her just five bob a pot.

CHORUS.

She never told me that—I had to find it out,
Somebody winked, somebody blinked, and made me feel in doubt,
She never told me that, I found it out I'm sure,
And thought if I looked a little bit further, I might find more.

The girl I loved was handsome, and her figure was so neat,
And every one admired her as she glided down the street.
I found her figure was a sham, made up of fashion's fade,
I thought that I was squeezing her, but I was squeezing pads.—*Chorus.*

The girl I loved was graceful, and her walk was straight and proud,
I used to think that she with lovely limbs must be endowed;
But I found out one of her legs was buried in New York,
And in its place I found she wore another made of cork.—*Chorus.*

Take Your Feet Out of the Sand and Stick Them in the Mud.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

They say that on Sunday the saloons all shut,
Even to the side doors and alley gate. But—
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.
Account for the bums who stand around the street,
And the copper who never is seen on his beat,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.

We've a Bullitt mayor; he's a dandy, no mistake,
For running the city he surely takes the cake,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.
For he's down on the boys and the council all around,
And the elevated roads will be put underground,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.

Some Philadelphia dudes always try to mash,
They bang their hair, raise a slight moustache,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.
But dudes get left, for some girls are fly,
And often give them the grand go by,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.

Girls put on your bustles and hustle,
Or with John Thomas Ross you may have to tussle,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.
And boys when the copper is on your track,
Don't look either side, or front or back,
Take your feet out of the sand and stick them in the mud.

HENNESSEY'S BABY.

Copyright, 1892, by Catharine Doody.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

By Patsy Doody.

Oh, I'm sorry to state, I'm in trouble of late,
With old Slattery as well as the childer;
They try all the while my temper to rile,
All my poor heart to bewilder.
When the baby he cries, he makes divil's own noise,
And the neighbors in droves he does bring;
Then the cradle I push, singing, hush, baby hush,
And this is the song that I sing:

CHORUS.

Whish, you! whish, you! baby lie aisy,
Don't you see that yer mamma is nigh;
Oh, the noise that yer makin' will drive Slattery crazy,
Hush, hush, my darlin', an' be a good boy.

On a Saturday night the old man comes home tight,
An' all of his wages is spent;
Oh, my, how he'll howl, oh, dear, how he'll growl,
Not a-thinking of victuals or rent.
He makes a bigger noise than a school full of boys,
An' his hat on the floor he will fling;
He'll sit down for awhile, you'll observe a faint smile
When he lists to the song that I sing:—*Chorus.*

I lost Hennessey, dear, it is nearly a year,
An' Slattery's only a boarder;
It's love, sure, I think, that dhrives him to drink,
An' keeps his poor wits in disorder.
For when Slattery's gay, he's a flattering way,
Then it's, "Biddy, you dear little thing,
You're a widdy too long;" that is Slattery's song,
An' to Hennessey's baby I sing:—*Chorus.*

Never Introduce Your Donah to a Pal.

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Written by A. E. Durandeau and Albert E. Ellis. Composed by A. E. Durandeau.

Sung with great success by Gus Elen.

I've lost my gal through a pal o' mine as was
Always wi' me nar, I'll tell yer why becos;
Me and 'im was partners in a donkey cart,
That's what made me introdooce him to the tart.
One day I sez, "Bill, I wants the cart to-day,"
'E sez, "Me too," in a aggrawatin' way;
As I did not want to go and needle 'im,
I takes my gal along o' me to wheedle 'im.

CHORUS.

Never introdooce your donah to a pal,
Coe the odds is ten to one he sneaks your gal;
He'll stand her whelks and porter,
And upon the sly 'e'll court her.
Never introdooce your donah to a pal;
Take my tip,
Always keep yer blinkers on yer gal!

Once I spotted Bill and Sal a makin' eyes,
Then he goes and lushes 'er, to my surprise;
I sez, "Look 'ere, this is far beyond a joke,"
He sez, "Chuck it, else I'll land yer on the boke;"
I spars up, but though yer won't believe the fact,
In one short round I gits both my peepers black'd.
From the cart Sal shouted, "Gar'n, it sarves yer right;"
In jumped Bill, and then the pair druv out o' sight.—*Chorus.*

Bill and Sal got spliced a month ago to-day,
For their 'oneymoon, at Bow they went to stay;
Just to rile me, and to finish up the fake,
They sends me a pound and 'alf o' weddin' cake.
They're in business, and a nobby start they've made,
As for me, I'm gettin' broke and losing trade;
Things, in fact, is now a lookin' precious blue,
For I'm seedy, sad, and broken-'earted too.—*Chorus.*

That's the Girl Who Was Given Away with Half a Pound of Tea.

Written and Sung by Charles Brighton.

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If you go for a walk down the Whitechapel Road,
It's twenty to one you will see
A shop where they give lovely presents away
To each one who purchases tea;
'Twas there every day, as I passed on my way,
I'd call for a quarter of mixed;
'Twas there Cupid's dart shot a pang at this heart,
In short, it was there I was fixed.

SPOKEN—And I'll never forget it, no, never! I'd been in the habit of calling there every day for my tea, and taking a present away with me, and I think I had a sample of everything they kept. I had a most beautiful toilet set (with the exception of the jug and basin and the thing you put the soap in), and what to take I didn't know, until I asked the young lady's advice, and when I said, "What present can you give me this time, my dear?" She said, "Oh, sir, take me." I said, "Matilda, it's a take." Accordingly, for the sum of tenpence halfpenny, I became the proud possessor of half a pound of the very best Sashong Solong whole-leaf teadust, and a lovely girl thrown in as a present.

CHORUS.

Oh! she was so bright and fair, with golden hair, down to there;
Enough to make a fellow swear a married man he'd be;
When we go out the people say, "Ain't she gay, hip, hooray!
That's the girl who was given away with half a pound of tea."

I went for a walk with Matilda that night,
A walk just as far as the park;
I called her a darling, I called her a dear,
And gave her a kiss in the dark.
I then asked if she Mrs. Johnson would be,
She said, "Don't be fast—get along;"
A boy who was near, and just happened to hear,
Said, "Don't be a mug—take him on."—*Chorus.*

'Twas early this morning, dressed all in our best,
Matilda and I were wed;
We went to the church, and we looked quite a treat,
At least, that's what every one said.
But as we came out, now there is not a doubt,
Some boys had been waiting outside;
When we did appear, they all gave a cheer,
And then altogether they cried: —*Chorus.*

—A Pleasing Uncertainty:—Tourist (in Kansas): Can you tell me where the residence of Col. Hooks, the real estate dealer, is? Native: Wal, jest now it's four or five mile from here, but (pointing to a dark, funnel-shaped, cloud in the west) thar's a cyclone comin' over frum that way, an' if you'll wait awhile the house may come right here to you an' save you the trouble of goin' down there to it.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

HEART BOWED DOWN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by J. H. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe, to weakest hopes will cling;
To thought and impulse while they flow, they can no comfort bring;
That can, that can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend, o'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend that grief can call its own;
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair, still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were too beautiful to last;
That were too beautiful, too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend, its visions with them flown,
For memory is the only friend that grief can call its own;
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Take back the heart that thou gavest, what is my anguish to thee?
Take back the freedom thou cravest, leaving the fetters to me.
Take back the vows thou hast spoken, fling them aside and be free
Smile o'er each pitiful token, leaving the sorrow for me.
Drink deep of life's fond illusion, gaze on the storm-cloud, and flee
Swiftly, thro' life and confusion, leaving the burden to me.

Then when at last overtaken, time flings its fetters o'er thee,
Come, with a trust still unshaken, come back a captive to me.
Come back in sadness or sorrow, once more my darling to be,
Come as of old, love, to borrow glimpses of sunlight from me.
Love shall resume her dominion, striving no more to be free
When on her world-weary pinion, flies back my lost love to me.

HOME AGAIN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Home again, home again, from a foreign shore;
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy, to meet my friends once more.
Here I dropped the parting tear, to cross the ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those who kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts, with mine have laughed in glee;
But, oh, the friends I loved in youth seem happier to me.
And if my guide should be the fate which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie that binds my heart to home.

Music sweet, music soft, lingers round the place;
And, oh, I feel the childhood charm, that time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no palace dome;
For I can live a happy life with those I love at home.

The Gray Hairs of My Mother.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The gray hairs of my mother, this tress, this tress recalls them now;
Again I see them cluster in beauty, in beauty 'round her brow—
Oh! tender are the mem'ries that wake from out the past;
I live again life's morning, too beautiful, too beautiful to last.

CHORUS.

Oh! the gray hairs of my mother, this tress, this tress recalls them now:
Again I see them cluster in beauty, in beauty 'round her brow.

Once more I kneel, at twilight, in childhood's simple earnest prayer;
Once more I see the homestead, and all, and all the blessings there;
Oh! lovely tress of silver, whatever cares may be,
My heart, in all its trials, is nearer heaven, is nearer heaven for thee—*Chorus.*

COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Childhood's days now pass before me, forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me, calm and bright as evening's glow.
Days that knew no shade or sorrow, when my heart, pure and free,
Joyful hailed each coming morrow in the cottage by the sea.

CHORUS.

In the cottage by the sea, in the cottage by the sea;
Joyful hailed each coming morrow, in the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-trees twining, 'round the old and rustic door;
And, below, the white beach shining, where I gathered shells of yore.
Hears my mother's gentle warning, as she took me on her knee;
And I feel again life's morning, in the cottage by the sea.—*Chorus.*

What, tho' years have rolled above me, tho' 'mid fairer scenes I roam,
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee, childhood's dear and happy home!
And, when life's long day is closing, oh, how pleasant would it be,
On some faithful breast reposing, in the cottage by the sea.—*Chorus.*

HOLD THE FORT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Ho! my comrades, see the signal waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing—victory is nigh!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven—"By Thy Grace, we will."

See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling, courage almost gone.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven—"By Thy Grare, we will."

See the glorious banner waving, hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph over every foe.
"Hold the fort for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven—"By Thy Grace, we will."

Fierce and long the battle rages, but our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander, cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven—"By Thy Grace, we will."

WHEN I WAS A LAD.

As sung in the comic opera of "H. M. S. Pinafore."

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When I was a lad I served a term
As office-boy to an attorneys' firm;
I cleaned the windows and swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door—

CHORUS.

I polished up the handle so carefullee,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
He polished up the handle so carefullee,
That now he's the ruler of the Queen's navee.

As office-boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk;
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big, round hand—

CHORUS.

I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
He copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's navee.

In serving writs I made such a name,
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit,
For the pass examination at the Institute—

CHORUS.

And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
That they took me into partnership;
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen—

CHORUS.

But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament;
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all—

CHORUS.

I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree;
If your soul isn't fettered to an official stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:

CHORUS.

Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you may all be rulers of the Queen's navee.
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you may all be rulers of the Queen's navee.

—A Useless Expense—Mr. de Laie: "Do you suppose we shall ever be able to drop a nickel in the slot, and get a wife?" Miss Wayting (in her most captivating tone): "Oh, it is unnecessary to go to that expense, even now, Mr. de Laie. Brides are given away, you know."—*Puck.*

I AM WAITING, ESSIE DEAR.

As Sung by Bryant's Minstrels.

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I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie dear!
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low;
In the nook we've known since childhood, Essie dear,
Where sunbeams on the ripples come and go.
Overhead the birds are singing in the trees,
While their joyous carols echo through the dell;
Where the violets are smiling in the breeze,
There our happy, happy tale of love we'll tell.

CHORUS.

I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie dear!
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low;
In the nook we've known since childhood, Essie dear,
Where oft we've met in happy days ago.

Linger not, but haste to meet me, Essie dear!
Down where we roamed in merry days "Lang Syne;"
I am waiting here to greet thee, Essie dear,
For I long to hear you whisper, "Ever thine."
Oh! I love you more than all the world beside,
Ever true you've been in sorrow and in pain;
You were the star my weary heart to guide;
How I long to hear your winning voice again!—*Chorus.*

BILLY'S APPEAL TO HIS MA.

Sung with great success by the San Francisco Minstrels.

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Give my boxing gloves to brother, Mammie, when I'm dead,
When the sexton puts me under, in my little bed;
If the job is like to throw him, when the string he jerks,
Get some little boy to show him how the old thing works,
Get some little boy to show him how the old thing works.

Mamma, buy me a bran' new ulster; hire a Pullman car;
Give me a bath of Florida water; I see the gates ajar;
Give me a dose of paregoric—there's nothing about me mean;
Give the sexton half a dollar to see that my grave's kept green,
Give the sexton half a dollar to see that my grave's kept green.

Give my chewing gum to sister—I don't want it any more,
On my lips it raised a blister that was awful sore;
Sing to me "The Last Rose of Summer"—mamma, don't you cry,
For in the clouds I'll raise a racket, in the sweet by-and-by,
For in the clouds I'll raise a racket, in the sweet by-and-by.

Sprinkle my body with powdered sugar, smear me over with tar,
Cover my form with peacock's feathers—I want to be an angel, ma;
Let me bite the old Tom cat's tail off, she can ketch no mice;
Let me go bathing with the girls—it's naughty, but it's nice,
Let me go bathing with the girls—it's naughty, but it's nice.

Tell our neighbor that the tin hen, causing all his "rips,"
Didn't finally cave in, when I passed in my chips;
Tho' your son forgives him, few know how he "fired" a shell
Full of things to stop my—you know how it is yourself,
Full of things to stop my—you know how it is yourself.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1833, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, sweet is the smile of the beautiful morn,
As it peeps through the curtain of night;
And the voice of the nightingale singing his tune,
While the stars seem to smile with delight.
Old nature now lingers in silent repose,
And the sweet breath of Summer is calm;
While I sit and wonder if Shamus ever knows
How sad and unhappy I am!

CHORUS.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home?
You don't know how happy I'll be;
I've but one darling wish, and that is that you'd come,
And forever be happy with me!

I'll smile when you smile, and I'll weep when you weep,
And I'll give you a kiss for a kiss;
And all the fond vows that I've made you, I'll keep,
What more can I promise than this?
Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms
That your heart will not leave it for me?
Oh! why did I let you get out of my arms,
Like a bird that was caged and is free!—*Chorus.*

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, I'm loving you yet,
And my heart is still trusting and kind;
It was you who first took it, and can you forget
That love for another you'd find?
No! no! if you break it with sorrow and pain,
I'll then have a duty to do:
If you'll bring it to me, I'll mend it again,
And trust it, dear Shamus, to you.—*Chorus.*

HE STOLE MY SUNDAY CLOTHES.

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Words and Music by Thomas Lo Mack.

Now you all know that insipid little divil, Pat Doyle?
When I think of him it makes my blood, with indignation, boil;
Now you know I never quarrel, and I'm always in for fun,
Wait and whisper till I tell you what the little divil done.
Well, Patsy has a room next mine, 'tis just across the hall,
And you know that bran new suit of clothes that I bought here last fall?
Well, I took a walk last Thursday night and what do you suppose?
He busted in my door and stole my bran new suit of clothes

CHORUS.

Well you ought to see me hit him boys, who? Patsy Doyle? jist
What did you hit him with, a stick? no my fist.
I hit him such a welt I put a ring around his nose;
What did you hit him for? he stole my Sunday clothes.

Now you all know in your heart that he's a divil when he's vexed,
And I often sit and wonder what the divil he'll do next;
You all know that he's a demon, sure he'd murder or he'd kill,
Now boys do me a favor, will you stick to me ye will?
Well, three of ye stand near the door when he comes home to-night,
One half of ye can grab him while the other starts to fight;
We'll smash him on the "boko" and we'll tread upon his toes,
And we'll murder him entirely if he don't give up the clothes.—*Chorus.*

DON'T TELL MOTHER.

Copyright, 1886, by Lee and Hindley.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Kenneth Lee. Music by Thomas Hindley.

As the boy left his cottage home to join the war-like band,
I saw a tear glance in his eye, a tremor in his hand;
And I, who was his comrade, with him to fight and die,
Could not help saying, as we went, "Nay laddie, don't you cry!"
But still the boy's eyes filled with tears as we gaily marched away;
"It is not that I'm a coward, or am fearful of the fray.

REFRAIN.

But don't tell mother if I am with the slain,
Don't tell mother that I'll ne'er see her again;
Don't tell mother that I die 'mid battle's roar,
Don't tell mother that I'll never see her more!"

And as we marched, with hundreds more, to face the bitter foe,
Our countrymen all gather round to cheer us as we go;
And still the village farmer-boy, as brave as brave can be,
Sings with us as we journey on, the song of victory!
In his voice there is no quiver, now his tones are fresh and strong;
He marches like a veteran with the burthen of his song.—*Refrain.*

And as the awful moment comes, and all is blood and fire,
Our little village hero tries to mount the ramparts higher;
And as he forces up his way to the summit of the walls,
A bullet strikes him in the breast, and the little soldier falls.
There is no tear drop in his eye, he steadfast does remain;
And as his life-blood wells away, he sings his sad refrain:—*Refrain.*

CASEY SOCIAL CLUB.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

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Oh, there was a social party, of Repubs. and Democrats,
Met at Michael Casey's and put away their hats;
One ticket gave a lady admittance and her grub,
Iuvited by the committee of the Casey Social Club.

CHORUS.

There was President McAlarney and Secretary Duff,
For the ladies' sociability they couldn't do enough;
There's Mary here and Rosey there, with Bridget, Kate and Nance,
To forward four and welt the floor, with Casey in the dance.

Oh, the room was decorated with the flags of every land,
The gents were elevated, Malone he couldn't stand;
Canaries in their cages, with flowers in a tub,
Stood on the piano at the Casey Social Club.—*Chorus.*

There was Treasurer McIntire, Vice-President McAfee,
With all the politicians from Washington, D. C.;
'Twas Mary here and Rosey there, with Bridget, Kate and Nance,
To forward four and welt the floor, with Casey in the dance.—*Chorus.*

Mike Casey got excited, he fell into a spittoon,
The ladies got affrighted and hurried from the room;
Some fellow blew the gas out, sez Mike, "come out, you cub,
I'll expel every member of the Casey Social Club.—*Chorus.*

Now it's President Michael Casey, and he's Secretary, too;
He's so awful parliamentary, he knows it through and through;
It's Mary here and Rosey there, with Bridget, Kate and Nance,
To forward four and welt the floor, with Casey in the dance.—*Chorus.*

MY MARY GREEN.

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Words and Music by Henry Lamb.

Close beside a running brook, just outside the town,
Dwells a little maiden fair, with curly locks of brown;
Red her cheeks and blue her eyes, winning are her smiles,
A fairer maid cannot be found around for many miles.
I take her Monday for a walk, on Tuesday to the play,
On Wednesday night we take a drive, and so from day to day;
The neighbors all, both great and small, in doorways may be seen,
They nod and smile as we pass by, and say there's Mary Green.

REFRAIN.

Airy, fairy, contrary, is Mary Green,
She's the belle of the town, that is plainly seen;
All the girls they are jealous of her, I ween,
Mary, my Mary, she's just like a fairy, my Mary Green.

What a change has come about the wedding's close at hand,
That little church is being trimmed and decorated grand;
I'll walk beside my Mary dear, to music played the while,
Our friends will all admire us then as we march down the aisle.
The parson he will join our hands, and make us man and wife,
And ev'ry one will wish us joy thro'out our future life;
So I invite you, one and all, to surely be on hand,
And see me married to the sweetest creature in the land.—*Refrain.*

ROSIE MALONE.

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Words and Music by Bobby Mack.

There's a little Irish widow, she's as fair as any rose,
Or any fragrant flower that in the garden grows;
With her little winning smile and her eyes that shine so bright,
Her elegance and grace would fill you with delight.
She's the pride of all the neighborhood, she's always gay and free,
Like the little birds that fly from tree to tree;
Her admirers they are numerous, they come from miles around,
This dainty little widow, her equal can't be found.

CHORUS.

Rosie Malone, she's all alone,
In a little white cottage that she calls her own;
A handsome fair widow that's always in glee,
The one that she weds, oh, how happy he'll be.

Just a week ago we gave a dance in honor of O'Dwyer,
The widow, for excitement, the rogue, she hollered fire;
The people all were frantic, Pat McGuire jumped thro' the door,
And when they found Mike Reilly, he had fainted on the floor.
The furniture was all broken, the widow pretended cry,
And with a hot potato hit Casey in the eye;
She didn't seem excited or put out with what she'd done,
But said she'd make things pleasant if she only had a gun.—*Chorus.*

The Missus Is Always the Boss.

Written and Composed by Albert Hall.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

Man was made the master of creation, so 'tis said,
But he wasn't made *master* of his missus,
Though he may be a boss all day, but when he goes to bed
He's only second fiddle to his missus;
Though she's quite a charming fay, when it's nearly Saturday,
And her husband then will smother up with kisses;
If he only dares to speak through the middle of the week,
Who is it bites his head off? why the missus.

CHORUS.

For the missus is boss of the shanty, the missus is captain there,
Cock of the walk, by a very long chalk, while curling the old man's hair;
She is the gaffer upon the job, and of time it will take little loss,
To find she's the crew and the captain, too, and always the master's boss.

A newly married man, Fred Turner, and a pal o' mine,
Last evening took a walk without his missus,
And in the park he came across a creature so divine,
That quickly he forgot he had a missus;
Then he "squooze" her tiny waist, and her ruby lips did taste,
"Now at last," he murmured, "I know what true bliss is,"
Going round a corner sharp, he gave a dreadful start,
For right in front of him he saw his missus.—*Chorus.*

Though her jaw sometimes is troublesome, and we're inclined to curse,
I wonder what we'd do without a missus;
For when by sickness we're laid low, and want a gentle nurse,
It's then we learn the value of a missus;
Though she often curls our hair, yet, still we must be fair,
She's a blessing in disguise, and my best wish is—
Of the gifts the fates disburse, you may never get a worse,
Then a gentle, kind and loving little missus.—*Chorus.*

Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far.

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I know an eye so softly bright, that glistens like a star of night;
My soul it draws, with glances kind, to heaven's blue vault, and there I find
Another star as pure and clear as that which mildly sparkles here.

CHORUS.

Beloved eye, beloved star, thou art so near and yet so far;
Beloved eye, beloved star, thou art so near and yet so far.

That eye so soft, like violets blue, a treasure bears of morning dew;
And when its light entranced I see, what joy, what pain possesses me;
A world, where I would gladly dwell, is that bright orb I love so well.—*Cho.*

If closed at last that radiant eye should be, no more the day will dawn for me;
If night should dim its laughing light, oh! then, forever, ever 'twill be night;
Those eyes that brightly, softly shine, for me the sun and moon combine—*Cho.*

KISSING ON THE SLY.

Copyright, 1871, by S. T. Gordon.

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Words from the Waverly. Music by E. H. Bard.

I've thought the matter over, and what I think is this:
There are very few, if anythings, much sweeter than a kiss.
Especially when parents or watchful eyes are nigh;
What can be any sweeter than kissing on the sly?
What can be any sweeter than kissing on the sly?

Some love to walk by moonlight, some on the lake to glide,
And some to hold the ribbons with dear ones by their side;
But I know what is better, ah, yes indeed, do I!
To all of these what I prefer is kissing on the sly.

A maid may look demure, as though she didn't know
Of such a thing as kissing, or think of doing so;
Of course all this is proper when anybody's by,
But, watch your opportunity and kiss her on the sly.

We Parted by the River Side.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

We parted by the river side, the moon looked down on you and me,
The stars put on a look of pride, the river murmured to the sea;
The dew drops kissed the blushing rose, the gentle winds did sigh;
One word broke nature's sweet repose, that sad word was, good-bye.

CHORUS.

Oh! tell me that you love me yet—for, oh! the parting gives me pain—
Say, tell me that you'll not forget, for we may never meet again.

We parted by the river side, a tear-drop trembled on your cheek,
In vain to tell my love I tried, my heart was sad I could not speak—
I promised that I would be true, so long as I would live;
The parting kiss I gave to you, was all I had to give.—*Chorus.*

We parted by the river side, and I have roamed a distant clime,
My heart has not forgot its pride, for I have loved you all the time,
And I am faithful to you still, while I believe you true;
Afar or near let come what will, I'll love you, you, only you.—*Chorus.*

OLD MAN'S DRUNK AGAIN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You've, no doubt, heard the song of "Father, dear, come home,"
And the fate of hungry little Ben, who sent for him to come;
How the old man used to "smile," and cause the family pain;
But he let up for a little while, and then got drunk again.

CHORUS.

We've given him up for gone, he's lying in the lane,
And almost everybody knows the old man's drunk again.

He takes his morning nip, and loafs about the door;
He told his family more than once that he would drink no more;
But then he would forget from "benzine" to abstain;
The police, they would come and say, "The old man's drunk again—*Chorus.*

He'd smash poor mother's nose, and upset brother Ned,
And drive us all into the street, then tumble into bed;
And when he'd be asleep, we'd go back and remain,
Until he woke and left the house to come home drunk again.—*Chorus.*

"O father, dear, come home, stop drinking like a sow;
You've drank away the beds and stove, don't swallow up the cow;
Oh! don't abuse the boys, and cause poor mother pain,
Or we'll rebel and go for you, when you get drunk again."—*Chorus.*

—Sailors prefer a lark on land to a night in gale on the sea.

DANCING IN DE BARN.

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Oh! we'll meet at de ball in de evening, kase I love to pass de time
Wid Clementina Cositina, and my Augemima Mina May;
Den we'll balance all to one another, like de ship dat's going 'round de horn;
Den we'll meet you, yes, we'll greet you, while dancing in de barn.

CHORUS.

As we move so gracefully, we're as happy as can be;
Den swing your partners all together,
Kase now's de time for you to learn,
Banjo ringing, niggers sining and dancing in de barn.

Den we's off to work in de morning, singing as we go out to de field,
Picking cotton, or else forgotten, except to see how much de ground do yield;
De black folks are happy while together, it's funny for to hear 'em tell a yarn,
About a lover wid kisses smother, while dancing in de barn.—*Chorus.*

OUR HUSBANDS.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Bobby Mack.

I've got a few remarks that I would like to make to-night,
Of our husbands, the mem, the lovely men!
Who is it thinks whate'er they do it surely must be right?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it, for a pleasant time, oft times gets in the lurch,
And when they stop out over night, for excuse don't have to search,
But when they come home at four in the morning, say they've been to mid-
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men! [night church?

Who is it that's so hard to please, especially when at home?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
And say if once more single that they'd always live alone?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it sings that same old song, they're tired of married life,
And for their dear old mother-in-law that they'll no longer strife,
But who is it causes all the scandal and flirts with their neighbor's wife?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!

Who is it when they're courting us, are anything but mean?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who reminds you of the old saying that, a new broom it sweeps clean?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it, to prove their love to us, would walk on hand and foot,
And say, to have the one they love would live in a log hut,
But who is it, shortly after marriage, then will say that we're a chestnut?
Why, our husbands, the men, the horrible men!

BOOZE IS THERE.

Words by J. S. Haydon. Music by S. Redfern.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Where the wintry winds are blowing, booze is there;
Where the Summer plants are growing, booze is there.
In the desert, on the ocean,
In the cars of locomotion;
Even in the famous lotion, booze is there.

In the opera, at the drama, booze is there;
Sacred concert, panorama, booze is there.
On the hill and in the valley,
Open street or crowded alley,
Even in the spotless ballet, booze is there.

In the parlor or the attic, booze is there;
Royal drinks, or democratic, booze is there.
Where educated airs they're teaching,
Even where the parson's preaching,
Of his flock to pray, beseeching, booze is there.

When a little stranger comes to town, booze is there;
Mrs. Jones meets Mrs. Brown, booze is there.
The babe's praised right down to the ground,
Pronounced by all quite safe and sound,
Then once again the glass goes round, booze is there.

In climate cold or climate hot, booze is there;
Even in granny's old tea-pot, booze is there.
But travel fast or travel slow,
No matter a hang wherever you go,
To Harlem or to Jericho, booze is there.

When you wed the girl of your heart, booze is there;
The day you vow you ne'er will part, booze is there.
In the palace, in the stable,
Since the days of Cain and Able,
In every house, on every table, booze is there.

—Comedians when traveling should always go on farce trains.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Hail men-o'-war's men, safeguard's of your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome little Buttercup on board.

For I'm called little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why;
But still I'm called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,
Sweet little Buttercup, I.

I've snuff and tobaccy and excellent jackey,
I've scissors and watches and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and taffy and excellent coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So buy of your Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

LITTLE BAREFOOT.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Standing where the bleak winds whistled 'round her small and fragile form,
Arms within torn garments nestled, standing there at night and morn;
Hundreds passing by unheeding, 'cept to jostle her aside;
There, with barefeet, cold and bleeding, she, in tones of anguish, cried:
"Mister, please give me a penny, for I've not got any pa;
Please, sir, give me just one penny, I want to buy some bread for ma."

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty, and for them to us unknown,
We'll not forget our little "barefoots," they are heathens nearer home.

Hailing thus each passing stranger, as they hurriedly went by,
Some would turn and gaze upon her, pity beaming from their eye;
Others cast a frown upon her, heeding not the plaintive cry:
"I must have some bread for mother, or with hunger she will die;
Mister, please give me a penny, for I've not got any pa;
Please, sir, give me just one penny, I want to buy some bread for ma."—*Cho.*

There, one chilly day in Winter, Barefoot sat upon the pave;
Outstretched were her little fingers, but no pennys did she crave—
There, while begging bread for mother, death had chilled her little heart.
Yet, each day, we see some other playing little Barefoot's part:
"Mister, please give me a penny, for I've not got any pa;
Please, sir, give me just one penny, I want to buy some bread for ma."—*Cho.*

Pictures I've Taken From Life.

Sung by Jack Hennessy.

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In the walks of romance you will oft read perchance
Of heroes both dauntless and bold,
Who try hard to save a life from the grave,
For honor, but never for gold.
Yet such deeds are done and renown often won
In this world with its cares and its strife,
If you listen to me, that fact you'll soon see,
In some pictures I've taken from life.
Each verse shall be true that I mention to you,
Though heroes may not be so rife,
But I'll show you some, who have gallant deeds done,
In my pictures all taken from life.

On the dark surging main, a ship all in vain
Is striving to weather the gale;
Her rudder is lost and quite helpless she's tossed,
She is leaking and gone is each sail.
To the boats they all fly, one must be left to die,
And the captain has children and wife,
He gave all up to save a poor boy from the wave,
In this picture I've taken from life.
"Into that boat, boy," the brave captain did cry,
"Tell the tale to my children and wife;"
He died at his post, and with pride we can boast,
Of this picture that's taken from life.

What means that red glare which illumines that air,
Those loud cries of honor and fear?
'Tis a fierce raging fire, fraught with danger so dire,
That the dark angel death hovers near.
Up on the top floor where the flames madly roar,
Defying man's power in the strife,
A dread sight we see, there are little ones three,
In this picture that's taken from life.
A fireman so brave, daring all goes, to save,
Whilst the glass cuts his hand like a knife,
God be praised, safe and sound they're bro't to the ground
In this picture that's taken from life.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

When the swallows homeward fly, when the roses scattered lie,
When, from neither hill nor dale, chants the silvery nightingale—
In these words my bleeding heart would to thee its grief impart:
Shall we ever meet again? parting, ah, parting, parting is pain!
Parting, ah, parting, parting is pain!

When the white swan southward roves, there to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the West prove the sun has gone to rest—
In these words my bleeding heart, would to thee its grief impart:
Shall we ever meet again? parting, ah, parting, parting is pain!
Parting, ah, parting, parting is pain!

Oh, poor heart! whate'er befall, there is rest for thee and all
That on earth which fades away, comes again in bright array—
In these words my bleeding heart would to thee its grief impart:
Shall we ever meet again? parting, ah, parting, parting is pain!
Parting, ah, parting, parting is pain!

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, my heart is gone, and I'm forlorn, a darling face has won me;
Such a lovely girl, with teeth of pearl, I met down by the brook;
She's the prettiest, and the wittiest, her smile has quite undone me;
I'm her only beau, she told me so when first my arm she took.
She's as pretty as a picture!
And her voice is just a cage where the little birds are singing,
She's the sweetest, and the neatest,
She's as pretty as a picture all the while.

CHORUS.

Oh, my heart is gone, and I'm forlorn, a darling face has won me;
Such a lovely girl, with teeth of pearl—an angel without wings.

As we stray'd along, the sweet birds' song was ringing o'er the meadow,
And I culled a rose, you may suppose, to give my charmer fair;
So we'd gaily chat, while her gipsy hat half hid her face in shadow;
But whene'er I sighed, her eyes replied—they shown like diamonds there.
She's as pretty as a picture!
And you never miss the sun whenever she's near you!
If you saw her, you'd adore her,
She's as pretty as a picture all the while.—*Chorus.*

When 'twas time to go, we talked so low the roses scarce could hear us;
Then my heart in sport, 'twas cupid caught, like fishes near the shore;
When I told her so, as I turned to go, she fondly lingered near me,
And she dropped her head, and sweetly said, "I wish you *au revoir*."
She's as pretty as a picture!
And my heart's a golden frame, whenever you may find her;
She's a fairy, bright and airy,
She's as pretty as a picture all the while.—*Chorus.*

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

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There's a certain coin in Yankeeland which Yankees all declare,
To be a little magic talisman;
A coin which causes heaps of strife and whitens lots of hair,
The self-same tricky magic talisman.
The girls are all in love with it as badly as the boys;
And if they cannot get it they kick up an awful noise;
The secret of great misery, the source of untold joys,
This simple looking migic talisman.

CHORUS.

The dollar! the dollar! the almighty dollar!
The wondrous fascination in each rank and occupation,
The statesman, the parson, the workman and the scholar
Fall down and worship the almighty dollar.

The bobby and the cabby—aye, and railroad servants, too,
Are sweet upon the magic talisman;
The straight tip is the "tip" they like—yes, give them all their due,
They like to touch the magic talisman.
The red-tape customs officer will shut his watchful eyes,
Your boxes of tobacco he will always fail to criticise,
He'll act just like and angel in government disguise,
If you let him see the magic talisman.—*Chorus.*

A government appointment with an almost princely "screw"
Is dropped in, if you've got the talisman;
A sincere arrangement with the hours from ten to two,
Is got through a magic talisman.
And if you are a landlord, who collects a deal of rent
From poor and needy toilers who can never save a cent,
Your tenantry will vote for you to sit in parliament,
Because you hold that magic talisman.—*Chorus.*

The cream of good society will take you in its arms,
If you've only got the magic talisman;
If you are full of villianies, they'll count for manly charms,
If you have got the magic talisman.
They'll say a man is clever, when they know he's off his "dot,"
They swear like angels, when they know that he does not,
His whiskey blossomed "boke," they will call a beauty spot,
If he's only got the magic talisman.—*Chorus.*

Kiss Me, Mother, Kiss Your Darling.

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Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling, lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me—I am weary let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading, brighter seems the other shore;
I am standing by the river, angels wait to waft me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your parling, lay my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me—I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling, breathe a blessing on my brow,
For I'll soon be with the angels—fainter grows my breath e'en now.
Tell the loved ones not to murmur; say I died our flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly in the soldier's honored grave.—*Chorus.*

Oh! how dark this world is growing—hark! I hear the angel band—
How I long to join their number, in that fair and happy land;
Hear you not that heavenly music floating near, so soft and low?
I must leave you—farewell, mother! kiss me once before I go.—*Chorus.*

THE LETTER IN THE CANDLE.

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There's a letter in the candle, and it points direct to me;
How the little spark is shining, from whomever can it be?
It gets brighter still and brighter, like a little sunny ray;
And I dare to guess the writer, for it drives suspense away.

CHORUS.

Bright spark of hope, shed your beams on me,
And send a loving message, from far across the sea.
Bright spark of hope, shed your beams on me,
And speed the loving message from far across the sea.

Hope and fear alike perplex me, oh! superstitions dread,
How many idle fancies you conjure in my head;
When those we love are absent, how wantonly you play;
Every shadow seems a substance, and drives suspense away.—*Chorus.*

How gladly I remember, 'tis two short months no more,
Since a letter in the candle, shone out as bright before,
Then the darling messenger came prompt and swift to me;
If this is only from the same, how welcome it shall be.—*Chorus.*

JUST WHAT I EXPECTED.

Written by Harry Vincent. Composed by Chas Clarendon.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

Behold before you now a man who's always in a fix,
And I think of troubles I have got a score;
Like other folks I'm always very anxious for to know,
And I think I get inquisitive more and more.
There's a young man calls next door to me—what for I do not know,
And strange enough the thing occurred to me,
If I was just to have a peep through the keyhole of the door,
Most likely I should be able for to see—

CHORUS.

Just what I expected, just what I expected,
I knew that they were fairly on the job;
If kissing they should be, why not do it openly,
But there you are, it's just what I expected.

I always try my utmost to keep from having rows,
And believe me, that I'm sure's the wisest plan;
The other day I saw a fellow thumping of his wife,
Then my blood rose like a true born Englishman.
I went straight up and told him what he'd done I thought a shame,
He answered me by making no reply;
But put himself in attitude, and straight out from the chest,
He landed me a punch clean in the eye.

CHORUS.

Just what I expected, just what I expected,
It served me right for trying to interfere,
Instead of having a say, I should have gone the other way;
Well, there you are, it's just what I expected.

I thought I'd have a holiday, so to the seaside went,
Well just my luck I wasn't there so long,
Before a telegram it came, imagine my surprise
When I read, "Come home at once, there's something wrong."
I very soon packed up my things, the next train then I caught,
And landed home at 1 o'clock, a. m.;
Knocked at the door, the nurse came down congratulating me,
By saying, "Your the happiest of men."

CHORUS.

Just what I expected, just what I expected,
I thought that I should dance and shout with glee,
When the nurse announced to me, "You are the dad of three;"
Well, there you are, it's just what I expected.

When Mother First Taught Me to Pray.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

There's a mem'ry that is living in my heart since childhood's days,
Those days of which we all so love to tell;
Of home, of father, mother, brother, sisters near and dear,
And Rover, too, that dog we loved so well.
But there is one impression that was left upon my heart,
It comes to me at closing of the day;
'Tis the picture of a mother, and a boy kneels by her side,
With folded hands she teaches him to pray.

CHORUS.

"Our Father, dear in Heav'n," was the sweetest pray'r of all,
And after her those loving words I say:
"Give us, this day, our daily bread,"
How I remember well when mother, dear, first taught me how to pray!

How often on a Winter's eve I've nestled by her side,
And listened to her tales with childish glee!
About the Saviour in the olden time, and how he said,
"Oh, suffer little ones come unto me."
She taught me many lessons in those far off boyhood's days,
And as I'd pray with her on bended knee;
She'd say, "Forgive your enemies, lad, while you're kneeling there!"
That's one thing that my mother taught to me.—*Chorus.*

THE SCIENTIFIC MAN.

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Words and Music by James McAvoy.

A month ago last Friday night, Mike Casey he was full,
And whenever he has liquor in he's crosser than a bull;
He was drinking down at Tom McCann's, I'll not forget the night,
When from politics the conversation drifted into fight.
In the days of old Dan Donnelly down to the present time,
The divil a man that ever walked could bate him in his prime;
The argument that Casey give, discorded with McCann,
When he said John L. would scarcely be a child in Donnelly's hands;
Then one word brought another on, and Casey give the lie,
McCann he lepped across the bar and pipped him in the eye;
Some one says, "While they're at it now, just let them have it out,"
Then Casey's gang they made a ring, and all commenced to shout:

CHORUS.

Do him Casey, chew him Casey, soak him with your right,
Upper-cut him, now back-heel him, show him you can fight;
Hug him Casey, slug him Casey, show your sporting blood,
If you punch him once between the eyes I think his name is mud.
You have no pudding, Casey, they all commenced to howl,
The only way he'll lick you he might do it on a foul;
We will match you with Fitzsimmons if you'll ever lick McCann,
And remember that you're up against a scientific man.

Some one says, "We'll have fair paly, or stop the fight right here,
And make McCann stop biting first, and loosen Casey's ear;"
"Don't dare to lay a hand on them," says Grogan, at the bar,
"Let them have it rough and tumble for they don't know how to spar."
McCann he had the Nelson lock on Casey's collar bone,
He was giving Casey all that he could do to hold his own;
And when Casey he was under, his friends they interfered,
And when he rolled on top of Mac, it's then they howled and cheered.
They very near upset the bar while wrestling around,
And thro' excitement some one knocked the sporting ticker down;
"Well, may the best man win," says I, "If Casey or McCann,"
So I made a proposition that I'd fight the winning man.

CHORUS.

Choke him Casey, soak him Casey, don't you let him rise,
If you have La Blanche's pivot you'll do it if your wise;
Get his whiskers in your teeth, just shake him like a rat,
I wouldn't give a nickel for his chances after that.
He's the hardest little thumper you ever ran agin,
You can make a monkey of him, that's providing he don't win;
You are big enough to ate him, knock him foolish if you can,
Upon me word, you're up against a scientific man.

McCann, we thought, would surely quit, when Casey got a punch,
It knocked him up agin the counter where they ate the lunch;
They asked for thirty seconds, but the referee he kicked,
He gave the fight to Tom McCann, told Casey he was licked.
They rubbed him down, and walked him round, he hardly had a scratch,
Says he, "Where is your unknown? now with him I'll make a match."
Says I, "Me buck, oh, I'm your man," says he, "How do you fight?"
Says I, "The very same as Casey fought you there to-night."
We clinched, I'm sorry for to say, he licked me in one round,
I was not the man I thought I was, I very quickly found;
He feinted right, and with his left he landed on my ear,
While I lay silly on the floor, I thought that I could hear:

CHORUS.

Ah! there Casey, lay there Tracy, both of you's are scrubs,
McCann can lick the pair of you's and give you's two big clubs;
You fight like some old woman, you are only fit to talk,
Then they woke both me and Casey up, and told us take a walk.
As both of us went out the door, McCann he says, "Good-night,"
Says he, "But don't come in here again, a looking for a fight;
I'll lick a whole cart load of you's, or me name is not McCann,
And don't forget to-night, you's met a scientific man."

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

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Written and Composed by Michael J. Cavanagh. Sung by Chas. H. Patterson.

It isn't so often I'm on a spree, it's lucky for me it's so,
It seems, when I go on a bit of a bat, that every one's in the know;
Why, even the kids are on to the fact, if late at night I'm out,
Tho' not at all full, wherever I go, there's some one sure to shout:

CHORUS.

What's your name? where do you live? if you tell us we'll take you home,
You know it's too late for a chap like you to be running about alone;
The "copper" is waiting to take you in, your wife is fretting, too,
So tell us your name and where you live, and we'll all go home with you.

At McAllister's ball I met a girl, and I spent my cash for wine,
There was nothing too good in the house for her, this angel I thought divine;
When we were alone I fell on my knees, and asked her for to wed,
I felt like a chump, when before them all she laughed at me and said:—*Chorus.*

One morning I went to Rockaway beach, to take my annual bath,
The costume they gave me was awfully tight, 'twould scarcely fit a lath;
I thought that my figure would catch the girls, who were out to take a dip,
But oh! how they roar'd and hollo'd at me, when they saw my trousers rip:—*Cho.*

MY FLAG, MY FLAG.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

He stood alone on a foreign shore,
And he thought of the land of the free,
His eyes filled with tears as he thought of the years,
That might pass ere the old flag he'd see,
A stranger in a stranger land, shipwrecked cruelly,
And cast upon a desert isle, miles and miles over the sea.
I have no kindred, for they all are dead and gone, cried he!
I long to see my birth-place in the land of liberty!

CHORUS.

My flag, my flag, though you were but a rag,
Still I love to gaze upon you;
I'd give the world just to see unfurled,
The stars with the red, white and blue!

One morn he stood on the same old beach,
Where he had kept watch many a day;
He fell on his knees, and out upon the breeze
Went a prayer that was heard far away.
He looks, ah, hope, he sees a sail on the ocean blue,
He laughs, he shouts, ah, yes, he weeps, as quickly she comes in view;
A gun is fired, the smoke is cleared, my pray'r is heard, cried he!
Up went the grandest flag on earth—the flag of liberty!—*Chorus.*

Come Sit By My Side, Little Darling.

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Come sit by my side, little darling,
And lay your brown head on my breast,
While the angels of twilight around us
Are singing the flowers to rest.
Your hands are as fair as the lilies
That bloom in the shadows of green,
And their touch has a magical power
My heart from all sadness to wean.

CHORUS.

Come sit by my side, little darling,
And lay your brown head on my breast,
While the angels of twilight around us
Are singing the flowers to rest.

I dream, when your arms are around me,
That life is an infinite calm,
Your kiss has the spell of a charmer,
Your kiss that is sweeter than balm.
Oh! what could be sweeter than dreaming
This dream that is on us to-night?
Let us think of the present, my darling,
The future is out of our sight.—*Chorus.*

Sing low in the twilight, some ballad
As sweet as the smile on your face,
That shall thrill me with melody's sweetness,
And touch with its words tender grace.
And I'll give you a kiss when it's ended,
A kiss that the singer shall earn;
And perhaps—do you hear, little darling?
I shall ask for a kiss in return.—*Chorus.*

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COLUMBUS.

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. P. Skelly.

The brightest star that gems the sea,
His darling soul shall ever be.
His genius gave the mighty world
O'er which our banner is unfurled!
Again we see his gallant bark
Sail on afar the ocean dark;
In fancy follow o'er the wave,
'Mid dangers wild, Columbus brave!

CHORUS.

Still age to age shall tell the story,
While Freedom's flag shall o'er us wave;
Oh! still undimmed shall live in glory,
His noble fame, Columbus brave!
Yes, still undimmed shall live in glory,
His noble fame, Columbus brave!

His onward course no peril stayed;
He voyaged on, by naught dismayed,
Till, 'mid the gloom of darkest night,
Across the billows gleamed the light!
Again we hear the triumph song
That o'er the land was swept along;
While thanks to heaven all hearts gave;
Who followed him, Columbus brave!—*Chorus.*

Oh! lesson bright to all the years,
The soul that soared above all fears;
Still unsubdued 'mid perils dire,
The dauntless, trusting heart of fire!
Long shall his fame in history live,
Long shall our hearts their tribute give;
Aye, while our bannered stars shall wave,
All honored be Columbus brave!—*Chorus.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE LAMB.

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Words by James Thornton. Music by A. W. Mack.

Once there dwelt a little maiden in the merry long ago;
And the maid whose name was Mary had a lamb as white as snow.
He would go where'er she led him, she fed him on verbal jam—
If you list I'll tell you all about the maiden and the lamb.

REFRAIN.

Mary had a little lamb, whose Christian name was Joe,
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go;
It took all that the lamb could earn to buy her jewelry,
For my sweetheart is Mary and I am the lamb, you see!

One night while out promenading, this poor lamb fell in a snare,
And all through a dainty maiden, who had beautiful blonde hair.
He invited her to supper, also to a glass of "cham,"
While his money lasted Mary never left the little lamb.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Mary ordered quick and fast, which made the lamb feel ill,
And when the waiter brought the check he couldn't pay the bill;
So Mary left the little lamb in all his misery—
The blonde-haired girl was Mary and I was the lamb, you see!

Soon this little lamb got married, like a silly lamb would do;
Mary promised she would never give him cause the step to rue.
When the honeymoon was over, all her love did disappear,
And if that poor lamb don't leave her he will be dead within a year.

REFRAIN.

For Mary has a little lamb who foolishly got wed,
And now he has to light the fire while Mary lies in bed;
He has to break the kindling wood and make her nice warm tea,
Oh, my wife is the Mary and I am the lamb, you see!

Once this lamb he met a shepherd, with a kind and smiling face,
And he asked the lamb if he would come to his abiding place.
He would show him pretty pastures where he could "gambol" all the day,
Silly lamb believed the shepherd, once again he went astray.

REFRAIN.

The shepherd took the little lamb to "gambol" on the green,
And sold the lamb some ivory chips—the first he'd ever seen;
The lamb he played until he was in total bankruptcy,
The shepherd was a bunco man and I was the lamb, you see!

—A working majority—all hands but the boss.

—Edith: "Johnny, is your new baby sister a blonde or a brunette?" Johnny: "Well, I haven't had a good look at it yet, but, judging from her voice, I should think her something of a yeller."

Lizzie, Come Home to Mother.

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by George C. Edwards.

In a humble dwelling a mother watched with pride
The sweet and loving daughter who lingered by her side.
The idol of that home was she, her brother's joy as well;
No cloud upon the present of misfortune came to tell.
The hours went by in gladness, but alas! one dreary day,
She came no more to bless them, from her home she'd went away;
And soon they found a letter, "Oh, forgive," mother read;
"Your daughter has deceived you!" but with tears that mother said:

CHORUS.

"Lizzie, come home to mother, she will forgive!
Lizzie, come home to mother, without you she cannot live!
Our home is so dark and lone now, its joy has turned to pain;
Hark to her cry, her heart-broken sigh, oh, come home to mother again!"

Oft beside the window that mother's face was seen,
While Winter's snow was falling, while leaves of Spring were green;
She waited for her child's return, and heeded not the blight
That now had come to wither, like a flower, the heart's delight.
She seemed to hear her foot-steps as they pattered o'er the floor
In happy days of childhood that, alas, would come no more!
And then with weary anguish, while the hours were passing by,
She prayed that God would save her child and breathed a bitter sigh:—*Chorus.*

Thro' the streets, so crowded, her brother passed one day;
A form so sad and wretched he gazed at on his way;
Alas! it was the absent one, the sister, once so fair,
But gone was all the sunlight, all the joy she used to share.
He told her of the anguish that had fallen on their home,
And begged her erring foot-steps back from paths of pain to roam;
He led her to their dwelling, but their mother's soul had fled!
And these words reach'd that daughter's heart while kneeling by the dead.—*Cho.*

James Thornton's Latest Creation:

I'M THE MAN THAT WROTE "TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY."

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

For more than twenty years I've trod the stage,
That's before farce-comedy became the rage;
But believe me when I say, I never knew a lucky day
Until I wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay;
It has been sung in ev'ry language night and day;
I wrote it in a garret while out with Booth and Barrett,
I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

I wrote it on a hot and frosty night;
I poured beer in my old shoes till they got tight;
Ten policemen came that way, they'd been searching night and day
For the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay,
But promise me you won't give it away;
For when the people meet me, with bricks they'll surely greet me,
Because I wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

'Tis the grandest song that was ever penned by man,
In Shakespeare find its equal if you can;
Shakespeare could write a play, but he never saw the day
That he could write Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

I'm the man who wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay;
It has been sung in every language night and day;
I wrote it in a garret while out with Booth and Barrett,
I'm the man who wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

A monument they'll give me when I'm dead,
And how often this inscription will be read:
"Within this bed of clay the remains are stowed away,
Of the man who wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

CHORUS.

I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay;
In appearances I may look like a jay;
I wore old paper collars and my salary was ten dollars
Until I wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

—Judge Capias: "I understand that you were going to dedicate your last book to me." Young Author: "Well, I did intend doing so, Judge, but I didn't think you would half read it. You pass so many sentences, you know."

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

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Written and Composed by Fred Gilbert. Sung by Charles Coborn.

I've just got here, through Paris, from the sunny southern shore;
I to Monte Carlo went, just to raise my winter's rent;
Dame Fortune smiled upon me as she'd never done before,
And I've now such lots of money I'm a gent—
Yes, I've now such lots of money I'm a gent.

CHORUS.

As I walk along the *Bois Boo-long*, with an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare, "He must be a millionaire";
You can hear them sigh and wish to die;
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

I stay in-doors till after lunch, and then my daily walk
To the great Triumphal Arch is one grand triumphal march.
Observed by each observer with the keenness of a hawk,
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch—
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.—*Chorus.*

I patronized the tables at the Monte Carlo hell
Till they hadn't got a son for a Christian or a Jew;
So I quickly went to Paris for the charms of mad'moiselle,
Who's the load-stone of my heart—what can I do
When with twenty tongues she swears that she'll be true?—*Chorus.*

NEVER AGAIN.

Revised by T. H. Tooker. Sung by Tony Pastor.

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How often we hear old married fogies declare,
If they could only live over again,
They'd never get wed, but remain single instead,
And in life play a different game;
They say matrimony's a "bluff," of it they've had quite enough,
A man to get married is insane;
But let them talk as they may, still I'll venture to say,
If they were single they'd marry again.

SPOKEN—Look at the married man after his day's toil; he rushes home to his family and his evening meal, which is accompanied by the baby screaming the roof off. He says, "What an idiot a man must be to marry!" The wife (with tears in her eyes) says, "If I were to die to-morrow, John, you'd get married in a month." To which he replies:

CHORUS.

Never again, love, never again;
Smiles are bewitching and women are vain;
Of course, it's no use now for me to complain,
But, you can bet your sweet life, I'll never try it again.

How awfully bewitching the ladies usually are
Whenever they want a new dress;
To their "hubbies" they go with a sad tale of woe,
And, no doubt, you can all guess the rest.
The husband, poor jay, to a dry-goods store is carted away,
To see how much money she'll waste,
But when they arrive at the shop, out in the street he must stop,
Just because he has got such poor taste.

SPOKEN—Poor devil! the wife orders twenty yards of silk at $3 a yard, while he stands out in the street, with the rain wetting him to the skin and the wind blowing threw his whiskers at the rate of a mile a minute. When his wife gets through shopping the old boy goes home, singing:

CHORUS.

Never again, love, never again
Will I go out shopping with you in the rain;
Of course, it's no use now for me to complain,
But I'll tell you, dear *Mary*, it gives me a pain.

Sweet honeymoons, yes, and connubial bliss,
Are all very nice, I dare say;
But how many couples we see who cannot agree,
And are quarrelling and fighting all day.
The wife says she'll go to her mamma, you know;
And thus from a brute she'll be free.
Says the husband, with a smile, "Go and stay with her awhile,
But don't bring her here to see me.

SPOKEN—After a few minutes of silence (there's always a calm after a storm, you know) they kiss each other, and vow that they'll never allow their angry passions to arise again. The wife lays her head artfully on his shoulder, and says: "John, dear, you won't say that my face would freeze hot water again, will you, darling?" He, in an instant, says:

CHORUS.

Never again, love, never again;
I'm sorry I said it, yes, I am *Mary Jane;*
Of course, it's no use now for you to complain,
For I'll pledge you my word I'll never say that again.

—Little Gertie: "Oh, papa, I've just found out what makes the yacht go up and down so." Papa: "What is it, my child?" Little Gertie: "It's that horrid man at the wheel, pa, he keeps stirring it up behind with a long pole."

IF EVER WE SHOULD PART.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Mitchell Connolly.

Mine own sweet love, my darling one, oh! hast thou ever thought
That sometime our warm vows of love might fade and come to naught;
Hast thought that oft affection deep, tho' changeless felt to be,
Hath chilled and died and ended all, in gloom and misery,
In saddest gloom and misery;
And if this cloud should fall on us, and love die in the heart,
Hast thought, sweet one, of all the gloom if ever we should part?
Of all the gloom in heart and soul if ever we should part,
If ever we should part, if ever we should part.

'Tis true, sweet love, I should not dwell on fancies drear as these,
Nor borrow aught to darken our fond love and sweet hearts-ease;
No cloud dims our bright, peaceful sky, unchanged our present joy,
And foolish and unwelcome thoughts should not my soul annoy,
Should not, should not my soul annoy.
'Tis but my great excess of love; these idle fancies start
Whene'er I think of all the gloom if ever we should part,
Of how my heart's life would die out if ever we should part,
If ever we should part, if ever we should part.

SAFE IN PORT AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

The night was lone and the bright stars slept, while dark on wave and lea
The tempest king his vigil kept on the wide Atlantic sea;
A ship of proud and gallant trim was speeding gaily on,
And many an eye with joy grew dim as the harbor lights were shown!
A sailor lad a chorus sung that his shipmates also knew,
And "Home, sweet home" in the welkin rung, and the song of a lassie true,
Yet once again the sailor's voice was heard in the sweet refrain,
There's many who pray that soon we may be safe in port again!
We shall be in port in the morning, the voyage will soon be o'er;
When the light of day is dawning the land we'll see once more,
Fond, loving hearts will greet us, hearts that throbbed with pain,
And loyal friends will meet us when we're safe in port again!

The night grew black and the sea was high, the wind changed blowing hard a-lea.
"Under bare poles" was the captain's cry, "or soon she will shatter'd be!"
On shore they watched her light afar, on the broad blue waste its flick'ring shone,
Ever anon like a moving star in the storm of the night alone!
Hushed at last was the moaning sea, the pale moon glimmered fair
As the beams of day rose o'er the lea to gladden the hearts of care,
Gaily the sailor's voice again was heard as they sped along,
And softly whisp'ring o'er the main was borne the sailor's song!

My Hobby's a Drink of Good Rye.

Tune—"My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."

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Written by H. T. Wilkins, of Altoona, Pa.

Everybody has a hobby underneath the rose.
Everybody likes their "hopper," so the saying goes.
I've a hobby, you all know it, quite as well as I,
Every evening I do hit it, always on the sly.

CHORUS.

My hobby's a drink of good rye;
I'll take one on you by and by.
'Twould fill me with fun just now to hit one,
And I don't think a dozen I ever would shun.
I'm going away very soon,
And will go into some great big saloon,
And all very slyly, where no one will spy me,
I'll drink down my hobby alone.

I have often wondered where all that whiskey goes.
Perhaps it has a hiding-place somewhere within my nose.
Maybe some big redhead fellow's stomach it does fill,
But as long as I don't know it, I'll drink it at my will.

CHORUS.

Last night when the stars went to bed
A tear-drop the moon gently shed,
And said with a sigh, "you'll be drunk by and by,
And I'm very glad that it is you and not I."
Then you'll get up rather late in the morn,
And feel rather dry for a horn,
But the bartenders all know you, and will not again trust you,
And thus your old hobby'll be gone.

—Advertiser: "You are quite certain that any advertisement placed in your paper will bring responses?" Publisher: "Yes, sir; I am quite certain." Advertiser: "Well, if you advertise in your paper for some one else that can believe it, you will probably conclude you have been mistaken."

CLAP HANDIES.

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Words and Music by Bobby Mack.

A little, tiny baby only three months old;
Mamma she's gone shopping and its papa lets it roll;
Granny picks up baba, in hammock she will swing,
And when the baby cries then you can hear old granny sing:

CHORUS.

Be good till mamma comes home,
Shure, baby dear, you're not alone,
For here is your granny, she's singing for you;
Stop crying now, dearest; don't moan;
Be good for granny; don't cry;
You want to, I know by your tone;
Clap handies, clap handies till mamma comes home;
She'll have candies, but papa'll have none.

And papa sits at table, baby on his knee
Sticks a fork in papa's ear and on him spills the tea;
Dad he spanks poor baby and calls him naughty thing;
But when the baby cries, this tune you'll hear old granny sing:—*Chorus.*

LOVE IS A DREAM.

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Words by S. F. Housely. Music by Anton Strelezki.

Tiny white cloudlets floated above us,
Scent of white clover came over the lea,
Down in the valley the sheep-bells were ringing,
Sunbeams danced merrily over the sea,
Far down below us the brooklet was flowing,
Larks sang their matins to heaven above;
Over the hillside we wandered together,
Whispering softly our story of love.

CHORUS.

Love is a dream, sad is the awaking;
Sunshine and sorrow must ever meet.
Love is a dream—ah! could it last forever!
For life is hard and love so sweet.

Lark's song ceased and the roses faded,
Shadows grew longer and daylight died;
Slowly we wandered down to the valley,
Hand clasped in hand, by the brooklet's side.
The air was heavy with scent of white clover,
The restless sea had a sound of pain;
The day was over, our dream was broken,
And life and sorrow come back again.—*Chorus.*

McCARTY'S NEW HIGH HAT.

Tune—"McCormick's Irish Flat."

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Words by T. H. Tooker.

I'm acquainted wid a gintleman, Patrick McCarty is his name;
He's got "Donegal" whiskers on his face and from Ireland he came;
He's the pride of all the tenants that live in the shamrock flat,
For, upon me soul, not long ago he bought a new high hat.

CHORUS.

McCarty's new high hat was made especially for Pat;
I've seen many a stove-pipe in me time, but never a-one like that;
And whin he's got it on his head—I'll tell yez straight and flat;
The neighbors cry as he goes by, "Oh! what a foine high hat!"

Now at the shamrock flat, I'm told, yis, nearly every day,
It takes three coppers wid big sticks to keep the crowds away;
For the people come from miles around to take a glance at Pat—
Shure, the cops think of resigning since McCarty bought that hat.—*Chorus.*

A German band stopped at the flat, 'twas on St. Patrick's day,
"The Wearing of the Green" was the tune that they did play;
This brought Mac. to the window, an' whin the leader he saw Pat—
Begorra, yis the band struck up: "Where Did You Get that Hat."—*Chorus.*

If you're looking for a soft job on McCarty make a call,
For he's got a great "pull," so I'm told, down at the City Hall;
He holds an aisy job himself, wid a salary large and fat;
He's solid wid the politicians since he's bought a new high hat.—*Chorus.*

McCarty's very high-toned now, he drinks no more mixed-ale,
But, like a foine aristocrat, he guzzles champagne by the pail.
He eats no more pigs-feet and cabbage—it don't agree wid Pat;
You'd think he owned a gold mine since he's bought a new high hat.—*Chorus.*

McCarty made a speech one night at a political meeting;
Whin he said, "I am a Dimmycrat!" oh, he got a hearty greeting.
But the meeting ended in a fight, for a blackguard insulted Pat;
He yelled out: "You lie, McCarty, you're talking through your hat.—*Chorus.*

HE HOLDS ME IN HIS HAND.

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Written and Composed by Julian Jordan.

When on the ocean broad and deep, or on the mountains tow'ring steep,
When in the deserts' burning sand, he holds me in his hand!
Sometimes with dread my spirit quails, sometimes my heart within me fails,
Yet He, who all these wonders planned, holds me within his hand!
When on the ocean broad and deep, or on the mountain tow'ring steep,
When in the deserts' burning sand, He holds me in His hand.

The power that to us mortals gave life, that great power must surely save,
Save from the wreck of time and strife, giving another life!
Else why this thought within the brain—questioning, shall we live again?
Life, without hope like this to cheer, would be a desert drear!
Trusting that power I calmly sleep, e'en tho' my bed be on the deep,
Or on the sea or on the land, He holds me in His hand!

IDLE DREAMS.

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Words by H. M. W. Music by Julian Jordan.

Two, in the sunlit meadows, wander with footsteps slow,
Watching their linked shadows longer and longer grow;
Two, 'neath the linden sitting, laugh and are glad and gay,
Bees, in the branches flitting, murmur the hours away.

Two on the stile are resting, still is the starry night,
Done is their idle jesting, hushed in their love's delight.
Two, when at last returning home by the dusky lane,
Wish, with a foolish yearning, just for to-day again.

REFRAIN.

Love is awake and singing songs to my heart to-night;
Out of the bygone bringing dreams of an old delight,
Out of the bygone bringing dreams of an old delight;
Dreams, idle dreams, yet how tender foolish idle dreams.

SHE'S MY SWEETHEART STILL.

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Words and Music by Harry Starr.

I call to mind a summer's morn, a parting on the quay,
A sobbing girl who midst her tears vowed constancy to me;
She was my first, my only love, I kissed her once again,
And with a farewell promise, sailed away across the main;
A year flew by and gayly to my native shore I turned;
I longed to clasp her to my breast, to see her how I yearned;
Oh! how I wish from mem'ry all the past I could efface,
Her vows were all forgot, alas! another held my place.

CHORUS.

Sweethearts, we were sweethearts till the day when she
Knelt down in tears, imploring to be free,
And tho' she loves another, who tries her love to kill,
I can't forget her; she's my sweetheart still.

I sought and found my love at last, for still to hope I clung,
Till word by word the hard and cruel truth from her I wrung;
My dearest friend, by treachery, had her simple mind misled,
And in my absence all her thoughts had turned to him instead;
She begged me to forgive her as upon her knees she fell;
Oh! how could I refuse, alas! I loved my love too well;
I gave her back her freedom, yes, and from the scene I fled;
My love remained to torture, though my heart was scarred and dead.—*Chorus*

I watched her on her bridal morn, I stood within the aisle,
As, leaning on her lover's arm, she wore a happy smile;
I envied him his lucky fate, and yet I know not why;
I loved to see her happiness, the love light in her eyes;
But years have wrought sad changes, all her love was no avail;
Her pallid face, her wasted form too plainly told the tale:
"A heartless villain," tired of the toy he had to buy;
He spurns the love I cherish, and for which I'd gladly die.—*Chorus.*

—Clara: "Do you ever read the weekly papers?" Amelia: "No, they are so uninteresting. I have never seen a dry-goods advertisement in one of them yet."

Mrs. Bloggs: "Is your husband troubled with insomnia, that he does not sleep of nights?" Mrs. Jonesy: "No, he is employed in a store that does not advertise, and so has acquired the habit of sleeping during the day."

HOW IS MRS. BRADY?

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

There's a lovely little widow by the name of Mrs. Brady,
She owns her little house so neat and grand,
She's respected by the neighbors and beloved by every lady,
And for marriage she has offers all at hand;
There is Riley calls at six o'clock, at seven stops O'Brien;
Casey calls at eight o'clock and Murphy's there at nine;
'Twould take an hour or more or so to tell of lovers gay,
And as they come into the door you always hear them say:

CHORUS.

How is Mrs. Brady? how is she to-day?
How's the little lady that looks so fine and gay?
Oh, I trust you're well and hearty and live for many a day!
I'd marry you next Sunday if you'd only say.

Now every Sunday morning, either fair or stormy weather,
She always goes to late and early mass;
Sure, she dresses neat and stylish and she looks as young as ever,
And the men they stop and gaze as she goes past;
There is Denny Casey's daughter and the daughter of McCue,
Bouncing Mary Sweeny and Rosie Donahue,
They're jealous of the lady, sure, for not a beau have they;
The widow has a dozen for to call on her and say:—*Chorus.*

Oh, this lovely little widow is a blessing to the neighbors;
She's always 'round when sickness is at hand;
She 'tends to most their duties, then helps them with their labors,
And there's not a better creature in the land.
There is Monahan and Murphy now the neighbors they do say
Are fighting for the hand of the widow day by day;
I hardly think she cares for them divil a rap at all,
But I think it's McElamara is the man that has the call.—*Chorus.*

Papa, Pot Would You Take for Me?

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Words by Eugene Field. Music by J. M. Whyte.

She was ready for sleep and she lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine:
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross"
And "Three men who put out to sea,"
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, pot would you take for me?"

CHORUS.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away;
She was sleepy and weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away,
And I rocked her and rocked away,
And I hummed and hummed and hummed away;
How much, Oh, how much would it be?
When she sleepily said as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, pot would you take for me?"

And I answered a dollar, dear little heart,
And she slept, baby weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and the sky;
The lowest depths of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.—*Chorus.*

All the cities with streets and palaces,
With their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low, soft throb
Of my little one's loving heart;
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face
Did I know it must be the last.—*Chorus.*

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And I felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed more to me
Than they ever before had meant;
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too gladsome to be,
And I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
"Papa, pot would you take for me?"—*Chorus.*

—The Presidential situation—a job for four years at $50,000 per annum.

—Mr. Gotham: "Why is it that so many of the Boston girls wear spectacles?" Mr. Banker: "Because they think it immodest to look at anything with the naked eye."

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

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Words written exclusively for Wm. Hoey by Wm. Jerome and Matt Woodward.
Music by John Mayhew.

I always make the best of things whatever may betide,
And as I jog along in life I keep the sunny side;
For instance, when they locked me up in jail the other night
I looked upon the matter in this philosophic light:
I was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
I was not the only one! there were others just as bad,
So why should I feel sad? I was not the only one!

I always take in parties, and, in fact, I'm quite a swell;
In almost every club in town my face is known quite well.
I take well at 'most anything or any place of note;
At a swell affair the other night I took an overcoat!
But that was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
That was not the only one! I took half a dozen more
And skedaddled through the door, so that was not the only one!

New Jersey is a lovely place to live in, I don't think!
And just to stay there for a week would drive a man to drink!
One night I woke up with a start and what do you suppose?
I saw a big mosquito walking off with all my clothes!
But he was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
He was not the only one! some with whiskers long and gray
Sang "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" so he was not the only one!

Some people think that married life is destitute of joy
Unless you have a cradle and a little baby boy.
Last night when I complained because I heard my infant weep,
My wife exclaimed, "It isn't hard to put a boy to sleep!"
But he was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
He was not the only one! When he started in to roar
He awoke a dozen more, for he was not the only one!

When New York wanted cavalry I joined Troop A, of course;
The only thing I didn't know was how to ride a horse!
One day when through a public street we galloped four-abreast,
I stumbled, and the horse behind trod upon my chest!
But he was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
He was not the only one! On my chest I found a mark
Of a horseshoe deep and dark, and that was not the only one!

In a large room just off Broadway I once saw a crowd of men;
I don't know what they meant, but they were calling "5 to 10!"
I saw no horses, so I knew it couldn't be a race,
Yet, all the same, I tore up tickets when I left the place!
And I was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
I was not the only one! to Uncle Isaac I applied,
And I found when safe inside that I was not the only one!

One day I went to New Orleans to see a little game,
When I returned I hadn't got a dollar to my name!
A sporting friend said, "Back John L., Jim Corbett's got no show,"
But when I told him Jim had won he said, "I told you so."
And he was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
He was not the only one! John L. was so surprised
He was almost paralyzed, but he was not the only one!

A friend had been to dine with me, I took him home at four;
I helped him find the keyhole till his wife came to the door.
Said she, "I'd like to say one word when you are safe in bed."
And when he tried to get to sleep one awful word she said.
But that was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
That was not the only one! When she said, "It's brutes that drink!"
It consoled him some to think that he was not the only one!

I once was very thirsty, and a nice saloon was near;
Ten cents was all I had to spend and so I ordered beer.
Thought I, "If I should meet a friend another beer I'll stand,"
And, sure enough, a man came in and shook me by the hand.
But he was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
He was not the only one! He called in a base-ball nine,
Then some others fell in line, and they were not the only ones!

It used to be the caper, not so very long ago,
To say our ships were wash-tubs and our navy stood no show;
But now we have a cruiser that will cause no blush of shame;
'Tis one of which we should be proud, the *New York* is its name.
And that is not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
That is not the only one! In an awkward foreign job
We could trust to "fighting Bob," and he is not the only one!

This city it is noted for policemen brave and true,
So just a word I'd like to say about the "Boys in blue":
When walking home one night, said I, "What faithful watch they keep!"
Just then I saw one on a step, and he was fast asleep.
But he was not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
He was not the only one! There were others by the score
Sleeping next to some side door, so he was not the only one!

When Death in pestilential form invades our shores by stealth,
It meets a stern antagonist in New York's Board of Health.
No politics should blind our eyes to well-deserved praise,
So now to Jenkins and the Board my hat I gladly raise.
And I am not the only one! Oh, dear, no!
I am not the only one! I'll bet half the people here
Would for Jenkins give a cheer, so I am not the only one!

—Mr. Dunham: "Did you render Mr. Slowpay his bill?" Office Boy: "No, he rendered it himself, sir. He tore it all to pieces when I handed it to him."

THE VERY BEST GIRL, I KNOW.

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Words and Music by Henry Lamb.

I have a girl, a treasure, sweet as the morn is she,
Our love you cannot measure, truly happy we;
She listens for my coming, and greets me with a kiss;
I am sure you would not ask for happiness more than this, for she is—

CHORUS.

Stately, tall and fair, eyes so blue and tender,
Heart of gold, prize untold, she's my heart's surrender;
Grace and beauty rare, all her friends commend her;
A model of perfection, and the very best girl, I know.

There may be girls more tender, there may be hearts more true,
Form more divine, more slender, eyes of deeper blue,
But never having seen them, contented then am I;
That my heart is satisfied upon that you can rely, for she is—*Chorus.*

WHERE SHALL I FIND HIM?

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Words and Music by Matt Woodward.

When I was young I used to read of men who were so brave
That they would gladly give their lives some other life to save.
I read of men unfainted by the breath of sin or shame,
And men whose honor was a fact, and not an empty name!
Yet people whom I ask declare there's not the slightest doubt
That such a man exists to-day if I but seek him out.
But where shall I find him? where shall I find him?
Maybe up with the angels, but not upon the earth.
If I should happen to meet him, how kindly I would treat him;
I'd kiss him and bless him and fondly caress him for all he is worth.

When I was quite a little girl, my mother used to say:
Beware of naughty men, my dear, for men are very gay.
Perchance some day you'll find a man who loves you for yourself,
And values virtue as a gem beyond all worldly pelf—
He will not go to clubs at night, but stay at home instead—
Believe me, dear, of all mankind that is the man to wed!
But where shall I find him? etc.

Miss Libbey wrote a novel, and the hero of the tale
Had virtues that were quite enough to make an angel pale;
His fine monstache had turned the heads of widow, maid and wife,
Yet, though he was a thorough sport, he led a "sportless" life.
I want to meet a hero like the man you find in books—
Unselfish, modest, six feet tall, and handsome in his looks.
But where shall I find him? etc.

I've just been told about a man, a married man at that!
Who kept his wife and thirteen babes all in a little flat;
He never smoked, he never chewed; what's more he never drank.
Though earning only ten per week, he put five in the bank;
He washed the babies, lit the fires, and bought his wife a hat;
It strikes me when I want to wed I'll get a man like that.
But where shall I find him? etc.

A man once asked me out to dine; of course, I gladly went;
On such occasions, I'd been told, men cared not what they spent.
And so, as I was hungry, and I didn't have to pay,
I went right through the bill of fare, from soup to pousse cafe.
But when the waiter brought the bill, my host began to wince;
He went outside to see a friend, and I haven't seen him since.
And where shall I find him? etc.

MALE VERSION.

When but a boy it was my joy to flirt with all the girls,
Till one I met, a little pet, with wavy golden curls.
Though I was young, to her I clung like monkey to a stick;
No candy she could bear to see and ice-cream made her sick;
She did not care for jewels rare, and sealskin she despised;
She went away, and since that day I've often advertised.
But where shall I find her? where shall I find her?
Maybe up with the angels, but not upon the earth.
If I should happen to meet her, how kindly I would treat her—
I'd kiss her and bless her and fondly caress her for all she is worth.

One night I dreamed, and, as it seemed, I saw a maiden fair;
I kissed her face, yet found no trace of rouge or powder there.
Though ev'ry move seemed but to prove her beauty and her grace,
That maiden fair was not aware she had a pretty face;
She did not try with shirt and tie to be half girl, half man;
Throughout my life to find such wife I'll do the best I can.
But where shall I find her? etc.

A man once said that he had read of a wealthy New York girl
Who fainted dead when asked to wed a noble British Earl.
"Blue blood" and "birth" but roused her mirth, and, as I understand,
She sought a poor but honest boor and to him gave her hand.
Since I am fairly honest, and my income is not fat,
I guess I will not marry till I meet a girl like that.
But where shall I find her? etc.

—An old toper generally feels the most blue when he is out of spirits.

HEAR ME IN MY PRAYER.

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Words and Music by Harry F. Allen.

My darling, clasp your tiny hands, and say thy pray'r, my love;
Your papa watches over you from Heaven up above.
He sees your loving, angel face raised up to him so fair,
And hears my precious little one, while kneeling in her pray'r!

CHORUS.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven!" each night I kneel to Thee!
And pray for my dear papa, who's gone so far from me;
I know You'll treat him kindly; he cherished us with care,
For, oh, we loved him dearly, oh, hear me in my pray'r!

When sunshine creeps into the room, then open wide your eyes,
And hear the birds, how sweet they sing their message from the skies;
They bring to you your papa's love, their welcome you must share,
So kneel beside your little bed and offer up your pray'r!—*Chorus.*

POLLY O'NEIL.

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Words and Music by William B. Glenroy.

There's a neat little cottage that stands in a grove,
Surrounded by tall shady trees;
Residing within is a sweet country girl,
Your affections I'm certain she'd please;
Her eyes shine as bright as the stars in the night,
With a smile and a heart true as steel;
Admired by every young chap in our town,
Is sweet little Polly O'Neil.

CHORUS.

She's a queen, so serene;
She's charmingly sweet and divine;
Lovely girl, teeth of pearl;
I'd give all this world if I could call her mine;
Eyes of blue, heart so true,
A smile she can never conceal;
She's the pride of our town,
And she's known miles around
As sweet little Polly O'Neil.

In her manners so modest, yet pleasant with all,
A sweet, childish smile on her face;
Just one simple glance at those bright eyes of blue,
And a pure, loving heart you can trace;
There's no other home in the town of Tyrone
Such an honor to visit I feel;
If ever you go, you'll be welcome I know
At the home of sweet Polly O'Neil.—*Chorus.*

THAT SIMPLE LITTLE SONG;

OR:

God Won't Love You.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

Remembrance is a task to some, to me 'tis naught but joy,
Sweet mem'ry takes me back to days of yore;
To a fond old mother's side, where oft I've sat with pride,
Oh, that I could recall them just once more.
The evening meal when over, dear father he would say,
"Your lessons for the morrow's school recite."
The studies being done, dear mother she would come,
And tell us after kissing us good night:

CHORUS.

"God won't love you if you don't be good,
God won't love you if you do act rude;
Mother's little boy, her idol and her joy,
God won't love you if you don't be good."

Those good-night words of mother's, they still linger in my heart,
And tho' Bohemian-like I roam afar:
Often attempted to do wrong, that simple little song
Has ever been to me a guiding star.
In fancy I can see her, though many years ago,
When she in pray'r would bow her old gray head;
If obstinate we'd act, she would tell us of a fact,
Which we both loved and feared, for then she said:

CHORUS.

"God won't love you if you don't be good,
God won't love you if you do act rude;
Mother's baby girl, her precious little pearl,
God won't love you if you don't be good.

The Love that Came Too Late.

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Words and Music by Wm. E. Gregg.

Ah, had we met in other days, when life was young and fair;
Had eyes of thine but met my gaze, ere hearts grew sad with care,
How sweet the moments now would glide, what joys would on them wait;
But now I mourn, far from thy side, the love that came too late!

CHORUS.

"Too late!" 'tis life's unending song, thro' years that lonely wait;
Ah, sad to mourn, while mem'ries throng, the love that came too late!
Too late! too late! the love that came too late!

My heart recalls the bitter pain, the past, the happy past;
Oh, could I hold thy hand again, and claim thee mine at last!
Oh, paths that rudely severed are by dark and hopeless fate,
Forever set is life's one star, the love that came too late!—*Chorus.*

HE WAS A SOLDIER.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A youth of twenty Summers, he was going far away,
To fight for that he loved the best in battle's grand array;
I saw him kiss the falling tears from off a mother's cheek,
And say, "Don't weep, for I'll return some day."
And then he went off to the war, a youth so blithe and gay,
His mother watched him from the gate until he passed away;
He went into the battle and fought with might and main,
And when the war was over, his thoughts turned home again.

CHORUS.

For he was a soldier and he went to the war,
He fought for the flag he loved in battle-fields afar;
And when it was over, with many a scar,
He came back friendless and alone
To the place of his birth with its old oaken door,
Where he had said good-bye in the days of yore;
But all were gone to return no more,
No one to meet him at home.

The vet'ran soldier sadly gazed, then with a deep-drawn sigh,
He turned his footsteps from that home where they had said, "good-bye."
He thought about that mother's face that he had longed to see,
Then cried aloud—Oh, give her back to me!
He wandered down the village street and saw the children play,
But no familiar one to greet and then he went away;
The bugle call he seemed to hear—to arms! stand side by side!
The Great Commander calls me, then sank to earth and died.—*Chorus.*

IN A LITTLE SEA-SIDE COTTAGE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by W. C. Parker.

In a little sea-side cottage there's a little maiden fair,
And she gazes o'er the billows, for her loving heart is there;
She knows her blue-eyed laddie now is sailing o'er the foam,
And the star that guides him onward is that pleasant cottage home!
'Tis a year since they were parted, but her heart tells he is true,
And how she longs to gaze within his eyes of bonnie blue;
So she watches with devotion while the stars are in the sky,
And her heart is ever singing when the snowy sails go by!

REFRAIN.

Bring my sailor laddie home from far across the blue,
Still for him I'm sighing, still my heart is true;
Birds of ocean go and find him, o'er the bounding sea,
Bear a kiss to him I love and bring one back to me!

To this little sea-side cottage came a letter from afar,
And it told her of the laddie who was life's own guiding star;
It told her of a shipwreck where the crew was cast away,
And the tear-drops dimmed her eyelids while she read with wild dismay!
Still her gentle heart kept hoping, and she watched from morn till night,
She gazed with longing on each sail that proudly hove in sight;
And she begged of all the sailors for a word to tell her there
Of her dear and absent laddie, while she sang in sad despair:—*Refrain.*

To this little sea-side cottage came a youth one sunny day,
And he tapped upon the window in the old familiar way;
His face was brown and handsome, and his eyes were bonnie blue,
And he gazed upon the maiden with a look so fond and true!
Then she thought he was a stranger bearing tidings of the lad,
Who 'mid the shipwreck far away had drowned and left her sad;
But he clasped her to his bosom, and he kissed her tears away,
While her happy heart kept singing, like the birdies of the May:—*Refrain.*

—No man is rich who is not contented.

KEEP AWAY.

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Written by W. T. Lytton. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Good advice I'm just about to give you—
Something that may save you much distress;
Ere my song is done you will confess
That what I say is all serene.
Suppose a little bill you owe your tailor,
He's the last man you would wish to meet,
Should you spot him coming down the street
Then act upon this plan:

CHORUS.

Keep away, keep away! take my tip, 'tis the best thing you can do!
Keep away, keep away! for distance lends enchantment to the view!

If you court a lovely little maiden,
Who has hopes of coming into "oof,"
But if underneath her father's roof
That parent says you're not to go;
You feel so sad you really can't resist it,
Ev'ry night as usual there you jog,
But when daddy buys a savage dog
To ornament the step—*Chorus.*

When you go off on the "tiddly-hi-ti,"
As you naughty husbands often do,
Rolling home just as it's striking two,
To find your dear wife sitting up.
And with her ma-in-law upon the door-step,
Anxious to give you a taste of "jaw,"
Fingers itching at your face to claw,
If you'd enjoy the scene—*Chorus.*

Next, suppose you do a little flirting
(Which is scarce the proper thing to do),
And your little wife comes in view—
"Alike all over" then you feel;
But if, instead of going for your whiskers,
She makes for the damsel by your side,
Don't attempt the ladies to divide,
But let them fight it out.—*Chorus.*

PULLING McALLISTER'S TOOTH.

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Words and Music by J. N. Butterly.

McAllister had an old tooth that was bad—
A stump, and all day it would jump;
It grew in his "mushroom" just back of his face,
And pushed his head out in a lump.
We took him to Doctor O'Dougherty's shop,
He opened his face and looked in;
Says he, "There's no doubt, if I can't pull it out,
To be sure I can push the tooth in!"

CHORUS.

With a hook in his jaw, and a wild tug of war,
McAllister swore, and the doctor pulled more,
Up and down on the floor until he was sore,
But nothing would loosen the root.
Now, these are the facts, the doctor got an axe,
He gave it two whacks, but it wouldn't relax,
He'd a pain in his back, beating carpet with Mack,
In pulling his villainous tooth.

Says Mack then at last, "Now I think I'll take gas."
"Let me have the same," says I;
I thought to myself, it's McAllister's treat,
And I felt just a little bit dry.
Then I lost my head and I lost my two feet,
I tried to think where I could be;
When the doctor, the fool, now if he didn't pull
McAllister's tooth out of me.—*Chorus.*

When he saw the mistake that the doctor did make,
More gas he was given, of course;
Tied his hands and his feet, put the tongs in his teeth,
And we hitched him up to a truck horse.
We gave it a start, and it went like a dart,
McAllister let out a roar;
Now worse was the fix, for the horse he pulled six
Good teeth from McAllister's jaw.—*Chorus.*

The doctor was beat, sure, at pulling his teeth,
And likewise at pulling his leg;
"But," says he, "You can bet, that I'll get it out yet—
Now wait just a minute I beg."
With a tear in his eye, then he kissed Mack good-bye,
While all of us stood around mute;
In the back of his gum, then he put in a bomb,
And blew out McAllister's tooth.—*Chorus.*

—It is a mistake to say the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust. The latter always has the umbrella.

TINY HANDS.

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Words and Music by T. B. Kelley.

Come, my bonny baby girl, and sit upon my knee;
Laugh and prattle all you please, you fill my heart with glee.
Shake your pretty flaxen curls, whisper your sweet commands,
Twine around me lovingly those tiny, dimpled hands.

CHORUS.

Tiny hands around me twining,
Little bright eyes fondly shining;
Oh, I love to take you on my knee
And press those tiny hands.

Tell me of your childish play, and sing your baby songs;
Did you ramble out to-day among the busy throngs?
I love to hear your gleeful voice, to me it sounds divine;
Oh, kiss me sweet, my little one, and clasp your hands in mine.—*Chorus.*

Love and happiness you bring, to cheer our pleasant home;
To my heart you'll ever cling, no matter where I roam.
Sweet and charming baby girl, dearer than wealth or lands;
With joy and peace the hour is blest when I press your tiny hands.—*Cho.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

By Patrick Parker.

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It's often in fancy I revisit my home
Far o'er the wide rolling sea.
There is no place on earth, wherever I roam,
Like the cottage that first sheltered me!

It's white gable ends in my visions I see;
Though twenty long years have passed
Since I played 'neath the shade of the hawthorn tree,
And fancied those pleasures would last.

At morn we plucked the wild rose from the bush;
How enchanting was the cuckoo in the dell.
And I listened with rapture to the song of the thrush,
As he sat on his perch by the well.

At eve when the sun showed my shadow at best,
I wore grandfather's hat to look tall;
I would watch the cawing rooks as they flew to their nests,
While the echo would answer my call.

Though time has elapsed, my heart is not frail;
I will yet steer my bark o'er the main,
Where the green flag of freedom will fly to the breeze;
I will see my loved cottage again!

NORAH BRADY.

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Words and Music by Charles Williams.

Have you heard tell of sweet Norah Brady?
Little Norah, all adore her;
She's a pure-minded young Irish lady,
With eyes blue as skies up above.
It was down by the lakes of Killarney,
Near the water, her lover taught her
To listen to all his fine blarney,
And dream the sweet dream of true love.

CHORUS.

Sweet Norah Brady has eyes bright and blue,
Sweet Norah Brady has a heart both fond and true;
Down by Killarney she dwells in sweet repose,
The finest flower in nature's bower is this little Irish rose.

Every morning at sunrise he meets her,
Fresh as roses, nature's posies;
With a kiss of affection he greets her—
She smiles like a shy little dove.
Hand in hand by the lake-side they wander,
Sunlight beaming, as they're dreaming;
Upon that old theme they both ponder,
The sweetest of all themes is love.—*Chorus.*

They have made up their minds not to tarry,
With the spring-time comes the ring-time,
When Norah her lover will marry—
Yes, marry for true love alone.
They have no wish to own lots of pelf, boys;
Life is sunny! little money
Will do for the wife and himself, boys,
When sweet Norah Brady's his own.—*Chorus.*

ERIN.

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Words by Alfred Buckman. Music by H. Hermanson.

There's a dear little island far over the sea,
No better known spot in the world there can be;
Her sons for their valor are famed o'er the earth,
Her daughters unequaled for beauty and worth.
Her songs have re-echoed o'er many a strand,
Her wit and her laugh brightened up every land;
But her laugh and her song have been mingled with grief
Since the day she was sold by her traitorous chief.

CHORUS.

Then Erin, my country, wherever I be,
My heart's ever loving and faithful to thee;
For wherever I wander no spot on the earth
Is as dear as the sweet little isle of my birth.

How long, darling isle, must my heart bleed for thee?
How long must thy fair face so sorrowful be?
How long must thou suffer grim tyranny's chain?
How long ere thy own sons shall rule thee again?
Soon, soon loving hearts and brave arms will befriend,
Soon Heaven will contentment and happiness send;
Thy face shall be smiling and joyous thy heart,
And Erin and liberty ne'er again part.—*Chorus.*

WHEN YOUR NAME IS PUT UPON DE GOLDEN BOOK.

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Words and Music by Stuart S. Taylor.

What a day for great rejoicing and to dance and sing and shout,
When your name is put on de golden book;
And you know de gates of Heaven ain't a gwine to shet you out,
If your name is put on de golden book.
Den hurry up you sinners dat's lagging way behind,
Or else some day you'se gwine to wake and den sure you're to find
Dat it's just a little bit too late—to de goepel you've been blind,
And your name is not upon de golden book.

CHORUS.

Ain't my name dere, written neater?
Wipe your spec's and take a look!
Can't you see it, Uncle Peter?
Written on de golden book!

You should act upright and honest, do de best just what you can,
If you want your name upon de golden book;
Or some day you'll be a wishing dat you'd been a better man,
If your name is not upon de golden book.
Break off from all your sins, de good cause go a yellin',
Stop stealing little chickens, keep away from watermelon',
If you don't stop, what will happen? why dere ain't no way of tellin',
But your name won't be upon de golden book.—*Chorus.*

A SONG FOR MY LOVE TO SING.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

An author sat in his room one night, where he had sat for long;
And counted time and measured rhyme to write another song!
He searched the realms of fancy-land to find a worthy theme;
For hours he sat as patiently as if in peaceful dream.
At last he saw a picture that was hanging from above—
The picture of a maiden fair, the portrait of his love;
He cried in sudden ecstacy, I've found the very thing;
I'll write a song, a simple song, a song for my love to sing.

CHORUS.

A song for my love to sing, it shall not be of sorrow,
That will her tear-drops wring when she reads it to-morrow;
The melody must be as sweet as the rippling of the rill,
And if she says "I love you!" her voice will be sweeter still.

He hummed each tune that fancy weaved, of love so pure and true;
Each tender strain he tried again, but not a one would do.
Oh, muse of mine I pray thee now to well perform thy part;
Inspire me with a melody to come from out my heart.
But vainly did he ponder, for no theme would him suffice;
He cried, I cannot write a strain full worthy of her voice!
He yielded when again he saw her picture there above;
Then said, of songs there's none so sweet as the gentle voice of love.—*Cho.*

—It is a great mistake to make a young lady a present of a diary—she never keeps it long.

Don't Forget to Dream of Me.

Copyright, 1892, by Gus Adams.

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Words and Music by Gus Adams.

Sweet be thy slumber in bright dreams of gladness,
Angels around thee bid thy cares depart;
Far from thee linger all trouble and sadness,
Joy fold thee to thy rest wherever thou art!
Still in thy dreaming be visions of splendor,
Bright as yon starlight that falls o'er the deep;
When dies the soft day, so tranquil and tender,
My dearest, my fairest all calm be thy sleep.

REFRAIN.

While in distant land my heart's repining,
'Twill be joy to know that happy you may be;
When the stars of the night are softly shining,
My loved one don't forget to dream of me.

Waking or sleeping, of thee still I'm dreaming,
Tho' we are parted never more to meet;
Fair o'er my pathway in beauty are beaming,
Eyes that so long ago 'twas rapture to greet.
Bright be thy moments, tho' far we must sever,
Glad be the future, tho' lonely I stray;
Tho' joys I once shared are gone now forever,
In sleeping, in waking thy visions be gay.—*Refrain.*

Angels watch o'er thee till morning is breaking,
Keep thee forever far from earthly care;
Bright as the roses, from slumber awaking,
Look thou with loving eyes on all that is fair.
Tho' I'm forgotten, and each tie is broken,
One tender memory, oh, give unto me;
Tho' now of our past thy heart keeps no token,
My darling, my loved one, all joy fall to thee.—*Refrain.*

WHAT CAN A MAN DO NOW.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. Sheard & Co.

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Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

The world has shifted out of place, we men have fairly lost the race,
For ever since a famous case confusion all the go is—
The law declares, upon my life, a man dare not detain his wife,
Although her absence causes strife—so what *I* want to know is:

CHORUS.

What can a man do now? what can a man do now?
For the masculines to the feminines
Are absolutely nowhere! what can a man do now?
Why, imitate the Turks!
He'll have to play with the "kids" all day
While the poor "old Gooseberry" works.

The ladies fairly take the lead, for female parsons spout and plead,
And female doctors quietly bleed their simple patients' pockets;
There's lots of female boxers, too, female dudes who smoke and chew,
And female firework-makers, too, who let off female rockets.—*Chorus.*

There're female barbers everywhere, who'll scrape your chin and crop your hair,
And females who can do their share as book and music-binders;
We've female guides in all our towns, who walk and talk for sundry "browns,"
And, in spite of Mrs. Grundy's frowns, we've female organ-grinders.—*Chorus.*

Whate'er the work the girls get in, they make the worst salvation din,
The sex can drink the strongest gin, and spank the worst pianos;
But once inside the House, oh, lor'! may Heaven preserve us, to be sure,
From speeches made on Irish law by female Doctor Tanners!—*Chorus.*

A RAGGED JACKET.

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Although I am but a working man, I live by honest labor,
I always do the best I can to assist a needy neighbor;
Content in health, is all my wealth, with honesty to back it,
My motives pure, although I'm poor, I respect a ragged jacket.

Let people say whate'er they may of broadcloth and who wears it,
It's not the coat that makes the man, but the deeds through life that bears it;
So always help a fellow man, if assistance he should lack it,
Do him all the good you can, though he wears a ragged jacket.

All men were equally born at first, through this and every nation,
The rich among the poor would be, but, for wealth and education;
And when we're laid beneath the sod, with a hundred years to back it,
Who can tell which were the bones that wore the ragged jacket.

—"Now, children, who was the strongest man?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. "John L. Sampson!" yelled a little fellow, whose knowledge of sacred and profane history was somewhat mixed.

THE MOSS-GROWN WELL.

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Words and Music by Alfred Hey.

Meet, oh, meet me, maiden mine, down by the moss-grown well,
Where the moon-beams softly shine o'er lonely flower and dell;
There beneath the trysting-tree, I'll breathe thee love of this true heart;
A love that never more shall fade till life's bright sunshine shall depart.
Then meet, oh, meet me, maiden mine, down by the moss-grown well,
Where the moon-beams softly shine o'er lonely flower and dell.

Meet, oh, meet me, maiden mine, where the sweet hawthorn grows
Beside the murmuring waters, where the ancient mill-stream flows.
When the noisy wheel is still, the feathered songsters seek their nest,
The jovial miller leaves his mill, and all the busy world's at rest,
Then meet, oh, meet me, maiden mine, down by the moss-grown well,
Where the moon-beams softly shine o'er lonely flower and dell.
Oh, meet me there, oh, meet me there, down by the moss-grown well,
The moss-grown well!

MY OWN BABY BOY.

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Written and Composed by Charles Devore.

Tired little baby so worn out with play,
Looking so weary at close of the day;
Bright golden ringlets crown my baby's head,
Blue eyes so tender and cheeks flushed with red.
Folding my darling closely to my breast,
Soon all is quiet, he'll soon be at rest;
Soon be in dreamland, my pride and my joy,
May Heaven bless thee, my own baby boy.

CHORUS.

Sleep, little darling, angels will guard thee,
Watching thy slumber, no danger is near;
Mamma's own treasure, Heaven will bless thee,
Innocent darling, my own baby dear.

Early each morning, at dawn of the day,
My darling baby again is at play;
Laughing and shouting, dancing 'round with glee,
Calling each minute for mamma to see.
Scattering his play-things all about the floor,
Playing at horse on the knobs of the door;
Finding enjoyment till night shadows creep,
Then baby darling is ready to sleep.—*Chorus.*

THE FIJI BABY.

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Words by M. C. Hungerford. Music by Otis R. White.

There was a Fiji baby with a skin as soft as silk,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
Who'd never tasted anything but purest, whitest milk,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
Altho' so black and shiny, that surely you would think
She'd gained her charcoal color by a diet of black ink;
She was so black and shiny, that surely you'd think,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!

CHORUS.

Fiji, Fiji, oh! Fiji, Fiji, oh!
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh! oh! oh!
Fiji, Fiji, oh! Fiji, Fiji, oh!
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!

The Fiji baby's mother laid her on the river's brink,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
Where a crocodile was hiding, with his jaws stretched for a drink,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
'Twas a swiftly flowing current, and while she went to swim,
The reptile ate the baby with the shining, satin skin;
The reptile ate the baby with the shining, satin skin,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!—*Chorus.*

The mother coming from her bath saw baby vanish so,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
And said quite calmly, "Never mind, 'twas but a girl, you know,"
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
So in the sun she dried herself, for towels there are rare,
Remarking, "Had it been my son, how hard he'd be to spare;"
Remarking, "Had it been my son, how hard he'd be to spare,"
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!—*Chorus.*

For girls don't count in Fiji, tho' they glory in a son,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
So she went her way rejoicing, for to seek her small black one,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!
And she prayed a Fiji prayer, and she sang a Fiji hymn,
When she found that nothing dreadful had been happening to him;
And she prayed a Fiji prayer, and she sang a Fiji hymn,
In darkest, darkest Fiji, oh!—*Chorus.*

LOVERS AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Harry F. Allen.

Sweet lips, I kissed a year ago, which sipped love from my heart,
I know that he has proven false since from me he did part.
To me he was my only love, his love I still retain;
If on land or sea, he'll return to me, to be lovers, yes, lovers again.

CHORUS.

Lovers forever, part we can never, hearts that were blended together as one;
He was my treasure, I shared his pleasure, my love for another he shunned.
Darling, your love I tried to gain, but, alas! 'twas all in vain;
Love, do not leave me; love, I beseech thee to be lovers, yes, lovers again.

His face I see before me now, no matter where I roam;
Those visions hover over me whene'er I am alone.
His songs enchant me in my dreams—they're of a sweet refrain;
I do love thee still, and come back I will to be lovers, yes, lovers again.—*Chorus.*

THE GRASS WIDOWER;

—OR:—

She's Going Out of Town.

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Words and Music by J. H. Woodhouse.

I feel so overjoyed, I do, for Mrs. Tumpkins, she
Was ordered by the doctors for to take a trip to sea;
I don't mean for to go upon the ocean, oh! dear, no;
But just to take a sniff, you know, where briny breezes blow.

SPOKEN.—And she's gone away for a week—fancy being a grass-widower for a week. This is the first week's holiday I've had since we've been married, and we've been married four years and six weeks come half-past 11 to-morrow morning. Oh! I will enjoy myself! I've given the servants a fortnight's holiday, and told them to come back when they like, and I've locked the cat and dog in the parlor, and I've put two more cats and dogs with them, and I've had three breakfasts this morning all to myself, and—

CHORUS.

Oh! what a day I'm going to have to-morrow!
My liberty I will regain, no more to be put down;
Oh! what a spree! I'll pawn, beg, or borrow,
For my old woman, for a week, has just gone out of town!

I only hope when she arrives at Brighton, by the way,
If she should bathe, I hope the tide will wash my love away;
If she is drowned and never found, 'twill be a boon I'm sure,
My matrimonial life has been a hard one to endure.

SPOKEN.—I have suffered, although I look so gay and kittenish. My word, I have put up with something! I've always said I'd only have one master in our house, and that's all there is, only one master—that's the missis—I'm a kind of foreman. My wife came down this morning and said she felt awfully queer. I said, "What's the matter?" She said, "I've got Scotch mist." I know how she's got it. I've been out of work a week, and she's had no money to get Scotch with, so she's missed it. Then she told me the doctor ordered her to go away for a week; I said, "Go away for two years." I packed her up some currant cake—well, there were no currants in it, but the holes were there where the currants had been. And we took a cab, but while we were in the cab, she turned 'round and said to me, "You massive brute! I do believe you wish I was dead!" Ain't it wonderful how wives guess your thoughts? Well, when we got on the platform, I felt so overjoyed I could have cuddled the engine. I asked the guard what time the train went, he said, "In five minutes." I said, "Send it off in three, and there's a pot of four-half for you." He said, "Shall I lock the lady in?" I said, "Nail her in! hammer her in!" And when the train left the station, I turned 'round and kissed all the porters; and I had two cabs home and ran between them, and I've invited the two dressmakers from next door to come and have a cup of tea and bring a bit of sewing; and I'm going to sit on the table, take my boots off, put my feet on the mantle-piece, spit on the ceiling, and throw all the cups and saucers out of the window, and—*Chorus.*

She made such preparations then as though she really would
Forsake her home and husband dear, and stay away for good;
There's no such luck—but if she should return to torture me,
My face upon the *Police News* you're certain sure to see.

SPOKEN.—There's one thing about my wife—she's lazy; won't get up till the streets are aired. I came home yesterday morning at one in the day, and there was no fire in the place; so I went outside our house and shouted, "Fire! fire!" All the people came rushing out, and said, "Where?" I said, "In everybody's house but mine!" She had rheumatickers in the ankle-bone of her shoulder-blade, and she said the doctor ordered her to rub it with gin and water. I told her to drink the gin and rub the water on. Since she's been doing that, we've had the Inspector calling every day, asking when we intend removing the cart-loads of bottles from our back-yard. And, you know, she never would let me have a latch-key; but I've got three in my pocket now, and I've ordered another gross of 'em. I shall keep going in and out our house till I wear the lock out.—*Chorus.*

—If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—*Joseph Addison.*

CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?

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By Paul Steinmark.

Can you forgive me, and come to my heart?
Oh! the days are so weary while we are apart;
I long for the smiles, love, so dear unto me,
The glances that shone like the stars on the sea.
The words that I spoke my soul would recall,
You are my idol, whate'er may befall;
Oh! speak while I linger in sadness and pain—
Can you forgive me and love me again?
Can you forgive me? the fault it was mine;
In their loveliness now, let your eyes on me shine;
I list for your footstep; my heart breathes a sigh
When twilight is near and your smiles are not nigh.
My heart is a nest, now empty and lone,
Joys, like the birdlings, from out it have flown;
Oh! bring back the sunshine we've known since we met—
Can you forgive me?—forgive and forget!

THE PIONEER.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

The heavy blade he swings and cheerily he sings,
While crushing trees an echo wakes, that wildly rings,
It is the Pioneer, the hardy Pioneer,
Tho' danger stands on every hand, he knows no fear.
Brave as a knight of old, fearless, gallant, bold,
Yes, brave the heart from love to part, afar to roam;
Loved ones are left behind, seeking a place to find
Here in the West, the boundless West, to build a home.

A mother is waiting there, counting each weary day,
Telling her baby fair, of its sire, now far away;
The heavy blade he swings, the heavy blade he swings,
And then at night, when stars are bright, 'tis thus he sings:

Gently, oh, Western wind, so gently blown,
Tell her, my own dear one, I love her so;
Watch o'er her, kindly stars, moon, from your silver bars
Watch o'er that mother, singing soft and low.
She sings a lullaby, oh, bright, bright moon,
Father will come again, my baby, soon.

Guard them, oh, God above, from them all harm remove,
Keep them safely in thy care;
The heavy blade he swings, while cheerily he sings,
And crushing trees the echoes wake afar and near.
One of a noble band—none braver in the land,
An arm of steel, a heart to feel—the Pioneer.

SCANDAL.

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A woman to the holy father went,
Confession of sin was her intent;
And so her misdemeanors, great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them all;
And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been;
And borne a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father, for her other sin,
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
He told her this offense was very grave,
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the wayside where the thistles grow,
And gather the largest, ripest one,
Scatter the seeds, and that when this was done,
To tell him his commands she did obey,
She must come back again another day.
The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night;
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well,
Next day but one she went the priest to tell.
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to do;
Those little thistle seeds that you have sown,
I bid you go regather every one."
The woman said, "But, father, 'twould be vain
To try and gather up those seeds again;
The wind hath scattered them both far and wide,
Over the meadows, vale and mountain side."
The father answered, "Now I hope from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss;
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."

UP AND DOWN.

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Words and Music by Chas. T. Ellis.

Now babies, come and have a ride upon this sea-saw fine;
Just took your place, one on each side, de middle place was mine!
Up in the air you'll rise so high, den down you'll go so low.
Hold fast, und open wide your eyes! So babies here we go:

CHORUS.

Up and down, oh! vat joy for my little girl and darling boy!
Now you're high, und now you're low, while baby vas playing see-saw!
Up and down, oh! vat joy for my little girl and darling boy!
Now you're high, and now you're low, while baby vas playing see-saw!

Und now another ride ve'll try, dot makes you feel so fine!
Vhen you vas joyful, so vas I, your happiness vas mine!
So hold on fast, don't lose your grip! I start her once again,
Und up you'll fly, und down you'll dip, und happy ve vill been!—*Chorus.*

NO FLAG BUT THE OLD FLAG.

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Words by Jennie M. Parker. Composed by Chas. G. Degenhard.

No flag but the old flag—the red, white and blue,
With the stars of a Union unbroken and true;
Arise and defend it! ye sons of the brave,
Whose blood bought the banner your valor must save,
Whose blood bought the banner your valor must save.

CHORUS.

The old flag, the dear flag, the red, white and blue;
We rise to defend it and prove ourselves true.
The old flag, the dear flag, the flag which you see;
We're ready to die for the flag of the free.

Wo! wo! to the traitor who drags to the mire
The flag crimsoned deep with the blood of his sire;
If he rouse up the legions on land and on sea,
Who are ready to die for the flag of the free,
Who are ready to die for the flag of the free.—*Chorus.*

Up! up with the Stars and the Stripes, and go forth
To save our great Union, brave men of the North!
Nor rest till the Star-Spangled Banner you see
Triumphantly float from the palmetto tree!
Triumphantly float from the palmetto tree!—*Chorus.*

God bless the old flag! as He ever hath done,
Since he strengthened the arm of our own Washington;
And God bless the freemen, devoted and true,
Who are ready to die for the red, white and blue!
Who are ready to die for the red, white and blue.—*Chorus.*

TING-A-LING-TING-TAY.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

I once met a beautiful Spaniard, quite the finest and divinest!
She played, in the streets, for a living, altho' she'd the grace of a queen;
Her beauty was something magnetic, I grew frantic! quite romantic!
I followed her 'round like a poodle, and worshipped her sweet mandoline!
At last I ventured to say, "How really delicious you play!"

CHORUS.

But she only answered "Ting-a-ling" to all that I could say;
She seemed to live on ting-a-ling, by night as well as day.
I told her I would marry her, but all she had to say
Was, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-tay!

I'm neither so old nor so ugly, I am healthy, fairly wealthy,
And thousands would be quite delighted to join me in Hymen's strong noose!
But this was the girl that I wanted! I adored her, and implored her
To tell me my fate, if she loved me; alas! all my prayers were no use.
Said I, "If you won't be my wife, I'll soon put an end to my life!"—*Chorus.*

I showed her a bottle marked "poison!" and a dagger, just for swagger,
A rusty, six-chamber revolver was also displayed in my belt;
I told her unless she consented, she'd repent it, for I meant it!
For no one could ever imagine the fantastic feelings I felt.
Then I lifted the "dajjer" on high, my life hung upon her reply!—*Chorus.*

Just then I was tapped on the shoulder by a Spaniard, black-and-tan-iard!
A swarthy, big lump of a fellow, who rose quite six feet from the floor;
He said my love-making was treason, out of season, out of reason;
For she who had won my affections was deaf as the post of a door.
"Moreover," said he, "By-the-bye, she is my wife," and that's why—

CHORUS.

She could only answer "Ting-a-ling" to all that I could say;
She seemed to live on ting-a-ling, by night as well as day.
I told her I would marry her, but all she had to say,
Was, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-tay!

Miss Dooley's Dancing School.

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Words and Music by J. N. Butterly.

Evangeline Dooley she opened a school
Where waltzers and twisters could spin;
The terms for the dance, it was cash in advance,
And "further partic'lars within."
The chippie and chappie, each one was made happy,
They followed the novel foot-rule;
By "Yours very truly, Evangeline Dooley,"
Of Dooley's dancing school.

CHORUS.

The first was a tickler, "Stand perpendicular,
Now, be particular, all;
One step to the side and a very long slide,
And glide across the hall."
You ought to see Lanigan dance with Miss Flannigan,
'Mind you of Brannigan's mule;
We all had a chance for St. Vitus's dance
At Dooley's dancing school.

We stood in a row till Miss Dooley said "Go!"
Then we galloped out on the wax floor;
We sliddered and glid and we gliddered and slid
'Till the corns on our feet were wore.
The devil's in McKenna, to learn the Vienna,
Gave up a good job like a fool;
His wife brought a cop, put a stop to his hop
At Dooley's dancing school.—*Chorus.*

There were dudes and dudelets, there were clerks and soubrettes,
With living-out girls by the score;
Now Mister McNally had charge of the ballet,
He waltzed on a knot in the floor.
She had a quadrille that she called the stand-still,
You could sashay and keep yourself cool;
That's the plan that she ran for a wooden-leg man
At Dooley's dancing school.—*Chorus.*

On Saturday night, oh, there was the sight,
She conducted the regular hop;
And envied by all of the girls in the hall,
She danced with a seven-foot "cop."
She made money, you see, and she wed an M. D.,
A doctor named Clarence O'Toole;
Now she dances the lanciers—he lances the dancers
At Dooley's dancing school.—*Chorus.*

WOT CHEER;

—OR:—

Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road.

Composed by Charles Ingle.

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Last week down our alley came a toff,
Nice old geezer with a nasty cough;
Sees my Missus, takes 'is topper off
In a very gentlemanly way;
"Ma'am," says he, "I have some news to tell,
Your rich uncle, Tom of Camberwell,
Popped off recent, which ain't a sell,
Leaving you 'is little donkey Shay."

CHORUS.

"Wot cheer!" all the neighbors cried,
"Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill? have yer bought the street, Bill?"
Laugh? I thought I should 'ave died,
Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road!

Some says nasty things about the moke,
One cove thinks 'is leg is really broke;
That's 'is envy, 'cos' we're carriage folk,
Like the toffs as rides in Rotten Row;
Straight, it woke the alley up a bit,
Thought our lodger would 'ave 'ad a fit
When my missus, whose real wit,
Says, 'ates a 'bus because its low."—*Chorus.*

When we starts, the blessed donkey stops,
He won't move, so out I quickly 'ops,
Pals start whackin' him when down he drops,
Some one says he wasn't made to go.
Lor', it might 'ave been a four-in-'and,
My old Dutch knows 'ow to the grand,
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,
Calling out we're goin' for a blow!—*Chorus.*

Ev'ry evenin' on the stroke of five,
Me and missus takes a little drive;
You'd say, "Wonderful, they're still alive"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed him that 'e'd have to do
Just whatever he was wanted to,
Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew,
'Ollerin' Woa! steady! Neddy woa! —*Chorus.*

DE SKIDS ARE OUT TO-DAY.

Sung by Harrigan & Hart.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, brighten up your uniform, put har oil on your har;
Go tell your colored neighbors—go tell it everywhar—
Dis great organ-i-zation, de cream la cream, dey say,
March on for 'mancipation—de Skids are out to-day.

CHORUS.

Plumes flying, wenches sighing, children cry, ha! ha!
Stop dat cart! don't you start! do you hear me, sah?
Phew! phew! dandies, ain't we hot! que hay!
Goodness sake! dey take de cake—de Skids are out to-day.

Yaller boy wid ice water, to help you to a wet,
Am ready wid a duster, to brush de apple-et;
Fat wenches, like de ocean, roll heavy en-mass-ray,
And keep time to de motion—de Skids are out to-day.—*Chorus.*

Go spread de news promiscous, bid your girl ta-ta,
Just tell her we're a-coming, and please to fotch ma-ma.
Hang out de starry banner, and let de music play;
Tell Cloe, Sue and Hannah, de Skids are out to-day.—*Chorus.*

White folks is mighty jealous—look out dar on de flank—
Dey turn deir noses way up at every darkey rank.
For skillful revolutions, and tic-tacs every way,
By-Laws and Constitution, de Skids are all O.K.—*Chorus.*

I'D RATHER NOT.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York.

Written by Nemo. Composed by Henry Pontet.

I'd rather not, I'd rather not,
You plead for more than I can plight, so press me not;
A maiden free I fain would be,
'Tis all my heart's delight, 'tis all my heart's delight.

O maiden fair, with deep despair
You fill my trusting heart, you fill my trusting heart;
Your accents soft have told me oft
That you'd be mine, ne'er more to part—that you'd be mine, ne'er more to part.

I may have vowed to love you forever and a day,
But when I made that vow I quite forgot
That if a maid doth wed she also must obey;
No, thank you, sir—excuse me, sir—on second thoughts I'd rather not.

You'll think again! you'll love again!
You'll crave the heart you have betrayed—you have betrayed!
But hark to me! you'll surely be
A sad and cross old maid—a sad and cross old maid!

Oh, say not so! oh, do not go!
Such fate shall ne'er be mine—such fate shall ne'er be mine.
Oh, pray relent! I do repent!
Just ask once more and I'll be thine—just ask once more and I'll be thine.

I'll vow again to love you forever and a day,
And trust my wilful ways you've quite forgot;
Your ev'ry wish and word I'll honor and obey;
Old maid forsooth! not I in truth—on second thoughts, I'd rather not!

THE DAY I PLAYED BASE-BALL.

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My name it is O'Halloher,
I'm a man that's influential,
I mind my business, stop at home,
My wants are few and small.
Some blackguards t'other day did come—
They were full of whiskey, gin and rum,
An' they took me out in the brollin' sun
To play a game of ball.

They made me carry all the bats—
They nearly drove me crazy,
An' they sent me out in the "centre field,"
But I paralyzed them all.
I put up my hands to catch a "fly,"
Holy murther, it struck me in the eye,
And they hung me on a line to dry,
The day I played base-ball.

I took the bat an' hit the ball,
I thought to San Francisco,
An' thin around the bases
Three times I ran them all;
But thin the gang began to howl,
An' they said, ould man you made a foul,
An' they rubbed me down with a Turkish towel,
The day I played base-ball.

Two reporters begged to know my name,
An' presinted me wid a medal,
An' they asked me for my photograph,
To hang upon the wall.
They said that I had won the game,
Tho' my head was broke and my shoulder lame,
An' they sent me home in a cattle train,
The day I played base ball.

MAID OF ATHENS.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, oh! give me back my heart;
Or, since that has left my breast, keep it now and take the rest;
Hear my vow before I go—my life, my life, I love thee!

By those tresses unconfined, wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids, whose jetty fringe kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes, like the rose, my life, my life, I love thee!

Maid of Athens, I am gone—think of me, sweet, when alone;
Though I fly to Istamboul, Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No! my life, my life, I love thee!

SWEET MAGGIE GORDON.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Oh, I wish my love and I were sailing, far from land as far could be;
Sailing on the deep blue waters, where I'll have no one to trouble me.

CHORUS.

Sweet Maggie Gordon, you are my bride, come and sit thee on my knee,
And tell me the very reason why I'm slighted so by thee.

Oh, the sea is deep—I cannot cross over, nor neither have I wings to fly;
But I wish I had some jolly boatsman to carry over my love and I.—*Chorus.*

I wish I had a glass of water—I will tell you the reason why:
While I am drinking, I am thinking of my true love, with a sigh.—*Chorus.*

Hush, My Darlings, Do Not Weep.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Hush, my darlings, do not weep, better days are coming near,
Sails a ship across the deep, and I know 'twill soon be here;
Oh, it brings to Erin's land, help and food for us galore—
Gift to us from Freedom's land, may Heaven bless it evermore!

CHORUS.

Raise your little hands in prayer, bless the the kind hearts o'er the sea;
May our Lord from famine spare those who succor mine and me.

Oh, how bitter was our woe when we heard our children cry,
And when we saw them hungry grow, beg for food, and, pleading, die;
Then our mother-hearts they bled, and our anguish who can speak?
'Till from Freedom's land there sped stores of bounty for the weak.—*Chorus.*

Bless the willing hands of gold that have given bread to mine,
Grant them happiness untold—may the sun for them e'er shine;
Could they see our children dear clap their little hands in glee,
Oh, 'twould ever glad and cheer Freedom's daughters o'er the sea.—*Chorus.*

DONNELLY AND COOPER.

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Come all ye true-bred Irishmen, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines you hear;
It's of as true a story as ever you did hear,
It's about Donnelly and Cooper, that fought all on Kildare.

'Twas on the 3d of June, brave boys, this challenge sent o'er,
From Brittania to old Grauna to renew her sons once more;
To renew her satisfaction, and her credit to recall,
For they're all in deep distraction since Donnelly conquered all.

Old Grauna read the challenge and received and she smiled,
Saying: "You'd better hasten to Kildare, my well beloved child;
There you will reign victorious, which you often did before,
And your deeds will shine so gloriously around old Erin's shore."

The challenge was accepted; these heroes did prepare
To meet brave Captain Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare;
When these two bully champions were stripped off in the ring,
They both were still determined on each other's blood to spill.

From 6 to 9, parried their time, till Donnelly knocked him down,
Old Grauna smiled: "Well done, my child; that is ten thousand pound!"
The second round that Cooper fought, he knocked down Donnelly,
Likewise true game was Donnelly, he rose most furiously.

Right active then was Cooper—he knocked Donnelly down again;
Those Englishmen then gave three cheers, saying: "The battle's all in vain."
Long life to brave Miss Kelly: she's recorded on the plain;
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying: "Dan, my boy, what do you mane?
My Irish boy," said she, "My whole estate I've bet on you, brave Donnelly."

Donnelly rose again, and meeting with great might,
And to stagnate those nobles all, continued to his fight.
Cooper stood in his own defence; exertion proved in vain,
He soon received a temple blow that knocked him on the plain.

Now you sons of proud Brittania, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper, now, by Donnelly, he met a sad downfall,
Out of eleven rounds gave nine knock-downs and broke his jaw-bone;
"Shake hands," said she, "brave Donnelly, the battle's all our own."

LITTLE BLUE-EYED TREASURE.

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Words and Music by Gus. Adams.

Little blue-eyed treasure, sunshine of my heart!
Dearer far than all this world to me!
Tho' we love so fondly, yet we now must part,
Mine I know you never more can be!
Our dream of love is over, ended is our bliss,
And severed now our paths from day to day!
Ere I leave you, dearest, promise only this,
That I'll remembered be when far away.

CHORUS.

Years may come and go, idle tears may flow,
But my love for you shall still remain.
All the hopes we cherished, like a dream have perished,
Little blue-eyed treasure, ne'er we'll meet again.

Little blue-eyed treasure, oft' our love we told
Underneath the stars that glittered bright!
Dreaming that no sorrow could our lives enfold,
Thinking but of days of sweet delight.
Our love was pure as angels', ne'er we thought to part;
But fate has darkened both our pathways here!
Never can your mem'ry vanish from my heart;
While life is mine you still to me are dear.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE MAGGIE MAGEE.

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Words and Music by Loren Bragdon.

I love to think but when a boy, I lived upon a farm,
And roamed its fields, its hills and dales, to me always a charm;
I loved to bring the cattle home when night was coming on,
To shelter them from cold and storm while waiting for the dawn;
The old farm house that used to stand upon the em'rald hill,
Its little rooms beneath the thatch, where birds their songs would trill;
The grand old oak was dearer than all else could be to me,
For 'neath its branches she would swing, little Maggie Magee!

CHORUS.

Singing, swinging, little Maggie Magee!
Always so happy, light-hearted and free!
Singing, swinging in the old swing with me,
We were so happy under the old oak tree!

But years have fled and nothing's left, but mem'ry dear to me,
Of that old home upon the farm, from world and care so free,
The grand old oak that sheltered us, in time of childish glee,
Still shelters one from raging storm, her soul at rest would be!
Beneath the branches she is laid, close by the dear old swing,
Then life was but a golden dream, then birds their songs would sing;
But tho' the years have passed away, and nothing's left to me
But one sweet face that angels loved, little Maggie Magee!—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?

By George C. Beach.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Where is my wandering girl to-night?
The girl of my tenderest care;
She who was once the joy of my life,
The child of my love and prayer.

CHORUS.

Oh, where is my girl to-night?
Oh, where is my girl to-night?
My heart o'erflows, and I love her she knows,
Oh, where is my girl to night?

Once she was pure as the morning dew,
When she knelt at her mother's knee,
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as she.—*Chorus.*

Oh, could I see you now, my girl,
As pure as in olden times!
When prattle and smile made home a pearl!
And life was a merry chime!—*Chorus.*

Go after my wandering girl to-night,
And search for her where you will;
But bring her to me with all her blight
And tell her I love her still.—*Chorus.*

A SONG ON RYE.

By George C. Beach.

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I was grown to be eaten and not to be drank,
To be ground in a mill, not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing if ground into meal,
As a blight and a curse if run through a still.

Make me up into bread and your children are fed,
But if into drink I will kill them dead.

In bread I'm your servant, the eater doth rule—
But if into drink, the drinker my fool.

Then remember the warning: My strength I'll employ;
If eaten, to strengthen; if drank, to destroy.

JUST BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Williams and George Sinclair.

Perhaps you've never seen my sister?
She's the strangest girl alive.
(When a sweetheart first embraced her,
We thought she would ne'er survive!)
Really she is much too bashful—
Quite a prudish sort of miss;
Why, her young man had to to teach her
How to give and take a kiss.

CHORUS.

Just because "she didn't know the way"—
(What a silly thing for any girl to say!)
In about a tick or two, he had taught her what to do,
Just because "she didn't know the way."

She consented to be married,
So one night they both did roam
'Round about the shops of London,
Furnishing "the happy home."
Ciara carried chairs and tables,
But (I never shall forget!)
She made her intended husband
Trundle home their *bassinette—

CHORUS.

Just because she didn't know the way,"
(What a silly thing for any girl to say)
And he did get chaffed, you bet, pushing home that bassinette,
Just because "she didn't know the way."

Then upon the wedding morning,
Johnny J. went to the church,
After half an hour of waiting,
Found she'd left him in the lurch!
Home he hurried, saw my sister,
Swore "her reasons he would know"!
Found that no one could persuade her
From the house that morn to go—

CHORUS.

Just because "didn't know the way"—
(What a silly thing for any bride to say!)
Well they got to church too late, for a week they had to wait,
Just because "she didn't know the way."

When at length they both got settled,
Poor dear mother called one day,
And informed the happy couple
"She'd made up her mind to stay!"
Juggins took to keeping late hours,
Ma would wait up half the night—
Pounce upon him in the passage,
When he reeled helpless "tight"—

CHORUS.

Just because she really knew the way;
She would wait night after night for Mr. J.,
Then with glee she used to trace "ten commandments on his face,
Just because she really knew the way.

They'd been married just a twelvemonth
When a "little stranger" came;
People said "'twas dada's image—
Eyes and nose the very same!"
For the first three months, or longer,
Father nursed the little chap—
Had to warm the feeding-bottle,
And to make the darling's pap—

CHORUS.

Just because "she didn't know the way"—
(What a funny thing for any wife to say!)
He would nurse it half the night, in garment cool and white,
Just because "she didn't know the way."

*Baby carriage.

DADDY.

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.

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Take my head on your shoulder, Daddy, turn your face to the west,
It is just the hour when the sky turns gold, the hour that mother loves best.
The day has been long without you, Daddy, you've been such a while away;
And now you're as tired of your work, Daddy, as I am tired of my play.
But I've got you, and you've got me, so ev'rything seems right;
I wonder if mother is thinking of us, because it is my birthday night.
I'm sometimes afraid to think, Daddy, when I am big like you,
And you are old and gray, Daddy, what you and I would do
If, when we got up to Heaven and mother was waiting there,
She shouldn't remember the two she left, so sad and so lonely here;
But year by year still sees no change, and so 'twill all be right,
We shall always meet her in our dreams; Daddy, good-night,
Daddy, good-night; dear Daddy, dear Daddy, good-night, good-night.

hy do your big tears fall, Daddy? Mother's not far away;
I often seem to hear her voice falling across my play;
And it sometimes makes me cry, Daddy, to think it's none of it true,
Till I fall asleep, to dream, Daddy, of home and mother and you;
For I've got you, and you've got me, so ev'ry thing may go,
We're all the world to each other, Daddy, for mother,
Dear mother, once told me so.
I'm sometimes afraid to think, etc.

THE OLD BATTERED HORN.

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By Al. W. Filson.

I've heard many strains that thrilled me with joy,
But none I will say, since the day I was born,
Has pleased me so much as when a small boy
I heard on the farm the old dinner horn;
'Twas a trumpet of tin, a yard or so long,
And was blown for the boys at noon and at morn;
The monotonous strain was piercing and strong,
But sweet for all that was the old battered horn.

REFRAIN.

"Come in! Come in!" You can hear it for ever so long!
The monotonous strain was piercing and strong;
But sweet for all that was the old battered horn!

When building the fence or pitching the hay,
Or reaping the grain or ploughing the corn,
With appetites keen at the noon of the day,
Oh, sweet to my soul was the old battered horn.
A mother's fond lips pressed that trumpet of tin,
And blew her sweet soul thro' the barley and corn;
I hear even yet the welcome, "Come in, Come in,
My dear boys, to the sound of the horn!"—*Refrain.*

There's a Silver Lining to Ev'ry Cloud.

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Words by Norton Atkins and Will Godwin. Music by Will Godwin.

When yet but a boy I was anxious to roam,
And my passion could not be controlled;
And heedless of all my dear parents' advice,
Like a sheep I deserted my fold.
My love of adventure had led me to roam
In many strange lands o'er the sea;
And often at night, I in silence have prayed
That yet once again I might be—

CHORUS.

At home, sweet home! back to the dear old home!
To find it bright and cheerful—Why did I wish to roam?
The wand'rer thinks of those he loves, but tho' dear friends must part,
"There's a silver lining to ev'ry cloud," in the hope of a wand'rer's heart.

How often in dreams have I seen the old cot,
And the streamlet that runs through the glade,
The old village school and the little church-yard,
Where with comrades in childhood we played;
But favoring winds filled the sails of my ship
And gone is the dark, bitter past;
My parents and I are united again,
I'm back in the old home at last.—*Chorus.*

My kind, loving parents with heads gray with grief,
Now are cheerful and happy again,
All sorrow's forgotten, we'll part never more,
For their prayers have not been all in vain.
The kettle is singing a bright little song,
The cricket is chirping with glee,
The old vacant chair now is filled once again,
As the fam'ly all cling round my knee!—*Chorus.*

THE GREAT ROUND-UP.

By A. W. Wilson.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to H. J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Last night as I lay on the prairie,
Looking up to the clouds in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cow-boy
Had got to the sweet bye-and-bye.

The road to that bright mystic region,
Both narrow and dim, so they say,
Whilst the one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,
And the cow-boys like cattle will stand,
Mavericked out by the riders of Jordan,
Who are posted and know every brand.

And if there is one stray cow-boy,
Unchanged or unseen by an eye,
He'll be cut out by the riders of Jordan,
And shipped to the sweet bye-and-bye.

I Wonder whose fault there's so many
Will be lost at that great final sale;
While they might have been rich and had plenty
Had they known of the dim narrow trail.

Though the cow-boy lives out on the prairie,
And his way through temptation does wind,
Still a kind eye that never grows weary,
Looks down his dark rough way to find.

He may go on the way that is narrow,
And leads to green pastures above,
Away from this reign of sorrow,
To the dwellings of joy, peace and love.

So now while salvation is offered
Let the cow-boy look for the right brand,
Nor reject the great mercy that's proffered,
Then acquitted at the round-up he'll stand.

THE FUTURE MRS. 'AWKINS.

Written and Composed by Albert Chevalier.

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I knows a little doner, I'm about to own 'er,
She's a goin' to marry me.
At fust she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't,
Then she whispered, "Well, I'll see."
Sez I, "Be Missis 'Awkins, Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins,
Or across the seas I'll roam;
So 'elp me bob, I'm crazy; Lizer, you're a daisy;
Won't you share my 'umble 'ome?"

SPOKEN OR SUNG.—"Won't yer?"

CHORUS.

Oh! Lizer! Sweet Lizer!
If yer die an old maid, you'll 'ave only yerself to blame.
D'y'ear Lizer! Dear Lizer!
'Ow d' yer fancy 'Awkins for yer other name.

I sha'n't forgit our meetin'; "G'arn," was 'er greetin',
"Just yer mind wot you're about;"
'Er pretty 'ead she throws up, then she turns 'er nose up,
Sayin', "let me go, I'll shout!"
"I like your style," says Lizer; thought as I'd surprise 'er,
Cops'er 'round the waist like this!
Sez she "I must be dreamin', chuck it, I'll start screamin'."
"If yer do," sez I, "I'll kiss!"

SPOKEN OR SUNG.—"Now then"—*Chorus.*

She wears a' artful bonnet, feathers stuck upon it,
Coverin' a fringe all curled;
She's just about the sweetest, prettiest and neatest
Doner in the wide, wide world!
And she'll be Missis 'Awkins, Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins,
Got'er for to name the day;
Settled it last Monday; so to church on Sunday
Off we trots the donkey shay!

SPOKEN OR SUNG.—"Now then"—

CHORUS.

Oh! Lizer! Sweet Lizer!
If yer died an old maid, you'll 'ave only yerself to blame.
D'y'ear Lizer! Dear Lizer!
Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins is a first-class name.

—Uncle Jack, who is short-sighted, returns from a long walk, and being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Allie, who instantly sets up a yell of despair. Uncle Jack: "What's the matter, Allie?" Allie (weeping): "You've drinked up my aquarium, and swallowed my three tadpoles!"

DON'T MIND, MY DARLING.

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By Paul Steinmark.

Don't mind, my dear, what they will say!
While you love me we're happy to-day.
Let then the world frown, love, or sneer;
What care I for that when your smiles they are near!
Earth cannot give, dear, with all its glare,
One spark of joy if no love be there!
Then cling to my heart, be life sad or gay,
Don't mind, my darling, what the world now will say!
Ah! you are the joy, light of my pathway!
Day would be night if from me you would stray;
Love still shall guide o'er life's dark way;
Don't, then, mind, my darling, what the world, the world may say!
Don't, then, mind, my darling, what this world will say!

Don't mind, my own, naught need we care,
Praise or blame, while our love we can share!
I am your own, sunshine or rain.
Hearts loving as ours naught can part now again!
You by my side, I the world defy!
All it can give is not worth one sigh!
Then cling to me still, be life sad or gay,
Don't mind, my darling, what the world now will say!
Ah! you are the joy, etc.

LOVE'S A MAGIC SPELL.

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Written and Composed by Harry Starr.

There's a pathway thro' the forest, there's a nook down in the dell;
A, E, D, A, E, O, I'm ashamed to tell.
There's a spot we used to linger and my lover knows it well;
A, E, D, A, E, ah! love's a magic spell.
And upon a summer's evening, when the sun retired to sleep,
I would wait for him beneath the maple tree;
And watch the stars that one by one between the branches peep,
A, E, D, A, E, oh, my lover comes to me!

YODLE.

U, le, a, ah, de, o, u, le, a, ah, le. o, u, le, a, ah, de, a, ah, de, a, ah, de, a, ah, de, oh!
U, le, a, ah, de, o, le, a, ah, de, o, le, a, ah, de, a, ah, de, a, ah, de, A, E.

There's a cottage by the seaside, there's a husband on the shore;
A, E, D, A, E, O, I am proud to tell.
There's a cradle in the corner, there's a baby we adore,
A, E, D, A, E, ah! love is still a spell.
And in winter, when the tempests rage and billows loudly roar,
Oh! 'tis glorious summer when my love is nigh;
And, heart to heart, we'll go through life, in peace forevermore,
A, E, D, A, E, oh, love can never die!—*Yodle.*

Parody on:

THE BOWERY.

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Composed by R. S. Wilson and Sung by Hohrath & Young.

I went to see a friend of mine,
Just to have a jolly time;
He lives in the last house up a court,
The further you go up you see more sport.
He invited me to come at night,
For his house is lit with electric light,
When I got there I saw such a sight,
I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.

The growler, the growler,
They rush the poor thing,
They crush the poor thing,
The growler, the growler,
It'll never get chased any more.

The boys got up a camp town,
And we each put in a cent a piece;
Reilly rushed the growler
And got pulled in by the police.
We were waiting so long for the growler, in haste,
'Till the spit in our mouth turned into paste,
And not a one of us got a taste—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

Some one said Reilly got away with the cash.
Says I, "Shut up, or your face I will mash,"
And then a terrible fight began;
The coppers made a raid and we went in the van;
The judge gave each one of us a year,
And said after this go get your own beer,
For then of your cash you need not fear;
I dont want to see you here any more.—*Chorus.*

TEXAS COWBOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I am a roving cowboy, I am off the Texas plains;
My trade is girting saddles and pulling bridle reins;
And I can throw the lasso with the greatest of ease,
And rope the wildest broncho and ride him when I please.

I used to court a pretty girl, she said she'd share my part,
I labored to maintain her, I loved her with all my heart;
And when I'd made a little stake, it's married we would be,
But the dearest friend in this wide world has gone square back on me.

Yes, boys, it almost broke my heart when I found she was taken away;
She was carried away by another lark—oh, cursed be that day!
So I'll cheer up my courage and love some other one,
And follow the cows on the lone cow trail until my race is run.

Adieu to all you kind friends, for you know I am bound to roam;
I left my dear old mother, my sister and my home;
And when I'm on the lone cow trail I'll think of the friends at home,
And also think of the darling girl that went square back on me.

My bosses they all like me, they say I am hard to beat,
I always give them a bold stand-off, for they know I have the cheek;
Although I work for wages, my pay I get in gold,
And I'll follow cows on the lone cow trail until I get too old.

Adieu to all you stiff-bosom shirts, I now lay you away,
You are so much of rags and dirt, adieu, I am bound to say;
Adieu, to all you standing collars, with all your pride and starch,
I wore you from September last until the first of March.

When I am on the lone cow trail I'll think of the friends at home,
And also think of the darling girl that caused me far to roam;
And when I get to a shipping point, I'll take a little spree,
To drive away all thoughts and care of the girl so dear to me.

With high-heeled boots and Stetson hat, and mud up to my knees,
And "gray backs," big as Chile beans, a-tickling with the fleas;
A buckskin patch upon each knee (a-patching I have learned),
I'll wear them while I am driving here, perhaps when I return.

I wrote my girl a letter and enclosed it in a slip,
And if that don't bring her to her senses, I guess I'll let her rip;
And cheer up my courage and love some other one,
And follow the cows on the lone cow trail until my race is run.

I'M IN THE CHAIR.

Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

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P'r'aps you'll wonder why I'm frisky;
'Tisn't all through cham' and whiskey;
For the wife, you see, has presented me
With a charming little baby boy.
When the news, without a warning,
To my office came this morning,
I, with shouts of joy, kissed the office boy,
And said, "Now we'll have lots of fun!"
I called on Brown, who'd come to town, and said, "Come on, old chappie,
L't's have some cham', and I'll stand 'Sam'—I feel so deuced happy!"
Old Brown was dry, and so was I; we both were very "lappy;"
And to all in the bar I said, "Boys, hip-hurrah!
I'll stand you a drink—just one!"

CHORUS.

"I'm in the chair, so have what you like to drink with me;
I'm in the chair, I reckon I'm fairly on the spree;
I've just been made a father, and it fills me with delight;
With a 'ri-too-rooral-ooral-ay,' we'll all get boozed to-night."

They proposed, "The happy father!"
Did I stand 'em drinks! well, rather!
And the barmaids blushed, as they madly rushed
To the customers who stood about.
Then two ladies started winking,
As the boys my health were drinking;
Brown said, "Oh! let me introduce Miss G.,
And Miss J., you know, no doubt."
They wished me joy, and said, "Old boy, we're dying for a liquor;"
I sang a song with words all wrong, my head was growing thicker,
The p'liceman came and stopped my game; the ladies stole my ticker;
And to give me a chance, on a p'lice ambulance
I was laid, where I shouted out—*Chorus.*

In the morning, rather early,
Right before a beak so burly,
I was dragged, half-dead, and the Justice said,
"Pray explain your artful little game?"
"Well," said I, "your worship, maybe
'Twas through having my first baby"—
"Girl?" said he—"No fear!"—"What, a boy? That's queer,
For yesterday I had the same.
If you speak true, I can't fine you; I know a father's feeling."
Let's have some cham', and I'll stand 'Sam;' your woes we'll soon be healing."
"I'll pay!"—"You wont!"—"I will!"—"No, don't!" he cried in tones appealing;
"Close the court for the day! Now, then, boys, shout 'hooray!'
Get boozed and I'll take the blame!"—*Chorus.*

PLAYING PONY WITH CASPER

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Words and Music by Chas. T. Ellis.

When bright is de day and so pure de morning air,
And birds sing their lay from almost ev'rywhere,
'Tis then dot we ride, such a jolly, happy pair,
Und Casper, dot's me, he vos de pony.
Don't be 'fraid, dis pony he vas great and toney,
Und he'll ride you 'round with grace and style.

CHORUS.

Carrying baby on my back, you'll hear the whip go crack, crack, crack!
Oh, what delight for my boy so bright, while playing pony with Caspar!
Running up and down the hill, hear those bells so clear and shrill!
Oh! what fun to have a good run, while playing pony with Caspar!

Aroond pony's neck little baby's arms are wound;
He thinks that he might go sprawling on the ground,
But pony will keep him up there all safe and sound,
He'll see that no danger comes to baby.
Don't be 'fraid, dis pony, he was great and toney,
Und he'll ride you with grace and style.—*Chorus.*

THE LAST ROLL CALL.

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Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

Fifty years ago last Friday, on a wild and stormy day,
I was fighting for our colors, many thousand miles away;
Tho' we were but one to twenty, still we beat them—yes, they lost!
We were victors, heroes all; but what a price that vict'ry cost!

CHORUS.

Side by side, like a crimson tide, in the days of long ago,
On we dash'd and our sabres crash'd, till we conquered ev'ry foe;
But one by one ere the fight was done, I saw my comrades fall,
And I was the only one left to answer the Last Roll Call!

Fifty brave and stalwart soldiers thrashed a host of deadly foes,
Fifty sabres flashed like lightning ere the shout of vict'ry rose;
Like an avalanche of thunder on we swept—Hurrah! they run!
Then I rode back home in silence, all had fallen there but one.—*Chorus.*

By the dim and ghostly torchlight, there we sought them where they fell,
They who'd saved their country's honor, they who'd fought and died so well;
Who is this, beneath those shadows? Halt! lads, gently raise his head;
Turn the light, this way, men—silence, Jack, my own twin brother, dead!—*Cho.*

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

Tune—"Down on the Farm."

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Words by T. H. Tooker.

Now, white folks, you must know, dat 'twas many years ago,
When my ole massa died an' set me free;
It was in dat happy clime, whar' it's sunny all de time,
An' de mocking birds in de trees, sing merrily.
Dar I'd rise up in de morn' an' go an' hoe de yaller corn,
Den no thought ob sorrow ebber troubled me;
In de fields I'd sing all day for my heart was light and gay.
On de ole plantation, 'way down in Tennessee.

CHORUS.

Now I often heave a sigh for dem happy days gone by,
Tho' fond memory brings dem back again to me;
And it fills my heart wid pain to think I'll never see again
De ole plantation 'way down in Tennessee.

When my hard day's work was o'er I'd sit by de cabin door,
Den I'd take de ole banjo upon my knee;
De old familiar tunes I'd play to drive dull care away,
An' de ole folks dey'd jine in and sing wid me.
Dar my mammy used to bake fat possoms an' hoe-cake
For us darkies when we'd hab' our jubilee;
Den we'd sing and dance all night, while de moon shone bright,
On de ole plantation, 'way down in Tennessee.—*Chorus.*

On Sunday nights we'd go an' take de yaller gals you know,
To hear de preacher man in de Baptist church;
An' reckon I see him now, wid' de sweat upon his brow,
Calling on us sinners to leave Satan in de lurch.
But us young dark's were in clover when de preaching was over,
An' how happy den de yaller gals would be;
For until de break ob day, we'd make love in de usual way,
On de ole plantation, 'way down in Tennessee.—*Chorus.*

When I left dat good ole home 'mid other scenes to roam,
I bid all ob my friends a sad good-bye;
An' I nebber will forget as long as I can recollect,
How my daddy and my mammy dey did cry.
But now dey both am gone an' I'm left alone to mourn;
From all earthly cares an' sorrows dey am free;
For dey sleep beneath the sod, in de ole country church-yard,
Near de ole plantation, 'way down in Tennessee.—*Chorus.*

Leave Me Not in Anger, Darling.

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Words by Thos. Westendorf. Music by Geo. W. Persely.

Leave me not in anger, darling, smile again before we part;
Keep the flow'rs of love still blooming in the garden of your heart;
Life without you would be lonely, days and years would dreary be;
For I love you, and you only can bring happiness to me.

CHORUS.

Leave me not in anger, darling; smile again before we part;
Keep the flow'rs of love still blooming in the garden of your heart.

Leave me not in anger, darling, think of the happy past,
With its hours of golden pleasure, hours that sped away too fast;
Think of tender words then spoken, when our hearts were fond and true;
Let not olden ties be broken, ties that bind my life to you.—*Chorus.*

Leave me not in anger, darling, there'll be brighter, happier hours,
For I'll ever strew your pathway with life's rarest, sweetest flowers;
Waiting on your pleasure ever, happy only when you're near;
Darling, say you'll leave me never; let me always find you here.—*Chorus.*

OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

Written and Sung by Herbert M. Porter.

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We've got a room in a boarding-house;
In this place it's quiet as a mouse.
The room we're in is too small to wash your face,
And we're too lazy for to get another place.
The other night they made a raid;
Hunted all over for the chambermaid.
The landlord, he's a beauty sight,
Has the 'mare 'most every night.
There's a man comes in as often as he likes;
I threw at him a pound of spikes.
To get to our room you go up eleven flight of stairs!
In our room there are no chairs;
Seven boarders sleep in one bed;
When you get up in the morning, six are dead.
The porter's always full of work;
The other day they used him for a clerk.

The landlord's daughter, whose name is Floss',
Her face is full of Irish moss.
The cook, she tries to run the place;
Oh, you ought to see her face!
We get beans that are twenty years old;
The butter we get is full of mold.
In this place, if you mentioned pie,
They'd all get sick; you'd think they'd die.
The steak it's as tough as leather,
You ought to see it in dry weather;
The other day I took a chunk
To make a hinge upon my trunk,
There's too girls sleep in the next room to us;
If we should see them we'd make a fuss.
When the landlord goes to bed,
He puts cracked ice upon his head.

The other night I tried to close my eyes,
In then came a regiment of flies.
The other day I thought I'd roam—
We stumbled right into my old home.
We ate everything they had in the place;
Bit a big piece out of my mother-in-law's face,
We swallowed the clock, bit a hole in the floor,
Chewed a hole in the roof and swallowed the door;
Chewed our shoes and a big straw hat,
Made a raid on the kitchen and swallowed the cat.
We chewed fish-bones and ate ten stones,
And chewed a big piece out of the servant girl's nose.
We ate so much that it made us thin;
Our hair came out and our cheeks went in;
Our bones were sticking through our skin,
We went out and laid on red-hot tin.

We struck New York City one fine day,
So we took a walk along Broadway.
The first thing we chanced to meet
Was a German band coming down the street;
We picked up the bass drum, swallowed it down,
Swallowed the men as they drew around;
Went down to the ferry and swallowed ten boats,
Went out on election and chewed up our votes.
At last we struck Germantown,
Met a preacher and swallowed him down,
Swallowed a pump, put our teeth through the handle
Ate the reports of the Germantown scandle.
Then getting disgusted with grub so light,
We swallowed ourselves clean out of sight.
And that's the way we used to carry on
In the boarding-house where we were born.

—Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts.

Philada. Agency. W. B. Hubbs. 1 W. Cor. Franklin & Vine sts.

SWEETEST ROSE OF ALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. T. Ellis.

In all the land of flowers the sweetest is the rose—
The fairest gift of nature that in the garden grows.
Red, white and yellow roses, climb up the trestle wall;
And yet to me my sweetest rose is the sweetest of them all!

REFRAIN.

For I love each tender blossom that in the garden grows;
Tho' ev'ry bloom is lovely, the sweetest is the rose.
Of all the diff'rent roses, from early Spring till Fall,
The girl I love so fondly is the sweetest rose of them all.

Her cheeks are like the blush-rose, her smile to me is bliss,
Her lips are ruby rosebuds, that tempt you to a kiss.
Some day we will be married, when Summer rose leaves fall,
'Tis then my little wife will be the sweetest rose of all.—*Refrain.*

The United States of America.

Written by John Jones.

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Let all foreigners boast of the land of their birth,
I'll sing of the country that I love the best;
'Tis enshrined in my heart as the fairest on earth;
It lies where the sun slowly sinks, in the West.
I love the broad mountains and valleys so green,
Where Columbia, our Godess, she rules as their queen;
Where the stars and the stripes floating proudly are seen;
'Tis the United States of America.

CHORUS.

We're a nation that's honest, good-hearted and free;
We're brave and unconquered on land and on sea;
We're loyal and faithful, and ever will be,
In the United States of America.

Our soldiers and sailors are willing and brave;
Our inventors and workmen unequaled for skill;
Our statesmen and judges as stern as the grave
When they have an unpleasant task to fulfil.
Our matrons and daughters are virtuous and fair,
Graceful and slender, there's none can compare;
There smile throws a beam of sunshine everywhere
In the United States of America.—*Chorus.*

So, long may prosperity rule o'er our land,
And long may her sons remain faithful and true.
While honor and justice together does stand,
Then virtue will get what its honestly due.
Long may the star-spangled banner float high
O'er our cities and towns—let her wave in the sky;
And may peace ever reign, as the years they roll by,
In the United States of America.—*Chorus.*

OLD DAD'S WALKING CANE.

Written by John Jones.

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This wee bit of blackthorn, preserved as a treasure,
Recalls recollections to me ever dear.
'Twas the gift of a parent, who loved me sincerely,
Whose memory I always will love and revere.
'Twas he, who in childhood, dispelled all my troubles,
Who tenderly soothed all my sorrows and pain,
'Tis the thought of his kindness that makes me so cherish
This wee bit of blackthorn, old dad's walking cane.

CHORUS.

'Tis not for it's beauty I love this old treasure,
But the days that have past it recalls once again;
Yes, 'tis fond recollections that makes me so cherish
This wee bit of blackthorn, old dad's walking cane,

When his hair had grown gray, and his health was declining,
He would lean, with relief, on this dumb, faithful friend.
'Twas a guide to his footsteps, so tottering and feeble,
And one on whose help he could always depend.
'Twas his constant companion, in all sorts of weather—
In Summer and winter, in sunshine and rain.
To think of the hand that has grasped it in friendship,
Makes me fondly cherish old dad's walking cane.—*Chorus.*

When the angel of death o'er his bedside did hover,
As I wiped the cold sweat from his damp, clammy brow,
He whispered, "My son, I am soon going to leave you;
I'll soon be at rest with your dear mother now.
Remember the lessons I've zealously taught you—
Be honest and upright, or life will be vain;
And when all is over, to cherish my memory,
Preserve this old keepsake, your dad's walking cane.—*Chorus.*

JIM CROW.

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Come listen all you gals and boys, I's just from Tucky-hoe;
I'm going to sing a little song, my name's Jim Crow.

CHORUS.

Weel about and turn about an' do jis' so,
Ebery time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

Oh, I'm a roarer on de fiddle, and down in old Virginny
They say I play de skyentific like Massa Paganini.—*Chorus.*

I went down to de ribber, I didn't mean to stay,
But dere I see so many gals, I couldn't get away.—*Chorus.*

I get 'pon a flat boat, I cotch de *Uncle Sam*,
Den I went to see de place wher' dey kill'd Packenham.—*Chorus.*

And den I go to Orleans, an' feel so full of fight,
Dey put me in de Calaboose, and keep me dare all night.—*Chorus.*

When I go out I hit a man, his name I now forgot;
But there was nothing left 'cept a little grease spot.—*Chorus.*

I whip my weight in wild cats, I eat an alligator,
And tear up more ground dan kifer fifty load of tater.—*Chorus.*

I sit upon a hornet's nest, I dance upon my head,
I tie a wipor 'round my neck and den I goes to bed.—*Chorus.*

Dere's possum up de gumtree, and raccoon in de hollow,
Wake snakes, for June bugs stole my half a dollar.—*Chorus.*

A ring-tailed monkey an' a rib-nose baboon
Went out de odder day to spend de arternoon.—*Chorus.*

Oh, de way dey bake de hoe cake in old Virginny neber tire,
Dey put de doe upon de foot, and hole it to de fire.—*Chorus.*

O, by trade I am a carpenter, but, be it understood,
De way I git my liben' is by sawing de tick ob wood.—*Chorus.*

I'm a full-blooded niggar, ob de real ole stock,
An' wid my head and shoulder I can split a horse block.—*Chorus.*

I struck a Jarsey niggar, in de street de oder day,
And I hope I neber stir, if he did'nt turn gray.—*Chorus.*

I'm berry much afraid of late dis jumping will be no good.
For while de Crow are dancing de Wites will saw de wood.—*Chorus.*

But if dey get honest by sawing wood like slaves,
Dere's an end to de business ob our friend Massa Hayes.—*Chorus.*

I met a Philadelphia niggar, dressed up quite nice and clean,
But de way he 'bused de Yorkers I thought was berry mean.—*Chorus.*

So I knocked down dis Sambo, and shut up his light,
For I'm just about as sassy as if I was half white.—*Chorus.*

But he soon jumped up again, and 'gan for me to feel;
Says I, "Go away, you nigger, or I'll skin you like an eel."—*Chorus.*

I'm so glad dat I'm a niggar, and don't you wish you was too,
For den you'll gain popularity by jumping Jim Crow.—*Chorus.*

Now, my brodder niggars, I do not think it right,
Dat you should laugh at dem who happen to be white.—*Chorus.*

Kase it dare misfortune, an' dey'd spend ebery dollar
If dey only could be gentlemen ob color.—*Chorus.*

It almost break my heart to see dem envy me,
And from my soul I wish dem full as black as we.—*Chorus.*

What stuff it is in dem to make de debbil black,
I'll prove dat he his white in de twinkling ob a crack.—*Chorus.*

For you see, loved brodders, as true as he hab a tail,
It is his berry wickedness what make him turn pale.—*Chorus.*

I went to Hoboken to hab a promenade,
And dar I see de pretty gals, drinking de lemonade.—*Chorus.*

Dat sour and dat sweet is berry good, by gum,
But the best of lemonade is made by adding rum.—*Chorus.*

De Broadway belles, when dey carry full sail,
Around dem wear a funny thing just like a fox tail.—*Chorus.*

When you hear de name of it, I sure it make you roar;
Why I axed' em what it was, and dey said it was a boar.—*Chorus.*

I'm for freedom, and for union altogether,
Aldough I'm a black man, de white is called my brodder.—*Chorus.*

I'm for union to a gal, and dis is a stubborn fact,
But if I marry and don't like it, I'll nullify de act.—*Chorus.*

I'm tired of being a single man, an' I'm 'tarmined to get a wife,
For what I thing the happiest, is de sweet married life.—*Chorus.*

Its berry common 'mong de white to marry and get divorced,
But dat I'll nebber do unless I'm really forced.—*Chorus.*

I think I see myself in Broadway, wid my wife upon my arm,
An' to follow up de fashion, dere sure can be no harm.—*Chorus.*

And I caution all white dandies not to come in my way,
For if dey insult me, dey'll in de gutter lay.—*Chorus.*

—Teacher: "Now, children, I will give you three words—boys, bees and bears—and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words." Small boy: "I have it." Teacher: "John McCarthy, you may give us your sentence." John McCarthy: "Boys bees bare whin they goes in swimmin'."

W. E. Hubbs.
W. W. Cor. Franklin & Vine Sts.

KISSES ACROSS THE STREAM.

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Words by Mai Fai. Music by Adam Geibel.

I dreamt at eventide, love, that thou wert near;
The wailing wind outside, love, stood still to hear.
Though 'twas a dream—so real does seem
Those kisses, love, across the stream,
Those kisses across the stream;
Eyes of blue, kisses so true—or was't a dream?
Those kisses, kisses, those kisses across the stream,
Those kisses, kisses, those kisses across the stream?

I heard thy soothing voice, love, our hands they met.
Oh, how I did rejoice, love, I'll ne'er forget.
Though 'twas a dream, etc.

Thy presence filled my sight, love, or was't a dream?
Could kisses float by night, love, across the stream?
Though 'twas a dream, etc.

THE LOVE CUP

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

The scene which I will picture is sacred to my heart—
A homestead in which I form'ly lived;
And yet the fates had willed it so that from it I must part,
To be there all I now posess I'd give.
On Christmas or Thanksgiving and on New Year's, too, as well,
The fam'ly 'round the table sat in joy;
The usual prayer was said, then stories we would tell,
And father gave this toast without alloy:—

CHORUS.

Pass 'round the love cup, drink to those who're present,
God bless the absent—free from care and strife;
Watch o'er the children, don't neglect your parents,
God bless the mother, the helpmate, the wife!

Within that humble dwelling I first learned right from wrong,
From mother, whose teachings were so true.
A father's fond affection and a sister's love so strong
Was mine; and yet I left them, which I rue.
No deed or action have I done unworthy of their love,
To-morrow is their wandering boy's birthday;
My mother's face I'll see, as gentle as a dove,
And listen to my dear old father say:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THAT IS LOVE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Love, sweet love, is the poets' dream,
But Boston is the place for pork and beans;
Corned beef and cabbage in New York,
But show me the Jew who will eat pork.
See a bum a-standing and with his eye will wink,
Who will almost die with heart disease
If you ask him to have a drink.
It's an ill wind that never no harm blows;
There never was a Jew where the shamrock grows.

See a Hebrew standing in his clothing store—
Waiting for a customer to pass the door;
A tipsy sailor staggers—but not long on shore—
In the clothing store he gets a shove.
A Hebrew says, "My friend, I got a coat for you;
Cost me forty dollars—what I say is true—
And I like you and you can have the suit for two"—
That is love; that is love.

See a loving couple standing side by side;
She's his darling little wife, his joy and pride;
The clock strikes the hour and to work he goes;
She clings to him, but her away he'll shove;
Then she throws a kiss to him and says, "My Jack,"
He works in the machine shop till his face gets black—
Jack goes out the front door and his friend comes in the back—
That is love; that is love.

On a Summer's morn, an old man goes out for a row,
Just to pass away a quiet hour or so;
His boat capsizes—overboard the old man goes;
To keep himself afloat he vainly strives;
A young man to his rescue quickly pulls his boat,
And from the old man's pocket-book a dollar bill does float;
He lets the old man sink, but saves the dollar note—
That is love; that is love.

—If happiness is your object in life, don't try too hard to get rich.

JUST TO BE AT HOME.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan. As sung by Frederick W. Carberry.

Just to hear the dear home voices, just to be at that loved place;
Just to see the smile of welcome that will gladden ev'ry face
When those eyes so fondly watching once again are turned on me;
When shall come that day of meeting—happy I shall be.

Just to see thee, oh! my darling, just to look into your eyes;
Just to tell again the story of the love that never dies.
Just to see thee, oh! my darling, just to hold thee to my heart;
Just again to meet and greet thee, never more to part.

Just again to see my baby, just to kiss my little one;
Just to hold her in these strong arms, as I oft before have done.
Just to hear her calling "Papa!" as she sees me homeward come—
Oh! I'd give the world this moment just to be at home!

BOB SUTLERS' GIRL.

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Words and Music by Geo. Southgate.

I know a lovely maiden; her lips are like the rose,
Her eyes are soft and silky and she's got a handsome nose;
She weighs about two hundred, her height is six feet two;
And when she's walking on the street she is something nice to view.
Her pop's name is Bob Sutlers, he runs a blacksmith shop;
If he could get Jay Gould's wealth for her, he would not swap!
And I love her very dearly—she knows I love her too!
She's quite a combination girl—I'll tell what she can do:—

CHORUS.

She can play the trombone—her voice is simply grand:
She's going to be an angel up in the promised land!
To see her dance a buck-town reel would make your whiskers curl!
I feel that I would like to steal old Bob Sutlers' girl!

They say she fought a bulldog and left it lying dead!
In a mues with a light-weight prize-fighter, she stood him on his head!
She fought big Dan McFarrer in a ring, for twenty rounds;
And now he would not spar her if the stake was half this town!
She fought him to a standstill—she knocked him out for fun—
She stood upon his breastbone and sang, "Johnny, Get Your Gun!"
To hear her play the banjo would cause your head to swell;
And when she plays the piano, all the neighbors yell:—*Chorus.*

I asked her if she would marry me? And when I said, "My dear!"
She bruised me gently on the ribs and thumped me on the ear;
She smiled on me so sweetly while I told of my love.
She is so kind and meekly, she's just like a turtle dove;
She told me "No!" and kicked me—you bet it caused me pain.
I will keep persevering and ask her once again;
And if some day she will agree to be my little wife,
Then we will quickly married be, and happy go through life.—*Chorus.*

THAT'S WHY HE LOVES ME.

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When people love you in a way they've never loved before,
No matter how you treat them, they will love you more and more.
A creditor called yesterday, and swore some awful swears,
And, as I'd no cash, I couldn't pay, and kicked him down the staire—and—

CHORUS.

That's why he loves me;
That's why he's my friend;
I spoiled his Sunday clothes,
And I broke his Roman nose—
And that's why he loves me.

My mother-in-law's a scorcher—though her love for me's intense,
To-day her tongue commenced to wag. I'd stand no more, I said;
So took the muzzle off the dog and muzzled her instead.

CHORUS.

That's why she loves me;
That's why she's my friend.
She'd lay down all our laws,
Now she cannot move her jaws—
And that's why she loves me.

A pious friend once loved me more than words can ever tell,
And one day proved that love he bore for all I had as well.
He sneaked my fifty-dollar watch, which all our friendship marred,
But I put the police on the lad, and got him six months' hard—and—

CHORUS.

That's why he loves me;
That's why he's my friend.
He took my time from me,
Now he's doing time you see—
And that's why he loves me.

THE SONGS MY SISTER TRIED TO SING TO ME.

Written and Composed by James McAvoy.

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I've been thinking of the hardships I went through when I was young,
When my sister Mary Ann first learned to sing,
With her steamboat voice, and yellow chestnut ballads that she sprung,
And upon a bum piano she would bing
All the latest songs she murdered, she had piles of them that high,
And every one she sang them out of key.
And the only thing the doctor says that left me in bad health,
Was the songs my sister tried to sing to me.
There's "The song that reached my heart,"
And "Darling, we must part,"
"Since I sat on my dear old mother's knee,"
"Bid me good-bye and go," and "Mother told me so,"
Were the songs my sister tried to sing to me.
"I'm getting old and gray," "Maggie, dear, I am called away,"
And "Save my mother's picture from the sale,"
"The striker and his son," yes, and "Johnnie, get your gun,"
And a nigger hymn called "Hail! Jerusalem, hail!"
She sang "Waiting, waiting, waiting," and "The little fisher-maiden,"
"I hope some day I'll see ould Ireland free,"
"Broken playthings on the floor," and "My name above the door,"
Were the songs my sister tried to sing to me.
And what a bluff she made when she sang "The Scotch brigade,"
"As I sat beneath the dear old chestnut tree,"
"He got there just the same," and "The letter that never came,"
Were the songs my sister tried to sing to me.
She sang "Paddy stole the rope," yes, and "Paddy stole the soap,"
And "Peek-a-boo," she'd then commence to bark,
And "Lay me on the hillside with my face towards the West,"
"And I could tell it if I felt it in the dark,"
"In the Bowery grenadiers," she'd stop and give three cheers,
"I will think of you where'er you may be,"
But when she sang the "Swanee river," I never could forgive her,
The way my sister sang these songs to me.

Parody on:

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

Written and Sung by O'Brien and Carroll.

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On the corner stood "Si Perkins," with his whiskers red and fine;
In his hand he held a message from his sweetheart "Peggy Cline";
She had promised she would meet him—this was just ten years ago,
When he was a country Reuben, no whiskers on his chin did grow;
Suddenly he met his darling, and surprised, of course, was she.
She whispered, she saw his whiskers; surely you cannot go to——
You must make me just one promise. Certainly, said Si, and grinned;
Let me cut those lovely lilacs just to fool the breezy wind.

CHORUS.

He stood between love and duty; there was his sweetheart true,
In her hand she held the scissors to cut his heart into——
He said he wouldn't be called a calf, so he let his darling cut them in half,
And then, poor jay, he got the laugh, 'cause he stood between love and duty.

After Si had lost his whiskers, he at first felt somewhat sore.
Says he, I've got some consolation, the wind won't play with them any more.
He had lots of yaller money, that he had saved up year by year;
His darling, when she spied the boodle, said, let me mind it for you, dear;
She, of course, knew more than he did, and he gave her all he had—
She suddenly became excited, saying, Si, ain't that too bad,
I left my watch at Uncle Moss's; you wait here—she called a hack;
I'll return in just five minutes, but she never came back.

CHORUS.

He stood there alone on Maine Street, his darling from him had flown;
She gave him the razzle-dazzle; poor Si was left alone;
Home, sweet home, was the place for him; he swore that he would go back again,
But he fell in a fit when he felt his chin, now at Longue Point he's at home again.

Two years have passed, and Si, lonely, waiting for his love's return,
He's been writing just a hundred letters to the only one his heart did yearn;
She finally answered; says she, I'm sorry I spent your money, darling Si,
But by mail I'll send you something that will square both you and I;
The postman came—he felt delighted, that longed-for letter now has come.
Says he, I'm sure this must be money from my darling wayward one;
With trembling hands he *takes the letter*, once again he feels so glad,
And as he gazed inside the envelope he spied the whiskers once he had.

CHORUS.

He stood looking at his whiskers, not knowing just what to do;
He was happy once more to see them; he buys a pot of glue
And claps a little upon his chin, and puts his whiskers on again;
It's the last time he'll be taken in, he was glad to get back his whiskers again.

—Worry kills more people than the cholera.

—The man who picks out his own cross never has a light load.

—The worst troubles anybody has are those that never happen.

—It isn't always the best man who gets the biggest gravestone.

INTOXICATION.

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Words by Mai Fai. Music by Adam Geibel.

I will confess it, I've been drinking—standing on the very ledge;
I cannot help it; 'twas born in me and I will not sign the pledge.
Ah, yes! the wine in which I lave in, is the rarest vintage tipple
That a man e'er touched his lips to; old or young love its ripple,
Ah! I shall confess it, I've been drinking—standing on the very ledge;
I cannot help it; 'twas born in me, yet I cannot sign the pledge,

O, 'tis the bev'rage lords may sip at—fools will drain its very dregs;
Sweet overflowing cup once tasted, who would ever sign the pledge?
Is it good sherry? No, nor brandy, thrills my ev'ry vein to-night;
But that intoxicating beverage drank from eyes' seductive light.
Ah! I shall confess it, etc.

Dear Tom, 'tis thus that I've been thinking, to distraction's very edge;
Just why it is this tempting tipple is not mentioned in the pledge?
And state to you as I'm reflecting upon pleasure and on pain,
I deem little worth recollecting, save the pledge to love again.
Ah! I shall confess it, etc.

I've been drinking—'tis such a pleasure—I'll confess it Tom, to you;
Other men require other measure—whiskey straight or brandy stew.
Give me the wine I sip from kisses, loving eyes brimful of soul,
I'll rob the angels then of blisses, yielding love complete control.
Ah! I shall confess it, etc.

Now He's Sorry that He Spoke.

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Words and Music by Gus. C. Weinberg.

A young man loved a maiden fair, her pa did not love him;
Because he did not go to church he wasn't in the swim;
But then they'd meet down at the gate, they'd part at twelve and come at eight;
The old man got a dog and watched behind a great big sack,
And when he heard the old gate squeak he yelled out "Sick him, Jack!"

CHORUS.

Now he's sorry that he spoke, now he's sorry that he spoke;
He heard a yell, he made a search, there lay the Deacon of the church;
His trowsers torn, his plug hat broke, and now he's sorry that he spoke.

A man upon the corner stood, a perfect-looking swell,
He told the folks to cluster 'round, he had a watch to sell;
He told them that it must be sold, he guaranteed it solid gold;
They bid to twenty dollars, but still he wanted more;
Old farmer Brown steps up and said: "I'll give you twenty-four."

CHORUS.

Now he's sorry that he spoke, now he's sorry that he spoke;
The watch was brass instead of gold, the wheels were battered up and old;
One hand was gone, the other broke, and now Brown's sorry that he spoke.

A masher walked along the street, one of those giddy boys
Who wear red neck-ties, bang their hair; one of those mamma's joys;
He'd wink at ev'ry girl he'd meet—in fact, he thought he owned the street;
A charming lady came along, as fair as fair could be;
He winked and bowed and then he said: "Come, take a stroll with me."

CHORUS.

Now he's sorry that he spoke, now he's sorry that he spoke;
She was a female pugilist, she mashed the "masher" with her fist;
He landed in the mud to soak, and now he's sorry that he spoke.

Now every one who looks at me knows I'm a married man,
Because I never smile or laugh; I don't see how I can;
For when I asked my girl if she would come and share her lot with me,
She said: "I'm thine forever, but mamma will fret and fuss."
I said: "My darling, your mamma can come and live with us."

CHORUS.

Now I'm sorry that I spoke, now I'm sorry that I spoke;
She talks my arm loose every night, it seems she always wants to fight;
I can't go out, drink beer or smoke, and now I'm sorry that I spoke.

A man named Patrick Hoollohan, who worked around the docks,
He went out to a quarry where the men were blasting rocks,
They had some brand new dynamite, they said it didn't work just right,
Pat grabbed a piece and lit a match, with many a smile and smirk,
And then says he: "I'll show you that it's wet and will not work."

CHORUS.

Now he's sorry that he spoke, now he's sorry that he spoke;
He shot up to the milky way, he has not come back to this day;
A loud report, a little smoke, and now they're sorry that they spoke.

A dudelet went down on the farm to live and there grow fat;
One day he saw an animal that he supposed a cat,
It nestled in a wagon track, had two black stripes run down its back;
He thought it was the cutest cat that ever he did see;
He stepped up close, and then he said: "Come, kitty, come to me."

CHORUS.

Now he's sorry that he spoke, now he's sorry that he spoke;
They went and buried all his clothes, they put clothes-pins upon their nose,
Then threw him in the lake to soak, and now he's sorry that he spoke.

Some naughty boys were sliding down a cellar-door one day,
And papa, who had quite a jag, was watching them at play;
First half-way down they'd slide with care, because a great big nail stuck there,
But papa didn't notice it; he said he'd have some fun;
He told the boys to watch him slide; he'd show them how it's done.

CHORUS.

Now he's sorry that he spoke, now he's sorry that he spoke;
The children laughed but papa cried, a bicycle he can not ride;
Poor papa couldn't see the joke, and now he's sorry that he spoke.

TIN-NI-MIN-NI-WIN-KUM-KA;

— OR : —

The Chinaman's Farewell.

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By Ching Foo.

Fare thee well, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, fare thee well, fare thee well;
I must go, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka; where, I cannot tell.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka;
Fare thee well, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka;
Flower of beauty, Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka,
Fare thee, fare thee well.

Eyes celestial, Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, dark and clear, dark and clear;
When they wake my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka I shall not be here.—*Chorus.*

Here the Bulbul, Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, sweet and low, sweet and low;
Hark! she says, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, do not, do not go.—*Chorus.*

I'll come back, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, back to thee, back to thee;
I'll bring gold, my Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, from the Eastern sea.—*Chorus.*

I'M GOING FAR AWAY, LOVE.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I sat down by you, darling, and begged you to forgive;
In anger then you spurned me from your side.
I know that you were hasty, but still you may regret
The words you spoke in passion and in pride.
But I return again, love; one heart it aches with pain, love,
But now another story I will tell:
Let us be friends, tho' parted, for I am broken-hearted;
I've only come to say a last farewell.

CHORUS.

I'm going far away, love, but I'll return some day, love;
And while I'm gone, let your heart conquer pride.
If the same old flame shall burn, love, when your heart it shall yearn, love;
Then I'll return to claim you as my bride, my bonny bride!

My love, can you remember, an evening long ago,
When we sat 'neath the branches of a tree;
Where we pledged vows eternal and said, then, that our love
In future years should ever constant be?
Those days seem like a dream, love; just think what might have been love;
But now I'm going very far away.
Take back this little token; tho' vows are lightly broken,
I know that you will send for me some day.—*Chorus.*

DE BLUE-TAIL FLY.

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O, when you come in summer time to South Carolina's sultry clime,
If in de shade you chance to lie, you will soon find out de blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Dar's many kind ob dese here things from different sort ob insects springs;
Some hatch in June, an' some July, but August fotches de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

When I was young I used to wait on Massa's table and hand de plate;
I'd pass de bottle when he's dry, an' brush away de blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Den arter dinner Massa sleep, he bid me vigilance to keep;
An' when he gwine to shut he eye, he tell me watch de blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

When he ride in de arternoon, I foller wid a hickory broom;
De pony being bery shy when bitten by de blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

One day he rode aroun' de farm, de flies so numerous did swarm;
One chance to bite him on de thigh, de debble take dat blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

De pony run, he jump' an' pitch, an' tumble Massa in de ditch,
He died, an' de Jury wonder why de verdict was de "blue-tail fly."
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Dey laid him under a 'simmon tree, his epitaph am dar to see:
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie, all by de means ob de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Ole Massa's gone, now let him rest, dey say all things am for de best;
I neber shall forget till de day I die, ole Massa an' de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

De hornet gets in your eyes an' nose, de 'skeeters bites ye through your clothes,
De galliniper sweeten high, but wuser yet de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Dar's many kind ob dese here tings from different sort ob insects springs,
Some hatch in June and some July, but August fotches de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

POOTY SOON!

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Words and Music by Chas. T. Ellis.

Oh, a song of joy vas in de air,
And this world to me vas so bright and fair;
For soon my true love will bring
A golden, bright, big wedding-ring.

CHORUS.

Pooty soon, pooty soon, such a happy bride I will be!
For last night, my beau, vhy he told me so, while de moon dot wink'd at me!
Pooty soon, pooty soon, vill ring out all de bells a merry tune;
Und de reason why vas because dot I will be married pooty soon.

Oh, its nice to be a maiden free,
But it's great deal nicer a bride to be!
My sweetheart, I love you so!
Don't been afraid, I voon't say "No!"—*Chorus.*

CORBETT-SULLIVAN FIGHT.

Written by John Jones.

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Kind friends give your attention and some incidents I'll mention
Concerning a great battle that occured not long ago.
History will preserve the name, lately shorn of lustrous fame,
But which still commands respect from friend and foe.
The world-renowned John L. from his pinnacle has fell;
James J. Corbett wears the mantle that he wore.
John was noble in his fall, and is still admired by all,
But his day has past, his reign at last is o'er.

CHORUS.

Hail the present champion, place fresh laurels on his brow;
Intrepid and invincible, who'll dare confront him now?
Boston's idol has been shattered, John L.'s flag is sadly furled.
For Corbett has just proved himself the champion of the world.

New York sports will well remember the seventh day of September.
Their finances and affections got a ruthless shock that day,
For their pride, their fistic king, was defeated in the ring,
Where for years he'd reigned with undisputed sway.
Still the victor in this fight won it manly and upright,
And deserves the place, which justly is his due;
For his confidence and skill, and his brave and dauntless will,
Caused poor John at last to meet his Waterloo.—*Chorus.*

HE'S WAITING YET.

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Words by M. Cavanagh. Composed by Will H. Fox.

One night I went upon the mash; I met a girl and acted rash.
I spoke of love and other things—of wedded bliss and diamond rings;
I saw her home, and at the gate she said, "Next night, as sure as fate,
She'd meet me where before we met;" but for the girl I'm waiting yet.

CHORUS.

I'm waiting yet in grief and pain; for four long hours in slush and rain
I hung around, got soaking wet—she never came—I'm waiting yet.

Once, in a game of draw, I sat and had four diamonds dealt me, pat;
They all stayed in and saw my raise; I thought them all a lot of jays.
I drew one card, and didn't look to see how much the dealer took;
A diamond would have won the pot. I waited, and a spade I got.

CHORUS.

I'm waiting yet in grief and pain; they got my wealth, gold watch and chain.
That little spade caused me regret—for a diamond flush I'm waiting yet.

My tailor's bill is overdue; 'twill so remain and I feel blue.
I'm dodging him by night and day—my appetite he's drove away.
A No. 1 with him I stood—poor man he thought my credit good;
Four nobby suits for me he made; and now he's waiting to be paid.

CHORUS.

He's waiting yet in grief and pain; his hopes of payments are all vain.
I said I'd liquidate the debt one year ago—he's waiting yet.

I dabbled once in politics, but wasn't up to all the tricks;
They said I'd be in every deal—another name, you know, for steal.
I always voted with the mob, and helped them out on many a job;
The boodle that they said I'd get I'm longing for and waiting yet.

CHORUS.

I'm waiting yet in grief and pain; that I've been done, to me is plain.
They got the stuff and skipped, you bet, and for my share I'm waiting yet.

—To have an honest critic is to have a faithful friend.

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

Written by John Jones.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

The good ship *Home Rule*, so long tossed in mid ocean,
Now rides in a harbor where friendly winds blow.
Her grand old commander, with loyal devotion,
Still stands at the helm, with his face to the foe.
Courageous and noble, he ne'er would dissemble;
Unequaled in wisdom—in logic so cool;
His well-spoken words made his foes wince and tremble;
They fear this grim captain who steers the *Home Rule*.

CHORUS.

Sail on! noble ship, you've a brave, fearless crew.
Irishmen! Patriots! men staunch and true,
Through seas of misfortune, through storms of misrule,
At last sails to freedom the good ship *Home Rule*.

The cause you've espoused is chivalric and glorious,
But remember your foes are well-armed for the fight.
Tho' baffled for years, you will yet prove victorious;
For you're fighting for freedom, for justice and right.
But, alas, on the storm-beaten shores of disunion,
The ship you would save may yet drift to her fate.
Her sole hope now lies in fraternal reunion,
Or she'll sink 'midst these tempests of factional hate.—*Chorus.*

Oh, Erin, what great men were reared in thy cradle!
Brave Sarsfield, O'Connell and Emmet as well.
And where is another so fearless and able
As the intrepid, bold, but ill-fated, Parnell?
Poor Ireland, he loved thee with fondest devotion;
Like Gladstone, no mishaps his arder could cool;
And tho' both met rebuffs on life's stormy ocean,
They never deserted the good ship *Home Rule*.—*Chorus.*

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

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Words and Music by Matt. Woodward.

Alone she sat upon the beach, a maiden young and fetching;
She had some paper on her lap, I fancied she was sketching;
Her attitude reminded me of "Miss Muffett and the Spider."
So, in an absent-minded way, I sat me down beside her.

CHORUS.

Oh! she was a simple country girl;
The ways of the world she'd never known.
Said I, "Where's your popper?
It hardly seems proper
To leave little country girls alone.

Said she, "I've just been ask'd to wed, but I can't write a letter;
Now I will tell you what to say: he'll read your writing better.
I wrote, "My love, I'll marry you—at twelve expect the carriage!"
And with that note the girl sued me for breach of promise of marriage.

CHORUS.

Oh! she was a simple country girl;
The ways of the world she'd never known,
But after I'd met her,
Said I, "It is better
To leave little country girls alone.

As I was walking in the park I saw a country maiden;
With bundles of enormous weight that simple girl was laden.
"May I carry one?" "Yes, take the lot!" "Are you going far?" "Not very."
Then all the way from Central Park we walked to Grand Street Ferry.

CHORUS.

Oh! she was a simple country girl;
The ways of the world she'd never known,
But after I'd met her,
Said I, "It is better
To leave little country girls alone!

Now when we got to Grand Street I became extremely nervous,
For there I saw some men I knew, who turned 'round to observe us.
I whispered, "Take your bundles, please; if my friends see this 'twill shock 'em.
"Hold on," cried she, "I'm looking for a place where I can hock 'em!"

CHORUS.

Oh! she was a simple country girl;
The ways of the world she'd never known,
But after I'd met her,
Said I, "It is better
To leave little country girls alone.

She made me hock the things myself, though I at first protested;
Next day, for pawning stolen goods, a man had me arrested!
The judge said, "You were not alone in this transaction shady."
"You're right," said I; "I'll tell your honor all about the lady;

CHORUS.

Oh! she was a simple country girl;
The ways of the world she'd never known."
Said the judge, "Now you've met her;
In future it's better
To leave little country girls alone!"

Our Good Ship Sails To-Night.

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Our good ship sails to-night, Mary, and I must haste away;
I see the banner waving out in the little bay.
Long, long, may I be absent upon the deep blue sea,
But when I'm gone away, love, still, still remember me.

My heart will e'er be true, Mary, unto our early vow,
And tho' the ocean rolls between, 'twill beat as warm as now.
This little token I will keep, whate'er my fate may be;
I'll wear it near my heart, love, a priceless gift from thee.

I cannot linger now, Mary, the shades of evening fall;
The boat is waiting at the beach—I hear the well-known call;
Then fare thee well, my dearest one, my home is on the sea;
Yet should my life be spared, love, I'll come again to thee.

WE'VE GOT THE LODGERS IN, AND CAN'T GET THEM OUT.

Written by Harry Boden. Composed by Harry Champion.

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They say that everything that is done's for the best;
We should never meet trouble half way,
But do what we think will turn out for our good,
And try to be happy and gay.
Look at me! I'm the picture of trouble and grief—
I scarcely know what I'm about;
I took in some lodgers, I thought for the best,
And I now find I can't get them out.

SPOKEN.—It's all through my missus. We were all right while we were in one room—though, of course, nine in a family makes it a bit crowded. But still, when we all get close together, it saves the coals. But directly I had my wages raised from £1 to a guinea, nothing would do but we must take a house. Of course, it was no use to argue. She's heavier than I am, so I took it. It's a nice house—nine rooms and another one, hot and cold water, and a hole over the sink for the soap-box. She said to me, "Crumpet-mug"—you know she always calls me that, because, she says, "Every time she looks at my face she can hear the muffin-bell." "So," she says, "we can let off seven rooms; make the kids up a bed on the shelves in the pantry; live in the kitchen, and call the scullery our best room." It was agreed, and we put up a bill for "Unfurnished Apartments." The parlors were taken by a man and wife, who said they were musicians; but you could have knocked me bandy when the first night they wanted to wheel in a piano-organ. The bloke at the back's got the D. T.'s; another one above says he's a traveler; and the little ante-room on the stairs—that's let to a maiden lady. Now, you know, I don't know what trade you call her's. Every morning she goes out with a little bag and a big stick, and does a rake to see what she can find. You know I wouldn't mind their trade if they paid the rent; but they don't. They think because I dress well I don't want any rent. The landlord's summoned me twice; they've cut off the water; rates and taxes are unpaid; and I've got the knock. And it's all through my wife and the lodgers—lodgers!—

CHORUS.

They're in, and they won't be shifted;
They've made up their minds to stay.
None of them's got any furniture—
And they all refuse to pay;
They're driving me off my onion;
I don't know what I'm about;
We've got the lodgers in our house,
And we can't get them out.

I've been compelled daily to make some complaint,
For the fellow who's got the D. T.'s
I discovered last Saturday walks in his sleep,
And you know that that isn't the cheese;
With the folks in the parlors I've had a few words,
For my temper I scarcely could keep
When they started this morning the organ to grind
To get off their baby to sleep.

SPOKEN.—I woke up at three in the morning; there they were, playing "Young Man Taken In and Done For." So I went down stairs and tapped at the door. I said, "You might be a bit quiet; my wife's laid up with neuralgia; baby's got the whooping-cough; the two eldest have got the chicken-pox; and I've got the blooming hump." And, would you believe me, instead of leaving off, they played "Home, Sweet Home;" and it did touch me when it come to that part, "ever so humble"—'pon my word, I couldn't help shedding a tear. The chap above, that says he's a traveler, I've found out what he travels in now—"Fine Yarmouth bloaters, three a penny!" He brought home some of his stock last night and shoved them under the bed, and this morning I found the bed walking downstairs. Talk about a man being in trouble—if ever there was one—I'm him. The maiden lady in the off-room came home as drunk as a lord last night; so I went up to her and told her I wouldn't have drunken people in our house. She put her arms around my neck and said, "Egbert, I like you." She'd no sooner got her arms around me than my old woman came up and swore I was making an appointment. Lodgers!—*Chorus.*

The pair in the parlors they row every night—
The scenes are a perfect disgrace;
They say they're entitled to do as they like
As long as they're in their own place.
This morning, at six, I was trying to pin
A notice to quit on the door,
When he rushed out, with one of his boots in his hand,
And landed me fair on the jaw.

SPOKEN.—He raised a lump on my jaw large enough to hang an umbrella on. I hate the sight of that man. What d'you think he went and told my wife? He said, "Missus, I can find your old man a job." My wife said, "What to do?" He said, "Stand on my organ, with a chain around his neck." That got me out of temper; so I went up to him. I said, "Do you take me for a mug?" He said, "No, you look more like a jug with the handle off." Lodgers!—*Chorus.*

Won't You Step Up to the Bar?

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Words and Music by Whittey & Leonard.

I am an Irish sporting man, O'Hoolihan, that is me name,
I'll bet me money on any event—I have won at 'most every game;
I'll bet ten thousand each way on a horse, why I do it 'most every day,
For I'm a roving, tearing sport from far across the say.

CHORUS.

Won't you step up to the bar, me boys, and join me in a bottle of wine?
I know that I'm welcome to your's, me boys; you're welcome the same to mine;
Bring in a box of your best cigars, for I have the money to pay,
For I am a roving, tearing sport from far across the say.

I, as a patron of sports, lead the world; I've backed all the men of fame
The fighters and wrestlers all alike, they've all had a bit of my game.
Why I throw thousands away each year, yes, I do it 'most every day,
For I'm a roving, tearing sport from far across the say.

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY!

The original English version written by Richard Morton. Sung by Miss Lottie Collins.

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A smart and stylish girl you see, belle of good society;
Not too strict but rather free, yet as right as right can be.
Never forward, never bold—not too hot and not too cold,
But the very thing, I'm told, that in your arms you'd like to hold!

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay, ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay, ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay, ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay, ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay.

I'm not extravagantly shy, and when a nice young man is nigh,
For his heart I have a try—and faint away with tearful cry.
When the good young man, in haste, will support me 'round the waist.
I don't come to while thus embraced, till of my lips he steals a taste.—*Cho.*

I'm a timid flower of innocence—Pa says that I have no sense—
I'm one eternal big expense; but men say that I'm just immense.
Ere my verses I conclude, I'd like it known and understood,
Though free as air, I'm never rude—I'm not too bad and not too good.—*Cho.*

EXTRA VERSES.

You should see me out with Pa, prim, and most particular;
The young men say, "Ah, there you are!" and Pa says, "That's peculiar!"
"It's like their cheek!" I say, and so off again with Pa I go—
He's quite satisfied—although, when his back's turned—well, you know—*Cho.*

When with swells I go out to dine, all my hunger I resign;
Taste the food and sip the wine—no such daintiness as mine;
But, when I am all alone, for shortcomings I atone;
No old frumps to stare like stone—chops and chicken on my own.—*Chorus.*

WHY I LIKE THE FIREMEN.

By Mat. O'Brien, Wilmington, Del.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Why am I fond of the firemen; those fellows that run to a fire?
Yes, sir, I'll tell ye in half a minute—that is, if you so desire:

Well, when I was a bit of a youngster, pop was a great gun on style,
And anything short of a nabob used to kind a' raise his bile.

He used to think that firemen were very good men in their way,
But they wasn't "aristocratic"—that was the old man's lay.

One night, away in the winter, we'd a party in honor of Grace;
She was sweet sixteen and my sister; oh, she'd the loveliest kind of face.

'Twas late all the "good nights" were given, and pop had long gone to retire,
When all of a sudden I started; some one was yelling out "Fire."

Our house was afire all over, it had started under the stairs,
And I had given myself up for lost, when crash went the windows in pairs.

'Twas the firemen with ladders and axes; they'd cut their way thro' with a bound,
And catching each one of us children, landed us safe on the ground.

When father was saved, but the cheers were stopped by a sweet pale face
That looked out of an upper window, and cried out, "Oh, save me;" 'twas Grace.

'Ere the echo was lost there were men between her and the fire's red glare,
And the voice of the crowd was hushed as if each were whispering a prayer.

Grace was saved, sir, but a moment later came a cry too late for the braves;
The wall fell, and, well the old man, sir, put a monument over their graves.

That's why I like the firemen, those fellows that run to the fire,
And I think you'll find worse men, sir, under some of your big church spires.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Composed and Sung by Lowry & Evans.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to H. J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There are some 'graphs we read about—
Great 'graph and graphtin' time.
To Photograph we Autograph to Telegraph to you;
The Stenograph and Lithograph
To catch the country gawk.
But the greatest 'graph to make you laugh
Is the Phonograph—that talks.
We heard one talking to itself
In a saloon not far from here;
And it told us some funny things,
Which we think were rather queer.
So quickly fold your faces
And prepare yourself to laugh,
And we will tell you some of the things
We heard in Edison's Phonograph.

We heard a tip on the Lacrosse,
Which really did come true;
Oh, wasn't that a wonderful thing—
We'll leave it now to you.
We heard two tramps a-singing—
"Comrades we will be,"
When leaving Payette's for the Penitentiary.

We heard "How Paddy Stole the Rope"
And skipped across the sea;
And when Pat Kennedy was elected,
Old Ireland he'd set free.
We heard two women arguing
The ways of Women's Rights;
Then said the law was trying hard
To stop them from wearing tights.

We heard McKinley reading his Tariff Bill;
We heard that Mrs. Langtry
Had doubled up with Buffalo Bill.
We heard the Ottawa's blowing about their team,
When Dr. Shanks said, "'They're not in it'
With the boys of the green."

AN AGGRAVATING DITTY.

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By Henry J. Sayers.

I am shrouded in the darkest sort of gloom der-e,
For I fear I'm being driven to my doom der-e
By an aggravating ditty, which I don't consider witty,
And they call the horrid thing "Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e!"
I fear that when the Summer roses bloom der-e,
You will read in golden letters on my tomb der-e:
The cholera never licked him, but he died an easy victim
To that universal scourge—Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e!
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom der-e,
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom der-e.

Ev'ry car conductor, stable boy and groom der-e,
Ev'ry hotel clerk, and chambermaid with broom der-e,
Make my nervous system bristle when they try to sing or whistle
That atrocious and absurd Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.
I've a double-barreled shot-gun in my room der-e,
And I'll fire it at the first—no matter whom der-e.
Escape me?—Well, I guess not, if they try to sing that chestnut,
That silly-billy song, Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, etc.

'Tis the song that made "Johnny get his gun" der-e,
And put "little Annie Rooney" on the bum der-e;
They say its sung by preachers—Dr. Parkhurst had good teachers
For this tricky little song—Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.
Oh, Lottie Collins she's been down the bay der-e,
And she's been disinfected—so they say der-e:
Says America needs hanging; but we think her hair needs banging,
For there's whiskers on her song—Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.
Ta-ra ra boom-der-e, tar-ra-ra boom-der-e, etc.

You all have heard of "Maggie Murphy's Home" der-e,
And "Come where the Pretty Lillies Bloom" der-e;
As a song to sing, 'tis easy; but it's just a trifle cheesey—
Is this fantalizing song—Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.
A Salvation Army drummer, with his drum der-e,
And the guy who toots the cornet is his chum der-e;
As musicians, they're beginners; and their music makes us sinners,
With their ta-ra hi-lelujah Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e!
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, etc.

—The best place to test a light is in the dark.

—The devil never likes a man who likes good books.

—Never sleep with enmity in your heart against anybody.

—Life is not worth living unless you live for somebody else.

THE ROSE'S LULLABYE.

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Music by Georgia Weld-Raymond. Words by Stuart S. Taylor.

Rosebud kissed a little dewdrop—pressed it to her heart;
Then to it breathed a tender lullabye;
Told it how she loved it –how she could not live alone!
Told it if it left her, she would fade and die!
Lovingly it nestled there, so free from thought of harm or care,
With the Summer zephyrs passing by.
Ev'ry evening when the honey-bees would homeward fly,
Came the tune; the rose would sing her lullabye!
Lul-la-bye, lul-la-bye, lul-la-bye, lul-la-bye, a-bye!

With the first cold wind of Winter, rosebud drooped her head;
Naught did she all day long, but mourn and sigh;
Pressed the dewdrop closer to her heart and waited death!
Tattered by the winds, wide ope' her petals lie!
Then the dewdrop felt the cold, and, tho' her little heart was bold,
Thin clad, tho' hard not to she would try.
Soon the icy voice of Winter said they both must die;
And they perished while she sang her lullaby!
Lul-la-bye, lul-la-bye, lul-la-bye, lul-la-bye, a-bye!

AT YOUR SERVICE!

By J. P. Skelly. Composed for Miss Ella Wesner.

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The pink of affability, they tell me that I am;
As mild as any daisy and as gentle as a lamb.
To please the friends around me you will find me e'er at hand,
And when there's sport, of any sort, my time you may command.

CHORUS.

I'm always at your service, always happy and gay.
With cares I'm never nervous—I laugh them all away;
If you are in for jollity, or for a quiet little spree,
Just take a jaunt some time with me—I'm always at your service!

To drive you through the park some day behind my tandem team;
To join you at Delmonico's for collipops and cream;
To wager on the winning horse—and lose the bet with grace—
You'll find me ready every time—I go the lumtum pace!—*Chorus.*

My heart was captured by a maid, that I can ne'er forget;
To marry her I was afraid, tho' caught in Cupid's net.
In fact, to stay a bachelor has ever been my aim—
But tho' we are not wedded—still she's with me all the same!

CHORUS.

She's always at your service, always happy and gay;
With cares she's never nervous—she laughs them all away.
If you are in for jollity, or for a quiet little spree,
Just take a jaunt some time with her—she's always at your service!

MY BOY ONCE AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

In a humble cottage home, 'round which sunshine brightly shone,
A mother sang her little one to sleep.
While she gazed with pride and joy on her darling baby boy,
How she wondered what the future had in keep.
How those years have quickly flown, how to manhood he has grown,
And now about to leave her for the sea.
How that mother, sad at heart, said, My son, ere you depart,
Oh, heed these few, but truthful, words from me:

CHORUS.

Be faithful to your duties, Tom, noble kind and true;
And do unto all others as you'd have them do to you.
Be cheerful and be manly, and friends thereby retain,
And I'll be proud to call you, Tom, my boy once again.

At the closing of the day see that mother old and gray
While gazing on the picture of her boy.
As the tear-drops fill her eyes, hear her murmur 'twixt her sighs,
Will he e'er return to fill my heart with joy?
How she kissed him on the day that he sailed so far away,
And bade him well, perhaps, the last adieu.
How that mother good and kind said, My boy, oh, bear in mind
These words and you will ever find them true:—*Chorus.*

'Twas a trav'ler tired and dazed, how upon a scene he gazed
Where long ago he played in childish glee.
And the church-yard in the vale, all that's left to tell the tale,
Of the one he loved and never more should see.
Many years have passed away, many changes grave and gay
Have taken place within that humble cot.
There is no familiar face, not a welcome 'round the place,
But mother's words seem 'graven on the spot.—*Chorus.*

THE FUNERAL INVITATION.

As sung by Miller and Lee with tremendous success.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The other night I got an invitation to a funeral,
But, much to my discomforture,
The fellow didn't die;
Of course, he told the company he was sorry
To disappoint them,
And after he'd apologized, we let the thing go by.
To right the disappointment,
He took us out and treated us.
He called a quart of porter
For a company of ten,
And when some fellow questioned him
Whose money he was squandering;
That fellow got his eyelids put in mourning
There and then.
Now the owner of the beer shop,
When he heard us all a-rioting,
Gave orders to evict us, but to go we all refused.
So he whistled on some loafers
Who were standing on the corner,
And for ten or fifteen minutes we were
Terribly abused;
They chased us from the beer shop,
And down the street we staggered,
When a lot of ragged urchins
Started pelting us with mud.
We told them for to chuck,
And they told us they were doing so,
But latterly they haunted us,
And left us where we stood.

So we got a concertina for to keep up
The hilarity,
But none of us could play,
Though we tried our best and worst;
Though we made enough of noise on it,
If that was any benefit.
We handled it so gently that the
Bellows we did burst.
We got some hot potatoes for to mend
The concertina with,
When some one struck Maloney
With the carcass of a cat.
He buckled on his whiskers,
And began to read the riot act,
And swore he'd put two heads upon
The sucker that done that;
Then we came in contact with
A band of Salvationists,
Who rifled all our pockets,
And they asked us what we'd saved,
And little John McGinty got
Escorted to the station-house
For asking a policeman
If his appetite was shaved.
Now to raise McGinty's fine every man
Took off his undershirt,
And off to the pawn-shop
Went the blooming lot;
We told the man we only wanted
Two fifty on the lot.
There's enough on them already,
Was the answer that we got,
But we got the two and a half on them,
And went to raise McGinty.

But to the devil with the whiskey-shop—
We met one on the way,
Of course, we could not pass it
Without having some refreshment.
And we squandered every nickel
Of the fine we had to pay;
The whiskey being in us all, of course,
The sense was out of us,
And for a bit of rioting
We quickly did repair;
We battered one another till
We were not worth a nickel,
And truth you might have carpeted
The floor with skin and hair.
Muldoon he struck McCuster
And McCuster struck some other one,
And every one struck any one
On whom they had a spite;
And cripple Mike, no matter who
Was sitting saying nothing,
Got a kick that broke his jaw
For not indulging in the fight;
They fought away like Turks, until the police
They separated us
And dragged us to the station
With broken noses and black eyes.
I got sixty days in prison,
And to me it was a lesson,
For I'll go no more to funerals
Before the people die.

—A Point Well Taken.—Judge: "Uncle Rastus, I am very sorry to see you brought before me on a charge of attempted manslaughter." Uncle Rastus: "Do de indictment say manslaughter, Your Honor? Den I objec' dat it am defective. It was a woman I tried ter kill, sah. I 'ppeal to de habious corpas, an' take advantage ob de technumcalities ob de law."

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

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The Spring had come, the flowers in bloom, the birds sung out their lay.
Down by a little running brook I first saw Maggie May.
She had a roguish jet-black eye, was singing all the day;
And how I loved her, none can tell—my little Maggie May!

CHORUS.

My little witching Maggie, Maggie singing all the day;
Oh! how I love her, none can tell, my little Maggie May!

Though years rolled on, yet still I loved with heart so light and gay,
And never will this heart deceive my own dear Maggie May.
When others thought that life was gone, and death would take away,
Still by my side did linger one, and that was Maggie May.—*Chorus.*

May Heaven protect me for her sake; I pray, both night and day,
That I, ere long, may call her mine, my own dear Maggie May.
For she is all the world to me, although I'm far away,
I oft-times think of the running brook and my little Maggie May.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

HE WAS A PAL OF MINE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Jack and I were bummers, not so long ago;
I loved to chase the growler, he loved the same, I know;
How he used to wander to the corner gin-mill there;
With hearts that filled with gladness, we'd quaff our can of beer.
But good old days, like everything, will quickly fade away;
I well remember how I grieved when Jack got pinched one day;
Never more we'll chase the duck for many a day to come;
My eyes filled up with briny tears when they copped that poor old bum, for—

CHORUS.

He was a chum of mine; we shared each other's beer;
And, oh, for the days when we would gaze on a cop without a tear,
When we sat on the same old rock and thought stale beer was wine;
We'd drain kegs together, Jack and I, for he was a chum of mine.

And when he was turned loose, I met him at the door,
We gracefully meandered to our old haunts once more;
We stood there in the bar-room and talked of good old days,
And told of astounding things, the gang looked with amaze;
And, as I gazed at Jack, alas, then I knew the truth;
Jack was beastly sober, I was the same, forsooth;
He fell into the spittoon and loudly he did snore;
I kicked his feet till I got tired, then pulled him through the door, for—*Chorus.*

Soon Jack got the horrors, then in a padded cell
Saw snakes and little goblins, that I have seen as well;
They crawled along the ceiling and twined around his head,
And played tag with his whiskers wheue'er he'd lie in bed;
But jim-jams, like all other jams, soon must disappear,
And when Jack came out again he gave up drinking beer.
I remember how he wept and mourned when the pledge we signed;
I helped him home next morning, for home he couldn't find, for—*Chorus.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

By Rev. Francis Mahony.

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With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood
Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells;
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And then grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
While thy bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine,
For mem'ry dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—
Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosk O!
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tap'ring summit of tall minarets;
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an emblem more dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

COME AND HAVE A TID'LY 'ROUND THE CORNER!

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Written and Composed by Will. Godwin.

My dear wife's darling mother came to stay a month with me;
And my pal Johnson's wife had gone to stay down by the sea.
I went 'round, and I called on him. Said I, "Here's just our chance;
Let's ramble 'round the town to-night and have a little glance.

PATTER.—My pal Johnson said, "I'm on;" so was his hat and coat, and off we started; and my pal Johnson said:—

CHORUS.

"Come and have a tiddley 'round the corner,
Just 'round the little Johnny Horner!
Hi-tiddley hi-tay!
I've the cash to pay—
So come and have a tiddley 'round the corner!"

We captured, quick, two lady guides, who showed us all the sights;
Until, like girls in ballets wear, we *were* a pair o' *tights.*
We got to Covent Garden, and we tumbled in a heap
Right in two market-baskets, and we both went fast asleep.

PATTER.—On waking up we were surrounded by the market porters, so my pal Johnson shouted: "Come on, boys!"—*Chorus.*

Then Johnson, outside Bow Street Court, with loud and mighty lung,
The song called "Ask a P'liceman," then in loudest tones he sung;
They asked him just to step inside—I bailed him out next day;
With aching head he whispered, as we smiled and walked away:—*Chorus.*

When next I saw old Johnson was this morn' at ten o'clock—
The Judge he sat upon the bench, my pal stood in the dock.
The fine, instead of forty, was the modest sum of ten;
He paid it in a tick, and said unto the old Judge then:—*Chorus.*

I WAS TOLD IT WAS COMING.

Copyright, by Frank Harding.

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Sung by Sam Devere with great success.

My friend Jones is quite a marvel, such a man you never saw;
And things that's going to happen he knows months and months before;
He, for instance, one day told me that before I went to bed
I should get the washstand basin thrown with force at my big head.

CHORUS.

And it came, oh, Lor',
Such a fearful blow,
I shan't forget it for a year or so;
I feel sure I was not to blame,
I was told it was coming, and it came.

The first wife I was possessed of one fine day saw fit to die,
And the bitter tears of sadness quickly flowed out from each eye;
Then I vowed that I would never be annoyed with such a curse.
Jones met me, and said, you'll shortly have a wife a blamed sight worse.

CHORUS.

And she came, oh, Lor',
Such a fearful blow,
I shan't forget her for a year or so;
I feel sure I was not to blame,
I was told she was coming, and she came.

Then again last Monday morning Jones met me and shook my hand;
All at once he burst out laughing—why, I could not understand;
I asked for an explanation, my friend Jones then winked at me.
He said, you expect a youngster—you go home you'll find there's three.

CHORUS.

And they came, oh, Lor',
Such a fearful blow,
I shan't forget them for a year or so;
I feel sure I was not to blame,
I was told they were coming, and they came.

Last night Mr. Jones informed me that he knew, as sure as fate,
I had lately been out mashing a young girl, her name was "Kate:"
Then he very kindly told me that the girl had found me out,
And she'd call and see the "Madame," yes, she would, without a doubt.

CHORUS.

And she came, oh, Lor',
Such a fearful blow,
I shan't forget her for a year or so,
I feel sure I was not to blame,
I was told she was coming, and she came.

—Bobley: "It seems to me, Tom, that you have a very queer way of petting strange dogs on the street." Wiggins: "Well, isn't the good will of a dog better than his ill-will? You can't tell what dog's mistress you may be calling on in the course of a year."

Break the News to Mother Gently.

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Harding. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words by Ed. B. Marks. Music by Will. H. Fox.

There on the ground he lay, a fireman so brave;
He'd risked his life, he'd fallen, a little child to save;
Life's stream was ebbing fast away, his comrades all stood by,
And listened to his dying words, while tears bedimmed each eye:

CHORUS.

Break the news to mother gently, tell her how her brave son died;
Tell her that he did his duty, as in life he ever tried;
Treat her kindly, boys, a friend be to her when I'm dead and gone,
Break the news to mother gently, do not let her weep or mourn.

There in her home she rests, that mother old and gray,
She lost a son, but others they took his place that day;
And nobly do they care for her and honor her gray head.
In mem'ry of their comrade and the last words that he said:—*Chorus*

There on the wall it hangs, within the engine room,
The picture of the bravest lad that ever faced his doom;
And, as they point it out and speak the virtues of the dead,
They tell about that awful night and the last words that he said:—*Chorus.*

SWEET NELLIE BAWN.

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Words and Music by W. R. Williams. Sung at Tony Pastor's Theatre by John and James Russell.

Stroll through the meadows, cross o'er a stream,
You'll see my darling, she's poet's dream;
Soft flowing tresses, voice low and sweet,
None half so handsome, none half so neat.
Fair as the lily, fair as a rose,
She's as the sun-shine, wherever she goes;
I'm always lonely when she is gone;
She is my darling, sweet Nellie Bawn.

CHORUS.

Yes, she's my Nellie, no fairer seen;
Life with my darling seems like a dream;
Eyes so entrancing, grace like a fawn;
Who would not love her, sweet Nellie Bawn!

When we are married early in spring,
There'll be rejoicing, church-bells will ring;
And little Nellie, she'll be my wife,
And as a sunbeam all thro' my life;
Her way is simple, thoughts ever pure;
I will be happy forever, I'm sure;
And with my treasure now there is dawn;
My only darling, sweet Nellie Bawn.—*Chorus.*

ISN'T THE BABY CUTE?

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Words by W. R. Williams. Music by Otto Bonnell.

Did you ever make an evening call and wear your Sunday best,
Be seated on a fancy chair that's always for the guest?
When mamma calls her little ones, they've all a winning way,
And when for fun they'll kick your shins, you'll hear their mother say:

CHORUS.

Isn't the baby cute? Isn't he divine?
Don't you think he's just too sweet? don't you think he's fine?
Doesn't the child look great in his little suit?
So like his ma, so like his pa; isn't the baby cute?

Did you ever see him monkey with the tubs on washing day?
The soap and things he must not have he always thinks he may;
He worries 'till he tumbles in, looks like a drowning rat;
No matter what the clothes you wear, you'll hold him in your lap.—*Chorus.*

Did you ever notice baby's hands when he's been eating jam,
And playing with a box of coal, the darling little lamb;
Your fancy work he then will get and make it black as ink,
Then do you feel like kissing him? You do! Yes! "I don't think."—*Chorus.*

Did you ever try to sleep at night while baby sweetly cried,
Has whooping cough or colic 'till you wished that he had died;
At last resort, you take him up, and with him walk the floor,
And then you step upon a tack he "placed" the day before.—*Chorus.*

Now people who wear whiskers can give you a friendly tip,
That baby with his little hands can get an awful grip;
The more you tell him to be still the harder he will pull;
Oh, how he shouts with joy to hear you roaring like a bull.—*Chorus.*

When it rains he's out of doors and making nice mud-pies,
A minute later in he comes and o'er the carpet flies;
The tracks of mud look very nice, as out again he'll go;
I often wonder how they live to sing this "tale of woe."—*Chorus.*

IT'S THE LAST TIME.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

Thro' life we all build upon great expectations,
And make resolutions to win in the race,
But somehow we meet with so many vexations,
That very few of us can count on a place:
Now when I got married I thought I was "in it,"
And said: I'm the luckiest man among men;
But if I were single for one precious minute,
I know that I never would marry again.

CHORUS.

It's the last time, the last time;
'Twas highly improper, I see;
It's the last time, the last time,
The last time remember for me.

My neighbor Doc. Smith started early last Sunday
To go straight to church and keep holy the day,
But nobody saw him again until Monday,
And he was so full, not a word could he say;
Then I took him home, for his family knew me;
I thought 'twas a duty that I ought to do;
His wife said that she'd run the butcher-knife through me,
But I took the hint and you bet that I flew.—*Chorus.*

My wife asked me sweetly one evening to take her
To some nice theatre to see a good show,
And, she being quiet and staid as a quaker,
I couldn't decide on the best place to go.
So, somehow or other, a burlesque was playing,
Where always before the real drama had been;
The girls were in tights and their figures displaying,
But I didn't know it until we got in.—*Chorus.*

You know there are people who always will borrow;
They don't seem to have anything of their own;
Their gall is enormous, they cause lots of sorrow;
You'll meet them no matter wherever you roam;
A friend said to me: "Your dress suit let me take it;
I'm only going out for a drive in a hack."
When he returned it, why I hardly knew it,
Both sleeves were gone, and 'twas split up the back.

CHORUS.

It's the last time, the last time;
What I've suffered there's nobody knows;
It's the last time, the last time
I'll ever lend people my clothes.

A Jew and his son they had just paid their ten cents,
Were up in the gall'ry to see a great show;
On the stage there were Indians and all sorts of nonsense,
And music so soft, it was too soft to flow;
The boy got excited, he'd not heard such music,
'Till all of a sudden he fell through the air;
Then his father looked over and shouted to "Isik";
"Holy Moses, come up, it's a dollar down there."

CHORUS.

It's the last time, the last time;
He's gone from this world of pain:
It's the last time, the last time,
For the boy "never smiled again."

I once knew a man who all summer was resting—
In plain English language, was on the "hog train";
Through troubles of business and all his investing,
He didn't grow sleepless or worry his brain;
He'd only a dime upon his whole outfit—
He wanted a shave and a beer, I think.
Says he, I'll toss up, and let that decide it,
Heads for a shave, and tails for a drink.

CHORUS.

It's the last time, the last time
He'll ever do that, I'm sure;
It's the last time, the last time,
For it came down and rolled in the sewer

Now Willie was only for this world a short life,
Ready and anxious some caper to cut,
Found an old mirror, and then with a pen-knife
He scraped off the silver and then eat it up;
His mother was frightened and told the sad story
To her neighbor next door and his friend Mrs. Brown,
She said that her small boy was "going to glory;
'T was a cold day for him, when the merc'ry went down."

CHORUS.

It's the last time, the last time;
His mother has no one to smack;
It's the last time, the last time,
For Willie "he never came back."

—"All full inside?" queried a looker-in at the door of a London omnibus. "Can't say for the rest," responded Charles Lamb from one of the seats, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

THE OLD ACTOR'S STORY.

By George R. Sims. As recited by Alex. J. Brown.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Mine is a wild, strange story—the strangest you ever heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's Gospel, every word:
It's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors were myself and my new-wed wife.

You mustn't mind if I ramble and lose the thread now and then;
I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old women and men.
For their lives lie all behind them, and their thoughts go far away,
And are tempted afield, like children lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since that awful night,
But I see it again this evening, I can never shut out the sight.
We were only a few weeks married, I and the wife, you know,
When we had an offer for Melbourne, and made up our minds to go.

We'd acted together in England, travelling up and down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to town;
We played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—
And at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring,
And swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with everything.
How we smiled at that part of the service when I said: "I thee endow!"
But as to the "love and cherish," I meant to keep that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers; we had coin when the show was good;
When it wasn't we went without it, and we did the best we could.
We were happy, and loved each other, and laughed at the shifts we made—
Where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no shade.

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a flit—
Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call;
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall.

We got an offer for Melbourne—got it that very week.
Those were the days when thousands went over to fortune seek,
The days of the great gold fever, and a manager thought the spot
Good for a "spec," and took us as actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across the seas.
We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long and rough;
We had'nt been out a fortnight before we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind a storm
When misery came upon us—came in a hideous form.
My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last so bad
That the doctor said she was dying—I thought 'twould have sent me mad—

Dying where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for their prey,
And the nearest land was hundreds—ay, thousands—of miles away.
She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still as death,
So still I'd to bend and listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping, with a smile on her thin, wan face,
She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the throne of grace.
I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said,
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away that night,
For I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me mad outright.
I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered her!" I cried.

They locked me away from my fellows—put me in cruel chains;
It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's brains.
I cried in my wild, mad fury, that he was a devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists,
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fettered fists,
Beat at my prison panels, and then—oh, God!—and then
I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship a-fire!" caught up by a hundred throats,
And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the boats;
Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning wood,
And the place grew hot as a furnace, I could feel it where I stood.

I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came back,
And the timbers above me started, till right through a yawning crack
I could see the flames shoot upward, seizing on mast and sail,
Fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die!
Die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no answering cry,
Then, suddenly, right upon me, the flames crept up with a roar,
And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down to death;
I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning breath
Of the flames that danced around me like man-mocking fiends at play,
And then—oh, God!—I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her, dead in her berth that night;
The flames flung a smile on her features—a horrible, lurid light.
God knows how I reached and touched her, but found myself by her side;
I thought she was living a moment, I forgot that my Nell had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my brain;
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;
Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell, my Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning hell;
They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the sea.

I clutched at her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters—fear gave a giant's will.
God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and the wreck
Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together—a moment of life, the time
For one last word to each other—'twas a moment supreme, sublime.
From the trance we'd for death mistaken, the heat had brought her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo! there lay,
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by;
They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the sky.

I shouted a prayer to heaven, then called to my wife, and she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and I was free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my dear old wife.

We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship passing by
Took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by.
We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that famous trip,
But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning ship!

THE MAGNOLIA OF TENNESSEE.

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Words and Music by Walter Bray.

On the Mississippi River, in the State of Tennessee,
Where the magnolia fragrance you inhale,
Where the steamboats are a-screaming, and the darkies am a-singing
As they roll on board the old cotton bale.
Ev'rything was bright and glorious in dat dear sunny land
Where I used to hoe amongst the sugar cane.
Old Tennessee's had trouble with pestilence and flood,
Still the magnolia blooms just the same.

CHORUS.

The magnolia, the magnolia, the magnolia of old Tennessee;
The magnolia, the magnolia, the magnolia of old Tennessee.

Old massa used to tell us dat dis world goes 'round and 'round,
And many changes happen in one year;
We can tell how 'tis at present, but we know not what we may be,
And Emancipation Day was mighty near.
Yet brave old Tennessee, with her magnolia groves,
Her cotton, her tobacco and her corn,
Stood as haughty as a peacock, for dat am de State
Where old General Hickory Jackson was born.—*Chorus.*

The Coastguard's Daughter.

Copyright, 1891, by Albert Loraine & Co.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Charles Connolly. As sung by J. W. Myers.

The maddened waves roll mountains high on the bleak and barren coast,
The coastguard, with his glass in hand, stood at his lonely post,
The dark horizon quick he scanned—he swept it far and near;
He'd weathered gales as bad as that without a sign of fear.
Up spoke the coastguard's daughter, a bright and winning child:
"Oh! father, keep a watchful eye, the night is bleak and wild;
I hear the minute gun at sea, I hear its warning shocks;
Some vessel with it's noble crew is drifting on the rocks.

CHORUS.

Black tho' the night may be out on the stormy coast,
Only a girl with a woman's heart, she stands at her father's post,
Ever waiting for ships at sea tossed by the tempest wild;
A noble example of God's great work, tho' only a coastguard's child.

A noble vessel rides along and makes for the long-wished port—
Up go the signals of distress, she in the storm is caught;
The cry goes forth, "The ship is lost"—the breakers are ahead,
And by the fearful gale unto destruction she is led.
The coastguard's daughter mans a boat; to brave the surf she tries;
No thought of danger while she hears such agonizing cries;
Too late! too late! that noble heart the father calls in vain—
Until the sea gives up it's dead, she'll ne'er return again.

CHORUS.

Black tho' the nights had been, out on the stormy coast,
Only a girl with a woman's heart, she had stood at her father's post,
Ever waiting for ships at sea, tossed by the tempest wild;
A noble example of God's great work, tho' only a coastguard's child.

No longer does the coastguard keep his watch on the fog-bound coast;
The storm had gone, but he was found there—dead at his lonely post;
He'd seen the wreck of the noble ship—he'd watched the timbers part;
But could there be a greater wreck than that of his noble heart?
The deeds of gallant soldiers upon the battle plain
Are equaled by the deeds of those who plough the angry main;
No braver action ere was known upon the ocean wild
Than that recorded up above—done by the coastguard's child.

CHORUS.

Black tho' the nights had been, out on the stormy coast,
Only a girl with a woman's heart, she had stood at her father's post,
Ever waiting for ships at sea, tossed by the tempest wild;
A noble example of God's great work, tho' only a coastguard's child.

Aux Italiens.—At the Italian Opera.

By Owen Meredith. As recited by Jas. S. Burdett.

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At Paris it was, at the Opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best to my taste is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good man that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast;
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower,
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over,
And I thought . . . . "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and dressed
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe curved between—
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien.

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the future back to the past),
There was but one step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door.
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . . well, we'll let that pass—
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmin-flower!
And, oh, that music! and, oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

Parody on:

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Sung by Eddie Foy in "The Crystal Slipper."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I remember when a boy
How I would jump with joy
To hear a song of home and mother dear;
Mother's old red shawl
And the mottoes on the wall,
When sad at heart my spirit they would cheer,
But there's one that makes me sad,
And nearly drives me mad,
And makes me think in life there is no charm,
Is to hear some people sing,
And in praises loudly ring,
Of those happy boyhood days
Down on the farm.

CHORUS.

When you sing of farms to me,
I want to climb a tree,
Or take an axe and cut off my right arm;
I would rather go to jail,
With no one to go my bail,
Than spend ten days
Down on the farm.

Last year I spent a week
In a town called Hide-and-Seek,
To get away from city life and home.
They advertised fresh air—
That is all I got there;
I nearly starved to death down on the farm;
There was brick bat made of soap,
Wiped our faces on a rope,
And even my watch chain had lost its charm;
Every hayseed I would pass had whiskers made of grass,
Still you speak of happy days
Down on the farm.

CHORUS.

The mosquitos they were brutes;
We all slept in tin suits;
The landlord guaranteed they'd do no harm;
But the mosquitos gently planned,
And with can-openers in each hand,
They nearly killed us,
Down upon the farm.

The butter it would hide,
The eggs were ossified,
The knives into the steak
Could do no harm;
We had fresh milk from pump;
Oh, wasn't I a chump
To go and spend my money on a farm;
Chickens laid eggs in my bed,
Made a nest out of my head;
I had to eat my meals out in the barn;
If you want to end your life,
Make a will out to your wife,
And go and spend a week
Down on the farm.—*Chorus.*

—Prof. Sweibeer, of the University of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event: "A little stranger has arrived." "Eh?" "It is a little boy." "Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants."

Parody on:

MOLLY AND I AND THE BABY.

Written by Pat Kelly and Sung by Morton & Kelly.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There's a bum little shanty where all the gang sing
Molly and I and the baby;
And when they commence the fire-bells all ring
Molly and I and the baby.
There's all kinds of faces that play on the races,
Play poker and dice, and throw seven aces;
The landlord himself he's in the ring—
When he sets up the booze you can hear the gang sing:—

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, you're off your trolley;
It gives me a pain when I hear them sing;
They say I am crazy, perhaps I may be,
Through Molly and I and the baby;
Molly, Molly, will you stop it, by gorry!
You make me nervous, you'll set me insane;
I'd rather be hung or go out and get married
Than to hear Molly and I and the baby again.

Now the first time I heard it I liked it first rate—
Molly and I and the baby;
I'd whistle and sing it till I reached the gate—
Molly and I and the baby;
But now it's got 'round and is sung by the bums,
They won't let it drop till the World's Fair is done.
Now I'll shoot the first man that whistles or hums
Molly and I and the baby.

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, once you were jolly,
But now you're a chestnut that's seen better days;
No wonder "actors" are all going crazy
When they hear her name mentioned by all of the jays.
Oh, Molly, oh, Molly, it makes me feel sorry
To think of the time you were giddy and young,
But now you are weary, and sick with cholera,
I pity you, Molly and the baby.

Parody on:

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

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Oft in those days when I was wont to squall,
And for Nestle's food at nights I used to call,
Father would often take to language strong
And use expressions that he knew were wrong,
Simply because I made it a point to scream
Just as Pa got fixed up in a lovely dream;
Then he'd groan, "Oh, hang it! will he never stop?"
Then the feeding-bottle down my neck he'd drop;
But 'twas my ambition to show my lungs were strong,
So I sang till morning, "Love's Old, Sweet Song"—
Yes, love's good old song.

Oft in those good old days beyond recall,
When for Pa's pants I own I was too small,
And I delighted in doing something wrong,
Soft in my ear Ma sang a gin-ial song;
And even now, when "groggy" on my feet,
Good old mother's words I seem to hear so sweet:
"Put your boots on "Johnny," I want you to go
'Round the corner, where you've been before, you know;
Don't you drop the bottle; mind that you're not long,
For oh! I've got the colic"—such was Ma's old song—
Yes, Ma's old, old song.

Years, years to me ago a damsel said:
"Old man, don't you think it's time that we both got wed?
For nearly ten years you've been mashing me,
And every Sunday you have come to tea."
"Darling," said I, "'tis best that we should part."
"Old man!" she exclaimed, "you've broken my young heart."
For a breach of promise sued was this old beau,
And the lovely damsel took good care to show
The old man's billet-dooxes—some were two feet long.
Damages ten thousand, for love's old song—
Yes, it's love's old song.

Even to-day I heard that song of yore,
Tho' I had hoped to hear it never more;
Doctor and nurse, too, I'll have to pay;
I heard the news when I got home to-day;
'Tis now too late to wish I ne'er had wed;
Nurse looked mysterious and then she said:
"Everything's all right sir; such a bouncing pair!"
"What! twins again? oh, Sally 'tis hardly fair;"
But what's the use of grumbling—all day long
They will both be warbling love's tender song—
Yes, young twins' love song.

—Tom (angrily): "Did you hear Dick call me a fool?" Harry: "No; on the contrary, he paid you a compliment." "Ah, what did he say?" "He said you were not the only fool in the world."

THE LOVE OF LOVES.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Love, sweet love, love is the poet's dream;
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry tongue, love is the poet's theme.
We know its pow'r, it's all resistless sway;
Not breadth of seas, nor distance vast, the power of love can stay.
Thine is the love of loves—thine is the heart so true;
Such is the love that thou giv'st me; such is the love I give you.
Oceans may roll between; mountains and valleys divide,
Yet I am with thee where'er thou may'st be; constant whate'er may betide;
Thine is the love of loves; thine, yes forever thine.

Changeless still, thro' all the drift of years;
Thro' all the shifting scenes of life; thro' all its joy and tears.
Changless still—fixed as the stars above;
Forever constant, firm and true—this is the love of loves.
Thine is the love of loves, etc.

ONLY TO SEE.

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Written by Norton Atkens and R. G. Knowles. Sung by R. G. Knowles.

Last night I was dreaming of Summer
And the days of no rain, hail or snow;
And my dreams were a good deal more glimmer
Than they are, as a rule, don't you know;
And as I lay there on my pillow,
As innocent as I could be,
I thought of the recent excitement
And the things that I would like to see.

CHORUS.

Only to see a coachman who never went to sleep in his life,
Only to see a mother-in-law that hasn't more jaw than your wife,
Only to see a cabman that doesn't want more than his fare,
Only to see a real giddy girl who ain't dying to dye her hair,
Only to see a waiter who never accepted a tip,
Only to see some whiskers sprouting on my upper lip,
Only to see, my darling, a lime egg that's been newly laid,
Only to see of what are our sausages made.

I turned once again on my pillow,
I really can't tell you for why,
But directly I started a-dozing,
On my nose there alighted a fly;
And as I was softly reposing,
With this insect I savagely fought,
But I thought just a few little trifles,
And these are the thinks that I thought:—

CHORUS.

Only to see a baby that hasn't a mouth like a sink,
Only to see a policeman who never accepted a drink,
Only to see Scotch whiskey that hasn't got water in,
Only to see a baby that hasn't sat down on a pin,
Only to see a bartender that hasn't a big red nose,
Only to see a husband who doesn't want all the bed clothes,
Only to see an old lady that hasn't got corns on her toe,
Only to see, my darling, where all of our dead donkeys go.

These thoughts made me feel so elated,
I awoke with a terrible start;
And, as I have heretofore stated,
It gave me a pain in the heart;
I turned once again on my pillow—
Now don't think I'm trying to gush—
But once more I started a-wishing,
And these are the wishes I wush:

CHORUS.

Only to see a lover that's never been bit by a dog,
Only to see a Winter when you can see through the fog,
Only to see a mother that hasn't the best child born,
Only to see a boozer without a big head in the morn,
Only to see a young man that never was fond of a kiss,
Only to see a girl that don't think it's rapturous bliss,
Only to see a German that don't love his fatherland,
Only to see, when it's raining, no mud on the road of the Strand,
Only to see the man in the moon—what kind of a man he must be—
A sailor told me there was a man up there, and he knows, for he's been to see:
Only to see the woman in the moon—there's a woman up there, I know;
If there wasn't a woman up there, you bet the man would have left long ago.

—Eating mince pie before retiring resembles twenty quires of paper—it makes a solid (d)ream.

—In the silent midnight watches, when the house is calm and still, and the business-like mosquito brings around his little bill, laugh we now to hear the beggar, with a plaintive sigh, give up trying to collect it, saying, "By and by," and, in the chill October weather, crawling off to die.

Parody on:

These Words No Shakespeare Wrote.

Composed and Sung by O'Brien and Carroll with enormous success.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

To blushing Mary said her sweetheart Hugh:
My darling, night and day I think of you;
Come, place your pretty little hand in mine,
And softly whisper, darling, I am thine;
Despite the fact that we are rather poor,
We are rich if our love is pure,
For when two loving hearts beat as one,
A happy future has begun—yes, yes.

CHORUS.

These words no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned;
No poet classical, with fancy free,
'Tis but a loving heart
Speaks to a precious friend,
And yet it sounds like purest poetry.

My uncle Joshu to the city came,
A week or two I think he did remain;
He took his laundry to a Chinee store,
He left and forgot the number on the door.
For one whole week he hunted high and low,
For a Chinee man he did not know;
He had the ticket, but he lost his wash—
He couldn't read it—no, by gosh—no, no.

CHORUS.

Bis—shows ticket—
These words no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned;
The old man kicked and said
He'd shoot that pig-tail dead,
And now he's hunting that dam Chinee.

My pal and I went out on a tear,
Drunk and sleeping by a cellar stair;
A copper came and grabbed us by the collar so,
Said to the station-house we'd have to go.
Next day we were brought before the Judge;
My pal was frightened—I was afraid to budge.
The Judge just eyed us, and in a basso speech
He said: "I fine you both ten dollars—no, no."

CHORUS.

His words no Shakespeare wrote,
His words no Byron penned;
No poet classical, with fancy free;
But when a friend of mine said:
"Judge, I'll pay their fine,"
His words were the sweetest poetry.

There is a place—it is a Sunday place,
And one that is always in the race;
Now, Sohmer Park is the place for you to steer,
Where everybody swims in beer;
Where all young girls do congregate,
And never come home till very late;
Now, that's the place for you to spend your tin;
Then over to the Island you'll have to swim.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes—these words no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned;
No poet classical, with fancy free;
They'd break you if you were
The cashier of the Montreal bank,
For a Canadian girl is built like a tank.

Of late there has been much talk
About this very cunning little tot,
Who sits upon Ben Harrison's knee,
The kid they call "Baby McKee."
But, alas! he'll have to stand aside,
For don't you know that Grover's bride
Has rather given Baby McKee a hard rap,
Which will make him wish he was a Democrat.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes—these words no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned;
No poet classical, with fancy free;
We want to hear no more about
This "White House" youth,
Since Grover's got his little daughter Ruth.

Ben Harrison is short and fat,
He still sits beneath his grandfather's hat,
And the wind thro' his whiskers blow,
When Grover Cleveland got all the show;
That other funny man from Maine,
James G. Blaine, why that's his name;
Well, he was left out in the rain
And Grover has come back again.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes—these words no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned;
No poet classical, with fancy free;
And when Ben Harrison's term is o'er
He'll get a job in Wannamaker's store.

Slang phrases now are all the rage
In social circles and up the stage;
There's one that seems to take the lead,
It's a very funny one indeed;
You'll hear it everywhere you go—
Yes, that melody you surely know,
The city chap, the country jay,
Shout out Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes—these words no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned;
How many authors wrote this tuneful lay?
Was it Byron, say?
It wasn't Shakespeare, nay;
They never wrote Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

This song, Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,
Is sung by night as well as day;
Your wife she whistles it alone
When she borrows ten from you at home;
The friends you have loaned your money to
They pass you by with a how-do-you-do;
They only smile and walk away
And sing Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes—this song no Shakespeare wrote,
This song no Byron penned;
How many authors wrote this timeful lay?
Was it Byron, say?
It wasn't Shakespeare, nay,
They never wrote Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

ERE THE DAY IS DONE.

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Revised by Walter P. Keen. Composed by George Le Brunn. Sung by Marion & Keen.

In the mighty city, 'mid the busy throng,
Mark the forms like shadows as they pass along;
Beauty, pride, and riches; poverty and rags.
Hungry wretches jostling those with money bags;
Pressing ever onward in the race of life,
Squalid woe and splendor, happiness and strife.

CHORUS.

Stand aside in the street and watch faces that come and go;
Some with a tale of hopes that fail, others that gleam and glow.
Beggars in rags and merchants grand, striving for wealth each one;
Many a heart will be nigh to break ere the day is done.

Outside of the city, on the village green,
In the early morning, two young men are seen;
They have had a quarrel last night at the ball.
Now they'll fight a duel, one of them will fall;
One had found the other flirting with his wife—
Swore that on the morrow he would have his life.

CHORUS.

For the name of my family I am prepared to die;
If he should be the one to fall, I am prepared to fly;
If it were with swords, I'd stand a chance, for I never could use a gun;
And one has passed to eternity ere the day is done.

When the lights are gleaming in the mansion grand,
And the merry masquers waltzing to the band,
Riches, worth and beauty gorgeously arrayed,
All have joined together in gay masquerade.
But outside the mansion, hid by gloom almost,
Stands a stern-faced stranger, like a ghastly ghost.

CHORUS.

"Ha, you villain, I have you now!" "Loose your hold!" "Never, ene!"
"Leave go my throat!" "No, I'll kill you; kill you as you killed her!"
"Mercy, good man, don't murder me!" "Mercy, I'll show you none!"
And a father avenges his daughter's fate ere the day is done.

BYE O, BABY BUNTING.

Copyright, 1890, by Theo. J. Schlicht. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Words by Emil Ludekens. Music by Theo. J. Schlicht.

Bye O, Baby Bunting, dear, papa's in the woods so drear;
There he's gone with dog and gun, and he'll think it lots of fun
If he only can in time for this little baby mine
Get a little rabbit skin, to wrap Baby Bunting in.

LULLABY.

Bye O, Baby, bye Baby Bunting;
Then sleep, my little pretty one, your papa, dearest, soon will come.
Bye O, Baby, bye Baby Bunting;
He'll bring a little rabbit skin to wrap the Baby Bunting in.

Bye O, Baby Bunting, dear; papa, love, will soon be here;
And he'll laugh to tell the fun, when he ran with dog and gun
After rabbit to his hole, where the little fellow stole,
Hiding there so full of fear, for your papa's coming near.—*Lullaby.*

Bye O, Baby Bunting, sweet, now your eyelids close in sleep;
Soon you'll lie within your bed, listless of your papa's tread,
And the baby will not see papa coming home in glee,
Holding up the rabbit skin, to wrap Baby Bunting in.—*Lullaby.*

Parody on:

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Written by W. Cardwell.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There is a song that's all the rage;
It has been sung on every stage;
Describing boyhood's days down on a farm.
The picture it is grand—to those who don't understand;
The description, to some people, is a charm.
It speaks of nice fresh air
And the ease that you have had there;
Of all the comfort that's to life a balm.
To hear some folks sing that song
Would cause some people for to long
And go and settle down upon a farm.

CHORUS.

When they speak of farm to me
I want to climb a tree,
Or take an ax and chop off my right arm.
I would sooner be in jail,
With no one to go my bail,
Than to spend ten minutes down upon a farm.

I have heard people talk of wealth,
And how to keep your health—
Just take a plow and work out on a farm.
I have tried it when quite young,
And I've also heard it sung;
But to me that kind of life it has no charm.
I've had hayseed in my hair—
You bet your life I've been there;
I have been kicked by spavin horses in the barn;
I have milked all kind of cows—
I have fed the pigs and sows;
And I would sooner be in jail than on a farm.

CHORUS.

Down on a farm—that makes me sick;
It is worse than laying brick.
I have had to juggle the plow from early dawn,
And at night take quinine pills
And wrestle with the chills—
Those were my happy days down on a farm.

When I used to go to bed,
In the attic overhead,
My work would make slumber feel so sweet.
In the morning when I would wake,
Oh, how my back would ache;
And the chickens they would be roosting on my feet.
Pains were in my legs,
In my shoes I would find some eggs.
From plowing there would be cramps in my arms.
I would face all kinds of weather,
I would eat beefsteak made of leather;
And I dread that happy life down on a farm.

CHORUS.

We had brick-bats there for soap;
Wiped our faces on a rope;
Even my watch and chain had lost its charm.
We had fresh milk from a pump—
Oh, wasn't I a chump
To go and settle down upon a farm.

I have been captured by the Indians;
I have been shot chuck full of holes;
Fought the Rocky Mountain lions and the bears.
I have stood knee-deep in gore;
I have smoked cigarettes and swore;
And of roughing it you bet I've had my share.
I've been whirled in a cyclone;
Tortured by a telephone;
And still am bodily safe from any harm.
I would run all kind of risks—
I would be punched by Sullivan's fist;
And I dread that happy life down on a farm.

CHORUS.

Oh, the butter it would hide—
The eggs were ossified;
The knives into the steak would do no harm.
Every hayseed we would pass,
He had whiskers full of grass:
Still they speak of boyhood's days down on a farm.

—Equal to the Occasion.—He had never seen a telephone, and his friend was showing him how it worked. He called up his house, and his wife came to the telephone. "My dear, Mr. Jones is here, and I have asked him to come up to dinner." Then he turned to Mr. Jones and said: "Put your ear to that and you'll hear the answer." He did, and this was his answer: "Now, John, I told you I would never have that disagreeable wretch in my house again." "What was that?" spoke out Mr. Jones. Women are quick. She took in the situation in a second when she heard the strange voice, and quick as a flash came back the sweetest kind of a voice: "Why, Mr. Jones, how do you do? I thought my husband meant another Mr. Jones. Do come up to dinner; I shall be so glad to see you."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

Once more I read your letters sweet;
How many times, love, have I done the same?
For me 'tis joy those dear words to repeat;
They ease a wounded heart near broke in twain.
I love no one in life but you, think of the days gone by.
First sweetheart that I ever knew, for thee alone I sigh;
It might have been, it might have been,
Had I but known what I know now.

Fond mem'ry takes me back once more,
Beneath the oak that stood down in the lane;
The village church, when services were o'er,
The sandy beach on which I wrote your name.
The love of youth remains as true; I want you ever near.
First sweetheart that I ever knew, my lonely life to cheer;
It might have been, it might have been,
And yet the fates keep us apart;
It might have been, it might have been,
Had I but known your loving heart.

Parody on:

THEY'RE AFTER ME.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

They want a man whose ears are big enough the truth to hear.
Now mine are like an elephant's; I oft get on my ear.
I'll do the job full justice, and hear 'most all the truth,
Though lies are better taken in; now this I own forsooth.

CHORUS.

They're after me, they're after me, to capture me is every one's desire.
They're after me, they're after me, I'm the individual they require.

They want a man whose eyes are wide enough the point to see;
Whose nose is also red enough a good head-light to be;
Whose feet would bridge the Hudson or cover Boston Bay;
Now I'm that man as sure as fate, so they are after me.—*Chorus.*

They want a man whose skin is rough enough a hoof to rasp;
Whose tongue is hard and tough enough to make a shutter hasp;
Whose knuckles are like iron; whose jaw is hard as brass,
To knock Jim Corbett "out of sight," then "in his checks" to pass.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I dit haf a restaurant, und der beoples lean und gaunt
Dit so much mine free lunch vant dot I sell mine resteraunt.
For dey alvays vant to bring some old guy dere on a shtring,
Und dey vant to sit und sing dot infernal tamned old ting:

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

I bought me oudt von beer saloon vere I tought I'd got rich soon,
Und I hired me von coon, vot don'd could sing not any tune.
Shtill efery actor gomes in dere, und buid me not for all der beer;
But vot it vas dot makes me shvear, I vas forced dot ting to hear:—*Chorus.*

I sell it oudt und move avay on a gountry farm to shtay,
Vere I tought no bands could shtray, dot infernal tune to play.
I don'd vas dere more as a veek ven a farm-hand had der sheek,
Like an Indian, vild, to shriek dot old ting vot makes me sick:—*Chorus.*

I go avay to Mexico; anyveres I'd like to go
Vere der vind could nefer blow drough mine viskers vite as shnow.
But I don'd been dere so long vhen I find dot I vas wrong,
For von "greaser" mit a gong vas yelling dot infernal song:—*Chorus.*

I tought I commit suicide; agross der rifer dook a ride,
Und on der "golden oder side" I don'd could hear dot old ting cried.
Into a shtore mit guns to sell I vent, but in der door-vay fell;
Outside I heard a chesnut bell, und inside heard some shcoundrel yell:—*Chorus.*

I heave a great despairing sigh, lift mineself quick up and fly;
I tought dere vas no use to try for I'd hear it ven I die.
Von day I fell down in a well, und I could some brimshtone shmell,
Und avay down dere in h—l I could hear der tiefels yell:—*Chorus.*

—Never step over one duty to perform another. Take them as they come.

Parody on:

COMING THRO' THE RYE.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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If a drummer see a bummer swimming in the soup,
And the drummer kick the bummer, need the bummer whoop.
For a drummer is a hummer, whose spirits never droop,
And he will always kick the bummer found swimming in the soup.

If a mayor sees a player swimming in the soup,
That puffed mayor, boodle weigher, to lift him will not stoop.
For, like a drummer, he's a hummer, whose spirits never droop;
For he will always soak play-bummers found swimming in the soup.

If a howler find the growler swimming in the soup,
Need the howler, although fouler, make the growler whoop.
But, like a drummer, he's a hummer, whose spirits never droop;
For he will rush the growler, bummer found swimming in the soup.

WILL THIS THING EVER END? NO, NEVER!

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

I've got a little song to sing, the title it is new;
Will this thing ever end? No, never!
And ere I finish up my lay you'll find the words are true;
Will this thing ever end? No, never!
Old England has been kicking about the Behring Sea;
She'd better let well enough alone and set old Ireland free.
That would be appreciated more, I think you'll all agree;
'Twould make many souls happy forever!

The fighters now throughout the land are at their bluffs again.
Will this thing ever end? No, never!
I thought all bluffs had ended when Mitchell crossed the main;
Will this thing ever end? No, never!
There's no dispute Fitzimmons is the greatest middle-weight,
With McAuliffe, Slavin and Dixon in their classes they are great;
But whoever goes against John L. will surely meet their fate;
And remember John L.'s right forever!

Preachers leave their pulpits now and go 'round buying wine;
Will this thing ever end? No, never!
The scenes that they had witnessed, in their sermons they define;
Will this thing ever end? No, never!
It's right, I will acknowledge, for us to stop all vice;
Yet to play leap-frog with pretty girls it really must be nice;
But before I'd speak of it in church, I think I would think twice?
Such remarks should have an end forever!

A Fight for Home and Honor

AT HOMESTEAD.

Copyright, 1892, by Will Rossiter.

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Composed and Sung with enormous success by J. W. Kelly.

We are asking one another as we pass the time away,
Why men must have recourse to arms to get their proper pay;
And why their labor unions must not be recognized,
While the actions of a syndicate must not be criticised.
The trouble down at Homestead was brought about this way:
When a grasping corporation had the audacity to say,
"You must all renounce your union and forewear your liberty,
And we'll promise you a chance to live and die in slavery."

CHORUS.

So the man who fights for honor, none can blame him;
May luck attend wherever he may roam;
And no son of his will ever live to shame him,
While liberty and honor rules his home.

When a crew of armed ruffians came without authority,
Like thieves at night, while decent men were sleeping peacefully,
Can you wonder that all honest men with indignation burn?
Why, the slimy worm that crawls the earth when trod upon will turn!
When the locked-out men at Homestead saw that they were face to face
With a lot of tramp detectives, then they knew it was their place
To protect their homes and families; and that was nobly done;
And the public did applaud them for the victory they've won.—*Chorus.*

See that sturdy band of workingmen start at break of day—
Determination in their eyes, which surely meant to say:
"No men can drive us from our homes, for which we've toiled so long;
No men shall take our places, no! for here's where we belong."
A woman with a rifle saw her husband in the crowd:
She handed him the weapon, and they cheered her long and loud.
He kissed her, and said, "Mary, you go home till we are through,"
She answered, "No! if you must fight, my place is here with you!"—*Chorus.*

Now and Then or Then and Now.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

Now and then I sit and ponder o'er those happy days gone by,
And, as my thoughts they wander, a tear bedims my eye;
For you promised to be faithful, no matter what betide.
And, for fear you did not love me, I oft wished I had died.

CHORUS.

If you love me then, my idol, don't forget your sacred vow:
Tell me, sweetheart, won't you, darling, is it true you love me now?

Then you spoke these words, "I love you," then my heart was free from care;
Then I held you to my bosom, then I kissed your cheek so fair.
Now alone I wait your coming, now alone I weep and pine;
Now I want you with me always, now I want to call you mine.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

I'M GETTING A BIG BOY NOW.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I have taken my last drop of Castor oil,
My short dresses are laid by,
My high-top boots are something superb,
My dress just covers their tops so high.
I'm allowed to go on the street by myself,
And to all the boys I bow,
And give them a smile, for I think it worth while,
As I'm getting a big girl now.

CHORUS.

I'm getting a big girl now,
I'm getting a big girl now;
I stay up at night and lace very tight,
For I'm getting a big girl now.

I'm learning to dance and waltz with the men,
Am also learning to flirt;
I think it is fair, and, I do declare,
I can't see where is the hurt.
And really 'tis sweet to have a nice squeeze,
Then why can I not allow
Just a nice squeeze and a kiss when they please?
For I'm getting a big girl now.—*Chorus.*

My dresses are cut in the latest of style,
Already I am quite a belle:
I've lovers a score with wealth in galore,
And I think it is just as well.
On picnics by moonlight I go with my friends,
Though mamma will hardly allow;
But somehow or other I always fool mother,
For I'm getting a big girl now.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

I'M THE MAN THAT WROTE "TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY."

Written by Tommy Powers.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to H. J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There is a new song out 'most ev'ry day,
But the latest is Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay;
They used to sing Annie Rooney, but the song that knocks them looney
Is, "The man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

CHORUS.

I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay;
I wrote it on a coal-cart one fine day;
The horse went on a strike, dumped the ton of coal on Mike.
Because he sang Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

If you want fun, go to an east side ball—
Just take your sweetheart to Walhalla Hall.
A dollar I will bet, in the middle of the set,
You'll hear them sing Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay;
All the hand-organs do play it ev'ry day;
The boarders in our garret with ice water soak the parrot
When she does sing Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

The working girls down town in ev'ry shop
At 12 o'clock their cotton-hooks they drop;
And, after having lunch, get together in a bunch
And then they sing Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

CHORUS.

I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay;
The cats in our back-yard stay up till day—
Upon our garden wall, all night you'll hear them bawl:
I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

Parody on:

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

Composed and Sung by Al. Roome, the Transatlantic Comedian.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

A red-haired cook in a boarding-house at sunset had to fly;
In the kitchen where she had full sway, she stole out all their pie;
The dessert, too, by the jar did fly; where to none could say;
They only knew the place was robbed since she had come to stay,
And, as the hours they glided by, the meat, dessert and pie on wings did fly;
To save herself from such a fate, gave her notice in, but it was too late.

CHORUS.

The cook was fired at sunset, just at the close of day;
And while the fat slob was lingering the chef's boot came that way;
Into the arms of a policeman, in the gutter both did drop;
She knocked him flat, then skipped like a cat, the policeman came too late

As around the table the boarders sat, the story then was told
How the red-head cook and the policeman fought in the gutter out in the cold;
He hastened to arrest the cook, who on the Brooklyn Bridge did stay;
She threw him o'er into a mud-scow that happened to pass that way,
And when the truth at last was known, with boat-hooks his body was found,
To save the "cop" from such a fate, they rescued, but it was too late.

CHORUS.

The policeman was buried at sunrise, just at the break of day;
And while the echo lingered, the policeman had passed away
Into the arms of his maker, and there to learn his fate—
A tear, a sigh, a sad good-bye, that policeman came too late.

Parody on:

Three Little Maids from School.

Composed by James McAvoy.

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I've had some great experience
With many different girls;
I've had them dressed in every style,
Short hair, with bangs and curls;
The other day I met three pets;
They began to flirt and fool;
I followed them up and they told me
They were coming home from school.
Three little maids from school were they;
All so nobby, light and gay;
Each was trying to catch a jay—
These three little maids from school.

They all carry school-books just for a bluff;
You ought to hear them chin and guff;
One little maid gave me the wink.
I asked these three little maids to drink,
Those three little maids from school.
Three little maids with loolou faces,
Used to take in all the races;
Try and win three little cases,
Three little maids from school.

One little maid, her name was Mary,
The other two was Maud and Carrie,
And none of them was on the marry,
These three little maids from school.
Three little maids, oh, they were dandies,
This poor sucker came in handy,
Bought them beer, ice cream and candy,
Egg-nog by the bowl,
For three little maids from school.

We stepped into a restaurant,
They acted so nice and sweet,
They were having such a lovely time,
They said they'd like to eat.
The waiter came, a nice young man,
His leg how they did pull;
They eat for nearly an hour,
The three little maids got full.
Each little maid she ordered wine,
Porter-house and tenderloin,
Mutton chops and all combined,
For three little maids from school.
Each little maid ordered quail on toast,
Holy Moses! what a roast;
I turned paler than a ghost
Thro' these three little maids from school.

One little maid she dropped the Q;
The second knew her business too;
The third one she got up and flew—
She sneaked out nice and cool;
One little maid went in my pocket,
Took my watch and chain and locket—
Diamond pin, I think she'll hock it;
Three little maids from school.
Three little maids as nice as custard
Soon found out that I was busted;
How they sneaked and ran and dusted,
I was a great big fool—
For these three little maids from school.

CHARLES PATRICK O'BRIEN.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

Behold in me an Irish swell that's known both far and near;
I am recognized by all the girls as an Apollo Belvidere;
At any party or ball, you bet, I'm right in line;
They always seek the company of Charles Patrick O'Brien.

CHORUS.

I am an Irish swell, no doubt that you all can tell;
I never act rude, I'm no tough or dude,
On Fort Green I do dwell;
I'm always in for a good time, I like singing and dancing sublime,
The girls have gone crazy, they call me their daisy,
And dote on Charles Patrick O'Brien.

I go to Europe every week, I've nothing but money and lands.
I receive a thousand letters a day from ladies who offer their hands;
Ward McAllister sinks in the shade, for the Four Hundred I've no time,
Although they sought the membership of Charles Patrick O'Brien.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

OLD BLACK JOE.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Gone are the corns from my ancient feet away;
Killed by a doctor to whom I had to pay
Twenty-five cents for each corn upon each toe.
I feel their vacant places paining, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but they all did have to go;
I feel their vacant places paining, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I cry when my toes should feel no pain?
I know that my corns all will soon come back again,
Giving more pain to each aged, feeble toe.
I feel their vacant places paining, "Old Black Joe."—*Chorus.*

Where are the corns once so lively and so gay?
Gone far away, but alas! not gone to stay;
For they'll come back to increase my awful woe.
I feel their vacant places paining, "Old Black Joe."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

Written and Sung by O'Brien and Carroll, of Hyde's Comedians, with great success.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to H. J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Every soubrette has her trouble, I'm sure you'll say it's so,
For the men are so deceitful everywhere you go;
Mary and John had quarreled, lover's tears she shed—
When we asked her why she worried, this is what she said:

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's left his furnished room to go away up in a balloon;
He's now living high, 'way up in the sky,
Along with the man in the moon, and they say
He's courting some other girl there; she's flirting with him in the air;
Oh, this sassy old pet took my last cigarette
To smoke with that soubrette there.

To get even with her lover she studied up a plan,
How a giddy girl could conquer over man—poor man;
To spite her pet she mashed a Dago sweeping on the street;
Didn't care, that's what she told us, for revenge is sweet.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's the man with the broom, and he looks like a silly baboon
On the streets every day; though he don't get much pay,
He's as good as the man in the moon, and they say
The moon is made of green cheese, very true; so now I think he's cheesy too;
He can stay there and flirt, the man shoves the dirt,
That shows what a woman can do.

A silly dude, a would-be masher, spied a lady on the street;
She winked her eye as he passed by—this lady dressed so neat;
It's the same old tale, the old, old story; he wished to treat this maid;
When he asked her "Where they'd get it," this is what she said:—

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's got a saloon; we can sit in his little back room—
You can see lots of sport in this pleasure resort;
All the girls here are brought with the fish that they've caught;
They smile as they bring them in late, for here's where they all congregate.
Oh, a man is a jay to be roped in that way;
So friends, don't get mixed in your date.

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No. 38 **WEHMAN'S** No. 38

COLLECTION OF

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Parody on:

SHE'S MY DARLING.

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Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Freckled face and yaller hair, like the devil she is fair;
Reddish bangles she doth wear, lives in "Dead Dog" Alley.
Upturned nose of reddish cast, feet made on the biggest last,
Just like lightning she is fast—that's my daisy Sallie.

CHORUS.

She's my daisy, blooming daisy; I'm her feller, she's my mash;
None can part us, none disheart us, we'll together eat our hash.

Queenly figure like a barrel, dressed in greasy, torn apparel;
Smile just like a Christmas carol—with a queen she'll tally.
Married on some happy day, living in a modest way,
I will sing to her so gay, oh, my charming Sallie.—*Chorus.*

Awaiting a Voice from the Waters.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

A ship in mid ocean is tossed by the waves,
A sailor boy stands on its deck,
His eyes, full of tears, toward heaven are raised,
For the vessel will soon be a wreck;
He thinks of mother and sister at home,
And a sweetheart he left on the shore,
And, while his thoughts fly to the ones that he loved,
The ship sinks and all now is o'er.

I strayed on the sands and gazed out at sea,
The waters rolled merrily on;
My heart it was sad, for one that I loved
Sailed from me in days long gone;
We parted in tears, 'tis now five long years;
If he lives, my heart longs to know.
I fancy that tidings from him I would hear
If the waters could speak as they flow;
I feel that some message from him I could get
If the waters could speak as they flow.

A letter he wrote—but so long ago—
I've kissed it a million times o'er,
And fondly I've read its contents so sweet,
And worshiped the name that it bore;
Why don't he return? my heart it does yearn,
And ease it from sadness and woe;
I am sure that the waters would tell me of him
If they only could speak as they flow;
I know that my love he would answer my prayer
If the waters could speak as they flow.

Parody on:

MOLLY AND I AND THE BABY.

Written and Sung by Harry Thomson.

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In a neat little store, where clothing we sell,
Lives Rachel and I and Abie;
Our business is rushing; we always do well—
Rachel and I and Abie.
My Rachel is just one hundred and three;
She has a face that would set Ireland free;
And nobody is as happy, as happy as we—
Rachel and I and Abie.

CHORUS.

Rachel, Rachel, oh, what a wife;
She is so handsome she's the joy of my life;
And when I go out, my carriage to drive,
I take Rachel and I and Abie.

Now when we ride through Fifth Avenue, south,
Rachel and I and Abie;
You ought to see all the Irish look out
At Rachel and I and Abie.
Now when I take the baby on my knee
And Rachel goes and makes Yetisher tea,
I looks at Abie and he looks at me—
Rachel and I and Abie.—*Chorus.*

Every Shabbes to the Schula we go:
Rachel and I and Abie;
As soon as we come in, the rabbie does know
It's Rachel and I and Abie.
Now Rachel's the lady you all like to see—
And Abie's got a big nose and looks just like me—
And if you want any clothing just come in and see
Rachel and I and Abie.—*Chorus.*

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

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Words and Music by John F. Mitchell.

Beneath a far-off Australian sky an Irish exile lay,
The sand from out his glass of life was ebbing fast away;
The friends that stood around his bed his eyes could scarcely see—
His thoughts, which soon would be at rest, were far across the sea.
In spirit once again he stood upon his native sod,
Where as a child and as a man his foot had lightly trod;
In fancy he could feel upon his brow the mountain air,
And from his parted lips there issued forth the exile's prayer:

CHORUS.

"Lay me on the hillside, with my face toward the West,
Toward that sacred island—the land that I love best;
Let a bunch of shamrocks green be planted o'er my grave,
My dying prayer is: 'God bless the island of the brave!'"

Eviction foul and cruel sent him far across the foam
From that sweet spot which Irishmen, where'er they may be, call home;
The land whose halls have felt the tread of princes and of kings,
Whose harp once wooed the world, is now a mass of broken strings.
They were forced to leave the land which gave their fathers birth,
As strangers and as outcasts to wander o'er the earth;
The time came back to him again when he was but a child,
With mem'ries of sweet rambles thro' her wood and valleys wild.—*Chorus.*

Each eye was wet with briny tears—his words had touched the heart;
For they were exiles, too, and time had failed to heal their smart;
In every clime beneath the sky the Irish race are seen,
Yet still their every thought is fixed upon that isle of green.
He calls his friends around him, for the end is drawing near,
And from his pale and haggard cheek they wiped away a tear;
Another victim of misrule has felt the hand of death;
"God bless you, Ireland," were the words which filled his dying breath.—*Cho.*

THE DEAR EMERALD ISLE.

Tune—"I Always Shall Speak of Old Ireland with Pride."

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Written by George W. York.

Kind friends will ye help a poor, weary stranger,
Whose foot-sore and weary and hungry the while?
I've nothing to give, but an orphan will bless you
If you'll help a poor boy from the dear em'rald isle.
But a year ago, sure, I was smiling and happy;
Not a care on my mind, and a heart free from guile,
In a dear little cabin at the foot of the mountain,
That rears its proud head o'er the dear em'rald isle.

My father and mother, God bless their dear mem'ry,
Were contented and happy, although they were poor;
The land it was bad, and they worked late and early
To pay up the rent, with the wolf at the door.
At length my poor father took ill of a fever,
From toiling so hard on the bleak, barren soil;
Although my poor mother was careful and tender,
He died, and now lies 'neath the dear em'rald isle.

Then the sheriff he came with a band of armed ruffians
To turn out a child and a mother so gray;
And deaf to all pleading they tore down our cabin—
At the point of the bayonet they drove us away.
Then hunger and sorrow soon told on my mother;
Like a flower she drooped and faded away;
And with a last blessing, while her poor child caressing,
She gave up her life and was laid 'neath the clay.

Then they laid my dear mother beside my poor father—
I planted a shamrock just over their grave;
While I, a poor orphan, driven forth by misfortune,
To leave that dear land, and to cross the wild wave;
But, wherever I wander, I ever shall ponder
And dream of the time when nature did smile
On my father and mother and dear loving brother
And the old cabin home in the dear em'rald isle.

Then if ever the Father shall look down in pity,
And cast off the yoke that does Ireland enslave,
I'll hie me back then to the scenes of my childhood,
And pluck a pure shamrock from my dear parents' grave.
Don't say no more, boy, for I, too, am a daughter;
And to think of her wrongs, oh, it makes my blood rile;
And I pray that the time is not very far distant
When the green shall wave proud o'er the dear em'rald isle.

—As Admonished.—Mrs. Mannerly (to her daughter, who has just returned from tea with friends): "I hope you said 'no, thank you,' oftener than you did 'yes, thank you.'" Mabel: "Yes, I did. I hadn't been eating more'n half an hour before they began saying, 'Don't you think you've eaten enough? Aren't you afraid you'll make yourself sick?' And I said 'no, thank you,' *every* time."—*Puck.*

WE FOUGHT FOR YOUR CAUSE;

—OR:—

The Home-Rule Bill.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

The Irish nation now appeals for justice and her rights;
She tells you how her sons have helped to win your glorious fights:
And her requests are now backed up by Englishmen of skill,
And foremost in the field we find the grand old people's will.
Under the greatest sorrows Ireland's sons have borne their load;
But cheerfully they've struggled on a fearful uphill road.
'Tis justice Ireland craves for and she tells this to her foes;
She does not wish at all to tear her shamrock from your rose.

CHORUS.

We've fought for your cause, obeyed all your laws;
And do the very same again we will.
Treat Ireland as a nation, we don't want separation,
Contented we would be with Gladstone's Home-Rule Bill.

The Grand Old Man has tried for years, as statesman and premier,
To give us justice, and at last the goal he has come near;
He tried coercion and he found that was of no avail;
Against him then, against him now, his enemies all rail—
The first of English statesmen to hold out a friendly hand,
And offer consolation to a suffering helpless land;
He knows we want but justice and the common rights of men;
This clever statesman knows that we should be contented then.

Our enemies have called us rebels and laugh at all our woes;
But have they laughed when we have gone to thrash old England's foes?
Our spotless fame these enemies have many times traduced;
But a Wellington, a Wolsley and a Roberts we've produced.
We've statesmen good and true, tho' agitators they've been named,
Because they've spoken in Ireland's cause they have been greatly blamed:
As children love their mother, so we love the isle of green;
Contented and industrious 'neath Home Rule we should be seen.—*Chorus.*

To Sustain the Family Reputation.

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Och, me late lamented dad, an' the only one I had,
Was famous for his love of Irish whiskey;
His shillalah, too, 'tis said, Gad respected no man's head
When me father's temp'rature was somewhat frisky.
Just before the old man died, faith, he called me to his side
And said he couldn't leave the Irish nation
Till I promised him I would, sure, do everything I could
To maintain the family reputation.

CHORUS.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, an' of Enniscorthy, too.
And the Killaloe Mounseer's extermination;
Faix, I leave them miles behind, now that I've made up me mind
To maintain the family reputation.

Sure me promise I will keep, an' each night before I sleep
If I'm not John Sullivan I'll be disappointed;
An' I sware my ould dad's ghost won't lay quiet unless I boast
That daily some one's brain-box I've disjointed.
By the magistrate one day I'll be wanted—so they say;
But his honor, shure, will grasp the situation
When I tell him wid a smile, please, I've come to stay awhile.
To maintain the family reputation.

CHORUS.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, and of Enniscorthy, too,
And the Killaloe Mounseer's extermination;
But he never went to jail, or drank "Guinness" from a pail.
To maintain the family reputation.

It's mesilf ye may have seen, down at Conn O'Moy's shebeen,
Informing the boys 'twas my ambition
Some one's batter-box to break—then we might enjoy a wake—
What's more—I didn't mean to ask permission.
Gad, I'd hardly said the word, when a loud hooroo I heard.
Jerry Foley yelled, "I'll send you to tarnation!"
He tried—that's all he said; I lit candles on his head
To maintain the family reputation.

CHORUS.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, and of Enniscorthy, too,
And the Killaloe Mounseer's extermination;
When I'm packed with Irish hot, I could wipe out all the lot
To maintain the family reputation.

There's a colleen lives close by, wid sich mischief in her eye;
Her lips, bedad, I know none could be swatur;
Och, an' then to see her dance, sure 'twould send ye in a trance:
Mavourneen, too, is partial to the cratur'.
Next month, if all goes well, she'll be married to this swell;
Ye'd better come and help the jubilation.
There'll be cakes and whiskies free—Oh, yez can take the tip from me.
To maintain me family reputation.

CHORUS.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, an' of Enniscorthy, too;
To have done with them is my determination;
Wid mavourneen for a wife, sure, 'twill be my aim in life
To increase me family reputation.

THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

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Oh, listen to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains of his old withered hands;
But remember those fingers they once could move sharper
In raising the merry strains of his dear native land;
It was long before the shamrock, dear isle, lovely emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw,
And all the pretty colleens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
Though four score and three years have flew by them;
Its king's sweet reflection that every young joy,
For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men.
At a fair or a wake I could twist my shillelah,
And trip through a dance with my brogues tied with straw;
There all the pretty maidens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

In truth, I have wandered this wide world over,
Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me;
And, oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover
Be cut from the land that is trod by the free;
And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms doth embrace,
And lulls me to sleep with old Erin-go-bragh!
By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh, place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

THE DAY IS DONE.

Words by Longfellow. Music by M. W. Balfe.

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The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight,
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me, that my soul cannot resist;
A feeling of sadness and longing, that is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem, some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling, and banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters, not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music, their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor, and to-night I long for rest,
To-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet whose songs gushed from his heart, from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer, or tears from the eyelids start,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who through long days of labor, and nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet the restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction that follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume the poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music, and the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently, silently,
And as silently steal away.

THE GERMAN MASHER.

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As sung by John W. Ransone in "Across the Atlantic."

I vas a masher as you can plainly see,
Ven I walk out upon dot street de gals all wink at me;
Dey write love letters, fifty every day.
Ven I go out now dis is what dey say:
"There goes a masher, a German masher,"
Und all de girls dey cry, dot's when I pass dem by:
"Now, ain't he pretty," and "He's so witty,"
Oh! you'll hear that talk all over in de city.

CHORUS.

"There goes a masher, a German masher,"
Und all de girls dey cry, dot's when I pass dem by:
"Now, ain't he pretty," and "He's so witty,"
Oh! you'll hear dot talk all over in de city.

I stood by der corner on every Saturday,
A-mashing pretty girls as dey come from de matinee,
I was de boss flirter mit der handkerchief so gay;
I'll told you now what happened to me one day.
'Twas in de evening und I vas flirting,
Just den a girl came by; I touched her on de arm;
'Twas love at first sight, I was a little tight,
Now it happened dot her father vas a policeman.

SPOKEN (after 2d verse only).—Yes! he vas a bolicemans, und as we walked down de street to de station-house, you could hear de girls all whispering to each other:—*Chorus.*

JOHN SULLIVAN.

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I have something new! just listen to what I have to say;
It's of a noted pugilist, one of the present day;
I wish to give him credit and he ought to get much more,
For beating all the Johnny Bulls that landed on our shore.

Some people seem to slight him; but why should they do that?
For beating all the Johnnies, so important and fat?
We don't forget old England in by-gone days of yore,
When in the days of Washington, they trampled on our shore.

We drove them from the country—our nation it is free.
Now, Sullivan whips their champions, with me you will agree;
He is a credit to the country –of his valor we are proud;
And may he live one hundred years before he needs a shroud.

So, when he comes among you boys, deal with him on the square;
He is our great American champion—such men as him are rare.
You'll always find him sociable and nothing of a scum;
He protects our nation's honor as in the days of Washington.

They telegraph from Liverpool they're coming to America
To fight our noble champion—they are doing so to-day;
Well, let them come—our ports are free—and before them he will stand;
That much respected Boston boy– our brave John Sullivan.

THE IRISH EXILE'S LOVE.

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With pensive eyes she passed the church,
And up the leafy woodland came,
Until she reached the silver birch
Where long ago he carved her name.
And oh! she sighed as soft she kissed,
With loving lips, that gentle tree.
"Alone, Alone, I keep the tryst;
Return to Ireland, love, and me.
Return, Columbia's realm afar,
Where year by year your feet delay,
We cannot match for moon or star,
By silver night or golden day.

Her birds are brighter far of wing,
A richer lustre lights her flow'rs;
Yet still they say no bird can sing,
Or blosom breathe as sweet as ours.'
Return! her levin flashes dire
Affright not here.
We never know her awful, rushing prairie fire,
The silent horror of her snow.
Return! her heart is wise and bold,
Her borders beautiful and free;
Yet still the New is not the Old,
Return to Ireland, love, and me.

PHIL THE FLUTER'S BALL.

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Have you heard of Phil the fluter, of the town of Ballymuck?
The times were going hard with him—in fact, the man was bruk;
So he just sent out a notice to his neighbors one and all,
As how he'd like their company that evening at a ball.
And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them,
"That if they found a hat of his convaynient to the dure,
The more they put in, whenever he requested them,
The better would the music be for battherin' the flure."

CHORUS.
With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle, O,
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on a griddle, O,
Up! down! hands aroun', crossin' to the wall,
Oh, hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the fluter's ball.

There was Mister Denis Dogherty, who kep' the runnin' dog;
There was little crooked Paddy from the Tiraloughett bog,
There were boys from every Barony, and girls from ev'ry "art;"
And the beautiful Miss Bradys, in a private ass an' cart,
And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,
Little Mickey Mulligan was also to the fore;
Rose, Suzanne and Margaret O'Rafferty,
The flower of Adrumgullion, and the pride of Pethravore.—*Chorus.*

First little Mickey Mulligan got up to show them how,
And then the widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her bow;
"I could dance you off your legs," says she, "as sure as you were born,
If ye'll only make the piper play 'The Hare Was in the Corn;'"
So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,
The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;
"Faith, then, Mick, it's you that has agility!"
"Begorra! Mrs Cafferty yer leppin' like a hare!"—*Chorus.*

Then Phil the fluter tipped a wink to little crooked Pat,
"I think it's nearly time," sez he, "for passing 'round the hat;"
As Paddy passed the canbeen 'round and looking mighty cute,
Sez, "Ye've got to pay the piper when he plays on the flute;"
Then all joined in wid the greatest joviality,
Covering the buckle, and the shuffle and the cut;
Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality,
But the widda' bet the company at "handling the fut."—*Chorus.*

MULCARTHY, THE DUDE.

As Sung by Eugene De Marbelle.

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Oh, my name it is Mr. Mulcarthy,
I get a great laugh from the gang;
And at night, when I stand on the corner,
They guy me with their new-fangled slang.
They holler, "Get on to his sluggers!"
"His pants are so tight they are glued!"
And they say when I'm mashing the ladies,
"Mulcarthy, you look like a dude."

CHORUS.
"Aint he too"—too they do holler, "by a blacksmith he ought to be shoed;"
"Is it a man or a sidewalk; get on to Mulcarthy, the dude."

Sure I can't help myself if I'm pretty,
I try to dress up like a swell;
But they tell me I look like a hat-rack,
And my photographs I ought to sell.
I am only one man and I cannot lick forty;
Like Johnny L. Sullivan, I'd fight;
But they'd bring a Dutch band to my window,
And holler and shout all the night:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

Written by Alan Raymond, of Raymond & Brummell, Comedians.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Everybody has a sweetheart, some have two or three;
But I've one whose far above all, dearest is to me;
I regret I cannot kiss her, she's too far away;
You can see her any evening, at the close of day.

CHORUS.
My sweetheart's the girl in the moon;
I was to have married her soon,
But, alack and alas, it has come to a pass
That I cannot get near her without a balloon.
There's only one way to get there—
That is to climb up through the air;
But I'll postpone my climb until some future time,
When I'll go see my girl in the moon.

After sunset I am watching, my beloved to greet
When she makes her first appearance when the heavens meet;
Though, of course, I cannot tell her all my thoughts of love,
For you see I'm far beneath her, she's so far above.

CHORUS.
But she's told me through "love's telephone"
That some day I can call her my own;
And the thought of that day makes me chipper and gay;
And I never let sorrow within me hold sway.
She's so graceful, so pretty, so sweet;
She's so winsome, so chic, so petite,
On any dark night she is just out of sight,
Is my sweetheart the girl in the moon.

Old Ireland's Hearts and Hands.

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O Erin, home of lovely scenes,
O land of love and song!
In joy once more my fond heart leans
On thee, so true and strong;
For like a restless bird I've strayed,
And oft on far off strands,
I dreamed of "love-knots" years have made
With Ireland's hearts and hands.

CHORUS.
O sweetheart Erin! good old land!
Tho' near or far I stray,
I love them all, thy heart and hand,
I love thy shamrock spray;
Old Ireland's hearts and hands!
Old Ireland's hearts and hands!
O sweetheart Erin! good old land!
I love thy hearts and hands.

O welcome was thy bright green shore,
That rose upon my sight;
Like dawn upon the wave, once more
To chase the long, long night:
For tho' in many an hour of joy
I wove the tendril bands
Of friendships great, there's none could cloy
Old Ireland's hearts and hands.—*Chorus.*

O rimmed with gold of mem'ry bright,
Thy em'rald beauty set,
Within my heart gave gleams of light,
And I could not forget;
For this I prayed with many a tear,
Alone in distant lands,
The starry hour that gives me here,
Old Ireland's hearts and hands.—*Chorus.*

STORY OF THE SHAMROCK.

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Sung by Pat Murphy with great success.

I'll relate to you a story, the truth I'll tell with pride;
You've heard of Ireland's emblem, with its three leaves far and wide;
Love, truth and valor are the words impressed upon each leaf.
That flower can boast a pedigree, tho' now bowed down with grief;
I've not come here to agitate or speak of shining lights;
Nor is it my intention here to affirm on Irish rights.
The story that you'll hear from me I'll tell where'er I roam;
That emblem dear is in my heart, that glows at home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

It's planted in an Irish heart as deep as in the soil;
Its leaves are watered by the tears that come of honest toil;
The thistle and the rose will grow in any common ground:
But you can't transplant the shamrock from old Ireland.

The modest shamrock loved the rose and courted it from youth;
It did no underhanded work, but always spoke the truth.
It had a good foundation, too—'twas backed by modest pride.
The shamrock, thistle and the rose, with truth and love were tied;
Till like a serpent in the grass, ambition crept between
And wrenched the bonds of truth and love fast off that peaceful scene,
The rose repaid the shamrock with ingratitude for love,
Just like the hawk that pounced upon the unsuspecting dove.—*Chorus.*

The rose may well remember when the shamrock stood her friend,
The dear old homes of England he helped him to defend;
And though the shamrock shed its blood, as history plainly shows,
It seems the paltry rose forgot to pay the debt she owes.
We ask you can you wonder at old Ireland's bitter smile,
When base and cowardly traitors are plotting all the while;
But with love, truth and valor, and honest hearts unfurled,
The future of the shamrock will electrify the world.—*Chorus.*

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FUT.

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You've heard of Julius Cæsar, and the great Napoleon, too,
And how the Cork militia beat the Turks at Waterloo;
But there's a page of glory that as yet remains uncut,
And that's the martial story of the Slattery Mounted Fut.
This gallant corps was organized by Slattery's eldest son,
A noble-minded poacher with a double-breasted gun;
And many a head was broken, aye, and many an eye was shut,
When practicing manœuvres in the Slattery Mounted Fut.

CHORUS.

And down from the mountains came the squadrons and platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting men and a couple of stout gossoons;
And when we marched behind the drum to patriotic tunes,
We felt that fame would gild the name of Slattery's Light Dragoons.

Well, first we reconnoitered 'round of O'Sullivan's shebeen—
It used to be the "Shop House," but we called it "The Canteen;"
But there we saw a notice which the bravest heart unnerved—
"All liquor must be settled for before the drink is served."
So on we marched, but soon again each warrior's heart grew pale,
For rising high in front of us we saw the county jail;
And when the army faced about, 'twas just in time to find
A couple of policeman had surrounded us behind.

CHORUS.

Still down from the mountain came the squadrons and platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
Says Slattery: "We must circumvent these bludgeoning boothoons,
Or else it sames they'll take the names of Slattery's Light Dragoons."

"We'll cross the ditch," our leader cried, "and take the foe in flank;"
But yells of consternation here arose from every rank,
For posted high upon a tree we very plainly saw—
"Trespassers prosecuted, in accordance with the law."
"We're foiled!" exclaimed bold Slattery, "here ends our grand campaign,
'Tis merely throwing life away to face that mearin dhrain;
I'm not as bowld as lions, but I'm braver nor a hen;
And he that fights and runs away will live to fight again."

CHORUS.

And back to the mountains went the squadrons and platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
The band was playing cautiously their patriotic tunes;
So sing the fame, if rather lame, of Slattery's Light Dragoons.

They reached the mountain safely, though all stiff and sore with cramp;
Each took a wet of whiskey nate to dissipate the damp;
And when they loaded all their pipes, bowld Slattery ups and said—
"To-day's immortal fight will be remembered by the dead;"
"I never shall forget" said he, "while this brave heart shall beat,
The eager way ye followed when I headed the retreat;
Ye preferred the soldier's maxim, when desisting from the strife:
'Best be a coward for five minutes, than a dead man all your life.'"

CHORUS.

And there in the mountains lay in squadrons and platoons,
Those four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
They never more will march again to patriotic tunes,
Tho' all the same they sing the fame of Slattery's Light Dragoons.

The 18th Royal Irish Brigade.

Sung by Walter Munroe with great success.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

The soldiers were marching through the little Irish town,
And the women were weeping, dismayed;
To add to the laurels of a band of great renown—
'Twas the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.
The standard-bearer was a true-born Irish boy,
With curly hair and dancing eyes so full of joy;
He sighed as he wished his girl and parents, old, good-bye;
Then said, "By my flag I will stand till I die."

CHORUS.

Holding the standard of England high,
He meant to conquer or to nobly die;
One of the boys who were never afraid;
One of the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.

The battle is raging and beneath the burning sun,
The foe charged in thousands untold;
The boys of the 18th drive them back, and then they miss
Their captain so true and so bold.
The foe had captured him—they seek for him in vain;
But see, the standard bearer flies across the plain;
His captain he rescues from a dark and wily foe.
But, ah! as he turns see they deal him a blow.—*Chorus.*

The boys are searching the battle field for the hero who bore their flag;
They find him, grasping the standard firm, though it is but a tattered rag;
Not dead but dying, they raise him up; he gently gives a sigh and says:
"I've done my duty, boys, for Ireland ere I die;
Farewell, dear parents, 'tis the death a man would choose.
Boys, seek my girl and to her gently break the news."
He died, but his regiment he'd honored, not disgraced;
And one more brave deed on their record was placed.—*Chorus.*

Why Can't Paddy Be a Gentleman?

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Being told Pat couldn't be a gentleman, I've set myself the task,
That I to-night the reason why of you my friends would ask;
Hasn't Ireland got her colleges, that have for centuries stood,
To teach the people—and you know their teaching's mighty good;
Haven't Irishmen got heads and hearts—by dad, I know they've so.
Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to know.

Some look down on an Irishman, as if they thought that we
Could not but helpless dolts or fools e'er have a hope to be
What matters where a man is born. I see in Erin's isle
There's lots of native gentlemen to greet you with a smile;
For there's other kind of gentlemen, besides a dandy beau.
Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to know.

You cannot give the reason why, I see it in your face;
That Paddy's not a gentleman, because you know he is.
He's always good to help a friend, although his means are scant;
And if he's fond of blarney, he hates deceit and cant;
His coat may be of common frieze, his heart won't freeze—oh, no!
Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to know.

If an Englishman's a gentleman, oh, worrah, then it's true;
As Pat is John Bull's brother, then he must be one, too.
Just read the Irish history, and in that same you'll find
Great deeds of Irish gentlemen—St. Patrick's one, d'ye mind;
And don't forget this—ye who sneer at honest Paddy's worth—
That actions make a gentleman, no matter what the birth.

BARNEY'S PARTING.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller. Sung with great success by Miss Annie Riley.

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Barney, when you go away and leave me here alone,
Will you think of me some day, while far away you roam?
Think of me, your Molly, whose heart is sad with pain;
Oh, Barney, stay; don't go away; you'll not come back again.

CHORUS.

Oh, Barney, dear, don't leave me here in sorrow, grief and pain,
Stay at home, Barney, my own; you'll not come back again.

Barney, when you're far away across the ocean blue,
You will meet with strangers gay; but none you'll find as true,
None so true as Molly, whose heart is sad with pain;
Some other face shall take my place; you'll not come back again.—*Chorus.*

Barney, must I say good-bye, perhaps forevermore?
Sad's the heart, but still I'll try to bear it bravely o'er;
Listen to me, Barney, wherever you remain,
I'll think of thee and wait to see if you'll come back again.—*Chorus*

—Mr. Fish recently proposed to Miss Gillmore. He told her that he only wanted one Gillmore to make him a happy fish.

MY LITTLE IRISH QUEEN.

Copyright, 1889, by Willis Woodward & Co.

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As Sung by Carroll Johnston with great success.

My home is in the country, not many miles away;
'Tis where I go in Summer to pass the time away;
There is a little girl, bright as the stars above,
Just as the sun goes down, then I go and meet my love, oh!

REFRAIN.

She's young, yes and beautiful—she's the fairest ever seen;
She may not dress like city folks, she's my little Irish queen.

We do not care for riches to make our lives complete;
A little cottage down the lane, all furnished clean and neat;
A garden filled with flowr's—blue, yellow, red and green;
But the fairest one of all is my little Irish queen, oh!—*Refrain.*

OULD IRELAND SO GREEN.

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Mickey Doolan was one of them boys as went fighting,
And breaking of skulls on St. Patrick's Day;
There was meetin's of factious, and rowlin's and ructions,
And murderous deeds—ah! the devil to pay!
He went armed wid an illigant sprig of shillalah.
Saye Biddy, his wife, "Is it fightin' ye mean?"
Says Mickey, "Don't bother—go home to your mother;
I'm going out to fight for ould Ireland so green."

CHORUS.

There's Billy O'Mulligan, Jimmy O'Sullivan,
Barney O'Toole and Johnny Mackay;
And Bobby O'Ryan and Shemus O'Brien,
Goin' fightin' and tearin'—it's St. Patrick's Day.

Well we meets Danny Looran, and says to him: "Danny,
Have ye come out to fight for the Queen or the Pope?"
Says Dan, "It don't matter, for both or for either,
So long as I fight, that's sufficient, I hope!"
Says Mick, "That'll do," and wid a shout of "Hurroo!"
He jumped on Dan's coat and smashed his canbeen;
And they nearly got murdered, but each of them knew,
That he fought for his country—old Ireland so green.—*Chorus.*

When they'd done with each other, they sat down to rest,
And they felt that they both a good action had done;
They'd fought for their country and bled for their homes,
And nearly got murdered and relished the fun!
Then they both went together to fight side by side,
And they met Larry Moore walking calm and serene;
So they broke in his skull, and knocked in his teeth,
And jumped on his chest—for ould Ireland so green.—*Chorus.*

Well they got in a tangle and hit right and left,
And smashed at each other—the blood flowed galore:
And Danny hit Larry, and Larry hit Danny,
And Michael from both of them made the blood pour!
Then they all fell at once, and they sprawled on the ground,
Both Danny and Larry and Michael between;
But they wouldn't let go, so they all went together,
And rolled in a ditch—for ould Ireland so green.—*Chorus.*

Now some more sons of Erin were fighting for freedom,
As they rowled in the ditch, heard them patriots cry;
But they soon fished 'em out, and for love of Home Rule, boys.
They gave 'em a trashin' before they were dry!
Then they all at once felt as they wanted some liquor,
So away they went to a whiskey shebeen;
And they murdered the keeper and smoked his tobaccy,
And emptied the till for old Ireland so green.—*Chorus.*

They'd just one more scrimmage before they wor partin',
And there wasn't so many got off with their lives;
But them as wor left of them true sons of Erin,
Arrived safely home and pitched into their wives,
Danny Looran forgot where he left his right eyeball,
And Larry Moore's face wasn't fit to be seen,
And Mickey wor tired, and wouldn't go walking,
So rode home on a shutter for ould Ireland so green—*Chorus*

—Scribbler: "Did you see the medicine 'ad' I wrote this morning?" Employer: "Yes; I would suggest that you now sit down and write another." Scribbler: "Another medicine 'ad'?" Employer: "No, a situation wanted 'ad.'"

—Sub-Rosa.—The origin of this term is said to be the following: Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Hippocrates, the God of Silence, and from this legend arose the practice of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the table while eating, when it was intended that the conversation must be kept secret. This custom gave rise to the phrase sub-rosa.

ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

Copyright, 1876, by J. L. Peters.

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Oh! promise to meet me when twilight is falling
Beside the bright waters that slumber so fair;
Each bird in the meadow your name will be calling,
And every sweet rosebud will look for you there.
It's morning and evening for you I am sighing;
The heart in my bosom is yours evermore;
I'll watch for you, darling, when daylight is dying,
Sweet rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Asthore.

My heart is a nest that is robbed and forsaken,
When gone from my sight is the girl that I love;
One word from your lips can my gladness awaken--
Your smile is the smile of the angels above.
Then meet me at twilight, beside the bright waters;
The love that I've told you, I'd whisper once more;
Oh! sweetest and fairest of Erin's fair daughters,
Dear rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Asthore.

That's Why I'm an Irishman.

Sung by Walter Munroe with great success.

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Why is it wherever I chance to appear
I'm greeted so kindly by every one here?
The reason you do it is this, it is clear,
Because I'm an Irishman.

And all the great singers, each one you deceives;
They say they're Italians, but who here believes
That either myself or my rival, Sims Reeves,
Are not thorough Irishmen.

And as for great writers, we Shakespeare have got;
Though some say that Bacon invented the lot;
But Shakespeare's grand plays, if you like it or not,
Were done by an Irishman.

Our worthy pianist brings harmony sweet,
And he, if you want just to stand him a treat,
Will drink Irish whiskey, and do it so neat—
He must be an Irishman.

When Adam and Eve their first little one had,
Said they, "What relation are we to the lad?"
Said Eve, "I'll be Ma;" said Adam, "I'll be Dad;"
Bedad, well that's Irish man.

Said they, "As to manhood one day he'll attain,
We'll give him a name;" so they christened him Cane;
Well, a cane's a shillalah, so that proves aga in
That he was an Irishman.

To turn to to-day all the men of renown
From Julius Cæsar, ah! right the way down
To great Boneparte, who won such a crown,
Were all of them Irishmen.

And Gladstone, who once used to pose as a Scot,
And then as a Welshman, says English he's not;
I'll bet, when a little more cheek he has got,
He'll swear he's an Irishman.

The deaf folks are Irish, we all must confess,
For tho' they've left hearin'(Erin) they'd give none the less,
To come back to hearin' (Erin) nigh all they possess,
So they must be Irishmen.

With lame people also we score a good chalk;
For though in old England with one leg they walk,
You'll find that the other leg's always in Cork;
So they are half Irishmen.

And even the humble feline Thomas cat
Is Irish all over—you can't deny that;
If pleased or put out he will give you a pat;
And Pats are all Irishmen.

The poor married man, though a bit of a fool,
Is Irish, although his wife makes him her tool;
He'd give the whole world if he had the Home Rule;
So he's all an Irishman.

The new baby boy is quite Irish, you bet,
For no sooner does he in his petticoats get,
Than he's a boy cotted in his bassinette,
Boycotted like Irishman!

His trousers he tears, when for larks he's inclined;
His Pa overhauls him the damage to find,
Discovers, of course, that the rent is behind,
Like many poor Irishmen!

I proved I was Irish when I went to school,
Our master in drawing said I was a fool;
He said, "Draw a cow"—'twas myself made a bull,
Just like a true Irishman.

You'll say that much quicker this song ought to go;
But I can't sing it quick as I'll have you to know,
Because I was born down in Ballinasloe—
That's why I'm an Irishman!

ANDY McELROE.

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My brother Andy said that for a soldier he would go;
So great excitement came upon the house of McElroe.
My father sold the bog-hole to equip him for the war,
My mother sold the cushions of her Sunday jauntin'-car;
And when brave Andy reached the front, 'twas furious work he made;
They appointed him a private in the Crocodile Brigade.
The sound of Andy's battle-cry struck terror through the foe;
His foot was on the desert and his name was McElroe!

CHORUS.

At least that's what the letter said that came across the foam,
To Andy's anxious relatives, awaiting him at home.
The papers say he ran away whene'er he met the foe;
But that was quite unlike the style of Andy McElroe.

One morning brave Lord Wolsley for a battle felt inclined;
But all could see the General had something on his mind;
Sez he, "My staff, 'twere dangerous to face yon deadly foe,
Unless we're sure that quite prepared is Andy McElroe."
Then Andy cried, "I'm here, my lord, and ready for the fray."
Then England, Ireland, Scotland, rolled together on the foe;
But far ahead of every one rushed Andy McElroe!

CHORUS.

At least that's what the letter said that came across the foam,
To Andy's anxious relatives, awaiting him at home.
The Government despatches had another tale—but no!
We won't believe a word against brave Andy McElroe.

The Madhi had gone up a tree, a spy-glass in his eye,
To see his Paynim chivalry the Northern prowess try;
But soon he saw a form of dread, and cried in tones of woe,
"Be jabers, let me out o' this—there's Andy McElroe!"
Then down he hurried from his tree, and straight away he ran,
To keep appointments, as he said, in distant Kordefan;
And fled those Arab soldiery like sand siroccos blow,
Pursued (with much profanity) by Andy McElroe.

CHORUS.

At least that's what he told us when returning o'er the foam,
To greet his anxious relatives, awaiting him at home;
So sing the song of triumph, and let all your bumpers flow,
In honor of our countryman, brave Andy McElroe.

I'M AN IRISH BOY.

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Ah, sure, my darlings, ye'd like to know, the country where I came,
And who and what I really am, and ye'd like to know my name;
I'll tell yez in a trice, boys, tho' yez can see it in my smile,
That I am what they call, faith, a son of Erin's isle.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drove an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drove an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.

I've got a fine mud cabin, a calf, a pig, and cow;
And a fine great shillalah to purtect me in a row;
And what is more, my darlings, I've a good old jaunting car
And for the boys that visit me, there's whiskey in the jar;
For I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.
For I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.

Ould Ireland is the place for frolic, fun and mirth;
Its equal yez can't find if yez search all thro' the earth.
And who like Irish lads can twist and twirl the twig;
Besides, show me who like them can dance an Irish jig.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.

I'm the rale car-driver that drove our little queen;
A better lady, sure, my boys, in Ireland ne'er was seen.
She gave me a little gold, when loudly I did cry,
While tipping of my whiskey—"God bless Her Majesty.'
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.

Now ever since I drove her, I can't bear to be alone;
I think it's time I had a young queen of my own.
There was her daughter, Alice, a fine girl of the land;
But she has gone and left me, tho' I offered her my hand.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy in my name.

Now should yez visit Dublin, sure don't forget to call
On Paddy Murphy; and when there, he'll be glad to treat you all;
And drink a toast in whiskey, in true good Irish style:—
"Here's success to Stewart Parnell and the sons of Erin's isle"
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.
I'm an Irish boy—from Dublin town I came;
I drive an Irish jaunting car, Pat Murphy is my name.

PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

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As Molly the other day, sir,
Was making of the hay, sir,
I asked her for to be my bride;
When Molly she began to chide.
Says she, "You are too young, dear Pat;"
Says I, "My jewel, I'll mend o' that."
"You are too poor," says she, "beside."
When to convince her then I tried—
That wealth is an invintion,
Which the wise should never mintion;
For flesh is grass and flow'rs will fade;
Oh 'tis better to wed than to die an owld maid.

The purty little sparrows
Have neither ploughs nor harrows,
Yet they live at ease and are contint,
Bekase, you see, they pay no rint;
They have no care or flusterin'
About diggin' or industherin'.
No foolish pride their comfort hurts,
For they eat the flax and wear no shirts.
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Sure nature clothes the hills, dear,
Without any tailors' bills, dear;
And the bees they sip their sweets, my sowl,
Though they never had a sugar bowl;
The dew it feeds the rose of June,
But 'tis not from a silver spoon.
Then let us pattern take from those,
The birds and bees and lovely rose.
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Here's a cup to you, my darlin',
Tho' I'm not worth a farthin',
I'll pledge my coat to drink your health,
And then I'll envy no man's wealth;
For when I'm drunk I think I'm rich,
I've a feather bed in every ditch;
I dhrame o' you my heart's delight,
And how could I pass a pleasanter night.
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Burke, Magee and the Brick.

Written by Joe Lawrence. Music by Chas. Miller.

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When the whistle it blew six, there upon a pile of bricks,
Sat Paddy Burke and his friend named Mike Magee;
They were talking of the fight they had on Sunday night,
While they were at the widow Grady's spree.
Says Michael unto Pat: "My head feels rather flat,
So what do you say to work we do not go?"
Says Paddy then to Mike, "An idea me does strike;
We'll toss a brick to see if it's yes or no."

CHORUS.

The idea was this: they would toss the brick on high;
If in the air it'd stay they would go to work that day;
But if it should fall to the job they'd bid good-bye;
So Burke and Magee tossed the brick.

So Paddy grabbed the brick and tried to toss it quick,
And to his arm he gave a sudden twist;
Now Mike, who was standing by, got hit right in the eye;
Then a welt he gave to Paddy with his fist.
They had it up and down; they rolled all o'er the ground,
Till suddenly Pat he espied the boss;
Very quick he stopped the fight, the brick grabbed in his right,
Then up in the air the brick did toss.

CHORUS.

The brick then did fall and struck the boss's hat;
"We're in for it," says Mike. "You bet we are," says Pat.
The boss was yelling murder, for the brick had knocked him flat;
Was it Burke or Magee that tossed the brick?

They rang the police alarm and an ambulence was sent,
Which carried the boss unto a doctor's shop;
While he the plasters laid, Pat and Mike were much afraid
They'd be taken to the station by the cop.
Quick down the street they went, to Murphy's they were bent,
With whiskey they would drive away dull care.
Two dudes, with lots of money, said, "Now wouldn't it be funny
To toss the micks and give them both a scare."

CHORUS.

So Clarence collared Mike and Oscar tackeled Pat;
"We are two jolly bricks and we're going to knock you flat;"
"Bricks did you say, well then you'll rue this day;"
So Burke and Magee tossed the bricks.

A policeman came along and quick saw things were wrong;
He hurried Pat and Michael to the jail.
Next morn before the judge, who saw they had a budge,
Says he, "I refuse to let you out on bail;
Which one, Pat or Mike, with the brick your boss did strike?
I'm waiting for an answer, now be quick."
On each other they wouldn't blow and to lie it was no go,
For in his hand the judge he held the brick.

CHORUS.

The sentence, not the brick, from the judge it then did fall:
"For fear that you will spoil, I'll send you to the isle;
And as we need mechanics to build a good high wall,
I'll give you sixty days at tossing bricks."

A Lament on the Popular "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!"

OH, TA-RA-RA.

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Written and Composed by Walter Tilbury. Arranged by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I almost wish that I was deaf or dead, indeed I do;
Though this may seem a very, very funny thing to say,
Ev'rywhere I hear it, no matter where I go,
That awful tune, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"
My wife wakes me each morning by singing it to me,
With voice about as pretty as the song.
Half my life I'd forfeit just to get a little peace,
For nothing else I hear the whole day long.

CHORUS.

Oh! ta-ra-ra, oh! ta-ra-ra, oh! ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It makes me feel so sad;
I'm sure I shall go mad thro' this terrible "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

I'd like to know what I have done, it must be something bad,
That I must merit punishment, alas, that's so severe;
I've contemplated suicide, 'most anything I'd do
To stop that tune from falling on my ear.
A dismal little organ, with monkey on the top,
Doth groan this lovely air outside my door.
No sooner has he gone than a German band will start
To play all out of tune this song once more.—*Chorus.*

I thought I'd go to Boston to recruit my health and strength,
The both of which were failing fast and getting worse each day;
The stirring tones in op'ra met my ears when I arrived,
That echoed forth "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"
"I can't escape it, then," said I, "no matter where I go,
It seems to be no use for me to try.
If in the next world I were sure they did not play this tune,
Without a feeling of regret I'd die."—*Chorus.*

I HANDED IT OVER TO RILEY.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by Felix McGlennon.

There never were two stauncher pals
Than I and my chum Johnny Riley;
We'd booze together or flirt with gals,
And we valued each other highly;
Whenever there was any booze to be got,
Or somebody paid for the keg or pot,
I would collar the measure and guip the lot,
Then I handed it over to Riley.

CHORUS.

For Riley and I were chums, and we always shared
Black eyes or sugar-pinms, the divil a hair we cared;
When there was anything nice about, take my word,
That when I had done, I handed it over to Riley.

One day while I was on a spree
Along with my chum Johnny Riley,
One of those men they call a "D"
Came in and surveyed us slyly,
Then he grabbed me gently by the ear,
And whispered, "Young man, I've a warrant here!"
Well, I took that warrant in the greatest fear,
Then I handed it over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

One night I found a watch and chain
While out with my chum Johnny Riley,
And he for his share did soon complain,
And he did it so awfully wily,
But as by a lamp we chanced to pass,
I saw by the light of the flaring gas
That the watch was gold but the chain was brass,
So the chain went over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

One sweet Spring morn I took a wife,
My best, of course, was Riley;
I thought she'd be the joy of my life,
For she acted so very shyly;
But I soon found that marriage was no great fun,
For she chased me 'round the house with a gun,
Till I said, "Dear madam, with you I've done,"
And I handed her over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

—A professional tight-rope walker had an editor arrested for speaking of her as a "bald woman." He claimed in defence that he had written "bold" and the typesetter had made the mistake. Nevertheless, the judge was about to fine him, when he produced evidence which proved that the actress wore a wig, and he was acquitted.

IRELAND FOREVER.

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Attend to me, landsmen and sailors and others,
My ditty appeals to your courage and sense;
Come round me, my lads, let's shake hands like brothers,
And join one and all in old Ireland's defense.
The Frenchmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor;
We'll stand by our king and old Ireland forever;
By our king, our king, and old Ireland forever;
We'll stand by our king and old Ireland forever.

Our forefathers fully considered the cause
Of justice, of wisdom, of honor and fame,
Then wisely and bravely established such laws
As raised above others Hibernia's great name;
Then shall we lose sight of them? Never, boys, never!
Huzza! for our king and old Ireland forever.

Ye sons of Hibernia, come, join hand-in-hand,
We'll drive all invaders quite out of the land;
And when o'er the grog, the first toast that is given
Shall be, "Plenty and peace to the land that we live in,"
Tho' Frenchmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor,
We'll stand by our king and old Ireland forever.

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

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Oh! love is the soul of an Irish dragoon
In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon;
From the tip of his spur to his bright sabre-tasche.
With his soldierly gate and his bearing so high,
His gay laughing look and his light sparkling eye,
He frowns at his rival and ogles his wench;
He springs on his saddle and chases the French,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.

His spirits are high and he little knows care;
When sipping his claret or charging a square,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.
As ready to sing or to skirmish he's found,
To take off his wine or up take his ground;
When the bugle may call him how little he feare,
To charge forth in column and beat them mounseers,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.

When the battle is over he gally rides back
To cheer every soul in the night bivouac,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.
Oh! there you may see him in full glory crowned;
And he sits with his 'mid friends on the hardly won ground,
And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,
And he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.

A BUNCH OF SHAMROCK FROM MY DEAR OLD MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

One day there came to me, from far across the sea,
A letter, and its words I read with tears;
It brought a gem so dear, my lonely heart to cheer,
And told of those I had not seen for years.
They nevermore can part this treasure from my heart,
It came from one who blessed it with a tear;
It brought the joys of old, its hopes and bliss untold,
This bunch of shamrock from my mother dear.

CHORUS.

A bunch of shamrock from my dear old mother,
A treasure dearer far than any other;
Though faded, it shall rest upon my loving breast,
This bunch of shamrock from my dear old mother.

I see the cabin now, my mother's saddened brow,
I hear the voice that whispered sweet good-bye.
"Remember, lad," said she, "and true and honest be;"
Her words within my heart can never die.
Though oft the world is sad, my heart is ever glad,
I roam the vales again with happy cheer;
Ah, mem'ries sweet awake, when in my hand I take
This bunch of shamrock from my mother dear.—*Chorus.*

That mother now is dead, but still the words she said
Will bloom within my heart like buds of Spring;
I know the daisies wave so gently o'er her grave,
And 'round that spot the sweetest mem'ries cling.
So dear to me shall be this gift from o'er the sea,
And dearer far, it grows from year to year;
When life from me shall part, I'll keep upon my heart
This bunch of shamrock from my mother dear.—*Chorus.*

The Old Wooden Bench by the Door

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By J. W. Wheeler.

We look o'er the past like a dream, Maggie,
And think of the changes we've seen.
The spot where we once used to play, Maggie,
We may never meet there again.
The place where together we've sat side by side,
And talked childhood's plans o'er and o'er.
The one you remember, so dear to us then,
The old wooden bench by the door.

CHORUS.

Though years they have passed like a dream, Maggie,
And Spring brings the song birds no more,
We'll never forget the spot where we've sat,
And the old wooden bench by the door.

The swallows have fled from the barn, Maggie;
Our playmates are women and men,
And grass thickly covers the path, Maggie,
Where both you and I oft have been,
The old brook is dry by the mill down the lane,
And mosses grow wild on the floor,
And close by the porch there remains just the same,
The old wooden bench by the door.—*Chorus.*

The old wooden bench by the door, Maggie,
Where we've sang the sweet songs of our youth,
And pledged we'd be friends to the end, Maggie,
'Neath stars that had witnessed the truth,
Still stands, and seems waiting to greet us again,
Ere life's weary wand'rings are o'er,
But we'll never more sit hand in hand 'neath the stars
On the old wooden bench by the door.—*Chorus.*

THE DYING TELEGRAPHER.

By J. W. Quinn.

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In a far-off Western city, did the last rays of the sun
Peep through the windows of a house where lay a dying one;
It seemed to linger 'round his bed to light life's dying day,
As fast were death's shades falling on the sick man as he lay.

A bunch of freshest flowers on a table near him stood,
Sweet-breathed as heaven air and fair as those of Eden's wood;
The rose, to fain hide beauty's thorn, did bend its head so fair,
And the lily pale to whiteness at the secret hidden there.

The light within the man's dark eyes belied the gray-streaked hair,
And showed through dissipation age had *stolen* his sent there.
The wise, old sage, experience, had taught (though now in vain)
That pleasures bought by bartered youth are all alloyed with pain.

Fond memory's torch did brighten as he lay with dreamy eyes,
And his mind went back to other days of fairer, sunnier skies:
No clouds of trouble threw their shadows cross his path, but then
A mother's hand did guide him from the paths of erring men.

Once more he sees the moonlight sleeping on the river's bank;
And also where the green moss crept down to its edge and drank;
The garden that he called his own—his birds that sang of love—
Ah! seemed it all a vision of the future home above?

The dark-eyed, sweet-faced mother that seemed ever by his side—
The little cot at which he knelt and prayed at eventide—
His sister—how the sunshine loved to linger in her hair;
He wondered was she living yet, or waiting over there.

Once more upon the college-grounds he stands with tearful eye,
And bids the friends around him each a loving last good-bye.
Expelled, disgraced, he would not—no he could not turn to home—
A word—a look—a sob—a step, then—in the world alone!

A few more turns of memory's leaves and then he sees again
The Western Union office, and the blanks, the ink and pen;
The ticker he invented, the money it brought him—
Then dissipation, gambling, wine—all agents of deep sin.

The last page of life's book is turned, and here—the death-bed scene,
The man whose star unheeded set without the faintest gleam;
No brightness of the past to light the future's unknown shore:
A few more fleeting moments will life's more than dream be o'er.

For he's dying, dying, dying, and the current's growing weak;
Life's jars are surely broken and the fluid fast does leak;
Through storms of fitful passion its supports had weaker grown,
And the failing body—prison shortly finds the soul has flown.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

In a corner of the grave-yard is a mound that's brier-strewn;
On a simple board above it are these words so roughly hewn:
"Should a brother chance to pass this spot, then let him drop a tear,
For unknown, unloved, forgotten lies an operator here."

THE TRUE BORN IRISHMAN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I am Irish, and I do not think that you will be surprised
To hear I have a grievance; it's a fact you've all surmised;
But my trouble's not to grumble or a howl of discontent;
'Tis but a protest against those who us misrepresent.
My countrymen are painted in a color not their own,
And as greedy, sneaking rebels to you often are shone;
There'll be black sheep in every flock forever it is true,
But the real Irishman is white, and that I'll prove to you.

CHORUS.

He does not rail at royalty; he does not curse the throne;
He does not crave for every plot of land to be his own;
He stands aloof from treason; he does what good he can;
This brightest gem in nature's crown, a true born Irishman.

In my country there are agitators who will spread alarm,
And by incentive speeches, causes great amount of harm;
For weaker minds who list to them quite easily are led
To think England their enemy; but he's as their friend instead.
The men who cause the mischief know within themselves they're wrong,
They only injure Ireland by rebellion, speech and song;
But all clear-headed Irishmen are loyal to the one,
And by his fond allegiance, Pat his loyalty has shone.—*Chorus.*

When our noble Prince and Princess paid a visit to our land,
Who can say but their reception was a demonstration grand;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor, said welcome in one voice,
And hailed their future ruler as the ruler of their choice.
So let me disabuse your minds if you think Pat a fool,
Who hates his sister country and revolts against her rule;
The few who're wrong and not the many who contented rest,
And Pat the loyal Irishman believes himself but blest.—*Chorus.*

The Law Won't Allow Me to Do It.

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Words by Norton Atkins. Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'd sing you a song of cerulean hue,
But the law won't allow me to do it;
It has an objection to anything blue,
And the law won't allow me to do it.
Tho' noble by birth, I am not at all proud;
I'd do lots of things if I were but allowed;
I'd be a watchmaker, you know, in a crowd,
But the law won't allow me to do it.

CHORUS.

I don't know what I'd not do if it wasn't for the law;
I'd make the girls wear whiskers and I'd send 'em out to war;
I'd keep my wife in check and I'd break her mother's neck,
But the only thing that stops me is the law.

I'd get in a bank and walk off with the cash,
But the law won't allow me to do it;
Two hundred and ninety-nine girls I would mash,
But the law won't allow me to do it;
I'd stop lords and princes from sneaking our pelf,
Insist on their staying at home on the shelf,
And all our princesses I'd marry myself,
But the law won't allow me to do it.

CHORUS.

I don't know what I'd not do if it wasn't for the law;
I'd make the girls wear whiskers and I'd send 'em out to war;
I'd send the German bands back into their fatherland,
But the only thing that stops me is the law.

I'd tell you young men such a nice fairy tale,
But the law won't allow me to do it;
I'd put all police who tell lies into jail,
But the law won't allow me do it.
Now I've got a girl, as, of course, is well known;
Her figure's immense, and she weighs eighteen stone;
I'd like to find out if that figure's her own,
But the law won't allow me to do it.

CHORUS.

I don't know what I'd not do if it wasn't for the law;
I'd make the girls wear whiskers and I'd send 'em out to war;
I'd stop girls chewing gum, and I'd strike the barbers dumb,
But the only thing that stops me is the law.

I'd like to punch my girl's papa on the nose,
But the law won't allow me to do it;
I'd pull out his whiskers and jump on his toes,
But the law won't allow me to do it.
I went 'round to see her, got kicked in disgrace,
The marks even now I quite plainly can trace;
If no one were here I would show you the place,
But the law won't allow me to do it.

CHORUS.

I don't know what I'd not do if it wasn't for the law;
I'd make the girls wear whiskers and I'd send 'em out to war;
I'd have each workingman get all the cash he can,
But the only thing that stops me is the law.

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

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By Felix McGlennon. Arranged by Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Sung by Helene Mora.

Various men have various natures—some prefer to cross the wave,
O'er the world they like to travel, for fresh scenes they seem to crave;
To their birth-place some cling fondly, and their hearts are in one spot;
See the man whose home is Eden, happy in his humble cot.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander from his own fireside;
He never cares to ramble or to roam;
With his children on his knee, he's as happy as can be,
For there's no place like home, sweet home.

How his face with joy is beaming when the worldly toil is o'er,
As with eager steps he hastens to his humble cottage-door;
Little children run to meet him, pleading for a fond caress,
There, amongst his well-beloved ones, he can find true happiness.—*Chorus.*

There's a wife to fondly greet him with the love-light in her eye;
There're the children 'round their daddy, home to him is Paradise;
Baby's arms are 'round him clinging, baby lips to his are pressed;
All is peace and love and comfort, in his home he finds sweet rest.—*Chorus.*

I Dreamt that I Was Dreaming.

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Revised by Arthur Sinclair. Composed by Harry Dacre.

I look around the music stores and find a thousand songs,
All based upon the well-known dreaming themes;
There's "Let Me Dream Again," of course, "Dream Faces" and "Dreamland,"
And "Happy, Happy, Happy Be Thy Dreams,"
"Is this a Dream?" "It Was a Dream," likewise "I Dreamt I Dwelt,"
"Dream On, Sweet Babe," also "I Dream of Thee!"
I thought there were not dreams enough, and so I've now arranged
To have a new dream song composed for me.

CHORUS.

I dreamt that I was dreaming, a dream within a dream
(A mixture which I hope will ne'er come true);
Oh, love, I dreamt that I had dreamt that you had dreamt of me,
While you were dreaming, dreaming that—that I had dreamed of you!

I've been rehearsing this six weeks, I got so awful mixed
(The most confusing song I ever had);
The frightful complications have disturbed my nightly rest,
To try and solve this dream song drives me mad.
My wife has gone bald-headed through the mental exercise,
The servant girl has gone a trifle wrong;
The children all seem daft, because they try to analyze
The tedious confusion of this song.—*Chorus.*

Just fancy now to dream I dreamt a dream within a dream—
To dream that I had dreamt that some young girl
Had dreamt of me while I was dreaming—no, that's wrong—no—yes
(I think my brain is getting out of curl)—
Let's see? I dream that she is dreaming, I had dreamt that she
Has dreamed that I—that is, that she—no—I—
Was dreaming she had dreamt that she was going to dream of me—
No—no! If I go further I shall die.—*Chorus.*

COMING THRO' THE DYE.

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Words by C. Osborne. Sung with great success by Gus Williams.

If a body dyes a "body" when it's old and worn,
If a body takes that "body" to a shop to pawn;
"Gimme a V; it's new, you see!" Says Uncle "that's a lie!
Why, there's the collar, green and yellow, comin' thro' the dye!"

Once a crony bought a pony at a circus fair,
Told his daughter that he'd bought a genuine Shetland mare;
Truth to tell, he cleaned her well, but noticed by-and-by,
The more he brushed, the more the dust kept comin' thro' the dye.

Ten Havannas for two tenners seem a trifle cheap;
I was thrifty, so bought fifty—laid 'em up to keep;
Late one night I struck a light, and lit one just to try,
But found, with grief, that cabbage leaf was comin' thro' the dye.

Sister Mary bought a canary from a butcher's boy,
Ever since, in our back area, it has been our joy;
Strange to say, it never whistles, echo answers why?
We found some old cock sparrow's bristles comin' thro' the dye.

When you're landed, second-handed, with a suit of clothes,
Ball-rooms nightly find you lightly waltzing on your toes;
But something splits and gives you fits, and, while you sigh and cry,
You feel the stitches of your breeches comin' thro' the dye.

Johnny Duffy bought some coffee at ten cents a pound.
"Ere they fake it," says he, "take it home and have it ground."
In the mill they ground it, till his wife she shouted, "Hi!
As sure as greens, here's donkey's beans a-comin' thro' the dye!"

THE FATE OF A BLACK CAT.

By Gardner Minard, Jr.

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Out on a lawn by a village street an old cat sat one day,
And there he sat till the dreary night, then sang a mournful lay.

The wan, old moon rose quickly up, a gentle zephyr blew;
The flowers that were on the lawn were soaking wet with dew.

Up on the fence the old cat got, and sang a doleful song;
He hadn't been there very long when a black cat came along.

A conversation followed then between the two old cats,
While through the darkness of the night came flying boots and bats.

The black cat spit in the other's face, up went the other's back,
And just as they were going to fight there came a rifle crack.

Who fired it I cannot say, for he went back to bed,
And when the morning sun shone out, there lay the black cat dead.

MICHAEL SHEA'S RETURN TO TIPPERARY.

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My name is Michael Shea, I'm going to cross the sea,
I am going back to my dear own native land;
Where all there is serene, and the grass is ever green,
They'll be glad to shake the stranger by the hand.
Sure I'm leaving England's shore, there to return no more,
For I'm going home to marry my dear Mary.
I'm as happy as a king, for I've bought the wedding ring,
And I'm going home to my native Tipperary.

CHORUS.

For Tipperary is my home, and no more from there I'll roam,
But live contented with my little Mary;
I shall be happy for life when she becomes my wife,
And we are settled in the town of Tipperary.

When on the quay we parted, my love was broken-hearted,
As she saw the ship sail o'er the treach'rous main;
And, with my last embrace, I saw her hide her face—
But I shall soon be with my colleen once again;
And when I get on shore, faith, I'll never leave her more,
But be constant, firm and true to loving Mary;
And when I reach the land I'll be shaken by the hand
Of the colleens and the boys of Tipperary.—*Chorus.*

I long to reach my home, and see my dearest own,
For its years since I left my charming girl;
When I reach the emerald isle she will meet me with a smile,
For I dearly love this little Irish pearl.
On her my happiness depends, so good-bye, my English friends,
And may prosperity attend my little Mary.
So now I must away to spend my wedding day
With the colleens and the boys of Tipperary.—*Chorus.*

Actions Speak Louder than Words.

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Words by George Horncastle. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Just upon the stroke of midnight see a man walk down the street;
He for work all day has hunted, is heart-broken, sore of feet;
He looks for a lowly lodging, when there comes a piteous cry
From a woman, "I am starving; help me, sir, or I shall die!"

CHORUS.

He thinks of that coin, his lodging 'twill pay,
Then looks on that face and its tresses so gray,
Then in charity gives his last penny away—
Actions speak louder than words.

From the club at early morning some one's husband just come home;
He's been gone six hours and over, went out for ten minutes' roam;
Then he's greeted by his sponsey, "Where have you been all the night?"
Can't you speak, you helpless idiot? tell me, are you speechless tight?"

CHORUS.

He gives a sly wink, then he throws down his hat,
Tries to pull off his boots, then he tumbles down flat,
Then his watch on the floor goes to sleep on the cat—
Actions speak louder than words.

In a neat but humble dwelling sits an old man all forlorn,
Thinking of his only daughter, by a villain from him torn;
At the open door a figure stands repentant for her sins,
Humbly pleading, "Father, father, I've no home; may I come in?"

CHORUS.

All trembling and pale from his chair see him start,
With one frantic gesture he bids her depart,
Next moment she's clasped to his kind, honest heart—
Actions speak louder than words.

MOTHER'S WEDDING RING.

Copyright, 1885, by Alberto Himan.

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I was sitting in the twilight, yes, many years ago,
When my mother came and knelt down by my side,
She had come to say good-bye, and a tear bedim'd her eye,
For her sailor boy he was her joy and pride.
Must you go so far away, now I'm getting old and gray?
Perhaps on earth we'll ne'er meet any more,
Take this ring with you to sea, your father gave it me,
And wear it till the dream of life is o'er.

CHORUS.

'Tis a token that I treasure with tenderest of care,
As the baby to its mother's neck doth cling;
I love it with all my heart, from it I ne'er shall part,
For it is my dear old mother's wedding-ring.

If I could but see her face as I have in days gone by,
When she used to clasp me tightly to her breast,
For I was her pride and joy, ah, yes her only boy,
And she lavished on me love that knew no rest.
My mother, old and gray, from this earth has passed away,
But to this token I will fondly cling,
I will cherish it for years, bedew it with my tears,
For it is my dear old mother's wedding-ring.—*Chorus.*

'Twas but a Little Band of Gold.

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Words by J. Joseph Goodwin. Music by Will H. Fox.

A mother knelt beside a cradle praying for her babe, 'twas ill;
Oh, God! she cried, her voice grew feeble, Save my child if 'tis Thy will!
Baby's face is pinched with hunger, he lies there like one who's dead,
Growing weak instead of stronger—my wedding-ring I'll pawn, she said;
Feebly, timidly she entered, on her face a look of care,
For her wand'ring thoughts were centred on the cause which brought her there.

CHORUS.

'Twas but a little band of gold, bent and worn, so thin and old,
Mem'ries of the past unfold, sweet recollections bring;
For now she could recall the hour when beneath a floral bower
She was bound in love's own power by this wedding-ring.

How much? Well, 'tis worn and dented! True, it was by baby's tooth!
Now she flinched and e'en repented, poor, pale mother, old in youth;
Come, no time have I to trifle. What, one dollar? 'tis too light!
Tears and sobs she tries to stifle, baby must have food to-night!
Now the broker gazed and grumbled at his bargain, worn and thin,
While the mother, sad and humbled, felt as if she was in sin.—*Chorus.*

In this wretched world of ours fondest mothers are most tried,
'Long life's pathway bright-hued flowers wither 'neath the weed of pride;
Angels work up storms of sadness, but all clouds are silver-lined;
First comes sorrow, then comes gladness—pain and joy are intertwined;
And this mother's fond affection won her friends, who now do bring
Joy and gladness and protection, they redeemed her wedding-ring.—*Chorus.*

There's None Can Forgive Like Mother.

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Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The tears of a mother were falling,
A letter had come to her door;
She read it with fondest affection,
Forgiveness each word did implore;
It told of the child that had fallen
In pathways of sorrow and sin,
Who sighed for her love every other's above,
And begged for a shelter within.

CHORUS.

Ah! who can forgive like a mother?
Her heart ne'er on earth will forsake;
Whate'er we may do, one love is still true—
There's none can forgive like a mother.

She thought of the child of her bosom,
The warning she lovingly gave;
Her heart was nigh broken with sorrow,
And yet 'twas her impulse to save;
The father had spurned from his dwelling
The one who had tarnished his name,
Yet that fond mother's heart with love ne'er could part,
And whispered no hard words of blame.—*Chorus.*

How many are lured to temptation,
Forgetting a fond parent's love,
That ever is ready and willing
To shield like the angels above;
In many a lone, dreary cottage
A mother now waits in her pain
To welcome the child who is wayward and wild
With wide-open arms once again.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

IN THE GLOAMING.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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In the gloaming, oh, my darling, when the 'skeeters sing so low;
And upon your fair neck clinging, making its white surface glow.
When the breeze comes from the alley, laden with a rank perfume,
Will you think of me, dear loved one, as your future loved bridegroom?

In the gloaming, oh, my darling, keep your temper cool, my dear;
Let the 'skeeters keep on humming their bright song so sweet and clear
I'll not come till better weather—this I do think is best, my dear;
For I fear your gentle temper when the 'skeeters, sweet, are near,

GRACE DARLING.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

'Twas on an ocean lighthouse there dwelt an English maid,
Pure as the air around her, of danger ne'er afraid;
One morning just at daybreak a storm-toss'd wreck she spied,
And though to try seemed madness, "I'll save the crew," she cried.

CHORUS.

And she pulled away o'er the rolling sea, over the waters blue;
Help! help! she could hear the cry of the shipwrecked crew;
But Grace had an English heart, and the raging storm she braved;
She pulled away, 'mid the dashing spray, and the crew she saved.

They to the rock were clinging, a crew of nine all told,
Between them and the lighthouse the sea like mountains rolled;
Said Grace, "Come, help me, father; we'll launch the boat," said she.
Her father cried, "'Tis madness to face that raging sea!"—*Chorus.*

One murmur'd prayer, "Heaven guard us!" and then they were afloat,
Between them and destruction the planks of that frail boat:
Then spoke the maiden's father, "Return or doomed are we!"
But up spoke brave Grace Darling, "Alone I'll brave the sea!"—*Chorus.*

They bravely rode the billows and reached the rock at length;
They saved the storm-tossed sailors, in heaven alone their strength;
Go tell the wide world ever what British pluck can do,
And sing of brave Grace Darling, who nobly saved the crew.—*Chorus.*

ANNABELLE LEE.

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Poem by Edgar Allen Poe. Music by H. Leslie.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabelle Lee;
And the maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabelle Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud,
Chilling my beautiful Annabelle Lee,
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea,
My beautiful Annabelle Lee,
My beautiful Annabelle Lee.

But the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea,
My beautiful Annabelle Lee, my beautiful Annabelle Lee.

—"Marriages are made in heaven," quoth Miss Antique. "Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cruel response of her younger sister.

Parody on:

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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The flour that blooms on the face, tra la,
Is colored with cosmetic paint.
Now, dare the young damsels to embrace, tra la,
On their cheeks a kisslet to place, tra la,
And they will endeavor to faint.
Oh, what do they mean whenever they place
A pound of white flour and paint on the face?

The flour that's spread on the face, tra la,
Has denied them many a kiss.
No lips to their cheeks can be placed, tra la,
Lest they might endanger the paste, tra la,
Oh, why do the ladies do this?
Oh, what do they mean whenever they place
A pound of white flour and paint on the face?

HER PAPA WAS THERE.

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By Felix McGlennon. Arranged by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I went to see my best girl,
One lovely evening, one lovely evening,
My head was in a whirl,
As I approached her front door,
At the window she was sitting there,
And she looked so good, so pure and fair,
And she smiled on me, I bowed, that's all,
But I must admit that I did not call.

CHORUS.

For her papa was there, her papa was there;
I saw his tin whiskers and bald head of hair;
He's a foot that can kick and a tongue that can swear,
So I didn't call, for her papa was there.

Her dad is awfully good,
Never goes giddy, never goes giddy;
Won't look at anything rude—
Well, that's what his family thinks,
But a giddy show I went to see,
Where the ladies' skirts just reached the knee,
Others danced in tights, some one said "Bravo";
Who was it? why, right in the very front row.

CHORUS.

Her papa was there, her papa was there;
I swore I would give him away, I declare,
But he promised he'd give me his daughter so rare,
So I didn't tell that her papa was there.

Her dad hates young men who spree,
Says that he never takes a drink ever
That is stronger than tea—
Temperance leader is he;
Now I went one day upon a lark,
And I made things howl long after dark,
And I staggered by, tripped up and fell,
A policeman shoved me into a cell—

CHORUS.

And her papa was there, her papa was there;
And part of the floor with his nobs I did share;
It was ten dollars fine, and both fines he did square;
Oh! wasn't I glad that her papa was there.

I went once to the race-track,
To see the racers go through their paces,
With "tons" both white and black,
Winners I never could lack,
So I bet upon a stunning mare,
For she couldn't lose, all did declare,
But she came in last, as I turned and saw
A face I well knew and oh, dear! oh, law—

CHORUS.

Her papa was there, her papa was there;
He had on his face such a look of despair;
He was clemmed out and "busted" I heard him declare,
So I wasn't alone, for her papa was there.

I went to see my best girl
One lovely morning, one lovely morning,
Off to church we did whirl;
Quickly we two were made one;
Oh, the wedding breakfast was sublime,
And we had a good old, gay old time,
And we drank and toasted "luck and wealth,"
Then some one got up and proposed our health—

CHORUS.

And her papa was there, her papa was there;
He said good, young fellows like me were so rare;
He made them then think me a saint, I declare;
Oh! wasn't I glad that her papa was there.

LET HER GO.

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Sometimes there is a change in the weather, sometimes there is a change on sea,
Sometimes there's a change in my true love, but there is never a change in me.

CHORUS.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her, she is mine wherever she may be;
She may travel this wild world all over, but she will find no change in me.

I would give my watch and chain, love, I would give my diamond ring,
I would give the heart that is in me to gain back my love again.

CHORUS.

We must learn to take love easy, like the birds that are in the trees,
When they fly home to their nests, love, but there is no nest for me.

Does Your Heart Beat True to Me?

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Words and Music by Thomas Maxwell.

Does your heart beat true to me, my love? I asked, when last we met;
Her bosom heaved a heavy sigh, methinks I see her yet.
Remember, dear, when I'm not here, your fancy then it will be free,
So I ask thee, love, by the stars above, does your heart beat true to me?

CHORUS.

And the silent night when the moon shines bright,
And I am far across the sea,
I will ask thee, love, by the stars above,
Does your heart beat true to me?

Does your heart beat true to me, my love? for now we're going to part;
For while the ocean wide I roam, I'll hold a loving heart,
And when alone on the good ship's deck, and the stars shine bright above the sea,
I will ask thee, love, by the stars above, does your heart beat true to me?—*Cho.*

Does your heart beat true to me, my love? soon we'll be growing old;
But whilst there's life in me, my dear, and ages are foretold,
When hair is white and eyes less bright and things all 'round are changed we see,
I hope, my love, by the stars above, that your heart beats true to me.—*Chorus.*

THE DYING RANGER.

By a Texas Ranger.

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The sun was setting in the West, and filled with a lingering ray,
Through the branches of the forest, where a dying ranger lay.
Beneath the palmetto, beneath the sultry Southern sky,
Far away in loved old Texas we laid him down to die.

A group had gathered 'round him—his comrades in the fight;
And tears rolled down each manly cheek as he bid his last good-night.
One friend and loved companion was kneeling by his side,
Striving to quench the life blood flow, but, alas, in vain he tried.

Up spoke the dying ranger—Weep no more for me;
I am crossing the dark river, yet all beyond is free.
Now gather 'round me, comrades, and listen to what I say,
I will tell you a story, as my spirit hastens away.

Far away in loved old Texas, that good old lone star State,
There is one who for my coming with a weary heart will wait;
A fair, young girl, my sister, my only hope and pride,
My only care from boyhood, for I had none else beside.

My mother, she lies sleeping beneath the church-yard sod;
Many a year has passed since her spirit went to God.
My father, he lies sleeping beneath the dark, blue sea;
Brothers I have none, there are only Nell and me.

When our country was invaded, and called for volunteers,
She threw her arms around me, and bursting into tears;
Saying, Go, my darling brother, drive those traitors from our shore.
My heart may need thy presence, but thy country needs it more.

It's true I love my country, to it I gave my all;
If it had not been for my sister, I would be content to fall.
I am dying, comrades, dying; she will never see me more;
She will vainly wait my coming in her little cabin door.

Now gather nearer, comrades, listen to my dying prayer.
Who will be to her a brother, guard her with a father's care?
Up spoke a group of rangers—in one voice seemed to say:
She shall be to us a sister—we will protect her one and all.

One glad smile of pleasure o'er the ranger's face was spread,
One quick, convulsive shudder, and the ranger boy was dead.
On the banks of the Brazos we laid him down to rest,
With a knapsack for his pillow, and a gun across his breast.

—When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.

Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow.

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Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar.

I love my little cat, I do, with soft black, silky hair;
It comes each day with me to school, and sits upon the chair;
When teacher says, "Why do you bring that little pet of yours?"
I tell her that I bring my cat along with me because—

CHORUS.

Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow, bow-wow,
Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow, bow-wow;
I've got a little cat, and I'm very fond of that,
But I'd rather have a bow-wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.

We used to have two tiny dogs, such pretty little dears,
But daddy said 'em 'cos' they used to bite each others ears;
I cried all day; at eight each night Papa sent me to bed;
When Ma came home and wiped my eyes, I cried again and said:—*Chorus.*

I'll be so glad when I get old, to do just as I "likes";
I'll keep a parrot and, at least, a half a dozen tykes;
And when I've got a tiny pet, I'll kiss the little thing;
Then put it in its little cot, and unto it I'll sing:—*Chorus.*

MAHONEY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

Copyright, 1891, by Will Rossiter.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly. Written expressly for James H. Cullen.

When Jerry Mahoney was twenty-one he counted on having a spree;
He sent his friends a fancy card, to let them all know he was free;
He wanted amusement of every kind, and cheer for the hungry and dry,
And gave his freedom party on the glorious fourth of July.
The cards of invitation, sure, were at a premium too;
And disappointed people I'm certain were more than a few;
The lawn was used for dancing, the decorations grand,
And Casey furnished music; for he had the loudest band:
Then a toast for the host, May he live to the day that he dies.

CHORUS.

And the sun was shining fearfully, and we stood the heat most cheerfully,
And at night we parted tearfully at Mahoney's fourth of July.

The old and the young were enjoying themselves, for every one had their own way,
Till Jerry took a ginger ale, which seemed to have led him astray;
He wanted to sing of the days gone by, and the beautiful days to come,
When Tommy Doolan shouted out, "Your singing is on the bum."
Just then by accident somebody threw a match away;
It fell among some fireworks they had for to finish the day,
The fireworks exploded, the crowd was on the run,
And not a soul would stay behind in the grove to see the fun;
Then a roast for the host, shure they wanted to knock out his eye.—*Chorus.*

The Old Tin Dipper on the Nail.

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By F. Belasco and Homer Howard.

There's an old-fashioned dipper that hangs on a nail,
In an old-fashioned farm-house, and near it a pail,
And an old-fashioned woman in an old-fashioned gown,
Who would often at eve take that old dipper down.
In her old-fashioned chair she would silently rock,
Keeping time to the tick of the old-fashioned clock,
Then she'd call to us all in her old-fashioned way,
And these were the old-fashioned words she would say:

CHORUS.

"Waste not—want not—never be in need,
Drink from the bucket—it was your father's creed—
'Tis a maxim I remember, in life 'twill never fail,
Be contented with the dipper on the nail!"

Then she told of her laddie that left her one morn,
How the city's temptations had made him forlorn,
How he sank step by step through the glass that destroys,
And had robbed her old heart of its comforts and joys;
How she'd longed for her darling to be by her side,
And at last how he sank on the door-step and died,
Then she wept o'er his fate in her old-fashioned way,
And this golden maxim again she would say:—*Chorus.*

—In poultry circles the old hen generally proves her good standing by her setting.

A LETTER.

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Words by Mat Fai. Music by Adam Geibel.

I sent a letter home to thee, between its lines thou'lt read a tale;
A loving message from the sea, by carrier-dove and spreading sail.

CHORUS.

Speed, sweet dove, O speed across the waters blue, bearer of my love, so true.
Speed, sweet dove, O speed across the waters blue, bearer of my love, so true.

Then perched aloft on flowing sail, should storm presage thy ship to stay,
As messenger of precious mail—spread out thy wings and fly away.—*Chorus.*

Her lowly cottage seek by day, and serenade her dreams by night;
Her exiled lover far away fain would return in loving plight.—*Chorus.*

A VOICE ON THE WAVE.

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Words and Music by Chas. P. Edison.

I heard a voice on the wave, as we swiftly sailed along;
'Twas a darksome night, no land in sight, no sound but the waves' wild song;
Our ship was homeward bound, I was dreaming of loved ones dear,
When an angel voice made my heart rejoice with its song so sweet and clear.

CHORUS.

"Welcome home, love so true, fondly still I wait for you!"
A voice on the wave I heard in my dream, it came like a heavenly tone;
It rang thro' the night with love and delight—the voice of my darling, my own.

Like music sweet in my dream came that voice with magic spell;
And I saw again beyond the main the land that I loved so well;
My love's sweet faith if told, and I saw her, with smile of joy,
On the shore afar like a guiding star for her roving sailor boy.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ALWAYS TOGETHER.

By Peter C. Braun.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Jake and I were comrades—together we would roam
In midnight's dreary hours, while we were hunting for a home;
Many fights we've had together in happy days gone by,
On many's a drunk we've been, my dear old pal and I.

CHORUS.

Always together—ever together Jakey and I have been,
Hugging each other, slugging each other till somebody came between;
Together when we were in jail, together when we were in pain,
I'd take the life of my dear old pal—he'd do the same to me.

Fancy Jake and I one night out on a roaring tear,
Every time I called for drinks my old pal was surely there;
The last thing I remember, the bartender asked for pay,
We awoke next morning to find ourselves locked safely in a jail.—*Chorus.*

THE FOUR LIFE-BOAT MEN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by the American Quartette.

Four life-boat men are we, and we plough the raging sea,
When the storms they are raging wild and high,
Along the rocky coast you'll find us at our post,
Ever ready when there's danger nigh,
We hear the captain's call, Man the life-boat one and all,
There's a ship in distress heaving too,
And nobly side by side we launch upon the tide,
And away goes the life-boat crew.

CHORUS.

Life-boat, ahoy! ahoy! Whene'er we hear that cry,
Away we go thro' storm and danger, too,
And as the wreck we near, the sailors give three cheers,
When they see that gallant life-boat crew.

Now steady, every man, we'll save them if we can,
And a rope from her side is quickly thrown;
God-bless our efforts crown, as the last on deck comes down,
Then away thro' the storm we go,
We reach the shore at last, and all life's dangers past,
And with hearts full of glee we pull on shore,
And may we never find our gallant men behind,
Our noble-hearted life-boat crew.—*Chorus.*

Come Back; I'll Forgive and Forget.

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By Joseph P. Skelly and Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Sung by Miss Minnie Lee.

Come back, love, all is now forgotten; come back to me, I love but thee;
What matters it if thou hast strayed, my only love thou e'er shalt be;
I'm told thy heart another claims, that other lips thine own have met;
Tho' false thou'st been, I love thee still; come back; I'll forgive and forget.

CHORUS.

Come back and I'll forgive thee; come back and I'll forget;
Come back to the heart still longing, come to the one who loves thee yet;
Come back; I could not hate thee; let's meet as once we met;
Come back to the heart that loves thee still; come back; I'll forgive and forget.

Dost thou remember how we once loved; how, day by day, I cheered thy way,
And roses strewed thy pathway sweet, and life was bright as flowers in May?
Long years have sped since that sweet time, years bitter fraught with sad regret,
Yet now, despite all, thou art mine; come back; I'll forgive and forget.—*Cho.*

BABY'S PRAYER.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Baby was up with the lark this morn, laughing in childish glee,
Romping and rolling around the house, climbing on dada's knee,
But the shades of night are falling, and baby is tired with play;
Softly he's creeping to mamma's side, gently he kneels to pray.

REFRAIN.

God bless mamma, God bless dada, God teach baby to do right;
I'm tired and I'm sleepy, put me in my cot, mamma and dada good-night.

Baby was up with the lark this morn, coaxing for just one kiss,
Filling with sunshine our humble home, filling our hearts with bliss:
Ah! we seemed to see a vision of angels so bright and fair,
Hov'ring around with protecting wings, list'ning to baby's prayer.—*Refrain.*

Baby was up with the lark this morn, filling our hearts with joy,
Humbly we knelt and we prayed to heaven, "Spare us our baby boy;
From the paths of sin, oh, save him, and guard him from every snare.
Deign to look down in thy infinite love, hearken to baby's prayer."—*Refrain.*

That's What My Old Mother Said.

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Written and Composed by Howard Graham. Arranged by Chas. Graham.

'Twas early in the summer time, an Irish girl alone
Was waiting for a ship at Queenstown Bay;
A time-worn chest she had, containing all she called her own,
And a ticket that would bear her far away.
No friends were left to keep her in her own beloved land,
And the old home that she loved was hers no more;
So a brother in America had sent a helping hand,
And promised he would meet her on the shore.
She said to those around her, tho' I leave my native isle,
My mother's face will ne'er from mem'ry pass;
Her last fond look, her warning words I'll cherish all the while:
"Remember, you're an honest Irish lass."

REFRAIN.

That's what my old mother said,
And sure she was born in Kilkenny.
"There's lots of temptation in Uncle Sam's nation,
But pay no attention to any;
Remember, you came from a dear little spot,
And never by folly be led."
So whether I meet with good fortune or not,
I'll mind what my old mother said.

The voyage soon was over and she thought her trials were o'er,
But she never saw her brother dear again;
He was not there to meet her when she landed on the shore,
And she scanned the faces 'round her all in vain.
The way was dark before her, she was growing faint at heart,
There was not a friend to help her in distress;
At last a man approached her side, and taking her apart,
He said: "My dear, you've missed your friends, I guess?
Just come with me, I'll see you through," he whispered with a smile,
"So say you are my wife, and you will pass."
She said: "Kind sir, no, thank you, I'll go back to Erin's isle,
I'll just remain an honest Irish lass."—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 138 Park Row, New York.

Where is my wandering boy to-night? we guess he is out on a "tear."
Perhaps he is now enjoying the fight twixt Murphy and Mike of Kildare.

CHORUS.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
I'll maul him he knows, I'll bruise his red nose;
Oh, where is my boy to-night?

Once he was "fresh" as morning dew, and green as a blade of grass;
But now there is nothing to him now, he has an initiate pass.—*Chorus.*

I'll go for my wandering boy to-night, whenever he dares come home;
I'll make him sorry he saw the light of this world, wherein to roam.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S A SHIP.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

There's a ship, and it sails to-day, my love,
And I sail with it, too;
But it takes only me, for my heart remains,
My angel one, with you.
In foreign lands for riches I
Shall seek where'er they be;
And if I'm blest with health I'll soon have wealth
To bring, my love, to thee!

CHORUS.

Oh, come, dry your tears, my angel one, I would not cause you pain;
On land or on sea my love for thee shall ever be the same.

There's a ship, and it sailed from foreign lands;
A youth sailed with it, too,
Who had silver and gold and wealth untold
For his sweetheart tried and true.
The ship it sank in a storm at sea
With the one she held so dear;
And that night, in a dream, his voice it seemed
To whisper in her ear:—*Chorus.*

There's a ship, and it ne'er returned, they say,
From lands far o'er the sea;
There's a maiden who weeps and wonders where
Her long lost love can be.
But they shall meet in future years,
From cares forever free,
As they sail on the ship of a sea unknown
Through the gates of Eternity!—*Chorus.*

Mock Not the Old and Feeble.

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By Felix McGlennon.

An aged couple sang, their trembling voices rang,
Adown the street where thoughtless urchins played;
In glee the urchins laughed and heedlessly they chaffed
The poor old folks who stood imploring aid.
The laugh and the cruel sneers brought to their eyes the tears,
The old man humbly bowed his aged head,
And with a sob and sigh looked at the passers by,
And then in trembling accents to them said:

CHORUS.

Mock not the old and feeble, soothe their declining years,
Comfort them in their sorrow, banish their sighs and tears;
You may be strong and sturdy, but do not of them make game,
Or when you are old and feeble yourselves, your children may do the same.

"I once was young," said he; "I'd play in childish glee;
Perhaps the same as you are doing now;
In boyhood's days of bliss ne'er thought I'd come to this,
When snow-white locks o'erhang my wrinkled brow.
I'd parents good and kind, but to their love was blind,
Tho' me from wicked ways they tried to win;
I never knew their worth until they'd gone from earth,
And now, by heaven, I'm punished for my sin."—*Chorus.*

The children paused in play, looked at the couple gray,
The words had touched their childish hearts with pain;
Forgive us they did plead, we thought not of your need,
We never will deride old folks again.
They whispered to themselves, the kindly little elves,
Each from his pocket pulled his childish store,
Each from his pence did part and gave them from his heart,
And said your words we'll treasure evermore.—*Chorus.*

THE SUN'S MY ONLY BEAU.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

You may sing of your sweetheart in the moon,
I've a better by far than he,
For the moon has a pale and yellow face
And could never make love to me.
Now I have a beau who is jolly and bright,
His smile turns the night into day;
For the sun is my sweetheart, you may guess,
And I'll marry him sure next May.

CHORUS.

He's my beau, my only beau;
The sun is my sweetheart, don't you know?
On the sly with no one by,
Oh, you should see him wink his eye;
Ev'ry morn at break of day
The moon hurries off to get out of his way,
Other sweethearts come and go;
The sun's my only beau.

When a girl is in love she sits and sighs,
And she gazes up at the moon;
But a maiden like me who's fancy free
Isn't quite such a silly loon.
You all know that cupid so bashful and shy
Plays mischief with arrow and dart;
So the sun said to me, as the clouds rolled by,
He'd be pleased to be my sweetheart.—*Chorus.*

Now the sun never changes nor grows cold,
He's a jolly old chap all 'round;
But the moon is a false and fickle flirt,
And there's times when he can't be found.
Each month he gives promise to do what is right,
Like other great men with a pull;
But I'm sorry to say, when not out of sight,
That the moon is 'most always full.—*Chorus.*

DAY AFTER DAY;

—OR:—

The Last Voyage.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

She is standing at the place where he took his last embrace,
On the edge of the glist'ning bay;
On the smoothly silver sand, with the letter in her hand,
That she reads day after day.
It is time for his returning, and her heart is sadly yearning,
Still the canvas wings of white are not yet in sight.

CHORUS.

Day after day she gazes o'er the bay;
Day after day you'll hear the maiden say,
Blow, breezes blow, and bring my love to me,
For this will be the last time my laddie will go to sea.

And as week by week goes by, all the lustre of her eye
Is bedimmed by her anguished tears,
For the ship is overdue, and for her dear boy in blue
She is thrilled with nameless fears.
Ere the light is fairly dawning, on the beach she stands each morning,
Straining eyes for sailing ships, prayers upon her lips.—*Chorus.*

But the ship comes home at last, and the anchor's safely cast,
While the girl's heart is filled with joy,
But each sailor shook his head when she questioned him and said,
Where is he, my sailor boy?
Then she learned from Jack, the rover, how some child had fallen over,
How her laddie braved the tide, how he nobly died.

CHORUS.

Day after day she gazes o'er the bay;
Day after day her hair with grief is gray;
No breeze that blows can bring thy love to thee;
This is, indeed, the last time thy laddie will go to sea.

—Cooking by Observation.—Mr. Newwedded: "This coffee is as weak as water again." Mrs. N.: "I can't account for it, my dear. No matter how careful I am, it's always the same way." "Perhaps you don't use enough coffee." "Nonsense. I put in a whole half cupful, and everybody says that plenty." "Did you measure the water?" "Huh! Who ever heard of measuring water? All cooks pour it right out of the tea-kettle. I've seen 'em, often—so there."—*New York Weekly.*

Parody on:

KISSING THRO' THE BARS.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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I was in jail, could get no bail, on a charge of stealing sheep.
They let my wife, joy of my life, at her "hubby" sometimes peep;
She sought my door, along the floor her feet the building jars;
She thrust her lips there thro' the skips, and I kissed her thro' the bars.

She came again and asked me plain if she could my fiddle sell;
'Twould buy a hat for every brat, and one for her as well.
When I refused I was abused, then she praised me to the stars;
Again her lips came thro' the skips, and she bit me thro' the bars.

LATELY, BYE AND BYE.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Some very queer occurrences have happened in my life,
Lately, just lately!
I thought I needed comfort, so I took to me a wife,
Lately, just lately!
I furnished up a flat and made it cosy, warm and bright,
Bought all on the installment plan, to make expenses light,
Then settled down to happiness and felt quite out of sight,
Lately, just lately!

REFRAIN.

But bye and bye, bye and bye,
Came the day of sad reflection, bye and bye!
Every dollar, every cent,
Paid installments and the rent,
I'll be glad if I am living bye and bye.

A masher was the envy of his friends and of his foes,
Lately, just lately!
He bought himself a lovely forty-dollar suit of clothes,
Lately, just lately!
They fitted to perfection and he cut an awful dash;
He played a great big game of bluff when out upon the mash,
But in the store he used a tape and aired himself with "cash!"
Lately, just lately!

REFRAIN.

But bye and bye, bye and bye—
Well, he won't be such a masher bye and bye;
'Round to uncle's shop he'll go,
And that suit of clothes he'll show,
And he'll only know the ticket bye and bye.

A gent up in the country has to New York just run down,
Lately, just lately!
'Twas on important business that he said he must leave town,
Lately, just lately!
His wife could not help wond'ring why he wanted so much cash;
He took a lot of luggage and he made himself look flash;
She followed him and found out he was down there on the mash,
Lately, just lately!

REFRAIN.

But bye and bye, bye and bye,
He will find out to his sorrow, bye and bye,
That his single days are o'er;
When she meets him at the door
She will paint him "red" all over, bye and bye.

A poet told his landlady he'd settle his account,
Lately, just lately!
She said, "It's nearly time, for it's a very large amount,"
Lately, just lately!
Says she, with my expenses I'm unable quite to cope;
You'll square up Mister Nix as soon as possible, I hope,
But Mister Nix is artful, for he's bought a piece of rope,
Lately, just lately!

REFRAIN.

And bye and bye, bye and bye—
Well, the old girl will discover, bye and bye,
That her lodger, Mister Nix,
Has a trunk that's full of bricks,
And a poem, "I will pay you bye and bye."

When little Mister Tompkins met his old friend Mister Brown,
Lately, just lately!
He said, "Ah, Brown, old chap, I'm glad to see you here in town,
Lately, just lately!
You're just the man I want to meet; I'm in a dreadful stew;
Just lend me twenty dollars: if you can't, why, ten will do;
But Brown just winked the other eye, and said, "I'm on to you,"
Lately, just lately!

REFRAIN.

But bye and bye, bye and bye,
You can borrow twenty dollars bye and bye;
I have thirty still to get
That you have not settled yet;
Oh, I'm always glad to lend, but bye and bye.

PEACH BLOSSOM TIME.

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Words by Belle Hunt. Music by Bexie.

Down in the meadows the wild birds are singing,
Peach blossom time, peach blossom time;
Tiny white daisies are nodding and smiling,
Peach blossom time, peach blossom time.
South winds are blowing and bear on their pinions
Fragrance enchanting, odors sublime,
Stolen from groves of magnolia and orange
In far sunny clime, in far sunny clime;
Then open your shell-tinted delicate petals,
Soft as the light, fair and so bright,
Yield the aroma wrapt up in your bosoms
Of rose, tint and white, rose, tint and white.
Hearts are o'erflowing, all nature rejoicing,
'Tis peach blossom time, 'tis peach blossom time;
Love birds are mating and building and cooing—
Peach blossom time, peach blossom time.

Strange it now seems that these orchards of blossom
A few weeks ago, a few weeks ago
Stood facing the norther, their bare arms extended,
Laden with snow, laden with snow;
But warm rains and sunshine, and God's wondrous power
And loving design, and loving design
Hath clothed them in garments surpassing all textures
Of hands not divine, of hands not divine.
Then open your dainty hearts, pour out your treasures
Of fragrance sublime, fragrance sublime,
That mortals may breathe of the sweetness and freshness
Of peach blossom time, peach blossom time.
Hearts are o'erflowing, all nature rejoicing,
'Tis peach blossom time, 'tis peach blossom time;
Love birds are mating and building and cooing,
'Tis peach blossom time, peach blossom time.

When the Days Grow Longer.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

I'm a-going for to marry Miss Angelina Brown
When the days grow longer,
And then I'll be the envy of all the coons in town,
When the days grow longer.
The bells will ring and they'll seem for to say,
There's a handsome couple getting married to-day,
And when you see us coming, you must all a-clear the way,
When the days grow longer.

CHORUS.

Ring out for glory, tell them the story, tell them near and far.
There'll be music in the air, celebrating the affair,
When the days grow long; then, then, then, longer.

There'll be invitations sent around for twenty miles or more,
When the days grow longer,
And every coon that comes must leave his razor at the door,
When the days grow longer.
The bride will wear orange-blossoms in her hair,
And when we are married won't we be a happy pair,
For our pathway will be strewn with sweet roses everywhere.
When the days grow longer.

CHORUS.

Ring out for glory, tell them the story, tell them near and far.
And we'll spend our honeymoon 'way up in a balloon,
When the days grow long; then, then, then, longer.

I will build a little cottage, then our joys they will begin,
When the days grow longer;
Then I'll buy a little cradle, just to rock the baby in,
When the days grow longer.
The baby will sing and my honey will sew,
While I play a tune on the old, old banjo,
Then it's little we'll care how the wintry winds may blow,
When the days grow longer.

CHORUS.

Ring out for glory, tell them the story, tell them near and far,
There'll be music in the air, celebrating the affair,
When the days grow long; then, then, then, longer.

—A church in a country town was about undergoing repairs and improvements; and at a congregational meeting held for the purpose of determining what these should be, it was suggested by some one that the proposed extension of the building might interfere with the acoustics. "Acoustics!" exclaimed one of the members, "Acoustics! Well, just throw them out. I don't know what they are good for, anyhow!"

The Fate of the Midnight Express.

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Words by John P. Harrington. Music by Orlando Powell.

Upon the railway platform let's stand and try to guess
The lives of those who journey by the midnight express.
Some rich, some poor, some eager to seek a foreign shore;
Some fly from home and kindred, and others from the law.

REFRAIN.

Who is that sitting with hat pulled down over his blood-shot eyes?
"Curse them! I gave them the slip, but, ah! shall I be caught?" he cries.
He is a breaker of banks and hearts—murd'rer of happiness;
He's leaving the law and his victims behind by the midnight express.

See! see that pale-faced woman, and he who's by her side?
He is her tempter—lover, and she's another's bride;
She's flying from her husband; an old, old tale, of course;
But, ah! she now is feeling the anguish of remorse.

REFRAIN.

"Heaven! my husband is here," she cries; fainting she scarce can stand.
Hark! a whip-crack on a scoundrel's back, dealt by a husband's hand.
Flog him, the dog! as he well deserves—yet treat with tenderness;
Her he was luring to ruin and shame by the midnight express.

Hark! with a roar like thunder, the train now sways and creaks,
'Mid strong men's shouts of terror, and women's frenzied shrieks.
Obstructions on the sleepers the train's career have checked—
A crash—then all is over, and the night express is wrecked.

REFRAIN.

See now the ruin descending o'er husband and child and wife,
Shattering iron and falling beams rob many there of life.
And when the morning shall dawn upon this scene of dire distress,
A lesson is taught by the sad fate of those in the midnight express.

I'LL NEVER GO THERE AGAIN.

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Composed, Written and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Since I was old enough to know, I thought I'd like to be
An actor in a comic show, a comedian, you see.
An engagement I did secure; I had not much to do;
I only had to sing a song and speak a word or two.

CHORUS.

I'll never go there again, I'll never go there again;
Displeasure was shown and an egg was thrown, so I'll never go there again.

I used to court a lovely girl, and it was my delight
To call upon this little pearl 'most ev'ry sunday night.
Her papa did not like my suit, for that I did not care,
I took one of her pa's best suits and put it on right there.

CHORUS.

I'll never go there again, I'll never go there again;
Pa saw me in his suit, let fly his boot—oh, I'll never go there again.

I once went down to the seashore to bathe within the sea,
A few good bathers there I saw, in the surf I longed to be.
A quarter for a suit I paid, I got one very small;
Into the surf my way I made, I plunged in once, that's all.

CHORUS.

I'll never go there again, I'll never go there again;
As I took my dip my suit gave a rip—oh, I'll never go there again.

To a race track I took a trip to see the horses race,
A friend gave me a dead-sure tip, a good horse for a place.
I put my money on the horse and played him one, two, three;
I saw him start around the course to win a pile for me.

CHORUS.

I'll never go there again, I'll never go there again;
My horse, well, he led, in the stretch dropped dead, so I'll never go there again.

I went to paint this city red one night as stars shone bright;
I found the city was not dead, I found it lively quite;
Into a concert hall I went, some one they called me "jay."
"Rats" at a girl I yelled who sang "Tu-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

CHORUS.

I'll never go there again, I'll never go there again;
A big bouncer he did attend to me—I'll never go there again.

There is a charming social game, and it I like to play;
Draw poker is its only name, I played but yesterday.
I got three aces, think of that; I thought I'd surely win;
I thought I'd bluff, said I'd stay, pat, and one man he stayed in.

CHORUS.

I'll never go there again, I'll never go there again;
The man who stayed in on four queens did win; I'll never go there again.

Sailing Away from Kathleen.

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Words and Music by Jas. T. Williams.

Sailing away from my Kathleen, while the teardrop is dimming her eyes;
Over the billows so bounding now are wafted my heart's gentle sighs.
Fondly I think of our parting, and the heart that is waiting for me;
Sailing away from my Kathleen to the land far away o'er the sea.

CHORUS.

Sailing away, sailing away; far from each once happy scene;
Lone is my heart, in tears I depart, sailing away from Kathleen.

Sailing away from my Kathleen, and the isle that is dear evermore;
Lonely I left her reposing in the neat little cot by the shore.
Now, while the stars, o'er the billows, shed around me their beautiful gleam,
Wanders my heart to my Kathleen, on the bright loving wings of a dream.—*Cho.*

Parody on:

LITTLE GOLDEN SUNBEAM.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Little golden sunbeam, beaming down my back,
Drawing all the grease out, leaving hide to crack.
Then I'll have to cream it, smear it o'er with lard;
Little sunbeam fiery, shining down so hard.

CHORUS.

You will never strike us when we want you to,
But you rather like us when we don't like you.

Little golden sunbeam, pouring on my face,
Tanning it like blazes, as if to change my race.
Paint my hair, so curly, pretty shade of red;
Oh, little golden sunbeam I'd like to break your head.—*Chorus.*

Little golden sunbeam, smelling like brim-stone;
Makes me court the devil, makes me "all his own."
Oh, little golden sunbeam, turn some other way;
Come again to broil me when my hair turns gray.—*Chorus.*

IN THE MEANTIME.

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Written and Composed by Lester Barrett.

My landlord is a very kind and thoughtful sort of man;
He'll never let you owe him any money if he can:
He sent a note which read, "Dear sir, if you don't pay the tin
By twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will send the sheriff in!"

SPOKEN—But

CHORUS.

In the meantime I was on the job and started flitting,
Gently sliding in the moonlight unaware;
I didn't care for waiting, so, while he was hesitating,
We shifted all the tables and the chairs.

I am not fond of fighting, I am very pleased to say;
Although I had a little turn about a week to-day;
A fellow swore he'd smash me, so I seized him by the throat;
He said, "Hold on a minute until I take off my coat!"

SPOKEN—But

CHORUS.

In the meantime I was on the job and started scrapping,
Gently tapping while the foe removed his clothes;
I didn't care for waiting, so, while he was hesitating,
I fetched him such a whopper on the nose.

I arranged to dine with Simpson at his club the other day;
Now Simpson likes a good old spread, and always likes to pay;
I was at the club in time, you bet, my appetite was great;
But Simpson hadn't landed, and, as usual, was late.

SPOKEN—But

CHORUS.

In the meantime I was on the job and started dining,
Ordered wine in, while the joints were nice and hot;
I didn't care for waiting, so, while he was hesitating,
I made a start and shifted all the lot.

The day I went to church to wed the darling of my heart,
I waited for an hour or more, and then I got a start;
She sent a note to say, "It takes an awful time to dress,
But I'll arrive to wed my Fred in half an hour or less."

SPOKEN—But

CHORUS.

In the meantime I was on the job, and started mashing
With another girl who came to see us wed;
As I didn't care for waiting, while my love was fittivating,
I got married to the other girl instead.

Parody on:

TWILIGHT DEWS.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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When midnight dews pour on my head, as in the cold, cold world
I lie upon a stony bed, into a kinklet curled;
I dream of Vanderbilt and Gould, upon their feather beds
With heavy blankets made of wool, to torture their great heads.

While I am free beneath the dews of midnight, sleeping sweet,
Although the world is cold, it views my happiness complete;
No bed-bugs to harass my hide in great marauding crews,
No nightmares there for me to ride beneath the midnight dews.

OUR OWN FOREVER.

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Words by H. M. W. Music by Julian Jordan.

Why mourn your dead with sound of bitter weeping?
They have done well to leave a world of care,
While ye are toiling, they are calmly sleeping,
Why would ye wish them back to suffer here?
On earthly treasure have we no sure holding;
Thieves steal it, or 'tis worn by moth and rust;
Death comes, and in his gentle arms enfolding,
Takes our best treasure as a sacred trust;
They are not lost to us, the dear departed,
The future hath them garnered in his store;
Friendship may fail, and love may prove false-hearted;
The dead alone are ours forevermore.

They love us with a love that faileth never;
No selfish interests can their hearts estrange;
They are gone forth into the vast forever,
The great eternity that knows no change;
Time cannot mar the faces as we knew them;
Age ageth not, and youth is ever young;
Earth hath no power to injure or undo them;
They heed not lying lips or sland'rous tongues;
Then why do ye mourn when they but wait to meet us
With outstretched hands upon the distant shore;
With loving words and eager lips to greet us;
Gone, yes, but still our own forevermore.

O'GRADY'S GOAT.

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Written and Composed by Will S. Hays.

O'Grady lived in Shanty Row, his neighbors often said
They wished that he would move away, or that his goat was dead.
He kept the neighborhood in fear, and children always vexed;
They couldn't tell just when or where that goat would pop up next.

CHORUS.

Now you can bet your coat that if there's fun afloat,
And there is any divilment, you'll find O'Grady's goat;
With rocks and guns and knives mad husbands and their wives
Have tried 'most all their lives to find and kill O'Grady's goat.

Old widow Casey stood one day, the dirty clothes to rub
Upon the washboard, when she dived headforemost o'er the tub;
She lit upon her back and yelled as she was laid out flat;
"Go, git yer goon an' shoot the baste, O'Grady's goat doon that."—*Chorus.*

Pat Doolan's wolfe hung out the wash upon the line to dry;
She wint to take it in at night, but stopped to have a cry;
The sleeves av two rid flannel shirts, that once were worn by Pat,
Were chewed off almost to the neck—O'Grady's goat doon that.—*Chorus.*

They had a party at McCune's, an' they wor havin' foon,
Whin suddinly there was a crash, an' ivirybody roon:
The iseter soup fell on the floor an' nearly drowned the cat,
The stove was knocked to smithereens—O'Grady's goat doon that.—*Chorus.*

Moike Dyle was coortin' Biddy Shea, both standin' at the gate,
An' they wor jist about to kiss aich oother sly and shwate:
They coom togither like two rams an' mashed their noses flat,
They niver shpake whin they goes by—O'Grady's goat doon that.—*Chorus.*

The folks in Grady's naberhood all live in fear or fright,
They thinks it's certain death to go aroond there after night,
An' in their shape they see a ghost upon the air afloat,
An' wake themselves by shoutin' out: "Look out for Grady's goat!"—*Chorus.*

Wan winter mornin' whin the shnow was deep upon the ground,
Men, women, children—in a crowd—were sad an' shtandin' 'roond
The form of wan, cold, stiff an' dead, an' shtickin' down his throat
Was Mag McGinty's bushtle fast, that inded Grady's goat.—*Chorus.*

TIRED LASSIE, GO TO SLEEP.

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Words by J. Ross. Music by Henry Whitcombe.

Tired lassie, go to sleep, mother is watching near;
Close those pretty eyelids sweet, nothing need you fear;
Tiny hands so soft and white fold in peace and rest,
Mother's darling sweetly sleep—by no care oppressed.

CHORUS.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast, father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest, silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon. Tired lassie, sleep; sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tired lassie, go to sleep, thy troubles soon pass over;
Rest, my sweet, your pretty head, angels 'round thee hover;
Lullaby, sweet lullaby, sleep, my darling, sleep:
Close those blue eyes, tired lassie, while stars softly peep.—*Chorus.*

BABBLING BROOK.

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Words by Mai Fai. Music by Adam Geibel.

At dusky eve I strolled alone beside a little babbling brook,
The plaintive ripple of its tone bespoke a heart by love forsook;
As backward flew the shuttle thought to spin a page of mem'ry's night
I saw a lone forget-me-not, 'neath tangled fern in deep twilight, in deep twilight.
He comes not back, the bitter thought;
Speak to me, speak, "forget-me-not";
Speak, babbling brook, I plead to you,
And whisper: Is my lover true?
Speak, babbling brook, I plead to you,
And whisper: Is my lover true?

The last sad hour he brought the same, tho' years have flown, the bitter thought;
I hear again the old pet name, as oft he said "forget-me-not."
I stroll alone each eventide, pray God to guide my absent mars,
Abiding faith sits by my side, renewing hope beneath the stars, beneath the stars.
He comes not back, the bitter thought, etc.

A PACK OF CARDS.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Henry Reilly.

One night as I sat by my fireside, so weary,
And dreaming of friends who were far, far away,
Though memory brought me some thoughts sad and dreary,
Yet others came, too, that were cheerful and gay.
When, all of a sudden, I found my eye resting
On something that brought many scenes to my mind;
'Twas an old pack of cards, and some tales interesting
I thought that I might in their history find.
The first scene that I saw that night I thought was quite a pleasant sight,
A grand old room ablaze with light, I whispered, "kind regards,"
Whilst 'round the board sat young and old, they played for love and not for gold,
Whilst joy and sorrow all untold was in that pack of cards.

The next scene I saw filled my heart with great pity;
It was a young man, and his parents I knew;
'Twas their only son whom they'd sent to the city
To study and grow up a gentleman true.
His weekly allowance they thought would suffice him
To live on the best and for study to pay;
They knew not that evil companions enticed him
Away from his studies at poker to play.
I saw him as he left his seat, he never thought his pals would cheat;
Each time he played he met defeat, and still he called them pards;
But there will come a reck'ning day, and he will through this foolish play
Bring sorrow in the old folks' way, all through that pack of cards.

The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,
For there was the scene of the gambler's black fate;
No thought had they got of the waking to-morrow,
Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.
The bright gold was stacked by the side of each player,
The miser's black creed was in ev'ry man's heart,
As quickly the bets passed twixt backer and layer,
And ruin was king in the devil's slave mart.
"I'll stake a hundred on this game." "I'll go you, sir." "I'll do the same."
Who cares for misery and shame, as each his treasure guards;
"You lie! I saw you turn that ace"—a smashing blow right in the face—
A pistol shot, and death's disgrace was in that pack of cards.

—There is something good in everything. Even mosquitoes have their strong points.

BUT YESTERDAY.

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Written and Composed by B. H. Janssen.

But yesterday, Marie, my own, I dreamt again the past,
And saw thee, darling, heard thy voice just as I heard it last;
The same blue eyes I loved to see, thy smile so bright, so gay,
The ruby lips and golden hair were mine but yesterday.
Life knew no sorrow then, life had no thought of pain;
Thine were my thoughts, love, yes, thine ev'ry day.
Oh, for the past again! Oh, for that life again!
When thou wert mine, love, but yesterday!

But yesterday, Marie, my own, I lingered by thy side;
Thy love was mine, my heart was thine, thou wert my promised bride.
The mem'ry of thy parting kiss, thy parting words to me;
No love so pure, so true as thine, my own, my lost Marie!
Life knew no sorrow then, etc.

DAISY BELL.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

There is a flower within my heart, Daisy, Daisy!
Planted one day by a glancing dart, planted by Daisy Bell;
Whether she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,
Yet I am longing to share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—
But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two!

We will go "tandem" as man and wife, Daisy, Daisy!
"Ped'ling" away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell!
When the road's dark we can both deepise p'licemen and "lamps" as well;
There are "bright lights" in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell.—*Chorus.*

I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe, Daisy, Daisy!
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring, you know, sweet little Daisy Bell!
You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we take, then if I don't do well,
I will permit you to use the brake, my beautiful Daisy Bell.—*Chorus.*

The Fancy of a Summer's Day.

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Written and Composed by Howard Graham. Arranged by Chas. Graham.

'Twas to a happy country home, 'mid verdant fields and flowers,
He went to pass the time away and spend the summer hours;
The simple life enchanted him, so many weeks he stayed,
And whiled away the evenings with the farmer's pretty maid.
He often told her charming tales of pleasures he had known;
He told her of a fortune that some day would be his own;
In dalliance often whispered he had learnt to love her so,
But all the summer rest to her was misery and woe.
He left her when the leaves were falling, vowing to be true,
And she was all confiding in the only love she knew;
The winter snow had passed away, the spring time came again,
She waited patient, anxiously, and wrote him all in vain.

CHORUS.

You have forgotten all your vows to me,
You have forgotten I your wife should be;
After your promises, you smile and say,
'Twas only the fancy of a summer's day.

She loved him, never chiding, tho' he changed her happy life;
She loved him always, hoping she would some day be his wife;
She bore her sorrow silently, the cross was hard to bear,
For no one seemed to pity her and no one seemed to care.
The days and weeks passed slowly by, they never met again;
He said he'd come to see her, but she waited all in vain;
The rosy cheeks grew wan and pale, the bright eyes dim with tears,
And all her joys had vanished in the spring time of her years.
At last the tidings reached her he another one had wed,
And soon the aching heart found rest, her gentle spirit fled;
No more in silent anguish would she watch for him in vain,
And when he heard that she had died her words came back again:—*Chorus.*

—The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter will be our own.

MORNING LARK.

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Words and Music by Chas. T. Ellis.

Rise up, my pretty morning lark, the sun is rising, too;
Shake the sleep out of your eyes, and from your wings the dew.
Now let those pretty notes you sing enchant the morning air,
And let your heart just like your wing be free from weight of care.

CHORUS.

Morning lark! morning lark! soaring high in the air;
Sing, sing to me, sweet morning lark! free from all grief and care.

YODLE.

Ley le o le, ley o le o, ley u le u, ley le o le ley, le o le ley le o.

Your song is ended, morning lark, for shades of eve have come,
And now it is approaching dark; you'll seek your meadow home,
Where tall grass shades your lowly nest, with head beneath your wing;
Night's hours you'll give to gentle rest, to-morrow you will sing.

CHORUS.

Morning lark! morning lark! with songs so sweet and clear;
Now sing to me, my morning lark! free from all grief and care.—*Yodle.*

BATTLE OF LIFE.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Life is one long battle, which all must fight,
Though no firearms rattle, nor armor bright,
Heroes we find in this struggle for life,
Facing the billows where danger is rife,
Bravely, yet quietly, with no flag unfurled,
Unknown to all the world.
See how the life-boat goes out to the wreck!
Waves, mountains high, now sweep over her deck;
One man is dash'd, by the force of a wave,
Into a wat'ry grave.

CHORUS.

Fighting the battle of life was he,
Fighting for some one's sweet liberty,
Fighting with those of a gallant band,
With a fearless hand.
What tho' he falls in the conflict now,
Will heroes' laurels decorate his brow?
No; he is poor, so he has no claim
To a hero's name.

See the firemen speeding the flames to fight,
All their courage needing this fearful night;
Shrieks of despair from the doomed ones we hear,
Shrieks for that help which is now drawing near;
There, at the window, a poor woman stands,
Wringing her thin white hands;
Mark now the fireman who climbs to her aid;
"Rescue or death," is the vow he has made.
Saved! she is saved! shrick the vast seething horde,
Yet what is his reward?

CHORUS.

Fighting the battle of life was he,
Fighting for some one's sweet liberty;
Risking his life midst the burning brands,
Flame on ev'ry hand.
Ah! see, he falls, all is over now;
Will they with laurels decorate his brow?
No; he is poor, so he has no claim
To a hero's name.

At a railway station I stood one day,
Deep in meditation of life's strange way;
Hark! 'tis the sound of the lightning express,
Tearing along with a shriek of distress.
There, on the crossing, an old man we see,
Blind to his danger is he;
Whizz! comes the train, and the crowd hold their breath.
Strong arms have rescued the man from his death.
But he who saved him lies mangled and stilled;
'Tis but a youth lies killed!

CHORUS.

Fighting the battle of life was he,
Fighting for some one's sweet liberty;
Saving the life of his dear old friend,
Thus he meets his end.
Yes, he has ended the conflict now;
Shall we with laurels decorate his brow?
No; he is poor, so he has no claim
To a deathless name.

—When is a bill not a bill? When it is due.

DOROTHY.

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Words by T. H. Phelps. Music by W. C. Schrader.

They tell me 'tis foolish to prate of love in the sweet and olden way;
They say I should sing of loftier things, for love has had his day,
But when Dorothy comes I cannot choose,
I must follow her though the world I lose;
My very soul pours forth in song
When dainty Dorothy trips along.

'Tis all very well to say to me that Browning's noble strain
Rises and swells with the tide of thought, or throbs with the pulse of pain;
But if Dorothy once had crossed his path,
Her radiance such a witchery hath,
That across the world would not seem long,
To follow Dorothy with his song.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

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Words and Music by J. W. Turner.

The old, old clock I gaze on now to me is ever dear,
Its busy hands have told the time for many long, long year;
In boyhood days, those moments gone, I saw its welcome face,
And listened to its gentle tick while standing in this place.

CHORUS.

'Twas ticking, ticking, ticking, ticking, ticking night and day;
I love to hear it as of old, when it ticked the time away.

The old, old clock I love to see, it looks like olden time
In this old kitchen of my sire, when he was in his prime;
It brings to me some happy thoughts that I would still retain,
There let it stand—oh, may it e'er a treasure long remain.—*Chorus.*

The old, old clock, the kitchen clock, of thee I love to sing;
Thou art a relic of the past, well worth remembering;
Tick on, tick on, the selfsame way, though scattered are the flock
That loved to hear thy ticking once, thou dear old kitchen clock.—*Chorus.*

KITTY, MY COLLEEN.

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Words by Patrick J. Coleman. Music by W. C. Schrader.

Kitty, my colleen, 'tis you that look winsome
Spinnin' the wool with your beautiful smile.
L'ave off and let your ould grandmother spin some;
I've something to whisper you out at the stile.
Troth! with your locks, love, so daintily curlin',
Your lips, that keep hummin' a fortunate tune,
And your weeshy white hands, that are twistin' and twirlin',
Your windin' my heart on the spindle, aroon! Ah!

REFRAIN.

Arrah, thin, Kitty, it's you that look pretty,
S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin' wheel;
Winsome and winnin' the while you keep spinnin'
My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

You needn't mind tossin' your tresses so flaxen;
Begorra, they're fair as a fortune of gold,
And your hand, Kitty, dear, is so weeshy and waxen,
The soggarth should give it to some one to hold.
And lips must be kissed if they're redder than cherries,
And an arm sure was made to encircle a waist;
Faix! your lips are so like a bunch o' ripe berries,
I'm thinkin', alanna, of thryin' a tashte. Ah!—*Refrain.*

Thunder and turf! it's a shame beyond sinnin'
To sit so provokingly silent, asthore:
It's high time for colleens to l'ave off their spinnin'
Whin the moon and their bouchals peep in at the door;
So come to your Barney, my darlin', so winsome,
Ah! Kitty, you're breakin' my heart with your smile;
Whisht! aisy, aroon, let your grandmother spin some,
I've somethin' to whisper you out at the stile. Ah!—*Chorus.*

—Why is the gay pianist
Whose music thrills with bliss
Unhappy if his hair does not

Stand up like this?

—*Washington Star.*

Parody on:

Oh, Sing Again that Gentle Strain.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Don't sing again that howling strain, for, oh, my head, my head will ache;
Like blades of steel 'twill pierce my brain, my throbbing pate, my pate 'twill break.
My reason will fore'er be gone if you persist to sing
That darned old song of "Home, Sweet Home," that in my ears still rings.

Get up from that piano, love, and get an old tin pan;
Go out there in the street, my dove, and bring a Chinese band;
A thousand grinding organs, too, with monkeys all in train:
But I, my dearest love, pray you: Don't sing that strain again.

NOBODY'S STUCK ON YOU.

By J. W. Kelley.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Some curious expressions we hear every day,
No matter which way we may go;
And slang is the fashion, it seems, everywhere;
But the reason no one seems to know.
I hear an expression of late—though it's coarse,
I often have found it quite true;
You've heard it yourself, and the one that I mean is,
"Nobody's stuck on you."

CHORUS.

So be careful you're right in all that you say
And everything else that you do,
For if you go astray, there is some one to say
That "Nobody's stuck on you."

When election day comes then the boys are all right,
Politicians are always their friend;
At the polls they will stand with an outstretched hand,
And their money they freely will spend.
When election is over it's different then;
With voters, of course, they are through;
If you get into trouble then ask them for help,
There is "Nobody stuck on you."—*Chorus.*

How often a good, honest fellow will try
A very sweet lady to win,
And she wants to know just the size of his wealth
Before there's a chance to begin;
And all the world over you'll find it the same,
Exceptions are awfully few,
For wherever you go, if your dust you can't show
There's "Nobody stuck on you."

THE SONGS MY MAMMY SANG.

By J. W. Kelley.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I can always find a solace when my spirits may be low,
In the thoughts of happy childhood and the songs of long ago,
And often in the evening, after sipping tea,
I've tried to sing old-fashioned songs my mammy sang for me;
"They'll kiss you and caress you, they'll spend their money free,
And of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

CHORUS.

I love to sing the old-time songs, with their old-fashioned melody;
There are no songs that seem so sweet as the songs my mammy sang for me.

When my mother would be busy in the kitchen through the day,
I'd often mind the baby if I wasn't off at play,
And if the baby bumped his nose she took him on her knee,
And then she sang sweet lullabys, when she had paddled me.

Gyp, Gyp, my little horse; Gyp, Gyp, again, sir;
How many miles to Dublin? three score and ten, sir;
Gyp, Gyp, my little horse; Gyp, Gyp, again, sir;
Will I be there by candle light? yes, and back again, sir.

When dad came home at evening, his heart was always light,
If he saw the supper ready, and mother smiling bright;
And when the meal was over, I'd never let him be,
Until he sat close by the fire, and then he'd sing for me:

Rock-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down comes baby, the cradle and all.

Then, oh! ho! ho! ho! arch, baby, lie aisy,
It's not your auld mammy that's nursing you now;
For I'm weeping and wailing and rocking the cradle,
And nursing the gossoon that's all my own,

—Of what profession is every child? A player.

HONEY, DON'T YOU GRIEVE.

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Written and Composed by Fred Barr.

I'se a-gwine away to liebe you now, I'll hab to say "good-bye,"
Honey, don't you griebe after me;
For dat Gospel train am waiting and de baggage am aboard,
Honey, don't you griebe after me;
I'll try to meet de brudders and de sisters ober dar,
Honey, don't you griebe after me.
Oh, I hear de bells a-ringing and I hear the darkies singing,
Honey, don't you griebe after me.

CHORUS.

Oh, honey, don't you griebe after me; honey, don't you griebe after me.

Oh, I'll meet all de brudders dat hab gone dat way before,
Honey, don't you griebe after me;
And I'll take them by the hand and I'll jine dat happy band,
Honey, don't you griebe after me.
Some morn you'll hear dat mighty horn ole Gabriel he will blow,
Honey, don't you griebe after me;
In your white robes bright and shining, dat's de life for which we're pining,
Honey, don't you griebe after me.—*Chorus.*

Kissing Papa thro' the Telephone.

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Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

Papa's gone away, to be gone all day,
And he left me sleeping in my bed alone;
Now his parting kiss he'll be sure to miss,
So I'll send it to him thro' the telephone;
He's so good and kind that he does not mind
If I should disturb him, and I know full well
He will smile and say, when he comes to-day,
That it made him glad to hear me ring the bell.

REFRAIN.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling—Hello! Is that you, papa? I am waiting here alone!
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling—Hello! I want to kiss you through the telephone!

Well, indeed, that's nice: why I kissed him twice,
And I heard him laughing, 'cause it felt so queer;
Then there came a smack—he was kissing back;
Oh, his merry chuckle I could plainly hear.
Now I'll try once more if he's in the store;
He will answer quickly, for I know full well
He will smile and say, when he comes to-day,
That it made him glad to hear me ring the bell.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Pulling Hard Against the Stream.

By J. W. Kelley.

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You see in me a man once famous in society everywhere;
I was the swell for every belle—I was almost a millionaire.
My father was an honest farmer, and an ample fortune made,
Which came to me, and I got rid of it trying to beat the Board of Trade.
They said I drank and was a gambler, though a card I never played.
But, just like me, there is a plenty went dead-broke on the Board of Trade.

How oft we read in daily papers, how some young man, blithe and gay,
Leads a very stylish life and only getting scanty pay:
Soon his books are all gone over—to face the music he's afraid,
For he's been getting initiated into the ways of the Board of Trade.
Canadian weather is much cooler—in a toboggan suit he is arrayed;
They're nicer than the stripes he ought to wear
For monkeying with the Board of Trade.

Last night I met an old acquaintance—one of the boys of long ago;
I was surprised at his appearance, his hair and beard were white as snow.
I had ten cents which I had borrowed (a debt that never will be paid),
So we got a lunch and two big schooners—
And thought we owned the Board of Trade;
My jobbing days are nearly over, to look at the building I'm afraid,
And they were afraid I wouldn't see it, so they put electric lights
On the Board of Trade.

You've heard, no doubt, of the fishery question
And the bill we passed to retaliate
On Canada, because she won't let Yankees inside the line to buy their bait.
Some years from now we'll have a navy to make good all the bluffs we've made
In the meantime we might use the ship
That sails on the top of the Board of Trade.
So now, my friends, I give you warning,
Don't speculate or you'll be played,
And you're liable to pick up splinters,
Sliding around on the Board of Trade.

Parody on:

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I cannot sing the old songs—my lungs they won't go off;
My voice is like a rusty file, that always makes me cough;
But what is worse, whene'er I sing, I have a strange disease;
I cannot sing the old songs, for I will always sneeze.

I cannot sing the old songs, for I don't know the words;
My singing, too, is nothing like the song notes of the birds.
So wide my mouth flies open whene'er to sing I please;
I cannot sing the old songs—my lungs would surely freeze.

I cannot sing the old songs—my wife will not allow;
For she objects to bellowing—as she says—like a cow.
She does not like my singing, and to her will I bow;
I cannot sing the old songs, to save a family row.

Parody on:

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

"Various men have various natures," some prefer to be a "boss."
O'er the world they like to travel, and they're "pumpkins" then of course;
But the one I'm going to sing of is the one who's ruled by wife,
Cannot move, 'cept by permission; lives in danger of his life.

CHORUS.

He never dares to wander from his own fireside—
In fact, he never has a chance to roam;
For his wife's both queen and king—
All day she makes him sing—
"Oh, there's no place like home, sweet home."

His poor face is never beaming when his daily toil is o'er;
And he hands her all his wages as she meets him at the door—
How he hungers for a "racket," to be out among the "boys";
He's afraid of darling wifey—minding her is all his joys.—*Chorus.*

With a club she fondly greets him, and there's danger in her eyes,
As she calls out sharply, "Daddy, walk that kid before he dies."
Baby's eyes are red with crying, baby's arms are 'round him pressed,
As he walks upon cold oilcloth all night long without a rest.—*Chorus*

Parody on:

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Last night I returned home early, full of good old rye,
And I lay down in my bed and to sleep I did try;
I was feeling very weary—fell asleep quite soon—
Dreamed I was a-living with the man up in the moon.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's the man in the moon—any girl who says that is a "loon."
I've heard it said that in June him they'd wed.
They may be all right, but it's not in the head.
If they want a man very bad, there's many a man to be had
Who'll wed these young maids, and give cards and spades
To their sweetheart who's up in the moon.

CHORUS.

I thought that an old maid I saw who was eighty-three, yes, and more.
I thought on that night, as she put out the light,
She found a man under her bed—that is right—
And then she did quick lock the door, wouldn't let the man out any more.
You're my man, she said—hugged him till he was dead—
I saw this from up in the moon.

I dreamed while I was up there I met some good old boys,
And they gave me, Hello, Bill, and wished me many joys.
I thought we got on a "tear"—and stayed on it a week,
And we chased and raced the beer can till it sprung a leak.

CHORUS.

I thought all the clouds had a race, and that I played one for a place,
And my cloud it won, and I got all the "mon."
Then the angels who lost, they gave me the chase;
But the man in the moon stuck to me, for I had the money, you see;
And behind a dark cloud, where no one was allowed,
I got full with the man in the moon.

CHORUS.

I thought that on a side street I saw a chippie, so neat,
Pick up a jay that was passing her way,
And steer him in a saloon and make him stand treat,
And he thought that her he could win, but she won his good diamond pin.
And if she'd had a chase, she'd have won his pants,
So said the man in the moon.

Parody on:

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss? my rackets they cannot hear;
And my howling all around like a blizzard; or my growling like a grizzly bear;
Or my raising the roof with my yelling, and knocking the "governor" out;
Or smashing the windows and glassware? Do they miss me when I'm not about?

Do they miss my loud-squeaking old fiddle? on which such music I made
As would lay out a Chinese brass band forever to sleep, in the shade.
Do they miss me at home, now ever? my storm-like, charming basso?
Do they know that I'm gone forever, "B. Tuba," in Cuba, to blow?

ON A STRING.

By J. W. Kelley.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

How often we find that small little things
Will bring to us pleasure or pain,
So each little drop must help to make up
A wonderful shower of rain;
The largest of cables were first little threads,
And it does seem a curious thing
What wonderful things are often attached
To a small little bit of a string.

CHORUS.

It's a curious subject I take for my song,
But no tears to your eyes will I bring,
But I'll show you some ways, almost every day,
Smart people are caught on the string.

No doubt you have heard of the great cable road,
An invention that is hard to beat;
So the people who live at the ends of the town
Will not have to wear out their feet;
Cars run up on one track, then down the other—
Folks up and down town they will bring;
Don't you think that it's funny you have to pay money
To be dragged around on the string?—*Chorus.*

You often have seen some spooney young man
Near crazed through his love for his girl,
And until she says, "Yes, I will be thine own,"
His brain never ceases to whirl;
But when he is married she thinks he done wrong,
To boss him she thinks quite the thing;
He finds that she lied and wishes he'd died
The day she got him on the string.—*Chorus.*

GINGER.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I once had a mash with plenty of cash,
Who vowed he would make me his wife;
One night we went out I heard such a shout
That scared me nigh out of my life;
It was some rude boys who made all the noise;
I trembled in terror and dread
When they pointed at him and said, "Grizzly Jim,
Let's all warm our hands at his head!"

CHORUS.

Ginger! Ginger! Somebody shouted "Ginger!"
Twig the fop with the carroty mop; he's all there.
Ginger! Ginger! All of them shouted "Ginger!"
I gave him the sack and I'll never go back
To the chap with the ginger hair.

One night to the play we toddled away,
Got right in the front of the pit;
The play was so nice, all virtue and vice,
Enjoying ourselves we did sit;
A voice shouted "Fire!" the yells sounded higher,
The audience rose to get free;
When a man on the stage spoke out in a rage,
There's no fire at all; can't you see it's—*Chorus.*

On marriage full bent, to church we both went,
And proudly we walked up the aisle;
A big crowd was there and said, "Ain't she fair?"
But when they saw him, oh! the smile!
Some masher cried, hush! can't you see him blush?
Oh, look at his bashful big head;
We got to the rail and then I turned pale,
For even the old parson said—It's—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

DREAM FACES.

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Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Clean full of beer I lie here in a room,
Now feeling blue within the "lock-up's" gloom;
At last I doze and memory climbs the wall,
And runs about until the shadows fall.

CHORUS.

Tough dreamland fancies, darting here and there,
Stands straight on end my red and curling hair;
Full well I knew them, seen 'em oft before,
Yet I can never view them coolly o'er.

There writhing snakes go crawling all about,
Now drawing near me, make me wildly shout;
Slick, slimy monsters that always come near
Me when I'm full of whiskey and bad beer.—*Chorus.*

And now come flocking dirty herds of swine
That make me wish myself woefully blind.
And now appears my irate mother-in-law,
Just in the act of paralyzing my jaw.—*Chorus.*

Kiss My Dear Old Mother, Jack.

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By George Bruce and Felix McGlennon. Sung by Helene Mora.

Far away from dear Columbia, in a land across the foam,
Lies a mother's darling dying, far from kindred friends and home,
And his comrade kneels beside him, with the teardrops in his eye,
List'ning to the poor lad's message as he says the last good-bye.

CHORUS.

Kiss my dear old mother, Jack, and say it came from me,
The boy who ran away from home and went across the sea;
Ask her to forgive me, Jack, her wild and erring lad,
And say that I died with a prayer on my lips for her and dad.

Ah! the day I well remember that I ran away to sea;
Dad and I had hotly quarrelled, and in passion he struck me:
I struck him back, oh, heaven forgive me! to the docks I made my way,
Stowed myself on board a vessel that was due to sail that day.—*Chorus.*

Bear the message to my mother, how I died a life to save;
How I snatched a helpless infant from a cruel fiery grave—
An humble cottage fiercely burning, a frantic mother shrieking wild;
'Mongst the flames I dashed like lightning, gave my life but saved the child.—*Cho*

Parody on:

PEGGY CLINE.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I did land in this bright town just one year ago.
I admit I was not quick, but slow, oh, very slow.
I walked down the gayest street, in a restaurant did dine;
I met a girl I thought a pearl, her name was Peggy Cline.

CHORUS.

Tall, with straw-colored hair, was Miss Peggy Cline;
I said I'd be her papa if she'd be mine;
I payed for all that she ordered, for beer and wine.
I was a dead easy marker for Peggy Cline.

CHORUS.

I thought I was a winner for sure that time;
I kept dealing out money for beer and wine;
She said she wanted a watch, so she took mine;
I'll send you the ticket, you Ruben, said Peggy Cline.

When she took my watch and chain, well, I thought it a joke;
I ordered up some more good wine, then found that I was broke.
I said, Peggy, my dear girl, all of my dust I've blew.
If that's the case, I'll leave the place, she said, then out she flew.

CHORUS.

I sat there like a gillie: there sat the wine;
I was not in a hurry, she had my time;
She had flown out the door, she I thought mine;
I was done like a Ruben by Peggy Cline.

CHORUS.

Up came a waiter and said, you owe for wine.
I said, you are mistaken; oh, that's not mine.
Then all over my form he did quickly climb;
He nearly killed me, and all for Miss Peggy Cline.

Parody on:

What Is Home without a Mother?

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

What is home without a mother? who will whop the boys around?
Keep their jackets tanned so nicely, and with them gently, gently mop the ground?
Oh, who shall fire them full of pills when aching pains come on?
Oh, who will dose the little treasures when her gentle, gentle care is gone?

When they tear their little dresses, who'll be near to spank them good?
Who will catch them in the fibbets that does belong, belong to childhood?
Who will raise them every morning with a sounding slap from bed?
Oh, who will do the kids full justice when her gentle, gentle care is fled?

Parody on:

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

This morning at breakfast my wife said to me:
"You're tired of this married life, I can see."
She said, "I shall leave you, for my heart's near broke."
Said I, "Hop along, bird, on you I've no rope."
"You're no good, you're no good," she said time and again.
I said, "Come off your perch, bird; you give me a pain."
Then she said, "Oh, how I long to be free."
Said I, "You don't long any longer than me."

CHORUS.

Walking the floor at night time, baby you try to please,
While your dear wife sleeps soundly, and you, poor man, you freeze—
Get up and light the fire, and many another thing.
Those are a few of the joys, my boys, found in a wedding-ring.

She said, "When we courted, you were very good then,
But marriage it changed you, like most of the men."
Said I, "Yes, I know it; I made a bad break,
But now it's too late and I see my mistake."
"Then why did you call at my house every night
And burn papa's coal and papa's gaslight?"
Said I, "Now you asked me, so must wish to know—
'Twas because I had no other warm place to go."

CHORUS.

Oh, for a desert island; there I could live content.
Does any man here want a wife? let me see the gent.
Oh, what a case of bunco; it's a dead tough road I'm on.
Would I marry if I were single? not on your life, says John.

Parody on:

THAT IS LOVE.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

See a mother bending o'er her darling boy,
She has got a barrel-stave his pants to annoy.
Every time he yells to her 'tis greatest joy—
Eighty times a minute she does hit.
Willie's pants that morning were quite new,
And their color it was black, that is true—
Willie he was black and blue when ma got through—
That is love, that is love.

Levy's brother Moses died in hot July,
But to keep him for a little while Levy did try;
So he went to an undertaker's, ice to buy,
Just to keep his brother nice and cool.
But the undertaker wanted seven dollars for a fee.
Levy said, I'm willing to give you three.
My brother's feet were froze last winter; they don't need ice, said he—
That is nerve, that is nerve.

See a little chicken in a chicken-coop;
He tries to speak to his mate; he's got the croup,
But he manages to chirp, "We'll be in the soup;
Here comes the farmer, both of us must die."
When the boarders tackle them, it gives them pain.
Those chickens were two old ones—they died game.
When the boarders break their teeth, they all exclaim—
That is tough, that is tough.

See a poor bum standing at your cottage-door,
Asking for a bite to eat, and nothing more;
You give him pie and sponge-cake, enough for four;
Then he asks you for a napkin and a chair.
Of the savage bull-dog he has no fear.
He asks you for a few cents, in a voice quite clear;
You give him four—he asks for five to get a beer—
That is nerve, that is nerve.

LITTLE KITTIE CLANCY.

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By W. A. Pratt.

Talk about your pretty girls, girls that take your eye;
You say you love them dearly, then you heave a heavy sigh;
This is, in fact, a fancy, as light as light can be.
Give me a love like Kittie's, that is the love for me.

CHORUS.

Pretty Kittie Clancy, you are my fancy; you are an angel, the fairest in the land;
Soon we will marry, Kittie do not tarry, pretty Kitty Clancy, my sweetheart.

Kitty's young and pretty, the fairest in the land;
Indeed I have a treasure in my Kittie's heart and hand;
I look forward, with pleasure, to the day when we'll be one;
When trouble I or Kittie, I trust, will know none.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THY LAND'S MY LAND.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

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I went to a boarding-house, thought I'd get fat,
'Tis the same old tale;
I looked for home comforts and all things like that,
'Tis the same old tale.
The lady that run it, well, she was all right,
And the boarders were right, too,
But the feed she gave it was dead wrong,
That it would kill me I well knew.

CHORUS.

Beefsteak, tough steak, if you tried to cut your knife'd break;
Hard boiled eggs, for them I did not care;
Old bread, hard bread, made of pie iron I've heard said;
The cheese it was able to jump off the table
And follow you everywhere.

Once we got roast beef, that was a surprise,
'Tis the same old tale;
When I gazed on it I heaved several sighs,
'Tis the same old tale;
I was served with potatoes hard as rocks,
Of the beef I got a chunk,
I saved it for a week or more,
Then I used it for a hinge upon my trunk.

CHORUS.

Nice girls, sweet girls, girls who had lovely blonde curls,
Old surbrettes smoked Old Judge cigrettes;
One said last May: "I saw my sixteenth birthday."
Well, that one she saw, yes, and several more,
Or else for some years she was blind.

Parody on:

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

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On the corner stands a man, his wife to him a quarter gave
To go out and get his hair cut and also to get a shave.
He well knows he sadly needs it, for his hair is two feet long.
If he gets the shave and hair cut, he can't drink; his money's gone.
Every person who does pass him only looked at him and grinned.
Some of them said, What a lovely chance for the breezy wind.
On his left he sees the barber's, on his right the big saloon—
Will he drink or get his hair cut, he will have to decide soon.

CHORUS.

He stands between love and duty, looking to left and right;
He needs a drink, hair cut and shave, but he can't have all that night;
He walks along and strokes his beard,
And the barber-shop he neared,
But into the saloon he steered—
He stood between love and duty.

Years ago my brother Willie owned a dog, it was a "beaut."
Willie he was stuck upon it; said it was a noble brute.
One day Willie went out walking, took the dog along with him;
He was dressed all in the best clothes—Willie looked right in the swim.
Dog it ran ahead of William—ran a short way down the street.
Dog-catchers along were passing—dog-catchers and dog did meet;
Dog-catchers they grabbed Will's doggie—Willie, he grabbed the dog, too.
Five big dog-catchers grabbed Willie—he was a sight when they got through.

CHORUS.

He stood between love and duty; he's sorry he ever stood;
The dog-catchers had a wagon, with a cage on made of wood.
Will said, take my dog and you take me, too;
So what did the dog-catchers go and do—
Threw the dog in the wagon, my brother in, too,
For he stood between love and duty.

Parody on:

Take Back the Heart Thou Gavest.

By Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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Take back the heart thou gavest, vermifuge candy, I know;
Surely, my darling, thou ravest to give me this candy motto.
Take back the candy, 'tis rotten, vermifuge strongly I smell;
This gift shall not be forgotten, knowing you have them to sell.
The wordlets are so mistifying, saying simply: "I love you."
Now who, I pray, is denying anything *you* say untrue.

Take back the heart thou gavest, 'tis not the candy I like;
Perhaps 'tis the kind *thou* cravest? then take back the heart, dear Mike.
I never such heartlets have eaten, surely ne'er did I them need;
For nothing but caromels sweeten the teeth that I have in my head.
Then take back the heart thou gavest—its nature its odor confirms;
Oh, if this heartlet thou leavest, I'll give it to Johnnie for worms.

On the Levee by the River Side.

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By Fred Warren.

In the old Kentucky state, just before the war begin,
On the levee by the river side;
I was but a pickaninny 'mong my kindred, kith and kin,
On the levee by the river side.
There's the aged Unkle Ned, he am dead long ago,
On the levee by the river side;
He played upon the bones, picked the old banjo,
On the levee by the river side.

CHORUS.

I'm going home again, soon I'll be home again,
For to dance with sister Sue, aunt Sophia and stumpy Lou,
On the levee by the river side.

Ev'ry morning we would gather 'round the old cabin door,
On the levee by the river side,
Where we used to pick the cotton so early in the morn',
On the levee by the river side;
Unkle Ben would carve the possum, how the darkies all would prance,
On the levee by the river side;
When he picked upon his banjo, um! how we used to dance,
On the levee by the river side.—*Chorus.*

Oh, them good old happy days, they will never come again,
On the levee by the river side;
When we used to play around in the sunshine and the rain,
On the levee by the river side;
When the Mississippi steamboat up the river she would come,
On the levee by the river side,
And she used to blow her whistle, how the darkies all would run,
On the levee by the river side.—*Chorus.*

HER WEDDING-RING OF GOLD.

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Written and Composed by K. C. Spillane.

There are sweet songs dear to ev'ry heart, we sing them day by day,
Sweet songs of happy hours, of love and joys;
There are mem'ries of our home life tender, writ in ev'ry breast,
Which come to us with soft regrets and sighs.
But sing I of a daughter gentle, of a daughter true,
Death had come her soul away to bear;
Ere she died she called her brother John, and whispered low,
As she placed a packet in his care:

REFRAIN.

"Take it, John, 'twas mother's treasure, life is fleeting fast;
Guard it, John, its worth is all untold;
Shield it, John, through life's endeavors, through it's strife and care,
'Twas mother's ring, her wedding-ring of gold."

Then with tenderness did John receive it, while the teardrops fell,
And leaned he o'er his dying sister's bed,
And he whispered there in soft voice, tender: "Dearest sis, I'll keep
My mother's treasure till my life has sped."
And then his dying sister softly placed her hand in his,
Grateful love was mirrored in her smile;
John, whose lonely heart was breaking, kissed her pallid lips
As she murmured faintly all the while:—*Refrain.*

Fondly John now guards the precious relic of his mother's heart,
The relic of her maiden dreams and pride,
For 'twas sweetly linked with lovelight tender, shed in days of yore,
When glad she walked life's pathway by John's side.
And often, when the night is falling, sitting there alone,
Comes to John his dying sister's voice,
Bidding him in low tones thrilling still to guard and keep
Mother's ring, a treasure without price.—*Refrain.*

She's Prettiest when She Pouts.

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By W. C. Schrader.

She's a cherub if there ever was an angel without wings,
This cunning, charming chatty Coz, just out of leading strings;
She's luscious as a ripened pear, all prudery she scouts.
Egad! she's handsome, but I'll swear she's prettiest when she pouts.

REFRAIN.

Ah! yes, her nether lip, so tempting then, I press in token mute,
That I will challenge all the men who dare her will di-pute.
Her heart is touched at my concern for woman's whims and doubts,
And though her cheeks with blushes burn, she's prettiest when she pouts.

Ah! little Coz, you cannot know the mischief that's been played
Within my breast; and overthrow of wise resolves you're made.
I'm hooked and booked among the score of love-sick silly louts,
Who every grace and freak adore, and rave whene'er she pouts.—*Refrain.*

GOING TO MARKET.

Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.

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She was standing by the wicket, and she drooped her pretty head.
"I am going to the market," with a little sigh she said;
"And the basket is so heavy, and I think that it will rain;
And the road is long and lonely through the coppice and the lane."
With a tender glance he answered, as her troubled look he met:
"I am sure it will be weary, and it might be very wet;
And the hay is hardly ripened, so I haven't much to do;
And if you will let me, Jennie, I should like to go with you,
And if you will let me, Jennie, I should like to go with you.
You and I together, love, never mind the weather, love;
You and I together, love, all the way, all the way.
You and I together, love, never mind the weather, love;
You and I together, love, all the way, all the way."

Many merry words were spoken, and the sunlight 'round them fell;
But at even, when returning, he had something more to tell.
"Oh! the road of life we travel has its burdens we must bear,
And the road is long and dreary, will you wish me with you there?
Then her dimpled cheeks grew rosy as the sunset in the West,
And she answered, looking shyly, at the lilies in her breast:
"You were kind to come to market, and you always tell me true;
So I think I'll have you, Donald, for the other journey, too;
So I think I'll have you, Donald, for the other journey, too.
You and I together, love," etc.

AFTER THE BALL.

By Chas. K. Harris, author of the famous success, "Kiss and Let's Make Up."

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Chas. K. Harris & Co., 207 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., are the sole publishers of this song. The sheet music of this song can be obtained from them at 50c. per copy.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,
Begged for a story—"Do, Uncle, please."
Why are you single; why live alone?
Have you no babies; have you no home?
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago;
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all:
I believed her faithless after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, after the break of morn—
After the dancers' leaving; after the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.

Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room,
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes.
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own—
"I wish some water; leave me alone."
When I returned, dear, there stood a man,
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all,
Just as my heart was after the ball.—*Chorus.*

Long years have passed, child; I've never wed;
True to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain;
I would not listen, pleadings were vain;
One day a letter came from that man—
He was her brother—the letter ran—
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all;
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball.—*Chorus.*

—What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A slip farther.

'TWAS NOT SO LONG AGO.

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Words by Henry S. Leigh. Music by W. C. Schrader.

How fondly I remember yet your sweet and sunny face;
I can't forget the hour we met, and can't forget the place.
A little time away it seems, about a day or so;
Our life is made of little dreams; 'twas not so long ago.
Ah me! what silly things we say, what silly things are done,
When youth and pleasure lead the way, and folks are twenty-one!
Like angry waves the cruel years have tossed me to and fro;
And yet how close the past appears, 'twas not so long ago. [*Dance.*]

I recollect the tender talk we held along the lane;
Our dialogue throughout the walk was fervid, though insane.
You hovered long, it seems to me, between a "Yes" or "No."
I've ne'er forgotten, that you see 'twas not so long ago.
Ah me! what silly things we say, etc.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

Words by C. Sprague. Music by J. F. Petri.

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Eighty years have rolled away since that bright heroic day,
When our fathers, in the fray, struck the conquering blow.
Praise to them, the bold, who spoke, praise to them the brave who broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke, eighty years ago.

CHORUS.

Praise to them, the bold, who spoke,
Praise to them, the brave, who broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke,
Eighty years ago.

Pour the wine of sacrifice, let the grateful anthem rise—
Shall we e'er resign the prize?—Never—never—no!
Hearts and hands shall guard those rights, bought on Freedom's battle heights,
Where he fixed his signal lights, eighty years ago.—*Chorus.*

Swear it! by the mighty dead—those who counselled, those who led;
By the blood your fathers shed, by your mother's woe;
Swear it!—by the living few—those whose breasts were scarred for you,
When to freedom's ranks they flew, eighty years ago.—*Chorus.*

By the joys that cluster 'round, by our vales with plenty crowned,
By our hill-tops—holy ground, rescued from the foe—
Where of old the Indian strayed, where of old the pilgrim prayed,
Where the patriot drew his blade, eighty years ago.—*Chorus.*

Should again the war-trump peal, there shall Indian firmness steal,
Pilgrim faith and patriot zeal, prompt to strike the blow;
There shall valor's work be done; like the sire shall be the son,
Where the fight was waged and won, eighty years ago.—*Chorus.*

WE'RE NOT THE GIRLS YOU TAKE US FOR.

Copyright, 1891, by Albert Loraine & Co., New York.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey.

We got an invitation to attend a fancy ball;
They said they wanted jolly girls, and begged of us to call.
Now, bear in mind, we're full of fun, as long as it's not rough;
But still we've sense enough to know just when we've had enough.
We flirted to our hearts' content, and danced with all we met.
But sometimes fellows get "too fresh"; that much, pray don't forget.
Two mashers came and said, "My dears, it's late for you to roam,
We'll have the pleasure, with consent, to see you safely home."
SPOKEN—What did you say?

CHORUS.

No you won't, won't, won't! No you don't, don't, don't!
We're very near eleven, and a trifle over seven,
But you can't, can't, can't! No you shan't, shan't, shan't!
We're really not the sort of girls you take us for.

The hour was very late, but still we did not want their aid;
We knew the road was lonely, and began to feel afraid.
The way we shook, we must confess, our fears we couldn't hide—
In fact, we almost wished that we had some one by our side.
We felt quite sure they'd follow us, but still we would not yield;
We cut across a lonely path, which led into a field,
And then, before our very eyes, we saw those fellows smile.
They said they'd simply followed us, to lift us o'er the stile.
SPOKEN—What did you say?—*Chorus.*

We've both made up our minds, next time we go out to a dance,
To have some to protect us, there are lots who'd like the chance.
If ladies will go out alone, well, let them have their way;
Experience informs us, for this rashness they must pay.
If you should come and take us to a party or a ball,
We want you men to bear in mind we couldn't go with all;
So give us timely notice, and the chance we will not miss;
There's no doubt, in the mazy dance, you'll try to steal a kiss.
SPOKEN—What will you say?—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

HERE LIES AN ACTOR.

Written by T. H. Tooker.

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One night I met an actor with a bunch of whiskers on his chin,
He couldn't raise the price of a shave, now wasn't that a sin?
Yes, he was on his uppers, he had no soles upon his shoes,
Although his nose was very red, this actor had the blues.
He told me of his troubles with an "Uncle Thomas" cabin troupe;
In Kalamazoo the manager skipped and left them in the soup:
Tho' they started out in a Pullman car, they had to walk it back,
And that he counted 40,000,000 ties along the railway track.

CHORUS.

Now he was an actor, and, as a class, they're always dry;
So I took him to the Morton House, we had a glass of rye;
That really was an actor, I soon satisfied myself,
For I thought he'd never "break away" from the free lunch shelf.

He told me of the many parts he played upon the stage;
He made a "hit" as the skull in Hamlet before he was of age;
The "critics" on the newspapers his acting they would always praise—
He often had to hire a wagon to take home the bouquets.
He played with Henry Irving when he was on the other side,
And said he was a "hamfat", his acting it was very "snide";
He supported Mrs. Langtry, Dr. Landis and Fanny Herring, too;
He played in every opera house from Hoboken to Yazoo.

CHORUS.

Now he was an actor; yes, I'd bet my life on that,
For he wore a big cape-overcoat, kid gloves and a high hat;
He stood upon the Rialto and twirled a five-cent cane;
His watch was in the hock shop, but still he wore the chain.

I asked him to have another drink, I thought he would refuse,
But he said: "Me boy, with pleasure; I'm glad to hear the news."
He filled his glass up to the brim, and the bartender, in a joking way,
Said: "Have no fear, kind stranger, we keep open here all day."
He then insisted upon treating me to a bottle of champagne.
"Old friends like you and me," said he, "may never meet again."
We drank a bottle of the best—we didn't leave a gill,
When suddenly he disappeared and left me to pay the bill.

CHORUS.

Yes, he was an actor—in fact, he was a beauty bright;
When he gave me the razzle-dazzle it made me mad enough to fight;
I chased him down the avenue, oh, how I mad him run;
It's a good thing for this actor that I didn't have my gun.

KING GOLD.

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Words and Music by J. H. Webb.

I've not come to preach or to sing
Of things, friends, which no man can do;
I'll simply relate what I've heard
As thro' life's rugged path we go through.
There's thousands of people we find
That have ruined both body and soul
In climbing the ladder of life
In search of that monarch, king gold.

CHORUS.

Then why do men sigh for those things
That fate ne'er ordained them to hold?
Why not be content with their lot,
And not crave for that monarch, king gold?

If daily our papers we read,
Of the poor bankers' clerks we are told,
Of their prospects being ruined for life
Through the love of the sweet shining gold;
They heed not their mothers or wives
When allured by temptations to steal,
But find out when, in fate, too late
What a felon's disgrace is to feel.—*Chorus.*

Some of our poor sisters we find,
How easy their virtue is sold!
They heed not their womanly pride
When illured by the sweet shining gold;
The wine-cup they take as their friend,
In hopes sad remorses to save,
Till discarded, dishonored by all,
They then seek an untimely grave.—*Chorus.*

We should all be content with our lot,
Whether we be peasant or peer,
And not crave, boys, for those things
That ofttimes drives men to despair;
Just gaze at the poor gambler's life,
Of his sad end we ofttimes are told;
In a workhouse he oft ends his days
Thro' loving the sweet shining gold.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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When fortune has played you a tough little trick,
And your purse looks dejected and you do feel sick;
No grub seems forthcoming to relieve your want,
And a gone-ness of stomach does make you look gaunt.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

When the snows of bleak winter creep in to your feet
Through holes in the leather, as you tramp the street;
No shelter above, save the stars and the moon;
The wind through your whiskers will whistle this tune.—*Chorus.*

THOSE GIRLS AT THE SCHOOL.

Written and Composed by Harry Nicholls.

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My name's Charlie Mash, and I've just come from school,
With the heart-ache and blues, and the tear in my eye;
I've had a good hiding, they've called me a spoon;
If I wasn't afraid, for two pins I would die,
For not far from ours is a chool for young ladies,
Who giggle and simper whenever we meet;
I love them all madly and wildly and fondly,
Those girls at the school at the end of the street.

SPOKEN—The first one I spoke to was a Scotch girl. I offered her my heart and a bun. She took the bun and said, the heart she couldn't be fashed with; and in a voice reminding me of the sound of bagpipes said:

CHORUS.

Eh, mon, buy caller herrin',
Ye ken I've no lo' for yersel' at a',
I'm brawly, thank ye for speerin,
Dinna ye fash yersel', hoot awa.

Though crushed and defeated in this my first love,
I thought it was nonsense to give way to grief,
So I swore to possess a young thing they called "Frenchy,"
And fancied at last my poor heart found relief.
I couldn't write French, though I sent her a *billy*,
Nor knew what it meant when I murmured *toot sweet*,
But I made up my mind to run over to *Parry*
With this girl from the school at the end of the street.

SPOKEN—But she said:

CHORUS.

"Vive la *more* or *less* si voo voolly,
Tray be hang ke voolly voo,
Ally voos ong la square de Leicester,
Parley voo francy, wee *mossoo*."

Some would have been with these failures disheartened,
Have shunned such a world so unkind, so untrue,
And waited some time before trying another,
But I—no—I loved, and I didn't care who;
And soon I saw one whom I thought I had conquered,
Who made my pulse throb and my heart wildly beat,
Who robbed me of sleep and my fondness for pudding—
A girl at the school at the end of the street.

SPOKEN—She was German, and when I told her I loved her, she said:

CHORUS.

"Yah! Nein! Sausage—polony!
Ist das so? Sauerkraut, mynheer!
Ich liebe dich; vere is my poodle?
Gracious goot gootness! larger bier!"

Thus heartsick and lonely, with love unrequited,
I silently dashed from my eye the salt tear,
And couldn't eat more than nine buns after dinner,
And, after six bottles, I loathed ginger beer.
But love's flame was kindled once more in my bosom;
I swore that I never would suffer defeat;
So I offered my heart and my hand and three ha'pence
To another young girl at the end of the street.

SPOKEN—She was Irish, and exclaimed:

CHORUS.

"Here's another injustice to Ireland!
Erin, my country, my heart bleeds for you;
I'll knock corners of ye, you spalpeen Mavourneen.
Be gorra! by jabers! bedad and hurroo!"

How sad that a fond heart like mine should be pining
For some one to love who would love in return!
Make any one happy, this life's only object,
But nobody seems for this object to yearn.
I tempt them with jumbles and arrow-root biscuits,
And apples and nuts down my trousers secrete;
My sweets they've accepted, but me they've rejected,
Those girls at the school at the end of the street.

SPOKEN—The next I proposed to was Rachel Emmanuel. When I asked her if she'd be mine, she said:

CHORUS.

"Oh! s'help me, ain't he got guiver?
I'll tell my brothers Ike, Manny and Mo;
Jumping Moses! and ain't got no ooftish,
Go and sell lemons, fried fish, and old 'clo."

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

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Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

I'm not so much at singin' as these "hyfallutin" chaps;
My voice it may be husky and a little loud, perhaps:
For I have been a-ploughing with a lazy team, you see;
They kept me pretty busy with my "Git up," "Whoa-haw," "Gee."
But if you pay attention, I have just a word to say
About a great mistake you make and do it every day;
In dealing out your praises, and I want to tell you now,
Too often you forget the man that walks behind the plow.

CHORUS.

You talk about your learned men, your wit and wisdom rare,
Your poets and your painters they get praises ev'rywhere;
They're well enough to make a show, but will you tell me how
The world would ever do without the man behind the plow.

'Tis very nice to go to school and learn to read and write,
'Tis nicer still to dress up fine and sport around at night;
Your music, painting, poetry may all be hard to beat,
But tell me what you're going to do for something good to eat.
You say, my boots are muddy and my clothing is too coarse,
I make a good companion for the oxen or the horse;
My face is red, my hand is hard, 'tis true, I will allow,
But don't you be too quick to spurn the man behind the plow..—*Chorus.*

I like your great inventions, and I'm glad you're gittin' smart;
I like to hear your music, for it kind-a stirs my heart;
But 'twill never touch the stomach of a real hungry man,
And so I call attention to a kind o' thing that can.
Then, boys, don't be too anxious for to leave the good old farm;
Your father's strength is failing, soon he'll need your youthful arm;
If you're honest in your purpose, at your feet the world must bow,
For the greatest of the great men is the man behind the plow.—*Chorus.*

Where the Chicken Got the Axe.

Copyright, 1892, by Harry Mayo.

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Words by Harry Mayo. Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

In the country once a farmer killed a chicken with an axe.
Just by striking him a single little blow;
But I noticed he took extra care to land upon his neck,
And the poor old rooster gave his final crow.
Then I quickly told the farmer that I thought he was a brute,
And I got so mad I challenged him to fight.
Then he threw aside his axe and said, I'll give you fight enough,
When he made a rush and hit me all his might.

CHORUS.

And I got it where the chicken got the axe,
Just because I made too many sassy cracks;
But his blow I failed to check, so it landed on my neck,
Just exactly where the chicken got the axe.

In a poker game I sat one night and thought I had a cinch
With a country man who lives at Pumpkinsville;
When he drew one card said I, by jove, he's drawing for a flush,
And I saw my chance in case his hand he'd fill.
Then from underneath the table I took out four lovely jacks,
Where I had them laid away to make a haul;
Then we bet until my cash was out, my diamond pin as well,
And then, with a smile, said I, I guess I'll call.

CHORUS.

And I got it where the chicken got the axe,
For, of course, you know that aces they beat jacks;
And the jay contented sat, for he had four aces pat,
So I got it where the chicken got the axe.

There's a friend of mine, whose name is Brown, got mashed upon a girl:
She was handsome and had money, so 'twas said;
Then as Brown was very cute, you see, he quickly won her love,
And away they went one evening to get wed.
When she told him she was wealthy, why, poor Brown gave up his job,
And the best Havanas only would he smoke;
But one night he went to touch her for some cash, and then she said:
"Why, that story of my wealth was all a joke."

CHORUS.

Brown had got it where the chicken got the axe;
Of her past life then he learned some funny facts.
She'd been married twice before; Jiminy Christmas, Brown was sore,
For he got it where the chicken got the axe.

In the evening once, by chance, I met a charming little girl,
And asked her if she'd let me see her home;
So she thought awhile and then said yes; of course I took her arm,
And away we went to have a quiet roam.
Then I told her she was pretty, and I kissed her several times;
With my arms around her waist I made her smile;
But she never kicked at anything until we reached her house,
Then I wanted to go in and stay awhile.

CHORUS.

And I got it where the chicken got the axe;
With her parasol she hit me several whacks.
You can bet that I felt tough, after blowing all my stuff,
To get it where the chicken got the axe.

LIZA JANE.

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Words by E. B. Heaton. Music by W. C. Schrader.

When darkness stoops on all the hills and shadows fill the plain,
When ev'ning's voice the hedges fills with all her varied strain;
Elate, I seek a constant light, worth all the galaxy of night,
Which, sparkling like a diamond bright, leads straight to Liza Jane.
It matters not what weather blows, or snow, or hail, or rain,
My star its nightly welcome glows, nor ever glows in vain;
Beside it sits a fairer star—comparisons how tame they are!
I see her through the door ajar, my own loved Liza Jane.

I envy not the rich man's store, his riches bring him pain;
I hasten past his gilded door and turn into the lane,
That leads unto a model cot, a nestling in a posy plot,
A quiet, chaste and holy spot, and I'm with Liza Jane.
It matters not what weather blows, etc.

WIDDY McCARTHY'S PIG.

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Music by W. C. Schrader.

The widdy McCarthy was poor and distressed,
And she lived in a mean little cot,
But the pride of her heart and the joy of her breast
Was the nate little pig that she'd got.
Wid his two twinklin' eyes, that were both of a size,
And his tail in a double-bow knot.

REFRAIN.

Whenever the widdy McCarthy was glad,
The pig he would caper and sing,
And if she was weeping, or even seemed sad,
That pig did the very same thing;
'Till, I'm sure, you'd have thought when you looked at the two
That a couple more loving no one ever knew.

And so this fond pair travelled over life's road,
'Till they came to the foot of the hill,
Where the widdy died first in a manner that showed
It was want of breath kept her so still;
And that pig dropped a tear when he looked at her face,
And he died in the very same place.—*Refrain.*

LOVE'S TRUST.

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Words by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse. Music by W. C. Schrader.

If love is tender, truthful, pure;
If love be regal, loyal sure,
By all the world of land and sea,
Divided it could never be;
While south winds woo in soft replies,
The north winds wail to lullabies,
While summer's sun, when white doves fly
Across the cloud-fringed, azure sky,
Caresses morn's self-tended flowers,
Dew-beaded in the early hours;
If love be tender, truthful, pure,
Love will, love will endure.

If love be steadfast trusted, tried,
Grown watchful, true, it needs no guide;
It fears no fate, nor wane, nor night;
It walks apace, self-crowned with light;
Through woe it gains sweet servitude;
Through weal it wins sweet solitude;
Though luckless years may sound their knell,
Through perfect chimes the marriage bell
Will swing the cadence to and fro,
Beside the thorns the roses blow;
If love be steadfast trusted, tried,
Love will, love will abide.

If love be fickle, wayward bold,
And grasp its buds ere flower unfold,
With empty hands it walks alone,
When chill winds sigh and sob and moan;
Through tearful vigils, tired with pain,
And cruel taunts of self-disdain,
Way-worn and wasted, all unblest,
Through fruitless hope that brought unrest,
Bearing the sight of a wounded trust,
That trailed its faith in clay and dust.
If love be fickle, wayward, bold,
Love will, love will grow cold.

Sweetheart, I Love Thee, Sweetheart.

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Words by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse. Music by W. C. Schrader.

I love thee, sweetheart; look into my eyes,
It's there my soul is pleading through my sighs:
I summons thee by lovelit fire that glows,
As sun-laid kisses on a virgin rose.
Incarnate flower, thou blossom of my heart,
Unfold to me the myst'ry that thou art;
Thou lov'st me, sweetheart—within thy slumberous eyes,
Suffused with dewy light, my heart's ease lies.
Upon the mirror of thy glowing face
I read the secret of thy tender grace;
And, like the cleven rose, thy lips do seem
Love laden with the utterance of my dream.

Thou lov'st me, sweetheart; fall'n from downcast eyes,
Upon thy flushing cheek a teardrop lies;
The dew is shaken from my heart-ease now,
And makes a dear confession to my vow.
Sweet is thy prophecy, O welcome guest,
That bringest to my heart its perfect rest.
We love, my sweetheart; tell it o'er and o'er;
I love, thou lov'st, we love for evermore.
Clasping with velvet tuches hand-in-hand,
Love sings to love this song through all the land,
Where marriage bells with silver utterance call;
Love, loved love, and love is all in all.

Parody on:

MAGGIE MURPHY'S HOME.

By C. Opper.

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Beside a pile of sawdust, next door to the city jail,
I live with my face and whiskers, and my gall is not for sale;
A car-load of cigar butts and a kerosene-oil lamp,
Come down and we'll waltz the dipper at Paddy Murphy's camp.

CHORUS.

On Saturday night we have a fight, and all get on a spree;
Meeting all the bums and lugs that work the kegs with me.
There's a face that's never painted, that looks just like a tramp;
And the weather is always different at Paddy Murphy's camp.

Through the knot-holes of a fence, at feed time every day,
You'll see the neighbors' big buck-goats chewing up the clay:
There's Billy, with his Nanny, sleeping in the damp,
For it rains 'most every evening at Paddy Murphy's camp.—*Chorus.*

I skate up to the corner in my working shoes and feet,
To see the dudes and chippies chasing up the street;
But I go home feeling freckled, as if my head was in a clamp,
For hair cuts they are out of date at Paddy Murphy's camp.—*Chorus.*

WHY DO I LOVE YOU?

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Music by W. C. Schrader.

Why do I love you, my sunny-eyed darling?
Why do the flowers still look to the sun?
Why does the lily close up its sweet petals
When the earth sleepeth and daylight is done?
Why do the stars, on the brow of the ev'ning,
Burn the more brightly the darker the night?
Why do we see more beauty in heaven
When the day fadeth and gone is the light?

Why do I love thee, O lips of red, ripeness?
Why do I love thee, O heart of rare gold?
Ask me no longer, my darling, my treasure;
Love, such as mine is, may never be told.
Only I love thee, my heart telleth to me;
Wherefore I love thee, I know not, nor care;
'Tis not the charm of thy blue eyes of beauty,
'Tis not the sheen in the gold of thy hair.

Ask me of all of the secret things hidden,
I may not answer, my darling, my own;
Love cometh to us as free and unbidden;
Whither it cometh is just as unknown.
Just as unknown as why stars love the heaven,
Why shuts the lily cop, just as unknown;
This is the all I may whisper thee, dearest;
Only I love thee, my darling, my own.

—The man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble. He has enough of it.

Parody on:

Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow.

Written by Thomas F. Brown.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There is a girl who sings a song, you know it very well;
The man who wrote that song, I'm sure, he ought to be in——Jersey.
It used to be "Ta-ra-ra" and "My Sweetheart in the Moon";
But now to every show you go you are sure to hear this tune:

CHORUS.

Daddy, won't you buy me a bow-wow?
Daddy, won't you buy me a bow-wow?
On the streets they're running wild, but this simple little child
Wants her daddy for to chase for a bow-wow-wow-wow.
Daddy, won't you steal me a bow-wow?
Daddy, won't you swipe me a bow-wow?
I have my powder and paint, but satisfied I ain't;
I'm longing for a bow-wow-wow.

I took my girl to a show last night, she liked the play first rate;
And afterwards to a restaurant—I bought her buckwheat cake;
I filled her in on soup and beans, and then on oyster fry;
But that didn't stop her appetite, for she began to cry:

CHORUS.

Georgie, won't you buy me a chowder?
Oh, Georgie, will you buy me a chowder?
Of course, you've got the stuff, and I haven't ate enough.
I want to have a chow-chow-chow-chow-chowder:
Go ahead and buy me a chowder;
If you don't, I'll yell a little louder.
Great Scott! how she did eat, and how my heart did beat!
Every cent I had went for chow-chowders.

On the Way Home from Riley's.

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Words and Music by David Kilburn.

There is a man named Riley, and he has a country sate
Just out of town, not far away, 'tis illegant and nate;
He sint out invitations to his neighbors one and all,
And gave a feet shampeter, which he wound up wid a ball.
We had some sports upon the lawn, and played a funny game;
I don't quite ricollect, but think, Long Dinnis was the name;
And thin we wint into a tint and had a bit of lunch,
And iv'ry man got quarrelsome wid drinking whiskey punch.

CHORUS.

And whin we come home that night,
Ivery man full as a can,
And oh, my, what an illegant fight
On the way home from Riley's.

McCann began the trouble on the start, by saying how
O'Grady danced the Irish reel no betther than a cow;
O'Grady got his timper up and swore at Pat McCann,
And sid he'd take no guff from him, or any other man.
O'Shaughnesey thin tuk the flure on purpose for to say,
He'd just as lief fight ony man as ask the time of day;
And thin the fight got gineral, and heads began to crack,
Until we batthered through the flure of Hennessy's new hack.

CHORUS.

We couldn't tell friends from foes,
Donnybrook fair couldn't compare;
And O'Grady got hurt on the nose,
On the way home from Riley's.

The horses they took fright and kicked the driver off the sate,
And he got mixed up in the fight and laid out very nate;
Our coats got torn, our hats got smashed, our eyes got black and blue,
Until O'Grady hollered "Fire," "Police" and "Murder," too.
By some unlucky chance there was a cop upon his bate,
And he began to shoot his pistol up and down the strate;
And thin the hose-cart, number two, came tearing up the track,
And turned a three-inch strame alover Hennessy's new hack.

CHORUS.

And we slept that night in jail,
Wet to the skin, all takin in;
Not one could be found to go bail,
On the way home from Riley's.

And when the morning broke we were a sorry sight to view,
Wid broken heads and battered eyes, and noses black and blue;
No starch lift in our collars, and our coats a total wreck,
O'Grady wid no hat at all, the rim around his neck.
We got tin dollars each and costs, and paid it wid a will,
For sure 'twas worth that much and more, for such a lovely mill;
And not a mother's son of us would ask to have it back;
And sixty dollars was the bill to mind the broken hack.

CHORUS.

Oh, that was a fine old night,
Ivery man full as a can;
And oh, my, what an ilegant fight,
On the way home from Riley's.

ELIZA JANE McCUE.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

One beautiful day, in the middle of May,
A girl sat alone on a lawn;
Decidedly neat and a pleasure to meet,
As gentle and sweet as a fawn.
Not far from the spot stood a brave-looking lad,
Who cautions that no one could hear;
He silently stole up behind the young queen,
And whispered these words in her ear:

CHORUS.

Eliza Jane McCue, do you remember little Joe,
Who sailed away at break of day, just five long years ago?
And he vowed unto you that his heart would be true when parting from your side.
His love's the same, and he's back again, to claim you as his bride.

Her heart filled with glee when she saw it was he,
Her darling was with her once more;
A loving embrace with a smile on each face,
They kissed and caressed o'er and o'er.
Said he: "I have saved up enough for a home,
To-morrow we'll quietly wed";
And after the clergyman fastened the knot,
These words to her softly he said:—*Chorus.*

OUR RUTH ANN.

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Written and Composed by J. W. Hall.

Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do? I'm nearly going mad,
My daughter's sure to be the death of me;
To treat me in this shameful way is really much too bad,
For I thought that such a credit she would be;
We fondly watched her day by day, myself and her mamma,
And of improvement each day saw some sign—
She's lost her situation, she's got too clever, far,
All through that dance they call the "Serpentine."

CHORUS.

Our Ruth Ann, our Ruth Ann, you'll see her dancing, oh, so fine,
That giddy craze, the Serpentine.
All day long she skips upon her toes;
They call her "Monkey brand" because she won't wash clothes.

As she seemed mad on dancing, I engaged a man to teach
The steps and turns and twirls right up to date;
She rapidly acquired them, sticking to them like a leech,
And never at her lessons would be late.
At last, one day, her master introduced the latest craze,
The serpent dance, so very hard to do,
And from that hour, on nothing could we her thoughts engage;
She was at it till she wore out every shoe.—*Chorus.*

I knew that she was courting, and one day her masher came
To ask me if he could my daughter wed;
Of course I gave permission, said that he might change her name.
So off to church the silly couple fled.
He came the other morning, he wants us to take her back,
And said that he the honor must decline
Of living with a serpent with twirlies on the hair;
He'd be happier in the silvery serpentine.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE WARRIOR BOLD.

Written by T. H. Tooker.

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In days not old, when nights were cold,
And Jack Frost held his sway,
A masher bold, with wings of gold,
Sang merrily his lay-hay-hay,
Sang merrily his lay:
"My love is wondrous fair, with lots of cash to spare;
And though it's cold, 'tis swell, I'm told.
No overcoat to wear;
So I'll be bold, and though it's cold,
No overcoat I'll wear."

So this brave wight, in clothing tight,
Went forward to the fray;
He danced all night, but ere 'twas light,
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay-hay-hay,
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay.
His little chest was sore, with mustard plasters raw;
But ere he died he faintly cried:
"I've kept the swear I swore,
A swell am I, you bet your eye,
No overcoat I wore."

LITTLE JENNIE.

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One sweet flower has dropped and faded, one sweet infant voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded, one dear schoolmate now is dead.

She has gone to heaven before us, but she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us in that happy spirit land.

But we feel no thought of sadness, for our friend is happy now.
She has knelt in heartfelt gladness where the happy angels bow.

LUBIN'S RURAL COT.

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Returning home across the plain from market the other day,
A sudden storm of wind and rain o'ertook me by the way;
With speed I tripped o'er the plain to find some kinder spot,
And from the storm a shelter found in Lubin's rural cot.

CHORUS.

In Lubin's rural cot, in Lubin's rural cot,
And from the storm a shelter found in Lubin's rural cot.

The swain had long possessed the flame which modesty concealed,
And till these favored moments came his passions ne'er revealed;
Will you consent, fair maiden, said he, to share my humble lot,
Return my love and mistress be of Lubin's rural cot?—*Chorus.*

He spoke so fair, it pleased my mind; I blushing answered yes;
He swore he would prove true and kind, and sealed it with a kiss.
Next day the wedding-ring was brought, I all my fears forgot,
And bless the day I shelter found in Lubin's rural cot.—*Chorus.*

MARY JANE;

—OR:—

A Woeful Tale of Love.

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Written and Composed by Arthur Pearl.

Down in the country, far away, there dwelt a blushing lass;
By making buttermilk and such her time she used to pass;
From New York town there came one day a rather mashing youth,
Who told her lots of love-tales, but with very little truth.

CHORUS.

Mary Jane was a farmer's daughter, Mary Jane did just what she oughter—
She fell in love, but all in vain, oh, poor Mary, oh, poor Jane!
Mary Jane was a farmer's daughter, Mary Jane did just what she oughter—
She fell in love, but all in vain, oh, poor Mary, oh, poor Jane.

Thus things went on a month or so, and Mary felt quite gay,
Until one night sweet William said, "My dear, I must away!"
I'll have to walk to New York town, I'm in a fix divine,
My purse I've lost—what shall I do? Poor Mary said, "Take mine."—*Chorus.*

Bill borrowed all the cash she had, and, like a wicked elf,
He thought no more of Mary Jane, he laughed within himself,
And as the months went rolling on, "No letter yet," she sighed;
He never will return to me, and so with love she died.—*Chorus.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

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Under the snow are the roses of June;
Cold in our bosom the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild birds that warble their tune;
Mute are the lips that have pledged us their troth.
Wind of the winter's night hush and reply—
Is there—oh, is there a sweet bye and bye?
Roses will bloom again, sweet love will come again;
It will be summer time bye and bye.

Patience and toil are the meed of to-day;
Toil without recompense, patience in vain;
Darkness and terror lie thick in our way;
Our footsteps keep time with the angels of day.
Wind of the winter's night hush and reply—
Is there—oh! is there a sweet bye and bye?
Roses will bloom again, sweet love will come again;
It will be summer time bye and bye.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter and cold as the snow;
But bye and bye will the deeds and the place
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
Wind of the winter's night, hush and reply,
Is there, oh! is there a sweet bye and bye?
Dark will grow bright again, burdens grow light again,
Right will be glorified bye and bye.

Parody on:

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

When a man gets tired of working then he takes a loving wife;
But he should be careful whose he takes, or he may lose his life.
She, of course, takes in dressmaking, anything goes in a pinch;
She gives him all she is earning; he don't work—he has a cinch.

CHORUS.

With an axe you could not drive him from his own fireside,
With a cannon you could never make him roam;
He's as lazy as a turk, and he's too strong to work;
Oh, there's no place like home, sweet home.

Once a jay to this town rambled, on the Bowery he did walk;
Every one who saw his whiskers knew he was a country gawk,
He had several hundred dollars, and he met a lady sweet,
Who took him and all his money for a walk on a side street.

CHORUS.

He's sorry that he rambled from his own fireside,
He's sorry that to this town he did roam;
To save more money he'll contrive, he's in luck to be alive,
And get back to his home, sweet home.

Once a dude got very reckless, drank a glass of Ruppert's beer,
Then the dude got feeling devilish, for his head got feeling queer;
And his pals got very sporty, made with him a dollar bet
That he could not without fainting smoke one whole big cirgrette.

CHORUS.

A hearse took him next morning from his own fireside,
Away out to a graveyard it did roam;
The poor dude he is gone, the cirgrette was too strong;
Up above is his home, sweet home.

MINE, ALL MINE.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Such a pair of love-sick people never dreamt love's foolish dream,
Life was made of gum and candy, tutti-frutti, jam and cream;
When at last this love-sick couple in the marriage bonds were tied,
This is what the gushing bridegroom said unto the blushing bride:

CHORUS.

"You're mine, love, mine love; is it not really divine, love?
I am all thine, thou art all mine, mine, all mine.

Love that burns so very brightly does not last so very long;
In three weeks they got to jangling, ev'ry day, crash! bash! ding-dong!
She demanded Edward's latch-key, but that favor he denied.
When she vowed that she would have it, with a laugh he thus replied:

CHORUS.

*It's mine, love, mine, love; is it not really divine, love?
This is not thine, it is all mine, mine, all mine.

*Singer holds up latch-key while this chorus is sung.

Then the wife grew almost frantic, took to preaching "Woman's Rights!"
Spouted on a public platform, causing sad domestic fights.
One day she said to her husband, "I will wear the trousers, too!"
Edward laughed and gaily answered, "Mine are far too big for you!"

SPOKEN—Besides,

CHORUS.

They're mine, love, mine, love; they are too large and too fine, love;
These are not thine, they are all mine, mine, all mine!

Day by day the strife grew fiercer, night by night she'd rave and rail;
Once, while she was at a meeting, he arranged a household sale.
Took the dollars, packed his boxes, then to Liverpool he fled.
When she reached the ransacked dwelling, from his pen these words she read:

SPOKEN—Ta, ta! I have sold everything, everything, including even your new set of teeth. As I paid for them, of course—

CHORUS.

They're mine, love, mine, love; "Uncle" declares they are fine, love;
What's left is thine, what's mine is mine, mine, all mine.

—Two Great Futures Open.—"Well, Mr. Pedagogue, does my boy show any special aptitude for work?" asked the proud father. "I think so, Mr. Bronson," returned the schoolmaster. "I am uncertain as yet whether John will make a sculptor or a base-ball player. He is unerring in his aim with paper wads, but the condition of his desk-top convinces me that he can carve with considerable facility."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

SPEAK KINDLY OF TOM.

Written by John Farrell.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

In the old homestead to-night young hearts are beating
With love and good friendship for all,
And over the door the mistletoe is hanging,
While the snowflakes outside gently fall.
The hour it is midnight, and merry young voices
Welcome the dawn of the year;
But alone, by the fireside, two aged hearts are sad,
And their eyes fill slowly with tears.
The old couple rise, and the laughing throng
For a moment are calm and still;
Two voices plead gently, as the bells sweetly chime,
To welcome the new year in:

CHORUS.

Speak kindly of Tom, who died far away, fighting for country and queen;
A comrade to save, he died like the brave, so please keep his memory green.

The old couple returned to their place by the fireside,
While the children sang merrily on.
Their thoughts were in Egypt, by a lone soldier's grave,
Where lay their wayward Tom.
Handsome and reckless, always doing and daring,
But noble and good withal
Was the boy who fled in disgrace from his birthplace,
To fight for his country and fall;
A voice to-night is missed in the homestead,
And a form that was once their pride;
But kind words are spoken, as the bells sweetly chime,
Of the soldier boy who died.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ONLY DREAMING.

Written by T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

One day while at the race track, a tout gave me a tip on a horse:
He said it was a dead sure thing, there was no chance to lose, of course.
I then thanked him very kindly, and, just before he went away,
Gave him $2 for the tip, for it made me feel quite gay.
Then to the bookmaker's stand I quickly went and laid $20 down,
And got 10 to 1 on this dark horse, which done me up quite brown.
Now I never will forget the day, nor how the "bookies" they did grin
When I said, "I'll see you later, boys, for this horse will surely win."

CHORUS.

But I was dreaming, only dreaming,
For the horse wasn't in the race at all;
I really thought I was going to win
Some of the "foxy" bookmaker's tin;
But I was dreaming, only dreaming—that was all.

'Twas at New Orleans, not long ago, there was a great prize-fight.
Of course you've heard how Corbett won the world's championship that night;
Though sporting people everywhere said he wouldn't last a minute
If John L. hit him once or twice—he simply wouldn't be "in it."
Phil Casey said that James J. Corbett was only travelling on his shape,
And when the fight was over his family would be wearing crape."
Charley Johnston and Jim Wakely, too, yes, even had the nerve to say
He'd never be champion of the world, because he wasn't built that way.

CHORUS.

But they were dreaming, only dreaming;
John L. Sullivan wasn't in the fight at all;
For at New Orleans that night
Jim Corbett knocked him out of sight,
And left him dreaming, only dreaming—that was all.

One night I met a friend of mine, who's been a bachelor all his life;
Although a favorite with the ladies, the poor fellow never had a wife.
And though I think the world of him, and he thinks the same of me,
Yet—strange to say, but it's a fact—it seems we never can agree.
Now we soon got in an argument about the styles the ladies wear.
I said that bustles were the rage and fifty *Journals* made a small affair;
But he contradicted me and said: "You're talking thro' your hat!"
Said I, "Not on your natural life—never in a case like that!"

CHORUS.

But I was dreaming, only dreaming;
Tho' a married man, I didn't know it all.
Yes, I asked my wife that night,
And she said my friend was right,
For she hadn't worn a bustle since last fall.

My friend's a walking encyclopædia—he's the man that knows it all.
He only weighs one hundred pounds, but ninety of that is gall.
I met him again the other day, and having nothing else to do,
We adjourned into a bar-room, where we had a drink or two;
But, just as I was feeling good—in fact, we both were jolly tight—
I got into another argument with him, which nearly ended in a fight.
I said there really wasn't a man throughout the whole United States
Whom we could compare with Sampson for strength or lifting heavy weights.

CHORUS.

But I was dreaming, only dreaming;
Sampson wasn't the strongest man, after all;
I scarcely could believe 'twas so
Until my friend said, "You must know
That Grover Cleveland *carried* 23 states last fall."

Parody on:

WE NEVER SPEAK HER NAME.

Written and Sung by Carpenter & French, Comedians and Vocalists.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

We never speak her name again, she left us long ago;
Her little shoes were full of feet, her mouth was full of dough.
The night was hot and frosty when she bade us all "good-bye,"
But none of us could shed a tear, no matter how we'd try.
She ran off with a Russian Jew, at last they married got;
Her name has nineteen letters, not a vowel in the lot.
We all tried to pronounce it, but the struggle was in vain,
And so we had to give it up—we never speak her name.

CHORUS.

We cry to do it, we'd die to do it; we try to do it each day;
Our tongues get tied up in a knot, our teeth are in the way.
When father tried, he broke his face, poor mother did the same;
The rest have got the lockjaw—so we never speak her name.

She left us many years ago; we haven't seen her since;
Poor father wandered 'round the house, his face tied up in splints;
He swore he would pronounce that name, and so once more he tried,
But all in vain, his jaw dropped off, he gasped and gently died.
Now when we gather 'round the hearth, her name is never heard;
Our teeth fall out whene'er we try to speak that awful word,
So when we want to mention her—it is an awful shame—
We have to stop and whistle, for we never speak her name.

CHORUS.

Our teeth are warped, our mouths are cracked, our tongues are black and blue;
Our vocal chords are paralyzed, our jaws are broke in two.
"The poor girl didn't know, you know," she wasn't all to blame,
But we might as well be deaf and dumb—we never speak her name.

They Wanted Me to Take His Place.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

Now do not get offended, please, because I start to sing,
For if I hadn't come out here this curtain down they'd ring.
The man who ought to sing this song, inside was taken sick;
As I was standing idle there, they grabbed me very quick.

CHORUS.

For they wanted me to take his place and do the best I could;
They said go on and sing the song—I told them that I would;
They're standing there to watch me now, my actions just to see;
They said you can't get more than killed—how pleasant that would be.

Old P. T. Barnum's great big show is in an awful stew;
They lost their curiosity and don't know what to do.
It happened just a week ago, and how they wept and cried
When through the crowd it quickly spread, the big babboon had died.

CHORUS.

And they wanted me to take his place and do the best I could,
And be locked in a great big cage, with monkeys bad and good;
They'd call me "Crowley" No. 2—the kids stick pins in me;
They'd feed me caudies and peanuts—how pleasant that would be.

McCarty and McCloskey, too, had matched their dogs to fight;
They posted $50 each to fight for Friday night;
We all went out to Cody's place—McCarty's dog was there,
But they couldn't find McCloskey nor his "bull pup" anywhere.

CHORUS.

And they wanted me to take his place and do the best I could;
They said, "Go in, my boy, and win; we know your pluck is good";
They tried to make me strip my coat and fight the dog, you see;
He'd eat my eyes, my nose and ears—how pleasant that would be.

My sister had a policy upon her husband's life;
He ran away and left her broke—a disappointed wife.
She said if he were only dead the insurance she could claim;
So she bought a coffin, and on it she had engraved his name.

CHORUS.

And she wanted me to take his place, and do the best I could
To play off dead and be nailed up in a coffin made of wood,
And when the mourners had all gone, she said she'd let me free;
Perhaps she might forget it though—how pleasant that would be.

—She Wanted to Be a Bird.—A certain young gentleman is courting a young lady. He called on her a few evenings ago. She seemed to be under the weather, and there was a peculiar drug-store smell in the room. "What ails you, my darling?" he cooed. "I wish I was a bird," sighed the young lady. "So you could fly into my arms?" queried John, suggestively. "No; I want to be a bird, so I could not get the toothache any more," replied the lady, swinging on her jaw and groaning audibly.—*Texas Siftings.*

JACK'S THE LAD.

Copyright, 1892, by Hopwood & Crew.

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Words by George Horncastle. Music by Nellie L'Estrange.

There is a man we all admire, so tarry and so greasy, oh!
Who never has a thought of care; he takes his life so easy, oh!
And as he sails across the seas, enjoys his salt-junk daily, oh!
And though he never has a "brown," can turn up his "quids" so gaily, oh!

CHORUS.

Jack's the lad, Jack's the lad, always gay and frisky, oh!
Jack's the lad, Jack's the lad, to lower the rum and the whiskey, oh!
At keeping his feet he's handy, oh! his legs are rather bandy, oh!
A rollicking, frollicking son of the sea, is sailor Jack the Dandy, oh!

Who stows away his tot of rum, and of it ne'er grows weary, oh!
And though he's very often "tight," can hoist his "slacks" so cheery, oh!
Who's been wrecked twenty times at least, but doesn't seem to care a bit,
Who at the skipper and the mate was never yet known to swear a bit.—*Chorus.*

Who is it takes the lassies on? of every size and sort, you know;
Who is it boasts that he has got a wife in every port you know?
Who vows he loves them one and all, and ever faithful he will be,
But when he's out of sight of land, goes tickling mermaids in the sea?—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

We Never Speak As We Pass By.

Written and Sung by Frank O. French.

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The row is past, the scrap is o'er, I lay half-dead upon the floor.
My wife stood o'er me, with a stick, the recollection makes me sick.
My ribs are broke, my shoulder's laine, my head is bowed with grief and shame;
'Twas just a little family row—my wife came out on top, and now—

CHORUS.

We never speak as we pass by, for, with a club, she blacked my eye.
With her mamma now lives my wife; I won't go back, you bet your life.

A friend of mine, who lived alone, he played upon a slide trombone.
I had him come one night to tea, and asked him if he'd play for me.
Before he played I used him fine, set up the whiskey, beer and wine,
But when he got around to play, he played "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

CHORUS.

We never speak as we pass by—I, with a chair, knocked out his eye,
And as his funeral passed to-day I sang "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

A girl I used to call my own got locked into the house alone;
She wanted to get out, she roared; so up to her I placed a board.
Now in that board there was a nail; to notice it, I, somehow, failed;
She said she'd do as she was bid; I yelled, "My darling, slide!" She slid.

CHORUS.

We never speak as we pass by—I thought that girl would really die.
I, even now, can plainly trace that "board" expression on her face.

Parody on:

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

Written and Sung by Frank O. French.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Everybody has a sweetheart underneath the rose,
Everybody loves a girl with bunions on her toes.
I've a sweetheart—you should see her pretty little feet—
Every evening I can hear her coming down the street.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's a horrible fake;
I wish I could give her the shake.
Oh! it gives me a pain, just to see her again,
For she don't know enough to go in when it rains.
I went down to the city this noon
And bought me a great big balloon,
And I'll ship off this "chip," with her grip, on a trip
To make love to the man in the moon.

I have often wondered if she ever bathes her feet;
There's a sort of fragrance from them that is far from sweet.
Her hair is green, her eyes are auburn, she weighs three hundred and eight;
We often have a break-down when she's swinging on our gate.

CHORUS.

Last night when the stars went to bed,
She climbed up on our woodshed,
And she sang unto me "The Light-house by the Sea,"
And "Here, oh! my darling, I'm waiting for thee."
Oh! I'll lay for that chippie to-night
With a can of compressed dynamite,
And if she does come, I'll explode the whole bomb,
And my sweetheart will be out of sight.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR ME.

Sung with great success by John McBride.

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When I was a gambler my business it was fine,
I played penny ante in a dizzy shanty, and the limit it was a dime;
I held four kings, the cursed things, and I bet away like a prince,
But the other fellow sat with four aces pat, and I've been broke ever since.

CHORUS.

Once was enough for me, tra la la,
Once was enough for me;
I was fooling with the deck, and I got it in the neck,
Once was enough for me.

There was a country chap so witty, one time came to this city,
Who thought on all the tips he was fly;
So this jolly, jolly joker thought he'd try his hand at poker,
So, of course, he went into the game.
He played there for hours, never dreaming of the bowers
That the other fellow held for a joke;
But the poor slob bet away, and he never had his say
Until he went home broke.

CHORUS.

Once was enough for him, tra la la,
Once was enough for him;
Early in the morn he went back to hoe the corn,
Once was enough for him.

One time a friend of mine he spied a saloon,
And thought that he'd go in;
He loved the flicker that flickers in the liquor,
That's talked of as old Holland gin.
Hello, there! he cried, as the waiter he spied,
I'll drink whiskey this time, you bet;
When a gay bartender, so big and so slender,
Gave him water to drink instead.

CHORUS.

Once was enough for him, tra la la,
Once was enough for him;
Loudly he did cry: "Do you think I want to die?"
Once was enough for him.

Parody on:

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE

By Tony Pastor.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Some prefer to cross the ocean, in far distant lands to roam;
Others have extreme devotion for their nice and pleasant home.
There's the husband, out, as usual, till the stars are growing dim,
Knowing that his wife is waiting with a little club for him.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander to his own fireside,
He much prefers about the streets to roam;
For he knows there will be war, and for good old solid jaw,
There is no place like home, sweet home.
He's been thro' all the racket, so he stays away,
He knows his little wife his hair will comb.
For she waits up every night, and she's looking for a fight,
So he sneaks by his home, sweet home.

There's the good and quiet husband—lots of them I see about;
Simple wives think they are angels, till they find the rascals out.
Some day, in his inside pocket, she observes a letter small,
And he knows she'll interview him when she meets him in the hall.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander to his own fireside,
He thinks it's nicer out of doors to roam;
If that note from Maud or Jane to his wife he can't explain,
There'll be no place like home, sweet home.
She reads it to her "mommer," and they're primed for him—
He wishes he could skip beyond the foam.
For to face the music there, on his life he wouldn't dare—
Oh, there's fun now in home, sweet home.

See the father, proud and happy, when his daily toil is o'er,
With what sweet anticipation he'll approach his cottage door,
Lots of little chubby darlings he sees toddling all about,
Will his wife be there to greet him? No; the fire and she are out.

CHORUS.

Oh, how he'd like to wander from his own fireside,
He wonders where that wife of his can roam;
All the kids they pull his hair, while he cooks his supper there,
Oh, there's no place like home, sweet home.
They plaster up his whiskers with tomato soup,
While o'er his weary form they wildly roam;
And the butter-plate they spill, and his lap with grease they fill—
Oh, there's no place like home, sweet home.

—What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.

Parody on:

I Saw Her in the Violet Time.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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I saw her at the milking time, the cow was standing still;
She hummed a sweet inspiring rhyme, while she the pail did fill.
She milked away and filled the pail with milk so pure and white,
When that old cow did shake her tail and send her "out of sight";
When that old cow did shake her tail and send her "out of sight."

I saw her flying through the sky, 'twas dress-goods on the wing;
Her hose were of the reddest dye, with now and then a ring
Of yellow that full soon did fade as she sailed out of sight.
Beyond the blue her way she made in her swift upward flight;
Beyond the blue her way she made in her swift upward flight.

I saw her in a muddy hole some hours later on;
Her limbs were stiff, her heart was cold, her once bright smile was gone.
Her eyes smiled not on me again, she said I was N. G.,
Or I, her modesty so pained, would not stand by and see;
Or I, her modesty so pained, would not stand by and see.

JENNIE DUNN.

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Words and Music by Wittey & Leonard.

There's a charming little lady, that does keep a baker shop,
And supplies near all the tenants that does live around our block;
You can see them in the morning going for their bread and pie,
Of course, this little lady keeps a wee drop on the sly.
We go there every evening, just to pass the time away,
To sing a song and tell a joke, or a game of cards to play;
She's loved by ev'rybody, we could name a score or more,
And we'll tell you of some neighbors who come in the widow's door.

CHORUS.

First comes little Jennie Dunn, who does walk this way for fun;
Then comes Fogarty, the bandy-legged tailor;
Then comes Mr. Mike Magee, who's a butcher, don't you see,
With a cousin of his, Jack O'Brien, the sailor.
There's the cobbler, Myrtle Flynn, who has lots of tin,
And his wife, who is the daughter of a nailer;
Sure, we gather there galore, at the little widow's store,
For we love her, and we spend our money freely.

Now the widow is a credit to the neighbors all around,
For she treats us all so cheerly, no fault with her can be found;
We wouldn't miss an evening at the widow's, don't you see,
We know this little lady will be wed some day, you see.
And then we'll have a wedding, 'twill surprise one and all,
We'll send out invitations and invite you all to call;
We'll whiskey give and lager beer, champagne by the score,
And ev'rybody's welcome that comes in the widow's door.—*Chorus.*

PLAYTHINGS.

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

In a long-forgotten nook, upon the attic old,
All by chance I found the toys that once gave joys untold;
Covered o'er with dust of years, they lay upon the floor,
Yet they brought to me the days I'll gaze upon no more.
There was still the ball and top my mother gave to me,
Once again I seemed to climb upon her loving knee;
There the little wagon lay; I took it up and smiled,
Thinking of the joys it brought when I was but a child.

CHORUS.

Playthings, playthings, mine in the dear long ago;
Playthings, playthings, bright are the dreams that glow;
Playthings, playthings, when all around me smiled;
Tears now fall on the playthings I had when but a child.

Where are now the happy hearts that joined my childish glee?
Where the mother's joyous smile that seemed like heaven to me?
Yonder is the vacant chair where father watched me play—
Every tiny broken toy recalls his face to-day.
Once again at twilights' close my mother breathes a prayer;
Oh, the gentle good-night kiss I seem to fondly share;
'Round me now I seem to hear her voice in warning mild;
'Twas she gave these toys to me when I was but a child.—*Chorus.*

Life has brought us playthings new since childhood's happy day;
What are all its gains but toys that quickly fade away?
Here beside these playthings old, I wander once again
Back to home's delightful hours that knew no cloud of pain;
So these toys my childhood knew I'll treasure in my heart.
For the touch of loving hands from them can ne'er depart.
Tho' from early days the thought by care is oft beguiled,
Dear shall be these broken toys I had when but a child.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There's music in the air when I get up in the night,
And I can plainly hear tomcats engaged in fight;
How I wish those cats were dead, so I could go back to bed;
From the back yard wall out there comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air when the small boy's in the toils,
The rod falls heavily on his back and bursts his boils;
Oh, he yells with all his might, as the licks fall not so light;
From the small boy's mouth is where comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air when father treads a tack,
With his foot, of stocking bare, in the night so dark and black;
How the blue smoke does arise, floats away up toward the skies;
From his lips, in language rare, comes the music in the air.

HOW SALVATOR WON.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

The gate was thrown open, I rode out alone,
More proud than a monarch who sits on a throne.
I am but a jockey, but shout upon shout
Went up from the people who watched me ride out;
And the cheers that rang forth from that warm-hearted crowd
Were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er bowed.

My heart thrilled with pleasure, so keen it was pain,
As I patted my Salvator's soft silken mane;
And a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand
As we passed by the multitude down to the stand.
The great waves of cheering came billowing back,
As the hoofs of brave Tenny ran swift down the track;
And he stood there beside us, all bone and all muscle,
Our noble opponent, well trained for the tussle
That waited us there on the smooth shining course.
My Salvator, fair to the lovers of horse,
As a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight—
Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean limbed and bright,
Stood taking the plaudits as only his due
And nothing at all unexpected or new.

And then, there before us the bright flag is spread,
There's a roar from the grand stand, and Tenny's ahead;
At the sound of the voices that shouted "a go!"
He sprang like an arrow shot straight from the bow.
I tighten the reins on Prince Charlie's great son,
He is off like a rocket, the race is begun.
Half way down the furlong their heads are together,
Scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a feather,
Past grand stand, and judges, in neck-to-neck strife,
Ah, Salvator, boy! 'tis the race of your life.

I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge—
I feel him go out with a leap and a surge;
I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride,
While backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside.
We are nearing the turn, the first quarter is passed—
'Twixt leader and chaser the daylight is cast;
The distance elongates, still Tenny sweeps on,
As graceful and free-limbed and swift as a fawn.
His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all strained—
A noble opponent, well born and well trained.

I glanced o'er my shoulder—hah, Tenny, the cost
Of that *one second's flagging* will be—the race lost.
One second's weak yielding of courage and strength,
And the daylight between us has doubled its length.
The first mile is covered, the race is *mine*—no!
For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow.
He shoots through the air like a ball from a gun,
And the two lengths between us are shortened to one.
My heart is contracted, my throat feels a lump,
For Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's rump;
And now with new courage, grown bolder and bolder,
I see him once more running shoulder to shoulder.
With knees, hands and body I press my grand steed;
I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to heed;
Oh, Salvator, Salvator! list to my calls,
For the blow of my whip will hurt both if it falls.
There's a roar from the crowd like the ocean in storm,
As close to my saddle leaps Tenny's great form;
One more mighty plunge, and with knee, limb and hand
I lift my horse first by a nose past the stand.
We are under the string now—the great race is done,
And Salvator, Salvator, Salvator won!

Cheer, hoar-headed patriarchs! cheer loud, I say;
'Tis the race of a century witnessed to-day;
Though ye live twice the space that's allotted to men
Ye never will see such a grand race again.
Let the shouts of the populace roar like the surf
For Salvator, Salvator, king of the turf;
He has rivalled the record for thirteen long years,
He has won the first place in the vast line of peers.
'Twas a neck-to-neck contest, a grand, honest race,
And even his enemies grant him his place.
Down into the dust let old records be hurled,
And hang out 2:05 in the gaze of the world.

IF WE COULD ONLY BRING THEM BACK AGAIN.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

For years I've been away, and came home yesterday,
But all my sweetest, fondest hopes are fled;
I find myself bereft of those I loved and left—
My father and my mother now are dead.
In anger I left home, to cross the briny foam,
Without a parting kiss of sweet good-bye;
Ah, little I thought then, I'd ne'er see them again,
That I had left them all alone to die

CHORUS.

'Tis only when they're gone our words we think upon,
How often we have filled their hearts with pain;
When cruel death arrives, we'd almost give our lives,
If we could only bring them back again.

A stranger held the note which my poor mother wrote,
I read it through while scalding tears fell fast;
"My darling son," it said, "you'll read this when I'm dead,
Just kiss this letter and forget the past."
Those words ring in my ears, and, in the coming years,
They'll cling around my mem'ry with regret;
The harsh words said to her will oft and oft recur,
She may forgive, but I can ne'er forget.—*Chorus.*

I CHANGED MY MIND.

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Words and Music by Arthur Seldon.

When I was young my mother used to worry ev'ry day
To find a real good servant girl, and then to have her stay;
My father thought this very queer, and oftimes they would fight,
I used to think my mother wrong and think my father right.

CHORUS.

I changed my mind, I have a servant now,
And since I have I wish that I was dead;
Once my home was all my own, but, ah me, that time has flown,
My servant girl now is the boss in stead.

I used to court a pretty little charmer down the street,
To my disgust I found that she another chap did meet;
I vowed to have his blood, so laid in wait for him one night,
To let him know just who I was, but when he hove in sight—

CHORUS.

I changed my mind, I did not like his looks,
He was so broad, and taller by a head;
But to fight some one I meant, so straight home I quickly went,
And I whacked my little brother John instead.

I always liked athletics, so a football team I joined,
I didn't know the game at first, but then I quickly learned;
We had such sport at practice that I ached to play a game,
I knew I'd make a record as a wonder, gain a name.

CHORUS.

I changed my mind, just as we made a start
They picked me up in pieces, almost dead;
As the ball was not in sight, for I gripped it very tight,
While the whole mob just kept kicking me instead.

The first time I got on a horse I'll always recollect,
They told me he was broken in, he nearly broke my neck;
I'd always thought horse riding was quite easy, hitherto,
But after half an hour of it I don't mind telling you.

CHORUS.

I changed my mind, he gave one final kick
And shot me like a rocket o'er my head:
When again I want to ride I shall either get inside,
Or get upon a rocking-horse instead.

—Barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face." Victim: "It's all healed up now."

—It is always well to make the best of small accidents. This was the opinion, at any rate, of a certain colored barber, who, in cutting a gentleman's hair, snipped off the top of his ear. The customer leaped out of the chair with a wild shriek. "Ow," he screamed, "you've cut off a piece of my ear!" "Sho—don't car'y on so, boss," said the barber, "'tain't enough for to affect de hearin'."

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

125 W. Madison St., CHICAGO. 130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK.

McGILLIGAN'S WEDDING.

Sung by G. W. Hunter.

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At the neat little church of old Father McEmber,
One morn in September, 'tis well I remember,
'Twas close on a frost, cold enough for December,
When Barney McGilligan's wedding took place;
The bride was the charming Patricia O'Brady,
A neat little lady, who turned up O'Thady
Because a jackass of his ugly self made he,
And joined the militia, bad scran to his face!
The parson was there and neighbors galore,
With Bridget O'Moore and bridesmaids a score;
They had patent linoleum right up the floor,
To carry the thing out in style.

The scene in the vestry was over and done,
The two were made one; we laughed at the fun;
And for a salute, Kelly fired off his gun.
As slowly they came down the aisle,
'Twas nothing but kissing and laughing and crying;
The organ was playing, the boys were hurrahing,
For good luck to both widow Brady was praying;
And tears big as eggs they were shedding.
They pelted the elegant couple with rice,
Old slippers and shoes; it was awfully nice—
Well, I wished I'd been married myself, once or twice,
In the church at McGilligan's wedding.

To breakfast we went after these ceremonies;
'Twas held at Maloney's, the worst of old cronies;
The joints were hog's trotters and pickeled polonies,
With bride cake and little boys naked on top.
Says I, "It is time now the cake to be carving;"
Without more palaving, the bride commenced jaring.
O'Doyle took the first piece as if he was starving,
When Barney McGilligan told him to stop.
He swore hard and fast if O'Doyle touched the cake,
Without any mistake a fair ruction he'd make,
And nigh every bone in his body he'd break,
And terrible things he would do;

But Mr. O'Doyle simply murmured, "All right;
If you're so polite, I'm ready to fight."
So they cleared all the tables and chairs out of sight,
And then came a hullabaloo.
For each tried the other to give a good licking,
With dodging and tricking, and scratching and kicking,
Their fingers in each other's eyes they were sticking,
And gallons of gore they were shedding;
When right in the midst of the bother and scene,
Somehow or other I got shoved in between;
And both took my head for a punching-machine,
On the day of McGilligan's wedding.

Now when they had finished their noses a-ringing,
The all commenced singing; the fiddler was stringing,
And his old fiddle pong-panging and pinging,
To get it tuned up for the dancing all square.
Father McGee the flute was trumbing,
The piano strumming, a funny tune humming,
'Twix "God Save the Queen" and "The Campbells Are Coming,"
A conglomerated and mixed up affair.
Then sweet Kitty Flynn for a partner I found,
A dancer renowned; we went skipping 'round,
Like any race horse we got over the ground,
Till I suddenly missed Kitty Flynn.

I searched through the place; I went on every floor,
No Kitty I saw; I raved and I swore;
But I found her at last with a round dozen more,
Making love to a gallon of gin.
We kept up the singing and dancing and laughing,
All merrily chaffing, the pongelow quaffing,
Some of 'em whiskeying, others four-halfing,
Till I made allusion to bedding;
Then Mr. McGilligan ended the rout,
Says he to his wife, "You are sleepy, no doubt;"
And he opened the door and he flung us all out,
On the night of his glorious wedding.

Going home, Ted McMollow such queer songs did holloa,
That blackguards did follow. Says I to McMollow,
"Just come to my house and a thimbelful swallow,
And wait till the rascals have gone out of sight."
He did, and we drank till we scarcely could waddle;
It got in my noddle. Says Ted, "I shall toddle."
I felt like a mooney half-screwed molly-coddle,
And scarcely could speak, but I murmured "Good-night!"
Then rolled into bed—that they'd gone, I'd no doubt—
But when he went out they set up a shout,
And gave him an elegant smack on the snout,
And busted out laughing like mad.

I rushed to the door and there I found Ted—
Well, nearly half dead. "Who's done it?" I said;
When somebody dropped half a brick on my head;
Which made me feel awfully bad;
The blackguards they gave me a kicking for nothing;
A thrashing and slashing, a bashing and boshing.
My bandages now form a tidy week's washing;
While they on the "mill" are now treading.
Should McGilligan's wife die, I am very sure he
At his second wedding will never see me;
I will go to his funeral with pleasure and glee,
But never again to his wedding.

PADDY LOVES A SHAMROCK.

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Paddy loves a shamrock, Johnny Bull a rose;
Sandy loves a thistle; and Taffy, we suppose,
Cot bless her, loves a leek; and yet, the truth to speak,
Our honor and a pretty girl we all love more than those.
Fol lol de rol de lol de fol de rol de ra.

Show us but the spalpeen would our rights oppose,
Johnny, Sandy, Pat and Taff would take him by the nose;
Together in a lump, we the universe would thump,
Should they venture to cadoodle us, as ev'rybody knows.
Fol lol de rol de lol de fol de rol de ra.

Crowdy, beef and whiskey, buttermilk and cheese,
Make a body frisky, like a bag of fleas;
And if for these we fight, how much greater the delight
To stick up for a petticoat, whoever may say please.
Fol lol de rol de lol de fol de rol de ra.

WHEN WILL YOU MEET ME AGAIN, NORAH?

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When will you meet me again, Norah?
Tell me, I pray, ere you go.
When in the woods I am lonely straying,
Time passes slowly, you know.
Say, shall it be when the moon, so shy,
Peeps out to-night in the clouded sky,
Down by the stile at the end of the lane?
Say will you meet me again, oh!
When will you meet me again, Norah?
Let it be early to-night,
For near the stile you will find me waiting,
Out in the pale moonlight.

Chorus.

Down in the lane, meet me again,
Long I've been faithful and true;
Oh, say you'll be there to-night, my Norah,
I've something to whisper to you.

When will you meet me again, Norah?
When shall I see the bright smile
That often has chased my sadness away,
When we have met at the stile.
Daily to me have you grown more dear,
Life has no charms when you are not near;
Let me not plead then so often in vain;
Say you will meet me again.
When will you meet me again, Norah?
Let it be early to-night,
For near the stile you will find me waiting,
Out in the pale moonlight.—*Chorus.*

AN IRISH GIRL'S OPINION.

Sung by Miss Nellie Farrell.

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An Irish girl, and proud of it, a word I'd like to say
About the state of Erin's isle, my native place, to-day;
And those with Irish blood in them will understand me best,
And feel for those poor peasants who are starving in the west—
Rack-rented, oft evicted, and turned out in the snow;
The sky their only shelter, not knowing where to go.
'Tis scenes like these that shake our faith in England and its throne;
Oh! is the good time coming when the land shall be our own?

Chorus.

For John Bull lives in England, Taffy lives in Wales,
Sandy lives in Scotland, and weathers all the gales;
Paddy fights for England, as everybody knows,
Then give to him old Ireland where the shamrock grows.

I've seen the big ship crowded and ready for to start.
I've seen the aged mother from her only darling part;
I've seen the bitter tears that fell upon the big ship's deck,
From a soldier-lad whose new-made bride was clinging 'round his neck.
In days gone by, they tell us, in story-book and rhyme,
The hangman and his rope were very busy all the time;
But, thanks to Dan O'Connell, whose picture you have seen,
There's not a pow'r can hang us now for wearing of the green.—*Chorus.*

The Scotchman loves the thistle, as everybody knows,
He'd fight and die to save it and the land wherein it grows;
It's woe betide the man who of the thistle bad would speak,
And so it is with Taffy and the land that grows the leek.
Old England is the master of all her foreign foes;
The sweetest flower on earth is the darling little rose.
They all may love their emblems, but not one nation can
Erase the shamrock from the heart of every Irishman.—*Chorus.*

Oh! Had We Some Bright Little Isle of Our Own.

By Thomas Moore.

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Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own
In a blue Summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all Summer there.
With affection as free from decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee, living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

The Irishman and the Whale.

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If you have never heard the tale
Of Paddy swallowed by a whale,
Oh, list, and I to show it's true,
In his own words will tell it you.
Says he: "'Twas I my mother made
To go and larn the Greenland trade;
And I grew up as was her wish—
In catching whales, the mighty fish.
Och groan, och hone! all you that can,
One day a whale against us ran,
Capsized the boat, just like a pan,
And swallied me, O'Callahan.

I had been gobbled near a week,
When I was awakened by a squeak,
And lo! behold! my eyes did meet
A sarpent measuring ninety feet;
On seeing he was rather shy,
'You are American born?' says I.
Said he, 'Oh, yes! and guess I can—
I calculate you're an Irishman.'
Och groan, och hone! O'Callahan
The snake to say with me began,
'May every priest put in his ban,
The whale that swallys an Irishman.'

The viper said, as down he sot,
'This whale a babe in arms has got.'
'Sure then,' said I, 'I know a plan
By which to save us both you can:
Do you go up on some pretence,
And offer to nurse it free of expense;
She'll open her mouth at this, no doubt,
Then twist your tail and pull me out.'
Och groan, och hone! O'Callahan,
The creature said, 'I like the plan,
And may the priest put in his ban
The whale that swallys an Irishman.'

The sarpent done as I bade—
Became the fish's nursery-maid.
And though I held him by the tail,
He slipped his cable and set sail.
Och crocodile! ungrateful thief,
To leave me here without relief,
And robbed of hope of seeing day.
I said my prayers and swooned away.
Och groan, och hone! O'Callahan.
Sure didn't I suggest the plan?
May every priest put in his ban
The snake that cheats an Irishman.

I on a suddent was brought to,
All by a mighty hullabaloo;
The whale was caught, my own ship's crew
Just like a dream appeared in view;
Says they, 'Is that O'Callahan?'
'Hurroo!' says I, 'I am that man,
Once more alive above the ground,
With thanks to Providence, safe and sound.'
'Long life to you, O'Callahan!'
Says they, as I to pray began,
'May every priest put in his ban
The whale that swallys an Irishman.'

Now when I told 'em in the beast
That I had been six weeks, at least,
And how the snake would say the same,
But that he daren't appear for shame;
They laughed and swore both one and all
I'd never been there at all, at all.
That they had pulled me from the sea,
And now had just recovered me.
Och hone! says I, O'Callahan,
To hear the unbelieving clan!
But all they said, was 'Catch, who can,
The whale who swallied an Irishman.'

THE IRISHMAN'S HOME.

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Farewell to the cot on the mountain,
And the cradle that first lulled me to sleep;
Tears are falling from nature's own fountain,
As I breast on the waves of the deep.
Land of the loveliest and fairest,
Unmatched wheresoever we roam,
Every night as I rest on my pillow,
I pray for each Irishman's home.

We're going to the land where there's refuge,
From the oppression we're leaving behind;
And our cots ne'er again will they levy,
Or put us out on the bleak winter wind.
But we'll soon see the day we'll return
In splendor, like great ancient Rome,
When no one shall live on thee, poor Erin,
But the sons of each Irishman's home.

The sod that our fathers lie under,
The homes that the children must shun;
Where chieftains have oft fought and have conquered,
The swine-herd now bask in the sun!
But, dear Erin, we never forget thee,
Though fate may compel us to roam?
But ever long to return and make thee
The pride of each Irishman's home.

BOGIE BALFOUR.

Tune—"Whist, the Bogie Man." Words from TRUTH.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Come all you little Irish boys and listen now to me;
Come closer, and I'll tell you all about bad Mister B.
Come Pat and Mike and Larry, too, and Dennis, Dick and Dan,
And I will sing a little song about that bogie man;

CHORUS.

Oh, whist! whist! whist! here comes the bogie man!
And if you wink or whistle now he'll catch you if he can,
Oh, whist! whist! whist! here comes his prison van,
To take you off to jail if you should "boo" the bogie man.

He'll dodge your footsteps in the street, he'll listen to your talk,
His shadow will be close to you where'er you take a walk;
He'll bustle you and harry you and put you beneath a ban;
He'll chase you and he'll chivvy you, this Balfour bogie man.—*Chorus.*

He'll beat the door in of your house, and if the neighbors hoot,
He'll bid his bogie peelers then not hesitate to shoot.
He'll break the head of any one who dares to cheer "the Plan!"
And then will shrilly laugh ha! ha! this cruel bogie man.—*Chorus.*

Yet though he always seems at hand your actions to coerce,
Though every day throughout the land his tyranny grows worse;
And though his baton-blows you feel, his face you'll never scan,
For out of sight he always keeps—this Balfour bogie man.—*Chorus*

Search the Page of History.

Sung by Walter Munroe with great success.

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If an Irish lad just a word might say,
I'll sing to you now a peculiar lay,
Of my country, where tears wipe out every smile,
Which is known to the world as the emerald isle;
Where the girls are the fairest you ever did see.
But with England somehow we can never agree,
Bad luck to the quarrels, it keeps us all down,
Sure the shamrock's a friend to the rose and the crown.

CHORUS.

If you search the page of history, there you'll find,
Irishmen were never behind;
With his bayonet by his side, Pat has often turned the tide,
And helped to build the honor of old England.

On tablets of fame, if you are searching again,
Poets and statesmen, and valiant men;
Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and Brien Boru,
And Wellington great who gained famed Waterloo.
So that's why I say, and I still will maintain,
Our boys have fought hard in Victoria's reign,
And it is your duty, in truth you'll confess,
To help poor Pat when his land's in distress.—*Chorus.*

By a small strip of ocean our lands are apart,
But no strip at all can divide a true heart;
And that Paddy's heart is both loyal and true,
Is very soon found in the history of you.
On Majuba Hill Mountain their vengeance was swift,
And when will you ever forget the Rorke's Drift,
Or in the Soudan, deeds that never can fade,
Were done by the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.—*Chorus.*

ONLY A HERO.

By John Hayes.

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See the moon, how dim it shines, silently and grave,
O'er a tombstone in a graveyard where a soldier lays;
It was while in battle a bullet pierced his heart,
While fighting for his country like a hero did depart.

CHORUS.

Only a hero in slumber does sleep,
No friends to remember, no mother to weep;
He has gone with his comrades—far, far away,
So don't pass the grave where a hero does lay.

The birds at sunrise flock around, a song they sweetly sing,
Their echoes fill the land with joy and make the woodlands ring;
Not a flower or a rosebud upon his grave does bloom,
In sorrow deep there's none to weep but the birds and the pale moon.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD, OLD FRIENDS IN THE OLD, OLD HOME.

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Written by Norton Atkins and Felix McGlennon. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In my wand'ring dreams oft to me it seems
I can see the dear old home of youth;
Fields and pleasant glade where so oft I've played,
Home of beauty, virtue, love and truth.
Many years have past since I saw it last,
Since I went in foreign lands to roam;
And where'er I be, still I love to see
Faces of my dear old friends at home.

CHORUS.

Oh, the old, old friends in the old, old home,
Are they thinking of the wand'rer o'er the foam?
There's a vacant chair, and I'll soon be there,
In the old, old home.

O'er the distant years, thro' a mist of tears,
I recall my mother, fond and true;
"Good-bye, darling Jack, you will soon come back,"
Thus with broken voice she bade adieu.
Ah, the sad good-byes—tears were in all eyes
As once more I gripped each friendly hand;
Do they think of me, far across the sea,
Striving, toiling in a foreign land?—*Chorus.*

Once again I see faces dear to me,
Longing for the wanderer's return,
O'er the boundless tide by the old fireside
Once again to be my heart doth yearn.
Back to home and friends, there my journey ends.
Soon again I'll see my native shore;
Loving hearts will greet when at length we meet,
Meet to part on earth, ah, never more.—*Chorus.*

WE'D ANY AMOUNT OF BITES.

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Written by Wal Pink. Composed by R. Tennyson.

A friend of mine, who's fishing mad, proposed that I should go
With him to try a river where the fish enormous grow;
Said he: "Now I'll find everything." Next morning we left town,
Soon reached the river, fitted up, and directly we sat down.

CHORUS.

We had any amount of bites, a score of 'em or more of 'em,
Any amount—you couldn't count—the biting was so fast;
Well, although we'd come out for *bites*, without a doubt,
So many we had, I was glad when I found we'd reached the last.

I tired of feeding fish and said: "Come, let us feed ourselves";
But found that we'd forgotten all the victuals—wretched elves!
We spied a pic-nic party that had come out for the day,
We sneaked their largest pigeon pie, sat down, and then—hooray!—*Chorus.*

But just as we were finishing, that pic-nic party came
Quite unobserved upon the scene and spoiled our little game;
We fled, but they had two big dogs—they let their mongrels go;
We tried to jump the river, but those dogs caught us, and oh!—*Chorus.*

In haste we sought a friendly inn, arriving there half dead,
And drank so much they were compelled to put us both to bed;
And although I was drunk, I'll swear that in our room that night
They had some other lodgers, for, when they turned out the light—*Chorus.*

SIMPLE MAIDEN, TELL ME WHY.

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Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar.

A simple maiden, with beauty laden,
They say I am—and perhaps it is so—
Through master cupid I'm such a stupid,
And blush because the young men quiz so.
They say I am a little "gaby," afraid of being in the dark,
'Cos I'm simple as a baby, all the fast young men remark.

CHORUS.

Simple maiden, tell me why you are, oh, so awfully shy?
If you learn to wink your eye, you'll get married by and by.

Where'er I ramble, or choose to p'ramble,
I'm followed by a lot of gay boys,
Who just to tease me will try to squeeze me,
They're far from being real, *au fait* boys.
It makes me cross when they throw kisses, although I turn my head away;
Though they're liked by saucy misses, I don't like to hear them say:—*Chorus.*

I'll never marry, I'd sooner tarry,
I'll never put love's wedding-things on;
I'd sooner linger with empty finger
Than have the very choicest rings on.
I never did enjoy caresses, except it's been just now and then,
Though I don't wear fancy dresses, I'm addressed by all the men:—*Chorus.*

AFTER CHORUS AND 4TH DANCE:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are;
As you twinkle in the sky, I will learn to twinkle my eye. Good bye!

HAVE ANOTHER.

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Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

I've been 'round to the club, and whenever I go
It seems a peculiar thing
That the members have troubles and cart-loads of woe,
Which they to my notice will bring;
I'm a jovial fellow myself, don't you know,
I'm jolly in every spot;
Well—you just ask my tradesmen, and they ought to know,
For haven't I jollied the lot!

SPOKEN—Never worry—drown worries—drown 'em—whether they be a noisy wife, mother-in-law or tax collector—drown 'em. Not that I'm given to drink—I'm next door to a teetotaller—well, a teetotaller lives next door to me. Still I believe in a gargle—and if one doesn't touch the spot—"Have another!" that's the advice I always give my friends. Yesterday morning Jones came to me and said his son had given him a black eye; I said: "Cheer up, old man—

CHORUS.

Have another—go on—it won't hurt you,
It will be a good match for the other;
You should never say "die", you'll be right by and by,
Have another, old boy, have another."

You may guess I've been having another to-night,
But when you're with jolly old chums
And you win every toss, you don't notice the drink,
So easy it goes when it comes.
Ain't it funny how things seem to mix in your brain
When you get just a little bit tight?
I have taken home three fellows' dust-coats this week,
And I've had another to-night.

SPOKEN—Dare say I shall "have another" to-morrow, by accident, of course. Popkins came to me this evening, dressed all in black. I said: "Hullo, Popkins! training for bogie man?" He said: "No, I've been to the cemetery." I said: "Oh, gathering daisies!" Popkins said: "No, I've lost the missis—the third one—I can't keep 'em anyhow." I said: "Don't let that upset you—*Chorus.*

'Bout an hour or so back, with a few noisy chums,
From the club we strolled into a "pub";
We all tossed 'round for drinks, but we'd not enough coin,
And how to pay up was the rub;
Jones asked for the change of an old postage stamp,
Blenkinsop said: "I'll leave you my watch."
"Outside" said the landlord, that thing wouldn't pay
For one round of two-pennorth's of Scotch.

SPOKEN—That's the worst of those watches made with "alum-in-em." Jones asked the landlord to give him change for a summons.—He got it—landlord gave him the chucker out for it—most amusing thing. Just at that moment in walked a *telepost* boy with a *letter-gram* for Blenkinsop—Most amusing thing.—When he opened the telephone he said: "Great Scotch! read this phonograph from my wife—I've had another baby." I said: "Blenkinsop, give me your hand, old boy—*Chorus.*

—Extract from a bride's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the drawing-room on our mantelpiece, where we hope to see you often."

DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL.

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By Thomas Casey.

Oh, every morn at seven o'clock
There are twenty tarriers on the rock;
The boss comes along and says, "Be still,
And put all your power in the cast-steel drill."

SPOKEN—Stand out there with the flag, Sullivan. Stand back there! Blast! Fire! All over!

CHORUS.

Then drill, ye tarriers, drill; drill, ye tarriers, drill.
Oh, it's work all day without sugar in your tay,
When ye work beyant on the railway,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill.

The boss was a fine man all around,
But he married a great, big, fat Far-down;
She baked good bread, and baked it well,
And baked it hard as the hobs of h——.

SPOKEN—Stand out forninst the fence with the flag, McCarthy. Stand back, &c.—*Chorus.*

The new foreman is Dan McCann;
I'll tell you, sure, he's a blame mean man;
Last week a prematnre blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

SPOKEN—Where's the fuse, McGinty? What! he lit his pipe with it? Stop the Belt car coming down. Stand back, &c.—*Chorus.*

When pay day next came arounnd,
Poor Jim's pay a dollar short he found.
"What for?" says he, then came this reply:
"You are docked for the time you were up in the sky."

SPOKEN—More oatmeal in the bucket, McCue. What's that you're reading, Duffy, the *Staats-Zeitung?* Get out there with the flag, &c.—*Chorus.*

MUSIC AT HOME.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'm the father of a family,
Grown up girls and boys,
And I'll back my family
'Gainst any other for noise;
They all are fond of music,
And they've nearly turned my brain
With their rat, tat, tat, and their pom, pom, pom—
I'm sure I'll go insane.

CHORUS.

Oh! music at home, sweet music at home;
It's enough to drive a man over the foam,
Is that awful music at home.

There's Plantagenet, my oldest son,
Plays the big trombone;
'Twill be "Johnny, Get Your Gun"
If he don't leave me alone;
He gets up in the morning,
Up the scale he loudly goes,
With his toot, toot, toot, and his oo, oo, oo,
He hits me on the nose.—*Chorus.*

There's Horatio, my other son,
Plays the violin,
And the way he makes it yell,
It really is a sin;
He thinks that as a player
He can fairly take the cake,
But his squeak, squeak, squeak, and his creak, creak, creak,
Would make your stomach ache.—*Chorus.*

There's Bedalia, my daughter fair,
Plays the piano;
Like the divil sure she thumps it;
Her arms like this she'll throw,
And then, bedad, she tries to sing;
Her voice is sharp and flat,
With her tink, tink, tink, and her pink, pink, pink,
She's driven mad the cat.—*Chorus.*

But the worst of all's my good ould wife,
Sure she makes me weep:
Oh, she sings me "Love's Sweet Song"
When I want to sleep;
From morning till night she's at it,
But I chaff her and say "Rats!"
When to bed she goes, with her good ould nose,
She snores in seventeen flats.—*Chorus.*

—The greatest coward in the world is a hero to somebody.

ON THE BRIDGE AT TWILIGHT.

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. W. Held.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

On the bridge at twilight I saw the sweetest face,
Two lovely eyes, like starry skies, a form of fairy grace;
The Brooklyn lights were gleaming, and soon I saw that she
Was just as sweet and just as neat as a Brooklyn girl could be.
We talked about the weather, we watched the river flow,
Her hand I took, she gave a look that never whispered No!
Her voice was like sweet music, and, while we lingered there,
My heart was caught before I thought, for love was in the air.

CHORUS.

On the bridge at twilight, strolling to and fro,
Lips so shyly meeting, cheeks that gently glow;
Eyes so softly glancing, with a joy entrancing,
Oh, what sweet romancing on the bridge below.—(*Dance.*)

On the bridge at twilight we roamed in joy supreme,
A glance so shy, a tender sigh made life a happy dream;
A blushing rose I gave her, she said she'd keep the flow'r,
To think of me, where'er I'd be, and that delightful hour.
My heart was thrilled with rapture, I told love's story sweet,
She hung her head and only said—but that I won't repeat;
Enough to know we parted, and that I found for life
Upon the Brooklyn Bridge that eve a sweetheart and a wife.—*Chorus.*

OH! LOOK AT HER CRINOLINE.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Just now they are shouting in Paris, the gay,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
If it comes over here everybody will say,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
And greatly, I fear, we shall see very soon,
Girls walking about in a whacking balloon,
Then the cry will go 'round night and morning and noon,
Oh, look at her crinoline!

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, gaze upon her crinoline! Oh, boys, doesn't she look green?
Every girl you meet spreads herself all o'er the street, all through the crinoline!

Now when a young lady is walking about,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
It makes all the impudent boys loudly shout,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
She turns up her nose and she tightens her lips,
And then her fine skirts in a passion she grips,
And when tra la la over the gutter she skips,
Oh, look at her crinoline!

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, gaze upon her crinoline! Oh, boys, doesn't she look green?
Then she trips and falls, and the air is full of squalls, all through the crinoline!

Now when a man's wifey is in a big rage,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
If she in a battle with him should engage,
Then look at her crinoline!
And while she is dragging him 'round by the hair,
And with his fat head she is wiping each stair,
And flying about here and there, everywhere,
Oh, look at her crinoline!

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, gaze upon her crinoline! Oh, boys, doesn't she look green?
And he tries to grin as the steel runs in his shin, all through the crinoline.

Now when a young lady climbs over a stile,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
And when she turns 'round with an innocent smile,
Oh, look at her crinoline!
But when she goes out with dear Charley or Nell,
Or gets on a 'bus—well, I'm not going to tell,
But I'm sure that the boys will cry out and yell,
Oh, look at her crinoline!

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, gaze upon her crinoline! Oh, boys, doesn't she look green?
If the wind should blow, would a poor girl have a show? Not on her crinoline!

—If your daughter has no taste for music, don't insist on her murdering time as well as murdering the circumambient air by drumming on a piano hour after hour. She may have a decided taste for something else just as ennobling as music. If so, let her cultivate it. Don't, for example, spoil a good artist by attempting to make a bad musician.

THE OLD MILL-WHEEL.

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Words and Music by Henry J. Sayers.

As I wander by the old mill-stream, where we've wandered oft together,
Fond mem'ries of the happy past o'er heart and brain will steal;
For the lilies are as spotless white as those we used to gather,
While the water flows and onward goes to turn the old mill-wheel.

REFRAIN.

Splash, splash, splash, the wheel is turning;
Listen to that old familiar strain;
It sings of days long past, days too bright and fair to last,
Childhood's summer that will never come again.

All the friends of our youth are gone, in the village churchyard sleeping,
O'er head the birds are singing, and the sun his smiles reveals;
Laughing voices from the glad hearts I hear, mine eyes alone are weeping,
But my sobs are drowned in the water's sound as it turns the old mill-wheel.

REFRAIN.

Splash, splash, splash, the wheel is turning;
Listen to that old familiar strain;
It sings of days long past, days too bright and fair to last,
Childhood's summer that will never come again.

SWEET DOVE.

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Fly away to my native land, sweet dove,
Fly away to my native land,
And bear these lines to my lady love,
They are traced with a feeble hand.
She murmurs much at my long delay—
The rumor of death she has heard,
Or she thinks, perhaps, I have falsely strayed,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh! fly to her bower and say that the chain
Of the tyrant is o'er me now;
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With helmet upon my brow.
No friend to my lattice a solace brings
Except when your voice is heard.
When you beat my bars with your snowy wings,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visit at morn, sweet dove;
I shall miss thy visit at eve,
But bring me a line from my lady love,
And then I shall cease to grieve.
I could bear in a dungeon to waste away youth;
I could fall 'neath the conqueror's sword,
But I could not endure she should doubt my truth,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

ANSWER TO

SWEET DOVE.

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Fly back o'er the billowy wave, sweet bird,
To my lover so constant and true;
You may tell him I've wet with tears each word
Of the message I send by you.
A feather I've plucked from thy wings of snow,
Some down from thy panting breast;
He will wonder I've robbed his friend, I know,
Then fly to my dear one and rest.

You may tell him I seek his bower at light,
But his footsteps I do not hear,
That I wander forth again at night,
For, perchance, he may then be there;
But now he is chained in a distant land—
He weeps when no sympathy comes.
Oh! had I thy wings, sweet dove, for a time,
I would fly to thy desolate home.

Then go thou and seek his cell once more,
Gentle dove, o'er the dark blue sea;
You may tell him he'll tread his native shore
And sing in my bower to me.
The light of this paper is cheering me now,
And warms my heart with love;
I shall live to see his lofty brow;
Fly quick and God speed thee, sweet dove.

—A small boy never washes behind his ears. A righteous man is a good deal like him.

OH! BILL, DO BE STILL.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

I was one night, yes, introduced to quite a pretty girl;
She'd lovely eyes and golden hair and teeth as white as pearl;
It seemed as if she knew me and met me ere the day,
For when her arm I squeezed in mine, you ought to hear her say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Bill, do be still; do behave or I'll tell mamma;
Don't do so; let me go; what a naughty man you are.
Oh! Bill, do be still; I think you're going 'most too far;
Don't, I say; oh, go away, or I'll tell mamma.

I asked her if she would object if I should see her home,
As it was growing rather late, not safe to be alone;
She smiled and said she did not object in any way,
But when I tried to kiss her, why, of course, she had to say:—*Chorus.*

We strolled along quite leisurely, at last we reached her home;
Says she, the folks are all abed. Says I, Then we're alone;
She showed me the parlor, where we sat down side by side,
And when my arm slipped 'round her waist she only smiled and sighed—*Cho.*

HEROES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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Words by George Horncastle. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Let us take a stroll up Broadway, watch the various passers by,
Hither comes an aged woman—hark! what means that fearful cry?
"'Tis a mad dog, gracious heavens! Kill the beast!" cries every one.
See, they shrink away in terror—God above, what can be done?

CHORUS.

Up comes a policeman on hearing the sound,
And from her he drags the infuriated hound;
Oh! see how they're struggling now on the ground,
With passionate madness both rife.
The dog he despatches—but God, what a sight!
He's mad now, himself, from the hound's fatal bite,
And ere the night comes his brave soul takes its flight,
Brave hero of every-day life.

Out upon the storm-tossed ocean, leagues away across the main,
Is a gallant vessel striving 'gainst a fearful hurricane.
She is sinking—"To the boats, lads—women first! Now pull for shore!"
Then the crew shout, "Come on, Captain, there is room for just one more."

CHORUS.

The skipper looks 'round on the deck; there lies near
The poor little cabin boy half-dead with fear;
He lowers the lad to the boat, gives a cheer,
And cries, "Give my love to my wife;
And tell her a coward I never could be;
Good-bye, lads; God speed you; think kindly of me."
Like a brave Yankee tar he goes down in the sea,
A hero of every-day life.

There is heard a cry at midnight, every moment rising higher,
And 'tis one of fearful meaning; 'tis a lodging-house on fire;
Clust'ring at the open window of the very highest room
There are three distracted children, death will surely be their doom.

CHORUS.

But ah! the escape, hip hurrah! it has come;
The fireman mounts up to that dangerous room—
The thought of his own little darlings at home
Now pierces his heart like a knife,
But still he goes onward, fierce flames all around;
Great heavens! he's gone—no, the children he's found;
Risks his life for theirs, brings them safe to the ground,
Great hero of every-day life.

Where the river's darkly flowing, see! a girl is standing there;
She's been tempted, then deserted, and is driven to despair.
With one cry to heaven for mercy, to the brink now see her glide,
Next moment she is vainly struggling in the strongly running tide.

CHORUS.

A laboring man, very poor, but so brave,
With lightning-like rush plunges down in the wave—
"For my daughter's sake, that poor life I will save."
One moment of terrible strife.
He cares not for danger, he's true to the core;
She slips and sinks down, but he grasps her once more,
And then, ah, God bless him! he brings her to shore,
True hero of every-day life.

—A Fair Shaker.—Sageman: "A remarkable girl is that Miss Snapper. You know her pretty well; has she any leaning in the direction of any particular creed?" Bluntly: "I can't say definitely, but from the way in which she disposed of my marital aspirations last evening I should say that she was a Shaker."—*Boston Courier.*

MY SISTER MAMIE'S HAT.

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Words and Music by Geo. Southgate.

You should see my sister's hat, it's a dandy, you can bet;
A rooster's wing is on the side, red streamers down the back;
'Tis decked with all the flowers of spring; it makes a splendid show;
On the top of all there is a blue-jay and a crow.

CHORUS.

If you see it, you will know it; it's a dandy, you can bet;
Every one is talking of my sister Mamie's hat.

She went to the theatre; as she walked to her seat,
The ladies all stood up to look, the men stood on the seats;
The singer singing of the flowers her part she did forget;
Quite amazed, she fixed her gaze on sister Mamie's hat.—*Chorus.*

Sunday she went off to church; as she walked up the aisle,
The pastor let his book fall, the young folks there did smile;
His sermon he could not complete; he'd lost the text, in fact;
Every eye was fixed upon my sister Mamie's hat.—*Chorus.*

It's the Seasoning Wot Does It.

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Written and Composed by Frederick Bowyer. Arranged by John S. Baker.

I noticed once, while walking down the street,
A smell so odoriferous and sweet,
So pungent, that it really made me stop;
It came steaming out a little butcher's shop.
I found it was the British saveloy,
So rushed and bought a couple, in my joy.
I tasted one, then turned it 'round and 'round,
Then had it analyzed, and found—

CHORUS.

It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes it seem all gay;
But, oh! what a difference if you take it all away;
The little bit of meat that's left, it does'nt do to con;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, you'd never take it on.

To hear a clever orator's a treat;
His eloquence will glue you to your seat;
Against your will he seems to make you yield,
His meaning is so artfully concealed.
You come out and hear two "cabbies" have a "go,"
And their language, well—it makes you murmur, "Oh!"
It's far the more convincing, and it's free;
They, too, are speaking English, but you see—

CHORUS.

It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes it seem all gay;
But, oh! what a difference if you take it all away;
The little bit of English left, it doesn't do to con;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, they'd never take it on.

Your wife says, "Tom, I want another dress!"
You frown, she smiles, and then you answer, "Yes!"
You go with her, and keep well on your guard;
You choose the stuff—it's one and four a yard—
You think it cheap and wink the other eye,
But the trimmings she must stop behind and buy.
The dress comes home, the bill is five pounds ten,
You swear, the wife she smiles and says—

CHORUS.

It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes it seem all gay;
But, oh! what a difference if you take it all away;
The thing would look so "skimpy" like, not fit for me to don;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, she wouldn't take it on.

I once went to a theatre of renown
To see the smartest actress in the town;
A boy's part, in a new burlesque, she played;
She bounded on in natty dress arrayed.
I said, "That's the kind of gal I could adore!"
So waited for her close to the stage-door;
When she came out, it nearly turned my head—
Well—a policeman saw me, and he laughed and said—

CHORUS.

It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes 'em look all gay;
But, oh! what a difference when the make-up is away;
The little bit of figure left, it doesn't do to con;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, you'd never take it on.

—Should Be Heeled.—Packin Case: "I tell you what, Ship, marriage has a rod in pickle for us all, sooner or later. It takes about all my spare money nowadays to buy shoes for the children." Shippen Clarke: "Ah! you are chastened by a sort of two-foot rule!"

SHE AND I TOGETHER.

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Written by Ernest Pertwee. Composed by Lawrence Kellie. As sung by Mr. Olcott.

A sky of blue, a sun of May, in gladdest, brightest summer day;
Adown and through the heath'ry way went she and I together.
The birds sang love-songs from the trees, the pimpernel danced in the breeze,
Yet happier, far, than all of these were she and I together.

So dainty, fair; so gentle, wise, young love leaped forth from heaven's blue eyes;
The lark poured rapture from the skies as we went thro' the heather.
When love's away love's life is sere; love lives again when love is here,
And days are bright that were so drear, for blended hearts together.

And at the close of life's brief day, when soul from flesh shall drift away,
And life's storm end in heaven's calm bay, we still, we still shall be together.
For us a bright eternity, a sunful, cloudless unity,
Supernal love's sweet harmony, together, aye together, together.

THE DRUM SOLO.

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Written by Harry Hendricks. Composed by Fitter Ball.

Last night I went to hear a pal
Play a rum tiddely um tum tum!
A solo on the drum he tried,
'Twas all rum tiddely um tum tum!
I know I felt just nicely mixed;
I'd a brandy, a gin and a rum;
And every note my old pal played
Sounded, rum tiddely um tum tum!

CHORUS.

Rum tiddely um tum tum was all that he could play;
Rum tiddely um tum tum is all that I can say.
I'm fairly driven off my chump since I first heard his drum,
For all that I can think of now is rum tiddely um tum tum!

I went to the refreshment bar,
Said, Er—rum tiddely um tum tum!
The barmaid cried, "What will you take?"
Hem, hic, rum tiddely um tum tum!
The girl then said, "It seems to me,
You've been lifting your finger and thumb;
So you just take your 'hook,' young man,
With your rum tiddely um tum tum!"—*Chorus.*

They called a cop—who took me off
To a rum tiddely um tum tum!
The sergeant said, "What's your address?"
Said I, rum tiddely um tum tum!
The man in blue replied, "Indeed!
It appears that you're blue blind dumb;
So you must spend the evening in
The Er—rum tiddely um tum tum!"—*Chorus.*

The "Beak" asked, "What's this charge?" Cop said,
"It's a rum tiddely um tum tum!"
"Now, prisoner, what have you to say?"
"Well, sir, rum tiddely um tum tum!"
The "Beak" observed, "Most serious case;
Seven days, or you'll pay the sum,
Five pounds and costs—hope you've enjoyed
Your Er—rum tiddely um tum tum!"—*Chorus.*

To pay the fine I had to pawn
My gold—rum tiddely um tum tum!
I asked the "Beak" if he'd come out
For a rum tiddely um tum tum!
And now I've got to face the wife,
And although she's a dear old chum,
I know, worse luck, she'll give me beans
For my rum tiddely um tum tum!—*Chorus.*

—A Serious Objection.—A German peasant family had made all their arrangements to emigrate to the United States. The day before the family was to take its departure the eldest son, Hans, who was an enormous eater, intimated that he did not care to go West. "Has some village maiden beguiled thee to remain behind?" asked the father. "Nothing of the kind." "Why, then, dost thou not wish to go with us?" "I've been talking with the schoolmaster, and—" "Well what did he say?" "He says that when it is twelve o'clock with us here in Germany that— "That what?" "He says that when it is twelve o'clock here with us, in America it is nine o'clock in the evening." "Well?" "I don't want to go to a place where I have to wait that long for my dinner;" and the poor fellow completely broke down at the mere thought of it.—*Texas Siftings.*

There Is No One Like Mother to You.

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Words and Music by J. R. Lucier.

As we float on the tide of the river of life,
The friends that we meet they are few,
And often I think, when in sorrow or strife,
Of a friend that was tender and true;
How her cool, loving fingers would rest on my brow,
When I suffered from sickness and pain,
And my eyes fill with tears as I realize now
I'll ne'er see my mother again.

CHORUS.

Treat your old mother with love and respect, always be tender and true;
Don't for a moment her wishes neglect, there is no one like mother to you.

And oft in the evening, on going to rest,
My mother would kneel by my side,
And teach me the prayers that she thought were the best,
My footsteps, so wayward, to guide,
And when I remember her kindness to me,
How she soothed all my sorrows and fears,
And I know that my mother I'll nevermore see,
These words seem to ring in my ears:—*Chorus.*

MY OWN SWEETHEART MARY.

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Words and Music by Anthony J. Gray.

One summer morn, when dewy flowers displayed their fairest smile,
Sweet Mary forsook her happy bower to frolic forth awhile;
She turned her steps to a silver stream that rippled down the glade,
And there along its verdant brim the rushing water played.

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, my own sweetheart Mary,
How dainty is her sweet young face,
How soft her nut-brown hair;
Her love is like a golden dream;
They say she is a fairy queen;
The only one I truly love is my own sweetheart Mary.

High o'er her head the willows flung their gold stems out so fair,
And many a robin red-breast sang their love-songs in the air;
She listened to each soft, sweet note, and each bird did adore,
And, as if jealous of the birds, the waters sang some more.—*Chorus.*

Sweet Mary turned her footsteps from the ever-dancing tide;
She plucked wild water flowers that grew along the streamlet's side,
And as she reached her happy bower, where naught but joy she brings,
Each sweet, tho' wild but fragrant flower, in love's own language sings.—*Cho.*

A-Going to de Promised Land.

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Words by Ed. B. Marks. Music by Charles Ohl.

Dere's a steamboat on de ribber called de *Whip-poor-will*
A-going to de promised land;
If you listen you are sure to hear her whistle till
She leaves for de promised land.
For de honey and de milk will be a-flowing,
Music ringing out on eb'ry land,
And de trumpet ob de angel will be blowing,
When you get to dat promised land.

CHORUS.

Check your baggage right straight through;
Don't lose your ticket whateber you may do;
No more work, honey, dar for you,
When you git to dat promised land of plenty.

Dere's a vesterbule train dat meet de *Whip-poor-will*,
A-going to de promised land;
She meets her at de foot of de golden hill
Dat leads to de promised land.
Den de colored population will be riding
First time in a palace-car so grand;
In de old caboose de sinners will be hiding,
On de train to de promised land.—*Chorus.*

Dere's a bulljine on de train dat meet de *Whip-poor-will*,
A-going to de promised land;
It am just as bright as any brand-new dollar bill,
And ready for de promised land.
So you darkies if you going you must hustle;
Sure to have your honey dar on hand,
But she mustn't wear a hoop-skirt or a bustle,
When she's going to de promised land.—*Chorus.*

I'M THE MAN THAT BROUGHT COLUMBUS OVER HERE.

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Words and Music by James Thornton. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

I'm not a man who likes to boast about what I have done,
But to-day I think I am the greatest man beneath the sun.
Columbus claims to've landed here in fourteen ninety-two,
But I was here before him, or any of his crew.

CHORUS.

I built the Rocky Mountains, and I placed them where they are;
I sold whiskey to the Indians behind my little bar;
'Twas me that built Niagara Falls; I first discovered beer,
And that was long before Columbus landed over here.

I never shall forget the day he landed on the pier,
Myself and twenty Indians set up a hearty cheer.
He asked me why an Indian wore feathers on his head;
Just to keep his "Wig-warm," that is just what I then said.

CHORUS.

I've seen an Indian summer and I've seen an Indian fall
While dancing with an Indian girl at an "Indian Rubber" ball;
I was member of an Indian club when baked Indian was dear,
And that was long before Columbus landed over here.

'Twas me who paid his fare o'er here, from dear old sunny Spain,
And I'm sorry for to say, he never paid me back again.
He brought a lot of Spanish dancers with him, that is true,
And some of them have been o'er here since fourteen ninety-two.

CHORUS.

You'll find them in the "Black Crook" and the "Babies In the Wood,"
And some of them were ballet girls before the famous flood;
But no one knows their history, or when they did first appear,
But it was long before Columbus landed over here.

ENNISCORTHY.

Written and Composed by Robert Martin. Arranged by James Weaver.

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You may travel all thro' Europe, and then 'round by Chesapake;
You may meet with many warriors, but don't make a mistake,
For the pride of balls and parties, and the glory of a wake,
Was Demetrius O'Flannigan McCarthy.
'Twas late he went to breakfast, and 'twas late he went to bed;
If you took up a thermometer, at lasteways so 'twas said,
The quicksilver started bubblin' when you placed it near his head,
And the steam was like a rainbow 'round McCarthy.

CHORUS.

Miss Dunne said they did crowd her thin, Miss Murphy took to powther thin,
For fear the boys might say that she was swarthy;
And the sticks they all went whacking, and the skulls, faith, they were cracking,
When McCarthy took the flure in Enniscorthy.

Dan Murphy gave a party, well and all the boys were there;
McCarthy, full of whiskey hot, at once there did repair,
When a dog came and ran away with Miss Muldooney's hair;
'Twas that that roused the dander of McCarthy.
He was dancing the mazurka—that's what all the ladies said;
The fright shook all the false teeth out of poor ould Murphy's head,
And he danced with Miss Mullarkey till they stretched her out for dead,
Faith, she couldn't hould a candle to McCarthy.—*Chorus.*

When they'd gargled all the whiskey, faith, a desperate row arose;
McCarthy, sure, he levelled them; he fought them to a close,
Till he walked upon de masther of the ceremonies' nose;
'Twas that that played the mischief with McCarthy.
The master of the work-house, well, he knocked a peeler down,
Who fell upon an alderman who came from County Down,
And a Presbyterian minister and the clerk now of the Crown,
Were dancing like the divil on McCarthy.—*Chorus.*

Oh! boys, there was the element, of that you may be sure;
Some were carried home on shutters, yes, and some upon a door,
And the eyes and ears and noses were like marbles on the floor,
With the fragments of the man they call McCarthy.
Says Dan Murphy, Thanks to Providence, the ball at last is done;
If you want to smash your furniture and have no end of fun,
Or if you want your two eyes to be knocked straight into one,
You need only give a ball and ax McCarthy.—*Chorus.*

—Gone (an umbrella).—Johnson: "Confound that Tomson!" Mrs. J.: "What's the matter?" Johnson: "He has just gone and taken one of my umbrellas. It is nothing short of a crime to take an umbrella, and it is a piece of carelessness and thoughtlessness that is condoned too often. It—hello, what's this?" Mrs. J.: "What is it, John?" Johnson (gleefully): "Tomson took one of my umbrellas but left another, a better one. Here, run and hide it. He may discover his mistake and be back any minute."—*Yankee Blade.*

TRUE.

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Words and Music by Matt Woodward.

One night in July my darling and I were drifting alone on the stream,
And stars 'gan to peep, while nature asleep lay tranquil as if in a dream.
'Twas then from above the moon saw our love,
And smiled with her silvery ray;
And when our eyes met, then we'd lean nearer yet,
And fondly these words we'd say:
True as the stars that are shining above,
True is my heart to the heart that I love;
See yonder planets, how mighty they are!
My love for thee, love, is mightier far.
So, love, if thy love is equal to mine,
Thy heart is my heart, and my heart is thine!

The years have rolled by, my darling and I have entered the winter of life,
Yet none know so well how love can dispel the care or the sorrow that's rife.
'Tis still our delight, on a fine summer night,
To drift down the stream as of old;
And the moon sheds her ray, as she did on that day
When our love in these words we told:
True as the stars that are shining above, etc.

GEORGIE.

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Words and Music by H. Chateau and H. Albertini. Sung by Marie Vanoni.

To-night I am not very gay, the reason I will tell to you:
I fell in love the other day, my little heart is burst in two.
My own sweetheart is sitting there, the big bass-fiddle he does play;
Alas! for me he does not care, but practices like this all day:

CHORUS.

Zoo, zoo, zoo, zoo, Georgie, Georgie! devotedly I love you, my own baby!
Your music I adore; Georgie, Georgie! one kiss for her above you.
(*Imploring*)—You won't?
(*Angry*)—Then don't! I shall love you still all the more.

My Georgie, you're a picture fair; your hair is like a bunch of hay,
And boots as long as this you wear; your nose gets redder every day.
Ah! take me to your fond embrace, I love to linger by your side,
To gaze into your lovely face (the other girls who did it, died).—*Chorus.*

Last night outside a music hall I saw you looking very gay,
And tho' there was no wind at all; you walked along just in this way.
They say you'd nineteen pints of beer, and "Irish whiskies" forty-three;
I'm very angry, Georgie dear; when next you drink, 'twill be with me.—*Cho.*

EXTRA VERSES.

Go, Georgie, with your double bass; you are not worthy such as I;
To some one else I'll turn my face, and to attract his love I'll try.
I see a handsome fellow here, who looks as if he yearned for me
(*Turning suddenly to the base-drummer*),
And yet—and yet—oh, Georgie, dear, why will you so provoking be?
Georgie, Georgie! devotedly I love you, my own baby, etc.

Now, Georgie, I'm mad with you; not mad in love, as you suppose,
But full of ire and hatred, too, for him who dares my will oppose;
Henceforth our paths are not the same; we'll never speak as we pass by.
What's that? I thought you called my name; or did you wink the other eye?
Georgie, Georgie! devotedly I love you, my own baby, etc.

ANOTHER VERSION.

He was the sweetest little bean; he looked just like a fashion plate;
He swung a big cane to and fro, just like a kangaroo his gait.
His necktie was a flaming red; his tiny whiskers were the same;
He seemed on toothpicks to be fed; when his girl met him she'd exclaim:

CHORUS.

Georgie, Georgie! you fascinating fellow;
Sweetness, darling! I'm sorry for you dear;
Georgie, Georgie! with love I'm turning yellow;
Ta, ta! here's Pa! and his temper's awful queer!

He used to follow her around, just like a poodle on a string;
His upper story wasn't sound; you'd think so when he tried to sing.
One night, when full of beer or love, to serenade he stood outside—
A pitcher landed from above upon his head, while his girl cried:—*Chorus*

The moon he loved to contemplate, and dream about his lady fair;
He used to linger at her gate—her little brother saw him there.
Then, with a hammer and some nails, he crept upon him, like a ghost;
And she would sing while his coat-tails were dangling to that old gate-post:—*Cho.*

Once, early in the eve, he called—it happened that her "Pa" was in.
"Who is that funny freak?" he bawled, "And is it made of wood or tin?"
Then came the music of a boot (a number twelve her father wore);
They saw a very damaged suit, while that girl sang beside the door:—*Chorus.*

—Do you think more of your character than of fine clothes?

GOD BLESS MY BOY AT SEA.

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The waves were beating on the shore, the rain was falling fast;
The beacon light upon the rock shone bright amid the blast.
Within the fisher's lonely cot the hearth-fire danced in glee,
And there a weeping mother prayed, "God bless my boy at sea,"
And there a weeping mother prayed, "God bless my boy at sea."

All night the warring of the waves was loud along the shore,
And many a sailor lad afar, came to his home no more.
And still the mother watched and prayed: "My trust I place in Thee,
And if it be Thy holy will, O! bless my boy at sea!
And if it be Thy holy will, O! bless my boy at sea!"

The morning dawned in rosy light, the winds were lulled to rest;
The waves were rocking peacefully, as on a mother's breast.
Safe home to me! safe home to me! I knew whate'er would be,
That God would heed my earnest prayer, and bless my boy at sea!
That God would heed my earnest prayer, and bless my boy at sea!

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

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It was on the seventeenth, by break of day, the Yankees did surprise us;
With their strong works they had thrown up, to burn the town and drive us.

But soon we had an order come, an order to defeat them;
Like rebels stout, they stood it out, and thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day an order came for marching;
With three good flints, and sixty rounds, each man hoped to discharge them.

We marched down to the Long Wharf, where boats were ready waiting;
With expedition we embarked, our ships kept canonading.

And when our boats all filled were, with officers and soldiers;
With as good troops as England had, to oppose who dare control us?

And when our boats all filled were, we rowed in line of battle;
Where showers of ball like hail did fly, our cannon loud did rattle.

There Copp's Hill battery near Charlestown, our twenty-fours they played;
And the three frigates in the stream they very well behaved.

The Glasgow frigate cleared the shore, all at the time of landing;
With her grape-shot and cannon-balls, no Yankee e'er could stand them.

And when we landed on the shore, we draw'd up all together;
The Yankees they all manned their works, and thought we'd ne'er come hither.

But soon they did perceive brave Howe, brave Howe, our bold commander;
With grenadiers and infantry we made them to surrender.

Brave William Howe on our right wing cried, "Boys, fight on like thunder;
You soon will see the rebels flee, with great amaze and wonder."

Now some lay bleeding on the ground, and some fell fast a-running; [coming."
O'er hills and dales, and mountains high, cursing, "Zounds! brave Howe's a-

Brave Howe is so considerate, as to guard against all dangers;
He allowed each half a gill a day, to rum we were no strangers.

They began to play on our left wing, where Pigot he commanded;
But we returned it back again, with courage most undaunted.

To our grape-shot and musket balls, to which they were but strangers,
They sought to come with sword in hand, but soon they found their danger.

And when their works were got into, and put them to the flight, sir;
They peppered us, poor British elves, and showed us they could fight, sir.

And when their works we got into, with some hard knocks and danger;
Their works we found both firm and strong, too strong for British Rangers.

But as for our artillery, they gave all way and run;
For while their ammunition held, they gave us Yankee fun.

But our commander, he got broke, for his misconduct, sure, sir;
The shot he sent for twelve-pound guns were made for twenty-fours, sir.

There's some in Boston pleased to say, as we the field were taking;
We went to kill their countrymen, while they their hay were making.

For such stout wings I never saw, to hang them all I'd rather;
By making hay with musket balls, Lord Howe cursedly did bother.

Bad luck to him by land and sea, for he's despised by many;
The name of Bunker Hill he dreads, where he was flogged most plainly.

And now my song is at an end, and to conclude my ditty;
'Tis only Britons ignorant that I most sincerely pity.

As for our king and William Howe, and General Gage, if they're taken;
The Yankees will hang their heads up high on that fire hill called Beacon.

—Little Johnny: "Ma, if you send me to school so steadily, my brain, after awhile, will be like the people of the United States." Fond mother (with a puzzled expression): "How do you make that out, Johnny?" Little Johnny: "Why, don't you see, ma, if you send me to school all the time, my brain will become overtaxed."

THE HORSE-CAR FIEND.

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Words and Music by Edward Barry.

There are many curious characters you meet with in this life,
Yes, you are bound to meet them every day;
There's the fellow while his mother lives he'll never take a wife,
And the fellow that eats peanuts at the play.
There's the fellow that is bound to write a poem upon Spring,
The fellow at the party wants to help you when you sing,
There's the fellow that can tell you when the blizzard's going to come,
But of all the cranks in this wide world, I'll now tell you of one:

CHORUS.

Everybody knows him when he gets aboard a car;
He growls at the conductor, who's made him run so far;
Every day you'll find him, every day he's seen,
Everybody knows him, he's the horse-car fiend.

When first he gets aboard the car, he then looks all around,
And if an inch of space is to be seen,
He calls in the conductor and he makes all hands move down,
And he'll squeeze himself into a seat, the fiend.
He'll wiggle and he'll waggle, and he'll elbow himself in;
He jumps upon your corns, and he'll scrape you on the shin;
He'd sit upon a bustle or a baby, I declare,
From a little chamois pocket-book he then pulls out his fare.—*Chorus.*

He knocks the buttons off your coat a-rushing for the door;
He jams his umbrella in your eye,
He opens up the window, says he must have fresh air,
And he'll freeze you 'till you're ready for to die.
He blocks up the whole car by crossing his two feet;
When he sees a lady enter he pretends he is asleep;
He'd give you the pneumonia by op'ning the front door,
And he'd stop the car an hour for a penny in the straw.—*Chorus.*

The Cause of All His Trouble.

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Words and Music by Edward Barry. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

The other day while strolling out I met a dear old friend,
And he looked sad, dejected and forlorn;
You wouldn't give ten cents for the hat he had upon his head,
And the hair down 'round his ears it hung quite long.
He was walking on his uppers, no buttons on his coat,
And his paper collar had seen better days;
Ten cents to him I gave to go and get a shave,
And when he left I couldn't help but say:

CHORUS.

He was as nice a fellow as e'er you'd want to meet,
A dollar in his pocket, always ready for to treat,
But now you'd pass him by for a tramp upon the street,
The cause of all his trouble is, he's married.

He fell in love with a pretty little dove and foolishly got wed,
Sorry was the day he said "I do";
And ever since that moment he wishes he were dead,
For now he is supporting a whole crew.
He's got relations by the score, a cross-eyed mother-in-law,
And they all drop in to spend a year or so;
They eat up all his grub, while he sleeps in a tub,
With a cruller in a bag to work he'll go.—*Chorus.*

Her sister is a widow, she has fourteen little kids,
And they've dropped in to pay a visit, too;
They broke up all his furniture, they're crying all the night,
And I don't think that they will ever go.
When he comes home at night, he never gets a bite,
For they gather 'round the table thick as flies;
He waits until they're done and then he gets a bun,
Out upon the fire-escape he lies.—*Chorus.*

Her brother took the only shirt he had upon his back,
Her nephew took his collars and his ties,
Her sister cut his trousers down to make pants for her kids,
All day Sunday now in bed he lies.
He's such a nice young man, they say they'll never go away;
They never will desert him till he's broke;
She has four brothers there, and they've loafed for a long year,
When he's bandy-legged from carrying up coke.—*Chorus.*

Her uncle came from Ireland, 'tis just one month ago;
Of course, he is too tired for to work;
He says he likes this country and he thinks he will write home,
And bring his wife and family out.
Last night he came from work, after struggling like a turk,
Hardly able for to lift his head,
When a greenhorn's baggage truck in front of his door was stuck,
Then he threw up his hands, and now he's dead.—*Chorus.*

—What trade is the sun? A tanner.

I KNOW A SWEET VALLEY.

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I know a sweet valley where wild flowers grow,
Where gay birds are singing and bright waters flow.

CHORUS.

Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la.

There lives a sweet maiden so gentle and kind,
In her little cottage her home we will find.—*Chorus.*

Her flock she is tending on yon mountain side;
She knows that I love her; she'll soon be my bride.—*Chorus.*

Our home will be happy in yon little dell,
For true love is with us wherever we dwell.—*Chorus.*

My Love Will Be Home in the Morning.

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Words and Music by Henry Lamb.

My love he left me long ago, to sail on the bounding main;
I've just received a letter and he's coming back home again;
To-morrow he'll be by my side and whisper soft and low
The same sweet story that he told me in the long ago.

CHORUS.

My love will be home in the morning, never to leave my side;
Far over the water he's coming to make me his own bonny bride;
He's saved up enough, so he writes me, to furnish a nice little home
My love will be home in the morning, and never again to roam.

I've counted every moment since the day that he went away,
Expecting that each mail would bring some word of his coming to stay,
And now my hopes are realized, impatient do I wait
To hear his old familiar step and greet him at the gate.—*Chorus.*

STILL THE WORLD GOES ON.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

In this and every city you'll find a mighty throng,
The poor man struggles bravely through life to get along;
Then you will see the rich man, the mighty millionaire,
Who has millions at command, and thousands he could spare.
There's the pris'ner in the jail can get no one to go his bail;
He cries that he is innocent, and to this oath he swears.
Where are the ones who shared his joy, who drank his wine, and said,
Dear boy, but now he is despised by all, he has no one who cares.

CHORUS.

Millions are lost in one day, the gamblers at the table play;
When they lose you'll hear them say, well, many a time I've won.
Who's that poor old man with step so slow; he lost his home by fire one week ago;
His grief he is too proud to show, but still the world goes on.

The next scene is a mansion, it is a sight to see!
A party in the honor of a girl just twenty-three;
Now we'll say five years have passed, disgrace covers her name,
She cares not how her end will be, her head is bowed in shame.
See her as she'll cross the street, alas, poor girl, her fate to meet;
So deep in thought, she cannot see the maddened horse dash by;
Then there is an awful scream; she's crushed beneath a heavy team;
They rush to her assistance then—they find a lifeless mass.

CHORUS.

Some one in the crowd has said, it's a woman, and I think she's dead.
Look out! there comes the ambulance; now lend a hand here, John.
Now the ambulance rolls away, and no one for her soul doth pray;
Poor girl's forgotten in one day, but still the world goes on.

See a miser counting his gold by the bags:
He's denied himself of everything, his garb is made of rags;
As he sits there counting, he's taken unaware—
What's that noise? a burglar! he's coming up the stairs.
My gold, my gold, I like to see; I've saved it all; it's mine, for me;
Ah, you are the ruler in this great world of strife.
Make as little noise here as you can—remember, I'm a desperate man,
And, furthermore, I have come here for money or your life.

CHORUS.

My gold, my gold; don't take it away—Stop that noise; hear what I say;
I think this thing will settle you—there, now the deed is done.
You wouldn't do as you were told; you thought with me you would be bold,
So now you've lost your life and gold, and still the world goes on.

—What grows bigger as you contract it? Debt.

Parody on:

THE BOWERY.

By Will H. Whiting.

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At Chicago the Fair takes place,
There will be people from every race—
Englishmen, Irishmen, Chinamen, too;
Hungarian, Polish, and even the Jew.
I'll go there, and I'll take my wife,
For I belong to a band, and I play on the fife;
I never have seen a world's fair in my life,
And "I'll never go there any more."

CHORUS.

Chicago, Chicago, the girls are sweet, but they have big feet,
In Chicago, Chicago, "I will never go there any more."

The Fair will be opened quite early in May,
And then tens of thousands will wend their way
Off to Chicago, where there will be seen
Tons of fresh pork—some will be fat and some lean;
There will be nothing to drink but beer;
Sometimes you'll feel gay, and sometimes you'll feel queer,
So save up your cash, for the time's drawing near,
And you'll "never go there any more."—*Chorus.*

Beware of the girls when they slyly wink,
Or they'll have all your money before you can think;
They will be out in full force at the Fair
To capture the "greenies and countrymen" there—
Molly and Nora, sweet Katie and Sue,
They'll make you feel sad, they will make you feel blue;
They will tease you, they'll squeeze you, that's what they will do,
And you'll "never go there any more."—*Chorus.*

Chicago's a city of great sights I know,
But, compared with New York, it doesn't stand the least show;
If you want to see all the sights of the town,
Just keep your eyes open and don't be a clown;
And if you can't ride home, as every man should,
Just take to the tracks, for the walking is good;
I'll work my way back if I have to chop wood,
And "I'll never go there any more."—*Chorus.*

KLEIN THREW 21.

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By J. H. West. Arranged by Arthur Sinclair.

Six fellows, I was one of them, once loved with all our might
A charming little girl named Lena Gray;
The six of us sang loving songs around her house each night,
The six of us thought of her all the day;
The six of us sent presents and also little notes,
In which we vowed quite constant we would be—
In fact, the whole half dozen of us quickly made ourselves
Six great big chumps, as you would wish to see.

SPOKEN—You see, six of us loved one girl, so one night we all met, and I said, "Boys, we can't all marry the girl; suppose we throw dice for her?" They all agreed, I got the dice, and—

CHORUS.

Klein threw twenty-one, Smidt threw twenty-five;
Meyerheim threw "thirty-three" to keep the game alive;
"Forty" was the highest when the turn came 'round to me;
I had the call, and beat them all by throwing "forty-three."

The other five poor fellows gave a look of deep despair
As soon as I had made the winning throw;
Poor Klein went nearly crazy, Baumgartner tore his hair,
The five of them were filled with fearful woe;
I ordered drinks for all of them, and shouted, "She is mine";
I laughed and drank until I nearly cried;
We all shook hands, and after that I bid them all good-night
And started off at once to claim my bride.

SPOKEN—I went right to Lena's house, went in the parlor, she was sitting on the sofa, I got on my knees, and said, "You are mine." She said, "I don't understand you." I said, "Listen"—*Chorus.*

She looked at me as if she thought that I had gone insane;
To calm her then quite vainly I contrived;
Said she, "You are mistaken, sir, because I am engaged;
He's down stairs now—in fact, has just arrived";
I started with amazement, heard a step upon the stairs,
A tall man entered, saw me on my knees,
Then Lena told him what I'd said, and then to finish up,
Said, "Show him to the street door, if you please."

SPOKEN—The man said, "Take your flight!" I took five of them; I never went down stairs so quick in all my life. He kicked me crazy. I was in the insane asylum for three months. I got out yesterday. The doctor said that I used to walk up and down my cell all night long, saying to myself—*Chorus.*

—The best preacher is the one who comes the closest to living up to his own preaching.

They Have Given Her to Another.

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They have given her to another, they have broken every vow,
They have given her to another, and my heart is lonely now;
They remembered not our parting, they remembered not our tears,
But they severed in one hour all the tender ties of years;
But they severed in one hour all the tender ties of years.

They have given her to another, she is now his loving bride;
Had I loved her as a brother, I could see her by his side,
But I know that with gold they won her, and her trusting heart beguiled;
And her mother now does shun me, for she knows I loved her child;
And her mother now does shun me, for she knows I loved her child.

They have given her to another; she will love him too, they say,
If her heart it doth not chide her, but, perhaps, perhaps, it may;
I know that she has spoken words she never can forget,
And although my heart is broken, I will love her, love her yet;
And although my heart is broken, I will love her, love her yet.

MARY JANE CASEY FROM THE COUNTY MAYO.

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Words and Music by Thos. F. Morrisey. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

There's a little colleen that I love, and soon we're to be wed;
She's the sweetest girl for miles around, with cheeks like roses red,
And every summer's evening by the moonlight's gentle glare,
We're always found together, like a fond and loving pair;
I'm anxious for the time to come when she will be my bride;
My heart with joy does always fill when she is by my side;
She's the envy of the boys and girls, as arm in arm we go,
Is pretty Mary Casey from the County of Mayo.
Mary Jane Casey, you're the flower of my heart;
I love you dearly, we never can part;
The boys are all jealous because I'm her beau,
Mary Jane Casey from the County Mayo.

'Twas many years we courted, but our love is now sincere;
That she'll be taken from me, sure, of that I have no fear;
My thoughts are always of her, too, no matter where I roam;
But soon we'll wed and settle down in our own happy home;
A happier pair could not be found than Mary Jane and I;
I hope it will continue so until the day I die;
My troubles will be at an end, I'll know no care or woe,
With pretty Mary Casey from the County of Mayo.
Mary Jane Casey, you're the flower of my heart, etc.

When the Cows Are Coming Home.

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Music by W. C. Schrader.

When jingle, jangle, jingle,
'Way down the dusky dingle,
Koling, kolang, koling, kolang, the cows are coming home.
How sweet and fair and soft and low
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from a far-off tower,
Or patt'rings of an April shower,
That makes the daisies grow.

CHORUS.

Then jingle, jangle, jingle, and klingle, klangle, klingle,
Koling, kolang, koling, kolang, the cows are coming home,
With jingle, jangle, jingle, soft tones that sweetly mingle,
Koling, kolang, koling, kolang, the cows are coming home.—[*Dance.*]

When jingle, jangle, jingle,
'Way down the dusky dingle,
Koling, kolang, koling, kolang, the cows are coming home.
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer dew a-slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.—*Chorus & Dance.*

Then tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
Koling, kolang, koling, kolang, the cows are coming home.
And over there upon the hill
Sounds plain the cry of "whip-poor-will,"
And the dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And o'er the poplars Venus shines,
And o'er the silent mill.—*Chorus & Dance.*

—It is hard to believe that a man who doesn't agree with us can be altogether right in his heart.

IF I HAD A DOLLAR NOTE.

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Words and Music by Charles Devore, the Ventriloquist.

A man who hasn't got a cent is hard up you will say;
But I've no doubt that some of you are oftentimes that way;
Of course, you back the favorite, and hope to make it pay;
But when your money is all gone, you're more than apt to say:

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollar note, how happy I would be,
I'd back the favorite once more and play at policy;
For if I lost my money, sure I'd pawn my overcoat;
And such a glorious sport I'd be if I had a dollar note.

The dude who gets just six a week oft tries to cut a dash;
And on some charmer whom he meets, will freely spend his cash;
To balls and parties they will go, and sometimes to the play;
But when his money is all gone, you'll plainly hear him say:

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollar note, how happy I would be,
I'd take my dear Jemima Ann down by the deep blue sea;
We'd take a trip to Coney Isle upon the big steamboat;
And such a glorious time we'd have if I had a dollar note.

The man who works from morn till night and gets just two per day
Is apt to go off on a toot whene'er he draws his pay;
Of course his wife looks out for that; she'll rob the poor old jay,
And when he sees that he's dead broke, you'll plainly hear him say:

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollar note, how happy I would be;
I'd paint the town a crimson hue and have a jolly spree;
I'd leave my work upon the docks and to a bar-room float,
And such a glorious drunk I'd have if I had a dollar note.

Sometimes a man in feeble health will try the artful dodge,
And ten to one he's sure to join a beneficial lodge;
He'll work the snap for all it's worth, so he can draw sick pay,
And every time he feels unwell, you're sure to hear him say:

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollar note, how happy I would be;
I think the lodge should ante up while I'm in misery;
For sure it's broken up I am since when I rode the goat,
And I think 'twould make me well again if I had a dollar note.

Parody on:

Where the Chicken Got the Axe.

Written by Gardner Minard.

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I bought a checkered suit of clothes one year ago to-day;
It was made of the brightest hues, I tell you it looked gay;
I'll tell you why it is that now I feel so forlorn:
The seats of the pants became detached before the thing was worn;
My mother put a bright red patch right in the vacant space;
My coat-tails they were longer then and covered up that place,
But when I stooped to pick a stone to fire at a ram,
He thundered up against me and butted me to jam.

CHORUS.

I got it where my mother sewed the patch,
With a ram I was in no hurry for a match,
But he made a daring run
And hit me just for fun
Right where my mother sewed the patch.

I saw my girl the other night, her parents were in bed,
But everything was quiet—they could hear just what we said;
We talked about the latest news, of politics and that;
It must have been one hour or two hours that we sat.
I offered her a plain gold ring—there were footsteps up above;
I noticed her uneasiness when I called her my love,
And just as I was kissing her, her Pa came in the room,
And gave me such a stunning kick I thought I'd met my doom.

CHORUS.

I got it where my mother sewed the patch,
Just because that parlor door I failed to latch.
He lifted up his toe—
When it struck it wasn't slow;
I got it where my mother sewed the patch.

O'er an orchard fence the other day were apples on the ground;
On the fence I jumped and listened, but no one was around;
I picked up apples one by one—my pockets were near full—
And when I turned around again there stood a pretty bull;
It happened when I looked again he was standing just the same.
He looked at me so very soft, of course I thought him tame,
But when I made tracks for the fence, he lifted up his feet
And downed his head, and went at me and caught me in the seat.

CHORUS.

I got it where my mother sewed the patch;
O'er the fence I landed in briers that did scratch.
I'll never go there any more;
I'm feeling very sore
Right where my mother sewed the patch.

THE HUSBAND'S REQUIEM.

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Breath low, thou gentle wind, breathe soft and low;
The beautiful lies died, the joy of life is fled,
And my lone heart is wed henceforth to woe.

That thou shouldst droop and die at early morn,
While yet thy graceful dew a joyous fragrance drew
From every flower that grew life's path along.

The green earth mourns for thee, thou dearest one;
A plaintive tone is heard, and flower and leaflet stirred,
And every favorite bird sings sad and low.

Pale is thy brow and dimmed thy sparkling eye,
Affection's sweetest token is lost forever and broken,
The last kind word is spoken—Why did'st thou die?

A Little Blue Forget-Me-Not.

Copyright, 1892, by W. Schmiel.

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Words by Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller. Music by W. C. Schrader.

My little love of long ago, I wonder if you have forgot
The summer day you gave to me a little blue forget-me-not;
A little blue forget-me-not, all diamonded with morning dew;
You kissed me, too, my little love, and promised always to be true.
Oh, little blue forget-me-not, that bloomed beside her cottage-door;
They made her break her troth to me, alas! because I was too poor.
Once only after years, long years, within a crowded hall we met;
Those eyes, like blue for-get-me-nots, looked up to mine all sad and wet.
A little blue forget-me-not was lying dead upon my breast;
I wondered if she guessed. Ah, no! I bowed in scorn and that was best,
For never, never shall she know it broke my heart when she forgot;
Nor that I keep for dead love's sake a faded blue forget-me-not.

They wrote to me she had forgot, a richer suitor came to woo;
The little blue forget-me-not faded because she was untrue;
Within a palace home she dwells, diamonds are hers, and Orient pearls;
She wears no blue forget-me-nots entwined among her golden curls.
Oh, little blue forget-me-not, that bloomed beside her cottage-door, etc.

Parody on:

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

By Charles Devore, the Ventriloquist.

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There's a girl whose face is freckled, just across the way,
And she sings about a sweetheart many miles away,
But I know that if the fellow thought the same as I,
He would never wed the maiden, but would pass her by.

CHORUS.

She looks like a great big balloon
When she's trying to warble that tune,
With a look on her mug like a big English pug,
And a voice like a boozer just out of the jug.
She says she is only sixteen—
A sister of my Mary Green;
But you'd drop in a faint for to see her use paint
When she winks at the man in the moon.

Once the girl was called a beauty, that was long ago,
But she's raised a set of whiskers that's a holy show,
Now she works the free-lunch counter, drinks her beer with grace,
And the kids all holler at her, Go and soak your face.

CHORUS.

She sung in our back yard last night,
While the moon it was shining so bright,
But the dog interfered when he noticed the beard,
And he chased her a mile in a manner quite weird.
I hear that to-day she dropped dead—
She busted her lung, so they said,
And the last words she said, just before she dropped dead,
Were, I'll go to the man in the moon.

—A successful man usually has four metallic qualifications—gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

—Excused This Time.—Schoolmarm (with ominous looks in her eye): "What made you so late, Thomas Blane?" Thomas: "Been figl tin'." Schoolmarm (advancing furiously): "You have, eh?" Thomas: "Yes, ma'am. A boy said you wuz ugly as home-made sin, an' I jest give it to him." Schoolmarm: "Well, Thomas, dear, I'll have to pardon you this time, but control your temper the best you can."

IN DREAMS I SEE MY MOTHER.

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In dreams I see my mother now,
Her locks are silvered gray;
I see upon her placid brow
The cares of many a day;
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow,
Her strength is failing fast;
Her voice is tremulous and low,
For youth's bright day is past,
For youth's bright day is past.

We knelt in childhood by her side,
To say our evening prayer;
Her gentle voice was then our guide,
It soothed each little care,
But as at night the weary dove
Flies to her mountain nest,
She winged her way to heaven above,
With angels there to rest,
With angels there to rest.

If then you have a mother dear,
Oh, love her while you may;
She will not always linger here,
Too soon she'll pass away.
Her love we know not how to prize
Till from us she is riven;
Till, like an angel from the skies,
She points the way to heaven,
She points the way to heaven.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

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I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,
When, in a low whisper, I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll,
And the gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.

The cause of my Master compels me from home,
I bid my companions farewell;
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in my tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high,

Oh, tell my companions and children most dear
To weep not for Joseph, tho' gone:
The same hand that led me thro' scenes dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home.

I called at the house of the mourner below;
I entered the mansion of grief,
And tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,
I tried but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppressed,
And here were her children in mourning arrayed,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief,
I asked her the cause of her woe,
And why there was nothing to give her relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below.

She looked at her children, then looked upon me—
That look I can never forget;
More eloquent far than a seraph may be,
It spoke of the trials she met.

The hand of affliction falls heavily now;
I am left with my children to mourn;
The friend of my youth is silent and low
In yonder cold grave-yard alone.

But why should I mourn or feel to complain,
Or think the misfortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction, 'tis truly his gain;
He enters the joy of his Lord.

His word is completed and finished below,
His last fear has fallen, I trust;
He has preached his last sermon and met his last foe,
He has conquered and now is at rest.

Oh, Sing that Plaintive Air Again.

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Oh, sing that plaintive air again,
It sweetly on my spirit fell;
My angel mother loved the strain,
And breathed it with her last farewell,
And breathed it with her last farewell.

That song she loved I'll fondly prize
Until her form again I see,
For since she left us for the skies,
All, all she loved is dear to me—
All, all she loved is dear to me.

Then sing that plaintive air again,
It sweetly on my spirit fell;
My angel mother loved the strain,
And breathed it with her last farewell,
And breathed it with her last farewell.

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

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We're homeward bound, far out upon the billow,
Within my soul what glad'ning thoughts arise,
For soon I'll rest my head upon the pillow,
At home, dear home, beneath my native skies,
Our bark rides true and slow the heavy waves along
With lightning speed before the gale we sweep,
And proud our ship to bear us o'er the deep.
With lightning speed before the gale we sweep,
And proud our ship to bear us o'er the deep.

We're homeward bound, to use a thought consoling;
Upon the ocean many a weary day
We're tossed when tempests mountain high were rolling,
But thoughts of home have driven fear away.
We've crossed the ocean blue in search of pleasures new,
But where are hearts so warm the wide world o'er
As those we'll meet upon my native shore?
But where are hearts so warm the wide world o'er
As those we'll meet upon my native shore?

We're homeward bound, then banish every sorrow,
To-day no care or grief my heart shall know.
Sweet hope has kindly whispered that to-morrow
I'll meet the loved I left so long ago;
'Tis years since last we met, but love can ne'er forget
A welcome warm is mine from friends at home,
Then speed good ship, no more from them I'll roam;
A welcome warm is mine from friends at home,
Then speed good ship, no more from them I'll roam.

That Girl in the Serpentine Dance.

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Words and Music by W. B. Williams.

The latest sensation we've got in the town,
She lives next to us on the street,
Reporters of dailies are writing her up,
To see her it is a great treat;
She's not a prize-fighter from Australia's shore,
Or ballet-girl over from France,
With her new-fangled style she's knocked them all cold,
Has this girl in the serpentine dance.

CHORUS.

She's graceful and neat, such curves she makes,
A man, if he's sober, would think he had snakes;
She's startled the town, they seem in a trance,
With her latest sensation, the serpentine dance.

In this great creation she dresses like Eve;
Her clothes they are usually white;
The first thing they do is to turn out the gas;
Of course that makes her 'out of sight.'
Then up starts the music, you see a dark form,
While lime lights quite prettily rise,
Then she lifts up her dress, that's simply immense,
That you'll hardly believe your own eyes.—*Chorus.*

It's a great inspiration, it thrills to the core,
The bald-headed men have a treat;
They seem to be dreaming as if in a daze—
You'll see them rise up from their seat.
And when it's all over they're weak from the strain
Of watching that beautiful sight,
And as they're homeward bound, you'll hear them remark,
Now we'll have to come here every night.—*Chorus.*

—How does a boy look if you hurt him? It makes him yell "Oh!"

PHADRIG CROHOORE

— OR: —

The Irish Lochinvar.

By Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu.

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Oh! Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
And he stood in his stockings six feet eight,
And his arm was as thick as another man's thigh—
'Tis Phadrig was great.

His hair was as black as the shadows of night,
And it hung over scars got in many a fight;
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong and loud,
And his eye flashed like lightning from under a cloud.
He was liked by the girls, too, for he could spake civil
And sweet, when he chose it. Och, he was the divil.
And there wasn't a girl from thirty-five under,
Devil a matter how cross, but he could come 'round her;
But of all whom he smiled on so sweetly, but one
Was the girl of his heart, and he loved her alone.
As warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure,
Was the love of the heart of young Phadrig Crohoore;
He would die for a smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as a lion.

But one Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well
As he hated Crohoore, and that was like hell;
And O'Brien liked him, for they were all the same parties,
The O'Hanlons, O'Briens, O'Ryans, McCarthies;
And they all went together in hating Crohoore,
For many's the bating he gave them before.
So O'Hanlon makes up to O'Brien, and says he:
"I'll marry your daughter if you give her to me."

So the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on
The company assembled, three hundred, if one;
The O'Hanlons, of course, turned out strong on that day,
And the pipers and fiddlers were tearing away.
There was laughing and roaring and jigging and flinging
And joking and blessing and kissing and singing,
And they were all merry; why not, to be sure?
That O'Hanlan got inside of Phadrig Crohoore.
And they all talked and laughed, the length of the table,
Aiting and drinking while they were able—
With piping and fiddling and roaring like thunder,
Faith, you'd think your head fairly was splitting asunder;
And the priest shouted, "Silence, ye babblers, again."
And he took up his prayer-book and was going to begin;
And they all held their funning and jigging and bawling
So silent you'd notice the smallest pin falling;
And the priest was beginning to read, when the door
Was flung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.

Oh! Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
And he stood six feet eight;
His arm was as big as another man's thigh—
'Tis Phadrig was great.

As he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
As a dark cloud moves on through the stars in the sky;
None dared to oppose him, for Phadrig was great,
Till he stood, all alone, just in front of the seat
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,
Were seated together, the two side by side.
He looked on Kathleen till her poor heart near broke,
Then he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke;
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong and loud,
And his eye flashed like lightning from under a cloud:

"I did not come here like a tame, crawling mouse,
I stand like a man, in my enemy's house;
In the field, on the road, Phadrig never knew fear
Of his foemen, and, God knows, he scorns it here.
I ask but your leave, for three minutes or four,
To speak to that girl whom I ne'er may see more."
Then he turned to Kathleen, and his voice changed its tone,
For he thought of the days when he called her his own;
And said he: "Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear—
Is this match your free choice, without threatening or fear?
If so, say the word, and I'll turn and depart,
Cheated once, but once only, by woman's false heart."

Oh, sorrow and love made the poor girl quite dumb,
She tried hard to speak, but the words wouldn't come;
For the sound of his voice as he stood there forninst her
Struck cold on her heart, like the night wind in winter;
And the tears in her blue eyes were trembling to flow,
And her cheeks were as pale as the mountains in snow.
Then the heart of bold Phadrig swelled high in its place;
For he knew, by one look on that beautiful face,
That, though strangers and foemen their pledged hands might sever,
Her heart was still his, and his only, forever.

Then he lifted his voice, like the eagle's hoarse call,
And cried out: "She's mine yet, in spite of ye all."
But up jumped O'Hanlon, and a tall chap was he,
And he gazed on bold Phadrig as fierce as could be;
And says he: "By my fathers, before you go out,
Bold Phadrig Crohoore, you must stand for a bout."
Then Phadrig made answer, saying: "I'll do my endeavor,"
And with one blow he stretched out O'Hanlon forever.

Then he caught up his Kathleen and rushed to the door,
He leaped on his horse and he swung her before;
And they all were so bothered that not a man stirred,
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard;
Then up they all started like bees in a swarm,
And they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm;
And they ran and they jumped and they shouted galore,
But Phadrig or Kathleen they never saw more.

But those days are gone by, and his, too, are o'er,
And the grass is now growing o'er the grave of Crohoore;
For he couldn't be aisy or quiet at all,
As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall;
So he took a good pike—for Phadrig was great,
And he died for old Ireland in the year ninety-eight.

WILL YOU JOIN IN THE ARMY OF THE SWEET SALVATION?

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

In me you see a little girl demure, who's quite averse from sin;
I dote on all that's very good and pure, and try all hearts to win;
The Army of Salvation I now fondly represent.
And to each young man here I sigh, Why don't you all repent?

CHORUS.

Will you come? will you come?
Will you join in the Army of the sweet Salvation?
Will you come? will you come?
Or you won't get to heaven when you die.

At nice young men I never, never smile, although they wink at me;
I'm very quiet nearly all the while, as maidens ought to be;
I never dance, for that is wrong, although the steps I know,
Yet when I hear a jolly song I'd like to shake this toe.—*Chorus.*

Some people say we never should be wed, that married men are bad,
That marriage is a failure, so it's said, and women always sad;
Perhaps you think I'm single, too, have no connubial sins,
But come with me, I'll show to you a pair of bouncing twins.—*Chorus.*

On rainy days the girls are often seen parading down the street;
They lift their skirts, some pink and others green; I think that's indiscreet;
I never try the men to charm, but when it comes to clothes,
I think it isn't any harm to show these pretty hose.—*Chorus.*

KITTY NOLAN.

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Written and Composed by Will Fieldhouse.

In a neat little cot dwells a dear little maid,
With the style of a lady so gentle and staid,
She's the fairest young creature that ever I've seen,
And the form of an angel has Kitty, my queen.
I know that for me she'll be waiting,
For far o'er the seas I have been;
And a small golden ring I am taking
For Kitty, my own Irish queen.

CHORUS.

Kitty Nolan, Kitty Nolan, she is the pride of my heart,
For nobody ever shall our hearts sever, from her I never will part;
Our trials and treasures, sorrows and pleasures, we'll share together thro' life;
My darling Kitty, so charming and pretty, to-morrow becomes my wife.

Oh, at school and in childhood together we played,
And oft hand-in-hand thro' the meadows we've strayed,
And as we grew older, our troubles we'd share,
And I'd fight all her battles and little I'd care,
But when the time came for leave-taking,
And I was to cross the wide sea;
She promised, with heart almost breaking,
That she would remain true to me.—*Chorus.*

But now I'm returning to Kitty, my queen,
To tell my adventures and sights that I've seen,
To tell her the things that a sailor can do,
But the best of them all, that his love can prove true;
To-morrow, with wedding-bells ringing,
We'll banish all trouble and strife;
To me all world's happiness bringing,
When Kitty, I make her my wife.—*Chorus.*

—"Did you see the 'puff' I gave you?" said the editor to the grocer. "Yes, and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of grit, that the milk I sell is of the first water, and that my butter is the strongest in the market may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time."

THE LETTER IN MY HEART.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

Within my heart there is a letter, a letter written years ago,
And could you, love, but read its contents, what bitter tears would surely flow;
Since childhood on have I been faithful, your image it does ne'er depart;
Oh, hasten then and ease my sorrow, and read the letter in my heart.

CHORUS.

I love no one but you, ever constant and true
I will remain until life does depart;
Come to my arms once more, speak those sweet words of yore,
And read the tender letter in my heart.

The letter in my heart's unopened, though stained by many a loving tear;
On earth there's none could read it better than you, the one my soul to cheer;
With some life's pathway is so radiant, with me, alas, 'tis very dark;
Then come my own and be my sunshine, and read this letter in my heart.—*Cho.*

KISS ME AGAIN.

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I have a darling whom I adore;
When he is near I am sighing no more;
Lone are the hours when we are apart,
Fondly his image now dwells in my heart.
Sweet hours of gladness we pass side by side,
Waiting the day when I'll be his bride;
Dearly he loves me, but never in vain,
Soon he is coming to kiss me again.

CHORUS.

Kiss me again and say that you love me,
Ever my darling remain;
Kiss me again, and if I complain,
Say that you love me and kiss me again.

Sweet is the kiss that lovers can share;
How it will cheer you and banish all care;
Never refuse one, never be shy,
Don't be too bashful and cry out "Oh, my!"
Kisses are plenty and kisses are sweet—
When you take one, the dose you'll repeat;
If with your loved one you'd always remain,
Come to his side and say, "Kiss me again!"—*Chorus*

CRINO-LENA.

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Words and Music by Matt. C. Woodward.

I live in the country and Lena's my name,
I've come just to visit your town;
But that's no excuse for you folks to make game
Of me and my elegant gown;
A man came and stared as I stepped from the car,
When my crinoline caught in the door;
I cried, "Go away, sir; how vulgar you are."
He only replied with a roar:

CHORUS.

Lena, Lena, Crino-Lena,
Where did you buy that queer machine?
You're caged like a linnet, balloons are not in it;
You're simply immense in your crinoline.—[*Dance.*]

No matter the time and no matter the place,
They guy me wherever I go;
To see how they laugh you would think that my face
Was a sort of variety show;
I wanted a rest, so I entered a church,
When up all the choristers sprung;
In their books for a hymn they had started to search,
But as soon as they saw me they sung:—*Chorus.*

A naughty old bachelor made love to me;
I asked him to marry me soon;
"I'm not quite that sort of a hair-pin," said he;
"Go marry the man in the moon."
I sued him for breach; I'd have won it I guess,
But the jury all rose to a man;
"May we question the lady?" The judge replied "Yes,"
And this is the way they began:—*Chorus.*

—Why is the letter F like a cow's tail? It is the end of beef.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

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Words and Music by Leona Fontainbleau Jerome.

This world's a dream of vast excitement, 'most ev'ry one seems on the rush,
Both men and women, late and early, and oft the strong the weak will crush.
How strange 'tis that, midst all this glamour, oft our thoughts will turn away
To other scenes now past recalling, and in our hearts these words we'll say:

REFRAIN.

There's the dear old home, where my mother she rocked me to sleep,
The dear old place still a spot in my memory shall keep;
The bright fireside, yes, wherever I ramble or roam,
I'll think of thee, my dear old home.

This life, we find, has many changes—a time for pleasure, a time for tears,
And as the days fly quickly from us, why soon we find they're changed to years.
Now other forms they gather 'round us, diff'rent faces hover near;
But when alone our thoughts will wander, and days long past will reappear.—*Ref.*

OH! FLOSSIE.

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Words by Richard Morton. Music by Orlando Powell.

Little sweetheart, up above me, come and tell me 'ow yer love me,
Flossie, don't yer be a scorner, I'll wait 'round the Johnny 'orner.
I know, and yer needn't flare up; it's a job to do yer 'air up;
But yer might as well look slippy, standin' 'ere is somewhat nippy;
Fairer than my words can paint yer, Flossie, you're my sweetheart, ain't yer?

CHORUS.

O Flossie, pretty little Flossie; O Flossie, listen to my song;
When you're out with me at night everything is gay and bright,
But when yer leave me on my own, it all goes wrong.

Flossie, though the street is narrer, cold is striking to my marrer;
'Urry up with that there bonnet, that with feathers stuck upon it.
If yer hears me, wave yer flipper, though you're tall and I'm a nipper,
Don't be proud and nasty to me, for my 'eart is yours, yus, bloo me;
Fairer than my words can paint yer, Flossie, you're my sweetheart, ain't yer?—*Cho*

If young Jimmy Jones should rile yer, tell me and I'll bust his biler,
For I loves yer, and yer knows it, don't care what I does to show it.
Flossie, out 'ere soon be 'opping, tell the dad you're going shopping,
'Urry up, my love, my cherished, for I, well I'm nearly perished;
Fairer than my words can paint yer, Flossie, you're my sweetheart, ain't yer?—*Cho*

YOU CAN'T STOP HER.

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Written by George Horncastle. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

'Tis wonderful what any woman will do
When once she has made up her mind,
Now I am a woman, so I know it's true,
For I've often made up my mind.
For instance, when she is a little put out,
No matter if aged or young,
You'll very soon find if she's made up her mind,
She'll give you the length of her tongue—and—

CHORUS.

You can't stop her; don't you think you can;
You can't stop her, or any other man,
When she's made up her mind,
You will very quickly find
That you can't stop her, tho' you try.

A woman will make up with powder and paint
When once she has made up her mind;
And pad here and there in a style very quaint
When once she has made up her mind.
She either may dress in a very neat way,
Wear a prim Quaker bonnet and shawl,
Or else she'll declare that she'll go on the stage,
And wear next to nothing at all—and—*Chorus.*

A wife will be master and mistress as well
When once she has made up her mind;
Her poor hubby's spirit she quickly will quell
When once she has made up her mind.
She'll take all his money, make him nurse the kids,
And wait on his ma-in-law, too;
And then, with a neat kitchen poker in hand,
Will beat him till he's black and blue—and—*Chorus.*

THE STAGE OF LIFE.

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Words by J. Campbell and Edward Leslie. Music by George Le Brunn. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg. Sung by Harry Leclair.

'Twas Shakespeare said the world's a stage, where each man plays a part—
In comedy and tragedy life scenes oft touch the heart;
The rich, the poor, the fool, the knave, all play upon life's stage;
Each struts his hour upon the stage, and exits there with age;
But diff'rent from life's tragedy is fancy's the ideal,
Where heroes play the leading parts that villains play in real,
Upon the mimic stage you'll find that joy will follow strife,
While brilliancy ne'er meets its fate upon the stage of life.

CHORUS.

So daily are scenes ever shifting here,
Where hypocrites thus act their parts,
Where misers are coddling their gold with fear,
Where cruelty crushes our hearts,
Where thieves creep with stealth and a scowling frown,
Where the murderer follows with knife,
Where misery'll beg till the curtain rings down
Upon the stage of life.

We see the lover play his part each day throughout the year;
Some truthful are, while faithless ones cause many a burning tear.
He'll boast of conquests, yes, and scoff at virtue's innocence,
Then when his old love tires him, he'd exclaim, be gone, out hence.
The poor, confiding creature who left home and all for him,
Her life is shattered, wrecked and spent, her hopes of future dim;
She cries, why has he left me here, his own affianced wife?
The curtain drops, 'tis but one scene upon the stage of life.

CHORUS.

So daily are scenes ever shifting here,
Where the fool struts about with a smile,
Where the knave plays his part with a cunning leer,
Where the gambler stakes his pile,
Where innocence walks hand-in-hand with crime,
Where men forsake children and wife,
Where misery'll reign till the end of time,
Upon the stage of life.

The heartless and ungrateful son his little part plays well,
To gratify his own desires his parents' lives he'd sell,
For years they've toiled and cared for him from early morn till late;
He heedless notes their feeble health when grown to man's estate.
The poor old father, weak with age, asks for his son's support,
An angry scene soon follows, and then comes the brute's retort:
You'll trouble me no more, old man, then gleams the deathly knife,
The climax is a parricide upon the stage of life.

CHORUS.

The poor mother cries in her anguish loud,
Kind heaven forgive such a son;
In shame, grief and sorrow, my head is bowed,
God pardon the deed he has done;
He has also killed me, for death never will part
The husband now slain from his wife;
She falters, she dies of a broken heart
Upon the stage of life.

A ragged, tattered character appears before our gaze,
An object of derision, who has seen much better days;
Though now a tramp, he once enjoyed sweet luxury and wealth,
But scheming brothers worked his ruin by their deceit and stealth.
He, shiv'ring, tries to cross the street, a carriage rolls along,
His brother in affluence sits behind those horses strong;
He slips, he falls, the carriage wheels soon end his earthly strife—
Such scenes are witnessed every day upon the stage of life.

CHORUS.

The carriage here stops, and the brother's eyes
Soon rest upon the poor man's face—
Great God! 'tis my brother, and there he dies—
Drive on, man, hasten your pace!
The coward drives off with a feeling of dread,
While noise and confusion are rife,
Despising the living, neglecting the dead,
Upon the stage of life.

—Kind Lady: "Are you crying because you are lost, little girl?" Little Girl: "No, no; it's 'cause nobody has found me."

—Rafferty: "They don't fit. Oi want th' nixt larger soize." Marks: "I gan't oxshange does drousers, mein frient; t'ey vos torn mit der knee." Rafferty: "Torn? Will, will; so dthey are! Niver moind; Oi wants ter do dth' fair thing. Just tear the pair yez gives me in exchange."

—"Why, Willie Green, you don't know what a boaster is? Suppose Tommy Toodles were to come to you and say he excelled all the other boys in their studies; that he could jump higher, run faster, swim better and could outdo every boy in the school at everything. Now, what would you call Tommy Toodles?" Willie Green (with decision): "A liar."

HALF-PAST NINE.

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Words by Wal Pink. Music by Leo Le Brunn.

Oh, sweet are vacations, they bring variations,
So thought Johnny Hopkins, a clerk,
As off like a rocket went he, cash in pocket,
Released from his dull office work;
He did not go touring, long travel enduring,
But to a small village unnamed,
Where he, although married, a love affair carried
On with a young girl who exclaimed:

CHORUS.

I'll be there, love, at half-past nine;
I'll be there, be it rain or shine;
I'm your true love, and you are mine,
So meet me down the lane to-night at half-past nine.

Still they must be pitied, for they both omitted
To mention which end of the lane,
So whilst he, mid showers, stood one end for hours,
She stood at the other in vain;
She waited till ten, then said, "He's like all men; then:
I'll meet him to-morrow instead;
With heart down to zero, she wrote to our hero,
And this was the way the note read:—*Chorus.*

John's wife wasn't vicious, but she grew suspicious,
So down to the village she came,
Arrived unexpected, the note intercepted,
Resolving to upset his game;
Thought she, half-past nine, sir, the fun will be mine, sir,
For as the clock strikes, I'll strike, too;
With horse-whip she waited, and met him as stated,
Then wolloped poor John black and blue. (Saying.)

CHORUS.

I've got here, love, by half-past nine;
I've got here; don't you think it fine;
I'm your true love, but you're not mine;
She left her trade-mark on him just at half-past nine.

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF JACK.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

From the light-house rocks on a rugged shore,
The keeper's daughter at break of day
Stood watching a ship o'er the harbor bar,
That was bearing her sailor love away;
Her heart went out to her hero there,
The pride of a gallant crew;
And she wished in her young and fearless heart
She could share the danger, too.
All for the sake of Jack,
All for the lads at sea;
She watched the light of the ships at night
That came in sight on the lea.
All for the sake of Jack,
At the mercy of wind and wave;
Like a true sailor's wife, she would give her life
The life of a tar to save.

She had passed her life on the sea and shore,
She had no fears of a stormy sea,
For Jack had taught her to pull an oar,
And she was as good a sailor as he;
She steered her boat o'er the dangerous reefs,
At the point where the light-house stood.
She would help her father trim the lamps,
And the lights were clear and good.
All for the sake of Jack,
All for the lads at sea:
She watched the light of the ships at night
That came in sight on the lea.
All for the sake of Jack,
At the mercy of wind and wave;
Like a true sailor's wife, she would give her life
The life of a tar to save.

One dark-dread night, at the midnight hour,
When the Storm King reigned over sea and sky,
Jack's ship, near home, on the rocks was cast,
And he and his shipmates were left to die.
A brave, true lass in the light-house boat,
A life-line bore them thro' wind and wave,
And saved at last was the gallant crew,
But the lass was lost in an ocean grave.
All for the sake of Jack,
All for the lads at sea;
She watched the light of the ships at night
That came in sight on the lea.
All for the sake of Jack,
At the mercy of wind and wave;
Like a true sailor's wife, she had given her life
Her Jack and his crew to save.

POOR MICK.

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Words and Music by Mickey Finn.

Did you ever hear of McGarry?
Mike McGarry came from Darry;
When he got half tight he felt sparry,
Oh, he was such a divil to fight.
He'd fall out wid a soldier or sailor,
With a tailor or a nailer,
And he'd even tackle a jailer;
He was dying to slog every night,
But one day thro' the streets he went rowlin',
He was prowlin', he was growlin'.
"Will nobody fight?" he was howlin',
Till he met with a very cross gang,
And says he, "Be the powers, I can bate ye;
I can slate ye, I can ate ye;
Stand there and I will massacrate ye,"
When one of the boy-ohs went—Bang!

CHORUS.

So he put up his hands and he fought,
At danger he never would wince,
But they paralyzed McGarry, and *he* has had to carry
His chin behind his ear ever since.

McGarry they rowled in the gutter;
He went splutter, tried to mutter,
But he had to go home on a shutter,
And all night had to sleep on his nose,
But the next day he got some more whiskey;
Irish whiskey made him frisky,
But the fighting he found rather risky,
Still he thought he wud have one more dose.
In the street then he started a-shoutin'
And a-spoutin' and a-floutin',
"All the Dimocrats I will be cloutin',
But the cowardly spalpeens won't stop."
Now there happened to be a great votin',
Flags were floatin', voters gloatin',
And aich on their candidate dotin',
When one of the voters went—Whop!

CHORUS.

So he put up his hands and he fought,
At danger he never would wince,
But they paralyzed McGarry, and *he* has had to carry
His whiskers in a sling ever since.

Poor micky a fortnight lay groanin'
And a-moanin' and ochonin',
His carcass had not a whole bone in,
So he lay in his bed and he swore
That he wasn't a cowardly flunkey
Or a monkey or a funky,
But he must be a blatherin' donkey,
And he'd never get drunk any more.
So he went to a Salvation maytin';
They were aitin', they were pratin',
Says Mick, "Let me be observatin',
You are a half-starved looking gang;
Sure if it's cowld water you're drinkin',
Sure I'm winkin', for I'm thinkin',
You've all got a jag and you're blinkin',
Then one of the blaggards went—Bang!

CHORUS.

So he put up his hands and he fought,
At danger he never would wince,
But they paralyzed McGarry, and *he* has had to carry
A beefsteak on his eye ever since.

Poor Micky received such a scourgin',
Such a scourgin', such an urgin',
Be the powers, they'd to send for the surgeon,
And he tuk Micky home in a sheet.
Poor Micky was rowled up in plaster.
Says he, "Master, this disaster
Makes me think that I'm not a laster,
But I swear be me grandmother's feet
That I'll never give in till I'm bated,
Till I'm slated, dishlocated,
The sev'nteenth of March this is dated,
And I'll drink and I'll fight till I'm shtiff!"
So he yielded to whiskey's seductions;
Oh, the ructions and destructions,
Then he swore he could bate Pat McGuckshions.
"You're a liar!" says Pat, and went—Biff!

CHORUS.

So he put up his hands and he fought,
At danger he never would wince,
But they paralyzed McGarry, and *he* has had to carry
Two front teeth in his stomach ever since.

—Payrental Affection.—Pauline: "Then you give your consent, dear papa?" Isaacs: "Yes, my daughter; but—but I cannot let you leaf me. You are mein only child, and you and Penjamin must lif ride here with the old folks. You can haf that second-story front room for twenty dollars a veek."—*Life.*

I Loved You Better than You Knew.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. W. Held.

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Words and Music by Johnnie Carroll.

Our hands are clasped, the last forever, perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other; this parting fills my heart with pain;
You ask, and freely I forgive you, the happy past I must forget;
And though I wander on in sorrow, I hope that you'll be happy yet.

CHORUS.

As through this weary world I wander, my thoughts alone will be of you;
In mem'ry I will see you ever; I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps, when I have gone forever, you'll sometimes sit and think of me,
And wonder if I'm dead or living; perchance I'll think the same of thee;
And when your friends have all departed, the friends you tho't were tried and true,
Remember one you left heart-broken had loved you better than you knew.—*Cho.*

NELLIE DAILY'S DAD.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy and Frank Dumont.

I love a little lady, Nellie Daily is her name,
She's very neat, refined and sweet, to marry is our aim;
Her mother has consented and I wish her father had;
Of course, my object is to try and please Miss Daily's dad.

CHORUS.

I love Nellie better far than life;
She has promised soon to be my wife,
But her father may prefer some other lad—
That is why I'm so polite to Nellie Daily's dad.

Whene'er I meet him on the street his hand I shake and say:
Why, Mister Daily, bless my soul, you're looking fine to-day.
I buy for him the best cigars; when parting say I'm sad,
Because I always try my best to please Miss Daily's dad.—*Chorus.*

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

Original Version.

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The midnight stars are gleaming upon her silent grave:
Now sleepeth without dreaming the friend we could not save.
The cloud of grief is heaping its shadow on my brow;
Oh! blame me not for weeping—I have no mother now.
The cloud of grief is heaping its shadow on my brow;
Oh! blame me not for weeping—I have no mother now.

Yet not alone she lieth, one angel child is there;
No more for him she sigheth, for death hath joined the pair,
Together sweetly sleeping beneath the locust bough;
Oh! blame me not for weeping—I have no mother now.
Together sweetly sleeping beneath the locust bough;
Oh! blame me not for weeping—I have no mother now.

No mother now to bless me with love sincere and true;
No mother to caress me, as she was wont to do;
No mother's grief is keeping its shadow on my brow;
Oh! blame me not for weeping—I have no mother now.
No mother's grief is keeping its shadow on my brow;
Oh! blame me not for weeping—I have no mother now.

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

New Version.

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I hear the soft winds sighing through every bush and tree,
Where now dear mother's lying, away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting, and sorrow shades my brow;
Oh! weary was our parting—I have no mother now.
I am always sad and lonely, with grief upon my brow;
She has gone, alas! forever—I have no mother now.

I see the pale moon shining on mother's white headstone;
The rosebush 'round it twining, it's here—like me alone—
And, just like me, are weeping the dewdrops from the bough;
Long time has she been sleeping—I have no mother now.
I am always sad and lonely, with grief upon my brow;
She has gone, alas! forever—I have no mother now.

Now I wander sad and lonely, my heart is drear and sad;
'Twas her dear presence only that made my spirits glad;
From morn until the evening care rests upon my brow,
She's gone from me to heaven—I have no mother now.
I am always sad and lonely, with grief upon my brow;
She has gone, alas! forever—I have no mother now.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

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'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber, far, far away,
Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber, dar's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary, eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wander'd when I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd—many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, dar let me live and die.—*Chorus.*

One little hut among de bushes—one dat I love—
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming all 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming down in my good old home?—*Chorus.*

A MOTHER'S WELCOME.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

A wayward boy got tired of home, and said: "I'll go to sea;
I'll travel all the wide world o'er, from home restraints be free."
His mother said, "Don't leave me, Jack; you are my only joy";
But all in vain, he'd have his way, so she said to the boy:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, darling; good-bye, dear;
Don't forget the loving heart that's waiting for you here;
When you're sad and weary and no more you wish to roam,
Your mother still will welcome you at 'home, sweet home.'"

The foolish boy went off to sea, despite his mother's tears;
No letter reached her from the lad for many weary years.
He led a wild and reckless life, but sometimes in his sleep
His mother's sweet face he would see, and she would sadly weep.—*Chorus.*

The poor old mother waited, and she'd sadly smile and say:
"My boy will tire of rambling and come back to me some day.
The world to him may cruel be, the soiled and weary dove
Will fly back to the parent nest, to find a mother's love."—*Chorus.*

At last he tired of rambling, and he longed for peace and rest,
And for his mother's love he yearned, his dearest friend and best,
But like a flower neglected, she had pined away and died.
On earth his only comfort is the last words that she cried:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

Composed by Sigismund Alexander.

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The season has opened—for baseball, I mean—
Many contests now daily are seen,
Won by a single, hit just in time,
Which has won many a game for a nine.
I saw a game once, the score was a tie,
The last man was at the bat, on him they must rely;
A sharp crack, and "fair" the umpire did call—
Five men went chasing after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, over the fence it did shoot,
While around the bases the lucky batter did scoot;
He had made a home run, and won the game—that's all,
While his opponents went chasing after the ball.

Married life is a blessing, so some folks say;
Happy and peaceful, both night and day,
And when they are blessed with a child,
Papa and mamma, for joy, near go wild,
But when it's teething, and bawls all night,
Papa, to stop it, tries with all his might;
Up and down the room he walks, during the squall,
At last baby's quiet after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the bawl is over, and baby to sleep has begun,
Papa climbs into a cold bed, just at the rise of the sun;
But he can't get any bed clothes, his wife she has them all;
He swears at the baby after the bawl.

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

Written by Thomas F. Brown.

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Have you heard that story—that sad tale of woe?
I'll change it slightly—tell of one I know:
I joined a social club, one of wide renown;
The name I'll not tell, though it's known miles around.
We gave a grand ball the other night—
It was attended by people black and white;
A riot then occurred, 'twas an awful squall:
Sixty persons were kicked to death after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, after the fight did cease,
The ball-room was surrounded by soldiers and police.
Many a head was aching—that didn't end it all—
We all rode free in a police-cart after the ball.

I loved a maiden, this was long ago;
One night to a ball said I we'll go;
I spent all my cash, this she soon learned.
Said she, Good-bye, son—from me she turned.
Soon she came toward me, "loaded" with gin.
Darling, said she, go call a doctor in.
Not on your life, love; sober up—that's all;
You've got a bad dose after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, after the crowd did leave,
She stood by the balusters—her stomach she tried to "heave."
She tried to walk down the stairs, she missed her foot—that's all;
She tumbled down and broke her back after the ball.

THE MILWAUKEE FIRE.

Written by J. W. Kelley.

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'Twas the gray of early morning when the dreadful cry of fire
Rang out upon the cold and piercing air,
Just that little word alone is all it would require
To spread dismay and panic everywhere.
Milwaukee was excited as it never was before,
On learning that the fire bells all around
Were ringing to eternity a hundred souls or more,
And the Newhall House was burning to the ground.
The firemen worked like demons and did all within their power
To save a life or try to soothe a pain;
It made the strongest heart sick, for in less than half an hour
All was hushed and further efforts were in vain.

When the dreadful alarm was sounded through the oft-condemned hotel,
They rushed in mad confusion every way;
The smoke was suffocating and blinding them as well,
The fire king could not be held at bay;
At every window men and women wildly would beseech
For help, in tones of anguish and despair,
What must have been their feelings where the ladders could not reach,
And they felt death's grasp around them everywhere.
Up in the highest window stood a servant girl alone;
The crowd beneath all gazed with bathed breath,
They turned away their faces, there was many a stifled groan,
When she jumped to meet, perhaps, as hard a death.

In one place you could see a man, whose wife stood by his side,
They say this man was a millionaire,
To save them from their dreadful fate they left no means untried,
Gold or treasure had no value there.
A boy stood in a window and his mother was below,
She saw him, and the danger drawing near,
With upraised hands, to pray for him, she knelt down in the snow,
And the stoutest men could not restrain a tear.
She madly rushed towards the fire and wildly tore her hair,
Take me, oh, God, but spare my pride, my joy,
She saw the flames surround him, and then, in dark despair,
Said: God have mercy on my only boy.

They tell us now that this hotel has been on fire before,
And not considered safe for several years,
And still the men that owned it let it run on as before,
And they are not to blame it now appears.
Incendiarism this time has been the cause they say,
But who the fiend was they cannot tell,
So the people in Milwaukee will not rest by night or day
Till the matter is investigated well;
Still this will be no benefit to those who've passed away,
In this Milwaukee's greatest funeral pyre,
And peace be to their ashes is the best that we can say
For the victims to this great and dreadful fire.

—Little Maudie: "Ropes are made male and female, aren't they, mamma?" Fond mother (surprisedly): "Why, whatever put such a strange idea in my little darling's head? What makes you think that ropes are male and female, Maudie?" Little Maudie (demurely): "Because they often get spliced, mamma."

THE WIDOW.

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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music by Percy Gaunt.

Do you know her, have you met her? if so, you'll ne'er forget her,
The pretty little widow with the laughing eyes of brown;
Demure in her sobriety, severe in her propriety,
But the life of all society, the jolliest thing in town;
No giddiness or giggle, no shyness and no wriggle,
That makes the budding maiden such a nuisance and a bore,
So bright in conversation, so free from affectation,
You can bear no hesitation, and you hasten to adore.

CHORUS.

But when you come to tell her how you love her,
As never was a woman loved before,
Do not think you can deceive; don't expect her to believe;
She has heard it in the days of yore.

Most likely she'll refuse you, most likely 'twill amuse you,
She's got so many clothes in black, to mourning she must cling;
But if your prayer impresses, and beside, she rather guesses,
But along with her addresses, a husband is the thing;
She'll breathe hard for a minute, but, my boy, there's nothing in it,
It's only strict propriety that makes her tremble so;
She long ago has brooded on the question, and concluded,
Very likely before you did, if you'd be the man or no.

CHORUS.

But when you come to put your arms around her,
And squeeze her till you can't squeeze any more;
If you think she's going to faint, she will fool you, for she ain't;
She has been there several times before.

THE BOWERY.

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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music by Percy Gaunt.

Oh! the night that I struck New York,
I went out for a quiet walk;
Folks who are "on to" the city say,
Better, by far, that I took Broadway;
But I was out to enjoy the sights;
There was the Bowery ablaze with lights;
I had one of the devil's own nights—
I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.

The Bowery, the Bowery;
They say such things, and they do strange things
On the Bowery, the Bowery—
I'll never go there any more.

I had walked but a block or two,
When up came a fellow and me he knew;
Then a policeman came walking by,
Chased him away, and I asked him why.
"Wasn't he pulling your leg," said he.
Said I, "He never laid hands on me!"
"Get off the Bowery, you Yep!" said he—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

I went into an auction store;
I never saw any thieves before;
First he sold me a pair of socks,
Then said he, "How much for the box?"
Some one said "two dollars!" I said "three!"
He emptied the box and gave it to me—
"I sold you the box, not the socks," said he—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

I went into a concert hall,
I didn't have a good time at all;
Just the minute that I sat down
Girls began singing, "New Coon in Town,"
I got up mad and spoke out free.
"Somebody put that man out," said she;
A man called a bouncer attended to me—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

I went into a barber shop;
He talked till I thought he would never stop;
I, cut it short, he misunderstood,
Clipped down my hair just as close as he could;
He shaved with a razor that scratched like a pin,
Took off my whiskers and most of my chin;
That was the worst scrape I ever got in—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

I struck a place that they called a "dive";
I was in luck to get out alive;
When the policeman heard my woes,
Saw my black eyes and my battered nose,
"You've been held up!" said the "copper" fly!
"No, sir; but I've been knocked down!" said I;
Then he laughed, though I couldn't see why—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

The Man in the Moon Sees It All.

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Words and Music by James F. Lamb, the Ventriloquist.

You've heard of the man in the moon,
With celestial friends live far away;
Who shine very bright in the evening,
But where does he go in the day? so they say.
I suppose to some strange, foreign lands
He'll give them a very bright call.
If you watch him at night, you will say I am right,
For the man in the moon sees it all.

REFRAIN.

The man in the moon sees it all,
As he wanders around all alone:
If you watch him at night, you will say I am right,
For the man in the moon sees it all.

The dudish young man of to-day,
The pretty young miss just as well,
Who cut quite a dash with their costumes
As they promenade, every day, on Broadway.
You should see them at night when they're home,
I'm sure quite a scene would unfold;
But as they're alone, there's no tales can be told,
For the man in the moon sees it all.—*Refrain.*

Thus strange things occur every day,
Of which we hear nothing at all,
That are quashed and made light by hush-money;
The rest of it's thrown o'er the wall, then it's done.
There is no one I keep from the list;
We all find a place on the roll.
I'd give half my life if I could, for one night,
Like the man in the moon, see it all.

REFRAIN.

The man in the moon sees it all,
As he wanders around o'er the globe;
I'd give half my life if I could, for one night,
Like the man in the moon, see it all.

REUBEN AND CYNTHIA.

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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music arranged by Percy Gaunt.

Reuben, Reuben, I've a notion
If the men were sent away,
Far beyond the stormy ocean,
Female hearts would all be gay,
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking
If the men should take that trip,
All the women in creation
Right away would take that ship.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a strange thing it would be
If all streams of drinking water
All turned salty as the sea.
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,
You can safely take my word,
More than half the population
Wouldn't know it had occurred.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
Will you tell me where or when
Women will be forced to stop this—
Doing things just like the men.
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,
And can answer with dispatch,
She must cease her mannish methods
When she comes to strike a match.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
Why do people risk their gold
Betting on the wicked races,
Knowing they are bought and sold.
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,
That is where the laugh comes in,
Each man thinks that he has fixed it,
So the horse he backs will win.

—Mamma: "And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?" Little Pet: "Papa tried to sing to me like you do, an' I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it."

—She: "I could live forever on your smiles, dear George." He: "Well, if you can do that, Maude, there is nothing to prevent us from getting married at once. I didn't know but we'd have to wait till I'd got an increase of salary."

THE CHAPERONE.

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Composed by W. Barton.

A crisp, young chaperone, who is always bright and gay;
And when they dare not go alone, they always take a chaperone,
To take the curse away, to take the curse away.
Although it's far from pleasing to be severe and hurt,
I'm chaperone this evening, that all of you may flirt.
A crisp, young chaperone, who is always bright and gay;
And when they dare not go alone, they always take the chaperone,
To take the curse away, to take the curse away.

A gay, young chaperone, who is full of fun and dash;
And captivating at a glance, will set your sluggish heart adance;
And eyes that fire and flash, and eyes that fire and flash;
But still she's oft demurely, quite shy, reserved and plain;
Perhaps you think so surely her heart and hand you'll gain.
A crisp, young chaperone, who is always bright and gay;
And when they dare not go alone, they always take the chaperone,
To take the curse away, to take the curse away.

PULL THE BELL, O'REILLY.

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Words by Dave Mullen. Music by Robert A. Mullen.

I took a job as conductor upon a cross-town line,
Where the wages they were very poor and the chance to skin was fine.
One night while at the ferry I got a crowd aboard;
I started 'round to get the fare as happy as a lord.
There were twenty-three aboard the car, I thought it would be mean
If I couldn't make some money, so I only rang eighteen;
I stood upon the platform, feeling kind of stout;
Two fellows who sat near the door then started for to shout:

CHORUS.
Ding the bell, O'Reilly, we're on to you there;
Pull the bell, O'Reilly, and ring up the fare;
I'll ride right to the office and I'll report you there;
Come now, O'Reilly, and ring up that fare.

To a fancy ball I took my girl, there was a jolly crowd,
And the dancers 'round the room would twirl with dresses short and loud.
I took my lady to a seat and looked on at the sport,
And watched a little nigger gal and a big fat clown cavort.
There was Uncle Sam and Liberty and a bummer with a can,
And the dudes with little school-girls and a pig-tail Chinaman.
The time it passed on merrily, we could no longer stay,
We thought we'd have another dance, when the band commenced to play:—*Cho.*

Last New Year's day I made a call upon some friends of mine;
I wished them a happy New Year, and we had some cake and wine;
I kept on drinking liquor till my head commenced to spin;
I said Gladstone was a fakir and Parnell was a skin.
Now what I said had riled my friends—they threw me to the floor.
They kicked me all around the place and put me out the door,
And when I reached my home that night my head was all swelled out;
I could not get my key in right and a gang commenced to shout:—*Chorus.*

OUT FOR A RACKET.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a high old frolic, strictly alcoholic;
Wine and whiskey, ale or lager beer;
Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a high old frolic, strictly alcoholic;
Out for a racket up to here.

WIDOW.
In me a modest maid you see;
Of course you know I'm college bred;
I've learned to calm my ecstacy,
To worldly joys seem dead;
This air demure is all put on;
I love to romp and make a noise;
My mamma thinks I'm an angel, but
You ought to see me with the boys;
I love to romp and make a noise,
And you should see me with the boys—Ah!

Although, you see, I'm scarce of age,
I love to have a high old time;
Just now this seems to be the rage,
To me it is divine;
A cigarette, a glass of wine,
With lots of fun and lots of noise;
I would not be an angel when
I have a night out with the boys;
I love to romp and make a noise,
And you should see me with the boys—Ah!

COLUMBUS WAS AN IRISHMAN.

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Words by Chas. Graham and Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Music by Chas. Graham.

Four hundred years ago, they say, Columbus landed here;
We're told he was Italian, but the story's very queer;
There's no one living saw him and there's no one proof can bring,
Yet of their great Columbo you will hear the Dagoes sing;
The man who found America, I've heard my father tell,
Was full of nerve and courage and an Irishman as well;
Old Chris' was not Italian sure, 'tis all a lie, you see,
So tell the boys who ask you that you got it straight from me.

CHORUS.
It's all wrong; all a mistake; they don't know what they say;
The whole tale's only a fake, you'll find it out some day;
It's all wrong; don't you forget, my father's often sworn
"Columbus was an Irishman," in Ireland he was born.

His name was Michael Cooley when he sailed from Bantry Bay,
And when he got well out to sea, 'tis said he lost his way,
Upon the coast of Italy his ship was wrecked at last;
He lost his crew, but he himself upon the shore was cast;
He told his story to the Queen, she found him ships and men,
To find the great United States he started off again,
And so they found America, Mike Cooley won the fame,
But, just to honor Italy, the Dagoes changed his name.—*Chorus.*

Whatever you may think or say, 'tis very plain to me,
Columbus was an Irishman from Erin o'er the sea,
Just look upon his photographs, you'll see he has a beard;
And even on our postage stamps his whiskers have appeared;
Now this is evidence complete, that no one can dispute,
His fine old red "Imperial" you must own is a "bute,"
And tell me who has ever seen, since this world did begin,
An organ-grinding Dago with red whiskers on his chin.—*Chorus.*

KISS, AND LET'S MAKE UP.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Two little playmates, a boy and a girl,
Were playing one day on the sands;
They had built up a house of pretty seashells,
With no tools but their little brown hands;
At last it was finished, their work was well done,
And two little hearts were made glad;
When the boy, just for fun, gave a kick, then did run,
And down came the house on the sands;
The girl for a moment stood shocked and surprised,
Then tears to her pretty eyes came:
I'll never forgive him, she sobbingly cried;
Oh, how could my Jack be so mean;
And when the lad saw his sweetheart in tears,
He manfully to her side came,
And throwing his arms around her dear form,
Said, "Kiss, and let's make up again;
Kiss, and let's make up, my darling;
Dry your tears; don't cry in vain,
For you know I love you, darling;
Yes, I know I was to blame;
So you wished you'd never met me?
Don't say that my little pet—
What would this life be without you?
Kiss, and let's make up."

The years rolled by, the lad sailed away,
The maiden she waited in vain;
Could Jack have forgotten those bright happy days
When oft to the cottage he came;
The shells by the seashore are strewn all about;
Each one brings fond memories back,
When they built little houses upon the warm sands,
She and her boy lover Jack.
He promised to write to her once every week;
Had another fair face won his heart?
Or else had he tired of his true country lass?
Was he satisfied that they should part?
But the true, honest fellow was sailing back home
To the girl who was waiting in vain
To hear his dear voice whisper low in her ear,
"Come, kiss, and let's make up again;
Kiss, and let's make up, my darling;
Dry your tears; don't cry in vain,
For you know I love you, darling;
Yes, I know I was to blame;
So you wished you'd never met me?
Don't say that, my little pet—
What would this life be without you?
Kiss, and let's make up."

—What wind would a hungry sailor prefer? One that blows fowl and chops about.

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

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Written by Gus Williams.

A fresh young maiden climbed an old man's ear,
Begged for a story in language queer—
"Why is your nose spread flat, like two beers?
Have you no fingers? Where are your ears?"
"I played base-ball, dear—years, years ago;
I was right fielder, a queer one, I know.
One day a 'daisy' was sent to the wall,
I ran out to centre field after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball, in clover, I ran like a young fawn,
Tripped, fell, and saw the stars, dear, half of my teeth were gone;
Many a bone was aching, I broke my fingers all;
I was a chump when I ran, dear, after the ball.

"Oil lamps were burning in a beer saloon,
Dutch bands were playing one night in June;
Then Annie Rooney to me did call,
'Claude, I am hungry for a fish ball.'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man
Drinking my lager, as Dutchmen can;
The fish ball it went, dear, over the wall,
I sent the man, pet, after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball he went, dear, and he stepped on my corn;
I yelled and called 'Police!' dear—all of the cops had gone.
Many a man has jumped, dear, over a high stone wall,
Just to get in a saloon, dear, after a ball.

"Long years had passed, child, till one fatal night
I went to a dance, pet, dressed 'out of sight';
When it was over I was good and full;
Some one then touched me, my leg did pull.
One day a letter came from a man,
He was a Lala, so the letter ran;
The tickets he sent me, where he'd soaked them all,
He cleaned me out, pet, after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball he touched me, 'twas near the break of morn,
As with a load I lay, dear, all of my senses gone;
Many a man gets loaded, if you could see them all,
Many's the purse that has vanished after the ball."

It Isn't the Fault of the Girls.

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Words by James Thornton. Music by Andrew Mack. As sung by little Bonnie Thornton.

Since the days of our first parents up to the present time
We often hear in story how they first committed crime,
By taking just one apple from the garden without leave;
When Adam found he had done wrong he blamed it on to Eve.

CHORUS.

But it wasn't the fault of the girl,
She thought she was doing quite right;
Now why didn't Adam refuse,
And not be tempted the apple to bite?
But no, he said "Don't it taste sweet?"
Never thinking through it he would fall.
He knew that the fruit was forbidden;
No, 'twas not the girl's fault, after all.

The world is full of pretty girls, there isn't any doubt,
And some of them are angels—that's until you find them out.
They coax you and they tease you, make you pay for all their fun;
But when your purse is empty with some other chap they'll run.

CHORUS.

But it isn't the fault of the girls,
Why do you run after them so?
It's telling the same old story
That happened a long time ago.
If they make you believe that they love you
Till your brain seems to go in a whirl,
You should make them prove their affections;
No, it isn't the fault of the girls.

All women like to fascinate and charm the heart of man;
To make themselves look pretty they do ev'rything they can;
The bloom of youth is on their cheeks, it never, never fades;
Although their age is forty, they appear as dainty maids.

CHORUS.

But it isn't the fault of the girls,
When they find that they're getting so old,
To look for a husband at forty
To take them in out of the cold.
Ere a year has gone by you observe
That false are her bright shining curls;
You should have found that out 'fore you got married—
No, it isn't the fault of the girls.

And You All Get Paid upon a Friday.

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Words by Harry Adams. Music by Jas. M. Harrison.

I really can't tell what has come to the boys,
They make themselves awfully free;
All they think of is making a terrible noise,
And all going out on the spree.
They used to be different some time ago,
You could then meet a genuine lad,
But now it's a puzzle to find a nice beau;
Oh! you've gone from the good to the bad.

CHORUS.

And you all get paid upon a Friday,
On Saturday you leave at one,
On Sunday you've gold and silver,
On Monday and Tuesday none, ta ra rum;
Wednesday you start upon the borrow,
And Thursday you promise to pay;
Then you go to bed at night and wake up with delight,
For it's Friday again, hooray!

When you get in your teens you imagine you're men,
And, of course, get behind a cigar,
Never dreaming of seeing till long after ten,
The nice little girl to the car;
Then cards you must play till the break of the day,
To bad luck all your faith has been pinned;
You indulge in a song, as you swagger along,
About twenty-three sheets in the wind.—*Chorus.*

You say, times are bad and that you're in hard luck,
That you're very near tired of life,
And 'twould ruin you quite if you were to unite
With a damsel and make her your wife;
Yet you spend heaps of cash just to cut a big dash,
But for all that you're only a jay;
You figure, of course, in some case of divorce,
And some thousands you then have to pay.—*Chorus.*

THE LADY IN THE SUN.

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Composed by James Meakins. Arranged by Reinhard W. Gebhardt.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE—"Bill in the Rainbow" (speaking): She comes, a witch the world knows nothing of; I see her, a charm, an amulet; and if the stars are angels in the sky, the sun and moon gods of light and dark, supreme night and day, I am—"Cue": Bill in the bow, a witch also.

I'm just come down here from the sun,
So golden in the blue sky, as you see;
Sol says I may have a little fun,
With the shadow on the earth in love will fancy me.
I am so superhuman that I flirt with all the stars
As around this world I wander with a smile;
And one thing only bars my mating with old mars,
The younger stars are singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Ta-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra, hi-ta, ra-ra, ra-ra,
With a shadow on the earth I want a little fun,
Ta-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra, hi-ta, ra-ra, ra-ra;
All the gods up in the sky want Sollie in the sun.

I make all light is in the sun,
And blended on the earth I like to be,
To make all the shadow quickly run,
While in my shine to me here comes sweet humanity.
Jove says I am a woman and I tell him he's a coon,
And Venus is a-getting rather vile;
The old man in the moon tells me he'd like to swoon,
While Satan sings with shadows in a tile.—*Chorus.*

I do my joking into pun,
A-sparking in a dark shade I agree;
For wit and good humor I'm the one
Can thus enlighten up the world in hilarity.
I'd like to get some human that would hug my life a day,
But a comet is awaiting on an isle;
So I must kick the sky and in love say good-bye;
The spirits are a-singing in a pile.—*Chorus.*

I'd like to kiss you, but I can't,
As something seems to bother all the while;
Pa says that I mustn't and I shan't,
Mamma says I must and shall put on a higher style.
I ask you all to meet me and we'll breathe a sigh for sigh,
To that land above the blue sky let us wile;
We can live in the sun when Pa and Ma are won,
The angels are a-singing in a roil.

CHORUS.

If Ma says you must not venture up in my lot,
Address all you have to say to Sollie in the sun;
I shall get your letter where eclipse is better,
Not dispelling all in love, I mean to marry one.

YES OR NO.

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Composed by James Meakins. Arranged by Reinhard W. Gebhardt.

Fondly I ask, love, will you be mine?
True, since I saw you, I have been thine,
Sleeping or waking, thy haunting spark
Comes in my vision, glowing the dark.
Say, do you love me, tender and true?
With kind affection I cling to you,
Proving I love you in joys are few;
Now will you answer that you love me, too?

REFRAIN.

Say yes or no, love; you must, before I go;
Say yes or no.

Silken, those glances beaming from you,
Dewing thy star-eyes shining so blue;
Come near and kiss me, while I impart
Knowledge I can't say in words of art.
I am your darling, and we'll imbue
Graces enchanting, charming in hue;
Tell, do you love me in and from view?
Say yes and embrace as true lovers do.—*Refrain.*

Gentle the task is not to repine,
What I now ask you will not decline;
Moments are flying into the arc,
High in the blue sky linger and hark.
Tell, is our touching as love should be?
Feeling those senses nature gives free?
If so, the heart beats old love for new,
Wedding forever to live one, not two.—*Refrain.*

BARREL OF PORK.

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Two Israelite brothers in New York once dwelt,
And in all kinds of merchandise freely they dealt;
They were thought to be wealthy, between me and you,
And each brother was really as rich as a Jew. Tol rol, &c.

No creditor e'er went away from their door,
Till death called on Moses to settle his score;
No mortal can ever evade such a call;
So, Moses he sleeps, sirs, his last sleep of all. Tol rol, &c.

Then Isaac, his brother, exclaimed: "Lucky elf!
All his goots and his moneys belong to myself.
Ah! but stop! dere's his will; I must just read it through,
To see what poor Moses would have me to do." Tol rol, &c.

The will it thus run: "When I shall cease to live,
All my cash and my goots to my brother I give,
Upon this condition: That hard he shall toil
To bury my body in real English soil." Tol rol, &c.

Isaac tried every captain and could not prevail,
For none would agree with the body to sail;
But, not to be baulked, he set quickly to work
And embarked it, at last, as a barrel of pork. Tol rol, &c.

Mo was cut to pieces with chopper and knife,
He had never been cut up so much in his life;
Isaac wrote to his agent to tell him his plan,
And begged him to bury the poor pickled man. Tol rol, &c.

Some months after this, as he walked on the wharf,
He met with the captain, a sallow-faced dwarf;
"Vell, good captain," he cried, looking steadfastly 'round,
"You delivered my barrel, I hope, safe and sound?" Tol rol, &c.

Said the captain: "Friend Isaac, I am sorry to say
That, during our trip, we were near cast away;
When, in sight of old England, we lay a sheer hulk,
And provisions being scarce, we were forced to break dulk." Tol rol, &c.

"Break dulk!" roared out Isaac. "You're worse than a Turk!
But surely you ne'er broke my barrel of pork?"
"Indeed! but we did!" cried the captain, "don't huff!
For I'll pay you a good price, though it was devilish tough." Tol rol, &c.

"Ah! mine Got!" cried poor Isaac, "as I am a sinner,
You have eat my poor proder Moses for dinner."
"Your brother? Why, zounds! then myself and the crew
Have feasted three days on a piece of tough Jew! Tol rol, &c.

"But come now, friend Isaac, to finish this work,
I'll pay for your brother as though he was pork."
"No, no," replied Isaac, "though we cheat one another,
Our law won't permit us to sell our own brother." Tol rol, &c.

In his purse the captain was putting his gold,
Which Isaac espying, cried: "Goot captain, hold!
Though I can't touch de cash for dat proder of mine,
You can pay me, you know, for de parrel and prine. Tol rol, &c.

There Is Nothing So Lovely As Woman

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Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar.

Have you ever sat in silence when the lights are dim and low,
And looked down life's long roadway to the distant long ago?
If so, all your thoughts are chastened as in visions you can see,
Life, in all its golden heyday, life as once it used to be;
Faces mingle with the mem'ry of those days beyond recall,
But one sweet face shines more clearly, one fair face that's ever dear:
Your mother, as you used to know her, she who'd always share
Ev'ry little boyish trouble, ev'ry little childish care.

CHORUS.

If she's good there is nothing so lovely as woman,
Fairest on earth, nature's queen without crown;
If she's good, she is all the world to man,
If she's bad—no, I can't run her down.

Past from childhood into manhood, when you're battling 'gainst the strife,
You meet the tender maiden who you long to call your wife;
Love's sweet tale to her you whisper, in love's language ever dear,
Then you get the little promise that you long so much to hear.
Soon you settle down in comfort with your treasured little wife,
All the future seems so golden; but uncertain is this life,
For poverty or sickness comes to claim you as its own,
This then is the trying hour that true woman's love is shown.—*Chorus.*

When the midnight hour has sounded, hear the dreadful cry of "Fire!"
From yonder stately mansion, see the flames leap high'r and high'r;
Soon a crowd is there collected, and they stand with bated breath,
As the gallant firemen bravely rush to what seems certain death.
One by one they bring down safely all the inmates of the place.
What is that at yonder window? See the pale and haggard face!
"For God's sake, save the child!" the fireman hears the nurses cry;
And the child is saved, but see! the nurse has staggered back to die.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

The Poor Gal Didn't Know, You Know.

By T. H. Tooker.

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A jay from the country once came to town,
And some green goods he quickly did buy;
Tho' his chin whiskers were full of hayseed,
He thought he was very, very fly.
He said: "By gosh, I've just arrived from old Oskosh,
And I can't get back too soon;"
Then he winked his eye at the bunco men so sly,
And skipped by the light of the moon.

CHORUS.

But the poor jay didn't know, you know,
That the green goods scheme was a fake;
Though a deacon in a church, it made him swear,
When he found out his sad mistake.
For when the foxy old jay got home the next day,
It didn't take him more than a minute
To find instead of the swag some sawdust in the bag—
But the green goods he bought weren't in it.

The race-tracks now are in full blast,
And, of course, the sports are sure to go
To back some favorite horse to win,
For they've all got straight tips, you know.
But when they leave the track and for home start back,
The most of them swear like thunder;
For the horses seldom win that they back with their "tin"—
When they do, it's a ten-days wonder.

CHORUS.

But the poor sports never know, you know,
That they're up against a very queer game;
But it's no use trying to tell them that,
For they'll play the ponies just the same.
But when their money's gone and their clothes are in pawn,
And they find they're a financial wreck,
'Tis then they're sure to say: "Oh, wasn't I a blooming jay—
I never thought I'd get it in the neck."

A friend of mine longed for an actor's life,
So he bought a wig and an old banjo;
He got an engagement at $6 per week
To travel out West with a medicine show.
But there's a vacancy now in that company, I vow,
For he sung "Comrades" on the opening night,
And the audience arose and with bullets filled his clothes;
Now the poor boy is 'way out of sight.

CHORUS.

But the poor boy didn't know, you know,
That "Comrades" wasn't quite up to date;
So let this serve as a warning to all actors
Who desire to avoid a similar fate.
For chestnuts never go with the cowboys, you know,
That inhabit the "wild and woolly West";
Yes, almost every one will press the trigger of a gun,
And the undertaker he will do the rest.

GET UP EARLY.

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Words by Dr. Wm. J. Wetmore. Music by J. G. Maeder.

Get up early in the morning, hear the lark's sweet note of warning;
Get up early, slumber scorning, in the morning early.
See the sun is brightly beaming, dewdrops on each flow'r are gleaming;
Oh, 'tis like a poet's dreaming, in the morning early.
Birds on ev'ry bush are singing, flow'rs in ev'ry vale are springing,
Matin bells are gayly ringing in the morning early.

Get up early, sloth defying, balmy airs are sweetly sighing;
Get up early, time is flying in the morning early.
If we slumber, clouds may lower o'er love's gilded fairy bower;
Blight may taint each bud and flower if we rise not early.
Get up early in the morning, hark! the lark's sweet note of warning;
Get up early, slumber scorning, in the morning early.

Why Does Mother Stay So Long?

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. A. White.

Father, you are sadly weeping, let me climb upon your knee;
Brother Will is gently sleeping. Tell me where can mother be?
All the day so sad and weary, I have sung my little song;
Now the night has come so dreary, why does mother stay so long?

CHORUS.

Tell me, kind and gentle father, while the evening shadows throng,
Why is all the house so lonely, why does mother stay so long?

Yesternight they called us sadly where she lay so calm and still,
Then she kissed us, oh, so gladly, me and darling brother Will.
Now we see your tears of sorrow, hushed is every childish song;
Father, will she come to-morrow? Why does mother stay so long?—*Chorus.*

Fold me gently to your bosom, tell me, father, why you weep;
Call me once again your blossom; kiss me, now I'll go to sleep.
Shall we nevermore to mother sing our little good-night songs?
Oh, 'tis sad for me and brother—why does mother stay so long?—*Chorus.*

UP GO THE FIREWORKS.

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Words by Wal Pink. Music by George Le Brunn.

On the usual firework night at the Crystal Palace
See the lovers in the grounds—Joey mashes Alice,
Alice looks so happy, though: Joe's been on the fuddle,
For in the dark it's pretty safe to have a quiet cuddle.

CHORUS.

She says, "This is nice;" he says, "It's bliss; give us a kiss."
"Shan't," says the miss; he says, "You shall," and for his kiss
In style we should admire works. At last she says, "I'll kiss you, Joe,"
And just as to fondly kiss they go, there's a blaze and a loudly sounding "Oh!"
Up go the blooming fireworks.

Workmen on a Saturday, mortal men, not sages,
Hop into a public house to try and melt their wages;
They drink till one says something wrong, another one gets up, he,
And says, "That's bosh!" Another one says, "Go on, lie down, puppy!"

CHORUS.

Well, then that upsets the loving cup; he says, "Who was
It called me 'pup'?" Then some one else cries, "Oh, shut up!"
His temper high'r and high'r works; at last it gets red, blazing hot—
"Come on if yer men, I'll fight the lot." His coat comes off and then, great Scott!
Up go the blooming fireworks.

Servants in a decent place, in the kitchen sitting,
To each other telling tales, sewing p'raps or knitting;
Talking of their lovers, too, tales that interest one,
And trying hard to each make out that she has got the best one.

CHORUS.

"No, mine's the best." "Which one d yer mean?" "I've only one."
"D'yer think I'm green, Maria? You're got about sixteen."
Then in a rage Maria works—"You spooned the baker's man to-day,
The butcher, too!" "Oh, did I, eh? Well, how 'bout the ginger slop?" Hooray!
Up go the blooming fireworks.

Out for a "beans" in a van goes a merry party
Down to Epping Forest, get merry, gay and hearty,
Spend a jolly, romping time; things go off so rosy,
They pack their traps and start for home all comfortable and cozy.

CHORUS.

But coming back home in the van, says mother Brown
To Sairey Ann: "I saw you kissing my old man."
In here a jealous fire lurks. Says Sairey Ann: "What d' yer mean?
That I kissed your old man to-day?" "G' 'orn! yon kiss, my boot!" Whoi-Ay!
Up go the blooming fireworks.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By Eddie O'Brien. Sung by Lew Hawkins.

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This world is full of wonders now, no matter where you go,
They say that wonders never cease, and I believe it's so;
The wonder of all wonders now, they say so everywhere,
Is going to be Chicago, where they have the great world's fair.
Between all nations of this earth there'll be a great contest,
They'll all produce great wonders, just to see who has the best;
There's going to be glorious times, so every one be there:
I'll tell you of the funny things you'll see while at the fair.

CHORUS.

Mrs. Langtry on a Texas steer, a Dutchman that will not drink beer,
A Chicago boodler that never took a bribe;
A ladies' contest chewing gum, a fortune for the biggest bum,
Also a phrobismatic that never took a bribe.
They're going to have a mother-in-law that never sassed her son-in-law,
Or walked upon his bosom till she dragged out all his hair;
The elevated road, they say, will kill a Chinaman each day:
So have your washing done, I pray, before the great world's fair.

There'll be all kinds of wonders, yes, there'll be all kinds of fun;
Queen Victoria will be singing "Johnny, get your gun."
They're going to have some preachers there who never committed sins,
I also hear there will appear a pair of orphans' twins.
The Home Rule then it will be passed and hung upon the wall,
A four-round fighter who will swear he cannot best them all;
They're going to have Niagara Falls suspended in the air,
Just to give us all a shower bath while visiting the fair.

CHORUS.

A dude without a cigarette, a gambling man that will not bet,
Also a pair of whiskers that the wind has not blown through;
A policeman that is good and kind, a girl that will not change her mind.
Going to have an oyster from the McKinley tariff stew,
Speaker Reed will be there, too, with babe McKee play peek-a-boo;
Nancy Hanks will trot a mile in a second, I declare:
Jack the ripper will be there, chasing people with long hair;
You'd better get your hair cut before you take in the fair.

THE OLD GRAY MULE.

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Words and Music by Wm. Henry Whyte.

I'm now a man, but oft recall my childhood's happy days,
When to and from the school I'd go, the boyish tricks and plays,
The old and playful donkey, the pet of all the school.
To love us little children was that donkey's golden rule;
We'd crowd upon his great broad back with shouts of joy and glee,
Then 'round the playground, 'round and 'round, 'twas fun for him and me;
There was no work that he could do, his days of toil were o'er;
We loved him as a playmate, now he's gone for evermore.

REFRAIN.

Teacher! Teacher! I think I hear the children say;
Teacher! Teacher! Please, may I go out and play?
The donkey's in the schoolyard, he always seems to bray:
Children, children, please come out and play.

We brought him ev'ry day some hay, cornmeal, sweetmeats and bread,
But now he's buried in the field behind the schoolhouse shed;
The schoolhouse, too, has passed away, the teachers, one by one;
No more will ring the noonday bell—their life's work now is done.
My playmates then are now old men, some dead or gone away,
And some to honor, fame, have climbed, and others gone astray;
But oh! the mem'ries of the days I passed in that old school
Will remain with me forever, and our friend, the old gray mule.—*Refrain.*

THE MOTHER'S TWILIGHT SONG

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

There is music in the twilight, when the mother sings to rest
The gentle blue-eyed baby softly nestling on her breast;
All her cares are then forgotten in the love so deep and strong,
There's a tone of joy and heaven in the mother's twilight song.
Lullaby, my baby; lullaby, my baby.

REFRAIN.

Nature's music, soft and deep, lulls the little one to sleep,
While the twilight softly falls, while the twilight softly falls,
And the music on the zephyr now is softly borne along;
'Tis the singing, 'tis the singing of the mother's twilight song;
'Tis the singing, 'tis the singing of the mother's twilight song.

In the trees the birds are sleeping, 'tis the earth's most peaceful hour,
And the angels watch are keeping o'er each gentle bud and flow'r;
While afar upon the ocean speeds the sailor's bark along,
Of his faithful wife he's dreaming, while she sings her twilight song.
Lullaby, my baby; lullaby, my baby.—*Refrain.*

LITTLE WILLIE.

Written by Rev. E. W. Jones. Music by C. M. Traver.

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Little Willie slumbers sweetly in his lonely, narrow bed,
Pelting storms and howling tempests cannot reach his little head;
Sweet affection drops a tear o'er the spot where Willie lies,
Angels whisper, "Look up yonder!" pointing upward to the skies.

On our mem'ries deeply graven stands his little image fair,
Sparkling eyes and shining temples, rosy cheeks and golden hair;
Ruby lips so full of smiling, neck and arms of spotless white,
Little feet so full of running—little Willie was so bright.

Little Willie slumbers sweetly in his lonely, narrow bed,
Pelting storms and howling tempests cannot reach his little head;
On that bright and glorious morning Christ will whisper from above,
"Rise, my child, and let me dress thee in robes of white and spotless love."

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

Put your arms around me, honey, even if you have no money;
Love me little, love me long;
For you know I'm in a hurry, when my heart is in a flurry—
Love me little, love me long.
I'd fly away on high, knock a hole up in the sky,
And hear the angels sing their brightest song.
Get a move and do not tarry, if you do we will not marry—
Love me little, love me long.

CHORUS.

Stand from under! I'm goin' up yonder, yonder in the skies;
Put your arms around me, honey, even if you have no money—
Love me little, love me long.

Come along, my darling duckey, for I know you're very lucky—
Love me little, love me long;
Do not wait a single minute, or we never will be in it—
Love me little, love me long.
Put your wings on very tight, and we'll fly by day and night,
Till we reach the place that has the golden gong.
Over spire and over steeple, fly away from all the people—
Love me little, love me long.—*Chorus.*

Don't you hear the angels singing, and the golden bells a-ringing—
Love me little, love me long;
Honey dear, you've got to take me, and you'll never try to shake me—
Love me little, love me long.
Oh, do not be too late when we reach the golden gate,
For I want to take my harp and shout a song.
Come along, my beauty charmer, buckle on your brightest armor—
Love me little, love me long.—*Chorus.*

RING-A-ROSY,

—OR:—

Rosy and Joe.

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Words and Music by James Meakins. Arranged by Arthur M. Cohen.

My Rosy loves her Joe, my Josy loves his Roe;
And if you see us in the sun you'll say that it is so.
We go about together, in sunshine or in rain,
And we never mind the weather, though, in love is plain.
Ev'ry Sunday morning when the people go to church
The parson lingers on his way to greet folks in the porch;
He takes the hand of Josy, and takes the hand of Roe;
While bells play ring-a-rosy, he says, "Come on, Joe."

REFRAIN AND CHORUS.

Ring-a-ring in posy, Josy loves his Rosy,
Rosy loves her Josy, say all the folks in town.
Ring-a-ring-a-rosy, Josy will wed Rosy;
In a ring so cosy we'll all call down.

Now Josy hugs his Roe, and Rosy kisses Joe;
Can you behold us in the moon you'll see a belle and beau.
We are just like two flowers, and bloom in shade or shine;
To love with all life's powers so, will prove divine.
In the sabbath sermon that the pastor has to preach,
He draws his wisdom with a will of wit he has to teach;
He says, "You look at Rosy! and then you all see Joe;
When you can love like Joe and Roe I will wed you."

REFRAIN AND CHORUS.

Ring-a-ring-a-rosy, in the sky so cosy,
Sing the holy angels high in the heaven flown.
Stars their shining tapers, golden words on papers;
In a home so tosy we all would own.

Will They Answer if I Write?

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Words by F. Fleming. Music by John St. George.

Many hardships I've endured since I left my happy home,
And ev'ry day to me seems like a year;
On a sunny summer's morn I was bound this world to roam,
And left the old homestead and loved ones dear.
I always was surrounded there with luxuries and joy,
And yearn for fame and fortune day and night.
Would their sad hearts beat with joy for tidings of their boy;
I wonder will they answer if I write?

CHORUS.

Pray can it ever be that they ne'er will write to me;
'Twould fill their hearts with joy and great delight.
If they would forget the past, to my home I'd go at last—
I wonder will they answer if I write?

A father and a mother, a sister and a brother,
Their faces I can picture night and day;
For we were happy then till at last we grew to men,
When misfortune came and drew all joy away.
But those happy days will come when life's tide will have its turn,
And prosperity then for me will shine bright.
I'll send a message home, to tell them I'm alone—
I wonder will they answer if I write?—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

When the Days Grow Longer.

By James F. Lamb, the Ventriloquist.

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I'm going to sing a song and tell you right along,
When the days grow colder,
The things that will take place and for them we must wait,
When the days grow colder,
The balls and parties will be in full bloom,
Our seal-skin coats we will wear them sure,
A simple game of poker will be played by me and you,
When the days grow colder.

CHORUS.

Keep your hearts up, don't feel desponded,
I tell you all that's true;
We'll have money for to spend and money for to lend,
When the days grow colder.

The circus on the road will be turning in, of course,
When the days grow colder;
Many a stormy day they meet with on their way,
When the days grow colder;
They tell the experience they had on the road,
The good time they had taking around all the girls;
But you bet they'll have to hustle if they want to catch a show,
When the days grow colder.—*Chorus.*

The actors and soubrettes will be looking for the best,
When the days grow colder;
Shows of every kind will all be right in line,
When the days grow colder.
The bands will play for the opening day,
To tell the actors they must now away;
The season is all booked, but the show don't play to luck,
When the days grow colder.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

By Tommy Powers. Sung by Powers & Clayton, the "Irish Home Rulers."

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Funny men have funny faces, they prefer to laugh than cry;
They seldom drink coffee or tea, for their sweetheart is old rye.
That's the case with Blossom Brady, who was once a wealthy man,
But horse-racing left him flat broke—now he runs the mixed-ale can.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander from Duffy's beer saloon,
He'll never miss a schooner and its foam;
With a pig's foot in his hand at the lunch bar he does stand,
For Duffy's is his home, sweet home.

His feather bed it is a bench in Dad Duffy's old back room;
He rises up at five each morn and sweeps out, for he's first broom;
The bartender gives him a ball, then he hits the fever and ague lunch,
He gets the shakes and shakes the dice with the iceman for whiskey punch.—*Cho.*

Oh, he tells such funny stories that the soup squad laugh out loud,
And the jay that he tells the gag to, of course, he does treat the crowd.
Saturday night it's his delight for to get full as a goat,
And then he'll sing his favorite song and whistle each high-C note.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ONLY DREAMING.

Written and Sung by Lew Hawkins.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I was dreaming in the dreamlets, dreaming dreamlets far away;
In the still of nightlets, sleeplets I dreamt dreamlets night and day.
I was stopping in a hotel poor-house where the steaks were tough and small,
And the grounds were full of coffee—I was dreaming, that was all.

CHORUS.

I was dreaming, only dreaming,
The nightmare on me had the call;
I thought I was eating mamma's cooking,
But I was dreaming, that was all.

Old England has great fighters, who can whip the world, they say;
They've been taught to fight from childhood; they would sooner fight than play.
Charley Mitchell says that Corbett from the ring he'll surely sweep;
For goodness sake, will some one wake him—Mitchell now is fast asleep.

CHORUS.

Mitchell's dreaming, only dreaming;
Corbett will give him an awful fall,
And when he awakes Corbett will still be champion—
Mitchell is dreaming, that is all.

I slept with a man that's clerking in a store from six to six;
He got to selling some ladies muslin, he was in an awful fix.
He says, "Madam, will you have some dress goods?" as he tore the cloth so neat.
I awoke him and said, "Young fellow, you'll be charged with a sheet."

CHORUS.

For he was dreaming, only dreaming;
He wasn't charged with that sheet at all;
For he had literally ruined by night shirt—
He was dreaming, that was all.

SHE'S FAIR, SHE'S YOUNG.

Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar. Sung by Harry Kernell.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

I know a young lady most highly bewitching,
Who's always a-stitching away in the kitchen;
And when she is singing her voice is so ringing—
By paying attention you'd hear Erin's daughter
A mile and a quarter. Her father's a porter
That works at a station known all 'round the nation.
Her name's bonnie Mary of sweet Tipperary,
And sure she's a fairy by nature and birth;
Her waist is the tightest, her step is the lightest,
In fact, she's the brightest of creatures on earth.

CHORUS.

She's fair, she's young, she's not over-rolling in "rhino";
Heart so tender, waist so slender, and oh, such dear little feet, so neat.
She's fair, she's young, and she's the best girl I know;
Witty, pretty—in fact, she's a perfect treat.

About her whose cheeks with the primrose are tinted,
It's lately been hinted—in fact, it's been printed—
That she weds to-morrow, causing grief and sorrow
To her poor old dad, who refuses his diet,
Because on the quiet, without any riot,
She's going to get married, tho' she long has tarried.
Her dad says, "My daisy, you're driving me crazy;
The man may be lazy and ne'er go to biz,
The neighbors are prying and trying and sighing—
In fact, they're all dying to know who he is.—*Chorus.*

This young fellow's aunt was queen of the Quakers,
Worth acres and acres, the greatest of makers
Of money e'er heard of, though he knew not one word of
This Quaker queen aunt till the day it was stated;
And strangers narrated, solicitors waited
On him with her money, piles of gold and honey.
He meant young Mary of sweet Tipperary,
And said, "Now, my fairy, I've plenty of pelf";
And in the morning, ere day has long been dawning,
She'll marry, take warning, yours truly myself.—*Chorus.*

—A gentleman whose life had been stormy in its yesterday, and promised to be tumultuous in its to-morrow, visited a friend. Upon being shown to the guest chamber, his eyes fell upon the following exquisite "Good Night," a beautiful motto for such an apartment:

Sleep sweet within this quiet room, O friend, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest with dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend, his love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself with all thy woes, put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead—sleep sweet, good night, good night.

As he got into bed he felt that the angel of peace on earth and good will toward men had dropped a benediction upon him.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

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By Roland Hennessy.

My little one is sleepy and wants to go to rest;
Come, precious little cherub, get ready for your nest;
Then close your tiny eyelids while sleep to you I bring;
Rest your weary head, sweet one, and slumber while I sing.

CHORUS.

Hush! my baby, go to sleep, as the shadows 'round us creep,
Go to dreamland without fear, I'll be watching ever near. Sleep, baby, sleep.

Do not fear, my pretty one, but close your eyes in sleep;
For I am fondly watching, and strict guard I will keep.
No harm will dare come near you, for One who sees us all
Has sent a guardian angel to heed your slightest call.—*Chorus.*

Sleep on, life's greatest blessing, sleep on and have no care;
May worldly strife ne'er touch you, may brightness be your share.
So close your drooping eyelids and rest 'neath mother's wing;
Dear babe, know naught of sorrow, but slumber while I sing.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S A PLACE IN MY HEART FOR YOU YET.

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Words and Music by Charlie de Kress.

There's a sweet little maid o'er the sea,
In the land where the shamrock is green;
And I know she is wishing for me,
For she loves me, the darling Colleen.
And to-night as the sky smiles a greeting,
And the stars light their jewels of dew,
My heart for her fondly is beating;
It can never change false and untrue.

CHORUS.

There's a place in my heart for you yet, and others all vainly may woo;
Ah, how could it e'er learn to forget the love it once promised to you?

Many years have gone by since we met;
'Twas the last ere the ship sailed away,
And her teardrops of tender regret
Told me more than her mute lips could say
Of the love that her gentle heart bore me,
And the grief that it gave her to part;
Ah, sure till the sod blossoms o'er me,
She'll be dearest of all in my heart.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

By Will McDonald.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There was a youngster, climbed his father's knee—
"Answer me one question, do, father, please:
Were you a sport, Pa, once in your time?
Did you play base-ball, had you a nine?"
"Yes, I've played base-ball—years, years ago—
Where we were playing you soon will know;
But we were beaten badly, that's all;
I had my nose broke after a ball.

CHORUS.

After the game was over, after we'd done keeping score,
Many a bat was broken, many a head felt sore;
The fielders were all busy chasing, they could not catch them all;
Many a finger was injured after the ball.

The sun was shining on that base-ball ground
Out on a prairie; we could not hear a sound.
The umpire called time for us to start to play;
The side we tackled they looked like jays.
We were mistaken, for when we got through
Their side had twelve runs and we only two;
They had a pitcher we did not hit at all,
He kept us hunting after the ball.—*Chorus.*

Many years have passed, boy, since that game of ball,
Though we were players, we weren't in it at all;
The umpire he robbed us, that was our excuse;
We could not beat them, to try was no use.
We had some batters, base runners, too;
Their great base-stealing made us feel blue.
No use a-talking, we could not run at all,
We would get to the bases after the ball.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

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When I left my home in Erin I left a dead good thing,
And another like it I have never had;
For I didn't have to work and all I did was sleep and lat,
And take a few good whippings from my dad.
I loved a lovely maiden, she drove a big ice cart,
And a bigger girl than her, I do well know, is hard to find;
When I left she weighed one thousand and was still on the increase—
How I long to see the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

One thousand or more, and I'll bet she'll reach four,
She increases each day, do you mind;
There is not a boat with her aboard could float,
So I left my girl behind.

I am married, yes, I'm married now, don't I look the part?
I've been married for about a year or more;
I've a wife who is not tongue-tied and can use both feet and hands,
But I haven't any good old mother-in-law.
Mother-in-law and I went boating out in a row boat,
And a lovely little island in the river I did find;
Mother-in-law went picking berries, I rowed away, left her to pick—
How I long to see the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

My mother-in-law I ne'er saw her more,
Her way back home she failed to find;
The island next day it was washed away
With the girl I left behind.

THE COUNTRY BAND.

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By Hubbard T. Smith.

In a little town out West, where I lived when but a boy,
They had a "silver cornet" band which was my pride and joy;
And many were the times when I played "hookie" all the day,
To follow up some street parade and hear that old band play.
The "tuba" was a butcher's boy, the "cymbals" Irish Dan,
The "alto" was the village swell, the "snare" our hired man;
The baker beat the "big bass drum," and father used to say
The "cornet" was a sporting man, but, Lordy! he could play.
Tarantarah! Zing! boom! Tarantarah! Zing! boom!
And we knew the band was coming down the street;
Tarantarah! Zing! boom! Tarantarah! Zing! boom!
The martial music ringing out so clear and sweet.
See them coming down the street in their uniforms so neat,
Children come with flying feet to hear the ranta, ranta, ranta, rantarah!
Zing! boom! Zing! oh, how the cymbals play!
Hear, now, the tuba's bray! And the echo miles away
Take up the rantaran, tarantarah! Zing! boom!

Now my youthful days are gone and I've reached the prime of life,
And oft I sigh for those dear times so free from care and strife,
When, heedless of the thrashings that I always had to stand,
I'd truant play from school to hear that dear old country band.
And tho' I've traveled quite a bit in this and foreign lands,
And heard the clashing cymbals and the "toot" of famous bands;
Yet always when I'm list'ning to their "rantaran-taray"
I wish I had that country band to show them how to play.
Tarantarah! Zing! boom! etc.

Parody on:

PEGGY CLINE.

Written and Sung by John and Harry Dillon.

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There's a girl named Peggy Cline, she's only got one hoof,
She had it broken off one day by falling from a roof;
She limps along upon a crutch, oh, she's an awful sight,
You'll hear that old club foot of hers at morning, noon and night.

CHORUS.

Great big impudent, limpudent Peggy Cline,
On last St. Patrick's day I bought her wine;
Of all the lushers and crushers she's right in line,
The boys are steering from beering Peggy Cline.

Annie Rooney saw her Joe with this here girl named Cline
Go into a beer saloon, and thought it was a Rhine;
She followed in behind them, dressed up in waiter's clothes,
Then says to Peg: "What will you have?" then pegged her on the nose.

CHORUS.

Little Annie, of course, was no match for Cline,
She pegged Peggy but once, Peggy pegged her nine;
Annie now, poor little thing, has a broken spine,
She got hit with that club foot of Peggy Cline.

Doing Dr. Tanner till the Pay Day Comes

Revised by T. H. Tooker. Sung by Jack Hennessy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I once wuz very healthy looking, but now I'm frail and done;
For I'm married to a woman, shure ov me she's making fun.
She has taken in a lodger by the name ov Mickey Burke;
He's a big, strong, strapping fellow, but doesn't do a tap ov work.
Now I wheel coke in the gas-works, yes, for very little pay,
And loike a dacint man take me wages home ivery Saturday;
'Tis then me wife and Mickey Burke they both go on a spree,
And they tell me for to take a "sneak," they have no use for me.

CHORUS.

Yis, ivery Monday morning, whin I go to me work,
Me wife goes on a "racket" wid this lodger Mickey Burke;
Shure they "blow in" all me wages on whiskey and hot rums,
Then we're doing Dr. Tanner till the pay day comes.

The other night, while I wuz shaving, I wuz taken by surprise,
For whin I wuzn't looking me wife blackened both me eyes;
And me nose, as ye can plainly see, it's disfigured at the point,
For wid a frying pan that night she knocked it out ov joint.
I raised me fist to strike her, but Burke, the lodger, interfered,
And through the kitchen window like a shot I disappeared;
Then they licked me and kicked me; they bate me black and blue—
Oh, I thought me name wuz Dinnis, for they broke me face in two.—*Chorus.*

'Twas on last St. Patrick's morning, I complained ov feeling ill;
I told me wife I wouldn't go out: sez she, "I think ye will;
For the divil a thing is wrong wid ye unless a sleepy head";
Then she caught me by the whiskers and dragged me out ov bed.
I wuz thrown out in the hall way loike a shovelful ov dirt,
And faith, all I had upon me wuz a woolen undershirt.
I gave the door a thump or two, which brought the lodger out,
And the sucker nearly paralyzed me wid a batter on the snout.—*Chorus.*

Now I've a big revolver—'twill shoot a thousand feet, they say—
And wid it I've been practicing in a shooting gallery to-day;
For, begorra, whin I gits home it's wid Burke I'm going to fight,
Yis, I'll shoot the dirty blackguard if I meet him to-night.
And whin I'm done wid him I'll put the fixings to me wife—
For, upon me soul, I do intend to lead a happy, quiet life.
I'll have the coppers "pinch" her and put her in the jail,
And may the divil take the first man that iver goes her bail.—*Chorus.*

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

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Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "I wish he was here;"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they missed me at home,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay,
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they sit me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good-night" while they weep,
A whispered "good-night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more,
Because I am with them no more?

—Conflict of Traditions.—Little Willie: "Say, wasn't you in the war with my father?" Gen. Gore-Hunter: "Yes, sir, I was. I was with your father, my boy, in the memorable affair of Chestnut Rib. Ah, that was a day! Shells bursting all around; bullets flying like hail; men mowed down like grass. My son, that was a day!" Little Willie: "And didn't you run?" Gen. Gore-Hunter: "What, I run? I, with the ancestral blood of three grenadiers and a French marshal coursing through my veins? I see myself now being pursued by the enemy! Run? That's a good joke. Run? Ha, ha! No, Willie, I should say I didn't run." Little Willie (slowly and decisively): "Then pop lied."

UNCLE SAM'S CONCERT;

—OR:—

The Great Chicago Fair.

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By Arthur West. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

Uncle Sam was very busy in the year of 'ninety-three,
Because he had a great Chicago Fair;
He sent out invitations to the best men he could see,
And was proud to see that every one was there;
The nations gathered 'round him in a manner very grand;
The first night they were open Uncle Sam said I will stand
A supper to you fellows, come to my hotel with me;
They lit cigars, they had their wine, and this was all the spree:

CHORUS.

They all sat 'round the table, Uncle Sam was in the chair,
Every power in Europe was represented there;
Norway sang a song where the stormy winds do blow;
Belgium, Denmark, Holland sang a trio, "Not for Joe";
Russia sang "The Wolf," in a manner very fine;
Bismarck was applauded for his "Watch upon the Rhine";
John Bull and our Jonathan, in answer to a call,
Harmonized a song called "We are brothers, after all."
Austria and Italy, Portugal and Spain,
Harmonized the ballad, "Give me back my heart again."
Switzerland was singing of a "Land of Milk and Honey";
The Sultan sang a comic song entitled "It's for Money";
But the "Star-Spangled Banner," sang everybody there,
And that finished up the concert at the great Chicago Fair.

The people in the morning who to business had to go
Were much surprised to see these men about;
They knew they'd come to honor our great Chicago show,
And one thing did surprise without a doubt,
John Bull and poor old Paddy went out walking arm in arm;
The Czar of all the Russians in the Sultan found a charm;
The Frenchman and the German for new friendship found a berth,
And Uncle Sam felt happy that he'd brought this peace on earth.—*Chorus.*

IRELAND AT THE FAIR.

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Words by Walter Fletcher. Music by Otto M. Heinzman.

At last all things are ready for the great Chicago Fair,
The whole world is invited to come and have a share;
Old Ireland will be right in it in eighteen ninety-three,
And if you are attending there, why this is what you'll see:

CHORUS.

A primrose from Killarney, a shamrock from Kildare,
A gallon jug of potteen distilled in County Clare,
Shillelahs just from Donnybrook, with a bit of bog from Cork,
A load of turf from Kerry, and a mick with a funny walk.

REFRAIN.

[*Annie Laurie.*]

Oh, land of milk and praties, I'm thinking still of thee,
May the Lord send you your freedom, home rule, sweet Gramachee.

The Dutch will send their lager beer, the French their finest wine;
The Turks will send a turkey, and the Swiss the River Rhine;
Old Johnny Bull his Bass's ale, and scotty's old smoked whiskey,
But when you find an Irishman, why this is what you'll see:

CHORUS.

Mr. Dan O'Connel's portrait entwined with flowers bright,
St. Patrick with a black thorn a-putting snakes to flight,
The meeting of the waters, with a bit of Blarney stone,
The ancient harp of Tara's Hall, that's played by Kate Malone.

REFRAIN.

[*The Minstrel Boy.*]

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, in the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on, and his wild harp slung behind him.

There'll be Oolong tea from China, and old Hyson from Japan,
And sausages from Holland, with the cheese from Rotterdam;
A Russian bear from Russia, and a monk from Africa,
But when you're in the Irish booth, why this is what you'll see:

CHORUS.

A dollar's worth of welcome, a chair and a bit to eat,
The open hand of friendship of Paddy will stand treat;
A posey for your button-hole, a seat in the jaunting car,
Along with Irish colleens, at the great Chicago Fair.

REFRAIN.

[*Auld Lang Syne.*]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne.

Parody on:

Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow.

Written and Composed by Harry Thomson.

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I used to take my cat to school, but I don't do that no more,
She lays under the kitchen stove upon the oil cloth floor;
The teacher asked me where she was and why I don't bring her now—
Because daddy has changed his mind and bought me a bow-wow.

CHORUS.

Daddy he has bought me a bow-wow, bow-wow,
Daddy he has bought me a bow-wow, bow-wow;
I take him out for a lark and you ought to hear him bark,
My darling little bow-wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.

We used to have a big poll-parrot, he was the pet of the place,
But since the bow-wow got in the family he went and changed his face;
The canary bird sings his merry tune, the cat's hair stands upon his brow,
Papa has to get a gun since he has bought me a bow-wow.—*Chorus.*

I feel so awful happy, I don't know what to do,
Since papa bought me a bow-wow which is so kind and true;
The parrot and bird are friendly now, the cat and dog is one,
Papa reads his morning papers and sings the chorus then for fun.

CHORUS.

I have bought my daughter a bow-wow, bow-wow,
I have bought my daughter a bow-wow, bow-wow;
Now she has got a dog and cat, and the whole family is fond of that,
And we all love our bow-wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.

THE COSTER'S SERENADE.

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by John Crook.

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You ain't forgotten yet that night in May,
Down at the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon way?
You fancied winkles and a pot of tea,
"Four 'alf," I murmured, "'s good enough for me."
"Give me a word of 'ope that I may win"—
You prods me gently with the winkle pin—
We was as 'appy as could be that day,
Down at the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon way.
Oh, 'Arriet, I'm waiting, waiting for you, my dear;
Oh, 'Arriet, I'm waiting, waiting alone out here.
When that moon shall cease to shine
False will be this 'eart of mine;
I'm bound to go on lovin' yer, my dear.
SPOKEN—D'ye 'ear?

You ain't forgotten 'ow we drove that day
Down to the Welsh 'Arp, in my donkey shay;
Folks with a "chyike" shouted, "Ain't they smart?"
You looked a queen, me every inch a bart.
Seemed that the moke was saying, "Do me proud,"
Mine is the nobbiest turn-out in the crowd;
Me in my "pearlies" felt a toff that day,
Down at the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon way.
Oh, 'Arriet, I'm waiting, etc.

Eight months ago and things is still the same,
You're known about 'ere by your maiden name;
I'm getting chivied by my pals, 'cos' why?
Nightly I warbles 'ere for your reply.
Summer 'as gone, and it's a-freezin' now,
Still love's a-burnin' in my 'eart, I vow,
Just as it did that 'appy night in May
Down at the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon way.
Oh, 'Arriet, I'm waiting, etc.

SONG OF THE PLUMBER.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

A plumber sallied forth to plumb, to a kingly palace by the way;
His job complete, all trim and neat, he sent his bill without delay.
The king brought forth his bags of gold, his precious jewels and his crown,
For these the plumber credit gave and took a mortgage on the throne,
For these the plumber credit gave and took a mortgage on the throne.

A plumber sallied forth to plumb to a glowing kitchen in the rear;
The cook's sweet smile awoke his guile, he whispered love notes in her ear.
The boiler burst, the fire went out, while they were spooning o'er their wine,
And when the master came at eve he had to go outside to dine,
And when the master came at eve he had to go outside to dine.

A plumber sallied forth to plumb to a fairy *chateau* on the hill;
He lingered through the summer days and in the autumn brought his bill.
The landlord gazed in wild dismay, he raved, his hair he madly tore—
And now, in golden letters bright, the plumber's name is on the door,
And now, in golden letters bright, the plumber's name is on the door.

MICHAEL ROY.

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In Jersey City there lived a maid, and she was known to fame,
Her mother's name was Mary Ann, and hers was Mary Jane.
On every Saturday morn-i-ing she used to go over the river,
To New York City, where she sold eggs, sausages and likewise liver.

CHORUS.

For oh, for oh, he was my darling boy;
For he was the lad of the auburn hair, and his name was Michael Roy.

She fell in love with a charcoal man, McCloskey was his name;
His fighting weight was seven-stone-ten, and he loved sweet Mary Jane.
He took her to ride in his charcoal cart on a fine St. Patrick's Day,
When the donkey took fright at an Amherst man and started down Broadway.
For oh, for oh, he was my darling boy, etc.

McCloskey shouted and hollered in vain, for the donkey wouldn't stop;
He threw Mary Jane head over heels right into a policy shop;
When McCloskey saw this terrible sight, his heart was filled with pity;
He stabbed the donkey with a piece of charcoal and started for Salt Lake City.
For oh, for oh, he was my darling boy, etc.

Now all ye young ladies take warning by this, the fate of Mary Jane;
If you get into a charcoal wagon, be sure to get out again,
For the latest news from over the plain, just straight from Salt Lake City,
McCloskey had married forty fat wives and was an object of pity.
For oh, for oh, he was my darling boy, etc.

ERIN, THE STAR OF THE SEA.

Written by John Bosquett.

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Here's a dear little shamrock from dear old Ireland,
So fair and so green from over the sea;
It reminds me of home in my own native island,
In Erin, dear Erin, the star of the sea.

CHORUS.

'Tis the dear little emblem, the green little emblem,
The emblem of Erin, the star of the sea.

This dear little shamrock I'll keep as a treasure;
Though now it is faded, yet prized it will be;
It brings to my memory the many gay pleasures
I had in dear Erin, the star of the sea.—*Chorus.*

How often I sigh for thee, my dear Erin,
Where the songs of the wild birds through thy green woods sound free.
How sweet is the music of thy streams down the hillsides,
As they flow in old Erin, the star of the sea.—*Chorus.*

No more, my dear Erin, will I see thy green wildwoods,
Or hear thy birds sing their sweet melody,
Or see the bright streams as they flow down the hillsides
In Erin, dear Erin, the star of the sea.—*Chorus.*

THE SPANISH LADY.

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Yonder sits a Spanish lady, who she is I do not know;
I'll go court her for her beauty, let her answer be yes or no.

CHORUS.

Nedy um a do to dod dum da, nedy um a do to du dum da.

Madam, I have come a-courting, though your name I do not know;
I will court you for your beauty, let your answer be yes or no.—*Chorus.*

Sir, if you have come a-courting some kind pleasure for to win,
I will kindly entertain you if you will never come again.—*Chorus.*

Madam, I have gold and silver; Madam, I have house and land;
Madam, I have a world of treasure, all to be at your command.—*Chorus.*

What care I for your gold and silver, what care I for your house and land;
What care I for your world of treasure, all I want is a handsome man.—*Chorus.*

Blue is a pretty color when it gets a second dip,
Young men when they go a-courting very often get the slip.—*Chorus.*

Ripest apples soonest rotten, hottest love soonest cold;
Young men's vows are soon forgotten, pray, pretty maids, don't be so bold.—*Cho*

Iowa boys are the boys of honor, to court pretty maids they're not afraid.
Hug them, kiss them, call them honey; that's the way, boys; don't be afraid.
—*Chorus.*

In Partnership.—She: "And do you really love me as much as you say, Harry?" He: "Why, darling?" She: "Well, then, don't borrow any more money from papa. He's charging it up against what he'll give me when we're married."—*Judge.*

MY HEART IS SAD TO-DAY.

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I have need of all your kindness, for my heart is sad to-day;
There's a cloud upon my spirits you alone can chase away.
Let me hear but one low whisper, let that whisper be but kind,
Then shall mine like children's sorrow pass and leave no trace behind.

CHORUS.

We have happy been together, while the sunshine led our way,
Now I've need of all your kindness, for my heart is sad to-day.

We have happy been together, while the sunshine led our way,
Now I've need of all your kindness, for my heart is sad to-day.
Let the world look coldly on us, while our hearts with kindness glow,
Each will be unto each other as a shield against the foe.—*Chorus.*

We have treasured in our bright days feelings dearer to us now;
Let remembrance of the pleasure chase the shadows from our brow.
We have happy been together, what if clouds obscure the way?
There may be a sunny future, though my heart is sad to-day.—*Chorus.*

THE SAILOR'S MESSAGE.

By George Robertson of the U. S. S. RANGER.

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Far from home and loving faces, sad the sailor keeps his post;
On the forecastle deck he traces forms of those who love him most;
Winds, oh, bear in accents tender, far away across the sea,
This the message he would send her, kiss the little ones for me.

If, perchance, the sailor ponders, some great storm should lay him low,
Then from out the wreck's bad plunder let my dying accents go.
Whisper winds and say I blessed them, let my last fond message be
That in fancy I caressed them, kiss the little ones for me.

Heed ye not the coming thunders that brings the cold and watery foe,
You would trace no line of sorrow in the watery billow's glow.
Rolling waves, oh how beguiling, see my darlings in their glee;
Oh, 'twas heaven sent them smiling, kiss the little ones for me.

Oh, ye winds do softly bear it, gently waft it over the sea;
It will comfort them to hear it, kiss the little ones for me.
Oh, ye winds do softly bear it, gently waft it over the sea;
It will comfort them to hear it, kiss the little ones for me.

Wreck of the Trenton and Vandalia.

By George Robertson of the U. S. S. RANGER.

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Oh, shipmates, come gather and join in my ditty,
A terrible disaster to you I'll relate;
When you hear the sad news you will say 'tis a pity
About the good *Trenton* and *Vandalia's* sad fate.
On the 16th of March, the morning being cloudy,
In the harbor of Apia our good ships did lay,
When a hurricane came up, our yards we did lower—
Come, lads, man the pumps, our captain did say.

The storm doesn't relax and the day still advances,
Tons of water run down our fire-room hatch;
It put out our fires, our pumps it did choke up,
It broke our anchor chains just like a match;
The captain gave orders to take to the rigging;
For four hours there the brave sailors did stay;
The billows were rolling and the wind it was tearing,
When the good ship *Trenton* to our relief came at last.

Some dead and some dying, others shouting and crying,
Captain Schoonmaker, a brave man, was washed over the side.
The *Nipsic* she stranded, our ship we abandoned,
And the *Trenton* boys helped us get over her side.
Our admiral stood on the bridge full of sorrow
To see our noble ship sink 'neath the waves;
He had been in battles most fierce and most bloody,
But never before did his heart so grieve.

Bright morning once more dawns down on Apia's harbor,
What a terrible scene of destruction it shows,
The beach it was strewn with dead bodies and wreckage—
Many hearts in America and the fatherland will mourn.
On the beach we did camp for six long weeks together,
Watching for our shipmates that we never saw more,
For the ocean had claimed them and also retained them
Until their dead bodies were drifted ashore.

So kind friends always have a kind word for a sailor,
Whose life is a hard one on the raging sea;
Were it not for them, with the aid of Columbus,
We would never be here in the land of the free.
So let us pray for the souls of the drowned sailors,
And hope that the Lord will give them their due,
And when you return to your home, you just tell them
About the brave *Trenton* and *Vandalia's* crew.

Something That Nobody Knows.

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Words by J. O'Halloran. Music by U. G. Lee.

We see and we hear of strange things ev'ry day,
And a man now, wherever he goes,
Is bound to get mixed in some puzzling way
About something that nobody knows.
I have wandered and wandered about this queer world,
And considered whens, wherefores and sos;
Yet I'm deeper and deeper into mystery hurled
About something that nobody knows.

Why do girls pencil, powder and paint up their face?
'Tis a secret they will not disclose;
It may be that they think it adds to their grace,
But it's something that nobody knows.
Why do they wear bustles and pull their staystrings
'Till tighter and tighter it grows?
For my life I can't tell you what happiness it brings,
And it's something that nobody knows.

Can you tell why the Hubites get beat as they do,
And with tailenders act as if froze?
All the best clubs they vanquish, and yet it is true
There is something that nobody knows.
Why do big sal'ried players stay out late at night,
And have such a high-colored nose?
You may know there is something and something not right,
But it's something that nobody knows.

Now will Lowry let up on the pugilists great,
And forgive them for striking hard blows?
Do you think law and order will be kept in his state?
That's something that nobody knows.
If John L. gets in, will he work very hard
While dressed in his striped prison clothes?
Will he go breaking stone in the old prison yard?
That's something that nobody knows.

Will elixir of life make the old young again,
While the lamb's blood with human blood flows?
Will young maidens marry men rich, old and lame?
That's something that nobody knows.
Will the man over 80 be dressed like a dude
As younger and younger he grows?
Will he stand on the corner, and with maidens act rude?
That's something that nobody knows.

WHEN MOSQUITOES CACKLE.

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Words and Music by Ned Sietwa.

A woman, a beauty it was, sir, a dashing, bewitching young elf,
So tender and sweet in her manner that you'd like to wed her yourself;
I sought out my darling papa, my secret to him I then broke—
He stroked his long whiskers a while, then softly these words he spoke:

CHORUS.

"When mosquitoes cackle, when the chickens bark,
When the dogs all whistle, marching through the park;
When a girl is shy, sir, when the horses fly, sir,
When the ocean's dry, sir, you may marry her.

At my bad luck I then nothing daunted, quickly sought out the lady's mamma,
For badly was I disappointed at the answer obtained from papa;
I begged, I beseeched, I entreated—"Oh, give me the woman I crave."
Through her eyeglasses blue she squinted, and this is the answer she gave:

CHORUS.

"When the trees are dancing, when the houses walk,
When the fish wear dress coats, when the turtles talk;
When all the fools are dead, sir, when all the maids are wed, sir,
When that pimple is a head, sir, you may marry her."

At this I was terribly flustered, I nearly lost all of my hope,
But up to the girl I then blustered to try to urge her to elope;
She blushed as I popped her the question, "My darling, when shall we be wed?"
She laid her head down on my shoulder and prettily, poutingly said:

CHORUS.

"When every man is honest, when every girl is true,
When every bee's a hornet, when every eye is blue;
When hens for eggs lay pearls, sir, when your wire mustache curls, sir,
When all my beaux are girls, sir, I will marry you."

Two years found me still a bachelor, but in luxury now I rolled,
For two years of good luck and labor left me with plenty of gold.
I was sitting one day in my office when a lady stepped in at the door,
She lifted her vail—'twas the charmer I would marry just two years before.

CHORUS.

"When money is not wanted, when beggars wear fine clothes,
When—— is mayor, when theatres all close;
When this song is never sung, miss, when Pa and Ma are hung, miss,
When you can hold your tongue, miss, I will marry you."

ROW THE BOAT LIGHTLY.

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Row the boat lightly, love, over the sea,
Daily and nightly I'll wander with thee;
On its fair bosom contented I'll roam,
Evermore, dearest, to dwell in thy home.
Row the boat lightly, etc.

Gay is the life of a fisherman's bride,
Though the wind fretteth the foam in its tide;
What, tho' the storm doth encompass the sea,
Grasping her treasure—what careth she?
Row the boat lightly, etc.

The moon is now hidden behind yonder cloud,
Our bark rides the waves and tempest so proud;
Pull hard, my boys, your journey's most o'er,
For yonder bright light is our home by the shore.
Row the boat lightly, etc.

THE SHAMROCK BAND.

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Words by Murray & Murphy. Music by Louis F. Baus.

You may talk about your heathens, Beethovens and Mozarts,
And all the great composers that have come from foreign parts;
But I'm the coming genius, I'll outshine them all,
The Mendelsohns and Wagners I'll dash against the wall.
I've taught all my fam'ly, I've taught them how to play
In fifteen sharps and twenty flats—in fact, in ev'ry kay;
Ev'ry one that hears us says we're wonderful and grand;
The music in the future'll be the pretty Shamrock band.

CHORUS.

Johnny plays his nick-nacks, Patsy drives the bow,
Jimmy plays the banjacks, Kate the piano;
Oh, Mollie blows the trombone, Larry holds the stand,
While I conduct the instruments of the pretty Shamrock band.

When we give an avening concert there's thousands come to hear,
And ev'ry one applauds the chunes and no one calls them quare;
You ought to hear the commints after each we play,
"Sure, Gilmore has no bus'ness with them," is what they say.
We play jigs by dozens, the airs of all the warl',
Much better than the music cranks they call perfeshernal.
Ev'ry chune an ancore gits the more than we can stand;
"More pow'r to yez," says ev'ry one to the pretty Shamrock band.—*Chorus.*

When we played at Dolan's wedding we got the party wild,
They danced and drank and sang, each woman, man and child.
Says Burk, the Alderman: "Better I've not heard;
There's not the like of it in any other ward;
And what's more, I'm thinking 'twould be a nate affair
For you and all the band to go and serenade the Mayor."
"Thrue for you! You're right! Hoorah!" was heard on ev'ry hand,
And then the bride and bridegroom danced to the pretty Shamrock band.—*Cho.*

YOU KNOW YOU DO.

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By Harry Birch.

When some one's step comes up the walk
Your cheeks take rosy hue,
And though no other hears his knock
You hear it well, you know you do;
When some one talks about the grain
And bows to Pa, yet looks at you,
You see his glances—yes, 'tis plain—
And give them back, you know you do, ah!

REFRAIN.

Ye pretty girls with smiles and curls, and eyes so sparkling blue,
You love to flirt—ah! yes, 'tis true—and fool the men, you know you do.

You keep your eyes upon the clock
And wish 'twas later, too,
So that your Pa would cease his talk
And go to bed, you know you do;
And when the folks to bed have gone,
And left some one alone with you,
You wish the clock would stop its tongue;
You stop it; yes, you know you do, ah!—*Refrain.*

He blushes deep and looks afraid,
To be thus left with you;
But your eyes tell there ne'er was maid
But could be wooed, you know they do.
And when his arm steals 'round your chair
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you did not want it there;
But oh! you do, you know you do, ah!—*Refrain.*

YOU CAN'T EXPECT THEM ALWAYS TO AGREE.

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Words by L. J. Pollak. Music by B. D. Ackley.

Now when you come to think of it how strange it does appear,
When you have spent a jolly night filled up on wine and beer;
You get to bed, you know not how, you feel as on the sea,
Then you wonder why your stomach and your head cannot agree.

CHORUS.

But you can't expect them always to agree,
No, you can't expect them always to agree;
Now, perhaps, the head was jealous while the stomach was quite galous,
So you can't expect them always to agree.

When you read the sporting papers, pick the winners by the score,
When you're sure out of six races you have surely five or more;
But the lead pipe cinch is hollow and you of your cash are free,
Do you wonder, my dear fellow, why the winners don't agree?

CHORUS.

But you can't expect them always to agree,
For the best of us are wrong at times, you see;
Why, of course, you knew the winner now you'll go without your dinner,
Just because the blamed things always don't agree.

Young chappie smokes his first cigar and finds it "fine, deah boy;"
He ne'er before had known the weed contained such wond'rous joy;
But after smoking for a while a changed lad is he—
With cigarettes he's quite content, cigars do not agree.

CHORUS.

But you can't expect the first one to agree,
Though 'tis fine, deah boy, ejaculated he;
That cigar was much too strong for his feeble constitution,
But with all you can't expect them to agree.

When you get into a crowded car and luck'ly get a seat,
You do not mind if some one sometimes treads upon your feet;
But if you from your cushion rise to seat a lady fair,
If she thanks you, well and good, my friend; if not, why, don't despair.

CHORUS.

For you can't expect her always to agree,
Though you think that you are just as good as she;
She is doing you a favor by accepting of your seat, sir,
But you can't expect her always to agree.

You go out with a customer—at least your wife thinks so,
And to pass away the evening to her mother she will go;
But if she steps into the car and sees you're on a spree
With your pretty little typewriter, you can bet she won't agree.

CHORUS.

But you can't expect her always to agree,
No, you can't expect her always to agree;
You left her home, of course, now she'll sue for a divorce,
For you can't expect her always to agree.

You order of your grocer to send some fresh-laid eggs,
Insisting on their freshness, he your pardon humbly begs;
The hen has laid them just this day, you'll find them good, says he;
You get them home and open one, but you don't quite agree.

CHORUS.

And he can't expect you always to agree,
The eggs were fresh when laid, insisted he;
But the hen that laid that score had been dead a month or more,
So he can't expect you always to agree.

Of course, to poker I must give a verse to please the cranks,
Who never tire of telling how they break each other's banks;
But when they hold four aces and bet till they can't see,
The quiet man rakes in the cash, a higher hand has he.

CHORUS.

But you can't expect them always to agree,
No, you can't expect them always to agree;
That quiet man agreed to raise until the shouter stopped the pace,
But you can't expect them always to agree.

When you take a damsel for a walk upon a summer day,
She's bound to see what others wear as they abroad do stray;
But should you likewise turn your head the fashions for to see,
'Tis then you'll find that damsel's views and yours do not agree.

CHORUS.

But you can't expect them always to agree,
Of course, you can't expect them to agree;
She just turned to view a skirt while your view was clear to flirt,
So you can't expect them ever to agree.

When our good friend Hayseed Johnny comes to "teown" to see the sights,
And with his verdure innocence at each seeming "good thing" bites,
You cannot blame him if with Bunco Bill he's on the spree,
When he's hauled in by a blue-coat with the "teown" he don't agree.

CHORUS.

And you can't expect old uncle to agree,
Ger Gosh, mister, all my money's gone, says he;
And the cop for a reply taps him lightly on the sly,
Why, you can't expect him always to agree.

WHAT IT IS.

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Words by Geo. Gilbert. Music by D. L. White.

Do you ever feel you don't know how, and you'd like some one to tell you,
So some other day, you then as now, will know just what to do?
You know that I know just how it is myself—
I whistle at trouble, catch on to this yourself.—[*Whistle.*]

SPOKEN—Tell us what it is.

CHORUS.

It is waltzing with your girl is the jolliest fun of all;
Take a gentle "whiz" and you'll find that's "what it is."
Tra la la la la la, you'll find that's "what it is";
Tra la la la la la la, you'll find that's "what it is."

Are you ever pressed to pay a bill, awful short and try to borrow;
Cannot make a raise, go where you will, must settle it to-morrow?
You know that I know just how it is myself;
I whistle and dodge it, you can do so yourself.—[*Whistle.*]

SPOKEN—Tell us what it is.—*Chorus.*

If you're ever asked to sing a song when you're out in company,
Never be afraid, but come out strong, strike up this melody:
You know that I know just how it is myself;
So whistle, or sing it, and see how 'tis yourself.—[*Whistle.*]

SPOKEN—Tell us what it is.—*Chorus.*

MY PRETTY QUADROON.

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Oh, my pretty, my pretty quadroon, my flowers have faded too soon;
My heart, like the strings of my banjo, will break for my pretty quadroon.

I never thought I was a slave, but that was found out too soon;
I'll gather one handsome wild rose and call it my pretty quadroon.

My troubles will now soon be o'er, and I find rest in the tomb;
My spirit will then soar above and watch o'er my pretty quadroon.

THE HUSBANDS' BOAT.

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Come, listen to my ditty: I'm a merchant in the city,
I've got a wife, the best in life, she's forty, fat and fair;
And though I love her dearly, it happened very queerly,
I sent her down to Long Branch, as she wanted a change of air.

SPOKEN—And though I didn't want to lose the old girl—a man likes to go about sometimes—so she went by train, I meant to follow by

CHORUS.

The husbands' boat, the husbands' boat,
Jolly old boys when we're afloat;
The husbands' boat, the husbands' boat,
For Long Branch in the morning.

We had a loving parting, and as the train was starting
My wife called out: "Don't go about to see the sights in town."
Of course, I said: "O no, dear, without you 'twould be slow, dear;
So, by the boat, on Saturday you may expect me down."

SPOKEN—I kept my promise, and didn't go to more than five concert halls in one night—the Eagle, Highbury-barn and the National Gallery don't count, of course.—*Chorus.*

On Saturday according the boat I soon was boarding,
And with a lot of husbands got, a jolly set were we;
Imagine my surprise, then, I chanced to turn my eyes, when
I saw a lovely damsel who was looking straight at me.

SPOKEN—Now, when a man's wife's been away for a week, they oughtn't to allow female women on board—*Chorus.*

We got in conversation, I stood a cold collation;
We soon got near to Long Branch pier, the time went quickly by.
Around her taper waist, then, my arm I just had placed, when
I heard a voice that brought me to my senses instantly.

SPOKEN—"Oh! look, Ma, there's father—isn't it kind of him to bring your dressmaker with him on board."—*Chorus.*

My feelings won't bear painting, my wife with rage was fainting;
I'll draw the veil upon a scene so painfully severe.

SPOKEN—Married men!

Be careful, I entreat you, your wives may come to meet you;
Then take your arm away when you're in sight of Long Branch pier.
—*Chorus.*

My wife said: "Dear, now really, indeed I speak sincerely,
I think you'd better take the rail when you come down again."
Indeed, I don't invent it, you may think that I meant it,
But every Saturday, somehow, I chanced to miss the train.

SPOKEN—So, with the old girl's permission, I returned once more to—*Chorus.*

—Where was Peter when his candle went out? In the dark.

OUR HANDS HAVE MET, BUT NOT OUR HEARTS.

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By W. V. Wallace. Arranged by J. Clifton Burke.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts, our hands will never meet again;
Friends, if we have ever been, friends we cannot now remain.
I only know I loved you once, I only know I loved in vain;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts, our hands will never meet again.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts, our hands will never meet again.

Ah, then farewell to heart and hand; I would our hands had never met;
E'en the outward form of love must be resigned with same regret;
Friends we still might seem to be if I my wrong could e'er forget.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts; I would our hands had never met.
Our hands have joined, but not our hearts; I would our hands had never met.

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

Composed and Sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

One summer evening I did attend a dance,
With several others I took a chance;
It cost one dollar to get me in;
It cost me fifty to get out again;
I met a lady—hair all in curl,
Just from the country, so said this girl;
I thought I was a winner, thought I knew it all,
Found out I didn't, after the ball.

CHORUS.

After each dance I blew her off to both beer and wine;
I treated her every minute, and she did drink every time;
I treated her to charlotte rousses and she eat box and all,
And ninety-one beefsteaks, after the ball.

CHORUS.

And she did introduce me to her dear cousin Bill;
I blew Bill until he was loaded, but Bill kept drinking still;
Bill he did introduce me to a friend of his named Saul—
Willie and Saul they went through me after the ball.

CHORUS.

Isn't it something easy, I heard the talent say;
Every one get a crab-net; don't let it get away;
I wonder where it came from; it must have blew in, that's all;
Just to blow its dust in after the ball.

CHORUS.

Every one tried to get me, every one made a play;
Every one called me easy, a marker, and simple jay;
I had all my clothes when I went in, when I left I had pants, that's all;
And I was in luck to have anything after the ball.

SLUMBER, MY DARLING.

Copyright, 1890, by Joseph Lindner.

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Words by M. J. Fitzpatrick. Music by Joseph Lindner.

Slumber, my darling, in silent repose
While innocent dreams o'er thy memory flows;
For mamma is watching with fond, loving care,
While angels are chanting their sweet evening prayer.
Thy tiny white hands lying over thy breast,
A soft, gentle smile o'er thy sweet tranquil rest;
The calm, peaceful moon through the window will peep,
While mamma is singing her darling to sleep.

REFRAIN.

Slumber, my darling, my own little dear;
Slumber, my darling, for mamma is near.
As twilight's faint shadows so silently creep,
Then mamma will sing little baby to sleep.

Slumber, my darling, for mamma is near,
While night passes over and day doth appear;
Thy lips always welcome a fond, loving kiss,
For sweet are the dreams of the beautiful bliss.
The last shades of twilight have scarce passed away
When in totters baby from innocent play;
Her toys cast aside, to her cradle she'll creep
And say, Mamma, sing little darling to sleep.—*Refrain.*

Slumber, my darling; the calm, gentle breeze
Is singing its lay as it plays on the trees;
The beautiful birds in their snug, cozy nest
Like thee in thy dreaming so peacefully rest.
My own little darling I treasure with care,
With cheeks like the roses and long, curly hair;
Those bonny blue eyes from the cradle will peep,
While mamma is singing her darling to sleep.—*Refrain.*

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

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Words by J. J. Jackson, Jr. Music by Mrs. W. H. Kohnle.

Come to the open window, love, the night is all aglow,
The stars still smile on us the same, dear love, as in the long ago;
Think for a while of the old, old time, when life was young and fair,
When love had just begun to blend our hearts as one;
The day that made thee mine, love, in mem'ry live always—
If 'twere a hundred years, love, 'twould seem but yesterday.
Only a day ago, love, it seems a single day,
Yet we are old and gray, love, and years have passed away;
Only a day ago, dear love, yet we are old and gray—
If 'twere a hundred years, love, 'twould seem but yesterday.
Let the soft beams of the moon light thine eyes, and turn thy face to me,
That I thy love may see, 'tis all the world to me;
The end of life may come, love, yet should it last always,
Yes, e'en a hundred years, love, 'twould seem but yesterday.
Only a day ago, love, it seems a single day,
Yet we are old and gray, love, and years have passed away;
Only a day ago, dear love, yet we are old and gray—
If 'twere a hundred years, love, 'twould seem but yesterday.

SO WOULD I.

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By Dan Braman.

If, to keep up with the fashions, you are asked to sing a song,
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.
If upon some current topic you are asked to come out strong,
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.
Some think that public matters are a horrid bore, but I
Like people with opinions that they're ready to stand by.
If ever for your country's flag you are asked to die,
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.

If your wife should say to you some day, "Dear Ma we must invite,"
Would you do it? No, we wouldn't. Nor would I.
And if the old gal came and with you seemed inclined to fight,
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.
She'd want to run the blessed house, she'd stamp and rave and shout;
My wife, of course, would take her part, with many a sob and pout,
And in sarcastic tones would say, "Oh, chuck my mother out!"
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.

When you leave a dear girl at the door, you think you'd like to kiss,
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.
If she "kicks" and says, "Now, don't you ever do a thing like this!"
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.
They say a woman's "No, I won't" is really meant for "Yes,"
That when she pouts and flouts about she wants one more caress;
Now, should she try the thing on you, what then? come, give a guess—
Would you do it? Yes, we would. So would I.

COMING FROM THE MATINEE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles A. Fuller.

When the styles are on the street, people driving up and down,
Lots of pretty chaps we meet, gaily dressed from toe to crown;
But the sweetest time, you know, when we're gayest of the gay,
Is while toddling to and fro, coming from the matinee.

SPOKEN—Delightful! Kids on, smiling and doing our very prettiest - there's nothing so pleasant as—

CHORUS.

Coming from the matinee, coming from the matinee;
Don't you think it's very gay coming from the matinee?
Coming from the matinee, coming from the matinee;
Don't you think it's very gay coming from the matinee?

Lovely belles are laughing then, handsome chaps are laughing, too;
Parted hands can meet again while the crowd we're passing thro'.
Some one meets us at the door, very pleasant words he'll say;
I could linger evermore coming from the matinee.

SPOKEN—Every one looks at you so; but then, you know, ladies don't object to being admired when they are got up regardless, as they always are when—*Chorus.*

Once I had a handsome beau, and he loved me very dear;
For he often told me so, many hundred times a year.
Everywhere he followed me, and, of course, we met one day—
Just as sweet as he could be—coming from the matinee.

SPOKEN—Why, Willie, how do you do? where have you been? Why, darling (that's what Willie said), didn't you see me? When we met I was—*Chorus.*

Side by side we wandered on, and again he told his love;
Shall I own my heart was won when he called me little dove?
When he begged his fate I'd share, really, now, what could I say?
Yes, he "popped the question" there, coming from the matinee.

SPOKEN—Of course, it wasn't exactly the proper place to ask a lady's hand, but I don't think I shall ever regret the day Willie met me—*Chorus.*

A RUSTIC AND RUSTY OLD TIME.

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Words and Music by Chas. Gardner.

Alas, the unfortunate time,
When allured by sweet romance and rhyme,
I left a gay palace in town
For a rustic and rusty old time.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's plough and it's sow, and it's plant and it's hoe,
And it's milk, milk those blasted old cows;
Oh, it's fodder and feed, and it's dig and it's weed,
With oh, such old family rows.

No neat little village would do,
Made so easy of access to town;
But I sought for true rural delight,
And a place where the "mountains look down."—*Chorus.*

So I purchased a house and a farm,
With acres abundant and wild;
Appointed an agent to stock it,
And drove out my wife and my child.—*Chorus.*

Our Bridget went off in a huff
To seek a "more dacentsome place,'
Our Patrick on "ticket of lave"—
'Twas the last that I saw of his face.—*Chorus.*

At last a respectable man
Brought up where the "mountains look down,"
Gave me half what I paid for my farm,
And I quickly packed off for the town.—*Chorus.*

A month or two served to remove
Romantic impressions of years,
But a lifetime will scarcely efface
Recollections of family tears.—*Chorus.*

I blistered my hands, got freckled and tanned,
And frowzy my faded old pate;
I thought of the joys of my palace in town,
And sighed at my pitiable state.—*Chorus.*

Friend "easy to do," take warning by me,
And stick to your palace in town;
'Tis better to read of "true rural delight"
Than to live where the "mountains look down."—*Chorus.*

HE IS IRISH.

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Words and Music by Loren Bragdon.

I am as true an Irishman as grows on Irish soil,
I came from County Gilloway, where Irishmen do toil;
My father was a Callahan, my mother was a Flynn,
There were twelve little Callahans—how happy we were then!
O'Dowd lived in the cellar, O'Rourke the second floor,
McCarthy in the garret, while I hung on the door;
And lots of sprees we had there, and mother'd have her say,
That Dad could clean out Ireland from the County Gilloway.

CHORUS.

We were Irish, yes, Irish, all Irish through and through;
We used our fists, we used our feet, if not, our heads would do.
O'Rourke cleaned out McCarthy, and O'Dowd he made a lay,
That he could clean out Callahan from the County Gilloway.

I had as sweet a Colleen Bawn as you would wish to see,
She came from County Killaloo, where they drink good whiskey;
I knew she had a dozen beaux, but this she promised me:
That we would sail together to the country of the free.
So we came on together across the rolling main;
Of course, she would get seasick, I got there just the same;
But soon we both were landed, and Bridget looked so gay
That all the people as she passed "She's French" I'd hear them say.

CHORUS.

But she's Irish, she's Irish, she's Irish, bless her soul;
Her hair was red, she looks half fed, and on her cheek's a mole;
Her feet will cover an acre lot. What I tell you now is true,
You could always tell she's Irish, from the County Killaloo.

I got a situation, and for which the country paid,
Then Bridget got another one, she was a French nurse maid;
I was a big policeman and the flower of my race,
Just let me turn a corner you'd see mischief in my face.
The boys they all would scamper, I'd chase them by the score;
The girls would always love me, I'd watch the small side door.
I know I'm very handsome, but this they'd say of me,
And I thought no one knew it in this country of the free:

CHORUS.

He is Irish, he's Irish, brass buttons, plug and all;
He has his beat upon our street, all summer, spring and fall.
Now don't his mug look like a pug, born on St. Patrick's day?
You could always tell he's Irish, from the County Gilloway.

ALL AMONG THE ROSES.

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.

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In an ivy-covered cottage, hidden back of oaken trees,
Lives a lovely little maiden, blithe and happy as you please;
Where, upon a low veranda, every summer's eventide
I sit amid the flowers fair, Camillia by my side.

CHORUS.

All among the roses, making sweet proposes,
Lovely, laughing, soul bewitching, sweet Camillia May;
Captivating, aggravating, never tired of play;
Flitting like a little birdie, happy, light and gay.
Kill me or I'll die with love for sweet Camillia May.

There's a pretty, white camelia ever glowing in her hair,
Lovely violets and roses blooming in her face so fair;
Little stars and merry sunshine in her eyes so bright and gay,
And a choir of angels singing in the voice of Milly May.—*Chorus.*

Now forget not to remember, when in love you chance to be,
Try and keep in all your feelings, not act foolishly like me;
For I live on hoping, dreaming of a coming joyous day,
When I'll make of one camelia such a lovely, sweet bouquet.—*Chorus.*

RESOLVE TO BE MERRY.

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Written by Harry Birch.

There's many a trouble would break like a bubble,
And into the waters depart,
If we did not rehearse it and tenderly nurse it,
And give it a place in our heart.
There's many a sorrow would banish to-morrow
Were we willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding, and always a-brooding,
In hatching out horrible things.

REFRAIN.

Resolve to be merry like maids of the dairy,
Our troubles forever forget,
And no longer fearful, but happy and cheerful,
And feel life's worth living for yet.

How welcome the seeming of looks that are beaming,
If one should be wealthy or poor,
With eyes bright as berries and cheeks red as cherries,
The gout and the heart-ache will cure.
There's many a jilting would never have happened
If they'd only have waited a while;
They kept it a-brewing, and always a-stewing,
With never a laugh or a smile.

REFRAIN.

This always a-scowling and moping and growling
Will drive all your good friends away;
Resolve to be merry like old Tom and Jerry,
'Twill drive all your troubles away. Ha!

THE PATENT-BELL PUNCH.

By George Robertson.

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My song is of a nice young man,
He's known both near and far,
He carries by his side a patent-bell punch;
He's conductor of a cable car.
Such nice, curly hair and brown mustache,
And such a captivating eye;
As he gives the ladies a seat in the car
He blushes and says, "Oh my!"

CHORUS.

As he goes through the car to collect his fare,
For stamps he carries a punch;
He was never known to knock down a cent,
While he carried the patent-bell punch.

As he waltzes through the car he says:
"Your fare now, if you please;"
He plays you a tune on the patent-bell punch,
And he makes your change with ease.
He always keeps his weather eye open,
For the kids, he thinks, will ride;
And he always got the same old cry:
"There is plenty of room inside."—*Chorus.*

"Come right up, there is plenty of room
Inside," he says with a yell;
He packs you up like an old sardine,
And he gives another jerk on the bell.
And the fact, upon my word,
You hardly would believe,
That he carries a "punch" for the cable company,
And another for himself in his sleeve.—*Chorus.*

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No. 40

SONG BOOK

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

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One Smile for Me, Sweetheart.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Bray.

One smile for me, sweetheart, one kiss before we part,
One fond and sweet caress, one little golden tress;
One loving thought of me when I am far from thee,
One tear when I am gone, one only, only one.

CHORUS.

One only, only one, one smile for me, sweetheart;
One fond and sweet caress, one little golden tress;
One tear when I am gone, one only, only one.

One smile for me, sweetheart, when we are fare apart,
One prayer for my return when heaven's night torches burn;
One home for thee and me, by love's sweet labor won,
One hope that we may be, one only, only one.—*Chorus.*

THE ROWDY-DOWDY BOYS.

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Written by Tom Conley and Felix McGlennon. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Girls, I'm a jolly old chappie,
Girls, I'm a deuced fine chappie;
I belong to a jolly set that's known about the town,
We are the boys for fun and noise, we won't be taken down.
Always out and mashing the girls are we,
We're the crowd who're fond of a jolly spree;
Not afraid of paying the score for anything wrong we do,
If you'll look at my card you'll see I'm one of the Rowdy-Dowdy Crew.

CHORUS.

Then I say, boy, who's for a jolly spree?
Rum tum, tiddley um, who'll have a drink with me?
Fond of a glass or two, fond of a row or noise;
Hi! hi! clear the way for the Rowdy-Dowdy Boys!

Girls, when we're out in society,
Girls, we are fond of variety;
In the Gaiety bar we lounge just like a lot of earls,
Scatter the cash and cut a dash, and mash the chorus girls.
Sometimes we at billiards a game will play,
We're all right, not one of us is a jay;
If a pal should be in distress, stone-broke, and he can't pull through,
He can always be sure of a helping hand from the Rowdy-Dowdy Crew.—*Chorus.*

Girls, we go out on the tiddley hi!
Girls, such a jolly old tiddley hi!
With a slop we may have a row going home so late at night,
He tootles his whistle, some more arrive, and then there is a fight;
Some get locked up, off to the station they go,
All the others follow them in a row.
Where our pal goes, you may all bet, the others must follow too,
So if they want one they must take the lot of the Rowdy-Dowdy Crew.—*Chorus.*

YOURS TRULY, MR. DOOLEY.

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Words and Music by James Thornton. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

Oh, it's just about three weeks ago, three weeks ago to-day,
I met a friend of mine in Duff's saloon;
We shook hands very cordially and then we had a drink,
And then we had another very soon.
We talked of Ireland's welfare, of Gladstone and home rule,
I soon fell asleep, the chair it was my bed;
But Dooley put me in a hack and drove up to my door,
And before he left me this is what I said:

CHORUS.

"Dooley, when you meet me I like the way you treat me,
I never will forget you, John, wherever I may be;
And remember, Mr. Dooley, while my name is Mike O'Hooley,
That I am your servant truly, you're a dear friend to me."

Next day I called on Dooley, and we went down to the track,
He said he knew a horse that couldn't lose;
He borrowed twenty from me, but said he would pay it back
And present me with a brand-new pair of shoes.
Now Dooley's horse was in the lead, my heart it jumped with joy,
It beat a horse named "cabbage" by a head;
I looked around for Dooley, but nowhere could he be seen;
When next day I met him this is what I said:

CHORUS.

"Dooley, when you meet me I like the way you beat me,
I never will forget you, John, wherever I may be;
And remember, Mr. Dooley, that I'm not your servant truly,
And if ever you should need a friend, don't call on me."

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

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Words and Music by James Thornton. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

There was once a young maiden of tender grace,
Laughing blue eyes and a winsome face,
Also a youth, brimming with truth,
Got married one day in spring.
Through the sweet scented summer they knew no fear,
But the mills had all closed in the winter drear;
Then when the lad was gloomy and sad
This is the song she would sing:

CHORUS.

Sweetheart, fond heart, from your side I will ne'er part,
We'll be together, love, in sunshine or in rain;
Don't be repining, what is the use of complaining,
We will be happy, love, when summer comes again.

Oh, the cold, cheerless winter soon passed away,
Spring came with flowers to deck sweet May;
Maiden and lad grew to be glad,
And sung like the birds in spring.
The dark shadows of sorrows ne'er came again
To their sweet little cottage just down the lane,
Where at the door, when his work was o'er,
She'd kiss him and then she'd sing:—*Chorus.*

LITTLE PADDY MOONEY.

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Written and Composed by Jos. J. Sullivan.

I've a friend named Paddy Mooney, he owns a big saloon;
All the sporting men in town play cards in his back room.
And while you spend your money he's always full of fun,
He tells you funny stories of the battle of Bull Run.

CHORUS.

Little Paddy Mooney is a man you all should know,
You cannot find his equal, no matter where you go;
He keeps a corner liquor store, his name is above the door;
If you want to know his number it is fourteen fourty-four.

Now Paddy's very toney when he's among the girls,
All of them are stuck on him, his walk, his twist, his twirls;
Whenever there's a party you'll always see him there,
As pretty as a picture, with his long, black, curly hair.—*Chorus.*

He's like a little Jumping-Jack when he's behind his bar;
Come, boys, have a drink with me, take wine or a good cigar.
He's well known at the race-track, he never fails to bet;
His money's on a sure tip and his horse is running yet.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

YOU GAVE ME YOUR LOVE.

Written and sung by Frank North.

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An old man and woman named Casey,
In this world they were not made to toil;
At drinking his nobs was a daisy,
And his wife never let lager spoil.
They'd drink till they both loved each other,
And they swore that true love was the thing;
With a club he would stand in the corner,
And his wife with an axe she would sing:

CHORUS.

"You gave me your club, I'll give you mine."
It made him mad, for the axe she had, he thought she'd do him fine;
He told her that he loved her; says she, "Not on your life."
He loved her not when the axe he got,
But he near killed his darling wife.

Bill Jones was a farmer from Wayback,
In the city he'd ne'er been before;
He came here one day from the country,
Just to see all the sights, nothing more.
A young girl met him at the Bowery,
She cried as though her poor heart would break;
He said, "I have money, my darling,
And that with my love you can take."

CHORUS.

He gave her his love, and she kept her own;
She kept his dough, and his watch also, and his love for her has flown.
He walked back to the country, and forever through his life
When he thinks of the slip that he got from that chip,
He punches his darling wife.

DAISY BELL.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

There is a flower within my heart, Daisy, Daisy!
Planted one day by a glancing dart, planted by Daisy Bell;
Whether she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,
Yet I am longing to share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—
But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two.

We will go "tandem" as man and wife, Daisy, Daisy!
"Ped'ling" away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell!
When the road's dark we can both despise p'licemen and "lamps" as well:
There are "bright lights" in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell.—*Chorus*

I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe, Daisy, Daisy!
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring, you know, sweet little Daisy Bell;
You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we take, then if I don't do well
I will permit you to use the brake, my beautiful Daisy Bell.—*Chorus.*

SHE IS MY PIC-NIC GIRL.

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Words and Music by Harry Connor. Arranged by Percy Gaunt.

Kitty Driscoll is the girl who has my heart in keeping,
I dream of her by night and day, at waking or while sleeping;
You can bet she'll give them cards and spades, at "spieling" she's a peach;
She broke my heart and pocket-book at Coney Island beach.

REFRAIN.

She is my pic-nic girl; you should see us as we whirl,
"Spieling" and reeling, at Coney Island down the bay;
For she's such a sweet young thing, I'll buy a wedding ring,
And married I'll be to Kitty, if she'll but name the day.

When she strikes the dancing floor you bet there is a flurry,
The girls they scatter right and left, they seem in such a hurry
Just to see her dip and slide and skate and twist upon her heel;
They say she's papa's baby girl, when she begins to "spiel."—*Refrain.*

Thursday night there'll be a hop, and Kate and I are going;
The question I will surely pop, and no one will be knowing.
If she does refuse I'll leave this earth, and take the quickest way;
Should she say "Yes," well, you can guess I'll name the wedding day.—*Refrain*

SISTERS.

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Written by J. P. Harrington. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Who is the acme of love and truth,
Boxes your ears in your early youth.
Borrows your money, by coaxing or force?
Why, don't you know? your sister, of course.
Sisters! we love 'em, the dear, dear ones;
What pals they'd be if they'd been born sons!
When you are jilted by some fair "she,"
Who do you fly to for sympathy?

CHORUS.

Sisters, sisters! Beautiful, loving young sisters;
Gentle, sentimental, and soothing, so ev'ry young swell says;
Are our sisters, sisters, none are so loving as sisters;
We worship sisters all over the world, especially somebody else's."

There is an army you've come across,
That is the one of which Booth is boss,
And if the barracks you chance to pass by,
"Come and be saved!" his followers cry.
Now perhaps of brothers you've quite a lot,
Yet not one "sis" in the world you've got,
Boys, join the army on that account,
For in its ranks you'll find any amount.—*Chorus.*

Once I and one of my pals, the best,
Took two sweet girls for a stroll up west;
We'd the recherchest dinner for four,
Plenty of wine and fun in galore.
But my wife's cousin we met, and he
Wondered a bit who those girls could be;
"Looks a bit fishy," says he. "I'll swear;"
"Fishy," says I, "my dear chap, they were—" *Chorus.*

OH, PROMISE ME.

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Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Composed and sung by Sigismund Alexander.

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While taking a stroll on a summer's eve, the stars and the moon shone bright,
My brother and I we ran across two fairies who were out of sight.
They quickly became acquainted with us, 'tis a thing we will always rue;
They said they wanted to take a walk, so we strolled down the avenue.

CHORUS.

And these two little girls they blew, boys, the two little girls they blew;
They blew in our money, at saloons it was funny, but everyone they knew.
We soon grew drowsy and fell asleep, they laid us on a cart;
Through our pockets they went, took every red cent, and then we drifted apart.

Two little girls from a country town to New York came one day,
To see the city and all its sights; they'd plenty of money to pay.
The first day they went around alone, although they were quite new;
But they saw the sights both good and bad, then to a hotel they flew.

CHORUS.

Then these two little girls they blew, boys, these two little girls they blew;
They blew out the gas, did each little lass, and their spirits quickly flew.
These girls they were always together, in life they never could part,
But when they were dead the angels said that they had drifted apart.

IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT.

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

'Twas a beautiful night and the stars they shone bright,
Two little lovers were having a "spoon";
Their love they confessed as they kissed and caressed,
Only seen by the man in the moon.
He calls her his darling, his own turtle dove,
And vows that he'll ever be true;
She turns with a sigh, as a tear dims her eye,
Then he kissed her and bade her adieu.

WALTZ CHORUS.

While the stars were shining bright up in the heavens so high
The man in the moon was looking, and he winked the other eye;
Ev'rything seemed to be peaceful then, on that eventful night,
When two lovers parted, so gay and light-hearted, in the bright moonlight.

Now her husband one night he got awfully tight,
He'd been with the boys on a spree;
He tried hard to walk and much harder to talk;
Said he, "My wife is waiting for me."
He hurries straight home, meets his wife at the door,
With a poker she hits him quite hard;
He tries to explain, when she hits him again,
And he has to sleep out in the yard.

WALTZ CHORUS.

While the stars were shining bright up in the heavens so high
The man in the moon was looking, and he winked the other eye;
Ev'rything seemed to be peaceful then on that eventful night,
When wifey licks hubby for coming home tubby, in the bright moonlight.

"Stop that thief!" was the cry, then a burglar runs by,
He's stolen a gold watch and chain;
He tries hard to fight, but his chances were slight,
For to jail he must go back again.
He pulls out a knife, but the officer shoots,
The bullet it reaches its bed;
"Oh! God, let me die!" hear the officer cry,
"For I've killed my own dear brother Ned."

WALTZ CHORUS.

While the stars were shining bright up in the heavens so high
The man in the moon was looking, and a tear stood in his eye;
Ev'rything seemed to be peaceful then on that eventful night,
On duty a brother had there killed another in the bright moonlight.

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

By Charles Follen Adams. From "Dialect Ballads," Pub. by Harper & Bro.

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Dhere vas many qveer dings in dis land off der free,
I neffer could quite understand;
Dher peoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blenty droubles, und into mishaps,
Mitoudt der least bit of a cause;
Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee chaps,
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!

Shust dink off a vhite man so vickid as dot!
Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vas it gits oup, ven der nighdt it vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
Und dhen in dor vinter ven Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas schnowy und raw,
Who made righid avay oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas one off dhose voman's rightds vellers I been,
Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboudt me;
Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust let her run it, you see.
Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks,
(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!)
Ef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off bricks,
Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas alvays der same,
Dot vomen vos boss off der house;
Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot she came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring,
Und firevood to shplit up und saw,
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow.

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It being on a fine summer's morning,
As birds sweetly tuned on each bough,
I heard a fair maid sing most charming,
As she sat a-milking her cow.
Her voice was enchanting—melodious,
Which left me scarce able to go;
My heart it was soothed in solace
By the pretty maid milking her cow.

With courtesy I did salute her:
"Good-morrow, most amiable maid,
I am your captive slave for the future."
"Kind sir, do not banter," she said,
"I am not such a precious, rare jewel
That I should enamour you so,
I am but a plain country girl;"
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"The Indies afford no such jewel,
So precious and transparent clear;
Oh, do not refuse to be my jewel,
But consent and love me, my dear;
Take pity and grant my desire,
And leave me no longer in woe;
Oh, love me, or else I'll expire,
Sweet Colleen dhas crutheen na moe."

"I don't understand what you mean, sir,
I never was a slave yet to love;
These emotions I cannot experience,
So, I pray, these affections remove.
To marry, I can assure you,
That state I will not undergo;
So, young man, I pray you will excuse me,"
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"Had I the wealth of Omar,
Or all on the African shore,
Or had I great Devonshire's treasure,
Or had I ten thousand times more;
Or had I the lamp of Alladin,
And had I his genius, also—
I'd rather live poor on a mountain
With Colleen dhas crutheen na moe."

"I beg you withdraw, do not tease me,
I cannot consent unto thee;
I prefer to live single and airy,
Till more of the world I see.
New cares they would me embarass—
Beside, sir, my fortune is low,
Until I get rich I'll not marry—
Said the Colleen dhas crutheen na moe.

"A young maid is like a ship sailing;
She don't know how long she may steer,
For in every blast she is in danger;
So consent, and love me, my dear.
For riches I care not a farthing,
Your affection I want and no more;
In wedlock I wish to bind you,
Sweet Colleen dhas crutheen na moe."

VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

By Charles Follen Adams. Permission of the Author.

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Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
Altogedder on how you look at id, mine friends.
Like dhose double horse teams dot you see at der races,
Id depends pooty much on der pair in der traces,
Eef dhey don'd pool togeddher rightd off at der shtart
Ten dhimes oudt off nine they vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
Dhose dot's oudt vould be in, dhose dot's in vould be oudt;
Der man mit oxberience, good looks and dash,
Gets a vife mit some five hundord dhousand in cash,
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience—he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case
Vot vas to percome off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" vould say,
Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth Bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhroms as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell:
Dink off Vashington, Franklin and "Honest Old Abe"—
Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe.
I vas only a Deutscher, budt I delle you vot!
I pelief, every dhime, in sooch "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask my Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come here eef you blease,"
Und she dake me vhere Yawcob and leedle Loweese
By dheir shnug trundle bed vas shust saying dheir prayer,
Und she say, mit a smile, "Vas dhere some failures dhere?"

POOR PAT MUST EMIGRATE.

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Fare you well, poor Erin's Isle! I now must leave you for a while;
The rents and taxes are so high, I can no longer stay.
From Dublin's quay I sailed away and landed here but yesterday;
Me shoes and breeches and shirts now are all that's in my kit.
I have dropped in to tell you now the sights I have seen before I go,
Of the ups and downs in Ireland, since the year of Ninety-Eight.
But if that nation had its own her noble sons might stay at home;
But since fortune has it otherwise poor Pat must emigrate.

The devil a word I would say at all, although our wages are but small,
If they left us in our cabins, where our fathers drew their breath;
When they call upon rent-day, and the devil a cent you have to pay,
They will drive you from your house and home, to beg and starve to death.
What kind of treatment, boys, is that to give an honest Irish Pat?
To drive his family to the road, to beg and starve for meat?
But I stood up with heart and hand, and sold my little spot of land;
That is the reason why I left and had to emigrate.

Such sights as that I've often seen, but I saw worse in Skibbareen.
In Forty-Eight (that time is no more) when famine it was great,
I saw fathers, boys, and girls with rosy cheeks and silken curls,
All a-missing and starving for a mouthful of food to eat.
When they died in Skibbareen no shrouds or coffins were to be seen,
But patiently reconciling themselves to their desperate, horrid fate—
They were thrown in graves by wholesale which caused many an Irish heart to [wail,
And caused many a boy and girl to be most glad to emigrate.

Where is the nation or the land that reared such men as Paddy's land?
Where is the man more noble than he they call poor Irish Pat?
We have fought for England's queen, and beat her foes wherever seen;
We have taken the town of Delhi—if you please, come tell me that:
We have pursued the Indian chief, and Nena Sahib, that cursed thief,
Who skivered babes and mothers and left them in their gore.
But why should we be so oppressed in the land St. Patrick blessed?
The land from which we have the best—poor Paddy must emigrate.

There is not a son from Paddy's land but respects the memory of Dan,
Who fought and struggled hard to part that poor and plundered country;
He advocated Ireland's rights with all his strength and might,
And he was but poorly recompensed for all his toil and pains.
He told us for to be in no haste, and in him for to place our trust,
And he would not desert us or leave us to our fate;
But death to him no favor showed, from the beggar to the throne—
Since they took our liberator poor Pat must emigrate.

With spirits bright and purses light, my boys, we can no longer stay,
For the shamrock is immediately bound for America,
For there is bread and work which I cannot get in Donegal.
I told the truth, by great Saint Ruth, believe me what I say.
Good night, my boys! with hand and heart, all you who take Ireland's part;
I can no longer stay at home for fear of being too late.
If ever again I see this land I hope it will be with a Fenian band;
So God be with old Ireland! poor Pat must emigrate.

—Three for a Quarter.—Customer: "Have you any ten-cent carpenter's nail sets?" Facetious clerk: "Er, will you please tell me what kind of carpenters ten-cent ones are?"

FINETTE.

Words by Sadie. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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Finette was young, and Finette was fair,
And never a lover had she;
Finette she cried in her young despair,
'Twere better we never should be.
For the dance will go, and it irks me so
Here by the lonely tree.

Gerome was hale, but Gerome was pale,
For a lover he fain would be;
And he did not know, though they told him so,
That the maiden he chose was free.
So Gerome he stood in the dusky wood,
And a sorrowful wight was he.

Finette she said as she raised her head, "Somebody watches for me;"
Gerome he said with a lofty head, "My lady is looking for me."
So Gerome came one and Finette came two, two little steps half way;
Gerome he sigh'd and Finette she cried, but never a tear shed they.
The dance is done and the game is won—merrily ends the day.

LITTLE JOHNNY DUGAN.

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Words by Thomas Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Listen for a moment and I'll tell to ye a story, (Yes!) *
It happened down to Slattery's a week ago to-night; (It did!)
Singing, dancing, drinking, yes, and we were in our glory; (We were!)
The fun it didn't last long, for it ended in a fight. (It would!)
At ten o'clock big Dan McCarthy he lept in the door, (Ha, ha!)
And then, my friends, without a provocation or a cause, (Well!)
He took a hold of Dugan and he threw him on the floor. (He would!)
Oh, listen just a moment, and I'll tell you how it was: (Just!)

CHORUS.

Solo: Dan McCarthy took a stick and made a smash at Dugan.
Chorus: What, little Johnny Dugan?
Solo: Yes: he swears he'll have his life.
Chorus: What did Dugan do to him?
Solo: He swears he was untrue to him.
Chorus: Did Dugan owe him money?
Solo: No—he stole McCarthy's wife.

Course, you know, it isn't right to quarrel at a party, (No!)
Especially when they're Irish, for they all get mixing in; (They would!)
Dooley, Fagan, Slattery, Tim Cronin and McCarthy, (Yes!)
The way they thumped each other, sure, it really was a sin. (It was!)
Of course, you know, it wasn't right to do what Dugan done, (No!)
To rob McCarthy's home and be a burden to his life. (Just!)
There must be compensation when the judgment day does come; (There must!)
If I was Johnny Dugan I'd get him another wife. (Good!)—*Chorus.*

* (*The words in parentheses are to be spoken.*)

Parody on:

I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind.

Written and sung by Frank North.

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There's a cottage up in Harlem, where I went to see a dame
Who thought she had a mortgage on my life;
And she got all my money, but, of course, she's not to blame,
For I had asked this girl to be my wife.
And when I told her father of my love so dear
He licked me and he kicked me till he nearly drove me blind;
As he raised the parlor window and he threw me to the street
I thought about the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

My gold watch and chain I'll ne'er see again,
She's done me for everything fine;
Now it's drove me to drink, and I can't sleep a wink,
For this girl that I left behind.

One evening, in a concert hall, I thought I'd raise a fight,
I told a girl I didn't like her face;
For I'd been drinking whiskey, and I thought the world was mine,
But I soon found how different was the case.
The copper grabbed me gently and he took me to the door,
And he said: "Old boy, we'll try to use you elegant and fine,"
As he hit me with his night stick, and he closed up both my eyes,
So I couldn't see the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

My money's all gone, my clothes are in pawn,
I've lost everything—even my mind:
I've lost my job on account of that slob
Of a girl that I left behind.

The Man in the Moon Is Looking.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

You all know what that feeling is, when, at some quiet spot,
All around you may be ice, but the love is burning hot.
Of course, her hand so tight you squeeze, as you both gaze afar;
Yes, while the moon is laughing at you, knowing what fools you are.

SPOKEN—When you're in love—and sitting upon some romantic cliff—by the light of the moon you gaze in the girl's face—and imagine how much powder and rouge she has been putting on—and she's thinking at the same time what expressive eyes—how his nose turns up—and I think I should love him a little more if it was a Roman—and the moon is winking at you and seems to say—

CHORUS.

The man in the moon is looking, love,
He's winking, love, he's blinking, love;
And each little star can tell where you are,
The man in the moon is looking.

The other night, on Dover Cliffs, a girl sat there with me;
The moon above kept peeping out, with look of naughty glee.
I whispered tales of love and said, "Don't be a timid, miss;
But while the moon's behind a cloud, just one sweet little kiss."

SPOKEN—Not now—don't you see the man?—what man?—why, the man in the moon, he's laughing at us—but just one, dear—no, no—*Chorus.*

As we sat gazing at the moon, like spoony lovers do,
My arm, of course, was 'round her waist, nigh squeezing her in two,
I heard the moon say to the stars, "That pair I'll go and wed."
And as the moon came from above I rolled clean out of bed.

SPOKEN—It was a dream—I was not on Dover Cliffs, sitting with a girl by moonlight—I was in bed at Brixton with a rushlight shining upon me—and dreaming it was the moon—and my darling Matilda saying:—*Chorus.*

PATSY, BE AISY.

Written by T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I'm living in a boarding house that's kept by a Mrs. Slattery,
Whose husband wuz a sailor and they say wuz lost at sea.
Now the widow is a lady and her temper's very mild,
Whin ye consider she's the mother ov a very noisy child.
This spalpeen's a howly terror, he crys most all night long;
There's no mistake about it, his lungs are good and strong;
And whin us boarders try to sleep it's a pleasure for to hear
The widow rock that blessed child and whisper in its ear:

CHORUS.

Arrah, Patsy, be aisy, I'll try hard to plaze ye;
What the divil's the matter, are ye going wild?
Arrah, Patsy, be aisy, sure don't set me crazy;
Arrah, Patsy, be aisy, be aisy, me child.

Mrs. Slattery has twinty boarders and faith ivery one's a gintleman,
Wid the exception ov a blackguard by the name ov Mike McCann;
He's all the time complaining and sez that he does think
It's the noise ov Mrs. Slattery's child that's driving him to drink.
But whin he pays his board-bill on the coming Saturday night
He'll ayther change his residence or there'll be a bloody fight;
For we'll have no "kickers" in the house—oh, that's a sure thing—
To growl about the baby's noise whin the widow has to sing:—*Chorus.*

There is a foine ould rich contractor by the name ov McNulty,
He is a smart little bit ov a man and wears a red goatee;
He calls upon the widow, yis, nearly ivery Sunday afternoon—
It is a case ov love I'm told, they're going to marry soon.
He treats the boarders to mixed ale whinever he comes around,
He buys the baby sugar plums and candies by the pound;
And if the little rascal should begin to bawl and cry
McNulty joins in wid the widow, and they sing this lullaby:—*Chorus.*

Last Sunday ould McNulty gave the widow a gold wedding ring—
They're going to tackle matrimony, yis, early in the spring;
If all McNulty sez is true 'twill be a happy marriage,
He's going to hire a nagur coachman and buy a horse and carriage.
He'll take his wife to live uptown, yis, in a brown-stone flat;
She'll wear silk dresses and big diamonds—ochone just think ov that!
A French nurse she'll have for Patsy, and servant girls galore,
So she can take things aisy and have to holler out no more:—*Chorus.*

—A Mistake.—Frenchman: "Your society is so different from zat of France. You haf no political salons in zis country." American: "No political saloons! That's where you're entirely mistaken. Why, every one of the Aldermen keeps one."

—Had Had Experience.—Merchant: "You want a place in my store, you say?" Applicant: "Yes, sir." "Ever worked in a store before?" "Yes, sir." "Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth and want to get a number of yards to match it; what would you do?" "I'd send her to the next counter." "I guess you've had experience."

THE BANGLE.

Words by Marion Chappell. Music by J. F. Molloy.

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I come to thee in saddened mood, with sorrow in my heart,
To do what seems like death to me, to say that we must part.
I bring to thee a token, may it shield thee, love, from harm;
So ere I leave thee let me clasp this bangle on thine arm.
With tender hold, yet firm withal, 'twill guard thee like a charm;
So ere I leave thee let me clasp my bangle on thine arm.

Hard fate has dealt a bitter blow to prove thy love for me,
Then let me think by night and day my gift shall cling to thee;
'Twill mutely speak to thee, perchance, of love so strong and deep,
That absence has no power to chill a love that cannot sleep.
And till I come again this thought will yield me parting's balm,
To know that thou art faithful, with my bangle on thine arm.

SIMEON SLY.

Words by A. Jewett. Music by J. L. Molloy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Down the street went the miser Sly
One cold, dark morn when winds did blow,
A twinkling sin in each wicked eye
That glistened with greed as his locks did flow;
The children mocked him and laughed with scorn,
And the men muttered, "Why was old Simeon born?"
And the old folks said with a shaking head,
"Where does he expect he will go when he's dead?"
And the maidens sighed as he passed them by,
"Wicked old miserly Simeon Sly,
Wicked old miserly Simeon Sly."

Midnight came and the wind was shrill,
Still louder, louder swelling,
'Round the wretched house on the wild bleak hill,
The wretched old miserly dwelling;
It tore through the chinks of the crazy door,
It moaned, it wailed on the shaking floor,
And it lifted the latch, and it tore at the thatch
And the window pane with its paper patch,
And out on the gale with a desolate cry
Floated the spirit of Simeon Sly,
Floated the spirit of Simeon Sly.

They searched ev'ry corner, nook and hole,
Each hiding place for the miser's treasure,
And they found the gold which had bought his soul,
And had lost each innocent pleasure;
And they found the remains of a long vanished hour:
A yellow love letter, a poor faded flow'r,
And with these on his breast he was laid to rest,
And the old women said, "May his soul be blessed!"
And the maidens sighed, "May he peacefully lie;
There was surely some good in old Simeon Sly,
There was surely some good in old Simeon Sly."

AWFULLY CLEVER.

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I'm a fella who doesn't like bothar,
All trouble's a deuce of a bore;
I've an income left me by my mothaw,
What on earth could a fella want more?
My favorite sport's killing time,
My aim's to do nothing at all;
While some through this world run or climb
I take the trip easy and crawl.

CHORUS.

But they tell me I'm awfully clevar, oh, so clevar, deuced clevar;
They say that they nevar, no, nevar met a fella so clevar before.

Some fellas go in for the army,
And some fellas go in for trade,
But I haven't such bores to alarm me—
My fortune was already made.
And some fellas go in for brains,
And scribble to turn in a penny;
Those fellas deserve all their gains,
As for brains I could do without any.—*Chorus.*

In the park I am often seen driving,
When the dear girls take me for a duke;
Whenever I go in for billiards
Somehow I'm a demon to fluke.
Sometimes to an evening party,
To keep them alive in I peep;
Whenever they ask me to sing
They're certain to fall fast asleep.—*Chorus.*

Some fellas will borrow a tenner,
For which I get no I O U;
Sometimes I assist them in bills,
Which I have to pay when they're due.
There are mothaws with daughtaws to marry,
Somehow take a fancy to me:
They think they're as deep as Old Harry,
But the bait and the hook I can see.—*Chorus.*

Have I Not Been Kind to Thee?

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Let the past be all forgotten—why that look of weary pain?
Tell me that you love me fondly, take me to your heart again.
Bid my days flow on so gently, calmly as the summer sea;
Whisper truly, dearest, sweetest, have I not been kind to thee?

CHORUS.

Stay the teardrop falling fast, darksome days will never last;
Darling, whisper sweet to me, have I not been kind to thee?

Lovely roses soon will blossom, tho' the leaves are falling 'round;
What if days of sorrow greet us, sunny hours will soon be found.
Can we e'er forget the gladness that has bloomed for you and me?
Chide me not, but whisper sweetly, have I not been kind to thee?—*Chorus.*

Drive away that look of sorrow; every fault of mine forgive;
Let our past be all forgotten, only for your sake I live.
Smile your olden smile then, dearest, in those eyes my heaven I see;
Doubt no more my heart's affection—have I not been kind to thee?—*Chorus.*

NINETY-EIGHT.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate, who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave, who slights his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us!

We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the few;
Some lie far off beyond the wave, some sleep in Ireland, too.
All, all are gone; but still lives on the fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men, their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth; among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men, to act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days, to right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze that nothing shall withstand.
Alas that might should vanquish right! *They* fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men, are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory! may it be for us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty, and teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men by you, men, like those of Ninety-Eight.

DEATH OF GAUDENTIS.

By Harriet Annie.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

[The following inscription was found in the Catacombs by Mr. Perret, upon the tomb of the Architect of the Coliseum.
"Thus thou keepest thy promises, O Vespasian! the rewarding with death him, the crown of thy glory in Rome. Do rejoice, O Gaudentis! the cruel tyrant promised much, but Christ gave thee all, who prepared thee such a mansion."
—Professor J. De Launay's Lecture on the Catacombs.]

Before Vespasian's regal throne skilful Gaudentis stood;
"Build me," the haughty monarch cried, "a theatre for blood.
I know thou'rt skilled in mason's work, thine is the power to frame
Rome's Coliseum vast and wide, an honor to thy name.

"Over seven acres spread thy work, and by the gods of Rome,
Thou shalt hereafter by my side have thy resplendent home.
A citizen of Roman rights, silver and golden store,
These shall be thine; let Christian blood but stain the marble floor."

So rose the amphitheatre; tower and arch and tier;
There dawned a day when martyrs stood within that ring of fear.
But strong their quenchless trust in God, and strong their human love;
Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed on temples far above.

And thousands gazed, in brutal joy, to watch the Christians die;
And one beside Vespasian leaned, with a strange light in his eye.
What thoughts welled up within his breast, as on that group he gazed,
What gleams of holy light from heaven upon his dark soul blazed!

Had he by password gained access to the dark catacomb,
And learnod the hope of Christ's beloved, beyond the rack, the tomb?
The proud Vespasian o'er him bends, "My priceless architect,
To-day I will announce to all thy privilege elect—

A free-made citizen of Rome." Calmly Gaudentis rose,
And folding o'er his breast his arms, turned to the Saviour's foes;
And in a strength not all his own, with life and death in view,
The fearless architect exclaimed, "I am a Christian, too."

Only a few brief moments passed, and brave Gaudentis lay
Within the amphitheatre, a lifeless mass of clay.
Vespasian promised him the rights of proud imperial Rome,
But Christ with martyrs crowned him king, beneath heaven's cloudless dome.

MY IRISH COLLEEN.

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Words and Music by Tony Farrell. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

There are moments of sweet recollection,
There's a love that entrances the soul;
There's a colleen built out of affection,
With eyes black as Kilkenny coal.
In visions of beauty I see her fair face,
The purest, the brightest ere seen;
No emblem of Ireland so dear to my heart,
As Celia, my Irish colleen.

CHORUS.

No flower in creation is fairer, as pure and as loyal as a queen;
No angel in heaven in grace could surpass fair Celia, my Irish colleen

I have watched her with deep admiration,
I have knelt night and day at her shrine;
Not a vestige of false affectation
Has Celia, my colleen divine.
No grandeur on earth would entice me to part
With her whom I hail as my queen;
The form that's imbedded quite deep in my heart
Is Celia, my Irish colleen.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD POET.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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The poet sat within his room
And heard the pelting rain,
The wind without in deep'ning gloom
Was wailing like a ghost in pain.
"Oh, let me in, the night is wild,"
A pleading voice cried at the door;
There in the rain was a little child,
A bow and arrow in his hand he bore.
Ah! 'tis love, beware, beware,
Love is here and love is there;
Love that comes with snow or sun,
Has a dart for ev'ry one;
Bringing joy or bringing fears,
Love is near us all the years,
Sad or sweet it lingers yet,
And ah! we never can forget.

He took the child with tender care,
He kissed away its cold
And wiped the rain from his golden hair,
And sang a tender song of old.
The moon shone out, the storm was past,
The little child he flew away,
But left a dart in the old man's heart
Which shall be there, which shall be there for ay
Ah! 'tis love, beware, beware, etc.

BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSET BAY.

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Full well do I remember my boyhood's happy hours,
The cottage and the garden where bloomed the fairest flowers,
The bright and sparkling water o'er which we used to sail
With hearts so gay, for miles away, before the gentle gale.
I had a dear companion, but she's not with me now,
The lily of the valley is waving o'er her brow;
And I am sad and lonely, and mourning all the day
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.

CHORUS.

Toll, toll the bell, at early dawn of day,
For lovely Nell so quickly passed away;
Toll, toll the bell, a soft and mournful lay,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.

I loved the little beauty, my boat it was my pride,
And with her close beside me, what joy the foam to ride!
She'd laugh with tone so merry, to see the waves go by,
As wildly blew the stormy wind, and murky was the sky.
Though lightnings flashed around us, and all was dark and drear,
We loved to brave old ocean, and never dreamed of fear;
The Arrow bounded onward, and darted through the spray,
With bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.—*Chorus.*

One day from us she wandered, and soon, within the boat,
The cord was quickly loosened and with the tide afloat;
The treacherous bark flew lightly and swift before the wind,
While home and friends and all so dear were many miles behind.
Next day her form, all lifeless, was washed upon the beach;
I stood and gazed upon it, bereft of sense and speech.
'Tis years since thus we parted, but here I weep to-day
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.—*Chorus.*

AS OF OLD.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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As of old the boathouse stands, looking down the rushing weir,
Where we waved our ling'ring hand, where we parted yesteryear;
Others meet where once we met, others sever and are gone,
Some remember, some forget; but the river still flows on,
But the river still flows on, ah, as of old, as of old, love.
Time is changing nothing here; as of old, as of old, love,
Where we parted yesteryear, when we parted yesteryear, love,
As of old, as of old.

Time and tide may change and turn, tears and shadows move and fall;
Winds may wither, suns may burn—love is stronger than them all;
Love can make our waiting sweet. I shall see your face one day,
Parted ways at length shall meet; and our hearts be joined for aye,
And our hearts be joined for aye, ah, as of old, as of old, love.
By the old familiar shore, as of old, as of old, love,
We shall meet for evermore; we shall mee shall meet for evermore, love,
As of old, as of old.

FLOWERS OF WINTER.

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Words by Emilie Poulsson. Music by Lucile Tunison.

In summer days, when passing by a garden hedge of roses,
I said, "Ah me! the winter drear no bloom like this discloses."
But winter came, and when the wind all frosty keen was blowing
I met each morn a little maid, with cheeks so reddy glowing;
I said, "Why, here again I find the roses I lamented;"
I said, "Why, here again I find the roses I lamented."
And summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented,
And summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented;
Now summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented,
Now summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented.

The Little Maid Milking Her Cow.

By J. L. Molloy.

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Barney, I haven't a moment, so don't you hinder me now,
For I'm in haste to the meadow, I'm going to milk the cow.
Why are you wandering here, sir, and just at the break of day?
You knew I was coming a-milking, for I bid you keep out of the way.
It's just your bold way of actin'—see how you follow me now—
Coming here and distractin' a little maid milking her cow.

How can I milk when you're near me, if you bewilder me so,
Discoorsin' nonsense and blarney, and stay when I bid you to go?
And see! now you're standing beside me; be careful, I beg and pray;
The cow, sure, is close to you list'ning, and minds ev'ry word that you say;
And 'tis herself is remarkin' the way you're going on now,
She wonders you'll keep on distractin' a little maid milking her cow.

You sigh it's darkness about ye, that I'm the light of your day;
You vow you can't live without me—sure, that's what the other boys say.
Well, take up the pail and we'll go now, and homeward we'll wend our way.
Who knows if you're not too consaited, the mother may hear you to-day?
And may be I'll whisper you've told me, with solemn promise and vow,
That you'll be kind to her Colleen, the little maid milking her cow.

THE CHILD'S VISION.

By James L. Molloy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

What sweet sounds awake me, what fills me with delight?
Oh, mother, look who sings thus so sweetly through the night,
So sweetly through the night,
Filling my heart with gladness, thrilling me with delight.
Oh, mother, look who sings thus so sweetly through the night,
What sweet sounds awake me, what fills me with delight:
Oh, mother, look who sings thus so sweetly through the night.

I hear not, child, I see not; oh, sleep thou softly on,
Comes now to serenade thee, thou poor sick maiden none;
I hear not, child, I see not; oh, sleep thou gently on,
Comes now to serenade thee, thou poor sick maiden none.
Sleep, sleep thou softly on, sleep:
Sleep thou softly on, sleep thou softly on, sleep thou softly on.

It is not earthly music that fills me with delight,
I hear the angels calling. Oh, mother dear, good night:
Oh, mother dear, good night; oh, mother dear, good night.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

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Written by Wm. J. O'Reardon. Composed by M. O'Reardon.

Our marriage bells are ringing, what a glorious peal to me,
The present hour is bringing sweet joy and ecstasy;
For she whom I have loved so long, loved dearly as my life,
Will give me ere the hour is gone the right to call her wife, my wife.
Our marriage bells are ringing, what a glorious peal to me,
The present hour is brimming o'er with joy and ecstasy.
Come, my darling, come and haste to me; do not tarry, love, I wait for thee.
Dost thou hear the wedding bells? Joyous peals they ring for thee;
What welcome sounds their music tells, I fondly wait for thee.

What care I for the world's frowns, with the loved one by my side?
For thro' its ups and downs we'll breast life's stormy tide;
And though the current bears us on, from all that's bright in life,
My love will ever be as strong as when I called her wife, my wife.
Our marriage bells are ringing, etc.

MY NICE YOUNG MAN.

Written by W. V. Keeler.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

'Twas on a summer's evening, and the place 'twas Central Park,
That I went out to take a walk, in fact to stroll till dark.
I happened on a lonely path, and there, not far ahead,
A young man stood, with hat in hand, and bowing to me said:

CHORUS.

"Ah! how do you do, my pretty maid?
Of me you need not be afraid;
Now come and sit down beside me, do,
I'd like to have a long chat with you."

At first I was a bit annoyed, tho' soon I felt at ease;
He said such things to comfort me and then began to squeeze
Ah, me! he was a nice young man, so bashful and so shy,
That when he rose to go I grabbed him and began to cry:

CHORUS.

"Pray, don't ye go 'way, I love you so,
I'd faint for fair if you should go;
So come and sit down and be polite,
You know the moon will not shine to-night."

"All right," says he, "I'll never part from you, my pretty miss,
And if you want to close the bargain just give to me a kiss."
I kissed him once, he kissed me twice, and then, oh me, oh my!
He took me on his lap and hugged me till I thought I'd die.

CHORUS.

Oh yes, he was such a nice young man;
His clothes fit him so spick and span,
That I was contented and sat on his lap;
Till up came the sun I was still on his lap.

THE TIPPING HABIT.

Written by W. V. Keeler.

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The tipping habit's now the rage, in fact it's played by all,
It's forced upon you everywhere, in cafe, track and stall.
And if you fail to do the act—to give the boy a dime—
You'll find that you are quite alone when you go there next time.

CHORUS.

Oh yes, you'll find you're in the cold,
The boys will pass you by;
Yes, though you kick and stamp and scold,
The boys they'll pass you by.

You go into a grand cafe and order something nice;
There's the waiter, all attention, fills your order in a thrice.
And when it's down he helps you find your coat, your hat and cane;
You tip him not—"Alas," says he, "that man must be insane."

CHORUS.

But sad 'twould be if you should go
To that cafe again:
He'd make you wait an hour or so,
While he served other men.

Again if you should happen to go early to the track,
You have a certain horse in view, although he is no crack;
You seek for information, but for it you do not pay,
And so when the race is over you can only sigh and say:

CHORUS.

Oh, if I'd only thought a bit,
And tipped the stable boy,
I'd not have been so sorely hit,
So short of gold and joy.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

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He sailed away at break of day, the skies were blue and fair;
He kissed his bonnie hand to me, with heart as light as air.
"Hark ye!" he cried, "go watch the tide as it cometh up to Lynn,
For, foul or fair, I will be there, when the flowing tide comes in."

I watched the clouds that came in crowds like flocks of evil birds;
My heart sank low with bitter woe, rememb'ring Donald's words.
"Oh, God!" I cried, and none beside knew the grief my heart within;
"Oh, give me back my bonnie lad, none else my love can win;
Oh, give me back my bonnie lad, when the flowing tide comes in."

Across the strand, far up the land, the fierce, wild waters swept;
Laid at my feet a burden sweet, with smile as if he slept.
I could not weep, so soft his sleep, for fear 'twould wake him.
Peace—let him rest—God knoweth best—and the flowing tide comes in.

AND THE BAND PLAYED.

By Maurice E. McLaughlin.

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'Twas at a ball they met one night; she seemed as sweetly fair
As poet's wildest, fondest dream; her lovely sun-kissed hair
Curled artlessly in dainty waves her sweet blue eyes above,
And while he gazed in ecstasy the band played "Woman's Love."

And when he ventured to request the favor of a dance,
She acquiesced so charmingly, with such a well-pleased glance,
His heart beat faster than before, no longer did he mope;
And while he "autographed" her card the band played "Wait and Hope."

And then, when in the mazy waltz her form so full of grace
He pressed, and watched the blushes come and go upon her face,
He felt as though he'd like to make the maiden his for aye.
"But how?" he pondered, and the band played "Love Will Find the Way."

The dance being over, they sat down to have a little chat,
And every topic they discussed she seemed to have down "pat."
His brain just whirled with delight, so charming did she seem,
And while he sat enraptured, thrilled, the band played "Love's Young Dream."

The time flew by; he took no note of how the hours went;
He only felt a sense of joy, of peace and great content;
He then and there made up his mind to make her his forever.
And while she smiled her sweetest smile the band played "Now or Never."

They strolled together, arm in arm, far from the ballroom's glare,
And found a corner in the cool conservatory, where,
Mid flowering plant and rustling leaves, his form with fear vibrating,
He told her how he loved her, and the band played, softly, "Waiting."

He said, "Oh, will you be my own dear, loving little wife?
And shall we drift, dear, hand in hand, adown the stream of life?"
She smiled again, the same sweet smile, at all his language flowery,
Then said, "I'll be—a sister—" and the band played "Annie Laurie."

LORRAINE.

By Charles Kingsley.

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[The line Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree, in the following poem, is simply a refrain and is supposed to be carelessly hummed to the music of the instruments which are being played for the performances in the circus ring.]

"Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee;
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see;
To keep him straight and keep him first, and win the run for me
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree;
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee:
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she!—
And she kept him straight, and won the race, as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree;
Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute!—for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.

I'LL WAIT FOR JACK.

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Words by Thomas Ford. Music by Richard H. Barker.

I kissed him good-by, with a tear and a sigh, beside the billows blue;
The sails were spread, "Farewell!" he said, "my heart will still be true."
Across the bay he sped away, my heart grew sad and lone,
And yet I know, though storms may blow, his love is all my own.
Though others may woo, and may vow to be true, I know he'll soon come back;
Where'er he be, on land or sea, I'll wait for Jack!

They tell me his bark, in the tempest and dark, went down a year ago!
I'll not believe, for men deceive, and this is why I know:
A letter came that bore my name, 'twas from my sailor lad;
"Cheer up," it said, "we'll soon be wed!" these words I read so glad!
So lovers may woo, and may swear to be true, one heart I ne'er shall lack!
Though days go by, yet what care I? I'll wait for Jack!

I watch by the sea, where he parted from me,—I know he'll soon be here;
What though they say he's far away! my love still makes him near;
No more he'll roam the ocean foam, no more we'll say farewell!
A little cot shall be our lot, and joy no words can tell!
Then lovers may woo, and may vow to be true, my sailor's coming back;
While winds may blow and seas may flow, I'll wait for Jack!

DOWN THE SUNLIT STREAM.

Words by Mike Beverly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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No, no! 'twas not a dream, though 'tis years agone.
We two down the stream were drifting on and on,
Ne'er seemed June so fair, ne'er so lovely the night;
We two drifting there in day's last light,
Floating, floating, down the sunlit stream,
So sweet, so fleet, yet 'twas not a dream;
Ah! no, 'twas not a dream.

No, no! 'twas not a dream, though you feign to forget
That one golden gleam 'mid years of dark regret;
Sweet those vows you vow'd, sweet those words you spake,
Traced in flame on a heart you now would break.
Floating, floating, down the twilight stream,
So sweet, so fleet, yet 'twas not a dream;
Ah! no, 'twas not a dream.

No, no! 'twas not a dream, ne'er was dream so sweet;
No, no! 'twas not a dream, though dreams can fade as fleet;
Then, then summer was here; now, now 'tis winter drear.
Ah! no, should I awake my heart must break.
Floating, floating, down the midnight stream,
So sweet, so fleet, yet 'twas not a dream;
No, 'twas not, 'twas not a dream, ah! no, not a dream.

MY SWEETHEART.

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Words by J. F. Mitchell. Music by B. H. Janssen.

My sweetheart's eyes are like the stars that light the skies of June,
Her voice would make the nightingale seem harsh and out of tune;
Like Cupid's bow her ruby lips, like gold her silken hair,
No mortal ever yet possessed a sweetheart half so fair.

REFRAIN.

The day seems long and dreary when she is out of sight,
I long to clasp my deary, my joy, my heart's delight.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart, my sweetheart, the pride of my life is she;
My sweetheart, my sweetheart, loving no one but me.
Not for the wealth of kings would I part with a single curl;
Ah, but I love her dearly, she is my own, my girl.
Ah, but I love her dearly, she is my own, my girl.

She's like a ray of sunshine that comes dancing thro' the gloom,
She fills my dwelling with her love as roses give perfume;
She's all her mother left to me, a rare and precious pearl,
A sacred pledge of purest love, my own, my darling girl.

REFRAIN.

The day seems long and dreary when she is out of sight,
I long to clasp my deary, my joy, my heart's delight.—*Chorus.*

—Little Johnny: "I'd a good deal rather have you callin' on sister than Mr. Nicefello." Sister's admirer (delighted): "Would you? Why?" Little Johnny: "'Cause whenever Mr. Nicefello calls she stuffs up the keyhole."

MY LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Written by E. L. O'Connor.

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You are my little sunbeam that shines upon my life,
From out the darksome shadows to ease my bitter strife;
In you I hope to find much congenial, bright and gay,
Society, variety, forever and for aye.

CHORUS.

You are my little sunbeam, astray from fairy-land;
And, pray, who was it sent thee with Mab's magnetic wand?

Your blithesome features win me from bach'lorhood's domain,
I can't resist the pleading your eyes expressly claim;
They softly tell their meaning the lips would fain disclose,
Revealingly, so feelingly, that only true love knows.—*Chorus.*

And do I love thee, sweetness? Let that my heart confess,
For thee I find a longing I can't nor dare suppress;
'Tis every whisper tells me that blows from land or sea,
So sweetly, completely, myself I give to thee.—*Chorus.*

POLLY.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Do you want to know the smartest craft as ever put from port?
Well, that's my Polly, the lively Polly, and she's a rare good sort.
Do you want to know the smartest craft as ever put from port?
Well, that's my Polly, the lively Polly, and she's a rare good sort.
Ope the window and look, my lads, she's lyin' agen the quay;
The smartest craft, afore and abaft, as ever went to sea.
Afloat, afloat, I sing in my boat, when the sails are set and furled,
Polly, my Polly, she's so jolly, the jolliest craft in the world.

Do you want to know the sweetest wife as lives in this here place?
Well, that's my Polly, my little Polly, and bless her heart and face.
Do you want to know the sweetest wife as lives in this here place?
Well, that's my Polly, my little Polly, and bless her heart and face.
Come, you'll always find her there, in our bit of a house by the quay,
Her hands full of work and her heart of love, and all for the sake of me.
Afloat, afloat, I sing in my boat, when the sails are set and furled,
Polly, my Polly, she's so jolly, the jolliest wife in the world.

Do you want a toast to-night, my lads, afore we say good-bye?
Well, that's my wife and the lively Polly, and bless 'em both, say I.
Do you want a toast to-night, my lads, afore we say good-bye?
Well, that's my wife and the lively Polly, and bless 'em both, say I.
Fill your glasses high, my lads, and drink it three times three:
Here's to my wife, the pride of my life, and the boat as I steer to sea.
Afloat, afloat, I sing in my boat, when the sails are set and furled,
Polly and Polly, they're so jolly, the jolliest pair in the world.

DRESDEN CHINA,

—OR:—

A Twilight Fancy.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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In the twilight as I play
And fancies come and go,
And dreamland falls on the old oak walls
From the firelight's fitful glow,
Side by side in the corner wide
Stand a little lass and lad,
And through the gloom of my lonely room
Come their two little faces glad.
Side by side in the corner wide
I watch their ev'ry look,
She peeps at him 'neath her hat's white brim
As he leans on his little crook;
Hour by hour I watch them there,
But they take no heed of me;
They make my dark room bright and fair,
The little He and She.

As I dream in the flickering gleam
He takes her wee sweet hand,
And to and fro in a measure slow
They tread a saraband;
Still they dance and still they play
Till the music gives a sigh,
As dancing aye they fade away
And in the shadows die.
Dimness falls on the old oak walls,
And loneliness on me;
When they are gone my song is done
And the music hushed must be.
Oh, how I loved to watch them there,
Though they took no heed of me;
They were only Dresden china fair,
The little He and She.

Funny without Being Vulgar.

Written by Harry Brett. Composed by Charles Ingle.

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I am told that you can't get a good comic song
Which is funny without being vulgar;
Though lion comiques conscientiously long
To be funny without being vulgar.
Great authors say this state of things they deplore,
To the papers long letters they write by the score,
Which sensible people consider a bore;
They're funny without being vulgar.

I was told by the man who composed this sweet lay,
It was funny without being vulgar;
There was nothing suggestive, or out of the way,
It was funny without being vulgar.
What's more he declared none could make a complaint,
As the subject was good and the moral was quaint,
And as for the tune it was fit for a saint,
It was funny without being vulgar.

I once had a row with a man in the street,
It was funny without being vulgar;
He took off his hat and said, "Sir, you're a cheat";
He was funny without being vulgar.
I hit him a backhanded blow on the cheek,
A magistrate fined me 'ten bob or a week,'
And now when I meet him the language we speak
Is funny without being vulgar.

General servants will soon be a thing of the past;
They're funny without being vulgar;
They play the piano, and read and write fast;
They're funny without being vulgar;
They're better than 'missus,' call master a 'lout,'
Can flourish their French and their German about,
And will stay on condition the work is put hout;
They're funny without being vulgar.

I once had a dip in the beautiful sea,
That's funny without being vulgar;
I thought I would bathe from the beach, it was free,
That's funny without being vulgar.
A man stole my clothes, which was paltry indeed;
I had to cut home at the top of my speed,
In a costume consisting of bits of sea-weed;
That's funny without being vulgar.

May fair ladies smoke? is the question to-day;
That's funny without being vulgar;
I've asked the dear girls, and they all of 'em say
'Twould be funny without being vulgar.
How nice it will be my dear pipe-loving sirs,
When you run short of 'baccy,' which often occurs,
All you'll do is to run to your wife and sneak hers,
That's funny without being vulgar.

Last week I went out in a cab for a ride,
That's funny without being vulgar,
I swaggered a little on getting inside,
Which was funny without being vulgar.
I put out my head and said, "Cabby, stop here!"
I gave him a bob, which he took with a sneer,
And the way that he wished me a 'A Happy New Year'
Was funny without being vulgar.

I once took part in a beautiful play,
Which was funny without being vulgar.
The piece was produced at a gay matinee,
It was funny without being vulgar.
'Twas not a success, I am bound to admit;
The only one person who did make a hit
Was a gent with a brick, at the back of the pit;
He was funny without being vulgar.

ENCORE VERSE.

Allow me to thank you in accents polite,
That's funny without being vulgar;
I gladly would try to amuse you all night,
That's funny without being vulgar.
I fain would respond to your kindly encore,
But unless I sing verses I've warbled before,
I'm afraid that at present I've not any more
That are funny without being vulgar.

—"A wide-awake saloon-keeper has a man come to his place and recite the whole of 'Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.'" "Doesn't it keep away trade?" "No; it drives every one to drink." —*Brooklyn Life.*

—A Boy to Be Watched.—Wooden: "What's this idea of yours of putting new locks on everything in this office?" Bulfinch: "Well, I thought I should feel easier." Wooden: "What made you think that?" Bulfinch: "Well, you see, I told the office-boy he could take yesterday afternoon off and go skating; and he said: 'Thank you, sir; I accept the half holiday, but, if you please, I will not go skating; I have long wanted to dust all the top shelves and wash the windows, and this will give me just the chance.'" —*Exchange.*

PLAYING TAG WITH BABY.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb. As Sung by Ramon Moore.

When evening's dawn approaches and my daily toils are o'er,
Anxiously I hasten to my little cottage door;
A wife's caress to greet me fills my heart with joyous bliss,
And little baby's welcome for his papa is a kiss;
Soon we seat ourselves for tea prepared by mamma dear,
And when we finish, baby knows the time is near
When 'round the room he'll run and say you can't catch papa's boy;
And in that happy little home I find my greatest joy.

REFRAIN.

Playing tag with baby, running to and fro,
See the little darling laughing as we go
Around the chair and the table, hearts aglow with glee—
Playing tag with baby, that's the game for me.

With friends I've spent my idle time, and often I would roam,
Now my only thought is little baby, wife and home;
My love for them no words could tell, no pen describe the scene
Which one can see each night within my homestead so serene;
Baby's laugh and chatter is a pleasure to behold,
And many times this story o'er and o'er I've told—
A smiling babe, a loving wife, can make each home so bright,
And that's the very reason why you'll find me every night—*Refrain.*

THAT'S THE CAUSE OF IT.

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Written by Charles Willmott. Composed by George Le Brunn.

If you know anything of life and its peculiar laws,
You'll know for all that happens there must always be a cause;
Suppose one morning when you wake you cannot find your watch,
Then recollect last night you had some thirty "threes" of scotch.

CHORUS.

That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
To "uncle's," being short of coin, your other things it's gone to join,
That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
And you'll have to ask a p'liceman if you want to know the time.

A quarrel sometimes happens in a most peculiar way;
You call a man a "liar" and that's all you have to say;
And then you wonder how it is your nose gets such a twist,
But when you get your senses back, and see the fellow's fist—

CHORUS.

That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
You feel as if all 'round your face an earthquake has been taking place;
That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
And it takes you quite a month to get your features straight again.

Suppose out with a pal one day you're calmly walking on,
Then suddenly you turn and find he's disappeared and gone;
His absence is a mystery, you don't know what to think,
Until, a few yards up the street, you see an open sink.

CHORUS.

That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
The men have been to clear the drain, and have not shut it up again,
That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it;
If he never had a bath before, you'll know he's had one now.

You go to work one morning with a face that's like a map,
With railway lines all over it, it's met with some mishap;
Your "missus" unexpectedly's come home, she's been away,
And caught you with a girl that you had taken to the play.

CHORUS.

That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
She "claws" your whiskers out in threads, and leaves the girl all torn in shreds,
That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
And you pass her by in silence when you meet that girl again.

To new-laid eggs you're partial, and a hen one day you buy;
It's guaranteed a "layer," but when weeks begin to fly
And still the eggs do not appear, you're puzzled, don't you know,
Until down in the backyard once that "hen" begins to crow.

CHORUS.

That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it;
You use a good old cast-iron word, that champion hen's a he-male bird,
That's the cause of it, that's the cause of it,
And you know he'll never lay an egg if he tries a thousand years.

—It Seemed that Way.—"You are late this morning, Mr. Collum," said Sharpe, as his bookkeeper came in about ten o'clock. "Yes, sir. My wealthy uncle died and left me $50,000. Isn't that a good excuse for tardiness?" "Yes; too good to be true, in fact." —*Puck.*

Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.

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Whisper softly, mother's dying, soon she'll close her loving eyes;
Angels wait to bear her gently to her home beyond the skies;
Kiss her lips, for soon she'll leave us—mother, clasp me to your breast,
As you did in days of childhood, when you sang your child to rest.

CHORUS.

Whisper softly, mother's dying, soon she'll close her loving eyes;
Angels wait to bear her gently to her home beyond the skies.

Whisper softly, mother's dying, soon we'll miss the truest love,
And we'll miss the voice so loving, when her spirit's flown above.
Mother, ask the shining angels, ask them if you cannot stay;
Who will care for us in sorrow, when they've taken you away.—*Chorus.*

Whisper softly, mother's dying, and she'll tell us not to weep;
She'll watch o'er and protect us through the night when we're asleep.
Darling mother, guide our footsteps, be with us from day to day;
Hark! the angels now are calling—mother dear has passed away.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S A PLACE IN MY HEART FOR YOU STILL.

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Words and Music by Barrington L. Brannan.

In days that are gone we were lovers, each heart to the other was true;
If one had the shadow of sorrow, to comfort the other soon flew,
But fate threw our lives far asunder, with sadness my spirit did fill,
But remember, wherever you wander, there's a place in my heart for you still—
But remember, wherever you wander, there's a place in my heart for you still.

CHORUS.

There's a place in my heart for you still,
There's a place in my heart for you still;
Remember, wherever you wander,
There's a place in my heart for you still.

The first kiss of dew in the morning is sweet to the violet so blue;
Like gems in the sunlight adorning, it sparkles with many a hue,
But the sunshine that gives it the radiance, dispels all its brightness at will;
Tho' my life like the dewdrop be blighted, there's a place in my heart for you still;
And remember, wherever you wander, there's a place in my heart for you still.
There's a place in my heart for you still, etc.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

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Words by W. H. Beake, Sr. Music by Barrington L. Brannan.

The home of my childhood how dear,
Though far, far away it may be;
The thought of it oft brings a tear,
For that spot I again ne'er may see.
It was there in the eve time I knelt
With mother, where nightly we met,
She taught me to walk, to prattle and talk,
Her sweet memory I ne'er shall forget.
She taught me to walk, to prattle and talk,
Her sweet mem'ry I ne'er shall forget.

REFRAIN.

The home of my childhood shall ever be bright,
For in that dear cottage I first saw the light,
And sweet are the mem'ries entwined 'round that spot,
The home of my childhood shall ne'er be forgot,
And though I may wander, 'twill oft bring me cheer,
The home of my childhood so dear.

The cottage may still look the same,
But a home 'tis no longer for me;
In a strange land a stranger I roam,
Far, far from my home o'er the sea.
It was there in the morn of my youth,
When I climbed on my dear father's knee,
The advice that he gave, the impression it made,
They are sweetly abiding with me.
The advice that he gave, the impression it made,
They are sweetly abiding with me.—*Refrain.*

I hope we shall all meet again
In that bright home in Heaven above;
Where I know that the dear ones have gone,
Who died at the home I so love.
I oft think of the days that are past,
When from this world's care I was free,
And whate'er be my lot, I'll still love that spot,
Though humble, how dear 'twas to me.
And whate'er be my lot, I'll still love that spot,
Though humble, 'twas a dear home to me.—*Refrain.*

RAINBOW IN DE SKY.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

Pretty little gal in a bran'-new suit, see de rain a-fallin';
One foot bare and de odder in a boot, see de lubly rain;
It's been so dry fo' a month or two, poor Victoria Jane.
Will anybody lend her a great big shoe, to paddle in de golden rain?

REFRAIN.

Oh! dat rainbow! see dat rainbow! twenty million miles up in de sky so high!
Golden rain am fallin', fallin', fallin' from the rainbow in de sky!

Come along o' me in a big balloon, heap o' rain a-fallin';
We'll sail up to de coon up in de moon, t'ro' de golden rain;
We'll sit cross-legged on de big rainbow, me and lubly Jane:
Will anybody lend a balloon, to go right up into de golden rain?—*Refrain.*

Possum up a tree, an' it's all wet froo, froo de rain a-fallin';
Shoo fly, Jane, go an' get anodder shoe; look, what lubly rain;
De sky-blue stripe in your bran'-new frock's all washed out and plain;
Just listen to de voice ob de bantam cocks a-crowin' at de golden rain.—*Refrain.*

PECULIAR.

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by Charles Ingle.

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The title of the song which I am now about to sing,
Is peculiar, most peculiar;
Some like it, others don't; but all agree about one thing—
It's peculiar, most peculiar.
I'm anxious the composer of the tune should have his due,
So, in the strictest confidence, I don't mind telling you,
The melody's an old one, and he's dished it up as new—
That's peculiar, most peculiar.

I'm told that for a baritone the voice I possess
Is peculiar, most peculiar;
One fact, on those who hear me sing, I manage to impress,
It's peculiar, most peculiar.
The compass, too, is limited, which makes it bad for me;
I only have one real note and that's a ten-or "C";
I very often dash at it and land upon a "B"—
That's peculiar, most peculiar.

My wife's a dear, good soul, but then her temper you must know
Is peculiar, most peculiar;
When anything annoys her and she fairly let's it go,
It's peculiar, most peculiar.
I came home late. "My dear," said I, "excuse this strange delay,
Been arguing on politics with Jones across the way."
"With Jones," quoth she; he's here, sir! Oh! was all that I could say;
That's peculiar, most peculiar.

My early reminiscences of singing comic songs
Are peculiar, most peculiar;
My sister played the comb, and Pa conducted with the tongs,
'Twas peculiar, most peculiar.
To all the penny readings in the neighborhood I went;
They pelted me with eggs; no doubt 'twas very kindly meant;
It's many years ago, but I remember that the scent
Was peculiar, most peculiar.

Some time ago I ventured on a journey in a train,
'Twas peculiar, most peculiar;
Through all the third-class carriages I sought a seat in vain,
'Twas peculiar, most peculiar.
I'd almost reached my station when a too officious guard
Jumped in; I had no money, so I handed him a card;
Said he, "I've taken six like this; I don't want to be hard—
It's peculiar, most peculiar.

A lady friend of mine had the most lovely golden hair,
'Twas peculiar, most peculiar;
She said she'd dye it auburn; I said, "Maiden, have a care,"
That's peculiar, most peculiar.
She bought some patent hair wash, which had full directions how
To redden it until she dared not venture near a cow;
She tried it on her hair, and, well, the color of it now
Is peculiar, most peculiar.

I acted in a drama and I didn't know my part,
That's peculiar, most peculiar;
My friends said, "Your idea, sir, of the histrionic art
Is peculiar, most peculiar.
You play a savage villain and you smile with fiendish glee;
That's right enough, but once on board the lugger I am free,
And then to smoke a cigarette 321 B. C.
Is peculiar, most peculiar.

I'm living at an eating house not very far away,
It's peculiar, most peculiar;
Few lodgers ever dream of stopping more than half a day,
It's peculiar, most peculiar.
The food resembling prices that you pay is never great;
The mutton, beef, and rabbit pie are seldom "up to date,"
And oh! the *fricassee au veau*, at fourpence a large plate,
Is peculiar, most peer'less.

CLOCHETTE.

By James L. Molloy.

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Spinning was young Clochette, came a fond youth to woo;
She was a sad coquette, he was a lover true.
"Clochette, Clochette, you drive me far from you;
Clochette, Clochette, I come to say adieu."

Silent was young Clochette, grieved in her heart was she;
For though a sad coquette, none was so dear as he.
"Clochette, Clochette, I go for love of you;
Oh, speak then, dear Clochette." She only said adieu.

"Let me," he said, "Clochette, this little blossom take;"
Wept then this sad coquette as though her heart would break.
"Clochette, Clochette, I know now you are true;
Clochette, Clochette, we'll never say adieu."

He'll Soon Have the Wolf at the Door.

By Dave Dillon.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

In this world's fair city it's a shame and a pity
That a poor workingman should go hungry and poor,
With millions at hand that we ne'er can command;
He'll soon have the wolf at the door.

CHORUS.

Then try ev'ry man to fill his old can,
Although he is hungry and poor;
And if you don't give, why, how can he live,
He'll soon have the wolf at the door.

Just think of those babes, as he comes home at night,
With misery and want, yes, and more;
Their poor little feet go bare on the street,
For he can't keep the wolf from the door.

CHORUS.

Then help him along, for he's never done wrong;
And don't bring him down any lower,
But cheer his poor heart and give him a start,
And he'll soon keep the wolf from the door.

There's the big millionaire, as he sits in his chair,
Adoring his silver and gold,
And little he cares how the poor man does live
Who'll soon be thrown out in the cold.

CHORUS.

Then shoulder to shoulder we'll push on the wheel
With brotherly love to the core,
And united and organized labor
Will soon keep the wolf from the door.

OUT AT THE FAIR.

By Dave Dillon.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

With your kind condescension I now will unfold
My tale of misfortune, and how I've been sold.
While walking up State Street without any care
I took the "L" Road and went out to the fair.

When I entered the grounds what a sight met me eyes—
To see Buffalo Bill selling lemonade pies,
And our Carter H. with a big rolling chair,
And he wheeling Frank Lawler 'way out at the fair.

When I started to go down the Midway Plaisance
I was met by a "deacon"; with "Please take a chance
On a book for the heathen." He embraced in prayer
As he went through my pockets, while out at the fair.

The next thing I met was a damsel so fine,
Whose eyes were entrancing although she was crying,
Her papa had left her, her purse it was spare—
And my diamond pin slumbers now out at the fair.

To be treated like this, well, I thought it was hard,
So I quickly informed a Columbian guard;
He called me a swindler and arrested me there.
Five dollars and costs for being out at the fair.

Oh, my poor heart is broken as sadly I roam,
A world's fair "relic" without any home.
My friends they won't know me, my clothes are so bare;
Oh, get outo the Zulus from out at the fair.

Now all my misfortunes you plainly can see;
If I don't leave Chicago it's dead I'll soon be.
I'll ride in the Ferris Wheel up in the air,
And I'll never come down again—out at the fair.

BECAUSE I DO.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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The rivers hurry seaward because they love the sea,
The sun-tired deer moves treeward, for shady is the tree;
.....Because they love the sea,
The sun-tired deer moves treeward, for shady is the tree.
The sea shines back to heaven because it loves the blue,
And I come forth to you, love, because, because, because I do.

The breezes love the blossom that gives them sweet perfume,
The roses love the bosom whereon they blush and bloom;
.....That gives them sweet perfume,
The roses love the bosom whereon they blush and bloom.
The winter loves the robin because it is so true,
And I love you, my darling, because, because, because I do.

TWO LITTLE LIVES.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

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Out in the country, close to the roadside,
One little daisy there chanced to grow;
It was so happy there in the sunshine,
No one the daisy's joy could know,
Watching the white clouds, hearing a song there,
List'ning in wonder all day long.
"Ah!" said the daisy, "had I a song-voice
Yonder forever I'd send my song."

It was a lark that sang in the heaven
While all the world stood still to hear;
Many a maiden looked from her knitting,
And in her heart there crept a tear.
Down came the lark and sang to the daisy,
Sang to it only songs of love
Till in the twilight slumbered the daisy,
Turning it's sweet face to heaven above.

Ah! for the morrow bringing such sorrow,
Captured the lark was and life grew dim;
There, too, the daisy torn from the wayside,
Prisoned and dying, wept for him.
Once more the lark sang, fainter his voice grew,
Her little song was hushed and o'er—
Two little lives gone out of the sunshine,
Out of this bright world for evermore.

THE SOUTH CHICAGO FIRE.

(AUGUST 24, 1893.)

Tune—"Only a Picture of Her Boy."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

By T. F. Ford.

It was on a pleasant afternoon, the sun shone bright and clear,
The clocks were striking just the hour of four;
Every one seemed happy and no danger did they fear,
Children playing by their cottage door,
When suddenly there came a cry that made their blood run cold;
Like lightning it spread all o'er the land—
A fearful fire was raging soon, and suffering untold
For South Chicago's poor seemed close at hand.

The wind was blowing fiercely, the fire-king had full sway,
And like a demon madly leaped around;
While the firemen worked like heroes, its ravages to stay,
Two hundred houses soon burned to the ground.
A general alarm was sounded, but help arrived too late;
The people then had only one desire:
To give shelter to unfortunates who were stricken down by fate—
Left homeless by the South Chicago fire.

One man down at Jackson Park, with pleasure time beguiled,
Not thinking that he soon would have to roam;
Another at the cemetery burying his child,
The idol of that father's little home.
Returning home at eventide, their hearts filled with dismay—
Their little earthly treasures all had gone,
They found their place in ashes, everything had passed away.
Oh! God have pity on the poor forlorn.

How sad must be the fate of those who are left upon the strand,
With the wolf of hunger knocking at their door;
And the dreadful panic everywhere throughout this glorious land,
'Tis enough to make the strongest heart feel sore.
Men who, until this sad day, had never come to grief,
Lost the homes their earnings did acquire.
May the rich men of this nation quickly come to the relief
Of the homeless from the South Chicago fire.

SINCE SHE WENT HOME.

By R. J. Burdette.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here.
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty room her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart has nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

A WOMAN'S SONG.

By Clement Scott.

She took her song to beauty's side,
Where riches are, and pomp, and pride,
There in the world, amidst the crowd,
She found out hearts by sorrow bowed;
And midst a dream of lights and dress
She saw the pain of loneliness.
Her voice's magic held a tear,
She made the weary ones draw near;
And all the passions of the throng
Were melted into peace by song.

She took her song along the street,
And hushed the beat of passing feet;
And tired toilers stopped to fill
Their hearts with music at her will.
She sang of rest for weary feet,
Of sea-mown and of meadow sweet;
Her voice's pleading stilled the air,
And little children wept with her;
So all their sorrow, grief and pain
She softened into love again.

She took her song to those who rest
Safe in the clasp of Nature's breast;
Amid the waves, along the shore,
Washed with salt tears forevermore;
And then she sang. How long! How long!
Before we hear that perfect song—
That angel hymn, that mystic strain,
When those who loved shall love again,
When life's long struggle shall be blest
With music of Eternal Rest!

A Mother Never Can Forget Her Boy.

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Words and Music by Chas. Miller.

In prison sits a convict for a crime he hadn't done,
Deserted by his friends and every one;
"Why don't they come to see me?" is his cry from morn till night,
"O God, take me to realms that are more bright."
Discouraged, broken hearted, he then gives up in despair,
'Till sounds a loving voice upon the air;
'Tis his dear old loving mother, and his heart beats high with joy
For the mother that has come to see her boy.

CHORUS.

Though his sweetheart will forget him, and all his friends forsake him,
His father, sisters, brothers, may all his hopes destroy,
But there's no love like a mother's, it is stronger than all others,
A mother never can forget her boy.

In trials or in trouble there's no friend like mother dear,
She ne'er forgets her loved ones far or near;
Her heart is never changing, it is always steadfast, strong,
And clings to those who hold it, right or wrong;
Just when the day is darkest and the clouds obscure the light,
Temptations gather round as thick as night,
She will smile and love on ever though her heart with sorrow's torn,
For she knows her love will always bring the dawn.—*Chorus.*

—A Double Surprise.—Wilkins: "Will you marry me, Miss Harte?" Miss Harte: "This is so sudden, you surprise me; yes, I will." Wilkins: "And, by Jove, you surprise me, too. I was sure you wouldn't accept me. So sure, in fact, that I had five dollars bet on it. Now I'm five out."

FIXED.

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Words by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Of all the fixes in my life I've had a few I know,
And I got in a dreadful one not very long ago;
While sitting in the parlor, telling tales to Mary Ann,
I thought I'd better leave, for I just spotted her old man.

CHORUS.

And I was fixed, awkwardly fixed,
Her brother he had glued the chair for play,
After that there was some fun for her father had a gun,
With the seat out of my pants I walked away.

With "sherbett" I was loaded going home the other night;
Well, I climbed up a lamppost with intent to get a light,
The little door I opened and I stuck my head inside,
I lighted my cigar and then to tumble down I tried.—*Chorus.*

My little dog and I one day went to a butcher's shop,
He walked all 'round a sausage machine, then mounted on the top;
He poked his little nose inside, to sniff it, I'll be bound,
His tail it caught the handle, then the thing went round and round.—*Chorus.*

The Pretty Little Maiden's Sea Trip.

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Words by J. P. Harrington. Music by George LeBrunn.

Billy Brown he came to me, just about a week ago,
"Let us take our sweethearts for the day, down the bay, what d'yer say?"
Well, of course, I couldn't say no; we consulted Jess and Flo',
And we all arranged next Saturday we'd a sailing go!
We went out in a sailing yacht, but soon into a storm we got,
Waves went "wooh!" and we went rolling, things were a trifle hot!

CHORUS.

And those pretty little maidens who never had been on the blue,
Never had been off the shore before, cried "Oh, Lor! nevermore!"
"Will we go along with you? take us back again, oh do!
Can't we please get out and walk a bit, boo-oo-oo!"

Vainly did we look around, we were quite a mile from shore,
And those blessed waves kept lashing us, crashing us, splashing us,
Never had we been before in a sea that bumped us more.
Little wonder Jess and Florrie felt somewhat sad and sore;
Poor dear Jess in my arms reposed, Flo' in Bill's with her dear eyes closed,
And both Jess and Flo', poor darlings, they were so indisposed.—*Chorus.*

All at once a mighty surge ran against the lively *Maud*,
It was very near upsetting us, fretting us, wetting us;
Bill was swearing like a lord, and when we with one accord
Looked to see where Jess and Florrie were, both were overboard!
When we fished out the darling pair, oh! how great was the diff'rence there,
Jess had left all her bloom behind her, Flo' had lost her false hair.—*Chorus.*

WHEN THE DOCTOR SEES YOU.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

We all have troubles, more or less, that makes us ill at ease,
But now of worry I've excess, though I'm not hard to please.
If to my friends I should complain of fortune's cruel play,
They'll at me stare, and with an air mysterious will say:

CHORUS.

You'll be all right when the doctor sees you,
You'll be all right when the doctor sees you,
Don't you worry now, old man, get along the best you can,
You'll be all right when the doctor sees you.

Now what they mean I'd like to know; I have no glaring ills;
The doctors all I would forego, likewise their pills and bills,
Yet if I say the day is cold or that we'll soon have rain,
With anger I can scarcely hold I hear those words again:—*Chorus.*

While in a crowded car one day a woman raised a cry:
Some one had snatched her purse away, on me she had her eye.
A big policeman took me in, tho' I in rage rebelled;
He gave my arm a tighter pin while in my ear he yelled:—*Chorus.*

I started on a journey long and made the greatest haste,
But things delighted to go wrong and precious moments waste;
I reached the station just in time to see the train depart,
'Twas then I heard those words absurd that nearly broke my heart:—*Chorus.*

I thought among the Wall street men I'd like to speculate,
I walked into the lion's den and there I met my fate;
My fortune soon away was blown, none knew the reason why,
I asked them through the telephone and th s was their reply:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE CAT CAME BACK.

Written by Charles E. Lage.

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I once had a dollar and that dollar it was bad—
A nice little hole and a leaden color it had—
Tried every plan I knew to get this coin away;
Even dropped it in a preacher's box, but there it didn't stay.

CHORUS.

The dollar came back, they owed me for a bill,
So the dollar came back the very next day.
The dollar came back, said they thought I tapped a till,
So the dollar came back, it wouldn't stay away.

I next tried it on a blind man who stood upon the street;
I saw him feel it; I guess he thought he had a treat;
Then he turned his sign around and after me did run,
When, what was my surprise to read on his sign "I am dumb."

CHORUS.

The dollar came back, it wasn't any lighter;
The dollar came back the very same way;
The dollar came back, I wasn't a fighter,
So the dollar came back, and not a word did I say.

I next dropped it on the street, and for fun o'er it I passed,
Gave it a farewell glance, as though it was my last;
A policeman stepped up to me and says, "Now, don't get funny,
For I'm going to arrest you for passing counterfeit money.

CHORUS.

The dollar came back—I was given a duty
When the dollar came back to the hotel where I did stay.
The dollar came back; they made me spoil its beauty,
So the dollar came back and never went away.

THREE LITTLE CHAPS;

— OR: —

A Great Old Time.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West. Arranged by William Loraine.

Three little chaps went out one day,
Out for a royal jamboray,
Three little chaps and all light-hearted—
Nine A. M. they all departed.
Where shall we go? said number one—
First saloon we fall upon.
Right you are, said number three; so we're all right;
And they had a little whiskey sour,
And several more within an hour.
When they felt its magic power,
All of them said, until we're dead we'll stick together tight.

CHORUS.

Three little chaps, who got away from mamma's tether,
Said, Never mind the weather, we'll all go out together;
Where one does go, we'll all of us go—now wasn't that sublime,
And no mistake about it, they'd a great old time.

Three little chaps, when it came night,
Had such a jag they were a sight—
Circle stalls at one theatre,
Asked the man for an elevator—
Oh, said the man, if you want to ride,
I'll elevate you right outside!
And he did upon his toe in right good style;
So they found the old saloon once more,
And eternal friendship swore,
'Till they lay upon the floor,
Wanting a drink, but, what do you think, they couldn't raise a smile.

CHORUS.

Three little chaps, who got away from mamma's tether,
Said, Never mind the weather, we'll all go out together;
Where one does go, we'll all of us go—now wasn't that sublime,
And, no mistake about it, they'd a great old time.

Three little chaps had a watch and chain,
That they'll never see again;
Three little hats that once were shiny
Now are crushed and very tiny;
Three little coats that once were bright
Are in the rag-store out of sight;
And a roll of notes have gone to join the dead;
There were three policemen on that beat
Had to march them down the street,
And three little faces sweet
Soon knew their fate, when a police magistrate looked on them and said:

CHORUS.

Three little chaps, you seem to be beneath the weather;
They've ruffled all your feather; you've all come in together,
Now thirty days you've got to stay, or thirty dollars fine,
And no mistake about it, they'd a great old time.

HER WEDDING.

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I kissed the bride; while the other men
Uncertain stood as if in doubt
Whether my act to imitate or—go without.
As playmate, friend and lover, I
Had worshipped at her shrine, and now
I stood a witness of her pledge and marriage vow.
Others had loved her, too; not I
Alone had found her fair; but she
Could love and wed but one—and so you see,
The rivals heard the dainty lips
We longed to press, with solemn voice,
Pronounce the name of him who was her sweetheart's choice.
I kissed the bride; a happy man
And proud; the proudest in that room,
I ween, and that with reason. Was I not the groom?

MY PRETTY NELL.

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Words and Music by Otto M. Heinzman.

In a little country cottage, that is many miles from here,
Dwells a charming maiden, who to me is very dear;
She promised me she would be mine if everything went well;
The time has come and now I'll go to meet my pretty Nell.
I know that she is waiting, for this she wrote to me,
And when we are together, oh, how happy we will be;
There's not a girl in all the land her beauty can excel,
And I ne'er could love another maid as I love my pretty Nell.

CHORUS.

Oh! Nell, my pretty Nell, soon I will be with you;
Then we'll get married, live faithful and true,
Both will then be happy, as a man and wife should be;
I think the world of my pretty Nell and she thinks the same of me.

Now the wedding day is close at hand, and soon the bells will chime;
Oh, how happy I will be when I can call her mine;
I'm thinking of my Nellie dear each morning, noon and night,
For she now is the only one that brings to me delight;
You always see her smiling, and she has such winning ways,
So that it gives one pleasure on my pretty Nell to gaze.
Her skin is of the purest white, her eyes are hazel brown;
The neighbors they do all confess she's the fairest maid in town.—*Chorus.*

AFTER THE FAIR.

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Words by W. H. Beake, Sr. Music by B. L. Brannan.

A few years ago, as you very well know,
This nation determined to have a big show—
Where it should be, how carry it through,
A committee was called with this object in view.
Some wanted New York, some gay Washington,
But all of us know just how it was done;
For red tape they sought, found plenty to spare,
And that's how Chicago got the World's Fair.

CHORUS.

After the Fair is over, after the people gone,
After they'd spent all their money, after the bills have come,
Many will then be sighing out from their deep despair,
For Chicago will be deserted after the fair.

Some people thought that New York was the spot,
And subscriptions came rolling in just like a shot;
They did all they could straightforward and square,
Determined by fair means to locate it there,
But what was the use of it, for after that
'Twas done by a man who was no Democrat;
Yet I don't think New York has a reason to care
That Chicago to-day has the World's Fair.—*Chorus.*

So now go ahead, we'll see what you'll do
(I think they'll be sorry, between me and you);
'Tis too far for workmen, they cannot get there,
And the railroads are charging a very big fare.
If 'twere held in New York, then how easy 'twould be—
All Europe would just have to cross o'er the sea;
But Chicago, you know, is a long way to go,
So poor folks ain't in it to see the world's show.—*Chorus.*

—What is the difference betwixt a soldier and a woodman? The one supports his arms, and the other's arms support *him*.

ROSE McSHANE.

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Written and Composed by John T. Kelly.

My sweetheart's an angel, but not from above;
Oh! no, she's from Ireland, an angel of love;
She's no gilded fairy, her simple face will show;
A type of Irish beauty, the sweetest one I know.

CHORUS.

Charming, dear little beauty, sweet Rose McShane;
On her I've got a mortgage, her heart I'll claim;
Boys with love have a fit when they hear her name;
She's my smiling, beguiling, sweet Rose McShane.

She reigns in society, at Long Branch she's queen;
Leads the choir, every Sunday, with voice like a dream;
To my life she's sunshine; oh! what a happy home,
For soon we're to marry, she'll be my wife, my own.—*Chorus.*

AMERICAN AM I.

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Written and Composed by Edward G. Egge.

American am I, and glory in my country;
I love our flag, the emblem of the free:
Forever may it wave, the starry spangled banner,
To teach the world the power of liberty.

CHORUS.

Then hail to our flag, and hail to the Union,
Which safely the storms of a century defied;
Then hail to our flag, and hail to the Union,
The objects of every American's pride.

American am I, and glory in our hist'ry,
With independence writ on ev'ry page;
For with the dawn which saw the landing of Columbus,
There dawned a new and freedom-bearing age.—*Chorus.*

American am I, and glory in our heroes
Who sacrificed their lives in freedom's cause,
And laid the corner-stone of this our grand Republic,
That millions now may bless its gen'rous laws.—*Chorus.*

American am I, and glory in that freedom
Which makes our land the mightiest on earth;
Where every man is free and ev'ry man is equal,
Though rich or poor, of high or humble birth.—*Chorus.*

American am I, and glory in our freemen,
Who bow their heads to none but God alone;
Who fear no foe on earth, and never have been vanquished
In their defence of Freedom's sacred throne.—*Chorus.*

THE WORLD'S FAIR FIRE.

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By Grace Carleton. Tune—"The Broken Home."

Oh! hark that dreadful warning! Like lurid skies, at dawning,
The Fire King's wings are sweeping thro' the air;
Where shines the fair "White City," are heard the cries of pity,
And moans of wild and anguishing despair!
Upon yon tower standing, Chief Murphy, brave, commanding,
The Fire Brigade is battling with the foe;
With horror-stricken faces, where not a hope one traces,
A mighty throng is swaying far below!

CHORUS.

Oh, those gallant souls that perished! in all hearts their fame be cherished—
Heaven shield their orphans from the cold world's ire!
Thro' the breadth of every city, for their wives be love and pity—
Honor to the heroes of the World's Fair Fire!

Wild flames were upward rearing! Was there a fireman fearing?
Ah! no, they battled on to shield and save!
A cry, "The walls are failing!" in that abyss appalling
How many now were soon to find a grave!
One thought to home and dear ones, the gentle and the near ones,
And down they sank with noble duty done!
God's pity for them ever! Can we forget them? Never!
They live within our memories every one!—*Chorus.*

We praise the men in battle, where cannon fiercely rattle—
We rear them stately monuments of pride;
Where demon flames are raging, and firemen are engaging
To die, shall fame unto them be denied?
Their little ones are pleading, the mangled and the bleeding
Can toll for them no more upon this earth!
Protect them, mighty nation! and homes of every station
Remember still their gallantry and worth!—*Chorus.*

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An old man gazed on a photograph in the locket he'd worn for years,
His nephew then asked him the reason why that picture had caused him tears;
Come, listen, he said, I will tell you, lad, a story that's strange but true—
Your father and I at the school one day met two little girls in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two;
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,
Became your mother; I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

That picture is one of those girls, he said, and to me she was once a wife;
I thought her unfaithful, we quarreled, lad, and parted that night for life;
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good and true,
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue.—*Ref.*

Nellie and May, Sisters Were They.

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Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

I will tell to you a story which the shades of life will show,
How oft it's caused a silent tear to start;
'Tis of two young sisters, Nell and May, who parted long ago;
It tells another tale of broken heart;
We all our joy and sorrow have, our future paths lie strange;
Nellie's rich, a happy wife, poor May, oh! what a change!
She loved unwise, the story goes, at last was led astray;
Like a withered rose she's fallen by the way.
Nellie and May, sisters were they, both from the same old home;
Nellie was grand, wealth at command, May was an outcast, unknown!

There a slender form, a faded dress with face of beauty still,
Now slowly enters at the mansion door;
Where two sisters meet, one sobs aloud, her pleading cries are shrill
"Oh, sister Nell, have pity I implore!"
My little May, the past forget, in dreams you now awake!
Our dear mother must not know, her poor old heart would break;
She reels, then falls in Nellie's arms; God sent her sweet repose;
She is dead; alas! her "Book of Life" I close.
Nellie and May, sisters were they, both from the same old home.
Nellie was grand, wealth at command, May was an outcast, unknown!

Two Little Hearts Made One.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

When a man's married his trouble begins,
Rent, rates and taxes to punish his sins,
Sometimes, as well, there's the squalling of twins,
When two little hearts are one.
Single young fellows and maidens here now,
If you are anxious to take on the vow,
Then listen to me, I'll explain to you how
Two little hearts are made one.

REFRAIN.

One little "How are you," one little billet-doux,
One little dance, a fairy trance, then disappear from view;
One little tale is told, one little man is gone,
One little kiss, oh, joy and bliss, and two little hearts made one.

When a man's bashful he's awfully shy,
Fearing, yet hoping, not daring to try;
Yet, when they're married, we oft wonder why,
When two little hearts are one.
Men who are bashful are naught but a bore.
Maidens are coy, but that's quite right, I'm sure;
You'll find she'll come out of her shell more and more,
When two little hearts are one.—*Refrain.*

When he to win her has successfully tried,
Wretched is he if she's not by his side,
Till the day comes when he makes her his bride,
Then two little hearts are one.
When they are married he goes to his club,
Plays pool or billiards at a favorite pub,
The wife's all right home, she can rub and can scrub,
Now two little hearts are one.—*Refrain.*

—What is that which is often brought to table, always cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

DANCE ME ON YOUR KNEE.

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When I was very young how fond I was of childish joys,
I loved to play among the girls, but better with the boys;
It was pussy in the corner, tag and ineminie,
And when my ma put me in bed I would steal out on the sly.
I dared not make the slightest noise when getting back in bed,
The biggest boy would boost me in my window overhead;
I would go to sleep and dream I was a lady young and gay,
And when my ma would take me up to her I used to say:

CHORUS.

Dance me on your knee, mother, dance me on your knee;
Clasp your arms around my waist, it won't hurt me;
Hold me tight, don't let me fall, I won't be afraid at all.
Dance me, mother, dance me on your knee.

But when I wore long dresses first the little boys I shook,
As my ideas developed the bigger one I took;
Instead of childish games it was parties, social balls and drives,
Where'er I went I had my favorite escort by my side.
But when I tire of one young man another soon I take,
For there's a way of knowing how to give the boys a quiet shake;
And when I wish to call one back a smile would win the day—
I need but look upon his face and coaxingly this say:—*Chorus.*

I want to find a lover that will undertake the task,
And understand just what I want, and never have to ask.
If such can recommend himself I pray don't backward be,
But be sure you're brave and strong enough to dance me on your knee.
There's many a wish a young girl has she don't like to express,
There's many a time we answer no and heartily mean yes;
I always warn the fellows when we are sitting all alone,
Be sure don't rumple up my clothes and keep your hands at home.—*Chorus.*

It's a Pretty Old Gag, but It Goes.

Written by E. L. O'Connor.

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How pleasant it is to watch love's young dream
Smile sweetly on two loving hearts;
And, oh, how she listens with joyous delight
To the story that Cupid imparts.
He'll call her his sweetness, his duck and his dove,
And such other names, heaven knows;
And swear he'll be good, as all husbands should,
Is a pretty old gag, but it goes.

CHORUS.

It's a pretty old gag, but it goes,
It's a pretty old gag, but it goes;
And swear he'll be good, as all husbands should,
Is a pretty old gag, but it goes.

You have heard much of late that the Chinese would go,
And the Geary act was the thing;
You have waited and waited to learn how 'twould work,
But I fear that no hope it will bring.
'Tis N. O. molasses to catch silly flies,
And make demagogues, I suppose;
Yet O'Donnell will shout: "Put the Chinese to work!"—
Is a pretty old gag, but it goes.

CHORUS.

It's a pretty old gag, but it goes,
It's a pretty old gag, but it goes;
Yet O'Donnell will shout: "Put the Chinese to work!"—
Is a pretty old gag, but it goes.

You go out with the boys for an evening of fun,
And, of course, leave your darling at home;
But to ease her of doubts you will tell her a friend
Has died; you're requested to come.
But when you go home in the morning at two,
With a load tucked under your clothes,
You will say, at the wake you had just one milk shake—
Is a pretty old gag, but it goes.

CHORUS.

It's a pretty old gag, but it goes,
It's a pretty old gag, but it goes;
You will say, at the wake you had just one milk shake—
Is a pretty old gag, but it goes.

There are men on the stage who quite funny may seem,
And try very hard to be gay;
Who will tell you a tale that will cause you to think
You have heard that same joke 'fore to-day;
About mother-in-laws, and papa's big boot,
And Mamie's big sister's beau;
Of the whiskers that need windy weather—indeed
Are pretty old gags, but they go.

CHORUS.

Are pretty old gags, but they go,
Are pretty old gags, but they go;
Of the whiskers that need windy weather—indeed
Are pretty old gags, but they go.

MY DREAM OF LOVE IS O'ER.

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Composed by M. O'Reardon.

Oh, we've parted from each other, and our dream of love is o'er,
That bright dream was too beautiful to last;
And we'll meet as only strangers in the future evermore,
Our once tender love is buried in the past.
I've tried to bear the blow without sighs or bitter tears,
And tried to smile when my heart ached with pain,
But the burning tears would fall in spite of all that I could do
For thee, darling, whom I ne'er shall see again.

CHORUS.

My dream of love is o'er;
I try to smile when my heart aches with pain,
When the mem'ry of the past comes up before me like a dream,
For thee, darling, whom I ne'er shall see again.

They say you love another, and he's claimed you for his bride
And you ask me to forgive thee and forget
The vows we pledged together by the rippling of the tide,
As I looked into thy beauteous eyes, my pet.
Ah! the heart is like the tide, that flows and ebbs at will,
And I would not cease to love thee, if I could;
Through all the future years I'll love thee dearly, love thee still,
For I could not cease to love thee if I would.—*Chorus.*

ALONE ON THE MIDNIGHT SEA.

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Words by Martin S. Blacklock. Music by Connolly.

Alone on the midnight sea, scarce a breath in her drooping sail,
A ship through the silence glides like a ghost in the moonlight pale;
And a solitary seaman treads her deck with forehead bare,
For the solemn grandeur of the scene hath moved his soul to prayer;
Then he wipes a teardrop from his cheek, tho' brave as man can be,
As he thinks of all the loved and lost, alone on the midnight sea;
As he thinks of all the loved and lost, alone on the midnight sea.

Alone on the midnight sea, as he looks on the sky so fair,
He thinks of his childhood's home, of his sire with the silv'ry hair;
Of a gentle sister, true till death, that shared his ev'ry joy,
Of his mother dear whose latest breath had blessed her sailor boy;
Then his fancy leaves the fated past, for dreams of bliss to be,
With the blooming girl that sighs for him, alone on the midnight sea;
With the blooming girl that sighs for him, alone on the midnight sea.

OLD FRIENDS FOR THE NEW.

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There's many a song with many a motto,
Each containing good advice;
Obey their teachings, too, we ought to,
Though great temptations us entice.
To sing a new song I'll endeavor,
And one, I hope, will please a few:
Make all the friends you can, but never
Give up the old friends for the new.

CHORUS.

Then listen to the motto that I give you,
You'll find a good one it will prove and true:
Make all the friends you can, always lend a helping hand,
But don't give up the old friends for the new.

You may be poor in life's beginning,
A man you meet just like yourself;
His friendship you succeed in winning,
He helps you on the road to wealth.
And when you've won it do not sever
The ties that bind him still to you;
He helped you in your need, so never
Give up the old friends for the new.—*Chorus.*

To those who may be married
A word or two I have to say;
By fairer faces be not carried
Completely off, and led astray.
In this age of quick divorces
Men love their wives a year or two,
Then wander into other courses—
Give up the old wife for the new.—*Chorus.*

Mrs. Portly Pompous: "Do you understand how to cook properly?" Bridget: "Indade, mum, I do. The perlaceman who used to call on me in me last place was a regular epicac."

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I WISH I HADN'T DONE IT.

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Words and Music by A. Holzmann.

Of all the luckless chaps alive I think I take the palm,
For where a dozen would escape I surely come to harm.
For instance as I chanced to roam, a maiden fair I met
Who asked me, would I see her home? What happened I forget.

CHORUS.

But I wish I hadn't done it, so I do;
I had nothing left next morning but one shoe,
The rest had taken flight in the stillness of the night;
I wish I hadn't done it, so I do.

Last Saturday I drew my pay and went upon a spree,
Inviting several men I met to go along with me;
We saw the sights in every phaze, drank every drink that's known,
From beer on draught to champagne maze, and drinks of like renown.

CHORUS.

But I wish I hadn't done it, so I do,
For my head a dozen sizes larger grew;
To my eyes strange sights abound, in my ears strange noises sound;
I wish I hadn't done it, so I do.

I went to see a base-ball game (I'm very fond of sports),
But as the game was very tame I soon grew out of sorts.
"Hi, fellers, play good ball!" yelled I, "your pitcher is a jay."
Then at me all that crowd did cry, "Go, pitch yourself!" cried they.

CHORUS.

But I wish I hadn't done it, so I do;
I wished base ball in (glory) ere that game was through,
I had to dodge and prance, then they called an ambulance.
I wish I hadn't done it, so I do.

Of politics I'm very fond, in fact a leading crack;
So thought as senator to stand at the polls I'd take a whack.
I spent all money that I had, my wife's and children's, too,
Upon the chaps who'd pat my back and said "We'll pull you through."

CHORUS.

But I wish I hadn't done it, so I do,
Though, truth to tell, those chaps did pull me through;
But the ballot box was broke, as was I, and that's no joke.
I wish I hadn't done it, so I do.

I try to do the best I can to help my friends along,
To lend a hand I happy am, I'd do no one a wrong;
Last month a fellow came to me whose future looked so dim
That, of the pain his mind to free, I indorsed some notes for him.

CHORUS.

But I wish I hadn't done it, so I do;
He skipped, I have to meet the notes when due;
My heart is full of woe, I'm mortgaged head to toe.
I wish I hadn't done it, so I do.

I'll Say Farewell Before We Part.

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Words and Music by J. Joseph Goodwin.

I loved you once, my love was true,
And I admit with grief and shame
That I have humbly knelt to you
And offered up my love and name.
You've broke the vows you made to me,
For evermore apart we'll dwell;
You've proved me true, how could it be—
I'll bid thee now a last farewell.

CHORUS.

Farewell, forget your honest lover,
Again I'll never breathe thy name;
Farewell, our happy days are over,
We'll never, never meet again.

Oh, would that all whom you deceive
As bitterly would hate as I;
Oh, would that all whom you believe
Would make you worry, weep and sigh.
True love's bright flame you never knew,
You've only toyed with Cupid's dart;
But though I have loved none but you,
I'll say farewell before we part.—*Chorus.*

For these gray hairs you are to blame,
This wrinkled brow and haggard face;
Your actions caused me bitter pain,
You've brought me sorrow and disgrace.
I'm thankful now you're not my wife,
I'll try to heal a broken heart;
You've proved me true, you've wrecked my life—
I'll say farewell before we part.—*Chorus.*

PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY.

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Mother dear, come, bathe my forehead, for I'm growing very weak;
Mother, let one drop of water fall upon my burning cheek.
Tell my loving little schoolmates that I never more will play;
Give them all my toys, but, mother, put my little shoes away.

CHORUS.

I am going to leave you, mother,
So remember what I say;
Oh, do it, won't you? please, mother,
Put my little shoes away.

Santa Claus he gave them to me, with a lot of other things,
And I think he brought an angel with a pair of golden wings.
Mother, I will be an angel by, perhaps, another day;
So you will then, dearest mother, put my little shoes away.—*Chorus.*

Soon the baby will be larger, then they'll fit his little feet;
Oh, he'll look so nice and cunning when he walks along the street.
Now I'm getting tired, mother, soon I'll say to all good-day;
Please remember what I tell you—put my little shoes away.—*Chorus.*

KITTY O'SHEA.

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Composed by Wm. Loraine.

Do you think of me, Kitty, sweet Kitty O'Shea,
And the promise you gave me when you went away?
Sure, you told me you loved me and that you'd be true,
Said you think of me, darling, and I will of you.
Oh, I long once again your sweet voice to hear,
None other hath music like yours to mine ear;
Oh, tell me, oh, tell me, while you're far away—
Do you think of me, Kitty, sweet Kitty O'Shea?

REFRAIN.

Oh, her figure is neat, she is little and sweet,
Like a bird she's heard singing all day,
And her eyes are as blue as her dear heart is true;
Do you think of me, Kitty O'Shea?

Do you think of me, Kitty, sweet Kitty O'Shea,
And the evenings together we spent, light and gay,
When we sat 'round the fire, very cozy and bright,
And I told you the story that made my heart light?
I came not to woo thee with title or fame,
I had naught but my love and plain, honest name;
Oh, tell me, oh, tell me, while you're far away—
Do you think of me, Kitty, sweet Kitty O'Shea?—*Refrain.*

THE GIRLS AND THE BOYS.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

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Say, boys! don't you think the girls
Nice enough for anything, nice enough for anything?
Say, boys! don't you think their curls
Nice enough for anything?
And their lips, like honey sips,
Or rosebuds bath'd in dew,
Waiting to be kissed; how can you resist?
Now don't you think they're far too good for you?

CHORUS.

Oh, the girls, oh, the girls; and the boys, yes, the boys;
You will find them together in all sorts of weather.
They go kiss, kiss, yes, they go kiss, kiss,
And they squeeze, and they spoon, and they sigh—oh, what joys!
For the boys are in love with the dear little girls,
And the girls are in love with the boys.

Say, girls! don't you think the boys
Nice enough for anything, nice enough for anything?
Say, girls! ain't they pretty toys,
Nice enough for anything?
Lots of cash, big mustache,
To which our lips are pressed;
Arms around us cast, 'tis too sweet to last,
Oh, don't we ladies like to be caressed.—*Chorus.*

Say, boys! don't you think you are
Far too slow for anything, far too slow for anything?
Say, boys! ain't each pretty dear
Ready to do anything?
Single boys, taste the joys
That marriage always brings;
For the parson search, take your girls to church,
And on their fingers place the wedding rings.—*Chorus.*

H. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

IT DOESN'T BELONG TO ME.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

One night I dropped into a club where oft I make a call,
So hung my brand-new topcoat on the contrack in the hall;
I stayed quite late, then thought I'd go straight home and right to bed,
But somebody had sneaked my coat and left me his instead.

CHORUS.

It doesn't belong to me, I don't know that * about it,
Tickled to death I'd be if I could get without it;
If there is half a chance, you can guarantee
I'll pass it off on somebody else—it doesn't belong to me.

* (*Singer snaps his fingers.*)

The inside pocket "took the cake," 'twas full of stale bread crumbs,
And then there was an old clay pipe, the "bummiest" of the bums;
Another pocket brought to light a faded piece of silk,
And a bottle with a tube inside for giving babies milk.—*Chorus.*

At first I felt inclined to cry, I searched and searched until
I found a secret pocket and a hundred-dollar bill;
I went to drink the owner's health and spend some of the tin,
But the greenback was a counterfeit and so they ran me in.—*Chorus.*

When safe inside the p'lice station, they in the lining found
A lot of stuff called dynamite, it nearly weighed a pound;
They said I was a Fenian, refused to take my bail,
The judge was dead against me and I got six months in jail.

SPOKEN—As soon as I got out a beautiful girl with a beautiful baby in her arms met me at the gate. "Oh, Robert, my own darling Robert!" she cried, "you have come out at last." Then she handed me the child and asked me if I didn't recognize it. Recognize it, why should I? While I was examining the strawberry-mark on its funnybone she suddenly vanished, and now I am guardian of a brand-new kid, although I assure you:—*Chorus.*

DEAR MOLLY McGEE.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

Talk about eyes just like diamonds,
Or of a fine head of hair;
A figure that could rival Venus,
And cheeks like the roses so fair.
Her manner and ways were so winning,
I wish all her charms you could see;
There ne'er was a girl half so pretty
As sweet little Molly McGee.

CHORUS.

Of all the girls there's but one for me, and that girl is Molly McGee;
When she's beside me it fills my heart with glee.
To marry me she gave her consent, and I know she'll not repent;
In a short time I will call her mine, sweet Molly McGee.

The wedding bells soon will be ringing,
When I'll be in perfect bliss;
No shadow shall darken our pathway,
The bargain I'll seal with a kiss.
Our house will be cozy and pleasant,
A happy young couple we'll be;
My life will be sunshine and roses,
With sweet little Molly McGee.—*Chorus.*

My True-Love Hath My Heart.

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Words by Sir Philip Sidney. Composed by Lucile Tunison.

My true-love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other giv'n;
I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driv'n than this.
My true-love hath my heart and I have his,
My true-love hath my heart and I have his;
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

—What relation is your uncle's brother to you, who is not your uncle? Your father.

I'd Live Life Over in the Same Old Way

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Words by Ed. B. Marks. Music by Will H. Fox.

A little lad of ten or so sat at his teacher's knee,
A gray-haired man of sixty years or more;
A pretty picture thus they made—old age and youth, you see;
They sat and talked life's prospects o'er and o'er.
The little fellow, full of youth's ambition, said with glee:
"I mean to be a rich man ere I die;
How is it you're not wealthy when you've lived so long?" asked he;
To which the old man gave him this reply:

CHORUS.

"I'm an old man now, my one crime I was honest,
While others took advantage, growing richer day by day;
Now to maintain home and wife is a struggle and a strife,
But I'd live life over in the same old way."

With hesitating manner now a stranger soon draws near,
The teacher with the boy still at his knee,
And answers to the question asked, "What may your wishes be?"
"A chance to earn a living, if you please."
The teacher slowly shakes his head in sad perplexity,
The boy impulsive grasps his hand and cries:
"I'll get him work in father's mill, but how came he so poor?"
The stranger hears the question and replies:

CHORUS.

"I'm a poor man now, perhaps I gave too freely;
My purse was ever open, I turned no hand away.
Now with sneers and scarce a bow, those I've helped they shun me now,
But I'd live life over in the same old way."

In time the lad grew up to be his father's pride and heir;
His schooling o'er, he took charge of the mill.
'Twas there he first saw Nellie Lee's blue eyes and golden hair;
He wooed and wed despite the father's will.
The latter vowed he'd ne'er acknowledge him his son again,
And cast him off to earn his daily bread.
Once meeting him the teacher asked, "Has riches come as yet?"
The young man sighed and slowly shook his head:

CHORUS.

"I'm an outcast now, it might have been far diff'rent;
To cast aside such prospects was foolish, so they say;
But I'll trust in Him above, and I'll work for her I love,
And I'd live life over in the same old way.

SWEET SUNNY SOUTH.

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Take me home to the place where I first saw the light,
To the sweet sunny South; take me home,
Where the mocking-bird sung me to rest ev'ry night—
Ah, why was I tempted to roam?
I think with regret of the dear home I left,
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me then;
Of the wife and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft,
And I sigh for the old place again.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep,
Poor Massa lies buried close by;
O'er the graves of the loved ones I long to weep
And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home to the place where the orange-trees grow,
To my cot in the ever-green shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green margin may blow
Their sweets on the banks where we played.
The path to our cottage, they say, has grown green,
And the place is quite lonely around;
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen
Now lie in the dark mossy ground.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where the little ones sleep,
Poor Massa lies buried close by;
O'er the graves of the loved ones I long to weep
And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home—let me see what is left that I knew;
Can it be that the old house is gone?
The dear friends of my childhood, indeed, must be few,
And I must lament all alone.
But yet, I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children have played at the door;
Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished the earth,
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where the little ones sleep,
Poor Massa lies buried close by;
O'er the graves of the loved ones I long to weep,
For the old place again do I sigh.

Parody on:

THY LAND'S MY LAND.

By Thom F. Monaghan.

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They were standing chinning 'neath the electric light,
'Twas the same old tale:
They were both consumptive in cross-eyed light,
'Twas the same old tale:
They were two young dudelets on a new years day,
They had started out to call,
And now they were singing in a drunken way,
And this is what they'd loudly bawl:

CHORUS.

Thy land's my land;
I fear we'll be sent to the island,
'Way down the bay for ten or twenty days;
But if you go I go, we'll see the big fair at Chicago;
You dear little rogie here comes an old bogie,
I fear he will send us there.

There's a fly cop listening to the words they said,
'Twas the same old tale:
It was like the growler that he had up to his head,
It was old and stale:
So he said a fiver from you yes or no,
And their hearts began to quail;
They said they'd give him twenty if he'd let them go,
And this is how he gave them bail.

CHORUS.

Thy hand, my hand,
You ought to be sent to the island;
For I'm in command of this precinct fine and grand;
But if you'll go, why, go, see the big fair in Chicago.
Just give me your twenty as you seem to have plenty,
I guess I will let you go.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

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Backward, turn backward, oh time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumber your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

CHORUS.

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the years;
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.—*Chorus.*

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.—*Chorus.*

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides or endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.—*Chorus.*

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I have slept to your lullaby song;
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream,
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never, hereafter, to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.—*Chorus.*

—A Long Sentence.—"I say, Bill," said one summer philosopher to another, as they lay beneath a spreading tree, "did yer ever turn yer attention to literatoor any?" "I shoud say so." "What's the longest sentence you ever run across?" "Ten years," was the unhesitating reply.—*Washington Post.*

SHE LEFT THE MAN WHO LOVED HER FOR ANOTHER.

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Words and Music by George Bruce and Felix McGlennon.

In a little country village
Lived a farmer and his wife,
She was young and rich with beauty,
Sunshine of her husband's life;
But the snake crept in his Eden,
In the guise of trusted friend,
And the dreams fond love had cherished,
Came they to a fatal end.
One night, when he reached his homestead,
His fond heart was turned to stone—
She, the wife he loved so dearly,
With his dearest friend had flown.

CHORUS.

She left the man who loved her for another,
She who was the sunshine of his life;
Her vows of faith and duty she'd forgotten,
Broke the link that made them man and wife.

In a handsome furnished chamber
Stand betrayer and betrayed;
He is scornful, she is pleading;
Ah, what havoc time has made!
She is white-faced, trembling, hopeless,
And she feels dishonor's shame;
For the man who stands before her
She has ruined a husband's name.
He, grown weary of his victim,
Says, "'Tis better we should part."
In his soul there is no pity
For her crushed and breaking heart.—*Chorus.*

In the streets of a great city
One cold, bitter winter's night
On a door-step lies a woman,
'Round her fall the snow-flakes white;
By her side a man is kneeling,
"Mary," is his bitter cry,
"You for months I have been seeking,
Now I've found you, do not die."
Hear her pleading for forgiveness
As he clasps her to his breast;
Just one kiss, one murmured "good bye!"
And her soul in death finds rest.—*Chorus.*

MY QUEEN.

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Written and Composed by Henry Morey.

Pray listen while I sing to you of one I love right well;
She is the idol of my heart, her name I must not tell.
I met her at the park one day, her age is sweet sixteen;
She is so fair, so wondrous fair, I've christened her My Queen.
And I love her dearly, too, with all my heart so strong and true.
She is the sweetest, dearest of all the girls,
She's more to me than silver or gold or pearls,
Yum, yum, yum, yum.
Oh, yes, we'll marry when she is seventeen,
For Annie Rooney or Mary Green
Can't for a moment touch My Queen.

She lives some distance out of town, the walk I do not mind;
For oh, she is the dearest girl that ever I shall find.
She always meets me at the gate with words of welcome sweet;
You may depend I'm never late this darling girl to greet.
And she loves me dearly, too, with all her heart so strong and true.
She is the sweetest, dearest of all the girls,
She's more to me than silver or gold or pearls,
Yum, yum, yum, yum.
Oh, yes, we'll marry when she is seventeen,
For Annie Rooney or airy Miss Green
Can't hold a candle to My Queen.

And now I'll leave you all to guess who this fair maid may be,
Which you'll not do, I think, unless you've had a chance to see;
But if you really wish to know the subject of my song
Just call on me some ev'ning soon and bring your friends along.
And I'll tell you once again, and in this truest, best refrain:
She is the sweetest, dearest of all the girls,
She's more to me than silver or gold or pearls,
Yum, yum, yum, yum.
Oh, yes, we'll marry when she is seventeen,
For Annie Rooney or fairy Miss Green
Never were "in it" with My Queen.

Memories of the Old Homestead.

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Written and Composed by Anthony J. Gray.

I sit to-night in silent thought and think of days gone by,
I can picture our old homestead as it stood 'mid fields of rye;
A brother and a sister dear, a father old and gray,
Sweet mem'ry brings me back to when I heard my mother say:

CHORUS.

Good night, good night, sleep well, my darling,
Mother will watch and pray that no harm befall thee;
Good night, good night, sleep well, my treasure,
Good night, baby darling, good night.
Good night, sleep well, sweet one.

Though far away 'mid strangers now in foreign lands I roam,
I have still the recollection of my boyhood's happy home;
The lessons that poor father taught when done with childish play,
When tired out my mother she in accents soft would say:—*Chorus.*

The village church where oft I've walked upon a Sabbath morn,
And listened to those joyous bells that echoed thro' the corn;
And in the still of eventide to God above I bow,
And listened to my mother's words, methinks I hear them now.—*Chorus.*

What We Say and What We Mean.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

We're full of artfulness and guile in what we say,
We tell a lie with childlike smile in what we say;
When hurrying to biz down-town we meet that sponger Mister Brown;
"Delighted! going my way, down?"—is what we say.

CHORUS.

I hope to heaven that he's not, is what we mean;
Some leg pull scheme I guess he's got, he's just real mean;
He's had neuralgia, drove him mad; you say, "Poor fellow, that's too bad."
You darned mean humbug, serves you glad—is what we mean.

We're taught deception from our youth in what we say,
A kind of mixture, lies and truth, in what we say;
When Mam-in-law a visit pays we flatter her a thousand ways.
"You're welcome for a thousand days"—is what we say.

CHORUS.

I wish to gad she'd break her neck, is what we mean;
I know she'll touch me for a check, is what we mean.
Great goodness! when I married Sue I didn't marry all the crew,
I wish she was where she'll go to—is what we mean.

Your uncle's rich; of course, you're sweet in all you say,
You're grieved if he has tender feet, or so you say;
He's reached his birthday eighty-four, you keep it up with cheers galore.
You hope he'll reach another score—is what we say.

CHORUS.

His ling'ring on just makes me tired, is what we mean;
Right down the stairs he should be fired, is what we mean.
He's hairless, toothless, tottering, lean, to live so long is awful mean;
Be quick and die, we want your green—is what we mean.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

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Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!
Tiny feet that traveled lightly in this weary world of woe,
Now silent lie in yonder churchyard, 'neath the dismal grave below.
Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!

CHORUS.

Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness when I pass that cottage door;
Sweetly now the angels carol tidings from our loved one far,
That she still does hover o'er us, and will be our guiding star.
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness when I pass that cottage door.—*Chorus.*

Little footsteps now will journey in the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sand banks lightly by the golden river's shore.
Mother, weep not; father, grieve not; try to smooth your troubles o'er,
For I'll think of her as sleeping, not as dead, but gone before.
Little footsteps now will journey in the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sand banks lightly, by the golden river's shore.—*Chorus.*

LOVE COMES BUT ONCE.

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Words by W. J. O'Leary. Music by M. J. Savage.

Sweet village bells chimed vesper hour,
The sun sank down to rest,
The birds' good night in leafy bow'r
Called loved ones home to nest.
Their song was glad, my heart was sad,
I paused to hear the strain;
Oh, none may sing but happy hearts,
I'll ne'er be so again.

CHORUS.

Love comes but once, and it lives for a life,
Or it dies like the first bud of spring;
To our hearts it is morn while its presence remains,
When flown 'tis the saddest thing.

Bright was the day he parted here
From me, his promised bride;
"I go; may God defend the right
And my country win!" he cried.
Ah, me! my brave, your ocean grave,
Lies chill o'er your hero heart;
O sad, sad sea, shall e'er it be?
We'll meet no more to part.—*Chorus.*

O hallowed spot of lonely earth,
O sanctuary dear!
Give back to me the joys I knew
With my sailor laddie here.
When hearts beat high 'tis sad to die,
To feel love's thrill no more;
To watch and wait's the only fate
That closes this life o'er.—*Chorus.*

HOW CAN A GIRL SAY NO?

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

Suppose a little baby girl has just arrived on earth,
As pretty as a little mellow peach,
Suppose she hasn't any teeth, and in the usual way
It cannot walk nor use the pow'r of speech;
Suppose her papa wants his way, as papas sometimes do,
And vows he'll have her christened "Bridget Jane,"
Or worse than that, suppose he calls it "Daisy, Rosey, Pink"—
The child is speechless, so she can't complain.

CHORUS.

How can a girl say "no?" What can she do?
She is the weaker vessel, that's quite true;
Against the pow'r of men women can't combat,
How can she help it in a case like that?

Suppose she reaches womanhood and has a pretty face,
The men are sure to follow her about,
They'll whisper tender flatteries into her pretty ears,
And dance attendance when they catch her out;
Her graceful figure charms the heart of some great, wealthy swell,
He treats her to all sorts of costly things;
It is a great temptation, but what can a poor girl do
When she is introduced to diamond rings?

CHORUS.

How can a girl say "no?" What can she do?
She is the weaker vessel, that is true;
Against the diamond ring women can't combat,
How can she help it in a case like that?

He writes her letters full of love and promises to wed,
And if he's got a title to his name
The girl says "yes"—you bet she does, and seeing she is poor
You cannot say that girl is much to blame.
He breaks his word and tells her that his love was but a joke,
He only promised marriage just for sport;
The girl goes to her lawyer with his letters in her hand,
The lawyer says, "Just put his nibs in court."

CHORUS.

How can a girl say "no?" What does she do?
Claims fifteen thousand dollars; gets there, too.
Against the breach of prom——women can't combat,
Odds on the ladies in a case like that?

—The Ruling Passion.—Foreman of the Jury: "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Judge: "Prisoner at the bar, stand up to receive the sentence of the court." The Prisoner (who poisoned her husband): "In a minute, judge. Jennie," (to her sister) "is my hat on straight?"—*Life.*

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

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It was on one Summer evening,
In the merry month of June,
I beheld a damsel sitting
'Mid flowers' sweet perfume.
She had a novel, reading,
Just as I was passing by,
And as she turned another page,
I saw the brightest eye.
A bewitching smile was on her face,
As charming as the posies;
I felt the smart of Cupid's dart—
'Twas love among the roses.

CHORUS.

Now, I hate to tell, but then I must—
Within her heart I place my trust;
She was sitting in the garden,
Where the little butterfly reposes;
And how we met, I'll ne'er forget—
'Twas love among the roses.

I passed her house next evening,
The clock had just struck eight,
And I saw my future happiness—
She was standing by the garden gate;
She smiled as I approached her,
And I begged her to excuse;
"May I view those pretty flowers?"
She murmured: "If you choose."
I spoke about the violets,
Then finally made proposes.
Thro' the garden we walked, of happiness talked—
'Twas love among the roses.—*Chorus.*

I confess I love Matilda—
Matilda—that's her name,
And there is a charm about her
Which I can never explain.
She dresses up to fashion,
To her style there is no end,
And, of course, she must look dashing,
For she wears a Grecian bend.
But she's left her home, and where she's gone
Most every one supposes,
For as dear as life is my little wife—
'Twas love among the roses.—*Chorus.*

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

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Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns, in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up! and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugle re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from North-Land would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

Then forward! boys, forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those that fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the Flag of the Free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched down to the sea!

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea!

Proud, proud was our army, that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sung we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea;
And the stars on our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

—There are so many people who think that other people's eyes need doctoring because they can't see straight themselves.

I LOVE MUSIC.

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In Scotland, France and Germany, music you will hear;
The Italian loves to play the harp, he plays so soft and clear.
Sweet music always charms my ear, whatever it may be—
I love to hear Tom Moore's sweet songs, they have such harmony.

CHORUS.

I love music, I love singing, I love dancing—it's entrancing;
I love babies, I love ladies—yes, they are all the world to me.

The Irish songs are soft and sweet, they harmonize so well,
"The Meeting of the Waters," or, "The Emigrant's Farewell."
There's Bobby Burns, the great Scotch poet, whose memory shall reign
In Scotland, where he lived and died, and honored was his name.—*Chorus.*

In speaking of our poets great, there's one now whom I'll name,
His praise is sung both far and near, he's well known for his fame;
'Tis of William Cullen Bryant I speak, who Americans will adore;
His works are read throughout this world, from this to foreign shore.—*Chorus.*

SOMEBODY'S COMING WHEN THE DEW-DROPS FALL.

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Somebody's coming when the dew-drops fall,
Somebody's coming for a twilight call;
He will be welcome to the best of all,
So I'll keep a little kiss for him.
We are happy as the day is long,
And no one shall ever make us sad;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew-drops fall.

CHORUS.

Somebody's coming, coming quickly,
Coming when the little dew-drops fall, darling;
You will be welcome to the best of all,
I'll keep a little kiss for you.

Somebody's coming when the stars grow bright,
Somebody's coming with a smile to-night;
Roses will listen for his footsteps light,
And the nightingale will sing to him.
I will meet him at the garden gate,
To tell him the secret once again;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew-drops fall.—*Chorus.*

Somebody's coming with a heart so true,
And he will whisper in the twilight, too,
One little story that is ever new,
'Tis the one I always love to hear.
Hark! he's coming, for I hear his song,
The sweetest, the gayest of them all;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew-drops fall.—*Chorus.*

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by Charles Ingle.

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In the good old days, in the dear old days
When a song was called a "lay", sir,
When they played high jinks and they said "methinks",
'Tis well a-lack a-day, sir;
Out, varlet out; thou'rt a clumsy lout.
Ha! sayest thou, thou wilt, sir?
Split me, zounds, o'ds blood, thou shalt chew the cud,
Have at thee in friendly tilt, sir.

CHORUS.

To say they never swore in the good old days of yore
Would be highly incorrect, sir;
They heartily abused one another when they used
The words that I select, sir.

In those good old days, in those costume plays
They'd carry on a dispute in
Language most polite, though we moderns might
Consider it highfalutin.
"Thou shouldst feel the weight on that ugly pate
Of my trusty Toledo blade, sir;
But I would not hurt such a malapert,
Nay, beshrew me! I'm not afraid, sir."—*Chorus.*

In those good old days, in those dear old days,
When folks would say, "I ween, sir,
By my troth, gad zooks, but I like thy looks,
Thou hast a courtly mien, sir;
Pledge my true love's name by my knightly fame,
Her eyes like stars do shine, sir;
Stap my vitals, sir, thou'rt a mangy cur;
Go to! thou'rt flushed with wine, sir."—*Chorus.*

Memories of the Old Homestead.

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Written and Composed by Anthony J. Gray.

I sit to-night in silent thought and think of days gone by,
I can picture our old homestead as it stood 'mid fields of rye;
A brother and a sister dear, a father old and gray,
Sweet mem'ry brings me back to when I heard my mother say:

CHORUS.

Good night, good night, sleep well, my darling,
Mother will watch and pray that no harm befall thee;
Good night, good night, sleep well, my treasure,
Good night, baby darling, good night.
Good night, sleep well, sweet one.

Though far away 'mid strangers now in foreign lands I roam,
I have still the recollection of my boyhood's happy home:
The lessons that poor father taught when done with childish play,
When tired out my mother she in accents soft would say:—*Chorus.*

The village church where oft I've walked upon a Sabbath morn,
And listened to those joyous bells that echoed thro' the corn;
And in the still of eventide to God above I bow,
And listened to my mother's words, methinks I hear them now.—*Chorus.*

What We Say and What We Mean.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

We're full of artfulness and guile in what we say,
We tell a lie with childlike smile in what we say;
When hurrying to biz down-town we meet that sponger Mister Brown;
"Delighted! going my way, down?"—is what we say.

CHORUS.

I hope to heaven that he's not, is what we mean;
Some leg pull scheme I guess he's got, he's just real mean;
He's had neuralgia, drove him mad; you say, "Poor fellow, that's too bad."
You darned mean humbug, serves you glad—is what we mean.

We're taught deception from our youth in what we say,
A kind of mixture, lies and truth, in what we say;
When Mam-in-law a visit pays we flatter her a thousand ways.
"You're welcome for a thousand days"—is what we say.

CHORUS.

I wish to gad she'd break her neck, is what we mean;
I know she'll touch me for a check, is what we mean.
Great goodness! when I married Sue I didn't marry all the crew,
I wish she was where she'll go to—is what we mean.

Your uncle's rich; of course, you're sweet in all you say,
You're grieved if he has tender feet, or so you say;
He's reached his birthday eighty-four, you keep it up with cheers galore.
You hope he'll reach another score—is what we say.

CHORUS.

His ling'ring on just makes me tired, is what we mean;
Right down the stairs he should be fired, is what me mean.
He's hairless, toothless, tottering, lean, to live so long is awful mean;
Be quick and die, we want your green—is what we mean.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

Copyright, 1868, by White, Smith & Perry.

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Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!
Tiny feet that traveled lightly in this weary world of woe,
Now silent lie in yonder churchyard, 'neath the dismal grave below.
Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!

CHORUS.

Little footsteps, soft and gentle, gliding by our cottage door;
How I love to hear their trample, as I heard in days of yore!

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness when I pass that cottage door;
Sweetly now the angels carol tidings from our loved one far,
That she still does hover o'er us, and will be our guiding star.
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness when I pass that cottage door.—*Chorus.*

Little footsteps now will journey in the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sand banks lightly by the golden river's shore.
Mother, weep not; father, grieve not; try to smooth your troubles o'er,
For I'll think of her as sleeping, not as dead, but gone before.
Little footsteps now will journey in the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sand banks lightly, by the golden river's shore.—*Chorus.*

LOVE COMES BUT ONCE.

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Words by W. J. O'Leary. Music by M. J. Savage.

Sweet village bells chimed vesper hour,
The sun sank down to rest,
The birds' good night in leafy bow'r
Called loved ones home to nest.
Their song was glad, my heart was sad,
I paused to hear the strain;
Oh, none may sing but happy hearts,
I'll ne'er be so again.

CHORUS.

Love comes but once, and it lives for a life,
Or it dies like the first bud of spring;
To our hearts it is morn while its presence remains,
When flown 'tis the saddest thing.

Bright was the day he parted here
From me, his promised bride;
"I go; may God defend the right
And my country win!" he cried.
Ah, me! my brave, your ocean grave,
Lies chill o'er your hero heart;
O sad, sad sea, shall e'er it be?
We'll meet no more to part.—*Chorus.*

O hallowed spot of lonely earth,
O sanctuary dear!
Give back to me the joys I knew
With my sailor laddie here.
When hearts beat high 'tis sad to die,
To feel love's thrill no more;
To watch and wait's the only fate
That closes this life o'er.—*Chorus.*

HOW CAN A GIRL SAY NO?

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

Suppose a little baby girl has just arrived on earth,
As pretty as a little mellow peach,
Suppose she hasn't any teeth, and in the usual way
It cannot walk nor use the pow'r of speech;
Suppose her papa wants his way, as papas sometimes do,
And vows he'll have her christened "Bridget Jane,"
Or worse than that, suppose he calls it "Daisy, Rosey, Pink"—
The child is speechless, so she can't complain.

CHORUS.

How can a girl say "no?" What can she do?
She is the weaker vessel, that's quite true;
Against the pow'r of men women can't combat,
How can she help it in a case like that?

Suppose she reaches womanhood and has a pretty face,
The men are sure to follow her about,
They'll whisper tender flatteries into her pretty ears,
And dance attendance when they catch her out;
Her graceful figure charms the heart of some great, wealthy swell,
He treats her to all sorts of costly things;
It is a great temptation, but what can a poor girl do
When she is introduced to diamond rings?

CHORUS.

How can a girl say "no?" What can she do?
She is the weaker vessel, that is true;
Against the diamond ring women can't combat,
How can she help it in a case like that?

He writes her letters full of love and promises to wed,
And if he's got a title to his name
The girl says "yes"—you bet she does, and seeing she is poor
You cannot say that girl is much to blame.
He breaks his word and tells her that his love was but a joke,
He only promised marriage just for sport;
The girl goes to her lawyer with his letters in her hand,
The lawyer says, "Just put his nibs in court."

CHORUS.

How can a girl say "no?" What does she do?
Claims fifteen thousand dollars: gets there, too.
Against the breach of prom——women can't combat,
Odds on the ladies in a case like that?

—The Ruling Passion.—Foreman of the Jury: "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Judge: "Prisoner at the bar, stand up to receive the sentence of the court." The Prisoner (who poisoned her husband): "In a minute, judge. Jennie," (to her sister) "is my hat on straight?"—*Life.*

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

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It was on one Summer evening,
In the merry month of June,
I beheld a damsel sitting
'Mid flowers' sweet perfume.
She had a novel, reading,
Just as I was passing by,
And as she turned another page,
I saw the brightest eye.
A bewitching smile was on her face,
As charming as the posies;
I felt the smart of Cupid's dart—
'Twas love among the roses.

CHORUS.

Now, I hate to tell, but then I must—
Within her heart I place my trust;
She was sitting in the garden,
Where the little butterfly reposes;
And how we met, I'll ne'er forget—
'Twas love among the roses.

I passed her house next evening,
The clock had just struck eight,
And I saw my future happiness—
She was standing by the garden gate;
She smiled as I approached her,
And I begged her to excuse:
"May I view those pretty flowers?"
She murmured: "If you choose."
I spoke about the violets,
Then finally made proposes.
Thro' the garden we walked, of happiness talked—
'Twas love among the roses.—*Chorus.*

I confess I love Matilda—
Matilda—that's her name,
And there is a charm about her
Which I can never explain.
She dresses up to fashion,
To her style there is no end,
And, of course, she must look dashing,
For she wears a Grecian bend.
But she's left her home, and where she's gone
Most every one supposes,
For as dear as life is my little wife—
'Twas love among the roses.—*Chorus.*

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

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Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns, in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up! and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugle re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from North-Land would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

Then forward! boys, forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those that fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the Flag of the Free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched down to the sea!

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea!

Proud, proud was our army, that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sung we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea;
And the stars on our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

—There are so many people who think that other people's eyes need doctoring because they can't see straight themselves.

I LOVE MUSIC.

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In Scotland, France and Germany, music you will hear;
The Italian loves to play the harp, he plays so soft and clear.
Sweet music always charms my ear, whatever it may be—
I love to hear Tom Moore's sweet songs, they have such harmony.

CHORUS.

I love music, I love singing, I love dancing—it's entrancing;
I love babies, I love ladies—yes, they are all the world to me.

The Irish songs are soft and sweet, they harmonize so well,
"The Meeting of the Waters," or, "The Emigrant's Farewell."
There's Bobby Burns, the great Scotch poet, whose memory shall reign
In Scotland, where he lived and died, and honored was his name.—*Chorus.*

In speaking of our poets great, there's one now whom I'll name,
His praise is sung both far and near, he's well known for his fame;
'Tis of William Cullen Bryant I speak, who Americans will adore;
His works are read throughout this world, from this to foreign shore.—*Chorus.*

SOMEBODY'S COMING WHEN THE DEW-DROPS FALL.

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Somebody's coming when the dew-drops fall,
Somebody's coming for a twilight call;
He will be welcome to the best of all,
So I'll keep a little kiss for him.
We are happy as the day is long,
And no one shall ever make us sad;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew-drops fall.

CHORUS.

Somebody's coming, coming quickly,
Coming when the little dew-drops fall, darling;
You will be welcome to the best of all,
I'll keep a little kiss for you.

Somebody's coming when the stars grow bright,
Somebody's coming with a smile to-night;
Roses will listen for his footsteps light,
And the nightingale will sing to him.
I will meet him at the garden gate,
To tell him the secret once again;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew-drops fall.—*Chorus.*

Somebody's coming with a heart so true,
And he will whisper in the twilight, too,
One little story that is ever new,
'Tis the one I always love to hear.
Hark! he's coming, for I hear his song,
The sweetest, the gayest of them all;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew-drops fall.—*Chorus.*

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by Charles Ingle.

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In the good old days, in the dear old days
When a song was called a "lay", sir,
When they played high jinks and they said "methinks",
'Tis well a-lack a-day, sir;
Out, varlet out; thou'rt a clumsy lout.
Ha! sayest thou, thou wilt, sir?
Split me, zounds, o'ds blood, thou shalt chew the cud,
Have at thee in friendly tilt, sir.

CHORUS.

To say they never swore in the good old days of yore
Would be highly incorrect, sir;
They heartily abused one another when they used
The words that I select, sir.

In those good old days, in those costume plays
They'd carry on a dispute in
Language most polite, though we moderns might
Consider it highfalutin.
"Thou shouldst feel the weight on that ugly pate
Of my trusty Toledo blade, sir;
But I would not hurt such a malapert,
Nay, beshrew me! I'm not afraid, sir."—*Chorus.*

In those good old days, in those dear old days,
When folks would say, "I ween, sir,
By my troth, gad zooks, but I like thy looks,
Thou hast a courtly mien, sir;
Pledge my true love's name by my knightly fame,
Her eyes like stars do shine, sir;
Stap my vitals, sir, thou'rt a mangy cur;
Go to! thou'rt flushed with wine, sir."—*Chorus.*

Little Shoes Our Angel Wore.

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Words by Frank A. Kent. Music by C. Forman Smith.

In the bureau, wrapped with care,
Where no careless hand can harm.
Lies a tiny pair of shoes,
Old and faded, partly worn;
Mother takes them from their rest, their rest,
Gazes while her heart is sore;
Oh, those precious, priceless gems,
Little shoes our angel wore.

CHORUS.

Little shoes, whose lovely wearer sings so sweet on heaven's shore,
While we treasure what you've left us, little shoes our angel wore.

Oh, how happy was the time,
Little darling used to run,
Tripping from her mother's knee,
Come to papa to have fun.
Now those little feet so still, so still,
They will patter never more,
While we treasure, always will,
Little shoes our angel wore.—*Chorus.*

BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES.

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By the sad sea-waves I listen, while they moan
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone.
I am young—I was fair, I had once not a care
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun,
Yet I pine like a slave by the sad sea-wave.

CHORUS.

Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone;
Come again, bright days, come again, come again.

From my care, last night, by holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream-light my home upon me smiled;
Oh, how sweet, 'mid the dew, every flower that I knew
Breathed a gentle welcome back to the worn and weary child.
I wake in my grave by the sad sea-wave.

CHORUS.

Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smiled;
Come again, dear dream, come again, come again.

Will You Love Me When I'm Old?

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I would ask of you, my darling, a question soft and low,
That gives me many a heartache, as the moments come and go.
Your love, I know, is truthful; but the truest love grows cold—
It is this that I would ask you: Will you love me when I'm old?
It is this that I would ask you: Will you love me when I'm old?

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its ev'ning bells be toll'd,
And my heart will know no sadness
If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of life together we are sailing side by side,
Hoping some bright day to anchor safe beyond the surging tide.
To-day our sky is cloudless, but the night may clouds unfold,
And its storms may gather 'round us—will you love me when I'm old?
And its storms may gather 'round us—will you love me when I'm old?—*Chorus.*

When my hair shall shame the snowdrift and mine eye shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one in the valley as I go;
I would claim of you a promise worth to me a world of gold.
It is only this, my darling: that you'll love me when I'm old.
It is only this, my darling: that you'll love me when I'm old.—*Chorus.*

—Maddox: "I like your new house very well, except for one thing." Simeral: "What is that?" "There is a saloon directly opposite." "That is a drawback in one respect, but what a convenience it is to know where you can always find a policeman."

—"Wanted—reliable men," reads Mrs. Bascom, from the advertising columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband and remarked: "And the world'll wait a considerable number of centuries yet before it gets 'em."

DAR'S A NEW COON WEDDIN'.

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Words and Music by A. S. MacKenzie.

Dar's a new coon weddin' in de town—
Spread de news for miles around,
For ole Professor Johnson and his banjo will be dar;
Tell all the yaller gals to fix and curl their har,
Tell Bill Jones to fetch along de sand,
And we'll dance to the music of Johnson's colored band.
Don't forget Ole Rastus and be sure to bring him 'round,
'Cause dar's a new coon weddin' in de town.

CHORUS.

Dar's a new coon weddin' in de town, dar's a new coon weddin' in de town;
Won't we have a high old time, drinking negro gin and wine;
Dar's a new coon weddin' in de town, dar's a new coon weddin' in de town.
Come, see all de yaller gals for many miles around
At de new coon weddin' in de town.

Take my advice afo' you come,
Bring your razor and your gun;
Dar's sure to be trouble, when I'se upon de floor,
I'll keep dem quiet or I'll frow dem out de door.
Ole Bill Jones will shuffle on de sand,
And all de yaller gals will shake for to beat de band;
When dey played de Swannee River, how sweetly it did sound
At de new coon weddin' in de town.—*Chorus.*

Gathering Shells from the Sea Shore.

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I wandered to-day on the sea shore;
The winds and the waves were low,
And I thought of the days that are gone, Maud,
Many long years ago.
Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud;
Not a care nor a sorrow did we know,
As we played on the white pebbled sand, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.

CHORUS.

Gathering up the shells from the sea shore,
Gathering up the shells from the shore;
Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.

Oh, don't you remember the day, Maud,
The last time we wandered on the shore?
Our hearts were so joyous and gay, Maud,
For you promised to be mine evermore.
Then the shells they were brighter than ever,
And the bright waves were lovelier than before;
The hours were but moments to us, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.—*Chorus.*

But now we are growing up in years, Maud,
Our locks are silvered and gray;
Yet the vows that we made on the shore, Maud,
Are fresh in our memories to-day.
There still is a charm in those bright shells
And the sound of the deep ocean's roar,
For they call back the days that we spent, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.—*Chorus.*

I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary.

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I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where once we sat side by side
On a bright morning long ago, when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary, and the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words you never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary—I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep with your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make me no new friends;
But, oh, they love thee better far, the few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and bright May morn, when first you were my bride.

BIDDY MALONEY.

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By Harry Birch.

Says Patrick to Biddy, "Good morning, me dear;
It's a bit of a sacret I've got for your ear;
It's yourself that is lookin' so charming the day
That me heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
"'Tis you that can flatter," Miss Biddy replies,
As she throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes;
"Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'twas thinking of you
That is makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue;
That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue.

CHORUS.

Oh, Biddy, me darlint, I've loved none but you,
And me heart is now breaking for you, now, that's thrue;
It's a bit of the flirting ye've done in your life,
But I care not a ha'per if you'll be my wife.

Sure, I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Maloney'll be such a foine name."
Cries Biddy, "Have done with yer tarkin', I pray,
Sure, me heart's not me own for this many a day.
I gave it away to a good lookin' boy,
And he thinks there is no one like Biddy Malloy;
Don't bother me, Pat, jist be aisy," says she;
"And indade, if ye'll let me, I will that," says he.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that," says he.—*Chorus.*

"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are on the sly,
I'll not throuble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-bye."
"Ah, Patrick," cries Biddy, "an' where will ye go?
Sure, it is not the best of good manners ye show
To lave me so suddint" "Och, Biddy," cries Pat,
"You have knocked the cock feathers jist out of me hat."
"Come back, Pat," says she. "Now, what for thin?" says he.
"Oh, bekase I meant you all the time, sir," says she.
Bekase she meant me all the time, now you see.—*Chorus.*

OUR LITTLE NIPPER.

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by Charles Ingle.

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I'm just about the proudest man that walks,
I've got a little nipper, when 'e talks
I'll lay yer forty shiners to a quid,
You'll take him for the father, me the kid.
Now as I never yet was blessed wi' wealf
I've 'ad to bring that youngster up myself,
And though 'is education 'as been free
'E's allus 'ad the best of tips from me.

CHORUS.

And 'e's a little champion, do me prond well 'e's a knock out,
Takes after me and ain't a bit too tall;
'E calls 'is mother "Sally" and 'is father "good old pally",
And 'e only stands about so 'igh, that's all.

'E gits me on at skittles and 'e flukes,
And when 'e wants to 'e can use 'is dooks;
You see 'im put 'em up, well there, it's great,
'E takes a bit of lickin' at 'is weight.
'E'll stick up like a Briton for 'is pals,
An' ain't 'e just a terror with the gals;
I loves to see 'im cuttin' of a dash,
A-walkin' down our alley on the mash.

CHORUS.

There 'e's a little champion, do me prond well 'e's a knock out,
I've know'd 'im take a girl on six foot tall;
'E'll git 'imself up dossy, say "I'm goin' out wi' Flossie,"
And 'e only stands about so 'igh, that's all.

I used to do a gin crawl ev'ry night,
An' very, very often come 'ome tight;
But now of all sich 'abits I've got rid, rid,
I allus wants to git 'ome to the kid.
In teachin' 'im I takes a reg'lar pride,
Not books, of course, for them 'e can't abide;
But artful little ikey, little ways,
As makes the people sit up where we stays.

SPOKEN—Only last Sunday, me an' the missus took 'im out for a walk—I should say 'e took us out. As we was comin' 'ome I says to the old gal, "Let's pop into the 'Broker's Arms' and 'ave a drop o' beer." She didn't raise no objection, so in we goes, followed by 'is nibs. I'd forgotten all about 'im. I goes to the bar and calls for two pots of four'alf. Suddenly I feels 'im a-tuggin' at my coat. "Wot's up?" sez I. "Wot did yer call for?" sez 'e. "Two pots o' four'alf," sez I. "Oh," sez 'e, "ain't mother goin' to 'ave none?"

CHORUS.

Well, 'e's a little champion, do me prond well 'e's a knock out;
"Drink up," sez 'e, "three pots, miss, it's my call."
I sez, "Now, Jacky, Jacky!" 'e sez, "And a screw of baccy,"
And 'e only stands about so 'igh, that's all.

—The world is full of people who are always looking for a sledge hammer to crack a peanut.

A Pretty Little Birdie in the Hand.

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Written by George Horncastle. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
I often have heard people say;
And as it's been proved so for many years past,
It's equally good for to-day.
So when opportunity comes in your way,
Now don't you be "muffs" and mistake it;
If any young man wants to give you a kiss,
Just do as I would, girls, and take it.

CHORUS.

A pretty little birdie in the hand, sweet, sweet,
Is worth two in the bushes, understand, sweet, sweet;
Then if you're pleased with number one and think you'd like its brother,
Put salt upon its little tail and then you'll catch another.

Now if you are troubled with lovers, dear girls,
But hold—there is not any "if";
I know you all have got a beau, and, of course,
You often with him have a tiff.
To make up the quarrel, if he brings a ring,
Of diamonds and pearls—do not linger,
But say you forgive him, and then let him place
That ring upon your engaged finger.—*Chorus.*

Dear boys, you are all getting jealous, I know,
Because I've not sung of you yet;
But now it's your turn. So, supposing you've gone
A-courting some sweet little pet;
If she says, "Look out, or mamma will come in!"
Directly you've started your teasing,
Then murmurs, "Oh, Charlie, oh! don't—stop it, please!"
Take her at her word—go on squeezing.—*Chorus.*

Put Yourself in Gilligan's Place.

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Written by Corney Blamphin. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I've just come from a funeral, I'm sorry for to state,
The man we've put away to-day for years has been my mate;
He told me he was goin' to try and black McNulty's eye,
Oh, but divil a word did he tell me that he was goin' out there to die.
Poor Gilligan! he met his death, I cannot tell you how,
They brought him home in pieces, awful must have been the row;
His friends assembled at the wake, this was their plaintive cry:
"Oh, Gilligan! oh, Gilligan! whatever made you die?"

CHORUS.

Put yourself in Gilligan's place,
As dead as any stone;
His pals were by with a tear in each eye,
And they cried, "Oh, dear, Ochone,
Why did you die?" But he didn't reply,
He treated them with disdain;
And if you had been in Gilligan's place,
Why, you would have done the same.

Now, Gilligan went for a sail, a Chinaman for a guide;
At first the sea was very smooth and he enjoyed the ride,
But bye and bye a storm came on; says Gil., "We'll strike for land."
Said the Chinaman, "Don't you stand bossing there, but just give me a helping
The boat upset, with water filled, and like a stone it sank; [hand."
Gilligan looked 'round and by his side he saw a plank;
He got upon the plank and then the Chinaman got on, too;
Says Gilligan, "You must clear out, this plank won't carry two."

CHORUS.

Put yourself in Galligan's place
And say what you would do
Upon a plank that was safe with one,
But would never carry two;
But Gilligan kicked the Chinaman
Into the raging main,
And if I'd been in Gilligan's place
You bet I've had done the same.

Now, Gilligan took lodgings with a widow, Mistress Mash,
She'd sixteen kids to bring her joy, and also lots of cash;
She cast sheep's eyes on Gilligan and his whiskers long and red,
So he axed her the question. "All right," said she—then, of course, they both
At length another lodger came, and from that very night [got wed.
Poor Gilligan suspicious got that things were scarcely right;
He made a hole in the shutter, and one night what did he see?
His wife was there, as bould as brass, upon the lodger's knee.

CHORUS.

Put yourself in Gilligan's place,
It's red you'd paint the town;
Gil. didn't get made, but says he, "Bedad,
Here's another bark outward bound."
He left her the kids, but collared her cash,
Then crossed the raging main;
And if you'd seen what Gilligan saw,
Why, you would have done the same.

OUR COUNTRY.

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Words and Music by C. Forman Smith.

From North to South and East to West our flag it floats with pride,
And 'neath its heav'nly stars and stripes how many patriots died;
Land of the noble Washington, who fought with patriots brave,
And, with the pray'rs of loyal hearts, from foes our land he saved.

CHORUS.

God bless our own dear native land, so full of joy and peace;
United, we will ever stand—divided, we must surely fall.
God smile on us for aye.

The martyr'd Lincoln how we loved; how grand, how true, how brave!
A nation's tribute comes to one whose pen did free the slave.
How many hearts still bear the wounds of battle's strife and roar;
And may our own God-favored land at peace be evermore.—*Chorus.*

The martyr'd Garfield, in our hearts his mem'ry ne'er will fail;
A man of God whose loyal heart at death it did not quail.
O God, who doeth all things well, bless our dear native land;
And may all foes who in it dwell be swept away as sand.—*Chorus.*

We sing of noble General Grant who fought and served us well,
And other generals known to fame, who in our hearts will dwell;
Brave soldiers who laid down their lives, their country for to save;
And may their memory in our hearts go with us to the grave.—*Chorus.*

The land of cities vast and great, and mountains, hills and dells;
The land of forests, orchards, fruits, sweet land where beauty dwells;
The land of rivers, lakes and bays, of science and of arts;
The land of maidens sweet and pure, land of the loyal hearts.—*Chorus.*

The land of mines and farm-lands great, of poets, statesmen dear;
God bless our land of liberty, and be Thou always near.
And may our glorious banner wave until the trump shall sound;
And may all foes who raise a hand meet death, wherever found.—*Chorus.*

The declaration we do love, of independence sweet;
Our constitution, may it stand all storms that 'gainst it beat.
Brave men who signed the noble page, brave men whose hearts were right;
And may the thoughts of Plymouth Rock ne'er fail from freedom's light.—*Cho.*

Romance of a Bad Young Man.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Chas. D. Blake.

First we see a loving grouplet sitting 'round the teething child,
Then a case of wicked crouplet drives the weeping parents wild;
Saved, he rolls his little hooplet, and his hair is dressed in curls,
Then he sits upon the stooplet tensing all the little girls.
Grouplet, crouplet, hooplet, stooplet, tensing all the little girls;
Grouplet, crouplet, hooplet, stooplet, tensing all the little girls.

CHORUS.

Grouplet, crouplet, hooplet, stooplet, tensing all the little girls;
Grouplet, crouplet, hooplet, stooplet, tensing all the little girls.

Then he takes his little booklet and he dips in learning's pool,
When not fishing in the brooklet, which he much prefers to school;
There he baits his little hooklet, to the fish he throws a fly,
Then the boys get up a cooklet and to broil their victims try.
Booklet, brooklet, hooklet, cooklet, and to broil their victims try;
Booklet, brooklet, hooklet, cooklet, and to broil their victims try.

CHORUS.

Booklet, brooklet, hooklet, cooklet, and to broil their victims try;
Booklet, brooklet, hooklet, cooklet, and to broil their victims try.

School he quits and seeks a shoplet where he toils for three a week,
But he likes a horse and hoplet, and his pocketbook will leak;
Thinks he'll jump to reach the toplet and he robs the village bank,
He is caught, but gives the droplet to the law and order crank.
Shoplet, hoplet, toplet, droplet, to the law and order crank;
Shoplet, hoplet, toplet, droplet, to the law and order crank.

CHORUS.

Shoplet, hoplet, toplet, droplet, to the law and order crank;
Shoplet, hoplet, toplet, droplet, to the law and order crank.

Now we see another grouplet gathered in a prison cell,
And another case of crouplet, pardon only cureth well;
'Round his neck they put a looplet, in the air his body whirls,
And no more he'll block the stooplet courting all the pretty girls.
Grouplet, crouplet, hooplet, stooplet, see the plot in nature's plan;
Booklet, brooklet, hooplet, crouplet, how his mind to slaughter ran.

CHORUS.

Shoplet, hoplet, toplet, droplet, hear it all and run who can;
Grouplet, crouplet, looplet, stooplet, romance of a bad young man.

—Some people can trust God as long as they have plenty of money, but when the bank breaks their religion goes with it.

A Kiss from Your Own Dear Wife.

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Words and Music by Gus Williams.

In this world I've had my pleasures, both upon the land and sea,
Always looking on the bright side, I'm contented as can be;
All the joys of life I've tasted, nothing e're has gone amiss,
And the acme of enjoyment simply lies in a sweet kiss.

CHORUS.

A sweet little kiss when a baby, you got from your mother dear,
A kiss from the girl you loved when a boy, with love that was quite sincere;
A kiss from the one you called sweetheart while journeying on through life,
But the sweetest of all that I can recall is the kiss from your own dear wife.

There's a kiss, the kiss of parting, an unwelcome sad embrace;
Other kisses are all sweetness, as they happen in their place.
What's a kiss? what does it taste like? Can you tell me? Now I ask;
Even Webster can't define it, to describe it is a task.—*Chorus.*

CHARMING LOU.

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Words by Frank A. Kent. Music by C Forman Smith.

While strolling on the avenue one pleasant day in May,
I met my charming little Lou who stole my heart away;
I strove to gain attention, by sev'ral little ways,
But spite of all invention she'd give no cheering rays. Oh!

CHORUS.

Eyes of blue, softest hue,
Peeping at me with their shy roguish glances;
Charming Lou, fairest are you,
Pride of my loving heart, sweet, charming Lou.

But as the days went gliding by and her I often met,
She ceased to be so awful shy, and then I chanced to get
An introduction to her, the "one in all" to me;
An now—a secret, keep it—we're going to married be. Oh!—*Chorus.*

THANKFUL EVERY TIME.

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By Sam Lucas.

Now an old colored preacher, while warning his flock,
Said meanness was Satan's best hook;
You can never be saved till your purse you unlock—
And then a collection he took.
The deacon passed faithfully through the dark crowd,
But all he brought back was the hat;
The preacher he took it and said quite aloud,
"Now we ought to be thankful for that."

CHORUS.

Thankful for that, yes, thankful for that;
Now we ought to be thankful for that.
If we get nothing else we can still keep the hat,
So we ought to be thankful for that.

Did you ever come home from a jolly good spree?
Go tumbling up to your door,
When your wife pulls you in by the hair of your head,
That night makes you sleep on the floor.
If she goes through your pockets, don't find any cash,
Your head she will beat with a bat;
And if your mother-in-law, too, doesn't get in a crack,
Why, you ought to be thankful for that.—*Chorus.*

The ladies' last move is a very strange freak
Which threatens to peril our sex:
Why, to dress like us men they certainly seek,
And all of our garments annex.
In our collars and vest they giddily prance,
They've siezed our shirt front and cravat:
But up to this moment they've left us our pants,
And we ought to be thankful for that.—*Chorus.*

There's the cashier of our bank, of whom you know well,
He's a person that looks like a saint;
If he should by chance overhear a bad word
He'd certainly drop down in a faint.
This cashier so pious, of whom you know well,
On Canada's side groweth fat;
He skipped with the boodle, but left us the bank,
And we ought to be thankful for that.—*Chorus.*

THE TWO NAUGHTY FLIES.

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Words by Howard Willis. Music by Dan Braman.

There were two flies, the story goes—
And flies are bad, as ev'rybody knows—
Who sang this song with buzz and hum:
'Let's go on a time, for the summer's come."

CHORUS.
Buzz! buzz! buzz! Hum! hum! hum!
Let's go on a time, for the summer's come.

One fly was blue, the other was black,
They both had spots upon their back;
They didn't give a rap for any other man,
For their father, mother, brother, or their sister Ann.

CHORUS.
Buzz! buzz! buzz! Hum! hum! hum!
For father, mother, brother, or their sister Ann.

So off they flew and did not stop
'Till they got inside a baker's shop;
One lit on a pie, one in the cream-cake pan,
For they didn't care a snap for the baker man.

CHORUS.
Buzz! buzz! buzz! Hum! hum! hum!
They didn't care a snap for the baker man.

The blue fly hid in a doughnut hole,
Then danced a jig on a hot French roll;
The black fly sat down on a wedding cake
And licked off the sugar at a 2:15 gait.

CHORUS.
Buzz! buzz! buzz! Hum! hum! hum!
And licked off the sugar at a 2:15 gait.

And when they'd sampled ev'rything
They started off upon the wing,
Buzzing a song with this refrain:
"Good-bye, sweetheart, 'till I see you again."

CHORUS.
Buzz! buzz! buzz! Hum! hum! hum!
Good-bye, sweetheart, 'till I meet you again.

Now if you're inclined to be a little fly,
Just get a pair of wings and eat cake and pie;
But don't overdo it, take care where you light,
Or you'll be in the soup when you think you're all right.

CHORUS.
Buzz! buzz! buzz! Hum! hum! hum!
Or you'll be in the soup when you think you're all right.

THINGS THAT MAKE A MAN FEEL LIKE A FOOL.

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Words and Music by Sam. Lucas.

Don't go to get shaved with no hair on your face,
It will make a man feel like a fool;
If you lose all the money you bet on a race,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
If you take a young lady to see a new play
And invite her to supper at a fash'nable cafe,
Put your hand in your pocket with no money to pay—
It will make a man feel like a fool.

If you're asked for the time when you've only a chain,
It will make a man feel like a fool;
If your umbrella turns inside out in the rain,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
If you ask a young lady to take a short stroll,
And your tailor steps up before you are aware
And asks you to settle that little affair—
It will make a man feel like a fool.

If you meet a young lady, all satin and lace,
It will make a man feel like a fool;
If you get but one glimpse of her beautiful face,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
If you lay your hand on her shoulder so bold
And she lifts her vail, and it's then you behold
A tough old maiden, some sixty years old—
It will make a man feel like a fool.

Don't step on a car when you've just paid your rent,
It makes a man feel like a fool;
When the conductor comes 'round and you haven't a cent,
It makes a man feel like a fool.
You're dressed up in style so nobby and nice,
Your necktie is made out of satin or lace,
Step off the wrong way and fall flat on your face—
It makes a man feel like a fool.

If a man has been married some ten or twelve years,
It makes a man feel like a fool;
If his wife strikes a ton, and she has made him shed tears,
It makes a man feel like a fool.
He meets with a lady of whom he knows well,
And asks her to partake of some wine, nice and cool;
His wife pokes her head in and says, "Ah there!"—
It makes a man feel like a fool.

HE'S OFF HIS TROLLEY.

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

No matter where you go now-a-days you see a trolley car,
It's trolley here and trolley there and trolley larly lar;
While walking out the other day with little Nancy Lee,
A trolley car came along and near run over me;
I shouted to the motorman, then he did ring the bell,
I took the number of the car and the crowd did loudly yell:

CHORUS.
He's off his trolley, his trolley lar,
He just put down the number of the trolley car,
With a ding, ding, ding and a dong, dong, dong,
In the morning he'll be off his trolley.

There's a jolly Johnny Juggins who crosses to Fort Lee,
Dressed in the height of fashion as any one can see;
His new straw hat is finely set with a trolley neatly fixed,
But in mid-stream a gale arose and Johnny he got mixed,
For the trolley, not the hat, was the cause of all the woe,
For the wind that blew so windy made both hat and trolley go.

CHORUS.
It's off its trolley, his trolley lar,
The hat and the trolley it blew away so far,
With a ding, ding, ding and a dong, dong, dong,
In the morning he'll be off his trolley.

There's poor old Patsey Murphy was just one minute late,
And you know no railroad company for any one will wait;
So they put a man named Mike McCann in poor Patsey's place,
And when he heard the awful news there was electric in his face.
The timer now he came around and saw Patsey awful stare,
He looked at him from feet to chin and loudly did declare:

CHORUS.
You're off your trolley, your trolley lar,
I've just put another man on your trolley car,
With a ding, ding, ding and a dong, dong, dong,
In the morning you'll be off your trolley.

I went down to a party not very long ago,
The wine and beer was plenty and not a penny you had to toe,
I waltzed around with little Kate, also with Mary Jane,
And then my feet felt shaky and my head began to pain.
I felt myself now getting full and I bid them all good-bye,
And when I reached my home, sweet home, I heard my dear wife cry:

CHORUS.
He's off his trolley, his trolley lar,
He just put down the number of the trolley car,
With a ding, ding, ding and a dong, dong, dong,
In the morning he'll be off his trolley.

RIGHT SMART SORT OF A GIRL.

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By Dan Braman.

I'm deeply in love with a charming young girl,
I met her one night at a ball;
She asked me to dance—thinks I now is my chance,
So with her I waltzed 'round the hall.
She said, "I must really leave here before ten."
"All right, Miss; may I see you home?"
She replied, "If you like," and from that very night
We've often been out for a roam.

CHORUS.
Watching, waiting, waiting to make her my wife;
She asked me last eve her words to believe,
That she loved me as she did her own life.
She's a right smart sort of a girl,
And she never flirts with the men:
She will make a good wife, for she's plenty of life,
And she never stays out after ten.

If we go to a show, or a party, or ball,
She keeps her mind fixed on the time,
And the hour she must know ev'ry minute or so;
To be late home with her is a crime.
And when I invite her to take a short ride,
She's ready and don't make me wait,
Though she'll say, "Home again we must be sure by ten,
Or Mamma will be at the gate."—*Chorus.*

Now I bought a ring for my darling to wear,
My wife very soon she will be:
And when we two wed, the sweet village bells
Will sound it abroad merrily.
But when our blessed honeymoon's over and gone
We won't be particular then;
We will stay out or in, as we like, ev'ry night
Till after the hour of ten.—*Chorus.*

JENNIE REILLY.

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Words and Music by Gus Williams.

There is a girl, a little pearl, and Jennie is her name;
When first I met this little pet, she set my heart a-flame;
With eyes so blue, they pierce you through, and leave a tender sting.
Most ev'ry night when stars are bright, around her house I sing:

CHORUS.

Jennie Reilly, you're the girl for style;
Jennie Reilly, my heart you do beguile.
Jennie Reilly, wear your prettiest smile,
And I'll make you my wife, sweet Jennie Reilly.

She's full of fun, with ev'ry one, she loves to romp and play;
She likes to chaff, and then her laugh, you can hear all the day.
I oft rejoice to hear her voice, in melody so sweet;
Just like a bird the notes are heard, so charming and complete.—*Chorus.*

She promised me quite cheerfully to be my darling bride;
Such happiness, I must confess, fills me with joy and pride.
When we're made one the "boys" I'll shun, and settle down for life;
But 'till that day I'll sing so gay about my future wife.—*Chorus.*

MY SON JACK.

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Words and Music by Arthur West. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

Now I am a widow of thirty-six,
But was married at sweet seventeen;
There wasn't a boy didn't follow my cloak
When I was a purty colleen,
And still they are after my hand and my heart,
But they're chasing my dollars as well;
But the one that gets me has to know from the start,
They must love Jack; the reason I'll tell.
My son Jack behind my back,
They tell me he's a very hard nut to crack;
He comes home tight in the middle of the night,
Sometimes when the day is dawning;
Me oath I'll take he wins the cake.
He's a jolly little rollicking, frolicking rake;
He tumbles into bed with a big fat head,
But he's up with the lark in the morning.

There isn't a boy can beat him on the base,
He's pitcher and always will be;
There isn't a fighter can get on his face,
For Jack has been known to lick three.
There isn't a man in the village that hits
My son Jack on the brink, but he has to cry quits;
There isn't a singer sings with him a song,
And the prettiest girl will be his before long.

I'LL NOT FORGET YOU, DADDY.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

A man, both old and feeble, tottered slowly up the stoop
And rang the mansion bell with every care;
'Twas his only daughter's homestead and he asked to see his child,
For poverty alone had forced him there.
He told her how his only son refused to give him aid,
With grief and shame he hung his snow-white head;
But a daughter's love will never fade, and with a tender kiss
She placed her arms around him as she said:

REFRAIN.

"I'll not forget you, daddy, though your faults have caused me tears;
I'll not forget you, daddy, for the sake of bygone years.
You toiled to educate me while the sun beat on your brow;
I loved you in my childhood, and I'll not forsake you now.

"The day that you deserted us," the daughter sobbed and said,
"I'll ne'er forget how poor old mother cried;
I am sure she loved you dearly, though you left us all alone;
She prayed for you the very night she died."
"'Twas for my honored family's sake," the poor old father said,
"To hide the shame to distant lands I fled."
As the tears were flowing down his cheeks, to soothe his aching heart
In sweetest tones the faithful daughter said:—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

Written by T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

A tout once gave me a tip on a horse,
And, like a jay, I believed him, of course.
Said he, "Back Lamplighter, the Suburban he'll win."
I followed his advice and dropped all my tin.
'Twas then I searched in vain for the tout,
But he knew a thing or two, of that I've no doubt;
I hunted for him, yes, all about the place,
But he was 'way out of sight, after the race.

CHORUS.

After the race was over, after Lowlander had won,
I had to walk back home in the hot broiling sun.
Oh, 'twas an awful journey, I thought I'd never get back;
But I was not the only one that walked the railway track.

I made a bet with a "sport" one night
That Sullivan would knock Corbett out of sight;
And I felt happy, as happy as a king,
When a party of friends said I had a sure thing.
I thought I had a "cinch," I will admit,
And treated them to wine on the strength of it;
But when I'd spent my cash they said, "Good night;
We'll see you again, old boy, after the fight."

CHORUS.

After the fight was over, after I heard the news,
I met the friends who said that Sullivan couldn't lose.
I told them of Corbett's victory; said they, "That's nothing new;
We didn't expect John L. to win, we were only joking with you."

A stage-struck damsel thought she'd like to be
A dashing soubrette in a farce-comedy;
She got an engagement—she only played one night—
I saw her lovely form in garments very tight.
She was bow-legged, yes, I'm sorry to say;
And that, of course, nearly queered the play;
Though the audience guyed her, she really didn't know
'Twas on account of her shape, till after the show.

CHORUS.

After the show was over, after a hot interview,
The manager he discharged her and told her the reason, too.
She said, "Oh, you sassy devil!" (while gazing at the footlights)!
"I'll never leave the stage while I own a pair of red tights."

The Tune that Stopped the Fight.

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. Weston.

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Words and Music by Chas. B. Weston. Arranged by Jerome Follette.

Tim Carey gave a party, it was a grand affair,
The neighbors for blocks around were all assembled there;
Some came in quite sober, others came in tight,
Murphy struck O'Rafferty and started up a fight.
There was trouble all around, murder in the air,
Nolan went for Dolan and smashed him with a chair;
Carey tried to stop it, they said he was a loon;
Every one was fighting, when the band struck up this tune:

CHORUS.

"Ireland, sweet Ireland," the music did play,
We all left off fighting and went dancing right away;
Oh, what a racket, you never saw such a sight.
"Ireland, sweet Ireland," was the tune that stopped the fight.

Early in the morning we started off for home,
No one knows where we went; around the city we did roam,
Drinking from the bottle, staggering left and right.
We met a big policeman and we had another fight;
We threw him on the sidewalk and we walked upon his breast;
Murphy jumped upon him and nearly smashed his chest.
Some one shouted "Kill him!" I think they would quite soon,
When a hand-organ on the corner played that good old Irish tune:—*Chorus.*

I never can forget it, no matter how I try.
When I came a-rolling home I had an awful eye,
My wife said something to me, my blood began to boil;
I started at the family for to do them up in style,
I smashed up all the dishes and upset all the chairs;
I pulled the landlord's whiskers and fired him down the stairs.
Some one shouted "Murder! He's crazy as a loon."
And the only thing that stopped me was that old familiar tune:—*Chorus.*

—Not in the Wood.—Summer Boarder: "I think, considering the price I pay and the poor accommodations you have, you might at least treat me with respect."

Mrs. Hayfork: "Well, mum, to tell th' truth, I can't feel much respect for people what pays the big prices I charge fer the sort of accommydations I give."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THE ROOSTER AND THE HEN.

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Written by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Chas. D. Blake.

'Tis a fact I'm known as that Peck's bad boy,
By that name I am called by all;
If I tried to tell the good deeds I've done,
You would say to me hire a hall;
But I'll give you one and that one is true,
'Bout a rooster that lived and died
In our yard at home, and his faithful hen,
That was always close by his side.

REFRAIN.

Well I should cackle, said she. [*Business—Imitation of hen cackling.*]
Well I should crow, replied he. [*Business—Imitation of rooster crowing.*]
The saddest of tales writ by pencil or pen
Is that of this naughty and fickle young hen.
The saddest of tales writ by pencil or pen
Is that of this naughty and fickle young hen.

At the grocer's store I dropped in one day—
As I reached out to pat the cat,
He remarked my hands were not very clean,
And he asked me the cause of that.
I replied, the dirt was an emblem pure
For a friend that had gone above,
Then he looked at me and he quickly asked
What had won such a bad boy's love.—*Refrain.*

Then I took the pick that he used for ice
And I cleaned out my finger nails,
And a pickle put in the old cat's mouth,
As I trod on the kittens' tails.
How that cat did yowl, and the grocer thought
She was going to have a fit,
While he went to throw her out of the door,
Then I sampled his stock a bit.—*Refrain.*

Back he came, his face had grown long and grave,
And he said, "Death is sad to see;
We are full one day of good health and joy,
But the next in a box we be.
A few words are said o'er our cold remains,
While some tears by a few are shed,
Then the drivers race and the mourners bet
As to who will get home ahead."—*Refrain.*

"For the greatest man who has ever lived,
When he makes from this word a jump,
No more tricks can take, but a nine spot he,
And he wins who has kept his trump."
Then the grocer stopped, and he asked, "Who's dead?"
"'Twas our rooster," then I replied;
Then the grocer took up a canvassed ham
And right plump at my head he shied.—*Refrain.*

Then I said, "How soon we are all forgot,
When we go to the far off shore."
Then I stopped and cried, and the grocer looked up—
I went on and told some more.
How our rooster loved, and our hen loved, too,
Such devotion I never saw;
She would hunt for worms and then call to him—
But they always went in *her* craw.—*Refrain.*

So the rooster soon in bad ways did get,
He went off and was gone all night;
And the hen told me that he'd gone to lodge,
But her eye had a wicked light.
And the end soon came, for his corpse one morn
Met my gaze as I chopped some wood,
While the widowed hen, with her youngling brood,
'Round the pump in their grief all stood.—*Refrain.*

But the widowed hen was soon flirting again,
As I thought in indecent haste,
And the rooster bold, who then lived next door,
From our yard I quite often chased;
But in vain I toiled, for the fickle hen,
When she saw that I was opposed,
Before me behaved, but she walked with him,
When she found the front gate unclosed.—*Refrain.*

It will end, I know, in another match,
Though a shame, to my mind, it is;
Yet I know, to eggs and spring chickens raise,
That the hens must attend to biz.
So it is with boys and with girls no doubt—
By their parents they're loved and nursed—
If the good ones die and the bad ones live,
Don't you think that the bad fare worst?—*Refrain.*

There's some reason though why this Peck's Bad Boy
Has escaped from the hand of fate;
I've no doubt some day I shall sure reform
If you all will be patient—wait—
No more jokes I'll play on my friends or foes—
If I try to be good I can;
It will give relief to my pa and ma
And, I think, to the groce-ryman.—*Refrain.*

—Why are there three objections to a glass of brandy? There are three scruples to a drachm.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

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Written by Chas. F. Pidgin. Composed by Chas. D. Blake.

I'm sure you all know I am Peck's bad boy,
My jokes have been read by you all;
But yet, perhaps, you will enjoy
If I count my tricks and my games recall;
My first was the one about Daisy sweet,
A letter she wrote to my Pa;
He nearly froze upon the street;
I told the whole "biz" to Ma.

CHORUS.

I am Mister Peck's bad boy, my time and my mind employ
In cutting up tricks and dodging the licks, I am Mister Peck's bad boy;
I am Mr. Peck's bad boy, my time and my mind employ
In cutting up tricks and dodging the licks, I am Mister Peck's bad boy.

Next day at the table I played a joke,
I thought I should die of the croup,
For my poor Pa began to choke,
Because rubber pipe I put in the soup;
He chewed and he chewed and his face grew red,
But Ma to the joke soon did drop;
He called me back and then he said,
"Darn foolishness now must stop."—*Chorus.*

One night when my Pa to initiate
Had gone to his lodge, as he said,
My chum and me for him did wait,
And sat on the stairs till we heard his tread;
Pa opened the door, as he came inside,
A stick to a bladder we'd hitched;
We struck and stabbed: Pa burglars cried;
Down stairs in a heap he pitched.—*Chorus.*

My Pa, chum and me all went off to sail;
Some poles and the bait I had fetched,
And Pa was sure he'd struck a whale,
The hook in the tail of his coat had ketched.
He pulled, and we helped, in the lake he fell.
He yelled that the water was cold;
I never knew nor heard folks tell
That clothes so much dew could hold.—*Chorus.*

One day I told Pa that my chum and me
A lodge like the Masons had got;
That we would give him a degree
Just like his own lodge, and he said, "all but."
A goat we had managed to get up-stairs,
And safe in the closet had shut;
That goat did maul him everywheres;
Pa owned that it was *all butt.*—*Chorus.*

You've heard that my Pa is inclined to tip
His elbow, he drinks like a fish;
Twelve times a day he takes a nip,
Much more than his wife or his son could wish;
The neighbors could see, when they happened in,
'Twas more than we chose to endure;
We took his flask, marked Fish's Gin,
And filled it with Liver Cure.—*Chorus.*

But all was in vain, still chock full he got;
We feared in the jail he would land;
My chum and me worked up a plot,
And swore we would lend him a helping hand.
One night, while he slept, with big chunks of ice,
Began to dissect him, in fun—
He prayed and begged, swore once, then twice,
With whiskey he now was done.—*Chorus.*

For years I have toiled, so my Pa would be
The pride of his wife and his son;
I hope that sight we soon shall see,
The bad boy's own work it will be when done.
Of boys few are placed in the world like I,
A Pa that will swear and will drink
My duty saw and said I'd try—
Reform is my line, I think.—*Chorus.*

I've done some good deeds in my life so far;
I mean to do more if I live;
From raging drink to save my Pa,
The rest of my life I would gladly give.
My foes may abuse, but in vain they lie.
Like glue I shall stick to the fight,
When boys called bad do good like I,
There's plenty to say I'm right.—*Chorus.*

—Thrift.—Summer Resort Doctor: "The cause of your illness is simply over-exertion. What have you been doing?" Thrifty Youth (feebly): "I—I rowed twelve miles in two hours yesterday." "Mercy on us! We had a land breeze yesterday, and the thermometer was nearly one hundred in the shade. Why did you row so hard?" "You see, doctor, I—I hired the boat by the hour, and—and I wanted to get the worth of my money."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE WAXWORK SHOW.

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by Edward Jones.

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Just give the drum a good old bang, and let the trumpet blow, sir;
Walk up, walk up, you mustn't miss the monster waxwork show, sir;
I've figures representative of every blessed nation.
I tell you what this show of mine's a liberal education.

REFRAIN.

It's Gospel true, I give you my word; I ain't a man to blow;
One "D'e" the price, and too absurd for such a gorgeous show.

There's Brigham Young with all his wives and numerous pro-*geny*,
Which gives the lie direct to them as says he hasn't any;
The three old maids of Lee, with Bonaparte and Richard Turpin,
A realistic model of a sparrer wot's a-chirpin'.—*Refrain.*

I've Jumbo and a model of the whale that swallered Jonah,
A costermonger walkin' out on Sunday with his donna;
I've famous actors by the score in togs you can't call seedy;
There's Bessie Bellwood, 'Arry Rickards, Kemble and Macready.—*Refrain.*

I've Daniel in the lion's den, and the man who struck O'Hara,
A model of the 'arp which once would sound through 'alls of Tara;
There's Gen'ral Booth, Uriah Heep, the Shah, and Mrs. Grundy,
And a figure wot shows the awful result of a-closin' the pubs on Sunday.

I've celebrated burglars, too, and popular murdresses,
In fashionable tourists' suits and most expensive dresses;
You'll find a portrait-model, too, of every well-known martyr,
There's Mr. Parnell and King John a-signin' the Magna Charter.—*Refrain.*

There's life-sized reproductions of the nightingale two-headed,
The youthful princes in the Tower a-sleepin' double-bedded;
There's great composers by the score—Beethovens, Wagners, Lutzs,
And King Canute by the sad seashore a-washin' 'is "tootsie-wootsies."—*Refrain.*

YOURS, ETC.

Words by A. Chevalier. Music by John Crook.

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That humbug is the spirit of the age you will admit;
It masquerades as honesty, and passes off for wit;
At every turn in life you're bound to feel its potent sway.
It almost seems as if no other policy would pay.
To prove I'm not romancing, read the letters you receive.
Nine-tenths of all the sentiment expressed is make believe.
A fellow spins some awful yarn that harrows up your blood,
Till some one nips your charitable instinct in the bud.
A really awful tale,
Which makes your cheek turn pale,
"A wife and sixteen children," underlines it.
You find, to your surprise,
It's all a pack of lies,
Still "Truly yours" is how the fellow signs it.

Now say that you determine you will settle down in life;
You look about and meet the girl you'd like to make your wife;
You tell her that you love her, she appears to worship you,
And for perhaps a twelvemonth you will fondly bill and coo;
But o'er the scene at last there comes a disagreeable change.
You say, "My darling, tell me why your manner is so strange."
She gives no explanation, but refuses you a kiss,
And shortly you receive a note, which runs somehow like this:
Though promised love to you,
Alas! I've proved untrue.
This sentiment observe she underlines it,
I shortly mean to wed
Another man instead,
And "very faithfully" is how she signs it.

Then take the boy who through a fortune soon contrives to run,
Who cannot walk abroad without encountering a dun;
He doesn't know the value of the money that he spends,
At losing it he's cleverly assisted by his friends.
He argues, "If I'm stony broke, to dad it's all the same;
He wouldn't like to think that I'd disgraced his honored name.
I know he's in the dark about my capers up to now;
I'll write a filial letter and he'll spring another thou."
He spends his father's cash,
Delights to cut a dash.
No common drink for him, he always "wines" it,
Then drops his dad a note—
One sentence I will quote,
"Obediently yours" is how he signs it.

Now say that with a friend misunderstandings you have had;
At your supposed iniquity the fellow's almost mad;
You try to calm him down, but find it's not the slightest use;
He answers all your arguments with violent abuse;
You meet him with a smile, and he salutes you with a frown;
You wait until you think perhaps his temper's cooling down,
Then write and say, "Shake hands, old chap; to make it up I yearn";
And this is the civil letter you get from him per return:
To break with you he's glad,
Infers that you're a cad.
(To emphasize the insult underlines it.)
Suggests that you may go
To, well, say Jericho,
And "yours respectfully" is how he signs it.

THE EVERFLOWING BROOK.

Written and Composed by Albert Chevalier.

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In a nestling nook, by a rippling brook,
Where the shadows come and go
(The idea's not new), where the moist'ning dew
Made the scented violets grow.
There a maid forlorn, with a look of scorn,
Read this phrase, considered clever;
It had caught her glance, in a book, by chance,
"And the brook flows on forever."

With indignant look at that running brook,
And a laugh at poet's twaddle;
She began to think by that water's brink,
Turned it over in her noddle,
But she thought too much, and her doubts were such,
Though to solve it she'd endeavor.
A sigh she'd heave; she could not believe
That the brook flowed on forever.

With desponding air she sat thinking there,
Till her thoughts grew dim and hazy.
"Oh, this routine strange, will it never change?
There and then it drove her crazy;
Then she wandered more than she'd done before,
As she murmured, "Will it never,
Now it's once begun, ever cease to run?"
But the brook flowed on forever.

As her madness grew, she resolved to do,
What would prove the bard deceiver;
In poetic lore she would prove once more
That she was an unbeliever;
With a wooden beam she would dam that stream,
Thinking thus its course to sever;
She went home that night, in a dismal plight,
But the brook flows on forever.

MOLLY AROON.

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Words by B. M. Music by J. H. Wadsworth.

Sweet jewel, my heart has gone out of my kapin',
An' I'm wantin' it back wid a slice of your own,
For I drame through the night, when I ought to be slapin',
Of the purtiest girl in the County Tyrone.
'Tis yourself an' you know it, more shame you won't show it,
But I'll 'list, by my faith, for a dashin' dragoon
If you don't quit your jokin' that's more than provokin',
An' pity my love for you, Molly aroon.

There's Shusey Magee, drinks her tay out of chaney;
Her father, the drover, has money in store;
An' Kitty McKenna, that plays a payanna,
An' troth, if I liked, I could name many more;
But little I care for themselves or their riches;
An' the music you'd make wid your noggin and spoon
Would be sweeter to me if I slept in the ditches,
An' scraped the same pot wid you, Molly aroon.

Och, Molly, achorra, don't kill me wid sorrow,
I am 'wake on me feet wid the weight of my woes;
My houldin's neglected, an' famine expected,
My plow in the meadow a roost for the crows;
An' little it matters, my poor heart in tatthers,
For a corpse on the boord I'll be stretched for you soon,
Or wid ribbons all flyin', I'll laugh while you're cryin',
Then wed where you will cruel Molly aroon.

I've a heart true and thender, to love you forever,
Five cows and a cowlt, and a guinea to spare;
Not to mention my faction, the sowl of a ruction,
Mavrone! can't they scatther the fun of a fair;
But long-legged Mullen and crooked-eyed Cullen,
They brag of your smiles, but I'll aither their tune,
For there's murdher a-brewin', an' all of your doin'
I'm losin' my sowl for you, Molly aroon.

But I don't care a rap if I never see glory,
He's not in shoe-leather who'll take you from me;
An' for all your sweet schamin', the end of the story
Will tell in my favor, a colleen machree;
For I know in your heart there's a spark for me burnin'
No schamin' can smother, so whisper, aroon,
'Tis a fortnight to Lent, and you'll never repent
If they call us next Sunday, sweet Molly aroon.

—His Firm Resolve.—"Alas, Mr. Bullfinch, it cannot be! Unhappy girl that I am, I am plighted to another, but I beg of you, do not take it so much to heart." "So much to heart! Why, Miss Smilax, all these years that I have drudged as your father's clerk, it has been the one object and aim, the one fond hope and happy dream of my life, to be one day taken into the firm."—*The Jester.*

THE DEAR IRISH HOMESTEAD.

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Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

As my mem'ry awakens to scenes long ago,
How I love to recall them again;
There are tokens of friendship we never forget,
And relics we always retain.
I can picture a village of sunshine and flowers
Where stands a cabin of stone;
'Twas under its roof where I first saw the light,
In my old country home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

Dear Irish homestead, I think of thee,
Rustic old cabin, in fancy I see;
Home of my boyhood, I love thee so,
Dear homestead of long ago.

I remember, on Sunday, the tiny white church,
Where my sweetheart she sang in the choir;
And the shady green lane where we strolled, she and I,
Our love tales seemed never to tire.
See the old village parson with kindly good face,
'Twas he made Norah my own;
She's gone, like the past, yet I see her again
In my old country home, sweet home.—*Chorus.*

Playmates in School Days Were We.

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Words and Music by W. E. Richardson.

I'm thinking now of school days, those happy days gone by,
When in the merry playground we made the moments fly;
When I, with Harry Muley, the brightest of our boys,
Swore to be chums forever and share each other's joys.
Thus time flew gently past us, inseparable were we,
For I was all to Harry and he was all to me,
Till bright-eyed Mary Mason gave smile and "How d'ye do?"
With cupid's dart struck Harry, and the same dart struck me, too.

CHORUS.

Playmates in school days were we, pals when years older we grew,
Clinging together like brothers thro' life, trusty and staunch and so true;
Swearing to brave side by side life's battle in calm or gale,
Till the day pretty Mary smiled sweetly on both, and then came the old sad tale.

I'm thinking now of manhood, oh, what a change has come!
For I'm engaged to Mary, and soon we're to be one;
The happy day is nearing, ah, happy day for me,
The dreams of smiling children, a-climbing on my knee.
The scene is changed to sadness, when, on my wedding eve,
A tiny sealed-up packet from Mary I receive,
Enclosing a short letter. Great God! can this be true?
"I've gone away with Harry, for I love him more than you."—*Chorus.*

I'm thinking now of winter, in an attic cold and bare,
My dear old chum now lying with death's wan, vacant stare;
He'd welcome death that moment, would sooner die than live,
But cannot die till he's asked his old pal to forgive.
The door I open gently, once more we're face to face,
One moment's pause, then hands meet in a last fond embrace;
My dying pal now whispers, "She's false to me and you;
Forgive me, Tom, forgive me, and may God forgive her, too."—*Chorus.*

DOLLY DOUSE.

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Words by Wm. Devere. Music by Fred. Gagel.

There's a little household angel in the corner on the floor;
There's a happy mamma watching through the crevice of the door;
There's a bit of sunshine flirting with a mesh of baby's hair,
As she rocks her little dolly in her cradle rocking chair.
The dolly is not handsome, for she only has one arm;
Her nose is gone, which is, I trow, poor dolly's sweetest charm;
For our darling seemed to prize it as the treasure of the house,
And for hours she'll lisp this lullaby to little Dolly Douse:

REFRAIN.

By low, bye, baby, bye, bye; don't weep,
Mamma will rock little baby to sleep.
Mamma and papa, sit still as a mouse,
Or else you will waken my poor Dolly Douse.

Our poor dolly is asleep, now we will put her in her bed,
After mamma's smooth'd the pillow for dear Dolly Douse's head;
She will sleep and never waken now until the break of day,
Unless her dear mamma wants her to assist her in her play.
But when the evening shadows chase each other from the skies,
And trembling, sleepy lashes shade the little tired eyes,
Then she leaves the tiny cradle and to mamma's knee she'll creep,
And her mamma says this lullaby while baby goes to sleep:—*Refrain.*

THE ACTOR'S BOARDING HOUSE.

By William Jerome. Tune—"Hey, Rube."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I'll sing you of an actor's boardinghouse that's run by a Dutchman, Herman Kruse,
It's No. 22 Great Jones, and the price per week is just six bones.
It's run upon the just-out plan, by this Michael Pheana Dutchman,
Who wants you to settle in advance and so to beat him there's no chance.
I'm up eleven flights of stairs, and in my room there are no chairs,
No signs of gas or a candle light, in fact my room is out of sight.
We sleep eleven in one bed, and in the morning six are dead,
The first one up is the best one dressed, to-day I lost my coat and vest.
Some other actor stole my shoes, and took them out to get some booze.
They feed on hash three times a day, and the serio comics all chew hay.
The house is full of museum freaks, for a season of just forty weeks.
They are a dizzy looking troupe, and the turtle boy fell in the soup.
They all have English pugs to pet, and their picture's in the Police Gazette.
They say there's one 'em mashed upon, but not on your life says John.
They played Delaware and Water Gap, and other towns not on the map,
Then comic songs all night they sing,
And when they hear the dinner bell, oh, how like Indians they do yell.
Around the table sit in pairs, and read the ganzy bill of fares,
Oh, the beefsteak it is awful tough, but at it we all make a bluff.
To-day I took a great big chunk to make some hinges for my trunk.
The coffee it is awful weak, it hasn't strength enough to speak,
With the butter it fought two rounds, but had to settle on its grounds.
We had some steak called Laughette, I ate some and am laughing yet,
And then they gave me ox-tail soup, made from the leg of old Bill's boot,
But when they passed the custard pie, oh, me! oh, me! oh, me! oh, my!
Upon my piece I found a hair, for things like that I did not care,
But a boarder next to me named John, he ate the pie with jo-jo's on.
When we got thro' we said our prayers, and wish'd we could climb the gold'n stairs.
We have a party every night, that always busts up in a fight.
Pound parties are the fad, you see, at the one last night they pounded me.
Then Christmas was the game they played, with their stockings on a line arrayed.
I had none, but to get a chance, upon the line I hung my pants.
Some got presents, oh, so fine! some son-of-a-gun got into mine,
Then to my room I bade retreat, and went to breakfast in a sheet.
Ta-la-la-boom-de-rae, Since it was enough for me,
I'd sooner be in Kankakee. Ta-ta, ta-ta, boom-de-ree.

HE WORE A WORRIED LOOK.

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Words by J. B. Dickson. Music by Harry Randall.

We all have some sort of trouble in our life,
That seems to worry our lives;
Some are worried if they happen to be wed,
And others if they haven't got wives.
My pal Smith was not worried in this way,
Tho' his manner was a bit grotesque,
Till one night a pal invited him to see
An "up to date" burlesque.

REFRAIN.

And he enjoyed it very much,
And his sides with laughter shook,
When the band began to play ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,
He wore a worried look, he wore a worried look!

Now Billy Brown he was looking for a girl
Who'd make a beautiful wife;
One he wanted with a knowledge how to cook,
Who'd make him very happy through life.
He'd read all of the letters about wives,
In the *Telegraph*, that could be seen,
He picked out a ladylike and sylphlike girl,
He thought a perfect queen.

REFRAIN.

Then he resolved to marry her,
For she told him she could cook;
When his teeth he gaily thrust within her first pie crust,
He wore a worried look, he wore a worried look!

Now Jones a man is who's musically inclined,
He played the jewsharp and flute;
And he played his banjo all the blessed day,
Until the lodger showed him his boot.
Once he courted a girl who never went out,
So he twanged his banjo in the yard,
But her pa objected to his serenade,
His voice was cracked and hard.

REFRAIN.

Oh, he was full of love and beer,
And the bulldog a fancy took,
When he gave a sudden glance at the back of his pants,
He wore a worried look, he wore a worried look!

Now Tomkins once went to Long Branch for a week,
To loll, to row and to spoon;
Oh, it seemed to him just like a fairy dream,
The time it passed away too soon.
Once at six he went out to have a dip,
At a spot he'd never been before,
And he swam about for nearly half an hour,
Then struck out for the shore.

REFRAIN.

And he went back to find his clothes,
In some lone, secluded nook,
But no clothes of his were there, he'd nothing left to wear,
He wore a worried look, he wore a worried look!

WATCHING AND WAITING.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

Down on the shore near the harbor in Cork,
Is a little old cottage that stands by the sea;
Right over here in the State of New York,
Is a laboring lad and a youngter is he.
Hard at his work ev'ry day of his life,
And if he could gaze o'er the foam,
He would see at the door sweet Elly O'Moore,
By his mother's side, sitting at home.

CHORUS.

Poor old mother seated at the door,
In her little cottage by the sad sea shore,
With love her eyes are dim, as she gazes o'er the track,
Waiting and watching, till her boy comes back.

Twelve months have passed since he left Grannail,
For he couldn't get work on his own native shore;
Twelve months have passed since the vessel set sail,
And his mother and sweetheart he ne'er may see more!
His letter each week brings the light in his eye,
That only a mother's love can,
And she sits by the door and thinks of her boy,
Will she see him when he is a man?—*Chorus.*

Night-time when most of the work has been done,
Near that little old cottage that's close to the sea,
Most of the boys gather round with the fun,
Whilst sweet Elly O'Moore takes a seat by her knee.
One plays the pipes, or another will sing
The songs of old Ireland of yore;
While she smiles at the fun, she's listening still
To the wild waves that beat on the shore.—*Chorus.*

MARGUERITE,

— OR : —

Waiting for a Lord.

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Words by R. Willrose. Music by V. Fassone.

Of the boys who vow they love me, I have had at least a score,
First a gay and charming Frenchman, then a handsome, dark Signor;
Then a stout and hearty "Deutscher," and a Spaniard full of pride,
Then a smart and cute young Yankee, and they all to me have sighed:

CHORUS.

Marguerite, I long have loved you madly,
Marguerite, I really want you badly;
Marguerite, oh dear! I love you so,
Ah, tell me, tell me quickly, shall I stay or go?

It was on the gay boulevardies, as I passed amid the throng,
And was feeling rather lonely, that my Monsseer came along;
He'd the loveliest moustachio, and *tres, tres chic* was he,
And we'd not gone far together, when he softly sighed to me:

CHORUS.

Marguerite, *je t'aime, je t'aime,*
Marguerite, d'you think you feel the same?
Marguerite, *ma foi!* I love you so,
Oh, tell me, tell me quickly, shall I stay or go?

Then a Yankee from Chicago came across the pond to see
All the finest sights of London, so of course he soon saw me!
Then I told him I was longing for a peep at the World's Fair;
Says my Yankee, smart as ever: "Wal, I guess I'll take you there."

CHORUS.

Marguerite, you bet I love you madly;
Marguerite, I guess I want you badly;
Marguerite, you'd best believe that's so,
Ah, tell me, tell me quickly, shall I stay or go?

Now it happen'd that I wandered into Whitechapel one day,
Where the costers all adore me in their own "chevalier" way;
There was one who most politely always used to doff his cap;
If he didn't there accost me, just as every other chap:

CHORUS.

Marguerite, you really are a blazer;
Marguerite, you even beat Elizer;
Marguerite, jump on my barrer, do!
So 'elp me, I will only love the moke and you.

You will think it rather funny I am still in single bliss,
But if you'll keep it secret, the reason why 'tis this—
For an English lord I'm waiting, and I think the time is near,
When, with his arms around me, he'll whisper in my ear:

CHORUS.

Marguerite, I long have loved you madly;
Marguerite, I really want you badly;
Marguerite, be Lady So and So;
Then I shall answer quickly, and it won't be "No!"

NODDING OFF TO SLEEP.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

In olden times a story's told of grandpa John
And dear, old aunt Maria, loved by ev'ry one;
Singing, Sundays, in the choir, at home sitting by the fire,
Telling stories, never tire—happiness complete.
And when the supper dishes were all laid away,
Daughter Mary Ann would take her babe and say:
"'Tis time, my darling one, to rest, into your cradle creep,"
Then watching grandpa John and aunty, nodding off to sleep.

CHORUS.

Nodding off to sleep, nodding off to sleep, with a sweet smile on their faces;
Then grandpa John and aunty and baby would fall fast asleep.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

Bye, oh, baby; bye, oh, baby; bye, oh, baby; bye, oh, bye;
Then grandpa John and aunty and baby would fall fast asleep.

Now age on aunty and grandpa was telling fast,
And when dear friends would call, a pleasant eve to pass,
During conversation deep they would slowly nod to sleep;
Quiet ev'ry one would keep, then slowly steal away.
The old clock softly ticking in the silent night,
Huge logs there a-burning in the fireplace bright,
Reflecting on the faces there the firelight's fitful play.
"There never lived a happier couple," Mary Ann would say.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Composed and sung by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

A puzzled face boy climbed his uncle's knee for a story to make him grin,
And his Uncle John said, all right, old sport, and then he started in.
He said, my lad, I'll tell to you a story that is dead true,
How your father and I, at the beach one day, fooled two little girls in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, I guess hadn't eat for a week;
One, she looked like the dog-faced boy—believe me, she was a freak.
One little girl in blue, lad, said to your Uncle John
She'd like some beer, but John couldn't hear, for he had his ear muffs on.

One of them said she was a soubrette, played every town on the map,
Also said she was just eighteen; she was forty or I'm a jap.
The other one said she was just sixteen—saw sixteen years, you mind,
If she only saw sixteen, take my tip, lad, for forty-eight she was blind.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, we took pity and let them feed,
Human shadows they both were, a good meal they did need.
Two little girls did eat, how they did fill in, pet,
While they were busy we left the place, I guess they are eating yet.

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

Written and sung by Frank North.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

One Monday evening, only last fall,
I bought a ticket for a grand ball;
Having some money, and, just for that night,
I hired a dress suit that fit me tight.
When I got dancing, on the floor I did slip,
I nearly fainted when I heard a rip!
Every one shouted when they saw me fall:
Go hock that dress suit after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, after the girls had gone,
I quickly got into a flour barrel, just at the break of dawn;
As I strolled down the avenue, a German band, that's all,
Near broke my heart when they made a start to play "After the Ball."

I'm fond of baseball, yes, I like that sport,
When played by ladies with dresses short;
I get excited, although not to blame,
I hate the ball field since the last game.
One little maiden, who looked immense,
She hit hard the baseball, it went over the fence;
They quickly threw me in the air, that's all,
Over the fence, boys, after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, I picked it up and run,
They quickly told a copper that was their only one;
He chased me up an alley, and he did loudly call:
I tell you true I'm not after you, but after the ball!

GOIN' TO THE FAIR.

By M. Phelps Dawson.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

All the folks thet's anythin' is goin' to the Fair,
En I shall go if I kin sell my little sorrel mare.
I can't toot, es some folks do, or on a banjo play,
Or dance or do a bang-up thing to help me pay my way.

I hain't anythin' to show the fair folks keers to see.
I hain't on no committee, so there's nuthin' left for me
But jest to sell my sorrel mare and with the money go,
My soul with great big rapture filled, to the great Chicago show.

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

Written and sung by Daniel K. Ruff.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

A little chippie climbed on a big bum's knee,
Begged for a glass of beer—"give it to me,
I have no money, I'm on the bum,
Please give me beer, sir, or else give me rum.
That is the reason why I do beg,
I'm standing here, love, trying to pull your leg."
He said, go away, pet, and that was all;
She got a punch in the nose after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, after the music had gone,
After the chippies all leaving, after they all sang a song,
Many a head was busted, if you should seen them all,
Many a setler powder was taken after the ball.

Torchlights were burning in a bum ball room,
A mud gutter band was playing an Annie Rooney tune,
There stood a chippie on the other side—
She kissed a picture, and then she cried:
"Where is my fellow I had an hour ago,
Has he deserted me 'cause I was slow?
Listen to my tale of woe, I won't tell it all,
I got two black eyes after the ball."—*Chorus.*

One day a message came from that bum,
Said he was loaded and full of rum
When he met her on that fatal night;
Said that, my girl, ain't she a sight?
Now he is dead, that poor old soul—
He was her lover, so he was told;
Now she has left him behind the garden wall,
That's where he died, after the ball.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

Written and sung by Frank North.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

It's only last night that I had a strange dream,
And I thought I had money to play;
So I jumped in a hack and went down to the track,
I had a sure thing, so to say.
I heard the judge holler—the horses—they're off!
And the one that I bet on ahead;
But just in the stretch he fell 'way behind,
When I lost, I nearly dropped dead.

CHORUS.

I saw the old jockey that gave me the tip,
I saw the old bookmaker smile:
And his heart filled with joy, when he said: My dear boy,
Play the races, you'll win after awhile!"
The band played "Annie Laurie,"
And I played Annie Rooney to win,
But my horse is running the old year out
And the new year in.

As I left the race track I dreamt I walked coming back,
And I stopped in a saloon near by;
I quick gave the wink when I asked for a drink,
And I told the bar boy on the sly:
I know very well that I've seen you before,
You'll be paid for this drink, never fear!
So the schooner he passed, and I quick grabbed the glass,
I was nervous and upset all the beer.

CHORUS.

I saw the old lager run down on the floor,
I dreamt of the schooner I broke,
And I thought it quite queer when I spilt all the beer—
From the sound of the glass I awoke.
My pal was sweetly snoring,
And to wake him I thought was a sin,
While the bedbugs were singing the old year out
And the new year in,

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,
Our organist is ill to-day, will someone play instead?
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle whose clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn,
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away,
The preacher rose and softly said, good brethren, let us pray.—*Refrain.*

Always Mind Your Sister Jennie.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A plain little cottage, a cold winter's day,
A fond mother's life slowly ebbing away,
Two sisters in tears standing there by her bed,
To hear the last words that their dearest friend said.
One sister to womanhood lately had grown,
The other to fifteen years scarcely could own;
The poor mother knew that the youngest was wild,
So her counsel she gave to her fair, youngest child:
"There are things, little girl, that you can't understand,
There are lures and temptations, dear, on every hand,
You will find, little Jennie, thro' sorrow and woe,
That your sister will comfort and love you, I know!"

CHORUS.

"Always mind your sister, Jennie, she's the dearest friend of any,
You will need her, darling, heed her, and you'll never have a fear;
She will be a mother to you, let her life be happy thro' you,
Just believe her, don't deceive her, always mind your sister, dear!"

A street in the city, a warm summer's night,
A tall pretty lassie, a youth gay and bright;
She, laughing and talking as slowly they passed,
He, thinking, "My angel, I've got you at last!"
"Suppose we have supper, my pretty," he says,
"I know where to take you, a nice quiet place;
Of course you'll say 'yes,' for it's not very late,
And then I will see you as far as the gate."
But before she could answer, a form that she knew
Came quickly towards her, ah! what should she do?
Her sister was calling, "Come, Jennie, away,"
And the dear voice of mother again seemed to say:—*Chorus.*

One of His Legs Is Longer than It Really Ought to Be.

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Words and Music by Lew Dockstader.

A friend of mine once got a fall that broke his leg and arm,
The doctor set them right away, which lessened our alarm,
And as the arm grew strong again our hearts were light and gay,
But when he tried to walk around we all began to say:

CHORUS.

Why one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be,
We all began to pity him and gave our sympathy,
But John said, I don't care, because there's many more than me
Who has a leg that's longer than it really ought to be.

Some time ago a dashing dude a lovely damsel met,
He told the girl he loved her so her charms he'd ne'er forget;
She learned that he was wealthy, and I know the girl was poor,
But now the girl is wealthy and the man is broke, I'm sure.

CHORUS.

And one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be,
I guess she must have pulled it till it loosened at the knee;
He used to be a model, for a splendid form had he,
But now one leg is longer than it really ought to be.

While riding on a railroad train a masher chanced to see
Two girls whom he invited in the dining car to tea;
They ate up everything they saw, for more began to shout,
The masher paid the bill and from the car came limping out.

CHORUS.

For one of his legs was longer than it really ought to be,
Just think of settling on a train a dinner bill for three;
Just try the same yourself some day, and then you'll quickly see
That one leg will be longer than it really ought to be.

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I'm the Only One Left of the Family.

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Words and Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

In a humble little cottage, we would gather 'round at night,
Father, mother, sister, brother,—'twas, to me, a pleasant sight;
All the family so cheerful, by the fireside's ruddy glow,
In those happy days of childhood, that again I'll never know.
Mother knitted in the arm-chair, while my father proudly told
Of the war and all its battles, in those stirring times of old.
Then we shared their good night kisses, when our evening pray'r was done;
Now the old home's gone forever, all have left me, one by one.

REFRAIN.

I'm the only one left of the fam'ly, the world I plod all alone,
And the tears sadly fall as I fondly recall the hearts that forever have flown;
Not a home on this earth like my own I see, no loved ones half so fair;
I'm the only one left, of all I'm bereft, there's no one my life to share.

O'er the deep my brother wandered, and we used to watch for him,
From the little cottage window, in the twilight soft and dim;
How my mother longed to see him, and my father pray'd in vain
For his sailor boy's returning, but he ne'er came home again.
Father, mother, old and feeble, and my sister passed away,
Oh! their memories are sacred, in my heart, from day to day.
And my life is very lonely when I think of them afar,
In the land of joy and beauty, where the sinless angels are.—*Refrain.*

Thro' this world, as lone I wander, ev'ry heart seems sadly cold;
So unlike are all that greet me, to the gentle ones of old;
Only one dear home is given unto us while on this earth,
'Tis the home where dwelt our parents, 'tis the home that gave us birth.
Father, mother, sister, brother, and my humble cottage home,
Oh! your memory is sacred, while, 'mid strangers, here I roam.
And whatever may befall me, I shall ever keep it green;
For the present has no pleasure, all my joy's in what has been.—*Refrain.*

BAR HARBOR DOWN IN MAINE.

By Matthew McMurray.

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Some poets may sing of a foreigner's soil,
But I'll speak in the praise of a neat little isle,
An isle that for grandeur cannot be surpassed,
If you search the world's map from the first to the last.
Its picturesque valleys and mountains so grand,
By the spray of the ocean continually fanned,
Its daughters renowned for their beauteous fame,
They call it "Bar Harbor away down in Maine."

When you rise in the morn the sun shines on high,
Not even a cloud mars the brilliant blue sky.
The song of the bird sounds so sweet and so clear,
You would wish that the summer would come twice each year.
And at night when the birds have all ceased their sweet song,
The old village bells chime out their ding-dong,
Which makes it a heaven where peace it does reign,
'Tis the Gem of the Ocean, "Bar Harbor in Maine."

Often I've wandered down by Eagle Lake,
And wondered why summer should ever forsake
A scene so enchanting and fair to behold,
With its clear rippling waters so pure and so cold
As it glides gently on past each shady nook,
Till it reaches that beautiful babbling Duck Brook,
'Tis there where a poet should forever remain,
And sing in the praises of "Bar Harbor in Maine."

I've climbed Green Mountain to its uttermost peak,
And stood on the summit and seen Otter Creek,
Its murmuring waters by rugged rocks spanned,
Placed there by Nature, the work of God's hand.
Each scene underneath me its beauties display,
I feel I am monarch of all I survey.
East, North, West and South is mountain and plain,
I wish I was king of "Bar Harbor in Maine."

Some people for pleasure to foreign lands rove,
But they can't find a spot to compare with Hull's Cove;
Not far from the Cove is the Ovens so fine,
Surrounded by the beautiful chestnut and pine.
They send forth a perfume so deliciously sweet,
'Twould remind you of Heaven, 'tis nature's retreat,
Its a picture of beauty in sunshine or rain,
And the Queen of the Waters is "Bar Harbor in Maine."

I've made many friends since I landed in June,
Summer has fled, we must all leave here soon.
Martin Honan, Jim Foley, Charlie Campbell, Mike Shea,
Are four jolly members with hearts light and gay.
Danny Hurley, the barber, Layden, Bill White and the "Doc," are all cute.
But the boss of them all is the redoubtable "Tute."
I hope we'll all meet and touch glasses again,
In that Temperance Island, "Bar Harbor in Maine."

An old resident there that I cannot let slip,
A friend to all the bold Knights of the Whip,
Always good natured and never seems surly,
Long life and good health to our old friend Pat Herlihy.
Just call at his place and you'll get all you want,
Its himself has the stuff in his neat restaurant,
Beer, ale, whiskey and sparkling champagne,
But you must keep it quiet at "Bar Harbor in Maine."

The Troubles of the Farmer.

Written by Thomas C. Carter.

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How many have heard in days gone by,
A lot of mournful old ditties
About the troubles of town-bred folks,
And those who hang out in our cities.
The farmer alone, we have often been told,
Is the man whose days are sunny;
Who exists like a prince in his rural home,
And rakes in most of the money.

CHORUS.

But the man who lives by the plow and the hoe,
Who flounders through mud and worries through snow,
Isn't always in luck, as some of us know,
And sometimes his troubles are many.

The weevil comes round to chew up his wheat,
And his corn is assailed by the crows;
The bugs get after the young squash vines,
And the bullfrog disturbs his repose.
The hen-hawk chases his useful fowls
Whenever they happen to stray,
And the bumble bee camps in the clover lot
And frisks around in the hay.—*Chorus.*

The political bummer is after his vote
When election time draws near;
His hand is shaken from morn to night,
And the populist sings in his ear
That the People's party is just the thing,
And everything else is vapor;
He must smash the tariff and Wall street, too,
As the proper political caper.—*Chorus.*

It's all very well when a traveling man,
With something to lighten labor,
Just asks for the farmer's autograph
To show to his next door neighbor;
But he loosens the dog and loads his gun,
And wishes that cuss was nearer,
When the name is attached to a promise to pay
By a trick of the bunco steerer.—*Chorus.*

Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas. J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."

Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning grey ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the coffin with a pray'r;
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He sat up in the coffin while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He sat up in the coffin while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."

So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console;
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;
So, as clods began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under, it's a lucky thing, by thunder!
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under, it's a lucky thing, by thunder!
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

The Lighthouse on the Lake.

(THE GOVERNMENT LIGHTHOUSE AT FORT NIAGARA.)

Written by Thomas C. Carter.

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Afar we saw a gleaming ray across Ontario's foam,
Whose welcome lustre lit the way to loving friends at home.
Our boat was on the restless waves that wash a foreign shore,
And faintly, as from nereid caves, we heard Niagara's roar.

CHORUS.

That kindly beam, long may it gleam to far Canadian strands,
Nor discord's night obscure the light between our friendly lands.

Behind the lighthouse daytime sees our flag of stripes and stars,
And on the summer evening breeze the sunset cannon jars.
But peace has spread her rainbow wing where once was battle's plain,
No more the sounds of conflict ring from distant Lundy's Lane.—*Chorus.*

Once more upon our native sands our vessel grinds her keel,
Once more we wave our eager hands, while gleams of welcome steal
Across the waves that, day and night, with constant music break
Beneath the friendly beacon light that guards the restless lake.—*Chorus.*

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I saw a maiden standing 'neath a tree one summer's eve,
And in her hand a flower held, and as those tiny leaves
Were plucked and cast away by her a tear bedimmed her eye;
Each leaf one tear, each tear one sigh, a sob, I knew not why.
But when I drew near to this maid, whose heart I thought would break,
I heard her speak some simple words and mine began to ache;
The pangs of disappointed love o'er her soul held full sway,
He loves me, no, he loves me not, I heard the maiden say.

CHORUS.

He loves me, oh, he loves me not, I heard the maiden say,
And then she threw those tiny little faded leaves away;
He loves me not he loves another more perchance than me,
But if he's happy in his love, contented I must be.

The years rolled on, but not a tear I saw in this maid's eye,
The fountain spring of love with her had long, long since run dry;
If her heart ached with pain, I'm sure that no one ever knew,
It seemed though he were false to her, to him she still was true.
In springtime when the flowers bloom, beneath the same old tree
At eventide quite often this sad maiden you can see;
The leaves from off a flower she plucks, just as in other days,
And as they flutter one by one, I hear the maiden say:—*Chorus.*

Love Is Not What it Used to Be.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

Oh, poets have sung of the joys of life for more than a thousand years,
Both women and men have felt its thrill, its sunshine and its tears;
And warriors bold, in the days of old, they fought for their loves and died
But if one returned from the battle field, then he could claim his bride.

CHORUS.

But love is not what it used to be, that's what I have been told;
Once they married for love, they say, but now they get married for gold.
Boys and girls, they have changed as well, all the world will agree,
What they called love in the olden time is not what it used to be,

An old maid sat under a chestnut tree, with nobody by her side,
Her face was as wrinkled as it could be, her curly locks were dyed,
But once she had lovers, a dozen or more, that's when she was young and free,
She never will marry she found that love is not what it used to be.

CHORUS.

Yes, love is not what it used to be, that's what I have been told,
Once they married for love, they say, but now they get married for gold.
Boys and girls, they have changed as well, all the world will agree,
Ask an old maid and she'll say that love is not what it used to be.

When a man and a woman get married, they both promise to love and obey,
The husband's the boss of the house for awhile, but the wife soon gets full sway.
He goes to Chicago to get a divorce, and once again both are free,
She goes to her mother and tells her that love is not what it used to be.

CHORUS.

No, love is not what it used to be, that's what I have been told,
Once they married for love, they say, but now they get married for gold.
Boys and girls, they have changed as well, all the world will agree,
When you get married you'll find that love is not what it used to be.

He Didn't Seem Glad to See Me.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I can't forget the days gone by, they seem to me dream-land,
When I had wealth and plenty at my command.
Then all my friends, like butterflies, clung to me night and day,
When I was down they spread their wings and flew away.
I met an old-time chum of mine I'd favored in the past,
Of all the friends that turned from me, I thought he'd be the last;
We met upon a crowded thoroughfare, one winter's day,
I spoke, he simply bowed his head, then coldly turned away.

CHORUS.

He didn't seem glad to see me, as oft he had before,
Forgotten were the favors I did in days of yore,
When we were chums together, staunch friends for many a day;
My heart stood still and almost broke, as he turned his head away.

I saw a mother standing just outside a prison cell,
And pleading with her boy who by the wayside fell;
But soon the prison guards came in to take her boy away,
Heart broken she said, "Jack, lad, have you naught to say?
Remember, I'm your mother, Jack, deny me don't, I pray;
You know that when a babe I nursed you, lad, both night and day,
I come to you when all your so-called friends have turned from thee,
A mother's heart beats for you still, don't turn away from me."

CHORUS.

He didn't seem glad to see her, as oft he had before;
Forgotten were the gray hairs he loved in days of yore,
When as a babe he nestled by her side, night and day;
The tears from her eyes fell like rain, as he turned his face away.

I saw a lover fondly kiss a sweetheart sad farewell,
I saw the quiv'ring lips, also the tears that fell.
"Good-bye, my darling," were his words, "my heart remains with you,
Don't worry, now, or fret, my love, for I'll be true."
I saw the maid in after years, her face was thin with care,
It seemed to me she sought some one, while wandering here and there.
I saw them when they met, and her sad heart shone through her eyes;
The greeting on his part was cold,—I only could surmise.

CHORUS.

He didn't seem glad to see her, as once he had before,
Forgotten were the pledges he made in days of yore
When, heart and soul together, they whiled long hours away;
One heart was broke, one light went out, as he turned his head away.

The Same Sweet Bells are Ringing.

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Words and Music by Arthur Sinclair.

There's a picture in my mem'ry of a happy country home,
Where a mother and her children dwelt for years;
There's a picture in my mem'ry of a father, stern and old,
And a daughter who once fled that home in tears.
On a Sabbath morning early, as the church bells sweetly rang,
From the nest of joy and comfort where the happy birdlings sang;
I can see the scene before me, as a mother begged and prayed,
And the picture of the daughter who had strayed.

CHORUS.

The same sweet bells are ringing, the same sweet birds are singing,
The same sweet vines are clinging to the home of her youth in the lane;
The same sweet lips are sighing, the same sweet eyes are crying,
The same sad heart is dying, but she'll never return again.

She was guiltless as an angel, so the story goes, they say,
But the passion of a father little heeds;
So, with bitter hate and anger in a frenzied mood, one day,
He drove her forth to taste life's bitter weeds.
'Twas in vain the mother pleaded for the one whom she loved best,
And in vain her voice came ringing, "Oh, come, daughter, on me rest!"
Then the door was swiftly opened, and just like a caged bird
The child she loved had gone, without one word.—*Chorus.*

But hark! to the bitter wailing of the storm—'tis a dreadful night,
As over the deck of the ferry there darts a flash of light;
And lo! 'midst the raging torrent that falls from the starless dome,
A form leaps out in anguish and sinks in the troubled foam.
All the past is now forgotten, and when dawn shines o'er the deep,
There's a soul at rest forever, there's a broken heart asleep.—*Chorus.*

—Welcome Visitors.—First Little Girl: "Aunt Maud and Aunt Clara visited us yesterday, and they brought me a doll." Second Little Girl: "Aunts are nobody. Pooh! Anybody can have aunts visit 'em. We have angels, real angels, visit our house. Some were there last night." "Angels! Did you see them?" "N—o, I was asleep, but this morning I saw the baby they brought."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THE FADED LETTER.

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Words and Music by F. J. Tierney.

I found yesterday an old faded letter,
I received many long years ago;
It had lain all the time within a dusty drawer,
All forgotten by me, you know.
'Twas yellow with age, the writing was dim,
The words I could scarcely see,
But I cannot forget the sorrow and regret
That this old faded letter bro't to me.

REFRAIN.

Never be too hasty, for sometime you may be wrong,
'Tis better to be sure and injure none;
When you're filled with ire, keep powder from the fire,
Right is might the world all round.

The letter was from a sweetheart that I worshipped,
And I'd heard he'd proven untrue;
I sent back his ring and all his pretty trinkets,
I tho't it the thing to do.
He wrote me and showed that I was in the wrong,
And prov'd that he was faithful to me,
But the letter went astray and during the delay
My faithful lover Jack was lost at sea.—*Refrain.*

It reached me at last and told me the story,
And I tearfully locked it away;
It's lain there alone through all these weary years,
Where I found it but yesterday.
To read it again brings back to me the past,
And in memory I dimly see
The anguish of years, the bitter blinding tears,
That this old faded letter bro't to me.—*Refrain.*

MARY SHANE.

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Words and Music by F. J. Tierney.

In a cot there dwelt pretty Mary Shane,
Fairer than the roses blooming in the shady lane;
She was loved by Dan, honest hearted boy,
And consent was given by her father full of joy.
Mary's father was a smithy, hearty, hale and rugged man,
And he gave his pretty child, with tears and a sigh, to Dan.
Those were joyful days, days without a care,
When the dimpled baby came, then they were a happy pair.
Winter passed away, Spring came with its bloom,
Then there fell a shadow, darkly turning joy to gloom.

CHORUS.

Dark days always come when least expected,
Anguish and tears to those who act in haste;
Fond hopes blighted thro' vows that are slighted,
Home when deserted is a dreary place.

Now the tempter came, with a jaunty air,
Stopped and spoke to baby, and he stroked its golden hair;
Mary coyly blushed, as he asked its name;
Then he passed quite often,—how could Mary be to blame?
While he lingered Mary listened at his plottings to destroy
All her treasured future plans, as he caressed her boy.
Then came Danny home, whistling o'er the moor,
Calling wife and baby to their humble cottage door;
When he entered in, all was dark and drear,
Danny called but vainly then, for none were there to hear.—*Chorus.*

Mary fled with babe to the noisy town,
And the villain gave her rings, for her pretty hands so brown,
But with all her silks she was sad and pined,
For she thought of Danny, home so lonely, far behind.
Then the villain soon he tired of the village beauty's face,
And then came desertion and days of dark disgrace;
Mary, faint and cold, begged for baby's bread,
Till at last she heard the sound of that old familiar tread;
Face to face at last, safe on Danny's breast,
Then he gently whispered, "Now come home with me and rest."—*Chorus.*

—"I never saw anyone so careless with books as Mrs. Holdfast." "Did you find it out by loaning to her?" "No, but half the time she doesn't know where her last magazine is when I go over to borrow it."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—"It's always a harrud-workin' mon I have been," said Mr. Grogan. "Oi hov niver been known to throw a good job of work over me shoulder—excipt, av coorse, carryin' th' hod."—*Indianapolis Journal*

JUST THE GIRL FOR ME.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

Just down the lane beyond the turn, a little cottage stands,
The girl I love resides within, my heart her smile commands,
I call to see her every night, the stars shine from above,
We stroll together arm in arm, and tell our dreams of love.

CHORUS.

She's not so very pretty, no prize beyond compare,
No eyes that shine as diamonds do, no locks of golden hair,
But then she's always pleasant, and as good as good can be;
Though others may not fancy her, she's just the girl for me.

Although she dresses very plain, she always looks so neat,
Her modest ways and smiling face, in manners so discreet:
Her heart is full of kindness, and her voice is meek and mild,
I love her now in womanhood, I loved her when a child.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By Wm. D. Hall.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

One night I wandered into a church,
Accompanied by one of the choir,
Who spoke of love and the far beyond
In a manner I had to admire.
She told me of things both sacred and good,
As we sat side by side in a pew,
And I'll never forget the first night I met
The little girl dressed in blue.

REFRAIN.

One little girl in blue, lads, one little girl in blue,
Said to me, sincerely, that her evenings out were few,
And when I suggested supper, she said she did not care,
And things went on lovely till this little dovey got on to the bill of fare.

One little girl in blue, then,
Ordered a chicken stew,
With all the side dishes, against my wishes,
They had on the menu.
Then this little girl in blue, lads,
Call'd me her own fond pet,
And the very next minute I knew she was in it,
For she smoked a cigarette.—*Refrain.*

Next one little girl in blue ordered
Champagne for two,
Saying, "Stranger, I'm no granger,
I carry a corkscrew."
And when she had tired of drinking,
She hugged me 'round the throat,
And finding me easy, she said "Won't you please me,
And buy me a seal skin coat?"—*Refrain.*

One little girl in blue then
My pocketbook went through;
I was handy for that dandy
To fondle, touch and "do."
She said it would not be forward
To use her christian name,
Then she went to work, with one sudden jerk,
And away flew my watch and chain.—*Refrain.*

One little girl in blue, just
One little girl in blue,
Spoke of marriage, hailed a carriage,
Oh! she was a cuckoo.
But finding I had no money,
The cabman angry grew,
Whereupon he sailed in, and he did me up trim,
Till my eyes wore a darkened hue.—*Refrain.*

One little girl in blue—I'm
Glad that there wasn't two—
Call'd me silly, jay and gilly,
Then skipped the tra-la-la-la;
And as she took her departure,
I played myself for place,
And when on my course, in the arms of remorse,
A forlorn and hopeless case.—*Refrain.*

One little cop in blue, just
One little cop in blue,
Thinking I might stop out over night,
Said, "I'll care for you."
And when I awoke next morning,
With a head the size of two,
I swore that forever my love I would sever
From all maidens dressed in blue.—*Refrain.*

ROSE OF KILDARE.

By Henry P. Sullivan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Be aisy awhile and I'll sing you a song,
A song of true love and of her I adore;
I could sing all the day and dream the night long,
Of Helen O'Connell, my colleen ashtore.
She's loved and admired the villages 'round,
She's so kind and so loving, so gentle and fair,
There's not a true Irish lad, I'll be bound,
But would die for the sake of the "Rose of Kildare."

Her brow is as fair as a child's in repose,
And crowned with a halo of clustering curls;
Her cheeks bear the delicate blush of the rose,
Her lips, like twin rubies, frame two rows of pearls.
Her eyes are as bright as the heavens above,
Sea-maidens might envy her wealth of brown hair;
More stately than Venus is my own true love,
My beautiful darling, the "Rose of Kildare."

But her low gentle voice and her fond winning smile
Are above all these charms, which are fleeting though fair;
For they come from a heart that is free from all guile—
Such hearts are so precious, because they're so rare.
What a pleasure it is on the bright summer days,
To wander together o'er fields that are fair,
By soft purling brook and through cool shady ways,
And to whisper sweet love to the "Rose of Kildare."

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Words by Winans and Bennett.

Two old men at a lithograph gazed of two girls in the biz for years,
When one old guy asked the other why their tightlets had caused him tears.
Come listen to me and I'll tell you why—the tears trickle from my nose—
One night, like a dummy, I spent all my money to keep these two girls in clothes.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in clothes, boys, two little girls in clothes,
They were sisters, they threw twisters, and on me they did impose;
These two little girls were fly, boys, they collared all my man,
I stood in a flurry, they flew in a hurry, saying, Johnny go get your gun.

Now these two girls up the avenue strolled, 'neath the glare of the electric light,
And they were playing in rather hard luck, for they had no money that night;
Just then two young fellows with high hats came leisurely strolling by,
These three pretty strollers, they caught the high rollers, my dear old pal Jack and I.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in red, boys, two little girls in red,
They started a fight, got arrested that night, in a cell the two went to bed;
And one of these girls was fly, boys, in the wall a hole bored through,
When the clock struck two, thro' the hole they flew, these two little girls in blue.

When the Crinoline Comes In.

By Gardner Minard.

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This earth will be for women,
When the crinoline comes in;
The men must go in swimming,
When the crinoline comes in;
They will reach beyond the gutter,
Leaving no room for a cutter,
While the men will loudly mutter,
When the crinoline comes in.

There'll be no chance to flirt,
When the crinoline comes in;
You can only reach her skirt,
When the crinoline comes in;
When she goes to mash at night,
With her dresses broad and white,
Men will be out of sight,
When the crinoline comes in.

Where'll be the copper tall,
When the crinoline comes in?
They'll have no show at all,
When the crinoline comes in.
Carpenters will have a treat,
And their work it won't be beat,
For all doors will grow ten feet,
When the crinoline comes in.

There'll be no room in the car,
When the crinoline comes in;
There'll be no room at home for pa,
When the crinoline comes in.
When out shopping they are bent,
And rain from clouds to earth is sent,
She'll turn it up and make a tent,
When the crinoline comes in.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

By Thomas C. Carter.

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Tune—"Old Oaken Bucket."

The night shadows fell on the plains of Wyoming,
Beyond the blue mountains the moon could be seen;
The splendor of daylight had waned in the gloaming,
And the whispering pines reflected her sheen.
Some white army tents looked lonesome and eerie,
Where a camp had been pitched by a stream's shallow trace,
And a sentry in blue, whose footsteps were weary,
Trod his far away beat with a slow, steady pace.

CHORUS.

But the night gloom was broken by one friendly token,
A letter from home which he held in his hand,
And he thought of the sender, whose message so tender
Had cheered his lone life in that desolate land.

The camp fires smouldered and chill grew the air
That stirred the green cactus above the brown plain;
The slinking cayotes crept out from their lair,
And harshly they howled a mournful refrain.
But the soldier scarce heard it, his face wore a smile,
The chorus disturbed not his listening ear;
While in fancy he traveled o'er many a mile,
To the home of his youth and his kindred so dear.—*Chorus.*

He saw an old orchard where wild bees were humming,
A low humble cottage with wide open door,
Where his parents and sisters awaited his coming,
When the wearisome years of his exile were o'er.
He paused in his vigil and leaned on his rifle,
His sadness was lightened by gleamings of joy,
For his mother had written that nothing could stifle
The love that she felt for her wandering boy.—*Chorus.*

It lightened the dangers that often enthralled him,
The long weary march on the Indian's path,
When the pitiless mandate of duty had called him
To face in the winter the cold blizzard's wrath.
But fortune was kind to the venturesome rover,
And he often recalled, with a smile and a tear,
As he rested at home, with his wanderings over,
The letter that came with its message of cheer.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Written and Sung by Martin and King.

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Of these girls in blue that you've all heard about,
Take our advice now and beware,
One is quite tall and the other real stout,
And both of them have real blonde hair.
They have winning ways when they're looking for jays,
That they are up to the times is quite true;
They carry a muff and school books for a bluff,
These two little girls in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, now
They could give pointers to you,
When out on rackets they wear blue jackets,
And they know their business, too.
And these little girls in blue, boys,
Will pull your leg till you're dead broke;
They think it's real funny to make you spend your money,
And how they can eat—"Holy smoke!"

We've met them both, for last night we togged up,
And out on the mash we did go;
Out for a lark, in the night, after dark,
At a racket you bet we're not slow.
When we met these charmers we thought them sublime,
Oh, they seemed so childish, these two.
We said, "How-de-do?" and they said, "How are you?"
Two little girls in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, boys,
They're waiting for to do you;
Last night at nine on us ordered wine,
And a great big extra stew.
And one little girl in blue, boys,
Borrowed my watch and chain,
When they had us busted, they got up and dusted,
And we never saw them again.

These little girls in blue, boys,
You think they couldn't do you,
Well, maybe they couldn't, and maybe they wouldn't,
You can't say what they might do.
About these two girls in blue now
We've told you all we know,
For when we awoke, it was all a big joke,
And we're telling our dreamlet to you.—*Chorus.*

HEARTS.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

Would I could but read your heart,
And see what's written there;
Could I use some hidden art,
Just to learn how much you care;
Could I only read your heart,
And see if you retain
The love you vowed would ne'er depart
Through sunshine and rain.
Do not be angry with me, loved one,
For the words that pained you so;
It was my love for you, my darling,
It was my pride which dealt the blow;
Let me look into thy heart,
And find reflected there
The image which will ne'er depart,
And the love which is so rare.

CHORUS.

Hidden stories, hidden treasures, has thy heart concealed;
Would I ever be contented if its treasures were revealed?
Wondering if your thoughts are with me as in the days of yore,
If I could but read and find it mine for evermore.

Others may more charming be,
Famed for their wit and grace,
But none will more constant be—
True love lies not in a face.
Often in a lonely hour
My thoughts they turn to thee,
As, oh, so sad, I ofttime wonder
If you ever think of me.
Oh, why are you so long in coming,
Making my life so long and drear,
Would that I could but read your heart, love,
And set at rest this trembling fear.
I know that you were ever true,
I pleaded not in vain,
But time has sped never to return
With its pleasures and its pain.—*Chorus.*

The Widow's Plea for Her Son.

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Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheek.
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,
And turning to the jurymen, these words his mother said:

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;
She said, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.
Altho' my boy is guilty—I own his crime is bad,
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.
I therefore will discharge you"—and the court then gave a cheer—
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there.
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."

CHORUS.

Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send her boy to prison, for that would drive her mad;
Remember, she's a widow, and she's pleading for her lad.

TOM AND I'LL GO TOO.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Before the grim old judge they stood, a mother, girl and boy,
The father faced his children and his wife;
He said that she had wronged him tho' she once had been his joy,
He sought a separation there for life.
The judge said, I will part you for your hearts are strangers now,
The boy can with his mother always stay,
And if the girl is willing she can with her father go.
The little daughter then began to say:

REFRAIN.

My home will be with mother, for I'll never have another,
If I should leave her now what would she do;
I love you, dad, sincerely, and my mother just as dearly,
Take mother home, then Tom and I'll go too.

The father tho't of happy days before the babes were born,
Before estrangement, jealousy and pride,
The promises and vows he made upon their wedding morn,
The loving woman who became his bride.
The loyalty of childhood proved that she was faithful still,
Upon her good name there was not a stain;
The veil was torn asunder and they never will forget
The words that made them man and wife again:

KEEP THE HOME TOGETHER.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An only son was seated at the bedside of his dad,
And down his boyish cheeks the tears had started;
The father feebly said: my boy, remember when I'm dead
Your poor old mother will be broken hearted;
'Tis then she'll need your aid, my boy, so act the noble man,
When I am laid to rest upon the heather;
Then be a credit to her, help her every way you can,
To prosper and to keep the home together.

CHORUS.

Keep the home together, John, and keep a heart that's willing,
For when the home is gone, you know, a man's not worth a shilling;
Fortune may not favor you, but wait for brighter weather,
And help your dear old mother, John, to keep the home together.

Don't leave the little homestead, John, the place we've had for years,
Its every nook and corner has a story;
The morning we were wed, my boy, your mother to me said
The little cottage was her earthly glory.
Misfortune may confront you, but be fearless to the end,
You'll get along though cloudy be the weather;
Your two sweet little sisters on your mother will depend,
Be kind to them and keep the home together.

I LOVE YOU IN SPITE OF ALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Fred. Simonson.

Down by a shady brook, by a swift running stream,
Sat a maid and her lover, both happy as a dream.
All nature seemed at rest, as the birds sang their lay,
He told her that he loved her, called her his Queen of May.
Neither in their trysting, saw a maiden fall,
A girl who also loved him, loved him the best of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

She wandered from her home, this maiden all forlorn,
In her heart kept the secret of a love left unborn.
She came upon these lovers, unconscious of her woe,
And heard him say "I love you," just as she turned to go.
She would keep her secret, which no time could pall,
Her heart was almost breaking, she loved in spite of all.
"I love you best of all," etc.

Long, weary days have passed to the sweet little maid,
Who has had manly suitors, but to all she says nay,
No one else will she wed, she knows her heart is gone
To one who will never love her, he weds to-morrow morn.
Seated in the arbor his words she now recalls,
Yet in her heart she loves him, loves him in spite of all.
"I love you best of all," etc.

ROSIE, SWEET ROSABEL.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

There is a maiden, sweet Rosabel, the fairest of all that I know,
All the beauties of heaven and the riches here below
Cannot compare with this innocent angel of whom I shall tell,
List to the tale of my first love, Sweet Rosabel.

CHORUS.

Rosie, sweet Rosabel, I love her more than I can tell,
O'er me she casts a spell, my charming black-eyed Sweet Rosabel.

'Twas on a cold winter's evening I heard a faint cry at my door,
Just a wail, just a something that I never heard before;
There on the steps lay a baby, my heart at once seemed to swell,
I took it in and I named it Sweet Rosabel.—*Chorus.*

Often we speak of the incident, that cold winter's night long ago,
When I first loved the baby, and oh, how it seemed to grow;
I loved the child, then the little Miss, I then loved the woman as well,
She gave her hand, soon I'll marry Sweet Rosabel.—*Chorus.*

THEY'RE COMING TO THE FAIR.

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Words by L. E. Meacham. Music by A. G. Holmberg.

Last week I got a letter from an old time chum down East,
A fellow I'd not heard of for some twenty years at least;
He told how awfully glad he was to write to me at last,
And sent regards from all the friends I knew in days long past.

REFRAIN.

They're coming to the Fair, don't you see,
And they want to stand in solid row with me;
For the show is quite expensive, and their pile is not extensive,
So they want to stand in solid row with me.

He said he had intended, ever since I came out West,
To write and let me know about himself and all the rest;
But every time he started out to pen his little note,
Something occurred to hinder him, and so he never wrote.—*Refrain.*

He hoped I was enjoying best of health and doing well,
And said it would be pleasant, had he but the time to tell
Of all the many changes which had happened since the day
I packed my trunk there on the farm, took leave, and came away.—*Refrain.*

He sent a picture of himself, his baby and his wife,
Each one of which, he wrote, was just as natural as life,
And said ere long I'd see them, for he'd planned a trip out West,
At which time, for a month or two, he hoped to be my guest.—*Refrain.*

UP TO HERE.

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Words by J. Harrington. Music by Harry Randall.

I always was a man who liked his clothes to be a fit,
I never wear my garments tight, for fear they'll bust or split;
To make these pants a decent pair, my tailor I beseeched,
But when he sent 'em home last week, upon my soul they reached
Up to here, up to here! (*Indicate Shoulders.*)
With that tailor I felt just a bit severe;
Sent 'em back to get 'em shrunk, but the blessed snip was drunk,
Look how he's sent 'em home now, up to here! (*Indicate up to Knee.*)

I used to wonder how it was that men could take on drink,
And turn their gully-holes into a sort of little sink;
I always was each day from the first hour that I 'rose.
The pink of strict sobriety, right from my very toes
Up to here, up to here, (*Indicate Forehead.*)
Till I learned the way to shift a glass of beer,
Now I've altered, so to speak, and well, seven times a week,
I roll home, absolutely, up to here! (*Indicate up to Mouth.*)

'Twas in the prime of summer-time, one morning calm and sweet,
Some pals of mine were wobbling in the briny sea, a treat!
And didn't swim, I watched their clothes and sat down by some caves,
But, lor! you should have seen my pals, with all the blooming waves
Up to here, up to here. (*Indicate Overhead.*)
And they didn't seem to have a bit of fear;
They began to laugh at me, well, then, I went in the sea,
Took off my boots and dived in, up to here! (*Indicate up to Ankles.*)

The girl that lives next door has charmed this giddy heart of mine,
She's what they call a something in the millinery line.
There's one thing I will say of her, she never drinks or flirts,
And she's so modest week days that she only holds her skirts
Up to here, up to here.——
Well, she's got holes in her stockings, pretty dear,
But on Sundays, all a-don, when she's got her railways on,
Well, then you ought to see her up to here!——

THE SONGS OF LONG AGO.

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Words by Roland Hennessy. Music by Chas. J. Wilson.

I sat in evening's twilight gloom and heeded not time's fleeting,
Sweet melody filled all the room, which set my heart a-beating.
I loved the dear old-fashioned airs the player was a-thrumming,
They drove away the thought of cares, I found myself a-humming:
"Maxwelton braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie gie'd me her promise true."

CHORUS.

The songs of long ago, sweet mem'ries of the past,
Their music, soft and low, makes weary hearts beat fast.
We list while gently fall the notes we so well know,
Ah me! I love them all, the songs of long ago.

My childhood's home I saw once more, my eyes were then a-blinking,
I wandered back to days of yore, which started me a-thinking,
I found myself at mother's knee and heard her sweetly singing,
Her saintly features I could see, while in my heart was ringing:
"Hush! my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."—*Chorus.*

I thought I was at school again, and saw the same old faces,
All things appeared as they were then, in old familiar places;
While sweetest fancies filled my brain, my mind was calmly straying,
I wakened in the twilight when the music stopped a-playing:
"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."—*Chorus.*

The Undertaker Has Him Now.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Chas. A. Prince.

McGuffin was a builder and a man of great renown,
And very highly spoken of by people in the town.
One day while on the scaffold of a house he had to build,
He lost his hold and, sad to say, he fell down and was killed.

CHORUS.

The undertaker has him now, and our heads in sorrow still we bow.
It is painful to relate that he met an awful fate;
The undertaker has him now.

Old Uncle Si, from Wayback, came to town the other day,
He loaded up with whiskey and was feeling rather gay.
At last he went to his hotel, a quiet night to pass,
He didn't see the sign that read, "Please don't blow out the gas!"

CHORUS.

The undertaker has him now, never more we'll gaze upon his brow.
We were grieved to hear the news, for it gave us all the blues;
The undertaker has him now.

An organ grinder played in front of Bummelsteiner's store,
He ground out "Annie Laurie" till he made the people sore;
The neighbors told him take a run, and take it mighty quick.
He wouldn't move, so some one went and floored him with a brick.

CHORUS.

The undertaker has him now, we'll not miss him much we all allow;
It was such an ancient tune, that he didn't go too soon;
The undertaker has him now.

Bidelia McGilligan came here from Erin's Isle,
She got a situation in a very little while.
She liked the nation very well, but, one unlucky night,
She dropped a lighted match inside a can of dynamite.

The undertaker has her now, and her people raised an awful row;
"Well, she's better off," they say, "and we're planting her to-day;"
The undertaker has her now.

Small Johnnie Joskins was a boy of most ingenious mind,
He always asked the use of anything he chanced to find.
One day he spied a weapon he had never seen before,
He didn't know 'twas loaded, so poor Johnnie is no more.

CHORUS.

The undertaker has him now, the shooter went off, but none knew how;
Little Johnnie had no fun when he monkeyed with a gun;
The undertaker has him now.

'Tis always sad to hear that some good man has come to grief,
The troubles of a chap named Orgue I'll tell to you in brief:
He started out to paint the town, and blew in all his "rocks;"
He ended up his jamboree by jumping off the docks.

CHORUS.

The undertaker has him now, he was picked up by a passing scow;
And the wagon took old Orgue, and it chased him to the morgue;
The undertaker has him now.

—The man who takes a roll in bed in the morning cannot expect to have an appetite for breakfast when he gets up.

A Little Wife Waiting at Home.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Go where you will, you'll find no place that's like your own fireside,
For be you rich or be you poor, in home you take a pride,
With wife to greet you at the door to smooth your cares away;
Her love is like the beacon light that turns the night to day.

CHORUS.

When the world's cold and dreary, and you're worn and weary,
And business, down town, has gone wrong,
There is one who will cheer you, who longs to be near you,
A little wife waiting at home.

When so-called friends your faith deceive, when ruin seems to stare,
An honest woman's love will serve to drive away despair,
And when the angry clouds have passed, you'll fold her to your breast,
For she is loyal, she proved true, deserted by the rest.—*Chorus.*

THE BROTHERS MALONEY.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

The brothers Maloney were rollicking boys,
Both well known in the Dublin city;
They had a companion named Patsey McGee,
And they know to their cost its a pity.
There was all the three of them stood on the bridge
That goes o'er the beautiful Liffey,
When the wind caught a hold of Maloney's new hat,
In the water it went in a jiffy.

CHORUS.

Aye, our faith it's a terrible tale,
The hat that they lost wasn't found;
But it's all through the hat and the action of Pat,
That the brothers Maloney got drowned.

When it fell in the water a corner it got,
Near the bridge it was steadily floating;
Says Pat, "We had better be getting it out,
But we havn't a chance to go boating.
Here, Mickey Malone, you get over the bridge,
And your feet will be held by your brother;
You'll be near the water to get the hat out,
While I'm sticking on to the other."—*Chorus.*

Well, Mickey was first to get over the bridge,
He was upside down held by his brother;
And Patsey McGee, who was strong as a bull,
He took on a firm hold on the other.
He heard Mickey say, "Put us half an inch lower,
And I'll have my hat out in a jiffy."
Says Pat, "Hould on there while I spit on my hands!"
So the two tumbled into the Liffey.—*Chorus.*

AMERICAN GIRLS.

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Words by Walter Fletcher. Music by Otto M. Heinzman.

I've roamed this wide world over and some lovely girls I've seen,
From the Spanish donnas of Madrid to that Emerald Isle of green.
The English maids are beautiful, the belles of France sublime,
Italia's dusky daughters I must say they are divine;
I love those little German girls and the maids of Bonnie Dundee,
But after viewing all of them American girls for me.

CHORUS.

They're as witty and as pretty as any from across the sea;
Where'er I roam, though far from home, American girls for me.

I've courted all the Eastern maids, from Suez to Bombay,
And I've flirted with the tiny Jap, also the dark Malay.
I'm very fond of Indian girls, the blonde Circassian fair,
I dearly love a Turkish maid tucked in a Sedon chair,
I have admired a Grecian queen, likewise the small Chinee;
But after viewing all of them an American girl for me.—*Chorus.*

A fortune I could wed in Spain, a grand estate in France,
A castle in old Germany, in Rome a warrior's lance;
A million rupies I could own to wed an Indian maid,
A kingdom with the savages is what the old chief said,
A diamond mine in Africa, a home by the Persian sea;
But when I take a wife, dear boys, an American girl for me.—*Chorus.*

SHE WOULD BE A NOVELTY.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

If you should meet a pretty girl who never had been kissed,
She would be a novelty, she would be a novelty;
If a chance to eat ice cream she had ever missed,
She would be a novelty.
If she did not say, "I want a hat, or pair of shoes";
If she didn't come home from the neighbors with the news;
And if paint or powder on her cheeks she had never used,
She would be a novelty.

CHORUS.

She would be a novelty, very hard to find;
She would be a novelty, the only one of her kind.
If, while walking 'round the town, you should say, "There goes Mrs. Brown,"
If she didn't turn to see what she had on, why, she would be a novelty.

If you should find a husband who never had a jag,
He would be a novelty, he would be a novelty;
If you've met a mother-in-law who did not need a gag,
She would be a novelty.
If dear hubby drank enough to float a great big boat,
Come home with a long red hair and chalk upon his coat,
If she did not scold when in his pocket she found a mash note,
She would be a novelty.

CHORUS.

She would be a novelty, very hard to find;
She would be a novelty, the only one of her kind.
If she put him straight to bed, wrapp'd a wet towel 'round his head,
And then didn't take ev'ry cent that he had, why, she would be a novelty.

AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS.

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Words by Norton Atkins. Music by George Le Brunn.

When lovers take a walk they sigh and spoon and talk,
And lots of other things;
And being deep in love he calls the girl a "dove,"
And lots of other things.
If he suggests refreshments she accepts the same,
She don't know he is married, therefore she is not to blame;
When on the scene his wife appears, exclaiming, "What's this game?"
And lots of other things.

REFRAIN.

I know you all know exactly what I mean,
It's only just the old, old story;
To Mister Justice Jeune they tell the story soon,
And lots of other things.

Now see a gay old mask, possessing heaps of cash,
And lots of other things;
For when he's "in the sun" he's very fond of fun,
And lots of other things.
And when his doctor orders him a change of air,
Near those machines for bathing down at Long Branch, he's all there,
With op'ra glass in hand he's gazing at the ladies fair,
And lots of other things.

REFRAIN.

I know you all know exactly what I mean,
It's only just the old, old story—
He sheds a few salt tears and murmers, "Pretty dears,"
And lots of other things.

Some girls are much to blame, unfairly play the game,
And lots of other things;
They go to meet their beaus with powder on their nose,
And lots of other things.
Dressed in the latest fashion, waiting they will be,
And, p'rhaps, it may come on to rain, how angry then they'd be!
And if he comes an hour late they use a big, big "D,"
And lots of other things.

REFRAIN.

I know you all know exactly what I mean,
It's only just the old, old story—
At him they make a rush, half kill him with a mush,
And lots of other things.

When a chappie gets wed he goes right off his head,
And lots of other things;
He'll whistle and he'll sing, he'll buy his bride a ring,
And lots of other things.
One night when he rolls home, as tight as any drum,
A stout old party greets him, saying, "Hush! this conduct's rum;
Pray don't make such a noise, sir, please—the doctor has just come,"
And lots of other things.

REFRAIN

I know you all know exactly what I mean,
It's only just the old, old story—
"Hip, hip, hooray!" he'll cry, "Let's wet the baby's eye,"
And lots of other things.

VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

By Grace Carleton.

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Tune—"The Cat Came Back"

Oh, she sailed o'er the water, did the famous Valkyrie,—
"Go and beat the Vigilant," old Johnny Bull says he;
"For we want that Cup again, we'll show the Yankee crew
That we still shall be the rulers of the bounding billows blue!"

CHORUS.

But the Cup stays here, spite of jib and spanker,
Yes, the Cup stays here, their sailing was slack!
The Cup stays here, tho' for it they hanker;
Oh, the Cup stays here, for they couldn't take it back!

In the first heat we beat 'em, but they said the wind was bad,—
"Why, it's only just a 'fluke,' we British are not sad.
Give us just a rousing breeze, and then we'll show you how
We will beat you on the merits, for you'll never see our bow!"—*Chorus.*

But in all sorts of weather did we show that naught afloat
Ever was the equal of our good old Yankee boat;
For the mighty race we won, in one grand final spin,
Tho' they struggled on, like demons, for the Valkyrie to win.—*Chorus.*

Here's success to the victors on the Vigilant so bold!
For upon the billows blue supremacy they hold.
And when next again they try, may we beat them once more,
And still hold what the *America* won in the days of yore!—*Chorus.*

THE FLOOR GAVE WAY.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by Pat. Rafferty.

Now once upon a time old Tim Casey gave a party
To the neighbors one and all around his neighborhood,
There was wagon loads of drinks, there all were gay and hearty,
Tho' Casey kept teetotal, just to see that they kept good.
And all through the night they were jigging, likewise reeling,
Tim Casey danced a polka with O'Brady's sister Kate,
But in the early morning's dawn there came a lot of squealing;
And of that merry party, I am sorry to relate:

CHORUS.

That the floor gave way, and down they went,
Down below they had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above they could not stay, for the rafters did a bust up
And the floor gave way.

Now once upon a time Danny Boyle went down the river,
Took his girl out for a sail and they felt no alarm;
But the weather was quite chilly, poor Dan had oft to shiver,
He went and got some whiskey, just to keep him nice and warm.
The whiskey he drank, oh, it set Dan Doyle a-talking,
And as the boat got out to sea, he found an early grave,
For up and down the deck he got unsteady in his walking,
He went a step too far and tried to walk upon a wave:

CHORUS.

And the floor gave way, and down he went,
Down below he had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above he could not stay, for he tried to walk on water,
But the floor gave way.

A dear old pal of mine named Tim Daley went ballooning,
Took his sweetheart with him to investigate the sun;
For six hours in that balloon the couple sat a-spooning,
They lived on love and kisses and they shared a penny bun.
But when from the sun they'd got one mile and three-quarters,
Tim Daley swore by holy smoke it was the coast of France;
He said, I do not care a jot for either sun or daughter,
He got outside of that balloon to do a song and dance:

CHORUS.

And the floor gave way, and down he went,
Down below he had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above he could not stay, for he tried to dance on nothing,
And the floor gave way.

Oh, once upon a time, my misguided, poor old father
Got in serious trouble and with mother had a fight,
There were whiskers flying 'round, with other things, well, rather,
And mother was a "goner" from that sad and fatal night.
So Dad was arrested, to jail he soon was walking,
There they gave him good advice and said he was a dolt.
One morning on a platform to the parson he was talking,
They tied his hands behind him and then someone pulled a bolt:

CHORUS.

Then the floor gave way, and down he went,
Down below he had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above he could not stay, for the hangman pulled the bolt back,
And the floor gave way.

STRANGERS.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

Why turn away from me, darling, why are those tears on thy cheek?
Let me look into your eyes, love, I'll patient be—won't you speak?
What have I done thus to grieve thee, have I caused one moment's pain?
All that I ask is a reason, I'll silent be till you explain.

CHORUS.

I may have done wrong, my darling, I may have caused you much pain,
Still in my heart I adore you, let us be friends again.
Don't turn away from me, darling, let us begin life anew,
Is then your answer the same, love, must we be but strangers now?

They tell you I love another, that I am false to my vows,
Do you believe them, my darling, think you I'm false to my love?
If strangers dare come between us, if they can tear us apart,
Surely then you never loved me, far better be that we should part.—*Chorus.*

PRETTY MAY.

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Words and Music by Minstrel Billy McClain.

'Twas while the stars were brightly shining in the sky above,
Two sweethearts sat alone reclining, telling tales of love.
"Dear May, do say some day you'll be my bride," he sighed.
"We'll see," said she, "what the turn of fate will be.
My heart is true, I love but you."
"And when we're wed," he softly said,
"I will think of none but you as I bless the happy day
When you answer yes, your love for me confess, my pretty, pretty May."

And when the hour arrives for parting, strolling on their way,
Two tender hearts with grief are smarting, homeward bound are they.
Moonlight so bright, it shines upon them every night;
"One kiss, such bliss, what can equal such as this,
Before we go," he whispered low.
"Though far or near, remember dear,
I will think of none but you as I bless the happy day
When you answer yes, your love for me confess, my pretty, pretty May."

IT'S A CUSTOM IN IRELAND.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

When a lad meets a colleen, to give her a wink
Is a custom in Ireland.
Aye, and then to make love to her over a drink,
Is a custom in Ireland.
And that's how I courted Miss Norah O'Shea,
I coaxed and cajoled her till she named the day,
And then sure I tuk her to ould Father Fay;
That's a custom in Ireland.

CHORUS.

Then we had rum and whiskey, we wor frisky,
Then we had praties, cabbage, baccy, tay,
And then we had ructions and destructions,
By the hokey we enjoyed ourselves on my wedding day.

Oh, we had a fine coach wid a driver in blue,
That's a custom in Ireland.
And then someone, for luck, struk me wid an ould shoe,
That's a custom in Ireland.
Says I, "thank you kindly, that's luck, I suppose,"
I turned to the spalpeen and gave him a dose;
Begorra, for luck sure I shifted his nose,
That's a custom in Ireland.—*Chorus.*

Sure we got to the church and the knot soon was tied,
That's a custom in Ireland.
Then they all tried to get the first kiss from the bride,
That's a custom in Ireland.
Big Johnny Mulcahy and Danny McGraw,
They grabbed at herself, their intentions I saw,
I landed them each such a "puck" on the jaw,
That's a custom in Ireland.—*Chorus.*

Then the lot of them got, oh, mirocknlous drunk,
That's a custom in Ireland.
And to sleep on the floor sure the most of them slunk,
That's a custom in Ireland.
We danced and we drank, and to sing I did rise,
And gave them a verse of "Two lovely black eyes;"
Be Heavens! I got them, to my great surprise,
That's a custom in Ireland.—*Chorus.*

AFTER NINE.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Louis Reinhard.

I'm fond of a stroll on a prominent street
After nine, after nine;
What strange things we see and what people we meet
After nine, after nine.
Give me your attention, I'll not make it long,
I'll tell you some facts in a topical song,
The things that occur in life's mighty throng
After nine, after nine,

CHORUS.

After nine, when mama's asleep,
Georgie will come Katie's comp'ny to keep,
And burn all the gas while papa's asleep,
After nine, after nine.

A large dry-goods box on the street you will see,
After nine, after nine;
You pass it by quickly and innocently,
After nine, after nine.
A big night policeman patrolling his beat,
Will glance very sharply at each one he'll meet,
But when the coast's clear in that box he will sneak,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS.

After nine, when all is serene,
A fight in progress, no cops to be seen,
The poor man's sleeping and thinks it a dream,
After nine, after nine.

A bald-headed man will go to a show,
After nine, after nine;
He admires the ballet from the front row,
After nine, after nine.
He writes to the fairy, "your face I adore,
I'll meet you, my loved one, at the stage door;"
He meets her and finds she is just fifty-four,
After nine, after nine!

CHORUS.

After nine, when all is serene,
No paint or powder on that face to be seen,
The fairy's a grandma 'tis plain to be seen,
After nine, after nine.

A married man wishes to go to a ball,
After nine, after nine;
His dear wife, you know, suspects nothing wrong,
After nine, after nine.
He makes an excuse, and his wife takes it in,
There's a light in her dark eye bodes no good to him,
And off to the ball he goes with a grin,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS.

After nine as soon as its late,
Dear little wife for her hubby will wait,
And with a shovel she greets her dear mate,
After nine, after nine.

There's the young man you meet who's always dead broke
After nine, after nine;
His money is gone, and his watch is in soak,
After nine, after nine.
You say to him kindly, "O where have you been?
Come, make me your confidant; what have you seen?"
He answers "I've played but a game on the green
After nine, after nine."

CHORUS.

"After nine no money I've got,
My head is aching, I wish I was shot;
The fellow I played with scooped a jack pot,
After nine, after nine."

The tomcat will sing in a voice very clear,
After nine, after nine,
A beautiful song called "Maria, I'm here,"
After nine, after nine!
He stands 'neath your window without fear or dread;
You feel very sleepy, you'd fain go to bed;
You don't get much slumber but a serenade instead,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS.

After nine, when the world is at rest,
That is the time that Tom sings the best,
You fire a bootjack, he won't take a rest,
After nine, after nine.

—The Young Minister.—Deacon Goode—Our young minister is rather prosy, isn't he? Deacon Grimm—He is that. I think his hearing must be impaired. Deacon Goode—His hearing? His speech, you mean. Deacon Grimm—No, his hearing—if he thinks he heard a call from the Lord to preach.

HE WHISTLED UP A TUNE.

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Words and Music by Lew H. Carroll.

I knew a little fellow once, who couldn't speak a word,
And when he needed something done or wanted to be heard,
He had the most peculiar way that one could e'er construe,
To tell you what he'd like to have, the only thing he'd do:

REFRAIN.

Was to whistle up a tune (*whistle*), then we'd answer very soon (*whistle*);
When we found out what he meant, all he wanted would be sent,
Just because we tried to please him night and day,
For he was a darling boy (*whistle*), he was papa's pride and joy (*whistle*);
As around the house he'd stroll in a manner odd and droll,
He would whistle in his own peculiar way.

Jake Johnson's little baby-boy would scream and cry each night,
Until the soothing syrup had been brought within its sight;
The kid was bawling loud one night to bring the bottle back,
Jack got up in his stocking feet and stepped upon a tack.

REFRAIN.

Then he whistled up a tune (*whistle*), as he tried to find the spoon (*whistle*);
"I will find it soon," said Jake, never thinking a mistake
Would be liable in darkness more than day;
'Twas the castor oil he found (*whistle*), gave the kid about a pound (*whistle*);
When the doctor said he'd die, Jakey winked the other eye,
As he whistled in his own peculiar way.

A bashful fellow got a job in Macy's dry-goods store,
Behind the hosiery counter he sold stockings by the score;
And all went well until one day, while he was ill at ease,
A lady came to him and said, "Show me some stockings, please."

REFRAIN.

Then he whistled up a tune (*whistle*), and he acted like a loon (*whistle*);
"Here's a lovely pair of red, what's the price of those?" she said.
"Seven-fifty, they're a bargain for to-day." [(*whistle*)
Then she murmured, "they come high" (*whistle*); "but you're tall," was his reply
"I will call again," said she; "pleased to have you, ma'am," said he,
As he whistled in his own peculiar way.

No, 'Arry, Don't Ask Me to Marry.

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Words by Harry Castling. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

It's no use, 'Arry, trying to coax me on,
I've said "No," and I meant it, straight I do;
I've thought it over many nights alone,
I'm certain every word you spoke was true.
It ain't that I dislike you I refuse,
For you're the only cove I know is good;
Don't think too bad of me for saying "No,"
And take it with a good 'art, as you should.

CHORUS.

No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry, oblige me and let me be,
I've got my mother, my sister and brother, at 'ome depending on me;
There's the ring you gave me a year ago to-day,
Take it back, 'twill remind you of me when you are miles away.

You said, last night, you'd go away from here,
Pluck up, don't be a silly little jay;
For if you join the army, 'Arry, dear,
You might get both your legs clean blown away.
On crutches you'd look very funny, straight,
And not the sort of man I'd wish to wed;
But there, I'm only larking with you, mate,
In fact I'm very nearly off my 'ead.—*Chorus.*

We ain't engaged, but we'll be chummy still,
And sociable, just as we used to be;
I'll allus have a drink with yer, I will,
When you're broke course you'll 'ave one 'long o' me.
But what's the use of you a-going away,
For seven years you must be off yer crust,
'Cos if you've made your mind up not to stay,
Why don't yer try the—well, melisher fust?—*Chorus.*

If we got spliced, then what would mother do?
There'd be no one to keep her, and she's low;
And there's my little crippled brother, too,
I couldn't see him want a crust, you know.
You said you'd take 'em with us, bye and bye,
Those words of yourn they made my 'art feel glad;
I know your 'art is good enough to try,
But, oh! that takes a lot of doing, lad!—*Chorus.*

—At the Chrysanthemum Show.—He—I did not expect to see you here. She—Why didn't you? He—Isn't a rose out of place at a chrysanthemum show?

Irish Laws in College Green.

By Peter Leach.

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Now, boys, rejoice with me, we will soon have Ireland free,
We will wave the green old flag over Skibbereen,
From Donegal to Sprule we will all shout for home rule,
For we'll soon have Irish laws in College Green.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the Grand Old Man, he is foremost in the van,
No grander statesman could be seen,
Though his years are eighty-three, he will make old Ireland free,
And we'll soon have Irish laws in College Green.

Our victory will be grand, we'll rejoice in every land,
In every place where Irishmen are seen;
We will visit the land of our birth, that dearest spot on earth,
When we'll have Irish laws in College Green.—*Chorus.*

We'll go back to Erin's shore, that land that we adore,
We'll see the heath-clad hills of old Cruiskeen;
We'll banish Ireland's ills, we'll have factories and mills,
When we'll have Irish laws in College Green.—*Chorus.*

A DREAM OF ARCADIA.

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Words by Florence N. Reynolds. Music by W. Herbert Lanyon.

O Love, that life might ever be but a bright sweet song!
That all the care and sorrow could pass with the busy throng;
Leaving us far behind them, our life a pleasure be,
I thinking only of you, Love, and you with no thought but me.

REFRAIN.

O Love, that we might ever know naught but waltz and song!
That all the world forgetting, you would to me belong.
O Love, that we might ever know naught but waltz and song!
That all the world forgetting, you would to me belong.

And in bright sunny weather, out 'mid the flowers and trees,
Songs of the birds our music, fanned by the soft south breeze;
Under blue skies, 'mid blossoms of orange tree and rose,
Bathed in a flood of sunshine, watching the shadows close.—*Refrain.*

Thus in Arcadia we wander, in thought with the ball-room throng.
See, now the waltz is over, so, little love, is my song;
Just one more turn before parting, your smile, dear, is sweet and bright.
Happy your dreams, little darling, and now good-night, good-night!—*Refrain.*

CARTER HARRISON'S MURDER.

(October 28, 1893.)

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By T. F. Ford.

In looking o'er the papers we read most every day
Of murders being committed and souls that pass away,
Assassins with their weapons committing fearful crime,
And so 'twill be forever until the end of time.
But the saddest of them all was that which happened here of late,
The murder of Carter Harrison, October twenty-eight;
He was shot down by a murderer within his mansion door,
And died in fearful agony upon his parlor floor.

Returning home from Jackson Park, where he had been all day,
Entertaining visitors who had come from far away,
Happy and contented he had mingled with the crowd,
Not dreaming that he soon would be encircled in death's shroud.
With his wedding day appointed, and his young affianced wife
Preparing for the ceremony which would make them one for life,
Our noble-hearted Carter has forever passed away—
Taken from us suddenly without even time to pray.

What shall we do with Prendergast, this fiend in human form,
Who assassinated Harrison, which causes us to mourn?
Shall we lynch him to a lamp-post or burn him at the stake,
Or allow a court of justice its uncertain way to take?
His pretensions of insanity will not avail him now,
For the traits of a great criminal are stamped upon his brow;
He must hang upon the gallows high, this miserable slayer,
And we will then have vengeance on the assassin of our mayor.

How sad must be the feelings of those broken-hearted ones,
His affianced wife and daughter, his brave and manly sons,
Who are left behind in sorrow by the doings of a crank,
A would-be politician coming from life's lowest rank.
If such a man is thus allowed our bravest men to kill
With their knife and deadly pistol, innocent blood to spill,
A vigilance committee will be organized, and then
A sure and speedy vengeance will be their deserving end.

COULDN'T STAND THE PRESS.

As sung by J. S. Berry.

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I'm going to sing a song, I feel so much perplexed,
I'll try to get along, and so I'll take my text;
Where my text is found I'm sure you couldn't guess,

SPOKEN—You'll find it in the fourteenth chapter of Webster's Dictionary, where it states emphatically that

He couldn't stand the press.

I started a paper here, when papers were in vogue;
I started it and called a man in town a rogue,
And broke the laws, I guess,

SPOKEN—He hit me an awful blow; I told him not to do that again, for if he did,

I couldn't stand the press.

I went into a drinking house, I felt a little dry,
I went up to the bar, called for a glass of "rye;"
He pointed to a sign, 'twas nothing more or less—

SPOKEN—"No trust on this bar;" so, as I had no money,

He couldn't stand the press.

I next a-courting went, upon a Sunday night,
I tried my best to be exceedingly polite;
I plead with Mary Ann my future life to bless,

SPOKEN—She looked at me for a few minutes, and said she would like to be married, but she was afraid

She could't stand the press.

So now I'll end my song; in that you'll say I'm right,
If you'll call in again, I'll sing some other night;
Our prices here are small, they couldn't well be less,

SPOKEN—So, whenever you can, give us a call; we'd let you in for nothing, but times are so hard,

We couldn't stand the press.

UP TO DATE.

By Henry C. Burns.

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'Twas in a dream the other night, some strange sights met my view,
And some of the most novel ones I will relate to you.
Within a city grand I stood, whose poor no taxes paid,
The work was light, the wages good, in every class and grade.
No thought of credit system there, no need to keep a slate,
The people all had cash to spare, and paid their bills to date,

Their liquors all were over proof, no license there or such,
The people drank it with their meals, well, something like the Dutch.
No Blue laws nor informing boards, no large funereal bill,
Of doctors there I never heard, with physic sure to kill.
The people lived a ripe old age, at least they so relate,
And what they wrote on hist'ry's page was generally up to date.

No plumber e'er was known to thrive in that progressive town,
A large reward, dead or alive, he soon was done up brown.
Old maids or widows there were none allowed upon the street,
And so they married, everyone, their tempers all were sweet.
Young maids at sunrise, full of bliss, swung on their papa's gate;
The young men made a note of this, and married up to date.

Divorce courts and all such affairs they dumped into the sea,
Marital happiness was theirs, and all were sorrow free.
Rich lawyers there were simply none, for law was not required.
Their preacher sermons all were short, and never made one tired.
No one dare say "I told you so," they ne'er allow such prate,
For everything they said and did was always up to date.

Both men and maids were honor true, their hearts were quite sincere,
And what they said was law to you, with ne'er a cause to fear,
For every person's word was law, as true and tried as gold,
And no one ever found a flaw, no matter what was told.
Low rents with cozy homes so fair, food sold at normal rate;
No millionaires or poor men there, for all were up to date.

Chicago was the city's name, the year two-thousand-ten,
The census taker counting came four millions with his pen.
Grand airway coaches swept the breeze, from Europe, Asia, Spain,
The once great problems, air and seas, were taught to children plain.
America was one vast hive, illustrious and great,
For everything its people did was always up to date.

Dame Fashion died long e'er that day, Dame Grundy, too, expired,
And no one made a grand display, though gracefully attired.
No hats or bonnets scraped the skies, no hoop skirts, bag-legged pants;
No dudes nor dudelets to despise, no Pharisaim cant:
Humility, truth, patience, love, was the prime, essential, state,
And those whose souls imbibed therefrom were truly up to date.

—Too Good to be True.—Ethel (showing her likeness, which has been most flatteringly touched up by the artist)—It's good, ain't it? Clarissa—Good! My dear, it is too good.

I LOST MY REPUTATION.

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Words by Fred. B. Hill. Music by Geo. Maywood.

When first I came to town I was the darling of the gang,
I called myself a pugilist and loud my praises rang;
I missed my calculation tho', the truth must be confessed,
For they backed me then to fight O'Doolan, champion of the West.
They forced the contest on me, and trained me like a horse;
The forfeit money was all up, I had to fight, of course.
They told me to be careful, wouldn't let me drink a drop,
For I'd lose my reputation if O'Doolan did me up.

CHORUS.

"You must do him quickly, Brady, all our boodle is on you;
And when the scrap is over we will have a drink or two."
But when the bout was over I was treated like a pup,
For I lost my reputation when O'Doolan did me up.

The referee cried, "Ready", and "Time" somebody roared,
I hadn't time to wink when O'Doolan had me floored.
My backers yelled, "Go at him!" but I could scarcely see,
I made a rush at someone and I smashed the referee.
O'Doolan feinted at me and I aimed an awful blow,
I thought I had him finished, but I didn't stand a show;
For when he got through slugging me I was an awful sight,
And before the gong had sounded Tim O'Doolan won the fight.—*Chorus.*

They took me to a hospital and laid me on a bunk;
My backers had deserted me, they all went on a drunk.
And so for weeks I laid there, swearing vengeance on them all,
While Tim O'Doolan celebrated over Brady's fall.
And when I left the hospital, 'twas early in the spring,
I sought to find my backers that an action I might bring;
It brought a month for vagrancy, so bitter was my cup,
For I lost my reputation when O'Doolan did me up.—*Chorus.*

THEY FOUND IT IN CHICAGO.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by Geo. Maywood.

I've travelled over all the world and part of Kansas, too,
It's been my aim to paint each town a bright vermilion hue;
And after trying ev'ry place I found one to my style,
Where all the earth is bottled up and sizzing all the while.

REFRAIN.

I found it right here in Chicago,
A bubble and sizzle of mirth;
If you're looking for something that is not on earth
You'll find it right here in Chicago.

There is a street in old New York, the Bowery it was named,
All over both our continents for wickedness 'tis famed;
One day the Bowery disappeared, and New York frantic grew,
Until they found that wanderer, that gay old avenue.

REFRAIN.

They found it right here in Chicago,
By awful calamity crossed;
In a block down on Clark street the Bowery got lost,
They found it right here in Chicago.

One day a young man started out upon a pleasure trip;
He had no money in his purse, and nothing in his grip.
He knew about the awful thieves who rob on land and sea,
He cried: "I'd like to see the man that gets the best of me."

REFRAIN.

He found him right here in Chicago;
His confidence shifted a cog,
For he stole all his clothes, he went home in a fog;
He found him right here in Chicago.

The Mormons out in Utah by the law were overcome,
For Congress made a little bill to knock their business dumb.
They left their homes and headed for a place in which they knew
A man could marry every time he took a notion to.

REFRAIN.

They found it right here in Chicago,
And joyfully greeted the boon,
For at breakfast we wed and divorce before noon;
You'll find it right here in Chicago.

A farmer quarreled with his wife, and so she ran away;
The hired man was missing, too, from work that very day.
The farmer followed after them, and in his room that night
Blew out the gas—he climbed above to scenes more fair and bright.

REFRAIN.

They found them right here in Chicago;
She looks well in mourning, they say.
The hired man mortgaged the farm, and to-day
You'll find them right here in Chicago.

A sinner died and went below to board with uncle Nick;'
He told him of a town above that made his place look sick.
Then Satan packed his grip and rang the elevator bell,
He went to find the place on earth that was as hot as h—— (fire).

REFRAIN.

He found it right here in Chicago,
He would not go back down below;
And now when you die you won't have far to go—
You'll find it right here in Chicago.

GOD BLESS YOU, BOY;
Now Don't Forget to Write.

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By N. E. Solomons.

On a cold and dreary evening, far away down in the South,
A lad was bidding home and friends good-bye,
And a father then embraced him as these parting words came forth:
"God bless you, boy," and tears were in his eye.
He begged that in the future his own boy would pause and think
Of advice so fondly given him that night;
"Those kind words in mem'ry keep them as an everlasting link—
God bless you, boy; now don't forget to write."

CHORUS.

"God keep you through the night, boy, God bless you through the day;
When friends forsake you think then of that night.
You have a dear old father, he's not so far away—
God bless you, boy; now don't forget to write."

Fondest mem'ries of the old home and dear voices long since hushed,
Bring wishes for the days that are no more;
We can see the old folks chatting in their dear familiar ways,
We even hear them sing their old folks' lore;
That old and time-worn favorite, "John Anderson, my Joe"
Was sung by them with pleasure and delight,
Though better far in mem'ry than the songs which come and go—
God bless you, boy; now don't forget to write.—*Chorus.*

Won't You Be My Sweetheart?

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Words by J. G. Judson. Music by H. C. Verner.

A winsome miss of seven, a lad just full of fun,
Beneath the cherry blossoms were swinging in the sun;
Of course, to keep from falling his arm around her strayed,
While softly he was singing, singing as they swayed:

REFRAIN.

Won't you be my sweetheart? I love you;
Be my little sweetheart ever true.
Listen to my pleading, do, I pray:
Won't you be my sweetheart? Don't say nay.

Long years have passed since swinging 'neath cherry blossoms bright,
She's waiting in the shadows of a sunset's golden light;
A well known step sounds near her, his arms her form enfold,
With meaning now he's singing the sweet, sweet song of old:—*Refrain.*

Old grandma in the orchard tells stories of their youth,
With Willie perched on one knee, the other holding Ruth;
While grandpa bending o'er them is humming tunes that throng
With melodies of happy years, since singing the old sweet song:—*Refrain.*

MARY LAMB.

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Words by Harry W. Emmet. Music by G. M. Rosenberg.

A little maid with golden hair,
And bright and teasing eyes,
Drove many a youth to wild despair,
Caused many a lover sighs.
But one remained his fate to dare,
His love too strong to pine,
And thus he spoke to the maiden fair
As he said, dear love, be mine:

CHORUS.

"Mary, Mary, why are you so contrary?
Though you kiss and love me so, your love seems all a sham.
Please say yes, dear, give me a fond caress, dear;
Hand and heart we ne'er shall part, my own Mary Lamb."

One night the maiden's house caught fire,
But he dashed in so brave,
The blazing stairs he mounted high'r,
His heart's best love to save;
Unconscious in his arms he bore
The maid he longed to wed,
And when she looked upon him once more
This was all the poor boy said:—*Chorus.*

That little maiden gave her hand
To him who'd saved her life,
And for a year in all this land
There's been no happier wife.
A little Mary, too, they own,
A tiny baby belle;
And bye and bye, when she's older grown,
Will be said to her as well:—*Chorus.*

THE ABSENT LOVER.

By Johnston Lysko.

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Tune—"Thy Voice is Near Me in My Dreams.

My own first love, I'll sing of you,
However cruel you seem;
Tho' false you be, I'll still prove true,
And in my fancy's dream
Recall your face and form to mind,
While absent you remain;
Why should you always prove unkind?
Come back to me again—
Come back to me again;
Why should you always prove unkind?
Come back to me again.

Through woods and dells we used to rove,
When youth was in its morn;
And thought, and talked, and sang of love,
Devoid of cares forlorn;
My mind reverts to days gone by,
My thoughts are filled with pain,
Yet struggling hopes express the sigh,—
"He'll come to me again"—
He'll come to me again;
Yet struggling hopes express the sigh,—
"He'll come to me again."

Yes, yes, I thought he cared for me,
Impatience wrecks my mind;
Sincerest love deceived must be,
Where lovers prove unkind;
Love's pathos in this broken heart,
By wilful absence slain,
Fresh from its sombrous pall shall start,
When he comes back again—
When he comes back again;
Fresh from its sombrous pall shall start,
When he comes back again.

As I Read the Paper Through.

[This Song was written by Richard W. Sanders, a convict, sentenced, for Burglary, to ten years in Trenton, N. J., State Prison, on the 27th day of September, 1893.]

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Tune—"Poor Old Dad."

One night as I sat leisurely
In my sad and dreary cell,
I picked up a newspaper,
And sad things it had to tell.
I noticed where the very hard times
Had brought misery and despair
To many a poor unfortunate man,
But his misery he had to bear.
Now I was one of the unfortunate kind
And my downfall could not conceal;
I was pushed right to the wall,
And was driven for to steal.
Now there is many a starving family
Who would be glad for work to do,
So I said, God help the poor man,
As I read that paper through.

Then I next read of two New York burglars,
Captured in New York city one day,
They went to Newark, New Jersey,
And had things quite all their own way.
Their burglaries were not very scarce,
For very common they got to be,
But the police very soon they captured them,
And then no longer those men were free.
They were taken to the city court—
"We are guilty" was their plea;
"Ten years in State Prison," said the judge,
On September 27th, '93.
Now "the Court says you deserve this sentence,
And the people say so too,"
But I felt for them when I saw this piece,
As I read that paper through.

I next read of our champion,
James Corbett is his name,
For whipping John L. Sullivan,
That is how he gained his fame.
But he will have to look very sharp,
And train as hard as he can;
He will find a bean or two to pluck,
In this little Englishman.
For Mitchell he will fight very hard,
Giving Corbett the battle of his life;
So Corbett will have to be very careful,
Or make a widow of his wife.
But our champion thinks to come out on top,
And we also hope so too,
So I hailed three cheers to our champion,
As I read that paper through.

I'SE SO GLAD.

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Words and Music by Geo. W. Major.

Oh, hark, you chil'en to de warning, oh, yes, we know,
When Gabriel blows in de morning, ah yes, we know,
Poor sinner will wake an' wonder, oh, yes, we know,
When he hears dat awful a-thunder, ah, yes, we know.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's good news, I'll meet you in the morning, morning,
Good news, meet you in de morning, morning,
Good news, I'll meet you child'en in de morning,
Meet you on de golden shore, hallelujah!
Good news, I'll meet you in the morning, morning,
Good news, meet you in de morning, morning,
Good news, I'll meet you, child'en, in de morning,
Meet you on de golden shore.
Oh, I'se so glad, dear brudder an' sister,
Oh, I'se so glad to meet you on de golden shore, hallelujah!
I'se so glad, dear brudder an' sister,
Oh, I'se so glad to meet you on de golden shore.

The Little Church Around the Corner.

Words by George Cooper. Music by D. S. Wambold.

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God bless the little church around the corner,
The shrine of holy charity and love;
Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,
A blessing fall upon it from above.
The rich and poor are equal 'neath its portals,
And be our path in life whate'er it may,
No heart that needed comfort in affliction
Was ever turned uncomforted away.

CHORUS.

God bless the church! God bless the church!
The little church around the corner;
Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,
A blessing fall upon it from above.

God bless the little church around the corner,
No matter what the creed that it may bear!
However we may differ in opinion,
The warmth of Christian sympathy is there!
A word of hope and kindliness awaits us,
When clouds of sorrow hover overhead;
With needed words of pity for the living,
And rev'rence for the cold and silent dead.—*Chorus.*

God bless the little church around the corner,
And keep its hallowed mem'ry ever green!
O, like a lily growing by the wayside,
It smiles upon life's ever busy scene!
It points the way to realms of joy unfading,
And bears of love a never ending store;
God bless the little church around the corner!
God bless the little church forever more.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

By Harry C. Burns.

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Poor mama's going for to visit a friend,
Will our sweet baby papa attend?
Will not remain, dear, later than three,
Promised Miss Tattletongue for to take tea.
Take little sweety right on your arm,
Hug it and kiss it, keep its toes warm;
Baby miss mama, oh, such a roar,
Papa's all broken up, down to the core.

CHORUS.

After the bawl is over, after the tears have flown,
Little dear laughing baby tickles us, everyone;
Tootsey has just awakened, lo! don't you hear it call?
Papa is very nervous during the bawl.

Dear Baby Bunting on its papa's knee,
Crying for a sing-song for little babie;
Daddy went hunting, he hoists it so,
Nice little chickey, why don't you crow?
Wants paregoric for little chick,
Gives the wrong bottle—telephone quick!
Papa takes tootsey out in the hall,
Says something wicked during the bawl.—*Chorus.*

Yes, papa loves babies dearly, no doubt,
Calling them angels when ma's about;
Oh, but it's different, mornings 'bout four,
Marching with duckie all 'round the floor.
Poor little wopsey, first set of teeth,
Some just coming out, some underneath,
Oh, it was fearful, nothing but squall,
Life seems delightful after the bawl.—*Chorus.*

Keep a Still Tongue in Your Head.

Words and Music by Barney Chambers.

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They say I'm a foolish young man,
And others they say I've no sense,
Faith I wish they would hold their bother,
And give poor Barney a chance.
Although I've not been to college,
Faith I know I have been to school,
And my dad learned me part of knowledge,
As I sat on the three-legged stool.

CHORUS.

Keep a still tongue in your head, Barney,
And keep a still tongue in your head,
Never mind what they say but just walk away,
And keep a still tongue in your head.

One day when I was out walking,
A fellow cried "Here, Barney, stop,"
Bedad sure I thought he was larking
When he said "is there anything dropped?"
"Oh, murder!" says I, "what is it?"
Said he, "it's a diamond, I'm sure,"
Says I, "I think it's a beauty,"
For I never had seen one before.

SPOKEN—Says he, "if you give me ten dollars you can have it." Says I, "if you give me ten cents you can keep it."—*Chorus.*

Now, there's Mrs. Maloney,
She lives here next door,
And if she don't fight with her neighbors,
She fights with the key in the door.
You know we can't live without them,
And it's true what my old father said,
A woman was never known to live in this world,
And keep a still tongue in her head.—*Chorus.*

OUT OF SIGHT.

Written by John J. Crosson.

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There's another rising chestnut, it's the topic of the day,
You can hear it every morning, noon and night,
But every other chestnut's hair will soon be turning gray,
For the latest now is clearly out of sight.
There are many things that happen, some of which I make a note,
For an interesting theme I never slight,
So if you'll pay attention and your time to me devote,
I will tell you what I think is out of sight.

Now Sullivan, the great John L., did meet his Waterloo,
When he failed to hit Jim Corbett with his right;
Some people say it was a sell, but then that's nothing new,
Just the same our Jim has proved he's out of sight.
But now comes Charley Mitchell, and big Peter Jackson, too,
If talk goes far they're spoiling for a fight;
But I think if Jim should meet them both, the rounds will be but few,
For I'm sure our Jim will still be out of sight.

Now Cleveland and Ben Harrison have run their mighty race,
Their banners high were sailing like a kite,
But honestly I thought the way Dave Martin set the pace,
That Harrison was clearly out of sight.
But the Force Bill and McKinley every honest heart had filled
With burning indignation—ain't I right?
On the eighth day of November Ben Harrison got killed,
When they landed honest Grover out of sight.

I see that Lottie Collins and ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay
Are paralyzing thousands every night,
But it seems to me the singers of the English stage to-day
Have a notion that they're clearly out of sight.
But what are they compared to Maggie Cline, our Irish queen,
Or our little bonnie Thornton, ever bright;
If the daisies o'er the water think our eyes are painted green,
They'll get left, for we are clearly out of sight.

I hear Inspector Byrnes will put the clubs upon the shelf,
But in justice to the cops now is it right?
Still I know from the experience of others like myself,
That a copper with a club is out of sight.
The gangs upon the corners then will surely own the day,
If the copper says a word there'll be a fight,
But I guess he'll pause and think awhile, then go upon his way,
For the gang upon the corner's out of sight.

The base ball clubs of '92 were failures, we'll agree,
The attendance at the games was very light,
But I think before the season ends of 1893,
We will find our national game clean out of sight.
The New York club we'll see again a leader in the race,
For the boys declare they're in it, left and right;
Oh, with Johnny Ward once more with us, and Danny on third base,
Our giants will be surely out of sight.

I'll have to cut it short now, though I'd like to sing you more,
But I must leave room for others—ain't I right?
I can easily see the way I'm called to answer the encore,
That my little song is clearly out of sight.
But then we only told you of the things sometimes we see,
And to sing of them does give me keen delight:
If you call on me some other time, I think we will agree,
That you'll find me always, ever, out of sight.

VAITER! VAITER! HOT POTATO!

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Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I've always fancied dot I'm sharp, und knows my ways about,
Aldough I am a German I'm mistaken I find out,
For every time I get a start I seem to miss my way,
Und every business I get in is certain not to pay;
I've been clerk in a barber shop, vere vork is not so slow;
I've kept all sorts of little sdores, but noding seems to go;
I run an elevator vonce, dot did go up und down,
Und now I am a vaiter in a restaurant up town.

SPOKEN—Yes, und all day long dey are hollering at me—

CHORUS.

Vaiter, vaiter, hot potato, vaiter;
Now, den, vaiter, vere's dot lamb? vere's dot lamb?
Ven's dot mutton coming, vaiter?
How's about dot veal und ham, veal und ham?
Fried eel, oatmeal, toast bread, calf's head, bluefish,
Warm dish, sauerkraut, stirabout!
Dot's de way dey holler at me, ev'ry moment, mit a frown;
Hurry, flurry, me dey worry at de restaurant up town.

At night dere's clearing dings away und pick up de corks;
At morning setting tables und a-cleaning knives und forks;
De boss he vill have ev'ryding look neat as any pin,
Und he is always grumbling till de customers come in.
Ve get some funny customers, I tell you, now und den;
Dere's some dot cannot eat all, some vant to come again,
Some spend two dollars on a meal, some vant it for a cent,
Some get a check, get near de door, und den quick oud dey vent.

SPOKEN—Und I cannot run after dem. De people are hollering:—*Chorus.*

I dink I'll leave dis business, for to stand it now I can't;
I never was intended to vork in a restaurant;
I'll start a lager beer saloon in some place dot is near,
Give chromos to de man vot drinks a keg of lager beer.
To be a vaiter und vork hard I tell you is no fun;
My legs, my shoulders, und my joints in fact are overdone;
I might get in a valking match and skip de tra la la;
In fact I could stand anyding 'cept ven dey yell at me:—*Chorus.*

THEY ALL TAKE AFTER ME.

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Words by T. W. Connor. Music by Harry Randall.

Folks say I ought to think myself the luckiest of men—
I am the happy father of a family of "Ten."
Not one of them will leave me while a penny I have got,
They are a nice fat-headed, ugly, lazy, lowlifed lot.

CHORUS.

And they all take after me, they all take after me;
My peculiarity seems to run in the family.
They cadge, thieve, ev'ry chance they see.
There's Jack and Bill, they're on the "mill,"
And they all take after me, and they all take after me.

The girls all think they're handsome, tho' they're pugnosed ev'ryone,
The paint and powder they put on they have in by the ton;
To all the pubs and pawnshops, too, they frequent visits pay;
They love to stay out half the night and stay a-bed all day.

CHORUS.

And they all take after me, they all take after me;
My peculiarity seems to run in the family.
They all drink whiskey in their tea,
They all would rather die than work,
And they all take after me, and they all take after me.

Now all the boys are champions at shifting pots of ale,
But never soil their hands with work, except when they're in goal.
They never meet a p'liceman but want to have his blood;
They take delight in getting drunk and rolling in the mud.

CHORUS.

And they all take after me, they all take after me;
My peculiarity seems to run in the family.
They shift, booze, till they couldn't see;
They go to bed with their boots on,
And they all take after me, and they all take after me.

There's Jim and Joe, they're married, and their wives they do adore,
They make them clean their dirty boots and sleep upon the floor;
They never give them money, though they give them lots of cheek,
They never fail to serve 'em out with black eyes once a week.

CHORUS.

And they all take after me, they all take after me;
My peculiarity seems to run in the family.
They "row," fight, slang so beautif'ly:
They thrash their wives, give 'em black eyes,
And they all take after me, and they all take after me.

JACK AND MAY.

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Words by Joe Cawthorn. Music by E. A. Phelps.

'Twas at a garden party where Jack and I first met,
She was the season's beauty, a dashing, gay coquette,
For broken hearts and conquests she counted by the score,
And happy, careless, laughing Jack, she thought would make one more;
She quickly turned upon him the batt'ry of her charms,
To win his love and cast him off, she thought would be no harm; but

CHORUS.

Jack, so debonair, so handsome, tall and fair,
Always gazed far beyond, as tho' she were not there;
The hours they quickly passed, while love for him grew fast—
Ah! bitter pain, she loved, she loved in vain;
Ah! happy past, she'd met her match at last.

Her heart's best love she'd given, when three short weeks had passed,
But Jack seemed all unconscious of gifts he never asked;
He flirted just a little, to him 'twas all a joke,
The words she craved and longed to hear, alas, he never spoke;
And when one day he told her he must leave for other parts,
'Twas then she felt that awful pain she'd caused so many hearts; but

CHORUS.

Jack, so debonair, so handsome, tall and fair,
Gaily waved his last adieu with mad'ning, careless air;
Her sobs came quick and fast when from her life he passed—
Ah! bitter pain, she loved, she loved in vain,
Ah! happy past, she'd met her match at last.

So ended with the season her blighted love's young dream,
And all was o'er, he'd come and gone, like fleeting sunshine's gleam,
And left her broken-hearted, her young life fraught with pain,
She thought the one she'd learned to love would ne'er return again;
But Jack knew when he left her how well he'd played his part,
Experience had taught him how to win a woman's heart; but

CHORUS.

Jack, so debonair, so handsome, tall and fair,
Bright and gay returned one day, and claimed his charmer fair;
Away from all life's harms, held close within his arms,
All sorrow past, she'd won her Jack at last,
All sorrow past, she'd won her Jack at last.

THE IRISH POLICEMAN.

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Tune—"The Young Man from the Country."

When first I came from Dublin, a policeman's place I took—
A silver watch I soon possessed, and the right side of the cook.
I looked so well in uniform, that girls both dark and fair,
No matter whether night or morn, on me their eyes would glare,
Full of love for Mr. Peeler, on terrace, street, or square.
Full of love for Mr. Peeler, on terrace, street, or square.

Now I was never cross, my boys, when asked to have a drink,
By swells who made a little noise, if the silver I heard chink.
But if they wouldn't stand a brown, I stands none of their cheek—
I lets 'em know I've been in town much longer than a week,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

One night while eating chicken-pie, at my Susan's at the square,
A thunderin' knock came at the door, which knocked me off the chair.
'Twas her Missus—an' I heard her say, "what thief have ye below?"
Susan stammered, cartseyed, "Lor'," says she, "it's only Cousin Joe."
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

I then recovered from my fright, and up the stairs did go,
Wid Bulls-eye turned on and staff in hand, indeed I wasn't slow.
Said I, "Madam, I've walked in here, my duty for to do,
And lay my hand on any thafe that comes to plunder you."
For I'm a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
For I'm a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

Said she, "Policeman, come with me, and take a glass of wine;
If you are her cousin, don't be free with this servant girl of mine."
Then in the drawing-room we went, an' was waited on by Sue;
Her Missus took a sly glance at me—thinks I, this game will do.
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

Now a fortnight after this affair poor Sukey got the sack,
My situation I resigned, an' married her in a crack.
The lady—not the lady's maid—do you think, boys, I was green,
To force myself out of the force, an' marry this ancient queen?
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

Her age it was three-score and ten, her skin was rather tough;
A wig she wore, false teeth she had—of her charms I've said enough.
Three months of wedded bliss we spent, sure, quite devoid of care;
When she kicked the bucket one fine day, an' left me in the square.
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

The Little Game Called Kissing.

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Words by Marie Heath. Music by Walter Dauphin.

There's a little game called kissing, you have played it oft before,
There's a little game called kissing, where the boys kiss at the door,
And my sister used to play it when her sweetheart came around,
For one day I caught them playing, I could tell it by the sound; they went

REFRAIN.

One, two, three, do you love me?
Four, five and six, now come and kiss me quick.
Oh, one, two, three, do you love me?
Oh dear! I hear them now, as they make their kissing vow.

Now my mama says we're wicked when we play such naughty games,
Then I asked her how my sister came to play them just the same?
And she told me only sweethearts ever play them, don't you know.
So we'll play that you're my sweetheart, and I'll throw a kiss to you; now, ready:

REFRAIN.

One, two three, do you love me?
Four, five and six, now come and kiss me quick.
Oh, one, two, three, do you love me?
Oh my! I see you know how, for you threw a kiss just now.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

A vision of beauty greets my eyes, a girl with an angel face,
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights, with oh, such careless grace;
Lovers all crowd around her throne, there is no place for me,
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd, I am thinking, my love, of thee;
You'll never know the pain I feel, gazing on thy face bright,
You'll never know the dull heartache throbbing in me to-night.
I can't believe that you are false; would you then have it so?
Though my heart may break to-night, you will never know.

CHORUS.

You'll never know when my heart is sad,
You'll never know that my love you had;
If there be one, but one regret,
You'll never know, you'll never know,
Tho' my heart break you'll never know.

The carriage is waiting at the door, a maiden so fair steps in,
The light has faded from her eyes, can she be thinking of him?
He thinks me false, unkind, untrue, could he but read my heart,
The answer there would then declare, love, we shall never part.
You'll never know the pain I felt, coldly you turned away,
You'll never know the tears that fall, falling for you to-day.
I must be smiling, bright and gay, and to the world not show
How I long to see your face; you will never know.—*Chorus.*

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

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Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

In old Ireland there's a valley where the wild flowers gently blow,
And the ivy twines around a peaceful home;
In this cottage dwells a lassie, she's the dearest one I know,
The only girl my heart has ever known.
My blue-eyed, bonnie Katie, how I sigh for thee and yearn,
I'll keep the vow I promised, in the Spring I will return;
When the pretty May flowers bloom again what joy it will impart,
Then I'll meet once more the girl of my heart.

CHORUS.

A home I can see, she's waiting for me,
The dearest of all thou art;
Tho' far from thy side, your love is my guide,
My bonnie Kate, she's the girl of my heart.

Oh! how fondly I remember, at the little county fair,
When the merry, loving sweethearts came to town:
Of the many high-born ladies and the lassies gathered there,
A heav'nly face I saw, with simple gown.
Two lovers meet and hearts are wed, the joy words cannot tell,
Oh! sure I had no rest at all, I lov'd my Spring so well.
When we parted, these few tender words I spoke, while tears did start,
"I'll be faithful to the girl of my heart."—*Chorus.*

YES, YOU ARE.

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Words and Music by A. W. West. Arranged by Arthur Sinclair.

The men of to-day have some odd little ways,
But so had their grandsires before;
I don't sing in praise of the new-fashioned days,
Or pine for the "good times" of yore;
For you know to your shame, men were ever the same,
And never will alter one jot;
So the ladies, from Eve, vow, declare, and believe,
You fellows are all a bad lot.

CHORUS.

Yes, you are! (*Audience:* No, we're not!)
Oh! yes, you are! (*Audience:* No, we're not!)
You're a gang of unbelievers, and a pack of gay deceivers,
Yes, you are! (*Audience:* No, we're not!)
Oh! yes, you are! (*Audience:* No, we're not!)
Well, the ladies know that I'm quite right.

You say the dear girls all use powder and puff,
And lace themselves fearfully tight;
You hint that with rouge and all manner of stuff
They make their complexion each night.
Do you think they don't know that a lot of you men
Wear tight-fitting corsets as well;
And with soaped-out moustache, brilliantined, cut a dash?
There you are, quite the lardy-dah swell!—*Chorus.*

You say "pressing business" has kept you away,
Your poor wife sits moping at home,
But you know that's a fib, for you've been to the play,
After which on the "razzle" you roam;
Wind up late at the club, then (sweet business-like hub!)
Arouse your dear wife from her sleep,
Swear your work is just done, tho' its past half-past one,
While upstairs you're unable to creep.—*Chorus.*

ON THE MIDWAY,

— OR: —

The Jolly Bum Bum.

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Words and Music by Louis Ortenstein.

On the Midway it was grand! people came from every land;
Some looked queer, as you may guess, and still queerer looked their dress;
Some in gowns with sweeping trail, some in coats without a tail;
Some were dressed just like a clown, fancy patches all around.

REFRAIN.

On the Midway, from day to day, oh, what a life so gay,
From first daylight till late at night, but dance and song and play;
From East and West, with ev'rything best, the nations came and met;
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget,
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget.
People from Turkey-town had quite a merry round,
Diddle dum, diddle dum, jolly bum bum.
On the Midway, from day to day, oh, what a life so gay,
From first daylight till late at night; but dance and song and play;
From East and West, with ev'rything best, the nations came and met;
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget,
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget.

Rolly-pooly Esquimaux from the land of ice and snow,
Zero weather—and below where all fat on blubber grow,
Sat down on warm walrus rugs, drank from walrus-leather mugs,
Arctic wine—all free from drugs; slept on beds that had no bugs.—*Refrain.*

There were bare-kneed Highlanders, bare-backed South Sea Islanders,
And so many other blacks, with no garment on their backs.
Instead miss'nary for a meal, were content with beef and veal;
'Twas because on Midway ground no divine there could be found.—*Refrain.*

Donkey boys were quite a treat, with Egyptian stock complete,
Never stockings on their feet, tramped all day on "Cairo Street."
For a whip they had a stick, hit when donkey tried to kick;
On the camels, tough as a brick, people felt just like seasick.—*Refrain.*

There was King of Kipurthale, handsome, young, and very tall,
From his farmyard near Bengal, with his English friend and pal.
Three hundred wives he had in all—few, for King of Kipurthale;
One he brought, so left behind just two hundred ninety-nine.—*Refrain.*

A man had in his head a wheel, made of iron and of steel,
On it fastened thirty cars, people rolled up to the stars.
He, with lots of push about, rolled the wheel on Midway out,
And the people in its cars rode to Venus and to Mars.—*Refrain.*

—If florists keep on increasing the size of the chrysanthemums something will have to be done to increase the stature of the young men who wear them.

WHEN MAMMA LETS ME OUT.

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Words and Music by Frank H. Smith.

I'm a little girl that's very fond of merriment and glee,
I like to play with little boys about the size of me,
We have such jolly fun, you know, when mamma lets me out,
We play base-ball and ain't afraid to shout.

CHORUS.

Then come on, boys, and let's play ball,
I can hit like the mischief if I am a little small;
Don't be scared to pitch 'em, for I'm not afraid of that,
I can always knock a home run out when I am at the bat.

I like sometimes to skip the rope, and play at blindman's buff,
I also like to roll the hoop, when the streets are not too rough;
And then there's dolls, and hide and seek, and tag, and all the rest,
But then I like to play base-ball the best.—*Chorus.*

Between the times I've had from play I've always learned to dance,
I do my steps quite neat, you see, with taste and elegance;
So while I'm here to please you all, I'll let you see my style,
I'll do my best and dance for you awhile.—*Dance.*

TWO LITTLE MEN IN RED.

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Words and Music by Arthur Trevelyan.

Dear grandmamma sat in an old oak chair,
While a little girl sang her to sleep;
The song was so touching, it brought back her youth
And caused her to sadly weep.
Said the little one: "Granny, what makes you cry
Whenever I sing that song?"
"The reason I'll tell you," poor Granny replied,
"God knows I've atoned for my wrong."

CHORUS.

"Two little men in red, dear, two little men in red;
They were soldiers, I was their sweetheart, and promised the one to wed.
But the one I had promised to wed, dear, went to fight, so we did part;
I married the other, and then his poor brother died of a broken heart.

"Your grandpapa soon found his blunder out,
For his love was only a whim;
He left me one night without saying good-bye,
'Twas the punishment for my sin.
And his brother who died on the battle field
Ne'er forgave me for marrying Ned.
There, that is my story, now pray for me, dear,
And those two little men in red."—*Chorus.*

The Old Letter-Box on the Tree.

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Words and Music by Julian Holmes.

'Twas an old letter-box, and it hung on a tree
In remembrance of one who was far o'er the sea;
For he said, ere he left the sweet lass at his side,
"I'll soon return home, love, and make you my bride.
Tho' I'm going to leave you and wander afar,
All my thoughts will be with you, my own guiding star.
When the letter-man comes with a message from me,
Oh, remember the old letter-box on the tree."

CHORUS.

'Twas an old letter-box, many mem'ries it waken'd,
Of one who was far away over the sea;
He would not forget her, he promis'd a letter
She'd find in the old letter-box on the tree.

The lone sweetheart at home pray'd by night and by day
For a message from him who had long gone away.
"Is he faithless," she cried, "will he ne'er come to me?"
And she took the old letter-box down from the tree,
When an old faded letter that hid there for years,
Met the eyes of the lassie and filled them with tears;
For an answer her lover had waited in vain,
But his true little sweetheart ne'er met him again.

CHORUS.

'Twas an old letter-box, and within it was hidden
A tender love message from one o'er the sea;
He could not forget her, he sent her the letter
She found in the old letter-box on the tree.

—The man who sells circus tickets usually has the palm for a lightning-change artist.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

There are songs of many nations, there are songs of many creeds,
Songs of love, of home and kindred, songs that tell chivalrous deeds;
Songs that, like the war-drum beating, spurs the soldier to his fate,
Songs that when some soul is fleeting, cheers a heart made desolate,
Songs that when some soul is fleeting, cheers a heart made desolate.
Sing the old hymns, sing them softly, here's a solace for earth's wrongs,
Echoes are they from that Heaven where they sing the song of songs.
Spake Heaven's singer, "I would gather not one gem but I would blend
In a song of songs immortal all the hymns ne'er yet was pen'd
Such a glorious song,"—'twas finished, then the angels caught the strain,
And Heaven's arches now are ringing with that sweet, that grand refrain,
Yes, Heaven's arches now are ringing with that sweet, that grand refrain.
Sing the old hymns, sing them softly, here's a solace for earth's wrongs,
Echoes are they from that Heaven where they sing the song of songs,
Echoes are they from that Heaven where they sing the song of songs.

FOREVER AND FOR AYE.

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Words by Violet Vane. Music by John Macauley.

I think of all thou art to me, I dream of what thou canst not be,
My life is curst with thoughts of thee, forever and for aye.
My heart is full of grief and woe, I see thy face where'er I go,
I would, alas! it were not so, forever and for aye.
Perchance if we had never met, I had been spared this mad regret,
This endless striving to forget, this endless striving to forget.
Perchance if we had never met, I had been spared this mad regret,
This endless striving to forget, forever and for aye,
Forever, forever and for aye.

Perchance if thou wert far away, did I not see thee day by day,
I might again be blithe and gay, forever and for aye.
Ah, no! I could not bear the pain of never seeing thee again,
I cling to thee with might and main, forever and for aye.
O leave me not, I love but thee, blessing or curse, whiche'r thou be,
O be as thou hast been to me, O be as thou hast been to me.
O leave me not, I love but thee, blessing or curse, whiche'r thou be,
O be as thou hast been to me, forever and for aye,
Forever, forever and for aye.

I LOVE THE LADIES.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Sidney Thorn.

The world is made up, as you know, of many sorts of men,
Some stay out late, while others like to go to bed at ten.
Some rounders never will go home without a parting ball,
And, sad to say, we meet with some who won't go home at all.
But speaking of our fellow-men, it wouldn't do, you see,
For ev'ryone to think alike, on that we all agree.
While other folks try other means to let the time go by,
I like to take the ladies out, and here's the reason why:

CHORUS.

I love the ladies, the pretty little ladies,
I love the ladies, short and tall.
Of all I'm very fond, of brunette as well as blonde,
I love the ladies, bless them all.

You've often heard it isn't good for man to be alone,
I had a dear, sweet charmer once and thought she was my own.
We talked of life, its ups and downs, its sorrows and its loves,
For hours and days, for weeks and months, we billed and cooed like doves.
Of course I thought I was the very happiest of men,
But I confess I'm better posted now than I was then,
And all went well and merrily up to the wedding-day,
When suddenly another fellow waltzed my girl away.

CHORUS.

I love the ladies, the pretty little ladies,
I love the ladies, so do you.
It isn't quite the thing so to keep us on the string,
I love the ladies if they're true.

While out to take a quiet stroll, a little while ago,
I met a merry maid who "winked the other eye," you know.
Of course I introduced myself, she was so cute and gay,
We strolled on, talking pleasantly to pass the time away.
We wandered 'round for quite a while, we took in all the sights,
We rambled through the park until they put out all the lights.
At last as it was getting late, the hour of parting neared,
The merry maid, my watch and chain, together disappeared.

CHORUS.

I love the ladies, the pretty little ladies,
I love the ladies, big and small.
I'd like to see again one who has my watch and chain,
I love the ladies, but not all.

DRESDINA.

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Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Paul De Faye.

Years ago my heart was breaking, years ago in love I fell,
Ev'ry other thought forsaking, yet my love I dared not tell.
She was dainty, she was pretty, but her heart was cold indeed,
Still I never begged for pity, for I knew she would not heed.
Sunny little maiden, with sweet blossoms laden, still I see her smiling there,
Dainty little lady from far Arcady, my Dresdina, sweet and fair.
Long ago my heart was mended, though I love her dearly still;
Like all love-tales, mine has ended, I have changed, as lovers will.
On my mantel-shelf she's dancing, just a little china maid,
Smiling archly, at me glancing, from beneath her big hat shade.
Sunny little maiden, with sweet blossoms laden, still I see her smiling there,
Dainty little lady from far Arcady, my Dresdina, sweet and fair.

Parody on:

I DID IT.

Written by T. H. Tooker. Sung by John McGay.

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I went on a spree the other night with an old pal of mine,
We quickly blew in all our cash—it takes money to buy wine;
'Twas then my pal took me aside and said, "Old boy, I think
'Twould be the proper thing to ask the bartender for a drink."

CHORUS.

I did it, I did it, I told him we were broke:
When I saw the way he acted I was sorry that I spoke,
For he got a bottle of seltzer water when I asked him to treat,
And played the contents on us before we could reach the street.

At a benefit, a short time ago, some friends requested me
To appear and sing a comic song, and help along the beneficiary;
I was taken with the stage fright when the prompter rang the gong,
And said, "The orchestra is playing, sir, go on and sing your song."

CHORUS.

I did it, I did it, tho' nearly dead with fright;
The audience was in an uproar when I appeared that night.
I sung the song all out of tune, I couldn't make the words rhyme;
I was presented with a house, but got one brick at a time.

My wife is very jealous, and spends most all her time
Making my life miserable; if I look at a woman it's a crime.
Last night she accused me of flirting with our servant, Mary Jane,
And said, "Why don't you go and kiss her ruby lips again?"

CHORUS.

I did it, I did it, oh, what a jolly lark!
I kissed her and hugged her, but, alas! 'twas in the dark;
And when I lit the gas (I should have done it long before),
I found that I'd been kissing my old homely mother-in-law.

I once tried selling sewing machines on the installment plan;
I heard there was money in it, oh, wasn't I a happy man!
I attended strictly to business while serving in that capacity,
But quickly found one day of it was quite enough for me.

SPOKEN—I shall never forget my trials and tribulations as a sewing machine agent. I received a great many orders, in fact I was ordered out of every house I went into. Just as I was about to go home (for I was thoroughly convinced that no one would accept a sewing machine even as a present), I concluded to make one more attempt. The building I entered was a tenement house. I walked up the stairway (which was sadly in need of repair), and after falling and scraping my shins several times and using much profanity, I espied an old gentleman limping about with a cane, wearing a red flannel undershirt and several weeks' growth of whiskers on his face. I at once began to tell him about the virtues of the machine I was selling, and assured him he could pay for same on the installment plan. He asked me if I thought he was a millionaire in disguise, and told me to leave the house as quick as possible or he would kick me down the stairs. I thought, of course, that he was merely joking, and said: "If you will be kind enough to do that, sir, you will save me the trouble of walking down." You can judge of my surprise when he took me at my word, and—

CHORUS.

He did it, he did it, it did'nt take him long;
I thought he was an invalid, but found he was quite strong.
He kicked me down three flights of stairs—believe me now, I pray,
I'd no seat in my trousers when he got through that day.

—Nelson Forsyth, who is one of our old customers 'way down in Texas, and who has sold a great number of our songs, went before the "Board of Examiners" to get a certificate to teach a school:

"What are the four seasons?" Answer: "Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar."

"What is a cape?" Answer: "It is some kind of a woman's garment."

"What is a desert?" Answer: "Goodies that they have at a hotel after eating the course grub."

"What do you teach, anyway?" Answer: "The three R's."

"The three R's; what are they?" Answer: "Reading, Riting and Rithmetic."

Have You Ever Been in Love?

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Words and Music by Julian Holmes.

Love is, as any one can tell, a very funny thing,
It has a way of catching young and old;
For Cupid with his speedy shaft is ever on the wing,
And aiming at the hearts of lovers bold.
How dismal would this world of ours appear to you and me,
Unloving and unloved to live and die;
We couldn't do without the ladies, so we all agree,
The joys of love we're ne'er too old to try.

CHORUS.

Have you ever been in love? have you ever been in love?
Or had a kiss from some sweet miss you call your "little dove?"
Have you ever been in love? have you ever been in love?
Oh, tell me, pray, do not say "nay," have you ever been in love?

Love is no new idea that will come and pass away,
And then forever vanish from our sight;
For love has always been the proper thing since Adam's day
To fill the hearts of millions with delight.
It brightens every hour we live, our sorrows it dispels,
And gives us glimpses of the joys above;
No wonder that the heart of every lad and lassie swells,
Because you know it's nice to be in love.—*Chorus.*

JUST A KISS, LITTLE SIS.

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Words by Roland Hennessy. Music by Chas. J. Wilson.

I know a little fair-haired Miss, you also know her well,
To me her name is Little Sis, but more I cannot tell.
You know her, she'd a throne adorn, a fair mate for a king,
And when I see her ev'ry morn, I'm always sure to sing:

CHORUS.

Just a kiss, Little Sis, (kiss, kiss, kiss,)
Don't be scared, I ask for only one.
Ah! why so shy? let me try, (kiss, kiss, kiss,)
Just to show you how the act is done.
Oh! do not, pray, say me nay, (kiss, kiss, kiss,)
For one kiss would give me perfect bliss;
Just pucker so, let 'er go,
Just a kiss, Little Sis.

This little Miss waits ev'ry eve for me beside the gate,
I know she's there, she'll never leave, no matter if I'm late,
And when she greets me with a smile, and asks what news I bring,
I answer in the same old style, in words I love to sing:—*Chorus.*

Who is this girl who loves me so, whom I love in return?
Why, I'll not tell you, don't you know? then list, if you would learn—
I call my sister Little Sis, she's six, I'm twenty-two,
If you have a sister or sweetheart, sing this gay love ditty I've sung to you:—*Cho.*

SWEETHEARTS.

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Words by Chas. Wilmott. Music by Henry E. Pether.

In a far off quaint old village, by a cottage gate one day
Stands a maiden, softly sobbing, while the soldiers march away,
Jack, her darling Jack, amidst them, thro' her tears are dimly seen:
War has come and they are parted, tho' since childhood they have been:

CHORUS.

Sweethearts, sweethearts, two hearts linked in one,
Her's may break but for England's sake duty must be done;
They said "Good-by," and bound for a foreign shore
He marched away to the war that day, to return no more.

Jack had been a brave young farmer, toiling—ah, the old, old tale—
Year by year to see around him all his crops and labor fail,
Forced at last to take the shilling, off'ring then to set her free,
But, when parting, love had conquered, and thro' life they vowed to be:

CHORUS.

Sweethearts, sweethearts, two hearts linked in one,
Her's may break but for England's sake duty has been done;
They said "Good-by," and then on that foreign shore
He passed away in the dawning gray, to return no more.

Loudly roars the din of battle, in a fearful night attack,
Sword in hand, first in the conflict, and the first to fall, is Jack;
In his arms his comrade takes him, and with failing, broken breath,
Hears him murmuring "My Nellie"—loved in life, and loved in death.

CHORUS.

Sweethearts, sweethearts, two hearts linked in one,
Her's may break but for England's sake duty has been done;
They said "Good-by," and then on that foreign shore
He passed away in the dawning gray, to return no more.

He Thought He Was in Heaven.

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Words and Music by J. W. Bratton.

A man falls in love with a pretty little girl,
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels;
He kisses her, he squeezes her, and fondles her curls,
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.
He always goes her courting ev'ry Sunday night,
She greets him with smiles and apparent delight,
Then they've the parlor to themselves, and oh, don't he squeeze her tight,
Oh, he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

CHORUS.

He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?
But how he does swear if her brother comes there,
He calls him a "name," not an angel.

A Rube went to the race track at Guttenburg one day,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;
He had a white badge on his vest to show he was no jay,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.
The touts all tried to sell him tips on a horse called "Go,"
But he said, "I've no use for tips, for on my farm they grow,
I've some very fine asparagus, I get tips from that, you know,"
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

CHORUS.

He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?
He went in a hack, but he had to walk back,
But he says, "I'm a sport," this jay angel.

A man went to a restaurant to eat the other day,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;
He bought a fine meal ticket and four dollars he did pay,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.
When he went out a gust of wind blew it in the street,
A jay who then was passing had hob nails in his feet,
He stepped upon that ticket—two weeks board punched out so neat,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.

CHORUS.

He thought he was, but was he? He thought he was, but was he?
He swears to this day that when he meets that jay,
In heav'n there will be a jay angel.

A bunco man once started out to find some Reuben Jay,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;
He met him in this city in the very same old way,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.
He takes him to the pool room and sells him lots of checks,
The poor jay wins the first time and feels he's right on deck,
But wait until the next hand, he'll get it in the neck,
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

CHORUS.

He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?
This poor jay so rash lost all of his cash,
And the bunco's still looking for angels.

An Irishman got on a car to take a ride one day,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;
His face was full of spinach, in his mouth a pipe of clay,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.
A man said, "Put out that pipe;" says he, "I'm not smoking;"
"But the pipe is in your mouth, there is no use for talking."
Says Pat, "I have my shoes on, but sure I'm not walking,"
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

CHORUS.

He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?
Pat laughed so, they say, that he died the next day,
And he's now painting clouds with the angels.

A little coon was passing by a stable-yard one day,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;
He chanced to spy an old mule standing chewing hay,
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.
The coon says, "Golly, here's fun," and picking up a stick,
He then commenced to tickle the old mule, which made him sick,
The mule he once stopped chewing and he gave just one swift kick,
And sent him up to heaven with the angels.

CHORUS.

He thought he was, but was he? He thought he was, but was he?
No more he'll annoy that poor old mule coy,
In heav'n there's a strange jet black angel.

—"It makes me tired to see that wheel go round," said Lazy Lumpkin to his friend. "If it wasn't tired it wouldn't go round," answered the friend.

—"And to think," said the visitor to the jail, "that such an intelligent-looking man should find himself here for law-breaking!" "Yis, indeed," replied the guard, "an' fur house-breakin' as well."

—"Say," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a half bone extra this week, but I guess he won't." "What for?" asked the bookkeeper. "Fer overtime. I wuz dreamin' about me work all las' night."

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

I remember when a girl my Granny said to me,
"I've something, dear, to tell you," as I sat beside her knee;
She then put on her glasses, and in accents kind and low,
Said, "Mary, I must tell you now, you're old enough to know:

CHORUS.

"All young ladies should know the ways of the bold, wicked men,
Don't go where they make you,
But go where they'll take you,
And always be home when the clock strikes ten.

"My young man has often told into my willing ear,
Full many tales of untold gold he'd earn for me, his dear,
Ah! but the gold is far away, as far as I can see,
And very often, by the way, he borrows some from me.—*Chorus.*

"I don't listen to the tale that we have lost the train,
For I've been there before, and never mean to be again;
And I don't think a girl should give her kisses in advance,
But wait until you're married, and you'll never miss the chance."—*Cho.*

When Autumn Leaves are Falling.

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Words and Music by Arthur West. Arranged by Stocks Hammond.

When the Autumn sun has left his zenith in the sky,
And the evening shadows come as Winter's drawing nigh,
When the birds begin to rest, and quiet reigns o'er the sea,
That's the time of all the year that is most dear to me.

CHORUS.

When Autumn leaves are falling, village bells are calling,
The stars begin to twinkle as the clock is striking eight,
On rustic seat reclining, lovers arms entwining,
Courting in the moonlight by the old toll-gate.

Angels seem to hover round where lovers fondly coo,
Cupid's on his native ground, the world is out of view;
Tell the old, old story when the evening sun is low
And the bells are ringing from the village down below.—*Chorus.*

Bachelors will say it is a foolish paradise,
We know it's very naughty but we know it's very nice;
See, the moon is winking, he is winking the other eye,
As he lets a little cloud go past him in the sky.—*Chorus.*

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

On the line! on the line! see the White Squadron shine!
Her boys as true and brave as ever sailed the wave,
As ever sailed the wave;
The old flag waves on high, like the eagle near the sky,
Away they go, and if ever there's a foe, there is only one reply.

CHORUS.

If the eagle has to fly beneath a foreign sky,
And fight its way along the battle gory,
The White Squadron leads the line, and the sun will ever shine
On the eagle, leading sailors on to glory.

In the calm or the storm, we can make all things warm
For those who'd take us down, yea, tho' he wear a crown,
Yea, tho' he wear a crown;
We have the ships and men, but not aggressive then,
Away we go, and if ever there's a foe, we'll be only vengeful when

CHORUS.

The eagle has to fly beneath a foreign sky,
And fight its way along the battle gory,
The White Squadron leads the line, and the sun will ever shine
On the eagle, leading sailors on to glory.

—When the members of bottling companies meet in convention they have corking good times.

—The bridge-jumper may not inherit notoriety, but it comes to him by descent all the same.

As Soon as the Honeymoon's Over.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

Love is not what it used to be,
That is plain to both you and me;
Now Chicago has made the break,
Love is often a splendid mistake;
He's not happy in single life,
She's not happy till she's a wife;
So they play the hymenial course,
Finishing up with the old divorce.

CHORUS.

Oh! how silly young people are,
Leaving home, their ma and pa,
Spreading their sails when young Cupid prevails,
Fancy they're living in clover.
That's all right for a month or two,
Then his bank-book is nearly through,
You don't want him and he doesn't want you,
As soon as the honeymoon's over.

Once, wherever the lady went,
She was used to a compliment;
Now, if anyone speaks to her,
Husband jealous and starts to swear.
He's not happy, ah! there's the rub,
Soon he misses his cosy club,
Ma-in-law comes and stays a week,
Husband and wife are afraid to speak.—*Chorus.*

Back in town with his friends of yore,
Evening finds him at home no more;
Business keeps him till late in town,
Business means putting whiskey down;
She's invited to ev'ry ball,
Ev'ry dancer is at her call;
Love's calm ocean is now a gale,
The newspaper tells us the same old tale.—*Chorus.*

MONTE CARLO BOYS.

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Words by Norton Atkins. Music by Orlando Powell.

Sixteen merry Monte Carlo boys made up their plural mind
That they would go on the "Continong" and see what they could find;
They'd heard about the jolly old man who said he broke the bank,
But they were fully persuaded that his "system" was but "bank."
So to the station, with much elation,
They all went marching, their throats were parching,
The train was steaming, the whistle screaming,
And they were singing, their voices ringing,
"We'll have a lark, o, in gay Monaco,
We'll let them see, boys, we're gay and free, boys,
We'll let them see, boys, we're gay and free, boys,
For this is the song we'll sing:

CHORUS.

"We belong to the good old school you don't meet ev'ry day,
Always ready wherever we go, always ready to pay;
The sort of pals you're proud of, fond of fun and noise,
Carlo! Carlo! the Monte Carlo boys!"

Sixteen merry Monte Carlo boys arrived at that resort,
And after one or two games, you know, of cash were somewhat short;
But one of them said, "Never mind that, I've got a little plan,
We've got our watches and chains, let's find a pawnshop if we can."
So when they spied one, they went inside one,
And on each ticker they raised a nicker;
They took on brandy, or what came handy,
And they were singing, their voices ringing;
Out for a lark, o, in gay Monaco,
As they went strolling, or rather rolling,
As they went strolling, I should say rolling,
They shouted with all their might:—*Chorus.*

Sixteen merry Monte Carlo boys soon got into disgrace,
With sixteen pairs of fine black eyes and scratches on each face;
They found that they were landed in goal when they next morn awoke;
Each of them had a fearful thirst and felt inclined to choke.
They looked so shady, each with a lady,
Had been too free, boys, you must agree, boys,
For they were knocked up, and also locked up.
The Consul saw them, began to jaw them:
He said, "You gay boys, you cannot pay, boys,
We shall befriend you, back home we'll send you,
We shall befriend you, back home we'll send you,
And take care no more you sing":—*Chorus.*

—Mrs. Say: What do you suppose Chicago will do now that the Fair is over? Mr. Say: Move East, I guess, and enjoy her money.

SLEEP, MY BABY BOY.

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Words by J. A. Fraser, Jr. Music by E. A. Phelps.

Bye, oh bye, my baby darling, bye, oh bye, my hope and joy;
Mother's hand will rock the cradle, sleep, oh sleep, my baby boy.
Lower the curtains o'er thy blue eyes, sleep, my baby, sleep;
Smiling like the summer skies, to slumberland now creep.

REFRAIN.

Bye, baby, my darling, for mother is near,
So tenderly watching thee; sleep on, do not fear.
Bye, baby, my darling, sleep on while you may;
Life's struggle comes all too soon, as waking with day.

Thou art now at life's bright dawning, trouble all too soon thou'lt know;
Gladly mother would defend thee from the world and all its woe.
Mother would fold thee close to her breast, sleep, my baby, sleep;
In all the world she loves the best, all harm from thee would she keep.—*Refrain.*

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY.

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Words by George F. Marion. Music by Andrew Mack.

Gazing from my window casement at a group of children play,
All absorbed in childish romping, sporting 'neath the sun's bright ray;
Suddenly the heavens clouded, threat'ning but a summer's rain;
Anxious mothers seek their darlings, now their joys give way to pain.
Pouting lips and saddened faces, naughty rain their joys disperse;
From their little hearts the wail comes, nature's pathos in this verse:

CHORUS.

Rain, rain, go away, come another washing day,
For the children want to play; don't stay any longer, rain.
Rain, rain, go away, come another washing day,
For the children want to play—'tis life's story over again.

See the husband and the father, on financial tempest tossed,
Bankrupt, ruined, stagger homeward—"Heaven help us, all is lost."
Quick that angel—heaven bless her—by our side in care and strife,
Soothing all the ills that greet us, man's best friend—a loving wife.
Baby's arms are thrown around him, "Daddy must not cry that way;
Mamma, papa's eyes are raining, sing, and it may go away."

CHORUS.

Rain, rain, go away, come another washing day,
For the children want to play; don't stay any longer, rain.
Love dries his tear-dimmed eye, fortune once again he'll try,
Determined now to do or die—'tis life's story over again.

MA JEANETTE.

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Words by Richard Norton. Music by Sydney Jones.

I have come straight from the "Continong,"
In triumphant march I've come along;
Old men and young men looked and bowed the knee,
And rendered homage really due to me.
In Paris they all implored that I
Would deign to smile, or else, they said, they'd die;
And a noble prince said, "He would fret
His life away without Jeanette."

CHORUS.

Ah, Ma Jeanette, my darling, how I love thee;
Ah, Ma Jeanette, fair as the skies above me;
Ah, Ma Jeanette, I'd die without regret
For a kissy, kissy, kiss, kiss, yummy, yummy, yum, from Ma Jeanette.

Monte Carlo's gay casino crowd,
At my entrance there, all rose and bowed,
And if I walked when cards I would not play,
The gamblers 'rose and followed me away.
New York ladies praised my latest style,
And men made wagers all about a smile,
And if ever I went to make a bet
They said, "Now use our cash, Jeanette."—*Chorus.*

Straight away from there to Nice I went,
Rome and Florence, still on pleasure bent;
The hearts I broke, the conquests that I made,
It makes a poor young thing like me afraid.
When I tired of a foreign shore
And sighed for dear old British land once more,
In Paris again my prince I met;
He said, "Take me with you, Jeanette."—*Chorus.*

Since Maggie Bought the Parrot.

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Words by Walter H. Ford. Music by Jack W. Bratton.

You have heard of Maggie Murphy, and the place she used to live;
Do you know the reason why she had to move?
It's a most peculiar story, and the facts to you I'll give,
And ev'rything I tell you I can prove.
It seems she bought a parrot, an educated bird,
Who talked so much he stopped the parlor clock;
He tried his conversation on the neighbors, so I've heard,
And Maggie had to move around the block.

CHORUS.

He swore in Italian, in German and Greek,
He talked the roof clean off the garret;
When the neighbors and Maggie pass by they don't speak,
Since she purchased that ill-spoken parrot.

One night, when Maggie's lover came to make an evening call,
As usual he asked her for a kiss,
When a voice from in the corner said, "You've got an awful gall;
Go rush the can, I've had enough of this."
She started to explain it, but he started for the door;
She told him that he was her only joy.
But again that wicked pretty poll put in his little oar
And said, "All right, I'll get another boy."

CHORUS.

Her lover got chilly, and gave her the shake;
She's living 'way up in a garret.
She stands in the ballet for seven and cakes
Since she purchased that ostracized parrot.

There's a lady, Mrs. Nolan, in the room next door to Mag,
Has a monkey that's the apple of her eye;
When the parrot told the monkey that his mouth looked like a bag,
Then the feathers and the fur began to fly.
When Maggie reached her little home at twelve o'clock that night
The room looked like a place they keep old junk.
When she spied the pretty polly she exclaimed, "Well, you're a sight!"
But the parrot said, "Wait till you see the monk."

CHORUS.

There's murder and arson and all sorts of crime,
Takes place in that fourth-story garret;
In fact, the whole street has a h— of a time,
And all on account of that parrot.

THE SAILOR BOLD.

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Words and Music by James W. Dunn.

Hurrah, hurrah! for the ocean wide,
A sailor's joy is the flowing tide;
He knows no fear, though storms may roar,
If clear away from the treach'rous shore,
Clear from the treach'rous shore.
The vessel flies with the whistling wind,
Leaving a foaming track behind,
Merrily rolling over the foam:
Oh, the ship at sea is the sailor's home,
The ship is the sailor's home.

REFRAIN.

Yo ho! yo ho! ya hillee hillee hey! Night and day, all so gay,
Songs are merrily trolled, many a yarn is told;
Hurrah, hurrah! for the sailor bold; hurrah! for the sailor bold.

Hurrah, hurrah! for the roving life,
Devoid of care and the cities' strife;
Away at sea, when the sun shines bright,
And wavelets dance in the golden light,
Dance in the golden light.
Or when the moon and the stars serene,
Softly light the midnight scene;
Oh, but it's grand, the ocean to ride,
And the bounding ship is the sailor's pride,
The ship is the sailor's pride.—*Refrain.*

Hurrah, hurrah! for the sailor true,
His honor's bright as the sea is blue;
His voice is hoarse and his bearing rough,
With courage strong and a heart that's tough,
Strong and a heart that's tough.
"Aye, aye," he answers at duty's call,
Scornfully laughs at dangers all;
So may the best of luck ever hold
For the sailor's ship and the sailor bold,
The ship and the sailor bold.—*Refrain.*

—While the convict is seldom consulted as to the cut of his uniform, the cloth is always striped to suit him.

SITTING BY THE KITCHEN DOOR

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Franz Mayr.

Sitting by the kitchen door, when the sun has set,
Can be seen two lovers fair, where they oft have met.
Teazing, squeezing, oh, such fun, merry, joyous pair,
Sitting by the dear old kitchen door.
In the quaint old parlor sits old daddy dear,
Dreaming of the happy days of yore,
When he courted mother dear, many years ago,
Sitting by that same old kitchen door.

CHORUS.

Sitting by the kitchen door with her dearest beau,
Is a little maiden fair, singing sweet and low:
Swiftly glide the hours away with one you adore,
Kisses taste much sweeter there, by the kitchen door.

Oh, what pretty things are said, sitting arm in arm,
Planning when they will be wed, on the dear old farm,
Speaking of their future bright, happy days in store,
Sitting by the dear old kitchen door.
Day's work now is over, whistles they have blown,
Come the merry lads from mill and store,
When the stars are twinkling bright, then they can be found,
Sitting by the dear old cottage door.—*Chorus.*

OH! THOSE LODGINGS!

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

I was reading in the *Herald* of a house beside the sea,
Where they took in Summer boarders, that was good enough for me;
So I packed up my valise, that afternoon I landed there,
I'd a hundred dollar bill, and twenty-seven days to spare;
The paper said, "It's near the cars, ten minutes from the town,
And a porter at the station waits to run your luggage down."
To read it you would think that you were going to Heaven sure,
But I'll be a crazy man if ever I go any more.

CHORUS.

Oh, those lodgings, those lodgings by the sea,
Oh, those lodgings, that are very dear to me.
It cost a dollar ev'ry time I gazed upon the foam;
Next time I take my holidays I mean to stay at home.

Now the porter, for his trouble, charged a dollar twenty-five,
And they put me in a room where I was eaten up alive;
With fairy wings, mosquitoes ev'ry evening to me came,
The bedbug had no wings, but still he got there just the same.
Instead of having sleep I had to do a song and dance,
And I paid them forty dollars, that was four weeks in advance.
I had fifty dollars left, with which I meant to have a time,
But before the week was over it had dwindled down to nine.

CHORUS.

Oh, those ledgings, those lodgings by the sea,
Oh, those lodgings, that are very dear to me.
I once was good and stout, but I'm reduced to skin and bone;
Next time I take my holidays I mean to stay at home.

We had ham and eggs for breakfast, and for dinner ham and eggs;
We had buttermilk to wash it down, they brought it up in kegs;
We had ham and eggs for supper, we had milk instead of cream,
And when I went to bed, of ham and eggs I had to dream.
The landlord, on a week-day, never left his little perch,
But on Sunday he insisted we should go with him to church.
He'd march us there in couples, very much against our will,
And ev'ry time he used to put a dollar on his bill.

Oh, those lodgings, those lodgings by the sea,
Oh, those lodgings, that are very dear to me.
It always cost me fifty cents to use the family comb;
Next time I take my holidays I mean to stay at home.

If a beetle's in your soup it costs you half a dollar more,
And the chicken was a rooster in the year of eighty-four;
The landlord used to sit beside the door-mat every day;
To show he fed us well he stuffed his waistcoat full of hay.
His lady she wore "specs" and used to call us all "my dear!"
And it always meant a dollar if she whispered in your ear.
I had no railroad ticket, so I came home by the boat,
But to get the fare I had to go and pawn my overcoat.

Oh, those lodgings, those lodgings by the sea,
Oh, those lodgings, that are very dear to me.
To tell you all about it, it would fill an epitome;
Next time I take my holidays I mean to stay at home.

—Speaking of coincidences, it is worthy of remark that kiss, miss and bliss rhyme felicitously.

UNDER THE SAILOR'S STAR.

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Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Edward St. Quentin.

Out on the foam the good ship ploughs her way,
A speck upon, upon the mighty main:
And cheery lads with stalwart hearts are they,
Who sail across the blue Atlantic plain.
They're ready, aye, whatever wind may blow,
Whatever wind may blow,
And wheresoe'er the ship may roam,
To spin a yarn of deeds below,
Or fight and beat a crafty foe,
Their hearts with those they love at home,
Their hearts with those they love at home,
With those they love at home.

REFRAIN.

Rolling, rolling, over the sea afar,
Roaming gaily, under the sailor's star;
Storm and sunlight, sailing the world around,
'Tis merrily ho, and cheerily ho, for the outward bound.

In from the west the wind is blowing free,
When stars at night, at night their vigil keep;
But bonnie wives and lassies bright I see,
Who watch for those who roam the mighty deep.
To scan the main they come at close of day,
They come at close of day,
And wheresoe'er the ship may be,
Their straining eyes look o'er the bay,
They hear the stormy wind and pray,
Their hearts with those they love at sea,
Their hearts with those they love at sea,
With those they love at sea.

REFRAIN.

Rolling, bowling, over the sea afar,
Roaming gaily, under the sailor's star;
Storm and sunlight, sailing the world around,
'Tis merrily ho, and cheerily ho, for the homeward bound.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

The life of a man is a mariner's life,
As he battles along o'er this ocean of strife,
From the time that he's born till he's wed to his wife,
His head's never calm on its pillow;
And so he sails on with his loving first mate,
Side by side, hand in hand, holy estate,
Always on watch for each other they wait,
As they sail o'er life's stormy billow.

REFRAIN.

It's only the old, old story, only the old, old tale,
Life's but a span for ev'ry man, a calm and a storm and a gale;
A sweet little wife to cheer us, and comfort us when we're old,
A daughter and son, the race is run, and the tale of our lives is told.

At first comes the calm of the honeymoon's bliss,
As soft as the zephyr falls Cupid's first kiss:
No wave would disturb them, I'm certain in this,
The first of the voyage they're going:
At length comes the storm in its fury and might,
Captain and mate cling to each other tight,
His arms 'round her waist, as he whispers, "All right,
It's only a little gale blowing."—*Refrain.*

And then comes the harbor of refuge in view,
Their good ship sails in and he calls up his crew;
He tells them, "My boys, that is all I can do,
My roaming days now must be over;"
He anchors his boat for the rest of his life,
The captain is old now, and so is his wife:
The sons and the daughters themselves face the strife,
And the old man's no longer a rover.—*Refrain.*

—The saloon bar is not necessarily a bar of music because it abounds in larks.

—When there is company in the house the members of the family begin to say "Good morning" to each other at breakfast.

—"Mrs. Guggins is feelin' mighty miserable." "You don't say so! I thought she was lookin' in illegant health." "Yes, that's jest it. She's feelin' so well that she can't think of nothin' ter take patent medicines for, an' she jes' sits an' reads the advertisements an' pines."

CREEP, BABY, CREEP.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Hermann Schloss.

See our little baby creeping, how she tries to cross the floor
When she hears her papa's footsteps, knowing he is at the door;
How the little eyes now brighten as she sees him standing there,
Papa surely now will catch you, and will kiss your golden hair.
Little hands to him outstretching, "Papa, come and take your baby girl."
And her rosy lips so catching, making papa's fond heart thrill;
With a cry he folds her to him, nestles in his arms so close.
Papa's caught you, baby darling, and it seems the baby knows.

CHORUS.

Creep, baby, creep, mamma will surely catch you;
Creep, baby, creep, mamma is near to watch you;
Creep, baby, creep, creep to the breast that will love you,
Hold you so tight, mamma's delight—creep to me, baby, now creep.

Now her little eyes are closing, baby's tired, gone to sleep,
With a smile upon her sweet face, pretty dimples in her cheek,
Dreaming of the coming morrow, when her little toddling feet
Try to walk to her dear mamma, but our pet can only creep.
Dream, my pretty rose-bud, dream on, sorrow ne'er shall touch your tender heart
While your mamma's here to guide you from the pathways lone and dark,
For you are my only treasure, life without you holds no charms;
Wake up, darling, kiss your mamma, let me hold you in my arms.—*Chorus.*

CAN HEARTS SO SOON FORGET?

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Franz Mayr.

The thought came to me the day that we parted,
How long will it be ere again we shall meet;
The days seem so long, so dark, and oh, so dreary,
So changed from the time of our love, once so sweet;
And oft do I wonder if you still remember
The love we once plighted, or if you regret
The many happy hours that we have passed together,
Ah! tell me, is it true, can hearts so soon forget?

CHORUS.

Can hearts so soon forget the love so rudely shaken?
Are vows we made, my loved one, discarded and forsaken?
Perchance the past's a memory, perhaps a vain regret;
Speak, and let me hear your answer, can hearts so soon forget?

It may be in years, when time has wrought its changes,
Your love will return to me as of yore,
For time can't re-mold the heart, so pure and tender,
And all will be bright to last ever more.
The token you gave me I still cherish fondly,
The one happy link of a love not to die;
I pray for our meeting each day and ev'ry hour,
And often my heart in its loneliness will cry.—*Chorus.*

Only a Tangle of Golden Curls.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Franz Mayr.

Only a tangle of golden curls
Flung o'er a pillow white,
Only a smile that is free from guile,
As the little one says good night, good night.
But the mother will treasure with untold pleasure,
These pictures as years pass by,
For though the sweet face may gain new grace,
She will think of the baby and sigh.

CHORUS.

Only a tangle of curls from little darling taken,
Only a small lock of hair, ah, how some mother's heart's aching;
Only a glimmer of gold twining around your fingers,
Making the tears fall like rain, at the sight of a tangle of curls.

Gone is the sweet, loving chatter,
Baby is heard now no more;
Gone is the innocent clatter
Of pattering feet on the floor.
Playthings are scattered and broken,
Dolly lies ragged and torn;
Mother picks up the dear treasures
And sighs for her darling now gone.
Standing alone in the corner,
Little cradle bare;
Close by sits the mother, dear,
Ah, so lonely there;
No chubby hands are holding fast
On to mother's dress;
"Kiss me, kiss me," baby cried,
Then to your heart was pressed.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By L. Bruner.

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An old woman sat in an old arm chair, a chair that she'd used for years,
Her daughter then asked her why she laughed till her eyes were filled with tears;
"Come here to me, I will tell you child, come sit by me," she said,
"Your aunt and I took a walk one day, and we both were dressed in red.

CHORUS.

"Two little girls in red, lass, two little girls in red;
I don't know why, but one started to cry when she seen a bull, and said,
'Run for your life now, do, dear, and do not turn your head,
The bull is coming, so keep on running, you know your dress is red.'

"We had not gone but a very short space, when something dawned on our view,
'Twas a bull, and we knew we had red dresses on, and didn't know what to do;
I thought that the bull was coming our way, it was the other direction instead,
But still when I think, I must laugh till this day at the two little girls in red."—*Cho.*

Sweetheart, I'll Return to Thee.

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Words and Music by M. Le Roy.

Stars were shining in the sky when I kissed my love good-bye,
Eyes that look'd my heart away, I'll return, return and stay;
I'll never leave thee, love, again, never more will cause thee pain,
Oh, how sad it was to part from thee, darling of my heart.

REFRAIN

Sweetheart, I'll return to thee,
Ever true, sweetheart, I'll be;
Oh, how sad it was to part
From thee, darling of my heart.
Sweetheart, I'll return again,
Never more will cause thee pain;
Faithful I'll ever be, faithful and true to thee,
Darling, sweetheart, I'll come back to thee.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, sigh no more, dry thy tears, be as of yore,
Let thy poor heart now rejoice, for I hear thy soft, sweet voice
Calling me so tenderly, far across the deep blue sea;
Once more, love, I feel, I know all thou wert long, long ago.—*Refrain.*

Wafted was thy cry to me, by the zephyrs o'er the lea,
Heart to heart and soul to soul, sweetheart, under love's control,
We shall soon united be throughout all eternity;
Joy we then shall only trace in the folds of love's embrace.—*Refrain.*

A WAIF OF THE STORM.

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Words and Music by Stone and Blair.

A rugged old sailor sat watching the waves
Dash and break into silvery spray;
In silence he turns to a child at his side,
His thoughts, though, are far, far away.
A stranger approaching disturbs his daydream
With a question concerning the child;
In answer the old sailor tells him that she
Was shipwrecked in tempest so wild.

CHORUS.

"She's a poor little waif of the storm, sir,
No one to love her but I;
No mother's prayer, or kind, loving care,
To guard her with watchful eye.
Yes, she's only a waif of the storm, sir,"
When he drew the child to his knee;
Her bright golden head nestled close to his breast;
'Twas a picture, that old tar and she.

The stranger's eyes moistened as he gazed on the scene,
He drew forth a locket and chain;
He looked at the picture enclosed within,
And then at the girl's face again.
He told the old sailor of a wreck years ago,
His wife had been lost, that was known,
But the child had been saved, and the picture soon showed
That the waif of the storm was his own.—*Chorus.*

A great many years they have passed since that day,
The maiden now stately and tall,
And known to her friends as the waif of the storm,
Her kind way endeared her to all.
The rugged old sailor one day passed away,
As the sun it went down in the west;
His faithful voice faltered, and these were the words
On his lips as he sank to his rest:—*Chorus.*

SWEET LITTLE MARY,
The Pride of the Dairy.

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Words and Music by Arthur West. Arranged by Stocks Hammond.

Down on the farm every day of her life,
Is the girl that I hope will some day be my wife;
She's the prettiest colleen you ever did see,
So come to the wedding of Mary and me.
I haven't yet asked her if she will consent,
For, somehow or other, wherever she went,
I'd no time to ask her until Sunday next,
But I think she'll say yes, and not try to look vexed.

CHORUS.

For, when she goes to milk the cow, I am always there somehow,
And my heart jumps near my throat, near the nosegay, in my coat;
When I help her o'er the stile she gives me a fairy smile,
Sweet little Mary, "the pride of the dairy," the only girl I love.

Brighter than sunshine is Mary's sweet smile,
And I never feel happy, unless, for a while
She'll leave off her work for a moment or two,
If only to say to me, John, how d'ye do;
As we both go home I keep telling my tale,
But, Mary, she laughs as I carry the pail;
I try to tell her of my love all the while,
But all that I get is a wink or a smile.—*Chorus.*

I've fifty dollars saved up in the bank,
And only my own hard, honest labor to thank,
But, Mary, sweet Mary, has more wealth than me,
Though not to her name is a bill with a V.
What wealth can equal her beautiful blue eyes,
Those diamonds are brighter than stars in the skies,
Her teeth are like pearls, looking lovely and rare,
And no bank has the gold of her bright golden hair.—*Chorus.*

SHE HASN'T FORGOTTEN IT YET.

By Johnston Lyske.

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When I first met Maria, last winter,
She looked such a sweet little pet,
As she stood, all aghast, in a puddle,
For she couldn't get out of the wet.
But then she was minus a slipper,
And the depth of the mud made her fret;
I assisted her out of the muddle,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet,
She'll never forget it, you bet;
I took her right out of the puddle,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet.

Of course I went back for her slipper,
Which she told me had stuck in the gut;
My cuffs were disgracefully muddied,
But oh! what a neat little foot!
My cheviots, too, were bedraggled,
And my rubbers were swamped in the wet,
But then it was all for Maria,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet,
She'll never forget it, you bet;
Of course it was all for Maria,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet.

I smiled such a smile at Maria,
And she smiled like an angel at me;
Oh, yes, 'twas the prettiest picture
That ever I happened to see.
With sincerest affection she told me,
"Your kindness I'll never forget;"
Her lips at the moment responded,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet,
She'll never forget it, you bet;
Our lips at the moment responded,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet.

I asked where she lived, and she told me,
And often I lingered hard by;
But I ne'er waited long for Maria,
She was there just as early as I.
A short while ago we got married,
And the union we never regret;
She was pleased to get out of the muddle,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet,
She'll never forget it, you bet;
I took her right out of the puddle,
And she hasn't forgotten it yet.

We have got such a nice dimpled baby,
They say it's the image of me;
A week ago last Sunday morning
She put the young cuss on my knee.
My wife is a wool-sorter's daughter,
And his daughter's a carder, you bet;
The mill girls all danced at the wedding,
And they haven't forgotten it yet,
They'll never forget it, you bet;
The mill girls who danced at our wedding
Our marriage will never forget.

Parody on:

HERE LIES AN ACTOR.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

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One morning I was strolling through the city of the dead,
The birds were singing sweetly in the tree-tops overhead,
The sun was shining brightly, and nature held full sway—
I fancy now I see once more that balmy summer day;
I saw the resting places of the rich, with tombstones large and grand,
Who could well afford to have them, with wealth at their command;
But it was in the poorer section, just over a lonely mound,
I espied a little marble slab, and these words on it I found:

CHORUS.

Here lies a soldier—a warrior tried and true,
In life he was a hero, and wore a uniform of blue:
He died to save that dear old flag—the banner of the brave, *
And like many of his comrades, he lies in a nameless grave.

Now somewhere in this happy land there is a missing one;
Perhaps a mother still awaits the return of her only son;
She knows not what his fate may be, though years have passed away,
And time has told its story—she's feeble, old and gray.
Yet fondly she thinks of him, and for her boy does pray,
But they will never meet again, until the great judgment day;
These were my thoughts as I stood by that sacred spot, alone,
And again I read these simple words upon the small tombstone:—*Chorus.*

I fancy I can see a cottage—a wife is standing at the door,
Bidding her husband a sad good-bye—he's going to the war;
The children gather around him, and laugh and shout with glee,
Too young to realize their father's danger, or the poor mother's misery.
Yes, it's the old, old story—cruel fate doth play its part—
The soldier dies on the battlefield, the wife of a broken heart;
Leaving the children helpless, to fight the battle of life alone,
These were my thoughts as I read this epitaph upon the small tombstone:—*Cho.*

*The singer displays small American flag.

O'DWYER CAUGHT A COLD.

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Words by Walter H. Ford. Music by Jack W. Bratton.

O'Dwyer had an awful cold, a frightful one, he thought,
His wife gave him a chilly smile, and that was how 'twas caught,
His friends all gave him free advice, by him 'twas never sought,
And any cure they might suggest O'Dwyer went and bought.
He heard of chest protectors, so he went and bought a trunk,
One friend suggested rum and gin, O'Dwyer soon got drunk;
At one's advice he eat so much that he could hardly speak,
Another said don't eat so much, he starved himself a week.

Some one told him cod liver oil his cold away would chase,
He took so much he dare not look a codfish in the face;
One said in water soak your feet, as hot as you can stand,
And now when he goes out to walk he does it on his hands.
His wife put mustard plasters on the middle of his chest,
For half a day he couldn't wear an undershirt or vest.
A friend said take a Turkish bath, alas, it did not work,
He took so many Turkish baths they thought he was a Turk.

Another said that quinine pills would surely cure his ills,
He couldn't think of Quinine, so he simply asked for pills.
One day "Hood's Sarsaparilla" caught his eye, he felt inspired!
He took a bottle; ever since he took it he's been tired.
One said he thought that Cuticura was his only hope,
He didn't know how to use it, so he eat the cake of soap;
Another said "eat onions, just as many as you're able,"
He did, and now he can't go out, his breath would stop the cable.

He bought some porous plasters, and they got him in a scrape,
He tried to get them off, but they got stuck on his shape;
He bought some Bull's cough syrup his throat and chest to clear,
Then told the man who sold it that Bull's syrup was a steer.
He took some capsules filled with oil, this awful cold to check,
Of course they got stuck in his throat, he got 'em in the neck:
His mother made him flaxseed tea, with lemon juice and spice,
He knew he'd have to take it, or take some more advice.

His wife put on a poultice and it soon began to draw,
It drew his eyes together, drew his teeth out of his jaw,
It drew his breath, it drew his picture, hung it in the gallery,
But with all its drawing powers it couldn't draw his salary.
At last he got disgusted, threw the physic to the cats,
He took a dose of paris green, and then some rough on rats,
And now in drugs and chemicals no more his cash he spends,
And on his tomb they're going to put: "Save me from my friends."

"There's a land that is fairer than day,"
O'Dwyer thought that song very nice;
He will soon be waiting over the way,
For his body is now packed in ice.

A Dear Little Face at the Window.

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Written and Composed by Charles L. Miller.

When homeward I stray, at the close of the day,
So wearied with labor and care,
My heart soon grows light with the visions so bright,
Of the face that is waiting me there,
As she stands in the window, with mother close by,
Who softly strokes each little curl;
And soon as she sees me, so gladly she'll cry,
My own little, dear baby girl.

CHORUS.

'Tis a dear little face at the window, with a smile and a heart full of glee;
More precious than pearl is my dear baby girl, who waits at the window for me.

How often I've thought of the joy she has brought
To home and to mother and me;
Of one tearful day, when in sickness she lay,
And we missed her sweet laughter so free.
But the kind angels left her to our care and love,
To brighten our home here below;
And naught here on earth, or in heaven above,
Can equal our treasure, I know.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Just Because She Didn't Know the Way

By T. H. Tooker.

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While strolling out one evening,
A little country girl I chanced to meet;
She seemed to be bewildered,
And stopped me on the street.
Said she, "Kind sir, I've lost my way,
And don't know what to do;
If you'll direct me to the Plaza Hotel
I'll be much obliged to you."

CHORUS.

Just because she didn't know the way,
I escorted her to the hotel like a simple jay;
I never saw the maid again, nor my gold watch and chain,
To bunco a "guy" you bet she knew the way.

The base-ball season now is over,
New York had its favorite nine;
They won many exhibition games,
The way they played was something fine.
Every base ball crank in the city,
And the newspapers likewise, did brag
"That the giants would hustle this season,
And certainly capture the flag."

CHORUS.

Just because they really knew the way,
But not a person in New York thinks so to-day;
Every time they lost a game the umpire was to blame,
So the pennant went to Boston far away.

There is to be a great prize fight,
Between Mitchell and our champion Corbett,
When foxy Charley gets through talking,
But he isn't quite through yet.
Now I propose to give you a tip,
And think you'll admit I am right:
At making bluffs Mitchell's a darling,
He'd sooner do that than to fight.

CHORUS.

Just because he really knows the way,
To hear him tell it, he's the greatest pugilist to-day;
But he'll be way out of sight if with Corbett he must fight,
For back home again he'll go without delay.

The Earl of Dunraven came over
In the *Valkyrie* a short time ago;
He thought he'd win the *America's* cup,
And take it back 'ome, don'cher know.
But now the great races are over,
And his lordship is feeling quite blue;
He can't understand why the *Vigilant* won,
So the secret I'll now tell to you:

CHORUS.

'Twas because the Yankees knew the way
Of constructing a yacht for racing purposes, I say;
In fact, to build a boat that will sail as well as float,
Somehow they always seem to know the way.

—"She claims to be economical, but her economy is ruining her husband." "In what way?" "Why, the moment she finds something advertised cheap she goes straight out and buys it."

DON'T FORGET ME, MARY.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

They kissed and parted at the gate, a lass and loving swain;
He was to sail the sea away, they might not meet again.
The love that bloomed in Mary's heart shone through her radiant eye,
She heard her lover's tender plea while whispering sad "good-bye!"

CHORUS.

Don't forget me, Mary, while I sail the sea;
Don't forget me, Mary, wherever I may be.
Keep your heart in gladness, tender, warm and true;
Don't forget me, Mary, I'll think of none but you.

The ship went sailing far away, through wild and angry wave;
With gallant heart the sailor lad saw near a sailor's grave.
A darksome night, no land in sight—for death he had no fear,
And as he sank beneath the foam his voice rose sounding clear:—*Chorus.*

At home his Mary fondly waits her lover's glad return,
Still hoping, longing, day by day, her heart's reward to earn.
She does not know that Jack's warm hand will never clasp her own;
At night in dreams she seems to hear his voice in loving tone:—*Chorus.*

SCHOOL BELLS,

—OR:—

When Baby Comes from School.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

School-bells, school-bells, how they ring! calling babes to school;
Hasten, now, my little treasure, jump up from your stool.
Toddle quickly, do not stop, or you will be late;
Here's your book, your slate and apple, and your little cake.
Now, at last, the house is quiet, and so dark and drear,
Baby's childish voice is silent, pattering feet not here;
School-bells, school-bells, how they ring! sounding out the rule,
That our home again will brighten, when our baby comes from school.
Hark! I hear their voices plain, they are coming down the lane;
How like bells their voices sound, to their mother's ear;
Tiny feet they patt'ring come, laughing, singing as they run;
Life is sunshine once again, when baby comes from school.

Playthings scattered all about, mussing up the room,
Pretty dolls, and broken dishes, and a little broom;
Bringing always to your minds, though our darling's gone,
That we tenderly still cherish playthings old and worn.
I must lay aside my knitting, baby'll soon be here;
How her laughing eyes will brighten for her mama dear;
School-bells, school-bells, how they ring! sounding out the rule,
Ringing out their joyous welcome, when our baby comes from school.
Hark! I hear their voices plain, etc.

CONNEMARA, FAREWELL.

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Words and Music by Acton E. Kelly. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

From out of the shadows around me now falling
I see the dear home and now far away;
I hear a sad voice, 'tis the old mother calling,
It follows me always wherever I stray.
And deep in my heart do I cherish the feeling
Of love for that land, oh, tongue cannot tell
The strange, sad emotion that o'er me is stealing,
Dear home of my heart, Connemara, farewell.

Fair land of my dreams, tho' 'tis years since I left thee,
How oft in my fancy I hear the soft strain,
The song of my childhood, ere time had bereft me
Of all I hold dear and turned joy to pain.
Oh! happy the days when, amid thy sweet bowers,
Alas, now in mem'ry I only can dwell;
In rapture I wandered in youth's joyous hours,
To leave thee forever, Connemara, farewell.

Oh, Erin, dear Erin, still deeper and deeper
It sinks in my heart, the fond love for thee;
'Tis a dream of the past that steals over the sleeper,
And brings back the loved ones from over the sea.
Dear land of my birth, I cherish each token,
And ever remembered the green hill and dell;
I'll smile through my tears, tho' my heart may be broken,
Bright vision of hope, Connemara, farewell.

—Cupid needs only a spark of hope when he sets in to kindle "love's fierce flame."

THE SWEETEST MELODY.

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By J. Aldrich Libbey.

'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel,
Or say for thee I'd die, or say for thee I'd die;
My words to thee would fain reveal
What my soul would wish to sigh.
Ah, well a-day, the sweetest melody
Could never, never say one half my love for thee;
Then let me silently reveal
What my soul would wish to sigh.

Thou'dst often called my voice a bird's,
Whose music like a spell, whose music like a spell,
Could change to rapture e'en the words
Of our long and sad farewell.
Ah, well a-day, etc.

Now, now from thee I'm forced to sever,
My love, adieu, adieu; my love, adieu, adieu;
This constant heart throbs for thee ever,
'Twill to the last beat prove true.
Ah, well a-day, etc.

POLICE PARADE.

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Words and Music by J. D. McCarthy.

I have for years been wearing now this uniform of blue,
And is it not an honor, to a policeman brave and true?
We're ev'ry place that duty calls, at night as well as day,
And when we're on parade each year, you hear the people say:

Refrain.
Dressed so neatly, marching stately, our police make a grand display,
Captivating, fascinating, as we march, yes, march up Broadway.

Fair or stormy weather, you are always sure to meet
A member of "The Finest" on some corner of his beat;
We're always found on duty, all the seasons of the year,
And on the day of our parade this sweet refrain you hear:—*Refrain.*

We are always censured when we treat a pris'ner rough,
It's only when resisted by a drunkard or a tough.
We always act with judgment, and your approbation claim;
It makes a "copper" happy when he hears the girls exclaim:—*Refrain.*

HELLO! CENTRAL, HELLO!

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. K. Harris.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by F. P. Atherton.

One bright and pleasant evening, while sitting all alone,
A message came a-ringing from o'er the telephone;
I sprang up in a hurry and answered back "Hello!"
When soft and clear a voice so dear came over the telephone:
"Where were you last night, Harry, why don't you keep your date?
You promised you would meet me down by the old garden gate.
I think you are a trifler;" then came a sob and a moan:
"You'd better get another girl," came over the telephone.
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello!" back came the answer to me;
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello!" I wonder who she can be.
"I think you're mistaken, for I'm not the man, I've a wife and a family,"
Though I wish I could hear that sweet voice so dear, from over the telephone,
From over the telephone.

I stood there in amazement, knew not what to say,
A voice like that I'd never heard, no, not for many a day.
I answered back, "My fair one, mistaken you must be,
I never said I'd meet you, though your face I'd like to see."
I waited for an answer, I had not long to wait,
Another voice then shouted, "Are you drinking much of late?
Go sleep it off till morning, you'll feel better when you're at home;
You've drank enough for twenty men," came over the telephone.
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello!" back came the answer to me;
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello! those lines must be crossed, I see;
A lady was talking, a short time ago, a man says I'm full as can be."
Then came a reply, "Oh, Harry, I'll die," from over the telephone,
From over the telephone.

At last I felt quite worried, I knew not what to do,
My heart beat for that maiden, who felt so sad and blue;
To the 'phone again I answered, I shouted out "Hello!"
When some one cried—I thought I'd die—"Will you pay that bill you owe?"
"Why don't you speak to me again, your voice I love to hear?"
When some one else then shouted, "All right, sir, send down some beer!"
"I'll meet you on the corner, to be sure I'll be all alone,"
"Oh! Harry, my dear, you're acting so queer," came over the telephone.
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello!" back came the answer to me;
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello! who's the lady that's talking to me?"
I rang and I shouted, but no one replied; how often I sob and I moan,
When I think of that voice that made me rejoice, from over the telephone,
From over the telephone.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Have you seen her? She's the fairest little girl in all the world;
She's a beauty, she's the rarest, she's a rose with dew impearled.
There's a winning way about her that I never saw before;
Oh, I wouldn't be without her, and I love her more and more.

Refrain.
Have you seen her? Have you seen her? She's the darling girl for me;
She's the neatest, she's the sweetest, and our wedding soon will be.

Have you seen her? You can tell her by the sunshine in her face;
Not a maiden can excel her in her loveliness and grace.
There are girls of wealth and splendor, but I'd rather have one smile
From the girl so good and tender that I think of all the while.—*Refrain.*

Have you seen her? She's the treasure of my heart for evermore,
And to know her is a pleasure; she's the girl that I adore.
Any home her smile would brighten, as the stars the sky above;
She was sent my heart to lighten with the blessing of her love.—*Refrain.*

PLAIN MARY SMITH.

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Words and Music by W. T. Francis.

As sweet as the scent of the new mown hay,
Bright as the sunshine of fair summer's day,
An angel of goodness, no fairy or myth,
Her name will surprise you, 'tis plain Mary Smith.
We've played together in days gone by,
We've quarreled a little, sweet Mary and I;
We've played keeping house, had six courses of pie,
A cook-stove and dishes, and a doll that would cry.
Things went on quite smoothly, and all was serene,
Until Tommy Owen appeared on the scene;
He made love to Mary, she flirted, the pair
Filled my childish heart with the deepest despair.

Chorus.
Listen to me Mary, please don't be contrary,
If you'll be my wife I'll love you through life, I will, my Mary Smith;
Listen to me, Mary, please don't be contrary,
I love you, I do, honest and true, you'll be my own, my sweet Mary.

The dishes are broken, the dollie is lost,
The stove for old iron was sold below cost;
And Mary has grown, oh! so stately and tall,
I've asked her, and we're to be married next fall.
I've a neat little cottage, 'tis all painted white,
With pretty green blinds, a beautiful sight;
There's a parlor, and piano, and pantry as well,
And a cute little maid to ring our dinner-bell.
Tom Owen and I are the very best friends,
For the sorrow he caused me he has made amends;
He hopes we may have six girls and six boys,
And says we must let him buy them all their toys.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

I'M THE MAN THAT WROTE TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

New songs are all the rage, the people say,
Parodies are the sensation of the day,
There is another one in tune, and you will hear it pretty soon:
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon.

Chorus.
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon,
And they won't grow out again until next June.
I used to live in jail, but they let me out on bail,
When they found I cut the whiskers off the moon.

This is one of the greatest songs of the day;
It's whistled and it's sung by every coon;
Carnegie cut down the pay, but he never saw the day
When he could cut the whiskers off the moon.

Chorus.
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon,
And they won't grow out again until next June.
I went up in a balloon with a razor and a coon,
The day I cut the whiskers off the moon.

While walking down the street the other day,
A minstrel band was playing by the way:
It was just at noon when the band struck up this tune:
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon.

Chorus.
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon,
And they won't grow out again until next June.
The barbers wanted to fight, and they all went on a strike,
When they found I cut the whiskers off the moon.

A Dear Little Face at the Window.

Copyright, 1893, by Frank Tousey.

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Written and Composed by Charles L. Miller.

When homeward I stray, at the close of the day,
So wearied with labor and care,
My heart soon grows light with the visions so bright,
Of the face that is waiting me there,
As she stands in the window, with mother close by,
Who softly strokes each little curl;
And soon as she sees me, so gladly she'll cry,
My own little, dear baby girl.

CHORUS.

'Tis a dear little face at the window, with a smile and a heart full of glee;
More precious than pearl is my dear baby girl, who waits at the window for me.

How often I've thought of the joy she has brought
To home and to mother and me;
Of one tearful day, when in sickness she lay,
And we missed her sweet laughter so free.
But the kind angels left her to our care and love,
To brighten our home here below;
And naught here on earth, or in heaven above,
Can equal our treasure, I know.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Just Because She Didn't Know the Way

By T. H. Tooker.

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While strolling out one evening,
A little country girl I chanced to meet;
She seemed to be bewildered,
And stopped me on the street.
Said she, "Kind sir, I've lost my way,
And don't know what to do;
If you'll direct me to the Plaza Hotel
I'll be much obliged to you."

CHORUS.

Just because she didn't know the way,
I escorted her to the hotel like a simple jay;
I never saw the maid again, nor my gold watch and chain,
To bunco a "guy" you bet she knew the way.

The base-ball season now is over,
New York had its favorite nine;
They won many exhibition games,
The way they played was something fine.
Every base ball crank in the city,
And the newspapers likewise, did brag
"That the giants would hustle this season,
And certainly capture the flag."

CHORUS.

Just because they really knew the way,
But not a person in New York thinks so to-day:
Every time they lost a game the umpire was to blame,
So the pennant went to Boston far away.

There is to be a great prize fight,
Between Mitchell and our champion Corbett,
When foxy Charley gets through talking,
But he isn't quite through yet.
Now I propose to give you a tip,
And think you'll admit I am right:
At making bluffs Mitchell's a darling,
He'd sooner do that than to fight.

CHORUS.

Just because he really knows the way,
To hear him tell it, he's the greatest pugilist to-day;
But he'll be way out of sight if with Corbett he must fight,
For back home again he'll go without delay.

The Earl of Dunraven came over
In the *Valkyrie* a short time ago;
He thought he'd win the *America's* cup,
And take it back 'ome, don'cher know.
But now the great races are over,
And his lordship is feeling quite blue;
He can't understand why the *Vigilant* won,
So the secret I'll now tell to you:

CHORUS.

'Twas because the Yankees knew the way
Of constructing a yacht for racing purposes, I say;
In fact, to build a boat that will sail as well as float,
Somehow they always seem to know the way.

—"She claims to be economical, but her economy is ruining her husband." "In what way?" "Why, the moment she finds something advertised cheap she goes straight out and buys it."

DON'T FORGET ME, MARY.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

They kissed and parted at the gate, a lass and loving swain;
He was to sail the sea away, they might not meet again.
The love that bloomed in Mary's heart shone through her radiant eye,
She heard her lover's tender plea while whispering sad "good-bye!"

CHORUS.

Don't forget me, Mary, while I sail the sea;
Don't forget me, Mary, wherever I may be.
Keep your heart in gladness, tender, warm and true;
Don't forget me, Mary, I'll think of none but you.

The ship went sailing far away, through wild and angry wave;
With gallant heart the sailor lad saw near a sailor's grave.
A darksome night, no land in sight—for death he had no fear,
And as he sank beneath the foam his voice rose sounding clear:—*Chorus.*

At home his Mary fondly waits her lover's glad return,
Still hoping, longing, day by day, her heart's reward to earn.
She does not know that Jack's warm hand will never clasp her own;
At night in dreams she seems to hear his voice in loving tone:—*Chorus.*

SCHOOL BELLS,

—OR:—

When Baby Comes from School.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

School-bells, school-bells, how they ring! calling babes to school;
Hasten, now, my little treasure, jump up from your stool.
Toddle quickly, do not stop, or you will be late;
Here's your book, your slate and apple, and your little cake.
Now, at last, the house is quiet, and so dark and drear,
Baby's childish voice is silent, pattering feet not here;
School-bells, school-bells, how they ring! sounding out the rule,
That our home again will brighten, when our baby comes from school.
Hark! I hear their voices plain, they are coming down the lane;
How like bells their voices sound, to their mother's ear;
Tiny feet they patt'ring come, laughing, singing as they run;
Life is sunshine once again, when baby comes from school.

Playthings scattered all about, mussing up the room,
Pretty dolls, and broken dishes, and a little broom;
Bringing always to your minds, though our darling's gone,
That we tenderly still cherish playthings old and worn.
I must lay aside my knitting, baby'll soon be here;
How her laughing eyes will brighten for her mama dear;
School-bells, school-bells, how they ring! sounding out the rule,
Ringing out their joyous welcome, when our baby comes from school.
Hark! I hear their voices plain, etc.

CONNEMARA, FAREWELL.

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Words and Music by Acton E. Kelly. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

From out of the shadows around me now falling
I see the dear home and now far away;
I hear a sad voice, 'tis the old mother calling,
It follows me always wherever I stray.
And deep in my heart do I cherish the feeling
Of love for that land, oh, tongue cannot tell
The strange, sad emotion that o'er me is stealing,
Dear home of my heart, Connemara, farewell.

Fair land of my dreams, tho' 'tis years since I left thee,
How oft in my fancy I hear the soft strain,
The song of my childhood, ere time had bereft me
Of all I hold dear and turned joy to pain.
Oh! happy the days when, amid thy sweet bowers,
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I think you are a trifler;" then came a sob and a moan:
"You'd better get another girl," came over the telephone.
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"I think you're mistaken, for I'm not the man, I've a wife and a family,"
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I used to live in jail, but they let me out on bail,
When they found I cut the whiskers off the moon.

This is one of the greatest songs of the day;
It's whistled and it's sung by every coon;
Carnegie cut down the pay, but he never saw the day
When he could cut the whiskers off the moon.

Chorus.
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon,
And they won't grow out again until next June.
I went up in a balloon with a razor and a coon,
The day I cut the whiskers off the moon.

While walking down the street the other day,
A minstrel band was playing by the way:
It was just at noon when the band struck up this tune:
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon.

Chorus.
I'm the man that cut the whiskers off the moon,
And they won't grow out again until next June.
The barbers wanted to fight, and they all went on a strike,
When they found I cut the whiskers off the moon.

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Frank Mayr.

A handsome, noble looking man came walking down the street,
Beside him strolled a little girl so beautiful and sweet,
Unconscious of the many eyes that lovingly were cast
On the handsome father and his happy child.
From o'er the way there came a lady
With burning tears that seemed to blind her eyes
As on the child she gazed;
"Oh, look, papa, there comes mamma,"
Cried the little innocent,
But the father quickly drew his babe away.

REFRAIN.

She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall;
There's no hand outstretched to save her, not a friend that she can call;
Ev'ry door is closed against her, not a soul for her will mourn;
She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall.

Down the street there goes a maiden, dressed with jewels bright and rare,
But the eyes that shone so brightly how they tell of woe and care;
Stops a one time friend and whispers to her comrade passing by,
"Look, there's Josie," then they turn away and sigh.
"'Tis but a year since she was with us,
A merry maiden, oh, so happy,
And with true friends by the score;
But she left them for another life,
Her mother's prayers were vain,
In our hearts she's dead to us for evermore.—*Refrain.*

In a quiet little cottage, standing back among the trees,
Growing ivy twining 'round the porch, the pathways strewn with leaves,
Within the cosy parlor, gathered 'round the fireside,
Can be seen the saddened family at home.
Pressed close against the cottage window,
A tear-stained face is looking straight within
Upon the loved ones all;
"Take me home," the poor child murmurs,
It comes from a breaking heart,
But their Josie she had gone beyond recall.—*Refrain.*

A DUCK CAN'T SIT ON A LIMB.

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Words and Music by F. J. Tierney. As sung by Press Eldridge.

A tramp stole an egg, he was too strong to beg,
And he swallowed it as he was snatched;
If he ran and fell he'd be cut by the shell,
If he didn't the egg would hatch.

REFRAIN.

For a duck can't sit on a limb, as she has no thumbs on her feet;
And a hen with fish in the sea can't swim, for she hasn't a water-proof seat.

Said the mother to her boy, her pride and her joy,
"You must climb life's ladder round by round."
When he got to the top, of course, he had to stop,
And they made him wash the windows and get down.—*Refrain.*

A long-whiskered jay called a waiter with his tray,
And ordered milk toast a la mode;
But the waiter, as he flew, yelled "A graveyard stew,"
And that very same day it snowed.—*Refrain.*

A butcher, quite rash, in haste to get the cash,
Let slip and cut his hand in half;
But, strange thing to tell, he's doing very well
Writing shorthand, and giving us the laugh.—*Refrain.*

A farmer to town with his son did come,
A lawyer for to make with big pay,
But the boy blacked boots with a lot of other galoots,
And while the son shines the farmer makes hay.—*Refrain.*

At Coney Island Smith met Jones,
In water five feet above the ground;
Says Smith, "What a treat! How-d'ye-do? Have a seat."
And he did, and like a jackass he was drowned.—*Refrain.*

A one-eyed man in a little game of draw
Tried to steal some checks from the pot;
But the Texas man said he wouldn't mention names,
But he thought he'd shoot the other eye out.—*Refrain.*

A duck can't sit upon a limb,
For she has no thumbs as a gauge;
And the ladies, bless their hearts, were never known to part
With high hats, so the men could see the stage.—*Refrain.*

The man with his fists all lumps and twists,
Didn't know base ball and its ruffles,
For he was a deaf mute, and very, very cute,
And got hurt cracking jokes on his knuckles.—*Refrain.*

I'm a Little Too Young to Know.

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Words by Charles Reeve. Music by F. W. Venton.

I'm always being snubbed, I am, if I should dare to speak;
The simplest question I may ask is put off for a week.
I only said to mother once, "Please may I have a bean?"
Said she, "My pet, oh no, not yet, 'cause you're too young to know."

REFRAIN.

I'm a little too young to know, you know, a little too young to know;
Some day I'll be bolder, when I'm a bit older, but now I'm too young to know.

I've got a little brother, and he's only three weeks old;
He's always wrapped in flannels, too, to keep him from the cold.
My dadda said he bought him cheap, but he did scold me, though:
He wouldn't tell me what it cost, 'cause I'm too young to know.—*Refrain.*

And once I asked my Ma about some ladies nicely dressed,
They call them fairies, I've been told, I've seen them in the West;
The fairies, in the books I've read, had wings that they could show,
And after dark were never seen, but—I'm too young to know.—*Refrain.*

My brother's got a sweetheart, so I thought I'd have a lark;
One night they were love-making, when I put them in the dark.
But why they seemed so pleased at it, and didn't scold, oh no!
And gave me, too, a shilling each, why—I'm too young to know.—*Refrain.*

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

A merry gath'ring all on a train,
Laughing and joking, no thought of pain;
All bent on pleasure, they gave no care
To one poor soul who sat so silent there.
Close in his arms a child very young,
Crying for mamma; why don't she come?
Do call its mother, where can she be?
"Dead in the car, sir, and left babe with me."

CHORUS.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,
When one you loved so well has gone beyond recall,
Lips are forever closed, silent now is she,
Is life worth living, after all?

A loving father walking alone,
Smiling and happy—he's going home,
Longs for his dear wife and baby boy,
He has been gone just a year from his joy.
Home he approaches—what can this mean?
Closed are the blinds and no light is seen;
Oh, can it be, there's crape on the door—
Father cries out, "My dear boy is no more."

CHORUS.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,
When little ones we loved have gone beyond recall,
When baby's voice is hushed, and its eyes are closed;
Is life worth living, after all?

Love is so bitter, often is pain,
Many true hearts are broken in twain.
She was so constant, glad by his side,
'Twas the old story, she would be his bride.
His vows were broken, he sailed away;
She longed to see him, prayed night and day,
Her prayers unanswered, all was in vain;
And with her secret, she cried out in pain:

CHORUS.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,
When hearts that once were true, are faithless after all,
When vows are broken and you are left to mourn,
Is life worth living, after all?

Two loving brothers so staunch and true,
Both were brave soldiers and wore the blue;
When trumpets called to war both did go,
Fighting for country, to vanquish the foe.
One day, in fighting, poor John fell dead,
Lying there cold, and Bill raised his head,
"Speak to me, brother, one word, oh say"—
No word was spoken, for John passed away.

CHORUS.

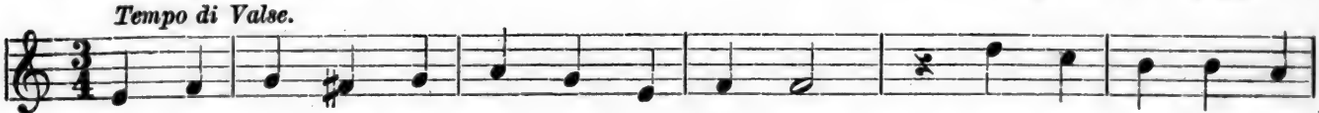
Is life worth living then, tell me after all,
When brother whom we loved must for his country fall;
No more in battle he'll hear the trumpet call.
Is life worth living, after all?

DID YOU NOTICE IT?

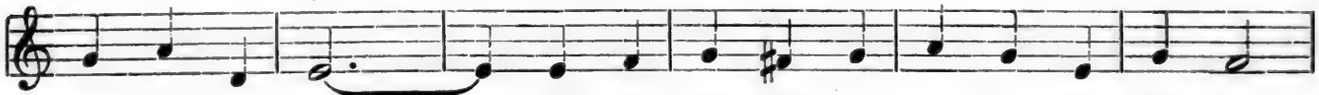
TOPICAL SONG.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Tempo di Valse.



1. All the pa - pers each day are di - lat - ing How in Pol - i - tics
2. Now the Preach - ers are all the while preach - ing Of the ver - y great
3. When you call on the girls neat and pret - ty, And their "dads" are a -
4. Now some dea - cons who act most se - date - ly, And run down the
5. There's Bob In - ger - soll spouts his o - pin - ions And tells us, as



peo - ple go wrong;..... And the fact they so oft - en are stat - ing,
e - vils of gold;..... And all o - ver the land they are teach - ing
sleep safe and sound,..... While you're chat - ting a - way, ver - y wit - ty,
Dra - ma as bad,—..... Though, at home, they're de - mure, and so state - ly,
if he just knew,..... There are no fire and brim - stone do - min - ions:



That, in time, it be - comes an old song..... Tho' some who're ac -
That the rich man can't en - ter the fold!..... They'll spout all they
And there's no - bod - y pry - ing a - round,..... How oft - en they'll
With fa - ther - ly fea - tures so sad,—..... Yet when to a
And of dol - lars he rakes in a few!..... He laughs at the



cused may be hon - est; Yet oth - ers are aw - ful - ly "fly;"..... And
like, and for - ev - er, And tell us what they think is best;..... But
scream, if so hap - py To press their soft lips you in - sist!..... But
"show" you oft ral - ly With friends, how it makes you all stare,..... For
or - tho - dox par - sons, And says what they preach is a lie;..... He



those who would like to be "hon - est,"— Did you no - tice they like "boo - dle" pie?.....
tho' they are aw - ful - ly clev - er,— Did you no - tice they "feath - er their nest?".....
tell me, you in - no - cent "chap - py,"— Did you no - tice they like to be kissed?.....
in the front row, at the bal - let,— Did you no - tice the dea - cons all there?.....
wears that you can't find a Dev - il,— Did you no - tice, he don't care to try?.....

CHORUS.

Vivace.



Did you no - tice it? Did you no - tice it? Keep your



eyes wide a - wake as you go;..... And you'll no - tice it, sure - ly



no - tice it,— If you don't you are aw - ful - ly slow!.....

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THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

BALLAD.

Words by A. H. Noe. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Andante con espressione.



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DAR'S A NEW MOON IN DE SKY.

JUBILEE SONG.

Words and Music by GEORGE LESTER.

Allegretto.



CHORUS.

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SINCE MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Andante moderato.

1. In that dear old vil - lage church - yard, There I see a moss - y
2. I was young, but I re - mem - ber Well the night my moth - er
3. Oft I wan - der to that church - yard, Flow'rs to plant with ten - der

mound, That is where my moth - er's sleep - ing,
died,— When I watched her spir - - it fad - ing,
care On the grave of my dear moth - er—

In the cold and si - lent ground. Gen - tly waves the weep - ing
Till she called me to her side, Say - ing, "dar - ling, I must
Dark - ness finds me weep - ing there, Look - ing at the sky a -

wil - low, Birds their war - ble sing at dawn,
leave you, An - gel voi - ces guide me on,—
bove me, Wait - ing for the heav'n - ly dawn;

But my heart is sad and lone - ly— Since my moth-er's dead and gone!
Pray that we may meet in Heav - en, When your moth-er's dead and gone!"
There is no one left to love me, Since my moth-er's dead and gone!

CHORUS.

In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,

Oft I stray with heart for - lorn; For there's no one left to

rit. con espressione.

love me, Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

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In the Dime Museum
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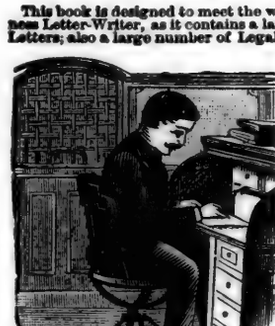
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1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little lands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side-door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange-grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Maose's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play?
1133 Chumpi or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Ballyhooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says McGinty
1180 A dreadful accident
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone singer
1182 Sunday-school scholar
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go now
1189 We've all had 'em
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old duddeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeeper's commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countro
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1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
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1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
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1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
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1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
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1304 In old Madrid
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1306 Molly and I and the baby
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1308 Maiden and the lamb [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-boom-
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1353 I love you in spite of all
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1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Georgie
1358 Same sweet bells are ringing
1359 Have you seen her?
1360 Don't forget me, Mary
1361 Fallen by the wayside
1362 Is life worth living?

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ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

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The birds sleeping gently, sweet lyra gleameth bright,
Her rays tinge the forest, and all seems glad to-night.
The wind's sighing by me, cooling my fever'd brow,
The stream flows as ever, yet, Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even, and thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me;
One year past this even, and thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me, Alice, whate'er might betide.

The silver rain falling, just as it falleth now,
And all things slept gently—ah! Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant wildwood, when winds blew cold and chill:
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heav'nward now,
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine;
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heav'nward now,
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, Alice, I know art thou.

ALL OF A SUDDEN.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Now the song I will sing you, to tell you the truth,
I fixed it up all of a sudden;
If I make an error I trust you'll excuse,
I might make one all of a sudden.
It's seldom or never I do make a break,
And I hope if I do no offence you will take,
Now I am going to try hard to avoid a mistake,
If I make one you bet 'twill be sudden.

CHORUS.

It might strike you sudden, though you'll stand the shock,
But I suddenly doubt, you won't take any stock;
At the time it might suddenly start you with fright,
But suddenly afterwards you'll feel all right.

One day I was broke and my watch had to pawn,
I put it away awful sudden;
I felt for my watch but I found it was gone,
I forgot that I soaked it so sudden..
I was sure I was robbed but I could not tell where,
And as long as I live I'll remember that scare,
Till I felt down in here and the ticket was there,
Well, it twisted me all of a sudden.

CHORUS.

I missed it so sudden I very near died,
Of a sudden I knew it was oreide;
I soaked it for five, in a sudden I flew,
And I won't take it out in a sudden, would you?

An old man told his wife he thought he'd soon die,
She sobbed, and she hoped 'twould be sudden;
"I may go before morning," says he, "but don't cry;"
"I'll try not," she answered him sudden.
He took paris green, and that evening he croaked,
His wife laughed so hard that she very near choked,
At the wake all the neighbors came in and got soaked,
And they planted him all of a sudden.

CHORUS.

Of a sudden again this young widow was wed,
So suddenly after her husband was dead;
She suddenly married to ease her distress,
When the old gent he suddenly run out of breath.

In a parlor a young couple sat side by side,
And the gas it went out very sudden;
He squeezed her and said, "Marguerite, be my bride,"
She said, "Oh, dear, George, it's too sudden."
There was Marguerite's papa, stood seven feet tall,
In a moment sweet Marguerite heard something fall,
George went through the window, he took sash and all,
By the way of glass go awful sudden.

CHORUS.

Of a sudden dear Georgie found out he was hit,
With a sudden big gaiter, where he used to sit;
Since he's suddenly give Marguerite a wide berth,
If he don't he may suddenly ride in a hearse.

A girl said, "What are you thinking of, dear?"
It surprised the young man very sudden;
"Why, the same thing you're thinking of, love, ain't it queer!"
Then that girl she blushed all of a sudden.
It took her so sudden she jumped in amaze,
"I am surprised, and how dare you!" this young lady says,
"You better not try it, or I'll slap your face!"
She got red-headed all of a sudden.

CHORUS.

So sudden two minds sometimes think just the same,
'Twas sudden and strange, still they both were to blame;
She called him too sudden, and he spoke the truth,
Well, they both spoke too sudden, and what is the use.

THEY'D NEVER TUMBLE IF THE HOUSE FELL DOWN.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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There's lots of jokes that I could tell you would not understand,
And jokes that are good we're looking for, they're always in demand;
We've told good jokes to stupid folks, they would not even grin,
They couldn't get it in their heads just where the point came in.

CHORUS.

They'd never tumble if the house fell down,
They'd never tumble if a house fell down;
There's a million Rubes just like I speak of living in the town,
They'd never tumble if a house fell down.

Those great big hats the ladies wear, they're fully two feet wide,
In shows they'll sit in front of you, they move from side to side;
They're lately wearing smaller ones, we thank the Lord for that,
We often heard folks shout and screech, "Where did you get that hat?"

CHORUS.

They wouldn't tumble if a church caved in,
At last they took a tumble, but when did they begin?
The men they'd holler, "Down in front" for forty seats around,
But they wouldn't tumble if a house fell down.

Smoking cigarettes is just as bad as chewing gum,
I've often wondered where the girls they got that habit from;
On the street you'll see them every hour in the day,
Their mouths work up and down just like a truck horse chewing hay.

CHORUS.

They wouldn't tumble if a brick yard fell,
If a gas house exploded they could never tell;
On the backs of chairs and here and there, they stick it all around,
They'd never tumble if their teeth fell down.

IN A MINUTE.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

I've always had a steady gait until a week ago,
What makes me quicker in my pace I'm going to let you know;
There's lot's of time for everything, whatever we may do,
And if you are not busy I'll explain it all to you.

CHORUS.

In a minute, in a minute, I'll explain it while your waiting,
List'ning to me while relating, in a minute, in a minute,
It will only take a minute for to tell you what I mean.

This byword strikes me forcibly a thousand times a day,
Should you call upon a friend when in a hurry, we will say,
He drops whetever he is at before he stops to think,
Should you understand him rightly if you ask him for to drink:

CHORUS.

It's in a minute, in a minute, not a minute, but a second,
He does not wait to reason, in a minute, in a minute,
The beer it might get flat before a minute.

A pretty girl might pass a crowd of nasty, horrid men,
You wait awhile, that pretty girl will pass right back again;
"She's out of sight, a beauty bright," is whispered in the crowd,
And while in hearing distance some one hollers out quite loud:

CHORUS.

In a minute, in a minute, in a minute to surrender,
Some fellow walks behind in a minute, in a minute;
If he's any good she'll know it in a minute.

The girls are just as desperate, that is when they get a chance,
She can always catch a fellow with her pretty, girlish glance;
She might be older than she looks, though made up gay and slick,
If she's away up in the thirties, that's you are to shake her quick.

CHORUS.

Well, in a minute, in a minute, just tell her you are sorry,
But you're in an awful hurry, in a minute, in a minute,
Say good night and keep her guessing for a minute.

—A Deadlock.—"What is this?" "A young man of the period. Is he not a work of art?" "He is, indeed." "Is he engaged?" "Yes." "To whom?" "To a young woman of the period, who loves him deeply." "And when are they to be married?" "Never." "Never! And why not?" "She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him." "Oh!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy.

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Words and Music by May Irwin.

Stars shone bright and the moon gave light, Mm, Mm, O my, what fun!
I'm going to be married to-morrow night, I invite you all to come.
Stars shone bright and the moon gave light, Mm, Mm, O my, what fun!
I'm going to be married to-morrow night, I invite you all to come.
I feel so happy, I could throw myself away,
Can't keep still when the music plays, to-morrow is my wedding day,
I invite you all to come.
Mamie, come kiss your honey boy, while the stars do shine;
Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie,
Come kiss your honey boy, while the stars do shine.

Mocking bird, sing in the cotton tree, Mm, Mm, O my, what fun!
There'll be the tallest dancin' you ever see, I invite you all to come.
Mocking bird, sing in the cotton tree, Mm, Mm, O my, what fun!
There'll be the tallest dancin' you ever see, I invite you all to come.
I think the sun is shining brightly night and day,
Don't know what to do or say, to-morrow is my wedding day,
I invite you all to come.
Mamie, come kiss your honey boy, while the stars do shine;
Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie,
Come kiss your honey boy, while the stars do shine.

IT'S ALL GONE NOW.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

I often sigh for absent friends and wish they would return,
There's some who owe me money, and for them I sadly yearn;
I sigh for my bright dollars that once made my heart rejoice,
I spent about a thousand once to cultivate my voice.

CHORUS.

But it's all gone now, it's all gone now,
Though once it sounded strong when I sang a little song;
And I've been sold, for I caught a cold
Drinking from wet glasses, so it's all gone now.

My brother never went to school and yet he knows a lot,
For he can cure the toothache or most any pain you've got;
He never uses medicine to cure each little ill.
A man who had the rheumatism came to brother Bill—

CHORUS.

And it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
"Before I cure," said he, "why, you'll have to pay my fee."
Then he paid Bill quick, and he made the man kick
A hole right through a window, and the *pane*'s gone now.

Moloney was a pugilist, and in a finish fight
The other fellow landed on his forehead with his right;
It raised a tumor, and he sent a doctor on the case;
The doctor gave a salve to cure the tumorion his face.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
The *tumor* left his head, but there's *two more* there instead;
Still he kept right on, from night till morn,
To use the salve until his face is all gone now.

I never was a drinking man, but one thing I uphold,
That is to keep some whiskey 'round for fear of catching cold;
I kept a bottle in my room for many months, you see,
Until a prohibitionist came there to room with me.

CHORUS.

And, it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
He said he came to town just to put the liquor down;
And me he did convince that he's done it ever since,
I'll swear I never touched it, but it's all gone now.

Si Perkins came to town last week and tried to do the grand,
He said, "By Gosh, I'll see the sights as long as I can stand."
He walked as far as Hester street and met a pretty maid,
And in his purse he had two hundred dollars, so he said.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
She treated him so nice, combed his whiskers once or twice—
And Si, by Gosh, once owned a watch,
A diamond ring and locket, but they're all gone now.

I met an old schoolmate to-day who really made me stare,
For he was quite baldheaded, though he once had lovely hair;
He told me how he lost it, 'twas in childhood, so he said,
To mend his pants behind, his mother stood him on his head.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, he's bald John now;
He'd a rabbit painted there, and you'd swear it was a *hare*.
But a cinch he's got, for when the weather's hot
He paints a cobweb on to keep the flies off now.

PRETTY KATE McSHANE.

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Words and music by John H. W. Byrne.

Down the lane there lives a maiden, she's the girl I most admire,
She is charming, sweet and pretty, to make her my own I desire;
When we met 'twas in the evening, and to-night we meet again.
I asked her name at parting, and she told me Kate McShane.

REFRAIN.

Pretty Kate McShane, shall I once again
See your sweet face smiling at the window pane,
As I come down the lane, a pleasant smile to gain,
Shall I meet my pretty Kate McShane!

She is tall and very graceful, and her eyes are azure blue,
And her hair a trifle curly, I know she will ever be true;
Gentle words she always utters, so refined and never vain,
To me there's no one like her, she's my pretty Kate McShane.—*Refrain.*

They Are the Best Friends of All.

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Words by Theo. Norman. Music by Felix McGlennon. Arr. by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Oh, the fairest spot on earth is to man of little worth,
Unless he finds some fellow creature there;
But a true and loving friend to the poorest place will lend
An ever cheerful, bright and sunny air.
When the sun sinks in the West and the toiler seeks his rest
The thought of home his weariness will cheer,
For he knows 'tis there he'll find honest friends both true and kind,
His ever faithful wife and children dear.

CHORUS.

They are the best friends of all, no matter whate'er may befall
The comfort of his life, his children and his wife
They are the best friends of all.

Now it makes his bosom glad when the children run to dad,
For then he has a romp with girls and boys,
While his tender, watchful mate smiling greets him at the gate,
Prepared to share his sorrows and his joys;
And in illness or in health, and in poverty or wealth,
When climbing up the hill or going down,
There's a kindly loving smile to greet him all the while,
And even brighten fortune's cruel frown.—*Chorus.*

Then when he is growing gray as he journeys on his way,
And time has slightly bent his stalwart form,
Though his spirit may be bold, still with hearts of purest gold
They hasten to protect him from life's storm.
His old wife with face so bright is to him a ray of light,
That with the children fills his home with love;
'Tis their pleasure and their pride to be ever at his side
Until he's called to higher realms above.—*Chorus.*

THE SHIP I LOVE.

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Composed by Felix McGlennon.

A gallant ship was lab'ring, lab'ring in the sea,
The captain stood amongst his crew, "Gather 'round," said he.
"The ship is doomed and sinking, there on the lee is land,
Then launch the boats and pull away, but here at my post I'll stand.
Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye.

CHORUS.

"I'll stick to the ship, lads, you save your lives,
I've no one to love me, you've children and wives;
You take to the boats, lads, praying to Heav'n above,
While I'll go down in the angry deep with the ship I love."

The crew stood hesitating, their hearts were staunch and true,
With tear-dimmed eyes spoke up the mate, "Sir, we will die with you."
The captain cried, "What, mutiny! I am the captain here;
So launch the boats and pull away, and think of your children dear.
Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

The fierce winds howl 'round the sinking wreck,
And the captain stands on the wave-washed deck;
The good ship struggles like a thing of life,
And the timbers groan in the awful strife.
Slowly, slowly sinking is she,
But the captain brave, ah, where is he?
Down he goes to a sailor's grave,
As his last words are wafted across the wave:
"Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye."—*Chorus.*

THE VETERAN'S STORY.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

It was a bright June morning, out on the great highway,
When with the throng that passed along, together we did stray;
He was a veteran honored, he was a soldier true,
Back in the days of war and strife he wore the coat of blue.
And as we aimless wandered on, came from across the way
A woman dressed in black, whose hair had long since turned to gray.
Soon he was by her side to help her cross the crowded way,
Gallant as knight to lady fair, there on that bright June day.
And then he told this story, told of a comrade brave,
Who fought and fell at Shiloh, and fills a soldier's grave;
He was this mother's only son, and tho' afar he's sleeping,
Still in her heart he lives alway, love's faithful trust she's keeping.

It was a bright spring morning, O well remembered day,
Proudly we marched on that glad morn, proudly marched away;
And there we saw hard fighting, there 'neath the southern sun,
For many deeds of valor great, honor and fame he won.
And then one day a fearful charge laid this brave soldier low;
"Closer, comrade, closer come, hear me before I go,
Tell me you'll be to mother dear, oh, be to her a son,
I was her all, O God, 'tis hard," and then his life was done.
This was the veteran's story, told of a soldier brave,
Who fought and fell at Shiloh, and fills a soldier's grave;
He was this mother's only son, he was her pride and glory,
Her only son, and him she gave, this was the vet'ran's story.

LET ME SEE THE OLD PLANTATION ONCE AGAIN.

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Words and Music by J. F. Lamb. Arranged by Gus. Gebert.

De time is now long past when I was but a lad,
And worked among the cotton fields and corn,
My heart was never sad, for de boys would make me glad,
Dey'd be singing as they rush the work along.
When deir work it was o'er dey would dance upon the floor,
Let me hear de banjo ringing now as den;
Dere is one request I make, just before dis life I pase,
Let me see de old plantation once again.

REFRAIN.

Let me see de old plantation once again,
It will drive away from me all care and pain;
With an open heart and soul to my Maker den would go,
If I see de old plantation once again.

'Twas just in "sixty-three" when we darkies were set free,
Since den we learned what sorrow was for sure;
We lost our good old homes, and our happy times were gone,
For to live we were obliged this world to roam.
Now dat I am old and weak, my life-gates soon will close,
I've a soul dat will be judged like all of men;
But before dat does take place, dere's one wish I'd like to make,
Let me see de old plantation once again.—*Refrain.*

KELLY'S BICYCLE SONG.

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Written and Composed by John Kelly.

I'm the luckiest man on top of earth in gambling of all kind,
I bought a raffling ticket at a church fair, do ye mind;
A prize went with each ticket, 'twas a lott'ry, fair and square,
From shoestrings to pianos grand, the devil's own things were there.
Last week they had the drawing, they told me that I won;
Says they, "O'Mara, you're a 'bute,' you're going to have some fun."
"Now what the divil is it, boys?" I quickly did inquire;
"It's a high-toned safety bicycle, with a big rheumatic tire!"

CHORUS.

Talk about riding billy-goats, or riding on a rail,
Or trying to ride a cowboy horse, where you hold on by the tail;
I've tried one and all, had many a fall, so take my word,
There's nothing so mean as that divil's machine, the bicycle.

I have tried for hours, in my back yard, but couldn't mount the seat,
I frightened all the children when I went out on the street;
And after many bumps and thumps I thought I'd learned the knack,
But dashed into a street car and knocked it off the track.
Next day I tried the country for twenty miles about,
When all at once I struck a rock, and all the wind flew out;
I had no air-pump with me, like a jay I sat alone,
I shouldered mister bicycle and I walked the whole way home.—*Chorus.*

When the Good Times Come Again.

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Words by Jos. P. Skelly. Music by Con O'Mara.

The rich complain at fortune's frown, the poor grow poorer still,
The spendthrift saves his pennies now, to pay his lodging bill;
The miser counts his secret store, his greed he can't restrain,
He hopes to save a trifle more when the good times come again.

CHORUS.

Then keep your spirits light and gay, and sing this hopeful strain,
We'll all be happy by-and-by, when the good times come again;
Then keep your spirits light and gay, and sing this hopeful strain,
We'll all be happy by-and-by, when the good times come again,

The man of toil is now at rest, his rent is coming due,
His purse is empty, but his heart is honest, proud and true;
He smiles at each succeeding cross, and does not sigh in vain,
He knows the tide of life will change when the good times come again.—*Chorus.*

The child sits on her father's knee, her kiss he can't refuse;
"Just see my little toe, papa—I want a pair of shoes."
Too well he knows her lightest want, but now she asks in vain,
All he can say is, "Yes, my dear, when the good times come again."—*Chorus.*

The lover looks with wistful eyes upon his bride to be,
She begs him to be good and wise till brighter days they see;
They kiss and part, while in each heart sweet hopes of joy remain,
Some day they'll wed, but they must wait till the good times come again.—*Cho.*

DON'T BURN THE CABIN DOWN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Miss Nellie Maguire. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

A little town in Ireland, a cabin old and small,
Two common chairs, a table, one window, that is all;
The cabin's dark, the fire is low, but if you'll strain your eyes,
You'll see a bed of straw whereon a feeble woman lies.
Beside her kneels her daughter, but a girl of fifteen years,
She prays God spare her mother's life, e'en though a life of tears;
But hark! a knock! three burly men cry "Come, lads, here's the place;"
The maiden rushes out and pleads, with anguish on her face:

REFRAIN.

"Don't burn the cabin down, mother is willing to pay,
Father is now on the ocean, fishing for us far away;
Remember, it is Christmas eve, and snow is falling, too,
Don't burn the cabin down, and I will pray for you."

In vain was all her pleading, two men pushed rudely by,
The other looked upon her with pity in his eye;
"Alas!" said he, "my little maid, such fate you have not earned,
But we were told if rent's unpaid the cabin must be burned."
The other man already had the fatal torch applied,
When he who stood without rushed in, and thrust them both aside.
"Desist, upon your lives," he cried; "this is a work of shame;"
As if responsive to his voice the gentle pleading came:—*Refrain.*

LET ME WHISPER I AM THINE.

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Words and Music by Elsa Gregori.

Many long years have passed since childhood's happy hours,
When songs of warbling birds rang through the leafy bow'rs;
To my mem'ry I recall a story sweet yet sad
Of two lovely little children, she a maid and he a lad;
Hand in hand to school they wandered in their childish love so sweet,
He with true gallant devotion these words would oft repeat:

CHORUS.

Once again, ah, love, I see thee, once again I call thee mine;
Ah, dearest, sweetheart, listen now to me, let me whisper I am thine.

But when to womanhood this little maid had grown
Society made her queen and placed her on their throne;
In those gay and luring scenes, swept on by fashion's tide,
She forgot her sacred promise to be one day my bride.
Perhaps I bore it like a man, but my heart was crushed with pain;
How I longed to take her in my arms and say these words again:—*Chorus.*

But at last all faithfulness has its own sweet reward;
I'd waited patiently for she whom I adored,
And now no better wife could in this world be found,
For we are truly happy and our hearts with love abound;
In the evening by the fireside, when the lights are burning low,
Of our childhood love I whisper and that song of long ago:—*Chorus.*

WHAT DO I CARE.

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Words by Richard Morton. Music by F. W. Venton.

Oh, I'm a young lady, still going to school,
To do what I like and that is play the fool;
If they give me a duncecap, stand me on a stool,
What do I care?
If teachers find out, when I should be in bed,
I'm sitting by candlelight, puzzling my head,
And am writing love letters, yards of them, instead—
What do I care?

CHORUS.

What do I care? What do I care what the people say?
I'm always up to mischief and I'm at it all the day;
I'm playing marbles, pitch and toss, or sliding down the stairs;
Like all tomboys I find my joys, I like it, so who cares?

Next door to our school there is one for young men;
We meet them sometimes, it's forbidden, but when
They just catch me at walking with Jack now and then,
What do I care?
If one of the boys saucy language should speak,
I up with my fist and land one on his cheek;
If I get a black eye for the rest of the week,
What do I care?—*Chorus.*

At rounders I know that I cut quite a dash,
When they pitch the ball I am there like a flash;
If a pane of plateglass goes to bits with a smash,
What do I care?
I know that my Dad for the damage I do
Will settle at once, though he looks a bit blue;
Broken French he will pay for, and broken glass, too—
What do I care?—*Chorus.*

DEAR OLD BOYS.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

What a lot of pals we have when we've got the rhino,
What a lot of pals we have when we've got the chink;
How they cluster 'round us, too, ah! don't you and I know;
How they praise our virtues and at all our failings wink.
Gaily, gaily, hear them laugh and sing;
Good boys, true boys, faithfully they'll cling;
Night or day, they'll never leave our side,
But have you ever noticed how they'll watch the changing tide?

CHORUS.

When you ask them will they take a drink, it's "Dear old boy";
When you make them welcome to your chink, then it's "Dear old boy."
Ah! but when you're down upon your luck and cannot pay the score,
Then it's "Dear old boy" no more.

When you haven't got a rap how your friends forsake you,
To each other they will say, "What a fool he's been."
They know very well they lent a helping hand to break you,
And when they've accomplished that it's "Wasn't Juggins green?"
Sadly, sadly you will gaze around,
Hoping that one true friend can be found;
Then you see you've foolish been and rash.
It was not you they loved at all, 'twas but your pile of cash.

CHORUS.

When you ask them will they stand a drink, it's "Poor old boy,"
When you ask them will they lend some chink, then it's "Can't, old boy;"
When they see you're down upon your luck they will not pay the score,
And it's "Dear old boy" no more.

Keep your head screwed on straight, boys, when you've got the rhino,
Do not let a lot of hawks pluck you like a jay;
You will find a lot who would with you dine and wine, oh!
But likewise me, look ahead for the rainy day.
Ah! boys, good boys, have your little fling,
But, boys, wise boys, don't spend ev'rything;
You will find, when changed may be your lot,
Your pocket is the only true and useful friend you've got.

CHORUS.

When you ask them will they take a drink, it's "Dear old boy;"
When you make them welcome to your chink, then it's "Dear old boy."
Ah! but when you're down upon your luck and cannot pay the score,
Then it's "Dear old boy" no more.

—A Mischievous Boy.—A teacher in school, who thought she was asking a very hard question, asked: "Johnny, where was Adam's apple?" As quick as a flash he answered: "Where Nellie wore the beads."

When the Moon Is Kissing the Waters

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

My Isabel *is* a belle truly,
Belle of our village which slopes to the sea;
All other men she receives coolly,
With one exception, you'll guess who is he.
No one imagines that I am her beau,
That little secret no further must go;
Only at night, when we murmur "good-bye,"
I read her heart by the light of the moon.

CHORUS.

When the moon is kissing the waters, and the waters are kissing the sand,
When stars are throwing their kisses to all the fond lovers on land—
I follow sweet nature's example and give some to Isabel Lee,
But knowing those kisses are stolen, she gives them all back to me.

When Isabel meets me in daylight
No one would dream that we knelt at one shrine,
How bashfully 'neath the moon's gray light
She has returned all those kisses of mine—
Answers me freezingly, colder than ice,
Talks of the cattle or corn and its price,
"Jacks" me no longer, 'tis then "Mister John,"
She will rechristen me Jack later on.—*Chorus.*

My Isabel has a fair cousin,
Great is their friendship, no secrets have they;
Dear bosom friends who, by the dozen,
Pour forth their sorrows and joys every day.
Cousin has whispered me "under the rose"
Something which only a confidant knows,
Something which fills me with wildest delight,
Something which my girl will tell me to-night.—*Chorus.*

MY SALLY.

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Composed by Al. W. Filson

Though many of life's ups and downs I have seen
My thoughts still go back to the past,
When I was a newsboy instead of cashier,
And the luck didn't come quite so fast;
Society queens didn't smile on me then,
Nor visit in Poverty Alley;
But a true little heart was beating for me
'Neath the rough, ragged dress of my Sally.

CHORUS.

Yes, often far prettier girls I have seen,
But my heart still remains in the alley,
For I know there beats the true heart of a queen
'Neath the poor, ragged dress of my Sally.

Her lot has been rough, often hunger she's known,
She's had to work hard all her life;
But we'll change all that when she is all my own,
When sweet little Sal is my wife.
If all fashion's ladies were bunched into one
For the whole lot I'd not give Sally;
For she'll be the same, in sunshine or rain,
As she was when we lived in the alley.—*Chorus.*

DON'T YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH LITTLE BABY?

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

When the shades of evening fall, when your daily work is o'er,
Oh, how nice to romp with baby, and to roll her on the floor;
First you dance her on your knee till she laughs and crows with glee,
Then she toddles 'round the room and her smile dispels the gloom.

CHORUS.

Don't you like to play with little baby? Don't you like to dance her on your knee?
Don't you like to play with little baby, and to hear her laugh with glee?
Mamma! Dada! Don't you like to hear the baby say?
Oh, my! Darling little girly, with her hair so curly,
I could romp with baby night and day.—*Whistle.*

Hark! a footstep's heard outside, baby's at the window pane,
And with joy she screams out, "Dada!" Dada's coming down the lane;
Then the door is opened wide, baby's dada steps inside;
Baby runs to be caressed, baby to his heart is pressed.—*Chorus.*

Bye, bye, baby, go to sleep, your bright eyes are growing dim;
Fold your hands and say your pray'rs, love, baby looks demure and prim;
You retire with silent tread, baby creeps from out her bed,
Follows you down stairs with glee, wants to sit on mama's knee.—*Chorus.*

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Let me see de old plantation once again.

REFRAIN.

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I shouldered mister bicycle and I walked the whole way home.—*Chorus.*

When the Good Times Come Again.

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Words by Jos. P. Skelly. Music by Con O'Mara.

The rich complain at fortune's frown, the poor grow poorer still,
The spendthrift saves his pennies now, to pay his lodging bill;
The miser counts his secret store, his greed he can't restrain,
He hopes to save a trifle more when the good times come again.

CHORUS.

Then keep your spirits light and gay, and sing this hopeful strain,
We'll all be happy by-and-by, when the good times come again;
Then keep your spirits light and gay, and sing this hopeful strain,
We'll all be happy by-and-by, when the good times come again,

The man of toil is now at rest, his rent is coming due,
His purse is empty, but his heart is honest, proud and true;
He smiles at each succeeding cross, and does not sigh in vain,
He knows the tide of life will change when the good times come again.—*Chorus.*

The child sits on her father's knee, her kiss he can't refuse;
"Just see my little toe, papa—I want a pair of shoes."
Too well he knows her lightest want, but now she asks in vain,
All he can say is, "Yes, my dear, when the good times come again."—*Chorus.*

The lover looks with wistful eyes upon his bride to be,
She begs him to be good and wise till brighter days they see;
They kiss and part, while in each heart sweet hopes of joy remain,
Some day they'll wed, but they must wait till the good times come again.—*Cho.*

DON'T BURN THE CABIN DOWN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Miss Nellie Maguire. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

A little town in Ireland, a cabin old and small,
Two common chairs, a table, one window, that is all;
The cabin's dark, the fire is low, but if you'll strain your eyes,
You'll see a bed of straw whereon a feeble woman lies.
Beside her kneels her daughter, but a girl of fifteen years,
She prays God spare her mother's life, e'en though a life of tears;
But hark! a knock! three burly men cry "Come, lads, here's the place;"
The maiden rushes out and pleads, with anguish on her face:

REFRAIN.

"Don't burn the cabin down, mother is willing to pay,
Father is now on the ocean, fishing for us far away;
Remember, it is Christmas eve, and snow is falling, too,
Don't burn the cabin down, and I will pray for you."

In vain was all her pleading, two men pushed rudely by,
The other looked upon her with pity in his eye;
"Alas!" said he, "my little maid, such fate you have not earned,
But we were told if rent's unpaid the cabin must be burned."
The other man already had the fatal torch applied,
When he who stood without rushed in, and thrust them both aside.
"Desist, upon your lives," he cried; "this is a work of shame;"
As if responsive to his voice the gentle pleading came:—*Refrain.*

LET ME WHISPER I AM THINE.

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Words and Music by Elsa Gregori.

Many long years have passed since childhood's happy hours,
When songs of warbling birds rang through the leafy bow'rs;
To my mem'ry I recall a story sweet yet sad
Of two lovely little children, she a maid and he a lad;
Hand in hand to school they wandered in their childish love so sweet,
He with true gallant devotion these words would oft repeat:

CHORUS.

Once again, ah, love, I see thee, once again I call thee mine;
Ah, dearest, sweetheart, listen now to me, let me whisper I am thine.

But when to womanhood this little maid had grown
Society made her queen and placed her on their throne;
In those gay and luring scenes, swept on by fashion's tide,
She forgot her sacred promise to be one day my bride.
Perhaps I bore it like a man, but my heart was crushed with pain;
How I longed to take her in my arms and say these words again:—*Chorus.*

But at last all faithfulness has its own sweet reward;
I'd waited patiently for she whom I adored,
And now no better wife could in this world be found,
For we are truly happy and our hearts with love abound;
In the evening by the fireside, when the lights are burning low,
Of our childhood love I whisper and that song of long ago:—*Chorus.*

WHAT DO I CARE.

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Words by Richard Morton. Music by F. W. Venton.

Oh, I'm a young lady, still going to school,
To do what I like and that is play the fool;
If they give me a duncecap, stand me on a stool,
What do I care?
If teachers find out, when I should be in bed,
I'm sitting by candlelight, puzzling my head,
And am writing love letters, yards of them, instead—
What do I care?

CHORUS.

What do I care? What do I care what the people say?
I'm always up to mischief and I'm at it all the day;
I'm playing marbles, pitch and toss, or sliding down the stairs;
Like all tomboys I find my joys, I like it, so who cares?

Next door to our school there is one for young men;
We meet them sometimes, it's forbidden, but when
They just catch me at walking with Jack now and then,
What do I care?
If one of the boys saucy language should speak,
I up with my fist and land one on his cheek;
If I get a black eye for the rest of the week,
What do I care?—*Chorus.*

At rounders I know that I cut quite a dash,
When they pitch the ball I am there like a flash;
If a pane of plateglass goes to bits with a smash,
What do I care?
I know that my Dad for the damage I do
Will settle at once, though he looks a bit blue;
Broken French he will pay for, and broken glass, too—
What do I care?—*Chorus.*

DEAR OLD BOYS.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

What a lot of pals we have when we've got the rhino,
What a lot of pals we have when we've got the chink;
How they cluster 'round us, too, ah! don't you and I know;
How they praise our virtues and at all our failings wink.
Gaily, gaily, hear them laugh and sing;
Good boys, true boys, faithfully they'll cling;
Night or day, they'll never leave our side,
But have you ever noticed how they'll watch the changing tide?

CHORUS.

When you ask them will they take a drink, it's "Dear old boy";
When you make them welcome to your chink, then it's "Dear old boy."
Ah! but when you're down upon your luck and cannot pay the score,
Then it's "Dear old boy" no more.

When you haven't got a rap how your friends forsake you,
To each other they will say, "What a fool he's been."
They know very well they lent a helping hand to break you,
And when they've accomplished that it's "Wasn't Juggins green?"
Sadly, sadly you will gaze around,
Hoping that one true friend can be found;
Then you see you've foolish been and rash.
It was not you they loved at all, 'twas but your pile of cash.

CHORUS.

When you ask them will they stand a drink, it's "Poor old boy,"
When you ask them will they lend some chink, then it's "Can't, old boy;"
When they see you're down upon your luck they will not pay the score,
And it's "Dear old boy" no more.

Keep your head screwed on straight, boys, when you've got the rhino,
Do not let a lot of hawks pluck you like a jay;
You will find a lot who would with you dine and wine, oh!
But likewise me, look ahead for the rainy day.
Ah! boys, good boys, have your little fling,
But, boys, wise boys, don't spend ev'rything;
You will find, when changed may be your lot,
Your pocket is the only true and useful friend you've got.

CHORUS.

When you ask them will they take a drink, it's "Dear old boy;"
When you make them welcome to your chink, then it's "Dear old boy."
Ah! but when you're down upon your luck and cannot pay the score,
Then it's "Dear old boy" no more.

—A Mischievous Boy.—A teacher in school, who thought she was asking a very hard question, asked: "Johnny, where was Adam's apple?" As quick as a flash he answered: "Where Nellie wore the beads."

When the Moon Is Kissing the Waters

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

My Isabel *is* a belle truly,
Belle of our village which slopes to the sea;
All other men she receives coolly,
With one exception, you'll guess who is he.
No one imagines that I am her beau,
That little secret no further must go;
Only at night, when we murmur "good-bye,"
I read her heart by the light of the moon.

CHORUS.

When the moon is kissing the waters, and the waters are kissing the sand,
When stars are throwing their kisses to all the fond lovers on land—
I follow sweet nature's example and give some to Isabel Lee,
But knowing those kisses are stolen, she gives them all back to me.

When Isabel meets me in daylight
No one would dream that we knelt at one shrine,
How bashfully 'neath the moon's gray light
She has returned all those kisses of mine—
Answers me freezingly, colder than ice,
Talks of the cattle or corn and its price,
"Jacks" me no longer, 'tis then "Mister John,"
She will rechristen me Jack later on.—*Chorus.*

My Isabel has a fair cousin,
Great is their friendship, no secrets have they;
Dear bosom friends who, by the dozen,
Pour forth their sorrows and joys every day.
Cousin has whispered me "under the rose"
Something which only a confidant knows,
Something which fills me with wildest delight,
Something which my girl will tell me to-night.—*Chorus.*

MY SALLY.

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Composed by Al. W. Filson

Though many of life's ups and downs I have seen
My thoughts still go back to the past,
When I was a newsboy instead of cashier,
And the luck didn't come quite so fast;
Society queens didn't smile on me then,
Nor visit in Poverty Alley;
But a true little heart was beating for me
'Neath the rough, ragged dress of my Sally.

CHORUS.

Yes, often far prettier girls I have seen,
But my heart still remains in the alley,
For I know there beats the true heart of a queen
'Neath the poor, ragged dress of my Sally.

Her lot has been rough, often hunger she's known,
She's had to work hard all her life;
But we'll change all that when she is all my own,
When sweet little Sal is my wife.
If all fashion's ladies were bunched into one
For the whole lot I'd not give Sally;
For she'll be the same, in sunshine or rain,
As she was when we lived in the alley.—*Chorus.*

DON'T YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH LITTLE BABY?

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

When the shades of evening fall, when your daily work is o'er,
Oh, how nice to romp with baby, and to roll her on the floor;
First you dance her on your knee till she laughs and crows with glee,
Then she toddles 'round the room and her smile dispels the gloom.

CHORUS.

Don't you like to play with little baby? Don't you like to dance her on your knee?
Don't you like to play with little baby. and to hear her laugh with glee?
Mamma! Dada! Don't you like to hear the baby say?
Oh, my! Darling little girly, with her hair so curly,
I could romp with baby night and day.—*Whistle.*

Hark! a footstep's heard outside, baby's at the window pane,
And with joy she screams out, "Dada!" Dada's coming down the lane;
Then the door is opened wide, baby's dada steps inside;
Baby runs to be caressed, baby to his heart is pressed.—*Chorus.*

Bye, bye, baby, go to sleep, your bright eyes are growing dim;
Fold your hands and say your pray'rs, love, baby looks demure and prim;
You retire with silent tread, baby creeps from out her bed,
Follows you down stairs with glee, wants to sit on mama's knee.—*Chorus.*

COPY YOUR UNCLE TOM.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

When a little boy at school my father used to say
Sometimes, after breakfast: "We'll have Uncle Tom to-day."
He used to come and visit us four times a year, perhaps,
And really, Uncle Tom was quite the best of good old chaps.
I always knew that I was right for candy in galore,
I always loved his smiling face when he came to the door;
I always was downhearted when the old man went away,
And when he'd gone my mother and my father used to say:

CHORUS.

"Copy your Uncle Tom, my boy, copy your Uncle Tom;
There's never any harm occurs where he comes from.
If you want to be a man it's the best and wisest plan
Take the tip from father and copy your Uncle Tom."

Just about a week ago, as I went up the town,
In a famous music hall, and one of great renown,
'Twas there I saw my Uncle Tom as happy as could be,
And two nice ladies, young and fair, he introduced to me.
Oh, what a pleasant time we had, and when the show was done
My Uncle Tom said: "Come, my lad, it's time you had some fun;
Now always be a Roman, boy, when once you get in Rome,
For we must do our duty and escort the ladies home."—*Chorus.*

First we saw the ladies home and left them at the gate,
Uncle Tom then stands a drink, and I reciprocate;
We kept reciprocating till the clock was striking three,
And on my journey home the ground was always striking me.
Now, last of all, I got a cab, and then—oh lor', oh lor'!
My dear, respected parents both were waiting at the door;
In answer to the question which I knew they had to pop,
Where had I been? I answered them, "Been Tommying Uncle Cop."—*Chorus.*

THAT'S THE WAY QUEENS DO.

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Words and Music by Frank K. Cole.

In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-three,
In the capitol city of fame,
Where political factions could never agree,
And money was scarce then as brain,
Lived a man of great proportions and gall hard to beat,
And his great prime minister too,
Who favored Queen Lill, free trade and Wall street,
For that is the way kings do.

CHORUS.

For we'll all do our duty due these dudey-doos,
If they do their duty due to us;
But confidence in them I fear we all shall lose,
And then no doubt we'll have to make a fuss.
So we'll wait patiently for the coming
Of protection, our greatest friend so true,
When factories will all start up their humming,
For that is what the G. O. P. will do.

They sent a Bl(o)unt message to the Queen of rare bloom,
In her far away island home,
Where for her the Provisionists had no room,
As they're weary of having a throne.
Reinstatement of her was this wiley man's curse,
As he wanted her back where he knew
She'd welcome him over to help rule with force,
For that is the way queens do.—*Chorus.*

His support of this Queen so generous he thought,
On her grateful reply he then banks;
But alas, poor Grove for a dime can be bought,
For Lill has declined with thanks.
When she sent her reply that caused such a stir,
Twould give him a great pain she knew;
But she said, "I prefer Johnny Bull to you, sir,"
For that is the way queens do.—*Chorus.*

Now this would-be king must surely feel sore,
And W. Q. G. must now hate
Benny Harrison, Chrisanth'ums, Queen Lill and some more,
Because he's "not in it" of late.
Before going further I've something to pen,
And you know quite well it is true—
That Grover and Walter "had it in" for poor Ben,
For that is the way they will do.—*Chorus.*

In future our grand institutions must stand,
And none should try to defy,
For good American citizens are brim full of sand,
And for principles are willing to—lie.
And should anyone try to pull down or loot
The red, the white and the blue,
We'll surely "spot them on the shoot,"
And that is what we will do.—*Chorus.*

GET YOUR HAMMER OUT.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

If you wish to be aggressive, in a manner most expressive,
I will tell you how to do it with despatch;
Now don't hesitate and stammer, but procure yourself a hammer
For the plot I'm now about to hatch.
If your neighbor tries to "do" you, "roast you brown," or else "hoodoo" you,
He's a "knocker," in the language of the day;
If you thirst for satisfaction it's your priv'lege to take action,
And to "turn about" is but fair play—

CHORUS.

Then get your hammer out, oh, get your hammer out;
Knock them black and knock them blue, knock, knock, knock, and do, do, do.
They'll "queer" you if they can, of that there is no doubt;
So don't be slow and stand no show, but get your hammer out.—*Whistle.*

If you love a little maiden, and your heart with joy is laden
At the thought that some day she'll be yours for life,
Oh, your future seems so rosy, in a back top flat so cosy,
When at last she is your own true wife;
But, alas! when man proposes some one else, you know, disposes,
And when all your gold and greenbacks has been spent
She will probably refuse you, and unblushingly abuse you
By eloping with another gent.—*Chorus.*

If you live in expectation of your uncle's expiration,
And believe you'll be remembered in his will;
He will linger on forever, from his breath he will not sever,
Till he's old and tough enough to kill.
After years of weary waiting, speculating and debating,
He makes up his mind to leave this mundane sphere;
His two sisters, full of freckles, both fall heir to all his shekels,
In his will your name does not appear.—*Chorus.*

SITTING ON THE HILLSIDE;

—OR:—

The Love that Never Fades.

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By Wm. B. Glenroy and Henry Lamb.

How oft we've heard the story, how oft the tale's been told,
Of love that never falters, of love as pure as gold;
Some say that love is only an idle dream of youth,
But see the dear old man and wife, where all is love and truth.

CHORUS.

Sitting on the hillside at the old, old home,
Resting where the drooping willow shades;
Telling tales of gladness, such as only fond hearts can,
Living in the love that never fades.

They speak of childhood moments, of days that long have flown,
They call to mind their struggle to make that home their own;
Through all they've both been faithful, they've kept each sacred vow,
They loved when lad and lassie, and they love each other now..—*Chorus.*

Never Judge by Appearance.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

One day I thought I'd try my friends and see if they were true,
So donned old clothes, unshaven face, and a hat not new;
Said I, the first I'll call upon will be my old friend Jones,
I'll tell him I am hungry and I'll ask him for a loan.
He treated me quite coldly, said 'twas his busy day,
And that he could not help me; then quickly turned away.
But when I said, "I am not poor, your friendship I have tried,"
He made excuses, tried to tell me, but I soon replied:

REFRAIN.

"Never judge by appearance, ofttimes you are wrong;
Never judge your neighbor by the garments he may don;
Though he may look shabby, on him do not frown,
He may be the one who will help you up the hill while going down."

I next called on a lady fair who said that she loved me,
I went up to her house and knocked, shortly after tea;
I asked her if she'd be my wife, on bended knees proposed;
She called her servant, "Show him out!" when she beheld my clothes.
But when I showed her thousands of banknotes, crisp and new,
She tried to talk, and begged me, "Remain an hour or two."
Said I, "Farewell, my lady dear, your love was very small!"
And, as I left her, said, "Some day these words you may recall:"—*Refrain.*

I MET HER AT THE BALL.

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Words and Music by D. L. White.

Brightly the lights shone on faces fair,
Flowers shed their fragrant beauty there;
Sweet strains of music swelling, soft and low,
Thrilled the merry dancers, waltzing to and fro.
Alone there I lingered while the crowd so gay
Passed in joyous couples on their circling way;
One girl among them, with roguish, winning ways,
Gave me smile for smile when she caught my gaze.

CHORUS.

I met her at the ball, waltzed with her first that night,
Tho' there were charmers around her, none seemed so fair and bright;
While we were dancing I asked her, "Make me your favored lover?
When will you answer my question?" "After the dance is over."

When day is closing, after toil is done,
Often I seek her, my own fair one,
Watching and waiting there for me alone,
Sitting at the window of her happy home.
And just as the church clock strikes the hour of eight,
She will find me waiting at the garden gate;
Then she comes to greet me with smiles and fond embrace,
It calls to mind the first time I saw her face.—*Chorus.*

When years have glided silently along,
We still will treasure that music and song;
Ah! yes, remember whispered words so sweet,
And recall the promise soon again to meet.
The world cannot offer dearer joys than ours,
Life is now a garden filled with rarest flowers,
For that fair maiden with roguish, winning ways,
Still gives me smile for smile when she meets my gaze.—*Chorus.*

FOGARTHY'S UMBRELLA.

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Words and Music by Acton E. Kelly ("Dublin").

There's grief among the gang, and indignation, too,
There's such a change in Fogarthy of late;
It's not consumption that he's got, nor soft'ning of the brain,
But worse, we fear, far worse will be his fate.
He puts on a clean white shirt ev'ry evening after work,
And a necktie that they call a four-in-hand;
We don't care so much for that—it's the umbrella that he's got,
And that's the thing we cannot understand.

CHORUS.

We don't care how he walks, we don't care how he talks,
For we know he's a decent sort of fellow;
But a plumber's assistant, no matter how refined,
Should never carry such an umbrella.

It has a nob upon the top like a potato in decline,
And in German silver spots it's breaking out;
Like Cleopatra's Needle, it's for show and not for use,
But what it's really for we are in doubt.
He wears a three-inch collar that you'd think would cut his throat,
And around his waist he ties a silken band;
We don't care so much for that—it's the umbrella that he's got,
And that's the thing we cannot understand.

CHORUS.

We don't care how he walks, we don't care how he talks,
For we know he's a decent sort of fellow;
But a truck-driver's secretary, no matter how intellectual,
Should never carry such an umbrella.

They say that it is loaded and liable to go off,
While others, when they see it, stand amazed;
And when he holds it at an angle of forty-five degrees,
The girls on the block are nearly dazed.
He wears patent leather shoes, number nines instead of twelves,
And striped stockings that are beautiful and grand;
We don't care so much for that—it's the umbrella that he's got,
And that's the thing we cannot understand.

CHORUS.

We don't care how he walks, we don't care how he talks,
For we know he's a decent sort of fellow;
But a bartender's aide-de-camp, no matter how accomplish'd,
Should never carry such an umbrella.

—If all the devils were cast out of some people they would look like walking skeletons.

—"Fine toilet soap, five cents," said the Judge, reading the wrapper after he had used some of its contents. "That is not enough. I'd like to fine it $5 and costs."

CALL ME COLONEL.

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Words and Music by M. Le Roy.

I'm Col'nel by appointment of the Governor,
I'm usher at the grand levee,
And as the dudes pass by with envy in the eye,
They often, yes, quite often hear me say:

REFRAIN.

I'm a Col'nel (*ha, ha, ha,*) I'm a Col'nel (*ha, ha, ha,*)
Just observe that I'm quite militaire;
I'm a Col'nel (*ha, ha, ha,*) I'm a Col'nel (*ha, ha, ha,*)
I'm a Col'nel with a style so rare.

The ladies all adore me, and the mashers stand aghast,
As they view my noble figure passing by,
And they say in whispered tones, I'd like to crack his bones,
While they often, yes, quite often hear me say:—*Refrain.*

When I get an invitation to attend a swell affair,
I'm as happy as a man can be;
Then change my clothes, you know, in a swallow tail I go,
Where they'll often, yes, quite often hear me say:—*Refrain.*

I had an inclination once to study opera,
To warble on the do, re, mi;
But the teacher with his wrangle got his brains in such a tangle,
'Cause he often, yes, quite often heard me say:—*Refrain.*

MY FIRST CIGAR.

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Words and Music by M. Le Roy.

'Twas on a quiet afternoon one lovely autumn day,
I sat upon an old ash box and drew and puffed away;
And as the silv'ry smoke arose and flitted through the air,
I suddenly grew awful sick, it was my first cigar.

REFRAIN.

But puff, puff, puff, puff, don't stop, for 'tis no sin,
But puff, puff, puff, puff, the second time you'll win;
No matter if it makes you sad, and fills you full of pain,
Just puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, and try it on again.

I fell across that old ash box, grew sickly, ghastly green,
I gasped and threw up many things that you and I have seen;
Ah! what did I, at such a time, for smoking seem to care,
Alas! the scalding tears proclaimed it was my first cigar.—*Refrain.*

I've swallowed quarts of castor oil and took pills by the score,
Been jerked and twisted inside out a hundred times or more;
But sickness I have never felt which could with that compare,
When on that quiet afternoon I drew my first cigar.—*Refrain.*

THE BICYCLE FAD.

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Words and Music by Ida M. Mitchell.

We are all going mad through the bicycle fad,
You will find ev'rybody is in it;
The young and the old they have all taken hold,
Delighted when ever they spin it.
Each dashing young dude when he doesn't act rude,
To give his best girl a big treat,
Takes a bicycle ride with his love at his side,
For pleasure it cannot be beat.

CHORUS.

The bicycle fad, it makes the heart glad,
When kisses and cuddles you steal;
The girls and the boys they find lots of joys,
While out for a spin on the wheel.

Both sofa and chair nowadays are nowhere,
For the young folks they've lost all attraction;
You certainly see, and with me will agree,
There's no harm in any such action.
Mama's watchful eye now is no longer nigh
To see that a kiss he don't steal,
For when she draws near he will murmur, "My dear,
Let's go for a spin on the wheel.—*Chorus.*"

—It takes an elevator boy in a hotel to bring a pompous guest down.

If the Sweetheart You Love Is True.

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Words by C. A. Byrne. Music by Gustave Kerrer.

How fair all seems in this weary world
When love sits aloft to smile,
The days seem but moments, the years seem but days,
Not a care or a thought to beguile.
There's perfect content with the girl that you love,
There's nothing for her you'll not do;
But first make sure your passion's returned,
That the sweetheart you love is true,
That the sweetheart you love is true,
For deceptions are none too few;
But ev'rything's bright, in a shining light,
If the sweetheart you love is true,
If the sweetheart you love is true.

All nature takes on another tinge,
Eternal your joy it seems,
You think you soar on the great white wings,
In a paradise full of dreams.
You gaze in the eyes of the girl you love,
For a kiss from her lips you sue;
And it leaves no doubt, as they prettily pout,
That the sweetheart you love is true,
That the sweetheart you love is true.
There's nothing, for her, but you'll do,
When once you know, and you say it low,
"Yes, the sweetheart I love is true,
Yes, the sweetheart I love is true."

OUT IN SOCIETY TO-DAY.

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Words by W. Murdoch Lind. Music by Edw. Ivison.

I'm a bashful little maiden, just eighteen years of age,
I'm young, 'tis true, but then I'm pretty fly;
At flirting I'm not backward, with the men I'm all the rage,
I'm not opposed to kissing on the sly.
My brothers tease me awful, they pinch me, pull my hair,
And say that I am always in the way;
But now I wear long dresses, so they'd better have a care,
I'm out in society to-day.

CHORUS.

Mama says I'm foolish, and papa says so, too,
In style and dress you bet I lead the way;
And I guess my face and figure and clothes will see me through,
I'm out in society to-day.

O, but won't it just be jolly to dress like other girls,
And go to all the dances and the shows;
Of course I'll wed for money, shine with diamonds and pearls,
I mean to have just lots and lots of beaus.
My ball dress is just lovely, it's cut—well, somewhat low,
My ma says that it's quite decolletay;
It really is becoming, and it's sure to be a "go,"
I'm out in society to-day.—*Chorus.*

WHISPER LOVE.

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Words by Fred. M. Spotswood. Music by Harry M. Saxton.

Whisper, little darling, that you love me still,
Whisper, little darling, tender vows fulfil;
Whisper with your sweet voice of the days gone by,
Let our kiss of gladness be your only sigh.

REFRAIN.

Whisper love, whisper love, whisper sweet and low,
Raise your eyes, why those sighs, from you ne'er I'll go;
Hearts like yours, hearts like mine, joined in heaven above,
Should be just as one, my darling, born to whisper love.

Whisper, love, the murmur of the twilight breeze,
When at eve we ramble 'neath the swaying trees;
Leaves still seem to whisper words of love to me,
From my absent darling whom no more I see.—*Refrain.*

Now the earth is silent, stars their vigil keep,
Roses kissed by dewdrops bow their heads and weep;
And your gentle voice, love, full of melody,
Still sings in my dreaming, whisper love to me.—*Refrain.*

SWEET CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

Which of us have never yearned for the days of youthful mirth,
When, alas! too late we've learned what those simple joys are worth;
There are joys in later life, but they are alloyed with pain,
Till the heart grows sick of strife, and we long for youth again.

CHORUS.

Sweet childhood's days! sweet childhood's days!
We look back now with mournful gaze;
Again we hear, through many a year,
Sweet voices from sweet childhood's days!

Often in the race for wealth, human happiness is sold,
Sacrificing love and health for the magic gleam of gold;
When at last the hair turns gray, what to them is golden gain,
They would give it all away, just to be a child again.

CHORUS.

Sweet childhood's days! sweet childhood's days!
We look back now with mournful gaze;
Again we hear, through many a year,
Sweet voices from sweet childhood's days!

Even in the prison cells, where the hearts are black with crime,
Still in them some mem'ry dwells of the bygone happy time;
Call them outcasts if you will, yet they have some human ways,
Lips will tremble, eyes will fill, when you speak of childhood's days.

CHORUS.

Sweet childhood's days! sweet childhood's days!
They look back now with yearning gaze;
What would they give if they could live
Once more those joys of childhood's days!

See the girl whose spotless name once was valued more than rank,
Now in desperation's shame crouching by the river's bank;
Duped by vile pretense of love, she has lost the name she bore,
Hear her pray to Him above, make me but a child once more.

CHORUS.

Sweet childhood's days! sweet childhood's days!
She looks back now with tearful gaze;
Again she hears through all these years
Sweet voices from her childhood days!

YEA! BOE! ROE!

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Words and Music by James Barron.

There's lots of slang expressions, such as "Don't he take the cake?"
"It's out of sight!" "You bet your life!" "That boy is wide awake!"
But I heard one this morning, by some youngsters here below,
It made me laugh to hear them holler Yea! Boe! Roe!

CHORUS.

Yea! Boe! Roe! they shouted all together at me,
Yea! Boe! Roe! they wouldn't let me go;
And they said I'd be a daisy if I wasn't quite so lazy,
Oh, they nearly had me crazy, shouting Yea! Boe! Roe!

Tom Brown's been married twenty years, and strange enough to say,
He never had a baby in his house until to-day;
But now he is a papa, and three little ones can show,
He told me that he thought he'd name them Yea! Boe! Roe!

CHORUS.

Yea! Boe! Roe! now won't he have a lovely time with
Yea! Boe! Roe! in just a month or so;
He will wish he'd never met them, when he sits up nights to pet them,
And to sleep he'll have to get them, singing Yea! Boe! Roe!

Old parson Johnson's little church was crowded Sunday night,
He said, "Come, colored people, let us sing with all our might;"
Then Ebenezer Simpson said, "What song, I want to know?"
Then Simon Peters hollered, "Sing us Yea! Boe! Roe!"

CHORUS.

Yea! Boe! Roe! You ought to hear those darkies singing
Yea! Boe! Roe! it's worth your while to go;
They commence to sing at seven, and they stop about eleven,
I will bet they enter heaven singing Yea! Boe! Roe!

A dashing masher told a girl he loved her dear as life,
And asked her if she would consent some day to be his wife.
He said, "I have no money, but my love is true, you know;"
She never spoke, but winked and whistled Yea! Boe! Roe!

CHORUS.

Yea! Boe! Roe! Oh, when your purse is empty, you're a
Yea! Boe! Roe! It only goes to show
How for money they will hug you, when they're trying to humbug you,
When you're broke they'll only slug you on your Yea! Boe! Roe!

THE FOUR HUNDRED.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

We're leaders of the great "Four Hundred,"
Representing gilded swelldom,
Youth and beauty with its millions,
Moving in the maze of lovely belle-dom,
The choicest of the upper-tendom,
Ornamenting fashion's bowers.
Jewels scintillating, culture permeating!
Our "Four Hundred," don't you know.
We list to the strains of the band, so grand,
As we drive through the park four-in-hand—in hand!
Horses gaily prancing, pretty girls a-glancing!
It s really a delightful show.
We're out for the bracing air: don't stare!
We're free from the thought of care; ah, there!
Everybody laughing! everybody chaffing!
We're the great "Four Hundred," don't you know!

CHORUS.

We're leaders of the great "Four Hundred,"
Ornamenting fashion's bowers.
Jewels scintillating! culture permeating!
Our "Four Hundred," don't you know!

We're famous for our entertainments,
Positively brilliant hours:
Beauties just as sweet as rosebuds,
Circled in a vale of lovely flowers!
We revel in the gay cotillion,
Oscillating dreamy waltzes.
Music captivating, laughter agitating!
Our "Four Hundred," don't you know!
Oh, who has not heard of the Four—the Four?
At home or abroad, we adore—adore!
The fads of fickle fashion, really, 'tis a passion
To follow up the hounds, Tally-ho!
Oh, there goes the fox, hi away—away!
We dash whip and spur to the fray—hooray!
Horses madly rushing!
Country people staring!
The great "Four Hundred," don't you know!—*Chorus.*

In winter, when the snow is falling,
Pretty little sleigh-bells jingling;
Cuddled in a robe so cosey,
Harmonizing voices sweetly mingling,
Dashing through silvery snowflakes,
Merry twinkling lights are beaming.
Hands are clapping!
And the whips are snapping!
That's our "Four Hundred," don't you know!
Oh, now for the dance Militaire—ah, there!
We move with a step debonaire—so rare!
Colonel Melancholy, dance with Misess Folly!
The lady with the coal black hair.
And now we fall in line—to dine!
And drink of the sparkling wine—so fine!
Hark! the corks are popping!
Fun is never stopping!
The great "Four Hundred," don't you know!—*Chorus,*

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Tune—"After the Ball."

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Into the ring stept Corbett the bold,
Bright as a daisy, true as true gold;
Now may the best man win, was the cry,
When to his corner Mitchell did hie.
Corbett led out, the brave Yankee boy,
Friends wildly cheered and shouted with joy;
Fiercely the champion countered with might,
Think of the losers, after the fight.

CHORUS.

After the fight was over, after the battle's won,
Many the praises spoken of the grand sparring done.
Here's to the gallant winner, hero of brawn and might!
Here's to brave Corbett, the hero—after the fight!

Corbett of valor, true, boys, and tried,
Thought but of winning, naught else beside;
Stood by his colors, manly and game,
England's bold champion he did the same.
Like mighty giants, fast fell the strokes,
Bravely both stood there, like giant oaks;
One scored a "knock down", friends to delight,
Who'll be the loser, after the fight.—*Chorus.*

Rounds quick but few bravely they fought,
Tricks that he knew not Mitchell was taught;
John L. well knows a "sprinter" is he,
This champion boxer from o'er the sea.
Soon from their corners, to round the last,
Came both with mettle rarely surpassed;
Won had the best man, gallant and bright,
Mitchell was knocked out, after the fight.—*Chorus.*

THE JOLLY COMMODORE.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

My dad was a sailor, and commanded a brig,
She was trimmed fore and aft, and quite lady-like in rig;
Oh, I was her cabin boy, though rated like a man,
Like a swan sailed the beauty, Mary Ann.
There I learnt to reef and steer, swab the decks and keep them clear,
Go up aloft to furl a sail, in a hurricane or gale.
Though dangers may surround us, and the breakers they may roar,
That's the life of a jolly Commodore, Heigh-ho!

CHORUS.

Then pass around the grog,
Old shipmates, let us keep her rolling,
Pass 'round the grog.
It cheers and warms the heart,
Afloat or ashore.
To the girls that we adore,
That's the life of a jolly Commodore.

When I had turned twenty-one, and was in command,
Oh, I walked the quarter-deck with my telescope in hand;
Then I was the Captain, boys, all bound for Yucatan,
Like a bird flew the beauty, Mary Ann.
I'd a dog, a pig or two, with a cook and jolly crew,
Full complement both night and day, while we were bound away.
Though danger may surround us, and the breakers they may roar,
That's the life of a jolly Commodore, Heigh-ho!—*Chorus.*

When I left the merchantman, to wear the navy blue
On board a Yankee frigate, the stars and stripes I flew;
Yes, all for the Nation, boys, all for this noble land,
With a tear quit the beauty, Mary Ann.
'Mid the smoke, the shot and shell, oh, where heroes fought and fell,
With Farragut we cut our way, down there in Mobile bay.
Though danger may surround us, and the breakers they may roar,
That's the life of a jolly Commodore, Heigh-ho!—*Chorus.*

Along came promotion, I commanded a fleet;
Yes, I wore stars and bars quite dandified and neat.
Oh, all in my uniform my love tale began,
When I first met my beauty, Mary Ann.
Oh, she is snug and taught, I will tow her into port,
Yes, hand in hand, 'gainst wind and tide, I'll bear my sailor bride.
When danger may surround us, and breakers they may roar,
That's the life of a jolly Commodore, Heigh-ho!—*Chorus.*

JIM-JAM SAILORS SUPERFINE.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, when de bo'sun whistle tooty-ey,
Den we come on deck for duty:
Ya-ho below, de bell am striking four.
Colored sailors always single,
Ready for to mix and mingle,
When we meet a pooty yaller gal ashore.
When de wind blows east,
Oh, it's den we do de least,
For hard work nigger hasn't time;
But when de wind blows west,
Oh, den it's time to rest,
We're Jim-Jam sailors superfine, Oh!

CHORUS.

Haul in on your monkey wrenches, go ashore, you nigger wenches,
Stand clar, bound away; don't know where we gwine.
Captain in his wooley jacket; golly, don't he make a racket.
Red hot Jimmy dandy sailors superfine.

Oh, when de cook he fries de fishes,
Den we get de plates and dishes:
Oh, dear, nigger's mouth opens like a whale.
Don't be stingy wid de gravy,
Lots of fat in Yankee Navy,
Old ship biscuit, just as hard as any nail.
When de ship goes down,
A nigger never drowns;
His feet's injun rubber, number nine.
When de ship do float,
He stays aboard de boat,
He's a Jim-Jam sailor superfine, Oh!—*Chorus.*

When de wind it am a-roaring,
Dat's de time de nigger's snoring.
Oh dear, let him dream of yaller gal ashore.
Hurricane it am a-howling,
Captain on de deck a-growling,
Nigger talking in his sleep of 'leven forty-fo';
When de ship gets back,
Each nigger black Jack,
He rolls like a crooked tater-vine.
When de ship do sail,
Den we get out of jail,
We're Jim-Jam sailors superfine, Oh!—*Chorus.*

MY MARIE.

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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Like an angel full of grace, sweet Marie,
Sunshine in her bonny face, my Marie;
Like the fairest rose of June, like a harp in sweetest tune,
And I'm coming to thee soon, my Marie.
Like an angel full of grace, sweet Marie,
Sunshine in her bonny face, sweet Marie;
Like the fairest flow'r of June, like a harp in sweetest tune,
And I'm coming to thee soon, my Marie.

Of my life thou art the star, sweet Marie,
Shining brightly, though so far, far from me;
Dreaming of thee night and day, thinking of thee, yes, alway,
Ev'ry hour for thee I pray, my Marie.
Like an angel full of grace, etc.

MAGGIE MURPHY'S HOME.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Behind a grammer schoolhouse, in a double tenement,
I live with my old mother, and always pay the rent.
A bedroom and a parlor is all we call our own,
And you're welcome every evening at Maggie Murphy's home.

CHORUS.

On Sunday night 'tis my delight and pleasure, don't you see,
Meeting all the girls and all the boys that work down town with me.
There's an organ in the parlor to give the house a tone,
And you're welcome every evening at Maggie Murphy's home.

Such dancing in the parlor, there's a waltz for you and I;
Such mashing in the corner, and kisses on the sly.
Oh, blessed leisure hours that working-people own,
And they're welcome every evening at Maggie Murphy's home.—*Chorus.*

It's from the open window, at the noontime of the day,
You'll see the neighbors' children so happy at their play.
There's Jimmie with his Nellie, together romp and roam,
And they gather in the school-yard near Maggie Murphy's home.—*Chorus.*

I walk through Hogan's alley at the closing of the day,
To greet my dear old mother; you'll hear the neighbors say:
"Oh! there goes little Maggie, I wish she were my own;
Oh, may blessings ever linger o'er Maggie Murphy's home!"—*Chorus.*

WHEN PEGGY AND I ARE WED.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

There's a girl I meet in our street,
Her family lives next door;
The father he owns the big corner flat,
The daughter takes cash in the store.
Every night I roam to see her home,
And no matter where I go
You can hear them all murmur as I walk by,
"That's Peggy O'Hara's beau."
Monday night I asked her hand,
Tuesday asked her ma,
Wednesday I made up my mind
To have a long chat with her pa;
On Thursday he gave his consent,
These words to me he said:
"I'll give you the deed of the corner lot
When Peggy and you are wed."

CHORUS.

Oh, Peggy, say yes, love, make your answer a kiss, love,
For you are the sweetest one that e'er I cast my eyes upon;
Just mention the day, love, don't you dare to say nay, love;
Oh, how happy we shall be when Peggy and I are wed.

Many years have fled since we were wed,
Our locks are turning gray;
Now Peggy and I run the corner store,
The old folks have long passed away.
We've been blessed with health, we've lots of wealth,
We are happy as can be;
With a son and a daughter that's both grown up,
And baby that's just turned three.
Mary, she's the eldest girl,
Looks just like her ma;
Terence, he's a fine young lad
With all the *owld tricks* of his pa.
Not a shade of strife e'er crossed our life,
And we'll ne'er forget the day
When Peggy took cash in the corner store,
And to her I used to say:—*Chorus.*

YOUR MOTHER AND I, MAGGIE.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

One night in the parlor, when mother was away,
Maggie, the only daughter, so lovingly did say:
"Please tell me a story, now there's a fond papa,
So that upon the morrow I'll tell it to mamma."
"Darling," the father answered, "a story I will tell,
And it concerns your mamma and you and I as well.
Years ago a lad and lass were married secretly;
The maiden was your mother dear, the lad, my girl, was me.

CHORUS.

"Your mother and I, Maggie, were lovers long ago,
She was my only sweetheart, and I her only beau;
Though ev'ry one told her our marriage she would rue,
You are the child of parents whose love was pure and true.

"Your mother was handsome, and many suitors tried,
Each with his gold and jewels, to win her for his bride;
But wealth couldn't alter the vows she made to me:
'Darling,' she said, 'I'm ready to share my life with thee.'
When we were wed her parents disowned their only child,
Telling her at the parting they'd ne'er be reconciled;
But before they passed away to brighter realms above
They blessed the girl who married me for pure and holy love.—*Chorus.*

MY JOHANNA JOHNSON.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Down where the flatboats come an' go, oh, my Johanna, ho!
Where the big steam whistles blow, my Johanna Johnson,
Logs come floatin' down de stream, oh, my Johanna, ho!
Dat's de place ob which I dream, my Johanna Johnson.

CHORUS.

My Johanna Johnson, she is de fairest charmer,
She's de nicest gal dat I do know;
She's sweeter far than honey, and better far than money;
My Johanna Johnson, she's my beau.—*Dance.*

When de night am bright an' clear, oh, my Johanna, ho!
Darkies come from far an' near, my Johanna Johnson;
Pick de banjoe, dance an' wing, oh, my Johanna, ho!
An' de "Swanee Ribber" sing, my Johanna Johnson.—*Chorus.*

Black crows perch upon de trees, oh, my Johanna, ho!
Swingin' in de mornin' breeze, my Johanna Johnson;
Ricebirds flutter in de sky, oh, my Johanna, ho!
You can't kotch them if you try, my Johanna Johnson.—*Chorus.*

Dancin' on de old levee, oh, my Johanna, ho!
Happy as a bumblebee, my Johanna Johnson;
Totin' cotton in de sun, oh, my Johanna, ho!
Ain't we glad when day am done, my Johanna Johnson.—*Chorus.*

SKIDMORE FANCY BALL.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, here we go so nobly, oh, de colored Belvederes,
A number one, we carry a gun, we beat de fusileers.
Talk about your dancers, when we hear de cornet call,
We wing and wing, de dust we sling, at de Skidmore fancy ball.
Den right and lef, hold your breff, we're bon ton darkies all;
Fat and lean, get in and scream, at de Skidmore fancy ball.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! glory, oh! balance down de middle;
I tell you what, que hay it's hot, like gravy in de griddle.
Forward four, hold on de floor, spread out frough de hall;
Every coon's as warm as June, at de Skidmore fancy ball.

De supper's served at one G. M. by Brown, de caterer:
Fat turk and goose, oh, cut me loose, just lem me in de door.
Chairs reserved for ladies, umbrellas in de hall—
Dar's etiquette in every set, at de Skidmore fancy ball.
Hands around, keep off de ground, we're bon ton darkies all;
Get in and sail, hold your trail, at de Skidmore fancy ball.—*Chorus.*

Oh, every hat dat dey get at dis colored coterie,
Will cost a half—you needn't laugh, oh, help de Mil-lish-she.
We're gwine down to Newport, just next summer in de fall,
So foller suit and contribute to de Skidmore fancy ball.
Oh, waltz away—mazourkay, we're bon ton darkies all;
Sweet Caledone, it gives a tone to de Skidmore fancy ball.—*Chorus.*

UNCLE REILLY.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

They call me Uncle Reilly,
I am everybody's friend,
Sure, my money lent at ten per cent.,
And that's my sentiment,
For I'm everybody's uncle.
And whene'er your purse is low,
Oh, come call on me
For cash, you see
I'm Uncle Reilly, oh!

CHORUS.

Then, oh, Uncle Reilly, so roguish and slyly,
Admired by the ladies, a captivating bean;
It's oh, Uncle Reilly, no wonder you're wily,
You break the hearts of all the girls, yes, Uncle Reilly, oh!

Oh, it's when you love a maiden,
Then you place your heart in pawn,
Now, at any rate she holds your fate,
Likewise your duplicate.
Little Cupid's pawnbroker,
It's to him all lovers go,
For to pledge their love
With ring or glove,
Like Uncle Reilly, oh!—*Chorus.*

I have gold and silver watches,
And fine clocks to hold on time;
Oh, it's night and morn they tick along—
All have a ticket on.
Oh, for I am philanthropic,
Wily Riley, that is so:
Now, when you get down,
Just call around
On Uncle Reilly, oh!—*Chorus.*

TAKING IN THE TOWN.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, Mr. McGuinness from Troy,
A maker of collars and cuffs,
He thought he would visit New York,
To see all the roughs and toughs.
Of course he called in for to see his old friend,
Mr. Reilly, we'll do it up brown;
I've a dollar to spend and another to lend,
While we take in the sights of the town.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, we'll go to Barney Rafferty's,
'Cross the way from Corney Cafferty's,
Not forgetting Mayor Hafferty,
As we travel 'round.
Then we'll go to Rody Larrigan's,
Just next door to Michael Garrigan's,
Not forgetting Teddy Harrigan,
Taking in the town!

Oh, we visited Tammany Hall,
McGuinness was not in arrears:
Oh my, it was packed to the walls,
McGuinness he hollered three cheers.
They shouted for Home Rule, Protection and Tariff,
McGuinness, he wouldn't keep down;
He held on to the floor until out of the door,
I induced him to take in the town.—*Chorus.*

We went into a show for a dime,
To see the great two-headed pig
Sing a comic song all out of tune,
And the skeleton dance in a jig.
A buxom young lady in tights then appeared,
Poor McGuinness's heart gave a bound;
Oh, he threw up his hat, and said "Jehosiphat!
That's the best sight I've seen in the town!"—*Chorus.*

Then we went to the Eden Musee,
McGuinness, he paid all the tax,
He was mashing, most of the time,
A beautiful lady in wax.
He threw her sweet kisses, and all the young Misses
Then laughed and said what a clown;
Oh, the fat little cop, then he hit him a swop:
Oh, look out how you take in the town!—*Chorus.*

Oh, now Mr. McGuinness from Troy,
Went to bed in the morn about five,
With whiskey in him like a lake;
'Twas the liquor that kept him alive.
Oh, not superstitious, but over officious,
He went for to turn the gas down;
Then the whiskey took fire, like an electric wire,
Poor McGuinness was blown out of town!—*Chorus.*

O'BRIAN AND McCUE.

Composed and sung by John J. Rush.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

It was down at Dan O'Leary's, just on the avenue,
There was to be a contest 'tween O'Brian and McCue;
There was all the 'commodations that e'er a man would call,
From the barroom to the ballroom, which was over top of all.
The contest was to wrestle in the Græcco-Roman style.
McCue said he'd down any man that came from Erin's Isle;
Says O'Brian, "I am no wrestler, but I'll make him understand
That he can't down the man to-day that comes from Paddy's land."

CHORUS.

Brace up, Dan O'Brian, and don't have any fear;
Brace up, Dan O'Brian, and show them you are here;
It'll be known throughout the nations, and the future generations
Will hear the good old story how O'Brian downed McCue.

The ballroom it was crowded and the time was drawing near,
The referee then took his place and the wrestlers did appear;
The referee he then called time, you couldn't hear a sound,
The men embraced each other and the ring they went around.
The round it was a long one and O'Brian went to the floor;
McCue says, "I have downed you and I'll put you down once more."
O'Brian quick jumped upon his feet and says, "You mean you'll try;
I'll down you twice upon your back or in this ring I'll die."—*Chorus.*

The crowd was very anxious when the second round began,
McCue was very confident that he would down his man;
The round it was a hot one, and the multitude did roar
To see the style O'Brian put McCue down on the floor.
O'Brian walked to his corner in a proud majestic style,
As much to say, "I am the man that comes from Erin's Isle."
McCue walked to his corner like a ship was tempest tossed,
His backers said he'd have to fight or their money would be lost.—*Chorus.*

Time was called for the wind-up, the men were upon the floor,
And trying to down each other as they both had done before:
'Twas up and down and around the ring the way the struggle went,
Till every man was in the hall had put up every cent.
The crowd became excited and desperate grew the men,
They began to fight like tigers and hurl each other then;
McCue tried hard to down him, but he wasn't there at all,
O'Brian laid him upon his back and finally won the fall.

CHORUS.

Brace up, Dan O'Brian, you're a man of great renown;
Brace up, Dan O'Brian, you're the best man in the town.
It'll be known throughout the nations, and the future generations
Will hear the good old story how O'Brian downed McCue.

I'VE COME HOME TO STAY.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I've nothing but money and time,
Left me by my Daddy & Co.;
It's that sort of thing that keeps up a fling,
Quite jolly, decidedly so.
They say I'm a real heavy swell,
Quite English wherever I go;
This accent I got remarkably well,
While over in London, you know.

CHORUS.

Oh! but I've come home to stay,
To promenade Broadway,
Mammas imploring, girls adoring,
Don't you go away.
With London I'm blase,
It's fog both night and day:
I'm one of you, oh, how do you do?
Oh, I've come home to stay.

The briny I've crossed many times,
Distinguished on every boat;
Each passenger fair would really declare—
Oh, isn't he brave when afloat!
One day, in a 'nor-western gale,
The ladies they all went below,
I staggered around, leaned over the rail,
While going to London, you know.—*Chorus.*

I've hobnobbed with princes and dukes,
In fact, I was known as their chum;
While walking the Strand we do it up grand,
And many a bottle of Mumm
We've drank at the bar with the girls,
At every music hall show
That played for the lords and jolly old earls,
Just over in London, you know.—*Chorus.*

You ladies not quite in the swim,
A tip I'll give you on the fads:
Of the real English swell, the proper old fel's
Who dazzle and razzle the cads.
You beauties with sweet loving eyes,
Who'd marry a titled old bean,
Oh, take my advice, go capture the prize,
Just over in London, you know.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

I MET HER AT THE BALL.

By Tom F. Monaghan.

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Brightly the lights shone in a barroom fair,
Crowds spent their hard-earned shekels there:
The clinking of the glasses in this grand saloon
Thrilled the merry drinkers lounging 'round the room.
Alone then I lingered while the crowd so gay
Drank their favorite bitters in their own peculiar way;
One boy among them with face so good and true
Called me to his side to take a drink or two.

CHORUS.

I met him at the bar, drank with him first that night:
Though there were many around us none seemed so fair and bright.
While we were drinking I asked him, "Pray won't you lend me a dollar;
When will you answer my question?" "After the eagle hollers."

He started drinking, I did the same,
Soon I was thinking I'd have my jag again;
As we started homeward with many a lurch and roll
The peeler came and rushed us into the patrol.
And just as the court clock struck the hour of nine
The Judge he placed upon us a twenty-dollar fine;
The clerk called out, "Remanded, they haven't got the glue."
As jail-birds we were branded just for a drink or two.—*Chorus.*

THE FLYING CLOUD.

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Sung with great success by Leonard D. Geldert.

My name is Edward Hollahan, as you may understand;
I belong to County Waterford, not far from Dyman's land.
When I was young and in my prime, and beauty on me smiled,
My parents reared me tenderly, I being their only child.

My father bound me to a trade in Water street so fair,
He bound me to a cooper there who's name was Willie Brown;
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
Until I shipped on board of the *Ocean Queen*, bound to Bermuda shore.

When we arrived in Bermuda town I met with Captain Moore,
Commander of the *Flying Cloud*, belonging to Trimore,
Who kindly invited me on a slave voyage to go,
To the burning shores of Africa where the sugar cane does grow.

The *Flying Cloud* is as fine a ship as ever swam the seas,
Or ever spread a maintopsail beneath the lively breeze.
I've often seen that gallant ship, when the wind blew abaft her beam,
With her sails and royals spread aloft going sixteen off the reel.

The *Flying Cloud* is a Spanish ship, five hundred tons or more,
She can easily sail 'round any ship going out of Bollymore.
Her sails are like the driven snow and on them there's no stain;
With eighty-nine pounder brass guns she carries abaft her beam.

We weighed our anchor and set sail with those poor souls on board,
And it would have been better for those poor souls they had been in their graves;
For the plague and fever came on board, swept half of them away,
We dragged their dead bodies on deck and threw them in the sea.

It was a few days after, we reached the Cuban shore;
We sold them to the planters there to be slaves for evermore,
The rye and coffee fields to hoe beneath the burning sun,
And to lead a long and wretched life till their career was run.

When our money was all spent we put to sea again,
When Captain Moore he came on deck and said to us, his men:
"There is gold and silver to be had if with me you will remain;
We will hoist a lofty pirate flag, go scour the Spanish main."

We all agreed, excepting five, and those five men did land;
Two of them were Boston men, two more from Newfoundland,
The other was an Irishman, belonging to Trimore.
Oh, I wish to God I joined those men and went with them on shore.

We robbed and plundered many a ship down on the Spanish main,
Caused many a mother's orphan child in sorrow to complain;
Their crews we made them walk the plank and gave them watery graves,
For the saying of our captain was that "a dead man tells no tales."

Chased we were by many a ship, liners and frigates too,
But all in vain astern of us their cannons roared so loud;
It was all in vain to ever try to catch the *Flying Cloud*.

Until a man-of-war, a Spanish ship, the *Dungeon*, hove in view;
She fired a shot across our bow, a signal to hear, too;
We heeded not to what she said, but fled before the wind,
When a chain shot struck our mizzenmast, then we soon fell behind.

We cleared our decks for action as she ranged alongside,
And soon across our quarter deck there ran a crimson tide;
We fought till Captain Moore was slain and eighty of his men,
When a bomb shell set our ship on fire, we were forced to surrender then.

So fare you well, you shady bowers, and the girl that I adore;
Your voice, like music soft and sweet, will cheer my heart no more;
No more I'll kiss your ruby lips or squeeze your lily hand,
For I must die a dreadful death all in a foreign land.

Next to Newgate I was brought, bound down in heavy chains,
For the robbing and plundering of ships down on the Spanish main.
It was drinking and bad company that made a wretch of me;
So, all young men, think of my downfall and the curse of piracy.

A HIT—AFTER THE BALL.

(A LA SHAKESPEARE.)

By Tom F. Monaghan.

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The wind blew high on the mountain heights,
In the vale below 'twas dark as night;
'Twas dreary and cold, and a man was sold
By a joke that was feeble and worn and old.
As he stood alone in his deep dismay
He heard again the song of the day,
And he cried, "Father Time, let me answer your call,
And be saved from that terrible 'After the Ball'."

THE RAILROAD BRAKEMAN.

Written by Louise B. Gaffney-Flanigan, Poetess of Railroad Trainmen.

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Tune—"My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."

Everybody loves a hero, noble, brave and true;
Everybody loves the soldier who fought in coat of blue,
And the jolly-hearted sailor who sails o'er the main;
But another hero is the brakeman on his train.

CHORUS.

Oh, he is a hero so true,
His duty he strives hard to do;
With his lantern's dim light,
On the freight cars at night,
At his post of duty he'll always be found.
O'er car tops all ice and snow,
Bending for bridges so low;
Oh, may God watch and save
These dear lads so brave,
As they speed on their trains night and day.

When duty calls he must obey, he never can forget
To give his signals, make his couplings, and have his brakes all set.
Ofttimes a misstep in the darkness brings him down between,
Then the mangled body of a brakeman will be seen.—*Chorus.*

There's many a broken-hearted mother weeping for her boy,
A fond and loving wife and comrade whose heart has lost all joy;
But he set his last brake up, he has made his last long run,
His cross he bore with loving patience, now his crown is torn.—*Chorus.*

On Decoration day, when you strew flowers bright and fair,
Do not pass his lonely grave, he is lying there;
Plant the sweetest flowers that blossom on his unmarked grave,
For he was a noble hero, he was true and brave.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By Tiddlewink, 6 years old.

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An old man gazed on a coat and vest
Which he hadn't worn for years;
As he looked through the pockets
He found a bill which had been overlooked for years.
Then he said to himself, I'm right in it now
With the price of forty beers.
As he walked through the street,
Why, who should he meet
But two little girls in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, guess hadn't eat for a week;
They were twisters, their feet had blisters, and neither had a sou.
One little girl in blue, lad, stole his watch and chain;
They flew the coop and left him in the soup, those two little girls in blue.

This old man he was a rube,
From Reubenville, New York;
'Tis but once every year that he does come here,
And when he is through can hardly walk.
He drinks till he gets the jim-jams,
And acts like a crazy man,
Till he's pushed in a hack and given a crack
By two little cops in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little cops in blue, lad, to the station house took him;
He was a sight and they had a fight, and rubbed his feet in gin.
Two little cops in blue, lad, took him before Judge McGun;
He said, "You look gay, so sneak right away, and beware of the girls in blue."

Yes; I'll Be Your Sweetheart.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

Upon a golden summer day
Two children in their merry play
Pretended that they lovers were,
And he in jest had kneeled to her.
The people passing heard the plea,
If she would his dear sweetheart be;
Then, with a twinkle in her eye,
The little maid sang this reply:

REFRAIN.

Yes; I will be your sweetheart, my bonnie bright-eyed lad;
More than a friendly liking for you I've always had.
Yes; I will be your sweetheart, proud of my manly beau;
We'll be two happy lovers as on through life we go.

As time sped on they outgrew play,
And frocks and aprons laid away;
The maid to boarding school was sent,
My laddie off to college went.
Vacation came, the year was o'er;
She strolled one evening by the shore;
Upon the sand a name she traced,
Below it there this verse she placed:—*Refrain.*

She turned around, and 'neath her gaze
There stood the lad of other days;
He took her hand, and more than this,
He printed on her lips a kiss.
"Dear lass," he said, "that kiss you got
Is for the darling little tot
Who sang to me, in childhood dear,
The words that you have written here:—*Refrain.*

BY THE SEA AND UP IN TOWN.

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Words by A. J. Mills. Music by F. W. Venton.

It's strange how folks ape greatness when they're on pleasure bent,
By the sea, by the sea;
You'll find in town they're not as big as what they represent,
By the sea, by the sea.
There's the flashly dressed young fellow who winks at ev'ry girl,
And with romantic tales puts her brains into a whirl;
His income's quite five thousand and his Pa's an Earl, you know,
By the sea, by the sea.

CHORUS.

But if you only knew him up in town,
Oh, Gussy there is known as Mister Brown;
You should hear them daily wrangle,
When his wife says, "Turn the mangle,"
And he has to trot the kids out up in town.

There's the distinguished fellow with long black raven hair,
By the sea, by the sea;
You know that he's an actor by the fierce aspect he wears,
By the sea, by the sea.
He owns a Shakespeare copy which he studies day by day,
Aloud he'll quote from "Hamlet" or some other tragic play;
"He must be a great tragedian," you will hear the people say,
By the sea, by the sea.

CHORUS.

But if you only knew him up in town,
You'd find he's not an actor of renown;
He dresses up in armor gay
And hasn't got a line to say,
He's a good old boosy super up in town.

There's the highty-flighty fellow whom no one can make out,
By the sea, by the sea;
At ball or party he's the rage, he's full of gas and spout,
By the sea, by the sea;
He can sing a comic song in a jovial sort of way,
At theatre or music hall he's bound to hold the sway;
He's up to any game in fact, if only it will pay,
By the sea, by the sea.

CHORUS.

But if you only knew him up in town,
You'd be knocked to see him walking up and down;
As captain of the army brave
He's trying wicked souls to save,
A-singing "Come to glory" up in town.

There's the modest little maiden, so bashful and so shy,
By the sea, by the sea,
Who would faint if a fellow at her should wink his eye,
By the sea, by the sea.
She strolls along the sands in a pious sort of way;
Vulgarity, she says, is in the wand'ring minstrel's lay;
On some lone spot far from the crowd she'll pass her time away,
By the sea, by the sea.

CHORUS.

But if you only knew her up in town;
'Tisn't modesty that brings her in renown,
She's amongst the gayest of the gay,
And holds her own with Tottie Fay;
She's a warm 'un when you see her up in town.

GOOD FOR NOTHING NAN.

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Words by Thos. Le Brunn. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

Good for nothing, people say I am, and just because I romp about;
Would they have me quiet as a lamb, and never dance or jump or shout?
Now straight, I try my best not to annoy,
I can't be thought a little penny toy;
Bless the cat, why was I not a boy? I cannot for my life make out.

REFRAIN.

Mother scolds and father always whacks me
With his boot, and that is mighty big;
Good for nothing lump, I shout and jump,
And what I am I doesn't care a fig.

Good for nothing, never wash my face until the Sunday morn comes 'round;
All my clothes are scattered 'round the place, my Sunday hat cannot be found.
And with the kids around our way I fight,
I whack 'em, too, with all my strength and might;
Play at jump back morning, noon and night, I'm a scorcher to the very ground.

REFRAIN.

Mother scolds and father always whacks me
With his boot, and that is mighty big;
Good for nothing lump, I shout and jump,
And what I am I doesn't care a fig.

Good for nothing, still I'll ever be "a fal-de-ral-dal" sort of a girl;
Stuck-up girls they never look at me, because I'm lively as a squir'l.
My dress, you see, is nearly always torn,
My face was dirty, yes, since I was born;
Still, dirt keeps me, oh, so nice and warm, my rats tails never, never curl.

REFRAIN.

Mother scolds and father always whacks me
With his boot, and that is mighty big;
Good for nothing lump, I shout and jump,
And what I am I doesn't care a fig.

The Song I Heard Last Night.

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Words and Music by R. M. Stults.

I was seated alone in the twilight hour,
All nature was hushed and still;
My thoughts were off in the past's dark maze,
Causing my being to thrill,
With many a sigh and sad regret,
When the notes of a beautiful air
Were borne to my ears by the gentle wind
From the lips of a singer fair.

REFRAIN.

I heard a song last night, a song so tender and sweet,
I saw the form of the singer fair from my undisturbed retreat;
She sang of days gone by, of strolls in the shadowlight,
They took me back to those scenes again, the song I heard last night.

Her voice was as calm as a rippling brook,
Her form as an angel fair,
Her eyes, bedewed with glist'ning tears,
Shone with a lustre rare.
She wandered afar in the silent wood,
Till her form was lost to sight;
But still, from afar, I could hear her sweet voice,
Borne along on zephyr's light.—*Refrain.*

OLD ALBUM FACES.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

There's an old fam'ly relic I've cherished for years,
That was left by my mother to me;
It's a photograph album my ancestors had,
Which dates beyond my memory.
Though age-worn and tattered, 'tis all that remains
To tell me of those dear to me,
And when over its contents I carefully scan
Many dear, loving faces I see.

REFRAIN.

Old album faces, faces so kind and true,
Old album faces, always a pleasure to view;
Pictures of the old friends, long since gone before,
Old album faces, dear forevermore.

When alone in the evening my thoughts wander back
To the moments of childhood and joy,
And the neat little homestead, the place where I spent
My happiest days when a boy;
But mother and father were soon called away,
Then brother and sister died, too;
But I have the old album with portraits of all,
And daily its contents I view.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

SWEET NELLIE BAWN.

By William Jerome.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Sweet Nellie Bawn, boys, once was my wife,
With her I took chances all through this life;
Don't you get married, take a tip from me,
For I am a sailor, and I've been to sea.
Oh, how I love her, yes, I don't think;
If I'd a horse and buggy she'd drive me to drink.
She's going to Chicago, just to run the Fair,
So I shall go the other way, I'd hate to meet her there.

CHORUS.

Yes, she's my Nellie, I'm the boy for Nell,
If she makes money we will do well;
But if we lose it, then 'twill be gone,
I'll be on the "Hog train with Sweet Nellie Bawn."

Last night while dreaming in my little bed,
I had been drinking—oh, what a head!
Dreampt I was single, but no such good luck;
Now I am sorry that I ever woke up.
Mush and milk for breakfast, mush and milk for tea,
The way she feeds me mush and milk, it is too mush for me.
Night and day, when single, I was always out,
Now I'm so full of mush and milk I cannot "stir about."

CHORUS.

Yes, she is handsome, face like a map,
I wish she'd take the oil stove and never more come back;
If her eyes were diamonds I'd put them in pawn,
Then get the chills and shake Sweet Nellie Bawn.

HIS OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW HIM NOW.

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Written and Composed by T. W. Connor.

Jimmy Fanatti was a snob,
He turned up a decent job,
And went to work at a doctor's shop,
His fortune for to try.
The doctor one day to him said,
"I've got a plan in my fat head
For curing corns and bunions in
The twinkling of an eye."
He thought he'd try experiments,
To see that he was right;
So on to Jimmy's toe he tied
A lump of dynamite.
Said he, "You just set light to that
As soon as I have cleared;"
Poor Jimmy did as he was told,
And his bunion disappeared.

CHORUS.

And his own mother wouldn't know him now, poor lad,
Oh, what an alteration;
And he's given all a warning, that early in the morning,
He'll be looking for another situation.

Timothy Bung the papers read,
Where an advertisement said,
A smart young man he was wanted as
Attendant at a club.
He'd naught to do but mind the door,
Clean spittoons and clean up the floor;
Says Tim, "This job will suit me,
For it's next door to a pub."
One night there was a boxing match,
But through mistake somehow,
One of the boxers stayed away,
And just to save a "row,"
They called on Tim to take his place,
And though he was a dunce,
He sparred up to the fighting man,
Who just landed on him once.—*Chorus.*

Samuel Simple chanced to drop
In a job at a barber's shop;
He didn't like all the "lathering,"
So to the boss he said:
"Suppose we drop the lather brush,
And when for shaving there's a rush,
Just use a little oil, and singe
Their whiskers off instead!"
The barber was delighted,
Took an oil can from the shelf,
Said, "Here you are, perhaps you'd better
Have first go yourself."
Sam dipped his whiskers in the oil,
And when he'd rubbed it in,
He lit a taper in the gas,
And he held it to his chin.—*Chorus.*

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. McCUE?

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Words and Music by Wm. Beebe.

Jimmie McCue, as every one knew,
Had the only saloon on the block;
He'd friends by the score, a hundred or more,
Who daily would sample his stock.
They all got the "tip," if they wanted a "nip,"
When they couldn't dig up a lone dime,
To say "How do ye do, Mister Mac, how are you?"
And he'd set up the drinks every time.

CHORUS.

"How do you do, Mister McCue?" is what you'll hear them say;
"How do you do, Mister McCue? How are you to-day?"
"How do you do, Mister McCue?" is the old familiar way
They greet his "nobs" the first thing every morning.

Jimmie got swelled when caucus was held,
And they asked him for office to run;
He gave them his name, election day came,
It cost him a barrel of "mon."
They all shake his hand, and they swear that they'll stand
By the new alderman, Jim McCue:
But he's "onto" their game, when they always exclaim,
"How d'ye do, Mister Mac, how are you?"—*Chorus.*

Alderman Mac now rides in a hack,
He is one of the swells of the ward;
He "cuts quite a dash," has plenty of cash,
And uses it free as a "lord."
A "nabob" for sure, he forgets he was poor,
He has "shook" his old friends for the new;
It's the 'ristocrats now, who will scrape and will bow,
"How d'ye do, Mister Mac, how are you?"—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

By W. R. Williams.

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A little damsel to an old man spoke,
"Give me a dollar, do, please, I'm broke;"
"I've not a cent, dear," so the old man said;
"I'll tell you a story of my life instead.
When I was young, dear, many moons ago,
'Little Annie Rooney' she was then my beau,
To a ball I took her on Milwaukee Av.,
Borrowed fifty cents from her, then said, 'What will you have?'"

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, after I'd not a cent,
Sorry that I was living, sorry I ever went,
After the ball was over, oh, what a lovely tide,
Since that night I've wandered from my old fireside.

Brickbats were flying in the gay ballroom,
"Johnnie, get your gun" then was the pop'lar tune,
Then came my sweetheart, behind a palmleaf fan,
Said she was thirsty—I rushed the can;
When I returned with that beer and can,
My girl was waltzing with another man;
Down went the beer, pet, all down my throat,
I threw the froth on the other fellow's coat.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, after I'd not a cent,
Sorry that I was living, sorry I ever went,
After the ball was over, oh, what a lovely tide,
Since that night I've wandered from my old fireside.

Five hundred years back, there on history's page
You'll see my sweetheart died of old age;
She claimed to be twenty, but of no avail,
For she didn't count the years that she spent in jail.
One day a postal came from that man,
He was her son and heir, so the postal ran;
That's why I'm hungry and live on my gall,
And that's why her father "turned her picture to the wall."

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, after the drinks are mixed,
After the town clock strikes 13, it's time to get it fixed;
Many a bottle's broken, many not paid for at all,
Then ride home in the patrol wagon—after the ball.

—It was so cold that it was no unusual sight to see an ulster frieze.

—The boy halted in front of the blacksmith shop, when the proprietor queried: "You are sure your father told you to get the old mare shod, are you?" And the boy said shoer.

HE'LL LOVE YOU BYE AND BYE.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

He—Our secret, darling, we must not tell, we must not tell;
'Twould not be well!
But soon, my love, I will impart
What's in my heart, what's in my heart.
Your father's love, dear, I long to gain, I long to gain,
You will explain;
Tell him a son to him I'll be
If to his heart he will take me.

REFRAIN.

She—He'll love you bye and bye, he'll love you bye and bye,
He—He'll love me bye and bye, he'll love me bye and bye,
She—Fondly embrace and caress you,
He—Yes, and fondly caress me,
She—Kiss you and say, "Heaven bless you!"
He—Then kiss me and say, "Heaven bless you!"
She—"I'll love you till I die!" a voice from his heart will cry,
He—He'll love me till I die, a voice from his heart will cry,
She—You'll find a haven of rest; yes, he will love you bye and bye.
He—"Find a haven of rest!" yes, he will love me bye and bye.

She—My darling, when you are ever near me, yes, ever near me,
But bliss steals o'er me;
Then naught but joy my heart can find,
All cares are left, yes, left behind.
Ah! yes, my darling, I love but you, I love but you,
So good and true;
And my dear father will thee bless,
Of all his loves he'll love thee best.—*Refrain.*

FARE-YOU-WELL, DAISY BELL!

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

This is the sequel to "Daisy Bell," doubtless you've heard about her;
I am the lover who lov'd her well, and thought I could ne'er live without her;
Never imagined my "wheel for two" would make her feel offended;
When I proposed it, she said "Adieu!" and this is how it ended.

CHORUS.

Fare-you-well, Daisy Bell, I will ride alone,
Fare-you-well, sweetheart, thus we have to part;
Say good-bye, do not cry when your lover's gone,
Now I mean to have a machine specially built for one!

Here is a letter with Daisy's seal, giving an explanation,
Says she objects to a tandem wheel, because it creates a sensation;
Then she concludes in a high flown style, "I can't accept your plan, sir!
With an attempt at a careless smile, I wrote this cruel answer:—*Chorus.*

Now I am in for a "Breach of 'Prom'," says she will stop my sporting;
Daily I'm hearing the lawyers from, in law courts I'll have to go courting;
Certain as fate I shall lose the day, for me no chance of gaining,
Daisy has got a trump card to play, the note these words containing:—*Chorus.*

THE TRAMP AND LITTLE NELL.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

One day a tramp stopped by the way and begged for just a crust,
The tears streamed down his sunken cheeks, begrimed with stain and dust;
His clothes were threadbare, patched and torn, a shabby hat he grasped,
And stood there trembling like a leaf, his coat he tightly clasped.
The village blacksmith stopped his work, and looked the stranger o'er,
Then kindly bade him take a seat, the tramp so tired and sore.
"My little girl has gone," he said, "but where I cannot tell;
She left her home a year ago, her name was Little Nell!"

CHORUS.

"'Twas only Little Nell and I, alone down on the farm,
I never thought the day should pass when she would come to harm.
The home is gone, and I'm a tramp, I once was doing well,
But everything has left me, for I'm hunting Little Nell!"

He bade adieu with heavy heart, and wandered down the lane,
He wished to see his Little Nell, if only once again;
He trudged for many weary hours, and reached the town by night,
Where people passed him to and fro and shuddered at the sight.
At last he found a resting place, 'twas at a mansion door,
Where revelry was high within, and laughter loud did soar;
There was a voice above the rest, a voice of magic spell,
It sounded like his darling girl's, the voice of Little Nell.

CHORUS.

"Oh, God! 'tis Little Nell!" he cried, then sank in wild despair;
"I've search'd the weary world for her, and Heav'n has heard my pray'r;
But may she never know the pain her father's heart can tell!"
Beside that door, in dying, still he blessed his Little Nell!

A Canoodle Round the Corner.

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Written and Composed by Arthur Wylie.

A word that's soft will very oft turn anger into pleasure:
I've often tried, and must decide, it's a very useful measure;
But actions may, another way, produce a softer feeling,
A girl that's mad is, O, so glad, your arm around her stealing!
Just give her—

CHORUS.

A canoodle oodle oodle round the corner,
A canoodle oodle oodle round the corner;
If your girl's inclined to fight, the thing to put her right
Is a canoodle oodle oodle round the corner.

'Twixt me and you this verse is true, it's all about a "Copper;"
While on his beat at night he'll meet some cook, and he will stop her;
Together talking, they go walking, while some black handed stealer
Will gag and pin you, fleece and skin you, puzzle find the peeler.
Where is he?

CHORUS.

A canoodle oodle oodle round the corner,
A canoodle oodle oodle round the corner;
And as guardians of the night, they're really out of sight,
When they canoodle oodle oodle round the corner.

Domestic strife 'tween man and wife is caused by being jealous,
A man may be all constancy, and quite the best of fellows;
But his good lady thinks him shady, and loudly she'll abuse him;
If he should spend with some sick friend, a night, she'll thus accuse him:
You have had—

CHORUS.

A canoodle oodle oodle round the corner,
A canoodle oodle oodle round the corner;
Yes, you men are all alike, we women ought to strike
'Gainst a canoodle oodle oodle round the corner.

MISS ROSIE MAY.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

I know a girl with a sweet little name,
Miss Rosie May;
Here, in my heart, she has kindled a flame,
Cruel Rosie May.
Though I go courting her every night,
She is as cool as a cucumber, quite:
Teasing her sweetheart is just the delight
Of Miss Rosie May.

CHORUS.

O Rosie May, what would you say
If I should ask you now to name the wedding day?
Rosie May arose, and answered, cool as ever,
"Rosie May may some day, and Rosie May may never!"

Why do you treat me so coldly? I ask
Sweet Rosie May;
In your eyes' sunshine forever I'd bask,
Sweet Rosie May.
Give me a task, aye, the worst you can give;
This was her answer, as true as I live,—
"When you can keep water inside a sieve
You'll win Rosie May!"

CHORUS.

O Rosie May, what would you say
If I should ask you now to name the wedding day?
Rosie May arose, and answered, cool as ever,
"Rosie May may some day, and Rosie May may never!"

Taking a sieve that was hanging close by,
By Rosie May;
Borrowed a washing tub just standing nigh,
Nigh Rosie May;
Filled it with water, and then, with much pride,
Buried the sieve in the washtub so wide!
"There, Miss, the sieve remains full up," I cried,
"I've won Rosie May."

CHORUS.

O Rosie May, you can't say nay,
Now you are honor bound to name the wedding day.
Rosie May arose and said, "As you're so clever,
Rosie May won't say nay, she is yours forever!"

—"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was on "A Bicycle Built for Two."

—When a young man goes with a girl a long time a marriage should come off or he should come off.

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

By W. H. Courtney.

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I have landed here in town from Daisy, Daisy,
Driven from home all on the account of my Daisy Bell;
Whether she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,
Yet I am longing to get rid of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me a rest, do;
I'm half crazy, trying to leave you.
It was not a stylish marriage, I did afford a carriage;
But go back, sweet, on the seat, in that country town of yours.

I will go "wandering" as I did before, Daisy, Daisy,
"Tramping" away down the road of life to leave my Daisy Bell.
When home again, I can both despise, society and girls as well;
There's no "bright life" in a dazzling home of beautiful Daisy Bell.—*Chorus.*

I will send to you by express or mail a daisy, daisy,
Money to keep you well, so you can live, sweet little Daisy Bell.
I would rather be miles from you, I think, then if you don't do well
Catch some jay and use him, my beautiful Daisy Bell.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

By W. H. Courtney.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I've just dropped off a freight train from the world's fair sunny shore.
I to the world's fair went, just to spend a few cents;
A buncoer smiled upon me as he did upon all jays,
And then I had no money, I had to tramp—
Yes, then I had no money, I had to tramp.

CHORUS.

As I walked along the railroad track with an independant air,
You could hear the people declare, "He looks like a millionaire";
You could hear them say, "He's counting the ties";
You could see them wink the other eye
At the jay that got broke at the world's fair.

I sleep in a loft till after lunch, and then my daily walk
Back to my country town is one grand triumphal march,
Observed by the policeman with the keenness of a hawk,
I am a sample from the great world's fair—
Yes, he's a sample from the great world's fair.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

By "Dublin."

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A roguish maiden sat on a young man's knee,
Asked him a question, "Am I too free?"
"Are you not thirsty, do you drink beer?"
"Have you no whiskers, why are you here?"
This was a poser, here was a go,
The youth was confused, but she must know;
"Give me the growler, I'll tell you all,"
And faithful he went after a ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, over the fence has gone,
After the show is over, after the star has gone;
Many a heart is aching after an icy fall,
Many a dollar has vanished after a ball.

Lightly the dancers tripped in the ball room,
Sweetly the bagpipes played out of tune;
Up came my darling, smiling, alone,
"Fetch me a lobster, or chicken bone."
When I came back, how strange it seems,
Another had brought her a big plate of beans;
She was false as her bang, that's all.
I rushed out madly after a ball.

From that time I vowed, dear, I'd never wed,
Or wear anything but clothes until she is dead;
And now you know why, you've heard me explain,
I don't wear whiskers, the reason is plain.
Last week came a letter, but I only laugh,
My heart it is broken, will you take half?
Then the roguish maiden she knew it all,
They went out together after a ball.

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By W. H. Courtney.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

Two old tramps gazed in a restaurant at a table filled with food,
His pard then asked him the reason why they could not get something, too;
"Come in," he said, "I will tell them, pard, a story that will look true,"
But at the door my pard and I only met two little cops in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little cops in blue, pard, two little cops in blue,
They were officers, we were brothers and learned to hate the two;
And one little cop in blue, pard, who changed my brother's heart,
Became his protector; I managed the other one, and now we have drifted apart.

We were sent to jail by the judge on a charge that no one knew:
We thought of liberty, escape we might, the chances they were few.
My fancy proved a very good plan, yes, we were to escape for true;
We scaled the wall, but on the street met those two little cops in blue.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

By "Dublin."

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A black-haired dude from Erin's shore married was to be,
But alas! the night before the jay he went on a spree.
"Deserted!" was the cry of all, he surely should be shot;
But Mary wed the other chap, and Michael she forgot.
The lonely one was in a cell, oh, hard indeed it is to tell:
The judge let him off, oh, cruel fate, when Charley came he was too late.

CHORUS.

The wedding took place in the evening, Mickey was spending the day
'Mid the echoes of snoring boozers, while Mary was passing away
Into the arms of Pat Casey, the man that he did hate.
A tear from his eye dropped into the rye—poor Mickey came too late.

And 'round the barroom many times the story he will tell:
How his mother dear had struck it rich, of the luck that her befell;
Five thousand dollars she had won in policy that day,
And he had gone to cash it in, and dallied on the way.
And when the truth came out, of course, Mrs. Casey wanted a divorce—
Sad indeed is Casey's fate, he wishes Mick had not been too late.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

By "Dublin."

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There is some flour within my heart, Mazie, Mazie,
Caused by an effort on your part, you dizzy, crazy belle;
Those biscuits you made were nice and hot, yet hard it is to tell,
And harder still to digest the lot, oh, lovely crazy belle.

CHORUS.

Mazie, Mazie, for goodness sake now do
Give up making biscuits, and you'll never rue;
Don't think that I'm a savage, give me corn beef and cabbage,
It is a treat, 'tis very sweet, and just the thing for two.

We'll go as a team when we are wed, Mazie, Mazie,
And not eat those biscuits, but instead, my dizzy, crazy belle,
We'll peddle them for paper weights; they will do for that quite well,
And be much lighter for us, my dear, my lovely crazy belle.—*Chorus.*

I will stick to you through thick and thin, Mazie, Mazie;
When I am out you can let me in, dear little crazy belle;
I'll ring you up when I reach the door, and if I don't do well
When I am soaked, you can ring me out, my darling crazy belle.—*Chorus.*

—He: "How many men have you kissed in the three months I have been away?"

She: "You misjudge me entirely, sir. Do you suppose I am such a cold-blooded, calculating creature as to have kept count?"

—"Oh, is there nothing," exclaimed the lady in the fur jacket, "that can uplift our servant girls?"

"The coal oil can," answered the lady in the yellow buskin.

—There is one thing the hard times do not bother—the grip. It comes to all, the prince and pauper, millionaire and beggar, wageworker and capitalist.

Philada. Agency,
W. R. HIBBS
S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

WHY DID I DOUBT?

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Words and Music by Keller Brothers.

A sad sweet story I will tell about a pretty maid,
Who gave to me an ocean shell and said, "Be not afraid,
Although I'm going far away 'tis not the fault of mine;
Oh, could you put your trust in me and call me ever thine."

CHORUS.

Why did I doubt? Why did we part?
Could I but have her now to soothe my aching heart;
At her approach my heart beat fast,
The parting words she gave me they will always last.

An hour before, while arm in arm, our hearts were filled with mirth,
And to her eye there was but one beloved face on earth;
I asked her if she loved me, when with doubt my heart it fell;
'Twas then she placed unknown to me a letter in the shell.

CHORUS.

Why did I doubt? She was sincere,
In her true heart there dwelt a precious love so dear;
Where'er I roam 'tis sweet to tell
About the love she gave me, hidden in a shell.

My dear old mother said to me, "Why do you look so sad?
There's hidden love in that sea shell, best news you ever had."
I broke it, and, to my surprise, the one I thought untrue
Confessed her love, 'twas all for me—too late, what could I do?

CHORUS.

Why did I doubt? She was sincere,
In her true heart there dwelt a precious love so dear;
Where'er I roam 'tis sweet to tell
About the love she gave me, hidden in a shell.

Keep Your Nose Out of My Bonnet.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I've popped in to give you a word of advice,
Keep your nose out of my bonnet;
This is the new style, boys, and isn't it nice?
But keep your nose out of my bonnet.
Now don't I look fetching when dressed up like this?
You think to embrace me would yield you such bliss;
You may feel as if you must give me a kiss,
But keep your nose out of my bonnet.

CHORUS.

Oh, my bonnet, oh, my bonnet! The fellows wink as past I glide;
And they shout, "I'm on it,"
But it's not my bonnet, it's the tricky little face inside.

I met our young doctor and to him did cry,
"Keep your nose out of my bonnet;
I wish you would see what I've got in my eye,
But keep your nose out of my bonnet."
"It's only your eyelash," said he with a smile,
Then gently removed it in very good style;
He looked in my face quite a jolly long while,
But he kept his nose out of my bonnet.

CHORUS.

Oh, my bonnet! oh, my bonnet! The fellows wink as past I glide;
And they shout, "I'm on it,"
But it's not my bonnet, it's the tasty little face inside.

My own lover called and unto him I said,
"Keep your nose out of my bonnet;
You may sit by my side, but take care, Master Fred,
That you keep your nose ont of my bonnet."
Mamma and papa had both gone out to tea,
And Fred sat so close—well, as close as could be:
And then he made me "squatty vous" on his knee,
But he kept his nose out of my bonnet.

CHORUS.

Oh, my bonnet! oh, my bonnet! The fellows wink as past I glide;
And they shout, "I'm on it,"
But it's not my bonnet, it's the fetching little face inside.

I've got a big sister, her name's Mary Ann,
Keep your nose out of her bonnet;
In the parlor one night she sat with her young man
Who oft gets his nose in her bonnet;
Said he, "Oh, my darling, my love is so true,
To prove my affection, oh, what shall I do?"
My old Dad was list'ning and shouted, "Hi, you!
Just keep your nose out of her bonnet."

CHORUS.

Oh, her bonnet! oh, her bonnet! The fellows wink as past they glide;
And they shout, "I'm on it,"
But it's not her bonnet, it's the yummy, yummy face inside.

WE ALL LENT A HAND.

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Words by George Horncastle. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Once I was out with a few old pals, and we were nearly broke,
And for a nice little tiddly wink we all felt fit to choke;
Up came an old man and said to us: "My strength begins to fail,
Oh, won't you step inside and help to tap a cask of ale?"

CHORUS.

And we all lent a hand, all lent a hand,
Our efforts, you can bet, were not in vain;
We all did a share, yes, and ev'ry fellow there
Would like to have the job to do again.

And as we just got inside a bank a swell came rushing out,
He dropped a big bag of gold and all the sov'reigns rolled about;
He looked the picture of dark despair, it seemed to turn his brain,
He said: "Oh, won't you kindly help to pick it up again?"—*Chorus.*

We took a ramble through the fields one evening calm and cool,
And as we reached a great awkward stile we met a ladies' school;
And one by one came the ladies fair and gave us such a smile,
The teacher said: "Oh, won't you help the ladies o'er the stile?"—*Chorus.*

LIKE A LADY.

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Words by J. P. Harrington. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

I've a friend, she's all a swell, though she is called Sally,
Quite a lady too, although she is in the ballet;
She won't smile on Johnnies, no, though she is a dancer,
If they cry, "Oh, there you are!" she gives them their answer—

CHORUS.

Like a lady, like a lady, like a highly educated little maidie;
When they praised her summer hats, by the way she answers "rats!"
You can tell she is ev'ry inch a lady, like a lady.

Once my friend kept comp'ny with such a charming fellow,
But somehow he jilted her, in the autumn mellow.
Full of rage she sought him out, though she once did love him,
And she told him to his face just what she thought of him—

CHORUS.

Like a lady, like a lady, like a highly energetic little maidie;
But the way she raved and swore, and went for his whiskers, Lor'!
He could tell she was ev'ry inch a lady, like a lady.

Once I really thought that I should have seen her marriage,
Sally went to church one day in a brand new carriage.
But she gave the game away, spoilt it all, I do think:
When she should have said, "I will," she said—what do you think?—

CHORUS.

Like a lady, like a lady, like a highly educated little maidie:
When she said, "Eh, marry Bill! Do me proud, o' course, I will!"
They could tell she was ev'ry inch a lady, like a lady.

THINK OF FATHER, TOO.

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Words and Music by Frank Emerson.

There's a rule given to us in the bible,
A rule that we ever should revere;
'Tis, honor thy father and thy mother,
For they will not be always with us here.
Though we never can forget our dear, kind mother,
She is always our nearest friend and true;
Though we love her as we love no other,
We should think of poor old father, too.

CHORUS.

He worked and toiled for us when we were young,
And how he cared for us we little knew;
Though we never can forget our dear, kind mother,
We should think of poor old father, too.

Each day upon the earth we're growing older;
We're our parents' only joy and pride,
We should always try to make them happy,
While with us here below they do abide.
Though at times your father may have judged you hasty,
Yet for yourself he knew the best to do;
Though we never can forget our mother
We should think of poor old father, too.—*Chorus.*

S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

Parody on:

I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There's a little spot I've spotted in a spot not far from here,
I've had it on my books for many moons;
'Twas a little spot one evening that I spotted without specks,
Near a little grocery store that's full of prunes.
One evening on that very spot a lady friend I met,
'Twas a little blonde called Aggie, and I often since regret,
We met, we loved, we kicked, we quit, and now it makes me sore,
For I long to see the girl I left before.

CHORUS.

We'd fight and we'd scrap, then kiss and make up,
When I'd say it won't happen no more;
But she didn't mind when I left her behind,
She's the girl that I left before.

When first I met sweet Aggie she had on a darling jag,
Not a capper on Sixth Avenue could be seen;
When she called me Mr. Brown, says I "You must be color blind;"
She says, "Excuse me, sir, you must be green."
It was after twelve, the comet it was chasing after stars,
The tide was high and schooners they were coming over bars;
Then she asked me if I'd treat her; I said beer—says she, "No, wine;"
"Well," says I, "I'll have to leave this girl behind."

CHORUS.

Says I, "It don't go, lovie, we've got no dough,
If you only drank beer I don't mind;"
Well, I left her before and I left her besides,
I left her between and behind.

Says I, "Get thee gone:" says she, "Wait, please, hold on;"
Says I, "You're too late, Aggie, nix,
I must leave you behind;" says she, "Leave and be darned;"
"I'll be darned, I will leave you betwix."
She then made a beef, she hallooed "Stop thief:"
Not a cap could be found on the line;
"He was trying to steal me, the furnished room thief,"
Said the girl I left behind.—*Chorus.*

She chased me four blocks, she flung brick and rock,
And no place for to hide could I find;
I stopped for to drink, or I'd been running yet
From the girl I'd left behind.
They gave me the race, they played me for a place,
There she stood on the corner a-crying;
She said she had young fellows leave her before,
But I had left her behind.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

A BROKEN HOME.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

All the church bells they were broken, and the choir was broke and choken,
In a far New England village that was broke and never fixed.
Broken bums for booze were faking, and those not broke were breaking,
And those that did not make a break were breaking broken bricks.
A broken couple they were wed, the second they did break,
The wife she broke her promise, and it made my tired ache.
One day a Wall street broker came, he broke the bank that day,
It broke her heart to break a ten, and broke her corset stay.

CHORUS.

Her picture broke the table and the bobby broke the cradle,
Her husband's broke and now he's on the bum;
He got broke a-drinking beer, and he's all broke up, I hear,
Since she broke away and broke a broken home.

With an axe she broke the windows, and the door she split in splinters,
Then she ripped them off the hinges from the cellar to the dome;
She broke down the new gas fixtures, smashed the looking-glass and pictures,
For bobby's sake she broke her pledge before his dad came home.
She tackled the piano next, and crippled all its legs,
His clothes and all his underwear, she tore them up in rags;
When Joe, her husband, he came home, the place it was a wreck;
She left a note, she hoped he'd fall and break his blooming neck.

CHORUS.

She broke up his housekeeping, and he's all broke up a-weeping,
He's speechless now, she knocked him deaf and dumb;
And now he's on the hog, and they say he has a bug,
Since she broke away and broke a broken home.

She broke his new false teeth in, and she broke his arm a-squeezing,
He broke his jaw and fell down stairs, and now he cannot chew;
With a brick she broke his conko, then she broke a Texas broncho,
She broke the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo, too.
She broke his conversation up, 'twas broke in broken Dutch,
And someone broke his wish-bone, but they didn't break it much;
The brick she threw and broke his head she meant to break his heart,
He dodged and broke some bric-a-brac, then broke and fell apart.

CHORUS.

Now the house is bent and crooked, and you'd think that lightning struck it;
There's a husband broke up in a furnished room;
There's a wife got good and square, and she broke him up for fair,
When she broke away and broke a broken home.

Parody on:

THE OLD TURNKEY.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I am the old turnkey you see, they say I am a slob,
I have to do my duty well or else I'll lose my job;
I've locked up bums for sixty days, but what is that to me,
'Tis the law, 'tis the judge, and the beauty of a bum jury.
I've seen the capper run them in, in court he'd swear he brought them there,
He'd break his club across their chins, they didn't even seem to care:
I've heard them say, when they were tight, the place it was a beauty bright,
I've heard them make some awful breaks, chasing ourang-outangs and snakes.

CHORUS.

I was the old turnkey of G, but now I am in the soup,
The crooks and scamps and bums and tramps I've locked them in their coops.
I've seen the innocent closed up and murderers go free,
It's the law and the stuff and the beauty of a bum jury.

I've turned the key on drunken blokes a-choking for a tub,
And when they begged me for a bowl I cursed them with a club;
I've smashed a blind man, in his cell, because he could not see,
In the jaw with my paw, it's the duty of a bum turnkey.
I've kicked them harder than a steer, right in the ear, and here, and here,
I've pawned their shoes and pants for beer, and never dropped a tear;
I've often heard them yell and shout, "Go get a pail and bail me out:"
I've heard them say, "You old horse thief, treat me better or I'll leave."

CHORUS.

But I am the old turnkey, that's me, I know what I'm about,
I'll have to do my duty well, or else they'll shut me out;
If you want a puddin' when you're junked, just poney up to me,
That's the style for a while, and the beauty of an old turnkey.

Parody on:

KATY, KATY.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There's a dainty little bleachy blonde,
She lives just across the way,
She hates my looks, it's horse and horse,
And the rag we were chewing to-day.
I asked her when she washed her face,
And scraped off the powder and paint;
She said she'd make me eat those words,
When I said, "What a lady you ain't."

CHORUS.

Katy, Katy, you've an old maid's mug,
When I am crazy, Katy, you I am going to steal;
You're a lulu when you're smacking in Hoboken,
Joking, soaking, you're a pudding, Katy, I should squeal (out loud).

I asked her what she ate for lunch,
As she spoke through the telephone:
"When you breathe it sounds like onions, Kate;"
She answered, "I guess it's your own."
I jollied her and said, "Now, Katy,
Be a nice lady, do;
If you're a good girl I'll send around
And borrow some money from you."

CHORUS.

Katy, Katy, can I touch you for five?
Excuse me, Katy, darling, make it ten;
I love you and I know you, and I'll show you I can blow you;
Katy, Katy, lend me ten again (ten bones).

When I told her I would call on her
Some morning she was out,
She said, "You robber, if you do,
You'll get a good paste in the mouth."
Says I, "The ten I asked for, Kate,
You won't forget, I hope;"
She said, "Here's ten," and she pulled it back,
It was tied to the end of a rope.

CHORUS.

Katy, Katy, you're a mean old thing,
I'd lick you, Katy, if you was a man:
I hope the next time you go out you'll skip, and slip, and flop,
And on your elbow do a French can can (perhaps you can).

Then Kate at last made up her mind,
And then made up her face,
That evening she made up her room,
Then made up for a bicycle race.
She asked me if I'd have her,
"Yes," says I, "I'll have you pinched;"
Then she yelled, "Stop thief, he's stealing me!"
I thought I was going to be lynched.

CHORUS.

Says I, "Katy, Katy, can't you take a joke?
Oh, Katy, tell the cap to let me go."
But the capper grabbed Miss Katy: says, "I want you, too, my lady,"
Yes, and Katy got arrested, too (By Jo, and Katy got arrested, too).

Parody on:

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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A fair-haired boy I'll mention of a sunrise was to eat,
Before he'd miss a meal I think he'd cut off both his feet;
He could make a table shudder, from soup up to dessert,
He'd eat so much he'd swell and burst the buttons off his shirt;
"Bring me pudding," he would cry: the cook she winked her t'other eye,
For hours the kid would kick and wait for pudding, but it came too late.

CHORUS.

The cook she got fired at sunrise, the fire got fired with the cook,
He was always a-wanting a pudding, but they'd give him a naughty, bad look,
The cook you can bet was a cuckoo, the boy called her pudding-faced Kate,
For putting on lugs and putting on airs, his pudding came too late.

The boy he had a partner in a pudding full of prunes,
He was stuck on putting pudding in from breakfast until noon;
For putting in his partner's eye, and putting up a game,
They had no pudding on this cook for putting in their clam;
His partner he put in his jaw, such putting on you never saw,
The cook would state, "the pudding's ate, your partner's come too late."

CHORUS.

The boy fired a brick at the cooklets, the cook fired the boy in the soup,
His partner came in to defy her, but she grabbed him and gave a warwhoop;
Then the cook chased them out of the kitchen, his partner got soaked with a plate,
The boy he swore they could lick the cook, but his partner came too late.

SINCE NELLIE FLEW THE COOP.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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Tune—"Since Nellie Went Away."

In a quiet single flat uptown, where lovers only dwell,
Were green goods men and cons and touts boarding there quite swell;
But this was on the second floor, right underneath the third,
The sealskin sack that ran the flat they say she was a bird.
One night her husband he came home, I think to feed his face,
His wife she moved the furniture and vanished from the place;
It was an awful shake down, he's never since forgot,
He loves her still, it's funny he can't get it through his nut.

REFRAIN.

But he's dreaming where his Nellie's gone,
Where has his Nellie flew,
And the only thing for him to do
Is do, do, my huckleberry, do, do, do, do, do.

He can't believe her faithless, she never stayed out late,
He never knew her touch a drop, they got along first rate;
His watch is in the soak shop, his clothes are in the soup,
Night and day he's getting nutty since Nellie flew the coop.
No, he won't believe her faithless, those eyes of tender blue,
Her gentleman acquaintances were only one or two;
He was the boy for Nellie, the goose with a golden egg,
He's been walking 'round on crutches since Nellie pulled his leg.—*Refrain.*

Still he won't believe her faithless, for she always called him pet,
She said she knew no actors, and he never used to fret:
He always thought her innocent, he knew she must be chaste,
But the chasers chased poor Nellie, so she left him in the paste.
Still he don't believe her faithless, he thinks that she'll come back,
He thinks that some one swiped her, he thinks so for a fact;
But Nellie struck a pudding, and she shook him like a rat,
And he's carrying the banner now, since Nell gave up the flat.—*Refrain.*

No, he won't believe her faithless, but why did she throw him down,
Did Nellie love another mug when he was not around?
He has tramped all over the city, he has never missed an inch,
Every day the neighbors tell him that Nellie struck a cinch.
But he don't believe her faithless, but where did Nellie go,
And who did Nellie go with, is what we'd like to know:
Still he don't believe her faithless; well, he's nutty, we'll allow,
But since Nellie made her exit he is on the hog train now.—*Refrain.*

He can't believe her faithless, if he was to be hung,
But Nell was no spring chicken, he thought she was so young;
She was older than his mother, and her hair she used to bleach,
The way that Nell was kidding him she must have been a peach.
He can't believe her faithless, he'd have to prove it first,
I think that he can prove it, if it comes down to the worst;
If he can't prove her faithless we'll let him try again,
We'll send him to the daffy house, because he is insane.—*Refrain.*

He says she can't be faithless, she never did no hurt,
He never canght her mashing, and he never saw her flirt;
He never took a tumble, he says it is a sin,
And he's started in to drinking now, since Nellie blew him in.
Still he can't believe her faithless, he always paid the rent,
And whatever was left over, Mrs. Nellie always spent:
But, the hayseed, still he thinks she can't be faithless just the same,
While he had stuff she jollied him and kept him in the game.—*Refrain.*

NANCY CLANCY'S BEAU.

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Words and music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

My heart was captured long ago, by such a precious queen,
Her name is Nancy Clancy, and none else like her I've seen;
We stroll together moonlight nights, with hearts so light and gay,
And when the hour of parting comes, I kiss her, as I say:

CHORUS.

Nancy Clancy, you're my fancy, such a queen are you,
Eyes as bright as stars at night, always so kind and true;
Nancy Clancy, you're my fancy, ev'rywhere I go
They compliment me just because I'm Nancy Clancy's beau.

Her home is not a palace, for her parents they are poor,
But Nancy keeps it neat and clean, of that you're always sure;
The proudest moment of my life, the brighest joy I know
Is just to clasp her in my arms and whisper soft and low:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THY LAND'S MY LAND.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I am here to-night for to try to please a hard old game,
I'll gamble if I do it's a tight old squeeze and a hard old game;
You're awful chilly and you must be froze, you're colder than ice-ache,
If you don't laugh I'll get discharged; oh, laugh, for pity sake.

CHORUS.

While I sing my land I learned damn at Coney Island,
If you get behindhand I tell you I don't care;
I go Dago, then you can go plumb to Chicago,
Should I get paresis just pack your valises and follow me off my nut.

I was pinched last summer and I got six months in the same old jail,
And the Judge he listened to me more than once the same old tale;
When the Judge does that I know very well his Honor he means six,
What he says goes, that Judge he knows, I am on to all his tricks.

CHORUS.

I went, he sent me, over six months to the jailets,
Nice old, dear old Judge, he sent me there;
Says I, "Thanks, Judgelets;" says Judgelets, "Don't mention it. Staylets."
If I have a skate and I make a parade, they collar me everywhere.

When I get loaded the gang they pull the same old leg,
Yes, they're always yanking it when I get full, the same old gimp;
They say I am a wonder, and they don't guess that I am not, they don't think,
They sprained my knee below the open joint, and its driving me to drink.

CHORUS.

My stuff, that's tough, they're making a bluff to get my stuff,
They all say they wish I was a millionaire;
They cross, hedge and block me, they go 'round and they roast me and knock me,
They tell a ghost story and give me the hurry, and follow me till I am broke.

When I wet my whistle I always wet it in the same old place,
And in the neck I always get it, in the same old joint;
I never was known for to waste a drop, right up to there I fill it,
And I walk like that when I go home, for fear that I might spill it.

CHORUS.

My load, my load, you cannot imagine what I've stood,
Ask no jokelets, I've always got a jag:
When I am out strolling I am always a-hoisting and bowling,
To swallow a schooner there's nobody, soon I swallow an empty keg.

Oh, I play short horses, and I get the roast, some short horse
Too short in the stretch and he's left at the post, horse and mule;
I got good odds, it was ten to one, and I played my short horse straight,
I beg your pardon, for I had no pudding, for the pardon came too slow.

CHORUS.

No, sir, nix, sir, he didn't run one, two or six, sir,
Luck no nearer, nearer no such luck;
Believe me, do sir, you can bet I am an easy old loser,
Now the bookermakers say if I follow the horse I better go drive a truck.

Now since I am married I am right there still with the same old girl,
And who can blame her for supporting me, the same old girl;
Now we're married and she must obey or she'll know the reason why,
For if she don't work I'll quit her on the jump,
And she'll have to hire another new boy.

CHORUS.

My wife, his wife, whose wife, or any one else's,
If you want one you'll find her in Bill's boat;
When she gets the rhino she don't have it very long, I know,
When I start in to jolly, and call her my lolly, they jolly me out of town.

DECEMBER AND MAY;

— OR: —

Mollie Newell.

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Written by Ed. Marks. Composed by Wm. Loraine.

An old gray-haired bach'lor stood watching one day
Two fond turtle doves bill and coo;
The sight brought a pang of regret to his heart,
And taught him love's lesson so true.
Said he, "I am weary of living alone;
What a fool a man is I just note.
Though in life rather late I must try find a mate,"
Then he sat at his desk and he wrote:

CHORUS.

"Mollie Newell, don't be cruel, my little jewel be;
I'll be true all my life if you will only marry me.
Wealth I have plenty, and though you're but twenty,
While I am past sixty to-day,
What need we care, we'll our happiness share,
Old December shall marry young May."

The letter was written, then sealed and addressed;
The old man still sat in his chair,
And soon in sound slumber, his head on his breast,
He slept dreaming peacefully there.
He dreamt that fair Mollie his note had received,
And "yes" to his pleadings had said;
In joy at the answer and though still asleep
Pressed his lips to the letter which read:—*Chorus.*

Still dreaming, he fancied a month they were wed,
He wished some one else had his wife;
For he was too settled for so young a head,
While she loved the pleasures of life.
Each night to a party she'd go with young men,
While he had to stay home in bed;
She had him "quite broke"—with a start he awoke
And he tore up that letter which read:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

MY SON, MY ONLY SON.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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Just five and twenty years ago, how well do I forget,
My oldest son was born a boy, it started me to fret,
With fond delight my darling wife was suing for divorce,
Because she loved another, that's the reason why because.
When he grew up how often with a club he made me chase,
And when he couldn't break my heart he tried to break my face;
So one dark day he lit a lamp, I heard he forged my name,
He flew the coop and done me up, his mother did the same.

CHORUS.

My son, my son, you got the run,
You'd surely got ten years or more,
I am happy to say that your picture we've buried
Under a slaughter house floor.
Your mother is jealous, she carries an axe,
And she's looking for me with a gun,
Let bygones be bygones, she wants to make up,
But not on your life, says John.

He went off to some foreign shore this side of Rockaway,
Where Mary had a little lamb, some place called Sheepshead Bay;
His mother, that was my first wife, she will not change her age,
"Come home," she says, "or else you'll drive your mother on the stage;
And with an axe I'll meet you, meet you like a warrior brave,
Come home, my only son, till I plant posies on your grave."
The chance is, you'll be taken, when we meet you'll know the worst,
Your mother she will never know you if I see you first.

CHORUS.

My son, my son, my oldest boy,
I am waiting, my darling, for thee,
Pop's got something that looks like an axe,
I am longing your sweet face to see.
No, you'll never drop, you'll die standing up,
Then all will be over and done,
We'll give you a funeral, 'twill do your heart good,
Come back to your father, my son.

The laundry ticket that my boy had forged against my will,
'Twas done in Chinese writing, it was signed McKinley bill;
They told me he was innocent, the story was a fake,
The neighbors they were kicking, for I promised them a wake.
What's that? a telegram at last, it's from my son to me,
And thirty-five cents charges: ah, he sent it C. O. D.
"Dear father, I've come home to eat, and live and die a bum,
Your time is due, I'll do you up, as soon as I get home."

CHORUS.

My son, my son, I'll soon have none,
There's a new undertaker next door,
I'll see that your face it is turned to the West,
And your feet pointing to Haverstraw.
Everything is in shape, there are four yards of crape
You will see on the knob of the door,
If you're coming, come on, I've been waiting a year,
You will trouble your papa no more.

THE LITTLE MAID IN PINK.

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Words and Music by Eduard Holst.

Come listen to my story true, a fisher's wife once said;
It happened many years ago, when I my husband wed.
One night, while raged the tempest, we saw a good ship sink;
One out of all on board was saved, a little maid in pink.
We took her to our cottage, and parents to her were we;
Her father, aye, and mother, were lost in the angry sea.
We all soon learned to love her, and, stranger, you must think
We gave to her the best of care, that little maid in pink.

REFRAIN.

She was our idol, pure as a flow'r,
Growing more lovely each passing hour;
Cheeks like the sea shells on ocean's brink,
She was our darling, the little maid in pink.

She grew up here among us all, a fisher girl so fair;
A fisher laddie loved her well and begged her heart to share;
He asked her hand in marriage, she loved him, you may think,
For she was always good and true, the little maid in pink.
The wedding bells were ringing, a stranger entered that day,
He said that she had riches, and begged her to go away;
She vowed that she would rather in ocean's billows sink
Before she'd leave her lover true, that little maid in pink.—*Refrain.*

Her heart was bowed in sad despair, the stranger pleaded there,
He claimed her then his relative, his long lost niece so fair;
Her lover and herself then rushed off to ocean's brink,
Resolved to die, this fisher lad and little maid in pink.
The stranger said, "I leave you; so keep this lover your own,
And keep your gold, your riches, his heart shall be yours alone;
You shall not leave him ever, I'll break not love's fond link."
She wed her fisher laddie brave, that little maid in pink.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

She Took Them Home to Frank.

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Oh, girls, now what the dence you mean,
When you wink the other eye,
Why won't you tell me what you see
When you wink your other eye?
You act so young and kittenish when you're forty-five years old.
You go out and catch a Rube and try to do him for his gold,
When the Reuben takes a tumble and he shakes you chilly cold,
Then you work another guy.

CHORUS.

Oh, girls, I think I've seen enough,
Oh, girls, it's coming pretty tough,
Oh, girls, I think you're full of snuff,
When you wink your other eye and squint your other lamp.

It's no use asking where you get your pretty clothes,
For you'd wink your other eye;
Or the simple little question why you kalsomine your nose,
For you'd wink the other eye.
You go out a-promenading just to show a sealskin cloak,
You get it on installment and it keeps your fellow broke,
And you tell him how you love him, but you only tell a joke,
For you know another slob.

CHORUS.

Oh, girls, just give the men a show,
When you die I wonder where'll you go,
It will never be to heaven, for my mother told me so,
You can go to Guttenberg and squint the other eye.

Oh, girls, you knock me deaf and dumb,
When you wink your other eye,
But oh, girls, when you're chewing chewing gum,
Won't you chew another chew, chew, chew, chew, chew, chew, chew.
You chew it in the morning and you chew it in the night,
You chew it and you chaw it till you chew it out of sight,
But when you're out of tutti-frutti, and you have not got a bite,
Will you go and hit the pipe?

CHORUS.

Oh, girls, now what I say is facts,
Oh, girls, if I was on your tracks,
Oh, girls, if I only had an axe,
Then you'd squint your other eye.

Now, girls, you say you never drink,
When you wink your other eye;
You guess you'll have some wine, you guess you get it, I don't think,
Don't they tell you, guess again?
I notice that you linger till you get an easy jag,
And if beer is flat you tell the waiter tap another keg,
But if the waiter's tough and says, "Sit down and don't you move a peg,"
Do you make another crack?

CHORUS.

Oh, boys, that's what a sucker gets,
Don't buy drinks for any soubrette,
For every time you treat they take a pack of cigarettes,
And they take them home to Frank, and they smoke them in the room.

TWO LITTLE ORPHAN GIRLS.

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Words by Geo. C. Diehl. Music by Harry F. Keever.

There were two girls left orphans on a foreign shore,
And in poverty driven from their homestead's door;
They wandered to distant lands their bread for to earn,
And for years no news of each o[illegible] could they learn.
Kind providence seemed to smile on the one through life,
Making her a fond mother and a loving wife,
While the other her lot was sad as could befall,
A poor disgraced outcast, pitied, but shunned by all.

CHORUS.

Two poor little orphan girls with hearts loving and kind,
Driven from home their fortune to find;
The one who's in happiness, could she ever recall
A poor disgraced outcast, pitied, but shunned by all.

At last the news from one came, a message was sent
To a sister by one whose life was almost spent;
It told of a mournful story, too painful to repeat,
Of a misplaced confidence, a life on the street.
Sadful was the meeting, she held [illegible] her embrace
The sister that she loved, even in her disgrace:
She knew fortune was fickle, it was easy to fall—
A poor disgraced outcast, pitied, but shunned by all.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ANNIE LAURIE.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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Old Scotland's favorite poet, old Bobby Burns of old,
He'll never be forgotten in years to come untold:
He wrote sweet "Annie Laurie, I'll lay me down and die,"
So I'll show you all the difference between Bobby Burns and I.

CHORUS.

If Bobby had the experience, and seen as much as I,
As for darling Annie Laurie, he'd do anything but die.

He could do most anything else for her,
He could [illegible] he'd lose his health for her.
He could go out in the wet for her,
He could lay awake and fret for her,
He could get into a fight for her,
He could carry the banner all night for her,
He could go and make a bluff for her,
He could get his nose knocked off for her,
He could go and be a chump for her,
Across the gutter could jump for her,
He could shave his whiskers off for her,
He could catch the whooping cough for her,
He could swear for her and tear for her,
And sleep in a barber's chair for her;
He could prance for her and dance for her,
He could pawn his only pants for her,
He could kick for her and get sick for her,
They could soak him with a brick for her,
He could beg for her, he could gog for her,
He could go and pull a leg for her,
He could draw for her and hurrah for her,
He could choke his mother-in-law for her,
He could jump up and out of bed for her,
And prove everything he said for her;
He could waltz for her and be false for her,
He could take a dose of salts for her,
He could chin for her and win for her,
And let somebody else blow him in for her,
He could tell a pack of lies for her,
He could say, "Ah, there, my size!" to her,
He could pat for her and get fat for her,
He could catch behind the butt for her,
He could talk for her and walk for her,
He could be a regular gawk for her,
He could yell for her, he could smell for her,
He could go and fight John L. for her,
He could sigh for her and cry for her,
He could eat a custard pie for her,
He could smoke for her and go broke for her,
But when he said he'd croak for her:

CHORUS.

He must been stuck on Annie, or crazy he must be,
When he said "for Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

CHORUS.

I don't agree with Bobby, nor I don't intend to try,
I'll do anything to please you, girls, but I must die standing up.

—"So the engagement is broken?" "Yes." "What was the reason?" "It was a case of love at first sight. They're acquainted now."

Parody on:

Why Won't They Let the Girls Do Just the Same as the Men?

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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I will not sing of women's rights,
I wouldn't if I could,
The subject has been slaughtered,
And it wouldn't do no good.
They talk you deaf and dumb and blind,
And chin all night and day;
They chew the rag and blab and gag,
And all you hear them say:

CHORUS.

Why don't they let the girls
Do just the same as the men?
Show me the girl that doesn't try
To now and then.
There's no rope tied to you, girls,
Go out, here's a dime for a shave;
If you want to be men, and do as men do,
You got to learn how to behave. [Remember.]

CHORUS.

Why won't they let the girls?
They do, if there's any to let;
The reason we do not let,
Because we do forget.
You ride bicycles now
The very same way as the boys,
I'd like to know what you want for ten cents,
You raise such a horrible noise. [Speak easy.]

CHORUS.

You've no license for to kick,
You drink twice as much as the men;
You chase the can just like a man,
And loaded you have been;
You wear our hats and collars and shirts,
You copy our coats and our vest:
You've got to wear skirts, now you're jealous of us
Because you can't wear the rest. [You daresent.]

CHORUS.

Why don't the girls get out and say,
"Fellows, drink with me,"
You've got to do that to be in the game,
Or girls you'll [illegible]ays be.
If you want to do [illegible]t the same as men,
You must learn to stand up in a car;
Don't go any more to the little side door,
But go in the front way to the bar. [For lager.]

CHORUS.

Why don't you make a break
To get on the police force?
Then you could do the same as cops,
If on your beat was lost.
Why can't you carry the hod?
Because you're not built that way.
You make cigarettes and you chew chewing gum,
Now why can't you girls chew hay? [I'll steal you.]

CHORUS.

Why do the girls go out and get
Their hair clipped off tight?
Just for to look like men
They part it on the side.
Why do you lace so tight?
For instance, take pattern by me;
One privilege you have just the same as the men,
You carry your own night key. [Good morning.]

CHORUS.

Whose going to nurse the kids,
If you do the same as the men?
Ask me something easy, girls,
I'll have to guess again.
Not on your life, says John,
We're giving more than you're worth:
You're in luck to be girls, and don't ask any more;
Well, what do you want, the earth? [Well, take it.]

CHORUS.

You can't raise a mustache, girls,
There's thousands, I know, that have tried;
They can't grow beards, they talk so much
They bite off the roots inside.
Excepting the trowsers you dress like men,
You wear neckties and collars and shirts,
It would please you to death to see men put on wrappers,
Or act as wet-nurse and wear skirts. [That's awful.]

CHORUS.

So that's just the reason, girls,
You can't do the same as the men,
But one thing, when you're divorced
We'll let you wed again.
For my part, go dress like an Indian chief,
And holler and kick for your rights;
You wouldn't surprise me, nor I wouldn't care,
If you walked down the Bowery in tights. [Next season.]

DECEMBER AND MAY;

—OR:—

Mollie Newell.

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Let bygones be bygones, she wants to make up,
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To a sister by one whose life was almost spent;
It told of a mournful story, too painful to repeat,
Of a misplaced confidence, a life on the street.
Sadful was the meeting, she held [illegible] her embrace
The sister that she loved, even in her disgrace:
She knew fortune was fickle, it was easy to fall—
A poor disgraced outcast, pitied, but shunned by all.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ANNIE LAURIE.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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Old Scotland's favorite poet, old Bobby Burns of old,
He'll never be forgotten in years to come untold;
He wrote sweet "Annie Laurie, I'll lay me down and die,"
So I'll show you all the difference between Bobby Burns and I.

CHORUS.

If Bobby had the experience, and seen as much as I,
As for darling Annie Laurie, he'd do anything but die.

He could do most anything else for her,
He could [illegible] he'd lose his health for her.
He could go out in the wet for her,
He could lay awake and fret for her,
He could get into a fight for her,
He could carry the banner all night for her,
He could go and make a bluff for her,
He could get his nose knocked off for her,
He could go and be a chump for her,
Across the gutter could jump for her,
He could shave his whiskers off for her,
He could catch the whooping cough for her,
He could swear for her and tear for her,
And sleep in a barber's chair for her;
He could prance for her and dance for her,
He could pawn his only pants for her,
He could kick for her and get sick for her,
They could sonk him with a brick for her,
He could beg for her, he could gog for her,
He could go and pull a leg for her,
He could draw for her and hurrah for her,
He could choke his mother-in-law for her,
He could jump up and out of bed for her,
And prove everything he said for her;
He could waltz for her and be false for her,
He could take a dose of salts for her,
He could chin for her and win for her,
And let somebody else blow him in for her,
He could tell a pack of lies for her,
He could say, "Ah, there, my size!" to her,
He could pat for her and get fat for her,
He could catch behind the butt for her,
He could talk for her and walk for her,
He could be a regular gawk for her,
He could yell for her, he could smell for her,
He could go and fight John L. for her,
He could sigh for her and cry for her,
He could eat a custard pie for her,
He could smoke for her and go broke for her,
But when he said he'd croak for her:

CHORUS.

He must been stuck on Annie, or crazy he must be,
When he said "for Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

CHORUS.

I don't agree with Bobby, nor I don't intend to try,
I'll do anything to please you, girls, but I must die standing up.

—"So the engagement is broken?" "Yes." "What was the reason?" "It was a case of love at first sight. They're acquainted now."

Parody on:

Why Won't They Let the Girls Do Just the Same as the Men?

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I will not sing of women's rights,
I wouldn't if I could,
The subject has been slaughtered,
And it wouldn't do no good.
They talk you deaf and dumb and blind,
And chin all night and day;
They chew the rag and blab and gag,
And all you hear them say:

CHORUS.

Why don't they let the girls
Do just the same as the men?
Show me the girl that doesn't try
To now and then.
There's no rope tied to you, girls,
Go out, here's a dime for a shave;
If you want to be men, and do as men do,
You got to learn how to behave. [Remember.]

CHORUS.

Why won't they let the girls?
They do, if there's any to let;
The reason we do not let,
Because we do forget.
You ride bicycles now
The very same way as the boys,
I'd like to know what you want for ten cents,
You raise such a horrible noise. [Speak easy.]

CHORUS.

You've no license for to kick,
You drink twice as much as the men;
You chase the can just like a man,
And loaded you have been;
You wear our hats and collars and shirts,
You copy our coats and our vest;
You've got to wear skirts, now you're jealous of us
Because you can't wear the rest. [You daresent.]

CHORUS.

Why don't the girls get out and say,
"Fellows, drink with me,"
You've got to do that to be in the game,
Or girls you'll [illegible]ays be.
If you want to do [illegible]t the same as men,
You must learn to stand up in a car;
Don't go any more to the little side door,
But go in the front way to the bar. [For lager.]

CHORUS.

Why don't you make a break
To get on the police force?
Then you could do the same as cops,
If on your beat was lost.
Why can't you carry the hod?
Because you're not built that way.
You make cigarettes and you chew chewing gum,
Now why can't you girls chew hay? [I'll steal you.]

CHORUS.

Why do the girls go out and get
Their hair clipped off tight?
Just for to look like men
They part it on the side.
Why do you lace so tight?
For instance, take pattern by me;
One privilege you have just the same as the men,
You carry your own night key. [Good morning.]

CHORUS.

Whose going to nurse the kids,
If you do the same as the men?
Ask me something easy, girls,
I'll have to guess again.
Not on your life, says John,
We're giving more than you're worth;
You're in luck to be girls, and don't ask any more;
Well, what do you want, the earth? [Well, take it.]

CHORUS.

You can't raise a mustache, girls,
There's thousands, I know, that have tried;
They can't grow beards, they talk so much
They bite off the roots inside.
Excepting the trowsers you dress like men,
You wear neckties and collars and shirts,
It would please you to death to see men put on wrappers,
Or act as wet-nurse and wear skirts. [That's awful.]

CHORUS.

So that's just the reason, girls,
You can't do the same as the men,
But one thing, when you're divorced
We'll let you wed again.
For my part, go dress like an Indian chief,
And holler and kick for your rights;
You wouldn't surprise me, nor I wouldn't care,
If you walked down the Bowery in tights. [Next season.]

Down at the Farm-Yard Gate.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Johnny Green once used to wait for his girl
Down at the farm-yard gate,
With his whiskers trimmed and a nice little curl,
Down at the farm-yard gate;
He would sit on the gate and he'd cry "chuckoo!
Ain't you coming out, darling? do, love, do,
For my toes is cold and my nose is blue,"
Down at the farm-yard gate.

CHORUS.

Oh, that farm-yard gate! Johnny was there, early and late,
Whistling and singing, "Are you coming out, Kate?"
Down at the farm-yard gate.

She would come out and they both would sing,
Down at the farm-yard gate;
And he then would talk like a silly thing,
Down at the farm-yard gate.
They would sit there for hours and they'd whisper low,
Then her dad would come out and he'd laugh, Ho! Ho!
Then Johnny had to sit on the old man's toe,
Down at the farm-yard gate.—*Chorus.*

Now Kate's little brother once took some tar
Down to the farm-yard gate,
And he spread it all over the topmost bar,
Down at the farm-yard gate.
Now Johnny sat there, and he said, "My duck,"
And Kate sat there and she said, "Chuck-chuck;"
And they had to sit there, for they both had stuck,
Down on the farm-yard gate.—*Chorus.*

Those lovers ne'er speak now as they pass by,
Down to the farm-yard gate;
If you go there you'll find out the reason why,
Down at the farm-yard gate.
You'll see a bustle if you're not blind,
A portion of pants you will also find,
It's the part that he used to wear behind,
Down at the farm-yard gate.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

KISS, AND LET'S MAKE UP.

Written by W. C. Robey.

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Two little playmates were playing one day;
They'd built up a house on the sands,
When all of a sudden the imp of a boy
Came up with a brick in his hands.
The house it was finished, the labor was done,
And two hearts in gladness were wed,
When all of a sudden the boy with the brick
Struck his playmate on top of the head;
The girl for a moment was stunned by the blow,
No tears to her pretty eyes came;
"I'll say I'll forgive him; the first chance I get
I'll serve him exactly the same."
He'd knocked down the house that they'd built on the sands,
And just as he tried to explain
She hit him a kick with the palm of her foot
And said, "Kiss, and let's make up again."

CHORUS.

Kiss, and let's make up, my darling, don't look as if in pain,
For I know I struck you, darling, and I'd do the same again;
You now wish you'd never met me, from your lips I've had a sup,
Though I kissed you I'm still living, kiss again and let's make up.

The years rolled by, the lad went away,
The maiden she waited in pain;
But Jack had gone out to Chicago's great fair,
Along with Columbus of Spain.
The shells by the seashore have grown into clams,
Each one brings fond memories back,
When they used to eat chowder upon the warm sands,
Her and her boy lover, Jack.
He promised to write if he wanted a loan,
That promise he'd kept from the start;
But now he had tired of his true country lass,
Because she was too tired to part.
Now the true, honest fellow was walking back home,
He'd seen the big gun made by Krupp,
And straight to his sweetheart he whispered quite low:
"Come, kiss and let's both make it up."—*Chorus.*

—Older Sister: "Clara, I'm surprised to see you soak your bread in the gravy. It's exceedingly bad form." Clara: "Well, it's awfully good taste."

When I Was a Boy Like You.

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Words and Music by R. M. Stults.

An old man wandered alone one day,
Till he came to a rich man's door,
Where a bright little boy in the yard at play
Had ne'er seen a beggar before.
"Oh, won't you come in, sir? Now do, I pray,
And why do you beg for bread?"
"Your questions are easily answered, child,"
The ragged wanderer said.

REFRAIN.

"When I was a boy like you," he said, "my heart was light and free,
No care my youthful life beguiled, no thought that this would e'er be.
I played o'er meadows bright and gay, as little children do;
But my heart was broken one sad, sad day, tho' I once was a boy like you.

"I loved my mother the same as you,
I was her pride and joy,
And she lovingly bade me be good and true,
When I was a little boy.
When older I grew I met one day
The girl that I made my bride;
I thought she was true, but she went away
With my trusted friend by her side.—*Refrain.*

"But now I wander the wide world o'er,
My life is lone and sad,
And I long again for the days of yore,
But their memory drives me mad.
I'm waiting to die, my time has passed,
To my fate I must humbly bow;
And so it will be while my life shall last,
For I'm an old man now."—*Refrain.*

TOT.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

I once did meet a charming Britisher, a howling swell,
A "dook," or something of the proper sort;
He'd lots of cash to throw away, you'd very quickly tell,
And stacks of "sparklers" he had bought.

CHORUS.

He said "Tot!" I said "What?" "Will you come along?" said he,
"And we'll sail the deep blue sea, on a little pleasure trip,
In a yacht, little Tot, with your mamma, don't you see?
And when we're down at Brighton we will take a dip."

He tipped a theatre box for me on ev'ry blooming eve,
Went out for drives and lunch, an awful lot;
But he was married, tho' he tried so hard to make believe
I was his only little Tot.

CHORUS.

He said "Tot!" I said "What?" "Will you come along?" said he,
"And we'll sail the deep blue sea, on a little pleasure trip."
I said "Not," he said "What?" "I won't go along with thee,
Nor when we're down at Brighton will we take a dip."

So then I went upon the stage to soothe my aching heart,
Got letters from the Johnnies by the score;
I dressed in tights and played a very, very "killing" part—
With all the chaps at my stage door.

CHORUS.

They said "Tot!" I said "What?" "Will you come along with me?
And then all the sights we'll see, while the moon is shining bright."
I said "Not," they said "What?" "I won't go along with thee,
I beg to be excused upon this blooming night."

MARGERY.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

There's a pair of bright blue eyes, and they smile on me;
They're as bright as summer skies and brimming full of glee.
They belong to Margery, the darling of my heart;
When I leave her at the gate I say before we part:

REFRAIN.

"Margery, Margery! meet me, love, at the corner,
I'll be there at six o'clock, as faithful as can be;
Though the nights are getting cold, our love is warmer and warmer;
If you're there the first, my dear Margery, wait for me."

There's a pair of loving arms which I would not miss,
There's a little rosebud mouth that's waiting for a kiss;
There's a pair of fairy feet, a fancy dream to see,
And a wreath of golden hair—they all belong to me.—*Refrain.*

When the sun has gone to rest ev'ry night I'm there,
With her head upon my breast I feel a millionaire;
When I get the golden ring she'll name the happy day,
She'll be queen and I'll be king, and no more need to say:—*Refrain.*

OH! HOW I WANTED IT.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

I remember when I was a child I had a craving way,
And the habit lingers with me still up to the present day;
As for anything I wanted, I would never pass it by,
And when I couldn't get it, how I used to howl and cry.
My pa he used to quiet me and box me on the ear,
And mother she would jolly me, and say it was too dear;
And then they'd chase me up to bed and tell me go to sleep,
Just because they could not buy it I would lie awake and weep.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I wanted it, how I used to tease,
Oh, how I wanted it, something that I couldn't get;
Whate'er it was I'd cry for it, from morning until night,
In fact I always wanted everything that was in sight.

I've got that craving feeling yet I've grown to be a man,
Still things I want and dying for to get I never can;
Now, at home I want to be the boss, my wife, she is, of course,
I am crazy for to quit her and I long for a divorce;
She's sued me for desertion, also for non-support,
And twice a week she has me pinched and up before the courts;
A legal separation, now, the Judge he will not grant,
I confess I love another, but to marry her I can't.

CHORUS.

But, oh, how I wanted it just to come my way,
Oh, how I wanted it, just to give me chance to get;
To-night I am only out on bail, the Judge is on to me,
And to-day he said he knew I wanted everything I see.

To-day I saw a pretty girl, and dressed way out of sight,
She wrote a note and said that she'd be out in front to-night;
And everything she ate and drank I paid for like a man,
And thirty cents in change is all I've got left out of a ten.
The way I blew my ten she must have thought that I had stuff,
It broke my heart to blow myself, but still I made the bluff;
That little ten I saved a week, I am now a tenner short,
And what a sucker play I made, trying to be a sport.

CHORUS.

But, oh, how I wanted it, I've only thirty cents,
Oh, how I blew it in upon the girl I tried to win;
I guess she razzle-dazzled me, but oh, she was a peach,
That's what I get for grabbing everything that's in my reach.

HADN'T NO BUSINESS TO DO IT.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

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I'll tackle this song if I drop in my tracks,
But I haven't no business to do it;
It would serve me just right to get hit with an axe,
For I haven't no business to do it.
The manager tells me to do my whole act,
That's whether the house is empty or packed,
And if I cut it out I would surely get sacked,
So you see I've no business to do it.

CHORUS.

No, I haven't no business to do it,
No, I haven't no business to do it;
Should I sing out of key, it is common with me,
For I hadn't no business to do it.

When a man he is drunk—well, you know what he gets,
Well, he hasn't no business to do it;
And you know what they say when you smoke cigarettes,
And you haven't no business to do it.
When you light cigarettes they smell like a burnt rope,
You might as well hit a good pipe full of dope,
For they make you look foolish, you feel like a mope,
And you haven't no business to do it.

CHORUS.

Now, I hadn't no business to do it,
But I am happy to say I got through it;
The Richmond fine cut will get you off your nut,
Now, you haven't no business to do it.

One day a young lady she wrote me a note,
Still, she had no business to do it;
I said I'd be there, so in answer I wrote,
But I hadn't no business to do it.
I whispered some sweet strains of love in her ear,
Says she, "Do you love me?"—she then called me "dear,"
So she called her young brother, and sent him for beer,
But she hadn't no business to do it.

CHORUS,

She hadn't no business to do it,
I'd done it myself if I knew it;
She chased the duck twice, for I hadn't the price,
It was none of her business to do it.

Could I But See Her Face Again.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

I see her standing now as then, beside the billows blue,
A maiden's blush upon her cheek, as vowed she to be true;
My promised bride, but ere a day had dawned upon our plight,
A quarrel came between our love, and parted us that night.
'Tis years ago, though time may change, my love remains the same,
I'd give the world and all I have to see her face again.

CHORUS.

Could I but see her face again, and those hasty words recall,
I know her nature, she would fain forgive me, gladly forget all;
But years have passed since last we met, I've sought her, but alas, in vain;
I know she'd lovingly forget, could I but see her face again.

Though years may come and years may go, though wealth I might command,
And maidens fair upon me smile, the fairest in the land,
Though kings their friendship me would give, exalt me from their throne,
My heart, as now, would ever be unmindful and alone.
Although she be in distant lands, perhaps across the main,
My love shall ever faithful be until we meet again.—*Chorus.*

SOMETHING ON THE QUIET I WOULDN'T LIKE TO DO.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Now a notion lately struck me, as an idea overtook me,
While a-thinking of a subject for to write a funny song;
And to make it short and sweet and interesting, also pleasing,
Just wait and hear the finish, as it will not take me long.
The verse I am singing to you now is but an explanation,
But you'll find the rest are better ones before my song is through;
And I wouldn't care to worry you, or get you out of patience,
As it's something on the level that I wouldn't like to do.

I'll favor you most any way, but I couldn't lend you money,
And I think I might refuse you if you braced me for a drink;
And if you sprung a joke, I wouldn't laugh unless its funny,
I wouldn't say it's yellow, but, of course, I'd have to think.
If I speak of Jays or Reubens, now please don't be superstitious,
I might look in that direction and still not be meaning you;
I would rather have a dollar bill than point you out or roast you,
For it's something, when I'm sober, that I wouldn't like to do.

For getting fresh or funny, well, with me it's out of question,
Or looking for the best of it at any one's expense;
To give you tips on races, or to pick and place the winner,
Or any razzle-dazzle games. I never go against.
Would I pat you on the back? no, never think it for a minute,
To let you drop too solid you'd surely break in two;
To be a toutet to tell the trick, there isn't nothing in it,
For to jolly you is something that I wouldn't care to do.

Now, another thing, when I say you never see me mashing,
Still I know a lot of sparrows all around our neighborhood;
Still if married folks don't flirt sometimes, they wouldn't be in fashion,
To find some married ones that don't, I doubt it if you could.
There's man and wife, the jealous traits between the two are tracing,
Still they've vowed and pledged their word that to each other they'd be true:
But if I had to swear before a Judge, if sparrows I went chasing,
It is something, like the devil, that I wouldn't care to do.

In bad predicaments we've all been when not expected,
Should you meet your wife and have a lady friend upon your arm.
Your thoughts are with your present one and not your wife connected,
When, face to face, you're horror struck with sudden, wild alarm.
Then hairpins, bangs and ribbons fly, they fight like two hyenas,
If the earth would only open then and let you tumble through;
You're taking awful chances when with other girls she's seen you,
It's something, when you're married, that you can't afford to do.

Now, to have a wife that does not work is very unbecoming,
I am very sorry for to say that's something that I've got;
Just to have it easy once I did a lot of bumming,
And to marry any one again, I'd rather first be shot.
Well, we have our family fights and clinches every other morning,
It's jealousy of other girls the trouble's sure to brew;
I'll forget myself some time and on her eye I'll put a herring,
If I was only able it is something I would do.

If you want to keep a secret that is, tell a woman nothing,
What she doesn't know won't harm her, and she'll none the wiser be:
For they're gabby when they start to chin, there's no end to their guffing,
When they get among their neighbors they are like a Harlem flea.
One throws the balls, the other makes to circulate a scandal,
In the coldest kind of weather they can make it warm for you;
And to spread the news, you bet they do it right up to the handle,
That's something, on my honor, that a man will never do.

—Cholly: "I wondah what makes me so absent-minded?"
Miss Caustique: "Nature."

And the Band Played Something Else.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

I have met all kinds of people jostling through this busy life,
I've been full of beer and whiskey, also full of care and strife;
I have kissed all kinds of maidens, every size and every age,
I have sung most every song that I heard sung upon the stage;
I have come to meet all comers, but they're coming pretty slow,
I am ready for to let things flicker when you halloo "let her go,"
Pawned my watch to keep a secret, watch keeps time and time it tells,
Since "Annie Laurie" has been murdered, now the band plays something else.

CHORUS.

"McGinty" died an awful death, "Annie Rooney" lost her breath,
"Love, sweet love, oh, what is love?" What is love? well, it's a chess;
"Comrades," it died with consumption,
"Sweet Kate O'Connor's" in bad health;
"Maggie Murphy's Home" is butchered,
Make the band play something else.

"Lay me on the hill-side, won't you, down upon the dear old farm,"
But some one stole the hill, and when they stole the hill they done no harm,
"I whistle and wait for Katie," Maude is not in, good day,
"She was false," but you can stand it, she took poison, so they say;
No one ever sent an answer for "The Letter that never came,"
They say "The Pardon came too late," and now he is not in the game;
Now they "Throw him down, McCloskey," fling him "When you hear them bells,"
All those songs are dead I've mentioned, won't the band play something else?

CHORUS.

"They turned her picture to the wall," and when they did they let it fall,
Just "Twelve months ago to-night," her father did it for a stall;
Every Dago organ grinder plays it till your head it swells,
Everybody knows it backwards, tell them grind out something else.

That song, "The Convict and the Bird," that I couldn't say I've heard,
It must be doing time in Auburn, if it ain't I'll take its word;
When "Little Fishermaiden" died the tide was sick and very low,
And that's the time "The Actor's Friends" they buried, "Mother told me so."
When they burned "The old mud cabin," no one ever thought 'twould happen;
"Mary and John" were always scrapping, for "The bank it failed to-day."
All the songs wrote on mothers, have her dead like all the others;
One short year is all they live, try and fake up something else.

CHORUS.

I never will forget the day when they murdered "Paddy Shay,"
A German band blew him to pieces, "Down at Coney Island Bay;"
Six or seven "Marguerites;" "They're after me," I hear it smells,
Dear friend, now don't play "Annie Laurie,"
For heaven's sake play something else.

Parody on:

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I just arrived from Paris, and I am full of paris green,
In a parachute I went, and I didn't make a cent;
I must have been way out of sight, because I wasn't seen,
And my ankle and my leg they pulled and bent,
And I must have been an awful fresh young gent.

CHORUS.

I walk along because I am short, and I never ride at all,
I am broke from spring till fall, trull lull, lull, lull, lull, lull;
As along I jog most every mug they tell me I am on the hog,
I am the man that ate the lunch at Stephen Brodie's.

I got so awful popular that they chased me out of town,
So I jumped aboard a freight because walking was too great;
They swore I was an actor when I landed in New York,
It was perjury, but the pardon came too late,
When I went to Tony Smith's to get a date.

CHORUS.

I walk along because I am round, they think I am on the square,
The girls they all declare they got me dead for fair;
They wink and kick and take a fit, or anything to make a hit,
With the man that ate the lunch at Stephen Brodie's.

I followed up the horses, when I used to drive a car,
I got broke, and there you are, for the horses made a kick;
I was a rutten tutten, a regular Texas sporting lah-de-dah,
In Bloomingdale they said I had a tick,
I am crazy, but you bet your life I am slick.

CHORUS.

As I walk along Delancey Street with my regular Thursday face,
And after me they chase, they come within an ace;
They say I am a bute, they shout and hoot,
Throw bricks, and pistols at me shoot,
I am the man that ate the lunch at Stephen Brodie's.

DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

I used to live on promises, until awhile ago
I found it was not policy, I'd nothing for to show;
I trusted folks and friends that sent me letters through the mail,
One certain line they'd always write, 'twas never known to fail.

CHORUS.

They'd say, "Remember, don't do anything until you hear from me,
There's chances I can fix it, in a day or so I'll see;"
The only thing was wait, of course, that's how they pulled my knee,
When they'd write me, "Don't do anything until you hear from me."

That time I hadn't worked a lick for very near a year,
My groceryman and butcher every day were looking queer;
One day I braced a friend for ten, he didn't have a nick,
So that night he sent a postal card, that postal made me sick.

CHORUS.

It said, "Remember, don't do anything until you hear from me,"
And telegrams, next afternoon, he sent me two or three;
I paid the charges on them all, he sent them C. O. D.,
They read, "Now don't do anything until you hear from me."

Says I, "This gag will never do, I'll hustle for myself,"
I burned those notes and telegrams I saved upon the shelf;
At last I got a job, and got my diamonds out of soak,
Then I got a letter from my friend, it stated he was broke.

CHORUS.

I wrote him back, "Now, don't do anything until you hear from me,"
It sounded awful funny, but I didn't care a D;
A Muldoon picnic company left him out in Kankakee,
I answered, "Don't do anything until you hear from me."

Now, traveling is my business, so I leave my wife behind,
Still I send her lots of presents, for I am ever good and kind;
I wrote and said, "I'll send a baby carriage home to you,"
She sent a hearty answer back, the lines were short and few.

CHORUS.

She says, "Now, Jimmy, don't do anything until you hear from me,
For mistakes are apt to happen in most any family;
You are getting off your noodles, Jim, or joking you must be,
No, Jimmy, don't do anything until you hear from me."

A friend of mine a month ago got married on the sly,
He told me confidentially to keep the matter shy;
The wedding it was secretly, against her mother's will,
So not to start a scandal I advised him keep it still.

CHORUS.

And said, "Remember, don't do anything until you hear from me,
Don't dare to let her mother know, she never will agree;"
He told her mother, now she got him pinched, he can't get free,
Now I told him not to do anything until he heard from me.

A couple in my neighborhood were suing for divorce,
The husband swore his wife she was the one to blame, of course;
'Twas decided in her favor, and the jury made it short,
'Twas "Not guilty," then the clerk he hallooed, "Order in the court."

CHORUS.

And then the Judge said, "Don't do anything until you hear from me,"
He called her husband to the bar to pay her lawyer's fee;
I was a witness in the case, says I, "Old girl, you're free,
And I hope you won't do anything until you hear from me."

How many ladies write to me, my services to engage,
To put them in the business so they'll act upon the stage;
The photographs of their faces look like rainy Friday nights,
I answer all the pretty ones, especially those in tights.

CHORUS.

I write them back, "Now don't do anything until you hear from me,"
Their ages run from thirty-five as high as fifty-three,
And nothing else will suit them but an opera company,
So they say they can't do anything until they hear from me.

—"No, George," she said, "I'll take your arm, if you please. My book of decorum says nobody but a cad or an usher ever grabs a lady by the arm. Besides," she added, "it's begun to take."

—"How is that son of yours, that you had such hopes of, getting along, Mayberry?" "Middlin', middlin'." "You used to say he was going to set the world afire." "Huh! The only thing he ever set afire was my barn, and the blamed thing wa'ant insured nuther."

—Mr. Dadson (in one corner of the ballroom): "By gee, that boy of mine has danced with more girls than any other young fellow in the room. He is just like his father over again."

Mrs. Dadson (in another corner of the ballroom): "It is just amazing to note how confident and how popular Willie is with the young ladies. He isn't a bit like his father at his age."

JUST COMMENCING.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

To sing some funny verses is the reason I am here,
You will find the words and melody are pleasing to the ear;
So do not feel uneasy while I sing this one to you,
I am satisfied 'twill hit you right before my song is through.

CHORUS.

For I am only just commencing, yes, I am only just commencing,
Now the first time that I tried it, how the audience they guyed it;
But I am only just commencing, breaking in and just commencing,
It is merely but a starter, just to see what I can do.

Well, the subject I will change; I met a girl last New Year's day,
She thought I was a rubber, for I hadn't much to say;
At first I rather fooled her with an easy going talk,
Till I whispered something in her ear and told her keep it dark.

CHORUS.

For I was only just commencing, I was only just commencing,
Well, she nearly turned a twister when I kissed her for her sister;
I was only just commencing, getting fresh and just commencing,
It was but an introduction, just commencing at it new.

I asked her if she'd like a drink, she said she did not mind,
It did not take us very long a beer saloon to find;
I treated over twenty times, she never missed a trick,
And when she switched from beer to booze, it couldn't come too quick.

CHORUS.

For she was only just commencing, twenty drinks and just commencing.
I asked her where she stowed it; "Why," she says, "I am not loaded;
I am only just commencing, feeling easy, just commencing;"
I had to shift to seltzer, while my lady ordered beer.

That night I went home loaded and I didn't have a red,
My wife she pulled my gaiters off and dumped me into bed;
Says she, "What kept you out so late, where did you get this nut?"
She found it down in my pocket, going through my inside coat.

CHORUS.

Then I knew she was commencing searching me, and just commencing,
She went down a little further, found a picture, and another;
I could see she was commencing for to do me, was commencing,
Well, my face was like a Hamburgh steak when she was done with me.

A year ago this very night a friend of mine got wed,
And a blushing bride of seventeen he to the parson's led;
While down their way last Sunday night, I made a social call,
To my surprise, you couldn't think, I heard a youngist squall.

CHORUS.

They were only just commencing, new married, just commencing,
I whispered to her giblets, says I, "Twins?" Says she, "No, triplets."
They were only just commencing keeping house, and just commencing,
I nearly had a hemorrhage when she told me there were three.

AFTER BREAKFAST GO TO BED.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Lately I came in from Yonkers, I am a stranger in the town,
I've escaped the bunco steerers here and there while moping round;
Friends of mine who are well posted put me on to all I know,
Told me when I struck the city just exactly where to go.

Go and see the Crystal Maze, then go up to Central Park,
When you're in that pleasant quarter, up to Harlem take a walk;
Take the trolley out to Fordham, back again to Harlem Bridge,
Then get on the Elevated, you will find out which is which.

Get off some place on the Bowery, mind and see what you're about,
Take good care of what you drink, or you might drink a knocker out;
Should some lady say "Good evening," call you Perkins for a stall,
If she asks you home to supper, don't go near her flat at all.

Inquire and call on Stephen Brodie, tell him that I sent you there,
He's a friend of everybody, Steve will treat you fair and square;
Then go down to Chinatown, for Chinatown is something new,
Take a walk through Baxter street, and wire me if you get through.

Chatham Square there is a museum, in the rear there's poke rooms,
If they touch you, you won't feel it; try and next get in the Tombs;
Then go down to City Hall and count the bums that's in the park,
Look up at the *World* building, you'll get dizzy as a gaik.

On the Bridge you walk to Brooklyn, Coney Island take the train,
Why not, while you're at the Island, go and see John Y. McKane?
John will make it pleasant for you, I don't see why John Y. can't,
If you're drunk or if you're sober, he'll show you the Elephant.

Then jump on the iron steamer, you will have a pleasant sail,
But when you're mixing in with people do not mix in with mixed ale;
Take the cable back to Bowery, walk around and see the sights,
If the Night Owls are in the London, go and see the girls in tights.

Go through Houston, go through Bleecker, South Fifth ave., Thompson st.,
No matter, try and not get twisted while you're tramping on that beat;
If you're lost ask some policeman show you up to Union Square,
Stand around Joe Schmidt's awhile, you're apt to meet Jim Richmond there.

If you're up Broadway drop in Nick Engle's, that's a nice place for to go,
Buy a drink, then while you're waiting you see lots of folks you know;
But if you're locked out, go to Proctor's, sleepy, tired, and nearly dead,
After Proctor's go to breakfast, after breakfast go to bed.

Looking for Something Like That.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

While singing this evening I'll not get too gay,
For you're looking for something like that,
I'll give you some ginger, that is, in a way,
If you're looking for something like that.
What you hear will not shock you, you needn't turn pale,
This song for to please you I know it won't fail,
It's like wide cars you see on a narrow gauge rail,
If you're looking for something like that.

CHORUS.

Well, you're looking for something like that,
You're looking for something like that;
I'll fool you right here, for you got the wrong steer
When you're looking for something like that.

There's nine out of ten, we will say, in a pinch,
That are looking for something like that;
You're all right in line and I know it's a cinch,
When you're looking for something like that.
You'll listen to anything chock full of spice,
And when you don't get it you're chilly as ice,
Well, I know how to do it and give it out nice,
If you're looking for something like that.

CHORUS.

Oh, you're looking for something like that,
I'll gamble it's something like that:
Now I'll have to decline, for it's out of my line,
If you're waiting for something like that.

To-day I was very near choked for a drink,
I was looking for something like that;
When I braced the bartender and gave him the wink,
He tumbled to something like that.
He picked up a bottle before I could sneak,
Then he squirted the seltzer right up in my cheek,
Then my face and my whiskers they started to leak,
I was looking for nothing like that.

CHORUS.

I was looking for nothing like that,
I was dreaming of nothing like that;
Says a bum at the door that just got it before,
"I was looking for something like that."

For instance, a lady you pass on the street,
You're looking for something like that;
You stare in her face and you gaze at her feet,
If you're looking for something like that.
She might turn around, and perhaps she might stop,
She might spring that old chess, let her handkerchief drop,
It's your cue if you're chasing, just follow her up,
She's looking for something like that.

CHORUS.

If you're looking for something like that,
If you're looking for something like that,
I needn't tell you, for you know what to do,
When you're flirting with ladies like that.

I'll go home and my wife she'll start in with her speech,
I am waiting for something like that;
And you ought to hear her, you'd say she's a peach,
You've heard lectures, but nothing like that.
Ten yards is the distance I generally keep,
Or else with a flat-iron behind me she'll creep,
Should she swing and she'd hit me she puts me to sleep,
Well, I am looking for something like that.

CHORUS.

When she soaks me it's something like that,
She can upper-cut something like that;
When I stay out too late and come home with a skate,
I am sure to get something like that.

At the front door she'll kiss you good-bye in the morn,
"Good-bye, love," or something like that;
And she tells you how lonely she is when you're gone,
She's sure to spring something like that.
And scarcely before you get out of the block
Around at the back door somebody will knock,
But whatever I tell you, don't take any stock,
I am looking for something like that.

CHORUS.

I am looking for something like that,
I've often been looking for that;
Well, it's better, of course, for to get a divorce,
When they're keeping you guessing like that.

—"What do you want?" asked the housewife. "Suthin' to eat." "I haven't anything in the house except some bread and corned beef. Do you want some of that?" "No," he said sadly. "I guess I'll move on. It 'ud be a pity ter waste sech a fine appetite on sech poor vittles."

Parody on:

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

Written by William Jerome.

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Some folks seem to take life easy, others take whate'er they can,
Some take wives because it's cheaper, and live on the instalment plan;
I have got a brother Charlie, and his wife she works all day,
While he stays home and works the growler, spending all his darling's pay.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to ramble or to roam;
With the growler by his side, and a lovely flowing tide,
There's no place like home, sweet home.

Now his face with joy is beaming, always has a funny gag,
Tells his friends who call to see him, life is just one joyous jag;
His poor wife she has to hustle, for he's as lazy as a Turk,
And he says the doctors told him that he was too strong to work.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to ramble or to roam;
And for sure he'd work no more, he nailed his shoes down to the floor,
And there's no place like home, sweet home.

THE LAZY MAN.

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Written and sung by Jas. McAvoy.

Kind friends listen to me about a week,
All those who haven't time to wait had better take a sneak;
When I sung all the ladies wept and cried and went in black,
Boys cried, and men they cried, to get their money back.
The first time I sung it all the gallery fell asleep,
They started in a-snoring, like a lot of lazy sheep;
I fired off a cannon, but I couldn't make them hear,
And the only thing that woke them up was when I hallooed "beer!"

I'll sing about a lazy man, his name was Lazy Dick,
He took an oath when he was born he'd never work a lick;
He was so infernal lazy that he wouldn't eat his grub,
And he wouldn't move a step unless you hit him with a club.
Too lazy for to light his pipe, too lazy for to kick,
And when he couldn't lay awake he couldn't lay a brick;
Too lazy for to shiver and too lazy for to shake,
And of all the lazy people, Lazy Dick he took the cake.

Too lazy for to whistle and too lazy for to sing,
He got so awful lazy that he couldn't do a thing;
Too lazy for to catch a cold, too lazy for to cry,
At last he got too lazy for to wink his other eye.
He got too lazy for to gape—he could, but very slow,
And his face it got so lazy that his whiskers wouldn't grow;
His father hired a lazy man to help him for to think,
But he always straightened up when some one asked him take a drink.

It would take a couple of quarts of booze to get him assified,
Too lazy to refuse a drink until he got his tide;
And when he'd get his lazy load you'd never hear him squeal,
And every time he'd miss a drink we'd slap him on the heel.
Too lazy for to take a bath, he never changed his clothes,
And he'd never change his mind until they wet him with the hose;
He'd lay in bed and starve to death, he was a lazy mope,
He'd dream that he was hungry and get up and eat the soap.

He flirted with the chambermaid, and married her, they say,
But he was too tired and lazy for to name the wedding day;
And the very day he married her, so all the papers say,
He tried to hire a man to go to church and take his place.
Too lazy to remember that he married Mary Ann,
When they woke him up and told him that he was a married man,
Too lazy for to realize exactly what he did,
He swears it never happened, it was only for a kid.

Then they sent him to the lazy house, where all the lazy lay,
A jury and a lazy Judge they gave him ninety days;
They arrested him for sleeping, for it was a lazy crime,
Then the Judge he gave him ninety more for sleeping over time.
The doctor said that laziness had filled him with the gout,
And when his time was up he was too lazy to come out;
His clothes they grew too tight to him, that was his excuse,
So the jailer ripped him up the back and had to turn him loose.

Too lazy for to take a car, he had to take the track,
He put his left foot out in front and couldn't get it back;
The other foot it staid behind and couldn't move a peg,
He was too lazy for to ask somebody to push or pull his leg.
A cop went up and asked him if he'd try and lift his feet,
He said he couldn't move a foot, they'd have to move the street;
So they lit a keg of dynamite, they lit it on the square,
And it blew the street from under him and left him in the air,

It blew him up a half a mile above the City Hall,
He won't come down because he is too lazy for to fall;
And a man that makes the rain is faking up a thunder shower,
And if lightning ever hits him he'll be back in half an hour.
You can see him through a telescope, he's up there in the sky,
Dynamite it didn't kill him, he's too lazy for to die;
The papers said, while walking on a cloud he slipped and fell,
And if he doesn't go to heaven, let him go to—church.

The Girl That Broke the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

As sung by Geo. H. Diamond.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

You've all heard of the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo;
Soon he met a New York girl, she set him in a whirl,
Then over head and ears in love with her he quickly sank, [cannot blame.
And the most of you would do the very same, so this naughty little girl you

CHORUS.

He bought her lots of diamond rings, a sealskin sacque or two,
All his money in he blew, but she stuck to him like glue;
Her heart was true, it was no joke, so modest was the girl that broke
The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.
She took him down to Guttenberg and blew in all his tin
On a horse that didn't win, but she didn't care a pin;
She would sit and grin at the silly bloke, so charming was the girl that broke
The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

Next she introduced him to a cousin, a very nice young man,
But he fancied that he wore rings he'd given her before;
Then he wined her, and he dined her, and champagne like water ran,
And his leg she kept on pulling more and more.

CHORUS.

He bought her pugs and poodles while the happy moments passed,
Her eyes on him were cast, she wondered would it last.
From his dream of joy he never woke; "he's an angel," said the girl that broke
The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.
She took him out one "bargain day," and trotted him about,
Where girls who "cash" did shout, where the folks drop in and out;
Since then his vest he had to soak, but *she* owns the store, the girl that broke
The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

ITALIAN JOE.

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Written by Hovey Cook.

Who he was I couldn't tell you, where he came from I don't know,
The boys about here called him Big Italian Joe.
He struck here one May morning, just at the break of day,
He'd no trunk, no grip, no nothing, but he said he came to stay.

He got work from old Bill Mathew, down at Bill's "Kitty" claim,
Bill he called it the "Kitty" 'cause that was his daughter's name.
Joe was a queer young fellow, he lived alone on Deadman's Hill,
On the door of his hut his name he cut, and it's on the door, pard, still.

He was one of those dark-skinned fellows, with eyes as black as night,
And it didn't take much to vex him, and when vexed, well, he could fight;
He didn't pal with the boys much, and didn't smoke, chew or drink,
And he spoke but very little, and moved as quick as a wink.

Bill Mathew's daughter Kitty was quite the proper sort,
Bill thought her a perfect angel, and quite right indeed he thought;
She was a young miss, scarcely twenty, a sort of wild miss, you know,
She'd kept house for Bill since her mother died, in the valley down below.

Bill one day went down to Reno, just a short way east of here,
The day, pard, was very cloudy, and a storm was very near;
That night it stormed and thundered, and Bill hadn't come back yet,
I was standing in "The Tavern," when Kitty came in all wet.

"What time is it, Jim?" she said to me. "Just half-past ten," I said,
"And what are you doing out, sis? why, you should be home, in bed."
"I can't sleep to-night," she said, "Jim, I'm left all alone, you know;
Dad's not back from Reno yet, I think he's very slow."

Just then the door flew open, and in staggered her father, Bill,
His face all cuts and bleeding, in fancy I see it still.
"My child!" he cried; "Where's Kitty?" Then on the floor he fell.
Kitty beside him knelt, and cried: "Who did it, dad? Come, tell!"

"Yes, Bill," I said, "who did it?" "I'd a little fight," said he,
"And the other man, damn him, he got the best of me.
It happened at the ford, Jim, just a little while ago;
'Twas only a little quarrel 'twixt me and Italian Joe.

"I'd just a few words with him, and I started to go my way,
When I turned my back he sprung on me, like a coyote on his prey.
I tried hard to best him, pard, I knew I'd to fight for life,
I had the cur near whipped, pard, when he drew a knife."

Bill staggered to his feet, then, and cried, "I cannot see!
Kill the Italian cur, pard! Down him, he's killed me!
It was all on account of Kitty, he wanted her for his wife;
'Cause I said he couldn't have her, he stabbed me with a knife.

"I know it's all up with me, pard; look after her, won't you, Jim?
She'll be left all alone when I'm gone; keep her away from him.
My God! boys, I'm going. Kitty, my child," he cried;
The girl she caught him in her arms, and in her arms he died.

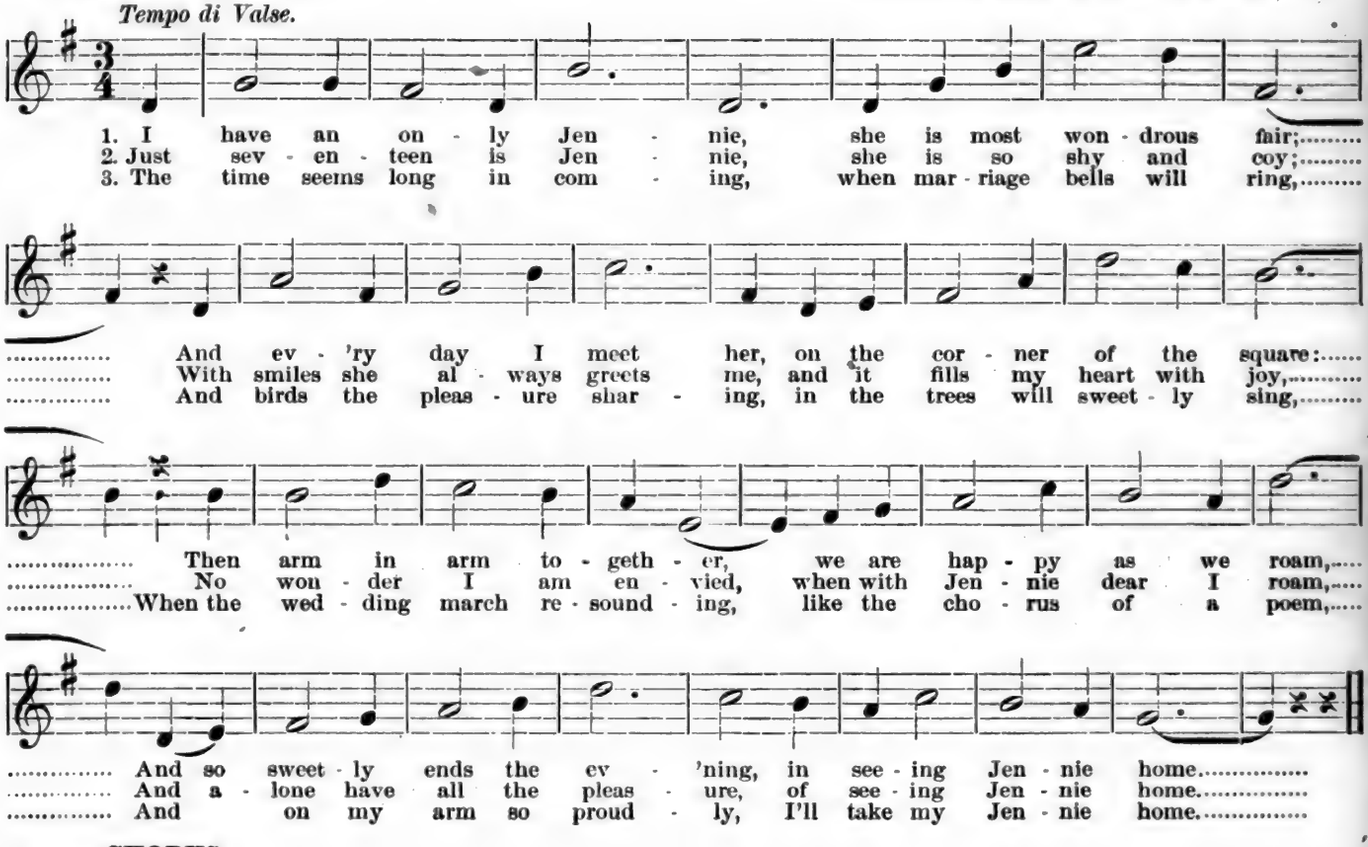
Kitty, poor child, she wept and wept, look, after the death of Bill,
And one day, poor girl, she passed away; she's buried on yonder hill.
And the Italian cur who killed her dad, what became of him? I don't know,
But the boys about Lonely Camp remember Italian Joe.

SEEING JENNIE HOME.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Arr. by F. W. MEACHAM. Words and Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Valse.



CHORUS.



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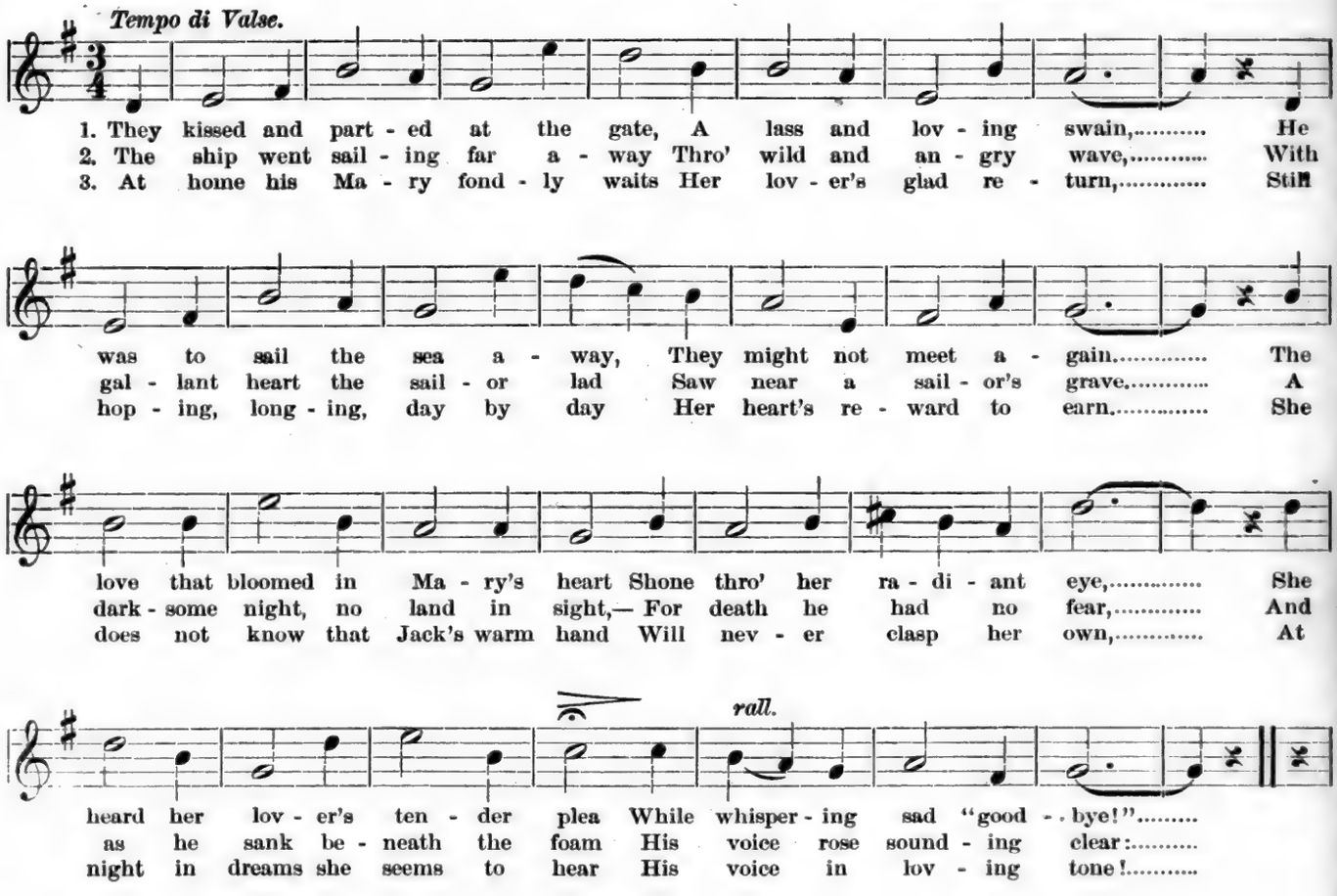
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DON'T FORGET ME, MARY!

Song and Chorus.

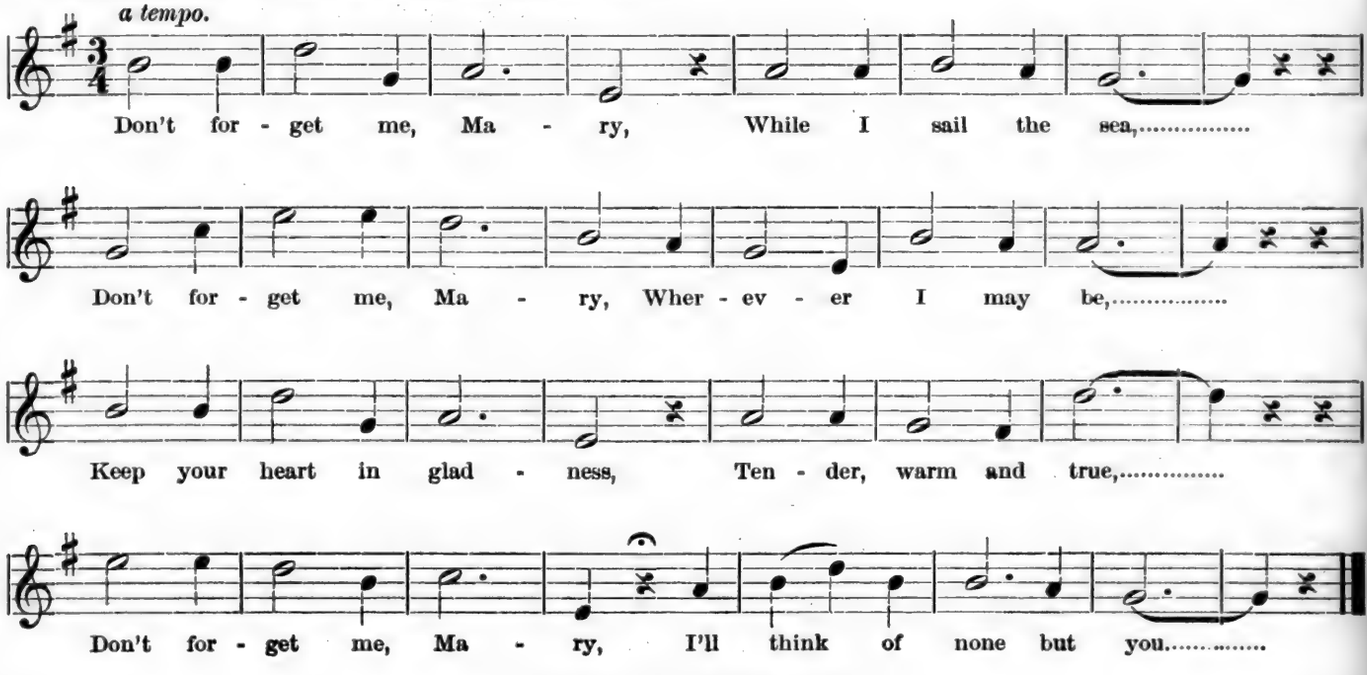
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CHORUS. *After third verse sing Chorus pianissimo.*

a tempo.



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HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

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1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry sp'ings
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 Ic discovered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange-grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Masse's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play?
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Ballyhooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says McGinty
1180 A dreadful accident
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone singer
1182 Sunday-school scholar
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go now
1189 We've all had 'em
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old dudeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeeper's commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countre
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Tu-ra-ra boom der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait a while
1308 Maiden and the lamb [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Ta-ra-ra-boom-
1310 Man that broke the bank at MonteCarlo
1311 He never cares to wander from his own
1312 Miner's dream of home [fireside
1313 Polly O'Neil
1314 He was a soldier
1315 Oh, ta-ra-ra
1316 Ting-a-ling-ting-tay
1317 Country girl
1318 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow
1319 Sweet Nellie Bawn
1320 There is a stranger's face in heaven now
1321 I'll never go there again
1322 When the days grow longer
1323 Where the chicken got the axe
1324 After the ball
1325 Ginger
1326 Kiss my dear old mother, Jack
1327 Still the world goes on [over here
1328 I'm the man that brought Columbus
1329 I loved you better than you knew
1330 You can't stop her
1331 Bowery
1332 Afterwards
1333 Widow
1334 Reuben and Cynthia
1335 Out for a racket
1336 Kiss, and let's make up
1337 Columbus was an Irishman
1338 A pretty girl
1339 Love me little, love me long
1340 Two little girls in blue
1341 Daisy Bell
1342 She is my pic nic girl
1343 Oh, promise me
1344 When summer comes again
1345 Always mind your sister, Jennie
1346 Volunteer Organist (ought to be
1347 One of his legs is longer than it really
1348 In the bright moonlight
1349 Widow's plea for her son
1350 Hearts
1351 Keep the home together
1352 Tom and I'll go too
1353 I love you in spite of all
1354 They all take after me
1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Georgie
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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,
130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 125 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

PHILADA. AGENCY:
W. B. HUBBS,

CARRIE.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

Come, boys, and listen; don't turn away,
While I tell of a belle so neat and gay—
These words were spoken to his chums by Ned,
And, with a laugh, a photograph he showed them and said:

CHORUS.

That's my darling Carrie, the girl I mean to marry;
Every evening, just at eight, standing by the garden gate
With my darling Carrie, so happily we tarry;
Oh, what bliss in just one kiss from Carrie.

Each lad pronounced her handsome and fair;
Some one said, when you're wed we'll all be there.
Now, boys, you know her, softly murmured Ned,
And pointing to the picture fair, he smiled as he said:—*Chorus.*

FLOWERY COURTSHIP.

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Words by Thos. LeMack. Music by Andrew Mack.

As two fond lovers chanced to stray beneath the sun's bright ray,
With fondest love-light beaming in their eyes,
To a quiet shade, it seemed that nature made,
For him to woo and win his pretty prize.
The flowers all seemed to be courting and to lover's ways resorting,
There within his mind a thought arose,
And the action of the flowers that grew in nature's bowers
Had imbued it with a courage to propose.

CHORUS.

Those were golden hours, cherished in love's memory;
The flowers seemed contented, all in peaceful harmony.
Watching flowers making love, quite contented he says,
"Love, I'll be true to thee."—[*Dance.*]

The pretty morning-glory to the pink had told the story,
How its heart was set to marry it some day;
Lovely, blushing rose lacked courage to propose
Till daffodil had cheered it in its way.
The pretty dandelion for some one to love was sighing,
While the violet seemed prone to share its fate;
And the rose and pink carnation held lover's consultation,
While the lily claimed the tulip for its mate.—*Chorus.*

THE FATAL WEDDING.

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Words by W. H. Windom. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The wedding bells were ringing on a moonlight winter's night,
The church was decorated, all within was gay and bright;
A mother with her baby came and saw the lights aglow;
She thought of how those same bells chimed for her three years ago!
"I'd like to be admitted, sir," she told the sexton old,
"Just for the sake of baby, to protect him from the cold."
He told her that the wedding there was for the rich and grand,
And with the eager, watching crowd, outside she'd have to stand.

REFRAIN.

While the wedding bells were ringing, while the bride and groom were there,
Marching up the aisle together, as the organ pealed an air;
Telling tales of fond affection, vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding, just another broken heart.

She begged the sexton once again to let her pass inside—
For baby's sake you may step in the gray-haired man replied.
"If any one knows reason why this couple should not wed,
Speak now, or hold your peace forever," soon the preacher said.
"I must object," the woman cried, with voice so meek and mild,
"The bridegroom is my husband, sir, and this our little child."
"What proof have you," the preacher asked. "My infant," she replied.
She raised her babe, then knelt to pray, the little one had died.—*Refrain.*

The parents of the bride then took the outcast by the arm—
We'll care for you through life, they said; you've saved our child from harm;
The outcast wife, the bride and parents, quickly drove away;
The husband died by his own hand before the break of day.
No wedding feast was spread that night, two graves were made next day—
One for the little baby, and in one the father lay.
The story has been often told, by firesides warm and bright,
Of bride and groom, of outcast, and the fatal wedding night.—*Refrain.*

SEEING JENNIE HOME.

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Words and Music by Geo. C. Edwards. Arranged by F. W. Meacham.

I have an only Jennie, she is most wondrous fair,
And ev'ry day I meet her on the corner of the square;
Then arm in arm together we are happy as we roam,
And so sweetly ends the evening in seeing Jennie home.

CHORUS.

Seeing Jennie home, oh, what joy it gives me;
Heart so true, eyes so blue, golden hair has my Jennie.
Seeing Jennie home, oh, what joy it gives me;
Ev'ry night 'tis my delight seeing Jennie home.

Just seventeen is Jennie, she is so shy and coy,
With smiles she always greets me, and it fills my heart with joy;
No wonder I am envied when with Jennie dear I roam,
And alone have all the pleasure of seeing Jennie home.—*Chorus.*

The time seems long in coming when marriage bells will ring,
And birds, the pleasure sharing, in the trees will sweetly sing;
When the wedding march resounding like the chorus of a poem,
And on my arm so proudly I'll take my Jennie home.—*Chorus.*

The Christening of Maggie's Baby.

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Words and Music by Lew H. Carroll.

Just three years ago pretty Maggie Maguire
Was married to Michael McGee;
They have a sweet baby the neighbors admire,
As cute as the cutest could be;
The night that they christened the dear little lad,
The parents with happiness smiled;
They welcomed their friends as they entered the cottage,
And sang to the health of the child.

CHORUS.

Baby, you're your papa's joy, and you are your mamma's darling,
Sweet as a rose, with a nice little nose, we hug and caress you,
With kisses we bless you, so rock-a-by baby that's on the tree-top.
Turil-luril la by, with joy and delight we were singing all night,
At the Christening of Maggie's baby.

Before Maggie wed she was greatly admired
By every young lad in the place;
Her ways were so modest, her voice sweet and gentle,
The picture of health was her face;
The boys who had many times asked for her hand
Were present, and pleasantly smiled;
They wished both the mother and father good fortune,
And sang to the dear little child.—*Chorus.*

AND THE PARROT SAID.

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Words and Music by Percy Paxton. Sung by Mr. Charles J. Stine.

I lingered by a cottage door, and a parrot said, * "Come in, come in,"
And a parrot said, "Come in"; the door was open, I walked in,
And I saw standing there a maiden with a dimpled chin,
A-combing her back hair, back hair, a-combing her back hair;
A great surprise was in her eyes, but still she did not frown,
And as I smiled at that dear child, the parrot said, * "Sit down, sit down,"
And the parrot said, "Sit down."

I sat down in her father's chair, and the parrot said, * "Kiss her, kiss her,"
And the parrot said, "Kiss her."; and as the maiden did not speak,
Says I, by Jove, I will; the blush which mantled to her cheek
Made her more lovely still, still, still, made her more lovely still,
And as in haste I grasped her waist, she cried out, No, no, no!
It was so nice, I kissed her twice, and the parrot said, * "Let go, let go,"
And the parrot said, "Let go."

Her father then came rushing in, and the parrot said, * "Sneak out, sneak out,"
And the parrot said, "Sneak out." Her father's voice was like a rasp,
And swearing he began; then I experienced the grasp,
The grasp of an honest man, man, man, the grasp of an honest man;
He hit two blows upon my nose—I feel them to this day;
As out I flew, he kicked me too, and the parrot said, "Good-day, good-day,"
And the parrot said, "Good-day."

* Spoken.

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

By W. R. Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie,
I can't keep it to myself, don't you see;
I m a daisy, you can tell—kin to "Daisy Bell,"
And "Nellie Bawn" as well, sweet Marie.
When I hold your hand in mine, sweet Marie,
A feeling most unkind comes to me;
If my hold I should relax, you'd start in with cruel smacks,
Where the chicken got the axe, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come away, sweet Marie, sweet Marie; I love thee,
Not because your face is fair, for it's not,
But I'm an outcast in the street, I'm so sleepy I can't eat,
That my shoes are full of feet, sweet Marie Scott.

In the morn when I awake, sweet Marie,
Seems to me my head will break, just for glee;
Every wave that shakes the shore you can tell's been there before;
With the "tide in" I adore, sweet Marie.
When the sun sets on the eggs, sweet Marie,
The hens can rest their legs, don't you see;
Every stud that's in my shirt seems to sparkle at the dirt,
And a clean one would not hurt me, sweet Marie.—*Chorus.*

Two Hearts that Can't See the Future.

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Composed by Al. W. Filson.

A bright, yes and balmy, spring morning, the song birds all joyfully trill,
A bridegroom and bride are emerging from the quaint village church on the hill.
The husband, an honest young rustic; the bride's, of the village, the belle,
Their hopes just as bright as the morning, their friends are all wishing them well.

CHORUS.

Two hearts that can't see the future, two hearts in unison throb;
Happy the sweet village maiden, as she leans on the arm of her Bob.

A day of the brightest warm summer, a cottage that's cosy and neat:
The bride sits, while a handsome fellow whispers burning love-words at her feet.
He's well-dressed and hails from the city; she takes one long, last look within;
The tempter has won; more's the pity, she flies with her partner in sin.

CHORUS.

Two hearts that can't see the future, two hearts that sinfully throb;
Pity the poor village maiden, and the crushed, broken heart of her Bob.

A bitter cold night in the winter, the same rustic cottage so neat,
A bright light that shines from the window falls full on a form in the street.
Deserted, from starvation dying, approaching her home with a sob,
Knocks faintly, and as the door opens, falls dead in the arms of her Bob.

CHORUS.

Two hearts, but one's stilled forever, the other gives love's last throb.
In the cold grave of his dear young wife is buried the heart of poor Bob.

Parody on:

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

By W. R. Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The preacher in a village church one Sunday morn did snore,
He could not keep himself awake, was out the night before.
An anxious look swept o'er the face of each person in their pew,
The janitor he watched to see if it swept the carpet, too;
The organist then grabbed the crank and played a tune divine—
He played "We've all been there before—many a time, many a time."
But as he turned the organ crank, the sexton said, "Now, brothers,
I say, let's throw the preacher out, remember 'There are others.'"

CHORUS.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget, as through the door he flew,
And just which one that kicked him most the preacher never knew;
The congregation was amazed, the way he got the sack,
But the preacher of that village church I'm sure will not come back.

Each eye shed tears out in the shed, the growlers all grew pale;
The organist in melody had told the "gang's" life tale.
The sexton passed the plate around—he knew his business, too:
"Though times are hard, put in your change, 'Do, do, my huckelberry, do!'"
And when the first part ended, then came the olio,
The sexton he was counting up, and forgot to close the show;
The congregation kicked at first and cried most bitterly,
And now their legs are longer than they really ought to be.

CHORUS.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget, for they only had the one—
In fact, the entire village was strictly "on the bum";
The congregation congregate around that church each day,
Each volunteers to "rush the can" if any one will pay.

Come Back, Forgive and Forget.

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Written and Composed by Fred Biron.

A letter from my faithless wife—well, what has she to say
After all her cruel falsity to me last Christmas day?
What's this she says? Dear husband: Here in haste I write you this:
"It was my poor, dear brother Jack, the man you saw me kiss.
Poor Jack, accused of forgery, was hiding from the law;
I did not dare to tell you 'twas my brother whom you saw,
But now he's proved his innocence, the guilty have been caught.
I've never been untrue to you, in either deed or thought.

CHORUS.

Come back to me, my darling, come back to me again;
I'm sorry that ever I doubted, sorry I caused you pain:
Life seems so lonely without you, I look on the past with regret;
Come back, come back, darling, forgive and forget.

Twelve months ago to-morrow, I remember well the day,
In a fit of jealous passion mad, I drove my wife away.
Mad! yes, where were my senses when I doubted one so true?
Oh, darling wife, forgive me all the wrong I've done to you.
I doubted you, my darling, and I thought you false to me;
I saw a man embracing you, how could I tell 'twas he,
Your brother Jack, the outcast, whom you had not seen for years;
With curses, how I spurned you, tho' your voice was choked with tears.—*Cho.*

I'm thinking of that morning when so happily I sped
To the old church in the village on the morning we were wed;
The bells were gaily ringing: how I looked on you with pride,
And thought that all the world must envy me my charming bride.
My heart is crushed with anguish, and my poor head aches with pain;
I think of you, my darling, whom I ne'er may see again.
What's this! she says, "Dear husband, take me once more to your heart."
Yes, come to me, my darling, nothing more shall us two part.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY; THE ROSE OF MAYO.

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Written by H. A. Duffy. Composed by J. M. Harrison.

There's a neat little village in County Mayo,
And a girl I know, yes, a girl I know,
A sweet little colleen, in order to meet,
Sure, long miles I'd go, aye, long miles I'd go;
She's got damask cheeks, and a bright winning smile,
No lady of fortune can beat her for style,
To get her we've wandered for many a mile—
I call her the rose of Mayo.

CHORUS.

She's not so short, she's not so tall, she stands about so high,
With hair as black as a raven's wing, and a dark and roguish eye;
She's not too shy, or yet too fly; she's simple as can be:
Such a sweet little, neat little, gay Irish lass, and she's all the world to me.

I have told her the story that never grows old,
'Neath starlit skies, 'neath starlit skies,
And I've watched the red blush mount her delicate cheeks,
Tho' she feigned surprise, tho' she feigned surprise;
My eyes often wandered to her slender waist,
And tho' she demurred, faith, the chance I embraced,
Which means that my arm very quickly I placed
'Round Molly, the rose of Mayo.—*Chorus.*

I have gazed in her face, and I've kissed her sweet lips,
In the same old way, in the same old way,
While the fond, trusting look in her eyes told of love
That will live for aye, that will live for aye:
And long ere the robins will nest in the spring,
You'll hear, in our village, the wedding bells ring,
When, prouder than Lord Mayor or any great king,
I'll marry the rose of Mayo.—*Chorus.*

—A few days ago a Pittsburgh citizen cut into a pound of butter which he had purchased at a grocery whose proprietor does not advertise, and found therein a small tin box, which contained a piece of paper bearing the following, written in a neat feminine hand: "I am a girl, 18 years, good looking, and an excellent housekeeper. Should this be found by some unmarried Christian gentleman, will he please write to the following address, etc." The finder, being a batchelor, decided to unravel the affair, and succeeded, only to destroy the romance. The girl who had written the note had died many years ago, leaving an aged husband and a grown family.—*The Public Herald.*

TELL THEM I'M ALL RIGHT.

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

At a pier in New York, just before she set sail,
Was a steamer preparing to weather the gale.
I stood and I heard two old friends say "good-bye,"
Tho' one, I could see, had a tear in his eye.
The other one, sailing, said, "Cheer up, old boy,
I'll soon send you tidings of comfort and joy;
Your luck will come soon, keep a good level head!"
And the one that was left, to his friend quietly said:

CHORUS.

When you see my dear old mother and my dear old dad,
Make their hearts feel glad—don't tell them that I'm sad;
Don't tell them that this money was the last I had;
Tell them I'm all right.

One more message now I want to give to you, Jack;
Tell sweet Eily O'Moore I'll be soon coming back;
If not, I will bring her right over the sea;
I'm true to her still; tell her be true to me.
Look! here is her keepsake I wear 'round my neck;
And if she were false, all my hopes it would wreck.
Tho' work and good money at present I lack;
And when on the old homestead, remember it, Jack:— *Chorus.*

Now the years passed away, I'd forgotten it all,
When in a great city I happened to call;
On business infent it was that brought me there,
And also in contact with that city's mayor.
At once I could see that I'd met him before;
It was the same boy who had stood by the shore;
His father and mother were with him that day—
Yes, he was the same boy, in New York, I heard say:—*Chorus.*

GO JOIN COXEY'S ARMY.

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By O. DuBois.

I suppose you've heard of Coxey
And his army on the tramp;
'Tis composed of various elements,
From the worker to the scamp.
They are marching on to Washington
Our Congressmen to see;
They propose to change existing laws
To suit us all to a T.

CHORUS.

Then go join Coxey's army, if you want to see the earth;
In a Pullman car you'll ride, with the doors hung on the side,
If you go join Coxey's army.

They have vowed they ne'er will wash their face
Until their journey's o'er,
And I don't think that they'll wash them then,
For they've not done it much before.
They are going to put out greenbacks
On the monthly installment plan.
If you want your share of whisky or beer,
Just follow up Coxey's band.

CHORUS.

Then go join Coxey's army, get your share of eggs and ham;
They give you toast and quail, or thirty days in jail,
If you go join Coxey's army.

And when, upon their uppers,
They will reach the White House door,
And Cleveland reaches for his gun,
They'll travel on some more;
They'll make them work for all they get,
And where will Coxey be then—
He'll be in the stew, and so will you,
If you follow up Coxey's band.

CHORUS.

Then go join Coxey's army, go to Congress with the gang;
They will vote a keg of beer for the tramps that gather there,
If you go join Coxey's army.

Bold warrior Waite, the Governor,
Is setting up a roar;
He has threatened to clean out the government,
Wade up to his knees in gore;
He couldn't raise a corp'rals guard
To carry out his plan;
The people's gone east to march and feast
And follow up Coxey's band.

CHORUS.

Then he'd better go and join Coxey's army, be an officer in the line;
He can work his game of bluff, all the farmers' kids can cuff,
Which he can't do with Uncle Sam's army.

FORGIVE AND MAKE UP AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Castell Brydges.

A little child, with golden hair, asked her papa why he looked so sad;
Oh, tell me a story, do, papa dear, and make my heart feel glad.
My child, he said, I will tell you one, of yourself, your mamma and I—
For truth is stranger than fiction, child, and I cannot tell you a lie.

CHORUS.

Beyond the clouds is sunshine, beyond the storm is peace;
For you and I and mamma to love will never cease.
Though parted by a woman's vow, that vow was all in vain;
You begged your mamma, my darling child, to forgive him and make up again.

Your mamma and I were married, child, and parted when you were born.
We drifted apart for many years, and life seemed all forlorn,
Till one day, child, your mamma and you saw the face you'd long sought in vain;
You begged your mamma, my darling child, to forgive him and make up again.—
Chorus.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF BESSIE STILL REMEMBERS.

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Words and Music by Wm. Beebe.

How well do I remember those happy days of yore,
When Bess and I would romp the fields and valleys o'er and o'er;
I'd tell her how I loved her, and she'd say that she loved me,
Then how we'd plan our honeymoon, how happy we would be;
Now many years have passed and gone since Bess and I were young;
Her heart with love may be entwined, and it may with grief be wrung;
No word from her in these long years that we have been apart,
Still, even now, the mem'ry's fresh when Bess was my sweetheart.

CHORUS.

It seems to me but yesterday, although 'tis years ago,
Since Bessie was my sweetheart, and I was Bessie's beau;
Though time has cooled the ardent love to naught but smouldering embers,
Yet, in my heart, I'd like to know if Bessie still remembers.

As Bess and I grew older, our love the stronger grew,
And when she named the happy day, each promised we'd be true;
We little dreamed of parting, that we'd never meet again,
But, after all, this world is naught but anguish, tears and pain;
Then I was shortly called away, but Bess said: "Please, don't go."
Said I: "Now, Bess, what is the use? I will soon return, you know";
But Bess, in tears, declared she knew that something would occur;
I know it now, and wonder if that mem'ry comes to her.—*Chorus.*

Where Is My Own Love Kate?

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Words by H. W. Delong. Music by A. M. Hall.

De moon am a-shinin' on de big bayou,
De 'gator is a-boomin' to his mate,
De corn tassels shiver de long rows through,
And everything is whisperin' of Kate.
She promised dat she'd meet me right here on de shore,
Where de big gum de water's surface shade,
And I've watched a weary hour, in my dug-out canoe,
For my Kate, my darling dusky maid.

CHORUS.

Where has she wandered? where is my dear?
She said dat she wouldn't make me wait;
For to-night I'll tell my love, and ask her if she'll be
My own wife, my true wife Kate.

Anoder hour is gone an' she don't come,
De moon am a-sinkin' o'er de trees,
De shadders am a-crawlin' 'neath the big black gum,
But I only hear de sighin' ob de breeze.
I've listened for her footstep as light as any fawn's,
For to-night I must surely know my fate.
Oh, why do you linger when my heart is beating so,
My own love, my dear love Kate?—*Chorus.*

What is dat afloatin' down de black bayou?
I'll paddle out and see while I wait;
It looks like a body, it does, dat's true.
O, Hebens! it is, and it's Kate.
She must hab missed her footin' a-comin' to her love,
And so met dis awful fate,
But I'll join you in de stream, death shan't rob me of my sweet,
Ober there you'll be my own dear Kate.—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, OLD KEARSARGE.

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Words and Music by O. DuBois.

Proud vessel, we hail thee; greatest of all, *Kearsarge*, our tribute we pay
To thy true worth, to thy grand might—who could compare in the fray?
Proud Briton's boast as queen of the sea, wrested from her by thy might;
Thousands of creatures by thy great work brought into freedom's light.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, old *Kearsarge*; well done thy work; long to thy mem'ry we'll sing;
Though far from the land of thy glory, still will thy brave name ring.

Mann'd by a crew with hearts stout as oak, commanded with nerve and with brain,
Severe were the lessons it taught to its foes, as proudly it swept o'er the main.
Ne'er was its pennant dipped in defeat, enemy ne'er saw it flee,
Guarded by men 'neath the old starry flag, emblem of liberty.—*Chorus.*

No more gallant name will e'er landed be, no braver ship leave the quay;
The gallant old bark has ended its work, gone to its rest 'neath the sea.
Proud were its days beneath our old flag, great were the vict'ries it won;
Cheerfully award it its laurels, now that its brave course is run.—*Chorus.*

THE WORKINGMAN'S DREAM.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

A workingman came home one night and sat down just to rest,
And while he sat he fell asleep, with sorrow in his breast;
He slept the sleep of honest toil, and willing, working hand,
And in a dream he saw again good fortune in the land.

CHORUS.

He dreamt he saw his faithful wife come smiling to his side,
And 'round him romped his little ones, whose laughter was his pride;
The sun of bright prosperity shone 'round him once again,
But when he woke he sighed, "Alas! my dream was all in vain!"

He heeded not the storm without; through it he'd tried all day
To earn the honest dollar that for food and fire would pay;
His dream was of the children sweet he longed to free from care;
He never thought that they with him such poverty would bear.—*Chorus.*

His wife, with all a mother's love, while tears were in her heart,
Stood silently by while death came in, her babe and her to part.
The man slept on, a peaceful smile upon his rugged face,
His dream was of his little boy and little baby Grace.—*Chorus.*

He woke at last and gazed around upon the cheerless room,
His dream was but a mockery, it brought him deeper gloom;
He looked into the cradle on the waxen face so fair,
The child that he so fondly loved was in the angels' care.—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

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Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."
At the station when he asked her for her name,
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away."

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide:
"Have you seen, my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face,
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and we will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from us you shall roam;
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away."

The Face upon the Barroom Floor.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

The summer eve was balmy and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well nigh filled the barroom on the corner of the square;
And as the songs and stories came upon the twilight air,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed with wistful air.
"A drink!" he cried, "that's what I want—I'm but an artist poor—
Once I was rated clever and my fortune seemed secure,
But never mind the happy past, the days I'll see no more—
Just let me draw a face I knew upon this barroom floor!"

CHORUS.

The face upon the barroom floor, she whom I did adore,
On her fell no blame till a false friend came and entered our cottage door.
Look down at sweet Madeline, forever my heart's bright queen;
That face from my heart nevermore shall depart, the face upon the barroom floor.

"Fill up again, mine host," he said; "put life into my frame;
I'll tell you how it came about, my ruin and my shame:
The picture of a bosom friend, with skill, I painted well;
She, gazing on the dreamy eyes, asked me his name to tell.
I brought him to our cottage door and he lured her from my side,
And with his prey he safely sped across the ocean wide.
You ask me why I drink, and why I'm ragged, rough and poor?
Just look upon that woman's face upon the barroom floor!"—*Chorus.*

"Good friend, another drink, I pray—one more before we part;
I'll draw another picture of the face that's in my heart.
Perhaps it seems unlikely that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman or expect her to love me."
He drained his glass, and, chalk in hand, began again to trace
The shapely lines of beauty of that unforgotten face;
Then, turning 'round with wild eyes they would wish to see no more,
With dying shriek he fell across the face upon the floor."—*Chorus.*

CONVERSATION WATER.

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Words and Music by George Lester.

Don't talk to me of wine,
Tho' old and rare and fine,
I know a drink that puts it in the shade;
'Twill raise your spirits high,
Some people call it "rye,"
It beats the best champagne that e'er was made.
It makes us all agree,
Wherever we may be,
'Tis used by high and low in ev'ry quarter.
It brightens up the eye
And chases every sigh,
That little drop of "conversation water."

CHORUS.

Conversation water, so full of joy and cheer
For every father, mother, son and daughter—
Wherever we may go, there's music in its flow—
That glorious old "conversation water."

It fills the heart with cheer,
It never brings a tear,
'Tis joy with friends to pass the bottle 'round;
It makes a meal digest,
At night it gives us rest,
A finer nectar never could be found.
Just take it cold or hot,
It's sure to "touch the spot,"
It beats your lager beer or ale or porter.
In fancy style or plain,
It soothes your every pain—
That pleasant little "conversation water."—*Chorus.*

I loved a lady fair,
Who had me in despair
With all her fascinations and her wiles—
My courage oozed away,
I knew not what to say,
She drove me to distraction with her smiles.
At last the spell I broke,
And boldly out I spoke.
She drank with me of something that I brought her.
She vowed, with voice divine,
That she'd be ever mine—
I captured her with "conversation water."—*Chorus.*

Now we are man and wife
And lead a happy life,
Although, of course, we have our little cares.
At night, if I am late,
For me she'll fondly wait,
And listen for my footstep on the stairs.
Sometimes I may be tired,
Or joyously inspired,
Or feel inclined a regiment to slaughter—
If she begins to cry,
Or ask the reason why,
I say, "My dear, it's conversation water."—*Chorus.*

NORAH AROON.

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Words and Music by O. DuBois.

A sweet little daisy grew down in the dell,
Near the old-fashioned cottage that we loved so well;
I watched as it budded into its full bloom;
'Twas meant for a gift to my Norah Aroon.
We soon would be wedded, my Norah and I;
Our cot was all fixed up so fine,
And I longed for the day when I'd call her my own,
Then I'd give her the daisy, my Norah Aroon.

But, alas! the sweet dream was ne'er to come true,
For one fateful day, which I've ne'er ceased to rue,
The dark rushing river took from me my bride,
My darling, my Norah, my life's hope and pride.
The stream kept its treasure; no more have we seen
Her fair face so loving and sweet.
The daisy I plucked and placed over my heart,
In mem'ry of Norah, sweet Norah Aroon.

DAINTY GLADYS.

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Words and Music by Richard Stockton.

I know a dainty little maid, whose greatest joy in life
Is just to work and work away, cares naught for pleasures rife.
Each evening to the theatre she goes, but not for fun,
And quietly homeward wends her way after the play is done.

CHORUS.

Gladys, Gladys, dainty Gladys, eyes of chestnut hue,
Everybody loves you, because you are kind and true;
Gladys, Gladys, lovely Gladys, with your fairy smile,
Earth around me seems like heaven when you are there awhile.

Her gentle and her winsome ways ne'er failed to win a heart,
And every one who sees her play, has praises for her art.
True worth alone will tell at last—so, some bright day, I ween,
We'll see our dainty little lassie reiguing as a queen.—*Chorus.*

Oh, darling, let these words of mine be murmured soft and low,
And let the essence of their prayer unto your altar go.
Oh, give me just one little word—yes, do, proud sweetheart, do,
And tell me that you do not mind me saying "I love you."—*Chorus.*

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

The scene is a court-house in Ireland,
Crowded from ceiling to floor
With gentles and commons, all come there to hear
The trial of young Barney Moore.
Now the charge 'gainst the stripling is treason,
And the jury him guilty declare;
The judge is about a long sentence to pass,
When a colleen's voice rings thro' the air:

CHORUS.

"Don't send the cratur to prison, sorr; let justice to mercy yield;
His father is dead, for our Queen fought and bled on a foreign battle-field.
Don't let him break his young heart in jail for a crime he has never done;
Remember, his mother's a widow, and he is a widow's only son."

The judge stays the sentence a moment,
Looks at the colleen so fair,
He says, "Girl, it brings a sharp pang to my heart,
Refusing to grant you your prayer—
'Tis the laws of our country compel me,
And to jail I must send him to-day.
The shriek of the colleen rings thro' that old court,
As she murmurs while fainting away:—*Chorus.*

The piteous appeal of the colleen
Touches a man who stood there—
He cries out, "The pris'ner's not guilty, tho' I,
With others, against him did swear;
'Twas the plot of his rich, scheming rival—
See how he tries to slink from your view!
So, try me for perjury now, if you like,
But give justice where justice is due!"—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, JACK.

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Written and Composed by D. C. Allen.

A pretty little cottage on a bright midsummer's day,
A fond and anxious mother and a father old and gray,
For years they've watched and waited for their only son's return,
Who journeyed to a foreign clime, a fortune for to earn.
"Now soon to you I will return, with wealth and riches, too;
For day by day and week by week I'll save it all for you,"
These were the last words he had said the day he went away,
And as he left his dear old home, he heard his mother say:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, Jack; you are my pride and comfort, so always think of me;
Then when to home you do return, your mother's joy you'll be.
Always be good and honest, whatever may betide,
So, in my dying moments, you'll be at my side."

A noisy, crowded city, in a distant foreign clime,
A youth of young and tender years convicted of a crime;
His promises were broken, to temptation he gave way,
And to a prison cell was sent, for five long years to stay;
He thought of mother's kindly words when from home he did start,
And knew that if she heard the news 'twould surely break her heart;
His conscience told him he'd done wrong, no friends had he that day,
And now he'd freely give his life to hear his mother say:—*Chorus.*

When from the prison he was freed, to home he did return;
His golden dreams of youth had fled, and love for her did burn;
He'd try and lead a better life and stay with mother dear,
But little did he think that day her end was drawing near.
At last he reached his dear old home, and stood at mother's side;
She pressed him to her bosom and, with tears of joy, she cried,
Then clasped her arms about him and her spirit passed away,
And as he kissed her dying lips, he thought he heard her say:—*Chorus.*

COME DOWN, McGINNIS.

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Written and Composed by Wm. Gilligan. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

McGinnis drove a coal cart and a steady man was he,
He never drank a drop at all, for fear he couldn't see;
His wife was superstitious, and she brought him up the same;
So he had a sign for everything that happened.
While riding on a ton of coal one wet and stormy day,
The street caved in, the horse fell through, Mac looked down in dismay;
He went and got a block and fall, to hoist the quadruped,
When he heard a voice below that made him tremble:

CHORUS.

Come down, McGinnis; I'm waiting for you daily;
Come down, McGinnis, and don't you break away;
Although your mind is nisy, I know you will go crazy,
Come down, McGinnis, I want you.

His horse was gone, he lost his job, but yet did not despair;
He went to work along the docks with strapping Paddy Clare;
A sloop was anchored at the pier, her cargo out of sight,
So they buckled down like troopers in a battle.
While hoisting up a load of brick, the sling was seen to sway,
The derrick creaked, the rope got slack, the whole thing gave away,
Poor Paddy landed through the hatch, a total wreck was he,
When McGinnis heard the same familiar warning:—*Chorus.*

From that he went to laboring with shovel and a pick,
Along with some Italians, and he was the only mick;
They worked down in a sand-bank, making sixty cents a day;
But he bossed the gang, so everything went lovely;
He ordered them to dig down deep, but quicker than a flash,
The bank caved in, but he was saved—it was an awful crash;
He then began to dig them out, and thought he'd find them dead,
But they whispered through a sewer-pipe beneath him:—*Chorus.*

At last he gave up working, and was taken sick to bed;
His wife did everything she could to suit his raving head;
He yelled all night, he yelled all day, his lungs were growing sore;
Sure she knew he couldn't linger now much longer;
She brought his friends to see him just before he passed away;
He leaned upon his elbow, and he said he'd like to stay;
But just as he expired, sure they heard the welcome call
From the regions down beneath the land and water:—*Chorus.*

—"Pardon me," said Senatorial Courtesy to Senatorial Conservatism, "but I think you and I have family ties." "We have," answered Senatorial Conservatism, "and we must take pains to keep them in the family."

We Crossed the Atlantic Together.

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Words and Music by George E. Peters. Arranged by Miss May E. Smith.

You ask to know how first I met sweet Maggie while at sea—
Deep in my mem'ry linger yet those days so dear to me:
On deck, one day, a fair, young maid stood weeping and alone;
I gently asked what troubles weighed—what loss did she bemoan.

CHORUS.

Strangers at first, but lovers at last, we crossed the Atlantic together;
Happy are we, forgetting the past—all sunshine, with no cloudy weather.
When lovely Maggie becomes my wife, we'll cross the storm-beaten sea of life;
Love lands us ashore, quite safe as of yore, when we crossed the Atlantic together.

The pretty maiden sobbed and sighed as tho' her heart would break;
Her father had but lately died aboard the good ship *Flake;*
She was a lonely orphan maid, without one trusting friend;
I kindly proffered her my aid until the journey's end.—*Chorus.*

As time went on, we met again, quite warm our friendship grew;
Mere friends not long did we remain till we were lovers true.
The good ship brought us safe ashore, we parted for a time,
But soon we'll meet to part no more, sweet Maggie will be mine.—*Chorus.*

You Might Fool a Young Man Once, but You Cannot Fool Him Twice.

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Words and Music by Sig. S. Schiff. Arranged by Eugene Angell.

You girls you are such pretty things, you're always on the catch;
You think you can do everything and cannot find your match,
But you'll be surely badly left when a man you'll find
Who will not spend his hard-earned cash and then be left behind.

CHORUS.

Now, why don't you try to be good and listen to what I say—
Do not flirt with every man; you'll find it does not pay;
But you think you know it all, you'll not listen to advice—
You might fool a young man once, but you cannot fool him twice.

Once I strolled out in the park for a quiet walk,
I met a little lady fair, we had a pleasant talk;
She promised she would go next day to a social hop,
But she was like the rest of you and never did show up.—*Chorus.*

I fell in love with another girl, she promised to be mine;
I treated her to many things like ice cream, beer and wine;
Then she bought dresses, jewelry—for them dear I paid—
She gave me then the grand G. B., and this is what I said:—*Chorus.*

SOMETIMES;

— OR: —

My Little Sweetheart She'll Be Always.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Graham. Arranged by William Loraine.

Sometimes at night I sit alone and ponder;
Mem'ry goes back thro' the vista of the past—
Dreaming at will, at heart I often wonder,
Does some one know how I love her to the last?
Sometimes I dream that she still wanders thro' the heather,
Down by the river, where the moonlight plays;
Though she, perhaps, forgets the hours we spent together—
My little sweetheart she will be always.

REFRAIN.

Sometimes I think of the fair, sweet face I knew in the long ago,
With bonnie brown eyes and a form of grace, and good little heart, I know;
Sometimes I think that she loved me then, in those olden, golden days;
'Tis the story of first love over again—my little sweetheart she'll be always.

Sometimes I wish we ne'er had met each other
Down by the stream, where we watched the moonlight play—
Sometimes I hope she never loved another—
Longing the while that we meet again some day;
Eyes that were bright may then be dim with age and sorrow;
Hearts that were true, remember what love says:
Tho' we should part for years or meet again to-morrow—
My little sweetheart she will be always.—*Refrain.*

RUTH AND I.

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Words and Music by O. DuBois.

The world seems fair and smiling to lovers in their youth,
The sun so bright, the sky so light, to me and my darling Ruth.
We met at the seashore a short year ago—
Bold cupid, he dealt us a sudden, swift blow,
And from that blest moment, the fairest I know,
We were sweethearts, my Ruth and I.

CHORUS.

Then those who've had that feeling, been right deep in love,
Felt the sweet thought stealing gently from above,
They know the bliss of loving, all the ecstacy,
Given to such sweethearts as fair Ruth and I.

And now my Ruth has promised that she my bride will be;
Where first we met, we'll ne'er forget, we'll marry by the sea.
She gives me her hand, her future, her life,
And well will I strive to protect her, my wife;
I'll guard her from danger, the world and its strife,
My dear heart, my Ruth and I.—*Chorus.*

I'll Give You a Lock of My Hair.

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Words and Music by George Trebel.

Eyes so blue, heart so true, little maiden fair,
To my heart you've brought much sorrow;
If your heart I could but borrow,
I would see if for me you a little care;
If you love me, send to me a lock of your golden hair.

REFRAIN.

Shyly, thus she replied, "Oh! sir, do sir, pity my pride;
If it you'll truly wear, then I will give you a lock of my hair."

Lock of gold, what a hold you have on my life;
Had I but the head that bore thee,
How my heart would warm with glee,
But far away she must stay, ne'er will be my wife;
Still you loved me when you sent a lock of your golden hair.

REFRAIN.

When life's labor is past, when we've reached our goal at last,
And when I meet you there, then I'll return you this lock of your hair.

A PLAIN LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

We've heard very often in story and song
Of girls who were ideal beauties;
There's one little girl whom I know is not so,
But she always attends to her duties;
With her old widowed mother she lives near town,
In a home that is happy, without a frown;
And when on a Sunday she's walking with me,
Dressed up in her best, she's a pleasure to see.

REFRAIN.

She's only a plain little Irish girl, who faithfully toils for her mother;
I'm going to win this precious pearl, for I know she loves no other;
No lass have I seen like this little colleen, my brain she has set in a whirl;
Like the stars up above her, I treasure and love her, this plain little Irish girl.

Of course, when we're married we'll have our own home;
'Twill always be bright and merry;
I know it will be just like Eden for me,
With a helpmate that's never contrary;
And a nice little fortune I'll lay away,
So we're always prepared for a rainy day;
And after our wedding there's none who can blame
If we take our Sunday excursion the same.—*Refrain.*

—"Do you believe in workingmen?" "You bet I do. I believe in working them whenever I can."—*Toledo Blade.*

HATS OFF TO ME.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm a high-toned darkey wid de eel-skin hair,
And summer-colored trousers, very light;
A big white spark in my bosom dar,
A-shining like a 'lectric light.

REFRAIN.

When I go on de avenue, it's how-de, how-de-do?
It's dar you'll see, just after tea, dey take off their hats to me.

CHORUS.

Den it's hats off, hats off, hats off to me,
I'm eighteen carat, away up in C;
Up town or down town, 'round town or cross town,
Hats off, hats off, hats off to me.

I've a black silk beaver, and it fits my head,
A satin umbrella, very neat;
A gold-headed cane and a necktie red,
When strolling up and down de street.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Oh, I bow to ladies with a debsart smile,
And hold a conversation superfine;
The real coon swell, oh, they take my style,
For fashion I'm a walking sign.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

DE RAINBOW ROAD.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Get ready for to travel de rainbow road;
It's made of golden gravel, de rainbow road;
Oh, keep a-climbing higher, de rainbow road;
Good children never tire on de rainbow road.

CHORUS.

Oh, weary pilgrims, Gabriel's army,
When de silver trumpet blow'd,
Children in de golden sunset
Travel by de rainbow road.

Oh, goodness, ain't it sunny? de rainbow road;
Won't cost you any money, de rainbow road;
Fiery steeds am flying, de rainbow road;
De sinners am a-sighing on de rainbow road.—*Chorus.*

Oh, hear dem wings a-flapping, de rainbow road;
De spirits am a-rapping, de rainbow road;
No apple-jack and onions, de rainbow road;
You never get no bunions on de rainbow road.—*Chorus.*

Old Peter's bell am ringing, de rainbow road;
Celestial choir am singing, de rainbow road;
De wicked in a flutter, de rainbow road;
Dey have to skip de gutter on de rainbow road.—*Chorus.*

DANNY BY MY SIDE.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Brooklyn Bridge on Sunday is known as lover's lane,
I stroll there with my sweetheart, oh, time and time again;
Oh, how I love to ramble, oh, yes, it is my pride,
Dressed in my best, each day of rest, with Danny by my side.

CHORUS.

Then, oh, my, do try, take in the bridge on a Sunday,
Laughing, chaffing, happy the lovers go by;
Moonlight, starlight, watching the silvery tide,
Dressed in my best, each day of rest, with Danny by my side.

The mothers with their children go out to take the air,
From tenement and alley, a pleasure, oh, so rare;
It's there the poor and lowly all watch the river glide,
What joy to me such sights to see, with Danny by my side.—*Chorus.*

The picnic barge so gayly goes sailing down the bay,
We see the flags a-flying, and hear the music play;
Yes, there upon the water, where ships at anchor ride,
They shout with glee, it's joy to me, with Danny by my side.—*Chorus.*

The sportsman and the preacher, the dandy with his bean,
We see a-promenading, as to and fro they go;
They come from every nation that's o'er the ocean wide,
Oh, how they stare when I walk there, with Danny by my side.—*Chorus.*

THE PRIDE OF THE BALL.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

Fancy could picture no grander sight, 'twas a fairy scene,
And o'er all she reigned like a queen.
Countless the hearts that were lost that night—lost beyond recall—
To this fair one—pride of the ball.

REFRAIN.

Proudly she reigned like a queen upon her throne;
Cheeks that were flushed like a rose in heaven grown;
Graceful and fair, she was loved and wooed by all;
She stole my heart, the pride of the ball.

Envied by all when she waltzed with me, happy then was I;
Golden moments, they seemed to fly.
I held her hand in mine tenderly, gliding 'round the hall,
With my loved one—pride of the ball.—*Refrain.*

Slowly we strolled from the surging crowd to the garden fair;
Then I asked if hope I might dare;
Gently her graceful head she bowed; one word—"yes"—was all;
I had won the pride of the ball.—*Refrain.*

JUST ACROSS FROM JERSEY.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Dar's a town dat's mighty high, just across from Jersey;
We'll get over dar by'm by, just across from Jersey;
I b'lieve dey calls it old New York, just across from Jersey,
It's dar dese people gwine to talk, just across from Jersey.

CHORUS.

Oh, far' ye well, good strangers,
Dese niggers gwine to walk,
No more we'll roam, oh, carry us home,
'Way back to old New York.

Wenches have a rolling eye, just across from Jersey;
When you're sick take rock and rye, just across from Jersey;
Oh, colored people never thin, just across from Jersey;
Dey fatten up on old Tom Gin, just across from Jersey.—*Chorus.*

Happy times in Thompson Street, just across from Jersey;
Yaller gals with tender feet, just across from Jersey;
Oh, tie me down and keep me dar, just across from Jersey;
I'd rather starve and live on air, just across from Jersey.—*Chorus.*

THE LAST OF THE HOGANS.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, list to the praise of an old family,
Historical Irish from Erin-go-bragh;
A world-renowned people, the men were manly,
And the girls were as fair as the pearls of Asia.
I married my husband in sweet Knucklетown, sir,
A beautiful place in the county Mayo,
Where all his ancestors no more interest us,
For he was the last of the Hogans, you know.

CHORUS.

Oh, Hughey, poor Hughey, won't come back to me,
He went for a sailor far over the sea;
I weep and I wail for the lost pedigree,
For he was the last of the Hogans, ho, ho!

His great-great-grandfather, he fought in the war,
Remarkable soldier at our Waterloo;
A warrior bold, and the devil to snore,
Wid the blade of an axe all the foemen he slew.
At mowing the hay in, sure, he was the boy, sir,
A dozen of acres he cut wid a blow;
And all his descendants were never defendants,
For he was the first of the Hogans, you know.—*Chorus.*

His great-great-grandmother, she lived on the hill,
An illigant lady, with learning galore;
The fringe on her nightcap hung down in a frill,
Wid the gold of the foe from the foreigner's shore.
The troopers while marching would come to a halt, sir,
A thousand of bugles saluting, to show
That all her protectors would never neglect her,
But die for the first of the Hogans, ho, ho!—*Chorus.*

THE WAITERS;

—OR:—

Two More to Come.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, here we are so neat and sable, ready for to wait on table;
Every coon is clean and able, hotel waiters at your call;
Bring you any kind of dishes dat a gent or lady wishes;
Meat and fowl or any fishes, bread and butter, codfish balls.
Obadiah, ober dar! Wilbur, Clement, Hildebran',
Moses, Gabriel, Theodore, Washington and Dan.

CHORUS.

Roast beef, corn beef ala moda, dumpling ala Saratoga,
Beef-steak pie or mutton-chops, now have them rare or else well done;
Fricassee and Irish chowder, Charlotte Russe with sugar powder.
Please send down dat order louder! dar is now two more to come.

We'll bring you dishes cooked to order, suit most any kind of boarder;
Every coon an old eighth warder; lots of goose-goose on de har;
Bring you juicy apple fritters, lively cheese without the skippers;
Anything you mind to slip us, here's your check, pay at de bar.
Obadiah, ober dar! Wilbur, Clement, Hildebran',
Moses, Gabriel, Theodore, Washington and Dan.—*Chorus.*

LOCKED OUT AFTER NINE.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I'm stopping at a boarding-house kept by Misses Doyle;
The rules and regulations are forninst us all the while.
Two meals a day was all we got, we set down in a line;
'Twas every man in bed at eight, or locked out after nine.

CHORUS.

There was Slotty McGonigal, McAllister and O'Burke,
A Scandinavian fisherman, a Norwegian and Turk.
The ladies, the babies, were crying all the time;
Every man in bed at eight or locked out after nine.

At a rousing demonstration, held up in Union Square,
Tammany-Hall Republicans and anti-Tams were there.
Our boarders congregated to see the sight so fine;
Gilligan wanted it stopped at eight, we got home after nine.—*Chorus.*

There was Slotty McGonigal a-kicking on the door,
The ladies and the babies for Miss Doyle did roar.
We woke up all the neighbors; the tailor, Constantine,
Turned out the fire department when we was locked out after nine.—*Chorus.*

There was a row next morning, wid all the boarders drunk;
Miss Doyle she got excited and threw out every trunk.
Hat boxes and valises, and shirts from off the line,
Came out wid all the lodgers bekase we got home after nine.—*Chorus.*

Wid vengeance they did roar; they rushed for bricks
And heavy sticks to batter down the door.
'Twas then they got the collar, three long months wid a fine
Was their conciliation for coming home after nine.—*Chorus.*

BOLD HIBERNIAN BOYS.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Let's sing a song as we march along for the land where the grass grows green,
Our em'rald isle, where lassies smile like a bright May morn sunbeam.
For fighting or for pleasure, we are the ladies' joy;
For fun beyond all measure, call the bold Hibernian boys.

CHORUS.

We're sons of Erin's isle, free-hearted all the while,
Happy Irish lads are we, who never fear no noise;
Loyally we stand for dear old Ireland,
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah! for the bold Hibernian boys.

You may search this wide world all around, from France to Hindostan,
Where'er you roam, it's a truth well known, you'll find an Irishman,
Quick-witted, always ready to welcome you with joy;
It's Jack, Dan, Mike or Teddy, each bold Hibernian boy.—*Chorus.*

Then cheer, boys, cheer, for Erin dear, the home of Thomas Moore,
O'Connell and brave Emmet, and such heroes by the score;
Our country's persecutions old time can not alloy,
Justice the resolution of each bold Hibernian boy.—*Chorus.*

IT'S ALL THRO' A HARDY SAILOR

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Written and Composed by Arthur West. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

Oh, listen to my tale of woe, and it's all through a hardy sailor;
I'll ne'er be well again, I know, and it's all through a hardy sailor.
He came to this town years ago, and vowed and swore he loved me so,
But now I'm full of grief and woe, and it's all through a hardy sailor.
He was a sailor bold with his Yo-heave-ho,
To me the tale he told with his Yo-heave-ho;
He's left me here to grieve, he's laughing up his sleeve,
I never will believe again in Yo-heave-ho.

There is no one in love with me, and it's all through a hardy sailor,
For they've all heard the tale, you see, of me and the hardy sailor.
There's many a girl like me, I know, who knows him well and his Yo-heave-ho;
There's many a girl can't get a beau, and it's all through a hardy sailor.
He was a sailor bold, etc.

A green grass widow I shall be, and it's all through a hardy sailor,
For nobody will speak to me, and it's all through a hardy sailor;
He now is sailing on the seas, and all he's left me, if you please,
Is the marriage lines and one of these, and it's all through a hardy sailor.
He was a sailor bold, etc.

ON THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN.

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Words by Jere O'Halloran. Music by M. Josie O'Halloran. Arr. by J. W. Wheeler.

Let mem'ry take us back again to happy days of yore;
Think of the jolly times we had on Grimes' cellar door;
Think of huckleberry parties when we helped some pretty lass,
Then went home with a brimming pail, the most of which was grass;
Think of the jolly husking bees, how oft have we felt queer,
When some dear miss owed us a kiss when we found a big red ear.
But the best of sport in good old times which pleased us most, I ween,
Were the good old games we used to play on the dear old village green.

CHORUS.

The games on the old village green
Are the games that we loved most, I ween;
If hurt by a fall, when kicking football,
How oft we would say, "Ah, it's nothing at all."
We knew not of sorrow or care,
With our pleasure no joy can compare;
So in one glad refrain let's all sing again
Of the games on the old village green.

It only seems just yesterday since we were children gay,
I remember well when sister Nell was chosen queen of May;
Then robed in white, with roses red, all woven in a crown,
She was more happy than a queen there in our native town.
We'd dance and sing the whole day long and not hear mother call,
Nor bells that rang, nor birds that sang, so did our games enthrall.
'Twas peace and bliss and happiness in childhood's days serene,
When we knew only pleasure on the dear old village green.—*Chorus.*

Wealth Never Won a Woman's Heart.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

"Why do you chide me?" a young wife said
To her husband old and gray;
"You know 'twas a folly for us to wed,
But with mother you had your way.
We were poor, and she was so sorely tried,
And then you asked me to be your bride;
You know I was only an old man's pride,
When I became your wife.

REFRAIN.

Wealth never won a woman's heart, wealth only reigns in slav'ry's mart;
Love, only love can e'er impart joy to a woman's life.
Faith that was mine thro' doubts and fears, passes as pass away the years;
I've known but bitterness, grief and tears since I became your wife.

"If I had known in my early days
What the future meant for me,
I'd gladly have toiled for myself," she said,
"If my life could be only free.
You can give me freedom again, I know,
For I've been faithful, as time will show;
My heart may be won, tho' it was not so
When I became your wife."—*Refrain.*

McManus, Kehoe and the Egg.

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Words by W. J. Kenney. Music by Thos. F. Morrissey.

Now a story I will tell of two men that I knew well,
And their names they were McManus and Kehoe;
They'd been neighbors twenty years, but they never, it appears,
Had a single angry word, much less a blow.
But of late they had a fight, and they both claim that they're right,
Sure the trouble caused the neighbors much surprise;
For McManus swears he'll win, and Kehoe will not give in,
And betwixt the two they've murder in their eyes.

CHORUS.

For McManus turned to drink and Kehoe can't sleep a wink,
Sure they're challenging each other and they're using blood for ink;
And before the fuss is over I have reason for to think
That they both will have their pictures out in *Puck*.

I will try to tell you now the cause of all the row
That came between McManus and Kehoe;
Mac owned some fancy fowl, that's what started all the growl,
Just you listen and you'll hear a tale of woe.
Sure, McManus made a claim that one of his fancy game
Had laid an egg in Mister Kehoe's yard;
So Kehoe went to the nest and he scooped it with the rest,
Now to give it up he thinks is mighty hard.

CHORUS.

"Didn't my hen lay the egg?" McManus he did shout.
"Well, that's all right," said Kehoe, "didn't my hen hatch it out?"
Now which hen can be the mother now, is all a case of doubt,
For they both were implicated in the job.

Now, from the last report, the case has gone to court,
And it's causing much excitement 'round the place,
For McManus and Kehoe are both anxious for to know
Which one of them is going to win the case.
When McManus kissed the book, he swore Kehoe was a "crook,"
While Kehoe swore McManus told a lie.
Said the judge, "Now that will do, I have heard enough from you;"
At the jury then he turned and winked his eye.

CHORUS.

Said the judge, to both, said he: "Sure it's plain enough to see—
Suppose I take an egg and the bird's hatched out by me,
Do you think I'd be the mother? Well, I don't think so," said he;
So McManus and his chicken won the day.

Parody on:

OLD, AND ONLY IN THE WAY.

By T. H. Tooker.

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One night I chanced to meet a poor old dude upon the street,
Who borrowed my ear and told me his tale of woe;
Said he: "Once I was a blood, but now my name is mud,
And for a cigarette I know not where to go.
I once had lots of tin, but, alas! my friend, I blew it in
On the ballet girls who danced in the *Black Crook;*
I would take them out to dine, always treated them to wine,
Yes, they had a mortgage on my pocket-book.

CHORUS.

"But now," said he, "my money's gone, all my jewelry is in pawn,
I had to sell my clothing to a sheeney in the bay;
I've no place to lay my head—tho' I once slept in a feather bed—
For my papa has turned me down since I was led astray.

"When these maids are on the stage they hide nothing but their age;
Yes," said he, "all of them are nearly sixty in the shade.
You may think their form's sublime—I thought so, too, one time—
But, to tell the truth, they're fearfully and wonderfully made.
They use grease paint by the stick, the pads they wear are very thick,
It's no wonder that they look so young and sweet;
And I'll tell you on the quiet, it's a fact, none can deny it:
All these ancient ballet girls have kidneys in their feet."

CHORUS.

Said he: "Friend, take my tip, give these old fairies the slip;
If they smile at you, why, look the other way;
Don't let them pull your leg, or like me you'll have to beg,
And live on a soda cracker or a cruller every day."

When he asked me for a dime I told him poverty was no crime,
He could get good board in any first-class jail;
But he vanished out of sight, didn't stop to say "good night,"
As my foot landed on the edge of his coat-tail.
I kicked him in a knot, yes, 'twas on a very tender spot,
And I think that he deserved it, now don't you?
For if this fellow had his way we'd have no ballet girls to-day,
And what would the old bald-heads in the front row do?

CHORUS.

The ballet girls on the stage, like wine, improve with old age;
Don't ask them to put their big blonde wigs away;
Don't deprive them of their rights, their short dresses or their tights;
Remember, there's a *sucker* born, yes, nearly every day.

THE SIMPLE COUNTRY MAID.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

I've always led a quiet life before I came down here;
My home is in the country, and to me is ever dear.
My mother thought I'd better go the city life to try;
But this is what I said to her before I bade good-bye:

CHORUS.

You know I'm but a simple country maid,
I've spent my life upon a country farm;
I'd like to do it, yet I feel afraid,
But tell me, will it do me any harm?

When I'm at home I never see such neatly-dressed young sparks;
But oh, they are so impudent, and make such bold remarks.
One of them came to where I stayed, all sorts of tricks he tried;
At night he asked me to go out, when modestly I cried:—*Chorus.*

He said that it would do me good to take a pleasant walk,
And so I went, and oh, it was so nice to hear him talk.
I didn't understand it quite, but all I know is this:
I liked it very much until he asked me for a kiss.

SPOKEN—I didn't know what a kiss was, and said: "Is it something to eat?" He said no; it was something you couldn't eat. And then he looked awful dangerous. So I said:—*Chorus.*

He said the kiss would give me bliss, and so I took a few;
He put his arms around me—so—and squeezed me near in two.
I've felt those kisses ever since, they're not exactly pain,
But when I meet my beau once more I'll give them back again.

SPOKEN—Which is the proper thing to do, considering:—

CHORUS.

I'm such a very simple country maid,
I've spent my life upon a country farm;
I'd like to keep them, but I feel afraid,
Now tell me, would they do me any harm?

GOOD-BYE, JOHNNIE.

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Words and Music by Sam Rice. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

A father lay upon his bed, his life was ebbing fast,
His son knelt down beside him, as he watched him breathe his last;
The poor old man stretched forth his hand to pat the curly head,
In a husky voice and tones of death these parting words he said:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, Johnnie, I'm sorry for to leave you:
Good-bye, Johnnie, don't let the parting grieve you;
For I'm going up on high to the angels in the sky,
But I'll meet you, Johnnie, in the sweet bye and bye."

Do you know little Johnnie Dunn, works in the butcher shop?
He drives the market wagon, takes the meat out for his pop.
One day the horse it wouldn't go, ev'rything he tried did fail,
So John jumped from the wagon, just to twist the horsey's tail.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Johnnie, I'm sorry for to leave you;
Good-bye, Johnnie, don't let the parting grieve you.
He sailed away on high, toward the angels in the sky,
And we may meet Johnnie in the sweet bye and bye.

A dry-goods' clerk got through with work, went out upon the mash;
He met a little lady, and commenced to spend his cash.
She called him "duck" and "honey" as she watched him spend his pile;
But when he went broke, these words she spoke with a tantalizing smile:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, Johnnie, I'm sorry for to leave you;
Good-bye, Johnnie, don't let the parting grieve you."
The girl was awfully fly, and she winked the other eye,
And she layed for Johnnie in the sweet bye and bye.

John Y. McKane got there again, but goodness, how he fought;
They say that bold Johnnie did some things he didn't ought.
The people got sore on him and sent poor John away,
But when he left, the Gravesend sports were all on deck to say:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, Johnnie, sorry for to leave you;
Good-bye, Johnnie, don't let the parting grieve you;
For you know you're awfully fly, and if you'll only try,
You'll be back to Coney Island in the sweet bye and bye.

I think this song has made a hit, no turnips have been thrown;
In my career, 'tis very queer, such luck I've never known.
I hope that you are all well pleased, to do my best I've tried,
But as there's others waiting, I will have to step inside.

CHORUS.

So good-bye, people, I'm sorry for to leave you;
So good-bye, people, don't let the parting grieve you;
But my throat is very dry; you are tired, so am I;
But I hope that I'll meet you in the sweet bye and bye.

SWEET LILLIE BLY.

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Words by Lew. H. Carroll. Music by Miss Dagmar.

The troubadour sang to his own true love,
While on his light guitar he played;
In accents sweet he told his darling of
The proposition he had made.
To her mamma, while at their mountain home,
She sacrificed her daughter's hand;
With hearts' delight he sang with sweetness,
And played his light guitar so grand.

CHORUS.

Dearest, sweet Lillie Bly, eyes that are as blue as sky,
Cheeks that are red from the mountain air,
Curls that are golden, there's none can compare,
To my love, my darling, my own—this dear little maiden so shy,
With cupid's dart she won my heart, sweet Lillie Bly.

Now Lillie is a sweet and modest girl,
Her winsome face we all adore;
There's one that calls on her when through his toil,
And he's this jolly troubadour.
With his guitar he loves to sing and play
To his true love, this maiden fair;
His darling listens with a heart so gay
To music that rings through the air.—*Chorus.*

HOW-DY?

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Words by Frank D. Pease. Music by Chas. E. Lepaige.

It is the proper caper for the dudelets nowadays,
To say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
It is a word that can be used in many different ways,
How-dy? how-dy?—ah! how-dy?
Now, for instance, when you see a dude with eyeglass in his eye,
With a massive cane, and pants turned up, he saunters slowly by,
It's because, you know, he's English, or he thinks he is, that's why
He says, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?

The sporty boys that stand around the corner of the street
All say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
Whene'er they see a lady friend they raise their hats to greet
Her with How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
When a young man stays out late at night and goes upon a spree,
At the club he drinks champagne or beer till he can scarcely see,
Then he rolls home in the morning to his wife at half-past three
And says, How-dy? hic! how-dy?

The girls, too, nowadays are "fly," and when they're on the street
All say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
And when they're on the mash they always wink their eye so sweet
And say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
You will follow them and ask them if they'll take a little stroll;
They will simper, "Oh!" but all the same they'll work you for your roll;
And when they have got you busted they will leave you in a hole,
Then say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?

A jay came from the country once, the city life to see,
And 'twas How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
And all the funny sights he saw they filled his heart with glee,
For 'twas How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
A bunco-steerer ran across old hayseed one fine day,
He got his watch and money in the old familiar way;
And now Mr. Jay is cautious when he hears a fellow say,
Hayseed, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?

The politicians nowadays will greet you with a smile,
And say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
It's just before election, they can use you for a while,
To say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
They will ask you in to have a drink, also a good cigar,
They will talk you deaf and dumb and blind while standing at the bar;
But when the election's over, why, they don't know who you are,
That's a How-dy?—fine how-dy.

The silver question agitates just now the public mind,
And it's How-dy?—great how-dy;
What money it is best to use 'tis hard for them to find,
What a How-dy—queer how-dy.
Now if times don't change ere long, I fear we'll have a panic, sure;
And if silver we must have, why, we must have the simon pure,
So 'twixt silver, gold and greenbacks, and a panic, 'tis a cure
And a How-dy—bad, how-dy.

I trust you will excuse me if I don't sing any more,
But say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
I know you like what I have sung or else you'd not *encore*
And say, How-dy?—ah! how-dy?
There is nothing else to sing about, I've told you all I know,
It is the same old "chestnut," for my mother told me so;
But there's one thing I am going to say to you before you go,
Don't say How-dy?—don't! how-dy?

AM I AWAKE, OR DREAMING?

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

In the quiet twilight hour we sat beneath the maple tree;
While I wooed with love's own pow'r, my sweetheart had no frown for me.
Ling'ring in the moon's soft glow, her voice came like the sweetest bird,
Rapture rose to overflow when from her lips this song I heard:

REFRAIN.

Am I awake, or dreaming? Oh, whisper sweet again,
In loving tone, that mine alone for ever you'll remain;
Call me again your own, and all my gladness share,
Oh, say that I'm not dreaming now of this sweet hour so rare.

When the night was lone and deep and but the soft wind's breath was heard,
When each flow'r was fast asleep, and in its nest was ev'ry bird—
Then we parted at the gate; her heart she truly gave to me;
I, in rapture at my fate, could only sing her melody:—*Refrain.*

AN ASPIRATION OPERATIC.

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Words and Music by M. Le Roy.

Your kind attention I would ask for a moment, while I tell
The story of a maiden fair who thought she sang quite well;
She'd bang upon the piano till the neighbors at her swore,
Yet higher still she'd shriek the notes of the "Lucia Lammermoore."

REFRAIN.

Her mamma and her papa, tho' they tried, they couldn't stop her;
For her taste was histrionic, and she sighed for fame lyronic,
To be a prima donna in the opera.
For her taste was histrionic, and she sighed for fame lyronic,
To be a prima donna in the opera.

The parents of this nightingale were blessed with mighty wealth,
And so the warbler vowed she'd go to Paris for her health;
But when she saw the flaming bills of the opera so grand
She yearned to take some lessons, and the art to understand.—*Refrain.*

So she soon procured a teacher, with a Franco-Prussian name,
Who sent her home to practice on a diatonic theme.
She studied for a year or two in all the minor keys,
Ascending and descending scales she sang with perfect ease.—*Refrain.*

She learned the intonations of the high and lower B,
Could trill a major seventh and end a song on D.
She finally was asked to sing on the opera comico,
When she made her disappearance with the impressario.—*Refrain.*

Your Dear Old Irish Mother.

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Composed by Frank D. Pease. Arranged by A. McOwen.

I'm thinking of a distant land afar across the sea;
Its hills and valleys, lakes and streams are ever dear to me.
A country of the gods it is, where grass is always green,
And where the four-leaf shamrock on the hillside can be seen.
My dear old Irish mother for its freedom oft would pray;
That dear old land, I'll sing its praise until my dying day.
So let this motto be your guide in this and ev'ry clime,
It's Ireland and your dear old Irish mother ev'ry time.

REFRAIN.

No matter where you may be born, in hut or palace grand,
If Irish blood flows in your veins, stand by your native land;
And let this motto be your guide in this and ev'ry clime,
It's Ireland and your dear old Irish mother ev'ry time.

I had a dream the other night that made my heart go wild,
I dreamt I was in Ireland, and I was again a child;
The boys and girls they all were there, and dancing on the green;
It was a grand May party, and my mother was the queen.
Brave Robert Emmet there I saw, he was my joy and pride;
Tom Moore, the poet, too, was standing by my mother's side.
And in that dream I thought a hand was placed upon my head,
And like sweet music from above both Moore and Emmet said:—*Refrain.*

—A Nebraska man hugged his girl so hard that he broke one of her ribs. When she got well he went to the other extreme, did not hug her at all and that broke her heart.

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

My bark on the billow dashed gloriously on,
And glad were the notes of the sailor boy's song;
Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields
Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The stores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain
Bloom the lilies of France and the olives of Spain;
When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,
Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains;
Like friend in misfortune it blossoms o'er the snow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

I sigh and I vow, If ever I get home,
No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam;
The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The Old Brass Knocker on the Door.

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Words by Jere O'Halloran. Music by A. S. MacLenzie.

Last night I had a dream, how real all things did seem;
I was trav'ling o'er the paths of long ago.
I saw my old birth place, and my dear, kind mother's face,
Such happiness again I'll never know.
Our old pet watch dog, Tray, I could see as plain as day,
Lying near the open grate upon the floor.
Then a sound came through the hall, that held my heart inthralled,
From the old brass knocker on the door.

CHORUS.

The old brass knocker on the door,
It reminds one of happy days of yore;
I've oft heard mother tell how they never used a bell,
But an old brass knocker on the door.

On an oaken door so old shone the knocker bright as gold,
How it glistened 'neath the sunbeams' radiant glow.
It was polished every day by my mother old and gray,
She kept it brightly shining long ago.
A modern bell that chimes cannot recall old times,
Like that piece of hammered brass in days of yore.
Sweet music to my ears is that knock of by-gone years,
From the old brass knocker on the door.—*Chorus.*

I'SE GWINE TO 'JOY MYSELF.

Tune—"Push Dem Clouds Away."

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Written by Harry C. Burns and Sung by Emma Dougherty.

I'se as happy as a cherub, an' de folks is all away,
So I'se gwine to 'joy myself;
I'se as happy as a lambkin, playin' all the day,
So I'se gwine to 'joy myself.
Now wot's de use ob libin' if you can't hab fun—
Oh, I'se gwine to 'joy myself;
A-whoopin' an' a-singin' till my work is done,
Dat is how I 'joys myself.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, fo' suah, I'se gwine to 'joy myself,
Wid a-hoopin' an' a-singin' an' a-dancin' an' a-flingin',
Dat is how I 'joys myself.

It am nearly time fo' heben, so I'se got to hurry up—
I'se a-gwine to 'joy myself;
'Stead ob scratchin' an' scramblin' to git in on top,
I'se a-gwine to 'joy myself;
'Stead ob watchin' an' a-lookin' fo' de angel wings,
I'se a-gwine to 'joy myself;
No, I can't help laffin', I see such funny things,
So I'se gwine to 'joy myself.—*Chorus.*

If all de angels come in chariots ob fire,
I'se a-gwine to 'joy myself;
Or eben little debbils wid a red-hot wire,
I'se a-gwine to 'joy myself.
Dar's no use ob foolin' down here below,
So I'se gwine to 'joy myself;
I'se got a little angel for a beau,
And I'se gwine to 'joy myself.—*Chorus.*

LOVE'S STORY TOLD.

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Words and Music by M. Josie O'Halloran.

The moon was shining bright, love, I met yon with a smile;
I had something dear to tell yon while sitting on the stile.
The stream flowed on in silence, love, and no one near to hear;
'Twas then the secret of my heart I whispered in your ear;
'Twas not about the little stars, 'twas not about the moon;
'Twas not about the babbling brook that flowed in sweet attune;
Twas then I told her of my love and melody divine;
It came in music from her lips, when she promised to be mine.

The moon is bright to-night, love, meet me with a smile;
I've something dear to tell you while sitting on the stile.
I'll meet you as before, love, in yonder shady glen,
And kisses that I borrowed I'll then return again—
Those words I to my sweetheart said in golden days gone by;
She met me as she promised then, we were happy, she and I;
The stream flowed on in silence, with no one near to hear,
And then the secret of my love I whispered in her ear.

TAKE A DAY OFF, MARY ANN.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Now listen to me, Mary, and hark to my advice,
Indeed, let every servant girl just think it over twice;
Don't stay out in the area to string the baker's man,
But wait until your time comes 'round, then take a day off, Mary Ann.

CHORUS.

Then take a day off, Mary Ann, go put on your velveteen gown,
Walk out with your handsome young man, the avenue stroll up an' down;
Bid adieu to your madam, ta-ta, go bring out your Japanese fan,
Stick close to your beau wherever you go, oh, take a day off, Mary Ann.

Don't court him in the kitchen, I mean your steady beau,
It makes the gas bill very high for Mrs. So-and-so;
Don't send him to the corner to fill the growler can,
But wait until your time comes 'round, then take a day off, Mary Ann.—*Chorus.*

Now don't you draw your wages, I mean before they're due,
Because Miss Nancy 'cross the way is better dressed than you;
Go decorate your bank book, for that's the wiser plan,
And wait until your time comes 'round, then take a day off, Mary Ann.—*Chorus.*

Now hold your conversation, yes, hold it very low,
For there's a pipe that reaches up to the parlor floor, you know;
The madam hears you talking, so tell the baker's man
To wait until your time comes 'round, then take a day off, Mary Ann.—*Chorus.*

That Autograph Album of Mine.

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Words by Jere O'Halloran. Music by Francis Marsena.

I've a little old autograph album,
'Tis filled now with names dear to me;
Some of them friends of my childhood,
Ever cherished in dear memory.
It recalls now fond visions of pleasure,
From that home midst the forests of pine;
'Tis a dear little book that I treasure,
That autograph album of mine.

REFRAIN.

That autograph album of mine is a treasure I hold most divine;
'Tis dear to my heart, and I never could part with that autograph album of mine.

In that book I find sweet, pretty verses,
And mottoes and sentiments true,
I remember one dear little stanza
By a young village bard whom I knew.
Home is home, and no matter how humble,
There's no place on earth half so fine;
'Twas home, tho' the thatched roof might tumble,
Wrote the bard in that album of mine.—*Refrain.*

Then the names of my father and mother
And brother and sister appear;
And a sketch of the old rustic homestead,
And scenes of those dear by-gone years.
Then a name I see scrawled in my album,
Who in youth clung to me like a vine;
Time and fate changes all, but the past
I recall in that autograph album of mine.—*Refrain.*

BARNEY, MY BOLD IRISH BOY.

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Words and Music by Miss Nellie Maguire. Arranged by J. A. Stromberg.

Down by the lakes of Killarney that's where I dwell when at home;
Near, in a cabin, lives Barney, with him through creation I'd roam.
His elegant manners, so pleasing, oft sends me in raptures of joy;
I never object to the teasing of Barney, my bold Irish boy.

CHORUS.

He's mine, I'm his; Barney, my love, ashtore;
Sweeter to me than the shamrock that grows on my native shore.
When we return to old Ireland, back to that peaceful scene,
Barney will come with his blarney to wed Nellie, his Irish queen.

How often he's gathered me posies, tenderly brought them to me;
He says that the shamrocks and roses don't seem very well to agree.
I know he is anxious to please me, I've promised that I'll be his wife;
No longer he'll bother or tease me, we'll live in a cabin for life.—*Chorus.*

When the bells of the village are ringing, Barney, my darling, and me,
The colleens their welcome are singing, the boys all invited will be;
We'll dance to the pipes till the morning and make the occasion great joy;
The neighbors will get timely warning when I wed my bold Irish boy.—*Cho.*

THE IRISH DISCOVERY.

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Words by H. S. Taylor. Music by J. B. Herbert.

Columbus sailed from Ireland, 'twas on Saint Patrick's day;
Sez he, "I've a mind to go and find the road to Amerikay;
And I think," sez he, "me aim will be to rush the v'yage through,
And be on hand to discover the land before thim Dagos do."

CHORUS.

Hey, Columbus! Captain Columbus sailed across the say,
And found a place for the Irish race in North Amerikay.

They sailed along by the West Indees, but the captain mainly bowed;
Sez he, wid a smile, "It ain't worth while to discover you Dago crowd."
So they kept at work till Newry Yark was plain in sight of all;
Then give a shout, and sez they, "Look out! O Faix, there's Tammany Hall!"

CHORUS.

Hey, Columbus! Captain Columbus sailed across the say,
And found a place for the Irish race in North Amerikay.

They made thimselves feel quite at home, and sure that wasn't hard,
For aich of the crew, as Irishmen do, was soon the boss of a ward.
And ye'll find to-day, if ye go that way, their childers there this minute,
And the City Hall suppurts thim all—the Dago isn't in it.

CHORUS.

Hey, Columbus! Captain Columbus sailed across the say,
And found a place for the Irish race in North Amerikay.

I'M SUCH A NAUGHTY KID.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

I am a holy terror, and my uncle Dick has said
That I was only good at night, when sound asleep in bed;
But I got up not long ago while uncle tightly slept,
And put molasses in his shoes, then back to bed I crept.
They say they're going to chain me down, because the other day
I spilt some mush and milk on aunt, when she knelt down to pray.

REFRAIN.

I'm such a naughty kid, I am, but oh, I have such loads of fun,
I play off like a sweet young lamb, to fool most any one;
I'm worse than any crack of doom, I keep them in a stew,
You'd better give me lots of room, you can't tell what I'll do.

When sister Manthy Dobbins came to call on aunty May,
Collecting for the cannibals poor heathens far away,
I asked her if she bought her clothes with money that she got,
And sent a missionary tract out to the Hottentot.
Our preacher says he will not call when I am 'round the place;
I handed him a deck of cards while he was saying grace.—*Refrain.*

When sister's beau was courting her I hid behind a chair,
Just as he put his arm 'round her I pinned his sleeve right there;
He couldn't get it loose in time—oh, wasn't that such fun!
When papa came into the room he caught them on the run.
Now, do you think you'd like to live in that same house with me?
I guess you'd think life's not a dream, but stern reality.—*Refrain.*

Once More in the Dear Old Land.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Dark and gloomy was the day when from Erin I'd to part,
As the good ship sailed away dark and gloomy was my heart;
But home visions to me came, as we ploughed the angry sea,
And my heart so fondly yearned for the day when I should be—

CHORUS.

Once more in the dear old land, once more in old Ireland;
O'er the wide, wide world I've roamed, but my heart still turned to thee;
Once more in my native land, once more in my sireland,
Loveliest island that heaven e'er smiled on, dear Erin, the gem of the sea.

Varied scenes I gazed upon, over land and over sea,
But where'er I chanced to roam, Erin, I was true to thee:
One thought cheered my lonely heart, one thought chased each care away;
Weary years might o'er me roll, still I hope to be some day:—*Chorus.*

I'm Thankful that I Didn't Get It Worse

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Words and Music by Wm. Beebe.

The other night I called on Patsy McCann
To have a little quiet friendly chat;
When he rushed the growler then the fun began;
There's none can entertain a man like Pat.
Now Patsy's wife's as charming as a lily,
And when I talked with her, Pat, he got sore;
He "soak'd" me in the eye, he knock'd me silly,
He picked me up and throw'd me through the door.

CHORUS.

Of course, it's bad enough, rather tough;
He nearly fixed me—plenty—for the hearse;
But now that all is passed, yes, at last,
I'm thankful that I didn't get it worse.

I used to go a-courting Mollie McGlone,
And take her on excursions down the bay;
But she lived 'way up in Harlem, all alone;
I couldn't stand the car-fare every day.
So when I quit she swore that she would "do me";
She told the judge her heart was broke, bedad,
And then for breach of promise she did sue me;
It cost me ev'ry penny that I had.

CHORUS.

Of course, it's bad enough, rather tough,
Completely took the contents of my purse;
But now that all is passed, yes, at last,
I'm thankful that I didn't get it worse.

I joined out with a circus early last spring,
They said they'd pay my wages ev'ry week;
I was foreman of the gang that made the ring,
'N' I combed the whiskers on the hairy freak.
They took me 'way out West, as far as Kansas;
I hadn't seen the ghost nor heard him talk,
So when a cyclone carried off the canvas
The only way to get home was to walk.

CHORUS.

Of course, it's bad enough, rather tough;
"Bad cess," the circus trade has been my curse;
But now that all is past, yes, at last,
I'm thankful that I didn't get it worse.

ENCORE VERSES.

In coming home from "Duffy's Opening Night,"
Just as I turned the corner of the street,
A bold robber knocked me down with all his might;
Says he, "Throw up your hands!" Up went my feet.
A "cop" discovered me in just an hour,
He run me in for being on "a lark";
My clothes and all were gone, by all the powers,
I went home in a barrel after dark.

CHORUS.

Of course, it's bad enough, rather tough,
He nearly fixed me—plenty—for the hearse;
But now that all is past, yes, at last,
I'm thankful that I didn't get it worse.

When Mitchell and Jim Corbett talked about fight,
I told them all that Mitchell was the man;
Says I, "When Jim gets one from Charlie's 'right,'
His friends can take his corpse home in a can."
I bet my "rocks" on Mitchell to a penny,
I put a mortgage on my house and lot,
I bet the diamonds of my good wife, Jennie;
Says I, "I'll show them how to win a pot."

CHORUS.

Of course, it's bad enough, rather tough,
They took the bloomin' lining from my purse;
But now that all is past, yes, at last,
I'm thankful that I didn't get it worse.

Parody on:

Whether You Like It or Not.

Written by T. H. Tooker.

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If you'll listen, kind friends, this song I'll try and sing,
Whether you like it or not;
Now the title's a good one, and that's the main thing,
Whether you like it or not.
Behind the scenes the manager's sizing me up, I can see;
He's waiting to hear the verdict—oh, he's dead on to me;
If I don't make a "hit," I'll lose a whole week's salary,
Whether I like it or not.

Now, we all have our troubles, likewise care and strife,
Whether we like it or not;
I'm a poor married man and have to lead a miserable life,
Whether I like it or not.
My mother-in-law's a scrapper—oh, how she can fight;
If I'm out with the boys and go home a trifle tight,
To kick me full of knot-holes is her chief delight,
Whether I like it or not.

When I was single my thoughts oft dwelt on matrimony,
And whether I'd like it or not;
To my sweetheart the question I popped, just to see
Whether she'd like it or not;
Now it is ten years ago—oh, the day I'll never forget
When a jolly old parson married me and my fond Juliet;
Though I bought a fine cradle, there's nothing in it, as yet,
Whether you like it or not.

One night I said to my wife, "We must practice economy,
Whether we like it or not."
"Your suggestion's a wise one; we'll try and do it," said she,
Whether we like it or not."

SPOKEN—Yes, I told my wife she must have something to show for a rainy day. Was she economical? Well, I should say so; she actually made me give up my morning cocktail, and as for my smoking a cigar, that was out of the question. Why, I often walked five miles to my work (rain, snow, mud and slush had no terrors for me)—I couldn't afford to squander five cents for car fare. But now, alas! my dream of wealth is o'er, for this morning my wife told me she had saved enough cash to carry out my instructions. I fainted away when she said:

"To-morrow I shall go shopping and must buy, you know,
Five pair of silk stockings—all the colors of a rainbow—
Then on a rainy day, dear, I will have *something to show*,
Whether you like it or not."

Once a country clergyman thought he'd call old Satan down,
Whether he liked it or not;
"I'll go to York," said he, "and save the sinners in that town,
Whether they like it or not."
But when Sunday came the parson pulled his whiskers in despair;
Altho' a meek and pious man, he soon began to swear,
For he found the hall he hired was full of nice fresh air,
Whether he liked it or not.

An actor once sung "Comrades" to a cowboy audience out West,
Whether they liked it or not;
In agony they shouted: "For heaven's sake, give us a rest!"
Whether you'd like to or not.
"Methinks I'll sing this song if I lose a leg," said he.
And he fooled the cowboys when they shot one off at the knee;
For this actor was Irish—his legs were made of *cork*, you see,
Whether they liked it or not.

A stage-struck maiden once said to her ma, with a smile,
Whether you like it or not;
"I think I'll show my shape on the stage for awhile,
Whether you like it or not."
"Pray don't, Birdie," said mamma, "you're bow-legged, and what's more,
You'll not find tights to fit you in any costumer's store."
Then, said she: "I'll have a pair cut out with a circular saw,
Whether you like it or not."

An Irishman, while carrying a hod, from a ladder fell one day,
Whether he liked it or not;
A clergyman, who was passing, did beseech poor Pat to pray,
Whether he liked it or not;
Said he: "Fall on your knees and pray (in a voice quite gruff),
And thank Providence for your escape." Said Pat, "That is tough;
Be jabers! I'll not fall another inch, for I fell far enough,
Whether you like it or not."

I never will forget the day I joined a burlesque troupe,
Whether I'd like to or not;
Nor how I walked back home when the manager flew the coop,
Whether I liked it or not.
I found a couple of porous plasters in my old gripsack,
I put one on each foot, then started for the railway track;
The plasters *drawed my feet*, I had no trouble walking back,
Whether you like it or not.

Now the great prize fight is over 'twixt Mitchell and Corbett,
Whether you liked it or not;
And the thumping that poor Charley got he never will forget,
Whether he'd like to or not.
Concerning James J. Corbett, now I've nothing new to tell,
You know he won the championship when he downed John L.,
And it's a sure thing he'll knock out Peter Jackson, as well,
Whether you like it or not.

THE HOMESTEAD STRIKE.

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Now, boys, we are out on strike, you can help us if you like,
But you need not till I tell you what it's about.
They want to lower our wages, we think it is not right;
So for union's cause I want you all to shout.

We will sing the union's praise while our voices we can raise,
With noble Mr. Garland at our head.
Hugh O'Donnell's good, that's true, we give him all the praise;
We can't go wrong when by such men we're led.

The struggle may be long, there's no one yet can say,
But we'll take it as it comes for a little while;
We will fight both night and day, for we're bound to win the day,
And down this great steel king in grandest style.

Now let us all stand firm and take things very cool,
Then, you bet, we're sure to win this little strike;
But if men don't mind and start and act a fool,
That's sure to cause no end of care and strife.

My advice to you is this, let us work with a cool head,
And try and do the best thing in our power;
We'll have the good will of all, which will bring us back our bread,
And drive the demon Hunger from our door.

Let us unite with heart and hand and spread the news through this broad land,
We'll not give in until the company yield,
And fight with might and main and travel hand in hand
To win this strike or die upon the field.

I'm a Dancer of Ta-ra-ra Fame.

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Words and Music by O. DuBois.

You all know that I've lately made
A hit throughout the land;
I sang and danced a little tune,
'Twas played by ev'ry band;
It seemed to please the gentlemen,
The ladies didn't know
Just whether it was nice or not,
So much lingeree to show.

CHORUS.

Maybe you don't just think it's nice—just look, see if it's not precise,
Feet nimble, just like little mice, I'm a dancer of Ta-ra-ra fame.

The little tune I often sang
Quite popular did grow,
Throughout this great, broad land it rang,
Gave nothing else a show,
Until, at last, in self defence,
The people did exclaim,
"Please change your tune," and that I've done,
But I'm dancing just the same.—*Chorus.*

I got a tip the other night
That regular of late
The ladies in their own boudoir
Me try to imitate;
They raise their skirts, likewise their feet,
And many pretty miss
Does pout and sigh and fret and cry
Because they can't do this.—*Chorus.*

Now watch me close, see how it's done,
Kick high and have no fear,
But never try to do it when
The gentlemen are near.
It's all right for me to do it,
As you see me do it now;
I've an orchestra between me
And the gents in the front row.—*Chorus.*

I saw a dude the other night,
He was in a happy mood,
He tried to imitate this dance,
The sight would do you good.
His legs got tangled in a knot,
His arms flew in the air,
His back he ricked, his friends he kicked,
But he didn't quite get there.

CHORUS.

May (hic) be (hic) you don' jush shink itsh nicsh,
Jush (hic) look (hic) shee if ish not preschise,
Feet (hic) nim (hic) ble, like a chon' of icesh,
I'm in danger of Ta-ra-ra fame.

—"I understand," said a handsome young woman, entering the printing office, "that you employ only girls, and that you are in need of a forewoman." "Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?" "Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself 'round. She was engaged.—*Boston Courier.*

WHO WILL MARRY ME?

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Words and Music by Chas. Robinson.

My name's Daniel Mooney, don't think that I am looney,
For the way I talks, I know, is fooney;
The reason why I'm glad, I've a letter from me dad,
Who died and left me all his money.
And when his will was read out, it told me what to do:
If I would have his money, I would have to marry, too;
So I am looking for a lady who'll consent to marry me,
And we'll sail for Ireland in the morning.

CHORUS.

Who is the lady now, where is the baby now,
Who is the lady that's going to marry me?
Come, come, answer quick, I will marry on the lick,
And sail for Dublin in the morning.

See a lady sitting there, who I think is young and fair,
If she'll only wed me I'll be happy;
I'll buy her diamond rings, lots of silks and other things,
Remember me heart goes wid me money;
And when we're wed a year or so, a cradle we will buy,
To rock the tootsy-wootsy in—that is, when he does cry.
And if he grows to be a man, just like his papa,
We'll have wine and whiskey in the morning.—*Chorus.*

Now don't be ashamed of me, I'm not handsome, you can see,
But a truer husband, I'll swear, you'll ne'er get;
I'll do the best I can, always be a sober man.
When we get our money we'll buy a house and land,
We'll furnish up the parlor in the latest grandest style,
And then return to Ireland and stay there for a while.
But when we do return again, I'll have you all to know,
We'll have wine and sponge cake in the morning.—*Chorus.*

Go Tell Your Story to the Phonograph.

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Words and Music by O. DuBois.

Most men are pretty sure to fall in love full many times,
With pretty maids who charm them and catch them with their smiles;
They draw them on to tell their love in their own cunning way,
And when poor man his story tells, so quietly they say:

CHORUS.

"Go tell your story to the phonograph."
That's what they say to us and give us the laugh;
They think they're funny when they feed us chaff,
And think they've said something new.

When a politician wants to get a good fat sinecure,
He'll promise you this great big earth and perhaps a little more;
Then when he gets in office you remind him of his word,
He waves you off and proudly says, as he shows to you the door:

CHORUS.

"Go tell your story to the phonograph."
That's what they say to us and give us the laugh;
They've got the wheat and you have got the chaff,
And then they are through with you.

I went down town the other night and had a little time;
My money soon was squandered, I didn't have a dime.
I went into Delmonico's and eat a sumptious meal;
I said I'd call again and pay, but they quickly answered me:

CHORUS.

"Go tell your story to the phonograph."
So quickly did they seize me that I hadn't time to laugh;
They threw me out of doors and ripped my coat in half—
My custom they lost right there.

I struck a scheme the other day, a source of wealth, I knew;
With just a little capital, I knew I'd pull it through,
I'd be as rich as Creosus, or any other jay.
I took it to a cap'talist, he quietly did say:

CHORUS.

"Go tell your story to the phonograph;
You think you're smart, my boy, but I think you're daft;
Try some one else, my boy, on whom to work your graft,
Your scheme won't go down with me."

—Billy Baredues: "I've made a bet of one hundred dollars with Jack Chummies that if I propose to you, you'll refuse me. Now, if you do refuse me, I'll divide with you?" Miss Bondstock: "And supposing I should accept you?" Billy Baredues: "Then I'm afraid I shall have to call on you to help me pay the bet."

WASHDAY IN OUR FLAT.

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Words and Music by H. S. Talbot.

If you want to strike a picnic, a reg'lar first-class jignic,
Just come up to our flat on Monday morn;
You'll hear a tip-top wrangle, a jingle and a jangle,
The like of which you've not heard since you're born.
You all must know that Monday is the washday in this town,
The day that makes the ladies all so cross;
Why they all pick the same day, to use the small backyard,
Is a problem which to solve I am at loss.

CHORUS.

There's a jingle and a jangle, a wringle and a wrangle,
It makes me think of a Kilkenny cat;
The way those women chew the rag, 'twould make a phonograph quite sad,
To hear them on washday in our flat.

Our flat is rather humble, the people in a jumble,
They come from ev'ry clime throughout the earth;
There's brogues of all descriptions, both harsh ones and rich ones,
Of dialect, I'm sure, we have no dearth.
O'Brien's wife will say, "Begob, Oi own this day,
Oi'm sorry for the sowl comes near the loine;
Shure I'll break the haythens back that dhares make thrick or thrack,
To hang out on a day that Oi call moine."

CHORUS.

Then Greek and Pole and German, and Swiss and Dane and Norman,
All talk at once to choke off Missus Pat;
The old maid in the garret brings out her talking parrot,
Who raises caln on washday in our flat.

Along comes Fraulein Schneider; she says, "Mein Gott, I'll fight her,
I'll show de Irisher youst vas is vas."
And then a colored lady, with complexion quite shady,
Says, "Look, yeah chile, I'se gwine to hang dis wash."
A Chinaman creaps in and says, "I hange upe shirt,
You woma' go lusida, baby mind."
Italia' here chips in, "You vor-a nica gala,
But then I hanga clotha ona line."

CHORUS.

Just lay back and hear the chatter, the clitter and the clatter,
With ev'ry one a-talking through their hat;
They cuss in ev'ry fashion that man could e'er imagine,
But they're ladies all on washday in our flat.

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

I've a secret I would tell, Pete Magee;
It's a corker, too, as well—list to me:
Every "daisy" in our street
Thinks that he at cards can beat,
But they don't know how to cheat, Pete Magee.
When you hold a hand like mine, Pete Magee,
Then four aces seem divine, you'll agree,
All the world is full of skips,
Just like notes from warbler's lips,
As I gather in the chips, Pete Magee.

CHORUS.

Come with me, Pete Magee,
Pete Magee, come with me,
And I'll play the cards quite fair, Pete, to see;
Be your soul as pure and sweet,
There are men that you will meet,
That can play you off your feet, Pete Magee.

In the morn when you awake, Pete Magee,
And your head begins to ache, awfully,
Just think of the night before,
Of the beer you did adore,
As you drank it, o'er and o'er, Pete Magee.
When the sunset tints the West, Pete Magee,
You should go and take a rest, after tea;
Every star that studs the sky
Seems to see you staggering by,
As you wink the other eye, Pete Magee.

CHORUS.

Pete Magee, come with me,
Come with me, Pete Magee;
Oh, your face it isn't fair, Pete, to see;
Be your soul as pure and sweet,
You must always be discreet,
When you're "loaded" in your feet, Pete Magee.

—Book Agent: "Is the lady of the house in?" Mr. Newleywed: "Yes; but there isn't a thing in the wide world we want." Book Agent: "All right, sir, I'll call again when the honeymoon is over."

NELLIE BROWN.

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Words and Music by Geo. Evans. Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

There's a little girl I know, she's loved by all in town;
She is the pet of all the lads, and her name is Nellie Brown;
She has a smile for every one, to know her is a treat,
With her pretty little winsome ways and voice so low and sweet.

REFRAIN.

Who's the sweetest girl in town? Nellie Brown.
Who is loved for miles around? Nellie Brown.
Who as bright as flowers in May? Who has stolen my heart away?
Who will be my wife some day? Nellie Bawn.

You will find no other girl like gentle Nellie Brown;
Such winning smiles and golden curls can nowhere else be found.
She has no wealth nor jewels rare, but she's so dear to me:
And a little cot I'll gladly share if she my wife will be.—*Refrain.*

Beyond Pardon, Beyond Recall.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A fond, loving grandma, with snowy white hair,
Sits thinking of a daughter far away;
A sweet little baby, so thoughtless of care,
Is on the floor by grandpa's knee at play;
Deserted home and husband, the truth they soon must learn,
The baby's mother bears another's name;
The husband would forgive her if she but would return,
For baby's sake he'd love her just the same.

CHORUS.

Gone, beyond pardon, beyond recall, left those that loved her the best of all;
Lost all respect for the home she has wrecked, beyond pardon, beyond recall.

Years after a footstep is heard at the gate,
A slender form soon enters at the door;
A sweet voice calls "mother," but, sadly, too late,
For mother's voice is hushed forevermore.
Now stranger's voices greet her, and tell her those she seeks
Have long been dead and numbered with the blest;
A sigh, a moan, she's dying, not one word does she speak,
In death the weary, fallen one finds rest.—*Chorus.*

SOCIETY.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

Oh, listen to a story—a story often told—
Within a city court-room, a judge sits stern and cold;
Before him there is weeping a lad, accused of theft;
His mother, sad and careworn, of every joy bereft.
A millionaire accuses him, to shield another's deed;
To every plea of innocence that judge gives little heed;
That millionaire's own son it was who did the crime so base,
While one to prison goes, the other's free, with smiling face.

CHORUS.

For he moves in the best of society,
The very front rank of society;
With wealth at command, what a crowd 'round him throng,
His life unto him is a beautiful song;
His money hides all impropriety,
Oh, what a sham is society;
With his glitter and glare,
He's king everywhere,
And, of course, he can do nothing wrong.

A simple village maiden once gave her heart away;
She loved, but, ah! not wisely, and soon was led astray;
She seeks a kindly shelter amid the winter's snow;
Alas! within the city, there's none to hear her woe;
She begs of one who passes, and a rich man, proud is he,
The cause of all her sorrow and her want and misery,
He spurns her, and goes on his way, she perishes that night;
The rich man to his club departs, his life all gay and bright.—*Chorus.*

A father, sad and weary, with children, wife, at home,
To seek for bread to feed them from door to door does roam;
He hears their cries of anguish, and steals a loaf one day,
But at the bar of justice, he's placed, without delay,
Beside him stands a prisoner, who's dressed in rich attire,
The judge looks down with smiles on one, the other greets with ire;
The father for his paltry crime is swiftly led to jail,
The thief, who stole his millions, is let out on little bail.—*Chorus.*

I Want to Be a Man Like You.

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Words and Music by E. K. Bennett.

Two bright eyes and golden hair, a little boy climbed on his chair,
A loving kiss and roguish smile, asking of him all the while,
Papa, will girls be men like you, will they be soldiers and dress in blue,
And every night, as he sat in his chair, this little boy would say:

CHORUS.

I want to be a man like you, this little boy would say;
I'm tired of curls and dresses like girls and with dolls to play;
I want to be big and tall, papa, and travel all over this world;
I'll love mamma and you, I'll be honest and true, when I am a man like you.

Years passed by, the boy he grew into manhood's estate,
But one dark hour he did a deed, repented when 'twas too late;
In prison cell remorse did come for the deed so rashly done;
He thought of the words that he had sung when he was a boy so young.—*Chorus.*

Then a pardon came for him, and he went far away,
Was married, and wealthy they became; he'd a bright life and home;
His children 'round him then would play, a bright-eyed boy did climb his knee,
And brought back the mem'ry of darkest days, when his son to him says:—*Cho.*

OH! SUSANNAH.

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I cum from Louisiana, wid de banjo on my knee;
I'm bound for Alabama, my own true lub to see.
It thaw all night de week I left, de hailstone dey war dry,
De sun so hot, I froze alive, Susannah, don't you cry.

CHORUS.

Oh! Susannah, you must not cry for me,
I'm cum from Louisiana, wid de banjo on my knee;
Oh! Susannah, you must not cry for me,
I'm cum from Louisiana wid de banjo on my knee.

I stepped on board de lightengraph, an' steer it by de trigger;
My finger slip, it bustified, and kill a t'ousand nigger;
And den it was, my dearest lub, I t'ought dat I should die,
I shut my ears to keep my breff, Susannah, don't you cry.—*Chorus.*

I had a dream; to-morrow night, when all de t'ings war still,
I t'ought I see Susannah coming by de mill;
She wore de robe ob mourning, and de tears war in her eye.
Says I, "Here am your true lub, Susannah, don't you cry."—*Chorus.*

I soon will be in de ole Mobile, and dare I'll look around;
Oh! should I find Susannah, I shall sink into de ground;
But if I do not find her, dis chile will surely die,
And when I'm cold and in my grave, Susannah, don't you cry.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

There's many a woman without a heart, crazy, crazy.
When she gives a fellow a glancing dart,
Crazy as a cracked bell;
Although he pretends, still he loves her not,
The truth to her he doesn't tell;
He's only after the house and lot
Of the beautiful crazy belle.

CHORUS.

Crazy, crazy, doesn't it seem to you;
She's half crazy, wait till the bills fall due;
They would have a stylish marriage,
When he should be washing a carriage;
Soon they're broke, things in soak,
Like an icicle in a stew.

A woman gets stuck on a titled name, she's crazy, crazy;
He hasn't a cent, but he goes all the same
For the crazy society belle,
After they're married a day or two,
The truth to her he does tell;
Her eyes are wide open, her purse is too,
But he's harder to shake than a bell.—*Chorus.*

—Shoe dealer: "If a woman should come in and ask you to show her a good, common-sense shoe, that would not pinch her foot, what would you do?" Would-be clerk: "I'd bring out a shoe about two sizes too small for her." "I guess you'll do."

PHILADA. AGENCY.
J. W. B. HUBBS,

ONLY A LITTLE YALLER DOG.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon. Arranged by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I will tell you a tale of a little yaller dog,
And he only was so high;
As ugly a dog as you ever did see,
And he only had one eye.
His legs were bandy and his ears were cropped,
His tail had a curl at the end;
But I'll tell you straight, that little yaller dog
Was a true and a faithful friend.

CHORUS.

He was only a little yaller, yaller dog,
The ugliest in all the land,
But I'd sooner have a wag from that little dog's tail
Than the grip of a false friend's hand.

To the diggings I went with my little yaller dog,
For he would not be denied;
By day he would hang 'round the claim where I worked,
And at night slept by my side.
When luck was out and when the food was scarce
My courage would nearly fail,
But he'd comfort me with his joyous little bark
And a wag of his little tail.—*Chorus.*

After years of toil I a mighty nugget found,
And I buried it where I slept;
But one stormy night, as I slumbered so deep,
'Neath my tent a dim form crept—
'Twas my false friend Jim and he on murder was bent,
His hand held a gleaming knife;
I awoke with a start to see that yaller dog
Grip his throat and save my life.—*Chorus.*

Shall We Ever Be Able to Fly?

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Have you ever stopped to think what this world would be
If an airship they'd invent to fly across the sea?
Then we'd fear no angry waves, oh, what joy and bliss—
Listen to me, please, for what I want to know is this:

CHORUS.

Shall we ever be able, ever be able to fly?
Oh, my, what would you give to sail up to the sky?
No one can bother you there, joys will multiply;
Shall we ever be able, ever be able to fly?

Once a jay from Kokomo, hair like prairie grass,
Came to town and hired a room; that night blew out the gas,
Gas caught fire, blew up the house, jay was raising cain,
And as he went through the roof he shouted this refrain:—*Chorus.*

Once an "Uncle Tom" troupe played in a "one night stand"—
"Topsey," "Eva," two bloodhounds, and also a brass band;
No one came to see the show, "rube s" would not turn out;
Landlord grabbed their trunks for board, while Uncle Tom did shout:—*Chorus.*

Once a snap-shot, "Kodak" fiend thought he'd make a view
Of a mammoth Durham bull, quite big enough for two;
Then the button quick he pressed, shot up, out of sight,
For that bull had "done the rest," and "snap-shots" howled with fright.—*Cho.*

When you're in a barber's chair for a five-cent shave,
Razor goes against the grain and makes you howl and rave;
Then the barber starts his chin, talks with might and main;
When the soap gets down your throat, you hear yourself exclaim:—*Chorus.*

If you are a married man, fond of style and dash,
Ten to one, when wife's away, you'll spend a pile of cash;
You'll canoodle on the sly, buy the girl a ring;
Presto! Bang! your wife appears, and this is what you sing:—*Chorus.*

When you take your Sunday girl out with you to eat
At some high-priced restaurant, and give a real swell treat,
Then the waiter shows your bill and demands his pay;
Holy smoke! you've lost your purse, and this is what you say:—*Chorus.*

When you come home feeling fine, full of rum and stout,
For you've had a red-hot night, and loudly sing and shout;
Then your "Birdie" scoops you in, calls you names as well,
Sends for her mamma to come—and that's the time you yell:—*Chorus.*

SWEET ANTOINETTE.

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Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

Within my heart a secret lies,
A secret that I long to tell,
While fondly gazing in the eyes
Of one whose charms around me dwell;
And though I've often tried to tell the tale,
The hour I've often tried to set,
My heart and courage humbly fail
To say, I love thee, Antoinette.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Antoinette, the brightest star within my heart, indeed, you are;
My only thought since first we met, I love alone sweet Antoinette.

I love you, not because you're fair,
Nor for your actions so demure;
I love you, not your joys to share,
But for your soul so good and pure.
In vain I've tried to tell my love to thee,
And when the sun of life has set,
My farewell words to earth will be:
I love but thee, sweet Antoinette.—*Refrain.*

SWEETHEARTS AT SCHOOL.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

They went to the school together for years,
When they were girl and boy;
They told one another their hopes and fears,
And shared all their sorrow and joy.
They vowed that for life they would both be true,
But when they had older grown,
They parted, as sweethearts will often do,
And went on life's journey alone.

CHORUS.

Sweethearts at school long years ago, they were but children then,
And little of love can children know when they are twelve and ten;
Fancy will change, years will go by, fate will be sometimes cruel,
But still they remember, with a sigh, when they were sweethearts at school.

To mind they recall one evening in spring,
Down by the old church gate;
They parted through jealousy's pangs and sting,
The same simple story of fate.
In silence they strolled to the homestead door,
He left her in grief and strife;
No fond parting kiss, as they did before,
Once lovers, now strangers for life.—*Chorus.*

ANNIE REILLY.

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Written and Composed by Johnnie Carroll. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

No doubt you have all heard of sweet Annie Reilly,
She is the charmer that I do adore;
All of the neighbors they speak of her highly,
Each evening at eight we meet outside her door.
The weather permitting, I take her out walking,
We stroll on the avenue far as the park,
And there in the shadow of wide spreading branches,
Unconscious of others, we sit and we spark.

CHORUS.

Annie Reilly is my girl; cheeks like roses, teeth of pearl,
Eyes that shine like the stars above, sweet Annie Reilly is my love.
Annie Reilly she's my girl; cheeks like roses, teeth of pearl,
Eyes that shine like the stars above, sweet Annie Reilly is my love.

Last night, as we parted, she gave me a promise,
To me 'twas the happiest moment in life;
There, with the moon shining brightly upon us,
Sweet Annie said she would be my little wife.
You all are invited to come to our wedding;
We'll dance and be merry, we'll have a good time,
And life will be sunshine, with no care or sorrow,
For earth's fairest treasure that day will be mine.—*Chorus.*

—"It never pays to bet with a woman," said the young man with a sad face. "Why; isn't she good pay, as a rule?" "Oh, yes. She always insists on paying. And then she goes away and hates you for life."

SWEET FLEUR DE LIS.*

LILY OF FRANCE.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

'Neath the sunny skies of the south of France rode a gay sir knight along;
In a meadow by stood a maid so shy, whose soul burst forth in song;
It was love at sight; thought the brave sir knight, like the lily fair is she;
And he said, "Pretty maid, of me be not afraid, my sweet fleur de lis."

REFRAIN.

Sweet, sweet, fleur de lis, beautiful lily of France,
Vision of loveliness, you would a king entrance;
Though you're but lowly born, while I have riches and power,
Happy I'd be if forever with thee, my sweet fleur de lis.

Ere the maid replied, there came to her side a young shepherd lad, in haste,
With a loving glance of sly cupid's lance, his arm stole 'round her waist,
Then the knight rode by, breathed a sad, soft sigh, for a valiant knight was he;
And he said, "very soon you'll have your honeymoon, my sweet fleur de lis."—*Ref*

*"Lis" pronounced "Lee."

THE SONG OF A LIE.

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Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Music by Geo. W. Search.

From a very small lie, sir, it grew deep and wide, sir,
Till it reached to the sky, sir, and frightened the moon;
For she hid her sweet face, sir, in a veil of cloud-lace, sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, sir, that happened at noon.

CHORUS.

First somebody told it, then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongue rolled it, till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it, it never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others, dark sisters and brothers
And fathers and mothers, a terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried, the people they flurried
And troubled and worried, as lies always do.—*Chorus.*

And so evil-bodied this monstrous lie goaded
Till at last it exploded in smoke and in shame,
While from mud and from mire the pieces flew higher
And hit the sad liar and killed his good name.—*Chorus.*

WHISPERINGS OF LOVE.

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Words by Fred M. Spotswood. Music by Harry A. Saxton.

Whisper, gentle maiden, that you love me true,
For my heart has left me, it has gone to you;
As I wander lonely in the silent night,
Thoughts of you, my darling, fill me with delight;
When away from you, love, life is hard to bear,
Then my heart is breaking with its load of care,
In the evening's gloaming, 'neath the starlit skies,
I am fondly dreaming, darling, of your eyes.

REFRAIN.

Whisper, love; whisper, love; whisper sweet and low;
Raise your eyes, why those sighs? tell me ere I go;
Hearts like yours and mine, love, should be made as one,
For it was so intended, darling, when the world begun.

Now I hear the murmur of the evening breeze,
Like a distant wailing, sighing through the trees,
Voices seem to whisper words of love to me
From my absent darling, whom I long to see;
Yet I fancy, loved one, in that message sweet
That your thoughts are spoken and our hearts must meet;
Hearts like yours and mine, love, should be made as one,
It was so intended when the world begun.—*Refrain.*

Now the earth is silent, stars their vigil keep,
Roses kissed by dewdrops, bow their heads and weep,
Now I sit beside you, looking in your eyes,
Eyes so full of beauty, love and glad surprise;
I would have you tell me that your heart is mine,
Not with boist'rous words, love, but with gentle sign,
Sign which none would see, love, none beside we two,
I would have you whisper, "darling, I'll be true."—*Refrain.*

HONEY, O!

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

There's the coon from Alabama, 'way down South, honey, O! honey, O!
His feet are very large and just the same his mouth, honey, O! honey, O!
He's just a trifle crazy, and, oh! he is so lazy;
But in motion he's a "daisy," honey, O! honey, O!

CHORUS.

Get up, you lazy coon, go 'way from me!
Rise up, you lazy loon, I hate to see!
Honey, you rascal black, you are so slow;
Don't you ever come back, honey, O!

There's the coon who's always looking for a tip, honey, O! honey, O!
He never lets a good thing slip-e, slip-e-dip, honey, O! honey, O!
He's yaller and he's sassy, his ways are very brassy,
And he whistles "Bonnie Lassie," honey, O! honey, O!—*Whistling Chorus.*

There's ole Uncle Rasmus walking with a cane, honey, O! honey, O!
And just you watch him as he shuffles down the lane, honey, O! honey, O!
He is so fond of pickin' a turkey or a chicken,
He would take it for a lickin', honey, O! honey, O!—*Repeat first Chorus.*

THE GAY SOUBRETTE.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Oh, a nice young man, too strong to work,
And a "Pa" with lots of cash,
One day grew very rash,
Broke out upon the "mash";
With a dimpled pet he'll not forget,
They began a lively dash;
She was only eighteen, not a little bit green,
And admired his new moustache.

CHORUS.

He fell in love with a gay soubrette, oh, my, oh,
She was a blonde, a bleached brunette, oh, my, oh;
She was a wag and she liked a jag;
She always carried her powder rag,
Instead of Miss Juno her name was Mag, the gay soubrette.

One day in May, so runs the lay,
He suggested they should wed;
The maiden smiled and said
She had an awful dread
Of the marriage state and stay-out-late
And come-rolling-home-to-bed;
She was greatly amused, but she must be excused,
For she hadn't lost her head.

CHORUS.

He fell in love with a gay soubrette, oh, my, oh,
She was a "Lulu," don't forget, oh, my, oh;
For she was "fly," and she knew her "biz."
He blew his coin and he bought her "fizz,"
But all the same, she would never be his, the gay soubrette.

Then he took to drinking lemonade,
And began to go down hill;
He never had his fill,
He was a walking "still,"
For another's sake he got the "shake,"
And her six month's old board bill,
Now he goes around "broke" in an opera cloak
And a look that's meant to kill.

CHORUS.

He fell in love with a gay soubrette, oh, my, oh;
Now, on the sly, she's laughing yet, oh, my, oh.
"By-by, my pet, are you much in debt?
Come, take a kiss, but it's all you'll get,"
Was what she said the last time they met, the gay soubrette.

So now, dear boys, take my advice,
And recall the "golden rule,"
The rule you learned at school,
"Let others play the fool";
Let them buy cracked ice, it's cheap and nice,
And it makes a "swelled head" cool,
But the fact will remain, the next day they'll complain
They're a donkey or a mule.

CHORUS.

He fell in love with a gay soubrette, oh, my, oh;
Now there's a four-roomed flat to let, oh, my, oh;
She packed her trunk and at once set sail,
The youth is "boarding" at "Bloomingdale,"
For that is the place where she sends his mail, the gay soubrette.

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.

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Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

The little musician played the old songs that we loved in the days of yore,
And sweeter music was never heard in all this world before;
Her fingers ran swiftly o'er the keys, a fairy's hands were there,
And the harmony filled our hearts with love for that child so grand and fair.

CHORUS.

The little musician played and sang with a genius seldom heard,
She had the soft touch of an angel and the sweet notes of a bird.

The little musician's face was bright and her voice was sweet and clear,
And the songs, so softly played to us, were beautiful to hear;
It seemed to all that this little child possessed the great master's art,
She played and sang with native charm that captured ev'ry heart.—*Chorus.*

Love Will Bring Me Back Again.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

A sailor stood on the silent shore,
His loving lassie by his side;
His ship would sail with the morning's light
To lands across the ocean wide.
His heart was sad as he saw the tears
Fall from her eyes, her cheek to stain;
"Don't grieve, sweetheart, tho' we must part;
True love will bring me back again."

CHORUS.

Love will bring me back again over the ocean wide,
Ever fondly to remain close by my darling's side;
Though care may dim your loving eyes, looking for me in vain,
Remember this, with parting kiss, love will bring me back again.

He sailed away at the dawn of day,
His love still loth from him to part;
She watched the ship till 'twas out of sight,
Then turned away with aching heart.
The sailor boy to his vow was true,
He sent this message o'er the main:
"Cheer up, my own, though left alone,
True love will bring me back again."—*Chorus.*

The years went by, but no tidings came
Of him that lassie held so dear;
In silent prayer she breathed his name,
While waiting there in hope and fear
At last he came, with glowing face,
Upon his lips that glad refrain:
"Oh, sweetheart mine, my joy divine,
True love has brought me back again."—*Chorus.*

Don't Leave the Old Home, Mamie.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox. Arrangement by G. M. Rosenberg.

The scene an humble dwelling, with hearth-fire burning bright;
A father and a mother, gray in years,
Are talking to their daughter, their pride, their hearts' delight,
With voices low and eyes bedimmed with tears.
The child has told her parents that love has won her heart,
That she will leave them both ere many days;
Her words cause tears anew from two souls so good and true,
And this is what her dear old father says:

CHORUS.

"Don't leave the old home, Mamie; from temptation refrain,
You know it will bring sorrow, we may never meet again;
Bid him come here and marry you, then with us both remain,
'Twould break your dear old mother's heart, were you to love in vain."

"You say he loves you, daughter; then let him prove it, dear;
If this be true, he won't ask you to roam;
He knows you are our jewel, our only guiding star,
Why should he dim the brightness of our home?"
The mother pleads, "My loved one, false steps wreck many a home;
Remain with us, upon my knees I pray.
Don't say that we must part, do not break your mother's heart,
But listen to what father has to say:"—*Chorus.*

A BROTHER'S LOVE;

—OR:—

The Vagrant Son.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

A tramp once told the tale to me that I'll relate to you.
He said, I've not been always thus, once better days I knew;
My home was in a mansion, where all things were of the best.
I had a darling sister then, with beauty she was blest;
I loved her but too fondly, for I sacrificed my home,
And heard my father's curses as he drove me forth to roam.

CHORUS.

A poor and vagrant son, an outcast, wand'ring one
I bore my father's curse and roamed away;
'Tis for a sister's sake the scorn of man I take—
That's why I am without a home to-day.

My sister had a suitor, who had naught but love to give,
She cared for him with passion that was born to ever live;
And tempted by the love, alas, that knows no wrong or right,
From father's safe she took a sum to aid them in their flight.
'Twas I who caught them in the theft at silent midnight time,
'Twas I who saw them both escape and leave their mark of crime.—*Chorus.*

I heard my father's footstep coming from the room above—
She was my sister, and no tongue could ever tell my love;
My only thought was how to save her name from such disgrace,
And though, from that day unto this, I've never seen her face,
I let my father think that I had been the guilty thief;
He drove me forth, a vagrant son, to life of shame and grief.—*Chorus.*

TWIGGY VOO.

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Words by Richard Norton. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

When you're giving folks advice, or you're telling stories nice,
I shouldn't tell the end if I were you;
For to cut it short is best, you can let them guess the rest,
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!
When young Jones, at number four, rushes headlong from the door,
Calls a cab, says, drive to Doctor Lord-knows-who,
Returns with doctor, then it's worse; "there are two, sir," says the nurse—
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!

CHORUS.

Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!
Well, of course, it stands to reason that you do;
To the force and reason in it, you can tumble in a minute;
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!

When it's raining like a flood and the streets are full of mud,
What lots of pretty girls appear on view;
Tho' their dresses look so neat, yet they like to cross the street,
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!
As they stand on corners near, how the fellows watch each dear,
Married ones and single ones—of course, they do—
And ev'ry male, for miles around, then is staring at the ground,
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!—*Chorus.*

Now the darling girls all wed, just for love, we hear it said—
At least, in all the novels so they do;
But a nice engagement ring, set with diamonds, is the thing,
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!
If an old guy falls in love with some little turtle dove,
And he says, "I've lots of gold, pray, wed me, do!"
She'll say, "Just settle on me, dear, twenty thousand cash a year."
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!—*Chorus.*

When a lady finds a note in her husband's bus'ness coat,
A letter that is signed by Maud or Loo,
He will say 'twas one he found just outside, while looking 'round—
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!
If that night he journeys out and she follows him about,
She will find him with a girl in pink or blue;
He'll say it is his niece, Miss Brown, who came suddenly to town,
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!—*Chorus.*

—As Advertised. —Like the broken lily she drooped under the crushing blow. "Sir," her father cried, fiercely, "is it that she is poor and you are rich? Do you not feel that my daughter has a claim on you after you have called to see her every evening for six months?" The youth smiled sardonically. "No," he answered, "Look!" Rapidly turning the leaves of the Sunday newspaper, pointed to the fateful words of the old man's advertisement: "No trouble to show goods."—*Truth.*

THE STRANGER.

— OR: —

It's a Baby.

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Composed by Al. W. Filson.

But yesterday, I really thought of joy I had my fill;
My prospects bright, a darling wife—my own, my cherished Lil;
For in the marriage lottery I'd drawn a perfect prize—
A tender, loving woman, and she's pretty, in my eyes.
But what is better far, her heart is pure and true as steel,
The kind of woman that's the same in bitter woe or weal;
But yesterday I owned her heart, it all belonged to me;
But now I'm jealous, for I have a rival, don't you see?
There's a strange voice in the house, it's a baby, it's a baby;
I'm as quiet as a mouse, for fear I will wake the child.
It's a comfort and a joy, it's a baby, my first baby;
I'm sure you'll say, when you see the boy, it's the picture of its dad.

My Lil's a wife with nature's noblest, kindest gifts endowed;
No wonder, then, of my dear wife I feel a little proud.
She will not shirk, if trouble comes, or weep or moan or sigh,
But by her husband bravely stand, and the whole world defy.
And though another now has come to steal into her heart,
I oughtn't to be jealous, for it's of myself a part,
To prove but one more binding link between my Lil and I;
I can't say more, for, don't you see, it's just begun to cry.
There's a strange voice in the house, etc.

AND THE VERDICT WAS.

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Words and Music by Charles Osborne.

Life's short, very, very short, here we haven't long to stay;
So I'm giving you a rhyme, something in the short, sweet way.
Little Billy Bates fastened on his skates, but the ice was thin;
Suddenly a crack, wollop on his back, little Billy Bates popp'd in,
And the verdict was:

REFRAIN.

A little boy, a pair of skates,
Broken ice, heaven's gates.

Four pards played a game of cards, Poker was its name, I think;
Something where they handle chips, likewise handle lots to drink.
One pard drew a hand, said that "Pat" he'd stand; but his little pile,
When the others called, didn't he feel galled, oh, he wore a sickly smile,
And the verdict was:

REFRAIN.

A bobtail flush, a sick'ning thud,
Aces four, name is mud.

Maria made the kitchen fire, threw in lots of kindling wood;
She was such a tidy girl, very goody, goody, good.
Fire it wouldn't go, lit up rather slow; kerosene she got,
Poured it from a can, like a little man, through the roof she flew, red hot,
And the verdict was:

REFRAIN.

A busted stove, a girl well done,
Angels wings, built for one.

Bill Dunn monkeyed with a gun, held it in a giddy style;
He had read the papers, too, so he wore a peaceful smile.
Then that gun he took and began to look down the barrel small;
Soon the trigger flew, and, the next he knew, Billy Dunn took in a ball,
And the verdict was:

REFRAIN.

A loaded gun—cannot tell how,
Pushing clouds—Bill knows now.

A cat on a high fence sat, youlded away his little yowl;
All the boarders woke from sleep, they began to swear and howl;
One flung out a boot, couldn't make him scoot; so they struck a light,
And they gave that cat, who was nice and fat, just a chunk of dynamite,
And the verdict was:

REFRAIN.

A little fur, a claw or two,
Whiskers, which clouds blow through.

Jim Squash came from far Oshkosh, saw the sights in New York town;
Feeling tired when night came, thought that he would go lie down.
Took in a hotel, liked it very well, but for him, alas!
Ere he went to bed, with a heavy head, farmer Squash blew out the gas,
And the verdict was:

REFRAIN.

A giddy "jay," no cows to groom;
Meter us above, golden flume.

PHOEBE.

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Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Tell me what you does with all your money, says Phoebe;
Tell me how you gits rid of all your money, says Phoebe.
I takes out the dice and rolls dem, so; is dat you seven? Mm, Mm? No, no;
Oh, dat's de way my money does go, Phoebe.

REFRAIN.

Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so;
Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so.

CHORUS.

Stars are shining, the moon am climbing, meet me, Phoebe Jane;
Come, my honey, I'se got money, and we'll take de train.

When the wint'ry winds begin to blow, says Phoebe,
Nothing then in sight for to eat, but snow, says Phoebe.
I gathers the money layin' 'round, you saves yours up and I saves mine down;
Oh, hold your job, we'll own this town, Phoebe.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

My Love Is a Mermaid So Fair.

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Words by James Thornton. Music by George Rosey.

Ev'rybody's read the story, in the nursery,
Of the pretty little mermaids in the dark-blue sea;
How they dwell in caves of coral, far beneath the deep,
And on mossy beds, at night, they lay them down to sleep.

CHORUS.

My love is a mermaid so fair,
With brown eyes and soft, wavy hair;
She swims 'round the bay, light-hearted and gay,
She never grows weary, but sings all the day.
At night, when to bed she does creep,
And ev'rything's still in the deep,
The fishes so kind
Gently pull down the blind,
And the little mermaid goes to sleep.

When you're sailing on the ocean, if the weather's fine,
You can see the little mermaids dancing on the brine,
Throwing kisses to the sailors, as they're passing by;
For I've heard that little mermaids flirt like you or I.—*Chorus.*

MABEL;

— OR: —

Can a Body Tell a Body?

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Have you seen her? Have you seen her?
She's as fair as a newly-blown flow'r;
She is my girl, such a shy girl,
Cries and laughs in one hour.
On inspection she's perfection,
She is free from all blemish or scar;
And if you don't believe that I love the dear girl,
You can call 'round and ask her mamma.

CHORUS.

But Mabel, Mabel, don't care for me,
All my good points Mabel's unable to see;
When I speak, she makes no reply;
Can a body tell a body, what's the reason why?

I adore her, bow before her,
I have worshipped her on bended knee;
Idolizing, yet surprising,
She's no pref'rence for me.
Though a dear girl, she's a queer girl,
And I feel that I'm treated too bad;
But the lady I speak of is not two months old,
She is my girl because I'm her dad.

CHORUS.

Still Mabel, Mabel, don't care for me,
All my good points Mabel's unable to see;
When I speak, she makes no reply;
She's my latest baby daughter—that's the reason why.

ROAMING IN THE CLOVER.

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Words and Music by George Lester.

Roaming in the fields of clover, with sweet Jennie by my side,
Glad was I to be her lover, begging her to be my bride;
Daisies at our feet were smiling, nature wore its fairest dress,
Still, with all my words beguiling, she refused to answer "yes";
Still, with all my words beguiling, she refused to answer "yes."

CHORUS.

Roaming in the clover, all the wide fields over,
Jennie's eyes were bright and blue as the skies above;
Hand in hand together, in the smiling weather,
Roaming in the clover fields and breathing words of love.

Bright her tender eyes were shining, with the glow love can but bring,
And her secret heart divining, to love's theme I could but cling;
And my tender vows repeating, all my heart's fond love to show,
Soon she gave my kiss its greeting, and she did not answer "no";
Soon she gave my kiss its greeting, and she did not answer "no."—*Chorus.*

THE SUNNYSIDE OF THOMPSON STREET AWAY DOWN TOWN.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

If you want to find de people of de colored population,
Indigo de Japanese, de black and de brown,
De greatest place in all de State, oh yes, in all de nation,
Am de sunnyside of Thompson Street away down town.

CHORUS.

Now, white folks, keep on de shady side
When you're travelling around,
Don't talk loud, but keep your eye on de crowd,
(*Spoken:* Where?)
On de sunnyside of Thompson Street away down town.

Oh, it's when you see a copper chase a coon 'way up an alley,
Oh, de nigger seems to grow right out of the ground;
Oh, when he comes, get on de run, and don't you dilly dally
On de sunnyside of Thompson Street away down town.—*Chorus.*

Oh, it's dare you'll find a razor wid a nigger on the handle;
Day and night he's full of fight, you can't him down.
A yellow wench sits on a bench a-making all de scandal,
On de sunnyside of Thompson Street away down town.—*Chorus.*

Oh, it's when you see a nigger dare a-laying in a wagon,
Rooms to let he's got to get, and sleep on de ground:
De copper chase him off de street, he can't lay on the flagging,
On de sunnyside of Thompson Street away down town.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE DAUGHTER NELL.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, should you ever wander down by the riverside,
You'll meet me and my father, with Towser by my side;
Pop plays the concertina, in Coogan's court we dwell,
Poor old blind Paddy Dempsey and his little daughter Nell.

CHORUS.

Oh, singing on the avenue and up the alleyways,
And all along the riverside, or any place that pays;
Sometimes in front of mansions grand, to please the swells and belles,
Poor old blind Paddy Dempsey and his little daughter Nell.

I rise so bright and early to get our breakfast made,
Then Pop and I and Towser go out to work our trade;
The watchman on the corner says: "Pat, I hope you're well;
The lord be good to you, my friend, and little daughter Nell."—*Chorus.*

Oh, I am never tired while father plays away
The sentimental ballads; 'tis simple songs that pay.
Oh, how I long to sing them, his sorrow to dispel:
Poor old blind Paddy Dempsey and his little daughter Nell.—*Chorus.*

A child of sad misfortune, I roam about the town
To seek an honest penny to keep the hunger down.
While singing for the people I'm not ashamed to tell
'Tis for my poor old blind Pop and his little daughter Nell.—*Chorus.*

Oh, how I love the sunshine poor father never sees;
In public parks, while resting, we sit beneath the trees;
The sparrows and the blue birds they seem to know us well,
They love blind Paddy Dempsey and his little daughter Nell.—*Chorus.*

CALLAHAN'S GANG.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Spuyten Duyvel to the river working all day long,
We are handy with the shovel and you'll hear them clang,
Digging up the diamonds while we sing a jolly song,
For we're known by all the boys as Callahan's Gang.

CHORUS.

Hard coal, soft coal, charcoal and coke,
We dump it in the carts before they make it smoke;
Lehigh, Delaware and the Luckawang,
We're known by all the boys as Callahan's Gang.

When our labor's over then we hurry home to tea,
After washing and a-combing out a great big bang.
The ladies do be giggling, oh! and this is what they say:
"Ye are known by all the girls as Callahan's Gang."—*Chorus.*

Standing on the corner by McSwiggin's big saloon,
On politics we argue wid a great harangue:
The copper on the corner says, "Oh, give the people room;
You're a noisy lot of boys, ye Callahan's Gang."—*Chorus.*

Sergeant Hickey of the G. A. R.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

When war obscured the nation, and our soldiers filled the land,
John Hickey for the Union took a musket in his hand.
So faithfully and nobly, boys, he followed stripes and stars,
Courageous Irish trooper in the ranks of the G. A. R.

CHORUS.

Brave old soldier, veterans all,
With banners gaily streaming, bayonets gleaming,
At the bugle's call, Sergeant Hickey marched to war,
Courageous, brave old Irish trooper in the G. A. R.

He held aloft the banner bold, the emblem of the free,
With Sherman from Atlanta, boys, he marched to the sea.
While clinging to the starry flag, he'd shout hip, hip, hurrah!
Courageous Irish trooper of the G. A. R.—*Chorus.*

He loved the smell of powder, boys, for fighting was his bent;
There never was a coward in his gallant regiment.
The bullets would not kill him, boys, he never bore a scar,
Courageous Irish trooper in the ranks of the G. A. R.—*Chorus.*

At last he took a fever, boys, that took away his trade;
He murmured when a-dying, oh, I'm going on parade.
Oh, lay me low, my comrades dear, beneath the stripes and stars;
Courageous Irish trooper in the ranks of the G. A. R.—*Chorus.*

WHAT MADE GRANDMA DIE?

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

A calm, peaceful morn of a bright summer day,
A messenger carelessly wending his way,
In front of a cottage he stops for a spell,
He looks at the number, then pulls the door-bell;
An old lady, feeble, on op'ning the door
And reading the message, falls prone to the floor;
Her daughters, in anguish, in vain do they call,
Their mother lies silent, the message tells all.

CHORUS.

'Twas from her only son so fair, who left home when a boy;
She thought him dead, but as she read she could not bear the joy;
A father stern, a slave to drink, had driven him to sea;
Aboard a ship reported lost, she thought her boy to be.

A beautiful home in a place far away,
A fam'ly assembled at close of the day,
The children their books have laid by for the night,
To gather and talk in the fireside light.
Oh, tell us, dear papa, about our grandma;
You've promised so often, now do, please, papa;
You've said how God called her to live in the sky,
But tell us, dear papa, what made grandma die?

CHORUS.

A message from her son so fair, who left home when a boy;
She thought him dead, but as she read she could not bear the joy;
A father stern, a slave to drink, had driven him to sea;
Aboard a ship reported lost, she thought her boy to be.

Come Back, Sweet Polly O'Moore.

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

I had a sweetheart named Polly O'Moore, Polly O'Moore;
Sweet tales of love in her ear I did pour, Polly O'Moore.
One day we quarrel'd, and all through a jest,
I lost my darling, the one I love best.
Until she returns I'll never find rest,
And all the day long I will sing:

CHORUS.

Come back, sweet Polly O'Moore, let your thoughts flow back to me;
The sun will shine brighter than ever before, for I'm always thinking of thee.
Answer "yes," and the words I will bless, my poor heart is aching with pain;
Come back and forget, my own little pet, and we will be sweethearts again.

Fondly I'm waiting the day she returns, Polly O'Moore;
No tongue can tell how my heart with love burns, Polly O'Moore.
One day there came a sweet letter to me,
Some good ship carried it over the sea;
It read, "Willie dear, I'm coming to thee."
And when she arrives I will sing:—*Chorus.*

I NEVER CAN FORGET YOU WERE MY SWEETHEART.

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Words and Music by Leona Fontainbleau Jerome.

Sweethearts were we, ever were side by side;
I longed for the day when you would call me bride.
Happy were we, never a thought or a care,
For life seemed to be almost too bright and fair,
Until one day we quarrelled and passed each other by;
Yet, I never can forget that we were sweethearts, you and I.

CHORUS.

We were sweethearts, loving and fond and true,
Once you loved me and I loved you;
Sweethearts, sweethearts, drifted so far apart,
Yet I never can forget you were my sweetheart.

Sweethearts were we, cloudless our sky above,
And all seemed to smile with gladness on our love;
Life, like a dream, seemed to be passing by,
And yet seemed too real to fade away and die.
'Tis long since last we parted, and though I often try,
Yet, I never can forget that we were sweethearts, you and I.—*Chorus.*

SHE WILL NEVER KNOW.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

Standing by the old gate, my heart beating fast,
She had promised to be mine, this pretty brown-eyed lass.
As I walked the garden path I heard a voice close by;
Thinking to surprise her, quietly tiptoed I.
As I approached her, heard her softly say,
"Oh, do not leave me, I implore you!" He had turned away.
Soon in a fond embrace he held her, kissed her again and again;
My eyes grew dim, I could not speak, all efforts were in vain.

CHORUS.

She will never know how my heart is aching,
She will never know the hours of ceaseless pain,
She will never know that my heart is breaking—
Would that I could call her sweetheart once again.

When we met I told her all that I had seen,
Told her she was faithless, and false to me had been;
Tears came to her loving eyes, she brushed them all away,
Said, "You do not love me, the truth you'll learn some day."
He was her father, who, for many years,
Had gone the downward path of life and filled her cup with tears.
I dared not ask her to forgive the words that broke her heart,
So through this weary vale of strife our pathways lie apart.—*Chorus.*

I'SE GWINE BACK.

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Words and Music by Jennie E. Lissenden.

'Twas down in Mississippi, many years ago,
We used to pick de cotton and it grew as white as snow;
De darkies would be singin' de songs I used to know,
And we'd all feel so happy as each day would come and go.
Sometimes dem coons would get too swift and think dey run away,
But by the time dey had that thought, dey'd find it didn't pay;
De master and de bloodhounds dey were soon upon his track,
An' you ought to hear dat nigger squeal when master brought him back, oh!

REFRAIN.

I'se gwine back, I'se gwine back, back to de dear old South;
Come along, my honey, I'se gwine back, I'se gwine back;
Come along, my honey, with me;
Now won't you come, my Liza?

You talk about your dancin'; ought to been down there,
To see dem niggers buck and wing, you'd thought dey's made ob air.
I 'member Rastus Johnson was king ob all de rest:
Ob course, when for de white folks, he would always do his best.
Den when de day's work it was done, we'd sit around de fire,
An' eb'ry one ob us would wait fo' master to retire;
Den some ob us would clap dar hands, while odders dey would sing,
An' dat little Rastus Johnson he would cut der pigeon wing, oh!—*Refrain.*

Den dar was Liza Perkins, Jackson Small, her beau;
On Sunday dey would call for us, to meetin' we would go;
Sam Johnson led de singin'—I want you all to know,
He's daddy to dat coon dar dat goes spinnin' on his toe.
Dar's uncle Joe an' Raphael Snow, a-singin' in de choir,
An' Sue an' Maud an' Fanny Green, an' den my aunt Sophiar;
Soon each coon got so happy till dey just began to shout,
An' ole Rastus got to laughin', so de preacher fired him out, oh!—*Refrain.*

COOGAN'S POKER PARTY.

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Words and Music by Victor Gay.

A poker party the Coogans had,
But none of them knew how to play;
So some got broke, while others got mad,
And some got awfully gay;
For down the throat of each thirsty man
The Coogans' ale was going;
While rushing the growler and pushing the can,
A dozen fine jags were growing,
A dozen fine jags were growing.

REFRAIN.

"Boys, be wid me," said Coogan;
"Now fill up your mugs and drink hearty."
We had stories and sights, and illegant fights,
At Coogan's poker party.

The first deal Riley said he'd "stand Pat";
"You're talking of me," said Pat Flynn;
"If you guy me name I'll lay you out flat,
Sure, don't insult me agin."
Said Riley, "I'll 'stand Pat,' I will for spite,
A poker game we're playing."
Then Coogan spoke up in a manner polite,
"Wid talk you're my game delaying,
My poker game delaying."—*Refrain.*

Two pairs of "Ones" Tim Rooney had,
Four "Twos" he saw in Mike's hand;
"I'm not in this, I'm frighten'd, bedad!
To stay I haven't the sand:
For four fine "Twos" are twice as much
As four small "Ones," I'm thinking;
So I will stay out and this hand I'll not touch,
But Coogan's mixed ale be drinking,
Yes, Coogan's mixed ale be drinking."—*Refrain.*

The drinks that Coogan gave us that night
Were "Jersey-Lightning" brand;
The mixed drinks got us Micks mixed in a fight,
Then Coogan's wife took a hand;
With kitchen poker she fired us all,
Sure none had nerve to be staying;
We heard a weak voice as we skipped through the hall,
It sounded like Coogan saying,
Yes, sure it was Coogan saying:—*Refrain.*

—Mistress: "Babetta, when I was driving in the park the other day, I saw a nurse allow a policeman to kiss a child. I hope you never allow such a thing." Babetta: "Non, madam; no polizyman vould think of keesing ze child ven I vas zere."

LUCINDA CINDA JANE.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

I've a gal, and she's a wonder, Cinda, Lucinda, that's her name;
And when she laughs it sounds like thunder, Cinda, Lucinda, Cinda Jane;
Ev'ry night we stand on the corner, in moonlight or in rain;
If mammy knew it, I'd be a goner, with Cinda, Lucinda, Cinda Jane.

CHORUS.

Oh, Lucinda, Cinda Jane! oh, Lucinda, Cinda, that's her name!
Oh! Lucinda, Cinda, with a kiss I win'd her,
That is how I won Lucinda, Cinda Jane.

She has eyes like coals of fire, Cinda, Lucinda, that's her name;
She burns my heart when I sit by her, Cinda, Lucinda, Cinda Jane;
Some day I 'spects that we will marry, and live just down the lane;
As I might lose her, I mustn't tarry with Cinda, Lucinda, Cinda Jane.—*Chorus.*

CLAMBER CLOSER, CLARA.

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Written by John P. Harington. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

When Cousin Clara was a mite, no higher than my knee,
She always took a strange delight in clamb'ring up on me;
But boys and girls have childish tiffs and lovers go on strike,
And oft I'd say when Clara was—well—cold and distant like—

CHORUS.

Clamber closer, Clara: clamber closer, do;
Can't you clamber closer when I want you to;
Come, put your arms around me, let us bill and coo;
Clamber closer, Clara; can't you? clamber closer, do.

When I was quite a big boy Clara's dad showed me the door;
Thought I, ah, but I'll see her still, though he said call no more.
I clambered in his apple tree and Clara clambered too,
And oft I'd say to Clara: I say, if you love me true—*Chorus.*

But now I've squared her dad again, and I call very oft
To see her in the sitting room, and woo in accents soft.
She often sits upon my knee to talk romantic stuff,
Then I, for fun, say: Clara, dear, that's not quite close enough.—*Chorus.*

A NICE, QUIET WEEK.

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Written by J. P. Harington. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Wilkins and Wilks and Binks and I, feeling our nerves were undone,
Holiday-making thought we'd go far from the breeze of London.
"Better go down to Kent," says Binks, beautiful place, suit nicely;
Couldn't get boozed down there, you know, pub's shut at ten precisely;
Piff-puff, piff-puff, off by train we went,
Nice, quiet week's rest, that was our intent:
When the town we "struck," you know, we'd a drink for luck, you know,
But, Lor' bless you, when we'd been an hour in Kent—

CHORUS.

We were such rollicking, frollicking, devil-may-care young bladies,
Kissing the nice young ladies, frightening prim old maidies;
We threw the slop in the pond and we jumped on the old men's cadies;
No mistake, there's nothing like a nice, quiet week.

Up at the nearest inn we put, finding it nice and handy,
Ordering, in the smoking room, lots of cigars and brandy;
Each had a score of drinks, or more, plenty of fun and laughter,
Using the empty bottles for breaking the windows after,
Wilkins he got into awful strife—
But for our cheek, he'd have lost his life.
Potman found that star, you know, hid behind the bar, you know,
Swearing love eternal to the landlord's wife.—*Chorus.*

When they brought in their only slop, right to a man we whopped him,
Collared him in our clutch, you know, into the horse-pond dropped him,
Then "with a one, two, three" we fled, half of the town behind us;
Silly attempt, they caught us quick, put us in jail to mind us,
Next day, oh, dear! 'cause we broke the lawe,
How stern, how sharp, Mister Justice was.
As you came to seek, my friends, just a quiet week, my friends,
You shall have one each upon the mill, because—

CHORUS.

You've been such rollicking, frollicking, devil-may-care young bladies,
Kissing the nice young ladies, frightening prim old maidies;
You threw the slop in the pond and you jumped on the old men's cadies;
No mistake, there's nothing like a nice, quiet week.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

The prodigal son is returning, 'tis the sad story of old;
Leaving his parents in anger, now coming back to the fold;
Twenty long years have gone over, loveless and joyless to him,
Even tho' fortune has kindly filled up his cup to the brim;
Now he stands shrouded in night's gloomy pall,
'Neath the deep shade of the ivory-clad wall.

REFRAIN.

After twenty years, years of toil and pain,
Standing near the threshold of his home again;
Thro' the open window, mother's voice he hears;
Surely she'll forgive her boy, after twenty years.

It sounds like the music of angels, wedded to dreams of the past,
'Tis the sweet voice of his mother, longed for and blessed with at last;
What are the words she is saying? kneeling and clasping her hands;
What are the words she is saying? closer, yet closer he stands.
Then, as he listens, his vision grows dim;
Yes, he is weeping, she's praying for him.—*Refrain.*

He hears his mother pray, he hears her softly say,
"Our Father, who art in heaven, protect my wand'ring son;
And teach me, from my heart, to say, 'Thy will be done!'
Forgive him, as I have done, and, if it may be,
Bring back my boy, my erring boy to me!"
The wanderer, the prodigal now kneels beside her chair
And whispers, "Mother, I am here in answer to your prayer!"

REFRAIN.

After twenty years, years of toil and pain,
Welcome to the blessing of his home again;
Through a mist of teardrops, mother's face appears,
Surely she forgives her boy, after twenty years.

THEY NEVER TELL ALL WHAT THEY KNOW.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Dere's all kind of people to make up a world,
The good ones, the bad ones, and others;
But I can tell you where the Christian and Jew
Live happy like two little brothers.
Their money is made by bargain and trade,
And the children so plentiful grow;
Just go look around the East side of town,
Where they never tell all what they know.

CHORUS.

It's Hester Street, Essex Street, Bowery, Canal,
Oh, dear, what a wonderful show;
Just go look around the East side of town,
Where they never tell all what they know.

I'll tell you of a merchant that's living so grand,
Yes, happy in comfort and riches;
But please understand that he sold second-hand
Old dresses, old coats and the breeches.
His shop it burned down, yes, clean to the ground,
His insurance was paid long ago;
That cat was a scamp that jumped on the lamp,
But I never tell all what I know.—*Chorus.*

Now I know of a widow—nice woman, my friend—
Who used to sell pig's feet and honey;
She's now very grand, 'cause she caught second-hand
A Hebrew with plenty of money.
She went for his gold, because he was old,
And his hair was as white as the snow;
Oh, she's very gay, I don't give it away,
I never tell all what I know.—*Chorus.*

Dey say some of our people are hungry to-day;
To me that is awfully funny;
Find Hebrews a-tramp, you can't with a lamp,
They're bankers with plenty of money.
There's many a case when some of our race
Let dollars like water to flow;
We're out for the dust, and it's riches or bust,
But I never tell all what I know.—*Chorus.*

—Tells Her Everything.—The Married Man: "I tell my wife everything, sir—everything." The Batchelor: "Ever tell her a lie?" The Married Man: "Didn't I say I tell her everything?" —*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF KILDARE.

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Beautiful girl of Kildare, I'm dreaming, sweet one, of thee;
Far o'er the sea we must part, it makes me sad, oh, it breaks my heart.
But be of good cheer, I will see thee again,
Where naught will disturb our hearts, cause us pain;
Then we'll be happy and free from all care,
My beauty, my beautiful girl of Kildare.

Beautiful girl of Kildare, oh, she is so sweet to me;
Her eyes are deep blue and her hair it is loving and flowing so free.
Oh, say, must we part in this wide world of pain?
Not long, for we'll soon see each other again;
Then we'll be happy and free from all care,
My beauty, my beautiful girl of Kildare.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

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Words by Alfred J. Morris. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

This world is all checker'd with pleasures and pain;
Though our hopes are in brightness arrayed,
Our summer is spoilt by a downpour of rain,
And our life has less sunshine than shade.
See the youth, in the happy excitement of love,
As he whispers the old, old tale;
And the maid answers "Yes" like the sigh of a dove,
Then she dreams of her bridal veil.

REFRAIN.

And the first year of marriage runs smoothly and well,
Till their dear little baby is born;
Then the money won't last, and the wife has to tell
How the wedding ring went to the pawn.
And to keep out of debt, how the poor fellow tries;
But the troubles increase, and the tears in their eyes,
Till the climax is reached when their little one dies—
What a picture of sunshine and shadow.

"Stand back!" cry the p'lice, "Clear the road, here they come!"
Then the crowd cheer and shout till they're sore;
How inspiring the music, the beat of the drum,
It's the soldiers *en route* to the war.
How the face of each man beams with pleasure and pride,
As he thinks of promotion and fame;
And he yearns for the time when his pluck will be tried,
And his country shall hear of his name.

REFRAIN.

What a change on the day they return from the fight;
There's the same eager crowd as before,
But the men that are left—good God, what a sight!
Is it this that's the glory of war?
See the poor, dying wretches, the limping, the lame—
What a ghastly reward for their search after fame;
When they die in the workhouse, we'll hear of their names—
What a contrast of sunshine and shadow!

The public delight in a case of divorce,
What amusement it seems to afford;
The judge will, p'rhaps, venture a joke rather coarse,
When the densely packed court will applaud.
How they laugh as the letters are read—who'd have thought
Such a story of folly to tell;
And when it transpired how the wife was first caught,
How the crowd is convulsed with a yell.

REFRAIN.

But there's one piteous wretch, with her head bowed in shame,
Who inwardly prays she might die;
Perhaps, after all, she's not wholly to blame,
She was led and deceived by a lie.
But now it is hopeless the verdict to gain;
All her life is exposed, ev'ry blemish and stain,
To a world whose chief pleasure is some wretch's pain—
That's a picture of sunshine and shadow.

'Tis Christmas; with laughter the theatre resounds,
Smiles light e'en the face of the sage;
With jests, quips and smiles, and a few lively bounds,
Our old friend, the clown, takes the stage.
How the children delight at his comical face,
And their elders applaud each queer sign;
Ah, light-hearted jester, thou king of grimace,
What life could be happier than thine?

REFRAIN.

Now the theatre is empty, and out in the night
Comes the clown at a quick, hurried pace;
Pray—God, I'm in time, and the glare of a light
Shows his pitiful, haggard, white face.
Home at last; up the stairs, with a slow, frighten'd tread,
He tremblingly creeps to his poor child's sick-bed;
But, too late! on his knees then he sobs by the dead—
What a picture of sunshine and shadow!

You'll Soon Forget Kathleen.

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Oh, leave not your Kathleen, there's no one can cheer her,
Alone in the wide world, unpitied she'll sigh;
And scenes that were loveliest, when thou wert but near her,
Recall the sad visions of days long gone by.
'Tis vain that you tell me you'll never forget me,
To the land of the shamrock you'll ne'er return more;
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me,
You'll soon forget Kathleen and Erin-go-bragh.

Oh, leave not the land, the sweet land of your childhood,
Where joyously passed the first days of our youth,
Where joyously we wandered 'mid valley and wildwood;
Oh, these were the bright days of innocent truth.
'Tis vain that you tell me, etc.

MY FRIEND, THE MAJOR.

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Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

You must know my friend, the major, quite the rage in New York town;
In the West this gay old stager has procured a wide renown.
Biggest liar, can't stand fire; never known to stand a drink,
Sponges, lounges, mashes, dashes, at the ladies tips a wink;
Boozes, snoozes, struts and cruises 'round the club till half-past two.
Right turn, quick march, booh-oo-oo!

CHORUS.

My friend, the major, is the idol of the fair,
The ladies chaff, wink and smile, all admire his military style;
My friend, the major, is a lalidadidoo,
The men are all afraid when he toddles on parade with his boo-oo-oo.

Know the major's always stony, always up to sundry pranks;
Meets you and demands a pony, borrows it and gives no thanks.
Billiard player, not one gayer, very thick at Baccarat;
If he meets you, never treats you, gently bids you tralala.
If you smite him, you can fight him, this is what he'll quickly do,
Right turn, quick march, boo-oo-oo!—*Chorus.*

What he's major of? I don't know if his company exists;
Search, and then I'm sure you won't know, he's not in the army list.
Sundry people, who can't keep all news they hear from day to day,
Say this gorger was a forger, served his time up Sing Sing way,
And by warder kept in order, he'd to march, big stones to hew,
Right turn, quick march, boo-oo-oo.—*Chorus.*

Tom and His Sweetheart So True;

—OR:—

The False Imprisonment.

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Words and Music by Thos. F. Morrissey.

Away to prison Tom was led, a convict doomed for years;
The sentence that the judge had passed must cause a flood of tears.
Beside him stood his sweetheart dear, with grief she near went mad;
And when they tore him from her side the scene was very sad.
"Don't take him, sir," she vainly cried, "I know my heart will break;
If sent to prison, I'll go too, my life for him I'd stake."
"Your time is short," the jailor said, "to prison you must go."
She kissed him, then gave him a ring and whispered to him low:

CHORUS.

"Always trust in me, dear Tom, there's none I love but you;
Bear your burden like a man, I know your heart is true.
The best of friends at times must part, so promise me, now do,
You'll save the little keepsake that your sweetheart gave to you."

Within the prison walls he toiled from morning until night,
He longed to have his freedom, as he labored main and might;
He braved the battle onward, while he hoped for brighter days;
His courage never fails him, though the bitter part he plays.
There's one who ne'er forgot him, though the world at him should frown;
She fought the battle bravely, although nearly broken down.
Each day she came to cheer him, at his cell she'd kneel and pray,
And when she bade farewell to him, Tom heard his sweetheart say:—*Chorus.*

With trusting heart she sought release for him from day to day;
"He's innocent, I know," she cried, "must he in prison stay?
O God, may justice soon be done," she pled with heart-felt pain;
"There never was a man more true, his conscience has no stain."
His innocence at last was prov'n, which gave him liberty,
And joyous were the scenes that day when Tom again was free;
She lovingly beside him stood on this, their wedding day,
And as they passed the prison gate, Tom heard his sweetheart say:—*Chorus.*

RUBY.

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Words by Frank Lewin. Music by W. A. Pratt.

My heart is lost to a charming maid with eyes of heavenly blue,
With golden curls and teeth of pearl, of lovers the truest of the true.
I asked her for her heart, a story of her love she told;
'Twas a sweet and simple story of a love as pure as gold.

REFRAIN.

Ruby, Ruby, you are my loved one, you are an angel;
Faults you have none, eyes as bright as stars that shine above
Has my Ruby, my own dear little love.

On ev'ry evening I can spare, be it rain or be it shine,
I meet my dear little Ruby, my true and only love divine;
Then we do merrily talk of that happy day so near,
When I wed my little Ruby, all to me that is dear.—*Refrain.*

HOW D'YE DO, CHOLLY, BOY?

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

In times gone by the fashion was to grasp the hand quite firm—
In fact, the pressure was so strong, it almost made you squirm;
But that's all changed, and chaps now hold your tips in manner new;
With hands up high and blase eye, it's Cholly, how d'ye do?
How d'ye do, Cholly, boy, how d'ye do?
I'm really charmed, delighted just a few;
No more that nasty grip, we give the latest tip—
How d'ye do, Cholly, boy, how d'ye do?

Then wives and maidens used to give a gentle, loving kiss,
It wasn't on the level, still it wasn't much amiss;
The dame of fashion now decrees the kiss they must taboo,
They give a tip, a gentle nip, it's Molly, how d'ye do?
How d'ye do, Molly, dear, how d'ye do?
I'm really charmed, delighted just a few;
No more that nasty kiss, we do it just like this:
How d'ye do, Molly, dear, how d'ye do?

AFTER THE STRIKE.

Composed by George Hughes.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Tune—"After the Ball."

There was a strike ordered on the first of May;
The operators thought the men couldn't stay away.
One day a boss drove around to see his men,
And asked them if they wouldn't go and start the works again;
The men said, "No, sir; we are out upon a strike,
And we don't intend to go back until the scale is signed."
"List to my story," the boss he did say;
"We'll sign the scale, if you'll keep the union away."

CHORUS.

After the strike is over, after all fighting is done,
After the blacklegs have vanished, after the deputies are gone—
Many a man will be laughing, if you could see them all;
Many a home will be happy after the strike is won.

Bright times are coming in this country now
If the miners of America will stand strong and firm;
We'll show the public we're not wrong
For coming out for the rights that was gained by Washington.
Now the operators, as we understand,
Is breaking the constitution of this free land;
They are making the workingmen all slaves,
Making them work from daylight until dark,
Just for the bite they eat.—*Chorus.*

Now if you will listen, I will try and state
Of a sad misfortune that happened here of late.
There were some blacklegs working on Painter yard,
Which made the striker feel very bad;
They held a meeting, tried to explain,
How they'd make the blacklegs quit work again;
So they got their women to go over there,
Thinking that the blacklegs would run with fear.—*Chorus.*

But when they assembled to go on the ground,
One of the deputies shot into the crowd;
He had two revolvers, emptied them, you see,
Then comes another as fast as he could be;
And when he got there, he found it out
That one of them had an axe, which made the blacklegs shout.
That's why he's lonely, no home at all;
She split his head, boys, after his last ball.—*Chorus.*

SWEET LITTLE KATE McCOY.

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Words and Music by Ernest Hogan. Arranged by Geo. W. Hetzel.

Most ev'ry eve at half-past six a pretty little maid
Comes tripping through this thoroughfare, as though she's not afraid;
Her eyes, so full of loving light, they fill my heart with joy;
How I would like to be her beau, this sweet little Kate McCoy.

CHORUS.

Sweet little Kate, for you I'll wait, you are my heart's delight;
I love you so, I'll be your beau, my charming one so bright.
Your ponting lips I'd like to kiss, you fill my heart with joy;
My idol divine, say you will be mine, my sweet little Kate McCoy.

She works up in a milliner's, this dainty little queen;
For trimming hats she can't be beat, the sweetest ever seen.
If I could only win her heart and be her only joy,
My soul would be in paradise with sweet little Kate McCoy.—*Chorus.*

My Sweetheart Won't Give Me a Kiss.

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Words by Ben C. Mason. Music by E. Gareissen.

I am in love with a dear boy, who's very good to me,
And though he's awfully shy and coy, he does love me.
Now what makes me so mad is this: he won't give me a kiss,
For he should be so very glad of a chance like this.

REFRAIN.

For my sweetheart won't give me a kiss,
Just think of the fun that I miss;
Some day with surprise he will open his eyes,
For I'll give him something like this (*kiss, kiss*).
I think it's a horrible shame,
It causes me terrible pain;
I've worked and I've sighed, and I've tried and I've cried,
But I can't get into the game (*kiss, kiss*).

One day, when we were left alone and no one near to see,
He sat upon the steps of stone with his arm 'round me.
I thought that now I had a chance, my heart with joy did dance;
He put his lips quite close to mine, but no romance.—*Refrain.*

I'm sure I cannot tell you why my sweetheart is so shy,
He has a chance to indulge in romance, but he won't try.
When I a larger girl have grown, and we are left alone,
I'll bring this sweetheart, mine, to time and he'll atone.—*Refrain.*

Always Come Home with a Smile.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

When you are done with the cares of the day,
Think of the loved ones at home;
Chase from your brow ev'ry shadow away,
Bring words of cheer when you come.
Fondly they're waiting with welcome for you,
Waiting your cares to beguile;
To mother and little ones, tender and true,
Always come home with a smile.

CHORUS.

Oh, come with good cheer to the loved ones so dear,
Banish your cares for awhile;
Though in your breast you sigh with unrest,
Always come home with a smile.

Wear on your face a bright look to delight
Those to you dearest on earth;
After the long day, make happy the night,
Let the home revel in mirth.
Bring o'er the threshold no dark, angry frown,
Your happy home to destroy;
Your toil is the cross, but your home is the crown,
Always come home with a smile.—*Chorus.*

Be you a father, a brother or son,
Cheerful your manner should be;
'Tis not with anger life's pleasures are won,
Friends all a smile like to see.
Troubles may vex you and bring you despair,
While you tread mile after mile,
But think of your fireside, the loving hearts there—
Always come home with a smile.—*Chorus.*

Outside, in Front of the Gate.

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Words and Music by Walter Hawley. Arranged by Gus Gebert.

It's the proper thing in our days to have a handsome beau,
And I am going to have one some day when I grow;
I won't let him boss me around or even wear the pants,
And if at me he should get cross, you bet I'll make him dance.
Now sister Kate she has a dude and he is just the thing;
He calls on her 'most every night, you ought to hear him sing.
When Pa and Ma have gone to bed, Kate sees him to the door,
And, for a bluff, she says good-night, and we can hear no more.

CHORUS.

For they stand out in front of the gate, the dude and my dear sister Kate;
Like all lovers do, they stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate.
With his arm gently placed 'round her waist, oh, that's where he shows his good taste,
For Katy's the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

I do often wish I had a beau, that I could treat the same,
And if I had, you bet I'd love him with might and main;
I'd call him ducky, ducky dear, and make him love me so;
If he wanted to kiss me, I'd say, Gallagher let her go.
Now there's a nice young fellow sweet, and he just takes my eye;
Now, really, I do wonder if he would like to try.
I'll pop the question to him sure if I can catch his eye—
Say, Mister, do you want a wife, then bid for me and buy.

CHORUS.

Will you stand out in front of the gate? oh, come now and don't hesitate;
Like all lovers do, let's stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate.
Oh, come, place your arm 'round my waist; let folks think that you're in the race;
You'll find me the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

There are lots of boys who often wish they had a dear, sweet pearl,
Not a gushy coquette, but a gay and festive girl,
With little feet and tiny hand and figure trim and neat,
One who does not eat ice cream or expect him to treat.
Now find the girl that's nice and sweet, who you think you can love;
Stick to her, boys, and hold on fast, her home is up above;
Call upon her 'most every night, find out if she loves you,
And if you ever have a fight, why this is what to do—

CHORUS.

Why, just stand out in front of the gate, like the dude and my dear sister Kate;
Like all lovers do, just stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate;
Then place your arm 'round her waist, and look her right square in the face;
You'll find her the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

DIDN'T KNOW 'TWAS LOADED.

Copyright, 1893, by L. A. Barber.

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Words by La Verne A. Barber. Music by Bertha A. Barber.

There's an item of news that you read every day,
An old rusty pistol in the hands of some jay,
Makes a bad combination the papers then say;
Didn't know it was loaded, now he's gone far away,
Thus I read in the paper, and ideas arose
That accidents happen the world never knows;
And thus was I thinking, and, therefore, suppose
To clear up such mysteries is a mission that goes—
I suppose the mission goes.

CHORUS.

You didn't know 'twas loaded ere you procured seats;
For you'd surely stayed at home to-night, or preferred to walk the streets,
But I'm up here and you're down there, I'll sing of accidents so rare;
Of course, you didn't know that I was loaded.

You meet a fair maiden, just turning sixteen;
Invited to call—do you go? I should scream;
You sit in the parlor, entranced in a dream;
Can such bliss be dissembled? well, so it would seem;
The girl has a papa, you knew that before,
Coming late from the club-room, with head rather sore;
He enters the parlor—great heavens, he swore;
Through the sulphuric ether you make for the door;
There's a roar—it's all o'er.

CHORUS.

You didn't know 'twas loaded, but soon found your mistake;
When her Pa prepared for action, for the door you made a break;
You cried: "Love, this will break my heart"—it wasn't there Pa left his mark;
And now, of course, you know her Pa was loaded.

You hire out to work for your new kitchen maid,
While she draws the wages that comprises her trade;
You dare not remonstrate because you're afraid;
You dress in gingham, in silk she's arrayed;
You've a friend in the kitchen, a friend you ne'er knew,
And one day Mary Ann lights the cook stove for you;
With the oil can in hand and a match burning blue,
Great Scott! an explosion, Mary's vanished from view;
How she flew when it blew.

CHORUS.

She didn't know 'twas loaded—alas! how could she know;
It never gave her warning—perhaps 'tis better so;
As they sped through air, 'twas a pretty race twixt can and Ann who'd get first place.
Ah, Mary didn't know the can was loaded.

Old whiskers from Hoopville took in the World's Fair,
Had the price in his pocket and money to spare;
A friend mentioned faro, and took whiskers there
To get a chunk of the earth and a mortgage on air,
Now he dimly remembers of many a bet,
Of many a dollar the other men get;
He finally tumbles and breaks in a sweat,
When he finds that he still owns his pantaloons yet;
Alas, too bad, all he had.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded when he first ventured in;
Now walking home to Hoopville is good enough for him;
His money, coat, vest, watch and chain poor whiskers ne'er will see again;
He didn't know the Faro Bank was loaded.

A few miles from Chicago thieves held up a train,
Thinking great riches and money to gain.
Hands up! was the order: hands up, or be slain!
Resistance was useless, pleadings were vain.
They should have known better, those robbers so bold,
A train from Chicago in this manner to hold;
From the World's Fair these people were coming, we're told;
How could a sane person expect to find gold—
We are told they had no gold.

CHORUS.

The coaches all were loaded when the robbers did begin:
Why did they never pause to think where the people all had been;
From the porter they made quite a haul, of money left he had it all,
Although each coach with passengers was loaded.

There's Cleveland, our leader, by whom we're controlled,
Called Congress together, special session to hold;
He had an idea, when the issue was polled,
To demonetize silver and utilize gold;
Now he holds that opinion, the same as of yore,
But each day the Senate makes Grover feel sore,
And all night with the baby he travels the floor,
Now he has that tired feeling you've heard of before;
Alas, by Jove! it's hard on Grove.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded, I guess he knows it now;
Silver had a few friends left, who made an awful row;
Now Grover occupies a seat several miles from Easy Street—
He didn't know the silver men were loaded.

Now there's the *Valkyrie*, a vessel of note,
Dunraven thought her the best yacht afloat—
All England agreed 'twas a wonderful boat,
And our chance of winning indeed seemed remote.
We constructed a vessel over here on this side—
An American vessel, American's pride—
And when the great day for the contest arrived,
The *Vigilant* won it and never half tried—
The race was sailed, England wailed.

CHORUS.

They didn't know 'twas loaded when they sailed across the sea,
But there's no doubt about it now, as England must agree,
America the cup retains—they had their trouble for their pains—
They didn't know the *Vigilant* was loaded.

ENCORE VERSES.

We might ask, with that glorious writer of fame,
Who put the interrogative, "What's in a name?"
Thus might we question, "Why say foot-ball game,
When to smash, mash and mangle seems to be their sole aim?"
You will kindly indulge me if I mention to-night
Yale's recent ambition, flying high like a kite;
Worthy foemen were they, and put up a strong fight,
But the Princeton lads' playing was away out of sight—
The boys in blue met their Waterloo.

CHORUS.

They didn't know 'twas loaded—Hinkey said, "We'll all stand pat";
But when that rush-line broke on them, he groaned, "Where am I at?"
For Princeton played like demons then—Yale sighs to think what might have been;
They didn't know the Tiger lads were loaded.

History repeats itself o'er and o'er,
Events happen now much the same as of yore;
If in history pages you chance to explore
You'll discover that England was whipped once before.
In a like manner, Mitchell, at a more recent day,
Came o'er to do battle in much the same way,
To whip our whole nation, if we believe what they say;
But he went up against it, and his trip didn't pay;
When he got that blow his cake was dough.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded, for he travelled on his gall;
Though he claimed to have excursion rates on knowing how to maul;
Put up a bluff, he was out for blood—he got it, too, and his name is mud—
He didn't know that Corbett's fist was loaded.

—The Charm that Never Fails.—"No, I'm not going to the midwinter fair. Too tedious a trip, you know." "They've made a fine exposition of it." "I know. But it's too far." "Plenty of things to inform the mind and elevate the taste." "Of course. My wife wouldn't let me go away——" "Noble architecture——" "The journey would kill me——" "And a Midway like the one at Jackson Park——" "Eh? What? Perhaps the trip might do me good, after all. And, say, if you're going by the ticket-office, just tell 'em to reserve a berth on Monday night's train, will you?" —*Exchange.*

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Outside, in Front of the Gate.

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Words and Music by Walter Hawley. Arranged by Gus Gebert.

It's the proper thing in our days to have a handsome beau,
And I am going to have one some day when I grow;
I won't let him boss me around or even wear the pants,
And if at me he should get cross, you bet I'll make him dance.
Now sister Kate she has a dude and he is just the thing;
He calls on her 'most every night, you ought to hear him sing.
When Pa and Ma have gone to bed, Kate sees him to the door,
And, for a bluff, she says good-night, and we can hear no more.

CHORUS.

For they stand out in front of the gate, the dude and my dear sister Kate;
Like all lovers do, they stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate.
With his arm gently placed 'round her waist, oh, that's where he shows his good taste,
For Katy's the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

I do often wish I had a beau, that I could treat the same,
And if I had, you bet I'd love him with might and main;
I'd call him ducky, ducky dear, and make him love me so;
If he wanted to kiss me, I'd say, Gallagher let her go.
Now there's a nice young fellow sweet, and he just takes my eye;
Now, really, I do wonder if he would like to try.
I'll pop the question to him sure if I can catch his eye—
Say, Mister, do you want a wife, then bid for me and buy.

CHORUS.

Will you stand out in front of the gate? oh, come now and don't hesitate;
Like all lovers do, let's stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate.
Oh, come, place your arm 'round my waist; let folks think that you're in the race;
You'll find me the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

There are lots of boys who often wish they had a dear, sweet pearl,
Not a gushy coquette, but a gay and festive girl,
With little feet and tiny hand and figure trim and neat,
One who does not eat ice cream or expect him to treat.
Now find the girl that's nice and sweet, who you think you can love;
Stick to her, boys, and hold on fast, her home is up above;
Call upon her 'most every night, find out if she loves you,
And if you ever have a fight, why this is what to do—

CHORUS.

Why, just stand out in front of the gate, like the dude and my dear sister Kate;
Like all lovers do, just stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate;
Then place your arm 'round her waist, and look her right square in the face;
You'll find her the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

DIDN'T KNOW 'TWAS LOADED.

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Words by La Verne A. Barber. Music by Bertha A. Barber.

There's an item of news that you read every day,
An old rusty pistol in the hands of some jay,
Makes a bad combination the papers then say;
Didn't know it was loaded, now he's gone far away,
Thus I read in the paper, and ideas arose
That accidents happen the world never knows;
And thus was I thinking, and, therefore, suppose
To clear up such mysteries is a mission that goes—
I suppose the mission goes.

CHORUS.

You didn't know 'twas loaded ere you procured seats;
For you'd surely stayed at home to-night, or preferred to walk the streets,
But I'm up here and you're down there, I'll sing of accidents so rare;
Of course, you didn't know that I was loaded.

You meet a fair maiden, just turning sixteen;
Invited to call—do you go? I should scream;
You sit in the parlor, entranced in a dream;
Can such bliss be dissembled? well, so it would seem;
The girl has a papa, you knew that before,
Coming late from the club-room, with head rather sore;
He enters the parlor—great heavens, he swore;
Through the sulphuric ether you make for the door;
There's a roar—it's all o'er.

CHORUS.

You didn't know 'twas loaded, but soon found your mistake;
When her Pa prepared for action, for the door you made a break;
You cried: "Love, this will break my heart"—it wasn't there Pa left his mark;
And now, of course, you know her Pa was loaded.

You hire out to work for your new kitchen maid,
While she draws the wages that comprises her trade;
You dare not remonstrate because you're afraid;
You dress in gingham, in silk she's arrayed;
You've a friend in the kitchen, a friend you ne'er knew,
And one day Mary Ann lights the cook stove for you;
With the oil can in hand and a match burning blue,
Great Scott! an explosion, Mary's vanished from view;
How she flew when it blew.

CHORUS.

She didn't know 'twas loaded—alas! how could she know;
It never gave her warning—perhaps 'tis better so;
As they sped through air, 'twas a pretty race twixt can and Ann who'd get first place.
Ah, Mary didn't know the can was loaded.

Old whiskers from Hoopville took in the World's Fair,
Had the price in his pocket and money to spare;
A friend mentioned faro, and took whiskers there
To get a chunk of the earth and a mortgage on air,
Now he dimly remembers of many a bet,
Of many a dollar the other men get;
He finally tumbles and breaks in a sweat,
When he finds that he still owns his pantaloons yet;
Alas, too bad, all he had.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded when he first ventured in;
Now walking home to Hoopville is good enough for him;
His money, coat, vest, watch and chain poor whiskers ne'er will see again;
He didn't know the Faro Bank was loaded.

A few miles from Chicago thieves held up a train,
Thinking great riches and money to gain.
Hands up! was the order; hands up, or be slain!
Resistance was useless, pleadings were vain.
They should have known better, those robbers so bold,
A train from Chicago in this manner to hold;
From the World's Fair these people were coming, we're told;
How could a sane person expect to find gold—
We are told they had no gold.

CHORUS.

The coaches all were loaded when the robbers did begin;
Why did they never pause to think where the people all had been;
From the porter they made quite a haul, of money left he had it all,
Although each coach with passengers was loaded.

There's Cleveland, our leader, by whom we're controlled,
Called Congress together, special session to hold;
He had an idea, when the issue was polled,
To demonetize silver and utilize gold;
Now he holds that opinion, the same as of yore,
But each day the Senate makes Grover feel sore,
And all night with the baby he travels the floor,
Now he has that tired feeling you've heard of before;
Alas, by Jove! it's hard on Grove.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded, I guess he knows it now;
Silver had a few friends left, who made an awful row;
Now Grover occupies a seat several miles from Easy Street—
He didn't know the silver men were loaded.

Now there's the *Valkyrie*, a vessel of note,
Duncraven thought her the best yacht afloat—
All England agreed 'twas a wonderful boat,
And our chance of winning indeed seemed remote.
We constructed a vessel over here on this side—
An American vessel, American's pride—
And when the great day for the contest arrived,
The *Vigilant* won it and never half tried—
The race was sailed, England wailed.

CHORUS.

They didn't know 'twas loaded when they sailed across the sea,
But there's no doubt about it now, as England must agree,
America the cup retains—they had their trouble for their pains—
They didn't know the *Vigilant* was loaded.

ENCORE VERSES.

We might ask, with that glorious writer of fame,
Who put the interrogative, "What's in a name?"
Thus might we question, "Why say foot-ball game,
When to smash, mash and mangle seems to be their sole aim?"
You will kindly indulge me if I mention to-night
Yale's recent ambition, flying high like a kite;
Worthy foemen were they, and put up a strong fight,
But the Princeton lads' playing was away out of sight—
The boys in blue met their Waterloo.

CHORUS.

They didn't know 'twas loaded—Hinkey said, "We'll all stand pat";
But when that rush-line broke on them, he groaned, "Where am I at?"
For Princeton played like demons then—Yale sighs to think what might have been;
They didn't know the Tiger lads were loaded.

History repeats itself o'er and o'er,
Events happen now much the same as of yore;
If in history pages you chance to explore
You'll discover that England was whipped once before.
In a like manner, Mitchell, at a more recent day,
Came o'er to do battle in much the same way,
To whip our whole nation, if we believe what they say;
But he went up against it, and his trip didn't pay;
When he got that blow his cake was dough.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded, for he travelled on his gall;
Though he claimed to have excursion rates on knowing how to maul;
Put up a bluff, he was out for blood—he got it, too, and his name is mud—
He didn't know that Corbett's fist was loaded.

—The Charm that Never Fails.—"No, I'm not going to the midwinter fair. Too tedious a trip, you know." "They've made a fine exposition of it." "I know. But it's too far." "Plenty of things to inform the mind and elevate the taste." "Of course. My wife wouldn't let me go away——" "Noble architecture——" "The journey would kill me——" "And a Midway like the one at Jackson Park——" "Eh? What? Perhaps the trip might do me good, after all. And, say, if you're going by the ticket-office, just tell 'em to reserve a berth on Monday night's train, will you?" —*Exchange.*

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Words and Music by Walter Hawley. Arranged by Gus Gebert.

It's the proper thing in our days to have a handsome beau,
And I am going to have one some day when I grow;
I won't let him boss me around or even wear the pants,
And if at me he should get cross, you bet I'll make him dance.
Now sister Kate she has a dude and he is just the thing;
He calls on her 'most every night, you ought to hear him sing.
When Pa and Ma have gone to bed, Kate sees him to the door,
And, for a bluff, she says good-night, and we can hear no more.

CHORUS.

For they stand out in front of the gate the dude and my dear sister Kate;
Like all lovers do, they stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate.
With his arm gently placed 'round her waist, oh, that's where he shows his good [taste,
For Katy's the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

I do often wish I had a beau, that I could treat the same,
And if I had, you bet I'd love him with might and main;
I'd call him ducky, ducky dear, and make him love me so;
If he wanted to kiss me, I'd say, Gallagher let her go.
Now there's a nice young fellow sweet, and he just takes my eye;
Now, really, I do wonder if he would like to try.
I'll pop the question to him sure if I can catch his eye—
Say, Mister, do you want a wife, then bid for me and buy.

CHORUS.

Will you stand out in front of the gate? oh, come now and don't hesitate;
Like all lovers do, let's stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate.
Oh, come, place your arm 'round my waist; let folks think that you're in the race;
You'll find me the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

There are lots of boys who often wish they had a dear, sweet pearl,
Not a gushy coquette, but a gay and festive girl,
With little feet and tiny hand and figure trim and neat,
One who does not eat ice cream or expect him to treat.
Now find the girl that's nice and sweet, who you think you can love;
Stick to her, boys, and hold on fast, her home is up above;
Call upon her 'most every night, find out if she loves you,
And if you ever have a fight, why this is what to do—

CHORUS.

Why, just stand out in front of the gate, like the dude and my dear sister Kate;
Like all lovers do, just stand there and coo, outside, in front of the gate;
Then place your arm 'round her waist, and look her right square in the face;
You'll find her the kind to make up for lost time, outside, in front of the gate.

DIDN'T KNOW 'TWAS LOADED.

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Words by La Verne A. Barber. Music by Bertha A. Barber.

There's an item of news that you read every day,
An old rusty pistol in the hands of some jay,
Makes a bad combination the papers then say;
Didn't know it was loaded, now he's gone far away,
Thus I read in the paper, and ideas arose
That accidents happen the world never knows;
And thus was I thinking, and, therefore, suppose
To clear up such mysteries is a mission that goes—
I suppose the mission goes.

CHORUS.

You didn't know 'twas loaded ere you procured seats;
For you'd surely stayed at home to-night, or preferred to walk the streets,
But I'm up here and you're down there, I'll sing of accidents so rare;
Of course, you didn't know that I was loaded.

You meet a fair maiden, just turning sixteen;
Invited to call—do you go? I should scream;
You sit in the parlor, entranced in a dream;
Can such bliss be dissembled? well, so it would seem;
The girl has a papa, you knew that before,
Coming late from the club-room, with head rather sore;
He enters the parlor—great heavens, he swore;
Through the sulphuric ether you make for the door;
There's a roar—it's all o'er.

CHORUS.

You didn't know 'twas loaded, but soon found your mistake;
When her Pa prepared for action, for the door you made a break;
You cried: "Love, this will break my heart"—it wasn't there Pa left his mark;
And now, of course, you know her Pa was loaded.

You hire out to work for your new kitchen maid,
While she draws the wages that comprises her trade;
You dare not remonstrate because you're afraid;
You dress in gingham, in silk she's arrayed;
You've a friend in the kitchen, a friend you ne'er knew,
And one day Mary Ann lights the cook stove for you;
With the oil can in hand and a match burning blue,
Great Scott! an explosion, Mary's vanished from view;
How she flew when it blew.

CHORUS.

She didn't know 'twas loaded—alas! how could she know;
It never gave her warning—perhaps 'tis better so;
As they sped through air, 'twas a pretty race twixt can and Ann who'd get first place.
Ah, Mary didn't know the can was loaded.

Old whiskers from Hoopville took in the World's Fair,
Had the price in his pocket and money to spare;
A friend mentioned faro, and took whiskers there
To get a chunk of the earth and a mortgage on air,
Now he dimly remembers of many a bet,
Of many a dollar the other men get;
He finally tumbles and breaks in a sweat,
When he finds that he still owns his pantaloons yet;
Alas, too bad, all he had.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded when he first ventured in;
Now walking home to Hoopville is good enough for him;
His money, coat, vest, watch and chain poor whiskers ne'er will see again;
He didn't know the Faro Bank was loaded.

A few miles from Chicago thieves held up a train,
Thinking great riches and money to gain.
Hands up! was the order; hands up, or be slain!
Resistance was useless, pleadings were vain.
They should have known better, those robbers so bold,
A train from Chicago in this manner to hold;
From the World's Fair these people were coming, we're told;
How could a sane person expect to find gold—
We are told they had no gold.

CHORUS.

The coaches all were loaded when the robbers did begin;
Why did they never pause to think where the people all had been;
From the porter they made quite a haul, of money left he had it all,
Although each coach with passengers was loaded.

There's Cleveland, our leader, by whom we're controlled,
Called Congress together, special session to hold;
He had an idea, when the issue was polled,
To demonetize silver and utilize gold;
Now he holds that opinion, the same as of yore,
But each day the Senate makes Grover feel sore,
And all night with the baby he travels the floor,
Now he has that tired feeling you've heard of before;
Alas, by Jove! it's hard on Grove.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded, I guess he knows it now;
Silver had a few friends left, who made an awful row;
Now Grover occupies a seat several miles from Easy Street—
He didn't know the silver men were loaded.

Now there's the *Valkyrie*, a vessel of note,
Duncraven thought her the best yacht afloat—
All England agreed 'twas a wonderful boat,
And our chance of winning indeed seemed remote.
We constructed a vessel over here on this side—
An American vessel, American's pride—
And when the great day for the contest arrived,
The *Vigilant* won it and never half tried—
The race was sailed, England wailed.

CHORUS.

They didn't know 'twas loaded when they sailed across the sea,
But there's no doubt about it now, as England must agree,
America the cup retains—they had their trouble for their pains—
They didn't know the *Vigilant* was loaded.

ENCORE VERSES.

We might ask, with that glorious writer of fame,
Who put the interrogative, "What's in a name?"
Thus might we question, "Why say foot-ball game,
When to smash, mash and mangle seems to be their sole aim?"
You will kindly indulge me if I mention to-night
Yale's recent ambition, flying high like a kite;
Worthy foemen were they, and put up a strong fight,
But the Princeton lads' playing was away out of sight—
The boys in blue met their Waterloo.

CHORUS.

They didn't know 'twas loaded—Hinkey said, "We'll all stand pat";
But when that rush-line broke on them, he groaned, "Where am I at?"
For Princeton played like demons then—Yale sighs to think what might have [been;
They didn't know the Tiger lads were loaded.

History repeats itself o'er and o'er,
Events happen now much the same as of yore;
If in history pages you chance to explore
You'll discover that England was whipped once before.
In a like manner, Mitchell, at a more recent day,
Came o'er to do battle in much the same way,
To whip our whole nation, if we believe what they say;
But he went up against it, and his trip didn't pay;
When he got that blow his cake was dough.

CHORUS.

He didn't know 'twas loaded, for he travelled on his gall;
Though he claimed to have excursion rates on knowing how to maul;
Put up a bluff, he was out for blood—he got it, too, and his name is mud—
He didn't know that Corbett's fist was loaded.

—The Charm that Never Fails.—"No, I'm not going to the midwinter fair. Too tedious a trip, you know." "They've made a fine exposition of it." "I know. But it's too far." "Plenty of things to inform the mind and elevate the taste." "Of course. My wife wouldn't let me go away——" "Noble architecture——" "The journey would kill me——" "And a Midway like the one at Jackson Park——" "Eh? What? Perhaps the trip might do me good, after all. And, say, if you're going by the ticket-office, just tell 'em to reserve a berth on Monday night's train, will you?" —*Exchange.*

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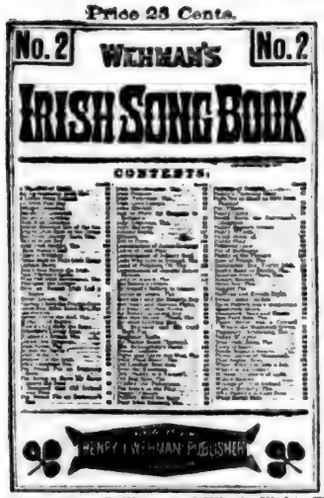
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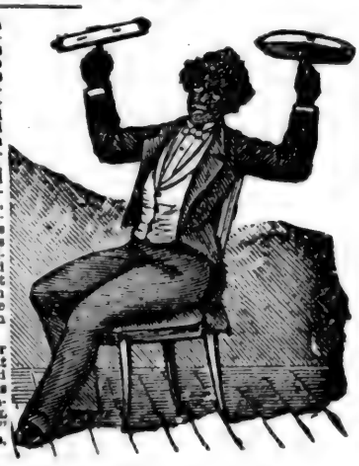
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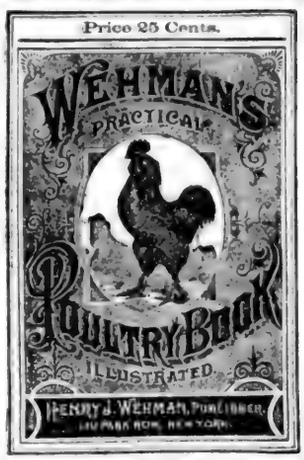
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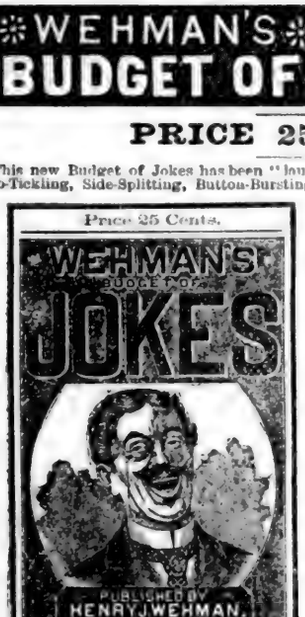
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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 125 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

A LOCK OF HAIR;

—OR:—

Mother's Parting Gift.

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Words and Music by Harry Gilbert Castlo. Arranged by Geo. W. Hetzel.

The morn was fair and friends did gather, to bid to me a long good-bye;
I kissed my poor old aged mother, and a starting tear came in her eye;
She gave to me a lock of hair, and with that lock I ne'er shall part;
I will always and forever guard it, and always wear it near my heart.

CHORUS.

When I'm far away in distant lands, far o'er the dark and deep blue sea;
This lock of hair I'll always treasure, my mother's parting gift to me.

My home was once a happy place, till poverty, alas! came there;
To see my poor old mother in sorrow, that dreadful thought I could not bear;
For her I left my native village, perhaps to return there no more;
There is nothing like a good, kind mother, you'll miss her when she's far away.
—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

Written by Samuel Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie,
It's too heavy for to cart around with me,
So the best thing I can do, is to tell it, love, to you,
And I hope you'll think it's true, sweet Marie.
When I hold your hand in mine, sweet Marie,
A feeling I can't define comes to me.
My bed has no spring, but bed-bugs around it cling,
And every night they sing, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come with me, sweet Marie—sweet Marie, let us flee;
Not because your face is fair, love, to see;
But the soles of your feet, if they were sugared, they'd be sweet,
But not sweet enough to eat, sweet Marie.

In the morn when I awake, sweet Marie,
A milk shake I always take—it agrees with me.
Although I cannot shake the shore, I can shake the carpet on the floor,
For I've shook it oft before, sweet Marie.
When the son sits on your knee, sweet Marie,
With all he does you must agree, d'ye see;
For you know why he sits there, so don't drive him to despair,
And the pleasure you will share, sweet Marie.—*Chorus.*

THE LESSONS THAT I LEARNED WHEN BUT A BOY.

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Words by John Murray. Music by Will D. Ammerman.

This wide world's full of sadness and of sorrow,
No matter where we are or where we go;
And as we're trav'ling through its rugged pathways,
We'll have our share of misery and woe,
But yet there're some in life that have more sorrow,
While others in this life still have more joy;
And oft the friends we've trusted will deceive us;
These are lessons that I learned when but a boy.

CHORUS.

Sorrow and sadness, where'er we go;
In this world there's anguish, mis'ry and woe;
Some have more sorrow, others more joy;
These are the lessons that I learned when but a boy.

One wintry day I saw an aged woman
A-trodding through the blinding sleet and snow,
Forsaken by her own ungrateful children,
She had no place in this wide world to go;
With grief her poor old heart was almost broken,
And one day in the poor-house she fell dead;
If those cold lips had told their sad, sad story,
I believe these are the words they would have said:—*Chorus.*

In days now past and gone there lived a family,
As happy and contented as could be,
Surrounded by the friends they loved so dearly,
They naught but peace and happiness did see,
But one sad day the father fell to drinking,
And all his friends were leaving him behind;
He'd sought more joy, instead he found more sorrow;
And whoe'er seeks pleasure there will only find—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Written by Samuel Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

An old man who was angry, smashed a pitcher filled with beer,
His wife then asked him the reason why he had acted so queer.
Come, listen, Kate, and to you I'll relate a story you know to be true: [two.
He then said, with tears, that growler for years caused all the trouble between us

CHORUS.

Only a growler of beer, Kate, only a growler of beer,
But every time you drink it, you get on your ear;
Your love for it has wrecked our home, and almost broken my heart;
Unless you swear off and take the pledge, from you I'll have to part.

That growler for many years, he said, caused him misery and strife;
For ten long years or more it has been the hobby of his wife.
She drinks and drinks until she gets full, at drinking she can beat any man;
A dozen times or more every day she will chase the can.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND.

Written by "Bob White."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There's a store I often visit, in Baxter Street it stands,
That rusty place I'll think of all my life;
It is small and dark and dingy and is kept by dirty hands,
Within the door a Jewess shines in sight.
It is not the precious Jewess that the wealth of gold can buy,
But a shrewd female woman, with a bargain in her eye;
She's as pretty as a picture and as charming as a rose,
And she wears eye-glasses on her hump-back nose.

CHORUS.

I've pawned coats before, I've pawned coats behind,
Till now I think I'll pawn my mind,
And when that's pawned, my mind will be gone
On the girl that I left behind.

There beneath the dusty show case I can see my watch and chain
That I soaked to buy a ring for my best mash,
But now she's gone and shook me, and I'm left out in the rain,
To get them out I cannot raise the cash.
On Sundays in the back room of this dark and dingy store
You can get both beer and whiskey, though it's dead against the law;
On the windows they put shutters, but they're only for a blind,
Just to keep the cops from seeing what's behind.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

Written by "Bob White."

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I've a bump upon my head, sweet Marie,
From that crack I near fell dead, love, you see;
Fourteen million stars I saw
When you soaked me in the jaw:
I can love thee nevermore, sweet Marie.
When you've put me in a trance, sweet Marie;
On the door there hang my pants, you can see;
Through my pockets will you roam,
Searching for a big, cold bone,
While in bed I snore alone, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Marie—Hully gee, come to me;
With your glass eye you can't see, sweet Marie;
You are a fly old maid;
Your hair would fry eggs in the shade,
And your face is ready-made, sweet Marie.

Like a red rose full of grace, my nose-ie,
'Tis a head-light on my face there, I see,
Filled with whiskey, wine and beer,
For your owner shoves the queer,
Bringing to his eye a tear, red nose-ie;
On my face thou art a star, red rose-ie,
Brightly shining near and far, sweet pose-ie;
In my thoughts both night and day,
Thinking of thee, yes, alway,
On my face you're built to stay, dear nose-ie.

CHORUS.

My nose-ie, bright pose-ie—Hully gee, red rose-ie,
I would shake you if I could, don't you see.
Every person passing by
Seems to stand and wonder why
That you blush and look so shy, red nose-ie.

THE JOLLY BOWERY BOY.

By Leontine Stanfield.

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You will find him at the race-track, he's the first one that you meet;
You will see him at the ball-game, in a cool and shady seat;
And if there is a boat-race, he's sure to be on deck;
You can't miss him—the jolly Bowery boy.

CHORUS.

Oh, the jolly Bowery boy,
He fills your heart with joy,
And you will find that he is fly,
And you can't down him if you try;
A politician he is from birth,
He knows every sporting man on earth,
And he'll stand by a friend to the very end;
That's him.—Who?—The jolly Bowery boy.

If you want to see the tiger, he can take you where he's found;
If Coney Island you prefer, he knows every inch of ground;
And if you want a pointer, he is with you ever time;
You can't miss him—the jolly Bowery boy.—*Chorus.*

You should see him at a party, oh, he is the ladies' pet;
All the pretty girls adore him, he's right in it, you can bet;
At every ball and picnic, no matter where you go,
You can't miss him—the jolly Bowery boy.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THERE ARE OTHERS;

—OR:—

You're Right in Line.

By Edwin Santoro, the Talented Young Vocalist and Mimic.

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When you see a pretty girl that you like to admire—
But there are others, there are others,
You'll say, "By Jove, Jack, I think I can get next to that;"
But there are others, there are others.
And when you get next to one of them, she'll say it isn't enough,
Then you murmur to yourself, and say to her,
"Madame, I believe you are away off,
For there are others."

CHORUS.

There are others, my boys, you know,
Don't trouble yourself, you'll get there, though;
Don't be in a hurry, but then take your time,
And don't forget yourself that you are right in line.

Young boy sits in the gallery to see a good show—
He and some others, and some others,
While bald-headed men sit in the front row, to see burlesque show,
He's looking for others, looking for others.
He falls in love with one of them, thinks she's as pretty as a picture,
Makes up his mind to meet her at the stage door,
Moment he sees her to himself did roar,
It was another.

CHORUS.

It was the same one, my boy, you know;
Don't trouble yourself, you'll get there, though;
Don't get in a hurry, but then take your time,
And don't forget yourself that you are right in line.

When a young girl goes out with her fellow, she stays out all night,
Says there are others, there are others;
She comes in in the morning after having a good old time, you know,
But there are others, there are others.
Her mother asks her where she has been staying out all night,
She replies, "At the ball, having a good time;"
She says to her, "My child you are right,
For there are others.

CHORUS.

There are others, my girl, you know,
Don't trouble yourself, you'll get there, though;
Don't be in a hurry, but then take your time,
And don't forget yourself that you are right in line."

Charley Mitchell came over the sea for the battle of Bull's Run—
There'll be no others, and no others;
He thought he'd find a dead cinch, but he couldn't knock Jim out,
He and no others, and no others.
Jim met his English friend in the ring,
He rushed at him like a tiger, to get through,
Within nine minutes Charley thought he was joining the angels,
Saying, "There are no others."

CHORUS.

There's Peter Jackson, my boys, you know,
Don't trouble yourself, you'll get there, though;
Don't be in a hurry, but then take your time,
And don't forget that Jim is right in line.

—"Why do you live?" asked an undertaker of a sickly looking lad. "Because you are dead on to me," answered the boy.

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By Leontine Stanfield.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

A barkeeper stood in some surprise and gazed at a vision fair:
It had diamond eyes and a ruby mouth, gold teeth and vermilion hair,
A marble brow and an ivory cheek, a number-sixteen shoe,
A cast-iron jaw and a copper-bound maw and a dress of indelible blue.

CHORUS.

And the dear little girl was full boys, the dear little girl in blue;
She and her sweetheart had a big fight, and he hit her a clip or two;
Then she got on her ear—it's true, boys—and had him locked up in jail;
And just to be funny she stole all his money, and now she's rushing the pail.

DREAM SONG.

Copyright, 1890, by C. H. Kimball.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Samuel Minturn Peck. Music by W. S. H. Jones.

The sweetness of love is dreaming sweet dreams that will never come true,
With the star of hope blissfully beaming in a bright and impossible hue.
Dreaming that vows fondly spoken will ever be true as they seem,
Dreaming that hearts ne'er are broken, dreaming that life is a dream.

CHORUS.

Oh, Fate, awake me not, sweet dreams forsake me not,
Shine on, fair star, in love's beautiful blue,
Dreaming you love me yet, dreaming you'll ne'er forget,
Let me not waken to find love untrue.

The sorrow of life is waking to a world that is wither'd and old,
With the star of hope quickly forsaking a sky that is faded and cold.
Waking when time hath bereft us of all that the future endears,
Waking when nothing is left us, nothing but sorrows and tears.—*Chorus.*

The Hats They Wear When on Parade.

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Words and Music by Emmet Duffee.

Of uniformed societies each city has its share,
And military companies you'll find them everywhere,
All elegantly uniformed with trappings rich and rare;
I'll show to you the many diff'rent styles of hat they wear.
The brethren of the "Triple Link" by all are much admired,
When they parade the streets in gorgeous uniform attired,
With emblems of Odd Fellowship triumphantly displayed;
And here's the style of hat they wear when they are on parade.

CHORUS.

And they're gazed on with fondest admiration,
When in uniform arrayed;
You can always tell each diff'rent organization
By the hats they wear when on parade.

Our soldierly militia boys in uniform of blue
Are noted for their graceful style and martial bearing, too;
To see them on parade it is a sight you shou'd not miss;
The idol of each girlish heart, they wear a cap like this.
Then come the noble vet'rans of the old grand army post,
The battle scarred survivors of that brave and gallant host,
Who in their country's hour of need rushed bravely to her aid;
And here's the style of hat they wear when they are on parade.—*Chorus.*

The boys who tramp around the streets in sunshine, rain or hail,
Engaged in the delivery of Uncle Samuel's mail,
To you may bring a message of great joy or sad mishap;
On duty, you will find that they all wear this style of cap.
When rings that dread alarm of "Fire!" and flames light up the sky,
You'll find the firemen at their posts, prepared to do or die,
Performing deeds heroic, life and property to save;
And here's the kind of hat worn by our gallant firemen brave.—*Chorus.*

The A. O. H. is well known to all, there is no doubt,
In elegant regalias they're attired when they turn out;
They cut a figure on parade, these sons of Erin's isle;
On such occasions you will note their hat is of this style.
But there's an organization that is famed throughout the land,
In time of need e'er ready to stretch forth a helping hand;
The noble Knights of Pythias you'll find them everywhere,
And when they're in parade this is the style of hat they wear.—*Chorus.*

The great Salvation Army every night parades the streets,
They sing and hammer tambourine, and bass drums loud they beat;
They say they're trying to save us from the devil's snares and traps,
They try to scare old Nick away with one of these queer caps.
But here's a hat that's worn alike by smart men and by chumps,
The men who in life's battle always hold that clubs are trumps;
Now my advice to all you boys, who go on little bats
Is, keep far, far away from men who wear this kind of hat.—*Chorus.*

Note.—The hats required for this song are as follows: For 1st verse Odd Fellows' hat, for 2d verse Soldiers' cap and G. A. R. hat, for 3d verse U. S. Mail cap and Firemans' hat, for 4th verse A. O. H. hat and K. of P. hat, for 5th verse Salvation Army cap and Policemans' hat.

Sweetheart, When You Are Far Away.

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By Bert. L. Taylor.

The thrush has piped his last clear note, to herald twilight's hour
And fragrant breezes gently float around your silent bower.
Now drops the dusky robe of night, and, clasping it above,
One jeweled star shines clear and bright—it is the star of love.
Yet cold and cheerless seems the way, sweetheart, when you are far away,
Sweetheart, when you are far away.

It is the star of love, yet cold and cheerless seems the way,
Sweetheart, when you are far away.
Yet cold and cheerless seems the way,
Sweetheart, when you are far away.

The fountain, like a fairy lute, in tinkling cadence falls,
While through the woods, with fitful hoot, his mate the owlet calls.
The crescent moon behind the hill creeps up with silvery light,
While 'round your bower I linger still, while evening grows to night.
And count each weary hour a day, sweetheart, when you are far away,
Sweetheart, when you are far away.

While evening grows to night, and count each weary hour a day,
Sweetheart, when you are far away.
And count each weary hour a day,
Sweetheart, when you are far away.

ANOTHER'S WIFE IS NELLIE.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

The church was filled, the organ played, all else was hushed and still;
Then down the aisle came bride and groom, and soon was heard, "I will."
Near where I stood, out by the door, just then I heard a moan;
Surprised I turned, for I had thought I stood there all alone.
Behind me, dressed in well-worn clothes, I saw a man in tears;
As bride and groom came up the aisle he quickly disappears;
Into a recess then he hides until they pass again,
And when I stood close by the wall I could hear very plain:

CHORUS.

"God bless you, Nellie, love of long ago;
May you know but sunshine, wherever you may go.
Joyous as thy wedding may thy whole life be,
Only grief and sorrow now remain for me."

I heard his tale, the saddest tale that tongue has ever told.
"I do not blame her, she was right; no, no, sir, not for gold,
For I had that, and plenty, too, and that alone I blame;
It caused the loss of ev'rything, my loved one, home and name.
To-day, alas, I know it all; to-day, alas, I see—
If I'd but taken her advice, what might have been for me;
But friends and wine and cards I loved, I could not keep away.
My Nell is gone, another's wife"—and then I heard him pray:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

CARRIE.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

"Come, boys, and listen what I am going to say,
While I drink up a beer, so nice and O. K."
These words he spoke to himself one day,
And with a cry he bought two laundry tickets and said:

CHORUS.

These are for darling Carrie, a hod of bricks she can carry;
Every morning, dressed so neat, bow-legged and big feet,
With my chippie, Carrie, at a beer-garden we tarry,
Oh, what fun, with a son of a gun like Carrie.

Now this sweet girl is the belle of the town,
To the shore I take her, and all around;
But she heard last week that I had lost my job,
So now she gives me the shake, and calls me a slob.

CHORUS.

She was my darling Carrie, that eight days' face I'd marry,
But you see I am shook, her mug you will find in a cook-book,
Of my darling Carrie: at beer-gardens we tarry,
Oh, what fun! I'm a son of a gun—and so is Carrie.

—"I say," said the victim to the awkward barber, "you are using a different kind of shaving soap from that you used last week." "Why do you think so?" "It tastes different."

Parody on:

MOLLY AND I AND THE BABY.

Written and Sung by B. D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

In a neat little cottage down by the seashore,
Dwells two little maids and a baby,
And among those gay three there is one I adore,
But she has almost drove me half crazy.
This dear little maid is just forty-five,
I like her so well for her I would die,
For she's the sweetest young chip, you bet, I don't think,
Of those two little maids and the baby.

CHORUS.

Lovey, dovey, come to your honey,
Always pulling my leg for a V,
Living as happy as happy can be,
Those two little maids and the baby.

Now they don't care for wealth or palaces grand,
Those two little maids and the baby,
But eating salt pretzels and rushing the can,
Those two little maids and the baby.
I go 'round to see them just eight times a week,
They dance the can-can until I fall asleep,
Then the baby goes through me like a robber, so neat,
Of those two little maids and the baby.

CHORUS.

Lovey, dovey, come to your hubby,
Go chase the duck for you and me,
We are so happy, as happy as can be
We two little maids and the baby.

To a beer-garden I took them last Tuesday night,
Those two little maids and the baby,
They drank up a brewery, then started to fight,
Those two little maids and the baby.
Then up came the cop, and we got a free ride
In a nice little wagon—we sat side by side;
The judge gave me ten days, and the rest he let slide,
Those two little maids and the baby.

CHORUS.

Chawlie, Chawlie, are you so jolly,
Are you as happy as you used to be?
We are as happy as happy can be,
We two little maids and the baby.

MULROONEY ON A BIKE.

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Words and Music by Emmet Duffy.

Now it was a pleasant evening, sure, whin outside Mike Mulrooney's dure
A dude had left a bicycle quite safe, he thought,
Now whin the bike Mulrooney spied, he said, "Be gob sure I can ride,"
So Tim McFadden held it while on board he got,
McFadden thin gave him a push, and down the strate the bike did rush,
Just like a freight train off the track, the boys all said;
He ran into a hack almost, and thin he struck an iron post,
He flew up in the air and landed on his head.

CHORUS.

Yerra, the strates were all blockaded whin the news got 'round
That Mulrooney he was tryin to ride a bike.
(Who's that?) Mister Mike Mulrooney, sure he must be looney,
Who would ever think he'd do the like?
(No indeed.) Sure his friends tried to pursuade him not to roide,
But he said, "Just watch me, and I'll show yez how;"
(Wow, Wow.) He said that it was aisy—the man was surely crazy,
And three doctors they are tending to him now.

Whin Mulrooney landed on his head, they rushed to see if he was dead—
The pavement was all broken where his head had struck;
He said, "'Twas but an accident, I wasn't watching where I wint,
I'll thry it wanst agin, perhaps I'll have more luck."
He got upon the bike once more, and down the strate he madly tore;
He ran into a funeral and tipped the hearse,
Thin dashed right through a German band, and wrecked a Dago's pea-nut stand,
'Twas like a railroad smash-up, only ten toimes worse.—*Chorus.*

All the neighbors yelled 'till they were hoarse, Mulrooney took a zig-zag course
From side to side, scared all the horses off the strate,
He fell off once, he fell off twice—he wouldn't take a friend's advice;
He says, "I'll ride this darned machine, av I lose both fate."
Got on again, had not gone far, whin he struck an electric car;
He knocked it off the track, they thought that he'd stop thin,
His head was cut and streaming blood, his clothes wor all destroyed with mud,
But he got on the bike and started off again.—*Chorus.*

The salvation army came along, Mulrooney dashed right through the throng;
He nearly killed the captain—how the soldiers swore—
He smashed the base drum all to bits, thin Mrs. Clancy's twins had fits
Whin they saw him attimpt to roide through Grady's store;
He dashed along at frightful speed, their warning shouts he did not heed.
A ditch was dug to lay a sewer, and down wint Mike,
They with a derrick pulled him out, that he'll recover there's some doubt,
But av he does, he never more will ride a bike.—*Chorus.*

I Always Was Stuck on the Girls.

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Words by Arthur I. Lamb. Music by E. Lux.

Of all the sweethearts I have had—and many lassies have a lad—
I cherish recollections kind and bear them lovingly in mind;
To me a cunning little face that peeps between a mist of curls
Will always lend a passing grace to any time, to any place.

CHORUS.

Ah, me! I always was stuck on the girls;
They peep between a mist of curls,
They are our jewels and pearls;
Ah, me! I always was stuck on the girls.

Of all the sweethearts I have had—and some were good, and some were bad—
I never, never will forget a little maid with eyes of jet;
We were betroth'd for seven years, but quickly past each season whirls,
A-lack-a-day for lovers' fears, we parted in a mist of tears.—*Chorus.*

Of all the sweethearts I have had—and, after all, love's but a fad—
It strikes me forcibly at times that love is nought but empty rhymes;
And what a flimsy pack of cards that Cupid on the altar hurls,
Experience true love retards, 'tis but a lay of moon-struck bards.—*Chorus.*

CASEY'S BAND.

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Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

Have you heard of Casey's band? the worst in all the land,
They look like freaks as they march out of time;
You should see them on the street—bow legs and crooked feet,
To hear them play I tell you is a crime.
Old Casey he's a "bute," in his regimental suit,
As proudly he marks time with his long stick;
When they play "Daisy Bell," the air with discord swells—
To hear that band you'd laugh.

CHORUS.

McEntire he plays the flute, Doyle's cornet goes root-te-toot,
Callahan he plays the drum—all the rest are very bum, in Casey's band.

Now the man that plays basoon looks like an old baboon,
When playing out of time he looks forlorn;
There's a man with rooms to let, plays a yaller clarinet—
The big trombone sounds like an old fish-horn.
Good music it has charms to soothe the savage breast,
That's why brass bands go 'round dogs' necks, they say;
There's no dog in the land old Casey's band could stand—
You'll laugh to hear them play.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Written and sung by D. B. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Put your arms around me, honey, if you have got lots of money—
Love me little, love me long;
But if you haven't got any money, you will get very little honey—
Love me little, love me long.
To the ball we will go, a glass of beer and a free show,
And you bet we will look so nice,
But when the ball is over, and you get a little sober,
You will find your honey is out of sight.

CHORUS.

The bells are ringing, the girls are singing,
Yonder on the stage,
Come along, my little honey, for I had once lots of money—
Skip the gutter, tri-la-la-la.

Oh, the girls are very naughty, very innocent, very haughty—
Love me little, love me long;
But they know when they got a jay, to the show he pays their way—
Love me little, love me long.
And when he sees the girls in tights, he thinks they are so young and nice,
And for the stage door he makes a rush,
But when they all come out, "By gosh!" you will hear him shout,
"Love me little, love me long."

CHORUS.

And home he will go, and talk about the show,
And his pockets they are full of air:
He will swear he has been robbed, and it was a put-up job—
Love me little, love me long.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

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Words by George Dailey. Music by Andrew Mack.

There is a girl that I adore, she lives across the way;
Standing by her cottage gate, I see her every day.
At night my thoughts oft wander to the tiny stars above,
I seem to see, in every one, the girl I love.

CHORUS.

The girl I love! the girl I love!
She seems to be in every tiny star above,
Every flower, sweet and rare, every bird that wings the air,
Reminds me of the girl I love.

Tho' when you wander 'round the earth, or sail the deep blue sea,
Winsome maidens you may meet, but none so fair as she.
My heart is just a peaceful nest, to hold my gentle dove,
And soon I'll wed, with joy complete, the girl I love.—*Chorus.*

She Loved Not Wisely, But Too Well.

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Words by Robert Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

In a quaint, old-fashioned country town, there lived a handsome maiden,
With cheeks of red, and eyes of brown, and heart with joy o'erladen,
Her life was full of sunshine, ah, until the tempter came!
She loved him madly, truly, now she's fled to hide her shame.

REFRAIN.

She loved not wisely, but too well!
The anguish of her heart I cannot tell.
That maid so bright and winning, sinned against, not sinning—
She loved not wisely, but too well!

But the tempter still remains to charm, is welcomed—base deceiver;
The story of the lovely maid is laughed at—none believe her.
Be sure his conscience smites him, as his thoughts on her do dwell;
The girl who loved him fondly, loved not wisely but too well.—*Refrain.*

My Sweetheart From Over the Sea.

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Words by Jere O'Halloran. Music by Gilbert Ashton.

When I left dear old Ireland—'twas long years ago—
I loved a maiden, the fairest I know;
Then, with devotion, she loved me alone,
When I crossed the ocean, and left her at home.
To write her I promised, ere much time had fled,
And send for my loved one, for oft had she said:
"I'll go at thy bidding to the land of the free,
And be thine own sweetheart from over the sea."

REFRAIN.

Over the sea we're sailing, over the sea of life,
Over the billows of trouble, happiness, care and strife;
Soon will life's voyage be ended, ended for you and for me,
Soon shall I meet you, my sweetheart, my sweetheart from over the sea.

I sent for my sweetheart, far over the sea,
And back came the answer, "I'm coming to thee;"
When I dream't of my dear one, repose seem'd more sweet,
And I prayed for the hour when again we should meet.
While waiting and watching for her smile once so true,
Fate cruelly whispered, "She'll ne'er come to you,
For a stranger has sought her, she thinks not of thee,
Tho' she was your sweetheart, far over the sea."—*Refrain.*

I tried to forget her, for she proved untrue,
And followed another, yet naught could I do.
At last came a message: she was dying alone;
Her betrayer had left her, without friends or home;
"Come and forgive," were the words it contained,
So I went to my loved one, and with her remained
'Till in my arms she slumbered, and we promised to be
True sweethearts in heaven, far over the sea.—*Refrain.*

—"No," said Mrs. De Porque, "we don't mind expense when it comes to our library. Some of the books, I am informed, are printed from diamond type."

Parody on:

Only Been Downed by the Club.

Written by Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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Last night I came in rather late,
With just a big lump on my head;
A copper had pummeled my pate
And laid me out very near dead.
I managed to get home at last;
My wifey met me at the door,
And I sang out these words rather fast,
As she dragged me around on the floor:

CHORUS.

"The club had a swinging to-night, love;
Of business it had a great sight, love;
He swung it with all of his might, love;
I've only been downed by the club."

"Been scrapping, my hubby, again!"
She howled and slammed me about;
I struck the back wall and my brain
Seemed just about to be bounced out.
She picked herself up from the floor
And started towards me again;
Enough she had mauled me before,
So quickly I yelled to explain:—*Chorus.*

She stopped not a moment, but came
Like an avalanche, sweeping the floor;
She seized my poor, miserable frame
And fired me straight through the door.
I struck the cold ground rather hard,
To my body a jolt it did bring;
And while I lay in the back yard
Feebly I managed to sing:—*Chorus.*

SAY YOU'RE MINE;

—OR:—

The Bowery Boy's Love Song.

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Words and Music by Lincoln J. Pollak.

I'm not a deal at makin' love in hifalutin' way,
But when I say I'd like ter own yer, Sissy, wot yer say?
We'll go ter Mickey Clancy, he's der leader of der ward,
An' we'll get spliced, me little dame, if yer'll but say der word.
I'll take yer ter der picnics, like der cove wot's stuck on yer;
I'll wear me pants in creases, on me coat I'll put some fur.
I wants yer bad, an' no mistake—my! how yer eyes do shine;
Oh, won't I suit me little bute, oh, say dat yer'll be mine.

CHORUS.

For I likes yer style, yer trim an' slick,
I loves yer an' I'll to yer stick;
I know I'm blunt, but yer a brick—
Say, Sissy, say yer mine.

We'll have two little kids, me own, a little girl an' boy,
An' you shall teach dem manners, see? an' make dem flip an' fly;
Der boy'll look like his mudder an' der girl she'll look like me,
An' ev'ry night dey'll kneel an' pray, "God bless der family."
Der girl she'll look so pretty wid her puggy turn-up nose,
Der boy he'll look so funny in his fadder's cut off clothes;
An' when on Sundays we goes out, an' looks so very fine,
Der ward's too small, I'll be so proud—oh, say dat yer'll be mine.

CHORUS.

For I likes yer style, yer trim an' slick,
I loves yer an' I'll to yer stick;
I know I'm blunt, but yer a brick—
Say, Sissy, say yer mine.

We're married just a year to-day as happy as can be,
But we ain't lettin' any guys make trouble for us, see?
One night I comes home from me work an' finds me dame in tears,
An' when I asks her wat's der row, she says, "Yer false, I fears."
She said der neighbors told her I went out wid odder dames,
I took dem to der picnics an' ter see der baseball games.
I proved ter Sissy dat was false an' kissed her cryin' eyes,
An' holds her to me heart an' says, while she half laughs an' cries:

CHORUS.

"For I likes yer style, yer trim an' slick,
I loves yer an' I'll to yer stick;
So dry yer eyes, for yer a brick,
My Sissy, only mine."

—Servant: "I come to give notice that I am going to quit." Mistress: "What is there about this place that you don't like?" Servant: "Your husband."

IT WILL BE MINE BY-AND-BY.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

There is a queer expression that you oft hear people say:
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by;
They furnish up a house and home, weekly instalments pay,
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.
Bank president he smiled and stroked his curly black mustache,
He said, "A week from Thursday I think I will 'cut a dash';
I will let them have the bank and building, but as for the cash—
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.

CHORUS.

"It will be mine by-and-by, it will be mine by-and-by;
To some quiet spot I will take the whole lot,
It will be mine by-and-by."

A little boy said, as he gazed up at an apple green:
"It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by;
I'll climb right up and get it now, I'm sure I'll not be seen;
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by."
He got the apple, then he quickly started down the tree,
A farmer stood there, singing, "Come, my love, I wait for thee."
In his hand he held a stick; the boy said, "That is meant for me,
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.

CHORUS.

"It will be mine by-and-by, it will be mine by-and-by;
That stick he has got, if I want it or not,
It will be mine by-and-by."

A preacher saw a school-boy with a snow-ball, and he said,
"It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by;
He'll let me have it, I feel sure, somewhere about the head,
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by."
This preacher went to Africa, the cannibals to teach;
They liked this missionary and stuck to him like a leech.
"Now, I choose him, for I saw him first," replied the eldest chief,
"He will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.

CHORUS.

"He will be mine by-and-by, he will be mine by-and-by;
To-morrow, at two, we'll have missionary stew,
He will be mine by-and-by."

A young man kissed his fiancee good night and murmur'd low,
"She will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by;
She'll make a loving wife, we will be happy, that I know;
She will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by."
They married, and her mother said with them she'd make her home;
She did, and for a year he dared not call his soul his own,
And he said, "If I can only meet her outside once, alone,
She will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.

CHORUS.

"She will be mine by-and-by, she will be mine by-and-by;
To St. Peter she'll roam and with him make her home,
She will be mine by-and-by."

A dudish young man murmured, as a pretty lady passed,
"She will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by."
He buttoned up his long frock coat, put on his large eye-glass,
"She will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by."
"I beg your pardon," he remarked, "will you to supper go?"
She was to meet her husband, but that dudie did not know;
He came up just then, said to his wife, "Dear, home you quickly go,
He will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.

CHORUS.

"He will be mine by-and-by, he will be mine by-and-by;
I soon will have done with this chrysanthemum,
He will be mine by-and-by."

A silk umbrella in the hall, it's pretty and it's new,
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by;
I've always longed to have one, and I think that it will do,
It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.
While walking out with William (* my wife), at a milliner's I (she) gazed
Almost an hour, at a hat. "Are you coming?" William said (home? I raved),
As away from it he (I) dragged me (her). Ah, I (she) turned and sighed and said,
"It will be mine by-and-by, by-and-by.

CHORUS.

"It will be mine by-and-by, it will be mine by-and-by;
'Twas stylish and nice, eighteen dollars the price;
It will be mine by-and-by."

* When sung by a male, the words in parenthesis must be used.

—"What a terrific thunderstorm we had the other evening!" "I didn't know anything about it until it was all over. My wife was singing the baby to sleep."

—"Much business this morning?" said the chemist to his new assistant as he entered the shop, which was also a post-office. "Yes, sir," replied the youth; "I've had a busy morning of it. There have been six women in to look at the directory, and I've obliged eight people with postage stamps, besides changing a dollar."

MIKE McCARTY'S WAKE.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

Mike McCarty died last week, of course he had a wake,
We all went down to see him off on the trip he meant to take;
Every one of us—Jerry Flynn and Tom Maginn, Pete and Pat O'Hare,
All of us were friends of Mike's, and so, of course, was there.

CHORUS.

Yes, we all went down to Mike McCarty's wake,
And we all was asked whatever would we take,
There was "bees'-wings," "gin-slings," punch and whiskey straight,
Wine and brandy, rum and candy—if you took water, it cost you a quarter,
We all mixed drinks until we couldn't see,
And we all got full, as full as we could be,
And I won't forget the time we had that night, you bet,
At Mike McCarty's wake.

Dignified and punctual, we all arrived at eight,
Mike was looking illegant, as he rested there in state,
And so natural, so we bowed respectfully, and drank the corpse's health,
For to have the wake, you see, he kindly left his wealth.

CHORUS.

Tom Maginn got up to make a speech,
A jug of gin was just within his reach,
He said he'd some good points he wished to teach
About McCarty, once so hearty, now the quietest one in the party.
At ev'ry compliment, what do you think?
All the boys stood up and took another drink,
And I won't forget the time we had that night, you bet,
At Mike McCarty's wake.

When the fun was at its height, McCarty sat up straight,
Sure it was a fearful sight, and the effect was great;
Holy Moses! he nearly scared us all to death, I lean'd against the wall,
And when again I got my breath, he wasn't dead at all.

CHORUS.

So we all went up and grabbed him by the hand,
Just as if he'd come back from a foreign land,
And McCarty he began to shout and dance,
And said by chance, he had a trance,
And if we'd a hurried him we might a buried him.
Then we had a real old Irish reel, and McCarty like himself began to feel,
And I won't forget the whiskey was so wet that night,
At Mike McCarty's wake.

Uncle, What Makes You Sad To-night?

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Words by W. C. Parker. Music by Hugh Donnelly.

"Uncle," asked little John, "What makes you sad to-night?
Why do you sit alone? Why do you shun the light?
"Listen," the old man said, "and I will tell you why
This night I sit alone, and watch the hours pass by:
Ten years ago, lad, in a foreign land,
I met a maiden, and asked for her hand.
She was the sweetest girl that I had ever seen,
And I fell deep in love with pretty Madeline."

CHORUS.

"Sweet Madeline, my own little queen, I'm thinking of her to-night;
I'll ne'er forget the first time we met, when all earth seemed so bright.
Ten years ago, this very same night, she quietly passed away,
And now I am longing for pretty Madeline.

"She promised to be mine on the first day of spring,
Then, to my joyous heart, all nature seemed to sing.
Soon came that welcome day, we were made man and wife,
And many friends all wished a happy wedded life;
But on that day, lad, my sweet little bride
Fell 'neath the train, lad, and that night she died.
And lad, from year to year, when it comes Hallowe'en,
I greatly mourn the loss of pretty Madeline."—*Chorus.*

—She: "Here comes the bride and groom. Do you suppose it was a case of love at first sight?" He: "Oh, yes. He caught a glimpse of her father's check book."

—Cholly: "I wondah where—ah—Algy procures his beautiful accent, don't you know." Dolly: "Why, didn't the deah boy tell you? He has all his teeth direct from—aw—London."

I LOVE YOU.

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Words and Music by Andrew Mack.

Larry, my darling, would I could speak my love!
Speak, for there's none to hear us, none but the stars above.

Wert thou a tree, a bird I'd be, and there I'd build my nest;
Wert thou a rose, I would repose, like dew, upon thy breast.
Wert thou the sea, the shore I'd be, for ever at thy side;
In such a dream, wert thou the stream, then I would be the tide.
Ah, if in the future we part, love, I'll be true;
None shall hold place in my heart, love—none but you.
Thro' all the years that may roll, love I'll be true;
Molly Mavourneen, I love you! Larry, my darling, I love you!

If thou wert mine, and I were thine, how happy I would be;
Thou art mine own for ever, you're all in life to me.
If stars above could speak my love, how brightly they would shine;
If earth below, my love could show, 'twould be a heav'n divine.
Ah, if in the future we part, love, etc.

I Love My Love in the Springtime.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Those little tender phrases, that lovers know so well,
In which to sing the praises of that mysterious spell,
Let those who doubt deride them, in their supreme conceit,
But hearts that love have tried them, and none are half so sweet.
And none are half so sweet, and none are half so sweet.
I love my love in the springtime, and I love my love in the fall,
And in the golden summer, I love her best of all.
Through all the changing seasons, I vow by the stars above,
From summer's glow, to winter's snow, I love my love.

Give me no empty token, before we two must part,
Let those sweet words be spoken, that lips learn from the heart;
I want no words of learning, to waft me to the skies,
But yearning heart to yearning, in simple truth replies,
In simple truth replies, in simple truth replies:
I love my love in the springtime, etc.

The Man that Stole My Luncheon.

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Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

You remember we unloaded coal two weeks come Tuesday next?
I do, upon the wharf down here, the day Dan Gould got fined,
Well, something happened that day that would make a man feel vexed,
And although I never mentioned it, it's never left my mind.
Before I started out to work, my wife put up my dinner,
When I got down to the wharf, I hid the can behind the shed,
When a man about your size sneak'd 'round—he did, the thieving sinner—
Took my dinner-can, my coat and lunch—yes, everything—and fled.

CHORUS.

I think he deserves a punchin'. Who? The man that stole my luncheon!
Was it me? I never said it was. Well, don't insinuate.
I'm not insinuatin'. But you're very aggravatin'.
Lave it go. I will. You will? 'Tis gone. But what had I to ate?

Now, Drinnan, you're a friend of mine, and I know all your ways,
We've worked together many times, a jobbing here and there,
I've done favors for your family, too, these many many days;
I'll get even, too, with some one, if it takes me twenty years.
You're not accusing me, man, dear, of ateing up your dinner?
Well, you didn't bring no lunch that day (I'll take me oath to that).
No, but over to the Ditchman's, I had beer and sour weinner.
Yes, but beer and sour weinner—only Ditchmen live on that.—*Chorus.*

—"You say she is a musical genius as far as the piano is concerned?" "Yep; knows when to quit every time."

—"What makes you so sure that Blankly believes in future punishment?" "He's going to marry the lady he was divorced from six months ago."

I'VE BEEN HOODOO'D.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd,
By a nigger voodoo I've been hoodood, I've been hoodoo'd,
Hoodoo'd by a big black coon.

A coon for me had a great infatuation,
He wanted me to marry, but he had no situation,
As soon as I refused, why the coon he got wild,
Says he, "I am bound for to hoodoo dis child."
Went and got a rabbit foot and burned it with a frog,
Down in the hollow of an old burnt log,
Right on the road where I had to pass along.
Ever since den my head's been wrong,
My bones begin to ache, and my teeth begin to chatter,
Went to a doctor and he couldn't tell the matter;
Says he, "You're a gone coon, you're gone up the spout,"
He looked at my head, and my hair fell out;
Nobody knows how funny I feel,
Even the husk fell off my heel.

REFRAIN.

I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd,
By a nigger voodoo I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd,
Hoodoo'd by a big black coon.

This same black coon had an awful disposition,
He could do more tricks than Hermann, the magician;
My daddy he went out for to kill this black moke,
The coon only laughed, and he thought it a joke;
Got all of the coons afraid to look him in the eye,
Got lots of niggers that he's taught to fly;
All the police for this coon they had to search,
He robbed a coon one night at church,
He grabbed up a chicken and it wouldn't even hollar,
Throw up his guffer and most any thing would foller;
It is very strange, but it ain't no lie,
I hope in my heart that this coon will die,
For I can't sleep, walk, talk nor eat,
Guess I am dead—my heart don't beat—*Refrain.*

Get On Your Sneak Shoes, Children.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A dark night, a nigger and a chicken,
You can bet that they're mighty close friends,
When times are hard and poultry's high,
And a nigger can't meet his ends.
When he feels like he's been hoodoo'd,
And business with him is slack,
Just give him a basket with a covered top,
And a chicken he'll bring back.

CHORUS.

Get on your sneak-shoes, children,
Now listen to what I say,
Don't disgrace the colored race,
Do not go astray.
Get on your sneak-shoes, children,
Now's the time to made your mark,
Don't come yellow, but come the right color,
But for goodness sake don't come dark.

Just give a coon a white handle razor,
Let him find a game of craps,
He'll make coons scatter very quick,
It's the nature of the Japs,
Don't you pester with his money,
Any time he puts it down;
He says that he'll chop enough meat off of you,
For to feed all the dogs in town.

CHORUS.

Get on your sneak-shoes, children,
Now listen to what I say,
Don't disgrace the colored race,
Do not go astray.
Get on your sneak-shoes, children,
Now's the time to make your mark,
Don't come yellow, but come the right color,
But for goodness sake don't come dark.

FINALE.

He's a bad, bad man, from a bad, bad land,
And he don't care for disgrace:
Says he don't fear police, judge or jury—
He belongs to a bad, bad race.

SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

By Richie Foy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The latest gag that's in the town, and they think it's awful cute,
They say, "Oh, have you shot the chutes?"
Well, if you have not shot them they'll say that you're a chump,
And tell you to go and shoot a stump.
Now if you have seven cents, why, you are in luck;
Of course, with seven cents the tiger you cannot buck,
But you can take the seven cents and go and shoot the duck,
And you don't need to shoot the chutes.

The soldiers came to Chicago and they had all kinds of traps,
So they shot a game of craps;
They were all good crap shooters, of course not, I don't think,
And all their teeth were plugged with zinc.
Uncle Sam he sent the soldiers here with their muskets and their boots;
He said, if you don't shoot the strikers you're a bunch of big galoots.
The soldiers wouldn't shoot the strikers,
So they put on their ten-dollar suits and went out and shot the chutes.

A maiden fair with golden hair said, I'll go out on a toot,
I'll go out and shoot the chutes.
She got on a bicycle and she lit a cigaroot,
And she started for the chutes.
She had on her bloomers and she acted rather flip;
She said to her friend Charile, "Well, just watch me take this dip."
But when she struck the water, why, her bloomers gave a rip,
And no more she'll shoot the chutes.

True Love the Whole Year Round.

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Words by Harry W. Emmet. Music by Chas. B. Ward.

A maiden her fate was bemoaning,
'Neath the shade of the wide-spreading yews,
And half to herself she was owning
She knew not which lover to choose.
"Oh! tell me," she cried in her anguish,
"Is affection a smile or a sigh?
Can I find love that never will languish?"
The leaves whispered down this reply:

CHORUS.

Love in the springtime is young,
Love in the summer is bold;
Love in the autumn with mem'ries is hung,
Love in the winter is old;
But whether in sunshine or storm,
Love everywhere may be found,
And love has no reason, whatever the season,
But true love's the whole year round.

A little bird paused there for shelter,
A shower was arising so bad,
The raindrops came down with a pelter,
And poor little birdie looked sad.
But when the storm ceased, once more cheerful,
The sweet bird spread his bright wings again,
And to that little maiden, still tearful,
He chirrupped this selfsame refrain:—*Chorus.*

CHARMING JOSEPHINE.

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Words and Music by George J. Southwick.

The ball-room seemed a dream to me, that lovely night in May,
The music never seemed so sweet, the dancers half so gay;
My heart was full of happiness, no care or worldly strife,
For she, my dear, had promised there, to go with me thro' life.
I thought of nothing then but love, all care and sorrow fled,
And as I sat there by her side, these were the words I said:

CHORUS.

Pretty little Phina, charming Josephine,
Idol of my life, and vision of my dream,
All this world without you but a blank would be,
My pretty little sweetheart, I love none else but thee.

At last the happy day arrived, and she became my wife,
'Twas then our loving life begun, so free from care and strife,
And when I used to come from work, she'd sit down by my side,
And tell me of the things she did, with careless, girlish pride.
Ah, me, I well remember all, and now we're aged and gray,
Think as I sat there by her side, and once more I will say:—*Chorus.*

OUR COUNTRY.

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Words and Music by C. Forman Smith.

From North to South, and East and West, our flag it floats with pride,
And 'neath its heav'nly stars and stripes how many patriots died!
Land of our noble Washington, who fought with patriots brave,
And with the pray'rs of loyal hearts, from foes our land he saved.

CHORUS.

Three cheers, three cheers, and one cheer more,
Our flag may it ever wave;
Sail on, thou too, O Ship of State,
Our land of the free and the brave.

We sing of our own Lincoln true, how great, how grand, how brave!
A nation's tribute comes to one whose pen did free the slave;
How many hearts still bear the wounds of battle's strife and roar!
And may our own God-favored land at peace be evermore.—*Chorus.*

In praise of martyred Garfield sing, our memory ne'er will fail;
A man of God, whose loyal heart at death it did not quail.
O God, who doeth all things well, bless our dear native land,
And may all foes who in it dwell, be swept away as sand.—*Chorus.*

We sing of noble General Grant, who fought and served us well,
And other generals known to fame, who in our hearts will dwell,
Brave soldiers who laid down their lives their country for to save,
And may their memory in our hearts go with us to the grave.—*Chorus.*

O may it not be party pride, but patriot love so true,
That prompts the hearts to serve our land, and our red, white and blue;
We know what Master laid thy keel, in what a forge and heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope, we fear no tempest's beat.—*Chorus.*

The Declaration we do love, of Independence sweet,
Our Constitution—may it stand all storms that 'gainst it beat,
Brave men who signed that noble page, brave men whose hearts were right,
And may the tho't of Plymouth Rock ne'er fail from freedom's light.—*Chorus.*

EILEEN O'MOORE.

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By Walter Jones.

Love has come to me at last, its seal is on my heart,
A little Irish Cupid cast at me a piercing dart;
In love I thought I ne'er would fall, words can't tell what I mean;
I'm sure you'd understand it all, if you met pretty Eileen,
I'm sure you'd understand it all, if you met sweet Eileen.

CHORUS.

Eileen, Eileen some day will be my wife,
My dream, my queen, I'll love you all through life;
Eileen, my queen, sweet love for evermore,
You are neat, very witty, sweet, very pretty, Eileen O'Moore.

To love her is an easy task, so simple, pure and sweet,
For she is all that one could ask, no other will I seek;
And we'll be wed to-morrow at nine—how long the hours do seem!
I can hardly wait to call her mine, and claim my pretty Eileen,
I can hardly wait to call her mine, and claim her my Eileen.—*Chorus.*

LOVE'S SWEET MEMORIES.

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Words by H. A. H. Music by L. C. Schwind.

When fragrant roses are in bloom, and their sweetness fills the air,
And verdant fields yield their perfume, I think of her so fair,
Of golden moments happ'ly spent, upon the meadow's crest,
I plucked a rose for her I loved, and pinned it on her breast.
And now all those joyful days are forever past,
But love's memories will forever last.

REFRAIN.

And when the roses are in bloom, and foliage on the trees,
There comes to me 'mid sweet perfume, fond love's sweet memories.

On stalwart oak I carved a heart, and together our names placed,
I sought that oak in after years, but found the heart effaced;
Some time she'll think of that sweet rose I plucked for her that day,
And of the heart carved in that oak, now long since passed away.
And dream of those joyful days, now forever past,
For love's memories will forever last—*Refrain.*

The Mystery of the Village.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A quiet eastern village, a preacher old and gray,
A stranger standing at the door just at the close of day,
Who asked for information of folks who once lived there.
The preacher told the story sad, which filled him with despair;
He said, "The old man that you seek, for five years has been dead,
His wife has to the poor-house gone, for shelter and for bread.
They owed a mortgage on the farm, 'twas more than they could pay.
The farm was sold, that broke their hearts, the old man died next day.

CHORUS.

'Twas the myst'ry of the village, and the saddest tale I know,
A home was wrecked, two hearts were broken, 'twas an awful blow;
Although strangers now dwell in their home since the old man's laid away,
'Tho his wife has to the poor-house gone, she has not gone to stay.

The man that closed the mortgage was robbed that very night,
The village people tried in vain to bring the truth to light.
As time rolled by the people forgot the sad affair,
A package for the poor-house came, sent in the preacher's care.
A letter read, "Kind sir, give this to mother dear, for me,
'Tis from her only boy, a sailor dying o'er the sea."
'Twas wealth to keep her all through life, and filled her heart with joy,
She left the poor-house when she read the message from her boy.

CHORUS.

'Twas the myst'ry of the village, and that mother'll never know
Her boy had robbed the man that closed the mortgage long ago,
And perhaps it was an awful crime that dreadful step to take,
But at judgment day he may be forgiv'n, it was for mother's sake.

Oh! He Was a Good Young Man.

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Words and Music by Leona Fontainebleau-Jerome.

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice
And resolved to retire early;
As the clock struck nine, he was there on time—
Oh, he was a good young man!
On one dark night the house was burned,
And now he's up to heaven gone;
Yet he might have been alive,—

SPOKEN—"Had he scrambled in at dawn!"

Excuse this interruption. Now, why didn't he come home in the morning, about 4 o'clock, like all the rest of the boys? Some one told him to go to bed early. Foolish boy!

CHORUS.

So you see, dear friends, that the moral is,
"Advice you must not always take,"
Or you, too, like this good young man,
Will make a big mistake.
As you go through life, just do as you please,
Or the very, very best that you can,
Or when too late, you'll share the fate
Of this goody, good young man.

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice,
And resolved that he'd raise whiskers,
So he'd shave and shave, and no dimes he'd save—
Oh, he was a good young man!
His whiskers grew to six feet two;
Wherever he would go, the wind
It would blow, and it would snow,

SPOKEN—And a cyclone you'd find!

Excuse this interruption but this is a true story! Unfortunate young man, the victim of good advice. A huge wind caught him up into the clouds, and the last time he was heard of he was hanging just over Kansas City, and all the people for miles around thought he was a new comet. It's a true story. Don't you believe it?—*Chorus.*

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice,
And he resolved that he would marry,
So a widow he asked his wife to be—
Oh, he was a good young man!
The first she did, this witching "wid,"
She had her tootsie's life insured.
He got wed, and now he's dead—

SPOKEN—Of marriage he is cured.

He was a friend of mine, and the very last words he uttered were, that he never would get married again. Well, he's gone now; there's no use of crying about it. I feel just as bad as you.—*Chorus.*

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice,
He'd his ma-in-law treat kindly,
And unto his home ask the dear to come—
Oh, he was a good young man!
His hair turned gray right off, they say,
And he's in the asylum now;
So don't take too much advice,

SPOKEN—Is written on his alabaster brow.

Poor young man! Haven't you all been there?—*Chorus.*

At Night with a Policeman on His Beat.

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Words by Frank Millard. Music by Warren Beebe.

One night, while feeling rather blue,
And having nothing else to do,
A policeman friend I chanced to meet
Who said, "Come with me 'round my beat;
I'll show you sights you never seen,
I'll show you things you'd never dream,
Things that's never brought to light,
That happen in the dark of night."
"All right, old chap, now that's a go;
There's lots of things I'd like to know,
For I am not so awful smart,"
And down the street we soon did start.

REFRAIN.

While darkness covers all the city, this to me was quite a treat,
To view and study human nature at night with a policeman on his beat.

A worn-out woman, old and gray,
On a corner stands in a helpless way,
With tired limbs and worn-out feet,
Afraid to cross the busy street,
She's half afraid to even try.
Rich and strong all pass her by,
Keeping up that endless pace,
All intent on their mad race;
At last a ragged newsboy gay
Said, "Lean on me, I'll lead the way,"
And with strong arm and manly stride
He lands her safe on other side.

REFRAIN.

While darkness covers all the city a prayer for the lad she soft repeats,
While I continued on my journey at night, with a policeman on his beat.

A cry of fire next greets our ear,
A cry that we all dread to hear;
A burning building soon we see,
Fierce fire and smoke rolls up on high.
Brave firemen up a ladder go
To battle with a deadly foe;
A fierce report, an explosion loud,
Wild flames of red light up the crowd,
And then above the noise and din
Some one cries out, "The roof fell in!"
Brave firemen sent there by command
Die at their post with hose in hand.

REFRAIN.

While darkness covers all the city, their souls the Maker soon will meet,
While I continue on my journey at night with a policeman on his beat.

Have You Heard the Latest?

By Geo. E. Shertzer.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

They say every one has a sweetheart,
I believe that's the way the old song goes;
That Annie Laurie was on the Bowery
With McGinty's best suit of clothes.
That the Little Fisher Maiden
Didn't have a cent,
Went down on Thompson street
To see how Hogan paid his rent.

They say that Grover Cleveland
Has set the workingmen free,
That Geo. M. Pullman
Is sojourning in The Lighthouse by the Sea;
That the packers at Omaha
Are striking for their rights;
That Maggie Murphy is whistling
Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?

They say that Browne and Coxey
Have joined hands with Debs,
That Company M at Chicago
Refused to eat with "scabs";
They say that The Cows are in the Corn,
And also, that Chauncy Depew,
While riding on the Elevated,
Met the Two Little Girls in Blue.

They say that the strikers at Chicago
Only struck for their proper pay,
That it won't be long until Pullman
Will be in a grave Ten Thousand Miles Away;
That the coming leaders of our country
Will be Debs, Coxey and Browne,
And that Geo. M. Pullman
Needn't think that he can keep the workingman down.

WHILE THE DANCE GOES ON.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

Amid the glare and the splendor, amid the gay and the bright,
Joyous and merry the dancers, no thoughts of sorrow to-night;
Softly the strains of the music play on all evening till dawn—
Happy are they, joyous and gay, while the dance goes on.
Yet there is one of the dancers, one with a beautiful face,
Laughing and chatting so gayly, dancing with such careless grace—
There is no firm hand to guide her, no one to shield her from harm;
She is alone, husband at home, while the dance goes on.

CHORUS.

While the music is playing in the grand ball-room,
While all hearts beat softly to the old sweet tune,
While the hours are passing, fleeting one by one—
No thought of the morrow, while the dance goes on.

"You will not go to the ball, love; stay with our baby to-night!"
Rang in the ears of this lady, whose sparkling eyes shone so bright;
What cares she for home and baby while she is queen of the ball?
Husband and home, baby alone, while the dance goes on.
Only too soon is it over, home she approaches at last;
There at the door meets her husband, whose sad tears fall thick and fast;
Then not a word is there spoken, gently he leads his wife on—
There on its bed baby lies dead, while the dance goes on.—*Chorus.*

MY MAMMA TOLD ME SO.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

I'm a little child, you see, innocent as I can be,
But there are no flies on me—my mamma told me so;
Mamma says I'm just too sweet, from my head down to my feet,
Such a child you seldom meet—my mamma told me so.

CHORUS.

Mamma always gets things straight,
She is strictly up to date;
Ev'rything is true I state,
'Cause mamma told me so.

This big world is all a bluff, fill'd with misery and woe,
Which, I think, is rather tough—my mamma told me so.
If we're good or if we're bad, diff'rent places we will go,
Where quite diff'rent times are had—my mamma told me so.—*Chorus.*

Sometimes I don't say a word, but I make an awful show;
Children should be seen, not heard—my mamma told me so.
This makes her act like a crank, and she fills my soul with woe;
You bet she knows how to spank—and no one told me so.—*Chorus.*

DOOLAN'S COTERIE.

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Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

Mickey Doolan and his wife they gave a social party;
Sure, ev'ry one assembled—it was his wedding night;
And when the band played "Garry Owen" we yelled so loud and hearty,
But when they played "Die Wacht am Rhein" I thought we'd have a fight.
First we had supper, and then the sport began;
How we laughed at funny jokes and comic songs they sang!
We drank the health of ev'ry one, then drank them o'er and o'er,
And when the ball it did commence I thought they'd break the floor.

CHORUS.

Singing and dancing, I never saw the like;
Oh, what funny sights to see!
When Casey tried to dance the "Midway Plaisance,"
Up at Mickey Doolan's coterie.—*Dance.*

'Course, I had to be in style, for fashion is my hobby;
I hired a dandy dress suit to wear upon that night;
The coat and vest were elegant, they fit so nice and nobby;
The pants I hardly could get on, they were so awful tight.
So, to be graceful, we danced the Boston dip;
All at once I had to stop, for something gave a rip.
I backed up in a corner then and sat there all alone;
In a yellow, long-tailed duster coat I managed to sneak home.—*Chorus.*

Um-Skit-a-Rat-Trap-si-si-do.

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

I'll sing of a great musician, who plays in a big brass band,
He blows on a silver cornet, and trills with a master hand;
His runs on the grand piano are ever a source of bliss,
And when he rehearses it sounds like this:

CHORUS.

"Um-skit-a-rat-trap-si-si-do."
"There goes Casey," "After the ball is over,"
"My sweetheart's the man in the moon!"
"And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down," and
"Um-skit-a-rat-trap-si-si-do."

He plays all of Sousa's marches, on Wagner he loves to dwell,
He studies the latest operas, and renders the music well;
At times he will start to whistle, and sing all the tunes he knows,
It's funny to hear him, this way he goes:—*Chorus.*

I think he is going crazy, on music and instruments,
His fam'ly is getting worried, they say he has lost all sense;
He plays from the morn 'till ev'ning, and sometimes his meals he'll miss,
He won't cease from playing, his tune's like this:—*Chorus.*

Wait 'Till My Ship Comes Home;

— OR : —

Maggie with Heart So True.

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Written and Composed by John Walsh. Arranged by John Stromberg.

He sailed away from New York bay, in a ship both staunch and sound,
As apprentice boy for five long years to the captain he was bound;
He left his sweetheart weeping, his blue-eyed, rosy maid,
"You're going away, my sailor lad," through sobs and tears, she said.
He pressed her fondly to his breast, and wiped the tears away,
"A love like mine can never die," he lovingly did say:

CHORUS.

Wait 'till my ship comes home again, over the raging sea,
Wait until my time is up, then a captain I will be,
I'll lead you to the church, my dear, happy I'll be with you,
We'll roam this world together, love, sweet Maggie with heart so true.

My Maggie is more beautiful than any girl I know,'
Her hair's as black as the raven's wing, her teeth as white as snow,
The blushes on her dimpled cheeks the rose would put to shame,
Her pouting lips like cherries red, that set my heart aflame;
But now I am a captain, and I've bought the wedding ring,
Next Sunday morn we'll married be, then the boys and girls will sing:—*Chorus.*

DON'T TAKE OUR BOY AWAY.

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Written and Composed by John Walsh. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

While coming home from work last night, the winter winds blew cold,
There sitting on a door-step, a sad sight I did behold:
An aged couple, worn and gray, sat there with bow'd down head,
"Could I be of assistance, sir" I to the old man said.
"My boy there is arrested, and they're taking him to jail;
He has never done a wrong, sir, of that I will go bail,
Oh, save him for his mother's sake, or it will break her heart,"
And as I left, these were the words the old man did impart:

CHORUS.

"Don't take our boy away from us, he acts a noble part,
He is our main support sir, and the pride of mother's heart,
He's as free from crime as is the babe that first saw light of day,
Friendless we'll roam, without a home, if you take our boy away."

With tott'ring footsteps, arm in arm, to the court-house on they came,
To prove their boy was guiltless, and to clear his honored name.
The trial had but just commenced as they pass'd thro' the door,
When the mother saw her darling son, she fell fainting to the floor,
The old man said, "Have pity, judge, ere the sentence you have read;
Our boy there, he is innocent, why not take me instead?"
The judge was touched with sympathy—his son was led astray—
Your boy is free, so take him home, and no more you'll have to say:—*Chorus.*

Only to See Thee, My Darling.

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Written and Composed by Frank Addis Kent.

Sad and alone sits a gray-haired man,
Holding a picture of one sweet and fair;
As he gazes he thinks of his long-lost love,
Thinks of her grace and beauty rare.
Ah, how he longs to see her now,
Only to tell her all is forgiven,
Only to take her unto his heart,
Making all earth a perfect heaven.

CHORUS.

Only to see thee, my darling, only to gaze deep in your eyes,
Only to tell thee I love thee, love thee for ever and love thee for aye.
Only to see thee, my darling, only to gaze deep in your eyes,
Only to tell thee I love thee, love thee for ever and aye.

Now, as he sits there, he lives again,
All thro' the sweet summer time long ago,
When they roamed through the meadows and woods so green,
All life was music, sweet and low.
Then came a rival, handsome, grand,
Leading his sweetheart from him astray,
In but a year he had cast her aside,
Leaving her friendless, far away.—*Chorus.*

RIPPLING ECHOES.

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Words and Music by David Seymour.

On a balmy day in June, 'mid the rose's sweet perfume,
I strolled down by a brooklet in a glade,
Where limpid waters danced, they quite my heart entranced
Enwrapt was I while laughing waters played.
Little streamlet you decide, shall I soon become a bride,
Or else remain a maiden free?
I implore thee, as you flow, shall I? answer, yes or no,
And the laughing waters echoed back, "Marry!"

CHORUS.

Flow onward to mother ocean, glide merrily outward to sea,
Telling tales of love's devotion; laughing waters, I love but thee.—*Dance.*

Oh, sweet wedding bells will chime, they love and joy entwine,
And happiness supplants a weight of woe;
Little streamlet thine the praise, for these joyous, happy days,
And all the wealth of pleasure they bestow.
Should a lover fond entreat, seek the rippling rill's retreat,
And there amid its leafy bowers bid the waters advice thee,
Trust the babbling brook's decree,
And thy future will be naught but golden hours.—*Chorus.*

WHEN YOU KNOW THE GIRL YOU LOVE LOVES YOU.

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By W. B. Gray & G. L. Spaulding.

You will find this world a pleasure, if the girl you love, loves you,
You will find this world a world of joy and bliss,
Every evening when at leisure, if your love for her is true,
You will meet her and will greet her with a kiss.
As you wander side by side, with your happy, promised bride,
With nothing but your wedding day in view,
All is joy and comfort then, what a blessing life is when
You know the girl you love, loves you.

REFRAIN.

When you know the girl you love, loves you,
If to her you're faithful, kind and true,
Not a single act you'll rue, you'll have peace and comfort, too,
When you know the girl you love, loves you.

All her secrets she will tell you, if the girl you love, loves you,
And her every little triumph you will praise,
For her frankness will compel you, if your love for her is true,
To admire her winsome, charming, pleasant ways.
Then as time rolls quickly on, and perhaps a year has gone,
You've tried her love, and found it stanuch and true,
You will make of her your wife, you'll be happy all through life,
You know the girl you love, loves you.—*Refrain.*

SHOOTING CRAP! 7 OR 11.

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Words by Walter Fletcher. Music by Otto M. Heinsman.

There is a high-toned barber shop down on Thompson street,
And there 'most every evening the west-side darkies meet;
Some want shaves and hair-cuts, some want razor straps,
But the biggest part of all the coons come down to shoot the craps.

CHORUS.

Seven or eleven, you must come,
Seven or eleven, nin't you done.
Seven or eleven, hear dem snaps,
Seven or eleven, shooting craps.

The jocks from all the race-tracks, colored poker play'rs—
The coons that wait on tables are the gamest of the stay'rs;
Nigs from South Car'lina, reg'lar moss-back Japs,
They leave their little bundle in dat slipp'ry game of craps.—*Chorus.*

There's Polo Jim and Lida Green, Walk'long June-bug Snow,
And Buckskin Smith and old Jeems, come down to see the show;
Nigs from Gov'ner's Island, blue clothes, shoulder-straps,
Lost all them clothes and soldier buttons, fooling with them craps.—*Chorus.*

The captain of the precinct has us marked for sure,
But when he starts to pull us, we'll barricade the door;
Irish cop we'll do him, he's an easy snap—
The only man we're 'fraid of, is dat nigger shaking craps.—*Chorus.*

On Sunday night there's "Hot-stuff" flying 'round dat shop,
The coons have all got razors, and laying for dat cop;
If Parkhurst men got onto us, they'll send us up, perhaps,
We broke old brother Gardner in a quiet game of craps.—*Chorus.*

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

I went to see a girl one night, and had to climb a fence,
On the other side,
And as the fence was very high, to climb I did commence,
On the other side.
It took me nearly twenty minutes just to reach the top,
And in my great excitement, why I think I never stopped,
And just as lightly as a kitten, quickly boys I dropped,
On the other side.

CHORUS.

But her father had a bulldog I never saw before,
He introduced himself to me, my clothes he nicely tore,
I told him he could keep the change, to get away I tried,
So I did, but left my Sunday trowsers on the other side.

One day I saw a lady, she was walking down the street,
On the other side,
And dressed in latest fashion from her head down to her feet,
On the other side.
She was a block ahead of me, and I was not content,
And just to see her pretty face, upon that I was bent,
So like a foolish little boy, I very quickly went
On the other side.

CHORUS.

Then I followed close behind, and I thought I was in luck,
By chance she dropped her handkerchief, I quickly picked it up,
But when she turned her face around, with fright I nearly died,
For I found she was the bearded lady, on the other side.

I went to shave my brother Jim, and let the razor slip,
On the other side,
Before I had a chance to think, I cut off half his lip,
On the other side.
I went and killed a chicken, and cut off a piece of skin,
I thought I would experiment upon my brother Jim;
As he raised no objection, why I stuck it onto him,
On the other side.

CHORUS.

The experiment it happened to be a grand success
Until he raised a nice moustache, and then I must confess
On one side there was lots of hair, but poor old Jimmie cried,
For he found some chicken feathers growing on the other side.

—"Will you break a wishbone with me to-night?" asked a Newark girl, addressing her lover.

"With pleasure," he said.

They broke the bone, and the Jersey maiden got the wish.

"Was that the wishbone of a chicken?" asked the youth.

"Why, no," answered the girl; "didn't you see? That was the wishbone of a New Jersey mosquito.

WHEN I RETURN AGAIN.

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Written and Composed by James F. Macdonald.

I sailed away one summer's day across the stormy sea,
And left behind a lass so kind who'll always think of me.
A tear, a sigh, a sad good-bye; said I, "Cheer up, my lass;
It won't be long that I am gone, and time will quickly pass."

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, good-bye, love, do not wipe your eye,
Although I know the parting gives you pain,
I know you'll think of me when I'm far away at sea,;
We'll be married, love when I return again.'"

I crossed the main to sunny Spain, with heart so light and free,
And in the storm her lovely form, in visions, came to me:
But when 'twas calm there seemed a charm, for on the brightest day
In accents clear, her voice I'd hear, and this is what she'd say:—*Chorus.*

I've promised when we meet again, that her I'll surely wed,
And if I may return some day, no truer words were said,
With heavy heart, while thus apart, but fortune I will bring,
The loving dear, which time draws near, no more you'll hear us sing:—*Cho.*

GIVE MY LOVE TO NELLIE.

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

Three years ago, when Jack and Joe set sail across the foam,
They vowed a fortune each would earn, before returning home.
In just a year Jack gained his wealth, and sailed for home that day,
And as the pals shook hands to part, poor Joe could only say:

CHORUS.

"Give my love to Nellie, Jack, kiss her once for me,
The fairest girl in all this world I know you'll say is she;
Treat her kindly Jack, old pal, tell her I am well."
His parting words were, "Don't forget to give my love to Nell."

Two years had passed when Joe at last gained wealth enough for life,
Across the foam he sailed for home, to make sweet Nell his wife;
But soon he learned that Jack and Nell one year ago were wed,
He now regrets, in sobs and frets, that he had ever said:—*Chorus.*

They chanced to meet upon the street; said Joe, "You selfish elf,
The next girl that I learn to love, I'll kiss her for myself;
But all is fair in love, they say, and as you've gone and wed,
I'll not be angry with a pal, so once again he said:—*Chorus.*

I'LL HOODOO O'HARA.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Have you seen O'Hara? just from Connamara,
Hoolihan O'Hara is his name.
Shure he's stole my Nora, och, I did adore her;
Isn't it a flim-flam game?
Off they skipped so nately, cleaned me out completely.
This the note she left behind:
"Whist now, Pat, be aisy, O'Hara is me daisy,
I've quit ye, for me love was blind."

CHORUS.

I'll hoodoo O'Hara, if I lay me fists on him,
I'll give him "Um ta-ra-ra," 'till the bones stick through his skin,
He's a bandy-legged snoozer, he's a rowdy dowdy boozer,
But I'll hoodoo you, O'Hara, yis, be jabers.

Whin on shore he landed, met him open-handed,
Showed him all around the town, av coorse.
Took him to the station, passed examination,
Got him on the police foorce;
Brought him home to dinner, the desateful sinner,
Introduced me wife wid glee,
Thin I went for whiskey, I came back feeling friskey,
And found her on O'Hara's knee.—*Chorus.*

PICTURE EIGHTY-FOUR.

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Words by Chas. B. Ward. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

On a pleasant day in summer at the central station door
Stopped a carriage with a couple, out sight-seeing, nothing more;
And the gray-haired sup'rintendent kindly showed them through the place.
First of all the great rogues' gall'ry, where they gazed on many a face,
Characters of all descriptions—some were famous men of crime,
Some were dead and some at freedom, some of them were serving time;
Some had stories interesting, as the man explained them o'er,
But the woman fainted when she gazed on picture eighty-four.
'Twas the picture of her father, there among the men of crimes;
Though now a man of honor, but this tells of other times.
Now he lives in style and splendor, worth a million now or more,
Still his picture's in the gall'ry, picture eighty-four.

"Listen, I will tell the story," said the sup'rintendent then.
"Though that picture's of your father, we have pictures of worse men,
Men whose conscience know no limit, would do anything for gold,
Men with lives they do not value, child, the half has not been told.
Once your father was a forger, forged a check, which brought him shame;
Though this gall'ry holds his picture, 'tis known by another name.
You were not born when this happened, it was many years ago,
And the world is none the wiser, still it's picture eighty-four."
'Twas the picture of her father, etc.

ONLY A BOWERY BOY.

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Words by Chas. B. Ward. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I was born down on the Bowery, right between Spring Street and Prince,
My old man and my mother has lived there ever since;
I has a crippled sister, I works hard to support,
But when we knocks off Saturdays till Monday I can sport.
My mother goes out washing, my sister minds the place,
The old man he ain't working, but the can be likes to chase;
I makes my little eight a week, I'm satisfied with dat,
On Saturday night I takes home six and dumps it in mother's lap.

CHORUS.

I'm only a Bowery boy, I'm not a bad fellow at all,
I can sing, I can dance, I'm a spieler, I take in ev'ry party and ball;
Down in the fourteenth ward all the pleasures of life I enjoy,
And the roundsman he say to the copper, "He's all right, he's a Bowery boy."

I has a little pinkey that thinks the world of me,
The other boys ain't in it, not with my sweetheart, see?
Some of them has more plunder and tog up more with clothes,
But that don't cut no ice with her, as everybody knows.
I takes her out on Sunday, an outing for the day;
We goes up to Glen Island or down to Rockaway.
I has my pennies with me, not much, but just enough;
I changes a five-spot into ones and chucks an awful bluff.—*Chorus.*

JANE, MY BONNIE JANE.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Our fam'ly's acquainted with one down the street,
They came here together from over the sea;
I'm sure, nicer people you never could meet,
But one of them's all the attraction to me.
She's the youngest of three and she's pretty as well,
The neighbors all worship my bonnie sweet Jane;
She won my heart long ago—how, I can't tell,
I've told her love's story again and again.

CHORUS.

Jane, my bonnie brown-eyed Jane, you are my only girl;
Between you and Ann and big sister Fan my head's in a terrible twirl.
Jane, Jane, you drive me insane, you know I can't marry three;
I'm sadly afraid you'll die an old maid, if you don't elope with me.

Her sisters can only be sisters to me,
I've chosen the one that I love for my wife;
When Jane and I marry with me they'll agree,
I'm sure in our home there will never be strife.
Her father and mother think Jane far the best,
And they'd like to keep her till some future day,
But Fannie and Annie can stay home and rest,
When Jane is of age this is what I will say:—*Chorus.*

THE OLD BROKEN GATE.

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Composed by Harry T. Dekker.

The dear old farm gate hangs sagging down,
Its rusty hinges all bent and brown;
Its latch is gone and here and there
It shows rude traces of repair.
This old broken gate has seen each year
The roses bloom and disappear,
The bright green leaves of spring unfold
And turn to autumn gold.
The children have on this old gate clung,
And in and out with rapture swung,
When their young hearts were good and pure,
When hope was fair and faith was sure.

CHORUS.

That dear old broken gate, what a pleasure it has been
For the babies and the little ones who on it used to swing;
Yet dear to me above all things are the thoughts to me it brings,
That old gate now sagging down, its hinges bent and brown.

Beside that old gate have lovers true
Told the old story, 'tis always new;
Have made their vows, have dreamed of bliss,
Have sealed each promise with a kiss.
This old broken gate has opened wide
To welcome home a new-made bride,
When lilacs bloomed, and locusts fair,
Their sweet fragrance fills the air;
That gate, with its rusty weight and chain,
Has closed upon a solemn train,
That bore her lifeless form away
Upon a dreary autumn day.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY'S THE GIRL FOR ME.

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Words and Music by Harry Chase. Arranged by Adam Moeller.

I've wandered this world over for ten long years or more,
I've met both youth and beauty, and rich girls by the score;
I've seen them at their parties and fancy balls so fine,
Bedecked in jewels gaudy and drinking costly wine;
But in an humble cottage, in a quiet part of town,
There lives my sweetheart Molly without kindred or renown;
She knows what's pure and holy, and toils from morn till tea;
You may have your wealth and fashion, but she's the girl for me.
Molly's the girl for me, Molly's the girl for me,
With eyes ever bright and heart always light,
And true to her I'll be.

You can see her ev'ry morning, just at break of day,
With basket on her arm, then to work she wends her way;
She's always bright and cheerful and never once complains
Of her sad lot and hardships, but true to home remains.
And after work is over she hastens to her home,
Where she e'er finds a welcome from mother who's alone;
And there a pleasant evening awaits me after tea;
She's but a plain dear shop girl, my Molly, the girl for me
She is my joy and pride, she soon will be my bride;
Though without fine laces, she has such graces,
She's just the girl for me.

EVENTIDE.

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Words and Music by Harry T. Dekker.

Twilight shadows fall and evening shades draw on:
My thoughts are all of thee, love, though thou so far away,
Thinking to-night of days that were so bright,
Of happy moments spent, my love, while strolling down the lane.
Together, hand in hand, we passed the old mill pond,
And our hearts were light and gay, as the brightest summer day.

CHORUS.

'Twill not be long ere we shall meet,
And mem'ries of the past, love, will keep thee ever before me;
Thine eyes so bright are with me to-night,
And smiles so loving, sweet and true—oh, love, I long for you.

Sweetheart, ne'er forget the days when first we met,
For sorrows come and trials, too, our hearts tho', love, are firm, true;
Mem'ries still remain to cheer us in all pain,
So when distress or fears annoy, dear love, think of the past.
Our joy was, oh, so great, as we walked to the gate,
Our hearts full of delight, when we parted for the night.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

DECEMBER AND MAY.

By Al. Overton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

One evening this summer, while feeling quite warm,
I thought for a sail I would go,
So I boarded a steamboat for old Coney Isle—
I thought 'twas the best place to go.
But I made the biggest mistake of my life
When I thought that down there I'd have fun,
For the sports are all gone, and it's dead to the world,
All the soubrettes are now on the bum.

CHORUS.

Coney Island, Coney Island, no one would ever know you,
You are so changed in your dear old ways
That you make us sports feel blue,
Once you were jolly in spite of your trolley,
The frankfurter man was in view.
Every one's gone away, poor McKane's up the bay,
And the coppers down there are all new.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Coney, good-bye Coney, no more I'll go to see you,
It makes me sad to see the way
Those Brooklyn cops treat you.
There once was a time, oh!
When the boys could get wine, oh!
On Sunday, now isn't that true?
And the girls didn't say, "It is dead down this way."
Oh, poor Coney, I'm sorry for you.

CHORUS.

Poor old Coney, you look lonely,
All your nice lady friends gone—
If a fellow wants to talk to a girl,
He must carry his license along.
No dancing on Sunday, but wait there 'till Monday—
It's terrible but it is true.
The ocean's the only thing open down there,
And I've no doubt they'll close that up, too.

CHORUS.

"Try your luck, gents, only five cents,"
Was one of the old-time cries;
"Ring the cane and hittem again,
You can do it if you try."
Oh, what a great jag, "Give us a twist, Mag"—
When I think of it I nearly cry.
Though the breezes still blow,
Coney Island's dead slow,
And the bands play the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

Parody on:

Twelve Months Ago To-Night.

By Al. Overton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Twelve months ago this very night
I fairly rolled in money—
I had a wad as big as any king.
You can bet that while it lasted
I had all the sport I wanted,
And I bought my girl a lovely diamond ring.
But where has it gone to.
That dough that I once fondled?
It has disappeared and left me broke once more.
If I only had that pile again
You can bet I'd own this town,
But I blew it in, twelve months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Where is the dust that I squandered so freely?
Where are chippies who got all my coin?
Where in the world can a man get done up nicer
Than I was when I saw the sights,
Twelve months ago to-night.

I first went to a concert-hall,
And there I met a fairy,
To a nearby restaurant we both adjourned,
We had the best that gold could buy.
And spent a merry hour,
While filling up on chicken, wine and pie;
But now things are different—
I've gone through all my money,
I'm glad to get a schooner when I'm dry,
And when I'm feeling hungry
On free lunch I do fill up—
Oh, it's different from twelve months ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Where is the wine and the pretty lobster salad?
Where is the fairy who helped me put it down?
If I only meet her on the street,
I'll punch her in the kisser,
For she pulled my leg way out of joint
Twelve months ago to-night.

Parody on:

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

By Leontine Stanfield.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Once there was a young maiden, awfully nice,
Wanted some beer, but hadn't the price.
A fresh young jay said he would pay
For the drinks and other things,
So the sweet young girl took him in a side door;
When his money was gone, and he'd got no more,
The girl she flit, the man had a fit,
Now in Bloomingdale he sings:

CHORUS.

Sweet heart, dear heart, don't you think that you were smart?
You've got my boodle, love, also my watch and chain;
Had I not met you, dear, oh, had I not bought the beer,
I might be living yet when summer comes again.

Now the Tariff Bill is a law, so they say,
Still the working man is eating hay,
The Sugar Trust will never burst,
While the Senate holds the string,
And Free Trade it may be a friend or a foe,
There are some who say yes and some who say no;
Now how the—well—can any one tell?
I can't, so I just sing:

CHORUS.

Old bills, dne bills, giving me such awful chills,
You track me everywhere, in sunshine or in rain,
No use in lying, I must get up and be flying,
Or I shall land in jail e'er summer comes again.

Pretty Eyes of Bonnie Blue.

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Words and Music by Arthur West.

In a little cottage lives a maiden fair,
Pretty little Mable, with her dark brown hair,
Every night to see her I am always there,
And she seems to lift my soul beyond the skies.
We are sweethearts, and we will be wed some day,
I never call her Mable in the words I say,
But when I'm making love to her it's in this way:
Pretty eyes, pretty eyes.

REFRAIN.

Pretty eyes of bonnie blue, listen to my appealing,
Pretty eyes, my love for you over me daily is stealing;
Night and day they light my way, those eyes of bonnie blue,
Blue as the ocean, believe my devotion, my heart I give to you.

Don't you fellows wish that you were just like me
When your work is done, a girl like that to see?
One you know is faithful and will constant be,
With a little curly head that is very wise;
You must not go courting a fine lady grand,
The girl on which you wish to place the golden band
Will be all right if neat and modest she is, and
Pretty eyes, pretty eyes.—*Refrain.*

LAST LULLABY.

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Words and Music by Mrs. Mary Benham Dithridge.

The sun is sinking in the west, all the flowers have gone to rest,
And the stars up in the skies greet two little peeping eyes,
Gazing up into my face, with a winsome baby grace;
Earth is wrapt in slumber deep, let me sing the dear to sleep.

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, hush-a-bye, dear; bye, bye, mother is near.
Close thy sweet eyelids, don't you peep—baby now must sleep.

The sun has set beyond the hill, all the flowers are sleeping still,
And the stars their vigils keep, earth is resting yet in sleep.
Hark! there comes a rustling sound, snowy wings are floating down,
Touching softly baby eyes, precious baby's gone to sleep.

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, hush-a-bye dear; bye, bye, baby's not here,
Those little eyes will ne'er more peep—baby's gone to sleep.

AND HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK.

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Written and composed by Felix McGlennon and Monroe Rosenfeld.

There was once a simple maiden came to New York on a trip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Her cheeks were like the roses; she'd a pont upon her lip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
When she landed at the station here she took a little stroll,
At everything she wondered 'till she lost her self-control,
Said she, "New York is quite a village, aint it? Bless my soul!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh Jane! Doesn't look the same,
When she left the village she was shy,
But alas! and alack! She's gone back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye!

She toddled down Broadway, a bashful smile upon her face,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
A bit of nice blue ribbon kept her ringlets in their place,
For her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Of course, she knew her manners, she'd been taught to be polite,
So when a gent said "Hem, good evening!" she said "Hem, good night!"
Said she, "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

She took his arm in confidence, she liked his pleasant ways,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
At all the damsels passing by she stared in great amaze,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She told him she was thirsty; "Oh, all right," said he, "good biz."
He took her to Delmonico's and treated her to fizz.
Said she, "I think its nicer than a glass of milk, it is!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

They drank until the artless man so very weary grew,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She took his chain and ticker, and his diamond breastpin, too,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Then silently she left him as he slumbered in a chair,
Into the street she wandered with a very simple air—
She would have carried off the stove if there had been one there!
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

Now, gentle folks, I warn you all to shun the simple maid
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.
If any such you run across just don't you be afraid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.
Just skip the gutter, cross the street, or take another lane,
Or dodge the corner, take a cab, or catch a railway train,
And as you're flying up the street, just sing her this refrain:
"Oh! your golden hair is hanging down your back!"—*Chorus.*

The Boys that Never Go Home.

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Words and Music by Arthur West. Arranged by John H. Stromberg.

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Where is the rollicking crew
That wouldn't go home 'till morning,
Just as the day was dawning?—
They're right through.
The new style, the new style of naughty sporty boys,
Are those who never go to bed, but you always hear their noise.

CHORUS.

You know and I know we never go home 'till morning,
That's the way the chorus goes, and that's the way we bawl;
You know and I know, just as the day is dawning,
We are the boys, the rollicking boys, who never go home at all.

We are the boys of the New Brigade,
We are the jolly young crew;
We never get tired or weary,
There's none of your Lord Dundreary—
That is true.
We all are the best boys the world has ever found;
We head the line of sporty boys since the time the world was drown'd.—*Chorus.*

Why are the boys of the New Brigade
Wanting a dollar or two?
Blows it on the whiskey—
That is what makes them frisky—
So would you.
They all have a thirst that makes them feel they would choke,
But never will go home although they are always stony broke.—*Chorus.*

Jack is the Captain and I'm the Mate.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

My Jack comes home again to-day, over the sea,
And once again my lad I'll greet,
He'll take the lassie that he loves on his knee,
And happiness will be complete.
It's one sweet year since first he brought me here,
Our little cottage dear to keep,
And said, "Nancy, my own, we'll have one ship at home,
And one upon the rolling deep."
So y'ho! then y'ho! o-o, then,
At home and on the rolling deep.

CHORUS.

We're sailing on the sea of life, steering together,
Fair or foul the weather,
For our ship's steady and her course is straight,
Jack is the captain and I'm the mate.
We're sailing on the sea of life, steering together,
Fair or foul the weather,
For our ship's steady and her course is straight,
Jack is the captain and I'm the mate.

My Jack he says whene'er he sails bravely away,
With me he always leaves his heart,
While I am thinking of my lad night and day,
And so we seem the less apart.
Our home is neat, it's tidy, snug and sweet,
I know that it just suits Jack;
It's an anchorage warm, a port in every storm,
And a heart in the welcome back.
So y'ho! then y'ho! o-o, then,
A heart in the welcome back.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE OLD STAGE DOOR.

By Al. Overton.

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Once I went to a theatre,
For to see a burlesque show,
I had just got nicely seated,
When the curtain up did go;
But the show was very rotten,
So to pass the time away
I observed the folks around me,
And I heard a chappie say,
"How I'd like to know that daisy
With the lovely golden hair!
By Jove, Jack, she's winking at me,
She's my meat, I do declare."
And at last, when the show ended,
To the stage door he did run,
Waited there to see his darling,
Just to have some fun.

CHORUS.

He hung around for an hour or two,
He did not know what the devil to do;
"Wonder what keeps her, why don't she come?"
That was the way the poor guy went on.
At last she came, but oh, what a sight!
She was aged fifty, and looked a fright.
Poor chappie fainted, and fell on the floor—
He'll wait no more at the old stage door.

Once a hayseed came to New York,
For to see the city's sights,
He fell in with some bum actors,
And was with them many nights.
They worked him for all his money,
For they had him on a string;
One said that, for fifty dollars,
He'd sell him a diamond ring.
Now this Reuben was a sucker,
For he planked the mohey down;
Says he, "Now I've got a sparkler!
I'm the flyest mug in town."
In a week he'd spent his money,
Then he had a lucky thought:
Says he, "I can raise some rhino
On the ring I bought."

CHORUS.

Quickly he went to his uncle's, then,
Gave him the ring and then braced for ten,
The pawnbroker looked at it through his glass,
And soon discovered that it was brass.
Then he went out and brought in a cop,
And for the hayseed they made things hot.
You can just bet that poor Reuben felt sore;
Now he don't hang round the old stage door,

MOVIN' TO DE SKY.

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Words and Music by Geo. L. Southwick.

Hannah, get de basket ready, got no time to sigh,
Going to take an air ship, honey, move up to the sky;
Don't forget to see the neighbors, wish them all good-bye;
Don't you stop to talk of fashion, moving to the sky.

CHORUS.

Get on the air-ship, honey, get on the air-ship, honey, got to get a seat;
Now's the time to quit yer foolin', get to mind your Sunday-schoolin';
We're moving to the sky.
Get on the air-ship, honey, get on the air-ship, honey, got to get a seat;
Now's the time to quit yer foolin', got to mind yer Sunday-schoolin';
We're moving to the sky.

Silas, shine your boots directly, wash your face and hands;
Goodness, you are dirty, honey, moving to the sky.
Be polite, you sassy nigger, else you stay behind;
Good St. Peter he am waiting, moving to the sky.—*Chorus.*

Go and tell old Uncle Spencer dat the time am here,
When he's got to quit dat stealin', moving to the sky.
No more borrowin' watermelon, no more chicken scrapes,
There's a judge that won't excuse you, moving to the sky.—*Chorus.*

Got to leave behind dat bonnet, Hannah Jane, you hear,
Cause dey have no use for fashion, moving to the sky.
All yer fancy fixins, Samuel, am no good no mo',
Dey won't have no dudes in heaven, moving to the sky.—*Chorus.*

No more washin' for a livin', golly, aint I glad,
Live on eggs and cream in heaven, moving to the sky.
Wear a lot of rooster feathers, fly around so nice,
Golly, I must shout for glory, moving to the sky.—*Chorus.*

DON'T BURN THE CABIN DOWN.

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Words and Music by Tom Maguire.

My story's a strange one, a story of woe,
It happened in Ireland not long ago;
The day was a dark one, the snow it fell fast,
The breeze from the ocean blew a keen blast.
A fisherman's cabin stood on the shore,
Surrounded by sheriffs—I counted a score,
With a troop of arm'd lancers, with bailiff and kit,
And Crowley, the agent, with notice to quit.
A poor wretched woman was stricken with fear,
With six little children, to her each was dear;
Sweet Molly, her eldest, then sprang from her side
And rushed up to Crowley, and pleadingly cried:

CHORUS.

"Don't burn the cabin down, mother is willing to pay,
Father is out on the ocean, fishing for us far away,
Remember it is Christmas Eve, and snow is falling, too—
Don't burn the cabin down, and I will pray for you."

But Crowley, the agent, with heart like a stone,
He knew no pity for sob or moan,
"Take it easy, my darling, you must pay or go,
If you read the scripture you'll find it so.
Now then, you fellows, bring the oil-can,
And make yourselves useful, d'ye hear, to a man.
Have you turned chicken-hearted? why stammer and stare?
Let them go the workhouse, they'll be all right there."
"No, no," cried the woman, with heart-piercing shriek,
"My husband may come soon; oh, grant us a week;"
And golden-haired Molly, with eyes to the sky,
Still knelt in the snow, and continued to cry;—*Chorus.*

The notice was read, and destruction began,
When up rode a stranger, 'twas a young man,
A sturdy young curate, in seedy attire,
With, "Halt, I command you; put out that fire.
It's well for the lambs that the shepherd is near,
Or wolves would destroy them, that is quite clear.
I'll stop this eviction, your rent is all right,
For Barney, her husband, comes home to-night.
The Lord of all landlords looks down from His throne,
Rejoice, my poor woman, your home is your own,
And your invaders may beat a retreat,
And I hope that poor Molly may never repeat:—*Chorus.*

—She wears it tipped to the side of late,
Which gives her a saucy air;
But she still inquires, "Is my hat on straight?"
A straight tip, as it were.

Parody on:

THROW HIM DOWN, M'CLOSKEY.

By T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'll sing about the troubles ov ould Mr. Fogarty, a neighbor;
He likes to take life aisy, and doesn't care to labor.
Yes, its nearly ivery morning, just whin the clock strikes six,
His family try to wake him up by pounding him wid sticks.
'Tis thin Fogarty gets red-headed, and swears he'll not lave the bed;
He tries to take another nap, and wraps the blankets round his head.
But he'll not get a moment's rest—he knows it very well—
For ivery blessed tenant in the flat at once begins to yell:

CHORUS.

"Rise up, Mr. Fogarty, come now, get out of bed!
Rise up, Mr. Fogarty, and take the blankets off yer head!
It's toime ye had yer breakfast—ye've got to work to-day!
Rise up, Mr. Fogarty, don't slape yer brains away."

Mr. Fogarty's wife, Bridget, along wid her big sons, Mike and Pat,
Got tired one cold frosty morning ov shaking Fogarty like a rat;
The ould gosoon wouldn't wake up, so they wet him wid a hose,
'Till his whiskers were full of icicles—faith, he wuz nearly froze.
At last he opened both his eyes, and gave an awful shriek,
Sez he: "Be jabers, it is raining, the roof has sprung aleak!
Shure I'll hoist my St. Patrick's day umbrella, to keep the water out;"
And he never took a tumble 'till he heard the neighbors shout:—*Chorus.*

Mr. Fogarty, one morning while in bed met wid a sad disaster,
His snoring shook the building, and great big chunks of plaster
Came tumbling from the ceiling, and knocked his two eyes into one;
Fogarty then jumped out of bed, and grabbed an ould shot-gun;
Sez he: "I'll shoot that blackguard, Flaherty (the tenant overhead),
For knocking down the ceiling while I lay in me feather bed!"
Just then the gun exploded and blew Fogarty across the floor—
He thought he was killed entoirly till he heard the tenants roar:—*Chorus.*

Mr. Fogarty is all broke up, oh, the poor man's nearly dead,
He is a total wreck—there's not a tooth left in his head;
His face is cracked in several places, his nose is broke in two;
He carries a beefsteak on each eye, he's been beaten black and blue.
Still Fogarty is all to blame, he must rise up in the morn
Or lose his job—a carrying a hod—as sure as ye are born,
And that's the reason ivery morning us neighbors gather in the hall
And whin Fogarty won't lave his bed we all begin to bawl:—*Chorus.*

Mr. Fogarty has struck a cinch, begorra, he carries no more bricks—
The divil a hair he cares at all whin the clock strikes six.
He is a great politician now and lives a life of ease,
He draws a salary ivery week as an inspector of Christmas trees.
In the City Hall you'll find him seated in a big velvet chair
On a Saturday whin he gets his pay—it's the only toime he's there,
For the height of Fogarty's ambition is to lie in bed and snore;
He sez he's feeling like a daisy since the neighbors yell no more:—*Chorus.*

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

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Words and Music by Wm. Hogan.

Of all the girls sweet that I've met on the street,
And thousands of them I have seen,
With beauty so rare and bright golden hair,
The bicycle girl is the queen.
Those dear little creatures with rosy-hued features,
Will set a man's brain in a whirl,
If he stand on the grass and watch them fly past,
That lovely, sweet bicycle girl.

On the boulevard grand, with cycle in hand,
They take a short spin every day,
In couples and groups, wearing gay riding suits,
They pass everything on the way.
There is no use denying the gents are all sighing
For a chance in that gay dizzy whirl,
By the side of her sweet, who rides graceful and neat,
That lovely, sweet bicycle girl.

In the morn, for a lark, thro' meadow and park,
On her nickelplate safety she rides,
Sometimes with a gent, on pleasure she's bent,
As over the highway she glides.
So show me the man throughout the whole land
Who would not enjoy such a whirl,
From start to the finish, with love undiminished,
For the lovely, sweet bicycle girl.

There's a sweet little lass, who rides in our class,
The sweetest dear girl in the land,
And in marriage, you see, she has promised to me
Her delicate, lily-white hand.
With this beauty of ours, wearing sweetest of flowers,
Off to the church we will whirl;
Down the pathway of life, with her for a wife,
I'll ride with my bicycle girl.

Take Back the Engagement Ring.

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By W. B. Gray and G. L. Spaulding.

One moonlight night one year ago a blue-eyed lass and lad,
With tear-dimmed eyes and footsteps slow, their hearts were drear and sad;
As through the quiet lane they strolled, the maiden drooped her head,
And gave the lad a band of gold, then softly to him said:

REFRAIN.

Take back the ring you gave me, take it back, Jack, I pray;
Wearing it would deprave me more than I am to-day;
To make me your wife would wrong you, grief to your heart 'twould bring;
Please take it back, I beg of you, Jack—take back the engagement ring.

I love you, Nell, and you love me, the faithful lad then said;
Forget the past and my wife be; don't blight our lives instead;
I'll honor and forgive you, Nell—through life to you I'll cling.
Her answer was a sigh, a sob—no, Jack, take back the ring.—*Refrain.*

SWEET MADELINE.

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Words and Music by Robert Patterson.

Twilight has come, sweet Madeline;
See o'er the lake, love, the moon's silv'ry sheen.
Hark! some one's song, there gleams the oar,
They're gathering lilies that are growing near the shore.
Come, as we row, a secret I'll tell.
Yet 'tis no secret, you know it well—
My heart will break, my love, my queen;
Will you be mine, dear, sweet Madeline.

Oh, your bright smile haunts me all day;
Your image, love, from my heart cannot stray.
Where'er I go, whate'er I do,
Fondly I'm dreaming, ever dreaming, love, of you.
Sweet Madeline, your fair hand in mine
Thrills me with rapture, love that's divine;
Here and now, 'mid this beauteous scene,
Say you'll be mine, dear, sweet Madeline.

DEAR OLD PALS OF MINE.

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Words and Music by Arthur West. Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

We're travellers all in this ocean of life,
Through calm, through storm, through gale;
In diff'rent directions our good ships are bound,
But one ship must always prevail,
And that ship is friendship, the best ship of all,
And cling to it I ever shall;
Amongst us all here we can easy recall
The grasp of a dear old pal.

CHORUS.

Old pals, old pals, dear old pals of mine;
Old pals, old pals, I'll drink your health in wine;
Tho' the world may dreary be, forget I never shall
The friendship that is given by a dear old pal.

How pleasant it is when our day's work is done
To tell the old, old tale—
A pipe and a glass to assist in the fun—
Then friendship must always prevail;
We tell the old story of days that's gone by—
The fun that we've had with the gals:
When you see two old fogies who laugh till they cry,
You know they are jolly old pals.—*Chorus.*

Songs may be sung about women and wine
That fill your hearts with glee—
Songs in that order are lovely and fine—
But I think with me you'll agree,
It warms up the heart and it brightens the eye,
As only such strains ever shall;
So join in with me, let your voices ring high
In praise of your dear old pal.—*Chorus.*

Do They Miss Me in the Old Home?

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Written and Composed by W. A. Pratt.

Do they miss me in the old home by the little silv'ry stream;
Where, among the fragrant blossoms, I would sit for hours and dream;
Where the birds would sing so sweetly on the flow'ry lawn or tree;
Where my life was pure and happy?—do they ever think of me?

CHORUS.

Do they miss me in the old home, the place I long to see again?
Do they ever think of me? Do they ever speak my name?
Do they miss me in the old home? Do they ever think of me?

Do they miss me in the gloaming, when they're free from toil and care?
When they kneel around the hearthstone, do they breathe my name in pray'r?
Or am I, alas, forgotten, when their eyes fail to see
One who loves them all so dearly—do they ever think of me?—*Chorus.*

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

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Words by Marion May. Music by Gustave H. Kline.

O, sweetheart, do you remember, in the sunset's rosy glow,
Under scented apple blossoms, you and I alone, you know,
And I told you that I loved you, you were all the world to me;
Only you and I together, and the blossoms on the tree;
Only you and I together, and the blossoms on the tree.

CHORUS.

Apple blossoms, apple blossoms, falling soft 'round you and me,
But you're sweeter, love, and fairer than the blossoms on the tree.

If only my heart could tell you all the love it holds for you,
You would only live in sunshine; you would know that I am true.
Just a little promise give me—oh, how happy I would be
If you'd tell me that you love me, 'neath the dear old apple tree;
If you'd tell me that you love me, 'neath the dear old apple tree.—*Chorus.*

I Am a Highly Educated Man.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

I was born about four thousand years ago,
And there's nothing ever happened I don't know:
I saw old king Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the water,
And I'll whip the man that says it isn't so.
I saw Noah when he built the famous ark;
I sneaked into it one night when it was dark;
I saw Jonah eat the whale, and I pulled the lion's tail,
And I crossed the land of Canaan on a lark.

REFRAIN.

I am a highly educated man, to keep my brains within my hat I plan;
I have been on earth so long that I used to sing this song,
While Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.

I saw Satan when he searched the garden o'er,
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door;
While the apple they were eating 'round the bushes I was beating,
I can prove that I'm the man that ate the core.
I was there when Cain slew Abel in the glade,
And I know the game was Poker that they played:
So right there is the rub, did he kill him with a club?
I am sure it was a diamond or a spade.—*Refrain.*

Queen Elizabeth was dead in love with me,
We were married in Milwaukee secretly;
But I schemed around and shook her, and I went with General Hooker
To fight mosquitoes down in Tennessee.
I've sat with kings and queens on either hand,
And jacks and aces too, you understand;
I've seen an auction "sale" on the water in the gale,
And I've seen a schooner drunk upon dry land.—*Refrain.*

I remember when this country had a king,
I've seen Cleopatra pawn her wedding-ring;
I saw Ireland's colors flying when George Washington stopped lying
On the day when Patti first began to sing.
I taught Solomon his little A, B, C's,
I helped Brigham Young invent Limburger cheese:
I was sailing on the bay with Methuselah one day
And I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze.—*Refrain.*

I Lost Her at the Masquerade.

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Words and Music by W. J. Melbourne.

The scene is one of child and father, at the closing of the day,
Seated in a rustic arbor. "My only comfort," he would say.
At his feet his little daughter, old enough to wonder why,
Begged for him to tell the story how it was her mamma died;
'Twas many years he'd kept the secret—shielding honor and her name.
The wife he loved had broke her vows, he never wished to see her again,
And so he told his child the story—"Mamma was the season's rage;
I trusted her one winter's eve, and lost her at the masquerade.

CHORUS.

Only at the masquerade, only promise me, my love,
Only while my life remains, my companion be;
Many have left a happy home before they were of age;
My little dear, don't leave me here to join the masquerade.

Your mamma was the village queen, and her beauty something grand;
The tempter came, she went away with him to a distant foreign land.
No letter came—I waited home, my head in grief it was bowed down,
Then my doom among the mail, the fatal missive there I found;
I don't regret, my dear little pet, at what I have told to you.
Perhaps in life you'll be a wife—if so, always try and be true.
My entire fortune you'll receive when I am dead and you're of age,
But promise me before I die that you will shun the masquerade."—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN.

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

A jay came to the city once to see the funny sights,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
He'd heard about the cable cars and grand electric lights,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
Says he, "I'll take in ev'rything, have all the fun I can."
As he got off the cars the sharpers after him they ran,
And quickly then in tow they had this little country man,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue thought he knew a thing or two,
Said that he would surely like the place.
Whoa! But he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a restaurant to get a bite to eat,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
He was as welcome in there as he was out in the street,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
He ate a plate of pork and beans, and when he went to pay,
The man charged him five dollars. "That's too much," old Rube did say.
"I know it is," the man said, "but I need the cash to-day."
And he pulled the little whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue got the huckleberry doo,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face.

Into a Poker game he sat, to pass the time away,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
A "jackpot" it was opened and old Reuben says, "I'll stay,"
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
And when it came to drawing cards, old Reuben he took one;
Says he, "I'll show these city sharps a little bit of fun."
Old Reuben held four aces, but the sharper held a gun
At the little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue from the table quickly flew,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a beer saloon to try and quench his thirst,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
The gang inside got fighting about which one saw him first,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
They nailed his shoes down to the floor, he couldn't get away,
For all the drinks they had that night old Reuben had to pay;
They pulled his leg so hard, he had to buy a crutch next day,
Also had to cut the whiskers off his chin.

CHORUS.

Reuben Glue didn't do a thing to you,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.
Whoa! Then he hopped back to the town of Hackensack,
But he hadn't any whiskers on his face.

MAGGIE MOONEY.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

On a moonlight night, when the stars shone bright, and ev'rything was still,
Sat a little boy and a maiden coy on a bench beside a mill.
Now this little queen she was just sixteen, and the boy's age was the same;
You would seldom meet a girl more sweet, and I'll tell you her name:

CHORUS.

She is pretty Maggie Mooney, she's the girl for me;
I call on her each evening, just to keep her company.
You all may have your sweethearts, and girls of high degree,
But none can equal my own Maggie Mooney.

Ev'ry morning she goes to work with me, I meet her at her door;
Then she'll wait for me at the mill, you see, when her daily task is o'er.
Then it's home we'll trot to her little cot, in a quiet, shady lane;
I have often said, when we get wed she'll never work again.—*Chorus.*

I'M GWINE TO MARRY MISSA TRUSCALINA BROWN.

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Words and Music by Jas. E. Sullivan. Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

There's a happy time a-comin' in de sweet by an' by,
Tell all de niggers not to tarry;
There'll be lots o' ginger cake, wine an' punkin pie.
As much as dey kin carry,
For I'm gwine to marry Miss Truscalina Brown.
She's de envy ob de ladies; all de colored gals in town
Am crazy on their faces, ev'ry one am got a frown,
For I'm a-gwine to marry Missa Truscalina Brown.

REFRAIN.

Den ring dat golden bell, ring dat golden bell;
Tell de colored population, tell de whole united nation,
For to call de little children from de dell.
Ring dat golden bell, ring dat golden bell;
O, hallelujah, glory! put on my crown,
For I'm gwine to marry Missa Truscalina Brown.

There's a heap o' trouble waitin' for de big yaller coon
Dat dares on his life to pull a razah;
Ev'ry one's a gentleman, dat's on de invitation,
For to bar out little Johnny Frazah.
Den won't it be a great sight at de church o' Zion?
In my dandy suit ob weddin' close I'll be de social lion,
De coons wid envy turnin' white an' all de wenches sighin',
For ev'rybody at de bride to kiss her da'll be tryin'.—*Refrain.*

MY PEARL'S A BOWERY GIRL.

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

Of course, ev'ry boy has a sweetheart,
And some boys they have two or three;
Of all the girls in this great city
There is only one "in it" with me.
She lives with her folks on the Bowery,
A few doors away from Canal,
And helps to support her old mother,
Does my little Bow'ry gal.

CHORUS.

My pearl is a Bow'ry girl,
She's all the world to me;
She's "in it" with any the girls 'round the town,
And a "corking good-looker," see?
At Walhalla Hall, why, she kills them all,
As waltzing together we twirl;
She sets them all crazy, a "spieler," a "daisy,"
For my pearl's a Bow'ry girl.

In summer we go down to "Coney's,"
Together we stroll 'long the beach,
And sometimes we go in the ocean,
For at swimming, you bet, she's a "peach."
The other boys of me are jealous,
But with me, why, that "cuts no ice."
I'm going to lead pearl to the altar
As soon as I gets the price.—*Chorus.*

BETSY BAKER.

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From noise and bustle far away, hard work my time employing,
How happily I passed each day, content and health enjoying;
The birds did sing, and so did I, as I trudged o'er each acre;
I never knew what 'twas to sigh till I saw Betsy Baker;
I never knew what 'twas to sigh till I saw Betsy Baker.

At church I met her, dressed so neat, one Sunday in hot weather;
With love I found my heart did beat as we sung the psalms together;
So piously she hung her head, the while her voice did shake, and
I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsy Baker;
I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsy Baker.

From her side I could not budge, and sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge, and bade me mind the sarment;
When church was over, out she walked, but I did overtake her;
Determined I would not be baulked, I spoke to Betsy Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool. I found, on conversation,
She'd just come from a boarding-school, and finished her education;
But love made me speak out quite free; says I, "I've many an acre;
Will you give me your company?" "I shan't," says Betsy Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight, and I was forced to leave her;
I got no sleep all that their night, for love had brought a fever;
The doctor came, he smelt his cane, with long face like a quaker;
Said he, "Young man, pray, where's thy pain?" Says I, "Sir, Betsy Baker."

Because I was not bad enough, he bolused and he pilled me;
And if I'd taken all his stuff, I think he must ha' killed me;
I put an end to all the strife 'twixt him and the undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life? why thoughts of Betsy Baker.

I then again to Betsy went, once more with love attacked her,
But meantime she got acquainted wi' a ramping mad play-actor.
If she would have him, he did say, a lady he would make her;
He gammoned her to run away, and I lost Betsy Baker.

I fretted very much to find my hopes of love so undone,
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind if I came up to London.
But though I strive another way, my thoughts will ne'er forsake her;
I dream all night and think all day of cruel Betsy Baker.

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There is love within my heart, I don't think,
To the girl that went and shook me because I drink.
Everybody in the town
Calls me a jay and circus clown,
And it's all over this girl, Marie Brown.
When your dad's foot meets my pants, sweet Marie,
A feeling which seems to say, Come to me.
When I took you to the ball
You won drinks upon your gall,
Which I paid for, or else got mulled, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

You big slob, sweet Marie; you are a job, sweet Marie;
Not because your big feet smell, do you see?
For you would make a sister true
To the two little girls in blue,
And you stick to me like glue, sweet Marie.

You look just like a baboon, sweet Marie;
Your eyes are like two moons, so you see;
But the truth, if I must speak,
You would make a dime-museum freak,
For the boys they call you a sneak, sweet Marie.
When I first met your sweet mug, sweet Marie,
I took it for a whiskey jug, coming to me,
That's the reason I'm stuck on you.
With false teeth tutti-fruti you chew,
And you act like an Irish Jew, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

You are a daisy, sweet Marie; you are half-crazy, sweet Marie;
Not because you pulled my leg, do you see;
For after the right one you had pulled,
You found the left one was made of wood,
Which you would have pulled if you could, sweet Marie.

Your feet they look like bricks, sweet Marie;
Your face it makes me sick, O my, O me,
But you need not yell and shout,
For you smell like sour krout,
And I bet you have got the gout, sweet Marie.
With all your faults I love you still, sweet Marie;
Your clothes don't fit you, they never will, do you see?
For you are greasy, fat and tall;
Your nose looks like a codfish ball,
And you are all nerve but your gall, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

You are a lulu, sweet Marie; you are a zulu, sweet Marie;
And you are stuck on your shape, so you see,
But you bet if I had my way,
I would smother you in a bunch of hay
For taking the advantage of a jay, sweet Marie.

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

Written by Samuel Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There is a maid, who at Gloucester does dwell,
She's a daisy, a daisy;
And by her teeth the age you can tell
Of this beautiful, daisy belle.
A woman once told her that pulling men's legs,
Like a gold mine, it panned out well;
And now she's as fresh as a lot of barreled eggs,
Is this little Gloucester belle.

CHORUS.

At Gloucester, at Gloucester, pulling legs is her delight;
If she could get enough to pull, she'd sit up all night;
She's not from a dental college, yet in pulling legs she has much knowledge;
On you she'll be sweet, just to get you to treat to a bottle of wine or two.

She is just like a pot of glue,
Is daisy, this daisy;
For if you have money she'll stick to you,
This beautiful daisy belle.
When your money is gone, she wants to go too,
So a fish story to you she'll tell,
For she wants to find some one else to do,
Does this little Gloucester belle.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've just got here from Gloucester, from the muddy Delaware shore;
While there I met a chip, who was a bow-legged gip;
She pulled my leg so hard that is now sore and tired,
And with her I tried my best to make a skip,
And Garrison he forgot to give me the tip.

CHORUS.

As we walked slowly along Water Street, the sights to see,
She turned and says to me, "My name is sweet Marie.
Some call me Marguerite, little chip with big feet."
With an axe I broke my word with Julia Marlo.

And soon as I got over here, I walked until I stopped;
I then took the car right up to the bar;
There I met a whiskey, had a chat with the free lunch,
And they played the new song called "Baby Mine,"
And they soaked me when I cut a monkey shine.

CHORUS.

As I marched along the Marble Bar, I made a foolish bet:
I bet an Admiral cigarette that the beer wasn't wet;
Oh, I run up against a brick, and it almost made me sick,
For I'm the jay that broke my face at Monte Carlo.

Parody on:

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The street-car bells were ringing, on a sultry summer night,
The bar was decorated, all inside was gay and bright;
A bummer and his only chum, they saw the saloon aglow;
They thought of all the beer they had drank in there a year ago.
We like to have a glass of beer, as they quietly took their seat.
My pard he is so hungry, he doesn't know where to sleep.
The waiter asked them their names, and one replied, with disgust,
My name, sir, is Lord Coxey, and my pard is Lord Helpus.

REFRAIN.

While the music it was playing, while the bums were sitting there,
Drinking up the air together, as the crowd looked on the pair,
Telling tales to one another, soothing there each others heart,
Just another glass of beer, sir, and to our palace we will depart.

Out into the street they got and tried to walk Broadway.
Wearing out their shoes together, getting into each others way,
When on the corner they spied a keg, all bound around with tin.
At the bottom I see the good old beer, says Lord Coxey, with a grin.
He placed the keg up to his lips, which was his daily toil,
But instead of finding the good old beer, got a mouthful of kerosene oil.
He spit it all over his pard's new coat, and "After the Ball" they sang.
A copper, who thought it was a fire, immediately the fire alarm rang.

REFRAIN.

While the engine's bells were ringing, while they sang "After the Ball,"
Up came this fine old copper and said he would arrest them on their gall.
Telling tales of fond affections, in a cell that was made for two,
For they claim that they are brothers of the two little girls in blue.

LUCINDA, DOES YOU LOVE YOUR HONEY BOY?

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

In a little rustic, ivy-sheltered cot,
Near a verdant clad secluded country spot,
Lives a maid as pretty as you've ever seen,
A village queen, scarce sixteen.
When the stars are stealing forth into the night
And the moon is sending out its rays so bright,
Hidden by a deep'ning shade, Lucinda thus I serenade,
It affords my little sweetheart keen delight.

CHORUS.

Oh, Lucinda, sweet Lucinda Brown,
Shy Lucinda, fairest little girl in town—
Lucy, only say you'll wed me, and I'll dance with joy;
Lucinda, tell me truly, does you love your honey boy?

Sweet Lucinda is the only girl I love,
Twinkling eyes, excelling brightest stars above;
There are none that will compare with her, she's fair,
A gem so rare, grace to spare.
She's a dazzling ray of sunshine, ever bright,
Not a moment of my love do I lose sight;
From her budding, cherry lips I love to sip the honey drips,
Of my life, Lucinda is the beacon light.—*Chorus.*

They're On to Me Everywhere.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

I'm out to-night, got on my best,
Pretty colored girls to charm;
All the coons are fighting jealous,
Swear they'll do my body harm;
Hunt all their homies when they know I'm around,
They put 'em under lock and key.
I smile and look cunnin', then the wenches come a-runnin',
If I win 'em, all the coons blame me.

CHORUS.

The flags are unfurled when I come to town, it's a holiday while I'm there;
The people in pairs on the public squares gather, blockading the thoroughfares.
I walk down the street with my shoulders back, chest away up in the air;
Fix my hat so, then a-sailing I go, they're on to me ev'rywhere.

Make no mistake 'bout who I am,
Tell you I'm a high-bred coon;
I was raised on milk and honey,
Fed me with a silver spoon.
Proud as a peacock when I'm walkin' 'bout town,
I spread myself on moonlit nights;
I'm light as a feather, swell from hat to patent leather,
And the brightest of the dark bright lights.—*Chorus.*

De Jingle ob de Bell on de Cow.

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Composed by Jas. E. Sullivan. Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

In the spring, when de fields am covered wid green,
An' de clover bloom smells in de air,
An' de short wet grass kinder tickles yer feet,
An' de red bugs make a nigger swear—
Dese am de times de darky loves de most;
When dey come along home wid de plow,
In de cool ob de day when dey hear all around
De jingle ob de bell on de cow.

REFRAIN.

Ding, ding! hear de jingle ob de bell
From de meadow where de slick cattle browse;
Dere's no sound sweeter to cheer a darky's heart
Dan de jingle ob de bell on de cows.—*Dance.*

When de bluebird comes wid his beak full ob straw
To de hole where de woodpecker bored,
When de red-breasted robin hunts around fur de mud,
When de black swallow swings in de gourd,
Den from de meadow 'way down by de creek,
Or de orchard 'neath de young apple boughs,
Steals gently de musical sound dat we love,
De jingle ob de bell on de cows.—*Refrain.*

My Dear Little Maid in the Moon.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Anita Owen.

Maid in the moon so high, tell me, do you know
How much admired you are ev'rywhere you go.
You have a lovely face, all men say so—
Will you my sweetheart be? may I be your beau?
For I love you, sweet maid in the moon,
My dear little maid in the moon.

REFRAIN.

Perhaps some fine day I'll be flying away,
With fullest intention of going to stay;
As soon as they get a balloon
To travel as far as the moon,
I'll pack up my grip and I'll take a short trip
To visit my maid in the moon.

Still there's a man up there, how I hate that thought,
But if thou lovest me that will count for naught;
If he his face would turn some other way,
Then I might throw a kiss to my maid and say:
Oh, I love you, sweet maid in the moon,
My dear little maid in the moon.—*Refrain.*

How sweet and shy you look in the moon's bright light,
Don't hide behind that cloud, don't stay out of sight;
But since you heed me not, oh, promise me,
I may to-morrow night feast my eyes on thee.
Oh, good night, little maid in the moon,
My dear little maid in the moon.—*Refrain.*

The Difference between Rich and Poor.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Written and Composed by Arthur West. Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

Many people love the study of their fellow folk mankind,
From the highest to the lowest, splendid studies you can find;
Though they're all in this great city, city of a million souls,
They're as widely separated as the North and Southern poles.
See inside an uptown ballroom—she is dressed in raiment dear,
Her affianced husband near her, they're to married be this year;
'Tis a match that's made for money, love can fly out through the door.
See inside another ballroom, 'mongst the lowly and the poor.

CHORUS.

"Oh, Liza, you know that I love you;
I don't like you dancing with that other bloke;
Dear Liza, you'll marry me, won't you?
I'll give up to you my whole boodle, no joke.
Nobody loves you like I do,
That is the truth cert' and sure,
Bet yer life, Liza, it's true, old girl."—
That's the diff'rence between rich and poor.

When the lights are brightly burning see the brilliant music hall,
With his "pals" you'll see the swell inside his cosy box or stall;
Lazily he'll "quiz" the singers with an eyeglass in his eye,
Nothing seems to interest him, thus an hour or so goes by. [me lord,"
"Waiter, bring some more champagne here!" "Keep the change." "Ah, thanks,
"Charley, that's a fine girl singing." "Yes, but hang it, don't applaud;
Bad form; don't you know, old fellow, they will think you know her, pshaw!"
That's the style in swell society—watch the style where they are poor.

CHORUS.

"Come, Liza, they've got a surpriser,
Down at the var'ty, a corking fine show,
Singing, dancing, magic and tumbling."
Liza puts on her best clothes and off they go.
Liza and Bob chase the growler,
Ten cents to fill it, no more;
A sandwich with beer their banquet is,
That's the diff'rence between rich and poor.

In the early hours of morning see the gay swell in club land.
"Here's a telegram for you, sir." "Thank you, John, I understand.
What, my wife has died one-forty? Hang it, all a perfect bore,
Spoiled this splendid game of Euchre—gentlemen, I play no more."
"What's the matter? Fam'ly troubles—that damnation kind of thing?"
"Telegram says wife is dead, I must for form sake say ting, ting."
It breaks his heart to leave the cards and pay respect to his dead wife,
Whilst in a garret on the east side slowly ebbs poor Liza's life.

CHORUS.

The poor * coster now knows that he's lost a good mate,
That he loved with his poor, honest heart;
He stands sighing beside of the dying,
He knows in his rough way they'll soon have to part.
Liza, old girl, I'm here near you,
Six nights he's not slept, I'm sure;
Right to the last he stands at his post,
That's the diff'rence between rich and poor.

* Coster meaning huckster or peddler.

Playing Tag Around the School.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by W. Henry Whyte.

Do you remember, Maggie dear, the little old red school,
When we were young and full of play, the teacher's big high stool?
Well, darling, I was thinking of the days long, long ago,
The happy days, the little school, and how your cheeks would glow,
We'd play tag, running 'round the school, with Alice and poor Jack.
We're old and gray, but oft, dear wife, I wish those dear days back;
Poor Jack and Neil have passed away, they're sleeping side by side,
He fought and fell for freedom, then Nellie drooped and died.

REFRAIN.

Playing tag around the school, running here and there,
Good-natured Bill could not keep still from pulling Nellie's hair;
Then naughty Ned, the school house dunce, would call the teacher names—
Oh, how I long to be a child and play the old, old games.

I ofttimes think, my Maggie dear, the old days were the best,
For then we knew no cares or pains, our energies to test;
But thou art with me, dearest one, to cheer my closing days,
We'll try and help each other as we did and will always.
When home at evening after tea, around the kitchen fire,
Grandpa would tell us stories, he never seemed to tire;
And though we're old and gray, dear wife, we'll ne'er forget the names
Of Jack and Neil, of Ned and Bill, and how we played the games.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

One fine night and we all got tight, Mm, Mm, O my, what rum!
The boys felt gay, they all felt out of sight—come join us in our fun.
We drank plain liquor and the town we painted red, Mm, Mm, O my, what rum!
But the very next morning we had swelled heads—come join us in our fun.
I feel so rotten, I should be in bed to-day,
Feel so sick after the races play, to-morrow is my funeral day,
I invite you all to come.
Mamie, come kiss your ducky boy, while de moon does shine;
Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie,
Come kiss your Roby Roy, while de moon does shine.

Now that you see my funeral is done, Mm, Mm, O my, how sad!
They say I was a son of a gun, which almost drives me mad.
I'm going to see de devil and shovel hot coal, Mm, Mm, O my, what fun!
I'll drive an ice wagon and cool my soul, come join me in my fun.
I am almost sure I am buried alive,
And into the ground I made a dive; some one yelled, "Pay me that five!"
I invite you all to come.
Mamie, come kiss me before I go, while de foot-lights shine;
Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie, Mamie,
Come kiss me, don't be so slow, while de moon does shine.

Parody on:

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There was once a young chippie of tender feet,
Little black eyes and white, pearly teeth;
Also a jay, who came here to stay,
Went to a beer garden one day in spring.
Through the barroom he strutted without any fear,
Drinking the good whiskey and the good beer;
Then, when this jay wanted to go away,
This is the song she would sing:

CHORUS.

Fond heart, sugar tarts, we will stick together until we part;
As long as you have money, pet, by your side I will always remain.
Don't be so stingy, sir; one more cocktail and a ginger;
We will be jolly, love, when morning comes again.

And when they were full they could hardly see,
One of his legs was longer than it ought to be;
Also his pockets, that were once full of rockets,
Were now full of air and wind.
Through the streets they walked, chock full of beer,
She calling him "sugar," he calling her "dear,"
When up came a cop, at the station-house they dropped—
This is the song she now sings:

CHORUS.

Fond hearts, cream tarts, from your side I will soon part;
We stuck together, love, in a cell that was made for two.
Don't begin to pine and fret, on a board bed last night we slept,
For I am one of the sisters of the two little girls in blue.

Parody on:

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

A maiden in her underclothes one sloppy morning said:
My father was killed yesterday, to-day I guess he is dead;
My mother, that was his first wife, she will not change her age.
Come back, she says, or else you will drive your wife upon the stage.
Your heart is full of mud, she says; there is skin upon your face.
My name is little sweet Marie, they say I look like smear case;
And when they were sleeping sound, with a man she did elope;
She dreamt that she was hungry—he got up and ate the soap.

CHORUS.

They slept, they sloped, they soaped, they sloped, until they washed their feet;
On Friday I'll not meet you, F. I. S. H. Meat.
He kissed her on the back of her neck, his month was full of teeth,
With an axe he broke his word, light-blue stockings and dirty feet.

He flirted with a chambermaid, and married her they say;
Each one was too mean to name the wedding day,
And the very day he married her they were made man and wife,
He took her to a butcher store and passed her off for tripe.
He forgot to remember that he married sweet Marie,
And when his friends told him, his self he went to see;
He was too mean to realize exactly what he did;
He swears it never happens, it was only for a kid.

CHORUS.

The scene, you bet, I'll never forget as long as I can remember;
It took place on a July day, in the hot month of December;
He drank 8 quarts of root beer; she was a Daisy Bell,
And if anybody wants to see her, why, let them go to (h——) church.

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

By Bob. White.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There is some flour upon the face
Of Daisy, Daisy,
A face that would break up a six-day race,
Is that of our Daisy Bell.
She is a cook in a cheap boarding house
Where corned beef and cabbage they sell,
And every morning at breakfast time
You'll hear all the boarders yell:

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, bring me an oyster stew,
I'm dead sour on the pickles served by you;
The cheese it is able to walk, dear, the butter began to talk, dear;
You look sweet, boiling the meat in a pot that was built for stew.

The hinges on the door are the steaks that were made
By Daisy, Daisy;
The eggs that are served are kept in the shade,
Or they'll hatch, says this Daisy Bell.
One evening, at supper, she fainted away,
Hearing one of the boarders yell:
"I've found an oyster in this oyster stew
That was served by our Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, put a crape 'round the oyster stew;
Don't serve it again for 30 days, it's the least that you can do.
We loved him as a brother—where can we find another?
But now he's flown to an angel home, may he swim in a paradise stew.

She is cross-eyed in one of her feet,
Is Daisy, Daisy,
One ear it is false, and so are the teeth,
Of this freckle-faced cook Daisy Bell;
She's a wart on her ear and a corn on her nose,
And a hump on her back as well;
She combs her hair on the back of a chair,
Does this pigeon-toed slob Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, how you can guzzle beer;
I think that you can talk in your own ear.
Your shape would scare a scare crow, and on bald heads make hair grow;
When you serve a meal 'tis sick we feel, and we never call twice for stew.

—"America has no standing army, I believe," said the foreigner. "It is clear you haven't spent much time in the street cars of this great country," replied the native.—*Truth.*

—True Love.—Fond mamma: "So you really love him, my child?" Up-to-date daughter: "Love him! Ah, mamma, love is an empty word to describe my feelings toward him. Have I not seen his bank book?"

Parody on:

IN OLD MADRID.

Written by Leontine Stanfield.

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In Mexico, far from Madrid, where Spanish maidens love a good cigar,
A royal flush a table hid, two darkly bright eyes watched of it from afar,
When on a jackpot, mid blue chips and red, that royal hand was gently laid;
Out rang a pistol shot—a man lay dead—and thus it was the game was played.
It is so in Mexico, high or low, from shore to shore—
It's very dangerous to hold four of a kind or more.

Try your luck, fortune is smiling, time beguiling, care exiling;
Try your luck, I'm prophesying, here a lone hand waits for thee.
There alone it waits, it waits for thee—good luck it waits for thee. Oh, yes,
Good luck it waits for thee, etc.

Parody on:

The Face upon the Barroom Floor.

Written by Geo. E. Shertzer.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

'Twas a lovely summer evening and the regular gang was there,
Which well nigh filled Hogan's place on the corner of the square;
And as the gags and catches passed on that evening air,
And every one seemed to be highly pleased for being there,
Jim Welsh stole slowly in, and for no one he seemed to care.
I want a drink, he yelled; refuse me if you dare;
This is all I want, then he drained his glass and made for the door,
Shouting to Hogan: "Just mark that on your barroom floor!"

And as he left the place, Hogan caught him with a chair,
Slugged him, smashed him, and then threw him in the air;
One or two were in for helping Welsh, but no that wasn't fair;
Hogan got his gun and made every one stand back, every one there;
He told every one present that he was running that place,
And proceeded to show them that he did, by jumping on Welsh's face;
With wild eyes he pasted Welsh—the sight they care to see no more;
Then he says, look at that face upon my barroom floor.

Then the gang picked Welsh up and carried him home on a shutter,
But they were used to such sights, for he often laid like that in a gutter.
They told his wife he wasn't dead, to worry she hadn't oughter—
Just prepare him a nice big supper, with plenty of salty butter,
And he would be all right in the morning—but his eyes
Might be in deep mourning, but it need not be a surprise.
He admits he's learned a lesson and will ask for tick no more,
Since Hogan made a door mat with his face upon the floor.

Parody on:

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Written and Sung by Leontine Stanfield.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The dinner bell was ringing, with clear and silv'ry chime,
At last the door was open, full an hour after time;
All the while the hungry boarders had stood up in a line—
Each one with stoic countenance, and fortitude divine.
The table cloth was snowy white, the lights were shining bright,
A savory-looking turkey was the first thing met the sight;
The boarders smiled upon the bird—it was a grand display—
But, alas! that luscious turkey was but papier-mache.

CHORUS.

While the dinner bell was ringing and the boarders stood in line,
While the silverware shone brightly and the table looked so fine,
And the tough old turkey gobbler rose magnificent to view,
There was a desperate struggle and a broken knife or two.

The fire bells were ringing, while a young man bent his knee
Before a stately maiden of much wealth and pedigree;
He whispered of his love for her and sought to take her hand;
He said he'd like to marry her and have a wedding grand.
Her lovely head lay on his breast, he felt success was nigh;
The man had staked his all upon that sweet young girl's reply;
He never really knew his fate—there came a cry of fire,
A stream of water struck him and quenched his mad desire.

CHORUS.

While the fire bells were ringing and a young man bent his knee,
Outside the shrieking engines played a Wagner melody,
But before he got his answer or their lips in kisses met,
A hose-pipe burst near him—I think he's running yet.

—A Foregone Conclusion.—"So Jobson is married?" "Yes, and he has married a woman with a quarrelsome disposition." "How do you know that?" "How do I know it? Why she belongs to the church choir."

NELLIE BROWN.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. R. Williams.

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Words and Music by Chas. R. Williams.

I have a sweetheart, the fairest in all the town,
I love her dearly, my own sweet Nellie Brown;
On Wednesday evening her face I long to see;
Then when we meet we're as happy as can be.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful Nellie Brown, the sweetest girl in town,
I am her beau, she calls me "her Joe," my own sweet Nellie Brown.
Beautiful Nellie Brown, the sweetest girl in town;
I am her beau, she calls me "her Joe," my own sweet Nellie Brown.

We go out strolling, up and down Broadway,
Arms linked together, happy, light and gay;
The other evening I asked her mine to be,
And she said "Yes"—what happiness there's for me.—*Refrain.*

Soon we'll be married, oh, how I'll love thee,
My little Nellie, my loving wife to be;
Then when we're settled, in comfort, bliss and love,
We'll ask God's blessing, that comes from far above.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

The Widow's Plea for Her Son.

Written by Bob White.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I strolled into a barroom, not many miles from here,
A bum stood leaning at the bar, his face was full of beer,
His nose was an oil painting of a sunset bright and gay,
While the grass that grew upon his face had faded and was gray;
He asked for just two "guzers," while the sweat froze on his cheek;
The pony he drank was now a horse, so the poor bum could not speak.
Just then up stepped his partner, his eyes were in his head,
And turning to the barwoman, these words to her he said:

CHORUS.

Remember we are comrades, we're living on our gall;
Remember that his father turned his picture toward the wall;
Don't send us from here thirsty, but treat us right, old gal;
Remember I'm his partner and I'm pleading for my pal.

Her nibs addressed their knoblets, these words to them did say:
I'm sorry to see you on those scales, they've given you a weigh;
I will not blight your beauty, though bloated is your face,
Yet I'm afraid your nose it will set fire to my place;
I'll therefore have to put you out, she then turned on the hose,
But all the water it ran through the air-holes in their clothes;
They sneaked into a pawnshop and there hung up their gall,
Now both have joined a base-ball nine, for they're after the ball.—*Chorus.*

MABEL GRAY.

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Words by P. L. O'Leary. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

When first I met sweet Mabel Gray, 'twas in a country town,
She was as fair as a summer's day, a beauty of renown;
She sang in the little village choir, with voice so sweet and pure;
Her eyes would set your heart on fire, her manner quite demure,
But from the city came a man, he was handsome, young and gay;
With flatt'ring tongue he then begun enticing her away;
He plead with her to go with him and be his own sweet wife,
For with the wealth at his command they'd lead a happy life.

CHORUS.

Sweet Mabel Gray, yes our little Mabel Gray,
Charming and young and fair, blue eyes and golden hair,
In one thoughtless moment she threw herself away,
Our innocent, sweet village pet, our darling Mabel Gray.

'Twas on a cold, dark winter's night, the storm did fiercely blow—
Beneath the glare of the city light she lay there in the snow;
A kind policeman took her up, and saw by her wan face
She'd tasted well the bitter cup of mis'ry and disgrace,
While in the station-house that night she fancied she could hear
The old church choir as in the past, the voice of mother dear,
And in delirium she raved, while her spirit passed away,
With no friend near to bless or cheer our darling Mabel Gray.—*Chorus.*

—No Weather Prophet Needed in This Case.—"I wonder if it will be fair to-morrow?" "I can't tell; why do you want to know?" "Our Sunday-school picnic occurs to-morrow." "Oh, it is sure to rain."

Fare Thee Well, My Little Sweetheart.

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Words by Lizzie Southwick. Music by Geo. J. Southwick.

Fare thee well, my little sweetheart, I'll return again to thee;
Though the years will drag on slowly, faithful unto thee I'll be.
O'er the waters deep and briny of the ever restless sea
Duty tells me I must hasten, fain I would remain with thee.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, little blue-eyed darling,
Thoughts of thee will cheer me, Nell;
Love me though I'm absent from thee,
God protect thee, fare thee well.

'Tis a brother I am seeking, years ago he went to roam,
In some distant land he's wand'ring, and I fain would bring him home,
Home again to aged mother—of her anguish none can tell.
Though the parting will be painful, I must leave thee, fare thee well.—*Chorus.*

Will you still be faithful, Nellie, though long years may pass us by?
Will you watch and wait for Walter? for his coming will you sigh?
If on earth forever parted, we will meet beyond the sky;
Chase away your gloom and sadness, cheer up, little love, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Written by Will H. Barry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The deacon at a country church, one Sunday evening, said,
Our parson's on a jag to-night and I am here instead;
Their faces bore a pleasant grin as this news they did hear,
And eagerly they watched to see who'd chip in for the beer.
A sop then wriggled up the aisle, the faces he did scan,
To see who'd make up the amount to fill the donnigan;
And as they passed the can around, without a single word,
The revelry that followed was the wildest ever heard.

CHORUS.

The scene is one I'll ne'er forget, if I live until I die,
And just to see it o'er again, I'd give up my black eye;
The congregation all were dazed, the deacon full and gay;
The sop that passed the can around had volunteered to pay.

Each eye grew dim within that church, the strongest men grew weak,
The deacon lost his balance in an effort for to speak;
They rolled about the floor and fought and pulled each others hair;
The riot at Chicago with this never could compare.
And when at last the sheriff came, and tried to make them quiet,
It kind of livened up the scene, and made them want more fight;
They dragged him up and down the aisles, then stamped on his high hat;
The deacon rose, and softly said, "Now, what do you think of that?"—*Cho.*

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Written by Will H. Barry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

An old man gazed on a face one day, which he had on his shoulders for years,
His nephew then asked him the reason why that countenance caused him tears.
Listen, he said, and I'll tell you a tale—a tale that is strange and true;
Your father and I, on a drunk one day, met two little men in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little men in blue, lad, two little men in blue;
They were coppers, we were soppers,
And they just whacked us two;
One little man in blue, lad, tried to break my heart,
While on top of my brother was sitting the other,
Trying to knock him apart.

CHORUS.

Two little men in blue, lad, two little men in blue;
When them we did spy, we tried to pass by,
But they just grabbed us two;
One little man in blue, lad, with your father off did go,
An I with the other soon followed my brother
To one little man in blue.

CHORUS.

One little man in blue, lad, one little man in blue;
Ten days he did yell, put those bums in a cell,
Or a cooler built for two;
Now you've heard why I cry, lad, and my story strange but true;
I got into a fight and was knocked out of sight
By those two little men in blue.

EVA RAY.

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Words by Arthur W. French. Music by Chas. E. Pratt.

When the snow-white flowers are growing, smiling in the sunny vale,
And the gentle winds are sighing, as they float o'er hill and dale,
Where the happy birds are singing, in the sunshine light and gay,
There now sleeps our little loved one, darling little Eva Ray.

CHORUS.

Down the woodland birds are warbling, warbling o'er their joyous lay,
But we'll ever miss our loved one, darling little Eva Ray.

While she lived life was all pleasure, now we miss her from our home;
Lost to us, our dark-eyed treasure, and in sadness now we roam;
But when all our griefs are over, in the realm of brighter day,
We shall meet our little loved one, darling little Eva Ray.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Written by Will H. Barry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The door bells they were ringing and the scene it was a sight,
The house was topsy turvy, for within there was a fight;
A maiden with a club she came and saw the lights were low;
She thought of how some other belle was trying too woo her beau;
I'll go inside and maul them, said the charmer tough and bold;
She tried to enter, but in vain, and was thrown out in the cold.
They said she wasn't in it and outside would have to stand,
But she was not to be outdone, this maiden with the sand.

CHORUS.

While the door bells they were ringing, while they tried to dodge a chair,
Marching off to jail together, as a brick it cleaved the air;
Tearing tails of coats, and swearing, wishing now that they were dead,
Just another fatal wooing, just another broken head.

Again she tried to enter, and at last gained the inide,
And heard her beau ask of this belle if she'd become his bride;
It angered her, she threw a chair, it lighted on his head;
She left the house with rapid strides, and thought her beau was dead.
No more the wooers wooed that night, they didn't feel so gay,
The outcast dyed with diamond dyes before the break of day.
The story has been often told, by those who saw the fight,
Of wooed and wooer, of outcast, and the fatal wooing night.—*Chorus.*

HE MARRIED THE DAUGHTER, MOTHER AND ALL.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

There's a young friend of mine who persistently says
His wife is an angel divine;
But, oh, the mistake you surely would make
To take her for one of this kind.
He longs to be out with the boys every night,
Yet seldom he gets out alone;
But when he does, an old friend does buzz,
To square it for him at his home.

CHORUS.

For he married the daughter, the mother and all—
Sister and brother they don't work at all.
In all kinds of weather he keeps them together—
He can't do no better, for he married them all.

I have met him but lately, when out on the street,
With a load he hardly could pull,
And said, with a sigh, 'gone home bye and bye,
They can't hurt me much when I'm full.
Now, first it's the mother that gets on to him,
Then daghter, the pride of his heart.
First home he does send some honest old friend
Before he dares to make the start.—*Chorus.*

Now, sometimes he can scarcely just tell how he feels,
And trembles to think what's in store;
No caresses, by far, but says that there are—
I know what has happened before.
To gather up courage and boldly go home,
He gets it in every saloon,
Then tarts with a grin, they're waiting for him
With sledge-hammers down to a broom.—*Chorus.*

Day by Day, Years Have Rolled On.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

She stood alone, by her seashore home, as she waved her hand adieu;
Her sailor boy, her pride and joy, was sailing far from view;
With heavy heart she had watched depart her love with spirits light;
He sailed away that summer's day 'mid flags and colors bright,
But, day by day, years have rolled on—day by day she sings this song:

CHORUS.

I'll be true through joy or tears, ever true 'mid hopes or fears;
I'll be true, my love, to you, though we may not meet for years;
I'll be true, be true, my love, to you, to you;
I'll be true, my love, to you, through pleasure or tears.

One winter's night, by the fireside bright, she saw her lover, the same—
So brave and bold—as days of old, had come to her again;
She cried, with joy, "Oh, my sailor boy, what weary years I've seen"—
And ere he spoke, she then awoke, and found 'twas but a dream,
But, day by day, years have rolled on—day by day she sings this song:—*Chorus.*

The Man that Broke the Brokers Down in Wall Street.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by D. Fitzgibbon.

A happy individual, without a single care;
With an independent air, causing ev'ry one to stare;
The brokers and the bankers, they are pulling out their hair;
In Wall Street I have raised an awful flare
Among the famous little "Bulls and Bears."

CHORUS.

And when I walk along Broadway, I keep the sunny side;
With lots of Yankee pride and a very English stride;
The ladies hearts' go pit-a-pat, and people all take off their hats
To the man who broke the brokers down in Wall Street.

And ever since the day I chanced to call the lucky turn,
For my company ladies yearn—their society I spurn;
They thought I was a little lamb, with plenty yet to learn,
Until the day I broke up each concern,
And now I've lots of money, boys, to burn.—*Chorus.*

Walking on de Rainbow in de Sky.

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

I went up to heaven, Peter wouldn't let me in,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
He said, "No, nigger, you're loaded down with sin,"
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
It's a crooked road, you have to stand in line,
No pushing or no shoving, you must take your time;
When Peter shakes his head, 'tis then de bells will ring,
And you hear de angels sing:

CHORUS.

Come all you children, come all you children,
Come all you children, we will reach there by and by;
Oh! come along, you children; come along, all you children,
And you had better not slip, or you will cut your upper lip,
When you're walking on de rainbow in de sky.

A big fat nigger, and his name was Samuel Right,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky;
As black as coal, and always full of fight,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
Peter said to Right, it's chickens you did steal,
And grabbed 'em by de neck, so they couldn't squeal,
Then Peter slammed the gate, and all de bells did ring,
Then we heard de angels sing:—*Chorus.*

When it rains up in heaven all de niggers have to work,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky;
A hose in your hand, you wear a big red shirt,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
To wash de clouds, and make the stars to shine,
From seven in de morning until after nine,
And when de sun am out, and all de bells do ring,
Then you hear de angels sing:—*Chorus.*

The Coons Are All A-Dreamin'.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

There ain't a coon for miles around who, when he gets to bed,
Won't dream of "gigs" and "saddles" till he's almost lost his head.
The "top row" in the policy is what he wants to get,
And fifty for his nickel is the size of his swell bet. Ah!

CHORUS.

All the coons are sweetly dreamin', dreamin' how to play—
"Git yer nickel, honey"; when they strike it hear their screamin',
Screamin' their happy hours away.

There's the "money" and the "water" gig, the "rent" gig on the third,
And "two, eleven, twenty-two" is when you've killed a "bird";
And then there is "Kentucky Row" and the "row" they all adore;
It's when they strike the "apple"—"Four, eleven, forty-four"—ah!—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND.

Written by Samuel Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There's a little spot upon my head, where the hair has ceased to grow,
A little spot in which I take no pride;
And about this little spot that's there, my friends don't seem to know,
For this little spot from them I always hide.
I got an artist to paint for me a little rabbit there,
And he painted it so natural you'd think it was a hare;
If my friends don't tumble to it, this will be a good blind,
For to hide the spot my hair had left behind.

CHORUS.

A little bald spot on my head I have got,
No hair there can I find;
It is all gone, I cannot find one
On the spot that it left behind.

How I first got this little spot, 'twas on a Saturday night—
All that day on a royal jag I'd been—
And as soon as I came home, my wife with me began to fight,
And I was getting the best of her, she plainly seen,
When she jumped at me suddenly, as one with the nightmare,
And with both her hands she grabbed hold of my hair.
She began to pull it out, while in rage her teeth she did grind;
When she got done, there wasn't one hair left behind.

CHORUS.

My little tootsy woots pulled my hair by the roots,
Of her it was really unkind.
When to the theatre I go, I must sit in the front row,
For no bald spots ever sit behind.

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

Written by Geo. W. Crowley, of the Robinson Opera Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've no secret in my heart, sweet Marie;
I imparted it last night, love, to thee.
Every daisy in the dell
Has heard that I caught ——,
When I dared my secret tell, sweet Marie.
When I held your hand in mine, sweet Marie,
Your papa stood behind you and me;
I knew not the storm above
When I kissed my turtle dove,
And I told my tale of love, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Marie; sweet Marie, come to me;
Just because I dare not go, love, near thee. As I faltered at your feet
I was hustled down the street by a pair of papa's feet, sweet Marie.

In the morn when I awoke, sweet Marie,
Seemed that all my bones were broke, love, for thee;
First he threw me to the floor,
Then he kicked me out the door,
And then I knew no more, sweet Marie.
When the sunset tints the West, sweet Marie,
I can't lay down to rest, love, like thee,
For my pants are awful sore,
And I've plasters by the score,
And I now stand up to snore, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Marie; sweet Marie, come to me;
Though my face it is a fearful sight to see, every star that studs the sky
Seems to wink the other eye and bid me go and die, sweet Marie.

ANGLING.

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Words by Bennett G. Pettee. Music by Will Nutting.

The pines, across a forest stream, where angling was my only aim,
Without a thought of higher game, held more for me than my life's dream;
And what they held I'll tell you true, as landing then a spotted trout,
My gaze went up at childish shout, and saw four eyes, two brown, two blue.

CHORUS.

Blue eyes exclaimed, "Oh! ain't that fine?"
But brown eyes hold my vision fast;
My "first-sight" love is found at last,
And now to work to make her mine.
I always thought my love quite dead,
But now its springs, though buried deep,
Are rising up with mighty leap,
By cupid's nectar fed.

And then I angled with a will; my life a bait to line I threw;
My skill was paid with love most true—I caught her with ecstatic thrill,
And soon two souls, with much to say, were sitting close beside that stream;
Our eyes with loving glances beam, and then we set the wedding day.—*Chorus.*

LOVE'S DREAM.

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Words by Bennett G. Pettee. Music by Will Nutting.

It was in the balmy evening when sweet roses filled the air,
And the crescent, silver'd twilight just revealed her features fair,
We were sitting by the window, with her hand within my palm,
And the silence all surrounding lent the place an added charm.

CHORUS.

Oh! how pleasant are those evenings that we spend in love's sweet dream;
And may never future 'wak'ning make them diff'rent than they seem;
May their mem'ry leave us never, but grow sweeter with each thought,
And show others round about us what sweet comforts love has wrought.

Of shy cupid's fond embracing we would seem to never tire,
And my heart was warm and quiv'ring, warmed by love's most holy fire.
So it seemed no task whatever to pour forth my burning tale,
And to ask the one great question each man hopes will never fail.—*Chorus.*

Then her answer, as it reached me from her ruby lips, was low.
What it was you may imagine, but it was not cruel "No."
So we married, and our evenings are as pleasant as can be,
But the sweetness of those first ones I expect we'll never see.—*Chorus.*

ELLALINE.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Herbert K. Betts.

In my heart there is a joy too great for telling,
It is a place where love forever dwells;
In my arms a maid in tears, with sobs up-swelling,
Confides her fears, and all her troubles tells.

REFRAIN.

She does not live in a hamlet in the vale;
She does not live in a cottage by the sea;
She does not live in a castle on the hill;
No, she lives in my heart, which her home shall ever be.

CHORUS.

The fairest maid my eyes have seen, my Ellaline, sweet Ellaline!
Our loves no doubts can come between, sweet Ellaline, my Ellaline!

In my face she looks, her eyes through teardrops smiling,
She speaks: "My heart is sad, for we must part."
Then, afraid, she tries with all of love's beguiling
To soothe the pain her words send through my heart.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Now 'tis o'er; my heart throws off its thoughts so jealous;
I take her in my arms and say, "He's thine."
She, my daughter, has a lover who is zealous;
Though she is his, she says she still is mine.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Oft 'tis true a maiden seems to fear those dearest
When bound by love's unsought but pleasing spells;
But she finds, of all on earth, her parents nearest,
And seeks their arms when latest love she tells.—*Refrain and Chorus.*

How to Live on $1.00 a Week.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

When your landlady comes for the rent,
You must ask, you must ask if the mail has got in;
You have heard that a letter's been sent
By an Unc., by an uncle, 'tis chock full of tin;
Then the price of her best room you ask;
Would she not, would she not like to go to the play,
Tho' it seemed an impossible task;
She will let, she will let you alone for a day.

REFRAIN.

How to live on a dollar a week
Is the question, is the question that agitates me.
It takes friends and an ocean of cheek
To exist, to exist on a small salary.
If you've not got the money to pay,
Why, of course, why, of course, you can't pay, and that's all;
As a man must exist in some way,
He must live, he must live without money at all.

CHORUS.

Hundred cents, the expense, can you live on a dollar a week?
Tell your plan, like a man, to that question an answer I seek.
Hundred cents, the expense, can you live on a dollar a week?
Tell your plan, like a man, to that question an answer I seek.

When your wash lady comes for her cash,
A new yarn, a new yarn you must make up each week;
You have learned that your bank's gone to smash,
Or your purse, or your purse has been grabbed by some sneak.
Then you show her your big brilliant ring,
And the studs, and the studs that you wear, worth a dime,
Then you add that her stipend you'll bring—
Let it go, let it go, she will say, till next time.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

If you go out to lunch with a friend,
When you take, when you take up the bill of the fare,
He will think you have money to lend,
If you put, if you put on a distingue air;
He will think that the next time you dine
'Twill be you, 'twill be you that will square up the bill;
He will order the best of good wine,
And your drink, and your drink and your food cost you nil.—*Ref. & Chorus.*

If your clothes have got rubbed at the seams,
And you know, and you know it is time for a suit;
There is one of the simplest of schemes
For free clothes, for free clothes and free linen to boot.
Tell your tailor you're in with the boys,
And your crowd, and your crowd has got plenty of tin;
As a show card your form he employs,
While you talk, while you talk and then run the boys in.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Now your room and your wash and your lunch
And your drinks, and your drinks and your clothes are all free;
If you smoke, choose a brand, take a bunch,
And then talk, and then talk to each smoker you see.
Free cigars and free shoes, and the terms
Are as ea—, are as easy as easy can be,
Nor the fish, nor the brutes, nor the worms,
Nor the birds get as much *F. O. D., don't you see?—*Refrain & Chorus.*

If you wish your expenses to cut,
You must get, you must get one of Atkinson's lamps;
Then of beef buy a small Western butt;
Let it stew, let it stew till your stomach has cramps;
When you're hungry and ready to faint,
You will bear, you will bear any food you can get—
A shinbone, though 'tis chock full of taint,
When it's stewed, when it's stewed is a tidbit, you bet.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Just to live in this world is no fun;
We've a right, we've a right to some pleasure in life;
And good food we consider as one;
For a cook, for a cook have a neat little wife,
When our food is all cooked in a stew;
On the floor, on the floor 'twill be cheaper to sleep
When our clothes are worn out, no more new,
What's the need, what's the need when no clothes are so cheap?—*Ref. & Cho.*

There's a class of young men round about,
And the girls, and the girls are fast learning the trick;
What they need, 'tis their parents must shout;
To a job, to a job, no, they never will stick;
And some men when they're married, just think,
If they earn, if they earn just enough for car fare,
That their wives must find victuals and drink;
What's the wife's is the man's, and, of course, she must share.—*Ref. & Cho.*

*Free on delivery.

—Too Extreme.—He glowered fiercely. "What?" "No, John," she repeated, "I shall not get up and build the fire in the morning any more." For a minute he ruminated bitterly. "It strikes me—" There was a suggestion of the dullness of despair in his tones. "—this is carrying your blamed mannishness too far."—*Detroit Tribune.*

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.

Copyright, 1876, by John Church & Co. (Used by permission.) The words and Music of this Song can be procured from any music-dealer. Price 40 cents.

Works and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

I'll take you home again, Kathleen, across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek, I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad whene'er you speak, and tears bedim your loving eyes.

CHORUS.

Oh, I will take you back, Kathleen, to where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green I'll take you to your home again.

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear, your heart was ever fond and true,
I always feel when you are near that life holds nothing dear but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me I scarcely ever see them now,
Though many, many times I see a dark'ning shadow on your brow.—*Chorus.*

To that dear home beyond the sea my Kathleen shall again return,
And when thy old friends welcome thee, thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs the little silver stream, beside your mother's humble cot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam, there all your grief will be forgot.—*Cho.*

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

Written by J. T. Connors.

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I'd ten dollars last night, sweet Marie,
So I started with a friend the sights to see.
We done all the tony streets,
Tasted all the naughty sweets,
Laughed at policemen on their beats, sweet Marie.
We were feeling pretty dry after tea,
So we got chock full of rye, don't you see.
I lost my way, and felt quite blue,
But, of course, that wouldn't do,
And I lost my money too, Sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Oh, pity me, sweet Marie—sweet Marie, pity me;
Not because I stayed away, love, from thee,
But just think of my sad plight—
Only out one single night,
And my money's out of sight, sweet Marie.

When I woke up in the morn, sweet Marie,
All my bran'-new clothes were torn, oh, dear me;
But, my darling, that's not all—
I was in the City Hall,
Locked in a cell, and some one had the key,
But now I'm back again, love, with thee,
And I ask you to forgive, on my knee;
Listen, darling, hear me beg,
'Pon me soul, I'm on the keg,
And I'll keep it for your sake, sweet Marie.—*Chorus.*

The Sword My Brother Wore.

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Words by Jere O'Halloran. Music by Gilbert Ashton.

My brother was a Union soldier, and he fought for the red, white and blue;
The stars and stripes his standard holy, to the old starry flag he was true.
The news reached us he died while fighting, just as thousands of lads had before;
A comrade true sent us this token, the sword that my dear brother wore.

REFRAIN.

Dear brother is sleeping his long, last sleep,
His kind face we shall see nevermore.
Forever we'll treasure and sacred we'll keep
The sword that my dear brother wore.

CHORUS.

Dear brother is sleeping his long, last sleep,
His kind face we shall see nevermore.
Forever we'll treasure and sacred we'll keep
The sword that my dear brother wore;
We'll not part with our treasure, but sacredly keep
The bright-polished sword that my dear brother wore.

A private soldier, Jack, was mustered, he was fearless and bold in the fray;
He was commissioned as a captain, and to him was presented one day
The token that we love so dearly—it is worth more than wealth in great store.
We keep, each year, in sweet remembrance the sword that my dear brother wore.
—*Refrain and Chorus.*

With flowers that he loved while living, in a garland I weave them each year;
I hang them on his vacant arm chair, and I moisten each bud with a tear.
My father, mother, loved him dearly, and the world is not bright as of yore;
In this we try to find sweet comfort, the sword that my dear brother wore.
—*Refrain and Chorus.*

Listen to the Voice of Love.

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Words by Jas. N. Brennan. Music by Fred Alexander.

A little child tripped joyfully along the beach in play,
While her fond mother watched her from a seat not far away;
"My child go not too near the edge, for I am filled with fear,
The cold and treach'rous ocean may do thee some harm, my dear."
The child broke off her play and ran to seek her mother's side,
And naively asked, "Why do you call me from the rippling tide?"
"It was my heart that called you back, my pretty little dove,
And I rejoice to see that you hark to the voice of love."

CHORUS.

Oh! listen to the voice of love, it is the strongest plea;
It brightens up the humblest home, 'twill brighten one for thee;
For oft an erring son has paused in ways of sin, my dove,
And changed his life by list'ning to the gentle voice of love.

'Twas at a birthday party met the children bright and fair,
And all were happy in their glee and all were free from care,
Except a little maid of nine, who, midst rejoicing sweet,
Was sadly thinking of her brother roaming in the street.
Bad company had tempted him from virtue's path to stray;
His parent's words he would not heed, but he would have his way.
He loved his darling sister though—that night the little dove
Did send for him to come to her—he heard the voice of love.—*Chorus.*

Full well do I remember, dear, once sitting by the side
Of papa, when he told me how his darling sister died;
She won him back in early youth upon her birthday night
From evil ways and placed him in the road that leads to right.
I see again those bitter tears—and afterwards he said:
"Now she has gone from me, my love, by you I must be led;
Be thou my cherished bride and guide my steps thro' life, my dove,
Then, baby mine, I hearkened to your papa's voice of love."—*Chorus.*

Greet the Old Man with a Smile.

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Libretto by R. A. Barnet. Music by G. W. Chadwick.

O wives, if you'd keep your dear husbands at home,
Be neat if you can't put on style;
Put on a clean collar and fix up your hair,
And greet the old man with a smile.

CHORUS.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile,
Put on a clean collar and fix up your hair,
And greet the old man with a smile.

Buy meat that is tender, and cook it as well
As you can if you can't cook in style;
Keep everything neat as a pin in the house,
And greet the old man with a smile.

CHORUS.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile,
Keep everything neat as a pin in the house,
And greet the old man with a smile.

And do not forget, as heap after heap
Of flap-jacks you on his plate pile,
To say you are happy to see him at home,
And when you are saying it smile.

CHORUS.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile;
To say you are happy to see him at home,
And greet the old man with a smile.

You know there are places and scenes that good men
From home, wife and children beguile;
Remember the bar-keeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile.

CHORUS.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile;
Remember the bar-keeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile—
Greet the old man with a smile.

—Easily Remedied.—Bank Clerk: "This check, madame, isn't filled in." Madame: "Isn't what?" Bank Clerk: "It has your husband's named signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want." Madame: "Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is."—*Boston Home Journal.*

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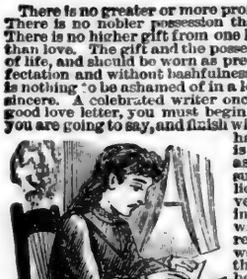
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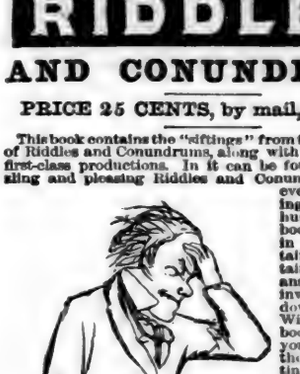
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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out!
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Katy Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Biugen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Dalee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hill to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Ida de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Skoog's verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make the sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Rummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Bells Malone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alecu
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Fat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying?
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruisheen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glenco
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

We will send **10** of the above Songs, your selection, for **10** cents; **30** for **25** cents; **50** for **40** cents; **100** for **75** cents, or **1000** for **$5.** ☞ Remember we will not send less than **10** of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers only. We will send the sheet music of any song on this page, arranged for the piano, words and music combined, for **40** cents per copy, or **3** copies for **$1.**

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window?
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Flea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the sealskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lanigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon
547 Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother

561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Nell McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gypsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruins
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven out
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel
631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee flirt
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green

647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack [hallelujah)
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen Dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things [old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country

682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the hoe
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born

775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glenmore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe,
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile

904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castleboy boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's goat
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's cart
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's beau
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Bonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Bimm
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying trapeze
962 Little old caboose behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pluck them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? [they gr
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and hiscon
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland [Line
1011 I'm going to have my name above th
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [doo
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sang
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry [passed
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Marked on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange-grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Massa's wedding-night
Old barn floor
Bridal march
Avery's passed away
There did you get that hat?
Maggie
1103 Squallan's sawing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle, dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him, or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheridan's ride
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and pay?
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Ballyhooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love

1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old dudeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming, as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door,
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's brother
1248 The poor old hum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould country
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty

1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1308 I'm the man that wrote Tara-ra boom
1309 Maiden and the lamb [arlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own
1312 Miner's Dream of Home [fireside
1313 Polly O'Neil
1314 He was a soldier
1315 Oh, ta ra-ra
1316 Ting-a-ling-ting-tay
1317 The country girl
1318 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow
1319 Sweet Nellie Bawn
1320 There is a stranger's face in Heaven now
1321 I'll never go there again
1322 When the days grow longer
1323 Where the chicken got the axe
1324 After the ball
1325 Ginger
1326 Kiss my dear old mother, Jack
1327 Still the world goes on [over here
1328 I'm the man that brought Columbus
1329 I loved you better than you knew
1330 You can't stop her
1331 Bowery
1332 Afterwards
1333 Widow
1334 Reuben and Cynthia
1335 Out for a racket
1336 Kiss, and let's make up
1337 Columbus was an Irishman
1338 A pretty girl
1339 Love me little, love me long
1340 Two little girls in blue
1341 Daisy Bell
1342 She is my pic nic girl
1343 Oh, promise me
1344 When summer comes again
1345 Always mind your sister, Jennie
1346 Volunteer Organist [ought to be
1347 One of his legs is longer than it really
1348 In the bright moonlight
1349 The widow's plea for her son
1350 Hea..ts
1351 Keep the home together
1352 Tom and I'll go too
1353 I love you in spite of all
1354 They all take after me
1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Heroine
1358 Same sweet bells are ringing
1359 Have you seen her?
1360 Don't forget me, Mary
1361 Fallen by the wayside
1362 Is life worth living?
1363 December and May
1364 They are the best friends of all
1365 The ship I love
1366 Nancy Clancy's beau
1367 My Johanna Johnson
1368 Your mother and I, Maggie
1369 We never speak her name
1370 It's all gone now
1371 When Peggy and I are wed
1372 My Marie
1373 Mamie, come kiss your honey boy
1374 The fatal wedding
1375 The christening of Maggie's baby
1376 Seeing Jennie home
1377 Carlo
1378 No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry
1379 Half-past nine
1380 The little lost child
1381 The workingman's dream
1382 The face upon the barroom floor
1383 Conversation water
1384 Love will bring me back again

1385 The gay soubrette
1386 Will we ever be able to fly?
1387 The little musician
1388 Roaming in the clover
1389 Don't leave the old home, Mamie
1390 Twiggy Voo
1391 And the verdict was
1392 I'll take you home again, Kathleen
1393 Greet the old man with a smile
1394 The man that broke the brokers down
1395 The German Fifth [in Wall Street
1396 Fare thee well, my little sweetheart
1397 The pride of the ball
1398 Walking on de rainbow in de sky
1399 Day by day years have rolled on
1400 He married the daughter, mother and all
1401 Won't you be my sweetheart?
1402 Apple blossoms
1403 The little bunch of whiskers on his chin
1404 My pearl's a Bowery girl
1405 Maggie Mooney
1406 While the dance goes on
1407 Picture eighty-four [her back
1408 And her golden hair was hanging down
1409 Take him to your heart again
1410 Upon life's ocean cast away [you
1411 When you know the girl you love loves
1412 Kind words [all
1413 There's no place like the old home after
1414 I don't want to play in your yard
1415 Wait, Mr. Postman
1416 Magic pictures in the grate
1417 Swell up to date
1418 Thinking of one she loves
1419 Only to see my mother
1420 How do you like it?
1421 I long to see the old home once again
1422 When we're married by and by
1423 Believe me if all those endearing young
1424 Look in my heart [charms
1425 My beautiful Irish maid
1426 Olcott's Irish serenade
1427 Katy Mahone
1428 Nothing's too good for the Irish
1429 Take back the engagement ring
1430 He got the rinkey dink
1431 Girl wanted
1432 Linger longer, Loo
1433 His last thoughts were of you
1434 The church across the way
1435 How nice that all must be
1436 Those lost happy days
1437 McGinty at the living pictures
1438 McNally's old backyard
1439 Phoebe
1440 Broken hearts
1441 Whose little girl are you?
1442 The girl I love
1443 Hearts are trumps
1444 The little toy drum
1445 I went home wid Michael
1446 Forget the past
1447 Susie, do you lub me?
1448 He married Riley's bride
1449 Oh! how I love sweet Kathleen
1450 When the mailman comes
1451 Can't fool the Dutch [beau
1452 Little Johnny Johnson is my Sunday
1453 The ads that drove him crazy
1454 Happy is the bride that the sun shines on
1455 Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years
1456 Sweet Jennie Brown
1457 Tommy Atkins
1458 One girl in the world for me
1459 Denied a home
1460 After your wand'ring, come home
1461 Tell me that you love me still
1462 I'll never go out with Riley any more
1463 I'm going to tell on you, Katie
1464 It's a good thing, push it along
1465 Still his whiskers grew
1466 She may have seen better days
1467 Pretty Jennie Slattery
1468 What's the matter with your feet?
1469 Uncle John
1470 What could the poor girl do?
1471 My dad's the engineer
1472 Her picture was there next to mine
1473 This is unexpected
1474 You don't find a girl like my girl every
1475 Kathleen [day
1476 My Coney Island girl
1477 Sweet Eileen
1478 Streets of Cairo
1479 The band played on
1480 Just as it used to be in days gone by
1481 Mary rode the bike and bull
1482 Don't forget the friends that are dearer
1483 Rosey Magee [than gold
1484 I never loved until I met you
1485 With a wife and a nest little home
1486 What will you say, sweet Kitty Shea?
1487 Dimes and Nickels
1488
1489 In the barroom
1490 Fishing—for what?
1491 The girl next door
1492 The Bowery Ball

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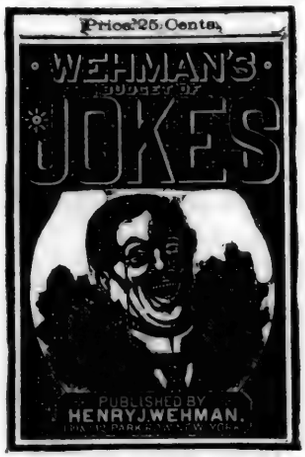
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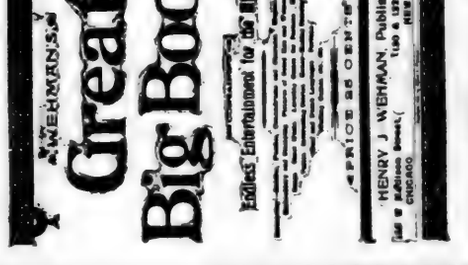
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MY CLARA.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

Down in a valley a gardener dwells, rearing the roses and daisies,
He has a daughter, the fairest of belles, sweet as the violets there.
I first beheld her one morning in May, walking 'mid flowery mazes;
My admiration compelled me to say, "Of flowers, you are the most fair."

REFRAIN.

Clara, my Clara, fairer than roses and rarer,
Always neat, demure and sweet, and true as true can be;
Sweet are the flowers, growing in beautiful bowers,
Ev'ry posey is fair to see, but Clara is fairer to me.

Daily I visit the garden since then, courting my beautiful Clara,
And I am brimful of happiness when we tell of love that is true.
When e'er each beauteous flower I see, gracefully I will compare her,
Her dreamy eyes she will fix upon me, and answer the same unto you.—*Cho.*

When Daddy and Ma Were Wed.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Love spied a winsome lass, romping the fields in May,
And tried to win her heart; her answer was only "Nay."
"Love rules the world," quoth he; she laughingly shook her head—
"Oh, that was many years ago, when daddy and ma were wed."

CHORUS.

When daddy and ma were wed,
Love counted for more than gold;
It wasn't a question of money then,
When the old, sweet tale was told.
But times have changed since then,
And oft' you'll hear it said,
The world has grown gray, in its own narrow way,
Since my daddy and ma were wed.

Then, like the butterfly, gliding from flow'r to flow'r,
Heedless of love's true worth, she sought after wealth and pow'r;
Soon then the tempter came, with subtle and stealthy tread,
Just as he did long years ago, when daddy and ma were wed.—*Chorus.*

But ere it was too late, love crossed her path once more;
Gladly she gave her heart to him whom she'd scorned before.
Loud rang the marriage bells, as love to the maiden said:
"We live again those good old days, when daddy and ma were wed."—*Chorus.*

I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.

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Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Once there lived, side by side, two little maids,
Used to dress just alike, hair down in braids,
Blue ging'am pinafores, stockings of red,
Little sun-bonnets tied on each pretty head.
When school was over, secrets they'd tell,
Whispering arm in arm, down by the well;
One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed—
"You can't play in our yard," but the other said:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more,
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door,
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree,
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

Next day two little maids each other miss,
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss,
Then hand in hand again, happy they go,
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.
Soon school days pass away, sorrows and bliss,
But love remembers yet, quarrels and kiss,
In sweet dreams of childhood we hear the cry:
"You can't play in our yard," and the old reply:—*Chorus.*

WAIT, MISTER POSTMAN.

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Words by Stanley Wood. Music by Henry Houseley.

The postman was late, and was running along,
To gather the letters in time,
When he heard a sweet voice, like a meadow-lark's song,
Or a mellow-toned silver bell's chime.

CHORUS.

"Wait, Mister Postman, don't hurry so fast,
Wait, Mister Postman, I've caught you at last,
This letter must go in the mail before seven,
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.
Wait, Mister Postman, don't hurry so fast,
Wait, Mister Postman, I've caught you at last,
This letter must go in the mail before seven,
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n."

The postman was rough, but he paus'd and look'd down,
And saw a wee bit of a girl,
With trusting blue eyes, and with tresses of brown,
Wreath'd in many a beautiful curl.

CHORUS.

"Wait, Mister Postman, please bend down your head,
Wait, Mister Postman, my mama is dead,
This letter must go in the mail before seven,
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.
Wait, Mister Postman, please bend down your head,
Wait, Mister Postman, my mama is dead,
This letter must go in the mail before seven,
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.

"Wait, and I'll read what I've written," said she:
"Dear mama, I'm lonesome and sad
Since you went far away; won't you please send for me?
If you would, I'd be ever so glad.

CHORUS.

"Wait Mister Postman, don't hurry away,
Wait, Mister Postman, and answer me, pray,
Will mama get this if it's mailed before seven?
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.
Wait, Mister Postman, don't hurry away,
Wait, Mister Postman, and answer me, pray,
Will mama get this if it's mailed before seven,
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n."

THREE CHAPTERS.

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Words by Walter De Frece. Music by Charles E. Pratt and Walter De Frece.

Two dear old chums, who had been pals since they were college boys,
And never parted all their lives, dividing cares and joys,
Once suddenly discovered that they're drifting far apart,
For gay nights seem to vanish, and the old larks never start.
They meet, and Bill says, "Harry, how is it you are so scarce?
The people think we've had a row, or maybe something worse."
Then Harry, with a knowing wink, says, "I'm all right, old pal."
And Bill at once surmises that the trouble is a gal.

CHORUS.

"So you're smitten?" "Just a little." "Is she pretty?" "Stand's alone;
She's the dandy of the lot, I mean to say."
"Any figure?" "Like a Venus." "And her shape is?" "All her own;
You couldn't find her equal, anyway."

Instead of going to his club, to meet his old pal, Bill,
Each night finds Harry shaved and dress'd with care, quite restless 'till
The church clock chimes the hour, which tells a visit he must pay,
To see the charmer who has drawn him from his club away.
Observe him as he nervously approaches her street door;
A bashful knock, a hurried shake, to fix himself before.
He hears a step approaching, and the servant girl appears,
And then this conversation there one generally hears:

CHORUS.

"Evening, Mary; I'm a nuisance!" "Master's out." "Oh, is Miss Kate?"
"Guess not much, while you're about, sir, I should say."
"In the parlor?" "No, she's dressing." "Oh, then, thanks, I'd better wait."
You bet your boots that Harry's come to stay.

The years roll by, and changes come, as changes always will,
And once again, by chance, our hero meets his old pal, Bill,
But what a change, for Harry has not found a fitting mate,
Whilst Bill has lived contented, in a happy married state.
"Comparisons are odious," but oh, it is so strange,
For Bill is bright and lively still, in Harry, there's a change.
But o'er a glass they sit and chat, and think of by-gone days;
It's a novel in a nutshell, too, as Bill to Harry says:

CHORUS.

"So you're married?" "Yes, I'm married." "And you're happy?"
"Well, so so." "And the wife's well?" "When I left her yesterday."
"Any children?" "Four—and beauties." "You are lucky; one more drink."
"The wife objects to more than one a day."

KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC STAR

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

We represent a mighty cause, dat is to penetrate
De jungles of dark Africa, all for to educate;
The savage of the wilderness—dat's naked over dar—
Show him de incandescent light, all of de mystic star.

CHORUS.

Look to de west when in distress, then form de letter Y,
Just say cuckoo, and loo-loo-loo, whenever you are dry;
Each gallant knight flash de red light,
In time of danger always bright.
De secret call dat brings us all am S-T-A-R, star,
'Way, 'way over yonder where they make the thunder;
Shine on, oh, shine on, thou mighty mystic star,
Dere's Mars and Venus shining, clouds with silver lining;
Shine on, oh, shine on, de knights of de mystic star.

The Zulu tribes of Zanzibar they love to masticate
White missionary preacher man, and serve him on a plate;
They never eat de darkey meat we send to Africa,
The blackest kind of minister, all of de mystic star.—*Chorus.*

Old Darwin said de monkey was de first to walk and talk,
Had etiquette and manners, too, and eat soup with a fork;
De rang-a-tang he wore a bang and loved his pa and ma;
We ape him in our membership, all of de mystic star.—*Chorus.*

Now go up to de Central Park, look through de telescope,
And there behind de milky way, just like a cantalope,
In silver light both day and night is shining from afar
An emblem of our brotherhood, thou beaming mystic star.—*Chorus.*

Nothing's Too Good for the Irish.

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Written and Composed by J. Joseph Goodwin and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I'll tell yez a story that was told to me,
A good old story, Gramma Machree,
When me mother was dying, "Oh, lad," says she,
"Nothing's too good for the Irish."
When we come here, me and brother Dan,
Says he, "We'll do the best we can."
They made him a copper, and me, an alderman—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.

CHORUS.

Dutchmen were made for to carry coal and shovel snow,
Italians for organs, and Englishmen to mash;
Chinese for washing, the Japs for a juggling show,
Negurs to whitewash, the Jews were made for cash;
Cubans for cigarettes, the Portugese to sail the sea,
Scotchmen for bak'ries, the French were made for style,
Russians for mining, Americans for liberty,
But the men made for bosses were the sons of Erin's Isle.
Then, hip, hip, hurrah! Erin-go-bragh!
Nothing's too good for the Irish.

Now, me brother Mike, when he came here last fall,
He was the laddie they say knew it all,
He soon became the leader of Tammany Hall—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.
But Mike feared work, so he wouldn't budge;
Says he to me, as he gave me a nudge,
"Just wait 'till election, you will see me judge;"
Nothing's too good for the Irish.—*Chorus.*

Sure none of me tribe, boys, has ever worked hard,
Me father-in-law's on the boulevard,
Cousin Tim, he's a foreman in the Old Pipe Yard—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.
Old Uncle Pat he's nobody's fool,
He guards ice in summer to see it's kept cool,
Me sister, Mary Ellen, sure she teaches school;
Nothing's too good for the Irish.—*Chorus.*

I've just been made the father of a twelve-pound lad,
He's whiskers already, now that's not bad,
He's sure to be president some day, bedad—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.
He'll then sail off wid his blackthorne stick,
And marry the Queen, make the British sick,
And free Erin's Isle like a good old Mick;
Nothing's too good for the Irish.—*Chorus.*

—Friend: "And do you still hunger for fame and renown to the exclusion of everything else?" Poet: "Yes—that is—well, except a ham sandwich now and then."

THE SWELL UP TO DATE.

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Words and Music by Harry S Miller.

I'm a swell you see—quite naturally, I dress in style to perfection.
Although not rude, I may intrude, but in a pleasant way.
My style, as shown, 'tis all my own, I say without deception;
And ladies fair, most ev'rywhere, they always smile and say:

CHORUS.

I am the swell up to date, boys; doesn't his style plainly show it?
Yes, I'm a swell, bona fide swell, the gay, dashing belles they all know it;
I dress in the height of the fashion; chappies all say I will rue it,
But I have the stuff, and can keep it up, for I got the money to do it.

At the races gay, I'm there each day: I'm the centre of attraction.
With turn-out fine, I'm dead in line, the envy of the beaux,
I name the horse, upon the course, that wins to satisfaction,
And always get the straightest tip, by that it plainly shows:

CHORUS.

I am the swell up to date, boys; doesn't his style plainly show it?
Yes, I'm a swell, bona fide swell, the gay, dashing belles they all know it;
I dress in the height of the fashion; chappies all say I will rue it,
But I have the stuff, and can keep it up, for I got the money to do it.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

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Words by Charles Archer. Music by Paddy Murphy.

We live in America, land of the free—
How do you like it?
Our freedom, I'll own, it is wondrous to see—
How do you like it?
From the earliest age has her star given light,
But here we don't understand freedom aright,
Just wait, she'll arrive in her grandeur and might—
How do you like it?

Your girl on the lounge can sit, still as a mouse—
How do you like it?
She can't tell where all the dirt gets in the house—
How do you like it?
But mother, who's reading the paper above,
Could, perhaps, teach the language of lovey and dove,
From the notes she burns up every morn in the stove—
How do you like it?

If congress should tire of the great tariff bill,
How would you like it?
For a year or so more they will keep climbing the hill—
How do you like it?
The bail that McKinley made some years ago,
Od Cleveland's had hard work to roll on we know,
While the workman has lived upon air in the snow—
How do you like it?

In England, the Queen's daughters aliens must wed—
How do you like it?
In politics she keeps a cool, level head—
How do you like it?
Well, in the case of a war, it is better, they say,
When in family relations we're mixed up that way,
For the crowned heads can fight and the people can pay—
How do you like it?

I sometimes get puzzled—no doubt, so do you—
How do you like it?
Whether everything in the newspapers is true—
How do you like it?
It's a poor rule that won't work both ways so, they say,
But church preaching politics never will pay—
When the cat is away, why the mice they will play—
How do you like it?

So drink lots of ice-water, always keep cool—
How do you like it?
No matter who tries to make of you a fool—
How do you like it?
Should the gold-bugs inflate and burst up some fine day,
And silver appears as a friend, by the way,
You will laugh at my question if then I should say,
How do you like it?

My mother-in-law went to the sea-shore—
How did I like it? (*Symp.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha.
I had plenty of fun and wish I had more—
How did I like it? (*Symp.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha.
But she is home for the winter with dust-pan and broom,
And there's no corner left for poor me in the room,
With the tomcat I'm now making love to the moon—
How do you like it?

ON DE RAINBOW ROAD.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Get ready for to travel de rainbow road,
It's made of golden gravel, de rainbow road;
Oh, keep a-climbing higher, de rainbow road,
Good children never tire, on de rainbow road.

CHORUS.

Oh, weary pilgrims, Gabriel's army, when de silver trumpet blowed,
Children in de golden sunset travel by de rainbow road.—*Dance.*

Oh, goodness, ain't it sunny? De rainbow road;
Won't cost you any money, de rainbow road;
De fiery steeds am flying, de rainbow road,
De sinners am a-sighing, on de rainbow road.—*Chorus.*

Oh, hear dem wings a-flapping, de rainbow road,
De spirits am a-rapping, de rainbow road;
No apple jack or onions, de rainbow road,
You never get no bunions, on de rainbow road.—*Chorus.*

Old Peter's bells am ringing, de rainbow road,
Celestial choir am singing, de rainbow road;
De wicked in a flutter, de rainbow road,
Dey have to skip de gutter, on de rainbow road.—*Chorus.*

When We're Married By-and-By.

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Words and Music by Charles Edwards.

There's a little maiden that I love, and she's all the world to me,
Ev'ry Sunday evening, at her home, my love I call to see,
As we stroll out together, with love's light in our eye,
For she loves me, and how happy we will be, when we're married, by-and-by,
When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I.

CHORUS.

When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I,
For you love me and I love you, and we'll be happy, by-and-by.

The days seem long in coming when we'll wed, and the time goes slowly by,
When we'll walk on roses to the church, and the parson the knot will tie,
And the bells will chime in tune for my darling, you and I,
And when it's done, two hearts in one, when we're married, by-and-by.
When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I.

CHORUS.

When we're married, by-and-by, yes, my sweetheart, you and I,
For you love me and I love you, and we'll be happy by-and-by.

FANNY O'DONAVAN'S DANCE.

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Words and Music by Jos. Flynn.

You may brag about London and gay Paree,
And the four hundred here in town,
But they're not in the swim, take a tip from me,
When the solid old fun is around;
For down in a hall, back of old Battle Alley—
Don't miss it if you get a chance—
There is spelling, and reeling, and steps from the ballet,
At Fanny O'Donavan's dance.

CHORUS.

Waltzing around, while the music is playing,
Dreamily gliding, you feel in a trance;
For genuine sport, well, it goes without saying,
You'll find it at Fanny O'Donavan's dance.

All the girls club together and hire the hall,
Then a dime you give up to go in,
And you don't have to fly any frills at all—
Just pick out your girl for a spin.
The charity ball don't begin to come near it,
If you want a happy old time,
Tho' no millionaire's daughters are there, don't fear it,
The girls that do go are sublime.—*Chorus.*

THINKING OF ONE SHE LOVES.

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Words by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

In a cosy little parlor sits a maiden, young and fair,
And her eyes with love are shining, brightly golden is her hair,
Knitting deftly with her needle, as the gloaming's drawing nigh,
But of whom is she now thinking, as she breathes a tender sigh?
She is thinking of her laddie; far away from her is he,
For he is a gallant sailor, and his home is on the sea.
Day by day the maiden watches, from her post she'll never stir,
For she knows the time is coming when he'll soon return to her.

CHORUS.

Thinking of one she loves, dearer to her than life;
How her heart yearns; when he returns, she'll be his own dear wife.
Praying that he'll be safe, safe on the angry foam,
Praying each night to Heav'n above, to send him back safely home.

Well, the story is but simple, for, when little children, they
Always played and romped together, in the sweetly, new-mown hay.
Years rolled on, they still were faithful, love's sweet passion on them grew,
And when he sailed on the ocean, how he vow'd that he'd be true,
And the maiden still proved constant, as the weary years rolled by;
Now she's waiting for her lover, for the time is drawing nigh.
Hark! the clock is softly ticking, and she never hesitates,
But she sits there in the parlor, and she watches, hopes, and waits.—*Chorus.*

But one day, in early spring-time, there's a dear, familiar voice,
And a step she hears approaching makes her eager heart rejoice;
Then a sailor, brown and sunburnt, clasps his darling in his arms;
On her lips he rains sweet kisses, and he soothes her fond alarms.
They were married at the little village church upon the green,
It was but a simple wedding, but a happy, peaceful scene.
Now the maiden is contented, swiftly by the time does flit,
But she always will remember when alone she used to sit.—*Chorus.*

Magic Pictures in the Grate.

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Words and Music by Leontine Stanfield.

I'm an old, gray-haired man, I've seen four score years and ten,
And for me the sands of life are nearly run,
But my heart seems young and gay, as I sit at close of day,
And watch my little grandchild at his play;
And when he's safe in bed, as he always is at eight,
Still I sit and idly dream and smoke my pipe,
And, in the firelight's fitful glow, I see pictures come and go,
And dear, familiar faces, in the grate.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'm old and very feeble, and the hour is growing late,
Yet, still I feel that life is sweet to me,
As I sit at close of day, in the twilight shadows gray,
And watch the magic pictures in the grate.

I can see myself a child, full of health and spirits wild,
In a quiet, peaceful, old New England home,
And my mother, too, is there, sitting in her high-backed chair,
And teaching me my little evening prayer;
And then again I see, down a lane, a rustic gate,
And a school-house, in the distance, far away.
The little child is now a boy, full of manly pride and joy—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.—*Chorus.*

Looking still, I see a change, and the boy has grown a man;
He has gone to make his fortune in the world:
Working hard, with little pay, he has met success half way;
I see him going home on New Year's day;
The blue-eyed girl he loves she is waiting at the gate,
And she says the little "Yes" he wants to hear,
And then, with pomp and much display, comes a wedding party gay—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.—*Chorus.*

Then I see a house in town, with a green and shady lawn,
And some merry, happy children, at their play,
And the father, too, is there, with a furrowed face of care,
And mother, with blue eyes and sunny hair.
The man is growing old, but he murmurs not at fate,
Though the trials of life weigh heavy on him now.
He works from morning until night, for he sees things coming right—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.—*Chorus.*

Once again I see the man; he is feeble, old and gray,
He has given up the busy cares of life,
And he sits at close of day, seeing pictures sad and gay,
Where the shadows with the glowing embers play.
The fire is burning low, and the hour is very late,
Still he sits and idly dreams the dreams I see:
With fading eyes, fast growing blind, yet at peace with all mankind,
I can see this old man dying, in the grate.—*Chorus.*

—Fond Mother: "I'm shocked, Tommy. Where did you hear such a naughty word?" Scion of the house: "I didn't hear it, mamma; I feeled it."

LITTLE KITTY LITTLE.

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Words by Wm. H. Sloan. Music by Charles Graham.

Just out of town, there lives a maid, she's only five feet high;
A hundred pounds is all she weighs, she has a roughish eye;
She does not seem to care for books, but knowing just the same.
She's really older than she looks, and Little is her name.

CHORUS.

Little Kitty Little is a dainty belle, very swell, neat as well,
Just how old she really is, she will not tell;
"Pretty, witty, little Kitty Little, love me just a little," all the boys will say,
She says, "Nay, nay," and has her way—
She's the cutest I have seen in many a day, pretty, witty, little Kitty Little.

Although she likes to flirt and dance with others now and then,
There's only one who has a chance her little self to gain,
But when we're married, so she says, "You'll have me to yourself."
With all her cunning whims and ways, I love this little elf.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

By Will H. Barry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Down on Dinny Casey's old brown, wooden stoop,
The boys, when on a jag, at night were sure to coop;
Lying there together, none of them could walk,
While the "Guines" slobbed the chestnuts on the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS.

This side, that side, staggering 'round the town,
We won't go home 'till morning, London bridge is falling down.
Out on a bum together, me and Rummy Rorke,
Slipped and spoiled our faces on the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey won Opple Dildock's cow,
With Jakey Krouse, the beggar, who's always out for dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a head as light as cork,
Tripped and fell fantastically, on the sidewalks of New York.—*Chorus.*

Things have changed since that time, some are up the spout,
Others they are up in jail, with no one to bail them out;
They would part with all they've got, and with envy they would gawk,
To see a bum, chock full of rum, on the sidewalks of New York.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD BELFRY BELL.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

In a quiet little hamlet, just beyond the city's glare,
On a road that wends its way among the hills,
When a child, I well remember, stood a lonely, wooden structure,
And the time-worn, withered frame is standing still.
Tho' the village seems deserted, just a few that pass the door,
What a history of by-gones they could tell,
When a happy congregation knelt within the sacred walls
Of the chapel, with its old belfry bell.

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, it tolled out, ding it tolled out,
Pealing while its echoes grandly swell,
Over mountain, 'cross the heather,
Sunday morning, good folks gather,
Summoned thither by the old belfry bell.

From its throne 'twixt earth and heaven, ev'ry new-born Christmas morn,
Sent its greeting e'er the sun had kissed the dew:
When the dying year was fated, oft' I've listened to its tolling,
Gently ringing out the old and in the new.
When the fire-fiend threatened danger, in the stillness of the night,
Loud its warning notes re-echoed thro' the dell;
And the playful little children knew the hour for school was near,
By the clanging of the old belfry bell.—*Chorus.*

There's a gloom o'erhangs the village, there's a tear in ev'ry eye,
Saddened hearts are many on that fateful day,
For the kind and loving parson, noble, true, and tender-hearted,
At the virgin hour of morning passed away.
His a life of pure devotion, to the wayward, erring soul,
Now, his duties o'er, he's ta'en his last farewell.
Open wide the golden portals, let his spirit enter in,
To the tolling of the old belfry bell.—*Chorus.*

When They Straighten all the Colored People's Hair.

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By Gussie L. Davis.

Oh, you jolly little nigger, you make a funny figure,
For your wool kinks up just like the letter "O,"
And you seem to be so happy, although your head is nappy,
But, then, never mind, 'twill not be always so;
They have got a new invention, and they say it's their intention
To experiment on darkies ev'rywhere.
Oh, your face it may be dark, but you'll be happy as a lark,
When they straighten all the colored people's hair.

REFRAIN.

When they straighten all the colored people's hair,
When they straighten all the colored people's hair;
Your nose, it may be flat, but you needn't care for that,
When they straighten all the colored people's hair.

Now, the white folks keep a laughin', and at you they keep a chaffin',
And the Irish call you "Nigger," so you say,
But you has one consolation, 'long as you has education,
You're as good as white trash any time a day.
Let me tell you how it happen', Cain and Abel got a scrappin',
And a curse was put on Cain and all his race;
Then his hair began to kink, right away, just only think,
Then they stamped old Africa upon his face.—*Refrain.*

Don't you darkies get excited, ev'ry wrong will soon be righted,
When you get up in the middle of the air;
Then you'll raise a big sensation, just like any other nation,
And the wind will blow the kinks out of your hair.
There must be some transformation, 'fore there's any emigration,
And the coons commence to climb the golden stair.
Oh, you'll be a happy jap, when your wings begin to flap,
When they straighten all the colored people's hair.—*Refrain.*

THE BROADWAY GIRL.

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Words by Geo. Cohan. Music by Noble McDonald.

You've heard about the Bowery girl, with all her winning ways,
Of the girl who wins the jays, for many years has been the craze;
Just cast your optics on me, I'm a girl of great renown,
A girl who's always up and never down,
A girl who wins the swellest gent in town.

CHORUS.

For I'm a Broadway girl; you'll always find me happy,
A Broadway girl; I always have a chappie;
Never get home in the morn'till nine—"Beer?" "No, nothing but wine."
The hit of the city, is dear, little Kitty, the Broadway girl.

The fellows, in my ear, love tales they seem inclined to pour;
I'm engaged to three or four, expect a couple more.
By trade I am an actress, fill the bald heads with delight,
They say my costume's simply out of sight,
I'm in the living pictures ev'ry night.—*Chorus.*

At Newport, in the summer time, I make the people talk,
And the big chumps at me gawk, as on the shore I walk.
I never stop until the very best hotel I reach;
The bell-boys, why, I tip a dollar each,
And the dudlets say I am a peach.—*Chorus.*

At Guttenberg, my face is quite familiar to the crowd,
They cheer me good and loud, as I enter so proud.
I glance upon the horses, names, pick out the winner quick,
And, if I drop a hundred, never kick,
And all the sports play any horse I pick.—*Chorus.*

Each afternoon, upon my wheel, a jolly ride I take.
While I also take the cake, can't count the hearts I break.
Of course I dress in bloomers, reaching down below the knee;
My record, for a mile, one-fifty-three,
And Tyler takes his bonnet off to me.—*Chorus.*

—A collector, on calling for rent at a certain house, the people being out, he left a note under the door, to let them know he called. In the morning he received the following letter in reply: "Dear Sir: I believe you called for your rent yesterday. Very sorry to have been out, but if you'll call on me to-morrow, about ten o'clock, I'll tell you when to call again. Yours truly.——"

WITH MARGUERITE AT HOME.

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Written and Composed by Otto F. Hager.

When moving sun is shining, and all the earth is smiling,
When all is bright and clear; where'er I chance to roam
There's still a spot that's brighter, and loving hearts are lighter—
I find that spot so dear with Marguerite at home.

CHORUS.

That sweet place to me leave in this world alone,
That spot to me so dear, with Marguerite at home.

When dark clouds gather o'er us, and troubles rise before us,
And my heart is sad with fear, as o'er the world I roam,
There's one bright spot that's cheerful, for loving hearts when tearful—
I find that spot so dear with Marguerite at home.—*Chorus.*

So let the world bring gladness, I care not if 'tis sadness
Or trouble dark and drear; when thro' the world I roam,
If that one spot you leave me, of all you may bereave me—
That spot to me so dear, with Marguerite at home.—*Chorus.*

BON-TON FUSILEERS.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Why is ev'ry colored person smiling so serene?
Why is there a twinkle in each eye?
Watch that cloud of darkness moving slowly up Broadway,
And then you'll quickly know the reason why.
To fife and drum, here they come;
Are they in it? Well, I should repeat.
The Bon-Ton Fusileers are out to greet their precious dears,
And give their darkey male constituents a treat.

CHORUS.

No use talkin'—beat them walkin'? no, sir, can't be done;
Watch their movements, late improvements, Appollos ev'ry one.
Trim and very military, white folks loudly cheer;
It's worth your while to win a smile from a bon-ton fusileer.

See them roll their white eyes up for pretty colored gals,
Brimming over with a sassy pride;
Kings were never known on earth to hold their heads so high,
You could'nt beat them "no how" if you tried.
The band it played; all arrayed,
March these gents of colored swelldom's peers,
And strut with noted bearing fine, their heads erect, in perfect line,
There's nothing like the Bon-Ton Fusileers.—*Chorus.*

THE BRAKEMAN.

By T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

In the pleasant summer weather, standing on the car-tops high,
He views the changing landscape as the train rushes swiftly by.
While he notes the beauteous pictures, which the lovely landscape makes,
Suddenly across his dreaming comes the quick, shrill cry for brakes!

But when winter's icy fingers cover earth with snowy shroud,
And the north wind, like a madman, rushes on with shrieking, loud,
Then behold the gallant brakeman spring to heed the engine's call,
Running o'er the icy car-tops—death awaits him should he fall.

He may have a dear, old mother, he may be her greatest joy;
Perhaps, at home, she's praying for the safety of her boy.
Daily facing death and danger, toiling for her day by day,
Always bringing her some present, every time he draws his pay.

In a little cottage, far away, dwells an honest brakeman's family—
His home it is a paradise—hear the children shout with glee!
Suddenly a stranger enters this happy home so bright;
He trembles like an aspen leaf, his face is ashy white.

The wife, as if by instinct taught, cries, "Is my husband dead?"
The stranger stands there speechless, and in silence bows his head.
The mother calls her children, and whilst the teardrops start,
Kisses them and says "Good bye"—then dies of broken heart.

Oh, pity the little orphans left to battle with life alone,
Without a mother's care or love, and no place to call a home.
Then scan your evening paper and note what its columns say;
The story is in one brief line: "Another brakeman killed to-day."

WHOSE SWEET SMILE IS THAT?

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Words and Music by Keller Brothers.

There is a girl, I know her well, her form is one of grace—
Dresses in the latest style.
If you should meet her on the street, and see so sweet a face,
She would win you with a smile.
Every sunny day I make a call;
In a handsome carriage we both ride, yes ride.
This little pet, I'll win her yet, and 'neath her parasol
All my playful kisses hide.

CHORUS.

My heart's so full of cheer; oh, my life is a happy dream;
And when I'm with my dear, then my joys still sweeter seem.
We met again last night, and as on the porch we sat,
My friends they all did ask, "Whose sweet smile is that?"

How brilliant and how mirthful is the light of her blue eyes—
Happiness is pictur'd there.
She wears for me the sweetest smile; its beauty never dies—
Nothing with it can compare.
Soon the time will come when we are wed;
Underneath the marriage bell we'll stand, yes stand;
A festive dance we'll give you, followed by a gorgeous spread,
Souvenirs and music grand.—*Chorus.*

MY COUNTRY SWEETHEART.

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Words and Music by James Silver. Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

I have a sweetheart who lives in the country,
He raises potatoes and cabbage and corn;
He's not half so green as he looks from a distance,
He's a swell country farmer, as sure as you're born.
He comes into town ev'ry Saturday morning,
And brings in a big load of butter and cheese;
Then he takes me a-riding, 'way out in the country,
For a regular holiday go-as-you-please.

REFRAIN.

Rattlety, bang, the old cart goes over the road so fine;
Old horse on a run—oh, my, ain't it fun,
Riding along with this sweetheart of mine?
When we're out of sight, he squeezes me tight,
Maybe you think it ain't fun? He may be a gawk,
But I don't have to walk, when with this country sweetheart of mine.

He's got a nice, little home in the country,
A cute little farm about four miles from town,
With turkeys and ducks, and pigs in the clover,
And cute little guinea-pigs running around.
He says that he wants me to marry next summer,
I know that he loves me with all of his heart;
Then I'll milk the cows, and churn my own butter,
And drive him to town in my own horse and cart.—*Refrain.*

I Long to See the Old Home Once Again

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Words by Edward Steinhardt. Music by W. C. Parker.

The sailors of our squadron, 'neath Afric's torrid zone,
Had just received the letters sent by friends in distant homes;
And as one read his letters, with many a deep-drawn sigh,
A comrade, sitting near him, asked, "Bad news, lad, that you cry?"
The sailor's lips then quiver'd, and then the answer came:
"No, Jack, I do so long to see my old home once again.

CHORUS.

"I long to see the old home once again,
The old farm house, the rustic well,
To see the daisies in the field,
To watch the cows come from the dell.
I long to see my father's kindly face,
To feel again my mother's fond embrace,
See May, my wife, and little sister Jane—
Yes, I long to see the old home once again.

"To-day, a year ago, lad, I left my dear old home,
Far, far away, in distant lands for three years must we roam;
True, many sights we'll see, lad and many a curious place—
Far rather would I see, instead, my dear old mother's face;
And my young wife has written that I have a son to name—
Oh, Jack, I do so long to see my old home once again."—*Chorus.*

KISS ME ONCE FOR MAMMA.

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Words and Music by Al. Dunlap.

The evening shades had gathered; two lovers by the gate
Were standing in the starlight, the hour was growing late;
The time had come for parting, one kiss the lad did crave;
The maiden slyly shook her head, and then this answer gave:

CHORUS.

"No, you cannot kiss me, that would not be right;
Mamma would scold, I'm certain—no, you can't to-night."
But with a smile so roguish, as she shook back her golden hair,
She said, "Kiss me once for mamma, then I know she will not care."

He kissed the fair, young maiden, bade her a fond good-night,
For both their hearts were happy, and filled with love's delight;
The stars shone on and twinkled, just as they had before,
For oft they'd heard the story in the self-same way told o'er.—*Chorus.*

Long years have come and vanished: a maid with golden hair
Is standing by the gateway; she's young and she is fair.
Her lover stands beside her, and begs a parting kiss;
She gives the answer mamma gave when yet a winsome miss.—*Chorus.*

The Church Across the Way.

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came the parson's prayers to hear,
They little knew while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer my God to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Chorus.*

ONLY TO SEE MY MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Lincoln J. Pollak.

A soldier in a foreign camp a letter got one day
From dear, old father, in his native town so far away.
The letter ran, "When you were young, suspicion racked my brain,
I drove your mother from my side—she ne'er returned again;
But now I've learned that she was true"—the soldier sighed with pain,
And prayed that Heaven would grant his wish, he'd see her once again.

CHORUS.

Only to see my dear mother, only to hear her sweet voice,
Only to tell her I love her, and make her sad heart rejoice;
Only to ask her forgiveness, to say that I knew she was true;
Only to see my dear mother, kind Heaven, I pray unto you.

Soon came the call, "To arms, to arms;" he brushed away the tear;
He buckled on the trusty sword, and went forth without fear;
He fought the foe with might and main, troops rallied at his cheer,
But soon he fell, and tenderly they bore him to the rear.
At last he opened wide his eyes, a nurse was standing near,
He drew her to him, kissed her cheek, and murmured in her ear:—*Chorus.*

The village church-bells toll'd their lay, one cheery Christmas day,
"Peace be on high, good will to man," is what the chimes did say.
Before the altar knelt in prayer a husband, wife and son,
Who thanked kind Heaven they were there, and for the blessing done.
The mother nursed her boy to life, and on this Christmas morn,
Returned a happy, loving wife, in answer to her son.—*Chorus.*

THE GIRL WHO MADE HER FORTUNE IN THE BALLET.

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Words by F. Hawley Francka. Music by Arthur Trevelyan.

Now, we've heard a lot about the men who cut a mighty dash,
Accumulated cash, and gone upon the mash;
But I'll tell you of a maiden who did it in a flash,
And she did it, boys, by dancing in the ballet.

CHORUS.

And her mother took in washing, and her father lived on bluff,
And her brother was a tough, and her sister "up to snuff,"
But still the maid did only smile, she knew she'd make a mighty pile,
And she did it, boys, by dancing in the ballet.

There came a duke across the sea, who saw the maiden dance,
Her beauty did enhance, she won him with a glance;
He asked her to become his wife, she jumped straight at the chance,
And she did it, boys, by dancing in the ballet.

CHORUS.

But, on seeing mother washing, and hearing father bluff,
And meeting brother tough, and sister "up to snuff,"
He said it was an awful sin, and swore that he'd been taken in,
By the girl whom he saw dancing in the ballet.

Now, the maid and her relations, met the noble duke next night,
They punched him left and right, and would have killed him quite,
Had he not vowed to wed the maid, and put the matter right;
And she did it, boys, by dancing in the ballet.

CHORUS.

Now he helps mamma with washing, and laughs at papa's bluff,
And drinks with brother tough, and sister "up to snuff."
And the maid is now a dutchess fair, respected, courted ev'rywhere,
And she gained it all by dancing in the ballet.

Shingling the Rum-Seller's Roof.

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Words by Rev. Robert Whitaker. Music by Andrew Lagerquist, of Morris, Ill.

One night a poor wretch in a wayside saloon,
Who lingered half-drunken about,
Heard the voice of the rum-seller's wife, as she said,
"Go, put yonder drunken fool out."
The rum-seller laughed as he shrewdly replied,
In tones that would brook no reproof,
"Let him stay if he will, he is doing no harm—
The fellow is shingling our roof."

CHORUS.

Are you shingling the rum-seller's roof?
Are you shingling the rum-seller's roof?
While your own house decays,
Are you spending your days
In shingling the rum-seller's roof?

The months passed away, but he came not again,
The rum-seller noted with pain;
And seeking him out with hospitable air,
He begged his "old friend" to explain.
"You want me to visit again your saloon,
And ask why I linger aloof?
With thanks for your kindness, allow me to say,
Because I am shingling my roof."—*Chorus.*

Ye men who are shingling the rum-seller's roof
By robbing yourselves and your own,
Remember the winter of life draweth nigh,
And soon will the summer have flown;
'Twill little avail in the day of God's wrath
To offer high heaven the proof
That your house is now desolate only because
You've shingled some rum-seller's roof.—*Chorus.*

And woe to the man with the rum-seller's heart,
Who covers himself at the cost
Of manhood and womanhood, marred and despoiled—
Whose gain is that others are lost.
In the day when his house shall fall in on himself
The weight of his sins shall have proof;
When the lost whom he ruined shall crush him and cry,
"We shingled the rum-seller's roof."—*Chorus.*

—Sometimes the belle who seems to be stuck on her shape really has most of the shape stuck on her.—*Dallas News.*

I DONE KISS MY HONEY.

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Words and Music by Charles F. Jerome.

'Twas at a 'possum dinner, given by Matilda Skinner,
That first I met Miss Ruby Anna Brown;
She's six foot tall and skinny, all the way from old Virginn
She broke the hearts of all the coons in town.
'Twas dancing in the lanciers, the gayest of all dancers,
I squeezed her hand—she fainted dead away.
When she came two or three, she threw a glance at me;
"I love my honey boy," I heard her say.

CHORUS.

Oh, I done kissed my honey in the bright moonlight,
I done kissed my honey when the stars shone bright;
I'll never leave you honey, your true love I'll remain—
I put my arms around my babe and kissed her once again.

When dinner it was over, and the coons were all in clover,
A crap game it was started on the spot;
The coons that had the price were speculating with the dice,
And the way I lost my stuff it made me hot.
"Come seven, come eleven, come down from nigger heaven,
My baby wants a new dress very soon."
Miss Ruby she did grin; I collared all the tin—
She christened me her little sporty coon.—*Chorus.*

Is that Mother Bending o'er Me?

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

A dread alarm has sounded the battle's harsh command—
"To arms!" the martial roll of fife and drum,
For while daylight is breaking, a skirmish is at hand—
The enemy upon the camp has come.
Amid the flying bullets a soldier-boy falls low;
When battle's o'er they bear him to the rear.
He dimly sees his comrades, who hover to and fro,
And feebly utters, "Is that mother dear?"

REFRAIN.

"Is that mother bending o'er me? my cheek feels the kiss of her breath;
Oh, say that she stands here before me to soften the parting at death."

That brave lad's wound is mortal, he'll never fight again,
And ev'ry moment brings him to the last;
But the vision of his mother has eased the awful pain
And gladdened eyes that show death's solemn cast.
He thinks his mother's near him—he feels her soothing hand—
His lips move now to kiss her tears away.
"Don't weep for me, dear mother, I've died for native land—
Just kiss me once, a sweet good-bye for aye."—*Refrain.*

His Last Thoughts Were of You.

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Written by Edw. B. Marks. Composed by Jos. W. Stern.

In boyhood days I've read of two brothers, Jack and Ned,
Both loved the same sweet maiden years ago,
But so devoted they, Ned to Jack he said one day:
"You marry Jane, while far from here I'll go."
He went, they met no more 'till the breaking of the war,
When both brothers to the front they marched away.
Side by side they fought until for his country's flag Jack fell—
In recalling this sad scene Ned oft would say:

CHORUS.

His last thoughts were of you, his wife, his own, sweet darling Jane,
And the baby girl he knew in life he'd never see again.
"Dear Ned," said he, "when I'm at rest, return home I implore,
Protect the ones that I love best and leave them never more."

They found close to his breast this note to Ned addressed:
"If aught befalls, 'tis heaven's will divine
That you return again, for I know you once loved Jane
But sacrificed your happiness for mine."
The war came to a close, Ned returned, the story goes;
After many years his early love he wed.
As he sat at home with Jane, often-times he thought again
Of the day when he returned to her and said:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

A CRUEL HISS.

By Al. Overton.

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We left New York one summer's day, my old pal Jack and I,
For we were on the hog, you know, and thought the road we'd try;
We just blew in a million, which we both had in our minds—
We lost our minds in search of work, now our money we can't find.
Our first stop it was Hoboken, a nice town, I don't think;
If a fellow stops there over night, next day he'll take to drink.
My pard and I we found a place beneath an old woodshed;
Says Jack to me, "Come, let's bunk in and rest our weary head."

CHORUS.

Only a kick from a Dutch copper's boot,
Only a good swinging punch in the snoot—
The cop had his girl making love in the shed;
He thought we might queer him, so he left us for dead.

Now we have wandered many miles, we've traveled on our front:
We've had our share of trouble, boys, while for the grub we'd hunt.
At "slamming gates" you bet we're good, we're always out for "graft;"
When farmers tell us to saw wood we always have a laugh.
'Tis many moons since we have worked, the word gives us a chill—
If someone offered us a job I know we'd both get ill.
When we were boys it was not so, for we were light and gay,
But cigarettes and lager beer have put us here to-day.

CHORUS.

Only two tramps that are out for a meal,
Only two bums, always ready to steal;
Of all the towns that we have worked, New York is the best;
For "free graft" and "hang-outs," why she beats all the rest.

To Err Is Human, to Forgive, Divine.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Craving, craving for pity, a brother stands
Before the brother he wronged in days gone by;
"Help me, help me, forgive all the painful past;
I'm starving, brother, oh, help me or I die."
One is poor and lowly, one has shining gold,
The wealthy brother looks with scornful eyes—
Will he help the suppliant, will he e'er forgive?
Oh, hearken to his words as he replies:

CHORUS.

"I once was poor and struggling, you were honored in the land,
I once was nearly starving, you had riches at command,
I went to you so humbly and I asked a helping hand,
In my face you closed your door, oh, brother mine.
Now I am rich and you are poor, shall I revengeful be?
No, for the sake of old times, when we played at mother's knee,
You're still my brother—I forgive, share my prosperity,
To err is human, to forgive, divine."

Brooding, brooding alone in a darkened room,
A poor old father is mourning for his child;
Sadly, sadly he thinks of the daughter fair
Who by the tempter from home has been beguiled.
His eyes grow hot with tears, his heart grows hot with rage,
He thinks of how the base betrayer came;
A knock, the door is opened, his erring child is there,
And to the floor she sinks in abject shame.

CHORUS.

"Begone and quit my sight," he cries in accents stern and grim.
"You've streaked my hair with gray that day you fled away with him.
You broke your poor old mother's heart, her eyes in death are dim;
Begone, you are no longer child of mine."
But his heart goes back with anguish to the child that he loved best,
The daughter fair and stainless, ere she left the parents' nest.
And for her dear, dead mother's sake, he clasps her to his breast—
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Stitching, stitching, in poverty and in pain,
A woman's toiling to earn her children bread;
Daily, hourly, the needle ne'er seems to tire—
Ah, slaves must work, and their children must be fed.
See her drunken husband staggering in the room—
"Curse you, give me money. I must drink:
Come now, give the money, money, quick, I say"—
A blow, a kick, unconscious see her sink.

CHORUS.

In drink-besotted madness, he rains on her kicks and blows
'Till she lies there slowly dying—soon will end her earthly woes,
And she feebly murmurs, "Harry, oh, it darker, darker grows."
Then she babbles of the love of "auld lang syne."
Crash! the officers of justice burst the door into the room;
Will she speak the word and send her husband to a murd'rer's doom?
No, she loves him still, and silent bears her secret to the tomb—
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

BEND DOWN THY SOUL, LOVE.

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Words by Cora E. Chase. Music by E. R. Humphreys.

How can I tell thee, dearest, all that thou art to me?
Where is the mystic language can speak my thoughts of thee?
Bend down thy soul to listen, that my soul may speak to thine,
For only a soul to a soul can tell of a love that is deep as mine;
For only a soul to a soul can tell of a love that is deep as mine.

Like the shadow of palms in the desert, after the glow of the sun;
Like the tender hush of the midnight, when the fret of the day is done;
Like the scent of hidden flowers, like a breeze blown over the sea,
Like all things pure and fresh and fair, O love, art thou to me.
Bend down thy soul to listen, that my soul may speak to thine,
For only a soul to a soul can tell of a love that is deep as mine;
For only a soul to a soul can tell of a love that is deep as mine.

Parody on:

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

By Al. Overton.

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A passing policeman met a girl one day;
She walked beside him for she was no jay.
Said he to her quickly, "Now you all must pay,
For you know the captain pulls your leg to-day."
"Oh, I understand," said the maiden with a smile,
"You will get your money in a little while;
Call at the house, pet, when the madame's home;
She will fix it with you if you'll let us alone."

CHORUS.

When he arrived at the station the captain asked him for the "dough,"
And when he told him the story, said the captain, "My boy, you are slow;
If I had been there, you bet your socks, I would have got the coin,
For you know we can't live on our salary alone, so work the old Tenderloin."

Twelve months have passed, boys, things are not the same,
The Tenderloin's deserted, we all know who's to blame.
No more we see Marie, Jennie, Maud or Pearl,
They've all left New York City, in other towns they twirl.
Remember good old times, boys, and do not give up hope;
The cranks have got the town, boys, with them we cannot cope,
But in the distant future we'll have our fun again,
And the sporty darlings in New York will reign.

CHORUS.

Though our big town is much "better," we cannot forget what we've lost,
And could we bring back old times, boys, I know we would not mind the cost.
If any one thinks I'm wrong, boys, he must be a regular jay,
For we cannot but miss the old Tenderloin and wish it was here to-day.

Back to the Old Home Again.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

There's a place that will ne'er be forgotten by me,
'Tis the cottage wherein I was born,
And though years have rolled on, yet in fancy I see
It there, 'mid the tall waving corn.
'Twas humble, 'twas lowly, but ah, it contained
My nearest and dearest on earth,
And where'er I go, I am longing to be
Once more in the home of my birth.

CHORUS.

Back to the old home again, down in the old country lane,
Back to the spot I've never forgot, back to the old home again.

The green Ivy clustered around the old walls,
The breath of sweet flow'rs filled the air,
The birds built their nests in the cosey thatched roof,
Their songs drove away every care:
I'd roam through the meadows, I'd climb o'er the hill,
In childhood's sweet innocent glee,
My life was all sunshine, no sorrow or care—
Oh, how I am longing to be—*Chorus.*

I've seen many lands, but no place seemed so fair
As that dear little old-fashioned cot:
I've made many friends, but my dear parents' love
I've never, no, never forgot,
They're anxiously waiting to welcome me home,
They're eager their fond love to show:
I'm tired of the wand'rings and trials of life,
And so once again I will go—*Chorus.*

IF YOU'LL MARRY ME.

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Words by Dave Seymour. Music by Ed. W. Rowland.

A simple question I would ask, love, of you,
Will it be a happy task, oh, tell me true?
The love that dwells within my heart I can't suppress;
If I ask you marry me, oh, answer yes.

CHORUS.

You'll have the love of a heart fond and true if you'll marry me;
When stars cease to shine, then my love will decline—I'll constant be;
With you as my wife down the pathway of life, happy we shall be;
You I implore, the girl I adore, I love but thee.

If you'll be my little wife, I'll live for you,
Our home will be a paradise of love so true,
You the queen, to reign supreme, fond hearts we;
Love's honeymoon will never end if you'll marry me.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

By Al. Overton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Standing on the corner, one balmy summer's night,
Me and Jimmy Rafferty, we had an awful fight;
Rafferty was loaded with whiskey, ale and beer,
And when I told him he was drunk, he soaked me in the ear.

CHORUS.

North, south, east, west, I slammed him all around,
My Sunday girl she came along while we were on the ground,
She started in to holler—you ought to've heard her talk,
While I was murdering Rafferty on the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS.

Up the street, down the street, we wrestled and we fought,
I broke a two-dollar knife on him, which I had lately bought;
The girl jumped in to help me; says she, "My name is Rourke,
I'll show you's mugs what a tart can do on the sidewalks of New York."

CHORUS.

Oh, my! in the eye she jabbed him with a stick,
Poor Rafferty, he nearly croaked when Mamie threw a brick;
Just then in jumped a copper, who'd lately come from Cork,
And he decorated us with a club on the sidewalks of New York.

MY OLD, OLD LOVE.

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Words and Music by Rose Green Burton.

I saw a face in the street last night
That brought back the buried years;
The face of one that I might have wed,
And it filled my eyes with tears.
I loved her well, and she loved me, too,
But a shadow fell o'er our way,
And I linked my fate with another's love,
And she is my wife to-day.

REFRAIN.

Though I know that my wife has been faithful and true,
And her smile fills my soul with delight,
Yet my old, old love, and the choice of my heart,
Will be first in my dreams to-night.

Long years have passed, and but few regrets
Have lingered 'round my heart,
For she has been faithful and good and true,
And has acted a noble part.
I dare not think I would happier be
With the first sweet love of my youth,
For my dear, good wife is a treasure to me,
And has served me with love and truth.—*Refrain.*

The face I saw in the street last night
In my soul such thoughts have stirred,
That I shrink before my wife's sweet face
And am stung by each tender word.
The children who play around my knee,
And think me so good and wise,
Little dream of the thoughts that come to me
Of the love that never dies.—*Refrain.*

SWEET SIXTEEN.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by E. Jakobowski.

Ah, but the time of your delight is sweet, is sweet sixteen,
All too quickly it takes flight, does sweet, does sweet sixteen,
Day after day with joy is fill'd, pure as the note by throstle thrilled,
Countless the castles in Spain we build, at sweet, at sweet sixteen.
Blind, blissfully blind, a swan in ev'ry goose we find,
Bright, sunnily bright, the flow'r-strewn way that our steps invite.
Many a maid with a laughing lip, but an aching heart I ween, I ween,
Whose memory strays to the vanished days of sweet, of sweet sixteen.

Ah, but the time when skies are blue, is sweet, is sweet sixteen,
Hands are helpful and hearts are true, at sweet, at sweet sixteen.
Never a care or grief we know, all of life's roses thornless grow,
Only the balmy trade winds blow, at sweet, at sweet sixteen.
Dumb, graciously dumb, no whisper tells of storms to come,
Fair, really fair, the dreams we dream of a future bright.
Many a matron, with furrowed brow and silver'd locks, I ween, I ween,
Looks back thro' the years, thro' a mist of tears, to sweet, to sweet sixteen.

Come Back to Your Mother, Tom.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

A father and his only son were quarreling one day,
The boy, like other boys, was rather wild;
A mother stood between them for to shield her boy from harm;
Tho' wayward, still she loved her only child.
He ran away that evening, and his parents knew not where,
But ev'ry night the mother for him prays;
She kneels before his picture, which is hanging on the wall,
And with tearful eyes upraised, she softly says:

Chorus.

"Come back to your mother, Tom, ev'rything's forgiven;
We don't know whether you are dead, or whether you are living;
Your father wants to see you, Tom, we both are old and gray,
So come back to your mother, Tom, before we pass away."

'Tis Christmas, and the village bells are ringing out their chimes,
Proclaiming peace o'er land and o'er the foam;
An aged couple listen, while their eyes fill up with tears,
Their thoughts are for one far away from home.
When lo, a knock comes to the door, the mother she responds,
And then before her stands her truant boy;
His clothes are torn and tattered, but still he's her only son,
And with arms around his neck, she weeps with joy.

Chorus.

"You've come back to mother, Tom, ev'rything's forgiven;
We knew not whether you were dead, or whether you were living;
Your father wants to see you, Tom, we both are old and gray,
You've come back to the old folks, Tom, before we pass'd away."

CLARA BELLA BROWN.

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Words and Music by John W. Ransone.

I cannot keep the secret, it's a pleasure to divulge,
Dar's gwine to be a party, I invites yer to indulge;
Dar's gwine to be a weddin', not so very far from town,
And the gal that's gwine to marry, is Miss Clara Bella Brown.

Chorus.

Here I is, Miss Clara Bella, in my bran'-new gown,
I'm de gayest color'd gal dat lives in dis yere town.
All de coons dey call on me, from miles and miles aroun';
Black and yaller love Miss Bella, Clara Bella Brown.

He call'd on me last evening, just to woo and coo a bit;
De ring dat he fetch'd to me didn't any digit fit:
From thumb down to small finger was so very fat and round,
Not a ring was found in Tiffuy's to fit Clara Bella Brown.—*Chorus.*

—"Wonderful mouse-trap this, madame. May I show it to you?" "Don't want any mouse-traps; haven't a mouse in the house." "We can supply you with mice, madame, on most reasonable terms."

Parody on:

THE BOWERY.

By Wallace and Gray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

One night I thought I'd go out for a time,
Went to the Bowery and got on a shine;
Then I went staggering down the street,
Hat full of head and shoes full of feet.
Met a young girl, all dressed in brown,
I winked at her, and she knocked me down;
When she got through, my head was sore—
I'll never go there any more.

Chorus.

The Bowery, the Bowery, 'twould drive me insane to go there again;
The Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more.

In a saloon I then did go,
Where there was a free-and-easy show;
Nice little girls, some plump, some thin,
Gently tickled them under the chin.
Bouncers they came, and grabbed me quick,
Turned me 'round and gave me a kick,
Fired me quickly out through the door—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

Next I went into a ten-cent show,
Where the lights they were all aglow;
Went to see a big fat lady,
Dressed in tights, singing "Sweet Marie."
She made a kick at the chandlier,
Kicked so high that she fell on her ear;
You should have been there to hear the roar—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

Thought I'd go out for a sail one day,
Hired a boat and went out on the bay;
When out a mile, I took off my clothes,
Made a plunge, and in I goes.
Swimming around, up came a squall,
Took my boat, and my clothes and all,
Dressed in an ash-barrel home I tore—
I'll never go there any more.—*Chorus.*

LIVING PICTURES.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

On a warm summer's eve, I'd nothing to do,
So I thought I would stroll up Broadway;
Says I, "I will go into some music hall,
And there a quiet hour pass away."
I saw all the show, then started to go,
When an usher asked me for to wait.
I said, "I can't stay;" he answered, "You jay,
The living pictures are great."

Chorus.

Oh the pictures that I went to see,
They have cost me lots of misery;
My wife is mad, of course, she's getting a divorce,
Just because I saw the living pictures.

The first one I saw was a group of young girls,
The scene was a harem, they said;
I asked someone how much the picture would cost,
And the ladies around me all turned red.
The next represented Adam and Eve,
They were dressed up in fig-leaves, that's all,
I shouted, "Hooray!" but someone did say,
"Oh, throw him out of the hall."

Chorus.

Oh, the pictures that I went to see,
They still linger in my memory;
I've lost my good wife, Jane, I think I'll go insane,
Ever since I saw the living pictures.

When the show it was o'er, I stood at the stage-door,
A few of the pictures to see;
I invited just nine, with me out to dine,
They all said they would go with me.
They said I look'd sweet, and asked me to treat
To a bottle of frapped champagne;
When I spent all my cash, they fled like a flash,
And left me to sing this refrain:

Chorus.

Oh, the pictures that I went to see!
Married men, now take advice from me:
If you want to hold your wife, and lead a quiet life,
Never go to see the living pictures.

—Music is the goddess of all the Arts.

KIND WORDS.

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Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

Kind words are spoken never in vain;
No hearts are broken from their refrain;
Music to our ears, sweetest and best,
Through all the long years stored in the breast.

REFRAIN.

Kind words, when spoken, will cause us no sigh;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky.

Kind words, oh, stranger! mem'ry will bring
You out of danger back to love's spring;
Dwell now and ever in our dear home,
Kind words will never cause us to roam. —*Refrain.*

Kind words will perish, not in the night,
Oh, how we cherish them with delight;
Brave, manly token, not cruel and cold,
Live on unbroken, when we are old.—*Refrain.*

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD HOME AFTER ALL.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

When I left school long years ago, I was a wayward child,
I took delight in any sport which happened to be wild,
Kind parents never could control the mischief strong in me,
'Till, heedless of their good advice, I ran away to sea.
I thought of all the happiness that now would surely come,
When I should be away from those who ruled me when at home,
But after all the weary years that since have passed away,
My thoughts return to those at home, and tearfully I say:

CHORUS.

It may not be a mansion, with roses 'round the door,
It may not have a parlor, with carpet on the floor,
But when you're far away, in sorrow you will say,
"There's no place like the old home after all."

In many foreign lands I've been since I began to roam,
Yet I have met no friends who could compare with those at home,
There naught but loving words prevail, in sickness or in health,
And anxious parents welcome you, in poverty or wealth,
Then wayward sons and daughters have a thought for parents dear,
To-night at home your vacant chairs will cause them many a tear;
So nourish and protect them while this earth they are upon,
You'll miss the dear old folks at home when they are dead and gone.—*Chorus.*

Too Late, My Love, Too Late.

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Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

"Yes, I'll be faithful to you, Jack,
I'll watch and wait for thee,
And I'll be thine when you come back;"
Then his big ship went out to sea.
He sailed o'er the ocean, two weary years,
How bright was the morning he homeward steers?
Once more with friends, he smiles thro' tears;
"But where's my sweetheart, May?"
And when they tell that she is wed,
Poor Jack could only say:

CHORUS.

"Too late, my love, too late, the happy dream is over;
Too late, my love, too late, oh, I ne'er can love another;
My life was thine, I thought thee mine, oh, how you promised to wait,
Another came, your heart to claim—it's too late, my love, too late."

A few unhappy years roll'd by,
And what a change we find;
Young May, a widow, now doth sigh
For the true love she left behind.
She hears of his illness, forgets all pride,
Returns to the old home, to his bedside.
"Have pity, Jack," she wildly cried,
"Forgive me, love, I pray,
For now we'll wed, no more to part;"
Then poor Jack, in tears, did say:—*Chorus.*

OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

To-day an odd thing happen'd, that recalled the by-gone years,
When life seem'd fraught with sunshine, when sweet smiles dispelled all fears;
In a half forgotten casket, in a dusty, cobweb nook,
I found some old love-letters, that read like a fairy book.

CHORUS.

Old love-letters, tied with ribbon blue;
Letters from the sweetheart that I once thought true.
Still I fondly read them, tho' my heart may throb and break;
Old love-letters, just for old love's sake.

Then day-dreams seemed more golden, for I thought my love was true;
I pictured home an Eden, where, contented, dwelt we two.
But another stole the treasure of the heart, since passed away,
And thus our romance ended with these letters found to-day.—*Chorus.*

OUR DRIVE.

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Words and Music by Walter De Frece.

Tom's girl, Nell, and my girl, Rose, they lately look'd quite sad;
We arranged to drive them out.
So we hired a double rig, that didn't look half bad,
With a first-rate horse, for the price, of course, and horsily we clad.
Then, with hearts gay, we drove off to the square,
To meet our darlings there: and what a sight they were!
So up we jumped them, Rose with me behind,
And the nag Tom whipp'd, 'till he fairly skipp'd, and made off like the wind.

CHORUS.

Oh, I say, we were a jolly lot, didn't care a jot, tho' the pace was hot;
Laugh'd and joked, all troubles we forgot, the day we went our drive.

Such a pace we went, we soon had left the town behind—
How that blessed cart did jog.
We canoodled, and in my embrace dear Rose reclined,
'Till a sudden lurch, sent me off my perch, with poor Rose still entwined.
With a bump, then, we came against the ground,
But, in a single bound, my way to Tom I found;
I punched his head, I tell you, 'twas no jest,
But we stopped the fray, to pull Rose away from jumping on Nell's chest.

CHORUS.

Oh, I say, we were a jolly lot, didn't care a jot, tho' the pace was hot;
Cursed and swore; and black eyes we all got, the day we went our drive.

Took us quite an hour before the girls we pacified,
Then we rearranged our dress.
Tom and Nell got up behind, for I'd resolved to drive;
Then we made a start, like an ambulance cart, with a base-ball team outside.
Horse-luck still!—then the girls commenced again.
I quickly dropped the rein, when in a style insane,
With no control, the horse jumped off like mad,
Sent the girls in fits, smashed the rig in bits—to walk home then we had.

CHORUS.

Oh, I say, we were a lively lot, trudg'd home tir'd and hot, horse to pay I've got,
And my new clothes, drinks would buy the lot—we didn't enjoy our drive.

Riding in the Heavenly Row-Boat.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Riding in the heavenly row-boat, heading for the promised land,
Guided by the heavenly music played by the Big Black Angel Band;
Dip my feet in Jordan's water, draw the sin from my body out,
Then I'll enter, pure and spotless, that place niggers all dream about.

CHORUS.

Wait 'till Zion's ready, then pull long and steady,
Hug the shore, look out, don't get out where the current's strong,
There the danger's lurking, keep them oars a working,
Don't you bob your head around, but speed that boat along.

Riding in the heavenly row-boat, steering for the golden shore,
Get on board, repentant sinners, jump in position, grab an oar:
Wait 'till you hear old Gabriel's trumpet toot, then dip, don't you dip too deep,
As you pass on through Hell Gate, don't wake satan up, let him sleep.—*Chorus.*

THE SECRET OF THE WAVES.

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Words by Frank B. Young. Music by A. O. Duncan. Arranged by Fred White.

The night was calm, the moon's pale light on the rippling waters shone,
The twinkling stars like diamonds bright set in that mighty throne.
She stood alone on the ocean's shore and her heart with hope did burn,
While from her soul went out a pray'r for her loved one's safe return,
While from her soul went out a pray'r for her loved one's safe return,
For her loved one's safe return.

REFRAIN.

The murmuring waves, as they rose and fell,
Would not their mournful secret tell—
Her loved one she would see no more, his soul had taken flight
To its home upon another shore, the ship went down that night;
Her loved one she would see no more, his soul had taken flight
To its home upon another shore, the ship went down that night.

Ah, me! she sighed, where can he be? I am weary waiting here;
I'll not believe him false to me, my darling boy so dear.
He said, my love, I will be true where I go, whate'er betide,
And surely I'll return to you, never more to leave your side;
And surely I'll return to you, never more to leave your side,
And never more to leave your side.

REFRAIN.

The murmuring waves, as they rose and fell,
Would not their mournful secret tell—
Her loved one she would see no more, his soul had taken flight
To its home upon another shore, the ship went down that night;
Her loved one she would see no more, his soul had taken flight
To its home upon another shore, the ship went down that night.

Ere morn she knew the sad, sad truth—death had claimed her darling boy
And left her life scarce in its youth without a hope or joy.
She prayed to Him who doeth all things right from a heart filled to the brim,
He could not come to me to-night, please let me go to him;
He could not come to me to-night, please let me go to him.

REFRAIN.

The murmuring waves, as they rose and fell,
Kept not their secret deep and well—
Her loved one she would see no more, his soul had taken flight
To its home upon another shore, the ship went down that night;
Her loved one she would see no more, his soul had taken flight
To its home upon another shore, the ship went down that night.

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

By Thomas W. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There's a Spaniard by the name of Mike McGee,
Who went out one afternoon upon a spree,
And he lost both of his legs kicking bung holes out of kegs,
Now they're shorter than they ever used to be.
Pat O'Toole came 'round one day to see McGee,
And he told him he was sorry as could be;
Poor McGee says "I am sick, but, of course, I cannot kick,
And I want to ask a favor, dont you see?

CHORUS.

"Come to me," said McGee, "and lend me three,
And you'll make me just as happy as can be;
I will pay you back and treat
When I get upon my feet."
Then O'Toole got up and skipped the tra-la-lee.

In my song I'll sing about two naughty fleas,
Who came in from Jersey City with the breeze;
On a stoop they sat one day and a word they didn't say,
Till a dog came by whose name was Sweet Marie.
This poor dog was out of sight and couldn't see,
He was walking, but he didn't have a flea;
As he passed those flealets by they both winked the other eye,
For they wouldn't do a thing with Sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Sweet Marie didn't see either one of these two fleas,
Though she lived in this great land of the free;
But one flea says to the other,
"Just get on to him, dear brother,"
Then they gave that dog ta-ra-ra-boom-ta-ree.

—Professor (describing ancient Greek theatre): "And it had no roof." Junior (sure he has caught the professor in a mistake): "What did they do when it rained?" Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment): "They got wet, sir."

Parody on:

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

Composed and Sung by James S. Carpenter.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

A passing policeman to a female spoke,
Placed his arm around her, gave a gentle stroke;
He spoke to her kindly, "What's your name?" said he;
Lifting up her vail she said, "You can plainly see."
The face that stared out at him threw him in a fit.
"You're a dirty loafer, at you I could spit:
At last I have caught you, I could break your jaw!"
For the little feature was his mother-in-law.

CHORUS.

"Don't try to sneak away, darling, I will see you go right home;
I will keep my eye upon you, for I'll not let you alone.
Your wife had a babe in her arms when I left her alone this morn;
When she gets you there and is through with your hair you'll wish you had never [been born."

A young girl was walking one day down the street,
Where just by chance a young dude she did meet.
"Where are you going, pray, dear Miss?" said he.
"I have lost my mamma; find her, please, for me."
He started out to find her, but he got full of beer;
Then the little damsel she did disappear,
His watch and chain went also with his full week's pay;
Now while he is sleeping you can hear him say:

CHORUS.

"Do not leave me, little darling, for you have my watch and chain;
I will keep right close beside you until I get it again.
I was a jay in your hands when you gave me the slip that day,
Filled me with beer, then done me the queer and stole all my wealth away."

Parody on:

HE NEVER CARES TO WANDER FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

By Thomas W. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Different men have different whiskers for to give the wind a chance,
And my wife has pulled them often when she starts her song and dance.
She tells me that she loves me dearly, when she dies she'll surely burn;
Every night she nails my trousers and goes through them for my coin.

CHORUS.

She never cares to wander from her own fireside,
She knows her book too well to go and roam;
But some day I'll fly the coop
And I'll leave her in the soup;
There'll be rooms to let at home, sweet home.

There's a dear young husband sitting by his fireside so bright.
And he dares not leave the mansion; if he does, there'll be a fight,
For his wife she weighs three hundred and her hands are full of claws,
While poor Willie weighs but ninety—that's the reason why, because—

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He dreams of great big schooners filled with foam;
If he dares to make a crack
She will split him up the back,
And she'd murder him at home, sweet home.

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By Thomas W. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

A tramp once gazed on a hot free lunch,
A thing he'd not seen for days,
And he thought what a trick he could do with it,
If the price of a beer he could raise:
For he had money long years ago, though now he hadn't a sou,
For he had turned to a bum, my boys, by two little girls in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls who knew
Two simple lillies, but they were no gillies and knew a thing or two;
Two little bashful maidens who met this fly young man
They kissed and they cooed, and they broke the poor dude, so that's why he [carries a can.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, who stuck to the jay like glue,
He had money, they all felt funny, and didn't know what to do;
Two little girls quite new, lad, who didn't know a thing,
But one gave a wink and said, let's get a drink, then the reuben started to sing.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls he blew,
One drank a whiskey, the other sixty, it cost him a hundred or two;
Two little girls who flew, lad, and left him alone in the rain:
Now he drives on a cable and sleeps in a stable, he'll never go there again.

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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Words by Frank Young. Music by A. O. Duncan. Arranged by Fred White.

How oft we watch the players and they seem so light and gay,
We wonder if they really feel the happy parts they play;
The dancer, as she lightly trips in the footlight's glare,
She is to us the brightest one of all assembled there.

REFRAIN.

But could we only linger, could we only see,
The actor and the dancer, how different they would be;

CHORUS.

After the curtain falls, when the lights are low,
After the play is over and merrily home we go—
Many a cry of sadness is heard within those walls,
The scene is shifted, the veil is lifted, after the curtain falls.

The rich man he has got to pay whate'er his cares may be,
To keep his family pride, the debt he owes society;
His friends will gather 'round him, and so well he plays his part,
They dance and sing and drink his health with envy in each heart.

REFRAIN.

But could they only linger, could they only see,
That proud man and his family, how different they would be.—*Chorus.*

And so you'll find in every life a stage on which we play
Our brightest parts, and hide our sorrows from the light of day;
We greet each other with a smile, we're actors one and all,
And should you try to read our hearts we let the curtain fall.

REFRAIN.

But could you only linger, could you only see,
Our bright and smiling faces, how different they would be.—*Chorus.*

Raffle for a Waterbury Watch.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

We took two tickets, Dan and me, last Sunday afternoon,
While strolling down to Casey's for a walk,
To aid the little widow of the late Michael Muldoon,
The tickets for her benefit we bought:
It was to be a raffle for a Waterbury watch,
And carried by her husband, that was Mike,
While the throwing was to be at the house of Dan Magee,
Eight o'clock the following Monday night.

CHORUS.

There was throwing there by Brady, Granigan and Grady,
Riley threw the highest—forty-three:
Then Casey says, "I'll beat you." "If you do," says he, "I'll treat you,
But I hardly think you're in it, Dan, with me."

Now Casey threw three sixes every time he turned the box,
Then Brady says, "Bedad, you're out of sight:"
Then Riley yelled, "Be heavens, he shall never get the watch,
He has the dices fixed this blessed night."
'Twas then they started throwing ev'rything within their reach,
While Kelly hollered fight, and got it hard,
Though he wasn't all to blame, yet he got it all the same,
Then threw him over in the Dutchman's yard.

CHORUS.

There was throwing there by Mooney, Rafferty and Rooney,
Duffy threw McCarty to the floor:
Then Murphy grabbed McGuigan, just then some one took O'Swigan,
And out they went together through the door.

The house was in disorder from the bottom to the top,
The neighbors thought the place was burning down;
They all were throwing something, and of course it didn't stop
'Till furniture lay broken on the ground.
Then some one threw O'Reagan to the bottom of the stairs,
And Riley he was mad, to tell the truth,
For he took old McElwee, Darby Connor and Magee,
And threw them off the second-story roof.

CHORUS.

There was throwing there by Hagan, Flaherty and Fagan,
Murphy threw O'Reardon down the well;
Dolan grabbed the table, then some one threw the cradle,
Then the coppers threw the rest into a cell.

FINALE.

While the band played "Annie Laurie,"
And "Down Went McGinty," too;
Then they ran in "Annie Rooney,"
Dressed in the "Red, White and Blue."

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE

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Words by Frank Young. Music by A. O. Duncan. Arranged by Fred White.

While roaming the garden one morning in May
A butterfly spied a rose,
Nodding her head in the sun's bright ray,
The loveliest flower that grows;
He spread out his gaudy wings and flew
To her as the zephyr blows,
And whispered low as he kissed the dew:
I love you, my pretty rose.

CHORUS.

The butterfly and the rose, no happier pair than they;
All day he would sip from her bright red lip and merrily fly away.
Never a care had he, never a thought had she,
That in nature's fair bow'r there's many a flow'r, and a butterfly life is free.

One morning, awaiting with hope aglow
Her beautiful butterfly,
Sighing her poor little head fell low,
As fluttering he passed her by,
And straight to another flower he sailed
And settled in sweet repose.
She heard him say as her red cheek paled:
I love you, my pretty rose.—*Chorus.*

THE MOTTO ABOVE THE DOOR.

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Words by Frank Young. Music by A. O. Duncan. Arranged by Fred White.

There's a spot within my memory I will ever fondly love,
The little room where first I saw the light:
It was humble, but the richest of blessings from above,
Content and peace were there from morn till night.
No grand, no costly furniture, no lace, no velvet there,
But oh, what comfort sitting in each dear old-fashioned chair.
"What is home without a mother?" I've read it o'er and o'er,
The motto that hung above the door.

CHORUS.

A dear little room, in sorrow and gloom
I left it for evermore:
Where'er I may roam I'll think of my home
And the motto above the door.

I can see my mother knitting by the cheerful fireside,
And hear her telling stories by the score,
Of the days when she was happy and my father's loving bride,
To myself and brother, sitting on the floor.
I ever will remember the night she passed away:
I felt as if the light had gone forever from the day,
And those words they seemed to thrill me as they never did before,
The motto that hung above the door.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

MAGGIE MOONEY.

By Geo. J. Southwick.

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On a stormy night, when the lamps shone dim,
And ev'rything was still,
Sat a bum soubrette in her dressing room,
Gazing on an old board bill.
Now this little queen she was billed sixteen,
And her son's age was the same;
You would seldom meet a girl with feet
So large, it was a shame.

CHORUS.

She is pretty nearly "looney," she's a sight to see!
The eggs are thrown each evening at all her company.
You all may have the nightmare and things which make you flee,
But none can equal this same Maggie Mooney.

Ev'ry morning she has to walk, you see,
To some other "jay" town,
For the sheriff never once forgets
On the box office to "come down."
When she wants a meal, why, she works off "comps,"
She's a "dead cold beat," it's plain;
I have often said, when she is dead
She'll never act again.—*Chorus.*

CHEER UP, SAD HEART.

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Words by Frank B. Young. Music by A. O. Duncan. Arranged by Fred Smith.

One night, while sad and lonely, when hope from me had fled,
My heart within was heavy, I wished that I were dead;
And as my weary eyelids closed on the ling'ring tear,
A voice as if from heaven stealing whispered in my ear,
A voice as if from heaven stealing whispered in my ear:

CHORUS.

Cheer up, sad heart; cheer up, sad heart, and banish the falling tear;
Though the clouds above are dark, the sky beyond is clear.
There's health for you, there's wealth for you,
And to make your blessings three, one that's good and one that's true
Is coming with love for thee, is coming with love for thee.

And as I sweetly slumbered all through the silent night,
I saw the future rising, the past sink out of sight;
And when at daylight's dawning the god of sleep took flight,
I heard that voice still softly singing the song of a future bright,
I heard that voice still softly singing the song of a future bright.—*Chorus.*

Take Him to Your Heart Again.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Take him to your heart again, let the past be now forgot;
Years have brought him grief and pain, sad has been the wand'rer's lot.
Once you thought him fond and dear, must his pleading be in vain?
Smile once more his life to cheer, take him to your heart again.

CHORUS.

Ah, forgive him, do not leave him, tears bedim his manly eye;
Let his plea be not in vain, take him to your heart again;
And although you think him faithless, take him to your heart again.

Take him to your heart again, though you thought he was untrue;
Though he left your side in pain, yet his love he left with you.
Think of plighted vows you told—must those words be all in vain?
For the love you had of old, take him to your heart again.—*Chorus.*

Take him to your heart again, happy days once more recall;
Hasty words brought only pain, he has sorrowed for them all.
One sweet glance would bring him joy, let his love be not in vain;
Must one error all destroy? Take him to your heart again.—*Chorus.*

Upon Life's Ocean Cast Away.

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Words and Music by George J. Southwick.

The scene is in a concert hall, 'midst revelry and song,
Where wine and women help to lure the dreary hours along.
A girl, once fair, sits all alone; with tears her eyes are wet;
Her heart for home and mother yearns, ah! these she can't forget.
She's but a homeless outcast now, none ever speak her name,
Turned from the door with father's curse, though she was not to blame.
It simply is the old, sad tale, her lover she believed,
And listened to his vows or love, confided—was deceived.

CHORUS.

Many a soul we'll find to-day,
Upon life's ocean cast away,
With ne'er a helping hand in sight,
To lead them back where life is bright;
Many an aching heart bereft,
With not one hope of solace left,
Pleads in despair for help to-day,
Upon life's ocean cast away.

A sad old man who sees the girl, comes over to her side:
"My dear," he says, "why do you cry? won't you in me confide?
I pity you in your distress, believe me, I'm sincere,
For I once had a daughter fair, who's gone astray, I fear;
For years I've searched for her in vain; she sinned, ah! yes, I know,
But I've forgiven ev'rything, I long to tell her so!"
The girl now lifts her drooping head, the old man gives a cry;
It is his long lost daughter, Nell, he'd wronged in days gone by.—*Chorus.*

O'erjoyed, he tells his daughter, then, that he will pardon all,
If she will to her home return, where harm cannot befall.
Says he, "I'm sorry for you, dear, 'twas wrong to treat you so,
But we'll go back to mother now, your story none shall know.
She answers, "Yes, I will return to home and mother dear,
For, sheltered by a mother's love, I've nothing more to fear."
And so they dwell together now, Nell has no wish to roam,
And all is happiness to-day, within that dear old home.—*Chorus.*

NOT A WORD.

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Words and Music by Gus Williams.

I was born out in the country, on a quiet little farm,
And knew nothing of the city and its ways,
Until about a year ago an incident occurred,
That showed me that experience always pays.
I got a "green goods" circular in which the writer said
I could be rich, if on him I would call;
I did so, and I bought the goods, but when my home I reached
I found it was green paper after all.

CHORUS.

Now, there's not a word, not a single word,
That was strong enough to suit me, don't you know;
But upon my word, if there was a word,
'Twould have been a treat to 've heard me let her go.

In company with ladies once I entered a street car;
It was crowded, and we hung on by the straps;
A burly looking fellow, who was evidently drunk,
Used language vile, to say the least, perhaps.
Of course, in such a place like that, and with the ladies, too,
I could do naught but look on him with scorn;
My temper it was ruffled when this great, big, burly brute
In going out stepped "bang" upon my corn.—*Chorus.*

I was informed some time ago that on a certain night
I was to be presented with a watch;
I wrote a speech, a good one, too, in which I thanked my friends,
And studied it, so not to make a botch.
'Twas. "When I saw the face of it, to me it would recall
My friends, and that the hands would then explain,
The hands grasped in good fellowship," but when the night arrived
I thought I'd die, for they gave me a cane.—*Chorus.*

JUST TO BE OBLIGING.

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By Wm. B. Glenroy and Henry Lamb.

When but a child my home I left to battle life alone;
Before I started father said in soft and gentle tone:
"Where'er on earth you chance to roam, whate'er be your intent,
Be sure to bear in mind one thing, it does not cost a cent—

REFRAIN.

"Just to be obliging, just to be polite;
Always be obliging, you will find this motto right.
Where'er on earth you travel you'll find it to your gain;
If you treat a man politely, he will call on you again."

While standing on a corner once a lady said to me:
"Won't you, please, hold my baby, sir? A favor it will be."
She looked to be respectable, in manners and in dress,
And, taking up the little one, I told the lady yes.

REFRAIN.

Just to be obliging, just to be polite;
Suddenly she turned around and ran with all her might.
She left the baby with me, I've looked for her in vain;
I will not be so obliging in a case like that again.

I staggered home last Friday night as drunk as I could be,
I called my wife to help me up the stairs to bed, you see.
"Get out, you brute!" she answered back, "this spree you will repent;
I hope you'll fall and break your neck!" Then backward down I went.

REFRAIN.

Just to be obliging, just to be polite;
Always try and please your wife, for you will find it's right.
I thought I was a goner, while lying there in pain;
You can bet your life I'll not go home when I get drunk again.

A jay got on a horse-car where a sign hung o'er the door,
Which read the company objects to spitting on the floor,
And looking down he noticed that the floor was very neat,
And careful not to break the rules, he spit upon the seat.

REFRAIN.

Just to be obliging, just to be polite;
People sitting opposite began to scream with fright;
The driver loudly shouted, "Young man, are you insane?"
And the big conductor punched him, so he'll not do that again.

—Mrs. Plaindame, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster-cast of Shakespeare, remarked: "Poor man, how pale he was! He couldn't have been well when he was taken." "No," replied Fogg, "he was dead." "Ah, that accounts for it," said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

Still I Keep You in My Heart.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

You have broken vows that bound us, you have left me lone and drear;
You have brought a shadow 'round us that will never disappear,
Yet the joy of days now olden from me ever more shall part,
Thinking of our moments golden, still I keep you in my heart.

CHORUS.

Still I keep you in my heart, tho' we never more shall meet.
Ev'ry night and day for you I pray, you come in mem'ry sweet;
Tho' we said our last farewell, and our fate it was to part,
You are not near, but ever dear, still I keep you in my heart.

For another's love you left me, after calling me your own,
Of the sweetest joy bereft me, that a heart has ever known;
But I never can forget you, though we're dwelling far apart,
And I never more may meet you, still I keep you in my heart.—*Chorus.*

NELL, THE BOWERY BELLE.

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Words and Music by Percy Paxton.

I'm known as dashing Nell, the Bow'ry Belle,
Mash-making, always taking, tidy Bow'ry Belle;
Certain sure you'll like me when you know me very well,
My looks and winning manner's sure to tell.
When promenading, the swells that by me pass,
Fill me with spasms when they eye me thro' their glass;
When they ask, "Who is the beauty?" some one's sure to tell,
"Why, don't you know? that's Nell, the Bow'ry Belle."

CHORUS.

Don't you overlook the fact, when I go on the street,
Though I'm not of the upper crust, I give the boys a treat;
They lift their hats, then wink and smile, and pose for me as well,
This quite amuses Nell, the Bow'ry Belle.

I'm not the love-sick maiden—she won't do—
That mamma idolizes, likewise papa too;
I don't fear to ruin my complexion's ruddy hue,
If I should stroll out in the falling dew.
I'm not a Venus or Diana, but still I
Think I can outshine both, and wouldn't have to try;
I hypnotize all my rivals, with my magic spell,
They can't compete with Nell, the Bow'ry Belle.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.

By Will H. Barry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There was once a simple gilly, came to Gotham on a trip,
And her golden hair was in a Psyche knot.
Her cheek it was phenomenal, she'd a bunion on her lip,
And her golden hair was in a Psyche knot.
When she landed at the station here, she took a little ball,
And she kept the ball a rolling 'till she couldn't stand at all,
Then she stepped on a banana peel, and her pride it got a fall,
And her golden hair was in a Psyche knot.

CHORUS.

But, oh, Jane! doesn't feel the same—
When she left the village she was fly,
But alas! and alack! she's gone back,
With a black and blue abrasion on her eye.

She toddled down the Bowery, a sunset glow upon her face,
And her golden hair was in a Psyche knot.
A bit of pink court-plaster held her nose back in its place,
And her golden hair was in a Psyche knot.
Of course she lost her bearings, she'd been filling in all night,
She monopolized the sidewalk, staggering from the left to right,
And when a copper spoke to her, she challenged him to fight,
And her golden hair was in a Psyche knot.—*Chorus.*

—Many people want to get in the swim for divers reasons.

Parody on:

SWEET MARIE.

By Wallace and Gray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've a charming little pet, Sweet Marie,
And one evening she sat on my knee,
When her dad came marching in.
He had whiskers on his chin,
And he raised an awful din over me;
When he grabbed this ear of mine, Sweet Marie,
I wished that I could climb the chimney,
For he took me to the door,
Kicked as I ne'er felt before,
And a copper then did roar, "Mike McPhee,

CHORUS.

"Mike McPhee, come with me, come with me, Mike McPhee,
Though your face you try to hide, I know thee."
And I'm sorry for to tell, in my rival's hands I fell,
And he placed me in a cell—number three.

Then he searched me through and through, Sweet Marie,
And he took my mountain dew all from me,
Placed the bottle to his head,
Drank 'til all the gin had fled,
Then he turned to me and said, "None for thee."
Next he took me into court, Sweet Marie,
And the judge's words were short unto me;
He got up and sternly says,
"You will have to mend your ways,
And at present sixty days I'll give thee."

CHORUS.

"Mike McPhee, come with me, come with me, Mike McPhee,
To the cell which you just left—number three;
You've been wild, but you'll get tame, and that little maid I'll gain,
Who answers to the name Sweet Marie."

Parody on:

HE DIDN'T SPLIT THE WOOD.

By Wallace and Gray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Give me your attention for about a year or two,
And I will tell to you all about a man I knew:
He went out on the mash, and caught two little girls in blue—
Their age was twenty-two, if what they said was true:
He took them to a restaurant, and bought an oyster stew
And a bottle of sherry, and after they were through,
He handed them his pocket-book, and those two girls in blue,
Blue in all the stuff he had—*Symphony.*

CHORUS.

When all his money was gone, they gave him the slip—
They left him sitting all alone, and out they both did skip;
Well, he had went out for fun, and he got it—
Where the chicken got the axe—*Symphony.*

The boy stood on his father's neck, and stole his diamond pin,
He pawned it for some gin, got full and got run in,
But at the court, next day, his father paid the fine for him,
And the boy returned again, but he didn't return the pin.
The boy then said he'd join a temperance society,
His dad gave him a dollar, for to pay the entrance fee;
When the boy came home again he was a sight to see—
He walked about like this—*Symphony.*

CHORUS.

When his dad saw him like that, his eyes began to blink,
He got a cop and had him arrested in a wink,
And ever since that day the boy has never took a drink—
He'll be out the fourth of May—*Symphony.*

A fakir struck a little town, away out west one night—
He was out there for his health, and to try to get some wealth:
He had the three shell game, and thought the old hayseeds would bite,
And he whistled to himself—*Whistle.*
The fakir thought that he would win their stuff, without a doubt;
Said he, "On the morrow, you bet, I'll clean them out;"
But sometimes, when you don't expect it, changes come about—
Now this was one of them, I'll tell you how it was:

CHORUS.

Next morning the fakir strolled into the bar—
He really looked a daisy, as he lit a mild cigar;
That fakir rode into town upon a palace car—
He rode out on a rail—*Symphony.*

The other night a friend asked me if I'd lend him a hand
For to put up a stove; of course, I said I would;
It didn't take us long to put the stove where it should stand,
And everything went right, 'till it came to join the pipe.
I held a length, while he tried to join an elbow onto it:
He'd think for sure he'd have it joined, when away it all would slip;
My friend he got so ripping mad, he fell down in a fit—
But he didn't fit the pipe.

Parody on:

I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There's a little spot in Spottsville, and there are other spots,
Dirt and grease spots you will find upon your clothes;
But I am a little spotter, and I have spotted a little tot,
And her father he turned upon me the hose.
And when I told her of my love so dear,
Her brother stood listening, and with a club he soaked me fine;
As he wiped the floor up with me, in her eye there stood a tear—
I thought of the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

Myself and my hat, on the sidewalk we sat,
For she had treated me with everything fine;
They said it was no sin, so a cop pulled me in,
For this girl I left behind.

One morning I went to see her, just twelve o'clock at night—
She had whiskers growing on her face;
I asked her to loan me an undershirt; she soaked me with her right:
I found she was of a different race.
And when I begged her grace, she smiled all over her face,
And said, "Old boy, in tights you look so fine."
Her dad came up and threw me into a bucket of paste—
I thought of the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

It was really a shame, to fill my pants with pain,
And it has drove me clear out of my mind;
But now I see, she was dead stuck on me—
That girl I left behind.

THE SADDEST DAY OF ALL.

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By W. B. Gray and G. L. Spaulding.

At the close of evening's dawn, in the twilight on a lawn,
A maiden and a boy sat side by side.
Said the happy, thoughtless lad, "Sister, why are you sad?"
The blue-eyed girl caressed him and replied:
"Remember, little brother, earthly cares will ever live,
The tide of fate will always rise and fall,
And although I've seen through life many days of dismal strife,
To-day has been the saddest day of all."

CHORUS.

"Yes, sadder than the saddest, lad, the saddest day of all,
And may it rest beyond my memory's call.
Of the bitter days I've known, since from childhood I have grown,
To-day has been the saddest day of all.

"Just at evening's dawn like this," said the sad, unhappy miss,
"One year ago to-night my heart was gay,
When my sweetheart at my side asked me if I'd be his bride,
We vowed we'd make to-day our wedding day.
But soon the love I thought so true, spied a fairer face,
And roamed beyond my beckon or my call,
And instead of wedding bells, laughter, song and joyous spells,
To-day has been the saddest day of all."—*Chorus.*

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed;
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade:
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Chorus.*

OLCOTT'S IRISH SERENADE.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Katy, my darling, alone I am waiting,
Waiting and watching alone by the stile,
Why keep me here, while my heart is inside, dear?
So open your door, love, and give me your smile.
You promised you'd meet me at eight, by the stile, dear;
Where are you now, while your lover is here?
Oh, come to me quickly, my heart it is yearning,
Yearning and waiting for you, Katy dear.

Ah, never fear, you'll be safe in my keeping,
I will guard o'er you, asleep or awake,
Nothing can harm you while my love's around you;
I'd lay down my life, Katy, for your dear sake.
As true as the stars keeping watch thro' the long night,
Such will my faithful watch constantly be;
To cheer you, to guide you o'er life's stormy ocean,
Give me but that lot, and joy waits for me.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Words and Music by Thomas Moore.

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Sung by Chauncey Olcott in "The Irish Artist."

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away—
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which Time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

LOOK IN MY HEART.

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Words by Chauncey Olcott. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Why will you ask me, my darling, to tell you if my heart is true?
Do you not know it, my lov'd one? Judge it by your love—oh, do.
Then, if you find it still wanting, come to me, then, and I'll prove
That you have err'd in your judgment, my darling,
Judgment of one who loves you, judgment of one who loves you, loves you.
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, there you will find it enshrined;
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine,
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine.

What is my love, oh, my darling? How can I find words to tell?
Ask of the flow'rs in the meadow, ask of the flow'rs in the dell.
Had I but pow'r, love, to tell you all that my heart holds for you,
Then you'd believe me, my darling, knowing that my love was true.

What made me love you, my darling? How can I answer you this?
My heart first spoke, in its throbbing, throbbing at that first sweet kiss
Which on my lips is still burning, there it shall ever remain;
Nothing but death can erase it, my darling,
In heav'n 'twill be there the same, in heav'n 'twill be there the same, the same.
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, there you will find it enshrined;
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine,
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine.

—For many years it was the custom of audiences to stand when the "Hallalujah Chorus," from "The Messiah," was sung. This arose from a mere accidental expression of excitement. When George II. was present at the first London performance, at Covent Garden, he became so excited by the "Hallelujah Chorus," that he rose to his feet, and thus inaugurated a custom which came down almost to the present day.

PHILADA. AGENCY. W. B. ELDRE

KATY MAHONE.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there,
Dwells my sweet Katy Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me,
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To resist love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm your's alone
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now time may change all things, but never my heart;
It will remain the same,
And be not like the beautiful snow when it falls,
To go with the very first rain.
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old ruin it springs;
Time cannot efface it or lessen its love,
For the older, the closer it clings.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

MOLLY AND I AND THE BABY.

By T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'm thinking how bashful I once used to be,
When I was a black pickaninny;
And how de yaller gals used to tease and plague me,
When I was a black pickaninny.
Dey'd hug me and tickle me under de chin,
Dey'd squeeze me and kiss me ag'in and ag'in;
Oh, how I would cry, for I thought it a sin,
When I was a black pickaninny.

CHORUS.

"Billy, Billy, don't act so silly,"
Dat's what my mammy used say to me,
For I was as bashful as bashful could be,
When I was a black pickaninny.

As de years dey rolled by, I often felt blue,
For I wasn't a black pickaninny,
And de gals wouldn't kiss me as dey used to do,
When I was a black pickaninny.
At last I courted a gal, her name was Tillie White,
I called 'round to see her almost every night,
When de ole man and watch-dog were both out of sight,
For she loved dis black pickaninny.

CHORUS.

"Billy, Billy, does you love your Tillie?"
Dat's what my gal used to say to me;
Den her little hand I'd press, and answer, "Yes;
I is your black pickaninny."

De last time I called to see Miss Tillie White,
She was waiting for dis pickaninny;
Her ole daddy was waiting de very same night,
To shoot dis big pickaninny.
When he saw me he chased me wid a shot-gun,
I stopped a load ob buckshot when I started to run,
It blew the seat out ob my pants, dat's all it done,
But wasn't I a scared pickaninny!

SPOKEN—As I was running down de road, my sweetheart opened de window and called out:

CHORUS.

"Billy, Billy, come back to your Tillie,
I'll be home to-morrow night," said she;
Tho' all out ob breath, and half scared to death,
I yelled, "So will dis pickaninny."

Now I met my old sweetheart a short time ago,
She didn't know dis big pickaninny,
For 'twas over six years since she'd seen me, you know,
And she'd forgotten her pickaninny.
Den I said to her, "Honey, if you'll go wid me
To de parson and get married, how happy I'll be;"
"Fo' de Lord's sake, mister man, who are you?" said she,
I said, "I am your pickaninny."

CHORUS.

"Tillie, Tillie, come marry your Billy,
Den in a little cot we'll take our ease;"
But she said, "Go away, you sassy nigger, I say,
I'm married and got ten pickaninnies."

Parody on:

OH, MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Written and sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Just twenty years ago to-day I married my first wife,
And now she swears she will kill me, or else she will have my life;
I'm the father of nineteen baby girls, all sisters so you see,
And they have almost drove me crazy, since I taught them "Sweet Marie."
They sing it for breakfast, in the very latest style,
They sing it to each other—you can hear them for half a mile;
My wife she weighed three hundred pounds, but her I can hardly see—
She lost twenty pounds of flesh a day, singing "Sweet Marie."

CHORUS.

Oh my, oh my, oh me, oh my! what do you think of that?
It's the worst song I ever heard since "Where Did You Get That Hat?"
The man that wrote it ought to be hung, shot and drowned they say;
If ever I find him I'll curl his hair, and smother him in a bunch of hay.

My oldest daughter, Mary Jane, she tore the piano up,
Trying to play "Sweet Marie," and sing like a bull pup.
The cop he sleeps upon his beat, he her voice does charm—
One time he thought it was a fire, and rang the fire alarm.
She taught it to her sisters, and they all sing it now,
The cat she has just learned it, on the fence she has a row;
All the cats in the neighborhood, at night, in our back yard,
And when you hear them sing this song, it will surely make you tired.

CHORUS.

My youngest little baby is just three weeks old to-day,
He is like his papa—he never has anything to say,
And when I get through my work, he crawls upon my knee,
But last night he paralyzed me, singing "Sweet Marie."

He sits upon the table, singing tenor, I don't know,
The cat and dog they join in, singing a sweet solo.
My wife she is in Morristown, to an asylum she was sent,
And when the landlord hears us singing, he forgets to collect his rent.
You can hear it sung everywhere, no matter where you go—
The car conductor sings it when he tramps upon your toe;
The organ-grinder plays it, and if you'll listen you will see
The monkey even tackles it, this new song, "Sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Oh my, oh my, oh me, oh my! what on earth will I do?
Sweet pickles and cherry pie, "Do, Do, My Huckleberry, Do."
I will surely kill myself, or else commit suicide;
On his shoes he walked away from his own fireside.

Parody on:

A WIDOW'S PLEA FOR HER SON

Written and Sung by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I strolled into a restaurant, one hundred miles from here,
A man sat at the table, his breakfast it was near.
He yelled out for a beefsteak, his shoes were full of feet,
But as the day was Friday, they would not sell him meat.
He then jumped up a laughing, as the tears rolled down his cheeks,
And turning to the landlord, who was eating pickled eels' feet,
"Kind sir, if you will listen to the story that I will tell her,
To make things around here lively, three men will be hung in the cellar.

CHORUS.

"Remember I'm a gentleman, and I am my mother's son,
My father's name was Cannon, and I am a son of a gun."
Then turning to the waitress, says, "Kill me but spare my life,
For you must marry me, or else become my wife."

Yesterday morning before breakfast, about one o'clock in the afternoon,
This same man in this restaurant, chewed the silver off the spoon.
He yelled out to the landlord's wife, "Bring me an oyster stew,
And bring back to me all those jewels that I have promised to you."
She turned around real slowly, as the corns clung to her feet;
With an axe she cut his friendship, until the next time we meet,
Then with a great dramatic air she called him a little cur,
And said, "If you come one step nearer, you will be one step closer."

CHORUS.

"Remember," he said, "Mary," as he played on an eight cent fife,
"Remember that your mother, she was your father's wife."
He hit her a kick with a pretzel as she cleaned out a washing tub;
The foul plot, I see it not, it is as clear as mud.

They went out to a hotel, to get their dinner there;
She said she was not hungry, she ate up the bill of fare;
She drank eight quarts of ginger ale, and she was ossified;
She ate the spoons, plates and forks, and the silver off the knives;
And when she ate this hotel out she thought she'd have some fun,
She chewed up all the napkins, just for some chewing gum.
We yelled out murder and police, and after us she swore;
She yelled so loud she broke her jaw, and then fell through the floor.

CHORUS.

She ate a peanut sandwich, she gave another yell;
"Remember," she said, "Willie, I am a Daisy Bell,
Now do not get offended if tutti-frutti I chew."
She kissed him with a gumdrop, "Do, Do, My Huckleberry, Do."

W. B. HUBBS, 8. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS. ...NDA. AGENCY.

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

By Thomas W. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I went out one night and took my girl, Daisy, Daisy.
She was a German, her name was Doyle, please do not ring the bell.
We went to a restaurant quite close by; two dollars was all I owned.
She ate everything that was on the signs, and these were the words I groaned:

CHORUS.

"Daisy, Daisy, what is the matter with you?
You're half crazy, you know all I have is two."
The waiter came up and grabbed me,
And I'll swear that he sandbagged me
When he caught me neat,
Right under the seat,
With the end of his twenty-two.

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee river far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee river banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Nows I'se old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

POLLY DEAR.

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Words and Music by Carrie Collyer.

The dearest girl I ever knew was Polly, Polly dear,
So sweet she was, and saucy too, whenever I was near;
When once she said "I hate you, Jack," in fun, I rose to go,
But quick she ran to call me back, and then I whispered low:

CHORUS.

Polly dear, do come here, for I love you dearly, Polly dear,
When you're near, I'm distracted nearly;
Polly dear, I am here, to offer you my life,
And I never will be happy 'till you are my wife.

I soon was forced to go away from Polly, Polly dear,
And when we parted her lips quiver'd, on her cheeks a tear;
"Oh Jack," she whispered, "I'll be true, for years and years and years,
And I will hope and pray for you;" I kissed away her tears.

CHORUS.

Polly dear, do come here, for I love you dearly, Polly dear,
When you're near I'm distracted nearly;
Polly dear, I am here to offer you my life,
And I never will be happy 'till you are my wife.

Three years have passed, I've just returned, and Polly, Polly dear,
Has waited for me, as she vowed in accents soft and clear.
I'll take my darling to the church, and make her mine for life,
And when the knot's securely tied, I'll whisper to my wife:

CHORUS.

Polly dear, do come here, oh, I love you dearly, Polly dear,
When you're near I'm distracted nearly;
Polly dear, it seems queer to know you are my wife,
And I never was so happy in all my life.

Parody on:

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

By Thomas W. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I came from Plaster Paris, just a mile from Paris Green,
Where they took me for a jay, in a jail I had to lay:
I'm a broker, and I've made a break at every place I've been,
But I had no axe, I couldn't break away,
So the keeper wouldn't let me say good day.

CHORUS.

I made a break one evening, and I got a little gay,
But it didn't go my way,
So, of course, I had to stay.
I caught the measles that same day,
I didn't break out till the first of May—
I couldn't break the bank at Monte Carlo.

CHORUS.

I broke my great big brother Bill,
I broke my father's will,
I ran against a till and broke a dollar bill.
When I was a frost I broke the ice,
I broke a Chinaman filled with rice—
I couldn't break the bank at Monte Carlo.

CHORUS.

I broke up house, and pawned the bricks,
I blew my money fast, I even blew the gas,
The wind blew through the grass.
I stepped on a tack with a lovely point,
I think I broke my opium joint—
I couldn't break the bank at Monte Carlo.

CHORUS.

At break of day I broke myself,
And nearly broke in two, I sang till I was blue,
"My Huckleberry, Do."
I broke the girl I left behind,
I broke my word and changed my mind—
I couldn't break the bank at Monte Carlo.

MY BLACK MAMMY DID.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Who toted me 'hround, a little pickaninny kid?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed she did.
Who always used to keep the "lasses" and the sugar hid?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed.
Who never failed to find me lots of work to do?
Bend me 'cross her knee and make me wait 'till she "got thro'?"
With a mighty shingle, beat a warm tattoo?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed, singing:

CHORUS.

Hilo my ding, hilo my dong,
Hilo my ding, hilo my dong,
My ding dong, hilo my ding dong da!

Who used to wake me from my slumber 'fore de break of day?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed she did.
Who used to choke me off, and never let me have my way?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed.
Who was it followed me when I went into town,
When I was of age and making love to Susie Brown?
Caught me kissing her, and made me quickly kiss the ground?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed, singing:—*Chorus.*

Who used to make me feed the pigs, and little chickens, too?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed she did.
Then turn the hose on me for want of something else to do?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed.
Who locked me in the house, and nailed the window down?
Made me sit and cross my legs for hours upon the ground,
Every blessed time a circus happened into town?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed, singing:—*Chorus.*

Who used to fry the chicken, hominy and bacon stripe?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed she did.
And roast a barbacue to make a nigger smack his lips?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed.
Who used to shout in Zion's church, and loudly say:
"Praise unto the Lamb, I'm gwine to glory right away;"
Used to get religion ev'ry minute in the day?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed, singing:—*Chorus.*

Who used to make me go to bed without my supper meal?
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed she did.
That was because, like niggers, ev'ry chance I got I'd steal.
My black mammy did. Did she? Yes, indeed.
Who placed the darning-needle point above the ground,
Right on mammy's coair, and laughed to see her sitting down,
Then who "flew de coop" and never afterwards was found?
Black pickaninny did. Did he? Yes indeed, singing:—*Chorus.*

MABEL.

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Words by M. A. Crosby. Music by D. S. McCosh.

I know a gentle maiden, so modest, sweet and kind;
She never dreams her picture is ever in my mind.
The mocking bird is singing beyond the rose hedge near;
I would his note could tell her that she has grown so dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mabel, lovely Mabel, let North or South winds blow,
My heart I lay before you, 'tis yours for weal or woe;
For, Mabel, rosebud Mabel, though years may come and go,
My tongue can only utter, "I love, I love you so."

Upon her cheek the color fair flushes at dawn;
There's only laughing sunshine where she has come and gone.
Her voice is soft and tender, her eyes are calm and bright;
Her whole life pure and open, a jewel full of light.—*Chorus.*

Whate'er I feel of goodness that sets my heart astir,
And prompts to worthy action, it comes from thoughts of her.
Say not such love must wither or with the roses die;
Say, rather, bloom forever when stars have fled the sky.—*Chorus.*

STILL HIS WHISKERS GREW.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by C. W. Murphy.

Tim Burke was like a beardless boy, although a man he'd grown;
He bought some hair restorer for a bob;
He rubbed it all around his chin, to make the whiskers grow,
Then went to bed to sleep upon the job;
But when he woke next morning, what a sight!
His whiskers had been growing all the night;
They'd grown so much, that really, on my life,
The hair had suffocated all his children and his wife.

CHORUS.

And still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
He cut them off and he shaved them off,
He bit them off and he chewed them off,
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
They covered his face and covered the place,
But still his whiskers grew.

The whiskers filled the place until he couldn't stir a peg—
A mile a minute was the length they grew;
He'd whiskers on his finger-nails and whiskers on his leg,
And on his false teeth there were whiskers, too.
They grew down from his head unto his hoof;
They grew until they lifted off the roof;
They grew so much, till he, despairing quite,
Went out and blew his chin off with a ton of dynamite.

CHORUS.

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
He pulled them off and he dragged them off,
He kicked them off and he blew them off,
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
They covered the ground for miles around,
And still his whiskers grew.

The whiskers grew until they covered up the country side;
They even spoiled the farmers' crops of hay;
'Twas nothing else but whiskers, and you couldn't walk or ride,
Whilst folks were getting strangled every day.
They grew until they reached up in the sky—
There was no room for "dicky birds" to fly;
To stop them, Burke went up in a baloon
And tied them in a double knot around the sun and moon.

CHORUS.

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
He tied them up and he hung them up,
He nailed them up and he screwed them up,
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
They snuffed out the light of the moon that night.
And still his whiskers grew.

So many folks were getting killed on ev'ry hand and side
That people said, poor Burke would have to die:
They struggled through his whiskers and his hands behind him tied,
Then to a lamp-post hung him up to dry.
When he was dead each face was full of smiles;
They dug a grave the depth of fourteen miles,
They chucked Burke in and filled the hole once more
With lead and stones and cannon balls and iron in galore.

CHORUS.

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew:
They pushed him down, and they dragged him down,
They chucked him down and they shoved him down,
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;
In less than a "pop" were up to the top,
And still his whiskers grew.

JIMMY ON THE CHUTE.

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Words and Music by Harry Greenbank.

Little Jimmy was a scholar, and his aptitude was such
That his parents and preceptors were afraid he'd know too much;
So his grandmama said, "Bless him, I will take him up to town,
And we'll go to Captain Boynton's and they'll waterchute us down."

REFRAIN.

Oh! Jimmy on the chute, boys, won't we have a day,
Going out with grandma, granny's getting gay!
Down in half a slap-bang, wet from top to toe,
That's the way they chute 'em at the "water-show."

Now when Jimmy saw that water-chute he laughed until he cried,
Just to see the girls yell out and grab the fellows by their side;
And he said to gentle grandma, "This will suit me to a 'T,'
When I get up there and have those girls a-grabbing hold of me."—*Refrain.*

Then he took his seat with grandma and they started off all right,
But a pretty girl beside him screamed, "You better hold on tight!"
They were flying down so fast that Jimmy's head began to swim,
So he clawed on to the pretty girl and she clawed on to him.—*Refrain.*

But the splash was so terrific that his heart began to quake,
As his grandma turned a somersault and fell into the lake;
So he held on to the pretty girl and hugged her tighter still,
For he thought the world was ended and he hadn't made his will.—*Refrain.*

With a boat-hook poor old grandmama was fished up, safe and sound;
But the pretty girl and Jimmy in a close embrace were found.
In their terrible alarm they wouldn't hear of letting go,
And they're hugging one another still, for anything I know.—*Refrain.*

DE WORLD AM A-RUSHIN'.

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Words by M. A. Crosby Music by D. S. McCosh. Sung in "South Before the War."

De world am a-rushin', it keeps a-rushin' on—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Jes' hear dat roarin', it keeps a-roarin' on—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
For de day am a-comin', it's comin' right along,
A day dat's foretold in sermon an' in song,
A day dat'll show you jes' whar' you belong—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!

CHORUS.

Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Yes, brudder, mind your soul!
For de day am a-comin', it's comin' right along;
So, brudder, mind your soul!

De world am a-rushin', it keeps a-rushin' on—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Jes' hear dat buzzin', it keeps a buzzin' on—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
For de time am a-comin', an' de hour am at hand
When you'll wanter know jes' whar' yo' feet shall stand,
An' whether it's rock-bed, or whether it's sand—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!—*Chorus.*

De world am a-rushin', it keeps a-rushin' on—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Jes' hear dat whuzzin', it keeps a-wuzzin' on—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
For de world am a-spinnin', a-spinnin' 'round a curve,
So hold tightly on, 'twill surely try your nerve;
An' you'll find for sure what massa you serve—
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!—*Chorus.*

—Stutterly—"E-e-every-th-thing s-s-seems t-to b-be on th-the in-s-stallment p-p-plan th-these d-d-days." Sharp—"Yes; even your conversation."

—"How much coal is there, Susan? How long will it last?" "Well, ma'am, it will last quite a while if we don't have any fires." "Then there isn't much left?" "There isn't any left, ma'am."

—"Did you see the 'puff' I gave you?" said the editor to the grocer. "Yes and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of grit, that the milk I sell is of the first water, and that my butter is the strongest on the market may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time."

I DO LOVE YOU.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Molly has climbed her dada's knee,
Molly has something to say;
Only to whisper, "I love you, dad,
And think of you all the day.
When you go out in the morning, dad,
Ah, how I long for the night:
Then you come home to your Molly dear,
And the house seems so cheerful and bright.

CHORUS.

"I do love you, I do love you;
You've brought a dolly for your little Molly,
With hair so bright and eyes so blue.
I'll give you a kiss, a sweet little kiss,
And maybe I'll give you two.
Oh, my daddy, my dear old daddy, I do love you."

Molly has climbed on his shoulders broad—
"Let us play horses, my dad."
See how they scamper around the house,
And Molly is, oh, so glad.
Slyly she peeps in his pockets then,
Thinking that dad cannot see;
Ah, the young rogue knows there's something there,
And Molly is laughing with glee.—*Chorus.*

Molly is tired of her romp at last,
Dada must take her to bed.
"Place little dolly beside me please"—
Now Molly her prayers has said.
"Good night; God bless you, my dada, dear;
Kiss me, and kiss dolly, too.
I know you love little Molly, dad,
And you know that your Molly loves you.—*Chorus.*

No Little Stockings to Mend.

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Words and Music by Henry Robson.

Come, baby, to mamma, you are a disgrace,
The neighbors will think you are wild;
With such dirty hands, and oh, what a face!
Papa will not know his own child.
Now baby's all clean and snug in her bed,
Our Father will sweet dreams send;
Just one more look at the pretty brown head,
And her dear little stockings I'll mend.

CHORUS.

Her dear little stockings I'll mend,
Her dear little stockings I'll mend;
Just one more look at the pretty brown head,
And her dear little stockings I'll mend.

Ah, what a great change may come with a day,
How changed are the songs we sing,
How lonely the daisies, how dreary is May,
When we hear no child's voice ring.
My beautiful baby, with pretty brown head,
To the angels above must lend;
There's no little face to snuggle in bed,
And no little stockings to mend.

CHORUS.

There are no little stockings to mend,
There are no little stockings to mend;
There's no little face to snuggle in bed,
There are no little stockings to mend.

—According to a summer novel, the hero "stood with the moon shining on his face. The white glare made him look more like a creature of antique granite than ever—hewn with a lost art. But the calm curves of his mouth were pulsing with the red torrents of youth, and under his lips the unmeasureable darkness of his eyes seemed crossed with flame which burns upon the altar of the gods!" Our intellect would not allow us to read further, but we will bet a barrel of sour apples against a cent that in another minute or two he pulled up his shirt collar, took out a package of cigarettes and began to smoke.

THE WORKHOUSE DOOR.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Dimly the lights of the city are gleaming,
Drear is the night and so cold;
Grimly the walls of the workhouse are frowning,
Frowning on mis'ry untold.
Close to its portals a crowd's eager waiting,
Hungry and shiv'ring and pale;
Hark to the cry of the homeless and starving,
Hark to the old soldier's tale:

REFRAIN.

"I was strong and sturdy in the days gone by,
When the call 'to arms' came, to the front did fly;
For my country fought, nor asked the reason why,
Many a brave heart sank to rise no more.
Man to man we faced them as they stood at bay,
Carried all before us with a loud 'Hurray!'
How does she reward us when were're old and gray?
Sends us to the workhouse door."

Gaze on that urchin, he's houseless and homeless,
Scarcely a rag on his form,
Trembling and crouching against the grim doorway,
Murmurs "I wish I were warm.
What is the use of a poor little kiddy
Trying to earn just a bite?
Bah, I'll turn thief, for I can't die with hunger,
Here goes that man's watch, see, he's tight."

REFRAIN.

Stealthily he's creeping, see his outstretched hand,
"I shall have that watch now—doesn't it look grand?"
Hark! an angel voice is whispering to him, "Stand!
Would you be a thief, whom all abhor?"
'Tis his mother's voice comes whisp'ring from the grave.
"Never be a thief, Tom, never be a knave."
"Forgive me, mother, I was tempted; I'll be brave,
Tho' going to the workhouse door."

See that old couple, so gray and so feeble,
Clinging in life's sad decay,
Soothing each other in sorrow and troubles
'Till death shall call them away.
Once he was strong, ah, but age overtook him;
He'd worked like a slave night and day.
"Why did he not save?" with a sneer asks a passer.
"What! save on a laborer's pay?"

REFRAIN.

See, the wife is clinging by her husband's side;
"Four brave sons we've reared, they were our hope and pride;
Our country wanted soldiers; in her cause they died—
They were gallant heroes to the core.
Dreams of glory fired them and they joined the fray,
Left us broken hearted, left us here to pray.
They for their country died, yet we must wend our way
Together to the workhouse door."

DAR'S A WATERMELON SPOILIN' DOWN AT JOHNSON'S.

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Words and Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Tell de darkies all to hustle, for de whistle's gwine to blow,
Send de little pickaninnies for to wake up Uncle Joe;
Tell de wenches dat de steamer's getting ready for to go,
And a watermelon's spoilin' down at Johnson's.

CHORUS.

No more this season, 'tis the last of the crop,
Creep low, for if that gun shoots, some one's gwine to drop;
Go slow, be careful darkies, look out, don't stop,
Dar's a watermelon spoilin' down at Johnson's.

Get Miss Liza Anna Bonaparte to fetch old Uncle Joe,
He's de coon to make de music with his fiddle and his bow;
He can call off nigger figures best of any one I know,
While we scoop that watermelon down at Johnson's.—*Chorus.*

We will dance de donble shuffle, while de moon am shining bright,
And we'll keep de music ringing 'till de middle of de night;
When de boat goes up de river, just before de morning light,
They'll be shy a watermelon down at Johnson's.—*Chorus.*

—Honor and happiness go hand in hand 'till life's end.

SHE'S MY DAUGHTER STILL.

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Words and Music by Henry Robson.

Like a tender broken flower, crushed by the heels of men,
She seeks release from sin's great pow'r, and finds her home again,
She seeks release from sin's great pow'r, and finds her home again.
I will take her to my heart, and old home by the mill,
Where she'll play a daughter's part, and be my daughter still.

REFRAIN.

I will never turn against her, now she comes to me,
She will share my home and shelter, where her face I'll see,
In the old home by the brook-side, in the dear old mill;
God forbid that I desert her—she's my daughter still!

Lost forever, did you say? Ah, no, that cannot be,
She is a part of love's bright day, from heaven sent to me,
She is a part of love's bright day, from heaven sent to me.
Hand in hand we'll go together, down life's rugged hill,
I will tell our Heavenly Father she's my daughter still.—*Refrain.*

My Sweetheart of Long Ago.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

It was many years ago that I loved a charming girl,
She had merry laughing eyes of bonnie blue,
With a handsome dimpled face and the daintiest teeth of pearl,
And a wealth of lovely hair of golden hue.
There were girls whose faces in my mind remain,
But my heart is true to her, I know,
And I'd give the world if I could only see again
My little sweetheart that I loved long ago.

CHORUS.

Brightest visions now recall the girl I loved so well,
And the spot where water-lilies grow:
Dreams reveal again to me the little mossy dell
Where I met my sweetheart in the long ago.

In the lull of busy strife I can hear the glad refrain
Of a ballad that my darling one day sang:
The boat was drawn in shelter from the sudden summer rain,
And her sweet voice thro' the fragrant cedars rang.
Merry days now past are fraught with wild regret,
For I loved the little maid, I know;
Other friends have cheered me, yet I never can forget
My little sweetheart that I loved long ago.—*Chorus.*

Only Another Broken Heart.

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Words and Music by Jas. N. Brennan.

"You must give your lover up," a doting father said
To his only daughter, Nellie, who for her lover plead.
"Listen well, my darling, I'll tell the reason why—
Oh, cheer up, I can't consent—ah, there now, do not cry.
Once there was a maiden, like you, both pure and true,
Married 'midst the roses while her heart no sorrow knew;
But one day a sad blow fell, and with its cruel dart,
Left a broken home and, oh, so sad, another broken heart.

CHORUS.

"'Only another broken heart,' we heard her sadly say,
As firmly but gently loving friends led this fair maid away.
How fondly she loved him, tho' now far apart—
Wide oceans roll between—another bright future blighted evermore,
Another broken heart.

"At a railroad station, one day stood a maiden fair,
Watching every new arrival with a sad and eager stare;
Just then the prison van drove quickly in the yard,
And from it came a young man between the prison guard.
With a cry of anguish she rushed unto his side,
Threw her arms around his neck and kissed his tears aside.
Speculation's fever led him from honor to depart—
Left him a convict and she so sad—another broken heart.—*Chorus.*

"In a quiet churchyard now that little maiden sleeps,
And the myrtle and the ivy vines o'er her grave they creep,
And she was your mother, my own darling wife,
It was I who broke her heart—one so young in life.
I see her sad face as she kissed me o'er again,
Crying, 'Though you go to prison my love remains the same;'
This is why I ask you from your lover to depart—
I've caused another hope to vanish—another broken heart."—*Chorus.*

THEY'RE ALL IN THE PUSH.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

When a man goes courting he will often find
There is more than one within the family tie,
And when at last he does make up his mind
That he'll have to marry all or say good-by.
Well, very soon he marries, but her mommer she still tarries,
And you wonder how it came within the rush.
You have married little brother, little sister and her mother,
And you meet ev'ry one in the push.

CHORUS.

They're all in the push, baby boy,
They come with a rush, baby boy;
You have married little brother,
Little sister and her mother,
And you meet ev'ry one in the push.

I met a girl of character demure,
Whose papa was a plumber millionaire;
You can take for granted that she wasn't poor,
Or I wouldn't try to hum this little air.
'Twas by the garden gate, sir, and the hour was getting late, sir,
When her papa came at me with such a rush,
And then the dog, called Towser, got a part of my light trousers,
In fact I met them all in the push.

CHORUS.

They're all in the push, baby boy,
They come with a rush, baby boy;
And then the dog, called Towser,
Got a part of my light trousers—
And you meet ev'ry one in the push.

AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

Where the grasses long are growing in a churchyard far away,
Where the winter winds are blowing or the summer zephyrs play,
There's a mound within that churchyard that a sad, sad story keeps,
Where a felon lies unnoticed in the deepest of all sleeps.
'Tis a story never old—'tis a story often told
Of a man who in mistrust his comrade slew,
And the mother of that one comes when evening has begun,
There to mingle tears with softly falling dew.

REFRAIN.

Speeds the mother's pray'r above, as in agony of love
She to Heaven pardon for her son doth crave:
To that All-forgiving One pleads His mercy for her son,
For the boy who lies beneath this unmarked grave.

In the little village, still and quiet, he had spent his early youth,
Nurtured by a loving mother, in a home of love and truth:
There he met his first companion, and their friendship lived serene,
'Till a woman, fair and pleasant, stepped two loving hearts between.
They both loved her, but in vain, and one youth, in rage and pain,
Slew his rival comrade in their raging strife.
Sad and lone he passed the time, but has answered for his crime,
And upon the scaffold parted with his life.

REFRAIN.

But the mother's pray'rs above, speed no more in pleading love,
For her son an All-wise Father pardon gave.
In the mansion of the blest she is with her boy at rest,
For they found her dead upon that unmarked grave.

—"John," said a lady to her very sick husband, "the doctor is down stairs and wants to see you." "Tell him I'm out and he'll have to call again," said John, from sheer force of habit.

—What Became of Aunty.—A belated tourist was obliged to ask for a bed at a farmhouse, having wandered far from his hotel. On rising in the morning he found himself without tooth powder. Looking around he espied, on the mantlepiece, a small box containing powder, which he used. When he paid for his bed he apologized to the farmer's wife for having used her tooth powder. "Tooth powder?" she queried, "We have none." "Yes, my good woman. It was in a small, round box on the mantlepiece." "That!" she screamed, "that was not tooth powder!—that was aunty!" Aunty had been cremated.

HE GOT THE RINKEY DINK.

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

A maiden fair with millions there, a young man gay and bright,
Thought that he would propose to her one lovely summer's night;
He asked her hand in a manner grand; she said, "Give me time to think."
And when he called again on her he got the "Rinkey Dink."

CHORUS.

Oh, he got the "Rinkey Dink," yes, quicker than a wink;
He was building castles in the air, and all day long in a glass would stare.
Oh, he got the "Rinkey Dink," and he didn't have time to think;
It's a good thing, Paul, so push it along, or you'll get the "Rinkey Dink."

A young man who was homeward bound one lovely day in May,
And chanced to look, a pocket book, how nicely it did lay,
So large and fat, he looked at that, to pick it up did think;
Oh, he felt glad, he heaved a sigh, but got the "Rinkey Dink."—*Chorus.*

For a fine wife that was advertised an old man called one day,
And young, so fair with golden hair, to ask for Lilly Fay;
He knocked at the door on the top floor, and to himself did wink;
Instead of young she was forty-one—he got the "Rinkey Dink."—*Chorus.*

I met a man with ring in hand, and to me he did say:
"I found this ring, it's a grand thing; buy it, and you'll look gay."
I bought the ring like a silly thing, and didn't even think:
Oh, what a crash, the ring was brass—I got the "Rinkey Dink."—*Chorus.*

GIRL WANTED.

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Words and Music by Gus C. Weinberg.

Jim Brown had just been married, he got a lovely spouse—
She said she'd do the cooking when they went keeping house;
She cooked a lovely dinner, with vegetables and meat;
He tried it, then he told her it was not fit to eat.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, and wifey is not cooking any more;
She said it was like mother used to make it—
He told her if it was she ought to shake it,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The first girl was a pretty girl, with handsome form and face;
Brown fell in love, and so, of course, the girl secured the place;
Brown's wife was jealous of her charms, she thought something amiss;
She watched and saw her husband give that pretty girl a kiss.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that pretty girl ain't working any more.
You ought to see that pretty girl skedaddle;
He lost his hair and teeth during the battle;
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next girl was a country girl, her face would give one frights;
She lost her breath in trying to blow out electric lights.
She went to build a fire, and the wood was somewhat green,
And just to start it going, why, she poured on kerosene.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that country girl ain't working any more;
And now she's living up a little higher—
No more she's got to monkey with the fire,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next one was a colored girl, she was so awful fat,
And sported chicken feathers upon a gaudy hat—
That day she climbed two flights of stairs to get a piece of rope,
But when she reached the top, she stepped upon a piece of soap.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that colored girl ain't working any more;
Her funeral occurred next day at seven—
Another colored angel's up in heaven,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

Grover Cleveland was a neighbor, he thought he'd be in line—
One day they saw him fuss around in tacking up a sign;
Of course they all felt curious, they wondered what it said—
A crowd soon gathered 'round it, and this is what they read:
Boy wanted, boy wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Boy wanted, boy wanted, and Grover doesn't want girls any more.
A girl could never hold his proud position—
To have a boy has been his great ambition,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Boy Wanted."

The next girl was an actress, she'd been upon the stage—
She posed in living pictures when they were all the rage;
One day she put her costumes on for Brown's special delight,
And wifey, who had been down town, flew in and saw the sight.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that actress isn't working any more.
She nearly broke their home and all the fixtures,
For wifey drew the line at living pictures,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

EULALIE.

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Words by Laura E. Newell. Music by Gale Osmund Tussing.

When morn in beauty dawns, and fair the earth and bright,
Then thou art all to me, Eulalie, my true heart's delight.
Oh, love, thou'rt mine alone—each day art fairer grown;
My queen, at thy dear shrine I kneel, for, love, thou'rt mine, ever mine—ah!

REFRAIN.

Pure as morning, bonnie and bright,
Winsome and merry, my true heart's delight;
With my lassie none can compare—
Sweet Eulalie, so dainty and fair.

It gleams, a smiling sky, my love doth gaily sing.
Her voice is clear and sweet, as birds upon the lightest wing;
And when the day is dim, she vanishes my care,
Her presence gilds each hour, she drives away all gloom and despair—ah!—*Ref.*

Eulalie mine alone, this earth a dream would be,
Devoid of hope and joy, if it were not my love for thee—
But peace and joy abide with me when thou art near;
When thou art by my side I am content, dear heart so sincere—ah!—*Refrain.*

UNDER THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

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Words and Music by Rose Green Burton.

Strolling through a fragrant orchard, I was heart and fancy free,
When I spied a winsome maiden seated 'neath ana pple tree;
Cheeks had she like blooming roses, teeth that were so pearly white,
Eyes that sparkled like two diamonds, or the stars that shine at night.

REFRAIN.

Under the apple blossoms, under the sky so blue
I met my darling who gave me her promise true.
Bright were the stars above us, brighter the silver moon:
There's where I woo'd and won her, my dear little sweetheart June.

Cautiously I did approach her, shook the tree, and o'er her fell
Such a shower of apple blossoms, o'er the girl I loved so well.
Day by day I sought and woo'd her; she grew dear to me as life,
'Til one day she sweetly promised she would be my bonnie wife.—*Refrain.*

Once again the apple blossoms fall in showers o'er the ground,
From a hammock 'neath the branches peeps a face so small and round;
And my heart is filled with pleasure when I hear her singing low
To our darling little treasure, as she swings him to and fro.—*Refrain.*

IN THE DAYS OF '49.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

A figure sat beside the fire, and storm-swept was the night,
While merry children grouped around and watched the flick'ring light;
The figure was old gran'ma, and her sad face told the pain
Of patient watching for the one who might return again.
The tots then coaxed her for the tale about her dear old Jack,
Who left her years and years ago, and would he not come back?
For Jack had left her as a bride, a girl of form divine,
But that was many years ago, in the days of 'forty-nine.

CHORUS.

In the days of 'forty-nine, when gold was madly sought,
In the days of 'forty-nine the golden fever caught,
As westward rushed the human tide to strike a glitt'ring mine—
How many perished on the way in the days of 'forty-nine!

"Yes, Jack had left me one bright day," old gran'ma whispered low;
"He seemed to be light-hearted, but I begged him not to go.
'Why, Mollie dear,' he gaily cried, 'while I have strength and health,
You'll want for nothing when I strike a golden mine of wealth.'
He bade a loving, fond adieu and passed the swinging gate;
My heart was heavy, for I knew how hard would be his fate.
He waved his hand and soon had gone, that darling Jack of mine,
And that's the last I saw him, in the days of 'forty-nine."—*Chorus.*

But gran'ma never knew the fate that had befallen Jack:
He wrote her once or twice that he would soon be coming back;
He struck a mine of golden ore, and wealth came thick and fast—
A letter told her in few words, "I've found success at last"
And then he fell to evil ways, success had turned his brain;
He never cared to see his darling Mollie once again;
And gran'ma still keeps watching, in the days of her decline,
And wonders if he'll come, as in the days of 'forty-nine.—*Chorus.*

WHOSE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?

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Words by Thos. Naismyth. Music by George Rosey.

Dreaming of love and of beauty, dreaming of one sweet and fair;
Thinking of one and one only, with tresses of golden hair.
Dear little, sweet little darling, with blue eyes bright as the dew;
Come, little one, now, and tell me, whose little girl are you?

CHORUS.

Whose little girl are you? so winning, sweet and fair,
With laughing eyes so bonny blue and locks of golden hair;
Dainty ways, a treat to see, with heart so light and true.
Come, pretty one, now, and tell me, whose little girl are you?

Dreaming of eyes full of love-light, dreaming of one good as gold;
Thinking of her, my own heart's love, and longing my love to unfold.
Dear little, shy little sweetheart, with heart so pure and true,
Come to my breast, love, and whisper, whose little girl are you?—*Chorus.*

Dreaming of love and of beauty, dreaming of one, my sweet bride;
Thinking of one and one only, my own whate'er may betide.
Dear little, sweet little darling, so winning, loving and true,
Stay in my arms, now, and whisper, whose little girl are you?—*Chorus.*

Mamma, Does You Love Your Honey?

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Words by Henry Wise. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A nigger and a yaller gall just done had a fuss,
Nigger was trying awful hard to straighten out the muss,
He grabbed her by the shoulder, and he turned her right around,
And says, "Now mamma, is you gwine to turn your papa down?"

CHORUS.

"Mamma, does you love your honey?"
"Yes, yes, I love my nigger.
Go 'long child, cut your little figure,
Gwine to love you 'till the day I die."

He took her to a ball one night, she commenced to dance,
Nigger was spoiling for a fight, and soon he got the chance,
The nigger blew out all the lights, and all the coons turned pale,
In just four minutes not a coon was left to tell the tale.—*Chorus.*

The coon he asked the gall one day if she would be his wife,
She shook her kinky head and said, "Oh, no, not on your life."
The coon commenced to swell up, and said, "Gall, if you refuse,
I'll take this gun and fill the papers full of nigger news."—*Chorus.*

The gall she tried to shake this coon, but found it was no use;
Tired of his ugly ways, and of his bad abuse,
One night this moke was sleeping, so she knocked him on the head.
Next morning all the papers said, "There's one more nigger dead."—*Chorus.*

You Ain't Mad, Bill, Are You?

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Words by Ben. C. Mason. Music by E. Gareissen.

There used to be a little boy who had a sweetheart dear,
And though he was her pride and joy his frown she grew to fear;
Now sometimes it happened, when at their play, my master would get mad,
And when he'd turn to go away, she'd say with smile so sad:

REFRAIN.

"You ain't mad, Bill, are you? Say you're not mad with me;
Don't you know I love you? Look at me, dear, and see—
You ain't mad, Bill, are you? I'll do just what you will."
And as he'd slowly turn to her she'd kiss that selfish Bill.

They older grew as years went by, and lovers they became,
And Bill, the rogue, who was quite sly, kept up the same old game;
For sometimes, of course, they'd disagree, and Bill would want his way;
He'd turn to go and she don't see, he waits for her to say:

REFRAIN.

"You ain't mad, Bill, are you? Say you're not mad with me;
Don't you know I love you? Look at me, dear, and see—
You ain't mad, Bill, are you? I'll do just what you will."
And as he'd slowly turn to her she'd kiss that selfish Bill.

Time passed on, for, you know, time flies, and married they became;
But time had opened Mary's eyes and she saw through Bill's game.
Now when he tries to look severe and frown, and starts off in a huff,
Why, Mary simply turns him down and calls his little bluff.

REFRAIN.

"You ain't mad, Bill, are you? You can't impose on me;
Don't you think I know you? Look at me, Bill, and see—
You ain't mad, Bill, are you? You only want your way."
And when he turned her lips to kiss she said, "Don't get so gay."

For Her Sake He Dare Not Return.

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Words by Theo. Norman. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Two lovers were parting in bitterest sorrow,
For wealth came between and stole his promised bride;
And sadly they thought, on the forthcoming morrow,
That she would forever be torn from his side.
She whispered, "My darling, I'll love you forever—
No! no! do not leave me; stay, love—with me stay!"
But honor forbade it—he kissed her once madly.
"Farewell, sweet," he said, and then sailed far away.

CHORUS.

And he fain would return to his old village home—
For the land that he loves he doth yearn.
Though he'd give all the world for a touch of her hand,
For her sake he dare not return.

She sent him a letter across the wild ocean,
And of her forced marriage it plaintively told;
She wrote of her anguish and insults she suffered
Through wedding a man for the sake of his gold;
And for her first lover her heart was still yearning;
She hoped that in his heart one still held first place;
That she would assign all her hopes of the future
To gaze once again in his true, honest face.—*Chorus.*

His bosom was filled with the wildest emotion,
But pure was his spirit and noble his heart,
Although she had sent him a sweet, tempting message,
Which said, "Come and fetch me—from him I must part."
"I must go," he cried; then the strong voice of conscience said,
"Never dishonored must be her good name."
So further from home and his kindred he wandered,
To save a poor woman from sorrow and shame.—*Chorus.*

HOW NICE THAT ALL MUST BE

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

When the moon has lit the gloom and stars begin to shine,
Whip-poor-will, from o'er the hill, his evening song does chime,
Then you start, with happy heart, your darling girl to see;
Perhaps she'll wait for you at the gate—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

You take her arm within your own, down the lane together roam
To love's retreat, and there, alone, beneath some favorite tree,
You tell her she's your turtle-dove, swear to her, by all above,
That she's the only girl you love—how nice that all must be.

'Neath the trees you sit at ease, your darling by your side,
'Round her waist your arm is placed and silly words are tried.
On your breast her head does rest, of course there's none like she,
You can't resist to steal a kiss—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

With happy heart your steps retrace—as you gaze into her face
A smile of love you may there trace, a smile that is meant for thee.
But still the stars shine bright above, homeward going with your love,
The old man's waiting with a club—how nice that all must be.

While dad's asleep, the girl you meet some other night as fair,
Down the lane you go again, and love to her declare.
You caress, she answers, "Yes," to questions asked by thee;
At last 'tis said and you're happy made—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then soon the happy day does come, then, of course, you're both made one,
And really glad the thing is done, to that you will both agree.
You start to take her to her home, you know you can't get in your own,
And by her dad the door you're shown—how nice that all must be.

Soon a home get of your own, where you and little wife
Live quite gay as months pass 'way, enjoy the best of life.
Aunts and cousins then come by dozens, stop for dinner and tea;
Don't mind at first, but when it gets worse—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then bills they come in by the score, doctors, bakers' many more;
Instead of rich, you're getting poor, and that you daily do see;
A dozen children, say, you've got, find as you come from your shop,
Your wife has skipped, left you the lot—how nice that all must be.

—It is said that a great and original character has recently been invented by one of the metaphysical school of novelists. He saved a drowning child without pausing to analyze his sentiments before jumping in.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD.

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Words by Harry W. Emmet. Music by Geo. M. Rosenberg.

I know a pretty little girl whose mem'ry's awful bad;
She often forgets the simplest things, which makes her very sad;
For instance, now, to-day she tried to tell young Dan McGee
About a thing the ladies wear which goes around their——

CHORUS.

What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Now you know;
What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Oh, dear, oh!
She'd blush and then she'd stammer, couldn't recollect a thing;
The word she tried to think of was—— * A lady's-aging.

One day she went to Coney Isle, as gay as gay could be,
And like the rest she thought she'd go out bathing in the sea.
The people yelled when she appeared, which caused her great distress;
Of course, quite absent-minded, she forgot her bathing——

CHORUS.

What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Now you know;
What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Oh, dear, oh!
It made a lot of difference, as they could plainly see;
The thing she forgot was—— * Her bathroom key.

She often goes to the theatre, and wonders why the men
Who come to see the ballet girls so often go again.
She asked the reason of a chap, whose head was bald as eggs;
He answered that he simply went to see the ladies'——

CHORUS.

What d'you call 'em? What d'you call 'em? Now you know;
What d'you call 'em? What d'you call 'em? Oh, dear, oh!
She couldn't think of what it was; I saw this at a glance—
She simply meant to say he came to see—— * The ladies dance.

Said she, "You know poor Billy Brown, he went to swim one day;
He laid a stone down on his clothes for fear they'd blow away.
Some naughty boys removed the stone, the wind blew high by chance,
So Billy was obliged to run right home without his——

CHORUS.

What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Now you know;
What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Oh, dear, oh!
I thought he must have been a sight, for Billy's short and fat,
But all the time she tried to say—— * He'd lost his hat.

* Spoken.

VOWS AT THE ALTAR.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The village church was crowded as it ne'er had been before,
One bright September morn, two years ago,
To see two hearts united, and vows never more to part,
Through life to share each other's joy and woe.
Could they have read the future and know what time would bring,
Its griefs and woe, its sorrow and its strife,
Their joy would have been sadness on that happy wedding morn,
The day the preacher made them man and wife.

REFRAIN.

Vows at the altar are often broken, sometimes for love or gold;
After the solemn words are spoken, after the love grows cold;
If we would only reflect a moment, when love, so old, is new,
Vows at the altar would be ever sacred and hearts be more true.

Not long ago a shadow fell upon a peaceful home,
At last the golden dream of love was o'er.
One day, down by the cottage, a stranger came to roam,
A man that once loved Nell in days of yore.
He told her of the city, of life so gay and bright,
Of ball room grand where she could reign supreme.
With jealousy the husband parted with his wife that night—
Their happiness is ended like a dream.—*Refrain.*

One day she sent a letter to the husband far away,
And told him how he'd wronged a faithful heart;
And asked if he remembered, how, upon that wedding morn,
How they had vowed to love and never part.
She told him of the altar, where, upon her bended knees,
She promised to love, honor and obey.
The letter brought the truant one back from o'er the seas—
They're happy in their little home to-day.—*Refrain.*

—Young wife: "John, mother says she wants to be cremated." Young husband: "Tell her if she will put on her things I'll take her over to Fresh Pond this morning."

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

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Words by W. H Windom. Music by Still R. Harcourt.

The wedding bells were ringing upon a winter's night
In a far-off Eastern city, when a truth was brought to light.
It is a sad, sad story, yes, one you'll not forget,
For it tells of joy and happiness and tears of sad regrets.
The wealthy crowd was seated, the elder spoke his words;
The organ had been playing, the wedding march was heard;
The bride and groom were standing 'midst flowers rich and rare,
And naught but joy and happiness was congregated there.

REFRAIN.

The wedding bells were ringing, and the bride and groom were there,
And the organ it was playing that old familiar air;
But so often, 'midst such brightness, sorrow for us may be near,
And so many hearts are aching for a love they thought was dear.

A mother with sick babe in arms approached the church, but slow,
And asked if she could enter, but the answer it was "No."
The guard then told her at the door, "'Tis not for you or me,
But for the rich and great," said he, "this wedding is to be."
Oh, mister, mister, don't say no, for baby's sake," she cried;
But before he let her in the little one had died;
And then he let her in the door; her heart throbbed with despair,
For little did she think she'd find her faithless husband there.—*Refrain.*

"Who knows why these should not be wed? Now speak or ever rest."
The mother woke as from a dream, with dead child closely pressed;
"I know," she cried, "my husband false, and here is our baby boy."
And the scene was changed to sorrow when before 'twas only joy.
The faithless husband, dazed with shame, faced both from right to left;
And as he gazed upon the scene, of reason seemed bereft.
A pistol shot—a gasp—a moan—the suicide lay dead.
No sighs were heard, no tears for him—"'Tis well done," they said.—*Refrain.*

PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Words by Henry Hamilton. Music by S. Potter.

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Oh, we take him from the city or the plow,
And we drill him and we dress him up so neat;
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,
And how to walk, and where to put his feet.
It doesn't matter who he was before,
Or what his parents fancied for his name;
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same. Oh!—

CHORUS.

Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a "good un," heart and hand;
You're a credit to your calling, and to all your native land;
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true;
God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you.

In time of peace he hears the bugle call,
In barricks, from "Reveille" to "Lights out,"
And if "Sentry-go" and "Pipe-clay" ever pall,
There's always plenty more of work about.
On leave, o'nights, you meet him in the street,
As happy as a schoolboy, and as gay;
Then back he goes to duty, all for England, home and beauty,
And the noble sum of thirteen pence a day.—*Chorus.*

In war-time then its "Tommy to the front,"
And we ship him off in "troopers" to the scene;
We sit at home while Tommy bears the brunt,
A-fighting for his country and his queen.
And whether he's on India's coral strand
Or pouring out his blood in the Soudan,
To keep our flag a-flying, he's a-doing and a-dying,
Every inch of him a soldier and a man.—*Chorus.*

So, Tommy dear, we'll back you 'gainst the world
For fighting or for funning or for work,
Wherever Britain's banner is unfurled
To do your best and never, never shirk.
We keep the warmest corner in our hearts
For you, my lad, wherever you may be,
By the Union Jack above you, but we're proud of you and love you—
God keep you, Tommy, still, by land and sea.—*Chorus.*

—A fashionable lady and her daughter just returned from a foreign tour and a friend of the family called, and the following conversation took place: "Were you in Italy?" "Oh, yes, we spent some time in Italy." "And how did you like Rome?" "Rome? Let me see (turning to her daughter), Emily, wasn't Rome the town where we had to pay so much for those gloves that didn't last any time?"

BOARDING-SCHOOL DELIGHTS.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Andrew Mack.

A simple girl, I sighed for other scenes untried,
I left my home with expectations grand;
Then everything was new, the skies above were blue,
But life to me is hardly what I'd planned.
Just fancy going up to bed whene'er you sup,
With damp sheets through the dismal, chilly nights,
Then getting up at five, with algebra to strive—
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.

REFRAIN.

Oh, why did I roam from ma and pa at home?
Here cross old tutors trample on our rights;
They frown at all our play, we girls don't have a say—
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.

At breakfast there's a rush for scanty milk and mush,
Or else we tackle biscuits made of lead;
The hens for us don't lay, the butter is *passe*,
And old enough to vote—a thing to dread.
The milk is out of date, one towel does for eight,
We're always hungry, and we look like frights;
French grammar's hard, 'tis said, much harder is our bed—
Oh, how I love these boarding-school delights.—*Refrain.*

In winter, when we freeze, they "mark" us if we sneeze,
They read our letters, which is awful mean;
Our life is full of ills, though "popper" foots the bills,
And dreams that our existence is serene.
A prison would be nice, much finer—at the price,
We never get a chance to see the sights;
Before I'll finished be I think they'll finish me—
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.—*Refrain.*

It's a Good Thing, Push It Along.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

New by-words and expressions we hear 'most ev'ry day,
For by-words are like fashions—they do not come to stay;
The latest one I'll mention, with topics of the day,
When on the street just listen, and then you'll hear some one say:

CHORUS.

It's a good thing, push it along,
It's a good thing, push it along;
These words, I declare, you'll hear everywhere,
"It's a good thing, push it along."

'Tis one year since our marriage, we have a bouncing boy,
I bought a baby carriage for this dear little toy;
We take him for an airing, my wife and I each day,
I have to push the carriage, and the boys all yell and say:

CHORUS.

"It's a good thing, push it along,
It's a good thing, push it along;
You look awful sweet, and you can't be beat—
It's a good thing, push it along."

The great Lexow committee brought many truths to light,
Police in New York City have not been acting right;
A dozen police captains already they've turned down—
'Twould be nice to investigate each city, state and town.

CHORUS.

They're a good thing, push them along,
They're a good thing, send them along;
I bet with surprise they'd open your eyes—
They're a good thing, push them along.

The Wilson bill and tariff the people do not like,
And last year everybody who worked was on a strike;
But there's one chance yet left us to get out of this fix,
Just make McKinley president in eighteen ninety-six.

CHORUS.

He's a good thing, push him along,
He's a good thing, push him along;
If this is in vain, we'll all starve again—
He's a good thing, push him along.

—Cousin Tom: "So you are not going to marry him?' Eleanor: "No." Cousin Tom: "Why not?" Eleanor: "Well, papa objects to his property, mamma objects to his family, and I object to his manners, and, besides that, he has not asked me to."

DOLLY MALONE.

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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

I've a sweetheart—that's a chestnut—but I'll tell you
That you never saw a girl like mine before—
'Tis her winsome smile has caused the popularity
Of McFaddon's little candy store.
I've spent enough to own that place, on things I did not want,
Just so that I might see her lovely face.

CHORUS.

Dolly Malone, my love, my own, with a kind word for every one;
Of fairest, most fair; of jewels, most rare, is my little Dolly Malone.

Old McFaddon scowls and wrinkles up his forehead
Every time I chance to be about:
Then he scares up work for pretty little Dolly—
He does it just to freeze me out;
But Dolly's promised to be mine—we'll start a place next door,
And Mac, he might just as well assign.—*Chorus.*

Many people living in palatial mansions,
With all the good things of this world their own,
Are not half as happy as I know that we shall be
In our humble little cottage home,
For I have something far above their gold—full well I know
That it could never buy my Dolly's love.—*Chorus.*

THE MINER'S LETTER

—OR:—

Kiss the Little Ones for Me.

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Words by Capt. J. W. Crawford. Music by Claud Marco.

Dearest Annie, I am thinking, while the night winds whisper low,
Of my little wife and babies, and my heart is all aglow,
For I've struck it in the gravel, and our home will soon be free,
So I write to tell you, darling, kiss the little ones for me.

REFRAIN.

Kiss the little ones for papa—tell them in their joy and glee
How I love the little darlings, kiss the little ones for me.

Tell our darlings it is twilight, while the shades of evening fall,
And I'm gazing on their shadows, on their baby faces small.
How I dwell upon each feature, full of love and ecstacy,
While I kiss our babies' pictures, kiss the little ones for me.—*Refrain.*

Tell the little ones I'm coming, when they go to bed each night,
As they whisper "God bless papa," with their baby faces bright—
I have written to the banker—you have waited patiently—
While I dream of home, my Annie, kiss the little ones for me.—*Refrain.*

ISABELLA.

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Words by R. A. Barnet. Music by Carl Pflueger.

I am the queen who, in fourteen and ninety-two,
Can rule this land and Ferdinand, and may be you;
I dote on war, I have a corps of soldiers brave,
The pomp and show of peace also I likewise crave.

CHORUS.

In confidence we would say,
For all this we have to pay.
Isabella, Isabella, is a sov'reign of notoriety,
Isabella, Isabella, is the leader of gay society;
Isabella, Isabella, is a lady of great propriety,
None excel her, Isabella—
I'm the daisy queen of Spain.

Could I have been some later queen, oh my, what sport
In the smart set, to be the pet at gay Newport,
To gain renown for hat and gown, in styles of these days,
To always stop at Huyler's shop, from all matinees.

CHORUS.

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Isabella, Isabella, is the leader of gay society;
Isabella, Isabella, is a lady of great propriety,
None excel her, Isabella—
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I know a pretty little girl whose mem'ry's awful bad;
She often forgets the simplest things, which makes her very sad;
For instance, now, to-day she tried to tell young Dan McGee
About a thing the ladies wear which goes around their——

CHORUS.

What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Now you know;
What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Oh, dear, oh!
She'd blush and then she'd stammer, couldn't recollect a thing;
The word she tried to think of was—— * A lady's sging.

One day she went to Coney Isle, as gay as gay could be,
And like the rest she thought she'd go out bathing in the sea.
The people yelled when she appeared, which caused her great distress;
Of course, quite absent-minded, she forgot her bathing——

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What d'you call it? What d'you call it? Oh, dear, oh!
It made a lot of difference, as they could plainly see;
The thing she forgot was—— * Her bathroom key.

She often goes to the theatre, and wonders why the men
Who come to see the ballet girls so often go again.
She asked the reason of a chap, whose head was bald as eggs;
He answered that he simply went to see the ladies'——

CHORUS.

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What d'you call 'em? What d'you call 'em? Oh, dear, oh!
She couldn't think of what it was; I saw this at a glance—
She simply meant to say he came to see—— * The ladies dance.

Said she, "You know poor Billy Brown, he went to swim one day;
He laid a stone down on his clothes for fear they'd blow away.
Some naughty boys removed the stone, the wind blew high by chance,
So Billy was obliged to run right home without his——

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* Spoken.

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Their joy would have been sadness on that happy wedding morn,
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REFRAIN.

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And told him how he'd wronged a faithful heart;
And asked if he remembered, how, upon that wedding morn,
How they had vowed to love and never part.
She told him of the altar, where, upon her bended knees,
She promised to love, honor and obey.
The letter brought the truant one back from o'er the seas—
They're happy in their little home to-day.—*Refrain.*

—Young wife: "John, mother says she wants to be cremated." Young husband: "Tell her if she will put on her things I'll take her over to Fresh Pond this morning."

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

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Words by W. H Windom. Music by Still R. Harcourt.

The wedding bells were ringing upon a winter's night
In a far-off Eastern city, when a truth was brought to light.
It is a sad, sad story, yes, one you'll not forget,
For it tells of joy and happiness and tears of sad regrets.
The wealthy crowd was seated, the elder spoke his words;
The organ had been playing, the wedding march was heard;
The bride and groom were standing 'midst flowers rich and rare,
And naught but joy and happiness was congregated there.

REFRAIN.

The wedding bells were ringing, and the bride and groom were there,
And the organ it was playing that old familiar air;
But so often, 'midst such brightness, sorrow for us may be near,
And so many hearts are aching for a love they thought was dear.

A mother with sick babe in arms approached the church, but slow,
And asked if she could enter, but the answer it was "No."
The guard then told her at the door, "'Tis not for you or me,
But for the rich and great," said he, "this wedding is to be."
Oh, mister, mister, don't say no, for baby's sake," she cried;
But before he let her in the little one had died;
And then he let her in the door; her heart throbbed with despair,
For little did she think she'd find her faithless husband there.—*Refrain.*

"Who knows why these should not be wed? Now speak or ever rest."
The mother woke as from a dream, with dead child closely pressed;
"I know," she cried, "my husband false, and here is our baby boy."
And the scene was changed to sorrow when before 'twas only joy.
The faithless husband, dazed with shame, faced both from right to left;
And as he gazed upon the scene, of reason seemed bereft.
A pistol shot—a gasp—a moan—the suicide lay dead.
No sighs were heard, no tears for him—"'Tis well done," they said.—*Refrain.*

PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Words by Henry Hamilton. Music by S. Potter.

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Oh, we take him from the city or the plow,
And we drill him and we dress him up so neat;
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,
And how to walk, and where to put his feet.
It doesn't matter who he was before,
Or what his parents fancied for his name;
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same. Oh!—

CHORUS.

Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a "good un," heart and hand;
You're a credit to your calling, and to all your native land;
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true;
God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you.

In time of peace he hears the bugle call,
In barricks, from "Reveille" to "Lights out,"
And if "Sentry-go" and "Pipe-clay" ever pall,
There's always plenty more of work about.
On leave, o'nights, you meet him in the street,
As happy as a schoolboy, and as gay;
Then back he goes to duty, all for England, home and beauty,
And the noble sum of thirteen pence a day.—*Chorus.*

In war-time then its "Tommy to the front,"
And we ship him off in "troopers" to the scene;
We sit at home while Tommy bears the brunt,
A-fighting for his country and his queen.
And whether he's on India's coral strand
Or pouring out his blood in the Soudan,
To keep our flag a-flying, he's a-doing and a-dying,
Every inch of him a soldier and a man.—*Chorus.*

So, Tommy dear, we'll back you 'gainst the world
For fighting or for running or for work,
Wherever Britain's banner is unfurled
To do your best and never, never shirk.
We keep the warmest corner in our hearts
For you, my lad, wherever you may be,
By the Union Jack above you, but we're proud of you and love you—
God keep you, Tommy, still, by land and sea.—*Chorus.*

—A fashionable lady and her daughter just returned from a foreign tour and a friend of the family called, and the following conversation took place: "Were you in Italy?" "Oh, yes, we spent some time in Italy." "And how did you like Rome?" "Rome? Let me see (turning to her daughter), Emily, wasn't Rome the town where we had to pay so much for those gloves that didn't last any time?"

BOARDING-SCHOOL DELIGHTS.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Andrew Mack.

A simple girl, I sighed for other scenes untried,
I left my home with expectations grand;
Then everything was new, the skies above were blue,
But life to me is hardly what I'd planned.
Just fancy going up to bed whene'er you sup,
With damp sheets through the dismal, chilly nights,
Then getting up at five, with algebra to strive—
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.

REFRAIN.

Oh, why did I roam from ma and pa at home?
Here cross old tutors trample on our rights;
They frown at all our play, we girls don't have a say—
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.

At breakfast there's a rush for scanty milk and mush,
Or else we tackle biscuits made of lead;
The hens for us don't lay, the butter is *passe*,
And old enough to vote—a thing to dread.
The milk is out of date, one towel does for eight,
We're always hungry, and we look like frights;
French grammar's hard, 'tis said, much harder is our bed—
Oh, how I love these boarding-school delights.—*Refrain.*

In winter, when we freeze, they "mark" us if we sneeze,
They read our letters, which is awful mean;
Our life is full of ills, though "popper" foots the bills,
And dreams that our existence is serene.
A prison would be nice, much finer—at the price,
We never get a chance to see the sights;
Before I'll finished be I think they'll finish me—
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.—*Refrain.*

It's a Good Thing, Push It Along.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

New by-words and expressions we hear 'most ev'ry day,
For by-words are like fashions—they do not come to stay;
The latest one I'll mention, with topics of the day,
When on the street just listen, and then you'll hear some one say:

CHORUS.

It's a good thing, push it along,
It's a good thing, push it along;
These words, I declare, you'll hear everywhere,
"It's a good thing, push it along."

'Tis one year since our marriage, we have a bouncing boy,
I bought a baby carriage for this dear little toy;
We take him for an airing, my wife and I each day,
I have to push the carriage, and the boys all yell and say:

CHORUS.

"It's a good thing, push it along,
It's a good thing, push it along;
You look awful sweet, and you can't be beat—
It's a good thing, push it along."

The great Lexow committee brought many truths to light,
Police in New York City have not been acting right;
A dozen police captains already they've turned down—
'Twould be nice to investigate each city, state and town.

CHORUS.

They're a good thing, push them along,
They're a good thing, send them along;
I bet with surprise they'd open your eyes—
They're a good thing, push them along.

The Wilson bill and tariff the people do not like,
And last year everybody who worked was on a strike;
But there's one chance yet left us to get out of this fix,
Just make McKinley president in eighteen ninety-six.

CHORUS.

He's a good thing, push him along,
He's a good thing, push him along;
If this is in vain, we'll all starve again—
He's a good thing, push him along.

—Cousin Tom: "So you are not going to marry him?' Eleanor: "No." Cousin Tom: "Why not?" Eleanor: "Well, papa objects to his property, mamma objects to his family, and I object to his manners, and, besides that, he has not asked me to."

DOLLY MALONE.

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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

I've a sweetheart—that's a chestnut—but I'll tell you
That you never saw a girl like mine before—
'Tis her winsome smile has caused the popularity
Of McFaddon's little candy store.
I've spent enough to own that place, on things I did not want,
Just so that I might see her lovely face.

CHORUS.

Dolly Malone, my love, my own, with a kind word for every one;
Of fairest, most fair; of jewels, most rare, is my little Dolly Malone.

Old McFaddon scowls and wrinkles up his forehead
Every time I chance to be about;
Then he scares up work for pretty little Dolly—
He does it just to freeze me out;
But Dolly's promised to be mine—we'll start a place next door,
And Mac, he might just as well assign.—*Chorus.*

Many people living in palatial mansions,
With all the good things of this world their own,
Are not half as happy as I know that we shall be
In our humble little cottage home,
For I have something far above their gold—full well I know
That it could never buy my Dolly's love.—*Chorus.*

THE MINER'S LETTER

—OR:—

Kiss the Little Ones for Me.

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Words by Capt. J. W. Crawford. Music by Claud Marco.

Dearest Annie, I am thinking, while the night winds whisper low,
Of my little wife and babies, and my heart is all aglow,
For I've struck it in the gravel, and our home will soon be free,
So I write to tell you, darling, kiss the little ones for me.

REFRAIN.

Kiss the little ones for papa—tell them in their joy and glee
How I love the little darlings, kiss the little ones for me.

Tell our darlings it is twilight, while the shades of evening fall,
And I'm gazing on their shadows, on their baby faces small.
How I dwell upon each feature, full of love and ecstacy,
While I kiss our babies' pictures, kiss the little ones for me.—*Refrain.*

Tell the little ones I'm coming, when they go to bed each night,
As they whisper "God bless papa," with their baby faces bright—
I have written to the banker—you have waited patiently—
While I dream of home, my Annie, kiss the little ones for me.—*Refrain.*

ISABELLA.

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Words by R. A. Barnet. Music by Carl Pflueger.

I am the queen who, in fourteen and ninety-two,
Can rule this land and Ferdinand, and may be you;
I dote on war, I have a corps of soldiers brave,
The pomp and show of peace also I likewise crave.

CHORUS.

In confidence we would say,
For all this we have to pay.
Isabella, Isabella, is a sov'reign of notoriety,
Isabella, Isabella, is the leader of gay society;
Isabella, Isabella, is a lady of great propriety,
None excel her, Isabella—
I'm the daisy queen of Spain.

Could I have been some later queen, oh my, what sport
In the smart set, to be the pet at gay Newport,
To gain renown for hat and gown, in styles of these days,
To always stop at Huyler's shop, from all matinees.

CHORUS.

Isabella, Isabella, is a sov'reign of notoriety,
Isabella, Isabella, is the leader of gay society;
Isabella, Isabella, is a lady of great propriety,
None excel her, Isabella—
She's the daisy queen of Spain.

Mother Is My Best Girl Now.

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Words and Music by John McCalo.

Nell and Tom were playmates—from the cradle, we might say—
Though one day in bleak December Nell would move away,
And as the story drifts along, Ned's father he gained wealth,
And her mother to a foreign clime must go to save her health.
Poor Ned was good and honest, our village all had known,
Even angels would have been so proud to call his deeds their own;
And when the news first reached the lad, with grief he drooped his head;
His eyes were dim with bitter tears as to himself he said:

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Nellie dear, 'tis hard to part from you,
Although they'll take you far away, my love is fond and true;
There's only one can take your place in all this world, I vow—
Since Nellie's gone, my mother is my best girl now.

Can you picture Ned's sad heart when just a year had passed,
News came from a foreign shore that Nell had breathed her last?
'Tis just the same old story, when sweethearts are far apart,
As the poets write their themes of love, of sad and broken hearts,
He has but one love living and that's his mother dear,
And her gentle words console him thro' each trial, doubt and fear.
He gazes out upon the sea, where Nellie sailed away,
And to the mem'ry of her love is often heard to say:

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Nellie, dear, 'tis hard to part from you;
Although they've taken you away, my love is fond and true;
There's only one can take your place in all this world, I vow—
Since you have gone, my mother is my best girl now.

I CAN'T CHANGE IT.

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Words and Music by T. W. Connor.

I know a lot of lazy men, and meet them when I may,
They've never got a penny—always "stony broke," they say;
With me it's just the other way, for I'm a man of "biz,"
I've always got a shilling in my pocket—here it is.

CHORUS.

But I can't change it, I can't change it;
The reason why I'll let you know,
It's one I made myself, and so
I can't change it, no matter how I try,
But I hope to cheat a blind man in the sweet by and by.

I never was a proud young man, that any one can see;
The fashions I don't care about, for clothes don't trouble me;
I'll never be a masher, for I'm satisfied to know
I've got a shirt upon my back—I can say that although—

CHORUS.

But I can't change it, I can't change it;
I've got but one shirt to my back,
It fits me like a blooming sack;
I can't change it, no matter how I try,
But I'll get a change of linen in the sweet by and by.

I got an invitation to a wedding down our way,
So went into a store to get a new hat yesterday.
I soon got what I wanted and the premises did quit;
Now, since I've tried it on my head, I find it doesn't fit.

CHORUS.

But I can't change it, I can't change it,
For when the shopman turned his back,
I sneaked the "cady" off the rack.
I can't change it and never mean to try,
Or I might be picking oakum in the sweet by and by.

I thought that I'd get married, like a lot of foolish men;
I found the girl and bought the ring, got married there and then.
But when the job was over I was taken down a peg—
Her hair, her eyes and teeth were false, and she'd a wooden leg.

CHORUS.

But I can't change it, I can't change it;
It was a great surprise to me—
I'd half a woman, half a tree.
I can't change her; I wish she'd do a guy,
But I'll put her up for auction in the sweet by and by.

—The football season has opened and now you will never hear a surgeon complaining of hard times.—*Elmira Telegram.*

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

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Words and Music by Chas. B. Weston.

Far, far away, in a land o'er the sea,
Stands an old rustic cottage that's dear unto me—
Where the sweet fragrant vines twined over the door,
Was the home of my childhood, in bright days of yore.
'Twas there, on the grass, I have played, when a boy,
With brother and sister, my heart filled with joy,
And we'd gather at night round the old fireplace,
There mother would sing, with a smile on her face:

CHORUS.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me;"
There again I long to be;
And whenever I hear that sweet, loving strain
My thoughts wander back to the old home again.

I'll never forget the words, dear to me,
I learned when a child on my good mother's knee;
She said, "My dear boy, wherever you roam,
You'd ne'er find a place like your own little home."
On cold winter nights, when the fire it burned bright,
We'd gather around—what a beautiful sight!
Some day I'll return to the old home, so neat,
To hear sister play on the organ so sweet:—*Chorus.*

The Love that I Lost When a Boy.

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Words and Music by Raymon Moore.

Will she ever remember the promise she made me?
That evening in summer she said she'd be mine,
When the clear, silver moon over hilltops came creeping,
'Twas there my fair colleen she said "I'll be thine."
Beneath the oak-tree by your own mother's cottage—
On the old rustic bench—our love-tales we have told.
Oh, Nellie, my darling, you said that you loved me;
Why have we grown strangers, our friendship grown cold?

CHORUS.

'Tis but remembrance, remembrance so bitter,
'Tis but the past as it comes back to me;
'Tis only thoughts which I buried forever,
The love that I lost when a boy, o'er the sea.

When in the far distant lands I have thought of the day-dreams,
The pictures I drew in that home far away,
The one cherished hope which in blossom was blighted,
The lost love that mem'ry alone can repay.
And often at night, when I fancy her near me,
I awake with a sad, saddened heart, for I see
That I'm parted forever from my darling Nellie,
The love that I lost when a boy, o'er the sea.—*Chorus.*

LINGER LONGER, LOO.

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Words by Willie Younge. Music by Sidney Jones.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," so they say, but don't believe it's true,
For I don't laugh when locked away from my own darling Loo;
You'd feel like me if you could see the girl who owns my heart,
And understand my misery whenever we've to part.
I seem as though cut in two, my heart is my own no more,
And so I sing to little Loo, to keep her at the door:

CHORUS.

"Linger longer, Lucy, linger longer, Loo;
How I love to linger, Lucy, linger longer, you;
Listen while I sing—ah, promise you'll be true;
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo."

You should have seen my Loo and me, once strolling side by side,
The day I asked her if she'd be my little, blushing bride;
She hung her head, her face grew red, her eyes glanced up to mine,
And in a trembling voice she said, "Yes, darling, I'll be thine."
We then had a loving kiss—I murmured, "Once again,"
And to prolong such perfect bliss, I sang the old refrain:—*Chorus.*

And now I'm counting every hour 'till she becomes my wife—
Until this beauteous, budding flower is grafted on my life;
And when it's done, and we are one, still strolling side by side,
We'll face the world, and know there's none will dare us two divide.
As we wander hand in hand, as each to each we cling,
All those who look will understand the reason why I sing:—*Chorus.*

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH

973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen yum-yum?
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin" [stairs
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me
995 John Mitchell [home
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black
1004 Where is Kathleen? [coon
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling-mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old moth-
1010 A letter from Ireland [er's knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [the door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old Boss Barry [parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabella St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy
1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame?
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [the way
1045 Young man that used to live over
1046 We've both been there before
1047 Now I come to think of it [many
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady [a time
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation Army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum pudding [dark
1070 I could tell it if I felt it in the
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor [a lonely
1073 Mister Dooley's geese [banks of
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the
1075 Mother's last letter to me
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday
1081 My little side door [morn
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Massa's wedding night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the
1106 Razzle, dazzle [wall
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal,
1114 Johnstown flood [Jack
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture

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650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour kraut
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack [hallelujah
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley [wake the baby
663 Don't make a noise, or else you'll
664 Bring back my bonnie to me
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when
675 Dear little innocent things [you're
676 Mother, I've come home to die [old
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing
692 Sally, come up [bowl
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to
704 I'm off for Baltimore [sleep
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Coid Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill [May
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned [deep?
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants [bye
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-
720 I'll send you down a letter from
721 Paddy stole the rope [the sky
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's
757 The farmer feeds us all [growing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lily bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-
801 Grandma's vacant chair [night
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss [mother
806 Old-fashioned photograph of
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out

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1323 Where the chicken got the axe
1324 After the ball
1325 Ginger
1326 Kiss my dear old mother, Jack
1327 Still the world goes on [bus over
1328 I'm the man that brought Colum-
1329 I loved you better than you knew
1330 You can't stop her
1331 The Bowery
1332 Afterwards
1333 The Widow
1334 Reuben and Cynthia
1335 Out for a racket
1336 Kiss, and let's make up
1337 Columbus was an Irishman
1338 A pretty girl
1339 Love me little, love me long
1340 Two little girls in blue
1341 Daisy Bell
1342 She is my picnic girl
1343 Oh, promise me
1344 When summer comes again
1345 Always mind your sister, Jennie
1346 Volunteer organist
1347 One of his legs is longer than it
1348 In the bright moonlight [ought
1349 Widow's plea for her son [to be
1350 Hearts
1351 Keep the home together
1352 Tom and I'll go too
1353 I love you in spite of all
1354 They all take after me
1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Georgie
1358 Same sweet bells are ringing
1359 Have you seen her?
1360 Don't forget me, Mary
1361 Fallen by the wayside
1362 Is life worth living?
1363 December and May
1364 They are the best friends of all
1365 The ship I love
1366 Nancy Clancy's bean
1367 My Johanna Johnson
1368 Your Mother and I, Maggie
1369 We never speak her name
1370 It's all gone now
1371 When Peggy and I are wed
1372 My Marie
1373 Mamie, come kiss your honey boy
1374 Fatal wedding
1375 Christening of Maggie's baby
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1377 Carrie
1378 No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry
1379 Half-past nine
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1381 Workingman's dream
1382 Face upon the barroom floor
1383 Conversation water
1384 Love will bring me back again
1385 Gay soubrette
1386 Shall we ever be able to fly?
1387 Little musician
1388 Roaming in the clover
1389 Don't leave the old home, Mamie
1390 Twiggy voo
1391 And the verdict was [leen
1392 I'll take you home again, Kath-
1393 Greet the old man with a smile
1394 Man that broke the brokers down
1395 German Fifth [in Wall street
1396 Fare thee well, my little sweet-
1397 Pride of the ball [heart
1398 Walking on de rainbow in de sky
1399 Day by day, years have rolled on
1400 He married the daughter, mother
1402 Apple blossoms [and all
1401 Won't you be my sweetheart?
1403 Little bunch of whiskers on his
1404 My pearl's a Bowery girl [chin
1405 Maggie Mooney
1406 While the dance goes on
1407 Picture 84 [down her back
1408 And her golden hair was hanging
1409 Take him to your heart again
1410 Upon life's ocean cast away
1411 When you know the girl you love
1412 Kind words [loves you
1413 There's no place like the old home
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1414 I don't want to play in your yard
1416 Magic pictures in the grate
1417 Swell up to date
1418 Thinking of one she loves
1419 Only to see my mother
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1421 I long to see the old home once
1422 When we're married by-and-by
1423 Believe me if all those endearing
1424 Look in my heart [young charms
1425 My beautiful Irish maid
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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

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I'll Start to School To-Morrow.

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Words and Music by Frieda Cohen.

I am so very happy, I don't know what to say;
I'll start to school to-morrow, and go there every day;
I'd like to see the teacher—I hear she is so good;
I hope she knows some fairy tales like Little Riding Hood.

REFRAIN.

I'll start to school to-morrow, to learn to read and write;
I am so very happy, I won't sleep much to-night;
I've got my school-bag ready, packed up my books and slate,
So that I can't forget a thing, or go to school too late.

I'd like to show my dolly to all the girls in school,
But cannot take her with me, 'cause it's against the rule;
And if my cat and doggie don't fight while I'm away,
As soon as I come back from school, together we will play.—*Refrain.*

As soon as school is over, I'll run home quick to play
With dolly, cat and doggie; to all of them I'll say,
"You must be good, my children, and sit down on that stool,
And I will teach you something nice that I have learned at school."—*Ref.*

I RAN A RACE.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Why weep this way, Ned? to a boy a man said,
For he saw the tears on the lad's face;
Said the boy to the man, "Sir, a match I just ran
With Tommy, and I lost the race."
The old man replied, "Enough you have cried—
We must all lose a race in our life;
Let me tell you, my lad, of a race I once had
For a heart, for a hand, for a wife.

CHORUS.

"I ran a race, lad, just the same as you;
Came in second place, lad, broken-hearted, too;
Ran against my brother, he is now your Pa;
As you have done, I lost—he won—the race was for your Ma.

"As I did, my lad, and as I told your dad,
Go tell Tommy you're glad that he won;
For defeat is no sin, and we all cannot win;
If so, why a race none would run;
When older you grow, then better you'll know
The meaning of sorrow and strife—
That's if e'er you should face love's defeat in a race
For a heart, for a hand, for a wife."—*Chorus.*

YOU CAN'T FOOL THE DUTCH.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Calahan is a neighbor of mine, he lives next door to me;
Not a cent he pays for rent, while I pay twenty-three;
A Dutchman, who owns me house, of course, owns Calahan's as well;
How he gets out of paying the rent is more than I can tell;
I've just got information from me cousin Dan Magee,
Who says that Calahan, some day, the Dutchman's heir will be;
I think he's hypnotized him, if there's any such a thing.
When Calahan wants a dollar or two, he's only got to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! you can fool the Scotchman, and can fool the French,
And you can all fool the English, if you know how to commence;
The Chinee and the Dago, well, they don't amount to much—
You might fool the Irish, but you can't fool the Dutch.

Now, the poor Dutchman some time ago was taken sick, poor man,
Thought he'd die, so by and by he sent for Calahan.
Says he, "My old friend, I have no heirs; I'll deed all I have to you."
"It's the wisest thing," says Calahan, "I think, that you could do."
The Dutchman soon got better, then, bedad, he had no home;
The property that once was his, now Calahan did own;
And he pays rent (the same as I) to Calahan, you see;
And it's every month he calls for it, and this to me does sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! you can fool the Scotchman, and can fool the French,
And you can all fool the English, if you know how to commence;
The Chinee and the Dago, well, they don't amount to much—
You can't fool the Irish, but you might fool the Dutch.

PHOEBE.

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Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Tell me what you does with all your money, says Phoebe;
Tell me how you gits rid of all your money, says Phoebe;
I takes out the dice and rolls dem, so: is dat you seven? Mm, Mm? No, no;
Oh, dat's de way my money does go, Phoebe.

REFRAIN.

Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so;
Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so.

CHORUS.

Stars are shining, the moon am climbing, meet me, Phoebe Jane;
Come, my honey, I'se got money, and we'll take de train.

When the wint'ry winds begin to blow, says Phoebe,
Nothing then in sight for to eat but snow, says Phoebe.
I gathers the money layin' 'round, you saves yours up and I saves mine down;
Oh, hold your job, we'll own this town, Phoebe.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

Where Apple Blossoms Blow.

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By William F. Peters.

When the days of Spring are long, and the robin is in song,
And when breezes o'er the meadow come and go,
Then I love to sit and think by the laughing streamlet's brink,
In the orchard where the apple blossoms blow.

REFRAIN.

For their perfume's just as sweet, and the flitting birds that meet
'Mong the blossoms flecked with crimson blush and snow,
Cause my fading eye to lighten each dear familiar sight,
In the orchard where the apple blossoms blow.

There to watch the swallows' flight, in the mellow Summer light,
And listen to the soothing waters' flow,
As they babble on their way, all the live-long, happy day,
In the orchard where the apple blossoms grow.—*Refrain.*

But the days of youth are flown, and I'm standing here alone,
In the glinting of the fading sunset's glow,
'Mong the budding flowers of Spring, 'mong the flitting birds that sing
In the orchard where the apple blossoms blow.—*Refrain.*

LOVED ONES.

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Words and Music by Thos. W. Hindley.

In a mansion bright with splendor, filled with all that wealth could buy,
Lay a youth so frail and slender, faintly breathing his last sigh;
O'er his bed, the father bending, watched as life ebbed fast away;
Earnest prayers to heaven's throne sending, striving death's cold grasp to stay.
All in vain; nor wealth nor station can restore the failing breath;
E'en the lads of every nation must obey the call of death.

REFRAIN.

Loved ones, loved ones, how hard 'tis to part from our loved ones;
Nearest, dearest, shall we not meet them once more?
Never to sever ties that must bind us forever;
Loved ones, loved ones, those who have gone before.

Home from toil, foot-sore and weary, an humble peasant, worn with care,
Comes to find it chill and dreary, and his dear child dying there.
"Ah, 'tis papa!" cries the baby; "I'm so glad that he is here;
I can kiss him good-bye, maybe!" down his face there steals a tear.
"Cheer up, loved one, do not grieve you!" and to smile the father tried.
"Kiss me, daddy, I must leave you, mother's calling me," he cried.—*Refrain.*

Upon the field of battle, bleeding, gasping, dying,
See a soldier struck down, faint and wounded sore;
'Mid brazen trumpets' blare and banners flying,
Passing swiftly to the golden shore.
"Tell my wife," he murmured, softly sighing,
"We shall meet again, to part no more!"

REFRAIN.

Loved ones, loved ones, how hard 'tis to part from our loved ones;
Nearest, dearest, shall we not meet them once more?
Never to sever ties that must bind us forever;
Loved ones, loved ones, never to part again.

Give Me Back My Playthings.

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Composed by Robert Alex. Campbell.

It seems but yesterday that I was with the little maid,
And, as young children often do, we quarrelled while we played;
Her eyes were flashing angry fire, her cheeks were burning red;
She shook her little fist at me, and this is what she said:

REFRAIN.

Give me back my playthings, give me back my toys;
It's like you to say things—I don't like you, boys;
Down there you can lay them, they belong to me;
Give me back my playthings, for friends we cannot be.

We parted with advancing years, the little maid and I,
But never did I quite forget those happy days gone by;
New pleasures came with other years, of wealth I gained a store,
But still I longed to see the maid and hear her cry once more:—*Refrain.*

But on one golden day in life I gained a joy divine,
This little maid became my wife, and perfect love is mine;
And when at times, beside the fire, our fancies wander free,
I feel that I can never tire to hear her sing to me:—*Refrain.*

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Words by Reginald Mowbray. Music by Lutie St. Clair.

The newsboys of Chicago are greatest in the world;
You'll find no better newsboys, wherever flag's unfurled;
Their hearts are ever stoutest, all trouble they defy,
And oh, their voice is loudest, whene'er you hear them cry:

CHORUS.

Here you have your morning papers, all about the crimes—
Tribune, Inter-Ocean, Herald, Morning Record, Times;
In the evening hear them calling, none can these boys match:
Five o'clock *News, Journal, Post, Chicago Mail, Dispatch.*

As bright as copper pennies, as honest as the day,
The newsboys of Chicago adorn the city's way;
In sunshine or in shadow, and always free from blues,
They only strive to give us the very latest news.—*Chorus.*

Oh, people of this city, remember now and then
The newsboys of Chicago shall be our worthy men,
For to these ragged heroes, no task to hard to try,
And honesty rings cheery in every passing cry:—*Chorus.*

WHEN YOU KNOW THE GIRL YOU LOVE LOVES YOU.

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By W. B. Gray and G. L. Spaulding.

You will find this world a pleasure if the girl you love loves you,
You will find this world a world of joy and bliss;
Every evening, when at leisure, if your love for her is true,
You will meet her and will greet her with a kiss.
As you wander side by side with your happy, promised bride,
With nothing but your wedding day in view;
All is joy and comfort then—what a blessing life is
When you know the girl you love loves you,

REFRAIN.

When you know the girl you love loves you—
If to her you're faithful, kind and true,
Not a single act you'll rue, you'll have peace and comfort, too,
When you know the girl you love loves you.

All her secrets she will tell you, if the girl you love loves you,
And her every little triumph you will praise;
For her frankness will compel you, if your love for her is true,
To admire her winsome, charming, pleasant ways.
Then as time rolls quickly on, and perhaps a year has gone,
You've tried her love, and found it staunch and true,
You will make of her your wife, you'll be happy all through life,
You know the girl you love loves you.—*Refrain.*

—All Is Vanity.—Laura: "Susan is as vain as she can be." Bessie: "What makes you think so?" Laura: "The conceited thing goes around saying that everybody tells her she looks like me."

Let Me Be Your Sweetheart Once Again

Copyright, 1894, by Erny Hultgren.

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Words and Music by Erny Hultgren.

As boy and girl together, in childhood's golden hours,
Two happy little sweethearts, we played amid the flowers;
You told me that you loved me, I gave you all my heart,
But since then long years have sped and we drifted far apart.

CHORUS.

Let me be your sweetheart once again, let me be your sweetheart once again;
Leave me not forsaken, let old love awaken—be my little sweetheart once again.

As loving youth and maiden, we still walked hand in hand;
Each other loving, trusting, the happiest in the land,
Until the night we quarreled—you nearly broke my heart;
In anger, darling, you left me, we drifted far apart.—*Chorus.*

Can you have quite forgotten the love that used to be?
When I was all you lived for—you, all the world to me?
My arms are open, darling, to take you to my heart,
Then come, love, all is forgiven—we never more shall part.—*Chorus.*

THE LAST FAREWELL.

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Words and Music by Bert Hanna.

No words, fond heart, can ever tell the pain that lies in this farewell;
No balm can soothe this sad adieu, since I have learned to love but you.
Too short the days, when at thy feet I listened to thy voice so sweet;
Too long the days will seem to me, when I am far away from thee.

REFRAIN.

Thus ends my dream of bliss, and it were best we part;
Here, with one farewell kiss, cheer my breaking heart;
Since in your breast to-day love does no longer dwell,
Then it were best to say forevermore farewell.

What you have learned, I ne'er shall know, since I have learned to love you so;
And in my heart shall ever dwell the sadness of this last farewell;
Thy smile, that has so often cheered my anxious heart when you appeared,
Shall ever as a mem'ry stay, to pain the heart it once made gay.—*Refrain.*

Within your heart, as in my own, I thought that love had reared her throne,
Whereat I worshipped only you, and you received my homage true;
But now, alas, the dream is o'er, and we must part forevermore;
The hope that once I dared to tell lies buried in this last farewell.—*Refrain.*

STIBOO STIBEE.

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As sung in "The Gaiety Girl."

HE.—Unlucky the morn on which I was born,
The youngest of several brothers:
At college and school considered a fool,
The prizes were given to others.
SHE.—But now that I've said I'm willing to wed
This very unlucky young fellow,
Don't grumble, my dear, or you'll find me, I fear,
As jealous as any Othello;
For I love the most unlucky of men,
But what is a girl to do?

TOGETHER.

Stiboo, stibee, sti-kitty-ky-en, sti-yie, kitty-am stiboo.

HE.—I'm always in debt at cards or roulette,
Misfortune knocks every plan down;
I enter a horse, who loses, of course,
The "Grand Military" at Sandown.
SHE.—My counsel is vain, it's perfectly plain
Bad luck is your favorite hobby;
For, oh, for the time remember that I'm
Exceedingly fond of you, Bobby;
For I love the most unlucky of men,
But what is a girl to do?

TOGETHER.

Stiboo, stibee, sti-kitty-ky-en, stiyie, kitty-am stiboo.

HE.—But what will you do, my darling so true,
When stormy the wind and the weather?
Oh, will you agree to face it with me,
And chance every fortune together?
SHE.—Ah, surely, you don't imagine I won't;
I'm hurt at the very suggestion:
For, Bobby, you know, I'm engaged to you, so
How can you ask me such a question?
For you're not the most unlucky of men—
Your dear little Rose is true.

TOGETHER.

Stiboo, stibee, sti-kitty-ky-en, sti-yie, kitty-am stiboo.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

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Words by George Dalley. Music by Andrew Mack.

There is a girl that I adore, she lives across the way;
Standing by her cottage gate I see her every day.
At night my thoughts oft wander to the tiny stars above,
I seem to see in every one the girl I love.

CHORUS.

The girl I love, the girl I love,
She seems to be in every tiny star above;
Every flower, sweet and rare,
Every bird that wings the air,
Reminds me of the girl I love.

Tho' when you wander 'round the earth, or sail the deep blue sea,
Winsome maidens you may meet, but none so fair as she.
My heart is just a peaceful nest to hold my gentle dove,
And soon I'll wed, with joy complete, the girl I love.—*Chorus.*

STOP THAT NOISE.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

In a tenement house, where I reside, there's a family overhead,
A racket that they make each night is enough to wake the dead.
When I tell them for to stop they give me no reply,
And the neighbors on the floor below all begin to cry:

CHORUS.

"Stop that noise, there's people underneath yer!
Stop that noise, if I go up I'll make yer!
With yer jigging and yer reeling you're caving in the ceiling;
My flat you'll soon be feeling—will you stop that noise?"

They kept the racket going all this morning until four;
'Twas then I lost my patience and says I, "I'll stand no more."
When I told them for to stop they hit me in the eye,
And, as they kicked me down the stairs, the tenants all did say:—*Chorus.*

The neighbors all got frightened, and they called in the police,
Who marched us to the station house for not keeping the peace.
Next morn before the judge we went, ten dollars had to pay.
After this I'll never interfere, and let the tenants say:—*Chorus.*

The Land Where the Old Folks Dwell.

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Words by R. Woods Gyle. Music by Robert Recker.

In a distant land, 'neath a stranger's roof,
A weary wanderer lay,
His dim eyes foretold that the sands of life
Were ebbing fast away;
Still his only thought seemed to be of home
And loved ones o'er the seas,
And the only pray'r that escaped his lips
Was breathed in words like these:

CHORUS.

Oh, for the pow'r for one brief hour on my far-away home to gaze,
To once more stand on my native land, 'mid the scenes of my boyhood days—
It would ease my pain to visit again the land where the old folks dwell,
Their hands to shake, just for old love sake, and bid them my last farewell.

He had left his home with his young heart full
Of hope's bright, sunny beams,
And his thoughts went forth to the reaping time
Of boyhood's golden dreams.
But that cruel fate which can blast all aims
Had ruled it otherwise;
And now to-day, far away from his friends,
He murmurs as he lies:—*Chorus.*

There were tear-dimmed eyes in that village home
Whene'er the message came,
That contained the news that their wand'ring boy
Now only lived in name;
Still their grief was mixed with reflective joy,
Which helped to ease their pain,
For his dying words told of filial love,
Borne in this simple strain:—*Chorus.*

SWEET ELSIE.

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Words and Music by De Witt Marlo.

She's coming, sweet Elsie, she's coming to me,
To say that she loves me and true she will be;
My love I have promised till death do us part,
My Elsie, my darling sweetheart.
She knows I am longing to see her again,
And soon she is coming to me
To give me her answer, and then we'll ne'er part,
My Elsie, my darling sweetheart.

REFRAIN.

She's coming, sweet Elsie, she's coming to me,
To say that she loves me and true she will be;
My love I have promised till death do us part,
And now she is coming, my darling sweetheart,
My Elsie, my darling sweetheart.

She's coming, sweet Elsie, I see her dear face,
The fairest and sweetest, with form full of grace;
I see her sweet smiles and her tender blue eyes,
And know that she truly loves me.
Her heart is as pure as the loveliest flower
That blooms in the sweet morning dew;
I'm waiting her coming, her coming to me,
I know that my sweetheart is true.—*Refrain.*

POOR PIERROT.

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As Sung in "The Gaiety Girl."

Mesdames, Messieurs, je suis Pierrot,
I'm nothing of the sort, you know;
But Paglincci's all the rage,
And Pierrot's dress suits middle age.
I bought it from a swell costoomier,
Who said he'd really nothing roomier,
And so I sing a tale of woe—
Et pourquoi? Moi, je suis Pierrot.
They've torn me away from my gal, gal, gal,
In her muslin and gauzy fal lal, lal, lal,
My Columbine sweet, while I dance in the street
On the day of the gay carnival, val, val,
On the day of the gay carnival.
They've torn him away from his gal, gal, gal,
In her muslin and gauzy fal lal, lal, lal,
His Columbine sweet, while he sings in the street
On the day of the gay carnival, val, val.

The stories told of poor Pierrot
Are such as cause the tears to flow;
They paint his love for Columbine,
A graceful girl of twelve stone nine;
They show the pains that rack his cranium,
When she swears harlequin's geranium;
The thing's absurd, he knows her age,
And what she looks like off the stage!
He's probably sick of his gal, gal, gal,
In that muslin and gauzy fal lal, lal, lal,
My Columbine bad, and he's only too glad
Of a day at the gay carnival, val, val,
Of a day at the gay carnival.
He's probably sick of his gal, gal, gal,
In that muslin and gauzy fal lal, lal, lal,
His Columbine bad, and he's only too glad
Of a day at the gay carnival, val, val.

Beneath her window sits Pierrot,
Locked out and starving in the snow;
All nonsense, if he's lost his keys
He has his meals at A-B-C's.
His vows are often told in ballet, an'
At Covent Garden in Italian;
He's parodied at music halls,
Reigns supreme at the fancy balls.
Pierrot il adore toutes les gals, gals, gals,
Sa Jeannes, son Elise, et sa Sal, Sal, Sal;
Il aime dans un way, entierement francaise,
Sur le jour choise pour carnival, val, val,
Sur le jour choise pour carnival.
Pierrot il adore toutes les gals, gals, gals,
Sa Jeannes, son Elise, et sa Sal, Sal, Sal;
Il aime dans un way, entierement francaise,
Sur le jour choise pour carnival, val, val.

—If "consistency is a jewel," it must be an opal, considering the tough luck it usually brings its possessor.

HIST YER UMBERELLA.

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Words by Cy Warman. Music by Joe Newman.

If you go out a-walkin' wid yer Lulu in de lane,
And you want to keep yer Lulu baby dry:
When you see de clouds a-comin', and if it begins to rain,
Why, hist yer umberella good and high.

CHORUS.

Hist yer umberella, hist yer umberella, hist yer umberella good and high;
If you don't want to be melted, hon', when it begins to rain,
Don't forget to hist yer umberella.—*(Dance.)*

Dis world's a pow'ful wicked place for good folks to be in,
And I guess dat we'll be washed away bime-by;
Dar's a hurricane a-comin', and it's gwine be rainin' sin,
So hist yer umberella good and high.—*Chorus.*

When dese ole bones am weary, and I lay dis burden down
In de sun-kissed over yonder, by and by;
I'm gwine to have a halo, and put on a golden crown,
And hist my umberella in de sky.—*Chorus.*

SHE'S IRISH.

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Words by Walter Fletcher. Music by E. R. Steiner.

She's a wee bit of an Irish girl, she's from the County Clare;
Her eyes are blue as violets, and coal black is her hair;
She's a primrose from Ireland, my colleen dhas machree;
Descended from the poet Moore, the bard of minstrelsy.

REFRAIN.

And she's Irish, she's Irish, my pretty Peggy Dare;
She's Irish, she's Irish, she's from the County Clare;
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, with your eyes of Irish blue;
My darling, my Peggie, my love for you is true.

Her mother was a Flaherty, her father was a Drake;
Her grandpapa a Slattery, descended from O'Blake;
Her uncle was a Dugan, her aunt a Miss Magee;
Six cousins of Maginnis from the town of old Tralee.—*Refrain.*

She's related to the Kellys, the O'Briens and Duprays;
O Flannigan, the fairy, likewise the great O'Shea;
The Hogans and the Grogans, Lady Duffren and Pat Fee,
And all the Irish families upon the river Lea.—*Refrain.*

WHEN THE MAILMAN COMES.

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Words and Music by W. B. Davis.

There's a fair-haired maiden watching for the gray coat down the street;
With the blinds she hides her blushes on her face so pure and sweet;
She is longing for a message, and her soul with joy it burns,
There's a letter from her lover when the mailman comes.

CHORUS.

She is happy beyond measure, in her hours of pure love's leisure,
As she presses close her treasure, when love's melody she thrums;
Never mind the sad to-morrow, she will never yield to sorrow,
And its sad lines she'll ne'er borrow, when the mailman comes.

There's a sad-faced woman waiting for a husband to return:
He had left her without warning, how her heart for him doth yearn;
The mailman's long in coming, when she, with a wail, succumbs;
Her love's to die, the letter reads, when the mailman comes.

CHORUS.

Now she's mourning for her lover, who was loved the wide world over,
And she prays to God above her, as she tastes life's bitter crumbs:
She has bid farewell to gladness, there is naught for her but sadness;
She is verging on to madness, when the mailman comes.

There's a gray-haired mother waiting for a letter from her boy;
From her anxious soul she's longing for a message full of joy;
Then there comes a warning letter, let the sadly muffled drums
Beat but a balm to mother when the mailman comes.

CHORUS.

The boy is dead, she's dying—death on hurried wings is flying;
Hear that mother's awful crying, a true man's heart benumbs,
Never crackled paper crisper; hush! it is her baby's whisper,
Tells her in an angel's whisper, when the mailman comes.

The Kingdom Whar' de Good Folks Go.

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Words and Music by J. H. Meehan.

Get down your family bible, and give up your wicked ways,
And prepare yourself for glory bye and bye;
Sing glory hallelujah in a mighty song of praise,
And the angels they will join you in de sky.
Come, you sinners, and prepare, there'll be trouble in de air,
So get ready, for de trumpet's gwine to blow;
For the sinners that am late has to knock upon the gate
Of de kingdom whar de good folks go.

CHORUS.

When you travel 'cross the river Jordan,
Keep your eye upon the golden sun and don't be slow.
Don't you worry, move on in a hurry,
And get ready for the kingdom whar' de good folks go.

Don't linger any longer on de crooked path of sin,
Or the dibbel's bound to get you bye and bye;
Turn towards the light of glory, for I know they'll let you in,
And put golden wings upon you when you die.
There's old Peter you must greet, you must bow low when you meet;
You must humble down before him mighty low;
Don't forget to bend your knee, for he holds de golden key
Of de kingdom whar' de good folks go.—*Chorus.*

The book of Moses tells you if your soul you want to save,
You must travel with the hallelujah band:
If you want to go up yonder when you rise up from the grave,
Do not pester with the chickens in dis land.
Climb up, sinners, all de way, while de sunshines make de hay,
While you journey in dis wicked world of woe;
With the white folks we will shine—they don't draw no color line
In de kingdom whar' de good folks go.—*Chorus.*

THE KICK-UP-A-ROW BRIGADE.

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Words by Harry Boden and Gus Williams. Music by Felix McGlennon.

A week ago, this very night, with half a dozen more of good old pals,
Jolly old pals:
We went up-town, the usual place, for fun and jollity,
The spot, you know, where fellows go when out upon a spree;
Johnson, we made leader of the band;
He took us in hand, marched us off so grand;
Arm in arm, we to each other clung,
While every comic song he knew old Johnson loudly sung.

CHORUS.

All of us did the same, all of us played the game;
Every one was a good old chum, rum-ti-iddly-um-ti-um;
None of us cared a hang how much noise we made;
We were all boys, good boys, of the "Kick-up-a-Row Brigade."

We then went up the Bowery, and soon were in the midst of all the fun,
Bowery fun:
It was both fast and furious, as you are well aware:
We saw the elephant, the fox, the tiger and the bear;
After which, the theatre we tried;
Entrance was denied, we were put ontside;
Police then came to put matters right,
When Johnson lost his temper and pulled off his coat to fight.—*Chorus.*

For half an hour or more, we had what any one might call a friendly scrap,
A playful scrap,
And language sweet and beautiful ascended to the skies;
We'd broken noses, dirty hats and numerous black eyes;
To the station-house we all were borne,
Ragged, bruised and torn, and the Judge next morn
Scratched his head, on Johnson fixed his gaze,
And said, "Ten dollars fine, or take the usual thirty days."—*Chorus.*

—Looking Forward.—I wish I didn't have such a name," said little Wilkinson Peterby Rooterturn, discontentedly. "Why?" asked Tommy Atkins. "Because it'll be so hard to say when I run for president. People will start to yell 'Hooray for——' and that's as far as they'll get."—*Puck.*

—Not That Kind.—"So your husband is sick?" said the sympathetic grocer to a regular customer. "Yes, poor man," answered the wife; "he's pretty badly off." "What's the matter with him, hey? Fever?" "No, it ain't hay fever or grass fever; it's regular old fever'n ague," snapped the woman, and the sympathetic grocer held his peace.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Your Pride Has a Tumble.

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As Sung in "The Gaiety Girl."

When your pride has had a tumble, and you've set the cap too high,
Though at fate you're apt to grumble, never sit and sulk and sigh;
Let your little heart beat faster, keep your temper, if you can;
When you fail to get the master be contented with the man. Ah!—

REFRAIN.

This is how, at home, things go—tra la la la la la la la la,
And I think good taste we show—tra la la la la la la la la.
This is how, at home, things go—tra la la la la la la la la.
As for money, we don't care,
But too much love one must not share.

In default of silk or satin, you must don a simple dress;
Wanting room to swing a cat in, pray be satisfied with less.
When denied the gold of Yankee then the humble copper take;
For a crust of bread say thankee, when you can't get currant cake. Ah—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Written by P. Cahill, of the Cahill-Wallace Combination.

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"New York is quite a village," once said a ruben cole,
As he walked around a corner and fell in a coal hole.
The police quickly caught him and to the station house he was borne;
He got sixty days for stealing coal
On the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS.

This side, that side, all around the street,
The people walk on wooden legs, so they won't wear out their feet;
It never rains, it's always wet, the streets are never dark,
The red-headed girls give light enough on the sidewalks of New York.

There was a crazy barber, Pat Casey was his name,
He used to shave the bums for nothing, but he got his dough all the same;
He shaved them in the day time, he shaved them in the dark,
And sometimes he'd go and shave the grass off,
On the sidewalks of New York.—*Chorus.*

That's where Johnny Shannon and little Ed McCann
First learnt to play a card game and rush the old tin can;
Also Mary Nolin, with a face like a champagne cork,
First learnt to mash the policemen
On the sidewalks of New York.—*Chorus.*

THE ROSE MY MOTHER WORE.

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Words and Music by Charles Edwards.

Within our fam'ly bible there's a flower fondly pressed,
A token of a mother dear, who's long been laid to rest,
A treasure that we cherish more than all the wealth of gold—
The wither'd leaves bring back to mind the story mother told.
'Twas once a little red, red rose, and worn on mother's breast;
Of all the flowers in the world this one she loved the best.
It filled our hearts with pleasure in the happy days of yore,
When first we heard the story of the rose my mother wore.

CHORUS.

Only a rose, now faded, that once dear mother wore,
Its leaves, the dearest token of that mother gone before;
This rose, long dead and wither'd, I love it more and more,
The rose that in its beauty my mother proudly wore.

When gather'd 'round our old fireside, 'twas mother's pride to tell
A tale of youth and love and home that she remembered well:
When she, in all her girlish pride, upon her wedding day
Met father in the village church, her marriage vows to say.
And as alone, to plight her faith, she stood without a friend,
The parson's son and daughter came and did their service lend;
A blushing rose that found its way, an uninvited guest,
My father took from off the floor and pinned to mother's breast.—*Chorus.*

The rose was kept through weal and woe, it stayed a lasting guest,
And in the time-worn bible found a holy place of rest;
It came, a sign of love and joy, when hearts were joined in one,
It stayed throughout their wedded life until their day was done.
And then, a wither'd, faded rose, a happy tale it told
Of marriages in heaven made and love that's never old;
And now we love it as a friend of parents gone before,
This wither'd form and faded leaves, the rose my mother wore.—*Chorus.*

MY SON MIKE.

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Words and Music by Mollie Thompson.

The other night in our ward they gave a fancy ball,
But, strange to say, they all behaved, there was no fight at all;
'Twas given by the tailors, a decent set of men,
And ev'ry one dressed in his best—the fun commenced at ten.

CHORUS.

First they marched and then they waltzed, then they began to sing;
They all had a high old time, and all their friends did bring.
Of course, I was invited, I never saw the like,
And the foreman of the tailormen is my son Mike.

Now Mike he has a fine job, with nothing else to do
But walk around and see the work, and sport when he gets through;
With fine clothes and a silk hat, he puts on lots of style,
But when I saw him lead the march, I couldn't help but smile.—*Chorus.*

WHEN YOU ASK A GIRL TO LEAVE A HAPPY HOME.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At a kind old mother's side sat her eldest boy, her pride,
Who would soon arrive at manhood's stage of life,
When the lad began to tell of a girl he loved so well,
And intended asking her to be his wife.
On that loving mother's face care at once your eye could trace,
Like the change of brightest sunlight into gloam;
"Have you stopped to think," said she, "what your lot in life should be,
Ere you ask a girl to leave a happy home?"

CHORUS.

When you ask a girl to leave a happy homestead
And to sail with you o'er matrimony's foam,
You should have employment then, earn your way and living,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.

When the kind old mother said, "Tell me, lad, if you were wed,
How could you support a wife and dress her well?"
Said the lad, "Why, we could live on the money you would give,
And in one of father's houses we could dwell."
"But the girl," the mother cried, "has a dignity and pride,
To depend on us, from home would never roam;
Though we'll help you all we can, we want you to act a man,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.—*Chorus.*

A DIAMOND RING.

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Words and Music by James Alvin Fairfield.

Love is sometimes shallow, often very deep,
Filling hearts with gladness, making life complete;
Some have naught but sunshine, life is all a gain,
Others doom'd to sadness, misery and pain.
Once there was a maiden, fairest one on earth,
Life was always happy, full of joy and mirth;
She was all his treasure and his heart did win,
And he sealed his future with a diamond ring.

REFRAIN.

Just a little diamond, just a broken heart,
Tells a life's true story, as we drift apart;
Once a vow of marriage, happiness should bring,
Yet how sad the story of that diamond ring.

All went well together, till one fatal day,
Just for idle pleasure, he went to the play;
There he saw his sweetheart with another man;
Silently he watched them, pierced by jealous pang.
Then he wrote a letter, all his love was vain;
They must end their friendship, ne'er to meet again.
Next day came a package with that precious thing,
She returned the sparkling, little diamond ring.—*Refrain.*

Years have passed in sorrow and he ne'er has wed,
Drifting o'er this wide world, wishing he was dead;
No one to console him, strangers ev'rywhere,
Hope, his consolation, ling'ring in despair.
But that little jewel, though it gave him pain,
'Tis to him a treasure, 'tis to him her name;
He will ever prize it, love that precious thing,
For 'twas love's sweet token, a little diamond ring.—*Refrain.*

She May Have Seen Better Days.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitter cold,
I noticed a crowd who were laughing aloud
At something they chanced to behold;
I stopped for to see what the object could be,
And there, on a doorstep, lay
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;
She may have seen better days, once upon a time;
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.
She was once someone's joy, cast aside like a toy—
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay;
For from her I was loath to depart;
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,
That something was breaking her heart;
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,
Respected and honored by all;
Her husband had fled ere they were long wed,
And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—*Chorus.*

KEEP A-KNOCKIN'.

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Words by Michael E. Rourke. Music by Frank Palma.

I'se gwine for to buy me a golden car,
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin';
To carry me up to de land afar,
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin';
De hosses shall be ob de finest breed,
Wid wings on dare feet, for to gib dem speed;
De angel band I'se gwine for to lead,
Keep a-knockin' at de golden gate.

CHORUS.

'Way up high, in de sky; chil'un don't be late;
Be sure to bring your money, or Pete will say, "My honey, keep a-knockin',
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin' at de golden gate."
"Who's dar?" says Petah. "'Tis I, your honey."
"Well, you, keep knockin', knockin', knockin', keep a-knockin'."

Jee' roll all dose great big clouds away,
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin';
Don't want any piccaninnies standin' in de way,
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin';
So good-bye, honey, if de track's well laid;
I'll bet you my head if I'se not delayed,
I'll bust all de time dat was eber made,
Keep a-knockin' at de golden gate.—*Chorus.*

I'se tired ob dis earth, so I must away,
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin';
So bye-bye, my honey, till de Judgment Day,
Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin';
Ole Petah am standin' at de golden gate
To see me arribe in a two-minute gate;
He won't hab de heart for to tell me to wait,
Keep a-knockin' at de golden gate.—*Chorus.*

—"Come on, and let us ask Pa. We have to face the music, you know." "It isn't the music I mind so much, Clara, but the musician."

—The proprietor of the only hotel in the village was also the undertaker. The guests were gathered around the table one day, and the solemn man looked up, sighed heavily, and then let his gaze fall on his plate. "I see," he said in measured tones, "that there has been another funeral." Every one looked up inquiringly. "How do you know?" asked the brisk, little widow. "Because," and the solemn man sighed again, "there are flowers on the table and ice on the butter."—*Hotel Reporter.*

SHE'S COMING, AFTER ALL.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

My Nellie dear is coming from the old spot far away,
She's coming here to wed me, though they tried to make her stay;
Before I left, five years ago, she said, "I'll join you, Dan;
I'll wait here till you write that you're an independent man."

REFRAIN.

She's sailing, she's sailing from over the water to meet me;
Sweet Nellie Kelly is coming at my call;
Nellie, my darling, I'm patiently waiting to greet thee—
I always knew that she would be true, and she's coming, after all.

I've robbed them of a jewel if she's as she used to be;
Her parents said I was no good—they never cared for me;
But Nellie said she'd stick to me, whatever might befall;
They could not keep her from me, and she's coming, after all.—*Refrain.*

The place is neat and dainty I have furnished for my pearl;
As nice a little home as ever held an Irish girl;
I have not told her half the things for her I've put away;
She'll find surprises, all around, upon our wedding day.—*Refrain.*

Playing in the Old Log Barn.

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Words by John Stevenson. Music by Albert W. Brown.

Of all the happy times of youth that I can call to mind,
When sporting 'round the dear old home so long since left behind,
There's one, so deeply printed, that no time shall e'er erase—
'Twas playing in the old log barn upon the rainy days.
We, boys and girls together, and the neighbors' children, too;
Oh, how we loved the rainy days, and thought them all too few;
And how we'd climb the ladder and tumble in the hay,
When playing in the old log barn upon a rainy day.

And once when I had fallen thro' the hatchway to the floor,
Who first came down to bind my wound but little Clara More;
Then love, my first and only love, awoke there, as I lay,
From falling in the old log barn upon that rainy day.
We, boys and girls together, and the neighbors' children, too, etc.

Now gone the dear old homestead, and short now is my life,
But Clara still sits by my side, my darling, little wife;
And often we renew our love and while the time away,
By talking of the old log barn upon that rainy day.
We, boys and girls together, and the neighbors' children, too, etc.

THE PIGGIE WHO ROAMED.

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Words and Music by Roma.

Seated by the fireside, as the shadows fall,
Watching how the light throws figures on the wall,
Mem'ry, ever precious, turns to childhood's days:
To the hour of bed-time, and dear, old mother's lays:

REFRAIN.

This little pig went to market, and this little pig stayed at home;
This little piggie had nice roast beef, this little piggie had none;
But the piggies that she told us of, there was one little piggie who roamed;
'Twas the piggie who cried, with tears in his eyes, "My way I cannot find home."

But our childhood passes, years so swiftly fly,
Children grow to manhood, marry bye and bye;
Club-nights' celebrating, out with pigs full grown;
When it's time to leave them, their way they can't find home.—*Ref.*

All are like the piggies of the nursery rhyme,
Just a life of roaming—some have roast beef fine;
All must come, at last, to the gates with golden domes,
Hoping there's no piggie but finds his pathway home.—*Refrain.*

—Daughter: "You know, father, they are going to have a fair at the church next week, and I thought I would like to get something for it." Father (handing her a check): "Certainly, my daughter. In the cause of charity I am always liberal. What were you going to get?" Daughter: "Something in the way of a new gown."

TRILBY.

Written by Leontine Stanfield.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Tune—"Old Dan Tucker."

A girl struck town the other day,
And some folks think she's rather gay;
But you can't drive that girl away,
For Trilby's come and come to stay.

CHORUS.

Then out of the way, make room for Trilby;
Stand aside, make room for Trilby.
There never was a girl, nor will be,
In any way at all like Trilby.

She has a foot that's worth a frame,
And all her charms are sung in fame;
Sweetness is Trilby's other name,
Why can't all nice girls work that game?—*Chorus.*

Oh, Trilby is the latest fad,
And every one is Trilby-mad;
They've put dear Trilby in a show,
And where she'll land us I don't know.—*Chorus.*

OLD BEFORE HIS TIME.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Oh, many are the things that I could gather in a rhyme,
That tend to make poor suff'ring man grow old before his time:
There's such a lot of worries, such anxiety and care,
There's loss of wealth, there's loss of health and also loss of hair;
There's loss of sleep and appetite, and also hope or heart—
All having equal tendency to make your youth depart.
And that everlasting tariff, out of reason, out of rhyme,
That's enough to make one old before his time,
Yes, that is one thing, yes, that is one thing makes a man old before his time;
Yes, that is one thing, yes, that is one thing makes a man old before his time.

The modern school of acting's such a thing of pure delight;
The heroine has consumption, the hero meningitis,
The villain yellow jaundice—oh, his sufferings are fearful.
The scene's laid in a hospital to make it nice and cheerful,
And the happ'nings, though abnormal, are supported by statistics.
It's a school of realism and endorsed by realistics,
And the audience are wading through the mire and the slime,
As they feel themselves grow old before their time.
Yes, that is one thing, yes, that is one thing makes a man old before his time;
Yes, that is one thing, yes, that is one thing makes a man old before his time.

There Ain't A-Going To Be Any Core.

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

Little Willie boy had a big red apple,
Sitting on his father's stoop;
Little Eddie boy comes around the corner,
Playing with his ball and hoop.
Little Eddie boy begs a bite of the apple,
Little Willie boy says "No";
Little Eddie boy asks, "Can't I have the core, then?"
Little Willie boy laughs, "Ho! ho! ho!"

REFRAIN.

"There ain't a-going to be any core, there ain't a-going to be any core,
For I'm going to eat it all; you can go and throw your ball,
For I will not play with you any more.
There ain't a-going to be any core, there ain't a-going to be any core,
For I'm going to eat it all; you can go and throw your ball,
For there ain't a-going to be any core."

Little Eddie boy had his nice, new baseball,
Playing on the day before;
Little Willie boy came around to borrow,
Little Eddie slammed the door.
Now when little Eddie wants to bite the apple,
Little Willie boy says "No";
Little Eddie boy asks, "Can't I have the core, then?"
Little Willie boy laughs, "Ho! ho! ho!"—*Refrain.*

Little Willie boy and his playmate Eddie,
Childish though it seems to us,
Have their imitators in men and women,
And it is ridiculous.
How we vent our spite and our mean, little grudges,
When a favor's asked say, "No,"
Just like little Willie, will not share our apple.
Answer with a mocking, "Ho! ho! ho!"—*Refrain.*

MY BABY'S LAST KISS.

Written by Leontine Stanfield.

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Two little pattering feet follow me to the door;
"Papa is going away, baby wants one kiss more."
And I fold my little one to my heart,
And we love and we kiss before I start.
The day is bright, my heart is light; at the corner I turn to see
My baby-girl in her mother's arms kissing her hands to me.

CHORUS.

My baby's last kiss, my baby's last kiss,
Live as long as I may, till I'm old, bent and gray;
There is nothing can blot from my memory
My baby's last kiss.

Two little pattering feet are now forever still,
And my baby's warm, red lips are rigid, damp and chill;
In frenzy I clasp her form to my breast
And I try to murmur, "God knows best."
All joy has fled, my heart seems dead, for never again will I see
My beautiful babe in her mother's arms, kissing her hands to me.—*Chorus.*

WHO'S DAT HUGGIN' YOU, HANNAH BROWN?

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Words by Katherine Stagg. Music by Emma R. Steiner.

A little girl I own down South, her name is Hannah Brown;
She is the prettiest girl on erf, but the biggest flirt in town.
Who's dat huggin' you, Hannah Brown, out dar war de moon shines white?
I crept up close and my razor flew—dar was one less nigger dat night.
Some folks called it murder, den, and some a tragedy;
But now, when Hannah sits in de moon, she only gets hugged by me.

REFRAIN.

Who's dat huggin' you, Hannah Brown,
Out in de old moonlight?
Who's dat huggin' you, Hannah Brown,
An' holdin' you so tight?—(*Kissing noise.*)

SOLO.

Somebody's gettin' kissed; look out, don't sprain your wrist!
Uh, uh, uh! Hannah Brown! Uh, uh! Hannah Brown!
Who's dat huggin' you, huggin' you, huggin' you,
Who's dat huggin' you, Hannah Brown?

On summer nights de boys and girls rides past on de way from town,
And dey sings out loud as dey cross de road, "Whar are you, Hannah Brown?"
Who's dat huggin' you, Hannah Brown, out dar war de moon shines bright?
I sings out to dem darkey boys, "Is any of you lookin' for fight?"
Dey don't say much and dey rides away as meek as meek kin be;
An' now, when Hannah sits in de moon, she only gets hugged by me.—*Refrain.*

I Was Happy, but I Missed a Lot of Fun

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Words by J. H. Wagner. Music by Gustave Kerker.

When but a tiny little girl I always was most proper;
My dollies all were female, and their skirts were extra long,
And when you squeez'd them they would squeak, say mildly, "Mamma! Papa!"
And make remarks like that, that could not be construed as wrong.
I never played at "hide and seek," or "kissing in the ring,"
And when little boys came near me I would run;
I only read good books and tracts and only hymns would sing;
I was happy, but I missed a lot of fun.

REFRAIN.

And that's how it has ever been my very first endeavor
To never do things that should not be done;
And we know it is recorded, virtue always is rewarded,
So I'm happy, *but*—I miss a lot of fun!

When a maiden tall and stately, I would walk along sedately,
And always keep my eyes demurely turned towards the ground;
When lovers came pursuing, would not listen to their wooing,
Till one by one these sighing swains the task quite hopeless found.
When other girls went skating or were driving with the boys,
Or dancing on the green, when work was done,
I only looked with horror on such wicked, worldly joys;
I was happy, but I missed a lot of fun.

REFRAIN.

So, girls, if you would ever make it your supreme endeavor
To only do the things that should be done,
Stick to goodness and to piety and shun all male society;
You'll be happy, *but*—you'll miss a lot of fun!

Hush-a-Bye, Little One, Sleep.

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Words by Cy Warman. Music by Joe Newman.

Nature is sinking to peaceful repose, hush-a-bye, little one, sleep;
Sweetly the dewdrop's asleep on the rose, hush-a-bye, little one, sleep;
Heaven shield father, where'er he may be, whether on land or the billowy sea,
And bring him back to his baby and me, hush-a-bye, little one, sleep.

Lightly the ripples play over the rill, hush-a-bye, little one sleep;
Singing the roses to sleep on the hill, hush-a-bye, little one, sleep; [winds
Softly the katydid sings in the vines, up from the lowlands the murmuring
Steal thro' the stillness to play with the pines, hush-a-bye, little one, sleep.

One Girl in the World for Me.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

There's only one girl in the world that I would call my wife,
And the girl I sing of I love dearer than my life;
My sweetheart's age is just eighteen—she greets me with a smile,
And when she says good evening, John, I'm thinking all the while that there is

CHORUS.

Only one girl in the world for me,
Only one girl has my sympathy;
She's not so very pretty, or of a high degree,
There's only one girl in the world for me.

My sweetheart is an orphan, and I'm a factory lad,
But if work was steady, why it would not be so bad;
We've been engaged just one year, and last night at the gate
She said, as tears rose in her eyes, my own true love, I'll wait. So there is—*Cho.*

MOTHER AND I.

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Words by Cy Warman. Music by Joe Newman.

I laugh when I list' to the stories they tell
Of how I was born, one day;
And tied in a towel, to kick and to yell,
Just to show them how much I could weigh;
And when they had finished and I'd ceased to cry,
And was placidly chewing my thumb,
We pressed the same pillow, mother and I,
And softly she started to hum:

CHORUS.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the winds blow, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Sometimes, when I think of the days that are dead
And the joys of my youthful years—
Years that have rippled and gleamed and sped
With the tide down the ocean of tears,
I remember, at eve, when the day would die
And the twilight's shadow had come,
How we sat together, mother and I,
And softly I started to hum:

CHORUS.

Dear little mother, how I love you;
My little mother, so loving and true.
Dear little mother, you're my sweetheart;
And, little mother, from you I'll ne'er part.

When together we sat in the shadows again,
In a fainter and feebler breath,
Was wafted a song from over the fen,
From the valley and shadow of death;
'Twas echo, that came from the sweet bye and bye;
And the voices were whispering, "Come!"
We caught up the chorus, mother and I,
And softly we started to hum:

CHORUS.

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee;
E'en though a cross it be that raiseth me.

AN OLD BRASS LOCKET.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Wand'ring by the margin of the sailors' graves,
Gazing on the powerful and heartless waves,
Thinking of the souls at sea, how they all might envy me;
As I pause and ponder o'er the storm-toss'd ships,
With a prayer for mercy on my trembling lips,
Suddenly a billow casts upon the shore
An old brass locket, from one who is no more.

CHORUS.

An old brass locket, cast up by the waves;
An old brass locket from the sailors' graves;
Inside there's a portrait, stained by ocean foam,
Of a sweetheart who is waiting in a distant home.

Twined around the portrait is a golden tress,
Treasured in sweet memory of happiness;
Truth and beauty here we trace, in the maiden's fair, young face.
Maybe she is waiting for him day by day,
Little she may dream his soul has passed away.
I will keep the locket, brazen, stained and old—
A priceless emblem of love unsoiled by gold.—*Chorus.*

THAT IS WHY I LOVE THEE.

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Words by Katherine Stagg. Music by Emma R. Steiner.

Little girl, so dainty, with bright eyes gaily sparkling,
Flashing roguish glances, beneath long lashes darkling;
Dearest little stranger, no wonder that we love thee,
So like a little angel that comes from heaven above.
When your little hands touch mine, when your head is on my breast,
There's a thrill that's half divine, while in these strong arms you rest.
Baby, you are all in all in this world I love alone;
Baby, you are all my own, my own.

REFRAIN.

That thou art the fairest, all know who once behold thee;
That thou art the purest, may heaven's love enfold thee;
That thou art the fondest beneath the skies above thee,
The sweetest, dearest, truest, and that is why I love thee.

There's a maiden lovely, with hair so brightly golden;
Lips, like rose leaves, crimson, and robes that soft enfolden;
With a glance so 'witching—then I was enraptured,
My heart this maiden captured—a willing captive, I.
Reason, I might like to know why you stole away my heart?
Why that shaft from cupid's bow pierced me with a fatal dart?
Sweetheart, you are all in all in this world I love alone;
Sweetheart, you are all my own, my own.—*Refrain.*

WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

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Words and Music by Joseph Barrett.

Now, boys, I am a love-sick maid, as nice as nice can be;
I've never had attention paid by any man to me;
I've always wished that I could wed and be a loving wife;
I think I'd just as soon be dead as single all my life.

REFRAIN.

Oh, sir, won't you marry me? I'd make a loving wife;
Sweetheart, I love but thee; I've loved you all my life;
Oh, sir, won't you marry me? call me your little wife;
I'll twine my arms around you so, and love you all my life.

Now, there's a young man sitting there, he's nice as nice can be;
I've followed him 'most everywhere, to make him marry me.
Now, Charley, dear, you are so nice that I could not be blamed
If I'd come now and kiss you twice, but you are so ashamed.—*Refrain.*

Now, Charley, dear, just look at me with your bright, sparkling eyes;
Don't be ashamed, for all can see without you I should die.
Oh, Charley, dear, please do come here and give your pet a kiss,
And when you are by my side, dear, I'll hug you just like this:—*Refrain.*

Oh, Charley, dear, the boys say yes, that you can plainly see;
Just wait a moment till I dress, then come and marry me.
What! you refuse? I tell you now, I think it is a shame,
For I must die without you—still I love you just the same.—*Refrain.*

Don't You Trifle with Me, Honey.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

If yer lookin' for a little cullud lady,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it;
My complexion's almost just a little shady,
Don't yer trifle with me, honey, don't yer do it.
I'm goin' to de ball, keep a-danciu' till I fall,
An' my snuff I'm goin' ter have where I can chew it;
If yer lookin' for a little cullud lady,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it.

CHORUS.

Who said I holler'd at der last cake walk?
Who said I holler'd, do yer hear me talk?
I'm a cullud lady, an' my face is somewhat shady,
But yer mustn't trifle wid me, honey, dear.

When I done git on de floor and am a-walkin',
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it;
All de yaller coons am jealous wid dere talkin',
Don't yer trifle with me, honey, don't yer do it.
I win a cake one night, an' dem nigs dey had a fight,
Den dey took de cake an' smashed it, den dey threw it,
But dey didn't hit dis little cullud lady;
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it.—*Chorus.*

If yer lookin' for a pretty cullud lady,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it;
When yer ring de front-door bell and ask for Sadie,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it.
If you ever mention cake, then my razor I will take,
An' I'll carve yer like as if a storm went through it;
If yer lookin' for a pretty cullud lady,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, don't yer do it.—*Chorus.*

BILL BAILEY'S HENS.

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Words by H. G. Wheeler. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Bill Bailey was a broker bold on Wall street in New York,
Securities he bought and sold, and gilt-edge railroad stock;
No race track, steam yacht, rod or gun for him had any charm,
His sole ambition was to run a fancy poultry farm. For—

CHORUS.

'Twas such a peaceful life, free from all toil and strife;
As the roosters scratched and the chickens hatched,
He could rest his legs while his hens laid eggs,
And doze to their sweet "cutcadardy."

He bought a farm and bought, likewise, about a thousand hens,
And farmers flocked to feast their eyes on Bailey's high-toned pens,
With rugs and carpets on the floors, with roosts of polished brass,
Steam-heated nests and sliding doors and feedpans of cut glass. For—

CHORUS.

'Twas such a peaceful life, free from all toil and strife;
As the roosters scratched and the chickens hatched,
He could rest his legs while his hens laid eggs,
And doze to their sweet "cutcadardy."

Bill fed his hens on cantalope and cream from one cow's milk,
Each egg was washed with toilet soap and then wrapp'd up in silk;
When orders from the city buyers for fresh killed fowls were booked,
He'd ask them over special wires how they would have them cooked? Oh—

CHORUS.

'Twas such a peaceful life, free from all toil and strife;
As the roosters scratched and the chickens hatched,
He could rest his legs while his hens laid eggs,
And doze to their sweet "cutcadardy."

Two dollars each his eggs did cost before their shells grew cold,
And ev'ry feather his roosters lost stood Bill its weight in gold.
For thirteen months he run that farm, in regal, princely style,
And then he found, to his alarm, those hens had swamped his pile. But—

CHORUS.

'Twas such a peaceful life, free from all toil and strife;
As the roosters scratched and the chickens hatched,
He could rest his legs while his hens laid eggs,
And doze to their sweet "cutcadarty."

Abont this time a setting hen set down a "live" wire,
Then squawking flew around the pen, her tail a blaze of fire,
And William's pens went up in smoke and left him penniless.
To-day he walks the town "dead broke," the picture of distress. 'Twas—

CHORUS.

Not such a peaceful life, not so much peace as strife,
And the dollars went to his last red cent,
And he'll jump on you like a kangaroo
If he hears you say "cutcadardy."

De Fellah with a Cloben Hoof.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

De parson say we mus' all keep clear
Ob de fellah wid a tail and a cloben hoof;
Speak de troof and you nebber need to fear
De fellah wid a cloben hoof.
Lub yer neighbor as yo'self,
Don't keep a-huntin' 'round for welf;
If you do you'll get into a stew,
Froo de fellah wid a cloben hoof.
Sssh! what's dat? Sssh! what's dat?

CHORUS.

Lock de doar when you hear him a-comin, climb up froo de roof;
Look sharp, boys, sabe yer bacon, don't be obertaken
By de fellah wid a cloben hoof—bring dat key and hoof!

De parson say he'll be here some day,
De fellah wid a tail and a cloben hoof;
If you don't get yer money out and pay
Dere'll be kickin' from der cloben hoof.
Don't put buttons in der plate
At de collection; sure as fate,
If you do, you'll get into a stew,
Froo de fellah wid a cloben hoof.
Sssh! what's dat? Sssh! what's dat?—*Chorus.*

De parson say he hab seen him once,
De fellah wid a tail and a cloben hoof;
No one else hab nebber seen him nonce,
De fellah wid a cloben hoof.
I don't want to, no, not me,
I'd holler "murder" in key G
If jes' once dat gennleman I see
Wid his wagger an' his cloben hoof.
Sssh! what's dat? Sssh! what's dat?—*Chorus.*

I'M A JUDGE OF THE MODERN SOCIETY SORT.

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As Sung in "The Gaiety Girl."

I'm a judge of the modern society sort,
And I'm much overworked with divorces,
But I've always some special attractions in court
That my name into prominence forces.
I can sing, I can flirt, and "At homes" I frequent,
Where the upper society crust is;
I'm the bean of the bench and, by common consent,
I'm the toff of the high court of justice.
And on Sundays my figure erect
To be seen in the family pew is,
For behavior select is what people expect
From a judge of the stamp of Sir Lewis;
Yes, on Sundays my figure erect
To be seen in the family pew is,
For behavior select is what people expect
From a judge of the stamp of Sir Lewis.

When I try the sensational case of the day
By the papers I'm frequently guided,
For I like to "sum up" in a popular way,
Just as public opinion decided.
And I'm given to making remarks, when in court,
That have really no meaning whatever,
In the hope that the papers will duly report
And consider them witty and clever.
The applause of the junior bar
A desirable object in view is,
And a flattering "par" in the *Sun* or the *Star*,
Which will mention the name of Sir Lewis.
The applause of the junior bar
A desirable object in view is,
And a flattering "par" in the *Sun* or the *Star*,
Which will mention the name of Sir Lewis.

—Jimmy Dobson: "Pa, what is an amateur angler?" Dobson: "An amateur angler, my son, is a man who can't lie well enough to make a living out of it, but just enough to keep himself amused."

—Fond Parent: "Engaged? I'd like to know how you became engaged to my daughter without my knowing it." Mr. Slyboy: "You see, your daughter has such engaging manners."

COXEY'S ARMY.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

We are tramps, tramps, tramps, and we're trampin', trampin' on,
Up the mountain, down the valley, on the plain;
Our boots are full of holes, but there's ginger in our souls,
And we've all got General Coxey on the brain.
We are tramps, tramps, tramps, and we're trampin', trampin' on,
'Neath the glory of the far cerulean sky;
And we'll never, never stop, but we'll tramp until we drop,
Tho' we're jigger'd if we know the reason why;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, that's our occupation;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, ragged population;
One day's like another day, Coxey's army march away;
Sing ta-ra-ra-" bum "-de-ay! tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, that's our occupation;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, ragged population;
One day's like another day, Coxey's army march away,
Sing ta-ra-ra-" bum "-de-ay.

MAGGIE REARDON.

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Words and Music by John Walsh.

Two lovers sat gazing into each others eyes,
The moon peeped out slyly from the bluest of skies,
Showed a stalwart young blacksmith and a sweet, blushing maid—
"From childhood we've courted," to his loved one he said;
"I am now twenty-one, and a man, so they say—
Will you be my wife, Maggie; don't say nay."

CHORUS.

Maggie Reardon, you are all the world to me;
Our vows of love we whispered beneath the old oak tree;
We were sweethearts, yes, in schooldays; though now we've older grown,
You're still as dear to me, sweet Maggie Reardon.

A year has rolled on since the joy bells did ring,
Which proclaimed that sweet Maggie to church I must bring;
I am happy while toiling in the old blacksmith shop;
My wife, with our baby, at the door oft does stop,
And watch sparks from the anvil fly like ocean spray,
While each tap of the hammer seems to say:—*Chorus.*

KATY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

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Words by Chas. F. Curtis. Music by Chas. H. Patterson.

It was at the birthday party of little Kate McCarthy,
The children in the neighborhood assembled in her rooms;
There was Mamie Moriarty, her beau, they called him shorty;
They formed a ring and began to sing some very pretty tunes.

CHORUS.

London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down, so fair, my lady, oh!
Little Maggie Murphy, she sang so loud and hearty,
Down at James McCarthy's house, at Katy's birthday party.

They had ice cream and liver, which fairly made them shiver,
They stuffed themselves with peanut shells and other funny games;
Then little Kate McGinnis, she tried to play lawn tennis,
She called her sister Mary Ann some very naughty names.

CHORUS.

When the farmer sows his seed, thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot, claps his hand, turns around to view the land.
Little Maggie Murphy, she sang so loud and hearty,
Down at James McCarthy's house, at Katy's birthday party.

Pat Fagan's cousin Mary, the darling little fairy,
On Sheehan's Dutch accordion she played as fine as silk;
And then young Mickey Biddle played on the Chinese fiddle,
Until the milkman came around to peddle out the milk.

CHORUS.

Mamie Mack, dressed in black, silver buttons down her back;
I love coffee, I love tea, I love the boys and the boys love me.
Little Maggie Murphy, she sang so loud and hearty,
Down at James McCarthy's house, at Katy's birthday party.

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Long ago we met, dear heart, in the shadows of the wildwood:
We were children, yet, dear heart, love may come to us in childhood;
Ere the day had passed, we were plighted friends together;
Loyal to the last, now in friendship's name we sever.
As friends we met, as friends we part, though we had dearer grown,
Once hand in hand and heart to heart, we brave the world alone;
Tho' memory lives to bring regret, and love remains the same;
Tho' I through life can never thee forget, we part in friendship's name.

Once the earth seemed full of gladness, life was full of song;
And only joy and love, dear heart, inspired me all day long;
But now the world seems all of sadness, the songs no longer sweet;
And love was but a shadow that vanished at our feet.
As friends we met, as friends we part, though we had dearer grown;
Once hand in hand and heart to heart, we'll brave the world alone;
Though mem'ry lives to bring regret, and love remains the same;
Tho' I through life may never thee forget, we'll part in friendship's name;
Love's sweet day-dream ends, still may we part as we first met, good friends.

PURITY, HONOR AND TRUTH.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

The shamrock is known as the emblem of Ireland,
In no other soil is it found;
In vain have they tried to transplant and to raise it,
But it withers and dies in the ground.
It grows where 'twas born, for a token 'twas planted,
As a symbol of three native virtues to stand,
The leaves represent—by the whole world 'tis granted—
The purity, honor and truth in their land.

CHORUS.

So wherever the Irish are found, the world over,
They always remember the home of their youth,
And the three leaves of Erin are dear to each rover,
As the emblem of purity, honor and truth.

The colleens are fair and they're proud in their bearing,
And purity treasure the most;
Her heroes and soldiers are fearless and daring,
In danger always at their post;
As true to a friend as they are to their duty,
For freedom and right they forever will stand—
Their token a shamrock, the trefoil of beauty,
For purity, honor and truth in their land.—*Chorus.*

Do Buy Me That, Mamma, Dear.

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Words by Malcolm Arnold. Music by Orlando Powell.

Although I'm nearly seventeen, they think me quite a child—
Because I still am fond of toys, my mamma gets so wild;
And 'cos just now and then I want some new thing to be trying,
And ask Mamma to get it me, they say I'm always crying:

CHORUS.

Do buy me that, Mamma; I won't break it;
Really, I won't, Mamma; let me take it;
I want it for my own, to play with all alone—
Do buy me that, Mamma, dear.

Now Misses Green, a lady friend, has added to her list
Of little mouths another one, which all the neighbors kissed;
They took me in to see it, and declared that it was shocking
For me to say before them all, while baby I was rocking:—*Chorus.*

I've heard they've got a lodger in the house that's next to us;
She must be very nice, because the boys there make a fuss;
I think that we should have one, too—I'm tired of each old thing—
It surely isn't wrong to ask, although they call me bold thing.—*Chorus.*

In Herald Square, the other day, I took a little walk;
I met a girl with golden locks, and French, too, she could talk;
I thought that she was extra nice—I wanted new toys badly—
So then I started saying, as I capered 'round her madly:—*Chorus.*

HOT TAMALES.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Solo—Oh, we are the boys with the hot tamales,
Chorus—Hot tamales, hot tamales;
Solo—Feeding "chappies" that walk Broadway,
Chorus—Walk Broadway, walk Broadway.
Solo—Oh, we are the boys with the hot tamales,
Chorus—Hot tamales, hot tamales;
Solo—Do not ask us what they contain,
But eat and do not complain.
Chorus—Oh, do not be shy of us, buy of us
Hot tamales, hot tamales, hot tamales:
Hand us a nickel, your gums we'll tickle,
Palates pickle, while you wait.
Solo—Be not shy of us, buy of us
Hot tamales, hot tamales, hot tamales:
Hand us a nickel, your gums we'll tickle,
Palates pickle, while you wait—
Red hot, red hot, red hot, red hot!

Sweethearts of Old Were We.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Frank R. Gillis.

In the dear old days of the long ago
How bright was your smile to me;
I whispered, "Darling, I love you so,"
And the world was fair to see.
Do you still remember the rose I gave,
The parting kiss at the gate?
And the stars so bright and the summer night,
While we would linger late?

REFRAIN.

Sweethearts of old were we, dear were you unto me;
Ah, can you forget those hours when we met? Sweethearts of old were we.

Oft I see you now in the rosy lane,
And press your sweet lips so red;
Your hand I hold in my own again,
But the dream how soon it fled.
Yet that dream of bliss in my heart I keep,
The dearest life ever knew;
All this world I'd give, once again to live
O'er the bright past with you.—*Refrain.*

VENUS, MY SHINING LOVE.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Most ev'ry one has a sweetheart
With beautiful eyes that shine;
I'm not acquainted with your love,
But you're well acquainted with mine.
Excelling all other ladies,
Fairer than any by far;
You must admit that the brightest of all
Is Venus, my shining star.

CHORUS.

Venus, beautiful Venus, how bright you shine;
None shall e'er come between us, sweet Venus mine.
None as bright as my darling so far up above—
Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining love.

Some say true love ne'er runs smoothly,
But with them I disagree;
Not a cross word has been uttered
'Twixt Venus, my loved one, and me.
Leading my star to the altar
Was my most beautiful dream;
When I compare her with Saturn or Mars,
Like darkness to her they seem.—*Chorus.*

—Mrs. Portly Pompous: "Oh, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase." Bridget: "Shure, mum; isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it?"

How Can You Leave Me Now?

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Words and Music by Jeffrey T. Branen.

Oh, how well do I remember, when a boy
I was seated on my dear old mother's knee;
How my heart did beat with ecstasy and joy,
At the stories that she often told to me.
I am thinking of another now, with fair and manly brow,
A father and his faltering good-bye;
When she saw that he was dead these are the words she said:
"But you cannot, oh, how can you leave me now?"

REFRAIN.

I am thinking of another now, with fair and manly brow,
A father and his faltering good-bye;
When she saw that he was dead these are the words she said:
"But you cannot, oh, how can you leave me now!"

Many changes now have taken place since then,
For through a world of strangers I now roam;
Oh, how oft I've cursed the very morning when
I turned my back on mother and our home.
It seems I see her standing in that quaint old cottage now,
The tears a-down her cheeks so softly roll,
Saying, "Jack, my pride, my joy, your mother's only boy,
But you cannot, oh, how can you leave me now!"

REFRAIN.

It seems I see her standing in that quaint old cottage now,
The tears a-down her cheeks so softly roll,
Saying, "Jack, my pride, my joy, your mother's only boy,
But you cannot, oh, how can you leave me now!"

How I long to see that dear old face once more,
The merry days of childhood once again,
And to hear those simple stories o'er and o'er,
As she told them all so kindly to me then.
But mother dear is dead and gone, I ne'er shall see her more,
The hand of death has touched her aged brow;
In my dreams I seem to hear these words to me so dear:
"But you cannot, oh, how can you leave me now!"

REFRAIN.

But mother dear is death and gone, I ne'er shall see her more,
The hand of death has touched her aged brow;
In my dreams I seem to hear these words to me so dear:
"But you cannot, oh, how can you leave me now!"

KITTY CORDELIA MULDOON.

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Words and Music by John H. Wagner.

'Twas a swate little colleen from far Tipperary,
Her name it was Kitty Cordelia Muldoon;
She'd an ankle so neat and a step like a fairy;
One glance from her eye captivated me soon.
Ere long my affection she gained so completely
That at courting I'd spend the best part of the day,
Till she'd gaze in my eyes and would smile, oh, so sweetly,
Then, roguishly pouting, she'd tenderly say:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, won't you be aisy now, Mister O'Rafferty?
Surely you know your behavior is wrong;
You're drivin' me crazy now, Mister O'Rafferty,
Teasin' me, squeezin' me all the day long."

"Oh, but Mistress Muldoon, 'tis for life I would court ye;
I've acres of land and five pigs and a cow;
Sure, with wealth such as that I can right well support ye;
So say, Kitty, darling, ye'll marry me now."
She blushed rosy red as she gave me her answer,
Her little heart flutter'd with joy and with fear;
But when, just to take one sweet kiss, I began, sir,
She bashfully murmured so soft in my ear:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, won't you be aisy now, Mister O'Rafferty?
Surely you know your behavior is wrong;
You're drivin' me crazy now, Mister O'Rafferty,
Teasin' me, squeezin' me all the day long."

But now that we're married, faith ev'rything's altered;
I ne'er dreamt a woman could prove such a "sell";
Sure, the tongue that once lisp'd and so bashfully falter'd
Now clangs like the clapper that hangs from a bell.
I thought her an angel, she turned out a divil;
She breaks all the crockery over my head,
And no matter how hard I may try to be civil,
Sure, often I think I had better be dead.

CHORUS.

I'd have you be aisy now, Mister O'Rafferty;
Just as is usual, you're in the wrong;
You'll drive your wife crazy now, Mister O'Rafferty,
Thus aggravatin' her all the day long.

BENEATH THE SKIES.

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As Sung in "The Gaiety Girl."

Beneath the skies of Summer sweet, I linger where two pathways meet;
For doubt is throbbing in my brain, yet must I choose between the twain;
And one so fair, with flowers gay, and love and laughter light the way;
But one is darkened from the sun, and duty points along that one.
Fortune and friends, what use are ye if happiness is not for me?
Ah! who would love when love is lost? then give me love at any cost.

O, maiden fair, though fate would part, in cruel fashion, heart from heart,
Why should we not its will defy, and link our fortunes, you and I?
What matter, though the world may frown, if love holds out its golden crown?
Then let us travel, hand in hand, the path that leads to loverland.
Fortune and friends, what use are ye if happiness is not for me?
Ah! who would love when love is lost? then give me love at any cost.

Those Love-Lit, Sparkling Eyes.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

I've a sweetheart, and I love to sing her praise;
I've a sweetheart, and on her I love to gaze,
Not because her face is fair, not to banish worldly care,
Not because she's sweet, with cute or winsome ways,
I will tell you why this girl I idolize,
Why to me she's more than aught in paradise.
Tho' it's strange, indeed, to say, I've adored her since the day
I first beheld her love-lit, sparkling eyes.

CHORUS.

Since I first beheld those love-lit, sparkling eyes,
Wherein every shade of sweet expression lies;
Since I saw them glance and dart,
I've completely lost my heart
To the girl who owns those love-lit, sparkling eyes.

When they twinkle merrily, it makes me glad;
When they flicker mournfully, it makes me sad.
If in time's uncertain years I should see them shedding tears,
Seems to me that such a sight would drive me mad.
Every night, with eyes uplifted toward the skies;
Every morning when from slumber I arise,
I beseech, in fervent prayer, that the tears of grief or care
May ne'er bedim those love-lit, sparkling eyes.—*Chorus.*

I WENT HOME WID MICHAEL.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

One morning I dropped across Michael McGinty—
Michael's a man I am proud for to know.
"Come, Tim," says he, "have a drink just for friendship;
I've got the price of a schooner or so."
Down to O'Farrell's we went and got spacheless—
'Twas "here's to ye, Tim, and good health to ye, Mick!"
When it came time for the bars to be closing,
I says, "I'll see you safe home now, avick!

CHORUS.

I went home wid Michael; he came back wid me;
Then I tuk him home again, for he could hardly see;
He came back wid me once more. "Tim, you're drunk," says he—
We were laving one another home till morning.

He got to his dure, there stood Misses McGinty.
"Michael astore," she says, "where have you been?"
"Over beyant there," says he, "at O'Farrell's,
Trying the strength of some Irish poteen."
"I've brought him home," says I, "Misses McGinty."
"Sure, it is yerself," says she, "has the kind heart;
Come in and have a small drop just for friendship,
Wan drop before you for home again start."—*Chorus.*

He came home wid me and my wife began laughing,
And swore she never did see two such min:
She dragged us both in and says, "By the hokey,
You'll have to see Micky safe home again!"
I went home wid him, he came back wid me, too;
We stuck to each other, shook hands o'er and o'er;
To our surprise, when we got nearly sober,
'Twas daylight—the bars were all open once more.—*Chorus.*

YOU HAVE TO STAND IT.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

We often hear it said that men are brainless, simple elves,
Without the slightest notion how to take care of themselves;
You take a girl out for a walk, and though you plead in vain,
That all you can afford is beer, she says she wants champagne—

CHORUS.

And you have to stand it, you have to stand it,
Just like a simple little Ba, Ba, Ba;
You cut a nightly dash, but you've got to find the cash—
Oh! what a lot of Johnny Jugginses you are.

You buy them sealskin jackets and you buy them diamond rings,
And tell them that they really are such darling little things;
And when, at last, you've got no gold, I wonder where you are—
The girl departs, and doesn't even stop to say "ta-ta"—

CHORUS.

And you have to stand it, you have to stand it,
Just like a simple little Ba, Ba, Ba;
When you've blown in all your cash, she will find another mash—
Oh! what a lot of Johnny Jugginses you are.

And when, at last, you're married, what a sudden change you find;
There are so many faults to which you hitherto were blind;
On Saturdays, when you come home, she collars all your pelf,
And bangs you with the poker if you want a cent yourself.

CHORUS.

And you have to stand it, you have to stand it,
Just like a simple little Ba, Ba, Ba;
While she is drinking gin, you must nurse the little twin—
Oh! what a lot of Johnny Jugginses you are.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

One day in Spring I called upon my sweetheart, young and fair;
I found her in the garden then, her father, too, was there;
Her Pa was spading up the ground, asked me to take a hand—
I worked until I almost dropped—my love said, "Ain't he grand?"

CHORUS.

Spades were trumps! Spades were trumps! I was solid with my love;
Spades were trumps! Spades were trumps! Oh, she said I was a dove;
Her father said I was the stuff; I cared not if the work was rough
If of her love I got enough—spades were trumps! spades were trumps!

A month had passed, I called again upon my sweetheart fair;
I found her in the garden then, another man was there;
A rival for my darling's hand, a man of wealth was he,
For on his hands and in his shirt, the diamonds sparkled free.

CHORUS.

Diamonds were trumps! Diamonds were trumps! he was solid with my love;
Diamonds were trumps! Diamonds were trumps! Oh, she said he was a dove;
Her father said he was the stuff; I thought on me 'twas pretty rough,
For of her love he got enough—diamonds were trumps! diamonds were trumps.

I stood it for a little while, and then my blood was up;
I went outside and got a club—said I, "I'll warm the pup!"
I clubbed him till he howled with pain—her father stopped the row.
My darling said she'd take me back—she said she loved me now.

CHORUS.

Clubs were trumps! Clubs were trumps! I was solid with my love;
Clubs were trumps! Clubs were trumps! Oh, she said I was a dove;
Her father said I was the stuff; I cared not if the fight was rough,
If of her love I got enough—clubs were trumps! clubs were trumps!

It was not long, I called again upon my sweetheart fair;
I found her in the parlor then—her family were all there;
A minister was there to tie the knot that made us one,
And "hearts were trumps," and trumps till last, till trav'ling days are done.

CHORUS.

Hearts are trumps! Hearts are trumps! I am married to my love;
Hearts are trumps! Hearts are trumps! Oh, she says I am a dove;
Her father says I am the stuff—I fought for her, the fight was rough,
But of her love I get enough—hearts are trumps! hearts are trumps!

—It is nearly safe to say that the most disappointed man in the wide, wide world is the man who expects to get a letter in a particular mail from his girl and receives instead a bill from his tailor. —*The Merry Maker.*

DON'T LISTEN.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Yaller gals, I'm going to warn you 'gainst a nigger dat I know,
Don't listen, don't listen;
He will sing outside your shanty and he'll pick de ole banjo,
Don't listen if you're wise.
He will sit upon de fence and say, "Oh, lub, you are divine";
He will swear that he'll be true to you as all the stars that shine,
But he's said de same to eb'ry yaller girl in Caroline;
Don't listen if you're wise.

CHORUS.

Don't listen, don't listen, don't listen to dat saucy nigger's lay;
If he says it's nice to spoon by de lubly silver moon,
Don't listen, for it's all de oder way.—*Dance.*

If dat nigger wants to visit you when mammie ain't at home,
Don't listen, don't listen;
If he wants you to go out with him and thro' the fields to roam,
Don't listen if you're wise.
If he comes a-knocking at de door and says de weather's wet,
If he wants to sit up to de fire and call you "honey pet,"
If he tell you dat you are de nicest yaller girl he's met,
Don't listen if you're wise.

CHORUS.

Don't listen, don't listen, don't listen to dat saucy nigger's lay;
If he tells you of de bliss of one long, sweet, ling'ring kiss,
Don't listen, for it's all de oder way.—*Dance.*

If he follows you about de fields and says, "My only one,"
Don't listen, don't listen;
If he says, "Oh, hug me hard, my honey," go and get your gun
Don't listen if you're wise.
If he says that love for you in his poor heart has taken root,
Just explain to him the size of your expected daddy's boot;
Let your fader's bulldog loose on him and say, "You nigger, skoot!"
Don't listen if you're wise.

CHORUS.

Don't listen, don't listen, don't listen to dat saucy nigger's lay;
Let your daddy lift him so in de gutter wid his toe;
Don't listen, for it's all de oder way.—*Dance.*

KEEP IT HANDY.

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Words by George Horncastle. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Now ev'ry young lady who's got a nice face, take my advice:
Be always good-tempered and add to its grace, that's good advice;
I don't recommend you to use horrid stuff,
Still men never think you are pretty enough;
So buy some pearl powder and also a puff, and take my advice:

CHORUS.

Keep it handy, nice and handy,
You know you like to "make up" on the sly;
And powder's handy, very handy,
It's ten to one you'll want it bye and bye.

Now all you young fellows who stay out at night, take my advice:
Whatever you do, mind, you never get tight, that's good advice;
And if you are strictly teetotal instead,
But still in the morning have pains in your head,
A bottle of brandy have placed near your bed, and take my advice:

CHORUS.

Keep it handy, nice and handy,
You know you like a drop upon the sly;
And brandy's handy, very handy,
Whene'er you want to wet the other eye.

Now all you dear girls who have got a young man, take my advice,
And keep him as far off as ever you can, that's good advice.
If of other fellows he jealous appears,
And you want to seem quite upset by his sneers,
In your handkerchief place a small onion, my dears, and take my advice:

CHORUS.

Keep it handy, nice and handy,
You know you like to tease him on the sly;
An onion's handy, very handy,
It's ten to one you'll want it bye and bye.

You dear married ladies who 'round me I see, take my advice:
Always make the old man come home to his tea, that's good advice;
Then let him go out, for what else can you do?
But while you await his return till all's blue,
Be sure that you have a big poker with you, and take my advice:

CHORUS.

Keep it handy, nice and handy,
You know you like to bang him on the sly;
A poker's handy, very handy,
It's ten to one you'll want it bye and bye.

MR. CAPTAIN, STOP THE SHIP.

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Words by W. A. Archbold. Music by Felix McGlennon.

On a trip across the ocean I to New York came last year,
But the ocean's nasty motion set me feeling very queer;
When I saw my elder sisters lying groaning side by side,
I clutched the captain by the whiskers and I, trembling, cried:

CHORUS.

"Mister Captain, stop the ship, I want to get out and walk;
I feel so flipperty-flopperty-flip that I'll never see New York.
Mister Captain, stop the ship, I'm sick of the raging main;
Hi! hi! send me a cab to take me home again."

When I said, "Good Mister Captain, tell me when's the next car home,"
He laughed and shook his head and said, "No cars upon the foam.
You will have to go to New York, dear, before you're home again;
You must cheer up," he murmured, but I cried with might and main:—*Chorus.*

Once I said when tempest blew hard, "I'll die if it keeps like this."
"Not at all," replied the steward; "try some good old whiskey, miss."
Nevermore upon the ocean shall I trust myself again,
Or ever give the ocean's motion chance to cause me pain.—*Chorus.*

A LOST ONE'S BROKEN HEART.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

The playmates of her childhood no more with welcome came,
To give her joyous welcome on the lea;
The way was dark and silent, and murmurs of her blame
Seemed sounding from the leaves on ev'ry tree.
Oh, she was young and fair when she left the old folks there,
Upon a willful mission to depart;
Around the kitchen way she entered in dismay,
A wanderer with weary, broken heart.

REFRAIN.

With broken heart, in pain she wandered back again,
The light of home could ne'er from her depart;
She came back to the fold to happy scenes of old,
A lost one with a weary, broken heart.

She met upon the threshold a mother old and gray,
Who clasp'd her, weeping, fondly to her breast:
Her brothers and her sisters with smiles came to display
Their joy to see the bird back in its nest.
The lost one smiled once more within the cottage door,
And vowed that she would nevermore depart;
She soon forgot her care, for she was young and fair,
And joy soon soothed the lost one's broken heart.—*Refrain.*

THE MIDWAY PALOMA.

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Words by James Thornton. Music adapted from the Spanish.

Oh, Santiago, and de Lumbago,
And the Senorita dat will pull-a de leg-o;
Oh, Mexico and the Mexicanno,
And de Dago sella de ripe banano;
De night go and de Dago from Italio,
Standing on the corner, selling the hot tamalio;
Hidalgo Espagnola from San Marilo,
And "the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo;"
And the mandolins will ring, and Signora will sing
"Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow-wow-wow,
Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,"
"After the ball-o," "Collar and elbow,"
"He never cares to wander-o," "De cat came back-o,"
"The man in the moon-o" marry him soon-o, alla.

Oh, cigaretto, and de cigaro,
Wheeling, West Virginia, in a wheelbarrio;
Oh, Silver Bill and the Buffalo Billio,
I don't know how much I owe, Tit Willio.
A young girl went to supper with my brother-o,
Now one of his legs is longer than the other-o;
When she left him he didn't have a son-i-o,
For she was one of the "Two little girls in blue-i-o."
Oh, he bought her a ring, and the maiden will sing,
There's a jay born each minute or two-i,
Minute or two-i-o.
Oh, Carmencita, Regaloncita,
And Paquetta, I'm going to meet her just down the street-a,
With her big feet-a, never looked sweeter, alla.

Beauteous Queen of the Midnight Star.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

Beauteous queen of the midnight star, still swaying the hearts of men,
Happier I than all, by far, if I had thy love again.
Rarest tresses bedeck thy brow, that rivals Juno's own;
Empress great of my love art thou, ah, could I make it known,
I'd give the world for one warm, sweet kiss, the lips, dewy laden, of thine;
Thy passionate gleam, forever a dream, a creature of form divine.
Ah! beauteous queen of the midnight star, empress of hearts, regent of men,
Such an enchantress, with thrilling pow'r, give me thy love again:
Beauteous queen of the heavens bright, deign but to glance down from afar;
There is but one beauteous queen of night, the queen of the midnight star.

Beauteous queen of the midnight star, a gem so radiant fair,
Out from thy vaulted throne afar no rival can aught compare;
As I longingly gaze on thee, so queenly from above,
Beats my heart with glad ecstasy for one sweet glance of love.
Thy gracious smile fore'er allures, along with those passionate eyes;
Oh, say that my life forever endures, no glimpse of thy paradise.
Ah! beauteous queen of the midnight star, etc.

I Guess He Knows the Secret Now.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I often used to wonder how it is when people die—
If there's really any truth in what we hear;
If there's such a place where people have nice golden wings and fly,
And if preachers give us all the proper steer.
My old friend Jones was taken ill two weeks ago and died;
On his dying bed he made a solemn vow
That he'd return and tell us all about the other side,
So I guess he knows the secret now.

REFRAIN.
I guess he knows the secret now, I guess he knows the secret now;
I would like to know to-night if my old friend Jones is right,
And if he knows the secret now.

An old maid that had money said she'd never, never wed;
She has changed her mind quite different since then.
Of the naughty, naughty boys, she said, she was so much afraid,
And she could not bear the awful naughty men.
She's married now and knows the joys of happy wedded bliss;
When her husband's home, there's sure to be a row;
It's pulling hair and at each other hammer tongues and fists,
So I guess she knows the secret now.

REFRAIN.
I guess she knows the secret now, I guess she knows the secret now;
Wedded bliss is all a bluff, don't take long to get enough;
I guess she knows the secret now.

A colored individual, by the name of Johnston Jones,
Swore he'd never stole a chicken in his life,
Said he had a reputation that few colored people own,
And he proved all his assertions by his wife.
He got a situation in the country, on a farm,
And at doing magic tricks, this coon knew how,
And mesmerizing chickens seemed to be his greatest charm,
For this darkey has the secret now.

REFRAIN.
I guess he knows the secret now, I guess he knows the secret now;
And the chickens now roost high when this coon is passing by;
I guess he knows the secret now.

Little Willie used to go to school, dime novels he would read,
And he bought a hunting knife and gun that shoots;
He had read about the Indians and of their cruel deeds,
So he went out West to kill the savage Utes.
'Way out there, on the Western plains, poor Willie needs no gun,
For the Indians placed a wreath upon his brow;
They all went to his funeral, as they do for ev'ry one,
And poor Willie's pants are vacant now.

REFRAIN.
I guess he knows the secret now, I guess he knows the secret now;
In the happy hunting ground little Willie can be found;
I guess he knows the secret now.

Poor Mary Ann she used to light the fire with kerosene,
But we told her not to, many times before;
So one morn she overslept herself, the wood was awful green,
She just poured it on and tightly closed the door.
There was a grand display, just like the fourth day of July,
Whether she died brave or not, no one knew how;
At shov'ling coal or pushing clouds she has a chance to try,
For poor Mary knows the secret now.

REFRAIN.
I guess she knows the secret now, I guess she knows the secret now;
Even if she got up late, would it not been best to wait?
I guess she knows the secret now.

THERE'S A NEW ONE COMING IN THE MORNING.

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Written by Chas. Brighton. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

When I was but a little girl—a naughty one, they say—
My mother used to tell me that she'd send me right away,
Yes, right away, and then she'd have another one instead,
And well I can remember now the many times she said:

CHORUS.
"There's a good girl coming in the morning,
Very, very early in the day;
And just as the daylight is a-dawning
I'm going to send the other one away."

The other night I saw my Pa with our young chamber maid;
He said to her, "Give me a kiss"; said she, "I am afraid."
Said I to Ma, "Why did my Pa kiss Sarah?" Pa said, "Hush!"
There was a row—I don't know why—now Sarah's name is mush.

CHORUS.
There's a new one coming in the morning,
Very, very early in the day;
And just as the daylight is a-dawning
We're going to send the wicked girl away.

My Pa is always grumbling when he hears the baby roar,
I've often heard him say to Ma, "I hope we'll have no more."
Now that seems very strange, because my aunt she said to me,
"You'll have a little brother or a sister soon, you'll see.

CHORUS.
"There's a new one coming in the morning,
Very, very early in the day;
And just as the daylight is a-dawning
You'll hear your daddy shouting, 'Hip, hooray!'"

Boys of the Household Brigade.

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As sung in "The Gaiety Girl."

1st PERSON.

Buck up, buck up, old chappie, and don't meet your woes half way, man;
Leave lovers' ills, like unpaid bills, until you're on half pay, man.
But life has rubs, my chirpy subs, that aren't at all amusin';
And tho' a chap's a life guard, p'raps he still may be the "blues" in.
A fig for blues of divers hues, don't get such nonsense wrapt in;
By way of cure, remember you're a guardsman and a captain,
Who's got in store good times galore, a few of which we'll mention;
Go on, my boys, your list of joys shall have my best attention.

REFRAIN.
Oh, we're boys of the household brigade, brigade,
As cheery and bright as they're made, they're made;
So buck up, old chappie, and let's all be happy,
By never a trouble dismayed, dismayed.
We're boys of the household brigade, brigade,
As cheery and bright as they're made, they're made;
So buck up, old chappie, and let's all be happy,
By never a trouble dismayed,
Like the boys of the household brigade.

2d PERSON.

There's town delights o' days and nights, not quite for country cousins,
With shows and balls and music halls and pretty girls by dozens;
A-lounge you go, or ride the Row, and plunging go the pace in,
To make a bit or take a hit on all the season's racin'.
Or take your way to Paris gay, to do—tho' prigs may snarl, oh!—
Your "Moulin Rouge," then "rouge et noir" at merry Monte Carlo.
You crop a flow'r from ev'ry hour, with naught your fun to fetter;
By Jove, you do! D'ye know, you two, I'm feeling rather better.—*Refrain.*

3d PERSON.

Then leaving town for dale and down, and 'round of rural blisses,
You shoot your neighbor's "covers" and you spoon your neighbor's misses:
There's bird and brute to hunt and shoot, there's game for horse and gun there;
So, in and out, beyond a doubt, you're bound to get some fun there.
A guardsman's year is one career of sport, there's no denying;
And when he's broke beyond a joke from many kites a-flyin',
He seeks with aim to shoot big game, the Congo or the Niger,
Or goes to "pot" in India hot the captivating tiger.—*Refrain.*

—A Helpful Relative.—Mrs. Youngman: "I wish I knew some way to prevent the baby from sucking his thumb." Bachelor Uncle: "Hum! let me see. There ought to be some way. Why, yes; I've thought of a plan already." "Oh, thank you ever so much. What shall I do?" "Muzzle him."

McNALLY'S OLD BACK YARD.

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Right across the Brooklyn Bridge, on the east side of the town,
Little Joe, he will meet his beau, and he takes her by the arm,
On their way they meet Nell and May, along with Julie Worth,
And every night you'll find them in McNally's old back yard.

CHORUS.

Sweet, little Annie O'Connor, along with Tommie McCue,
Making love together, as the boys and girls all do,
And beautiful Nancy Clancy, she is the belle of the ward,
And every night you'll find them all in McNally's old back yard.

Summer's night, when the moon shines bright, the man in the moon sees all;
Johnnie Dean plays the concertine, Nellie Grady sings a song,
Mollie McGuire, who sings in the choir, along with Annie Hart,
And every night you'll find them in McNally's old back yard.—*Chorus.*

Oh! How I Love Sweet Kathleen.

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Within our flat there dwells a maid, she's all the world to me,
And in my sleep I speak of her, and her sweet face I always see;
With a smile so sweet, she'll always greet, she's my little Irish queen;
When by her side, I'm filled with pride, for I love my sweet Kathleen.

CHORUS.

Oh! how I love sweet Kathleen, and she's all the world to me;
She is my only guiding star, and married soon we'll be;
Her eyes like diamonds shine, and her heart is love's retreat;
I wish it were time when I could call her mine, for she's all the world to me.

Together, sparking, every night you'll see us at the door;
In a little while you'll miss her smile, for we will stand there no more;
A little cot will be our lot, for she's my little queen;
There's not a girl in all the world can equal my Kathleen.—*Chorus.*

I'M SURE.

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Written by Chas. Williams. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I've met some funny people—so, I guess, have all of you;
The folks who tell you what they would and what they wouldn't do—
For instance, in our boarding-school you'll find the sour-faced Miss,
Who never has been asked—but says she wouldn't take a kiss—

CHORUS.

But I fancy that she would, I'm sure, I'm sure—
That is, if she only could, I'm sure, I'm sure.
When you hear a straight-laced Miss say she wouldn't take a kiss—
Well, it's ten to one she would, I'm sure.

When ma-in-law comes to the house, the timid married man
Devotes himself unto his wife in every way he can;
He's quite a model husband, while the good old girl is there,
And that he wouldn't part with her, he's quite prepared to swear.

CHORUS.

Oh! but don't you think he would, I'm sure, I'm sure—
That is, if he only could, I'm sure, I'm sure,
Lose the ancient-looking face, which adorns his humble place—
Well, it's ten to one he would, I'm sure.

Then take the happy father on a cold December night,
He paces up and down the room, in garments, oh, so slight;
If you ask him, he'll tell you with a smile that looks like pain,
For all the world he wouldn't be a single man again—

CHORUS.

But I fancy that he would, I'm sure, I'm sure—
That is, if he only could, I'm sure, I'm sure;
When he's shaking at the knees, and feels half inclined to freeze,
Be a single man he would, I'm sure.

—It was a careless but unwittingly truthful college youth, who wrote to his rich aunt: "I can hardly exist when I am out of your presents."—*The Merry Maker.*

SUSIE, DO YOU LUB ME?

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

When de sun am gone to rest, far behind the hills,
And de darkies work am done in de cotton fields,
Den he lubs to meet his gal in de moonlight clear,
Whisper to her words ob lub—don't she like to hear:

CHORUS.

Susie, do you lub me? tell me wid dose eyes;
You's de gal for Sambo, just dis niggah's size;
Kiss me wid dose ripe, red lips; hug me tight, my honey;
We'll be married some fine day—oh, golly! ain't lub funny.

All day in de cotton fields, 'neath the broiling sun,
Sambo works and thinks ob her, Susie, precious one;
Longs for night to roll around, den he'll meet his dear;
Cooing like two turtle doves, how she likes to hear:—*Chorus.*

Ten long years hab rolled away since dose moonlight nights,
Sam and Susie's on de place, married, dead to rights;
Piccaninnies, ten, hab dey—she is still his dear;
When de long, hot day am done, den she likes to hear:—*Chorus.*

FORGET THE PAST.

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Words by Hattie Anderson. Music by Geo. E. Appel.

Nell and I had quarreled, as young couples do;
I was madly jealous, and thought she was untrue;
She received a letter from an old sweetheart,
And I said, "We'd better henceforth live apart!"
I was rashly violent, in my jealous pain;
She was proudly silent, and would not explain;
So, in bitter anger, we each went away,
Though our hearts were breaking, neither one would say;

CHORUS.

Dear, I am sorry I gave you pain;
Come, kiss me, darling, and be friends again;
I will love you only, dear, while life shall last;
Darling, forgive me, and forget the past.

After years of silence, my Nell passed away—
Nestling on her bosom, two tear-stained letters lay;
One, the fatal missive that had wrought such woe,
And for me the other, written long ago—
"Husband, I will tell you, now we are apart,
All about that letter from an old sweetheart—
It was from a sister, who had gone astray,
But you were so bitter, that I would not say:—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE TOY DRUM.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"Now, Papa," said Benny, "please tell us again
The tale of the little toy drum Mamma keeps?"
"'Twas your uncle's," he said, "boy, who went to the war—
In a spot far away with brave heroes he sleeps—
On his birthday your dear mother gave it to him;
She was proud of her gay little brother, I know;
He put on a big one when war was declared,
And told us, a drummer boy, with us he'd go."

CHORUS.

The little toy drum, with its ribbons and all,
He treasured so much, years ago,
He gave to your mother, and answered the call
For soldiers and heroes, you know;
She placed it away on the very same day
That she heard he would never come back,
And the little toy drum with her always will stay,
That was left by your Uncle Jack.

"The rub-a-dub-dub of his drum could be heard
Away in the front and inspiring the men,
But one day it was silent—we found him that night,
With the drum by his side, he would ne'er beat again;
Your mother is sad when she thinks of his fate,
And, although of the story she seldom will speak,
She knows that a brave little hero was he,
And the thought brings the blushes of pride to her cheek."—*Chorus.*

PHILADA. AGENCY. W. B. HIBBS,

Parody on:

MAGGIE MOONEY.

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A maiden fair, with chestnut hair—and she's a chestnut, too—
To a rube she said, "I've got you dead, I won't do a thing to you."
Now this little queen chewed Boston beans, and the rubean he chewed hay;
And this maiden slick she grabbed him quick and to him she did say:

CHORUS.

"My name is Maggie Mooney and I'm too swift for you;
You are a little looney, in my company you'll be new.
I'm going in a balloonoy and try and raise the mooney,
And you'll go up with your own Maggie Mooney."

Now this little beaut' chewed tutti-frutt and combed her hair down straight;
She was a stile, for she wore a smile, and by her teeth her age was eight;
The rube's eleven, he's now in heaven, and he's up with the angels now,
And maiden's age drove her on the stage, and she bellows like a cow.—*Chorus.*

For Trying to Be a Good Fellow.

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Words and Music by Will J. Hardman.

Some time ago I knew a man who would not take advice,
He'd turn his back on one who said, "Some day you may think twice."
The one who used to make him smile and fill his heart with joy
Was he who'd slap him on the back and say, "Drink up, old boy."

CHORUS.

You'll see the tears now come to his eye whenever the past he goes over;
He treated his comrades like gentlemen the days that he was in clover,
He squandered his cash and over a glass good-naturedly with them he'd bellow;
But since then he's seen what a fool he has been for trying to be a good fellow.

He had but little time for home—in fact, he had no home,
That is, the ties of loving ones he severed just to roam.
For days his room he'd seldom see, and then come in half tight;
But often since he's longed for it, yes, only for one night.—*Chorus.*

He's broke in health, he's broke in wealth, and just to let him sleep,
The barroom where he spent his cash he's glad enough to sweep.
Good fellow has been snubbed and shunned, the end is near at hand;
And this same tale is told in life each day all o'er the land.—*Chorus.*

SWEET BABY GRACE.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. Doughten.

You may sing of your sweetheart, your wife and your mother,
They all in your heart have a most sacred place;
But I'll sing of my baby, my own little daughter,
The pride of my heart is my sweet baby Grace.
She is my sweetheart, she is my treasure;
How my heart leaps when I gaze on her face,
How my heart aches, lest some evil befall her;
God, watch my darling, my sweet baby Grace.

CHORUS.

Sweet, little, blue eyes, come kiss your papa;
What care I, darling, for diamond or pearl?
This little treasure is dearer than riches,
Papa's own, dear little, sweet little girl.

You should see how she comes down the pathway to meet me,
With sweet arms outstretch'd and her face all aglow,
For papa's been gone from his darling since morning,
And now there'll be kissing and hugging, I know.
Dear little feet, how they falter and stumble,
The least little pebble will cause her to fall;
Up again, darling—try again bravely—
Papa will reach you and soon heal it all.—*Chorus.*

And thus it is ever along life's rough pathway;
There's something to trip up the dear little feet,
There's something to hinder the plans started bravely,
And casting you down when success looks so sweet.
Would that your papa could always be near you,
To smooth the rough places that come in your way;
Father in heaven, look down on my baby,
And guard her dear feet in her walk day by day.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

WHEN YOU KNOW THE GIRL YOU LOVE LOVES YOU.

Composed by Dwyer and O'Donnell. Sung by Barney Riley.

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I have found this world a pleasure since a girl I met one night,
A girl, I thought, would stick to me like glue;
She loved me very dearly, and I thought it rather queer
That love on short acquaintance could be true.
She called me baby names and played some funny games;
She said I'm cold, but nearer to me drew.
"Oh, what joy!" she did exclaim, when she took my watch and chain—
It's hard to have a girl do you.

CHORUS.

When you know the girl you love done you,
When she pulled your leg she flew;
Now I haven't got a cent, through my clothes she gently went;
It's hard to have a girl do you.

I've been married just one year; now, don't you think it's queer,
We've ten of the finest children ever seen?
She told me all her secrets, but she done it with a wink;
They'll tell you all they know, yes, I don't think.
My wife she knows it all, with mottoes on the wall—
God bless our home and old arm chair.
Now the chair is broke in two and my eyes are black and blue;
It's hard to have your wife do you.

CHORUS.

When you know the wife you love done you,
On your head she broke the chair in two;
A policeman comes in then, next day your fine is ten—
It's different when a judge does you.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

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Words and Music by Joseph Tabrar.

I once heard my dear mother say 'twas wicked to be poor,
And that possession was at least a good nine points in law;
So, as the first young man I had endeavored to deceive,
I exercised the practice which I'd been taught to believe:

CHORUS.

A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time,
A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time;
He bought me a diamond ring—well, you can understand,
He had the bird in the bush and I had the ring on my hand.

When quite a mite my dad taught me to say things off by heart,
Amongst which was, "When racing, see you always get a start."
Right to his ev'ry letter, I have acted my life through,
Rememb'ring dad's advice when I took sweetheart number two:

CHORUS.

A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time,
A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time;
He bought me a sealskin coat, the "teca" were on his track,
He had the bird in the bush and I had the coat on my back.

"As early birds catch early worms," Ma said one afternoon;
"In case you may get caught, my darling, never rise too soon."
The following day I 'rose at ten and met a little Joss,
Then, hearing he was extra rich, I caught his eye, because—

CHORUS.

A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time,
A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time;
He bought me a pony and trap, and when we had to part,
He had the bird in the bush and I had the pony and cart.

I gave up courting for the time, then made another start
With Mister Jones, who played me for his money or his heart.
We played at cards; the idea was that there should be no "spoof;"
If he won I became his wife, thinks I besides he's "off."

CHORUS.

A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time,
A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush at any time;
I won a terrible lot—well, more than you'd believe—
He had the Jack and the King and I had the Ace up my sleeve.

—"Well, I think he's a stingy old codger." "On the contrary, he's a most self-sacrificing man—always ready to cut off his own nose to spite his face."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

W. B. HUBBS, S. W. COR. FRANKLIN & VINE STS.

I HAVE NO USE FOR DONOVAN

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Wm. Van.

There's a man that we call Donovan, who lives down on our street,
And Donovan, he's a loafer—yes, Donovan he's a beat;
He gets up in the morning and steals our coal and wood,
And some day Donovan will get his—I'd laugh now if he should.

CHORUS.

For I have no use for Donovan, and he has no use for me,
And Donovan is an Indian when he goes on a spree;
The gang are all afraid of him—some day I'll get an axe,
And when no one is looking, I will break poor Donovan's back.
Oh! Donovan, you do not know your fate.
If you did, at your funeral you'd be late;
McCloskey, he is grieving—your grave he longs to see—
The day they bury Donovan will be Fourth of July for me.

One night I went with Donovan, to play a game of cards.
Says I, "Now we'll play poker out in our big back yard;
But soon the game did burst up—as sure as you're alive,
I had four aces in my hand, but Donovan he held five.

CHORUS.

Oh, I have no use for Donovan—he's a robber and a beat;
I'd not look at his funeral if it passed down the street;
Although I'm not a fighter, don't talk to waste my breath,
For a birthday present, let me read the news of Donovan's death.
Oh! Donovan, you do not know your fate.
If you did, now the town you would vacate;
We'll give you a nice service if you'll consent to die—
The day they bury Donovan, there'll be diamonds in the sky.

Parody on:

And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.

By T. H. Tooker.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

One night I met a little girl—oh, she was a gay soubrette,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
The way she pulled my leg, I know I never shall forget,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
I invited her to supper, and, of course, she couldn't decline:
"Let's go to Delmonico's," said she, "it's the proper place to dine."
She was feeling very, very thirsty, so I treated her to wine,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh my, this maiden she was "fly";
She knew her business, you can bet.
Then have a care, I pray, or perhaps some day
You'll get "roped in" by this little soubrette.

She ordered wine at my expense until I thought she'd never stop,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
At last I told her that my head was spinning like a top,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
"My dear, is your trolley twisted?" was the answer she made me.
"Waiter! bring a soda cocktail here, and do so immediately,
For I think my friend is 'loaded,' he might go off," said she,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

She told me on the quiet she was feeling out of sight,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She said: "I'll do a skirt dance before I leave to-night,"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
When she tried to kick the ceiling, all the waiters had a fit;
Old gentlemen stood on their chairs, to get a better view of it;
Tho' she showed her striped stockings, it didn't bother her a bit,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

Shen then asked me if I'd kindly escort her home that night,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
I said: "Certainly; to let you go alone wouldn't be quite right,"
And her go den hair was hanging down her back.
When we reached her little flat, on me she sweetly smiled—
"Lend me $5; won't you, dear?" said she in accents low and mild.
I handed her the dough, then she said, "Good-night, my child,"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

Now, I quickly left her flat, feeling somewhat like a jay;
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
But I peeped in through the keyhole before I went away,
And saw no golden hair a-hanging down her back.
I looked again, but all in vain, there was no hair at all.
Upon her head, which was as smooth as any billiard ball,
While suspended from a nail, that was driven in the wall,
Was the golden hair that had been hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh my, she opened the door very sly;
I'd like to forget what happened if I could;
She threw me over her knee, and a spanking she gave me,
And said: "Now, little boy, will you be good?"

DOROTHY DEAN.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

For years I've been courting a lady, beautiful Dorothy Dean;
But she has turned out rather shady, although she was once "all serene."
Since Mister Alberto McSpringer brought out his new flying machine,
At Lover's Lane vainly I linger, awaiting Miss Dorothy Dean.

CHORUS.

Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy Dean!
Oh, Dorothy, what do you mean?
She's suddenly flown to regions unknown,
Along with a man on his "flying machine!"

Quite early one bright Sunday morning, tricky Miss Dorothy Dean
Arose from her bed, without warning, to sample that "flying machine."
With Mister McSpringer to spoon, oh, she rose till no speck could be seen;
They may have reached Venus or Juno, McSpringer and Dorothy Dean.—*Cho.*

Hurrah for the Girls in Bloomers.

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Words and Music by Arnold Somlyo.

They mount their wheels with readiness and grace; they're not a bit too shy;
You ought to see them fly; they trot and pace, and when they win a race,
The boys rejoice to see their choice come in first place;
For their wheels are of the very highest grade, the finest made;
They would not trade for anything you'd offer them, I'm sure;
No, no! no, no! they would not care to trade.

REFRAIN.

For they are the girls in bloomers, the queens of the road and the wheel;
Oh! where is the man who said that he ran ahead of the girls in bloomers.
For they are the girls in bloomers, the queens of the road and the wheel;
Oh! where is the man who said that he ran ahead of the girls in bloomers.

Their dress has charms that young and old admire—the mashers know it well,
Perhaps you've heard them tell. They say, with rapture, as they pass the wire,
The little flirts, in naughty skirts, they set our hearts afire.
And the dudes, with collars high and turned-up pants, they watch their chance
To meet their glance; they watch their chances for a smile and glance,
A smile, a glance, but never get a chance.—*Refrain.*

MY IRISH COLLEEN.

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Written and Composed by George Simpson.

Of all in creation, as firm a foundation,
The truest relation is my sweet Colleen;
On a farm in Kilkenny, sure there is not any
Can churn like my Annie, so sweet and so clean;
The lads 'round that quarter, for miles they have sought her,
But still it's no good, for she loves me too true,
And to part us asunder, it would be a wonder—
In fact, a great blunder, so list, I tell you:

CHORUS.

She's rosy and fair, bright golden hair,
Features so clear and sublime;
Her style would amaze, she's lady-like ways,
Shortly she is to be mine.
On our wedding day the pipers will play,
The lads with shamrocks will be seen;
There'll be whiskey, bedad, to make your hearts glad,
And drink the good health of my little Colleen.

Her style is so graceful, with ideas so tasteful,
Far from being wasteful, of that she'll ne'er dream,
But a good-hearted creature, for that is her feature;
Yet naught you can teach her, to college she's been;
The lads raise their cady to this charming lady
Whenever they meet her—she'll bow in return;
They try to decoy her, and thus to annoy her,
Let me catch them by her, this lesson they'll learn:—*Chorus.*

Now, soon we shall marry, no longer I'll tarry,
For fear that some Larry or Micky should come,
And start in to teaze her, with blarney amaze her,
And if that should please her, then I'll be undone;
I don't think that, really, of Annie O'Reilly;
I'd twirl my shillelah, and sport for a fight,
So away with such doubting, all jealousy scorning,
As my love will be pouting when I meet her to-night.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE ACTORS' BOARDING-HOUSE

Written by Frank P. Horan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There is a ranch stands up the street, for killing men it can't be beat;
It's run by a fenian Irishman—holy cripes, how they rush the can.
When you get off the trolley car, to this dive it is not far,
But when you get up to the bar, you'll wish you were in Dave Martin's car.

For the crowd will stand around and grin, and loudly call out for their gin,
And if you've not the stuff to pay, you'd better start right off to pray;
There was a fight the other day, because a stranger wouldn't pay [sick.
For drinks the gang had got on "tick"—when they got through the man was

You should have been there the other night—oh my, oh me, oh, what a fight;
A man named Brown came in with a jug and a beer-glass bounded on his mug,
And, now, I think, I said enough—you can easily see this place is tough,
So don't go there, take my advice, this ranch is run by Hummy Rice.

Parody on:

When She's Just About to Fall.

Written by Robert J. (Walton) Stein.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Have you seen the unhappy mother when her son begins to drink?
Have you seen him take the whiskey and down it with a wink?
Always on the gin-mill floor, takes the whiskey large or small,
And a copper goes to grab him when he's just about to fall.
In the station-house you see him, as in the cell he lays;
They wash him with a scrubbing brush, as the hose upon him plays,
And the warden, though grown bolder, still is near enough to call,
With his ready club to soak him, for he's just about to fall.

When a young man he gets married, he's in glory, so 'tis said;
For a week or two he's happy, then he wishes he was dead.
She asks him why he married her—just for a "kid," that's all;
He wishes he were'nt married now, for he's just about to fall.
Of course, he has to mind the kid, and dress it just the same;
He curses and he swears at it, but for this who is to blame?
*She shows him how to fold it—it's 'bout time he knew it all,
And after he has put it on, it's just about to fall.

*When singing this part, take handkerchief from pocket, and fold it triangular across knee, etc.

AFTER THE SHOW IS OVER.

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Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

On the stage the show has ended, and the music's notes have ceased,
To the street the tired scene-shifters wander, glad to be released;
Now the play and song are over, and the crowd is coming out—
"What! oh, Bill, here, stand a liquor." Hello, Harry, hear them shout.
Now a parson creeps with caution from the stalls and smiles a smole,
Of the ballet thinks, and murmurs, "Very charming, 'pon my soul."
Carriage here! allow me, lady. Driver here! four city sports
Drive off in an old four-wheeler for a round of gay resorts.

CHORUS.

After the show is over, after the curtains fall,
Dark is the big theatre, gloomy the music hall,
Homeward in joy and sadness, artists and audience go;
Life's a long play, but we end it some day, after the show.

'Tis a portable theatre, Dirtington-upon-the-mud,
And the actors are performing dramas full of deeds of blood—
Parts! why, bless your souls, they have none. One comes on and says "ha, ha,"
Then the other cries, "Stand, villain," kills him, and says "Tra-la-la."
They will talk of lands and money, and a paper banquet spread,
Knowing that the sharing will not bring them in a dime a head.
Supper-time—to cook a cutlet, Queen throws off her silken gown,
While the King says, with derision, "Now, methinks, a beer we'll down."—*Cho.*

Crowds are in the grand theatre, ready at the fun to yell:
Jones, the pet comedian's, on now, but he isn't going well;
Hazily his part he mutters, hisses from the 'gods' resound,
Till poor Jones breaks down completely, and the boss in wrath comes 'round:
"Jones, you're drunk." "No; don't say that, sir—what's upset me, don't you
My poor wife is nearly dying; thoughts of her have spoilt my show." [know?—
Ah! thank heaven! the last act's over—home he goes in fear and dread,
Mounts the stairs, "Great God!" he murmurs, "All too late, my darling's dead!"
—*Chorus.*

By the stage-door stands an old man, muttering in a maudlin way,
Then the stage-door keeper spies him—"Now, old rags, just clear away."
"Rags! you call me," and the old man lifts his drink-stained, haggard face,
"Rags! ha, ha, 'tis true, but one day I starred in this very place—
What has done it? drink; I curse it, yet I cannot do without—
Give me drink—one glass of whiskey!" then the leading man comes out:
"Sir! what—James! great heavens, you're starving;
Come with me." "No, save your breath; just a quarter,"
And the old man creeps away to drink and death.—*Chorus.*

IN A YANKEE MAN-O'-WAR.

Written by John Hayes.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I am a son of dear Columbia, I love her honored flag;
Its blazing stars have penetrated every tyrant's rag;
'Tis the emblem of prosperity, of liberty and rights;
And justice will be dealt to all who claim the stars and stripes.
Let none insult Columbia's fair daughters or brave sons,
Or the world will hear the thunder of her heavy-shotted guns;
To protect her honored rights I've sailed the oceans o'er and o'er;
I'm an able-bodied seaman in a Yankee man-o'-war.

I love my good and noble ship, that travels o'er the deep;
I love to see old "Glory" fly from her defiant peak;
I love to hear the boe'ns pipe, and it fills my heart with glee
To know my gallant shipmates are the bravest men at sea.
I've heard old England's sailors sing "Brittania rules the wave";
I've heard all naval powers boast, and of their sailors rave,
But Uncle Sam's blue-jackets often showed the world before
That a coward's hammock never swung in a Yankee man-o'-war.

There was once a mighty nation known as "mistress of the seas,"
Her "union jack," she wished alone to kiss the ocean breeze,
But our navy in its infancy ran up the stars and stripes,
And taught this haughty people to respect our "sailors' rights."
Now the ships that are manned by Yankee tars to every quarter sail;
No shots are sent across our bows, no curious "boarders" do us hail,
Since Decatur, Jones and Porter, and many thousand more,
Have shown the world what is stowed away in a Yankee man-o'-war.

There's inscribed on history's pages many a brave, heroic deed,
That our sailors in all ages, with a fond delight, will read.
Those famous orders of brave Lawrence our men will ne'er forget.
His last words to his gallant crew were, "Don't give up the ship."
Our naval hero's passed away have left a glorious name,
Emblazon'd bright and lovingly upon the book of fame,
And we'll keep in mind those battles of our patriots of yore,
When we clear our decks for action in a Yankee man-o'-war.

THE NEW HOME, SWEET HOME.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

In an humble homestead, pleading is a mother to her boy—
"Stay with me; don't leave me, darling; life without you hath no joy."
He is headstrong, fain would travel, leaves his mother sad, forlorn;
Years pass o'er him, and he's dreaming of the cot where he was born;
For home, home, sweet home, so far across the sea,
Amongst the scenes of childhood's days, he longs once more to be;
The world to him seemed wondrous fair, bright gold was o'er the foam;
But gold won't soothe his aching heart,
He yearns for home, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
He yearns to rest his weary heart
Once more at home, sweet home.

Blood-red seems the golden sunset on a foreign battle-field,
Mingled are the dead and dying, hearts that knew not how to yield;
Clustered 'round are gallant soldiers, where a wounded comrade lies,
Vainly, vainly he is yearning for one glimpse, before he dies,
Of home, home, sweet home. He says, with feeble breath,
I die for my dear country's cause—ay, faithful unto death.
He babbles of the green, green fields o'er which he used to roam.
His dim eyes close, his heart is stilled
In death for home, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Who would not die for such a land,
My dear old home, sweet home.

In the sea a good ship's lab'ring, how the waves against her dash;
On her deck a mother's darling stowed away in moment rash.
See the ship is sinking, sinking, as on bended knee he prays,
"Save me from the cruel waters—let me, let me once more gaze
On home, home, sweet home," but still the waters rise;
He looks across the gloomy waves with eager, straining eyes;
A sail in sight, help comes at last, they're bounding o'er the foam;
They save the little stowaway,
And sail for home, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
He murmurs as he steps ashore,
There's no place like home.

Standing in a gilded chamber, is a maiden young and fair,
From her lips comes ribald laughter—lips that once had lisped in prayer;
Sparkling wine is circling 'round her, men of fashion gayly jest;
See! a tear! her thoughts are wand'ring to the dear old parent nest,
At home, home, sweet home, the home from which she strayed,
When at a dear, old mother's knee she knelt and humbly prayed;
Her thoughts go back to childhood's days, before the tempter came;
She sees a mother bowed with grief
Beneath a daughter's shame.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Ah! sin will ne'er bring happiness,
There's no place like home.

What Would the Congregation Say?

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

A young man intent on an innocent prank,
Invitingly ventured to say,
"If I'd a companion I'd look about town
In a prudent sort of a way;
I've an evening to spare, no appointment to keep,
And nothing important in view."
While thus ruminating a clerical gentleman
Said to him, "How do you do?"
He turned and beheld, with a look of surprise,
A chum of his college days—
The sun never shone that could equal the smile
That lit up his startled gaze.
Not thinking, he shouted "Let's go for a lark,"
O'erlooking his friend's attire.
His reverence said, with a horrified look,
"I have really no such desire.

REFRAIN.

"What would the congregation say?
Dreadfully they would talk,
They'd think I had strayed from the virtuous path,
And they'd never get over the shock;
Your proposal is very ill-timed,
Excuse me, I bid you good-day,
If I entertained it a moment,
What would the congregation say?"

Abashed at the flagrant mistake he had made,
He cudgeled his brain for a while,
Resuming with perfect composure, remarked,
With a broad, significant smile,
"Sir, the very fastidious pick of your con-
Gregation would never object,
Nor could they accuse you of harboring thoughts
That betoken a lack of respect."
The curate, with interest, listened and said,
"I prithee I do no harm"—
The tempter was certainly doing his work;
They're sauntering arm in arm;
Observing a cab, they secured it, got in,
Then quickly they sped along,
The reverend man, with conviction, remarking,
"If I should be doing wrong—

REFRAIN.

"What would the congregation say?
Dreadfully they would talk;
To think I would stray from the virtuous path,
They would never get over the shock.
Your proposal is very ill-timed,
Allow me to bid you good-day;
If I entertain it a moment,
What will the congregation say?

They stopped, then alighted, and entering,
Soon took ev'rything in at a glance,
Where fashion and beauty delightfully tripped
To the strains of exquisite dance.
When the parson, annoyed at the sights he beheld,
Attempted a hasty retreat,
A charming young miss, intercepting him, said,
Won't you dance?" in a tone soft and sweet.
She wouldn't take "No" for an answer,
And now they're dancing, and no mistake;
Excited, his heart beats a hurried tat-too,
His knees they begin to shake.
He soon forgets everything, while the dear girl
At ease on his arm does rest;
At last it occurs to him, while he is holding her
Lovingly to his breast—(*Repeat second refrain.*)

The dancing was finished, the lady proposed,
They both have a glass of champagne;
'Twas very embarrassing, all his apologies
They were uttered in vain;
He reluctantly sipped till the telling effect
Impossible 'twas to conceal—
So smitten was he with her delicate charms,
Every thought from his mind seemed to steal.
Espying his silken chapeau, with a smile
Politely to him she said,
"I'll show you how active a lady can be,
Just hold that above your head";
Unwittingly he then positioned himself,
Regretting it after that;
The athletic miss, with a laugh, put her foot through
The crown of his reverend hat.

REFRAIN.

What will the congregation say?
Dreadfully they will talk,
To think I would stray from the virtuous path,
They will never get over the shock.
Regaining his senses, out into the street
He hurriedly made his way.
If ever they learn the particulars,
What will the congregation say?

Parody on:

LINGER LONGER, LOO.

Written and Sung by Will H. Barry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

"Love may laugh at locksmiths," so they say—it's but a lover's tale,
For I don't grin when locked away in a cooler up in jail;
You'd feel like me if you could see how near I got away,
And understand my misery when I heard the keeper say:

CHORUS.

Linger longer, Lukey, linger longer, do;
We'd like to have you linger for another year or two;
It would be cruel to leave us, we're so attached to you;
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, do.

You, just like me, would shudder, could scarcely stand at all,
When he attached to my left leg a chain attached to a ball;
I then felt that their attachments for me were good and strong,
And in an aggravating way, the keeper sang this song:—*Chorus.*

THE GREAT TROLLEY STRIKE.

Written for Miss Gertie Gilson by Harry Mayo. Music by Master Tommy Mayo.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Of the trolley strike I now will sing that's caused so much ado,
And try to show the both sides of the facts and story true.
Now we'll first take the monopolist with all his cars and cash,
Who'll stand no arbitration, but declares the knights he'll smash;
Then next we'll take the poor man, working fourteen hours, they say,
Who asks only honest wages, two dollars and a quarter a day.
Judge for yourself—is that too much the rich man to them pays,
The men who run our trolley cars fourteen hours a day?

CHORUS.

They have pleasure, they have comfort, every luxury of this life,
A home that's grand, wealth at command, children and a wife;
They never give a thought at all for the poor man or his strife,
But strive to pile their riches up—I ask you, is that right?

They have used the bluff "protection," for more soldiers they have called;
The want of men, not protection, is the reason that they've crawled.
The police on steady duty they have kept them night and day,
While the poor man who is fighting right, for their protection pay.
Who causes fights and riots? No, it's not the motorman,
It's hodlums, toughs and loafers, I'm sure you understand;
And while I earn my living from the poor man just as they,
I hope to-night they'll win their fight, two dollars and a quarter a day.—*Chorus.*

UP IN THE TENDERLOIN.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Solo.—I'll tell you, when you're out for pleasure, don't forget to travel
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin;
Solo.—Oh, there you'll find the whiskey that will cut your throat like gravel,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—It's there you'll get the proper tip, just how to back your horses,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—Election day the money's there, from leaders and the bosses,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.

CHORUS.

'Tween Avenues Six and Seven—Seven—Seven—
In Precinct Nineteen we shine;
Oh, that's a nigger heaven—heaven—heaven—
'Way up in the Tenderloin.

Solo.—It's there you'll find the Guinea man, with kettle up an alley,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin;
Solo.—The only place upon the earth to get a hot tomally,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—Oh, there you'll find the student boy a-running loose from college,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—It's there they're educated up to ev'ry kind of knowledge,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.—*Chorus.*

Solo.—In Herald Square, when you get there, just close up to the flagging,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—You eat your meals, a-top of wheels, inside a banquet wagon,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—It's there you'll find a resting place for hungry, starving actors,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.
Solo.—The copper keeps a-moving on these public benefactors,
Chorus.—Up in the Tenderloin.—*Chorus.*

—"And do you think you can put the enterprise on its feet?"
"Well, at any rate, for long enough to get it on someone's back."
—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

Parody on:

My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.

Written by F. J. Dobbs.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Everybody has their troubles of some kind or other,
Every dog has his day, so the old song goes;
I've a mother-in-law, you all know her just as well as me—
Every evening I can see her at our house to tea.

CHORUS.

My mother-in-law, a sly old coon,
I am going to get rid of her soon;
It would fill me with bliss if her corpse I could kiss,
For her, I know, I never would miss.
I'll go to the nearest saloon,
And get full of beer, pretty soon,
And behind a rag bag I will sleep off my "jag,"
And skip by the light of the moon.

I have often wondered where she spends her time all day—
Perhaps she has another son-in-law many miles away;
Maybe some poor, dark-haired fellow she does daily jaw,
But I hope she does not jaw him the way that she jaws me.

CHORUS.

Last night, while the moon brightly shown,
She called the police over the 'phone—
Said I was in bed and out of my head,
And wanted me carted to jail, so she said.
Her funeral will take place in June,
I wish that the day would come soon,
Then my dear little wife I will kick out of sight,
And skip by the light of the moon.

PATSEY AND THE HORSESHOE.

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Written by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Patsey Flannegan was walking once along a dusty road
When he saw a horseshoe lying on the ground,
So he picked it up—"Begorra! I'll be lucky for my life,"
Said he, and told the neighbors what he'd found;
He took the rusty horseshoe and he nailed it to the door.
"Bedad!" says he, "I am a lucky man!"
Then he waited for the fortune that was coming to his house,
And this is how poor Patsy's luck began:

CHORUS.

Well, the baby's got the measles, and his wife she's got the colic,
And the roof came tumbling down upon the floor,
And he tumbled in the sewer, and the landlord kicked his whiskers,
When Patsy nailed the horseshoe to the door.

Then his brother found a pocket-book, with money in galore,
While poor Patsy on his uppers walked about,
For he lost his job the very day that horseshoe he hung up,
And likewise lost his head beyond a doubt;
He heard an awful squalling and the neighbors flocked around;
They said his wife had triplets—which made ten.
Then he drank a pint of kerosene for whiskey, by mistake,
Though Patsy was the soberest of men.

CHORUS.

Next day he fell down in a coal hole, and the city for it sued,
But he got six months for stealing coal, begor;
Then his wife ran off and left him for a monkey-grinding Dago,
When Patsy nailed the horseshoe to the door.

He got badly smashed up on a train, and swore they'd have to pay,
For an accidental policy he had,
But he found it was no good, it had run out the day before,
Which set poor Patsy well-nigh raving mad;
His whiskers caught on fire, and the lightning made him bald,
And some one stole his breeches off the line—
As they were his only pair, he had to stay in bed a week,
And on Dutch cheese poor Paddy had to dine.

CHORUS.

Now he thought that luck at last had changed, he got a chance to work,
And at lifting bricks twelve stories from the floor,
But the rungs dropped from the ladder just before he reached the top,
When Patsey nailed the horseshoe to the door.

Then poor Patsy swore he'd hang himself and went and got a rope,
But the first attempt it broke and down he came,
And he fell and tumbled straight, bedad, into a "copper's" arms,
Who clubbed him till he didn't know his name.
They buried him, poor fellow, but the hearse broke down at that;
So Patsy they began to talk about;
Then they went to see that horseshoe, and the wise men of the town
The cause of Paddy's luck they soon found out.

CHORUS.

'Twas no wonder that poor Patsy was unlucky from that day,
They all shouted as they stood there on the floor.
When they looked upon the horseshoe, then they very quickly found
He had nailed it upside down, boys, to the door.

WE MET BY CHANCE.

Words by W. Bartholomew. Music by F. Kuecken.

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When evening brings the twilight hour, I pass a lonely spot,
Where oft she comes to cull the flower we call "Forget me not."
She never whispers go, nor stay; she never whispers go, nor stay:
We meet by chance, the usual way; we meet by chance, the usual way;
We meet by chance, we meet by chance, we meet by chance, the usual way.

Once—how, I cannot well divine, unless by chance we kissed—
I found her lips were close to mine, so I could not resist;
As neither whispered yea nor nay, as neither whispered yea nor nay;
They met by chance, the usual way; they met by chance, the usual way;
They met by chance, they met by chance, they met by chance, the usual way.

The roses, when the zephyrs woo, impart what they receive;
They sigh and sip the balmy dew, but never whisper give.
Our love is mutual, this we know; our love is mutual, this we know,
Though neither tells the other so, Though neither tells the other so;
Our love is mutual, this we know, though neither tells the other so.

Parody on:

The Face upon the Barroom Floor.

Composed by Jule C. Henschel.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

It was a bummy, hot winter evening, and a hoodoo crowd was there,
That well nigh emptied pool room and Union was on the square.
As bums and old soaks worshipped a hinge, because it was something to adore,
A red hot sausage ran slowly in and barked upon the floor.

Where did the money and cornet come from that the musician has blown in,
And as he picked the can up, he asked if it was five or tin.
Here, Preserves, work him if you are strong enough to work;
I can't eat fowl except in the line of turk.

The bandage the poor tout wore on his usual face,
And tore his pool ticket up when situation got a place.
Come, boys, I know there's thirteen hearts in that flim-flam pack,
So turn around, and in that way I'll win your money back.

Buy me some wine, I've only got time to spend, you know;
When I had credit with a soda fountain, I used to charge it, by Joe.
What! you giggle, as though this pocket never held a sou,
That's where you're stuck, this pocket's made of glue.

There, thanks, that prop braced me nicely, gosh darn you one and all;
The next house the carpenter makes he's bound to make a haul.
Give you a song? no, I can't do that; my singing days are past;
My voice ain't here, my throat's gone out, and Lent is going fast.

But buy me another bottle and I'll tell you who I'll do,
I'll do my shirt up and I'll do it kidney stew.
That I was once a woman, not one of you would think,
But I was at the Midway Beauty show—say buy me another drink.

You've treated pretty often, and I want to tell you now
Why I became a Singer in a New Home and Howe.
I told you that once I was a woman with bustle, appetite and health,
And if it were not for sickness, would now have lots of health.

I was a painter—not one who worked or would,
But could paint the town and paint it pretty good.
I was sleeping one morning, but intended to rise,
For I dreamt I saw a ten-dollar bill before my very eyes.

I painted a checker board on a man's breast—it's called a big skin game;
It brought me my arithmatic and added to my name.
Then I met a woman, there goes the homely bud,
With eyes that ossified my brain and sunk me deep in the mud.

Come, boys, why do you cry, is it funny for the bum you see
To ever club his wife and expect her to jolly me;
But it was so, and for a few hundred years my meals were freely given,
But when her made-up lips touched mine, I was sorry I was living.

Boys, did you ever meet a girl that a licking you would give,
With a form on her like a barrel of beer, too beautiful to live,
With eyes that would beat an egg and a wealth of false, blonde hair,
And she took first prize in the dog show at the late Chicago Fair.

I was drawing a glass of beer from a keg, one afternoon in May,
For a red-haired cheese dealer, who lived across the "whey,"
And Maudie, dear, admired it, and much to my disgust,
Said the rest of the keg would go in her breast, if the contents made her bust.

It didn't take long to drink it, and while the beer had flown,
The girl had drank the keg and could not stand alone,
But ere a year of mystery had passed above my head,
The keg I treasured was empty and the cemetery was dead.

That's why I took a bath, boys—has one been missing for a while?
I thought you would go crazy and shake your hat for a tile.
Come, friend, there's a raindrop in your spout;
Come here, and with my pawn-ticket I'll try and get it out.

Say, boys, buy me another bottle and I'll be glad;
If I had a horse and wagon, I'd draw the face that drove me mad.
Give me the chalk with which you wrote the opera score,
And I'll show you what good board you'll get upon this very floor.

Another drink, and with his fingers in hand,
The bum began to sketch his breath, that was enough to kill a man,
And as he placed another bottle within his pocket fair,
He slowly unbuttoned his suspenders and went right up in the air.

HE MARRIED RILEY'S BRIDE.

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Words by Charles Edwards. Music by George C. Edwards.

Oh! Riley was an alderman, and soon was to be wed;
The boys they played a joke on him, which nearly killed him dead;
So in the morning papers, Riley read the news next day,
His would-be bride, his joy and pride, from him had run away.

CHORUS.

Oh, he married Riley's bride, and at Riley the gang all cried;
Sweet Kate O'Flynn, so tall and thin, away from him did slide;
And all the live-long day, at him the gang they all would say,
That Limpey Dan O'Hoolehan had married Riley's bride.

Now Kate O'Flynn, who promised him, just heard the news that night;
She heard the gang, they loudly sang, and mad enough to fight,
So he ran to tell the alderman that there was something wrong,
And as she ran along the street, the kids did loudly call:—*Chorus.*

When Kate went in, her arms she flung around poor Riley's neck;
She said the cries, they all were lies, their lone lives tried to wreck,
So there and then, like noble Ben, we'll have a little cot;
Send for the man, and as we stand, be married on the spot.—*Chorus.*

BROKEN HEARTS.

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Words by James Thornton. Music by Andrew Mack.

This world is but the stage of life, the mighty Master said,
On which most men and women play, to earn their daily bread;
With lawyers, doctors, diplomats and preachers in the cast,
Who fill the parts made vacant by their brothers who have passed.
The hypocrite he wears a mask, 'tis but for outward show,
And crime goes by unpunished, for blind justice oft is slow;
The millionaire and workingman play most important parts,
They form the two great factors in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

The first scene is a cottage, where the roof lets in the rain;
There's a father almost famished, there's a mother ill with pain,
There's the money king who orders their eviction, then departs.
That's the first scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

The next scene was a mansion in a land across the sea,
By acres wide surrounded, and the home of royalty;
Its owner is of noble birth and lord of his domains,
And boasted of the ancient blood that flow'd within his veins.
Now comes another character, a girl quite young in years,
Her face it wears a troubled look, her cheeks are stained with tears;
She meets the young lord face to face, he turns pale, then he starts.
He met her in the first act of the play called "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

He promised he would marry her, she trustingly believed,
But when the day appointed came she found she'd been deceived;
Now the servants drive her from the door, in shame the girl departs.
That's another scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Amid the sound of marriage bells a couple went their way,
A youth and maiden, smiling sweet, for 'tis their wedding day.
They vow to love each other true along life's rough career;
A baby blessed their union ere they had been wed a year.
But sad, alas! One day to her the evil tempter came:
He told her he could lead her to the very gates of fame.
She left her husband and her child and fled to foreign parts.
In silence he forgives her, in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

There's a husband sadly waiting, for his love will never die;
He tells his little daughter, mother's coming bye-and-bye.
He bows his head to hide the tears that to his eye-lids start.
That's the saddest scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Now comes the grand finale upon which the curtain falls,
The scene it is a battle-field, upturn by cannon balls;
It is a field of carnage dire, with bloody corpses strewn;
The battle rages fierce and wild, but 'twill be ended soon.
The enemy have fled, and wounded soldiers shout with joy,
And there among their number lay a dying drummer boy;
A comrade lifts him tenderly, the lad these words imparts:
"Tell mother I died fighting in life's play of 'Broken Hearts.'"

CHORUS.

There's a poor, old, gray-haired mother waiting for her boy to come;
She is thinking of the morning when she buckled on his drum.
The news arrives her boy is dead—from this life she departs.
That's the last scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

—Amy: "What makes you so sure he is good metal?" Annie (protruding a finger): "I can tell by his ring."

THOSE LOST HAPPY DAYS

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Written and Composed by Leo. Feist.

A rich farmer's son, having reached twenty-one,
Determined the world he would see;
Said he, "I've the money, why not have the fun?
A man about town I will be."
But the city's temptations he could not resist,
Vice soon held him tight in its hold,
Till disgraced, far away, his mother one day
Wrote to him in anguish untold.

CHORUS.

"Show your affection, come home once more,
Let us be happy as in days of yore;
Try to stop gambling, wild ways and rambling,
Then will return, dear, those lost happy days."

Advice went unheeded, he failed to return
To a mother heart-broken and lone;
Soon lower he went and to prison was sent
For follies and sins to atone.
Each day in his cell there his thoughts they would turn
To home and to mother so dear,
How she'd urged him in vain to sin not again,
With words loving, kind and sincere.—*Chorus.*

Life now past redemption, it seemed like a dream,
The past and the grief he had sown;
With sorrow distracted he cried when he learned
Her spirit to heaven had flown.
She died with a blessing and praying for him,
That he might be saved from all sin,
And pleading that he, though late, still should see
The warning which she'd sent to him.—*Chorus.*

McGinty at the Living Pictures.

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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show,
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan:
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main,
When the living pictures came to view,
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw;"
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shout;
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then says he, "Mary Ann, you will lose your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers for to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky,
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I used to;"
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Be golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pail of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he creeped, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hoochy Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

—A Game Leg.—The quarter of venison.

CLARA JENKINS' TEA.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, now put on your Sunday clothes,
Get ready for de jubilee,
Dere's a mighty high time when de clock strikes nine,
Oh, do come along with me.
All Methodist and Baptist, too, oh, my!
Will sing about de old Red Sea;
De new church choir will sing a note higher,
At Clara Jenkins' socialistic tea.
Ladies, try this citron cake, pass it 'round, for goodness sake;
Won't you try some lemon cream? oh, yes, now don't be mean; oh—

CHORUS.

Now put on your Sunday clothes,
And get ready for de jubilee;
Dere's a mighty high time when de clock strikes nine,
At little Clara Jenkins' tea.

Dere's poor old Aunty Green, dear me,
Her age it is just ninety-four;
She's as lively as a kitten, keeps a gettin' up and gettin',
You can't keep her off the floor.
Dere's something in de old brown jug, look dar,
Just yonder on de shelf, you see;
Don't let it go to waste, but give us all a taste,
At Clara Jenkins' socialistic tea.
Standing in the well so deep—yes, indeed, a hundred feet,
Will you be my loving queen? Go away, I'm just sixteen; oh—*Chorus.*

We'll go home when de sun does shine
In de mornin', at de peep of day;
Isn't everybody sad, 'cause everybody's glad?
Good Lord, how we'd like to stay!
Now, colored gentlemen and ladies all,
Take a little kind advice from me,
Won't mention any name, but please to call again,
When Clara Jenkins gives another tea.
Forfeit, all de gemmen now; no, no, ladies, you'll allow,
Dar's dat gal in velveteen. How do, sis? Now don't be mean; oh—*Chorus.*

VETERAN GUARD CADETS.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Shout, you darkies, shout, it's independence day!
Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah! Black people am out to-day,
Colored children all; we are the ladies' pets,
Ev'ry one full of fun, in the vet'ran guard cadets.

CHORUS.

Then merrily, oh, singing this song, we march'd away so gaily;
Here we come, oh, ain't we some in starry epulets?
Colored children all, we are the ladies' pets;
Ev'ry one full of fun, in the vet'ran guard cadets.
Hi, hi! oh, my! Hear dem people shout, ah, ah!
Now file in style, Gen'ral Grant am over dar.
Go 'way, oh, say, ain't dese children ladies' pets?
Oh, yes, we're proud, don't you crowd the vet'ran guard cadets.

Blow your bugle, blow! Oh, hear dat martial strain,
Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah? Let music and laughter ring,
Sunny summer day, dese children black as jet
About face, full of grace, in the vet'ran guard cadets.

CHORUS.

Then merrily, oh, singing this song, we march'd away so gaily;
Here we come, oh, ain't we some in starry epulets?
Colored children all, we are the ladies' pets;
Ev'ry one full of fun, in the vet'ran guard cadets.
Hi, hi! oh, my! Hear dem people shout, ah, ah!
Now file in style, Gen'ral Grant am over dar.
Go 'way, oh, say, ain't dese children ladies' pets?
Oh, yes, we're proud, don't you crowd the vet'ran guard cadets.

Dar's old aunty Chloe, wid flowers in her hair;
Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah! Dar's happiness everywhere.
Tramp, you children, tramp; old uncle Rufus bet
Dat his boy, full of joy, in the vet'ran's guard cadets.

CHORUS.

Then merrily, oh, singing this song, we march'd away so gaily;
Here we come, oh, ain't we some in starry epulets?
Colored children all, we are the ladies' pets;
Ev'ry one full of fun, in the vet'ran guard cadets.
Hi, hi! oh, my! Hear dem people shout, ah, ah!
Now file in style, Gen'ral Grant am over dar.
Go 'way, oh, say, ain't dese children ladies' pets?
Oh, yes, we're proud, don't you crowd the vet'ran guard cadets.

—Java is the Malay word for "land of nutmegs."

Miranda, When We Are Made One.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Major—Miranda, when we are made one,
At breakfast, or dinner, or tea,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather you'll be.
Miranda—In a neat little cottage we'll dwell alone,
Free from all trouble and worldly care;
I long for to wed you and call you my own,
And this life's weary burden to share.

TOGETHER.

Oh, Miranda, when we are made one, at breakfast, or dinner, or tea;
The happiest pair 'neath the sun, oh, when Misses Gilfeather you'll (I'll) be.

Miranda—Oh, major, when we are made one,
On ocean, or land, or the sea,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather I'll be.
Major—On a cold winter's eve by the fire so bright,
Seated alone, dear, so warm and snug,
We'll watch the tom-cat, love, asleep on the rug,
And we'll hear the clock tick in the night.—*Refrain.*

Major—Miranda, when we are made one,
So lovingly merry and free,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather you'll be.
Miranda—In the Indian summer, out on the grass,
Croquet and tennis we'll play each day,
Eat dumplings and puddings and sweet apple sass,
Now just merely to pass time away.—*Refrain.*

Miranda—Oh, major, when we are made one,
So charmingly we will agree,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather I'll be.
Major—Should kind fortune favor us with an heir,
A popsey, a wopsey, oh, dear, what joy!
I'll make him a major in style debonnire,
Oh, provided, my love, 'tis a boy.—*Refrain.*

4-11-44.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

What am it keeps de darkies poor? Four, 'leven, forty-four;
Outside or inside of de door, never ax for more.
Money comes, de money goes, four 'leven, forty-four;
Sun-flower sweeter than pink yellow rose, dar on de golden shore.
1st Dream.—
I had a dream about a Queen that swallowed up a Jack;
Oh, I played nine, took half a dime, de worst card in de pack;
A greasy deck, an' oats a peck, de old sow am a boar;
Oh, hold your own, leave me alone, it's four, 'leven, forty-four.

CHORUS.

Four, 'leven, forty-four,
Four, 'leven, forty-four;
Play close down, oh, he's come to town,
Dat old-time gig he's knocking at de door.
Four, 'leven, forty-four,
Four, 'leven, forty-four,
Play close down, oh, he's come to town,
Dat old-time gig he's knocking at de door.

Who was it made de 'rithmatic? four, 'leven, forty-four;
What is it makes de niggers sick in de grocery store?
Lucky coon and lucky gal, four, 'leven, forty-four;
Big fat Emma and slim-waisted Sal, dance on de old pine floor.
2d Dream.—
I took a nap in mammy's lap, last Sunday afternoon;
A big green flea, he said to me, "Be careful, Mr. Coon;
A rainy day, a load of hay, go get your trousers tore;"
Oh, hold your own, leave me alone, it's four, 'leven, forty-four.—*Chorus.*

What is it brings de darkies dar? four, 'leven, forty-four;
Hurry and put dem figures dar, holler hip hurrah;
Hazy moon and dusky coon, four, 'leven, forty-four;
Silver lyre and gold tablespoon, how could you ax for more?
3d Dream.—
I lay me down just on de groun', oh, I fell in a doze;
A 'tater bug began to hug, and walk across my nose;
A Patrick's hat, a Thomas cat, a whistle and a snore;
Oh, hold your own, leave me alone, it's four, 'leven, forty-four.—*Chorus.*

What's most ambitious in a pig? four, 'leven, forty-four;
Oh, how he loves dat old-time gig, sticking in his craw;
Numbers born and numbers die, four, 'leven, forty-four;
Niggers straddle dis gig in de sky, old Peter's at de door.
4th Dream.—
I had a dream dat I was mean, and wouldn't lend a cent;
A big black ant, he said, "You shan't go borrow what you lent;"
A weasel's eye, a piece of pie, right in a nigger's jaw;
Oh, hold your own, leave me alone, it's four, 'leven, forty-four.—*Chorus.*

COMRADES STILL.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Four of us started in life together, four of us met at school,
Clung to each other in all sorts of weather, broke ev'ry golden rule;
Tommy and Jack and Bill and I rarely apart were seen,
Always in mischief, always in trouble, still on each other we'd lean.

CHORUS.

Dear old boys—boys that I went to school with,
Dear old boys—Tommy and Jack and Bill;
Now we're men, still we will cling together,
We were comrades in days gone by and we're comrades still.

Four of us started one night on plunder, stripping the orchard bare,
Ah, how the schoolmaster started in wonder when he found we were there—
Tommy and Jack and Bill and I, four of us in disgrace;
Each little urchin got such a birching, all on the usual place.—*Chorus.*

Four of us went from the school together—ah, how the years have passed,
Still we've been true in the stormiest weather, still will our friendship last;
Tommy and Jack and Bill and I, ne'er shall our love grow cold,
Helping each other, loving each other, as in the bright days of old.—*Chorus.*

Take Her Little Hand in Yours.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Do you know the art of love? How to woo, bill and coo?
When you meet a gentle dove, do you know how to win?
When the maiden's coy and shy, if she'll sigh when you're nigh,
You will gain her if you'll try and like this begin:

CHORUS.

Take her little hand in yours, squeeze her little waist,
Press her gently to your heart, then her lips you'll taste—
Swear her eyes are like the stars, tell her she's divine,
Then she'll throw her arms around you and say, "I am thine, all thine."

Can you read a maiden's eyes when they tell of love's spell?
Fain the secret she'd disguise, ah, but the love lights there—
Slow the blushes come and go, ebb and flow, don't they show
That the darling won't say no, if you'll only dare?—*Chorus.*

Would you gain a maiden's heart? Whisper, "Dear, do not fear,
From you I can never part, faithful I'll be for life:
Of all maidens I've e'er seen, you, I ween, are the queen."
Let her head upon you lean, whisper, "Be my wife."—*Chorus.*

SHE'S IRISH ALL THE TIME.

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Written by W. A. Archbold. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I'm going to tell you about my colleen,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish;
A dear little girl from the island of green,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.
Her eyes shine as bright as the stars in the night,
Her exquisite beauty has won my heart quite;
And just to be near her is sweetest delight,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.

CHORUS.

She's a true, sweet, trim, neat, dear little Irish girl;
Fair, rare, golden hair, that hangs in a clust'ring curl;
Smile tender, figure slender, and though she has not a dime,
She's the joy of my life and will soon be my wife, and she's Irish all the time.

But my dear little girl is so timid and coy,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish,
Although when I praise her she blushes for joy,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.
We wander together in rapture and bliss,
Though Rosie is shy, quite a secret is this,
Sometimes, if I'm good, I may steal one sweet kiss,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.—*Chorus.*

On her dear little finger she's wearing a ring,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish;
One morning the church bells will merrily ring,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.
What joy to be married and settled for life,
With dear little Rosie my own darling wife,
To shield her for aye through the world's bitter strife,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

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Written and Composed by Harry Castling.

"Grandpa, you promised, if we were good,
To tell us the tale of the Babes in the Wood;
There's Harry and Freddie, Nellie and I."
So spoke a child to her grandfather nigh,
Tenderly smoothing the wee speaker's hair.
He kissed all the youngsters who clung 'round his chair.
"Of a hero, my darlings, the story shall be,
Who once saved your grandpa and fought well for me.
Amidst the cannon's roaring and the beat of the drum,
'Midst the very thickest of the fight,
Ev'ry lad amongst us loved the dear old flag
And fought for God and right;
As we cut our way through the fray each man vowed
To fight or fall for glory,
And when the day was done we'd fought and won."
That was the old man's story.

"We were a handful there on the ground,
Surrounded by cannon and death all around;
Our only retreat was a pass, ah, but there
A gun stood, to spike it and save us who'd dare.
'That gun must be taken!' our good colonel cried.
Just then near that spot, dears, our hero we spied—
Our men sent a cheer up, a wild shout of joy—
The gun had been spiked by a brave drummer boy.
That night in the camp, dears, a deafening din
Rose from each throat when our hero came in,
Wounded and spent from the battle's strife;
Many a day we despaired of his life."
"Is he still living, the brave drummer lad?"
"Yes, my dear angels, he is your dad;
Pray for him always, a hero was he."
That was the old man's story.

TALLY-HO SONG.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, on a summer's evening, nature all adorning,
Coaching party, jolly, all eager for the day,
The whip and driver ready, horses standing steady;
The horn it sounds the Tally-ho; all up, and let's away.
Now such a merry party, full of pleasure ev'ry one,
So jolly, gay and hearty; oh, when we get on the run,
It's up the hill and down again, a-jogging on we go—
A merry lot of people, don't you know.

CHORUS.

On we go—Tally-ho! Bugles blow—Tally-ho!
Such a jolly party, laughter hearty, down the road we go.
Let her go—Tally-ho! Bugle blow—Tally-ho!
From the city, oh, how pretty goes the Tally-ho!

The country farmers staring, ev'ry one declaring,
"Never saw the equal; oh, ginger ain't it gay?"
Now through the village bowling, coaches onward rolling,
The horn it sounds the Tally ho; we're up, and all away.
It's such a pleasure riding down the highway and the lane,
The driver safely guiding; oh, we know who holds the reins;
Now through the woods and by the farms a-jogging as we go—
A merry lot of people, don't you know.—*Chorus.*

Now, who's that in the distance? Does he need assistance?
Bless me, it is Charley; he's out to take a blow.
He looks a little foggy, driving rather groggy:
Oh, please don't sound the Tally-ho; you'll wake him, don't you know.
Here comes a wealthy brewer, in his single-seated trap,
He's ogling all the ladies, for he has a smile on tap;
And also Miss O'Grady, with second cousin, Joe—
A merry lot of people, don't you know.—*Chorus.*

—Gibbs: "Were you ever disappointed in love?" Mrs. Banker: "No; I was married to over a million dollars in my fifteenth year."

—Truly Prudent.—Ethel: "I know he is a financier, but he is not a speculator." Maud: "How do you know?" Ethel: "He didn't buy our engagement ring until he was quite sure that I would accept him."

THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

It's close to an alley, that leads to the rear
Of a shanty, so old and so worn;
Oh, down in the Fourth Ward, that I love so dear—
The place where the babies are born.
An old-fashioned lamp stands close to the door,
To light up the stoop, made of wood;
There mothers and dads, sweet lassies and lads,
All meet in the old neighborhood.

CHORUS.

And they call it Cherry Hill, my boys,
Where the girls are beautiful and good;
And I'm not too proud to mingle with the crowd,
Down town, in the old neighborhood.

There stands the Dutch groc'ry, just over the way,
With its awning, to keep off the rain;
It's there, on the coal-box, the neighbors, each day,
Talk politics over again.
Old horse-shoer, Mike, right out of his shop,
With brogue that we all understood,
Would tell you the name of the Gov'ner next fall—
Wise man of the old neighborhood.—*Chorus.*

Oh, there was a wedding next door to a wake,
With its carriages front of each door;
The coachman, O'Grady, he made a mistake,
That set the old street in a roar;
The couple that wed, they followed the dead;
The widow so mournfully stood;
She shouted, "Come back, you're in the wrong hack,
Oh, shame on the old neighborhood."—*Chorus.*

It's there, in the sunshine, on each summer day,
All the wee, little children, so free,
Would gather to hear the old organ-man play,
While mothers held babes on their knees.
Old grandmother, Dowle, would dance you a reel,
To the tune of "She would if she could;"
She'd cover the walk with her toe and her heel—
The pet of the old neighborhood.—*Chorus.*

MELANCHOLY MARY.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

A country girl I used to be—
Alas, those happy days are over,
All in the fields, so gay and free,
I've roamed among the clover,
And down the lane, by the waving grain,
Where stood the barn and the dairy,
I've drove old Sue—she always knew
The farmer's daughter, Mary.

CHORUS.

I once was fair, with golden hair,
Light-hearted young and airy,
But now I'm old, and love's grown cold—
Poor, Melancholy Mary.

To country school I used to go—
Alas, those happy, happy hours—
Just next to me there sat my Joe,
Who brought to me sweet flowers,
And there sat Lill, and her little brother, Will,
With freckled Lou and blue-eyed Sairy,
Sweet playmates dear, that loved to cheer
The farmer's daughter, Mary.—*Chorus.*

A stranger came, that won my hand—
Alas, oh bitter, bitter sorrow—
He wedded me, yes, secretly,
And left me on the morrow.
My father, dear, I told in tears,
The marriage of his little fairy;
He said, "Now go;" he'd never know
The farmer's daughter, Mary.—*Chorus.*

The farm was sold when father died—
Farewell, farewell, green fields and flowers—
'Twas good-bye, Joe—oh, how I cried—
There was no love like ours.
And since that day, I have gone my way,
A hardened road, so contrary;
My country bean, he'd never know
The farmer's daughter, Mary.—*Chorus.*

OUT ON A COLLEGE RAH! RAH!

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Come, join us, we all have to paint the town—
We students so jolly, you know,
Go hooting and tooting, to do it up brown—
Wide open, my boys, let it go.
At football, to-day, we have won the game
A cuckoo, dear, dear, oh, mamma;
We're easy and breezy, oh, just the same,
We're out on a college rah! rah!

CHORUS.

Oh, my love's a dove, a peach;
Let me whirl with my girl—
Ah, she's out of sight, she's a beauty bright,
She's a gem, a dream, a pearl;
Oh, she warbles like a bird—
Full of trills, how she thrills;
I tell you, my dear boy, she's my evening star;
She's fond of my college rah! rah! rah! rah!

Come with us, we all know a thing or two—
We students high rollers, you bet.
At singing and dancing, oh, anything new,
We grab it, my boys, don't forget.
For vict'ry, to-day, we shout 'till we're dry,
And wet it, my boys, at the bar:
Keep smashing and crashing, we ne'er say die,
We're out on a college rah! rah!—*Chorus.*

Together we students go in a crowd,
All chummies, so merry and swell;
We stack up a racket, of course its allowed,
For vict'ry, boys, now let us yell.
Come, rally, my lads, yes, all in a group,
To holler "Zip, boom an' a zar."
We're inners and winners, not in the soup—
We're out on a college rah! rah!—*Chorus.*

THE GIRL THAT'S UP TO DATE.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

You may talk about your namby-pamby summer girls,
Oh, a-lolling on a hammock in the shade,
But the captivating charmer of the nobby swells,
Oh, she's the young, athletic beauty, tailor-made,
She loves to walk an easy, breezy, swinging style;
Up early in the morning—never late—
She greets you with a charming, winning, rosy-posy smile—
I represent the girl that's up to date.

CHORUS.

I tell you she's a picture, riding on a bike (*Break*),
Delightfully delicious, what the chappies like (*Break*);
Oh, you'll meet her in the ever-clever, swagger set,
A beauty that the darlings imitate;
She's really feminine, and she's never masculine—
I represent the girl that's up to date.

Oh, it's sad to see a silly-nilly, pretty dear,
Oh, a-bending, like a willow, very frail,
While she reads a yellow novel—oh, it's very clear
That's why the poor, romantic beauty's like a rail.
She likes to talk of heroes, and their mighty deeds;
She sings about the lover and his mate:
If she would take a bracer, it's the only thing she needs—
I represent the girl that's up to date.—*Chorus.*

Oh, I love to meet the chappies: oh, they're jolly boys,
Fresh from college, horsey, sporty—out for fun;
They can paddle, ride a saddle—can't they make a noise!
High rollers everywhere, you bet they take the bun.
It's sad to see a lardy-dardy, dreamy dude—
He's never up to time, but always late—
If you struck him with a feather, oh, he think you very rude,
And I represent the girl that's up to date.—*Chorus.*

—On a plantation in Cuba the rain was falling in torrents. A negro who was walking along the road carefully stowed his hat under his clothes, and continued his journey bareheaded. "Why, Pompey," said a white man, "your head will get quite wet!" "Hee, hee," laughed the negro, "head massa's; hat my own."

Parody on:
Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-bye.

By Ward & Kennickson.

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Say au revoir—I mean good-bye: I know you're mad, but so am I;
Though past is dead, your hair is red, my money gone, that's what I said;
Don't look at me, cause of my woe; don't tell no lies, the truth will do;
You are no blonde, you're a brunette—I knew it then, I know it yet.

CHORUS.

Say au revoir—oh me, oh my; though you are mad, don't wink your eye;
You are no blonde, you're a brunette—I knew it then, I know it yet.

The years roll by, the same old song—a little girl, a man so strong.
What angels fear, lovers will do; shall flirt for years, then wed and woo.
This one picnic must be our last, no more we'll scrap, as in the past,
Tho' both our hearts may beat the same, to think we part to meet again.—*Cho.*

SEE-SAW AND SAW-SAW.

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By Rose Greene Burton.

I've a son, an' ye beth he's a dandy, shure he swills it around iv'ry day;
While it's me wid me peanuts an' candy for all this nonsince I must pay;
Shure at nite he goes to the playater, an' he hears all the bother an' song;
Ah! his music wud sink a big stamer, or kill off Chinese at Hong Kong.

REFRAIN.

He sings see-saw an' saw-saw an' tra le lo la,
The flowers that bloom in the spring, do ye mind?
Rock-a-bye baby, he's gone to the war;
I'm so shy, darlin', pull down the blind.

He walks down the strate drissed so nately—first this eye, thin that, he will wink,
An' smiles on the pretty gurls swately—it's mashin' he calls it, I think;
Shure, an' whin he cums home in the marnin', he opens the dure wid a bang.
If I say, Where ye bin, ye rap-scallioun? bin out singin' songs wid the gang.—*Refrain.*

Shure, his clothes air as fine as a fiddle, on his coat frunt he wears a bocka;
He parts his hair straight in the middle, an' "ither" an' "nither" he'll say;
He cuts up such didoes an' capers, I niver know what he's about;
He spinds on play-acters me money, an' they tell him the latest that's out.—*Ref.*

He Was Such a Funny Old Man.

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Words by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Last night, let me state, I was out very late,
And as towards home I did fly,
I met an old man, who, forget I ne'er can,
For he laughed and at me winked his eye.
He exclaimed, "Oh, you dear, I very much fear
It's rather late for you to roam;
Now, have no alarm, let me take your arm,
Allow me to see you safe home."

CHORUS.

And he was such a funny old man,
He was such a naughty old boy;
He stood me some "Cham" and called me a lamb,
And swore I was his only joy;
He gave me a squeeze at the door,
Forget him, I'm sure I ne'er can.
He said: "Pretty Miss," and then took a kiss—
Oh, he was such a funny old man.

He asked me to meet, at the end of the street,
Next night when the clock it struck nine;
I met him, and then, again and again,
He said: "Darling, will you be mine?"
I murmured, "Oh, yes—me he did caress,
And called me a dear and a love.
He said: "I love you," and swore he'd be true
As stars that shine brightly above.—*Chorus.*

I'm sorry to say that when I named the day,
He said he would not marry me,
So I went to law, and a lawyer I saw,
Who said, very quick, "we shall see!"
On the great trial day, the old boy looked gay,
And acted in style rather rash;
But the Judge he did say: "This girl you must pay
The sum of ten thousand in cash!"—*Chorus.*

YOU CAN'T TELL EVERYTHING.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Girls, I'll give you advice, take my tip, I pray;
Girls, I'll give you advice, remember what I say:
If you've got a young man who says: "D'ye love me, pray?"
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.
He says, "Tell me the truth, have you loved before?"
You say, "Certainly not, you I do adore."
You don't tell the young man that you've been in love with a score,
For you can't, no you can't tell everything.

CHORUS.

You can't tell all that you see, all that you do or say;
You can't tell all that you know—in fact, it wouldn't pay;
For if you opened your mouth too much, it's ten to one you would grieve,
So girls, girls, dear little girls, keep a little bit up your sleeve.

When you go for a walk with a nice young man,
You land home and your Ma says, "Tell me, Mary Ann,
Did he kiss you, my dear, or try your waist to span?"
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.
Ma says kissing is wrong: you say, "Wrong, forsooth!"
You say, "Mother, you know you should speak the truth—
Did you never, when young, get kissed by a handsome youth?"
Well, she can't, no she can't tell everything.—*Chorus.*

Girls, I'll give you the tip—if you've got a mash,
Stick to him like a brick if he has lots of cash.
Ma says, "Have you been ever tickled by his mustache?"
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.
If you sit in the room where no one can see—
If he asks for a kiss, then takes two or three—
If your mother says, "Did you sit on the young man's knee?"
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.—*Chorus.*

Love, sweet love, is so nice—I have found it so;
Love, sweet love, is the game, so try your love to show.
If your lover says, "Let's be married," don't say no,
Tho' you can't, no you can't tell everything.
You go to your Mamma and look very shy;
Tell you're goin' to get wed, she begins to cry.
She says, "Married, my dear?" asks you the reason why—
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.—*Chorus.*

FOUR AMERICANS IN PAREE.

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Words by Charles Deane. Music by W. Compton.

A month ago some pals of mine intending for a spree,
One proposed the finest place was over in Paree,
Went by ship to Dover, each one was a rover,
Four gay Yankee sports with lots of cash, you see;
I'll never forget the fun we had when first we landed there,
The ladies, dark and fair, knew something, I declare;
We rambled through the Boulevards, looking for something choice,
And very soon met four young girls who spoke in Frenchie voice.

SPOKEN—But

CHORUS.

The only Frenchie words we knew were "Oui, oui parleyvous,"
We said, "Have a drink." They answered "oui Monsieur."
They were fascinating, our dollars soon were taking—
Oh, what fun we had in gay Paree.

We took them in a cafe and then said, What will you drink?
They spoke in Frenchy tones to us. We said, What do you think?
Then I called the waiter, who started to dictate her.
"Me no comprehend," the silly frog replied.
Said I, "Get out, old jelly face, then lands him on the nose;
It finished up with blows, outside each one he throws;
The ladies motioned come with us, each one just like a mouse;
Got in a cab, then drove away to such a charming house.—*Chorus.*

They introduced us to their Mas, who seemed a trifle worse;
Feeling in my pocket, I found I'd lost my purse.
Said I, "Look here, you've robbed us, very soon they mobbed us;
One said, "You, Uncle Sam, tell us vat you mean."
"I'll soon show you what I mean," then lands her on the jaw;
She went down on the floor, they all started to roar,
Which brought the gendarmes to the place—in broken English said,
"Now, you all must come with us"—away then we were led.—*Chorus.*

Next morning before the French beak we all appeared in court;
He said, "You make no fool of us, we'll stop your little sport."
There was such a fight, then we let out, left and right;
They brought the gendarmes to try and stop the row,
And when, at last, we settled down, the poor old magistrate
Began to wink his eye at the girls upon the sly,
But they turned round on him at once and said, "You silly jay,"
But he replied, "Before you leave, now what have you to say?"—*Chorus.*

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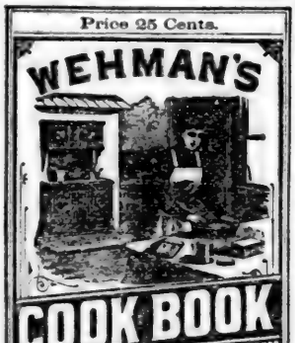
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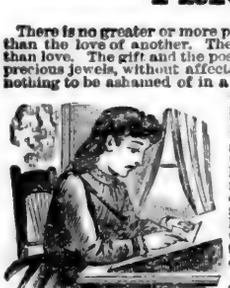
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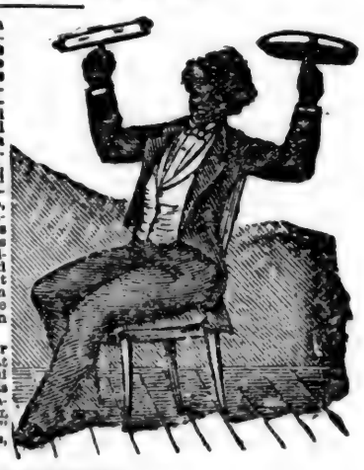
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Various men have various natures, some their money like to save,
Others go and blow it nightly, next day hustle for a shave.
My pal Jack one night got loaded, chuck full of good lager beer;
He got mixed up with a street car, and got both legs cut off here.

CHORUS.

Now he never cares to wander from his own fireside;
He never cares to ramble or to roam,
With his children on his knee, he's as happy as can be,
There is no place like home, sweet home.

A friend of mine one time got married to a girl with a wooden leg;
He loved this girl very dearly, and he thought that she loved him,
But one day he caught her mashing, she stayed out one night till four;
Now he takes her leg at tea-time, and locks it in the bureau drawer.

CHORUS.

Now she never cares to wander from her own fireside;
She never cares to ramble or to roam;
She's contented as can be, for his nibs has got the key,
And there's no place like home, sweet home.

Parody on:

PEGGY CLINE.

By Matthews & Bulger.

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They've found another Irish girl to sing to death this year;
Oh, let us go into the shed and shed a silent tear;
Her father was an Irishman; her mother Dutch, they claim;
She's Irish then by Dutch consent, but she is not to blame.

CHORUS.

Little soon to be murdered, young Peggy Cline;
I'd not refuse just at present to call you mine;
But you'll be such a chestnut in six month's time
That the people in front will wear ear muffs for Peggy Cline.

When Peggy Cline first landed here from o'er the deep blue sea,
She stood upon the dock, poor girl, and not a cent had she,
And as she gazed a diver came up from the waters blue,
And took his mask off just to get a breath of air or two.

CHORUS.

"Ain't he the cute one, the rascal?" cried Peggy Cline.
"He did not pay his way over, but I paid mine;
Had I thought of that trick like yourself in time,
I would have walked over with you," cried Peggy Cline.

Parody on:

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Do you remember, sweetheart, when you were sweet sixteen?
Well, if you do your memory is a wonder,
You say the years you've seen will number just sixteen;
Pray how long were you blind to make this blunder?
You were so dear to me once, dear, you always kept me broke,
But you have lost a good thing now forever;
My heart I cannot spare, for it just makes two pair,
We must agree to separate together.

CHORUS.

Little bunch of lilacs on my chin once grew,
Through them blew the windiets, but my stuff you blew;
Give me back the presents I promised you I'd buy,
And I'll go and look for work if I lose the other eye.

You used to sing me "Comrades" at Maggie Murphy's home,
And that is why poor Maggie left her mother.
At singing you're a bluff, your voice is good but rough,
You're not two-faced or you would wear the other;
We once sat side by side and sighed and held each other's hands,
But your hands were so big you run my wages;
Give me my photograph and I'll give you the laugh,
And shake you like the chills in its worst stages.

CHORUS.

I've a bunch of coupons from all kinds of shows;
How much you have cost me heaven only knows;
You have seen your day, love, also several nights—
"But, oh, what a difference in the morning!"

DENIED A HOME.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

A poor, aged couple one day on the street
Stood asking assistance of each one they'd meet;
The snow it was falling, they shivered with cold—
I thought, what a pity, so feeble and old;
I gave them assistance, they thanked with a bow;
I asked if they'd no one to care for them now—
Have you no children to whom you could look?
They answered me sadly, their old heads they shook:—Yes—

CHORUS.

We had two children, two bright, loving boys;
They were our idols, our pride and our joys;
The youngest, he left us, the wide world to roam,
The other's a banker, denies us a home.

While hearing their story, a stranger drew nigh;
I saw, by appearance, he'd not pass them by;
He gazed but a moment, then cried in surprise:
"What! father and mother?" while tears filled his eyes;
He spoke of a brother he left years ago—
"Oh, is he so cruel, to treat you both so?
Now I have plenty, you'll not want in vain";
And still I can fancy I hear them again:—Yes—*Chorus.*

A year has rolled over since first I did meet
The old couple begging out in the cold street;
The son, who, in luxury, was forced to the wall,
In wild speculations lost fortune and all.
The old folks, in pity, they took him in, then;
A home, too, they gave him, which he denied them;
Now they are happy and thankful to-day,
And yet I can hear them as on that cold day:—Yes—*Chorus.*

JOHNSON'S BICYCLES.

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Words by Paul West. Music by Frank Palma.

Oh, Mister Johnson was a man who lived next door to me;
He had a lovely family, as happy as could be:
But Johnson's home is now a wreck, his family do not speak,
And all these dreadful things took place within a single week,
For Johnson saw a bicycle upon one fatal day;
Said he, "I have a bright idea, I'll use it right away;
I'll fit my family out with wheels; we'll make a show that's fine;"
And so he telephoned down town for Columbia bikes for nine.

REFRAIN.

One for him, a daisy; and one for Missis J.;
One for little Jimmie, and the rest the self-same way;
Said he, "We'll show the neighbors, when they sit down to dine,
And see us all go whirling by on Columbias built for nine.

'Twas at a quarter after six, the family started out;
They cut a very brilliant dash, of that there's not a doubt:
With Johnson riding at their head, they spread across the street,
And all the neighbors envied them, they looked so gay and neat,
But, sad to tell, upon the road there was a great big bump;
The Johnson family knew it not until there was a bump;
They struck upon it all at once—I wonder they're not dead,
But, oh, you should have seen the bump upon each Johnson's head.

REFRAIN.

One for him, a daisy; and one for Misses J.;
One for little Jimmie, and the rest the self-same way;
They did surprise the neighbors, when they sat down to dine,
To see them whirling through the air on Columbias built for nine.

But what a change came o'er the group, that started gay and bright;
The Columbia bikes came out O. K., the family was a sight;
They picked up Johnson and the kids in pieces from the wreck,
With every injury except a dislocated neck;
But none could think of any name just bad enough to call
Poor Johnson—so, for spite, they turned his picture to the wall;
They're all so lame they cannot walk, from father down to son;
They go about on crutches now, the Johnsons every one.

REFRAIN.

One for him, a daisy; and one for Missis J.;
One for little Jimmie, and the rest the self-same way:
It does surprise the neighbors, when they sit down to dine,
To see the Johnsons hobbling out on crutches built for nine.

—Old Doctor: "No, sir. I never have a patient die on my hands—never!" Young Doctor: "How do you manage it?" Old Doctor: "When I find that a man is going to die I get him to call in a specialist, or send him to the seaside."

PRETTY ROSIE KELLY.

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Words and Music by C. C. Miller.

There's a girl named Rosie, who is driving me wild;
Her father keeps a grocery, she's an only child;
When I call to see her, on a Sunday eve,
Her mother has to tell me when it is time to leave.

CHORUS.

Pretty Rosie Kelly, she's the girl for me;
Like the flower from which she's named, as pretty as can be;
She has set my heart on fire with her winning smile;
I will have no peace on earth till I call her mine.

Ah! she dearly loves me—I can plainly see
That she is in earnest and not fooling me;
But her Pa says she's too young to think of beaux just yet;
She's eighteen, and I am waiting to claim my pet.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

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Far away in Indiana, near a place called Kankakee,
Lives an old maid by herself when she's alone;
And although she is quite ancient, she's as lovely as can be,
And through the streets she's often seen to roam;
On her way down to her cottage she quite often has to pass
Near a brick wall made of stone and very tall;
On this structure there were posted advertisements, and, alas,
She to read them, turned her face toward the wall.

CHORUS.

There were many funny faces on this wall in different places,
And this old maid gazed upon them, little dreaming of a fall,
When a goat, with Harlem gestures, struck this unsuspecting creature,
And, with force, he turned her face toward the wall.

One cold day a brave old soldier, who had fitten many a fit,
With his yellow dog strolled slowly through the town;
Like his brass watch, this old soldier had not for years run a bit,
With a leg cut off he had his ups and downs.
In a Hebrew clothing store he went a pair of pants to buy,
For unlike the dog's pants, his bagged at the knees.
"Cut one leg off," says he, "Levi, of the trousers very high,"
"For," says he, "my wooden leg will never freeze."

CHORUS.

With his scissors Levi sauntered to a shelf behind the counter;
With one stroke he quickly severed his leg from trousers, that was all.
Says the soldier: "You're mistaken, for the wrong leg off you've taken."
And poor Levi hung the pants back on the wall.

I'm Going to Tell on You, Katie.

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Words and Music by George C. Edwards.

Sisters are nice to have sometimes,
But I think they're oft in the way;
For instance, when you have a sweetheart,
Then three is a crowd, so they say;
I've a sister quite young, but she had such a tongue,
And whene'er I took her out,
If I met a beau, she'd look at me so,
And then shake her finger and shout:

CHORUS.

"I'm going to tell on you when home I go;
You'll get a scolding then for acting so;
You've been flirting all the day;
And when I go home I'll tell on you, Katie!"

How I would coax her with candy,
To just make her hush for a while;
But nothing would keep her tongue quiet;
She'd pout, and she never would smile;
Then wherever I went, she to go still was bent;
Sure to quarrel on the way;
No matter who heard, she'd have the last word,
And this is what she'd always say:—*Chorus.*

Now, I am married and settled,
And happy as happy can be,
Still singing a song to the baby,
While granny is making the tea;
We've a neat little home, and it's all, all our own,
So our hearts are light and gay;
And that sister small, I never hear bawl
These words that she oft used to say:—*Chorus.*

LITTLE JOHNNY JOHNSON IS MY SUNDAY BEAU.

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Words and Music by Tommy Powers.

I've got a string of fellers, girls, they're kind of stuck on me,
And try to kiss my ruby lips, as they do Daisy Dee;
They "scrap" and black each other's eyes, John Johnson 'monget the rest;
They'd give a cigarette to know which feller I love best.

CHORUS.

Little Johnny Johnson is my Sunday beau;
He buys "slap-jacks" and "bolivars," his love for me to show;
Hokey pokey ice cream, one plate and two spoons;
We "slob" it on our Sunday clothes, like crazy, little loons.

In our parlor on Sunday night, the girls climb in for fun,
And when the bell rings ding-a-ling, for our front door they run,
With Johnny Johnson they shake hands, and grab the candy-box,
But when the girls do open it, they find a pair of socks.—*Chorus.*

John Johnson is a vocalist, he sings up to high C,
But when he wants to reach that note, he has to climb a tree;
John loves to sing "My Honey O," it is his fondest wish,
But in the middle of the song, the girls do holler "Fish."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ALWAYS TOGETHER.

By Matthews & Bulger.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

"Jack and I were playmates," we've heard sung many times,
Also that chestnut, "Comrades," and "He was a pal of mine."
A man may lose a comrade and live through his sorrow great,
But he will die if from his breath he tries to separate.

CHORUS.

Always together, ever together, bull dogs and fleas you will find;
Onto each other, fleas under cover, to leave him they think is unkind;
"I'd lay down my life for my pal," are the words in the song sung to me,
But the poor dog hasn't time to die, so busy he's kept by the flea.

Always together, ever together, hair and strong butter you'll find;
It's an old jokelet, but we'll go brokelet on finding them eight out of nine;
If Samson's hair gave him his strength, a word to our landlords we'll speak;
Your butter would not be so strong perhaps if you'd have it shaved 3 times a week.

Fancy Jack and I one day out on a base-ball field,
Jack with flowing whiskers to his knees, his form to shield.
The first thing I remember, Jack cried: "Stop, the ball is lost."
Ten runs were scored when from his beard the ball Jack slowly tossed.

CHORUS.

Always together, ever together, Jack and his whiskers once grew,
But his young brother, pride of his mother, had quite a lengthy beard, too;
With jealousy once with an axe he severed Jack's beard from his chin; [him.
Jack caught him asleep, and with brotherly love and a knife did the same for

Parody on:

AFTER THE BALL.

By Matthews & Bulger.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Over in a theatre in Buffalo,
Buffalo Bill played his Wild West Show;
He set the stage with old Sitting Bull;
The actors were drinking, the house it was full;
The show soon was started, when, by and by,
A kid in the gallery started to cry;
While it was bawling, Bill cried: "That's all:
We'll finish acting after the bawl."

CHORUS.

After the bawl was over, after the kid was still,
Buffalo Bill and his actors played with a Buffalo will;
After the kid stopped bawling, the ochestra, just for a stall,
Played "Molly and I and the baby," after the bawl.

Once on a table where a feast was laid,
Then on the coffee grounds a game of ball was played;
A ball made of cod-fish was used for the sphere;
This fish-ball was pitched by a pitcher full of beer;
Fly paper tried hard to catch all the flies,
But flour and water, the batter, proved a prize;
It knocked the ball o'er table, chairs and all;
The butter got hot and ran after the ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball was over, over the table it flew;
Into a Hebrew's whiskers, where it was hid from view;
Concealing the ball in his whiskers, the Hebrew bid farewell to all;
The cheese then skipped to the pawn shop after the ball.

The Ads that Drove Him Crazy.

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

While strolling thro' a large retreat where insane people dwell,
We paused to watch a lunatic within a padded cell.
The man was speaking o'er and o'er some words we'd often read,
And as we stood and gazed at him, now this is what he said:

CHORUS.

"Mince pies, mince pies, like mother used to make:
Morning, good morning, Pears' soap it takes the cake;
Oh! 'rilla, 'rilla, sas'parilla, for that feeling tired;
Sapolio, it scours clean, and "Yours for health, Lydia Pinkham."

We asked a keeper standing near, "What drove this man insane?"
He answered with a knowing smile, "He's got ads on the brain."
"He used to ride, while in the town, on "L" and trolley cars,
And reading all the signs therein, he's now behind the bars."—*Chorus.*

We came away and left him there, still going o'er and o'er;
That string of ads rang in our ears as we passed out the door;
And riding home upon the "L," the fatal signs we eyed,
And humming soon the same old tune, just like the poor man cried:—*Cho.*

SWEET JENNIE BROWN.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

I've the sweetest girl in town—sweetest name, Jennie Brown;
I'm the envy of the lads for miles around;
They would gladly kiss the ground where she walks, Jennie Brown,
But she's eyes for only me, this sweet Jennie Brown;
Twice a week she lets me come to spend the evenings at her home.
Sunday evenings, after tea, she goes out to walk with me,
Then we talk of love so sweet, as we wander down the street;
Jealous eyes upon me stare, but I do not care.

CHORUS.

I know that she loves me, and that's enough for me;
I love Jennie, and she says that I am her sweetheart;
I know that she loves me, and that's enough for me;
I am happy in the love of sweet Jennie Brown.

Smiling face, with ne'er a frown, has my love, Jennie Brown;
Eyes so bright and lips so red, and dimples round:
Mother thinks she's just too sweet, form so neat, tiny feet,
Calls her daughter when they meet, my sweet Jennie Brown;
Lately, when we take a walk, of other things than love to talk—
Tables, carpets, china-wares, bed-room, parlor suits and chairs.
Jennie talks of a home for three—mother, Jennie, and for me;
Says that she my lot will share, now why should I care?—*Chorus.*

After Your Wandering, Come Home.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A story's often told about a maiden, young and fair,
Who through her love and pride had left her home;
And for awhile her loving parents missed their lassie there,
Not knowing where their wandering pet would roam;
At last she sent a message from a town not far away,
And there she got a letter from her Dad.
"You can't be happy now," he said; "you will return some day,
And make our hearts again feel light and glad."

REFRAIN.

"After your wandering, come home!"
That's what she read in the letter;
"Why did you leave us alone?
No one could love you better;
Keep this in mind, little girl,
No matter wherever you roam,
There are hearts fond and true, that are waiting for you—
After your wandering, come home!"

'Twas all because her father did not like the boy she loved;
"Come home," he wrote, "and you can marry Jack:
I know he loves our Bessie, and a worthy lad he's proved;
He's only waiting till you come back."
One morning, in the summer, she became a happy bride;
The old man was not sorry, after all;
'Tho' Bessie went away awhile, 'twas all thro' love and pride,
And often they the tender words recall:—*Refrain.*

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME STILL.

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Words by Wm. H. Windom. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Tell me you love me yet, whisper it low;
Tell it again, as you did long ago;
Darling, though strangers have kept us apart,
Kiss me and tell me you love me, sweetheart;
Oh! for a day of the beautiful past!
Oh! for one hour of the glad long ago!
Dearest bend over, for time flieth fast;
Tell me you love me still, whisper it low.

CHORUS.

Whisper it low, whisper it low;
Whisper of love, as you did long ago;
Yes, whisper it low, whisper it low;
Tell me you love me still, whisper it low.

Tell me you love me yet, whisper it low;
Only myself, dear, your secret shall know;
Silver is streaking thy tresses of gold;
Still am I true to the pledges of old;
Time cannot wither the heart that is true;
Rob of its beauty the sweet long ago;
Darling forever, I'm dreaming of you;
Tell me you love me still, whisper it low.—*Chorus.*

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

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Words by Fred Darcy. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

My name is O'Brien, I'm a great politician,
I came from the evergreen sod,
While my friend Michael Ryan,
Whose honest position in life is to carry the hod,
We're always a-joking, we never are croaking,
With laughter and singing we drive away tears;
We're always hand-shaking, and never leave-taking,
Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.

CHORUS.

Our families both, for many a day, have lived side by side;
The years have come and passed away, but our friendship has never died;
We both get tight, but never fight, so we've no cause for fears—
Michael Ryan, Pat O'Brien, friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.

We never go out unless we go together;
We're both like the Siamese twins;
No two better friends ever stepped in shoe leather—
The style we possess always wins.
The full approbation of all our great nation
Is given to us two without doubt or sneers.
When you find O'Brien, you'll surely find Ryan—
Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.—*Chorus.*

HAPPY IS THE BRIDE THAT THE SUN SHINES ON.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by George C. Edwards.

In the little village church a youthful couple stood,
And the words were spoke that made them man and wife;
Oh, the wedding bells they rang, and the birds of spring time sang,
While they vowed to love each other all their life;
As they from the altar came, and stood beside the porch,
All the clouds had passed away, the sun shone bright;
And the husband whispered there, to the wife so sweet and fair,
These words in fondest accent of delight:

CHORUS.

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on;
All the gloomy clouds now are past and gone;
Oh, still remember, dear, when sorrow hovers near,
Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.

By the fireside warm and bright, a couple old and gray,
With a smile of sweet contentment, linger still;
Though the years have taken flight, yet they seem to hear to-night
Those sweet wedding bells that echoed o'er the hill.
Near the end of life are they, but just as dear to-day
Are the loves they plighted in their youth so fair,
And they talk of olden times, and the merry wedding chimes,
While once again the old man whispers there:—*Chorus.*

THE ORGANS IN THE STREET.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Oh, talk about your parties grand, your ball-room with its swells,
There's none of them that's "in it" with us little New York belles;
When down the block we skip from school, with lots of fun we meet;
Then, heel and toe, we dancing go to the organs in the street.

CHORUS.

Waltzes, mazurkas and Polkas, Mamie and Kitty and Jake;
Over the sidewalk we're "spieling." Ours is the step takes the cake;
It's one, two and three, balance partners; look at us couples so sweet;
If the "dagoes" would play, we'd dance all the day to the organs in the street.

The coppers never say a word, they let us have our fun;
And when the organ goes away, why after it we run;
Our pennies then we all chip in, it makes the "Ginnie" sweet;
While side by side we do the glide to the organs in the street.—*Chorus.*

There's Mary Reilly, Kitty Jones, and little Maggie Fay;
Now, if you don't know how to waltz, they'll show you right away;
We give a "soiree" day and night, we'd rather dance than eat;
With step so gay we skip away to the organs in the street.—*Chorus.*

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, HONEY.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Yonder comes de green-goods man, wid some greenbacks in his han',
'Spect he'll fool you if he can, don't you believe it;
He's got a grip and carpet-sack, takes your money, leaves his pack.
"By-by, honey, I'll come back," don't you believe it.

CHORUS.

Don't you believe it, honey; don't you believe it;
No use to weep and sigh and mourn, so don't sit down and cry;
Don't you believe it, honey; don't you believe it;
The honest man that makes a stan' will get there by and by.

Ole hen's got to scratch around; can't pick fodder off de ground;
Tell you dis advice ain't sound, don't you believe it;
When nigger's talkin' mighty big, says he'll play a winnin' gig,
Dress up in a bran' new rig, don't you believe it.—*Chorus.*

When de ole mule winks his ear, dat's de time for you to clear;
Say he won't kick when you're near, don't you believe it;
An' when de chickens roost at night, nobody to watch in sight,
Think dem birds see mornin' light? don't you believe it.—*Chorus.*

Got to hustle night and day, when de sunshines make yo' hay;
Can't get 'long no odder way, don't you believe it;
You want to take de Gospel Ship dat's a-gwine to leab de slip;
Find no dead-heads on dat trip, don't you believe it.—*Chorus.*

A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

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Words by Frank L. Stanton. Music by Homer N. Bartlett.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright—
A little bit of a boy;
He came, one day, when the world was May
And thrilling with life and joy;
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy, a little bit of a boy.

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The mem'ry sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy;
We had wondered how he could play all day
With never a dream of rest;
But once he crept in the dark, and slept
Still on his mother's breast—a little bit of a boy.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him—
A little bit of a boy;
And he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The mem'ry sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy, that little bit of a boy.

A FIFTH AVENUE BELLE.

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Words by Max F. Ihmsen. Music by George Rosey.

Extremely fascinating is this creature,
So very stylish, but demure and shy;
The dudelets, for her smiles, do all beseech her,
But she wouldn't blink her eye;
Her Pa and Ma you'd call them wildly wealthy;
To flirt she really never would be seen;
A little fun, provided it is stealthy,
Is liked by this little queen.

CHORUS.

She's a Fifth Avenue belle, a lady without flaw;
From her manner, you can tell her Mamma's word is law;
She likes a quiet supper—some "fizz," because it's swell,
But nothing that's improper for this Fifth Avenue belle.

She often goes to see the great performers—
The drama is a thing on which she'll dote;
You'd think she had been reared among reformers,
When her child-like look you note;
But when the play's appropriately ended,
She'll go with Cholly to a pleasant place,
Where oysters and cock-tails are deftly tendered,
They say she can set the pace.—*Chorus.*

But on a coaching trip, oh, what a hummer;
With wine and lunch, that spanking coach and four;
I think one bird like her would make a summer
Of delicious fun galore;
Do you think she could perform a gay fandango,
Provided no observers were around?
Could you hug her, and then not arouse her anger?
Well, of course, that is to be found.—*Chorus.*

OH! SHE KNOWS A BIT.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

If a young man to his sweetheart says, "You are my darling bright;
If you'd ramble down the lane with me, 'twould fill me with delight;
If the maiden says, "I'd rather not—at least—well, not at night,"
Oh, she knows a bit—yes, she knows a bit.
If the couple seem to linger just outside the garden gate,
If the mother comes out crossly and she says, "Excuse me, Kate;
I don't think it is judicious for a girl to stop out late,"
Oh, she knows a bit—yes, she knows a bit.

CHORUS.

Oh, she knows a bit, just a little bit,
And a hundred dollars I would lay to ten
That she knows a bit, just a little bit—
Well, it's good to know a little now and then.

Should a masher storm a widow's heart, with honied words galore,
And he sweetly paints a picture of the happy times in store,
Should the widow then remind him that she's buried three or four,
Oh, he thinks a bit—yes, he thinks a bit;
Well, if then our gay young masher seems as if inclined to flee,
Will the widow cry, "Oh, ducky, you must really stay for tea;"
If three hundred pounds of widow drops upon his trembling knee,
Oh, he sinks a bit, just a little bit.—*Chorus.*

If a husband to his wife says, "I've some business with Jack White,
We have got a lot to talk about, I may be late to-night,
So you needn't sit up, darling; you'll see, I'll come home all right,"
Oh, he knows a bit—yes, he knows a bit.
If the wife says to him, "Don't you know, you're looking rather queer,
And I do not think you're well at all; you work too hard, I fear;
So to bring you safely home again, I'll go with you, my dear,"
Oh, she knows a bit—yes, she knows a bit.—*Chorus.*

If a wifey to her husband says, "On saving I am bent;
We have got an empty room, my dear, 'twould just suit some nice gent,
And a young man lodger's money would about just pay the rent,"
Oh, she knows a bit—yes, she knows a bit;
If he says for young men lodgers, darling, I don't care a jot—
Let us have a lady lodger, there's a battle on the spot,"
And then, knowingly, she answers, "most decidedly, we'll not,"
Oh, she knows a bit, just a thing or two.—*Chorus.*

—A closed bank in Arizona has issued the following notice: "This bank has not busted. It owes the people $36,000; the people owe it $55,000. It is the people who are busted. When they pay, we'll pay."

Parody on:

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

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I've just dropped off a freight train from the World's Fair sunny shore,
I to the World's Fair went, just to spend a few cents;
A buncoer smiled upon me as he did upon all jays,
And then I had no money, I had to tramp—
Yes, then I had no money, I had to tramp.

CHORUS.

As I walked along the railroad track with an independent air,
You could hear the people declare, "He looks like a millionaire;"
You could hear them say, "He's counting the ties;"
You could see them wink the other eye
At the jay that got broke at the World's Fair.

I sleep in a loft till after lunch, and then my daily walk
Back to my country town is one grand triumphal march;
Observed by the policeman with the keenness of a hawk,
I am a sample from the great World's Fair—
Yes, he's a sample from the great World's Fair.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

DAISY BELL.

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There is some flour within my heart, Mazie, Mazie,
Caused by an effort on your part, you dizzy, crazy belle.
Those biscuits you made were nice and hot, yet hard it is to tell,
And harder still to digest the lot, oh, lovely, crazy belle.

CHORUS.

Mazie, Mazie, for goodness sake now do
Give up making biscuits, and you'll never rue;
Don't think that I'm a savage, give me corn beef and cabbage,
It is a treat, 'tis very sweet, and just the thing for two.

We'll go as a team when we are wed, Mazie, Mazie,
And not eat those biscuits, but instead, my dizzy, crazy belle,
We'll peddle them for paper weights; they will do for that quite well;
And be much lighter for us, my dear, my lovely, crazy belle.—*Chorus.*

I will stick to you through thick and thin, Mazie, Mazie;
When I am out you can let me in, dear little crazy belle;
I'll ring you up when I reach the door, and if I don't do well
When I am soaked, you can ring me out, my darling, crazy belle.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow.

By Matthews & Bulger.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A friend of mine named Turner bought his wife a dog last fall,
And Mrs. Turner turned poor Turner's picture to the wall;
Because she liked the dog so well her children she'll neglect;
In fact, since Turner bought the dog his home has been a wreck.

CHORUS.

He's sorry that he bought her a bow-wow;
Every morning now between them there's a row, row;
Since the dog came in the flat Turner's lost his pants and hat;
But they made a lovely breakfast for the bow, wow, wow, wow.
Turner swears he'll quickly leave his frau, frau,
If immediately she doesn't shake the bow-wow;
Every evening after dark Turner sleeps out in the park,
Just to keep away from bow, wow, wow.

Into a butcher's shop one day this dog of Turner's strayed;
The butcher grabbed him like a flash and sausage of him made;
This sausage Mrs. Turner bought, she thought 'twas made of hog,
But in this sausage she soon found the collar of her dog.

CHORUS.

She swore that she'd avenge the death of bow-wow,
And that butcher up in jail is lying now, now;
But the butcher needs no bail, for with bow-wow's nose and tail
He made both ends meat with bow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow;
The butcher simply took an axe to bow-wow,
And chopped him up and mixed him with some cow, cow;
Turner whistled "Old Dog Tray" and the sausage walked away;
'Twas the last they heard of bow, wow, wow.

—A man who has lived a long and successful life, and who has been observant as well as successful, has this to say: "And with my long experience as guide, I say to you that the greatest happiness which this life affords is that which is found in giving happiness to others."

Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Two old tramps gazed in a restaurant at a table filled with food,
His pard then asked him the reason why they could not get something, too;
"Come in," he said, "I will tell them, pard, a story that will look true,"
But at the door my pard and I only met two little cops in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little cops in blue, pard, two little cops in blue;
They were officers, we were brothers, and learned to hate the two;
And one little cop in blue, pard, who changed my brother's heart,
Became his protector; I managed the other one, and now we have drifted apart.

We were sent to jail by the judge, on a charge that no one knew;
We thought of liberty, escape we might, the chances they were few;
My fancy proved a very good plan, yes, we were to escape for true;
We scaled the wall, but on the street met those two little cops in blue.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A black-haired dude from Erin's shore married was to be,
But alas! the night before the jay he went on a spree
"Deserted!" was the cry of all, he surely should be shot;
But Mary wed the other chap, and Michael she forgot;
The lonely one was in a cell, oh, hard, indeed, it is to tell;
The judge let him off, oh, cruel fate, when Charley came he was too late.

CHORUS.

The wedding took place in the evening, Mickey was spending the day
'Mid the echoes of snoring boozers, while Mary was passing away
Into the arms of Pat Casey, the man that he did hate;
A tear from his eye dropped into the rye—poor Mickey came too late.

And 'round the bar-room many times the story he will tell;
How his mother dear had struck it rich, of the luck that her befell;
Five thousand dollars she had won in policy that day,
And he had gone to cash it in, and dallied on the way,
And when the truth came out, of course, Mrs. Casey wanted a divorce—
Sad, indeed, is Casey's fate, he wishes Mick had not been too late.—*Chorus.*

THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHERS.

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Words and Music by W. T. Francis.

A sporting man borrows what money he can,
And he bets every cent at the races;
He has gotten his tip from a very nice man,
One who knows every horse and its paces;
He gets to the "bookie," and places his bet
On the favorite, to win over all,
But a drizzling rain has made the track wet,
And his horse doesn't come in at all—for—

CHORUS.

He forgot that there were several others, many others—a hundred others;
If he only had that money, he would spend it on his "honey,"
Or split the bet and spend it with some others.

A youth plants himself in the parquet—front row,
And he watches a sombrette who dances;
She circles and twirls, and then stands on one toe,
While at him, once or twice, smiles and glances;
He thinks the look means meet me at the stage-door,
Goes out and buys flowers at once;
But the same look she's given to some twenty or more,
All unknown to this vapid young dunce—for—

CHORUS.

She remembers there are several others, many others—a hundred others;
For she takes the arm of one, leaves him standing there alone;
At the stage-door he is left, but there are others.

A sailor was telling his sweetheart "good-bye,"
And she stood by his side, sadly weeping;
Saying, "Good-bye, dear Jack," with many a sigh;
"While you're gone, true my troth I'll be keeping."
Ten years Jack was gone, but he came back at last,
And found eight boys in Jane's yard, at play.
"Whose are those?" She replied, "Souvenirs of the past;
I've been married four times, you big 'jay.'"—for—

CHORUS.

You forgot that there were several others, many others—a hundred others;
I now own this house and land—if you'll take my heart and hand,
Stay with me, you'll soon forget that there were others.

Parody on:

Five O'clock in the Morning.

By Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

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Before the break of day does come, while I lie so warm in bed,
I hear the old man walking 'round, and it fills me full of dread;
His footsteps coming towards my room, is simply a gentle warning
That he will kick me out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

I have to go and feed the cows, though I feel the frost and cold
Go through me like a whole iceberg, from my crown down to my sole,
But still I have to do about, or else, without a warning,
The old man he will break my head at five o'clock in the morning.

The chickens and the hogs to feed, oh, he makes me stir around;
I have to chop a cord of wood, oh, he makes me buckle down;
And icicles hang all about, the trees and the fence adorning;
Oh, 'tis so nice to be out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

COME DOWN, MA HONEY, DO.

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Words by J. H. Wagner. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Dar's a pretty little yaller gal dat I lub well,
And if you will kindly listen, of my lub I'll tell;
She is ole man Johnson's daughter, she's de belle ob town,
And each night I go to court her when de sun goes down;
And when de moon an' stars are shinin' bright, I climb de ole man's garden wall;
And 'neath her window, in de middle ob de night, she always hears me softly call:

REFRAIN.

Oh, won't yer come down, ma honey? do!
For I'm a-waitin' down here for you;
All de little stars are blinking,
And so merrily are winkin',
An' de ole moon is a-laffin' at us, too;
For wid his face all so bright an' new,
He seems to say, love, to me an' you:
Oh, come an' spend the happy hours
'Mid the sweetly scented flowers;
Won't yer come down, ma honey? Do!—[*Dance.*]

My canoe is on de ribber, an' de ole banjo
I will play, as both together down de stream we go,
To a shady little island, 'tis a fairy land;
Whar' we'll see de fairies dancin' on de moonlit sand,
And dar we'll sit and sing de whole night long, until de sleepy echoes wake;
And lub shall be de burden ob our song, until de dawn begins to break.—*Ref.*

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

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Written and Composed by F. V. St. Clair.

One evening, at a village inn, a fire-brigade man brave
Told me a touching story of a chum now in his grave;
Together they from childhood's days were friends both true and tried;
He told how his old comrade at a fire had nobly died;
"As boys we fought each others fights," in pride he did exclaim;
"Old chums were we in thought and deed, we differed but in name;
A lasting tie of friendship held our hearts together when,
At school, we were but boys," said he; "the same when we were men."

CHORUS.

Old chums, old chums, chums for years were we;
Near each other in weal or woe, we would ever be;
Never a moment parted, ever side by side:
Oh, what a terrible blow to me when my old chum died.

One cold November night a fire broke out—my chum and I
Had climbed up on a warehouse roof, both there to do or die;
I'd left him but a moment when I heard a heavy crash—
Into the flames a fireman fell, Bill followed like a flash;
The other man had broke his leg, the flames were scorching them—
Did Bill leave that man to his fate? oh, no, he proved a gem:
Half-blinded, still he raised the man and brought him from the fire—
Yes, saved his life—a man like Bill the whole world could admire.—*Cho.*

At last Bill fell in harness—it was on one Christmas eve;
The loss of my old comrade caused my poor old heart to grieve;
We had been summoned to a fire—Bill, ever to the fore,
Went to a room to save a child—he bursted down the door;
He got the child and down the fire-escape the youngster sent,
Then back to look for others, my old daring comrade went;
Just as he got back to the room, the roof fell in and he
Was killed—on mercy's mission bent, died there, quite close to me.—*Cho.*

A Man's a Man, though Dressed in Rags.

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Words and Music by Tim Kenny.

Our paths in life are wide and far, like oceans in a storm;
How many people do we meet are ragged and forlorn;
We must not get discouraged when we misfortune meet;
Many a poor and honest man has begged upon the street.

CHORUS.

Don't push him down, but let him raise;
Perhaps he's seen some better days;
So keep him out and make no brags,
For a man's a man, though dressed in rags.

There is an old-time motto song, to live and let one live;
So if you meet them in distress, your aid do freely give;
Every dog will have his day; we little know our fast;
The sun might shine on you to-day, to-morrow it has passed.—*Chorus.*

The poor man labors every day, some work from morn till night,
And if they ask for better pay, they're told they have no right;
For some of them are rich men, rolling in wealth untold,
Yet if the workman did not toil, they could not make their gold.—*Chorus.*

THE PASTOR'S RESIGNATION.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The aged pastor bowed his head within the altar rails;
His hands were tremulous with age, his sight and hearing fails;
But now the leaders of the church, the influential clan,
Had called on him to yield his place, to hold a younger man;
In tears he spoke of mem'ries sweet, of dim and distant days,
Of forty years of constant toil, of pain and prayer and praise;
Of children christened by his hand, who stood before him still,
While some reposed beneath the flowers upon the distant hill.

REFRAIN.

Sad was the scene, many eyes filled with tears;
Asked to resign where he'd preached forty years;
He gave them his blessing, in tones soft and kind,
And fond hearts were aching when the pastor resigned.

The saddened people silent sat as he resumed his chair,
While rays of sunshine softly fell and played upon his hair;
The organ broke the silence then, with sweetly solemn roll,
With "Rock of Ages," old, yet new, to every saddened soul;
The people rose to be dismissed, the pastor lingered still,
And smiling, looked out at the graves upon the distant hill;
But when they sought, with gentle touch, to wake the musing mind,
They found that death had called him home, their pastor had resigned.—*Refrain.*

Don't Forget Mother and Home.

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Words and Music by Minstrel Billy McClain.

As lonely I sat in a church-yard one day,
Thinking of mother and home;
When she bade me good-bye, with a tear in her eye,
And I left her this wide world to roam;
Her last words to me I will never forget,
Nor the lessons I learnt on her knee;
As guides for the future, I cling to them yet,
And these were her last words to me:

CHORUS.

Don't forget mother, she won't forget you,
No matter wherever you roam;
Her thoughts are of you; she's your friend, tried and true;
Don't forget mother and home.

In still summer hours, I oft stroll to the spot
Where she's been resting for years;
But the lessons she taught I have never forgot,
And in memory I smile through my tears;
I often sit musing when twilight comes on,
And hope, like a star in the gloam,
Recalls the last words of a mother who's gone—
Oh, don't forget mother and home.—*Chorus.*

SARAH JANE DOOLEY.

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Words and Music by Wm. Beebe.

Sarah Jane Dooley, you take it quite coolly
Whenever I ask you to wed;
I've courted you long and I've courted you strong,
And the divil a "yis" have you said;
But mind you, me darlin', there's no use in quar'lin',
From you, Jane, I never can part;
So don't let us tarry; come on, let us marry
Before you have broken my heart.

CHORUS.

Sarah Jane, I'm insane with the love I've bestowed upon you;
Name the day; don't delay, or you'll surely break my heart in two.

Dinnis McCarty, at Finnegan's party,
Was sayin' that you was a flirt;
I hunted him down like an Irish bloodhoun',
And I walked on his face in the dirt;
I fixed him completely, disfigured him neatly;
I jabbed all the wind from his lungs;
Now, darlin', don't tarry; come on, let us marry,
And stop all their "blatherin'" tongues.—*Chorus.*

Sarah Jane Dooley, I'm stuck on you truly,
Now tell me you'll be me own wife;
You'll drive me clean "daffy" a-givin' me "taffy;"
Say no, and I'll end me own life;
Oh, darlin', don't tease me, I'm tryin' to please ye;
Don't say that we're better apart;
Consent to the marriage and I'll get the carriage,
Before you have broken my heart.—*Chorus.*

A WEE LITTLE BOY AND A WEE LITTLE GIRL.

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Words and Music by J. Herbert Long.

A wee little boy and a wee little girl
Were playing one day in the park,
While near them I lingered, half-hidden from view,
Amused at each childish remark;
They laughed and they chatted and prattled away,
In happy and innocent bliss;
And the boy put his arm 'round the wee little girl,
And gave her a sweet little kiss.

REFRAIN.

To the wee little girl said the wee little boy,
"O, Dollie, I'm not very old;
But you know that I'm true, and my heart is for you,
My love is too great to be told."
To the wee little boy said the wee little girl,
"O Freddie, I'd give you my hand,
But you know we're too young to marry just yet,
So wait till you are a big man."

A shadow of sorrow came o'er his young face,
A picture of hopeless despair;
And sadly he gazed, with true love in his eyes,
On the wee girl with bright golden hair:
"O Dollie, my heart is all broken in two;
Please tell me you love me, I pray;
Please say you'll be mine, and a preacher I'll find,
And we will be married to-day."—*Refrain.*

The wee little boy kissed the wee girl again,
And said, "Little Dollie, my own,
I know, little girl, we're too young to be wed;
We'll wait till we older have grown."
When years had passed by, and the wee lovers grew,
They still loved each other the same;
The boy, now a man, asked the girl for her hand,
And she his dear wife then became.

REFRAIN.

To the beautiful girl said the handsome young man,
"O Dollie, my heart's full of joy;
I'm a man, it is true, but my love is for you
Since I was a wee little boy."
To the handsome young man said the beautiful girl,
"O Freddie, I gave you my hand
When a little girl, too, for some day I knew
You'd grow up to be a big man."

—A police official says that one electric light judiciously placed is as good as two policemen.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

LITTLE PAPOOSE.

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Words by Cy Warman. Music by N. T. Kell.

Little papoose, in a wicker of reed, under the willow bough swings;
Catching the music, where, over the mead, rippling the rivulet sings;
Sings where the fairest of flowers are found,
Sings where the summer is all the year 'round;
Here, where the beauties of nature abound, rippling the rivulet sings.

REFRAIN.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, daylight is dying; sleep, sleep, sleep, mother is here;
Sleep, sleep, sleep, night-winds are sighing; hush-a-by, baby, hush, my dear.

Agate and onyx and malachite beads, plata that's ribbon'd and rolled;
Moccasins made from the bark of the reeds, glittering garters of gold;
Catching the sound with his delicate ear,
Catching the croon when his mother is near;
Hearing the hoofs of the galloping deer, bounding away o'er the world.—*Refrain.*

Won't You Play House with Me?

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Words and Music by H. C. Verner.

Of all the games of childhood, there's none so dear to me—
I'm sure you all have played it, in childhood's days so free—
We gather all our playmates, as quiet as a mouse,
And then we find some cosey place, and all play house.

REFRAIN.

Come now, won't you play house? Won't you play house with me?
I will be mamma, you shall be papa; won't you play house with me?
Do, please, come and play house, we will so happy be;
We'll play with my dolly, won't that be jolly? won't you play house with me?

There's "London bridge is falling," there's "Oats and barley grows,"
There's "Little Sally Waters," "'Tis you nor no one knows,"
There's "Pussy in the corner," and "Fie, fie, for a shame,"
And then we turn around and tell our true love's name.—*Refrain.*

Each morning bright and early, as off to school we go,
With books and slates and pencils, and dolly, too, you know;
We slumber through our lessons, but quickly we arouse;
When teacher rings the recess bell, and all play house.—*Refrain.*

IS MY DOLLY DEAD?

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Words and Music by Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

I've dropped Dolly, broke her head—some one tells me Dolly's dead;
Tell me, Dolly, is it true, I can no more play with you?

REFRAIN.

Dolly girl, whose eyes were blue, you're the one I love most true;
You're the one I had at first, but, just see, you look the worst:
Both eyes gone, no more you'll see, yet, sweet girl, do stay with me;
Little Dolly, don't say no; stay with me, I love you so.

Nothing left but curly hair; never mind, dear, I don't care;
I will put a veil on you; if you're covered, you will do.

REFRAIN.

Dolly girl, whose eyes were blue, I'm your friend, I will be true;
Though your face no more I'll see, how I love you; stay with me;
Should you lose your hair as well, just keep covered, don't you tell;
Little Dolly, don't say no; stay with me, I love you so.

Some dolls live without their eyes—yes, you wonder, with surprise,
But I know, and so do you, dolls with no heads live, 'tis true.

REFRAIN.

Dolly, girls for children poor have been made of cloth, I'm sure;
Tied-up pieces, made of rags, these called dolls, yet look like bags;
Yet for playmates they will do; lots of children say so, too;
Love them truly, yes, they do, just the same as I love you.

—Sympathetic Citizen: "Is he fatally wounded, do you think, officer?" Policeman: "Two av the wounds is fatal, sor, but the third is not, an' if we can lave him rest quiet for a fwhile, I think he wud come around all right."

Daisy, Bloomers, Wheel and All.

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Words and Music by Charles Shackford.

There's a sporty girl in Harlem, and Daisy is her name;
She's learned to smoke and flirt and punch the bag;
Her father's almost crazy, her mother's gone insane,
But of her actions Daisy seems to brag;
The other day she bought a wheel, she thought she'd make a hit
If dressed in bloomers she would ride Broadway;
From early morn till late at night she practiced every day,
And when her "steady" left that night, she dreamed she heard him say:
Ain't she a

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, dressed in bloomers, riding on her wheel;
If Daisy Bell could see you now, how jealous she would feel;
You're in the park, till after dark, each evening when I call;
I love the ground that you ride over, Daisy, bloomers, wheel and all.

Now Daisy has a brother, and he is very swell;
Last week he joined a New York regiment;
He saw her in her bloomers, and watched her ride her wheel,
And told her that he thought her brain was bent;
The regiment her brother joined was out on dress parade,
When Daisy thought that she would take a ride;
The band was gaily playing as she rode through the crowd,
And as she passed the regiment, the soldiers loudly cried:
Ain't she a—*Chorus.*

They were building a new railroad not far from Daisy's house;
The men were working nights to get it done;
Red lights were out for danger, but Daisy knew the boss,
And thought that she'd ride up there just for fun;
She passed a copper on his beat, her face was wreathed in smiles;
He touched his hat and winked the other eye;
The danger lights were hanging out, which Daisy never saw;
The copper tried to warn her, and he laughed to hear her cry:
Ain't I a

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, dressed in bloomers, riding on my wheel;
If Daisy Bell could see me now, how jealous she would feel;
The gang of men were laying tracks, they yelled, "Look out! you'll fall!"
She struck the switch, and in the ditch went Daisy, bloomers, wheel and all.

THAT GREAT BIG YALLER COON FROM BALTIMORE.

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Words and Music by Billy Johnson.

When you turn out on a Sunday at the hour of half-past nine,
If the weather is not cloudy and the sun does brightly shine,
You can step out on the avenue, but keep your eyes ahead,
And you'll see a great big darkey, who has just turned out of bed;
He is right dead up to snuff and wears a monstrous diamond pin;
He calls himself the ladies pet and always drinks his gin;
If any one should ask him for his name, 'twould make him sore;
But he'd wink one eye and whisper, "I'm that coon from Baltimore."

CHORUS.

For he's that coon from Baltimore, you must have heard of him before;
You'll see his name in print upon his door,
But he says he's not to blame, because his father did the same,
And he's that great big yaller coon from Baltimore.

Now, this coon took in a party that was given in a flat;
There were other darkies shining, but he didn't care for that,
And he mashed a sawed-off wench, who wore a wig upon her head,
And, as she was very, very dark, her dress was made of red;
Everything was running very smooth 'till one coon pulled a knife,
And said he didn't like no man to make love to his wife;
This coon was spoiling for a fight, but always watched the door,
For he didn't like the looks of that big coon from Baltimore—

CHORUS.

For he's that coon from Baltimore, you must have heard of him before;
The fellow whom the ladies all adore;
And if they start a fight, he'll use his left as well as right,
For he's that great big yaller coon from Baltimore.

Just at one o'clock the hostess asked the party down to dine;
All the wenches bristled to the front, the gents fell dead in line,
Then this strange coon said he wasn't there to kick up any muss,
But if he "got left" on chicken, there would surely be a fuss;
Then they all began to holler, and the neighbors made a kick;
The landlord came around next day and put them on the bricks;
They went and got a warrant, and it made the darkey sore;
He is now in jail and wishing he was back in Baltimore.

CHORUS.

For he's that coon from Baltimore, I know you've heard of him before;
He says his name is John Elijah Noah;
When his time is done up there, if he can only raise the fare,
He'll catch the first train that pulls out for Baltimore.

SALLY.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Dar's a colored lady—goodness, how I love her—oh, my lovely Sal;
Oh, my love, I cannot keep it under cover, my own yaller gal;
While the banjos am a-ringing, and the darkies am a-singing,
See the pickaninies wjnging, oh, my gal;
How I love you; I could eat cher; be my wife, I now beseech yer;
We'll be buckled by the preacher, oh, my nifty Sal.

CHORUS.

Sally, dis coon am true, so true to you, my honey;
Sally, I loves but you, I do; I feel so funny, Sally;
Come, marry me, 'case I've got lots of money, Sal;
My yaller gal, my Sal; my nifty Sally.

Oh, my honey girl, you treats me mighty seedy, oh, my lovely Sal;
'Case you knows I love you dearly, yes, indeedy, my own yaller gal;
Got a gun, I'll pull the trigger if I find some other nigger
With my Sally cuts a figure, oh, my gal;
Honey, dear, you are the sweetest—yes, indeed, you are the neatest
Of the girls the most "peteetest," oh, my nifty Sal.—*Chorus.*

FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE.

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Words and Music by James T. Powers.

Young John and Jane were lovers, and they parted at the gate;
He turned away with flashing eyes—it was the lovers' fate;
For two long years he stayed away, her heart was nearly broke;
She couldn't stand it longer, so she wrote to him this note:

CHORUS.

For the old love's sake return to me, for the old love's sake come back;
A loving heart is breaking to see her darling Jack;
They said that I was false to you, it fills my soul with pain;
When you know all, my darling one, you will return again.

The day her letter came to him, he sent one just the same;
He said to her, "My darling one, I'm coming back again;
My little one," his letter read, "I believe that you are true!"
Two loving hearts they read each others' letters through and through.—*Chorus.*

Two loving hearts are wedded now, their names are John and Jane;
Though silver lining deck their brow, they're lovers just the same;
And oftentimes they speak about their quarrel at the gate;
And the little note that Johnnie wrote it sealed the lovers' fate.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY, THAT'S ALL.

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Words and Music by Smith O'Brien.

There's a sweet little girl—yes, a rare little pearl,
And it's really my belief,
Although she has stolen my poor heart away,
I'm in love with this pretty thief;
The boys in the neighborhood where I belong
Are anxious to know her last name;
They bother me daily to tell them,
But I keep them guessing just the same.

CHORUS.

Tom says it's Nellie Reilly, and Jim says it's Kate Magee;
Ned says it's Mary Murphy, and so they keep bothering me,
Till the boys all gather around me—Now tell us her name, says Paul;
But I wink my eye, as I make this reply, "Why, it's Molly; that's all."

She's the fairest of all, just plain Molly, that's all;
And, oh, such a lovely girl;
Her pretty dark eyes shine like stars in the sky,
With hair of jet black curl;
When summer comes 'round and the birds sweetly sing,
To the church in the village we'll go,
For she's told me just when we will marry,
And then her last name you shall know.—*Chorus.*

Consoling.—Mrs. Dooley (on her death-bed): "Yes, Dinnis, it do be haird to doie an' lave the childers." Dennis (smiling): "Oi know it is, darlin'; but thing av the fun yez'll have at the wake."

The Calm that Comes at Evening.

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Words by Cy Warman. Music by N. T. Kell.

There's a calm that comes at evening, when the weary day is o'er,
That's as soothing as the lullaby that mother sang of yore,
And though the day be dreary, I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening, when the twilight shadows fall.

REFRAIN.

Soft winds, sighing, sing when the summer is dying;
Starlight streaming over the lattice and all;
Through the gloaming, love, ah, your lover is coming,
In the calm that comes at evening, when the twilight shadows fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal waving from the window blinds;
I can feel her perfumed presence wafted to me on the winds;
When I hush my heart to hear her, I can almost understand
Her sweet welcome in the wimple of the wind-wave from her hand.—*Ref.*

I LOVE, I LOVE HER SO.

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Words by J. H. Wagner. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Bear her my message, gentle breeze, and breathe it soft and low;
Murmuring music, 'mid the trees, oh! say, "I love her so!"
Birds, as ye speed on swiftest wing, oh, say my heart's aflame;
Let all the joyous songs ye sing echo her dear name;
Take this message now to mine own, say I love but her, her alone,
For she's all my heart's delight; she is my queen;
Darkest of days seem bright with her, I ween;
Only one thought have I, as on thro' life I go—
'Tis that, with heart and soul, I love, I love her so.

Ye blossoms, shed your perfume rare where'er my darling goes;
She who is like the lily fair and sweet as a rose;
Oh, dancing rays of noon-day sun, oh, pave her path with gold;
Pure as the love, for her alone, my heart doth hold,
Take this message now to mine own, etc.

Parody on:

WHEN YOU KNOW THE GIRL YOU LOVE LOVES YOU.

Written by Al. Overton.

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You will find you've got a good thing, when the girl you love loves you;
There is nothing that can beat it for a cinch;
She will give you lots of pleasure, and you'll always have the dough;
So when she wants to kiss you, never flinch;
She may look just like a freak, and like a yap she'll speak,
You sometimes think that she will never do;
But, my boy, don't let it slip, keep it right within your grip,
For you know this kitchen queen loves you.

CHORUS.

When you know the slob you love loves you,
When you know her heart to you is true,
That's the time to get her coin, take her 'round the "Tenderloin,"
For you know she'd hock her shirt for you.

Every evening you will meet her, and you'll take her for a walk;
You must jolly her along and be quite fly,
And if you should want to treat her, you must give a game of talk,
And tell her that you're feeling very dry;
Then she'll quickly ask you in, for you know she's got the tin;
You will make the lager disappear from view;
Then you'll take in some good show, there is no place you can't go
If this Irish chamber-maid loves you.

CHORUS.

When you know her nobs is stuck on you,
It's a case of "do, my huckleberry, do."
If you strike her for a dime, you will get it every time,
Just because she's all broke up on you.

If she's set her heart upon you, she will want to be your wife,
For you know she's got a wedding-day in view,
And if she should try to rush you, keep your nerve and you're all right,
Even though for breach of promise she may sue:
You tell her that she must be mad to think of getting wed,
That you're out of work and don't know what to do:
Then she says she'll wait awhile, and it really makes you smile
To think the girl you hate loves you.

CHORUS.

When you know the girl you hate loves you,
That's the time you think you're up the flue;
But, my boy, just skip the town; if you don't, she'll do you brown,
For you know this Irish slob wants you.

JESSIE OF SWEET ABERDEEN.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

She's coming from Scotland, the land of the thistle, Jessie of sweet Aberdeen,
And safely, at last, in my arms she will nestle, Jessie of sweet Aberdeen;
We rambled together among the broad highlands,
Jessie and I, in the days long ago;
We both were sad-hearted the day that we parted,
But I knew she loved me, she told me so.

CHORUS.

Jessie of sweet Aberdeen, a fairer lass never was seen;
No longer she'll tarry, and soon I shall marry Jessie of sweet Aberdeen.

She could not forget me, she said in her letter, Jessie of sweet Aberdeen;
She'll come to her Jamie, for worse or for better, Jessie of sweet Aberdeen;
She'll be a bright gem in the home I've made for her;
I long for her coming, my dear highland queen;
My heart will be lighter, the world will be brighter,
With my little Jessie of Aberdeen.—*Chorus.*

SHE WAS A DAISY.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by William Furst.

In me you see a victim of the all-consuming passion—
Cupid's dart has pierced my heart;
But the maid I love has treated me in such a cruel fashion,
That no art can heal the smart;
I'm a butt, I know, at chaffing; in your sleeves you're doubtless laughing,
But I feel it in my bones
That with me you'd sympathize if you'd ever laid eyes
On my Ann Jane Jones.
She was a daisy, daisy, daisy, driving me crazy, crazy, crazy;
Helen of Troy and Venus were to her cross-eyed crones;
She was dimpled and rosy, rosy, rosy, sweet as a posy, posy, posy;
How I doted upon her, my Ann Jane Jones.

Her eyes were blue as summer skies, her hair was soft and flaxen,
Simply sweet, her Marguerite;
She was built on such a dainty scale, no china doll nor waxen
Could compete with hands or feet;
At her shrine I worshipped madly, lavished money on her gladly,
Both in gifts and friendly loans;
But to call a spade a spade, she a bunco game played,
Did my Ann Jane Jones.
She was a daisy, etc.

She vowed she loved but me alone; I trusted her completely,
Like an ass, but let that pass;
For, I take my oath, if ever she had smiled upon you sweetly,
In my class you'd be, alas!
When, one night, she asked to borrow fifty "cases" till the morrow,
In most supplicating tones,
Up I "antied," as was right, but she "slid" that same night,
Did my Ann Jane Jones.
She was a daisy, etc.

Parody on:

THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

Written by Al. Overton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

The other day I took a stroll along Fifth Avenue;
I was feeling kind o' blue, which to me was something new;
I felt so very sleepy that I didn't know what to do,
So I thought I'd better try and find a bed,
Any place at all, to rest my weary head.

CHORUS.

Then I quickly spied an open door, it was just across the street,
So inside I did creep, just to have a little sleep;
Oh, I got up stairs and went to bed;
When I woke up I near fell dead,
For I found myself inside the Astor mansion.

I started for the doorway, thinking I could get away;
I was in hard luck that day, and it really didn't pay;
A footman grabbed me by the neck and gave me to a cop,
To the station-house he took me in a heap,
And he nearly clubbed the soles off of my feet.

CHORUS.

Then they flung me into a prison cell, with nothing at all to eat;
The bugs on me did creep, and loudly I did weep;
Oh, the Judge gave me a year in jail;
I had no one to go my bail,
Because I went to bed in Astor's mansion.

THE BANKS OF THE NORE.

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Words and Music by Frederic Lyster.

By *Grianan's Druid Stone I sit musing alone,
And I dream of the bright days of yore,
When with sweet young Kathleen, through the meadows so green,
I roamed by the banks of the beautiful Nore.
The wide Bawn, where we played, and the copse, where we strayed,
Where the willows cling close to the shore,
Are still 'round me, but she, my own †Cuisle mo chree,
Is not here by the banks of the beautiful Nore.
(*Lament*): Ullagone. (*Chorus*): Ohone. (*Solo*): Ullagone. (*Chorus*): Ohone.
(*Solo*): I mourn for the bright days of yore,
For mo Cushla mo chree no more shall I see
By the beautiful banks of the sweet river Nore.

I have wandered afar, lured by Hope's guiding star,
To many a fair, foreign shore,
But no more shall I see the girl dearest to me,
By the beautiful banks of the sweet river Nore.
All my hopes now are fled, my ambition is dead,
And no joy can I ever see more;
For my own ‡Cailin dhas sleeps beneath the green grass,
I'm alone by the banks of the sweet river Nore.
Ullagone, Ohone, etc.

* Pronounced "Greenawn." †Cushla. ‡Colleen.

When the Swallows Come Again.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Geo. Maywood.

When the swallows come again, in the spring, in the spring;
When the robins in the glen gaily sing, gaily sing;
Then their carols rise so sweet to the skies, to the skies,
And the lovers tales repeat of a love that never dies;
Life's surpassing fair, joy is in the air, golden run the hours along;
Sweeter songs are sung, age again is young, nothing in the world is wrong.

REFRAIN.

When the swallows come again, in the spring, in the spring,
Then we all hope to attain every thing, everything,
And the chestnut bells in vain are to ring, ting-a-ling,
When the swallows come again, in the spring, in the spring.

From myself a friend one day borrowed cash, good hard cash;
And to lend it you will say I was rash, very rash;
But he was a friend of mine, that I vow, truly vow,
But of him I get no sign, and he don't come near me now;
Maybe he has fled, maybe he is dead—will I see his face again?
Every blessed day, to myself I say, I am going to get that ten.—*Refrain.*

There's a withered maid I know, very old, O, so old;
Ne'er has had a man in tow, so I'm told, so I'm told;
Yet this maiden old and quaint is to wed, soon to wed
A young man who really ain't got a hair upon his head;
Does he in his arms hold her patched-up charms; does he tell her of love's bliss?
Will she, when they're wed, stroke his hairless head, and just let him have one kiss?
—*Refrain.*

There are maidens young and neat, sweet and fair, O so fair!
Who, when cycling on the street, bloomers wear, bloomers wear;
For those girls by fashion led, much we feel, much we feel,
When we think in each girl's head there is still a bigger wheel.
In the coming years all those little dears, thanks to accident or chance,
Will wear our cravats, also our stiff hats, and instead of bloomers—pants.—*Ref.*

There are maidens by the sea, charming girls, summer girls,
In the wild waves dancing free, cutting whirls, giddy whirls;
In their costumes small and cute they look sweet, very sweet,
And each dainty bathing suit shows a figure trim and neat.
In the future years, all these little dears, we are willing to believe,
Will a costume wear only to compare with that worn by Mother Eve.—*Refrain.*

—A pious old lady recently sent, as a silver wedding present, a pair of flat irons, a rolling pin, and a motto worked on card-board, reading "Fight on."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Husband: "You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books." The Wife: "It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare." The Husband: "H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune-teller?" The Wife: "Not much. I consulted one once and she told me a pack of lies." The Husband: "Indeed? What did she tell you?" The Wife: "She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband."—*Exchange.*

Every Boy Has Quarelled with His First Sweetheart.

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Words and Music by Chas. B. Lawlor and James W. Blake.

Every one can picture, when he was young and gay,
A certain pretty little girl with whom he used to play;
She just thought the world of him; he always took her part;
But every boy has quarreled with his first sweetheart.

CHORUS.

My first sweetheart, why did we part? whose fault was it, yours or mine?
Parted, just like many others, in the golden summer time;
Over some game or toy, when we were girl and boy,
We quarreled and we parted in the sweet long ago.

We quarreled and we parted, each took different ways;
We sometimes meet, since we've grown up, and talk of other days;
But, looking backward on the scene, there's one thing we enjoy,
The mem'ry of those hours when a girl and boy.—*Chorus.*

PRETTY JENNIE SLATTERY.

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Words and Music by Chas. B. Lawlor and James W. Blake.

Down around the Battery, me and Jennie Slattery,
There every evening we go for a walk;
Going together a year or more, what are they keeping comp'ny for?
You'd be surprised to hear how all the neighbors talk.

CHORUS.

Pretty Jennie Slattery, pay-day next Saturday,
Sunday night a wedding down at Tracy's;
Who'd have thought a year ago that the boy who was so slow
Would marry the prettiest girl that works in Macy's.

Talk about your jealousy—what won't the fellows say
When I am married to my pretty Jen.;
I've got nothing and neither has she, so much the better for her and me,
For if I strike it rich, we'll be twice as happy then.—*Chorus.*

To a flat up town we'll go, which Jennie will keep just so,
Then folks will say that we're in the swim; [thin;
Sunshine and shadow it may creep in—we'll stick together through thick and
I know my Jennie—yes, and she knows her Tim.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD BACK STAIR.

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Words by J. Stephenson. Music by Albert W. Brown.

We children romped, the live-long day, about the dear old farm,
And in and ont, with laugh and shout, and never thought of harm,
Till mother, tired out with our noise, with angry voice and frown,
Would send us all up stairs to bed, an hour before sun-down;
Our comrades still played on the green, and soon we'd join them there,
By sliding down the railing of the old back stair.

REFRAIN.

How happy were the times we had in days so long ago,
My brother Jim and I and our darling sister Flo;
Around the dear old country home, what memories cluster there,
And varied recollections of the old back stair;
How happy were the times we had, in days so long ago,
My brother Jim and I and our darling sister Flo;
Around the dear old country home, what mem'ries cluster there,
And varied recollections of the old back stair.

When Jim and I had bigger grown and stayed out late at night,
A-courting of the pretty girls that were our hearts' delight,
We never dreamt that mother knew, for not a word she said;
And always, when we came so late, she seemed asleep in bed,
But one time, fancy our surprise, when mother, I declare,
Was standing on the landing of the old back stair.—*Refrain.*

What times we meet together, with our darling sister Flo,
We laugh at how she ran away and married her first beau;
Though Jim and I both liked him well, the old folks were unkind,
And scolded her because she chose a lover to her mind;
One night he waited at the gate and sister joined him there,
By sliding down the railing of the old back stair.—*Refrain.*

DANCING ON THE GREEN.

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Words by Ollie Wood. Music by Harry B. Marshall.

Dancing on de green in the sunshine, to while the hours away—
The merry, merry ring at the May-pole will dance the whole long day—
Hark! hark! hear them gaily sing—Look! look! while they form the ring;
Dancing on the green in the sunshine, to while the hours away.

REFRAIN.

Dancing on the green in the sunshine, all earth seems fair and gay,
And time glides by on golden wings, this merry day in May.—[*Dance.*]

Winding to the top the long May-pole, with ribbons bright in hue—
Entwined with the rose and the myrtle, you see the red, white and blue—
Look! look! further up they go!—See! see! they wind the highest row;
Dancing on the green in the sunshine, to while the hours away.—*Refrain.*

At eve, when the shades are falling, together then they stray—
Each lad with the girl he loves best, they slowly wend their way—
List! list! soft the echoes fall!—Ring! ring! bells from steeples tall,
While the shadows chase the sunshine, and slowly dies the day.—*Refrain.*

'TIS A LITTLE GOLDEN LOCKET.

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Words by James T. Powers. Music by Gustave Kerker.

When quite a lad I loved a girl, a creature fair to see;
Her father was a wealthy man, and this he said to me:
"Leave home, and make your fortune, lad, then you can have my Kate!"
So she gave to me this locket, as we parted at the gate;
'Tis a little golden locket, I keep it in my breast,
In mem'ry of my darling, the girl I love best;
The face that's in it guides me, and with it I'll never part;
I'll always keep this treasure from my own sweetheart.

Five years from her I stayed away, a fortune I had made;
I started homeward quickly, for my little one I prayed;
Her father met me at the gate, with tearful eye he said,
"I'm sorry for you, little man, our darling Kate is dead";
'Tis a little golden locket, etc.

With head downcast, I walked away, with a lonely, broken heart;
That great, almighty dollar made a loving couple part;
Although my life is hardened now, I always drop a tear
When I see this little locket from my darling Kate so dear;
'Tis a little golden locket, etc.

HE'S MINE, ALL MINE.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by E. Jakobowski.

I'm aware that he cannot be called an adonis, if one's to be truthful,
For his hair make me wish he were bald, although his appearance is youthful,
Were his capital beauty alone, I'd speedily send him a-packing;
But his manifold virtues atone for whatever of pulchritude's lacking.
For he's just as good as gold, open-handed, not too bold,
And of jealousy he doesn't show a sign;
He's good-tempered as can be, full of fun and repartee,
And what gives him special value is, he's mine, all mine;
For he's just as good as gold, open-handed, not too bold,
And of jealousy he doesn't show a sign;
He's good-tempered as can be, full of fun and repartee,
And what gives him special value is, he's mine, all mine.

His deportment, I'm forced to confess, does not have the true Chesterfield polish;
There are crudities, too, in his dress that I gladly would see him abolish;
He's disposed to rely on his knife, not only to cut, but to eat with;
But a man with more cleverness rife I have never yet happened to meet with:
He can bake and he can boil, toast and stew, and roast and broil;
He's the nepius ultra in the cooking line;
He no minor vices cloaks, neither gambles, drinks, nor smokes;
And what I like best about it is, he's mine, all mine;
He can bake and he can boil, toast and stew, and roast and broil;
He's the nepius ultra in the cooking line;
He no minor vices cloaks, neither gambles, drinks, nor smokes;
And what I like best about it is, he's mine, all mine.

—Teacher: "Johnnie, did you look in the dictionary for the spelling of cyclone?" Johnnie: "Yes'm; I read the first ten pages, an' I couldn't find it no place."—*Inter-Ocean.*

Cleanin' Silber in de Kitchen.

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Words and Music by Gus Williams.

Cleanin' silber in de kitchen eb'ry Thursday afternoon;
Make it shine like dizzle dazzle, like de glimmer ob de moon;
Hummin' songs I larnt from mammy, when I was a little chile;
Niggers jinin' in de chorus, as we're workin' all de while.

CHORUS.

Singin' loud as we are able, singin', shoutin' all de time;
Happy, happy, like de angels, as along de clouds dey climb;
Eb'ry one ob us is hummin', though we doesn't know de tune;
Cleanin' silber in de kitchen eb'ry Thursday afternoon.

Cleanin' silber in de kitchen, elbow grease it am de brush;
Till de knives and forks are shinin', and de spoons begin to blush;
All de silber den does twinkle, lyin' dar in sweet repose,
Like a yaller gal in summer when she wears her Sunday clothes.—*Chorus.*

ME AND NANCY.

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Words by John Ernest McCann. Music by Victor Herbert.

In an alley, me and Nancy live in houses side by side;
We were boy and girl together, and she is to be my bride;
I'm not solid with the neighbors, so they want us two to part;
And they're telling my sweet Nancy that I want to break her heart;
Sweet Nancy, you're my fancy; do not heed the neighbors' talk;
Sweet Nancy, only fancy, some day we may own New York;
Sweet Nancy, none can fancy how I love you night and day;
Sweet Nancy, my own fancy; don't mind what the neighbors say.

Every Sunday me and Nancy go up town to Central Park;
We pretend the park's the country, coming home when it is dark;
Then I leave her on her door-step, my hand holding her hand tight;
If the neighbors should be looking, then I softly say "Good night!"
Sweet Nancy, you're my fancy, etc.

When we're married, me and Nancy, far up town will go for good;
Say good-bye to alley neighbors—that is fully understood;
Every day will then be Sunday, circled by a plain gold ring;
And when we are old and feeble, then this dear old song I'll sing:
Sweet Nancy, you're my fancy, etc.

THE LITTLE MAD'MOISELLE.

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Words and Music by Lester Thomas.

I will tell you of a pretty little mad'moiselle;
What her other little name is very few can tell;
Though her ways are quite Francaise, yet her face is quite Anglaise;
She is the great attraction for the Champs Elysee swell;
You may meet her as the boulevards you walk along;
You will see she is "au fait" with all the French beanmong;
You must be on your qui vive, for she's plenty up her sleeve;
And when you're introduced to pretty little mad'moiselle,
You must raise your tall chapeau, say, "I hope I'm not detrop!"
Little Mad'moiselle replies with her Parisian "No, no!"

CHORUS.

And when she says "Je sins Francaise!" just smile like this,
And then this pretty little mad'moiselle begins to parlez and the tale to tell;
And when she says, "Ah, twiggy, twiggy vous!" say "Oni, ma belle!
Very chiccy, very tricky, vous tres thicky, Mad'moiselle!"

One day little mad'moiselle and I were walking out—
As we did the boulevards, a girl stepped up to shout,
"Blow me, 'Liza, now what cheer? What yer doin' over here?"
Then mad'moiselle said, "You mistake: say, what you talk about?
Then the girl who had the east end bonnet shouts aloud,
"What yer gettin' at, and what's it makes yer bloomin' proud?
She's no Frenchy, 'Liza Jane; she's a dyny from the Lane!"
Then mad'moiselle says, "Blow me, Sal, you've given a pal away!"
Then I raised my tall chapeau, said, "I fear I am detrop!"
Little mad'moiselle replied with her Parisian "No, no!"

CHORUS.

And when she said "Je sins Francaise!" I smiled like this,
And then this pretty little mad'moiselle began to parlez and the tale to tell;
And when she said, "Ah, twiggy, twiggy vous!" I said, "Ma belle,
Very chiccy, very tricky, vous tres thicky, mad'moiselle!"

MOTHER IS MY SWEETHEART.

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Words and Music by H. C. Verner.

You sing about your sweethearts, about their love so true;
You sing of golden tresses, of eyes so soft and blue;
I have a darling sweetheart, who's all the world to me;
This sweetheart is my mother dear, as true as true can be.

REFRAIN.

Mother is my sweetheart, mother is my love;
Always kind and faithful, gentle as a dove;
Mother is my sweetheart, true as true can be;
The dearest of all sweethearts, she's all the world to me.

In youth her hair was golden, but now 'tis white as snow;
Her eyes are soft and tender, her voice is sweet and low;
Some day I'll sail the wide world o'er, from one land to another,
Until I find a sweetheart just the image of my mother.—*Refrain.*

While wand'ring through a woodland, a maid I chanced to meet,
Her eyes are soft and tender, her voice is low and sweet;
I'll ne'er forget this woodland, nor search for any other,
For I have found a maiden fair, the image of my mother.—*Refrain.*

DORA LEE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Robert Elm.

How I love to greet her, after the day is done;
Never maiden sweeter, smiles just like the sun;
She's my village beauty, pleasant and kind and bright,
Full of love and duty, always my heart's delight.

CHORUS.

Pretty Dora Lee, queen of girls is she;
Smiles on all who chance to call, but still she's true to me;
Longer I'll not tarry, soon my pet I'll marry;
What a darling wife will be my pretty Dora Lee.

Oft from school together, proudly I saw her home;
'Mid the summer weather, through the fields we'd roam;
Then I learned to love her, though but a tiny boy;
Thought the whole world of her, she was my only joy.—*Chorus.*

Just beyond the city, lovingly we shall dwell
In our cottage pretty, down the rosy dell;
Bells will soon be ringing, gaily to all they'll say:
'Tis the morn that's bringing Dora's glad wedding day.—*Chorus.*

IF I WERE ONLY PRETTY.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

A bonnie damsel in her garden, 'mid the flowers bright,
Once saw a fairy rise before her dressed in purest white;
"Be not afraid, my little dear," she heard the fairy say:
"I'm only sent to give to you your fondest wish to-day."
The lassie cried, "O, fairy kind, such beauty to me bring
That all the maidens of our set shall envy me, and sing:

REFRAIN.

If I were only pretty, if I were sweet like you;
If I could steal your dimples and witching eyes of blue;
If I were only pretty, and men for smiles would tease,
I'd make them all come pleading on their bended knees.

The fairy touched her with her wand, and quicker than a wink,
The little maiden blossomed out as pretty as a pink;
Then all about the earth she roamed, and every place she went,
At every nice young man who passed, a witching glance was sent;
But soon she met a lad and lass, two lovers true were they;
They seemed content, and stranger still, the lassie did not say:—*Refrain.*

Our pretty maid looked at the lad, in love with him she fell,
But, try her best, her winning smile could not upon him tell;
This lass was not a beauty rare, but he was satisfied;
Our pretty maid grew wild with love, and so, at last, she cried:
"I'd rather be myself again—oh, take these empty charms
That win a world, but cannot woo one from another's arms."—*Refrain.*

YOU, JUST YOU.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

The world is bright, yet all its brightness is naught to me unless you're nigh;
My heart is light, yet all its lightness, when you are absent, makes it sigh;
Each wish I have is full of longing, that naught will satisfy, subdue;
If night, or morning dawn, or gloaming, my heart beats ever for you, just you.

REFRAIN.

No thought that's not of thee, no face but thine I see;
Dreaming or waking, you, only you;
Life has no pleasures, dear; no joy, lest thou art near—
Only one craving—you, just you.

The past is filled with joy and gladness, a dream of purest love, so dear,
That though to-day brought naught but sadness, to-morrow's coming ne'er I'd fear
For in thy love I'd lay my keeping, seek solace in thine eyes so true,
And bid defiance to each danger, and live or die for you, just you.—*Refrain.*

MY OLD PIPE.

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Words by Al. H. Wilson. Music by Andrew Mack.

I love my old pipe, it's the joy of my life,
For it drives away sorrow and care;
As my little girl watches the blue smoke curl up,
As she sits by her old father's chair;
I'm happy, contented—yes, all the day long,
As I smoke my old pipe and sing;
No king on his throne could feel happier than I,
As I puff, with my little girl nigh.

YODLE.

Ley-e-o-le-o-ti-o, te-o-dle-um-te-o-dle-e-ti-a;
Le-o-le-o-ti-o, le-o-dle-um-ti-i-e-a;
Ley-e-o-le-o-ti-o, te-o-dle-um-te-o-dle-e-ti-a;
I-le-o-le-i-le-i-le-o-le-i-le-i-le-o-le-i-le-a.

And now, when the day with its labor is o'er,
And I sit in my old-fashioned chair;
Then my dear little miss, she just gives me a kiss,
And then kneels for her evening prayer;
And soon my old "kopf" will go nodding, just so;
And the sleep it will come to my head;
When my Lizzie will shout, "Your pipe has gone out—
"Schlafen sie wohl"—now you just go to bed.—*Yodle.*

DRIFTING ALONG.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Down the river, upon the tide, a little boat drifted along;
Two lovers sat in it, side by side, singing a merry song;
There he told her the old sweet tale,
Asked her to be his wife;
Said he, "Love, together, whate'er be the weather,
We'll drift down the stream of life."

REFRAIN.

Drifting along, singing a song, never a thought of sorrow;
Happy are they, sunshine to-day, though it may rain to-morrow;
Drifting along, singing a song—"Love, I will love you ever;
Light of my heart, never to part, gliding down life's river."

Down the river, upon the tide, they drifted the same as of yore;
She was his own little, bonnie bride, and there was just one more;
"Just like mother!" he smiling said;
Happy, indeed, were they;
Yet that is no wonder, for none could be fonder,
Enjoying their holiday.—*Refrain.*

Down the river, upon the tide, contented they journey'd thro' life;
He was as gallant as in his youth, she was the same good wife;
Age crept on, and the snows of time
Whitened the curls of gold;
With loving ones near them to care for and cheer them,
They sing as they did of old.—*Refrain.*

DEAR LITTLE HOME.

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Words by Thos. Naismyth. Music by Otto Henry.

There's a sweet little spot I used to call home—
What would I not give to be there?
To look on those scenes so dear to my heart,
And on them whose love I did share;
Sweet memories still will 'round my heart cling,
When I think of that sweet little home;
And I love to recall the dear ones it held,
Who are with me where'er I may roam.

CHORUS.

Dear little home far over the sea,
How often I think of it still;
While into my heart steals a feeling so soft,
And a longing which nothing can fill.

'Twas a bonnie, wee spot, that dear little home,
With flowers all 'round, sweet and fair,
Watched over and tended by mother so dear,
Who loved it and gave it her care,
But now all is changed, that loved mother's gone
To a home with her Father on high,
Where now she is waiting her dear ones to meet,
Some day in the sweet bye and bye.—*Chorus.*

Deep down in my heart there is always a love
For all those so near and so dear,
Who, though all scatter'd now, may soon again be
Together for many a year,
But, oh, give me back those bright, happy days,
And that dear little, sweet little home;
And a long, long look at dear faces and scenes
That are with me wherever I roam.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

POOR LITTLE MARY.

Written by Al. Overton.

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A little peach, who works upon Broadway,
Went out upon the mash one summer's day;
She had powdered up her snoot
And was chewing Tutti Fruit;
Oh! she looked just like a fairy, I don't think;
Now this little maid she didn't have a cent;
She was looking for a "guy" to pay the rent,
So she winked her other ear
At a chappie standing near,
Saying, "Papa, buy your baby cigarettes."

CHORUS.

Her Christian name was Mary,
But the boys they call her May;
She has nothing to do, so she does the "Johns,"
As they waltz up and down Broadway;
She's a nice girl, and I love her (nit);
Oh, her face it gives me a pain;
She'll be looking for work in a dime museum,
When the summer comes again.

CHORUS.

When first I run up against Mary,
It was down at Rockaway Beach;
She was doing a turn in a concert hall,
With a voice that would make you screech;
Oh, her shape is something lovely;
She looks like a bale of hay;
She will call you dear if you buy the beer,
Then touch you for all your pay.

CHORUS.

Now I won't talk about her behind her back,
So I'll talk behind the door;
She used to hang out on the Bowery,
But she'll never go there any more,
For its dead slow now, on account of Lexow;
You can bet that Steve Brodie feels sore,
And those dear little girls, with the golden curls,
Keep away from the little side door.

CHORUS.

Now, you all know hairy Mary,
So its time we gave her the shake;
She's a very nice girl, if you say it quick,
And at scrapping she takes the cake,
But, some day, she'll catch a "good thing,"
And to housekeeping they will go,
With a furnished room and a little oil stove,
They'll be happy once more, I know.

—Funny that we don't find out how good a man is till he dies, or how bad he is till he runs for office.—*The Merry Maker.*

Parody on:

I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.

Written by Al. Overton.

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Once there lived two young girls, both very fly;
They used to shopping go, bargains to buy;
One day they toddled out, no coin had they,
Wandered into a dry-goods store, they were so awful gay;
Says one fair maiden, "Let's have some fun";
They were both "loaded," had a great "bun;"
They mashed the salesmen, jollied them all,
But when the boss came 'round, this is what they'd bawl:

CHORUS.

"I don't think I'll need a whole yard;
Don't you think a half will do;
Oh, I never liked that shade, sir;
Let me see your latest blue;
That is just the thing I'm after—
Fifty cents a yard you say?
Oh, I've left my purse at home, sir;
I don't think I'll buy to-day."

A tramp went to sleep one night in a lumber yard,
The weather was very bad, snowing quite hard;
Quickly he found a place, soon was asleep,
Dreaming of hot free lunch and "schooners" nine foot deep;
Bime-by the watchman, making his rounds,
Found the bum snoring there on the ground;
Quickly he woke him, then told him to go
Out of the lumber yard into the snow.

CHORUS.

"I don't want to sleep in your yard,"
This is what the bummer said;
"You'd be sorry if I landed
With a brick upon your head,
But I wouldn't soil my hands on
Such a dirty mug as you;
I don't want to sleep in your yard,
Any other yard will do."

OUR GIRLS.

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Words and Music by Thomas LeMack.

During all your travels 'round, have you paid much attention
To the diff'rent type of women folk—for instance, in New York,
The pretty little Broadway girl, so fleet of comprehension;
The style that they put on, the movement, manner and the walk; those—

CHORUS.

Girls, with pearls and golden curls, along Broadway;
They all seem so peculiar when they stare that way,
And say, with forced sarcasm, "Who you looking at, you jay?"
You'll meet some lovely maidens here along Broadway.

Should you chance to stroll down town, you'll claim that it's a treat;
It really is worth while to wait for hours there, to see
And notice what a diff'rence in the young girl that you'll meet—
The highly typical young ladies from the Bowery; those—

CHORUS.

Girls that are dead "in it" on the Bowery;
Hold on there—what's your hurry, Charlie, wait for me;
I'm on, you want to shake me? Ah! but that won't go with me!
'Cause you can't lose me, Charlie, on the Bowery.

'Course you've met the swell young girl that thinks she is perfection,
And imagines she knows all regarding strict society;
The girl that overdoes all things, her manner and affection
Would lead one to believe that she was "'way, 'way up in G!" those—

CHORUS.

Girls that "cawn't" and "shawn't" upon Fifth Avenue;
That really do imagine they're the chosen few;
That shake hands 'way up there, and say, "Chauncey, how d'ye do?"
Those over-rated maidens from Fifth Avenue.

'Course you've heard of Thompson Street, where wenches can be found;
When Sunday comes, dressed in their best, oh, my, but they look gay;
So black that you can't find them when the night comes rolling 'round;
But dressed so loud that you can hear them half a mile away; those—

CHORUS.

Wenches that go strolling 'round on Thompson Street;
So stout they have to waddle, just to ease their feet;
If a nigger dare insult me, with a stick his head I'll beat;
I'm a lady, every inch of me, on Thompson Street.

—Returned with Thanks.—Spacer: "What are your returns from joke writing?" Liner: "The jokes, chiefly."

Across the Sea, I Come to Thee.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

Across the sea, I come to thee, my bonny Lou, my sweetheart true,
And this is all my song shall be, I'm sailing home to you;
And ev'ry time the salt winds blow, they whisper of yourself, I know;
And every time the salt waves leap, your name is echoed o'er the deep.

REFRAIN.

Across the sea, I come to thee, my bonny Lou, my sweetheart true,
And this is all my song shall be, I'm sailing home to you;
Across the sea, I come to thee, my bonny Lou, my sweetheart true,
And this is all my song shall be, I'm sailing home to you.

Across the sea, I come to thee, by sunset bright, by soft moonlight,
By night, by day, thy face I see, a vision of delight;
And every time I look above, I see the heaven of our love,
And every time I look below, the waves with love's reflection glow.—*Ref.*

NELLIE;

—OR:—

The Welcome at Our Home.

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Words by Thos. Scanlan. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Strolling homeward, happy in love and sunshine;
Thinking of her whom I love so true, my heart's first love divine;
My own true sweetheart, Nellie, my bright-eyed darling,
The fairest of all the fairest, my little bright-eyed queen.
Nellie, my little darling, my fairy queen;
Nellie, as cute and airy as e'er was seen;
To me her eyes tell a story of love that is all my own;
The sweetest of girls will greet me, and welcome me to our home.

Nell, my sweetheart, mine, and I'll ever love her;
Bright glossy curls and two dimpled cheeks, and brown eyes that look so sweet;
So cute and coy is Nellie, my little sweetheart;
She runs to the gate to meet me, with heart so gay and free.
Nellie, my little darling, my fairy queen, etc.

BOY WANTED.

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Words by Charles Bradley. Music by Geo. Maywood.

A juvenile American the Fourth would celebrate;
He thought a can of kerosene would make a racket great;
So in the yard he placed a can, and in it dropped a light,
A loud explosion shook the ground and carried him from sight.

REFRAIN.

Boy wanted! boy wanted! a happy home has lost a child;
Boy wanted! boy wanted! a family with grief is wild;
Upon a very distant shore, he with the angels has to soar;
He can return to earth no more—boy wanted.

A bank that had grown tired of cashiers they could not trust,
Said, "If we keep on hiring men, most certainly we'll bust;
Just for a change we'll try a boy, who's young and green, instead,"
And so next day a paper had a little "ad." that read:

REFRAIN.

"Boy wanted! boy wanted!" the bank right quickly got a boy;
Boy wanted! boy wanted! who they as cashier did employ;
The boy unto them proved his salt; to steal their cash was his great fault;
He only left that bank the vault—boy wanted.

Upon the happy seaside shore, in golden summer time,
You'll see the pretty costumed girls in bathing costumes prime;
But very often not a man will ever come that way,
So all those pretty little girls unto each other say:

REFRAIN.

"Boy wanted! boy wanted! Of course, we sooner would have men;
Boy wanted! boy wanted! but boys will suit us now and then—
A few nice boys with whiskers neat, and not afraid of maidens sweet,
Who can old gags of love repeat—boy wanted.

Our Senate is a little slow in everything they do;
They can say yes, or else say no, but that is all they do;
The years go flying quick enough, without an action done,
But if they follow this advice, a victory may be won:

REFRAIN.

Boy wanted! boy wanted! to run around and make a bluff;
Boy wanted! boy wanted! the Senate needs one bad enough;
There's something they the boy can teach, 'tis hard to practice what you preach,
'Tis easier to make a speech—boy wanted.

SWEET NORA DARE.

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Words and Music by P. F. Campigilo.

To a quiet olden Irish town in midsummer he came,
So very handsome, tall and brown, with name and good fame;
And there on the sands she played, our sweet Nora Dare;
She was a little Irish maid, so wonderful, so fair;
One lovely morn they chanced to meet—she in gown so sweet;
As days went gliding past, he vowed his love at last.

REFRAIN.

So go wherever you may, sweet love is sweet love alway;
So go wherever you may, sweet love is love alway.

In this quaint and olden little town, her answer to him is "Ah, no!"
And yet, though he plead and frown, she says farewell and go!
With sweet blue eyes looking on the sea, and saddened tears bedimmed;
Altho' a fisherman was he, she loves him with all her soul;
So one bright day in December he returns to her,
And vowed his love and faithful heart would never from her part.—*Refrain.*

You Can Keep Your Playthings.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. H. Thiele.

A sweet little boy and a dear little maid
Were playing one day in a garden's cool shade;
They rode in a wheel-barrow, played with their toys,
And lived in the pleasure of youth and its joys;
But growing quite weary, the boy, half to tease,
Took little May's doll, which he broke at the knees:
The young girl, heart-broken, with cheeks burning red,
Said, "Give me my playthings," and then the boy said:

CHORUS.

"You can keep your playthings, they're no good to me;
I don't want your playthings, since so mean you'll be;
Silly little girls like you, silly things will do;
You can keep your playthings, and I don't like you."

The little boy's mother came out in the yard,
And saw the young girl there a-crying so hard;
She took the young girl and said, "There, do not cry,
To-morrow another new doll I will buy."
The little boy then took the hand of the miss,
And sealed future friendship with many a kiss;
The girl got a new doll the very next day,
And never, no never, the boy has to say:—*Chorus.*

SOME DANCED THE LANCERS.

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Written by Lester Barrett. Composed by Lester Thomas.

Every Christmas time we went to Uncle Ned's, on pleasure bent;
As sure as e'er the time came 'round, a jolly party would be found;
Eating cakes and drinking wine, all the ladies looked divine;
All the tables cleared away, and then the band commenced to play.

CHORUS.

And some danced the lancers, and some the gay quadrille,
And others danced the polka, and danced it with a will, ra ra ra ra ra ra;
Uncle Ned was nearly dead, and Aunty lost her wig;
They got into a corner, and they danced an Irish jig.

Uncle was a good old sort, and very fond of good old port;
There's aunty, she was just the same, she always joined in every game;
"Hunt the slipper," "Blindman's Buff," they ne'er seem to have enough;
Dancing, singing, all the while, just in the good old-fashioned style.—*Cho.*

Ev'ry guest must sing or play, or else a fine they'd have to pay:
And Uncle always made us roar when he sang out, "One polka more!"
Then on Aunty he would call, sing us, "Over the garden wall,"
Or "My Jane, my pretty Jane," and then the band commenced again.—*Cho.*

Time for parting, half-past four, but still the guests all wanted more;
"Just one more dance, and that's the last;" and then the glasses 'round were [passed;
Uncle, smiling, all serene, started off, "God Save the Queen;"
Then we all went home to bed, and dreamed of Aunt and Uncle Ned.—*Chorus.*

Moonlit Night on Southern Waters.

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Words by Florence N. Reynolds. Music by D. H. Magill.

The moon shines brightly on the river, the air is sweet with perfume rare,
And all is peace—the world forgetting, there is not in it grief or care,
Above the rippling of the waters, a bird's sweet notes my thoughts recall;
They travel to me from the distance, a midnight greeting unto all.

Could life know naught but peace of moonlight, could it be filled with fragrant [flowers;
The songs of birds our only greeting, oh, what a world would then be ours.
Could life know naught but peace of moonlight, etc.

Oh, moonlit night on Southern waters; oh, charming bird notes, do not cease;
To me, a wanderer, they carry a world of comfort and of peace;
Oh, moonlit night on Southern waters, oh, charming bird notes, do not cease,
To me, a wanderer, they carry a world of comfort and of peace.

Oh! How I Do Love Sally Ann.

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Words and Music by W. H. Sewell.

My sweetheart's a dear little fairy, and Sally's her name, don't you see;
We both live down in the same alley—she says she loves no one but me;
Her nose has a slight elevation, her hair is the color of tan,
Her voice is like little birds singing, oh, how I do love Sally Ann.

REFRAIN.
Sally, Sally, how I love Sally, belle of our ally;
Sally, Sally, oh, how I do love Sally Ann.

My sweetheart plays on the piano, she sings all the songs of the day;
The neighbors near by call it squalling, and say that they'll all move away;
She has lots of beaus every evening, and I am her best young man;
With flirting she drives me 'most crazy, but, oh, I do love Sally Ann.—*Refrain.*

Her eyes are like little stars twinkling, she has such a sweet, winning way;
I think she has surely bewitched me, I'm urging her to name the day;
She says she's too young to be married, she'll have a good time while she can,
While I am unhappy and wretched, but, oh, how I love Sally Ann.—*Refrain.*

I'll Not Go Out with Riley Any More.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My old friend Johnnie Riley says, "Come Mac, along with me;
I mean to draw me pension and we'll have a real old spree;
We'll both go down to Murphy's, then we'll stop in on Magee,
And have a drink or two at Misses Grady's."
Says I, "Now, John, come home; leave the drink and stuff alone,
And you'll feel the better man to-morrow morn."
"Devil-a-foot," he says, "I will, sure I mean to have me fill,"
So, like a fool, I had to go along.

CHORUS.
But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Every bone within me body since is sore;
Sure he got me in a fight, and leave them lock me up all night,
No! I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Next morning Riley said to me, "Indeed, I'm sorry, Mack."
Says I, "I want no sympathy or anything like that;
Now if you had stood by me when you got me in a scrap,
I would'nt been the sight I am this morning."
Says he, "Tut, tut, don't fret, sure I've plenty money yet;
Now cheer up, and we'll go out and take a drop"—
So, like a fool again, sure I did the very same,
And went with Riley, when I swore I'd not.

CHORUS.
But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Just for fun, he poked a p'liceman in the jaw;
Then he ran away, did he, and let the copper collar me,
So I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Now Riley, here a week ago, went out one night alone,
Although he called around for me, I'm glad I wasn't home;
Me wife, she says, "It's likely that you'll find him at McGlone's."
Says he, "I'll stop there, Misses McAnally."
He'd gone a block or more, when a dangling wire he saw,
And so gently in the breezes did it sway,
And he thought the wire was dead, but 'twas full of life instead,
That happened just a week ago to-day.

CHORUS.
But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
It was yesterday the last of him I saw;
As the funeral wound away, sure then I to meself did say,
Now, I can't go out with Riley any more.

WITH HOME AND MOTHER.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Lutie St. Clair.

I long for the dear old days of yore, for the friends of long ago;
I long for the home of my boyhood days, for the joys I used to know,
And now with one hope in my aching breast, for one more thing I yearn,
To find in my native village rest, to my home I will return.

REFRAIN.
Once more I'll see the dear old home; of homes there's no such other;
No more my steps shall wayward roam, I'm back with home and mother.

The joys and the griefs of days long gone, oh, what are they to me now,
For my heart is restless with its woes, and care, care is on my brow;
But the dear old face of my mother will be smiling still as sweet,
And love shall reign in our hearts again, all is perfect and complete.—*Refrain.*

She folds me close to her dearest heart, that dear heart of all the best;
Though life may have brought full many a smart; in love, love I now find rest;
The storms may rage, though friends be false, I have no more to gain;
My mother's love will soothe all woes, and will turn to joy my pain.—*Refrain.*

PAT WILEY'S OLD BACK STOOP

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Words by William Lewis Elliott. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Many happy evenings I spent when but a lad
With some other fellow's sister, quite safe away from dad;
We gathered in the evening, a merry, honest group,
For to learn the waltz step on Pat Wiley's old back stoop.

CHORUS.
First four, side four, all waltz around;
The boys and girls all dancing to the music's sweetest sound;
Kitty played the organ, and Bowman played the flute,
While we danced the waltz step on Pat Wiley's old back stoop.

Pretty Mamie Reilly, with dimpled rosy face,
She's my girl, my steady sweetheart, with her I hold first place,
And Jerimiah Joshlas, who used to have the croup,
Used to dance the waltz step on Pat Wiley's old back stoop.—*Chorus.*

When the cocks were crowing, our homeward way we took,
While we sang the dear old hymn tunes we learned from Parson Cook;
Those many happy evenings I spent there in the group,
When we learned the waltz step on Pat Wiley's old back stoop.—*Chorus.*

ON BROADWAY.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Through a city of sunshine a pathway is winding,
And light are the footsteps that follow along;
Oh, what are they seeking, and what are they finding,
This merry, this moving, this marvellous throng?
In a city of sunshine, 'tis a vale of light laughter;
No street in the world is so glowingly gay:
'Tis the gladness of now, with no thought of hereafter,
That fills us and thrills us as we walk on Broadway,
That fills us and thrills us as we walk on Broadway.

REFRAIN.
It's always fair and golden weather, on Broadway;
Our hearts are light as lightest feather, on Broadway;
All hopes and dreams they crowd together, on Broadway;
There is no room for grief and gloom, on Broadway.

There's a great "Piccadilly" that Londoners boast of,
And "Unter der Linden," the German's delight;
The "Boulevards" of Paris, the French make the most of;
The "Corso" of Rome, that can dazzle the sight,
But all the world's highways and all the world's by-ways
Seem lacking in one thing, forever and aye:
'Tis a warmth almost tender that glows thro' the splendor,
The heart and the sunshine of dear old Broadway,
The heart and the sunshine of dear old Broadway.—*Refrain.*

—A Good Memory.—"I never forget a joke that I once hear," remarked Droner. "No;" returned Wiggins, wearily, "and you don't give any one else a chance to!"

SAY, LOVE, YES, LOVE.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

A youth between the dances tried his faithful love to tell
Unto a sweet-faced maiden whom he thought did love him well;
He asked her then to be his bride, but she seemed not to hear;
Instead, she walked off with a friend, Jack's words still in her ear:

CHORUS.

Say, love, yes, love, that you will marry me;
That you'll share my earthly lot, no matter what it be;
Come, love, do, love, answer with one sweet kiss:
And we'll walk on arm-in-arm, through life in bliss.

She really loved Jack, but to tease him, feigned she did not care,
And he went off, not knowing that her heart was waiting there;
Two years went by, she wished him back; she often spoke his name,
And longed to have him come and ask that question sweet again:—*Chorus.*

Jack thought that time and distance might make him that love forget,
But still he loved her just the same, and deep was his regret;
He crossed the sea and asked once more that she would name the day,
And she whose heart had e'er been his, this time ne'er answered "Nay!"—*Cho.*

THE PLAY'S THE THING.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

The play's the thing, the play's the thing; we'll fill it full of novel schemes;
Of coming centuries we'll sing, of golden thoughts and glowing dreams;
I'll have him write a scene for me, wherein I'll act a manish part,
While all beneath my garb may see my tender woman's heart.
The play's the thing, the play's the thing; that's why we say, that's why we sing!
The play's the thing, the play's the thing; that's why we say, that's why we sing!

And I shall have him write a part, to give my voice its long-sought chance;
To make some impressario start, and hail me like a bird from France;
I'll tell my tale in florid phrase, and speak entirely on the staff;
How my cadenzas shall amaze those scoffers come to laugh.
The play's the thing, the play's the thing, etc.

And I will play a part as well, that will not need a lot of speech;
The sentiments that words can't tell, are all within the dancer's reach;
When racking thoughts distress the mind and cues are flying to and fro,
A consolation I shall find in answering with my toe.
The play's the thing, the play's the thing, etc.

McNAMARA.

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Words by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Who has got persuasive eloquence that thrills you thro' and thro'? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara.
(*Solo.*)—As an after-dinner speaker, who can pulverize Depew? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
(*Solo.*)—Who can sway the people's feelings with unbounded tact and skill?
Who can make them do his bidding, with the power of his will?
And who was it reconciled Grover Cleveland with Dave Hill? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
(*Solo.*)—He's the great American-Irish citizen, let us do him proud!
Yes, we love to do him proud! he is the boss of every crowd;
He's the great American-Irish citizen, let us do him proud;
And who can find a braver kind than McNamara.

Who's so full of charity that philanthropists all are stunned? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
(*Solo*).—And who heads the vast donations to the antitoxine fund? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
(*Solo.*)—Who's the friend of female suffrage who will roll their cause along?
Who's the only true reformer in the whole pretentious throng?
And who whispers words of council in the ear of Mayor Strong? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
He's the great American-Irish citizen, etc.

Who consorts with all the crowned heads of the nation, to a man? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara! [mara!
(*Solo.*)—Who's the only man can stop the fight 'twixt China and Japan? McNa-
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
(*Solo.*)—In New York, who is the only one can stop all crime's increase?
Who's the only true immaculate custodian of the peace
To reorganize the broken and demoralized police? McNamara!
(*Chorus.*)—McNamara!
He's the great American-Irish citizen, etc.

DA-DA.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by W. H. Friday, Jr.

Oh, the birds of summer sing their song, and sweet it is to hear;
You could listen to it all day long, 'tis joy unto the ear;
But there's a lovelier song to me, when tolls of day are o'er;
A tiny voice of melody, that greets me at the door.

CHORUS.

Da-da! Da-da! that's what baby says;
Da-da! Da-da! oh, such pretty ways,
Shakes his little hands with glee,
Gives me kisses—one, two, three,
Happy as a bird when calling Da-da!

Though the day may weary seem and sad, there's rest for me at home,
For the baby's smile it makes me glad, when to my door I roam;
He holds his dimpled arms out so, and, with a cunning smile,
Begins to softly coo and crow, and murmur all the while:—*Chorus.*

Oh, I'd rather miss the light of day, the stars that grace the sky,
Than to miss this word I hear him say, when toil for me goes by;
Before his pretty eye-lids close, at twilight's tranquil fall;
While, like a flower, he seeks repose, I hear the baby call:—*Chorus.*

JUST SIXTEEN.

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Words by Samuel M. Peck. Music by A. Scull.

The starlight, through the lattice vine, fell slanting on her brow,
The roses white, with dew a-shine, swayed on the wind-rock bough,
And waved a perfume quaint and fine, like incense 'round her mouth,
Where dwelt, 'mid curve and hue divine, the glamour of the south.

REFRAIN.

Just sixteen years of joys and fears, just sixteen years hath she;
Her eyes are blue, her heart is true, she's all the world to me.

The rose tree hid the stars from me, but I could watch her eyes;
They shone like stars upon the sea, soft-mirror'd from the skies;
Her little hands upon her knees, in folded stillness lay,
And the dusk gloomed winsomely, like lily buds astray.

REFRAIN.

Just sixteen years of joys and fears, just sixteen years hath she;
Her faith is sure, her soul is pure, she's all the world to me.

A silence fell, it seemed a spell had fallen on my sweet;
I saw her quiv'ring bosom swell, I heard my heart a-beat;
I spoke, but what I cannot tell, I hardly know the rest,
But just before her teardrops fell, I clasped her to my breast.

REFRAIN.

Just sixteen years of smiles and tears, just sixteen years hath she;
The wedding chimes will ring betimes, for my bride she will be.

SAM AND DER SHARK.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

Dere was once a lot ob colored folks gwine to de promised land;
Dey got on board a schooner, wid a swell, brass nigger band;
Dey sailed upon de waters rough, exceptin' one big coon,
Who said, I'se gwine to swim, I is, I'll git dar just as soon,
Den he dove in and started out, de day was mild and fair;
A mighty swimmer, 'deed he was, wid lots ob breff to spare;
He kept a-goin' wid de boat, de niggers dey did yell;
'Twas such a sight to see dat coon a-keepin' up so well.

CHORUS.

Whoh! Sam, bet yer can't a do it! Whoh! Sam, bet yer can't a do it!
Whoh! Sam, bet yer can't a do it, now you'd better git on board;
Whoh! Sam, bet yer can't a do it! Whoh! Sam, bet yer can't a do it!
Whoh! Sam, bet yer can't a do it, all dem pickaninnies roared.

Now Sam kept right 'long beside dat boat, as happy as could be;
He swam for lots ob miles, he did, 'till he got out to sea;
Den looked around and saw a shark, dat poor man he done shake;
And yelled, oh, bred'ren pull me up, he'll eat me like a cake;
He spied ahead de promised land, what made dat nigger quail;
Dar was a lion on dat shore, a-shakin' of his tail;
Just den dat lion made a spring, let out a fearful roar;
He jumped clear past dat nigger's head into der shark's big jaw.—*Chorus.*

At last dey reached de promised land, as in dey sail from sea;
Old Peter at de gate dey saw, wid heart so full ob glee;
He greeted dem so kindly and he shook dem by de hand,
Just den a mighty storm arose, and shook de solid land;
De thunder roared, der lightning flashed, der coons were filled wid fright;
And Sam, wid just one mighty jump, on Peter's back he light;
He grabbed him by de ha'r, he did, der keys from him he tore;
Den went inside and locked de gate, oh, how dem niggers swore.—*Chorus.*

In a Snug Little Home of Your Own.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

What are the fashions and follies of life? only an empty dream;
Only a burden of trouble and strife, as we drift adown the stream;
A fig for your worldly pleasures, how very soon they cloy;
But there, 'mongst your sweet home treasures, you can find purest joy.

CHORUS.

In a snug little home of your own,
A snug little home of your own;
With smiling faces 'round, true happiness is found,
In a snug little home of your own.

Seeking excitement you often may go, out with the busy throng;
And, like a butterfly, flit to and fro, as you sing a worldly song;
When pleasure's bright flame is burning, into the blaze you fly;
And then from temptation turning, for purer life you sigh.—*Chorus.*

When honest love in your heart finds a place, bright as the sun's your life;
Plans for the future, in fancy, you trace, with a sweet and pure young wife;
You're hopefully, tenderly gazing into futurity;
Bright castles in air you're building, thinking when you will be—*Chorus.*

THE GAY COQUETTE.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by George Schleiffarth.

I see her yet, the fair coquette,
Arrayed in gorgeous fashion,
With dainty feet she trips the street,
Intent alone on mashin';
Such cunning smiles, such artless wiles,
And charms to drive one frantic;
She is, in truth, with all her youth,
A creature most romantic,
A creature most romantic.

REFRAIN.

The gay coquette! the gay coquette! the girl that every one has met,
The one you never can forget, the gay coquette! the gay coquette!
The gay coquette! the gay coquette! the girl that every one has met,
The one you never can forget, the festive, gay coquette.

The gowns she'll wear, make people stare,
Also her dainty bonnet;
It's worth her while to live in style,
And you may bet upon it;
By day or night she gives delight,
She sets the young men crazy,
And so they each say she's a "peach"—
In other words, a daisy;
In other words, a daisy.—*Refrain.*

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Harry F. Carson.

I went with my beau to a small country fair,
We breathed love's affections to each other there,
When, all of a sudden, he said, "I'll be bound
If we won't take a ride in the merry-go-round."
The merry-go-round, the merry-go-round,
Two seats in a car we, with some trouble, found;
The man blew a whistle, the music did sound,
And off, with a rush, went the merry-go-round.

The car went around at a rollicking speed,
And we both enjoyed the excitement, indeed;
And since there were none in the car but we two,
We did as most lovers are certain to do,
In the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round,
The motion was something to make the heart bound,
Such joys in my life I had ne'er before found,
So we kissed and made up in the merry-go-round.

When, all of a sudden, we heard a great crash,
The wheel and the cars all fell down with a smash,
And while we were wond'ring what mischief was there,
We both went a-flying, with heels in the air,
From the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round;
We picked ourselves up and we skipped off the ground,
And now when we look for such joys, I'll be bound,
We go somewhere else than the merry-go-round.

ANSWER WITH A KISS.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

Tell me, little sweetheart, why you tremble so?
Why your cheeks are blushing, why your dear eyes glow?
Do you love me, darling? all I ask is this,
Tell me, little sweetheart, answer with a kiss.

REFRAIN.

Summer days are golden, skies are fair and bright;
Hearts are filled with sunshine, thrilled by love's delight;
Listen, little sweetheart, all I ask is this,
Do you love me, darling? answer with a kiss.

Tell me, little sweetheart, why your hand clasps mine?
Why our hearts are beating, in love's wondrous time?
Why are robins singing songs of purest bliss?
Have they guessed our secret? answer with a kiss.—*Refrain.*

Tell me, little sweetheart, shall we ever part?
Will no shadows gather in your precious heart?
Can you trust me, darling? all I ask is this;
Say you love me, darling—answer with a kiss.—*Refrain.*

THE BOWERY BALL.

Copyright, 1895, by J. P. Galton.

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Words and Music by Joseph P. Galton.

There's going to be a reception to-night, down at Michael Casey's hall;
'Twill be the event of east-side society, the annual Bowery ball;
Oh, all the fellows and girls in the gang for certain will be there;
And all the swells of Fifth Avenue at our costumes and style will stare.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll all be there at the Bowery ball,
No such high-toned affair e'er was held in Casey's hall;
The French Masquerade, so famous and gay, won't be in the game at all
With the sights that you'll see between 12 and 3 to-night at the Bowery ball.

You'll find the music will be right in tune, the selections will be fine;
There'll be living pictures upon the stage, to begin at half-past nine;
Then May McNulty will rise from the sea, as Venus, so sweet and fair;
Her dress will consist of a beautiful smile, and a silver comb in her hair.—*Cho.*

At twelve comes supper, with plenty of beer, and then dancing till half-past 4;
After which there'll be a delightful big scrap, when the whole gang takes the floor;
And Jimmy Hagan, the Bowery boy, will meet little Dan McCall;
There'll be music and lights and plenty of fights to-night at the Bowery ball.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

A CRUEL HISS.

By Harry J. Lyons.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

We left New York on Sunday morn, with our farce comedy,
With not a cent to call our own, and drunk as we could be;
Just then we didn't care a blame as how we would make out,
But when we opened up we knew that we'd go up the spout;
One night when we were making up, and chasing out the can,
A message was delivered to our Dutch comedian;
When some one said, by way of joke, "Has Mag given up her job?"
He made a steer for a glass of beer, and this he told the mob:

CHORUS.

It's only a message from my mother-in-law,
Only a line from the one I abhor;
From her who I thought was now out of my sight—
The lines read, "Your mamma will meet you to-night."

Of course, we sympathized with Dutch, and knew it gave him pain
To know his mother-in-law had come to visit him again;
To see his dear wife's mother, who had used him for a mop,
The blow was hard enough to cause his beating heart to stop,
But as she's followed me up, "boys," there's nothing left for me
But borrow all the coin I can and go off on a spree;
If, Ned, you'll go and get a pint, I'll stand the treat, he said;
His friends all knew that when he'd do a treat he'd lost his head.—*Chorus.*

The play began, and Dutch went on, after finishing the beer;
He said, I think I'm good enough to kill the Yaps out here,
But those in front they quick did see he was rotten to the core,
For when he should have got a hiss, ripe eggs came by the score;
The last act on, we saw him jump—it was a big disgrace—
Somebody threw a sausage, which had caught him in the face;
With sausage face and egg-stained clothes, he to the foot-lights came,
I failed to-night to please you quite, but this alone's to blame:—*Chorus.*

I'M SAILING HOME TO MARY.

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Words by J. F. Mitchell. Music by Frank Howard.

The vessel's prow to the sea is turned,
And the last good-bye is said;
The sails of white are ablaze with light,
Which the sun's last rays have shed,
Which the sun's last rays have shed,
And those behind, with their tears near blind,
From the shore are trembling led;
And those behind, with their tears near blind,
From the shore are trembling led.
But high up in the mainmast top,
Hark! to the sailor's voice,
He sings the part of a joyous heart,
Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!

REFRAIN.

I'm sailing home to Mary, the lassie that I adore;
Sailing home to Mary, and she'll meet me on the shore;
If the winds don't blow contrary, I'll soon be home with Mary,
And when I clasp her in my arms, I'll never leave her more.

The "storm king" rides on the wings of night,
And he laughs, with demon's glee,
For spar and sail are alike too frail
In the midst of the raging sea,
In the midst of the raging sea;
The danger's past, it is o'er at last,
And the gallant ship sails free;
The danger's past, it is o'er at last,
And the gallant ship is free;
Then high up in the mainmast top,
Hark! to the sailor's voice,
He sings the part of a joyous heart,
Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!—*Refrain.*

A FATAL REHEARSAL.

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Words and Music by Joseph D. Ramos.

A father sat watching his children at play,
On the bench at the close of a hot summer's day,
Tag was their game, a boy and two girls;
His fav'rite, the youngest, with long golden curls,
As quietly reclining, his soul filled with joy,
He watched the girls chase the mischievous young boy,
A smile on his face, so good and so kind,
These thoughts of the future then passed through his mind;

CHORUS.

When she becomes a lady, my sweet little girl,
Will her face be half buried in soft, golden curls;
Will her cheek have a dimple, her eye be as bright?
Will she then be as happy as she is to-night.

Long years have passed by, the father is gray,
His fav'rite has married and is living away;
Fled from her home, an actor she wed;
The blow stunn'd the father, they thought he was dead;
He hears a false story, the husband is bad;
Your child is unhappy, he'll soon drive her mad,
Then came through the mail a letter one day,
And when he had read it, he fainted away.

CHORUS.

Father forgive me, for I've caused you pain;
Will you take your daughter to your heart again;
You know not how I've missed you, rather you were dead;
Oh, please come and see me, were the words he read.

Next morning, quite early, he's off for the train;
His dear child he would fold to his heart once again;
Soon at her home, he starts up the stair,
His ear then is pierced by a cry of despair,
Steps quickened by anger, he reaches the floor,
From whence came the cry, and breaks open the door;
Half crazy with rage, he kills with a chair
The man who was dragging his child by the hair.

CHORUS.

Then down upon the floor fell the faithful young wife,
Kissing the dear, dead husband she loved more than life.
"Father," she moaned, "I'm dying: you've broken my heart;
Harry and I were only rehearsing our part."

—Neglecting His Opportunities.—Day: "I wonder why undertaker O'Rourke failed?" Weeks: "He did not know enough to stand in with the doctors, and nobody died."

THE NEWSBOY OF THE TOWN.

Copyright, 1895, by Stephen J. Mooney.

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Composed by Stephen J. Mooney.

The lad who sells our papers, oh, what a world is he;
Up with the lark and hustling, his mind entirely free;
He uses "pretty" language—he tries to down all care
By calling out his "Extras," in the glorious open air.

CHORUS.

Here, there, yes, everywhere, this newsboy may be found;
On street cars, in theatres, and every place around;
He is a king among his class, but does not wear a crown,
He only sells our papers, this newsboy of the town.

He's very quick in answer, he knows the latest slang;
With fists he is a dandy, and "gets there" with a bang;
It's "Now I'm off," say, fellars, I've got his nobs right dar;
He runs to sell his papers on a passing down-town car.—*Chorus.*

At home he is quite gentle, and is his mother's boy,
Maybe her sole protector, her guardian and her joy;
If he's had luck, it's "kisses," but often there's a frown;
He has no "cinch" by any means, this newsboy of the town.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Written and Sung by Samuel Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

The mistress of a boarding-house one night to the boarders said,
To-day, while having a little spare time, I made a loaf of bread;
A deathly look crept o'er the face of every boarder there;
'Twas the first bread she ever made, and of it they had to beware:
When on the table she placed the loaf they gazed on it with scorn;
They knew if they should eat that bread they'd be dead before next morn;
A deaf mute took and broke the bread without a single word,
And, just to test its power, gave a piece to the canary bird.

CHORUS.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget, as long as there's holes in a sieve,
And just to see it o'er again, my mother-in-law I'd give;
The boarding mistress almost crazed, cold in death the canary lay,
While the boarders quickly packed their trunks, no longer there they'd stay.

Not a boarder went to bed that night, they swore they couldn't sleep;
They were afraid of this woman, who held life so cheap;
Every one of them were married, but all had left their wives,
Because they insisted in making bread that endangered their lives;
So as soon as morning came around, each man went out to look
For another boarding-house that had a professional cook,
When they found one where the food like lead on their stomachs wouldn't lay,
They all returned and got their trunks, then quickly went away.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THAT IS LOVE.

By Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Style, great style is the dudelets theme;
Style, great style is the dudine's dream;
'Tis but the fashion, the fashion of time and day;
'Tis but a passion, a passion come to stay;
'Tis not a comfort, a comfort that we know,
That true dudines call style—ah, no; ah, no.

CHORUS.

See the dudelet walking 'long the crowded street,
Ogling all the pretty Misses he does meet;
On his eye a single eye-glass small and neat,
On his lips a broad, well-cultivated smile;
A standing collar that reaches to his chin;
A gaudy tie, with great Rhinestone, diamond pin;
And pantaloons that four men could get in—
That is style, that is style.

Style, great style is a torture great;
Style, like a monster, for victims waits;
'Tis but a masher, a masher that crushes life;
'Tis but a crasher, with comfort e'er making strife;
'Tis not the apparel, the apparel of comfort and ease,
To which true dudines so closely freeze.

CHORUS.

See the dudine riding in the park so gay,
With a smile bewitching as a morn in May;
Though her waist is squeezed to half its size, they say,
A peck of paint upon her pink cheeks piled,
And her shoes with heels midway beneath her feet,
Just to make it look so charming and so neat,
Inflicting on themselves such torture to look sweet—
That is style, that is style.

THE GIRL HE DIDN'T GET.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A time-worn letter, written some forty years or more;
An old-time faded photo beside it on the floor;
An old man sits by dreaming, in sadness and regret,
Of tokens of his sweetheart, the girl he did not get.

CHORUS.

Once, all his life was sunshine, then he was bright and gay;
Bright was the future before him, until his love ran away;
Then all his reason bereft him, with her he had to part;
And all that mem'ry left him was tears and a broken heart.

'Tis but a simple story, repeated o'er each day;
His brother won his sweetheart, and then they went away;
The old man's heart was broken, but still he loves her yet;
He treasures every token from the girl he did not get.—*Chorus.*

OUR MUSICAL HOME.

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Words and Music by Will J. Hardman.

Music, sweet music's a language that nations can all understand;
Oh, how it cheers the poor wand'rer when far from his dear native land;
You may drop in any evening, for sisters or I seldom roam,
And hear a selection from our grand collection, in our musical home.

REFRAIN.

Jennie can play you a solo, without any note being false;
Katie can play a mazurka, and Nellie a classical waltz;
Love songs and songs that are warbled as far as the ships sail the foam—
In fact, we have everything that you can play or sing in our musical home.

Mother sits rocking and smiling, as happy as happy can be;
Father is proud of his daughters, at least, that's been whispered to me;
All the young men we have captured, they gather, like bees 'round the comb,
At our new piano, and sweetly they sing O, in our musical home.—*Refrain.*

I'SE A JOLLY LITTLE COON.

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Words by Mamie Walton. Music by Jas. Horton.

I'se a jolly little coon and mah name is Mag, Mm, Mm, ma honey;
I'ee just heah on a visit, but is comin' back to stay, Mm, Mm, ma honey;
I has money and I dresses up so fine,
From de udder nigger gals you bet I takes de shine;
Gollyation, boys, won't me hab a time, Mm, Mm, well I guess.

CHORUS.

We will sing and dance and eat, roll de dice and shuffle our feet;
Come, everybody, I'll stand treat—hot corn, hot corn, 'taters, possum sweet.

I'se goin' gib a party, invite all to come, Mm, Mm, ma honey;
An' I'll guarantee you'll hab a heap of fun, um, um, ma honey;
We'll hab music and plenty of wine;
Watermelon, flap Jackson whiskey, old and fine;
Gollyation, boys, won't me hab a time, Mm, Mm, well I guess.

CHORUS.

Now, sit right down in your seat; we hab de cider sweet;
Now, sit right down in your seat; we hab de cider sweet.

—He Knew the Sex.—"Wait just half a minute," said the lady to the elevator man, "and I'll ride down in your car." "All right, ma'am," said the sagacious elevator man, as he chucked his lever over and began to sink below. "The elevator will be running three hours longer."

—Won at Last.—Titled Suitor: "If you marry me you will be a duchess." American Heiress: "I am too good an American to be won by a title." T. S.—"You shall live at court if you wish." A. H.—"That would be tiresome." T. S.—"Or you may be mistress of one of the finest castles in England." A. H.—"It cannot be nearly so handsome nor so comfortable as my father's palace on the Hudson." T. S.—"We have good servants." A. H.—"I am yours!"

Mrs. Reilly's Daughter Nell.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

Tell me who is that young lady over yonder,
With the rounded form and eyes of Irish blue;
Over her I couldn't help but stand and ponder
When I saw her dance with step so light and true;
When the old man turned around to give his answer,
Of him I asked, in hopes that he would tell,
When he gave a knowing look, said the girl beside the brook
Was Mrs. Reilly's little daughter Nell.

CHORUS.

There was pretty Katie Ryan, there was charming Nell O'Brien;
Maggie Murphy, whom the people know so well;
There were girls with pretty faces, dressed in fancy silks and laces,
But none like Mrs. Reilly's daughter Nell.

At the picnic lunch my heart went pit-patter,
As I stood quite near the saucy little maid,
For she seemed like one who wouldn't dare to flatter,
And for the time my words of love were stayed;
Still one thing I knew amidst the lively chatter,
No lady fine could please me half so well;
To myself I softly said, that the girl I'd like to wed
Is Mrs. Reilly's little daughter Nell.—*Chorus.*

Foot-Ball in Casey's Back Yard.

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Words and Music by J. W. Wheeler.

'Twas past two o'clock in the morning,
And the streets were deserted and still,
When Casey was having a party
Right down at the foot of the hill;
The neighbors awoke from their slumbers,
For the noise came so fierce and so hard,
And, raising their windows, discovered
It was foot-ball in Casey's back yard.

CHORUS.

You never beheld such a circus,
The struggling was fearful and hard,
And O'Hara got hit with the "pig-skin,"
Playing foot-ball in Casey's back yard.

You'd thought a small earthquake was raging,
There was not a police to be found;
We thought they were killing poor Hogan,
The way he was clawing the ground;
Nobody seemed anxious to stop them,
Or to send their name in on a card,
For Dempsey was having the jim-jams
At the game down in Casey's back yard.

CHORUS.

We couldn't get in a word edge-wise,
They bellowed so loud and so hard,
But we saw no one getting a "touch down,"
As we peeped into Casey's back yard.

The game now was more than exciting,
And the neighbors jumped over the fence;
They scrambled around for the "pig-skin,"
Which made matters still more intense,
But, all of a sudden, we noticed
Casey's goat breaking loose from the post,
And the way he came over the railing,
Would have frightened the life of a ghost.

CHORUS.

The way he flew 'round was a caution,
You'd sworn he was greased with cold lard,
And they thought that chain lightning had struck them,
As he skipped around Casey's back yard.

We swept up the whiskers and noses,
And we laid them away in a box;
We found Dempsey minus a finger,
And Hogan, those beautiful locks;
The game had been simply terrific,
And the struggle was frightful and hard,
But the "billy goat" swallowed the "pig skin,"
Playing foot-ball in Casey's back yard.

CHORUS.

The crowd spied a "cop" 'round the corner,
Who slowly was heaving in sight,
But Casey, he filled him with whiskey,
And he slept there the rest of the night.

NORA MAHONE.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

In a cottage by the sea lives a girl that's dear to me,
And wherever I may be, I'm always thinking of Nora Mahone;
She has Irish eyes of blue, and her hair is of golden hue,
And to me her heart is true, my little beauty, my Nora Mahone.

CHORUS.

Pretty Nora Mahone, she is so beautiful, always so dutiful;
Lives with her parents alone—I am in love with sweet Nora Mahone.

Thursday evening, just at eight, I met Nora at the gate;
In the cottage danced till late, waltzing with my little Nora Mahone;
Nora's dainty little feet, keeping time with the music sweet,
And our lips in kisses meet after the party at Nora Mahone's.—*Chorus.*

Oh! How Wicked the Mormons Are.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

Some folks talk about the Mormons, and I think it very sad
That they always try to make them all appear so very bad;
Married men oft think their wives are to them an awful bore,
And one wife is quite sufficient, but in Utah they want more.

CHORUS.

Oh, how wicked the Mormons are,
Forty mammas to one papa,
But they think its proper, so there you are,
And they have lots of fun, do the Mormons.

Once a girl in Salt Lake City sprinkled with the garden hose,
Lifted up her skirts from danger, that is how the story goes;
Neighbors then all gazed with rapture at the garden, I suppose;
For they liked to see her sprinkle, and they liked to see the hose.—*Chorus.*

In these days of rapid transit, you will soon begin to feel
That there is no joy in living if you do not ride a wheel;
Pretty Mormon girls in bloomers often capture hearts by storm;
Though they wear them just for comfort, people say it's proper form.—*Cho.*

The Popular Man About Town.

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Words and Music by G. L. Spaulding.

He's created to make every heart ache
And break any one who dares question his place,
And he strolls here and there, with a dignified air
And a satisfied look on his face;
Nature's own fashion plate, modeled right up to date,
As demurely he walks up and down;
The pride of us all, and the "chappies'" down-fall,
Is the popular man about town.

CHORUS.

Every day, on Broadway, with a strut that is stylish and grand;
Debonair is his air, and everything at his command;
Glances sly from his eye make a flutter betoken renown,
Looking neat, smiling sweet, that's the popular man about town.

Whether home or abroad, ladies laud and applaud
All his actions and study his ways;
If he alters his walk, why the men have to stalk
Just the same, because he is the craze;
As the very real thing, with the grace of a king,
There's no rival disputing his crown;
The clubs all refuse to accept any dues
From this popular man about town.—*Chorus.*

—Easily Explained.—Customer: "I must say I don't like this milk." Milkman: "Why, what's the matter with it?" "Just look at it. Don't you see that it is blue?" "Well, yes; it is a little darker than usual." "What is the cause of it?" "I think I can explain it." "I'd be glad to hear it." "You see, we weaned the calf a few days, and probably the old cow feels a little blue about it. That's the only way I can account for it."

PLAYING HOOKEY.

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Words and Music by George P. Murphy.

About a half a mile down yonder road our little school-house stands;
Our teacher he's an awful crank, so, whenever I get a chance,
I stay away and go and play—of course, I break a rule;
Then my Jimmie writes and takes a note, explaining why I couldn't go to school;
Sometimes it read that Ma is sick, sometimes Ma, Pa and all;
And other times my Jimmie writes that I had an awful fall;
Then my teacher writes to Ma or Pa, "Does she think I'm a fool?
There's no one sick; it's her old trick; she's been playing hookey from school."

CHORUS.

Through the green fields I run, oh, don't I have fun;
I pick wild flowers and berries, you know;
Then I run down and look at the bright sparkling brook,
That's where I meet Jimmie, my beau;
Then he sits down to fish, sometimes falls in kuramish,
Then I call my Jimmie a fool;
Then he says, Now I'll tell Pa, and Mammy as well,
That to-day you've played hookey from school.

On poor old teacher's chair I placed a pin—oh, my, how he did jump;
And it hurt him, too—it was a sin; it must have raised an awful bump;
Then my Jimmie laughed so loud, I nudged my beau and said, "Keep still;"
Our old teacher saw me whisper, then of chastisement I knew I'd get my fill;
The teacher said, "Hold out your hand;" I said, "Please spare me, do;"
Then Jimmie threw a big ink-stand, and out of school he flew—
That is to say, he ran away, but, when caught, he got his gruel (*bis*);
It was my delight; it served him right, for telling I'd played hookey from school.

CHORUS.

When teacher he got through, my poor Jimmie felt blue;
You ought to have seen Jimmie's face;
I hardly did know what to think of my beau;
His whipping it seemed a disgrace;
But when he got a chance, from the back of his pants
He pulled shingles—then I was the fool;
I'd felt sorry for him; then a note from my Jim said,
I'll tell you've played hookey from school.

Parody on:

AND HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK.

By Ward & Kennickson.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

There was once a happy tramp, who came from far away,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
He had an awful appetite, he had it every day,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
When he struck a tavern, he'd put on an awful front,
And, like a hungry man, around the place he'd hunt
Till he'd find the lunch, and then he'd give a grunt,
And he never, never, never worked a day.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jim, he certainly was a skin;
I know he was a corker in his line;
With a hump and a grunt, he'd strike the lunch,
And he'd fool the bartender every time.

He went running down the street, for the growler he did chase,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
His whiskers they were growing, growing on his face,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
Of course, he knew his business, for he had learned his trade;
So when he saw a farmer, straightway for him he made;
He took him by the arm and they took a promenade,
And he never, never, never worked a day.—*Chorus.*

He told the farmer stories, as he jollied him along,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
Some of them were weak and some of them were strong,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
He said that he was thirsty, the farmer said he'd treat;
They struck a free and easy, and there they took a seat;
He ordered up the beers, while the tramp the lunch did eat,
And he never, never, never worked a day.—*Chorus.*

They drank until the farmer got very full of booze,
And he never, never, never worked a day;
Silently he touched him, for he foolishly did snooze,
And he never, never, never worked a day.
There wasn't a single pocket that he didn't search;
Into the street he wandered, and left him in the lurch;
He was in an awful hurry, but not to get to church,
And he never, never, never worked a day.—*Chorus.*

Now, gentle friends, I warn you all to shun this tramp so shy,
For he never, never, never worked a day;
If any such you run across, do him you must try,
For he never, never, never worked a day;
Just grab him by the collar and treat him rather rough;
Soke him till he hollers that he's got enough,
And when you get through with him, just say for a bluff,
Oh, you never, never, never worked a day.—*Chorus.*

GAMES WE USED TO PLAY.

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Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

Every boy remembers the games we used to play—
'Twas after school was over, or at recess every day,
How we'd rush home to our dinner, then hurry right away,
Afraid to miss the starting of the games we used to play.

CHORUS.

Pass-walk, red-line, pris'ner's-den and ball,
And every game that you can name or mem'ry can recall,
Many pleasant recollections will never pass away;
I long in vain to share again the games we used to play.

There was Simmy Trafton, the pluckiest of all,
And big Tom Case, our leader, over five foot seven tall;
Billy Long and old Jack Foster were hauled to court one day;
They mauled the "cop" who tried to stop the games we used to play.—*Cho.*

Many lively battles we fought with rival schools,
And many a "mill" was settled, according to ring rules;
There are men of all professions, 'way up in life to-day,
Who'd gather there and always share the games we used to play.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Written by J. J. Fahy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A barber in a barber shop one Sunday morning said,
Will some one work for me to-day, I've got an awful head;
An anxious look crept o'er the face of each man in the chair,
As painfully they looked to see who was going to cut their hair;
A man then staggered in the door, whose face was in a knot;
He said, "I am a barber, sir; I'll shave you on the spot,"
But as he touched the first man's face, the poor man yelled with pain,
For instead of using a razor, he was shaving him with a plane.

CHORUS.

The shave was one he'll never forget as long as he has a face;
He grabbed an axe from behind the door, and the barber he did chase;
He's over in the asylum now, of whiskers he does rave,
And the barber in the barber shop, who volunteered to shave.

Two Irishmen came in the shop, with whiskers full of hair;
They said, "We want our 'gallways' off." He said, "Get in the chair."
He started in to shave them, while his soap-cup he did fix, [Micks;"
When some one said, "Are you mixing lather?" "No," he said, "I'm lathering
Then both of them jumped from the chair and grabbed him by the throat;
They made him drink the bay rum and they made him eat the soap;
Then out the door and down the sewer they threw the foolish jay,
And everybody in the place took a drink, and the parrot said, Hooray.

CHORUS.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I remember;
They decorated his tomb with shaving papers every 30th of May in December;
They took the sign that said "Whiskers Dyed" and hung it on his grave,
The barber in the barber shop, who volunteered to shave.

Parody on:

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Written by Bedford D. Eaton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

In a dizzy-looking bar-room, loaded full of lunch and rum,
The bar was decorated with a lot of thirsty bums,
Amid the roar and laughter was a stranger standing there;
Give me a drink, and quick, I say—refuse me if you dare;
They turned the hose all over him, as he looked up in despair,
But the water all soaked through his whiskers out into the air;
They told him that a fire scene was painted on his nose,
And the water had all leaked out the air holes in his clothes.

CHORUS.

While the music's sweetly playing, on the floor two bums they snored,
Whistling solos through their noselets, as their organs inside roared,
Dreaming that they had been sober and with booze would have to part;
With a start, the bums awoke and died of a broken heart.

He asked the waiter once again to fill him out a ball,
And after draining out the glass, said, mark that on the wall;
Just give me one more "gnzer" and I'll tell a story rare;
He tried to warble "Sweet Marie," but his breath froze in the air;
The waiter grabbed him by the face, where his lace curtains grew,
And showed to him the faces of his old pards, Bill and Coo;
The sweat then froze upon his brow, and in his face did sink;
It leaked through vent holes in his cheek and he died of hard drink.

CHORUS.

While the sleigh-bells were ringing, while the bums were snoring there,
Dutch bands at the door were playing "After the Ball" and "Comrades" airs;
Awaking from their dream of horror, the bums arose up from the floor,
And the waiter quickly sand-bagged them at the bar-room door.

Parody on:

I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.

Written by J. J. Fahy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Once I went to see a girl, her father was there;
He did not like my face, so at me did swear;
He chased me through the house, I made for the fence,
Was stopped by the bull dog, whose teeth were immense;
Oh, how he chewed me, the big ugly brute;
He got the half of my six-dollar suit;
One day I got a note from her saying "please call again,"
But I went to the telephone and sung her this refrain:

CHORUS.

I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like your father's pup;
Ever since the night I met him, I have to sit down standing up;
I can't forget the spot he chewed me, as 'round the yard me he did chase;
If there wasn't anybody else here, I would show to you the place.

Soon I got another note—good news I read:
She said come around to-night, the bull-dog is dead;
So in my Sunday clothes I soon was arrayed:
That night I made a call, 'till twelve o'clock I stayed,
Down in the parlor we sat together,
Just then the old man came in, when the air was filled with leather:
Out through the front door I made my retreat,
Now I sing this song to her when I meet her on the street:

CHORUS.

I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like your father's boot,
For with me it made connections before I had a chance to scoot;
I eat my meals all off the mantel, mine is such a sad, sad case;
When I go to bed at night now, I have to sleep upon my face.

PAT McCUE;

—OR:—

A Tinker's Tribulations and Elevation.

Recitation by Lester & Barrett.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Of a jolly, roving tinker I will tell about to you,
Who came from Tipperary, and whose name is Pat McCue;
He brought along his relatives and paid their passage o'er—
I'd swear a "tinker's damn" they numbered fully twenty-four;
He brought also his instruments belonging to his trade,
For he heard that in America big fortunes could be made;
He thought the ship would never land until he'd get on shore;
When a mile from Castle Garden, you could hear the tinker roar.

So when the ship she landed at the Battery below,
The passengers got ready, every one, on shore to go,
But the "gang plank" it broke in two, all hands sank in the deep,
Save Pat McCue, the tinker, he was left alone to weep;
But he quickly checked the falling tears and said, "This will not do;"
So he shook hands with the captain and he bid the crew adieu;
He took "a reef" into his "corduroys" and sprightly jumped ashore;
When his kit of tools fell overboard, you ought to hear him roar.

Holy Moses! it was awful when his relatives got drowned,
But now he cannot get no work, unless his tools are found,
So he stripped himself immediately and jumped off the dock,
So anxious for to get his tools, he dived upon a rock;
Although his kit of tools he found, his skull was nearly split,
And the crowd that gathered on the dock thought Paddy had a fit;
They rolled him on a barrel for to let the water out;
Faix! his mouth it bore resemblance to a great big waterspout.

They dosed him with some brandy, for to keep his stomach warm;
But they gave him such a quantity it nearly done him harm;
He struck out like a crazy man, in spasms he did work,
Sure he broke his kit of tools upon the head of Mickey Burk;
Some one did call a "copper" and poor Paddy was pulled in;
He fought just like a crazy Sioux, he bit the copper's chin;
He was thrown into the "hurry up" and hurried off to jail—
Ten days incarcerated—no one went poor Paddy's bail.

So when his time was up, he thanked his stars for being alive;
To avoid all further trouble, Paddy said he would contrive,
So he slowly did meander, to the Fourth Ward made his way;
Where he met an old acquaintance by the name of Paddy Shay;
They strolled into Paddy Casey's, where they filled upon mixed ale,
The quantity they drank, me boys, 'twould float a great big whale;
They talked of dear old Ireland, sang the songs of Thomas Moore—
Two Englishmen put in their gab, but soon were on the floor.

Says Pat McCue, I'll show yez tricks I larnt in Mullin-a-Hone,
So he struck out from the shoulder and broke each one's jawbone;
He swept up Casey's barroom just as clean as a new broom,
Sure, he broke the chairs and tables and he smashed a big spittoon;
Paddy Shay felt so elated at the science of McCue,
That him and Casey laughed so hard they split their sides in two;
For aldermanic honors Pat McCue they'll nominate,
And they'll bet a thousand dollars that the tinker can't be bate.

So they put the tinker through the mill and made him ride the goat,
But when election came around, each one gave Pat their vote;
By a very large majority, he reached the City Hall;
Sure, he'll put you on the sewers if upon him you will call;
You won't require a letter that's a yard or two in length;
No civil-service ruler to pass—sure all you want is strength;
If you want to be a "copper," why just pull with Tammany Hall,
And McCue will put you on the force, for he has got the gall.

KATIE, ONLY YOU.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

John, with Kate and her sister May, on a Sunday afternoon
Wanted a sail upon the bay, they came to a boat-house soon:
Only one boat could they find afloat, and that one only held two;
Which girl should ride was for him to decide—he said, "Kate, I think 'tis you."

CHORUS.

Katie, only you! there's only room for two;
And you I choose, now don't refuse; you'll be sorry if you do;
Katie, only you! if you only knew
My joy and pride when by your side, as life we journey through.

John, so glad of the chance he had to ask Kate to be his wife,
Said, with a smile, "Why not, sweetheart, sail with me like this for life?
You by my side on the flowing tide, of love and happiness, too;
Just one for me in the world I can see—my darling, 'tis only you."—*Chorus.*

MERRY LITTLE SWEETHEARTS AT A MOONLIGHT DANCE.

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Words and Music by Tommy Powers.

The pretty East-side belles ride up to Harlem Park
On picnic night, dressed out of sight, to have a jolly lark;
Their roguish laughing eyes would pierce you like a lance;
They're merry little sweethearts, at a moonlight dance.

CHORUS.

The band does play, they waltz away, sweet Sally and her beau;
All hands around, poor Mike they pound, when he is nine-pin O;
Girls soak 'em, boys soak 'em, they fondly scream for hot ice cream,
Whene'er they get a chance; they're merry little sweethearts at a moonlight dance.

The picnic ground looks grand, lit by electric light;
All is good cheer, a flow of beer makes East side boys feel bright;
The latest songs are sung, in buck-sets girlies prance;
They're merry little sweethearts, at a moonlight dance.—*Chorus.*

At dawning of the day the band is dead asleep;
The picnic girls, with frozen curls, to home, sweet home they creep;
The jimmies "blowed their stuff"—every dime in their pants,
On merry little sweethearts, at a moonlight dance.—*Chorus.*

THE DOCTOR CAME TOO LATE.

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Words by Horton & Kershaw. Music by James Horton.

Romping 'neath a cottage window, was a pretty boy so fair;
On his cheeks the bloom of rosee, with a wealth of golden hair,
Mamma smiled upon her darling, as none but a mother can,
Thinking of the distant future when her boy would be a man.

CHORUS.

The mamma's little darling son, bright angel boy,
Just one sweet, little kiss, oh, what heavenly bliss, papa's little joy;
You tiny, cupid boy, you are admired by all; soothing, healing many a pain;
The sun seems to smile with delight, as he jumps around with glee.

Then she breathed a tender blessing for her dear bright angel lad.
Never dreaming for one moment that her heart would soon be sad,
But her fondest hopes were blighted, and that mother mourned her fate,
For a passing car struck down her child, and the doctor said too late.

CHORUS.

The doctor came too late, too late, to save her darling lad;
The mother, frantic, tore her hair, and friends around were sad;
God spare my child, the mother shrieked; don't let him pass the gate;
The poor boy smiled, then all was still, the doctor came too late.

CHORUS & 3D VERSE.

The mother she could not believe her darling boy was dead;
She brought his little playthings out and put them on his bed;
She kissed his fair and pallid cheeks, then wiped away a tear
That trickled down the face of him whom she had loved so dear.

The father, coming home from work, looked for his fair-haired boy;
He missed that bonnie, laughing face, which was his only joy;
It was the good old Christmas time, when every heart was glad,
And in each pocket he had hid a present for his lad.

CHORUS.

The doctor came too late, too late, those loving hands are cold,
That little tongue no more will wag, nor baby tales unfold;
Those little feet no more will romp outside the garden gate;
Two loving hearts are broken now, the doctor came too late.

IF I WERE HOME TO-NIGHT.

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Words by William H. Gardner. Music by W. C. Parker.

I've travelled this wide world over, and earth's fairest cities I've seen;
I've gazed on its golden sunshine, and watched its waters gleam,
But still in my heart I'm longing of friends to have one sight;
I'd give all the wealth I have gathered if I were home to-night.

CHORUS.

Dear old home, my childhood's home, come to me in a vision bright;
Dear old home, that sweet, sweet home—I wish I were home to-night.

I wish I could see my mother, and feel her sweet kiss once again;
I wish I could see my sister tapping on the window pane;
I wish I could speak to father, and walk with footsteps light,
I'd give all the wealth I have gathered if I were home to-night.—*Chorus.*

I wish I could hear the robins that sing there so sweetly in spring;
I wish I could hear the church-bells that Sundays used to ring;
My thoughts wander back to childhood, I see its golden light,
And loved ones would gather about me, if I were home to-night.—*Chorus.*

DREAMING OF DAYS THAT ARE PAST AND GONE.

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Written and Composed by Frank Addis Kent.

Come, sit by me, darling, mine so long;
Gray is your hair, dear, once shining gold;
Yes, you are a grandma, old are we,
But lovers still, as in the days old;
Old sweethearts we, hearts young and free;
Age cannot steal love that we feel; blessed are we;
Although I am sixty, you're fifty-two,
I'm still your lover, darling, all life through.

REFRAIN.

Dreaming of days when our lives were young,
Dreaming of all the sweet songs we've sung,
Living for aye in a love life-long,
Dreaming of days that are past and gone.

Come, sing me the old songs, good and true;
Sweet, precious music, tunes of our youth,
We'll live in the old days, love's still young;
Grandma and grandpa but sweethearts in truth;
Old sweethearts we, hearts young and free;
Age cannot steal love that we feel; blessed are we;
Thus sailing together down life's fair stream,
Until our boat shall touch where heaven shall beam.—*Refrain.*

A Distressed Home Made Happy.

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Words and Music by Joe Welch.

There is a family tenement on the east side of this town;
There lived a happy family until poverty broke them down;
Consisting of three children, and a widow, who is old,
Who sold every thing of value to keep up the household;
Misfortune seemed to be with them, they tried every thing in vain;
The landlord demands his month's rent, or says they can't remain;
But one son is there who'll support, who now lies ill in bed;
They seem to be contented, but a dispossess they dread.

CHORUS.

Now they are friendless, and no one they know;
Though when they were wealthy their money did flow;
There is trouble began when their poor father died,
And though they have fallen, they always kept pride.

Their dreary days were still goin' on, a knock came at the door;
It was a friend they had not seen since happy days of yore;
He come to pay a visit, though once in many years;
When he heard of their misfortune it brought to his eyes tears;
He listened to the story that the poor old woman told,
Then placed some money in her hand, which was 50 pounds in gold;
He promised he would pay the rent and to all her debts would see;
The time had come when fate would change and happy make them be.

CHORUS.

Now they're contented, their trouble is o'er;
When sickness come o'er them their troubles they bore;
There is nothing to fear then while dear friend lives,
Who saves them from poverty and a distressed home.

MY CONEY ISLAND GIRL.

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Written and Composed by James Thornton.

I am in love with a nice little girl, she's only sweet sixteen;
She works down town, just near Park Row and Pearl, she's my queen;
She has a bicycle, I've got one, too; oh, how delightful it feels;
On Sunday morning, as daylight is dawning, taking a spin on our wheels.

CHORUS.

My Coney Island girl, she's just the sort that you'd like;
She's got no medals, but oh, don't she look nice on a "bike;"
She dresses dainty and neat, on her forehead a Marguerite curl;
I take a trip Sunday, and sometimes on Monday, with my Coney Island girl.

When we reach Coney the pleasure begins, meeting the girls and boys;
Then take a ride on the big carousal, oh, what joys;
If we don't want to ride home on a "bike," sometimes we take the last train;
We sing every ditty that's sung in the city, but always end with this refrain:
—*Chorus.*

CINDERELLA SONG.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, poor Cinderella was a maid forlorn,
With two proud sisters as beautiful as day,
Who snubbed her and treated her with utmost scorn,
In a highly unbecoming way.
Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, we pray;
In silks and in satins, at the king's behest,
To the royal ball they gaily drove away;
While poor Cinderella, who in rags was dressed,
Was told that she at home must stay;
But soon her fairy godmamma
Appeared, and by her magic wand,
Clad her in garments richer far
Than mortal e'er had donned.

CHORUS.

Oh, weren't her sisters spiteful, and wouldn't it be delightful
If we could have a godmamma like poor, dear Cinderella;
Some kind-hearted fairy, when things went contrary,
To do the thing that was rightful, with a magic wand
She'd but to wave to give us all we might crave;
Oh, don't we wish that our godmamma was a big, big, big, big fairy.

Arrayed, like a princess, in her garments fine,
With jewels bright, Cinderella now appears;
Her eyes, with astonishment and pleasure, shine,
That a moment since were dim with tears.
Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, we pray;
Her godmother next supplies the coach she needs
From a pumpkin huge, Cinderella thinks it strange;
A wave of her wand, and in a trice, its seeds
To a coachman and a footman change;
Then six white mice within a trap,
To Cinderella's great amaze,
She quickly changes, by a tap,
To prancing dappled grays.

CHORUS.

Oh, wasn't she sagacious; we wish, to goodness gracious,
That we could have a "turn-out" grand like poor, dear Cinderella;
When we took an airing, setting people staring;
Oh, that would be just splendacious; you can be quite sure
We'd make our mark, as we tooled through street and park;
Oh, don't we wish that our godmamma was a big, big, big, big fairy.

When once Cinderella at the ball appears,
The prince falls head over heals, with her, in love;
In vain are her jealous sisters' sneers and jeers,
For he finds her fair as stars above:
Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, we pray;
To her he devotes himself the evening through;
When she left at twelve, as the fairy said she ought,
And dropped, in her hasty flight, her dainty shoe,
For its owner far and near he sought;
To prove to him the shoe was theirs,
In vain the naughty sisters tried;
"'Tis Cinderella's," he declares,
And she becomes his bride.

CHORUS.

Oh, wasn't that romantic? with joy we'd all go frantic
If we could only find a prince like poor, dear Cinderella;
For our hand to sue us, and to sweetly woo us,
Oh, that would be just gigantic; we would grow at least
A foot with pride if he chose us for his bride;
Oh, don't we wish that our godmamma was a big, big, big, big fairy.

—Sunday Sounds.—She: "I wonder why people persist in wearing squeaking shoes on Sunday?" He: "That is the day set apart for manifestations of the sole."

DREAM NOT AGAIN.

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Words by Palmer Cox. Music by Malcolm Douglas.

'Twas at the quiet hour, the light fades in the West,
And in the tender silence the soul is filled with rest,
Beside the casement, dreaming of days that are no more,
The sweet hopes dead, the joys long fled came to me o'er and o'er.

REFRAIN.

Dream not again, dream not again; oh, foolish heart, alas! 'twere vain;
Though in the dusk, still you dream on, the past is gone, forever gone.

Oh, joys that long since vanished; oh, hopes that ne'er could be;
Whene'er the shadows deepen, why come in dreams to me;
The past, with all its promise, I may not live again;
Our paths, dear heart, lie far apart, and dreaming were in vain.—*Refrain.*

It may be I shall meet you, in God's good time at last,
That some day I shall greet you, beloved, and hold you fast;
That we, alas! were parted—perhaps 'twere better so;
But through the years, with all their tears, come dreams of long ago.—*Ref.*

WILL YOU BE TRUE TO ME?

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Words by Palmer Cox. Music by Malcolm Douglas.

There was a simple little rustic maid,
Whose home was from the city far away,
Among the golden buttercups she strayed,
Until a stranger stole her heart one day,
So sweet his voice, so tender, soft and low,
She did not dream that they could ever part,
Until, at last, he told her he must go;
And then the little maid said, sad of heart:

REFRAIN.

"Love, I will wait for you ever: I will think fondly of you;
Time cannot change my affection; will you be always as true?
Mountains and rivers may sever, far from my side you may be,
I will be true to you, love; will you be true to me?"

He left her, with a promise to return;
His face, so dear to her, she longed to see;
Her tender, loving heart began to yearn,
And like a little drooping rose was she;
The summer fled, the leaves all scattered lay;
She saw the happy birds at last depart;
But from her side he wandered far away;
And oft the little maid said, sad of heart:—*Refrain.*

HOPE EVER ON, MY LOVE.

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Words by Palmer Cox. Music by Malcolm Douglas.

Hope ever on, my darling; bright in the heavens afar,
Ever upon life's pathway, hope shineth out like a star;
Sad though the way and lonely, still it is always above,
Bearing its tender message, "Hope ever on, my love!"
Darling, it shines there forever, though clouds may hide it from sight;
Through all the gloom and the darkness, watch for its radiant light,
Till, through a rift in the clouds there, bright in the heavens above,
Hope's star at last will be shining, "Hope ever on, my love!"
Hope ever on, my darling; bright in the heavens afar;
Ever upon life's pathway, hope shineth out like a star;
Sad though the way and lonely, still it is always above,
Bearing its tender message, "Hope ever on, my love!"

Hope ever on, my darling; though fate may part thee from me,
Over the weary waste, love, hope's star will guide me to thee;
Ever through life 'tis shining, fairest of all stars above;
Never forget its message, "Hope ever on, my love!"
Dearest, when true hearts are severed, they should be faithful alway;
Hope's star will bring them together, lighting their paths with its ray,
Radiant, smiling and tender, ever it shines there above;
Filling the soul with its promise, "Hope ever on, my love!"
Hope ever on, my darling; though fate may part thee from, etc.

—A beer income and a champagne taste form an ailment from which a good many people are suffering.

LITTLE THINGS.

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Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land, and the beauteous land.

And the little moments, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity, of eternity.

So our little errors lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue, oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy, sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations far in heathen lands.

THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE.

By C. W. Glover.

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We may rove the wide world o'er, but we ne'er shall find a trace
Of the home we loved of yore, of the old familiar place;
Other scenes may be as bright, but we miss, 'neath alien skies,
Both the welcome and the light of the old, kind, loving eyes;
Home is home, of this bereft, mem'ry loves again to trace
All the forms of those we left in the old familiar place.

We may sail o'er every sea, but we still shall fail to find
Any spot so dear to be as the one we left behind;
Words of comfort we may hear, but they cannot touch the heart
Like the tones to memory dear, of the friends from whom we part;
Home is home, the wanderer longs all the scenes of youth to trace,
And to hear the old home songs in the old familiar place.

BABY BYE, HERE'S A FLY.

By Theo. Tilton and Geo. B. Loomis.

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Baby bye, here's a fly, we will watch him, you and I;
How he crawls up the walls, yet he never falls;
I believe, with those six legs, you and I could walk on eggs;
There he goes, on his toes, tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red dot his head; rainbows on his wings are spread;
That small speck is his neck, see him nod and beck;
I can show you, if you choose, where to look to find his shoes;
Three small pairs, made of hairs, these he always wears.

Black and brown is his gown, he can wear it upside down;
It is laced 'round his waist, I admire his taste;
Pretty as his clothes are made, he will spoil them, I'm afraid,
If to-night he gets sight of the candle-light.

In the sun webs are spun, what if he gets into one?
When it rains he complains on the window panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I—God has given the little fly
No such things, so he sings with his buzzing wings.

He can eat bread and meat, see his mouth between his feet!
On his back is a sack like a peddler's pack;
Does the baby understand? then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb on her thumb, maybe he will come.

'Round and 'round on the ground, on the ceiling he is found;
Catch him? No; let him go; never hurt him so!
Now you see his wings of silk drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie! oh fie! foolish fly! how will you get dry?

All wet flies twist their thighs; so they wipe their head and eyes;
Cats, you know, wash just so; then their whiskers grow;
Flies have hair too small to comb; flies go all bareheaded home;
But the gnat wears a hat; do you laugh at that?

Flies can see more than we, so how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly, mind your eye, spiders are near by;
For a secret I can tell, spiders will not treat you well;
Haste away, do not stay, little fly, good day!

—"I have a good husband," said the first lady. "I have an income of four thousand dollars and I give him half. He loves me very much." "I have a better husband than that," said the second lady. "He earns four thousand and gives me half. He loves me very much." "I have still a better husband," said the third lady. "He earns four thousand a year and gives me half. Then he is so careless that I get five hundred of the remainder out of his pockets without his being aware of it. He loves me very much."

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

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'Tis a lesson you should heed, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again;
Then your courage shall appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear, try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail, try, try again;
If at last you would prevail, try, try again;
If we strive 'tis no disgrace;
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case? try, try again.

If you find your task is hard, try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward, try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view, try, try again.

COULD'ST THOU BUT KNOW.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

ARTHUR.—Could'st thou know, oh, sweetheart mine, how, in sorrow, I pine,
To fear a prey; torn by a love that I dare not betray;
Soon, I trow, thou would'st appear, and my sad spirit cheer;
For thou alone reignest my queen, with my heart for thy throne;

NIOBE.—Happiness divine, thy loving voice I hear;
Ending every brooding doubt, dispelling every fear;
Oh, what joy is mine, bliss beyond compare;
I no more repine, all the world is fair;
Oh, what joy is mine, bliss beyond compare;
I no more repine, for all the world is fair.

ARTHUR.—Thy coming speed—my loving arms
Shall be thy shield from all life's harms;
Let doubts and feare forgotten be,
Lost in the knowledge that I love but thee,
I love but thee, I love but thee,
With love as endless as eternity;
I love but thee, I love but thee,
Thee, and only thee,
With a love that undying shall be;
I love thee, but thee, I love only thee.

NIOBE.—I love but thee, I love but thee,
With love as endless as eternity;
I love but thee, I love but thee;
Love thee, and only thee,
With a love that undying shall be;
I love thee, but thee, I love only thee.

SOMEBODY'S WIFE.

As recited by Thomas F. Byron.

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The lady was young, charming and gay,
Chilled with the wind of a winter's day;
The pavement was covered with snow and sleet,
And I found it a task for to keep on my feet.

Just then, with a short, stifled scream of alarm,
This fair one went down and bumped her arm;
I stopped, looked around, then her I espied;
Within three-quarters of an hour, I was close by her side.

After struggling some time, I got her on her feet;
She turned and said thank you, in a voice, oh, so sweet;
I raised my hat gracefully, and then raised both feet;
Like a thousand of bricks I came down in a heap.

In an instant I sprang to my feet once again;
Although you could see that I was in great pain;
Half dazed and bewildered, I stood for a while,
Scraping mud off my clothing and trying to smile.

Suddenly I forgot all my bruises, so sore,
Slowly I limped to the lady once more;
Pardon me, madame, but you seem quite alone;
If you have no objections, I'll escort you home.

Laughing and chatting, onward we sped;
Occasionally rubbing the bumps on my head;
Then, to my surprise, she began to act queer;
She became very nervous, as though something she feared.

I then got a jar that loosened my teeth,
By the toe of a boot, I was raised off my feet;
Regaining my senses, I ran for my life—
The secret is this: She was somebody's wife.

Memories of Home and Mother.

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Words by Harry V. Vogt. Music by J. Wesley Hughes.

Oh, sing again that dear old strain my mother sang to me,
When holy rays of other days gleamed through our threshold tree;
The sunset low, in purple glow crept o'er the sanded floor;
She lingered there, in that old chair, beside the oaken door.

The low-eaved roof, with mossy roof, and creepers trailing o'er;
The story long, the dear old song, beside that oaken door;
The eyes that shone, the melting tone of that sweet voice now still,
With silvered hair and plaintive prayer, bleet mem'ries how they thrill;
Then sing again that dear old song my mother sang to me,
When holy rays of bygone days gleamed through our threshold tree!

Long years have fled, the vines are dead, and withered that old tree;
And never more beside that door will mother sing to me,
But golden gleams of hallow'd themes will linger to the last;
I cherish still, with sacred thrill, the ashes of the past:
Home, sweet, sweet home, then sing again that dear old strain my mother sang
When holy rays of bygone days gleamed through our threshold tree. [to me,

Parody on:

Her Eyes Don't Shine Like Diamonds.

By Ward & Kennickson.

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Three bald-headed men were drinking one day
And their love stories did tell—
Tom of Minnie, who was so skinny;
Frank of his Daisy Bell;
The last one to speak was Jack,
Who spoke just unto his pals—he did say:
I'll tell you of one who takes the bun,
And this was his story that day:

CHORUS.

Her eyes don't shine like bootblacks on the sidewalks of New York,
For they are both in mourning, she whitens them with chalk;
With a base-ball bat she greets me, and always makes a hit,
For, lads, I love my mother-in-law just a little bit.

When Tom he got loaded he wouldn't go off,
Frank, his old pal, was the same;
Said Jack, with a smile, rest here awhile,
I'll order them up again;
So he called his old friend, the waiter, and said:
Three beers this way you may bring.
Are you married, Tom said, but Jack shook his head—
Seven years, and then he did sing:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-bye.

Written and Sung by Samuel Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A maiden fair, but awful fly,
With auburn hair, coming through the dye,
Like a bird of prey, does lie in wait,
Some fool from his money to separate;
She spies a dude, for his company pleads—
Like a lamb to the slaughter, him she leads;
'Twere better far had he not met
This maid who could make a banjo fret.

CHORUS.

Not au revoir, but say good-bye,
For his money and jewels that dude does sigh;
'Twere better far had he not met
This maid who loves for what she'll get.

This silly dude had not learned yet,
That in his head he'd a space to let;
He tells the maid he is well-to-do,
The maiden thinks, well, I'll do you;
She pulls his leg, he does not squeal,
But tells her she's his beau ideal;
Oh, cruel fate that did'st decreed
That a dude no brains did need.—*Chorus.*

—A Surprise.—Wife (in her usual strain): "Archibald, have you taken a drink to-day?" Archibald: "No, my dear—on honor." Wife: "Well, go out and take two. I have a milliner's bill for your consideration."

LOVE'S ENTREATY.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Louis Campbell Tipton.

Love, the day is slowly dying,
Fades the sunset's wondrous gold;
My poor heart for thee is sighing,
As in happy days of old;
Come to me, oh, come to me;
Tho' far away, my spirit is with thee;
Come to me, oh, come to me, tho' thou art gone,
Tho' thou art gone, my spirit is with thee.

Love, the wondrous stars are shining,
In the heaven's diadem;
Wherefore should my soul be pining,
For our home, dear, is with them;
Come to me, oh, come to me;
Tho' thou art gone, my spirit is with thee;
Come to me, oh, come to me; tho' thou art gone,
My spirit is with thee.

NO! NOT I.

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Words by Geo. H. Cate. Music by Lois Read Cate.

I know a pretty maiden, whose heart is joyous, light and free;
Oft I hear her singing, and her voice is full of glee;
If you'll lend an ear, this is what you'll hear:
Oh, I have a sweetheart, dearly he loves me;
Though he has not told me, I have eyes to see;
How I love to tease him, love to make him sigh;
I'm not had for the asking—No! no! not I.

I love my girlhood's freedom, no silken chains of love for me;
I have my own ambitions, and I will not hindered be—
I will make it plain, that he sues in vain;
Yet I love to see him looking at me so;
All his manly beauty sets my heart aglow;
To the fateful question I must make reply,
I will not surrender—No! no! not I.

And yet 'twas not intended for girls to go through life alone;
'Tis love that makes the world go round, and true it is, I own;
I was in the wrong, guess I'll change my song;
When he comes a-wooing, noble, strong and true,
How can I refuse him, how can I—would you?
When his love is pleading, can I love deny?
I won't hurt his feelings—No! no! not I.

THY WILL BE DONE.

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Words by Geo. H. Cate. Music by Lois Read Cate.

"Thy will be done," words of faith and prayer;
Born in dark Gethsemane, when Christ was kneeling there,
Come to this poor heart of mine,
Still my tempest into calm;
Though I walk in shadowed ways,
I will sing my Saviour's psalm;
I may not hear, I cannot see,
Where Thou, O God, wouldst have me go;
If in the dark Thou leadest me,
To trust is better than to know, better than to know;
Thy will be done, thy will be done;
Thy will, not mine, be done.

"Thy will be done," though mine all be gone;
Though on stony paths I stumble, I am not alone;
Thou wilt send Thine angel still,
When I drink the cup of woe;
With Thy comfort Thou wilt fill
All my heart to overflow,
And Thou wilt bless with perfect peace
The heart that stays itself on Thee;
I'll live by faith, and conquer death and sing;
Thy love that makes me free, love that makes me free;
Thy will be done, Thy will be done;
Thy will, not mine, be done.

—Right in the Eye.—"Get a cinder in your eye?" "No, I came here on a sleeping car and one of the pillows got in it. Can you see any trace of it?"

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education was my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for drunkards
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Kisses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Have heat learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river [ou and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Hummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alice
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the b[illegible]d
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allen
396 The longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Clandy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glentoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Kiza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave hussars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [lovely
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia reesebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

617 Lottie Lee
618 Who's at my bedroom window?
619 I have no home
620 It's nice to be a father
621 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
622 Only to see her face again
623 Kingdom coming
624 Barney O'Hea
625 Teddy O'Neal
626 Man with the sealskin pants
627 Medicine Jack
628 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
629 Keep in the middle of the road
630 Lanigan's ball
631 Lula is gone
632 An Irishman's toast
633 Village blacksmith
634 Naughty Clara
635 Dying nun
636 When the leaves begin to turn
637 Larry O'Brien
638 Mother kissed me in my dream
639 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
640 Dying Californian
641 Grandmother's birthday
642 Come where my love lies dreaming
643 Pop goes the weasel
644 Monkey's wedding
645 Mary had a little lamb
646 Wait for the wagon
647 Cork leg
648 Uncle Sam's farm
649 My old wife and I
650 I'm so lonely
651 Only as far as the gate
652 Peek-a-boo
653 Moonlight at Killarney
654 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
655 We never speak as we pass by
656 Tipperary christening
657 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
658 Old rustic bridge by the mill
659 Paddy Magee's dream
660 Dreaming of home and mother

661 Shall we know each other there?
662 Jolly Irishman
663 Folks that put on airs
664 Rosalie, the prairie flower
665 If I had but a thousand a year
666 Fisherman and his child
667 Swate Castle Garden
668 In the gloaming
669 Bring me back the one I love
670 Spider and the fly
671 A warrior bold
672 Tar's farewell
673 In her little bed we laid her
674 Dark girl dressed in blue
675 Separation
676 Pitcher of beer
677 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
678 Nobody knows what a racket was there
679 It's a cold day when I get left
680 Alice, where art thou?
681 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
682 Jessie at the railway bar
683 Ada, with the golden hair
684 Streets of New York
685 Courting in the rain
686 I'm dying for some one to love me
687 Is that Mister Reilly?
688 Let my name be kindly spoken
689 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
690 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
691 Poor old Mike
692 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
693 A life on the ocean wave
694 I am dreaming
695 Gipsy Countess
696 She's as good as gold
697 Watchman, tell us of the night
698 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
699 Ten thousand miles away
700 Give my love to all at home
701 Myge! Snyder's party
702 Increase of crime
703 Ship on fire
704 Josephus Orange Blossom
705 Oh! Susannah
706 Old Bob Ridley
707 Bonnie blue flag
708 Nell Flaugherty's drake
709 John Barleycorn
710 Rules for love-making
711 Land League Band
712 Down by the old abbey ruins
713 Glorious 69th
714 Old willow cradle
715 Funny old gal
716 Religious card player
717 Paddy's the boy
718 Teddy McGlynn
719 Lads who live in Ireland
720 Worn-out sailor
721 Mott street, 349
722 Limerick is beautiful
723 Seven out
724 Let me kiss him for his mother
725 Pretty lips
726 Sullivan's boot in my eye
727 Willikins and his Dinah
728 Captain with his whiskers
729 A knot of blue and gray
730 Foley's hotel
731 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
732 Never take the horseshoe from the door
733 Woman, lovely woman
734 Napoleon's dream
735 When the robins nest again
736 Oh! you little darling, I love you
737 Just do'n the lane
738 Call me back again
739 Milwaukee fire
740 One of the finest
741 Over the mountain
742 Belle of the ball
743 Farmer's boy
744 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
745 Hush-a-bye, baby
746 Where the ivy grows so green

747 Bridget Donahue
748 Down the hill
749 My Nellie's blue eyes
750 Ragged coat
751 Kitty Kimo
752 Little darling, dream of me
753 Juice of the forbidden fruit
754 Minute gun at sea
755 Some day
756 Sour krout
757 Don't give the name a bad place
758 Racketty Jack [hallelujah)
759 John Brown song (Glory, glory
760 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
761 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
762 Roger O'Malley
763 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
764 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
765 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
766 I'll await my love
767 Hard times come again no more
768 Mulcahey's gone away
769 Nineteen hundred and one
770 Colleen Dhas Machree
771 Only to see thee, darling
772 Blue bells of Scotland
773 A boy's best friend is his mother
774 That's how you get served when you're
775 Dear little innocent things [old
776 Mother, I've come home to die
777 Just before the battle, mother
778 Down in a diving-bell
779 Kissing through the bars
780 Skipper and his boy
781 Young man from the country

782 I'll be dar
783 The midshipmite
784 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
785 Naughty, naughty men
786 Naughty, naughty girls
787 New coon in town
788 Will a monkey climb a tree?
789 Bold soger boy
790 Heenan and Sayers
791 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
792 Sally, come up
793 Sea king's burial
794 One-horse open sleigh
795 Baby show
796 Swim out for glory
797 Jessie Green
798 Duffy's grand opening night
799 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My Newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the t'pe
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 Bee-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine rose
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born

775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White Wings [Glenmore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
834 Trabbling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother
841 I'm not asleep
842 Put on de golden shoe
843 I'll think of my mother at home
844 Two little ragged urchins
845 Silver bells of memory
846 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
847 Sock her on the kisser
848 Oh! you girls
849 Because she ain't built that way
850 Flanigan, the lodger
851 Married
852 Garden where the praties grow [gone
853 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
854 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
855 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
856 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
857 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
858 Annie Lisle
859 I will be true to thee
860 Down by the river side I strayed
861 Kitty Clyde
862 Under the willow she's sleeping
863 Bay of Biscay, O!
864 Hazel dell
865 It's funny when you feel that way
866 They've all got a wife but me
867 What is home without a mother?
868 Bowery Grenadiers
869 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe
870 Good-bye, Susan Jane
871 Nellie was a lady
872 Nettie Moore
873 To the West
874 Joe Hardy
875 Think of your head in the morning
876 Wash me, mother, dear
877 Remember, boy, you're Irish
878 Where can the wanderer be?
879 Colored band
880 It's naughty, but it's nice
881 We'd better bide a wee
882 Come along my, darling
883 Old turnkey
884 Sarah's young man
885 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
886 Belle Brandon [different ways
887 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
888 Hungry man from Harlem
889 When Johnny comes marching home
890 I was despised because I was poor
891 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
892 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
893 Clementine [thee
894 Sweet heather bell
895 Windy man from Brooklyn
896 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
897 You'll never miss your mother till she's
898 Remember me to all at home
899 Oh, what a night
900 Did you notice it?
901 Since my mother's dead and gone
902 America beats them all
903 Australian exile

904 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
905 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
906 Her own boy, Jack
907 Clara Nolan's ball
908 Letters we carved on the tree
909 Two Irish police
910 Little old red shawl my mother wore
911 Our Jack's come home to-day
912 He's never done anything since
913 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
914 Can you, then, love another?
915 Light-house by the sea
916 An Irish fair day
917 It's for money
918 As I read the paper through
919 They can't do it, you know
920 Letter that never came
921 A handful of earth
922 Is Maud in?
923 Southern soldier boy
924 Green mossy banks of the Lea
925 Manchester martyrs
926 Dear Irish boy
927 I haven't for a long time now
928 Save my mother's picture from the
929 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
930 Lay my head beneath a rose
931 Castlehar boy
932 Flora Belle
933 It's dudish you know
934 The letter came at last
935 My pretty Jane
936 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
937 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
938 Dad's dinner pail
939 The spree
940 Black pick-a-ninny
941 Widow Nolan's card
942 Maid of the Mill
943 Paddy Duffy's card
944 Little green leaf in our bible
945 Mary Kelly's bean
946 He'll be back bye-and-bye
947 Sonny black Bess
948 Little widow Dunn
949 Ghost of Benjamin Pinns
950 Man that struck O'Hara
951 A flower I found in mother's bible
952 Dying cowboy's lament
953 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
954 Star of the evening [mother's grave
955 Poor little soldiers' boy
956 Bold McIntires
957 Howard's cradle song
958 Handkerchief flirtation
959 Angel's whisper
960 Tom, if you love me, say so
961 Flying Dutchman
962 Little old cow-boy behind the train
963 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
964 I believe it, for my mother told me so
965 Mamma's black baby boy
966 Ungrateful son
967 Double-breasted mansion on the square
968 Yankee Doodle
969 The faster you pinch them the thicker
970 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
971 Sullivan and Ryan
972 Package of old letters
973 Cabin with the roses at the door
974 Morrissey and Heenan fight
975 Matrimonial suggestions
976 Mother's wedding ring
977 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
978 Never take "no" for an answer
979 Have you seen Yum-Yum
980 I'll return bye-and-bye
981 It's English, you know
982 In the window a light I can see
983 Little Ah Sid
984 The striker and his son
985 Tu-ra-rum
986 I cannot sing that song to-night
987 I kissed her under the parlor shade
988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
989 We draw the line at that
990 Merry shanty boys
991 Slightly on the mash
992 Down among the sugar cane
993 When my rover comes again
994 There's no one to welcome me home
995 John Mitchell
996 Dearest Mae
997 My bonny laboring boy
998 The dawning of the day
999 Wreck of the "London"
1000 The song that reached my heart
1001 The Scotch brigade
1002 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1003 I'm the father of a little black coon
1004 Where is Kathleen
1005 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1006 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1007 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1008 Just a little sunshine
1009 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1010 A letter from Ireland [knee
1011 I'm going to have my name above the
1012 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1013 Man, poor man
1014 When baby smiles in her sleep
1015 Songs that we sing
1016 Listen to my tale of woe
1017 Meet a coon to-night
1018 Copper and the cook
1019 Bring back my sailor boy
1020 Where the sparrows and chippies
1021 Old boss Barry [parade
1022 Midnight squad
1023 Isabelle St. Clair
1024 Don't run down the Irish
1025 From the cradle to the grave
1026 The little fishermaiden
1027 You know
1028 Up went the price
1029 Honor thy father and mother
1030 Marguerite
1031 Bid me good-bye and go
1032 I'm so shy

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side-door
1082 It showered again
1083 Marked on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange-grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Mamie's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's crying song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle, dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play?
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Ballyhooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old duddeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lillies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countre
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Tara-ra boom
1308 Maiden and the lamb [Carlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own
1312 Miner's Dream of Home [fireside
1313 Polly O'Neil
1314 He was a soldier
1315 Oh, ta-ra-ra
1316 Ting-a-ling-ting-tay
1317 The country girl
1318 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow
1319 Sweet Nellie Bawn
1320 There is a stranger's face in Heaven now
1321 I'll never go there again
1322 When the days grow longer
1323 Where the chicken got the axe
1324 After the ball
1325 Ginger
1326 Kiss my dear old mother, Jack
1327 Still the world goes on [over here
1328 I'm the man that brought Columbus
1329 I loved you better than you knew
1330 You can't stop her
1331 Bowery
1332 Afterwards
1333 Widow
1334 Reuben and Cynthia
1335 Out for a racket
1336 Kiss, and let's make up
1337 Columbus was an Irishman
1338 A pretty girl
1339 Love me little, love me long
1340 Two little girls in blue
1341 Daisy Bell
1342 She is my pic nic girl
1343 Oh, promise me
1344 When summer comes again
1345 Always mind your sister, Jennie
1346 Volunteer Organist [ought to be
1347 One of his legs is longer than it really
1348 In the bright moonlight
1349 The widow's plea for her son
1350 Hearts
1351 Keep the home together
1352 Tom and I'll go too
1353 I love you in spite of all
1354 They all take after me
1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Georgie
1358 Same sweet bells are ringing
1359 Have you seen her?
1360 Don't forget me, Mary
1361 Fallen by the wayside
1362 Is life worth living?
1363 December and May
1364 They are the best friends of all
1365 The ship I love
1366 Nancy Clancy's beau
1367 My Johanna Johnson
1368 Your mother and I, Maggie
1369 We never speak her name
1370 It's all gone now
1371 When Peggy and I are wed
1372 My Marie
1373 Mamie, come kiss your honey boy
1374 The fatal wedding
1375 The christening of Maggie's baby
1376 Seeing Jennie home
1377 Carrie
1378 No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry
1379 Half-past nine
1380 The little lost child
1381 The workingman's dream
1382 The face upon the barroom floor
1383 Conversation water
1384 Love will bring me back again
1385 The gay soubrette
1386 Will we ever be able to fly?
1387 The little musician
1388 Roaming in the clover
1389 Don't leave the old home, Mamie
1390 Twiggy Voo
1391 And the verdict was
1392 I'll take you home again, Kathleen
1393 Greet the old man with a smile
1394 The man that broke the brokers down
1395 The German Fifth [in Wall Street
1396 Fare thee well, my little sweetheart
1397 The pride of the ball
1398 Walking on de rainbow in de sky
1399 Day by day years have rolled on
1400 He married the daughter, mother and all
1401 Won't you be my sweetheart?
1402 Apple blossoms
1403 The little bunch of whiskers on his chin
1404 My pearl's a Bowery girl
1405 Maggie Mooney
1406 While the dance goes on
1407 Picture eighty-four [her back
1408 And her golden hair was hanging down
1409 Take him to your heart again
1410 Upon life's ocean cast away [you
1411 When you know the girl you love loves
1412 Kind words [all
1413 There's no place like the old home after
1414 I don't want to play in your yard
1415 Wait, Mr. Postman
1416 Magic pictures in the grate
1417 Swell up to date
1418 Thinking of one she loves
1419 Only to see my mother
1420 How do you like it?
1421 I long to see the old home once again
1422 When we're married by and by
1423 Believe me if all those endearing young
1424 Look in my heart [charms
1425 My beautiful Irish maid
1426 Olcott's Irish serenade
1427 Katy Mahone
1428 Nothing's too good for the Irish
1429 Take back the engagement ring
1430 He got the rinkey dink
1431 Girl wanted
1432 Linger longer, Loo
1433 His last thoughts were of you
1434 The church across the way
1435 How nice that all must be
1436 Those lost happy days
1437 McGinty at the living pictures
1438 McNally's old backyard
1439 Phoebe
1440 Broken hearts
1441 Whose little girl are you?
1442 The girl I love
1443 Hearts are trumps
1444 The little toy drum
1445 I went home wid Michael
1446 Forget the past
1447 Susie, do you lub me?
1448 He married Riley's bride
1449 Oh! how I love sweet Kathleen
1450 When the mailman comes
1451 Can't fool the Dutch [beau
1452 Little Johnny Johnson is my Sunday
1453 The ads that drove him crazy
1454 Happy is the bride that the sun shines on
1455 Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years
1456 Sweet Jennie Brown
1457 Tommy Atkins
1458 One girl in the world for me
1459 Denied a home
1460 After your wand'ring, come home
1461 Tell me that you love me still
1462 I'll never go out with Riley any more
1463 I'm going to tell on you, Katie
1464 It's a good thing, push it along
1465 Still his whiskers grew
1466 She may have seen better days
1467 Pretty Jennie Slattery
1468 What's the matter with your feet?
1469 Uncle John
1470 What could the poor girl do?
1471 My dad's the engineer
1472 Her picture was there next to mine
1473 This is unexpected
1474 You don't find a girl like my girl every
1475 Kathleen [day
1476 My Coney Island girl
1477 Sweet Eileen
1478 Streets of Cairo
1479 The band played on
1480 Just as it used to be in days gone by
1481 Mary rode the bike and bull
1482 Don't forget the friends that are dearer
1483 Rosey Magee [than gold
1484 I never loved until I met you
1485 With a wife and a nest little home
1486 What will you say, sweet Kitty Shea?
1487 Dimes and Nickels
1488
1489 In the Barroom
1490 Fishing—for what?
1491 The girl next door
1492 The Bowery Ball

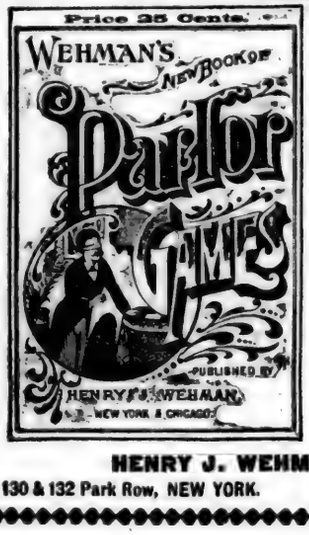
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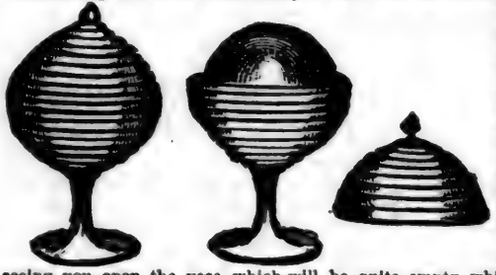
"Within the pages of this book, young and old may find fun, frolic and sentiment for every mind," for it contains a large and choice collection of new and original games for parlor and fireside, for which wit, action, memory, gallantry, necromancy, science and the arts are brought to play important parts, together with charms and incantations; also how to present, and the drama of "Punch and Judy." The following is a brief summary of what this book contains, namely: Games requiring memory and attention, ruses and catch games, forfeits, games of action, games requiring wit and intelligence, games for All Hallowe'en, and a variety of miscellaneous games and tricks; literary enigmas—in fact, material enough to entertain any parlor or fireside gathering. It ought to be in the hands of every lover of home amusement, as it is sold at a price that places it within reach of everybody. Price **25 Cents** per copy, by mail, post-paid, or 5 copies for $1. Get four of your friends to club in with you at 25c. each, making $1.00 in all, and thereby get your own book free of charge. Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago House, whichever is nearest to you.

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VANISHING BALL

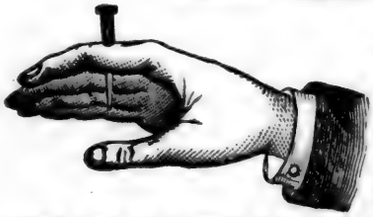
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From a round vase you take a polished ball, which you give one of the audience for examination, at the same time exhibiting the empty vase. You then take the ball in your hand, place the cover on the vase, and declare that you will make the ball pass through the table and into the vase without their perceiving it; with this, you place your hand under the table, bidding them look sharp, and tapping the under side of the table, you exclaim, "There it goes," withdrawing your hand immediately to show that the ball has vanished. Open the vase, and there is the ball inside. Replace the cover on the vase, so that every one can see the ball, and then offer to bet any sum that the ball is not inside the vase. Of course your bet will be taken, for everybody has seen it in the vase a second before. Imagine, then, their astonishment on seeing you open the vase, which will be quite empty, while the ball will be found wherever you designate. This astounding illusion can be performed in various ways—for instance, after passing the ball through the table into the vase, you may instantly pass it out of the vase, down through the table and into your hand; or you may show the vase with the ball inside, and say, "Now watch me! I shall blow the ball inside my pocket." You thereupon blow lightly toward the vase, after which you open it, and, sure enough, the ball has disappeared, and, as you stated, is in your pocket. Or again, you may change the ball into a gold dollar, a silver dime, a penny, or any small article you choose. The ball, vase and cover may all be given for examination, and will bear the closest scrutiny without fear of detection. Price **25 cents,** by mail, post-paid, or five for $1.



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Broken promise
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Baby's kiss
Bells of Shandon
Custer's last charge
Cacoch, the piper
Coals of fire
Correct card
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Der dog und der lobster
Drunkard
Dutchman and the raven
Dandy Fifth
Down in the mine
Der Eavesdropper
Dog and the tramp
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Face against the pane
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Faces in the fire
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Gone with a handsomer man
Green Mountain justice
Horatius at the bridge
Hans's visit to der "Garden"
Inch Cape bell
It's ever so far away
In the Shipka Pass
In the Dime Museum
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King Robert of Sicily
Kit Carson's ride
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Granger and the Gambler
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Just Do Your Best [Stewart's
Katrina's Visit to New York
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Kissing Cup's Race
Launching of the Ship
Left
Life-Boat
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Little Barefoot
Lorraine [Principle
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Phadrig Crohoore, or The
Polyglot [Irish Lochinvar
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Roger
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Scandal
Shipwrecked
Simple Story of G. Wash-
Simple Church [ton
Sioux Chief's Daughter
Sister and I
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Son's Wish [III
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Swell in a Horse-Car
To Bary Jade
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Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freihr', wie ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grane in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrentte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht]
Warum gschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deaner'l geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käfernaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im: ier fein—lustig sein
Im Wald und auf der Halde
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im B'ger
Land der Accidents (Da',
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer in mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Nastiotz Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelei:.
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gesicht
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Behrele in's Exame geno'
Draußa' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lied in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
Sinst spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maikäferl wabt
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graz ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoostcher Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friederikus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängertreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich hat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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The Man with the Red Neck-Tie.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. McGaw.

I'm the center of attraction wherever I may go;
Not because I am a dude—that you all do know—
It's all because I wear a certain kind of tie:
My friends, it's all because I wear a red neck-tie.
I always carry a cane, just to give me style,
And part my hair in the middle, to make the ladies smile;
I'm the envy of them all, as I hold my head up high,
As I walk down the street with my red neck-tie.

CHORUS.

I'm a sporty man with a sporty tie,
I'm the darling of the ladies, I always make them sigh;
Wherever I may go, I look so very fly,
I'm the dandy of them all with my red neck-tie.

Of course, I always have my coat button'd up so tight;
You'll be sure to see me out 'most every night,
And when the pretty girls they do pass me by,
If you'll only watch me, you'll see me wink my eye.
And when the summer comes, to the seashore I go;
'Tis there I have a jolly time, where the salt winds blow;
I dance at all the parties and bathe where waves roll high,
And, of course, I always wear a red neck-tie.—*Chorus.*

FORGET ME NOT, LENORE.

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Composed by F. J. Tierney.

Long ago, far away lived a maid,
If the tales of the past are but true,
Where so gladly to old ocean runs
That sweet river, the Danube so blue.
And one day there came riding that way
A bold, gallant, steel-armored young knight,
And his love to the maiden went swift,
As the arrow when sped on its flight,
As arrow on its flight.

REFRAIN.

Oh, little sweet forget-me-not, all like you should be true blue;
Speak this message unto her: "I love but you, but you."

"Come, now prove that you love," cried the maid;
"Bring to me yon' sweet flowers so blue."
And the knight in the waters plung'd deep.
"This I do now, my loved one, for you,"
As he sank with his armour's great weight.
He then flung the blue flowers ashore,
And exclaimed with his fast fleeting breath:
"Oh, forget me not, loved one, Lenore;
Forget me not, Lenore."—*Refrain.*

Milking the Cows with Mary.

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By Sam Devere.

When a lad on the farm, I learned how to mow,
To plough and to harrow, to reap and to sow;
But what pleased me most, was when I would go
Milking the cows with Mary.
A farmer's fair daughter, and scarce seventeen,
The fairest young creature that I'd ever seen;
Oh, time and time over, how happy I've been,
Milking the cows with Mary.

CHORUS.

The fairest, the brightest, the bonniest lass, tripping as light as a fairy;
Beside her each morning I'd kneel on the grass, milking the cows with Mary.

The cows in the pasture, browsing away,
Watched for our coming to milk them each day;
All huddled together, seeming to say,
Milking the cows with Mary.
So merrily singing, a blithsome young lass,
As fresh and as pure as the dew on the grass;
And many bright hours did I pleasantly pass,
Milking the cows with Mary.—*Chorus.*

'Twas early one morning, no one was nigh,
To test her affection I thought I would try;
Her sweet cherry lips I kissed on the sly,
Milking the cows with Mary.
Soon will I call her my own little wife,
To keep and protect her through this world of strife;
Then I'll be happy the rest of my life,
Milking the cows with Mary.—*Chorus.*

La Didily-Idily, Umti-Umti Ay.

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Words by Richard Morton and C. M. Rodney. Music by C. M. Rodney.

On the day that Jones made up his mind that he would wed a gal,
We resolved we'd paint the city red in honor of our pal.
Then we hired a band, a coach and six, and formed a lively gang;
Whatever happened, we cared "nix," and this is the song we sang:

CHORUS.

La didily-idily, umti-umti ay,
La didily um, was all that we could say:
We were out upon a spree and felt a trifle gay;
La didily-idily, umti-umti ay.

When we reached the parson's residence 'twas twelve o'clock at night,
And to get his reverence out of bed we tried with all our might;
Then we pulled the knob, but found the bell was broke and wouldn't ring,
But he arose and donned his clothes as soon as he heard us sing:—*Chorus.*

When the preacher tied the marriage knot each heart was light and free,
Until I asked Missus Jones to name the first boy after me.
But the party said, the child would be a "hoo-doo," if she did:
Then Jones said, if the first's a boy, I'm going to name the kid:—*Chorus.*

O'REILLY, O'KELLY, O'FOGARTY.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Three gentlemen fine came to town, the sights all around them to see;
In politics they had renown, their equals in style could not be.
The people all gazed in surprise, and one to another would say:
"Oh, look at them with all your eyes, and tell, if you please, who are they?"

CHORUS.

O'Reilly, O'Kelly, O'Fogarty, the three famous men of the day;
All up to the bar with alacrity, we'll make the triumvirate pay.
Sure, one is the Mayor of O'Reillyville, the others have power and sway:
O'Reilly, O'Kelly, O'Fogarty, the three greatest men of the day.

They came in a coach to each door, and first with the boss opened wine,
Then called ev'ry man on the floor to step up and have something fine.
In dignity they were immense, and never a word would they say,
No matter how much the expense, but vied with each other to pay.—*Chorus.*

At last to the Bow'ry they came, and then the boys took them in hand,
And jollied them up to each game, as only those boys understand.
O'Reilly was tied to a chair, O'Kelly was glued to the floor;
O'Fogarty, full of despair, was left in a corner to snore.—*Chorus.*

Next morning before Judge O'Day the sad-looking trio were brought:
He asked them what they had to say, and fined them because they said naught.
Their wives began howling with grief, but friends interposed with a plea;
The Alderman granted relief, and that was the end of their spree.—*Chorus.*

Mammie's Little Black-Faced Child.

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By Sam Devere.

Oh, away down South, where de niggers pick de cotton,
Dar's a happy little black-faced boy;
Oh, he sits all day on his mammy's knee a-trotting,
He's his papy's little pride and joy.
When de work am done and de niggers leave de cotton field,
You'll see a pair of darkies that will smile,
When they see over yonder in de corner of de kitchen—
(Spoken: Who?)
Why, mammy's little black-faced child.

CHORUS.

And when I say he looks like his mammy,
Dis little huckleberry-headed coon,
He'll sing and dance, while his mammy keeps a-patting,
And his daddy he whistles this tune:—*Whistle.*

Oh, de coons all say dat this little picaninnie
Is de idol of de old man's heart;
Wid his coal black face and his little eyes a-shining,
You can bet we will never part.
Oh, I works all day totin' wood down to de lever,
And I stacks it in a great big pile;
But when I git home, who you s'pose I'll see a-waiting?
(Spoken: Who?)
Why, mammy's little black-faced child.—*Chorus.*

Love Was Wedded in the Grave.

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Words by Charlie Rein. Music by Still Harcourt.

You've oft-times heard the story of those wedded without love,
The old, sad, wistful story, ne'er sanctioned from above;
A woman weak, not wicked, and a man who loved too well;
If all hearts told their secrets, many stories they would tell;
The fate of erring mortals this story tells you of,
A young wife and a husband, but a sweetheart had her love;
They were happy when together, but the time for them to part
Came without a warning, and it left a broken heart.

CHORUS.

Only a marriage without love, a mistake found out too late;
Could heaven arrange the wedding and allow such souls to mate?
Only a moment's pleasure, then a life-time filled with woe;
If the heart but did the courting, fatal loves we ne'er would know.

The sweetheart said, "Good-bye, my dear, and never prove untrue
To him you promised to obey till death should call for you;
I'll travel down life's path alone, the road so dark and drear,
Without a gentle hand to guide or loving voice to cheer;"
She tried to be contented, prove loving, kind and true;
The world scoffed at her efforts, and said, "God pity you"—
Her husband turned against her, and her sweetheart all she gave;
They ended life together, love was wedded in the grave.—*Chorus.*

A LITTLE RAG DOLL.

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Words by Charlie Rein. Music by Still Harcourt.

Two little girls met in the park, on a summer's day;
Each one had a little doll, and went their just to play;
One was dressed in tattered clothes, her slender arms were brown;
The other, dressed in satin, with rich laces on her gown.
"See the dolly papa bought!" the rich man's daughter said;
"Don't you think she's pretty, with her lovely, golden head?"
The other brought her dolly out, with sorrow, then did say:
"My little doll is ragged since mamma went away!"

REFRAIN.

"Your little doll has golden curls, and dressed so very fine;
But I don't like your dolly near as well as I do mine;
Even if your dolly's eyes are such a pretty blue,
I love my little ragged doll, and I would not trade with you!"

"My little doll will shut her eyes," the rich girl spoke in haste;
"And my doll will say mamma when I squeeze her tiny waist;
All her clothes are made of silk, her eyes are pretty blue;
Pray, tell me, what can your poor little ragged dolly do?"
"My doll cannot shut her eyes," the other one replied;
"I can't make her cry a bit, for I have often tried;
But mamma, who is now up there with angels in the sky,
Gave me this ragged doll, so I'll love her till I die!"—*Refrain.*

WHILE THE DANCE GOES ON.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Amid the glare and the splendor, amid the gay and the bright,
Joyous and merry the dancers, no thoughts of sorrow to-night;
Softly the strains of the music play on all evening till dawn—
Happy are they, joyous and gay, while the dance goes on.
Yet there is one of the dancers, one with a beautiful face,
Laughing and chatting so gayly, dancing with such careless grace—
There is no firm hand to guide her, no one to shield her from harm;
She is alone, husband at home, while the dance goes on.

CHORUS.

While the music is playing, in the grand ball-room,
While all hearts beat softly to the old sweet tune,
While the hours are passing, fleeting one by one—
No thought of the morrow, while the dance goes on.

"You will not go to the ball, love; stay with our baby to-night!"
Rang in the ears of this lady, whose sparkling eyes shone so bright;
What cares she for home and baby while she is queen of the ball?
Husband and home, baby alone, while the dance goes on.
Only too soon is it over, home she approaches at last;
There at the door meets her husband, whose sad tears fall thick and fast;
Then not a word is there spoken, gently he leads his wife on—
There on its bed baby lies dead, while the dance goes on.—*Chorus.*

I Loved You Better than You Knew.

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Words and Music by Johnnie Carroll.

Our hands are clasped, the last forever, perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other; this parting fills my heart with pain;
You ask, and freely I forgive you, the happy past I must forget;
And though I wander on in sorrow, I hope that you'll be happy yet.

CHORUS.

As through this weary world I wander, my thoughts alone will be of you;
In mem'ry I will see you ever—I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps, when I have gone forever, you'll sometimes sit and think of me,
And wonder if I'm dead or living; perchance I'll think the same of thee;
And when your friends have all departed, the friends you tho't were tried and true,
Remember one you left heart-broken had loved you better than you knew.—*Cho.*

DYING ROSE.

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Words and Music by Louise Tunison.

Rose, thou art fading, drooping and dying,
Though all the air with thy fragrance is sighing;
Can'st thou not live, sweet flowers, yet awhile longer?
That in thy presence my heart may grow stronger.
Last night my love gave me thee, as a token;
True was her heart, true the words of love spoken;
Thou brought me joy, rose—such joy did'st thou give,
I'd have thee ever, forever to live;
I'd have thee ever, forever to live.

While I behold thee, cruel doubts are banished—
Breathing thy perfume, sad mem'ries are vanished,
All of life's bitterness fades as a dream,
I forget sorrow, but joys do remain.
Ah! thou art dying, rose, still thou art dying;
E'en in thy death, rose, with fragrance thou'rt sighing,
Still I'll not chide thee more, in peace depart;
Thy life, though brief, hath thrice blessed my heart;
Thy life, though brief, hath thrice blessed my heart.

MAMIE RAY.

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By F. J. Tierney.

In a little cot lives Mamie, pretty, sweet and coy:
She's in love with shepherd Jamie, he's her sweetheart boy;
When the sheep are under cover, lambs all in the fold,
Mamie runs to hear her lover tell the story old.
Down by the stile, where the barley grows,
Back of the old red barn,
Often he kissed her, and no one knows
But the cows, so now where's the harm. Oh!

CHORUS.

Beautiful Mamie Ray, surely you'll not say nay:
Wise girls marry, so do not tarry, cupid must have his way;
Closer than ivy cling, happy as birds in the spring,
You'll then contented sing, beautiful Mamie Ray.

When the early summer morning gladdened all the land,
Came another, without warning, gold was in his hand;
Lord was he of field and meadow, smilingly he said:
"Leave this humble shepherd fellow, take my gold instead."
"No, sir," said Mamie, with flashing eye,
Though her poor heart was sad:
"True love's a jewel gold cannot buy,
So I'll stick to my shepherd lad." Oh!—*Chorus.*

Thro' the orchard, in the gloaming, 'neath the laden boughs;
Arm in arm, so idly roaming, none to hear their vows;
Jamie slyly stole a kiss, her heart was filled with joy;
She then promised to be his, to wed the shepherd boy;
And the cows all blinked their soft brown eyes,
Daisies their heads did nod;
All seemed to know then how very wise
Was sly cupid with bow and rod. Oh!

CHORUS.

Beautiful Mamie Ray promised she'd name the day;
She'll not tarry, but soon will marry—cupid has had his way.
Closer than ivy cling, happy as birds in the spring,
You'll then contented sing, beautiful Mamie Ray.

GOOD NIGHT.

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Words by W. T. Peters. Music by Louise Tunison.

Good night, happy stars, with your yellow eyes;
Good night, lady moon, in the evening skies;
Good night, dusky world and the boundless deep;
I am tired out, it is time to sleep,
Time, time to sleep; good night, good night.

Good night, weary boy; it has been decreed
That some myst'ries only a child can read;
But the sweet child heart may you always keep,
And the stars will be yours and the boundless deep,
The boundless deep, the boundless deep;
Good night, good night.

NEXT SUMMER.

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Words by Laura Ledyard. Music by Louise Tunison.

Beautiful things there are coming this way,
Nearer and nearer, dear, ev'ry day;
Closer and closer, my baby, my baby.

Mischievous showers and faint little smells
Of far away flow'rs, in far away dells,
Are coming in April, my baby, my baby.

Sly little blossoms that clamber along
Close to the ground, till they grow big and strong,
Are coming in May, little baby.

Roses and bees, and a big yellow moon,
Coming together in beautiful June,
In lovely midsummer, my baby, my baby.

Pretty red cherries and bright little flies,
Twinkling and turning the fields into skies,
Will come in July, my baby.

Feathery clouds and long after moons,
Scarce a leaf stirring and birdies soft croons,
Are coming in August, my baby, my baby.

Glimpses of blue thro' the poppies and wheat,
One little birthday on fast-flying feet,
Will come in September, my baby, my baby, my baby.

She May Have Seen Better Days.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitter cold,
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud
At something they chanced to behold;
I stopped for to see what the object could be,
And there, on a doorstep, lay
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;
She may have seen better days once upon a time;
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay,
For from her I was loath to depart;
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,
That something was breaking her heart.
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,
Respected and honored by all;
Her husband had fled ere they were long wed,
And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—*Chorus.*

SWEETHEARTS AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

They were two little children a-playing,
They quarreled as children will;
Then he begged her pardon, saying:
"We two will be playmates still."
But just for a while she did not smile,
And her frown only caused him pain;
He kissed her at last and the trouble was past,
Then said, "Now we're sweethearts again."

CHORUS.

Sweethearts again, sweethearts again,
Both of them singing love's old refrain;
Anger had fled, love reigned instead;
"Let us be sweethearts once more," they said.

They were fond lovers when they grew older,
Till some one between them came;
Their love very soon grew colder,
And yet he took all the blame.
He longed for a while to see her smile,
And his longing was not in vain;
"'Twas my fault," said he—"No, 'twas mine, Jack," said she,
And so they were sweethearts again.—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

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Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."
At the station, when he asked her for her name
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day,
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away.

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me—womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide—
"Have you seen my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face—
All is soon forgiven in one fond embrace.—*Chorus.*

THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to hear;
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Chorus.*

WITH A WIFE AND A NEAT LITTLE HOME.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"And so you want to work, young man?
Well, that you can easily do;
But you must do the best you can—
I want a lad like you;
I think you've left good friends, my lad;
Now tell me the reason why?"
With a cheerful smile, he paused awhile,
And then made this reply:

CHORUS.

"I've a picture here, of a girl so dear,
Through life I'll ne'er forget;
For I know that she will be true to me—
I bless the hour we met.
I was wild, I know—she told me so,
And advised me never to roam;
Though I came away, I'll be happy some day
With a wife and a neat little home."

The years passed by, he kept his word,
And stuck to his post like a man;
And fortune smiles upon him since
To work he first began.
One day in spring he went away,
But said, "I'll be back again!"
As he went along, he sang a song—
It was the old refrain:—*Chorus.*

A month or so had passed away,
He stood at the old merchant's door;
"Vacation's o'er; I'm back to-day
To take my place once more!"
Then brought a lovely girl inside,
"My wife, sir," said he—"my Jane!
We've a cosy home that's all our own,"
And then he sang again:—*Chorus.*

Mary Rode the Bike and Bull.

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Words by Chas. A. Taylor. Music by John Harding.

There are things in this world a woman can't do,
But there's nothing a woman won't try;
She is never content with what man can invent,
And she'll beat him in learning to fly;
Now the bicycle craze has set them ablaze—
Sister Mary's gone clear off her base;
She said she could turn it, was sure she could learn it,
And entered full-fledged in the race.

CHORUS.

She said that she could ride it, if she could only stride it,
So she started out with bloomers wide apart.
Mother said to shake it, father said you'll break it;
We all went out to see her get a start;
She sprang upon the saddle, and the wheel she tried to straddle,
The boys cried out, "How funny she must feel";
When she began to spin it, the gang cried, "Now she's in it"—
You bet your life that Mary rode the wheel.

Mary can ride anything she can stride;
She looks very well on a wheel,
But when the thing wiggles, it gives her the giggles,
And shakes her clear down to the heel;
But she kept it humming, and we saw her coming;
Her mother cried, "Pump on your right";
A little fly copper tried hard to stop her,
But Mary was soon out of sight.—*Chorus.*

There's a butcher next door, who owns a big bull—
He saw Mary out on her bike;
He bet Pa a ham she warn't worth a hang,
And Pa said, "Bet what you like,
My daughter Mary'll ride the bull to the dairy;
I'll back her for marbles or wool."
The bet was made, the plans were laid
For Mary to ride the bull.

CHORUS.

She said that she would ride it, if she could only stride it;
She sprang upon his back like Mollie Brown;
The bull began to buck her, mother swore he'd chuck her,
But Mary rode him all around the town;
The boys they all went crazy, and said she was a daisy,
And father tried to get the butcher full;
He said he'd lost his money, but Mary was a honey—
You bet your life that Mary rode the bull.

IN THE BARROOM.

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

I'm a celebrated workingman, me duty I never shirk;
I can do more work than any man from Pittsburgh to New York;
It's a perfect holy terror, boys, how I'll get through me work,
Providing I can do it in a barroom.
I'll hoist derricks with me shoulder, push freight cars with me breath,
That will make the boss feel tickled, till he's on the edge of death,
But, between us all, now whisper that I only have to sweat,
When I'm doing manual labor in the barroom.

There are coppers without numbers, with their well-developed chests,
Who make the most astounding of the whole police arrests;
They'll pound the air with vengeance, then dilate their manly chests;
If you'll only chase the liquor in a barroom.
They will catch thieves without numbers, they'll be up to snuff, you see;
They've caught a hundred murderers, including you and me,
But you'll find out when you know them that they must have twenty-three
Of the very largest schooners in the barroom.

There are actors who have acted in a hundred different roles,
And some whose fame extend beyond those two confounded poles,
But you'll find their acting qualities lies deep within their souls,
And they draw their inspirations from a barroom.
Their poses are heroic, and their methods are sublime;
They give old Garrick cards and spades, their soul is full of rhyme,
But when you come to solve them you will find that at the time
They only do their John McCullough's in a barroom.

There's the politician robust, with his pre-election ways,
Who works his fine influence on the blooming Fourth Ward jays,
And for fourteen kegs of lager then his nobs he boldly pays,
And he operates his canvass in the barroom;
But when the election's o'er and the free beer is all gone,
He'll wonder how the dence it was that his opponent won;
He'll find out that I voted for the other son of a gun,
And I often jollied heelers in the barroom.

FISHING—FOR WHAT?

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

When two little boys go out for the day,
And down by the brookside they're wending their way,
And each little boy has a nice little stick
You cannot call short or, by any means, thick,
And each little boy has a hook and a line,
Made out of a pin and a thin piece of twine;
An old battered can and some worms in a pot,
You can bet they're out fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

They are fishing for minnows in that little brook—
Their bait is a worm at the end of a hook,
With bright, eager face, the sport each one enjoys—
They are fishing for minnows, those two little boys.

When two little girls go out for a walk,
And these little dears are commencing to talk
Of the men with a sigh, and each maiden doth try
To capture a man with a glance of her eye,
And when the young men at those two maidens stare,
Their eyelids they'll droop and then blush, I declare;
It is when to this stage these young maidens have got,
You can bet they're out fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

They are fishing for sweethearts each dear little Miss—
Their bait is a sigh, then a wink or a kiss;
They drop in their lines and then patiently wait,
When along comes some Willie who swallows the bait.

When a man stays out late, till about three or four,
And takes just a glass, or, perhaps, a few more,
And keeps his dear wife waiting up half the night,
You all must confess he's not doing what's right,
And when he comes home quite expecting a row—
He don't deserve anything else, you'll allow;
She gives him a kiss—not one, but a lot—
You can just bet she's fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

She is fishing for money to buy a new dress;
Her bait is a smile and a tender caress;
Man swallows the bait without giving a thought—
When wives commence fishing then husbands are caught.

—Charles: "What is there about this hat that makes me feel dizzy?" The Hatter: "Why, it goes right to your head."

NUMBER ONE.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

In the game of office-holding, if you're going to take a hand,
There are certain fundamental rules it's well to understand;
If you don't, the odds are heavy, in the consomme you'll land.
Do you follow me?—I do.
Any antiquated notions that "an office is a trust,"
If you want to be successful, from your mind dismiss you must;
For, remember, you're not out for approbation, but for dust.
Do you follow me?—I do.

CHORUS.

If on your downy couch you'd slumber,
With a sense of duty fully done,
Look out for the good of the greatest number,
And the greatest number's number one.

In the matter of appointments you must not be over nice;
Though a candidate's conspicuous for ignorance and vice,
You can waive such minor matters, if he's only got the price.
Do you follow me?—I do.
In the letting out of contracts never mind whose bid is low;
That's a merely petty detail you at once aside should throw,
And award them to the one who'll give the biggest *quid pro quo*.
Do you follow me?—I do.—*Chorus.*

At economy and honesty and such romantic stuff,
Though it may be just as well, at times, to make a feeble bluff;
If you don't provide for rainy days you're far from "up to snuff."
Do you follow me?—I do.
If the papers should discover little matters done by stealth,
And should ask you awkward questions as to where you got your wealth,
Don't descend to explanations, go to Europe for your health.
Do you follow me?—I do.—*Chorus.*

Don't Forget the Friends that Are Dearer than Gold.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Of all the friends we have on earth,
And share with one another,
There's none so dear or half so true
As father and a mother.
They once were young, beloved, like you,
Though now grown gray and old;
Remember yet, and never forget,
The friends that are dearer than gold.

CHORUS.

So don't forget the friends that are dearer than gold,
They show the love now that never growe cold;
Of friends you may have many, but of all there isn't any
Like the friends that are dearer than gold.

No matter where we go or stray,
We find some roving brother
Who never knew that good, kind love
Of father and a mother.
Their parents long, perhaps, are dead,
Whose love is still untold;
While ours are here, let's their old hearts cheer,
The friends that are dearer than gold.—*Chorus.*

Return that love bestowed on you,
Far dearer than all others;
Where'er you go, you'll find no love
Like father and a mother's;
For when they're dead and gone from us
We'll see the truth's been told;
When left to mourn, we'll find out, when gone,
They were friends dearer than gold.—*Chorus.*

—Table Manners.—Proofs will never be wanting, probably, as long as written language is used, of the importance of attention to the rules of punctuation and construction. A list of military sentences recently made public in Paris contains this penalty, adjudged upon a cavalryman: "Trooper B. is sentenced to four days in the guardhouse for having cruelly struck his horse while it was eating hay with a pitchfork." Perhaps French horses may take on from their masters something of the traditional politeness of the French race, but it is not really likely that this cavalry horse found a way to eat his hay with a fork.

SINCE MOTHER'S GONE.

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Composed by F. J. Tierney.

There's such a change in all things 'round—the kettle has a dreary sound,
The willow droops quite to the ground, since dear old mother's gone.
The children go with ragged clothes, there's none to mend their broken toes;
The day seems long, night darker grows, since dear old mother's gone.

REFRAIN.

Then cherish your mother while she is near,
Do not in anger cause her a tear,
For sadly you'll miss her when she is gone;
Remember then to comfort her before life's task is done.

The father's there, but dear old man, although he does the best he can,
He hasn't such a tender hand, since dear old mother's gone.
Oh, lonely house, oh, empty chair, in fancy mother's seated there;
It brings our hearts 'most to despair, to think dear mother's gone.—*Refrain.*

Tell Me of My Old Sweetheart.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

They met across the sea, Ned and Jack, who used to be
Companions in a dear and distant land;
Old playmates day by day, around the village way,
And both were glad to shake each other's hand.
Jack was a rover born, who laughed all care to scorn,
While Ned still has a sweetheart far away;
They talked of by-gone times, with sailors yarns and rhymes,
And Ned with wistful voice would often say:

REFRAIN.

"Tell me of my old sweetheart, my joy of long ago.
Does she sigh while we're apart? She loved me then, I know;
Will she be mine when I go back, to bless each future year?
Oh, tell me of my sweetheart, Jack, my old sweetheart so dear."

"Your old sweetheart?" said Jack, "why, she longs to see you back;
She's blooming still, like flow'rs in summer days.
At heart to you she's true, she sends her love to you,
And ev'ry word she speaks is in your praise."
"I know," said Ned, "I know; her face with love aglow,
Comes to me in my travels near and far;
But tell me, Jack, oh, tell of her I love so well,
Don't mind the weakness of a brother tar."—*Refrain.*

THREE LINKS OF LIFE.

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Written and Composed by Alice M. Reynolds.

A schoolboy sat with head bowed down—
"I've failed in class," said he;
"Why can't I be like other boys,
And be as bright as they,
Who brighter grow each day;
I try to learn, but 'tis so hard
To keep it in my head"—
His mother, dear, with fond caress,
These words to him then said:

CHORUS.

Don't be discouraged, lad, your day will come:
Remember your childhood's prayer, Thy will be done;
I'll ever stick to you while life does last;
Be true to your manhood, boy, where'er your lot is cast.

A young man sat with head bowed down,
His hopes in life had fled;
"Why must I toil and drudge," said he,
"Just for my daily bread;
I'd better far be dead—
I long for wealth and rank and fame,
I have but naught instead"—
His dear old mother, with a sigh,
These words to him then said:—*Chorus.*

An old man sat with head bowed down,
'Twas not in grief nor shame;
His life well spent, his task was o'er,
He'd worked with might and main,
He gained both wealth and fame;
Through years of toil and strife and care,
When clouds hung dark o'erhead,
Those loving words still spurr'd him on,
The words his mother said:—*Chorus.*

MOTHER'S LOVING WORDS.

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By Charles A. Ware.

A fond and loving mother brings her children up with care,
A noble boy and sweet-faced girl are they;
With tireless hands she labors hard, that they may every way
Be a comfort when her head is old and gray.
No thought is on her mind of a future so unkind,
As would bring a sigh of sorrow from her breast;
So, with trustful love and pride, she kneels at their bedside,
Praying angels fair to soothe her darling's rest.

CHORUS.

Angels ever bright and fair, receive a mother's prayer:
God, guard my children through the night and coming day—
Are the loving words dear mother's heart will say.

If all the world's unkind to you, and friendship be denied,
Should you become forsaken or reviled,
A mother's love will cling to you and call you to her side,
For she never will forget you are her child.
Not your sister's love, or brother's, can compare with your dear mother's,
Even father may refuse to hear your name;
But if you are distressed, lay your head on mother's breast,
And her love and prayer for you will be the same.—*Chorus.*

Down Among the Cypress Trees.

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Written by F. J. Tierney. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Dere will nebber be no singin' by our little cabin door,
Dere will nebber be no playin', nor no preachin' any moah;
All de darkies hab cross'd ober to dat land beyond de sea,
And I heah de tug-boat comin' dat dey're sendin' after me,
Dat dey're sendin' after me.

CHORUS.

Down among de cypress trees, sleep de deah old friends ob yore;
Angels come and take me, please, I don't want ter stay no moah.

Dere am roses still a-growin' in de Massa's garden fair,
But dere's no one lift ter pick 'em, and dey all am with'rin' dere;
All de fields am white with cotton, and de sun am shinin' bright,
But my heart am sad an' lonely thinkin' ob de lubly time,
Thinkin' ob de lubly time.—*Chorus.*

Fah away de Mississippi rolls along down to de sea,
An' it alwa's seems a-strivin' an' a-strugglin' to be free;
Dat's de way my soul am feelin', like a bird dat's lost its wings,
Foah I want ter see de deah ones playin' on de golden strings,
Playin' on de golden strings.—*Chorus.*

What Will You Say, Sweet Kitty Shea?

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

I now take my pen in hand, sweet Kitty Shea,
To write you a letter from over the sea;
I'm well and I hope this will find you the same—
If my writing is bad, then my pen is to blame.
I'm lonely, since I left the dear old green isle,
For somebody's bright face and somebody's smile;
And that is the reason I write to you now,
To ask you a question, if you will allow.

CHORUS.

What will you say, sweet Kitty Shea,
If I should ask you to marry some day?
Will you say "Yes, dear," or will you say "Nay"—
Oh, what will you say, sweet Kitty Shea?

If what I am writing should not reach you, dear,
I hope that you always will think of me here,
And tell your old father and mother for me,
That I'll take care of them if my wife you'll be;
Now my ink is red and so is the red rose,
And my love is there where the dear shamrock grows;
Now sugar is sweet and the violets are blue,
And blue too I'll be till I hear, dear, from you.—*Chorus.*

DIMES AND NICKELS.

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Words and Music by Charles Fremont.

Katie was John's steady company,
They were happy as lovers could be,
Engaged to be married, the time was quite near,
Their young hearts were beating with glee,
But oft, between kisses, dear Katie would say:
"We must look forward to our wedding day;
This world is made up of sunshine and rain;"
And when John would laugh, she would sing this refrain:

CHORUS.

"Dimes and nickels, nickels and dimes;
If we thought more of them, we'd hear of less crimes;
Now, John, when we're married, in case of hard times,
You save the nickels and I'll save the dimes."

At last they were married and settled,
In a nice little place of their own,
And a baby would call out for Papa, so sweet,
In the evening when John would come home.
When the Union declared the big strike at the mill,
John went out, with his dear Katie's will—
She says: "Do not fret; we laugh at hard times,
For you've saved the nickels and I've saved the dimes."—*Chorus.*

ROSEY MAGEE.

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Words and Music by Marion & Pearl.

I have a sweetheart, the best in the land,
Although in style you would not call her grand—
But that makes no diff'rence, for she loves me,
And I am in love with sweet Rosey Magee;
'Most every evening, down by her door
I meet her and greet her, and kiss her once more.
After the whistle blows, I skip to see
My only sweetheart, my Rosey Magee.

CHORUS.

Rosey Magee, you've captured me;
Say that my wife soon you'll be;
True love for me in your eyes I see:
Oh, you are my own, sweet Rosey Magee.

Up in the parlor on Sunday we talk,
Or else we go arm in arm for a walk;
The boys down the avenue all envy me,
Because I keep company with Rosey Magee;
When we are married, I'll envy none;
With a smile she will greet me when my work is done;
I'll hold the baby while she makes the tea,
Glad and contented with Rosey Magee.—*Chorus.*

I Never Loved until I Met You.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Here, at your feet, I pledge my devotion;
I am your slave and you are my queen;
'Tis new to me, this sacred emotion—
I am yours only, sweet Adeline.
Oft my heart pined for some one to cherish,
Oft my soul sighed for solace serene;
Until I saw you my life was lonely,
Until I met you, sweet Adeline;
Until I loved you, sweet Adeline.

REFRAIN.

I never loved until I met you;
I never thought a heart could be so true;
Nothing can come between my love and my heart's queen;
I never loved until I met you, Adeline.

Joy fills my heart, for your eyes are beaming,
Beaming with love on me, oh, my queen;
Do not wake me if I am but dreaming,
Dreaming of bliss with my Adeline;
Cling to me close, love, life will be brighter;
No saddened thought can e'er intervene;
You are my idol, my heart is lighter,
Now you are mine, my sweet Adeline,
And I am thine, my sweet Adeline.—*Refrain.*

CUTE LITTLE TADS IN JEANS.

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Words by C. A. Beard. Music by W. T. Jelliffe.

Two little tads with sun-browned faces, aglow with the mirth of play,
Dressed in blue jeans, like the fad embraces, were playing tag o'er the way;
Proud were they in garments like daddy's—said one, "I'm a big man now!
Oh, let's play that we are section Paddies, and work like Mister McDow,"
So on went the impersonation, guileless of the drama of life,
People passing, with admiration, greeted the mimicers of strife.

CHORUS.

Little boy blue, how do you do? cute little tads in jeans,
Playing together in golden weather, dressed beyond their teens;
Precocious youths, in garments of toil, whiling away childhood's dreams,
Never thinking of strife, in after life, as the sequel to blue jeans.

Two brawny men, with hardship's traces, showing reverses in life,
Were toiling alike in diff'rent places, while dreams of their youth were rife;
Fortune brought them together one day, and each heart pulsed with joy's peans,
But joy fled at thought of each one's array, for both were garbed in blue jeans;
Reflections of youth sprang in their minds, of when they both wore jeans in play;
A change from pride their meeting defines—than when people used to say:—*Cho.*

WAITING AT THE DOOR-STEP.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

She waited at the door-step of a mansion grand and fair,
The night was cold and cold the world to her;
No one seemed to care for the little woman there,
Although they heard her pleading, help me, sir;
Another she said, Tom's home; I know he knows that I am here,
And yet he will not come to help me now.
Why do you turn me from you, Tom, to you I once was dear;
My boy and I must live—please tell me how?

CHORUS.

Waiting at the door-step there, a loving mother pleaded,
She had a little baby on her knee.
Pass on, was all they said, Tom with you will never wed,
And hopes your face again he will not see.

Old mem'ries came before her as she slowly walked away,
A poor, disheartened woman with her boy;
She must bear her shame, although she was not to blame;
She knew that she had been a rich man's toy;
They would not even see her, though she came from far away,
For wealth and fashion had no place for her;
Disgraced at home, an outcast in a poor-house she must stay,
Although she humbly said, please help me, sir.—*Chorus.*

ONLY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

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Words and Music by Alice M. Reynolds.

While riding in a street car, one balmy, bright, spring day,
I chanced to note a crippled child, who sat just 'cross the way;
His sad, gaunt face, and clothing bare, which I at once could see,
Said more than any language of dire poverty;
The child's face, as I read it, was not like other boys;
No happiness was written there, no trace of childish joys;
Into the car came a lady, whose face was bright and fair;
A bunch of flowers adorned her breast, their fragrance filled the air.

CHORUS.

'Twas only a bunch of violets, only a child's sad face,
That wakened a feeling in each one's heart which time can ne'er efface.
Only a bunch of violets, their mission was filled with joy;
They made the world seem brighter to the poor little crippled boy.

All eyes were turned upon the child as, with upheaving breast,
He seemed to draw the fragrance of the flowers from their nest;
The craving of that childish heart no tongue hath power to tell;
He turned and said, "Please, lady, may I have just one smell?"
Then, with a sob, she gave the flowers to the boy;
He pressed them to his bosom, his face lit up with joy,
The hearts of all beat faster—while trav'ling through life's way
They'll ne'er forget the crippled child, nor the lesson taught that day.—*Chorus.*

—"Where were you when your rich uncle died?" "Out in the cold, where I still am."—*Syracuse Post.*

WHERE'ER THOU ART.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Where'er thou art, in my constant heart, mem'ries sweet shall abide
Of the days when love's rosy maze we pursued, side by side;
In their spell I, content, will dwell, though apart we may be;
For each thought, with affection fraught, fondly turns, love, to thee;
Time shall never our hearts sever; by love's magic united forever,
Warmly glowing, fonder growing, they the trammels of space defy!

Doubt no more, love; fear give o'er, love;
Thee, and only thee, do I adore, love;
Ever dearer, ever nearer; thine, and thine alone, am I!
Where'er thou art, in my constant heart mem'ries sweet shall abide;
Of the days when love's rosy maze we pursued, side by side;
In their spell I'm content to dwell, though apart we may be;
For each thought, with affection fraught, fondly turns, love, to thee!

Though the days be long and dreary, I'll not weary
With sunny hope to cheer me; I'll fancy thou art near me,
In my dreams again behold thee, in my arms fold thee;
Hear thy voice to mine replying, whisper vows of love undying.

By thy smile my tears thou'lt banish, fears shall vanish,
While love's sweet story olden turns gloomy thoughts to golden;
Oh, the joy, beyond all measure!
Blissful pleasure, when I hear in softest tone,
"I am thine, and thine alone!"
The past and its sorrows forgotten shall be;
But endless to-morrows of rapture we'll see.
Where'er thou art, in my constant heart mem'ries sweet shall abide
Of the days when love's rosy maze we pursued, side by side;
In their spell I, content, will dwell, tho' apart we may be;
For each thought, with affection fraught, fondly turns, my love, to thee.

HIS PARLOR MAY NOT BE THE GRANDEST.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

There's many a home in which grandeur is shown
Where luxury and wealth, too, abound;
But with all of their luxury how little is known
Of happiness seldom there found:
But for happiness take the mechanic to-day,
Whose house is his palace and throne,
He's happier, by far, than the most of them are,
And he lives in a workingman's home.

CHORUS.

Though his parlor may not be the grandest,
It's cheerful and bright though for all;
There's always a welcome awaiting
For any old friend who may call,
And, at night, when his meal it is over,
A romp with the baby alone,
While the wife she stands by, with a smile in her eye,
She's the pride of a workingman's home.

His table is plain, yet he doesn't complain,
You're welcome to share what he's got;
And he covets not luxury, nor asks for the same,
Contented is he with his lot;
And then should a wand'rer, of assistance in need,
But call, or from hunger alone,
He's never abused, and he's never refused,
At the door of a workingman's home.—*Chorus.*

His house may be small, though it's tidy for all,
Devoid of luxury so rare;
And he cares not for splendor, but if you should call,
Real happiness you will find there.
There's no tapestries hang in his parlor or hall,
No pictures of art are there shown;
His pictures, so worn, are of loved ones that's gone
Evermore from a workingman's home.—*Chorus.*

—As It Is in Boston.—Little Waldo: "Oh, mamma, just see how that dog pants!" Mrs. Backay: "Waldo, I shall have to correct you severely unless you stop using the word pants. Say trousers."

—Mrs. Poore: "Why, Jabez! what's the matter?" Farmer Poore: "Oh! nothing now. I got it out. But, say, Marindy, is this a free country when a man can't go barefoot in his own house without being bothered by the income tacks?"

LITTLE BABY.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Who turns shadows into sunshine, gladdens mamma's poor heart some time?
Little baby, mamma's baby darling boy,
Who makes merry with his laughter, bringing joyous echoes after?
Little baby, mamma's baby pride and joy;
And, at night, when tired and sleepy, softly down to rest will lay,
Soon he's dreaming, dreaming sweetly what he'll do to-morrow day.

CHORUS.

Mamma, she loves her baby, blue eyes and golden hair,
Dimpled cheeks and so rosy, two little hands so chubby and fair;
Into all kinds of mischief where'er his will may call,
Still mamma loves her baby, dearest of all.

Who creeps down the stairs so early with his golden hair so curly?
Little baby, mamma's baby darling boy,
Who greets papa with sweet kisses and dear mamma never misses?
Little baby, mamma's baby pride and joy;
And when playing, soon in mischief mamma's work all scattered lays,
Then she scolds, but never means it, she is pleased and only says:—*Chorus.*

BABY HAS GONE TO SLEEP.

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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

A smiling young couple were wed one day,
And soon settled down in the same old way,
And when a wee baby, it came so sweet,
They were made happy, their joy was complete;
How they would laugh when he tried to talk;
How they would boast when he managed to walk;
He was their sunshine, their home's little king,
And night after night the proud mother would sing:

CHORUS.

Go to sleep, baby, darling, close your pretty blue eyes,
The angels will guard you, my own little beauty, they're watching you from the skies;
Don't you cry, baby deary, and slumber will o'er you creep;
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, papa, step softly, the baby has gone to sleep.

But sadness came into that home one day,
The baby fell ill and would seldom play;
He no longer smiled at his latest toy;
His voice wasn't heard in its childish joy;
How they would kneel then and fervently pray,
"Father in heaven, don't take him away"—
His spirit's departed beyond the sky—
No more the sad mother sings this lullaby:—*Chorus.*

THE GIRL I PROMISED TO WED

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

It's best to be off with the old love, they say,
Before you are on with the new;
An old man told this to a youngster, one day,
The adage is old, but true;
He told of a girl that once loved him dear,
But he played her false, then he said,
I'll show you a photo and lock of hair
Of the girl I promised to wed.

CHORUS.

She had no fair face, nor fortune grand,
But then she was true and tried;
But I longed for wealth and beauty then,
And sought to find both in a bride;
For little I cared for the value of love,
But learned in the years that have fled
That she was the girl of a thousand girls,
The girl I promised to wed.

Whatever may come or whatever may go,
The picture may fade year by year,
There's yet a soft spot in my heart, where I know
Her face will always be clear;
Although I was faithless, the old man said,
And married another instead,
No love ever won her or called her wife,
The girl I promised to wed.—*Chorus.*

SAD MOMENTS AT HOME.

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Words and Music by Percy Cahill.

In an old village farm-house, on a cold winter's night,
There sat by the old grate, the fire burning bright,
An old gray-haired couple and a wayward young lad,
The pride of the dear ones, but oft-times made them sad;
He was asking his parents their consent to leave home,
But his mother said, "No, Jack, you must never roam."
With all their hard pleadings, he would have his way;
His father turned to him and these words did say:

CHORUS.

Remember you are parting from the truest friends and home,
These eyes with tears will haunt you wherever you may roam;
You had better stay on our farm, among the corn and cane;
Remember you may, some day, want your old farm days again.

In this same village farm-house this old couple love shared;
Not a word had they heard from this wayward young lad;
The boy grew to manhood, and he did long for rest,
And said I'll go home among the friends true and best;
In his dreams he could see his dear old mother in tears.
As he entered the old gate once more, after years,
Like flowers neglected they pined away and died—
His home, alas! empty, he bitterly cried.—*Chorus.*

MARY AND MOSES.

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Written and Composed by Alice M. Reynolds.

Fair Mary was a Quaker, a Quaker maid was she;
Young Moses loved this Mary, he loved her verily;
Six times he asked to marry, yea three times two times three;
She wouldn't say yea, though he begged her each day, and this is what he did say:

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, don't be contrary, wilt thou my dear wife be?
Thou never shalt rue, I'll ever be true if thou wilt marry me.

Now Mary was Eve's daughter, and full of vanity;
Says she, "I'll try and see if he doth truly loveth me;
So said she thus, "Now, Moses dear, if I should marry thee,
Wouldst give me my way, and ne'er say to me nay, and this is what he did say:

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, I'm ne'er contrary, wilt thou my dear wife be?
Say yea, I implore; I'll ever adore if thou wilt marry me.

Now, Moses dear, said Mary, this garb which thou dost see
Doth not enhance my charms at all, it ill becometh me;
Wouldst thou object if I did don gowns of society;
Oh, say, Moses, may I wear decollette, and this is what he did say:

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, don't be unwary, I fain would see thee dressed
Just simple and neat, just plain, dear, and sweet, 'twill be, by far, the best.

Oh! Moses dear, said Mary, you're such an icicle;
I've set my heart on learning to ride a bicycle;
Wouldst thou object if I did wear the pants just to the knee;
Oh, what wouldst thou say now, do answer me, pray, and this is what he did say:

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, listen, I prithee, 'tis but a sorry whim;
No man in the place would e'er see thy face, forsooth they'd see thy limb.

Now, Moses dear, said Mary, a prude I can't endure;
I would be gay and airy, of this thee can be sure;
What wouldst thou do if I did pose as a living picture?
Oh, turn not away, but do answer me, pray, and this is what he did say:

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, I will not marry, with thee I'd be forlorn;
No man in the place would e'er know thy face, they'd truly know thy form.

—"There's lots of luck in a rabbit's hind foot," said the man who is mildly superstitious. "You should get one." "Ha-ha," said Willie Wishington, after some thought. "Ha-ha. That's a joke. We only get Welsh rabbits at the club, and they haven't any hind feet."—*Washington Star.*

—Van Braam: "Young Mr. Hiland is always singing Miss Oakland's praises." Robertson: "Perhaps that is why she dislikes him so intently." "That's rather odd, isn't it?" "You wouldn't think so if you were once to hear him sing.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

WHOSE HEART IS YOUR HEART?

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Words and Music by Gilmore and Leonard.

Two school children playing one fine summer's day,
Not knowing of sorrow or care,
Proposed in a childish and odd, foolish way,
That each other's troubles they would share.
Up spoke the boy, his heart filled with joy:
"Sweet Nellie, come tell me, I say—
I've a feeling in here, something quite queer;
If I ask, will you answer me, I pray:

CHORUS.

Whose heart is your heart? I claim it to-day;
I ask for it, sweetheart, now do not say nay;
To guide you from all harm to God I will pray,
And teach you to love only me."

'Tis five years ago since I asked for your hand,
And a happy, sweet home it brought me;
It brought us sweet joy when our first babe was born,
Nothing brighter on earth could there be.
When baby could toddle a coldness for me,
A change that I could scarcely see,
Her love went away, and I'd watch day by day
For the old love to come back to me.

CHORUS.

Now whose heart is your heart? I claim'd it one day;
I asked for it then, and you did not say nay;
You gave it to me, love, don't take it away,
I'll teach you to love me again.

She left our bright home one day in May,
Though faithful to her did I stand;
A friend whom I thought the dearest on earth,
One whom I thought true and grand,
Had taken my place in her young childish heart.
Her false fancy led her astray,
And when she returned, with her babe on her breast,
I spoke to her gently, and I said:

CHORUS.

"My heart's not your heart, you cast it away;
You broke all the vows of that once sacred day;
You're beyond all redemption, no more can I say:
Whose heart is your heart? I claimed it one day."

AS THE SHIP SAILED AWAY FROM OLD IRELAND.

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Words and Music by Sailor Burton.

One day on the docks I stood, watching the ships;
But one in particular there,
I noticed, was just going to leave the old land—
Thought I, a few moments I'd spare,
To hear the good-byes and to watch lovers part,
As the ship sailed away with the tide.
I wondered how many on board would return,
To sit by their own fireside.
I saw a fond mother shake hands with her boy;
As the tears dimmed her eyes she looked pale.
I'll picture to you all the scenes that I saw,
As the vessel was just going to sail, and ahoy.

CHORUS.

Friends they were saying good-bye, good-bye,
Tears they stood, yes, in ev'ry eye;
Fond mothers cried, true lovers sighed,
As the ship sailed away from old Ireland.

I saw a young fellow, and an Irishman true,
A young girl stood close by his side;
Said he, "Norah, darling, when I've made a home,
You can come and be Dennis' bride.
I like the old land and the loved ones at home,
But think of the sorrow and strife
That runs through our isle, and Norah, my own,
Over there you can ne'er be my bride;
But in a new land I will work with a will,
Out westward your Dennis won't fail."
But one kiss—they part, who knows, perhaps for life,
As the vessel was just going to sail, and ahoy.—*Chorus.*

Now the next scene was touching—an old couple there
Were bidding a youngster farewell;
He'd done something wrong in a mad, boyish freak,
And he dreaded a cold pris'n cell.
So the old folks were sending him far o'er the sea,
But, just as they said their good-bye,
Two soldiers, a sergeant and a private, were seen.
Then the tears dimmed the old couple's eyes,
For the youngster was charged with desertion—poor lad,
He shiver'd and turned deathly cold,
For it killed the old woman, she died on the quay,
As the vessel was just going to sail, and ahoy.—*Chorus.*

Good-By, Dear Old Step-Stone, Good-By

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By Bob Slavin.

I stand on the door-step at evening time now,
The wind whistles by with a moan;
The fields will be whit'ning, but I will be gone
To roam on the wide world alone.
I stood on the door-step when school time was o'er,
And long'd for the time to go by;
But now it has gone, and I stand here to-night
To bid this dear step-stone good-by.

CHORUS.

Good-by to the door-step, good-by to my home,
God bless those I leave with a sigh.
I'll cherish dear mem'ries when I'm far away;
Good-by, dear old step-stone, good-by.

There's many temptations with which I may meet,
Sad, mournful, sincere ev'ry day;
But the folks at home I never shall greet,
Their forms will be so far away.
I'll think of the dear old step-stone at the door,
And oft drop a tear from my eye;
I'll stand in my dreams as I do here to-night,
To bid this dear step-stone good-by.—*Chorus.*

DON'T BE ANGRY, SWEETHEART

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Words and Music by Sig. S. Schiff.

While strolling out one evening, with Mamie by my side,
We rambled to the seashore, and there to watch the tide;
While picking shells and pebbles some angry words we had,
I spoke of former sweethearts, which made her heart feel sad.
She turned away in silence, her grief was very strong;
I wished I could recall those words, I knew that I was wrong;
I placed my arm around her waist, her head on my breast laid;
A flood of tears came to her eyes when these words to her I said:

REFRAIN.

"Don't be angry, sweetheart, do not look so blue,
I was only fooling, you know I'm always true.
Place your arms around me and kiss me once again;
Don't be angry, sweetheart, and do not cause me pain."

We started home together, the hours glided by,
It made me feel heart-broken when I heard Mamie sigh;
I told her I was hasty, no more I'll cause her pain.
At first I thought my pleadings they had been all in vain,
My darling spoke up brightly, she looked into my eyes;
Her face, before in anger, was graced with charming smiles.
To me 'twas like a stormy day, when sunshine follows rain;
I pressed her to my bosom, and then I sang this refrain:—*Refrain.*

THE LITTLE SCRIBBLED NOTE.

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Words by Fred Hale. Music by Geo. H. Diamond.

In a land far o'er the foam, far away from friends and home,
Can be seen a lad whose eyes are filled with tears,
As he looks up at the sky and begs of him on high
To protect his mother in her aged years.
He was sent for years to dwell in a dreary prison cell
For a crime another man had done;
So a little scribbled note to his mother then he wrote,
And bids her pray for him, her only son.

CHORUS.

'Twas only a little scribbled note, sent to his mother dear;
The lines were few that he had wrote, yet bids her not to fear;
It tells her he'll return some day; I'm your same true son, he wrote.
It cheers her poor old aching heart to read that scribbled note.

In a little cottage home, sitting silently alone,
Can be seen his aged mother, bent with years,
And upon her care-worn face naught but sorrow can you trace,
As she thinks of him amid her hopes and fears.
But she waited all in vain, for her boy he never came,
Still she has one little spark of hope;
She is often heard to say, he will come home some day,
As she reads again that little scribbled note.—*Chorus.*

WHAT PAT WOULD DO FOR DEAR OLD IRELAND.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Love of country is the purest love that's been created yet,
'Tis a love that never changes, 'tis a love we ne'er forget.
Lovers' vows may cool and languish, false tongues cause true hearts to break,
But 'tis not so with the true love, borne for kin and country's sake.
Where is there a man so craven who'd refuse to take a stand
'Gainst the foemen of his sireland, of his own, true native land?
Pat is forced from his dear nation far a-field for years to toil,
But would lose his life defending one small strip of Irish soil.

CHORUS.

Think what a mother would do for her son,
Or a husband for the bride he's won;
Sure they'd lay down their lives for their own darling ones,
And that's what Pat would do for dear old Ireland.

In some city o'er the ocean we find Pat a wealthy man;
Life with him has been successful, truth and honor was his plan.
He has grown rich and respected for fair dealing in the mart;
But there steal through all his riches thoughts of home, though far apart;
And to-day, if Ireland needed, he would be the first to go,
And to wield his good right arm in her defence against the foe,
Leaving his new home, his riches; gladly he would leave his all,
If old Ireland were in danger and upon her sons should call.—*Chorus.*

Standing at some bar of justice, in old Ireland we may trace,
'Midst the herd of rogues and fellows, some true patriot's noble face,
Shrinking from those petty pilferers, he in silence stands alone,
For the charge 'gainst him is treason, treason to the queen and throne.
When the judge declares him guilty, see him lift that noble head,
And they pause for him to speak there, ere his sentence shall be said;
Well he knows *Death* is that sentence, but he looks up with a smile;
In that silent court he murmurs: "It was done for Erin's Isle."—*Chorus.*

THEY WERE ALL THERE.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I used to keep a beer saloon, to thirsty souls it was a boon,
And all my pals would bring their gals and say, "How do, young fellah."
One night the lot got slightly beered, and from my gaze they disappeared;
All over I sought, till I bethought of looking down the cellar.

CHORUS.

They were all there, every one was there,
Not a blessed soul away, looked as if they'd come to stay.
When I saw—it fairly made me swear—
Pouring down the lager—they were all there.

My maiden aunt, Miss Martha Splash, left me her house and all her cash,
With forty cats afraid of rats; to keep them she commanded.
I tied them up within two "ticks" inside a sack filled up with bricks;
Then, like a shot, I dropped the lot, but when at home I landed—

CHORUS.

They were all there—every one was there,
Every Tom and Tabby cat, looking healthy, fine and fat.
When I saw—it fairly made me swear—
A-wiping off their whiskers—they were all there.

A poor man's troubles never cease, especially trouble with police.
The other night from sixty quite I had to run so fleetly;
I ran up one street, down the next, until those coppers were perplexed;
I skipped the lot and home I got, but I was done completely.

CHORUS.

They were all there—every one was there,
Thin policemen, long and tall, fat policemen, short and small.
When I saw—it fairly made me swear—
With sixty pairs of handcuffs—they were all there.

I used to court twelve maidens fair, and told each I was true to her.
One night each pet I should have met about the hour of seven;
With each I named a different spot, then—met the sweetest of the lot.
Thinks I with glee, to-night I'm free, I've skipped the other eleven; but—

CHORUS.

They were all there—every one was there,
Girls of every shade and hue, whom I'd told I would be true.
And I saw—they meant to curl my hair—
With pots and pans and pokers they were all there.

—The Bostonians never speak of money as "rocks." They refer to it as "precious stones."

YOU MAY RETURN TO ME.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

A mother wept the day before her daughter was to wed;
She gazed upon the bridal robes and anxiously she said:
"To-morrow you'll be gone from me, but ere you go away
I pray you to remember well the parting words I say:

REFRAIN.

"You may return to me; whate'er your lot may be,
Where'er you roam, you'll know at home a welcome waits for thee.
Love's vows, however free, are naught but mystery;
So, rich or poor, my girl, be sure you may return to me.

"The vows that lovers make before the wedding often change;
That happened in your father's case, tho' you may think it strange;
He fled from me with a fairer face soon after you were born.
And that is why I think it right my only child to warn."—*Refrain.*

MY HEART'S DESIRE.

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Words by Ella A. Woods. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

The May-time beauty again is here,
And the May-time glory shines;
But my heart is buried, my dear, my dear,
In your grave beneath the pines.
The May-time music is in the trees,
For the birds are here again,
And the May-time fragrance is in the breeze,
Making glad the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

All my earthly joy is sleeping in your lowly bed,
And my thoughts are vigil keeping where my love lies dead.

What, though the frost and the winter's snow,
If the heart within be glad?
And what of May-time joy as glow,
When the soul of man is sad?
In vain for me are the May-time songs,
And in vain the May-time bloom;
For your lowly grave my sad heart longs,
For its silence and its gloom.—*Chorus.*

The Birds Sing Sweeter, Lad, at Home.

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Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Chas. E. Pratt.

When but a lad of tender years, my dear old simple Dad
This maxim would impress upon my mind:
"Remember, Joe, where'er you go, you'll never know the joy
You found with loving kindred left behind.
Strange sights will greet your seeking, strange companions take your hand;
You may wander through this world, my boy, alone;
Bright birds of ev'ry plumage will attract and please your gaze,
But you'll find the birds sing sweeter, lad, at home.

CHORUS.

"In ev'ry foreign clime keep this motto in your mind,
Admire, if you will, each silv'ry tone—
Do not be led astray by the bird of feathers gay,
For you'll find the birds sing sweeter, lad, at home."

Though many years have passed away, my mem'ry still retains
The tender, thoughtful words my father said.
He's sleeping now behind the church, and mother, too, is there;
The sweet home birds they loved, sing overhead.
No welcome voice gives greeting to the one who went away,
And who says, while choking back a plaintive moan,
There were birds of ev'ry color; but my dear old Dad was right
When he said, "The birds sing sweeter, lad, at home."—*Chorus.*

—Tommy: "When I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier." Mother: "What! and be killed by the enemy?" Tommy: "Oh, well, then I guess I'll be the enemy."

DAD AND ME.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by Felix McGlennon.

We ain't hankerin' after riches, we don't want to live on cake,
And with plain old bread and butter we the best of life can make;
Mother don't wear silks nor satins, and no lady fine is she,
But in all the world no one dearer is to dad and me.

CHORUS.

'Tain't the money makes you happy—it's the love that's in your heart;
If the dear old folks are left you, from all else then you can part;
You can sing of home and mother till you're tired and off the key,
But you won't tell half the blessings that they bring to dad and me.

On our walls there ain't no pictures painted by an artist grand,
But that don't stop us from having happiest home in all the land;
Sister "Nell" can't sing like Patti—out of tune her voice may be,
But no voice will sound more sweet than hers does to dad and me.—*Cho.*

When the day's work all is over, home across the fields we go,
Watching in our little cabin cheery lights flit to and fro;
There we know we shall find welcome, though no fine words spoken be,
But it's home, and that is heaven, so it seems to dad and me.—*Chorus.*

She Loved Him Still the Same.

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Written by F. J. Tierney. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

The wedding bells rang sweetly when Jim and Nell were wed,
And for a year fair fortune shed blessings on their head,
Then shadows hid the sunshine, Jim stained his honored name,
But Nell to him was faithful, she loved him still the same.

REFRAIN.

No more he kissed his darling, but thrust her from the door,
And told her, with curses, "Love's foolish play was o'er,"
Yet this faithful wife forgot her grief and shame,
Her broken heart forgave him, she loved him still the same.

When Jim was sent to prison, her tears poured down like rain;
She slaved and toiled unceasing, and got him out again;
He gave his solemn promise to lead a better life,
But soon he had forsaken his trusting little wife.—*Refrain.*

One night in drunken quarrel he drew an ugly knife;
Words soon were turned to fighting [pistol shot], he lost his useless life;
Nell read it in the paper, and to the funeral came;
She could not yet forsake him, she loved him still the same.—*Refrain.*

He'd Rather Rock the Cradle.

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Words and Music by Marcus G. Harrison.

How happy is the father who so fondly rocks to sleep
His only little baby, who has hardly learned to creep,
And the loving mother sits there with a glad and cheerful eye;
How often she will smile to hear him sing a rock-a-bye;
He'd rather spend his evenings home than other joys to seek;
He'd rather play with baby boy, and teach him how to speak,
Than to stroll out in the evening, with his older friends to roam,
For since the little one has come, he loves to stay at home.

CHORUS.

He'd rather rock the cradle, he'd rather rock to sleep
His only little baby, who's hardly learned to creep,
Than to stroll out in the evening, with older friends to roam,
For since the little one has come, he'd rather stay at home.

How overjoyed at night he'll be, when through with daily toil,
And swift the moments seem to fly, as he trends o'er the soil,
For his only thought while speeding on is of that baby boy;
To say and sing the songs he likes has grown to be his joy;
No fear of bitter quarrels ever dawns upon his mind;
This little boy, his greatest joy, has never fault to find,
And oft-times the mother will recall their blissful wedding day—
It seems a solace to her heart to hear her husband say:—*Chorus.*

—The Board of Health—Three meals a day.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

SHE'S JUST PLAIN KATE.

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Words and Music by David Marion.

There's a dear little creature lives next door to me. I call her just plain Kate,
And in the evening 'tis pleasure to see me strolling with just plain Kate;
All of the neighbors, how jealous are they;
It's not Katie to them, but "my dear Miss McVey,"
None other but me has the privilege to say just plain Kate.

CHORUS.

Her father calls her "Kathaleen"—the neighbors they all say,
"We more than pleased to meet you; how are you Miss McVey?"
Her mother calls her Kitty, but mine is a happier fate,
For I'm the only one she loves, and to me she's just plain Kate.

Now twice in the week I call in to see my sweetheart just plain Kate,
With love in her eyes, there's a welcome for me from my sweetheart just plain Kate,
And when I'm leaving she'll say, "Dear, take care;
Now wrap yourself warm, look out for the night air;"
Then I kiss the girl with whom none can compare, just plain Kate.—*Chorus.*

Waiting, Yes Waiting for Me.

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Words by Harry Perrine Keller. Music by Clyde Leon Keller.

We were together, Lou and I, watching the grand billows roll;
Eyes that were blue looked into mine and reached my inward soul;
Mem'ries of home, with pleasures sweet, came to us both that night;
Love, oh, so tender, filled each heart, whispering words of delight;
Long had I loved her, held her too, time after time, on my knee;
That night she told me she had long been waiting, yes waiting for me.

CHORUS.

Now she is waiting, oh, why should I stay,
There's a heart beating and calls me to-day;
Waiting, yes waiting with unceasing strife,
Longing to share all my joys through life.

Hear me again, sweetheart, now do—I have a home of my own;
All through the day, sweetheart, I dwell on thoughts of you alone;
Could I but have you with me now, could I but hear your lay;
For there's a pain of deep regret struggling within me to-day;
Soon I must leave you for my post, love it will my watchword be;
'Till I return, your heart keep light, while waiting, yes waiting for me.—*Cho.*

IT'S ALL OWING TO MOLLY.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

I once was as gay and light-hearted a fellow
As you in this wide world could e'er hope to see;
But now I'm as sad as a strain on the 'cello,
Played molto maestoso in minorest key;
I moan and I groan, and I've turned a prime pessimist,
Nothing can please me, but everything pains;
I mope and I grope, and there's come, I confess,
A mist over the article known as my brains,
And it's all owing to Molly,
The maid I had hoped to call wife;
Her cruel behavior, like blows of a pavior,
Has ruined, forever, my life.

As fair as an angel by Raphael painted,
I drank of love's nectar until my head swam,
But found, when too late, that by treachery tainted,
Her saccharine smile was a soul-sick'ning sham;
Her whiles and her smiles, made from hope's rosy pinnicle,
Fair as an Eden, the future appear;
But, now, on my brow are care's character cynical,
Life's a Sahara, simoom-swept and sere,
And it's all owing to Molly,
I'm plunged in a gulf of despair;
With sorrow and trouble, life's rainbow-hued bubble
Has burst into emptiest air.

She smiled on my suit from the very beginning,
That red-letter day our acquaintance began;
For six weeks of happiness I had my inning,
And love in a course of lubricity ran;
All care fled in air and I basked in beatitude;
Fool that I was to imagine her true;
To-day I'm a prey to the basest ingratitude,
Yearning for rest 'neath the shade of the yew,
And it's all owing to Molly
My misery's cup overflows;
Grown sadder and wiser, oh, how I despise her,
The source of my manifold woes.

I Couldn't Refuse Them, My Darling.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Last night I was out with the boys, you can bet,
And jolly good fellows each one that I met;
Of course, you can see that I'm not sober yet,
But I'll be all right bye and bye.
This morn' I turn'd in, it was just about three;
My wife she says, "Charlie's been drinking, I see."
Says I, "Well, my darling, you cannot blame me,
The boys, one and all, they would cry—

CHORUS.

'Have another, just another;
Come, Charlie, old man, I know you can stand
Just another, have another.'
I could'nt refuse them, my darling."

I told her, of course, "I was down to the club,
And I was elected the president of,
And couldn't get away any sooner, my love,
For we were a jovial set.
We toasted you, darling, we praised you, divine,
We drank your good fortune a dozen of times;
But still, I'll admit, we were floating in wine,
And still I can hear them cry yet—

CHORUS.

'Have another, just another;
Come, Charlie, old boy, I know you'll enjoy
Just another, have another.'
I couldn't refuse them, my darling.

"We drank to our members, our sweethearts and wives,
We wished them good health for the rest of their lives;
And not one among us could any despise,
All jolly good fellows, I vow.
For case after case, how the Champagne did pop,
And while the wine sparkl'd we all were on top,
And not till the last did a one of us stop,
But, oh, if they'd only say now—

CHORUS.

'Have another, just another;
Come, Charlie, come back, don't leave us like that,
Just another, have another.'
I could'nt refuse them, my darling."

SIXTY WAS THE NUMBER.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I met a charming widow once, who went dead mashed on me,
For ere I left the little dear she asked me down to tea;
She said, "I live in Catch'em Street," and gave me o'er and o'er
Such very long directions, so I should not miss the door.

CHORUS.

And sixty was the number, the number of the street,
Yes, sixty was the number, where lived the widow sweet.
She said: "Come down to tea with me and tap upon the door."
Oh, sixty was the number, boys, I couldn't wish for more.

I went to tea just once or twice, she charmed me off my head,
And very shortly after that unto her I got wed.
We went into the vestry then, the curate showed the page,
And told my wife to sign her name, also to put her age.

CHORUS.

And sixty was the number, the number she put down;
Sixty was the number—I could not help but frown.
I found out she was that at least, and maybe sixty-four;
Oh, sixty was the number—well, I couldn't wish for more.

When we got home she said that very little cash she had,
But she had got a family who'd be proud to call me Dad.
She said: "Of course, you'll keep them, dear;" said I: "Of course, I will."
But picture my amazement when I found out with a thrill—

CHORUS.

That sixty was the number of children I'd to keep;
Sixty was the number—it fairly made me weep,
For I'd to work both night and day to find them grub, I'm sure.
Oh, sixty was the number, boys—I couldn't wish for more.

Oh, what an awful time I had! but now once more I'm free,
Because a judge has sent my wife to jail for biga-mee.
A very smart detective—oh, I'll ne'er forget his worth—
Proved she had several more than me of husbands on this earth.

CHORUS.

And sixty was the number of husbands she had got;
Sixty was the number—a fine and healthy lot.
So I was free once more, you see; with joy I gave a roar,
Sixty was the number—well, she couldn't wish for more.

TAKE OR LEAVE ME.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

With burning vows you strive in vain my heart to take by storm;
For none may hope my hand to gain who wears that uniform.
Though love within my heart be rife, its pleadings I'll withstand,
For more than lover, more than life, I love my native land.
Take or leave me, leave me, leave me:
Though it grieve me, grieve me, grieve me,
Still my heart will hide its scars;
And no man, sir—man, sir—man, sir—ever can, sir—can, sir—can, sir,
Win it till he vows allegiance to the stripes and stars.

A hapless maid, I cannot aid to fight my country's foes;
But in my soul, beyond control, a patriot's ardor glows.
The dream of love my heart has nursed, should freedom's cause demand,
Shall banished be my country first—God save my native land!
Take or leave me, leave me, leave me:
Though it grieve me, grieve me, grieve me,
Still my heart will hide its scars;
And no man, sir—man, sir—man, sir—ever can, sir—can, sir—can, sir,
Win it till he vows allegiance to the stripes and stars.

JENNY AND I.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In the golden days gone by we were lovers, you and I,
And though clouds bedimmed the way, we'd be true we vowed for aye.
Naught could part us, naught divide, we were trusted, true and tried;
For the future how we planned, as we'd ramble hand-in-hand.

CHORUS.

Jenny and I, Jenny and I, boy and girl together,
Toddling along to the same old school, heedless of the weather;
Older we grew, still we were true, true to each other through life;
Jenny and I, Jenny and I soon will be husband and wife.

How we'd linger by the stream, how we'd bask in love's young dream,
As we watched the waters glide, you'd cling closer to my side.
We thought not of worldly care, we'd no sorrow—love was there,
Building castles bright as gold, as you in my arms I'd fold.—*Chorus.*

As we in the past have been in the future we'll be seen,
Ever faithful, ever true, though the skies are dark or blue:
Sailing down life's peaceful tide, in each other we'll confide,
Faithful ever on through life, faithful husband, loving wife.—*Chorus.*

KITTY.

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Words by Joseph Flynn. Music by Andrew Mack.

Oh, Kitty, I'm a-waltin' here, my dear,
And me heart is sinkin' down into me shoes;
For I'm nervous and I'm shakin' now with fear,
For I thought you'd get me note and would refuse.
Say, Kitty, if I thought yer'd trow me down
For any other feller, I'd get sore.
For I loves yer so much, honest, Kitty dear;
If I gets the go-by I'm no good no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, Kitty, won't yer listen to me ditty?
Try and have some pity on me, Kitty dear;
If I thought yer'd shake me queerly,
When yer knows I loves yer dearly,
On the level, Kit, 'twould break me heart, for sure.

Now, Kitty, don't yer know that I'm no dude?
But I always had the price when we went out,
And yer never wished fer nuthin', did yer, Kit?
That I didn't flash my roll and start to shout?
Yer promised that yer'd marry me in June,
But yer weakened when I called for you that day;
But my heart is still a-singin' the same tune,
'Cos I loves yer, Kitty, in the old, old way.—*Chorus.*

STATION FORTY-THREE.

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Words by D. W. O'Connor. Music by J. Joseph Kiernan.

On the midnight air there's pealing forth a warning sound,
In the street is noise of footsteps hast'ning past my door;
Rumbling comes a glit'ring engine girt with fire around,
Drawn by plunging steeds, it passes with a roar;
I now read the signal strokes, as on my ear they fall;
They, alas! once tolled the knell of happiness for me,
When the life of my brave love went out to their drear call;
'Tis a summons now as then from Station Forty-three.

REFRAIN.

One, two, three, four, sound the mournful notes;
One, two, three, now o'er the slumb'ring city floats;
Firemen, heroes true, God above speed ye
On your noble mission, on to Station Forty-three.

Fancy now recalls that scene—a night of long ago;
I, in peril, at the window—my despairing cry;
Struggling with the throng, my lover's in the street below,
Heeding not its warning shout, "to enter is to die,"
He is bounding to my side—the flames a victim crave;
As he wraps my form he prays, "O spare her, God, to me";
We now gain the street, but Jack falls dying to the pave,
As the signal strokes die out for Station Forty-three.—*Refrain.*

Years have flown, but still my heart to my dear lad is true,
And I'm weary waiting for our meeting by and by;
There is nought but sadness for me as I journey through,
Through a world where all must know a sorrow ere they die.
When I hear the fire-bells toll and see the distant glow,
Then I pray that loved ones from all dangers may be free;
And their solemn tones have always caused my tears to flow,
To me they are ever ringing, "Station Forty-three."—*Refrain.*

I ONLY KNOW I LOVED HER.

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Written by W. A. Archbold. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I never shall forget the time I first knew Nancy Hall,
When in the summer twilight we would roam,
And as the nights grew longer, then I oft would make a call,
To find a hearty welcome at her home;
I often see the picture as we'd gather 'round the fire,
And hear her laugh of happiness and glee;
'Tis true her old dad told me once his very heart's desire
Was that his little girl should marry me.

CHORUS.

I only knew I loved her, Nancy Hall;
Her bonny face I ever can recall;
Through bright or stormy weather, we swore we'd cleave together,
And she was my first sweetheart, Nancy Hall.

How pleasant was my lot just then, for truly it did seem
That I had found a gem without alloy;
My sweetheart fixed the wedding day, then all passed as a dream—
'Twas but a dream of happiness and joy.
One night her poor, old father came to me with ashen face—
He waved a missive wildly in his hand:
"This letter is for you," he cried—her writing I did trace;
I broke the seal, although I scarce could stand.

CHORUS.

I only know I loved her, Nancy Hall;
I read that she was lost beyond recall;
I felt my hand was shaking, and I knew my heart was breaking
As I cried: "Ah! she has left us—Nancy Hall.

I could have slain the villain then who'd ruined both our lives—
Thank heaven that we never, never met;
For years I tried to fancy her the happiest of wives;
She'd scorn'd my love, but I could not forget;
And when the goal of fame I'd reached, ah, then how my heart bled,
I hungered just to see my love once more;
One day I heard a sweet, sad voice beseech aloud for bread;
I found 'twas she, and starving at my door.

CHORUS.

I only know I loved her, Nancy Hall;
'Twas heaven's gift I never could recall;
"I cried: "You shall not perish, your future I will cherish";
And her cold lips pressed my hand, poor Nancy Hall.

—Let Hell be blotted out to-day, and there is material enough in any saloon-keeper and a barrel of whiskey to start another one. —*Yale Record.*

I'LL BRING IT HOME TO YOU ALL DE TIMES.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A big black coon once loved a pretty yaller girl,
And he loved her more than life;
There was nothing in the world for this gal he wouldn't do—
Why for her the nigger even shook his wife.
The nigger made money, for he had a good trade,
And if he only worked one day,
He would hasten to her house just as soon as he got paid,
And he'd empty out his pockets there, and say:

CHORUS.

It's just like the boss done give it to me, baby;
I don't know if it's dollars or dimes;
Just stick to me, honey, and I'll make a lot of money,
And I'll bring it home to you all de times.

The gal wasn't slow, she used to jolly him along,
And it really was too bad;
For she pulled the nigger's leg, and she pulled it good and strong,
And she pulled it out of joint for all he had;
There was a black adonis that the girl admired,
And he used to blow his "dough,"
And the coon that played the chump, brought the gold and never tired,
For where the money went he didn't know.—*Chorus.*

One day the darkies met and quickly war began,
And you couldn't tell for a while
Which coon was goin' to win, for such carving was a sin,
For the mokes went at it reg'lar nigger style;
The hospital shelters a nigger carved in two,
And the morgue holds one in death;
The little yaller gal "flew the coop" because she knew
That the coon would separate her from her breath.—*Chorus.*

Scenes from the Emerald Isle.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In praise of old Ireland and what she has been,
We have had songs by many a score,
Of deeds that were done in that island so green,
By our forefathers in days of yore;
But 'tis not the Ireland at present we know,
With her glories all gone to decay;
And so here to-night 'twill be my aim to show
You some scenes from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

On the famed port of Dublin we view our first scene,
When watching the vessels depart;
Pat's leaving his mother, his wife, or colleen;
He's leaving the home of his heart;
Starvation has forced him, though fond hearts may yearn
And pale lips implore him to stay;
With a sad heart he leaves them, p'rhaps ne'er to return—
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

An old woman sits by a mud-cabin door,
She's watching for her only boy;
She kisses his portrait, she cries out, "Asthore!
Come back to your mother, my joy."
But the lad pines in exile, through one simple word
Gross injustice has caused him to say,
And the prayer of the mother will never be heard—
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

The hour is near twilight, the crow-bar brigade
Are out on their foul errand bent;
They go to evict poor old Barney McQuade
Because he has not got the rent.
See, he kneels at their feet and for mercy does cry:
"Give me time! give me time! I will pay."
But he's turned from his cabin to starve and die—
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

In a once happy home on an Irish hill-side,
There's sorrow instead of glad mirth;
The light of that home like a felon has died,
All for loving the land of his birth;
His widow and children sit wrapped in despair,
For their friends have all vanished away,
And his crime—if it was one—his children must bear—
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

—A man is a fool in some new way every day.—*Atchison Globe.*

DEAD AMONG STRANGERS.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by F. J. Tierney.

By the river stands a woman, shiv'ring in the cold night air,
And unto herself she murmurs, "I can end my sorrow there;
No one there will mock and scorn me, there my face I need not hide;"
And the poor girl soon was resting peaceful on the river's tide.

CHORUS.

Dead among strangers, her story a secret,
None to forgive her, poor girl, for her fall;
Not one to whisper a sweet word of parting—
Only another heart broken, that's all.

Floating in the morning sunshine, she was found by fishermen,
And unto their hut they brought her, with her white face marked with pain.
Just a word was said above her, ere her form was laid away,
And the poor girl was forgotten ere the closing of the day.—*Chorus.*

He who caused her all her sorrow never knew where she was laid,
Never thought of reparation for the wasted life he'd made;
Fame and riches were his portion, fate her brightest smiles did lend,
But the hearts "across the river" trembled, thinking of his end.—*Chorus.*

CATHY DEAR.

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Words and Music by M. de Martha.

When the sunset meets the hill-tops, Cathy dear,
And the daisies wet with dewdrops bright and clear,
Then I long, dear heart, for thee, oh, my queen of love to see,
Something sweet to tell to thee, Cathy dear.
Thou art fairer than the lilies so white,
With eyes that rival stars, both pure and bright;
Yet your soul, so pure and true, holds a charm, my love, so new,
For the one who loves but you, Cathy dear.

CHORUS.

Cathy dear, don't you hear? won't you listen, love, to me?
All the birds are singing as they flutter near;
In your face so sweet they see a little hope of love for me,
Faithfully I'll wait for thee, Cathy dear.

Often, when the moon is beaming, Cathy dear,
And the birdlings sweetly dreaming without fear,
Seems to me long years have passed since I saw you, dearest, last,
Since the blushes came so fast, Cathy dear.
I am waiting, love, to make thee my bride,
In a cottage by the sea we will abide;
Then, a queen for evermore, let the waters dash and roar,
Let the waves sing "I adore," Cathy dear.—*Chorus.*

MY OLD VILLAGE HOME.

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Words and Music by Dr. A. Merlin.

I long for the dear ones at home,
I miss them as no one can tell;
Dear father and mother, dear sister and brother,
In the old village home I love well.
'Twas there that we parted, with tears in our eyes
And a blessing of love on my ear;
Oh, I long to go back and find them all well
In the old village home I love dear.

CHORUS.

To see them once more will gladden the heart,
I miss them as no tongue can tell;
Oh, I long with a sigh, and with tears in my eye,
For my old village home in the dell.

I dream of the dear ones at home,
When sleeping, I'm back in the dell,
Thro' the old village street, to the wild rustic seat,
And I drink from the old-fashioned well;
With shoutings of joy I am met at the gate,
And no more I've decided to roam.
I awake—it's a dream, then I mournfully sigh
For a glimpse of my old village home.—*Chorus.*

I'LL BE CONSTANT AND TRUE.

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Written by W. A. Archbold. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In simple set phrases I'll sing in the praises
Of love, 'tis a ne'er ending theme;
The sweet, tender passion is ever in fashion,
And makes life one beautiful dream.
The big ship is starting, two lovers are parting,
'Tis Jack and his Sally so neat;
Her dear golden tresses he gently carresses,
She whispers in tones low and sweet:

CHORUS.

I'll be constant, constant and true,
Hoping and waiting, my dear love, for you;
When you come back over the ocean blue
You'll find your little sweetheart still is constant and true.

Though oceans divide them, whate'er may betide them,
They've sworn to be faithful and true;
And Jack still is dreaming of light he saw gleaming,
Of love in two bright eyes of blue.
Her picture he's wearing, for her sake he's daring,
And spurs on to fortune and fame;
In sweet accents ringing, he hears her voice singing,
When he asks, will my love be the same?—*Chorus.*

The ship is returning, his true heart is yearning
To greet his own darling once more;
Her picture he kisses, he thinks of the blisses
And sweet, happy courtship of yore.
The harbor is sighted, their hearts are united,
And swear to prove constant through life;
Then Jack wins his treasure, his cup's filled with pleasure,
To hear from his own darling wife:—*Chorus.*

TOKENS FROM HOME.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by Felix McGlennon.

I left my dear country to cross the blue ocean,
I left it like many a man's done before;
I thought as in business I might be successful,
When once I appeared on a far, foreign shore.
My dreams all came true, I got on very nicely,
How diff'rent from what things had been o'er the foam;
One night I received, whilst among my admirers,
A package from friends whom I knew when at home.

CHORUS.

A beautiful token they sent me with a message from over the foam:
"You have been successful quick, so we send you half a brick,
To remind you of your home, sweet home."

I knew my relations and friends, when they heard of
My glorious success, would be pleased well, indeed;
I knew they would hasten to send me a letter,
A kind, loving note, and despatch it with speed.
I told all my pals they'd p'rhaps send me a present,
To remind me of those I had left o'er the foam.
One ev'ning, whilst bragging, for me came a parcel,
I knew by the writing 'twas from my dear home.

CHORUS.

A beautiful token they sent me with a message from over the foam,
"You seem fairly on the 'bust,' so we send a mouldy crust,
To remind you of your home, sweet home."

I always was friends with the local police force,
And knew they'd be anxious to hear of my fate;
So to the inspector I sent a long letter,
Informing him that I was doing quite great;
I told all the big-wigs how much they adored me,
And said, their affection for me wouldn't cease.
One night came a parcel with this written on it:
"With compliments from all the city police."

CHORUS.

Some beautiful handcuffs they sent me, with a message from over the foam:
"You have worn these now and then, and you'll wear them once again,
If you come back to your home, sweet home."

I always was thought a nice man by the ladies,
So I prospered well in that far foreign shore;
You see, I could flirt without fear of the missus
Whom I'd run away from on my native shore.
One night, when surrounded by four pretty maidens—
Each of them I had sworn I would cherish for life—
For me came a package; I said, "From dear mother,"
But I knew jolly well it had come from my wife.

CHORUS.

A beautiful token she sent me, with a message from over the foam:
"To reward you for your sins, I have sent you on the twins
That you left behind at home, sweet home."

Oh! Solomon, You Are So Wise.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Solomon Sobersides courted a girl,
Solomon Sobersides didn't long falter;
Ere he had been many weeks on a mash,
He led his dear little girl to the altar;
He thought she'd ne'er had a lover before,
But she'd been spooned on by over a score;
There they were clustered around the church door,
Laughing and joking and singing.

CHORUS.

Oh! Solomon, you are so wise; oh! Solomon, you've won the prize,
Mashed the girl, bought the ring; Solomon, you don't know everything.

Solomon Sobersides took the girl home;
All her old mashes at once followed after;
Solomon asked his dear wife to explain
What was the meaning of their jeers and laughter?
What did they mean poking each other's ribs?
Why did they whisper about maiden's fibs?
Why did they say: "Twig his fat-headed nibs?"
What did they mean by their shouting?—*Chorus.*

Solomon Sobersides lived with his wife
For a few weeks very happy in clover;
Neighbors will talk, so he laughed at their hints,
But ere the honeymoon was so long over,
Wifey let drop hints of something concealed,
Something that very soon would be revealed,
Showing that he was not first in the field,
For one day she to him whispered:—*Chorus.*

Soon was the terrible secret divulged,
Solomon realized he was a gaby;
When he was married, well, nearly three months,
There came to him such a nice little baby,
And home from school came a half dozen more
Rough boys and girls, who turned out such a bore;
Solomon's wife had been married before,
That's why the neighbors all shouted:—*Chorus.*

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

A soldier brave bade his wife good-by,
To battle he had to go;
Bravely he fought, bravely he fell,
Fell with his face to the foe;
Sadly she mourns for her darling one,
As the shadows around her creep,
Thinking of him she will ne'er see again,
She's sinking in slumber deep.

REFRAIN.

But light shines out of the darkness, a loving face is there;
She hears a voice that whispers, banishing gloomy care;
And loving lips are pressed to her's, till earth like paradise seems;
She sees her husband once again, in the land of dreams.

A wayward boy by the camp-fire sits,
A letter he reads from home:
"Come back Asthore, mother's no more;
Come back and no longer roam;
Ah! how she drooped when you left here, dear—
Ay, she droop'd till her poor heart broke,
Watching and waiting for you to return—
Your name was the last she spoke."

REFRAIN.

He sinks in tears by the camp-fire, and breathes to heaven a prayer;
He thinks of her heart-broken, he thinks of her silv'ry hair;
He hears a voice, "I forgive you, dear," then earth like a paradise seems;
He sees his mother once again, in the land of dreams.

A mother sits by an empty cot,
And weeps in the twilight gray;
Sad is her heart, dim are her eyes,
Baby has passed away;
"God's will be done"—ah! the solemn words
To her poor, wounded heart brings joy;
Dreaming is she of the world 'yond the stars,
When she'll meet her baby boy.

REFRAIN.

And two soft arms creep around her, an angel face is there;
The light of heaven is shining on a halo of golden hair;
And angel lips are pressed to her's, till earth like paradise seems;
She sees her baby once again, in the land of dreams.

My Sweethearts Both Love Me.

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Words by B. H. Janssen. Music by Frank A. Ryan.

I'm fond of her, very, she's pretty and merry—her daughter is so too;
They love me, I know it, for both of them show it, and I adore the two;
If I kiss her mother, I must kiss the other, the old love and the new;
But just how to act, why requires much tact, so this I do:

CHORUS.

"I love you, dear!"—this, to her mother, I say.
"I adore you!"—this when her mother's away.
"I'm so lonely when you are absent from me!"
To both I tell this, and then both I will kiss,
For my sweethearts both love me.

"Now, John, do you know, dear, that I very much fear," her mother said one day,
"That your love has shaken, and daughter has taken the place where I held sway."
Her daughter, replying, said, "There's no denying, I only wish I might!"
I called them to me and I said quietly, "You're both all right!"—*Chorus.*

I kiss and caress them, I love and I bless them, although a married man;
My wife knows this failing, yet she does no railing—I don't see how she can,
For she is the mother, my daughter the other, my love with both I share;
And they will say, "Pop," now please, dearest, do stop!" when I declare:—*Cho.*

JUST AS IT USED TO BE IN DAYS GONE BY.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

A friend of mine took a sweet girl for his wife,
Promised to cherish and love her through life,
But soon he neglected his nice, pleasant home—
Out late at night with fast friends he would roam;
At last, when a wee, darling babe came to bless,
Pleaded his wife through her tears and distress,
He kissed her, and vowed that a change she would see—
Their home would be just as it used to be.

CHORUS.

Just as it used to be in days gone by,
Proud of him now is she, she won't tell why:
Kindest of husbands he, no happier wife than she,
Just as it used to be in days gone by.

That home of theirs now is a paradise bright,
Wife and sweet baby, his precious delight;
He never neglects her he promised to love,
Her comfort now is all pleasures above,
A smile lights the eyes where a tear was before;
Let the world dazzle, it tempts him no more—
Contented and proud with his babe on his knee,
Their home now is just as it used to be.—*Chorus.*

THE SPORTY COON.

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Words by Frank Buckley. Music by Andrew Mack.

I'm a sporty little coon, and I'll tell you pretty soon
How I get on to the money that I blow;
I've a system that I play, and when things they come my way,
You can bet yer boots that I get all the dough:
I'm dead on to "three-card monte," I can always call the turn;
I know the number on the wheel before the twirl,
But there's one game throws me down, it's the talk of all the town,
Why a sporty man like me can't catch a girl.

CHORUS.

Will some one introduce me to a nice young miss?
I don't want to neither beg nor borrow;
There ain't no limit to me, she can have all this;
Nothing then but happiness—no sorrow.
Then throw your arms around me, love, and give your boy a kiss,
And say you'll love me just the same to-morrow;
Don't lose me, I'm a bird—only say the word,
And we'll go get married early in the morning.

Now I sometimes play at faro, and I always break the bank;
When they see me coming in they lock the door;
I'm dead on to all their snaps, I'm a corker shooting "craps";
I've a cinch on "four-eleven-forty-four."
If I go to play the races, all the "bookies" drop their odds;
I row a boat so fast I make the waters churl;
I'm a wonder at base-ball—I catch anything at all;
But, upon the level, I can't catch a girl.—*Chorus.*

W. B. EDEBS, 23 & 25 NORTH FRANKLIN & WATER STS.

Since Mamie Brady Moved Up Town.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

Listen, and I'll sing all about a little lady
By the name of Mamie Brady; she's a dream, and no mistake.
Mamie is a "corker," and a thoroughbred New Yorker;
But she broke my heart, for she gave me the shake.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, I'm feelin' very blue, my heart is broke in two,
And I don't know what to do;
For where once I got a smile now I only get a frown,
Since Mamie Brady, my steady lady, moved up town.

Down in the Fourth Ward Mame and I were raised together;
We were birds of the same feather, and a ring I bought her, see.
Talk about a "looker," why, I never would have shook her,
And I never thought that Mamie she'd shake me.—*Chorus.*

A Mother Is the Truest Friend of All.

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Words by Eunice Monroe. Music by Robert Stanton.

We meet with many friendships as we journey o'er life's way,
And sunny smiles around us oft are cast,
But one is ever faithful, changing ne'er from day to day,
Who always stands beside us till the last.
In poverty or woe, her heart is ever true,
And though the darkest shadows o'er us fall,
She'll be your truest friend, forever to the end—
A mother is the truest friend of all.

CHORUS.

While journeying on through life, in sorrow or in strife,
No matter what temptations may befall,
You'll always find a friend who's faithful to the end—
A mother is the truest friend of all.

You have a loving sister, who will think of you through life,
A brother who will never turn aside;
You'll know the fond affection of a dear, devoted wife,
Whose smile will cheer you on your journey wide;
Perhaps they will be true when trouble lingers near,
Yet one is sure to answer to your call,
No matter where you roam, her heart is still your home—
A mother is the truest friend of all.—*Chorus.*

Climbing Up to Heaven on a Moonbeam

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

There was once a little coon, just the color of maroon,
And he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam;
He got up as far as Mars, then got lost among the stars,
As he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam.
He grabbed on to a cloud that was sailing through the air;
He looked up at the moon, saying, "There's watermelon there;
I hope the man inside won't forget to keep my share,
While I climb up to Heaven on a moonbeam."

CHORUS.

Come along, darkies, bring along your tamborines,
Throw away your dice in the golden stream;
Dice won't look nice for to carry into Paradise,
Climbing up to Heaven on a moonbeam.

When he reached the "milky way," to old Peter he did say,
"I have climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam."
But old Peter said, "I fear, there're no nigger angels here;
You can climb back again upon a moonbeam."
The poor little coon never thought of that before;
He saw some nigger angels shooting "crap" upon the floor.
When Peter fell asleep he got in through a side door;
So he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam.—*Chorus.*

—Low Comedian: "How long were you on the road?" High Comedian: "Six months; one month going out and five getting back."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY TO GO ABOUT IT.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My sister has a nice young man, he calls 'bout twice a week;
Last night he came to see her, and he looked so gay and neat;
She showed him to the parlor and she turned down all the light,
And gave him all the chance she could to kiss her all he might.

CHORUS.

But he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
She was but a silly miss, and she didn't mind a kiss,
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

A reuben came to town one day, a reg'lar country sport;
To do the town in proper style a hundred he had brought.
He started in to catch a girl, some dainty little pet,
Who borrowed ev'ry cent he had—the town he's not done yet.

CHORUS.

For he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
Perhaps he'll stay at home, leave such little girls alone,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

Down in the block, where I reside, a gay and festive swell
Makes love to all the single girls, and married ones as well;
He called upon my neighbor's wife, and thought he could convince
His love for her was quite sincere, been sorry ever since—

CHORUS.

That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it.
He should call on her alone, when her husband isn't home,
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

My friend and I we called to see our neighbor's baby boy,
The idol of his mother and his father's pride and joy.
My friend, who's fond of children, danced the baby on his knee,
But when he gave it back again how plainly could he see—

CHORUS.

That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it.
He will leave babies alone till he gets one of his own,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

IF WE ONLY HAD IT NOW.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

We were wealthy, that's once upon a time;
Money, we had the stuff for sale;
Spent a fortune in every foreign clime,
We had so much 'twas always getting stale.

CHORUS.

If we only had it now, just a little of it now,
How the swells with envy would gaze;
We drive a four-in-hand, be the gayest in the land,
And 'mong the belles we'd be the swells.
If we only had it now, just a little of it now,
In society be the grace,
We'd cut a figure, too, up on Easy Avenue—
If we only had it now.

Went to London about forty times a year,
Had a steamer of our own;
We were really just sixty carat clear,
And always had a palace for a home.—*Chorus.*

Queen Victoria's been sorry ever since,
She didn't take us for to raise;
We could easily been made a duke or prince,
Because we had so many winning ways.—*Chorus.*

Wine and brandy, we floated ships in that—
Nothing was good enough for us;
All our trunks they were lined with sealskin sacques,
There's no use now of making any fuss.—*Chorus.*

We were models upon the fashion plates,
Still the ladies on us dote;
All our shoes were imported by the crate,
With insoles made of fifty-dollar notes.—*Chorus.*

No use knocking, them good times now are o'er;
Diamonds, we pave the streets with them;
Brownstone mansions, we gave them to the poor,
Because we had too many to contend.—*Chorus.*

DORIS, THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

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Words and Music by Geo. Maywood.

Doris was a village maiden, little did she know,
Save the sentence I had taught her, "Oh, I love you so!"
Every lad for miles around willingly would have been bound
To the sweetheart I had found, and proud to be her beau.

REFRAIN.

Doris, Doris! O how I love thee! see me at thy feet;
Doris, Doris! could you but love me, life would be complete;
Doris, Doris! stars bright above thee, hear my pleading, too;
Why then tarry? Come, let us marry—dearest Doris, do!

Time went on, and simple Doris learned a thing or two;
Day by day I found my loved one harder still to woo;
Other suitors oft were seen by her side, where I had been;
Flirting with my little queen, I heard them pleading, too.—*Refrain.*

Fortune smiled upon her father in the marts of trade;
By a lucky speculation he a million made;
Taking from his bank account gold and bonds in large amount,
Bought for her a foreign count, and scorn'd me while I prayed.—*Refrain.*

THE WEDDING OF McGINNIS AND McGUIRE.

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Written by Tom Conley and Felix McGlennon.

'Tis a week ago last Sunday that a great high-toned affair
Occurred in County Galway, and, sure, every one was there;
It was nothing but a wedding and the bride was Miss McGuire;
McGinnis was the bridegroom, and the best man McIntyre;
They started in the morning, boys, just as the clock struck one;
The girls and boys all in their best and ready for the fun;
The job was over very soon and they were tied for life—
Miss McGuire and Mike McGinnis they were christened man and wife.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wedding cake was fine, there was whiskey, ale and wine,
All the chicken pies and praties they were set out in a line;
Miss McGinty nearly choked with a lump of bacon rind,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

When the breakfast it was over, for a song McGee did shout;
He sung "The Death of Nelson," and they quickly threw him out;
Sure, they wanted botheration, and they got it in a tick,
For some one broke Maloney's nose with a very lovely brick;
Then McGinnis got in trouble, for he kissed Maloney's wife,
And Mary Ann McGuire declared that she would have his life;
Then McGinnis got excited and he went for Mary Ann,
For he spoiled her face and beauty with a good old frying pan.

CHORUS.

There was murder, there was fire, some one called McGee a liar;
McGinty had a turned-up nose, but some one knocked it higher,
And a lady wiped the floor up with poor Jerry McIntyre,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

Then a sailor from Kildare got up, and he began to jaw:
"A bigger lot of cowards in a room he never saw";
Then a Chinese washer-woman seized the sailor by the hair;
And without his nose and whiskers he went back to sweet Kildare;
All the grub the boys got throwing at each other for a lark;
Of course, some one upset the lamp, which left them in the dark;
Everybody hit somebody—oh, you never saw such fun;
And the place was full of teeth and whiskers when the fight was done.

CHORUS.

Everybody cried with pain—there were forty-seven slain;
Sure, they pulled McGinty's teeth out and they put them in again;
And McGilligan, on looking, found a hatchet in his brain,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

In the midst of the confusion some one went and got a light,
And, upon my word, in all my life, I ne'er saw such a sight;
All the boys were torn to pieces, and the girls were worse than that;
On the flure there was McGinnis fighting wildly with the cat;
The excitement soon was over, and they soon made friends once more,
Except McGee, who found his jaw behind the kitchen door;
Then they went and bought some whiskey, for they all were full of wealth,
And they all got drunk while drinking to the bride and bridegroom's health.

CHORUS.

Then they danced till break of day, and the piper he did play;
All the boys and girls were jolly, every one was bright and gay,
And there's not a soul in Ireland who will e'er forget the day
Of the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

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Words and Music by Kate Vanderpoel.

I s'pose yuse all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;
I tumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;
Fer de way in which I trun him, I drew a prize, you see,
Fer now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

REFRAIN.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
I'm out for wot's in it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say:
Ye're givin' me "Goff," so jes' chase yerself off, fer tings are now comin' me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on de box I ride;
O, hully gee! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side;
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de clothes,
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.—*Refrain.*

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose der head,
But wen I comes to be dat gay, I hopes ter drop down dead;
If I was ter be de coachman, de butler, or de chef,
I'll tink meself right, people, see! Chimmie Fadden don't git left.—*Ref.*

THEIR HEADS NESTLE CLOSER TOGETHER.

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Words by Wal Pink. Music by George Le Brunn.

A garden, and in it an old apple tree,
Around which two children—a lassie turned three,
And t'other a lad of p'raps four and a half—
Are chasing each other, whilst gaily they laugh;
The maiden soon tires of the circular race,
For vainly she follows the lad in the chase;
His stronger legs make it an unequal match,
And he merrily mocks all her efforts to catch.

CHORUS.

She cries, "Tommy, stop!" but "Tum on, Tate," says he.
"I s'ant, 'cos I tant run no farver," says she;
Then frowns, and her temper, 'tis easy to see,
Has nigh reached the length of its tether,
Then Katie breaks down with a plaintive boo-ooh;
Tom stops, and the tears are in Tommy's eyes, too;
She sobs, "Oo don't luv me!" He says, "Es I do!"
And their heads nestle closer together.

A green lane, and in it two fond lovers roam,
And paint, in love's ardor, their bright future home;
Next Sunday's their wedding; 'tis Tommy and Kate,
But now, grown to manhood and woman's estate;
The sun has gone down far beyond the big hill,
Beneath which there murmurs the swift running rill;
The moon kissed the water in manner sedate,
And, force of example, Tom kisses young Kate.

CHORUS.

The man in the moon at the fond couple blinks,
Then, very discreetly, behind a hill sinks,
Whilst gaily a star at their love-making winks,
And thinks, well, it's love-making weather;
His arm 'round her waist tells the tale of this bliss;
Then you hear the voices of both man and miss:
"You mus'n't!" "I shall!" and then something goes [kiss]
And their heads nestle closer together.

A church-yard, and in it a tiny babe's grave;
An early wrecked vessel on life's cruel wave;
Their twelve-month old darling, their loved one, their all,
Now gone from this earth at the Mighty One's call;
A life of pure sunshine and joy had been theirs,
With smiling face meeting all trivial cares,
Till all hope was shattered, And sped in a breath,
And life's sun o'ershadow'd by dread cloud of death.

CHORUS.

There, in that God's acre, they stand, he and she;
The sun veils its head, as though in sympathy,
And buried the light of their life seems to be
In that grave 'neath the wild-growing heather;
The mother's tears fall o'er her babe now at rest,
The man clasps her tight to his sorrow-torn breast:
"Come, cheer up, my darling, 'tis all for the best,"
And their heads nestle closer together.

—When a man leans towards cremation he may safely be said to have grave doubts.—*Buffalo Courier.*

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF GOLD.

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Words by Joe Flynn. Music by Chas. T. Gordon.

How many times you oft will read of men gone wrong for gold,
And through their love of money they will wander from the fold.
The cashier in the bank will steal, then gamble ev'ry way,
In hopes to win enough to place the shortage back some day.
Coolly, calmly shuffling up the cards, yet all the while
Praying earnestly that he will win the glitt'ring pile;
The card is turned, he's lost again, his crime will now be told—
A flash, a shot, his life is o'er, all for the love of gold.

CHORUS.

All for the love of gold, it's true, the cup of woe's been tasted;
All for the selfish greed of wealth there's many a life been wasted.
Money's the cause of misery, of many a crime untold;
Many a trusting heart's betrayed, all for the love of gold.

The wedding bells are pealing, as they've often done before;
The bride is only twenty and the groom is just three score.
He leads her proudly down the aisle, her face is calm and cold;
She gives her youth and beauty to the old man for his gold.
Cool and calculating woman, girl without a heart,
Caring not for the lad so true, with whom she'll have to part;
She casts aside the honest love, above all wealth untold,
And sells her soul to a rich old fool, all for the love of gold.—*Chorus.*

Down in a squallid hovel low there stands an iron chest,
The miser lifts his treasure out and hugs it to his breast;
He counts it over many times, then kisses it and smiles,
He'd give his soul if that would add one shilling to his pile.
Shiv'ring, shaking, trembling wretch, he lives in abject fear,
Cold and hungry, starving quite, and cash in plenty near;
He feasts his eye upon his hoard and clinks his coin so old;
He dies alone amid his wealth, all for the love of gold.—*Chorus.*

Scenes from the Drama of Life.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Life is but a mighty drama, wherein each must play a part;
Some with happy, smiling features, others with an aching heart.
When night falls upon the city, see a man with darken'd face,
He's a burglar, and his object breaking in this rich man's place.

CHORUS.

See with what vigor his "jimmy" he plies,
Leaps through the window—"Now for it," he cries.
"Hark! what is that? an alarm, a surprise,"
He mutters with terror now rife.
Then comes a flash, a report of a gun,
A man on his knees, crying, "What have I done!
Oh, God! I have killed him, the scapegrace, my son!"
That's a scene from the drama of life.

'Tis the gory field of battle, where the conflict rages high,
And the two opposing armies now have sworn to do or die;
See this brave young private soldier 'mid the crash of shot and shell,
He has proved himself a hero, bravely he has fought and well.

CHORUS.

Wounded he lies when the battle is o'er,
Thinking of those on a far distant shore,
Thinking of those he will see nevermore,
Thinking of his children and wife.
"Merciful God, who is great and all wise,
Save them from danger," he tearfully cries.
One murmur'd prayer, and he falls back and dies—
That's a scene from the drama of life.

Hark! what means that cry of "Stop thief!" down a crowded thoroughfare?
Some young reprobate's been stealing, after him they madly tear.
Hear the shout, at last they've got him, some one strikes him to the ground;
Each one eager first to catch him, anxiously they gather 'round.

CHORUS.

Only a poor ragged boy, nearly dead,
See, the blood streams from a wound in his head;
"Sister was starving, I stole her some bread,"
He murmurs with agony rife.
"Go to her help," he exclaims, "don't mind me,
Soon from this terrible strife I shall be."
Ere the night comes his young soul is set free—
That's a scene from the drama of life.

—First Humorist: "Why so dejected?" Second Humorist: "All the bright ways of stealing jokes have been exhausted."

AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN

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Words and Music by Matthews and Bulger.

You know the story, it's oft been told, the same old way;
Good tales repeated do not grow old, so wise men say.
John was a rustic, in love with May, the village belle;
Not wisely, folks say, did this rustic love May, but, alas! too we

CHORUS.

Oft at sunrise life looks bright, oft it changes ere the night;
Some hearts are breaking, while others are light, at the setting of the sun.

Bright was the morning; John greets with smile the same old lane,
Dreaming of May at the same old stile, he waits in vain.
"Farewell, dear John," so the letter read, "I've left for town;
Forgive me," it said—John with grief bows his head, as the sun goes down.—*Chorus.*

Seeing her folly, although a year had since passed by,
Seeking forgiveness, she waits in fear for John's reply.
"You are forgiven, dear May," he said—no cross, no crown.
That eve he was wed to another instead, as the sun went down.—*Chorus.*

THE TIME HE LOVES THE BEST

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Words by L. Harry Freeman. Music by W. H. Krell.

When twilight shadows linger around the nurs'ry door,
And baby's toys and playthings are strewn upon the floor,
Then mother tells her darling 'tis time he was at rest,
And lovingly he comes and lays his head upon her breast.
His weary little feet have romped about the whole day long;
Now, cosey in his mother's arms, he begs her for a song,
And like a little bird he lies contented in his nest;
It is the time of all the day that baby loves the best.

REFRAIN.

For now 'tis baby's bedtime, so gather up the toys;
Be sure to kiss him gently, and don't you make a noise.
He's tired of all his playthings and wants to be caressed;
In mother's arms at twilight is the time he loves the best.

While baby softly slumbers until the break of day,
He wanders off in dreamland to worlds so far away;
For now he's grown to manhood, with fond and loving arms
He shields his dear old mother, protecting her from harm.
God bless our little darling boy and guard him thro' the night;
To-morrow, when the day has come, he'll play with all his might;
And when the evening shadows fall he'll gladly come to rest,
For then it is the time of day that baby loves the best.—*Refrain.*

JOHNNY REILLY'S GIRL.

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Words by J. Whitcomb Reilly. Music by Alfred T. Brisebois.

We're not divided by oceans, by seas or by miles a score,
For my own dear little lady just lives at the very next door;
She's not a queen with golden hair, nor has she teeth of pearl,
She's none the less a beauty, and she's Johnny Reilly's girl.

REFRAIN.

I've known her nearly all her life, I know she'll make a model wife;
Ev'ry one admires her, they all think her a pearl.
The pride of all the neighborhood, all know her to be pure and good,
And she's known to ev'ry one as Johnny Reilly's girl.

Her Pa was never a banker, a true, honest workman is he;
His greatest pride is his daughter, who'll soon be a wife to me.
Her father says I'm a dandy, it made my heart fairly twirl,
When 'twas decided forever, she'd be Johnny Reilly's girl.—*Refrain.*

She was eighteen last December, and I will be twenty in May;
We always have been companions since we were small children at play.
I'll fight her battles, I love her so, my flag of love I'll unfurl,
And until death shall part us, she'll be Johnny Reilly's girl.—*Refrain.*

—A Long-Felt Want.—Harry: "Billy, did you read about that fellow who patented a self-opening umbrella?" Billy: "Yes; but I'm going to beat him—I'm getting up an umbrella that will drop all to pieces the minute it is stolen."

DARLING MABEL.

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Words and Music by W. P. Chase.

In a cosey little cottage, near my brother's farm,
There lives a little maiden fair, possessed of every charm;
You may read and sing of beauties some may often see,
But there never was the equal of my Mabel Lee.

CHORUS.

She is the girl I love, darling little Mabel;
Fair as the angels above, is my darling Mabel;
Some day we're going to wed, as soon as I am able
To buy a home to live in with my darling Mabel.

She plays upon the organ, sings just like a bird;
Those who hear her judge her voice the sweetest ever heard;
Then she dances like a fairy, dresses like a queen;
Girls to compare with Mabel, none were ever seen.—*Chorus.*

She says she'll do the mending, and the cooking, too:
Live a frugal life, you know, until our dreams come true,
And when, at last, we're wealthy, I want you all to come
To visit me and Mabel in our little home.—*Chorus.*

KISSING ON THE SLY.

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Words and Music by W. P. Chase.

Long years ago, when I was young and quite a little boy,
I knew a sweet and winsome lass, who was my constant joy;
We were loving friends and playmates, and I never shall forget—
How I would kiss her on the sly; 'tis fresh in mem'ry yet.

CHORUS.

If you'd taste of heaven, yet do not care to die,
Just go and find a pretty girl and kiss her on the sly;
She may act as if she's angry, but laddies that's her way;
Go ahead and try again, she soon will say "you may."

The years have passed, we're older grown, that little lass and I;
But still we love and every night I kiss her on the sly;
In a month we're to be married, and then we will not care
Who sees our bliss—for then the kiss will be upon the square.—*Chorus.*

ENCORE VERSE.

Some men are often much too bold, as girls are sometimes shy;
Don't make a grab when going to kiss, as if you would black her eye;
Take your time—be patient—the kiss will keep—take care;
Don't make a lunge or sudden leap—remember that it's there.—*Chorus.*

FLOATING WITH THE TIDE.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey.

In this life there's many changes, that's a truth we're oftimes told;
Where we see the surface glitter, seldom do we find pure gold;
Life is like the mighty ocean, where the current speeds its way;
Man is like a stately vessel, sailing on from day to day;
See the pale and worn-out vet'ran, pinched with hunger, old and lame;
Fought and bled for dear "old glory," won himself undying fame;
When he asked them for a pension, they remarked, "the world is wide;
Go! we've nothing left to give you; float on with the tide."

CHORUS.

Old and young, weak and strong, remember the world is wide:
Man's but a boat on the river of life, floating along with the tide.

Gaze upon the anxious mother, how she looks with calm despair;
Well she knows her youngest darling needs a mother's love and care;
In this vale of tears and sorrow, thorns amidst her flowers have grown;
Though the battle be unequal, she must brave the fight alone;
She can bear the heavy burden, sorrow oft gives way to joy;
But the fevered hands of sickness wind themselves around her boy;
Death steps in and claims her darling, golden gates are open wide;
She would fain recall her treasure, floating with the tide.—*Chorus.*

See the workman at his labor, watch the sturdy hand of toil;
Late and early see him toiling, like a slave on freedom's soil;
He has labored since his boyhood—summer's heat and winter's cold;
Though he built his master's fortune, yet he spurns him now he's old;
"I have served you long and faithful, I have worked thro' peace and strife;
Age will not prevent me working to support my aged wife."
Though his brain is still unclouded, though his skill has oft been tried,
He, like other faithful workmen, floats on with the tide.—*Chorus.*

MINE ALONE.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

When the evening shades are falling, when the sun is sinking low,
When night birds are sweetly calling, oh! could you then only know
How my heart, love, yearns in sadness to be with thee, thee, my own;
To burst forth in songs of gladness, and say, thou art mine alone!

REFRAIN.

Could I but see you smile, could I but hear your voice;
You are my guiding star, you are my queen, my choice;
If I could claim you mine, if you were all my own;
Tell me, oh! love divine, that you'll be mine alone.

May this message bind you, darling, in a closer, sacred tie,
Then the little stars above us would seem laughing in the sky;
Send an answer, little sweetheart, tell me yes, love, I implore;
Seal my fate, love, with your answer, make me happy evermore.—*Refrain.*

TRILBY.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Trilby, you're a heroine, quite unusual girl, I ween;
Of all other girls the queen, unobtrusive Trilby;
That is why I come to you, all prepared to win and woo,
And I'll sing you something new, my dear loved one, Trilby.

CHORUS.

Trilby, Trilby, say you will be, say you will be mine alone;
We will not live in a hovel, but in some nice house, my own;
Trilby, Trilby, say you will be, say you will be mine alone,
And I'll love you only, Trilby, if you're mine, dear Trilby.

Eyes that are the clearest blue, eyes that look so soft at you;
Eyes so tender and so true has my sweetheart, Trilby;
Therefore do I come, low kneeling, with a crushed and bursting heart,
And a love of loves revealing, slain by cupid's dart. Oh!—*Chorus.*

THE LOVE CUP.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

The scene which I will picture is sacred to my heart,
A homestead in which I form'ly lived;
And yet the fates had willed it that from it I must part;
To be there all I now possess I'd give;
On Christmas or Thanksgiving, on New Years, too, as well,
The family 'round the table sat in joy;
The usual prayer was said, then stories we would tell;
And father gave this toast without alloy:

CHORUS.

Pass 'round the love cup, drink to those who're present;
God bless the absent, free from care and strife;
Watch o'er the children; don't neglect your parents;
God bless the mother, the helpmate, the wife.
Pass 'round the love cup, drink to those who're present;
God bless the absent, free from care and strife;
Watch o'er the children; don't neglect your parents;
God bless the mother, the helpmate, the wife.

Within that humble dwelling I first learned right from wrong,
From mother, whose teachings were so true;
A father's fond affection, a sister's love so strong,
Was mine, and yet I left them, which I rue!
No deed or action have I done unworthy of their love;
To-morrow is their wand'ring boy's birthday;
My mother's face I'll see, as gentle as a dove,
And listen to my dear old father say:—*Chorus.*

—Unsympathetic.—"Were I the wind," the poet sang, "I'd blow"—He paused to wipe his brow, and heard his heartless wife remark—"Not more, I hope, than you do *now!*"—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

ONE NIGHT.

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Words by Lawrence Oxenford. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Just one night, dear, you remember where leaves hid the trickling brook?
There we met, dear, in our Maying; hid from view in our cosey nook;
There we vowed that we were lovers; and no tongue could our love disguise,
And the earth seemed as a heaven, as we looked in the starry skies.

CHORUS.

Ah! love, do you remember, you were my darling,
I was your lover, in the days of Maying time, dear,
And we breathed eternal vows of love;
Just one night, in October, love's golden dream had come in our Maying;
And we vowed that we would love each other,
Love's golden dream was fulfilled in our Maying time.

I remember of the night, dear, that you gave me your love for aye;
How we trod in airy castles, as we looked in the moonlit sky;
How we loved each other, darling, with a love pure as heaven above;
Then the weary hours of parting, 'till we met to renew our love.—*Chorus.*

SWEET POTATO, HOE CAKE AND POSSUM.

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

Tub Johnson lives away down South, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Where the alligators have such big mouths, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When the moon am shining bright, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Coons are out both day and night for sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.

CHORUS.

Does you love your sweet potato, does you love your hoe cake, too;
Does you love your possum, nigger? Oh, my Lord, I'd die for you.—*Dance.*

Dat little thing he am so cunning, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
You'd think him dead when he's only funning, sweet potato, hoe cake & possum;
He lies still upon the ground, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When you turn your back he can't be found, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.
—*Chorus.*

Every coon was seated down, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When dat possum passed around, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Niggers lips began to swell, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When dat possum they did smell, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.—*Chorus.*

Pop Johnson am a mighty good cook, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
He's black as the devil, but he knows his book, sweet potato, hoe cake & possum;
Hear dem coons yell with delight, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Dar's a hoe-cake party held to-night, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.—*Cho.*

FROM HOVEL TO MANSION.

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Words and Music by W. P. Chase.

In a mis'rable hovel in lofter New York
Lived a poor little motherless boy;
His father a drunkard, his clothes tattered rags,
Indeed life to him was no joy;
But even to those who're most wretched on earth,
A measure of happiness comes,
And this lad had a taste—it was while he was ill
In his miserable home in the slums;
A sweet little maid, who for charity's sake,
Made trips once a week 'mongst the poor,
While out on her mission of love and relief,
Chanced to find her way up to his door.

CHORUS.

"May I come in?" and her voice was like an angel's;
Can't I do something to relieve you from your pain?
Poor little boy, I'm afraid you have a fever;
I'll go bring my papa, we'll have you well again.

Long years have flown by, that lad now is a man,
And the head of a firm of great wealth;
He had worked night and day—strove to merit the love
Of that lass who had nursed him to health;
No task seemed too hard, nor no effort too great;
No obstacles seemed to appall,
For the love which he cherished was ever in mind;
She was life to him, happiness, all;
At last they were married, his joy was complete
As into his mansion he bore
That sweet gentle woman who, when a young girl,
Had called at his tenement door.—*Chorus.*

BOOMP-A-DIDDY-BOOM-BOOM.

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Words and Music by W. E. Delaney.

Oh! have you heard the latest craze? boomp-a-diddy-boom-boom-boomb;
It's sung in all the leading plays, boomp-a-diddy-boom-boom-boom;
I met a swell dressed all ensuite; he'd russet slippers on his feet;
I asked him for the time of day; he pulled his watch out right away
And stared at me in a vacant way, and all that I could hear him say, was:

CHORUS.

Br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um-bum,
Pa-did-dy, pa-did-dy, bing-bang-boom-a-diddy,
Br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um-bum,
Boomp-a-did-dy, boomp-a-did-dy, bing-bang-boom.

I met a "copper" off his beat, boomp-a-did-dy boom-boom-boomb;
Two men were fighting up the street, boomp-a-did-dy boom-boom-boom;
I said, "Will you please stop that row?" they must be tired of fighting now;
He gazed at me in mild surprise, and a vacant light shone in his eyes;
I think that light is shining yet, for the only answer I could get was:—*Chorus.*

A gay young soldier had a "mash," boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
He brushed her cheek with his mustache, boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
He swore to her he would be true, although he had a wife or two;
She trusted him, her heart was stout, but you know how these things turn out;
He sailed away this warrior bold, and the song she's singing now, I'm told, is:
—*Chorus.*

Pray, don't meddle in politics, boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
They are so full of nasty tricks, boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
To gain your vote, they promise well, and so you give it—"What a sell!"
The party goes in with a shout, and the other party, it goes out,
And when in power asked for an office—to thousands their reply is this:—*Cho.*

NOTE.—First verse to be sung as a Dude; second verse as a Policeman; third verse as a Soldier; fourth verse as a "Man all broken up."

THE BARBERS' BARBECUE.

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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Sim Dimpsey am a barber, a saffron-co'ored coon,
He's gwine to run for Congress, and de 'lection's mighty soon;
So de barbers' aid society done go make up dheir minds
To have a dandy barbecue, of de good old ginger kind;
Dar'll be some roasted chickens, lots of ham dat's sweet and fine;
To keep your eye-balls rolling, watermelons off de vine;
Oh! Sally, sling your garments on, git in de push, now do;
Don't lose no time, but fall in line, for de barbers' barbecue.

CHORUS.

Den come and jine de celebration,
Put on your stylish mantle, too;
De train am waitin' at de station,
Hear dem shoutin', "All aboard," for de barbers' barbecue.

Sim Dimpsey does de speechin' and brings along de band;
De members will have razors lyin' handy to dheir hands;
Just in case de wenches squabble, dey'll be ready for to flash;
And every time dey glisten, den some coon will cut a gash;
De wet goods will be plenty, but you must'nt get too full;
For de old Kentucky liquor don't agree wid nigger wool;
Oh, glory, Hannah, shake your hoof, shove up de line now do;
Don't charge no pay, come, git away to de barbers' barbecue.—*Chorus.*

Den come and jine de meetin', just place your arm in mine;
Bring all de pickaninnies, promise you a happy time;
Oh, Mandy, bring your honey boy, and hurry quickly do;
Don't miss de sage and onions at de barbers' barbecue;
Den git a move on, chillin, come and shake your bones and dust;
Bring on your appetite and eat and drink until you bust;
Oh, Lindy, smack your liver lips; don't wait to tie your shoe;
Come fill your face wid possum at de barbers' barbecue.—*Chorus.*

—Well Punished.—It is a mistake to presume upon the misfortunes of others, as the following story shows. A gentleman who had been afflicted with deafness, returned home from a visit to the city, and soon after went to call upon a lady of his acquaintance. He found her at home, and with her a cousin of hers who was paying her a visit. The hostess received him with politeness, and introduced him to her cousin, but to the introduction she added, in a perfectly audible tone, "He's a good man enough, but he's terribly stupid and as deaf as a post." The gentleman colored. "I may be stupid," he said, "but I am no longer as as deaf as a post, for I have been cured during my absence, and I can hear as well as anybody." It is needless to say that the call was rather awkward after this opening.

I'M THE BOY FOR NELLIE.

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Words and Music by Bonnie Thornton.

Of all the dainty maidens that you've heard about in song
I've got the sweetest little girl in all the throng;
Her eye reflects her loving heart, there's sunshine in her smile;
Since I met Nellie I am happy all the while.

CHORUS.

For I'm the boy for Nellie, and Nellie she suits me,
So, like an angel in her sweet simplicity,
Her smile is ever sunny, she's all on earth I prize;
If there is a Heaven, I have seen it in her eyes.

Her cheeks are like twin roses in the splendor of their bloom,
And fairest flowers seem to envy their perfume;
But when she said, "Jim, I am yours," I heard love's sweetest tune;
Then I kissed Nellie dear beneath the harvest moon.—*Chorus.*

A Kiss Was the Cause of It All.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

They were sweethearts when at school, that's the way the story goes,
And from childhood loved each other, Jack and Kate;
It would fill their hearts with joy, when a little girl and boy,
To write each other letters on a slate.
But years put them apart, another won Kate's heart,
And one summer's day made her a loving wife.
They lived happy for a while, life was all a dream, a smile,
Then they quarrelled and they parted for life.

CHORUS.

A kiss was the cause of it all—a wife, broken-hearted, doth yearn;
A little tot asking of mamma each day, "Will ever my papa return?"
Vain jealousy prompted a heart, those bitter words not to recall;
'Tis just pride and anger that keeps them apart—a kiss was the cause of it all.

To the cottage door one day Jack returned from far away,
Kate greets him with a welcome and a kiss;
Then he folds her to his breast, she, the girl he once loved best,
But footsteps break the silent dream of bliss.
Her husband he appears, now harsh words greet their ears,
And in anger he will not let them explain.
Just one error, one mistake, just through old acquaintance's sake,
They have parted now to ne'er meet again.—*Chorus.*

STREETS OF CAIRO;

—OR:—

The Poor Little Country Maid.

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By James Thornton.

I will sing you a song, and it won't be very long,
'Bout a maiden sweet, and she never would do wrong;
Ev'ry one said she was pretty, she was not long in the city,
All alone, oh, what a pity—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy—poor little country maid.

She went out one night, did this innocent divine,
With a nice young man, who invited her to dine.
Now he's sorry that he met her, and he never will forget her;
In the future he'll know better—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy—poor little country maid.

She was engaged as a picture for to pose,
To appear each night in abbreviated clothes.
All the dudes were in a flurry, for to catch her they did hurry;
One who caught her now is sorry—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She was much fairer far than Trilby—lots of more men sorry will be
If they don't try to keep away from this poor little country maid.

YEARS AGO.

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Words by Ella Woods. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

It seems but yesterday we parted, though 'twas many years ago;
Tenderly and broken-hearted, with such grief as youth may know.
It was more than friend or brother, she assured me thro' her tears;
She could never love another, thus she vowed at twenty years.
That was many years ago, oh, so many years ago;
But to-night my heart is thrilling with the love of years ago.

A woman's love endures forever, so they say, but men forget;
She could change, but I could never, I have kept my promise yet.
But this very day I met her, stately, cold, with snowy hair,
And my heart could ne'er forget her, though she gave me but a stare.
That was many years ago, oh, so many years ago;
But to-night my heart is thrilling with the love of years ago.

I NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND.

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Words and Music by W. P. Chase.

There are many strange things in the drama of life
Which I never could understand,
There are customs now ancient and customs still rife,
Which I never could understand;
For instance, you'll see a young man on the street,
All dressed in the latest style, looking so neat;
How he does it on sal'ry of seven a week
I never could understand.
I never could understand just why some things are so;
Ev'ry day of the year I find things more queer,
Things I never could understand.

Just why our bald heads always take the front row,
I never could understand,
And why living pictures are so much the "go,"
I never could understand.
Just why, when a baby wakes up in the night,
It takes such a ghoulish and fiendish delight
In making its papa say things which aren't right,
I never could understand.

How the ballet can make our old maids look so young,
I never could understand;
Why a few dozen more of book agents aren't hung,
I never could understand.
Just why, when a woman is out in the wet,
And raises her skirt just a wee little bit,
All men will endeavor a clear sight to get—
I never could understand.

Just why men from Kansas refuse to wear socks,
I never could understand;
Why Hebrews get mad when you yell "Sheenie Mox,"
I never could understand.
The women are wielding a powerful pen,
Declaring all work should be open to them;
But why they insist that typewriters be men,
I never could understand.

Why "Hubbie" won't eat when his wife makes the bread,
I never could understand;
Why an Irishman so loves to hit at a head,
I never could understand.
Why kissing's considered so awful a sin,
Why Willie, when feeling her breath on his chin,
Will get so flustrated when papa steps in,
I never could understand.

Why plumbers are never admitted in Heaven,
I never could understand;
Why bull dogs are always so hungry at 'leven,
I never could understand.
One night I had been with my girl to a dance;
We were parting, when suddenly I caught a glance
Of doggie—just why he so fancied my pants,
I never could understand.

How aldermen always grow wealthy so quick,
I never could understand;
Why the first cigar makes a young man, oh, so sick,
I never could understand.
Why the bicycle riders assume such a hump,
Why the mother-in-law is considered a chump,
Why a man like Jim Weaver e'er took to the stump,
I never could understand.

Why the Mayor of this city wears three-dollar pants,
I never could understand;
Why a woman goes shopping with only ten cents,
I never could understand.
She'll enter the door in a millionaire way,
Price laces and velvets, and hours will stay,
Then tell them she'll come again some other day—
She's a thing I can *not* understand.

SWEET MAY McFARLUM.

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

There's a sweet girl I love, May McFarlum, her eyes are a heavenly blue;
Her cheeks are like the roses, her thoughts are pure and true;
Her eyes they glisten like diamonds, her teeth are a pure, pearly white;
Each morning and evening I meet her, she's my heart's delight.

CHORUS.

Sweet May McFarlum, she lives in Harlem;
I go to see her; it's my only joy;
Boys and girls together is our choicest pleasure,
Together in the parlor, singing sweet "Rob Roy."

Now Johnny Jones sings tenor, he has a lovely voice;
He keeps company with Lizzie Farley, she is his only choice;
Their selections are all classic, their voices sweetly ring,
'Tis a golden hour of pleasure just to hear them sing:—*Chorus.*

SWEET EILLEEN.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Let others tell of sweethearts true,
Let others sing of beauty rare,
Let others dream of eyes so blue,
And lovely, curly, golden hair;
My love has not an angel face,
Her eyes do not like starlight gleam,
She has not fairy form or grace,
Yet I love her, my sweet Eilleen.

CHORUS.

Sweet Eilleen, of you I dream;
Sweet Eilleen, I'll love you ever,
Naught our life or love can sever—
My own colleen, my sweet Eilleen.

Her heart is mine—what more care I;
She's just the girl will e'er be true—
To grant a wish of hers I'd die;
I'll be her slave my whole life through;
We'll take the rough road with the smooth,
And live contented and serene;
If wealth departs, I still have love,
And that the love of my Eilleen.—*Chorus.*

Sing Me Those Pretty Songs Again.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Sing me those pretty songs again, love,
That you used to sing in happy days of old,
When our fond love was in its youth, dear,
And our silv'ry locks were bright and shining gold;
In mem'ry oft I wander by the same old stream,
And in music sweet methinks I hear you say:
Down by a little running brook I first saw Maggie May,
My little witching Maggie, Maggie, singing all the day;
And how I love her none can tell—my little Maggie May.

Down in the church-yard near the hill, love,
Is a little mound by both of us held dear;
Oft, though the years have passed and gone, love,
Is her mem'ry kept by many, many a tear;
The sweet childish graces in our hearts are green,
And in memory you often love to mourn:
Gone to join the angels, peaceful evermore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone;
Baby left her cradle for the golden shore,
O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown;
Goin to join the angels, peaceful everymore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Don't you remember long ago, love,
When our country's call first took me from your side,
Off to the wars you bade me go, love;
Though I scarce could leave my young and blushing bride,
The bugle sounded louder and I could not stay,
As you hung upon my breast I heard you sigh:
I would not leave thee, but I must;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
I would not leave thee, but I must;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

DARLINGS OF SOCIETY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

We are darlings of society,
We are fin de siecle in our style;
We are solemn in our manner, for we follow fashion's banner,
And it's very outre form for one to smile.
In our dressings we are up to date,
Rather English in the way we walk:
At the opera we will chatter, for the singing doesn't matter
To the swells who go there just to talk.
We never toil nor do we spin, for naught but pleasure care a pin.

CHORUS.

We are darlings of society,
We are fin de siecle in our style;
We are solemn in our manner, for we follow fashion's banner,
And it's very outre form to smile.—*Dance.*

We never had to earn a cent,
For our cash papa supplies, you see;
So as long as he will give it, why, our lazy lives we'll live it,
For it suits us just as nice as nice can be.
We are as useful as the butterfly,
We flutter with no care or fuss,
For we're the glass of fashion and the rage and the sensation;
You will seek in vain for flies on us.—*Chorus.*

MY PAULINE.

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Words and Music by A. A. Hurgren.

Summer has its roses red and its violets blue;
Springtime brings its song birds sweet, wakening echoes new;
I love those summer days and skies serene;
I'm happy as a king with my Pauline.

CHORUS.

Oh, Pauline, the best of all the rest, the merriest girl I know;
Her step like a fairy, light and airy, heart pure as falling snow;
No riches would be temptation to me, to tell such sweet love, I ween;
Though misfortune come, I'll love but one, and that is my own Pauline.

When songsters chirp good-night, and care is gone,
Love comes to reign supreme in our dear home;
After all our fireside bright means more, I ween,
Than all the summer flowers, my own Pauline.—*Chorus.*

Cold winter's icy blast will come some day,
And in the starry night bear one away;
But I shall ne'er forget that springtime green,
When you were by my side, my sweet Pauline.—*Chorus.*

THE BAND PLAYED ON.

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Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Charles B. Ward.

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the world for style,
And hired for a meeting place a hall;
When pay-day came around each week, they'd greased the floor with wax,
And danced with noise and vigor at the ball:
Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes,
Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side;
When Casey led the first grand march the rest would fall in line
Behind the man who was their joy and pride—for

CHORUS.

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the band played on;
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,
And the band played on;
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm;
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls,
And the band played on.

Such kissing in the corner and such whisp'ring in the hall,
And telling tales of love behind the stairs;
As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,
Of kissing and love-making did his share;
At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,
Then march down to the dining hall and eat;
But Casey would not join them, although every thing was fine,
But he'd stayed up-stairs and exercise his feet—for—*Chorus.*

Now when the dance was over and the band played "Home, sweet home,"
They played a tune at Casey's own request;
He'd thank them very kindly for the favors they had shown;
Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best;
'Most all the friends are married that Casey used to know,
And Casey, too, has taken him a wife;
The blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ball-room floor,
Is happy Missis Casey now for life—for—*Chorus.*

CAN'T GET OVER A WOMAN.

Sung only by Mrs. Thos. J. Ryan.

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Some men seem to think, since creation began,
That a woman was made for a tool;
But the man who would cherish such notions as these,
Is not very far from a fool;
If you think to conjure the gentler sex,
No matter be they old or young,
Just glean information, and find out the way
To stop all the force of her tongue.

CHORUS.

For she will call you a duck and a darling, and give you a gentle squeeze;
You know the way a woman can smile when a man she wants to please;
She will smooth you gently down the face, lovingly wink her eye;
You can't get over a woman, my boys, no matter how hard you try.

Now the good that a woman can do for a man,
I am sure you cannot calculate;
She will puzzle her brains to invent a great plan
To keep you from stopping out late;
She will tell you such nice little innocent tales,
And take care she does not get rash;
Then if she wants to coax you, she'll find out the way
To relieve you of all your spare cash.—*Chorus.*

ONLY A LOVING KISS.

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Words by Geo. Dittmar. Music by Louis Dittmar.

There is something that you want to tell me, love,
I can read it in your eyes;
None shall know our secret but the stars above
That are twinkling in the sky.
Won't you tell me, will you not confide in me?
True friends always should agree;
Have I guessed your little secret
That you really care for me?

CHORUS.

Only a loving kiss her answer that she gave me,
Only a gentle sigh, her secret it did tell;
Only a tender look, our hearts were then united,
Only a fond caress from her I love so well.

You have told me in a loving kiss to-night
More than many words express;
Let me, darling, fold you in my arms once more,
And your loving form caress.
Won't you let me hear your answer once again,
Say that nothing us will part?
Only let me hear your gentle voice exclaim:
"I am yours, my own sweetheart."—*Chorus.*

THIS IS UNEXPECTED.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

The other night, to my delight, my friend says, won't you come
Along with me, two girls to see, and have a good night's fun;
Just down the street, and there we'll meet these darling girls so gay;
Now don't say no, but come and go—so, of course, I had to say:

CHORUS.

This is unexpected, it's really unexpected,
For Jack, my friend, was never known to take to girls before;
Gayly I reflected, his offer I accepted,
And this surprise to me, indeed, was really unexpected.

Soon my friend introduced me then unto each darling Miss,
And to a chair I led one where we'd talk in perfect bliss,
But soon she said, I'm 'most afraid you want to kiss me, sir;
Oh, no, says I—well won't you try—so, of course, I said to her:

CHORUS.

This is unexpected, it's really unexpected;
For such a girl as she, indeed, I never met before;
Gayly I reflected, her offer was accepted;
She didn't seem to mind it much when she got what she expected.

The evening passed with many a glass, and num'rous other things;
The girls drank port, we'd lots of sport, the darling little things;
Then midst our fun, papa had come home from his lodge quite gay,
Then through the door we went, both sore, which made us swear and say:

CHORUS.

This is unexpected, wholly unexpected,
For Jack and I we got it where we ne'er got it before;
Sadly I reflected, we never once expected
That dad was up and out so late, then come home unexpected.

LITTLE MARY ANN.

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Words by Geo. F. Dittmar. Music by Louis Dittmar.

In a moss-covered cottage that stands on the hill dwells my little Mary Ann;
Last night I proposed, but to me she said: "Have patience, my dear, if you can."
I waited patiently for you, my heart belongs to thee,
For can't you see that patience and me no longer will agree?

CHORUS.

My little sweetheart, give to me your hand;
You're always teasing as no one ever can,
Time it is flying, for you I'm sighing,
My own sweetheart, little Mary Ann.

I know that your father and mother will miss their dear little Mary Ann;
But when we are wed and settled in life we'll visit, whenever we can,
That little cottage on the hill, your home of childhood days;
You will agree, my darling, with me—true love finds many ways.—*Chorus.*

I will make life worth living if you will consent to be my darling wife;
I'll strive very hard, that you may enjoy the pleasure and comfort in life;
And when old age comes creeping on, together we will stand
Until the day that we're called away, true lovers hand-in-hand.—*Chorus.*

WILL I EVER SEE MY MOTHER'S FACE AGAIN?

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Words by J. M. Ritzheimer. Music by C. R. Muller.

How often do I sit, just before the lights are lit,
And memories of home I fondly dream,
And I'm once again a lad, racing thro' the field like mad,
Or lying 'neath the willow by the stream;
My cottage home is still in the shadow of the hill,
Just a step beyond the stile down in the lane,
Then I suddenly awake, for I feel my heart will break—
Ah, could I see my mother's face again.

CHORUS.

Could I but see my mother's face again,
I ne'er would cause her sorrow, care or pain;
What joy 'twould be to me, her dear old face to see—
Will I ever see my mother's face again?

I've traveled many miles, but the thought of her dear smile
Has cheered my lonely pilgrimage for me;
Now my weary head I'd rest 'gainst my mother's loving breast,
Then once again at perfect peace I'd be.
But an exile from my home doom'd this great wide world to roam;
My longing and my prayers are all in vain,
For a letter to me read, "Your mother dear is dead."
Will I ever see my mother's face again?—*Chorus.*

YOU DON'T FIND A GIRL LIKE MY GIRL EVERY DAY.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

No singer sang of a girl half so fair,
Or as sweet as my girl Leanore;
No poet e'er dreamed of a beauty so rare
As possessed by the girl I adore.
There is no heart so true, there are no eyes so blue,
There is no girl with face so divine;
I gave her a ring the first moment I knew
That her heart would beat happy with mine.

REFRAIN.

For—You don't find a girl like my girl every day,
And it's no fault of mine, she stole my heart away;
She's like the diamond pure and white,
True as the stars that shine so bright,
And you don't find a girl like my girl every day.

'Tis true that she's poor, but she's pure just the same—
Yes, pure as the gold from the ore;
She'll bring me no fortune when she takes my name,
And our hearts beat as one ever more;
But with her by my side, down life's river we'll glide—
What happiness for us in store.
What care we for fortune with love as our guide—
'Twill be heaven with my Leanore.—*Refrain.*

GRACE O'MOORE.

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By Max S. Witt. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

I know a dear little maiden, whose name is Grace;
She has a pretty, bewitching, sweet, smiling face;
When you have seen her, you all with me will agree
That ne'er before have you seen such a queen as she;
She's pure as the lilies, modest in form and face—
Who could not love her, my own little dark-eyed Grace.

CHORUS.

Grace O'Moore is the girl I love,
True to me she is as the stars above;
If you roam this wide world o'er,
Not a girl can equal her, my Grace O'Mooro.

Yes, she has promised my own little wife to be,
That makes me happy, for no greater boon to me;
Her truest love I have won, I can proudly say;
And to the future I now look without dismay;
Though skies may o'ershadow, boding ill winds and rain,
We will be happy, for sunshine must come again.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A WELCOME FROM GRANDMA.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

Oft when a boy, how my heart leaped with joy
When I went to spend the summer-time at grandma's;
There was a charm in that home on the farm,
And the kind and loving face that met me there;
As she sat in her chair, with her face so sweet and fair,
And knitted the stockings that we children used to wear,
She would look at me and smile, and with heart so free from guile,
Say, "You'll always find a welcome here at grandma's."

CHORUS.

There's not a single token of cherished ties now broken,
But that greeting I remember in the old home on the farm;
Though all hope was bereft me, and trusted friends had left me,
There was still a kindly welcome there from grandma.

Life is a game, where the struggle for fame
Often causes many bitter disappointments;
Nobody knows how soon friends may be foes,
And discouragements are met on every hand;
Though it's long years ago, I can ne'er forget, I know,
The kind words of counsel that dear grandma gave to me:
"If you work with might and main, soon the sun will shine again,
And the clouds will break away, I know," said grandma.—*Chorus.*

Her Picture Was There Next to Mine.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Nell and I had loved each other, just about a year,
But ne'er a word of love we spoke, through bashfulness, I fear;
She'd asked me for my photograph, and she gave hers to me,
But that alone was not enough to prove that she loved me.
One night when I'd made up my mind to tell
Her mother that I loved her only daughter Nell,
My bashfulness prevented me, and nothing could I say,
Until I saw an open book that on the table lay,
And I saw that

CHORUS.

Her picture was there next to mine—
'Twas the "Family Album," she said;
There were uncles, aunts, cousins, relations by dozens,
Some of them living and some of them dead;
She blushed as I looked in her eye—
I saw that the love so divine
Was mine for the asking—in her smiles now I'm basking,
For her picture was there next to mine.

With such encouragement from Nell, I soon got very bold—
I broached a subject new to her, and told the story old,'
Of love for one heart in the world, and that belonged to Nell;
She whispered "yes" to what I said, the rest I'll never tell;
She told me, while a blush she tried to hide,
Her mother, just for fun, had placed us side by side;
To me it seemed a gentle hint from her, to let me see,
That if I loved her truly she'd be always true to me,
And that was why—*Chorus*

GO TO SLEEP LOVE.

Sung only by Mrs. Thos. J. Ryan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Close your eyes, my darling, do not weep,
But go to sleep, now go to sleep;
Loving watch o'er your cradle I will keep,
So go to sleep, love, go to sleep;
Your father's ship's now rocking on the deep,
So go to sleep, now go to sleep;
And the little stars they peep, while playing hide and seek,
And they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, while they peep.

CHORUS.

Close your eyes, darling, go to sleep, dear;
Don't be afraid, your Lena was here;
Close your eyes, darling, I'll watch over you,
Yu la he, yu lah he, oh.

In the morning when you open wide your eyes,
You must go to sleep now, go to sleep;
I have for you one very big surprise,
So go to sleep, love, go to sleep;
I know where a stick of candy lies,
So go to sleep now, go to sleep;
It is just your size, and if you're very wise,
You'll go to sleep and wake up with the flies.—*Chorus.*

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
'Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

KATHLEEN.

Copyright, 1894, by Helene Mora.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
Just the finest young lady on earth;
A gem of the very first water,
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;
I met her beneath the green bower;
I kissed her and liked it so well;
She blushed like the fairest of flowers
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;
'Mid shady lane and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;
They've a neat little farm of their own;
Her father he digs his own praties,
And they live in the County Tyrone;
For miles 'round our Kathleen is famous—
Good looks and good nature serene;
'Tis there she is always acknowledged
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—*Chorus.*

We are going to get married next Sunday,
And the old folks will give us away;
The bells in the church will be ringing,
And the boys and the girls will be gay;
As sure as the stars are above us,
My Kathleen will ever be true;
And as from the church we are coming,
All the boys and the girls shout hurroo.—*Chorus.*

Faces We Miss from the Stage.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

After taking your seat in the theatre,
To witness some popular play,
Did you ever pause to consider,
The actors who've left us to-day,
'Tis but a brief time since you knew them,
These men who were once all the rage;
And I fancy you sometimes remember
The men that we miss from the stage.

CHORUS.

Faces we miss from the stage, those who were once all the rage;
We can never forget, and we think with regret, of the faces we miss from the stage.

There was one whose appearance each evening
Was hailed with the wildest delight;
He counted his friends by the thousand,
They applauded him night after night;
He has passed from the scene of life's action,
Though spared to enjoy an old age;
And I'm sure you will say here this evening,
"Billy" Florence is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's a very old friend that has left us,
Who took this whole country by storm;
He clung to the old school of acting,
So manly and stately in form;
His place is now filled by another,
But you know that we do not engage
Ev'ry day a "Virginius," a "Cæsar"—
John McCullough is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's an actress who's played in your city,
And I'm sure you'll agree, all, to this—
Her speeches were pert, wise, and witty,
In the beautiful play called "M'Liss;"
She died far away in old England,
From her life this is only a page,
But it does not take long to remind you
Annie Pixley is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

"Colonel Sellers," you all will remember,
In a play of light-comedy style,
But the man who has made it successful,
Will greet us no more with his smile;
He has made his last exit, forever;
He'd the wisdom, 'twas said, of a sage;
Every day this remark is made somewhere,
"John T. Raymond is missed from the stage."—*Chorus.*

There's a little soubrette that is missing
From the stage, where her absence but means
That she's waiting for our parts to end here,
And will meet us behind the scenes.
When the great green curtain is rolling
On some actress who's now all the rage,
I cannot but think for a moment
Patti Rosa is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's another who's played his last part here,
And spoke his last line in earth's scenes,
But, save a few dear ones who loved him,
How few know what his absence means.
Upon the result of his labors,
The critics their warfare will wage,
But go to the actors; they'll tell you
Bartley Campbell is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

Another, whose name is immortal,
Has gone to return nevermore;
He had played many parts in his lifetime,
And was known here from shore unto shore—
A man of rare genius and talent,
Whose name is on drama's first page,
And a nation is mourning his absence—
Edwin Booth is now missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's an actor whose face is now missing
From the stage where he once shone so bright;
His songs were a feature each evening,
And they're singing them somewhere to-night,
"Peek-a-boo," and the "Rose Song," "Mavourneen,"
Were once on a time all the rage,
And they still cause all hearts to remember—
"Billy" Scanlan is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

—Woman's first duty to man is to be beautiful. If she insists upon rights she can be as ugly as she pleases to be and wear the dizziest style of bloomers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—An Object of Interest.—"Here," complained the aggrieved father, "I have spent nearly $15,000 on that girl's education and now she goes and marries a $2,500 a year clerk." "Well," said the friend of the family, "isn't that all of 15 per cent. on your investment? What more do you want?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

OH! UNCLE JOHN.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Maiden Ruth one day came into town, just to see her uncle dear;
Maiden Ruth had on a girlish gown, and it made her look so queer;
Maiden Ruth had never seen New York, not until that day, poor thing,
As her uncle took her all around, she began to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

Uncle John escorted maiden Ruth all around the town, with care—
First he took her up to Central Park, then they went to Chatham Square;
Strange sights maiden Ruth had witnessed from Harlem down to New York bay;
Every one could tell what pleased her most by the way she'd say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

Uncle somehow lost her in the crowd, up and down the street he ran,
Soon he found her happy as could be, chatting with a policeman;
Uncle John then said to maiden Ruth, "Come along," but Ruth replied,
"I must kiss that handsome man in blue," so she did and cried:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

What Could the Poor Girl Do?

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Words and Music by E. Alexandra.

While walking down a busy thoroughfare,
You see a pretty girl, with golden hair,
Tripping along, humming a song,
As happy as the birds in the air,
When suddenly the rain it patters down,
You'd think the pretty darling she would drown;
Her dress holds high to keep it dry,
And the men stare as she toddles through the town;

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
She'd a pretty little shoe, and she liked to show it, too,
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A pretty girl in bathing went one day,
Dressed in a bathing suit of colors gay,
When, like a mouse, from bathing-house,
A thief her garments stole and ran away;
She learned her clothes were lost, and she must roam
The city in a costume made for foam;
She gave a sigh, but did not cry,
And then pluckily she started out for home.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
Through the streets she had to scoot, dressed up in a bathing suit,
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

Now when a man gets married, you'll agree,
At family work he's helpless as can be;
His wife says, Dan, 'most every man
Assists his wife, now why don't you help me?
The henpecked man consents, but with a scowl—
At night he walks the floor to baby's howl,
While mamma dear, without a fear,
Says I'll retire, then hubby starts to growl.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
While the baby loudly roars, mamma goes to sleep and snores,
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A good ship o'er the ocean swiftly sped,
The sun was shining brightly overhead,
The captain and a maiden grand
Stood on the deck, when suddenly he said:
Now from your pretty lips I'll take a sip,
Or else this boat has seen its final trip,
Unless I kiss you, pretty Miss,
All lives aboard are lost, I'll sink the ship.

CHORUS.

Now what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
Now she's very much adored, she saved all the lives on board,
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 1.

Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so müde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Gesell' war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käfernaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freibe', die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grane in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da führen uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Lorelei
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Solomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschiebt so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen soll ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer ia mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindele
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlaue Hansel (Der)
Schneidercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gelär
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 't die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will de Kiert?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Alexis send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein
Der liebste Buhle, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do henn se de Lehrele in's Exame geno'
Drauß' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wad're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schultze nennt
Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Ledig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Wenn Lieb in eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So ist das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Mailüfterl waht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 3.

Enthaltend 116 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Vierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekranzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreise!
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graf ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Adel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck mit Jo!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Frösch' und die Unken (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jodr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig lieb
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Halden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Toback
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren mir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

Address all orders to HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, New York City.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out!
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for summers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Lancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the door
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Beside of the sea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [down
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bella of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river—you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Shoehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [tail
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wurs
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Didalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth?
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 The evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Della Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kneeday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home?
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Sickles' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yallow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Dummer's hole!
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Twenty-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden slippers
383 Your little Lisa loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Nellie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alice
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying?
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glencoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave hussars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohnes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [heady
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

We will send **10** of the above Songs, your selection, for **10** cents; **30** for **25** cents; **50** for **40** cents; **100** for **75** cents, or **1000** for **$5.** ☞ Remember we will not send less than **10** of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers only. We will send the sheet music of any song on this page, arranged for the piano, words and music combined, for **40** cents per copy, or **3** copies for **$1.**

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

817 Lottie Lee
818 Who's at my bedroom window?
819 I have no home
820 It's nice to be a father
821 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
822 Only to see her face again
823 Kingdom coming
824 Barney O'Hea
825 Teddy O'Neal
826 Man with the speckled pants
827 Medicine Jack
828 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
829 Keep in the middle of the road
830 Lanigan's ball
831 Lula is gone
832 An Irishman's toast
833 Village blacksmith
834 Naughty Clara
835 Dying gunn
836 When the leaves begin to turn
837 Larry O'Brien
838 Mother kissed me in my dream
839 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
840 Dying Californian
841 Grandmother's birthday
842 Come where my love lies dreaming
843 Pop goes the weasel
844 Monkey's wedding
845 Mary had a little lamb
846 Wait for the wagun
847 Cork leg
848 Uncle Sam's farm
849 My old wife and I
850 I'm so lonely
851 Only as far as the gate
852 Peek-a-boo
853 Moonlight at Killarney
854 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
855 We never speak as we pass by
856 Tipperary christening
857 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
858 Old rustic bridge by the mill
859 Paddy Magee's dream
860 Dreaming of home and mother

861 Shall we know each other there?
862 Jolly Irishman
863 Folks that put on airs
864 Rosalie, the prairie flower
865 If I had but a thousand a year
866 Fisherman and his child
867 Bwana Castle Garden
868 In the gloaming
869 Bring me back the one I love
870 Spider and the fly
871 A warrior bold
872 Tar's farewell
873 In her little bed we laid her
874 Dark girl dressed in blue
875 Separation
876 Pitcher of beer
877 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
878 Nobody knows what a racket was there
879 It's a cold day when I get left
880 Alice, where art thou?
881 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
882 Jessie at the railway bar
883 Ada, with the golden hair
884 Streets of New York
885 Courting in the rain
886 I'm dying for some one to love me
887 Is that Mister Reilly?
888 Let my name be kindly spoken
889 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
890 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
891 Poor old Mike
892 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
893 A life on the ocean wave
894 I am dreaming
895 Gypsy Countess
896 She's as good as gold
897 Watchman, tell us of the night
898 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
899 Ten thousand miles away
900 Give my love to all at home
901 Nygel Snyder's party
902 Increase of crime
903 Ship on fire
904 Josephus Orange Blossom
905 Oh! Susannah
906 Old Bob Ridley
907 Bonnie blue flag
908 Nell Flaugherty's drake
909 John Barleycorn
910 Rules for love-making
911 Land League Band
912 Down by the old abbey ruins
913 Glorious 69th
914 Old willow cradle
915 Funny old gal
916 Religious card player
917 Paddy's the boy
918 Teddy McGlynn
919 Lads who live in Ireland
920 Worn-out sailor
921 Mott street, 1858
922 Limerick is beautiful
923 Seven out
924 Let me kiss him for his mother
925 Pretty lips
926 Sullivan's boot in my eye
927 Villikins and his Dinah
928 Captain with his whiskers
929 A knot of blue and gray
930 Foley's hotel
931 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
932 Never take the horseshoe from the door
933 Woman, lovely woman
934 Napoleon's dream
935 When the robins nest again
936 Oh! you little darling, I love you
937 Just down the lane
938 Call me back again
939 Milwaukee fire
940 One of the finest
941 Over the mountain
942 Belle of the ball
943 Farmer's boy
944 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
945 Hush-a-bye, baby
946 Where the ivy grows so green

947 Bridget Donahue
948 Down the hill
949 My Nellie's blue eyes
950 Ragged coat
951 Kitty Kinno
952 Little darling, dream of me
953 Juice of the forbidden fruit
954 Minute gun at sea
955 Some day
956 Sour krout
957 Don't give the name a bad place
958 Rackety Jack [hallelujah)
959 John Brown song (Glory, glory
960 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
961 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
962 Roger O'Malley
963 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
964 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
965 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
966 I'll await my love
967 Hard times come again no more
968 Mickeley's grove away
969 Nineteen hundred and one
970 Colleen Dhas Machree
971 Only to see thee, darling
972 Blue bells of Scotland
973 A boy's best friend is his mother
974 That's how you get served when you're
975 Dear little innocent things [old
976 Mother, I've come home to die
977 Just before the battle, mother
978 Down in a diving-bell
979 Kissing through the bars
980 Skipper and his boy
981 Young man from the country

982 I'll be dar
983 The midshipmite
984 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
985 Naughty, naughty men
986 Naughty, naughty girls
987 New coon in town
988 Will a monkey climb a tree?
989 Bold soger boy
990 Heenan and Sayers
991 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
992 Sally, come up
993 Sea king's burial
994 One-horse open sleigh
995 Baby show
996 Swim out for glory
997 Jessie Green
998 Duffy's grand opening night
999 I'm a dude
1000 Run for the doctor
1001 Climbing up the golden stairs
1002 My good-looking man
1003 How a married woman goes to sleep
1004 I'm off for Baltimore
1005 Bright little spot on the ocean
1006 I tickled her under the chin
1007 Lakes of Cold Finn
1008 My Newmarket coat
1009 He will come with the flowers of May
1010 Ten years in Cherry Hill
1011 Maloney's the man
1012 Ship that never returned
1013 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
1014 How much does the baby weigh?
1015 A mother's watch by the sea
1016 Uncle Billy's dream
1017 Some day I'll wander back again
1018 High-water pants
1019 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
1020 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
1021 Paddy stole the pope
1022 Duffy, the swell
1023 Not much
1024 Don't leave your mother, Tom
1025 Pretty little dark blue eyes
1026 A rolling stone gathers no moss
1027 Dream faces
1028 Wind blew through his whiskers
1029 Good-bye to my Southern home
1030 Pretty little rosy cheeks
1031 Knock at the window to-night, love
1032 Hard up
1033 Forgive and forget
1034 Captain Mishler
1035 Butterfly dude
1036 Bowery on Saturday night
1037 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
1038 Let me like a soldier fall
1039 Enniskillen dragoon
1040 Papa's baby boy
1041 I ain't as young as I used to be
1042 The Dreadnought
1043 See-saw
1044 What's in a kiss?
1045 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
1046 Darling Clo'
1047 Mother's last request
1048 Texas ranger
1049 God, save Ireland
1050 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
1051 Bold Jack Donahue
1052 Last farewell
1053 Sweet dreams of mother and home
1054 Mary Ann Kehoe
1055 Only an emigrant
1056 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
1057 The farmer feeds us all [ing
1058 Strike while the iron is hot
1059 Better days will come again
1060 Baby's lullaby
1061 Dying girl's message
1062 Some other girl shall wear the ring
1063 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
1064 Somebody's tall and handsome
1065 Mother keeps the gate locked now
1066 Sweet Alpine rose
1067 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
1068 Constant farmer's son
1069 Upper ten and lower five
1070 Karl's new lullaby
1071 Key-hole in the door
1072 Act on the square, boys
1073 Lackawanna spooners
1074 Cot where I was born

1075 Burke's dream
1076 Four-leaved shamrock
1077 Up a tree
1078 Down where the lilly bells grow
1079 Behind the parlor door
1080 Peggy O'Moore
1081 Sunny hours of childhood
1082 O'Reilly, the fisherman
1083 Old village blacksmith shop
1084 False one, I love thee still
1085 Shannon side
1086 Pennsylvania tramp
1087 We'll paint the town red
1088 Look always on the sunny side
1089 Green linnet
1090 Gentle Annie
1091 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
1092 There's a light in the window
1093 Annie of the vale
1094 Rising of the moon
1095 Who will care for mother now
1096 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
1097 Sights for a father
1098 Old gray mare
1099 How is your sister Mary?
1100 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
1101 Grandma's vacant chair
1102 America's emblem the violet
1103 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
1104 Take good care of mother
1105 Whisper and a kiss
1106 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
1107 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
1108 Little Nag and I
1109 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
1110 Rory's Sunday out
1111 My sweetheart's family
1112 Little wife Nellie
1113 Too utterly utter
1114 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
1115 They can't keep the workingman down
1116 Angel mother waits for me
1117 Good-night, but not good-bye
1118 Dar's a new moon in de sky
1119 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
1120 Mind and be home when the clock
1121 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
1122 My little four-leaved shamrock from
1123 White Wings [Glennore
1124 Always take mother's advice
1125 Pretty pond lillies
1126 Dear Robin, I'll be true
1127 Mikado McAllister
1128 For one day of turkey there's six days
1129 Poor old dad [of hash
1130 The Haddingtonshire
1131 McSorley's twins
1132 Cricket on the hearth
1133 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
1134 Trabling back to Georgia
1135 Noble knights of labor
1136 He gets there just the same
1137 Johnny, get your gun
1138 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
1139 Maggie Darrow's welcome
1140 Come, sit by me, mother
1141 I'm not asleep
1142 Put on de golden shoe
1143 I'll think of my mother at home
1144 Two little ragged urchins
1145 Silver bells of memory
1146 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
1147 Sock her on the kisser
1148 Oh! you girls
1149 Because she ain't built that way
1150 Flanigan, the lodger
1151 Married
1152 Garden where the praties grow [gone
1153 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
1154 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
1155 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
1156 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
1157 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
1158 Annie Lisle
1159 I will be true to thee
1160 Down by the river side I strayed
1161 Kitty Clyde
1162 Under the willow she's sleeping
1163 Bay of Biscay, O!
1164 Hazel dell
1165 It's funny when you feel that way
1166 They've all got a wife but me
1167 What is home without a mother?
1168 Bowery Grenadiers
1169 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe,
1170 Good-bye, Susan Jane
1171 Nellie was a lady
1172 Nettie Moore
1173 To the West
1174 Joe Hardy
1175 Think of your head in the morning
1176 Wash me, mother, dear
1177 Remember, boy, you're Irish
1178 Where can the wanderer be?
1179 Colored band
1180 It's naughty, but it's nice
1181 We'd better bide a wee
1182 Come along my, darling
1183 Old turnkey
1184 Sarah's young man
1185 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
1186 Belle Brandon [different ways
1187 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
1188 Hungry man from Harlem
1189 When Johnny comes marching home
1190 I was despised because I was poor
1191 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
1192 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
1193 Clementine [thee
1194 Sweet heather bell
1195 Windy man from Brooklyn
1196 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
1197 You'll never miss your mother till she's
1198 Remember me to all at home
1199 Oh, what a night
1200 Did you notice it?
1201 Since my mother's dead and gone
1202 America beats them all
1203 Australian exile

1204 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
1205 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
1206 Her own boy, Jack
1207 Clara Nolan's ball
1208 Letters we carved on the tree
1209 Two Irish police
1210 Little old red shawl my mother wore
1211 Our Jack's come home to-day
1212 He's never done anything since
1213 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
1214 Can you, then, love another?
1215 Light-house by the sea
1216 An Irish fair day
1217 It's for money
1218 As I read the paper through
1219 They can't do it, you know
1220 Letter that never came
1221 A handful of earth
1222 Is Maud in?
1223 Southern soldier boy
1224 Green mossy banks of the Lea
1225 Manchester martyrs
1226 Dear Irish boy
1227 I haven't for a long time now
1228 Save my mother's picture from the
1229 Rock-a-bye, baby [exhibition
1230 Lay my head beneath a rose
1231 Castlebar boy
1232 Flora Belle
1233 It's dudish you know
1234 The letter came at last
1235 My pretty Jane
1236 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
1237 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
1238 Dad's dinner pail
1239 The grave
1240 Black pack-a-ninny
1241 Widow Nolan's goat
1242 Maid of the Mill
1243 Paddy Duffy's cart
1244 Little green leaf in our bible
1245 Mary Kelly's bean
1246 He'll be back bye-and-bye
1247 Bonny black Bess
1248 Little widow Dunn
1249 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
1250 Man that struck O'Hara
1251 A flower I found in mother's bible
1252 Dying cowboy's lament
1253 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
1254 Star of the evening [mother's grave
1255 Poor little soldiers' boy
1256 Bold McIntires
1257 Howard's cradle song
1258 Handkerchief flirtation
1259 Angel's whisper
1260 Tom, if you love me, say so
1261 Flying trapeze
1262 Little old caboose behind the train
1263 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
1264 I believe it, for my mother told me so
1265 Mamma's black baby boy
1266 Ungrateful son
1267 Double-breasted mansion on the square
1268 Yankee Doodle
1269 The faster you pluck them the thicker
1270 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
1271 Sullivan and Ryan
1272 Package of old letters
1273 Cabin with the roses at the door
1274 Morrissey and Heenan fight
1275 Matrimonial suggestions
1276 Mother's wedding ring
1277 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
1278 Never take 'no' for an answer
1279 Have you seen Yum-Yum
1280 I'll return bye-and-bye
1281 It's English, you know
1282 In the window a light I can see
1283 Little Ah Sid
1284 The striker and hiscon
1285 Tu-ra-rum
1286 I cannot sing that song to-night
1287 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
1288 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
1289 We draw the line at that
1290 Merry shanty boys
1291 Slightly on the mash
1292 Down among the sugar cane
1293 When my rover comes again
1294 There's no one to welcome me home
1295 John Mitchell
1296 Dearest Mae
1297 My bonny laboring boy
1298 The dawning of the day
1299 Wreck of the "London"
1300 The song that reached my heart
1301 The Scotch brigade
1302 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1303 I'm the father of a little black coon
1304 Where is Kathleen
1305 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1306 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1307 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1308 Just a little sunshine
1309 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1310 A letter from Ireland [knee
1311 I'm going to have my name above the
1312 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1313 Man, poor man
1314 When baby smiles in her sleep
1315 Songs that we sing
1316 Listen to my tale of woe
1317 Meet a coon to-night
1318 Copper and the cook
1319 Bring back my sailor boy
1320 Where the sparrows and chippies
1321 Old boss Barry [parade
1322 Midnight squad
1323 Isabelle St. Clair
1324 Don't run down the Irish
1325 From the cradle to the grave
1326 The little fishermaiden
1327 You know
1328 Up went the price
1329 Honor thy father and mother
1330 Marguerite
1331 Bid me good-bye and go
1332 I'm so shy

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston bitten
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry sprigs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Marked on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Mason's wedding night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat?
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Motto that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle, dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killaloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheriff's sale
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play
1133 Chump! or, they had me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Rally hooley
1138 Hi! water, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now?
1143 Where did you get that face?
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love

1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey?
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night?
1196 Little old dudden
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dan's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNutt's, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Banne it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould countre
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty

1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1308 I'm the man that wrote Tara-ra boom
1309 Maiden and the lamb (Carlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own
1312 Miner's Dream of Home [fireside
1313 Polly O'Neil
1314 He was a soldier
1315 Oh, ta-ra-ra
1316 Ting-a-ling-ting-tay
1317 The country girl
1318 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow
1319 Sweet Nellie Bawn
1320 There is a stranger's face in Heaven now
1321 I'll never go there again
1322 When the days grow longer
1323 Where the chicken got the axe
1324 After the ball
1325 Ginger
1326 Kiss my dear old mother, Jack
1327 Still the world goes on [over here
1328 I'm the man that brought Columbus
1329 I loved you better than you knew
1330 You can't stop her
1331 Bowery
1332 Afterwards
1333 Widow
1334 Reuben and Cynthia
1335 Out for a racket
1336 Kiss, and let's make up
1337 Columbus was an Irishman
1338 A pretty girl
1339 Love me little, love me long
1340 Two little girls in blue
1341 Daisy Bell
1342 She is my pic nic girl
1343 Oh, promise me
1344 When summer comes again
1345 Always mind your sister, Jennie
1346 Volunteer Organist [ought to be
1347 One of his legs is longer than it really
1348 In the bright moonlight
1349 The widow's plea for her son
1350 Hearts
1351 Keep the home together
1352 Tom and I'll go too
1353 I love you in spite of all
1354 They all take after me
1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Georgie
1 58 Same sweet bells are ringing
1359 Have you seen her?
1360 Don't forget me, Mary
1361 Fallen by the wayside
1362 Is life worth living?
1363 December and May
1364 They are the best friends of all
1365 The ship I love
1366 Nancy Clancy's bean
1367 My Johanna Johnson
1368 Your mother and I, Maggie
1369 We never speak her name
1370 It's all gone now
1371 When Peggy and I are wed
1372 My Marie
1373 Mamie, come kiss your honey boy
1374 The fatal wedding
1375 The christening of Maggie's baby
1376 Seeing Jennie home
1377 Carrie
1378 No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry
1379 Half-past nine
1380 The little lost child
1381 The workingman's dream
1382 The face upon the barroom floor
1383 Conversation water
1384 Love will bring me back again

1385 The gay soubrette
1386 Will we ever be able to fly?
1387 The little musician
1388 Raming in the clover
1389 Don't leave the old home, Mamie
1390 Twiggy Voo
1391 And the verdict was
1392 I'll take you home again, Kathleen
1393 Greet the old man with a smile
1394 The man that broke the brokers down
1395 The German Fifth [in Wall Street
1396 Fare thee well, my little sweetheart
1397 The pride of the ball
1398 Walking on de rainbow in de sky
1399 Day by day years have rolled on
1400 He married the daughter, mother and all
1401 Won't you be my sweetheart?
1402 Apple blossoms
1403 The little bunch of whiskers on his chin
1404 My pearl's a Bowery girl
1405 Maggie Mooney
1406 While the dance goes on
1407 Picture eighty-four [her back
1408 And her golden hair was hanging down
1409 Take him to your heart again
1410 Upon life's ocean cast away [you
1411 When you know the girl you love loves
1412 Kind words [all
1413 There's no place like the old home after
1414 I don't want to play in your yard
1415 Wait, Mr Postman
1416 Magic pictures in the grate
1417 Swell up to date
1418 Thinking of one she loves
1419 Only to see my mother
1420 How do you like it?
1421 I long to see the old home once again
1422 When we're married by and by
1423 Believe me if all those endearing young
1424 Look in my heart [charms
1425 My beautiful Irish maid
1426 Olcott's Irish serenade
1427 Katy Mahone
1428 Nothing's too good for the Irish
1429 Take back the engagement ring
1430 He got the rinkey dink
1431 Girl wanted
1432 Linger longer, Loo
1433 His last thoughts were of you
1434 The church across the way
1435 How nice that all must be
1436 Those lost happy days
1437 McGinty at the living pictures
1438 McNally's old backyard
1439 Phoebe
1440 Broken hearts
1441 Where little girl are you?
1442 The girl I love
1443 Hearts are trumps
1444 The little toy drum
1445 I went home wid Michael
1446 Forget the past
1447 Susie, do you lub me?
1448 He married Riley's bride
1449 Oh! how I love sweet Kathleen
1450 When the mailman comes
1451 Can't fool the Dutch [beau
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MY GIRL'S A "CORKER."

— OR: —

"The Race-Track Girl."

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by John Queen.

Oh, talk about your sweethearts fair, and girls of high degree;
Your Bow'ry pearls, and English girls from far across the sea;
But I can't see where they come in, they never were in line,
For up-to-date ideas, with this race-track girl of mine.

CHORUS.

My girl's a "corker!" she's a New Yorker;
She plays the races, she gets the "dough;"
She loves me dearly, and so sincerely.
Tell me how you found that out? She told me so!

At Sheepshead Bay, in summer time, she's simply "out of sight!"
She bets her "stuff" like Pittsburgh Phil, and always gets them right.
The "touts," they all take off their hats and stand right in a line,
And look for information from this rack-track girl of mine.—*Chorus.*

And when the racing season's o'er, she goes across the "pond";
I've heard some tales that dear old Wales of her is very fond.
In Paris, on the Boulevard, she never fails to shine:
For every day is Sunday with this race-track girl of mine.—*Chorus.*

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

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Written by Tom Conly. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

As I stood on my nose, with my feet in the gutter,
I witnessed some wonders that never took place;
A p'liceman was robbing a boy of his stockings,
Because he wore freckles all over his face.
A lady was skating through ice cream and butter,
The butter gave 'way and the girl tumbled in;
I took off my coat and I tied up my trousers,
Then went home to bed and sat down on a pin.

CHORUS.

It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
Each time you say something you speak;
The man that sat down on the boiling hot glue,
He hasn't sat down for a fortnight.

A youth with no ears sold his whiskers for two cents,
Then for a policeman somebody did call;
They sentenced his nibs to a fortnight's hard labor,
Which shows that your whiskers are not yours at all.
As you journey through life you should always steal something,
Set fire to a house, or sneak somebody's cat,
It's an ill wind that blows your hat under a street car;
If you cannot grow thin, why, then laugh and grow fat.

CHORUS.

It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
The back of your head's all behind:
The man that eat hob-nails and French Irish stew,
We buried him last Thursday morning.

A man falling, held by the skin of his eyebrows,
Because he'd no teeth to hold on by the skin;
The lady who fainted cried, "give me some water,
Some boiling hot water and plenty of gin."
A tramp who was starving got hold of a sausage,
"May heaven reward thee," the vagabond cried;
But that sausage that day had been struck by forked lightning;
He took one good bite, then he strangled and died.

CHORUS.

It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
Your feet always walk on the ground;
The man who sold pork to a black-whiskered Jew,
He's pushing the clouds along now.

How nice is the snow when your coat's vaccinated,
Your trousers are baggy and full of large holes,
You haven't a penny, so can't get a 'tater,
The tops of your boots come away from the soles.
He bathed in the sea and he poisoned the fishes,
They laid him to rest in the village bone-yard.
How pleasant's the sight of a humpy-backed father
As he washes the baby with soft soap and lard.

CHORUS.

It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
It's wet every time that it rains.
Poor Johnny McCann said, "I'll die, love, for you,"
With a pistol he blew out the candle.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

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Words and Music by Will H. Friday, Jr.

I've lived within my present home a month, or maybe more;
Contented with my folks I lived till then,
But since I'm there, I met a Miss, none such I've met before,
With charms just made to captivate the men.
So graceful and so neat, so winsome and so sweet—

CHORUS.

She's the girl next door, the girl next door—
Bewitching and so handsome is the girl next door.
Now whene'er I hear her name my heart bursts in a flame—
I'm in love with the girl next door.

So very soon the wedding bells will ring in tones of joy,
Two loving hearts will then be very glad;
A happy youth will march beside a maiden sweet and coy,
In bridal robes of white she will be clad.
We'll wed and live in bliss, myself and this young Miss.—*Chorus.*

A LITTLE, YOU KNOW, SO SO!

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Words by W. H. Archbold. Music by Felix McGlennon.

My sister Kate a beauty is in figure, shape and form,
The kind of girlish poem o'er which mashers grow quite warm;
They'll say just as she trips along, demurely and so shy
With just a saucy twinkle from the corner of her eye:

CHORUS.

Oh! she looks a little, you know, so so;
And she shows a little so so, also,
And the light within her eyes, which to hide she never tries,
Makes 'em feel a little, you know, so so.

My own dear sweetheart Georgie, when he comes to Sunday tea,
He pleases mother muchly, for so meek he seems to be;
She thinks he's quite the shyest little chap she's ever known,
But, should they chance to leave us in the parlor all alone—

CHORUS.

Oh! he looks a little, you know, so so;
And he tries a little so so, also;
He will talk of love and bliss, and he wants to steal a kiss,
'Cause he feels a little, you know, so so.

My sister went to meet a gay, young masher at a dance,
And, oh! she was a picture—quite a dream of sweet romance—
In fact, she looked a perfect belle, her rivals did confess,
Altho' her lover said that Katie's tasty evening dress—

CHORUS.

Well, it looked a little, you know, so so;
And it showed a little so so, also;
And he cried, "You are a swell and you're sure to be the belle,
Still I think it's rather, you know, so so."

But now sweet Katie's married, and, alas! I'm single still,
To note their sweet contentment, well, it almost makes me ill,
And, bless you, they had scarcely settled down for, well, a year,
When some one came a-whispering in John's delighted ear:

CHORUS.

Well, you've got a little, you know, so so;
You must have a little so so, also;
It's a treasure all your own, quite the sweetest ever known—
Yes, and everything is, you know, so so.

—"What was the most confusing case you ever had?" asked the doctor of the lawyer. "Case o' champagne," returned the lawyer. "I hadn't got half through it before I was all muddled up."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Complete Give-Away.—Lawyer: "You say, madame, that you have been a true and loving wife?" Witness: "I have, sir, as God is my witness." "And you have spared no effort to retain the love and esteem of your husband?" "I have done everything I could to make him love me, and he knows it." "Ahem! Madame, who gets up and makes the fire these cold mornings?" "He—he—does." "Ah, indeed; then don't you think your statement that you had made every possible effort to retain your husband's love and esteem was a little premature, eh!"

DON'T TELL MOTHER THAT HER BOY WENT WRONG.

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Words and Music by Charles Harvey.

There's a cozy little cottage, nestled down among the hills,
In a village that is very far from here;
Where the sun is ever shining, and the song-bird ever trills,
And it shelters my old mother, fond and dear.
Still I see her in the door-way, as she stood that one sad day,
When I left my boyhood's home, my wings to try.
Though her eyes were dimm'd with weeping, as she sent me on my way,
With a smile upon her lips, she said, "Good-bye."

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, good-bye,"
Still in mem'ry those sad words are borne along;
I no longer have a home, for an outcast now I roam—
Don't tell my mother that her boy went wrong.

In the early days I struggled, that a fortune I might make,
For I hoped my darling mother thus to please,
But the so-called friends around me said, "Why all this trouble take?
We will teach you to make money with more ease."
Then soon I learned to gamble and to play the races, too;
And one false step to another swiftly led.
I neglected my poor mother, and the friends I thought so true
One by one dropped from me when my cash had fled.—*Chorus.*

Then I sought to drown my sorrows in the cup that's said to cheer,
But I've fallen lower still, as you may see;
And the only hope that's left me is, that she I hold most dear
Shall not know what wretched fate has come to me.
I shall seek that lowly cottage, there to find one loyal heart
To greet me with a welcome full of joy;
And then from her side, while living, I shall never, never part,
If my mother will forgive her erring boy.—*Chorus.*

OH, FRIENDS!

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By Felix McGlennon.

When the exile returns to the land of his birth,
After wand'ring the wide world o'er,
How he yearns for a glimpse of the faces he loves,
As he reaches the old home once more.
Warm hands clasp his own, and warm hearts seem to thrill,
Smiling lips words of welcome repeat;
So he thrills with emotion, with love and with pride,
And says to the friends he may meet:

CHORUS.

Oh, friends, dear old friends, bless you where'er you may be;
Oh, friends, dear old friends, you have been kind to me.

I had once lots of dollars, but now I have none,
For my dear friends have left me forlorn;
They have borrowed my shirt, they have borrowed my socks,
How I wish they would borrow my corn.
My friends said they'd stick to me through thick and thin,
And nothing their friendship would check,
But the only dear friend who has stuck to the end
Is a boil on the back of my neck.—*Chorus.*

I'd a friend who shared with me each thing he possessed;
He'd a black eye and gave me one, too;
He caught scarlet fever and gave me my share;
He said 'twas his duty to do.
I'd one more dear friend, who ran off with my wife—
My wife took my cash and my curls;
Oh, bless them—they were good, so thoughtful, so kind;
They left me sixteen boys and girls.—*Chorus.*

There's one friend seems to cling to me, never to part,
'Tis my sweet-tempered mother-in-law;
She clings to my whiskers, she clings to my cash,
And comforts me with her sweet jaw.
Another dear friend has clung to me of late,
A present he was from my aunts—
That bull-dog sticks to me—'twas only last night
He stuck to the roof of my pants.—*Chorus.*

—Manager (to box-keeper): "Well, they call this piece a frost—but I call it a thaw." Box-keeper: "A thaw, sir?" Manager: "Yes, see how the audience have melted away."—*Fun.*

—"That race-horse of yours seems well broke," said the man who stands around and looks on. "Yes," replied the melancholy owner of the animal, "but he isn't as well broke as I am."—*Washington Star.*

STROLLING ON THE BEACH.

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Words and Music by W. H. Krell.

While strolling on the beach one day, I met a charming girl,
A side-long glance my heart entranced and set my brain a-whirl;
I never knew two eyes of blue e'er my heart could reach,
Till cupid's dart had pierced my heart, while strolling on the beach.

REFRAIN.

As we stroll upon the beach, after the sun is down,
I hear remarks from ev'ry side, "There's the sweetest girl in town."
I love her and she loves me, happiness came to each,
When upon that summer's day we met down on the beach.

While dancing at the ball one evening to the music sweet,
The charming idol of my heart again I chanced to meet;
We strolled into a cozy nook that no one else could reach,
And then I told her how I lost my heart upon the beach.—*Refrain.*

Now every evening when the moon is shining on the sand,
If e'er you chance to pass that way, you'll see us hand in hand;
For just a year has flown away, a happy year for each,
And now as man and wife we stroll upon the same old beach.—*Refrain.*

MY COMRADE AND PLAYMATE.

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Words and Music by Chas. F. Vann.

It pierced my heart to see my comrade fall;
We were boys together in the days gone by;
And now, far from home or loved one's fond caress,
He was breathing out his life without a murmur or a sigh;
But as I gently called his name and over him did bend,
He smiled and gazed into my eyes and grasped me by the hand;
And he faintly whisper'd, "Tell my friends, should you live the battle through,
I died for home and for my friends, and for my native land."

REFRAIN.

I ne'er shall forget him, my comrade and playmate;
We marched many miles in the ranks side by side;
I shared all his pleasures, and he shared my sorrows,
Yet he was a friend both true and tried.

At first it seemed as though it could not be
My friend who played with me upon the green
Was dead, and alas! I now was left alone,
And I hope and pray a sadder sight will ne'er again be seen,
But as I closed his eyes and placed his arms across his breast,
I took away from 'round his neck a little golden band;
It was given by his loving wife, left sobbing all alone,
While he fought for home and for his friends, and for his native land.—*Ref.*

QUEEN OF THE EARTH.

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By Ciro Pinsuti.

An angel in all but name is she,
O'er life her vigil keeping;
Whose wings are spread o'er each cradle bed,
Where the hopes of earth lie sleeping.
The heroes that vanquish amid the strife,
And write their names on the scroll of life,
Have fought for the fadeless laurels of fame,
To lay their crowns on her sacred name,
To lay their crowns on her sacred name.
Wide as the world is her kingdom of power,
Love is her sceptre, her crown and her dower;
In every heart she has fashion'd her throne;
As queen of the earth she reigneth alone,
As queen of the earth she reigneth alone.

An angel in all but power is she,
'Mid scenes of shade and sorrow;
She weaves thro' each night a ladder of light
That leads to a bright to-morrow.
She launches each life on the sea of time,
And guides each helm to the far-off clime;
Her pinions of love are spread in each sail,
Till she casts the anchor within the vale,
Till she casts the anchor within the vale.
Wide as the world is her kingdom of power;
Love is her sceptre, her crown and her dower;
In every heart she has fashion'd her throne;
As queen of the earth she reigneth alone,
As queen of the earth she reigneth alone.

GO SLEEP, MY HONEY.

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Words by Edward D. Barker. Music by Kate Vanderpoel.

De whip-'will's singin' to de moon, go sleep, my honey;
He sing a pow'ful mo'nful tune, go sleep, my honey.
De day-bird's sleepin' in its nes'—it know it time fo' to take a res',
An' it gwine to do its lebel bes', go sleep, my honey.

REFRAIN.

So safely sleep, my honey, do; dem twinklin' stars dun watch o'er you;
An' de big white moon lubs dis little black coon, go sleep, my honey.

De ole banjo am put away—go sleep, my honey;
Its pickin's froo till anudder day, go sleep, my honey.
Night-time hab sho'ly come to pass, de cricket's chirpin' in de grass,
An' de ole mule's gone to sleep at las', go sleep, my honey.—*Refrain.*

I heah de night-win' in de co'n, go sleep, my honey;
Dere's a ghos' ontside as sho's you's bo'n, go sleep, my honey;
But he dassent come where we keep a light, an' de candle's bu'nin' all de night,
So sink to res'—des' feel all right, go sleep, my honey.—*Refrain.*

I WILL COME BACK TO YOU.

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Words and Music by "Roma."

We say good-bye, and yet with clasping hands
And breaking hearts, with sad and tear-stained face,
Holding each other as with iron bands,
Forged into one unending, strong embrace,
We stand together heart to heart, and know
This sorrow that has fallen 'cross our lives
Cannot destroy our love of years ago—
Cannot destroy our love of years ago.

CHORUS.

I will come back to you, and I will love you so;
I will come back to you, and I will love you so;
I will come back to you, and I will love you so;
Love as I loved you, now, and in the long ago, the long ago.

Love, it may be that day when friends forsake,
Leave you alone your burdened cross to bear,
And when your life seems crush'd beyond recall,
When faith has gone, and hope itself is dumb,
That I shall come, love, as I used to come,
Just gently calling to your smothered cry,
And take your heart to rest on mine at last—
And take your heart to rest on mine at last.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE YOU AS I NEVER LOVED BEFORE.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

In a crowded tenement, where she helps to pay the rent,
Dwells a little girl that's all the world to me;
She's a shop-girl trim and neat, and she is so pure and sweet,
I'd spend my wages on her, to a cent,
And so, last Sunday night, while the lamp was burning bright,
In her mother's cozy parlor sat we two;
I took both her hands in mine, for she seemed to me divine;
And said, "Please listen while I tell my love for you."

CHORUS.

I love you as I never loved before;
You're the only girl on earth that I adore;
Do not bid me go away, let us name the wedding day;
I love you as I never loved before.

Then, as anyone may guess, she blushed somewhat, more or less,
For our hearts beat faster than the ticking clock;
Would she answer "yes" or "no?" would she bid me stay or go?
I could not bear to lose her, I confess;
So, as I went to start, she brought joy into my heart;
For she laid her pretty head upon my sleeve,
And with such a teasing smile, said, "Perhaps, but wait awhile;
Repeat to me again those words before you leave."—*Chorus.*

Baby Now Has Left Her Honey.

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Words and Music by Geo. Evans.

Susan Brown is a colored gal, the sweetest I ever see;
Her honey boy he loved her so, an' she said dat she loved me;
Her cheeks were of an eb'ny hue, her teeth shone out like pearl;
But one day she got acquainted wid a moneyed coon, an' now I'se lost my girl.

REFRAIN.

Baby now has left her honey, honey, an' from me she's gone away,
Wid a coon wid lots o' money, money, dat is why I'm sad to-day; [away,
My sweet thing, baby, now has left her honey, honey, an' from me she's gone
Wid a coon wid lots o' money, money, dat is why I'm sad to-day.

I'll tell you how dis moneyed coon come to steal my gal away;
I took her to a fancy ball a week come yesterday—
Dat coon jes' said, "I want you, babe!" an' looked her squar' in de eye,
An' when he hypnotized my baby into leavin' me, I thought dat I would die.—*Refrain.*

HAVE YOU GIVEN BACK HER LETTERS, TOM?

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Words and Music by Jessie Ollivier.

Have you given back her letters? have you taken back the ring?
Will you soon forget the many songs you loved to hear her sing?
Have you cursed the day you met her first, and thanked God you were free,
And said, as you thought in your inmost heart, "She ne'er was dear to me?"

REFRAIN.

Have you given back her letters? Have you taken back the ring?
Will you soon forget the many songs that you loved to hear her sing?

O Tom, you say 'tis over, and have taken back the ring;
Do you think love's mighty spirit then is such a trifling thing?
O no! if you have truly loved, you will love on, I know,
Till the church-yard myrtle blooms above, and you lie cold below.—*Refrain.*

You, too, will wake at midnight and stretch your arms to enfold
A vague and shad'wy image fair, with tresses yellow as gold.
Experience is bitter, Tom; you'll learn, at a heavy cost,
The secret of love's persistency when you have loved and lost.—*Refrain.*

LOUISIANA LOU.

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

I lub a gal, s'pose she lubs me too,
Anyhow she say she do, she say she do;
We calls her Lou since dat gal was born,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de sugar and de corn.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
And eb'ry night when de moon am shine,
I sing dis little gal dis little song of mine:

CHORUS.

Lou, Lou, I lub you; I lub you, dat's true;
Don't cry, don't sigh, you'll see me in de mornin';
Dream, dream, dream ob me, and I'll dream ob you,
My Louisiana, Louisiana, Louisiana Lou.

When Lou was born I was jess so high,
I was but a baby boy, a baby boy;
Mam says, "My Lor', aren't dem child'en spoons?"
Down Louisiana, 'mong de cotton and de coons.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
In days done gone to her cot I'd creep,
And sing dis little song to put dat chile asleep:—*Chorus.*

Lou's growed up now, soon she'll marry me,
Anyhow I want her be, I want her be,
For all de nigs lub dat gal ob mine,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de possum and de pine.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
So when we're wed and we're spliced in one,
I'll sing dis little song to bring back days done gone:—*Chorus.*

With a Little Lump of Wadding in His Ears.

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Written and Composed by Felix H. McGlennon and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Now Jacob Jay came up to town to see what he could see,
With a little lump of wadding in his ears;
He heard that city folks, sometimes, would use a great big D—
So he wore a lump of wadding in his ears.
He met a man who said "Hi, Jake! your face I'm glad to see—
We used to go to school together—you remember me?
And just for old acquaintance sake, old boy, lend me a 'V'";
But he kept the lump of wadding in his ears.

CHORUS.

But oh, Jacob! Oh, Jacob! isn't half so green as he appears,
For when his friend, in merry chaff,
Said: "Here's a ten, I'll lend you half!"
He quickly pulled the wadding from his ears.

Then quite by chance he tumbled in a Bow'ry music hall,
With a little lump of wadding in his ears;
Said he: "I know it's wicked, yet from grace I'll never fall
If I keep the lump of wadding in my ears."
He saw some lovely fairies, but they gave him no delight,
Said he: "It's been decided that to promenade ain't right!"
So when one said: "Fine evening, sir!" he said: (Hem) "Not to night!"
For I've got a lump of wadding in his ears.

CHORUS.

But oh, Jacob! Oh, Jacob! isn't half so green as he appears,
For when he heard a comic song
That had a voice, well—rather strong,
He yanked the lump of wadding from his ears.

He went into a beer saloon to have a quiet drink,
With his little lump of wadding in his ears;
And when a "boozer" standing by gave him a knowing wink,
He pointed to the wadding in his ears.
A lot of Jersey bunco men were there, he knew them well,
They all were from his native village, Mud-Town-in-the-Dell.
They said: "Come, Jacob, set 'em up!" and then they touched the bell,
But he wouldn't shift the wadding from his ears.

CHORUS.

But oh, Jacob! Oh, Jacob! isn't half so green as he appears,
For when they said: "Come, Mr. Jay,
Drink up, old man, and we will pay!"
He quickly yanked the wadding from his ears.

Now, Jacob Jay, the country lad, went strolling down the street,
With his little lump of wadding in his ears;
And soon a big Salvation Army band he chanced to meet,
With his little lump of wadding in his ears.
He followed to their temple, where they groaned and cried, Alas!
And then a big collection box around the hall did pass;
They told him that he would be saved if he gave up his brass,
But he pushed the lump of wadding in his ears.

CHORUS.

But oh, Jacob! Oh, Jacob! isn't half so green as he appears,
For when a sweet and tender miss
Said: "Ducky, dear, give me a kiss?"
He quickly yanked the wadding from his ears.

He went into a ball room in his go-to-meetin' suit,
And the little lump of wadding in his ears;
It made him nearly wild to hear the band so loudly toot,
But he kept the lump of wadding in his ears.
An ancient lady captured him—her face would stop a train;
She leaned upon his shoulder and said in language plain:
"You're just my size, oh, ducky, dear; we'll never part again!"
But he kept his lump of wadding in his ears.

CHORUS.

But oh, Jacob! Oh, Jacob! isn't half so green as he appears,
For when her daughter, young and sweet,
Said: "Take me, Jake; I've Trilby feet!"
He quickly yanked the wadding from his ears.

Now Jacob Jay is married and he leads a quiet life,
For he keeps the lump of wadding in his ears;
His wife she has a temper and a tongue just like a knife,
So he keeps the lump of wadding in his ears.
His neighbors 'round have lots of kids, poor Jacob he had none,
Said he, "I'd like a bouncing boy, I think 'twould be such fun,
But when the nurse remarked one day, "Here's three instead of one!"
He stuffed the lump of wadding in his ears.

CHORUS.

But oh, Jacob! Oh, Jacob! isn't half so green as he appears,
For when the girl exclaimed in roars:
"I don't think, Mr. Jay, they're *yours!*"
He quickly yanked the wadding from his ears.

—In Boston, of course.—Hicks: "But, really, what kind of a looking girl is this Miss Beekon?" Wicks: "Well, I can hardly say; you see, she didn't have her glasses on the day I saw her."—*Boston Transcript.*

MACK'S SWING SONG.

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Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew.

Come sit in the swing, little darling, and you will be filled with delight;
For up in the air, like a starling, you soon will be winging your flight;
Just imagine that you're a fine lady, and you be my little sweetheart;
We'll seal our foud vows with a kiss, love, every time that I give you a start.

CHORUS.

Heigh-ho, up high and down low, just like a bird on the wing;
Heigh-ho, a-sailing you go; hold tight, my love, to the swing;
If you're swinging as high as the meadow larks fly,
Don't fear, have faith in me;
Every time that you start, something down in my heart whispers,
"Love, you'll come back to me!"

Now, don't think I'm tiring, my darling, I'd keep swinging and swinging all day;
For I know it's a pleasure to you, dear, while it's driving my own care away.
I know that you'd sit there forever could you read the depths of my heart,
And know that it's comforting me, dear, every time that I give you a start.—*Cho.*

GERALDINE.

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Words by Robt. E. Rich. Music by Alfred N. La Brie.

What makes this land so fair, Geraldine;
Perfumes the summer air, Geraldine;
What tints the clouds on high,
Glows in the azure sky,
Lulls when the breezes die, Geraldine?
Come now and stroll with me, Geraldine,
Down by the moonlit sea, Geraldine;
Walk by the quiet shore,
Cull summer's dainty lore,
Dream while I ply the oar, Geraldine.

Come while the moon's abroad, Geraldine;
Come while thy charms I laud, Geraldine;
Come, O sweetheart of mine,
Out where the fire flies shine,
So like thine eyes divine, Geraldine;
Thine eyes my compass are, Geraldine;
Thine eyes my guiding star, Geraldine;
They point to eventide,
To home and thy loved side,
Where I for aye may bide, Geraldine.

Wouldn't You Like to Fondle Little Baby?

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Words by Charles H. Hoyt. Music by Percy Gaunt.

In me you see a very little lady—
A baby yet, I've heard my mamma say;
Too young to interest—whoever is our guest,
They pet me, but they wish I'd go away;
The men who call are not a bit attentive;
When mamma's in the room I'm never seen;
I wonder if they'd find it an incentive
If I, instead of nine, were seventeen.

CHORUS.

Wouldn't they like to fondle little baby?
Oh, wouldn't they like to hold me on their knees?
Don't you think I'd let them do it?
Maybe, if mamma wasn't there to make a breeze.

My Uncle Freddy bought a box of roses
To send his sweetheart, pretty Kitty Lee;
In the box he put a note, and this is what he wrote,
"My dearest, when you wear them think of me!"
He left the box alone for half a minute,
The roses I was mean enough to sneak,
And a pair of papa's trousers I put in it—
Now Uncle Fred and Kitty never speak.

CHORUS.

Wouldn't he like to fondle little baby?
Oh, wouldn't he like to have me on his knee?
Don't you think I'd let him do it?
Maybe, if mamma wasn't sitting there to see.

NORAH.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by Eugene O'Rourke.

There's only one girl I would have for my wife, and that's Norah, Norah;
With her I'd run double harness for life, with my little Norah dear;
Every morn, at the break of the day,
As 'round about Wicklow I drive on my way,
She'll ride on my cart, but no fare will she pay,
My Norah, Norah.

CHORUS.

Norah is young and fair, Norah has golden hair;
She rides upon my mail-cart every morning:
She sits by my side each day, enticing my heart away,
As I drive the cart that Norah rides on.

Some day I will make a most desperate try to win Norah, Norah;
She is the apple, the choice of my eye, is my little Norah dear;
I'll drive, as straight as a shot from a gun,
To the clergyman's house when my prize I have won,
And know I will never repent what I've done
When I wed Norah.—*Chorus.*

BABY FINGERS.

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Words by John C. Fowler. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

A little tot of less than two, is my sweet baby boy;
With golden curls and eyes of blue, he is my darling joy.
His tricks are e'er a pleasure rare, the memory often lingers,
Of mischief he, in childish glee, plays with those baby fingers.

CHORUS.

Little baby fingers, little baby hands,
Twisting everything awry they find;
Pretty little fingers, soft and snowy hands,
With the greatest mischief e'er entwined.

Sometimes, when papa is not near, he'll play some baby prank;
With salt he'll fill the coffee-mill, and try to turn the crank.
He'll mix the pepper with our tea, for days the flavor lingers;
We're made quite ill, but cherish still those little baby fingers.—*Chorus.*

To take him from his little bed, I go, each opening day;
He'll cover up his little head and start his roguish play;
He'll hide his stockings and his shoes, and if we're loath to linger,
To cry he'll try, and in each eye will thrust a baby finger.—*Chorus.*

ON DUTY.

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Words and Music by Bob Emmet.

Some people think a policeman's life quite easy on his beat,
They little know the terrors that they meet upon the street;
A cry for help, p'raps murder, is a thing we ofttimes hear,
Whilst ye are safely in your homes with those you love most dear.

CHORUS.

Here on my beat in the darkness of night,
Guarding your homes without fear 'till daylight,
Braving all dangers, in defence I will fight,
And still do my duty like a p'liceman.

I ofttimes miss a bullet as I'm going on my round,
And very oft a pal of mine's laid out upon the ground.
What noise is that—'tis a burglar; I'll stop the thieving cur—
Now, who goes there? no answer—you are my prisoner.—*Chorus.*

'Tis midnight now, no telling what the danger I might face,
For I've been warned all day to keep strict watch upon this place;
Now all is silent on my beat, there's treachery, I fear—
Take care! *ah! yes, my time has come—a bullet struck me here.

CHORUS.

Here on my beat in the darkness of night,
Like a dog left to die, with no help in sight,
I'm wanted, I know, give me strength and I'll fight,
And still do my duty like a p'liceman.

MAGGIE, MY OWN.

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Words by Alice. Music by Andrew Mack.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
Happy am I when you are nigh,
I love you more and more.
Dry that bright tear, be of good cheer:
Wherever I wander, though years may roll on,
You've a place in my heart, Maggie dear.

CHORUS.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
Happy am I when you are nigh, I love you more and more;
Oh! light of my life, be my little wife,
My own sweet Maggie Asthore.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
By night and day for you I'll pray;
Think of me, love, alone.
Though far away, still I'll be near;
The light of your eyes my bright beacon will be,
And guide me to you, Maggie dear.—*Chorus.*

THE "MIDWAY IN THE MOON."

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Colored folks, have you heard the news that's been e..citing every coon,
There's going to be a jubilee, and its going to gather 'round the moon;
There's Venus, there's Saturn, there's Jupiter and Mars,
There's a comet and an eclipse of the sun, the moon and stars;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.

CHORUS.

The midway in the moon, the midway in the moon,
With the boola, boola, boola, boola, boola,
Every coon will have a chance to do the hoochy, coochy dance,
When we get up to the midway in the moon.

White folks all must bear in mind that, when the coons begin to dance,
There'll be no choice or color line, for that day the nigs will have a chance;
Let's whisper, let's whisper, now coons don't you be shy:
Don't you hurry, don't you worry, for it's coming bye and bye;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.—*Chorus.*

MARRY ME, MARJORIE MOORE.

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Words by Herbert Darnley. Music by George Everard.

Freddie Jones was a telephone clerk,
He'd never shirk his office work,
But when in the office alone,
His telephone he'd work on his own.
At a Spanish girl's home they a telephone had,
And through it Fred used to make love, just like mad,
To a gentle-voiced maiden, who always seemed glad
When these words to her softly he'd say:

CHORUS.

Marry me, Marjorie; Marjorie, marry me;
Marry me, I implore:
You are my true love, I love none but you, love,
So marry me, Marjorie Moore.

Freddie lost his position, one day,
So people say, for singing his lay,
For his master heard all that he said,
And to poor Fred, "Be off with thee" said,
But Fred only idled a fortnight or two,
And then got a place that is equaled by few,
As a private typewriter, with little to do,
And where most of his messages read:—*Chorus.*

—"So poor Smith committed suicide?" "Yes." "What was the matter?" "His brain was on fire and he blew it out."

Come, My Honey, I'se Got Money.

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Words and Music by Dave Reed, Jr.

Erastus Jones has got a gal named Mandy,
De colored folks all say she is a dandy;
She dresses mighty sporty, her mammy's very haughty,
De colored sports think she's as sweet as candy;
When 'Rastus hasn't got a heap of money,
She says to him "go chase yourself, my honey!"
Then 'Rastus has to scramble to get some coon to gamble,
And if he wins he'll say:

CHORUS.

Come, my honey, I'se got money; tell me that you'll be mine;
You're my lily, don't be silly, and we'll be right in line.

Said he, "Now, Mandy, gal, you need not worry,
And get yo' blessed heart all in a flurry;
I'se gwine to play some poker wif a policy-shop broker,
And, sure enough, I'll break him in a hurry;
Next morning he came home dressed like a dandy,
And showed a roll of money to his Mandy;
Then 'Rastus was right in it, she grabbed him in a minute,
When to his love he said:—*Chorus.*

Since Nancy Goes to Dancing-School.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

All the troubles of my life
I'm a-having with my wife,
And they call her big black Nance;
Since she goes to dancing-school,
It has turned her quite a fool;
Now to talk to her I seldom get a chance.
Now she's out all night till broad daylight,
She shows up home about four;
And now here's what looks so rude,
There's a big black nigger dude,
That always sees her home to the door.
I would not make no objection,
But a coon of his complexion
Has her under his protection,
And I can't make no correction,
For she goes by his direction;
He's a coon of no connection,
She belongs to his collection,
I've been losing her affection,
Since I went out on suspection;
I've got not nothing but neglection,
Since I first made this detection;
I'll go to that nigger section,
And I'll raise an insurrection;
I will make the niggers think that it's the day of resurrection,
Since Nancy goes to dancing-school.

CHORUS.

My Nancy is a fancy dancer;
She's made herself a "rep" as a swell coon prancer;
She makes more noise around the house than a mule,
Ever since Nancy goes to dancing-school.

Now she dances when she talks,
And she dances when she walks,
And she dances on the street;
Now, no matter where she'll dance,
They all know that it is Nance,
For her shoes are full of feet;
Now all her talk is dancing-school,
And the coons she meets there at night;
Nancy either must reform,
Or I'm goin' to do some harm,
And that nigger, I'll put out his light.
Now, this desp'rate step I've taken
Since I found that I'm forsaken;
I have just commenced to waken
That it's me that will be shaken;
Just to catch this coon I'm achin',
And I'm goin' to cook his bacon—
Yes, I know I'm not mistaken,
And I won't stand no such fakin';
I have got the nigger gaited,
Day and night for them I've waited;
We should have been separated,
For our lives are so ill-fated;
We are very badly mated—
I will let her know that with her I'm not so infatuated,
If she don't stay home from dancing-school.—*Chorus.*

—Why do they not charge policemen on the street-cars? Because it's impossible to get a nickel out of a copper.

WHEN GROVER CLEVELAND GETS A BABY BOY.

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Words and Music by Capt. Jack Crawford.

Some funny things will happen, just as sure as you are born,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy;
The sun will in the evening rise, and set in early morn,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
The rivers all will flow up stream, and fish will fly in air;
The women will not turn to see what other women wear,
And New York's stock exchange will daily opened be with prayer,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

A railway underneath the great Atlantic will be run,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy;
And coal will weigh exactly twenty hundred to the ton,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
Girls will not judge their lovers by the salaries they get;
To tailors, for their clothes, the dudes will cease to run in debt,
And leading politicians on election will not bet,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

Queen Lil will wear a crown again 'way out in Honaloo,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy;
While Roosevelt and D. B. Hill will pull together, too,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
Chinese, instead of chop-sticks, then will use a knife and fork,
And Croker build a castle in his native county Cork,
And Tammany again will run the City of New York,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

Fitzsimmons will be champion of the world, I do not think,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy;
And breakers of the Sunday Law will Roosevelt hoodwink,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
Defender will be beaten by the scow across the way;
The cup will go to England, and will there forever stay,
And British sporting dudes will give the Yankee boys fair play,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

Tom Ochiltree will teach a Bible class in Sunday-school,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
New York and London buncos will observe the golden rule,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
Tammany and Parkhurst will with General Booth parade;
The colonels of Kentucky will drink only lemonade,
While Wilson and McKinley will double up in trade,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

At your signal the conductors will the street-cars promptly stop,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
And rejected politicians from their parties will not flop,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
The trumpet notes of Gabriel will o'er the earth resound;
The present legislation on the silver will be sound,
And free traders within the gates of heaven may be found,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

St. Peter will get lonely and call Satan up to chat,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
Ben Harrison will then discard his grandpa's famous hat,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
The dudes will tire of vaudeville and living picture art;
Tom Piatt will find the White-House chair and never from it part,
While Anson and his base-ball team will win right from the start,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

A woman will not vote, for her rights she will not strike,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy;
And bloomers she'll discard for skirts when riding on a bike,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
She'll leave her hat at home when to the theatre she'll go,
Beneath her monstrous sleeves a pair of angels wings she'll grow,
And if a titled foreigner should pop, she'll answer "no,"
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

The Indians will be governed by men of nerve and sense,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy;
And hypocrites will cease to be a government expense,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.
George Gould and Henry Gould will do a double song and dance,
And girls at their reflections in shop windows will not glance,
And ladies on the avenue will promenade in pants,
When Grover Cleveland gets a baby boy.

—A little girl wrote the following composition: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, "Well, I guess I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

SOME ONE'S LITTLE GIRL.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Within a police station a little maiden stood;
She said, "I found this baby, policeman, kind and good;
Two boys it was who left it, and then they ran away;
I'm sure its Ma will want it, and will miss it so to-day.

CHORUS.

"Please to find its mamma—see, 'tis dressed so fine;
Rings upon its fingers, and curls that golden shine;
Oh, do excuse my crying, I'm all in a whirl;
I know it wants its mamma, for it's someone's little girl."

"It only can say Mamma, and 'Yes' and 'No,' that's all!
Oh, see! it looks so weary—it is so weak and small;
The boys ran off so quickly, and I ran after, too;
The people thought that they were playing 'tag,' as boys will do."—*Cho.*

"How can we find it's mamma?" the sergeant, smiling, said,
As tenderly he patted the darling's golden head;
The little maiden wisely said, with a voice so mild,
"Go ask in school if boys there found to-day a poor lost child."—*Chorus.*

JOLLY LITTLE POLLY AT THE DANCING-SCHOOL.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Last winter I went in for dancing,
Just for pleasure in my leisure,
To me 'tis an art most entrancing,
Although it has broken my heart;
I'm madly in love with my teacher—
A fair one, such a rare one,
The daintiest, lovable creature,
As beautiful as she is smart;
Polly's her name, she gives lessons each night;
Her feet are so light, she's right out of sight.

REFRAIN.

She will be the death of me, jolly little Polly at the dancing-school.
Prancing 'round with one, two, three, jolly little Polly at the dancing-school.
I feel queer when I am near jolly little Polly at the dancing-school.
Even in the winter time I can't keep cool.

She's taught me the foreigner's polka,
A la Russian, a la Prussian,
The waltz from the opera "Falka";
She dances each evening with me;
She gives me sweet lessons in private—
The latest and the greatest,
A new dance she'll always contrive it,
And teach it me like A B C;
Then when I tell her I'll ever be true,
She answers pooh pooh, and bids me adieu.—*Refrain.*

I've lately discovered a rival—
He's a terror, make no error;
I shan't have much chance of survival
If once I get into his claws;
He's known as a famous prize-fighter,
Both lucky and plucky,
A long-reaching hard left and righter—
He's broken no end of men's jaws;
Polly now sits on the big fellow's knee,
And, as for poor me, I'm L E F T.—*Refrain.*

—"My darling," he murmured softly, as he gently put his arm around her waist, "let me supply you with a coat of arms."

—"Georgie, Georgie, mind—your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage!" Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back) said: "There, now, the hat has gone!" Georgie set up a howl. After awhile his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation Georgie throws his hat out of the window and cries: "Pa, whistle again!"

NELLIE CLANCY'S WALK.

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Words by J. D. Hanlon. Music by Charles Gordon Whitcomb.

There is a charming lady, who is known 'most everywhere,
You can tell her by her many winning ways;
Her name is Nelly Clancy, she has a charming air,
And the neighbors stand by anything she says;
As a leader of the fashions, and all the latest fads,
She's envied by the ladies in the park;
While standing on the corner, you will see her passing there,
And then you hear the people all remark:

CHORUS.

There goes Nelly Clancy, and she's leading the style again;
She's the envy of the ladies, and the idol of the men;
Just look at the step she's taking, no wonder the neighbors talk;
The latest fad of the lower five is Nelly Clancy's walk.
There goes Nelly Clancy, and she's leading the style again;
She's the envy of the ladies, and the idle of the men;
Just look at the step she's taking, no wonder the neighbors talk;
The latest fad of the lower five is Nelly Clancy's walk.

She startles all the ladies when upon the avenue;
She causes lots of comment now and then;
Her style is fresh from Paris, it's always something new;
Her manner is a pleasure to the men.
You should see her latest walk, you could tell her everywhere;
To gaze upon its neatness is a treat.
Not a figure in the town with Nelly's can compare,
As you see her graceful walk upon the street.—*Chorus.*

NIGGER AND A COON.

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Words by E. F. Deering. Music by H. W. Pattee.

I saw a coon de odder night up in an apple tree.
Yer did? 'Deed I did.
And I was mighty lucky, 'case I had my gun with me.
Yer did? 'Deed I did.
For the Lord He made the coon jess to please de nigger;
I up with my gun, and pulled upon the trigger,
It kicked so mighty hard dat I had to stop to figger
Before I got dat coon.

CHORUS.

Yes, he did. * '*Deed I did.* Yes he did. * *Deed I did.*
Dar in the light of de moon.
When I pulled the trigger I had to stop to figger
Before I got dat coon.
Oh, we will have a jolly time, we're gwine to dance and sing.
By de light of de moon we'll eat dat coon, and cut a pigeon wing.

I reached up in de apple tree, an' I grabbed him by the tail.
Yer did? 'Deed I did.
Den I swung this little animal upon a hickory rail.
Yer did? 'Deed I did.
I run mighty hard for de old cabin door,
I sneaked in de kitchen, and laid him on the floor;
Hannah she was happier den she eber was before,
Because she saw dat coon.

CHORUS.

Yes, she did. * '*Deed she did.* Yes, she did. * '*Deed she did.*
Dar in the light of de moon.
She was so surprised dat she stuck out her eyes
When she saw dat coon.
Oh, we will have a jolly time, we're gwine to dance and sing.
By de light of de moon we'll eat dat coon, and cut a pigeon wing.

I invited lots of colored folks ter come and dine with me.
Yer did? 'Deed I did.
'Case I wanted all the neighbors fer to hab a jubilee.
Yer did. 'Deed I did.
When we sat 'roundthe table the moon was shining bright;
The parson asked a blessing on eb'ry coon dat night;
De one dat's on the table, we put him out of sight,
And dat was the last ob de coon.

CHORUS.

Yes, we did. * '*Deed we did.* Yes, we did. * '*Deed we did.*
Dar in the light of de moon.
Good feeling did prevail, and de deacon eat de tail,
And dat was de last of de coon.
Oh, we will have a jolly time, we're gwine to dance and sing.
By de light of de moon we'll eat dat coon, and cut a pigeon wing.

*Spoken.

"Who is the man you bowed to?" "My preserver." "Save your life?" "No, he makes my jams."

DO ONE ANOTHER.

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Words by J. D. Hanlon. Music by Charles G. Whitcomb.

Now always do to others as you'd have them do to you,
Is a maxim which I followed when a boy;
My parents always taught me just the proper thing to do,
And they told me that I'd live a life of joy.
When I tried to earn a living in this wicked world of men,
Oh, my parents' careful teaching went astray;
I discovered, to my sorrow—yes, yes, time and time again,
That the golden rule was turned another way.

REFRAIN.

Be sure and do each other, is the maxim of to-day;
Just keep your eye on number one, no matter what they say.
It may not be the proper thing for anyone to do,
But always do the other man, or he'll do you.

I tried to use my neighbor in the only way I should,
But quickly found that method out of date.
I saw I was mistaken, he would do me if he could,
In a manner I am sorry to relate.
It was then I decided I would have to change my plan,
And I had to take advantage just the same.
I posed among the people as a would-be honest man:
Now, of course, you know the reason I exclaim:—*Refrain.*

IF THEY'D ONLY WRITE AND ASK ME TO COME HOME.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

In a lonely little garret dwelt a once sweet village belle,
The only place that she dare call a home;
She had married 'gainst the wishes of the dear ones who loved her so well,
And now 'midst strangers she was left alone.
A youth from city grand had won her heart and hand—
He'd pictured to her all so bright and gay;
It was then the father told, "All that glitters, my child, is not gold."
It soon came true, and she had cause to say:

CHORUS.

"If they'd only write and ask me to come home,
I'd feel as though forriveness they had shown,
And my heart would cease its pain, I'd be happy once again—
If they'd only write and ask me to come home."

In an humble little cottage sits a father bowed in grief,
A mother, too, is weeping by his side;
They have just received a letter, and it told them, in words cruel and brief,
That her they loved with broken heart had died.
Oh, had they only known that she was left alone,
How gladly would they've called her back again.
'Tis the story we all tell, "She had loved not wisely, but too well,"
And not the only one we hear exclaim:—*Chorus.*

BYE-LO, BABY, BYE-LO.

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Words by Geo. Purdy. Music by Fannie Rice.

Hush thee, my baby, the shadows are falling
O'er forest and lea, to bring rest to thee;
Now close thy dear, sweet eyes, love, so soft and so blue,
Like pretty violets, all wet with dew.

REFRAIN.

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, darling, go to sleep;
Bye-lo, baby; bye-lo, baby, go to sleep.

CHORUS.

Bye-lo, baby; bye-lo, bye-lo, baby, bye;
Bye-lo, baby; bye-lo, bye-lo, baby, bye.

Song birds, so joyous, have all gone to rest,
And sunset is fading in the golden West;
So close thy dear, sweet eyes, love, and dream of angels bright.
Who guard thee, precious baby, 'till morning's rosy light.—*Refrain & Cho.*

Slumber, precious darling, and peaceful be thy sleep,
For mother is near thee, faithful watch to keep;
And night-birds are calling and flying so low,
'Tis time little baby should off to dreamland go.

REFRAIN.

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, mother watch will keep;
Little stars are shining, and baby's fast asleep.—*Chorus.*

THE WANDERER'S TALE.

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Words by H. W. Pattee. Music by P. W. Duncan.

You ask me, sir, why I'm a tramp, and forced to beg and steal—
I'll tell you if you'll wait a bit, and listen to my tale:
'Twas but a few short years ago a happy home I had;
And wife and child, so dear to me, each night would welcome Dad;
I lost my job and sickness came, both ends I strived to meet,
Until one cold and bitter day they turned us in the street,
And that's the reason I'm a tramp and beg from town to town;
The friends I had are friends no more, since I am broken down.

CHORUS.

When a man has wealth and fame, and lives on easy street,
Friends will honor your good name, and smile whenever you meet,
But when you're going down the hill, they'll pass you with a frown,
The friends you had are friends no more, because you're broken down.

One day while I was seeking work in vain from door to door,
A scoundrel took my wife away, I've never seen her more;
It was a man who tried to win her love in days gone by;
And when misfortune frowned on me, she to his arms did fly;
But if I ever find this man, and meet him face to face,
A reckoning I will have with him, and bring him to disgrace;
And that's the reason I'm a tramp, and beg from town to town;
The friend I trusted stole my wife, and now I'm broken down.—*Chorus.*

What's that I see, you turn away, a tear is in your eye—
Yes, what I've said is but the truth, I've never told a lie.
What! you will take me to your home, a tramp from out the street,
Once more to be a man again, at last a friend I meet,
And food and clothing I shall have, oh, sir, you are too kind.
I promise from this day in me a better man you'll find.
Thank God, no more I'll have to roam, or beg from town to town;
I've found a friend who lends a hand to a man that's broken down.—*Chorus.*

The Flower of Yarrow Vale.

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Words by Geo. Russell Jackson. Music by J. L. Gilbert.

The bright sun had risen and blue was the sky,
The lark from the heather had mounted on high,
A speck in the heavens he joyously sang,
And the heather-clad glens with his melody rang,
But a melody richer, by far, than his song
On the breeze of the morning was wafted along;
It came to mine ear on the sweet-scented gale,
My Mary was singing in bright Yarrow Vale.
Oh, sweet as the breath of the morning was she,
And dearer than life or than riches to me,
And bright was her eye when I told her love's tale,
The flower of fair Yarrow, of sweet Yarrow Vale.

And twelve months had passed since my Mary and me
Had parted one morning on fair Yarrow lea;
I gave her a ring for her finger that day,
And she vowed to be constant while I was away,
And then she untied, with her fingers so fair,
The blue silken ribbon she wore in her hair,
And gave it to me, while her cheeks they grew pale,
And we kissed and we parted on fair Yarrow Vale.
Oh, sweet as the breath of the morning was she,
And dearer than life or than riches to me,
And bright was her eye when I told her love's tale,
The flower of fair Yarrow, of sweet Yarrow Vale.

Oh, glad was my heart when I heard the sweet song
The fresh morning breezes were bearing along;
She sang "He is coming," yes, coming to-day,
The laddie I love, who has long been away;
Then she spied me, and swift to my bosom she flew,
My lassie so gentle, my lassie so true,
And again to my lassie I whispered love's tale,
The sweet flower of Yarrow, of fair Yarrow Vale.
Oh, sweet as the breath of the morning was she,
And dearer than life or than riches to me,
And bright was her eye when I told her love's tale,
The flower of fair Yarrow, of sweet Yarrow Vale.

—Bishop White of Pennsylvania was sitting one day at dinner with that bold financier of the Revolutionary times, Robert Morris, when the latter said: "Bishop, I have made my will and devised to you all my impudence." "In that case," replied the Bishop, "you have certainly left me the greater part of your estate." "Yes, Bishop," interposed Mrs. White, "and it is plain that you have entered immediately upon your inheritance."

I Love My Girl, and She Loves Me.

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

My sweetheart is a dark-eyed girl, she lives right close to me,
And ev'ry morning in the year her smiling face I see;
The neighbors all love her, too, she has such a winning way,
And when I come home from my work, I'm often heard to say:

CHORUS.

"I love my girl, and she loves me;
We're just as happy together as we can be;
We have a cozy, little home; we're married now, you see;
For I love my little wife, boys, and she loves me."

Yes, we've been married quite a while, and very pleased to say
That we are quite contented now, and never rued the day;
We've never had a quarrel yet, we haven't got any time,
And when the rainy day comes 'round you'll find us not behind.—*Cho.*

STAR SONG.

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Words by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Music by T. Pearsall Thorne.

In the twilight's tender gloom winds stir the trees,
And the rose's faint perfume drifts on the breeze;
Stars, like fairy lights, above smile to see the earth asleep,
While the night air breathes of love, soft as moans the heart-sick dove,
Sighing where the shadows linger deep.
Divine light, oh, shine, light, with radiance immortal;
Oh, starlight; oh, far light at heaven's wide portal,
Unfailing, unpaling, link thy pure heart to mine;
Steadfast through all eternity shine, white stars, shine.

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet love, complete love, my heart leaps to meet thee;
And while your light in the heavens I see,
Sweet love, complete love, my heart leaps to meet thee;
The night air breathes of love to me.

From the woodland's stilly ways faint whispers start,
Murm'ring songs of other days soft to my heart.
'Neath the sweep of silent skies, whence comes sunlight, whence comes rain,
Bringing laughter, bringing pain, with a thrill of strange surprise,
To my heart comes love's faint pang again;
Oh, sweet love, complete love, my heart leaps to meet thee;
I know, love, thy glow, love, in rapture I greet thee;
Stars fail, love; turn pale, love; yet shalt thou live divine,
Steadfast through all eternity shine, pure love, shine.—*Chorus.*

THE SILENT MESSAGE.

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Words by Charlie Rein. Music by Still Harcourt.

A mother sat with her child alone,
Recalling the days that had fled,
When husband and father was home by their side,
Tho' living, but to them as dead.
"Tell me, dear mamma, why he went away,"
Asked the child as she sat on her knee;
The mother, with tears in her eyes, then replied:
"Was accused of a crime, had to flee;
Tell her I'm innocent, those were his words
Before that last parting, so hard;
And he placed in your arms a doll, as you slept;
It had Santa Claus' name on the card."

REFRAIN.

Darling, sleep; "it had Santa Claus' name on the card,
It had Santa Claus' name on the card;
'Twas the last that was done for you, my dear one—
It had Santa Claus' name on the card."

A father, in a distant land,
Away from his once happy home;
Now trying to prove he was innocent,
So he could return and atone.
"I know they won't think that I'm guilty of crime,"
Said the father and husband outcast.
When a letter, unlooked for, was handed to him,
Which proved he was guiltless at last.
He hastened back home to his fond, loving wife,
"Oh, where is our baby," he cried.
"The baby is dead, she sleeps in the grave,
With the doll and the card by her side."—*Refrain.*

BY-GONE DAYS.

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Words by H. W. Pattee. Music by Payson W. Duncan.

Sitting alone, in the twilight dim, thinking of by-gone days;
Thinking of things that might have been, as into the past I gaze;
Thinking of friends who are past and gone, in visions their forms I see;
As I sit to-night alone, these mem'ries come to me;
I see once more my mother's face, that face so pure and calm;
She prayed to God above each night, to keep her boy from harm;
The mem'ries of those days gone by time never can efface,
As one by one their forms appear in some familiar place.

REFRAIN.

Sitting alone in the twilight dim, thinking of by-gone days;
Thinking of things that might have been in those dear old by-gone days.

Thinking to-night of my own sweetheart, once more her face I see;
Thinking of how we were forced to part, when fortune frowned on me;
Thinking of brothers and sisters gone, gathered in one by one,
As I sit to-night alone, thinking of dear old home;
Again the village green I see; I hear the church-bells chime;
As youthful days come back to me, those boyish days of mine,
And often through life's busy whirl my thoughts will backward gaze:
I seem to live them through again, those dear old by-gone days.—*Refrain.*

My Sweetheart of Years Ago.

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Words by Alonzo B. Clark. Composed by Isaac Doles.

I once had a sweetheart, as sweet as could be,
In my childhood's happy school-days,
So loving and true I believed she loved me,
But 'twas only a fancy, I guess;
We played truant together quite often for fun,
Knowingly breaking the rule,
Not caring for school-books or lessons begun,
Only just to be out of the school.

CHORUS.

I once had a sweetheart, many years ago,
The dearest, loving playmate that one could ever know,
But she married another, I never learned his name,
And all I have to say is this, I'll love her forever the same.

This worried the teacher, a spiteful old dame,
Who vowed that our parents should know;
She troubled herself to go and explain,
In words that were cruel and low,
My sweetheart was taken away from the school,
And sent to a city to learn
Good manners and dress, a fine lady to be,
While I was kept home at the farm.

CHORUS.

Dear old-fashioned roses, violets and all that's sweet,
Could not compare with her, so graceful and so neat;
Oh! how sad was the parting with my sweetheart that day—
A kiss, a tear, the world is drear, now that she is far, far away.

Her music, her friends, and her fair loving face,
Soon won for her laurels untold,
For who could help loving her womanly grace,
My sweetheart, my darling of old;
From the number of suitors her hand to obtain,
She made a good choice, I am told,
Forgetting her lover, her playmate for fame—
Oh! my sweetheart, my sweetheart of old.

CHORUS.

I once had a sweetheart, many years ago,
The dearest, loving playmate that one could ever know,
But she married another, I never learned his name,
And all I have to say is this, I'll love her forever the same.

—There is a father, with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters apiece, partly-colored, having one cheek black and the other white, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours. A year.

—A young lady was at a party during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried, older son, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking question forever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know I don't think you would be there?" he remarked.

GLORIOUS BEER.

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Words by Steve Leggott. Music by Will Goodwin.

Now I won't sing of sherbet and water,
For sherbet with beer will not rhyme;
The workingman can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than five cents a time;
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear;
I allude to that grand institution,
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer!

CHORUS.

Beer, beer, glorious beer! Fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it—
Now, all together, a cheer!
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer!

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
The best thing there is for your neck;
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect.
Now we know who the goddess of wine was,
But was there a goddess of beer?
If so, let us drink to her health, boys,
And wish that we'd just got her here, here, here!—*Chorus.*

So up, up with brandies and sodas,
But down, down, and down with the beer;
It's good for you when you are hungry;
You can eat it without any fear;
So sip up the beer while you're able,
Of four-half let's all have our fill;
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear Uncle Bill, Bill, Bill!—*Chorus.*

LAL-LA-PA-LOO-ZER.

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Words and Music by W. Murdoch Lind.

There was a young fellow called Shal-a-man-e-zer,
He hailed from Weehawken, the home of the gheezer;
He courted a maiden, whose name was Theresa,
And asked her to wed him, this lal-la-pa-lee-zer.
The maiden she blushed and she winked her left eye, sir,
When Shal-a-man-e-zer told how he would prize her;
She murmured, "Than take you, I cannot do wiser;"
So she promised to be his own lal-la-pa-li-zer.

Then Shalamanezer he reached up and kissed her;
He had to be careful, or he would have missed her.
"I love you," cried he, "'most as well as my sister,
You dear little innocent lallapalister."
But Shalamanezer he turned out a boozer,
More beer he could hold than a schooner or cruiser.
"Please stop it," his girl said—He did but refuse her,
So she gave this poor fellow the lallapaloozer.

Then Shalamanezer concluded he'd fool her,
The hard heart within him grew crueler and crueler;
He said, "I care nothing for king, judge, or ruler;
I'll wait my chance to commit lallapalooler."
One day the fair maiden strolled on the plazzer,
No woman on earth was so beautiful as her;
But Shalamanezer he ripped out a razzer,
And he slashed her all up with his lallaplazazzer.

The maiden she shrieked and got hot in the collar;
Altho' she was dead, she continued to holler;
She tore off the bangs, which had cost her a dollar,
And called the base villian a loozapalooler.
Then Shalamanezer's hair turned white as shylock's;
He raved and he tore out his William E. Nye locks;
Then jumped from the tops of some Hi Henry high rocks,
And the wind blew a dirge thro' his lallapallocks.

—An exchange says: "Call a girl a chick, and she smiles; call a woman a hen, and she howls. Call a young woman a witch, and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch, and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten, and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat, and she'll hate you. Queer sex." If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him. Call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will proceed to demolish you. He don't mind being called a bull or a bear, and yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Kinder queer, too.

DOOLEY'S WEDDING.

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Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Tim Dooly he got married Tuesday night,
And to wish him joy they came from far and near,
Singing songs and feeling frisky, telling stories, drinking whiskey.
If you'll listen now, I'll tell you who were there:

CHORUS.

Jerry Clancy looked quite fancy with Miss Nolan's daughter Nancy;
As they entered, sure, you'd think they owned the floor;
Molly Noolan sat there fooling, telling jokes and ridiculing
Everybody as they entered through the door.
Tommy Ryan sat there, trying to keep Molly Shay from crying,
As he kissed her and he called her "Angel fair;"
But the ones that took the prize and dazzled everybody's eyes
Were Maggie Farrell and your humble servant here.

They sang and danced and drank till broad daylight,
And they wished them lots of luck, the groom and bride;
You could see a funny feeling towards the morning o'er them stealing,
As they toddled home together side by side.—*Chorus.*

WE MAY BOTH BE HAPPY YET.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

The sails are set, the ship waits at the quay,
Soon my love I'll be upon the sea,
And when I'm gone across the ocean deep,
Will you, darling, ever then your promise keep;
For I will return to you, my love, again
When the flowers and springtime have come;
Then cheer up, my sweetheart; do not weep and sigh,
We may both be happy when the springtime draws nigh.

CHORUS.

Yes, we may both be happy yet, darling you and I;
We may both be happy when the spring draws nigh;
One more kiss and then adieu—darling, promise you'll be true,
And we may both be happy when the spring draws nigh.

To-morrow day I'll sail the ocean blue,
Though, my love, 'tis hard to part with you;
And when I'm gone across the deep blue sea,
Will you always think of Jack when on the sea;
For many a dark and stormy night may blow
Ere our ship is homeward bound, you know;
So cheer up, my sweetheart; do not weep and sigh,
We may both be happy when the springtime draws nigh.—*Chorus.*

The Sausage of Paradise Alley.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

There's a little snide street, that you cannot call sweet,
Where the Board of Health often will rally;
It's about a yard wide, and the law is defied—
The police call it Paradise Alley.
There's a girl living there, with cross eyes and red hair,
And her front name, they tell me, is Sally;
Every day on the street she sells Frankforters sweet,
That's the sausage of Paradise Alley.

CHORUS.

Every Sunday, even in rain or snow,
With her Frankfort pudding, 'long the street she'll go;
All the boys then say, in a whisper low,
There goes the sausage of Paradise Alley.

When O'Brien's little boy used that girl to annoy,
They all thought that she would not go near him,
But she caught him one day, broke his jaw right away,
Just to show them that she didn't fear him.
When the young man got well, to a friend he did tell
How a red-headed girl they called Sally
Had hit him with a bone that was harder than stone—
'Twas a sausage of Paradise Alley.—*Chorus.*

How her hair it got red, by the neighbors 'tis said,
That, at one time, 'twas black and uneightly,
And young Tommy Killeen said that once it was green,
And then changed to that color so brightly;
So we guess, by the by, that she uses hair dye,
In a manner, like Mrs. McNally,
And I now do proclaim that the color's the same
As the sausage of Paradise Alley.—*Chorus.*

AN IRISH LAD'S WOOING.

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By Andrew Mack.

Oh! would you know how Irish lads make love
At home in Erin's isle beyond the sea?
Tenderly they woo, I will prove to you,
If your heart will only bent for me;
Your eyes are like the stars that shine above;
Your voice recalls the dove that softly coos;
Heaven I've attained when your love I've gained—
That is how an Irish laddie woos.

REFRAIN.

Dear lass, in my Irish heart such love into life doth start,
That your very name sets my heart aflame—may we never, never part.

CHORUS.

See the moon, with his shining ray—"How they love!" he seems to say;
And the stars, with their twinkling eyes,
Are repeating his words through the boundless skies;
Gentle night, with her languid air, bids the waking day beware,
Lest the sun, with its morning gleam,
Should sever the thread of our blissful dream.

Oh! have you seen the ivy and the oak?
How fondly to the oak the ivy clings;
I the oak will be, if you'll cling to me,
Then we'll know what joy attachment brings;
Your love to me is like a tender cloak,
That shelters from the storms that rage above;
With you by my side, 'neath your love I'll hide—
That is how an Irish lad makes love.—*Refrain & Chorus.*

I WENT TO PARIS WITH PAPA.

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

They say I am a giddy maid,
Not half enough in manners staid;
I really try to be discreet;
I've just come back from school in France,
The matron led me such a dance,
Although my education was complete;
So papa came for me,
To take me home, you see.
He was so proud of me, you know,
He said, "To Paris we will go,
And there we'll stay for a week,
So that your French you may speak;
And when you go home to mamma,
You'll tell her what you've seen.

CHORUS.

I went to Paris with papa, to see what kind the Frenchmen are,
Such funny ways they've got—Americans have not;
You really should to Paris go; you learn so very much, you know;
I saw a lot in Paris that they never taught in school.

And when we came back to mamma,
She gave a ball, with great eclat
She said, "My dear, I'll bring you out;
Now show them what you've learned in France,
How well you sing, how well you dance;
And, mind you, show what manners you've been taught."
So when the dance began,
I to my partner ran,
I kicked my toes up in the air,
I'd seen them do it over there;
My cigarette I drew,
French ladies do that, too,
And our young curate blushed so
When I sat upon his knee.—*Chorus.*

—An old gentleman in Virginia bought himself a residence near the burying-ground, "so as to have quiet neighbors, who'd mind their own business."

—"Mr. Hack," said the managing editor, "Mr. Wirework, the opposition candidate, is going to be at the conference to-morrow; write a sharp editorial and give him fits for trying to curry favor with the churches." "But Wirework has written a letter, saying he can't be there," replied Mr. Hack. "So?" said the managing editor. "Well, then, write a slashing article on his daring to ignore the best people in the village. Give it to him good and strong."

I WANT YER, MA HONEY.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

When de banjo's a-strummin' and de darkies a-hummin',
Den I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do;
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer daily, dressed so sweet and also gaily,
And my heart is forever true to you;
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer sadly, 'cos' I love yer mighty madly,
And I don't know what to do;
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer mighty badly;
I'm a-longin' for yer daily, 'cos' I love yer mighty madly;
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer, want yer, want yer;
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

When de stars am a-gleamin' and de birds am a-dreamin',
Den I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do;
For I love yer ev'ry minute, and nobody else is in it,
And my heart is forever true to you;
Den don't linger longer, 'cos' my love is growin' stronger,
And I don't know what to do;
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer ev'ry minute;
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer daily, and nobody else is in it;
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes I want yer, want yer, want yer;
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes I do.

She's One of the Bowery Girls, I'm One of the Boys.

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Words by John Ernest McCann. Music by Wm. Jerome.

After supper, ev'ry night, when the sun is out of sight,
A most interesting couple you may see
Strolling from Canal to Bond, looking very sweet and fond,
And that couple is my Sunday girl and me.
Oh, her face is fit to kill, she's the pride of Cherry Hill,
There is nothing with her sweetness to compare;
And there's no girl lives up-town that on my girl can look down,
When she walks along with me, as light as air.

CHORUS.

She's one of the Bow'ry girls, none like her on a string of pearls;
She's up to snuff, she hates a bluff, she's none of your dolls or toys;
She's no little Red Riding Hood; she's not too new, and she's not too good;
She's one of the Bow'ry girls, and I'm one of the boys.

She's the primrose of the block, she's the flower of the flock,
She can dance and she can sing the latest songs.
At swell picnics, up the Sound, we are always to be found;
And each prize for dancing to us both belongs;
And she's always dressed so neat, from her little head to feet,
And the roses bloom all winter in her face;
She's a jewel, she's a dream, why she's strawberries and cream;
And she's pulled my heart completely out of place.—*Chorus.*

As I said, her face is sweet, and her heart is hard to beat;
But there's only room enough in it for one.
All the boys on Cherry Hill tried that little heart to fill,
But the room is crowded now, the key is gone.
I need all the room that's there, where the key is I don't care;
And I rather think she thinks the same as me;
But she never says a word, she pretends she hasn't heard,
When I ask her if she wants to find the key.—*Chorus.*

—If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin.*

—Conflict between science and the wash-basin.—"Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma. I saw the animalculæ in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs." "Husband, that boy is too full of applied science to live with." They were unusually proud of him, dirty face and all, that morning.

The Same Old Mother Loves Me, in the Same Old Home.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

The dearest spot on earth to me is my old country home,
And though it's but an humble one, I have no care to roam;
A mother's loving words are dearer than all earthly fame;
Though life has many changes, my old home remains the same.

CHORUS.

Just the same old fireside, just the same old place:
Just the same old mother, with her same sweet face.
Friends may all desert me, hearts may turn to stone,
But the same old mother loves me, in the same old home.

The same sweet-scented flowers are still growing 'round the door,
And as each day it passes by, I love the old home more.
The same old robin red-breast in the tree still sweetly sings,
And I fancy I'm a baby, tied to mother's apron strings.—*Chorus.*

I'M PROUD I'M IRISH.

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Words by Lawrence Sheehan. Music by Andrew Mack.

Oftentimes we hear men sing of dear old Paddy's land,
But where is there a country with a history so grand?
It grieves me sorely when I see a frown upon the face
Of some men when they say that Ireland is their native place.
I think of Ireland's martyrs, and I see with my mind's eye
How bravely they stood up, and for their country's sake, to die:
Without one selfish thought, they served her with their heart and hand.
'Tis then I'm proud to say that I was born in Ireland.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'm proud I'm Irish, and that's the way to feel;
For Irishmen have always been just as true as steel.
At the seat of war, at the court of law, their equals can't be found;
It's a feather in my cap that I was born on Irish ground.

Irishmen have made their mark in almost every clime,
And then the glory which they've won will live for all the time;
Although we are not wealthy, why you will agree, I'm sure,
That while a man is honest it is no shame that he's poor;
So let us stand together now like brothers, hand in hand,
And sing the praises of our own, our dear old native land.
The time is not far distant when we'll see our country free,
So let's be proud of Ireland, that Em'raid in the sea.—*Chorus.*

OH! MR. HITCHIN.

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Written by W. A. Archbold and Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Now Mr. Hitchin, gentleman, loved buxom widow Brown,
And Mrs. Brown a daughter had, a girl of great renown;
When Mr. Hitchin called one day and found the widow out,
He seemed so disappointed that the girl cried with a pout:

CHORUS.

"Oh! Mr. Hitchin! Oh! Mr. Hitchin!
Won't you stay awhile within our cozy, little kitchen;
Mother dear is out, sir; so is brother Jack,
But I can entertain you till mamma comes back."

Now Mr. Hitchin thought the girl the fairest he had seen,
And said, "My dear, how old are you?" She answered, "seventeen."
And as she, with her own fair hands, made him a cup of tea,
He tried to steal a kiss, and then the maiden cried with glee:—*Chorus.*

As Mr. Hitchin drank the tea, he bold and bolder grew;
He squeezed the maiden's hand and said: "Oh, ducky, I love you!"
And then he put his arm around—well, where it shouldn't be,
While Katie cried: "Oh, Mister Hitchin, stop! you're tickling me!"—*Cho.*

Just then old Misses Brown appeared, and, mad with jealousy,
Cried, "Oh, you wretch! that's more than ever you would do for me!" [die!"
She grabbed his whiskers, punched his ribs, and screamed, "Here's where you
And as he jumped the window, he could hear sweet Katie cry:—*Chorus.*

ONLY A SHADOW ON THE WALL

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By Philip J. Meahl.

An old man once sat musing in his big arm-chair one night,
Which stood there in a corner of the wide, old-fashioned hall;
The fire low was burning, and the waning, flick'ring light,
Cast strange and flitting shadows on the wall.
His thoughts were of his childhood—those sweet days so long ago—
A mem'ry of his mother then came stealing over all.
He thought he saw her dear face, and could almost hear her sigh,
But 'twas nothing but the shadows on the wall.

REFRAIN.

Only a shadow of days long gone by,
Conjured by thoughts of the past;
Many the faces and fancies that lie
In the flickering fire-light cast.
Hopes that were faded brightly color again,
In the pictures that there softly fall;
And the past becomes present, though still it is vain
As the shadows that dance on the wall.

He thought he saw the fair face of his bride that was to be,
Her hands outstretched in welcome seemed to touch those of his own;
He strove to draw her nearer, but his dim old eyes could see
'Twas but another shadow that had flown—
Then came another picture, of a happy wife and child;
It seemed so very real, and the sweetest of them all;
Their eyes in his were gazing with a smile so sweet and mild,
But 'twas nothing but the shadows on the wall.—*Refrain.*

Then came another shadow—on the wall there seemed to grow
The bent and stooping likeness of a man grown old from care;
His trembling hands were clasped, on his breast his head bowed low;
'Twas the image of the watcher in the chair.
He still sat there, and silent, when the misty morning gray
Began to come a-stealing through the window in the hall.
The grate held naught but ashes—his poor soul had passed away
With the shadows that were dancing on the wall.—*Refrain.*

BEN BOLT.

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Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls 'round the wall as you gaze,
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
That stood in the pathless wood?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,
That nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt.
Yo would look for the tree in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shady nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt;
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

—Little Allie had just completed the course of lessons at Sunday-school about Joseph and his brethren, and her mother reviewed the subject with her to find out what she had learned. Allie answered all the questions correctly until she came to where Pharaoh had made the brethren "rulers over many cattle," and there she hesitated. "What did Pharaoh do for the brethren of Joseph?" her mother asked. Allie thought for a moment, and then, with a sudden dim recollection, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, he made them *cowboys.*"

HER NAME IS O'RORKE.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. McGaw.

Pauline Leroy, she goes by that name,
She sings in the Opera for money and fame;
She glides through the dance so graceful and neat,
Just like a fairy she looks so sweet;
She pretends she is French from "Gay Paree,"
But it don't go, it don't go with me,
For I know better her name is O'Rorke,
She comes from the Fourth Ward of the town of New York.

CHORUS.

Oh, come 'round some evening, you'll see her there,
In the Opera, 'mid the splendor and glare;
She's charming and neat, she's stately and tall—
In fact, she's the fairest of them all.

The sports admire her because she's so sweet;
You'll see them every night in the front seats;
They applaud her each time that she sings a song,
And throw nice bouquets at her all night long;
She pretends she is single, a maiden free,
But it don't go, it don't go with me,
For I know better, she's been married six years,
And has twelve small children, twelve sweet, little dears.—*Chorus.*

You Keep Your Promise, Jack, and I'll Keep Mine.

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Words and Music by Robert Cohn.

She sailed away on a summer day, the wind blew fresh and fair;
Her eyes were blue, so sweet and true, and golden was her hair;
I watched the ship receding, until far out at sea,
Then faintly I could hear the words come ringing back to me:

CHORUS.

I will return, love; think of me as thine;
You keep your promise, Jack, and I'll keep mine.
I will return, love; think of me as thine.
You keep your promise, Jack, and I'll keep mine.

Will she return again to me? Will she her promise keep?
'Twas hard to see her sail away, across the briny deep;
We parted here upon the shore, my heart was filled with pain:
Though now I'm sad, I will be glad when she returns again.—*Chorus.*

Long years have passed and I've been sad, the ship had made her run;
While standing on the shore one day, I heard a signal gun;
It was the ship, the same old ship that bore my love away,
And as she drew in near the shore, these words I heard her say:—*Chorus.*

ME SWEET T'ING.

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Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

You talk about your sweet t'ings, but I t'ink you'se got 'em, nit;
I'se got de only fairy dat anyone's kin git;
She lives down by de river, she's a lala charmer, see?
She's no ten t'ousen' dollar beaut', but she's dead blowed on me;
Her father is a tough "mug," reg'lar terrior to de end;
And I stands "ace high" wid 'im, so you kin bet he is me friend;
I calls to see her job lots once a week, on Sunday eve;
And when de separation comes, it's, "What's de use to leave?"

CHORUS.

For she's me sweet t'ing; yes, she's me lulu;
She's de only girl, see? dat walks de street wid me.
She t'inks dat I'm all right, tells de gang I'm out of sight,
And I'll marry her just as soon as I gets de "plunks."

I took her to a party, and she knocked de gang all cold;
And Jimmie Dugan says to me, "She's wort' her weight in gold!"
Den some fly "mug" gets jealous, and he tramp'd upon her feet;
And when she told me of it, why I tump't him in de teet;
And when de party ended and de gang had gone away,
As we were walking home alone, unto her I did say:
"Now, Nellie, will you be me wife if I will do me part?"
"Why, yes," she answered, "Jimmy, from de bottom of me heart."—*Chorus.*

—Fate is the friend of the poor, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish and the enemy of the bad.

KATIE DEAN.

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Words and Music by Lu Senarens.

A sweet little maiden is my Katie Dean,
She dresses so stylish and neat;
The fairest young creature that ever was seen
Among all the girls in our street,
The neighbors all smile on us as we pass by,
It is easy to see what they mean;
Our wedding day's set and the ring I will buy,
And then marry my Katie Dean.

CHORUS.

Katie Dean, you are my fairy queen;
I love you, as you have plainly seen;
We'll be wed, darling, some day, I ween;
Katy, so pretty, so sweet, so witty, Katie Dean.

The church-bells will ring a glad welcome to me,
I'll march down the aisle with my bride;
Kind friends will assemble, the wedding to see,
Of sweet Katie Dean at my side;
The parson will wed us, the organ will play,
Surely every one's joy will be keen,
And off on a tour I will then go away,
With my little wife, Katie Dean.—*Chorus.*

The morn of our wedding came gloomy and gray,
My bride had been quite ill again:
Our preacher and friends to the church went that day;
We waited for Katie in vain;
At last, in despair, to the home I then fled,
And I found a most terrible scene;
My darling, in wedding dress, lay there, quite dead,
Forever I've lost Katie Dean.—*Chorus.*

A LITTLE PIECE OF STRING AROUND HIS NECK.

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Words and Music by Philander Johnson.

I met a pretty girl one day, she had a poodle pup,
And when the dog would stop to play, she'd quickly yank him up;
He dared not talk to other dogs, nor answer to their beck,
Because the maiden had a piece of string around his neck.

CHORUS.

A little piece of string, a very tiny thing,
But strong enough to keep the dog in check;
The poodle pup was game, but she had him just the same,
With a little piece of string around his neck.

Bill Brisby is a friend of mine, who wooed and won a girl;
The story of his married life would cause your brain to whirl;
He mends her bloomers while she votes, of trouble he's a peck;
He's got a wife who keeps a piece of string around his neck.

CHORUS.

A little piece of string, a very tiny thing,
And of his married life she's made a wreck;
And as thro' life they jog, why she has him like a dog,
With a little piece of string around his neck.

My Uncle Josh came into town, he saw the cable slot;
His whiskers got entangled and away he quickly shot;
At the Battery we found my Uncle Josh a total wreck,
With 'bout two hundred yards of cable rope around his neck.

CHORUS.

A little piece of string, it seems a tiny thing
To leave my Uncle Josh a total wreck;
He did a two-step there, with both feet up in the air,
And a little piece of cable 'round his neck.

A friend of mine once stole a horse, 'twas in a place out West;
The horse just shook its owner, for he liked my friend the best,
But my friend had lots of trouble when the owner came on deck,
And found he'd tied a piece of string around the horse's neck.

CHORUS.

A little piece of string, it seems a tiny thing
To get a man in such an awful wreck;
When my friend I last did see, he was hanging to a tree,
With a little piece of string around his neck.

—He is a wise man who, instead of driving his neighbor's hens out of the yard-door with a fusillade of old boots, shoes, profanity, etc., fixes up a snug place for them to lay in.

A PACK OF CARDS.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Henry Reilly.

One night as I sat by my fireside, so weary,
And dreaming of friends who were far, far away,
Though memory brought me some thoughts sad and dreary,
Yet others came, too, that were cheerful and gay,
When, all of a sudden, I found my eye resting
On something that brought many scenes to my mind;
'Twas an old pack of cards, and some tales interesting
I thought that I might in their history find.
The first scene that I saw that night I thought was quite a pleasant sight,
A grand old room ablaze with light—I whispered, "Kind regards,"
Whilst 'round the board sat young and old, they played for love and not for gold,
Whilst joy and sorrow all untold was in that pack of cards.

The next scene I saw filled my heart with great pity;
It was a young man, and his parents I knew;
'Twas their only son, whom they'd sent to the city
To study and grow up a gentleman true.
His weekly allowance they thought would suffice him
To live on the best and for study to pay;
They knew not that evil companions enticed him
Away from his studies at poker to play.
I saw him as he left his seat, he never thought his pals would cheat;
Each time he played he met defeat, and still he called them pards;
But there will come a reck'ning day, and he will through this foolish play
Bring sorrow in the old folks' way, all through that pack of cards.

The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,
For there was the scene of the gambler's black fate;
No thought had they got of the waking to-morrow,
Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.
The bright gold was stacked by the side of each player,
The miser's black creed was in every man's heart,
As quickly the bets passed twixt backer and layer,
And ruin was king in the devil's slave mart.
"I'll stake a hundred on this game." "I'll go you, sir." "I'll do the same."
Who cares for misery and shame, as each his treasure guards.
"You lie! I saw you turn that ace"—a smashing blow right in the face—
A pistol shot, and death's disgrace was in that pack of cards.

Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."

Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the coffin, with a pray'r;
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."

So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery ronte,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console:
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;
So, as clods began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled:
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

Take Back the Engagement Ring.

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By W. B. Gray and G. L. Spaulding.

One moonlight night one year ago a blue-eyed lass and lad,
With tear-dimmed eyes and footsteps slow, their hearts were drear and sad;
As through the quiet lane they strolled, the maiden drooped her head,
And gave the lad a band of gold, then softly to him said:

REFRAIN.

Take back the ring you gave me, take it back, Jack, I pray;
Wearing it would deprave me more than I am to-day;
To make me your wife would wrong you, grief to your heart 'twould bring;
Please take it back, I beg of you, Jack—take back the engagement ring.

I love you, Nell, and you love me, the faithful lad then said;
Forget the past and my wife be; don't blight our lives instead;
I'll honor and forgive you, Nell—through life to you I'll cling.
Her answer was a sigh, a sob—no, Jack, take back the ring.—*Refrain.*

After Your Wand'ring, Come Home.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

A story's often told about a maiden, young and fair,
Who through her love and pride had left her home;
And for awhile her loving parents missed their lassie there,
Not knowing where their wand'ring pet would roam;
At last she sent a message from a town not far away,
And there she got a letter from her Dad.
"You can't be happy now," he said; "you will return some day,
And make our hearts again feel light and glad."

REFRAIN.

"After your wand'ring, come home!"
That's what she read in the letter;
"Why did you leave us alone?
No one could love you better;
Keep this in mind, little girl,
No matter wherever you roam,
There are hearts fond and true, that are waiting for you—
After your wand'ring, come home!"

'Twas all because her father did not like the boy she loved;
"Come home," he wrote, "and you can marry Jack:
I know he loves our Bessie, and a worthy lad he's proved;
He's only waiting till you come back."
One morning, in the summer, she became a happy bride;
The old man was not sorry, after all;
'Tho' Bessie went away awhile, 'twas all thro' love and pride,
And often they the tender words recall:—*Refrain.*

BABBETTE.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by E. Jakobowski.

Babbette was young, Babbette was fair, Babbette had eyes of blue;
With hair like silk and teeth like milk and cheeks of rosy hue;
Her nose tip-tilted just a bit, too much for a captious churl;
But, all in all, she was what you'd call a dev'lish pretty girl;
But she wasn't without a flaw; for nobody ever saw,
Or ever will, a thornless rose, or eke a stoneless peach;
And so it must be confessed that, although by beauty blessed,
It suffered alloying by a most annoying impediment in her speech.
She'd t-t-t-t-t-t-try her b-b-b-b-best,
But it p-p-p-p-p-put one's patience to a t-t-terrible test.
For, to answer the simplest question asked, b-b-b-bothered her so;
It seemed a year before you'd hear a welcome "Yes" or "No."
P-p-p-p-p-p-p-poor B-b-b-b-Babbette,
Her c-c-c-c-c-c-case was sad, was sad, was sad;
Her in-t-t-t-t-t-tent was g-g-g-g-good,
But her ex-e-cu-tion, her ex-e-cu-tion was b-b-b-b-b-b-bad.

Raoul was also in his youth, Raoul was likewise fair;
And, it came to pass, for him no lass could with Babbette compare;
So one fine day, he boldly owned the passion that she inspired.
But, hapless lot, her reply was not what poor Raoul desired,
When he swore, by the skies above, that she was his only love;
And vowed she had it in her power to make or mar his bliss;
And begged, as a lover will, she'd him, she'd him with rapture fill,
By kindling permitting, what was surely fitting, one saccharine, stolen kiss;
Her answer was, "You m-m-m, M-m-m-m-m-m;"
And, altho' she used her best endeavor, yet the sequence would not come;
And poor Raoul almost distracted was; for how could anyone say
If her m-m-m-m-mumming meant, "You mustn't" or "You may."
P-p-p-p-p-p-p-poor B-b-b-b-Babbette, etc.

The Old Home Ain't What It Used to Be.

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Oh! the old home ain't what it used to be;
The banjo and the fiddle has gone,
And no more you hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.
Great changes has come to the poor colored man,
But this change makes him sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

CHORUS.

No, the old home ain't what it used to be;
The change makes me sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

In the fields I've worked when I thought 'twas hard,
But night brought its pleasure and rest,
In the old house down by the river side,
The place of all the world the best.
Oh! where are the children that once used to play
In the lane by the old cabin door?
They are scattered now, and o'er the world they roam,
The old man ne'er will see them more.—*Chorus.*

Now the old man had rather lived and died
In the home where his children were born,
But when freedom came to the colored man,
He left his cotton-field and corn.
This old man has lived out his three score and ten,
And he'll soon have to lie down and die,
Yet he hopes to get into a better land,
So now, old cabin home, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

DEVIL'S IN NEW JERSEY.

Written and Sung by P. J. Downey.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Last Sunday morn I rose up,
And I feeling kind of merry,
Says I I'll have a good time,
So I crossed the Jersey ferry;
But never will I do the same—
The consequence was frightening;
But what can you expect of one
Filled up with Jersey lightening.

CHORUS.

Oh! you talk of this, you talk of that,
You talk of places nosey,
But by the—no, I will not swear—
The devil's in New Jersey.

I ran through mud up to my eyes—
I never yet was lazy;
A big policeman scooped me in,
And swore that I was crazy.
I was surrounded in the cell
By mosquitos a-flying;
When morning came, from loss of blood,
I thought I was a-dying.—*Chorus.*

When morning came, before the judge,
He looked on me with pity;
Says he, young man, the sentence is,
One hour to leave the city.
I did not wait to hear the rest—
You bet I wasn't noisy;
When I arrived in York I cried,
May the devil shoot New Jersey.—*Chorus.*

When I got home, my wife along
With a great big club was waiting;
She said to lay a hand on me
Her tender heart was breaking.
We had it up and down the floor,
At last I cried for mercy;
She yelled, you fool, go anywhere,
But keep away from Jersey.—*Chorus.*

—A colored philosopher is reported to have said: "Life, my breddren, am mostly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

—A laborer in Dundee dreamed that he saw coming toward him four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house that you go to so often, and the two lean ones are me and my mother, and the blind one is yourself, father."

Thou Hast Learned to Love Another.

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Thou hast learned to love another,
Thou hast broken every vow;
We have parted from each other,
And my heart is lonely now.
I have taught my looks to shun thee,
When coldly we have met;
For another's smile hath won thee,
And thy voice I must forget.
Oh! is it well to sever
This heart from thine forever?
Can I forget thee? never!
Farewell, farewell, forever.

We have met in scenes of pleasure,
We have met in halls of pride;
I have seen thy new-found treasure,
And I've gazed upon thy bride.
Thy looks were stern and altered,
Thy words ran cold and high;
How my traitor courage faltered
When I dared to meet thine eye.
Would I ne'er had met thee;
Fain, fain, would I forget thee,
'Twere folly to regret thee—
Farewell, farewell, forever!

We have met, and we have parted,
Yet I uttered scarce a word;
Like a guilty thing I started
When thy well-known voice I heard.
I have marked the timid lustre
Of thy downcast happy eye;
I have seen thee gaze upon her,
Forgetting I was nigh.
Oh! woman's love may grieve her,
And woman's pride will leave her;
Life is fled when love deceives her—
Farewell, farewell, forever!

SWEET HIGHLAND MARY.

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Ye banks and braes and streams aroond
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
Where summer first unfauld her robe,
And there the langest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath its fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angels' wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flowers sae early!
How green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps thee, Highland Mary.

Oh! pale, pale now those ruby lips
I oft have kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly.
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

All in the silent hour of night,
Thro' the green church-yard I'll wander;
Right hearty well I know the spot
Where Mary she lies under;
I'll weep o'er it with silent grief,
I'll sit and ne'er be weary,
For pleasure there is none for me
Without sweet Highland Mary.

All 'round sweet Highland Mary's grave
I'll plant the fairest lily,
The primrose sweet, and violet blue,
Likewise the daffodilly;
But since the world is grown so wild,
In the wilderness I'll tarry;
Come, welcome death, thou friend of mine,
I'll sleep with Highland Mary.

—When is a pie like a poet? When it is Browning.

Phil... 'gency.
W. B. HUBBS,
W. WA... ...VILLE, IND.

MAVOURNEEN.

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Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore;
But sweeter and purer, oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Asthore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me,
As I roam this world over, a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.

Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me,
As I roam this world over, a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending,
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY, O.

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;
So light her tread, so fond her gaze,
Who would not love my Molly dear?
Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,
Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near;
Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,
Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
She's plain Molly, O, her heart is love's retreat;
She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine;
Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,
With Molly dear the world I would defy;
Tender her heart, loving and true,
Flowers of the valley call her queen.
So like the lily, so like the rose,
Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;
Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright
Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.—*Chorus.*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Christmas time is coming, the little ones are glad,
Santa Claus will soon be here to cheer each girl and lad;
See their laughing faces, watch each merry eye;
Would that I were like them, happy girl and boy.
Through the door comes grandma, bending low with age,
Every line upon her face speaks to us of a page,
Tells a life-long story of battle, care and strife;
See the husband, father, mother, wife.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells merrily,
Christmas is coming, happy are we;
Bring in the old folks, as well as the young ones,
To gather and sing 'round the Christmas tree.

Hear the voice of hunger that's stifled in a moan,
Hear the cry of poverty, and still they cry alone;
Through the streets they wander, only ask for bread,
Would they ne'er were living, better were they dead.
You with wealth of pleasure, all the power of gain,
Think of these poor creatures, of their suffering and pain;
Bring to them the sunbeams, the kindness of your heart,
Through each beam some ray of joy impart.—*Chorus.*

Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two
Lives Murphy's daughter Nell;
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue,
Indeed, she's quite a belle;
She smiles on me whene'er we meet,
She has my heart and hand complete,
And when work is done I start and run
My Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell
Waits for me after tea;
She knows well, she dare not tell
That she's engaged to me.
But one of these days, when I get a raise,
The boy that she loves so well
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell
Can never marry me;
Says, she must wed a howling swell,
That's rich and up in "G."
But on his Nell I've got first call,
She says it's me or none at all,
And last night she said we will be wed
Some time this fall.—*Chorus.*

STORY OF THE OULD COUNTRE

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

I'll tell you a true story of a gossoon bould and free,
Who left his home in Aghada and sailed across the sea;
But he took a heavy heart with him, and many tears he shed,
As past Kinsale the distance hid the ould historic hill.
For his love she was behind him, and his fortune still to make,
And Killarney's hills were dear to him for ould time's sake,
And every day and every hour there rolled a broader sea
Between the ship that bore him and the ould countre.
And every day and every hour there rolled a broader sea
Between the ship that bore him and the ould countre.

And when he reached the far-off land he worked with might and main;
He'd sworn to win a fortune ere he should return again:
The toil was hard, the days were long, but, ah, the hardest part—
No line or message ever came to cheer his aching heart.
Fate smiled on him, the gold rolled in, and every one was kind;
But he never for a day forgot the love he left behind.
And night was welcome, bringing dreams in which he seemed to be
With the girl he'd left behind him in the ould countre.
And night was welcome, bringing dreams in which he seemed to be
With the girl he'd left behind him in the ould countre.

And then the cruel war broke out, the Irish boy took hold:
He drew his sword for liberty where once he worked for gold;
And fortune did not lave him, for his name was on men's lips—
He had a soldier's fame, his heart sailed homeward with the ships.
He shared in many battles and won many meeds of praise;
But, ah, he sickened in despair, to count the long, long days,
And when the war was over, oh, how blithe and gay was he,
To seek the girl he worshipped in the ould countre.
And when the war was over, oh, how blithe and gay was he,
To seek the girl he worshipped in the ould countre.

He found her, and her cheeks were pale and tears were in her eyes;
He found her, but her voice of love was strangled in her sighs;
He found her thus, and all his wealth, his glory and renown
Were turned before him into weights that dragged his spirits down.
And then and there he swore an oath, whatever might betide,
That life, fame, riches, all, he'd stake to win her for his bride.
She knew him not, yet love like hers, he felt, could never be
All quenched in ten years' absence from the ould countre.
She knew him not, yet love like hers, he felt, could never be
All quenched in ten years' absence from the ould countre.

—One afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect, who was standing near the entrance, and asked: "Is this a funeral?" "Funeral! no," was the sepulchral answer, "it's a wedding." "Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your serious look that you might be a hired mourner." "No," returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes, "I'm a son-in-law of the bride's mother."

WALTZING WID KITTIE MOORE

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By Edith Kingsley.

Down at de east side Turn Hall,
Dat's where I met Kittie Moore;
Waltz? Why, she'd put yon to sleep, Cull,
When she gets out on de floor.
Say, on de square, she's a daisy,
Beaux she can count by the score,
And may be de guys don't get crazy,
When I cuts 'em wid Kittie Moore.

CHORUS.

As we waltz out on de floor, dey adore Kittie Moore,
Dat's when de boys dey look sore, swell'd at me, don't you see?
For dey adore Kittie Moore, dat's no guy, so do I;
And when she'll my own sweetheart be, why, say, fellows, de treats on me.

Down at de east side Turn Hall,
Once, when I took Kittie Moore,
Some swell mug tried to get gay, Cull,
For Kit bounc'd 'em all by de score;
Dat's when I got gay myself, see?
And wid 'em I wip'd up de floor.
On de dead, say I, give 'em a daisy,
'Cause I'se scrappin' for Kittie Moore.—*Chorus.*

BUY MY ROSES.

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Words and Music by Edith Kingsley.

Roses for sale here, roses for sale,
Fresh from the garden at dawning;
Roses for sale here, roses for sale,
Pretty fresh roses this morning.
Buy my white roses so sweet and fair,
Their beauty will drive away pain and care;
Buy my red roses so rich and rare,
Just a rose for your sweetheart's hair.

CHORUS.

Buy my roses, pretty roses, they are only a trifle this morning;
Buy my roses, pretty roses, just plucked from the garden at dawning.
Buy a rose, sir, sweetest roses, may their beauty your pathway keep shining;
Roses, roses, roses here for thee.

Roses for sale here, roses for sale,
Rose for your desk, sir, this morning;
Roses for sale here, roses for sale,
Pretty fresh roses this morning.
Here's a pink rose, still the dew-drops cling,
Just tell her this rose with your love you bring;
Bright yellow roses she'll love them, too;
Yellow's jealous, they say, ar'nt you?— *Chorus.*

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

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By Edith Kingsley.

I've brought you a bunch of blue violets,
All sparkling fresh with dew;
It's only a bunch of sweet violets,
With my love I bring to you.
It's nestling along in my path at morn,
While I'm thinking, love, of you;
It is only a bunch of blue violets,
The sweetest flow'r that grows.

CHORUS.

Only a bunch of sweet violets, dear, little, modest violets:
Violets, love, like your eyes so blue, violets sweet for you.
Only a bunch of sweet violets, dear, little, modest violets:
Take them from me with my love so true, sweetest violets for you.

When with the spring time all the violets
Have faded, love, away,
Then only the violets in thine eyes
Are the flow'rs that ne'er decay.
And as in our love all the world seems bright,
Not a thought of care we'll borrow;
With a kiss I will give you my violets,
The sweetest flow'r that grows.—*Chorus.*

GO AND DIE.

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By W. H. McDonough.

There are troubles that come to all people the same,
There's only one way out of that;
There are sorrows and trials that weary the frame,
There's only one way out of that;
There are times when one wants to be strictly alone,
When from care and from anguish he ever may roam,
When he longs for a glimpse of his heavenly home.
There's only one way out of that—

CHORUS.

Go and die, go and die;
When they've planted you there,
You are free from all care.
Go and die, go and die;
That's the only one way out of that.

When your wife's mother comes to stay with you a while,
There's only one way out of that;
And she tries to run things in her own little style,
There's only one way out of that;
When she makes you stand 'round, wipes her feet on your hair,
Bathes your face in the door-mat, combs your teeth with a chair,
Sells your clothes to the rag man, then gets mad if you swear;
There's only one way out of that—

CHORUS.

Go and die, go and die;
When you're wearing your wings
You won't notice these things.
Go and die, go and die;
That's the only one way out of that.

When the cold weather comes and you lay in your coal,
There's only one way out of that;
And the gas man and plumber they harrow your soul,
There's only one way out of that;
You long for a place where they don't shovel snow,
To a more tropic climate you'd much rather go,
Where you won't need a flowing white robe, don't ye know;
There's only one way out of that—

CHORUS.

Go and die, go and die;
Where your spirit then roves
You won't need hard-coal stoves.
Go and die, go and die;
That's the only one way out of that.

When the girl with the big hat obscures your whole view,
There's only one way out of that;
And the stage and the people are out of sight, too,
There's only one way out of that;
You can't tell her "Take it off," 'twould get up a spat;
You cannot say——, you're too nice to do that;
Don't sit down on the girl, just sit down on the hat;
That's the only one way out of that.

CHORUS.

Go and die, go and die;
Amid heavenly bliss
There is nothing like this.
Go and die, go and die;
That's the only one way out of that.

When the times are so hard you can't borrow a cent,
There's only one way out of that;
And you have to keep hustling to pay your room-rent,
There's only one way out of that.
It's no use to sit down with a sigh or a sob,
If a train you can't wreck or a bank you can't rob,
There is always one chance—make your wife get a job;
That's the only one way out of that.

CHORUS.

Go and die, go and die;
When you're under the sod
You're from under the rod.
Go and die, go and die;
That's the only one way out of that.

—An Irishman, who was sleeping all night with a negro, had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in a mirror; puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Begorra, they've woke the wrong man!"

—Eight members of the Stone family, in Tennessee, on their way to church in an ox wagon, were run away with by a yoke of oxen, and all tumbled into a creek without injury. This little spread gave a local paper a chance to say that was one of the occasions where no Stone was left unturned in the effort to hear the Gospel.

LITTLE MAGGIE MONEHAN.

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Words and Music by Walter Hawley.

I know a Maggie Monehan, she is a fairy queen,
Just like a honey blossom sweet, prettiest dancer seen.
When she is waltzing at a ball, polka and square dance, too,
No one can equal Maggie dear, sweet little emerald hue.
Waltzing, dancing—

CHORUS.

Pretty Maggie Monehan, she is the belle of the ball;
Pretty Maggie Monehan, sweetest girl of all.
When she steps out on the floor, graceful, trim and grand,
She is a dancer, none can surpass her, Maggie Monehan.

Just as the evening twilight falls her best young man will call,
And in her silk of snowy white he takes her to the ball;
And as they enter through the door, every one will proclaim:
She is the finest dancer here, Monehan is her name.
Waltzing, dancing—*Chorus.*

First she will dance with Charles a while, he takes her to the ball;
Then she will leave him with a smile and dances with them all;
But when the dance is nearly o'er, oh, how she hates to hear
Unwelcome sounds of "Home, sweet Home," and know the end is near.
Waltzing, dancing—*Chorus.*

THE BROKEN DOLL.

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Words and Music by Guy C. Rawson.

While out upon a morning stroll, on a fair midsummer day,
I noticed just across the street some children there at play;
A little miss, with big blue eyes and curly locks so fair,
Was crying though her heart would break, while the others they did stare.
Her dolly lay upon the ground, broken, that was why;
I noticed in a moment what made the baby cry.
I gently raised the golden head, says, "Little miss, I pray,
Do tell me what does grieve you so?" when to me she did say:

CHORUS.

"Mamma says she hasn't time; my papa's busy, too;
Sisters they won't mend my doll; I think they're mean, don't you?
I am such a little girl, now you're a great big man;
Mister, won't you please, sir, mend it if you can?"

I sat the baby on my knee and brushed away her tears,
I thought how many trials she would have in after years;
I remember, when a little child, how often broken toys
Would mar my childish happiness, my merriment and joys.
I fixed the little plaything the best that I knew how;
It was a very clumsy piece of workmanship, I vow.
The baby's dolly mended, a kiss now for my pay;
No more you'll cry, my little miss, when I return this way.—*Chorus.*

WHEN YOU ASK A GIRL TO LEAVE A HAPPY HOME.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At a kind old mother's side sat her eldest boy, her pride,
Who would soon arrive at manhood s stage of life,
When the lad began to tell of a girl he loved so well,
And intended asking her to be his wife.
On that loving mother's face care at once your eye could trace,
Like the change of brightest sunlight into gloam.
"Have you stopped to think," said she, "what your lot in life should be
Ere you ask a girl to leave a happy home?"

CHORUS.

When you ask a girl to leave a happy homestead,
And to sail with you o'er matrimony's foam,
You should have employment then, earn your way and living,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.

When the kind old mother said, "Tell me, lad, if you were wed,
How could you support a wife and dress her well?"
Said the lad, "Why, we could live on the money you would give,
And in one of father's houses we could dwell."
"But the g rl," the mother cried, "has a dignity and pride,
To depend on us, from home would never roam;
Though we'll help you all we can, we want you to act a man,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home."—*Chorus.*

HIS ONLY ONE.

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Words and Music by M. Harry Michaels.

In an old rustic cot by the millside dwelt a feeble old man and his child,
A beautiful lass, with oh! such grace, but tears now dimmed her bright eyes.
"Tell me, oh, tell me, my loved one, what has happened this day?
You have not looked so pale and sad since mother passed away."

CHORUS.

She was his only one, pride of the old man's heart;
From the cradle he'd nursed and watched her, as the years drew slowly apart,
With a heart full of hope and joy, proudly he labored on;
He was fond of his darling Lucy, for she was his only one.

Next evening the miller, returning, found the cottage-door closed;
Not even the light was a-burning, and all seem'd dull and cold.
On the old kitchen table was a sad little note that told all:
"Father, I've sinn'd, I can't bear the shame; forgive me, I come no more."

CHORUS.

She was his only one, pride of the old man's heart;
What was life worth now to him, now that they were apart?
With a dull heart and weary tread, sadly he labored on;
All seemed dark within his soul, she was his only one.

Well, a few lonely weeks passed away, the old man came suddenly ill;
No one there to watch o'er him, not a sound save the gushing rill.
"Lucy, oh, Lucy, where are you?" But there came no reply;
Then all is still within that cot, that cot by the millside.

CHORUS.

She was his only one, pride of the old man's heart;
From the cradle he'd nursed and watched her, as the years drew slowly apart.
'Tis a story that's often told, still it goes on and on;
She was the apple of his eye, she was his only one.

Wait Till I Marry McGonigal.

(COMIC IRISH RECITATION.)

By Harry S. Miller.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

As recited by Geo. W. Monroe in "Aunt Bridget's Baby."

Of all the weak widows, says Mrs. Magee,
There's none in the world the equal of me;
Shure I haven't the strength to harm a flea—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

I seldom go out, 'tis the truth that I own,
But mind me business and stop at home,
And leave me neighbors quite alone—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

Nor do I stop in me bed all day,
And have me friends all for to say
I sleep me senses half away—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

Shure I always keep a civil tongue,
No matter of whom I mix among,
And never blackguard old or young—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

Nor do I go to bed at night
And kick the covers off for spite,
When all without is freezing tight—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

I never have me friends, you bet,
To come at times and 'round me set,
Or chose the growler for them yet—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

I've never yet devised a plan
To injure mortal with me hand,
Or take a club to beat a man—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

I hate to see a man unwise,
With battered face and blackened eyes,
It's the only thing I do despise—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

I never jump or kick and shout,
Or tear the house all inside out,
Nor throw the cups and plates about—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

I've never talked so much before,
Although I'm weak, me throat is sore;
I could tell ye yet a good bit more—
But wait till I marry McGonigal.

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow;
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed;
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear:
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade.
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Chorus.*

DRUNKARD'S LONE CHILD.

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Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam.
I've no mother now, no friends, no home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Barefoot and tired, I've wandered all day,
Asking for work; but I'm too small, they say.
On the damp ground I must now lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

CHORUS.

Mother, oh! why did you leave me alone,
With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Dark is the night, and the storm rages wild—
God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child!

We were so happy, till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun;
Mother grew paler and wept every day;
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded, and one summer's night
Found their sweet faces all silent and white,
And, with big tears slowly dropping, I said:
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.—*Chorus.*

Oh, if some temperance men only could find
Poor wretched father, and speak very kind;
If they could stop him from drinking, why, then
I would feel very happy again.
Is it too late? Men of temperance, please try,
For little Bessie will soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread—
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.—*Chorus.*

THE BUTCHER BOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

In Jersey City, where I did dwell,
A butcher boy I loved so well;
He courted me my heart away,
And now with me he will not stay.
There is an inn in the same town,
Where my love goes and sits him down;
He takes a strange girl on his knee
And tells to her what he don't tell me.

It's a grief for me; I'll tell you why:
Because she has more gold than I;
But her gold will melt, and her silver fly;
In time of need she'll be poor as I.
I go up-stairs to make my bed,
But nothing to my mother said:
My mother comes up-stairs to me,
Saying, "What's the matter, my daughter dear?"

"Oh, mother, mother! you do not know
What grief and pain and sorrow, woe—
Go get a chair to sit me down,
And a pen and ink to write it down."
On every line she dropped a tear,
While calling home her Willie dear;
And when her father he came home,
He said, "Where is my daughter gone?"

He went up-stairs, the door he broke—
He found her hanging upon a rope.
He took his knife and he cut her down,
And in her breast those lines were found:
"Oh, what a silly maid am I,
To hang myself for a butcher boy!
Go dig my grave, both long and deep;
Place a marble-stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world I died for love."

BARBARA ALLAN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

It was in and about Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin',
That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwallin';
Oh, haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

Oh, hooly, hooly, rase she up,
To the place where she was lyin',
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan.
Oh, the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blude were a'spilliu'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
That ye made the healths gae 'round and 'round,
And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turned his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin';
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
And every jow that the deid-bell gied
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
And make it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

Pulling Hard Against the Stream.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

In this world I've gained my knowledge,
And for it have had to pay;
Though I never went to college,
Yet I've heard that poets say,
Life is like a mighty river,
Rolling on from day to day;
Men are vessels launch'd upon it,
Sometimes wreck'd and cast away.

CHORUS.

Do your best for one another,
Making life a pleasant dream;
Help a worn and weary brother,
Pulling hard against the stream.

Many a bright, good-hearted fellow,
Many a noble-minded man
Finds himself in water shallow,
Then assist him if you can.
Some succeed at ev'ry turning,
Fortune favors every scheme;
Others, too, though more deserving,
Have to pull against the stream. So then—*Chorus.*

If the wind is in your favor,
And you've weather'd ev'ry squall,
Think of those who, luckless, labor,
Never get fair winds at all;
Working hard, contended, willing,
Struggling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide.—*Chorus.*

Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
Let this keep you in good cheer;
Brighter days may come to-morrow,
If you try and persevere;
Darkest nights will have a morning,
Though the sky be overcast;
Longest lanes must have a turning,
And the tide will turn at last. So then—*Chorus.*

—"Pat, my boy, we must all of us die once." The sick man turned over in a disgusted frame of mind, and replied: "That's just what bothers me. If we could only die half a dozen times I wouldn't worry about this."

DENIED A HOME.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

A poor, aged couple one day on the street
Stood asking assistance of each one they'd meet;
The snow it was falling, they shivered with cold—
I thought, what a pity, so feeble and old;
I gave them assistance, they thanked with a bow;
I asked if they'd no one to care for them now—
Have you no children to whom you could look?
They answered me sadly, their old heads they shook:—Yes—

CHORUS.

We had two children, two bright, loving boys;
They were our idols, our pride and our joys;
The youngest, he left us, the wide world to roam,
The other's a banker, denies us a home.

While hearing their story, a stranger drew nigh;
I saw, by appearance, he'd not pass them by;
He gazed but a moment, then cried in surprise:
"What! father and mother?" while tears filled his eyes;
He spoke of a brother he left years ago—
"Oh, is he so cruel, to treat you both so?
Now I have plenty; you'll not want in vain;"
And still I can fancy I hear them again:—Yes—*Chorus.*

A year has rolled over since first I did meet
The old couple begging out in the cold street;
The son, who, in luxury, was forced to the wall,
In wild speculations lost fortune and all.
The old folks, in pity, they took him in, then;
A home, too, they gave him, which he denied them;
Now they are happy and thankful to-day,
And yet I can hear them as on that cold day:—Yes—*Chorus.*

Over the Hills to the Poor-House.

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What? no! can it be they've driven
Their father, so helpless and old
(Oh, God! may their crime be forgiven),
To perish out here in the cold.
Oh, heaven! I am saddened and weary;
See the tears how they course down my cheeks;
Oh, this world is lonely and dreary,
And my heart for relief vainly seeks.

CHORUS.

For I'm old, and I'm helpless and feeble,
And the days of my youth have gone by,
When over the hills to the poor-house
I wandered alone there to die.

Ah, me! on that old door-step yonder
I've sat with my babes on my knee;
No father was happier or fonder
Than I with my little ones three.
The boys, both so rosy and chubby,
And Lillie with prattle so sweet;
God knows how their father has loved them,
But they've driven him out in the street.—*Chorus.*

It's long years since my Mary was taken,
My faithful and affectionate wife;
Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken,
And the light has died out of my life.
The boys grew up to manhood, I gave them
A deed for the farm, aye, and more—
I gave them the house they were born in,
And now I am turned out from its door.—*Chorus.*

Oh, children! loved children, yet hear me—
I have journeyed along on life's stage,
With the hope that you all would be with me
To comfort and cheer my old age;
My life-blood I'd gladly have given
To shield and protect you—but, hark!
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it, you've driven
Me out here to die in the dark.—*Chorus.*

But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me;
Farewell, dear old home, ah, farewell!
Each pathway and tree here about me
Some memory precious can tell.
Well, the flowers will bloom as bright as ever,
And the birds will sing as sweet as morn,
When over the hills to the poor-house
Next Spring the old man shall be borne.—*Chorus.*

—Slight Omission.—A woman who carried around milk said a naive thing the other day. One of the customers to whom she brought milk looked into the can and remarked, with surprise, "Why, there is actually nothing there but water!" The woman, having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

PICTURE EIGHTY-FOUR.

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Words by Chas. B. Ward. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

On a pleasant day in summer at the central station door
Stopped a carriage with a couple, out sight-seeing, nothing more;
And the gray-haired sup'rintendent kindly showed them through the place.
First of all the great rogues' gall'ry, where they gazed on many a face,
Characters of all descriptions—some were famous men of crime,
Some were dead and some at freedom, some of them were serving time;
Some had stories interesting, as the man explained them o'er,
But the woman fainted when she gazed on picture eighty-four.
'Twas the picture of her father, there among the men of crimes;
Though now a man of honor, but this tells of other times.
Now he lives in style and splendor, worth a million now or more,
Still his picture's in the gall'ry, picture eighty-four.

"Listen, I will tell the story," said the sup'rintendent then.
"Though that picture's of your father, we have pictures of worse men.
Men whose conscience know no limit, would do anything for gold;
Men with lives they do not value, child, the half has not been told.
Once your father was a forger, forged a check, which brought him shame;
Though this gall'ry holds his picture, 'tis known by another name.
You were not born when this happened, it was many years ago,
And the world is none the wiser, still it's picture eighty-four."
'Twas the picture of her father, etc.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD HOME AFTER ALL.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

When I left school long years ago, I was a wayward child,
I took delight in any sport which happened to be wild;
Kind parents never could control the mischief strong in me,
'Till, heedless of their good advice, I ran away to sea.
I thought of all the happiness that now would surely come,
When I should be away from those who ruled me when at home,
But after all the weary years that since have passed away,
My thoughts return to those at home, and tearfully I say:

CHORUS.

It may not be a mansion, with roses 'round the door;
It may not have a parlor, with carpet on the floor,
But when you're far away, in sorrow you will say,
"There's no place like the old home after all."

In many foreign lands I've been since I began to roam,
Yet I have met no friends who could compare with those at home;
There naught but loving words prevail, in sickness or in health,
And anxious parents welcome you, in poverty or wealth;
Then wayward sons and daughters have a thought for parents dear,
To-night at home your vacant chairs will cause them many a tear;
So nourish and protect them while this earth they are upon,
You'll miss the dear old folks at home when they are dead and gone.—*Cho.*

THE SHIP I LOVE.

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Composed by Felix McGlennon.

A gallant ship was lab'ring, lab'ring in the sea,
The captain stood amongst his crew—"Gather 'round," said he.
"The ship is doomed and sinking, there on the lee is land;
Then launch the boats and pull away, but here at my post I'll stand.
Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye.

CHORUS.

"I'll stick to the ship, lads; you save your lives;
I've no one to love me; you've children and wives;
You take to the boats, lads, praying to heaven above,
While I'll go down in the angry deep with the ship I love."

The crew stood hesitating, their hearts were staunch and true—
With tear-dimmed eyes, spoke up the mate: "Sir, we will die with you."
The captain cried, "What, mutiny! I am the captain here:
So launch the boats and pull away, and think of your children dear.
Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

The fierce winds howl 'round the sinking wreck,
And the captain stands on the wave-washed deck;
The good ship struggles like a thing of life,
And the timbers groan in the awful strife.
Slowly, slowly sinking is she,
But the captain brave—ah, where is he?
Down he goes to a sailor's grave,
As his last words are wafted across the wave:
"Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye."—*Chorus.*

SONG OF A HEART.

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By Louise Tunison.

Dear heart, I love you; dear heart, I love you;
All the day I wonder if skies are rich with blue;
O'er you, dear heart, o'er you; o'er you, dear heart, o'er you;
Or bending black with tempest and with thunder, dear heart, dear heart, o'er you.

Dear heart, I love you; dear heart, I love you;
When pale stars are gleaming, sad tears to me and few,
Sad tears to me and few, sad tears to me and few;
I wonder if God's loveller lights are streaming, dear heart, dear heart, o'er you.

Dear heart, if life had only one bright blossom,
One rose, but one rose to meet the dew,
I'd kiss it, climbing to your restless bosom,
And wear its thorns for you, and wear its thorns for you.

UNDER THE OLD OAK TREE.

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Words and Music by Guy C. Rawson.

Under a wide-spreading, old oak tree
Sat a young mother one day
Swinging a child, with a sweet baby face
That rivaled the flowers of May;
While soft and low from beneath the big tree,
To those who chanced to pass by,
The notes of a song she sang to her babe
As she soothed him with this lullaby:

CHORUS.

Swinging baby up so high, a-o-le, a-o-le;
Oh, mamma's baby, do not cry, a-o-le, a-o-le;
Oh, soon will papa come with joy, a-o-le, a-o-le;
Oh, to kiss his dear, sweet baby boy, a-o-le, a-o-le.

She sang him the song till his eyes closed in sleep,
With no thought of sorrow or care;
How often she gazed on the dear baby face
As white as the lilies so fair;
She thought of the days when her own mother dear,
How shortly time seemed to be,
When she sang her to sleep with a sweet little lay
Under the same old oak tree.—*Chorus.*

PRETTY WIDOW IN BLOOMERS.

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Words by C. M. Woodbridge. Music by J. A. Fairfield.

There lived in town a widower, as rich as he could be,
He drove the finest span of bays that ever you did see;
The duke's and baron's daughters came in single file one day,
Sued for this rich man's heart to win—he this to them did say:

CHORUS.

Clickety, clickety, click, click, wheels were never passed;
Clickety, clickety, click, click, make the girls go fast;
If I wed a pretty girl, she must take the chance
Of letting me decide which one shall wear the pants.

And then he placed a gilt-edged sign over his bus'ness room:
He wanted a wife with eyes of blue, she cannot come too soon;
A widow came, as widows do, dressed in her bloomer gown,
He looked her over just three times, then pulled his gilt sign down.—*Cho.*

She says, "Dear sir, I would wed thee; Molasses is my name;
A little slow for winter's use, I get there just the same;
They called me honey when a child among the upper crust;
If we should granulate in one, we'll join the 'Sugar Trust.'"—*Chorus.*

The widow has a husband now, the widow has a farm;
The widow has the span of bays, too late the "still alarm;"
For while upon their wedding tour to the Niagara Falls,
He found she left six children home in blue jean overalls.—*Chorus.*

She put him in a chair, the baby's on his thumb;
He will want a silver wheel—oh! when will mamma come?
Rattles her chain of gold to him, does the mother-in-law;
Here she comes with bloomers on, baby thinks it is Pa.—*Choru*

Man in honeymoon painted the town, painted the court-house square,
Painted the jury benches down, painted he, everywhere.
But when he saw his bicycle bride covered with tints of blue,
Man in the moon gave up his brush, that job he could not do.—*Chorus.*

I Want to Tell You Something.

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Words and Music by R. K. Walsh.

A girl and boy, at play together, built a mansion in the sand;
One played lady, and the other master was of all the land.
Soon disputes—the rulers sunder—she in tears and he distressed;
Then he tries to mend the blunder, says, to rouse her interest:

CHORUS.

"Say? I want to tell you something, maybe you would like to hear;
Let me whisper just this one thing—Don't stand off so far, come near!"
Then he tells his story shyly, gives to her a soft caress;
And she smiles in answer slyly, while she murmurs a sweet "Yes."

As years pass by, a maiden graceful grows, to look with love-lit eyes
For the time when visions blissful two hearts will realize.
He a stalwart youth, embarrassed, strives to speak the fateful word;
Hesitates, with doubting harassed, this is what the maiden heard:—*Cho.*

The Sun May Shine To-Morrow, Jack.

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Words and Music by Arthur E. Mills.

Inside a cozy farm-house, where the fire was burning bright,
A farmer with his children played with innocent delight,
The rain outside was falling fast, the thunder loud did roar,
When suddenly they heard a gentle rapping at the door;
A traveller weak and weary asked to shelter for the night.
The farmer bade him welcome to his home so warm and bright.
What, Jack! my dear old schoolmate, who was once so free and gay?
He saw a tear fall from his eye, so cheerfully did say;

CHORUS.

The sun may shine to-morrow, Jack, the clouds may roll away;
The sun may shine to-morrow, Jack, and all look bright and gay;
Bring up a chair to the table, I have enough and to spare;
Remember while I have a crust, my lad, you're welcome to have a share.

Poor Jack he raised his drooping head, a sad tale he did tell:
You knew my sweetheart when at school, the girl I loved so well;
Our wedding bells were ringing, and the world to me seemed gay;
They told me that my love had died upon our wedding day;
I've wandered this world over with a sad and broken heart;
I lost my life's sweet sunshine when from her I had to part.
The children gathered 'round poor Jack, and wiped his tears away;
The farmer took him by the hand and once again did say:—*Chorus.*

SWEETHEART NELL.

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Words by Wm. Ward. Music by E. A. Meyers.

I possess a little sweetheart by the charming name of Nell;
In a neat little cottage with her mother she does dwell;
She works at Macy's, and I work just below;
So to and from our work together we both go;
Each afternoon at six I meet Nell at the store,
And we both stroll home together till we reach her own door,
Then she asks of me to enter, while she leans upon the gate,
I answer, "No, excuse me, I will call in at eight." She is my—

CHORUS.

Sweetheart Nell, sweetheart Nell;
Of all the girls at Macy's, she's the belle;
I'm shortly going to wed her, this secret I will tell;
She is the dearest girl in this world, is my sweetheart Nell.

And at night, in the parlor, as we sit there all alone,
And I speak of our future, when we'll have our own home,
Now, dear Nell, promise that thro' this world of strife,
You will be happy and contented all thro' life;
In one month we're to wed in the dear old church below—
The same old church where mother was married years ago,
And that day I now do long for, and the church bells they will tell
The whole world I have married my own sweetheart Nell. She is my—*Cho.*

—An inveterate old wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been left for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MOON.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Hans Line.

My raven hair and flashing eyes should tell the tale to you,
Although it causes you surprise, the statement still is true:
Upon one glorious summer night, in sweet delicious June,
My birth took place in bursts of light, a daughter of the moon.

CHORUS.

I'm a daughter of the moon, fair and radiant as the morn,
'Mid the songsters' swelling tune I was born;
I look on other maids with scorn, tho' they be born in June,
For I am fairer than the dawn, a daughter of the moon.

Seek not to win my trusting heart, I am not of this earth;
Although your mind should suffer smart, love may not know a birth,
For all my days, sweet plaintive lays, I shall to lovers croon;
But all in vain they sing the praise of a daughter of the moon.—*Chorus.*

THE DAISY.

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Words and Music by A. Douglas.

My song 'tis of a simple little white and yellow flower,
It has a place in many loyal hearts;
Its beauty is surpassed by many others of the bower,
Though an emblem of true friendship it imparts;
We see this little emblem worn by those we love so dear—
A thrill it brings within each manly breast;
'Tis born with stately elegance upon each brother's bier,
When with sad and tearful eyes he's laid to rest.

CHORUS.

The daisy's the flower, growing in shady bower;
May the tender love we bear you now ever be your fate;
Softly kissed by the morning dew,
Many's the heart that clings to you—
The daisy, daisy, the emblem of 'forty-eight.

Each petal that you wear upon your little yellow crest
Is white as snow and pure as heaven above;
And as we watch them fade and die from off your little breast,
A tale does each one tell of manly love.
There is no other flower like yourself that's half so dear.
To those who ever wear your colors bright,
You shall ever be the queen of all the flowers of the year,
To those who love the yellow and the white.—*Chorus.*

SWINGIN' IN DE SKY.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

By Edith Kingsley.

Dis nigger ain't nobody's fool, oh, my law;
Go on a-hitchin' up dat mule, oh, my law;
'Cause we's a-gwine 'way upon high, oh, my law;
We's gwine a-swingin' in de sky, oh, my law.

CHORUS.

Then run, you little niggers, run,
We's gwine to have a lot of fun,
Swingin' in de sky;
Den climb, you little niggers, climb;
We's gwine to hab a jolly time,
Swingin' in de sky;
Oh! dar'll be dancin', singin', banjos ringin',
Up dar in de sky.
You'll hab to roll out seven—
Please come 'leven,
Swingin' in de sky.

Now go to sleep, don't hab to wake, oh, my law;
Eat all de frostin' off de cake, oh, my law;
Put on your Sunday bib and tuck, oh, my law;
If you don't, you'll lose your luck, oh, my law.—*Chorus.*

Dar's gwine to be a lazy coon, oh, my law;
A-shootin' craps upon de moon, oh, my law;
Take all de kink out ob your hair, oh, my law;
Because you needn't pay no fare, oh, my law.—*Chorus.*

—Some one has truly said that the milkman's favorite tune should be, "Shall we gather at the river."

The Naughty Jersey Mosquito.

Copyright, 1893, by Jas. Horton.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Thomas E. Powers and Joseph Kershaw. Music and Chorus by James Horton.

Oh, the naughty mosquito; oh, the cruel mosquito;
I tell you a tale about this sweet nightingale,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
He'll kiss pretty lasses, jay mules and jackasses,
Oh, the naughty mosquito;
If he gets on your back, you'll think you sat on a tack,
Saying, "Ah, there, my size," as his tweezers he plies;
Then he'll fly to a tree, and say you can't catch me;
But he will come back soon, and sing the same old tune,
Oh, the naughty mosquito;
Oh, the naughty mosquito.

CHORUS.

He sings you to sleep, while he's sharp'ning his beak,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
The humps he raises, I tell you are daisies,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
Oh, he's a big sucker and he's chock full of pepper,
Oh, that naughty mosquito.

Oh, the naughty mosquito; oh, the cruel mosquito;
He always cuts a dash, wherever he does go,
Oh, the naughty mosquito;
He'll stick in your hair if you're bald there,
Oh, the naughty mosquito;
At night he swings a lamp, he loves to bleed a tramp;
Now, when the light is red, go hide under the bed;
If you should roll home tight, your nose he'll surely bite;
Upon your face he'll spring, and nicely to you sing,
Oh, the naughty mosquito;
Oh, the naughty mosquito.—*Chorus.*

Oh, the Jersey mosquito; oh, the naughty mosquito;
He'll buzz around sweethearts that go out in the parks,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
Can't say they get full, but, mamma, how they pull,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
Two girls quite merrily went bathing in the sea;
He waited for a chance to pierce them like a lance;
He smote them on the nose, and they ran for their clothes,
For mercy they did beg when he caught them in the leg,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
Oh, that naughty mosquito.—*Chorus.*

Oh, the Jersey mosquito; oh, the naughty mosquito;
When your girl's head's on your breast he'll say take a rest,
Oh, that noisy mosquito;
He'll sing, Girls in blue, with accompaniment, too,
Oh, that see-saw mosquito;
Then he'll waltz down the centre and dance the Du Ventre;
When he sees a high-kicker, he just-lets her flicker;
Then a Dutch song and dance he will do without pants;
He's a blood-thirsty nipper, just like Jack the Ripper,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
Oh, that naughty mosquito.—*Chorus.*

Oh, the Jersey Mosquito; oh, that free-trade mosquito;
He got on to Grover and chewed him all over,
Oh, that crazy mosquito;
And he raised a big lump, then flew to a stump,
Oh, the tricky mosquito;
Then Cleveland he swore and did vainly implore,
But his blood-sucking nibbles kept right on with his jigs,
And said no surrender, for I'm on a bender,
I'll get even before many years more,
Oh, the wily mosquito;
Oh, the wily mosquito.—*Chorus.*

Oh, the naughty mosquito; oh, the Jersey mosquito;
He'll look in your eye, then he'll say what a guy,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
If he meets a sweet dude, he will not think it rude,
Oh, that naughty mosquito;
For he'll build a nice bed, on that very soft head,
Then he'll whisper, fine hair, and his dudeship will stare
Through the glass in his eye, saying, au thear, dear fly,
Won't you please go away; do not bite me to-day,
Oh, you naughty mosquito;
Oh, you naughty mosquito.—*Chorus.*

Oh, the Jersey mosquito; oh, the naughty mosquito;
His teeth they are sharp, and he toots on his harp,
Oh, the naughty mosquito;
He plays 'round the bed, for he's going to be fed,
Oh, the wily mosquito;
Then he gets down to biz, and you holler for Liz;
As the deeper he bores, the louder Liz snores;
Then you plead, oh, dear sir, bite a piece out of her,
And just leave me alone, for I'm all skin and bone,
Oh, you naughty mosquito;
Oh, you naughty mosquito.—*Chorus.*

—A man, upon the verge of bankruptcy, having purchased an elegant coat, upon credit, and being told by one of his acquaintances that the coat was too short replied, with a sigh—"It will be long enough before I get another."

OLCOTT'S IRISH SERENADE.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Katie, my darling, alone I am waiting,
Waiting and watching alone by the stile.
Why keep me here, while my heart is inside, dear?
So open your door, love, and give me your smile.
You promised you'd meet me at eight by the stile, dear;
Where are you now, while your lover is here?
Oh, come to me quickly, my heart it is yearning,
Yearning and waiting for you, Katy, dear.

Ah, never fear, you'll be safe in my keeping,
I will guard o'er you, asleep or awake,
Nothing can harm you while my love's around you;
I'd lay down my life, Katy, for your dear sake.
As true as the stars keeping watch thro' the long night,
Such will my faithful watch constantly be;
To cheer you, to guide you o'er life's stormy ocean,
Give me but that lot, and joy waits for me.

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Written and Composed by Thomas Moore.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Sung by Chauncey Olcott in "The Irish Artist."

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away—
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which Time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

LOOK IN MY HEART.

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Words by Chauncey Olcott. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Why will you ask me, my darling, to tell you if my heart is true?
Do you not know it, my loved one? Judge it by your love—oh, do.
Then, if you find it still wanting, come to me, then, and I'll prove
That you have err'd in your judgment, my darling,
Judgment of one who loves you, judgment of one who loves you, loves you.
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, there you will find it enshrined;
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine;
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine.

What is my love, oh, my darling? How can I find words to tell?
Ask of the flowers in the meadow, ask of the flowers in the dell.
Had I but power, love, to tell you all that my heart holds for you,
Then you'd believe me, my darling, knowing that my love was true.

What made me love you, my darling? How can I answer you this?
My heart first spoke, in its throbbing, throbbing at that first sweet kiss,
Which on my lips is still burning, there it shall ever remain;
Nothing but death can erase it, my darling;
In heav'n 'twill be there the same, in heav'n 'twill be there the same, the same.
Look in my heart with thine eyes, dear, there you will find it enshrined;
Look in my heart, with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine;
Look in my heart, with thine eyes, dear, for love it is there, and thine.

—"Hans," said one German to another in the streets of Frankfort, "what are you crying about?" "I am crying because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" was the further query; "he was no relation of yours, was he?" "No," was the answer, half-smothered in sobs, "no relation at all, and that's just what I'm crying for?"

When the Little Ones Are Coming Home from School.

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Words by Howard Graham. Music by Charles Graham.

In the afternoon, when lesson time is o'er,
And the little ones troop from the school-room door,
How one's mem'ry will go back, o'er life's rough and stormy track,
For some one we lov'd that we shall see no more.
Some child sweetheart it may be, light of heart and fancy free,
In the days of copy-books, of slates and rule;
And perhaps she's passed away, but you'll think of her each day,
When the little ones are coming home from school.

REFRAIN.

When the little ones are coming home from school;
With sparkling eyes and hearts with joy so full,
Childhood's days come back to mind, with the loved ones left behind,
When the little ones are coming home from school.

You may recollect the boy they called a fool,
Who was kept in by the teacher after school,
Getting rich in after years, battling worldly strife and fears,
While he always lived up to the golden rule.
There's the boy that knew it all, whose pride went before his fall,
And the boy whose cry was all cry and no wool;
Some are here, some passed away, but you'll think of them each day,
When the little ones are coming home from school.—*Refrain.*

KATY MAHONE.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there,
Dwells my sweet Katy Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To resist love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm yours alone,
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now time may change all things, but never my heart;
It will remain the same,
And be not like the beautiful snow when it falls,
To go with the very first rain;
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old ruin it springs;
Time cannot efface it or lessen its love,
For the older, the closer it clings.—*Refrain.*

THE ART OF MAKING LOVE.

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Words and Music by Andrew Mack.

Come, my little one, I will show to you
The art of making love;
'Tis simple, 'tis sweet, your little heart will beat;
'Tis like an inspiration from above;
It comes with the sunrise, it stays till late at night;
Waking, sleeping, you will find it there;
Though you're too young to know, you must do it so,
If you want to properly make love.

CHORUS.

Gracefully, tenderly, you take your sweetheart's hand;
You press it to your lips—oh, she will understand;
For love will find a way to make the passion grand
In the art of making love.—[*Dance.*]

Love's the thing that makes two souls as one;
They're wedded ne'er to part;
All seem to say, as they go on their way,
"How happy now that he has won her heart!"
Oh! I will be true, love, if you'll be true to me;
Joy for thee, my darling, to the end;
A love with no alloy, happiness and joy,
Prosperity will surely attend.—*Chorus.*

BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

The Words and Music of this Song arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star!
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we loved the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound;
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found;
How the sweet-potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!
So the saucy rebels said—and 'twas a handsome boast—
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

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O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates makes heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.—*Chorus.*

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true!
The Army and the Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!—*Chorus.*

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

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Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that, which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner!—oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps, pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

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Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying 'round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.—*Chorus.*

Sound, sound the trumpet of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and God-like power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.—*Chorus.*

Behold the chief who now commands
Again to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay
And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.—*Chorus.*

—An ignorant candidate for medical honors, having been thrown almost into a fever from his incapability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism? "I would send him here to be examined," he replied.

FOUR FINGERS AND A THUMB.

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Written and Composed by Eldred Powel.

A small machine, but grand, is a human being's hand,
With its four simple fingers and a thumb;
Yet deeds of sterling worth are performed upon this earth
By four little fingers and a thumb.
There's the baby, pretty dot, wants a scalding hot tea-pot
In its four tiny fingers and its thumb;
Later on, its heart to cheer, it may want a pot of beer
In its four grown-up fingers and its thumb.

CHORUS.

Four fingers and a thumb, they can make the long green come;
There is nothing in the world so handy as four little fingers and a thumb.

Master Tommy, if you please, goes to rob the apple trees,
With his four naughty fingers and a thumb;
When he sees old farmer Dick come towards him with a stick
In his four massive fingers and a thumb,
Away, then, Tommy goes, and up to his little nose
Go his four little fingers and a thumb;
But, alas! if he gets copped, there's a hand upon him dropped
Like ten thousand fingers and a thumb.—*Chorus.*

A maiden, so dedate, stands and holds the garden gate
With her four dainty fingers and a thumb;
While the other pretty hand is embraced, you'll understand,
By four manly fingers and a thumb.
"Oh, name the day," says he, "when your heart you'll give to me,
And your four darling fingers and a thumb."
She names it, pretty one, and a few years later on
There's a house full of fingers and of thumbs.—*Chorus.*

Some—shall I call them fools—would turn music-halls to schools
If they had 'em 'neath their fingers and their thumb;
People want to be amused, not as little children used,
By Mrs. Grundy's fingers and her thumb.
So while the chance is ripe, come with cigarette and pipe
In your four working fingers and your thumb;
And if you like a man, why, make all the noise you can
With your four hearty fingers and your thumb.— *Chorus.*

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

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Words and Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

No doubt you've heard some people use, while walking down the street,
An expression quite familiar, cast at every one they meet;
They say it merely just for sport, at men and women, ev'ry sort,
If you should listen while you're passing by.
While standing on the corners, or while walking down the street,
At pretty girls, at giddy girls, and girls with "Trilby" feet.
As they have nothing else to do, why this remark they'll say to you,
An expression used just merely for a guy:

CHORUS.

"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
They'll say it just as you are passing by.
"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
They'll say it just to try and catch your eye.
I think you surely ought to introduce me;
Don't you think that for a moment you can lose me;
Yes, to win her I would fight,
For I think she's out of sight;
Tell me, Jack, who's your friend?

You've been to balls and parties, surely, every one of you;
For some would rather dance than eat—alas! we know it's true.
You'll take a girl to some swell dance, at other fellows she will glance;
Yes, in her shy and modest little way.
Of course, the boys would like to meet your pretty little bean.
You'll hear them say, while passing by, "A pretty girl, by Joe!"
A friend is with the boys, by chance, while passing by at him you glance,
He'll call you back and to you he will say:

CHORUS.

"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
Now, sure, old boy, you'll let me have a dance.
"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
I tell you, Jack, she's put me in a trance;
I think you surely ought to introdnce me;
Don't you think that for a moment you can lose me;
Yes, to win her I would fight,
For I think she's out of sight;
Tell me, Jack, who's your friend?

—Light employment—Building castles in the air.

DE 'POSSUM DADDY STOLE.

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Words and Music by Charles Harvey.

Culind babies, what you like to eat?
Little chillun, I'se got sumfin' sweet;
Hi-yi-yah! Coons and niggahs, get upon yoh feet,
Come and do as you was tole.
Look dar! I'se got possum, yum, yum, yum, you bet it's nice;
Quit dat shoutin' now, be just as still as mice;
All good chillun dey is gwine to have a slice
Ob de 'possum daddy stole; look dar!

CHORUS.

Pickaninnies pickin' on de banjo, huckleberries all as black as coal;
Chickabiddies chasin' roun' de cabin, come an' eat de 'possum daddy stole;
Come, just come; oh, come, come an' eat de 'possum daddy stole.

Call yoh mammy, 'kase we want her heah!
Uncle Sammy, Fetch along de beer;
Hi-yi-yah! Aunt Sabina sittin' in de cheer;
Brung de watermillion cole;
Look dar! carve de 'possum—we am gwine to have a treat;
Slice de 'million, it am juicy, cool an' sweet;
Quit dat yellin', or de neighbors come an' eat
All de 'possum daddy stole; look dar!—*Chorus.*

THE GIRL WHO LEFT A HAPPY HOME FOR ME.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Two laughing eyes will greet me when the toils of day are done,
Of the girl who left a happy home for me;
With a kiss I know she'll greet me at the setting of the sun,
The girl who left a happy home for me;
Beside the gate she's waiting, and supper's waiting, too;
Her little hands alone prepared the tea;
Life to me's a dream of pleasure, for her love was tried and true,
The girl who left a happy home for me.

CHORUS.

No king upon his throne, no love the world has known,
No happiness on earth could ever be
As sacred and divine as that little love of mine,
The girl who left a happy home for me.

She left her wealthy parents and gave me her heart and hand,
The girl who left a happy home for me;
Changed a mansion for a cottage, naught but love there to command,
The girl who left a happy home for me;
The rich folks that once knew her now coldly pass her by—
Her name they dropped from their society;
We are happy in a cottage, just this little wife and I,
She's the girl who left a happy home for me.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY MALONEY.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Ah! now, shtop off yer foolin', beautiful Molly Maloney;
I don't like ridiculin' even from Molly Maloney;
All right, sure you may laugh at me; I don't care how you chaff at me;
You shall answer me "Yes" or "No" before I'll allow you to go.

CHORUS.

Molly dear, don't you hear what all the neighbors are saying;
They say you are too gay, you will be no man's wife;
Molly dear, tell me here if with my heart you are playing,
So that I may say "Good-bye" to the dream of my life.

Ah! now, give over sighin', beautiful Molly Maloney;
You know I am just dyin', dyin' for Molly Maloney;
Most girls make a big rush for me, you'll have no need to blush for me,
If I marry old Sal Magee 'twill just bring a fortune to me.—*Chorus.*

Patrick, listen to me, sir, answered Miss Molly Maloney;
Tell old Sally Magee, sir, this from the girl called Maloney;
I mean shortly to marry you, to church I mean to carry you;
None but Molly shall be your bride; thank you, sweet, sweetheart, I cried.

CHORUS.

Molly dear, we can hear what all the neighbors are saying;
They say you are too gay, you will be no man's wife;
Molly dear, all is clear, with my fond heart you're not playing,
So that I can live and die in the dream of my life.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out?
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule ahtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [own
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river [ou and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alice
391 Old Scarlon
392 Pull down the b[illegible]
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bashing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Bay
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glence
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in [illegible]
494 Black-eyed Susan [Sunday
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

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FOUR FINGERS AND A THUMB.

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Written and Composed by Eldred Powel.

A small machine, but grand, is a human being's hand,
With its four simple fingers and a thumb;
Yet deeds of sterling worth are performed upon this earth
By four little fingers and a thumb.
There's the baby, pretty dot, wants a scalding hot tea-pot
In its four tiny fingers and its thumb;
Later on, its heart to cheer, it may want a pot of beer
In its four grown-up fingers and its thumb.

CHORUS.

Four fingers and a thumb, they can make the long green come:
There is nothing in the world so handy as four little fingers and a thumb.

Master Tommy, if you please, goes to rob the apple trees,
With his four naughty fingers and a thumb;
When he sees old farmer Dick come towards him with a stick
In his four massive fingers and a thumb,
Away, then, Tommy goes, and up to his little nose
Go his four little fingers and a thumb;
But, alas! if he gets copped, there's a hand upon him dropped
Like ten thousand fingers and a thumb.—*Chorus.*

A maiden, so dedate, stands and holds the garden gate
With her four dainty fingers and a thumb;
While the other pretty hand is embraced, you'll understand,
By four manly fingers and a thumb.
"Oh, name the day," says he, "when your heart you'll give to me,
And your four darling fingers and a thumb."
She names it, pretty one, and a few years later on
There's a house full of fingers and of thumbs.—*Chorus.*

Some—shall I call them fools—would turn music-halls to schools
If they had 'em 'neath their fingers and their thumb;
People want to be amused, not as little children used,
By Mrs. Grundy's fingers and her thumb.
So while the chance is ripe, come with cigarette and pipe
In your four working fingers and your thumb;
And if you like a man, why, make all the noise you can
With your four hearty fingers and your thumb.— *Chorus.*

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

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Words and Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

No doubt you've heard some people use, while walking down the street,
An expression quite familiar, cast at every one they meet;
They say it merely just for sport, at men and women, ev'ry sort,
If you should listen while you're passing by.
While standing on the corners, or while walking down the street,
At pretty girls, at giddy girls, and girls with "Trilby" feet.
As they have nothing else to do, why this remark they'll say to you,
An expression used just merely for a guy:

CHORUS.

"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
They'll say it just as you are passing by.
"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
They'll say it just to try and catch your eye.
I think you surely ought to introduce me;
Don't you think that for a moment you can lose me;
Yes, to win her I would fight,
For I think she's out of sight;
Tell me, Jack, who's your friend?

You've been to balls and parties, surely, every one of you;
For some would rather dance than eat—alas! we know it's true.
You'll take a girl to some swell dance, at other fellows she will glance;
Yes, in her shy and modest little way.
Of course, the boys would like to meet your pretty little beau.
You'll hear them say, while passing by, "A pretty girl, by Joe!"
A friend is with the boys, by chance, while passing by at him you glance,
He'll call you back and to you he will say:

CHORUS.

"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
Now, sure, old boy, you'll let me have a dance.
"Who's your friend? Who's your friend?"
I tell you, Jack, she's put me in a trance;
I think you surely ought to introduce me;
Don't you think that for a moment you can lose me;
Yes, to win her I would fight,
For I think she's out of sight;
Tell me, Jack, who's your friend?

—Light employment—Building castles in the air.

DE 'POSSUM DADDY STOLE.

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Words and Music by Charles Harvey.

Cullud babies, what you like to eat?
Little chillun, I'se got sumfin' sweet;
Hi-yi-yah! Coons and niggahs, get upon yoh feet,
Come and do as you was tole.
Look dar! I'se got possum, yum, yum, yum, you bet it's nice;
Quit dat shontin' now, be just as still as mice;
All good chillun dey is gwine to have a slice
Ob de 'possum daddy stole; look dar!

CHORUS.

Pickaninnies pickin' on de banjo, huckleberries all as black as coal;
Chickabiddies chasin' roun' de cabin, come an' eat de 'possum daddy stole;
Come, just come; oh, come, come an' eat de 'possum daddy stole.

Call yoh mammy, 'kase we want her heah!
Uncle Sammy, Fetch along de beer;
Hi-yi-yah! Aunt Sabina sittin' in de cheer;
Brung de watermillion cole;
Look dar! carve de 'possum—we am gwine to have a treat;
Slice de 'million, it am juicy, cool an' sweet;
Quit dat yellin', or de neighbors come an' eat
All de 'possum daddy stole; look dar!—*Chorus.*

THE GIRL WHO LEFT A HAPPY HOME FOR ME.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Two laughing eyes will greet me when the toils of day are done,
Of the girl who left a happy home for me;
With a kiss I know she'll greet me at the setting of the sun,
The girl who left a happy home for me;
Beside the gate she's waiting, and supper's waiting, too;
Her little hands alone prepared the tea;
Life to me's a dream of pleasure, for her love was tried and true,
The girl who left a happy home for me.

CHORUS.

No king upon his throne, no love the world has known,
No happiness on earth could ever be
As sacred and divine as that little love of mine,
The girl who left a happy home for me.

She left her wealthy parents and gave me her heart and hand,
The girl who left a happy home for me;
Changed a mansion for a cottage, naught but love there to command,
The girl who left a happy home for me;
The rich folks that once knew her now coldly pass her by—
Her name they dropped from their society;
We are happy in a cottage, just this little wife and I,
She's the girl who left a happy home for me.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY MALONEY.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Ah! now, shtop off yer foolin', beautiful Molly Maloney;
I don't like ridiculin' even from Molly Maloney;
All right, sure you may laugh at me; I don't care how you chaff at me;
You shall answer me "Yes" or "No" before I'll allow you to go.

CHORUS.

Molly dear, don't you hear what all the neighbors are saying;
They say you are too gay, you will be no man's wife;
Molly dear, tell me here if with my heart you are playing,
So that I may say "Good-bye" to the dream of my life.

Ah! now, give over sighin', beautiful Molly Maloney;
You know I am just dyin', dyin' for Molly Maloney;
Most girls make a big rush for me, you'll have no need to blush for me,
If I marry old Sal Magee 'twill just bring a fortune to me.—*Chorus.*

Patrick, listen to me, sir, answered Miss Molly Maloney;
Tell old Sally Magee, sir, this from the girl called Maloney;
I mean shortly to marry you, to church I mean to carry you;
None but Molly shall be your bride; thank you, sweet, sweetheart, I cried.

CHORUS.

Molly dear, we can hear what all the neighbors are saying;
They say you are too gay, you will be no man's wife;
Molly dear, all is clear, with my fond heart you're not playing,
So that I can live and die in the dream of my life.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education was my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 L[illegible]ie ones at home
7 Ole black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out?
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bunmers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Alianna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narraganset
268 Hail, Columbia [bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee?
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle do Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth?
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
345 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home?
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alice
391 Old Sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrin Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying?
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evaline
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Bay
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glencoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseillies hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

We will send **10** of the above Songs, your selection, for **10** cents; **30** for **25** cents; **50** for **40** cents; **100** for **75** cents, or **1000** for **$5.** ☞ Remember we will not send less than **10** of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers only. We will send the sheet music of any song on this page, arranged for the piano, words and music combined, for **40** cents per copy, or **3** copies for **$1.**

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

817 Lottie Lee
818 Who's at my bedroom window?
819 I have no home
820 It's nice to be a father
821 Won't you tell me why, Robin?
822 Only to see her face again
823 Kingdom coming
824 Barney O'Hea
825 Teddy O'Neal
826 Man with the sealskin pants
827 Medicine Jack
828 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
829 Keep in the middle of the road
830 Lanigan's ball
831 Lula is gone
832 An Irishman's toast
833 Village blacksmith
834 Naughty Clara
835 Dying nun
836 When the leaves begin to turn
837 Larry O'Brien
838 Mother kissed me in my dream
839 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
840 Dying Californian
841 Grandmother's birthday
842 Come where my love lies dreaming
843 Pop goes the weasel
844 Monkey's wedding
845 Mary had a little lamb
846 Wait for the wagon
847 Cork leg
848 Uncle Sam's farm
849 My old wife and I
850 I'm so lonely
851 Only as far as the gate
852 Peek-a-boo
853 Moonlight at Killarney
854 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
855 We never speak as we pass by
856 Tipperary christening
857 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
858 Old rustic bridge by the mill
859 Paddy Magee's dream
860 Dreaming of home and mother
861 Shall we know each other there?
862 Jolly Irishman
863 Folks that put on airs
864 Rosalie, the prairie flower
865 If I had but a thousand a year
866 Fisherman and his child
867 Swata Castle Garden
868 In the gloaming
869 Bring me back the one I love
870 Spider and the fly
871 A warrior bold
872 Tar's farewell
873 In her little bed we laid her
874 Dark girl dressed in blue
875 Separation
876 Pitcher of beer
877 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
878 Nobody knows what a racket was there
879 It's a cold day when I get left
880 Alice, where art thou?
881 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
882 Jessie at the railway bar
883 Ada, with the golden hair
884 Streets of New York
885 Courting in the rain
886 I'm dying for some one to love me
887 Is that Mister Reilly?
888 Let my name be kindly spoken
889 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
890 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
891 Poor old Mike
892 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
893 A life on the ocean wave
894 I am dreaming
895 Gypsy Countess
896 She's as good as gold
897 Watchman, tell us of the night
898 Shoo, fly! don't bother me
899 Ten thousand miles away
900 Give my love to all at home
901 Mygel Snyder's party
902 Increase of crime
903 Ship on fire
904 Josephus Orange Blossom
905 Oh! Susannah
906 Old Bob Ridley
907 Bonnie blue flag
908 Neil Flanagherty's drake
909 John Barleycorn
910 Rules for love-making
911 Land League Band
912 Down by the old abbey ruins
913 Glorious 69th
914 Old willow cradle
915 Funny old gal
916 Religious card player
917 Paddy's the boy
918 Teddy McGlynn
919 Lads who live in Ireland
920 Worn-out sailor
921 Mott street, 449
922 Limerick is beautiful
923 Seven out
924 Let me kiss him for his mother
925 Pretty lips
926 Sullivan's boot in my eye
927 Villikins and his Dinah
928 Captain with his whiskers
929 A knot of blue and gray
930 Foley's hotel
931 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
932 Never take the horse shoe from the door
933 Woman, lovely woman
934 Napoleon's dream
935 When the robins nest again
936 Oh! you little darling, I love you
937 Just do an the lans
938 Call me back again
939 Milwaukee fire
940 One of the finest
941 Over the mountain
942 Belle of the ball
943 Farmer's boy
944 When Jack comes home again (falling)
945 Hush-a-bye, baby
946 Where the ivy grows so green
947 Bridget Donahue
948 Down the hill
949 My Nellie's blue eyes
950 Ragged coat
951 Kitty Kimo
952 Little darling, dream of me
953 Juice of the forbidden fruit
954 Minute gun at sea
955 Some day
956 Sour krout
957 Don't give the name a bad place
958 Racketty Jack [hallelujah)
959 John Brown song (Glory, glory
960 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
961 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
962 Roger O'Malley
963 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
964 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
965 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
966 I'll await my love
967 Hard times come again no more
968 Mulcahey's gone away
969 Nineteen hundred and one
970 Colleen Dhas Machree
971 Only to see thee, darling
972 Blue bells of Scotland
973 A boy's best friend is his mother
974 That's how you get served when you're
975 Dear little innocent things [old
976 Mother, I've come home to die
977 Just before the battle, mother
978 Down in a diving-bell
979 Kissing through the bars
980 Skipper and his boy
981 Young man from the country
982 I'll be dar
983 The midshipmite
984 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
985 Naughty, naughty men
986 Naughty, naughty girls
987 New coon in town
988 Will a monkey climb a tree?
989 Bold soger boy
990 Heenan and Sayers
991 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
992 Sally, come up
993 Sea king's burial
994 One-horse open sleigh
995 Baby show
996 Swim out for glory
997 Jessie Green
998 Duffy's grand opening night
999 I'm a dude
1000 Run for the doctor
1001 Climbing up the golden stairs
1002 My good-looking man
1003 How a married woman goes to sleep
1004 I'm off for Baltimore
1005 Bright little spot on the ocean
1006 I tickled her under the chin
1007 Lakes of Cold Finn
1008 My Newmarket coat
1009 He will come with the flowers of May
1010 Ten years in Cherry Hill
1011 Maloney's the man
1012 Ship that never returned
1013 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
1014 How much does the baby weigh?
1015 A mother's watch by the sea
1016 Uncle Billy's dream
1017 Some day I'll wander back again
1018 High-water pants
1019 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
1020 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
1021 Paddy stole the t'po
1022 Duffy, the swell
1023 Not much
1024 Don't leave your mother, Tom
1025 Pretty little dark blue eyes
1026 A rolling stone gathers no moss
1027 Dream faces
1028 Wind blew through his whiskers
1029 Good-bye to my Southern home
1030 Pretty little rosy cheeks
1031 Knock at the window to-night, love
1032 Hard up
1033 Forgive and forget
1034 Captain Mishler
1035 Butterfly dude
1036 Bowery on Saturday night
1037 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
1038 Let me like a soldier fall
1039 Enniskillen dragoon
1040 Papa's baby boy
1041 I ain't as young as I used to be
1042 The Dreadnought
1043 Her-saw
1044 What's in a kiss?
1045 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
1046 Darling Clo'
1047 Mother's last request
1048 Texas ranger
1049 God, save Ireland
1050 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
1051 Bold Jack Donahue
1052 Last farewell
1053 Sweet dreams of mother and home
1054 Mary Ann Kehoe
1055 Only an emigrant
1056 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
1057 The farmer feeds us all [ing
1058 Strike while the iron is hot
1059 Better days will come again
1060 Baby's lullaby
1061 Dying girl's message
1062 Some other girl shall wear the ring
1063 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
1064 Somebody's tall and handsome
1065 Mother keeps the gate locked now
1066 Sweet Alpine roses
1067 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
1068 Constant farmer's son
1069 Upper ten and lower five
1070 Kari's new lullaby
1071 Key-hole in the door
1072 Act on the square, boys
1073 Lackawanna spooners
1074 Cot where I was born
1075 Burke's dream
1076 Four-leaved shamrock
1077 Up a tree
1078 Down where the lilly bells grow
1079 Behind the parlor door
1080 Peggy O'Moore
1081 Sunny hours of childhood
1082 O'Reilly, the fisherman
1083 Old village blacksmith shop
1084 False one, I love thee still
1085 Shannon side
1086 Pennsylvania tramp
1087 We'll paint the town red
1088 Look always on the sunny side
1089 Green linnet
1090 Gentle Annie
1091 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
1092 There's a light in the window
1093 Annie of the vale
1094 Rising of the moon
1095 Who will care for mother now
1096 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
1097 Sights for a father
1098 Old gray mare
1099 How is your sister Mary?
1100 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night
1101 Grandma's vacant chair
1102 America's emblem the violet
1103 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
1104 Take good care of mother
1105 Whisper and a kiss
1106 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
1107 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
1108 Little Mag and I
1109 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
1110 Roxy's Sunday out
1111 My sweetheart's family
1112 Little wife Nellie
1113 Too utterly utter
1114 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
1115 They can't keep the workingman down
1116 Angel mother waits for me
1117 Good-night, but not good-bye
1118 Dar's a new moon in de sky
1119 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
1120 Mind and be home when the clock
1121 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
1122 My little four-leaved shamrock from
1123 White Wings [Glenmore
1124 Always take mother's advice
1125 Pretty pond lillies
1126 Dear Robin, I'll be true
1127 Mikado McAllister
1128 For one day of turkey there's six days
1129 Poor old dad [of hash
1130 The Haddingtonshire
1131 McSorley's twins
1132 Cricket on the hearth
1133 I had $15 dollars in my inside pocket
1134 Trabling back to Georgia
1135 Noble knights of labor
1136 He gets there just the same
1137 Johnny, get your gun
1138 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
1139 Maggie Darrow's welcome
1140 Come, sit by me, mother
1141 I'm not asleep
1142 Put on de golden shoe
1143 I'll think of my mother at home
1144 Two little ragged urchins
1145 Silver bells of memory
1146 Maggie, dear, I'm called away
1147 Seek her on the kissor
1148 Oh! you girls
1149 Because she ain't built that way
1150 Flanigan, the lodger
1151 Married
1152 Garden where the praties grow [gone
1153 You'll be kind to my mother when I'm
1154 Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! oh, mamma
1155 An agricultural Irish girl [parents
1156 I'm a man that's done wrong to my
1157 Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes
1158 Annie Lisle
1159 I will be true to thee
1160 Down by the river side I strayed
1161 Kitty Clyde
1162 Under the willow she's sleeping
1163 Bay of Biscay, O!
1164 Hazel dell
1165 It's funny when you feel that way
1166 They've all got a wife but me
1167 What is home without a mother?
1168 Bowery Grenadiers
1169 Don't you dare to kiss me, Joe]
1170 Good-bye, Susan Jane
1171 Nellie was a lady
1172 Nettie Moore
1173 To the West
1174 Joe Hardy
1175 Think of your head in the morning
1176 Wash me, mother, dear
1177 Remember, boy, you're Irish
1178 Where can the wanderer be?
1179 Colored band
1180 It's naughty, but it's nice
1181 We'd better bide a wee
1182 Come along my, darling
1183 Old turnkey
1184 Sarah's young man
1185 She's the image of her mother in a 1000
1186 Belle Brandon [different ways
1187 Dreamy eyes that haunt me still
1188 Hungry man from Harlem
1189 When Johnny comes marching home
1190 I was despised because I was poor
1191 Meet me, Kate, by the cottage gate
1192 Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved
1193 Clementine [thee
1194 Sweet heather bell
1195 Windy man from Brooklyn
1196 Swinging on the old rustic gate [gone
1197 You'll never miss your mother till she's
1198 Remember me to all at home
1199 Oh, what a night
1200 Did you notice it?
1201 Since my mother's dead and gone
1202 America beats them all
1203 Australian exile
1204 Just to show my respects to McGinnis
1205 Gathering the myrtle with Mary
1206 Her own boy, Jack
1207 Clara Nolan's ball
1208 Letters we carved on the tree
1209 Two Irish police
1210 Little old red shawl my mother wore
1211 Our Jack's come home to-day
1212 He's never done anything since
1213 Oh, Mr. Flanigan
1214 Can you, then, love another?
1215 Light-house by the sea
1216 An Irish fair day
1217 It's for money
1218 As I read the paper through
1219 They can't do it, you know
1220 Letter that never came
1221 A handful of earth
1222 Is Maud in?
1223 Southern soldier boy
1224 Green mossy banks of the Lea
1225 Manchester martyrs
1226 Dear Irish boy
1227 I haven't for a long time now
1228 Save my mother's picture from the
1229 Rock-a-bye, baby [sale
1230 Lay my head beneath a rose
1231 Castlebar lay
1232 Flora Bella
1233 It's dudish you know
1234 The letter came at last
1235 My pretty Jane
1236 Lips that touch liquor shall never touch
1237 Wrap the flag around me, boys [mine
1238 Dad's dinner pail
1239 The spree
1240 Black pick-a-ninny
1241 Widow Nolan's goat
1242 Maid of the Mill
1243 Paddy Duffy's cart
1244 Little green leaf in our bible
1245 Mary Kelly's beau
1246 He'll be back bye-and-bye
1247 Bonny black Bess
1248 Little widow Dunn
1249 Ghost of Benjamin Binns
1250 Man that struck O'Hara
1251 A flower I found in mother's bible
1252 Dying cowboy's lament
1253 Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
1254 Star of the evening [mother's grave
1255 Poor little soldiers' boy
1256 Bold McIntires
1257 Howard's cradle song
1258 Handkerchief flirtation
1259 Angel's whisper
1260 Tom, if you love me, say so
1261 Flying trapeze
1262 Little old caboose behind the train
1263 Maggie, the cows are in the clover
1264 I believe it, for my mother told me so
1265 Mamma's black baby boy
1266 Ungrateful son
1267 Double-breasted mansion on the square
1268 Yankee Doodle
1269 The faster you pluck them the thicker
1270 Mother, is the battle over? [they grow
1271 Sullivan and Ryan
1272 Package of old letters
1273 Cabin with the roses at the door
1274 Morrissey and Heenan fight
1275 Matrimonial suggestions
1276 Mother's wedding ring
1277 Poverty's tears ebb and flow
1278 Never take "no" for an answer
1279 Have you seen Yum-Yum
1280 I'll return bye-and-bye
1281 It's English, you know
1282 In the window a light I can see
1283 Little Ah Sid
1284 The striker and hisson
1285 Ta-ra-rum
1286 I cannot sing that song to-night
1287 I kissed her under the parlor stairs
1288 Lost on the "Lady Elgin"
1289 We draw the line at that
1290 Merry shanty boys
1291 Slightly on the mash
1292 Down among the sugar cane
1293 When my rover comes again
1294 There's no one to welcome me home
1295 John Mitchell
1296 Dearest Mag
1297 My bonny laboring boy
1298 The dawning of the day
1299 Wreck of the "London"
1300 The song that reached my heart
1301 The Scotch brigade
1302 I owe $10 to O'Grady
1303 I'm the father of a little black coon
1304 Where is Kathleen
1305 Waiting, waiting, waiting
1306 Maloney, the rolling mill man
1307 Dan O'Brien's raffle
1308 Just a little sunshine
1309 As I sat upon my dear old mother's
1310 A letter from Ireland [knee
1311 I'm going to have my name above the
1312 Judge Duffy told me so [door
1313 Man, poor man
1314 When baby smiles in her sleep
1315 Songs that we sing
1316 Listen to my tale of woe
1317 Meet a coon to-night
1318 Copper and the cook
1319 Bring back my sailor boy
1320 Where the sparrows and chippies
1321 Old boss Barry [parade
1322 Midnight squad
1323 Isabelle St. Clair
1324 Don't run down the Irish
1325 From the cradle to the grave
1326 The little fishermaiden
1327 You know
1328 Up went the price
1329 Honor thy father and mother
1330 Marguerite
1331 Bid me good-bye and go
1332 I'm so shy

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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1033 A button-hole bouquet
1034 I forget
1035 She might have licked McCarty
1036 Love, let your heart be faithful
1037 Sunshine will come again
1038 Baby that never came
1039 I like it, I do
1040 It's funny what lager will do
1041 Isn't that an awful shame
1042 Ring dat golden bell
1043 Gems of old Ireland
1044 Jesse James [way
1045 Young man that used to live over the
1046 We've both been there before many a
1047 Now I come to think of it [time
1048 I paid the $10 to O'Grady
1049 With all her faults I love her still
1050 Dear little hands
1051 Just across from Jersey
1052 Salvation army, oh
1053 Four 'leven forty-four
1054 Family overhead
1055 I wonder how long it will last
1056 Charleston blues
1057 Major Gilfeather
1058 Boodle
1059 That's an old gag with me
1060 Valley lay smiling before me
1061 Little hedge school
1062 Old feather bed
1063 I never drink behind the bar
1064 McNally's row of flats
1065 I'll wear the trousers, oh
1066 Strolling on the sands
1067 Mulberry springs
1068 Good-bye, my honey, I'm gone
1069 Plum-pudding
1070 I could tell it if I felt in the dark
1071 Let Erin remember the days of old
1072 Here lies an actor
1073 Mister Dooley's geese
1074 Ten thousand miles away on the banks
1075 Mother's last letter to me [of a lonely
1076 Pat and his little brown mare
1077 Water-cresses
1078 She lives on Murray Hill
1079 Eileen, sweet Eileen
1080 Hurry, little children, Sunday morn
1081 My little side door
1082 It showered again
1083 Market on Saturday night
1084 Other arrangements
1085 Haul de wood-pile down
1086 As we wander in the orange-grove
1087 Drill, ye tarriers, drill
1088 Piggy-back
1089 Only a blue-bell
1090 Little boy blue
1091 Where the sweet magnolia grows
1092 Old black crow
1093 Heigh, ho! lingo Sally
1094 Hunt the buffalo
1095 Red-haired girl and near-by white
1096 Let her go, Gallagher [horse
1097 Mason's wedding-night
1098 Old barn floor
1099 Bridal march
1100 Slavery's passed away
1101 Where did you get that hat!
1102 My Maggie
1103 Scanlan's swing song
1104 You and I, love
1105 Mottoes that are framed upon the wall
1106 Razzle, dazzle
1107 Whistling coon
1108 Hello! Reilly
1109 Killnloe
1110 Farewell, Marguerite
1111 Spare that old mud cabin
1112 Since Kate learnt how to play
1113 I went with him; or, my pal, Jack
1114 Johnstown flood
1115 Postage-stamp flirtation
1116 Those lovely Brooklyn girls
1117 Slide, Kelly, slide
1118 Sullivan and Kilrain fight
1119 Down where we roamed together
1120 Down went McGinty
1121 Just a little
1122 Champion of the world
1123 Ould plaid shawl
1124 Near it
1125 Paddy Shay
1126 Sheridan's ride
1127 Three leaves of shamrock
1128 A mother's appeal to her boy
1129 Across the bridge he goes
1130 You will never know a mother's love
1131 Convict and the bird [again
1132 Say, won't you come out and play!
1133 Chump! or, they did me up
1134 Only a picture
1135 Same old walk
1136 When we ran with the old machine
1137 Ballyhooley
1138 Hi! waiter, a dozen more bottles
1139 Ask a policeman
1140 Did he get there
1141 Dying cowboy
1142 Why don't they do so now!
1143 Where did you get that face!
1144 Little empty stockings
1145 Since Reilly took an oath he'd have my
1146 Ireland for the Irish [life
1147 Little Annie Rooney
1148 Hush! don't wake the baby
1149 Room 4, second floor
1150 Emmet's farewell to his true love
1151 Magee's back-yard
1152 Beautiful language
1153 My hat
1154 Now you're talking
1155 Casey's wife
1156 I say, Mike
1157 There goes McManus
1158 McGinty's wake
1159 I loaned my Sunday coat to Maloney
1160 Down on the farm
1161 Are you with us, Casey!
1162 He's on the police force now
1163 Faces
1164 Katie Molloy
1165 I'm a cousin to Parnell
1166 Get on to that bouquet
1167 Since Casey runs the flat
1168 Hello! John Maloney
1169 Dear old village-school
1170 Song that breaks my heart
1171 Oh, what has changed you?
1172 That is love
1173 Little bunch of lilacs
1174 Playmates
1175 Kelly's new spring pants
1176 Oh, let it be soon
1177 Sam Bass
1178 Since Maggie learned to sing
1179 I'll paralyze the man that says
1180 A dreadful accident [McGinty
1181 Signor Bing Binger, the baritone
1182 Sunday-school scholar [singer
1183 If the waters could speak as they flow
1184 Mountain dew
1185 I whistle and wait for Katie
1186 Oh, leave not your Kathleen
1187 Throw him down, McCloskey
1188 It used to be proper, but it don't go
1189 We've all had 'em [now
1190 Drink up, boys
1191 My dear old Irish home
1192 Hear dem bells
1193 Barney, come home
1194 Two new sports in town
1195 Where is my wandering boy to-night!
1196 Little old duddeen
1197 Oh, mamma! buy me that
1198 Dar's a lock on the chicken-coop door
1199 They never told a lie
1200 Learning McFadden to waltz
1201 Saloonkeepers' Commandments
1202 Irish jubilee
1203 He was a pal of mine
1204 They're after me
1205 Sweet Katie Connor
1206 He ain't in it
1207 Then you wink the other eye
1208 I was on it
1209 When I get to be a man like pa
1210 Clancy wasn't in it
1211 Paddy Flynn
1212 Comrades
1213 McManus and his spike-tail coat
1214 Come down, Mrs. Flynn
1215 Dreaming as she sleeps
1216 Band played Annie Laurie
1217 Masks and faces
1218 Swinging in the Grape-vine swing
1219 Little sign is still above the door.
1220 Lovers' quarrel, or Mary and John
1221 Something went wrong with the works
1222 We shall all be angels in the sweet by-
1223 Come where the lilies bloom [and-by
1224 Good-night, ladies
1225 Haul me back again
1226 Father O'Flynn
1227 Flag of the free
1228 The golden wedding
1229 On a Sunday morning
1230 The lone grave
1231 Your necktie's up behind
1232 Little Fannie McIntyre
1233 Murphy owes me rent
1234 Only a year
1235 I don't know
1236 I've worked eight hours this day
1237 A little beard on a young man grew
1238 Widow Nolan's door
1239 Arkansaw
1240 Picture that is turned toward the wall
1241 He never came back
1242 Oh! what a difference in the morning
1243 I want a situation
1244 Could I but spot the winner
1245 McNulty, you're a daisy
1246 Ragged Pat
1247 Clancy's trotter
1248 The poor old bum
1249 Sentenced to death
1250 Blame it on to the girls [of families
1251 Mistakes are apt to happen in the best
1252 Never in a case like that
1253 Story of the ould country
1254 Mavourneen
1255 Molly, O
1256 The Christmas tree
1257 My son, my only son
1258 Since Nelly went away
1259 Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e
1260 The pardon came too late
1261 Twelve months ago to-night
1262 Fireman's boy
1263 Song of the steeple
1264 He never smiled again
1265 These words no Shakespeare wrote
1266 There's no room for me
1267 Between love and duty.
1268 Raffle for a Waterbury watch
1269 Whist! the bogie man
1270 It's hard to be a nigger
1271 Hotel Royal fire
1272 The prodigal son
1273 The sights in a dime museum
1274 The poor gal didn't know, you know
1275 The Broadway swell and the Bowery
1276 Scenes in New York [bum
1277 The bad hotel
1278 It takes a girl to do it every time
1279 You'd better stay at home, lad
1280 Joys of a wedding ring
1281 There's always a chair for me
1282 Patsy Brannigan
1283 Thy land's my land
1284 The nightingale's song
1285 The Stowaway
1286 A little bird whispered to me
1287 Push dem clouds away
1288 I saw Esau kissing Kate
1289 The wife's dream
1290 The broken home
1291 He is an angel now [old mother
1292 A bunch of shamrocks from my dear
1293 I handed it over to Riley
1294 Strolling with Nora
1295 Buy a nice little home in the country
1296 O'Brien's horse, Bonyparte
1297 Since Murphy broke his pledge
1298 My sweetheart's the man in the moon
1299 The Keeley cure
1300 Corbett and Sullivan fight
1301 Do as I tell you
1302 There is a tavern in the town
1303 Tip your hat to Nellie
1304 In old Madrid
1305 Columbus
1306 Molly and I and the baby
1307 Paddy, wait awhile [de-ay
1309 I'm the man that wrote Tara-ra boom
1308 Maiden and the lamb [Carlo
1310 The man that broke the bank at Monte
1311 He never cares to wander from his own
1312 Miner's Dream of Home [fireside
1313 Polly O'Neil
1314 He was a soldier
1315 Oh, ta-ra-ra
1316 Ting-a-ling-ting-tay
1317 The country girl
1318 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow
1319 Sweet Nellie Bawn
1320 There is a stranger's face in Heaven now
1321 I'll never go there again
1322 When the days grow longer
1323 Where the chicken got the axe
1324 After the ball
1325 Ginger
1326 Kiss my dear old mother, Jack
1327 Still the world goes on [over here
1328 I'm the man that brought Columbus
1329 I loved you better than you knew
1330 You can't stop her
1331 Bowery
1332 Afterwards
1333 Widow
1334 Reuben and Cynthia
1335 Out for a racket
1336 Kiss, and let's make up
1337 Columbus was an Irishman
1338 A pretty girl
1339 Love me little, love me long
1340 Two little girls in blue
1341 Daisy Bell
1342 She is my pic nic girl
1343 Oh, promise me
1344 When summer comes again
1345 Always mind your sister, Jennie
1346 Volunteer Organist [ought to be
1347 One of his legs is longer than it really
1348 In the bright moonlight
1349 The widow's plea for her son
1350 Hearts
1351 Keep the home together
1352 Tom and I'll go too
1353 I love you in spite of all
1354 They all take after me
1355 Nellie and May, sisters were they
1356 Little Johnny Dugan
1357 Georgie
1358 Same sweet bells are ringing
1359 Have you seen her?
1360 Don't forget me, Mary
1361 Fallen by the wayside
1362 Is life worth living?
1363 December and May
1364 They are the best friends of all
1365 The ship I love
1366 Nancy Clancy's beau
1367 My Johanna Johnson
1368 Your mother and I, Maggie
1369 We never speak her name
1370 It's all gone now
1371 When Peggy and I are wed
1372 My Marie
1373 Mamie, come kiss your honey boy
1374 The fatal wedding
1375 The christening of Maggie's baby
1376 Seeing Jennie home
1377 Carrie
1378 No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry
1379 Half-past nine
1380 The little lost child
1381 The workingman's dream
1382 The face upon the barroom floor
1383 Conversation water
1384 Love will bring me back again
1385 The gay soubrette
1386 Will we ever be able to fly!
1387 The little musician
1388 Roaming in the clover
1389 Don't leave the old home, Mamie
1390 Twiggy Voo
1391 And the verdict was
1392 I'll take you home again, Kathleen
1393 Greet the old man with a smile
1394 The man that broke the brokers down
1395 The German Fifth [in Wall Street
1396 Fare thee well, my little sweetheart
1397 The pride of the ball
1398 Walking on de rainbow in de sky
1399 Day by day years have rolled on
1400 He married the daughter, mother and all
1401 Won't you be my sweetheart!
1402 Apple blossoms
1403 The little bunch of whiskers on his chin
1404 My pearl's a Bowery girl
1405 Maggie Mooney
1406 While the dance goes on
1407 Picture eighty-four [her back
1408 And her golden hair was hanging down
1409 Take him to your heart again
1410 Upon life's ocean cast away [you
1411 When you know the girl you love loves
1412 Kind words [all
1413 There's no place like the old home after
1414 I don't want to play in your yard
1415 Wait, Mr. Postman
1416 Magic pictures in the grate
1417 Swell up to date
1418 Thinking of one she loves
1419 Only to see my mother
1420 How do you like it!
1421 I long to see the old home once again
1422 When we're married by and by
1423 Believe me if all those endearing young
1424 Look in my heart [charms
1425 My beautiful Irish maid
1426 Olcott's Irish serenade
1427 Katy Mahone
1428 Nothing's too good for the Irish
1429 Take back the engagement ring
1430 He got the rinkey dink
1431 Girl wanted
1432 Linger longer, Loo
1433 His last thoughts were of you
1434 The church across the way
1435 How nice that all must be
1436 Those lost happy days
1437 McGinty at the living pictures
1438 McNally's old backyard
1439 Phoebe
1440 Broken hearts
1441 Whose little girl are you!
1442 The girl I love
1443 Hearts are trumps
1444 The little toy drum
1445 I went home wid Michael!
1446 Forget the past
1447 Susie, do you lub me!
1448 He married Riley's bride
1449 Oh! how I love sweet Kathleen
1450 When the mailman comes
1451 Can't fool the Dutch [beat
1452 Little Johnny Johnson is my Sunday
1453 The ads that drove him crazy
1454 Happy is the bride that the sun shines on
1455 Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years
1456 Sweet Jennie Brown
1457 Tommy Atkins
1458 One girl in the world for me
1459 Denied a home
1460 After your wand'ring, come home
1461 Tell me that you love me still
1462 I'll never go out with Riley any more
1463 I'm going to tell on you, Katie
1464 It's a good thing, push it along
1465 Still his whiskers grew
1466 She may have seen better days
1467 Pretty Jennie Slattery
1468 What's the matter with your feet!
1469 Uncle John
1470 What could the poor girl do!
1471 My dad's the engineer
1472 Her picture was there next to mine
1473 This is unexpected
1474 You don't find a girl like my girl every
1475 Kathleen [day
1476 My Coney Island girl
1477 Sweet Eilleen
1478 Streets of Cairo
1479 The band played on
1480 Just as it used to be in days gone by
1481 Mary rode the bike and bull
1482 Don't forget the friends that are dearer
1483 Rosey Magee [than gold
1484 I never loved until I met you
1485 With a wife and a neat little home
1486 What will you say, sweet Kitty Sheal
1487 Dimes and Nickels
1488
1489 In the BArroom
1490 Fishing—for what!
1491 The girl next door
1492 The Bowery Ball

We will send 10 of the above Songs, your selection, for 10 cents; 30 for 25 cents; 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents, or 1000 for $5. ☞ Remember, we will not send less than 10 of these Songs by mail. Be sure to order Songs by their numbers in rotation. We will send the sheet music of any song on this page, arranged for the piano, words and music combined, for 40 cents per copy, or 3 copies for $1.

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Enthaltend 100 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

Ach ich bin so milde
Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen
Ach wie ist möglich dann
Aennchen von Tharau
Als der Großvater die Großmutter
Als ich ein jung' Geselle war [nahm
Als Noah aus dem Kasten war
Am grünen Hudson-Strand
An der schönen blauen Donau
Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang
Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief
Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem
Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen [Haar
Augen (Die)
Bauer auf der Eisenbahn (Der)
Das ist der Tag des Herrn
Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht
Deserteur (Der) [zu sagen
Deutsche Knabe in Amerika (Der)
Drei Käferknaben (Die)
Drei muntre Burschen saßen
Dutchman's Klage
Eine Seele, die mich liebt
Ein 45faches Lied
Eins muß nach aussa
Es blinken so lustig drei Sterne
Es ist zwar kein Unglück
Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn
Fiducit
Freibe', die ich meine
Geplagte Ehemann (Der)
Grune in Amerika (Der)
Grünhorn's erster Brief (Des)
Gute Kamerad (Der)
Handelsjude (Der)
Hannes, der sterbende Bauer
Heymann Levi
Hineingefallen
Hirtenknabe (Der)
Historie vom Kuß
Ich komme vom Gebirge her
Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren
Im Januar da fuhren uns
Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier
In den Augen liegt das Herz
In der Heimath ist es schön
In Dir allein
In einem kühlen Grunde
Kapelle (Die)
Künstlerleben
Kutschke auf dem Vorposten
Ladies in Amerika
Liebe kauft man nicht (Die)
Liebes-Werbung
Loreley
Louis und Eugenie
Luther's Wahrspruch [ersten Schritt
Macht man in's Leben kaum den
Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu
Menge muß es bringen (Die)
Moderne Liebe
Morgenroth
Mutter will's nicht leiden (Die)
Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder
Nur für Natur
O schau nur ein einzigsmal
O Straßburg
Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt (Der)
Räthsel von Wien (Die)
Rattenfänger von Hameln (Der)
Recept zum Reichwerden
Rosen-Lied
Salomonisches Urtheil
Schneiderlied
Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt
Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen
Schönsten Augen (Die)
Schweizer's Heimweh
Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen
Soldaten-Liebe
So wie Du
Stop a Little
Thräne (Die)
Trinkspruch
Tyroler und sein Kind (Der)
Vergißmeinnicht (Das)
Verrenkte Herz (Das)
Wald (Der)
Warnung [nicht
Warum geschieht so was heut zu Tag'
Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Wer lieben will muß leiden
Wilhelmshöhe
Wir geh'n nach Lindenau
Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen
Wirthin Töchterlein (Der)
Wohl viele tausend Vögelein
Wo soll ich mich hinwenden
Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n [Strumpf verlor'n

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 2.

Enthaltend 105 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

An der Quelle saß der Knabe
Allgemeiner Toast
Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen
Adam und Eva
Andreas Hofer
A Deaneri geht um Holz in Wald
Als es mit Noah ging zu End'
Als die Preußen marschierten vor Prag
Als ich an einem Sommertag
Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren
Berliner Biermamsell (Die)
Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise
Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich
Bundeslied
Bertrand's Abschied
Du liegst mir im Herzen
Da streiten sich die Leut' herum
Den lieben langen Tag
Dem Herrn allein die Ehre
Du hast Diamanten und Perlen
Du bist mir nah und doch so fern
Drei Wochen vor Ostern
Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen
Deutsche Mutter (Die)
Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben
Einsam bin ich nicht alleine
Es waren mal drei Gesellen
Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben
Eine Perle nenn' ich mein
Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht
Fünfmal hunderttaufend Teufel
Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien
Freund, ich bin zufrieden
Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer
Grab' aus dem Wirthshaus
Gute Mutter Mandelbaum (Die)
Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind
Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen
Heil dir im Siegerkranz
Hinaus in die Ferne
Hoch vom Dachstein
Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Historie von Noah
Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt (Das)
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Vogel
Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren
In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein
Ich bin ein Preuße
Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart
Ich bin dir gut
Ich hab dir geschaut in die Augen
Im [illegible] fein
Im Wald und auf der Haide
Ja, heirathen will ich
Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen
Kuß (Der)
Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher
Land der Accidents (Das)
Lindenbaum (Der)
Lauf, Müller, lauf
Laurentia, liebe Laurer la mein
Mucker (Der)
Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen
Madele, ruck, ruck, ruck
Muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus
Mensch soll nicht stolz sein (Der)
Meine erste und letzte Liebe
Morgen muß ich fort von hier
Mai ist gekommen (Der)
Noch ist Polen nicht verloren
O Tannenbaum
O bleib' bei mir
Rastlose Wanderer (Der)
Rinaldini, lieber Räuber
Schäfermädchen (Das)
Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein
Sehnsucht nach Deutschland
So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen
Steyrer's Heimweh
Schleswig-Holstein
So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus
Schneider in der Fremde (Der)
Schneiderlied
Schlau Hanjel (Der)
Schwedercourage
Theure Vaterhaus (Das)
Trompeter (Der)
Toast [schönes Gelds
Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a
Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Vogelfänger bin ich ja (Der)
Von der Alpe tönt das Horn
Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?
Wacht am Rhein (Die)
Wie 's die Mäd heut treiben
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar
Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Was ich alles wissen möcht'
Wenn der Frühling kommt
Wat will dei Kierl?
Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
Willkommen, o seliger Abend
Zwa ordentlichen Leut' (Die)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'

Wehman's Sammlung von Deutschen Liedern--No. 4.

Enthaltend 102 Lieder.—Preis 10 Cents per Heft.

A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding
Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer
Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten
Alles liebt und paart sich wieder
Alles, was wir lieben, lebe
Alle Vögel sind schon da
Als die Römer frech geworden
Alten Deutschen, die
An Aleris send' ich dich
An eines Bächleins Rande, gar lieblich
Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder
Auf'm Dorpleun bin ich g'sessen
Bei einem Wirthe wundermild
Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
Bildung macht fein
Bin aus und einganga im ganzen Tyrol
Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu
Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben
Brüderlein fein
Crambambuli, das ist der Titel
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Das ist alles eins
Das war ein niedlich Zeifelein
Der liel is Puble, den ich han
Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele
Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz
Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht
Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft
Die [illegible]eb', bei meiner Ehr'
Die Rosen blühen im Thale
Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch
Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht
Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille
Do heun se de Bebrele in's Exame geno'
Draus' ist alles so prächtig
Drei wack're Burschen saßen, ja
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein getreues Herz zu wissen
Ein Kaufman, der sich Schulze nennt
Ein luft'ger Musikante marschirte einst
Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht
Ein Schütz bin ich in des Regenten Sold
Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab
Ei was braucht man um glücklich zu sein
Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald
Es thut's halt nimmermehr
Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein
Freut euch des Lebens
Frisch, ganze Kompanie mit lautem Sing
Früh morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n
Gesang verschönt das Leben
Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen
Guanolied
Häring und Auster
Herzliebchen mein unterm Rebendach
Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut
Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein
Ich möchte sie wohl sehen
Im Krug zum grünen Kranze
In einem Thale friedlich stille
Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber
Kegellied
Kleine Fischermädchen, das
Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir
Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten
Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht
Lebig ist der schönste Stand
Leise, leise, fromme Weise
Lied an die Freude
Mama, Papa, ach, seh'n Sie doch
Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz
Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm
Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust
Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin
Mei Schatz ist a Reiter
Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse
Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne
O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin
O Wald, mit deiner duft'gen Zweigen
Rosenstock, Holderblüh'
Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus
Schau' ich die Vöglein an
Schenkt mir mal Bairisch ein
Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen
Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum
'S Herz ist ein spaßig's Ding
Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren
So is das End' der Welt
So mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein
S' ist spielt' ich mit Scepter
Ständchensänger
Stechpartie-Lied
Studio auf einer Reis'
Ten Pins
Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell
Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht
Verlassen bin i
Viel Essen macht viel breiter
Wan's Maiilüftert wahht
Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen
Wasserfall, der
Weine nicht, es ist vergebens
Wenn das atlant'sche Meer
Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz
Wo a klein's Hüttle steht
Wohin mit der Freud'
Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort
Z' Müllen an der Post
Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer

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Abschied nehmen, sagt er
Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, Ade!
Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Alte Jahr vergangen ist (Das)
An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'habt
Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien
Auf der Bierbank
Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern
Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden
Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!
Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet!
An der Saale grünem Strande
Auf Berges Höhen
Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher
Brüder, sammelt euch im Kreisel
Bürgschaft (Die)
Blauen Augen (Die)
Bald graz ich am Neckar
Bunte Kleid (Das)
Bemoschter Bursche zieh' ich aus, Ade!
Da droben auf jenem Berge
Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma
Deutschland über Alles
Des Waisenkindes Klage
Druck nit so!
Des Michel Vaterland
Denkst du daran?
Ein freies Leben führen wir
Erlkönig (Der)
Essen, nicht das Trinken (Das)
Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Es ist ein Schuß gefallen!
Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren
Es war einmal ein König
Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Ewig will ich dir gehören!
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Es leben die Soldaten
Fröich' und die Unten (Die)
Frühlingslied
Ferdinand wie schön bist Du
Fröhlich und wohlgemuth
Friedericus Rex
Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen
Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein
Großmutter will tanzen
Herr im Haus (Der)
Herr Brüder, nimm dein Gläschen
Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen
Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen
Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis
Hör', lieber Wilhelm
Heute scheid' ich
Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe
Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren
I thät so gern heirath'n
Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren!
Ich bat sie um die Rose
Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein!
Ich war ein rechter Faselhans
In diesen heil'gen Hallen
Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein
In der großen Seestadt Leipzig
Ich komm' immer nicht dazu
Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag
Ihr, Fürsten der Waldung, hervor!
Jahr ist gut (Das)
Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut
Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kommt a Vogerl geflogen
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen
Komm', stiller Abend
Kennt ihr das Land
Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe
Letzte Rose (Die)
Mein Christian
Notiz
Röslein auf der Haiden
Sie stand auf hohem Berge
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Sagt er
Steckbrief (Der)
Schlachtlied
Schusterjunge als Köchin (Der)
Tobak
Ueberall bin ich zu Hause
Vorsichtige Jude (Der)
Von allen Ländern dieser Welt
Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll (Das)
Waren wir selige Tage (Das)
Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär,
Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf
Wandern ist des Müller's Lust (Das)
Wer will unter die Soldaten
Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern
Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe
Wann man trinken muß
Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine!
Wanderer in der Sägemühle (Der)
Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut
Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten (Der)

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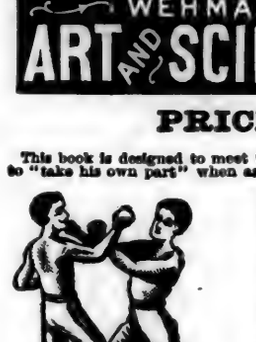
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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 85 & 87 E. Madison St., CHICAGO.

BABY WANTS THE MOON.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Baby's little head's on mamma's breast,
Baby somehow will not go to rest,
Baby's looking out upon the sky,
Where the golden moon is shining high;
See her stretch her chubby little arms,
Such a thing for her has many charms;
So with expectation in her eyes,
For the moon unto mamma she cries.

REFRAIN.

Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! Baby will not get it very soon.
Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! It's very sad that baby wants the moon!
Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! Baby will not get it very soon.
Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! It's very sad that baby wants the moon!

Baby is as restless as can be,
Mamma cannot help it tho', you see;
Still she stretches arms unto the sky,
Where the moon is winking on the sly.
Now the baby's head in sleep is bowed,
For the moon is hid behind a cloud,
Yet I think that in the baby's dreams
Still the moon in all its glory beams.—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

DOWN ON THE FARM.

By Chas. S. Reid, of the Walhalla Comedy Company.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

When a boy I used to dwell
On a farm where I caught h——;
For the old man used to raise me every day
With a great big hick'ry sprout;
He did make me do about,
And every time he whipped me used to say:
"Spare the rod and spoil the child,
For, my boy, you're growing wild,
So I'm compelled to make it very warm."
So I caught it every day,
In a most unpleasant way,
For he gave me "Hail Columbia" on the farm.

Oh, the hoe I could not stand,
It raised blisters in my hand,
And my shoes and socks, they got plumb full of dirt;
And the seed-ticks and the fleas,
And the small-sized honey bees
Made it warm, so very warm within my shirt;
And the goats did bleat around,
And the steers did paw the ground
In a manner that did make me much alarm;
And when I passed too near,
That dod-blasted, old, red steer,
He did butt me all about, down on the farm.

Oh, my toes were always sore,
And they cost me lots of gore,
And a fit of swearing would upon me steal;
For old socks gave me the "blues,"
And dad's rusty, brogan shoes
Always raised such great big blisters on my heel.
Still the orchards that were by,
Where the fruit hung green and high,
They did, for me, possess a kind of charm;
But whate'er I chanced to take,
Always made my stomach ache—
Oh, they made me hop and howl, down on the farm.

When it came to shucking corn,
Made me wish I wasn't born,
For the shucks they cut such gashes in my hand;
And my home-made clothes ne'er fit,
And my pants were always split,
And the seat would hold a peck or more of sand.
Down on the farm, whene'er I die,
I would let my body lie,
The insects could not do me any harm;
But I'd ne'er a nickel give
To go back there while I live,
To the terrors of hard work down on the farm.

—A patent medicine advertisement reads thus: "When a lethargic feeling pervades your system, when you have a disinclination to move about, when you have an abhorrence to exercise, your liver is inactive." This will be glad tidings to many people who have always thought they were lazy when they felt that way. Now they will know that it was only their liver that was inactive.

Parody on:

My Pearl Is a Bowery Girl.

By Ward & Kennickson.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Of course, every boy has a she-male, and some boys have got thirty-three;
Of all the girls in the water, there's only one in it with me.
She has never went out with Oscar, or sailed on the Erie Canal,
But she often goes down to Gloucester, does my little female girl.

CHORUS.

My pearl is a female girl; although she's not a he,
She's harder than any that's made of clay, and no living picture—see!
At Gloucester Beach she is a peach, as waltzing together we twirl—
A schottische, a polka, she is a great joker, for my pearl is a female girl.

Although she has never read "Trilby," she knows a thing or two;
Her teeth were cut with a knife, for the rag she can certainly chew;
When she wants to shake a fellow, she buys a couple of dice—
Don't think it is funny, for I have been shaken twice.—*Chorus.*

I'm So Different from the Rest.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Let people talk of the beauties of to-day,
They have to walk when they see me come their way;
Witty, gritty, pretty slick, I discount them all so quick;
In my way I'm so gay and blasee, and I will try and tell you why—
Just why I am so different from the rest:
I do not care a rap for any living chap,
There is no fellow that I love the best;
I do not wink and make them think I'm flirting with a zest:
My quiet ways can catch more jays, I'm different from the rest.
Just why I am so different from the rest, I do not care a rap for any living chap,
There is no fellow that I love the best;
My quiet ways can catch more jays, I'm different from the rest!

I've seen the girls in the lands across the sea,
The lords and earls of a high and low degree;
Left them all to seek my hand, offered me their wealth and land,
But my gall made them all take a fall;
I did not mash or take their cash,
Because I am so different from the rest, etc.

HELLO, McGEE!

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Words by George J. Whitaker. Music by H. W. Petrie.

I received an invitation to attend a grand soiree,
'Twas given for the benefit of Timothy McGee;
He's going to old Ireland to try and help the poor,
And for that reason I "chip'd in" his success to insure;
Now when I did arrive there 'twas a little after nine,
McGee was sporting proudly in his brand new suit so fine;
His coat was made of broadcloth and fitted to a "T,"
But his pants, oh me, oh my, they were a sight to see.

CHORUS.

"Hello, McGee!" the gang they hollered loud,
"Hello, McGee! step out forninst the crowd;
Never mind your tight-fit pants,
Come and do a song and dance."
And then they yelled once more, "Hello, McGee!
Hello, McGee!" The gang they hollered loud,
"Hello, McGee! step out forninst the crowd;
Never mind your tight-fit pants,
Come and do a song and dance."
And then they yelled once more, "Hello, McGee!"

Now McGee said he was feeling jolly when the dance begin,
He said that he liked waltzing, so at once he started in.
He selected Mistress Murphy as a partner for the glide,
And as they waltzed upon the floor there were whisperings on the side.
They said he was a daisy, and his waltzing it was fine,
And Kelly hollered out, "McGee, your pants are right in line."
McGee then got excited, and let his partner fall,
And the gang they burst out laughing, and at him began to bawl:—*Chorus.*

—Modesty is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood.

I Loved a Bonnie Lassie Long Ago.

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Words by Richard B. Milloy. Music by Arthur F. Nicholson.

I loved a bonnie lassie long ago,
And I loved her as I never loved before;
Oh, I met her on a moonlight summer's night,
And I told her that I'd love her evermore.
She became my little wife, and I loved her with my life,
For we thought that nothing e'er could part us two;
Oh, I loved a bonnie lassie long ago,
And my love was true.

REFRAIN.

Darling Jane, pretty Jane,
I know I'll never see your face again;
Oh, I loved a bonnie lassie long ago,
And my love was true.

In the little country churchyard on the hill,
While the sun is slowly setting in the West,
All my happy dreams of love come back to me
Since I left my little darling there to rest.
In the mountain or the dell my thoughts do often dwell;
But, alas! my happy dream of love is o'er,
For I loved a bonnie lassie long ago,
And my love was true.—*Refrain.*

BROKEN LINKS.

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Words by L. Muionen. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

The last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free;
That bright glance, misleading, on others may shine,
Those eyes smiled unheeding when tears burst from mine.
If love was deemed boldness, that error is o'er,
I've witnessed thy coldness and prize thee no more;
I have not loved lightly, I'll think of thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set.

REFRAIN.

Links that are broken between us in life,
Acting as strangers through this dreary strife;
I have not loved lightly, I'll think of thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set.

The heart thou hast broken once doted on thee,
And the words I have spoken prove sorrow to me;
Oh, had-t thou then treasured my thoughts, spoken free,
Thou couldst not have measured thine own love to me.
But oh! thou hast sorrowed the heart that was thine,
I give unto thee the pure love I thought mine;
I have not loved lightly, I'll think of thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set.—*Refrain.*

I'D LIKE TO BE LIKE GRANDMA

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

My grandmamma quite often says she'd like to be like me,
And have once more her school-girl days, for then she'd happy be;
But I'd much rather crochet wool, like her I'd like to be,
For she don't have to go to school and learn her three times three.
If I'd no teeth they could not ache, my hair would not be curled;
I'd have green spectacles to make things clearer in this world.
Now grandma's left me by myself, so this is what I'll do:
I'll take her things from off the shelf and make myself old, too.

CHORUS.

I'd like to be like grandma, with beautiful, shining white hair,
I'd like to be like grandma and sit in an old rocking chair;
I'd like to be like grandma, with some one to sing me to sleep;
I'd like to be like grandma, and then I should never weep.

Now first I'll fix her muslin cap upon my little head,
With care, for if I've one mishap I'll be sent straight to bed;
Here goes her "pinny" 'round my waist, her specs now on my nose;
I fancy I am too tight-laced to fit dear granny's clothes.
Now where's her crutch? (I scarce can see.) It's here, and so's the snuff;
Next birthday I'll be seventy-three (That snuff's peculiar snuff);
It feels so nice to be so old and take things at one's ease,
I'd always be as good as gold and do just what I please.—*Chorus.*

SAY YOU LOVE ME.

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Words and Music by Nat. D. Mann.

Once a lad and lassie sat beneath a tree,
All within a garden fair,
And the little lad was bashful as could be;
So the lassie, in despair,
Read to him a poem sweet.
There was love in ev'ry word;
He, reclining at her feet,
Just this simple story heard:

REFRAIN.

"Say you love me, darling, do; just as much as I love you;
Darling, give to me your heart, then I'll know you love me and we'll never part.
Say you love me, darling, do; just as much as I love you;
Darling, give to me your heart, then I'll know you love me and we'll never part."

Never was a poem read so tenderly,
'Twas a loving heart's appeal;
As the bashful laddie listened patiently,
She to him did love reveal.
All his bashfulness had flown
Ere the closing words she read;
With a kiss he said, "My own
Sweetheart, listen;" then he said:—*Refrain.*

Parody on:

I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.

By Ward & Kennickson.

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Twice there stood, side by side, two little cops,
Used to dress just alike, whiskers in crops,
Blue-looking overcoats, noses of red,
Little tar pots on each pumpkin head.
When work was over they'd stand at a bar,
Drinking cold lager beer from a large jar;
One day a quarrel came, from a sick bed—
"You can't sleep on my beat," but the other said:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to sleep on your beat, I don't like to hear you snore;
You'll be sorry when you see me sleeping on a cellar door;
You can't chew my Honest Long Cut, you can't borrow money, see?
I don't want to sleep on your beat, if you won't be good to me."

Next day two little cops each other thump
Over a game of Euchre, clubs they were trumps;
Then slipping tobacco juice over the floor;
The game is resumed, the same as before.
But the coppers were bad, neither could pass,
Till one took it up, gave the other some sass:
In sweet dreams of coppers we hear the old cry:
"You can't sleep on my beat," and the old reply:—*Chorus.*

SINGING SONGS OF KATHARINE

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Down beside the railroad track a simple cottage stands,
And such a nice old German sits outside;
He has a face as bright as day, and honest, willing hands,
And all day long he's there, whate'er betide.
Trains are always rushing past like birds upon the wing,
To watch them is his duty ev'ry day;
But about his Katharine the old man likes to sing,
His sweetheart in the old home far away;
So throughout the whole day long you'll hear his happy song,
That rings with music ever glad and gay.

CHORUS.

Singing songs about his darling Katharine,
She is his heart's queen, darling Katharine;
All day long his voice with music doth rejoice,
Singing songs of Katharine.—*Symphony.*

Long ago in Germany he met a little lass,
As fair as roses in the month of June,
Nor was there another maid this beauty could surpass;
So the German learned to love her soon.
"Katharine, be true to me," he said before he sailed,
"I go to make my fortune 'cross the sea."
But ere he was gone a month his Katharine's love failed,
For constant to him she was not to be;
Soon she wed another man—such beauties always can—
But still the German sings "she's true to me."—*Chorus.*

A STRANGER'S STORY.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The lights were brightly burning on a cold and winter's night
In a tavern at the corner, 'twas a scene of splendor bright;
Its walls and decorations like a palace grand in style.
There rich men 'round the fireside sat, told stories for the while;
A stranger, who had entered there, stood list'ning to their talk;
Though young he looked, his hair was white, but steady was his walk.
"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "a story I'll relate;
It's old but new, 'tis strange but true, worked by the hand of fate.

REFRAIN.

"I'll tell a story"—this the stranger said—
"I'll tell of those that loved me once, now numbered with the dead.
Yours is joy and pleasure, and a peaceful life;
My poor heart is breaking for my babes and wife.

"'Twas in the late rebellion that I went to fight my share;
My wife and little children I left in an old friend's care.
Through falsehood and deceit, I found, he made her think me dead;
Then married and mistreated her, he broke her heart and fled.
When I returned, I found her grave, the babies, too, were there;
And then, upon my bended knees, to heaven sent a pray'r.
I must avenge their wrongs," he said; then went out in the night.
He left tears in the eyes of those that just before were bright.—*Refrain.*

KELLEY'S DREAM.

By J. W. Kelley.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

About a week ago I was invited by an old-time friend of mine
To come up to his residence and test his beer and wine.
We eat a lobster salad and a lot of other truck,
And drank each other's health until the hour of three had struck;
Well, we drank until we didn't know which was wine or beer,
Till our heads felt rather heavy and our brains not very clear.
Well, I got home, I didn't know how; my prayers I think I said;
But, anyhow, I was paralyzed when I got into bed.
Well, I died and went to heaven, I saw that repentance was now for me too late,
When suddenly I was ushered before the golden gate.
"Well, what will you have?" said Peter; "don't you know you can't get in?
For you must surely suffer the greedy glutton's sin."
Then I turned aside and said no more, and hung my head in shame,
And Peter's clerk stood close by and wrote "lost" against my name.
Next came an Italian, one whom I knew well;
So I stopped and listened patiently to the story he might tell.
"Gooda Father Petro, I comma to you at last;
My peanutta days are overa anda my banana nights are passed;
I treata my neighbora like myself, no begga, no robba, no steal;
And nevera on the sidewalka I throwa the banana peel."
"You get out!" said Peter, "your gains were ill-begotten;
Your peanut-shells were empty, and your bananas oftimes rotten."
The Italian turned away, and a tear was in his eye;
He came and stood behind me and heaved a heavy sigh.
Next came an aged Hebrew with a satchel in his hand,
And before the gate and old St. Peter the "sheeny" took his stand:
"Ah, Father Peter, I vill tell you vat hi vill do;
Hi haf got jewelry fit for angels hi vill auction hoff for you.
Hi could sell dem on the instalment plan, but that would be a sin;
So hi vill give dem to you at half price, if you vill only let me in.
On earth hi kept a clothing store, my goots were neat and strong,
And to show you hi had an overcoat hi forgot to fetch along."
"Then you did well," said Peter, "for very well you know
There'll be little use for overcoats where you will have to go."
So the Hebrew turned aside, and as he was a friend of mine,
Just like me and the "dago," he sashaad into line.
Next came an old maid, one bound to have her say,
And she began addressing Peter in this peculiar way:
"Oh, goodness, gracious me, here I am, after gossiping many a year;
So open the gate and let me in, I will be catching cold out here.
Give me a first-class pair of wings, a silver shield, and then
I won't be afraid of the naughty, naughty men."
"No," Peter answered blandly, "no angels have gray hair;
And you have no sons or daughters, so you would be a stranger there."
The poor old maiden wilted, she must evermore repine,
And, just like me and all the rest, she waddled into line.
Next came a German, now paralyzed with fear,
Who on earth oftimes paralyzed his customers with beer.
"Veil, Fadder Beter, I come to you free from sin,
Und I vill only ask you ein favor. Das is: if you vill let me in;
Mein vife she runned away from me; to hide mein shame I cried,
So I went down by the river und committed suicide."
"Then you begone," said Peter, "and suffer thy disgrace;
You came before I sent for you, I cannot make a place."
The German turned away and said: "Oh, Gott! oh, mein!"
And, just like me and all the rest, took his place in line.
Next came poor Paddy, a son of Erin's Isle,
And greeted old St. Peter with a very gracious smile.
"Ha, ha! is it yeself, St. Peter, looking so nice and swate;
So get yer clark to let me in and show me to me sate."
"Hold!" cried Peter, "your case, like all the rest, must first be tried;
You will have to show a pasport before you get inside."
"But hurry up," said Paddy, "or for supper I'll be late."
And purposely he took his old slouch-hat and threw it inside the gate.
"Go, get thy hat," said Peter, "thou sacrilegious lout."
So Paddy went in and slammed the gate, and locked St. Peter out;
Then, through the keyhole, loud he cried: "I'm master now, ye see;
But I'll give up heaven, gate and crown, if ye'll set ould Ireland free."
I then awoke and found my head between the bed and wall;
The sheets got tangled around my feet—'twas that lobster did it all.

Christmas Day in the Workhouse.

By George R. Sims.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

It is Christmas day in the workhouse, and the cold, bare walls are bright
With garlands of green and holly, and the place is a pleasant sight:
For with clean-washed hands and faces, in a long and hungry line,
The paupers sit at the tables, for this is the hour they dine.

And the guardians and their ladies, although the wind is east,
Have come in their furs and wrappers to watch their charges feast;
To smile and be condescending, put pudding on pauper plates,
To be hosts at the workhouse banquet they've paid for—with the rates.

Oh, the paupers are meek and lowly with their "Thank'ee kindly, mum's;"
So long as they fill their stomachs, what matters it whence it comes?
But one of the old men mutters, and pushes his plate aside;
"Great God!" he cries; "but it chokes me! For this is the day *she* died."

The guardians gazed in horror, the master's face went white.
"Did a pauper refuse their pudding?" "Could their ears believe aright?"
Then the ladies clutched their husbands, thinking the man would die,
Struck by a bolt, or something, by the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment, then rose 'mid a silence grim,
For the others had ceased to chatter, and trembled in every limb:
He looked at the guardians' ladies, then, eyeing their lords, he said:
"I eat not the food of villains, whose hands are foul and red;

"Whose victims cry for vengeance from their dank, unhallowed graves."
"He's drunk!" said the workhouse master, "or else he's mad and raves."
"Not drunk or mad," cried the pauper, "but only a hunted beast,
Who, torn by the hounds and mangled, declines the vulture's feast.

"I care not a curse for the guardians, and I won't be dragged away.
Just let me have the fit out, it's only on Christmas day
That the black past comes to goad me and prey on my burning brain;
I'll tell you the rest in a whisper—I swear I won't shout again.

"Keep your hands off me, curse you! Hear me right out to the end.
You come here to see how paupers the season of Christmas spend;
You come here to watch us feeding, as they watch the captured beast;
Hear why a penniless pauper spits on your paltry feast.

"Do you think I will take your bounty, and let you smile and think
You're doing a noble action with the parish's meat and drink?
Where is my wife, you traitors—the poor old wife you slew?
Yes, by the God above us, my Nance was killed by you!

"Last winter my wife lay dying, starved in a filthy den;
I had never been to the parish—I came to the parish then.
I swallowed my pride in coming, for, ere the ruin came,
I held up my head as a trader, and I bore a spotless name.

"I came to the parish, craving bread for a starving wife—
Bread for the woman who'd loved me through fifty years of life;
And what do you think they told me, mocking my awful grief?
That 'the house' was open to us, but they wouldn't give 'out relief.'

"I slunk to the filthy alley—'twas a cold, raw Christmas eve—
And the bakers' shops were open, tempting a man to thieve;
But I clenched my fists together, holding my head awry;
So I came to her empty-handed, and mournfully told her why.

"Then I told her 'the house' was open; she had heard of the ways of *that*,
For her bloodless cheeks went crimson, and up in her rags she sat,
Crying, 'Bide the Christmas here, John, we've never had one apart;
I think I can bear the hunger, the other would break my heart.'

"All through that eve I watched her, holding her hand in mine,
Praying the Lord and weeping, till my lips were salt as brine.
I asked her once if she hungered, and as she answered 'No,'
The moon shone in at the window, set in a wreath of snow.

"Then the room was bathed in glory, and I saw in my darling's eyes
The far-away look of wonder that comes when the spirit flies;
And her lips were parched and parted, and her reason came and went,
For she raved of our home in Devon where our happiest years were spent.

"And the accents, long forgotten, came back to the tongue once more,
For she talked like the country lassie I woo'd by the Devon shore.
Then she rose to her feet and trembled, and fell on the rags and moaned,
And, 'Give me a crust—I'm famished—for the love of God!' she groaned.

"I rushed from the room like a madman, and flew to the workhouse gate,
Crying, 'Food for a dying woman!' And the answer came, 'Too late.'
They drove me away with curses; then I fought with a dog in the street,
And tore from the mongrel's clutches a crust he was trying to eat.

"Back, through the filthy by-lanes; back, through the trampled slush;
Up to the crazy garret, wrapped in an awful hush.
My heart sank down at the threshold, and I paused with a sudden thrill,
For there, in the silv'ry moonlight, my Nance lay cold and still.

"Up to the blackened ceiling the sunken eyes were cast;
I knew on those lips, all bloodless, my name had been the last.
She'd called for her absent husband—oh, God! had I but known!—
Had called in vain and, in anguish, had died in that den—*alone.*

"Yes, there, in a land of plenty, lay a loving woman dead,
Cruelly starved and murdered for a loaf of the parish bread.
At yonder gate, last Christmas, I craved for a human life;
You, who would feast us paupers, *what of my murdered wife?*

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"There, get ye gone to your dinners; don't mind me in the least;
Think of the happy paupers eating your Christmas feast;
And when you recount their blessings, in your smug parochial way,
Say what you did for *me*, too, only last Christmas day."

TRUE TO THE SHIP.

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Words and Music by Annie Whitney and Herbert Dillon.

Out from the harbor the good ship sailed,
Bound for a foreign shore;
All hearts were joyous, no one ever dreamed
The land they would see no more.
Laughter and songs on their lips that night,
And merry the partings said
As they went to their slumber with dreams of home,
While the ship on her voyage sped.
The Captain gazed o'er his ship with pride,
His heart with hope was light,
Not dreaming that he with hundreds of souls
Would go to their doom that night.

CHORUS.

Deep is his grave in the sea,
Pillowed his head on the waves,
The ocean he loved for his last long sleep,
His bier in the calm sea caves.
Nations their heads will bow,
In reverence speak his name;
He stood at his post as the good ship sank,
And bravely met death as it came.

Dark was the night and the morning drear—
What sees the look-out there?
A boat! too late! now it crashes through
The side of the ship so fair;
Life-boats are useless, no help to save
The lives of the loved ones there;
The Captain now thinks of his home and wife,
While his voice rings out loud and clear.
Now see the boat rise high in air—
She sinks! the people cry!
The Captain ne'er moves from his post on the bridge,
Resolved like a man to die.—*Chorus.*

THE CHOIR SINGER;

— OR: —

Gone, but Not Astray.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A mansion grand in splendor, a maiden young and fair,
A happy home and all heart could desire,
With fond and loving parents, she had no thought of care,
And she used to sing down in the village choir.
A village lad, her sweetheart and schoolmate long ago,
One day told his love, they promised to be wed,
But her father he objected and he sternly told them so,
But one morn awoke and found that they had fled.

REFRAIN.

Never again to sing with the village choir,
She ran away was all that the world could say,
Never again to mingle with those that loved her;
Though she has gone, she has not gone astray.

Safe in a far off city the truant ones were wed,
A message to the old folks came one day,
Her father's heart was hardened as he the message read,
Though it told him that she had not gone astray.
A mother and a widow ere two short years rolled by,
Her husband dead, she longed for home once more,
And with her baby wandered back, but heard this sad reply,
I disown you, never enter at my door.—*Refrain.*

The little village church bells chimed sad that Sunday morn,
The mother with her baby wandered there;
She took her place among them as in the days agone,
There on bended knees to heaven sent a prayer.
The prayer at last was ended, she sadly sang a hymn,
While all sat too amazed to breathe a word;
It was grander than a sermon, for with tears all eyes grew dim,
'Twas that melody, the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

Abide with me, fast falls the even tide;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide;
Change and decay in all around I see,
At this last strain the outcast singer died.

—"Well, Bridget, if I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objection," said Bridget, "providin' you do the same when I wish to go out."

THE FAMOUS BLACK BRIGADE

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Words by H. G. Wheeler. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

No doubt you all have heard about the fancy Black Brigade,
All native-born Americans of very choicest grade;
We laugh at wars and riots, for no danger bars our way;
We're the leading features, always, on a colored holiday.
On we march together, side by side; right oblique, as on we glide;
Till ten thousand coons go wild with pride, as they watch the Black Brigade.

CHORUS.

As we march down Avenue "A," to the colored picnic ground,
On a balmy Saturday, with the wenches surging 'round,
All of Blackville will be there, to see their pets parade.
A mighty cheer from them you'll hear for the famous Black Brigade.

Our orders are to clinch our teeth and follow close the band
Until the last has safely passed a watermelon stand;
Our Colonel owns a barber shop, he's solid with the press;
And when we parade, the papers have a column, more or less;
We're the pets of black society, proud of notoriety,
But not noted for sobriety, is the dandy Black Brigade.—*Chorus.*

KATIE KELLY.

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Written and Composed by T. J. Shearer and Nellie Diamond.

On Ireland's green shore, near the County Mayo,
There dwells a young girl that I'm longing to see;
Her sweet name is Kittie, so charming and pretty,
She's as pure as the stars and she dearly loves me.
The cot where she lives is all covered with ivy,
On a beautiful cliff overlooking the sea;
The last words I said were, "Now when will you marry?"
And this is the answer that she gave to me:

CHORUS.

You love me now, but when we both grow older,
Promise that you'll cherish me as in days of yore;
And when my hair has all turned gray, I hope you'll not regret the day
You asked young Katie Kelly for to marry.

In my dreams I have seen my own Irish queen,
And her bonnie blue eyes fill my heart with delight;
Her pretty red lips and her cheeks like the roses,
And her eyes, bright as stars, are my guide all thro' life.
My Kittie is praying and watching and waiting
For her boy to return before many a day;
So I'll no longer tarry, my darling I'll marry,
And sweet Kittie will never have cause for to say:—*Chorus.*

MA ONLIEST ONE.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

While walkin' down de street de udder day
I happened fer to raise ma eyes and look wid all my might and main,
For standin', on de corner was a yaller gal,
She said Chlorinda Johnson was her name.
Why ma heart had flown, I lost my head completely,
For ma own true love had stolen all de sense I ebber had away.
I took her hand, she blushed and smiled so sweetly;
Oh, I kissed her and I den did fondly say:—Oh—

CHORUS.

Honey, ma little gal,
Won't you come and let me whisper
In your ear how much I lub you?
Fore de Lord, you is ma sweet—
You'se ma onliest one in all dis world to me;
You has ma soul, ma life, ma all,
Just as true as stars dat shine—
Oh, tell me dat you lub me,
And say dat you'll be mine.

Chlorinda, she's de gal I'se gwine to marry.
You bet we'll have a happy time, for love has made our two hearts one.
You ask her who compares to her own lubly boy,
She'll roll her eyes and sweetly answer "None!"
You'se can talk about yo' hoe-cake and persimmons,
They're not in it wid de gal I lub, because I know she's just divine.
I'll lub her till I die, ma heart will creep and grow,
Just as sweetly as de sweet potato vine.—Oh!—*Chorus.*

Mister Captain, Stop the Ship.

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Words by W. A. Archbold. Music by Felix McGlennon.

On a trip across the ocean I to New York came last year,
But the ocean's nasty motion set me feeling very queer;
When I saw my elder sisters lying groaning side by side,
I clutched the captain by the whiskers and I, trembling, cried:

CHORUS.

"Mister Captain, stop the ship, I want to get out and walk;
I feel so flipperty-flopperty-flip that I'll never see New York.
Mister Captain, stop the ship, I'm sick of the raging main;
Hi! hi! send me a cab to take me home again."

When I said, "Good Mister Captain, tell me when's the next car home,"
He laughed and shook his head and said, "No cars upon the foam.
You will have to go to New York, dear, before you're home again;
You must cheer up," he murmured, but I cried with might and main:—*Chorus.*

Once I said when tempest blew hard, "I'll die if it keeps like this."
"Not at all," replied the steward; "try some good old whiskey, Miss."
Nevermore upon the ocean shall I trust myself again,
Or ever give the ocean's motion chance to cause me pain.—*Chorus.*

SWEETHEARTS AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

They were two little children a-playing,
They quarreled as children will;
Then he begged her pardon, saying:
"We two will be playmates still."
But just for a while she did not smile,
And her frown only caused him pain;
He kissed her at last and the trouble was past,
Then said, "Now we're sweethearts again."

CHORUS.

Sweethearts again, sweethearts again,
Both of them singing love's old refrain;
Anger had fled, love reigned instead;
"Let us be sweethearts once more," they said

They were fond lovers when they grew older,
Till some one between them came;
Their love very soon grew colder,
And yet he took all the blame.
He longed for a while to see her smile,
And his longing was not in vain;
"'Twas my fault," said he.—"No, 'twas mine, Jack," said she,
And so they were sweethearts again.—*Chorus.*

She May Have Seen Better Days.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitter cold,
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud
At something they chanced to behold:
I stopped for to see what the object could be,
And there, on a doorstep, lay
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;
She may have seen better days once upon a time;
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay,
For from her I was loath to depart;
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,
That something was breaking her heart.
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,
Respected and honored by all;
Her husband had fled ere they were long wed,
And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—*Chorus.*

I WANT YER, MA HONEY.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

When de banjo's a-strummin' and de darkies a-hummin',
Den I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do;
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer daily, dressed so sweet and also gaily,
And my heart is forever true to you;
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer sadly, 'cos' I love yer mighty madly,
And I don't know what to do;
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer mighty badly;
I'm a-longin' for yer daily, 'cos' I love yer mighty madly;
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer, want yer, want yer;
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

When de stars am a-gleamin' and de birds am a-dreamin',
Den I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do;
For I love yer ev'ry minute, and nobody else is in it,
And my heart is forever true to you;
Den don't linger longer, 'cos' my love is growin' stronger,
And I don't know what to do;
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer ev'ry minute;
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer daily, and nobody else is in it;
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes I want yer, want yer, want yer;
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yes I do.

LOUISIANA LOU.

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

I lub a gal, s'pose she luba me too,
Anyhow she say she do, she say she do;
We calls her Lou since dat gal was born,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de sugar and de corn.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
And eb'ry night when de moon am shine,
I sing dis little gal dis little song of mine:

CHORUS.

Lou, Lou, I lub you; I lub you, dat's true;
Don't cry, don't sigh, you'll see me in de mornin';
Dream dream, dream ob me, and I'll dream ob you,
My Louisiana, Louisiana, Louisiana Lou.

When Lou was born I was jess so high,
I was but a baby boy, a baby boy;
Mam says, "My Lor', aren't dem child'en spoons?"
Down Louisiana, 'mong de cotton and de coons.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
In days done gone to her cot I'd creep,
And sing dis little song to put dat chile asleep:—*Chorus.*

Lou's growed up now, soon she'll marry me,
Anyhow I want her be, I want her be,
For all de nigs lub dat gal ob mine,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de 'possum and de pine.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
So when we're wed and we're spliced in one,
I'll sing dis little song to bring back days done gone:—*Chorus.*

—Two old ladies were sitting before the fire engaged in silent thought. Finally one of them arose, went to the window, and scanning the appearance of nature outside, said, "Betsy, I believe it's going to rain." "No such thing," returned the other; "the sun's shining and there's not a cloud to be seen." "Can't help that," resumed her companion; "the tin rooster on 'Squire Gilbert's barn is p'intin' straight toward the East, and that's a sure sign of a storm." Betsy turned as she said this, and looking her square in the face with a conservative expression, exclaimed, "Lor' sakes, Jane, how can you be so superstitious."

Nellie Reilly Makes a Hit Wid Me.

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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

Dere's just one girl in all de push ez makes a hit wid me,
Dat's Jimmy Reilly's sister Nell, wot I calls on ter see;
De guys is all dead sore, dey're all down in de mout',
Coz while dey've lost dere nerve, yer see, I goes and cops her out.

CHORUS.

Nellie Reilly makes a hit wid me,
She's a dead swell damsel, just watch me; (Spoken: see?)
I'm going to shake the gang, and plant wot coin I can,
So's I kin buckle up with Nellie Reilly.

Dey sez ez Wenus was a peach, perhaps dat may all be,
I never knowd de gal myself; but den, 'tween you and me,
'Longside of little Nell she'd be a dizzy frost,
Coz when it comes to peaches, why, my Nellie she's de boss.—*Chorus.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

One day I took a ramble through the old dusty attic
And rummaged an old-fashioned cedar chest,
A bit of old blue ribbon bound around a dusty package
Of old letters from a girl I once loved best.
In my heart awoke sweet memories, that long ago have slept,
Of a pair of eyes of blue of love divine;
But the words that most impressed me, while in silence there I wept,
Were the words found in an old-time valentine:

CHORUS.

"Roses red, violets blue,
Love is sweet, and so are you."
Sent long ago by a sweetheart of mine,
Only an old-fashioned valentine.

The one that sent it long ago now sleeps 'neath the daisies,
Beneath the silent weeping willow's wave;
I often go in summer there and plant rose buds and violets,
While the birds sing sweetest songs above her grave.
And such heart-felt love as she expressed with those few simple words,
Sweetest mem'ries 'round my heart it doth entwine;
Nothing left now to impress me, only memory and birds,
And the verse found in an old-time valentine.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Written by the "Song Factory," George F. McCann.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Boston may be all right, San Francisco the same,
Chicago with its Midway for first place may lay claim;
But you can bet your money, and win every time in a walk,
That you can see more real sights on the sidewalks of New York.

CONTINUOUS CHORUSES.

Central Park, after dark, you meet a bashful girl;
Her maiden name is Sweet Marie, and she's a Bowery pearl.
She'll tell you she's an actress, but you mustn't believe her talk,
For she's only a living picture on the sidewalks of New York.

Up town, down town, you'll hear the same old cry;
Will you come into my parlor? says the spider to the fly.
Two ladies meet a farmer, who's made up like a gawk;
They both yell out, "I saw him first," on the sidewalks of New York.

Sonbrettes, papa's pets, ladies who know their book;
Some of them have furnished flats, but they don't know how to cook;
Always looking for angels, ready to jolly a gawk,
You'll find eating hot tomales on the sidewalks of New York.

East side, West side, you'll find it is the same;
Every one is on the make, and, of course, they're not to blame.
A lady meets a sailor, and into McGuirk's they stalk,
And in the morning he's dead broke on the sidewalks of New York.

Wardmen, policemen, Captains, too, as well,
Were made to pay the fiddler, while Lexow danced like——;
Since the investigation we hear no hush-money talk,
And they should try it over in Brooklyn, just the same as in New York.

—When is a baby not a baby? When it's a little cross.

BABY, BABY.

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By Gustave Kerker.

Lovers are silly young things, you know,
And I am as silly as any;
I've worn two engagement rings, you know,
But two, you'll agree, are not many.
My heart was once put in a whirl, you know,
I think, by a fellow named Willie;
He called me his dear baby girl, you know,
And I liked it, although it was silly.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling,
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

Sitting alone in the dark, you know,
That is, with one other beside you,
He'll call you his robin or lark, you know,
And no one is there to deride you.
He whispers all names that are sweet, you know,
No matter how sugary they be;
But there's one that I make him repeat, you know,
And that is the little word baby.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling,
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

Parody on:

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Written by the "Song Factory," George F. McCann.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A bouncer in a concert hall
One Saturday evening said,
"Our piano player is drunk to-night,
Will some one play instead?"
A pair of whiskers filled the face
Of every hoboe there,
As with a tide on they all watched
To see who'd fill the chair.
Just then the door flew open
And a bundle of rags fell in,
And after searching it awhile,
A man they found within.
He says, "I am a wonder,
What I say is solid facts;
But the only way I play this thing
Is when I use an axe."

CHORUS.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget,
As long as I can eat;
They grabbed him by the trousers
And they fired him in the street;
They hit him where his face was loose
As on his neck he lay,
This poor old beat from Bleecker street,
Who volunteered to play.

In the back room of a beer saloon,
On last St. Patrick's day,
Five Irishmen were drinking beer,
And spending their week's pay;
An Englishman came in the room,
With a fiddle in his hand;
They all yelled out, "Strike up a tune
For dear old Ireland!"
They asked him to play "Money Musk,"
Or one of Tom Moore's best,
"Three Leaves of Shamrock," some one cried;
"Please play that by request."
They finally asked him if he'd play
The "Wearing of the Green."
But you ought to see that mob jump up,
When he played "God Save the Queen."

CHORUS.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget,
When that tune he tried to start;
They broke the fiddle on his head
And near tore him apart;
They pushed his face all out of shape
On the St. Patrick's day,
And he might just as well escaped "Croppy, Lie Down,"
When he volunteered to play.

THE STATION-MASTER'S STORY.

By George R. Sims.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Yes, it's a quiet station, but it suits me well enough;
I want a bit of the smooth now, for I've had my share o' rough.
This berth that the company gave me, they gave as the work was light;
I was never fit for the signals after one awful night.
I'd been in the box from a younker, and I'd never felt the strain
Of the lives at my right hand's mercy in every passing train.
One day there was something happened, and it made my nerves go queer,
And it's all through that as you find me the station-master here.

I was on at the box down yonder—that's where we turn the mails
And specials and fast expresses on to the centre rails;
The side's for the other traffic—the luggage and local slows.
It was rare, hard work at Christmas, when double the traffic grows.
I've been in the box down yonder nigh sixteen hours a day,
Till my eyes grew dim and heavy, and my thoughts went all astray;
But I've worked the points half-sleeping—and once I slept outright,
Till the roar of the Limited woke me, and I nearly died with fright.

Then I thought of the lives in peril, and what might have been their fate
Had I sprung to the points that evening a tenth of a tick too late;
And a cold and ghastly shiver ran icily through my frame
As I fancied the public clamor, the trial, and bitter shame.
I could see the bloody wreckage—I could see the mangled slain—
And the picture was seared forever, blood-red, on my heated brain.
That moment my nerve was shattered, for I couldn't shut out the thought
Of the lives I held in my keeping, and the ruin that might be wrought.

That night in our little cottage, as I kissed our sleeping child,
My wife looked up from her sewing, and told me, as she smiled,
That Johnny had made his mind up he'd be a pointsman, too.
He says when he's big, like daddy, he'll work in the box with you."
I frowned, for my heart was heavy, and my wife she saw the look;
Lord bless you! my little Alice could read me like a book.
I'd to tell her of what had happened, and I said that I must leave,
For a pointsman's arm ain't trusty when terror lurks in his sleeve.

But she cheered me up in a minute, and that night, ere we went to sleep,
She made me give her a promise, which I swore that I'd always keep—
I was always to do my duty. "Do that, and then, come what will,
You'll have no worry," said Alice, "if things go well or ill.
There's something that always tells us the thing that we ought to do"—
My wife was a bit religious, and in with the chapel crew.
But I knew she was talking reason, and I said to myself, says I,
"I won't give in like a coward, it's a scare that'll soon go by."

Now, the very next day the missus had to go to the market town,
She'd the Christmas things to see to, and she wanted to buy a gown.
She'd be gone for a spell, for the party didn't come back till eight,
And I knew, on a Christmas Eve, too, the trains would be extra late.
So she settled to leave me Johnny, and then she could turn the key—
For she'd have some parcels to carry, and the boy would be safe with me.
He was five, was our little Johnny, and quiet and nice and good—
He was mad to go with daddy, and I'd often promised he should.

It was noon when the missus started—her train went by my box;
She could see, as she passed my window, her darling's curly locks.
I lifted him up to mammy, and he kissed his little hand,
Then sat, like a mouse, in the corner, and thought it was fairyland.
But somehow I fell a-thinking of a scene that would not fade,
Of how I had slept on duty, until I grew afraid;
For the thought would weigh upon me, one day I might come to lie
In a felon's cell for the slaughter of those I had doomed to die.

The fit that had come upon me, like a hideous nightmare seemed,
Till I rubbed my eyes and started like a sleeper who has dreamed.
For a time the box had vanished—I'd worked like a mere machine—
My mind had been on the wander, and I'd neither heard nor seen.
With a start I thought of Johnny, and I turned the boy to seek,
Then I uttered a groan of anguish, for my lips refused to speak:
There had flashed such a scene of horror swift on my startled sight
That curdled my blood in terror and sent my red lips white.

It was all in one awful moment—I saw that the boy was lost;
He had gone for a toy, I fancied, some child from a train had tossed;
The local was easing slowly, to stop at the station here,
And the limited mail was coming, and I had the line to clear.
I could hear the roar of the engine, I could almost feel its breath,
And right on the centre metals stood my boy in the jaws of death;
On came the fierce fiend, tearing straight for the centre line,
And the hand that must wreck or save it, O merciful God, was mine!

'Twas a hundred lives or Johnny's, O Heaven! what could I do?
Up to God's ear that moment a wild, fierce question flew—
"What shall I do, O Heaven?" and sudden and loud and clear
On the wind came the words, "Your duty," borne to my listening ear.
Then I set my teeth, and my breathing was fierce and short and quick.
"My boy!" I cried, but he heard not; and then I went blind and sick;
The hot black smoke of the engine came with a rush before,
I turned the mail to the centre, and by it flew with a roar.

Then I sank on my knees in horror, and hid my ashen face—
I had given my child to Heaven; his life was a hundred's grace.
Had I held my hand a moment, I had hurled the flying mail
To shatter the creeping local that stood on the other rail!
Where is my boy, my darling? O God! let me hide my eyes.
How can I look—his father—on that which there mangled lies?
That voice!—O merciful Heaven!—'tis the child's, and he calls my name!
I hear, but I cannot see him, for my eyes are filled with flame.

I know no more that night, sir, for I fell as I heard the boy;
The place reeled 'round, and I fainted—swooned with the sudden joy.
But I heard on the Christmas morning, when I woke in my own warm bed,
With Alice's arms around me, and a strange wild dream in my head,
That she'd come by the early local, being anxious about the lad,
And had seen him there on the metals, and the sight nigh drove her mad—
She had seen him just as the engine of the Limited closed my view,
And she leapt on the line and saved him just as the mail dashed through.
She was back in the train in a second, and both were safe and sound:
The moment they stopped at the station she ran here, and I was found
With my eyes like a madman's glaring, and my face a ghastly white;
I heard the boy, and I fainted, and I hadn't my wits that night.
Who told me to do my duty? What voice was that on the wind?
Was it fancy that brought it to me? or were there God's lips behind?
If I hadn't a' done my duty—had I ventured to disobey—
My bonny boy and his mother might have died by my hand that day.

FORGIVE ME, I'LL COME HOME.

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By Wm. E. Nankeville.

A dear, old gray-haired couple sat weeping all alone,
For their loving daughter who'd long since left their home;
All night they sat and waited until the break of day,
For her return they waited the night she went away;
She kissed them both before she went, and said, "I'll not be late;
I'm going down to Jennie's house; don't you sit up and wait;
It's nearly three years now since then, heartbroken and alone,
She writes a pleading letter back: "Forgive me, I'll come home."

CHORUS.

She was once a loving maid, as happy as could be,
But temptation came and won that heart so pure and free;
She's almost broken-hearted now, she's friendless and alone;
She writes a pleading letter back: "Forgive me, I'll come home."

But soon there came an answer, and thus the letter read:
"Your brother died one day last week, and mother's sick," it said;
"Your playthings, books and bible are in the same old place,"
And not a word was spoken of her folly or disgrace;
It also said, "Come back at once, for mother may not live,
And father's heart has softened now, he's willing to forgive;
We long to have you with us, and for you our hearts doth yearn,
And mother prays to heaven each night to hasten your return.—*Chorus.*

Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.

Recited by James Harkins.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair.
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly-poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"
Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"
She, with light step, bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."
She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"
Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below:
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Still her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."
It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night,
O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glowed with sudden beauty now;
At his foot she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet, young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Parody on:

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Written by the "Song Factory," George F. McCann.

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The wedding bells were ringing, and the crowd began to roar,
And as the couple rose they sang, "We've both been there before."
An old maid, 87, was to marry a young man;
He heard that she had money, and to nail it was his plan.
He bluffed her he was wealthy, she believed 'most everything,
He borrowed all her ready cash, and watch and diamond ring;
He made a dash out through the door, and quickly flew the coop;
The old dame fainted when she found he'd left her in the soup.

CHORUS.

While the wedding bells were ringing I thought that she'd surely die;
She was left without a nickel by this young man shrewd and fly.
When he sneaked with all her boodle, it tickled him so he danced with glee,
For if he married that living picture, what a poor old chump he'd be.

The museum had opened and the crowd came through the door;
The wild man had a big head, he'd been drunk the night before;
The Zulu king felt nervous, as across the floor he'd glide;
That day the girl with big feet was going to be his bride.
He thought of winter evenings, and his face grew carmine red,
When she'd plant her feet on his back when they were both in bed;
He tried to call the trick off, but he found it was too late,
For big feet had arrived that day upon an east-bound freight.

CHORUS.

While the wedding bells were ringing the Zulu tried to fly the coop;
The skeleton rattled his bones, and the turtle boy fell in the soup;
The man who fasted forty days everything in sight did eat;
'Twas just another faked-up wedding, just an extra pair of feet.

Parody on:

JOHNNY, MY OLD FRIEND JOHN

By Mamie Reynolds.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

I was reading *The Evening World* to-night,
Johnny, my old friend John;
And the shock that I got was a stunner quite,
Johnny, my old friend John.
They say you are going to leave your team,
Going to leave it for good;
But I'm sure no good would come of it,
If another in your place stood.

CHORUS.

Johnny, my old friend John; Johnny, my old friend John;
There's never a man in your place can stand, Johnny, my old friend John.

I was thinking to-day of the baseball game,
Johnny, my old friend John;
You stood your ground and gained your fame,
Johnny, my old friend John;
I'm thinking of high balls, John,
Jack Doyle and his saucy face;
But there never was on the team, John,
One that could take your place.—*Chorus.*

You remember the Pittsburgh game, John,
The day that you took second place;
You showed them how to play ball, John,
That was a jolly good race.
About ten thousand the grand stand held,
All kinds of cranks, thin and stout;
I stood up most of the time, John,
To hear the Umpire shout:—*Chorus.*

You remember the suit you always wore,
The colors were black and white;
When other clubs visited you, John,
Yours knocked them clean out of sight.
To see you take your position, John,
To see you upon second base,
Oh, stick to comrades, my good friend,
And land them in first place.—*Chorus.*

How can you talk of leaving us, John,
Leaving us out in the cold;
I'm sure when you see the boys play,
You'll want to be joining the fold.
So reconsider your vow, John,
A vow to leave your place;
When the "Giants" meet again, John,
Let's see you on second base.—*Chorus.*

—Mrs. Wreakhard (the landlady): "How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals." Mr. Oldboarder: "He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an empty stomach."

Just Outside a Millionaire's Door.

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Words by Ben Hunn & Gussie L. Davis. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Softly the music was playing
One night in a mansion grand,
Just outside two ragged urchins,
List'ning, stood hand in hand;
The bright lights, the music and dancing,
The clinking of glasses, the glee,
Made the little ones gaze in amazement.
One said, "I wish 'twas you and me."
"Some day I will be a fine lady,"
Said the oldest one then of the two,
And then I will have a grand party,
And the first one to come shall be you;
We'll have lots of fine gowns and diamonds,
Oh! then we'll be hungry no more—
This was the dream of the urchins
Just outside a millionaire's door.

CHORUS.

While the music played soft, dreamy tunes
Amidst flowers and sweetest perfumes,
Dancers were gliding around the grand room,
Or singing old love songs o'er,
While the ushers all rushed to and fro
With ices and wines for the guests on the floor,
Two little lives were ebbing away
Just outside a millionaire's door.

Late were the hours there they lingered,
For no home had they to go;
Soon were the night winds a-blowing,
Then it began to snow;
Then quietly up in the door-way
They nestled themselves down to rest;
Soon were those innocents sleeping,
One head on the other's breast.
What's this! a ring at the door-bell—
'Twas an officer made this alarm;
With a sad heart he brings in his burden,
The two little ones on his arm,
And often around cheerful firesides
The story's been told o'er and o'er,
How two homeless orphans once perished
Just outside a millionaire's door.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

Written by the "Song Factory," George F. McCann.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A farmer came in for to see the town,
From Pumpkinville Centre he just came down;
Met a young girl, a local pearl,
And immediately made a mash.
She showed him where he could buy beer and wine;
The rube was dead easy and blew in his coin,
Jollied the gawk with her smooth talk,
And cried, as she slipped with his cash:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, Uncle Si, you've been a pretty good-natured guy;
I've got your money, diamond ring and watch and chain;
I'll pawn them gladly, for I need the money badly;
But I'll send you the ticket, love, when summer comes again."

Two gentlemen tramps found a dollar bill,
And quickly their stomachs began to fill
With whiskey and gin, or any old thing
That would cause them to get ossified.
One got so drunk, he was deaf and dumb;
A policeman came up and arrested one bum,
His pal got away, it was risky to stay;
As he ran, in a loud voice he cried:

CHORUS.

"Farewell, Daisy Bell, give my regards to the hotel;
If you get ninety days, old man, of course, you can't complain;
If you can't get out on bail, spend the winter up in jail,
And we'll be together, love, when summer comes again."

When the circus had closed and the season was through,
The girl with two heads she was feeling blue,
For soon they must part and for their homes start;
The thought brought a tear to each eye.
They had lived just as one, and the jay's paid stuff
To glance at this freak, though it was a big bluff;
As they unstrapped the fake I thought their hearts would break,
As together they both did cry:

CHORUS.

"Fond heart, sweetheart, our contract is finished and we part;
We've been tied to each other in sunshine and in rain.
Though we now are parting, and to different places starting,
We'll be together, love, when summer comes again."

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

By George Hoey.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

The first thing that I remember
Was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeves of my coat fast in his teeth,
Pulling as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, and tend to the switch,
Lives now depend upon you;
Think of the souls in the coming train
And the graves you're sending them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast,
Think of the father and son;
Think of the lover and loved one, too,
Think of them doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand,
Into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm,
Who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood,
Sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling
And the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling
As the trees by the tempest were fanned.
But what was that noise in the distance?
That—I could not understand.
I heard it at first indistinctly,
Like the rolling of some muffled drum;
Then nearer and nearer it came to me,
And made my very ears hum.
What is this light that surrounds me
And seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly?
Oh, God! I know now—it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger,
And seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me,
Its hearbed breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness
And glared like the eyes of some witch.
The train was almost upon me,
Before I remembered the switch;
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly,
The train dashing fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts,
Some devil seemed holding it back.
On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster
And shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment,
And knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious
Were impossible for me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven,
My waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning
And shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from,
When I must account for their lives.
Mothers rushed like maniacs,
Their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage,
Gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed,
As by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma,"
Were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second,
The river should hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters,
I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she, who owned it,
Was doubtless an object of love,
To one whom her loss would drive frantic,
Tho' she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters
And quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey,
When she left for this last fatal ride.
I lifted the last log from off her,
And while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight,
And recognized—Maggie, my wife.

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one,
At a blow Thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless night-time,
With Maggie away from my side.
How often we've sat down
And pictured the scenes in our long, happy life;
How I'd strive through all of my life-time
To build up a home for my wife.
How people would envy us always
In our cosey and neat little nest,
When I would do all the labor,
And Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us,
When some day I p'rhaps should be rich;
But all of my dreams have been shattered,
While I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial,
The jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court room
Was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn,
Till I felt my face blushing red,
And the next thing I heard were the words:
"Hung by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again,
And my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim?
You've had a bad nightmare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife,
With never a scar from the ditch—
I'd been taking a nap in my bed
And had not been asleep at the switch.

THE DANDY FIFTH.

By Frank H. Gassaway.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

'Twas the time of the workingmen's great strike, when all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths that labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased, and startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops, the tillers of the soil.
White-faced militia-men looked on, while women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then—'twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on, a carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which a young patrician lay;
And as, with haughty glance, he swept along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met, and soon the chairman said:
"There hides a Judas in our midst, one man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee when capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!" rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held erect his head of gray:
"I am no traitor, though I bowed to a rich man's son to-day;
And though you kill me as I stand—as like you mean to do—
I want to tell you a story short, and I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first, the old flag to defend,
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant, I followed to the end;
And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan, when the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut; they brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a servant, too, to keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,' and, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth, when we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort the Rebs tried hard to take;
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught, while it held out, could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then—the reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth, hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid, and each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns boom like a funeral knell,
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up, and then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front and our colors spread we swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone—they had dreaded that the most—
The next their last scant ration went, and each man looked a ghost.

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun, like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—though not defeat—draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth not fourscore men could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale, as we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay, save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns, grim sentinels in blue;
And their Colonel, As could not speak or stir, but we saw his proud eye thrill,
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff where the old flag floated still.

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down, while the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh at the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell who fought in the Dandy Fifth."

—Evils of the Borrowing Habit.—Sullen, dark-skinned and vicious, he was stood up before the Magistrate. "What were you arrested for?" his honor asked. "Borrowin' money," came the laconic response. "What? Why, they don't arrest people for borrowing money," urged the Magistrate, with natural surprise. "Well," and the black crook grinned, "y'see, sar, I had t' knock de man down three or fo' times befoh he'd lend it to me. Dat's how it was."

I Dreamed of You Last Night.

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Words and Music by George Hassell.

I dreamed of you last night, dear,
And the dream was wondrous sweet;
I dreamt that you and I, love,
After years of pain, did meet;
Again your eyes so softly
Looked tender, as of yore;
And the bitter-sweet of a by-gone past
Was forgotten, 'twas no more.

CHORUS.

I dreamed of you last night, dear, and the dream was wondrous sweet;
I dreamt that after years of pain once more our hearts did meet.

I dreamed of you last night, dear,
And the dream was one of bliss;
I dreamt your arms were 'round me,
On my lips you pressed a kiss;
Ah! why must dreams be fleeting,
Oh, why cannot dreams last?
For they still the pain of a weary heart,
And a bitter, hopeless past.—*Chorus.*

He'll Never See His Mother Any More.

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Words by Bennett Scott. Music by A. J. Mills.

I've had a row with the man next door, a champion at fighting;
He swears he always kills his man, by fair means or by biting.
He got me in a corner, and said, "Now prepare for death!"
I did not use my fists at all, but floored him with my breath.

CHORUS.

He'll never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
The sweet perfume sealed his doom;
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never
See his mother any more.

Now once I knew a donkey, who for many years had grafted,
Until he got too old for work, then from the shafts was drafted!
They took him to the spiced beef works and rang the warehouse bell.
Poor Neddy gave a loud Hee-Haw, for he knew very well—

CHORUS.

He'd never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
His pain was brief, he's now corned beef;
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never
See his mother any more.

The laziest of lazy men was my poor barmy brother;
He was what you'd call a cannibal, *he lived upon his mother*—
We even had to lace his boots, the slightest thing he'd shirk;
But one dark night he had a dream, he dreamt he was at work.

CHORUS.

He'll never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
It turned his brain, he died insane;
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never
See his mother any more.

A quack invented certain pills to beat all other makers;
The rapid sale of this "safe cure" made work for undertakers;
One night the quack walked in his sleep and went towards a shelf,
Got one of his own patent pills and swallowed it himself.

CHORUS.

He'll never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
Exit quack, wife in black—
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never
See his mother any more.

When I sit down to eat a meal I never leave a shaving;
I've had no grub for near a week, I'm ravenous and raving;
My neighbor has a nice young fowl, whose bones I long to pick;
And so to-night when all is dark I'll interview that chick.

CHORUS.

He'll never see his mother any more,
He'll go to the golden shore;
It's all U. R. when he dines with me—
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never
See his mother any more.

—When are roads like corpses? When they are men-ded.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.

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By Joseph Tabrar.

Grief and sorrow have now bereft me, I intend to become a wife.
My dear brother has died and left me two and a half a week for life.
All I have is a nephew living—of our stock he's the youngest plant,
That's why fellows are freely giving all their love to Charley's aunt.

CHORUS.

I'm Charley's auntie, Charley's aunt;
They're all in love with Charley's aunt;
They ask me to wed, but I tell them I can't,
'Cause they're after the fortune of Charley's aunt.

Once a fellow said, "I say, Missis, your's is a face I love to see!"
And when I threw him three sweet kisses he threw four bad eggs at me.
As of rinking I am a lover, of that night I spent quite a half;
When I fell on my dress improver all the boys began to laugh.

CHORUS.

At Charley's auntie, Charley's aunt,
They all had a giggle at Charley's aunt;
Get well for a month, I believe that I shan't,
For there's something the matter with Charley's aunt.

Mr. Jones—there is love between us—he's fair gone on my form and grace,
Vowing how much I'd look like Venus if I had another face;
Last week, dressed in my Dolly Varden, I went 'round to my sweetheart John;
He took me out into his garden, then he set his bull-dog on—

CHORUS.

To Charley's auntie, Charley's aunt;
It had such a nibble at Charley's aunt.
I try to sit down, but I find that I can't—
That dog's got a mouthful of Charley's aunt.

ELIZA, THE MESMERIZER.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Out of curiosity I went into a show
To see Madame Eliza;
She was called a hypnotist—a mesmerist, you know—
A perfect paralyzer.
She placed me in a chair, and then made actions such as this:
I fell asleep, and dreamt a dream of happiness and bliss,
When suddenly it ended, and I woke up with a kiss,
A kiss from Miss Eliza.

CHORUS.

Oh, Madame Eliza, she's a mesmerizer;
Hypnotizes with a glance; sends you in a kind of trance.
Oh, Madame Eliza, I was victimized;
I never would have married her if I hadn't been mesmerized.

I was fascinated, for I couldn't keep away;
I had to find Eliza.
She could safely mesmerize me thirteen times a day,
Which didn't much surprise her;
I soon began to hate her, yet I followed her around;
One days he put me in a sleep, a sleep so very sound
That when I gained my consciousness, to my distress I found
I'd gone and married 'Liza.—*Chorus.*

To get a divorce I tried, I bore a kind of grudge
Against Madame Eliza;
But when his lordship took my part, she mesmerized the judge—
She was a paralyzer!
Then all the lawyers dropped asleep beneath her dreadful spell;
The court police resisted, but, at last, they also fell;
Then all the people in the court were mesmerized as well,
By my old girl Eliza.—*Chorus.*

Mesmerizing postmen is the latest of her jokes;
She is a swindleizer.
She collars all the post'l orders meant for other folks—
A perfect fraud is 'Liza.
She hypnotizes all the men who call for debts of trade;
She asks them for receipted bills, and straightway they've obeyed;
She spoils their bumps of memory—they think their bills are paid
By my old girl Eliza.—*Chorus.*

—A clergyman was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions, which were very unbecoming both in the eye of God and man, seeing, as he observed, that they were both one. "Both one!" cried the husband. "Was your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would swear we were twenty."

KISSING CUP'S RACE.

By Campbell Rae-Brown.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

You've never seen Kissing Cup, have you?
Stroll 'round to the paddock, my lord;
Just cast your eye over the mare, sir—
You'll say that, upon your word,
You ne'er saw a grander shaped 'un
In all the whole course of your life.
Have you heard the strange story about her,
How she won Lord Hillhoxton his wife?
No? Well, if you've got a few minutes,
I'll tell you why Kissing Cup, here,
Has lived in this lazy grandeur
Since the first time they let her appear
On a race-course—to run for a wife, sir,
The loveliest girl in the land.
By gad! 'twas a heart-thrilling moment
For them as stood on the stand,
And knew the high stakes that were pending
On Kissing Cup's winning the race—
She ran for a woman's heart, sir,
To save an old name from disgrace.

Here she is, sir;—now look her well over—
There isn't a fault to be found;
See her going—magnificent action!
You're right, sir; the mare is as sound
As she was on the day I rode her,
Just ten years ago last June;
I'll never forget how they cheered us,
The mare and her jock, Bob Doon.

He was always a reckless youngster,
My master, Hillhoxton, you know;
And when the old Marquis died, sir,
He seemed—somehow or other—to go
Right fair clean away to the bad, sir;
And, being a fresh 'un, you see,
The "bookies" just fleeced him a good 'un.
I knew, sir, quite well how 'twould be:
I saw he would go down a mucker—
Be ruined, sir, sure as fate.
In his careless, boyish folly
I saw that the fine old estate
Would be gambled away, the title
Be sullied, perchance, with shame.
I said to myself: "Bob Doon, boy,
You must save your old master's name."
He loved a quiet bit o' racing—
I'd been his head jock for years.
I remember the night he died, sir;
His bright eyes filling with tears,
He told me to mind the youngster,
To see that he didn't begin
To gamble—and always remembered
The Hillhoxtons rode to win.
He told me above all to see, sir,
That no scandal e'er touched the stud.
To be sure that our stables harbored
Nought but the purest blood.
He took my rough hand as he finished,
In the same old well-known grip,
As hundreds of times I'd seen him
A-grasping the ribbons and whip.

He didn't last very much longer—
I stood by the bed as he died,
And watched my old master's spirit
Start on its last long ride.

One night—I remember it well, sir,
It must have been just nigh four years
After the old Marquis left us—
Very heavy at heart with fears,
I was sitting in one of the stables,
Not dreaming as no one was near,
A-thinking of how things were looking
A mighty sight too deuced queer.
I had turned 'round my head for a moment
To see as the nags were all right,
When I saw the young master a-standing
Behind me. I started—the sight
Of his face, pale and haggard,
Sent a rush of cold blood to my heart,
I knew, sir, that something had happened.
"Doon, Doon, my boy! why do you start?
Don't you know me?" he said, "Have I altered?
Have I changed so since yesterday?
No wonder, good God! I am ruined!
I've gambled the old home away.
But the worst—the poor girl, Lady Constance—
You know how she loves me, old friend—
What will she think of me now, Bob?
For pity's sake, Heaven defend
And keep her," he cried, "true as ever!
But no, no: I never can wed
You now. God bless you, my darling!
Forget me as if I were dead."
He wept like a child in his sorrow.
"Be a man! be a man, sir!" said I:
"Trust to me, I can yet pull you through, sir.
There's a mare in your stud that can fly;
I've kept her—I knew you were playing
Too fast, far too reckless, a game;
But there's Kissing Cup ready to run for
And save a Hillhoxton's name."

When I saw that the lad was collected
I asked him to turn and look
At the very first bet he had entered
On the very first page of his book.
He looked at me—eyes full of wonder—
"That's three years ago; what d'ye mean?"
"My lord, you'll forgive me," I answered;
"Forgive me, I know you have been
Too hot, aye, too heedless by far, sir,
In your youthful and reckless career;
You've forgotten—just read for a moment
The words that you see written here.
The foal, Kissing Cup, here, is ready
And fit, sir, to run for a life;
In the big race next week she will save you,
Will win you a fortune—and wife."
The boy couldn't speak for a moment
His pallid lips moved in a groan;
Then he rallied, and grasping my hand, sir,
Held it just like a vise with his own.

The day of the race was a grand one,
But few knew the issue at stake;
We'd tried hard to keep it a secret
For the splendid old Marquis's sake.
As we cantered away past the stand, sir,
To give the "big swells" all a view,
Hardly one of 'em dreamt what 'twould mean, sir,
If the Hillhoxton "Chocolate and Blue"
Were beaten—none knew that the girl there,
With her beautiful face, worn and thin,
Was murmuring a low prayer to Heaven
That her young lover's colors might win.

"All ready!"—a beautiful start, sir;
The line was as straight as could be;
"They're off!" the shout rang for a moment
Around us, and then seemed to me
As dying away in the distance,
While we scudded along the course
At a pace that was far too killing
To last: so I kept my horse
Well back in the rear to "the Corner."
Then I let the reins loose on her mane.
She passed through them all but just one, sir,
Lord Rattlington's colt, Sugar Cane.
Then I saw there would be a struggle;
I had known it for months long back,
That all as I need be afraid of
Was the old baron's fast-flying "crack."

'Twas a terrible moment for me, sir—
The colt was three good lengths ahead.
I whispered a word to the mare, sir;
'Twas enough—she knew what I said.
Sweeping on down the hill like a rocket,
She got to the girths of the colt;
My heart gave a great throb of pleasure,
I made sure that he'd "shot his bolt."
But no! his jock hustled him up, sir;
His whip swishes fell like rain;
And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir:
"It's thousands on Sugar Cane."
The stand was reached, Sugar Cane leading;
Two seconds, and all would be o'er.
"Lord Rattlington wins!" No, not yet, though
We're neck, sir, to neck—two strides more.
I saw in the great sea of faces
A girl's—pale, white as the dead;
I cried: "For *her* sake, Kissing Cup, now!"

'Twas over—we'd won by a head.

COME DOWN, MA HONEY, DO.

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Words by J. H. Wagner. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Dar's a pretty little yaller gal dat I inb well,
And if you will kindly listen, of my inb I'll tell;
She is ole man Johnson's daughter, she's de belle ob town,
And each night I go to court her when de sun goes down;
And when de moon an' stars are shinin' bright, I climb de ole man's garden wall;
And 'neath her window, in de middle ob de night, she always hears me softly call:

REFRAIN.

Oh, won't yer come down, ma honey? do!
For I'm a-waitin' down here for you;
All de little stars are blinking,
And so merrily are winkin',
An' de ole moon is a-laffin' at us, too;
For wid his face all so bright an' new,
He seems to say, love, to me an' you:
Oh, come an' spend the happy hours
'Mid the sweetly-scented flowers;
Won't yer come down, ma honey? do!—[*Dance.*]

My canoe is on de ribber, an' de ole banjo
I will play, as both together down de stream we go
To a shady little island, 'tis a fairy land;
Whar' we'll see de fairies dancin' on de moonlit sand,
And dar we'll sit and sing de whole night long, until de sleepy echoes wake;
And Inb shall be de burden ob our song, until de dawn begins to break.—*Ref.*

Parody on:

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Written by Charles H. McIntosh.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Down in front of Casey's good old liquor store,
On a summer's evening they'd gather by the score;
Bums they were together, some would sing and talk,
While the gin ran down their throats, boys, on the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS.

East side, West side, all around the town,
All their noses are red now from putting the whiskey down;
Hunting the free lunch together for baked beans and pork,
Every day they're loaded on the sidewalks of New York.

There's where Johnny Dugan and little Jimmy Dunn,
With Jersey Jake, the faker, who was always on the bum;
Poor one-legged Cannon, whose leg was made of cork,
Used to do a clog step on the sidewalks of New York.—*Chorus.*

Things have changed since those times, but all could tell a tale;
Some are carrying the banner, and some are up in jail;
They would part with nothing, could they but once more talk,
And with the gang on the corner hang on the sidewalks of New York.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Just Tell Them that You Saw Me.

Written by Frank J. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

While standing on my feet one night, a change from on my head—
'Twas after I had chewed a chicken pie—
I saw a cop who saw me, he was looking hungry, too,
And wished that he was half as full as I.
"Is that you, Pat?" said I to him; says he, "Begob, it is;
I've got to pull some one or lose me job:
I guess I'll run you in, me boy, before I will forget."
Says I, "All right, but when you see the mob—

CHORUS.

"Just say that I was with you, or that I saw you last;
Just telephone I'm working, 'nit,' you know;
Just spring it, I've been hypnotized and got it in the hip,
Just tell them any old thing, it will go."

While riding down the bay one night within a cable car,
After the conductor pinched my fare,
I saw a girl who worked for me when I ran a "Ching" laundry,
And writing checks in Chinee language there.
"I'm glad to see you, Jack, again," that's what she said to me;
I said, "I'm sorry that we met at all;
I owe your mother twenty, Kate, and sister 'bout the same,
But I'll be 'round to see them when I call.

CHORUS.

"So tell them that you saw me and I was fast asleep,
Just tell them I was trying to touch you;
Then whisper to your sister if she'd let me have a ten,
I could love her better than I used to do."

Parody on:

One Girl in the World for Me.

Written by Sam Rice.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

An old sweetheart of mine said,
"Did you hear the news? Just lately I've been wed."
Of course, this made me angry, I began to kick and pout.
"Never mind, my dear," she says, "you can come around when John is out."

CHORUS.

So there is only one girl I go to see,
I call on her each evening to keep her company;
Her husband is a club man and don't get home until three,
So it wouldn't be right to leave her alone, with me you will agree.
Talk about your Spanish butes, French girls or colleens,
I wouldn't swop the girl I got for a pint of pork and beans:
If hubby knew I went there, with a gun he'd be on my track;
So when he comes in the front door, I go out the back.

Of all the boys in the world there is not one for me,
This was the mournful cry that lately came from Grover C;
For ten long years I have tried to win position and fame,
But every time I try to get a boy my luck is always the same.

CHORUS.

So there is nothing but girls in this world for me,
I hate to take a chance on what the fourth might be;
Of course, I love these little girls, they fill my heart with joy,
But I would give my chances in '96 if I only had a boy.

Of all the yachts in this world there is only one for me,
This is the cry of good patriots, you see;
Dunraven came over here with Valkyrie,
But he had better go home and sink old No. 3.

CHORUS.

Only one yacht in this world for me,
Only one yacht that can sail our sea;
Valkyrie is not in it, with me you will all agree,
For there is only one Defender in this world for me.

Parody on:

OH, UNCLE JOHN.

Written by Sam Rice.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A hayseed Josh one day came to town for to see an uncle here;
He took the Bowery in, after dark, and he got full of beer.
He met a maid that looked neat and spruce; to this maiden he did cling;
He drank knock-out drops, lost watch and chain; next morn he did sing:

CHORUS.

Oh, Uncle John, which is the way to go home?
Oh, Uncle John, where'll I find my train?
Oh, Uncle John, I got done on the Bowery;
Back in the country I'll hoe more corn,
And I'll never come here again.

Mike McGuirk from Ireland came one day just to see his Uncle Pat;
Uncle Pat he was an Alderman, lived in a ten-story flat.
McGuirk into the elevator went, of them he had never heard tell;
When up went the lift, he took a fit, how poor Mike did yell:

CHORUS.

Oh, Uncle Pat, the house is sliding downwards;
Oh, Uncle Pat, still it won't remain;
Oh, Uncle Pat, if I get out of this thing,
You can live in heaven if you like,
But I'll never come here again.

Jake Bovinsky one day came to town just to see his Uncle Ike;
Ike took Jakey down to Coney Isle: a bath, he thought, Jake would like.
Jake, says Uncle, how much cost a suit? A quarter for each one you get;
It's raining now, we'll stand upon the beach, there we will get wet, take a bath, [you bet.

CHORUS.

Oh, Uncle Ike, the rain's as good as the water;
Oh, Uncle Ike, here we will remain;
Oh, Uncle Ike, we each have saved a quarter;
I'll buy stock for my dry goods store,
And next year I'll come back again.

Parody on:

THE BAND PLAYED ON.

Written by Sam Rice.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

There is a prison down on Ludlow street,
Where you shave and change your clothes three times a week,
And pretty signs are hanging 'round the whitewashed walls,
Instructing you just how to get away.
And the band is playing while you're breaking out;
Just turn the knob and say good-bye, the sheriff never looks,
The poor old chap is blind without a doubt—
And the band played on.

CHORUS.

The Post-Office thieves got away as they pleased,
And the band played on;
They had money to lend, they had money to spend,
And the band played on.
It's the same old fable, the horse in the stable,
How they lock the barn when he'd gone.
So now you see, those three men are free,
And the band played on.

The police do not club you as of old,
A set of shining teeth has stopped all that.
Now on Sunday morn we don't know where we're at;
The same song was sung many years ago.
Now Hill is writing letters by the ton,
And Roosevelt in his saintly glee is laughing up his sleeve,
And the band played on.

CHORUS.

You can't get a drink with the old-fashioned wink,
And the band played on;
The police are too fly, and we have to go dry,
And the band played on.
Of course, it's no need for the old Union League
To expose the thing that is wrong:
Each time Roosevelt drinks lemonade full of winks,
And the band played on.

—**A Favored Infant.**—Three little maidens were discoursing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. "My little brother Ned's got a lovely silver mug that grandma sent him," said the first little girl; "it's just a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from grandpa, too." "My little brother Walter's got a bee-yutiful carved rattle that Uncle Henry sent him from China," said the second little girl; "mother's put it away in a drawer to keep till he's grown up." "My little brother Freddie's not half so big as your brothers," said the third child, with an air of one endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood—so there!"

Liberty Enlightens the World.

By Fred Emerson Brooks.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the bay
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day
To vent their opinions on matters and things
On this side the Atlantic,
In language pedantic;
'Twas much the same gathering as any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lip curled;
"See ze Liberte Statue enlighten ze world,
Zee grandest colossal zat evair was known!
Thus Bartholdi he speak:
'Vive la France—Amerique!'
Bartholdi make ze statue and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o' yes spakin' sa frae,
The thing's na so sma', sir, that we canna' see.
Dae ye think that without ye the folk couldna' tell?
Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
I kenna' why that ye
Didna' keep it at hame to enlighten yersel'!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:
"'Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly 'igh!
A monstwosity, weally too lawge to be seen!
In pwoportion, I say,
It's too lawge faw the Bay,
So much lawger than one w've at 'ome of the Queen."

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
"I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
I call-a 'Bartholdi'—Frenchman got-a spunky—
Call-a me 'Macaroni,'
Lose-a me plendy moany,
He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!"

"Mine-a broder, a feesherman, hear-a what he say:
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay;
He drop-a de seine—he no get-a de weesh—
When he make-a de grab-a,
Only catch-a de crab-a;
De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

"By the Home Rule!" said Pat, "and is that Libertee?
She's the biggest ould woman that iver I see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand;
But the truth is, O'im towld,
That the sthone is too cowld!
Would ye moind the shillelagh she howlds in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "That's noa 'shillelagh,' ye scamp!
Looake to Ol like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is lamp,
Searchin' 'aard fur a 'onest maan!" "Faith, that is true,"
Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
For he's lookin' mol way,
And by the same favor don't recognize you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans, "vat's der matter;
It vas von uf dem mermaits coomed owd fun der vater;
Unt she had noddings on; unt ter vintry vind plows;
Unt fur shame und fur pidy
She vent to der cidy
Und buyed her a suit fun der ready-made clothes."

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed: "Dat's de cullud man's Lor'!
He's come back to de earf; somefin' He's lookin' for;
Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;
Jess you looken dat crown!
Jess you looken dat gown!
Lor' 'a' mussy, I knows I's a gone niga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;
And I reckin yeon strangers hain't seen nuthin' bigger;
Well, I hain't much on boastin', but I'll go my pile,
When yeon furreners cum
Yeou'll find her to hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Wall, somewhat, I should smile!"

"Me no sabee you foleners; too muchee talkee!
You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee.
Him alle same Chinaman velly big Joshee.
Him Uncle Sam gallee:
Catch um lain, no umbiallee!
Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

—First New Woman: "Awfully bold, isn't he?" Second New Woman: "Yes; a regular tomgirl."

—The overworked bank cashier who was in need of a vacation had written to the agent of a steamship line to this effect: "I am thinking of taking a trip to Central or Southern America. Please acquaint me with particulars relative to rates of fare, etc., to and from the various ports usually visited by tourists at this season of the year." The answer came by telegraph: "(Private and confidential). One of our steamships will leave for Honduras next Wednesday. Shortest and quickest way out of the country."

THE BABY IN THE SLEEPER.

By Charles R. Berry.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

'Twas midnight in the sleeper,
And all had gone to rest;
For four long days they'd travelled
Far from the golden West.

Weary, tired and wanting sleep,
They just begun to doze,
When long and loud, with piercing strength,
A baby's cry arose.

'Twas just a three months' baby,
With lungs enough for ten,
And one by one that youngster's cry
Awoke those sleeping men.

Then some began to curse and swear,
And from the curtain peep,
With "Darn the child! Confound that brat!
We've paid to get some sleep."

Trying to hush the little one,
His face with sorrow stamped,
Still up and down the sleeping car
The youthful father tramped.

Then a crusty Western magnate,
With anger in his eye,
Burst forth in furious temper
At the baby's piercing cry:

"Take the brat to mother,
She is the proper nurse;
I guess she's in another car,
Asleep without this curse."

"Where is its mother? Wake her!"
But the father sadly said:
"My wife is in her coffin
In the baggage car ahead."

Then a hush fell on the passengers,
The angry man grew mild;
"Go sit with her, my friend;
Give me your little child."

I Must Be There on New Year's Day.

By Con T. Murphy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Trudging along at early dawn on a cold December morn—
That on which the old year dies and before the new is born—
Came a gentle youth, with hair of gold, shivering from the bitter cold,
With shoeless feet and box on back, the switchman heard him say—
"I will not give up, for there is the track, and I said I'd come on New Year's day."

"All aboard!" The train moves off with its load of human freight,
And a moment more and the little lad with box would be too late;
But on the platform, with firm hold, stands the shivering lad with hair of gold.

"Come, come, my lad, I want my fare."
"I got no money, sir, to pay, and I cannot walk no more, and I must be there,
For I said I'd come on New Year's day."

"You must be there! What's that to me? I have heard such tales before;
I want my fare. It's very cold—come in and shut the door;
Where do you wish to go, my lad? You got no money? well, that's too bad!"
"I want to go to Dover's Creek, but that's so very far away,
I couldn't walk it in a week, and I must be there on New Year's day."

"Sit down, my lad—come closer still: I am sure you must be cold.
Blacking boots, is that your trade? You can't be ten years old!
Your name, what might it be? to Dover? Whom do you go to see?"
"The bootblacks call me little Dave; I will be ten years old in May.
I go to see my mother's grave, and I must be there on New Year's day."

"Your mother dead; your father, Davy, where is he?"
"Don't ask me, please. Father's dead, but not like mother, dead to me;
Seven years ago, so mother said, he done some deed for which he fled;
No mother lies beside the old church where we used to play,
And before she died I promised I would always come on New Year's day."

"Brave little lad, you shall not break your promise with the dead;
Go, visit her, and may God pour choice blessings on your head,
And always hold her memory dear: though far away, she is ever near
To watch and guard you on your way;
Remember her holy love, and keep your word on New Year's day."

"Dover Creek!" the brakeman shouts, in voice both loud and clear:
Box on back, off on the track jumps the boy with the golden hair.
And there he stands with the bitter past, just as the old year breathes its last.
And a moment more and he is at the gate of the church-yard old and gray.
"Oh, mother dear, I am not too late; I said I'd come on New Year's day."

Long years have passed since that cold morn when the lad with hair of gold
Came plodding along with box on back, and shivering from the cold:
And many a new grave has been made in the church-yard where his mother's laid.
Old age has bent his form a-low—he will be eighty-five in May:
And at his mother's grave, in rain or snow, he asks her blessing on New Year's day.

WHO IS MY SWEETHEART?

Copyright, 1895, by L. H. Ascherfeld.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by L. H. Ascherfeld.

Who is my sweetheart? I'm tempted to tell,
For she is a little like you;
Her form and her features are of the same style,
As perfect as ever I knew.
Her smile is so sweet and her ways are so bright,
There is sunshine wherever she goes;
For she is the dearest, the sweetest of girls,
And daily my love for her grows.

Who is my sweetheart? I'm dying to tell;
I'll say she is very like you;
Her hair's the same shade as your own, while her eyes,
Like yours, shine so clear and so true.
Her hand's the same shape as the one I now hold,
While her voice and your own are the same;
And now I just wonder if you cannot guess
And tell me my sweetheart's true name.

Who is my sweetheart? I'm going to tell:
It's you, yes, it's you, it is you!
For why should I fear when your eyes say full well,
It's true, yes, it's true, it is true.
I see in your face that your heart is my own,
And I will no longer repine,
For you are my sweetheart, the dearest of all;
Now come, and forever be mine.

Parody on:

THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

Written by C. P. Englehardt.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Oh, I will tell you a yarn about a maid on a farm;
I'll be gosh gol darn she wouldn't do any harm.
Every one said she was pretty, she would sing any ditty
That is sung in the city, the poor little country girl.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of New York,
On the Bowery she had never been;
She never saw the hot-tomale man,
This poor little country girl.

Oh, she came to New York to see the great Trilby,
And she was in glee;
So she strolled around to take in the town,
And she met old man Brown, this poor little country girl.—*Chorus.*

Oh, he took her to the play—wasn't he a jay?
Ten dollars had to pay to see Trilby;
Afterward they had dinner, behind the bill of fare he did win her;
Then she slipped the poor old sinner—the poor little country girl.

CHORUS.

She was the daughter of a smithy,
Old Brown is sorry that he met her;
He never will forget her,
The poor little country girl.

Parody on:

DOWN IN POVERTY ROW.

Written by Frank J. Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Outside of a dusty tenement,
With every flat to let,
In one there lives an Irish girl
Who can't speak German yet;
She blows up tires for bicycles,
And she's all right on the blow,
With a wheel in her head, and often it's said,
She's a good thing in Poverty Row.

CHORUS.

Down in Poverty Row, don't ask me where,
You can live without a cent if you only breathe the air;
Each girl has her boy, and so so, don't you know:
There's none of them right, you can take what you like,
Down in Poverty Row.

In winter time the snow will fall
At night as well as day,
And then they all eat snow-balls,
It's cheaper than eating hay;
They all dance 'round upon the ice,
And any old thing will go,
Then they sing far and near, "My Dad's the Engineer,"
All 'round in Poverty Row.—*Chorus.*

SOMEBODY'S SISTER.

Copyright, 1895, by L. H. Ascherfeld.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by L. H. Ascherfeld.

Somebody's sister is a cute little thing,
She weighs just ninety-nine:
And she looks so sweet in her dress so neat,
That I long to call her mine.
She has clear blue eyes, she has nut-brown hair,
And a face so pure and sweet,
That I'll try my best, and I will not rest
Till I've won her love complete.

CHORUS.

If you love me, give me but a sign,
Let me feel, love, that you will be mine;
Give your heart to me this night,
While the stars are shining bright;
Tell me, sweetheart, tell me that you love me.

Somebody's sister has a darling dimpled chin,
That seems to smile on me;
When she looks my way it appears to say,
"Here's a heart that you may win."
And her busy little hands speak to me as well,
As I notice their nimble play;
For it's plain to me, I should happy be
Would they help me thro' life's way.—*Chorus.*

Somebody's sister knows I love her well,
For I've told her o'er and o'er;
And my heart is glad, for her lips have said
That she loves me even more.
And the story sweet she will oft repeat,
With a love that is lasting and true;
For her eyes shone bright as she said last night,
"Do I love you? Yes, I do."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

Back Among the Old Folks Once Again

Written by the "Song Factory," George F. McCann.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Beneath a dizzy shanty, where a gang of tramps did eat,
There lived a tough old female who had wrinkles on her teeth;
Her parents got arrested for refusing to drink rum,
And she left home one evening, just because it wouldn't come.
She came to New York City and became a gay soubrette;
The Bowery was her hiding place, it's there she threw her net;
But after years of drinking her face began a-shrinking,
And when she chased back to the farm these words came from this pet:

CHORUS.

I'm living on the old folks once again,
Sleeping in a bedroom eight by ten;
No more I'll roam the Bowery
With big fat Annie Laurie,
For I am back among the old folks once again.

My brother Bill grew nervous and thought he'd go out West,
And dig for gold and silver—it's a cinch to guess the rest.
He disappeared one evening and was gone about a year,
And when his clothes were all worn out for his home poor Bill did steer.
His jacket was ripped up the back and his hat owed three months' rent,
His shoes were tied on with ropes, and his face was badly bent;
He sent word to his mother, "Send a suit to me with brother;
I'm on the outskirts of the town, without a single cent."

CHORUS.

For I'm back among the old folks once again,
Back among the old folks once again;
No more I'll be a bummer,
I've come home to loaf all summer,
And I'll never leave three square meals again.

A friend of mine got married to a girl of twenty-two;
She was working in a laundry when his nobs says, "I choose you."
He was a gent of leisure, and for labor was too strong,
But jollied her with singing "Love me little, love me long."
At last she took a tumble and she swore she'd work no more;
His jags had fifteen spasms, and his contract then he tore;
He says, "Pack up your bundlets, your bandbox and your trunklets."
And as he kissed her with an axe, this girl was heard to roar:

CHORUS.

"Back to the old laundry once again,
Back to washing collars once again;
No more I'll be a gilly,
You cannot lose me, Willie,
For I'll go back to chasing flannel once again.

—And Still They Will Marry.—Estella: "A lover is much more devoted than a husband." Murilla: "Yes, indeed; and, besides, one can have a whole lot of lovers at once."

THE LIFE-BOAT.

By George R. Sims.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Been out in the life-boat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what *we* call rough.
It's when there's a-gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and break
On the shore with a roar like the thunder, and the white cliffs seem to shake;
When the sea is a hell of waters, and the bravest holds his breath,
As he hears the cry for the life-boat—the summons may be to death—
That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the *Royal Helen*, the ship as was wrecked last year?
You be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here.
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad.
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered;
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,
But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives;
Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies dead,
'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread.
So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay—
I only heard on it after, for that night I was kept away;
I was up at my cottage yonder, where the wife lay near her end;
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'd make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed,
With my eyes as red as a baby's, that death's hand might yet be stayed.
I heard the wild winds howlin', and I looked on the wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm.
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life;
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbor lights,
To tell of the sweet home heaven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie;
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son,
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done;
Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folks call wild.
From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
We heard no more about him, we never knew where he went;
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse;
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse.
And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side;
Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack, to say good-bye?
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die."

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside,
With the news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted!" their leader cried,
"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right;
There's a dozen of lives maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night."
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt;
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—
"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown,
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.
Then she beckoned me near and whispered: "Go, and God's will be done!
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinking, maybe, some day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away.
"Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you, and spare me to see the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers:
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles and turned to old Ben and said:
"I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through.
But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary and wet and weak
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.
But just as we came upon her she gave a fearful roll,
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot and shouted, for all around was dark—
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by.
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then
I stumbled, and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more,
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home ashore.
My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—
I'd slipped, as they told me arter, and a rullock had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered: they'd heard I was comin' 'round.
At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound:
But as soon as my head got clearer and accustomed to hear 'em speak,
I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
I guessed what the lads was hidin' for their poor old shipmate's sake;
I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break.
So I lifts my head from the pillow and I says to old Ben: "Look here!
I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slinks away like, and I says: "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead?"
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head.
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!"
And I thought it must be a vision, as my weak eyes gazed upon—
For there by the bedside, standin' up and well, was my wife.
And who do you think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the life-boat went
To the wreck of the *Royal Helen;* 'twas that as the vision meant.
They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed,
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas providence pulled him through—
He's allus the first aboard her when the life-boat wants a crew.

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR.

By D'Arcy.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom, on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum, or gin."
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace—
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know.
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks; that braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe; I want to put some life into my frame;
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserable tame.
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too;
Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame;'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me.
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile;
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye;
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture, dead.

Philada. Agency, W. R. HUBBS, 432 W. DOCK, FRANKLIN & WOOD STS.

DO, MY DINAH, DO.

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Words and Music by George A. Cragg.

Down in de wavin' sugar cane, dar's whar de pickaninnies play,
And de mockin'bird am singin' sweetly to my lovely Dinah all de day.
When all de cotton pickin's done, dat's when I make de banjo ring;
Dar beneath my Dinah's cabin window, dis am de song I sing:

CHORUS.

Do, my Dinah, do; tell me, is it true dat no odder coon will ever marry you?
My rival, dandy Lew, says his diamonds shine for you;
Don't you shake me for his money, come now, be my honey, do, my Dinah, do.
[*Dance.*]

Lew Johnson cuts an awful shine, he is de coon dat won de cake;
S'pose I catch him winkin' at my Dinah, den I'll fight a duel for her sake;
I has a razor, long and keen; I am de debbel when I'm riled;
If dat nigger fools aroun' my Dinah look out for dis yere child.—*Chorus.*

HOME, SWEET HOME, AND MOTHER'S ARMS.

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Words by Thos. V. Dale. Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

Gazing in the fire-light rosy, loving faces I can see;
Loving hearts so true and tender, though so far away from me;
Sister's voice is gently chiding, as my mother's eyes grow dim,
And methinks the fond lips murmur, "I was thinking, dear, of him!"

REFRAIN.

Home, sweet home, beyond the billows; home, sweet home, and mother's arms,
Longing to enfold the wand'rer, from this world's alluring charms;
From earth's vain and idle fancies; from its drear and dark alarms—
There is but one earthly solace: Home, sweet home, and mother's arms.

I can see the low, thatched cottage, with the roses 'round the door;
And the dear, old-fashioned garden, fragrant as in days of yore;
Near the roses that I planted, mother's dreaming in her chair,
And my arms, which would enfold her, find, alas! she is not there.—*Ref.*

Fire-light forms another picture, and the wanderer is home;
Loving hearts are glad and joyful, nevermore is he to roam;
'Tis a dream, but sad the waking, yet the hope is born anew,
That perchance a glad reunion in the future may come true.—*Refrain.*

BLACKBALLED IN THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Dar's a colored individual by the name of Moses Jackson,
Who used to have a splendid reputation—
He belonged to all societies, Odd Fellows and the Masons,
To the Lime-Kiln Club he sent his application;
When they read his little note, and the darkies took a vote,
They concluded Brother Jackson they would snub;
One nigger raised the dickens, said that Jackson had stole chickens—
He was blackballed in de Lime-Kiln Club.

REFRAIN.

Blackballed in de Lime-Kiln Club,
Blackballed in de Lime-Kiln Club—
When Jackson heard the news, there was a nigger with the blues,
For he was blackballed in de Lime-Kiln Club.

When de Lime-Kiln's gave a picnic, Moses Jackson he attended;
To get revenge on them was his intention;
He bought himself a black jack, some dynamite and pistols,
And razors 'most too numerous to mention;
Moses Jackson he looked fierce, and the coons themselves made scarce;
These woods I'm gwine to fill with smoke, says he;
If you coons don't all take water, there will be a nigger slaughter,
So each nigger there then climbed a tree.—*Refrain.*

Now the coons all heard that Jackson was a bad man to get started,
That he had killed a coon in Alabama;
Jackson said, I'm on the warpath and I'm looking for the nigger,
Who at de Lime-Kiln Club had out his hammer;
All the coons stayed up the trees, not a nigger dared to breathe;
Moses Jackson gave the coons an awful rub;
There was weeping, there was groaning, and a lot of coons a-moaning,
Now there's crape out at the Lime-Kiln Club.—*Refrain.*

ONLY A LITTLE ROSE.

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By Charles Davis Brown.

This flower you gave to me that happy day,
Do you remember, love, what you did say?
Words that I hope were true, ne'er tell me nay;
None could I love but you—that you did say:

CHORUS.

Only a little rose, love, only a little flower,
Fading away and gently dying hour by hour;
Close to your heart then wear it, placed there by me—
Keep it until it fades away.

You gave the rose to me, white as a dove,
Your eyes looked into mine, pledging your love.
Here are the faded leaves, I have them still,
They never part from me, and never will.—*Chorus.*

DORA DEAN.

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Words and Music by Bert A. Williams.

'Way down in Lou'siana, dat's where ole Sister Hannah
Bakes the cracklin' bread upon the coals;
With her daughter Dora Dean, who is my dearest queen,
Oh! I tell you, boys, she is a lump of gold.
She goes to church on Sunday, you'll find her home on Monday,
Helping all the folks the house to clean;
Their home it looks so neat, you'll find it hard to beat,
The way its kept by Dora Dean.

CHORUS.

Oh! have you ever seen my Dora Dean,
She's the hottest thing you ever seen;
I'm gwine to make this gal my Dora queen—
Next Sunday morn' I'm gwine to marry sweet Dora Dean.

While down with Sister Holley, we all did feel so jolly,
Each one tried to cut a pigeon wing;
When up jump'd Dora Dean, who said, "I am the queen;
I can beat you in a dance for anything."
That just suited ole Aunt Dinah, who sang a tune in minor,
Thinking that she could the music make;
So we started in to test, to see who was the best,
And Dora walked off with the cake.—*Chorus.*

She Is the Pride of My Life.

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Words and Music by H. F. L. Eckermann.

Yonder lives a maiden fair,
With eyes of tender blue.
With slender form and golden hair,
A heart so pure and true;
Ruby lips and teeth of pearl,
She is the pride of my life.
How I love that pretty girl,
Who soon is to be my dear wife.

CHORUS.

She is the pride of my life,
My love for her never grows cold;
Some day she will be my own wife,
The one I so adore.
Happy then we two will wander
Through life and never to part,
For she is the dearest of all,
And the nearest to my heart.

Life will be worth living then,
Down upon the farm,
Where we will share each other's joys
And sorrows arm in arm;
The little birds will warble their songs,
And praise the one on high,
While I in fond remembrance sing
That dear, old sweet song of mine.—*Chorus.*

Fragrant roses, violets blue,
Could only be compared
With our tender love so true.
All bliss and all sorrows shared,
Then all the years will pass one by one,
And parted we'll be nevermore
Till we go to our future home,
That bright and sunny shore.—*Chorus.*

SHE'S NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

I'll tell you of my sweetheart, the one that I adore;
She's not like others you may meet, I love her all the more.
She dresses plain, she's modest, her hair don't hang in curls;
You'll say so when you meet her, she's not like other girls.

CHORUS.

She don't wear costly jewels, nor dresses that are loud;
She does not flirt like some girls, to attract a crowd;
But ev'ry day she's just the same, she's my sweet precious pearl;
What makes me love her all the more, she's not like other girls.

We meet 'most ev'ry evening, her daily toil is o'er;
We walk and talk together, until we reach her door.
She loves her mother dearly, none better in this world;
More precious than to find one who's not like other girls.—*Chorus.*

MAMIE, ME PET.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

Oh, Mamie's de pride of me life,
And some day I'll call her my wife;
She's a sister to Pearl, the Bowery girl,
And ain't she a "beaut" on a bike, see!
Her voice it ain't sweet, but it's lond,
Wherever she sings there's a crowd;
Oh, she sets them loony, sings sweet "Maggie Mooney,"
And just push, but don't shove the clouds. Yes—

CHORUS.

Mamie's a beauty, you bet; she works in a fact'ry and makes cigarettes;
A reg'lar New Yorker, and she is a corker,
The finest that ever you met, you bet.
Mamie's a beauty, you bet, she works in a fact'ry and makes cigarettes;
A reg'lar New Yorker, and she is a corker,
The finest that ever you met, you bet.

She'd fight at the drop of a hat,
And make a good showing at that;
She lives with her Ma, her sister and Pa,
And always knows where she is at, see!
Her head it ain't swelled not a bit,
Here's the ring, and won't it make a hit!
It's good and it's weighty, it cost me three-eighty,
When she sees it she'll have a fit. Yes—*Chorus.*

Sweetheart, Come Home to Me.

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Words and Music by Will F. McNulty.

I watched the last sad hour of day
As it slowly passed away,
The zephyr breeze of a new-born eve
Bid good-bye to the close of day;
Through the lattice a-peeping
Heav'ns bright twinkling star;
Gay bells rang their sweetest
For one away so far.

CHORUS.

Why don't you come? For thee, love, I am waiting;
Song birds will sing, a welcome sweet for thee;
Why don't you come? My heart is breaking—
Sweetheart, my sweetheart, why don't you come to me?

I watched the morning star to rest
As it gently passed away,
The silvery spray of a new-born day
Spreading its mantle o'er hill and dale;
Sweet pretty flowers awak'ning,
Covered with heav'ns dew;
The long night have they watched in vain,
As I have, my sweetheart, for you.—*Chorus.*

I watched the noon-day shadow play
Along the mountain side,
The glittering stream as it glides along,
Singing its song to the endless tide.
Alone I am waiting thy coming,
Thrice welcome you would be;
My heart, love, is breaking,
Sweetheart, come home to me.—*Chorus.*

YES, DEAR.

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Words and Music by L. H. Ascherfeld.

I once had a sweetheart whose name was Marie,
The sweetest young maiden in town;
My love for Marie was as deep as the sea,
This queen of my heart, my own.
How well I remember that bright summer day,
When under the old apple tree
I asked her the question, and heard my love say
These words full of meaning to me:

CHORUS.

"Yes, dear, yes, dear; thee I love deeply and true;
Thee, love, trust I this life to pilot me through.
Trust me, Robin, believing whatever betide,
No storm, no cloud could keep me away from thy side."

A year of contentment, a home full of light,
A life full of love and of joy;
A cheery good morning, a kiss morn and night,
And Robin, our baby, our boy.
What more could I long for to make joy complete?
No mortal was ever more blest.
Marie was oft singing in tones pure and sweet,
While Robin, our boy, she caressed.—*Chorus.*

One eve I came home, found no wife at the door,
No one in the house, 'twas all still;
I looked through the garden and down by the spring,
And called her in tones loud and shrill.
My heart was fast filling with dread and despair,
When back of the old apple tree
I heard Marie singing, with babe in her arms,
And roguishly hiding from me.—*Chorus.*

BEFORE MY TIME.

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Written and Composed by T. W. Connor.

I hear people say, that we girls of to-day
Are awfully forward and fast,
That our doings these times would have counted as crimes,
In the goody old days of the past;
Such innocent things, as gold lockets and rings,
Each shy little maiden would shun;
They never made bets, nor yet smoked cigarettes,
And of sweethearts they wanted but one.

REFRAIN.

That was before my time, you know, a long, long time ago;
For girls to wear dresses their figures to show
Was reckon'd an awful crime.
They went to tea meetings along with their Mas,
And fill'd up their time darning socks for their Pas;
Well, it may have been so, but it happen'd, you know, before my time.

Those model young men who could get home by ten,
And gloried in ruffles and frills;
Always made it a rule to attend Sunday school,
And to settle their landlady's bills.
Married men never swore, and their mothers-in-law
They were always delighted to see,
While girls without arts were the joy of their hearts,
And they drank nothing stronger than tea.

REFRAIN.

That was before my time, you know, a long, long time ago;
When fellows would faint at a boxing show,
And blush at a pantomime.
As sober as judges each night they retired,
The loan of a "V" they never required;
Well, it may have been so, but it happen'd, you know, before my time.

To look out for sport in an ancient law court
Would mean disappointment and pain,
For a promise to wed could be broken, 'tis said,
And the injured one never complain.
A jilted sweetheart never made lovers part,
To take on another rich mash;
They knew not the way to make love letters pay,
They would rather take poison than cash.

REFRAIN.

That was before my time, you know, a long, long time ago;
For breaches of promise were not in the show,
When Adam was in his prime.
The girls always stuck to the same old mash,
Thought more of the man than they did of his cash;
Well, it may have been so, but it happen'd, you know, before my time.

What Won't We Do for Love?

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Ev'ry one is in love, it seems, ev'ry one has a beau;
Over ev'rything love it beams, no matter where you go.
Some make love to a sweetheart gay, some to the stars above;
But here and there, and ev'rywhere, it's love, love, love.

CHORUS.

The turtle dove will coo for love, the pussy cat mew, mew for love;
The gentle fawn will love from morn till stars shine from above;
The little dog will bark for love, the country boy will spark for love;
It's really so—I'd like to know what won't we do for love?

Love's first age is the girl and boy, soon to manhood he grows;
She, the maiden, is still his joy, his love is true, she knows.
Fifty years since their wedding day's passed, and their thinking of
Their childhood, when, since then they've been in love, love, love.—*Chorus.*

CHARMING LITTLE NANCE.

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Words by P. F. Hughes. Music by Alex J. Patton.

How sweetly Johnny tells love tales in Central Park,
When sunshine bright has fled from sight, with Nancy in the dark;
Her pretty, laughing eyes at him will shyly glance,
His merry little sweetheart, charming little Nance.

CHORUS.

So sweet and gay time flits away, with Johnny who's her beau;
He's bound, her love is crowned, though Cupid was so slow.
She'll sweetly dream some lofty theme, while future joys enhance;
A happy little sweetheart, charming little Nance.

Their clothes are now and grand, they're almost "out of sight;"
She loves to hear his voice so clear, make love to her at night;
He speaks with honeyed tongue, till she feels in a trance;
She's a happy little sweetheart, charming little Nance.—*Chorus.*

So sweet, demure and gay, so softly does she speak,
And bless the sunny day that her true love she did seek.
Some fellows they are tough, at them she looks askance;
She's a happy little sweetheart, charming little Nance.—*Chorus.*

She Forgets and She Forgives.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

In an humble cottage dwelling lies a woman, pale and fair;
She has loved with pure devotion one who had no love to share.
Hark! let's listen what she's saying: "Oh, I loved him fond and true,
And alas! I thought him faithful, but another he did woo."
Will she curse him now she's dying, with a short time but to live?
No! she lifts her hands above her, not to curse, but to forgive.

CHORUS.

She forgets and she forgives him, ev'ry sorrow she outlives;
Noble woman, pure and gentle, she forgets and she forgives.

Visions come and fade before me; see yon man in tattered clothes;
He's been seeking work since daybreak, how he lives, oh, heaven knows.
Years ago 'mid wealth and plenty, he was trusted and revered,
Till one day the tempter lured him; then he fled and disappeared.
In a moment rash he yielded, sinned and signed another's name;
To the law his father left him, but his mother bore his shame.

CHORUS.

She forgets and she forgives him, ev'ry sorrow she outlives;
Noble mother, sweet and tender, she forgets and she forgives.

In a quiet homestead sitting is a woman with her child.
Hark! it is her husband's footsteps; welcome greets him unbeguiled.
But with drink, alas! he's reeling, from his lips the curses flow:
See! he strikes her; "God, have mercy!" She lies crippled 'neath the blow.
'Twas a jealous passion thrilled him, and he flees without regret;
He, the brute, and she, the angel, and her tears are falling yet.

CHORUS.

She forgets and she forgives him, ev'ry sorrow she outlives;
Faithful wife, so sweet and gentle, she forgets and she forgives.

TWICE WEDDED BY ONE RING.

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Words by P. F. Hughes. Music by Alex J. Patton.

A cottage in New England held a bridegroom bright and gay,
Till shadows dark obscured its light, some thirty years to-day.
"Where is my wife?" this young man cried, but no one there could tell;
In sad and bitter jealousy she fled beneath its spell.
The young man closed the doors upon the home that was his pride,
In search of his deluded wife he traveled far and wide;
His wand'ring footsteps led him to the rich and rising West,
And though content and prosperous, one sigh wrings from his breast:

CHORUS.

I long to see the dear old home, my wife to me most fair;
Although in pleasant fields I roam, my heart is always there.
No longer here can I remain, I hear sweet voices singing;
My darling comes to me again, twice wedded by one ring.

An east-bound train was bringing him to friends now old and gray,
And at the station, on its way, a gentle voice did say:
"I dropped my ring; please hand it, sir, 'tis all I ever wore."
He stooped and saw his name within—kind heaven heard his prayer.
"My wife!" "Oh, Charlie, can it be at close of all these years—"
They spoke new joys in broken words, while all around shed tears.
The little cottage shines once more, in joyous notes they sing:
Our love is stronger than before, twice wedded by one ring.—*Chorus.*

MY GIRL JEAN.

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By Georgie Lamson.

We were boy and girl together in that land beyond the sea,
Where the sweet and blooming heather wafts its fragrance o'er the lea;
Where the skies are just the bluest, that ever yet was seen,
And of all the hearts the truest was my girl Jean.

CHORUS.

For she's my own Jean, my girl Jean, my Jean with the true, loving heart;
And well do I know, that wherever I go, no power can drift us apart.
She is the fairest and rarest of all the sweet lassies e'er seen;
Through all the world 'round the equal's not found to my girl Jean.

We played at getting married in that fond and distant land,
And we talked of years that tarried, while we lingered hand in hand;
We should always love each other, though the years rolled in between,
For I ne'er could find another, like my girl Jean.—*Chorus.*

That was many years ago, in that land so far away,
Where the heather breezes blow, as they did on that bright day;
And the playtime's ours no longer, for the years have rolled between,
But my love is even stronger for my wife Jean.—*Chorus.*

A GALLANT KNIGHT.

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Words and Music by W. T. Francis.

What a splendid sight when the sun shines bright,
Out on the king's highway,
To see my brave knight in his manly might,
Rein steed on the king's highway,
Rein steed on the king's highway!
A battle is won, great deeds have been done,
And my knight and his steed need rest;
So homeward he turns while the great sun burns,
Dimly far out in the West,
Dimly far out in the West.
Merrily, cheerily, madly on, his horse's hoofs are sounding;
His heart is light and swift his flight, for he is homeward bounding.
His eyes flash fire, for like his sire, a brave and true knight is he;
A fair young face, a mien of grace, I love him and he loves me.

What a splendid sight when the stars shine bright,
Outside the king's highway,
To see my brave knight, he's only a mite,
His nurs'ry's the king's highway,
His nurs'ry's the king's highway!
Dismount from his steed, which ne'er needs a feed,
A hobby horse, all dapple gray,
And, safe in my arms from war's wild alarms,
Rests till the dawning of day,
Rests till the dawning of day.
Merrily, cheerily, madly on, etc.

WHISPER, TRUE HEART.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Ilma M. Pratt.

Whisper, true heart, whisper; in thine eyes I see
Love reflected, sweet and tender, whisper 'tis for me.
Let me read thine answer, whatsoe'er it be,
Though I know 'tis now and ever, "Thee and only thee."
When I feign to doubt thee, 'tis to hear thee answer me;
Whisper, true heart, whisper, "Thee and only thee."
Thee, love, thee and only thee, only thee.

What were love's dear message if but once 'twere told?
Tell it o'er and o'er, my true heart, ne'er can it grow old.
Fondly then I'll answer, as thou dost to me:
"Thee I love, shall love forever—thee and only thee."
When I feign to doubt thee, 'tis to hear thee answer me;
Whisper, true heart, whisper, "Thee and only thee."
Thee, love, thee and only thee, only thee.

Had I Taken Mother's Warning.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by F. C. Andrews.

There stood before the judge a youth accused of crime;
He thought of dear ones waiting far away;
His mother's image came before him all the time,
He seemed to hear the words she used to say:
"My boy, be good and true, with honesty your guide;
Oh, 'tis the best advice my heart can give;
And when temptation's near, and you are from my side,
Remember mother's warning while you live."

REFRAIN.

"Had I heeded mother's warning!" falls the cry, alas! too late;
"All she said was for my welfare, may she never know my fate!
Would my life I could live over, all her wishes I'd obey;
Had I heeded mother's warning, happy would I be to-day."

Afar from home and friends, in misery and pain,
A fair young girl was weeping bitter tears;
She thought of loving ones she ne'er would see again,
And oft a mother's warning words she hears:
"My daughter, leave me not, your mother's love is best,
And you can trust her love until the last."
Within that mother's arms, oh, how she longs to rest,
While mournfully she's thinking of the past.—*Refrain.*

DOWN AT DE SILVER WEDDING

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Oh! darkies, say, just come dis way, and listen to de news:
To-morrow night be grand delight 'way down at Simon True's,
For all around and through de town de news it am a-spreading,
And ev'ry one will surely come down to de silver wedding.
Then come, come, oh! darkies, oh, don't you hear me shout:
Bring along de yaller gals, and dress yourself all out;
There will be old-time tunes and lots of coons, a-fancy steps a-treading;
We'll dance and sing and do de wing, down at de silver wedding.

REFRAIN.

While de stars are blinking, while de moon shines fair and bright,
Yaller gals a-winking, on dat silver wedding night.—*Soft Shoe Dance.*

Old Auntie Cloe and Uncle Snow from Carolina State,
And deacon Brown will be in town, and all walk for de cake;
Lucinda Fine and old Aunt Dine de crowd dar will be heading;
We'll dance all night, till morning light, down at de silver wedding.
Then come, come, oh! darkies, I ain't got long to stay;
Don't forget to bring along de yaller gals so gay.
There will be old-time tunes and lots of coons, a-fancy steps a-treading;
We'll dance and sing and do de wing, down at de silver wedding.

REFRAIN.

When you hear dem singing, when dey dance in fond delight,
And de banjo's ringing, on dat silver wedding night.—*Soft Shoe Dance.*

—The New Girl.—"Johanna, don't forget to dust the bric-a-brac." "No, ma'am; where do you keep the dust?"

DELIA MOORE.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I'm in love with a sweet little fairy,
She's an angel, this dear little lass;
Her father's a preacher, she's a sunday-school teacher,
I wish I could be in her class.
To the home of the neighbors she's welcome,
She's a maiden you all must adore;
And the people all say, when she passes each day,
"There goes sweet Delia Moore."

REFRAIN.

Delia, Delia, some one might steal you; why don't you marry me?
No father, mother, sister or brother will be, love, so true to thee.
Oh, I'll be the envy of all the boys, you'll never regret it, I'm sure;
How the church bells will ring, and the birds sweetly sing,
If you'll be mine, Delia Moore.

Wednesday evening's her time for receiving,
'Tis then all her adorers are there;
Her manner entrancing would set you a-dancing,
She's free from all sorrow and care.
But she won't talk of love nor of marriage,
I have tried it so often before,
And I gen'rally stay till the boys go away,
To whisper this at the door:—*Refrain.*

HENRY DID.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

Henry Johnson Jones was a very peculiar boy,
The neighbors all said he raised old Ned, and everybody would annoy.
He ran away from school, went to the circus, like a fool;
When they yelled, "Any fellow will get a silver dollar if he will ride this mule—"

CHORUS.

Henry did, Henry did; what a foolish boy was he!
He got on his back, the man hit him a whack,
The people were a sight to see.
Henry did, Henry did, he held on for a minute or two,
Then the mule gave a kick, poor Henry lost his grip;
Now I leave the rest to you.

One day two little boys on the bank of a river played;
On the sandy beach there, fast asleep, a great big alligator lay.
One boy to the other said, "With him we'll have some fun;
You give him a thump, and when you see him jump, now don't forget to run."

CHORUS.

Henry did, Henry did, what a foolish boy was he!
With a piece of straw tickled the alligator's jaw;
Said the other boy, "Give him one for me."
Henry did, Henry did, the boy now tells the tale—
'Gator opened his mouth wide—like Jonah and the whale—
Took Henry right inside.

He went down to a ball, that was held in Thompson's hall;
He danced all night, then got into a fight with a fellow who was very tall.
The fellow got good and mad, on his shoulder placed a little chip—
"Knock it off, if you dare!" said another fellow there, "You'll whip him, take [my tip."

CHORUS.

Henry did, Henry did, what a foolish boy was he!
There was a fight in a minute, but Henry wasn't in it,
A million stars saw he.
Henry did, Henry did; he yelled, "It was only a bluff!"
They blacked both his eyes before they heard him cry,
"Hold on, I've had enough!"

In an orchard, rich and rare, stood a tree well filled with pears;
Outside the wall, wishing one would fall, Henry and a boy stood there.
Said the boy, "Now I will watch, you climb over and get a few;
You get up the tree, throw them down to me, if the man comes I'll tell you."

CHORUS.

Henry did, Henry did, what a foolish boy was he!
He threw down a few, the other boy flew,
Saying, "Run, the man is after me!"
Henry did, Henry did, now his pain it will not cease;
The man did him up brown, poor Henry can't sit down,
Eats his meals from the mantlepiece.

—Perhaps It Was.—"Order in the court!" shouted the judge. "This is the worst disgrace this court has suffered since I was elected to the judgeship."

DE POSSUM-A-LA.

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Words and Music by Harry Ward.

The very latest thing we now will dance and sing,
If a coon is lazy, he'll go crazy, both his feet he'll fling;
It started 'way down south, but now it reaches far,
And all de nigs are dancing it, 'tis called de Possum-a-la.

CHORUS.

First thing you do is a graceful pose,
Then raise your right foot high as your nose,
Cut a chicken's head off, den you pass,
Bow to yourself in de lookin' glass;
Three steps backward, salute your Ma,
Over to de left, then catch a 'lectric car;
All you niggers, cut dem figgers,
Dar's de Possum-a-la.

De high-toned coons all know, de elegant style they show,
All de swell coon waiters, hot potatoes, to de gals bow low;
Just leave dat razor home, and throw dem crapdice far,
De coonjine am not in it, when you dance de Possum-a-la.

CHORUS.

Slide to de right, put your hand on your head,
Make a thousand-dollar lick, do de pigeon tread,
Trot on your toes, now hush your talk,
Ain't dat coon got a noble walk?
Spin on your heels, do de bombashay,
Glide to de front, go up dat way,
Don't get sickly, end it quickly,
Dar's de Possum-a-la.

OH, MY! JONAH.

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By Frank Addis Kent.

Come all, ye little darkies, and lords and queens and marquis,
And listen to a story I will tell;
The man's name it was Jonah, the whale said, "You're a goner,"
And swallowed him up in his great, big bel.

CHORUS.

"Oh, my! Jonah, you're a goner!"
That's what the old whale said;
But Jonah wasn't cranky; says he, "I am a Yankee,
You bet I'll make him wish that he was dead."

Now when the whale saw Jonah and said, "You are a goner,"
He grabbed him by his little kinky head;
Says he, "You wicked sinner, I'll have you for my dinner,
You're just as black and sweet as ginger bread."—*Chorus.*

Now soon there was some trouble, the whale bent nearly double,
Cried, "My, oh, my! this gives me awful pain."
Says he, "I guess this nigger has grown a trifle bigger,"
And so he tried to get him out again.—*Chorus.*

Then soon the whale grew giddy; says he, "My chick-a-biddy,
You've got to get out here, or else I'll die."
But the more the whale insisted, the more old Jonah twisted,
Until the mermaids all began to cry.—*Chorus.*

"Oh, my! but this is awful, I've got a great big jaw-ful,"
The whale cried out in anguish, horrified.
"My oil and whalebone plenty I'd give to you, McGinty,
If you will help me get that coon outside."—*Chorus.*

Then soon the whale lay bleedin', as if he had been feedin'
On tacks and pins and needles all his life;
Says he, "You wicked nigger, you must have pulled a trigger,
Or cut my insides with a carving knife."—*Chorus.*

At last the whale grew hazy and screamed, "You set me crazy;
Say, nigger, what you hidin' in your hand?"
Then with a shriek and wail he, the monster shook his tail-ee,
And tossed old Jonah up upon the land.—*Chorus.*

Then says the whale to Jonah, "*I* nearly was a goner;
What made you hurt me so, you black galoot?"
Says Jonah, "Mr. Whale, you, you didn't think I'd nail you;
You see I had a razor in my boot."—*Chorus.*

—All Fired.—Bloobumper: "Miss Tenspot fired young Dimling's heart, did she?" Spatts: "Yes; but her father did much better. He fired the rest of Dimling's anatomy."

SINCE MY BROTHER GOT A JOB IN UNION SQUARE.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

I've an older brother Jack, and unless he gets the sack
From the place he's working at in Union Square,
He will drive our fam'ly mad, for my mother and my dad
Now to speak above a whisper do not dare.
Ever since he went to work, and became a shipping clerk,
It's astonishing to see him, I declare;
I'm as quiet as a mouse, and dread to go inside the house,
Since my brother got a job in Union Square.

CHORUS.

For all night long he roams around the town,
And comes home when he likes;
He's so proud that ev'ry night at supper
For some pie and pudding he strikes.
Now to hear him talk, you would think New York
Wasn't big enough to live in, I declare;
And our home, that once was bright,
Seems as dark as darkest night,
Since my brother got a job in Union Square.

I could scarce control myself, when the brazen forward elf,
Slapped my little sister Maggie in the face;
You can bet, if I was strong, that he wouldn't boss us long,
For I'd quickly make him understand his place.
Just as soon as I get through with my school and studies, too,
I am going to try and get a job somewhere;
And away I mean to roam, for I cannot live at home,
Since my brother got a job in Union Square.—*Chorus.*

THERE ARE OTHERS, WILLIE.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Casey.

A father was giving his only son some very good advice;
He longed to give the lad a chance, but he didn't have the price.
"I can't afford to send you to Yale," the old man began,
"But nevertheless, dear Willie, I'll do the best I can.
Remember what I say, you'll find that it will pay,
Don't think you know it all, for there are others.
"There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others.
If you think you own the town they'll surely call you down,
For there's others, Willie, there are others.

"'Twas at a picnic, Willie, I met with two charming girls;
'Twas hard to tell which I liked best, they both had such pretty curls.
But I was gone on Kate it seemed, we wandered side by side,
And just for sport I asked her to be my little bride.
She promptly answered no, and when she turned to go,
I took sweet Mamie's hand and said, there's others.
There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others.
Now Katie she was sweet, almost good enough to eat,
But there's others, Willie, there are others.

There is a dude, who thinks he's all alone upon this earth so grand,
And when it comes to self-conceit, I'm sure he beats the band;
His trolly badly needs repairing, sure, Gussie is a clerk,
He carries a club, he's a dub, selling ribbon is his work;
He's an Indian for style, he makes the girls all smile,
I think he's still living, but there are others.
There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others.
Now when he goes to sleep no one will ever weep,
For there's others, Willie, there are others.

"A fakir was doing his best to sell his bunco soap,
He praised it in ten langnages, and said that it would float;
They all crowded around in wonder, the fakir looked sad,
When up came Mister Ruben with a pretty little jag.
The gang commenc'd to laugh, they gave the rube the gaff,
The fakir wink'd his eye and said, 'Der's unders.'
There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others;
Now the first man was a jay, but it's safe to say,
There are others, Willie, there are others."

—In Plain English.—Mrs. Peck: "What do you sit there reading for, when I am trying to think of a word? Should I say "disillusioned" or "disillusionized?" Mr. N. Peck: "I dunno. Just say 'married,' and let it go at that."

NORA.

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Words and Music by L. J. Doyle.

I have a little sweetheart, her name is Nora McCrea;
She works down in the fact'ry and is always cheerful and gay.
Each night I go to see her; I tell you it is fine,
For as we sit together, I hold her hand in mine.

CHORUS.

Nora, I adore her, the sweetest girl in the town;
So winsome and pretty, dressed in her Sunday gown.
And as we go walking, the boys all stare and say:
"There goes Danny Burke and dear little Nora McCrea."

Now I've courted little Nora for just two years this May;
At first I thought I was cut out by handsome Johnnie McKay;
But now I know I've won her, she's promised to be my bride,
And we're to be always together, ever side by side.—*Chorus.*

A HOME FOR TWO.

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Words and Music by Lester Bodine and E. H. Packard.

There's a rough old cabin on a mountain range out West,
Where the miners get their mail from those they each love best;
Many's the heart made happy there by letters to those men,
Welcome lines from mother or a loving sweetheart's pen.
Among those rugged mountaineers is one of youthful face,
Who is a frequent caller at that plain old postal place;
For he left a girl behind, she promised to be true,
And wait until he made a stake to build a home for two.

REFRAIN.

Not a brown-stone mansion, not a marble hall,
Just a modest cottage, the happiest home of all;
Brightest hope of sweethearts, whose love is really true,
Waiting for that joyful day to build a home for two.

With success before him and swift Cupid for a guide,
Filled with hope, that lover works upon the mountain side;
Fortune greets him with a smile, his mine is sure to pay,
While his girl is waiting for a happy wedding day.
Many a heart is at her feet, rich suitors woo in vain,
But she knows her working lad is coming back again;
Soon they will be married, for the time is nearly due;
They both will be contented in a cozy home for two.—*Refrain.*

The Belle of the Boulevard.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

The talk of New York, all around the town,
Is the pretty little maiden of the Boulevard;
Now, she is a girl of great renown,
The swells with tin have tried to win her heart so hard;
All the boys declare she is a bird,
In society she is a card;
Their love they cannot hide it, and they really have decided
She's the belle of the Boulevard.

CHORUS.

Up to date, the fashion plate, congratulate sweet little Kate,
This pretty maiden, with the twentieth century ways;
She can phase all the pop'lar Bow'ry pearls,
And beautiful girls with curly curls;
She's a hit in society, won notoriety, belle of the Boulevard.

To Guttenburg she goes and blows her cash,
Does the pretty little maiden of the Boulevard;
And she always has a roll to flash,
A big sensation, reputation, never marred,
Cash to cremate, and she burns it fast;
While she's got the stuff she'll ne'er retard;
She spends it and she lends it, into circulation sends it,
She's the belle of the Boulevard.—*Chorus.*

Abroad she captured London town with ease,
Did the pretty little maiden of the Boulevard;
When the chappies fell upon their knees,
This little peach would call them each a dead slow card.
Paris also for her was a cinch,
They declared to part with her was hard;
She says that Europe's all a bluff, and that New York is good enough
For the belle of the Boulevard.—*Chorus.*

There Are Other Sweethearts.

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

A lad sat on his mother's knee, his eyes with tears were dim;
He told about a quarrel which his sweetheart had with him.
His mother listened for a while, then kissed his tears away;
She smoothed her darling's tresses, and unto him did say:

REFRAIN.

"There are other sweethearts, other eyes of blue;
There are other golden curls waiting, lad, for you.
Mother's love is faithful, that can ne'er be bought;
There's just as good fish in the sea as ever, lad, were caught."

When older grown, he often thought of mother's words so true,
For one he loved had left his side, as sweethearts often do;
But, fond and faithful to the last, his mother passed away,
And often on life's journey he seems to hear her say:—*Refrain.*

When Love's Sweet Dream Is O'er.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

In ev'ry life, through ev'ry heart a dream of love will pass,
For ev'ry lass must love a lad, and ev'ry lad a lass;
When love is king love's song we sing, for one we most adore;
But what a change comes over us when love's sweet dream is o'er!
When love's sweet dream is o'er, when love is king no more,
An aching heart, the tears will start, and dim those eyes once bright;
And all for love are traces of, a weary, restless night;
The bobolink's sweet song, it fails to cheer you as of yore.
Oh, what a burden life becomes, when love's sweet dream is o'er!

Beside a window sits a maid with rose-red blushing cheeks,
Her life is one sweet dream of love, so ev'ry action speaks;
Ere long we miss that rose-red blush, those cheeks so proudly wore—
A weary, broken heart soon tells that love's sweet dream is o'er;
That love's sweet dream is o'er, that love is king no more.
Where once the smile of ecstasy illumed a girlish face,
Where once sweet songs of love were heard, now sighs hold forth in place;
Two sparkling eyes that beamed with joy are beaming now no more,
Her golden hours of life have flown, for love's sweet dream is o'er.

FAITHLESS WIFE.

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Words and Music by Will F. McNulty.

Beneath a tree in the old church yard
I saw a man kneel in prayer;
I paused to see if his face I knew,
And wondered what brought him there.
His eyes were bleared and tearful,
He rose to turn away;
Again he kneeled o'er a new-made grave,
And thus I heard him pray:
"Our Father who art in Heav'n above,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."
He 'rose and went away.
'Twas then his face I saw,
And his story well I knew,
Of a man whose heart was broken
By a wife who was untrue;
She robbed him of his love and home,
Cursed and wrecked his life.
He returns to-day to kneel and pray
O'er the grave of a faithless wife.

"I'm only a poor old tramp," he sighed,
As he wiped away a tear;
"I've come to pray o'er a lonely grave,
My sweetheart sleepeth here.
Yes, once she was my sweetheart,
But that was long ago,
Before love's vows were broken, sir,
And I a tramp was known."
Our Father who art in Heav'n above, etc.

—A Wise Child.—Mamma: "Gracious! How dirty your hands are. You never saw my hands that dirty." Elsie (aged 9): "No, mamma; but I 'spect gran'ma did."

SHE WAS NOT TO BLAME.

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Words by Bessie Mitchell. Music by Lottie Gilson.

In the summer's twilight stood a fair young girl,
Waiting for her lover, all her mind a-whirl;
Saddened thoughts o'ercame her, tears her eyelids wet,
Back to him she'd give the ring, though her wedding day'd been set.
She'd received a letter which made all her love grow cold—
Of another's shame and misery the crumpled missive told.
She'd tell him to repair the wrong; she could not feel the same;
Forever they must say good-bye, yet she was not to blame.

REFRAIN.

She gave him back the ring she loved so dear,
And his picture which she always to her heart kept very near;
All was o'er between them, she'd ne'er bear his name:
Their paths in life must lie apart, but she was not to blame.

With this secret known, I could not be your wife;
Nelly's claim comes first, be true to her for life;
Years ago you loved her, as you now love me—
Hal go back and wed her now, from my heart I set you free.
In this letter I have read your perfidy, disgrace;
When I knew you'd own another's heart my love flew all apace.
Here, take the ring to one whose life 'twill always shield from shame—
She never would recall the words, for she was not to blame.—*Refrain.*

LINDY, DOES YOU LOVE ME?

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Words by Dan W. Quinn. Music by J. A. Silberberg.

Oh, Lindy, dis is what I want to know:
Does you still love me?
For if you do, we'll go and see de show,
Yes, gal, hustle on.
There's gwine to be a lively time to-night,
Um, um, believe me;
We'll show dem other colored people there
That you and me are out ob sight, oh!

CHORUS.

Lindy, now does you love me? Lindy, jess come and hug me;
Don't you see I'm wild with joy.
Lord knows I love you dearly, goodness, don't you see it clearly,
I'se your honey boy.

Oh, Lindy, don't you monkey wid a coon,
If you does love me;
For sure's you born, dar's blood on de moon,
Yes, gal, hustle on.
Oh, get right in and cut de pigeon wing,
Um, um, you hear me;
Den we'll all join hands and every one will sing,
What a glorious time we'll have, oh!—*Chorus.*

There Was No Bridegroom There.

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Written and Composed by G. L. Spaulding.

The wedding feast was ready, all the friends assembled there,
And ev'ry one was eager to congratulate the pair;
The fragrance of the flowers filled the room in ev'ry nook,
While close at hand the preacher stood, awaiting with his book.
Up stairs the bride was ready, looking like a queen of night,
With orange blossoms in her hair, and jewels shining bright;
She sat beside a window, a picture of despair,
That plainly told the waiting friends there was no bridegroom there.

REFRAIN.

There was no bridegroom there, there was no bridegroom there;
Love's cruel dart had pierced her heart with sorrow, pain and care.
Her dream of wedded joy was now a grief to bear,
Compelled by fate to hope and wait, for there was no bridegroom there.

The moon's bright rays were beaming through the window soft and clear,
Where weary hearts were waiting for a bridegroom to appear;
With tender words they sweetly soothed her pain and wounded pride,
And told her he would surely come and claim her for his bride.
"Perhaps he has deserted," some one whispered to her low.
"Oh no," she answered softly, "for we love each other so."
They waited all the night long, her joy or pain to share,
But when the morning sun arose, there was no bridegroom there.—*Refrain.*

Mother O'Grady of Mulberry Bend.

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

In a part of the city that's not very pretty,
A place they call Mulberry Bend,
Lives mother O'Grady, an old Irish lady,
Well known there as ev'ry one's friend.
Always doing kind favors among her poor neighbors,
Her sweet face can daily be found;
Sad hearts are made lighter, and homes are made brighter,
When mother O'Grady comes 'round.

REFRAIN.

She's ev'ry one's friend in Mulberry Bend,
On her sympathy all can depend;
If an angel's on earth, of sweetness and worth,
It's mother O'Grady of Mulberry Bend.

To the sick and the needy her visits are speedy,
They lift up their eyes when she's near;
They know, in their sadness, she brings them such gladness,
And something to comfort and cheer.
All the babies go to her, 'tis long since they knew her,
Her heart with good-nature o'erflows.
In her laugh so ringing the birds you hear singing,
There's brightness wherever she goes.—*Refrain.*

All the children flock 'round her, so glad when they've found her,
The orphans to her home she takes;
She hushes their crying and comforts their sighing,
For them how her dear old heart aches.
When the neighbors 'round meet her, with blessings they greet her,
She's loved by the big and the small;
The girls they adore her, the boys would fight for her,
A helping hand she has for all.—*Refrain.*

'Twas a Sad Trip Coming Back.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Jim Wilson was the cashier in a savings bank uptown,
Where he used to handle other people's wealth;
One day he'd taken all the cash that he saw loose around,
And to Europe took a trip just for his health.
The people wouldn't stand it, so detectives there were sent,
And then very soon they were upon his track;
They collared him and all the money that he had not spent,
And to him it was a sad trip coming back.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a sad trip coming back, 'twas a sad trip coming back;
Just for such a little thing he got five years in Sing Sing;
'Twas a sad trip coming back.

A maid once to the seaside went, to spend the summer there,
Where she pictured she would be the reigning belle;
She thought she'd catch a nobleman, or else a millionaire,
Or 'most anything, so long as it was swell.
The season now is ended, and the maiden has returned,
And no husband now she's left upon the rack;
For board she blowed the money that she worked so hard and earned,
And to her it was a sad trip coming back.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a sad trip coming back, 'twas a sad trip coming back;
Now she's gone back to her trade, making hash, a kitchen maid;
'Twas a sad trip coming back.

My mother-in-law was taken ill three weeks ago, and died;
I invited all the neighbors to the wake;
I bought some lovely flowers and a pillow, "Rest in Peace"—
'Twas the finest work the florist here could make.
We took her to the graveyard and the fun'ral rites were read,
And we then prepared to plant her in the ground;
Then next we heard her kicking, and up flew the coffin lid—
She'd been only in a trance, as we soon found.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a sad trip coming back, 'twas a sad trip coming back;
All the mourners laughed with glee, but there was no laugh in me;
'Twas a sad trip coming back.

—"Do you believe in second sight?" inquired Teepee Tom. "Not fur this part of the country," replied Derringer Dan. "Ye wanter shoot the fust time ye squints over the barrel, er yer li'ble notter git a chance ter squeeze the trigger at all."

PLAIN LITTLE EVERY-DAY GIRL

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

My steady girl is not the kind they sing about nowadays,
With eyes of blue and golden hair that poets love to praise;
She's not as pretty as a picture hanging on the wall,
For if she was, I'd really have no love for her at all.

REFRAIN.

My girl is a plain girl, my girl isn't proud,
She's just what you'd call a fair looking girl, a girl that would pass in a crowd;
She's not an angel from heaven, she'd not set your brain in a whirl;
She's a good, bright, all right, plain little ev'ry-day girl.

She's just the kind of girl to make you happy all the while;
She never makes you jealous, for on others she won't smile;
A little dear, good, home-girl of the sort you read about,
And that's the reason, all the time, her praises I must shout.—*Refrain.*

She's pure gold, eighteen carat, and that's good enough for me;
She never puts on any airs like other girls you see;
Her heart she gave me long ago, and I have bought the ring,
And when I place it on her finger you will hear me sing:—*Refrain.*

Some Things Are Better Left Unsaid.

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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music by Richard Stahl.

I know a little song about the topics of the day;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
Of people and of late events I've lots of things to say;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
I may be somewhat personal, I may be somewhat sharp,
On topics we've discussed before I may be prone to harp;
I may, at times, be critical—in fact, inclined to carp—
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?

CHORUS.

Some things are better left unsaid,
Carefully consider before you go ahead;
Sometimes a simple hint is best,
Take the hint and let imagination do the rest.

The "fin-de-siecle" maiden is a subject much discussed;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
I hate to talk about her, but in songs like this I must;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
On bicycle you see her and you know her at a glance,
Already she's discarded skirts and wears what she calls pants;
How will she dress next year, if she continues to advance?
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?—*Chorus.*

I called, this afternoon, upon some friends who own a dog;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
He knows me well in daylight, but he didn't in the fog;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
He took me by the trousers and there was the deuce to pay;
I thought he was in earnest, but they told me it was play!
At any rate, I noticed my suspenders giving way—
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?—*Chorus.*

There was once a little maiden, came to New York on a trip;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
Her golden hair hung down her back the night she struck Broadway,
Since then she's been to Harlem, likewise to Avenue A;
She's all around the town to-night, I fear she's come to stay,
And her golden hair is hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

Some songs are better left unsung,
Some songs are better when they're young;
Sometimes a little hint is best,
Take the hint and let imagination do the rest.

I played a game of poker with a man from Illinois;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
He didn't know the game, so with his shekels I did toy;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
At last there came a big jack-pot, which ended up the fun;
He opened it, I drew four cards, and who do you think won?
As I dealt I drew four aces, but, oh Lord, he drew a gun!
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?—1*st Chorus.*

Two very well-known pugilists remarked the other night—
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
That under certain circumstances they would be glad to fight;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
Two active young reporters came around to get the news;
They asked the fighting men to talk, and neither did refuse;
It took just seven pages to produce their interview.
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?—1*st Chorus.*

My Little Polly's a "Peach."

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

My heart's pierced by love's dart, for I have a sweetheart,
And one to be proud of, I'm sure;
There's no girl that's sweeter, I wish you could meet her,
For all kinds of blues she's a cure.
I love her so dearly, I'm crazy, or nearly;
Her smiles they are worth fortunes each.
And when we go straying, I hear the boys saying
That my little Polly's a "peach."

CHORUS.

She's the girl I dream about, I think the world of Polly;
She's the girl I never doubt, she's not a case of "jolly."
If you saw her, in your heart a tender spot she'd reach;
Sweet as the rest of them, good as the best of them, Polly's a "peach."

There's something about her, I can't do without her,
Of no one but Polly I talk;
I call on her Sunday, and sometimes on Monday,
And then we go out for a walk.
I know that her Ma will agree, if her Pa will,
And I think that he'll be enticed,
To let little Polly just jump on a trolley with me,
To go down and get spliced."—*Chorus.*

YEVETTE.

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Words and Music by John L. Golden.

I want to tell of a sweet mamselle, a gay coquette;
She's on the stage, she's all the rage, her name's Yevette;
She comes from far across the sea,
She's French, as French as French can be,
And that is just what troubles me, Yevette.
A stack of gold, so I am told, is paid Yevette,
For which she chants what's called in France a "chansonette."
Folks nudge and wink and say, "How nice!"
Yet I must sit as cold as ice;
I can't "comprenavoo" your spice, Yevette.
Oh, Yevette! oh, Yevette!
You are the spiciest importation
Sent from gay "Paree" as yet;
You swing your arms like that, my heart goes pit-a-pat,
And oh, how I wonder what on earth you're driving at!

CHORUS.

Oh, Yevette! oh, Yevette!
I understand no word of what you say;
And so, you little pet, Yevette,
I'll die with one regret, Yevette,
I cannot "Parley-voo Fransay."

I went to hear her, and I sat in the parket;
When she appeared I yelled out loud, "Bravo, Yevette!"
And then I gave a knowing nudge
At a fat Frenchman, who didn't budge;
I'd have him know that I could judge Yevette.
She sang a funny thing about a "Pom-de-tear,"
And then she looked so naughty that, I do declare,
I laughed out loud in knowing glee,
And yelled until I couldn't see,
When the fat Frenchman grabbed hold of me—right there.
Oh, Yevette! oh, Yevette!
Now how the deuce was I to know
That "pom-de-tear" meant potatoe?
He swung his arms like that, my heart went pit-a-pat;
The next I remember was, that in the mud I sat.—*Chorus.*

'Twas after nine I went to dine at a buffet;
I asked the waitress, "What's your name?" Said she, "Yevette."
I started! I was scarce to blame,
For there was that confounded name,
Though, to be sure, 'twas not the same Yevette.
An idea! I have got a chance I'll use, you bet!
I'll spring a few French phrases on this young Grisette.
I said, "Mongshare-Donna-Madoo pain?"
She gave a look of deep disdain,
And something struck my head like rain—'twas wet.
Oh, Yevette! oh, Yevette!
She held a plate of soup, you see,
She dropped the whole darn thing on me;
She swung her arms like that, my heart went pit-a-pat,
When she said, "Come off yer perch, you don't know where you're at."—*Cho.*

—Mistress: "Bridget, did you give the goldfish fresh water this morning?" Bridget: "Phwat's th' use, mum? They didn't drink phwat Oi gev thim yisterday."

THE RINGTAIL COLORED BAND

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Down in Johnson's cellar meets de ringtail colored band;
Dey turn out just once a week, make all de noise dey can.
Dey all march on so stiff and gay,
Don't say a word; get out ob de way,
Fo' dey own de town many miles around,
When de band turns out.

CHORUS.

Den oh, my honey, kiss me nice, kiss me twice;
Um-um, honey, come again just de same,
Den you see de niggers get in line and shape der figures,
When de ringtail colored band begins to play.

Yaller gals all 'long de line are dressed up for to kill;
When dey hear dat music chime dey really can't keep still,
While eb'ry coon, whose cane can twirl,
Den marches front with his honey girl;
All de kids in de street dey get lost fo' a week,
When de band turns out.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE YOU YET.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

You said you loved me better than I knew,
But ah! you know you spoke untrue;
Your heart was faithless and your love was false,
And yet I loved, I loved but you.
You claimed me as your happy bride,
You pressed me to your loving side;
You took my hand within your own,
And vowed you loved but me alone.
But ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.

CHORUS.

And now I wander sad and lone, the past a drear and vain regret,
And tho' your many vows were broken, I cannot help, I love you yet.

"I loved you better than you knew, machree"—
Those were the words you spoke to me,
And tho' I thought you loved me as you said,
I knew that this could never be.
For woman's heart is not a toy,
One deed her love will oft destroy;
I saw you kiss another's lips,
Like bee, which stolen honey sips.
And ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.—*Chorus.*

Let Me Take My Place at Home Again

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Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray;
He left them on one cold and wint'ry night;
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name;
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,
Back among the dearest friends of all,
Back to mother's dear caress, and your old age I will bless,
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay;
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,
And now my lad no longer has to plead:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,
Back among the dearest friends of all,
Back to mother's dear caress, and your old age I will bless,
Then let me take my place at home again.

ARRAH, GO ON.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'm a dacent young colleen just over from Ireland,
And all of the boys seem to run after me:
Sure, they think 'kase I'm Irish there's green in my optic,
But, faith, there's no green in my eye, you can see.
I know which from whether, and this from the other;
I know their decavin', deludherin' way—
And so, when they come wid their conxin' and mashin',
I only wink at them and to them I say:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, go on! you're simply tazin'!
'Pon my word, you're something awful!
Lave me alone! you're mighty plazin'; Arrah! go 'way, go on;
Go wid ye, go 'way; go wid ye, go 'way, go on!"

There's wan of them carries up bricks to the mortar,
He tells me he has a fine gintleman's shop;
For all he's got to do is to climb up the ladder,
And the work is all done by the man at the top.
He says it's himself cud keep me like a lady;
He's "wan-wan" a week, and he's overtime, too;
He swears I can have his "wan-wan" if I'll marry,
But I only laugh and then say, "Wir-ras-true!"—*Chorus.*

Another wan is a big lump of a p'liceman,
He's not long from Ireland, his name is Mick Lynn;
And he swears if he sees any others come mashin',
Bedad and begorra! he'll run them all in.
He's give me a watch—I can guess where he got it,
For he's on night duty; he sees me by day.
He swars to be true, a big oath on his truncheon,
But I only lnk at his feet and I say:—*Chorus.*

BETTER THAN GOLD.

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again,
Just to have her foodle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be,
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again,
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

YOU ARE MY SWEETHEART.

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Words by Harry S. Marion. Music by J. P. Mullen.

Two little sweethearts, coming from school one day—
Shyly he told her, in a boyish way:
"When I am older, I'll ask you to marry me;
I'll watch o'er and guide you wherever you go, and no harm shall come to thee

CHORUS.

"You are my sweetheart, I will love you ever;
Whatever troubles you may have, we will share together.
When I'm a man I will marry you, then we'll never part;
There's nothing too good in this world for you, my own sweetheart."

Years have rolled onward, journeying on through life;
These little sweethearts now are man and wife.
Two little children, running around at play,
Often remind him of school-boy days, when to his sweetheart he'd say:—*Cho.*

YOU ARE THE GIRL I LOVE.

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Words by Margaret Gonzalez. Music by Max S. Witt.

I have a secret to tell you, listen do;
I love a charming maiden good and true;
She is as fair as the sunlight, as true as the stars above;
To her I've given my heart, for she's the girl I love.

REFRAIN.

Dearest one, to you I give my heart;
Be my own, never again to part;
True I'll be as the stars above;
Promise you'll be mine, for you are the girl I love.

Soon I will marry this maid with eyes so blue,
For she has promised me her love so true;
I know she will not deceive me, she's true as the stars above;
I long to call her my own, for she's the girl I love.—*Refrain.*

A HOME FOR TWO.

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Words and Music by Lester Bodine and E. H. Packard.

There's a rough old cabin on a mountain range out West,
Where the miners get their mail from those they each love best;
Many's the heart made happy there by letters to those men—
Welcome lines from mother or a loving sweetheart's pen;
Among those rugged mountaineers is one of youthful face,
Who is a frequent caller at that plain old postal place;
For he left a girl behind, she promised to be true,
And wait until he made a stake to build a home for two.

REFRAIN.

Not a brown-stone mansion, not a marble hall,
Just a modest cottage, the happiest home of all;
Brightest hope of sweethearts, whose love is really true,
Waiting for that joyful day to build a home for two.

With success before him and swift Cupid for a guide,
Filled with hope, that lover works upon the mountain side;
Fortune greets him with a smile, his mine is sure to pay,
While his girl is waiting for a happy wedding day.
Many a heart is at her feet, rich suitors woo in vain,
But she knows her working lad is coming back again;
Soon they will be married, for the time is nearly due;
They both will be contented in a cozy home for two.—*Refrain.*

—Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you too?"

Johannah, Is Your Heart Still True?

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Words and Music by Geo. Evans.

There's a girl who lives in Blackville, and her name is Hannah,
My Johanna, an' she's my girl;
An' she is the very image of her dear old mamma,
Is Johannah, my pretty pearl.
Her age it is just seventeen, and she is all my own,
An' ev'ry evening I go down to my Johannah's home;
An' whisper little tales of love, when we are all alone,
To my Johannah, Johannah Jones.

REFRAIN.

O, Johannah, is your heart still true?
Does you love me as you used to do?
Don't give me the shake,
'Cause you know my heart would break,
For I loves my own Johannah Jones.

She's done gone to learn to ride a bicycle, has Hannah,
My Johannah, my only pride;
An' she has been acting in a scandalacious manner
Since she learned the wheel to ride.
There's gwine to be some trouble 'round about here very soon
If my Johannah does'nt dress in a way to please dis coon;
When she puts on her bloomers she looks like a black balloon,
Does my Johanna, Johanna Jones.—*Refrain.*

I asked her if she'd wed me when the bloom is on the clover,
My Johannah, Johannah Jones;
She said, "I calculate as how I'll have to think it over,"
My Johannah, Johannah Jones.
There's another colored boy in town who wants her awful bad,
An' when he goes to visit her she seems so awful glad;
But if she runs away with him, 'twould make me feel so sad,
At my Johannah, Johannah Jones.—*Refrain.*

THE DEACON WENT ASTRAY.

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Words and Music by Lester Bodine and E. H. Packard.

Once a rich old deacon, who was good as he could be,
Had both his sanctimonius feet cut off below the knee;
Doctors worked upon him and their treatment conquer'd pain,
They then called science to their aid to make him walk again;
And so a passing tramp was hailed, the story quickly told;
He gave the doctors both his feet for stacks of yellow gold;
They sawed them from the vagrant's legs, he stood it nobly, too,
And then upon the deacon's flesh the stranger's feet soon grew.

REFRAIN.

The deacon went astray, for his new feet ran away,
And took him where the old tramp used to go;
He sighed for amputation when he lost his reputation,
For they lingered in such places, "Don't you know;"
Force of habit was the guide, and his friends were horrified;
It drove insane his wife and sister Emma;
He endeavored to explain, but his talk was all in vain,
And such was the deacon's dilemma.

When he went to church again, those feet balked at the door,
And so he had to reach his pew by crawling on the floor;
All was well until he rose in service to his feet,
Right there they acted mean again and rushed him down the street.
They took him to the Bowery and stopped at every bar;
They lingered at a dog fight and roosted in a car;
They waltzed him thro' the dance halls and down the free-lunch trail,
And long before the week had passed, they landed him in jail.—*Refrain.*

When that good man sauntered forth to take another stroll,
That pair of pesky pilots was again beyond control;
Rest was out of question, for they walked him in his sleep,
And often thro' some alley would those dusty pedals creep.
They took him to a lonely spot down by the river side;
"I'll drown myself and end it all," the deacon loudly cried;
The feet refused to take the plunge, for fear they would get wet,
They started down a railroad track and the deacon's walking yet.—*Refrain.*

—An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted: "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet, he excitedly cried: "That's Sarah, every time!"

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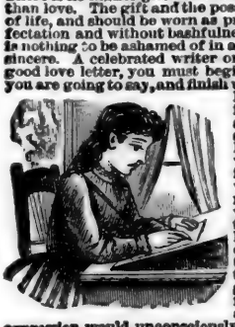
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No. 51

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Words and Music by Charles A Kennedy.

The murder of the Highlands, which now so widely known,
Has darkened doors with untold grief that once were happy homes;
Oh, but could poor Pearl have known the fate she was to meet,
And sailed aloof the death-trap of treacherous deceit,
Could we but know the future as well as now the past,
And warned her of the fatal step which haunted death at last,
Broken-hearted mothers, no words them could console,
Their ears are turned from loving voices to the death-bell's toll.

REFRAIN.

Fathers, brothers, sisters dear, naught in this world your hearts can cheer,
Pearl's wrongs with her life atoned, now let the guilty demons answer.

The stony-hearted villain, his name we wish to know,
Who thought could blind a world of wit and struck the fatal blow,
The hungry gallows waiting his sullen face to greet,
And longs to see the lengthy chain of evidence complete,
No punishment inflicted would right the wrong that's done,
Nor equal half her suf'rings the poor, unprotected one,
Broken-hearted mothers, no words them could console,
Their ears are turn'd from loving voices to the death-bell's toll.—*Refrain.*

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Words by George Cooper. Music by William Jerome.

In a distant mining town, Joe and Will were boys together,
And when older grown, they worked down in the mine;
They were friends so staunch and true, both in fair and stormy weather,
Till a quarrel came with scarce a word or sign.
Each his manly heart had given to the same sweet village girl;
And one twilight Joe was walking by her side,
With no thought that Will was near them, vows of love were whisper'd o'er,
And she promised to become Joe's loving bride.

REFRAIN.

Just a simple story of a heart so true,
Just a simple story, neither old nor new;
When their toil is over, in the twilight's glow,
The miners tell this simple story of Will and Joe.

Joe was happy with his wife, pretty darlings came to bless them,
While the love of Will was buried in his heart;
When Joe's little ones he saw, he would fondle and caress them,
Tho', as friends, the twain had drifted far apart.
Once, while Joe and Will were toiling, came the cry,
"The mine's on fire!" Only one more to the surface they could take;
Joe and Will stood there together, Will shook hands and calmly said,
"Save yourself, Joe, for your wife and babies' sake!"—*Refrain.*

TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

I'm Flo of the halls, and the chappies in the stalls
Say my face and my shape is "in it" with the best of them;
And down at my neat and expressive little feet
You'll find all the dukes and the princes and the rest of them.
In my heliotrope tights, when they turn on the lights,
I'm a vision to delight the common people and nobility.
I use as my toys all the nobby little boys,
And the older ducks I work with supernatural facility;
The older ducks I work with supernatural facility.

CHORUS.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Flo, how I wonder what you show
Up above our heads so high; twinkle, twinkle, Flo so fly.
Twinkle, twinkle, little Flo, how I wonder what you show
Up above our heads so high; twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, little Flo so fly.

Oh, after the show to a restaurant I go,
To punish off a birdie and a bottle of champaggany;
And though it be wrong, I take a dude along;
I let him pay the bill and then I send him home in agony
In an equipage gay, I go driving ev'ry day,
With a tiger riding after me in red and green livery.
I pass in a row all the chappies that I know,
And I like to smile upon 'em, for it makes 'em feel so shivery;
I like to smile upon 'em, for it makes 'em feel so shivery.—*Chorus.*

Words Cannot Tell My Love for Thee.

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Words and Music by Richard Stahl.

Words cannot tell how I love thee; let me not try to speak;
Read in my eyes the answer that thy heart seems to seek.
Why must we wait till morrow? Call me thine own to-day;
Silence the pain and sorrow, love me, tho' come what may.

CHORUS.

Words are too vague, too empty, to speak of my devotion;
Read in my heart the answer, 'tis written there, you'll see.
Thou art mine own forever, I will forsake thee never;
Ask, and my heart will answer: "Words cannot tell my love for thee."

No one could love thee, my darling, more than I do, 'tis true;
Nature around us re-echoes that I love only you;
And when some day in silence thou'rt brooding all alone,
Think of the one who loves thee, and calls thee e'er his own.—*Chorus.*

NELLIE KEPT ON SMILING.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

'Way down where I live, on McGonigle's block,
There's always the divil to pay;
The boys and the girls they have all gone insane,
And they're cussin' and fightin' all day,
And the cause for their rippin' and swearin'
Is a girl only sixteen years old;
Her name is Nellie O'Malley,
And her hair is as shining as gold.
Oh, Nellie keeps on smiling
Just as she smiled before;
With the same little smile that charmed you
When she was three or four.
A smile like the flicker of sunshine
On a rose that the breezes stir,
And all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

There's always a fight on McGonigle's block,
And Nellie's the cause of it all;
She smiles to the right and she smiles to the left,
She smiles on the short and the tall.
The barber he slugged the policeman
For winkin' at Nellie one day;
The cop clubbed the head off the barber,
And the ambulance took him away;
And Nellie kept on smiling
Just as she smiled before;
Just as she smiled when the postman
Was licked in Rafferty's store.
If Nellie should speak to the plumber,
You'd never know what might occur,
For all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

In every saloon on McGonigle's block,
Sweet Nellie's the toast that they give;
But if any man says he's solid with her,
He isn't permitted to live.
Young Dinkelspeil fights with Maguire,
In the sawdust around they roll;
O'Brien swipes Burke with a bottle,
Then they call the Police Patrol;
And Nellie keeps on smiling
Just as she did before,
She can hear the gong on the wagon
Go banging by her door:
It tells her that, down on the corner,
Her name has created a stir;
And all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

The butcher boy, down on McGonigle's block,
He tried a most desperate game;
He told the policeman that Nellie agreed
To share his week's wages and name.
The butcher boy now is no longer
The butcher boy on that block;
Perhaps he was struck by a trolley,
Or perhaps he fell off the dock;
And Nellie keeps on smiling
Just as she smiled before;
The boys all come out of the beer shop
When she trips by the door.
There's the wonderful glimpse of an ankle,
As she gives her skirts a slur;
And all the poor boys on McGonigle's block
Are breaking their hearts for her.

DOWN IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Of all the sweet girls in old New York, there's only one for me,
Whose education's not the best, nor raised in luxury;
She helps to support a mother who is feeble, old and gray;
My heart's delight is Sunday night when I may call and say:

CHORUS.

She's my darling, all the children know,
And I'm happy to say the same is so,
None I'll marry, none but little Sally,
The idol of the boys and girls down in Hogan's alley.

She said she would gladly marry me, but mother's old, you know,
And needs some one to care for her—don't ask me, Jack, to go,
For three-score years have passed her by, and comfort her I should,
So I will state, I'll gladly wait when I can say for good:—*Chorus.*

ONE SWEET WORD.

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Words by Geo. M. Cohan. Music by Charles Hirst.

I've waited long ere asking a question, dear, divine,
My love I have been masking, but now "will you be mine?"
Since first I met you, darling, you've made life's dullness shine,
So answer or my heart will break, I fear;
'Tis the love I bear for you, the love so good and true,
That bids me speak and make my story clear;
My every thought's of thee, my life's companion be,
Just answer me with one sweet word, my dear.

CHORUS.

One sweet word, love, is all I want to hear you say,
Long I've waited, darling, answer me I pray;
Don't be angry, my loved one, this true heart is stirred,
Just let me hear you say yes, my dear—only one sweet word.

No love was e'er so true, dear—you are my one delight;
I think of none but you, dear, from early morn till night;
On my life's darkness, darling, you've thrown a shining light,
And still that one sweet yes I have not heard,
And at night my many dreams are of but you, it seems;
You are the one girl that I have preferred;
I love but you alone, just say you'll be my own,
And answer me with one sweet, little word.—*Chorus.*

A DEAR, KIND DOCTOR.

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By Joseph Tabrar.

Have you ever had a nagging at your heart?
If you haven't, well I hope you never will;
I believe that I've been stung by cupid's dart,
Tho' for months I have been under Doctor Phil.
Now the first time that he asked to see my throat,
He took a little bottle from a shelf;
On telling him my age he said, "How young!"
Then I gently murmured to myself—Oh!

CHORUS.

He's a dear, kind doctor, as clever as clever can be;
He's a dear, kind doctor, and awfully fond of me.
He can tell its Trilby when I pull at the surgery bell,
But the moment he feels my pulse I say, "I feel quite well."

First he said, "Undo the buttons of your coat—
Now, dear madam, won't you kindly take a chair."
And then, on gazing down my little throat,
He said, "there's nothing much the matter there."
Then he placed a little trumpet to his ear,
And put the other end upon my chest;
I murmured to myself, "Oh, what a dear!"
Then inwardly, and solemnly, confessed—Oh!—*Chorus.*

Yesterday, while looking gently in my eyes,
He said, "Excuse me, dear, but gaze above."
And then, between two gentle little sighs,
"My darling," he exclaimed, "why you're in love."
As I had a faint idea that he was right,
So didn't wish to cause him any strife;
Instead of there resisting with my might,
I consented right away to be his wife—Oh!—*Chorus.*

I Told Them that I Saw You.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

You all have heard the story of the girl who ran away,
And how she met her schoolmate 'midst the city's throng one day.
"Just tell the folks you saw me," that was all the maiden said.
One day she got a letter from her schoolmate, and it read:

CHORUS.

I told them that I saw you, they want you to come home;
Their hearts are aching for you, while far away you roam;
The old folks still adore you, they soon from us must part,
So come home, Madge, before you break your dear old mother's heart.

Then came the thoughts of childhood to this girl once bright and gay;
She seemed to see her mother in their cottage far away.
She thought of happy schoolmates, and the life she should have led,
And while she pondered there a tear fell on the note, which read:—*Cho.*

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

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By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl, who's simply "out of sight,"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you;
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam;
Say you'll be true, and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him;
Somehow they always "make up," though, when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

WALK, McCARTHY, WALK.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

One August day a farmer, driving down a country road,
He met McCarthy, J, and Mac to him did say:
"If you don't mind, I'd like to walk behind your truck awhile."
"All right, climb up the back." "No, let me walk," says Mack.
The farmer said, "No! come up here, there's room enough for two."
McCarthy only shook his head, "I'll walk, if that suits you."
The farmer laughed and heard him, as he slowly drove ahead;
For Mac kept talking to himself, and this is what he said:

CHORUS.

Walk, walk, walk, McCarthy, walk and wear a smile;
You had a great old chance to ride, but, like a fool, threw it aside,
So walk, walk, walk, McCarthy, swallow all the dust;
You burned your money, 'tis all gone, so walk because you must.

He never stopped a minute in his quaint soliloquy,
"I'll beat them even yet if once a chance I get.
I made me money like a man and spent it like the same.
The whole town did I know, they'd bow wherever I'd go."
You were a good thing, Mac, old boy, and pushed along for fair;
They never told you, did they, Mac, that aces beat a pair?
You paid for suppers and champagne, to friends who called you Mac;
You loaned your rings to ladies, and they never brought them back.—*Cho.*

It took you twenty years, or so, to make your little pile,
And working every day, putting ev'ry cent away;
It took you twenty months, or so, to blow in all you had;
And all that's left, you wear, and hope that that won't tear;
Your dress suit is at Rubenstein's when it's not at a ball;
Two Dutchmen, Groll and Pfeiffer, now own James McCarthy's hall;
Your sweetheart, Mamie Cassidy, has married Pat McCann;
McFadden sold your trotter to a Low-Dutch groceryman.—*Chorus.*

—"A man may be drove to dhrink," said Officer McGobb, "but to git 'im away from it I find he has to be pulled."

OH! MR. AUSTIN.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A man named Amos Austin took a trip to Boston
From his quiet little home in Saccarappa, Maine.
Where he was a preacher, and with him took a teacher
From a class in Sunday school, whose Christian name was Jane;
When they got to Boston, dear, kind Mr. Austin
Left her up at Young's Hotel, but soon from there she fled;
And goodness gracious, what a shock, when that same night at twelve o'clock,
He found her out on Tremont Street, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

Oh! Mr. Austin,
Since I've been in Boston
Everything's been happiness,
Without a care or pain;
My brain's been in a constant whirl,
And I'll be a much wiser girl
When I go back to Saccarappa, Maine.

Next day a hotel boarder told Jane he adored her,
Took her out with him that night to see the "Black Crook" show,
And when the lady prancers, called the Midway dancers,
Moved about so very queer, Jane murmured, "Oh, dear, oh!"
But when the show was over, Jane was in high clover,
Vowing she had never dream'd of seeing such a play;
Right back to Young's they went to dine, where very freely Jane drank wine,
The parson walked in on the scene, but Jane could only say:—*Chorus.*

The day that Mr. Austin took Jane out of Boston
Such a crowd you never saw, as gathered at the train,
To see this little maiden, so sad and sorrow-laden,
Soon to leave the city for her quiet home in Maine.
Before the train departed, almost broken-hearted,
Nervously she gazed about and madly tossed her head;
And then she hollered loud and plain, "I'd rather not go back to Maine."
The parson answered, "But you must," then sobbingly she said:—*Chorus.*

EVERY NIGHT I SEE THAT NIGGER STANDIN' 'ROUND.

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By Joseph Hart & W. H. Matchette.

The worstest nigger that I know steals and gets into a row,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
He went down to a colored church, knocked the deacon off his perch,
Just because he'd nuthin else to do.
Went to a colored ball, one night, drew his razor, started a fight,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
In a policy shop did loudly shout, "I'se gwine to clean dis ere place out!"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger walkin' 'round, talkin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round,
Just because he'd nothin' else to do.

One moonlight night he left his stoop to go and visit a chicken coop,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Not a sound there could be heard, he said, "I'se gwine to get that bird,"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
The man that owned that coop had a gun—Lordy, how that nig did run,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
You see that bird was that man's pet. I 'spects that nigger's runnin' yet,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—*Chorus.*

Got shaking craps with a lot of coons up in Reuben Snowball's rooms,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Those niggers wished he was in heaven, for ev'ry shake he shook eleven,
Just because he'd nothin' else to do;
Won all they had, but had to cheat—niggers chased him down the street,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Thro' an alley, my! but it was funny. He said, "I'll give you a run for yer [money!',
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—*Chorus.*

—A bishop was traveling along and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to this all day long. His hat was off and the sun was pouring down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man.

The Irishman wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman. "Do ye think I'd be doin' this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and gave the handle another turn.

NEVER AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

The magic of a voice I loved,
The last sweet song I heard her sing,
A face remembered in my dreams,
A tiny hand, a simple ring;
A witching smile, a loving eye,
A tender heart, a woman fair,
The one, the only one of all,
The gem that could with all compare.

REFRAIN.

Never again shall I hear her voice,
Never again the song,
The face I remember so well in my dreams
Will haunt me my whole life long;
The tokens of love and the tender heart
Were only given in vain;
The one that I loved the best of all,
Will never be mine again, never again.

When daylight westward flies,
Often with longing eyes,
Turned to the starry skies,
My soul has longed to greet thee;
Thou in the glory there,
Witness my heart's despair,
Tho' I may never dare
In heaven again to meet thee.—*Refrain.*

LOVE ME, HONEY, DO.

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Words and Music by Richard Stahl.

When de shades of night am fallin'
An' de whip-o-wills am callin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When de darkies am a-singin'
An' dem golden bells am ringin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When yer for de cake am walkin'
An' dem niggah girls are talkin',
An' a-tryin' for to make a mash on you;
Don't forget your little 'ninny,
Even tho' she's rather skinny,
Love me, ma honey, do!

CHORUS.

Bless dem lips, like cherries,
Sweet as huckleberries;
Come! your own baby longs for you.
Why much longer tarry?
You's de one I'd marry—
Love me, ma honey, do!
Bless dem lips, like cherries,
Sweet as huckleberries!
Come! your own baby longs for you.
Why much longer tarry?
You's de one I'd marry—
Love me, ma honey, do!

When de moon thro' clouds am peepin'
An' de birds am all a-sleepin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When de little stars am blinkin'
Den of yous am fondly thinkin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When a game of craps you's playin',
Eb'ry time for you I's prayin',
An' I know you likes yer little black-eyed Sue.
You's her beau, her sweetest honey,
Even tho' you's got no money,
Love me, ma honey, do?—*Chorus.*

—A capital story is current in London about two Waterford merchants and hatters who once obtained an audience with the present Pope's predecessors. They were old-fashioned men and good, pious Catholics, and when, after much formality, they were ushered into the room where Pius IX., in all his Papal splendor, was waiting to receive them, both were so overcome with emotion that they could do nothing but stare in blank amazement, trembling all over. At last one of them found his tongue. Throwing himself on his knees he shouted out loud enough to be heard in every corner of the vast chamber: "O Holy Father, we're from Waterford!"

WHOOP-DE-DOODEN-DO!

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

There once was a maid named Peggie Brown, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
And she was the fairest maid in town, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were fair,
She'd a lovely crop of golden hair,
And she wore her dress cut down to there, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy knew a thing or two.
When people sighed, she simply cried, whoop-de-doo-den-do.
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy knew a thing or two;
When people sighed, she simply cried, whoop-de-doo-den-do.

Now Peggy went, of course, on the stage, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
And soon sweet Peggy became the rage, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
She couldn't sing, she couldn't dance,
But none of her rivals had a chance
When she acted a boy, in little knee pants, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy's tights were palest blue;
High art she missed, but you couldn't resist her whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy's tights were palest blue;
High art she missed, but you couldn't resist her whoop-de-doo-den-do!

You've Been a Good Old Wagon, but You've Done Broke Down.

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By Harney & Biller.

I was standing in a crap game, doing no harm, baby,
When a copper grabb'd me by my arm, honey,
Took me down to the jail-house door,
Place I never had been before—I was run in.

CHORUS.

No more will I buy my sweet thing pork chops,
And hear her lily lips go flip-flop;
The reason I'm in truble about my sweet thing
Is because this song to me she did sing.
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone, darling;
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone, darling;
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone,
You've been a good wagon, but you done broke down, bye-bye.—[*Dance.*]

The judge asked me what had I done, baby;
Said standing in a crap game, getting my gun, hot stuff.
The judge and jury said to me,
"You have killed three niggers in the first degree—no bail.—*Cho. & Dance.*

The Dance We Sat Out on the Stair.

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Words by Ethel Maude Colson. Music by Harry Castleton Wade.

Back in my easy chair I lean,
My feet on the fender bright,
And dreamily gaze at the fire between
The clouds of cigar smoke so white,
Which circle and float to a magy frame,
For the face of the girl so fair,
Who thrill'd to my whispers—ah! what was her name?
That dance we sat out on the stair.

REFRAIN.

For the strains of the waltz throb'd and faltered,
And she sway'd to love's old cherished tune;
Ah! could but love's passion be altered
From the dusk to the glory of noon.
With a splendor, the dull years have banished
The youth's springtime of glory so rare;
'Twas joy of the love-time now vanished,
That dance we sat out on the stair.

In at the window cold and clear,
The moon shone as bright as day,
And many a secret it told, I fear,
As its beems on her fair face lay:
The wide hall was filled with mystic light,
The flowers perfumed the air;
I wonder if she can remember that night,
That dance we sat out on the stair.—*Refrain.*

A Girl You Don't Meet Every Day.

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Words by Harry Boden. Music by Tom Richards.

It's a way of the men that whenever they meet
To invite one another to sup,
You'll hear them exclaim as they're shaking their hands,
"Come along now and just liquor up."
I don't wish to seem out of place in the least,
But act in a right, proper way,
And as I feel sure that we're all of us friends,
You'll pardon me now if I say:

CHORUS.

One little drain in friendship,
One of the sparkling wine,
One to bring to memory
The days of auld lang syne;
We'll do the same as the rest do,
While we've the money to pay,
So have one with me, I'm the sort, don't you see,
Of girl you don't meet ev'ry day.

I like to see each face with smiles beaming bright,
And laughter right merrily ring;
The present should be happy made by us all,
What odds what the future may bring,
And when we are meeting with friends, that's the time
To drive thoughts of sorrow away,
So while I've the chance this assertion to prove,
Allow me just once more to say:—*Chorus.*

I'm always the same, be the time when it may,
Contented, light-hearted and free,
Making new friends, but never forgetting the old,
In matters wherever I may be,
So once more I'll bid you your glasses recharge,
For time, as you know, 's on the wing,
And just to prove that you agree with my words,
As a favor to me, kindly sing:—*Chorus.*

MR. JOHNSON.

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Words and Music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep,
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a-gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t'a quarter he could make de four;
He made dat point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jump'd through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.
Oh! Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;
Don't take me to de calaboose;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe;
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe,
Climbed in de chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when de chicken sneesed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louieville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still,
When I think about it I can feel a big chill.
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose,
Got no chance for a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;
And now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in de nigger heab'n;
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

—Mrs. Topflat: "Bridget, where did you get that dreadful eye?" Bridget: "Me brother gave it to me, mum; and what'll the neighbors say? Me with an eye like that and no husband."

SISTER 'RIA.

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Words and Music by Harry Warner.

A pious girl named 'Ria Brown,
Who joined the goody band,
And used to go converting
All the "goodies" in the land,
The little lamb salvation had,
Which washed her sins away,
But pious sister 'Ria
Quickly changed her mind one day.

CHORUS.

Sister 'Ria, sister 'Ria,
Of the Army soon began to tire;
She cnucked her tambourine,
And now she's to be seen
Dancing in the ballet of the Op'ra.

When Gen'ral Booth first heard it said
That Sister 'Ria Brown
Had shook the Army for the stage,
The news near knocked him down;
In living pictures she appeared,
And danced the serpentine,
Likewise the naughty Midway, too,
Without her tambourine.—*Chorus.*

Then all the sisters in the ranks
They flew around the town,
They sold the *War Cry*,
Telling naughty things of 'Ria Brown,
But 'Ria told them that she couldn't
Live on prayers and wind,
So just to get her appetite,
She packed her box and skinned.—*Chorus.*

DAN PAID FOR THE OYSTERS.

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Words and Music by Frank D. Bryan.

Three Irishmen on a spree once went,
And they got full of whiskey—
Their names were Michael, Patrick and Dan,
And the wind it blew quite briskly;
They got into an argument,
One word brought on another,
Another brought on a glass of beer,
And a bet of an oyster supper.

The bet was, when each one went home,
And he didn't do the first thing
That his wife ordered him to do,
Why he was to pay for ev'rything;
Each one was to go home with the other,
To prove just what he did, sir;
And if he didn't do as his wife said,
Why he was to pay for the oysters.

Mike was the first one to go home,
And he couldn't find the keyhole;
He unlocked the door with the sole of his boot,
And broke all the glass in the window,
His wife she hollered down the stairs,
"Why don't you break the furniture, sir;"
He did, by gosh! 'twas all he had,
And Mike didn't pay for the oysters.

Now Patrick was the next to go home;
From the window, his wife she pushed her neck,
And hollered, "Patrick, is that you?"
Says Patrick, "Yes, who did you expect;
He skated in, ran against the piano;
His wife cried, "Why don't you break it, sir?"
He did, and it cost him three hundred dollars,
And Pat didn't pay for the oysters.

Dan was the last one to go home,
And they left him in the doorway;
He took off his shoes and began to climb
Softly up the stairway;
He very nearly had reached the top,
When he slipped, fell down the stairs, sir.
His wife cried, "That's right, break your neck,"
And Dan paid for the oysters.

A Dublin doctor sent in a bill to a lady which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died."

THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Come, boys, and gather, gather with the throng;
Come, boys, and join us, sing a mighty song;
Sing, boys, together, let your praises be
For Uncle Sam, for freedom, and the flag of liberty.

CHORUS.

Sing, boys, sing, and let the bells of freedom ring;
Sing, and fill each Yankee heart with glee;
Let Old Glory's emblem fly, sing Old Glory's praise on high,
As we rally 'round the flag of liberty.

Stand, boys, beside us, stand for freedom's cause;
Whate'er betides us, think not of a pause;
Stand, boys, for Union, right and victory,
And wave above a nation's love, the flag of liberty.—*Chorus.*

It's a Joke, When You Think of It.

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Words and Music by Will Evans.

Quite often one will hear a thing
That afterward will prove to be a joke,
When you think of it.
Although the rent these days is cheap,
'Tis cheaper still to move, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
A witty man these days, you know,
They say is full of fun,
The little rills come down the hills
Quite often on a run,
But tell me how they came to place
Within your ear a drum, for that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A man that's rather loose up here
One day cut off his nose, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
To make the thing complete,
He then cut off one of his toes, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
When he discovered what he'd done,
Into a rage he flew;
His toe he put upon his face,
His nose on his foot grew,
So now to blow his nose
He has to first take off his shoe, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A "cholly" with a rented suit
Went to a dance one night, and it's a joke,
When you think of it.
The coat and vest fit snug,
But my! the pants were 'way to tight, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
The hostess to him said, "Why, Harry,
Take this chair, I pray";
He knew that if he took a seat
His trousers would give 'way;
Said he, "No, many thanks,
For I've been sitting down all day," and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A quiet little poker game
One night was being played, and it's a joke,
When you think of it.
The anxious look upon the face
Of one his thoughts betrayed, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
The ten, jack, queen and king he held,
And with them would not part;
The pile of chips he'd take away
Would almost fill a cart,
And, dreamingly, he sang,
"Oh, give me just one little heart," and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

Let him who hath a grouchy nature
To this tale take heed, for it's a joke,
When you think of it.
A very close, old genius
Once in church displayed his greed, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
To fool them he would put a new,
Bright copper in the plate,
But dropped a two and a half gold piece
In the basket by mistake;
His many friends were soon invited
To be at the wake, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A YANKEE LAD'S LOVE.

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Words by A. G. Burgoyne. Music by Louis Frederick.

Twixt Yankee laddie and Scottish lassie,
Words of anger passed one day,
And he was sighing, she was saucy,
Proud and jealous sweethearts were they.
Lover's quarrels are quick in the starting,
Quick in the going, like sunshowers in May,
And so they smiled and kissed at the parting;
Happily homeward they wended their way, singing—

CHORUS.

Scottish songs, like "Annie Laurie,"
"Robin, tell me why,"
And "Bonnie Jean," "Blue bells of Scotland,"
"Comin' thro' the rye."

Next day the bugle note resounding
Called to war that Yankee lad,
And he, in trappings gay, was saucy;
She, poor lass, was silent and sad.
Time rolled on, and there came not a message,
Never a line to say, "Love, I am true,"
Was he dead or had he forgotten
Sweet summer evenings when his sweetheart he'd woo, singing—*Cho.*

But Yankee ladies are not fickle,
Yankee vows are ne'er in vain,
And so the wand'rer, true forever,
One fine day came home again.
Church bells gaily rang out for the wedding,
Soon at the altar they stood side by side,
And Scottish maidens still tell the story,
And long for a Yankee that's hunting a bride.—*Chorus.*

CACHUCA.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Let us weep for the poor Senorita
Teresita Quita Pepita,
As a dancer there's no one could beat her;
She could dance all around Carmencita!
She might still be a joy to the nation,
But she put too much faith in vibration,
And got tangled up in a gyration,
And she don't dance now.
None was sweeter than Pepita;
Carmencita couldn't beat her;
Something rusted
That she trusted,
And she busted,
With a bang, bang, bang.

Oh, this beautiful dancer elastic
One fine night grew a bit too gymnastic,
And the region the doctors call gastric,
She revolved in a manner fantastic.
Oh, 'twas up in a town called Toledo
That she put too much steam on her speed, O,
And went off like a giant torpedo,
And she don't dance now.
None was sweeter than Pepita, etc.

Beauty crepuscular,
Limbs long and muscular,
Supple and sweet and firm and fine;
Arms that were willowy,
Charms that were billowy,
Glances as warm and strong as wine.
Writers will prate of her,
Tell of the fate of her—
Martyr to her exquisite art.
She worked the trickery
Of fair terpsichore
Till she just busted and fell apart.
None was sweeter than Pepita, etc.

Here she went shimmering,
There she went glimmering,
Like a great golden butterfly;
Flights pyrotechnical,
Flashes electrical,
Fleet as a bird against the sky;
Twisted and tangled up,
Ev'ry nerve yangled up,
Wriggling enough to break her heart,
This little Premiere
Whirled to a merry air
Till she just busted and fell apart.
None was sweeter than Pepita, etc.

The Harmless Little Girlie with the Downcast Eyes.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

I know a little girl who is very, very shy—
Be careful of the girl that's shy;
She goes about so modestly with downcast eyes—
Be careful of the downcast eye.
She wears, upon her forehead, a tiny baby curl—
Be careful of the tiny baby curl;
And everybody says she is a harmless little girl—
Be careful of the harmless little girl.

REFRAIN.

There are all sorts of girls, there is ev'ry kind of girl;
Some of them are foolish, and some are very wise.
You can trust them all, no doubt, but you might as well look out
For the harmless little girlie with the downcast eyes.

I met a little lady at a sunny seashore place—
Be careful of the seashore place;
You'd say she was a portrait of innocence and grace—
Be careful of the innocence and grace;
On Monday she was blushing like a piece of peachy fruit—
Be careful of the little peachy fruit;
On Thursday she had nailed me in a breach-of-promise suit—
Be careful of the "breach-of-promise" suit.—*Refrain.*

I met a lovely lady in a lonely widow's weeds—
Be careful of the widow's weeds;
She looked a modest angel, in a crown of jet and beads—
Be careful of the jet and beads.
We sat about together and sipped the bubbling wine—
Be careful of the bubbling wine.
'Twas six when first I met her, she proposed to me at nine—
Be careful or you'll be number nine.

REFRAIN.

There are all sorts of girls, there is every kind of girl;
Some of them are foolish, and some are very wise.
You can trust them all, no doubt, but you might as well look out
For the weeping little widow with the downcast eyes.

The Men Who Come Over from Ireland.

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Words and Music by J. J. O'Grady.

If you'll listen awhile, I will try to explain
Of the men who come over from Ireland;
They are not often wealthy, the truth I'll maintain,
When the men first come over from Ireland;
They come to this country with only their fare,
But soon of American's wealth they've a share;
Then they work like a horse 'till they're in with the Mayor,
The men who come over from Ireland.

On one St. Patrick's day, they all marched down the street,
The men who came over from Ireland;
When they spied an Italian with organ so sweet,
These men who came over from Ireland;
As they passed the Italian so bright and so gay,
'Twas "God Save the Queen" his old organ did play;
The poor dago was buried the very next day
By the men who came over from Ireland.

Now a German and Irishman they had a fight
On a ship that was coming from Ireland,
And the Dutchman succeeded in landing his "right"
On the man who was coming from Ireland.
I'll get square with that Dutchman, says Pat, sure as sin,
Two weeks in this country the Dutchman had been,
When for selling beer Sunday, sure he was "pulled in"
By the man who came over from Ireland.

Once a parrot sat up in a tree, and was seen
By a man who came over from Ireland;
I will just get that bird with those feathers so green,
Said the man who came over from Ireland;
As he climbed up the tree, then a queer noise he heard;
The parrot said, "How dy' do, Pat, what's the word?"
Excuse me, my friend, I thought you were a bird,
Said the man who came over from Ireland.

Now, some years ago, Englishmen on the outs fell
With the men who live over in Ireland,
So Johnny Bull don't get along very well
With the men who live over in Ireland;
And Uncle Sam, he had some trouble last fall,
About Venezuela he might have a squall—
If he needs any soldiers, why just let him call
On the men who come over from Ireland.

How Ace Won the Steeplechase.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 86 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

I had ridden over hurdles up the country once or twice,
By the side of Snowy River, with a horse they called the Ace,
And we brought him down to Sydney, and our rider, Jimmy Rice,
Got a fall and broke his shoulder, so they nabbed me in a trice—
Me that never wore the colors, for the Open Steeplechase!

"Make the running," said the trainer, "it's your only chance whatever.
Make it hot from start to finish, for the old black horse can stay;
And just think of how they'll take it when they hear on Snowy River
That the country boy was plucky, and the country horse was clever:
You must ride for old Monaro and the mountain boys to-day."

"Are you ready?" said the starter, as we held the horses back,
All a-blazing with impatience, with excitement all aglow:
And before us like a ribbon stretched the steeplechasing track,
And the sun rays glinted brightly on the chestnut and the black,
As the starters words came slowly: "Are—you—ready—Go!"

Well I scarcely knew we'd started, I was stupid like with wonder,
Till the field closed up beside me and a jump appeared ahead,
And we charged it all together and it fairly whistled under,
For we flew it like a hurdle, not a balk and not a blunder,
And then some were pulled behind me and the rest shout out and led.

So we ran for half the distance, and I'm making no pretences
When I tell you I was feeling very nervous like and queer,
For those jockeys rode like demons, you would think they'd lost their senses
If you saw them rush their horses at those rasping five-foot fences;
And in place of making running I was falling to the rear.

Till a chap came racing past me on a horse they called the Quiver,
And, said he, "My country joker, are you going to give it best?
Are you frightened of the fences, does their stoutness make you shiver?
Have they took to breeding cowards by the side of Snowy River?
Are there riders on Monaro?" but I never heard the rest.

For I drove the Ace and sent him just as fast as he could pace it
At the big black line of timber stretching fair across the track,
And he shot beside the Quiver. "Now," says I, "my boy, we'll race it,
You can come with Snowy River if you're only game to face it;
Let us mend the pace a little and we'll see who cries a crack."

Then we raced away together, and we left the others standing,
And the people howled and shouted as we settled down to ride;
For I clung beside the Quiver: at his taking-off and landing
I could watch his scarlet nostrils and his mighty ribs expanding,
And the Ace stretched out in earnest, and we held him stride for stride.

But the pace was so terrific that they soon ran out their tether,
They were rolling in their gallop, they were fairly blown and beat,
But they both were game as pebbles, neither one would show the feather,
And we rushed them at their fences and they cleared them both together:
Nearly every time they clouted, but they somehow kept their feet.

Then the last jump rose before us, and they faced it game as ever,
We were both at spur and whip-cord, fetching blood at every bound,
And above the people's cheering and the cries of "Ace!" and "Quiver!"
I could hear the trainer shouting, "One more run for Snowy River!"
Then we struck the jump together and came smashing to the ground.

Well, the Quiver ran to blazes, but the Ace stood still and waited,
Stood and waited like a statue while I scrambled on his back;
There was no one next or near me, for the field were fairly slated,
And I cantered home a winner with my shoulder dislocated,
While the man that rode the Quiver followed limping down the track.

And he shook my hand and told me that in all his days he never
Met a man who rode more gamely and our last set-to was prime.
And we wired them at Monaro how we chanced to beat the Quiver,
And they sent us back an answer, "Good old sort from Snowy River,
Send us word each race you start in, and we'll back you every time!"

A CASE OF PEDIGREE.

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Have you heard of Mistress Whitby? 'mong the ladies of the land
Who have beauty, youth and fortune she was born to take her stand.
She is comely, she is graceful, she is debonair and tall:
And her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

Mistress Whitby lives secluded. You would scarcely think that she,
With her simple, country manners, had a noble pedigree.
She is never seen in public, at reception or at ball;
Yet her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

Your great-grandfather, reader, with the bravest, maybe, fought
In the war for independence, and, unlucky dog, was shot;
He fought, while Mistress Whitby's only talked, yet, after all,
Her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

—A young actress had made a signal failure in the first two acts of a comedy. After the third, in which she did not appear, one of her fellow actors came up to her with much ardor: "Charming, adorable! Your third act quite redeems the other two!"

TWO LITTLE WAIFS.

Composed by Hovey Cook.

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A little boy and little girl,
One winter night quite late,
Walked along a dreary street
And through a church-yard gate;
Along the path, up to the door,
Then sat upon a step,
And, to keep warm, the children
Close to each other crept.

Eight years old was the little girl—
Six was he at her side;
Brother and little sister,
Each was the other's pride.
Driven by drunken parents
Into the cheerless street,
So, to gain a shelter,
To the doorway did retreat.

How cold I am, said her brother,
As his arm 'round her waist entwined,
And she wrapped her shawl about him—
Tried to shield him from the wind.
Are you warmer now, she asked him,
As she kissed his fevered brow,
And he answered, yes, a little,
Just a little warmer now.

And she hugged him to her closer,
And she kissed his pallid face,
And the wind moaned wild and eerie
About their resting place.
She knew enough, this outcast,
For she soon began to cry,
For she knew that he was sinking,
And, alas, he soon must die.

Where is heaven, asked her brother—
Is it up there in the sky?
Yes, the little sister answered,
And we'll go there by and by.
And then brother we'll be happy,
And with her little hand
The little creature pointed
Toward the promised land.

But how do we get up there?
Asked the dying lad.
God takes us, said his sister,
But not if we are bad.
Then he won't take pa or mother,
Will he, sister Nell?
And the little sister answered,
Brother, I can't tell.

But he'll take you, said the little boy,
For you've been always good,
And the little sister answered,
Oh, how I wish he would;
And take you, too, dear brother,
Then together we would be;
For I want you, little brother,
To be all the time with me.

Then she told a childish story
Of the angels in the sky;
Told him how they loved good children,
Who would join them when they die,
And she told a tale of wonders,
Of wonders up above,
Of a saviour and of angels,
And their never-ending love.

Sis, I see, said Willie,
See the angels, sister, dear,
And Jesus is among them,
And, sis, he's coming here.
He is coming nearer, sister,
And he calls to me and you;
I am going, sis, to meet him;
Please come with me, sister, do.

And she said, I see him, brother—
Oh, how sweet each angel sings.
And, oh, see, dear brother,
Every one has snow white wings;
And, oh, see they're coming nearer,
Why, dear brother they are here.
We must go and join them, brother,
Them and Jesus dear.

And the snow fell till the morning,
And the dawn broke clear and cold,
And that day about the city,
A sad, sad tale was told,
Of how two little urchins
Were found before a sacred place—
Dead within its doorway,
Locked in a fond embrace.

—A man who bought a box of cigars, when asked what they were, replied: "Tickets for a course of lectures from my wife."

HAPPY SAM.

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Words and Music by Will Blythe.

O I'm happy Sam, the bootblack, I have happened here by chance;
If you'll give me your attention, I will do a song and dance.
I ain't no dude nor dandy, but a sport, you bet I am,
And the boys and girls wot know me well, all call me Happy Sam. Oh!

CHORUS.

Shine, shine, shine, I will do 'em for a nickel;
Shine, shine, shine, or yer russets for a dime.
Shine, shine, shine, and yer corns I'll only tickle;
Satin gloss or patent leather every time.

O I never bet on horses, never to the races go;
Never speculate in Wall Street, 'cos I hasn't got the dough;
But when I wants ter gamble, it is just my pride and joy
For ter play the craps wit bootblack chaps, for I'm a sporty boy. Oh!—*Chorus.*

MY DEAR OLD PARD.

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Words by Geo. C. Jenks. Music by Louis Frederick.

There's a corkin' good old lady lives up on the hill,
She's a dandy and straight as a die.
My fortune I mean to leave her in my will,
For we are partners, my mother and I.
While I'm selling papers, she's thinkin' of me;
She's afraid I am havin' it rough, very rough,
But I'm on ter the tricks of the trade, don't yer see,
An' I just give her this kind a bluff:

CHORUS.

Trust me, mother, don't you bother,
Fate shall not hit you too hard;
I ain't got no sister, I ain't got no brother,
My mother is my dear old pard.

It's a pretty hard game, an' I got no cinch, no cinch,
Since dad give me mother the shake.
When with papers I'm stuck, we both then has ter pinch;
But bad luck's what we has all ter take.
I doubt sometimes if it does pay ter be straight,
But that feelin' soon passes away, passes away,
With a kiss from her lips as I pass through the gate,
An' I don't do a thing then but say:—*Chorus.*

DEAREST LILY.

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By J. J. Dunn, Jr.

Upon the bosom of a lake
Some pure white lilies bloom,
They shed a world of radiance
Amid the twilight gloom,
And one sweet blossom seemed to smile,
With face upturned to mine;
I stooped and kissed its petals,
Breathing its perfume divine.

CHORUS.

Dearest Lily, purest Lily, with your face so fair,
And your heart of wondrous riches, love, I've gathered there.
Ah, my Lily, sweetest Lily, dearest of all to me,
I'll love you now forevermore, through all eternity.

Within a crowded city
I beheld a tender face,
And watched with eyes enraptured
A maiden full of grace,
And as her loving face met mine,
My heart her own did greet,
And all I am, my life, my soul,
I gladly laid at her feet.—*Chorus.*

The years went by, my Lily fair,
That bloomed alone for me,
Had faded, drooped and perished
Upon life's changeful sea,
But still her pure, sweet fragrance
'Round my lonely life's entwined,
The mem'ry of my Lily fair
Is in my heart enshrined.—*Chorus.*

PRETTY GRACE O'MALLEY.

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Words and Music by Alex J. Patton.

There's an ivy-covered cottage,
Where the myrtle twines around,
And within it dwells a maiden fair,
The sweetest ever found,
And the pretty song-birds greet her
With melodies of Spring;
As I stand awhile and listen,
To me they seem to sing:

CHORUS.

Pretty Grace O'Malley,
With eyes of tender blue,
On mountain tops or valley,
There's none so tried or true.
Pretty Grace O'Malley
Some day is sure to wed
And change her name of sweet Grace O'Malley
To one that is mine instead.—[*Repeat Chorus.*]

In our happy childhood hours,
How we often loved to tell
Tales of love amid the flowers,
Till we knew the story well;
There I taught the simple lesson,
Always longing for the time
When I put my arms around her,
And I could call her mine.—*Chorus.*

There's a chapel on the hillside,
And within its walls some day
I will claim sweet Grace for mine alone
Some time in sunny May,
While the wedding bells are ringing,
The song birds softly sing
That the pretty golden circlet
Is sweet Grace's wedding ring.—*Chorus.*

WHACKY, WHACKY, WHACK.

Written and Arranged by George Ware.

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I'm a little school girl,
And I love to play
With the boys at marbles—
I could play all day;
I've got a little brother,
We all call him Jack,
And if late to school, we get
Whacky, whacky, whack.

CHORUS.

Too-ral, loo-ral, li-do: too-ral, loo-ral, lay!
They whack you half a minute, you feel it half a day;
I hate the horrid board school, so does my brother Jack;
I tell you straight, we get too much whacky, whacky, whack.

Little brother Jackey
Hookey played one day,
And his kind schoolmaster
To him thus did say:
You must have a whacking
On your little back.
For little Jackey got it.
Whacky, whacky, whack.—*Chorus.*

And the School Board gove'ness,
She can use the cane;
She won't take the trouble
To save any pain;
First the cane she'll flourish,
Then she has a knack
To select a nice place
On your little back.—*Chorus.*

And my little sister,
She's as good as gold,
Gets her whacky, whacky,
Though but ten years old;
It's vulgar and not funny
To select your back—
The nasty way she does it,
Whacky, whacky, whack.—*Chorus.*

—In Ireland, recently, a quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No, yer Honor; but I would ask was that a skull for a man to go to a fair with?"

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

By Will Carleton.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal:

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong, and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying: "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He visited home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie McNeal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories, many a one,
Concerning the French war, lately done.
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said: "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasps the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said:
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain,
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein,
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race,
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still, undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle bow
And shouted: "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And galloping down a hill-side steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless, hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted: "Quick! be quick, I say:
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay;
But first he bent in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well,
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,

And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said:
"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due,
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said: "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

LITTLE JIM.

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The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child—

A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim.
It was a collier's wife and child; they called him "Little Jim."

And oh, to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was afraid to speak—

Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted—see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He will spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child, soft fall these words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim.

I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, oh, I am so dry.
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle, trembling hands, she held a tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took three little tiny sips.

"Tell father when he comes from work, I said good-night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor Little Jim.

She saw that he was dying, that the child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear!

The cottage door is opened; the collier's step is heard;
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand, and walked towards the bed.

His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal.
And, see, his wife has joined him; the stricken couple kneel.

With hearts bowed down with sadness, they humbly ask of Him
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor "Little Jim."

—What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon cannot go without it? A noise.

JONES'S GIRL.

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Words by A. J. Montague. Music by L. H. Ascherfeld.

I'm deep in love with Jones's girl, so winsome, neat and small,
Tho' mamma tells me I should wed some lady stout and tall;
But, ah, they overawe me so, that really I should drop
If they but cast their gaze on me when I took heart to pop;
But Jones's girl is such a mite, and smiles on me so sweet,
And greets me with such pleasant words whene'er we chance to meet;
Her presence does not frighten me, or set my head a-whirl,
Altho' my heart beats pit-a-pat when I see Jones's girl.

CHORUS.

She's just the size that suits me best,
Her eyes look into mine;
Her sweet, red lips just reach my own,
Which you'll admit is fine;
She blushes when I take her hand,
And tell her she's my pearl,
So I'll let my mamma's pets alone,
And spoon with Jones's girl.

She can't weigh over ninety pounds, but, ah! each pound to me
Is dearer than earth's proudest queen that rules beyond the sea;
I would not give one gracious smile that beams from her fond eyes
For all the tall and stately girls that mamma seems to prize.
She does not have to stoop for me whene'er it is my bliss
To meet her 'neath the maple trees and snatch a lover's kiss;
And when I pop and ask her to forever be my pearl,
I know I shall not feel afraid of old man Jones's girl.—*Chorus.*

A Little Homeless Wanderer.

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By C. L. Charlebois.

The sun had set behind the hills
Across the dreary moor,
When, wet and cold, a little girl
Came knocking at my door;
All day she roamed the city streets,
No place to lay her head;
No gentle voice had greeted her
And hope had all but fled,
A little homeless wanderer,
Oh! God what can she do;
I took her tiny hand and asked
For her story sad but true.

REFRAIN.

Please, sir, be kind to me she said with deep-drawn sigh,
For papa's dead and mamma, too, and tears came in her eyes;
I long to be there with them in their home up in the sky;
A little homeless wanderer, no one for me could cry.

I called her sweet and pretty names
And gently smoothed her hair;
I kissed the little dimpled cheek,
Which was so young and fair:
With sweet, but trembling, voice she spoke,
A tear was in her eye;
My papa's gone with mamma dear
Away up in the sky:
Each night she said, I pray that God
May keep me pure and true,
And then I asked her once again
For her story sad but true.—*Refrain.*

She said a simple prayer that night
While nestling by my side,
And ere I laid her down to sleep,
Her little teardrops dried:
No more with fainting heart she braves
Life's battle all alone,
No more to walk the dreary streets
When winter winds will moan,
And when we often gently ask
This little heart so true,
To tell us in her own sweet way
Her story sad but true.—*Refrain.*

—Mike O'Rafferty, pulling his wife out of the well: "Begorra! a woman's at the bottom av iverything."

—Mrs. Murphy: Luk ot th' little angel troin' t' git th' can av tomatoes, Pat! He's thot intelligint he knows dere's suthin' good inside av it.

—Mr. Murphy (suspiciously observant): Thot's an impty can, Mary Ann; perhops th' little divil 's only marked afther Casey's goat.

Chrysanthemum's Love Song.

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By Henry Widmer.

Is it the zephyr whose musical voice
Toys with my tresses and bids me rejoice?
No, no, no! Ah, not so! Ah, not so!
'Tis but a word from the youth of my choice,
'Tis but the name that he whispers to me
Under the shade of the plum-blossom tree,
That is the zephyr that makes me rejoice, that makes me rejoice.

CHORUS.

'Tis a glance from the eye
Of the youth of my heart,
Who is child of the gods,
Who is king of my world;
On whose bosom I rest,
In whose arms I lie curled;
It is bliss when we meet,
It is death when we part, when we part.

Is it the swallow, the sweep of whose wing
Troubles the tremulous face of the spring?
No, no, no! Ah, not so! Ah, not so!
What dimples the depths of the stream where I sing?
'Tis but the leaves of the lotus that fall,
Lightly to float on the ripples and call,
Call on the name of my lover and king, my lover and king.—*Chorus.*

I DON'T THINK.

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Words by Hal Homiston. Music by W. T. Francis.

Some day we'll all be good,
I don't think;
Folks will be understood,
Just the way they really should;
All will be paradise,
Naught on earth but what is nice,
Then there will be no vice,
I don't think;
Every saloon will "close up" as per law,
Drunks on the streets we won't see any more;
Just wait and see the fun
When this grand new life's begun;
We're almost on its brink,
Hel hel hel hel hel hel I don't think.

One day a preacher grand,
I don't think;
Thought he would make a stand
And be famous o'er the land;
He'd show the people how
Folks should live, and even now
We're good, you'll all allow,
I don't think.
All the police are quaking in their shoes,
Crooks of all sorts are bilious with the blues;
No extra cash is made,
'Cause policemen are afraid,
And from duty never shrink,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! I don't think.

Great good reformers do,
I don't think;
And they are almost through
Purifying theatres too;
Burlesque, on week-day nights,
Will come under women's rights,
Girls won't appear in tights,
I don't think.
And, at the op'ra grand, they'll all wear crape;
No girl will dare show any of her shape;
Then we to church will flock,
All sedate in modest frock,
And never take a drink,
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! I don't think.

—Mr. Manhattan Beach: "It is a very singular fact that woman who works in copper has ever had the cholera. I believe I'll get some preparation of copper from a drug store and take it every day if the cholera comes here."

Rafferty: "And phat the devil do ye make by that? Do you want to make a copper lightning rod of yourself and be struck dead by lightning every time there is a thunderbolt in the neighborhood?"

TRIALS OF A TWIN.

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In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

The fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew,
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you."

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And *when I died*, the neighbors came
And *buried brother John*.

The Night before Christmas.

By C. C. Moore.

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'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.

LEONA.

Written by James G. Clarke.

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Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison, and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell, solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth, and behold
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth.
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
In the bowers of its beautiful home to return,
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twonld even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land breeze of heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadows are meeting eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye; should the grief
That is gathering now ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
Over lowland and river to me.

—A certain Circuit Judge was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remark from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in his rounds. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said: "Judge, why don't you squelch that fellow?" The Judge, dropping his knife and fork and placing his chin upon his hands and his elbows on the table, remarked: "Up in our town a widow woman has a yellow dog that, whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the stoop and barks and barks away at it all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time it was asked: "Well, Judge, what of the dog and the moon?" "Oh, the moon kept right on," he said.

COME OFF O' THE MOON.

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Words and Music by Al. B. Schulz.

'Way up in the moon is my dear one,
I know he's in love with me;
I know that his heart I have captured;
He always is smiling at me;
Each night about eight I sit by the gate
And watch for my sweet one above;
And when he appears, I greet him with cheers,
And sing to my own darling love.

CHORUS.

Come off o' the moon, just to please me;
Come off o' the moon; don't you tease me;
Stop winking at me, 'cause mamma might see,
And catch you at flirting with me, love;
Come off o' the moon just a minute,
And tell me that no one is in it with you
Except me, how happy I'd be;
Come off o' the moon, now do.

His ways they are really bewitching,
His eyes they are ever so bright;
Whenever my mamma is looking,
A cloud hides him quickly from sight;
It fills me with bliss when he throws a kiss,
And bids me good-night from above;
To-morrow at eight I'll be at the gate,
And sing to my own darling love:—*Chorus.*

LOVE'S BATTLE.

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Words and Music by Al. B. Schulz.

The ship ploughed through the calm, blue sea,
The sailors sat and joked,
But where's our brave and jolly mate?
Asked one, and up all looked.
Oh, there he sits; come on now, Jack,
Your jokes are always right,
But, lad, you're always filled with joy,
What makes you sad to-night?
Brace up, old boy, shake off your thoughts,
And tell us of your fate.
When Jack's eyes filled with burning tears,
And this he did relate:

CHORUS.

There's none to come and meet me
On the shore, that once was dear;
There's none to come and greet me,
And shed a gladdened tear;
My only treasure's taken,
'T has been my only pride,
The seal of love is broken,
My only hope destroyed.

How well I do remember yet
Those happy childhood days
That Kate and I together spent,
In sweet and playful ways.
I learned to love her when a child,
'T seems not so long ago,
I thought, together we would brave
The sea of life, but no—
Oh, lads, I've struggled hard through life,
Like many of your lot;
But of all battles this one is
The hardest I have fought.—*Chorus.*

When we left on our last long trip,
I kissed my Kate 'mid tears;
We promised to be true,
Although we may not meet for years;
Oh, boys, it gives me pain to think
That she and I must part.
A girl is weak—through words so sweet
Another's won her heart.
So when this life comes to an end,
And death for me has come,
I'll hail a last farewell to Kate,
Love's battle will be won.—*Chorus.*

—A gentleman was called on by a colored man for a certificate of character, upon which he might secure a situation. The testimonial proved to be more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and on recovering his astonishment, exclaimed: "Say, Mister, won't you give me something to do yourself on that recommendation."

CLANCY'S MISTAKES.

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Words and Music by John Tierney.

Mike Clancy lost the job he had
Two weeks ago to-night,
Soon after that he asked me
If I'd anything in sight;
I got him on a street car,
As conductor thro' the day;
He bought a brand new uniform
And started right away;
They made him watch the crossings,
And the names of streets call out,
And information gather
From the signs along the route,
While passing by a corner
He a billiard parlor spied;
He pulled the bell, the gripman stopped
And Clancy loudly cried:

CHORUS.

Billiards and Pool street,
Clancy hollered out,
The people never heard that street before,
Along the route;
He saw a lamp-post painted red,
And as the car drew nigher,
He got excited, pulled the bell,
And loudly yelled out "Fire!"

When Clancy got back from the trip,
The foreman he got rash;
He collared Clancy by the neck
And took away the cash;
He fired Mike out thro' the door,
'Twas much to his disgrace,
But very soon we heard that he
Had got another place,
'Twas in a retail dry-goods store,
Where he was "ladies man,"
And ran the hose department
On the European plan;
A lady called, she priced some stockings,
While the boss stood nigh,
Then Clancy's bosom swelled with pride,
He wanted to act fly:

CHORUS.

Silk ones, ten dollars,
Colors bright and gay:
"Oh, dear," she said, "but they come high;
I'll not take them to-day;"
The woman sized up Clancy, and said she,
"I like your gall."
"You can't blame me," says Clancy,
"For you see you're awful tall."

Now bad luck seems to follow Mike,
No matter where he goes,
He's always making funny breaks,
As ev'rybody knows;
He's made mistakes so often
That the bosses all got tired,
And from each job that he has had
Poor Mike, of course, was fired,
His dry-goods man let up on him,
But only for a while;
He told poor Mike to watch himself
And gave him one more trial;
The bosses' wife came in one day
To get some underwear,
And Clancy had to wait on her,
No other clerk was there.

CHORUS.

"Walk t...s way, lady."
She said, "I can't.
Show me your summer underclothes,
A favor to me grant,"
Then Clancy started to disrobe
In front of all the store.
His trial comes off next Friday,
He ain't working any more.

—A good old preacher of the Methodist persuasion officiated one day at a funeral in Massachusetts, and at the close had a word of inquiry and advice, as is the local custom, with many of the audience. Among others he approached a lady, a stranger to him, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and, after shaking hands, asked her if she was on the way to heaven. "Yes," she promptly answered, "and if you come that way I should be pleased to have you call." The good, old man, horrified at such seeming levity, turned away without reply, when a friend, sitting near, remonstrated with Mrs. ——, who, still more horrified at her mistake, said she understood him to ask if she was on her way to Hudson, where she lived.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

By Thackeray.

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Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more?
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valliant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that growe the tricolor;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword;
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornaminte and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchel dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake
O'Brine began to spake;
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged;
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honorable gintlemin, they cursed and swore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face";
And he bouited with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody hordes!"
Says Meagher of the sword:
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore";
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle-blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes;
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

TREADWATER JIM.

By S. W. Small (old Si).

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Who's dat? W'y dat's Treadwater Jim—
De wust little nigger in town—
What de fokes all sez dey'll hang him,
'Kase w'y, hit don't seem he kin drown!
He keeps hisself dere in de watah
'Bout haf ob his time in de year,
An' ef he's got enny home 'round hyar
Hits out on de eend ob dat pier!

Well, de name what he's got—it was gin him
By fokes what was kno' in de facks,
Fer dey sed dat sum title was dne him
'Kase he'd done wun de nobles' of acks!
Ob koarse I kin tell yer de story,
'Kase I was rite dar on de spot,
An' ef Jim is entitul'd ter glory
He fa'rly earnt all dat he's got!

Yer see, hit wus out on de wahf, dar,
Wun sunshiney mawnin' in May,
Dat er little chile up fum de Nawf, sar,
Wus tooken out dar fer ter play;
An' Jim wus out dar wid his fish-line,
An' de nuss warn't a-watchin' de chile,
So hit walked off rite inter de brine
At dat corner dar by de big pile!

Well, den dar wus skreemin' an' cryin'
Fum all de folks 'round on de pier,
But Jim seed hit warn't no use tryin'
Ter reskew de chile fum up heah—
So he tuck er long dive fur de watah
An' struck whar de chile hed gone down,
An' hit tuck him so long fer ter fine hit
De people tho't bofe 'em would drown.

But purty soon out in de stream dar
Er kinky black hed cum in site,
An' helt close ter his bres' wif bofe han's, sah,
Wus de baby all limpy an' white!
Den de mouts ob de people wus opin'd
In er long an' enkuridgin' shout!
"Cum on wid de bote, men!" Jim holler'd—
"I'll tread watah ontell yer git out!"

Den dey bent ter der ores like Marsters
An' flew ter whar Jim, wid de chile,
Wus doin' his bes' ter keep flotin',
But weak'nin' hiz lick all de while!
Dey brought de two heah ter de landin'
An' de mudder wus crazy wid joy,
While de father jiss retch'd fer dat darkey
An' hugged him ez do' his own boy!

So, yer see, dat's de reezin dey gib him
De name dat yer heer'd me jess call—
An' nobody bodders along wid Jim,
An' he does ez he pleezes wid all!
Ob koarse, what he done wus rite brave, sah,
An' mebbe wus wurthy er crown—
But Jim!—Well, Jim's jess de blamedes'
No 'count little nigger in town!

—Why is a muff like a bashful young man? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

—Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow-going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger."

OH! POOR BRIDGET.

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Words and Music by John Walsh.

Now, friends, pay attention and a story I'll tell
Of Widow McCarthy, of her I knew well;
She loved Mike, her husband, as all women do;
When he died, she'd his figure neatly carved out of wood;
When ten o'clock came, her time to retire,
She'd take him from the corner and sit by the fire:
You were a good man in life, were the words she oft said,
As she kissed wooden Mike and went into her bed.

CHORUS.

Oh, poor Bridget; oh, poor girl;
How she must suffer, no tongue can tell,
As she lay there a-dreaming of her big lump of wood,
And how she must feel in the morning.

Now six months had passed and the widow grew tired;
At the house where she worked, faith, a young man was hired;
Though young, she thought now I'd win him if I could,
For a real man is surely much better than wood.
I have money galore, to the young man she said,
And it all will be yours if with me you will wed;
You're too old, my dear widow, your face is a sight;
Don't mind, love, for we'll only go out at night.—*Chorus.*

To the Mayor they went, sure, the very next day,
When his Honor said, who'll give the sweet bride away;
Well, I could said Clancy, but that I'll not do,
For if I told the truth, it would implicate you;
They were married, went home, the rooms were quite cold he said;
Take wooden Mickel from under the bed;
Sure I've got you now, you're my heart's desire;
Get an axe and chop up Mike and we'll make a good fire.—*Chorus.*

JESS IN HER CALICO DRESS.

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Words by E. J. Burdick. Music by John Harding.

There's a nice little lass,
Who I oft used to pass,
And she lives in a three-story flat;
She has eyes of deep blue,
That are smiling at you
When she glances from under her hat;
She is young and she's smart,
With a true Irish heart—
'Most any young man she'd impress;
So neat and petite,
And a pleasure to meet,
Is Jess in her calico dress.

CHORUS.

Those same blue eyes laugh at me ev'ry morning,
While I was wishing they my home were adorning;
Something tells me that she will answer yes
And I'll marry Jess in her calico dress.

There's a nice little home
That she tends all alone,
Where her friends are all welcome to call,
For, although she can't play
The piano, they say
She is most entertaining to all;
I would like to be there,
Her sweet glances to share,
My love for her just to confess;
My friends may me chide,
I must win for my bride
Sweet Jess in her calico dress.—*Chorus.*

—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is also a car in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is, additionally, the tie which holds the rails on which the second sleeper runs while carrying the first sleeper. Therefore, while the first sleeper sleeps in the second sleeper, this second sleeper carries the first sleeper over the third sleeper which supports the second sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by bumping the sleeper under the sleeper, and then there is no sleeper in the sleeper over the sleeper, unless his name happens to be Sleeper, and even then, if the switchman is also a sleeper, the first sleeper becomes as dead as the third sleeper.

COURTING IN CENTRAL PARK.

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Composed by Ida Monroe.

Ev'ry pleasant evening, shortly after dark,
Boys and girls are strolling off to Central Park;
Charming nooks and by-ways, arbors full of green,
Lots of fine attractions ev'rywhere are seen.

CHORUS.

If you'd spark after dark,
As lovers love to do,
Just stroll thro' Central Park
With your sweetheart true;
Many's the stolen kiss,
While out upon a lark;
Such pleasure and bliss with sweet little Miss,
While courting in Central Park.

Birds gay, music trilling, flitting here and there;
Flower-beds a-blossom perfume sweet the air;
Nature's so delightful, lovers love to roam;
Central Park to court in, there they feel at home.—*Chorus.*

Then when you get married, settled down for life,
Buy a baby carriage, present for your wife,
Send them out for airing, often there to walk,
'Twill bring happy mem'ries of courting in the Park.—*Chorus.*

GOLF SONG.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

BOYS.—Little girls, little girls,
Wouldn't you like to play golf?
GIRLS.—Yes, we'd like to play at golf,
But we don't know how to play.
BOYS.—Mercy me! mercy me!
First, you cut your skirts off.
GIRLS.—We've cut our skirts off,
We did that the other day.
BOYS.—Then, you take a little stick
And a little wooden ball.
GIRLS.—Here's the little wooden ball,
And here's the necessary stick.
BOYS.—Well, then, there's nothing lacking,
Only this: * that's all.
Now walk a hundred miles or so, and then you've done the trick.
Walk, walk, walk, no matter what the kind of weather;
Walk, walk, walk, little boys and girls together.
A little flask of brandy and a little wooden ball,
A little girl to kiss, and not another thing at all.
A pretty little Miss, that you will casually kiss,
And not another thing at all, at all.

* Kiss.

Every Night in Central Park.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

There's hardly a boy in the city
Who doesn't love some maiden fair;
You won't find a girl young and pretty,
Who hasn't a "steady" somewhere;
In summer they meet on the corner,
Each evening a bit after dark;
With hearts so gay, they turn away
And stroll to Central Park.

CHORUS.

A summer's night, when stars are bright, and twinkle up above,
Life's sublime, and that's the time to tell your tales of love;
All the boys and all the girls are out upon a lark,
And sweethearts plan their future ev'ry night in Central Park.

With joy, lovers nearly go frantic,
With happiness reigning supreme,
Young sweethearts, both gay and romantic,
The sight is as bright as a dream,
There's nothing but pleasure existing,
They laugh and they chaff and they spark;
The winter's drear, but summer's dear,
And so is Central Park.—*Chorus.*

KATY DID.

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Katy was a raw recruit from Ireland's verdant shore,
Greener than the grass that grew beside her cabin door.
Katy smashed her weight in china; broke the bank, in glass;
Nearly sent us all to heaven by blowing out the gas,
Boiled the radishes for dinner—something quite unique;
Scoured the silver spoons with brick dust; made the kettles leak,
Katy did; Katy did it, Katy did.

Katy had a host of cousins; half a score at least,
Dropping in with keen perception of a coming feast.
Loud their cheerful, youthful voices floated up the stairs,
Just at times when callers' presence chained us to our chairs.
And such cooking! Drenched potatoes; biscuits not like flake,
And a charred and smoking ruin was our best beefsteak.
Katy did; Katy did it, Katy did.

But a willing mind had Katy, so we tried our best,
Taught her step by step in all things—never taking rest.
Many a time we longed, indeed, to lay the burden down,
But kept on—for cooks are precious in a factory town;
Till in time, our task rewarded, Katy learned to bake,
Boil and fry, make soups and puddings—even fancy cake.
Katy did; Katy did it, Katy did.

Courage, then my weary sisters, with the raw recruit,
All you need is loving patience, it will bear its fruit.
We have found it so with Katy, though 'twas hard at first;
She became the best of servants, who had been the worst.
And at last, when she had learned to cook and serve with grace,
Katy left us without warning for another place.
Katy did; Katy did it—oh! she did.

Just a Little More Than That.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

No doubt you've had a sweetheart, boys, now some time in your life,
One that you loved dearly, and perhaps is now your wife;
Of course you called on Sundays, when the parlor lights were low,
And as they weren't low enough, you turned them down, you know—

CHORUS.

Just a little more than that, just a little more than that,
Just enough, as love is blind, while the girl she didn't mind
When you took her on your lap, told her lots of stuff at that—
You know the way they do when left together.

A young girl in society, when 'round her happy home,
Wears a stylish collarette, her shapely neck not shown,
But meet her at receptions, or an up-to-date pink tea,
It's then you meet her at her best, and, naturally, you see—

CHORUS.

Just a little more than that, just a little more than that,
Just enough, you really know—what they call a proper show—
Oh, but when she turns her back, it's a little more than that—
You know the way they do in society.

A girl when out a-shopping in the early days of spring,
When alighting from a car her skirts like this will swing;
A pretty foot and hose are seen, just all she means to show,
But see her where the water's salt, and then, of course, you know.

CHORUS.

Just a little more than that, just a little more than that,
Just enough, that she's aware, that will make the chappies stare,
As she poses on the beach, always out the water's reach—
You know the way they do at Coney Island.

A chappie with ten dollars met a pretty girl one night,
'Course they both had supper, and they drank in fond delight;
He settled with the waiter, but the change he saw it not;
It took him weeks to save that ten, some say the maiden got—

CHORUS.

Just a little more than that, just a little more than that,
Just enough to keep his room for at least another moon—
What he didn't spend that night, why the girl got that all right—
You know the way they do it on the Bow'ry.

"My case is just this," said a citizen to a lawyer: "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.

—How are you, Smith?" said Jones. Smith pretends not to know him, and replies, hesitatingly, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes," retorts Jones, "I suppose everybody has that's got common sense." Smith looks unhappy.

On the Mall in Central Park.

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Words by M. Maurice. Music by Ed. Treumann.

Ev'ry pleasant afternoon, on the day of rest,
Husbands, wives and sweethearts, dressed up in their best,
All go out a-strolling for a quiet lark,
And listen to the music on the mall in Central Park.

CHORUS.

Old and young, rich and poor, hearts that swell with pride,
While the band is playing, strolling side by side;
When the sun has gone to rest and it's just growing dark,
Then cupid shoots his arrow on the mall in Central Park.

See the loving couples sit 'neath some shady tree,
Talking o'er the future, happy as can be;
The grand tones of the music awak'ning love's first spark,
They plight their troth forever on the mall in Central Park.—*Cho.*

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

By Henry Mills.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks:
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstasy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close,
And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty. Pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
As he has sown, so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times?
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad—
A thousand dollars to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell asleep with the midnight chimes—
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way;
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make!
Up, man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead.
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

—A little boy, whose parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher, "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay their rent," was the reply.

—Freddy's device.—First swell: "By Jove, Fred, that is quite the highest collar I've struck yet." Second Swell: "Think so, old man? Well, I don't mind telling you; it's a little idea of my own. It's one of the guvnor's cuffs."

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I LUBS YOU, MY HONEY.

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Words by Hal Homiston. Music by William Loraine.

Sal was mah honey when we was little nigs;
We used to chase all de chickens an' de pigs;
When we got bigger, I says, "Sally, I lubs you."
Now we's married an' got a babby, too;
We nebber 'tought ob de happiness in store;
I had mah Sal an' I didn't car' fo' mo',
But in de eb'nin when dat sma' boy I dun see,
I know 'xactly, he's our babby.

CHORUS.

I lubs you, honey, I do, I do;
Nebber t'ought I could lub no one but you;
Wid joy I'se nearly wild, 'kase I'se got to lub dat child,
He's our babby pickaninny.

Jes' how it happened, I am blind, deaf and dumb;
Blest if I know whar dat little coon come from;
I'd be'n a-workin' 'way down in de cotton fiel',
Came to dinner an' heard dat babby squeel;
Old Aunt Malinda, she said it was a boy,
And dat it was a big choc'late drop o' joy;
She brought de chile out so dat I could plainly see
It looked like me, 'twas our babby.—*Chorus.*

I lubs mah honey from her head to her toes,
Jes' all I t'ink ob her why nobody knows,
She's be'n mah better hal', las' June 'twas jes' a year;
Now dis babby's dun come to interfere,
But he's among us an' crept into mah heart;
Don't know what I'd do if we should have to part;
If our good Lord dun takes him, dis nig he'll die, too,
Climb to heaben wid our babby.—*Chorus.*

HAVE, YOU A WHEEL?

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Words and Music by O. A. Hoffman.

Sweet Kitty Dean adores her wheel,
Daily she biking goes;
In bloomers gay, she spins away,
The pride and delight of despairing beaux;
Vain is the passion, they all declare,
For Kitty fails to feel
Compassion for the pangs they bear,
Unless they "ride the wheel."
So she's ever greeting
Love's sighs with laughing eyes;
Her lover's joys are fleeting
Unless he "rides the wheel."

CHORUS.

So the poor lover who's wheelless,
Blank and despairing may stray,
For the twinkling bloomers vanish
As Kitty blithely spins away,
Never a lover shall claim her,
The heart of sweet Kitty to steal,
While he must say "No"
When she seeks to know,
"Have you a wheel?"

Sweethearts a-plenty come to woo,
But they are laughed to scorn;
Little she cares how the world fares;
She smiles at the tattle of envy born,
Naught in her bosom of pain or care
Does Kitty need conceal,
For who need care what they've to bear
If one can "ride the wheel."
So she's aye denying
Love's vows with placid brows;
Her lover's left a-sighing
Unless he "rides the wheel."—*Chorus.*

—A gentleman, who had no umbrella and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, as he did so, by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual thus addressed looked around and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "Oh, it's yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away, leaving the utensil in the hands of the first party to the conversation.

SHE'D DIE IF SHE KNEW.

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Words and Music by John F. Palmer.

In a prison stands the chaplain close beside a convict's door,
Breathing forth his words of comfort to a wretch upon the floor,
Who, with tear-stain'd face turned upward, listens till the good man's through,
Then sinks downward, as he mutters, "It would kill her if she knew.
No, good sir," he tells the chaplain, "There is no one I would see;
While the world will call me guilty, let her think that I am free.

REFRAIN.

"It's only my gray-haired mother, who had no one but me
To cheer her last few hours in this world of misery;
No heart in this world is so faithful,
No one so loving and true
As my dearest, my best of all mothers;
Don't tell her, she'd die if she knew."

"I have stolen—yes, I own it!" then he murmured, with a sigh,
"She was starving, and I love her—you'd have done the same as I;
For, when young, she toiled and struggled, all to keep her only son;
Were she hungry—for a mother—just the same you would have done.
Take my clothes, I'm wearing these now; I won't need them when I'm through;
Take them, sell them, raise some money, buy her food—I'll trust to you."—*Ref.*

AND THEN HE WOKE UP.

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Words and Music by Philander Johnson.

In the garden of Eden, 'midst flowers and trees,
Lay Adam in slumber deep,
For he was a bachelor, all at his ease,
In quiet and bliss complete,
But he thought it a lonely and sorrowful state,
And he cheerfully traded a rib for a mate,
And he dreamt of fair Eve, and she pleased him first rate,
And then he perceived his mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams, that come and go—
"Oh, I'm the new woman," said Eve, "you know,"
You will now climb a tree
And pick apples for me,
And then he woke up.

I once played the races, a system I had,
I worked on it night and day,
The book-makers loved me, though I became sad;
"He's an angel" I heard one say.
Only once in my life did my luck smoothly run;
I picked out a winner, two hundred to one;
He came under the wire like a shot from a gun,
And then I perceived my mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams that come and go—
In my bath-tub I ordered champagne to flow;
I burned money for fun
And bought bonds by the ton,
And then I woke up.

In a leisurely way I went walking one night,
Where bicycles wildly dash;
One started for me and I dodged left and right,
But it landed me with a crash,
For a fight with the villain I started in quick,
While remarks of an indigo nature fell thick;
I thought 'twas a man, and I really felt sick,
For then I perceived my mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams that come and go—
A voice said, "I hope that the rip won't show;
Give a poor girl a chance
If she does ride in trousers,
And then I woke up.

A man may be happy provided he has
A wife who is fond and true;
Each night he goes home to his dear little lass,
To gaze in her eyes so blue;
They bill and they coo, just as young people do,
And the things that they say don't concern me or you;
His sal'ry is small, but it's plenty for two,
And then they perceive their mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams that come and go,
There is no one to blame when it happens so,
But the trouble begins
When the doctor says twins *
And then they wake up.

* Baby cry.

THE BENEDICTION.

By Francois Coppee.

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It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priest's doing!" was the word passed 'round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel, hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place—in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquility the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning 'round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the Cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Vos benedicat
Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.
Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh,
Amen!
Drawled out a drummer boy.

THE OLD CHURCH CHOIR.

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Words and Music by Thos. H. Murray.

At an old-fashioned church on the hillside,
In a country town not far away;
It was there I met Jennie, my sweetheart—
The organ she sweetly did play;
I've pictured as we sang together,
How fondly I did her admire;
And my heart seemed to say she'll be mine some day,
As we sang in the old church choir.

CHORUS.

As we sang in the old church choir,
At the church with the old oak spire,
There were hearts young and gay,
And folks old and gray,
That sang in the old church choir;
There were hearts young and gay,
And folks old and gray,
That sang in the old church choir.

It is long years ago, dear old sweetheart,
Since we two fond lovers became;
You remember how sad was the parting,
Your mother alone was to blame;
She wished you to marry another—
Not love, it was wealth she'd aspire;
I forgive the past now, you've kept our pledge now,
Since we sang in the old church choir.—*Chorus.*

I'll be back soon again, dear old sweetheart,
And to call you forever my queen,
At the old-fashioned church on the hillside,
As bridegroom and bride we'll be seen;
There's nothing that can come between us,
Of wealth I've enough to retire;
So together through life, with sweetheart as wife,
We can sing in the old church choir.—*Chorus.*

She Wears the Bloomers Now.

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Words and Music by Thomas H. Murray.

'Most every girl in this wide world on fashion plate will gaze,
The latest style it makes her smile, gives her the bloomer craze;
With coat and hat and silk cravat you'll see her ev'ry day;
The new woman and all her ban is with us for to stay;
Her dress is very masculine, she smokes the cigarette,
And at a race 'tis straight or place her money she will bet,
But after she will married be, poor hubby then must bow
To his new boss that calls him hoss and wear the bloomers now.

CHORUS.

She wears the bloomers now, and wears them night and day;
Oh, man, poor man, do what you can, I fear you've had your say,
With maiden or with wife, should you dare to raise a row,
You'd get the boost, she rules the roost, and wears the bloomers now.

In summer time, when all is fine, at every turn you'll meet
The bloomer girl with trolley curl, she thinks her style complete;
Her action's rude with every dude—in fact, she really flirts,
And thinks it's right both day and night to wear divided skirts;
It's more than happy she would feel to be upon the force;
In mounted squad with Nell and Maud and sit astride a horse,
Has often wrote could I but vote, then man would push or plow,
To hold his own abroad or home, she wears the bloomers now.—*Chorus.*

Some time ago, as you must know, 'most girls they knew their place,
And now they don't or else they won't, but will set out a pace
To go and work as mason's clerk, drive nails, give you a shave,
Conduct a car, attend the bar, for all such jobs she'd crave;
In bloomers quite conspicuous, still she can do no harm;
Upon a wheel contented feel in town or on a farm;
Out all the night till broad daylight for women's rights, she'd vow.
This is the shout, we'll knock man out and wear the bloomers now.—*Cho.*

—He that is a wise man by day is no fool by night.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

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Words by Wm. Nugent. Music by C. E. Crissey.

A maiden in the summer time
Was passing pleasant hours,
While list'ning to the song bird's notes
And gath'ring fragrant flowers;
A scrap of paper, borne by the wind,
This maid's attention caught,
And idly did she stoop to read
The bitter news it brought.

REFRAIN.

It was only a scrap of paper,
Blown by the breezes one day,
As it wafted o'er field and meadow
In its restless play;
Only a soiled fragment,
A newspaper's crumpled part,
Yet this innocent scrap of paper
Had broken a trusting heart.

It told her that the one she loved
Across the ocean wide
Had broken vows and promises—
He had cast her aside;
It was a marriage notice
And another was his wife,
And the news of this faithless lover
Had blighted her young life.—*Refrain.*

NELLIE MACEY.

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Written and Composed by Louis Brittany.

Every evening, after supper,
When my daily toil is o'er,
To a little humble cottage by the sea
I go to see my girl,
Whom the boys call dancing Nell;
She's the sweetest girl in all the world to me;
Her name is Nellie Macey,
And she nearly drives me crazy;
At dancing she's a daisy,
You should see her do the glide.
I love her, oh, so dearly,
Devoutly and sincerely,
Some day she's promised she will be my bride.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Nellie Macey,
She drives me crazy;
All the boys and all the girls
Say that she's a daisy;
At ev'ry ball she leads them all;
In the march she's number one,
And I'm by her side,
And she'll soon be my bride,
As the dance goes on.—[*Repeat.*]

We have built a little cottage,
For the wedding day is near,
With a little garden filled with pretty flowers;
The lads and lassies all,
Say they're going to make a call,
To help us while away the golden hours;
The church-bells will be ringing,
The lads and lassies singing,
Such presents will be bringing;
I will give you all a chance
To see us get united,
So now you're all invited
To attend the ceremony and the dance.—*Refrain.*

—"What!" exclaimed the justice to a colored culprit, "have you the audacity to say you do not recognize this pocket-book?" "Yes, sah." "But it was found in your possession." "In my what-did-yer-say, jedge?" "In your possession. This pocket-book was found in your pocket, sir." "Jedge, you has done tole two stories about dat ar. Fust yer said hit was foun' in my persession, and den yer 'lowed hit was foun' in my pocket. Bofe dem yarns can't be true. Ef de jedges on de bench can't tell de troof, hit's no wonder dat a poor miserable niggah like me got led astray." The justice drew a long breath, and once more producing the pocket-book said: "You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocket-book. I now ask you again, did you ever see this pocket-book before?" "Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a minute ago. Yer must be losin' yer mind, jedge." Remanded to jail without bail.

The Difference Between East and West.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray and Arthur West.

Many people love the study
Of our fellow folk, mankind;
In the east and west of New York
Diff'rent studies you will find;
Though they're all in one great city,
You will notice, as you stroll,
They're as widely separated
As the North and Southern Pole.
Gaze within a west side ball room,
See the belle, a Miss Devere;
Her affianced husband near her,
They're to married be this year;
'Tis a match that's made for money—
Love, there's not the very least,
But inside another dance hall,
Over town in New York, east—

CHORUS.

A fellow says, "'Liza, you know how I prize you,
So don't dance again with that lad;
Don't worry your Larry, some day we will marry;
Take care, 'Liza, don't make me mad,
For nobody loves you as I do, you know,"
An honest heart beats in his breast;
He loves her because she's the choice of his heart,
That's the diff'rence between east and west.

While the lights are brightly burning,
In a west side music hall,
With his pal, see Jones, the banker,
Lounging in his cozy stall;
All the time the wine is flowing,
See the eye-glass on his eye,
Watching every lady singer,
Thus an hour or so goes by.
"Waiter, bring us some more Pom'ry,"
On the stage then enters Maud.
That's a fine girl singing, Charlie.
"Yes," says Jones, but don't applaud;
Every one will think you know her—
Very bad form, here, at least,"
That's the style on New York's west side,
Now let's go to New York's east—

CHORUS.

"Appland there, Eliza, it may advertise her,"
Says Larry to 'Liza, his love;
A young girl is singing, delight she is bringing
From boxes to gall'ry above.
Perhaps she supports an old mother at home,
To please with a song does her best;
They cheer and applaud 'till her face wears a smile,
That's the difference between east and west.

In the early hours of morning,
See the rich man, cards in hand.
"Telegram for Smith," says some one.
"Bring it here, I understand.
Boys, my wife died just at midnight—
Hang it all, a perfect bore."
Spoiled his splendid game of poker.
"Guess I'll not play any more;
Perfect nuisance, fam'ly troubles."
On his face a sneering smile.
"Well, she's dead, and just for form's sake,
Must say 'so long' for a while."
Curses as he leaves the club house
To respect his poor dead wife;
At the same time, in a hovel,
Slow away ebbs 'Liza's life.

CHORUS.

Poor Larry is crying, for 'Liza is dying,
He know they will soon have to part;
She tries to caress him, and prays God to bless him,
And prosper his rough, honest heart;
How dearly he loves her, no tongue can express,
For six nights he's not been to rest,
And there, by her side, to the last he has stood,
That's the difference between east and west.

—In the grammar department of one of our public schools, the teacher, after talking with her class on the subject of mythology, read to them as follows: "Vulcan, smith, architect, and chariot-builder for the gods of Mount Olympus, built their houses, constructed their furniture," etc. The following day the subject of the preceding day was given as a language lesson, and as no mention was made of Vulcan, the teacher asked the class who built the houses for the gods on Mount Olympus? For a while the children seemed lost in profound thought, when suddenly a gleam of intelligence illuminated the face of one little girl, and she replied, "I can't think of his first name, but his last name is Smith."

The Slave of Yesterday and the Slave of To-Day.

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Written and Composed by Geo. A. Burton.

The slaves are set free, and bondage exists no more,
Freedom is the welcome cry that rings from shore to shore;
No more the cruel bloodhounds will chase the contrabrand,
Equal rights to ev'ry one—a man is but a man,
And heroes still are living that entered in the fray
For equal rights and freedom and manly won the day;
Now slave and master are as one, likewise the Blue and Gray;
The black was the slave of yesterday, the workingman to-day.

CHORUS.

Gold is the master that rules o'er land and sea;
Bad pay is overseer, that makes dire poverty.
The poor man who labors ten hours each day
Is not the slave of yesterday, but the slave of to-day.

Come, noble heroes, again, go fight the fight—
Not white against black, nor blue against gray, but millions against the mite,
Against those that have millions and rule from shore to shore,
Against the proud cap'talist that down the working poor.
The hard'nd rich employer, with millions at command,
Is now the cruel master of the workingman;
The slave block and the whipping post have all passed away;
The black was the slave of yesterday, the workingman to-day.—*Chorus.*

ALL IN A ROW.

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Written and Composed by Charles Deane & Fred Leigh.

Nineteen of us the other night went out upon the spree,
And we were lively, very lively;
We'd lately backed some winners, and with tons of L. S. D.,
We were lively, very lively;
We got up to the nearest bar, from which we couldn't stir—
The smell of whiskey seemed to have a charm;
In half an hour don't think that we were boozed because we were,
And we started strolling homewards arm in arm.

CHORUS.

All in a row, all in a row,
We went toddling down the street
A little bit rocky about the feet;
The girls we met said, mind how you go—
Nineteen jolly good boys all in a row.

When we counted up our cash and found that we were broke,
That was lively, very lively;
I proposed to pawn my watch, they quickly saw the joke,
Which was lively, very lively.
Nineteen watch and chains, that day, we all popped up the spout;
On the spree again we all were bent;
We blocked up all the roadway, not a blessed soul could move,
And straight towards a music hall we went.—*Chorus.*

When we reached the music hall, they wouldn't let us in,
That was lively, very lively;
But I said where's the manager—oh, when I spotted him
It was lively, very lively.
Said he, you're boozed, you can't come in. We shouted, yes, we shall.
We shoved him down and got in but, oh, Lor',
He whistled when the coppers came, and nineteen jolly boys
Once again came struggling through the door.—*Chorus.*

I only know next morn that nineteen boys began to shout
For a liv'ner, a little liv'ner.
At ten o'clock the warders said, just mind what you're about,
Which was lively, very lively.
The blessed lies the coppers told the judge, well, strike a light,
But the magistrate, who was a decent sort,
Fined us just a ten apiece—of course, we quickly paid,
And then we started strolling from the Court.—*Chorus.*

—A certain individual being somewhat short and somewhat dry, walked into a store and purchased three biscuits. Before paying, seeing that the worthy shopkeeper had cider, he came to the conclusion that he was more dry than hungry, and asked permission to swap the biscuits for the cider. Finishing the cider with an appreciatory smack of the lips, he turned on his heel to go out, when the shopkeeper said: "Come, pay me for the cider." "Didn't I swap the biscuits for the cider?" said the other. "Well, then pay me for the bisuits," said the puzzled trader. "Haven't you got them on the shelf? What are you hindering me for? My time's valuable." And off he went.

OUR CAMP'S HERO.

Composed by Hovey Cook.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Yer may talk about yer heroes,
An' tell of the things they've done;
But, fur a hero, we'd the beauty,
Compair with her! who? none.
She war jest the pride of our camp—
Bill Higgins' daughter, she.
As good 'er gal as ever war—
As good as they'll ever be.

Not to tall an' not to thin,
But jest the proper kind;
Full of life as er kitten—
Her like war hard ter find.
She'd no mother, fur her mother died
Long fur she struck this place.
Bill, he jest did love his daughter,
Said she had her mother's face.

She war jest as brave as er lion—
Braver than some men I know;
Jest why an' how an' so, sir,
I'm jest a-goin' to show:
It war back in 'sixty-four or five,
Jest in the spring of year,
When one mornin' a nor'wester' storm
Like Satan did appear.

Well, yer jest hear me tell it,
It rained near all thur day,
But jest toward the evenin',
It kinder cleared away;
Yer've seen thur falls below, sir,
Well, yer should have seen 'em then,
Fur a sight er like 'em
Yer'ed never see agin.

Why, they roared and boiled an' sizzled,
I ne'er saw thur like afore;
Thur waters jest mad like,
Tore and beat thur shore.
An' as they hit the shore, sir,
An' then rolled back agin,
They seemed to, in their roarings, say,
I'd like to take yer in.

A little kid of three or four
War playin' there about,
When all a sudden I heard
One of the boys shout.
The kid had fallen in, sir,
Inter that place of death;
His screams—well, I'm a strong one,
But it took away my breath.

Before any one could stop her,
In went Nell Higgins, clothes an' all;
Thur child in that mad hell hole
Jest then went over thur fall;
But, Nell, she never turned back,
But over thur fall to.
Thur people war jest mad like,
They didn't know what ter do.

Up she came an' she had thur kid,
An' cried, "Boys, throw a rope."
Jack Alyer did—she missed it,
An' then we gave up hope;
Fur if she war made of iron,
She couldn't fight that tide,
An' no one could ever reach her,
No matter how hard yer tried.

She cried out, boys, I'm goin',
An' then she sank from view;
Thur kid he war claeped in her arms,
An' so 'course he sank, too,
An' our little Nell, God bless her,
We never saw her more,
Until thur, child, an' she next day
War washed upon thur shore.

She war a hero, yes she war,
An' all thur boys jest did love her,
But Nell's gone, yes, gone fur keeps,
Over on yonder hill she sleeps.
Alone, but peaceful, yer can jest bet so,
For good war all poor Nell did know,
And if there's a heaven, as I think there are,
God let her make her home up there.

—"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in his head," remarked a gentleman to a defeated candidate. "What do I care?" was the reply. "Well," said the gentleman, "before the election you used to take me aside and ask me how my family was coming on, and I've been hunting you all over town to tell you, and that's the way you talk to me. But it don't make any difference. I voted for the other candidate, anyhow."

BONNIE LITTLE ANNIE.

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By Charles Graham.

Some say a girl that's pretty likes to flirt the days away;
But mine is all that's sweet and neat, she's not a bit too gay;
She's idolized by ev'ry one the other side of town.
I waited years for Annie, and at last she's all my own.

REFRAIN.

Yes, she's my bonnie little Annie, after all she'll be my wife;
She knows I love her all the while, for her I'd give my life.
After all the days of waiting there's no happier man than me;
Last night she whispered "Yes," and promised mine alone she'll be.

Of course, she's always full of fun, she's very teasing, too;
She kept the boys all guessing, sure the truth they never knew;
But now she's changed entirely; she has grown demure and shy.
She gave her loving heart to me, and that's the reason why.—*Refrain.*

SWEETHEART LOU.

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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

A pretty little charmer with blue eyes,
That's Louise, my sweetheart Lou;
A girl who makes you think that she's an angel in disguise,
Is winsome Lou, the one that I adore;
Her smile is like a burst of sunlight
From gloomy skies above;
In all this world there's not one girl
Can compare with Lou, the one I love.

CHORUS.

Sweetheart Lou, I love you;
Days come, days go, still my love remains the same;
The sun shines brighter, my heart seems lighter
Ever since you came.

Some day we'll have a cozy little home,
Just us two, my sweetheart Lou;
You'll be the queen, my darling, and I'll worship at your throne,
Love will reign supreme forevermore;
Your heart will never know a sorrow
While I am by your side;
I'll always love you, darling mine,
No matter whate'er may betide.—*Chorus.*

GLORIOUS BEER.

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Words by Steve Leggett. Music by Will Goodwin.

Now I won't sing of sherbet and water,
For sherbet with beer will not rhyme;
The workingman can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than five cents a time;
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear;
I allude to that grand institution,
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer!

CHORUS.

Beer, beer, glorious beer! Fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it—
Now, all together, a cheer!
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer!

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
The best thing there is for your neck;
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect.
Now we know who the goddess of wine was,
But was there a goddess of beer?
If so, let us drink to her health, boys,
And wish that we'd just got her here, here, here!—*Chorus.*

So up, up with brandies and sodas,
But down, down, and down with the beer;
It's good for you when you are hungry;
You can eat it without any fear;
So sip up the beer while you're able,
Of four-half let's all have our fill;
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear Uncle Bill, Bill, Bill!—*Chorus.*

THE "MIDWAY IN THE MOON."

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Colored folks, have you heard the news that's been exciting every coon,
There's going to be a jubilee, and it's going to gather 'round the moon;
There's Venus, there's Saturn, there's Jupiter and Mars,
There's a comet and an eclipse of the sun, the moon and stars;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.

CHORUS.

The midway in the moon, the midway in the moon,
With the boola, boola, boola, boola, hoola,
Every coon will have a chance to do the hoochy, coochy dance,
When we get up to the midway in the moon.

White folks all must bear in mind that, when the coons begin to dance,
There'll be no choice or color line, for that day the nigs will have a chance;
Let's whisper, let's whisper, now, coons, don't you be shy;
Don't you hurry, don't you worry, for it's coming bye and bye;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.—*Chorus.*

You're Welcome Whenever You Call.

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Words and Music by Thos. H. Murray.

An old friend of mine by the name of O'Brien
Has a house full of beautiful girls;
There's Sadie and Mate, sweet Irena and Kate,
Dear Mollie, all frizzes and curls;
I called with a friend, just a few hours to spend,
So we waltzed in the parlor and hall;
When going away, why the girls all did say,
You're welcome whenever you call.

CHORUS.

I know whene'er I go to visit the Misses O'Brien,
Each one just full of fun, give me a jolly, good time;
If you should call there too, see that O'Brien gets a ball,
And the old man will say when you're going away,
You're welcome whenever you call.

On last Sunday night 'twas with joy and delight
That a lot of boys met there by chance;
It tickled O'Brien, he had looked for some time
To have a nice sociable dance;
We stood at the door in the morning at four,
Then O'Brien he invited us all
To come soon again, so you see it's quite plain,
You're welcome whenever you call.—*Chorus.*

Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two
Lives Murphy's daughter Nell;
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue,
Indeed, she's quite a belle;
She smiles on me whene'er we meet,
She has my heart and hand complete,
And when work is done I start and run
My Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell
Waits for me after tea;
She knows well, she dare not tell
That she's engaged to me.
But one of these days,
When I get a raise,
The boy that she loves so well
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell
Can never marry me;
Says, she must wed a howling swell,
That's rich and up in "G."
But on his Nell I've got first call,
She says it's me or none at all,
And last night she said we will be wed
Some time this fall.—*Chorus.*

I'll Not Go Out with Riley Any More.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My old friend Johnnie Riley says, "Come, Mac, along with me;
I mean to draw me pension and we'll have a real old spree;
We'll both go down to Murphy's, then we'll stop in on Magee,
And have a drink or two at Misses Grady's."
Says I, "Now, John, come home; leave the drink and stuff alone,
And you'll feel the better man to-morrow morn."
"Devil-a-foot," he says, "I will, sure I mean to have me fill,"
So, like a fool, I had to go along.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Every bone within me body since is sore;
Sure he got me in a fight, and leave them lock me up all night,
No! I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Next morning Riley said to me, "Indeed, I'm sorry, Mack."
Says I, "I want no sympathy or anything like that;
Now if you had stood by me when you got me in a scrap,
I wouldn't been the sight I am this morning."
Says he, "Tut, tut, don't fret, sure I've plenty money yet;
Now cheer up, and we'll go out and take a drop"—
So, like a fool again, sure I did the very same,
And went with Riley, when I swore I'd not.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Just for fun, he poked a p'liceman in the jaw;
Then he ran away, did he, and let the copper collar me,
So I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Now Riley, here a week ago, went out one night alone,
Although he called around for me, I'm glad I wasn't home;
Me wife, she says, "It's likely that you'll find him at McGlone's."
Says he, "I'll stop there, Misses McAnally."
He'd gone a block or more, when a dangling wire he saw,
And so gently in the breezes did it sway,
And he thought the wire was dead, but 'twas full of life instead,
That happened just a week ago to-day.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
It was yesterday the last of him I saw;
As the funeral wound away, sure then I to meself did say,
Now I can't go out with Riley any more.

Mary Rode the Bike and Bull.

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Words by Chas. A. Taylor. Music by John Harding.

There are things in this world a woman can't do,
But there's nothing a woman won't try;
She is never content with what man can invent,
And she'll beat him in learning to fly;
Now the bicycle craze has set them ablaze—
Sister Mary's gone clear off her base;
She said she could turn it, was sure she could learn it,
And entered full-fledged in the race.

CHORUS.

She said that she could ride it, if she could only stride it,
So she started out with bloomers wide apart.
Mother said to shake it, father said you'll break it;
We all went out to see her get a start;
She sprang upon the saddle, and the wheel she tried to straddle,
The boys cried out, "How funny she must feel";
When she began to spin it, the gang cried, "Now she's in it"—
You bet your life that Mary rode the wheel.

Mary can ride anything she can stride;
She looks very well on a wheel,
But when the thing wiggles, it gives her the giggles,
And shakes her clear down to the heel;
But she kept it humming, and we saw her coming;
Her mother cried, "Pump on your right";
A little fly copper tried hard to stop her,
But Mary was soon out of sight.—*Chorus.*

There's a butcher next door, who owns a big bull—
He saw Mary out on her bike;
He bet Pa a ham she warn't worth a hang,
And Pa said, "Bet what you like,
My daughter Mary'll ride the bull to the dairy;
I'll back her for marbles or wool."
The bet was made, the plans were laid
For Mary to ride the bull.

CHORUS.

She said that she would ride it, if she could only stride it;
She sprang upon his back like Mollie Brown;
The bull began to buck her, mother swore he'd chuck her,
But Mary rode him all around the town;
The boys they all went crazy, and said she was a daisy,
And father tried to get the butcher full;
He said he'd lost his money, but Mary was a honey—
You bet your life that Mary rode the bull.

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade:
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Chorus.*

THE GERMAN FIFTH.

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Ot you'll look at us your oud, you vill see some soldiers gay,
Ve belong to de German Fifth, dat bromenades upon Broadway.
Ve march awhile in single file, den ve change to two-by-two;
You bet ve make de beobie smile ven ve march dot sidy drough.

CHORUS.

Double rank—vatch de flank—don't dat vas a splendid drill?
Mark dot time—ain't dot fine? ven ve march ve don't stand still.
Houp-a-la! shout hurrah! dot's de vay dot's sure to kill;
Right face about, go inside oud—hurrah for de German Fifth!

Ven ve vas in dot army ve vas fed on barrel staves;
Und ven ve don't vas fight, ve had to vork at digging graves;
Und ve got so sick und thin, dot you could easily see us drough;
Und somedimes dey kept us marching dill your feet vas black und blue.—*Cho.*

But now ve are home-guard brivates, ve got blenty grub to eat!
Dutchmen all are jealous of us, ven ve march along de sdreed.
Arms quick present und elbows bent, eyes to right und heads up straight,
Mit left und right und moud shut tight—a mile a day dot vas our gait.—*Cho.*

SOMETHING SHE SAID TO JOHN

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Eliza and John were sweethearts,
He told her to name the day
When they should be wed, but all she said was,
"John, that's for you to say."
Together, one night, 'neath the starry light,
While the man in the moon looked on,
They seemed to be awfully happy
Over something she said to John.

CHORUS.

Something she said to John,
Something she said to John;
He kissed her there, for he did not care
If the man in the moon looked on;
A secret it seemed to be,
A secret between the three;
Said John to Eliza, no one will be wiser
Thro' what you have said to me.

Eliza and John were married,
No prettier pair could be,
The man in the moon had seen them spoon,
A very wise man is he;
She'd something to say, she told John one day,
Tho' she blushed like the rosy dawn,
They seemed to be awfully happy
Over something she said to John.—*Chorus.*

—"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
'Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

GIVE MY LOVE TO NELLIE.

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

Three years ago, when Jack and Joe set sail across the foam,
They vowed a fortune each would earn, before returning home.
In just a year Jack gained his wealth, and sailed for home that day,
And as the pals shook hands to part, poor Joe could only say:

CHORUS.

"Give my love to Nellie, Jack, kiss her once for me,
The fairest girl in all this world I know you'll say is she;
Treat her kindly, Jack, old pal; tell her I am well."
His parting words were, "Don't forget to give my love to Nell."

Two years had passed when Joe at last gained wealth enough for life,
Across the foam he sailed for home, to make sweet Nell his wife;
But soon he learned that Jack and Nell one year ago were wed:
He now regrets, in sobs and frets, that he had ever said:—*Chorus.*

They chanced to meet upon the street; said Joe, "You selfish elf,
The next girl that I learn to love, I'll kiss her for myself:
But all is fair in love, they say, and as you've gone and wed,
I'll not be angry with a pal, so once again he said:—*Chorus.*

THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY.

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Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to hear;
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Chorus.*

MAGGIE, MY OWN.

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Words by Alice. Music by Andrew Mack.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
Happy am I when you are nigh,
I love you more and more.
Dry that bright tear, be of good cheer;
Wherever I wander, though years may roll on,
You've a place in my heart, Maggie dear.

CHORUS.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
Happy am I when you are nigh, I love you more and more;
Oh! light of my life, be my little wife,
My own sweet Maggie Asthore.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
By night and day for you I'll pray;
Think of me, love, alone.
Though far away, still I'll be near;
The light of your eyes my bright beacon will be,
And guide me to you, Maggie dear.—*Chorus.*

MAVOURNEEN.

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Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore;
But sweeter and purer, oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Asthore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me,
As I roam this world over, a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.

Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me,
As I roam this world over, a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending,
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY, O.

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;
So light her tread, so fond her gaze,
Who would not love my Molly dear?
Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,
Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near:
Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,
Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
She's plain Molly, O, her heart is love's retreat;
She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine:
Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,
With Molly dear the world I would defy;
Tender her heart, loving and true,
Flowers of the valley call her queen.
So like the lily, so like the rose,
Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;
Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright
Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.—*Chorus.*

WHO WILL MARRY ME?

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Words and Music by Chas. Robinson.

My name's Daniel Mooney, don't think that I am looney,
For the way I talks, I know, is fooney;
The reason why I'm glad, I've a letter from me dad,
Who died and left me all his money.
And when his will was read out, it told me what to do;
If I would have his money, I would have to marry, too;
So I am looking for a lady who'll consent to marry me,
And we'll sail for Ireland in the morning.

CHORUS.

Who is the lady now, where is the baby now,
Who is the lady that's going to marry me?
Come, come, answer quick, I will marry on the lick,
And sail for Dublin in the morning.

See a lady sitting there, who I think is young and fair,
If she'll only wed me I'll be happy;
I'll buy her diamond rings, lots of silks and other things,
Remember me heart goes wid me money;
And when we're wed a year or so, a cradle we will buy,
To rock the tootsy-wootsy in—that is, when he does cry.
And if he grows to be a man, just like his papa,
We'll have wine and whiskey in the morning.—*Chorus.*

Now don't be ashamed of me, I'm not handsome, you can see,
But a truer husband, I'll swear, you'll ne'er get;
I'll do the best I can, always be a sober man.
When we get our money we'll buy a house and land;
We'll furnish up the parlor in the latest, grandest style,
And then return to Ireland and stay there for a while.
But when we do return again, I'll have you all to know,
We'll have wine and sponge cake in the morning.—*Chorus.*

I'VE BEEN HOODOO'D.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd,
By a nigger voodoo I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd,
Hoodoo'd by a big black coon.

A coon for me had a great infatuation,
He wanted me to marry, but he had no situation;
As soon as I refused, why the coon he got wild,
Says he, "I am bound for to hoodoo dis child."
Went and got a rabbit foot and burned it with a frog,
Down in the hollow of an old burnt log,
Right on the road where I had to pass along.
Ever since den my head's been wrong,
My bones begin to ache, and my teeth begin to chatter,
Went to a doctor and he couldn't tell the matter;
Says he, "You're a gone coon, you're gone up the spout."
He looked at my head, and my hair fell out;
Nobody knows how funny I feel,
Even the husk fell off my heel.

REFRAIN.

I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd,
By a nigger voodoo I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd,
Hoodoo'd by a big black coon.

This same black coon had an awful disposition,
He could do more tricks than Hermann, the magician;
My daddy he went out for to kill this black moke,
The coon only laughed, and he thought it a joke;
Got all of the coons afraid to look him in the eye,
Got lots of niggers that he's taught to fly;
All the police for this coon they had to search;
He robbed a coon one night at church;
He grabbed up a chicken and it wouldn't even holler,
Throw up his guffer and 'most anything would follor;
It is very strange, but it ain't no lie,
I hope in my heart that this coon will die,
For I can't sleep, walk, talk, nor eat,
Guess I am dead—my heart don't beat.—*Refrain.*

—Wife, just returned from a shopping tour: "Come and see what I have got for you, Eugene." Eugene: "Ah, just like you, darling, always thinking of me!" He advances as his wife removes the wrapping and exposes some fine drawings from a neighboring marble yard. Husband starts back and exclaims, excitedly: "Gracious, Laura, what did you bring these things here for?" Thoughtful wife: "Well, Eugene, I heard you complain of feeling unwell this morning and I thought you would like to look at some tomb-stone patterns."

Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

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Words and Music by Kate Vanderpool.

I s'pose ynse all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;
I tumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;
Fer de way in which I trun him, I drew a prize, you see,
Fer now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

REFRAIN.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
I'm out for wot's in it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
Ye're givin' me "Goff," so jes' chase yereelf off; fer tings are now comin' me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on the box I ride;
O, hully gee! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side;
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de clothes,
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.—*Refrain.*

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose der head,
But wen I comes to be dat gay, I hopes to drop down dead;
If I was ter be de coachman, de butler, or de chef,
I'll tink meself right, peopie, see! Chimmie Fadden don't git left.—*Ref.*

SWEET ANTOINETTE.

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Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

Within my heart a secret lies,
A secret that I long to tell,
While fondly gazing in the eyes
Of one whose charms around me dwell;
And though I've often tried to tell the tale,
The hour I've often tried to set,
My heart and courage humbly fail
To say, I love thee, Antoinette.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Antoinette, the brightest star within my heart, indeed, you are;
My only thought since first we met, I love alone sweet Antoinette.

I love you, not because you're fair,
Nor for your actions so demure;
I love you, not your joys to share,
But for your soul so good and pure.
In vain I've tried to tell my love to thee,
And when the sun of life has set,
My farewell words to earth will be:
I love but thee, sweet Antoinette.—*Refrain.*

VENUS, MY SHINING LOVE.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

'Most ev'ry one has a sweetheart
With beautiful eyes that shine;
I'm not acquainted with your love,
But you're well acquainted with mine.
Excelling all other ladies,
Fairer than any by far;
You must admit that the brightest of all
Is Venus, my shining star.

CHORUS.

Venus, beautiful Venus, how bright you shine;
None shall e'er come between us, sweet Venus mine.
None as bright as my darling so far up above—
Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining love.

Some say true love ne'er runs smoothly,
But with them I disagree;
Not a cross word has been uttered
'Twixt Venus, my loved one, and me.
Leading my star to the altar
Was my most beautiful dream;
When I compare her with Saturn or Mars,
Like darkness to her they seem.—*Chorus.*

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

YOU ARE MY SWEETHEART.

Words by HARRY S. MARION. Music by J. P. MULLER.

Chorus.



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When the Little Ones Are Coming Home from School.

Refrain. Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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The Girl Next Door.

Words and Music by WILL H. FRIDAY, Jr.



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WITH A WIFE, AND A NEAT LITTLE HOME.

Chorus. Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR.

Chorus. By J. F. SKELLY.



I'LL NOT GO OUT WITH RILEY ANY MORE.

Chorus. Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



FORGET THE PAST.

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If They'd Only Write and Ask Me To Come Home.

Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



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HURRY HOME MARCH.

For Piano.

By GEO C EDWARDS.



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I NEVER LOVED UNTIL I MET YOU.

Words and Music by SAMUEL H. SPECK.



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SWEET EILLEEN.

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After Your Wand'ring, Come Home!

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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Don't Forget the Friends

THAT ARE DEARER THAN GOLD.

Chorus. Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



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Let Me Take My Place At Home Again.

Composed by CHAS. V LONG.



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

TWO-STEP MARCH,

Composed by GEORGE H. BRAMHALL.



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DENNIE MURPHY'S DAUGHTER NELL.

Chorus. Words and Music by CHAS. E. BAER.



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JUST AS IT USED TO BE IN DAYS GONE BY.

Words and Music by CHARLES GRAHAM.



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THE HIT OF THE SEASON!

DENIED A HOME

A DRAMATIC, DESCRIPTIVE SONG AND CHORUS

BY

HARRY S. MILLER,

Author of "A GIRL LIKE," etc.

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TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

DOWN IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

Chorus. Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



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MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

Refrain Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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Shuffling along, shunned by the throng, there trudges a wretched old tramp;
Hungry and worn, clothes to shreds torn, and still with the morning dew damp;
Now in the square he watches there the children who play with their toys;
Soon his eyes close, sleep drowns his woes, he dreams of the past and its joys.

CHORUS.

He was dreaming of the friends of his childhood,
Of the glad days he roamed thro' the wildwood,
Of his boyhood sweetheart, and their little dog-cart,
And the wild flowers that grew by the stream,
Of the crime that had made him a drunkard,
Of the two neglected graves in the church-yard,
Of his mother's last kiss, and the joys he did miss,
Were all pictured in the poor old tramp's dream.

Startled he wakes, truth on him breaks—alas! it is only a dream.
Pleasures ne'er last, past remains past, and dreams are the sole joys supreme.
So he'll live on till life is gone—'tis too late to mend his bad ways.
Still through regret he'll ne'er forget the dream of his once happy days.—*Cho.*

I'M MAMMA'S LITTLE GIRL.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

A man who had an accident, while trav'ling on a train,
Received a shock that stunned his nerves and rendered him insane,
So in a country hospital for many years he lay
Until they thought that he was well, and he was sent away.
His wife and child who thought him dead, lived in a little town,
And through the streets, one summer's day, the man came wand'ring down,
And by a house he saw at play a very pretty child,
And when he said "whose girl are you?" she answered as she smiled:

CHORUS.

"I'm mamma's little girl, papa called me Baby Pearl;
Everybody that I see falls right in love with me.
I'm mamma's little girl, papa called me Baby Pearl,
For you see they all love me, I'm mamma's little girl!"

"You're Baby Pearl?" he asked of her, when suddenly she said,
"O there's my pussy run away," and after it she sped,
And running out into the road, the sweet child did not heed
The great fire engine that came on, with swift and sudden speed.
The man saw all—a sudden run, his life, his all he braved—
From underneath the horses' heels the little one he saved,
When, light'ning like, he knew the truth, she was his own sweet child,
He said, "I know whose girl you are," and she said as she smiled:—*Chorus.*

There's a Girl in the World for Us All.

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Words and Music by W. C. Davies.

Two friends quarrelled one day
About a young girl called Mary;
Tom loved her dearly and Jack did the same,
But he was a little contrary;
Mary told Tom that she loved him the best,
And promised that she'd be his wife;
When Jack heard of this in a passion he flew,
Said: "Our friendship, Tom, ceases for life!"

REFRAIN.

"Don't be angry with me, Jack,
Because I have won Mary;
Come, let us be friends again;
Don't be so contrary;
You tried to win her I know;
She loved me best after all;
Shake hands and be friends, and remember," said Tom,
"There's a girl in the world for us all."

Said Jack: "I'll go away
Since you've won the heart of Mary."
"Don't go away, Jack, for I'm still your friend;
Why are you so awful contrary;
Soon little Mary and I will be wed
In the church that stands over the way;
Now promise me, Jack, that my friend still you'll be."
Tom then held out his hand and did say:—*Refrain.*

SWEET LITTLE ROSEY-POSEY.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Beautiful Rose, when the wind blows, every one knows you are blooming.
Life is complete, blissfully sweet, sweeter for roses' perfuming.
Rose owns a part, part of my heart; Rosey's got me on a string;
Dearest of dears; yet she appears quite deaf and dumb when I sing:

CHORUS.

Sweet little Rosey-posey, all in your Sunday clo'eesey;
Goodness only knowsey I love you!
Every breeze that blowsey, whispers of Rosey-posey:
Love in a cottage is cosy, a cottage that's built for two.

Beautiful Rose, when the wind blows, bright golden tresses are streaming;
When I reach home after our roam, all the night long I am dreaming.
One face I see smiling on me, causing my poor heart to leap.
Then the next day mother will say," Why do you sing in your sleep?"—*Cho.*

Beautiful Rose, when the wind blows, blows me the luck of securing
Your little hand, you can command love that is strong and enduring.
My heart and soul you can control until the end of my life.
Don't be absurd; whisper one word, say you will be my sweet wife.—*Cho.*

Will You Love Me, Sweetheart, When I'm Old?

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Sweetheart with the glorious eyes, where young love a-dreaming lies;
Sweetheart with the blushing cheeks, where young love its secret speaks;
Sweetheart with the trusting looks, telling more than any books!
Answer now, and answer true, 'tis all I ask of you.

CHORUS.

Will you love me, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?

Love is hopeful in its May, when 'tis sunny ev'ry day,
When the song of birds repeat simple stories ever sweet,
But when autumn brings its gloom, and fair flowers cease to bloom,
Answer now, I will not blame, will you love me just the same?

CHORUS.

Will you love me, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?
(*Repeat last line twice if not too high, otherwise this song can end here*)

SHINNY ON YOUR OWN SIDE.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

There's a phrase oft used by school-boys, in their games of noise and strife,
That we often hear again when years have passed:
You must shinny on your own side, as you travel on thro' life,
And do your best to reach the goal at last;
So when Ned and I were school-boys, ev'ry game we entered in
We did our best, with hopes of vict'ry gone:
And he'd say, if he defeated me, you did your best to win,
But the next time "shinny on your own side, John."

CHORUS.

Shinny on your own side all thro' life,
Just the same as in the days of school-boy strife;
These words oft come back, tho' years have gone,
"Don't get mad, but shinny on your own side, John."

I remember we were both in love with little Nellie Gray,
And for quite awhile knew not which she preferred,
Till one day, with blushing face, he told me he had won the day,
And then the same old cry again I heard:
Now I won my vict'ry fairly, she is mine beyond dispute;
There are other girls, tho' Nelly Gray is gone:
And it may be that, before long, you will find one that will suit,
So be wise and "shinny on your own side, John."

CHORUS.

Shinny on your own side all thro' life,
Just the same as in the days of school-boy strife;
These words oft come back, tho' years have gone,
"Don't get mad, but shinny on your own side, John."

THE MERMAID AND THE MAN.

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Written by Mayhew & Palmer. Arranged by Julius F. Peterson.

A mermaid sat on the wave-washed shore,
And longed for a lover bold,
And sighed to herself the while she thought,
Must true love forever grow cold.
A sailor lad strolling along the sand,
Does pause at the wondrous sight,
And straight to his heart there speeds a dart,
Sent by love, 'tis a sorry plight—for—

CHORUS.

Cupid stands watching the trouble he's caused
For the mermaid and the man;
He chuckles with glee at the sight strange to see—
A mermaid in love with a man.
The lad's face turns pale, the maid wags her tail
And sadly looks down at the sand;
As sweethearts they tarry, they never can marry,
The mermaid and the man.

She was so fair, with her wave-kiss'd hair,
That he knelt down by her side;
You can't marry me, nor I marry thee—
'Tis a cruel trick of fate, they both cried.
"I love thee far better than life," said he;
"And I," said the maid, "love thee."
In sorrow he hears the wild waves call
His sweetheart back into the sea—and—*Chorus.*

'Neath the waters deep, where the sea kings sleep,
The maid weeps in vain for the lad,
While cupid laughed long at the poor lad's song,
And watches his face grow sad;
And year after year, so 'tis said, I hear,
At ebb and flow of the tide,
The boatman, in fear, will venture near
To the place where true love lived and died—and—*Chorus.*

Pictures from Life's Other Side.

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Words and Music by Charles E. Baer.

In the world's mighty gall'ry of pictures
Hang the scenes that are painted from life;
The picture of love and of passion,
The picture of peace and of strife;
The picture of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young bride,
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of all,
Are the pictures from life's other side.

CHORUS.

'Tis a picture from life's other side,
Some one who fell by the way,
A life has gone out with the tide
That may have been happy one day.
Some poor old mother at home,
Watching and waiting alone,
Longing to hear from the lov'd ones so dear,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler,
Who has lost all his money at play,
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger,
She wore on her wedding day;
His last earthly treasure he stakes it,
Bows his head, that his shame he may hide.
When they lifted his head they found he was dead,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The next tells a tale of two brothers,
Whose paths in life diff'rent ways led;
The one was in luxury living,
The other one begged for his bread;
One dark night they met on the highway.
"Your money or life!" the thief cried,
And he took with his knife his own brother's life,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The last is a scene by the river,
Of a heart-broken mother and babe,
'Neath the harbor-lights' glare stands and shivers,
An outcast whom no one will save;
And yet she was once a true woman,
She was somebody's darling and pride.
God help her, she leaps, there is no one to weep,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

Goin' to Lose Yer Baby in de Mornin'.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Done gone an' told my feller, I'se sorry, 'deed I am;
I'se got anoder honey boy—a reg'lar sporty man;
Of coûrse, he ain't no bigger, but dat don't cut no figure;
He is black, and dat am what a nigger ought to be.

CHORUS.

So what yer goin' to do when yer lose yer little honey, oh?
What yer goin' ter do when she stops yer spending money?
'Deed I'se got to quit yer, let anoder nigger get yer,
An' yer goin' to lose yer baby in de mornin'.

My new man am a corker, de hottest thing around;
He wears de swellest diamonds too of any coon in town;
A reg'lar cake-walk winner, an' lives on chicken dinner;
Love yer man, and den he said, you will be in it too.—*Chorus.*

I hate to tole my feller I has to turn him down,
I'se got to be a Trilby for my new man Billie Brown,
An' change my name to Sadie, wear diamonds like a lady,
Den I'll do de Boulevard when Sunday comes around.—*Chorus.*

HOT TAMALE ALLEY.

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Words by May Irwin. Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Down in Hot Tamale Alley lives a yaller gal named Sally,
She's the warmest member in the colored neighborhood;
Sally is the pink of neatness, she's a little lump of sweetness,
I'm her man, the whole coon clan would carve me if they could;
Talk about your jealous niggers, how they'd like to pull the triggers
Of the guns they carry, and a target make of me,
Just because I've won this baby, and some day I'll wed her, maybe;
When we go out for a stroll, we are a sight to see.

CHORUS.

There's no nigger cutting any figure
When I go out for a promenade with Sally!
There's a lot of wenches darker, but you bet there's not a marker
To my baby down in Hot Tamale Alley.

Every cake walk, why we win it, no one's in it, for a minute,
When I link her arm and walk with Hot Tamale Sal,
To dis coon she is a blessing, and she doesn't keep me guessing;
For I know that I'm her bean, and she's my only gal;
She's the prize, and I have won it, ev'ry nigger tips his bonnet
When we pass, or else I flourish up my razor blade;
Now by dark-town we're respected, swellest couple we're elected;
Babies mighty hot 'twould take to put us in the shade.—*Chorus.*

ONLY AN ACTOR'S CHILD.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

"You ask me for a story, boys," thus spoke our leader Joe,
As we sat 'round the hotel fire one night after the show:
"All right," said he, "I'll tell you then," his face with pleasure glowed,
"An incident that happened with my first show on the road:
One night while playing Boston, the snow lay cold and deep,
I hurried on towards the show to get in from the street,
While just inside the stage-door, where the light most dimly shed,
A bundle lay with note attached, I picked it up and read:

CHORUS.

"Only an actor's child, just a little girl,
Please try to love her, whose Christian name is Pearl;
Don't treat her harshly, kindness instead,
Only an actor's child, whose parents now are dead.

"I carried back the little thing and told them what I'd found,
While ev'ry member of the show had quickly gathered 'round;
Our wardrobe lady kissed it and said in a tender tone,
'I'll take it, Joe, if you don't mind, and raise it as my own';
As years rolled on the baby grew most beautiful and fair;
No artist ever painted, boys, a picture half so rare;
The wardrobe lady since is dead, but of the babe I'll say,
She is the leading lady now with this same show to-day.

CHORUS.

"Only an actor's child, now a winsome girl;
Bright as the sunshine is, so each golden curl.
Followed in footsteps of a father's call,
Only an actor's child—so boys, you know it all."

SALLY, DON'T DALLY.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

A darling little Irish lass thro' blarney won my heart;
She is a bright-eyed colleen, and from her I could not part;
I followed her across the sea—her folks had gone before—
And her father said to Sally when I landed on this shore:

REFRAIN.

Sally, don't dally, stick to O'Malley;
Give your consent if to-night he should call.
He loves you dearly, treat him sincerely
Marry O'Malley, or no man at all.

Said I, my colleen, plight your word and wait a year for me;
And then I'll have as neat a place as ever you did see;
She said, I will; Pat, don't you fear. The time at last has flown,
And to-night she'll get the deeds and right to a cottage all her own.—*Ref.*

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

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Words and Music by Castell Brydges.

They stood at the altar side by side
In the sunshine of youth sublime,
No thought of clouds or storm and strife
In the sweet, golden summer time;
But, alas! if the future they could have seen,
Their joy would have fled like a dream;
Dark days hov'ring o'er them
And the story what might have been.

CHORUS.

Sunshine, sorrow and tears come to every one,
Be they peasant, be they king, they cannot dark days shun;
Only men and women are we, feeling sorrow keen;
We oft look back with sad regret and think what might have been.

One day in their lives a quarrel came,
A simple and foolish thing;
It blasted their love forevermore
Like the viper's pois'nous sting;
And now in the night, when the moon shines bright,
A woman so fair is seen,
Murm'ring in her agony,
How happy we might have been.—*Chorus.*

Maybe Mary Didn't See New York.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Mary was a pretty, rural maiden,
Whose little heart with love was never laden,
Until one summer's day, came a city chap, so gay—
The sequel is a little furnished flat;
Then he told her of the dangers of the city,
Of its wicked ways and doings that were wrong,
Which raised her curiosity and pity,
So one morning when to business he had gone—

CHORUS.

Maybe Mary didn't see New York, you know;
She never missed a good thing in her walk, that's so;
From the east side to the west,
And the Bow'ry at its best,
Maybe Mary didn't see New York—
Oh, maybe Mary didn't see New York, you know;
For a country girl she rather liked the sport, just so;
Long before the sun went down,
She knew more than half the town—
Maybe Mary didn't see New York.

Mary was a creature quite amazing,
Who longed to see the city lights a-blazing.
One evening after nine she took in the Tenderloin,
While hubby at the club was far from home;
Then her innocence, and ways that seemed so chary,
Caught all the swells that came within her way;
At four A. M. when strolling home with Mary,
You could hear them singing coming down Broadway:—*Chorus.*

CLARA BELL.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Down at the beach last week, sitting within a nook,
There was a maid so meek, feigning to read a book;
Just as I passed the place my eyes met hers so bright,
Tenderly gazing, such bright hopes raising, we both had loved at sight.

CHORUS.

Clara Bell, Clara Bell, is the name of the girl that I love;
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, is as fair as an angel above;
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, from me slyly has stolen my heart;
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, from my darling I never will part.

In the glad month of June, when all with mirth is fanned,
We'll take our honeymoon, happiest in the land;
Nothing can blight our love, care is a thing unknown,
So on forever, never to sever, Clara, my love, my own.—*Chorus.*

Her Memory Brings Me No Regret.

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Words by Howard Graham. Music by Chas. Graham.

Love's early dream has passed away, forever gone, too sweet to stay;
The mem'ry of a bygone day is all that's left to comfort me.
One face I see before me yet, with sparkling eyes and curls of jet,
My sweetheart's face, as first we met—her mem'ry brings me no regret.

REFRAIN.

Her mem'ry brings me no regret,
Although our sun of love has set;
She loved me once, I can't forget;
Her mem'ry brings me no regret.

As years go by, the thought that she has loved me once will be to me
A consolation sweet, tho' we could never wed, thro' Fate's decree.
Sometimes I wish we'd never met, and still I know I love her yet;
Tho' parted now, I can't forget—her mem'ry brings me no regret.—*Refrain.*

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

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Words and Music by E. T. Paull.

One bright autumn evening, 'round an old inn door,
A merry group had gathered, recalling days of yore,
When in the dusky twilight, there appeared a man,
Whose step was slow and feeble, whose face was sad and calm:
Will you join our group—friend, has thy life been well?
Have you not a story that you to us can tell?
Yes, I have a story, one's that's sadly true,
And if you will listen, I'll tell it now to you:

CHORUS.

Why do our loved ones leave us?
Why are our tears in vain?
Why is the sunlight darkened
And veiled by the mists of pain?
Many a heart is weeping,
E'en though the brow be clear,
'Neath the gladness sorrow,
Behind the smile a tear.

In a peaceful valley, 'neath the mountain shade,
Many years have vanished since I woo'd a maid;
Her cheeks were like the roses, hair like shining gold:
Her answer came with blushes when I my love had told.
I will love you always, with a heart that's true,
Thus replied my darling, as close to me she drew,
But before the roses from her cheeks had flown,
She 'neath the sod was sleeping, and I was left alone.—*Chorus.*

Little ones were playing 'round our cottage door,
Now their childish voices are hushed forevermore;
All was joy and gladness in our happy home,
But, alas! they're gone now, and I am left to roam.
She grew sad and lonely, for her darlings three,
Who had gone before her, leaving none but me;
Now you have my story. Sad although it be,
Yet I know they're watching and waiting there for me.—*Chorus.*

SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES.

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Words and Music by Anita Owen.

Sweet golden daisies, oh, how dear to me,
Ever I hear them, whisp'ring, love, of thee,
Murmuring softly, in a silent theme,
Of love's bright morning, now one sad, sweet dream.

REFRAIN.

Sweet bunch of daisies, brought from the dell,
Kiss me once, darling, daisies won't tell.
Give me your promise, O sweetheart do;
Darling, I love you, will you be true?

Sweet, withered daisies, treasured more than gold,
Bring back to mem'ry those sweet days of old,
When we together strolled through forests green,
Gathering daisies growing by the stream.—*Refrain.*

HE ONCE WAS A MILLIONAIRE.

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By Charles Graham.

Will you help a poor man on, sir—buy a pencil, please, from me;
I once had wealth, was happy, sir, and not the wreck you see;
So said a weary pedler, as I passed him by one night,
A picture of despair and want beneath the gleaming light;
His voice was quite familiar, and his face I thought I knew,
And so I stopped a little while, exchanged a word or two;
I found he was an old-time friend, a rich man years ago;
"Why, what's gone wrong, old man," I said, "why have you gone so?"

REFRAIN.

He once was a millionaire, he once had a charming wife,
And a sweet little maid, who, the neighbors said, was the sunshine of his life;
He's homeless and friendless now, for nothing he seems to care,
Begging his way on the streets each day, though he once was a millionaire.

With startled look, at last he said, "What, Tom! you've changed a lot;
You're looking well and prosp'rous, while these rags are all I've got;
I never look for sympathy, the fault is all my own,
But I have lost all nature, Tom, since my lass Nelly's gone;
My wife, she left me long ago, a heavy blow for me;
I prayed I might forget her, and no more her face should see;
I only wish to be alone, for life I do not care,
That's why I am a beggar, who was once a millionaire."—*Refrain.*

BABY IRENE.

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Words and Music by Mo. Pomarane.

In a neat little cottage, surrounded by trees,
Sits a mother with a heart light and free,
While she thinks of the evil that might befall;
The child sits there on her knee,
Just then the door opened, the husband comes home,
A toy for the baby he always does bring;
When supper is over, he picks up the child,
For it pleases him when he can sing:

REFRAIN.

You are my Irene, ever so charming;
You are my darling, few like you are ever seen;
I love you dearly, always be near me,
There is no sweeter child than my baby Irene.

Now the years have gone by, and the child it has grown
To womanhood, gentle and true,
Yet she thinks of the time that is now drawing near,
When she'd be a loving wife, too;
The clock on the mantle strikes the hour of eight,
And then there's a click at the old garden gate;
She knows it's her lover, and says you are late,
When softly he starts in to sing:

REFRAIN.

You are my Irene, ever so charming;
You are my darling, few like you are ever seen;
I love you dearly, always be near me,
There is no sweeter one than my own sweet Irene.

ONLY A ROSEBUD THAT SHE WORE IN HER HAIR.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Anita Owen.

Only a rosebud, cherished with regret,
Given to me by one I can't forget;
I begged it of her, for I loved her so,
When we were happy in the long ago.

REFRAIN.

Only a rosebud that she wore in her hair;
Only a rosebud, nothing more;
Poor faded flower that she left in my care,
Only a rose worn in her hair.

Here in the garden, by the little gate,
Oft for my coming did she watch and wait,
While stars shone tranquil in the heavens blue,
We told our vows and promised to be true.—*Refrain.*

Often I fancy, at the close of day,
That she is waiting at the garden way;
Still in my mem'ry her sweet face I see,
Smiling, as when she gave this rose to me.—*Refrain.*

I ONLY KNOW I LOVE HER SO.

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Words and Music by Geo. Hassell.

There's a girl I love far more than tongue can tell;
Her heart is mine and mine alone,
And to me no sweeter girl on earth doth dwell,
For she's the sunlight of my home;
I care not if no one beside
Her beauty e'er can know,
For I know her smiles are just for me alone,
I know I love her so.

REFRAIN.

I only know I love her so, no purer bliss care I to know;
Whate'er betide, no thought beside, I only know I love her so.

At the close of day she meets me at the door;
Her smiling face with love aglow,
And her arms entwine as tho' to loose no more;
No purer love could mortal know;
My faithful wife is all in all,
Life's stream does smoothly flow,
Just a smile, a kiss, a whisper—
What befalls, be sure I love her so.—*Refrain.*

A 'FRISCO GIRL.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall and Walter Wolff.

A San Francisco girl am I, and only plain at that;
I've been to Monte Carlo, and have played at baccarat
In Paris, London and Berlin and far away Moscow—
I must admit they're very fine, but give me dear 'Frisco.

CHORUS.

Where flowers are blooming the year 'round and sunshine's bright;
Where girls are beauties to gaze on in broad daylight,
For at night-time or daytime, or winter or summer,
You'll see pretty girls on the street,
For 'Frisco, you are quite a wonder,
And can't be beat.

Now Eastern folks will tell us that we are away out West,
And say that we're behind the times in every thing that's best;
That might be true in some respects, not everything, I swear—
For singers, actors, fighters too, they come from you know where.—*Cho.*

We take delight in out-door sports—swimming, rowing, and the like;
Lawn tennis, Goff, and other games, likewise the dear old bike.
We visit the race-track at times, if only for a lark—
Returning home, we take the reins, drive through our famous park.—*Cho.*

I KNOW SOME ONE WHO'S THINKING OF ME.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

Simple, sweet and pretty is the girl that I adore;
Absence makes the heart more fond, I love her more and more;
We write each other letters almost ev'ry day;
'Twas hard to part from her dear heart, to cheer me now I say:

CHORUS.

"I know some one who's thinking of me,
I know some one who'll constant be,
Whether I am roaming on land or sea,
I know some one who's thinking of me."

We both live in a village, and the factories all closed down,
With not enough to wed her, then, I started for this town.
I've been out here almost a year, and never lost a day;
To-night I journey home again, and sing to her this lay:—*Chorus.*

SHE CAN'T BE BEAT.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall and Walter Wolff.

Boys, congratulate me, my heart to-night is light,
For Nell, my girl, just promised me she would become my wife.
Admirers she has plenty, to win her I feel proud,
To know that I'm the lucky one from out of all that crowd.

CHORUS.

When we stroll upon the street,
All eyes are gazing on Nellie, my darling, so nice and sweet.
She's my loved one, and dressed so neat;
Her eyes are so tender, her waist is so slender, she can't be beat.

Twelve months we are married, our love is sweet to see,
And Nellie's time is occupied with baby on her knee.
She talks about it daily, she cares for it at night;
My home is quite a paradise, with baby, self and wife.—*Chorus.*

Is married life a failure? I've heard it oft discussed,
And when I hear the subject broached, it fills me with disgust.
I know when I am happy, to see my wife's a treat;
At baking cakes and biscuits, too, I know she can't be beat.—*Chorus.*

Geo. Evans' St. Louis Cyclone.

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Words by Ren. Shields. Music by Geo. Evans.

In the city of St. Louis on a busy afternoon,
Just before the evening shades began to fall,
The streets were filled with people, who were coming home from toil,
No danger seemed to threaten them at all.
Each one was smiling gay as they strolled along the way;
The world to them had never looked so bright,
When a cyclone, with a roar, down the streets and byways tore,
Leaving sorrow and destruction there that night.

CHORUS.

Many hearts are aching, many homes forsaken,
Many loved ones gone forevermore;
Wives and mothers weeping, at the harvest death is reaping,
As it travels on its way from door to door.

In a cheery little cottage on the outskirts of the town,
There a dear, old gray-haired mother sat alone;
She had the supper ready and was waiting for her boy,
She knew that he would soon be coming home.
The weary hours rolled by, but, alas! he never came,
Her lonely watch she kept till morning light;
She'll never see him again, for the boy she watched in vain,
Like other mothers on that fatal night.—*Chorus.*

When the wires flashed the tidings of the city's awful plight,
Every honest heart was touched with sympathy;
We'll all join in like brothers and we'll let St. Louis know
That we'll lend a helping hand from sea to sea.
We'll help with all our might to make her burden light,
And she'll find that we are with her to the end;
When her trials are all o'er and she's on her feet once more,
She will find out that *New York was her friend.—*Chorus.*

*Any city.

What Will Your Answer Be?

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Written by Steve Leggett. Composed by Albert Perry.

Two fond young lovers are parting, he has to cross o'er the sea;
Maybe they're parting forever, quite broken-hearted is she!
He has resolved to seek fortune in a far, far distant land;
Listen to what he is saying, as they are clasped hand in hand:

CHORUS.

What will your answer be when I come back again?
Will it be "yes" or "no?" Will it mean joy or pain?
Tho' I must leave you now, tho' I must cross the sea,
Farewell, my sweet—when next we meet, what will your answer be?

Will you be constant, my darling when I am far, far away?
Think of me sometimes, my sweetheart, when at your bedside you pray!
Though I must leave you, my loved one, to battle the world's weary strife;
When I come back, love, to claim you, and ask you to be my wife—*Chorus.*

Good-bye again then, my angel; God keep you constant and true,
Tho' many miles are between us, you'll know I'm thinking of you.
Farewell, my darling, God bless you! Say you'll be constant to me;
When I ask, love, on returning, what will your answer be?—*Chorus.*

THE STAR, AND THE LOVERS.

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Words and Music by Montgomery Irving.

As the first star of evening appeared in the sky,
Two figures gazed far up above:
They were sweethearts, who thought none so happy as they,
For their whisp'rings were sweet tales of love:
"If when we're united, will you ever prove true?"
He said, "Love, from you I'll ne'er part."
Her eyes showed the answer her lips could not speak,
As he sang to his little sweetheart:

CHORUS.

Faithful, love, as yonder star I'll always be to thee,
Tell me that you are the same and constant will I be;
I have no wealth to offer, but a heart that's fond and true;
Then brighter shone the little star, and twinkled fond adieu.

Ere a month passed away, two hearts were made one,
Their happiness they thought complete,
For in joy and contentment the weeks glided on,
As they prayed for their Maker to keep.
"Fifty years gone, my darling, those blue eyes the same,
And always a smile, love, for me;
As the blushes of purity peeped on each cheek,
He whispered that old melody:—*Chorus.*

I Love Nobody, Nobody Loves Me.

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Words and Music by Sim Williams.

Once I loved a yaller gal, her name was Martha Jane,
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.
The way that gal mistreated me, it really was a shame,
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.
I bought her ice cream soda, I thought I had her sure;
I called on her one evening, said I loved her more and more,
Then she said, "You foolish nigger," and she kicked me out the door,
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.

CHORUS.

In those days I was highly connected,
By the colored population, near and far, I was respected;
When that nigger wench said to me: "Coon, you are rejected,"
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.

She was not so pretty, on her face there was a mole,
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.
They say she loves another coon, whose face is black as coal,
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.
They say he weighs two hundred pounds and that he is a sight;
His face it is so very black, you can't see him at night,
So I'm gwine to get a razor, and I'll hunt him with a light,
Now I love nobody, nobody loves me.—*Chorus.*

SAUSAGE OF PARADISE ALLEY.

Parody on—"The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

There's a little snide street, that you cannot call sweet,
Where the Board of Health often will rally;
It's about a yard wide, and the law is defied—
The police call it Paradise Alley.
There's a girl living there, with cross eyes and red hair,
And her front name, they tell me, is Sally;
Every day on the street she sells Frankforters sweet,
That's the sausage of Paradise Alley.

CHORUS.

Every Sunday, even in rain or snow,
With her Frankfort pudding, 'long the street she'll go;
All the boys then say, in a whisper low,
There goes the sausage of Paradise Alley.

When O'Brien's little boy used that girl to annoy,
They all thought that she would not go near him,
But she caught him one day, broke his jaw right away,
Just to show them that she didn't fear him.
When the young man got well, to a friend he did tell
How a red-headed girl they called Sally
Had hit him with a bone that was harder than stone—
'Twas a sausage of Paradise Alley.—*Chorus.*

How her hair it got red, by the neighbors 'tis said
That, at one time, 'twas black and unsightly,
And young Tommy Killeen said that once it was green,
And then changed to that color so brightly;
So we guess, by the by, that she uses hair dye
In a manner like Mrs. McNally,
And I now do proclaim that the color's the same
As the sausage of Paradise Alley.—*Chorus.*

You Can't Dink of Everyding.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Id's funny how de ladies all forged dere proper age,
Bud dey can't dink of everyding.
If you say dey're over dwendy, dey vill fly into a rage—
Bud you can't swallow everyding.
My sister Kade vos dwendy years, yoost dwendy years ago;
I know dot she is fordy, bud she's dwendy to her beau.
He asked vot her age vos, und I said I didn't know.
Vell, you can't dink of everyding, can you?

CHORUS.

Id's so easy to forged a leetle ding like dot;
If he dought I'd tell her age, he must have been a flat;
He dinks she's only dwendy, bud I know she's not;
I'd have told him she vos fordy, bud I quide forgod.

Ven my vife und I vere married, I forgod to buy de ring—
Bud you can't dink of everyding.
De minister he laughed, und den he tied de knot vid string—
Ve vere "abliced," dot vos everyding.
Und ven at night ve reached our home, I got an awful fright;
De house vos dark, und I soon found, ven I had struck a light,
I'd forgod to buy de furnidure, id vos an oversight,
Bud you can't dink of everyding, can you?

CHORUS.

Id's so easy to forged a leetle ding like dot,
Dere vos noting in de house, excebd an old Dom cat;
My vife said I'd deceived her, bud I knew I'd not;
I'd have had de house all furnished, bud I quide forgod.

I tole my vife I'd take her to de seashore for a veek—
But you can't dink of everyding.
She soon got tired of promises, und gave me lots of "cheek"—
She called me yoost everyding.
At last vone rainy day, ve uh, und started for de train;
De station id vos crowded, und id quide upset my brain;
I jumbed aboard de cars, und left my vife oud in de rain—
Well, you can't dink of everyding, can you?

CHORUS.

Id's so easy to forged a leetle ding like dot;
I tried to stop de train, und nearly lost my hat;
She said I did id purposely, bud I did not;
I'd have waited for my vife, bud den I quide forgod.

Vone day I vent oud fishing, id vos—oh, vell never mind—
For you can't dink of everyding.
I had a jug of viskey, vich, of course, I left behind—
For you can't dink of everyding.
I had de boat all ready, und a lunch dot vos quite hot,
Vid sinkers, bait und fishing lines, ve rowed oud to de spot—
I only needed vone ding, 'twas de fish-hooks I forgod,
Bud you can't dink of everyding, can you?

CHORUS.

Id's so easy to forged a leetle ding like dot;
You can't remember every leetle ding like dot;
My memory is bad, dough you may dink id's not—
I'd have brought along de fish-hooks, bud I quide forgod.

JAKE, THE COWARD.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Jake vos a coward, born so, I subbose;
A gread big fellar, vid a turned-ub nose,
Afraid of flies, und if he saw a snake,
Vould stand und shiver und shake und shake;
Ven under rolled he'd go und hide his head,
Und gry for hours, at least so I've heard said,
De slightest noise vould gwickly make him bawl,
Jake vos a coward, a coward dot's all.

Bud dere are dimes ven danger id is near,
Ven cowards rise like heroes forged all fear,
Und ven de yellow fever came to town,
Dot dread disease dot strikes ids victims down,
Mudders fled from children, husbands from vives,
Forgedding flesh und plood, all fled for dere lives;
Did Jake desert his family, vife und kid
Und leave dem dere to die? You bed he did.

De Finesd Bolice in de Vorld.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Ve're de "finesd bolice in de vorld,"
Our dress und our manners all show id,
Yet venever ve happen to drink,
De public all seem for to know id;
Ve're tall und stoud, ve valk about
In a style dot makes all de gals look oud;
Ve're brave und strong, oh, dere is no doubt,
Ve're "de finesd bolice in de vorld."

CHORUS.

Ve're de finesd, ve're de bravesd,
Ve're de grandesd bolice in de vorld;
Ve're de grandesd, ve're de bravesd,
Ve're "de finesd bolice in de vorld."

Ve're "de finesd bolice in de vorld,"
Und de nurse-girls, dey simbly adore us,
Ven at night dime ve carry our clubs,
Ve arrest every vone den before us;
Ve never run from any vone,
Unless ve forged for to carry our gun,
Und ve're never scared ven ve're fifty to vone,
Ve're "de finesd bolice in de vorld."—*Chorus.*

Ve're "de finesd bolice in de vorld,"
Und our pictures are pud in de papers;
Ven ve meet a man loaded for fight,
Very soon he is cured of his cabers;
Our clothes are blue, sometimes ve're too,
Excebd ven de ladies vill pass in review,
Den across Broadvay ve vill help dem too,
We're "de finesd bolice in de vorld."—*Chorus.*

VONE OF DE FINESD.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

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Oh, yes, I am vone of de finesd,
De finesd bolice ever known,
Vid uniform brilliantly shining,
I'm proud as a king on a throne;
De ladies all call me dere darling,
As I see dem safe 'cross Broadvay,
Vile strolling my head, drough de gay busy street,
De people admiringly say:

CHORUS.

He's vone of de finesd, vone of de finesd,
Guarding our safety und peace;
Brave und courageous, never outrageous,
Vone of de finesd bolice.

De flies never bite me in summer,
Because dey are too much afraid:
I use my night stick like a drummer
Dot leads a big torchlight parade;
My family is very domestic,
I'm sure dot dey never go oud;
Ven I come home to end, after roaming my head,
My vife she is sure for to shoud:—*Chorus.*

Ven called on I'm always found ready,
I'm in for protection und peace,
Dough some, I'll admid, are not steady,
But I'm not dot kind of bolice;
I bird vid de gals ven on duty,
Gallivanting vid dem I don't shun;
So gentle I am, as a dear liddle lamb,
Und dis is de title I've von:—*Chorus.*

Gathering Pond Lilies with Rosabel.

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Words by Isaac G. Reynolds. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Now every lover thinks his sweetheart has some excelling grace,
And almost ev'ry pair of lovers have a fav'rite trysting place,
And so for me there's none as pretty, like Rosabel so true,
And the place that we loved best of all was where pond lilies grew.

CHORUS.

Gath'ring pond lilies with Rosabel, drifting along with the stream;
Fond loving words to her I tell, life is a sweet, happy dream;
Moonlight falls softly upon us there, the man in the moon only knows
Of the kisses I share with my darling so fair—gath'ring pond lilies with Rose.

Among the lilies first I met her, none were so fair as she,
And there was where I gained her promise that she would marry me,
And now she says we'll wed next summer, when lilies are in blow,
And we'll live beside the running brook, and each evening I will go—*Cho.*

DE GOOD OLT DIMES.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Last night I had a funny dream, my doughts vere in a train,
In vich id seems de good olt dimes had all come back again,
Und vid a growd of school-boys den I dought I dook my eland,
Vidond a vead, but jacked on, und school-books in my hand;
I dought dot id vos Ghristmas eve, und as ve valked along,
Ve shonded ond de midnight hour, vid many a boyhood song,
Vid "Kiddy Clyde" und old "Ben Bold" und charming "Nelly Bly,"
Ve sang as only boys could sing, in good old dimes gone by.

CHORUS.

Oh, de boys vere habby in de good olt dimes,
No such vord like "chabby" in de good olt dimes,
No drinking, swearing, swaggering, cursing, fighting, staggering—
Boys were boys, und knew id, in de good olt dimes.

Id seems to me like yesderday, dot I can now recall,
Ven I vos dressed vid extra care, und taken to a ball;
To me id seemed like fairy land, to see de young gals dere;
No paind or powder on dere face, und each wore dere own hair;
Varsovienna vos de dance, I still de music hear;
Quadrilles were called Codillions, und more fun dan edyle vere dere;
Boys did nod valk ub to de bar, or try to acd like men,
Und cigareddes vere quide unknown, und gals vere modest den.

CHORUS.

Oh, de gals vere splendid in de good olt dimes,
Didn't dress like men did in de good olt dimes;
Den dey blushed und hung dere head if a naughty vord vos said—
Mudders raised dere children in de good olt dimes.

Don't Dell Dem Dot You Saw Me.

Parody on—"Just Tell Them that You Saw Me."

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Vile on my bead de oder day, 'bound half-past five o'glock,
Ven men from business hurries rite avay,
I saw a man all proken up, but whom I recognized
As Schneider, whom I'd seen bud yesderday;
"Is dot you, Fritz?" I said to him, he gwickly turned avay;
"Don't turn avay, Fritz, I'll nod pull you in;
Your nose is proke, vone ear is gone, has litening sdruck your glothes?"
He coughed, und slowly answered vid a grin:

CHORUS.

"Don't dell dem dot you saw me, de boys 'dwould inderesd;
Don't dell dem I vos all proke up, you know;
I vent to Conies Island, und I thought I owned de boad,
But I can't fight as I could long ago."

I dook him home, he promised me dot he vould drink no more;
I thougdt dot he und liquor den vere quits;
De next day in a hospidal I habbened for to be,
Und sdredched ond on a dable, dere lay Fritz;
De doctors had dere saws ond, und I asked de reason vy,
Und Fritz den dold me, vid his same old cough:
"I dried to edop a gable car, id fradured both my legs,
Und now de doctor's going to saw dem off.

CHORUS.

Jusd dell dem ven dey saw me to give me gloroform,
Just dell dem for to do id nice und quick;
Ven I ged vell, I'll never fight, beganse my legs are gone,
No madder vot dey say, I vill not kick."

JOHNNIE.

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Words and Music by Geo. Evans.

Standing at a cottage window, in a village by the sea,
Is a fair-haired little maiden, wond'ring where her love can be;
He had promised that he'd meet her at the closing of the day,
And while waiting for his coming, oft we heard the maiden say:

CHORUS.

Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie, come back to me;
Johnnie, Johnnie, how my heart yearns for thee.
Johnnie, Johnnie, happy again I'll be
When you return to your sweetheart from over the deep blue sea.

Years have passed since last they parted in that village by the sea,
Now the lass is broken-hearted, wond'ring where her love can be;
She still watches for her laddie, but he'll ne'er return again;
Ev'ry day you'll hear the maiden singing o'er this sad refrain:—*Cho.*

DOT'S AGAINSD DE RULES.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

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Addention sdrict I alvays pay to vot de law demands,
I never giv myself avay by holding oud my hands,
I alvays mind my own affairs, bolicemen are no fools,
Und if you say, "Come, dake a smile," vell, dot's against de rules.
You musdn't trink beer by de case, for dot's against de rules;
A vidow you must nod embrace, for dot's against de rules.
You musdn't flirt, you musdn't swear;
Of gross-eyed gals you must bevare;
Ou cars you musdn't pay your fare, for dot's against de rules.

Von day ven I vos feeling dry, und in civillian glothes,
A beer saloon jusd passing by, to dake a trink I choose;
I dold de boss, jusd chalk dot down, bud vid a smile dot cools,
Sait he, "You dake me for a fool?" no, dot's against de rules.
You musdn'd trink vidond yon ead, for dot's against de rules;
Bar-keepers you must never dreat, for dot's against de rules.
Nine rooms in hodels you must scan;
A dark vone too, for a plind man;
Ad home you musdn't rush de can, for dot's against de rules.

Ve are de finest bolice, dot to all is evident,
But vill be finer ven ve have anoder Presidend;
De vone ve've got's an audocrad, und dinks bolicemen fools,
I'd like to glub him vonce for luck, bud dot's against de rules.
I'd like to dell him to ged ond, bud dot's against de rules,
To go und be a cow-poy scoud, bud dot's against de rules;
I'd like to say he's overbright,
Und lecdures for so much a nide,
Dot barking dogs dey never bide, bud dot's against de rules.

BABY, YOU'RE A GOOD THING.

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Words by Dave Marion. Music by Max Hoffmann.

I'm the most unlucky coon, I think, that ever did draw breath,
Baby, you're a good thing.
I married a coffee-colored nigger wench that's got me scared to death,
Baby, you're a good thing.
Sometimes when I am playing craps, the money all I win,
And just as soon as I get home, the trouble does begin;
She takes it all away from me, and starts in for to sing:
Baby, you're a good thing.

CHORUS.

Baby, now didn't you say my board you'd pay if here I'd stay,
But you're a good thing, so I won't go away.

One night I looked for trouble, but the coons let me alone,
Baby, you're a good thing.
So I sharpened up my razor and I started out for home,
Baby, you're a good thing;
But when I looked at 'Liza there was trouble in her eye.
She said: "Honey, get your razor out, a nigger's gwine to die,"
Then I jumped out the window, and I heard my 'Liza cry:
Baby, you're a good thing.—*Chorus.*

The policemen heard the racket and they started up the stairs,
Baby, you're a good thing,
But 'Liza cut them deep, and now they're laid up for repairs,
Baby, you're a good thing;
But just three weeks ago to-day the trouble did begin;
She is safe behind the bars now, where she can't get nigger gin,
And I'll bet an even dollar that you'll never hear her sing:
Baby, you're a good thing.—*Chorus.*

Here's to the Health of Mother.

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Words by Fred C. Vorhauer. Words by Aug. H. Meyer.

A crowd of boys out on a spree were having a high old time,
Singing songs of those they loved, toasting their health with wine;
At last the youngest in the crowd said, "Boys, let's give a cheer,
And wish long life and happiness to the one who is my dear."

REFRAIN.

Here's to the health of mother, she's old and her hair is gray,
But that I love her best of all I'm not ashamed to say:
You may sing of girls with beauty, and others with countless wealth,
But she's the truest of them all, so here's to my mother's health.

A smile at first, and then a cheer, were greetings he received.
He said to them: "Now listen, boys, don't ever be deceived
When fickle girls with fickle hearts give back to you the ring;
You'll turn to her who's always true, and once more they heard him sing:—*Ref.*

There's many a boy and many a man with ambitions that are great,
Who oft forget their dearest love until it is too late.
At last they hear that she is sick, heart-broken with poor health,
And if this toast were but a cure, they'd give up all their wealth.—*Refrain.*

THE MONTE CARLO GIRLS.

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Words by Fred C. Vorhauer. Music by Will A. Vorhauer.

You see before you now two girls of great renown,
The leaders of society, the wonders of the town.
We're up to ev'ry kind of sport—poker experts, says report:
We call the prince plain "Ed," for short, and you can bet that goes;
And we are mascots both—the girls who took the prize:
The mashers wink their eyes, we're causing great surprise—
Yes, we are single both, it's easy to surmise.
Don't blame us, we're famous, the Monte Carlo girls.

CHORUS.

Dashing stunners, winning every bet, their traps for us the swells have set,
But our young hearts are free as yet—when we appear, they cheer:
All hold us dear, we're winners, mild sinners—the Monte Carlo girls.

You never saw our equal, or those who could compare;
Tho' imitations of us sometimes our glories share,
But we are just the real hot stuff, girls who never take a bluff;
We play until they shout "enough"—that's when the bank is broke;
At faro or roulette we never lose a bet,
The warmest ever met, we make the bankers sweat:
We're known throughout the world all comers to offset;
The fearless, the peerless, the Monte Carlo girls.—*Chorus.*

PROMISES FORGOTTEN.

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Words by Fred C. Vorhauer. Music by Will A. Vorhauer.

A handsome boy, a sweet young girl, the tempter plays his part;
He wins the trusting maiden's love, and with it her young heart,
But suddenly his love grows cold, she pines, then fades away;
It's just another ruined life, this happens every day.

REFRAIN.

Promises forgotten, the same old story o'er;
Her soul is cast in deep despair, in life there's joy no more;
He promised to be ever true, he said they'd never part,
But promises forgotten cause another broken heart.

An outcast on the streets at night, who's scorned by one and all,
And cast aside by friends at home, who's gone beyond recall,
If asked the reason of her plight, will brush away a tear;
And then, in tones of deep regret, this story you will hear:—*Refrain.*

A justice court, the same old scene, a husband and his wife,
Who come to break the bond that binds her heart and his for life;
She tells a tale of cruel neglect, of hours lived in pain;
Broken are the marriage vows, again this sad refrain:—*Refrain.*

—A boy's besd friend is his mudder, bud he don't dink so ven he comes home on a hot summer afdernoon vith his hair all vet und his shird on wrong side oud und she catches him.

Just a Plain American Girl.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

When they talk of foreign beauty that's on the other side,
We have no fear for our girls here, all fill our hearts with pride.
There's no long title to their name, as you can plainly see,
But the American girl, with a twist and twirl, is good enough for me.

CHORUS.

Just a plain American girl is good enough for me;
I don't like the foreign styles they have across the sea;
I want no English title, so contented I will be,
For just a plain American girl is good enough for me.

Now just watch them when out strolling, they're stately and so grand;
There is a style about them all that makes you understand.
If they're sincere, they're all that's dear—they're happy, gay and free,
So the American girl, with a twist and twirl, is good enough for me.—*Cho.*

The Real Sort, the Right Sort.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

We belong to a gang, and you can bet your life,
We're the real sort, the right sort;
There ain't one in the crowd who can boast of a wife—
We're the real sort, the right sort.
We can stand for a joke, that's between you and me;
We never get home till the hour of three;
There ain't one in the crowd who has got a latch-key—
We're the real sort, the right sort.

CHORUS.

The real sort, the right sort, we're out upon a tear;
The real sort, the right sort, for expense we don't care,
So come have a drink with me, my boys, it's easy for to see
The real sort, the right sort are out upon a spree.

We're a jolly good crowd, and you want to belong
To the real sort, the right sort;
We're fond of a dance, and fond of a song,
We're the real sort, the right sort.
We've a style of our own that is hard to beat—
We're known in each cafe that's here on the street,
And we always make love to each girl that we meet—
We're the real sort, the right sort.—*Chorus.*

THIS IS A CHORUS SONG.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

I went to a smoking concert, something like a week or two ago,
There I heard a silver tenor singer; but, oh! he was too slow;
Next we had pianoforte solos, which made us all feel bad;
Then a croupy drone from a broken baritone, which drove us raving mad;
At last I rose and said, "Now, then, my boys,
We'll change this scene and make a little noise;
I'll sing one song, and when the chorus comes,
You'll all join in to prove that you're my chums:—For

CHORUS.

This is a chorus song, sing it along with me:
Don't be shy at it, just you try at it, easy as can be;
Lift up the roof, my boys; let it go loud and strong;
Louder yet—don't forget this is a chorus song.

Everybody caught my chorus, everybody voted it was good;
Even when the concerting was over, we woke the neighborhood;
People rose in sorrow and in anger from out their cosy beds;
Furious females quickly emptied sundry pails of soap suds on our heads;
Policeman came and said this was a sin;
Just dry up now, or else I'll run you in;
We all closed 'round and got him in a ring,
Then, with a will, we all began to sing:—Now—*Chorus.*

Sunday is a dry occasion. Misses said just come take me to church,
So at last I listened to persuasion, the parson's name was Birch;
Talk about a dry and dusty sermon, he'd make a dust man weep;
Misses thought it fine, and it must have been divine, it drove me fast asleep;
I slept right through, some say I did a snore—
The parson said "Hymn number thirty-four;
The organ played, I thought I'd got a call;
The wife had fits when I commenced to bawl:—For—*Chorus.*

BE MY HEART'S QUEEN.

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Words by Fred C. Vorhauer. Music by Will A. Vorhauer.

In almost every country town, where girlhood's mystic spell
Holds power over young men's hearts, you'll find some girl the belle;
She's always prettier than the rest, and each and every day
Some fellow with his heart aflame will visit her and say:

CHORUS.

"My own darling, I love you alone;
Will you be my queen? let my heart be your throne;
In it you shall always reign supreme,
And I will always love you if you'll be my heart's my heart's queen."

Each day this is repeated by young men o'er and o'er;
They never seem to weary, she has them by the score;
Some fellow luckier than the rest will surely win some day,
When he shall ask her to be his, and sweetly to her say:—*Chorus.*

BY-LO, BABY, BY-LO.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

'Tis but a little baby, the pride of mother's heart,
To nestle on her bosom, to watch it wake and start:
And when the baby's tired out, or should it start and cry,
You place it in its cradle, and sing this lullaby:

CHORUS.

By-lo, baby, by-lo, go to sleep, my dear:
Close your eyes, my darling, mamma's always near;
By-lo, baby, by-lo, slumber without fear,
With sweet dreams of childhood, by-lo, baby dear.*

To hug and fondle baby, what bliss a mother's joy,
To fondle and play goo-goo, for be it girl or boy;
And when the baby's sulky, with coaxing you do try,
Then press it to your bosom, and sing this lullaby:—*Chorus.*

You watch the little baby—a prize, a mother's care—
You watch it and you wonder if others will compare;
You kiss the baby sweetly, and when no one is nigh,
You look into its cradle, and sing this lullaby:—*Chorus.*

* Baby cry. Back of stage, or in orchestra.

LOVELY ISABELLA, WON'T YOU TELL A FELLOW?

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Words and Music by Walter Dauphin.

There's a lovely little girl,
Who is living up the street,
And her name is Isabella,
But she's going to marry soon,
And before there's many moons,
She will change it for another;
She has pretty little curls,
And her teeth are white as pearls.
Tom, they say, is Bella's fellow,
And, of course, he's not to blame
Wanting her to change her name;
As he sings this strain so mellow:

CHORUS.

Lovely Isabella, tell a fellow; Isabel, won't you tell a fellow?
Only say you will be mine, my pleadings not in vain, lovely Isabella;
Isabella, won't you tell a fellow; Isabel, won't you tell a fellow?
Only say you will be mine, my pleadings not in vain, lovely Isabella.

She has given her consent,
For her heart he quickly won,
Did this handsome, dashing fellow,
Just because the verse he sang
Had a very catchy twang,
And the words were soft and mellow,
All his letters read this way:
"Bella, won't you name the day?"
For he did not like to tell her
That he wished it would be soon,
But she's named a day in June,
Has our lovely Isabella.—*Chorus.*

ROSIE DEANE.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

Rosie, my love, sweetheart, come sit by my side,
While my love to you I confide;
My own darling, of you I think all the time, love,
Hoping that you soon will be mine, my little Rosie Deane.
Through day and night your image bright before me e'er is seen;
You are the idol of my heart, my little Rosie Deane.

CHORUS.

Rosie Deane, you are my queen, the swellest girl I've seen;
You look so neat and smile so sweet, blue eyes and golden hair;
Rosie Deane, when you pass by the boys all look and sigh;
They all tip their hats and wink their eyes at little Rosie Deane.

Jack, my own love, darling, I'll be your true love,
True as bright stars that shine above;
Hoping, watching, waiting that day to draw near, love,
When you will call me your own dear, your little Rosie Deane;
I'll be your wife, your joy in life, no grief shall come between;
Yes, I will be your own, dear Jack, your little Rosie Deane.—*Chorus.*

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

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Words and Music by Pauline B. Story.

Listen to the "Boys' Brigade" a-comin' down the street;
They're all a lot of rosy lads, a-lookin' trim and neat;
Some of them are their mother's joy, and some their father's pride,
And see how manly they all look a-marchin' side by side.
The beating of the big bass drum is first of them you hear,
And how delightful it does sound as they are drawing near;
They're patriotic little lads, big-hearted, strong and true,
And if you'd ask them who they were, why, they would say to you:

CHORUS.

We are members of the "Boys' Brigade,"
And our comrades we will always aid,
And of guns and wars we're not afraid,
We're members of the "Boys' Brigade."

If we have a war, the boys will act their part, I know,
And off toward the battle-field the soldier boys will go;
They'll bravely fight for honor, and for their country too,
And win for them bright laurels if to their flag they're true.
Their fathers were all heroes, and the boys have heard them tell
How they fought for "Old America," the land they love so well;
They now look down upon their sons with pride and joy to-day;
Their hearts all beat with happiness as they hear them say:—*Chorus.*

A Girl Who Loves Mother and Home.

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Words and Music by James J. Sweeney.

I know a fair maiden, she's just seventeen,
She lives but a block here below;
Her friends, boys and girls, have christened her queen,
And the good girl of Rafferty's Row;
There is no other—just her and her mother—
Contented they live all alone;
She works hard all day, keeps the house on her pay,
Does the girl who loves mother and home.

CHORUS.

She is Miss Myrtle Clancy, a sweet girl and good,
Loved by the girls and boys in the neighborhood;
It's a pleasure to see her when with her mother alone;
This world would be brighter
If we had more like her,
The girl that loves mother and home.

When it comes Sunday morning, and the clock it strikes eight,
She starts off for church trim and neat;
No boy on the corner for this girl does wait,
But they all tip their hats should they meet.
Now a secret I'll tell, so be sure guard it well:
An engagement ring soon will be shown;
It's easy to guess, you can tell who said yes,
It's the girl who loves mother and home.—*Chorus.*

—A man vill bromise vomen und babies anyding, yoost to keeb dem quiet.

The Girl I'm Going to Marry.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by Theo. Wenzlik.

In all your travels 'round the world have you met Hetty Deen,
The neatest, sweetest, dearest girl that ever has been seen;
She lives here in the city, not so very far away,
And in her mother's happy home she's busy all the day.

REFRAIN.

She's the girl I'm going to marry soon,
Life with her with sweetness will be strewn;
Now often we go strolling beneath the silver moon,
For she's the girl I'm going to marry soon.

My heart it goes a-fluttering whenever her I see,
For she's as perfect as the sea in its tranquility.
Last week I shyly asked her if my little wife she'd be;
And when she answered "yes," my heart was filled with ecstacy.—*Ref.*

MOTHER WAS A LADY.

Parody—Written by Charles H. Shutter.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Two bummers sat at breakfast in a bum hotel of fame—
While eating they were guessing who else had eat the same;
Just then they caught the waiter, the only one they saw,
And asked him who the suckers were that eat this hash before.
At first he did not notice them, but then he thought he would:
My mother, sir, had eaten that or eaten all she could;
Then facing the two hoboes, with hair 'most turning red:
If you don't like it, leave it, see, and then he loudly said:

CHORUS.

My mother was a lady, although no fault of hers,
Simply a misfortune that in families oft occurs;
She never took in washing till she married Mickey Hughes;
You wouldn't dare to "call me," see, if I was full of booze.

It's true one meal is often as much as you can eat,
Thus spoke up Weary Willie as he stood upon his feet;
I've eat here often, Dusty; no doubt you did the same;
If we've been rude, excuse—see—but tell us what's yer name;
The waiter said Jolinsky. Why, I knows yer brother Ike;
Why, we've hoboed for many miles, and I never saw his like;
Now he'd be glad to see yer—that's if he wasn't dead—
He washed his face and drowned, see, but I likes yer since yer said:—*Chorus.*

A CONVICT'S HOPE.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall and Walter Wolff.

Thinking of home and of freedom,
Restless and sleepless to-night;
The past seems to me now but dreamland
Since I've been sentenced for life.
Yes, I'm a forger, I signed those names,
To all of those crimes I confessed,
But I love my wife, my children and home,
Although in this garb I am dressed.

CHORUS.

When will this heart rest—oh! when will it be—
Longing for freedom, longing for thee—
Wife, home and children did they separate;
Give me my freedom, or my heart will break.

I dream't I saw wife sad and lonely,
Approaching the stern gov'nor's door,
Pleading for one she loves dearly,
A pardon for him she implores.
She said, "He's a soldier, you fought side by side,
Were wounded upon the same field;
You'll know him well when his name I do tell,
For clemency now do I kneel."—*Chorus.*

His wife brings him news of glad tidings—
'Tis true, not a dream as of yore—
A pardon awaits him this morning
For brave acts he did in the war.
Oh! what emotion, expressions of joy,
Were heard when his pardon was read:
His freedom had come, but—Thy will be done—
To his Maker his poor soul had fled.

CHORUS.

Now does the heart rest, his spirit has fled:
At his wife's feet, there, the convict lies dead.
He gazed for the last time on those he did love;
We trust in God's mercy, they'll all meet above.

ONLY ONE BOY; WHOSE GIRL I'D LIKE TO BE.

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Written and Composed by May Bremer and Theo. H. Northrup.

There's only one boy in the world whose girl I'd like to be;
I'd live a very lonely life if he goes back on me;
But he is kind and good and true, and very faithful too;
Of my heart he is the joy and life, and to him I'll be true.

CHORUS.

There's only one boy whose girl I'd like to be,
For he's the only boy in all this world to me;
At dances and at parties you're sure to always see
There's only one boy whose girl I'd like to be.

His eyes are of the darkest brown, that beam with love so true;
And when he looks and smiles at me, you wish that it was you.
He likes to tease me now and then, but yet he is to me
The only boy in this great world whose girl I'd like to be.—*Chorus.*

Parson Johnson's Chicken Brigade.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

Oh, de moon am shinin' bright,
An' de coons am out to-night,
An' we'll rob de deacon's hen-roost fo' de dawn;
If we coons don't work too slow,
An' de roosters do not crow,
We'll hab a chicken pot-pie in de morn.
Parson Johnson am our leader,
He's de boss old chicken stealer,
An' he tote's his razor an' he car's a gun;
Dar's gwine to be some fun
If de chickens dey do run
From de Parson's Chicken Brigade. Now!

CHORUS.

Fall in, yon black coons, jine de Parson's Brigade:
We'll rob all de hen roosts wid dis dark-town brigade.
So, coons, draw yo' razors now an' don't work too slow,
An' bag dem big roosters, fo' dey am sho' to crow.

Now yon black coons all fall in,
An' we'll hab some nigger gin,
Den I'll call de roll ob dis dark-town patrol.
Now ma 'structions to ma leaders,
An' dis band ob chicken stealers,
Dat bags de noblest bird dat squats de roost,
You mus' sneak dem roosters quietly,
Or dem birds will crow precisely
When you niggers boos' yo' brudders to de roost;
Swar to me dat yon will land,
Wid yo' trusty blade in hand,
On de niggers not in dis band. Now!—*Chorus.*

Oh! de church bells dey do ring,
An' de black coons all flock in,
And de lamb of God will preach dis Sunday morn,
He will preach on chicken stealin'.
Now, you wicked coons, be kneelin'
When de parson climbs de pulpit ob de Lord;
Now, you niggers, I'm a-squealin',
Fo' I'se 'cused ob chicken stealin';
Now, den, draw yo' razors, dar's gwine to be a fight,
Fo' I'se gwine to take a hand;
Wid dis razor I will land
On de niggers ob dis coon church.—*Chorus.*

Ebery coon did draw his steel,
An' de parson he did peal,
An' de deacons an' de wenches dey did squeal.
Dar waz blood upon de moon,
An' ded wenches and ded coons,
But de Parson he waz leader ob de race.
He had drawn de winnin' hand,
Wid his razor he did land;
Cullud chillun, how he made dem black coons squark;
He's a tough ole sparrow hawk,
An' de boss cock ob de walk,
An' de Parson ob dis coon church.—*Chorus.*

Now de church am draped in mornin'
On dis solom sabbaf mornin',
An' de parson, he am full ob nigger gin,
He am on anudder lark,
An' hab lost his golden harp,
And de niggers say he am no lamb of God.
All de deacons dey am sighin',
An' de wenches am a-cryin'
Fo' dere lubbed ones dat was slaughtered in de fight;
Now the funeral starts at three;
What a dark sight it will be
Fo' de Lord an' debbil to see.—*Chorus.*

LONG, LONG AGO.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Oh, do you remember the day we first met, so long, long ago?
No troubles or time can e'er make me forget that long, long ago.
That you gave me your love your deep blue eyes told,
Whilst I whispered mine soft and low;
We vowed to be true till the sun should grow cold,
So long, long ago.

REFRAIN.

Long, long ago; long, long ago,
Sweethearts were we, dear, long, long ago.

But time still works changes and plays its old game, as long, long ago;
And, dearest heart, you even not are the same as long, long ago.
Your hair is now silver, your face wrinkled o'er,
Your eyes have fore'er lost their glow;
But your heart has not changed, and I love you far more
Than long, long ago.—*Refrain.*

Good-Night, Dear Love, Good-Night.

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Words by Mrs. F. A Butler. Music by J. Blumenthal.

Good-night, love; good-night, love;
May heaven's brightest stars watch over thee,
Good angels spread their wings and cover thee;
And thro' the night, so dark and still,
Spirits of light, charm thee from ill!
My heart is hov'ring 'round thy dwelling place,
My heart is hov'ring 'round thy dwelling place;
Good-night, dear love, good-night, dear love;
God bless thee with his grace.
Good-night, dear love; good-night, dear love;
Sweet love, good-night! God bless thee with his grace.
Good-night, dear love, good-night, good-night.

Good-night, love; good-night, love;
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to thee,
And on his wings, sweet odors bring to thee;
And in thy dreaming, may all things dear,
With gentle seeming, come smiling near;
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer,
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer;
Good-night, dear love; good-night, dear love;
God keep thee in his care.
Good-night, dear love; good-night, dear love;
Sweet love, good-night! God bless thee with his grace;
Good-night, dear love, good-night, good-night.

THE PATH TO PARADISE.

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Words by J. M. Raufeisen. Music by James Whitehouse.

Oh, sexton cruel—sexton, why close your gate to me?
You tell me now and never my poor mamma I will see;
You took her to your church-yard not many days ago,
And where my darling mamma is now, surely you must know.
Before she closed her eyes to me, she kissed my golden hair,
And said, in Paradise we'll meet with angels pure and fair.
Oh! sexton cruel—sexton, why don't you heed my cries
And show me now where I can find the path to Paradise.

REFRAIN.

Show me the path to Paradise, see my sad and weeping eyes;
Guide me kindly by the hand to happiness and light;
Show me my mamma's face again, do not let me seek in vain,
Take me from the shadows here to skies forever bright.

I've wandered from our humble home, my heart is filled with fears,
For no one feels my silent grief or stays my falling tears;
They tell me that my mamma's dead, and in her grave so cold,
And left me here forsaken and in misery untold;
But mamma said in Paradise her little child she'd see;
How could a grave so dark and small hold all her love for me?
Oh! sexton cruel—sexton, you see my tearful eyes;
Oh! show me now where I can find the path to Paradise.—*Refrain.*

Oh, sexton, if my mamma knew how lonely I am here,
Would not her fond heart beat for me, would not her soul be near?
When in those happy days gone by, while sitting by her side,
I often listened to her words with wonder and delight.
She told me of that Paradise where all is love and peace,
Where weary hearts find rest and cheer, where all our sorrows cease;
Oh! sexton, when my soul, so lone, goes upward to the skies,
'Tis then I'll find the path so dear that leads to Paradise.—*Refrain.*

Dat Cross-Eyed Hoo-Doo Coon.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

Dar's a hoo-doo black coon in town de gals call 'Rastus Jones,
An' wid ma trusty blade in hand, I'll carb dat nigger's bones.
He's done gone an' won my lub, ma baby, ma black dove;
Dat buck-tooth ram, dat son of ham, dat cross-eyed hoo-doo coon.

CHORUS.

Dat hoo-doo, dat hoo-doo, dat cross-eyed black coon,
Wid face jes' like a big babboon, an' eyes roun' like de moon.
When I find dat nigger, ma jonah, ma hoo-doo,*
I'll carb him deep when we nigs meet dat cross-eyed hoo-doo coon.

I went to de Lime Kiln Club, de moon was shinin' bright.
Come seben, come leben, de coons did cry, dis am ma lucky night;
I rolled out dem spotted bones an' looked around de room;
Wid rage I cried, dat moke I spied, dat cross-eyed hoo-doo coon.—*Chorus.*

I flew at dat wall-eyed nig wid razor in my claw;
I cut an' slashed dat knock-knee coon, yo' bet I got his jaw.
He jumped froo' de skylight roof, he fell three stories down;
Ma luck an' lub comes back to me, dat hoo-doo left de town.—*Chorus.*

* Spoken ad lib.—"What you gwine do wid dat wall-eyed, libber-lipped, number thirteen, rubber-neck Jonah?

Note.—The following can be introduced, ad lib., in the speaking part of chorus, back of stage, or in gallery:

Question.—"How do you know dat coon's a hoo-doo?"

Answer.—"How do I know? I knows! Ma buttons fall off, suspenders bust, lights go out, and de bones nebber come seben or eleben when dat wall-eyed, knock-kneed, pidgeon-toed, bandy-legged, snaggle-toothed, libber-lipped, number thirteen, red-headed nigger wid de bad eye and yellow dog lopes 'roun'. Ob course, he's a hoo-doo."

Question.—"What you gwine do wid dat Jonah?"

THE CHILI WIDOW.

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Words by W. T. Lytton. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

It happened on a winter's night, a masher fair, named Willie,
A charming little widow met, who said she came from Chili,
And as he strolled with careless stride,
This widow fair strolled to his side;
In plaintive tones she told her needs,
And every word poor Willie heeds;
She heaved a sigh, "Oh, dear, heigho,"
Then wiped her eye and shivered "so."

CHORUS.

She was the Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm,
Seeking shelter from the terrible storm;
He was ready and willing a kindness to perform
For that poor Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm.

She told him such a dreadful tale about her husband dying,
Her grief soon made poor Willie pale and started him a-crying.
In doing good, he felt a charm,
So offered her his strong right arm,
Then for a supper said we'll go.
You're cold and hungry too, I know.
With eyes so blue, and golden hair,
Poor Willie knew not where he were.

CHORUS.

She was the Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm,
Seeking shelter from the terrible storm;
He was ready and willing a kindness to perform,
So Willie bought her brandy until she was good and warm.

Returning home, poor Willie found a welcome far from chilly;
His wife had followed him around and saw his actions silly;
Oh, wasn't there a storm—great scott!
She gave poor Willie chillies hot,
And now he suffers grief and pain,
Her tongue won't let him rest again;
He cannot sleep, but sighs "Alas!
When widows weep keep off the grass."

CHORUS.

She was the Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm,
Seeking shelter from the terrible storm;
He was ready and willing a kindness to perform,
But if she's where he wishes her, she ought to be nice and warm.

—A German, on bidding good-bye to a friend, said, "Of I don't see you again, hello."

HE ONLY DID IT ONCE.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Like other girls, of course I have a beau;
My Charley thinks the world of me, I know,
But I am weary, and very "leary,"
That Charley is a little bit too slow;
For once we took a walk, the night was grand,
And on the way our future lives we planned,
As we were walking, and we were talking,
He very accidently squeezed my hand.

CHORUS.

But he didn't do it quite enough to suit me;
I must confess that Charley is a dunce.
Did I like it? I should smile;
I'd have stood it quite a while,
But the silly fool, he only did it once.

One night, upon the porch we sat alone,
His love for me was very quickly shown;
He called me "lovey" and "turtle dovey,"
And asked me if I'd ever be his own;
He murmured, "Little darling, answer this:
'Now do you really love me, little miss?'"
I thought I'd "jolly," and so said, "Cholly,
My heart is yours," and then he stole a kiss.

CHORUS.

But he didn't do it quite enough to suit me;
I must confess that Charley is a dunce.
Did I like it? you can bet!
I'd have been there kissing yet,
But the silly fool, he only did it once.

One day we took a trip to Coney Isle,
We strolled along the beach amongst the style;
The sights were charming, the heat alarming,
He said, "Let's go in bathing for a while."
In dashing suits then soon we did appear;
I cannot swim I whispered in his ear;
Then Charley told me, as he took hold me,
"I'll float you, darling, do not have a fear."

CHORUS.

But he didn't do it quite enough to suit me;
I must confess that Charley is a dunce.
As we strolled back to the shore,
I said, "Charley, float me more,"
But the stingy thing would only float me once.

MALE VERSION.

When I was young, of course, I had a beau,
I thought the world and all of her, you know,
But she was weary and very leary
That I was just a little bit too slow;
For once we took a walk; the night was grand,
And on the way our future lives we planned;
As we were walking, and we were talking,
I very accidently squeezed her hand.

CHORUS.

But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
Did she like it? I should smile!
She'd have stood it quite a while,
But, like a fool, I only did it once.

One night upon the porch we sat alone,
My love for her was very quickly shone.
I called her "lovey" and "turtle dovey,"
And I asked her if she'd ever be my own.
I murmured, "Little darling, answer this:
'Now do you really love me, little Miss?'"
She thought she'd jolly, so answered, "Charley,
My heart is yours," and then I stole a kiss.

CHORUS.

But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
Did she like it? You can bet!
She'd have been there kissing yet,
But like a fool, I only did it once.

One day we took a trip to Coney Isle,
We strolled along the beach amongst the style.
The sights were charming, the heat alarming,
And so I said, "Let's bathing go awhile."
In dashing suits then soon we did appear.
"I cannot swim," she whispered in my ear,
And then I told her, as I took hold her,
"I'll float you, darling, do not have a fear."

CHORUS.

But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
As we strolled back to the shore,
She said, "Charley, float me more."
She was mad because I'd only float her once.

We thought we'd take a stroll and have a talk,
And that's the time I acted like a gawk;
When very gently, but accidently,
She strained her ankle so she couldn't walk;
She limped around and hollered like a kid,
But of the pain she didn't seem to rid.
She couldn't stand it, so she was candid,
And said, "Please rub my ankle," and I did.

CHORUS.

But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
Now she thought I had some gall,
But I rubbed it, that was all,
And just like a fool, I only rubbed it once.

THE GIRL I LOVED AT SCHOOL.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

How well do I remember the little country lane,
The pretty little school-house, where once I loved in vain,
And when I should have listened to what the teachers say,
I passed the time a-looking at little Mary Gray;
Though school was just beginning, or drawing to a close,
I never knew my lesson—just why, you may suppose!
The only thing I thought of throughout the live-long day
Was how to tell my love to little Mary Gray.

CHORUS.

O little Mary Gray, you stole my heart away,
Down in the country school-yard, where we in youth did play;
Oft in the woodland cool, perched by a shady pool,
Vows by the score I plighted with the girl that I loved at school.

And when the class was ended, we tripped out in a band,
And you would come right to me, and I would take your hand;
We'd gather wildwood flowers, and tumble in the hay,
And I'd kiss you ev'ry minute my little Mary Gray.
And now that we are married, with children of our own,
We think about those school-days, that long ago were known,
And never in my life-time, though all my hopes decay,
Will I forget those school-days with little Mary Gray.—*Chorus.*

DO WE WANT HIM? WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO!

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Words and Music by P. J. Meahl.

Of the coming great election there's a thought in every mind,
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!
'Tis but a simple question, and the answer you will find,
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!
Now there is but one candidate who's fit to make the race;
There may be others running, but they can't keep up the pace,
For Bill McKinley's sure to win and beat them all for place.
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!

QUARTET REFRAIN.

Bill, Bill, Bill, McKinley Bill!
The poor man's notes will turn to votes
For Bill McKinley Bill!
A dollar worth a hundred cents
In buying bread or paying rents,
And every man of common sense
Will vote for dear old Bill.

We have had reform—a sorry kind—'twas quite a painful task;
Do we need it? Well, I should say not!
Give us protection that protects! with Bill—that's all we ask;
Will we get it? Well, I should say so!
And Bill has had experience in governing, they say;
Old England may object to him, but she has had her day;
But that is why we want him—when we get him he will stay.
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!—*Quartet Refrain.*

When the wheels of industry are clogged, the people feel so sad.
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!
The country needs prosperity, and needs it mighty bad.
Do we want it? Well, I should say so!
They tinkered with the tariff, yet it doesn't seem to work;
The ghosts of broken promises through the capitol now lurk;
We're in the same condition as Armenia with the Turk.
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!—*Quartet Refrain.*

Let's put our shoulder to the wheel, and set it going 'round,
Will we do it? Well, I should say so!
Let's vote for men of principle who stand on solid ground.
Do we need them? Well, I should say so!
Bill always keeps his promises. Defeat he never met.
He's always with his party, and he never failed it yet;
And Bill's a true American on all things, you can bet.
Do we want him? Well, I should say so!—*Quartet Refrain.*

I'm Mad with Mary Morrison.

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Words by Joseph Hillyer. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Out on the sidewalk, all the long day, gather the children at play,
But all unnoticed one little one quietly wanders alone.
Blue eyes o'erflowing, tear-stained her cheeks,
Little heart breaking, comfort she seeks,
So to her mother comes she forlorn, to tell her sorrows with bitter scorn.

REFRAIN.

I'm mad with Mary Morrison, she's just the meanest thing;
She told a secret that we had to that bold Josie King;
I'll never speak to her again—I won't play, I don't care!
I'm mad with Mary Morrison—I'm mad with her, so there!

Quarrels can never last but a day, and childish tears pass away;
Little heart-burnings, secrets betrayed, come, but soon vanish and fade;
And when together, in after years,
They smile at troubles and childish tears,
And for the mem'ry of childhood's days, in play they quarrel, and Kitty says:—*Refrain.*

I'D LIKE TO BE LIKE GRANDMA

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

My grandmamma quite often says she'd like to be like me,
And have once more her school-girl days, for then she'd happy be,
But I'd much rather crochet wool, like her I'd like to be,
For she don't have to go to school and learn her three times three;
If I'd no teeth, they could not ache, my hair would not be curled;
I'd have green spectacles to make things clearer in this world;
Now grandma's left me by myself, so this is what I'll do:
I'll take her things from off the shelf, and make myself old, too.

CHORUS.

I'd like to be like grandma, with beautiful shining white hair;
I'd like to be like grandma and sit in an old rocking-chair;
I'd like to be like grandma, with some one to sing me to sleep;
I'd like to be like grandma, and then I should never weep.

Now first I'll fix her muslin cap upon my little head
With care, for if I've one mishap, I'll be sent straight to bed;
Here goes her "pinny" 'round my waist, her specs now on my nose;
I fancy I am too tight-laced to fit dear granny's clothes.
Now where's her crutch? (I scarce can see)—it's here, and so's the snuff.
"Next birthday I'll be seventy-three" (that snuff's peculiar stuff);
It feels so nice to be so old, and take things at one's ease;
I'd always be as good as gold, and do just what I please.—*Chorus.*

Dancing the Two-Step with Lulu.

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Words and Music by Thomas Powers.

When our work is over, then we are in clover,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu;
For we climb a ladder, on the roof we gather,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
Dainty little Lena plays the concertina,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
Then we go a-spielin', sets our heads a-reelin',
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.

CHORUS.

Oh, girls, ain't it lots of fun? Oh, boys, sugar on your bun,
On the roof at midnight, in the silver moonlight, dancing the two-step with Lulu.

Philopena Kitty sings a lovely ditty,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
Boys do holler "Cheese it! get some ice and freeze it!"
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
Drop her down the chimney, with her mash, McGinley,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
Tug-a-ling a ting, ting, push along a "good thing,"
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.—*Chorus.*

Pretty little shop-girls, hair done up in spit-curls,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
They chip in a nickel, get a beer and pickle,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
If a girl does powder, she does lose her chowder,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.
Girls that wear a bloomer never get a schooner,
Dancing the two-step with Lulu.—*Chorus.*

YOU, ONLY YOU.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

Of whom do I dream in the day and the night?
Of you, only you!
The prettiest picture that comes to my sight
Is you, only you.
Who taught me that love is far dearer than life?
Who fills me with joy in the midst of all strife?
And who is the girl that I wish for my wife?
'Tis you, only you.

REFRAIN.

You, only you, ever so true,
Which one do I love? You, only you.

The roses are proud to be plucked by the hand
Of you, only you.
The stars shine their brightest on your native land
For you, only you.
The breezes at evening with each other vie
To kiss you, then vanish away with a sigh.
Who shows me an angel whenever she's nigh?
'Tis you, only you.—*Refrain.*

NAUGHTY BOY, NAUGHTY BOY, RUN AWAY.

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Words by Walter P. Keen Music by H. W. Petrie.

Merrily they were playing, a little girl and boy,
And while at play that lovely day, their hearts were filled with joy,
Until the boy, excited, had roughly seized her hand,
The maiden, feeling slighted, quickly gave him this command:

REFRAIN.

Naughty boy, naughty boy, run away, you are too rough when you start to play.
Leave me now, do, I'm mad at you, naughty boy, naughty boy, run away.

Many a year has vanished, bringing its joy and strife,
The same little girl, with golden curl, is now the same boy's wife,
And her sometimes he teases about the days gone by,
But when her hand he squeezes, once again to him she'll cry:—*Refrain.*

When he comes home at evening, nothing he feels but joy,
For he can see upon her knee another naughty boy;
And when the babe refuses at night to quiet keep,
This is the song she uses, just to sing the child to sleep.—*Refrain.*

America, My Country, I Adore.

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Words by Moe J. Mendel. Music by Henry W. Palmer.

America, America, my country, I adore;
Forever I shall love it, from shore to shore,
The peer of all the lands, where I cast my lot,
America, my country, my favorite spot.
'Tis the land of my birth, and delight to say
I stand ever ready to defend it to-day.
Our country is a glorious land of love and liberty,
And may our people ever dwell in prosperity.
May prosperity e'er shine on us as it never has before,
On America, my country, my country, I adore.

CHORUS.

America, America, my country, I adore,
Forever I shall love it, from shore to shore.
May our flag of freedom ever float in the breeze;
May our staunch, big war-ships be victorious on the seas;
May our boys be gallant, gallant and ever true,
And bravely stand forever by the Red, White and Blue;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, for the Red, White and Blue,
And bravely stand forever by the Red, White and Blue, Hurrah!

America, America, my country, I adore;
Forever I shall love it, from shore to shore.
May our mothers ne'er endure despair or pain
To see a loving husband or a son go to war again.
Our country is a land of peace, and with a future bright;
And is our cause a just one, we must uphold our rights;
We'll never be too hasty, and with justice on our side,
So if there be a conflict, to vict'ry we are sure to ride.
To the memory of George Washington and all his soldiers brave,
May God forever bless them, for our country they did save.—*Chorus.*

LOVE LINGERS YET.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

One year has passed since last we met,
Tho' time fleets fast, love lingers yet;
I loved you well, you knew, forsooth,
Did lips not tell mine eyes spoke truth,
And now I seem as in some mist,
Which no sunbeam has ever kissed.
Still hopes remain, despite regret;
All fears are vain, love lingers yet.

REFRAIN.

Love lingers yet, tho' years roll by;
Love lingers yet, it cannot die.
Love lingers yet, tho' all else fade;
Love lingers yet in sorrows shade.

Because I loved was I to blame?
Were you reproved? You did the same.
Our quarrel, dear, let us forget;
'Tis one long year since last we met;
Of all the wrong I'll bear the weight,
Ling'ring too long might prove too late.
Let sorrow end, the pain forget;
Some message send, love lingers yet.—*Refrain.*

THE DAY THE FARMER CAME TO SEE THE TOWN.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

He landed at the ferry, and he looked a silly gawk,
The day the farmer came to see the town;
A cabby tried to catch him, but he said he'd rather walk,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
The kids began to guy him, for he was so tall and thin,
And as he looked so innocent, the "coppers" had to grin;
And a lovely Nanny Goat was cultivated on his chin,
The day the farmer came to see the town.

REFRAIN.

In his jaw he had a wisp of straw,
All the day he wandered up and down.
"Oh, by gosh!" was all that he could say,
The day the farmer came to see the town.

He got to Seventh Avenue, and into an hotel,
The day the farmer came to see the town;
The clerk supplied him with a room, and soaked him very well,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
He "would not dare to try the elevator," so he said,
But walked up seven stories to his lodgings overhead;
And they made him take a lantern when he wished to go to bed,
The day the farmer came to see the town.—*Refrain.*

He took a walk on Broadway, and he thought it great, of course,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
He wondered how the cable cars could go without a horse,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
He went to look, and when he saw the middle rail ajar,
He thought he'd guessed the secret and he shouted out "hurrah!"
So he dropped a nickel in the slot and got a cable car,
The day the farmer came to see the town.—*Refrain.*

He went to mail a letter to the folks upon the farm,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
Instead of in the "letter box" he used a "fire alarm,"
The day the farmer came to see the town.
He read the sign to break the glass and then he smashed it in,
In less than thirty seconds he was treated to a swim,
For the Fire Brigade came rushing up and turned the hose on him,
The day the farmer came to see the town.—*Refrain.*

He went into a beer saloon to get some ginger ale,
The day the farmer came to see the town;
A ragged urchin came to him and told a sorry tale,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
With tearful eyes he listened to the piteous refrain,
Then gave the boy some money and he took a drink again.
But very soon he found the boy had stole his watch and chain,
The day the farmer came to see the town.—*Refrain.*

It didn't hurt him very much, for he was rather tough,
The day the farmer came to see the town.
So wandered down the Bowery, for he hadn't seen enough,
The day the farmer came to see the town;
And there he met a lovely girl, whose cheeks were like the rose;
She took him to a concert hall, and what do you suppose:
When he got out of there he only had a suit of clothes,
The day the farmer came to see the town.—*Refrain.*

"OVER THE FENCE IS OUT!"

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Two little boys were playing together,
Playing "old cat" in the field;
Harry was gentle, Dick was a bully,
Always unwilling to yield.
Always unfair, if Harry was winning,
How he could bluster and shout,
When Harry would say: "It's my turn to play;
Over the fence is out!"

CHORUS.

Over the fence is out! Now it is my turn to play;
Whatever we do, Dick, you know it is true, you want everything your own way;
You won't give a fellow a show, but now it is my turn to shout;
You can't always win, so kindly give in—over the fence is out!

Years passed away, the boys grew to manhood,
They became rivals in trade,
Dick ever trying Harry to ruin,
While his own profit he made:
But a day came when wild speculation
Left him in trouble and doubt,
Then Harry could say: "Your bills you can't pay—
Over the fence is out!"—*Chorus.*

Soon they found out they loved the same maiden;
Dick tried to win her in vain;
While he grew jealous, Harry was favored,
And all her smiles he would gain.
Tender and true, she vowed that she loved him,
Happy the end came about,
And when they were wed, to Dick Harry said,
"Over the fence is out!"—*Chorus.*

That Wonderful X Ray Machine.

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Words and Music by E. P. Jaeckel.

Get you ready, Tim, and with me cross the ocean,
For you can't take any comfort in this land;
You are ever hearing of some new invention
That an honest man can never understand.
Now, Tim McGarr, and ain't you heard the latest,
'Tis all about that new x ray machine;
They are taking it around throughout the country,
And the like of it sure never has been seen.

CHORUS.

The new x ray or cathod light, we hear it night and day,
From old and young we hear it sung—have you heard of the new x ray?
The daring Swede will take it along to the North Pole in his balloon,
To take some views as he's sailing by his highness, the man in the moon.

They can put it up in front of your own house, Tim,
That wonderful new photograph machine,
With the curtains drawn, and each and every door closed,
Your picture they can take from within.
You see a man's not safe in his own house now,
And the thought that is so troublesome to me,
'Tis myself that some day they'll be photographing
And be placing me in Eden Musee.—*Chorus.*

And as you are walking through these very streets, Tim,
Sure the thought it isn't pleasant now to think
That they know just what you're eating for your dinner,
And is it moca pure or tea dust that you drink,
And you cannot walk lame to get a pension,
Pretending that you're minus a bone,
For they'll turn on the x ray, and they will find it,
And your fate then you will evermore bemoan.—*Chorus.*

—"Vhy do you keeb der putcher knive py der side off der vater cooler?" asked a Dutchman, who was making his first visit to Cincinnati, of the hotel clerk.

"Do cudt der vater indo shlices," replied the clerk.

—"Did you hear off dot horriple dorture Mrs. Gabble vos pud do yesdertay?"

"Vot vos dot?"

"She hadt a toodth fildt."

"Oh, dot don'd hurdt her much."

"Didn'd hurdt her ad all; budt she vos gombelled do shtob dalking for dwo hours."

THEN THE PIPE WENT OUT.

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Words by Isaac G. Reynolds. Music by H. W. Petrie.

To an opium joint a poor tramp went, a little pill he bought;
He smoked the pipe in great delight, and all his woes forgot;
A fair young bride was by his side, in a mansion of their own;
He was free from care, a millionaire, with all the joys of home.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—how funny it did seem;
The pipe went out, and it was but a dream,
Thro' the city he must roam, for the poor tramp had no home—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

Once a maid so coy loved her dear boy, "not wisely, but too well!"
And she would share his joys and care, and all her secrets tell;
Her bank account, a large amount, she let him take away,
For he said he'd bring a diamond ring, and they would wed some day.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—how funny it did seem;
The pipe went out, and it was but a dream,
For his love was but a "bluff," and he worked her for her "stuff"—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

To the city went old farmer Bent, his load of hay to sell;
When on the street, he chanced to meet a man who knew him well;
The young man told a tale of gold, how great wealth they could win.
"Well, that looks quite fair, I do declare," said the farmer with a grin.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—how funny it did seem;
The pipe went out, and it was but a dream,
For the farmer borrowed ten, and he left the bunco then—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

Once a poor old maid was much afraid she'd never be a wife,
She often said that she would wed if it should cost her life.
Then she fancied that beside her sat the man she'd waited for;
And the old maid smiled and kissed her child, that played upon the floor.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—how funny it did seem;
The pipe went out, and it was but a dream;
For she waked up with a start, and she died of broken heart—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

To the races I went on pleasure bent, and got a friendly tip
To place my "dough," and I did so—on a long shot they called "Grip."
I bet every sou; I'd win I knew—the race was "fixed," you see:
I would win the stake, the "dough" I'd take, five hundred clear I'd be.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—how funny it did seem;
The pipe went out, and it was but a dream;
He was coming in ahead, when he stopped and fell stone dead—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

Once a pugilist thought that with his fist 'most any man he'd maul;
He said that he would champion be, the boss slugger of them all;
He was sure to win, and take their tin, and an actor he would be;
He'd go on the stage, be all the rage, and crowds would come to see.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—how funny it did seem;
The pipe went out, and it was all a dream,
For he stood up one short round, then slept upon the ground—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.—BY ARTHUR J. LAMB.

A young man took his girl one day a-bathing in the sea;
He oft had thought what joys he'd know when they should married be;
But when she left her bathing van, she made the young man gape—
He felt quite like a different man when he beheld her shape.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—he saw her lightly clad;
The pipe went out, it nearly drove him mad;
For he saw his future bride was a woman ossified—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

A girl, whose love had been away for many weary years,
Would think that he was true to her when she was lost in tears;
One day she looked into a jail, the prison sights to see,
When suddenly an old voice said, "Do you remember me?"

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out when she beheld her John;
The pipe went out—he had strange colors on;
In a suit of white and gray, he was pounding stones all day—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

Upon the street a young man met a lady with a veil;
His raised his hat and said to her, "Let's split a pint of ale!"
The hour was late, and so they passed into a cafe near;
Unto the boy she held real fast and said, "Come, kiss me, dear."

CHORUS.

And the pipe went out when she removed her veil;
The pipe went out, and the young man turned pale;
For it set his head awhirl, he had mashed a colored girl—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

A man had found that wedded life was quite a joy and boon,
Was told one day his pretty wife would be a mother soon.
While waiting for the happy news to bring his home-life joy;
He said that he would have the blues unless it proved a boy.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out, and naughty things he said;
The pipe went out, he wished he was not wed;
There were triplets, don't you see, and of girls he had just three—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

If England thinks to own the sea, she cannot have the earth,
She's always shown she wished to be a tyrant from her birth;
Venezuela wants its rights for Uncle Sam to fix,
So England should recall the fights of 1776.

CHORUS.

When the pipe went out, she had enough, we know;
The pipe went out, her bluffing did not go,
For old England Uncle Sam does not need to give a—(drum beat)—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

A girl who dwelt upon a farm was lonesome as could be;
She said, "I'll try my best to charm the next man that I see."
One day when past her country home a dashing cyclist sped,
Forgetting all, without reserve, right after him she fled.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out: it set her head awhirl;
The pipe went out, 'twas but another girl;
When she saw her looked-for chance, was a woman dressed in pants—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

A minister from off the stage a pretty girl once took:
In village work she did engage, and her bad ways forsook;
But one day when he took her to a country dance out there,
The parson scarce knew what to do when the brass band played an air.

CHORUS.

Then the pipe went out—the girl could not resist;
Then the pipe went out, she did the Turkish twist;
And he's never tried to rule her since she did the hula hula—
It's all over now, the pipe went out.

I'M SORRY THAT I DID.

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Words by Winnie Black. Music by H. W. Petrie.

I called one night on Lizzie Jane, and got there rather late;
I thought I'd just surprise her and go in the garden gate;
The night was dark as Egypt, and the air was like a fog;
I could not reach the window, so I jumped upon a log,
But a ripping sound convinced me I had jumped upon the dog.

CHORUS.

And now I'm very sorry that I did,
And now I'm very sorry that I did;
A ripping sound convinced me I had jumped upon the dog,
And now I'm sorry, very sorry that I did.

Not long ago I bought a mule that had a gentle face;
He followed us around the yard, the pet of all the place;
The neighbors didn't like his voice and said "go twist his tail;
'Twill surely stop his braying, the cure will never fail."
I went and twisted once or twice, and then I took a sail.

CHORUS.

And now I'm very sorry that I did,
And now I'm very sorry that I did;
I went and twisted once or twice, and then I took a sail,
And now I'm sorry, very sorry that I did.

I tried to be a doctor once, and set a broken arm,
I pulled the elbow out of joint, and did a lot of harm;
I put a mustard plaster on the patient's tender breast;
I gave him lots of tonic, so he wouldn't lose his rest,
But when I gave the bill to him I got a broken chest.

CHORUS.

And now I'm very sorry that I did,
And now I'm very sorry that I did;
For when I gave the bill to him I got a broken chest.
And now I'm sorry, very sorry that I did.

A friend of mine once built some wings, all fixed so he could fly.
I had a little trip to make; "they're just the stuff," said I;
He tied the wings upon my back, I got upon the shed:
"Don't worry, dear, I'll soon return," that to my wife I said.
I went upon my muscle, but I came back on my head.

CHORUS.

And now I'm very sorry that I did,
And now I'm very sorry that I did:
I went upon my muscle, but I came back on my head;
And now I'm sorry, very sorry that I did.

—Clock Manufacturer—"Haf you hadt any oxberience?"
Applicant—"I haf peen doing dime der lasd seex years."

PHILADA. AGENCY.
W. B. HUBBS,
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THE DEBUTANTE.

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Words by Geo. M. Cohan. Music by Jas. Whitney.

A sweet little maid, who was afraid to wink her eye,
With beautiful ways, and innocent gaze, she was so shy;
Oh, she was a treat, so sweet and neat, society did grant
A chance to the lass to enter their class as a debutante.
This sweet little girl soon put in a whirl a thousand hearts;
They all tried to win her love, which was in a thousand parts.
For every sport he thought he'd caught a chance his love to plant,
But while they would chaff, she'd give them the laugh, would the debutante.

CHORUS.

In brightest of society, every eye was on this maiden,
The girl who had climbed to the heighth of notoriety as the happy debutante.

Theatres and halls, to suppers and balls, each night she'd go.
So gay and so bright, she'd every night a different beau;
She'd mash if he'd cash—if not so rash, she'd say "to go I can't."
If you'd money to spurt, why then you could flirt with the debutante;
For nothing but wine she'd drink when she'd dine, the bills they nursed;
She'd wine never shake, a bank it would break to quench her thirst.
This maiden with golden hair, so fair, the money'd sports she'd plant,
And some of them yet are sorry they met with the debutante.—*Chorus.*

MOLLIE AND I.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

In a quaint country village, not far from the shore,
Stands a neat little cottage I love and adore,
And each day that I pass it I love it the more,
For in that little cottage lives Mollie.
Now Mollie's a girl 'tis a pleasure to meet,
She's a kind word for all and a smile always sweet,
And she loves all the boys and the girls on the street,
And the boys and the girls all love Mollie.

CHORUS.

Mollie O'Moore is the girl I prefer;
Mollie loves me, and I know I love her;
In another small cottage we'll dwell by and by,
Always merry and happy, Mollie and I.

In that cot by the seaside, with luxuries few,
Where the trees are in bud and the summer skies blue,
And the flowers of sweet fragrance besprinkled with dew,
Draw their sweetness from my sweeter Mollie.
In perfect contentment, this sweet little lass
Will sit at the door, and whenever you pass
You will find there is always a pipe and a glass,
And a welcome for you there from Mollie.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Andy Lewis.

There's no love like the love of a mother,
No matter where you in this world may roam;
There's no love like the love of a mother,
In foreign lands or else at home;
When a babe in your cradle how she nursed you;
You were her delight when a boy;
And now that you've grown into manhood,
You still are her pride and her joy.

CHORUS.

There's no love like the love of a mother,
No love that is with you all through;
There's no love like the love of a mother—
A mother's love is constant and true.

There's my mother, who's now with the angels,
Her memory I lovingly recall;
In childhood she watched o'er my footsteps,
Lest I should by the wayside fall.
When sickness prevailed she watched o'er you,
To nurse you to health was her aim,
Yet still that she's gone from you forever.
You are often compelled to exclaim:—*Chorus.*

OH, GEE! I WISH I WAS BIG.

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Words and Music by Little Blossom.

My ma won't let me make mud pies, 'cause I would get all dirt,
And she won't let me climb our fence, she's 'fraid that I'll get hurt,
And when I pinch my brother's arm till I leave a big black spot,
My ma gets mad and slaps my hand, and 'buses me a lot.

REFRAIN.

Oh, gee! I wish I was big and could fight just like the men,
Then my mamma would be 'fraid of me, and would not dare whip me again.
Oh, gee! I wish I was big, with my brother I'd get square;
'Cause when he tried to slap me, I'd pull his curly hair.

Sometimes I get so lonesome like, and want to have some fun,
Throw water on our pussy cat—oh, golly, don't she run;
And then I think of other tricks that are naughty I can do,
And slide down our old cellar door—I think it's fun, don't you?—*Refrain.*

OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame,
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had strayed away,
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas Day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.

Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice,
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice,
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise;
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days,
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
Which gathered there on Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song:—*Cho.*

BOOZE, GLORIOUS BOOZE.

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Words and Music by Charles Deane.

We've had lots of songs about eating—
Beefsteak and pork chops how they praise;
A change with success now is meeting,
For surely we're changing our ways;
I'll sing about something substantial
That causes delight forth to ooze;
The secret of Uncle Sam's glory
Is found in one word and that's booze, booze, booze, booze.

CHORUS.

Booze, booze, glorious booze, get as much down as you can;
Booze of the best is good for the chest, good for the woman or man;
P'licemen all cry for it, soldiers will die for it, booze that will make a man snooze.
What makes you stronger, and makes you live longer, why booze, booze, booze.

Now after you've had too much eating,
You're awfully full, so to speak;
A terrible pain is your greeting,
And soon you become very weak;
It's twenty to one that good brandy
Is better, by far, than a steak;
Though grub may be ever so lovely,
But when you feel badly just take booze, booze, booze.—*Chorus.*

A baby first takes to the bottle,
At milk he's a boozer, you bet;
And when he grows up into manhood,
A much stronger booze he will get;
It's good if you take as directed,
Be sure it's the right kind you choose.
So when you are eating free lunch, boys,
Remember to mix it with booze, booze, booze, booze.—*Chorus.*

I'm the Slickest Coon in Town.

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Words and Music by Andy Lewis.

Went down to Memphis at the race track,
Tried for some money to make;
My baby needed new shoes and dress,
So papa had to make a stake;
Fool niggers began just shooting de craps,
Thought they would get my coin;
I threw in a set of loaded dice,
And now I've got money to burn.

CHORUS.

Oh, my Lula, come kiss your honey; you'll have shoes and dress of brown.
Oh, my Lula, come kiss your baby, I'm the slickest nigger in the town.

Went down to gamble at faro bank,
Just for to add to my pile,
And when the niggers saw me,
You bet they all did then commence to smile;
I copper'd the ace, then played deuce to win;
Came near a-calling the turn;
The gamblers they had to shut up the house,
And now I've got money to burn.—*Chorus.*

BABY WANTS THE MOON.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Baby's little head's on mamma's breast,
Baby, somehow, will not go to rest;
Baby's looking out upon the sky,
Where the golden moon is shining high;
See her stretch her chubby little arms,
Such a thing for her has many charms;
So, with expectation in her eyes,
For the moon unto mamma she cries:

REFRAIN.

Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! Baby will not get it very soon.
Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! It's very sad that baby wants the moon.
Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! Baby will not get it very soon.
Croon! Croon! Baby wants the moon! It's very sad that baby wants the moon.

Baby is as restless as can be,
Mamma cannot help it though, you see;
Still she stretches arms unto the sky,
Where the moon is winking on the sly;
Now the baby's head in sleep is bowed,
For the moon is hid behind a cloud,
Yet I think that in the baby's dreams
Still the moon in all its glory beams.—*Refrain.*

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

We are all of us headed "the way the wind blows,"
We're single or wedded, "the way the wind blows."
We're up or we're down, we smile or we frown,
And the cut of our clothes tells "the way the wind blows."

CHORUS.

But the way the wind blows, that's what nobody knows,
For 'round it will veer when you think you're in clover;
And when you get in to the midst of the swim,
Look out that you don't some find day get thrown over.

The policemen keep posted "the way the wind blows;"
They always have coasted "the way the wind blows;"
They sneak up a street and sleep on their beat;
They're awake or they doze with "the way the wind blows."—*Cho.*

Pretty girls come near knowing "the way the wind blows;"
They're posing or sewing "the way the wind blows;"
They faint or they scream, and hint for ice cream,
For they all work their beaux in "the way the wind blows."—*Chorus.*

We are serf or patrician, "the way the wind blows,"
We shift our position "the way the wind blows."
One day we are broke, and call it a joke,
But we all wear our clothes in "the way the wind blows."—*Chorus.*

She Might Flirt with Others.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

A crowd of boys that stand around near Hester and Canal,
And Bill Magee was the only one that had a Sunday gal.
The other boys were jealous, and they'd tell him that she'd flirt,
Then Bill Magee would sing out when his feelings they would hurt:

REFRAIN.

She might flirt with others, still she loves but me;
The merry twinkle in her eye has caused much jealousy;
If she says a thing she means it, so contented I will be;
She might flirt with others, still she loves but me.

One day he called upon her and he asked her if 'twas true;
Her answer came back, "Darling Will, I love none else but you."
The next night on the corner, when they told him the same thing,
He knew that they were jealous, and he once again did sing:—*Refrain.*

HE FOUGHT AND DIED FOR ME

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Words by Wallace Paynes. Music by H. W. Petrie.

In a peaceful, country church-yard, where the children come to play,
By a grave, where slept a comrade, stood a soldier, old and gray;
Then there came a little maiden—"Did you know him, sir?" asked she,
But the soldier only answered: "He fought and died for me."

REFRAIN.

Though comrades fell around us, though every hope had gone,
We two would not surrender, and so the fight went on,
And when I fell beside him, "Have courage, Jack," cried he;
And there, alone, he faced the foe—he fought and died for me.

From a quiet little village, we together went one day,
Went to fight for home and country, side by side we marched away.
"We will always stick together, you and I, dear Jack," said he,
"And I'm proud that he was faithful—he fought and died for me."—*Ref.*

Tho' the war has long been over, tho' my hair has turned to gray,
I shall ne'er forget the comrade, who so bravely died that day;"
When he'd gone, the little maiden, though her eyes were dim, could see,
Carved upon the little grave-stone, "He fought and died for me."—*Ref.*

THE GIRL I MET ON BROADWAY

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Words and Music by H. W. Hughes.

It was just the other day, as I strolled along Broadway,
A pretty little maid I chanced to see;
She turned and looked so shy, then she "winked the other eye,"
And her cunning air almost enchanted me.
Her name is not "Marie," though she's sweet as she can be,
And her "golden hair is hanging down" you know;
She may have passed her teens, tho' quite youthful still she seems,
For her little eyes with love light are aglow.

CHORUS.

I met her on Broadway the other day;
She stole my heart away, yes for aye;
You may sing of love's deep passion,
Or the maids of modern fashion,
But give to me the girl I met on Broadway.

There are girls of every kind, even one "I left behind,"
But not the one I met the other day;
She's not kind you'd court on the "sidewalks of New York,"
For the best of them prefer some other way.
Each evening now I wait for my darling at the gate,
There to kiss her tears and sorrows all away.
"When summer comes again," her and I will wander then
On the "Banks O Bonnie," where the zephyrs play.—*Chorus.*

When the roses bloom again, come the sunshine or the rain,
I'll take her to my bosom ne'er to part.
The wedding bells will ring, and the birdies sweeter sing,
When I press the darling creature to my heart;
We'll sing "love's sweetest song," while the years are rolling on,
And tho' grief may sometimes mar our happy lot,
We'll each love still the same, weaving out life's golden chain,
With just a little "kiss and then make up."—*Chorus.*

Sweet Birds, Sing Your Best To-Day.

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Pretty birds of June, sing your sweetest tune,
Some one's coming here to meet me, some one with her smiles will greet me,
Here beside the brook, in this shady nook, for a pretty girl I look.

REFRAIN.

Sweet birds, sing your best to-day,
Sweet birds that swell in music far above her;
Sweet words I to her will say,
For I long to tell her that I love her.—[*Repeat Refrain.*]

Pretty birds of June, sing your sweetest tune,
Here she comes with step the lightest, smiling with a smile the brightest,
Like an angel fair, in her beauty rare, is the girl for whom I care.—*Refrain.*

Come to the Arms of Your Baby.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

There sits a fat man, a jolly old boy,
He's here for the good of his health;
Sweet, pretty girls are his pleasure and joy,
I'll bet he's got plenty of wealth;
Don't he feel lonesome alone by himself,
With no pretty girl by his side;
He is not yet laid on the shelf,
I'd like to be his bride.
Fat man, fat man, come to me, come to me!
Fat man, fat man, I love thee! I love thee!
Come to the arms of your mash;
Give me your love and your cash, please do!
You're not too old yet to have a sweet miss,
You have not forgot how to kiss;
With your big arms 'round my small waist,
I'd like to be embraced—ah!

CHORUS.

*Come to the arms of your baby, honey;
Please do, sweet one, I'm clear gone on you;
Your clothes are lined with nice money, honey;
You bet, I'll stick tighter than glue!

There sits a young dude, the picture of grace,
He knows pretty girls by the score;
He's always captured to see a fair face,
I know he'd like one sweetheart more;
He must have left all his girls home to-night,
Now why should he so lonesome be?
I'll make a bluff, maybe I'm right,
He has come here for me.
Nice dude, nice dude, come to me! come to me!
Nice dude, nice dude, I love thee! I love thee!
Come, be my pride and my joy,
I will not hurt you, dear boy, no, no!
You are so young that my heart you'd surprise,
I think you would be just my size.
One kiss from you I'd ne'er forget,
You'll be my only pet—ah!—*Chorus.*

There sits another with whiskers so nice,
They blow awful long in the breeze;
He would get shaved if I'd give him the price,
I'd just like to sit on his knees.
Would he, I wonder, be angry or vexed
If I should get down from the stage?
To that nice beard I would get next—
Only sixteen's my age.
Whiskers, whiskers, come to me! come to me!
Whiskers, whiskers, I love thee! I love thee!
Give me a lock of your hair,
I love your whiskers, I swear! (I do.)
Down the street with you I would like to go,
When breezes all gaily do blow,
And when to kiss you would begin,
'Twould tickle me on the chin.—*Chorus.*

There's one more fellow, I'll call him "Four Eyes,"
When I look at him he will wink.
Glasses just make him look awfully wise,
Now he's a good boy, I don't think.
Does he wear glasses because he's half gone,
Or just because he would see me?
I'd like to try his glasses on,
And sit upon his knee.
Goggles, goggles, come to me! come to me!
Goggles, goggles, I love thee! I love thee!
Come to the arms of your pet,
I'm in a terrible sweat, oh, dear!
I'd like to go out with you after dark,
And take a nice stroll through the park;
And I think we a hit would make
If some one our tin-types would take!—*Chorus.*

*Sing the chorus pleadingly, and much slower than the verses.

Always a Thought for Mother.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. W. Petrie.

A convict in a prison cell, whose heart is steeled by crime,
Is plotting for an evil act, when served will be his time;
He pictures in his mind the deed, and plans in wickedness
For murder, too, he would commit, to aid him to success,
But suddenly a tender face appears before his eyes;
He's dreaming of his mother dear, as on the straw he lies;
All evil plans are quickly gone, a tear is seen to start;
A thought of mother is enough to melt that hardened heart.

CHORUS.

Always a thought for mother, always for her a tear,
Tho' all the world forsake you, true is your mother dear;
Life may to you seem empty, hatred be in your heart,
Still there's a thought for mother, love for her won't depart.

A sailor, far away from home, upon the ocean's foam,
Has sworn that never more will he return to his old home,
And when the port they touch at last, he from the ship will fly,
And far from scenes of home and youth, a stranger he will die;
He was forgotten by false friends, neglected by his own,
Forgotten, yes, by all save one, and loved by one alone.
He thinks of her most tenderly, a change comes o'er him then,
He can't forsake his mother dear, he will return to her.—*Chorus.*

A gambler on a city street, at night, alone does stand;
All hope has fled, he hesitates, a pistol in his hand;
His money has been lost at play, and now in blank despair.
Another moment and a shot will ring out on the air,
His thoughts fly back to happier days, when he, a careless youth,
Had heard his mother's earnest plea to live for right and truth.
His hand is raised to send a ball crashing through his head—
"God bless my mother" were the words, the last words that he said.—*Cho.*

They Won't Have Any Babies Like Me.

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Words by Harry W. Emmet. Music by H. W. Petrie.

I've got a big sister, her name is Susannah,
She bosses me all 'round the house;
She won't let me sing out, or thump the pianer,
I have to keep still as a mouse;
My sister is going to marry next Sunday
The funniest "jay" there could be,
And he had the nerve to inform me last night
"They won't have any babies like me."

REFRAIN.

They won't have any babies like me;
Maybe they'll wish they had one some day;
They won't have any babies like me—
I'm a naughty, bad Tom-boy they say.
They won't have any babies like me;
Perhaps a hard job it would be
To find one so good, no, I don't think they could,
They won't have any babies like me.

They won't let me into the parlor to play,
For I might disturb Susannah's beau;
I can't skip my rope on the sikewalk all day,
For to school I have always to go.
Not a cent do I get to buy peanuts or candy,
And chewing gum I never see.
I must not play tag with the boys on the street—
Don't you pity a baby like me?—*Refrain.*

If I was as big as Susannah, my sister,
All girls could do just as they please;
They could play tag with boys just whenever they wished ter,
And other folks worry and tease;
They could always have plenty of candy and ice cream,
And holler and kick up a row;
Then a little girl's life would be always so nice.
But here's all that they say to me now:—*Refrain.*

—A laty's peddigoat oughd do pe a leetle apove dwo feedt.

—Dere's a man who lives in Hoboken dot has such a small mouth dot ven he dakes a pill he has to use a shoe horn.

—Fritz Bimble is so honesd dot if he vos a base-ball blayer he vouldn't sdeal a base.

Ven I die I vant to be alive for avhile to hear vot my friends say aboud me.

MAMMA'S LITTLE SWEETHEART

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Mamma's little sweetheart, busy all the day,
Chasing golden sunbeams that through the lattice stray,
Never seems of tiring 'till evening shadows bring
Gentle sleep and mamma sweet her evening song to sing:

CHORUS.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, mamma's little sweetheart,
Close your weary eyes so bright,
Dream your baby dreams all night.
Sweetheart, sweetheart, mamma's pride and joy:
Angels dear will hover near mamma's little sweetheart.

Mamma's little sweetheart, when the day is done,
Watching at the window for some one dear to come—
Romping 'round with papa 'till sandman comes along,
Dreamy eyes and sweet bye-byes, then mamma's evening song:—*Cho.*

WHISPER YOUR SECRET TO ME

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Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Long departed are those golden years,
Happy childhood, filled with hopes and fears,
School-days, school-days, gone with the rest,
When I loved Nellie, dearest and best.
Castles we built then, brightest e'er seen;
In every palace she was the queen.
Me she promised, I promised Nell,
Always our secrets truly to tell.

REFRAIN.

Whisper your secret to me—Can I guess what it will be,
Just as of old I used to do, when we were both at school?
Whisper your secret to me, none can so sweet ever be:
Secrets at school when we were true, secrets with you at school.

Long years after, far away I roam,
Thinking ever of my childhood home;
Waking, dreaming, one face I see,
Sweetheart of childhood, dearest to me.
Then home returning, dear faithful Nell
Begs for my secrets, says I must tell.
Here's my secret: I love but you.
Smiling, she answered, "That's my secret, too."—*Refrain.*

He Was an Old Friend of the Family.

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Words by Charles A. Taylor. Music by John Harding.

You ask me why I'm friendless, one day a poor tramp said;
I don't believe in friendship, in me all love is dead.
'Twas a man I called my best friend that brought me this disgrace;
I'll tell you why a drunken sot I tramp from place to place;
I had a wife as pure as gold and a little baby boy—
Alas! for faith in friendship, it robbed me of my joy;
I loved him with a brother's love, but he stole my wife away,
That is why you find me, sir, a friendless tramp to-day.

CHORUS.

He was an old friend of the family, I'd known him for many a year;
We had been schoolboys together, his friendship I cherished most dear;
I knew that his life had been lonely, so my home he was welcome to share,
But, alas, he has robbed it of sunshine and filled my poor heart with despair.

I was good to my dear Nellie, she made a loving wife;
God sent our darling baby to cheer us on through life.
Our home, though nothing grand, had plenty there to share
With the friend I'd known in boyhood, he was always welcome there;
He bit the hand that gave him food, and betrayed a sacred trust,
Then stole the flower I worshipped and trailed it in the dust;
My baby boy they left behind, and 'twas all that saved the life
Of the man who called me friend, yet stole away my wife.—*Chorus.*

I can't forget my sorrow, or how my heart did yearn,
As I tried to tell the baby when his mother would return,
For he grew so sick and restless, and sometimes in his sleep,
When he'd sigh and call for mamma, I would turn away and weep;
The autumn passed and winter came, yet it brought no truant wife;
As I watched my failing baby, all hope fled from my life;
It's buried 'neath that little mound, where the babe was laid to rest,
And that is why there's not a spark of friendship in my breast.—*Chorus.*

I've Just Been Abroad, You Know.

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Words and Music by Dean Carol.

Last week I went a-calling
Upon Miss Julia Snow,
For she had been abroad many months,
And I was once her beau;
But she treated me so coolly
That I asked her why 'twas so,
When she looked me in the face and said,
"I've just been abroad, you know."

REFRAIN.

Oh, it makes me weary grow to hear that everlasting tale,
"I've just been abroad, you know."—[*Dance.*]

She told of the lords and ladies,
Of the dukes with all their styles,
Till my head was all in a whirl-a-gig
To hear of their many wiles;
But I could not give up Julia,
Although she tried me so;
Yet ev'ry once in a while she'd say,
"I've just been abroad, you know."—*Refrain.*

Before I left that evening
We quarreled many times
About those English lords and dukes,
Who have everything but dimes;
But when I tried to kiss her,
She told me I must go,
Then looked me square in the face and said,
"I've just been abroad, you know."—*Refrain.*

When I proposed th' next evening,
I found I had no show,
For Julia told me right to my face
She would marry Count Cost-you-low.
He could give her only a title,
But her Pa had gold, and so
She tried to follow the way of all
Rich American girls, you know.—*Refrain.*

LITTLE TIM.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. W. Petrie.

I shall lead you, in my fancy,
Not where rank and riches awe,
But to a home where want holds fearful sway,
To an humble little cottage,
Where upon a bed of straw,
The little hero's sickly mother lay.
He had kissed her dear white forehead,
He had softly said "good-bye,"
And bravely started out the "News" to sell;
Just a lad of scarce eleven,
With a manly, honest eye,
But his young heart a world of care could tell.

CHORUS.

Poor little Tim, dark days for him, no happy times like other boys see;
Poor little Tim, hope looked so dim, but golden summer's dawn was soon to be.

Then in mingling with the people
On the busy, crowded street,
He saw a package to the sidewalk drop;
By the owner 'twas unnoticed,
And lay there at his feet,
Bright greenbacks showing thro' the broken top;
Then there rose before Tim's vision
A poor mother's starving face,
A struggle 'twixt the right and wrong began;
But next moment he was speeding
At an honest, eager pace,
And handed back those greenbacks to the man.—*Chorus.*

When the banker took his bundle,
He at Tim looked with surprise,
And said, "My boy, pray tell to me your name;
I've a sister roaming somewhere,
Who once had your very eyes,
For years to find her, lad, has been my aim."
Then he followed poor Tim homeward,
And there dawned a happy day,
He found the sister he had mourned so long;
And tho' once in time of anger
He had driven her away,
Bright years for both have since wiped out the wrong.—*Cho.*

—Ven de Dom cat has gone oud de kiddens got some fun.

MY OLD GAL.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

I well remember when a child when I would visit grandpa,
Tho' he was seventy years of age, he still made love to grandma;
Tho' children of a larger growth, I've often seen them playing,
And more than once I've heard the old man to his old wife saying:

CHORUS.

My old gal, we're forty years together;
It don't seem long with you, my dear old gal.
Forty more, in any kind of weather,
Would never be too much for me, with my old gal.

The dear, old lady I have often seen a tear-drop shedding
When she says, "John, I hope we'll live to see our golden wedding."
I hope that they will see the day for which they both are praying;
She's with us yet, dear granny, and the old man still is saying:—*Chorus.*

SAY YOU LOVE ME.

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Words and Music by Nat. D. Mann.

Once a lad and lassie sat beneath a tree, all within a garden fair,
And the little lad was bashful as could be, so the lassie in despair
Read to him a poem sweet—there was love in every word;
He reclining at her feet, just this simple story heard:

REFRAIN.

"Say you love me, darling, do! just as much as I love you!
Darling, give to me your heart, then I'll know you love me and we'll never part.
Say you'll love me, darling, do! just as much as I love you!
Darling, give to me your heart, then I'll know you love me and we'll never part.

Never was a poem read so tenderly, 'twas a loving heart's appeal;
As the bashful laddie listened patiently, she to him did love reveal;
All his bashfulness had flown, ere the closing words she read:
With a kiss he said, "My own sweetheart, listen;" then he said:—*Refrain.*

CUPID AT THE DOOR.

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Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie.

We were sitting alone, just my lover and I,
By the glow of the soft firelight,
While the flickering shadows were touching his face,
And his dark eyes were shining so bright.
He was telling the beautiful story of love,
That's oft been repeated before,
'Till I heard in the silence the throb of my heart,
Like the sound of a knock at the door.

REFRAIN.

It's only little cupid tapping at the door,
Little cupid tapping at the door.
He is very, very sly,
You can't dodge him if you try,
Little cupid tapping at the door.
It's only little cupid tapping at the door,
Little cupid tapping at the door.
He is very, very sly,
You can't dodge him if you try,
When it's little cupid tapping at the door.

"Oh! please let me come in," little cupid cried out,
"I have waited so long at your door,
The darkness affrights me, my arrows are wet,
Alas! I can use them no more."
So I opened the door, and that sly little elf
Sat a moment or two at my knee,
When snap went his bow-string, my heart gave a throb,
And his arrow of love had pierced me.—*Refrain.*

Then the voice of my lover fell soft on my ear,
And I straightway was under a spell,
And I know that my eyes all their secrets revealed
That I never intended to tell;
But he promised me truly, and faithful he'll be,
'Till the sun and the stars are no more;
And my heart sings the beautiful story of love
Since I let cupid in at the door.—*Refrain.*

Everything Comes to Him Who Waits.

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Words and Music by Riccard Donovan.

The good things of this world will come, let ev'ry one have patience;
For instance, look at brother Bill, who looks for work all day,
While looking for a job one day a chimney fell upon him,
And as they dug him from the ruins, somebody heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Ev'rything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
If I wasn't here when the chimney fell, it might have dropped on you;
I look broke up, and I feel it too, I'm in the sorest straits,
But now I am sure that everything comes to him who waits.

While looking at a fight one day between two big 'longshoremen,
Dear brother Billy interfered, to make them friends again,
But suddenly they turned on Bill, and gave him a good pounding,
And when they had him nearly dead, Bill sang this sad refrain:

REFRAIN.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
When I interfered, for to make them friends, they kicked me black and blue.
Since Bill got whipped by those two big men, all big men Billy hates,
And now he is sure that everything comes to him who waits.

Dear Billy had a girl named Nell, she was a reg'lar corker;
He loved her to his heart's content whene'er he got a show;
One night she told him to look out, for her "old man" was coming,
And suddenly the "old man" came and helped dear Willie go.

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
Our Willie has given up seeing Nell on account of papa's shoe;
He wanted Nell for to be his wife, but waited 'till 'twas late,
And now he is sure that everything comes to him who waits.

One day dear Willie grabbed a watch and quickly got to running;
The man who lost the watch did yell, "My time it flies away;
A fat policeman on the corner saw dear Willie coming,
And as he landed in his arms somebody heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
If I wasn't hear for to catch this man, what would the people do?
Oh, now I'll be made a captain, sure I'm great among my mates,
And now I am sure that everything comes to him who waits.

THAT'S WHAT, BY GOSH!

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Words by Phil Gibbons. Music by W. C. Parker.

You may take me for a hayseed, a reuben, or a jay—
That's what, by gosh!
But you bet I ain't no monkey-jack you meet with every day—
That's what, by gosh!
For I've taken all the prizes down at the county fair,
And can wrestle anybody from a baby to a bear;
I'm a Hick'ry Jackson Democrat, that was never known to scare—
That's what, by gosh!

When I get full on cider, I go spiling for a fight—
That's what, by gosh!
I run my house to suit myself, my wife keeps out of sight—
That's what, by gosh!
For the farm hands they can't hold me when I go on a spree;
I'm a regular ring-tail snorter and I'm up to snuff, you see;
And I do not care for anyone that doesn't care for me—
That's what, by gosh!

Now, I've never been to England, and I've never been to France—
That's what, by gosh!
But sometimes I go to town hall, to hear them sing and dance—
That's what, by gosh!
Now there's Parson Jones and Deacon Brown and I went to the play,
We sat right down together, just behind the orchestra;
We were flirting with the ballet girls, but our wives gave us away—
That's what, by gosh!

Election times are coming, and may the best man win—
That's what, by gosh!
If you want to get an office now you've got to spend your tin—
That's what, by gosh!
For I once run for Squire, and before I got seated
I bought a German brewery, and the neighbors all I treated;
Next day I read the papers through, and saw I was defeated—
That's what, by gosh!

The other night I heard a song that made me awful tired—
That's what, by gosh!
They say the man that wrote it at the time was quite inspired—
That's what, by gosh!
At every turn I take I hear the chestnut melody,
It haunts me day and night wuss'n any gosh-darned flea;
If I caught the cuss that wrote it I would hang him to a tree—
That's what, by gosh!

I'll Find My Sweetheart Again.

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Once from his home went a soldier unto the war,
Leaving behind him the sweetheart he did adore,
Far in a strange, distant country the youth did fight,
While still his sweetheart thought of him by day and night,
And as the months went by slowly no news she heard,
There was no letter to cheer her, he sent no word.
She said, "for better or worse, I'll join the troops as a nurse,"
And when her parents said, "He might be dead," she bravely said:

REFRAIN.

In life or death I'll love him, I'll find my sweetheart again,
My place should be beside him, to ease his suffering and pain;
Though he be with the living, though he be with the slain,
In life or death I'll love him, I'll find my sweetheart again.

Many brave fellows lay dying, true hearts and brave,
Lives for their dear, cherished country they nobly gave.
There in death's shadow a gallant youth dying lay,
Thinking e'en now of his sweetheart so far away.
Now o'er the battle-field speeding a form he sees,
'Tis her, he joyfully whispers, my fair Louise.
Soon in the arms he loves best, to her true heart he is pressed,
And while each moment its sad warning brings, she sweetly sings: - *Ref.*

SHE HAS NO PAPA NOW.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. W. Petrie.

A maiden sat upon her suitor's knee;
They loved each other most devotedly;
Her papa did not like it, not a bit,
When she upon her suitor's knee did sit;
On him her papa swore to use his fist;
The lover was a noted pugilist,
Her papa did not know it was the case
When he came down to kick him from the place.

CHORUS.

She has no papa now,
She has no papa now.
There's an item in the *News*,
And a maiden with the blues,
For she has no papa now.

A lady had a little poodle cur,
All over he did follow after her,
Like Mary's lamb, he stuck to her like glue;
He knew his business, just a line or two,
She took him to a butcher shop one day;
"Give me a pound of sausage," she did say,
The little poodle wander'd in behind,
Where at a big machine the man did grind.

CHORUS.

She has no poodle now,
She has no poodle now.
Yes, she got the weinerwurst,
But the butcher made it first,
And she has no poodle now.

A maiden had a very rich old dad,
And when he died he left her all he had;
The suitors came a-courting by the score,
She'd never been so popular before,
But one young man who did her pathway haunt,
Cried out, "It's you and not the gold I want."
She fell into his arms with tears of joy,
And next week married this unselfish boy.

CHORUS.

She has no money now,
She has no money now,
All her weeping won't avail,
And she can't go on his trail,
For she has no money now.

A circus went into a country town,
The posters caught the eye of farmer Brown;
Said he, "B'gosh! I'll go and take the folks
To see the show and hear the funny jokes."
They first went to see the big menajerie;
The elephant they stopped a while to see,
The farmer's beard was full of hay and seed,
The elephant decided on a feed.

CHORUS.

He has no whiskers now,
He has no whiskers now,
When the elephant reached out,
For "police!" they heard him shout,
And he has no whiskers now.

Dolly; a Song of the Trolley.

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Composed by M. E. Rourke.

Dolly was always inquiring what keeps the trolley away;
Walking down town is so tiring, to and from work ev'ry day;
Till one morning overhead Dolly saw the wires were spread,
Then the neighbors, so 'tis said, sang this little lay:

CHORUS.

Dolly, Dolly, once melancholy, now bright and gay;
Dolly, Dolly, rides on a trolley the livelong day;
Dolly, Dolly, some try to jolly you—no one can.
'Tis heaven for Dolly to ride on the trolley beside the motorman.

Dolly, 'twas whispered, was fickle, by all the boys on her street;
Dolly, they said, for her nickel rides near the motorman's seat;
Soon the story stronger grew, faster then the rumors flew;
She would be his wife so true, make his life complete.—*Chorus.*

Ere his defeat he conceded Dolly had finished her plan;
Needless to say, she succeeded, just as a young woman can.
They've been wed a year to-day, home to them is bright and gay,
Soon there'll be, the neighbors say, one more motorman.—*Chorus.*

THE OWL'S SERENADE.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Once on a summer's night, when the wide world lay at ease,
When moonbeams sparkled bright thro' the forest trees,
Lovers passing down the lane, breathing vows of true love,
Heard at times a quaint refrain in the leaves above;
There, with a solemn scowl, sat an owl serene and staid,
Who to another owl sang his serenade.

REFRAIN.

Hoola, hoola, hoola, hooleo, I can see your big eyes blinking;
Hoola, hoola, hoola, hooleo, you are my sweetheart, I'm thinking;
Hoola, hoola, hoola, hooleo, if you love me, keep on winking;
Live with me in this tree, hoola, hoola, hooleo.

Soft thro' the summer's night came the other's answer meek;
I love your feathers white and your pretty beak.
When you flap each little wing, when your bright eyes roll so,
As upon the branch you swing, you look sweet, I trow;
Vow by the moon above, and the forest's deepest shade,
That you mean truest love by your serenade.—*Refrain.*

FOR LADIES ONLY.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Of course, you've seen the dear, sweet thing that's called the human man,
Of whom the naughty soubrettes sing and cuddle if they can;
Go East or West, but don't forget, you'll find him just the same;
He'll pop up ev'rywhere, and yet the dear boys not to blame—

CHORUS.

He was made for the ladies only, ladies only, ladies only.
Men often would like to do things that are meant for ladies only;
Some things are for ladies only, ladies only, ladies only.
Men often would like to do things that are meant for the little dears.

We've heard a lot about the hats our up-to-date girls wear,
They look just like Chicago flats, built 'way up in the air,
And tho' they think the play is "rats," you'll find them in each row;
They only go to show their hats, so poor men get no show.
Chorus.—They are made for the ladies only, etc.

One night while passing by a hall, outside which stood a crowd,
And thinking it might be a ball, to which all were allowed,
I quickly walked up to the door and said, "May I come in?"
They told me 'twas a lecture for preventing grievous sin.
Chorus.—And it was for the ladies only, etc.

Now all the girls have tried to ape the men's clothes made so neat,
So dudes all try to make their shape look like the women, sweet.
They wear corsets just like the girls, while girls wear ties and shirts;
Men comb their hair in pretty curls, but have not yet donned skirts.
Chorus.—They are made for the ladies only, etc.

DEAR DOROTHY.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Ah! sweet unto me is her name—Dorothy;
To me it is ever the same—Dorothy.
I hear it in the thrushes' song, in murm'ring brooks it runs along,
The name that is the world to me—Dorothy, my love.

CHORUS.

I am thine, Dorothy; thou art mine, Dorothy;
I care not, love, when thou art near,
Thy presence doth my presence cheer;
And that is why I call thee dear Dorothy, dear Dorothy.

There's ever a light, where thou art, Dorothy;
The one guiding star of my heart, Dorothy;
Thy wishes shall my wishes be; where'er thou art there will I be,
For thou art more than life to me, Dorothy, my love.—*Chorus.*

Just Tell Them that You Saw Me.

Parody—Written by Wm. H. Havill.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A tramp one day stopped by the way to get a bite to eat,
The farmer's wife was sitting by the door,
He said: "Dear madame, will you please give me a meal of food,
I've walked and walked until my feet are sore."
She said, "My man has gone to town, and I am left alone,
But I will give you all you want to eat
If you saw some wood for me that lays outside the door,
Then you may stop and rest your weary feet.

CHORUS.

I'll tell him that I saw you, and that you sawed the wood;
I'll tell him that I saw you saw the wood;
I know that he will thank you, for he is kind and good,
When I tell him that I saw you saw the wood.

When he had finished up his meal, he started for the door,
It made him feel so new, so fresh and good;
The farmer's wife she followed him, and tried hard to implore
This weary tramp to go and saw the wood.
She says, "What will my husband say when he returns from town,
I fed you if you'd go and saw some wood."
He said, "Dear madame, tell him I did the best I could,
I went out to the shed and saw the wood.

CHORUS.

Just tell him that you saw me, and that I saw the wood;
Just tell him that you saw me see the wood;
Just tell him that your beefsteak and pie was very good;
Just tell him that you saw me see the wood.

THE DANCES DOWN AT DAN'S.

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By H. W. Petrie.

Danny keeps a dance hall at the other end of town,
And Sunday nights the boys and girls just turn things upside down.
With the entrance in the alley, a few doors off the street,
The gayest crowd there congregates that ever you did meet.
You need not bring your lady, you will always find one there;
You need not wear a collar, you need not part your hair.

CHORUS.

And it's the first four fo'ard! Ladies change!
There's noise enough for fifty German bands, tra la!
In a holy half a minute, a policeman is not in it
If he looks around for trouble down at Dan's.

Sunday night Pat Casey had no other place to go,
And he invited Doolan's girl to have a whirl or so.
Then for Danny's place they started to have a time, you bet!
They reached it in good time and danced the first ones in the set.
Then Doolan's form was seen to come inside Danny's door,
He saw his girl with Casey, and that provoked a war.—*Chorus.*

Doolan struck at Casey, and he hit Tim Monahan,
Another minute and the boys were fighting to a man.
Then the orchestra played "Comrades," the place began to hum;
And Doolan struck Pat Casey's head into the big bass drum.
Poor Danny yelled "Keep quiet, or they will stop the ball"—
They had to call the soldiers to clear out Danny's hall.—*Chorus.*

Sorry pictures were they as they came in court next day,
The judge said, "Thirty days apiece," and all were led away.
Then Pat Casey swore with Doolan that even he would get.
Said Doolan: "We will meet at Dan's, and then I'll make you sweat."
The thirty days were over, they met at Dan's once more,
But all forgot the row at once, when Dan cried "Forward four."—*Cho.*

WINNIE, WINNIE, WHAT HAVE YOU AGIN ME?

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Words and Music by George Evans.

There is a girl up in Harlem, I wish she would get stuck on me,
Her name it is Winnie MacDermott, her dad is a draymen, you see;
She ain't what you'd call a dead swell gal, some jealous kids say she's a sight;
If you come to the ball at Hibernia Hall, you'll see her on Saturday night.

REFRAIN.

Winnie, Winnie, what have you got agin me?
Don't I treat you finer than all other boys around?
Winnie, Winnie, don't make me feel like a "Ninnie,"
Marry me, Win, and I'll save all my "tin," and a cottage we'll buy up town.

There is a lad named O'Reilly, at Winnie he's been making eyes,
But he is a regular "knocker," a boy what de push all despise;
He takes her to picnics at Coney's Isle, and he's trying to win her from me,
But you bet your sweet life I'll queer dat boy's game and marry my Winnie you see?
Winnie, Winnie, what have you got agin me, etc.

What's the Use of Being Mad.

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Words by W. L. Cobb. Music by Alex. Patton.

Around a narrow doorway of a crowded tenement
A group of merry children were at play,
When in their midst a maiden came,
And to a lad she spoke in childish tones, the others heard her say:
"Why don't you keep away from here when I am mad with you?"
Her pretty cheeks with anger's glow were red,
"You must not come around my door unless I tell you to."
With smiling face, the lad then to her said:

CHORUS.

What's the use of being mad, you know I am your friend;
Take the hand I offer and let our quarrel end;
You never will be happy, I know, until you do,
So be my sweetheart once again, for I love you.

Next day the lad passed by the house, a girl walked by his side,
His little sweetheart saw them up the street;
She turned and ran into the house
And sat right down and cried until she heard a voice in accents sweet.
"You must not act like this with me, it's only sister Sue;
Now, please do wash those silly tears away;
I love you as I always did, I care for none but you,"
She blushed, and then it was her turn to say:—*Chorus.*

MOTHER WAS A LADY.

Parody—Written by James J. DeVere.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Two bummers sat at supper
In a Bowery hotel one day.
While drinking they were talking,
In a funny sort of way,
But when a cross-eyed waitress
Brought them some half-cooked food,
They spoke to her in Hebrew,
In a manner not so smooth;
At first she did not say a word,
But slapped the hash right down,
But one remark was passed
That brought the dewdrops to the ground,
And facing them two dustys,
With her cheeks all painted red,
She looked a living picture,
As, pealing a pair, she said:

CHORUS.

Your mother may be a lady, at that I cannot kick,
And you may have a father who carries a hod of brick;
I came from a far off city to get this job so dear,
And you would not speak Hebrew to me if the boss was only here.

It's true one touch of powder
Shines every woman's skin,
And every bite the hoboes ate
Touched the spot within,
They sat there drunk and silent,
Until one cried, "Oh, Mag,
I feel so very hungry
I could eat your powder rag."
She said, "My bums, I know you think
I am a little peach."
At that remark they nearly choked,
And nearly lost their speech,
And then two coppers they strolled in
And the bums were hustled out,
And as they went to the station-house,
They thought they heard the waitress shout:—*Chorus.*

I WILL LOVE YOU AND YOU WILL LOVE ME.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Two little children were playing together,
Under the trees by the brook;
One was the father, the other the mother,
Like grown-up folks tried to look.
"I'll earn the money," the laddie said proudly,
Happy and rich we will be.
"I'll mind the house," said the sweet lass,
I will love you and you will love me.

REFRAIN.

I will love you and you will love me,
With roses our path shall be strewn;
I will love you, you will love me,
Our lives shall be one honeymoon.
I will love you and you will love me,
E'en when we have grown old and gray;
We'll happy be forever and aye,
I will love you and you will love me.

Like grown up people, they built fairy castles,
Talking so grave on life's themes;
Dear little lassie and laddie together,
Dreaming the brightest of dreams.
"I'll not be cross, dear," the little maid whispered,
Frowns on my face you'll ne'er see,
And hand in hand, kissing, they said,
I will love you, and you will love me.—*Refrain.*

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

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Words by Wingate Black. Music by H. W. Petrie.

About the year of one, B. C.,
A gallant ship put out to sea
To catch a whale and salt his tail,
To salt the end of his tail,
But just about a mile from land
The ship began to dance,
And every son of a sailorman
Put on his working pants,
His pants, his pants, his working pants,
And down into the hold they went
And over the pumps their backs they bent.
They thought they'd drown, but they couldn't sit down,
The floor was to wet to sit down.

Then up spoke Patrick O'Flarrity—
"A Jonah is on this ship," says he,
And out they ran, from Mike to Dan,
To find the Jonah man,
And there in the middle of the deck,
His nibsey, Jonah, sat,
A-lighting a paper cigarette
In his little derby hat.
"His hat," says Pat, "we're on to that."
They gave a biff, they gave a yell,
And overboard poor Jonah fell;
Says Pat to Jim, "It's better for him,
It's certainly better for him."

Just then a monster whale came by,
And Jonah's trousers caught his eye:
"As I'm a goat, there's a lunch afloat,"
And he scooped Jonah into his throat,
But pretty soon the whale was sick;
Says he, "that lunch was poor,
It seems to me by the way I feel,
I've swallowed a Jonah for sure;
It's Jo, it's Jo, it's Jonah sure!"
On Mike McGinty he made a call,
And coughed up Jonah, pants and all,
The very spot we have never forgot;
'Twas McGinty's corner lot.

"Get out of this," McGinty said,
"You can't stay here unless you're dead;
You'll hoodoo me and my familee,
My wife and my familee."
So then McGinty called his wife
A mermaid fat and pale,
And she gave poor Jonah a fatal stab
With the end of her jagged tail,
Her jag, her jag, her jagged tail!
Then Jonah died upon the spot
And bought McGinty's corner lot,
And now, you see, there's a firm of three:
McGinty and Company.

WE'RE PAPA'S BOY AND GIRL

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Words and Music by Edgar Deering.

I am my papa's little boy, I am his treasure and his joy;
I am my papa's little boy, 'most all his leisure I employ.
Dancing and prancing on dear papa's knee, so slyly glancing that I may see
If little sister should see brother dear, tears will be shed, I very much fear.
For tho' I'm papa's little boy, when sister's near I'm very coy;
She is so jealous when I'm near, tho' she's my little sister dear.

CHORUS.

Papa's loves me and papa loves you,
Papa loves both of us fond and true;
Papa loves me and papa loves you, dear,
We're papa's boy and girl.

I am my papa's little girl, I am his treasure and his pearl;
I am my papa's little sweet, 'most all the time I'm at his feet.
Only when dollie wishes to sleep, then I leave papa, tho' I still keep
One eye on dolly, the other on Fred, till I have put my dolly to bed,
For I am papa's little girl, I am his treasure and his pearl;
Freddy's so jealous when I'm near, tho' he's my little brother dear.—*Chorus.*

YOU CAN IMAGINE THE REST.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

One day while passing by our library
I noticed some one on my papa's knee;
I found it was the pretty parlor maid,
And when he said "kiss me," why she obeyed.
Now papa hasn't bought me one new hat.
Said I, "You bet, I'll just get square for that,"
I quickly ran to see my dear mamma,
And whispered, "Mamma, go and look at pa."

CHORUS.

You can imagine the rest, dear boy;
You can imagine the rest;
Pa made some excuse,
But it was of no use—
Oh, you can imagine the rest.

An old maid lank and lean, aged forty-six,
Yet young to know some naughty tricks.
A burglar to her room one night did creep,
And stole some things, he thought she was asleep,
But when to leave the room the burglar tried,
She drew a gun and then to him she cried:
"You are the first who's ever come to me,
You'll wed me, sir, or I will shoot you, see?"

CHORUS.

You can imagine the rest, dear boy;
You can imagine the rest;
If he tried to scoot,
He was sure that she'd shoot,
Oh, you can imagine the rest.

To a fancy ball I went the other night,
For dancing is to me a great delight,
And lots of handsome men did I meet there,
And some were tall, some short, some dark, some fair,
But the one that I danced with the most of all
Was wearing pants about one size to small.
Upon the floor by accident he slipped,
His legs looked prettier, by far, when stripped.

CHORUS.

You can imagine the rest, dear boy;
You can imagine the rest;
Yet five or six pins
Hid a number of sins;
Oh, you can imagine the rest.

To a pretty seaside town last June I went,
And many were the pleasant hours I spent.
On the sands I'd often sit and read a book,
And also watch the bathers from my nook.
One day a handsome man was in the sea,
I noticed he was beckoning to me.
It seems he'd bathed without a suit that day,
But I was not inclined to move away.

CHORUS.

You can imagine the rest, dear boy;
You can imagine the rest;
He must run right past me,
Or else stop in the sea,
Oh, you can imagine the rest.

—Every cloud has a silver-blated lining.

PLAIN LITTLE EVERY-DAY GIRL

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

My steady girl is not the kind they sing about nowadays,
With eyes of blue and golden hair that poets love to praise;
She's not as pretty as a picture hanging on the wall,
For if she was, I'd really have no love for her at all.

REFRAIN.

My girl is a plain girl, my girl isn't proud,
She's just what you'd call a fair looking girl, a girl that would pass in a crowd;
She's not an angel from heaven, she'd not set your brain in a whirl;
She's a good, bright, all right, plain little every-day girl.

She's just the kind of girl to make you happy all the while;
She never makes you jealous, for on others she won't smile;
A little dear, good, home-girl of the sort you read about,
And that's the reason, all the time, her praises I must shout.—*Refrain.*

She's pure gold, eighteen carat, and that's good enough for me;
She never puts on any airs like other girls you see;
Her heart she gave me long ago, and I have bought the ring,
And when I place it on her finger you will hear me sing:—*Refrain.*

I Never Loved until I Met You.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Here, at your feet, I pledge my devotion;
I am your slave and you are my queen;
'Tis new to me, this sacred emotion—
I am yours only, sweet Adeline.
Oft my heart pined for some one to cherish,
Oft my soul sighed for solace serene;
Until I saw you my life was lonely,
Until I met you, sweet Adeline;
Until I loved you, sweet Adeline.

REFRAIN.

I never loved until I met you; I never thought a heart could be so true;
Nothing can come between my love and my heart's queen; I never loved until I met you, Adeline.

Joy fills my heart, for your eyes are beaming,
Beaming with love on me, oh, my queen;
Do not wake me if I am but dreaming,
Dreaming of bliss with my Adeline;
Cling to me close, love, life will be brighter;
No saddened thought can e'er intervene;
You are my idol, my heart is lighter,
Now you are mine, my sweet Adeline,
And I am thine, my sweet Adeline.—*Refrain.*

LOUISIANA LOU.

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

I lub a gal, s'pose she lubs me too,
Anyhow she say she do, she say she do;
We calls her Lou since dat gal was born,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de sugar and de corn.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
And eb'ry night when de moon am shine,
I sing dis little gal dis little song of mine:

CHORUS.

Lou, Lou, I lub you; I lub you, dat's true;
Don't cry, don't sigh, you'll see me in de mornin';
Dream, dream, dream ob me, and I'll dream ob you,
My Louisiana, Louisiana, Louisiana Lou.

When Lou was born I was jess so high,
I was but a baby boy, a baby boy;
Mam says, "My Lor' aren't dem child'en spoons?"
Down Louisiana, 'mong de cotton and de coons.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
In days done gone to her cot I'd creep,
And sing dis little song to put dat chile asleep:—*Chorus.*

Lou's growed up now, soon she'll marry me,
Anyhow I want her be, I want her be,
For all de nigs lub dat gal ob mine,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de 'possum and de pine.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
So when we're wed and we're spliced in one,
I'll sing dis little song to bring back days done gone.—*Chorus.*

BABY, BABY.

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By Gustave Kerker.

Lovers are silly young things, you know,
And I am as silly as any;
I've worn two engagement rings, you know,
But two, you'll agree, are not many.
My heart was once put in a whirl, you know,
I think, by a fellow named Willie;
He called me his dear baby girl, you know,
And I liked it, although it was silly.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling,
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

Sitting alone in the dark, you know—
That is, with one other beside you;
He'll call you his robin or lark, you know,
And no one is there to deride you.
He whispers all names that are sweet, you know,
No matter how sugary they be;
But there's one that I make him repeat, you know,
And that is the little word baby.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling,
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—
Then they listened to a wish that's always knew:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again,
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear, kind hearts,
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be,
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again,
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

I'll Take Care of You, Grandma.

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Words by Adam Craig. Music by John Quinn.

"Grandma, tell me of my mamma," said a lad with eyes of blue;
"Did she kiss me, call me 'Darling'—did she grandma, just like you?"
Mamma died when you were born, dear; papa he was drowned at sea;
You were just a wee, wee baby when she left you, dear, to me.

REFRAIN.

I'll take care of you grandma, you are my sweetheart true;
I'll be good to you, grandma, do all I can for you;
We'll go walking together, rest 'neath the old oak tree;
I'll take care of you, grandma, you're all in the world to me.

"When I'm big I'll be a rich man, build a mansion grand and new;
You shall ride in a fine carriage, and have servants wait on you."
You are grandma's blue-eyed baby, oh, the happy times we've had,
But I'm growing old and feeble, soon I'll leave you, little lad.—*Refrain.*

"Grandma, when you're tired and weary, I will help you all I can;
All wee boys are good for something—grandma, soon I'll be a man."
All my friends have gone before me, you're my bonnie blue-eyed boy,
Kiss me, darling—up in heaven mamma hears her little boy:—*Refrain.*

THE CRIPPLE CREEK BANDITS.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

MIKE.—In us you see a disreputable gang.
CHORUS.—Yes, we are a very tough gang, tough gang;
MIKE.—We'll bet ten dollars every one of us will hang.
CHORUS.—We'll bet ten dollars ev'ry one of us will hang,
Every one of us will hang.
MIKE.—We deal in crime by the hour, day, or week.
CHORUS.—By the hour, by the day or week.
MIKE.—We're gold-brick bandits, and we come from Cripple Creek.
CHORUS.—From the Cripple end of Cripple Creek.
MIKE.—Whow! We're an airy, fairy, cheery lot of murderers,
And a nickel is our value on a life.
CHORUS.—Any sanguinary job should be referred to us;
We can juggle a revolver or a knife;
We are skilled in every kind of criminality,
And we've got a lot of golden bricks to sell;
We shoot or stab a man without formality,
And the motto that we use is,
"What the——? What the ——?"
And the motto that we use is,
"What the——? What the——?"
We're an——? What the——?"—[*Dance.*]

HELLO, McGEE.

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Words by Geo. J. Whitaker. Music by H. W. Petrie.

I received an invitation to attend a grand soiree,
'Twas given for the benefit of Timothy McGee.
He's going to old Ireland to try and help the poor,
And for that reason I "chipped in," his success to insure;
Now when I did arrive there 'twas a little after nine;
McGee was sporting proudly in his brand new suit so fine,
His coat was made of broadcloth and fitted to a "T,"
But his pants, oh me, oh my, they were a sight to see.

CHORUS.

"Hello, McGee!" the gang they hollered loud;
"Hello, McGee! step out forninst the crowd;
Never mind your tight-fit pants, come and do a song and dance,"
And then they yelled once more, "Hello, McGee!
Hello, McGee!" the gang they hollered loud;
"Hello, McGee! step out forninst the crowd;
Never mind your tight-fit pants, come and do a song and dance,"
And then they yelled once more, "Hello, McGee!"

Now McGee said he was feeling jolly when the dance begin;
He said that he liked waltzing, so at once he started in.
He selected Mistress Murphy as a partner for the glide,
And as they waltzed upon the floor, there were whisperings on the side.
They said he was a daisy, and his waltzing it was fine,
And Kelly hollered out, "McGee, your pants are right in line."
McGee then got excited, and let his partner fall.
And the gang they burst out laughing, and at him began to bawl:—*Cho.*

DING, DONG, DING RANG THE SCHOOL-HOUSE BELL.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

In the days gone by, when our hearts were young,
Happy you and I, moved fair scenes among;
Gath'ring flowers fair, roaming by the stream,
You, dear heart, were there, life was but a dream.
There were nooks we used to hide in,
There was our old cart to ride in,
And the tree I carved your name on, life was happy then.
Ah! the days gone by, ne'er to come again,
Happy you and I, sigh for them in vain.

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding, rang the school-house bell,
Ah! my heart always loved it well:
Oh! those happy days of childhood,
Passed amidst the fields and wildwood,
You may have won much fame in life,
You may have happy home and wife,
Still your heart will ever lead you
To the days gone by.
Always a thought for mother,
Always for her a tear,
Tho' all the world forsake you,
True is your mother dear.
Life may to you seem empty,
Hatred be in your heart,
Still there's a thought for mother,
Love for her won't depart.

In the days gone by, in the wooded dell,
There did lovers sigh, when we loved so well.
When we went to church, on a summer day,
Breathing love's sweet vows all the quiet way.
There were bowers we used to play in,
Woodlands green we roamed so gay in,
Where I made you flower garlands, life was happy then.
Ah! the days gone by, ne'er to come again,
Happy you and I, sigh for them in vain.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

My Molly has a naughty smile,
My Molly is not free from guile;
She keeps me on a string,
And is always on the wing,
Dancing 'round with other fellows all the while.
Oh, Molly, with the eyes of blue,
Now won't you be a good girl? do!
Tell the boys to go away,
Send them off and make them stay,
And, Molly, I'll be true,
I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly;
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

I haven't got a joy in life
Since Molly will not be my wife;
I cannot sleep at night,
And I feel like getting tight;
Oh, her cruelty it cuts me like a knife.
Dear Molly, won't you love me? do!
I'll stick to you my whole life through.
Won't you not be quite so gay?
Send those other "chaps" away,
And, Molly, I'll be true,
I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.—*Cho.*

—Birds of de same kind of fedders go by demselves.

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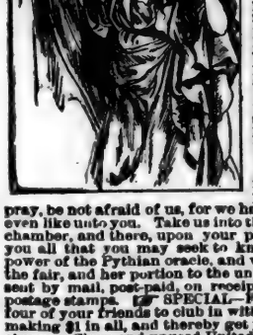
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No. 53

SONG BOOK

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

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A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

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Words by Walter Pleugh. Music by Floyd McKinstry Schoonmaker.

Out in the moonlit garden, far from the ball-room bright,
Far from the music playing, they stroll in the summer night.
To-morrow he must leave her; she vows she will be true,
And from her breast she gives to him a bunch of flowers blue.

CHORUS.

Only a bunch of violets, of violets so blue,
Fresh, fragrant and dainty, with diamonds of dew;
Only a bunch of violets he places next his heart,
And swears beside, whate'er betide, he ne'er with them will part.

Upon the field of battle a soldier has been slain;
A bunch of withered flowers upon his breast hath lain.
He gives them to a comrade, his life-blood ebbing fast,
And whispers, "Take them back and say I wore them to the last."

CHORUS.

Only a bunch of violets, of violets, so blue,
Fresh, fragrant and dainty, with diamonds of dew;
Only a bunch of violets, their beauty now has fled,
While far away, at close of day, a valiant youth lies dead.

They brought her the faded violets upon her wedding day;
An old man's gold had won her from the lover far away,
But thro' a mist of teardrops she sees the soldier tall,
Who laid her violets next his heart one evening at the ball.

CHORUS.

Only a bunch of violets, of violets so blue,
Fresh, fragrant and dainty, with diamonds of dew;
Only some withered violets, only a mourner's tears,
With mem'ries sad, of a soldier lad, thro' long and weary years.

WHY DID HE DO THAT?

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Altho' a timid little maid,
Of young men I am not afraid,
But I am scared to tell the truth
Of one sweet dapper, little youth,
He's courted me for many a day,
My heart he almost stole away,
Until one night it came to this,
He stole from me a little kiss. [*Repeat last 2 lines.*]

CHORUS.

Now why did he do that? Oh! wasn't it a shame?
'Twas done so suddenly, I could not be to blame;
I know that love's a game we all are playing at,
But still I wonder, just the same, why did he do that?

He's often told me that my eyes
Are full of light that never dies;
He says they're bright as stars above,
And only shine with purest love;
He says so sweet a girl as I
Should not let chances quite go by,
And, oh, so strange that it should be,
He stole another kiss from me. [*Repeat last 2 lines.*]—*Cho.*

One night beneath the golden moon
He sang love's old delicious tune;
He said to me that lovers' sighs
Proclaim a love that never dies;
He asked me if his heart I'd wed,
And tho' I don't know what I said,
Before I really knew a thing,
He on my finger placed a ring. [*Repeat last 2 lines.*]—*Cho.*

ADDITIONAL VERSES BY ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

A man oft went to see a girl,
He called her his sweet precious pearl.
She did not tell him she was wed,
She'd let him find that out she said.
One night while they were tete-a-tete,
Her husband, who oft stayed out late,
Came home too soon and saw their fun,
And without speaking, fired a gun. [*Repeat last 2 lines.*]

CHORUS.

Now why did he do that? Oh! wasn't it a shame?
'Twas done so suddenly, he surely was to blame, etc.

I to a well-known artist went,
On posing for him I was bent;
He said he'd paint my portrait well,
For I was (ahem) I must not tell.
"How many sittings must there be?"
I asked him; he said "only three."
Alas! I had sat twenty-one
Before the portrait he had done. [*Repeat last 2 lines.*]

CHORUS.

Now why did he do that? Oh! wasn't it a shame?
'Twas done so artfully, he surely was to blame, etc.

THY HEART BELONGS TO ME.

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

In the meadows I will meet thee, 'mid the daisies and the buttercups,
With a garland I will greet thee, thou shalt wear it for my sake;
While the summer winds are sighing, we will wander by the silver stream,
And my heart to thine replying, shall of love's sweet promise dream.
Joys, glad and golden, ev'ry hour is bringing,
Sweetest of all songs I would now be singing,
To hope divinest my poor heart is clinging,
Be mine own, mine alone, until life hath flown;
Be mine own, mine alone, until life hath flown.—Ah!

When the evening shades are on us, when the twilight falls o'er hill and dale,
When the darkness is upon us, and sweet sings the nightingale,
When the starlight sheds its glories, till the morn is yet more fair to see,
And my lips shall tell love's stories, till thy heart belongs to me.
Sweetheart, sweetheart, thy heart belongs to me;
Sweetheart, sweetheart, thy heart belongs to me, to me, to me.

What Would Ducky Do if Lovey Died?

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Words by Edw. F. Bender. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Down a lane one moonlight evening, fancy free I chanced to roam,
Happened to go by a cottage, where two lovers sat alone.
As I passed a thought had struck me, in the shadows I will lie,
Just to watch their silly doings, when they thought no one was nigh.
There I lay, and soon I saw him from her lips take one sweet kiss,
Then she threw her blue eyes upward, and she spoke some words like this:

REFRAIN.

"Tell me, what would ducky do if lovey would go died?"
And ducky, like a great big fool, to lovey then replied:
"If lovey should go died, and leave poor ducky here to rue,
Then ducky, like poor lovey dove, would want to go died, too."

Still I lingered in the shadows, laughing till my sides did ache,
So absurd the scene was, surely, that I thought my heart would break.
Presently they rose and started toward a stream that ran close by,
In a boat they soon were sailing, 'neath the starry moonlight sky.
Then like turtle doves they started cooing, wooing, hugging more,
Love was lord of all that moment, when she spoke the same words o'er.—*Ref.*

COME, PLAY WITH ME.

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Words by G. P. Hawtrey. Music by Alfred Plumpton.

I have not been here very long, as yet I'm quite a stranger,
And so to try an English song may seem, perhaps, a danger.
One thing I ask, a favor slight, I hope you'll not refuse me;
That if I don't pronounce it right, you kindly will excuse me.
I'm fond of games and romps, you see, I wish you'd come and play with me.

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me, a way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me—do not think it wrong.
I should like you to play with me, to play with me, to play with me;
I wish you'd come and play with me, play with me all the day long.

I have a friend, a nice young man, who likes to linger near me;
And when I told him of my plan, he said he'd come and hear me.
He told me I need fear no fright, that there would be no danger;
He said the song would be all right, although I was a stranger;
But now my friend I cannot see, he won't come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

Tho' I have such a way with me, a way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me—do not think it wrong.
He won't come out and play with me, and play with me, and play with me;
He won't come out and play with me, play with me all the day long.

He promised he'd be in his place, he promised, too, to cheer me;
He said that I should see his face, and know that he was near me.
But courage! though he is not here, there is not any danger.
You are my friends, I need not fear, although I am a stranger.
Ah! there he is, my friend I see—will you come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me, a way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me—do not think it wrong.
Will you come out and play with me, and play with me, and play with me;
Will you come out and play with me, play with me all the day long.

Memories of Home and Mother.

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Words by Harry V. Vogt. Music by J. Wesley Hughes.

Oh, sing again that dear old strain my mother sang to me,
When holy rays of other days gleamed through our threshold tree,
The sunset low, in purple glow, crept o'er the sanded floor,
She linger'd there in that old chair, beside the oaken door.

The low-eaved roof with mossy wolf, and creepers trailing o'er,
The story long, the dear old song, beside that oaken door,
The eyes that shone, the melting tone of that sweet voice, now still,
With silver'd hair, and plaintive prayer, blessed memories how they trill,
Then sing again that dear old song my mother sang to me,
When holy rays of by-gone days gleamed through our threshold tree.

Long years have fled, the vines are dead, and withered that old tree,
And nevermore beside that door will mother sing to me,
But golden gleams of hallow'd themes will linger to the last,
I cherish still, with sacred thrill, the ashes of the past.
Home, sweet, sweet home; then sing again that dear old strain my mother sang
When holy rays of by-gone days gleam'd through our threshold tree. [to me,

Waiting for His Footstep at the Door.

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Words by Wallace Poynes. Music by H. W. Petrie.

A light is dimly burning in a quiet little home;
A mother sits beside the fire and sews;
Her heart is sad and lonely, for her boy's upon the sea,
And he may ne'er return to her, who knows?
She loved him as a mother always loves her darling boy,
And since the day he left his native shore;
Within a little cottage she has lived a life alone
Waiting for his footstep at the door.

CHORUS.

Waiting for his footstep at the door,
Dreaming of the days that are no more;
Long years have passed away,
And her hair has turned to gray,
Waiting for his footstep at the door.

He left her many years ago, no news has ever come;
No tidings from the one so far away,
And as she lingers there alone beside the fire to-night,
She wonders if they'll meet again some day.
Perhaps the ship and all were lost upon the stormy sea,
Perhaps he sleeps upon some foreign shore,
And silently she prays for him, as there she sits and sews,
Waiting for his foot-step at the door.—*Chorus.*

TELL HER THAT WE LOVE HER JUST THE SAME.

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

While passing down a village street one Sunday afternoon,
I met the mother of a girl I knew;
I said to her, "In town last week I saw your daughter Nell;
She's looking well, and sends her love to you."
"I have not heard from Nell," she said, "no letter has she sent;
We often wonder why she stays away;
Can strangers treat her better than the ones who love her best?
We're waiting for her coming night and day."

REFRAIN.

"Tell her that we love her just the same,
Tell her we forgive, and do not blame;
There is nothing to explain, tell her to come home again,
Tell her that we love her just the same."

"We have her little girl, you know, she's all the world like Nell;
She grows more like her mother ev'ry day;
She almost breaks my heart at times, when she comes up to me,
And asks me why does mamma stay away.
Tell Nell that I am growing old, and have not long to live,
Before I die I want to see her face;
I long to clasp her to my heart and say, 'Nell, I forgive,'
And see her in the old home take her place."—*Refrain.*

Hush Thee Now to Sleep, My Baby.

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Words and Melody by Edgar Deering.

I was once a little baby, on my mother's arm,
On her bosom I was free from harm;
With a rattle and a bottle, and a ring to chew,
I was ever ready with a coo, coo, coo,
And at night when papa took me on his knee to ride,
Papa's pride off would slide,
Crawling over to the rug to pull the tabby's tail,
Just as mamma followed on my trail and sang:

CHORUS.

Hush! hush! hush thee now to sleep, my baby;
Hush! hush! Do not cry, for I am near thee;
Slumber sweetly while I sing to thee, my dear;
Slumber safely now, while mother's near.
Hush! hush! go to sleep, my little baby,
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!

Years have passed since I was but a child on mother's arm;
Years have given added grace and charm;
I have met the one I love, and we are married now,
Happy was the day we took the marriage vow;
And as baby coos and crows and smiles beside my chair,
Bright and fair, free from care,
I would fain recall the days when I pulled tabby's tail,
Just as mamma followed on my trail and sang:—*Chorus.*

THE BELL OF LIFE.

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Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie.

High in the steeple the old bell swings,
Ding, dong, ding, dong;
Year after year to the world it sings
A sad, sweet song, a sad, sweet song,
'Round it the swallows, on fleet wing, fly,
Laughter comes in from the sunny sky.
Ah! but the night comes by and by,
The night comes by and by,
The night comes by and by.

CHORUS.

Listen to the bell, ding, dong, ding, dong;
Life is but a song, ding, dong, ding, dong;
Sometimes it's rhyme, sometimes it's prose,
Let us take it as it goes,
Let us take it as it goes.
Listen to the bell, ding, dong, ding, dong;
Life is but a song, ding, dong, ding, dong;
Sometimes rhyme, sometimes prose,
Let us take it as it goes, ding, dong, ding, dong;
Life is but a song, ding, dong, ding, dong,
And it is not long, and not very long.

Now there's a wedding up the chapel aisles,
Ding, dong, ding, dong,
Happy the bride on whom the bright sun smiles—
Yes, all life long; yes, all life long;
Ring, then, a quick and merry peal,
June is the time love's vows to seal.
Soon will December o'er them steal,
December o'er them steal,
December o'er them steal.—*Chorus.*

—Drei.—"It ain't any trouble to get along in Europe, whether you know the language or not," said the man who had been on a "personally conducted." "Take Germany, for instance. One day I wanted a drink, and I went into one of the gardens and said to the waiter: 'Look here, old man, I'm dry; do you understand? Dry!' And the next minute he came back with three beers."

—At Philadelphia a short time ago two or three gentlemen were invited to lunch by the leader of a German orchestra, who was very anxious that everybody should enjoy themselves, and the best the house afforded.

After a good, palatable provision of Frankfurters and sauer-kraut, coffee, brown bread and cheese, the host asked each one what they would have to drink.

One said beer, another lager, and the third, who was a teetotaler, with much deliberation said, "I never drink beer."

"Very vell," said the German, "perhaps you prefer whiskey; I will call for some cognac, you will find it very good stuff." And he winked the other eye.

'Cause You're Sweeter than the Rest.

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Words and Music by Charles Shackford.

Two little tots were gazing into a candy store,
They had no shoes or stockings on, just gingham frocks, no more;
He said, "I choose the candyman, you know I saw it first."
She said, "That's what I wanted," then in tears she burst:

CHORUS.

"You know you are my sweetheart, so you may have first choice,"
She wiped her tears away and said, "I'm sorry I was cross;
I don't want any candyman, for I like you the best,
You know you are my sweetheart, 'cause your sweeter than the rest."

They saw their playmates sitting on Mullen's old push-cart,
A German band began to play, just over in the park;
The boys and girls then made a ring, each held his sweetheart's hand,
And all joined in the chorus with the German band:—*Chorus.*

I'm So Different from the Rest.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Let people talk of the beauties of to-day,
They have to walk when they see me come their way;
Witty, gritty, pretty slick, I discount them all so quick;
In my way I'm so gay and blase; and I will try and tell you why—
Just why I am so different from the rest.
I do not care a rap for any living chap,
There is no fellow that I love the best;
I do not wink and make them think I'm flirting with a zest,
My quiet ways can catch more jays, I'm different from the rest!
Just why I am so different from the rest,
I do not care a rap for any living chap,
There is no fellow that I love the best,
My quiet ways can catch more jays, I'm different from the rest.

I've seen the girls in the lands across the sea,
The lords and earls, of a high and low degree,
Left them all to seek my hand, offered me their wealth and land,
But my gall made them all take a fall;
I did not mash or take their cash,
Because I am so different from the rest,
I do not care a rap for any living chap, etc.

Dancing with the Girl You Love.

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Words and Music by Charles Shackford.

You may sing of all the pleasures that you have on Sunday night,
When you go to see the girl you love;
When she sits a little closer, after you've turned down the light,
And you tell her she's the girl you love,
Then you think you are in Paradise, you feel so very queer,
And you vow you'll be as true as stars above,
But that feeling isn't in it with the pleasures, for a minute,
You have dancing with the girl you love.

CHORUS.

When you're dancing with the girl you love,
When you're dancing with the girl you love,
When you hold her in your arms, then you realize the charms
Of dancing with the girl you love.—[*Dance.*]

In the winter or the summer, in the spring-time or the fall,
When you go to see the girl you love;
If you long for real enjoyment, take her to a fancy ball,
And her eyes will shine like stars above,
Gently place your arms around her, when the band begins to play,
Murmur softly, "You're the only girl I love,"
And you find there is no pleasure to compare with, when at leisure,
That of dancing with the girl you love.—*Chorus.*

—A German traveler in Africa characterizes a people he came across as "intensely black, dolichocephalic and platyrhine, prognathous, dichotamatic and dolichodactylic." This reads like some kind of diackylum plaster.

TWO LOVING BROTHERS.

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Words and Melody by William Johnson.

In a distant land, far, far away, lived a father with two boys,
'Twas the old man's greatest pride to watch their sorrows and their joys,
Two strangers came to them one day from across the ocean blue,
A mother with her pretty child, whose heart was pure and true;
They tarried but a week or two, then sailed away for home,
When the young son to his father said "the world o'er he must roam;"
The old man begged him not to leave, but his pleadings were in vain.
When two years passed his brother left to bring him home again.

CHORUS.

Two loving brothers in sunshine,
Two loving brothers in rain,
They grew up in childhood together,
And never caused each other pain,
Two loving brothers together,
And oft their old father would say,
"They'd give up the world, and stand side by side,"
For two loving brothers were they.

Soon that brother found the other with the girl he'd gone to seek,
And he learned that old, old story, where man is strong and woman's weak;
She begged him to redeem the wrong, and to make her his true wife,
When he refused, in her despair she sought to take his life;
In his remorse, while dying, to his brother then he said,
"If you'd repaid the wrong I've done that little girl you'd wed."
Tho' thinking of another love he had left so far away,
He took his brother's hand and hers, and then to him did say:—*Chorus.*

Give Him the Moon to Play with.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Nobody's baby can equal ours;
Oh, he's a beauty;
Laughing and crying like April showers;
He is the pet of us all;
Nothing's too good for our only boy,
Don't let him cry for the latest toy,
Give him whatever you think he'll enjoy,
Tears spoil his beauty.

CHORUS.

Give him the moon to play with,
Give him the stars as well;
Give him the earth! What he is worth
None but his mammy can tell;
Give him the moon to play with,
He is the household king;
Send up a kite on a bright starry night,
And pull down the moon with a string.

Up to the present he cannot walk;
Still he's a beauty;
"Dada" and "Mamma" is all his talk,
How the words thrill thro' our hearts;
No other baby can speak so plain;
He is a child with a wondrous brain,
Now, what's the matter? he's crying again—
That spoils his beauty.—*Chorus.*

Some day he'll rise to the height of fame;
Oh! he's a beauty;
Glory he'll shed on the family name,
Ev'ry one prophesies that;
See how he struggles and fights and cries
When the soap gets in the darling's eyes;
He is a hero in infant disguise,
So 'tis our duty.—*Chorus.*

—A perplexed German, who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously that "de coat is goot. It is no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim."

—There is a story told of a wealthy German and a livery-stable keeper who was loth to let his best gig to a stranger. The German was determined to have his ride, and agreed to buy the horse and trap, and when he returned the stable-keeper might refund the money. This was done, and the horse and trap returned, and money refunded, when the German started to go. "Hold on," said the man of horses, "you have not paid your horse hire." "Why, my dear sir," said the German, coolly, "I have been driving my own horse this morning."

LOVE, I ADORE YOU.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Harry Osborne.

The daylight is fading in glory, my heart fondly wanders to you,
I long then to whisper that story, so sweet and so tender and true;
I know I am telling it always, yet nestle once more at my side;
I'll whisper it over and over, while beautiful eyes glow with pride.

REFRAIN.

Love, I adore you, this is my song;
All my life long, sunlight and shadow, you have my heart alone;
Love, I adore you, faithful to me say you will be;
Love, I adore you, ever, dear heart, my own.

That story so oft I'm repeating, and no little word do I miss;
Those eyes will respond to love's greeting, and lips fondly meet in a kiss.
Oh! tell me the words that I whisper will never be uttered in vain,
Altho' I have told you so often, come, list to the story again.—*Refrain.*

WHEN I DO THE HOOCHY-COOCHY IN DE SKY.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I ain't got no money and I don't need none,
'Cos I don't expect to stay here very long;
An' old colored preacher by de name of Parson Brown,
He used to sing to me dis good ole song:
Says he, "I know you coons will stare when I fly up thro' the air,
When I bid all of you black chromos good bye;
I will raise a big sensation with the white population,
When I do the hoochy coochy in de sky.

CHORUS.

When you feel that funny feeling, as it over you is stealing,
You will flop your snow-white wings and try to fly:
I know the angels they will giggle when I do that awful wiggle,
When I do the hoochy coochy in de sky."

They'll turn the X rays on me when the music plays,
So dat ev'ry one can see into the dance;
I'm going to do de hoochy coochy seven thousand diff'rent ways,
An' I'll knock the Midway people in a trance.
Oh, I have got a big balloon, with a seat for ev'ry coon,
So now ev'ry nig must either go or die;
Don't you listen to strange rumors, but go buy a pair of "bloomers,"
For to do the hoochy coochy in de sky.—*Chorus.*

IF I WERE REALLY A KING.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.

The monarchy I rule is small, I'm king of shreds and patches;
I've crown and sceptre, robe and all, but none of them are matches.
My crown is made of paste-board light, my royal robe's in tatters;
And when a "gendarme" heaves in sight, my noble army scatters.
But if I were really a king—

CHORUS.

Yes, if you were really a king,
Some laws I would make that would capture the cake,
My subjects my praises should sing;
I'd abolish all taxes, first thing;
All trusts I'd compel to take wing,
And no silver question should cause brain conjestion,
If I were really a king.

If I were king, no titled snobs should come across the waters
To find themselves such easy jobs as marrying rich men's daughters.
All barbers should be deaf and dumb, all tramps should keep their distance,
Cheap cigarettes and chewing gum should drop out of existence.
Oh, if I were really a king—

CHORUS.

Yes, if you were really a king,
The girl, on her wheel, should more comfortable feel,
I'd declare knickerbockers the thing.
The poet who warbles of spring,
From a precipice high I would fling,
And the matinee hat should be perfectly flat,
If I were really a king.

MY SWEETHEART TRUE.

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Words by Ollie Wood. Music by Harry B. Marshall.

My sweetheart's hair is all golden,
Her eyes are as deep as the sea,
Like a picture of times quaint and olden,
Ah, dear is my sweetheart to me.
Her teeth are the pearls of the ocean,
Her mouth like the roses so red,
And then beside this I've a notion
That wisdom dwells in that fair head.

CHORUS.

Hair of gold, and eyes so blue,
Heart so loyal and so true,
She's the sweetest and the dearest,
She of all the fair is fairest, my sweetheart true.

For she looks earnest and sober,
Then looks at me sweetly and smiles,
Then softly says, "How I do love you,"
And the heart in my bosom begniles.
Her arms are as fair as the snow-drift,
And when 'round my brown neck they twine,
I think of the olden-time legend—
Of the strong, sturdy oak and the vine.—*Chorus.*

Sitting by her side in the twilight
Is the happiest time of my life,
For my sweetheart is loyal and loving,
And my sweetheart is simply my wife.
My wife who is dearer and fairer
Than ever a sweetheart could be,
For her heart is as pure as the snow-drift,
And holds only true love for me.—*Chorus.*

HUGH McCUE.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Hugh McCue, a noted Irish pugilist:
Hugh McCue, a fighter through and through;
If McCue should ever hit you with his fist,
He would make you black and blue.
Hugh McCue, a party gave a week ago,
And it's true he had a lively crowd;
Timmy Murphy, when he drank a drink or so,
He was drunk and yelled aloud:

CHORUS.

Hugh McCue, you mick, you,
You can bet your bottom dollar I can lick you;
Oh, you mick, I'm going to kick you,
With a knife I'm going to stick you,
I can lick you, Hugh McCue, you mick, you.

Hugh McCue, to little Timmy Murphy said,
"That will do, now, Timmy, don't get new."
"Now, McCue," said little Timmy, "on the dead,
I must have a fight with you;
Then McCue got mad and threw him out the door,
Timmy landed on the trolley track,
When McCue said, "do you want to fight me more?"
Murphy only answered back:—*Chorus.*

"Oh, you mick, if you can fight, come out," said Tim,
"I can lick yourself and all your gang."
He went quick, and when McCue was thro' with him,
For an ambulance they rang.
In the bottom of the wagon Timmy lay,
Moaning, groaning, rolling side from side,
As they started in to slowly drive away,
From the ambulance he cried:—*Chorus.*

Timmy Murphy ev'ry kind of doctors tried,
But they couldn't cure him, it was found,
Through the fight he had with Hugh McCue he died,
Now he's in the cold, cold ground.
Hugh McCue, to see the grave he went alone,
Very blue he felt that day indeed,
Till he looked at what it said upon the stone,
This is what McCue did read:—*Chorus.*

Employer—"Vot's dot? Didn't I raise your salary a vile ago?"
Office Boy—"It vas more as six months ago."
Employer—"Vell, you t'ink I must gif you more vages efery time I make an assignment?"

THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD.

Parody—Written by John C. Conover.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

On a clear and stormy night, a train just starting out,
Two tramps who had been watching their chance,
One said, "I'll take the rear car, you the one ahead,
The conductor, tell a song and dance;
You tell him that your brother died in Chicago town,
That you a telegram had got:
Tell him you've no money, you'll pay him coming back,
It's a Jew game, Weary, but it's hot,
And when he wants your ticket, spring your tale of woe,
Tell him you haven't got a sou,
And your brother he has left you coin, you think,
It's the only real thing for to do,
And when he comes to me, never have a fear,
I'll tell him a story that will do,
That I'm the only friend that you've really got,

CHORUS.

I'm going to the fun'ral with you.
So the train rolled on with the baggage coach ahead,
And Weary was the happiest man alive or dead:
He got into the champagne cases, which made him yell and shout,
And they had to get a stretcher when they took poor Weary out.

A newly-wedded couple on their wedding tour,
Both were cooing like the turtle dove;
He called her pretty names, yet he may do worse,
And each were happy in their love.
The train went rolling on, they cared not where it rolled,
Or of the passengers' laughs and yells;
They knew that they were married, they let it go at that,
Ev'ry one said they were doing well.
The bride, she then went forward for a drink, they say,
Who met the brakeman, who knew her too,
He took her and he kissed her in the forward coach,
Like any other brakeman would do;
The groom began a-yelling, "Oh, where is my wife?"
Then some one said, "Cull, you're off your head,
She's skipped out with the brakeman, and by this time

CHORUS.

She's all right in the coach ahead."
So the train rolled on with the baggage coach ahead,
The brakeman was the happiest man alive or dead;
They got into the champagne cases, which made them yell and shout,
And they had to get a stretcher to take the couple out.

Mary Black from Hackensack.

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Words and Music by Lew Dockstader and Geo. M. Cohan.

A pious girl named Mary Black,
Who used to live in Hackensack,
She heard her great big cousin Jack
Of city frolics talk;
He told about the Bowery,
And all the sights that were to see,
Poor Mary pondered, then said she,
"I'm going to see New York."

CHORUS.

Mary Black, from Hackensack,
She'd never been out of the town;
She wanted to see the Bowery,
The place of great renown;
She thought of the trip and she grabbed her grip,
And it didn't take long to pack,
Things weren't so slack when Mary Black
Got back to Hackensack.

She bade good-bye to all the jays,
It took her just about two days
To learn a lot of city ways,
For New York she'd been through;
She wore no feathers in her hat,
She caught a bean, now think of that;
She had a lovely little flat,
And bought an oil stove too.—*Chorus.*

For sev'ral weeks she stayed away,
But finally returned one day,
She rode a bike, in bloomers gay,
Which caused the town much mirth;
The village preacher cried, "Oh, my!
A girl in pants before my eye,"
Said Mary, "you're a nice old guy—
Go on! get off the earth!"—*Chorus.*

Now at the Hackensack town hall
That night the town band gave a ball;
Sweet Mary simply captured all,
And gave the rube's a treat;
She still had on the bloomer pants;
She threw the jays all in a trance;
She showed them all the latest dance,
But didn't move her feet.—*Chorus.*

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY.

Parody—Written by Charles H. Shutter.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

I hardly can forget the night she took in Casey's shine:
As we lined up around the keg, Rosie never missed a time.
As fast as she would empty one, for another she would ring,
And Rosie soon got full of it, which made the gang all sing:

CHORUS.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, by name only goes;
She's a little shady, that every "tad" knows.
Soon she will be married, not on your life to me,
I cut no figure with Rosie, and Rosie cuts no ice with me.

Just down around McCormack's, in the block where I do hide,
There dwells the queerest little freak that I have ever eyed,
Her name ain't Katie O'Grousmeyer, it is Rosie plain and true,
But if Rose had any other name, she'd smell the same to you.

CHORUS.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, by name only goes;
She's a little shady, that every "tad" knows.
Soon she will be married, not on your life to me,
I cut no figure with Rosie, and Rosie cuts no ice with me.

They All Love Maggie Grady.

Parody—Written by John C. Conover.

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Just down by Fulton Ferry, a little maiden very,
You'll see her every morning, noon and night:
She's very fond of mashing, even when she carries hash in—
In a hashery she's a waitress out of sight;
She's happy all the day, knows how to use a jay,
Knows how to give the very happy hand;
The boys all call her Sadie, but her name is Maggie Grady,
And she's not the only pebble in the sand.

CHORUS.

For they all love Maggie Grady, she's a little Irish lady;
She's lots of wit and full of it, though only has one eye;
The gang can't get next to her, on any pretext woo her,
She's gay and flip, so give your tips when Maggie passes by.

When she gets off on Sunday, if she isn't full on Monday,
You'll see her rolling in 'bout ten o'clock,
And soon you'll hear her yelling, hash and everything they're selling,
For Maggie really knows just what's in stock.
If to make a date with her, and should it e'er occur,
Don't think she is the real thing, bully gee!
With stories she can con you, and maybe she has done you,
And she's not the only peach upon the tree.

CHORUS.

For they all love Maggie Grady, she's a little Irish lady;
She's lots of wit and full of it, though only has one eye;
The gang can't get next to her, on any pretext woo her,
She's gay and flip, so give your tips when Maggie passes by.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS SHALL NOT RING OUT.

Parody—Written by Chas. H. Shutter.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A crowd who stood one summer's night outside a church, 'tis true,
Awaiting all to hear the bells toll their happiness for two,
While mingled with the people there, two kids named Tom and Mick,
Mick said, "I guess dhey'll hear de bells, Tommy—dhey'll hear dem nit."
The man inside what ties the knots says, "'Fore I tie you tight,
I've only got one cigarette, and I want to smoke to-night."
Just then a man came running in, who had a bum cigar,
He grabbed the silly bride and said, "This has gone too far—

CHORUS.

Those wedding bells shall not ring out—it's two to one they won't."
Thus said the man with bum cigar: "I'll see, too, that they don't."
The sexton said, "Oh, what a joke, some one's gone and cut the rope,
Then Mickey said, "I am de bloke—how can de bells ring out."

The sexton was knocked silly and the bride and groom were dumb,
As they had come from Hoboken to both be made in one;
The bride who then was laughing said, "Won't some one yank the bell?'
A voice then from the background said, "Yank it—what t'-ell."
"Of course, the bells cannot be rung," said the sexton full of dope,
"And there isn't coin among the gang to buy another rope."
"Stand back," said one, "I've got a bell, a cow-bell good and clear;
Don't disappoint the wedded pair, who's gone to buy the beer?"

CHORUS.

The wedding bells shall not ring out, but this is good enough;
It's only but a cow-bell, yet it may sound kind of rough;
They're happy now a bell did hear, and every one without a fear
Jumped in and flushed up the beer—those wedding bells shall not ring out.

CAN YOU FORGET?

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By Count de Gloria, Opus 89.

Can you forget, although the years are passing one by one?
Can you forget the hopes and fears of days now past and gone?
If from your heart old mem'ries fly it is not so with me,
For in my breast can never die the love that used to be.

CHORUS.

Can you forget? Can you forget?
No! living still is all the halcyon past,
And love will yet His task fulfil,
And join our hearts, dear Jack, at last.

Can you forget the scenes of old so sweet and dear to both,
When first our tale of love was told and lips first plighted troth?
It cannot be that words we said ere clouds arose between,
So soon have from your mem'ry fled, as tho' they'd never been.—*Cho.*

My Sweetheart, Nellie Bland.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Monroe Sonneschein. Music by Anita Owen.

In a little valley there's a house that stands alone;
There dwells within a maiden that I long to call my own;
She wears no silk or satin, and no rings are on her hand,
Yet I love my little sweetheart, Nellie Bland.

REFRAIN.

She's the dearest of them all, none with her compare,
With her eyes of deepest blue, and her golden hair;
She'll be all the world to me when I win her hand:
She's the idol of my heart, my sweetheart, Nellie Bland.

On a summer's evening, as we wandered side by side,
I told her that I loved her, asked her then to be my bride;
No answer did she give me, and her eyes were on the sand,
Still I feel she loves me, darling Nellie Bland.—*Refrain.*

When at last I win her, and when she's my darling wife,
I'll love her as I love her now until the end of life,
And when that change is over, and before my God I stand,
I will ask an only blessing—Nellie Bland.—*Refrain.*

ONLY A LITTLE BAND OF GOLD

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Words by May M. Terwilleger. Music by Anita Owen.

As twilight in beauty was fading,
And stars twinkled brightly above,
I met a beautiful maiden,
Who taught me the secret of love;
My heart longs again for her presence,
As I gaze, with a yearning untold,
On this memento of past joy and sorrow,
This plain little band of gold. 'Tis—

REFRAIN.

Only a little band of gold,
A maiden fair to see,
Wore this little band on her small white hand,
As she pledged her troth to me.
'Tis only a little band of gold,
A maiden fair to see,
Wore this little band on her small white hand,
As she pledged her troth to me.

I placed it once more on her finger,
When nature was bright and fair,
While the birds gaily trilled in the tree-tops,
And wedding-bells pealed on the air,
She silently kissed the dear trinket,
And her eyes their sweet story then told,
As our lives were united forever
By this little band of gold. 'Tis—*Refrain.*

One day in false anger I left her,
And sailed far away o'er the foam,
But love soon conquered pride's anger—
I turned to my dear little home,
But in the old church-yard my darling
Was sleeping so silent and cold,
And all I retain of our love dream,
Is this little band of gold. 'Tis—*Refrain.*

Send Back the Picture and the Ring.

Parody—Written by Emil Kacer.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A little home in Harlem, where the soubrettes often stop,
There's a kicking couple lives beneath its roof;
They have a little oil stove, borrowed from the flat on top,
Which they use for cigarettes and soup.
A shadow dark and strangely passed their window one day—
What's that the jealous couple asked of each,
It's Murphy with his growler, and when it comes back this way
I'll cut it, and here Murphy then did screech:

CHORUS.

Send back the pitcher and the growler string—oh, how Murphy he did roar;
I have me friends and company up here, and soon we'll be wanting more.

Soon hours rolled on, 'twas morning, and Murphy, full of booze,
Came tumbling down and fell into the door;
The beer was on the table, which Murphy's money bought,
Then the kicking couple touched him for some more.
They saw that he was dopey, and Murphy he had dough—
They didn't do a thing but get it all;
Then the coppers brought their wagon, and as they drove back slow,
You could hear the neighbors 'round the block all call:

CHORUS.

Send back the coppers and the patrol wagon—please don't escape the 2d floor;
Let none remain with their jags on, then we'll ask for nothing more.

AIN'T IT NICE.

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By Frank H. Dukesmith.

When a fellow has the girl he loves out strolling in the park,
Ain't it nice, ain't it nice?
They linger through the twilight until every thing is dark,
Ain't it nice, very nice?
They will cuddle down upon a bench, just like a pair of doves,
With glances sly and coy, tell each other of their loves;
Their arms fit 'round each others neck, just like a pair of gloves,
Then it's nice, awful nice.

Bicycling is the fashion, it's a pleasure 'most divine,
Ain't it nice? ain't it nice?
It makes your cheeks so rosy and your eyes to brightly shine,
Oh, so nice, very nice.
You'll often see a couple gliding swiftly o'er the ground,
The girl in knickerbockers, showing limbs so nice and round;
The wheels are next seen near a bush, from whence you hear the sound—kiss.
Now ain't it nice, very nice?

Some strange things often happen, when you'd hardly think they would,
But they're nice, very nice;
You'd let them happen just the same, nor stop them if you could,
For they're nice, jolly nice.
Sometimes a fellow makes a mash while strolling on the street;
He thinks she's quite perfection, she's so charming and so sweet,
But how his ideas differ when her husband they do meet,
Then it's nice, very nice.

Sometimes one's own reflections are not pictured in their eyes,
And that is nice, very nice;
For if our thoughts were spoken, they would create some surprise,
Not so nice, very nice.
A lover and his sweetheart stood a-gazing into space;
She asked him what his thoughts were—he said, "same as yours are, Grace."
She said, "Now you just try it and I'll surely break your face."
Now that was nice, very nice.

Now when a pair is married, and they're on their honeymoon,
Ain't it nice? ain't it nice?
They haven't anything to do but kiss and kiss and spoon,
Ain't it nice? ain't it nice?
But pretty soon those happy days must pass and fade away,
The fellow finds his cash is low, he can no longer pay,
They quick return to mother-in-law, who kindly lets them stay,
Now ain't she nice, very nice.

About one year elapses, when they have a little boy,
And ain't he nice, very nice;
They love the little thing to death, because he is their joy,
Ain't he nice? ain't he nice?
But pleasures don't run always smooth, 'tis true, alas! alack!
When baby cries, Pa walks him until he near breaks his back,
And just to make it lively, papa steps upon a tack,
Then it's nice, awful nice.

—A little boy in a Milford school received his first day's instruction last week. Before night he had learned to recognize and spell one word. "Now," said the teacher, "you can tell your grandmother to-night how to spell "ox." "My grandmother knows how to spell it," indignantly replied the loyal little fellow: "She's teached school."

ROOTIE TOOTIE.

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Words and Music by Geo. Fuller Golden.

I thought I would write a great ballad,
For theme I selected the stars,
So I mixed up a romantic salad,
Of Jupiter, Venus and Mars;
I filled it full of expression,
And the poetry I did indite,
'Twas a credit to any profession,
So I said "I think it's all right,"
But a great comedian read it o'er,
And said, "My friend, I guess,
You've never written a song before,
This thing won't be a success.
They won't stand for this sort of stuff at all,
So out of the window with it,
And hark to my mind, while I tell you the kind
Of a song to write for a hit."

CHORUS.

"Rootie, tootie, rootie, tootie," those are the songs that go,
"Umti, umti, umti aye!" the hit of every show;
"Tootsie, wootsie," "Hitchie, cootchie," senseless, don't you know,
Written, wrotten, rotten written, down in rotten row.

I didn't believe what he told me,
Said I, he is jealous of me,
But afraid to come out with it boldly,
I published it on the Q. T.;
I then gave it to a great singer,
A lady with excellent voice,
And I told of the fame it would bring her,
How her audiences would rejoice;
The night she sang it, I sat in front,
She came upon the stage,
All dressed in white, to sing my song,
Said I, "She'll be a rage,"
But the audience yelled, "Get off the boards,
We've stood for you too long,
Send on the girl who does the splits,
And sings that funny song:—*Chorus.*

Heigho! for the Feminine Sex.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

You never can tell what a woman will do,
Heigho! for the feminine sex;
A woman's a mystery, all thro' and thro',
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
When she says that she will, you can wager she won't;
It's a way that she has to perplex;
She'll swear that she loves you, but means that she won't,
Heigho! for the feminine sex,
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
It's clicketty clacketty, clicketty clack,
She gallops away on her own wedding day,
No matter what old Mrs. Grundy may say,
No matter whose life she wrecks.
It's useless to question the right and the wrong,
She'll break your poor heart while she sings a gay song,
With a clicketty clack, she goes dashing along,
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.

We came here to welcome a beautiful bride,
Heigho! for the feminine sex,
And found that she'd gone for a casual ride,
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
It wasn't, perhaps, the conventional thing,
Nor what a poor bridegroom expects;
She might have remembered the prince and his ring,
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
It's clicketty clacketty, clicketty clack,
She gallops away on her own wedding day,
She didn't care what Mrs. Grundy would say,
A woman so seldom reflects.
It's useless to question the right and the wrong,
She'll break your poor heart while she sings a gay song,
With a clicketty clack, she goes dashing along,
Heigho! for the feminine sex.
Heigho! for the feminine sex.

—Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

WHEN MISS MARIA JOHNSON MARRIES ME.

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Words and Music by Williams and Walker.

There's a gal 'way down in Richmond by the name of Ria Johnson,
She's a hot stuff culled lady, and she ranks among the tones;
There's been sev'ral culind gemmen who's been suing for her hand,
For she's such a lubly creature that they cannot her withstand,
But now down in Coon Hollow there is moaning, don't you see,
For I proposed to Miss Maria and she's accepted me.

CHORUS.

Miss Maria Johnson's gwine to marry me,
Twelfth of next November, the wedding gwine to be;
Coons have been invited 'way from Georgia, just to see
Miss Maria Johnson when she marries me.
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
When this great event is gwine to happen, don't you see;
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
'Till Miss Maria marries me.

It will be the swellest wedding ever held in Dixie land,
As all the colored population will be present to a man;
She is gwine to have twelve bridesmaids just to strew the flowers 'round,
We will hire forty carriages, the swellest to be found,
To be there at the church when I drive up with my bride,
For next day all de papers gwine to tell it far and wide.—*Chorus.*

SLEW-FOOT SAL.

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Words and Music by Bogert and O'Brien.

Oh, I'll tell you of a lady, her name is Slew-Foot Sal,
A yaller gal is she.
She's out alone each evening, she never needs a pal,
She's heavy and she weighs five-thirty-three.
Swifter than a cyclone, tougher than an axe,
For her meals she always eats some nails and carpet tacks.
Whenever she's around, trouble can be found,
Be careful, never tackle Slew-Foot Sal.

CHORUS.

Sky-high all the chickens fly,
Razors and guns are hid away;
The dogs are running yet, the river's running wet,
The sheriff leaves the city, when she comes home to stay.

Now the colored quilting party, they gave a masquerade
Three weeks ago to-night.
The tonies were invited, and special plans were laid
To keep the coons away that were not right.
Sal, she got no invite, hair and clothes she tore.
Then she wrote her own invite and passed in thro' the door;
While dancing in a reel, a coon stepped on her heel,
Her mask fell off, and then she started in.

CHORUS.

Nineteen coons were never seen,
Fifteen use crutches and a cane:
Some lost their eyes from fright, some lost their appetite,
The rest committed suicide, when Sal yelled out her name.

Oh, the neighbors all decided, police and firemen, too,
They'd run Sal out of town.
Three thousand got together and told what they would do,
They said they'd surely do the job up "brown."
Soon they got a balloon, put her in alone,
She fell out when one mile up, but never hurt a bone,
Electric chairs were tried, their currents she defied,
No lightning ever struck could do her harm.

CHORUS.

Sal tied, "rough on rats" was tried;
Trolleys that strike her overturn:
They threw her in a mire, they set her clothes on fire,
But Sal will be an angel, for she's too tough to burn.

—A Sunday-school teacher was exhibiting his specimen pupil to a company of visitors, and in the course of some questions propounded to elicit evidence of the child's precocity asked: "Now tell me, why does the Lord love your mother, Samuel?" "'Cause she's a sinner." "Very good; and why does she come to church on Sunday?" "'Cause she has a new bonnet almost every week."

THE FATAL BALL.

Written by Richard Henry Buck.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

'Twas in a Western mining camp, down by the Rio Grande,
When pick and spade were laid away and dankness ruled the land,
And gathered 'round a blazing fire before a canvas tent,
Red-shirted miners passed the time with song and merriment.
Good-natured oaths flew thick and fast, and as the flask went 'round,
The liquor trickled downward with a mighty pleasing sound,
But suddenly each voice was hushed, the curling flames leaped higher,
And lo, a careworn stranger stood within the line of fire,
With eager eyes he scanned the group, as if twixt hope and fear,
Then turned to go, as bitterly he hissed, "He is not here."
"But hold!" a bearded miner cried, "who are you seeking, pard?
And why is it you're looking on myself and chums so hard?"
The stranger paused, as if in doubt, then passionate and wild,
He cried: "I'm looking for the man who robbed me of my child."
Again the bearded miner spoke: "Prove what you say is true,
An' if that man's in this yar camp we'll give him up to you."
"You will?" the stranger eagerly turned to the list'ning men.
"We will; we will," the miners cried. "We will," they cried again.
Assured thus of their friendliness, the man, with painful stoop,
Swung slowly 'round his form, and stood the centre of the group.
'Twas the same old story over that his wan lips told again,
Of the trusting ways of women and the wicked wiles of men:
"I had a little daughter, pards"—his voice grew soft and low,
And from his deeply-sunken eyes the tears began to flow.
"I loved her—oh, I loved her as only fathers can,
And my heart was bound up in her, since her little life began.
I watched her grow to womanhood, a perfect little gem,
Unfolding into beauty like a rose upon its stem;
And everything went well with us until one cursed day
A serpent came into our home and stole its peace away.
I was out that day prospecting when I saw an Injun band,
With a city dandy captive, bound and helpless, foot and hand;
They tied him to the stake, and piled the faggots 'round his feet,
Applied the torch, and soon his skin was blistering with the heat.
I thought it time to act, pards, so I raised my trusty gun,
And poured shot at the Injuns 'till I had them on the run;
I kicked aside the burning brands and set the prisoner free;
I bandaged up his awful wounds, and took him home with me,
And Nellie took and nursed him, and brought him back to life,
Just like a loving sister would, a sweetheart or a wife;
And I saw she kinder took to him, and seemed unsatisfied
Unless she walked around with him, and lingered by his side,
But things must have an ending, so one day he came to say
That he was strong enough to work and needs must go away;
And I noticed Nellie's lashes were a glist'ning like with tears,
And it seemed as though a sort of sob came softly to my ears.
He left the cabin shortly, so I stroked her curly hair,
And asked her what the trouble was her father couldn't share.
She didn't want to tell me, but between her sobs I heard
That the man I saved had wronged her, and refused to keep his word.
Mad with passion, wild with anguish, I'd have have killed him then and
But I kinder choked it down, and held my grip upon a chair. [there,
So I called him back and told him he'd make my gal his wife,
And give her back her honor, or by heaven, I'd have his life!
When he said, with mocking coolness, 'I've a wife in yonder town,'
Mad with rage, I raised the heavy chair and struck the rascal down;
He drew his gun, took rapid aim and fired it all unseen,
Straight sped the bullet to my heart, but Nellie sprang between,
Deep in her breast the fatal ball, with aim unerring, sped,
A spurt of blood, a piercing scream, and she, my child, was dead.
I wept above her cold, still form—oh! how I wept that day,
But though my tears were pitiful, they fell on senseless clay.
Then—then, the spirit of revenge into my bosom crept,
And like a demon wild for blood, up from my child I leapt,
And found, too late, the miscreant, with fear and terror blind,
Had vanished from the cabin, but had left his gun behind.
I kissed my Nellie's face, and swore above her cold, still form,
That I'd search for him and find him through sunshine and through storm,
And I made a vow to kill him, though for mercy he should call,
And the gun that killed my Nellie should speed the fatal ball.
You've heard my story through, pards, what is your verdict now;
Would you search for him and kill him, or go home and break your vow?"
"Kill him! kill him!" cried the miners. "Kill him like a cringing cur;
Seek him here, and if you find him, kill him as he murdered her!"
Down the line of waiting miners, eagerly the old man passed.
Peering in the bearded faces, vainly till he reached the last.
Then a yell of rage escaped him, and his face grew stern and white,
As he dragged a cringing miner out into the range of light,
Crying fiercely: "Now I've found you; here I mean to keep my vow;
On your knees and pray for mercy, for your soul's in danger now."
Ere his hand could press the trigger, "Crack!" there came a pistol's sound,
And the old man, shot and dying, sank upon the firelit ground.
Then the miscreant who fired it, turned away and would have fled,
But the miners caught and held him, like a lamb to slaughter led.
Painfully the dying wanderer, creeping slowly to his knees,
Raised his gun and slowly aimed it, crying softly, "Nellie sees!"
"Crack!" and wildly the assassin, clutching at his bleeding chest,
Reels and falls across the camp-fire with the bullet in his breast.
Slowly spoke the dying wanderer: "Nellie, Nellie saw him fall,
And it was the gun that killed her that sent forth the fatal ball."
Tender arms were there to hold him—lower, lower sank his head—
Just a single cry for Nellie, and the poor old man was dead.

—A Memphis darkey who stole a mule tried to engage a lawyer who once saved him from prison. The lawyer said he could not help him until he paid his fee in the former case. "Why, boss," exclaimed the disconsolate darkey, "I stole dat mule 'specially to sell him and pay you." At last accounts he was still without a legal adviser.

COME BACK, O'RILEY.

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Words by S. M. Brenner. Music by Richard Stahl.

Our club has lost a member, he'd not been with us long;
But while he was among us, he "touched" us good and strong.
When shades of night are falling, his victims all are found
Upon the club piazza, passing sympathy around.
There's Timothy Gilhooly, Dan Murphy and McPhee,
O'Dooley, and yours truly, and that little dude, McGee.
With smoking and with drinking, the hours so slowly wane.
Of O'Riley we are thinking, as we sing this sad refrain:

CHORUS.

Come back, O'Riley, wherever did you go?
We thought of you so highly, why did you leave us so?
Come back, O'Riley, and pay us what you owe!
Come back, O'Riley! *Come back.

Four Irishmen were passing where a bullock was confined,
They stopped to look him over, he didn't seem to mind;
O'Riley's red bandanna was flourished 'round his nose;
The animal espied it, and wrathfully he rose.
"Stand firm, b'ys," said O'Riley, "it don't look well to run;
You grab his tail, McGuffey, I'll show yez all some fun."
McGuffey followed orders—his bosom friend he mourns;
The others held the bullock's legs, O'Riley grabb'd its horns:

CHORUS.

Come back, O'Riley, wherever did you go?
We thought of you so highly, why did you leave us so?
Come back, O'Riley, we'll wait for you below.
Come back, O'Riley! *Come back!

O'Riley's younger brother, with several of his friends,
On Sundays seeks Manhattan, where time and cash he spends.
A week ago last Sunday, it somehow came about,
He reached the steamer landing just as the boat pulled out.
His friends stood on the steamer, and shouted jests unkind.
"Begorra," said O'Riley, "I'll not be left behind."
Then rolling up his trousers, he made a flying leap.
O'Riley's feet were heavy, and the river it was deep:

CHORUS.

Come back, O'Riley, wherever did you go?
We thought of you so highly, why did you leave us so?
Come back, O'Riley, you must feel damp below.
Come back, O'Riley! *Come back.

We had an Irish servant, with bright vermillion hair,
Who made so many blunders she drove us to despair.
She loved a fat policeman, likewise the butcher's boy;
And with our pantry's contents she filled their hearts with joy.
One day she built a fire—the kindling wood was green;
To make it light more quickly, she fetched some kerosene;
She stooped low to apply it—her hair was far from black;
Oh, nevermore she'll try it, Miss Riley ne'er came back.

CHORUS.

Come back, Miss Riley, wherever did you go?
We thought of you so highly, why did you leave us so?
Come back, Miss Riley, we'll wait for you below!
Come back, Miss Riley! *Come back!

A pretty girl in bloomers, Miss Riley was her name;
When scorching on her cycle, made other maids seem tame.
No grade too sharp for coasting, no hill too steep to climb;
Miss Riley, in her bloomers, was wheeling all the time.
One day she struck a hillock, some twenty miles from town;
And, in her dashing manner, she soon was speeding down;
Ride in the lady's pathway ('twas such a funny snap),
A porcupine capricious had stretched to take a nap.

CHORUS.

Come back, Miss Riley, wherever did you go?
We thought of you so highly, why did you leave us so?
Come back, Miss Riley, your fate we yearn to know!
Come back, Miss Riley! *Come back!

* All shout together.

—Kosciusko Murphy, who is remarkable for his large, generous ears, has had a falling-out with Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin, towards whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Longcoffin were not out buggy-riding as much as usual, to which Kosciusko replied that he did not propose to pay buggy hire for any woman who called him a donkey. "I can't believe that Miss Longcoffin would call any gentleman a donkey?" was the reply. "Well, she didn't come right out and say I was a donkey, but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much." "What did she say?" "We were out riding, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I felt a rain-drop on my ear, and what do you suppose she said?" "I have no idea." "Well, she said, 'that rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off.'"

REMEMBER SHE'S A GIRL.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

A group of boys were chaffing, on a pleasant summer's day,
They were telling tales and laughing, in a pleasant sort of way,
As they stood there, passed them walking went the mighty city's throng,
While the boys were gaily talking of the girls who went along,
So went on their conversation, when a maid passed, poorly clad,
And the signs of dissipation rested in her features sad,
And as by she went, one of the boys insults he tried to hurl,
When another lad spoke up, and said, "Remember she's a girl."

CHORUS.

Because she's not a beauty, she don't deserve a frown,
To protect her is your duty, and not to run her down;
She may not be so pretty, or what you call a "pearl,"
No matter what her faults may be, remember she's a girl.

The way their pal had spoken, all the boys they seemed surprised,
But the silence was not broken, for the lad whom he advised
Kept his eyes upon that maiden 'till she vanished from their sight,
Then with heart so sorrow laden, he said: "Ned, I think you're right,"
And before the group departed, they all shook the hand of Ned,
And as to their homes they started, thought of what the lad had said.
It is true they all had sisters, and their brains were in a whirl,
For they knew their pal had rightly said, "Remember she's a girl."—*Chorus.*

MY BOY, YOU'RE IN SOCIETY.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

My boy, you're in society, a world to you unknown,
Where every rich man cuts his poorer brother.
Where none ask what a fellow is, but, "How much does he own?"
Where people bore themselves and bore each other.
So bid farewell to common sense and clothes that neatly fit;
English misfit togs you'll wear with great propriety;
You must wear a lonely eye-glass, tho' you cannot see with it,
When you toddle 'round in upper ten society.
I'll try to recollect it, dear papa!
That's right, all common sense be sure to shun;
Be vapid, and as rapid and as frapped as you can;
Be silly, damp and chilly, be as gilly as you can,
Exclusive and abusive, but effusive to the rich,
Remember it's sassiety, sassiety, my son.

When you enter a saloon, and foul men offer you a seat,
Don't take it with your teeth—that's *tres mauvais!*
Never punch a duchess in the ribs, or joke about her feet;
When dukes sit down, don't jerk their chairs away;
Never ask a little marchioness to play at kissing games,
Unless she's in a state of inebriety;
And never call a dowager a "peach," and such like names,
For it isn't *pom-de-terre* in good society.
I'll try to recollect it, dear papa!
In etiquette, I yield the palm to none!
Be vapid, and as rapid and as frapped as you can,
Be silly, damp and chilly, be as gilly as you can,
Exclusive and abusive, but effusive to the rich,
Remember it's sassiety, sassiety, my son.

When at dinner, if the butter's strong, turn pleasantly away;
Not swearing, but remarking "when" or "gracious!"
And if you find an oyster that is worn out and blase,
Drop it down your neighbor's neck, unostentatious.
Just as soon as you begin to puff, stop eating, quick as thought,
For puffing is a signal of satiety.
Always keep your waistcoat buttoned till the first entree is brought,
That's considered "fatigue" in good society.
I'll try to recollect it, dear papa!
My cigarette I pride myself upon.
Be vapid, and as rapid and as frapped as you can,
Be silly, damp and chilly, be as gilly as you can,
Exclusive and abusive, but effusive to the rich,
Remember it's sassiety, sassiety, my son.

Don't ever shake hands heartily, for that's a deadly sin,
'Twill make the most aristocratic flee; you
Always shake hands as a turtle flaps his clammy starboard fin.
"How do, old chappie, deuced glad to see you!"
When seated at the table, do not balance cups and plates;
Do not juggle with your knife, my son, but eat with it,
And never put your footsies up unless your shoes are mates,
Though that's sometimes done, one does not often meet with it.
I'll try to recollect it, dear papa!
Keep on, my boy, the way you have begun.
Be vapid, and as rapid and as frapped as you can,
Be silly, damp and chilly, be as gilly as you can,
Exclusive and abusive, but effusive to the rich,
Remember it's sassiety, sassiety, my son.

FORGOTTEN.

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Words by F. E. Belden. Music by D. S. Hakes.

Like the roses, torn and faded,
Like the blossoms, crushed and dead;
Like the day by night o'ershaded,
Like a dream forever fled,
Are the dearest friends we cherish,
When in silent sleep they lie;
For the sweetest buds that perish
Are forgotten when they die.

CHORUS.

Beauty fades, and roses perish, and the brown leaves scattered lie;
And the fondest hopes we cherish are forgotten when they die.

Sadly, sweetly, faintly calling
For the mate that ne'er returns,
Waits the bird when night is falling;
And his lonely, sad heart yearns
For the darling that has vanished,
For the sweet one that has flown;
But how soon life's grief is banished,
And no more he sings alone.—*Chorus.*

Oh! how soon, our forms forgetting,
Will our dear ones cease to weep,
Cease to mourn, and cease regretting
When beneath the buds we sleep;
When the flowers bloom above us
That were watered by the tears,
And the friends who dearly love us
Shall forget us with the years.—*Chorus.*

EDITH O'HARA.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall and Walter Wolff.

Oh! it used to be down on the Bowery,
Where the boys and the girls went to walk,
That I first met Miss Edith O'Hara,
She was known as the belle of New York;
Her father is Street Sup'rintendent,
And has all the stylish ways;
He will kick if she walks on the Bowery,
But will smile when she walks on Broadway.

CHORUS.

Broadway, Broadway, Broadway, Broadway,
Edith and I would stroll;
We longed to be around Canal,
But Edith's old man would scold.
Broadway, Broadway, Broadway, Broadway,
A pretty good place, I swear—
Give to me the Bowery,
With Edith O'Hara there.

Oh! of course, when we meet it is slyly,
For O'Hara is from the green isle;
Sure if anything happened to Edith,
I think the old man would go wild;
But Edith O'Hara, I love her,
And never her feelings hurt,
And some day she'll have lots of the boodle,
Left by papa, the solid old Turk.—*Chorus.*

We had made up our minds to get married,
So I called on the old gent this eve,
And I asked for the hand of his daughter,
For him we don't want to deceive;
He list to our pleadings so nicely,
Then, turning to me, did say—
"You can marry my dear daughter Edith,
But you always must walk on Broadway."—*Chorus.*

—A testy old man went into the cellar with a handsome mug to draw some beer. He stumbled and fell heavily over a box. His wife called out: "My dear, have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied: "No, but I will," and immediately dashed it against the wall.

—A gentleman dining at a hotel where servants were few and far between, despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and, placing it before the hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef?" "Yes, sir." "Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

BREAKING OF HOME TIES.

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Words and Music by Ambrose H. Thompson.

A fair-haired lad was leaving home to wander in the West;
He'd heard of wonderful fortunes that were found in the mountain's breast;
A gray-haired mother he was leaving in a cottage home;
A fond and loving sweetheart said, "Please, won't you stay at home?"
On her knees, she begged of him, but pleading was in vain,
The lad had made up his mind to have his own sweet way.
"Why can't I, just the same as others, make a fortune great;
Then return to mother and my darling sweetheart Kate!"

REFRAIN.

Don't leave your home, Jack, don't go away,
Stay at home with mother; do, lad, I pray;
You know I've not long to live, why will you roam?
Stay here with me, boy, please stay at home.

Amongst the mountains stood a cabin that was built of logs,
Within there sat a miner, and beside him sat his dogs;
Then he began to murmur, "Why should I my fate bemoan?
I've hunted through these mountains, and I've upturned ev'ry stone.
Years have passed since I left home, no word I've heard from Kate;
I'll try again to-morrow, see what shall be my fate."
Next morning he was working with his pick and with his spade;
Then, bending low, what met his gaze? 'tis gold, "my fortune's made."—*Ref.*

A gray-haired man came wand'ring back to his once happy home;
He gazed into the window, all within was dark and gloom;
His chin fell down upon his breast, and tears came to his eyes;
He remembered how mother plead to not break his home ties.
Years had passed, his mother died, caused by a broken heart;
His sweetheart wed, 'twas said he died "killed by lightning's dart."
What is my fortune to me now that all I love are dead;
Then to him came back the words his dear old mother said:—*Refrain.*

Always Wanting Something More.

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By Geo. E. Beale, Jr.

If all our wants could be fulfilled we'd not be satisfied,
For we are always craving for the things we are denied.
If we could have the earth and all the goods it could bestow,
We'd soon grow tired of it all and think life rather slow.
For you know

CHORUS.

We are always wanting something more,
We don't want the same thing o'er and o'er,
Always guessing what fate has for us in store,
We are always wanting something more, more, more, more.

One sweetheart's not enough for us, and when we take a wife,
We soon grow discontented with the modes of married life.
And when the little children come to bless our wedded lives
Each time we want a baby boy a little girl arrives.
For you know—*Chorus.*

If you should meet a charming little maiden on the street,
And you have just a dollar in your pocket—be discreet—
And should she say, "If you insist, I'll take a drink with you,"
Look out and see that there is not a wine list there in view.
For you know—*Chorus.*

When travelling in a railway train beside a pretty girl,
A man will often pray that through a tunnel they may whirl,
For he can read her thoughts by how she winks the other eye
And says that conversation always makes her lips so dry.
For you know—*Chorus.*

'Tis quite a common happening, when walking down the street,
To see a lady's lifted skirt reveal an ankle neat,
And though, at times, the men regard the action as a bluff,
They say the puddles in the street are not quite deep enough.
For you know.—*Chorus.*

Now, boys, if you have brought your best girl here to see the show,
Be sure that some side street you take as homeward bound you go;
Keep far away from all cafes and ice cream parlors, too,
For when you're married, this dear girl will throw it up at you.
For you know—*Chorus.*

—A negro driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied: "I am watering my flowers." A more delicate compliment could not have been paid.

—A loquacious lady commenced to tell her complaint to Dr. Abernethy. The doctor said: "How long will it take to tell the story?" "Twenty minutes," said she. He said: "Go on, I will be back from the next street by the time you have done."

Violet: the Vassar College Pet.

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Words by Fred C. Vorhauer. Music by Will A. Vorhauer.

*V-a-s-s-a-r. Vassar—Vassar. Rah—Rah—Rah.

Introduction's not required, you have heard of me before,
The pet of aristocracy, a girl whom all adore.
Appreciating honors, well earned, all must confess,
I hold them too—you bet I do—you can't help answering yes.
Don't think that I'm conceited, it's just my dashing way
That stuns the twentieth century sports and causes them to say:
"Who is that maid, with medals on, who looks like dutchess grand,"
It's Violet, now don't forget, and thousands seek my hand.

CHORUS.

For I am Violet, the Vassar College pet,
I am the favorite of ev'ry West Point cadet,
I am the nation's pride, I stand without a peer;
When I pass by, the boys salute and loudly cheer;
There goes Violet, the Vassar College pet,
She is the ruler of the swellest social set,
Fairest of the fair, there's none with her compare,
O Violet, our Violet, the Vassar College pet.

I've learned each study perfect, just what to do and say,
The art of captivating I have studied every day;
Infatuating ev'ry one—they do just as I will;
I always win in ev'rything, my place with pride I fill.
As a singer I surprise the critics right and left;
In running o'er the scales like this, I never take a breath.
There's none who can outshine me, no matter where I go,
They love-making, I hearts breaking, just by say no.—*Chorus.*

*We would suggest giving the "yell" behind the scenes with as much assistance as possible, to bring the performer on.

HE STOLE MY GIRL WITH THAT TURA-LU.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall & Walter Wolff.

I'se a-lookin' for Jeff Jones,
The coon who plays that darned old saxaphone
Has stole my girl away, and with him she am flown.
I'll not say one word till I do come across him,
And then you'll see a coon a-movin',
With his saxaphone.

CHORUS.

Blow, blow on the clarinet; blow, blow on the horn;
Blow, blow on the saxaphone; my heart and girl am gone,
With that tu-ra-lu-um with that tu-ra-lum,
And he stole my girl with that tu-ra-lu,
With that tu-ra-lu, with that tu-ra-lum,
And he stole my girl with that tu-ra-lu.

I'll not rest at all
Till I can play the umpardellarre,
Just as good as he can, and catch another wench.
I'll practice all day, all night, and on a Sunday,
Just for to show that fine-haired nigger
I've got a little sense.—*Chorus.*

I play now myself;
You ought to see those coons a-winging,
When I play upon the umpar at Ephriam's summer dance.
I catch all the girls, but all the coons am jealous,
Because I play upon the umpar,
And put them in a trance.—*Chorus.*

I've got now a girl
Who loves to hear the umpardellarre,
Played by me at night time, in daylight, or at morn.
Lucinda I'll wed, she said—if we should have ten piccaninies,
They should learn the umpar
As soon as they were born.—*Chorus.*

—A young man, suffering from hereditary gout, said he didn't mind the pain of it so much as the thought of some old ancestor, who had all the fun of acquiring this precious heirloom, while he had to suffer without the previous pleasure.

—Two brothers, A and B, walking on Broadway, met three charming little fair-haired, prattling children: "I must speak to those children," said A, "they are my nephews and nieces." "Ah!" said B, "as I have no nephews and nieces, I shall walk on." How was this? They were B's children.

MY PRETTY NELLIE MAY.

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Words by B. F. Barnett. Music by Emily Smith.

At the corner of the street dwells the girl that I adore,
So bewitching, fair and sweet, she'll be mine forevermore,
I love her and she loves me, I see her every day,
And very soon my wife she'll be, my pretty Nellie May.

REFRAIN.

I love her and she loves me,
Soon we will marry, my pretty wife she'll be,
Then we'll live together, nevermore to part,
Then pretty Nellie always will be my sweetheart.

The wedding day's not far away, the boys and girls will all be there,
Happy I'll be that welcome day, when Nellie is my bride so fair;
None could make a better wife, none more true and kind;
She'll help me thro' this world of strife, no better wife could I find.—*Ref.*

IF YOU WILL.

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Words and Music by Sigfrid Stenhammar.

As my thoughts wander back to those days of long ago,
When midst flowers and vines we used to play;
I remember so well how a maiden I did know,
Who with looks of childish love to me would say:
When you grow to be a man, we will marry you and I,
And live in yonder cottage on the hill,
And then with a look so affectionate and shy
She would add, with a smile, if you will.

REFRAIN.

If you will, if you will!
With the sweetest little smile she would add,
When you grow to be a man,
Yes, marry me you can,
And live in yonder cottage on the hill.
If you will, if you will!
With the sweetest little smile she would add,
When you grow to be a man,
Yes, marry me you can,
And live in yonder cottage on the hill.

But no longer we played 'midst the flowers and the vine,
And the girl is a mem'ry but to me,
But I never forgot how she said she would be mine,
And her sunny little face I seem to see.
As she said when you are big, we will marry you and I,
And live in yonder cottage on the hill,
And then with a look so affectionate and shy,
She would add, with a smile, if you will.—*Refrain.*

I'm Lonely Since My Baby's Gone.

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Words and Music by Barry Emmerson.

When I hear de darkies singin',
An' de church-bells am a-ringin',
Den I don't know what to do.
For I feel so mighty funny
Since I lost my baby honey,
And I don't mind telling you.
For she's gone from Alabama,
Left her poor ole darkey mammy,
And she's broke my heart in two.
Oh, come back to me, my lady,
Now the groves am cool an' shady,
'Cause I'm chokin' back the tears for you.

REFRAIN.

I'm lonely since my baby's gone,
My tears are falling night and morn;
Come back to me, my lady,
The groves are cool and shady,
'Cause I'm lonely since my baby's gone.

When I see de star a-winkin',
An' it sets one off a-thinkin',
Den I don't know what to do.
For I bet you all my money
That my little baby honey
Is now mighty lonely, too;
An' she thinks of Alabama
And her poor ole darkey mammy,
An' she sometimes thinks of me;
An' I'm longin' for my lady,
Now the groves am cool an' shady—
Oh, come back my lady girl to me.—*Refrain.*

Why Should You Wait till To-Morrow.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"Why were you late to-night," she said, "you never used to let me wait?"
Forgive me, love, he said to her as he approached the cottage gate;
He saw the teardrops in her eye, as they strolled down the same old way.
Said she, "When shall we married be?" "To-night," he said, "I cannot say."

REFRAIN.

Why should you wait till to-morrow, give me your answer to-night—
Have I loved you to my sorrow, once all the future looked bright;
Why should we wait till to-morrow; tell me the truth, dear heart.
If you no longer love me, said she, 'tis best for us to part.

"You cannot tell me now," she said, as slowly home they took their way.
"Farewell," he whispered at the gate. Good-bye was all she had to say.
She heard the marriage bells one morn. He said "'twas father's last advice."
Another girl with wealth had won, the first became love's sacrifice.—*Refrain.*

I'LL TELL MY MA ON YOU.

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Words by May M. Terwillegar. Music by Anita Owen.

A little girl was playing house, a roguish lad of ten,
As she would sweep the crumbs away, he'd toss them back again.
He snatched the dimpled blue-eyed doll, and boxed it's pretty ears,
Poor mamma soothed her waxen child, and sobbed amid her tears:

REFRAIN.

I'll tell my ma on you (mean thing) if you don't let me be,
You're always banging 'round when I am playing tea;
You often take my part, and bring me sweetmeats too,
But if you can't behave yourself, I'll tell my ma on you.

And sometimes on their way to school, the naughty lad would meet
One whom in sport he seemed to think just ev'ry bit as sweet,
Soon yearning for his little love, to make up he would try,
But with disdainful, cherry lips, the jealous lass would cry:—*Refrain.*

But childish feuds are quite forgot when they have older grown,
And oft he'll vow that on this earth, he loves but her alone;
At last, in answer to his plea, she named the happy day,
Then raised her merry, laughing eyes, and mockingly did say:—*Refrain.*

Mamie Casey from Cush-a-la-row.

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Words and Music by Allen J. Guerin.

Sweet little Mamie Casey
Lives down in Cush-a-la-row,
She's the belle of the neighborhood
And ev'rywhere she goes;
She, of course, is my sweetheart,
And ev'ry one does know
She's the pride of my heart, and I ne'er could part
From the sunshine of Cush-a-la-row.

REFRAIN.

Mamie Casey from Cush-a-la-row,
She is the sunshine wherever she goes;
When you pass the way the boys they all say,
Ah, there's Mamie Casey from Cush-a-la-row.

Every morn at seven
I meet her at her door,
Side by side, just like my bride,
To work we'd stroll along;
When my toil is over,
And the whistle blows,
I meet my Mame at Malden Lane,
And then for home we go.—*Refrain.*

When I wed my Mamie
I'll bet you all will know,
We'll send invitations
To ev'ry one we know;
I am quite sure that she loves me,
So she'll not decline,
And when she is mine, a flat I'll find
Down in Cush-a-la-row.—*Refrain.*

When is a baby like a cannibal? When it eats its pap.

OUR HEARTS THEY ARE LIGHT.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Our hearts they are light, and our faces are bright,
And we're all in our Sunday best bedight,
With spirits elate, and eagerness great,
This joyful occasion to celebrate.
Christ'nings don't come every day,
More's the pity, more's the pity!
And what does the apothegm say,
Wise and witty, wise and witty:
"Youth is the time to laugh and play,
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
For youth will fly and roses die,
So while the sun shines, make your hay."
Literal sun, metaphorical hay.
"While the sun shines, make your hay."

SHE WAS HIS DAUGHTER.

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Words by B. F. Barnett. Music by Emily Smith.

The court-room it was crowded, the pris'ners stood in line,
Amidst them was a woman young and fair;
Her face, which told of happy days, of luxury and wealth,
Caused every one to look at her and stare;
They called her to the wretched bar, while tears rolled down her cheeks,
In disgrace she dropped her curly head,
As the stern old judge gazed on her face, his own turned very pale,
She was his child, who once from home had fled.

REFRAIN.

She was his daughter, whom he loved so well;
She was his darling, the pretty village belle;
Tho' she may have fallen, nor yet to home returns,
She was his daughter, for whom his heart still yearns.

For a moment all was quiet, the judge then rose and said,
"I cannot sentence any one to-day,"
Just then a youth, with tear-dimmed eyes, approached the judge and said,
She is my wife, please let her go, I pray.
"I'm glad of that," the judge replied, and then he bade her go.
Then quickly, arm in arm, they walked away.
If her dear old mother only knew, her poor old heart would break,
She'll never know what happened here to-day.—*Refrain.*

Christmas Bells Are Ringing.

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Words and Music by Will Godwin.

All hail to old Father Christmas again,
He only comes once a year,
With a song or a tale, or a cup of good ale,
It's the same for the poor as the peer;
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
Though beauty and youth may decay,
Forgetting old wrongs, with carols and songs,
Will drive the old year away.

CHORUS.

Christmas bells are ringing, inviting souls to pray,
Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers are happy on Christmas day,
Forgetting old wrongs, with carols and songs, the old and the young are gay;
We welcome the New Year once again, and drive the old year away.

The mistletoe sweet is the emblem of love,
No matter where'er we roam,
Be it mother or miss, beneath it a kiss,
And it hangs there in every home,
In palace or cot, the place matters not,
Wherever our flag is unfurled,
Forget and forgive! wherever we may live,
It's Christmas all over the world.—*Chorus.*

Then think of the absent ones, far, far away,
Divided by deep, rolling seas,
And to-day may they all be blessed from above,
And the little ones spared on our knees;
Away burns the log, around goes the grog,
The old and the young ones all sing,
And peace and good-will, on earth it is still,
As joyously all the bells ring:—*Chorus.*

AN OLD RHYME.

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By W. Legrand Howland, Op. 19.

One I love, two I love, three I love, I say;
Four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away.
Shall I marry? No, I'll tarry till there comes a day,
A day so bright when love with wealth by chance shall come my way.
Ah! ah! ah! ah! Shall I marry? No I'll tarry. Ah! ah! ah! ah!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL WHO LEFT A HAPPY HOME.

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Words by Isaac G. Reynolds. Music by H. W. Petrie.

In a cosey little cottage dwelt a maiden young and fair,
The idol of a home, her parents' pride,
So contented and so happy, for the old folks she did care
Until a sweetheart lured her from their side.
'Twas the old tale oft repeated, of a loving, trusting maid,
Of broken-hearted parents left alone,
Of a love that was discarded, and a sad appeal for aid,
Another girl who left a happy home.

REFRAIN.

Just another girl who left a happy home,
Just another girl must struggle all alone.
Just another broken vow, just another homeless now,
Just another girl who left a happy home.

There's a maiden sad and lonely, who has wandered back again
To see the old folks in the dear old home,
She has stopped beside the window with her face pressed to the pain,
And from her lips there falls a bitter moan.
There she sees her dear old mother, with her hair now turned to gray,
Her father's head in shame is bending low.
In a voice so sad she murmurs, "O, if I could only stay,
But I must leave, so they will never know.—*Refrain.*

Michael O'Flannigan Dropped from the Sky.

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Words and Music by Sigfrid Stenhammar.

Michael O'Flannigan dreamt that he found
A schooner of lager as big as the moon,
He started at once on a walk all around,
To see if he couldn't get into it soon,
But when he attempted to climb up its side,
The glass proved too smooth for O'Flannigan's feet,
And he rested a while, in despair, to abide
A chance to get at it, and ground his teeth. And—

CHORUS.

Michael O'Flannigan dropped from the sky,
Plumb down in the schooner of beer;
Then the shock woke him up, and he shouted,
Why, it's a pity I woke when so near.

Scratching his head and thinking it hard,
He finally hit on an excellent plan;
Once up there he thought, I will have my reward;
It can be accomplished, and I am the man;
He started to hire a great big balloon,
And got all prepared for a trip in the sky;
If I hustle, he chuckled, I'll get there by noon,
And tackle the lager beer, too, bye and bye. And—*Chorus.*

Michael stepped in the balloon and let loose;
He shot up the clouds as quick as a flash,
But just when approaching the precious booze,
The whole blarsted airship collapsed with a crash,
And down went Mike with the bursting balloon,
Exclaiming, in haste, as he fell through the air,
There is one consolation, I'll tackle it soon,
And go on a jolly and glorious tear. And—*Chorus.*

—"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.

I Want to Play Ball with You, Papa.

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Words and Music by G. E. Beale, Jr.

In a pretty little cottage, on a very quiet street,
There lives a happy couple, with a baby boy so sweet;
Ev'ry evening, just at sundown, you will hear two tiny feet
Todd'ling down the sidewalk, with a kiss to papa greet;
Papa picks him up, there comes mamma, too,
"Now," the little one he cries, "I want to play ball with you."

CHORUS.

I want to play ball with you, papa; I want to play ball with you;
Come and play with your little boy, he's been waiting all day for you.
I am awfully glad to see you, papa, for I love you fond and true;
You take the bat and I'll take the ball and throw it right at you.

In the morn when he awakes the first thing you'll hear him say,
"Where is papa, where has he gone—oh, has he gone away?"
"Yes, my darling, he has gone out now to earn our daily bread,"
Says the loving mother, as she smooths his golden head.
Where is my base-ball, and where is my bat?
Papa said he'd play with me, so please remember that—*Chorus.*

FILL THE VACANT CHAIR.

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Words by M. Maurice. Music by Ed. E. Treumann.

On a street in this great city, at the close of one bright day,
Hours of business being over, folks were on their homeward way;
I strolled along at leisure on that busy thoroughfare,
When I saw on yonder corner a crowd assembled there;
I strayed among that busy throng, a sad scene met my gaze,
An old man pale and haggard, a girl with tearful face,
It was the old, old story, a daughter gone astray,
The father, sadly pleading, these words to her did say:

CHORUS.

Come home and be our sunshine, the past we will forget,
Don't blight our lives with sorrow and with care;
Your mother's heart is aching just to see you once again;
Come home with me and fill the vacant chair.

The pleadings of the father brought back to her once more
Fond thoughts of home and mother, the happy days of yore;
She threw her arms around him and kissed his careworn face,
The past was all forgotten in that one fond embrace.
I'll try and live life o'er again, with sobbing voice she said,
I've caused you care and sorrow, but we'll be happy yet,
Then with their faces all aglow, for home they did depart,
The crowd dispersed with tearful eyes, that scene had touched each heart.—*Cho.*

CONVENT SONG.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Pardon, O I pray, my manner shy,
My fawn-like eyes, my down-cast head;
To this great world amused am I,
For in a convent I was bred.
There, rapt in piety and love,
All love and joy I learned to shun;
I never, never saw a man before,
And now I am to marry one.

CHORUS.

She never saw a man before,
And she is now to marry one!
And so, and so, you know, you know,
That's all right, dovey dear, we know;
It's no wonder that I blush, blush, blush!
It's no wonder that I'm very, very coy!
Such a host of new emotions rush
To my heart before this new found joy.
I am told that I must kiss, kiss, kiss!
Which thrills me with delightful explanation.
These matters of the heart, of lessons formed no part
At the convent where I had my education.

Pardon, O I pray, if I don't know
The average girls coquettish airs;
I never learned such things, although
I know such lots of hymns and prayers.
I'm really to be married then,
I'm sure I'll prove a little dunce.
Good gracious! what an awful lot of men,
To show a poor girl all at once.—*Chorus.*

Jean and Jacques Were Twins.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, Jean and Jacques were twins—
It is thus the tale begins—
Who both were soldiers brave and bold,
And served their country, not for gold;
For, for all Golconda's wealth untold
They did not care two pins.
Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra! they did not care two pins;
But they longed for fame and glory—
At least so goes the story;
For, 'twixt you and me,
They were young, you see,
And romantic as youths are prone to be;
So they yearned for the field of battle,
Where the spiteful rifles rattle;
For to wade through gore,
Where the cannon's roar
Was their hearts' desire, so these idiots swore!
But they longed for fame and glory—
At least so goes the story—
For, 'twixt you and me,
They were young, you see,
And romantic, as youths are prone to be;
So they yearned for the field of battle,
Where the spiteful rifles rattle;
For, to wade through gore,
Where the cannon's roar
Was their hearts' desire, so these idiots swore.

At last, on one fine day—
So the tale goes on to say—
Their Colonel said, "By all that's blue,
You boast so much of what you'll do,
That I think I'll give a chance to you
Your courage to display.
Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra! your courage to display.
To the one who proves more daring,
I'll give this cross I'm wearing;
You may take a week,
During which to seek
An occasion to do some deed unique
That will show you, to fear, are strangers,
And prepared to face all dangers,
In a week return,
So that I may learn
What you each have done your reward to earn!"
"To the one who proves more daring,
I'll give this cross I'm wearing;
You may take a week,
During which to seek
An occasion to do some deed unique
That will show you, to fear, are strangers,
And prepared to face all dangers,
In a week return,
So that I may learn
What you each have done the reward to earn."

Jean's ardor naught could quell—
So the tale goes on to tell—
He, when the week allowed was o'er,
Had slaughtered of the foe a score,
And captured nearly twenty more—
The Colonel said, "'Tis well!"
Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra! the Colonel said, "'Tis well!"
But to Jean, although applauded,
The cross was not awarded,
But to Jacques instead,
Who, with drooping head
And a stammering voice, to the Colonel said,
"I can boast of no wholesale slaughter,
But I've wed your red-haired daughter.
By the risk I've run,
Has the cross been won?"
Said the Colonel, "Sure! in a walk, my son!"
But to Jean, although applauded,
The cross was not awarded,
But to Jacques instead,
Who, with drooping head
And a stammering voice, to the Colonel said,
"I can boast of no wholesale slaughter,
But I've wed your red-haired daughter.
By the risk I've run,
Has the cross been won?"
Said the Colonel, "Sure! in a walk, my son!"

—There is a story of Solomon not contained in the "Book of Kings." Two of his court damsels had a row as to precedence. Solomon looked kindly and said, "Let the oldest go first," and the damsels embraced and went in together with entwined arms.

—When you have just fifteen minutes in which to eat your breakfast and catch the train, how it does soften the tender heart of man toward the gentler sex to see the waiter girl, who went off to get his order, lean up against the sideboard, go to sleep, and dream of home and heaven and peace until the whistle blows.

WHEN I JOINED THE ARMY.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, when I joined the army, a soldier for to be,
I never, for a moment, thought that I this day should see.
The sergeant who enlisted me was careful to conceal,
That instead of carving foemen, potatoes I must peel.

CHORUS.

Potatoes I must peel, potatoes I must peel;
The sergeant who enlisted me was careful to conceal,
That instead of carving foemen, potatoes I must peel.

With dreams of fame, of glory, the sergeant filled my head;
And, like an addle-pated ass, I swallowed all he said:
But all my blooming dreams of fame have vanished into air,
For instead of plucking laurels, potatoes I must pare.—*Chorus.*

BUY A BALLOON.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, here you are, here you are! walk up gentleman and ladies;
Throw a drowning man a spar, something simply awful, trade is;
Ere my powers their limit reach, and to suicide I'm driven,
Buy balloons at two sous each; at that price away they're given,
Given, given, given, given.

CHORUS.

Buy a balloon, buy a balloon,
To carry your messages up to the moon.
The man in the moon will receive them, "Collect,"
And forward them anywhere you direct.
So buy a balloon, buy a balloon;
You may be too late, and you can't be too soon;
So grant to me this microscopical boon,
And buy of me, quick, a balloon.

Be pacified, and lay aside ideas of self-destruction;
We can't withstand your manner bland and accents of seduction.
Two paltry sous we won't refuse if they'll your life be saving:
So don't delay, but quick purvey balloons for which we're craving—
Yes, craving, craving, craving, craving.—*Chorus.*

This Up-to-Date Girl of Mine.

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By Richard R. Hanch.

You talk about your maidens with hearts of gold,
Your bleached blondes and dashing brunettes,
But I've got a sweetheart that knocks 'em all cold,
An up-to-date girl, you may bet.
She wears flashy bloomers and carries a cane;
She's a girl you don't meet every day;
She has plenty of dough, and wherever we go,
She will say: "Now, dear boy, let me pay."

CHORUS.

She bets on the horses at all the race courses, her equal you never could find;
Each day all the papers give space to her capers;
She glories in poker, at billiards she's a corker,
This up-to-date girl of mine.

When luck goes against you, and you go broke,
Your sweetheart will give you the mitt,
And turn her attention to some other bloke;
Your pleadings won't help you a bit.
Now sometimes I fly just a little too high;
I go broke, and my girl she will say:
"Here's a thousand, old man, pay it back when you can,
We must take in the races to-day."—*Chorus.*

Now sometimes we go bathing down at the beach,
You just ought to see the guys stare;
For when she tries swimming, my girl is a peach,
The fishes with her can't compare.
We take in the op'ra, and after the show
We go out to a cafe and dine;
O, life is all pleasure with this little treasure,
And there's no other girl quite like mine.—*Chorus.*

STORIES WE READ EVERY DAY

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Words and Music by Will E. Nankeville.

In this world of care and sorrow, oft-times sights will come to view,
Poverty, distress and sickness, dissipation, death comes too;
Things that seem to us so common, scenes that oft-times make one start,
Now and then we read the story of another broken heart:
See that widowed mother toiling all day for her children's bread,
Fondly cherishing the mem'ry of her dear, departed dead,
Sickness comes and then privations, then the landlord comes for rent,
When she tells him, I've no money, out into the street she's sent.

CHORUS.

Life's story told o'er again,
With all its sorrow and pain;
Keep that motto in view,
Do to others as you would wish them to do you the same;
Oft a kind word now and then
Will help some poor soul on their way.
Beggars, hungry and poor, some will turn from their door,
Are stories we read every day.

There, before a judge and jury, sits a pris'ner, young in years,
Charged with theft by his employer, pleading innocence in tears.
Hark! the judge has called the pris'ner, come before me now, he said,
Where's your parents, asked his honor. There sits mother, father's dead;
Then the judge removed his glasses, as that mother rose and said:
"Please, your honor, show him mercy. Won't you sentence me instead?"
Your honor, said the prosecutor, the lightest punishment's two years.
Stop, sir; I'll discharge the pris'ner, then the court-room rang with cheers.
—*Chorus.*

The Kiss You Steal in the Dark.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Kisses vary greatly,
Some you give sedately,
No more warmth about them than there is in ice;
Sisters kiss their brothers,
Daughters kiss their mothers,
But there's in such kisses not a single bit of spice.
Kissing cheeks and kissing hands,
Etiquette, at times, demands;
Kissing sticky babies, too,
All too oft devolves on you.
Kisses like these possess no savor,
Never a one of them hits the mark;
Give me a kiss with a robust flavor,
The sort of a kiss that you steal in the dark.
Oh, kisses like these possess no savor,
Never a one of them hits the mark;
Give me a kiss with a robust flavor,
The sort of a kiss that you steal in the dark.

Watch two women meeting,
See their honey'd greeting,
Pecking, like two parrots, at each other's lips;
And again, when parting,
At each other darting,
Kissing, tho' with hate they tingle to their finger tips.
Then those kisses on the stage
Generally narrow gauge;
Blows would more congenial be
Both to kisser and kissee.
Kissing of that kind, I pooh-pooh it!
From it, of pleasure, derive no spark;
Give me a kiss with a back-bone to it,
The sort of a kiss that you steal in the dark.
Oh, kissing of that kind, I pooh-pooh it!
From it, of pleasure, derive no spark;
Give me a kiss with a back-bone to it,
The sort of a kiss that you steal in the dark.

Married osculation,
Done with ostentation,
In nine cases out of ten's perfunctory;
Lips you sample daily,
Grow extremely stalely;
Who can blame one if one hankers for variety?
Then the mother of your wife,
If you'd lead a quiet life,
Kisses must be given her,
Though you'd medicine prefer.
I'm, of decorum, no infringer;
Ready, in morals, to toe the mark:
Give me a kiss that has lots of ginger,
The sort of a kiss that you steal in the dark.
Oh, I'm, of decorum, no infringer:
Ready, in morals, to toe the mark:
Give me a kiss that has lots of ginger,
The sort of a kiss that you steal in the dark.

SWEET MOLLIE MORIN.

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Written and Composed by E. Clark Reed.

Come, Mollie dear, and listen while around the shadows fall,
The story of my life that's past to you I would recall,
But first your promise give me, for my secret you can guess;
Your heart forever I would keep, now sweetly whisper yes.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Mollie Morin, true heart, I know,
Your face is like a pleasant dream of long, long ago;
Since first I met you, life to me seems new,
Listen, while I whisper, I love you.

Long years ago, in this same town, a little maiden sweet,
With face so like your own, had won my boyish heart complete,
Yet still another claimed her love and wedded her one night.
Ah! Mollie, 'twas your mother whom I loved in days so bright.—*Ref.*

THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BABY.

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Words and Music by Will M. Cook.

Late last night, about eleven o'clock,
Went to see my Lula gal, the door was locked,
I peeped in the window, a-meaning no harm,
And yonder sat my Lula in another nigger's arm;
My mind was agitated and my heart was sore,
Got myself together and I busted in the door,
My Lula gal's a black gal, but I gave her such a fright,
I hope I'll never leave here if she didn't turn white.

CHORUS.

That'll be all a-right, baby! That'll be all a-right, baby!
That'll be all a-right, baby, but you've done me a wrong.

Such queer foolin', now I never could stand,
Didn't want my Lula loving no nigger man,
I then grabbed that woman, just to scare her a bit;
The way that wench did holler, well you'd thought she had a fit;
Up jumped the other nigger and I grabbed at his arm;
When he drew his steel I knew he meant to do me harm;
I felt myself a-going and I didn't know no more,
'Till I found myself a-bleeding just outside my Lula's door.—*Cho.*

ONLY A LITTLE YALLER COON.

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Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

Dah's a mighty heap ob turble
Brewin' down in Tennessee,
And it's all about a little yaller coon.
Now dis little pickaninny
Was as black as he could be
On de mornin' he was born, de fust ob June.
Now de cause ob dis commotion
Was de fact dat ober night,
Exactly on de fullness ob de moon,
Dat dis little pickaninny
Changed his skin from black to white,
In de morn dey found a little yaller coon.

CHORUS.

Sleeping by the fire, in his mammy's arms,
While she sings to him this tune:
Honey, don't yer cry, wipe yer shiny eye,
You'se gwine to be a little yaller coon.
Nebber mind yer color if yer heart ain't black,
Better days am comin' soon;
Wipe yer shiny eye, you'll always live and die
Only just a little yaller coon.

Eb'ry darkey in de county
Came to see de wond'rous sight
When dey heard about dis little yaller coon;
And dey rolled dere eyes to heaben,
And declared he would be white,
'Cause his skin changed at de fullness ob de moon,
But at last his mammy stated
That she had a pow'ful fright,
On de evenin' dat dis little coon was born,
For an old white rooster warned her,
By his crowin' in de night,
Dat her honey boy would be a yaller coon.—*Chorus.*

I WILL BE YOUR SWEETHEART

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Little Ned's eyes with tears were dim, he wore a look forlorn,
The children they wouldn't play with him, because his clothes were torn,
Their game they continued, as tears he shed, and watched with eager eye;
A sweet little maiden then to him said, "I'll play with you, don't cry."

CHORUS.

I will be your sweetheart, with you I will stay;
Do not cry, you and I, together we will play,
From you I will not part, let the others go;
I will be your sweetheart if you'll be my beau.

Since that time years have passed away, Ned to a man has grown,
He's thinking of one girl day by day, the girl he'll call his own,
For soon a companion he'll have for life, as on the years have sped;
He's thought of that maiden thro' joy and strife, the little one who said:—*Cho.*

WHEN THE LIGHT IS TURNED AWAY DOWN LOW.

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Words and Music by G. L. Spaulding.

Have you ever sat and pondered in the evening all alone,
When the light is turned away down low,
And in the dusky silence dreamed of friends you long have known,
When the light is turned away down low;
How your thoughts will stray and wander, in a reminiscent flight,
Till from out the flitting shadows comes a vision fair and bright,
Then you settle back contented, and dream on in pure delight,
When the light is turned away down low.

CHORUS.

Gazing through a veil of years at her you most adore,
Thinking of the happy past, the golden days of yore,
Days that you would fain recall from out the long ago,
Dreaming when the light is turned away down low.

For you seem to see before you once again a girlish face,
And the light is turned away down low;
You are seated close beside her in the old familiar place,
While the light is turned away down low;
You have plighted troth together, and the moment reigns supreme,
When a tiny voice awakes you from your retrospective theme,
Then you kiss your babe, whose mother was the vision in your dream,
And the light is turned away down low.—*Chorus.*

I'M SAVING UP TO BUY A HOME FOR MOTHER.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Tiny little Tommy had a penny,
And wasn't going to spend it anywhere;
He showed the cent he had to little Benny,
Who said to him, "It's only fair to share."
As soon as Tommy told him that he wouldn't,
Why right away the lad began to cry,
I'd really like to spend it, but I shouldn't,
And if you want to know I'll tell you why:

CHORUS.

I know some day I'm going to be a great big man,
And then I'll make my mother happy if I can;
And I will tell you how, I've got a dollar now,
And it won't be long before I have another;
I'm going to save up every penny that I get,
And father says that I will be a rich man yet;
I'd like to share with you, and I'd like to spend it, too,
But I'm saving up to buy a home for mother.

Tiny little Tom has grown to manhood,
The lad who thought him stingy now forgives,
He's made his mother happy, as a man should,
In a mansion that he owns, is where she lives,
And though a man, his old companion Benny,
He says that he will ne'er forget the day
He wanted Tom to go and spend the penny,
And tells of how the little lad would say:—*Chorus.*

The Only Girl that I Could Love.

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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

In three cosey little rooms, in a tenement down town,
There dwells the only girl that I adore;
She supports her aged mother and a little crippled mother
By working in a great big dry-goods store;
She's pretty as a picture, with a wealth of golden hair;
In all this world there's not a girl with her beauty can compare,
And she is just as good and true as an angel from above,
But, best of all, she is the only girl that I could love.

CHORUS.

She is the only girl that I could ever love,
Pure as the falling snow, gentle as a dove;
She loves but me, I know; she's often told me so;
With her as my own, this world I'd scorn, she's the girl I love.

It was just two years ago she was in society,
One day her father failed, and soon he died,
Then because she would not marry an old man for his gold,
Her friends of those days coldly pass her by;
She promised me last Sunday that she would be my bride;
This world will be a paradise, with my Irene by my side,
We'll have a little cottage, and I vow by stars above,
That I will always faithful be to her, the girl I love.—*Chorus.*

IS THAT LOVE?

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Words by Max Steinle. Music by Lee Johnson.

On a stormy Christmas eve,
Wand'ring through the streets alone;
Scorned by all who pass her by,
Stray'd an outcast without home.
She falls fainting in a doorway;
See her strength is ebbing fast,
When the door a young man opens,
He's about to pass.
With her pleading voice she stops him,
He turns 'round, and with a start,
Sees her face, he cries my sister,
And he takes her to his heart.

CHORUS.

Is that love? Is that love?
Is that what we call love?
Is it not a tender feeling,
In a noble heart revealing
All that's good, true and kind?
Such a love's hard to find,
Where the heart is true and faithful—
Is that love? Is that love?

They found him by the roadside dead,
Poor and ragged tramp unknown,
Old and friendless, left alone,
And a stranger, far from home.
Closely to his heart pressed fondly,
Was a baby's little shoe.
In his hand he held a letter
And its story true.
In the note these few lines written:
"Please don't take my baby's shoe;
Wife and baby gone before me,
And I wish to join them, too.—*Chorus.*

Pleading in the witness stand,
Begging mercy for his son,
Cries a father to the judge:
"Don't punish him for what he's done,
He's the only child I have, sir,
Mother died long years ago;
It's the first time he's offended,
Please, sir, let him go."
In the court-room all is silent,
As the judge forgives the boy;
Happy father kneels before him,
Blessing him in all his joy.—*Chorus.*

See there goes a working girl,
See her weary, care-worn face,
Trudging to her humble home,
Although poor, 'tis no disgrace.
She toils on through all the hardships,
Which she's fated to endure.
Well she knows the bitter feelings,
Which oppress the poor.
She cares not for self, but others,
For a mother old and gray,
For her little sister Nellie,
She is toiling day by day.—*Chorus.*

Though Parted, Still We Love.

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Words and Music by Harry C. Talbert.

There's lands and seas between us,
My loved one, you and I;
I'll ne'er forget when last we met,
Though years have passed us by;
The parting was a sad one—
Alas! it had to be,
That good-bye from you, fair one,
Haunts me far across the sea.
I remember how our precious vow
We pledged to Him above,
And whispered words so soft and low;
Though parted, still we love.

CHORUS.

Though parted from my fair one, still I love her,
As sacred as the stars that shine above;
My heart for her alone, she told me she would have no other,
And although we're parted, still we love.

How glad I'd be to meet her,
'Twould be a joyful day;
I have not seen my bright-eyed queen,
I've been so long away.
If she'd come home to-morrow,
I'd welcome her return,
I'd bring back joy for sorrow,
Then my heart would cease to burn;
All my love for you I've kept true blue,
Through foreign, distant shore,
Come take the heart I've kept so true,
I'll love you till life's o'er.—*Chorus.*

MARY LOVES HER HARRY.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall and Walter Wolff.

Now Mary Ann's the only girl that I can love;
She is, upon my word, don't say it is absurd;
We're seen at times together like two cooing doves.
She's gone away, but not to stay, for me she loves.
Her father is a millionaire,
He's got the cash to cut a dash, and take her ev'rywhere.
I love her dearly, but feel so queerly—
I'll never find another girl like Mary.

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, come back to your Harry;
Mary, Mary, you I want to marry;
Come back soon, dear, longer do not tarry;
Mary Ann, I long to see your face again.

She's been away three months to-day—I feel so blue;
Whatever would I do if she should prove untrue;
They're sailing now for Europe, on the ocean's foam.
Oh! Mary dear, my heart you'll cheer when you come home.
The old man says she's young to wed,
The letter read I got from them only this very morn;
Said Mary dear, don't have a fear,
I'll never marry any one but Harry.—*Chorus.*

They're safely now in Europe, and in London dwell.
Oh, my! what lots of swells—dukes, marquises and earls;
They're more than gone on Mary Ann, her teeth like pearls.
She keeps them all a-guessing, yet her heart it yearns
For home, and me she longs to see;
She says she will come home again and surely marry me;
For titles great will not love make—
She'll give her heart and hand to her dear Harry.—*Chorus.*

—There was once a blue snake, and there was once a black snake. The blue snake came up the garden walk, and the black snake came down the garden walk, and the blue snake met the black snake, and the black snake met the blue snake, and they both met each other. The blue snake eyed the black snake, and the black snake eyed the blue snake. And the blue snake disagreed with the black snake, and the black snake disagreed with the blue snake, and they both disagreed with each other. The blue snake attacked the black snake, and the black snake attacked the blue snake, and both attacked each other. Now the blue snake fought, after the manner of snakes, and began to swallow the black snake, beginning at the tail, and the black snake fought, after the manner of snakes, and began to swallow the blue snake, beginning with the tail, and they both swallowed each other completely, leaving no snakes at all.

GIRLIE GIRL.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

SALLIE.—I came to town in a little gingham gown,
OTHERS.—And wasn't she a sweet little girlie girl.
SALLIE.—I was so shy I would hardly wink an eye.
OTHERS.—Now wasn't she a prim little girlie girl.
SALLIE.—But soon I took on a diff'rent sort of look.
OTHERS.—Oh! wasn't she a quick little girlie girl.
SALLIE.—I bought new clothes, and a lot of silken hose.
OTHERS.—Now wasn't she a bold little girlie girl.
SALLIE.—Oh! that's the way with little country girls,
When they come to the great big city;
Their modesty is strong, but it doesn't take 'em long
To sing another song—now, isn't it a pity.
OTHERS.—Oh! that's the way with little country girls,
When they come to the great big city;
Their modesty is strong, but it doesn't take 'em long
To sing another song—what a pity, pity, pity!

SALLIE.—One week ago you'd have called me very slow—
OTHERS.—Oh! wasn't she a sweet little girlie girl!
SALLIE.—I thought it late if I went to bed at eight.
OTHERS.—Now wasn't she a dear little girlie girl!
SALLIE.—But now I'm gay, I go right out to the play.
OTHERS.—Oh! isn't she a bad little girlie girl!
SALLIE.—I even think I could take a fizzy drink.
OTHERS.—Now wasn't she a bold little girlie girl.
SALLIE.—Oh! that's the way with little country girls,
When they come to the great big city;
They wear a blushing face, but they soon get in the race,
And go the killing pace—now isn't it a pity.
OTHERS.—Oh! that's the way with little country girls,
When they come to the great big city;
They wear a blushing face, but they soon get in the race,
And go the killing pace—what a pity, pity, pity.

LOVELY LADY.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Lovely lady, charming guest,
Fairer never maid could be;
And I've just one slight request,
"Prithee, do not marry me!"
Few might see you and depart
From your beauty fancy free;
But, I beg you, break my heart,
And refuse to marry me.

PIERETTE.—'Tis, indeed, a strange request.
HONORE.—Yes, it sounds that way, no doubt.
PIERETTE.—But, 'tis prettily expressed.
HONORE.—Oh, I know what I'm about.
PIERETTE.—Should I to my father go,
Saying you would fain be free,
He'd demand at once to know
Why I should not marry thee.
Tell me, then, some reason, pray,
Wherefore I should set thee free;
For, indeed, the truth to say,
I prefer to marry thee.
HONORE.—I have reasons of the best, dear?
PIERETTE.—Surely I am not to blame.
HONORE.—Qualities that you detest, dear.
PIERETTE.—Won't you catalogue the same?
HONORE.—I'm a regular Lothario,
I'd surely make you jealous.
PIERETTE.—Perhaps I could reform you,
I would try!
HONORE.—In gambling, with the dice or cards,
I'm always very zealous,
PIERETTE.—Perhaps you may learn better by and by!
HONORE.—I'd snub my wife's relations all,
Especially her mother.
PIERETTE.—I haven't any mother,
So I've got you there!
HONORE.—And biggest reason of the lot,
You see I love another.
PIERETTE.—And who that other is,
I think that I am quite aware.
I'd surely win your heart
If we were married.
I'd sing to you,
I'd sing the live-long day,
Such songs as this:
HONORE.—What song?
PIERETTE.—Let heavens be bluer
Than e'er they were before,
And let the birds sing more sweetly far
Than in the days of yore,
For I have found him,
I've found him, my love—
Oh, at last, he is mine, he is mine.

I Can't Give up My Rough and Rowd'ish Ways.

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Words and Music by George Graham.

My name is 'Rastus Johnson, I'm known for miles around
As the very toughest nigger that is in this town;
I raise all kind of trouble at a picnic or a ball,
I make all de coons stand back, for I can skeer dem all,
When I gets arrested, one policeman can't take me,
To get me to the station-house, it takes some two or three,
And when dey puts me in der jail, why I don't feel so sore,
For jail is just like home to me, for I've been dere before.

CHORUS.

I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways;
I suppose I'll be der same all of my days;
And wherever I does go, de people dey all know
I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways.

I went to a camp meeting, it was the other night,
And I only went dere just to raise a fight,
De preacher he was preaching as hard as he could preach,
When I took out my razor, and cut ev'ry coon in reach;
De brothers and de sisters, dey all hollered long and loud,
When I sailed right in again and cleaned out de whole crowd;
De preacher says, "Now, Johnson, why did you behave dat way,"
I only looked up at him, and dese words to him did say:—*Chorus.*

GIRLS.

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By Harry B. Marshall.

The popular theme in the songs of to-day
Is the girls, dear girls,
And the writers have told us in 'most ev'ry way
Of these priceless pearls.
Some tell us they're beautiful, charming and good,
And others they're naughty, wilful and rude,
Just a word on this subject, I beg to intrude,
Oh, girls, lovely girls.

CHORUS.

Girls, girls, lovely girls, why do you treat us so;
You say that you love us, but 'most always bluff us,
And in tragic tones bid us go, shake us for some other beaux.

The girls of to-day, they are wonders indeed,
These girls, dear girls;
And what an unmerciful chase they us lead,
You girls, wicked girls.
They tell us we're awfully nice and all that,
Then give us the shake at the very first spat,
And tell us that they have all turned us down flat,
Oh, girls, wicked girls.—*Chorus.*

When we take you out on a nice quiet lark,
Oh, you girls, dear girls,
Or take you out riding, with us, in the park,
Oh, girls, lovely girls.
You wear a man's hat, collar, necktie and shirt,
And when on a wheel you wear bloomers and flirt.
I suppose in a year, that you won't wear a skirt,
You girls, up-to-date girls.—*Chorus.*

And when to a supper we ask you to go,
Oh, you girls, dear girls,
Quite sweetly you smile, and you never say no,
Oh, girls, foxy girls.
You smoke cigarettes, and you drink beer and wine,
While cock-tails and mixed drinks are right in your line,
And end up by calling us your "Baby mine."
Oh, girls, lovely girls.—*Chorus.*

And when a poor man falls in love, overhead,
With a girl, dear girl,
And at night walks the streets, when he should be in bed,
For a girl, pretty girl.
Then when he proposes, she murmurs, oh, dear,
It's awfully sudden, you make me feel queer,
Although for this question she's waited all year,
Oh, girls, lovely girls.—*Chorus.*

—"And you say you still suffer from indigestion?" "Constantly." "Then you have not followed my direction?" "Oh, yes, doctor; just as you directed. I only smoke after meals." "That is to say?" "That is to say, from noon till seven in the evening, and from eight in the evening till midnight."

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

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Words by Edward L. Vickers. Music by D. S. Hakes.

When the mellow light of evening falls,
The birds in the bush are still;
The night bird pipes his loved one's call,
From their home by the singing rill,
Where dying rays of daylight fall,
On the side of the old oaken mill;
Where crickets chirp in the clover tall,
As the cows come over the hill.

CHORUS.

Their tinkling bells are sweet to hear, but sweeter the words of a song
That the singer slowly is bringing near, as the cows are coming along.

As the maiden sat 'neath waving trees,
No stars in the pale blue sky;
She lingers in the evening breeze,
No hope in her heart's deep sigh;
The low, sweet song of whisp'ring leaves
Bring thoughts of the days long passed by;
When zephyrs rustle the golden sheaves,
As the cows are passing them by.—*Chorus.*

The tangled vines with perfume rare,
With thorns in her path entwine;
She dreams a future free from care,
And loves with a faith divine;
The thought of home to her is dear
As the words from an old cherished song,
Which tells of life that is drawing near,
As the cows are passing along.

CHORUS.

She sings of one whose faith is fast, wherever his footsteps may roam.
Her cheeks grow red when they meet at last, as the cows are nearing their home.

BON JOUR.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Bon jour, bon jour, mes camarades!
Get out, get out and hold him, you fool!
Rejoiced to meet you all, I'm sure.
Confound that pesky, wretched mule.
Tho' I've been roaming in many a clime,
And been away for a deuce of a time,
'Tis joy to see you, my friends, once again,
'Tis joy to be home once more.
I'm deeply moved, I say I'm moved, extremely moved.

My forte is versatility, in Thespian facility;
My smiling affability to me wins ev'ry heart;
I've talents a variety, of startling contrariety;
I've sampled ev'ry kind of trade and nearly every art:
The bus'ness of a wizard I well know from "A to Izzard";
O I ridicule all rivals, I can give them "cards and spades."
I once was a tragedian, a melancholy, seedy un—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.

REFRAIN.

Behold in me the whole epitome of versatile felicity;
My talent is no ordinary kind;
I am a paragon! I am the only one!
I am a universal genius of gifts in multiplicity.
My equal upon earth you will not find;
For I am Tereschappe the magical,
The comical, the tragical!
Take off your hats to me.

At prestidigitation I'm the wonder of the nation,
Anything you like to something else with readiness I turn;
My singing voice vociferous, wins posies odoriferous
From ladies who adore me and for my affections yearn;
I am a "record breaker" as a necromancing fakir.
No large sleeves and no moustache I wear; I do not need their aids.
In ballet dance fantastical, my legs are most elastical—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.—*Refrain.*

—They were riding in the horse car past the poet's door when one of the ladies remarked, "That's longfellow's home." "Is it?" responded the other carelessly. "Yes," said the first, "and don't you admire 'Excelsior?'" "No, I don't," replied lady No. 2, with energy. "I hate it. There's nothing like curled hair, after all, though husks ain't so bad; but I wouldn't have excelsior again in the house."

THERE WAS A PAIR OF US.

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Written and Composed by John T. Spickett.

To travel alone is a deuce of a bore,
You can't have much pleasure, you see;
I always prefer to go out with a pal,
Who will share joys and sorrows with me.
That's why Tom and I as a pair always go;
Last week we went out to the Park,
We made an impression on two lovely girls,
And took them around until dark.

SPOKEN.—Yes, and then we asked to see them home, and we did so. They asked us into the parlor, and we went. I had my arm around my girl's waist and Tom was just kissing his, when the door opened and two men came in—their husbands—and—

CHORUS.

There was a pair of us,
Head over heels down the stairs;
There was a pair of us,
The husbands were like two big bears.
I stood on my head at the foot of the flight,
Tom's nose for a week never seemed to come right;
There was a pair of us,
And together we went through it all.

We went to a concert saloon one fine night,
To take in the town on the grand;
I had a load of new peaches on board,
And Tom not a drop more could stand,
We called for two drinks as bold as you please,
"Shum whiskey" was all Tom could say;
But when we decided who'd settle the round,
We found we'd no money to pay.

SPOKEN.—We tried to argue the matter with the bartender, but he wouldn't have it; he wanted money, and as we had none, he sailed into us.

CHORUS.

There was a pair of us
Mixed up with sawdust and beer;
There was a pair of us,
Somebody chewed Tommy's ear;
My derby was smashed as flat as a plate;
A pair of black eyes was poor Tommy's fate;
There was a pair of us,
But together we went through it all.

We went to a young lady's party one night,
The weather was warm as could be;
They asked us to sing, and we both started in,
But no sign of drink could we see.
Tom sang and recited and I followed suit,
When some one the suggestion made,
That every young lady should pick out a gent,
To take sponge cake and lemonade.

SPOKEN.—Now just imagine, lemonade, for two old sports like us! Well, we might have stood that, but the ladies that chose us were about forty, and had wrinkles like accordeon pleats.

CHORUS.

There was a pair of us,
How I regretted we came;
There was a pair of us,
Tommy, I'm sure, felt the same.
They played kissing ring, just to catch on a man,
Tom whispered, I wish that we could rush the can;
There was a pair of us,
But we had to go through with it all.

Now we took a notion to go on the stage,
Possessed the idea we could act;
And that we would make a sensation, of course,
We knew was a plain, settled fact.
We started a troupe and the season began,
In Richard the III. we did star;
And then the sensation we made, you could see,
Exceeded our wishes by far.

SPOKEN.—If Tom and I had wanted to go into the grocery business, the stock of tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage and eggs we received from the audience, would have started us.

CHORUS.

There was a pair of us,
Backward we spelled the word STAR;
There was a pair of us,
The walk to the city was far;
Some of the eggs that they threw were not well,
Tommy to this day remembers the smell;
There was a pair of us,
But together we went through it all.

—A youth to fortune and to fame unknown sends Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas is for a moment petrified, then seizes his pen and replies: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author by return of post: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail: "Send me your play, my young friend."

IN FAR OFF SUNNY SPAIN.

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Words by Palmer Cox. Music by Malcolm Douglas.

In Spain, in far-off, sunny Spain,
Where oft the tender, sweet refrain
Of mandolins and soft guitars
Is heard beneath the twinkling stars,
A lover wooed a little maid
At eve, beneath the citron's shade,
And whispered vows so sweet and low,
That thrilled her heart long years ago!
"Sweetheart, I love but thee,
Yes, thee alone I love;
And I will ever be
As true as stars above!
So bright with hope they shine
To-night on you and me!
Oh! say that you'll be mine;
Sweetheart, I love but thee!"

In Spain, in far-off, sunny Spain,
A weary woman waits in vain
For one who loved her, and who died
In alien lands, far from her side;
She hears the happy lover's sigh,
At night, beneath the jewelled skies,
But only soft winds whisper low
The fond, sweet vows of long ago!
"Sweetheart, I love but thee,
Yes, thee alone I love;
And I will ever be
As true as stars above!
So bright with hope they shine
To-night on you and me!
Oh, say that you'll be mine;
Sweetheart, I love but thee!
I love, I love but thee.
Yes, thee, my love, and only thee!"

THE POOR GIRL DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

A simple, gawkish maiden, in a little country town,
She thought she'd like the city and its ways,
So on one summer's morning, dressed in her swellest gown,
She left her home, departed from the jays,
She landed in the city, and walked along the street;
'Twas rather late—in fact, 'twas after nine;
She met a gent, who told her he thought her very sweet,
And then, of course, invited her to dine.

CHORUS.

And the poor girl didn't know the difference,
She'd innocence imprinted on her brow.
No, she didn't think 'twas wrong, so, of course, she went along,
She knows the diff'rence now.

A girl named Mary Casey, who'd been married but a year,
Became the mother of a bouncing boy;
She loved the little darling, it really was a dear,
And soon became its parents' pride and joy;
One day she went out calling, and took the child to see
A friend, who had a little baby girl;
She got the two kids twisted, and when she went to leave,
She took the wrong one, she was in a whirl.

CHORUS.

For the poor girl didn't know the difference,
The babies looked alike, I will allow,
But with grief she near went wild, when she went to bathe the child,
She knows the difference now.

Now during last vacation, why then pretty Mamie Brown,
She thought she'd like to spend the summer months
Away off in the country, in some nice quiet town;
She packed her trunk and started off at once;
She thought she'd go out milking, the sport would be so new,
When she had only been there 'bout a day,
And when she saw the brindles, she said, that's what I'll do,
Then got a pail and started right away.

CHORUS.

But the poor girl didn't know the difference,
She started then and there to milk the cow,
But she made a sad mistake, for the cow's name it was Jake,
She knows the diff'rence now.

TO ME YOU'RE A BABY, DEAR.

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Words and Music by Edward S. Abeles.

A mother, whose eyes beamed brightly with love,
Sat rocking her babe to sleep;
Her song was addressed to him above,
Her prayer was fervent, deep.
The gentle breath from baby's wee mouth
Came soft as a zephyr's sigh:
And 'twas sweet as the perfume of flower-laden South,
As she sang this lullaby:

REFRAIN.

Sleep gently, sweetheart, my love, my life!
Peaceful thy dreams ever be;
Mother will carefully guard you from strife,
Her life is devoted to thee.
Soon you'll grow up, and when a big chap,
You'll find your mother still near;
But no matter how big, nor whatever may hap',
To me you're a baby dear.

The baby awakes as bright as the day,
A-crooning with glad content,
His tiny pink hands are bent in play
With a doggy which Pa has sent.
The mother's face, in radiant glow,
Stands watching intently by;
And when baby is tired and to sleep he must go,
Then she sings this lullaby:—*Refrain.*

The child in the crib lies gasping for breath,
The doctor is standing there,
A thief in the night, most cruel death,
Has taken this life so fair.
The mother crazed by sorrow and pain,
Does not know the end is nigh;
She is rocking the cradle again and again,
While she sings this lullaby.—*Refrain.*

WITHERED SHAMROCK LEAVES

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Words and Music by John Wilson.

Around this simple, withered leaf,
What tender mem'ries cling,
Of those who shared each joy and grief
In lifetime's happy spring,
When by the silver streamlet's side
We fairy spells did weave,
Down in the valley at even tide,
Where grew those withered shamrock leaves.

CHORUS.

They bring again those happy days, with loved ones kind and true,
In the old home I called my own, where those withered shamrocks grew.

We plucked the dainty emblem sweet
By the valleys silver stream,
And where the thrushes' song did greet
Our raptured ears at e'en,
And on their leaves sweet lips were pressed,
All wet with dewy tears,
And next my heart they are laid at rest,
Those dear, withered shamrock leaves.—*Chorus.*

The place I loved so fond and dear
Is deserted and alone;
In valley now you only hear
The fierce wind's sullen moan;
No more the thrushes' joyous song
Thrills on the evening breeze,
Desolate by oppression's wrong,
Where grew those withered shamrock leaves.—*Chorus.*

Though severed by the mighty deep
Of broad Atlantic's foam,
Those treasured leaves I'll fondly keep
In mem'ry of my home,
And oft'times in foreign lands,
As I gather harvest sheaves,
Through mem'ries dream comes those dear hands,
That plucked those withered shamrock leaves.—*Chorus.*

—"A very fine sermon, Mr. Jones," said Deacon Brown to the parson at the close of service yesterday, "several laps ahead of anything you ever gave us before." "Yes," replied Parson Jones, blushing slightly, "I think myself that I made a pretty good score." Thus doth the virus of the walking match permeate and pervert all classes of society.

DIMES AND NICKELS.

Chorus. Words and Music by CHAS. FREMONT.



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Little Johnny Johnson is My Sunday Beau.

Chorus. Words and Music by TOMMY POWERS.



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Only to See My Mother.

Written and Composed by LINCOLN J. POLLAK.



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"I CAN'T FOOL THE DUTCH."

Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



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After Your Wand'ring, Come Home.

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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For Piano.

By GEO C EDWARDS.



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Chorus.



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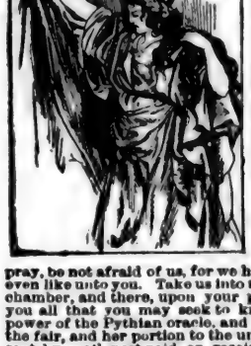
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There's a charming, neat soubrette, who will set me crazy yet;
All her actions are so cute, she's a daisy, she's a "beaut."
When she comes upon the stage, this soubrette is all the rage;
What she says is all the go; she's a winner at the show.

CHORUS.

My girl is a winner at the music halls,
Neat dancer and singer, and she gets the calls.
I take her to dinner when the curtain falls;
My girl is a winner at the music halls.

She makes such a charming face when she shows a bit of lace;
All the bald heads have a fit while just watching for this bit.
She gets lots of nice bouquets for her lovely winning ways;
This soubrette you ought to know, she's a winner at the show.—*Chorus.*

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

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By Theo. A. Metz.

Come along, get you ready, wear your bran, bran new gown,
For dere's gwine to be a meeting in that good, good old town,
Where you knowded ev'rybody and dey all knowded you;
And you've got a rabbit's foot to keep away de hoodoo.
When you hear that the preaching does begin,
Bend down low for to drive away your sin,
And when you gets religion you want to shout and sing,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby.

CHORUS.

When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling,
All join 'round and sweetly you must sing;
And when the verse am through in the chorus all join in,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

There'll be girls for ev'rybody in that good, good old town,
For dere's Miss Consola Davis an' dere's Miss Gondolia Brown,
And dere's Miss Johnnna Beasly, she am all dressed in red,
I just hugged her and I kissed her, and to me then she said:
Please, oh, please, oh, do not let me fall,
You're all mine, and I love you best of all;
And you must be my man or I'll have no man at all,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby.—*Chorus.*

Don't Tell Her that You Saw Me.

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Words and Music by Raphael Fassett.

In a distant little village there dwells a charming girl,
To me she is the sweetest in the world.
It is but a year or more since I left that village shore,
To seek my fortune in an unknown land.
Adventures wild and bold, were stories that I told
To this little maiden by the sea;
And when by chance one day some men led me astray,
This is the story that I would have told:

CHORUS.

Don't tell her that you saw me, down at the city's keep,
Don't tell her that 'twas drink that made me go.
Don't mention it to father, or to my mother dear,
For if you don't I know she'll never know.

Away from home and friends, and in a strange, strange land,
The tempter that has ruined many a man,
Secured me in a grasp, from which I found it hard to break,
And run away to home and friends once more.
Long years of weary waiting, and the prayers of those I loved,
Have made the man within me rise above,
And now, ere long, the sweetheart I left on distant shores,
Will welcome me forever, evermore.

CHORUS.

Don't tell her that you saw me down at the city's keep,
Don't tell her that 'twas drink that made me go.
Don't mention it to father, or to my mother dear,
For if you don't I know she'll never know.

—"Do you think you'll be able to pull through?" anxiously inquired the needle of the thread. "Eye guess so," was the curt response.

She Never Saw Her Father's Face Again

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Written and Composed by Charles Graham.

"No!" said a stearn, old father, "I forbid you both to go,
For summer dances often lead to wrong;
You are my only children, and 'tis best for you to know
The downward path you shall not pass along."
The sisters sadly turned away, one to the dance would go;
Her father this offence could not forgive.
"Go, leave this house," he told his girl, "to me this is a blow,
And ne'er return as long as I may live!"

CHORUS.

She never saw her father's face again,
Although she always wrote to dear old mother;
This was the burden of her heart's refrain:
"I pray we all shall meet some day or other."

One day they missed her letter, and no more was ever sent,
No tidings came to tell them of her fate;
Her father now is bowed with grief, his anger does repent:
He'd call her back, but now it is too late,"
The poor frail form by strangers has been laid away to rest.
Her spirit may at home be hov'ring near.
They know not where to find her, and, perhaps, 'tis for the best·
Her last words were a prayer for father dear.—*Chorus.*

DON'T LET HER GO AWAY JOHN

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Words by Howard Graham. Music by Charles Graham.

A wilful maiden lived within a happy little home,
A loving mother tried her very best
To bring her back within the fold, but late she used to roam—
Thro' anxious fears her parents had no rest.
One night when she came home, her father said, "Now, girl, begone!"
The mother said, "Let's hear what she would say;
She will be better, John, I'm sure, if you forgive her now;
She's better home, don't let her go away."

REFRAIN.

"Don't let her go away, John, don't let her go away;
Home is the place to keep her, no matter what they say;
She is our only daughter, you might regret this day—
Let her stay home, why should she roam, don't let her go away."

The years went by, and empty fame and riches she had won;
The old man now is sorry that she went.
A life of worldly splendor, full of folly, she begun,
And many times he for his child has sent.
So as the years roll on, she further drifts from home and friends.
"She was not all to blame," you'll hear them say.
The mother, when she speaks about her, oft repeats the words:
"I begged you, John, don't let her go away."—*Refrain.*

I DON'T LOVE NOBODY.

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Words and Music by Lew Sully.

Born down in Kentucky, lived there all my life,
I've been very lucky, never had a wife;
Mighty near it Sunday, asked a coon to wed,
Met that lady Monday, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me,
You're after my money, don't care for me;
I'm gwine to live single, always a be free,
I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me.

Went out promenading down on Thompson Street,
Met a colored lady, smiled on her so sweet;
Said, ah there, my boney, thought I had her dead,
When I tried to kiss her, why, this is what she said:—*Chorus.*

Met Miss Martha Johnson at a colored ball,
Tried her best to shake me, wouldn't work at all,
Told her that I loved her, marry quick as wink;
She said, "Look here, niggah, I'm gwine to talk distinct:"—*Chorus.*

Went out Tuesday evening, 'long with Carter Bryce,
Broke that Kansas nigger "shootin'" poker dice,
Made love to his lady, kissed her right away,
Pulled a razor on me, and then I heard her say:—*Chorus.*

—Why is the letter T like Easter? It's the last of Lent.

THE UPPER, BROADWAY GIRLS

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Each nation has its pretty girls, whose praises have been sung,
But let me sing the praises of the ones we are among,
With dreamy eyes of azure blue and roguish eyes of brown,
That captivates the chappies in the upper part of town;
Just walk up Broadway a summer's afternoon,
And see the buds of beauty, like a garden full of bloom,
There seems a charm about them, of which we can't deny,
The sweetest of pets that e'er you met, with a naughty winking eye.

CHORUS.

And they are the upper Broadway girls, with their jaunty air and curls,
You couldn't help but like 'em with their dashing style, so striking;
Always up to date, you see, 'way ahead of the gayety,
The gayest of all, and got the call, the upper Broadway girls.

No doubt you've been to London, and, perhaps to gay Paree,
No doubt you met their beauties, but no fairer could you see,
When strolling upper Broadway in your leisure time, just so,
And meet the sweetest darlings that you'd ever want to know.
Now you may all sing about your summer girls,
And talk about your Marguerites, your Jennies and your Pearls,
The gayest of the gayest, the ones we love the best,
Mid plenty of dash, with style and cash, while they always look their best.—*Cho.*

Won't You Be My Little Girl?

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Words by Isaac G. Reynolds. Music by Homer Tourjee.

A poor little ragged child, tears were in each pretty eye,
Stood midst the city's throng, pleading with all who passed by,
Crowds gathered by her side, waiting her story to hear,
Every one pitied her, 'most ev'ry one shed a tear;
I have no place to go, were the sad words that she said;
Nobody cares for me now that my mother is dead;
Then some kind-hearted man led the poor orphan away,
Holding her to his heart, then the sweet child heard him say:

CHORUS.

Won't you be my little girl, I had a child once like you;
She had those same pretty curls, and those same bright eyes of blue,
So I will love you the same, and you'll be my own little pearl;
My little child she's in heaven with your ma, so won't you be "my little girl."

At home sat his darling wife, hair now gray, tho' young in years,
She held a photograph, covered with mother's sad tears,
'Twas of her own dear child, whom she will see here no more;
She treasures all the toys her baby left on the floor,
Husband, returning home, met his dear wife at the door.
"Here is a child," he said; "you'll not be sad any more."
With fond caresses then, and with a mother's kind way,
She changed the ragged dress, while to the child she did say:—*Chorus.*

If I Only Could Blot Out the Past.

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The complete copy of this song (words and music combined) can be obtained from the publisher, Hamilton S. Gordon, 139 Fifth Avenue, New York, for 50 cents.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

In a city far away came a messenger one day
With a letter for a girl, and thus it read:
"Your old mother died to-day, and before she passed away
Often asked for you when all stood by her bed.
Now, Nell, please write and say that you'll start for home to-day,
For poor father has forgiven you at last,
And he longs to see you, too, for he always speaks of you,"
But poor Nell wrote, while the tears were falling fast:

CHORUS.

If I only could blot out the past,
If I only could all forget,
And the sweetheart of old had his love never told,
If he and I never had met,
I'd be home with the old folks to-day,
But for me now the die is cast;
My heart oft doth yearn, and I'd like to return,
If I only could blot out the past.

In her home one year ago not a sorrow did she know,
In the quiet little town she was the belle;
But a lad there won her heart, now they've drifted far apart,
For poor Nell loved him not wisely but too well;
But pride keeps her away from that dear old home to-day,
For her name the village folks linked with disgrace,
And they tried to wreck her life, for poor Nell was not his wife,
And she thought of all, while tears rolled down her face.—*Chorus.*

—What are the most difficult ships to conquer? Hard-ships.

It's Forty Miles from Schenectady to Troy.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

"I'm going on the stage," said the pale-faced youth,
"I'm going on the stage, and I'll be another Booth."
"Before you go," said the second old man,
"You want to get the thickest pair of boots that you can,
For it's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep 'tab' on that, my boy;
And when you reach Troy it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto in New York."

CHORUS.

"It's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep tab on that, my boy;
And when you reach Troy, it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto of New York."

The art of the stage is a very high art,
Said the youth as he placed his hand upon his heart;
The old man said, with tears in his eyes,
"You'll find it isn't higher than the railroad ties!
For it's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep 'tab' on that, my boy,
And when you reach Troy it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto in New York."—*Chorus.*

"The actor man is a being most rare,"
The pale-faced youth then proceeded to declare.
The old man said, "Undoubtedly he's sweet,
But he ought to be born with an extra pair of feet,
For it's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep 'tab' on that, my boy;
And when you reach Troy it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto in New York."—*Chorus.*

Sister Mary Jane's Top Note.

Words by F. Bowyer. Music by Ivan Caryll.

The sheet music of this song (words and music complete) is published by Boosey & Co., Music Publishers, 9 East 17th Street, New York. Price 50 cents.

Some people have the money, and others have the brains,
But lots would like to have a voice like Sister Mary Jane's;
Your Patti and Albani in the rear must take a seat,
For penetrating quality you'll find it hard to beat;
Some say it's a soprano, but we're not quite sure of that,
She's one top note, a beauty, like the shrieking of a cat;
It's known to all the neighbors who reside around our way,
And when they think Jane's going to sing, they to each other say:

REFRAIN.

Sit back! hold tight! Mary's going to sing!
She's going to try again to crack her throat!
It stops the birds a-singing, and it sets the bells a-ringing,
Sister Mary Jane's top note!

She joined a class for singing, but she never said a word
About her only top note, such a thing they never heard;
She let it go one evening and the organist, poor man,
Went flying through the window, and away like mad he ran.
It twisted all the organ-pipes, and the boy who blew the wind
Got jammed into the bellows hole, and left his boots behind,
But Mary sat so saintly, for the poor girl didn't know,
She cleared her throat to sing again, but ev'ry one said "Wo!"—*Ref.*

She sang at the Aquarium, and all the people fled,
The manager went 'round and found that all the fish were dead;
The band, nor the conductor, never since a word have spoke,
They're all quite deaf, and out of work, with their tympanums broke,
It don't hurt Sister Mary, for she likes it, it appears,
But when we think she's going to chirp, we all stop up our ears;
If a train is slow in starting, she will give a little cough,
Bang! goes Mary's top note, and they all say, "Now we're off!"—*Refrain.*

They stopped poor Mary singing, when the neighbors all could hear,
So she took the train to Southend, just to practice on the pier;
She cleared her throat—then let it go with wonderful effect,
The machines all dropped to pieces and the pleasure-boats got wrecked.
It tore the sails to *ribbins*, and the sea-gulls couldn't quack,
The tide went out, and people say it's never coming back.
When Mary goes to Southend now, the folks keep off the pier,
The niggers only sing one song, and this is what you hear:—*Refrain.*

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—An agent, soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading—"one dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep"—declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

LULLABY.

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Words and Music by A. S. Rhorer.

Baby, come and kiss your mother, lay your head upon my breast,
Close your tearful eyes in slumber, forget your cares, be at rest.
May the loving hand of kindness, through this world of hopes and fears,
Smooth the wrinkles from your forehead, make you happy, dry your tears.
Sleep on, baby, sleep.

See! he sleeps, my little treasure, nestled close unto my heart,
While I to dream of the pleasure that the awak'ning will impart,
Dreaming of those sweet lips parted in a rippling laugh of joy,
Of those dimpled arms caressing, and of kissing mamma's boy.
Sleep on, baby sleep.

BLOSSOMS UNFADING.

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Words by J. Edmund Estes. Music by Jennie L. Estes.

Within the vined arbor we lingered that night,
She picked me a blossom by fairy moonlight;
I thanked her, then added, "'Tis lovely, dear maid;
But I long for a blossom that time cannot fade."

CHORUS.

Blossoms unfading,
Our life pervading,
Weaving in sweetness its chaplet of hours;
Cares that encumber,
Forever slumber,
Where love's fragrant blossoms bloom into flowers.

I asked her ere parting to be my fair bride;
She paused but a moment, then sweetly replied,
"To be your wife, dear one, I am not afraid,
But I, too, crave a blossom that time cannot fade."—*Chorus.*

Old age now creeps o'er us; though long years have passed,
The scent of love's blossom remains till the last;
We cherish that arbor, although rudely made,
Where we found the lone blossom that time did not fade.—*Chorus.*

FAT BOY.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

A boy that was much too fat was trav'ling with a show,
He wore blue satin breeches, and a sash tied in a bow.
A red and purple banner, that adorned the circus grounds,
Informed the anxious public that he weighed six hundred pounds.
Now on the platform with the boy, a sweet Circassian girl
Revealed a lot of surplus hair that couldn't learn to curl.
The boy breathed burning love to her, and asked her if she'd wed;
But she only laughed a horrid laugh, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

Fat boy, fat boy, you're talking through your hat, boy!
Your physical architecture is a kind that couldn't please.
Fat boy, fat boy, you don't know where you're at, boy!
For I have mashed the man upon the high trapeze.

The boy he bided his time, as a bider he was great;
He laid for that small gymnast, with a fat and fervent hate.
One night a few weeks later, when he got him rightly placed,
He sat upon his rival and he mashed him to a paste.
Then straightway ran the happy boy to that Circassian girl,
And on his knees he asked, once more, if she would be his pearl!
He begged her to be married, now the other chap was dead,
But she only laughed a horrid laugh, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

Fat boy, fat boy, you're talking through your hat, boy!
The man on the high trapeze, I shook a month or more ago.
Fat boy, fat boy, you don't know where you're at, boy!
I've mashed the boss, and now I own the whole darned show.

—What is it that a young lady looks for, but doesn't wish to find? A hole in her stocking.

LOVE ME, LOVE ME!

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

I kneel to thee in fervent prayer,
My misery and my despair
Is more than I can bear,
Oh, lovely lady, my pulses beat,
While cold thou art.
Here, at thy feet, ere I depart,
I lay my breaking heart.
Oh, lovely lady, woman divine,
Love me, love me! my love is thine!
Love me, love me!
Lay thou thy heart against my heart,
My hope, my very life thou art!
Woman divine, love me, love me!
My love is thine! love me, love me!
Lay thou thy heart against my heart,
My life thou art! love me!
This tender little song I'll keep within my heart,
And with it plead for love with all a lover's art:
I'll sing and sing again this passionate refrain:
Woman divine, love me, love me!
My love is thine! love me, love me!
Lay thou thy heart against my heart;
My hope, my very life thou art!
Woman divine, love me, love me!
My love is thine! love me, love me!
Lay thou thy heart against my heart;
My life, thou art!
Love me! love me! love me! woman divine!

INHERITED FROM MY AUNT.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

I try to do ev'rything right,
But I can't, for my aunt
Was a most irresponsible lady,
Whose habits unhappily I have inherited.
Oh, mine's an unfortunate plight,
'Tisn't fair, I declare;
I mean to be awfully proper and nice,
And the failure I make is unmerited.
My aunt was a rollicking, frolicing, galloping,
Gay and elusive young reveler.
And all of the mischievous sprites in the world
Got together and tried to bedevil her!
She cut the most startling capers!
She even got into the papers,
And now to be modest I can't,
I inherit the faults of my aunt!

REFRAIN.

With a fizzy whizz whizz went auntie,
And fizzy whizz whizz go I;
I never can stop going fizzy whizz whizz,
No matter how hard I try;
I'd like to be prim and proper,
But the deuce of it is I can't,
For I am a victim of fizzy whizz whizz,
Inherited from my aunt.

I wish all the people could say
She's a saint, but she ain't;
It's an awfully difficult thing to be good,
When your aunt was a lady ecstatical.
All vanity I'd put away
If I could, yes I would;
But I'm bound to confess that I'm led into acts
That you'd have to describe as eratical.
I'm full of the very old nick, and I'm fond
Of the noisiest kind of hilarity.
I very much fear that late suppers with me
Have enjoyed an undue popularity;
You even may credit the rumors
That say I am riding in bloomers,
But to blame me, now really you can't,
I inherit these things from my aunt.—*Refrain.*

—A little fellow five or six years old, who had been wearing flannel jackets much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked about, and finally burst out, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this jacket?"

THE MOON HID HER BLUSH BEHIND A CLOUD.

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Words and Music by Sigfrid Stenhammar.

It was a moonlight night in Central Park,
With lovers promenading in the dark,
And mortals here and there
Were caught quite unaware
In cupid's irritating little snare.
Quite near the city's big menagerie,
A couple sat, wrapped in a reverie,
They had their honest share
Of cupid's little snare,
And did those little silly things you see.

REFRAIN.

But the moon hid her blush behind a cloud,
For the sound that she heard was very loud;
She couldn't stand the sight,
And didn't think it right,
So she hid her blushing face behind a cloud.

"Oh, dear, do you love me as I do you?
Were mingled with the sounds from the Zoo,"
The moon she didn't miss,
The answer 'twas a kiss,
She felt ashamed and knew not what to do,
Quite clearly you could hear the lion's roar,
While from the lover's seat came just one more,
Just one before we go,
To let your darling know
That you belong to him for evermore.—*Refrain.*

The Wedding Day that Never Came.

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Words and Music by Thos. F. Morrissey.

In a pretty little hamlet lived
A maiden tried and true,
She loved a soldier brave and bold,
And he loved her she knew,
For years they courted, till at last
Both named the wedding day,
Then thought how naught but happiness
Could cross their life's pathway,
But, sad to say, one day
Bold duty called him from her side,
To fight for his dear country's sake,
On the battle-field he died,
And when the sad news reached her,
Of him she loved so well,
She raved and tore her hair with grief,
Her pain no tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

Her poor heart's nearly broken,
As she kisses some love token;
Can this all be a dream to me,
At times she will exclaim;
At the gate no more she'll meet him,
Nor with a fond kiss greet him,
And can't forget her wedding day
That never, never came.

The poor soul sits each day and moans
As if her heart would break;
She pictures him before her face,
In slumber or awake;
In the old church-yard she's often seen,
At his grave, to kneel and pray,
And strews fresh flowers o'er his mound
Before she goes away;
He fought the battle bravely,
And had died a hero bold,
But left an aching heart behind.
'Tis a story often told,
No more she'll kiss and fondle him,
To a brighter land he's flown,
And left a sweetheart, true as steel,
To bear the grief alone.—*Chorus.*

—The witness before the court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Ottiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied: "O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O, D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had met with, and, after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.

KATIE.

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Words and Music by John Walsh.

There's a girl that resides in the next house to ours,
She's pretty, she's stylish and neat.
The boys in the neighborhood all send her flowers,
For beauty she cannot be beat.
For them she don't care she told me last night,
She dearly loved one, don't you see?
And then I was filled with the greatest delight,
The one that she loves sure is me.

CHORUS.

Katie, Katie, lovely, divine,
I'll be so happy when I can call you mine.
You have said you loved me, from me you'd never part;
Why longer tarry, let's hasten to marry, my own sweetheart.

And when we are married, we're going away,
To visit our birth-place and more.
I've plenty of money our passage to pay,
For I long for a sight of that shore;
And when we are there, we'll roam hand in hand
A four-leafed shamrock to find:
No happier couple in that dear old land.
Will leave care and trouble behind.—*Chorus.*

BEFORE SHE FELL.

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Words and Music by Bert C. Norman.

In a crowded thoroughfare, on one cold winter's night,
A woman stood forsaken and forlorn;
Standing in her tatters there, she was an awful sight,
For one who once a good home did adorn,
The crowd was jeering at her, in such a cruel way,
No friendly hand was raised to stem the tide;
When to the crowd a lady came, with face so pure and sweet,
And said, as she stood by the woman's side:

CHORUS.

Please do not taunt or abuse her,
Don't annoy her any more;
She was not always so ragged,
She was not always so poor;
Once she was full of life's sunshine,
Once she was happy and well;
I'm pleading for her because she was my chum
Before she fell.

Then she placed her arm around the shiv'ring creature's form,
And sought with kindly words her heart to cheer;
Knowing well that she was once a good and happy wife,
With pleasant home and little children dear.
One night a tempter saw her, and marked her for his own,
No friend was near the danger to foretell;
It is the same old story that for ages has been told,
A story that is always told too well.—*Chorus.*

Knew His Business.—"Jones," said the banker, as he called the cashier into his private office and motioned him to be seated, "you have been with us now for about ten years, haven't you?" "Y—yes, sir, I—I think it will be ten years next month, sir!" "Exactly, Jones—ten years next month. For ten long years you have been a faithful, honest employee of this house." "T—thanks, sir. I—I have tried to be faithful, sir." "You have, Jones, and you have certainly succeeded. I can't look back in all that time and remember when I ever had occasion to reprimand you for neglecting your work." "Thank you, sir." "I have watched over your interests, Jones, as I would my own sons'—advanced you step by step, and to-day you hold one of the best positions in New York." "You have been very kind, sir." "No employee in this bank, Jones, is more liked or more trusted by us than you are, and the day isn't far off when I propose to give you still another—but we'll talk of that later on. By the way, Jones, when I was transacting some important business with that veiled lady in here the other morning and my wife stood outside the door asking for me, what was it you said that made her leave so suddenly?" "Why, sir, I told her you were holding a most important meeting with seven other bankers, which would last three or four hours, and if you were disturbed even for a second it might mean the loss of thousands of dollars to you." "Just so, Jones! I see I have not overestimated your ability as a cashier! Remember, my dear boy, that honesty is always the best policy, faithfulness brings its own reward, and you may some day stand in my shoes in this bank. That's all, Jones—that's all to-day, my boy, except that you shall have three extra days on your vacation this year!"

It's My Sister You Want, Not Me.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

I've got more trouble than any one man
That lives in this town, I know,
And all on account of a sweet little girl
I met but a short time ago.
Now she has a twin sister whom I never knew,
And I'm mixed 'tween the two, don't you see?
To tell one from the other, and this one from t'other,
Is the thing that now puzzles me.

CHORUS.

They're so like each other, they say that their brother
Can't tell them apart, save his life,
And even their mother don't know one from the other,
The father is just like the wife:
Now the one they call "Pollie" is just like my Mollie,
And when this one I meet, don't you see,
She smiles and says "really a mistake, I think, merely,
But's my sister you want, not me."

Now I think I'm in love, but which one I'm not sure;
To tell you the truth I don't know;
When I think I'm all right I find out I'm quite wrong,
It seems that it is always so.
When I find them together, I have to keep still,
And when alone I'm also at sea;
If I speak to this Polly, she says: "Oh, it's Molly,
My sister, you want, not me."—*Chorus.*

'Twas only last night that I called at the house,
An evening to spend with my dear:
And as the time passed, I nerved up to that point,
To tell you the truth I felt queer,
I called her my ducky, then down on my knees
I swore that she must marry me;
When she smiled and said: "Harry, I'm too young to marry,
It's my sister you want, not me."—*Chorus.*

Last week I went out to a nice little "hop,"
My Mollie was there with the rest,
So after a dance we sat down for a chat,
Of course, I went in for my best.
Then, in many sweet words, I unburdened my heart,
And asked if my wife she would be?
When she smiled and said, "No, sir, now this will not go, sir,
It's my sister you want, not me."—*Chorus.*

Now it's not often a man tells a joke on himself,
But on me here's a good one, I know;
I met one of these twins, and the right one, I thought,
So down the street we started to go.
I politely addressed her, when she stopped and said, "sir,"
Then I tried to explain, do you see?
When she growled and said, "Mister, I guess it's my sister,
It's my sister you want, not me."—*Chorus.*

I went out for a stroll, and met one of these girls,
Who suggested that we take a walk,
And while in the park, we sat down for a chat,
It seemed she did want to talk.
Now, Harry, my darling, to me would you give
A "twenty," my dear—do you see?
I thought it was Mollie, but she says it was Pollie,
'Twas that sister that looks like me.—*Chorus.*

We were not married long, when this other sweet twin,
Was invited to visit our home;
All went very well, till one day I found out
That my troubles did not come alone.
Now really I thought 'twas my wife all the time,
But on this point we did not agree;
She showed her temper and muscle, said, "get out and hustle,
It's my sister you want, not me."—*Chorus.*

Now take my advice, don't get mixed up with twins,
To my sorrow I made the mistake,
It cost me good money to find this all out,
But I found it all out too late,
She took the advantage of me all the time,
And when presents I'd give her, you see,
Oh! how thoughtful to make it, say thank you and take it,
But it's my sister you want, not me.—*Chorus.*

NOTE.—The following words to be spoken:
Second Verse: "Oh, it's Mollie."
Third Verse: "Harry, I'm too young to marry."
Fourth Verse: "No, sir, now this will not go, sir."
Fifth Verse: "Sir!" (5th line.) "Mister, I guess it's my sister."
Sixth Verse: "Do you see?"

—Why is a policeman like a rainbow? Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

—Being asked what made him so dirty, an unwashed street Arab's reply was: "I was made, as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

I CALL THAT LOVE—DON'T YOU?

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

'Twas at the club the other night a jolly crowd was there,
To tell a story, sing a song, each one to do his share,
At last they talked of woman true—did she wed for love or gold;
Could some one tell why woman's love was not like that of old.
One man declared that money bought the love of woman fair,
Another vowed that marriage was a failure and a snare,
When I replied, "You're wrong, my friends, I know of woman true,
Who marry poor, but good, honest men—now I call that love—don't you?"

CHORUS.

I know that girl loved me, and I know she was true;
When poor, by me she stood—now, boys, what would you do?
I'll tell you how I know that little one was true,
When, without a cent, she stuck to me, now I call that love—don't you?

You ask me, boys, to sing a song, or tell a story new,
And wonder why I've not joined in, now listen, I'll tell you
A story true I've never told that almost breaks my heart,
Of one I loved who passed away, 'twas decreed that we must part,
She was fair as fair could be, and promised that she would be mine,
The day was set, misfortune came, there always comes a time,
Now, did she leave me—no! She said, "Jack, I'll stick to you,"
And so she did till the end, my boys; now I call that love—don't you?—*Cho.*

How I'd Like to Find Dat Man.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

I'a looking for a nigger dat dey says left de town,
Went in de night, I know,
Told me dat he lubed me, den he threw me down—
How I hate dat nigger so.
I hasn't got a dollar in dis wide, wide world,
But I'll hunt till I get dat man,
And when I meet him, den de trouble will begin—
Yes, when I find dat man:

CHORUS.

How I'd like to find dat man of mine,
'Deed, I'd like to meet dat coon
Who called me his honey, den took all ma money,
And said he would be right back soon,
Dey say dat he's gone wid a little yaller gal,
For me to try to ketch him if I can;
If I meet dat coon dere'll be trouble mighty soon,
Oh, how I'd like to find dat man.

I'd thirteen dollars in de bottom of ma trunk,
When last dat nigger I see;
When I went to pay ma rent, why I didn't have a cent.
Oh, he didn't do a thing to me.
Dat big, black barber had taken every bit,
Left me to do de best I can.
Now I'll bet you a dollar dat I will make him holler
Yes when I find dat man.—*Chorus.*

Dat nigger stole de money dat I worked so hard to get,
Didn't leave enough to buy a meal,
Took my chain and locket, every nickel in ma pocket.
I neber thought dat man would steal.
His name is Billy Weaver, and he is a gay deceiver,
But I'll show him dat he can't fool wid me,
I'll fill him full of lead, yes, I'll *break his head*
When dat man I see.—*Chorus.*

* Spoken.

—A school-boy spelled "sob," and when asked to define it, blundered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it bursts out itself." Another defined a comma as a period with a tail.

—An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon entered a drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."

—Youth (with sad, love-struck air): "Oh! wilt thou be mine, my own dear birdie? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you. Say, oh! say thou wilt be mine!" Maiden (with down-cast eyes): "Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls look at me curiously. Is my hair all right?"

SAVE OUR LITTLE NELL.

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Words by W. Murdoch Lind. Music by Homer Tourjee.

The night was dark and stormy, the snow fell ev'rywhere,
The doctor in his parlor sat with his daughter fair;
When suddenly there entered a man with voice so mild,
"O doctor, come," in grief he cried," and save our darling child!
My wife is weak and sickly, no work have I to do;
We've spent my scanty savings, there's no more left for you,
But don't refuse to help us—O doctor, do not wait!
I beg you quickly come with me, or else we'll be too late!

CHORUS.

Save our little girl, sir, she's our only child;
Just the thought of losing Nellie nearly drives me wild!
So young and so tender, so loving as well;
She is our joy and our sunshine, save our little Nell.

The doctor's hand lay softly upon his daughter's curls,
"I'll do my best," he murmured, "for your sake and the girl's."
Then swiftly in his carriage through streets and lanes they passed,
"Please hasten, doctor," begged the man, "before she breathes her last!"
At length beside the suff'rer the kind physician stood;
He gave the father money for medicine and food.
The trembling parents watched him with dim and tearful eye,
Until he smiled and said "she's safe, for heaven has heard your cry!"—*Cho.*

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Parody—By Max Rosenfeld.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

In a corner barrel-house bar-room sat a number of gay men;
You could tell that they were tough jays, money never troubled them,
When up spoke 'a good thing blokey,' "Come, let's have a whiskey, boys,
Something that will help to drive a man away."
"I will tell you how we'll work it," said a weary Willie guy,
Let us have three wishes, something good and strong;
We'll let Bobby be the first one, he's the best bum we've got here,
Then they listened to a wish that's never wrong:

CHORUS.

"Just to have the price of another beer,
Just to have the jag a fellow can get here,
Just to be thrown out quickly through the rear,
Just to see the judge again.
Just to have the blessed same old sixty days,
Just to get the chance to work some other jays,
Just to strike the luck the dandy dust to raise,
Just to be a drunk again."

There they sat, those weary willies, not a blokey drank a beer,
While the same was foaming lively in the glasses standing near,
For the memories of that one price, made them think of other days,
When as buncoes they had worked the poor old jays.
Then a jackpot it was opened by another weary guy;
Your money in a minute I will take,
Four aces is a good thing, so dear to one and all,
And now, my boys, I'll give you all the shake.

CHORUS.

Just enough of coin to take me to Clark Street,
Just enough to give all the boys a treat,
Just enough to make me shaky on my feet,
Just to drive a cop away;
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be dry again,
Just enough to keep one out of the pen,
You may wish for many drinks, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious dough can buy.

The bartender, passing through the place, stopped in the bar-room there;
He had a good-sized skate on, and the others had their share.
Just you pony up the price, my lads, before you leave the joint,
Or your mothers will not recognize you, boys.
Still there's a thing that I want yet better than the dough or jag,
Though, perhaps, I may be killed for saying so,
It's that the man who comes in here will kindly buy the drinks,
And not eat up the lunch before he goes.

CHORUS.

Just to keep a padlock fastened on the lunch,
Just to see no more a lazy fellow munch,
Just to keep them all from getting in a bunch,
Just give another man a chance.
Just to get a poison warranted tramps to kill,
Just to see one of them that has had his fill,
He's the fellow that completely fills my bill,
Then I can lead a happy life.

Curran was once arguing in Chancery before Lord Clare, who was seated on the bench caressing a Newfoundland dog, and apparently ignoring Curran's presence. At last Curran stopped speaking. The Judge said: "Go on, Mr. Curran." Curran replied: "I beg a thousand pardons, I really thought your lordship was employed *in consultation*."

JUST THE SAME.

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Words by Chas. E. Baer. Music by Florence Baer.

A youth and a maiden with wild flowers laden,
They'd gathered that afternoon,
Were home slowly strolling, the church-bell was tolling,
Their journey would end too soon,
He said, "Now, don't tease me, say something to please me,
For sometimes I think you grow cold.
My heart's in a flurry, now don't make me worry,
Just treat me the same as of old."

CHORUS.

"Say that you love me, tell me true,
Just as you used to, I still love you;
Don't let us quarrel, I'm to blame,
Only to hear you say you will love me alway just the same."

Her little heart fluttered, the words that he uttered
Were just what she loved to hear.
The teardrop had started, and, half broken-hearted,
She whispered low in his ear,
"Jack, dear, never leave me, they said you'd deceive me,
They said you would leave me some day;
I thought since we're older your love had grown colder,
But I know you're true when you say:—*Chorus.*

TRULY, TRULY!

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

They say that my Nellie's a gay, young deceiver,
And I am but one of her beaux;
And ev'ry one tells me I'm wrong to believe her,
Her perfidy all the world knows,
But Nellie can twirl me around her small finger,
So great is her womanly art;
While tears of distress in her lovely eyes linger,
She whispers these words to my heart:

CHORUS.

Truly, truly, I love you! Why do you treat me so cooly?
If you are not kinder I know what I'll do, I just will not speak to you, truly.
Truly, truly, I love you! Now don't say that I am unruly!
I'll cry and I'll die if you think I am not true, truly, truly.

They tell me that Nellie's a girl without feeling,
And likes to make fools of the men;
They say that my rivals her false heart are stealing,
And I am but one out of ten.
But when, in my anger, I set out to scold her,
She raises the bluest of eyes,
And laying her dear little head on my shoulder,
She whispers to me while she cries:—*Chorus.*

LITTLE DICKIE DOUBLEDAY.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

There's a little man we know, who wears a lovely little whisker,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
And when he's 'round the town, you bet that very few are brisker,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
But lately all the chorus girls have very sorely missed him,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
He's trying to have a walking stick extracted from his system,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
Little Dickie Doubleday went to see a naughty play,
With undivided interest he followed it;
The girls reduced his heart to pulp, and when they danced he gave a gulp,
Forgot about his walking stick, and swallowed it.

Little Dickie loved his stick, and to his chest he fondly pressed it,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
He nibbled it so often that he thought he could digest it,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
But now he has decided that a cane not good to eat is,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
It's two to one that Dickie dies of swift appendicitis,
Poor Dickie Doubleday, poor little man!
Little Dickie Doubleday isn't feeling very gay,
His stick has gone, and medicine has followed it.
Our friend no more we hope to see, the doctors seem to all agree,
A cane is apt to kill you when you swallow it.

THERE'LL COME A TIME.

Parody—Written and Sung by Billy Johnson.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Why are you sad, Grover, our darling?
Why are those tears falling to-day?
Why do you look at them books so strangely?
Have they done wrong, tell us we pray?
No, no, my boys, them books they learned me,
All that I know from day to day,
All that I fear some day I'll leave them,
Just as I did eight years ago.

CHORUS.

But there'll come a time some day when Chicago will change its ways,
They'll have good men to guide it from day to day;
Remember all I said, workingmen then will get ahead;
Always remember Bryan's story—he says, there'll come a time.

Let us know all, Grover, our darling?
Tell us, we pray, of work to-day?
Where has it gone, why did it leave us?
Why is its name never mentioned here?
I never worked since you've been in,
Nor has a friend that lives close to me;
I'd give my life only to see it,
Tell us, dear Grover, will there come a time.

CHORUS.

Yes, there'll come a time some day, workingmen will have their own way,
They'll have good men to guide them from day to day,
Remember all I said, workingmen will get ahead;
Always remember Bryan's story, for there'll come a time.

MY MOTHER WAS A LADY.

Parody—Written and Sung by Billy Johnson.

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Two actors sat at dinner in a bum hotel,
One day while eating some rye bread,
When a cockroach came their way;
At first they did not notice it,
Or make the least reply,
Until he tried to walk away
With a large-sized piece of pie.
Then turning to my partner,
Whose cheeks were turning red,
I was just going to kill it,
When it looked up and said:

CHORUS.

My mother was a lady, and I'm a lady too,
I'm working in this restaurant, and this is what I have to do,
I came to this restaurant just three days ago,
Mister, please don't kill me, and I won't take anything, you know.

It's true that in these restaurants
No man he can eat,
For every time he take a bite,
They walk right on your meat.
I bit it once, it cried again;
I know your old pal Jack
He used to eat here, but he never will come back;
He'd be so glad to see you,
And if his wife was only dead,
We'd all go to the funeral,
Then the cockroach's sister said:

CHORUS.

My sister is a lady, and I'm a lady too;
We're working in this restaurant it's the only kind of work we can do,
We came to this restaurant, just three days ago,
Mister, please don't kill me, and I won't take anything, you know,

—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said one of them, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing hemp."

—They were talking about the weight of different individuals in a certain family, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jennie ain't so very light either, although she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious and blushed, and Jennie became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

—A country physician of limited sense and "limiteder" education, was called to see Mr. R.'s little boy, who was quite ill. He gave some medicine and left, promising to call on the following morning. When he arrrived Mr. R. met him at the gate and informed him that the child was convalescent. "Convalescent?" said the doctor, "convalescent? Then if he is that bad off you'll have to call in some other physician; I never treated a case of it in my life!" and with that he mounted his horse and departed.

GIVE TO ME THE GIRL WHO LOVES HER MOTHER.

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Words by Ren. Shields. Music by Geo. Evans.

A jolly lot of fellows sat within a cozy room,
Telling of the girls whom they loved best;
Each one had his favorite, and ev'ry one, of course,
Vowed that this was better than the rest;
Ev'ry one had spoken, save a manly-looking lad,
About the girls whom they would like to wed;
And after all the rest were thro', he rose up from his chair,
And to the other boys these words he said:

CHORUS.

You can have the girl who's fond of dancing,
You can have the girl who's fond of style,
You can have the girl who's fond of dressing,
Or the girl who's fond of flirting all the while;
But the girl that I would choose for my girl,
And her I wouldn't give for any other,
If I were looking for a wife to share my lot thro' life,
Just give to me the girl who loves her mother.

Now, boys, the reason I will tell why such a girl I'd choose,
And why her praises I do loudly sing;
A girl who loves her mother is a girl whom you may trust,
A girl that's worthy of a wedding ring;
And through life she's faithful, you will find she'll never change,
Her love it will grow sweeter day by day;
And when to manhood you have grown, you'll find my words are true;
Remember, boys, 'twas I that you heard say:—*Chorus.*

ASK HER TO FORGIVE ME.

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Words and Music by Fred Colin.

A man was sitting in the park,
Watching the children play,
Among them there was a little girl,
Light-hearted, blithe and gay;
He called the maid up to his side,
"Pray tell to me your name?"
The child replied two little words,
He hung his head in shame:
"I knew your mother well, my child,
I loved her more than life,
I led her to the altar,
She became my darling wife,
But troubles came between us,
Jealously drove us apart;
I know it caused her bitter pain,
And nearly broke my heart."

CHORUS.

"Tell her that I love her still, no matter where I roam;
Tell her since she's gone from me I've found no peace nor home;
Ask her to come back to me and brighten up my life;
Ask her to forgive me and become again my wife."

The child looked in the stranger's face,
The tears stood in her eyes,
"And so you are my papa,
For whom mamma always cries;
Come quick with me, I take you where
She works so hard all day."
A sigh escaped the stranger,
As the child led on the way;
She stopped before a little cot,
"Now you must wait out here
Until I give your message
To the one we both love dear."
He thought he heard a loud, "Thank God!
Thy children now are blessed;"
The door gave way, as in a dream,
His wife lay on his breast.—*Chorus.*

—"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?" It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals—on an equality with him, so they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, Pa, I suppose you'd have to be tried by a jury of baldheaded men!"

—City belle (meeting country aunt): "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Come and see us next week, do, I'm going to have a german on Thursday." Aunt (with severity): "Not I, child. I don't want to see any one of the family that's going to make a fool of herself by marrying a foreigner."

GRETCHEN, MY LOVE.

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Words and Music by Edgar Deering.

Twilight now falls o'er the mountains, homeward we're bound o'er the lea,
Stretching away there before us, lies Gretchen's home by the sea.
Nearer and nearer approaching, soon we will be with our love,
Soon we will feel the heart beating, see the sweet face of my dove.

REFRAIN.

Come forth, my sweet one, come quickly to me,
Dearest and truest, I'm faithful to thee,
Moonlight is falling, Gretchen is calling, I am coming, coming to thee,
Sweet music swelling, love's tale is telling, when my Gretchen comes to me.

List' while I tell of my loved one, sing of my sweet little mate,
Never another such angel lived but within heaven's gate.
Truest blue eyes shining brightly, tell love's own tale as they beam
Forth from beneath golden ringlets, 'circling her face like a dream.—*Refrain.*

Such is my sweet little Gretchen, truest of lovers is she,
Soon we'll be one, happy union, blest will our home ever be.
Then when my Gretchen is calling, calling me over the lea,
Quick will my footsteps, approaching, hasten, dear loved one, to thee.—*Ref.*

THE GIRL WHO WAITS ASHORE

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Words and Music by Roland Burke Hennessy.

I'm the mate of the good ship *Rolling Tom*,
And a right good ship is she.
On her deck have I sailed the ocean from
The Horn to the Northern Sea;
And the staunch old craft has carried me thro'
The windiest sort of gale.
Her men are the bravest, merriest crew
That ever furl'd a sail.
A sailor's loved is his only wealth,
He's content with nothing more;
Then come, my lads, let us drink the health
Of the girl who waits ashore.

CHORUS.

I left her standing on the quay, her eyes were filled with tears,
Their tender love-light I could see, their sadness and their fears,
I said, "Sweetheart, soon I'll return, and then we'll part no more!"
Through lonely days for her I yearn, the girl who waits ashore.

You remember, lads, that awful night
When the seas ran mountains high;
Old *Tom* was toss'd by the Storm King's might,
And we all prepared to die.
As the ship flew on, we knew not where,
In the gloom I saw a light;
And the face I loved, wreath'd in golden hair,
Seem'd to make our pathway bright;
And we made our port at the next sun-rise,
As we'd done so oft before,
But that light, my boys, was the watching eyes
Of the girl who waits ashore.—*Chorus.*

O'er the seas I've sail'd for many a day,
I'm not of the crying sort;
But my eyes were dim as I sailed away
From the ones I left in port;
For a sailor's life is a storm of sighs,
To be merry he must feign.
He laughs and he jests, while he vainly tries
To hide all his poor heart's pain;
But come, my lads, throw away all care,
For we're bound for home once more,
And I soon shall see the face so fair
Of the girl who waits ashore.—*Chorus.*

—"Hannah," said the landlady of a boarding-house to her new maid, "when there is any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Hannah, but such little things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

—"Please, sir, give me a few pennies, I'm almost dead with hunger," said a poor little ragged boy (whose very appearance was the personification of starvation and misery) to a gentleman as he passed him. "Can't stop a moment," replied the man; "am in a great hurry. I have to make a speech for the relief of the destitute of the city."

OPENING THE CHESTNUT BURR

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Words and Music by E. Clark Reed.

Ofttimes in life there's many things we can't quite understand,
While to our minds they seem to hold some hidden meaning grand,
And so we ponder o'er and o'er again, 'till to me 'twill oft occur,
As we try in vain to make them plain, 'tis like op'ning the chestnut burr.

CHORUS.

For they take me back to childhood, and the many hours we spent,
In the pleasant autumn time, when we a-nutting went,
All day the toil seemed pleasure, but at night we weary were,
With feet all worn and fingers torn, from op'ning the chestnut burr.

And so it seems the wisest way will be for every one
To let these troubling problems rest, each day will bring its own,
For tasks more pleasant surely we may find, so these myst'ries we'll defer,
And rest in mind till the frosts of time shall open the chestnut burr.—*Cho.*

A DREAM OF GOLDEN DAYS.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly

He came upon them in the night, in sorrow and distress,
Within his heart the pain and blight of dark unhappiness,
Fondly the mother heart was turned to him who'd left her lone,
And tho' in silent grief she mourned, her love to him had flown.

CHORUS.

"Only a sleep, a little sleep," he said;
"Only to lay me down and rest my weary head;
Don't ask for song or smile to invite your praise,
Just let me sleep and dream a dream of golden days."

The mother's eyes were wet with tears, tho' in her heart was joy;
She saw before her, after years, her own, her absent boy.
Sadly she heard his voice that night a prayer for shelter raise,
It brought her back to moments bright, to joys of golden days.—*Cho.*

They gave him welcome to his home, the home where he was born;
He vowed that ne'er again he'd roam, to wander back forlorn;
Calmly he slept on pillows white, by mother hand caressed;
She heard him murmur thro' the night his plea for sleep and rest:—*Cho.*

SOMEBODY HAS MY HEART.

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Words and Music by G. L. Spaulding.

She was a dear little maid, without a care in life;
He loved her madly, and dreamed some day she'd be his wife;
So one lovely night, 'neath the moonlight, he asked for her heart, but she sighed,
And blushed like a rosebud in summer time, as tenderly she replied:

CHORUS.

Somebody has my heart,
Somebody I love dearly,
Wounded by cupid's dart,
Somebody's healed it nearly,
Somebody came to woo,
Somebody's words were sweet,
So what could a girl, with her head in a whirl, do,
But lay her poor heart at his feet.

"Don't tell me you love another," cried the youthful swain;
"Don't say that somebody loves you, that I love in vain."
"That somebody loves me," she answered, "it's needless for me to deny,
But somebody's nobody, dear, but you," she breathed like a summer sigh.—*Cho.*

—Why are photographers the most uncivil of all trades-people? Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait, they always reply with a *negative*.

—A man seeing several very lean horses standing tied in front of a livery stable, asked the proprietor if he made horses. "No," said the proprietor, "why do you ask?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up."

The Yellow Kid of Hogan's Alley.

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Words and Music by Tony Stanford.

Down in Hogan's Alley lives a kid of great renown,
And 'most ev'ry one sure knows him well—in fact, he owns the town.
The neighbors they're all proud of him, his parrot and his goat,
And they would not think of seeing him without his yellow coat.

CHORUS.

He is not very pretty, but he is very witty;
His name is Mickey Dugan and the boys around him rally;
On Sunday he looks always best, in his Li Hung Chang yellow dress;
He is the only yellow kid, and he lives in Hogan's Alley.

His sweetheart's name is 'Liza, but he calls her Liz, for short,
And since she knows the yellow kid she is the proper sort,
For every one likes Mickey, and no matter what he does,
They all say that's right, he's out of sight, for he wears yellow clothes.—*Cho.*

I's a Little Curly-Headed Coon.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

I's de happiest little nigger in de town,
And I's living just to pass de time away,
I's a little dash of sunshine, 'deed I is,
But a wicked little coon de people say,
Ma old mammy tells me dat I isn't good,
And I'll never get to Heaven very soon,
But it don't cut any figger wid dis sassy little nigger,
For I's a little curly-headed coon.

CHORUS.

I's a little curly-headed coon, I's a little curly-headed coon,
Born down in old Virginny, and I's mammy's pickaninny,
I's a little curly-headed coon, I's a little curly-headed coon,
Born by de light of de moon, 'way down in old Virginny,
And I's mammy's pickaninny, I's a little curly-headed coon.—[*Dance.*]

When de days am awful hot and time is slow,
And I wants to keep a-hidin' from de sun,
I goes over in de alley wid de other little nigs,
It is dere we sing and dance and hab some fun,
It is seben come eleben, t'row dem dice,
I's gwine to have your money mighty soon,
Get down dere, man, and patter, and I'll do de "Cincinnater,"
I's a little curly-headed coon.—*Chorus.*

MAY IRWIN'S "LULU" SONG.

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Written by Sigmund B. Alexander. Composed by Summit L. Hecht.

I'se singin' w'ile de yaller moon am shinin' bright as day,
De moonlight jes' delight dis coon an' turn his heart yo' way;
I reckon yo' know why it's right, jes' t'rills me tro' and tro',
W'ile I'se a-singin' here in de night, it's yaller jes' like yo',
Oh, ma Lulu, Lulu! jes' hark ter me, ma honey maid,
For yo' ma heart am warm, I'se gwine ter, wid de moonlight's aid,
Jes' take yo' heart by storm: I'll call upon yo' soon, doan' fear,
An' ax yo' ont wid me, an' dis yer question yo' will hear:
"Will yo' be Miesie me?" *Will yer, honey?*
Oh, ma Lulu, yo's ma honey bird.
Come, ma honey, won't yo' say de word?
Oh, ma Lulu, yo' know w'at I misses:
I's jes' pinin' fer yo' sweet, sweet kiss'm, m;
If, ma honey, in ma heart yo'd see,
Den I's sure yo'd whisper "yes" ter me.
I'll be happy if ma own yo'll be,
'Deed I will, ma Lulu, Lou, ma Lulu.

Yo' sweetes' gal in all de worl', de on'y gal fer me;
Yo' caught me wid yer kinky curls; I nebber can git free;
Yo' sports such awful lots o' style; in yaller yo' looks gran',
Oh, how on yon I'd lub ter smile f'um off a four-in-han'!
Oh, ma Lulu, Lulu! at dancin' yo' kin beat 'em all,
Oh! how yo' feet jes' fly! an' tho' yo's belle ob all de ball,
You nebber pass me by, an' if yo' ban' I wins f'um you,
Dem jealous nigs doan' fear, I'll say, an' squelch dem all, fo' sho'.
"She's mine, yo' coons; d'ye hear?" *Hear me, niggers?*
Oh, ma Lulu, we will nebber roam,
Oh, ma honey, from our cabin home.
Oh, ma Lulu, dere am no place snugger;
Oh, ma Lulu, how I longs ter hug'm, m,
If, ma honey, in ma heart yo'd see, etc.

* Spoken.

THE OLD DOOR-BELL.

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Words by Rodger Harding. Music by Ned Cole.

I remember, when a boy,
It would fill my heart with joy
To ring that old door-bell, then run behind the big oak tree;
'Twould be my heart's delight,
To lie there out of sight,
And hear them wonder who the scamp might be.
My mother dear to me,
As though to-day, I see,
Looking for the culprit all in vain,
And when she'd close the door,
I would creep up as before,
And I'd ring that old front-door bell once again.

CHORUS.

Do we keep the mem'ry of our life's spring-time
Fresh and green, or do we let them fade?
In the busy bustle of the world's mad rush,
Are those childish thoughts forever laid?
Just because we know the world a little more,
Just because we've learned life's lesson well;
Have we e'er regret, do we not remember yet,
How in childish glee we rang that old door-bell!

I recall to mind the day
That my father went away,
For poverty, the poor man's foe, was knocking at the door;
It broke poor mother's heart
From father thus to part,
As he left her there to seek a foreign shore.
One day a message came,
Addressed to mother's name,
As she read, her face turned pale with pain,
My father was no more,
He had reached the golden shore,
And I never rang that old door-bell again.—*Chorus.*

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

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Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

The midnight express will be late here to-night,
So side-track the West-bound freight:
Those were the orders that Tom had received,
As he passed through the round-house gate:
Tom was the switchman, with heart true as steel,
And duty was first in his breast,
But the thought of his boy, who was dying at home,
Crazed Tom, and he fell at his post.
The shrill whistle blew on the freight for the West,
The rumble was heard of the midnight express.

REFRAIN.

Asleep at the switch, and no warning light,
To signal those trains that rushed through the night,
When down to the switch ran Tom's daughter Nell,
The crisis had passed, his boy would get well;
She caught up the light, and waved it on high,
And side-tracked the West-bound freight,
And the midnight express all in safety flew by,
While Tom was asleep at the switch.

The freight slowly backed on the main track again,
The men called to Tom good-night,
Only the sob of a girl made reply,
And they saw by the engine's light,
Tom lying flat at his post where he fell,
And there, with her head on his breast,
Was his brave daughter Nell, who had saved all their lives,
And those on the midnight express.
Each man on the freight for the West bared his head,
For Tom's heart had stopped, at his post he lay dead.

REFRAIN.

Asleep at the switch, the president read,
And my wife and child were on board he said,
But as he read on, his stern face relaxed,
This road shall reward such heroic acts:
He sat at his desk and filled out a check,
And sent it with all dispatch,
'Twas for Tom's daughter Nell, for her brave deed that night,
While he slept his last sleep at the switch.

—"Go into the room and bring that cake off the table," said a mother to her son. "It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room." "Go right into that room this instant or I'll go in and bring out the strap." "If—you bring—out the—strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring the—cake along—too."

BON JOUR, MONSIEUR.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

At ze great French Ball, Mamselle la foldol,
Une jolie, petite demoiselle,
She dance, wiz elan, in ze naughty can-can,
And ze people cry, "Oh, comme si belle!"
Wiz ze shy small wink, an' ze gartaire so pink,
An' ze ozzer sings zat you see:
She made zem all stare, in zat Madison Square,
At ze Cercle de L'Harmonie.
Ah! Bon jour sait she Monsieur! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Come, dance wiz me, Monsieur! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Your wife she must not know, I keek off ze 'igh chapeau
Wiz ze wee little point of my toe, papa! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

At ze great French Ball, Mamselle la foldol,
She was "tres fatigue," she said;
She sat on ze floor when ze clock has strike four,
And zen, afterward, stand on her head.
In her robe, cut short, zey have take her to court,
But she soon walk away all right;
She jus' give a ze nudge to ze haughty old judge,
He has been to ze ball las' night,
Ah! Bon jour sait she Monsieur! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
You danced wiz me, Monsieur! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Your wife she must not know that I keek off ze 'igh chapeau,
So I sink you will quick let me go, n'est ce pas? Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

SWEETEST SUSAN.

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Words by F. M. Stuart. Music by Margaret Adele Moore.

My wedding day is very, very soon,
Come, all you darkies, if you want to see this coon,
For I'se gwine to be tied to my Susan, Susan May,
And to-morrow is the blessed day.
There was ne'er a gal so sweet,
From her top-knot down to her feet,
And you may just bet your life,
She's gwine for to be my wife,
I'm the envy of the coons for miles and miles aronnd,
For I'se caught the queenly Susan, and we're gwine to live in town,
And she says she'll love me till I lay me down and dies,
And I know that my baby never lies.

CHORUS.

Susan, Susan, sweetest Susan, the only one for me,
Swellest-looking colored gal ever you did see,
Darling Susan, queenly Susan, she's gwine my wife to be,
And I'll be true to my own gal if she is true to me.—[*Dance.*]

The first coon, what a racket tries to raise,
Will catch a beatin', what'll make him change his ways,
I'se determined to have it a peaceable affair,
Without any razors in the air,
For, my darling, says to me,
"My, honey, yes it must be,
A wedding society
Will all be glad to see,"
And you know what my honey sets her mind to have or do,
Will have to be, or you will have to learn a thing or two,
So you have fair warning, and if you do not heed,
You will sure leave the wedding, yes, indeed.—*Chorus.*

I'm gwine to wear some very hot clothes,
Rigg'd out in style, from my head down to my toes,
An', of course, my honey, she will look just right,
For that gal is always out of sight
When we walk down the aisle,
This coon will wear a smile,
And I'll feel so very proud
That I'll never see that crowd,
And when old Parson Brown ties that blessed knot,
Then I'll know my Susan has agreed to share my lot.
I'm just 'fraid this nigger he won't know how to act,
But I'll give my baby a big smack.—*Chorus.*

—Why are gloves unsalable articles? Because they are made to be kept on hand.

—Practical young belle to utterly utter young man: "Algernon!" "What is it, my pensive lily?" "You ought to study up the theory of ensilage, Algernon." "And what is ensilage, my languid one?" "Oh, it shows how to keep green things green till the winter's gone, Algernon, and don't you wish to live till spring, Algy?"

TWO LITTLE EYES OF BLUE.

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Words and Music by Ernest Hogan.

In a cottage so neat, where the roses abound,
Dwells a couple whose hearts beat as one;
No happier fam'ly on earth can be found,
Born to them is a dear little son;
The husband comes home from his work in the night,
He kisses his dear wife so true,
And then he sings gladly this ditty so bright
To baby with dear eyes of blue:

CHORUS.

Two little eyes of blue, peek-a-boo, I see you;
Two little eyes of blue, I love you, yes I do;
Two little eyes of blue, none on earth are so true,
My own baby boy, you're my pride and my joy, my two little eyes of blue.

All sorrows and cares will soon vanish away,
In the midst of their baby's sweet smiles;
And his childish prattle throughout the long day,
Their labor and toil soon beguiles,
See papa and baby roll over the floor,
Like playmates in their childish glee,
As mamma plays peek-a-boo behind the door,
Pa dances the boy on his knee:—*Chorus.*

I'm a Rootin'-Shootin'-Snootin' Nigger Beau.

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Words by H. R. Evans. Music by H. L. Heartz.

I'se in town, my honey, wid my pockets full of money,
And I'm gwine to hab a dandy, high ole time,
Wid de batter cakes a-fryin', and de nigger wenches sighin',
And de church-bells all a-ringin' out a chime.

CHORUS.

O my! I'm a dandy darky dude,
And de gals dey can't resist me, don't you know.
I can dance and I can sing, I can cut a pigeon wing;
I'm a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' nigger beau.

I'se in town, my honey, and I feel so very funny,
All de city niggers stand in awe ob me;
I've a pistol in my pocket, in a jiffy I will cock it,
I'm a sassy coon, you better leave me be.

CHORUS.

O my! I'm a dandy darky dude,
And I break de hearts by dozens, don't you know.
On de banjo I can pick, for I am so awful slick;
I'm a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' nigger beau.

I'se in town, my honey, and I'm gwine to spend my money,
Just to show de coons I'se not as green as grass.
If dey're huntin' 'round for trouble, I can make 'em all see double,
For I'se got a pair of knuckles made of brass.

CHORUS.

O my! I'se a dandy darky dude,
And de gals dey can't resist me, don't you know.
I am great on shootin' crap, and for me it is a snap;
I'se a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' nigger beau.

I'se in town, my honey, and I feel so awful funny,
For I'se got a lot of nigger gin inside;
Every darky wants to bet me that a copper soon will get me,
And upon the Hurry Wagon I will ride.

CHORUS.

O my! I'm a dandy nigger sport,
And I don't care if I'm pinched before it's noon.
I'se got money here to burn, and I do not give a darn;
I'se a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' crazy coon.

—A countryman examining a cane-seat chair, said: "I wonder what chap took the trouble to find all them holes and put that straw around them."

—Curran was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a collengue a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The Judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he is fitter for the steeple."

COME BACK, SWEETHEART.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

The stars are shining clear and bright,
As on the eve when last we parted;
I wonder are you gay to-night,
For I am sad and lonely-hearted,
And if you still recall the day,
The happy day our vows were plighted;
And how you whispered, "Come what may,
Our hearts, our lives shall be united!"

REFRAIN.

Come back, sweetheart, come back to me,
Come back again and leave me never;
Come back to one who dreams of thee,
And who will dream of thee forever.
Forgive that I have caused you pain,
Who never yet have ceased, love, to regret thee.
I may not see thy face again,
But still I never can forget thee.

Sometimes I think you never knew
The reason why I said "Good-bye, dear;"
But oh, sweetheart, 'twas all for you,
For you and for the by and by, dear;
But now the clouds have cleared away,
And shines again the light of Heaven;
For us there dawns another day,
When all, at last, shall be forgiven.—*Refrain.*

Some Day I'll Be a Millionaire.

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Written and Composed by Bob Emmet.

Two little boys they kept a news-stand,
On the streets in New York town,
Sold their papers to the poor
And men of great renown;
One's name was Ned, the other was Jack,
Companions born and bred;
Jack's fondest hopes were to be rich,
And to his friend he said;

CHORUS.

Some day I'll be a millionaire and live in luxury,
And have my dear old mother in the best society,
And when I do become a man, if what I say proves true,
I'll always be your chum, Ned, and the same old Jack to you.

Years had passed by, they both grew to men,
The world it used Jack right;
Luck seemed to follow him everywhere,
His future it was bright.
At last he gained both fortune and fame,
Which his mother shared each day;
And ofttimes he would think of Ned
And the words he used to say:—*Chorus.*

In a court-room, on trial for his life,
Was a pris'ner on the stand;
Are you guilty?—yes or no—
Speak out! was the command.
A strange voice was heard—Not guilty!
I've proof, if a fortune it cost-s, I'll clear
My old pal Ned of newsboy days,
I'm now a millionaire.—*Chorus.*

—An old lady who had no relish for modern church music was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in a certain church not very far from———, when a neighbor said, "Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang it to Saul." To this the old lady replied, "Weel, weel I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

—In Scotland the topic of a sermon or discourse of any kind is called by old-fashioned folks "its ground," or, as they would say, "its grund." An old woman, bustling into the kirk rather late, found the preacher had commenced, and, opening the Bible, nudged her next neighbor with the inquiry, "What's his grund?" "Oh," replied the other, who happened to be a brother minister, and therefore a privileged critic, "he's lost his grund long since, and he's just swimming."

Let Me Take My Place at Home Again.

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Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray;
He left them on one cold and wint'ry night;
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name;
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,
Back among the dearest friends of all,
Back to mother's dear cares, and your old age I will bless,
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay:
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,
And now my lad no longer has to plead:—*Chorus.*

DON'T DRIVE YOUR CHILD FROM YOUR DOOR.

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Words and Music by Roger Harding.

'Tis but the same old story, of a maid who went astray;
Back to the dear old home she wandered one fair summer day;
Her father met her at the gate, in anger bade her leave:
"Your mother's dead, o'er her wayward child she never ceased to grieve;
From the shame and pain you cost us both, she slowly pined and died,
Than to see you thus, I'd rather you were sleeping by her side."
His aged mother, standing near, came to the poor girl's aid,
And to the angry father, through her blinding tears, thus said:

CHORUS.

"Don't drive your child from the door,
Pity her faults, I implore!
Strive to protect her, by kindness correct her,
And she may sin nevermore.
Do not my pleading ignore,
Give her a chance, just one more;
Speak to her gently, as in days of yore;
Oh, don't drive your child from your door!"

His aged mother's pleadings, for her grandchild, were not vain;
The father took his daughter to his heart and home again;
By loving care and gentle deeds she soon the past effaced,
And nevermore caused a pang of grief to those she had disgraced.
Scarce a year had passed, her father, through reverses, lost his wealth;
He was taken ill, her tender care soon nursed him back to health.
One day he called her to his side, his hand in her's, he said:
"God bless my dear old mother for those pleading words she said:—*Chorus.*

—Why are good intentions like fainting ladies? Because all they want is carrying out.

—Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Charley!" Clara exclaimed in well-disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself." Charley took the hint ond offered himself on the spot.

—A consumptive-looking man, lame and feeble, and carrying a pint bottle full of something, halted a pedestrian in the street the other day, and said: "I found this bottle in the corner there, and I wish you would tell me what's in it." The other took it, removed the cork, and snuffed in a full breath. The next instant he staggered against the wall, clawing the air and choking and gasping, and it was a full minute before he blurted out: "Why, you idiot, that's hartshorn!" "Well, I am perfectly willing to take your word for it without extra insults," observed the invalid, in an injured voice. He took his bottle and walked off like a man who had been abused without the least excuse.

A LESSON IN KISSING.

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Written and Composed by Ilda Orme.

SPOKEN.—Some girls say they don't like kissing—well, I wouldn't tell a story about a little thing like that. I once heard a girl say if she had a sweetheart and he kissed her—she'd want to die. Now if I had a sweetheart and he didn't kiss me, that's when I'd want to die.

Do you like a kiss? why, of course, so do I,
And I've had such a lot in the sweet gone by,
I can tell you and show you the very best one
To give to your sweetheart, and oh! it's such fun!

CHORUS.

Oh, kissing is a dainty art,
It's thro' the lips you reach the heart.
Gently place your arms around your girl so, so,
Softly lay your lips to hers and whisper low,
"My darling love, hold still, I pray;
It can't be wrong, for it's done every day."
With a little laugh and sigh she will
Throw her arms around you and hold still.—[*Dance.*]

So kiss if you like, but don't make a noise,
It robs a sweet kiss of one-half of its joys;
Don't pucker your lips, but just softly close,
Each turn to the right, for you each have a nose.—*Chorus.*

Now slowly and softly let trembling lips meet,
Till you feel a strange thrilling clear down to your feet;
Don't move till you feel pit-a-pat go her heart;
You'll all know how to finish, now I've told you how to start.—*Chorus.*

THE MUSIC-HALL GIRL.

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Written and Composed by Ilda Orme.

The Music-Hall Girl is the rage,
The pet of the youth and old age,
With plenty of chic,
And one dear little kick,
She makes a success on the stage.
She shows you her lace and her limb,
And a foot that is dainty and trim;
She smiles and she winks,
And, of course, each man thinks
She smiles and she winks at him.

CHORUS.

The Music-Hall Girl is the rage,
The pet of both youth and old age,
With plenty of chic
And one dear little kick,
She makes a success on the stage.—[*Dance.*]

The hubby sits in the front row,
But wife is not there—oh, no!
She thinks her dear hub
Quite safe at the club,
For there pretty girls never go;
But where is the harm, after all,
In the darlings of the music hall
If they give you spice
With your champagne on ice,
They want but a curtain call.

CHORUS.

The hubby sits in the front row,
But wife is not there—oh, no!
She thinks her dear hub
Quite safe at the club;
Ah! there's where they all say they go.—[*Dance.*]

The mischievous Music-Hall Girl,
She will set all your brains in a whirl.
When she sings naughty songs,
Which to Paree belongs,
When her laces they twinkle and twirl.
In his mind then each man forms a place,
For a supper, champagne and "can-can."
She will throw you a kiss
While you watch her in bliss,
But she'll go home with some other man.

CHORUS.

The mischievous Music-Hall Girl,
She will set all your brains in a whirl;
When she sings naughty songs,
Which to Paree belongs,
When her laces they twinkle and twirl.—[*Dance.*]

—While passing a house in Virginia, two strangers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracted their attention; they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all fools that pass this road."

LITTLE AGGIE WALKER.

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Words by Minnie Iris. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

There's lots of girls you meet each day, on whom you love to gaze;
I think I've met them all, my boys, with all their charming ways;
But there is one who's caught me, with a winning voice so sweet,
One that holds you with her talk, and one that's hard to beat.

CHORUS.

Oh! little Aggie Walker, she is the sweetest talker,
Just the kind I know you'd like to greet;
I'm the lad to court her, she is an only daughter,
When she talks it really seems a dream most sweet.

You'll find she is the leader, boys, at party or a ball,
And when you're in her company, you hate to leave at all,
The girls and boys all love her—many pleasant hour is gone
While you listen to her talk, that's like some old, sweet song.—*Chorus.*

JUST BECAUSE THEY PUT HIM INTO TROUSERS.

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Words and Music by Lawrence Barclay.

You know my brother Gussie,
That little chap so high—
You know, the one that wore white frocks
And pretty pale blue tie—
The one that I used to take to school—
He's got so stuck up now;
Well, if he meets me in the street,
He'll raise his hat and bow—

CHORUS.

Just because Ma's put him into trousers,
He tells me now to go and play at houses.
My Ma is all to blame, for she would not buy me a pair, you see—
Will anybody buy a pair of trousers now for me?

I have to wear frocks, daily,
And keep 'em nice and white—
He plays at jumping over back
Just to his heart's delight.
He can't do wrong—I can't do right,
I daren't upset a curl,
'Cause he's a man, 'cause he wears pants,
And I am still a girl.—*Chorus.*

He thinks himself so clever,
A soldier he must be;
He thought he'd be a drummer boy
Or bugler, don't you see.
He said, "I'll be a Highlander
And do the 'Highland fling,'"
But when he got the kilts on, well—
'Twas quite another thing.

CHORUS.

Just because they took away his trousers,
He feels the wind a-blowing 'round the houses;
And now he makes an awful fuss because he daren't climb on a 'bus—
Will anybody buy a pair of trousers now for Gus?

Gus, I must tell you, lately
Has had to stop in bed;
He tried to catch some fiddlers,
But fell in the pond instead.
He didn't mind the bath a bit;
He soon crawled to the side,
The only thing that hurt him, and
The reason why he cried, was:

CHORUS.

Just because he'd been and spoilt his trousers,
His extra special pair of "'Round my houses:"
The way he walked, he'd make you die, I laughed until I had to cry—
Will some one lend poor Gus a pair of trousers that are dry?

—A Western girl likes to make bread because it cleans her hands so beautifully.

—The Hub up to Date.—"The Boston girls don't slang, do they?" "Yes, indeed, but they have a style of their own. Instead of saying 'Oh, you ain't so warm,' they say 'Well, your temperature is not so excessively high,' and for 'You're not the only pebble on the beach' they say 'There are other beans in the pan in addition to yourself.'"

The Thompson Street Cadets.

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Words and Music by Charles Shackford.

'Twas a gala day in Buck-town, and ev'ry gallus nig
Who had helped to swell that colored population
Was enrolled as active member, by their leader proud and big
Of the Thompson Street Cadets, to guard the nation;
Every coon was full of ginger when they made their first parade,
And the Captain thundered out his first command:

SPOKEN.—Right face, forward march!

CHORUS.

Did you ever see a nigger who was feelin' any bigger
Than the leader of the Thompson Street Cadets;
He can change a silver dollar, but he cannot change his color,
This leader of the Thompson Street Cadets.

Ev'ry heart was wildly beating to the music of the band,
Every wench's eye was fastened on that leader;
Ev'ry coon in line got jealous, 'cause he was not in command,
And they all produced a razor or a cleaver.
Now the Captain saw his danger, but he never turned a hair,
Only thundered out his terrible command.

SPOKEN.—Brigade, halt! Ground arms.—*Chorus.*

WHO? MISS NELLY McINTYRE.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

There's a little lady, boys, that lives just down the way,
Who's loved by all the neighborhood—a "pearl" the boys all say;
Her fam'ly's not a wealthy one, yet none of them stand higher,
For she's the pride of the whole East side,* Miss Nelly McIntyre.

CHORUS.

Just around the corner, boys, in that tenement row,
A little dash of sunshine, whom they all do love so.
She's a little lady, and one they all admire,
She's made a "hit" with me, now, boys,* Miss Nelly McIntyre.

On Christmas eve, with basket filled, she starts out from her home,
And calls on ev'ry fam'ly near, where want and care are known,
To bring joy to the little ones is just her heart's desire,
Now how can you but love her too,* Miss Nelly McIntyre.—*Chorus.*

Last Saturday night I went over to the "fair" at Reilly's hall,
By vote they were to tell that night the most popular girl of all;
At elev'n o'clock they counted up, but number nine was higher;
Who do you think now took that prize?* Miss Nelly McIntyre.—*Chorus.*

* To be spoken: Who.

BACK TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

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Words by Alb. H. Fitz. Music by Jesse Campbell.

It is but a simple story, and one often told before,
Of a little lad and lassie, who were sweethearts as of yore,
Who for years had loved each other, when a change took place one day,
Jack broke his vows with Mary, with another ran away,
It was the same old story, and his love soon turned to hate,
His heart turned back to Mary, but now, alas! too late.
One night, as he sat thinking of his future, once so bright,
A sudden resolution came to start for home that night.

CHORUS.

Back to his first love, ne'er more to part,
Back to his true love, the girl of his heart,
Back to his sweetheart, with her childish ways,
Back to his first and his only love, to the love of his boyhood days.

On that very night he started, with his heart so full of pain,
He would ask her to forgive him and to take him back again,
As he passed up through the village, all his friends now seemed so cold,
No welcome hand to greet him, 'twas not like days of old,
But soon he met a stranger—could he tell him of his May;
Not many weeks ago he said, the poor girl passed away,
Next morning when they found him, in a note he left, which read,
I've gone to join my sweetheart, good-bye was all it said.—*Chorus.*

Den Yer Don't Get Stuck—See?

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

Two little "New York" news-boys, one six, the other eight,
Stood on a Broadway corner, into the night so late,
Jimmie, the younger brother, dirty, tattered and torn,
Sat on the curb-stone, crying, down-cast and forlorn,
"What's de matter, now, Chimmie? Why, don't yer go home to bed?"
"I's afraid to go home, Pa'll lick me if I doesn't sell out," he said.
"Oh, no he won't," said the brother. "Listen now, Kid, to me,
To-morrer yer sells *Journals*, and yer don't git stuck den—see?"

CHORUS.

"Never mind now, Chimmie; dere, Kid, don't yer cry;
I's sold enough for both, so we'll go home by and by;
Now, here's a sandwich for yer, come along wid me,
To-morrer yer sells *Journals*, and yer don't git stuck den—see?"

Next morning, up bright and early, Jimmie was there on his stand,
Shouting much louder than ever, nothing but *Journals* on hand,
By seven he'd sold all but twenty, things were coming his way;
By ten he'd sold every paper: "That'll do," said he, "for to-day."
But while he counted his pennies, a poor little fellow stood by,
Regretting his loss of the morning, and almost ready to cry.
"You say you's got stuck, eh," says Jimmie; "listen now, Kid, to me,
To-morrer yer sells *Journals*, and yer don't git stuck den—see?"

CHORUS.

"Never mind," says Jimmie; "dere, Kid, don't yer cry,
I's made big 'dough' to-day, so I'll help yer out if yer shy;
Come over to de wagon, you can eat on me,
But to-morrer yer sells *Journals*, and yer don't git stuck den—see?"

THAT'S WHAT I WANT SANTIE TO BRING.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

I've got a secret that mamma told me,
Listen, I'll tell it to you,
How to get plenty on next Christmas day,
Just tell "Santie Claus" what to do,
Write him a letter and put it all in,
Just mail it to him then by seven,
Say, dear Mister "Santie," oh, how I love you,
And send it to him care of heaven.

CHORUS.

A little 'bow-wow,' and a 'moolie cow,'
A 'hosey,' a 'chu-chu' and car,
A red balloon that plays a tune,
A 'dolly' that says 'mamma,'
A sled painted blue, and a 'nigger' doll, too,
Some candy, a 'pussy,' and ring,
Now, send them all, do, and then I will love you,
That's what I want 'Santie' to bring.

I said, Dear "Santie," oh, please, don't forget
That I have been a good girl,
Told him I'd like a new dolly this year,
And a ring with a dear little pearl;
My little brother he wants a new drum,
And I want a pug dog for Paul;
Oh, dear me, there are so many nice things,
I can hardly remember them all.—*Chorus.*

I hung up my stocking there all by itself,
Close to the chimney and door,
Left a note saying if there wasn't room,
To put all the rest on the floor;
I got into bed, thought I'd fool him now sure,
And dear Mister "Santie" I'd see,
But I went fast to sleep, and then when I woke up,
Found 'Santie' had come and fooled me.—*Chorus.*

—Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

—"That is probably the oldest piece of furniture in England," said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spoke. "How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years." "Pshaw! that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years." "Indeed!" "Yes, the multiplication table!"

TIME WILL TELL.

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Words by Harry S. Miller. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Long years ago two lovers quarreled,
She deemed as true stories she heard.
How his heart pained to see his darling
Turn from him cold, hardly a word.
Tears filled his eyes, he spoke with sadness,
No other heart loves you so well.
Why b'lieve as true stories they've told you,
I can forgive you, love—time will tell."

REFRAIN.

Time it will tell alone, when I'm no longer known,
Some other sweetheart will tell you he loves you well,
Yet mid your pleasures gay, you'll think of me some day,
Think of the heart you have broken—time will tell.

Years had rolled on, still come no tidings,
One heart was sad, one heart did yearn,
Friends that were here, soon they deserted,
Then did she pray that he'd return.
One night, alone, while sadly thinking
Over the tales which cast their spell.
'Twas then she cried, "My heart is breaking"—
Too true his words did seem—"Time will tell."—*Chorus.*

NELLIE;

— OR: —

The Welcome at Our Home.

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Words by Thos. Scanlan. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Strolling homeward, happy in love and sunshine;
Thinking of her whom I love so true, my heart's first love divine,
My own true sweetheart, Nellie, my bright-eyed darling,
The fairest of all the fairest, my little bright-eyed queen.

CHORUS.

Nellie, my little darling, my fairy queen;
Nellie, as cute and airy as e'er was seen;
To me her eyes tell a story of love that is all my own,
The sweetest of girls will greet me, and welcome me to our home.

Nell, my sweetheart, mine, and I'll ever love her;
Bright glossy curls and two dimpled cheeks, and brown eyes that look so sweet,
So cute and coy is Nellie, my little sweetheart,
She runs to the gate to meet me, with heart so gay and free.—*Refrain.*

YER NEBER SAW A NIGGER IN DE SURF.

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Words and Music by W. L. Carley.

Jest use yer head a minit, an' let yer brains get in it,
It doesn't make no diff'rence jest how long yer on de turf;
I'll tell yer somet'ing funny, now listen to me, honey,
Dat yer neber saw a nigger in de surf.

CHORUS.

It seems so strange, I don't know why—dey mustn't like it well;
Dey don't go in, I swar dey don't, but why I'll neber tell.
Yer see de Dago, Chinaman, all nations of de earf,
But yer neber see a nigger in de surf.

Dey trabel down to Coney, an' dress so awful tony,
I've seen de wenches shoot de chute an' yell and scream wif mirf;
Dey stay until it's daylight, an' do de shows up all right,
But yer neber saw a nigger in de surf.—*Chorus.*

I've often heard dem tell it, no matter what befell it,
Dat a dead mule was neber seen since day of Adam's birf;
But dar's one t'ing, I declare, if yer old as Union Square,
Dat yer neber saw a nigger in de surf.—*Chorus.*

—What is the key note to good breeding? B natural.

LIFE IS PASSING LIKE A DREAM

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Words by Eben E. Rexford. Music by A. Ferner.

As life's summer days go by us,
Many happy days are ours;
Hearts with love and hope are brimming,
And the way is bright with flowers,
But our dreams may prove dreams only,
Hopes may fail and hearts grow sad,
But a faith in God's sweet sunshine,
Back of clouds, may make us glad.

CHORUS.

Drifting down time's rapid river,
Leaves upon a restless stream:
Darling, clasp my true hand close,
Life is passing like a dream.

While life's summer days go by us,
Dark with clouds, or bright with sun,
You and I each have a mission,
Let us see it bravely done.
There are loving words to utter,
There are burdens we may bear,
For the weak and for the weary—
Work is waiting everywhere.—*Chorus.*

As the days go drifting by us,
Sing a little hopeful song,
It may make some eye grow brighter,
It may make some weak heart strong;
Sing of all glad things that wait us
In a time that is to be;
If we but fulfil the mission
God has given you and me.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY IS OUT OF SIGHT.

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Words by W. C. Dunn. Music by G. Reichmann.

My sweetheart's name is Molly,
She's sweet sixteen and jolly;
She's a gem of a girl,
Each tooth is a pearl,
And she's my baby dolly.
She's a teasing, little sprite,
With smile like sunshine bright,
She's stolen my heart,
From her I'll ne'er part,
Oh, Molly is out of sight.

CHORUS.

My Molly is out of sight—the sweetest girl I know;
In love with her I'm quite, and she calls me her beau.
My Molly's a prize that I idolize; she's a bright little mite,
Your heart she'd delight, oh, Molly is out of sight.

I want to marry, Molly,
She says that's only folly;
That she's too young,
Her life's just begun,
And all that sort of jolly.
But some day, just for spite,
She'll marry me all right;
I'm willing to wait
For a prize so great,
For Molly is out of sight.—*Chorus.*

When I leave my sweetheart nightly,
I kiss her cheek politely;
Then cross the street,
And my eyes seek
Her room, where light shines brightly.
Soon I see my fairy sprite
Preparing for the night,
But, oh, all to soon,
The room's cast in gloom,
And Molly is out of sight.—*Chorus.*

One day came Dudey Cholly,
To call upon my Molly;
He brought bouquets,
Their size would amaze,
And gave her quite a jolly.
She left me in sad plight,
Eloped with him one night,
Could I meet that dude,
I'd treat him rude.
But Cholly is out of sight.

CHORUS.

So Molly is out of sight! she's left me in the lurch;
With a dude she's taken flight, and for that dude I'll search.
He's captured the prize that I idolize; if 'twas right to fight,
That dude I'd smite, if he wasn't out of sight.

DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE

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Words by W. H. Tyson. Music by Harry Osborne.

"Promise to meet me," he fondly said,
"For I've something to whisper, dear!"
The maiden, so prettily, hung her head,
While blushing his message to hear.
"Wherever you please," rosy lips replied,
"Whatever the time of the day!"
He turned, with a sigh, and he bade her good-bye,
But did not forget to say:

REFRAIN.

Don't forget your promise, keep it faithfully,
I'll be waiting, lonely, your bright eyes to see;
By the rippling waters, when the sun has set,
Don't forget your promise, don't forget!

What the sweet story he told her there,
Was a secret between the two!
He gave her the love of his heart to share,
She gave him her promise so true.
The years they have come, and the years have gone,
But joy wings each hour since they wed;
Ah! well you may guess they have reason to bless
That day when he fondly said:—*Chorus.*

SHE WORE A LITTLE SAFETY-PIN BEHIND.

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Words by W. T. Lytton. Music by Denham Harrison.

There's a dainty little damsel, and she's slap-bang up to date,
For she wears a little safety-pin behind.
With waist, so slim and slender, and her figure—well it's great,
And she wears a little safety-pin behind.
This artful little puss knows how to catch a johnny's eye,
And an arm around her waist she doesn't mind;
But she fairly pops with laughter when his fingers find the point
Of that artful little safety-pin behind.

CHORUS.

So don't you grin at the safety-pin
That ornaments the waists of great and small.
After what you've learnt from me, I am sure you will agree
It's a very handy fashion after all.

A johnny took a darling to the Covent Garden Ball,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind.
The johnny, he was short and fat, the lady slim and tall,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind.
An evening suit he borrowed, you could twig it at a glance
That those pantlets for that youth were not designed;
And they went across—well, never mind—they soon resumed the dance,
For he wore her little safety-pin behind.—*Chorus.*

Bill took his gal, Maria, down to Southend for the day,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind;
Enjoying balmy breezes and the splashing of the spray,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind.
Maria soon felt peckish, so she said, "Hi, blow me, Bill,
I for a pot of winkles feel inclined;
But we've nothing here to pick 'em out." "Oh, that's all right," cried Bill,
"Why you've got a blooming safety-pin behind."—*Chorus.*

A lady, with a poodle, went out shopping, poor young thing,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind.
The poodle had no muzzle, so she led it by a string,
Which she fastened to the safety-pin behind.
Of course, the burly p'liceman in his duty could not fail,
She, by the magistrate next morn, was fined.
Well, soon 'twill be an outrage for a dog to wag his tail,
For they'll fix it with a safety-pin behind.—*Chorus.*

I've just returned from Africa, it's rather warm out there,
And they never wear a safety-pin behind;
I really must confess to you their fashions made me stare,
For they didn't wear a safety-pin behind.
Those damsels of the Tropics were, by nature, dressed in black,
And for artificial clothing disinclined;
Well, as I wanted servants, I have brought a couple back,
But they'll have to wear a safety-pin behind.—*Chorus.*

A pretty maid once took a stroll along the sad seashore,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind;
She loved to be alone and hear the breaking billows roar,
And she wore a little safety-pin behind.
When from a rock out yonder came a most terrific howl,
She turned that way, the cause thereof to find;
Some chap had lost—well, everything except his bathing-towel,
And he wanted just a safety-pin behind.—*Chorus.*

Back to the Only Girl I Love.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Sad was the hour that we parted, well I remember the day
We quarreled, and then, broken-hearted, we each then went our way,
But still she must think of me sometimes, she does not forget me, I pray;
Our paths though apart, yet I feel in my heart she will take me back some day.

CHORUS.

Back to the only girl I love, back to the one I think most of:
Happy I'd be if I only could see my dear little, sweet little loved one.
Even the stars all seem to say, there'll come a time not far away,
So be of light heart, tho' now far apart, she'll take you back some day.

Too soon our dream it was broken—oh, how my heart it did pain,
And each tender, sweet little token she sent me back again; [their way,
While weeks they have gone since we parted, and months, too, have passed on
No doubt she regrets, and the past, too, forgets, and will take me back some day.
—*Chorus.*

There's Always a Welcome at Home.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

A girl, whose age was just nineteen, left on the world alone,
With a little babe clasped to her breast, thought of days now past and gone;
Her first few months were happy and then his love grew cold,
He said, "I care for you no more!" the story ofttimes told.
To her parents she had written, and soon came a reply,
As she gazed into baby's face, a tear bedimmed her eye;
How well she knew the writing from mother far away,
With trembling hand she breaks the seal, this is what it did say:

REFRAIN.

There's always a welcome at home,
In the same place we still live alone,
What's been done has passed, so no questions we'll ask;
You know we think of you where'er you may roam;
Your little room looks just the same,
If you love us you'll come back again,
We'll be happy once more, as in days of yore,
There's always a welcome at home.

How she had loved and trusted him—her trust he did betray,
And cruelly he left her then, as near death's door she lay;
The parents read the letter, and with grief near went wild.
The answer was sent back that night to the poor, deserted child;
Very early the next morning she took a west-bound train,
And vowed that nevermore she'd leave the dear old home again;
The little babe was laughing, the mother's heart was gay,
For close to it the letter lay, whose contents read this way:—*Chorus.*

WAITING FOR DADDY.

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By Louis H. Croxson.

On a stone by the wayside a little tot sat
A cute little golden-haired lad,
One hand full of daisies, a tiny foot wet,
Patiently waiting for Dad.
His father had told him a short time before,
Sit here and wait for me, Jack,
While I step in just for a while at the store,
Then I'll carry you home on my back.

CHORUS.

Waiting for Daddy, this little laddie, just at the close of day,
There, on that stone, seated alone, where he'd been told to stay,
Daylight was waning, still uncomplaining, he was too tired to play;
Darkness came creeping and found laddie sleeping there by the old highway.

In a tavern, resounding with laughter and jest,
Midst a boisterous, half-drunken throng,
The father ne'er thinks, as he drinks with the rest,
Of his little one waiting so long.
A team rumbles by, just a faint little cry,
The driver asleep, never hears,
With the dawn's early light comes a pitiful sight,
That a fond mother sees through her tears.

CHORUS.

Waiting for Daddy, this little laddie, just at the break of day,
There by the stone, still and alone, where he'd been told to stay; at play.
Near his little hands lying, the daisies fast dying, which he had plucked while
A fond mother weeping, in death found him sleeping, there by the old highway

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MY MARY'S A FAIRY.

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Words by Wm. C. Dunn. Music by George Reichmann.

My Mary lives in a little cot, at foot of a wooded hill,
Where flowers' breath perfumes the air and feathered songsters trill.
She waits each eve down by the gate, after my farm work's done;
I count the hours and long, all day, for setting of the sun;
And then we stroll thro' shaded dells, my arm around sweet Mary,
I'm happy only when with her, my charming little fairy.

CHORUS.

My Mary's a fairy, light-hearted and airy,
Her eyes sparkle brightly, her laugh rings with glee;
She's spicy and witty, bewitchingly pretty,
And dresses as neatly as you'd wish to see;
That she loves me truly I know, yes, surely;
And some day, quite soon, we married shall be.

On Sundays we a-rambling go through leafy paths and lanes;
I pick wild flowers and form of them sweet-scented floral chains;
And these I bind about my love, a willing captive she,
Whose merry laugh proclaims she has no wish to be set free;
And then I kiss her lips so sweet, her blushes coming brightly.
Of course, she can't resist, because her hands are bound so tightly.—*Cho.*

Last year I bought a little farm, and now it's all my own;
I till the ground from morn till night, not for myself alone;
For soon I'll bring my Mary there, to share its fruits with me;
As man and wife we'll lead a life, from care and sorrow free;
And if we're blessed with children dear, I know they'll be like Mary;
Light-hearted, laughing, romping sprites, each one a little fairy.—*Chorus.*

DE HOTTEST COON IN TOWN.

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Words by M. H. R. Music by Irving Jones.

Of dandy coons I am de swell,
I'm not unknown to fame;
Aroun' dis town dey know me well,
And craps dat is my game;
A sporty coon, I've got de sand,
And likewise got de tin;
I buck de tiger and de wheel,
And always sure to win.

CHORUS.

For I'm de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
De darkies flock to me for miles and miles aroun';
I shake de dice and rolls 'em out, come seben, 'lebben, de darkies shout,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

'Twas at a cake-walk that I met
A dandy colored gal;
She was my little baby pet,
They called her Charcoal Sal,
Like glue she loved me, and she swore
She'd marry me some day;
But Lemuel Johnson he came 'long
And stole dat gal away.

CHORUS.

Now I'm de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat nig for miles and miles aroun';
If I should find his restin' place, I'll carve my name upon his face,
For I'm the hottest coon in town.

One night I went to make a call
On Louisiana Lou;
I hung my hat agin' de wall,
To eat some 'possum stew;
Her little brudder grinned at me,
And fo' I was aware,
He laid a razor right side up
Upon dis nigger's chair.

CHORUS.

And I'se de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town;
I'm looking for dat nig for miles and miles aroun';
If I can catch dat nigger, see, I'll cut him just where he cut me,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

I went down to a fancy ball,
In swallow tails so fine;
Among de cullud pussons all,
No coon like me did shine;
Some nigger wid intentions dat
I can't say I admire,
Just put a match to my coat-tails,
And soon I was on fire.

CHORUS.

And I'se de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat moke for miles and miles aroun',
And when he's found, I'll promise you dat nig will turn red, white and blue,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

Dreaming Forever of Mother and Home

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Words and Music by John Butler.

Could I but see my kind mother again,
Hear her sweet voice charm away all my pain;
Could I but feel her soft cheek against mine,
Watching the lovelight in her bright eyes shine,
Walking beside her a child long ago,
In her dear arms ev'ry joy I would know,
Years have now gone since I saw her kind face,
Yet I still dream of my mother's embrace.

REFRAIN.

Dreaming of a face to me always fair,
Of my kind mother with her silv'ry hair,
Long years to wander, in strange lands to roam,
Dreaming forever of mother and home.

Could I again clasp my kind mother's hand,
Never to wander in a foreign land,
Mem'ry will always go back, tho' I roam
Far from my mother and my childhood's home,
Back thro' long years to kind mother again,
Back thro' the desert and over the main,
Soft arms around me and joy as of yore,
Back with kind mother on my native shore.—*Refrain.*

HE TOOK IT IN A QUITE GOOD-NATURED WAY.

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Words by Edgar Smith. Music by Frank David.

I like the man whose atmosphere is always calm and pleasant,
Upon whose face the haughty sneer is ne'er known to be present;
Who does not think the earth his own by patent right exclusive,
And when you linger near his throne does not become abusive,
But he takes it in a quite good-natured way,
And never has a naughty word to say;
And when he finds that you are upon the foot-stool, too,
Just takes it in a quite good-natured way.

I knew a man that had a cough, a harmless irritation;
A cold that could be driven off by simple application;
But every time he met a friend, a new cure was suggested,
And in each cure they'd recommend, he rushed off and invested;
And he took it in a quite good-natured way;
He took a batch of new cures ev'ry day.
When his funeral supplied his friends with a free ride,
They took it in a quite good-natured way.

While riding on a trolly car, and holding fast to leather,
A stranger made the regular remark about the weather;
Just then a sudden jolt occurred, my friend perched on my bunions;
He was a jolly fat, old bird, and he was stuffed with onions,
But I took it in a quite good-natured way,
And the stranger had a pleasant word to say,
But the mix-up we were in brought him next my diamond pin,
We took it in a quite good-natured way.

The Cleveland reign, at Washington, will presently be over;
Ere many days their course have run, we'll bid farewell to Grover.
We wish him well, and hope that care will never make him thinner;
He leaves the Presidential chair the first and only winner,
Still we take it in a quite good-natured way,
But there's wild, hilarious joy in Chesapeake Bay,
Each ducklet flaps his wings and jubilantly sings,
We take it in a quite good-natured way.

—A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."

—Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going West. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the Doctor. "Why, that is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in General Taylor's army in Mexico," said the man, "and the General always told him to carry his whiskey jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

B. Hubbs, S. W. Cor. Franklin & Vine Sts.

KINKY-HEADED LOU.

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Words by Jno E. Fay. Music by Jas. B. Oliver.

Last Saturday night, at a swell cake walk,
I met my fate, fo' shore,
In the shape of a kinky-headed yaller gal
A-waltzing 'round the floor;
I was a new coon in the town,
And couldn't be presented to Miss Lou,
So I boldly walks up to that baby and says,
"I choose you, my honey, yes, I do."

REFRAIN.

O my, I loves that pretty little colored girl,
My love grows every hour,
When I sees her dressed up in her yaller satin,
Just like a great big sunflower;
And when we walks the floor at balls or parties,
We's the envy of them all,
For I'm the swellest coon in all the town,
And Lulu's the belle of the ball.

A big-footed nigger a-standing by,
Who'd brought her to the ball;
He soon had a rusty new razor in his hand,
A-thirsting for my gall;
I puts her hand on my left arm,
While my right arm it swings free,
And when he sees a big six-shooter in my grip,
He thought that he surely didn't know me.—*Refrain.*

You can bet that I stayed there thro' that night,
A-dancing with my Lou;
And gave those burr-headed coons to understand
I'd see them when I'se through;
I've been a-dodging ever since
Big coons with razors, anxious for my gore,
But Miss Lou and I am sure to marry right soon,
And we'll never see that town no more.—*Refrain.*

The Clothes Don't Make the Man.

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Words by Calvin Rankin. Music by Richard G. Mann.

If fortune upon you bestows
Her smiles so sunny bright,
Do not forget a comrade's woes,
Who basks not in her light.
Don't shun him if he's poorly clad,
While you're dressed spick and span;
Recall to mind these words, my lad,
The clothes don't make the man.
Remember that the fickle dame's
Displeasure you may feel,
And you with him may places change
At turn of fortune's wheel.

CHORUS.

If you're upon the sunny side of Easy Street, my boy,
Don't let a false and foolish pride your manliness alloy,
Don't snub a comrade on the street because his clothes are worn.
A heart as true as steel may beat beneath his raiment torn,
Just greet him with a cheering word, assist him all you can,
For you, of course, have often heard, the clothes don't make the man.

If he is in distress, extend
A willing, helping hand,
And let him see you're still his friend,
And that by him you'll stand.
Encourage him by word and deed,
With hearty handshake, too,
Alleviate his present need,
Do all a friend should do.
For you some day may want his aid,
You can't all things discern,
Dame fortune is a fickle jade,
And oft the tables turn.—*Chorus.*

Do as you would have others do
Were you in need of aid,
And you will cast a brighter hue
Where there was naught but shade.
If you a luckless comrade meet,
Assist him all you can;
Your heart with warmer throb will beat,
You'll feel a better man.
For charity's its own reward,
Like bread on waters cast,
And what you give will be restored
Ten-fold to you at last.—*Chorus.*

—What word contains the five vowels in order? "Facetious."

WITH A LAUGH LIKE THIS.

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Words by Winnie Black. Music by Henry Hudson.

I know a little maiden with a laugh like this,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, like this;
I thought it would be funny to surprise her with a kiss,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a kiss;
I stole upon her gently, when she thought no one was near,
And whispered, oh, so lightly, "here's a kiss for luck, my dear,"
Her answer wasn't gentle, 'twas a smack upon my ear,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, on my ear.

This maiden had a father with a big, loud laugh,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, loud laugh,
It made me think of donkies or a great big brindled calf,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a calf;
I asked him for his daughter on a very chilly day:
Said I, "Old man, speak quickly, for I haven't long to stay."
I felt his answer keenly as I sadly limped away,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, limped away.

SHE'S THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH.

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Words by Wallace Poynes. Music by Henry Hudson.

Perhaps you have a sweetheart, she's to you a queen,
Perhaps she's golden hair and eyes of blue,
You think she is a daisy, the fairest ever seen,
She may be the only girl for you,
But there's a little maiden, not so far away,
She's a little wonder, she's a peach,
She's the pride of all the village, and the lads that know her say:
She's the only pebble on the beach.

REFRAIN.

She's the only girl in all the world, lads,
She's a daisy, she's a peach,
She's the fairest ever seen, she's a wonder, she's a queen,
She's the only pebble on the beach.

Her dresses are the latest, and are always neat,
And in that little village by the sea,
She dwells within a cottage, on a quiet street,
She's as happy as a maid can be,
But, best of all, she's promised that she will be mine;
I have wooed and won this little peach;
Yes, there may be many others, but they don't with her compare,
She's the only pebble on the beach.—*Refrain.*

When I Have a Home of My Own.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by Lawrence B. O'Connor.

He was only a poor, simple blacksmith,
But "a man," if there ever was one,
And he cheerily worked at his anvil,
From the dawn till the set of the sun.
He liked to weave plans for the future,
When his savings had much larger grown,
And he sang, "Oh, I'm sure I'll be happy
When I have a home of my own.

REFRAIN.

When I have a home of my own,
'Twill be full of sunshine for me,
With a sweet little wife, the pride of my life,
To sit by my side after tea,
Though sometimes there'll come stormy weather,
Yet we shall be happy together,
For love will be there to lighten each care,
When I have a home of my own.

He faithfully worked till the spring-time,
And then he dressed up in his best,
And unto a certain sweet lassie,
His longings and hopes he confessed.
She said, "I have oft heard you singing
When you thought you were there all alone,
And I'll do my part to make sunshine
When we have a home of our own."—*Refrain.*

—What shape is a kiss? Elliptical. (A-lip-tickle.)

THE BEAUTY SPOT.

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Words by Jack Prendergast. Music by Charles Delatorre.

I've a little spot right here,
Hidden just behind my ear,
Which half concealing, half revealing, my little curl defends;
This spot is my chief care,
Its beauty is so rare,
On its protection from inspection my very life depends.

CHORUS.

No, no, no-o, not so near!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, you've no business here;
No, no, no, no, not to-day,
No, no, no, no, no, you must go away!

If a bold bad man should place
A kiss upon my face,
I'd merely say, "Sir, you're too gay, sir, and let it pass with that;
But if by chance, or not,
He kissed my beauty spot,
While lingering near me, he would hear me tell him cold and flat:

CHORUS.

No, no, no-o, how do you dare!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, 'tis most unfair;
No, no, no, you must go away;
No, no, no, no, go at once, I pray!

I seem to see him here,
The one I love most dear,
He's very near me, oh, dear, dear me, what am I to do?
Oh, he's found my beauty spot!
What shall I do, oh what?
I can't forget him—oh, shall I let him? Tell me quick, would you?

CHORUS.

No, no, no-o, no, not so near!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, please, dear;
No, no, no, no, no, I pray;
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, not to-day!

In the Baggage Coach Ahead.

Parody—Written by Robert P. Burns.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

On a dark moonlight night, as a train battled on,
All the passengers had gone to bunk,
Except one young man with a jag on his hands,
Who sat there with a bowed-down drunk.
This innocent one commenced laughing just then;
He laughed till all thought he would split.
A gentle one said, "Won't you, please, stop your noise,
But the man with the jag yelled out "Nit."
Throw him out, said a deaf mute, he's laughing too loud,
I want sleep, so give me a rest,
But never a word said the man with a jag,
And why he laughed so no one had guessed.
Why are you laughing? Please tell me, I pray;
This an old maid then softly said.
Mother-in-law's dead, was the man's glad reply,
And she lies in the coach ahead.

REFRAIN.

As a train rolled on, with a husband satisfied,
Thinking of such happiness—mother-in-law just died.
She'll eat no ice where she is now, all on the train then said,
For others only wished that theirs were in the baggage coach ahead.

Two poor strolling actors, who were strolling the ties
Till a freight train came strolling along,
Which they both got on, and just thinking of pie,
When they caught a smell that was strong;
One to the other said: "Oh, what can it be?"
Get off! is the best advice.
The other then said, "It's a corpse on this freight,
Who has just merely run short of ice."
Thinking of his red hair, he took off his hat,
And the red hair then flagged the train,
And with the train crew they start searching each car,
Looking for the supposed corpse in vain,
And in a box car that was up near the lead,
A hoboe lay full of booze;
He had caused the smell that was most horrible
Just by taking off both of his shoes.

REFRAIN.

While the freight stood still, all train crew held their nose,
And on the hoboe's feet the engineer turned the hose,
For water brings pictures of good health, and that is ofttimes said,
But one mentioned soap, and the hoboe dropped dead in the box car ahead.

—When are two apples alike? When pared.

NIT! NIT! NIT!

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Words and Music by Lew Dockstader and Geo. M. Cohan.

This world is full of funny things, and funny people too;
A funny saying always clings to funny things we do;
Expressions ev'ry one have heard, and some have made a hit,
But the latest saying's just a word—it's nit! nit! nit!

Now Grover's got three lovely girls—of course, they are his joy,
But what he wants is hard to get, a bouncing baby boy,
And if the next should be a girl, poor "Grove" will have a fit,
It's enough to tempt the man to call it nit! nit! nit!

This country's in an awful state, and, really, it seems strange;
They told us we'd have lots of tin with the presidential change;
McKinley said, "Indeed you will, if in the chair I sit,
But spell tin backwards and you'll find it's nit! nit! nit!

I went to see my girl one night, she met me at the door.
She told me that her "ma" was in, that made me awful sore.
Said she, "Mamma's crocheting, come and see her for a bit;
She knows I love to see her mother (k)nit! (k)nit! (k)nit!

Unless you've seen these living pictures, you would scarce believe
They wore the kind of clothes they did when Adam first met Eve;
Old Adam wore a bright smile, and it was a lovely fit,
But the costume mother Eve had on was (k)nit! (k)nit! (k)nit!

The Angel of Mulberry Bend.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by G. M. Blandford.

We don't put on style in our alley,
And the boys are not extra polite,
There's plenty of howling and fighting,
On our street of a Saturday night;
But there's one little girl that we're proud of,
And none of us her would offend.
She's so good that they call her "an angel,"
The angel of Mulberry Bend.

CHORUS.

She is the Angel of Mulberry Bend, boys,
She's the pride of the whole blooming place;
There isn't no bluff, boys, about her,
You can tell by her sweet little face
She's as good as a squad of police, boys;
If her help to a good cause she'll lend,
She's as pure as a dove, and I know they love
The angel of Mulberry Bend.

Our alley is dingy and dirty,
But she always looks neat and clean;
She seems like a pretty wild flower
That you find in the Spring on the green;
She invites us sometimes of an evening
An hour at her house to spend,
And you bet that we all "toe the scratch," boys,
With the angel of Mulberry Bend.—*Chorus.*

We hear that next Monday's her birthday,
And the boys want to do the right thing,
So they voted some suitable present
On that day to her they'd like to bring;
We have talked it all over together,
And what do you think we will send?
A corking big bouquet of roses,
To the angel of Mulberry Bend.—*Chorus.*

—Noah Webster was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments he dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, saying the style was dull, turgid, dry, hard and uninteresting, and besides, that he used too many big words. But at last Noah succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, propping up babies at the dinner table.

—An English turfman visiting Mount Vernon engaged in conversation with a native, and after a few preliminary remarks observed: "I dare say Mr. Washington didn't care much for 'orses. You cawn't tell me, I suppose, if he was hever a 'orse breaker?" The Virginian eyed him a few seconds doubtfully and then answered: "I ain't much on history, but to the best of my recollection the General was a lion tamer."

KINKY-HEADED LOU.

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And couldn't be presented to Miss Lou,
So I boldly walks up to that baby and says,
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REFRAIN.

O my, I loves that pretty little colored girl,
My love grows every hour,
When I sees her dressed up in her yaller satin,
Just like a great big sunflower;
And when we walks the floor at balls or parties,
We's the envy of them all,
For I'm the swellest coon in all the town,
And Lulu's the belle of the ball.

A big-footed nigger a-standing by,
Who'd brought her to the ball;
He soon had a trusty new razor in his hand,
A-thirsting for my gall;
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—What word contains the five vowels in order? "Facetious."

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But there's a little maiden, not so far away,
She's a little wonder, she's a peach,
She's the pride of all the village, and the lads that know her say:
She's the only pebble on the beach.

REFRAIN.

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And in that little village by the sea,
She dwells within a cottage, on a quiet street,
She's as happy as a maid can be,
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But "a man," if there ever was one,
And he cheerily worked at his anvil,
From the dawn till the set of the sun.
He liked to weave plans for the future,
When his savings had much larger grown,
And he sang, "Oh, I'm sure I'll be happy
When I have a home of my own.

REFRAIN.

When I have a home of my own,
'Twill be full of sunshine for me,
With a sweet little wife, the pride of my life,
To sit by my side after tea,
Though sometimes there'll come stormy weather,
Yet we shall be happy together,
For love will be there to lighten each care,
When I have a home of my own.

He faithfully worked till the spring-time,
And then he dressed up in his best,
And unto a certain sweet lassie,
His longings and hopes he confessed.
She said, "I have oft heard you singing
When you thought you were there all alone,
And I'll do my part to make sunshine
When we have a home of our own."—*Refrain.*

—What shape is a kiss? Elliptical. (A-lip-tickle.)

THE BEAUTY SPOT.

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Words by Jack Prendergast. Music by Charles Delatorre.

I've a little spot right here,
Hidden just behind my ear,
Which half concealing, half revealing, my little curl defends;
This spot is my chief care,
Its beauty is so rare,
On its protection from inspection my very life depends.

CHORUS.

No, no, no-o, not so near!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, you've no business here;
No, no, no, no, not to-day,
No, no, no, no, no, you must go away!

If a bold bad man should place
A kiss upon my face,
I'd merely say, "Sir, you're too gay, sir, and let it pass with that;
But if by chance, or not,
He kissed my beauty spot,
While lingering near me, he would hear me tell him cold and flat:

CHORUS.

No, no, no-o, how do you dare!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, 'tis most unfair;
No, no, no, you must go away;
No, no, no, no, go at once, I pray!

I seem to see him here,
The one I love most dear,
He's very near me, oh, dear, dear me, what am I to do?
Oh, he's found my beauty spot!
What shall I do, oh what?
I can't forget him—oh, shall I let him? Tell me quick, would you?

CHORUS.

No, no, no-o, no, not so near!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, please, dear;
No, no, no, no, no, I pray;
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, not to-day!

In the Baggage Coach Ahead.

Parody—Written by Robert P. Burns.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

On a dark moonlight night, as a train battled on,
All the passengers had gone to bunk,
Except one young man with a jag on his hands,
Who sat there with a bowed-down drunk.
This innocent one commenced laughing just then;
He laughed till all thought he would split.
A gentle one said, "Won't you, please, stop your noise,
But the man with the jag yelled out "Nit."
Throw him out, said a deaf mute, he's laughing too loud,
I want sleep, so give me a rest,
But never a word said the man with a jag,
And why he laughed so no one had guessed.
Why are you laughing? Please tell me, I pray;
This an old maid then softly said.
Mother-in-law's dead, was the man's glad reply,
And she lies in the coach ahead.

REFRAIN.

As a train rolled on, with a husband satisfied,
Thinking of such happiness—mother-in-law just died.
She'll cut no ice where she is now, all on the train then said,
For others only wished that theirs were in the baggage coach ahead.

Two poor strolling actors, who were strolling the ties
Till a freight train came strolling along,
Which they both got on, and just thinking of pie,
When they caught a smell that was strong;
One to the other said: "Oh, what can it be?"
Get off! is the best advice.
The other then said, "It's a corpse on this freight,
Who has just merely run short of ice."
Thinking of his red hair, he took off his hat,
And the red hair then flagged the train,
And with the train crew they start searching each car,
Looking for the supposed corpse in vain,
And in a box car that was up near the lead,
A hoboe lay full of booze;
He had caused the smell that was most horrible
Just by taking off both of his shoes.

REFRAIN.

While the freight stood still, all train crew held their nose,
And on the hoboe's feet the engineer turned the hose,
For water brings pictures of good health, and that is ofttimes said,
But one mentioned soap, and the hoboe dropped dead in the box car ahead.

—When are two apples alike? When pared.

NIT! NIT! NIT!

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Words and Music by Lew Dockstader and Geo. M. Cohan.

This world is full of funny things, and funny people too;
A funny saying always clings to funny things we do;
Expressions ev'ry one have heard, and some have made a hit,
But the latest saying's just a word—it's nit! nit! nit!

Now Grover's got three lovely girls—of conse, they are his joy,
But what he wants is hard to get, a bouncing baby boy,
And if the next should be a girl, poor "Grove" will have a fit,
It's enough to tempt the man to call it nit! nit! nit!

This country's in an awful state, and, really, it seems strange;
They told us we'd have lots of tin with the presidential change;
McKinley said, "Indeed you will, if in the chair I sit,
But spell tin backwards and you'll find it's nit! nit! nit!

I went to see my girl one night, she met me at the door.
She told me that her "ma" was in, that made me awful sore.
Said she, "Mamma's crocheting, come and see her for a bit;
She knows I love to see her mother (k)nit! (k)nit! (k)nit!

Unless you've seen these living pictures, you would scarce believe
They wore the kind of clothes they did when Adam first met Eve;
Old Adam wore a bright smile, and it was a lovely fit,
But the costume mother Eve had on was (k)nit! (k)nit! (k)nit!

The Angel of Mulberry Bend.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by G. M. Blandford.

We don't put on style in our alley,
And the boys are not extra polite,
There's plenty of howling and fighting,
On our street of a Saturday night;
But there's one little girl that we're proud of,
And none of us her would offend.
She's so good that they call her "an angel,"
The angel of Mulberry Bend.

CHORUS.

She is the Angel of Mulberry Bend, boys,
She's the pride of the whole blooming place;
There isn't no bluff, boys, about her,
You can tell by her sweet little face
She's as good as a squad of police, boys;
If her help to a good cause she'll lend,
She's as pure as a dove, and I know they love
The angel of Mulberry Bend.

Our alley is dingy and dirty,
But she always looks neat and clean;
She seems like a pretty wild flower
That you find in the Spring on the green;
She invites us sometimes of an evening
An hour at her house to spend,
And you bet that we all "toe the scratch," boys,
With the angel of Mulberry Bend.—*Chorus.*

We hear that next Monday's her birthday,
And the boys want to do the right thing,
So they voted some suitable present
On that day to her they'd like to bring;
We have talked it all over together,
And what do you think we will send?
A corking big bouquet of roses,
To the angel of Mulberry Bend.—*Chorus.*

—Noah Webster was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments he dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, saying the style was dull, turgid, dry, hard and uninteresting, and besides, that he used too many big words. But at last Noah succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, propping up babies at the dinner table.

—An English turfman visiting Mount Vernon engaged in conversation with a native, and after a few preliminary remarks observed: "I dare say Mr. Washington didn't care much for 'orses. You cawn't tell me, I suppose, if he was hever a 'orse breaker?" The Virginian eyed him a few seconds doubtfully and then answered: "I ain't much on history, but to the best of my recollection the General was a lion tamer."

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away:
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee river banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Nowa I'se old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

We Both Have the Same Dear Mother.

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Words by A. Warren. Music by Emily Smith.

Two brothers met by chance upon the street one Sunday morn,
One was dressed in grandest style, the other was ragged and torn—
"Is that you, Jack?" the poor man said, but he received a frown.
"I know you not," the rich man said, "so please pass up or down."
The poor man stood amazed, and at his brother gazed,
Thinking whether he would go or stay,
He heaved a heavy sigh, with tear-drops in his eyes,
Then turning to his brother, he did say:

CHORUS.

"We both have the same dear mother, we lived in the same old home,
Though our stern, old father once had cast you off to roam,
We all have our faults in life-time, with sorrows and troubles to smother;
My brother you'll be, through eternity, we both have the same dear mother."

The brothers stood some moments there, and then the rich one said:
"I know you'll forgive me, for you are my brother Ned,
But come now, Ned, and tell me true, how is our mother dear,
And stern, old father whom I had not seen for many years?"
Poor Ned then heaves a sigh, with sad tears in his eyes,
And with an aching heart, he starts to say:
"Our poor old father and dear mother are both dead,"
Two brothers were united there that day.—*Chorus.*

Good Morning, Mister Policeman.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

He was a big policeman, a little maid was she,
Going to school each morning, just as happy as could be,
His post was at the school-house, so they were sure to meet,
And the little scholar's greetings soon became to him a treat;
He waited for her coming, so full of childish grace,
He knew a pleasant smile for him beamed on her sweet, young face;
He felt his heart grow warmer, when he saw her far away,
Knowing well she'd run to greet him, knowing well these words she'd say:

CHORUS.

Good morning, Mister Policeman, I'm not afraid of you,
Because you wear brass buttons and a uniform of blue;
My teacher says she likes you, because you are so kind,
If children just behave themselves, a good friend in you they'll find.

One day the maid was missing—"Her birthday, p'raps," said he;
"If that's why she stays away, I hope she'll happy be."
Yet three days more passed slowly, she came not thro' the gates,
And the big policeman then inquired of her amongst her mates.
"We did not like to tell you," one brown-eyed lassie said,
"But perhaps you'd better know the truth, sir, little May is dead."
He turn'd aside to hide a tear, sad was his heart that day,
When he knew no more she'd greet him, and no more he'd hear her say:
—*Chorus.*

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

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Words by Dr. Luis A. Baralt. Music by Julius E. Andino.

Couldst thou but think how much I love, couldst thou but feel how I love thee,
How to forget thee once I strove, thou wouldst not be so cruel to me.
I love thee so that I would give all earthly treasures for thy heart:
If it were mine, I would forgive all thou hast done to make us part;
And I loved on—in vain I tried to chase this passion from my soul,
In vain all things have with it vied; nothing could heal, nothing console,
This heart so true, this love so deep, by faith and hope divinely blest,
Wilt thou with heartless cruelty, steep in gloom too dark to be expressed?

CHORUS.

Oh! my darling, you have raised me,
With one look, from my state of deep gloom;
Oh! my beauty, you have braced me,
With one smile, that my soul does consume;
Now forever happy lovers,
We shall go heart in heart, hand in hand,
Bright shall be what heaven covers,
And a heaven shall be where we stand.

SWEETHEARTS IN THE PARK.

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Words by Arthur Lamb. Music by Hans S. Line.

On many a pleasant afternoon the young folks leave the streets,
And seek the cool and shady park, where everybody meets.
There's many a pair of lovers there, which causes no remark,
For ev'rybody likes to see the sweethearts in the park.

CHORUS.

Some will enter on their wheels, some prefer to walk,
While 'neath the trees the nice fresh breeze will cool them as they talk.
They don't care then for city sights, they linger till it's dark,
You'll always see them summer nights, the sweethearts in the park.

There is no pleasure in the town that can compare with this,
The promenades beneath the trees there's none of them will miss.
It's better far than going on a noisy city lark,
There's nicer times in quiet for the sweethearts in the park.—*Chorus.*

They come together, far and near, from almost everywhere,
The thousands who are strangers all, but yet one pleasure share,
And if you could but speak to all they'd make the same remark:
"There nothing like the summer time for sweethearts in the park."—*Chorus.*

MA ONLIEST ONE.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

While walkin' down de street de udder day
I happened fer to raise ma eyes and 'ook wid all my might and main
For standin' on de corner was a yaller gal,
She said Chlorinda Johnson was her name.
Why ma heart had flown, I lost my head completely,
For ma own true love had stolen all de sense I ebber had away.
I took her hand, she blushed and smiled so sweetly;
Oh, I kissed her and I den did fondly say:—Oh—

CHORUS.

Honey, ma little gal,
Won't you come and let me whisper
In your ear how much I lub your?
Fore de Lord, you is ma sweet—
You'se ma onliest one in all dis world to me;
You has ma soul, ma life, ma all,
Just as true as stars dat shine—
Oh, tell me dat you lub me,
And say dat you'll be mine.

Chlorinda, she's de gal I'se gwine to marry.
You bet we'll have a happy time, for love has made our two hearts one.
You ask her who compares to her own lubly boy,
She'll roll her eyes and sweetly answer "None!"
You'se can talk about yo' hoe-cake and persimmons,
They're not in it wit de gal I lub, because I know she's just divine.
I'll lub her till I die, ma heart will creep and grow,
Just as sweetly as de sweet potato vine.—Oh!—*Chorus.*

A LETTER FOR MY BOY.

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Written and composed by Maxwell Silver and Sydney Bernstein.

A mother, once fair, now bowed with care,
A post-office window drew near;
A letter she had to send the lad
To her so loved and dear,
Then to the clerk she pleaded,
Her eyes all brimming with tears,
And begged he'd address the letter for her,
And these are the words that he hears:

CHORUS.

"This letter's for one I am longing to see,
One who is dearer than all;
I know that his heart is true to me,
No matter whate'er may befall;
Tho' from his home years ago he fled,
He still is my hope, my joy;
So please address for me," she said,
"A letter for my boy."

The poor woman tried her tears to hide,
Her glance to him pleadingly raised;
The clerk asked the name, she told the same,
"Thank God!" he cried, amazed,
"You've found your son, dear mother;
I've sought you many a day!"
Then, clasped to her heart, he blesses the words
He heard those dear trembling lips say:—*Chorus.*

MOLLY McENTEE.

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Words and Music by Edwin W. Cole.

All the boys were dead in love with Molly McEntee,
At the corner where she lives a crowd you'll always see,
When she's walking down the street,
Always nobby, always neat,
With a smile demure and sweet Molly McEntee.
With a pleasant nod for all as she trips along, yet
Billy Bright, at her back gate, would sometimes sing this song:

CHORUS.

Molly, my heart is on fire for love of you,
Tell me, dear Molly, to win you what must I do?
For you know that I love you and love you true,
Come to my heart, Molly darling, for I love you.

Though she had a score of beaux, 'twas always Billy Bright,
By her side would proudly walk when going home at night,
Billy looked so big and brave,
Proud to be her willing slave;
His to guard, from trouble save, Molly McEntee.
She would not admit her love, though he asked each day,
Yet it made her heart beat faster, when she'd hear him say:

CHORUS.

Molly, my heart is on fire for love of you,
Tell me, dear Molly, to win you what must I do,
For you know that I love you and love you true,
Come to my heart, Molly darling, for I love you.

Then one night the cry of "Fire" echo'd on the air,
Billy proved himself a hero, hope came from despair,
Through the awful fire and heat
He saved her cripple brother Pete,
Then fell senseless at her feet. Molly McEntee.
After many weary weeks, weeks of hope and fear,
On her knees beside his cot, she whispered in his ear:

CHORUS.

Billy, dear Billy, I know that you love me true,
Speak to me, Billy, my darling, for I want you,
Now I know that you're noble, you're good and true,
Live just for my sake, dear Billy, for I love you.

—"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.

—A bear, wishing to rob a bee-hive, laid himself down in front of it and overturned it with his paw. "Now," said he, "I will lie perfectly still and let the bees sting me until they are exhausted and powerless; their honey may then be obtained without opposition." And it was so obtained, but by a fresh bear, the other beidg dead.

DADDY'S GONE TO NEW YORK;

— OR: —

Daddy's Gone to London.

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Words by Tom Browne. Music by Felix McGlennon.

On the road to New York tramp'd a poor, hard-working man;
Long he fought misfortune, as but good men only can;
His darling wife and little ones he'd left, in grief, behind,
But thro' his weary trudging they were ever in his mind.
When they miss'd their Dada and they saw their Mamma's tears,
"Mamma, what you crying for?" would ask the little dears;
"Why is Daddy not at home—ah! has he gone away?"
Trying, through her tears, to cheer her darlings, she would say:

CHORUS.

Daddy's gone to New York, where the streets are paved with gold;
Daddy's gone to New York, where the poor are never cold;
There's dolls and toys for the girls and boys, and as for baby Jack,
He shall have a hobby horse when Dad comes back.

Hungry, worn, and footsore, came the Dad to New York town;
No one would employ him, he was weak and broken down;
For thousands there were starving, seeking work the same as he;
And but for those he left behind, he'd end his misery.
Those at home were starving too, the cupboard grew more bare,
Vainly cried the children for a crust, but none was there.
Little things went, one by one, a scant meal to provide.
Still, although heart-broken, to her babes the mother cried:—*Chorus.*

Every heart is not of stone, the poor assist the poor;
Fainting fell the man, one night, outside a cottage door;
But quickly was he carried in, they guess'd his story and,
And brought him to, and made him share, not much, but all they had.
Many can help one, and soon the humble hat went 'round,
Nobler hearts than New York's poor, don't dwell on Yankee ground.
He got work, and now his home's as bright as day is long;
Happy mother, happy children, now join in the song:—*Chorus.*

RIVALS.

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Words by Charles H. Brown. Music by Edward A. Brown.

We swells and belles were there, the mirrow'd ballroom glow'd;
The choice of wealth and beauty danc'd as the music flow'd;
One girl outshone the rest, as diamonds unto glass,
And Ed and I were rivals for this fair, blooming lass;
With her I danc'd a waltz, her blue eyes met my gaze,
As in a dream we floated 'round the magic maze,
As Ed and I did strive our wit and grace display,
As rivals for her favors before the break of day.

CHORUS.

For Ed and I were rivals all thro' that giddy whirl,
A fair one like a fairy the sweetest laughing girl,
Just drew us like a magnet thro' that inspiring dance,
And bound us by a spell of love, flashing from her glance.

I gazed into her eyes, bright eyes of palest blue;
And as the dance proceeded I ask'd her to be true;
She press'd my hand in hers, as token of her love,
Her heart beat fast and flutter'd just like a captur'd dove;
My rival's face did flush, he saw her timid look,
And my triumphant bearing no insult would i brook,
He left the dance in haste, departed ere 'twas morn,
As in that crowded ballroom my heart's first love was born.—*Chorus.*

Next ev'ning at our club I met my old friend Ed;
Now friends no more but rivals, I hate you, sir, he said;
Cast his glove in my face, his features firmly set,
Sir, a duel we must have—arrange it now we've met;
With rage I swore I'd fight, and so, with bitter hate,
I told him that the morning would see his bitter fate;
He laugh'd to scorn my boast, keen rivals now at heart,
Unto the death at sunrise with love or life to part.—*Chorus.*

Rivals for fair blue eyes, upon the field we stood,
Our seconds had arrang'd it, and honor call'd for blood.
A surgeon, our valets, and our coaches did wait,
The issue of the duel our honor or our fate.
With firm and steady eyes, we faced each other then,
Thought of our homes in boyhood, those happy days again,
Too late to reconcile, the signal and we fired,
Her love can ne'er replace him, my love with him expir'd.—*Chorus.*

—After the clergyman had united a pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, who exclaimed: "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy!"

LEONIE.

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris

"Do not turn away, my darling, listen for one moment, pray,
And I'll tell you how I love you, for I'm sure you'll not say nay.
Don't be cruel to me, sweetheart, do not cast my love away,
Heart to heart and lips together, let us join to-day."

CHORUS.

"Leonie, Leonie, you are the queen of my heart;
I love, I adore you, from you I can never part.
What is life without you, what is this world to me?
Leonie, Leonie, my idol and queen of my heart."

"Why that sigh when I draw nigh, love; why those tears upon your cheek?
Have I been unkind, my darling? Tell me, sweetheart, why you weep.
There is something in your eyes, love, tells me that my love gives pain;
Answer, darling, answer truly, are my dreams in vain?"—*Chorus.*

Then she murmured to her lover, "You must not speak, love, to me,
I am promised to another, and to him must faithful be.
I have longed, with heart-felt yearning, for this night with all its pain,
Yet I never dreamed you loved me, now 'tis all in vain."—*Chorus.*

WHEN I MET YOU.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

In those long years, sweet girl, before I knew you,
The dreams I dreamed like madness seemed.
I dreamt that fate, fair maid, would lead me to you;
I dreamt that fortune on me beamed;
I dreamt of wealth untold, I scoffed at sadness,
I felt divine, the world was mine,
I dreamt that life would prove a perfumed madness
Of roses, love, and surging wine,
And then, and then my dreams came true,
When my unworthy eyes saw you;
My wildest, dearest, sweetest dreams came true
When I met you, when I met you!

No youth e'er dreamed before such dreams as mine were,
My castles fair, reared high in air;
My hopes of triumphs gained, almost divine were;
I looked for fortune everywhere:
I thought my path would lead thro' fields of flowers,
That ev'ry prize would greet my eyes,
While love and mirth should fill my waking hours,
And make my world a paradise,
And then, and then my dreams came true, etc.

Won't Somebody Give Me a Kiss?

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Words by O. Amando. Music by Emily Smith.

I am such an innocent Miss,
Too innocent I've heard it said;
I'm just sixteen and have never been kissed,
But that ain't because I'm afraid—
I'd take one if I got the chance,
The trick, you bet, I ne'er would miss.
Won't somebody kiss me, and kiss me right now,
Just give me but one wee sweet kiss.

REFRAIN.

Won't somebody give me a kiss?
Just one, only one wee sweet kiss.
I hear it's so nice, just try it once, twice,
Won't somebody give me a kiss?
Won't somebody give me a kiss,
Just one, only one wee sweet kiss:
I hear it's so nice, just try it once, twice,
Won't somebody give me a kiss?

They say there is love in a kiss,
Oh, don't I wish I had some love;
They say the feeling is one of such bliss.
It beats all on earth or above;
Ma says I'm too young to have beaus,
She never lets me out at night;
She thinks I'm a kid yet, and too young to know,
But all the boys think I'm just right.—*Chorus.*

BILLY DALY'S GIRL.

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Written and Composed by Harry Freeman.

Near the old ward grammar school, lives a bright-eyed lass;
Should you chance to go that way, maybe you'll see her pass.
Just a glance from Katie's eyes would set your heart awhirl;
The boys love her so, yet all of them know that she's Billy Daly's girl.

REFRAIN.

After school is over, after work is done,
Just outside the school-yard gate, they'd gather one by one;
All the boys have sweethearts, each a precious pearl,
But none of them compare with Billy Daly's girl.

Ev'ry morning, rain or shine, just at half-past eight,
Down by Uncle Riley's store, Billy would wait for Kate.
Then she greets him with a smile, and off to school they go;
It's plain to be seen, she's as proud as a queen, for she's Billy's girl, you know.
—*Chorus.*

SHE ONLY BOWS TO ME.

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

There's a girl that I meet ev'ry morning,
As I go to my daily toil,
She works for a living as I do,
She's a treasure, this dear little girl,
She comes of a very good family,
Her mother's the widow McGee;
The boys tip their hats when she passes them by,
But she only bows to me.

CHORUS.

She only bows to me,
She's a picture, boys, to see;
No better girl than she
In all this world could be,
With a heart that's true and kind,
And that's very hard to find,
For she's just the girl that I'm sure you would like.
And she only bows to me.

There's Tommy, that owns the big groc'ry,
And Jimmie, the flats right next door,
And Georgie, who works down in Wall Street,
And Charlie that's in the drug store,
They watch ev'ry evening to see her,
But she always gives them the "go-bye."
She loves only me, and my wife soon will be,
So she only bows to me.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE HER JUST THE SAME.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee,
A letter on the table tells the same, old, plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face:
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame;
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken:
"Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same."

CHORUS.

"I love her, yes, I love her just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name,
Though she's gone with another, she's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her, just the same."

The music's softly playing in a ball-room, oh! so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the 'morrow in that gay and giddy crowd,
Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet, there is one amid the throng, who once was pure and true,
But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and husband;
Will he forgive and love her just the same.—*Chorus.*

The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain;
They're looking for a loved one, whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean, the child cries out, "mamma;"
His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me; I know that I've been guilty;
For baby's sake, please take me home again."—*Chorus.*

OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame,
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had strayed away,
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas Day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.

Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice,
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice,
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise,
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days,
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
When gathered there on Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song:—*Cho.*

THE BLACK FOUR HUNDRED.

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Words and Music by Irving Jones.

There's a club called Black Four Hundred, it's composed of dead swell coons,
It's hotter than the Skidmore Guards, or the Order of Full Moons;
You'll see the latest styles and fashions when these coons parade,
They lay all other coon clubs in the shade;
You must wear pearls and diamonds if you want to be in line,
You've got to be a hot coon, and your clothing must be fine,
And when those coons turn out on Emancipation Day,
On the corners you will hear the wenches say:

CHORUS.

See the Black Four Hundred a-coming down the street;
Now, don't those coons look hot as along the street they trot?
If you listen, you'll hear the kinkey-headed wenches say:
The Black Four Hundred are on parade to-day.

If you want to be a member, you must be an aristocrat,
You must wear patent-leather shoes, and a great big beaver hat;
For drilling and cake-walking, why, our equals can't be found,
The white folks say we're the hottest coons in town;
We're going to give a pic-nic and we're bound to have a crowd,
Because both guns and razors on the grounds will be allowed;
We're going to give a grand parade, quite early in the day,
Upon Fifth Avenue you'll hear them say:—*Chorus.*

Since Mary Harris Went to Paris.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A girl named Mary Harris, said she'd like to visit Paris,
And her father, who's a millionaire, said, "Daughter, we shall go."
Both bright and happy-hearted they were when the ship departed
For the land of sun and flowers, which Napoleon worshiped so;
They had'nt been in Paris but a week, when Mister Harris
Said he thought it best for Mary if no longer there they'd stay;
Directly home he brought her, Mary said he hadn't ought*ter*,
But the people in the village with a knowing twinkle say:

CHORUS.

Since Mary Harris went to Paris, oh, dear me!
It seems so strange that such a change in her could be!
Before she left she'd never heard the saying, glass of beer;
But ask her now to have one, and she'll answer we mussieur!

A girl named Kate McCarty, with her sister gave a party,
They invited Mary Harris, who had just returned from France.
They'd lots of fun and singing, and a shout of joy went ringing
Thro' the house when Mary Harris said, "Suppose we have a dance."
The girls began debating and, without a moment waiting,
Mary started in to show them how to dance the French Quadrille;
Then kicking high and prancing 'round the room, she went a-dancing,
And though all this happened weeks ago, the folks are saying still:—*Cho.*

What the Old Folks Used to Say.

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Words and Music by John Gowman.

'Twas the dear old church that's now burned to the ground,
Where, on ev'ry Sunday morning, the old folks could be found,
As they sat there and sung their sweet songs of praise
In those good old times in those dear old days.
How often have I sat outside and heard the organ play
The old familiar hymn that made me think to-day.
The hands that played the organ, the pastor, old and gray,
And many faces from the choir, have long since passed away.

CHORUS.

The old folks used to say to me, "My boy, when you're a man,
Don't forget the old church, be there when you can;
The comforts there you'll find are real, the joys found there will last,
You'll think of what the old folks said when from this world they've passed.

There's the old church-bell, that for years hung in the tower,
Both night and day recording the swiftly fleeting hour;
As its sound kissed the breeze of the midsummer night,
The black bat flew 'round the old tower in delight,
Oh, if its tongue could only speak, what stories it could tell
Of the rich and of the poor, and the middle class as well,
For each heart has its sorrow, in each life rain must fall,
Till the old church bell, with its fun'ral knell, shall gather in them all.—*Cho.*

For long years I have wandered afar o'er land and sea,
But still the thought of home, sweet home was ever dear to me,
When I spent all my boyhood's bright happy days
With the dear old folks and their quaint old ways,
And when the boys all gathered at the twilight in the glen,
And talked of what they all would do when they grew to be men;
The picture was so pretty, we wished the time to come,
But from that dream we soon awoke when life's real work began.—*Chorus.*

MR. JOHNSON.

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Words and Music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep,
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t'a quarter he could make de four;
He made that point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jump'd through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;
Don't take me to de calaboose;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe;
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still,
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose,
Got no chance for a good excuse.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;
And now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in the nigger heab'n;
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

—A lady making her way through a crowd accidentally pushed a small bootblack into the gutter. She instantly stopped and said: "My boy, excuse me; I did not mean to push you." The little fellow stared at her a moment, and then, turning to his companion, said: "Say, Mickey, I'd be pushed off'n the walk every day to have a real lady talk to me that way."

CLANCY'S MISTAKES.

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Words and Music by John Tierney.

Mike Clancy lost the job he had
Two weeks ago to-night,
Soon after that he asked me
If I'd anything in sight;
I got him on a street car,
As conductor thro' the day;
He bought a brand new uniform
And started right away;
They made him watch the crossings,
And the names of streets call out,
And information gather
For the signs along the route,
While passing by a corner
He a billiard parlor spied:
He pull the bell, the gripman stopped,
And Clancy loudly cried:

CHORUS.

Billiard and Pool Street,
Clancy hollered out,
The people never heard that street before,
Along the route;
He saw a lamp-post painted red,
And as the car drew nigher,
He got excited, pulled the bell,
And loudly yelled out "Fire!"

When Clancy got back from the trip,
The foreman he got rash;
He collared Clancy by the neck
And took away the cash;
He fired Mike out thro' the door,
'Twas much to his disgrace,
But very soon we heard that he
Had got another place,
'Twas in a retail dry-goods store,
Where he was a "ladies man,"
And ran the hose department
On the European plan;
A lady called, she priced some stockings,
While the boss stood nigh,
Then Clancy's bosom swelled with pride,
He wanted to act fly:

CHORUS.

Silk ones, ten dollars,
Colors bright and gay;
"Oh, dear," she said, "but they come high;
I'll not take them to-day;"
The woman sized up Clancy, and said she,
"I like your gall."
"You can't blame me," says Clancy,
"For you see you're awful tall."

Now bad luck seems to follow Mike,
No matter where he goes,
He's always making funny breaks,
As ev'rybody knows;
He's made mistakes so often
That the bosses all got tired,
And from each job that he has had
Poor Mike, of course, was fired;
His dry-goods man let up on him,
But only for a while;
He told poor Mike to watch himself
And gave him one more trial;
The bosses' wife came in one day
To get some underwear,
And Clancy had to wait on her,
No other clerk was there.

CHORUS.

"Walk this way, lady."
She said, "I can't.
Show me your summer underclothes,
A favor to me grant."
Then Clancy started to disrobe
In front of all the store.
His trial comes off next Friday,
He ain't working any more.

—Some men always look on the bright side.—Said the gentleman who was run over by the "Black Maria:" "Well, there's one consolation! The fact that I was run over by the thing shows that I wasn't inside it!"

—A young medical student at Bowdoin College once asked the later Professor Parker Cleveland if there were not some more recent works on anatomy than those in the college library. "Young man," said the professor, measuring the entire mental calibre of the youthful scholar at one glance, "there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last ten years."

THE ACTOR'S DYING CHILD.

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Words by Alan Warren. Music by Emily Smith.

In a grand theatre, where all was gay and bright,
A brilliant star appeared there, each and ev'ry night,
To play the light and gay, which pleased the folks so well,
But ev'ry call stabbed deep his heart, his sorrows none could tell.
The actor's brain was in a whirl, and seemed to drive him wild,
For his thoughts they were of home, where lay his dying child,
Oh! that she should not die when I am far away,
But I cannot forget the words my little one did say:

REFRAIN.

Papa dear, 'tis seven o'clock, I counted ev'ry chime;
'Tis very late, why don't you go, you won't be there in time;
You must go out and make them laugh, please go now, papa dear,
The people all would miss you so, and the play would seem so drear.

The play is o'er, in costume he rushes to the street,
And quickly driven to his home, his wife's sad face to meet,
The parents heaved a sigh, for neither moved or spoke,
And when the time-piece chimed again, the little one awoke,
The child arose and looked around, a heav'nly face had she,
And something seem'd to whisper that she neared eternity;
They saw their child was dying, and bending low to hear,
These words in their fond mem'ry will remain forever dear:—*Refrain.*

The Fitzsimmons and Corbett Fight.

Tune—"There'll Come a Time."

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By Daniel E. Krueger.

Some years ago Jim and Fitzsimmons,
All that they did was talk about fight;
Until one day they got together,
'Twas then that Fitz sent Jim down the pike;
Yes, yes, my man, 'twas out at Carson,
St. Patrick's Day, the sports were in line;
I drop'd my dough, but soon I'll regain it,
When Sharkey meets Fitz, boys, there'll come a time.

CHORUS.

There'll come a time some day, when Sharkey holds full sway,
He is the only real thing, boys, keep that in mind;
Fitz is the champion now—won't be long, I'll allow,
Sharkey's the next one to land, boys, there'll come a time.

Corbett, no doubt, was broken-hearted,
He thought the game was really dead sure;
Until he got that awful left soaker,
'Twas more than Jim could ever endure;
Give credit boys to Jim for his fighting,
But don't forget John "L" in his prime;
Among the best you'll not find his equal,
But Sharkey is next, boys, there'll come a time.—*Chorus.*

Have You Come to Take Me Home?

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Words by T. C. Harbaugh. Music by Richard G. Mann.

I did not know her face at first, when 'neath the lights we met,
For she had changed so very much, you know;
Perhaps I should have known at once the sparkling eyes of jet,
I saw them oftentimes long years ago.
She laid her hand upon my sleeve, and falt'ringly she said,
"I'm tired of wand'ring 'neath the starry dome;
I've wished a thousand times the daisies bloomed above my head,
Oh, tell me, have you come to take me home?"

CHORUS.

"'Tis for you I've long been waiting,
I, a waif upon life's foam,
And I know to-night you'll tell me,
That you've come to take me home.
For my loved ones I am pining,
Oh, no more I care to roam,
And I pray, dear friend of childhood,
That you've come to take me home."

She told me how in dreams, she saw the home she cherished still,
Where billows in their revel lash the shore;
How deep into her girlish heart, an aching void to fill,
Came voices, aye, and faces loved of yore,
And then she'd touch my sleeve again, and, in a voice like pray'r
She'd cry, "No longer from the hearth I'd roam;
I'm dying for a mother's kiss, I need a mother's care,
Oh, tell me, have you come to take me home?"—*Chorus.*

DORA DEAN.

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Words and Music by Bert A. Williams.

'Way down in Lou'siana, dat's where ole Sister Hannah
Bakes the cracklin' bread upon the coals;
With her daughter Dora Dean, who is my dearest queen,
Oh! I tell you, boys, she is a lump of gold.
She goes to church on Sunday, you'll find her home on Monday,
Helping all the folks the house to clean;
Their home it looks so neat, you'll find it hard to beat,
The way it's kept by Dora Dean.

CHORUS.

Oh! have you ever seen my Dora Dean,
She's the hottest thing you ever seen;
I'm gwine to make this gal my Dora queen—
Next Sunday morn' I'm gwine to marry sweet Dora Dean.

While down with Sister Holley, we all did feel so jolly,
Each one tried to cut a pigeon wing;
When up jump'd Dora Dean, who said, "I am the queen;
I can beat you in a dance for anything."
That just suited ole Aunt Dinah, who sang a tune in minor,
Thinking that she could the music make;
So we started in to test, to see who was the best,
And Dora walked off with the cake.—*Chorus.*

HOT TAMALE ALLEY.

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Words by May Irwin. Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Down in Hot Tamale Alley lives a yaller gal named Sally,
She's the warmest member in the colored neighborhood;
Sally is the pink of neatness, she's a little lump of sweetness,
I'm her man, the whole coon clan would carve me if they could;
Talk about your jealous niggers, how they'd like to pull the triggers
Of the guns they carry, and a target make of me,
Just because I've won this baby, and some day I'll wed her, maybe;
When we go out for a stroll, we are a sight to see.

CHORUS.

There's no nigger cutting any figure
When I go out for a promenade with Sally!
There's a lot of wenches darker, but you bet there's not a marker
To my baby down in Hot Tamale Alley.

Every cake walk, why we win it, no one's in it, for a minute,
When I link her arm and walk with Hot Tamale Sal,
To dis coon she is a blessing, and she doesn't keep me guessing;
For I know that I'm her beau, and she's my only gal;
She's the prize, and I have won it, ev'ry nigger tips his bonnet
When we pass, or else I flourish up my razor blade;
Now by dark-town we're respected, swellest couple we're elected;
Babies mighty hot 'twould take to put us in the shade.—*Chorus.*

Will You Love Me, Sweetheart, When I'm Old?

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Sweetheart with the glorious eyes, where young love a-dreaming lies;
Sweetheart with the blushing cheeks, where young love its secret speaks;
Sweetheart with the trusting looks, telling more than any books!
Answer now and answer true, 'tis all I ask of you.

CHORUS.

Will you love me, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?

Love is hopeful in its May, when 'tis sunny ev'ry day,
When the song of birds repeat simple stories ever sweet,
But when autumn brings its gloom, and fair flowers cease to bloom,
Answer now, I will not blame, will you love me just the same?

CHORUS.

Will you love me, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?
(Repeat last line twice if not too high, otherwise this song can end here.)

There's a Girl in the World for Us All.

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Words and Music by W. C. Davies.

Two friends quarrelled one day
About a young girl called Mary;
Tom loved her dearly and Jack did the same,
But he was a little contrary:
Mary told Tom that she loved him the best,
And promised that she'd be his wife;
When Jack heard of this in a passion he flew,
Said: "Our friendship, Tom, ceases for life!"

REFRAIN.

"Don't be angry with me, Jack,
Because I have won Mary;
Come, let us be friends again;
Don't be so contrary;
You tried to win her I know;
She loved me best after all;
Shake hands and be friends, and remember," said Tom,
"There's a girl in the world for us all."

Said Jack: "I'll go away
Since you've won the heart of Mary."
"Don't go away, Jack, for I'm still your friend;
Why are you so awful contrary:
Soon little Mary and I will be wed
In the church that stands over the way:
Now promise me, Jack, that my friend still you'll be."
Tom then held out his hand and did say:—*Refrain.*

Pictures from Life's Other Side.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

In the world's mighty gall'ry of pictures
Hang the scenes that are painted from life;
The picture of love and of passion,
The picture of peace and of strife;
The picture of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young bride,
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of all
Are the pictures from life's other side.

CHORUS.

'Tis a picture from life's other side,
Some one who fell by the way,
A life has gone out with the tide
That may have been happy one day.
Some poor old mother at home,
Watching and waiting alone,
Longing to hear from the lov'd ones so dear,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler,
Who has lost all his money at play,
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger,
She wore on her wedding day;
His last earthly treasure he stakes it,
Bows his head, that his shame he may hide.
When they lifted his head they found he was dead,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The next tells a tale of two brothers,
Whose paths in life diff'rent ways led;
The one was in luxury living,
The other one begged for his bread:
One dark night they met on the highway,
"Your money or life!" the thief cried,
And he took with his knife his own brother's life,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The last is a scene by the river,
Of a heart-broken mother and babe,
'Neath the harbor-lights' glare stands and shivers
An outcast whom no one will save;
And yet she was once a true woman,
She was somebody's darling and pride.
God help her, she leaps, there is no one to weep,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

—Never ask a woman her age—that is, not that woman. Ask some other woman.

—The "utterly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more than usually fragrant cigar stump, exclaimed to his friend Jack: "Jack, this is quite too positively bully!"

You Will Love Me and I You.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

A sweet little girl and a dear little boy,
Together one day at their play,
Tho' tender in years, little sweethearts were they,
For since babies they'd loved in their way.
Now you read me something from your little book,
And I'll read from mine, she then said,
The dear little fellow then turned to a page,
And these words, that he found there, he read:

CHORUS.

If you will love me, dear, then I'll love you,
Happy together we'll be;
You will love me, dear, and I will love you,
What then can part me from thee,
Give me your love, dear, and I'll give mine;
Oh, promise me that you'll be true,
Through sunshine and sorrow we'll wander through life,
And you will love me and I you.

Many years had gone by when this same little boy
Met the sweetheart whom he had loved so,
Tho' time had changed all, he was true to his vow,
And the one whom he'd loved long ago.
Can I trust you, she said, as she gave him her hand;
Will you always be good, kind and mild,
As he looked into her eyes, he then whispered these words,
Yes, these words she had heard when a child:—*Chorus.*

MY MAMMY'S LULLABY.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

When I was but a little picaninny,
Down whar' de little niggars grow,
I lived wid my folks in old Virginny,
Dat's whar' I'se happy long ago.
Well do I remember my old mammy,
How she'd take me in her arms when I would cry,
And as she rocked me to and fro den off to sleep I'd go,
While she sang to me dis lullaby:

CHORUS.

Rock-a-baby bye, hush, chile, don't you cry,
Mammy's gwine to sing you now to sleep;
Rock yer to and fro, up and down yer go,
Bless my little honey but you'se sweet.

When I see dem little niggars on de levee,
Singing dar and dancing in de sun,
Sometimes my heart would feel so awful heavy,
When I'd think of home and what old mammy done;
I'd gather all de little children 'round me,
Tell 'em stories tole to me in years gone by.
When de bell would ring to go, and dat whistle it would blow,
I'd sing to dem dis dear old lullaby:

CHORUS.

Close your little eye—hush now, don't yer cry,
Slumber in der shadow of de moon,
While I sing to you, go to sleep, now do,
Mammy's little curly-headed coon.

When de night was still and de moon a-shinin',
De boat a-workin' down de ribber slow,
It was den de darkies use ter put dere time in,
Singing on de cotton down below,
Dere I lie and listen, sad and weary,
Thinking of de dear old days gone by.
Now I 'spect it was a dream, for sometimes it would seem
Dat I could hear dis dear old lullaby:—*Chorus.*

—Colorado poetry: "The evening for her bath of dew is partially undressed; The sun behind a bobtail flush is setting in the west; The planets light the heavens with the flash of their cigars; The sky has put its night-shirt on, and buttoned it with stars."

—They sat together in the lamp-light and read the advertising columns of their local paper, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Look, only $15 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked. "Oh, no," he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied, That settled it.

MISS OLIVETTE.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

Miss Olivette, the "Star" soubrette, arrived the other day
From gay "Paree" with all her "Frenchy" style;
She's all the rage now on the stage, and all the people say
A fascinating Miss, with winning smile.
With a very, very naughty wink she lifts her skirt so fine,
And shows her dainty foot and ankle small;
A dashing, little creature, with a kick that is a feature,
She's a big sensation I can tell you all.

CHORUS.

Have you ever, ever, ever seen Miss Olivette;
Have you ever, ever, ever seen this gay soubrette;
As clever as they make them, she's the people's pet;
This captivating girl has caught the town;
The swellest on the "Boulevard," they all declare;
At her stylish gowns and pretty foot the chappies stare;
When to flirt with her they try, she just smiles and winks her eye,
She's the gayest little girl in town.

The swagger set say Olivette is just the proper thing,
The chappies say the one they all adore;
She's the wined and dined by all the swells—oh, you should hear her sing;
She has invitations by the score.
She's right in line at any time for sport of any sort,
At the races she can pick a winner, too;
She's always strictly "in it," you can't lose her for a minute,
Oh, Olivette, there's only one, that's you.—*Chorus.*

Won't You Come to My Tea Party?

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

In our household there's a treasure,
Full of life so bright and gay,
On her next birthday we've promised
A party, she may give that day.
Four years old she'll be to-morrow,
And with joy she'll greet the day,
For when now she meets her playmates,
She will smile, and then will say:

CHORUS.

Won't you come to my tea party, all my playmates will be there;
Come and bring your baby sweethearts, mamma says that she don't care;
We will have, oh, such a good time, lots of sweets, and, oh, such fun,
Mamma told me to invite you to my tea party—won't you come?

I've a little baby brother,
Just as sweet as he can be,
But he can't come to my tea party,
For baby's not as big as me;
Only great big boys will be there,
And great big girls like me and you,
Now I'll give you an invitation,
Promise me you'll come, now do.—*Chorus.*

I've invited, oh, so many—
That is, friends of mine, like you;
We're going to use my little tea-set,
Yes, and mamma's tea-pot, too,
Then I know we'll have some candy,
And a birth-day cake for me;
Now I know you surely will come
To-morrow afternoon at three.—*Chorus.*

I've got to tell my baby dolly
She can't come—I know she'll cry,
But she fell into our wash-tub,
I laid her in the sun to dry,
And the naughty wind was blowing,
Though dolly thought it was all play,
But, oh, dear me, when I got to her,
The wind had blown her hair away.—*Chorus.*

—"Your little birdie has been very, very sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I should have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing—absolutely nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you." The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slowly, and put it in his pocket and went out under the silent stars, and kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking. But he didn't say anything. He only kept thinking.

After Your Wand'ring, Come Home!

Words and Music by CHAS. CHARLES.



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Let Me Take My Place At Home Again.

Composed by CHAS. V. LONG.



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Don't Forget the Friends

THAT ARE DEARER THAN GOLD.

Chorus. Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

TWO-STEP MARCH,

Composed by GEORGE H. BRAMHALL.



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YOU ARE MY SWEETHEART.

Words by HARRY A. MARION. Music by J. P. MULLER.

Chorus.



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When the Little Ones Are Coming Home from School.

Refrain. Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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The Girl Next Door.

Chorus. Words and Music by WILL H. FRIDAY, Jr.



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WITH A WIFE, AND A NEAT LITTLE HOME.

Chorus. Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.



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I'M GOING TO TELL ON YOU, KATIE.

Words and Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.



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JUST A LITTLE MORE THAN THAT.

By HARRY E. HILLER.



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LOVE WILL BRING ME BACK AGAIN!

Chorus. Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.



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Dar's a New Moon in de Sky

CHORUS. GEORGE LESTER



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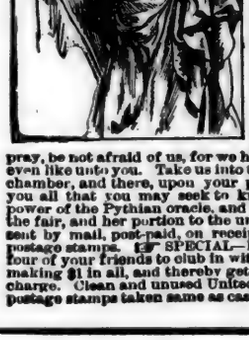
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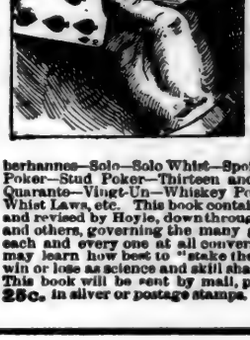
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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 85 & 87 E. Madison St., CHICAGO.

ROSE, SWEET ROSE.

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Words by George Davison Sutton. Music by Mary Dowling Sutton.

All the sunshine is brighter, and my heart is lighter, I'll tell you why,
I'm in love with the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest of maidens shy.
Not a flower that grows is as dainty as Rose is, I've bought the ring,
And every night in the twilight to her I sing,
And every night in the twilight to her I sing:

CHORUS.

You are my own little fairy, oh, Rose, sweet Rose;
Sometimes a trifle contrary, Rose, sweet Rose;
Ah, but you're never airy, Rose, sweet Rose,
Eyes that are bluest and heart that is truest, my Rose, sweet Rose.

In the summer when skies are as blue as her eyes are we'll wedded be,
In the old church where often her glances would soften when turned on me.
And at night when returning, with loving heart yearning, I'll sing this song,
And she will listen for me all the glad day long,
And she will listen for me all the glad day long.—*Chorus.*

DELLA LEE, YOU'RE FOOLING ME

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Words by Robert Robinson. Music by Chas. Robinson.

I've lost my heart, for I'm in love with a girl that I adore,
She's all the hobby, she dresses so nobby, admirers she has by the score;
You couldn't help but love this girl, for she has such winning ways,
And every time that I greet her, these words to her I sing:

CHORUS.

Della Lee, you're fooling me, now don't you think it's wrong?
I love you dearly and sincerely, my love for you is strong;
Why do you tarry, let's go and marry, happy both we will be,
I'll get you a home and we'll live there alone, if you only marry me.

Now, Della Lee, you can't fool me, for I know your roguish way,
You're quite a jolly, but that's only folly, don't wait for a rainy day,
But just say yes and I'll do the rest, to-morrow you'll have the ring,
And after the wedding is over, no more these words I'll sing:—*Chorus.*

THINKING OF THE DEAR ONES LEFT AT HOME.

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Words and Music by Harry Howard.

'Twas just before the battle, a soldier stood alone,
His eyes were fixed on something in his hand.
'Twas but a little picture of the wife he loved at home,
And their baby dear, the sweetest in the land.
A tear-drop glistened in his eye, within his heart there lay
A prayer to keep them safe where'er he'd roam;
And when his comrades saw him thus, they'd whisper soft and say,
"He's thinking of the dear ones left at home."

REFRAIN.

Thinking of the dear ones left at home,
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.
Thinking of the welcome sweet when again in peace they'd meet;
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.

The battle's din was ended, the wounded and the dead
Lay on the field bathed in the moon's pale light.
Upon a comrade's knee the dying soldier laid his head,
Until his soul should pass to scenes more bright.
They tried with hope to cheer, as they spoke in whispers low;
But far away his thoughts would seem to roam.
They knew his heart so faithful, as his breath came faint and slow,
Was breaking for the dear ones left at home.

REFRAIN.

Thinking of the dear ones left at home,
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.
Thinking of the welcome sweet, when in paradise they'd meet,
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.

I'M A GAY SOUBRETTE.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

On the poster's vaudeville, or the comic op'ra bill,
You can always find my name, whenever you will.
For I m really quite the thing, I can dance and I can sing,
They cannot do without me; if you dare to doubt me,
You do not know about me, I'm such a gay soubrette.
Every manager, I know, wants to book me for his show,
And, of course, it's awkward when I must answer "no!"
Anything is sure to go, for the public love me so;
They really like me best if my songs are suggestive,
With streaks of dancing festive, I'm such a gay soubrette.

CHORUS.

I'm a gay soubrette, you see, a darling, gay soubrette,
All the Johnnies are in love with me, the baldheads declare I'm a pet,
Though it cannot be denied that I'm a sad coquette;
Still, of course, that's only natural, because I am a gay soubrette.

SPOKEN.—Some people think soubrettes are naughty—but such is not the case—any one with half an eye can see, by looking at me, that I'm an innocent, bashful little thing, with a modest, retiring disposition, and I can break any one's face who says I'm not, so there now!—*Repeat Chorus.*

I'm devoted to my art, and I study on my part
Till I'm sure the critics cannot pull me apart;
For, of course, it is the trick to be natural and "chic,"
And so I nail my verses, for sure nothing worse is
Than slips when one rehearses, if she's a gay soubrette.
Ev'ry night I chance to play, some one sends me a bouquet,
Really, I can't stop him if he will be a jay.
And a little bid to dine, which, of course, implies the wine,
For glasses gaily clinking, when good friends are drinking,
Just suits the style of thinking of any gay soubrette.—*Chorus.*

SPOKEN (*Usher presents bouquet with note attached.*)—[SOTTO VOICE.]—Who'd you say? that young man over there? Oh! isn't he just too sweet (*opens note and reads it*) [ALOUD] That's all right, Johnny, at the stage door, and say, let's go to Del's, nothing I like better than a bottle and a cold bird.—*Repeat Chorus.*

JACK, HOW I ENVY YOU.

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Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Two little lads, they had been friends
Ever since childhood days,
Until one day they met a fair maid,
An angel with charming ways.
Both fell in love, each tried to win
This little maiden fair,
But sad was the day when to Tom she did say
Words that sent him away in despair.
Time rolled along, Jack won her hand,
Thus does the story run.
Until one fine day, in the middle of May,
At the altar these two were made one,
A short honeymoon, they returned soon,
Jack met poor Tom one day.
Come, brace up, lad, why look so sad,
Then Tom unto Jack did say:

CHORUS.

Jack, how I envy you; I envy you, Jack, yes I do;
You have won her fair and square, I hope that she'll always be true;
I wish you luck, old pal,
Here is my hand on it, too;
I am not mad 'cause she loved you, my lad,
But I envy you, Jack, yes I do.

Happy were they, Jack and his wife,
Until one fatal day.
Sickness came 'long, and though Jack was strong,
It took his young life away.
Wife at the grave, how she did rave,
She knew not what to do,
Then Tom comes along, and, in voice clear and strong,
Says, Sweetheart, my own, I'll marry you.
Years have rolled by since they were wed,
They now have children four.
Babe cries at night, mamma and papa fight,
And papa has to sleep on the floor;
Tom now looks back, thinks of poor Jack,
Passing his grave each day.
Stops with a sigh, tear-bedimmed eye,
And these few words he will say:

CHORUS.

Jack, how I envy you; I envy you, Jack, yes I do.
You are past all trouble now, gladly I'd change place with you;
How happy you must be,
I once was happy, too,
You're far away, I'll be with you some day,
For I envy you, Jack, yes I do.

FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

I've a story to tell if you listen to me,
About how my love and I met;
'Twas a sweet day in May, the birds sang so gay,
How peculiar I ne'er can forget;
By a clear running stream, it's just like a dream,
I sat down there to repose;
When a bud I espied fell close to my side,
And with it a beautiful rose.

CHORUS.

A bud he gave me, I watched it with care,
It bloomed to a rose, his love bloomed as fair;
I treasure them both, to me ever dear;
I guard them by night and day from year to year.

'Tis long years ago, our love's just the same,
How oft we would stroll to the spot;
And down thro' the lane to the dear stream again,
A place that can ne'er be forgot;
We would sit there alone, sweet thoughts it would bring,
While the birds would fly to and fro,
And the flower, tho' faded, I kiss it with joy,
As I did in the long, long ago.—*Chorus.*

MARIE HALTON'S LAUGHING SONG.

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Words by Jack Prendergast. Music by Chas. Delatorre.

At night the stars are all aglow, and bald heads shine in the front row,
Stars above, bald heads below are very much alike, you know;
But tell me why and tell me true, or give it up and I'll tell you;
Well, they're in the self-same plight, because both scintillate at night, ha,

REFRAIN.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

The lord sat staring at his plate, he couldn't get it through his pate,
How stars could ever sin-till-late, nor how bald heads could scintillate;
And Rueben, too, was rather phased, and looked about him as though dazed,
But with the judge 'twas different, he laughed, and this is how it went: Ha,
—*Refrain.*

I nearly died, and Julie, too, we laughed and laughed, and so would you,
The judge laughed till his face was blue, while Rueben glum and glummer grew;
At length his lordship got it straight, and he began to scintillate,
The sight was much too good to miss, his lordship's laugh was just like this:
Ha,—*Refrain.*

His lordship said he'd come again, though Julie said he gave her pain;
The old judge ordered more champagne, and missed his last suburban train;
At last my Renben awoke, and then there was a sight for gods and men,
For when my Reuben saw the point, he laughed himself quite out of joint: Ha,
—*Refrain.*

"HURRAH, FOR A LIFE AT SEA."

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Words by L. J. Sheehan. Music by J. C. McCabe.

A sailor's home is on the wave, the blue sea is a seaman's bride;
There's music for the sailor brave in the sound of the rising tide;
Whether we run before a gale, or we floating tranquilly,
A sailor's heart will never fail, so hurrah for a life at sea.
Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for our sturdy craft as she dances over the wave,
With sails a-drawing for and aft, hurrah for the sailor brave;
'Tis with joy we lose sight of land, and with hearts that are light and free,
As we gaze upon the ocean grand, shout hurrah for a life at sea!

A sailor's heart with joy is filled, as his bark cleaves the rushing wave,
With thought of fear he's never thrilled, for true sailors are always brave;
When 'tis calm upon the deep, and the waves roll peacefully,
What joy 'tis then to be rocked to sleep on the breast of the heaving sea.
Yo-ho! Yo-ho!—*Chorus.*

I AIN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

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Words and Music by Bogert & O'Brien.

While walking down an alley last Tuesday afternoon,
My best girl was insulted by a dead tough-looking coon;
I started for that Jim Brown, I never was afraid,
But when I tried to call him down he pulled a razor blade.

CHORUS.

Well, I ain't lookin' for trouble, I didn't even smile,
Of course, I was uneasy, just for a little while;
As I was in a hurry and had to catch a train,
I only had four minutes, but I caught it just the same.

To-day I met my lady, I asked her for her hand,
She said, "Go 'way, you dead-card! I have got a brau new man."
I said, "I love you baby, I'd surely die for thee;"
She said, "You go and lick Jim Brown and prove your love for me."
—*Chorus.*

I got an invitation to play a poker game,
One hand I held four aces, in my next hand just the same;
A coon said I was cheating, I told him that he lied,
And when I went to take the cash, a great big gun I spied.—*Chorus.*

JACK, JACK, WON'T YOU COME BACK?

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Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

The good ship sailed at the break of day,
And boatswain Jack kissed his young wife May,
But anxious fear filled her heart that day,
Lest Jack might not return.
Alas! 'twas true, and with breaking heart she sang this sad refrain:

CHORUS.

Jack, Jack, won't you come back? my heart longs for you Jack;
Each night I think of you till my eyes dim with tears;
Only send me one line, say your heart is still mine,
Tidings I long to hear from my own Jack.

The years rolled by and his young wife May
Still watched for Jack o'er the white-capped bay,
Till hope was crushed by the news one day,
That Jack would ne'er return.
Alas! 'twas true, and with breaking heart she sang the old refrain:—*Cho.*

TWO SWEETHEARTS OF MINE.

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Words by E. P. Moran. Music by J. Fred. Helf.

A crowd of young fellows one night at a club
Were telling of sweethearts they had;
All of them jolly excepting one youth,
And he seemed down-hearted and sad.
"Come Ned, won't you join us," his comrades then asked,
"For surely some girl has loved you;"
Then raising his head, as prondly he said:
"Why, boys, I'm in love with two."

CHORUS.

"One has hair of silv'ry gray, the other just like gold:
One is gay and youthful, while the other's bent and old;
But dearer than life are both to me, and from neither would I part;
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her, the other is my sweetheart."

My sweetheart, you see, is a poor working girl,
But still I'm determined to wed:
My father says "No, it can never be so,
Go marry an heiress instead."
I've won mother over, she knows how it is,
When father met her she was poor;
She says, "Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet,
Father will consent, I am sure."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

MY SWEETHEART'S THE MAN IN THE MOON.

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By Ike Samuel.

Everybody has a sweetheart, and I have one, too,
She says she's Irish but I know better, she is a Russian Jew;
Every evening I can see her at her papa's clothing store,
Rushing the growler for all she's worth with a guy that lives next door.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's a big fairy Jew,
With a face that would break you in two,
Her face is all twisted, you couldn't resist it,
I'll bet all my lugs the police won't arrest it;
Now I'll bet all that I've got in pawn,
She's got a nose over six inches long,
It's a shame and disgrace to have such a face,
A-roaming around in this town.

I have often wondered why my sister learnt to sing,
When she let's her trolley open all the fire-bells ring;
All last summer she was singing, "Call me Back Again,"
But last night while she was thinking she sang this new refrain:

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's the man in the moon,
Oh, my, how she murdered that tune,
She's a genuine freak, with a big lot of cheek,
I don't know how in the world she ever learnt how to speak;
But she kept on a-singing that tune,
My sweetheart's the man in the moon,
A man lost his head, twenty-five more dropped dead,
When she sang of the man in the moon.

Parody on:

KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP.

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By Ike Samuel.

Two swell-headed actors were playing one night
In a town call Kalamazoo,
They had walked all the way from Chicago that day,
They both stuck to each other like glue;
They both had reputations, they also had nerve,
They were playing that night in a hall,
When a guy just for fun, threw an egg, then did run,
And down came the scenery and all;
They laid for a moment but neither one hatched,
Then tears to their glassy eyes came,
I'll never forgive him, they cried in one voice,
Oh, how could that guy be so mean;
And when they both saw they had done all they could,
They tried their sweet voices to strain,
Then throwing their arms around a beer keg,
Said, come on, let's fill up again.

CHORUS.

Come, now, let's fill up again, pal,
I know your lungs are awful dry,
Don't you blow your breath upon me,
For if you do I'll surely die;
So you wish you never met me,
Don't say that, my brindle pup,
What would this town do without me,
Come, now, let's fill up.

Twenty years have rolled by since that guy went away,
The other he waited in vain;
Could Jack have forgotten the name of his pal,
Or from drinking had he gone insane;
Empty kegs near the brewery are lying there still,
Each one bring fond memories back,
When they'd go out together and fill up each night,
He and his old partner Jack,
He promised to send him two dollars each week,
Had another guy tackled his purse,
Or had he been held up in some country town,
Was he trying a new part to rehearse;
But the poor freckled face bummer was walking back home,
To the guy who was waiting in vain,
To hear him once more with his whiskey-face yell,
Now, come on, let's fill up again.—*Chorus.*

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Parody on:

THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

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By Ike Samuel.

'Twas a cold day in December, in the year of ninety-one,
When a hayseed and his friend came into town,
They both rambled all about till they were tired out,
And at last a little barber shop they found;
With their mugs they both went in, and at the barber they did grin,
They asked him for a hair-cut and a plain shave, that was all;
Then that barber, with a cough, trimmed the pair of lilacs off,
And with a brush he glued them to the wall.

CHORUS.

When they both got up from that chair they began to kick and swear,
They told that barber that they thought he had more face than gaul,
There is still a memory living, a hayseed unforgiving,
And a pair of whiskers glued upon the wall.

They both swore eternal friendship on the morning they were clipped,
Though their eyebrows now are worn from shedding tears;
And they speak in such a low key that you'd think their lungs were ripped.
Are their insides all drawn up from drinking beers;
In an alley with some other freaks they are sleeping side by side,
Though their faces now are gone beyond recall,
The whole town has put on mourning, and in a cage they now reside,
Since that barber glued them whiskers to the wall.

CHORUS.

They tried to sell them whiskers to the seven Sutherland sisters,
They told him that they'd take them if they keep until next fall;
They have hired a Tenth Ward bummer to oil them up next summer,
Those whiskers that are glued upon the wall.

HE WHISTLED LIKE A KING.

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Words and music by Harry B. Miller.

Oh, there was a little coon, whistled morning, night and noon, (*Whistle*)
He could whistle in his bed, even in his sleep, 'tis said, (*Whistle*)
One day he heard a "Ginny" playing down in Thompson street,
And when all de little coons began to sing,
Then he put his lips in shape, and a tune he let escape,
Then he whistled like a king.—*Whistling Chorus.*

Now one night not long ago, he went whistling kind of so, (*Whistle*)
He was hunting chicken pelf, so he whistled to himself: (*Whistle*)
He spied some chickens roosting high up in their little coop.
And he thought a couple would be just the thing;
So he grabb'd the fattest ones, and away for home he run,
While he whistled like a king.—*Whistling Chorus.*

WHEN YOU HEAR THOSE SWEET BELLS RING.

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Words and music by Dan Emerson.

I'm in love with a pretty octoroon, and I hope to be married soon.
She's big black eyes that laugh and cry, and cheeks like a peach in bloom;
She's as graceful as a fawn and as fair as the early dawn,
I invite you all to be on hand when you hear those sweet bells ring.

CHORUS.

When you hear those sweet bells ring, and the birds begin to sing,
When all nature seems to smile, and the pansies nod so graceful,
When the rose is kissed with dew, and the sun shines bright all through,
To-morrow I'll be married, when you hear those sweet bells ring.

When the bright moonlight sheds its silv'ry sheen over all nature's fairest scenes
The twinkling stars look down so far and shine brightly in my dreams
When the birds have ceased their song and I wait for that sweet ding-dong,
Down the moonlit lake I row my bark, waiting for those bells to ring.
—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD.

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By Ike Samuel.

One day a pretty girl, out for a walk,
She owned a small pet dog with an ugly bark,
Everywhere this maiden went doggie would go,
Always on pleasure bent, she loved her doggy so;
One day while strolling out she met a fly young dude,
With his cane he struck the dog, which, you know, was rude,
Then the dog began to bark, the maiden then did cry,
Jack, now won't you play with my dog, but this was Jack's reply:

CHORUS.

I don't want to play with your dog, if I do he might bite me,
That is very true, my dear boy, then he might go mad, you see,
Then Jack told Nell how he loved her, yes, I know it, Jack, said she,
Then Jack said I can't love two dogs, one dog is enough for me.

Once there lived side by side two little Jews,
Used to sell second-hand clothes and second-hand shoes;
One day a poor tramp passed with an ugly grin,
One sheeny grabbed the bum, while the other pulled him in;
My friend, I've got a coat I'll sell to you,
Cost me forty dollars, now what I say is true,
I know you're a friend of mine, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'm willing to lose thirty-eight dollars, so I'll sell the coat for two.

CHORUS.

I don't want to buy your old coat, I've got one home as good as new,
But, my friend, you miss a bargain, I swear the coat's worth forty-two;
You can't kick about the price now, every word I say is true,
I'll throw in a collar-button if you take the coat for two.

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Parody on:

WINK THE OTHER EYE.

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By Ike Samuel.

One day I went upon a stage to sing a comic song,
Then they called me back again to sing a new refrain,
I sang the song with all my might, but didn't sing it long,
Then I heard some one exclaim the man must be insane;
I sang ta-ra-ra boom-de-a, I tried to do my best,
When someone quickly grabbed me by the coat-tail of my vest;
If it wasn't for the law I'd tell you all the rest.
Now I'm sorry that I spoke. (*Whistle*)

CHORUS.

How long I laid there I don't remember well,
All that I remember was the moment that I fell;
While laying on my face I thought I heard somebody yell:
Kiss, and let's make up. (*Whistle*)

One day a lady fell upon the sidewalks of New York,
But she didn't care a cent, though her face was badly bent;
She lost her voice while she was young, that's why she couldn't talk,
One of her legs was good, the other one was wood.
A policeman saw her laying there, though he was fast asleep,
He thought about his lost child, so he sang Creep, Baby, Creep,
Said he, My dear, you'll have to take that lumber off the street,
Then he pulled her wooden leg, now she has to use a crutch.

A lady with a freckle face was selling frozen weiners,
On the sidewalks of New York; (*Whistle*)
A week before she did a splendid business in a beanery;
But one day a sausage barked, then they made her leave New York,
She tried to sell them sausages, but they refused to walk;
She hired a German sausage man to sell them after dark,
But the Dutchman said I never saw such sausage in New York;
Then he whistled Old Dog Tray, and the sausage walked away.

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Parody on:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

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By Ike Samuel.

A bald-headed man with no hair on his head stood at a bar one day;
The barkeeper asked him the reason why he acted in such a strange way;
Come, listen, he said, and I'll tell you, my lad, a story that's strange but true,
While strolling along in the street one day I met two little girls in blue.

CHORUS.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,
They called me their tootsey, their own dear wootsey,
They blew me for all they knew;
Now one of these girls in blue, lad, stole everything but my heart,
It happened by chance that they left me my pants with the legs and lining apart
Now one of these girls had a look on her face that would break any bank in town,
She had warts on her feet and corns on her teeth now she was too tall to sit down;
Now one of them asked me to lend her a V, when I told her I hadn't a sou,
With a face petrified she walked on the outside and called two little men in blue

CHORUS.

Two little men in blue, lad, two little men in blue,
In a patrol to the station house with me they quickly flew;
Now one of these men in blue, lad, struck me across the heart,
You sucker, he cried, get on the inside, and then we drifted apart.

LIFE'S BEEN BUT A DREAM, LOVE.

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Words and music by Mina Deane.

Upon a quiet village street a little cottage stands,
Where sweet wild roses climb above the door;
A white-haired man is smoking in an old-timed rocking chair,
His faithful wife is knitting one sock more;
His hair has lost its golden and her eyes have lost their sight,
Her once fair hands are wrinkled now and old,
Yet she loves to hear her husband tell of happy days gone by,
When she was young and he her lover bold.

CHORUS.

We're growing old together, love, both growing old and gray,
Hand in hand we started life, then we were young and gay;
But now your face is withered, love, once it was woudrous fair,
Life's been but a dream, love, why should we care.

As time went by and children came to bless this happy home,
Each boy or girl seemed dearer than the last;
The girls are wives and mothers now, the boys to manhood grown,
And all have left the old home of the past;
Father bends his head and slips his arm 'round mother's waist,
He sees her eyes are full of unshed tears;
And he draws her nearer to him, as he did long years ago,
These words are full of comfort that she hears:—*Chorus.*

YOU'LL COME BACK, MY BOY JACK.

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Words and music by Austin Walsh.

Far from the gay bustling city, mid sweets of calm country life,
Fondly beat two hearts together, the sweetheart who soon would be wife;
Love's quarrel was just then a-brewing, no pleading to reason would bring,
In rage, while the storm was ensuing, Nell gave and he took back the ring.

CHORUS.

You'll come back, my boy Jack,
Back to the girl you love, the girl who loves you;
When away you'll surely say
Sorry that I left you, Nell, my sorrow I can't tell,
So I say that you'll come back, my boy Jack.

Poor Jack soon made his departure, none glad to bid him good-bye,
Tears filled the eyes of the friendly, dear Nell just breathed forth a sigh;
His mother, the sweetest of women, who anxiously watched their love-match,
Forgive Jack, she said, and be human, and sang a he lef his home thatch.
—*Chorus*

Years passed though Jack kept a-roving, no place was joy to remain,
Last in despair came returning, the first love he still did retain;
In vain at his home did he seek her, then friendless his warm heart did chill,
While searching in graveyard he found her, a little green mound on the hill.
—*Chorus*

SHE NEVER DID THE SAME THING TWICE.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

There was once a little maiden, quite original was she,
For she never did the same thing twice;
And her hair was oh, so lovely, to describe it puzzles me,
For she never wore the same hair twice;
Her eyes were soft and languishing, excelsior was her nose,
Her dainty skirts were lifted, just to show a little hose,
And ah! her cheeks, her lovely cheeks, they bloomed just like a rose,
But they never bloomed the same bloom twice.

CHORUS.

She was such an original girl,
She was nice;
An angel minus wings, who did a lot of things,
But she never did the same things twice.

Now of course this modern maiden need to try and ride a bike,
But she never biked the same bike twice;
And her costumes to describe, upon my word I scarcely like,
For she never wore the same pair twice;
A picture of sweet helplessness, the mashers used to say,
As they would teach her how to ride in Central Park each day,
And she'd cling around their necks in such a sweet confiding way,
But she never clung the same cling twice.

CHORUS.

She was such an original girl,
She was nice;
On to any worthy thing, goodness gracious! how she'd cling,
But she'd never cling the same cling twice.

Now this maiden had some beaus who at her residence would call,
But she never had the same beau twice;
They would plead, oh, take my heart, my cash, my love, my life, my all,
But they'd never plead the same plead twice;
For she'd a stern old father, who of visitors got sick,
Said he to her, "I'll have to stop this mashing very quick,"
So when they called that night the old man started in to kick,
But he never kicked the same place twice.

CHORUS.

She was such an original girl,
She was nice;
The air was very blue, as papa's number 'levens flew,
And they never flew the same place twice.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT NELLIE'S COUNTRY HOME.

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Words and Music by Tom Martin.

'Twas Christmas night in Dover, a town not far from here,
There lived a loving couple so serene;
Their youngest child, a daughter, was loved both far and near,
A charming little lass of sweet sixteen;
Her custom was on Christmas all the children to invite,
And gather them around a lighted tree;
Then hand a present with a kiss to each sweet tiny mite,
So happy on each Christmas night was she.

CHORUS.

The Christmas bells were ringing and tiny voices singing,
Happy hearts that never dreamed of gloam;
Father smiled with mother, and sister laughed at brother,
On Christmas night in Nellie's country home.

For years within that homestead no tidings came of Nell,
She'd gone, alas, but no one knew just where;
'Tis but the same old story, a sweet, confiding lass,
By a lover's broken vow brought to despair;
His promises of marriage he had quite forgot to fill,
And wrecked a home once happy and so bright;
In dreams those dear old parents a vision only see
Of Nellie at her home on Christmas night.

CHORUS.

The Christmas bells were ringing and tiny voices singing,
Happy hearts that never dreamed of gloam;
Father smiled with mother, and sister laughed at brother,
On Christmas night in Nellie's country home.

One day there came a letter to that grief-stricken home,
Which stated that poor Nell ere long would die;
It said she begged to gaze on her mother's face again,
With broken hearts to read these lines they tried;
Your daughter Nell is dying were the words the message bore,
With aching hearts before the morning light
They started for the city and they brought their darling back,
But she died within that home on Christmas night.

CHORUS.

No Christmas bells were ringing, no merry voices singing,
Saddened hearts that never more will roam;
Father wept with mother, and sister wept with brother,
On Christmas night at Nellie's country home.

IT AIN'T NO LIE.

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Words and Music by Moran & Helf.

White folks say that the times are hard,
But niggers never worry, trust in de Lord;
Have no trouble, get a plenty to eat,
And for chicken dinner they a can't be beat;
I went last night to a chicken coop,
Chickens roosted high, didn't have to stoop;
No matter how hard the times may be,
Chickens don't a come too high for me.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born reacher,
I'se a natural born reacher,
I do love my chickens,
It ain't no lie.

I took my babe to a ball one night,
A coffee-colored nigger tried to start a fight;
Says I, "See here, Johnson, don't you give me a call,
'Cause if I'se encouraged I will clean out this hall."
"Do you mean," says Johnson, "that you'll clean out the place,"
He called for soap and water, shoved a mop in ma face;
When I got through a scrubbing I was tired as could be,
'Twas the cleanest old hall you ever did see.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born cleaner,
I'se a natural born cleaner,
Got the best of reference,
It ain't no lie.

Went out the other night for to shoot some crap,
Expected to win some money perhaps,
Thought those coons would all have fits,
When I proudly said I'd shoot six bits,
"Come seven," I cried, but out rolled three,
Said "It's all up, gemmen, youse done cleaned me;"
"What! cleaned already," says Liver Lip Jim,
"Why you wasn't very dirty when you first came in."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born gambler,
I'se a natural born gambler,
I must have been hoodood,
It ain't no lie.

'Neath a great big tree with my babe I sat,
Tree was loaded down with persimmons so fat;
Had my arms around her, she was making goo goo eyes,
And she says, "Do you hear how this tree moans and sighs;"
I said to my babe, "Now it's a very plain,
If the tree moans and sighs it must be in pain;
If you were as full of persimmons as that tree, Sue,
Why its dollars to doughnuts you'd be a moanin', too."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born joker,
I'se a natural born joker,
A regular Joe Miller,
It ain't no lie.

Knew a man by the name of Freeze,
Among the gals he was all the cheese;
He was twice as frosty as his name,
And he looked like the letter that never came.
Alas! poor Freeze got in a fight,
Coons pulled their razors and carved him right;
They parted his body from his breath somehow,
And he cuts no ice where he is now.

REFRAIN.

He's a natural born freezer,
He's a natural born freezer,
He'll have hot doings,
It ain't no lie.

Had a dream the other night,
Dreamed I was climbing up the golden flight;
Got a hustle on me, didn't want to be late,
There sat St. Peter at the Golden Gate;
"Hello! Pete," I shook a hands with him,
"I'm playing with the 'Creoles' and I want to go in;"
"Cuts no ice with a whom you played,
See the manager and have a your card O K'd."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born trouper,
I'se a natural born trouper,
Done got a turn down,
It ain't no lie.

Kept on a dreaming the whole night through,
'Cause I didn't get to heaven was a feelin' blue;
Found a bunch of money lyin' on the ground,
Started over after Susan for to do the town;
Came to cafe and I went in,
Stepped to bar and I called for gin;
Was just about to drink it, 'twas just my luck,
I didn't get to taste it for I done woke up.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born dreamer,
I'se a natural born dreamer,
Dream hard luck stories,
It ain't no lie.

I'M THE ONLY PEACH THAT'S ON THE TREE.

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Words and Music by Ned Cole.

If any one should ask you who's the belle of Hogan's Alley,
Why it's me, just me, "see!"
If I'm little don't you trouble. I can make them all see double,
And the gang they simply think the world of me,
When I go out dressed in my Sunday best
The boys and girls all yell out "Hully Gee!"
There never is a minute little Lizzie is not in it, and
I'm the only peach that's on the tree.

CHORUS.

For they tell me I'm the best that ever happened,
But I'm on the branch so high well "Hully Gee!"
If they question you about it, don't you for a moment doubt it,
For I'm the only peach that's on the tree.

Now there's little Billy Brady, but his reputation's shady,
Still he's struck on me, "see!"
Take my tip he's got no chance, I give him a song and dance,
The yellow kid's the boy that just suits me.
When he says "Liz, let's go and take a walk,"
The other girls are jealous as can be;
The boys say I'm a daisy and I nearly drive them crazy, say
I'm the only peach that's on the tree.—*Chorus.*

THE FIRST SWEETHEART IS THE BEST OF ALL.

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Words by John J. McIntire. Music by George C. Bender.

One day a lover's quarrel caused a youth and lassie pain,
And in his jealousy he cried: "I'll never call again;
I now am thoroughly convinced that you've been fooling me;
Your heart is with another, so my face no more you'll see."
She them implored the lad to stay and cried: "I have been true;
My heart, although you doubt it, loves no other one but you."
He left the maid, then went and found his old companion Jack,
Who when he heard the story said: "Take my advice, go back, for

REFRAIN.

The first sweetheart is the best of all,
Sweet are the mem'ries she'll recall,
She is the dearest, she is sincerest,
The first sweetheart is the best of all.

When jealousy is once aroused it does not quickly die,
And so the lad to ease his pain for other girls would sigh;
He sought in many maids to find the charms he lost in Nell,
But never did he meet with one who pleased him half so well;
He then resolved again to see his old companion Jack,
And ask if he'd arrange it so to Nell he might go back;
She took him to her heart again as in the olden days,
He knows she'll soon be his for life and now he often says:—*Refrain.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A SMILE UPON HER FACE.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

My sweetheart has had many courters, and all have had more wealth than I,
But there's always a welcome awaiting, if I call in when I'm passing by:
There's love in her eyes when she greets me, a kiss when we part in the hall,
If you ask how I know that she loves me, I can see for myself when I call.

CHORUS.

There is always a smile upon her face, always a welcome there,
Eyes of blue say I love you, she's the fairest of the fair;
She's one girl in a thousand, how I love her you can guess,
When I popp'd the question without hesitation she answered "yes."

The wedding bells will soon be ringing, then I'll be in perfect bliss,
No shadow shall darken our pathway, the bargain I'll seal with a kiss;
After my day's toil is over to a neat little cottage I'll roam,
I know that there's some one awaiting, it's Molly I see in our home.—*Chorus.*

"DON'T GO, JOE."

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Words and Music by John Bastian.

Joe, don't wait but tell me, do, say that you love me, that will do,
If you will I'll promise true never to love no one but you;
Joe, I loved you long ago, but my hopes are getting low,
Many years I tried your heart, and now to think that we must part.

CHORUS.

Don't go! don't go! for you know I love you,
Don't go! don't Joe! I can't live without you;
I implore you don't say that we must part,
For I'm the girl you said you'd wed and love with all your heart.

All I have to live for now is for that one and only vow,
Which you made a year ago, telling me then you loved me so;
After years of strife and woe, now you proudly turn to go,
I love you and you alone, and when you leave my heart leaves, too.—*Chorus.*

DARLING MABEL.

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Words by A. J. Mills. Music by Bennett Scott.

Joe was in love with sweet Mabel,
And Dame Rumor said he was anxious to wed,
But somehow he never felt able,
To speak when his loved one was nigh;
He'd blushed like a rose when he met her,
And over each word he would stammer absurd,
But once in the form of a letter,
He thought for her heart he'd apply,
So straightway he wrote this business-like note:

CHORUS.

"Darling Mabel, now I'm able to buy the happy home,
For they raised my pay, love, only yesterday, love;
Will you marry? do not tarry, answer 'yes' or 'no,'
I conclude with love and kisses, yours forever, Joe."

Joe for his sweet Mabel's answer,
Would wait on the mat for the postman's rat-tat,
And wonder if she'd say "I can't, sir!"
Or promise to be his own wife:
He waited six months and got thinner,
He'd sob and he'd sigh and would pipe his blue eye,
Would go without breakfast or dinner;
In fact he felt tired of his life,
In dreams he would quote that letter he wrote.—*Chorus.*

This is the sequel I'm stating,
For truth now to tell, Mabel loved him quite well,
Then why did she keep the chap waiting?
The answer's as plain as can be;
His life he'd determined to end it,
When in his old coat he discovered the note,
Somehow he'd forgotten to send it;
He rushed off to Mabel with glee;
Their wedding's to-day, he found pluck to say:—*Chorus.*

SWEET NELLIE FAY.

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Words and music by Al H. Wilson.

In a cosy flat across the way there lives a charming miss,
A flirtation we've started and we often toss a kiss,
Her sweet smile's like the sunshine that brightens up the day,
A cunning, rosy, blue-eyed girl is little Nellie Fay.

CHORUS.

Sweet Nellie Fay lives over the way,
We flirt ev'ry evening, we flirt ev'ry day:
Her smile has bewitched me, my heart's gone astray,
And sweet Nellie has it in the flat o'er the way.

I meet her ev'ry evening, with her rosy cheeks aglow,
Enchanting and bewitching, she's the sweetest girl I know,
For Cupid is the God of Love I've often heard them say,
I know he shoots his arrows from the flat across the way.—*Chorus.*

DAR'LL BE A NIGGER MISSIN'

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Words and music by Lew Bloom.

Ole Frogeye Jones got glued last week to Arabella Blake,
He done invited all de coons to have some wine and cake,
De niggers dat assembled dar were big black greasy Japs,
They sang de chorus of dis song while Jones was shootin' craps.

CHORUS.

Oh! show me de black man dat trifle wid ma baby,
Where am de baboon dat stole ma gal away;
If I catch da freckled coon dat busted up ma honeymoon,
Dar'll be a nigger missin' till de Judgment day.

Now when de dice got good and hot and Jones was smilin' gay,
A freckled coon sneak'd in de house an' stole de bride away;
But when ole Frogeye heard de news he pulled his razor out,
Then started for dat freckled coon, and these words he did shout:
—*Chorus.*

Dat freckled coon did not git far before he got a whack,
Ole Frogeye carved his coat-tail off, den ripped him up de back;
But Mister Nigger turned around and grabb'd ole Isabelle,
Den soak'd poor Jones square on de nose, oh Lor'! how Jones did yell!
—*Chorus.*

FOR THE SAKE OF THE GIRL YOU LOVE.

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He stood inside the pris'ner's dock, a look of shame was on his face,
The white-haired judge sat like a rock, his eyes were stern, no look of grace:
The judge then said, "The crime is proved, one year in jail," his voice then broke
The audience sighed by pity moved, the pris'ner rose and thus he spoke:

CHORUS.

"For the sake of the girl I love be merciful, judge, to me,
I'll forsake all my old-time ways, a better man I will be;
I'll shun the ways of the bad, your reward will be great above,
If mercy you show to me for the sake of the girl I love.

"The sentence stands," the judge then said, "unless a fine instead you pay,"
Stern justice when by mercy led, decrees oft makes that none gainsay:
A cheer unchecked rang through the court, a dozen hands the fine would pay,
The judge assumed an august port, and then all present heard him say:

CHORUS.

"For the sake of the girl you love I'll merciful be to thee,
But forsake all your old-time ways, a better man you must be;
Avoid the ways of the bad, your reward will be great above,
If true to your word you prove, for the sake of the girl you love."

THE LIGHT OF ANNIE'S EYES.

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How sweet our lovely trysting hour, when from the tender skies,
The stars like shining gems looked down to envy Annie's eyes;
While gentle zephyrs softly sigh, I wait my love to greet,
The fireflies glow among the flowers to light her coming feet.

REFRAIN.

On land or sea, where'er I be,
My heart to thee is drawn by fondest ties;
Whate'er betide, safe to thy side,
O! be my guide, the light of Annie's eyes.

She came to me and fondly, yet the mem'ry with me stays;
How that bright vision lightens all the toil of weary days;
How quickly sped the blissful time 'neath moonlight's silver rain,
How drear the wait for that sweet hour when we'll ne'er part again.
—*Refrain.*

MRS. GOTTEM.

(A Thinking Song.)

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Words and music by Joseph Tabrar.

I've quite forgotten all my words, whatever shall I do,
Tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum too-oo-oo.
Now let me see now, what's the next part of the melodee?
Tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum tee.
I've got it! yes, I'm walking out with such a nice young man,
He tells me funny tales and makes me blush behind my fan;
I dined with him last night, he made me sit upon his knee,
Tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum tee.

CHORUS.

And he's bought me such a lovely wedding dress,
That was made by Mrs. Gottem, with embroid'ry 'round the bottom,
And he's tried me on a lovely plain gold ring,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, ting, ting, ting.

He's ask'd me if I'd hum-tum, if I'd like to learn to woo,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, too-oo-oo.
He also said that if we'd—if we'd la-di-da-di-dee,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tee.
Then for the first—the first time that I'd ever been embraced,
His arm came stealing gently 'round my most angelic waist,
We sidled up together, oh! he was so nice to me,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum tee.
—*Chorus.*

He's been and ask'd the parson if he'd pull the matter through,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum too-oo-oo.
He made me swear, upon my knees, to him I would be true,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum too.
On bits and things and things and bits, he's spent a decent sum,
He's bought the kitchen fender and he's bought a hum-tum-tum,
A lovely bassinet made large enough to carry three,
And tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tiddle iddle um-tum, tee.
—*Chorus.*

SWEET EMELINE.

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Yes, my love is like a blushing rose,
And my love each day still greater grows;
Pure is the maid of my choice and true,
My sweet Emeline with eyes of blue.

CHORUS.

Yes, she is just divine, my sweet Emeline,
She stole my heart and Cupid's dart
Went through this heart of mine;
And soon we are to wed,
For she the word has said,
There is no bliss that equals this,
Loved by sweet Emeline.

She's not rich, if gold you riches call,
But she is rich in pleasant words for all;
Young and the old win her smile so sweet,
And with beaming face her coming greet.—*Chorus.*

Grace she has, 'tis youthful grace unsought,
And not that with fashion plates are bought,
Art she may use, 'tis the art of truth,
Framed with all the radiant charms of youth.—*Chorus.*

Now, my friends, say not "a love-sick youth,"
For you all will own I speak the truth;
No greater victory's won by man in life,
Than to win a pure and loving wife.—*Chorus.*

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DEEP IN THE ARMS OF REMORSE

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Words and Music by Wm. D. Hall.

Some months ago unto this manly bosom,
I took a wife to love with ecstacy;
She had a situation as typewriter,
And all she earn'd she used to give to me.
But alas! cruel fate swept down upon me,
And caus'd this tender heart thro' grief to throb,
For she return'd from work one Winter's evening,
And with a sob said she had lost her job.

CHORUS.

It almost drove me to distraction;
'Twas thro' it I got a divorce;
For while my wife was out of work, 'round this town I had to lurk,
Deep, deep in the arms of remorse.

Some little boys while on the street a-playing,
Placed a huge brick within an old high hat;
They one and all did hurry up an alley,
For well they knew in me they had a flat.
I saw the tile with blissful admiration,
Then brac'd myself to give it just one touch,
And ever since I tried to kick it skyward,
I've realized the value of a crutch.

CHORUS.

It almost drove me to distraction;
Through using my foot with such force,
It is not only black and blue, but in size as large as two,
And I'm deep in the arms of remorse.

A sack of salt I placed upon the pavement,
And wager'd that no man in all our town
Could carry it across the street unaided
Without he'd be compelled to set it down.
But alas! a knowing one deceived me
In a manner that seemed to know no fail;
For as I watch'd to see if he would drop it,
To my surprise he hung it on a nail.

CHORUS.

It almost drove me to distraction
To lose my stuff in such a source,
Never will I try again to get rich on such a game,
For I'm deep in the arms of remorse.

One day a tramp approached me on the highway
For one small dime to get a glass of rye,
And I complied by giving him the money,
For I myself at times have oft been dry.
He took the coin and from me quickly hurried,
And with a grateful smile, "thanks, sir," he said,
But later on I found he had deceived me,
Instead of buying liquor he bought bread.

CHORUS.

It almost drove me to distraction,
For I thought the man sincere, of course,
I am sad at heart through grief, and there's naught can give relief,
For I'm deep in the arms of remorse.

A friend of mine who likes to play the races
Gave me a tip and said that it was sure,
But I ignored his silly proposition,
For I have heard of tips oft times before.
It was a chance for me to play bookmaker,
So then and there I put up ten to one,
But when the judges gave their cruel decision,
To my surprise I found the horse had won.

CHORUS.

It almost drives me to distraction,
Whene'er I look upon a horse,
It is true that he was lame, still he got there just the same,
Leaving me in the arms of remorse.

SWEET JENNY LEE.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

There's a girl with whom I'm in love, in Tennessee!
And I found the nest of my dove, in Tennessee!
Tho' she was shy when I first did exclaim, "You're fair as can be!"
Soon she recover'd and told me her name, it's sweet Jenny Lee!

REFRAIN.

Sweet Jenny Lee, for you the magnolia is blooming,
Sweet Jenny Lee, you're as fair as flow'r could be;
You are the darling that captured my heart,
Off to the church we will presently start,
And in a wedding we'll both take a part, sweet Jenny Lee!

There are Southern beauties so rare, in Tennessee!
But with Jenny there's none can compare, in Tennessee!
When in the moonlight a sweet little kiss she gave unto me,
My heart was bathed in a fountain of bliss by sweet Jenny Lee!—*Refrain.*

Two young lovers will shortly be wed, in Tennessee!
To the altar a bride will be led, in Tennessee!
All of the bells in the village will ring for her and for me,
And all the old color'd servants will sing for sweet Jenny Lee!—*Refrain.*

MY DADDY'S A POLICEMAN.

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Words by W. M. Sagar. Music by R. A. Browne.

Some children playing tag together in the street one day,
Were romping merrily about in happy, childish way;
No thought of care or trouble found within their hearts a place,
And happiness shown bright upon each little childish face;
But soon the clouds obscured the sunshine in each happy heart,
And angry words and bitter tears began to play a part;
Then to one little chap of six, who'd caused the tears to fall,
A little maiden said these words that meant so much to all:

CHORUS.

"My daddy's a policeman, and you'd better be good, I say!
If I tell dad, he'll put you in the wagon and he'll take you far away;
He says his duty is to keep in jail the people who are bad,
And if you don't do just what is right I'll go and tell my dad!"

The childish quarrel soon was over, tears were brushed away,
And once again in ev'ry heart sweet sunshine held its sway;
And of the little ones who played together on the scene,
The lass whose dad was a policeman reigned acknowledged queen!
Her playmates were her subjects, and her simple word was law;
For of the mighty man in blue the children stood in awe;
And eow they whisper'd 'monget themselves that sunny, Summer's day,
When to her wee companions did the little lassie say:
—*Chorus.*

SWEET NORAH, MY OWN.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

There's a colleen whom I adore, sweet Norah, my own!
Brightest darling on Erin's shore, sweet Norah, my own!
Hair as dark as the darkest night,
Sparkling eyes full of love's sweet light,
Heart so pure and a smile so bright, sweet Norah, my own;

REFRAIN.

When the piper merrily plays on the village green,
Tripping so lightly, Norah and I, often may there be seen;
All the boys with her are in love,
They would like to capture my dove,
But I'm the boy that's going to marry Norah!

Song-birds listen when Norah sings, sweet Norah, my own!
Joy and comfort to all she brings, sweet Norah, my own!
As she roams in the garden fair,
With the roses she decks her hair,
She's the loveliest flower there, sweet Norah, my own!—*Refrain.*

She's no maiden of high degree, sweet Norah, my own!
But she's just rich enough for me, sweet Norah, my own!
Other maidens may have bright gold,
But their hearts may be false and cold,
Norah's ne'er could be bought or sold, sweet Norah, my own!
—*Refrain.*

SHE NEVER COMES HOME 'TILL MORNING.

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Words by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'll sing about a girl named Flossie, Flossie with the golden hair;
She's her father's only daughter, ev'rybody says "how fair;"
Other girls of her are jealous, says she isn't quite the thing,
She always wears a sealskin jacket and a lovely diamond ring!

CHORUS.

She never comes home 'till morning, not till the day is dawning,
She never comes home 'til morning, and sometimes never at all;
She never comes home 'till morning, then she goes to bed,
And she never goes out till the evening to earn her daily break.

Now Flossie's always got a masher, silly youth with titled name,
Buys her, oh! such lovely flowers, Flossie has a fair old game;
Flossie's got a splendid brougham, all the other girls are mad,
Miss Flossie knows her little book through, so does Flossie's ancient dad.
Chorus.

Now how does Flossie get her living, other ladies want to know,
Flossie is a ballet dancer, cleverest in the front row;
So you understand Miss Flossie has to go to work at nights,
For Flossie trips the light fantastic in a silken pair of tights.—*Chorus.*

MY FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

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Words and Music by I. Albertelli.

One Summer's eve the stars shone bright,
Hush'd was the earth in the calm of night,
Lonely and sad I sat beside
The grave of my darling, my promised bride;
But before death had closed her eyes,
Heedless of my despairing sighs,
I vow'd to her then that none but she
Should ever be sweetheart or bride to me.

REFRAIN.

Whom wilt thou love when I have flown,
From cold, cold earth to starry throne;
No one I swear by heav'n above,
You are my first and my only love.

Her garden green in which we met,
When toil was over and sun had set,
No longer has its bright array,
Since my sweet darling was called away;
Flow'rets which then were bright and fair,
Faded are now for want of care,
And she brightest blossom of them all,
Can no longer come at my earnest call.—*Refrain.*

Now must I leave in sorrow deep,
Her whom I loved in death's long sleep;
Garden and grave, I bid farewell,
Ever in memory you shall dwell;
But one great hope brings joy to me,
Whisp'ring that you and I may be
In heavenly gardens bright with bow'rs,
Where death cannot separate love like ours.—*Refrain.*

"MAM'ZELLE MARIE."

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

Now of course you've seen Miss Olivette who came from gay "Paree";
And who captivated all New York with her kick of high degree;
Well, now she's not in it with a "star" that arrived the other day,
Mam'zelle Marie from gay "Paree" is a "hit" the people say.
Oh, her costumes are a dream, my boys, such gowns I never saw,
And such laces fine, a form divine, and diamonds by the score,
And her salary, too, is the highest paid, but she comes high, you see,
There's none so rare, there's none so fair as the beautiful Marie;
She is the idol of the chappies and they say
Oh, ain't she sweet, such dainty feet,
And she has come and won the town, the people say,
Mam'zelle Marie, from gay Paree.

CHORUS.

She is just from gay "Paree,"
And so "frenchy" you can see, a trifle gay, the people say,
Such a winning way, you know, I can tell you she's not slow,
Mam'zelle Marie, from gay "Paree,"
Such a kick I've never seen,
Oh, my boys, she is a dream, a voice sublime, a form divine,
There are others, I agree, but there's only one for me,
'Tis Mam'zelle Marie, from gay Paree.

Now some people say this Mam'zelle gay who comes from Sunny France
Is so strikingly sensational in her captivating dance,
But the papers state she's simply great tho' creating lots of talk,
That she is by far the greatest "star" that ever struck New York,
And her frenchy songs are all the rage, and in her manner bland,
She tells them little stories which so well they understand,
And although she is a trifle gay they like her just the same,
For she, you see, is from gay "Paree," and you know she's not to blame;
She is the idol of the chappies and they say
Oh, ain't she sweet, such dainty feet,
And she has come and won the town, the people say,
Mam'zelle Marie, from gay Paree.—*Chorus.*

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"HELLO, DADDY, I KNEW THAT WAS YOUR CAR!"

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Composed by Chas. Coleman and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.
Words by Raymond A. Browne.

A little maiden stood one day upon a city street,
A tot of six or seven, in a gown so white and neat;
Her pretty face was wreathed in smiles of happiness and pride,
As carefully a dinner pail she carried at her side.
She waited on the corner 'till a car came into sight,
Then ran out to the crossing, did this dainty, little mite;
She signalled the conductor, as the car came on its way,
And as it stopped to let her on I heard the lassie say:

CHORUS.

"Hello, daddy, I knew that was your car,
I saw you on the platform down the street so far,
Here's something good for dinner, dad, and when you get through,
I've got a kiss that mother sent to give to you."

The big conductor pulled the bell, then went and sat inside,
The lassie climbed upon a seat to have a jolly ride;
As down beside her dad she sat with happiest delight,
While daddy ate his dinner with an honest appetite.
A bright and shining penny then he gave the little elf.
She kissed him once for mother, then she kissed him for herself;
And as the car returning to her street again it sped,
Dad helped her off the platform, while the little lassie said:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, daddy, I knew that was your car,
You didn't think I'd know you down the street so far,
We'll have a nice hot supper, dad, and we'll wait for you,
So don't forget to hurry home when you get through!"

AFTER THEIR LAST MEETING.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

"You must meet me to-night, love, beneath the old tree,
A secret to you then I'll tell,
For my darling you're all in this wide world to me,
And my heart is your own, my sweet Nell!"
These false, idle words to a maiden were said,
In the broad, open light of the day;
And she promised to meet him, by love fondly led,
And that night little Nell ran away.

REFRAIN.

No one can say why she went away,
At home she would find a greeting;
Her lover could tell what became of poor Nell,
After their last meeting!

But his father was wealthy, and Nell's very poor,
The youth knew they never could wed;
He was told he must never meet Nell any more,
And he married another instead.
The false love he spoke brought a curse to his life,
He remembers that night in the past;
When he told her "I'm sorry you can't be my wife,
And this meeting, sweet Nell, is our last."—*Refrain.*

Tho' her loved ones are waiting, she ne'er will return,
And sad is the home that she left;
But a light in the window still nightly they burn,
While their hearts of all hope are bereft.
But often a shadow will fall on his life,
Tho' he dwells in his mansion of pride,
When he thinks of the one who should now be his wife,
Little Nell, like a toy, cast aside.—*Refrain.*

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JUST TO SHOW YOU THE BETTER WAY.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

The father was neglecting the home he once loved well,
And how to win him back again the mother could not tell;
Until returned their daughter fair, who had been far away,
She took her to her father's side and these kind words did say:

CHORUS.

"To show you the better way, Tom, that's why I brought her here,
No matter what you say, Tom, to you she was always dear;
You'll be as you were of old, Tom, so listen to what she'll say,
Because she has come home to 'daddy,' just to show him the better way."

The little one said "Daddy, you're always kind, I know,
So please be good and stay at home with us who love you so."
With tears he took his fond wife's hand and said, "God bless the day,
You brought our lassie home to me to show the better way."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

MOTHER WAS A LADY.

By Barney Horan.

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Two drummers in a brass band at a hotel stopped one day,
And while they smoked their cigarettes I heard one drummer say:
You know Jack I've been married, it's a case of mother-in-law,
She followed me most everywhere and banged me on the jaw.
Now when I married her daughter, a girl about sixteen,
I did not think her mother would use me quite so mean;
She'd make me wash the dishes and she'd put me out in the rain,
And when I cleaned the windows, oh, how I felt the pane.

CHORUS.

My mother-in-law was no lady or she would never act like that,
And when she called me baby she was talking through her hat;
Now you may think it funny and say well that is queer,
But I would not dare to tell you this if my mother-in-law was here.

How well do I remember not very long ago,
The moon was shining brightly and the ground was covered with snow;
She asked me if I'd take her out for a little ride,
I quickly hired a sleigh, boys, and told her jump inside;
I then whipped up the horses and down the road we flew,
I knew that she felt shakey for she was looking blue;
She grabbed me by the collar and says don't drive so fast,
But I said in my own mind this ride will be your last.
The horses they got frightened, what more could I expect,
My mother-in-law jumped out of the sleigh and broke her poor old neck.

CHORUS.

My mother-in-law was no lady or she'd never got into that sleigh,
But as long as I remember I'll ne'er forget that day;
She did not like cold weather, and she looked on me with scorn,
But the place that she has gone to will keep her nice and warm.

A VOW AT THE WELL.

Copyright, 1896, by R. J. Hartford.

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Words and Music by R. J. Hartford.

The twilight is fading in purple and in gold,
And ev'ning holds earth in its spell,
While two happy lovers in perfect joy have told
A vow at the moss-covered well.
So calm is the eve they cannot bear to leave,
For sweet are the stories they tell,
And thus in their hearts sweet memory imparts,
The true solemn vow at the well,

The night comes on slowly, the summer zephyrs waft,
The scent of the wild flowers afar,
The moon is falling in shaft of silver
Soft upon the old well where they are.
The joys of that night, its message of delight,
Shall long in their memories dwell;
While still they repeat in language ever sweet,
The true solemn vow at the well.

Parody on:

DON'T SEND HER AWAY.

By Barney Horan.

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A tired looking lassie stopped before a dwelling,
Where she had flew the coop long years before,
And in her big black eyes, which very fast were swelling,
As she gently fell against the door.
Soon the door it opened wide, she took a peep inside,
Her father quickly told her to go away;
When a well remembered voice made the dew fall very moist,
She turned around and heard her mother say:

CHORUS.

We can't keep her away, John, we can't keep her away,
She's come back for her bloomers, and now she's getting too gay;
Think of the wheel she used to ride as a scorcher in by-gone day,
And don't give our daughter the scales, John, don't give her a weigh.

Remember, John, the mother said, she's not our only daughter,
There are other daughter's just as well as she,
It is the hand of Providence to our door has brought her,
But not Providence, R. I., don't you see.
The old man shook his head, quickly turned and said,
My daughter, you're a bird, now fly away,
But she slapped him on the wrist, gave her face a horrid twist,
And turning to her mother who did say:—*Chorus.*

PRETTY ELSIE DOWNEY.

Copyright, 1896, by P. M. Wolsieffer.

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Words by Eugene Richter. Music by H. C. Verner.

I've a little girl, she's a priceless pearl, and a maid of high degree;
She's a radiant queen, though she's but sixteen, and she's all the world to me.
When my work is done, to her home I run, where she greets me with a smile;
Then we talk of June and our honeymoon, close beside her all the while.
For she is

CHORUS.

Pretty Elsie Downey, the idol of my heart,
I know if aught should happen her life from me would part;
I'm longing for the time to come when she will be my own,
When she will rule the cottage we'll call home, sweet home.

'Neath the silver moon with my love I spoon, I embrace her tenderly,
Then her eyes gleam bright with a tender light as she turns them full on me.
When the clock strikes ten I go home again, but in dreams she's by my side,
Riches can't compare with my love so fair, who will shortly be my bride.
And she is—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

SWEET ALICE BEN BOLT.

By Barney Horan.

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Oh, don't you remember, sweet Alice Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so red,
Who would smile with delight if you told her a joke,
And for fun she would stand on her head.
In the old coal yard in the alley Ben Bolt,
In a corner she stood all alone,
With a smile on her face and a tear in her eye,
Now sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Do you remember the day when she first went to school,
Along with her big brother Mike,
And the teacher says, "Alice, now you take your seat,"
And she says, "I'll take your watch before night."
Oh, she then put her feet on the top of the desk,
For she wore very large two's,
And the teacher says, "Alice, where you got your feet?"
And she answered, "Please, ma'am, in my shoes."

Do you remember the farm in the country, Ben Bolt,
Where sweet Alice had seen better days,
And she rode about town on her pneumatic wheel,
And she frightened most all of the jays:
She used to keep hens and she used to keep ducks,
Well, she fed all her hens on cracked ice,
But when she sold the eggs at ten cents a dozen,
The hens would not lay for that price.

MY FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

Copyright, 1896, by I. Albertelli.

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Words and Music by I. Albertelli.

One Summer's eve the stars shone bright,
Hush'd was the earth in the calm of night,
Lonely and sad I sat beside
The grave of my darling, my promised bride;
But before death had closed her eyes,
Heedless of my despairing sighs,
I vow'd to her then that none but she
Should ever be sweetheart or bride to me.

REFRAIN.

Whom wilt thou love when I have flown,
From cold, cold earth to starry throne;
No one I swear by heav'n above,
You are my first and my only love.

Her garden green in which we met,
When toil was over and sun had set,
No longer has its bright array,
Since my sweet darling was called away;
Flow'rets which then were bright and fair,
Faded are now for want of care,
And she brightest blossom of them all,
Can no longer come at my earnest call.—*Refrain.*

Now must I leave in sorrow deep,
Her whom I loved in death's long sleep;
Garden and grave, I bid farewell,
Ever in memory you shall dwell;
But one great hope brings joy to me,
Whisp'ring that you and I may be
In heavenly gardens bright with bow'rs,
Where death cannot separate love like ours.—*Refrain.*

"MAM'ZELLE MARIE."

Copyright, 1897, by Alb. H. Fitz.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

Now of course you've seen Miss Olivette who came from gay "Paree";
And who captivated all New York with her kick of high degree;
Well, now she's not in it with a "star" that arrived the other day,
Mam'zelle Marie from gay "Paree" is a "hit" the people say.
Oh, her costumes are a dream, my boys, such gowns I never saw,
And such laces flue, a form divine, and diamonds by the score,
And her salary, too, is the highest paid, but she comes high, you see,
There's none so rare, there's none so fair as the beautiful Marie;
She is the idol of the chappies and they say
Oh, ain't she sweet, such dainty feet,
And she has come and won the town, the people say,
Mam'zelle Marie, from gay Paree.

CHORUS.

She is just from gay "Paree,"
And so "frenchy" you can see, a trifle gay, the people say,
Such a winning way, you know, I can tell you she's not slow,
Mam'zelle Marie, from gay "Paree,"
Such a kick I've never seen,
Oh, my boys, she is a dream, a voice sublime, a form divine,
There are others, I agree, but there's only one for me,
'Tis Mam'zelle Marie, from gay Paree.

Now some people say this Mam'zelle gay who comes from Sunny France
Is so strikingly sensational in her captivating dance,
But the papers state she's simply great tho' creating lots of talk,
That she is by far the greatest "star" that ever struck New York,
And her frenchy songs are all the rage, and in her manner bland,
She tells them little stories which so well they understand,
And although she is a trifle gay they like her just the same,
For she, you see, is from gay "Paree," and you know she's not to blame;
She is the idol of the chappies and they say
Oh, ain't she sweet, such dainty feet,
And she has come and won the town, the people say,
Mam'zelle Marie, from gay Paree.—*Chorus.*

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"HELLO, DADDY, I KNEW THAT WAS YOUR CAR!"

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Composed by Chas. Coleman and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.
Words by Raymond A. Browne.

A little maiden stood one day upon a city street,
A tot of six or seven, in a gown so white and neat;
Her pretty face was wreathed in smiles of happiness and pride,
As carefully a dinner pail she carried at her side.
She waited on the corner 'till a car came into sight,
Then ran out to the crossing, did this dainty, little mite;
She signalled the conductor, as the car came on its way,
And as it stopped to let her on I heard the lassie say:

CHORUS.

"Hello, daddy, I knew that was your car,
I saw you on the platform down the street so far,
Here's something good for dinner, dad, and when you get through,
I've got a kiss that mother sent to give to you."

The big conductor pulled the bell, then went and sat inside,
The lassie climbed upon a seat to have a jolly ride;
As down beside her dad she sat with happiest delight,
While daddy ate his dinner with an honest appetite.
A bright and shining penny then he gave the little elf,
She kissed him once for mother, then she kissed him for herself;
And as the car returning to her street again it sped,
Dad helped her off the platform, while the little lassie said:

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, daddy, I knew that was your car,
You didn't think I'd know you down the street so far,
We'll have a nice hot supper, dad, and we'll wait for you,
So don't forget to hurry home when you get through!"

AFTER THEIR LAST MEETING.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

"You must meet me to-night, love, beneath the old tree,
A secret to you then I'll tell,
For my darling you're all in this wide world to me,
And my heart is your own, my sweet Nell!"
These false, idle words to a maiden were said,
In the broad, open light of the day;
And she promised to meet him, by love fondly led,
And that night little Nell ran away.

REFRAIN.

No one can say why she went away,
At home she would find a greeting;
Her lover could tell what became of poor Nell,
After their last meeting!

But his father was wealthy, and Nell's very poor,
The youth knew they never could wed;
He was told he must never meet Nell any more,
And he married another instead.
The false love he spoke brought a curse to his life,
He remembers that night in the past;
When he told her "I'm sorry you can't be my wife,
And this meeting, sweet Nell, is our last."—*Refrain.*

Tho' her loved ones are waiting, she ne'er will return,
And sad is the home that she left;
But a light in the window still nightly they burn,
While their hearts of all hope are bereft.
But often a shadow will fall on his life,
Tho' he dwells in his mansion of pride,
When he thinks of the one who should now be his wife,
Little Nell, like a toy, cast aside.—*Refrain.*

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No matter what you say, Tom, to you she was always dear;
You'll be as you were of old, Tom, so listen to what she'll say,
Because she has come home to 'daddy,' just to show him the better way."

The little one said "Daddy, you're always kind, I know,
So please be good and stay at home with us who love you so."
With tears he took his fond wife's hand and said, "God bless the day,
You brought our lassie home to me to show the better way."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

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Two drummers in a brass band at a hotel stopped one day,
And while they smoked their cigarettes I heard one drummer say:
You know Jack I've been married, it's a case of mother-in-law,
She followed me most everywhere and banged me on the jaw.
Now when I married her daughter, a girl about sixteen,
I did not think her mother would use me quite so mean;
She'd make me wash the dishes and she'd put me out in the rain,
And when I cleaned the windows, oh, how I felt the pane.

CHORUS.

My mother-in-law was no lady or she would never act like that,
And when she called me baby she was talking through her hat;
Now you may think it funny and say well that is queer,
But I would not dare to tell you this if my mother-in-law was here.

How well do I remember not very long ago,
The moon was shining brightly and the ground was covered with snow;
She asked me if I'd take her out for a little ride,
I quickly hired a sleigh, boys, and told her jump inside;
I then whipped up the horses and down the road we flew,
I knew that she felt shakey for she was looking blue;
She grabbed me by the collar and says don't drive so fast,
But I said in my own mind this ride will be your last.
The horses they got frightened, what more could I expect,
My mother-in-law jumped out of the sleigh and broke her poor old neck.

CHORUS.

My mother-in-law was no lady or she'd never got into that sleigh,
But as long as I remember I'll ne'er forget that day;
She did not like cold weather, and she looked on me with scorn,
But the place that she has gone to will keep her nice and warm.

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Where she had flew the coop long years before,
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As she gently fell against the door.
Soon the door it opened wide, she took a peep inside,
Her father quickly told her to go away;
When a well remembered voice made the dew fall very moist,
She turned around and heard her mother say:

CHORUS.

We can't keep her away, John, we can't keep her away,
She's come back for her bloomers, and now she's getting too gay;
Think of the wheel she used to ride as a scorcher in by-gone day,
And don't give our daughter the scales, John, don't give her a weigh.

Remember, John, the mother said, she's not our only daughter,
There are other daughter's just as well as she,
It is the hand of Providence to our door has brought her,
But not Providence, R. I., don't you see.
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My daughter, you're a bird, now fly away,
But she slapped him on the wrist, gave her face a horrid twist,
And turning to her mother who did say:—*Chorus.*

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I've a little girl, she's a priceless pearl, and a maid of high degree;
She's a radiant queen, though she's but sixteen, and she's all the world to me.
When my work is done, to her home I run, where she greets me with a smile;
Then we talk of June and our honeymoon, close beside her all the while.
For she is

CHORUS.

Pretty Elsie Downey, the idol of my heart,
I know if aught should happen her life from me would part;
I'm longing for the time to come when she will be my own,
When she will rule the cottage we'll call home, sweet home.

'Neath the silver moon with my love I spoon, I embrace her tenderly,
Then her eyes gleam bright with a tender light as she turns them full on me.
When the clock strikes ten I go home again, but in dreams she's by my side,
Riches can't compare with my love so fair, who will shortly be my bride.
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Sweet Alice with hair so red,
Who would smile with delight if you told her a joke,
And for fun she would stand on her head.
In the old coal yard in the alley Ben Bolt,
In a corner she stood all alone,
With a smile on her face and a tear in her eye,
Now sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Do you remember the day when she first went to school,
Along with her big brother Mike,
And the teacher says, "Alice, now you take your seat,"
And she says, "I'll take your watch before night."
Oh, she then put her feet on the top of the desk,
For she wore very large two's,
And the teacher says, "Alice, where you got your feet?"
And she answered, "Please, ma'am, in my shoes."

Do you remember the farm in the country, Ben Bolt,
Where sweet Alice had seen better days,
And she rode about town on her pneumatic wheel,
And she frightened most all of the jays:
She used to keep hens and she used to keep ducks,
Well, she fed all her hens on cracked ice,
But when she sold the eggs at ten cents a dozen,
The hens would not lay for that price.

MALONEY'S LEG!

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Words and Music by Jos. M. Sparks and Francis Bryant.

Dan Maloney from a building fell, and as the doctor said,
Six inches short, his right leg was, when Dan got out of bed;
When Maloney he was sober, he could walk like you or me,
But Dan he loved his whiskey, and went often on a spree;
And when he had his jag with him he was an awful sight,
For when he wanted to turn left the short leg steered him right;
Maloney weighed three hundred pounds, all muscle, fat and bone,
When he was full it took a horse and dray to bring him home,

CHORUS.

This is the way Maloney went when he was on a spree,
His leg was short, his back was bent, he was a sight to see;
I'd prop meself agin him, and I'd shove with all me might,
It wasn't a bit of use at all, the leg would carry him right, carry him right, carry him right.

Last St. Patrick's Day while waiting for a hack to bring him home,
I had to hold Maloney up, he couldn't stand alone;
When a bright idea it struck me, and a brick by chance I found,
I quickly placed the brick between Dan's short leg and the ground;
It balanced him exactly, and I told him not to speak,
While I went off to get a hack, a bootblack made a sneak
Up to where Dan Maloney stood, and then the rascal cute,
He kicked the brick from underneath poor Dan Maloney's foot.—*Chorus*

"Turn to the left!" a dago cried to Dan when full one night,
In spite of all that Dan could do the short leg turned him right:
Three hundred pounds of human weight in a moment fell and crashed,
Italian, Dan, banana stand, lay in the gutter smashed;
Before Judge Duffy they were brought next day at early morn,
'Twas all Dan's fault the dago swore, that Dan was going wrong;
The judge he put his glasses on, his eyes they twinkled bright,
"Maloney is discharged," said he, for Dan was going right.—*Chorus.*

BE TRUE TO ME WHEN I'M AWAY.

Copyright, 1896, by Anna M. Gilligan.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Anna M. Gilligan. Music by John J. McIntyre.

Dear heart, the hour has come to leave you, I must cross the ocean wide;
I know my absence, dear, will grieve you, for you are my promised bride;
Oh, rest your head upon my heart, love, while the farewell words we say,
Oh promise me before we part, love, you'll be true when I'm away.

REFRAIN.

I must leave you, my own darling, now my ship's upon the bay,
Oh, give me this promise, sweetheart, be true to me when I'm away.

When others fondly kneel before you, and their wealth of love bestow,
Remember, dear, that I adore you, my heart's yours where'er I go.
Oh, do not break your vows to me, love, I'll return again some day,
And ever in my thoughts you'll be, love, so be true when I'm away.—*Refrain.*

DOLLY AND I.

Copyright, 1896, by I. Albertelli.

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Words by I. Albertelli. Music by Arthur Fray.

Gliding down a shady stream in golden Summer tide,
Life seemed like a fairy dream with Dolly by my side;
Her silv'ry voice rang clear and soft, rivalling birds of song,
And coaxed the breeze to idly waft our little boat along,
And coaxed the breeze to idly waft our little boat along.

REFRAIN.

Laughing, kissing, as we float in our tiny sailing boat,
Cupid at the wheel behind to guide our course aright,
Eyes of blue that look so true, saying plainly, "I love you!"
Not a care upon our mind, nor even a cloud in sight.

Years have passed but that dear face can ne'er forgotten be,
Noblest artists could not trace one half so fair to me;
And oft sweet mem'ries crowd my brain until in dreams I seem
To be with Dolly once again upon that shady stream,
To be with Dolly once again upon that shady stream.—*Refrain.*

THE BRIDEGROOM THAT NEVER CAME.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The village church was crowded on a quiet Summer's eve,
And eager ones were gathered at the door
To see the happy wedded couple marching down the aisle,
And hear the wedding bells ring out once more.
The bride, the maids of honor, and the ushers waited long,
With friends that were to greet the joyous pair.
"'Tis nine o'clock," the preacher said, "they were to wed at eight!"
All wondered why the bridegroom was not there.

REFRAIN.

Waiting for the bridegroom, waiting, alas, in vain!
Little does the bride know they will ne'er meet again!
She can't believe him faithless, she loves him still the same;
Sad are her fears, waiting in tears for the bridegroom that never came.

The bridegroom had an old sweetheart he'd loved in days of yore,
But Fate had kept them far apart for years;
He'd heard that she was married, while she thought that he was dead!
They met that morn, her eyes wept joyful tears.
With old love vows once more renewed, they wedded were that day!
He sent no message to his promised bride.
Her life was wrecked; within her home they never speak his name,
A broken heart she vainly tries to hide.—*Refrain.*

A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

There's a picture of my mother hanging on the parlor wall,
And what thoughts come o'er me when I see it,
It's the best friend that I ever had, the dearest one of all,
My eyes bedim with tears when I am near it.
When I was but a little lad she dressed me up for school,
Told me to be upright, and taught me the Golden Rule;
They say the best of friends must part, when she went I lost all,
That's the picture of my mother hanging on the parlor wall.

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my mother and to me she was great joy,
How she'd kiss me and caress me when I was but a boy:
I'd not part with it for all this world, for she was my all,
That's the picture of my mother hanging on the parlor wall.

How oft I've seen my poor old dad when nobody was nigh,
He'd sit in the parlor all alone,
His thoughts they seemed to say to me: "There's none but Jack and I,"
There's a dear face now that's missing from our home,
Oftimes he'd call me to his side and say "Now Jack, my lad,
Always shun companions if you find their ways are bad;
If ever you are tempted let your honest mind recall,
The picture of your mother hanging on the parlor wall."—*Chorus.*

TWO KIDLETS UP TO DATE.

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Words by Harry B. Smith Music by Ludwig Englander.

Behold in us two kidlets up to date, up to date,
Our parents think that we are simply "great," simply "great!"
We're in for ev'ry kind kind of lark, we don't feel scary in the dark,
And when we drive in Central Park we strike a speedy gait,
We do, we do, we strike a speedy gate!

CHORUS.

Then it's hi! hi! hoop-la! pedestrians, look out!
Clear the way! clear, I say! we crack our whips and shout.
Crick, crack, hoop-la! we haven't time to stop;
Hi! there, hey! get out of the way, or something going to drop!

Our pa and ma declare that we're so bright, oh, so bright!
We're dear, swell kids, who dress just "out of sight," out of sight!"
Altho' we are so young and new, we really know a thing or two,
In fact we know a lot, we do; yes, we're all right, all right;
We are, we are; yes, we're all right, all right!—*Chorus.*

THE LATEST EDITION.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.

With favor you will greet us, for you will quickly guess,
'Tis our intent to represent the metropolitan press;
Each morn, each eve, you meet us with an expectant smile;
We air our views, we tell the news in metropolitan style.
You hear our names called ev'ry day from the Battery to up Harlem way:
Here's your World, Journal, Sun, Tribune, Times, Telegram, Post and Herald.
Oh, what would this world be without us,
Ev'ry one would surely have the blues,
If at the breakfast table you found you were unable
To have us tell you all the latest news.
There's one point of likeness about us, we all have the biggest circulation!
Then hip, hooray! for the greatest pow'r to-day:
The press is the trumpet of the nation!

Would you fain be *au fait* with the news of the day,
It is all in the latest edition;
All the queer goings on from the eve to the dawn,
You will find in the latest edition.
Some news that is naughty, some news that is nice,
A good deal of gossip, with humor to spice;
There a heap of good things at a very small price,
In the latest, the latest edition.

CHORUS.

Then buy, buy, if you have the price, to please you will be our mission;
Here's the news you can gain, that we're going to thrash Spain,
It is all in the latest edition.

An American princess leaves prince, home and kid,
It will be in the latest edition.
She elopes with a gypsy who plays on a "fid,"
It will be in the latest edition.
You can read of the slugger who lives by his wits,
Who talks and writes letters but hates to wear mits;
Whether Bob will have Jim-jams or Jim will have Fitz,
You will see by the latest edition.

CHORUS.

Then buy, buy, if you have the price, to please you will be our mission,
Will the Powers, to make peace, make a grease spot of Greece,
Well, you'll see in the latest edition.

"MY BROTHER JACK."

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Written by Fred. Leigh. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Amid the wild prairies the mem'ries return,
Of days that can never come back;
The dear days of boyhood, when careless and gay,
Were I and my twin brother Jack.
Ah! what wond'rous changes have happened since then,
Our old love to hatred gave place,
They charged me with crime that I knew Jack had done,
And drove me from home in disgrace.

CHORUS.

But I think once again of the old days and all our griefs and joys;
Mem'ries come back of the time when Jack and I were only boys,
Long years, long years have passed away, but as they quickly fly,
Oh, how I yearn once more to return to the days gone by.

Dishonored, alone to the prairies I came,
A bid for good fortune to try;
My duty I've done and grim dangers I've faced,
And so the long years have gone by.
Yet oft in the silence of night, to my mind,
Come thoughts of the far-away time,
Of home and of parents, and Jack, for whose sake,
My name bears the stigma of crime!—*Chorus.*

One night to our camp came a poor dying wretch,
And there in the fire's ruddy glow,
I loooked in his face and he started, it was
The Jack of the years long ago.
He crawled to my feet with his hands on his throat,
"For God's sake, forgive me!" he cried.
thought of the wrong—then I gave him my hand,
I "Thank heaven!" he murmured, and died.

SHE ALWAYS DOES EXACTLY AS SHE'S TOLD.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.

I know a little maiden who is good, so very good,
That she always does exactly as she's told.
She's never naughty, no, she would not be so if she could.
She has big blue eyes and curly hair of gold,
She'll never linger longer in the evening by the gate,
Because she thinks perhaps her dear mamma may scold.
Altho' a nice young fellow may beseech of her to wait,
Oh, no! she always does exactly as she's told.

REFRAIN.

With a downcast eye and a manner shy,
This little maid is worth her weight in gold;
If they tell her things are right, that is sufficient for her quite,
And she always does exactly as she's told.

One day a young man told her, "You must meet me, dear, to-night,
And she always does exactly as she's told.
Of course she went and met him, for he told her it was right,
Tho' she would not, for the whole wide world, be bold.
He said, "It's right that I should take of kisses just a few,
And it is wrong for little girls to be too cold.
Moreover it's the proper thing for you to kiss me, too,
And she always does exactly as she's told.—*Chorus.*

Her mother always said that she should never taste of wine,
For a young girl's feelings are not well controlled.
Her dear mamma said, "Champagne, dear, is hardly in your line,"
And she always does exactly as she's told.
One night her escort told her, "Just one glass will do you good,
And so she took a single glass so bright and cold,
Then she finished up the bottle, for he told her that she should,
And she always does exactly as she's told.—*Chorus.*

DOWN ON DE BANKS OB DE MISSISSIPPI RIBBER.

(A Mississippi Cat-fish Nig.)

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Words by R. A. Browne. Music by Chas. Coleman.

Once a ittle yaller nigger sat afishin' on a dock,
Afishin' for de fishes down below,
And he waited fo' an hour but he nebber got a bite,
De catchin' it was mighty, mighty slow;
Den dis little yaller nigger got disgusted with his luck,
As he felt a drowsy feeling o'er him creep,
So he tied the line onto his foot to wake him up in time,
Den he curled himself up and he went to sleep.

CHORUS.

Down on de banks ob de Mississippi Ribber,
Down on de ribber shore;
Dere is jnst anudder nigger gone to Hebben, dat's all,
An' he'll nebber go afishin' any more.

On de bottom ob de ribber snoopin' round about de mud,
Was a daddy fish ob most de biggest size;
Nebber thinkin' ob de little nigger fishin' up above,
'Till he saw de bait before his very eyes.
Den he flipped his tail and flus and gaily winked his other eye,
And he said "Dere is my dinner sure as sin,"
Den he gave a little nibble an' he swallow'd hook and all,
And he pulled so hard he pulled de nigger in.—*Chorus.*

When de mornin' came de neighbors walkin' down de ribber shore,
Found de fish and found de little nigger, too,
Tangled up and both together in de Mississippi mud,
How it happened no one ever really knew;
And a question's nebber answer'd in dat little darkey town,
Tho' to solve it is each neighbor's earnest wish,
The conundrum, if the fish had caught de little yaller nig,
Or de little yaller nig had caught de fish.—*Chorus.*

ONE LESSON IN ENGLISH I'LL GIVE YOU.

Copyright, 1897, by W. M. Reynolds.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by W. M. Reynolds.

To a pretty southern village in the Land of Liberty,
Came a soldier of that brave insurgent band,
Who defying death and torture said, "Fair Cuba shall be free,
And the Spanish foe be driven from our land."
Here he met and loved a maiden fair and ask'd her for her hand,
And she promised to become the soldier's bride;
Begged he then to learn one sentence of the language of her land,
And in accents soft and low the maid replied:

CHORUS.

"One lesson in English I'll give you, I love you, that's all,
Thine ever your own Margarita, 'till death shall befall."
He answered, "When the war's over and Cuba is free,
We shall be wedded, till then, Margarita, I'll be faithful to thee."

He, his passion told in Spanish, softly sang sweet Cuban songs,
For the maiden spoke her lover's native tongue;
When with flashing eyes he told of his beloved Cuban wrongs,
Margarita's tender heart with grief was wrung;
But the time drew near for parting and her eyes with tears grew dim
He would soon be fighting for his native land.
When he begg'd one parting token she a picture gave to him,
On the back of which she wrote with trembling hand;—*Chorus.*

Yielding up his life for freedom, dying on his native plain,
Lay a soldier of that brave insurgent band,
Who so often put to flight the mighty hosts of haughty Spain,
Winning sympathy and friends in ev'ry land.
To his lips he press'd a picture of a maiden young and fair,
And a vision of the girl he held so dear
Flitted o'er his dying fancy, and in answer to his pray'r,
Margarita seemed to whisper in his ear:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

IF I COULD ONLY BLOT OUT THE PAST.

By Barney Horan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Now one lovely day in May, came a maiden dressed so gay,
From a little town away out near Kamakee;
And how happy she did feel for she brought along her wheel,
And a record I will make to-day, thought she.
Now when she left home that day, scorching along the great highway,
With her bloomers on she thought she looked immense;
But I'm sorry for to tell, from her bicycle she fell,
And she got tangled in a horrid wire fence.

CHORUS.

If she could only blot out the past,
If she only had a needle and thread,
And her bloomers so old, they let in the cold,
If she could only hide in somebody's woodshed.
Oh, it's there she could stay until dark,
And for home she would start very fast,
But her bloomers are ripped, and she can't make the trip,
If she only could blot out the past.

On one nice St. Patrick's Day in a city far away,
Came two fighters for to settle a dispute,
There was Jim Corbett and Fitz, oh, they both put on the mitts,
And the people thought that each one was a brute.
But in the fourteenth round poor Jimmy he went down,
And from the championship he had to part,
For Bob struck him a blow that very soon laid him low,
Now Jimmy sings with very saddened heart:

CHORUS.

If I only could blot out the past,
If he would only give me one more chance;
He done me up fair, but for that I don't care,
I could knock him clean out of his pants.
Oh, I'll chase him all over the world,
And I'll show to the people at last,
That I'm still the best man and to prove it I can.
If I only could blot out the past.

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MA CAROLINE.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

I'se won a cullud lady, she's de belle of Mobile,
Um, um, ma honey;
Dem sporty nigs and high-toned coons my gal try to steal,
Um, um, ma honey;
Every Sunday with my gal I'm out,
The wenches and de coons all shout,
When I do the promenade on de high-tone boulevard,
With my own sweet Caroline. Yes,

CHORUS.

She's my Caroline, my sweetness divine,
Dressed in satin gowns ma honey looks fine,
When she passes by coons all heave a sigh,
And they shake bye bye as she passes down de line.

Next Sunday at de cullud church of Zion I'll wed,
Um, um, ma baby;
All decked in orange blossoms and a swell gown of red,
Um, um, ma baby;
Then our wedding bells will sweetly chime,
With my honey gal I'll fall in line,
Den de jealous coon will see Parson Jackson give to me
My own love, my Caroline.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ROSIE O'GRADY.

By Barney Horan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

Just down around the corner there's a place that you can hide,
There lives the funniest little chip that's never yet been tied;
Her name is Rosie O'Grady, and she always dresses in green,
And I tell you what, she's the funniest girl that I have ever seen.

CHORUS.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little Rose,
She's the only pebble on the beach that waltzes around on her toes;
And when she gets married, oh, what a cinch it will be,
I'm not in it with Rosie O'Grady, and Rosie's not in it with me.

I never shall forget the night I asked her to be mine,
We were sitting on the front door stoop as the clock was striking nine;
'Twas then her father's new bull dog, he happened to spy me by chance,
And you bet your life he took a good bite from the south side of my pants.

CHORUS.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little Rose,
You'll have to kill that new bull dog, for he has ruined my best Sunday [clothes;
Why don't you get married, and take a trip over the sea,
Take my advice, Rosie O'Grady, change your name to Rosie McGee.

OH! SING TO ME.

Copyright, 1896, by R. J. Hartford.

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Words by Mrs. G. Justice. Music by Hartford.

Sing to me darling to-night when alone,
Though far from you now I would still be thine own;
Thy voice I so love returns to me now,
My heart is in pain as to fate I must bow.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful voice, sing to me now, sing to me always winsome and low,
Sing to me happy, sing to me sad, only thy voice alone makes me glad.

Tell me, oh, can I meet life all unmoved?
I've tried to forget but still live unsoothed;
Oh, why should I tear from my mem'ries so dear,
Mem'ries so fond now grown stronger with years.—*Refrain.*

Hours passed with you are now spent alone,
The songs that I sing so changed in their tune;
Will you return, dear, return to me soon,
And make the life bright that is now spent in gloom.—*Refrain.*

ON THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.

On the mall in the Park, on a shiny day,
'Tis our delight to gather;
While the nurses flirt and the children play,
Do we like it? Say! well, rather?
Come the girls and boys, little Fountleroys,
Who are loved by mas and paters;
Come the nurses all, with the babies that squall,
In their happy perambulators.
With laughter light, with faces bright,
In games we are disporting;
While our nurses pert, delight to flirt,
With the coppers here consorting.
Each lad and lass is gay and glad,
Our life seems one long lark;
When it's hip, hooray, for a summer day
On the mall in Central Park,
When it's hip, hooray, for a summer day
On the mall in Central Park.
In natty little apron and jaunty little cap,
We nurses are as preety as they make 'em;
And ev'ry park policeman with a face like Ireland's map,
Makes love to us and begs of us to take 'em.
We're real Parisian maids who come from Sweden and from Cork,
And we are as coquettish as we may be.
Oh, we own the big policemen who are owners of New York,
And we never hear the crying of the baby.

Hush, hush, hush, hush, stop that crying or her nurse will drop her,
Hush, hush, hush, hush, while your nursey's flirting with a copper;
Lullaby, while we wink the other eye, stop your caterwauling right away;
Go to sleep, I sing to you, or I won't do a thing to you!
Go to sleep, I sing to you, sleep, little brat, I say!

HONEY, I'LL HYNOTIZE YOU.

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Words and Music by Morris Kemp.

There's an ole niggah man, they call him Daffy Dan,
And he's got a Svengall look;
He talks all kinds of talk to me, an' he said,
"I'se a got to be his wife or die, you see.
So I said dat's new, and he said dat's true,
If you don't I'm a-gwine to hypnotize you.

CHORUS.

Honey, I'll hypnotize you, honey, I'll mesmerize you,
If you don't marry me;
With the shake of ma hand, you'll sleep when you stand,
For ma honey I'm gwine to hypnotize you.

Now coarse I has ma man, he is ma only Sam,
Yes, he walks a swell ha tone walk;
He whispers all night in his sleep,
As the angels around him creep,
I lubs you, sure I do.
Ma man with the look said go shake dat crook,
If you don't I'm a-gwine to hypnotize you.

CHORUS.

Honey, I'll tanalize you, honey, I'll scanalize you,
If you don't be ma wife;
With the shake of ma fist, you're next on the list,
For ma honey I'm gwine to hypnotize you.

He's got hisself in jail an' he can't get no bail,
So now to the workhouse he goes;
He won't rasticate me no more,
Cause a lead shot in him I'll bore if he comes by ma way:
Dat Svengall man to me will not say
If you don't I'm a-gwine to hypnotize you,

CHORUS.

Niggah, come hypnotize me, niggah, come mesmerize me,
You can't put me to sleep;
You'se got yourself in jail, you'se can't get no bail,
For ma niggah I'm gwine to hypnotize you.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

EVERY NIGGER HAD A LADY BUT ME.

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Words and Music by Karl St. Clair.

De coons gave a ball de other night,
De wenches dat attended dey were dressed out of sight;
Eb'ry nigger had on his very best,
Wuz a puttin' on a lot of lugs and tryin' to do de rest,
Sports and gamblers made a great big bluff,
Crooked crap shooters dat were lookin' for de stuff:
Dere wuz many a funny sight to see,
Eb'ry nigger dat was present had a lady but me.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
I stood dere a-glancin' while de others were a-dancin',
And dey all seemed just as happy as could be;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me,
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me,
Not a word to me dey spoke, and my heart it nearly broke,
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me!

Dat night I'll always remember well,
I had my eyes located on a ginger-colored belle;
I wuz captured completely by her charms.
I could feel myself a-waltzin' with dat sweet thing in my arms;
Jes' den some one shouted through de hall,
"Ev'rybody grab a gal and promenade all."
For dat lady den I grabbed right away,
But I nebber knew I missed her 'till de band began to play.
—*Chorus.*

Along 'bout twelve a great big coon
Got up and said dat supper would be ready very soon;
Eb'ry couple began to fall in line,
'Cause de niggers got a straight tip dat de grub wuz mighty fine;
Coons and wenches, laughin' nebber ceased,
'Till de big procession started down to have de feast;
I wuz ready, but strange it seemed to be,
Eb'ry nigger went to supper with a lady but me.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me;
Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me;
I stood dere a-smilin' 'till my blood began a-bilin',
Until I got jes' as mad as I could be;
Eb'ry nigger wuz a-laughin' at me,
'Cause eb'ry nigger had a lady but me,
But when I began to shoot, all de coons began to scoot,
Den nobody had a lady but me?

BADLY-ESMARTIN'S BALL.

Air—"Girl with the Naughty Wink."

Sung by Miss Anna Lloyd with great success in "The American Liliputians."

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By James H. Snyder, Jr.

Dare's gone to be a galins time about dis town to-night,
De alley on de 'casion will be ablaze of light;
For little Mickey Dugan de kid, you knowe him all,
He's got de invitations to the Badley-Smartin's ball,
We're goin' in a body along wid Mickey, see!
We'll be de only ripe fruit dat hangs upon de tree;
No doubt we'll meet old Chancey and Astorbilts, but say!
De alley will be de real thing, dey got to come our way.

CHORUS.

He is the real thing, de yaller-yaller kid,
Can't do widout him, in fact, dey never did;
He's known, well known wherever grass is green,
All right, he's bright, and fit for any queen;
When we get there, well, we ain't got much to say,
Git up early, read the papers the next day;
They'll hit you, fit you when you read our style,
And that's no dream of Coney Isle.

Now Mickey's gone to beat 'em wid dere ancient style of dress;
I don't tink dey can tie me wid dis one, well, I guess
Dey may ware robes of purple and other tings dat's up,
Dey'll never beat de yaller kid wid all dere fancy stuff;
Dere's little Chimmy Hogan and Jennie Doyle so fair,
Casey and de rest of them, and you will see me dare:
You talk about yer dancing, just watch us take de floor,
We'll show dem Hogan's Alley dat dey never seen before.—*Chorus.*

LOST SHIP WALTZ SONG.

Copyright, 1896, by Frank A. Bush.

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Words and Music by Frank A. Bush.

Gaily the good ship started, people farewell were crying,
Friends by the score stood on the shore, sweethearts their goodbyes were sighing;
Quickly the forms receded, soon they were lost from sight,
And the last signs of land disappeared in the darkness that came with night.
But hark! o'er the sea comes a loud sudden pealing
Of thunder that crashes along through the sky:
The storm strikes the ship, vivid lightning revealing
A hole in the side! "Man the boats!" now comes the cry.

REFRAIN.

That night out at sea sank the good ship and her crew,
Far from the land and the friends so true;
Whoever must mourn that fatal trip,
When many loved ones were drowned with the fair lost ship.

On the bridge stands the captain, all his commands obeying,
While on the deck and down below women and men are all praying.
Suddenly o'er the vessel comes an enormous wave,
Turning the poor ship o'er on its side, and destroying all chance to save.
The sea sirens sing of their homes in the ocean,
While beckoning victims along to their doom;
A crash and a plunge, then with horror bewild'ring,
The proud ship sinks down 'neath the waves' watery tomb.—*Refrain.*

LOVE'S MILLIONAIRE.

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Words and Music by Count de Gloria, Op. 116.

I say the world is lonely, the heart at home is cold,
And sad is life to child and wife when life hath little gold;
But soft her arms steal round my neck, my comforter so dear,
And how much do you love me? and her sweet voice answers clear:

CHORUS.

I love you, I love you, a hundred million, there!
And then I'm poor no more, no more, for I'm Love's Millionaire!

The sweeter seems the breaking of poverty's sad bread,
And roses bloom from out the gloom, and crown her curly head;
And if sometimes a thankful tear my dreaming eyes will fill,
Her soft arms steal around me and her sweet voice answers clear:
—*Chorus.*

THE STORY OF THE SIGNAL MAN.

An Episode of Christmas Eve.

Copyright, 1896, by George J. Goldthorpe and Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

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Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

"The station is a quiet one but suits me, sir," he said,
"I once was signal man, you see, and now that job I dread.
You see that box just over there? 'tis where we switch fast trains,
From side tracks to the center rails, it takes good nerve and brains;
For if you're too late at the switch, a second, naught can check,
A terrible collision, which means awful death and wreck!
Oh, sometimes when I'd think of this 'twould drive me nearly wild,
As each night in our little home I'd kiss my wife and child.

CHORUS.

One year ago this Christmas Day my dear wife said that she
Would leave our cottage for awhile, I'd take our boy with me;
We sat within the signal box, to him 'twas wonderland,
And when his mother's train went by he kissed his little hand.

The day grew late; my boy had thought he'd heard his mother's train;
I left the box to listen, sir, then looked for him in vain;
My God! on came the "limited," my son, I cried, is lost,
For I must turn the fast express no matter what the cost;
And then my eyes glanced down the track, I saw with bated breath,
My boy there on the center rails, right in the jaws of death!
Oh, what can save! the local stops; the express onward flies;
I did my duty, Heaven knows, my boy's the sacrifice!

CHORUS.

Another eye had seen him there, a heart that could not swerve,
With courage all undaunted and a hand with steady nerve.
His mother, swift as eagle's flight, to clasp her boy, drew nigh,
She'd left the train and saved him. just as the express dashed by.

Parody on:

ALL COONS LOOK ALIKE TO ME.

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By Harry Barnes.

Talk about your Irishmen having trouble,
I think Pat Murphy has enough of his own;
He dropped into a beer saloon one evening,
And two hours after they had to carry him home;
Oh, his poor wife Bridget needed him very badly,
Because she swallowed a toothpick with a glass of beer,
And when she saw how they had to carry Pat Murphy,
These words she yelled in his ear:

CHORUS.

All Irishmen look alike to me, you ain't the only one that's here,
Johnny Casey and Mike McGee, all those fellows are stuck on me;
So if you spend your money so free, on that whiskey and not on me,
I won't love you nohow, all Irishmen look alike to me.

When Pat Murphy had listened to what his wife had told him,
And after she had hit him in the face with a stale loaf of bread,
He jumped up and grabbed a big fat roll-pin,
And then he threw that roll-pin at her head;
But she dodged and the roll-pin smashed a fancy window,
And the owner wanted Patty Murphy to pay;
He couldn't, and while they were leading him to the station
These words to him his wife did say:—*Chorus.*

'CAUSE MA BABY LOVES ME.

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Words and Music by William Seelye Wilson.

I've a little babe an' it looks like me,
An' umh! ain't dat picaninny fine!
Pretty white "teef" an' great thick lips,
Oh, dey is 'zactly jus' like mine.
His eyes are as brack as the middle ob de night,
Dey sparkle like diamonds true;
But when he laughs he'll kill yer dead,
'Cause he'll tickle you all "frough."

CHORUS.

"I wants ma mammy," you'll hear my precious cry;
"I'se comin' honey," to him I almos' fly!
Den he'll mos' die laffin', he's a sight ter see!
I loves ma baby 'cause ma baby loves me.

When my 'ninny yells dar's de deb'l to pay;
He yaps like a 'possum in a trap;
Den I lays him across my knee
An' give his little back a slap.
Oh, den he will turn an' he'll hug his mammy so,
As sweet as a babe can be.
I love my babe! I'll tell yer why,
'Cause my baby loves me.—*Chorus.*

Soon my precious 'ninny will be grow'd up,
An' den mighty sorry I will be;
Nuffin' so sweet as dat black chile,
An' 'specially when it b'longs to me.
As years dey go by an' my golly, how dey fly,
A man he will grow to be;
I'll love dat rascal den as now,
'Cause my baby loved me.—*Chorus.*

LILACS.

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Words by Lillian G. Hart. Music by C. J. Dockstader.

Springtime comes with sun and show'rs, languid breezes wake the flow'rs;
And again bright visions glow of the home of long ago.
Of the old path to the door, with the lilacs bending o'er,
Sweetest scenes of memory, sweetest flowers on earth to me.

REFRAIN.

Oh, let me dream sweet hours away now in the Spring's perfume,
Fancy again soft on the air, waving the lilac's plume:
Even their breath lingers with me, far through the world I roam,
Lilacs so fair, blossoming there, down in my childhood's home.

Childhood sped so swift away, youth was but a Summer day;
Now when footsteps feeble grow, turn my thoughts to long ago.
To the old path where we played, happy in the lilacs' shade,
Sweetest scenes of memory, sweetest flowers on earth to me.—*Refrain.*

ONLY A BABY'S FACE.

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Words and Music by H. Irving Dillenback.

In a humble home liv'd a young mother, with baby and husband so kind;
Foolish longings for untasted pleasures with discontent poison'd her mind;
Over nothing they quarrell'd, like lovers, she left him without one embrace,
But his sad heart found one consolation, the love-light in his baby's face.

CHORUS.

Only a baby's face, wreath'd in its curly hair,
Two little roguish eyes, angels' smiles lurking there;
Nothing the heart can reach like its sweet winning grace,
Nothing on earth so pure, only a baby's face.

In the world all alone, sad and heartsick, she struggled her living to earn;
Tho' repenting her folly sincerely she yet was too proud to return;
But one day the sweet face of a baby impell'd her her steps to retrace,
For she could not resist the reproaches she read in that sweet baby face.
—*Chorus.*

To that heart-broken husband one evening, for pardon his poor wife return'd,
In the name of their dear little baby she pleaded for love she had spurn'd;
When she told how her eyes had been opened and begged she might take her old place,
He forgave, and in loving arms welcomed the mother of that baby face.
—*Chorus.*

PRETTY KITTY RILEY.

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Words and Music by Reynolds McKee.

Down around the corner, by a little store,
There resides a working girl who I most adore;
Her parents are not wealthy, she ain't the tony sort,
But pretty Kitty Riley, she has won my heart.

REFRAIN.

Pretty Kitty, she's the girl for me,
Irish, stylish, plainly you can see;
Cheeks just like roses, eyes like stars above,
And pretty Kitty Riley, she's the girl I love.

When I make my fortune, then we'll do the grand,
Own a stately mansion, drive a four-in-hand;
But for all this splendor I would not resign
Any part of Kitty's love, for she is mine.—*Refrain.*

IT WAS NOT DOWN ON THE PROGRAM.

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Words by Howard Graham. Music by Chas. Graham.

The theatre was crowded in a quiet country town,
The bills announced a singer would appear of great renown;
The people thought they'd hear selections classical and grand,
But hoped it would be something country folks would understand;
The singer stepp'd upon the stage with dignity and grace,
And there, amongst the audience, she beheld her father's face;
'Twas her native town, and to her mind sweet memories would throng,
As, with voice inspired, she sang her dear old mother's favorite song:

CHORUS.

It was not down on the program, she knew her dad was there,
She sang the song her mother loved in tones so rich and rare,
And it set his mind a-thinking of the days he used to know,
It was not down on the program, that sweet song of long ago:

REFRAIN.

"My Old Kentucky Home."

Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

One moment's breathless silence came, the singer's voice had ceased,
The flood of their emotions from her audience was released;
The cheers that shook the building was a tribute far more dear
Than compliments of crown'd heads to the singer standing there.
Her daddy's eyes were dim, but still it made his heart rejoice
To hear the well-known songs again, to hear his daughter's voice,
And when she sat beside him in the old home once again,
Then she sang for him alone her mother's favorite refrain:—*Refrain.*

MARY JANE, FROM MAIDEN LANE

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Words by Harry S. Miller. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Mary Jane, well do I like her, she's the queen of all typewriters,
In an office way down town, sixteen stories from the ground,
There she works with fingers flying o'er the buttons and me a-trying
Just to catch her little eye, and when I don't, why then I sigh. Oh, it's

CHORUS.

Mary Jane, from Maiden Lane, you're the girl's got me insane,
With your click-it-te-clack, a-click-it-te-clack all day long,
And when I asked her for a kiss, this is the answer I get from the miss,
A-click-it-te-clack; a-click-it-te-clack, Mary Jane, from Maiden Lane.

Mary Jane, well, she is witty, jolliest girl in all the city,
She has my heart upset and vexed, I can't tell what she'll do next,
How I try my best to win her, even take her out to dinner,
And at night when I get home, I often sit and sigh alone. Oh, it's—*Chorus.*

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

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Words and Music by Joe A. Korr.

'Twas in a New York crowded street upon a shopping day,
When all the merchants tried their best good bargains to display;
And as the people hurried on, the ladies dress'd in style,
I heard a voice above the din come from a pleading child:

CHORUS.

Please do tell me where has mamma gone
She has left me here all alone.

The people gathered 'round the child, its story sad to hear,
There was not a heart that was not moved, an eye without a tear;
A lady then push'd through the crowd, took baby in her arms,
And said, "My darling, come with me, I'll shield you from all harm."
—*Chorus.*

A man in passing by had heard a voice he recognized,
And turning there his child he saw before his very eyes;
He said, "Good lady, this child is mine, I swear this all to you,
I left its mother forever when she proved to me untrue."—*Chorus.*

MAMMA, DON'T BE CROSS WITH ME.

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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

A little blue-eyed tot so small was often left alone,
To pass the hours as best she could with her pretty toys at home;
So by herself from early morn with just her dolly dear,
Together they would spend the time her little heart to cheer;
But one day when her blocks she'd piled fell down with such a noise,
Her mother spoke in tones severe and took away her toys;
The cruel words he'er broke her heart, and when ready for her bed,
She knelt beside her mother's knee and pleadingly she said:

CHORUS.

Mamma, don't be cross with me, please don't scold me so,
I am trying so hard to be a good little girl, you know;
Now maybe some day I might die, how sorry then you'd be,
But to-night I shall pray to be good ev'ry day, please don't be cross with me.

'Twas just a month when all was changed, misfortune came one day,
And almost broke that mother's heart, the child had passed away;
The little one would ne'er again be cross or make a noise,
There was no one now to pile the blocks, no one to scatter toys;
The mother sad was left alone, the time had come at last.
Could she but have her back again, could she but recall the past,
The days were long and dreary, too, and oft when night drew near,
She thought she heard that pleading voice once more she seemed to hear
—*Chorus.*

THE "DUGAN KID" WHO LIVES IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

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Words by Wm. H. Friday, Jr. Music by Homer Tourjee.

Who doesn't know the "Dugan Kid" who lives in Hogan's Alley.
You'll find his picture in the World most every Sunday morn;
He wears a dandy yellow dress, on his face sly glances daily,
They say he is the "slickest kid" that ever has been born:
Although but three or four years old he's quite well known to fame,
E'en though he has a homely face, likewise a homely name.
But he takes in all the picnics, doesn't miss a baseball game,
The "Dugan Kid" who lives in "Hogan's" Alley.

CHORUS.

He's a plain little chap from the heart of New York,
Is this gay little Dugan boy,
With smiles so sunny and ears so funny,,
He's New York's joy;
When the band starts to play, is he in it?
"Well! say!" Dugan's out of sight,
For he's a corker, a born New Yorker, and
He's all right!

Some of his slang expressions have completely caught the city,
You can hear them if you listen on the street most ev'ry day;
Now, though young Dugan's but a kid, his talk is often witty,
And no matter where this urchin goes he's sure to have his say:
Whenever he gets rattled he will holler "Hully Gee!"
Dere isn't any duck in town can get away wid me;
For I'm a holly terror when my fur is ruffled, "see!"
Says the "Dugan Kid" who lives in "Hogan's" Alley.—*Chorus.*

PRETTY MAMIE, CAN YOU BLAME ME.

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Words by J. T. Monahan. Music by O. A. Boser.

Just as daylight fades to twilight, just as dusk is hov'ring near,
Alights a maiden from car laden with working people by the score;
None is sweeter when I meet her, heart that is light with laughter gay,
She is pretty, gay and witty, laughing lightly when I say:

REFRAIN.

Pretty Mamie, can you blame me, when for you're heart I sigh,
For you capture and enrapture ev'ry heart that's nigh;
You're the girl in all this world would cheer my lonely life,
Then only name, my pretty Mame, the day you'll be my wife.

While out strolling and extolling on her captivating way,
She said to me, "Jack, you sue me only for the passing day;"
Ever pleasing, always teasing, scorns my suit whene'er I pray,
Still I adore her and would for her give my life this very day.—*Refrain.*

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

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Words and Music by Robert W. Gilchrist.

I dreamt I was an orphan, an orphan without a home,
I dreamt my mother she had died and left me all alone;
And in my dream I was crying nearly to break my heart,
To think of my dear mother from me that she should part;
I was taken to an old man's house and there to make my home,
He said to me, "Do not weep, my child, I'll adopt you as my own."

CHORUS.

It was only a dream, but it nearly broke my heart,
To think of my dear mother from me she had to part;
And leave me an orphan, an orphan without a home,
No one to care for and in this world alone;
But when I 'woke from slumber I saw to my surprise,
Mother's arms around me and she was still alive.

I dreamt that my dear brother came to my bedside,
And whisper'd to me, sister, cheer up, and do not cry,
For mother isn't dead yet, she's only in a trance:
She's sleeping quietly in her cot, tho' life is but a chance.
But when I awoke from slumber and wiped my little eyes,
The smile that was on mother's face caused me much surprise.
—*Chorus.*

SWEET EMMA KLEIN.

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Words and Music by Edward E. Haley.

When in the park one evening, an anxious voice I heard,
'Twas a lover imploring like the cooing of a bird;
Telling to his sweetheart in a voice light and gay,
And as I stopp'd to listen these words I heard him say:

CHORUS.

Sweet Emma Klein, say that you'll be mine,
You are the girl I love; do say that you will to me be true,
And before God above I'll pledge myself to you.

The maiden so bewitching, stood side him on the lawn,
With drooping head was list'ning, she was trembling like a fawn;
When the youth had finished, "I promise you," she said,
And blushing a bright crimson she slowly raised her head.—*Chorus.*

Then I resumed my walking, no more I wished to hear,
Those two loving ones talking, in my eyes there was a tear;
Thinking of my darling, their words caused me pain,
Methinks that I hear those words and the lover's voice again.—*Chorus.*

DON'T BELIEVE WHAT OTHERS TELL YOU.

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Words by J. T. Monahan (J. M. Kryne). Music by O. A. Boser.

When seated at my window, love, the sun had gone to rest,
And left the twilight hanging o'er the ev'ning's somber breast;
I was lost in sad reflections, thinking of that hasty word
That made us strangers, lovers once, when awaken'd by a bird.

REFRAIN.

Don't believe what others tell you, false words are seed oft sown,
You must not seek perfection when you've failings of your own;
Don't believe what others tell you, the bird made haste to say,
'Ere with its mate from a bough near by, skyward it flew away;

I waken'd from my slumbers, love, from dreames that seemed to me
To make two loving hearts again as of old they used to be,
I almost tho't the voice so sweet, that in my sleep I heard,
Was yours, its music ling'ring while thus spoke again the bird:—*Refrain*

And when the bird had flown, my love, in loneliness next day
I spent, until a messenger told death had borne away
Your soul beyond the token of man, where soaring flew the bird,
Out of my life went love with thee, 'twas your farewell I heard.
—*Refrain.*

I'M PROUD I HAVE A SWEETHEART.

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Words and Music by Max I. Fischel.

There is to me no other girl who is so dear as she,
Who comes to me when I am near and sits upon my knee;
There's laughter in her sparkling eyes, there's sunshine in her hair,
And of the maidens that I know there's none that is so fair.

CHORUS.

I'm proud I have a sweetheart, one that I know loves me,
Who's childish ways I cherish, who's face I only see;
I'm proud I have a sweetheart as pure as heav'n above,
I never can forget her for she's my only love.

Whene'er she smiles it seems to me as if the night were day,
And if her love was lost to me my life would lose its May;
For with her smile my heart leaps up and throbs with fierce delight,
She's all in all this world to me, so winsome, gay and bright.—*Chorus.*

MY DARKTOWN GAL.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

My gal she's the swellest belle in Darktown, a high-toned fashion plate,
You should see her style and her winning smile, she's my sweet thing up to date
I'm a shouting children, she is my own divine sweetness, my baby, mine,
Is my little Darktown gal.
At all of the coon hops and swell cake walks my gal she takes first prize,
When I do the glide with her by my side, how dem niggers roll dere eyes;
Yes'n deedy, children, when all de judges say, Miss Jones, please step this way;
She de winner, is my gal. Yes

CHORUS.

She is my darktown lady, she sets de coons all crazy,
And they all try to win my Sal;
She is a cullud daisy, I'se gwine to wed ma baby,
My sweet Darktown gal.

I 'spects all the cullud population, swell coons and gals dressed fine,
At de nigger church on next Sunday morn, when I wed ma babe at nine.
Yes'n deedy, children, she is my dusky queen, with her my life's a dream,
She's my little Darktown gal.
I'se gwine fo' to give a wedding breakfast to all my coon town friends,
Den we'll cut de cake, and our speeches make then we'll bid goodbye to all;
Lord lub you children, go on our honeymoon, spoon by the Southern moon,
With my little Darktown bride. Yes—*Chorus.*

GLORIOUS BEER.

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Words by Steve Leggett. Music by Will Geodwin.

Now I won't sing of sherbet and water, for sherbet with beer will not rhyme;
The workingman can't afford champagne, it's a bit more than five cents a time;
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle, a gargle that I love so dear,
I allude to that grand institution, that beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer!

CHORUS.

Beer, beer, glorious beer! fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it, now altogether, a cheer,
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it, glorious, glorious beer!

It's the daddy of all lubricators, the best thing there is for your neck,
Can be used as a gargle or lotion by persons of every sect;
Now we know who the goddess of wine was, but was there a goddess of beer?
If so, let us drink to her health, boys, and wish that we'd just got her here,
here, here!—*Chorus.*

So up, up with brandies and sodas, but down, down and down with the beer;
It's good for you when you are hungry, you can eat it without any fear;
So sip up the beer while you're able, of four-half let's all have our fill,
And I know you'll all join me in wishing good luck to our dear Uncle Bill,
Bill, Bill!—*Chorus.*

LITTE KITTIE RILEY.

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Words and Music by Geo. A. Cragg.

Just around the corner in a quiet little home,
There lives sweet Kitty Riley with her mother all alone;
There is no brussels carpet, no paintings rich and rare,
'Tis just a scene of home, sweet home, and you are welcome there.

CHORUS.

Little Kitty Riley is the girl that I adore,
The girl that I would marry and love forever more;
A perfect bunch of sweetness, the soul of pride and neatness;
No girl can take the place of Kitty Riley.

I am often waiting while my Kitty passes by,
To catch a ray of sunshine from the corner of her eye;
Though she is not an heiress or girl of high degree,
But just a simple working girl yet good enough for me.—*Chorus.*

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Parody on:

DON'T TELL HER THAT YOU LOVE HER.

By Barney Horan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

A youth was on his way to see his sweetheart fond and true,
To string some funny tales into her ear;
While ploughing through a snowdrift he heard a female voice,
Who quickly said now Charley, boy, look here.
You're going to see your steady now, and right here let me say,
Don't throw up your job because she's stuck on you;
Don't tell her that you love her, if you do, she'll have you pinched,
For it's just like most any girl would do.

CHORUS.

Don't tell her that you love her, if you do she'll pull your leg,
Don't promise her you'll marry or she'll put you on the beg;
Don't say you'll buy her a bicycle and a pair of bloomers, too,
For her sake do not tell her this or she'll tell her ma on you.

Don't tell her she can have the earth, the World and Journal, too,
Don't say that she can go across the sea;
Don't tell her that her hair is false, or she'll hit you with a club,
Don't say her face would set old Ireland free;
Don't kick her little poodle dog, she won't like you if you do,
And she'll lead you out the front door by the ear,
Don't tell her that her father gets his living shoveling fog,
Or her brother died from drinking sour beer.

CHORUS.

Don't tell her that you love her or she'll hit you with an axe,
Don't tell her that you heard the ice make very funny cracks;
Don't promise you will marry her if she will only wait,
For the girl of '97, you know, is strictly up to date.

GRACE O'MOORE.

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Words and Music by Max S. Witt.

I know a dear little maiden whose name is Grace,
She has a pretty, bewitching, sweet, smiling face;
When you have seen her, you all with me will agree,
That ne'er before have you seen such a queen as she;
She's pure as the lilies, modest in form and face,
Who could not love her, my own little dark-eyed Grace.

CHORUS.

Grace O'Moore is the girl I love, true to me she is as the stars above,
If you roam this wide world o'er, not a girl can equal her, my Grace O'Moore.

Yes, she has promised my own little wife to be,
That makes me happy, for no greater boon to me;
Her truest love I have won, I can proudly say,
And to the future I now look without dismay;
Though skies may o'ershadow, boding ill winds and rain,
We will be happy, for sunshine must come again.—*Chorus.*

WHEN MISS MARIA JOHNSON MARRIES ME.

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Words and Music by Williams and Walker.

There's a gal 'way down in Richmond by the name of Ria Johnson,
She's a hot stuff cullud lady, and she ranks among the tones;
There's been sev'ral cullud gemmen who's been suing for her hand,
For she's such a lubly creature that they cannot her withstand,
But now down in Coon Hollow there is moaning, don't you see,
For I proposed to Miss Maria and she's accepted me.

CHORUS.

Miss Maria Johnson's gwine to marry me,
Twelfth of next November the wedding's gwine to be,
Coons have been invited 'way from Georgia, just to see
Miss Maria Johnson when she marries me.
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
When this great event is gwine to happen, don't you see;
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
'Till Miss Maria marries me.

It will be the swellest wedding ever held in Dixie land,
As all the colored population will be present to a man;
She is gwine to have twelve bridesmaids just to strew the flowers 'round,
We will hire forty carriages, the swellest to be found
To be there at the church when I drive up with my bride,
For next day all de papers gwine to tell it far and wide.—*Chorus.*

JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART.

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Words and Music by Albert E. Fowler.

A lad and lass one Winter's night were going to be wed,
He promised he would love her all through life.
He told her they would happy be in a home for two,
If she would cling to him thro' storm and strife.
The guests were in the parlor, the minister was there,
The station filled with friends to see them start;
But the lad he never came for her to take his name,
So this sweet lass now has a broken heart.

CHORUS.

Just another broken heart, just a blighted life,
Left alone to battle with life's turmoil and its strife.
Hope all dead, lov'd one fled, makes the tear-drop start,
This is just another, just another broken heart.

He met her at her country home just three short years ago,
He promised he would be her guiding star;
He whispered tales of endless bliss in her willing ear,
She thought that naught their happiness could mar.
But alas for this sweet lassie, his love was only sham,
Which made the roses from her cheeks depart;
In her home she sits in tears, thinking of the by-gone years,
Before this laddie broke her happy heart.—*Chorus.*

COME TO MY HEART ONCE AGAIN

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Words by Arthur Sinclair. Music by Count de Gloria.

Why do you treat me so coldly, once I was dear to your heart;
Give me one glance of affection, just for a word must we part?
Friends have we been since our childhood, friends we should ever remain,
Am I no longer your dear one? come to my heart once again.

CHORUS.

Clasp hands once more, smile as of yore!
Life without thee would be pain;
Am I no longer your dear one?
Come to my heart once again.

Can you forget ev'ry gladness? tell me your heart is the same;
You are the star o'er my pathway, mine all the sorrow and blame;
All would be lonely without you, wherefore the frown on your brow?
Am I no longer your loved one? true is my heart to you now.—*Chorus.*

Tell me that all is forgiven, whisper the past you forget,
Let us be friends in the future, fond as the days we first met;
Smile on the one who adores you, turn into joy ev'ry pain,
Am I no longer your loved one? come to my heart once again.—*Chorus.*

MY SECRET.

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Words and Music by Eugene Kramer.

Oh boys and girls come listen to me, a secret I'll relate,
Concerning myself and all my friends, especially darling Kate;
Sometime ago I met this girl so charming and so fair,
Her cheeks are like the red, red rose and golden is her hair.

REFRAIN.

Katie, Katie, pride of my life, Katie, Katie, will soon be my wife,
Katie, Katie, lov'd not in vain, we're going to marry and part not again.

I ask'd to see her home one night, she gave me her consent,
And since that time oh what del ght many happy hours we've spent;
I look'd into her deep blue eyes and gave to her a kiss,
She soon will be my loving wife, oh, what a heav'nly bliss.—*Refrain.*

We have no riches save our health and love, constant and pure,
We'll still be happy without wealth and care for nothing more;
We are both young and have time left to save up for a home.
And spend old age with same true love we've had when we were young.
—*Refrain.*

THE IRISH FOOT-BALL GAME.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

Thanksgiving Day was over, and the boys upon the height
Had watched old Yale and Harvard in their yearly foot-ball fight,
When Casey says to Dolan, "Let's get up a team," says he,
"And challenge all the sheenies that live on the Bowery."
And so it was decided, and the day at last was set;
The place was Murphy's vacant lot, the ground was soft and wet;
The story of the massacre is what I'm going to tell,
And if you'd been within a mile ye'd heard Pat Casey yell:

CHORUS.

"Line up, stand up, don't yez hear me call,
The audience is waitin' and we cannot find the ball;
Murphy, Dolan, can't yez quit yer scrape?
And when the game is over yez can kill them sheeny chaps."

If you'd a seen the uniforms the boys had on that day,
Their rubber boots and rubber snoots would take your breath away;
With liver pads and bandages they swaddled every limb,
Pat Casey's dad stuffs furniture, so he upholstered him.
And Casey had the dandy scheme to win that foot-ball game,
'Twas tough upon the other team, but got there all the same,
Says he, "Each one pick out yer man and do him up," says he,
"And then we'll simply rush the ball to glorious victory."—*Chorus.*

We followed out his orders and in just ten minutes more,
We'd made a hundred touchdowns and we'd kicked goals by the score;
We sailed into the other team and wiped the earth with them;
We grabbed 'em by their top-knots and we yanked 'em limb from limb;
We danced on them, we sat on them, we stamped them in the ground;
The fragments of that other team were strewn for blocks around,
And Casey says, "At 'three gold balls' them fellows may have luck,
But when it comes to one pig-skin it takes old Irish pluck."—*Chorus.*

THE SNAP DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

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Words by Harry B. Smith Music by Ludwig Englander.

We're interesting pupils of a snap dramatic school,
We know our Shakespeare backwards, all by heart;
We indicate emotions by an automatic rule,
For we're thoroughbred believers in Delsarte.
This gesture's indication of a mad infatuation,
This pose expresses terror! this means hate!
Then when we stand so-fashion, it is anger, rage and passion
We are pantomimic puppets "up-to-date."
Yes, when we stand so-fashion, it is anger, rage or passion,
We are pantomimic puppets "up-to-date."
In Rosalind, Lady Macbeth and Ophelia,
Our elocution fairly will congeal yer;
As Leah the forsaken, your nerves we must have shaken,
We're comic or we're tragic, take your choice,
As Juliet or Mrs.— Desdemoner,
We make of every auditer a groaner:
We're eager to rehearse scenes like soul-destroying curse scenes,
And we have tanks of tear-drops in our voice.

When we hold up our hands like this it means we're gay and glad,
We know, because it's so in Delsarte's book;
We always move on wires, like this, to show we're going mad,
And meaning sorrow, this is how we look!
This means that we discover that we have a faithless lover;
While this indication of remorse;
While this is our expression when we hear the sad confession,
That hubby's full of grounds for a divorce.
And this is our expression when we hear the sad expression,
That hubby's full of grounds for a divorce.
We vary from the violent to coquettish,
Alternately emotional and soubrettish;
We're awful shy on grammar, but we paralyze the drama;
To monkey with the real "legit" we yearn.
As Topsy, Beatrice or Lady Spanker.
There's no one in the business could be ranker;
We now go on as "supers," but we'll soon be full-fledg'd troopers,
For we have the cheek and talent now to burn.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld lang syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—*Stump speech*
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin Bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—*Recitation*
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—*Recitation*
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the
92 Boy lost (*laughable*) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gipsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—*Recitation*
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eilleen Allanna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two orphan's (Brooklyn Theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dat watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved?
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for
151 Driven from home [you
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
180 Willie, we have missed you [heart etc.
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—*Recitation*
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him?
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (*laughable*)
201 Day I played base-ball [own
202 Remember you have children of your
203 There's none like a mother if ever so
204 You were false, but I'll forgive [poor
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore



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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

211 Will you love me when I'm old?
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the seashore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Nora McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—*Recitation*
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—*Recitation.*
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we
255 Little brown jug [were poor
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
268 Hail Columbia [Bay
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
282 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Ned
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the new
295 Broken down
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I uot been kind to thee
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity?
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Bidalia Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth?
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five-cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on the water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it?
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinnness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The gipsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kassiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home?
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish Boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Aleen
391 Old sexton
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home?
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The 'longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom-footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Banks of Claudy
415 What are the wild waves saying?
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down



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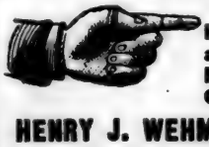
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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Rielly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glencoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain Song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave huzzars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonny Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [train
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseilles hymn
503 God save the queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red robin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning
517 Lottie Lee
518 Who's at my bedroom window
519 I have no home
520 It's nice to be a father
521 Won't you tell me why, Robin
522 Only to see her face again
523 Kingdom coming
524 Barney O'Hea
525 Teddy O'Neal
526 Man with the sealskin pants
527 Medicine Jack
528 A leaf of ivy from mother's grave
529 Keep in the middle of the road
530 Lannigan's ball
531 Lula is gone
532 An Irishman's toast
533 Village blacksmith
534 Naughty Clara
535 Dying nun
536 When the leaves begin to turn
537 Larry O'Brien
538 Mother kissed me in my dream
539 I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
540 Dying Californian
541 Grandmother's birthday
542 Come where my love lies dreaming
543 Pop goes the weasel
544 Monkey's wedding
545 Mary had a little lamb
546 Wait for the wagon
547 Cork leg
548 Uncle Sam's farm
549 My old wife and I
550 I'm so lonely
551 Only as far as the gate
552 Peek-a-boo
553 Moonlight at Killarney
554 I'll wait till the clouds roll by
555 We never speak as we pass by
556 Tipperary christening
557 Be home early to-night, my dear boy
558 Old rustic bridge by the mill
559 Paddy Magee's dream
560 Dreaming of home and mother
561 Shall we know each other there?
562 Jolly Irishman
563 Folks that put on airs
564 Rosalie, the prairie flower
565 If I had but a thousand a year
566 Fisherman and his child
567 Swate Castle Garden
568 In the gloaming
569 Bring me back the one I love
570 Spider and the fly
571 A warrior bold
572 Tar's farewell
573 In her little bed we laid her
574 Dark girl dressed in blue
575 Separation
576 Pitcher of beer
577 Neil McGulligan's daughter, Mary Ann
578 Nobody knows what a racket was there
579 It's a cold day when I get left
580 Alice, where art thou?
581 Meet me, Josie, at the gate
582 Jessie at the railway bar
583 Ada, with the golden hair
584 Streets of New York
585 Courting in the rain
586 I'm dying for some one to love me
587 Is that Mister Reilly?
588 Let my name be kindly spoken
589 Dar's one more ribber for to cross
590 Napoleon's farewell to Paris
591 Poor old Mike
592 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye
593 A life on the ocean wave
594 I am dreaming
595 Gipsy Countess
596 She's as good as gold
597 Watchman, tell us of the night
598 Shoo fly, don't bother me
599 Ten thousand miles away
600 Give my love to all at home
601 Mygel Snyder's party
602 Increase of crime
603 Ship on fire
604 Josephus Orange Blossom
605 Oh! Susannah
606 Old Bob Ridley
607 Bonnie blue flag
608 Nell Flaugherty's drake
609 John Barleycorn
610 Rules for love-making
611 Land League Band
612 Down by the old abbey ruin
613 Glorious 69th
614 Old willow cradle
615 Funny old gal
616 Religious card player
617 Paddy's the boy
618 Teddy McGlynn
619 Lads who live in Ireland
620 Worn-out sailor
621 Mott street, 449
622 Limerick is beautiful
623 Seven out
624 Let me kiss him for his mother
625 Pretty lips
626 Sullivan's boot in my eye
627 Villikins and his Dinah
628 Captain with his whiskers
629 A knot of blue and gray
630 Foley's hotel



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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

631 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
632 Never take the horseshoe from the door
633 Woman, lovely woman
634 Napoleon's dream
635 When the robins nest again
636 Oh! you little darling, I love you
637 Just down the lane
638 Call me back again
639 Milwaukee fire
640 One of the finest
641 Over the mountain
642 Belle of the ball
643 Farmer's boy
644 When Jack comes home again (Sailing)
645 Hush-a-bye, baby
646 Where the ivy grows so green
647 Bridget Donahue
648 Down the hill
649 My Nellie's blue eyes
650 Ragged coat
651 Kitty Kimo
652 Little darling, dream of me
653 Juice of the forbidden fruit
654 Minute gun at sea
655 Some day
656 Sour krout
657 Don't give the name a bad place
658 Racketty Jack [hallelujah
659 John Brown song (Glory, glory
660 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
661 A dollar fifteen cents [marching
662 Roger O'Malley
663 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake
664 Bring back my bonnie to me [the baby
665 Belleville convent fire (Illinois)
666 I'll await my love
667 Hard times come again no more
668 Mulcahey's gone away
669 Nineteen hundred and one
670 Colleen dhas Machree
671 Only to see thee, darling
672 Blue bells of Scotland
673 A boy's best friend is his mother
674 That's how you get served when you're
675 Dear little innocent things [old
676 Mother, I've come home to die
677 Just before the battle, mother
678 Down in a diving-bell
679 Kissing through the bars
680 Skipper and his boy
681 Young man from the country
682 I'll be dar
683 The midshipmite
684 Eleventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.)
685 Naughty, naughty men
686 Naughty, naughty girls
687 New coon in town
688 Will a monkey climb a tree?
689 Bold soger boy
690 Heenan and Sayers
691 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
692 Sally, come up
693 Sea king's burial
694 One-horse open sleigh
695 Baby show
696 Swim out for glory
697 Jessie Green
698 Duffy's grand opening night
699 I'm a dude
700 Run for the doctor
701 Climbing up the golden stairs
702 My good-looking man
703 How a married woman goes to sleep
704 I'm off for Baltimore
705 Bright little spot on the ocean
706 I tickled her under the chin
707 Lakes of Cold Finn
708 My newmarket coat
709 He will come with the flowers of May
710 Ten years in Cherry Hill
711 Maloney's the man
712 Ship that never returned
713 Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?
714 How much does the baby weigh?
715 A mother's watch by the sea
716 Uncle Billy's dream
717 Some day I'll wander back again
718 High-water pants
719 Every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye
720 I'll send you down a letter from the sky
721 Paddy stole the rope
722 Duffy, the swell
723 Not much
724 Don't leave your mother, Tom
725 Pretty little dark-blue eyes
726 A rolling stone gathers no moss
727 Dream faces
728 Wind blew through his whiskers
729 Good-bye to my Southern home
730 Pretty little rosy cheeks
731 Knock at the window to-night, love
732 Hard up
733 Forgive and forget
734 Captain Mishler
735 Butterfly dude
736 Bowery on Saturday night
737 Leaf by leaf the roses fall
738 Let me like a soldier fall
739 Enniskillen dragoon
740 Papa's baby boy
741 I ain't as young as I used to be
742 The Dreadnought
743 See-saw
744 What's in a kiss?
745 Hush, little baby, don't you cry
746 Darling Clo'
747 Mother's last request
748 Texas ranger
749 God, save Ireland
750 Tho' rich, I'm no better than you
751 Bold Jack Donahue
752 Last farewell
753 Sweet dreams of mother and home
754 Mary Ann Kehoe
755 Only an emigrant
756 My bonny boy is young, but he's grow-
757 The farmer feeds us all [ing
758 Strike while the iron is hot
759 Better days will come again
760 Baby's lullaby
761 Dying girl's message
762 Some other girl shall wear the ring
763 Bye, bye, baby, bye, bye
764 Somebody's tall and handsome
765 Mother keeps the gate locked now
766 Sweet Alpine roses
767 Morrissey and the Benicia boy
768 Constant farmer's son
769 Upper ten and lower five
770 Karl's new lullaby
771 Key-hole in the door
772 Act on the square, boys
773 Lackawanna spooners
774 Cot where I was born
775 Burke's dream
776 Four-leaved shamrock
777 Up a tree
778 Down where the lilly bells grow
779 Behind the parlor door
780 Peggy O'Moore
781 Sunny hours of childhood
782 O'Reilly, the fisherman
783 Old village blacksmith shop
784 False one, I love thee still
785 Shannon side
786 Pennsylvania tramp
787 We'll paint the town red
788 Look always on the sunny side
789 Green linnet
790 Gentle Annie
791 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
792 There's a light in the window
793 Annie of the vale
794 Rising of the moon
795 Who will care for mother now?
796 Let the dead and the beautiful rest
797 Sights for a father
798 Old gray mare
799 How is your sister Mary?
800 Clara, Clara, will you come out to-night?
801 Grandma's vacant chair
802 America's emblem the violet
803 Knocking at the gates of Jordan
804 Take good care of mother
805 Whisper and a kiss
806 Old-fashioned photograph of mother
807 Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat
808 Little Mag and I
809 Cradle's empty, baby's gone
810 Rosy's Sunday out
811 My sweetheart's family
812 Little wife Nellie
813 Too utterly utter
814 I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude
815 They can't keep the workingman down
816 Angel mother waits for me
817 Good-night, but not good-bye
818 Dar's a new moon in de sky
819 Just plain Jim [strikes ten
820 Mind and be home when the clock
821 Where the pretty little shamrock grows
822 My little four-leaved shamrock from
823 White wings [Glennore
824 Always take mother's advice
825 Pretty pond lillies
826 Dear Robin, I'll be true
827 Mikado McAllister
828 For one day of turkey there's six days
829 Poor old dad [of hash
830 The Haddingtonshire
831 McSorley's twins
832 Cricket on the hearth
833 I had $15 in my inside pocket
834 Trab'ling back to Georgia
835 Noble knights of labor
836 He gets there just the same
837 Johnny, get your gun
838 Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake
839 Maggie Darrow's welcome
840 Come, sit by me, mother



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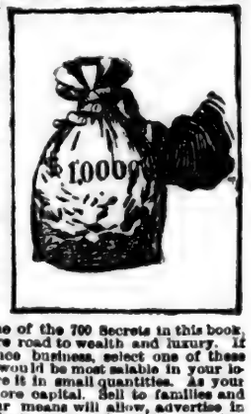
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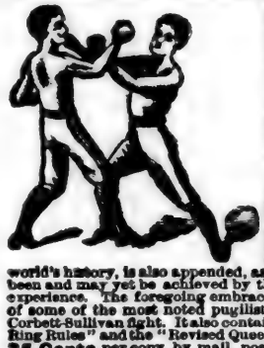
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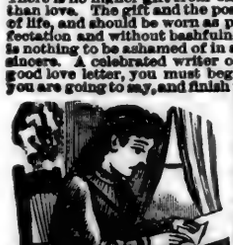
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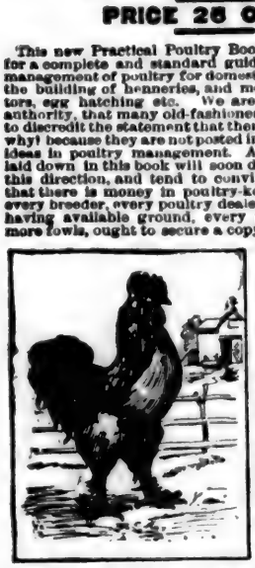
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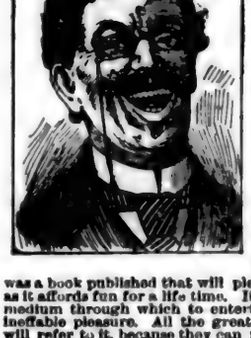
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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Shall I name you the spot where all cares are forgot,
In the transport of merriment rare;
It is safe to assert and confession won't hurt,
That you all nearly all have been there.
It's the heart of the town, neither up, neither down,
What title more fit can we coin;
Than the one we employ for this region of joy,
The famous, renowned Tenderloin.

CHORUS.

The Tenderloin, ah, the Tenderloin is the realm so gay,
Where revelers merry are turning night to day;
The Tenderloin, ah, the Tenderloin, will you come with me away,
To find delight and the charm of night in the Tenderloin.

When you're calling a cab you have no need to blab,
As to where you'd be wending your course;
The driver is fly as he winketh his eye,
And cracketh his whip on his horse:
And somehow you think as you notice his wink,
How much better than taking a car;
And when you arrive you are glad you're alive,
And you don't have to ask where you are.—*Chorus.*

It's the prospering soil for the lobster in broil,
For the saddle rock stately in roast,
For the varior degrees of demoralized cheese,
That entwine around bed-ridden toast.
For the clam that's supreme when it woos with its steam,
And the chicken that's chopped to croquettes,
And the coy little chops that are served with their props,
Wrapped up in their trim pantalettes.—*Chorus.*

And those playhouses vast where the girl with a past,
Wears a dress that's alarmingly red;
To distinguish her quite from the lady in white,
Who's the maiden most modestly bred;
And those music hall shows where the brain finds repose,
While the song and dance gentlemen reels,
And the saucy soubrette who's proving your bet,
That her brains have all gone to her heels.—*Chorus.*

Those athletic clubs brave that now float on the wave,
On a popular clamor of sport,
That are giving as shows that are made up of blows
Of a frantic and furious sort;
And we welter in gore and we clamor for more,
And we shout for the blow on the jaw;
And the use of the glove proves it's only for love,
And so we comply with the law.—*Chorus.*

THE ANGEL OF THE TENEMENTS.

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Words and music by Charles Harvey.

I know a maid whose presence fills each home with peace and rest,
And she is called Angelica by those who know her best;
An aureole of golden hair frames in her lovely face,
Like some saint's halo when she goes in high or lowly place;
And down among the tenements, a sister of the poor,
Where you may see her daily, she is call'd the "Angel" pure.

CHORUS.

They all say: "Sweet Angelica, she is an angel fair,
In the tenements she is a jewel rare;
She comforts the sick with her sympathy, her charity lightens all care,
Sweet Angelica, she is an angel fair."

I've seen her in the ball-room gay, where gallants seek her hand,
She wins all hearts by her bright smile; that smile's a sweet command.
And I have seen that self-same smile bid some poor soul take heart,
As from her wealth with lavish hand she gave a gen'rous part.
A social queen in satin robes, resplendent does she shine,
But in her simple dress of gray she seems almost divine.—*Chorus.*

The children of the tenements watch for her day by day,
For often she will make them glad by joining in their play;
And in her tender arms she'll rock some weary babe to sleep,
Or at the bedside of the sick a midnight vigil keep;
Her life among the suff'ring ones is full of sacrifice,
And her angelic presence makes each home a paradise.—*Chorus.*

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THE MOTHER OF THE GIRL I LOVE.

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Words and music by Wm. B. Gray.

The old court house was crowed, all within began to stare,
When a gray-haired woman charged with theft sat in the pris'ner's chair:
Her lawyer said, "My client is a widow, old and poor,
And of the crime with which she's charged, is innocent, I'm sure."
The judge then to the woman said, "If innocent you be,
And very poor, as stated by your counsellor to me,
I'd like to have you tell me how can you afford to pay
This bright, young, able lawyer for defending you to-day."

CHORUS.

Silence was her answer, low she bowed her head,
When the boyish looking counsellor arose and softly said,
"'Tis not for gold I'm here, sir, but a value far above,
For the pris'ner is the mother of the girl I love."

The bright young lawyer pleaded on and proved conclusively,
By time and date the aged pris'ner guilty could not be;
The judge said, "Lady, you're discharged," then wiped away a tear,
And added, "'Twas a pity and a shame to bring you here."
A gray-haired man then took the youthful lawyer by the hand,
And said, "You've acted nobly, sir, the speech you made was grand;"
Then turning to the lady he said, "Madam, I will pay
This manly fellow's charges for his services to-day."—*Chorus.*

I'LL LOVE YOU, MOTHER.

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Words and music by Wm. E. Knodt.

In the outskirts of a city lived a mother and her boy,
A curly-headed youngster, her idol and her joy;
He loved his mother dearly, and ofttimes while at play,
His eyes would wander to her face, and this to her he'd say:

CHORUS.

"I'll love you, mother, when I'm far away,
I'll love you, mother, forever and a day;
When you are old and feeble, your aged head is gray,
I'll love you, mother, and for you I'll pray."

Fast the years flew by, the boy by this time to manhood grown,
Loved, honored and respected, so bright his virtues shown;
Fell in with bad companions, those he'd been taught to fear,
Disgraced his name by forgery, now this is what we hear:

CHORUS.

"Don't tell my mother that I forged a name,
Don't tell my mother, 'twould break her heart in twain;
She's getting old and feeble, her aged head is gray,
Don't tell my mother, that is all I pray."

WAITING FOR YOU AND I.

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Words and music by Charles Graham.

Two lovers met to part one day, for she had said, "I'm going away;"
Once more they met to say farewell, within the arbor in the dell;
They quarrel'd, bitter words had passed, she tho't their love could never last,
"Forgive me, do not let us part," said he, "'twould break my heart."

CHORUS.

"Hearts were not made to break," slowly the maiden said,
"Some other girl you'll happy make, she'll be your wife instead;
Hearts were not made to break, first love will often die,
And out in the world we may find true love waiting for you and I."

"Farewell," he said, and walked away; "farewell," he heard her softly say;
They met again in after life, but she was then another's wife;
He often thinks of when they met, and though he is not married yet,
He often tells another maid the words his old love said.—*Chorus.*

WE WERE HAVING A REGULAR JAMBOREE.

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Words and music by Harry Wincott.

Yesterday a dear old pal of mine took for life a maiden fair divine,
When the clock struck one, the preacher said, "I'm done;
Now you're married," no one tarried, cabs were waiting, no debating,
Off we went while laughter filled the air, 'leven chaps and one young lady fair,
Ev'rybody gay, 'twas a wedding day, such fun, well, I declare.

CHORUS.

We were having a regular jamboree
Ten chaps, a bride and a groom out on a spree;
I shall never forget the way we marched in line,
And drank up the wine on Middie'sby's wedding day.

Next we went up to Belmonico's, where the wine and champagne freely flows,
Supper we had there, now talk about a fare,
Plates we broke, for a joke, threw potatoes at the waiters,
Over went the tables and the chairs, my high hat went flying down the stairs;
Full as ticks were we, when the clock three we all began to cheer.—*Chorus.*

MAMIE REILLY.

Parody—By Frank K. Forrest.

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Little Mamie Reilly's a winner you can bet,
She knows much of this wicked world, and hopes to know more yet;
She's got a nice old poppa, just in from the Klondykes gay,
The boys they shout, as they turn out, and this what they say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Mamie Reilly, you're all right,
Really, Mamie Reilly, you're a beauty bright,
Could we blame ye, not on your nat'ral, Mamie,
All the samie, you know your gamie, Mamie Reilly.

Little Mamie Reilly, she dines on goldfish now,
And has her teeth filled with the same, not gold, but bones, I vow,
The other girls are jealous of Mamie's newest hair,
Which once was red, and now instead, it's Klondyke, rich and rare.
—*Chorus.*

THE DAY THAT'S GONE CAN NEVER COME AGAIN.

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Words and music by Safford Waters.

We sat within the garden she and I,
As often we had done in days of yore;
It seemed so sweet to feel that she was nigh,
It seemed so sad to know 'twould be no more:
For some one else had come between us then,
A foolish lover's quarrel was to blame;
And I had come to plead just once again,
To tell her that my heart was still the same.

REFRAIN.

The day that's gone can never come again,
Tho' it be filled with sweetness or regret;
The hope that's fled, the roses that are dead,
Can only mutely ask if we forget;
So think, sweetheart, before you bid us part,
Of all the future holds of joy or pain;
The saddest fate is that which sighs "Too late,"
The day that's gone can never come again.

She turned her pretty face again to mine,
She laid her little hand within my own;
My heart leaped up as in the Auld Lang Syne,
As if the weight of care it ne'er had known;
She said, "Forgive me, dear, for I've been wrong,
I give my heart to you again for aye;
I know that I to you alone belong,
For your sweet words have swept my doubts away."—*Ref.*

MURPHY'S PHONOGRAPH.

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Words and music by John T. Tierney.

Mike Murphy owned a fine saloon, he never had grief nor care,
It mattered not to Murphy whether the day was dark or fair;
An Irish gang hung 'round the place that better days had seen,
But Murphy caused his troubles with an Edison talking machine.

CHORUS.

Oh! the picture that was in that place,
Oh! the anxious look on each man's face;
Beside the great machine Michael Murphy could be seen,
Explaining all the great things done by Edison.

A neighbor named Dan Brady called, and Dan was an awful pest,
He gazed upon the new machine, was delighted like the rest;
Says Brady, "Can you make it play 'The Wearing of the Green?'"
But Murphy by mistake put in the song known as "God Save the Queen."

CHORUS.

Oh! the picture that was in that place,
Oh! the murd'rous look on each man's face;
Dan Brady made a pass, landed Murphy with a glass,
They wouldn't do a thing if they had Edison.

Dan Brady left but soon came back, while Murphy lay on the floor,
When Bull McCarty shouted out: "Now, we'll try the thing once more;"
Poor Murphy from the floor got up, then fainted dead away,
But by mistake the thing got mixed to a speech by an A. P. A.

CHORUS.

Oh! the picture that was in that place,
Poor old Murphy had an ingrown face;
Dan Brady's mug was white, when he threw some dynamite,
Now Murphy's dead and buried, all through Edison.

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DON'T FOOL, DAT BLACK GAL'S MINE!

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Words and music by Harry Macdonough.

High-tone coon jus' arrived in town,
Said his name was Persimmon Brown;
He look'd sheep's eyes at the gal I like,
Dat Zulu thought he would make a strike,
Done hab heaps of fun;
I went fo' him wid a great big gun;
Oughter see him run! Wough!

CHORUS.

'Low no foolin' wid a gal of mine!
Coone, remember, she ain't in yo' line;
Fo' I'se de only one wid her can shine,
Yo' nigger! yo' nigger! don't fool! dat black gal's mine!

When dat coon found me on his track,
Draw'd a razzer from down his back;
I aimed dat gun an' he 'gin to squawk,
Den out of town he done took a walk;
"Honey," den said she,
"To keep me safe, 'spose yer marry me!"
We's engaged, yo' see. Wough!—*Chorus.*

Weddin' day am a-comin' soon,
Done invite ev'ry yaller coon;
When Parson Jones he done make us one,
I'll hab no use fo' to keep a gun;
Happy all de day!
Dem high-tone coons dey mus' keep away,
An' no more I'll say, Wough!—*Chorus.*

GOOD NIGHT.

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Words by W. T. Peters. Music by Louise Tunison.

Good night, happy stars, with your yellow eyes;
Good night, lady moon, in the evening skies;
Good night, dusky world and the boundless deep;
I am tired out, it is time to sleep,
Time, time to sleep; good night, good night.

Good night, weary boy; it has been decreed
That some myst'ries only a child can read;
But the sweet child heart may you always keep,
And the stars will be yours and the boundless deep,
The boundless deep, the boundless deep;
Good night, good night.

NEXT SUMMER.

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Words by Laura Ledyard. Music by Louise Tunison.

Beautiful things there are coming this way,
Nearer and nearer, dear, ev'ry day;
Closer and closer, my baby, my baby.

Mischievous showers and faint little smells
Of far away flow'rs, in far away dells,
Are coming in April, my baby, my baby.

Sly little blossoms that clamber along
Close to the ground, till they grow big and strong,
Are coming in May, little baby.

Roses and bees, and a big yellow moon,
Coming together in beautiful June,
In lovely midsummer, my baby, my baby.

Pretty red cherries and bright little flies,
Twinkling and turning the fields into skies,
Will come in July, my baby.

Feathery clouds and long after moons,
Scarce a leaf stirring and birdies soft croons,
Are coming in August, my baby, my baby.

Glimpses of blue thro' the poppies and wheat,
One little birthday on fast-flying feet,
Will come in September, my baby, my baby, my baby.

She May Have Seen Better Days.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitter cold,
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud
At something they chanced to behold;
I stopped for to see what the object could be,
And there, on a doorstep, lay
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;
She may have seen better days once upon a time;
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,
Perhaps we'd not be so severe:
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—
Abandoned, forsaken; unknown.
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay,
For from her I was loath to depart;
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,
That something was breaking her heart.
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,
Respected and honored by all;
Her husband had fled ere they were long wed,
And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—*Chorus.*

SWEETHEARTS AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

They were two little children a-playing,
They quarreled as children will;
Then he begged her pardon, saying:
"We two will be playmates still."
But just for a while she did not smile,
And her frown only caused him pain;
He kissed her at last and the trouble was past,
Then said, "Now we're sweethearts again."

CHORUS.

Sweethearts again, sweethearts again,
Both of them singing love's old refrain;
Anger had fled, love reigned instead:
"Let us be sweethearts once more," they said.

They were fond lovers when they grew older,
Till some one between them came;
Their love very soon grew colder,
And yet he took all the blame.
He longed for a while to see her smile,
And his longing was not in vain;
"'Twas my fault," said he—"No, 'twas mine, Jack," said she,
And so they were sweethearts again.—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

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Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."
At the station, when he asked her for her name
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim;
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day,
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away.

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me—womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide—
"Have you seen my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face—
All is soon forgiven in one fond embrace.—*Chorus.*

THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to hear;
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Chorus.*

WITH A WIFE AND A NEAT LITTLE HOME.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"And so you want to work, young man?
Well, that you can easily do;
But you must do the best you can—
I want a lad like you;
I think you've left good friends, my lad;
Now tell me the reason why?"
With a cheerful smile, he paused awhile,
And then made this reply:

CHORUS.

"I've a picture here, of a girl so dear,
Through life I'll ne'er forget;
For I know that she will be true to me—
I bless the hour we met.
I was wild, I know—she told me so,
And advised me never to roam;
Though I came away, I'll be happy some day
With a wife and a neat little home."

The years passed by, he kept his word,
And stuck to his post like a man;
And fortune smiles upon him since
To work he first began.
One day in spring he went away,
But said, "I'll be back again!"
As he went along, he sang a song—
It was the old refrain:—*Chorus.*

A month or so had passed away,
He stood at the old merchant's door;
"Vacation's o'er; I'm back to-day
To take my place once more!"
Then brought a lovely girl inside,
"My wife, sir," said he—"my Jane!
We've a cosy home that's all our own,"
And then he sang again:—*Chorus.*

Mary Rode the Bike and Bull.

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Words by Chas. A. Taylor. Music by John Harding.

There are things in this world a woman can't do,
But there's nothing a woman won't try;
She is never content with what man can invent,
And she'll beat him in learning to fly;
Now the bicycle craze has set them ablaze—
Sister Mary's gone clear off her base;
She said she could turn it, was sure she could learn it,
And entered full-fledged in the race.

CHORUS.

She said that she could ride it, if she could only stride it,
So she started out with bloomers wide apart.
Mother said to shake it, father said you'll break it;
We all went out to see her get a start;
She sprang upon the saddle, and the wheel she tried to straddle,
The boys cried out, "How funny she must feel";
When she began to spin it, the gang cried, "Now she's in it"—
You bet your life that Mary rode the wheel.

Mary can ride anything she can stride;
She looks very well on a wheel,
But when the thing wiggles, it gives her the giggles,
And shakes her clear down to the heel;
But she kept it humming, and we saw her coming;
Her mother cried, "Pump on your right";
A little fly copper tried hard to stop her,
But Mary was soon out of sight.—*Chorus.*

There's a butcher next door, who owns a big bull—
He saw Mary out on her bike;
He bet Pa a ham she warn't worth a hang,
And Pa said, "Bet what you like,
My daughter Mary'll ride the bull to the dairy;
I'll back her for marbles or wool."
The bet was made, the plans were laid
For Mary to ride the bull.

CHORUS.

She said that she would ride it, if she could only stride it;
She sprang upon his back like Mollie Brown;
The bull began to buck her, mother swore he'd chuck her,
But Mary rode him all around the town;
The boys they all went crazy, and said she was a daisy,
And father tried to get the butcher full;
He said he'd lost his money, but Mary was a honey—
You bet your life that Mary rode the bull.

IN THE BARROOM.

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

I'm a celebrated workingman, me duty I never shirk;
I can do more work than any man from Pittsburgh to New York;
It's a perfect holy terror, boys, how I'll get through me work,
Providing I can do it in a barroom.
I'll hoist derricks with me shoulder, push freight cars with me breath,
That will make the boss feel tickled, till he's on the edge of death,
But, between us all, now whisper that I only have to sweat,
When I'm doing manual labor in the barroom.

There are coppers without numbers, with their well-developed chests,
Who make the most astounding of the whole police arrests;
They'll pound the air with vengeance, then dilate their manly chests;
If you'll only chase the liquor in a barroom.
They will catch thieves without numbers, they'll be up to snuff, you see;
They've caught a hundred murderers, including you and me,
But you'll find out when you know them that they must have 'twenty-three
Of the very largest schooners in the barroom.

There are actors who have acted in a hundred different roles,
And some whose fame extend beyond those two confounded poles,
But you'll find their acting qualities lies deep within their souls,
And they draw their inspirations from a barroom.
Their poses are heroic, and their methods are sublime;
They give old Garrick cards and spades, their soul is full of rhyme,
But when you come to solve them you will find that at the time
They only do their John McCullough's in a barroom.

There's the politician robust, with his pre-election ways,
Who works his fine influence on the blooming Fourth Ward jays,
And for fourteen kegs of lager then his nobs he boldly pays,
And he operates his canvass in the barroom;
But when the election's o'er and the free beer is all gone,
He'll wonder how the deuce it was that his opponent won;
He'll find out that I voted for the other son of a gun,
And I often jollied heelers in the barroom.

FISHING—FOR WHAT?

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

When two little boys go out for the day,
And down by the brookside they're wending their way,
And each little boy has a nice little stick
You cannot call short or, by any means, thick,
And each little boy has a hook and a line,
Made out of a pin and a thin piece of twine;
An old battered can and some worms in a pot,
You can bet they're out fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

They are fishing for minnows in that little brook—
Their bait is a worm at the end of a hook,
With bright, eager face, the sport each one enjoys—
They are fishing for minnows, those two little boys.

When two little girls go out for a walk,
And these little dears are commencing to talk
Of the men with a sigh, and each maiden doth try
To capture a man with a glance of her eye,
And when the young men at those two maidens stare,
Their eyelids they'll droop and then blush, I declare;
It is when to this stage these young maidens have got,
You can bet they're out fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

They are fishing for sweethearts each dear little Miss—
Their bait is a sigh, then a wink or a kiss;
They drop in their lines and then patiently wait,
When along comes some Willie who swallows the bait.

When a man stays out late, till about three or four,
And takes just a glass, or, perhaps, a few more,
And keeps his dear wife waiting up half the night,
You all must confess he's not doing what's right,
And when he comes home quite expecting a row—
He don't deserve anything else, you'll allow;
She gives him a kiss—not one, but a lot—
You can just bet she's fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

She is fishing for money to buy a new dress;
Her bait is a smile and a tender caress;
Man swallows the bait without giving a thought—
When wives commence fishing then husbands are caught.

—Charles: "What is there about this hat that makes me feel dizzy?" The Hatter: "Why, it goes right to your head."

THE POLICEMAN'S DAUGHTER;
Or,
THE QUESTION SHE ASKED.

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Words and music by Chas. F. Weeden.

As shades of night were falling round a bright and cheerful home,
An officer was starting out upon his long night's roam;
His little one was watching him with face aglow with pride,
And noticing his weapon and the hickory at his side,
Did ask this question, with her hand upon that piece of wood;

REFRAIN.

Why is a little child so small, so small, but yet so good,
Why can't a little girl know all about these things,
I wonder if she ever could.

To his sweet child he did reply, while stroking soft her hair,
'Tis to protect my life, my dear, that these things I do wear;
In this big town there are bad men engaged in deadly strife,
Who, if I had not these at hand, would quickly take my life;
Again she asked a question, as in innocence she stood:—*Refrain.*

I am an officer, my child, the laws I do uphold,
I keep bad men from breaking in to take another's gold;
I must guard you and others, too, and keep these men at night,
From taking from another's store that which they have no right.
Once more this little maiden asked with tear-drops in her eye:—*Refrain.*

Do not these men of whom you speak, engaged in deadly strife,
Not know that they will all be hanged for taking others' life;
For mama from the good book reads that message from on high,
Which says that he who others kills himself must surely die:
I wonder if these bad men know that God is always nigh.—*Refrain.*

Do wicked men whom you do meet in streets the long nights thro'
Have little girls like me, and have they little babies, too,
Who kiss them when they leave their homes to walk the city o'er,
And watch at morn for their return for footsteps at the door;
I wonder if they ever think they may not see them more.—*Refrain.*

A tear was in that father's eye, as gently he caressed,
And softly stroked her golden hair, then bade her go to rest;
"I'll say that prayer," his darling said, "I learned at mother's knee,
That God may save my papa's life, which is so dear to me;
So kiss me good-night, papa, dear, I go to bed, you see."—*Refrain.*

THERE'S ONE THAT NE'ER RETURNED.

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Words by P. J. Devlin. Music by Horace R. Basler.

Two noble steamers started for the land of brave and free,
But one of them disaster met in Holland's icy sea;
The passengers had gone to sleep to dream of friends and home,
But soon awoke to fight for life amid a sea of foam;
A sudden crash—the steamer stops, the raging sea pours in,
Confusion reigns; the captain's voice is heard above the din:
"The life-boats, lads, the life-boats, let the women go ahead!
The ship is doomed and only God can save us from the dead!"

REFRAIN.

Three hundred souls have left the Fatherland forevermore;
Three hundred precious human lives have failed to reach the shore;
On land and sea the wires have with these sad tidings burned:
"Two noble steamers started, but there's one that's ne'er returned."

The crew responded nobly to the captain's stern command,
And quickly brave and willing hearts three life-boats stout had manned;
But ere the balance could be launched, Old Neptune claimed his prey,
The gallant ship with throbbing sounds began to sink away.
The husband and his helpmate, the mother and her child,
Went down beneath the icy sea 'mid lamentations wild;
Our sweethearts dear with loving friends went plunging down to death,
Three hundred souls had tribute paid to Ocean's icy breath.—*Refrain.*

La Gascogne had been out 'till she was four days overdue,
The world began to wonder then if she had gone down, too;
As day by day no tidings came two continents were sad,
"No news at all," the agents said, and no news must be bad;
The French and German emblems were with mourning colors draped,
All hope was given up that she the Elbe's fate escaped;
When suddenly a mighty roar of joy came up the bay,
"La Gascogne's safe! She sighted now and cmoing fast this way!"
—*Refrain.*

The scenes around La Gascogne's dock can't be described by pen,
The populace went wild with joy, and men were hugging men;
A shower of affection was bestowed on ev'ry head;
It seemed a resurrection; they had come back from the dead.
It was a pleasant sight to see, in this cold world of sin,
That pleasing touch of nature that makes all of mankind kin;
And from their eyes the tear-drops fell, and in their hearts they burned,
Because two ships had started out, but only one returned.—*Refrain.*

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

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Words and music by Chas. F. Weeden.

Once I was not as you see me now, an outcast all forlorn,
I had a home, wife and little child, now lost to me and gone;
I wander alone and dejected, with no one to care for me,
I'm but a blot on the page of life, a wreck upon life's sea,

REFRAIN.

I have lost both home and loved ones, no pleasure in life do I see,
Remembrance of all but awakens a desolate thought in me;
No chance for me to regain them, no chance for me to recall
The little word spoken in anger, that has driven me to the wall.

Weary and heart-broken my joys in this life are o'er,
One who once loved me so fondly has said she loves me no more;
We are taught that there is forgiveness, but there seems to be none for me,
I have tried hard to please her, I never thought this could be.—*Refrain.*

Gladly I'd give my hope in heaven, it's all I have in store,
For just one word of kindness, as in those dear days of yore;
Oh, why was I ever so thoughtless and hasty with one dear to me,
Life is a blank without her, as I drift on its troubled sea.—*Refrain.*

A PICTURE OF MY BEST GIRL.

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Words and music by Charles Moreland.

In a hotel on Fifth Avenue a crowd of trav'ling men,
Were talking on the topics of the day,
Comparing notes and photographs of dif'rent girls they'd met,
Some were pretty, some were homely, some were gay;
By chance there fell upon the floor the picture of a girl,
The owner tried to hide it, but was slow;
"Ah, there, old chap, I've caught you; come, now, tell us who it is,
We insist"—"If you insist, I can't say no."

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys, I love her dearly,
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerly;
I know that she's fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,
It's my daughter, and I've taught her, to always be my best girl.

A little newsboy standing near them took in ev'ry word,
And speaking up, said: "Buy a paper, do;
If you will, I'll show you my best girl, now what say you to that?"
They all agreed, and then he brought to view
A photograph all faded, of a woman old and worn,
Who in her time was handsome, that was plain;
"She's not so young nor half so swell as yours," the lad replied,
And then he softly sang this sweet refrain:

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys, I love her dearly,
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerely;
I know that's she fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,
It's my mother, I've no other, and she'll always be my best girl.

MY GAL'S A HIGH-BORN LADY.

Parody—By Frank K. Forrest.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There was to be a gathering dis evenin',
A regular jubilee and swell affair,
I was to marry a little lady ob de highest estimation,
But she's done gone an' left me for fair;
All de bright lights from Thompson street was to be thar,
An' bring along de presents for de bride;
As there wasn't any wedding, now de salty tears I'se shedding,
I tells this now my troubles for to hide.

CHORUS.

My gal's a high-born lady, born high, oh, well now, maybe,
Born on de roof where de birds fly free, nearer to heaven den she'll ever be:
She's gone, my heart grows sadder, come high, but had to have her,
Should you see this girl so free, just drop a line to me.

Tole de preacher man a how dat gal did jilt me,
He says I spose it's good dat she's gone;
Den I ask'd him fo' my money dat I paid him in advance, sir,
He gave me de laugh and says go on;
Don't let er nothing like that a skeer you,
I'll keep de money till yer gets another coon,
And when yer's done gone found her, just tie a rope around her,
So she won't get away and leave yer soon.—*Chorus.*

BETTER TIMES ARE COMING BYE AND BYE.

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Words and music by Will C. Carleton.

There are times when trouble's shadow seem to hover 'round our door,
Keeping out the sunshine which had made home bright before;
But many a bitter tear is check'd, and many a tearful sigh,
Suppress'd in hopes that better times are coming bye and bye.

CHORUS.

Better times are coming bye and bye,
The sun will chase the shadows from the sky;
Then hard times will be no more, we'll be happy as of yore,
For better times are coming bye and bye.

As we journey on life's ocean many storms may 'round us rise,
Vainly do we seek a ray of light from darken'd skies:
But never mind, the sun will shine, then tear-stained cheeks will dry,
So live in hopes that better times are coming bye and bye.—*Chorus.*

THE KISSAPHONE.

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Words by Henry Tyrrell. Music by J. A. Silberberg.

The reason why a kiss contains so much felicity,
Is just because each pair of lips is full of electricity;
It flashes in the eye, or in a smile so tender,
And then the lips together pressed, produce the kiss in splendor.

REFRAIN.

Now this device is known by the name of kissaphone,
Of all the 'phones invented, it is by far the best;
No other electricity gives half as much felicity,
For love turns on the current, and the kiss does the rest.

To work the kissaphone you do not need a battery,
Nor any dynamo machine with magnets and such mattery;
You do not ring a bell, nor Central call, helloing,
It only wants a wish, a sigh, to set the thing a-going.—*Refrain.*

The kissaphone was not invented by an Edison,
It never has been patented, like a corset, or a medicine;
It don't get out of gear, if anything is missing,
There is no monthly bill to pay, nor charge for extra kissing.
—*Refrain.*

The kissaphone's in use throughout the whole community,
You need not be a millionaire to have the opportunity;
There's no more price to pay for one kiss, or for twenty,
So why not push the thing along and kisses have in plenty.
—*Refrain.*

WHISPER YOUR MOTHER'S NAME

Parody—By Frank K. Forrest.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I was standing one day with Johnny McVeigh,
By a saloon that is built on a street,
When who should I see but my old friend Magee,
Who asked us both in to a treat;
Then in came a lad, whose face looked so glad,
For his father he'd chased the can;
While his father without to the lad he did shout,
And this we did all understand:

CHORUS.

"If you should see your mother when you bring back the can,
Tell her it's for some other, and not for the old man, mind, Johnny;
Should she be in the hallway, whistle and out again,
Come to the window and call me, whisper your mother's name."

There were smiles on his face as he passed out the place,
For his can it was filled to the top;
Says I, "That is a joy for to have such a boy,
That would carry that home to his pop."
We soon passed down the street, and the boy we did meet,
With companions all jolly and gay,
They had drank up the can and ignored the old man,
Of whom we so shortly heard say:—*Chorus.*

WHEN MY LIZE ROLLS THE WHITES OF HER EYES.

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Words and music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Dar's a colored gal, her name is Liza, goodness gracious, how I prize her;
She's a great big tantalizer, sweet as she can be:;
Dare prettier coons than me and bigger, but with Lize they cut no figure,
For she only loves one nigger, and that nigger's me.

CHORUS.

When my Lize rolls the whites of her eyes,
Ev'ry coon who sees them beam is nearly crazy,
They all love this here black turtle dove,
And she's blooming like a cocoa-colored daisy;
But they know that she cares for no one but me,
And because I've won this prize,
They've all got their hammers out, and with jealousy they pout,
When my Lize rolls the whites of her eyes.

The dead swell coons don't think it's proper that my Lize should call me papa,
But she does, and they can't stop her, 'gainst a snag they've ran;
Her heart is mine and cash won't buy it, and while all those niggers try it,
To me, Lize says, on the quiet, you're my only man.—*Chorus,*

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU SO.

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Words and music by W. T. Francis.

Whene'er I take your hand in mine, sweetheart,
And gaze into the depth of your dear eyes,
With all the world and its great wealth I'd part:
To know the meaning which their glance implies;
To feel that just one bit of love expressed,
Was meant for me and this poor lot of mine,
Would turn my song of passion unconfessed,
To pean of a love that's most divine.

CHORUS.

Because, because I love you so,
Because, because I love you so;
And all the world forgotten whene'er I think how much I love.

Whene'er you smile upon me life seems blest,
As is the rose with dew at early morn;
That trembles with delight yet fears she lest
You pass her by upon your way in scorn;
Whene'er you frown unhappiness is mine,
Despair sits crowned a king upon his throne;
But through all time my heart is wholly thine,
My all in all, my hope, my ev'ry own.—*Chorus.*

TAKE BACK YOUR GOLD.

Parody—By Frank K. Forrest.

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I saw a man and woman on a lively city street,
'Twas up around the Tenderloin, you know,
And when I got up closer, then I heard the woman speak,
"You wouldn't lock me up without a show;
I only asked you, sir, the time, like anyone would do,
I thought 'twas growing late"—he shook his head,
She gave to him her wallet, said, "Baby, that's for you,"
He looked it over carefully and said:

CHORUS.

"Take back your gold, you've not enough to buy me,
Take back your change you got at Coney Isle;
Come now with me, for Chapman he would guy me,
And make yourself at home for a while."

They walked on to the station, and to jolly him did say,
"I'm a stranger in the city, that is true;"
And the more she tried to jolly him, his answer was, "Nay, nay,
My little lady, Chapman's on to you;
Now don't begin to tell me you're a saleslady and so,
For that's been done and very often tried,
The coin that you would give me, it's not enough of dough,"
He scorned the gift the second time and cried:—*Chorus.*

CUTE LITTLE TADS IN JEANS.

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Words by C. A. Beard. Music by W. T. Jelliffe.

Two little tads with sun-browned faces, aglow with the mirth of play,
Dressed in blue jeans, like the fad embraces, were playing tag o'er the way;
Proud were they in garments like daddy's—said one, "I'm a big man now!
Oh, let's play that we are section Paddies, and work like Mister McDow,"
So on went the impersonation, guileless of the drama of life,
People passing, with admiration, greeted the mimicers of strife.

CHORUS.

Little boy blue, how do you do? cute little tads in jeans,
Playing together in golden weather, dressed beyond their teens;
Precocious youths, in garments of toil, whiling away childhood's dreams,
Never thinking of strife, in after life, as the sequel to blue jeans.

Two brawny men, with hardship's traces, showing reverses in life,
Were toiling alike in diff'rent places, while dreams of their youth were rife;
Fortune brought them together one day, and each heart pulsed with joy's peans,
But joy fled at thought of each one's array, for both were garbed in blue jeans;
Reflections of youth sprang in their minds, of when they both wore jeans in play;
A change from pride their meeting defines—than when people used to say:—*Cho.*

WAITING AT THE DOOR-STEP.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

She waited at the door-step of a mansion grand and fair,
The night was cold and cold the world to her;
No one seemed to care for the little woman there,
Although they heard her pleading, help me, sir;
Another she said, Tom's home; I know he knows that I am here,
And yet he will not come to help me now.
Why do you turn me from you, Tom, to you I once was dear;
My boy and I must live—please tell me how?

CHORUS.

Waiting at the door-step there, a loving mother pleaded,
She had a little baby on her knee.
Pass on, was all they said, Tom with you will never wed,
And hopes your face again he will not see.

Old mem'ries came before her as she slowly walked away,
A poor, disheartened woman with her boy;
She must bear her shame, although she was not to blame;
She knew that she had been a rich man's toy;
They would not even see her, though she came from far away,
For wealth and fashion had no place for her;
Disgraced at home, an outcast in a poor-house she must stay,
Although she humbly said, please help me, sir.—*Chorus.*

ONLY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

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Words and Music by Alice M. Reynolds.

While riding in a street car, one balmy, bright, spring day,
I chanced to note a crippled child, who sat just 'cross the way;
His sad, gaunt face, and clothing bare, which I at once could see,
Said more than any language of dire poverty;
The child's face, as I read it, was not like other boys;
No happiness was written there, no trace of childish joys;
Into the car came a lady, whose face was bright and fair;
A bunch of flowers adorned her breast, their fragrance filled the air.

CHORUS.

'Twas only a bunch of violets, only a child's sad face,
That wakened a feeling in each one's heart which time can ne'er efface.
Only a bunch of violets, their mission was filled with joy;
They made the world seem brighter to the poor little crippled boy.

All eyes were turned upon the child as, with upheaving breast,
He seemed to draw the fragrance of the flowers from their nest;
The craving of that childish heart no tongue hath power to tell;
He turned and said, "Please, lady, may I have just one smell?"
Then, with a sob, she gave the flowers to the boy;
He pressed them to his bosom, his face lit up with joy,
The hearts of all beat faster—while trav'ling through life's way
They'll ne'er forget the crippled child, nor the lesson taught that day.—*Chorus.*

—"Where were you when your rich uncle died?" "Out in the cold, where I still am."—*Syracuse Post.*

WHERE'ER THOU ART.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Where'er thou art, in my constant heart, mem'ries sweet shall abide
Of the days when love's rosy maze we pursued, side by side;
In their spell I, content, will dwell, though apart we may be:
For each thought, with affection fraught, fondly turns, love, to thee;
Time shall never our hearts sever; by love's magic united forever,
Warmly glowing, fonder growing, they the trammels of space defy!

Doubt no more, love; fear give o'er, love;
Thee, and only thee, do I adore, love;
Ever dearer, ever nearer; thine, and thine alone, am I!
Where'er thou art, in my constant heart mem'ries sweet shall abide;
Of the days when love's rosy maze we pursued, side by side;
In their spell I'm content to dwell, though apart we may be:
For each thought, with affection fraught, fondly turns, love, to thee!

Though the days be long and dreary, I'll not weary
With sunny hope to cheer me; I'll fancy thou art near me,
In my dreams again behold thee, in my arms fold thee;
Hear thy voice to mine replying, whisper vows of love undying.

By thy smile my tears thou'lt banish, fears shall vanish,
While love's sweet story olden turns gloomy thoughts to golden;
Oh, the joy, beyond all measure!
Blissful pleasure, when I hear in softest tone,
"I am thine, and thine alone!"
The past and its sorrows forgotten shall be;
But endless to-morrows of rapture we'll see.
Where'er thou art, in my constant heart mem'ries sweet shall abide
Of the days when love's rosy maze we pursued, side by side;
In their spell I, content, will dwell, tho' apart we may be;
For each thought, with affection fraught, fondly turns, my love, to thee.

HIS PARLOR MAY NOT BE THE GRANDEST.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

There's many a home in which grandeur is shown
Where luxury and wealth, too, abound;
But with all of their luxury how little is known
Of happiness seldom there found;
But for happiness take the mechanic to-day,
Whose house is his palace and throne,
He's happier, by far, than the most of them are,
And he lives in a workingman's home.

CHORUS.

Though his parlor may not be the grandest,
It's cheerful and bright though for all;
There's always a welcome awaiting
For any old friend who may call,
And, at night, when his meal it is over,
A romp with the baby alone,
While the wife she stands by, with a smile in her eye,
She's the pride of a workingman's home.

His table is plain, yet he doesn't complain,
You're welcome to share what he's got;
And he covets not luxury, nor asks for the same,
Contented is he with his lot;
And then should a wand'rer, of assistance in need,
But call, or from hunger alone,
He's never abused, and he's never refused,
At the door of a workingman's home.—*Chorus.*

His house may be small, though it's tidy for all,
Devoid of luxury so rare;
And he cares not for splendor, but if you should call,
Real happiness you will find there.
There's no tapestries hang in his parlor or hall,
No pictures of art are there shown;
His pictures, so worn, are of loved ones that's gone
Evermore from a workingman's home.—*Chorus.*

—As It Is in Boston.—Little Waldo: "Oh, mamma, just see how that dog pants!" Mrs. Backay: "Waldo, I shall have to correct you severely unless you stop using the word pants. Say trousers."

—Mrs. Poore: "Why, Jabez! what's the matter?" Farmer Poore: "Oh! nothing now. I got it out. But, say, Marindy, is this a free country when a man can't go barefoot in his own house without being bothered by the income tacks?"

SING AGAIN THAT SWEET REFRAIN.

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Words and music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the Sunny South were there.
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam:
Nowe I'se old and gray and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low;
And something in his heart awoke that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way;
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

I LOVE HER JUST THE SAME.

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Words and music by Chas. K. Harris.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee;
A letter on the table tells the same old plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face,
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame,
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken,
Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same."

CHORUS.

"I love her, yes, I love her just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name;
Though she's gone with another, she's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her, just the same."

The music's softly playing in a ball-room, oh, so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the 'morrow in that gay and giddy crowd,
Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet there is one amid the throng, who once was pure and true,
But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and husband,
Will he forgive and love her just the same.—*Chorus.*

The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain;
They're looking for a loved one, whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean, the child cries out, "Mamma!"
His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me; I know that I've been guilty,
For baby's sake, please take me home again."—*Chorus.*

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

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By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl, who's simply "out of sight;"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you;
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam;
Say you'll be true, and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him;
Somehow they always "make up," though, when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

SWEET ANTOINETTE.

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Words and music by William Benson Gray.

Within my heart a secret lies,
A secret that I long to tell,
While fondly gazing in the eyes,
Of one whose charms around me dwell;
And though I've often tried to tell the tale,
The hour I've often tried to set,
My heart and courage humbly fail,
To say, I love thee, Antoinette.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Antoinette, the brightest star within my heart, indeed you are;
My only thought since first we met, I love alone sweet Antoinette.

I love you, not because you're fair,
Nor for your actions so demure;
I love you, not your joys to share,
But for your soul so good and pure.
In vain I've tried to tell my love to thee,
And when the sun of life has set,
My farewell words to earth will be:
I love but thee, sweet Antoinette.—*Refrain*

THE PASTOR'S RESIGNATION.

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Words and music by Gussie L. Davis.

The aged pastor bowed his head within the altar rails,
His hand were tremulous with age, his sight and hearing fails;
But now the leaders of the church, the influential clan,
Had called on him to yield his place, to hold a younger man,
In tears he spoke of mem'ries sweet, of dim and distant days,
Of forty years of constant toil, of pain and prayer and praise,
Of children christened by his hand, who stood before him still,
While some reposed beneath the flowers upon the distant hill.

REFRAIN.

Sad was the scene, many eyes filled with tears;
Asked to resign where he'd preached forty years;
He gave them his blessing, in tones soft and kind,
And fond hearts were aching when the pastor resigned.

The saddened people silent sat as he resumed his chair,
While rays of sunshine softly fell and played upon his hair;
The organ broke the silence then, with sweetly solemn roll,
With "Rock of Ages," old, yet new, to every saddened soul;
The people rose to be dismissed, the pastor lingered still,
And smiling, looked out at the graves upon the distant hill,
But when they sought, with gentle touch, to wake the musing man,
They found that death had called him home, their pastor had resigned.
—*Refrain.*

OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

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Words and music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well-known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame;
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had stayed away,
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;
Rock of ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.

Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice;
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice;
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise,
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days;
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
When gathered there on Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song.—*Chorus*

A LIFE'S REGRET.

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Words and music by Eugene Ellsworth.

Two lovers quarreled and parted many years ago,
And each lived broken-hearted through years of pain and woe;
Each one the other longed to see, but each one vowed it could not be,
For pride had issued its decree, that they should live apart.
One day the man lay stricken in sickness and in pain,
He longed to have his sweetheart beside him just once again:
His love for her had never died, he cast aside his foolish pride,
Though weak these words to write he tried, to his sweetheart.

CHORUS.

"My darling, your sweet face I see, as in those sweet days long ago,
When we were both happy and free, and never had known pain or woe; [pain,
We quarreled, love, when last we met, and my heart has ne'er been free from
My life has been one long regret, so hasten and come back again."

The girl, though many miles away, always thought of him,
She saw through all those weary years how foolish she had been;
She saw that both had been to blame, her love for him was still the same;
With mingled tears of joy and shame she hastened to his side;
But ere she reached her dear one's side his life had passed away,
A sacrifice to foolish pride all silent in death he lay;
He'd ne'er return, the die was cast, and while her tears were falling fast,
She read these words, that were his last before he died:—*Chorus.*

PRETTY MAUDE GILHOOLEY.

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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by G. M. Blandford.

Pretty Maude Gilhooley was a darling little girl,
The kind that keeps a fellow's heart in a constant fret and whirl;
We drove together, swam together, and biked together, too,
But I couldn't get sweet Maude to say "John Henry, I love you."

CHORUS.

But I won her in the moonlight, as we strolled upon the sand,
My good right arm was round her waist, I clasped her tiny hand:
"Be mine," I cried, "or I'll jump in and wed Old Neptune's daughter,"
"I'm yours," she said, "I'll save your life, you never did like water."

Pretty Maude Gilhooley my dear wife has been a year,
That I'll be bankrupt very soon is my constant dread and fear;
She dresses in the style that's latest, her hats are works of art,
But yet I am not a happy man, my darling has no heart

CHORUS.

Stake I won her in the moonlight, as we strolled upon the sands,
My good right arm was round her waist, I clasped her tiny hand;
"Be mine," I cried, "or I'll jump in and wed Old Neptune's daughter."
"I'm yours," she said, "I'll save your life, you never did like water."

Pretty Maude Gilhooley is a fashion plate no more,
The banks all burst and I did, too, and we went through Poverty's door;
She washes clothes and sand I shovel, the water flows like beer,
Be rich man again? not if I could, she never was so dear—*2d Chorus.*

ALL LIFE LONG.

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Words by Harry S. Miller. Music by H. W. Petrie.

"Will your love constant be?" asked a sweet young maid.
"Could you think same of me as the past?" she said.
And in years that may come, when sweet youth must fade.
Could I know future so? Ah, yes, you may say

REFRAIN.

All life long I will love you, sweetheart, only you;
All life long I will guide thee, darling, only you;
All life long; believe me, all that I say is true,
Hear my vow: Then as now; ah, yes! all life long.

"When old age bids me bow, and all beauty gone,
Will you love then as now, be the same sweet song?
And each kiss on my brow be as ever warm?
Could I know future so? Ah, yes, you may say;—*Refrain.*

YOUR LOVE WILL BRING ME BACK AGAIN.

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Words and music by Horace R. Basler.

I leave to-night, oh, do not weep, this parting gives me pain,
I dread the hour as any can, and I'll soon return again;
But duty calls, I must obey, though it almost breaks my heart
To leave you, dear, my love, to stray on lands so far apart.

CHORUS.

Your love will bring me back again, I could not see you pine,
No heart so pure as thine, my dear, shall grieve thro' cause of mine:
So place your hand in mine, love, I'll kiss away that tear,
And breathe a prayer to One above, and beg Him stay thy fear.

Come place your hand in mine, sweet love, a gift I have for thee,
I'll place it on thy finger there, kindly wear it then, for me,
It seals the vow I made to you, love, beneath that old oak tree,
And with it I will leave my heart, while I am o'er the sea.—*Chorus.*

Now, one sweet kiss and I must go, farewell, my own dear one,
And ev'ry hour I'll think of thee, love, for soon the day will come
When I'll be at your side again, and once more you'll smile on me.
'Till then, farewell! farewell! sweetheart, my little bride to be.—*Chorus.*

HUSH!

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Words by Mattie Marr. Music by Billy Fisher.

I see a grey coon in de corn, sleep, baby, sleep,
I heah de massa blow his horn, sleep, baby, sleep;
I see a niggah at de grey coon shoot,
I heah de echo of de old horn's toot,
An' I heah an owl in de wildwood hoot,
Sleep, baby sleep. Oh! s-s-h-h

REFRAIN.

Go to sleep, my darling baby boy,
Go to sleep, you are my pride and joy;
Go to sleep and close your little eyes,
For they'll all keep watch of you up in the skies.

Alligator gruntin' in de ole bayou, sleep, baby, sleep,
At a fat pig a-fishin' in de flue, sleep, baby, sleep;
His teeth dey am big, an' wide, an' white,
An' he am a-chucklin' at de great big bite
He is gwine to have off dat pig to-night,
Sleep, baby, sleep. Oh! s-s-h-h—*Refrain.*

I heah de old wild geese a-flyin' by, sleep, baby, sleep,
De air am a-ringin' wid dere lond cry, sleep, baby, sleep;
It's gwine to be cole, but you am snug,
As de little hoppin' lizard an' de big June bug,
So I'll leab you now wid a good-night hug,
Sleep, baby, sleep. Oh! s-s-h-h—*Refrain.*

DAINTY, SAINTLY ERICA.

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Words and music by Eugene Ellsworth.

Oh, far away over in Sweden dwells a maid I long to see,
In a dear little garden of Eden, she is waiting there for me;
Her face and her form are both saintly, and her soul it is the same,
With a neat little foot, oh, so dainty, and Erica is her name.

CHORUS.

Dainty, saintly Erica, I love you,
Search o'er all America, there's none so true.
As my little Swedish lass, with her eyes of blue,
Dainty, saintly Erica, I love you.

Her parents are both of them wealthy, while my own are poor and old,
So far from her side I have labored till I now have wealth and gold;
I'll sail back at once to old Sweden, and I'll take a wedding ring
To her in her garden of Eden, and these are the words I'll sing:—*Chorus.*

ONE NIGHT.

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Words by Lawrence Oxenford. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Just one night, dear, you remember where leaves hid the trickling brook?
There we met, dear, in our Maying; hid from view in our cosey nook;
There we vowed that we were lovers; and no tongue could our love disguise,
And the earth seemed as a heaven, as we looked in the starry skies.

CHORUS.

Ah! love, do you remember, you were my darling,
I was your lover, in the days of Maying time, dear,
And we breathed eternal vows of love;
Just one night, in October, love's golden dream had come in our Maying;
And we vowed that we would love each other,
Love's golden dream was fulfilled in our Maying time.

I remember of the night, dear, that you gave me your love for aye;
How we trod in airy castles, as we looked in the moonlit sky;
How we loved each other, darling, with a love pure as heaven above;
Then the weary hours of parting, 'till we met to renew our love.—*Chorus.*

SWEET POTATO, HOE CAKE AND POSSUM.

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

Tub Johnson lives away down South, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Where the alligators have such big mouths, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When the moon am shining bright, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Coons are out both day and night for sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.

CHORUS.

Does you love your sweet potato, does you love your hoe cake, too;
Does you love your possum, nigger? Oh, my Lord, I'd die for you.—*Dance.*

Dat little thing he am so cunning, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
You'd think him dead when he's only funning, sweet potato, hoe cake & possum;
He lies still upon the ground, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When you turn your back he can't be found, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.
—*Chorus.*

Every coon was seated down, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When dat possum passed around, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Niggers lips began to swell, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
When dat possum they did smell, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.—*Chorus.*

Pop Johnson am a mighty good cook, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
He's black as the devil, but he knows his book, sweet potato, hoe cake & possum;
Hear dem coons yell with delight, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum;
Dar's a hoe-cake party held to-night, sweet potato, hoe cake and possum.—*Cho.*

FROM HOVEL TO MANSION.

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Words and Music by W. P. Chase.

In a mis'rable hovel in lower New York
Lived a poor little motherless boy;
His father a drunkard, his clothes tattered rags,
Indeed life to him was no joy;
But even to those who're most wretched on earth,
A measure of happiness comes,
And this lad had a taste—it was while he was ill
In his miserable home in the slums;
A sweet little maid, who for charity's sake,
Made trips once a week 'mongst the poor,
While out on her mission of love and relief,
Chanced to find her way up to his door.

CHORUS.

"May I come in?" and her voice was like an angel's;
Can't I do something to relieve you from your pain?
Poor little boy, I'm afraid you have a fever;
I'll go bring my papa, we'll have you well again.

Long years have flown by, that lad now is a man,
And the head of a firm of great wealth;
He had worked night and day—strove to merit the love
Of that lass who had nursed him to health;
No task seemed too hard, nor no effort too great;
No obstacles seemed to appall,
For the love which he cherished was ever in mind;
She was life to him, happiness, all;
At last they were married, his joy was complete
As into his mansion he bore
That sweet gentle woman who, when a young girl,
Had called at his tenement door.—*Chorus.*

BOOMP-A-DIDDY-BOOM-BOOM.

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Words and Music by W. E. Delaney.

Oh! havé you heard the latest craze? boomp-a-diddy-boom-boom-boomb;
It's sung in all the leading plays, boomp-a-diddy-boom-boom-boom;
I met a swell dressed all ensuite; he'd russet slippers on his feet;
I asked him for the time of day; he pulled his watch out right away
And stared at me in a vacant way, and all that I could hear him say, was:

CHORUS.

Br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um-bum,
Pa-did-dy, pa-did-dy, bing-bang-boom-a-diddy,
Br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um, br-r-r-um-bum,
Boomp-a-did-dy, boomp-a-did-dy, bing-bang-boom.

I met a "copper" off his beat, boomp-a-did-dy boom-boom-boomb;
Two men were fighting up the street, boomp-a-did-dy boom-boom-boom;
I said, "Will you please stop that row?" they must be tired of fighting now;
He gazed at me in mild surprise, and a vacant light shone in his eyes;
I think that light is shining yet, for the only answer I could get was:—*Chorus.*

A gay young soldier had a "mash," boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
He brushed her cheek with his mustache, boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
He swore to her he would be true, although he had a wife or two;
She trusted him, her heart was stout, but you know how these things turn out;
He sailed away this warrior bold, and the song she's singing now, I'm told, is:
—*Chorus.*

Pray, don't meddle in politics, boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
They are so full of nasty tricks, boomp-a-did-dy, boom-boom-boom;
To gain your vote, they promise well, and so you give it—"What a sell!"
The party goes in with a shout, and the other party, it goes out,
And when in power asked for an office—to thousands their reply is this:—*Cho.*

NOTE.—First verse to be sung as a Dude; second verse as a Policeman; third verse as a Soldier; fourth verse as a "Man all broken up."

THE BARBERS' BARBECUE.

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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Sim Dimpsey am a barber, a saffron-colored coon,
He's gwine to run for Congress, and de 'lection's mighty soon;
So de barbers' aid society done go make up dheir minds
To have a dandy barbecue, of de good old ginger kind;
Dar'll be some roasted chickens, lots of ham dat's sweet and fine;
To keep your eye-balls rolling, watermelons off de vine:
Oh! Sally, sling your garments on, git in de push, now do;
Don't lose no time, but fall in line, for de barbers' barbecue.

CHORUS.

Den come and jine de celebration,
Put on your stylish mantle, too;
De train am waitin' at de station,
Hear dem shoutin', "All aboard," for de barbers' barbecue.

Sim Dimpsey does de speechin' and brings along de band;
De members will have razors lyin' handy to dheir hands;
Just in case de wenches squabble, dey'll be ready for to flash;
And every time dey glisten, den some coon will cut a gash;
De wet goods will be plenty, but you must'nt get too full;
For de old Kentucky liquor don't agree wid nigger wool;
Oh, glory, Hannah, shake your hoof, shove up de line now do;
Don't charge no pay, come, git away to de barbers' barbecue.—*Chorus.*

Den come and jine de meetin', just place your arm in mine;
Bring all de pickaninnies, promise you a happy time;
Oh, Mandy, bring your honey boy, and hurry quickly do;
Don't miss de sage and onions at de barbers' barbecue;
Den git a move on, chillin, come and shake your bones and dust;
Bring on your appetite and eat and drink until you bust;
Oh, Lindy, smack your liver lips; don't wait to tie your shoe;
Come fill your face wid possum at de barbers' barbecue.—*Chorus.*

—Well Punished.—It is a mistake to presume upon the misfortunes of others, as the following story shows. A gentleman who had been afflicted with deafness, returned home from a visit to the city, and soon after went to call upon a lady of his acquaintance. He found her at home, and with her a cousin of hers who was paying her a visit. The hostess received him with politeness, and introduced him to her cousin, but to the introduction she added, in a perfectly audible tone, "He's a good man enough, but he's terribly stupid and as deaf as a post." The gentleman colored. "I may be stupid," he said, "but I am no longer as as deaf as a post, for I have been cured during my absence, and I can hear as well as anybody." It is needless to say that the call was rather awkward after this opening.

I'M A POPULAR MAN.

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

They call me a popular man, they do, a popular, popular man,
I've a plan of my own and I'll tell it to you, such a popular, popular man,
I give parties and balls at a terrible rate,
I keep open house with no latch on the gate,
I have money to burn, which I burn while you wait,
I'm a popular, popular man, a popular, popular man.

CHORUS.

I'm a popular, popular, popular man,
I'm built on a popular, popular plan;
They will stick to me fondly with never a doubt,
They will stick just as long as my money holds out;
I'm a popular, popular, popular, popular, popular, popular man,
I'm a popular, popular, popular, popular, popular, popular man.

I patronize science, I patronize art, I'm a popular, popular man,
I lie awake nights just a opening my heart, I'm a popular, popular man;
I have fitted out poets who were struck on the Muse,
And artists, and singers, and speakers with views,
I've started a whole crop of Chauncey Depew's,
I'm a popular, popular man, a popular, popular man.—*Chorus.*

MOTHER CALLS HER "ANGEL."

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Words and music by Horace R. Basler.

In dreams last night a voice like music whispered in my ear,
Giving me advice in tender words so true,
It spoke of one whose love I prize, as "Angel, pure and sweet,"
And in words like these it thrilled me thro' and thro',
I promised dearest mother—'twas her dear voice I heard—
That should temptation enter in my mind,
I'd think of home and childhood and those happy days I spent,
And would keep my vow to mother, good and kind.

REFRAIN.

For I love a little maid, yes, with a love that ne'er will fade,
And heart filled with love for thee who soon my bride will be;
My life seems a happy dream, I think of only my Irene,
A fairer one I've never seen, and mother calls her "Angel."

Come darling, sit beside me, I have something sweet to say,
'Tis the secret of the heart which longs for thee;
Dear mother's tender words last night have 'roused my love for you,
And to call you "bride" my heart would happy be;
I love you, oh, so dearly, my little sweetheart true,
The very world seems brighter when you're near;
I'll guard you like a tender plant that blooms and knows no care,
Little darling one, I love you, love you dear.—*Refrain.*

TEEDELUM, TADELUM.

(DUET.)

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Shall I sing of the flowers, shall I sing of the birds,
Sing whatever you like, as we can't hear the words;
But can't you suggest what you'd like to hear next,
A teedelum, a tadelum's my favorite text.
A teedelum, a tadelum's his favorite text.
When the swallows homeward fly
A teedelum, tadelum.
Mother, I've come home to die,
Teedelum, tadelum. [teedel, tadel, tadelum.
Teedelum, a tadelum, a teedelum, a tadelum, a teedel, [teedel, teedel,
What matter what words you endeavor to sing,
You'll find after all that music's the thing,
But poets have rights you must certainly own,
The man who wrote tadelum's the best poet known;
The man who wrote tadelum's the best poet known,
Birdie, I am growing old,
A teedelum, tadelum;
Silver threads among the gold.
A teedelum, tadelum. [teedel, tadel, tadelum
Teedelum, a tadelum, a teedelum, a tadelum, a teedel, teedel, teedel.

HE FOUGHT FOR THE CAUSE HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT.

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Words and music by Paul Dresser.

I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,
It took me back for over thirty years;
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother, too,
And knelt beside it mingling prayers with tears.
Above the spot where her boy sleeps there stands a wooden cross,
Which bears a sentence worded in this way:
"Pray judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,
A hero, though he wore a suit of grey."

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty-one" and "five,"
To war and all its heartaches we will turn;
Just picture to yourself a mother, tot'ring, old and gray,
And waiting for her boy who'll ne'er return.
A thousand miles away from her he's sleeping all alone,
The skies have out their sentinels each night,
While passing bare your head in honor of the hero bold,
Because he fought for what he thought was right.

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

A HANDSOME LAD AND LASSIE.

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Words by P. J. Devlin. Music by Horace R. Basler.

A handsome laddie loved and won a pretty village belle,
But soon, alas! the neighbors had the old, sad tale to tell;
The fear of friends and worldly scorn from honor kept the lad,
The broken-hearted lassie then was nearly driven mad.
Her father drove her with her babe like paupers from his door,
Her poor old mother fainting fell upon the cottage floor;
The lass had grit and hunted work, but none would her employ,
'The poor house was the only place for her and baby boy."

REFRAIN.

Lovers' vows are often broken ere the words have died away;
Trusting hearts are bowed with sorrow that were once both light and gay;
Handsome lads are often faithless, when they win the village belle;
Neighbors then will blame the lassie while the old sad tale they tell.

In other climes she sought a chance to earn her daily bread,
And kindly hands assisted her to bravely look ahead;
But gossip's cruel agents came and branded her anew,
Again she was despised because her lover was untrue;
In blank despair she wrote to him and begged him to be just,
She only craved a wedding ring, she did not want a crust;
"Give me a name for baby boy; our lives shall be apart,
You broke your plighted troth, my love, and with it broke my heart."
—*Refrain.*

The laddie left town for awhile, but soon again returned,
And with his talents and address a reputation earned;
Soon honors from his fellowmen poured down upon him fast,
Until he was elected to be Governor at last.
At the Inauguration Ball the belles fought for his smiles;
And anxious mamas tried on him their very latest wiles.
But while the music sweetly played and happy hours had sped,
A message reached the lassie's home which read: "Poor Nell is dead."
—*Refrain.*

The highest office in the State the laddie proudly held,
The future all looked rosy; from the past his mind rebelled;
He was the gayest of the gay and strove hard to forget,
A far-off grave, some letters, and a faded mignonette.
But often in the silent night when Conscience held her sway,
In vain he struggled hard to drive remorseful thoughts away;
And in his ears an echo rang that from him ne'er would part,
"You broke your plighted troth, my love, and with it broke my heart."
—*Refrain*

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Love Was Wedded in the Grave.

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Words by Charlie Rein. Music by Still Harcourt.

You've oft-times heard the story of those wedded without love,
The old, sad, wistful story, ne'er sanctioned from above;
A woman weak, not wicked, and a man who loved too well;
If all hearts told their secrets, many stories they would tell;
The fate of erring mortals this story tells you of,
A young wife and a husband, but a sweetheart had her love;
They were happy when together, but the time for them to part
Came without a warning, and it left a broken heart.

CHORUS.

Only a marriage without love, a mistake found out too late;
Could heaven arrange the wedding and allow such souls to mate?
Only a moment's pleasure, then a life-time filled with woe;
If the heart but did the courting, fatal loves we ne'er would know.

The sweetheart said, "Good-bye, my dear, and never prove untrue
To him you promised to obey till death should call for you;
I'll travel down life's path alone, the road so dark and drear,
Without a gentle hand to guide or loving voice to cheer;"
She tried to be contented, prove loving, kind and true;
The world scoffed at her efforts, and said, "God pity you"—
Her husband turned against her, and her sweetheart all she gave;
They ended life together, love was wedded in the grave.—*Chorus.*

A LITTLE RAG DOLL.

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Words by Charlie Rein. Music by Still Harcourt.

Two little girls met in the park, on a summer's day;
Each one had a little doll, and went their just to play;
One was dressed in tattered clothes, her slender arms were brown;
The other, dressed in satin, with rich laces on her gown.
"See the dolly papa bought!" the rich man's daughter said;
"Don't you think she's pretty, with her lovely, golden head?"
The other brought her dolly out, with sorrow, then did say:
"My little doll is ragged since mamma went away!"

REFRAIN.

"Your little doll has golden curls, and dressed so very fine;
But I don't like your dolly near as well as I do mine;
Even if your dolly's eyes are such a pretty blue,
I love my little ragged doll, and I would not trade with you!"

"My little doll will shut her eyes," the rich girl spoke in haste;
"And my doll will say mamma when I squeeze her tiny waist;
All her clothes are made of silk, her eyes are pretty blue;
Pray, tell me, what can your poor little ragged dolly do?"
"My doll cannot shut her eyes," the other one replied;
"I can't make her cry a bit, for I have often tried;
But mamma, who is now up there with angels in the sky,
Gave me this ragged doll, so I'll love her till I die!"—*Refrain.*

WHILE THE DANCE GOES ON.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Amid the glare and the splendor, amid the gay and the bright,
Joyous and merry the dancers, no thoughts of sorrow to-night;
Softly the strains of the music play on all evening till dawn—
Happy are they, joyous and gay, while the dance goes on.
Yet there is one of the dancers, one with a beautiful face,
Laughing and chatting so gayly, dancing with such careless grace—
There is no firm hand to guide her, no one to shield her from harm;
She is alone, husband at home, while the dance goes on.

CHORUS.

While the music is playing, in the grand ball-room,
While all hearts beat softly to the old sweet tune,
While the hours are passing, fleeting one by one—
No thought of the morrow, while the dance goes on.

"You will not go to the ball, love; stay with our baby to-night!"
Rang in the ears of this lady, whose sparkling eyes shone so bright;
What cares she for home and baby while she is queen of the ball?
Husband and home, baby alone, while the dance goes on.
Only too soon is it over, home she approaches at last;
There at the door meets her husband, whose sad tears fall thick and fast;
Then not a word is there spoken, gently he leads his wife on—
There on its bed baby lies dead, while the dance goes on.—*Chorus.*

I Loved You Better than You Knew.

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Words and Music by Johnnie Carroll.

Our hands are clasped, the last forever, perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other; this parting fills my heart with pain;
You ask, and freely I forgive you, the happy past I must forget;
And though I wander on in sorrow, I hope that you'll be happy yet.

CHORUS.

As through this weary world I wander, my thoughts alone will be of you;
In mem'ry I will see you ever—I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps, when I have gone forever, you'll sometimes sit and think of me,
And wonder if I'm dead or living; perchance I'll think the same of thee;
And when your friends have all departed, the friends you tho't were tried and true,
Remember one you left heart-broken had loved you better than you knew.—*Cho.*

DYING ROSE.

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Words and Music by Louise Tunison.

Rose, thou art fading, drooping and dying,
Though all the air with thy fragrance is sighing:
Can'st thou not live, sweet flowers, yet awhile longer?
That in thy presence my heart may grow stronger.
Last night my love gave me thee, as a token;
True was her heart, true the words of love spoken:
Thou brought me joy, rose—such joy did'st thou give,
I'd have thee ever, forever to live;
I'd have thee ever, forever to live.

While I behold thee, cruel doubts are banished—
Breathing thy perfume, sad mem'ries are vanished,
All of life's bitterness fades as a dream,
I forget sorrow, but joys do remain.
Ah! thou art dying, rose, still thou art dying:
E'en in thy death, rose, with fragrance thou'rt sighing,
Still I'll not chide thee more, in peace depart;
Thy life, though brief, hath thrice blessed my heart;
Thy life, though brief, hath thrice blessed my heart.

MAMIE RAY.

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By F. J. Tierney.

In a little cot lives Mamie, pretty, sweet and coy;
She's in love with shepherd Jamie, he's her sweetheart boy;
When the sheep are under cover, lambs all in the fold,
Mamie runs to hear her lover tell the story old.
Down by the stile, where the barley grows,
Back of the old red barn,
Often he kissed her, and no one knows
But the cows, so now where's the harm. Oh!

CHORUS.

Beautiful Mamie Ray, surely you'll not say nay;
Wise girls marry, so do not tarry, cupid must have his way;
Closer than ivy cling, happy as birds in the spring,
You'll then contented sing, beautiful Mamie Ray.

When the early summer morning gladdened all the land,
Came another, without warning, gold was in his hand;
Lord was he of field and meadow, smilingly he said:
"Leave this humble shepherd fellow, take my gold instead."
"No, sir," said Mamie, with flashing eye,
Though her poor heart was sad:
"True love's a jewel gold cannot buy,
So I'll stick to my shepherd lad." Oh!—*Chorus.*

Thro' the orchard, in the gloaming, 'neath the laden boughs;
Arm in arm, so idly roaming, none to hear their vows;
Jamie slyly stole a kiss, her heart was filled with joy;
She then promised to be his, to wed the shepherd boy;
And the cows all blinked their soft brown eyes,
Daisies their heads did nod;
All seemed to know then how very wise
Was sly cupid with bow and rod. Oh!

CHORUS.

Beautiful Mamie Ray promised she'd name the day:
She'll not tarry, but soon will marry—cupid has had his way.
Closer than ivy cling, happy as birds in the spring,
You'll then contented sing, beautiful Mamie Ray.

POM-TIDDLEY-OM-POM.

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Words by R. H. Douglas. Music by Walter Passmore.

I got married yesterday noon, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
I've had a high old honeymoon, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
My husband had but little wealth, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
So I went on the honeymoon all by myself, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
My husband thinks he's very fly, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
And thinks that very dull am I, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

CHORUS.

Oh, what fun I've had since I've begun from my old man to roam,
Leaving him at home; but when he again sets eyes on me,
Pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom pay.

Down Broadway a swell I spied, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
He winked at me and I replied, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
We reached the cafe feeling dry, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
Another girl came strolling by, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay. [dley om;
"Great Scott," he cried, here comes my wife, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tid-
He grabbed his hat and flew for his life, pom-tiddley-om, pom-pay.—*Chorus.*

Having seen New York so grand, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
I toddled home to my old man, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
"Forgive me, darling, do," I cried, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
"You've been to the Tenderloin," he replied, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
He thought forever I had fled, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
So he skipped with the maid of honor instead, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

CHORUS.

Oh, what fun I've had since I begun from my old man to roam,
Thinking him at home; but now he has got the laugh on me,
Pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN.

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Words and music by Theo. A. Metz.

Come along, get you ready, wear your bran, bran new gown,
For dere's gwine to be a meeting in that good, good old town,
Where you knowded ev'rybody and dey all knowded you,
And you've got a rabbit's foot to keep away de hoodoo.
When you hear that the preaching does begin,
Bend down low for to drive away your sin,
And when you gets religion you want to shout and sing,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby.

CHORUS.

When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling,
All join 'round and sweetly you must sing,
And when the verse am through in the chorus all join in,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

There'll be girls for ev'rybody in that good, good old town;
For dere's Miss Consola Davis an' dere's Miss Gondolia Brown;
And dere's Miss Johnnna Beasly, she am all dressed in red,
I just hugged her and I kissed her, and to me then she said:
"Please, oh, please, oh, do not let me fall,
You're all mine, and I love you best of all;
And you must be my man or I'll have no man at all,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby."—*Chorus*

SOMEBODY HAS MY HEART.

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Words and music by G. L. Spaulding.

She was a dear little maid, without a care in life,
He loved her madly, and dreamed some day she'd be his wife;
So one lovely night, 'neath the moonlight, he asked for her heart, but she
And blushed like a rosebud in Summer time, as tenderly she replied: [sighed

CHORUS.

Somebody has my heart, somebody I love dearly,
Wounded by Cupid's dart, somebody's healed it nearly;
Somebody came to woo, somebody's words were sweet,
So what could a girl, with her head in a whirl, do,
But lay her poor heart at his feet.

"Don't tell me you love another," cried the youthful swain;
"Don't say that somebody loves you, that I love in vain."
"That somebody loves me," she answered, "it's needless for me to deny,
But somebody's nobody, dear, but you," she breathed like a Summer sigh.
—*Chorus.*

MR. JOHNSON.

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Words and music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep.
But a old man n Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game,
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t' a quarter he could make de four;
He made that point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jumped through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose, got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good, oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Don't take me to de calaboose, oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe,
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still.
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose, got no chance for a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good, and now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in the nigger heab'n, oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

BECAUSE HE WAS OLD AND GRAY

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Words and music by Owen Dixon.

You say that I am in the way—I know that to be true, [to you;
But think of the day when I've passed away, when your children may say that
So don't turn me away, dear Jack, I won't live very long,
If you do, my lad, you'll kill your dad, and grieve for me when I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Now you are young and handsome, while I am old and gray,
I was as young as yourself, lad, it seems to me but yesterday;
You will be old and feeble when I've passed away, [gray.
You'll think then, my lad, how you treated your dad, because he was old and

You don't seem to remember, Jack, when you were but a babe, [her grave;
But could you look back in our old home, Jack, when your mother was laid in
Did I turn you away, dear lad, and say: "You're in the way;"
No, I nursed you, your poor old dad, I pray you will bid me stay.—*Chorus.*

SPREAD OUT YOUR TOES, HONEY

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Words and music by Chas. E. Casey.

Old Uncle Jake had quite a skate, when he set out for de toun,
But the ice was glass, the sleet fell fast, and soon that nig was down;
Den along came Minnie, with a black pickaninny how they both did grin,
They took him off his seat, stood him on his feet, den began to sing. Oh,

CHORUS.

Spread out yo' toes, honey, spread out yo' toes,
Spread out yo' toes, honey, or right down yo' goes;
Whenever yo' slip, only just take a grip,
And spread out yo' toes like me.

Two weeks ago had quite a show, we were walkin' for de cake,
I had pretty Lize, 'cause we won de prize, when a big coon hollered "fake!"
He was only jell, kase we did mighty well, made me powerful mad,
My razer flew, dat nigger, too, den there was a yell. Oh,—*Chorus.*

GRACE O'MOORE.

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By Max S. Witt. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

I know a dear little maiden, whose name is Grace;
She has a pretty, bewitching, sweet, smiling face;
When you have seen her, you all with me will agree
That ne'er before have you seen such a queen as she;
She's pure as the lilies, modest in form and face—
Who could not love her, my own little dark-eyed Grace.

CHORUS.

Grace O'Moore is the girl I love,
True to me she is as the stars above;
If you roam this wide world o'er,
Not a girl can equal her, my Grace O'Moore.

Yes, she has promised my own little wife to be,
That makes me happy, for no greater boon to me;
Her truest love I have won, I can proudly say;
And to the future I now look without dismay;
Though skies may o'ershadow, boding ill winds and rain,
We will be happy, for sunshine must come again.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A WELCOME FROM GRANDMA.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

Oft when a boy, how my heart leaped with joy
When I went to spend the summer-time at grandma's;
There was a charm in that home on the farm,
And the kind and loving face that met me there:
As she sat in her chair, with her face so sweet and fair,
And knitted the stockings that we children used to wear,
She would look at me and smile, and with heart so free from guile,
Say, "You'll always find a welcome here at grandma's."

CHORUS.

There's not a single token of cherished ties now broken,
But that greeting I remember in the old home on the farm;
Though all hope was bereft me, and trusted friends had left me,
There was still a kindly welcome there from grandma.

Life is a game, where the struggle for fame
Often causes many bitter disappointments;
Nobody knows how soon friends may be foes,
And discouragements are met on every hand;
Though it's long years ago, I can ne'er forget, I know,
The kind words of counsel that dear grandma gave to me:
"If you work with might and main, soon the sun will shine again,
And the clouds will break away, I know," said grandma.—*Chorus.*

Her Picture Was There Next to Mine.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Nell and I had loved each other, just about a year,
But ne'er a word of love we spoke, through bashfulness, I fear;
She'd asked me for my photograph, and she gave hers to me,
But that alone was not enough to prove that she loved me.
One night when I'd made up my mind to tell
Her mother that I loved her only daughter Nell,
My bashfulness prevented me, and nothing could I say,
Until I saw an open book that on the table lay,
And I saw that

CHORUS.

Her picture was there next to mine—
'Twas the "Family Album," she said;
There were uncles, aunts, cousins, relations by dozens,
Some of them living and some of them dead;
She blushed as I looked in her eye—
I saw that the love so divine
Was mine for the asking—in her smiles now I'm basking,
For her picture was there next to mine.

With such encouragement from Nell, I soon got very bold—
I broached a subject new to her, and told the story old,
Of love for one heart in the world, and that belonged to Nell;
She whispered "yes" to what I said, the rest I'll never tell;
She told me, while a blush she tried to hide,
Her mother, just for fun, had placed us side by side;
To me it seemed a gentle hint from her, to let me see,
That if I loved her truly she'd be always true to me,
And that was why—*Chorus*

GO TO SLEEP LOVE.

Sung only by Mrs. Thos. J. Ryan.

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Close your eyes, my darling, do not weep,
But go to sleep, now go to sleep;
Loving watch o'er your cradle I will keep,
So go to sleep, love, go to sleep;
Your father's ship's now rocking on the deep,
So go to sleep, now go to sleep;
And the little stars they peep, while playing hide and seek,
And they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, while they peep.

CHORUS.

Close your eyes, darling, go to sleep, dear;
Don't be afraid, your Lena was here;
Close your eyes, darling, I'll watch over you,
Yu la he, yu lah he, oh.

In the morning when you open wide your eyes,
You must go to sleep now, go to sleep;
I have for you one very big surprise,
So go to sleep, love, go to sleep;
I know where a stick of candy lies,
So go to sleep now, go to sleep;
It is just your size, and if you're very wise,
You'll go to sleep and wake up with the flies.—*Chorus.*

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
'Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

KATHLEEN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
Just the finest young lady on earth;
A gem of the very first water,
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;
I met her beneath the green bower;
I kissed her and liked it so well;
She blushed like the fairest of flowers
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;
'Mid shady lane and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;
They've a neat little farm of their own;
Her father he digs his own praties,
And they live in the County Tyrone;
For miles 'round our Kathleen is famous—
Good looks and good nature serene;
'Tis there she is always acknowledged
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—*Chorus.*

We are going to get married next Sunday,
And the old folks will give us away;
The belle in the church will be ringing,
And the boys and the girls will be gay;
As sure as the stars are above us,
My Kathleen will ever be true;
And as from the church we are coming,
All the boys and the girls shout hurroo.—*Chorus.*

FOR MY LOVE, SWEETHEART, IS ALL FOR YOU.

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Words and music by Arthur C. Whitehead.

On a summer's night in June, 'neath the silv'ry southern moon,
Stood a maiden with bowed head, for these words her lover said:
"Sweetheart, your love is my life, only say you'll be my wife,
Darling, I'll be true to thee, if you will be true to me."

REFRAIN.

Tell me, sweetheart, will your love grow cold,
When in years to come, and I am old;
Tell me darling, that you will be true,
For my love, sweetheart, is all for you.

Then her head she slowly raised, in her lover's eyes she gazed,
"Dear, how could you e'er doubt me? my love has all been for thee."
The mocking bird sang aloft, and he sang so sweet and soft:
"She's so sweet and pure, kind sir, you be true, be true to her."—*Refrain.*

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART NELL.

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Words and music by Curtis A. Duval.

Think of the rose, of the lily, dwell on their beauty alone,
Think of the stars, of the fading twilight, of the harp and its beautiful tone;
The flowers and their perfumes are like her, how sweet she is I'll never tell,
I fain would find words to describe her, my little sweetheart Nell.

REFRAIN.

My little sweetheart Nell, there's no fairer one than you,
My heart is in thy keeping, whilst thou be ever true,
Soon I will take thee away, and in a shady dell,
I'll build a little home for thee, my little sweetheart Nell.

Dreams of the future come o'er me, dreams of the joy yet in store, [adore;
Dreams of those blue eyes and dark curly hair, dreams of Nellie, the one I
The day is now swiftly approaching, with joyfulness doth my heart swell,
For soon I will wed her, my darling, my little sweetheart Nell.—*Refrain.*

One balmy ev'ning in springtime, down by a smooth flowing stream, [dream:
There I first met her, my dear little Nell, there I whispered to her love's sweet
How pleasant to us were those meetings, far down 'mong the flow'rs in the dell
'Twas there that I won her, my darling, my little sweetheart Nell.—*Refrain.*

MY DEAR OLD VILLAGE HOME.

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Words by M. Josie Menke. Music by Horace R. Basler.

In a pretty vine-clad cottage from the city far away,
Childhood's days in peace and happiness I spent;
But the glitter of the city tempted me from home to stray,
On winning fame and fortune I was bent;
My mother begged me to remain; "Dear boy," she said, "you'll rue
The day that you were tempted first to roam."
But I heeded not her warning, and with many fond adieu,
I departed from my dear old village home.

CHORUS.

In gladness or in sorrow I never can forget
That humble spot wherever I may roam;
Recollection in its train brings the hopes and joys again,
That cling round me in my dear old village home.

In the city's mad contention fortune marked me for her own,
Wealth and all its shining glories soon were mine;
Ev'ry obstacle arising in my path was overthrown,
And nothing my ambition could confine.
"Mother, dear," I wrote, "your prophecy can never now come true,
In the sea of life no breakers round me foam;
I am wealthy now and honored, and the day I cannot rue,
When I left you and my dear old village home."—*Chorus.*

But alas for fickle fortune! days of panic came at last,
Ev'ry dollar that I had was swept away;
Desperation seized upon me, many sleepless nights I passed,
And thoughts of self-destruction long held sway.
Then a gentle mood stole o'er me, mother's voice I heard in dreams,
As it sounded when she begged me not to roam;
And I left the heartless city, with its struggling and its schemes,
And found solace in my dear old village home.—*Chorus.*

ARABELLA JONES, WILL YOU ACCEPT MY HAND?

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Words and music by Williams & Perrin.

There's a lovely little lady, who is just a trifle shady,
When I think of her it drives away the blues:
I have gained the admiration of all of her relations,
And I'm pretty sure I'll be the coon she choose.
I am loaded with devotion, and I've got a mighty notion
Just to ask Miss Jones if she would like to wed;
Now I'm gwine to write a letter, as there's nothing I know better,
And I'm sure she'll love me after she has read:

CHORUS.

Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?
To me you are the sweetest little girl I know;
Goodness! how I love you, honey, you can handle all my money,
If you'll let me be your steady beau.
Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?
I'll dress you up in silks and satins, rich and grand,
Honey! try some way to use me, don't for goodness sake refuse me,
Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?

I'm a little out of humor, 'cause of late there was a rumor,
That some yaller coon is sparking on the sly;
Now I hate to start a fracas, I fear the fact will make us
Fight each other till one of us has to die.
Now I hear this coon's a fighter, and between us, he's the brighter,
But his hair is just a trifle better'n mine;
And if Arabella's willing, there will be a nigger killing,
For in my letter these words I'se gwine to sign:—*Chorus.*

GENTEEL INTOXICATION.

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Where's the fool who'd feel the lack of just that one bewildering drop
If he only had the knack of knowing when or where to stop;
For there is one kind of bliss that requires no explanation,
Which no gentleman should miss, that's genteel intoxication.

CHORUS.

When afloat in the Azure you feel, with your senses attuned to the stars,
When your pulses reveal what you cannot conceal, an ambition to travel to
When you want to extend your embrace to include all the planets in space [Mars
Though with rapture you reel, it is safe when you feel it's genteel, it's genteel,
it's genteel.

When you've wooed a dreamy maiden till she yields to your caress,
And you see the gates of Aiden open to her whispered "yes,"
Doesn't ev'ry nerve and sinew feel a new and strange vibration,
Stirring ev'ry hope that's in you with genteel intoxication.—*Chorus.*

LOOK OUT DAR DOWN BELOW.

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Words and music by Williams & Walker.

Come here, little children, and I am gwine to tell to you,
'Bout a story dat am very, very true,
It was just along in possum time, when all de colored folks were trying
To lay up fat and bacon 'gainst de storm.
I had a possum up de tree, and de way dat rascal grinned at me,
You could tell dat he knew trouble was around;
But when I got up in de tree, I made a grave mistake, you see,
And sawed de limb between de tree and me.

CHORUS.

I hollered "Look out dar down below,"
Fo' something got to drop, you know;
But I never least suspected,
Dat I'd been the one selected,
But I found out soon's de limb let go.

When I woke and looked around, I found myself upon de ground,
And de possum scamp'ring to another tree;
Dat my feeling was distressed, dey can hardly be expressed,
I felt just like a chicken fricassee;
Now, children, dat will show to you, a maxim dat am always true,
To always look around before you leap;
Or else you find yourself, you see, just like de possum, tree and me,
And land down at de bottom in a heap.—*Chorus.*

can be obtained at the Phila. Agency, Wm. B. Hubbs, S. W. Cor. F[illegible] & Vine Sts.

Since Mamie Brady Moved Up Town.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

Listen, and I'll sing all about a little lady
By the name of Mamie Brady; she's a dream, and no mistake.
Mamie is a "corker," and a thoroughbred New Yorker;
But she broke my heart, for she gave me the shake.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, I'm feelin' very blue, my heart is broke in two,
And I don't know what to do;
For where once I got a smile now I only get a frown,
Since Mamie Brady, my steady lady, moved up town.

Down in the Fourth Ward Mame and I were raised together;
We were birds of the same feather, and a ring I bought her, see.
Talk about a "looker," why, I never would have shook her,
And I never thought that Mamie she'd shake me.—*Chorus.*

A Mother Is the Truest Friend of All.

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Words by Eunice Monroe. Music by Robert Stanton.

We meet with many friendships as we journey o'er life's way,
And sunny smiles around us oft are cast,
But one is ever faithful, changing ne'er from day to day,
Who always stands beside us till the last.
In poverty or woe, her heart is ever true,
And though the darkest shadows o'er us fall,
She'll be your truest friend, forever to the end—
A mother is the truest friend of all.

CHORUS.

While journeying on through life, in sorrow or in strife,
No matter what temptations may befall,
You'll always find a friend who's faithful to the end—
A mother is the truest friend of all.

You have a loving sister, who will think of you through life,
A brother who will never turn aside;
You'll know the fond affection of a dear, devoted wife,
Whose smile will cheer you on your journey wide;
Perhaps they will be true when trouble lingers near,
Yet one is sure to answer to your call,
No matter where you roam, her heart is still your home—
A mother is the truest friend of all.—*Chorus.*

Climbing Up to Heaven on a Moonbeam

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

There was once a little coon, just the color of maroon,
And he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam;
He got up as far as Mars, then got lost among the stars,
As he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam.
He grabbed on to a cloud that was sailing through the air;
He looked up at the moon, saying, "There's watermelon there;
I hope the man inside won't forget to keep my share,
While I climb up to Heaven on a moonbeam."

CHORUS.

Come along, darkies, bring along your tamborines,
Throw away your dice in the golden stream;
Dice won't look nice for to carry into Paradise,
Climbing up to Heaven on a moonbeam.

When he reached the "milky way," to old Peter he did say,
"I have climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam."
But old Peter said, "I fear, there're no nigger angels here;
You can climb back again upon a moonbeam."
The poor little coon never thought of that before;
He saw some nigger angels shooting "crap" upon the floor.
When Peter fell asleep he got in through a side door;
So he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam.—*Chorus.*

—Low Comedian: "How long were you on the road?" High Comedian: "Six months; one month going out and five getting back."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY TO GO ABOUT IT.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My sister has a nice young man, he calls 'bout twice a week;
Last night he came to see her, and he looked so gay and neat;
She showed him to the parlor and she turned down all the light,
And gave him all the chance she could to kiss her all he might.

CHORUS.

But he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
She was but a silly miss, and she didn't mind a kiss,
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

A reuben came to town one day, a reg'lar country sport;
To do the town in proper style a hundred he had brought.
He started in to catch a girl, some dainty little pet,
Who borrowed ev'ry cent he had—the town he's not done yet.

CHORUS.

For he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
Perhaps he'll stay at home, leave such little girls alone,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

Down in the block, where I reside, a gay and festive swell
Makes love to all the single girls, and married ones as well;
He called upon my neighbor's wife, and thought he could convince
His love for her was quite sincere, been sorry ever since—

CHORUS.

That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it.
He should call on her alone, when her husband isn't home,
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

My friend and I we called to see our neighbor's baby boy,
The idol of his mother and his father's pride and joy.
My friend, who's fond of children, danced the baby on his knee,
But when he gave it back again how plainly could he see—

CHORUS.

That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it.
He will leave babies alone till he gets one of his own,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

IF WE ONLY HAD IT NOW.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

We were wealthy, that's once upon a time;
Money, we had the stuff for sale;
Spent a fortune in every foreign clime,
We had so much 'twas always getting stale.

CHORUS.

If we only had it now, just a little of it now,
How the swells with envy would gaze;
We drive a four-in-hand, be the gayest in the land,
And 'mong the belles we'd be the swells.
If we only had it now, just a little of it now,
In society be the grace,
We'd cut a figure, too, up on Easy Avenue—
If we only had it now.

Went to London about forty times a year,
Had a steamer of our own;
We were really just sixty carat clear,
And always had a palace for a home.—*Chorus.*

Queen Victoria's been sorry ever since,
She didn't take us for to raise;
We could easily been made a duke or prince,
Because we had so many winning ways.—*Chorus.*

Wine and brandy, we floated ships in that—
Nothing was good enough for us;
All our trunks they were lined with sealskin sacques,
There's no use now of making any fuss.—*Chorus.*

We were models upon the fashion plates,
Still the ladies on us dote;
All our shoes were imported by the crate,
With insoles made of fifty-dollar notes.—*Chorus.*

No use knocking, them good times now are o'er;
Diamonds, we pave the streets with them;
Brownstone mansions, we gave them to the poor,
Because we had too many to contend.—*Chorus.*

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DORIS, THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

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Words and Music by Geo. Maywood.

Doris was a village maiden, little did she know,
Save the sentence I had taught her, "Oh, I love you so!"
Every lad for miles around willingly would have been bound
To the sweetheart I had found, and proud to be her beau.

REFRAIN.

Doris, Doris! O how I love thee! see me at thy feet;
Doris, Doris! could you but love me, life would be complete;
Doris, Doris! stars bright above thee, hear my pleading, too,
Why then tarry? Come, let us marry—dearest Doris, do!

Time went on, and simple Doris learned a thing or two;
Day by day I found my loved one harder still to woo;
Other suitors oft were seen by her side, where I had been,
Flirting with my little queen, I heard them pleading, too.—*Refrain.*

Fortune smiled upon her father in the marts of trade;
By a lucky speculation he a million made;
Taking from his bank account gold and bonds in large amount,
Bought for her a foreign count, and scorn'd me while I prayed.—*Refrain.*

THE WEDDING OF McGINNIS AND McGUIRE.

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Written by Tom Conley and Felix McGlennon.

'Tis a week ago last Sunday that a great high-toned affair
Occurred in County Galway, and, sure, every one was there;
It was nothing but a wedding and the bride was Miss McGuire;
McGinnis was the bridegroom, and the best man McIntyre;
They started in the morning, boys, just as the clock struck one;
The girls and boys all in their best and ready for the fun;
The job was over very soon and they were tied for life—
Miss McGuire and Mike McGinnis they were christened man and wife.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wedding cake was fine, there was whiskey, ale and wine,
All the chicken pies and praties they were set out in a line;
Miss McGinty nearly choked with a lump of bacon rind,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

When the breakfast it was over, for a song McGee did shout;
He sung "The Death of Nelson," and they quickly threw him out;
Sure, they wanted botheration, and they got it in a tick,
For some one broke Maloney's nose with a very lovely brick;
Then McGinnis got in trouble, for he kissed Maloney's wife,
And Mary Ann McGuire declared that she would have his life;
Then McGinnis got excited and he went for Mary Ann,
For he spoiled her face and beauty with a good old frying pan.

CHORUS.

There was murder, there was fire, some one called McGee a liar;
McGinty had a turned-up nose, but some one knocked it higher,
And a lady wiped the floor up with poor Jerry McIntyre,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

Then a sailor from Kildare got up, and he began to jaw:
"A bigger lot of cowards in a room he never saw";
Then a Chinese washer-woman seized the sailor by the hair;
And without his nose and whiskers he went back to sweet Kildare;
All the grub the boys got throwing at each other for a lark;
Of course, some one upset the lamp, which left them in the dark;
Everybody hit somebody—oh, you never saw such fun;
And the place was full of teeth and whiskers when the fight was done.

CHORUS.

Everybody cried with pain—there were forty-seven slain;
Sure, they pulled McGinty's teeth out and they put them in again;
And McGilligan, on looking, found a hatchet in his brain,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

In the midst of the confusion some one went and got a light,
And, upon my word, in all my life, I ne'er saw such a sight;
All the boys were torn to pieces, and the girls were worse than that;
On the flure there was McGinnis fighting wildly with the cat;
The excitement soon was over, and they soon made friends once more,
Except McGee, who found his jaw behind the kitchen door;
Then they went and bought some whiskey, for they all were full of wealth,
And they all got drunk while drinking to the bride and bridegroom's health.

CHORUS.

Then they danced till break of day, and the piper he did play;
All the boys and girls were jolly, every one was bright and gay,
And there's not a soul in Ireland who will e'er forget the day
Of the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

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Words and Music by Kate Vanderpool.

I s'pose yuse all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;
I tumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;
Fer de way in which I trun him, I drew a prize, you see,
Fer now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

REFRAIN.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
I'm out for wot's in it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
Ye're givin' me "Goff," so jes' chase yerself off, fer tings are now comin' me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on de box I ride;
O, hully gee! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side;
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de clothes,
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.—*Refrain.*

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose der head,
But wen I comes to be dat gay, I hopes ter drop down dead;
If I was ter be de coachman, de butler, or de chef,
I'll tink meself right, people, see! Chimmie Fadden don't git left.—*Ref.*

THEIR HEADS NESTLE CLOSER TOGETHER.

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Words by Wal Pink. Music by George Le Brunn.

A garden, and in it an old apple tree,
Around which two children—a lassie turned three,
And t'other a lad of p'raps four and a half—
Are chasing each other, whilst gaily they laugh;
The maiden soon tires of the circular race,
For vainly she follows the lad in the chase;
His stronger legs make it an unequal match,
And he merrily mocks all her efforts to catch.

CHORUS.

She cries, "Tommy, stop!" but "Tum on, Tate," says he.
"I s'ant, 'tos I tant run no farver," says she;
Then frowns, and her temper, 'tis easy to see,
Has nigh reached the length of its tether,
Then Katie breaks down with a plaintive boo-ooh;
Tom stops, and the tears are in Tommy's eyes, too;
She sobs, "Oo don't luv me!" He says, "Ess I do!"
And their heads nestle closer together.

A green lane, and in it two fond lovers roam,
And paint, in love's ardor, their bright future home;
Next Sunday's their wedding; 'tis Tommy and Kate,
But now, grown to manhood and woman's estate;
The sun has gone down far beyond the big hill,
Beneath which there murmurs the swift running rill;
The moon kissed the water in manner sedate,
And, force of example, Tom kisses young Kate.

CHORUS.

The man in the moon at the fond couple blinks,
Then, very discreetly, behind a hill sinks,
Whilst gaily a star at their love-making winks,
And thinks, well, it's love-making weather;
His arm 'round her waist tells the tale of this bliss;
Then you hear the voices of both man and mise:
"You mustn't!" "I shall!" and then something goes [kiss]
And their heads nestle closer together.

A church-yard, and in it a tiny babe's grave;
An early wrecked vessel on life's cruel wave;
Their twelve-month old darling, their loved one, their all,
Now gone from this earth at the Mighty One's call;
A life of pure sunshine and joy had been theirs,
With smiling face meeting all trivial cares,
Till all hope was shattered, and sped in a breath,
And life's sun o'ershadow'd by dread cloud of death.

CHORUS.

There, in that God's acre, they stand, he and she;
The sun veils its head, as though in sympathy,
And buried the light of their life seems to be
In that grave 'neath the wild-growing heather;
The mother's tears fall o'er her babe now at rest,
The man clasps her tight to his sorrow-torn breast;
"Come, cheer up, my darling, 'tis all for the best,"
And their heads nestle closer together.

—When a man leans towards cremation he may safely be said to have grave doubts.—*Buffalo Courier.*

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF GOLD.

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Words by Joe Flynn. Music by Chas. T. Gordon.

How many times you oft will read of men gone wrong for gold,
And through their love of money they will wander from the fold.
The cashier in the bank will steal, then gamble ev'ry way,
In hopes to win enough to place the shortage back some day.
Coolly, calmly shuffling up the cards, yet all the while
Praying earnestly that he will win the glitt'ring pile;
The card is turned, he's lost again, his crime will now be told—
A flash, a shot, his life is o'er, all for the love of gold.

CHORUS.

All for the love of gold, it's true, the cup of woe's been tasted;
All for the selfish greed of wealth there's many a life been wasted.
Money's the cause of misery, of many a crime untold;
Many a trusting heart's betrayed, all for the love of gold.

The wedding bells are pealing, as they've often done before;
The bride is only twenty and the groom is just three score.
He leads her proudly down the aisle, her face is calm and cold;
She gives her youth and beauty to the old man for his gold.
Cool and calculating woman, girl without a heart,
Caring not for the lad so true, with whom she'll have to part;
She casts aside the honest love, above all wealth untold,
And sells her soul to a rich old fool, all for the love of gold.—*Chorus.*

Down in a squallid hovel low there stands an iron chest,
The miser lifts his treasure out and hugs it to his breast;
He counts it over many times, then kisses it and smiles,
He'd give his soul if that would add one shilling to his pile.
Shiv'ring, shaking, trembling wretch, he lives in abject fear,
Cold and hungry, starving quite, and cash in plenty near;
He feasts his eye upon his hoard and clinks his coin so old;
He dies alone amid his wealth, all for the love of gold.—*Chorus.*

Scenes from the Drama of Life.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Life is but a mighty drama, wherein each must play a part;
Some with happy, smiling features, others with an aching heart.
When night falls upon the city, see a man with darken'd face,
He's a burglar, and his object breaking in this rich man's place.

CHORUS.

See with what vigor his "jimmy" he plies,
Leaps through the window—"Now for it," he cries.
"Hark! what is that? an alarm, a surprise,"
He mutters with terror now rife.
Then comes a flash, a report of a gun,
A man on his knees, crying, "What have I done!
Oh, God! I have killed him, the scapegrace, my son!"
That's a scene from the drama of life.

'Tis the gory field of battle, where the conflict rages high,
And the two opposing armies now have sworn to do or die;
See this brave young private soldier 'mid the crash of shot and shell,
He has proved himself a hero, bravely he has fought and well.

CHORUS.

Wounded he lies when the battle is o'er,
Thinking of those on a far distant shore,
Thinking of those he will see nevermore,
Thinking of his children and wife.
"Merciful God, who is great and all wise,
Save them from danger," he tearfully cries.
One murmur'd prayer, and he falls back and dies—
That's a scene from the drama of life.

Hark! what means that cry of "Stop thief!" down a crowded thoroughfare?
Some young reprobate's been stealing, after him they madly tear.
Hear the shout, at last they've got him, some one strikes him to the ground;
Each one eager first to catch him, anxiously they gather 'round.

CHORUS.

Only a poor ragged boy, nearly dead,
See, the blood streams from a wound in his head;
"Sister was starving, I stole her some bread,"
He murmurs with agony rife.
"Go to her help," he exclaims, "don't mind me,
Soon from this terrible strife I shall be."
Ere the night comes his young soul is set free—
That's a scene from the drama of life.

—First Humorist: "Why so dejected?" Second Humorist: "All the bright ways of stealing jokes have been exhausted."

AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN

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Words and Music by Matthews and Bulger.

You know the story, it's oft been told, the same old way;
Good tales repeated do not grow old, so wise men say.
John was a rustic, in love with May, the village belle;
Not wisely, folks say, did this rustic love May, but, alas! too we

CHORUS.

Oft at sunrise life looks bright, oft it changes ere the night;
Some hearts are breaking, while others are light, at the setting of the sun.

Bright was the morning; John greets with smile the same old lane,
Dreaming of May at the same old stile, he waits in vain.
"Farewell, dear John," so the letter read, "I've left for town;
Forgive me," it said—John with grief bows his head, as the sun goes down.—*Chorus.*

Seeing her folly, although a year had since passed by,
Seeking forgiveness, she waits in fear for John's reply.
"You are forgiven, dear May," he said—no cross, no crown.
That eve he was wed to another instead, as the sun went down.—*Chorus.*

THE TIME HE LOVES THE BEST

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Words by L. Harry Freeman. Music by W. H. Krell.

When twilight shadows linger around the nurs'ry door,
And baby's toys and playthings are strewn upon the floor,
Then mother tells her darling 'tis time he was at rest,
And lovingly he comes and lays his head upon her breast.
His weary little feet have romped about the whole day long;
Now, cosey in his mother's arms, he begs her for a song,
And like a little bird he lies contented in his nest;
It is the time of all the day that baby loves the best.

REFRAIN.

For now 'tis baby's bedtime, so gather up the toys;
Be sure to kiss him gently, and don't you make a noise.
He's tired of all his playthings and wants to be caressed;
In mother's arms at twilight is the time he loves the best.

While baby softly slumbers until the break of day,
He wanders off in dreamland to worlds so far away;
For now he's grown to manhood, with fond and loving arms
He shields his dear old mother, protecting her from harm.
God bless our little darling boy and guard him thro' the night;
To-morrow, when the day has come, he'll play with all his might;
And when the evening shadows fall he'll gladly come to rest,
For then it is the time of day that baby loves the best.—*Refrain.*

JOHNNY REILLY'S GIRL.

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Words by J. Whitcomb Reilly. Music by Alfred T. Brisebois.

We're not divided by oceans, by seas or by miles a score,
For my own dear little lady just lives at the very next door;
She's not a queen with golden hair, nor has she teeth of pearl,
She's none the less a beauty, and she's Johnny Reilly's girl.

REFRAIN.

I've known her nearly all her life, I know she'll make a model wife;
Ev'ry one admires her, they all think her a pearl.
The pride of all the neighborhood, all know her to be pure and good,
And she's known to ev'ry one as Johnny Reilly's girl.

Her Pa was never a banker, a true, honest workman is he;
His greatest pride is his daughter, who'll soon be a wife to me.
Her father says I'm a dandy, it made my heart fairly twirl,
When 'twas decided forever, she'd be Johnny Reilly's girl.—*Refrain.*

She was eighteen last December, and I will be twenty in May;
We always have been companions since we were small children at play.
I'll fight her battles, I love her so, my flag of love I'll unfurl,
And until death shall part us, she'll be Johnny Reilly's girl.—*Refrain.*

—A Long-Felt Want.—Harry: "Billy, did you read about that fellow who patented a self-opening umbrella?" Billy: "Yes; but I'm going to beat him—I'm getting up an umbrella that will drop all to pieces the minute it is stolen."

Faces We Miss from the Stage.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

After taking your seat in the theatre,
To witness some popular play,
Did you ever pause to consider,
The actors who've left us to-day,
'Tis but a brief time since you knew them,
These men who were once all the rage;
And I fancy you sometimes remember
The men that we miss from the stage.

CHORUS.

Faces we miss from the stage, those who were once all the rage;
We can never forget, and we think with regret, of the faces we miss from the stage.

There was one whose appearance each evening
Was hailed with the wildest delight;
He counted his friends by the thousand,
They applauded him night after night;
He has passed from the scene of life's action,
Though spared to enjoy an old age;
And I'm sure you will say here this evening,
"Billy" Florence is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's a very old friend that has left us,
Who took this whole country by storm;
He clung to the old school of acting,
So manly and stately in form;
His place is now filled by another,
But you know that we do not engage
Ev'ry day a "Virginius," a "Cæsar"—
John McCullough is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's an actress who's played in your city,
And I'm sure you'll agree, all, to this—
Her speeches were pert, wise, and witty,
In the beautiful play called "M'Liss;"
She died far away in old England,
From her life this is only a page,
But it does not take long to remind you
Annie Pixley is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

"Colonel Sellers," you all will remember,
In a play of light-comedy style,
But the man who has made it successful,
Will greet us no more with his smile;
He has made his last exit, forever;
He'd the wisdom, 'twas said, of a sage;
Every day this remark is made somewhere,
"John T. Raymond is missed from the stage."—*Chorus.*

There's a little soubrette that is missing
From the stage, where her absence but means
That she's waiting for our parts to end here,
And will meet us behind the scenes.
When the great green curtain is rolling
On some actress who's now all the rage,
I cannot but think for a moment
Patti Rosa is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's another who's played his last part here,
And spoke his last line in earth's scenes,
But, save a few dear ones who loved him,
How few know what his absence means.
Upon the result of his labors,
The critics their warfare will wage,
But go to the actors; they'll tell you
Bartley Campbell is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

Another, whose name is immortal,
Has gone to return nevermore;
He had played many parts in his lifetime,
And was known here from shore unto shore—
A man of rare genius and talent,
Whose name is on drama's first page,
And a nation is mourning his absence—
Edwin Booth is now missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

There's an actor whose face is now missing
From the stage where he once shone so bright;
His songs were a feature each evening,
And they're singing them somewhere to-night.
"Peek-a-boo," and the "Rose Song," "Mavourneen,"
Were once on a time all the rage,
And they still cause all hearts to remember—
"Billy" Scanlan is missed from the stage.—*Chorus.*

—Woman's first duty to man is to be beautiful. If she insists upon rights she can be as ugly as she pleases to be and wear the dizziest style of bloomers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—An Object of Interest.—"Here," complained the aggrieved father, "I have spent nearly $15,000 on that girl's education and now she goes and marries a $2,500 a year clerk." "Well," said the friend of the family, "isn't that all of 15 per cent. on your investment? What more do you want?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

OH! UNCLE JOHN.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Maiden Ruth one day came into town, just to see her uncle dear;
Maiden Ruth had on a girlish gown, and it made her look so queer;
Maiden Ruth had never seen New York, not until that day, poor thing,
As her uncle took her all around, she began to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

Uncle John escorted maiden Ruth all around the town, with care—
First he took her up to Central Park, then they went to Chatham Square;
Strange sights maiden Ruth had witnessed from Harlem down to New York bay;
Every one could tell what pleased her most by the way she'd say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

Uncle somehow lost her in the crowd, up and down the street he ran,
Soon he found her happy as could be, chatting with a policeman;
Uncle John then said to maiden Ruth, "Come along," but Ruth replied,
"I must kiss that handsome man in blue," so she did and cried:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

What Could the Poor Girl Do?

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Words and Music by E. Alexandra.

While walking down a busy thoroughfare,
You see a pretty girl, with golden hair,
Tripping along, humming a song,
As happy as the birds in the air,
When suddenly the rain it patters down,
You'd think the pretty darling she would drown;
Her dress holds high to keep it dry,
And the men stare as she toddles through the town:

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
She'd a pretty little shoe, and she liked to show it, too,
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A pretty girl in bathing went one day,
Dressed in a bathing suit of colors gay,
When, like a mouse, from bathing-house,
A thief her garments stole and ran away;
She learned her clothes were lost, and she must roam
The city in a costume made for foam;
She gave a sigh, but did not cry,
And then pluckily she started out for home.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
Through the streets she had to scoot, dressed up in a bathing suit,
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

Now when a man gets married, you'll agree,
At family work he's helpless as can be;
His wife says, Dan, 'most every man
Assists his wife, now why don't you help me?
The henpecked man consents, but with a scowl—
At night he walks the floor to baby's howl,
While mamma dear, without a fear,
Says I'll retire, then hubby starts to growl.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
While the baby loudly roars, mamma goes to sleep and snores,
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A good ship o'er the ocean swiftly sped,
The sun was shining brightly overhead,
The captain and a maiden grand
Stood on the deck, when suddenly he said:
Now from your pretty lips I'll take a sip,
Or else this boat has seen its final trip,
Unless I kiss you, pretty Miss,
All lives aboard are lost, I'll sink the ship.

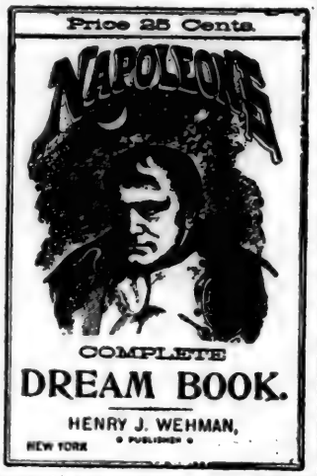
CHORUS.

Now what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?
Now she's very much adored, she saved all the lives on board,
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

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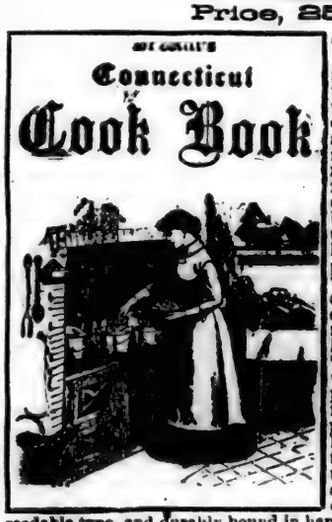


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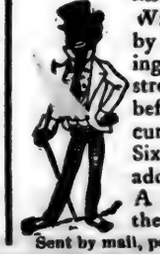
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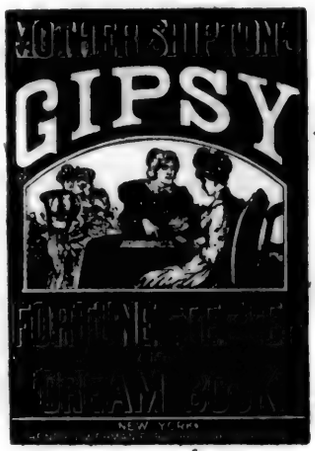
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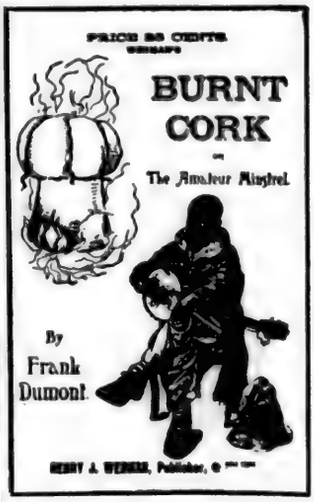
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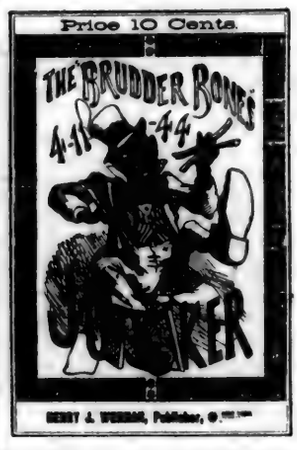
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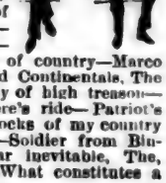


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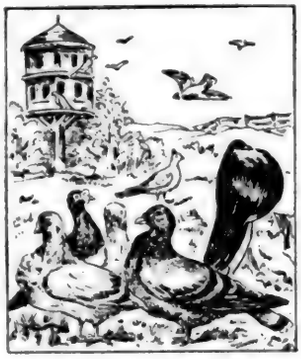
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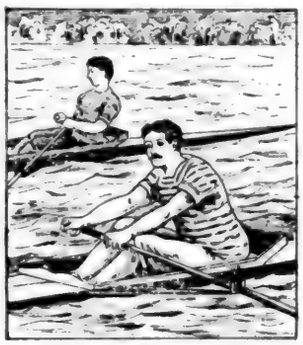
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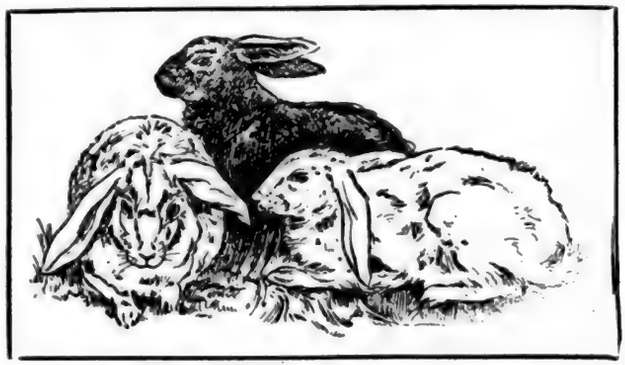


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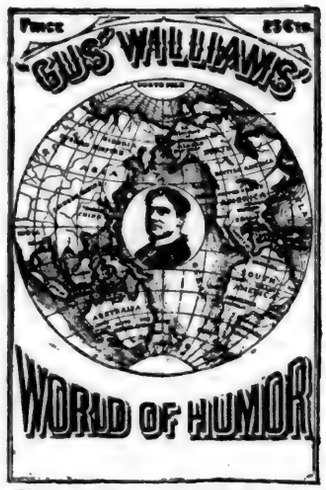
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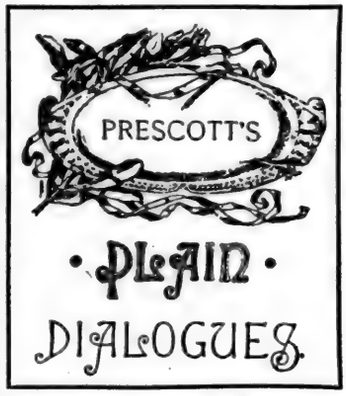


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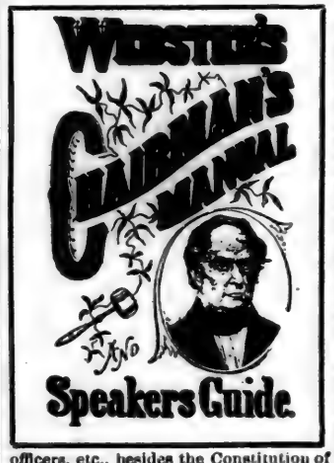
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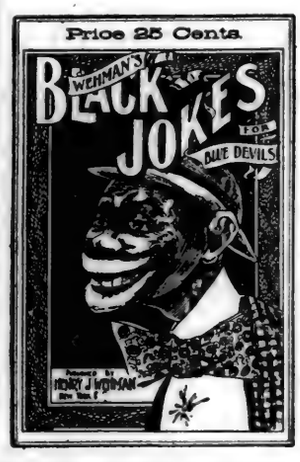
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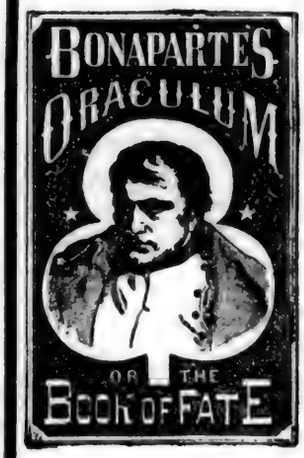


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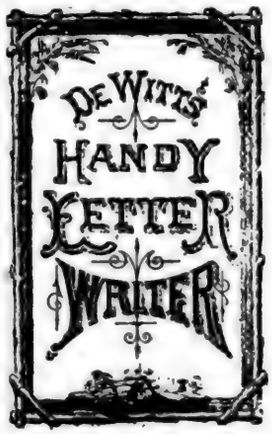
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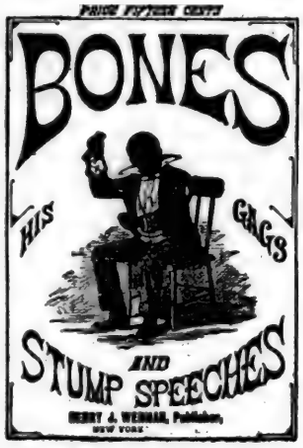
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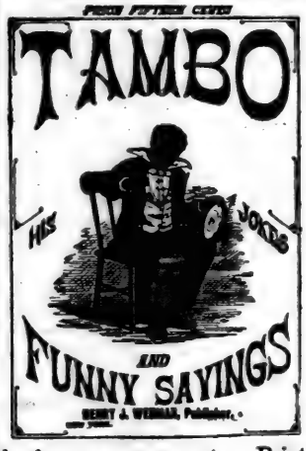
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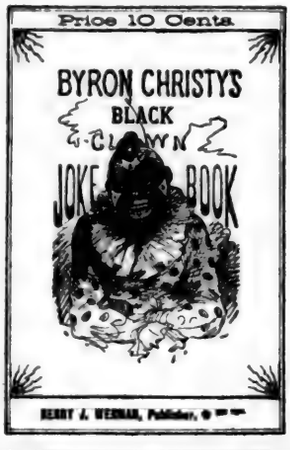
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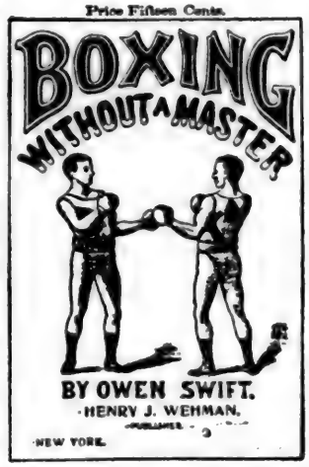
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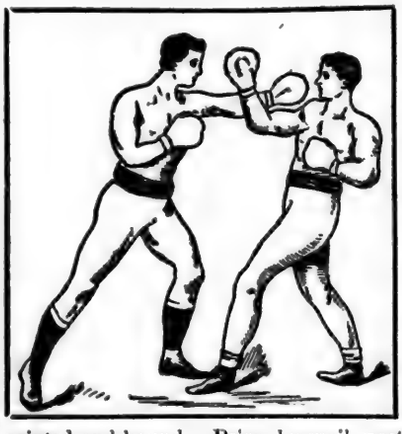


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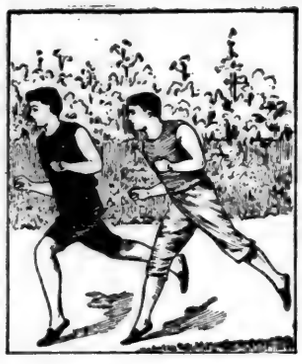
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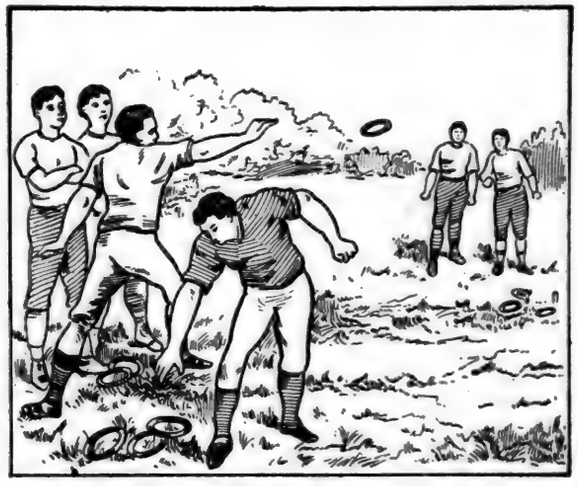


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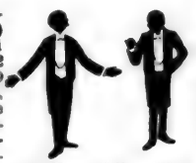
DARE AND DO (class)—Alphabet Roundelay, The, with arrangement and music (26 girls)—Billy and me (2 boys)—Boys' and girls' talk about woman suffrage (school)—Brandy drops (6 boys)—Easter cross, The (several girls)—Funny lot, A (7 boys)—Golden rule, The (3 boys)—Gossip (4 girls)—Graduates, The (8 girls and school)—Great secret, A (2 girls)—Hamlet and the ghost (2 boys)—Happiness not in station (2 boys)—I can and I can't (3 boys)—Irish servant, The (2 boys)—Jarley wax-works (14 children)—Joe's boy (4 boys)—Keeping your eyes open (2 boys)—Know-nothing, The (4 boys)—Little by little (2 boys)—Months, The (12 boys or girls)—Pedigree (2 girls)—Potters, The (6 boys)—Queer people (3 boys)—Ragged Dick's lesson (3 boys)—Real gentleman, The (2 boys)—Rival orators, The (2 boys)—Shopping (6 very little ones)—Slander (2 boys)—Sunrise and sunset (3 girls)—True life, The only (2 girls)—True manhood (2 boys)—True usefulness (2 boys)—Turtle and flamingo, The (7 girls)—What I'd like to be (8 girls)—What to be (6 boys or girls)—What says the fountain (2 girls)—Which (1 boy, 1 girl)—Who (3 boys and class)—Worth and wealth (4 boys).



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No. 3—Exhibition.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPIDER (3 children)—Agility-Dicken's charade-(1 boy, 1 girl)—Apron-An acting charade-(5 boys)—Bluebird and oriole (2 girls)—Candidate for Congress, The (2 boys)—City and country (6 girls)—Consider the lilies (9 girls and class)—Excitement at Kettleville, The (6 boys, 1 girl)—Hard to suit all (9 boys, 1 girl and class)—Little Red Riding-Hood (3 girls, 1 boy and class)—Maine-Acting charade-(1 boy, 1 girl)—Mistletoe bough, The (tableaux for class)—Money-digger, The (boy and girl)—Nature's heroes (5 boys)—Peterkin's, The (4 girls and class)—Play of the alphabet (26 children)—Sailor's mother, The (boy and girl)—Story, The (2 boys, 1 girl and others)—Seven (7 girls and class).



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No. 4—Patriotic.

TRUE TO HIS COLORS (2 boys)—America's Birthday Party (9 girls and school)—Army and Navy, The (2 boys and number of girls)—Centennial drama, A (5 boys, 4 girls and class)—Columbia's daughters (13 girls and school)—Chief's resolve, The (2 boys)—Love of country (3 boys)—Lochiel's warning (2 boys)—Old flag, The (3 boys)—Our centennial (school)—Our country's seasons (4 boys or girls)—Sailor boy's return, The (4 boys)—Shall our mothers vote (11 boys)—Spirit of '76, The (2 boys)—Uncle Sam (1 boy, 2 girls)—Veteran, The (2 boys)—Visions of freedom, The (16 girls and school)—William Tell (2 boys, 1 girl)—1776-1876 (2 girls).



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BEHIND THE SCENES (3 girls)—Changing servants (4 boys)—City and country, which is best (6 girls)—Colonists, The (15 boys)—Demons of the glass, The (6 boys, 2 girls)—Drunkard's daughter, The (6 girls)—False accusation, The (3 boys, 1 girl)—Finished education, A (2 boys)—Four seasons, The (4 girls)—Glad New Year (school)—Gypsy fortune-teller, The (4 girls)—Lady-maid, The (boy and girl)—Martyr, The (3 boys)—Midshipman, The (2 boys, 5 girls)—New school-house, The (2 boys)—Outlaw, The (4 girls, 1 boy)—Playing new sentiment (8 boys)—Prompting (girl and boy)—Quarrel of the flowers, The (10 girls)—School discipline (boy and girl)—True courage (2 boys)—Trying to keep up the appearance of a gentleman (4 boys, 2 girls)—Unappreciated genius (3 boys, 3 girls)—Who made them (boy and girl)—Wealth is not worth (2 boys).



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No. 6—Comic.

GOSSIP, The (4 females)—Letter, The (2 males)—Matrimonial advertisement, The (2 males, 3 females)—My friend Bob (3 males, 4 females)—Old heads on young shoulders (2 males, 3 females)—Playing doctor (2 males, 1 female)—Reformed wife, The (2 females)—Rehearsal, The (7 males)—School affairs in Riverhead District (5 males and school)—Suit for libel: Puff vs. Alby (11 males and school)—Tattlewood gossip (3 males, 13 females)—Women's rights (6 males, 3 females)—What's in a name (5 males, 2 females).



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AWFUL MYSTERY, An (2 males, 2 females)—Boy who wins (6 males)—California uncle, The (3 males, 3 females)—Good they did, The (6 females)—Honest and honorable (1 male, 3 females)—In want of a servant (2 males, 4 females)—Miss Higginson's will (2 males, 5 females)—Marrying for money (2 males, 1 female)—Silver dollar, The (2 males, 1 female)—True manliness (7 males)—Tobacco pledge, The (3 males)—Uncle Nathan's Indian (4 males)—Use of study, The (3 females).



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WEHMAN'S

No. 57

SONG BOOK

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Publisher, 108 Park Row, NEW YORK.

OH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL OCEAN.

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Words and music by Wm. B. Gray.

Standing one day on a cliff near the shore,
Where the ships pass to sea,
A gray-haired old sailor was gazing far o'er
The blue briny deep peacefully;
For sixty long years, 'midst pleasures and tears,
Along with his old pard Ned,
He'd sailed the wide ocean, to him ever dear,
While thus looking seaward he said:

CHORUS.

Oh! what a beautiful ocean! Oh! what a glorious sea,
True as a love's devotion, serving us faithfully;
Oh! what a beautiful ocean, oh! what a glorious sea,
Oh! what a great friend the ocean has been to me.

Pitching and tossing for several days,
While the rain fiercely poured,
A big ocean liner was crossing the sea,
With eight hundred people on board;
All the folks, except three, were as sick as could be,
And a meal hadn't eaten for days;
While the owner, a Hebrew, each day was on deck,
Exclaiming in voice full of praise:

CHORUS.

Oh! what a beautiful ocean! Oh! what a glorious sea,
The higher the steamer tosses, the cheaper it is for me;
It costs a great pile to feed them, appetites increase at sea,
So keep on a-rolling, old ocean, be kind to me.

Sailing away was a big ship one day,
Headed for England's shore;
On board was Jack Johnson, a young married man,
With his wife and mother-in-law.
When at sea just a day, a storm came their way,
And swept from the deck to the sea,
Jack Johnson's wife's mother, who sank and was drowned,
Then Jack said in tones peacefully:

CHORUS.

Oh! what a beautiful ocean! Oh! what a glorious sea,
While his poor wife was frantic and crying bitterly;
Jack fixed his eyes on the water, just as he chuckled with glee,
Oh! what a great friend the ocean has been to me.

Showing Aunt Matilda 'Round the Town.

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Words and music by E. W. Rogers.

Aunt Matilda came to town only a week ago,
She had ne'er been there before, at the sights she cried, "Oh, Lor!"
She requested me the points of interest to show.
As she found the "oof," I couldn't well say no!
Regent Street and Oxford Street I show'd her, you can bet,
Told her ev'ry lady was a Countess that we met;
Down the Strand the girls she eyed, said, "Who are they?" so quick;
"Daughters of our Clergymen," I answered in a tick!
She said, "To what church do they go?" I said, "St. Jim-jams, Pimlico?"

CHORUS.

I've been showing my Aunt Matilda 'round the town,
Taking her down the street, you know, pointing her out the beauty show!
Come with me on a spree, sorrow and care we'll drown,
For Aunt has given me fifty pounds for showing her 'round the town.

In Trafalgar Square my aunt noticed the fountain there,
I said, "Yes, the ladies gay, come to bathe here ev'ry day!"
She felt thirsty, to a temp'rance bar said we'd repair,
So I took her to the "Crl," and she did stare;
She said, "Moet, what's that?" I said, "Sort of ginger beer!"
"What! ten shillings? Well, it's nice, but ain't it rather dear?"
At the Empire ballet girls she peep'd and said, "How rude!"
Till I told her they were fairies just come from the wood; [things!"
I said, "They're angels without wings!" She said, "I've read about such
—*Chorus.*

Aunt Matilda drank so much of Moet's ginger beer,
While up in the town she stayed, that at last the poor old maid
In her poor old cranium began to feel so queer.
I said, "It's the air, Aunt, it's so strong up here!"
Back she went to Lincolnshire, as by the train I stood,
Aunt said, "Bert, here's fifty pounds, because you've been so good!"
In the missionary box I know you'll put the lot."
As I thank'd her, to myself I whisper'd, "Yes, p'raps not!"
To all the boys I've shown the "bright," and I am on a spree to-night!

LOVE HER, TOM, FOR MY SAKE.

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Words and music by Blanche Newcomb.

You ask me, Tom, for Nellie, you want her for your bride,
You know a father dreads to let his daughter from his side;
But you have been a friend to me, I know you're good and true,
So love her, Tom, for my sake, and I'll always stick to you.

REFRAIN.

Love her, Tom, for my sake, a loving wife she'll be,
Remember she's my only child, and a treasure been to me;
'Tis hard to part from those we love, but I know you're good and true,
So love her, Tom, for my sake, and I'll always stick to you.

When Nell was but a baby, you know her mother died,
Remember when I told you how these loving words she cried:
"Be kind to Nell, dear father, and teach her all that's true,"
So love her, Tom, for my sake, and I'll always stick to you.—*Cho.*

BRUSH BY, NIGGER, BRUSH BY.

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Words by Fred M. Statia Music by Max Hoffman.

My lady friend and me we'se a little on the outs,
But I swear I ain't a done nothing wrong;
We've been so long together I never thought she'd quit,
When I got home to-night I found she'd gone.
So out I goes a-looking for to find her if I can,
And sure 'nough I meets her—thought I die,
She was a killing it along the line with a yellow gent,
And this is what I heard as I passed by:

CHORUS.

Brush by, nigger, brush by, don't fool around me,
You had me once, you turned me loose, now this gal am free;
You thought you couldn't lose me, I'd stick until I'd die,
These are my reg'lar folks now, so nigger, you brush by.

That yellow coon she's got now, he ain't so awful hot,
I've seen nigs that I thought was just as warm;
He'd better not get a close for when I'm mad I'm bad,
I'm the roughest, toughest nig ever born.
I'll send her word I want her to come a back home to me,
The presents that I promised now I'll buy;
If that don't fetch her then I'll start a something a mighty quick,
She needn't think I'll stand her brushing by.—*Chorus.*

Please, Mr. Burglar-Man, Won't You Go Away?

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Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Charles Coleman.

Fast asleep within her cot, lay a fair-haired, tiny tot,
Slumb'ring peacefully, no thought of care or harm;
Dreaming of her childish joys, till an unexpected noise
Woke the lassie from her slumbers in alarm.
Some marauder in the room—she could see him thro' the gloom,
But no thought of danger filled her golden head;
And the startled burglar swore, as she clambered to the floor,
Hugging dolly closely to her as she said:

REFRAIN

Please, Mister Burglar-man, won't you go away?
Don't you take my toys, because with them I want to play;
I'll give you the penny mamma gave me yesterday,
If you won't hurt me or dolly, and you'll go away.

'Twas a picture fair to see, when the toddler's childish plea
Touched a chord within the bold intruder's heart;
As he drew her to his side, and to soothe her gently tried,
Brushed away the tears that in her eyes did start.
Whispered he, Don't make a noise, I won't take your pretty toys,
And I wouldn't hurt a hair upon your head;
Nothing in the house you'll miss, if you'll give me just one kiss,
For you saved more than your trinkets when you said:—*Refrain.*

In his arms he took the tot, laid her gently in her cot,
While she nestled close beside him without fear;
Wrapped her in with tender care, as if mother dear was there,
Then he whispered softly in the lassie's ear:
"Far away, across the foam, I've a little one at home,
Thinking of me, tho' I'm many miles away;
And I thought of little Moll when you pleaded for your doll,
For I know that she, like you, would surely say:—*Refrain.*

WEHMAN'S COLLECTION OF SONGS---No. 57.

THE SINGER ON THE STREET.

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Words and music by Horace W. Harmeyer.

One day I saw a child so fair, amid the passing throng,
A blind man stood beside her there; she stopped to sing a song;
It brought to me a by-gone day, it was so strangely sweet.
I paused to listen on my way to the singer on the street.

CHORUS.

Her song told of the weary years that lonely hearts must roam, [home.
To young and old she brought the tears when she sang of home, sweet

Then, one by one, the passers by around that maiden drew,
In many hearts there was a sigh, each one some sorrow knew;
What mem'ries came of pray'rs they'd heard a mother's lips repeat;
The past returned with ev'ry word of the singer on the street.—*Chorus.*

The song was o'er, the little maid and blind man went along;
But not before the crowd had paid to hear her simple song;
How many sped upon their way with mem'ries pure and sweet,
They blessed the song they heard that day from the singer on the street.
—*Chorus.*

If We Should Never Meet Again.

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Words by Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Music by Gussie C. Lindner.

I gaze within those soulful eyes and read thy heart in ev'ry glance,
To be near thee is paradise; we met, our meeting was but chance;
And yet the love that fills my heart shall ever fondly there remain,
Oh, dear to me thou still would'st be, if we should never meet again.

REFRAIN.

Ah, love, the stars would lose their light,
And all life's sunshine would be rain;
If we should part, my dearest heart,
And never meet again.

I hold thy loving hand in mine, I listen to thy tender words,
The air seems full of bliss divine, and melody of warbling birds;
Oh, sad the change to you and me, oh, dark the dream of endless pain,
If we should part, my dearest heart, if we should never meet again.
—*Refrain.*

She'd Never Been There Before.

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Words by Murray and Leigh. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

My sister Sue was just about the shyest girl I know,
She never seemed to understand the way to treat a beau;
Her young man asked her recently to sit upon his knee,
When she at last consented, she behaved so bashfully.

CHORUS.

She'd never been there before, she'd never been there before,
She felt so shy until Charley, dear, started to whisper in her ear,
Stories of love so sweet, which filled her with delight,
She'd never been there before, but now she's going there every night.

One night a big policeman was a strolling on his beat,
And chanced to turn his lantern down an "alley" from the street,
The cook was standing on the steps, she cried, "Oh, dearie, me,"
I feel so very lonely, won't you keep me company.

CHORUS.

He'd never been there before, he'd never been there before,
He found the cookie a reg'lar treat, and such a lovely place to eat,
Cuddled the cookie's waist, and squeezed it nice and tight,
He'd never been there before, but now he's going there every night.

A lady friend of mine whose husband's such a stingy man,
Resolved at last to work upon the good old-fashioned plan;
So while poor hubby slept one night, she seized upon the chance,
Jumped out of bed and dove into the pockets of his pants.

CHORUS.

She'd never been there before, she'd never been there before,
She felt so awfully pleased to see hubby a-snoring peacefully,
Only took fifty cents and nearly died with fright,
She'd never been there before, but now she's going there every night.

A preacher had a notion once that made him very sad,
He used to think that ballet girls were ev'rything that bad;
Said he, "I'll go and preach to them," he meant to give them "beans,"
But didn't he feel funny when he got behind the scenes.

CHORUS.

He'd never been there before, he'd never been there before,
He got on well with the ladies there, one of the girls she curled his [hair;
Showed him the way to dance, it filled him with delight.
He'd never been there before, but now he going there every night.

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE.

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Words and music by Bonnie Thornton.

I'll sing you a song of sweet love, love, it was made for us all,
'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all;
The choicest of gifts from above is the mystery that we call love;
'Tis youth's fondest pleasure, and old age's treasure, is love, sweet love.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! what a sensation when you're in love,
You can feel the vibration when you're in love;
Kissing is sweet occupation when you're in love,
A very strange feeling come over you stealing when you're in love.

Oh, what magic there is in love, what bliss no one can express,
Your soul seems to soar above when you feel its kiss or caress;
It whispers to young and to old just as soft as the coo of a dove,
But love will not tarry, so make haste and marry, for love, sweet love.
—*Chorus.*

MA SWEETEST GIRL.

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Words by Leander Richardson. Music by Andrew Mack.

When the early dawn am breakin' and the niggers am awakin',
In ma veins the pulse of love am beatin' strong,
Then the day looks cold an' dreary, an' my life am dark an' weary,
An' ma ears am ever ringin' with the song:

CHORUS.

I'm a longin' for you, sweetest girl, I'm a longin' for you, neatest girl,
I'm a longin' in ma arms to hold you tight;
To ma breast I want to press you, dear, I'm a yearnin' to caress you,
You're ma sweetest girl, ma honey m-m-m ma delight. [dear,

When the noon-day sun's a quiver, an' I doze beside the river,
An' the bumblebees am hummin' in the lane,
Then I'm dreamin' of you only, an' the universe am lonely,
An' the water sings to me the old refrain:—*Chorus.*

When the cattle am a lowin', an' the night wind am a blowin',
An' the stars am blinkin' gently at the moon,
Then ma heart grows sad an' tender, spite of all the silv'ry splendor,
An' ma soul am all a shiver with the tune.—*Chorus.*

WHEN HE WAS A CHOIR-BOY.

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Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Chas. Coleman.

The service in a near-by church had only just begun, [sun;
And through the stained glass windows brightly streamed the morning
The choir's blending voices floated out upon the street,
Just as a stranger entered, bowed his head, and took a seat.
He watched the white-robed choir and he listened while they sang;
As loud above the others there a boy's sweet tenor rang;
And as the lad's sweet tones rang out, his eyes were dim with tears;
The first that glistened there in many, many weary years.

REFRAIN.

He was a choir-boy, long ago in a village far away,
In the little church so humble, where his pray'rs he'd learned to say;
And many a recollection that time could never destroy, [boy.
Came back as he thought of those by-gone days, when he was a choir-

He often in the days gone by the same old hymns had sung,
A chorister, his voice with boyish fervor oft had rung:
He looked around and fancied he could see in ev'ry pew,
The well-remembered faces of the ones that once he knew.
His father, mother, sister, brothers, all alike were there,
He seemed to see them plainly, heard their voices raised in prayer;
And as the choir's last "Amen" proclaimed the service o'er,
He wandered out and soon was lost to sight beyond the door.—*Refrain.*

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills; "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right."

One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin.

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Words and music by Felix McGlennon.

'Tis night, the scene's a blood-stained battle field,
A truce 'till morning seek the deadly foes;
The rival armies fought, but none would yield,
The weary soldiers crave a brief repose;
Ah, many a gallant heart in death is stilled,
And many a comrade mourns a comrade dear;
With dreams of glory ev'ry soldier's thrilled,
Tho' death is nigh, no thought have they of fear.

CHORUS.

Crouching 'round the camp fires, in the ruddy glow,
While the watchful sentries pace there to and fro;
Waiting for the morning, then to face the foe,
Eager all, a heroe's name to win;
"We've been good old chums, Jack, naught could part us two,
If my time has come, Jack, and if spared are you,
Tell the little girl I love, I was ever true,"
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

'Tis Christmas Eve, the joyous bells ring out,
They seem to say, "Good will and peace to all;"
The village sleeps, nor heeds the royster's shout,
And silence reigns there in the rich man's hall;
But see! a burglar plies his lawless trade,
With muffled feet and eager, watchful eyes,
On plunder bent, of capture not afraid,
He grimly whispers, "He who'd cross me, dies."

CHORUS.

Creeping there so stealthy in the silent gloom,
Searching for his plunder all around the room,
"I'll stop not at murder, though death be my doom,"
Desperate is his heart and steeped in sin;
Hark! a tiny voice there, "Take me on your knee!
Are you Santa Claus? please, no toys can I see!"
"Good-night, little darling one, kiss me, pray for me!"
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Before the Judge defiantly she stands,
Poor outcast drifting on the sea of life;
The drink fiend holds her as in iron bands,
Too helpless she to struggle in the strife;
But slowly, surely drifting, sinking down,
And yet she once was some poor mother's pride;
Now reckless there nor heeds the Judge's frown,
Poor Magdalen, far better she had died.

CHORUS.

I was once so pure, sir, innocent and young,
Till the tempter came, sir, with his lying tongue,
What cared he though my heart was with anguish wrung,
Though I drifted in the path of sin;
In the village church I used to kneel in prayer,
Would you know the name of him who laid the snare?
You were my betrayer, sir, judge me, if you dare,
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

EVERY DAY AT THE STATION.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

At a little railroad station sits an old man ev'ry day,
Waiting as tho' he expected some one from the far away.
And at night he homeward totters, with a tear-drop in his eye,
To himself he sadly murmurs, she is coming bye and bye.
Now bereft of all his reason, with a sister lives alone,
When a young man made a fortune, built a mansion of his own;
But his fondest hopes were shattered, when a message came one day,
And the mem'ry haunts him ever, tho' he's feeble, old and gray.

CHORUS.

Every day at the station he waits and waits in vain,
Watching the many faces that pass on every train;
Who can it be that he sighs for from morning 'till eventide,
Every day at the station he waits for a promised bride.

Listen, I will tell the story, o'er and o'er it's told each day,
How when young he loved a maiden, were engaged, the people say;
On the morning of the wedding went to meet her at the train,
But a message handed to him broke his heart and wrecked his brain;
Thus it read: "The train has been wrecked that was bringing you your bride."
My God, have I lost my darling! this the man then sadly cried.
Back to home then kind friends led him, where the wedding feast was spread,
Ev'ry day since then he's waited at the station for the dead. —*Chorus.*

HAZEL DREW.

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Words and music by Harry Jonas.

There is a maiden of whom I will tell, Hazel Drew,
I love her dearly and she knows it well, Hazel Drew,
She lives in a tenement, for she is poor,
But poverty's no crime, of that I am sure,
There's none could but love her, because she's so pure,
Hazel Drew.

CHORUS.

Hazel, Hazel, I want you for my wife,
I'm waiting for the answer that makes you mine for life,
Hazel, Hazel, I love none else but you,
To me it's bliss to steal a kiss from Hazel Drew.

Ofttimes in roaming fair maidens I've seen, Hazel Drew,
None are the equal of my little queen, Hazel Drew;
To me it's great pleasure to be at her side,
But I'll be more happy when she is my bride,
For then on a long honeymoon we can ride,
Hazel Drew.—*Chorus.*

From Prison to Mother's Grave.

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Words by H. T. Paco. Music by Margaret Adele Moore.

A mother was lying at death's cold door,
And pleading to see her boy,
Who had been led astray in spite of her prayers,
Life's pleasures for her to destroy;
Please go and throw open that large steel door,
Cast his shackles all down on the floor;
Oh, grant this request, ere mine eyes close in death,
Let me hear his sweet voice just once more.

CHORUS.

From a prison to his mother's grave they allowed that convict to go,
'Twas in answer to his mother's prayers, because she loved him so; [brow
His only sister, with broken heart, rained kisses on her poor brother's
Mother and brother both taken away, how lonely 'twill be for her now.

The boy whom she loved was serving his time
For killing his dearest friend;
And his mother from grief was passing away,
Yet prayed for her boy to the end;
Kind friends being moved when they heard her last words,
To the Governor promised to go;
They did and his answer came quick as a flash,
To her pleadings I cannot say no.—*Chorus.*

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART KATE.

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Words by W. E. Murray. Music by J. H. Parnum.

When I was but a little boy I met a maiden fair,
With pretty eyes of sunny blue and flowing flaxen hair;
And when we journeyed home from school I'd linger by the gate,
And she would promise me to be my sweetheart if I'd wait.

REFRAIN.

My little sweetheart Kate, my little sweetheart Kate,
Cheerful and pretty, winsome and witty, charming and not too sedate;
My little sweetheart Kate, with her I'd link my fate, [Kate,
I haven't much money, yet life will be sunny, with my little sweetheart

The sunny years soon glided by and Kate had reach'd nineteen,
While I a trifle more than twenty-three years bright had seen;
And one night while I held her hand Kate said she'd be my mate,
So evermore I will adore my little sweetheart Kate.—*Refrain.*

"Who owns the earth?" asks a contemporary. When the secret was confided to us we promised not to tell, and we shall not break our promise. It is not half so important, anyhow, to hundreds of "society" young men as the question: "Who'll trust me for a new overcoat this fall?"

DOWN AT CASSIDY'S.

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Words by Tom Browne. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Gossoons all and colleens, it's meself that's had some fun,
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
There's more of it to come along, it's only just begun,
Where? Down at Cassidy's,
'Twas a wedding and a christening when first the fun began,
But come along with me and see the end yerself, ye can,
There'll be work for the doctor and the undertaker man,
Where? Down at Cassidy's.

CHORUS.

So we'll all go down to Patsy Cassidy's,
All join in to the best of our capacities,
Whack! Hurroo! Are yez wid me? Yes!
Then we'll all go down to Patsy Cassidy's.

Whisky's there, and beer is there, and brandy, gin and wine,
(*Bus:*—Ay, and we'll be there.)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
And bacon, spuds and cabbage for the swells who want to dine,
(*Bus:*—That's us.)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
They've all been drunk and wranglesome since early morning's light,
And Welch, the navvy, all day long's been dying for a fight,
(*Bus:*—Oh, he is, is he.)
So come wid me friends if ye'd like yer noses broke to-night,
Where? Down at Cassidy's.—*Chorus.*

Durkin snubbed the Flynn's, bekase they are bricklayer's clerks,
(*Bus:*—What? Durkin said that, did he?)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
He said: "All mortar carriers were but low-lived common Turks,
(*Bus:*—Oh, he did, did he?)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
Tim Doyle caught Peter Nolan wid his missus on his knee,
(*Bus:*—Ha, ha!)
And Biddy Flynn she catched her husband cuddling Kate McGee,
(*Bus:*—Ho, ho!)
Yarrah talk of Greeks and Turkeens, there'll be war this night you'll see,
Where? Down at Cassidy's.—*Chorus.*

Get your implements of war quick, if yez mane to come,
(*Bus:*—Get shillelaghs!)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
Be japers, someone's going to get what Paddy gave the drum,
(*Bus:*—Whack on the boards.)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.
All them that's left alive will have some fun, and no mistakes,
(*Bus:*—They will, bedad!)
All them that's kilt won't get run in and sent to jail and faix,
It's next week we'll have more fun with them attending to their wakes,
(*Bus:*—Begob, but that's great!)
Where? Down at Cassidy's.—*Chorus.*

MALONEY'S LEG.

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Words and music by Jos. M. Sparks and Francis Bryant.

Dan Maloney from a building fell, and as the doctor said,
Six inches short, his right leg was, when Dan got out of bed;
When Maloney he was sober, he could walk like you or me;
But Dan he loved his whiskey, and went often on a spree;
And when he had his jag with him he was an awful sight,
For when he wanted to turn left, the short leg steered him right;
Maloney weighed three hundred pounds, all muscle, fat and bone,
When he was full it took a horse and dray to bring him home.

CHORUS.

This is the way Maloney went when he was on a spree,
His leg was short, his back was bent, he was a sight to see;
I'd prop meself agin him, and I'd shove with all me might,
It wasn't a bit of use at all, the leg would
Carry him right,
Carry him right,
Carry him right!

Last St. Patrick's Day, while waiting for a hack to bring him home,
I had to hold Maloney up, he couldn't stand alone;
When a bright idea it struck me, and a brick by chance I found,
I quickly placed the brick between Dan's short leg and the ground;
It balanced him exactly, and I told him not to speak,
While I went off to get a hack, a bootblack made a sneak
Up to where Dan Maloney stood, and then the rascal cute,
He kicked the brick from underneath poor Dan Maloney's foot.—*Cho.*

"Turn to the left," a dago cried to Dan when full one night,
In spite of all that Dan could do the short leg turned him right;
Three hundred pounds of human weight in a moment fell and crashed
Italian, Dan, banana stand, lay in the gutter smashed.
Before Judge Duffy they were brought next day at early morn,
'Twas all Dan's fault, the Dago swore, that Dan was going wrong;
The Judge he put his glasses on, his eyes they twinkled bright,
"Maloney is discharged," said he, for Dan was going right.—*Cho.*

Parody on:

ONLY ME.

Composed by Roger L. Regan.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

A woman was being arrested one day
By a sloppy policeman in blue;
Her two little kids in the gutter played,
And one was her darling, her Sue.
A howl from the street made the old woman shout:
Is that my old man on a spree!
The answer came back from a hobo just out:
No, Maggie, it's only me.

CHORUS.

Only me, only me sound, like a big bass drum,
Came from a weary hobo's mouth that had been full of rum;
He got a smashing blow right in the head, that was weary Willy;
Then he was locked up and given a bed for shouting out only me.

Behind iron bars, on a cold winter's day,
The woman was drinking her last;
The smile that she wore on her face was a fright,
And for a baboon she would pass.
Now next to her cell was this weary hobo—
I think his first name was Willie.
She won't do a thing to his nibs will she—oh!
For saying it's only me.—*Chorus.*

Mr. Vandyke from Klondyke.

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Words and music by Wm. L. Berry.

The train it would arrive on time, the people were all told,
They all ran out to greet him, the man with all the gold;
As he alighted from the car, the ladies ran from near and far
To catch a glance at Mister Vandyke.

CHORUS.

I'm Mister Vandyke, just arrived from Klondyke,
Money to burn, don't you see,
Direct from the Northwest, gold buttons on my vest,
All the ladies are stuck on me;
I drink Golden Grain, I'm nearly insane,
Thinking how to spend my dust;
So come and shake my hand, I'm from the nugget land,
Vandyke from Klondyke.

They started to walk down Broadway, to do the thing up brown,
His friends were all invited to help him paint the town;
So with a big brass band to lead, and all his friends to treat and feed,
The Tenderloin they went to tear up.—*Chorus.*

Policeman tried to stop him, but it was of no avail,
They said, "This ain't Alaska, you'll find yourself in jail!" [buy,
He simply grinned, then yelled, "Why, I have got the dust Broadway to
You don't know me, I'm Mister Vandyke."—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

SADIE, MY LADY.

Composed by Wilson & Kennickson.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

There's a great big blonde maid, and of her I'm afraid,
And sometimes I'm sorry she's living,
And if she would but try to go lay down and die,
Much thanks to the poor I'd be giving;
I have watched her for years drinking big lager beers,
just to set off her charms as a lady,
But no lady I know would have a small side show
In a scrap with my heavyweight Sadie.

CHORUS.

Sadie, Sadie, she is a very warm baby;
She is the kind that you read of in books,
And, bear in mind, she's as hard as she looks—is my
Sadie, Sadie; she likes yours truly Mike Brady—
Anything that wears pants could be knocked in a trance by my Sadie.

When there's frost on the ground, and the snow flying 'round,
And a fellow does nothing but shiver,
Her big feet she will place in a nice, cosy place
On my back, or somewheres near my liver;
Then to make me feel bad she will say ain't you glad
That I'm wearing your old name of Brady;
She eats crackers in bed, but enough has been said
To show that I don't love my dear Sadie.

CHORUS.

Sadie, Sadie, she is a very warm baby,
She is the kind that have learnt how to box,
And hits hard enough to kill any ox—for my
Sadie, Sadie, she made my eyes look so shady,
For she hit me a crack with the butt of an axe, did my Sadie.

SURE THING.

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Words and music by Felix McGlennon.

In the summer when the ladies go to bathe,
When they wet their little tootsies in the sea,
Will they scream in mild dismay,
When a wavelet comes their way,
Will they sigh and cry, "Dearie, me!"
Will the mashers gaily promenade the sands?
And will they keep their glasses on a sling?
Or will they hold them so, just to see the shapely show,
Sure thing, sure thing.

CHORUS.

Sure thing, boys, sure thing, boys,
Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,
And they look like this;
And they feel as if they'd like to dance and wing,
Is there something so sublime in the figure feminine,
Sure thing, sure thing.

In the winter when the ladies go to skate,
Will the gentlemen be somewhere hov'ring near;
Every Willie, Fred and John,
Tries the skates to fasten on,
Don't they sigh and cry, "Let me, dear:"
When the ladies wiggle waggle on the ice,
Will they to their male attendants firmly cling,
If they tumble ain't it fun, just to see the mashers run,
Sure thing, sure thing.

CHORUS.

Sure thing boys, sure thing, boys,
Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,
And they look like this;
And they fly like little birdies on the wing;
If a girl falls on the ice, don't the mashers say, "How nice,"
Sure thing, sure thing.

If you ramble through a gallery of art,
You will see some lovely landscapes on the line,
Little bits of azure sky,
But the people pass them by,
And they'll say, "Well, yes, pretty fine;"
If around a picture you should see a crowd,
If in ecstacy in praise of it they sing,
Is it something extra good, just a study from the nude,
Sure thing, sure thing.

CHORUS.

Sure thing, boys, sure thing, boys,
Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,
And they look like this;
As to a focus all their glasses bring, bring;
They admire each curve and line of the female form divine,
Sure thing, sure thing.

There are students of the drama ev'rywhere,
But the theatres ain't crowded ev'ry night;
Skakespeare doesn't always pay,
And the tragic's had its day,
Now the public crave for something bright;
When a manager puts on a gay burlesque,
When the fairies pironette, and dance and sing,
Will the bald-heads be on show in the very foremost row,
Sure thing, sure thing.

CHORUS.

Sure thing, boys, sure thing, boys,
Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,
And they look like this;
As they watch each little fairy on the wing;
Do they love the little sprites and the ladies dressed in tights,
Sure thing, sure thing.

—Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dying by inches.

Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will injure the pupil.

Don't boast of your pedigree. Many a fool has had a wise ancestor.

Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation.

Don't buy a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living.

Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight.

Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember the tailor is suffering.

I WANT MY LULU.

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Words by Lew Dockstader. Music by Karl St. Clair.

I had a gal and her name was Lou,
Thought unto me dat gal was true;
But with another coon she flew.
It almost broke my heart in two.
I went to de place where she resides,
And for dat wench I loudly cried;
Somebody hollored from inside,
"What do you want?" and I replied:

CHORUS.

I want my Lulu, my baby Lou, I loves her true, indeed I do;
I want my Lulu, my baby Lou, I'd rather die than lose Lulu.

Up to de door like a cat I ran,
There stood a dangerous big black man;
Had a piece of lead pipe in his hand,
I drew my gun, de fight began;
De coon took de lead pipe, beat my head,
Left me a-laying dere for dead;
When I came to that coon had fled,
And as we left dat house I said:—*Chorus.*

'Round dat ere house until dark I stayed,
I sharpened up my razor blade;
Den a big hole in de door I made,
Crawled inside while my plans I made.
I sneaked up de stairs with stealthy tread,
Carved the big coon and thought him dead;
Den with my Lulu off I fled,
And as we left dat house I said:

CHORUS.

I'se got my Lulu, my baby Lou, I loves her true, indeed I do,
I'se got my Lulu, my baby Lou, I'd rather die than lose Lulu.

DOODLEBUG'S BIRTHDAY.

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Words and music by Fay Templeton.

One fine morn a little Doodlebug said to a Bumblebee:
"You know it is my birthday, so come out and play with me;
'Tis a lovely day to crawl about, so hurry up, I pray,
I've invited all the biggest bugs to buzz the time away;
There's the Butterfly so gaudy, with the Wasp is sure to come,
For they say that she's in love with him, because he makes things hum;
The Mosquito, too, will sing a song, as gay as any Lark,
And the Fireflies have promised me to light up after dark.
So the little bugs all came along, some crawling, others flying,
Thro' the clover fields, where sunny breezes chased each other sighing;
To the little town, not on the map, but known to them as Snoodlejugs,
To celebrate the birthday of their dear friend, Doodlebugs.

Now the Bumblebee look'd angry as his friend call'd off the names
Of the guests whom he'd invited to assist him at the games;
There are some whom you've forgotten, Miss Bee buzz'd haughtily,
At least three of my warmest friends ignored entirely;
There's the Ladybug, she'd gladly come, I know she'd like the chance,
I met her in the summer at a honeysuckle dance;
Then the Beetle and Potato-bug—the latter I admire,
Why, in fact, I'm going to marry her as soon as crops expire.
So the little bugs all came along, dear Doodle was delighted,
To atone for any oversight, so all mistakes were righted;
And they all sat down upon the ground, and sunned and buzzed in
To celebrate the birthday of their dear friend, Doodlebugs. [Snoodlejugs,

But the guests were badly seated, and poor Doodle, in his plight,
Had placed Mister Bee upon his left instead of at his right;
Then, to cover his confusion, drank so freely, I am told,
That with the Bee's Potato-bug began to make too bold;
This so enraged the Bumblebee, up from the ground he tore,
And he flew at reeling Doodlebug and stung him o'er and o'er;
The Butterfly stood quiv'ring by, Mosquito ceased to sing,
For the Bumblebee, thro' jealousy, had quite spoil'd ev'rything.
So the little bugs all crawl'd away, the moonlight on the flowers
Lighted up the way thro' clover fields, the blue-bells tolled the hours;
But they'll no more sizzle as before, thro' sunny haze in Snoodlejugs,
No more they'll celebrate the birth of poor old Doodlebugs.

—A woman applied for a situation recently at Belfast, with her clothes dripping like a water-spout. On being asked as to her condition she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

Parody on:

TAKE BACK YOUR GOLD.

By Roger L. Regan.

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I saw a pair of lovers on a moonlight summer's morn,
And wished that I was out of both their reach;
Until as I got near I heard the girl sing this old song,
You're not the only pebble on the beach;
I only ask you, Bill, to pay my board, and that is all,
You know you often wished that I was dead;
And when he said don't bother me, or you will take a fall,
She caught him right between the eyes and said:

CHORUS.

Take back your ring, for I can get another,
Take back those words, or you I'm going to sue;
Give me the change, the change I lent your mother,
Pay all your debts, that's all I ask of you.

He drew her close unto him, and he smashed her in the face,
She broke and quickly caught him with right;
And as he turned to go for her, her feet were in a race,
A-squealing as she ran with all her might.
"Now, little one, don't run," he said, "you'll never see me more,"
And with a brick he hit her in the eye;
This brick was full of sawdust, and I think it was her board,
She scorned the brick he threw at her, and cried;

CHORUS.

Take back your brick, for bricks will never hurt me,
Take back your dust, your board is very fine;
Give me the home, the home you said you'd buy me,
Then you can sing "The Girl I Left Behind."

Parody on:

THE TRAMP.

By Ike Samuel, of the New Orleans Minstrels.

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Let me sit on the top of a freight car,
So the wheels will not roll on my feet,
I'm the man that discovered a brewery,
For two weeks I've had nothing to eat.
Yes, I'm a tramp, what of it,
Folks think a poor tramp's no good,
They think 'cause I'm poor I'm honest,
That I wouldn't be bad if I could.
Once I was young and handsome,
That's what my poor mudder said,
Well mudder, you know, is blind,
And she never could see me head.
'Way down in New York City,
That's where I lost my *grip*;
I met a *oubrette* on de Bowery,
And she tried to give me de *slip;*
Well, I married dis lady one evening,
This same lady now is my wife,
And she thought no more of killing me,
Den she did of takin' me life.
Beaus, well she had a thousand,
Had 'em from near and far,
But most of dem were *spiders;*
They were all *dead* on to her,
But der was a city ruben,
Wid no lilacs on his chin,
Got her to pawn my wardrobe,
My watch and diamond pin.
Well, it's the same old story,
Common enough, you'll say,
But he was a silver-tongued orator,
And got her to run away.
Well, about fifty years after,
I heard from my better half,
In the same place down on the Bowery,
She tried to give me the laugh.
But no, no, I wouldn't have it,
So I told her right there and then,
That the only thing that I wanted
Was my gold-plated watch and chain;
When just as I thought of thinking,
She came up and told me all,
How she blowed in my swag with a ruben,
Down at a Bowery ball.
Well, it's no use to wear out my palate,
So I'll end this story right here;
I can't keep the secret no longer,
I've been talking for whiskey and beer.

—A young man who went to a circus and stepped too near the monkey's cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely had he not said "it was merely a monkey wrench;" but when they heard that the infuriated crowd threw him into the lions' cage.

Parody on:

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

By Charles A. Bromley.

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Of pretty girls, the papers tell, and mashers try to mash,
But there is only one girl that I'd let cook my hash;
She is not very homely, and she's not a pretty "cuss,"
She's just sixteen, "steen" years ago, and she lives next door to us.

Oh, Maggie Maguire, believe me, my Mag, I would choose you,
Sweet Maggie Maguire, I bet forty cents I can't lose you;
Name the minute, don't say I'm not in it; if you do, I'll eat, I fear;
Say I am it, and I'll marry no nit, as soon as I buy the beer.

Oh, Maggie Maguire, believe what I say is a lie, dear,
Sweet Maggie Maguire, if I won't be yours, tell me why, dear.
Let's get a bike and ride down the pike in our new bloomer suits, [shutes
And if we go broke, our wheels we will soak, and then we'll go shoot the

Oh, Maggie Maguire, tell me how much do I owe you,
Sweet Maggie Maguire, I know my girl, I don't know you;
Don't ring a bluff, but say you're got stuff, and together we will roam,
We'll take the hog train and go to Ft. Wayne as soon as I mortgage the [home

Parody on:

JUST BEHIND THE TIMES.

By Joseph Pincus.

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A dude one night went out to see the sights,
With lots of money to spend;
Down Sixth Avenue his way he did quickly mend,
When suddenly he spied two charming blondes;
Who sweetly at him did smile;
Said he; "My dears, come with me for awhile."
He bought them a grand supper, he spent his money fast,
He drank many bottles of good wine;
And when he was so full that he couldn't see,
They took his watch and chain,
And said, "Ta-ta, you are behind the times."

CHORUS.

Behind the times they told him,
You are behind the times,
If you would have been fly and up-to-date,
You wouldn't have drank so much wine;
Next time perhaps you'll know better,
And blondes wish in hotter climes;
You were dead slow, with us stood no show,
For you're away behind the times.

A chap had a date to meet his dearest girl,
At the Grand Central depot,
On the 2:40 train that left for Chicago;
She waited patiently for him to come until the train did start,
They left on it with another old sweetheart;
Her lover came all out of breath, said he, tell me if the 2:40 has left.
The trainman shook his head and then did whine,
Your lady friend has left with another chap, and said she's sore on you.
I am awful sorry, but you're two minutes behind the time.

CHORUS.

Two minutes behind they told him,
Just two behind the time,
If my watch had not been slow,
I would have been on time;
In the future I will take a cab,
And on cable cars draw the line,
She has gone, and I forlorn
Am two minutes behind the time.

In a country town a man came on the stage to do a comic turn,
The programmes said he was a comedian up-to-date;
He sang some songs which were flavored with very old age,
And told jokes that long ago were wiped from the slate.
The audience laughed and shouted, he imagined they thought him good,
Said he to himself, "To-night I'm extra fine!"
Just then a kid in the gallery hollered out
"Get off before you're hit,
You've got plenty of nerve, but are behind the times."

CHORUS.

Behind the times, the kid told him,
You are behind the times,
You thought that we were hoosiers,
And never heard those lines;
Next time you come to this city,
We'll give you a reception fine;
For from to-day on we are going to save eggs
That are behind the times.

—There is scarcely any trouble without a woman being at the bottom of it, so when you pass a house and hear a youngster yelling like blue blazes, you can make up your mind that the foregoing fact accounts for the noise.

THE BOLD MILITIAMAN.

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Words and music by Harry B. Morris.

Not long ago I joined the brave militiamen,
For my girl, Mary Ann, likes a military man;
And so, you know, away along the streets I go,
I fancy now that I'm a soldier bold,
And, to my country, worth my weight in gold.

CHORUS.

We wink at all the servants as we march along the street,
Our uniform's a treat, so tasty 'round the feet;
A penny cane, a bad cigar, and there you are complete,
Just the boy for Mary Ann, is the bold militiaman.

"Expand your chest and try to turn your tootsies out,"
Said my girl, Mary Ann, "If you will, I know you can;"
Although I try to do my best, the people shout,
"Eyes right, attention there, pull up your socks!
Fine soldiers here, at eighteen pence a box!"—*Chorus.*

This uniform just fits me where it touches, so,
To please my Mary Ann, I'd to find a novel plan
To make me smart, also to win my Mary's heart,
I stuffed a lot of padding in my chest;
She says I'm now a picture, like the rest.—*Chorus.*

And She Lisped When She Said "Yes."

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Words and Music by J. McNicoll.

'Twas a maiden who was tripping gracefully along the street,
One summer afternoon;
'Twas a Johnnie who espied her, and began to smile so sweet
That summer afternoon.
"Oh, please can you inform me where the Waldorf is?" said she,
The swell could do no less;
He said; "You are a stranger in the city I can see,"
And she lisped when she said "Yes."

CHORUS.

Pretty girl, tricky girl,
Oh, it would have been a pity
To leave her in that strange city.
"Please," said he, "allow me,"
And she lisped when she said "yes."

Now they didn't reach the Waldorf, but they reached a place close by,
That summer afternoon;
The weather and the comp'ny and the champagne all were dry
That summer afternoon.
When two or three more bottles, the waiter he did pass,
All were frisky, I confess;
"Now just say that you won't leave me," said the swell to that young lass,
And she lisped when she said "yes."

CHORUS.

Pretty girl, tricky girl,
When she left that silly laddie
She said she'd to meet her daddy;
Says he, "Dear, come back here,"
And she lisped when she said "yes."

Now the waiter shook that Johnnie for perhaps an hour or two
That summer afternoon;
And when he missed his watch he called an officer in blue,
That summer afternoon;
But when they spoke about the lisp, the copper said, "I see
Who that is, I can guess."
So he went and found the maiden, and said, "Come along with me,"
And she lisped when she said "yes."

CHORUS.

Pretty girl, tricky girl,
The copper said, "I say love,
'Twas the lisp gave you away, love,
Get it cut or keep it shut,"
And she lisped when she said "yes."

When they took her to the station, the Inspector said, "Hello,"
That summer afternoon;
And they put her in a dark cell, where the wicked people go,
That summer afternoon;
Next morning when they placed her in the dock as it struck ten,
She seemed in great distress;
But the Magistrate was not surprised, he said, "You're here again,"
And she lisped when she said "yes."

CHORUS.

Pretty girl, naughty girl,
Kleptomania, well, don't worry,
I will cure you in a hurry,
Rest, my dear, for one year,
And she lisped when she said "yes."

BID ME NOT FORGET THE PAST.

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Words by Norton Atkins. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

Oh, bid me not, my love, forget the past,
Fond thoughts are dear to me while life shall last;
Oft I recall those tender, loving hours,
When we two wandered 'mid the scent of flow'rs.
Once more I hold your gentle hand in mine,
And dream once more those dreams of love divine;
Those mem'ries oft have stayed me from dispair;
To me they are as pure as holy pray'r.

REFRAIN.

Oh, bid me not, my love, forget the past,
Fond thoughts are dear to me while life shall last;
They are my faith in all futurity,
My hopes, dear heart, of all that is to be.

It was to be that you and I should part,
That I should teach love's lesson to my heart;
Can you forget those happy days of old,
Those days when we two stood 'twixt love and gold,
Yet, dear, I know that we shall meet again,
Forget the bitter parting and the pain;
The world's a dark and dreary place to me,
Till in my dreams thy angel face I see.—*Refrain.*

Remember, love, the words we spoke that night,
The moon was out, the stars were shining bright;
Remember, love, the troth we plighted there,
When all the world seemed to us bright and fair.
Though fate decreed that we in pain must part,
Your image lives within my broken heart;
Though seas divide us, and you are not nigh,
My love for you shall never, never die.—*Refrain.*

KEEP A-WATCHIN' DIS COON.

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Words and music by Raymond A. Browne.

A juicy watermelon lay a-rip'nin' in de sun,
Jest you keep a-watchin' dis coon,
An' day an' night a hired man was handy with a gun,
Jest to keep a-watchin' dis coon!
He watched dat watermelon wid de greatest kind o' care,
But one night he forgot it, an' I solemnly declare
Dat when de mornin' came again de mellin wasn't there,
He fergot ter keep a-watchin' dis coon.

CHORUS.

He fergot ter keep a-watchin' dis coon, dis coon,
He fergot ter keep a-watchin' dis coon;
Well, dere ain't no use in tellin' who eloped with Mister Mellin,
But it's safe ter keep a-watchin' dis coon.

One night some sleepy pullets sat a-roostin' on a perch,
Jest you keep a-watchin' dis coon;
De farmer an' his family dey all had gone to church,
Jest you keep a-watchin' dis coon:
A cullud individual, jest shortly after dark,
He burglarized the hen-house while de dog fergot ter bark,
Dere's twenty-seven missin' now, an' dat's why I remark,
Dat's it's best ter keep a-watchin' dis coon.

CHORUS.

Fer it's best to keep a-watchin' dis coon, dis coon,
Yes, it's best to keep a-watchin' dis coon;
Fo' a fat an' tender chicken makes de bestest kind o' pickin',
An' it's best ter keep a-watchin' dis coon.

A gemman had a smoke-house, an' it stood out in his yard,
Jest you keep a-watchin' dis coon;
Filled up with beef an' bacon, it wos doubled locked and barred,
Jest a-tantalizin' dis coon;
He went an' tole de neighbors dat ob thieves he had no fear,
But soon dat beef an' bacon dey commenced ter disappear,
He couldn't tell de reason—dough de reason it was clear,
He fergot ter keep a-watchin' dis coon.

CHORUS.

He fergot ter keep a-watchin' dis coon, dis coon,
He fergot ter keep a-watchin' dis coon;
Eb'ry day I'm growin' bigger, bacon's fatnin' fo' a nigger,
An' it's best ter keep a-watchin' dis coon.

—Mr. Heep said to a drunken fellow, "If I were in your place I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was, "If yooz in my plaish, you couldn't get there."

Parody on:

THERE'LL COME A TIME.

Composed by Ike Samuel.

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Why are you sad, Alphonse, my darling,
Why is your face leaking to-day,
Have you a pain in your glass window,
Is this a joke, tell me, I pray.
No, no, my pet, you are mistaken,
I met an angel, I didn't know,
Now I've a fear some day you'll blow me,
Just as this other pet did long ago.

CHORUS.

But there'll come a time some day
When you can't do a country jay.
They'll need no police to guide them from day to day;
They'll know a thing or two,
They'll be dead on to you,
They will all drop to your stories, there'll come a time.

Let me know all, Alphonse, my darling,
Did she get the chills and shake you, my dear,
Or was she mad, bug-house or daffy,
Why is her face never heard here.
Just wait awhile, I'll tell the story,
I was quite young, just in my prime,
She put her hand in my vest pocket,
I had spare moments, but she had the time.

CHORUS.

She took my time away,
I had no time to stay,
I have no watch now to guide me from day to day;
These are the words she said,
Marry the girl you wed,
And while you tell them this story, I'll tell the time.

Parody on:

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

By Ike Samuel, of the New Orleans Minstrels.

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A girl with no legs went out for a walk,
Then she spoke to herself, just to hear herself talk;
Also a youth with a small broken tooth
Walked along with this poor little thing,
Then he told her how he would go out to Klondike;
He'd make lots of money, then buy her a bike,
Now she's waiting in vain to see him again,
But in Klondike the poor guy does sing:

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, I'd like to ride home on a ferry,
I've played freeze out many a time,
But I'll never play freeze out again;
I've got nothing now but a cold heart;
If I get baldheaded, I'll never part,
But I'll live and let you support me, love, when summer comes again."

Now Fitzsimmons and Corbett at last had a fight,
You can bet all your dough it was 'way out of sight;
Well, I didn't go, but I guess you all know
That Fitz didn't do him a thing.
Now for fourteen long rounds he just waited his chance,
To put Pompadour Jimmy right into a trance,
As he fell to the floor, he and Brady both swore,
Now this is the song that they sing:

CHORUS.

Poor heart, sore heart, the fight is all over and we part;
I've stood many a punch in my time, but that was a terrible pain,
Now if Jimmy will stop reciting,
And just do a little more fighting,
Bob will give him another chance when summer comes again.

—An abundance of guests and limited lodgings rooms caused Jimmie to be "slept out" at a neighbor's. On arising in the morning he was invited to remain at breakfast. "Well, I guess not," he replied, "we have mighty good breakfast at our house when we have company."

—Andrew Jackson, when President, gave a reception once at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore. His tailor came forward and cordially grasped him by his hand. "I do not recall your name," whispered the old Democrat; pray favor me with it." "I made your breeches," whispered back the embarrassed tailor. "Gentleman," said General Jackson, turning to the assembled company, "let me present to you my friend Major Bridges."

A NIGHT OFF;

OR,

The Mystery of a Burnt Ear.

Composed by Ike Samuel, of the New Orleans Minstrels.

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I stood on the deck of a ship one morn,
My heart was right, but my face was wrong;
And as I sauntered along the street,
I discovered my shoes were filled with feet.
Then I kept on walking until I stopped,
When my face on my head did quickly drop;
And as I stood thinking, I thought for a while,
I was thinking about me own mother's chile;
When mamma used to whistle as I sat on her knee,
"There's only one girl in this world for me."
Now it's no use in talking when you know you can't speak,
A deaf and dumb man told me that last week;
And as I sat standing, pondering over the past,
A Dutch shoemaker told me to stick to the "last."
Just then a strange feeling came over me then,
It came over me once, then came over again;
I then felt like riding, but I hadn't the fee,
So I borrowed an ax and took a "hack" at tree;
Then, just as I took it a maiden passed by,
With a nose on her head, and a tear in her eye:
Then I asked her the reason she was crying so hard,
Said she, "If you listen, I'll tell you, my lord.
I'm a plain Texas girl, now, my lord, have no fear,
I was crying just to give you a Texas (s) tear;
To hitch to the hack you just took at the tree;
You can see it's as plain as A, B, C."
Then she went on her way by herself all alone,
You could see by her age that her face was full grown,
With an eye one nose, and a hair on her lip,
She pulled out a pillow and gave me the "slip."
I then closed my face, I knew no more,
I knew that I knew just as much before;
With a start I awoke, then I heard some one call,
Wake up, you've had a bad nightmare, that's all.

Come Back to Us, Sister, Again.

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Words by T. L. Clay. Music by Felix McGlennon.

There's a room in an old-fashioned farm-house,
A mother oft goes there to pray;
All there is in that room they hold sacred,
Since Nelly from home went away;
There's her work-box, her chair by the window,
Left just as they were on that night,
When beguiled by the tongue of the tempter,
Their darling from home took her flight.

REFRAIN.

There are dear ones who long to caress her,
Who'd shield her from sorrow and pain;
And often they murmur, "God bless her,
Come back to us, sister, again.

Tho' her name is not spoken among them,
Yet oft when the old folks look sad,
Ah, they know they are thinking of Nelly,
Whose smile seemed to make all things glad.
Has she found among strangers a shelter,
Secure from the finger of scorn,
Or amid the cold world does she wander,
Neglected, despised and forlorn?—*Refrain.*

Oh, how oft on a dark night in Winter,
With pitiless snow falling fast,
They have seemed to hear poor Nelly calling,
As though she had come back at last;
Then that mother will sigh thro' her weeping,
"If parted, my child, we must live,
Would to God you may know we are willing
To welcome, forget, and forgive."—*Refrain.*

—"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sundays, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed, I could; but I promised mother ne-ne-never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't sir, ne-ne-ver"—and as his emotions overpowered him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.

IT AIN'T NO LIE.

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Words and music by Moran & Helf.

White folks say that the times are hard,
But niggers never worry, trust in de Lord;
Have no trouble, get a plenty to eat,
And for chicken dinner they a-can't be beat.
I went last night to a chicken coop,
Chickens roosted high, didn't have to stoop;
No matter how hard the times may be,
Chickens don't a-come too high for me.

REFRAIN

I'se a natural born reacher,
I'se a natural born reacher,
I do love my chickens,
It ain't no lie.

I took my babe to a ball one night,
A coffee-colored nigger tried to start a fight;
Says I, "See here, Johnson, don't you give me a call,
'Cause if I'se encouraged, I will clean out this hall!"
"Do you mean," says Johnson, "that you'll clean out the place,"
He called for soap and water, shoved a mop in ma face;
When I got through a-scrubbing I was tired as could be,
'Twas the cleanest old hall you ever did see.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born cleaner,
I'se a natural born cleaner,
Got the best of reference,
It ain't no lie.

Went out the other night for to shoot some crap,
Expected to win some money perhaps;
Thought those coons would all have fits,
When I proudly said I'd shoot six bits.
"Come seven," I cried, but out rolled three,
Said, "It's all up, gemmen, you'se done cleaned me;"
"What! cleaned already!" says Liver Lip Jim,
"Why, you wasn't very dirty when you first came in."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born gambler,
I'se a natural born gambler,
I must have been hoodood,
It ain't no lie.

'Neath a great big tree with my babe I sat,
Tree was loaded down with persimmons so fat;
Had my arms around her, she was making goo goo eyes,
And she says, "Do you hear how this tree moans and sighs."
I said to my babe, "Now, it's a-very plain,
If the tree moans and sighs it must be in pain;
If you were as full of persimmons as that tree, Sue,
Why it's dollars to doughnuts you'd be a-moanin', too."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born joker,
I'se a natural born joker,
A regular Joe Miller,
It ain't no lie.

Knew a man by the name of Freeze,
Among the gals he was all the cheese;
He was twice as frosty as his name,
And he looked like the letter that never came.
Alas! poor Freeze got in a fight,
Coons pulled their razors and carved him right;
They parted his body from his breath somehow,
And he cuts no ice where he is now.

REFRAIN.

He's a natural born freezer,
He's a natural born freezer,
He'll have hot doings,
It ain't no lie.

Had a dream the other night,
Dreamed I was climbing up the golden flight;
Got a hustle on me, didn't want to be late,
There sat St. Peter at the golden gate.
"Hello, Pete!" I shook a-hands with him;
I'm playing with the 'Creoles,' and I want to go in!"
"Cuts no ice with a-whom you played,
See the manager and have a-your card O K'd."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born trouper,
I'se a natural born trouper,
Done got a turn down,
It ain't no lie.

Kept on a-dreaming the whole night through,
'Cause I didn't get to heaven was a-feelin' blue;
Found a bunch of money lyin' on the ground,
Started over after Susan for to do the town.
Came to cafe and I went in,
Stepped to bar and I called for gin;
Was just about to drink it, 'twas just my luck,
I didn't get to taste it, for I done woke up.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born dreamer,
I'se a natural born dreamer,
Dream hard luck stories,
It ain't no lie.

The Picadilly Johnny with the Little Glass Eye.

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Words and music by Harry B. Norris.

The set of boys I chum with are the best known set downtown,
And in that set a noted chap is young Algernon Brown;
He's just come into heaps of coin, he don't know what he's worth,
And all the ladies say he is the nicest boy on earth.

CHORUS.

He's very well known, is Algy, to the ladies on the stage,
Such a jolly good chap is Algy, just now he's all the rage;
And a jolly big fav'rite, Algy, with the barmaids at the "Crl,"
He's very well known, is Algy, as the Picadilly Johnny with the little glass eye.

He'll drive a girl to Harlem, as some other Johnnies do,
He buys her p'r'aps, a diamond ring, a watch and bracelet, too;
Girls say they'll never leave him, and they keep their word and don't,
And while his cash holds out, you bet your Sunday hat they won't!
—*Chorus.*

He goes to all the theatres, where he knows the Coryphees,
He takes them out to supper, also buys them large bouquets;
They call him "Algy, darling," to his face—the usual way,
But when they chat behind the scenes, poor Algy's called a "jay."—*Cho.*

DOWN IN THE CO'N FIEL'.

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By Will S. Hays.

I see de black smoke rollin' high,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Dat boat am comin' by and by,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
I hear dem engines beckin' steam;
She's a-comin' whoopin' up de stream;
She's gettin' warm when de whistles scream,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field—Den

CHORUS.

Hanna wake me airly in de morn,
I'm a-gwine down yonder to de shuckin' ob de corn;
I'll nebber come home till I hear de dinner horn
From 'way down yonder in de corn-field.

I hoe de corn to de end of the row,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
When you get to de fence den lay down your hoe,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Get on de fence an' you'll see her come;
Dem big wheels fillin' de ribber wid foam;
It's de *Baton Rouge*, and she's gwine home,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field—Den—*Chorus.*

Dem Anchor Line boats am fast an' fine
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
But Bixby's boat am de boss ob de line,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Look at de smoke and de steam she make;
Catch all de fast boats—gib 'em de shake;
No use talkin', for she calls for de cake,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field—Den—*Chorus.*

—Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him, "Be a good boy to-day." He somewhat surprised us by saying, "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough, we thought, we need the exhortation more than he. And who could give it more effectually than this guileless prattler? The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we wrote editorials or letters, pacified an irate correspondent, whose effusion we could not publish, or pruned a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear the sweet child-voice saying, "Be a good man, papa."

—"You must write as you talk, in a natural manner," said a schoolmaster to a pupil the other day. The next day she brought a composition to school which read somewhat as follows: "Lady Washington was a widow (humph) when George Washington married her (Oh, dear, there's a blot). Her name was Martha (I always did hate that name) Curtis. They had no children (achew) but they had plenty of slaves (tra la la), and they lived at Mount Vernon (there goes the dinner bell), and Washington's tomb is there (the soup will be cold), and there he lies to be wept over by a grateful people who have had a good square hot meal."

DOWN IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Of all the sweet girls in old New York, there's only one for me,
Whose education's not the best, nor raised in luxury;
She helps to support a mother who is feeble, old and gray;
My heart's delight is Sunday night when I may call and say:

CHORUS.

She's my darling, all the children know,
And I'm happy to say the same is so,
None I'll marry, none but little Sally,
The idol of the boys and girls down in Hogan's alley.

She said she would gladly marry me, but mother's old, you know,
And needs some one to care for her—don't ask me, Jack, to go,
For three-score years have passed her by, and comfort her I should,
So I will state, I'll gladly wait when I can say for good:—*Chorus.*

ONE SWEET WORD.

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Words by Geo. M. Cohan. Music by Charles Hirst.

I've waited long ere asking a question, dear, divine,
My love I have been masking, but now "will you be mine?"
Since first I met you, darling, you've made life's dullness shine,
So answer or my heart will break, I fear;
'Tis the love I bear for you, the love so good and true,
That bids me speak and make my story clear;
My every thought's of thee, my life's companion be,
Just answer me with one sweet word, my dear.

CHORUS.

One sweet word, love, is all I want to hear you say,
Long I've waited, darling, answer me I pray;
Don't be angry, my loved one, this true heart is stirred,
Just let me hear you say yes, my dear—only one sweet word.

No love was e'er so true, dear—you are my one delight;
I think of none but you, dear, from early morn till night;
On my life's darkness, darling, you've thrown a shining light,
And still that one sweet yes I have not heard,
And at night my many dreams are of but you, it seems;
You are the one girl that I have preferred;
I love but you alone, just say you'll be my own,
And answer me with one sweet, little word.—*Chorus.*

A DEAR, KIND DOCTOR.

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By Joseph Tabrar.

Have you ever had a nagging at your heart?
If you haven't, well I hope you never will;
I believe that I've been stung by cupid's dart,
Tho' for months I have been under Doctor Phil.
Now the first time that he asked to see my throat,
He took a little bottle from a shelf;
On telling him my age he said, "How young!"
Then I gently murmured to myself—Oh!

CHORUS.

He's a dear, kind doctor, as clever as clever can be;
He's a dear, kind doctor, and awfully fond of me.
He can tell its Trilby when I pull at the surgery bell,
But the moment he feels my pulse I say, "I feel quite well."

First he said, "Undo the buttons of your coat—
Now, dear madam, won't you kindly take a chair."
And then, on gazing down my little throat,
He said, "there's nothing much the matter there."
Then he placed a little trumpet to his ear,
And put the other end upon my chest;
I murmured to myself, "Oh, what a dear!"
Then inwardly, and solemnly, confessed—Oh!—*Chorus.*

Yesterday, while looking gently in my eyes,
He said, "Excuse me, dear, but gaze above."
And then, between two gentle little sighs,
"My darling," he exclaimed, "why you're in love."
As I had a faint idea that he was right,
So didn't wish to cause him any strife;
Instead of there resisting with my might,
I consented right away to be his wife—Oh!—*Chorus.*

I Told Them that I Saw You.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

You all have heard the story of the girl who ran away,
And how she met her schoolmate 'midst the city's throng one day.
"Just tell the folks you saw me," that was all the maiden said.
One day she got a letter from her schoolmate, and it read:

CHORUS.

I told them that I saw you, they want you to come home;
Their hearts are aching for you, while far away you roam;
The old folks still adore you, they soon from us must part,
So come home, Madge, before you break your dear old mother's heart.

Then came the thoughts of childhood to this girl once bright and gay;
She seemed to see her mother in their cottage far away.
She thought of happy schoolmates, and the life she should have led,
And while she pondered there a tear fell on the note, which read:—*Cho.*

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

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By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl, who's simply "out of sight,"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you;
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you:
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam:
Say you'll be true, and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him:
Somehow they always "make up," though, when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

WALK, McCARTHY, WALK.

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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

One August day a farmer, driving down a country road,
He met McCarthy, J, and Mac to him did say:
"If you don't mind, I'd like to walk behind your truck awhile."
"All right, climb up the back." "No, let me walk," says Mack.
The farmer said, "No! come up here, there's room enough for two."
McCarthy only shook his head, "I'll walk, if that suits you."
The farmer laughed and heard him, as he slowly drove ahead;
For Mac kept talking to himself, and this is what he said:

CHORUS.

Walk, walk, walk, McCarthy, walk and wear a smile;
You had a great old chance to ride, but, like a fool, threw it aside,
So walk, walk, walk, McCarthy, swallow all the dust;
You burned your money, 'tis all gone, so walk because you must.

He never stopped a minute in his quaint soliloquy,
"I'll beat them even yet if once a chance I get.
I made me money like a man and spent it like the same.
The whole town did I know, they'd bow wherever I'd go."
You were a good thing, Mac, old boy, and pushed along for fair;
They never told you, did they, Mac, that aces beat a pair?
You paid for suppers and champagne, to friends who called you Mac;
You loaned your rings to ladies, and they never brought them back.—*Cho.*

It took you twenty years, or so, to make your little pile,
And working every day, putting ev'ry cent away;
It took you twenty months, or so, to blow in all you had;
And all that's left, you wear, and hope that that won't tear;
Your dress suit is at Rubenstein's when it's not at a ball;
Two Dutchmen, Groll and Pfeiffer, now own James McCarthy's hall;
Your sweetheart, Mamie Cassidy, has married Pat McCann;
McFadden sold your trotter to a Low-Dutch groceryman.—*Chorus.*

—"A man may be drove to dhrink," said Officer McGobb, "but to git 'im away from it I find he has to be pulled."

OH! MR. AUSTIN.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A man named Amos Austin took a trip to Boston
From his quiet little home in Saccarappa, Maine,
Where he was a preacher, and with him took a teacher
From a class in Sunday school, whose Christian name was Jane;
When they got to Boston, dear, kind Mr. Austin
Left her up at Young's Hotel, but soon from there she fled;
And goodness gracious, what a shock, when that same night at twelve o'clock,
He found her out on Tremont Street, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

Oh! Mr. Austin,
Since I've been in Boston
Everything's been happiness,
Without a care or pain;
My brain's been in a constant whirl,
And I'll be a much wiser girl
When I go back to Saccarappa, Maine.

Next day a hotel boarder told Jane he adored her,
Took her out with him that night to see the "Black Crook" show,
And when the lady prancers, called the Midway dancers,
Moved about so very queer, Jane murmured, "Oh, dear, oh!"
But when the show was over, Jane was in high clover,
Vowing she had never dream'd of seeing such a play:
Right back to Young's they went to dine, where very freely Jane drank wine,
The parson walked in on the scene, but Jane could only say:—*Chorus.*

The day that Mr. Austin took Jane out of Boston
Such a crowd you never saw, as gathered at the train,
To see this little maiden, so sad and sorrow-laden,
Soon to leave the city for her quiet home in Maine.
Before the train departed, almost broken-hearted,
Nervously she gazed about and madly tossed her head;
And then she hollered loud and plain, "I'd rather not go back to Maine."
The parson answered, "But you must," then sobbingly she said:—*Chorus.*

EVERY NIGHT I SEE THAT NIGGER STANDIN' 'ROUND.

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By Joseph Hart & W. H. Matchette.

The worstest nigger that I know steals and gets into a row,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
He went down to a colored church, knocked the deacon off his perch,
Just because he'd nuthin else to do.
Went to a colored ball, one night, drew his razor, started a fight,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
In a policy shop did londly shout, "I'se gwine to clean dis ere place out!"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger walkin' 'round, talkin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round,
Just because he'd nothin' else to do.

One moonlight night he left his stoop to go and visit a chicken coop,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Not a sound there could be heard, he said, "I'se gwine to get that bird,"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
The man that owned that coop had a gun—Lordy, how that nig did run,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
You see that bird was that man's pet. I 'spects that nigger's runnin' yet,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—*Chorus.*

Got shaking craps with a lot of coons up in Reuben Snowball's rooms,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Those niggers wished he was in heaven, for ev'ry shake he shook eleven,
Just because he'd nothin' else to do;
Won all they had, but had to cheat—niggers chased him down the street,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Thro' an alley, my! but it was funny. He said, "I'll give you a run for yer [money!"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—*Chorus.*

—A bishop was traveling along and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to this all day long. His hat was off and the sun was pouring down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man.

The Irishman wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman. "Do ye think I'd be doin' this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and gave the handle another turn.

NEVER AGAIN.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

The magic of a voice I loved,
The last sweet song I heard her sing,
A face remembered in my dreams,
A tiny hand, a simple ring;
A witching smile, a loving eye,
A tender heart, a woman fair,
The one, the only one of all,
The gem that could with all compare.

REFRAIN.

Never again shall I hear her voice,
Never again the song,
The face I remember so well in my dreams
Will haunt me my whole life long;
The tokens of love and the tender heart
Were only given in vain;
The one that I loved the best of all,
Will never be mine again, never again.

When daylight westward flies,
Often with longing eyes,
Turned to the starry skies,
My soul has longed to greet thee;
Thou in the glory there,
Witness my heart's despair,
Tho' I may never dare
In heaven again to meet thee.—*Refrain.*

LOVE ME, HONEY, DO.

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Words and Music by Richard Stahl.

When de shades of night am fallin'
An' de whip-o-willis am callin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When de darkies am a-singin'
An' dem golden bells am ringin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When yer for de cake am walkin'
An' dem niggah girls are talkin',
An' a-tryin' for to make a mash on you;
Don't forget your little 'ninny,
Even tho' she's rather skinny,
Love me, ma honey, do!

CHORUS.

Bless dem lips, like cherries,
Sweet as huckleberries;
Come! your own baby longs for you.
Why much longer tarry?
You's de one I'd marry—
Love me, ma honey, do!
Bless dem lips, like cherries,
Sweet as huckleberries!
Come! your own baby longs for you.
Why much longer tarry?
You's de one I'd marry—
Love me, ma honey, do!

When de moon thro' clouds am peepin'
An' de birds am all a-sleepin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When de little stars am blinkin'
Den of yous am fondly thinkin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When a game of craps you's playin',
Eb'ry time for you I's prayin',
An' I know you likes yer little black-eyed Sue.
You's her beau, her sweetest honey,
Even tho' you's got no money,
Love me, ma honey, do!—*Chorus.*

—A capital story is current in London about two Waterford merchants and hatters who once obtained an audience with the present Pope's predecessors. They were old-fashioned men and good, pious Catholics, and when, after much formality, they were ushered into the room where Pius IX., in all his Papal splendor, was waiting to receive them, both were so overcome with emotion that they could do nothing but stare in blank amazement, trembling all over. At last one of them found his tongue. Throwing himself on his knees he shouted out loud enough to be heard in every corner of the vast chamber: "O Holy Father, we're from Waterford!"

COME OFF O' THE MOON.

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Words and Music by Al. B. Schulz.

'Way up in the moon is my dear one,
I know he's in love with me:
I know that his heart I have captured;
He always is smiling at me;
Each night about eight I sit by the gate
And watch for my sweet one above;
And when he appears, I greet him with cheers,
And sing to my own darling love.

CHORUS.

Come off o' the moon, just to please me;
Come off o' the moon; don't you tease me;
Stop winking at me, 'cause mamma might see,
And catch you at flirting with me, love;
Come off o' the moon just a minute,
And tell me that no one is in it with you
Except me, how happy I'd be;
Come off o' the moon, now do.

His ways they are really bewitching,
His eyes they are ever so bright;
Whenever my mamma is looking,
A cloud hides him quickly from sight;
It fills me with bliss when he throws a kiss,
And bids me good-night from above;
To-morrow at eight I'll be at the gate,
And sing to my own darling love:—*Chorus.*

LOVE'S BATTLE.

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Words and Music by Al. B. Schulz.

The ship ploughed through the calm, blue sea,
The sailors sat and joked,
But where's our brave and jolly mate?
Asked one, and up all looked.
Oh, there he sits; come on now, Jack,
Your jokes are always right,
But, lad, you're always filled with joy,
What makes you sad to-night?
Brace up, old boy, shake off your thoughts,
And tell us of your fate.
When Jack's eyes filled with burning tears,
And this he did relate:

CHORUS.

There's none to come and meet me
On the shore, that once was dear;
There's none to come and greet me,
And shed a gladdened tear;
My only treasure's taken,
'T has been my only pride,
The seal of love is broken,
My only hope destroyed.

How well I do remember yet
Those happy childhood days
That Kate and I together spent,
In sweet and playful ways.
I learned to love her when a child,
'T seems not so long ago,
I thought, together we would brave
The sea of life, but no—
Oh, lads, I've struggled hard through life,
Like many of your lot;
But of all battles this one is
The hardest I have fought.—*Chorus.*

When we left on our last long trip,
I kissed my Kate 'mid tears;
We promised to be true,
Although we may not meet for years;
Oh, boys, it gives me pain to think
That she and I must part.
A girl is weak—through words so sweet
Another's won her heart.
So when this life comes to an end,
And death for me has come,
I'll hail a last farewell to Kate,
Love's battle will be won.—*Chorus.*

—A gentleman was called on by a colored man for a certificate of character, upon which he might secure a situation. The testimonial proved to be more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and on recovering his astonishment, exclaimed: "Say, Mister, won't you give me something to do yourself on that recommendation."

CLANCY'S MISTAKES.

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Words and Music by John Tierney.

Mike Clancy lost the job he had
Two weeks ago to-night,
Soon after that he asked me
If I'd anything in sight;
I got him on a street car,
As conductor thro' the day;
He bought a brand new uniform
And started right away;
They made him watch the crossings,
And the names of streets call out,
And information gather
From the signs along the route;
While passing by a corner
He a billiard parlor spied:
He pulled the bell, the gripman stopped
And Clancy loudly cried:

CHORUS.

Billiards and Pool street,
Clancy hollered out,
The people never heard that street before,
Along the route;
He saw a lamp-post painted red,
And as the car drew nigher,
He got excited, pulled the bell,
And loudly yelled out "Fire!"

When Clancy got back from the trip,
The foreman he got rash:
He collared Clancy by the neck
And took away the cash;
He fired Mike out thro' the door,
'Twas much to his disgrace,
But very soon we heard that he
Had got another place,
'Twas in a retail dry-goods store,
Where he was "ladies man,"
And ran the hose department
On the European plan:
A lady called, she priced some stockings,
While the boss stood nigh,
Then Clancy's bosom swelled with pride,
He wanted to act fly:

CHORUS.

Silk ones, ten dollars,
Colors bright and gay:
"Oh, dear," she said, "but they come high;
I'll not take them to-day;"
The woman sized up Clancy, and said she,
"I like your gall."
"You can't blame me," says Clancy,
"For you see you're awful tall."

Now bad luck seems to follow Mike,
No matter where he goes,
He's always making funny breaks,
As ev'rybody knows;
He's made mistakes so often
That the bosses all got tired,
And from each job that he has had
Poor Mike, of course, was fired,
His dry-goods man let up on him,
But only for a while;
He told poor Mike to watch himself
And gave him one more trial;
The bosses' wife came in one day
To get some underwear,
And Clancy had to wait on her,
No other clerk was there.

CHORUS.

"Walk this way, lady."
She said, "I can't.
Show me your summer underclothes,
A favor to me grant,"
Then Clancy started to disrobe
In front of all the store.
His trial comes off next Friday,
He ain't working any more.

—A good old preacher of the Methodist persuasion officiated one day at a funeral in Massachusetts, and at the close had a word of inquiry and advice, as is the local custom, with many of the audience. Among others he approached a lady, a stranger to him, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and, after shaking hands, asked her if she was on the way to heaven. "Yes," she promptly answered, "and if you come that way I should be pleased to have you call." The good, old man, horrified at such seeming levity, turned away without reply, when a friend, sitting near, remonstrated with Mrs. ——, who, still more horrified at her mistake, said she understood him to ask if she was on her way to Hudson, where she lived.

SISTER 'RIA.

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Words and Music by Harry Warner.

A pious girl named 'Ria Brown,
Who joined the goody band,
And used to go converting
All the "goodies" in the land,
The little lamb salvation had,
Which washed her sins away,
But pious sister 'Ria
Quickly changed her mind one day.

CHORUS.

Sister 'Ria, sister 'Ria,
Of the Army soon began to tire;
She cracked her tambourine,
And now she's to be seen
Dancing in the ballet of the Op'ra.

When Gen'ral Booth first heard it said
That Sister 'Ria Brown
Had shook the Army for the stage,
The news near knocked him down;
In living pictures she appeared,
And danced the serpentine,
Likewise the naughty Midway, too,
Without her tambourine.—*Chorus.*

Then all the sisters in the ranks
They flew around the town,
They sold the *War Cry*,
Telling naughty things of 'Ria Brown,
But 'Ria told them that she couldn't
Live on prayers and wind,
So just to get her appetite,
She packed her box and skinned.—*Chorus.*

DAN PAID FOR THE OYSTERS.

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Words and Music by Frank D. Bryan.

Three Irishmen on a spree once went,
And they got full of whiskey—
Their names were Michael, Patrick and Dan,
And the wind it blew quite briskly;
They got into an argument,
One word brought on another,
Another brought on a glass of beer,
And a bet of an oyster supper.

The bet was, when each one went home,
And he didn't do the first thing
That his wife ordered him to do,
Why he was to pay for ev'rything;
Each one was to go home with the other,
To prove just what he did, sir;
And if he didn't do as his wife said,
Why he was to pay for the oysters.

Mike was the first one to go home,
And he couldn't find the keyhole;
He unlocked the door with the sole of his boot,
And broke all the glass in the window,
His wife she hollered down the stairs,
"Why don't you break the furniture, sir;"
He did, by gosh! 'twas all he had,
And Mike didn't pay for the oysters.

Now Patrick was the next to go home;
From the window, his wife she pushed her neck,
And hollered, "Patrick, is that you?"
Says Patrick, "Yes, who did you expect;
He skated in, ran against the piano;
His wife cried, "Why don't you break it, sir?"
He did, and it cost him three hundred dollars,
And Pat didn't pay for the oysters.

Dan was the last one to go home,
And they left him in the doorway;
He took off his shoes and began to climb
Softly up the stairway;
He very nearly had reached the top,
When he slipped, fell down the stairs, sir,
His wife cried, "That's right, break your neck,"
And Dan paid for the oysters.

A Dublin doctor sent in a bill to a lady which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died."

THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Come, boys, and gather, gather with the throng;
Come, boys, and join us, sing a mighty song;
Sing, boys, together, let your praises be
For Uncle Sam, for freedom, and the flag of liberty.

CHORUS.

Sing, boys, sing, and let the bells of freedom ring;
Sing, and fill each Yankee heart with glee;
Let Old Glory's emblem fly, sing Old Glory's praise on high,
As we rally 'round the flag of liberty.

Stand, boys, beside us, stand for freedom's cause;
Whate'er befides us, think not of a pause;
Stand, boys, for Union, right and victory,
And wave above a nation's love, the flag of liberty.—*Chorus.*

It's a Joke, When You Think of It.

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Words and Music by Will Evans.

Quite often one will hear a thing
That afterward will prove to be a joke,
When you think of it.
Although the rent these days is cheap,
'Tis cheaper still to move, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
A witty man these days, you know,
They say is full of fun,
The little rills come down the hills
Quite often on a run.
But tell me how they came to place
Within your ear a drum, for that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A man that's rather loose up here
One day cut off his nose, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
To make the thing complete,
He then cut off one of his toes, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
When he discovered what he'd done,
Into a rage he flew;
His toe he put upon his face,
His nose on his foot grew,
So now to blow his nose
He has to first take off his shoe, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A "cholly" with a rented suit
Went to a dance one night, and it's a joke,
When you think of it.
The coat and vest fit snug,
But my! the pants were 'way to tight, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
The hostess to him said, "Why, Harry,
Take this chair, I pray";
He knew that if he took a seat
His trousers would give 'way;
Said he, "No, many thanks,
For I've been sitting down all day," and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

A quiet little poker game
One night was being played, and it's a joke,
When you think of it.
The anxious look upon the face
Of one his thoughts betrayed, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
The ten, jack, queen and king he held,
And with them would not part;
The pile of chips he'd take away
Would almost fill a cart,
And, dreamingly, he sang,
"Oh, give me just one little heart," and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

Let him who hath a grouchy nature
To this tale take heed, for it's a joke,
When you think of it.
A very close, old genius
Once in church displayed his greed, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.
To fool them he would put a new,
Bright copper in the plate,
But dropped a two and a half gold piece
In the basket by mistake;
His many friends were soon invited
To be at the wake, and that's a joke,
When you think of it.

WHOOP-DE-DOODEN-DO!

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

There once was a maid named Peggie Brown, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
And she was the fairest maid in town, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were fair,
She'd a lovely crop of golden hair,
And she wore her dress cut down to there, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy knew a thing or two.
When people sighed, she simply cried, whoop-de-doo-den-do.
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy knew a thing or two;
When people sighed, she simply cried, whoop-de-doo-den-do.

Now Peggy went, of course, on the stage, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
And soon sweet Peggy became the rage, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
She couldn't sing, she couldn't dance,
But none of her rivals had a chance
When she acted a boy, in little knee pants, whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy's tights were palest blue;
High art she missed, but you couldn't resist her whoop-de-doo-den-do!
Whoop-de-doo-den, whoop-de-doo-den! Peggy's tights were palest blue;
High art she missed, but you couldn't resist her whoop-de-doo-den-do!

You've Been a Good Old Wagon, but You've Done Broke Down.

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By Harney & Biller.

I was standing in a crap game, doing no harm, baby,
When a copper grabb'd me by my arm, honey,
Took me down to the jail-house door,
Place I never had been before—I was run in.

CHORUS.

No more will I buy my sweet thing pork chops,
And hear her lily lips go flip-flop:
The reason I'm in truble about my sweet thing
Is because this song to me she did sing,
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone, darling;
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone, darling;
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone,
You've been a good wagon, but you done broke down, bye-bye.—[*Dance.*]

The judge asked me what had I done, baby;
Said standing in a crap game, getting my gun, hot stuff.
The judge and jury said to me,
"You have killed three niggers in the first degree—no bail.—*Cho. & Dance.*

The Dance We Sat Out on the Stair.

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Words by Ethel Mande Colson. Music by Harry Castleton Wade.

Back in my easy chair I lean,
My feet on the fender bright,
And dreamily gaze at the fire between
The clouds of cigar smoke so white,
Which circle and float to a mazy frame,
For the face of the girl so fair,
Who thrill'd to my whispers—ah! what was her name?
That dance we sat out on the stair.

REFRAIN.

For the strains of the waltz throb'd and faltered,
And she sway'd to love's old cherished tune;
Ah! could but love's passion be altered
From the dusk to the glory of noon.
With a splendor, the dull years have banished
The youth's springtime of glory so rare;
'Twas joy of the love-time now vanished,
That dance we sat out on the stair.

In at the window cold and clear,
The moon shone as bright as day,
And many a secret it told, I fear,
As its beems on her fair face lay:
The wide hall was filled with mystic light,
The flowers perfumed the air;
I wonder if she can remember that night,
That dance we sat out on the stair.—*Refrain.*

A Girl You Don't Meet Every Day.

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Words by Harry Boden. Music by Tom Richards.

It's a way of the men that whenever they meet
To invite one another to sup,
You'll hear them exclaim as they're shaking their hands,
"Come along now and just liquor up."
I don't wish to seem out of place in the least,
But act in a right, proper way,
And as I feel sure that we're all of us friends,
You'll pardon me now if I say:

CHORUS.

One little drain in friendship,
One of the sparkling wine,
One to bring to memory
The days of auld lang syne:
We'll do the same as the rest do,
While we've the money to pay,
So have one with me, I'm the sort, don't you see,
Of girl you don't meet ev'ry day.

I like to see each face with smiles beaming bright,
And laughter right merrily ring:
The present should be happy made by us all,
What odds what the future may bring,
And when we are meeting with friends, that's the time
To drive thoughts of sorrow away,
So while I've the chance this assertion to prove,
Allow me just once more to say:—*Chorus.*

I'm always the same, be the time when it may,
Contented, light-hearted and free,
Making new friends, but never forgetting the old,
In matters wherever I may be,
So once more I'll bid you your glasses recharge,
For time, as you know, 's on the wing,
And just to prove that you agree with my words,
As a favor to me, kindly sing:—*Chorus.*

MR. JOHNSON.

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Words and Music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'ry body was a sound asleep,
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a-gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t'a quarter he could make de four;
He made dat point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jump'd through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.
Oh! Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;
Don't take me to de calaboose;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe;
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe,
Climbed in de chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when de chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still,
When I think about it I can feel a big chill.
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire,

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose,
Got no chance for a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;
And now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in de nigger heab'n;
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

—Mrs. Topflat: "Bridget, where did you get that dreadful eye?" Bridget: "Me brother gave it to me, mum; and what'll the neighbors say? Me with an eye like that and no husband."

I'll Not Go Out with Riley Any More.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My old friend Johnnie Riley says, "Come, Mac, along with me;
I mean to draw me pension and we'll have a real old spree;
We'll both go down to Murphy's, then we'll stop in on Magee,
And have a drink or two at Misses Grady's."
Says I, "Now, John, come home: leave the drink and stuff alone,
And you'll feel the better man to-morrow morn."
"Devil-a-foot," he says, "I will, sure I mean to have me fill,"
So, like a fool, I had to go along.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Every bone within me body since is sore;
Sure he got me in a fight, and leave them lock me up all night,
No! I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Next morning Riley said to me, "Indeed, I'm sorry, Mack."
Says I, "I want no sympathy or anything like that;
Now if you had stood by me when you got me in a scrap,
I wouldn't been the sight I am this morning."
Says he, "Tut, tut, don't fret, sure I've plenty money yet;
Now cheer up, and we'll go out and take a drop"—
So, like a fool again, sure I did the very same,
And went with Riley, when I swore I'd not.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Just for fun, he poked a p'liceman in the jaw;
Then he ran away, did he, and let the copper collar me,
So I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Now Riley, here a week ago, went out one night alone,
Although he called around for me, I'm glad I wasn't home;
Me wife, she says, "It's likely that you'll find him at McGlone's."
Says he, "I'll stop there, Misses McAnally."
He'd gone a block or more, when a dangling wire he saw,
And so gently in the breezes did it sway,
And he thought the wire was dead, but 'twas full of life instead,
That happened just a week ago to-day.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
It was yesterday the last of him I saw;
As the funeral wound away, sure then I to meself did say,
Now I can't go out with Riley any more.

Mary Rode the Bike and Bull.

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Words by Chas. A. Taylor. Music by John Harding.

There are things in this world a woman can't do,
But there's nothing a woman won't try;
She is never content with what man can invent,
And she'll beat him in learning to fly;
Now the bicycle craze has set them ablaze—
Sister Mary's gone clear off her base;
She said she could turn it, was sure she could learn it,
And entered full-fledged in the race.

CHORUS.

She said that she could ride it, if she could only stride it,
So she started out with bloomers wide apart.
Mother said to shake it, father said you'll break it;
We all went out to see her get a start;
She sprang upon the saddle, and the wheel she tried to straddle,
The boys cried out, "How funny she must feel";
When she began to spin it, the gang cried, "Now she's in it"—
You bet your life that Mary rode the wheel.

Mary can ride anything she can stride;
She looks very well on a wheel,
But when the thing wiggles, it gives her the giggles,
And shakes her clear down to the heel;
But she kept it humming, and we saw her coming;
Her mother cried, "Pump on your right";
A little fly copper tried hard to stop her,
But Mary was soon out of sight.—*Chorus.*

There's a butcher next door, who owns a big bull—
He saw Mary out on her bike;
He bet Pa a ham she warn't worth a hang,
And Pa said, "Bet what you like.
My daughter Mary'll ride the bull to the dairy;
I'll back her for marbles or wool."
The bet was made, the plans were laid
For Mary to ride the bull.

CHORUS.

She said that she would ride it, if she could only stride it;
She sprang upon his back like Mollie Brown;
The bull began to buck her, mother swore he'd chuck her,
But Mary rode him all around the town;
The boys they all went crazy, and said she was a daisy,
And father tried to get the butcher full;
He said he'd lost his money, but Mary was a honey—
You bet your life that Mary rode the bull.

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID.

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Chorus.*

THE GERMAN FIFTH.

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Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Of you'll look at us your ond, you vill see some soldiers gay,
Ve belong to de German Fifth, dat bromenades upon Broadway.
Ve march awhile in single file, den ve change to two-by-two;
You bet ve make de beoble smile ven ve march dot eidy drough.

CHORUS.

Double rank—vatch de flank—don't dat vas a splendid drill?
Mark dot time—ain't dot fine? ven ve march ve don't stand still.
Houp-a-la! shout hurrah! dot's de vay dot's sure to kill;
Right face about, go inside ond—hurrah for de German Fifth!

Ven ve vas in dot army ve vas fed on barrel staves;
Und ven ve don't vas fight, ve had to vork at digging graves;
Und ve got so sick und thin, dot you could easily see us drough;
Und somedimes dey kept us marching dill your feet vas black und blue.—*Cho.*

But now ve are home-guard brivates, ve got blenty grub to eat!
Dutchmen all are jealous of us, ven ve march along de street.
Arms quick present und elbows bent, eyes to right und heads up straight,
Mit left und right und moud shut tight—a mile a day dot vas our gait.—*Cho.*

SOMETHING SHE SAID TO JOHN

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Eliza and John were sweethearts,
He told her to name the day
When they should be wed, but all she said was,
"John, that's for you to say."
Together, one night, 'neath the starry light,
While the man in the moon looked on,
They seemed to be awfully happy
Over something she said to John.

CHORUS.

Something she said to John,
Something she said to John;
He kissed her there, for he did not care
If the man in the moon looked on;
A secret it seemed to be,
A secret between the three;
Said John to Eliza, no one will be wiser
Thro' what you have said to me.

Eliza and John were married,
No prettier pair could be,
The man in the moon had seen them spoon,
A very wise man is he;
She'd something to say, she told John one day,
Tho' she blushed like the rosy dawn,
They seemed to be awfully happy
Over something she said to John.—*Chorus.*

—"I don't like that cat—it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

I LUBS YOU, MY HONEY.

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Words by Hal Homiston. Music by William Loraine.

Sal was mah honey when we was little nigs;
We used to chase all de chickens an' de pigs;
When we got bigger, I says, "Sally, I lubs you."
Now we's married an' got a babby, too:
We nebber 'tought ob de happiness in store;
I had mah Sal an' I didn't car' fo' mo',
But in de eb'nin when dat sma' boy I dun see,
I know 'xactly, he's our babby.

CHORUS.

I lubs you, honey, I do, I do;
Nebber t'ought I could lub no one but you;
Wid joy I'se nearly wild, 'kase I'se got to lub dat child,
He's our babby pickaninny.

Jes' how it happened, I am blind, deaf and dumb;
Blest if I know whar dat little coon come from;
I'd be'n a-workin' 'way down in de cotton fiel',
Come to dinner an' heard dat babby squeel;
Old Aunt Malinda, she said it was a boy,
And dat it was a big choc'late drop o' joy:
She brought de chile out so dat I could plainly see
It looked like me, 'twas our babby.—*Chorus.*

I lubs mah honey from her head to her toes,
Jes' all I t'ink ob her why nobody knows,
She's be'n mah better half, ins' June 'twas jes' a year;
Now dis babby's a dun come to interfere,
But he's among us an' crept into mah heart;
Don't know what I'd do if we should have to part;
If our good Lord dun takes him, dis nig he'll die, too,
Climb to heaben wid our babby.—*Chorus.*

HAVE YOU A WHEEL?

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Words and Music by O. A. Hoffman.

Sweet Kitty Dean adores her wheel,
Daily she biking goes;
In bloomers gay, she spins away,
The pride and delight of despairing beaux;
Vain is the passion, they all declare,
For Kitty fails to feel
Compassion for the pangs they bear,
Unless they "ride the wheel."
So she's ever greeting
Love's sighs with laughing eyes;
Her lover's joys are fleeting
Unless he "rides the wheel."

CHORUS.

So the poor lover who's wheelless,
Blank and despairing may stray,
For the twinkling bloomers vanish
As Kitty blithely spins away,
Never a lover shall claim her,
The heart of sweet Kitty to steal,
While he must say "No"
When she seeks to know,
"Have you a wheel?"

Sweethearts a-plenty come to woo,
But they are laughed to scorn;
Little she cares how the world fares;
She smiles at the tattle of envy born,
Naught in her bosom of pain or care
Does Kitty need conceal,
For who need care what they've to bear
If one can "ride the wheel."
So she's aye denying
Love's vows with placid brows;
Her lover's left a-sighing
Unless he "rides the wheel."—*Chorus.*

—A gentleman, who had no umbrella and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, as he did so, by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual thus addressed looked around and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "Oh, it's yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away, leaving the utensil in the hands of the first party to the conversation.

SHE'D DIE IF SHE KNEW.

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Words and Music by John F. Palmer.

In a prison stands the chaplain close beside a convict's door,
Breathing forth his words of comfort to a wretch upon the floor,
Who, with tear-stain'd face turned upward, listens till the good man's through,
Then sinks downward, as he mutters, "It would kill her if she knew.
No, good sir," he tells the chaplain, "There is no one I would see;
While the world will call me guilty, let her think that I am free.

REFRAIN.

"It's only my gray-haired mother, who had no one but me
To cheer her last few hours in this world of misery;
No heart in this world is so faithful,
No one so loving and true
As my dearest, my best of all mothers;
Don't tell her, she'd die if she knew."

"I have stolen—yes, I own it!" then he murmured, with a sigh,
"She was starving, and I love her—you'd have done the same as I;
For, when young, she toiled and struggled, all to keep her only son;
Were she hungry—for a mother—just the same you would have done.
Take my clothes, I'm wearing these now; I won't need them when I'm through;
Take them, sell them, raise some money, buy her food—I'll trust to you."—*Ref.*

AND THEN HE WOKE UP.

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Words and Music by Philander Johnson.

In the garden of Eden, 'midst flowers and trees,
Lay Adam in slumber deep,
For he was a bachelor, all at his ease,
In quiet and bliss complete,
But he thought it a lonely and sorrowful state,
And he cheerfully traded a rib for a mate,
And he dreamt of fair Eve, and she pleased him first rate,
And then he perceived his mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams, that come and go—
"Oh, I'm the new woman," said Eve, "you know,"
You will now climb a tree
And pick apples for me,
And then he woke up.

I once played the races, a system I had,
I worked on it night and day,
The book-makers loved me, though I became sad;
"He's an angel" I heard one say.
Only once in my life did my luck smoothly run;
I picked out a winner, two hundred to one;
He came under the wire like a shot from a gun,
And then I perceived my mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams that come and go—
In my bath-tub I ordered champagne to flow;
I burned money for fun
And bought bonds by the ton,
And then I woke up.

In a leisurely way I went walking one night,
Where bicycles wildly dash:
One started for me and I dodged left and right,
But it landed me with a crash.
For a fight with the villain I started in quick,
While remarks of an indigo nature fell thick;
I thought 'twas a man, and I really felt sick,
For then I perceived my mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams that come and go—
A voice said, "I hope that the rip won't show;
Give a poor girl a chance
If she does ride in trousers,
And then I woke up.

A man may be happy provided he has
A wife who is fond and true;
Each night he goes home to his dear little lass,
To gaze in her eyes so blue;
They bill and they coo, just as young people do,
And the things that they say don't concern me or you;
His sal'ry is small, but it's plenty for two,
And then they perceive their mistake.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dreams that come and go,
There is no one to blame when it happens so,
But the trouble begins
When the doctor says twins *
And then they wake up.

* Baby cry.

WHO WILL MARRY ME?

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Words and Music by Chas. Robinson.

My name's Daniel Mooney, don't think that I am looney,
For the way I talks, I know, is fooney;
The reason why I'm glad, I've a letter from me dad,
Who died and left me all his money.
And when his will was read out, it told me what to do;
If I would have his money, I would have to marry, too;
So I am looking for a lady who'll consent to marry me,
And we'll sail for Ireland in the morning.

CHORUS.

Who is the lady now, where is the baby now,
Who is the lady that's going to marry me?
Come, come, answer quick, I will marry on the lick,
And sail for Dublin in the morning.

See a lady sitting there, who I think is young and fair,
If she'll only wed me I'll be happy;
I'll buy her diamond rings, lots of silks and other things,
Remember me heart goes wid me money;
And when we're wed a year or so, a cradle we will buy,
To rock the tootsy-wootsy in—that is, when he does cry.
And if he grows to be a man, just like his papa,
We'll have wine and whiskey in the morning.—*Chorus.*

Now don't be ashamed of me, I'm not handsome, you can see,
But a truer husband, I'll swear, you'll ne'er get;
I'll do the best I can, always be a sober man.
When we get our money we'll buy a house and land;
We'll furnish up the parlor in the latest, grandest style,
And then return to Ireland and stay there for a while.
But when we do return again, I'll have you all to know,
We'll have wine and sponge cake in the morning.—*Chorus.*

I'VE BEEN HOODOO'D.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd,
By a nigger voodoo I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd,
Hoodoo'd by a big black coon.

A coon for me had a great infatuation,
He wanted me to marry, but he had no situation;
As soon as I refused, why the coon he got wild,
Says he, "I am bound for to hoodoo dis child."
Went and got a rabbit foot and burned it with a frog,
Down in the hollow of an old burnt log,
Right on the road where I had to pass along.
Ever since den my head's been wrong,
My bones begin to ache, and my teeth begin to chatter,
Went to a doctor and he couldn't tell the matter;
Says he, "You're a gone coon, you're gone up the spout."
He looked at my head, and my hair fell out;
Nobody knows how funny I feel,
Even the husk fell off my heel.

REFRAIN.

I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd, hoodoo'd,
By a nigger voodoo I've been hoodoo'd, I've been hoodoo'd,
Hoodoo'd by a big black coon.

This same black coon had an awful disposition,
He could do more tricks than Hermann, the magician;
My daddy he went out for to kill this black moke,
The coon only laughed, and he thought it a joke;
Got all of the coons afraid to look him in the eye,
Got lots of niggers that he's taught to fly;
All the police for this coon they had to search;
He robbed a coon one night at church;
He grabbed up a chicken and it wouldn't even holler,
Throw up his guffer and 'most anything would foller;
It is very strange, but it ain't no lie,
I hope in my heart that this coon will die,
For I can't sleep, walk, talk, nor eat,
Guess I am dead—my heart don't beat.—*Refrain.*

—Wife, just returned from a shopping tour: "Come and see what I have got for you, Eugene." Eugene: "Ah, just like you, darling, always thinking of me!" He advances as his wife removes the wrapping and exposes some fine drawings from a neighboring marble yard. Husband starts back and exclaims, excitedly: "Gracious, Laura, what did you bring these things here for?" Thoughtful wife: "Well, Eugene, I heard you complain of feeling unwell this morning and I thought you would like to look at some tomb-stone patterns."

Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

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Words and Music by Kate Vanderpoel.

I s'pose yuse all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;
I iumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;
Fer de way in which I trun him, I drew a prize, you see,
For now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

REFRAIN.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
I'm out for wot's in it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
Ye're givin' me "Goff," so jes' chase yerself off, fer tings are now comin' me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on the box I ride;
O, hully gee! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side;
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de clothes,
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.—*Refrain.*

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose der head,
But wen I comes to be dat gay, I hopes to drop down dead;
If I was ter be de coachman, de butler, or de chef,
I'll tink meself right, people, see! Chimmie Fadden don't git left.—*Ref.*

SWEET ANTOINETTE.

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Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

Within my heart a secret lies,
A secret that I long to tell,
While fondly gazing in the eyes
Of one whose charms around me dwell;
And though I've often tried to tell the tale,
The hour I've often tried to set.
My heart and courage humbly fail
To say, I love thee, Antoinette.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Antoinette, the brightest star within my heart, indeed, you are;
My only thought since first we met, I love alone sweet Antoinette.

I love you, not because you're fair,
Nor for your actions so demure;
I love you, not your joys to share,
But for your soul so good and pure.
In vain I've tried to tell my love to thee,
And when the sun of life has set,
My farewell words to earth will be:
I love but thee, sweet Antoinette.—*Refrain.*

VENUS, MY SHINING LOVE.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

'Most ev'ry one has a sweetheart
With beautiful eyes that shine;
I'm not acquainted with your love,
But you're well acquainted with mine.
Excelling all other ladies,
Fairer than any by far;
You must admit that the brightest of all
Is Venus, my shining star.

CHORUS.

Venus, beautiful Venus, how bright you shine;
None shall e'er come between us, sweet Venus mine.
None as bright as my darling so far up above—
Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining love.

Some say true love ne'er runs smoothly,
But with them I disagree;
Not a cross word has been uttered
'Twixt Venus, my loved one, and me.
Leading my star to the altar
Was my most beautiful dream;
When I compare her with Saturn or Mars,
Like darkness to her they seem.—*Chorus.*

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
'Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

GIVE MY LOVE TO NELLIE.

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

Three years ago, when Jack and Joe set sail across the foam,
They vowed a fortune each would earn, before returning home.
In just a year Jack gained his wealth, and sailed for home that day,
And as the pals shook hands to part, poor Joe could only say:

CHORUS.

"Give my love to Nellie, Jack, kiss her once for me,
The fairest girl in all this world I know you'll say is she;
Treat her kindly, Jack, old pal; tell her I am well."
His parting words were, "Don't forget to give my love to Nell."

Two years had passed when Joe at last gained wealth enough for life,
Across the foam he sailed for home, to make sweet Nell his wife;
But soon he learned that Jack and Nell one year ago were wed:
He now regrets, in sobs and frets, that he had ever said:—*Chorus.*

They chanced to meet upon the street; said Joe, "You selfish elf,
The next girl that I learn to love, I'll kiss her for myself;
But all is fair in love, they say, and as you've gone and wed,
I'll not be angry with a pal, so once again he said:—*Chorus.*

THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY.

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Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to hear;
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Chorus.*

MAGGIE, MY OWN.

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Words by Alice. Music by Andrew Mack.

Maggie, my own: Maggie, my dear,
Happy am I when you are nigh,
I love you more and more.
Dry that bright tear, be of good cheer;
Wherever I wander, though years may roll on,
You've a place in my heart, Maggie dear.

CHORUS.

Maggie, my own: Maggie, my dear,
Happy am I when you are nigh, I love you more and more;
Oh! light of my life, be my little wife,
My own sweet Maggie Asthore.

Maggie, my own; Maggie, my dear,
By night and day for you I'll pray;
Think of me, love, alone.
Though far away, still I'll be near;
The light of your eyes my bright beacon will be,
And guide me to you, Maggie dear.—*Chorus.*

MAVOURNEEN.

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Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore;
But sweeter and purer, oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Asthore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me,
As I roam this world over, a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.

Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me,
As I roam this world over, a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending,
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY, O.

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;
So light her tread, so fond her gaze,
Who would not love my Molly dear?
Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,
Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near;
Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,
Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
She's plain Molly, O, her heart is love's retreat;
She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine;
Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,
With Molly dear the world I would defy;
Tender her heart, loving and true,
Flowers of the valley call her queen.
So like the lily, so like the rose,
Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;
Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright
Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.—*Chorus.*

BONNIE LITTLE ANNIE.

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By Charles Graham.

Some say a girl that's pretty likes to flirt the days away;
But mine is all that's sweet and neat, she's not a bit too gay;
She's idolized by ev'ry one the other side of town,
I waited years for Annie, and at last she's all my own.

REFRAIN.

Yes, she's my bonnie little Annie, after all she'll be my wife;
She knows I love her all the while, for her I'd give my life.
After all the days of waiting there's no happier man than me;
Last night she whispered "Yes," and promised mine alone she'll be.

Of course, she's always full of fun, she's very teasing, too;
She kept the boys all guessing, sure the truth they never knew;
But now she's changed entirely; she has grown demure and shy.
She gave her loving heart to me, and that's the reason why.—*Refrain.*

SWEETHEART LOU.

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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

A pretty little charmer with blue eyes,
That's Louise, my sweetheart Lou;
A girl who makes you think that she's an angel in disguise,
Is winsome Lou, the one that I adore;
Her smile is like a burst of sunlight
From gloomy skies above;
In all this world there's not one girl
Can compare with Lou, the one I love.

CHORUS.

Sweetheart Lou, I love you;
Days come, days go, still my love remains the same;
The sun shines brighter, my heart seems lighter
Ever since you came.

Some day we'll have a cozy little home,
Just us two, my sweetheart Lou:
You'll be the queen, my darling, and I'll worship at your throne,
Love will reign supreme forevermore;
Your heart will never know a sorrow
While I am by your side;
I'll always love you, darling mine,
No matter whate'er may betide.—*Chorus.*

GLORIOUS BEER.

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Words by Steve Leggett. Music by Will Goodwin.

Now I won't sing of sherbet and water,
For sherbet with beer will not rhyme;
The workingman can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than five cents a time;
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear;
I allude to that grand institution,
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer!

CHORUS.

Beer, beer, glorious beer! Fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it—
Now, all together, a cheer!
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer!

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
The best thing there is for your neck;
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect.
Now we know who the goddess of wine was,
But was there a goddess of beer?
If so, let us drink to her health, boys,
And wish that we'd just got her here, here, here!—*Chorus.*

So up, up with brandies and sodas,
But down, down, and down with the beer;
It's good for you when you are hungry;
You can eat it without any fear;
So sip up the beer while you're able,
Of four-half let's all have our fill;
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear Uncle Bill, Bill, Bill!—*Chorus.*

THE "MIDWAY IN THE MOON."

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Colored folks, have you heard the news that's been exciting every coon,
There's going to be a jubilee, and it's going to gather 'round the moon;
There's Venus, there's Saturn, there's Jupiter and Mars,
There's a comet and an eclipse of the sun, the moon and stars;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.

CHORUS.

The midway in the moon, the midway in the moon,
With the boola, boola, boola, boola, boola,
Every coon will have a chance to do the hoochy, coochy dance,
When we get up to the midway in the moon.

White folks all must bear in mind that, when the coons begin to dance,
There'll be no choice or color line, for that day the nigs will have a chance;
Let's whisper, let's whisper, now, coons, don't you be shy;
Don't you hurry, don't you worry, for it's coming bye and bye;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.—*Chorus.*

You're Welcome Whenever You Call.

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Words and Music by Thos. H. Murray.

An old friend of mine by the name of O'Brien
Has a house full of beautiful girls:
There's Sadie and Mate, sweet Irena and Kate,
Dear Mollie, all frizzes and curls;
I called with a friend, just a few hours to spend,
So we waltzed in the parlor and hall;
When going away, why the girls all did say,
You're welcome whenever you call.

CHORUS.

I know whene'er I go to visit the Misses O'Brien,
Each one just full of fun, give me a jolly, good time;
If you should call there too, see that O'Brien gets a ball,
And the old man will say when you're going away,
You're welcome whenever you call.

On last Sunday night 'twas with joy and delight
That a lot of boys met there by chance;
It tickled O'Brien, he had looked for some time
To have a nice sociable dance:
We stood at the door in the morning at four,
Then O'Brien he invited us all
To come soon again, so you see it's quite plain,
You're welcome whenever you call.—*Chorus.*

Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two
Lives Murphy's daughter Nell;
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue,
Indeed, she's quite a belle;
She smiles on me whene'er we meet,
She has my heart and hand complete,
And when work is done I start and run
My Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell
Waits for me after tea:
She knows well, she dare not tell
That she's engaged to me.
But one of these days,
When I get a raise,
The boy that she loves so well
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell
Can never marry me;
Says, she must wed a howling swell,
That's rich and up in "G."
But on his Nell I've got first call,
She says it's me or none at all,
And last night she said we will be wed
Some time this fall.—*Chorus.*

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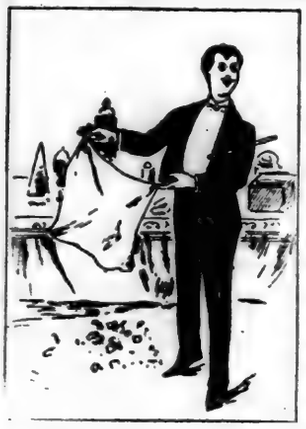
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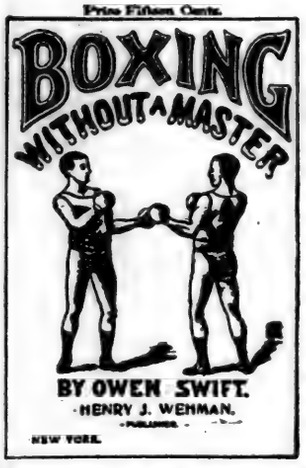
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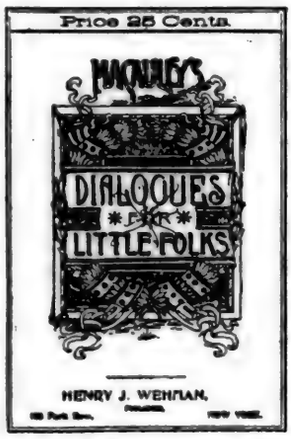
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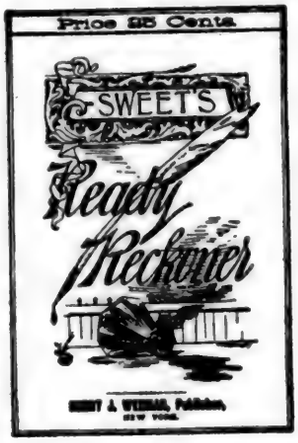


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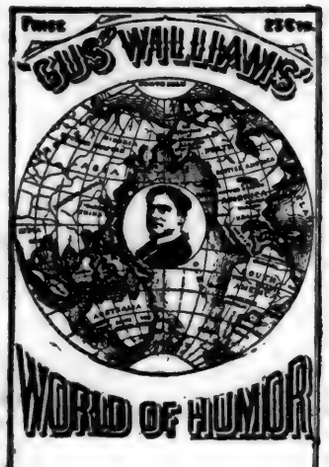
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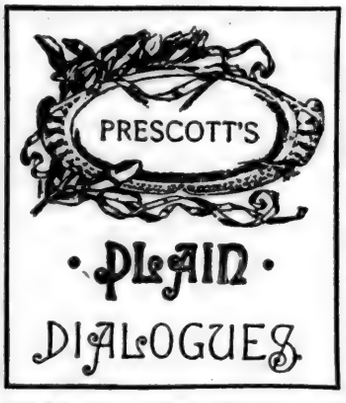
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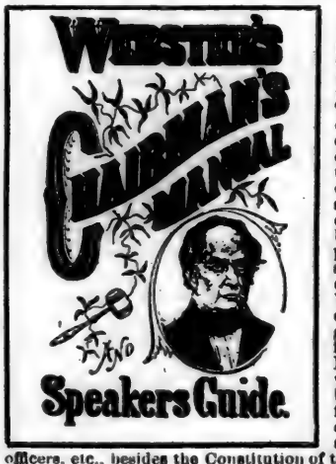
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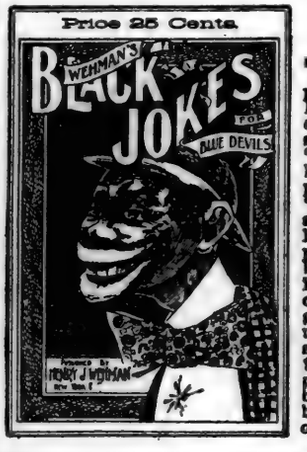
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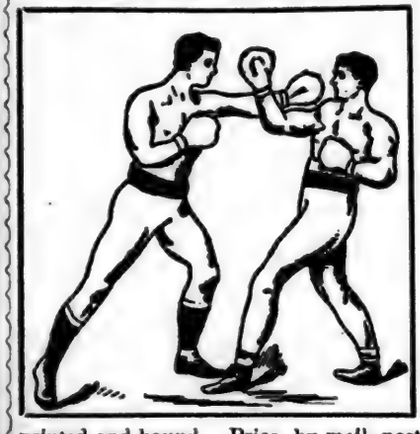


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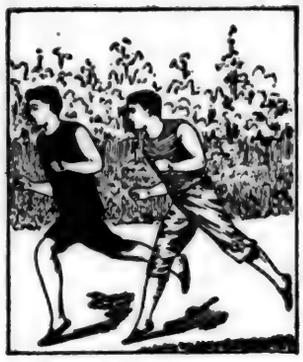
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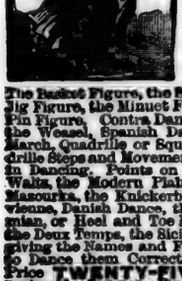
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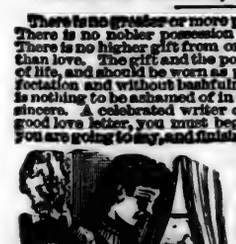
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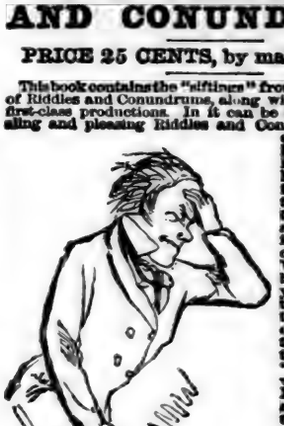
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WEHMAN'S

No. 58

SONG BOOK

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THE DEAREST GIRL TO ME.

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Words by Chas. H. McIntosh and James Convery. Music by The Gallery God.

My sweetheart bears the name of Kate, she's the sweetest girl I know,
And when I call to see her, why I always tell her so;
Her hair is dark and curly, with blue eyes bright and clear;
With teeth so white and pearly, to me she's ever dear.

CHORUS.

Katie, my darling, some day will be mine;
I've roam'd the world all over, no sweeter girl I find;
Some day we'll marry, how happy we will be;
For she is the dearest, the dearest girl to me.

Just two short years have passed and gone since our courtship has began,
The wedding day has now been set, for I've won her heart and hand;
The neighbors are invited, and a big time there will be
When I place the ring upon the hand of the dearest girl to me.

CHORUS.

Katie, my darling, some day will be mine;
I've roamed the world all over, no sweeter girl I find;
Some day we'll marry, how happy we will be;
For she is the dearest, the dearest girl to me.

AFTER THE SUNSHINE.

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Words by Charles H. McIntosh. Music by The Gallery God.

Have you ever on a summer day looked in a cottage door
And seen a little baby play with toys upon the floor;
Have you seen the mother smiling, with a face so good and kind,
All within so bright and happy, while the golden sun does shine?
But should you pass this cottage in about a year or more,
And see death's sad, sad emblem, a white crape on the door,
You will know God sent His angels to claim baby as his own,
And now from this once happy home the bright sunshine has gone.

CHORUS.

After the sunshine has vanished, evening then turns into night,
Some homes are dark and dreary, others are cheerful and bright;
After the sunshine has vanished, still then the world moves on,
Some hearts are glad, others are sad, after the sunshine is gone;
Some hearts are glad, others are sad, after the sunshine is gone.

Within a grand old mansion a bachelor dwells alone,
No loving wife nor children to cheer his costly home,
His hair is turning silver, the reason, neighbors say,
He once had loved a maiden, but she cast his love away;
In his parlor hangs a picture of the one he loved for years,
And when he looks upon it his eyes o'erflow with tears;
Had she but said one little word he'd have claimed her as his own,
To be the ray of sunshine bright in his lonely palace home.

CHORUS.

After the sunshine has vanished, evening then turns into night,
Some homes are dark and dreary, others are cheerful and bright;
After the sunshine has vanished, still then the world moves on,
Some hearts are glad, others are sad, after the sunshine is gone,
Some hearts are glad, others are sad, after the sunshine is gone.

—A high hat is "no slouch."

—He was smoking a cigar on the street car, and a lady took out her purse and handed him ten cents.

"What's this for?" he asked her.

"It's to buy a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies," said she, as she looked around and received the encouragement of several of the female passengers.

"Oh, keep it," remarked the brute, "and give me credit for it on next week's washing bill."

She was going to the Post Office, but she alighted at Grand street.

—A few days since a party of gentlemen were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party, and holding a long hair before his eyes, said: "See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?" "Why, that's from my wife's head!" "Are you sure of it?" "Sure of it? of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, do you?" "No, probably not; but I am sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I just picked it off the coat of this gentlemen," pointing to a friend near by.

GRANDMA'S DARLING.

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Words by Charles H. McIntosh. Music by S. H. Brown.

A grandma sat knitting in her big, old arm chair,
While close by her side stood a little one fair.
She list' to the story the old lady told,
When her two little arms around grandma's neck stole;
"I'm lonely to-night, pet," the old lady said,
"Though friends and relations by the score I once had,
Now some are in heaven, and some far away"—
The child kissed her grandma, and to her did say:

CHORUS.

I'll take care of you, dear grandma, and your home I will keep clean,
For you're getting old and feeble, while to-day I'm just thirteen;
I will wash the dishes for you, and I'll sweep the parlor, too,
So don't you bother, dear grandmother, I'll take care of you.

Now just at that moment there stood at the door
A handsome young sailor, who had just came ashore,
He heard the sad story of grandma alone,
And the kind, loving words of the sweet child, "his own";
He said, "dear old mother, with wealth I've come back;
Do you not remember your sailor boy Jack
And you, my own darling, whose mother is dead,
God bless and reward you for what you just said."

CHORUS.

I'll take care of you, dear grandma, and your home I will keep clean,
For you're getting old and feeble, while to-day I'm just thirteen;
I will wash the dishes for you, and I'll sweep the parlor, too,
So don't you bother, dear grandmother, I'll take care of you.

A LESSON IN LOVE.

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Words by Charles H. McIntosh. Music by a Phila. Gallery God.

If you're in love, deep in love, over head and heels,
And you don't know how to love, but know how it feels,
A pretty Miss of loveliness perhaps you'll meet some day,
You'll want to pop the question, and you won't know what to say.
So take advice, don't be too nice, and by this lesson you'll get spliced,
The secret true I'll tell to you:

CHORUS.

First you take her pretty hand in yours,
Then you gently squeeze her 'round the waist,
Step by step you closer get,
Then her pretty lips you kiss,
Ask her then to be your darling wife—
Swear you'll be true as stars above,
Give another fond caress, and she's bound to answer yes,
And there you have a lesson in love.

There's many men, bashful men we meet them ev'ry day,
Who could win a maiden if they only knew the way;
They're timid, though; they don't know, they don't know what to say;
They'll keep on courting maidens till their hair is turning gray.
So take advice, don't be too nice, and by this lesson you'll get spliced,
The secret true I'll tell to you:

CHORUS.

First you take her pretty hand in yours,
Then you gently squeeze her 'round the waist,
Step by step you closer get,
Then her pretty lips you kiss,
Ask her then to be your darling wife—
Swear you'll be true as stars above,
Give another fond caress, and she's bound to answer yes,
And there you have a lesson in love.

—"Prisoner, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two, yer Honor."

"Twenty-two? Your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago,"

"So I was; but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

—Little Jennie, four years old, had heard great news and comes to her mother with it.

"Tell me, mamma, is it true that I'm going to have a little brother?"

"A little brother! Who told you that?"

"Why, mamma! *Didn't you know it?*"

ON THE DUMMY LINE.

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Composed by James Grayson.

Now let me tell you what the dummy done,
She left St. Louis about half-past one,
She left St. Louis about half-past one,
An' she got into Nashville at de setting ob de sun.

CHORUS.

On de dummy, on de dummy line,
Gwine to rise and shine, gwine to pay my fine,
Gwine to rise and shine and pay my fine,
When I ride on de dummy line.

I got on de dummy, didn't have no fare,
Conductor says what is you doin' dere.
Grabbed me by de collar, kicked me to de door,
Says don't want to see you on dat dummy no more.—*Cho.*

My horse wuz doubled up, er sight to see;
I used up der linament mighty free;
Says he to me "dar's no use doin' dat,
'Cause it's down in de stomach war de misery is at"—*Cho.*

Peter Jackson, being so tall and black,
He hit Frank Slavin a finishing crack;
He jumped on de dummy and he pulled de cord,
And now he is presented to an English lord.—*Chorus.*

I love my wife and I love my baby,
I love dem flapjacks floating in gravy;
I toat my dice to make passes,
And I love dem flapjacks floating in molasses.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night.

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Written and Composed by Billy E. Johnson and Billy Gordon.

It makes no difference where you go,
Within this last year, cry of hard times
Has been ringing in our ears;
Now we have a change some place between both me and you,
We must have some change in our pockets, too;
Oh me, oh my, you can hear them people yell,
Since McKinley's gone in office
This town has gone to h——l,
If we elected Billy Bryan we'd all been living swell,
We'd have a hot time in the old town to-night.

CHORUS.

Gosh darn it—
Then open up your gambling houses, let the gamblers play,
Open up your race tracks, let them bet away;
Open up your factories, so the men can earn fair pay,
We'll have a hot time if you do, that's right.

CHORUS.

Chicago has a man by the name of Bates,
He had so many wives he got mixed up in his dates,
If Mr. Johnson turned him loose, he'd have married the United States,
We'd have had a wedding in the old town every night.

CHORUS.

One dark night when the folks were all in bed,
Mrs. O'Leary put the lamp in the cow's shed,
The cow kicked it over, winked his eye and said,
We'll have a hot time in Chicago to-night.

CHORUS.

Did you ever go on a spree,
Fill yourself with good old 'Skee,
When you get home search your pockets, you can't find your key,
There'll be a cold time on the outside that night.

CHORUS.

Then you try to lift the window nice,
And you slip upon a little ice, then down the stairs you will fall,
You can hear your wife yell,
There'll be a hot time when you come up to-night.

CHORUS.

We could sing these verses for one year,
But too many verses, they wouldn't take here,
And you must remember there's other stars to appear,
And give a hot show in this house to-night.

—It is said that a man and two boys died recently from going into the water after a meal. We generally go home or to a restaurant after ours. Some people may think that they go into the water after a swim, but they don't, they go in before it.

GO 'WAY, GAL.

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Composed by Otto Bonnell.

When I go promenading, as oftentimes I do,
The ladies stop to look at me, because my style is true,
Miss Nina Perkins and Sally Simpkins,
And all the fashionable gals say how de do, but I say

CHORUS.

Go 'way, gal, I want no truck with you;
O go 'way, gal, your pedigree's too new:
Now go 'way, gal, your style will never do;
I wear a silk-lined overcoat, and I fly too high for you.
O I say go 'way, gal, I want no truck with you;
Go 'way, gal, your pedigree's too new;
O go 'way, gal, your style will never do;
I wear a silk-lined overcoat and I fly too high for you.

They all have set their eyes on this 'stinguisht-looking man,
And in their inmost soul they say I'll get him if I can;
They're all in line, but they're losing time.
For this coon's no ordinary Clark Street black and tan, for I say—*Cho.*

Some coons get mighty jealous, and then call me a dude,
But that's just ignorancliousness, and don't do dem no good;
They guy my walk, but you hear me talk,
There is just one proper coon, and this here am the one, and I say—*Cho.*

They Hung Up Michael Dugan.

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Composed by J. Sweeny.

An Irishman named Dugan owned a barroom here in town,
And every one that entered it he'd always try to down;
He kept the poorest whiskey and he charged the highest price.
The moment you got in the place he'd want to shake the dice;
If you got in an argument, no matter when or how,
Before you got out of the place there'd surely be a row;
He'd give you all a hard-boiled egg, and that you'd have to eat;
I'd never pay a cent for drink, he'd put it on the slate;

CHORUS.

And so I hung up Michael Dugan more than twenty times a day—
I hung up Michael Dugan and I played him for a jay;
I blew in all the money that the house took in to-day,
I've been hanging Michael Dugan up since morning.

Now Dugan set an awful lunch a bull-dog could not eat—
The pigs-feet they were rusty, they would pull out all your teeth.
I often thought I'd write a note down to the Board of Health,
For the roaches made a lodging house of the soup-bowl on the shelf;
One day a man was hungry and he ate some of the ham;
The ham was filled with strychnine, and right there he had the jams;
He made a twist and made a twirl and fell without a blink;
Now Dugan's gone to sue the corpse, to pay for his last drink.

CHORUS.

For he had hung up Michael Dugan by a curious device;
He hung up Michael Dugan; he said, put it on ice;
He shook him craps for fifty bills and wrung in loaded dice;
He'd been hanging Michael Dugan up since morning.

Sure invitations they were sent by Dugan to his friends
To call Saint Patrick's morning and a shamrock he'd extend.
He had them strewn along the bar in glasses trimmed with green,
With a little lunch and salt and pepper sandwiched in between;
Just then two Dutchmen entered, they said gieb uns zwei bier;
They ate up all the shamrocks, saying, the salad's fine in here.
They ate their lunch, they ate it quick, their time was very short,
The Irish was insulted and poor Dugan went to court.

CHORUS.

And so they hung up Michael Dugan just eighteen feet in the air,
And if the Dutchmen had their say he'd still be hanging there,
But now that Michael's silent he has no thought or care
For Dutch or Irish on St. Patrick's morning.

—"Here we have the great Egyptian wonders, captured in the wilds of South Africa with a loss of five thousand men and an expenditure of forty millions of treasure!" exclaimed the showman, shaking his whip in a threatening manner at a stuffed hide in a glass cage. "Don't go too close," said a mother to her little son; "it might seize you." "Have no fears, madam, for the safety of your offspring," observed the showman, eloquently; "for does not the Good Book teach us that wonders will never seize? Pass rapidly on to the next cage and view the living skeleton, or the man who married his mother-in law."

Baby's Crossing Dreamland's Border.

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Words by Robert J. Donnelly. Music by Wm. E. Siafer.

Baby's crossing dreamland's border, to a land all free from guile,
Wafted by an angel's order comes her good-night in a smile;
Blithely dream my priceless treasure, dream that you may ne'er partake
E'er one drop of sorrow's measure, never suffer one heartache

CHORUS.

Gayly roam o'er dream's domain, and celestial guides
Protect thee from all earthly bane, see that no ill, no ill betides.

LULLABY.

Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, lullaby, love, baby is playing with angels above,
Lullaby, hush-a-by, rock-a-by rest, of all earthly blessings baby is best.

Baby's safe o'er dreamland's border, where all may idealize,
While the mother prays the Lord her baby's dreams to realize,
Calmly slumber, precious token of kind heaven's love and grace,
Mamma's vigil's still unbroken, sleep and dream in her embrace.—*Cho.*

Where Sunshine Never Falls.

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Words and Music by Chas. T. Ellis.

A workingman with happy heart, at night when toil is done,
Goes singing to his humble home, to wife and little one,
A murder's been committed near, suspicion falls on him;
The minions of the law appear and read their warrant grim.
He pleads that he is innocent, in tears his little child
Cries, "Please don't take dear dad away," with tears of sorrow wild;
The officers they will not yield, entreaties are in vain;
The poor man goes, perhaps to see his loved ones ne'er again.

CHORUS.

Cruel hands have taken him, leaving hope behind,
One last glimpse of faces dear thro' eyes with tears most blind;
He's going to a dungeon dark, mid gloomy prison walls,
To join the wretched souls who dwell where sunshine never falls.

Within the convict's humble home, a sad and weeping wife,
Who'd oft' beseeched the Governor to spare her husband's life,
Now kneels beside a little bed, where rests the child they love.
With choking voice and tearful eyes, she prays to him above.
The child now murmurs in its sleep, oh, when will papa come;
The broken-hearted mother's lips with misery are dumb.
A manly form is clasping now the one who'd saved his life,
The pardon has been granted all thro' a faithful wife.

CHORUS.

Gentle hands have brought him back to those left behind,
Loving arms are clasping him and eyes with joy now shine.
He's welcomed from a dungeon dark, mid gloomy prison walls,
Safe back within a happy home where sunshine ever falls.

BACK TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

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Composed by Edward I. Boyle. Written by Wm. E. Siafer.

There's a sailor boy departing from a lowly cottage home,
From a tearful, anxious mother, over unknown seas to roam.
See her watch the white ship fondly, as it proudly sails from shore.
Bearing him from her sweet presence, will she ever see him more?
But hark! a thunder cloud is rolling, hear the howling of the storm.
Look upon the foam-capped billows, see the headland's awful form;
Wildly roars the driving tempest, yet above the mighty gale,
He hears a soft voice singing with a low and plaintive wail:

CHORUS.

God bless my darling boy, and bring him home to me;
Back to his native land, from far across the sea.
Angels ever guard him wherever he may roam,
And bring him back to mother and his dear old home.

In a pleasant peaceful doorway sits a mother, all alone,
List'ning to the plaintive voices of the ocean's hollow moan,
Till the very air seems ladened with a joyful melody,
Breathing words of love and comfort from her boy who went to sea;
And look a stalwart form is coming, 'tis her long lost boy once more.
Brown and bearded, strong and manly, walking briskly up the shore.
Now the mother's prayer is answered, God has sent him home again.
From her glad soul, as she greets him, comes this beautiful refrain:

CHORUS.

God bless my darling boy, home again with me;
Back to his native land, from far across the sea.
Angels, they have guarded him upon the ocean foam,
And brought him back to mother and his dear old home.

CHEER UP, MOTHER.

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Words and Music by Robt. W. Gilchrist.

I boarded a ship across the way, to America here to roam,
And left my home in Ireland, and mother, dear, to mourn;
She placed her arms around me, and said my lad, good-bye, [eyes.
I noticed the sorrow that was in her heart, and tears flowing from her
She clung to my hand and wept like a child, with parting words she said,
Don't forget to write me a letter, lad, so I'll know if you're living or dead.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, mother, and do not weep, for I'll return to you some day
When you're least expecting me, I'll sail from across the way;
And in old Ireland there will be a home for me to rest,
And cling to my dear mother, the one that I love best.

Some day I'll go home to mother, in old Ireland across the sea,
Where life will be a pleasure, and she will welcome me;
Her thoughts are always with me, wherever I may go,
She said do not forget your mother, lad, for you're only one I adore;
She told me to send her my picture, for that would give her joy;
To gaze at my face would please her, for I was her only boy.—*Chorus.*

You Ain't So Warm As You Look.

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Words and Music by Chas. T Ellis.

While a-walkin' down the avenue with my lady friend,
On a bright sunny day in June,
I met a gallus colored individual,
Who gazed at me like a coon.
I looked back at 'im kinder sassy like,
Then to me he did say:
Where yer all a-goin', can I see you home?
I said, my dear boy, nay, nay, nay.

CHORUS.

You ain't so warm as you look,
I've got other coons on my book.
I don't know if you're a gamblin' man, a tout, or a crook,
You ain't so warm as you look.

Now I don't like a fussy nigger no how,
Who tries for to put on style
Just because you got a pair of checkered trousers
And a last year's hold-over tile.
You lemon, leather-colored coons,
You cuts no ice at all.
I declare I can't see you with a spy-glass;
Go 'way, man, or you'll hear somethin' fall.—*Chorus.*

Weary Mike Who Made the Strike at Klondike.

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Words by Ed. Gardenier. Music by Wm. E. Siafer.

You've often heard of Weary Mike, who's always on the blinc,
And dead in love with all hard work, and water, I don't think;
You see that individual now all free from care and woe;
I'm geared up to the limit with 'most ev'ry kind of dough;
I was grub-staked to Alaska when things began to boom,
And I've lived on roasted snow-balls where golden nuggets bloom;
I'm back again with gold to melt when riding on my bike;
The girls say I'm the ripest peach that ere came down the pike.

CHORUS.

I'm weary Mike, the millionaire, full of gold dust ev'rywhere;
In me whiskers, in me hair, I'm covered with nuggets bright;
There's nothing too good, I've got the price, and that's the thing that cuts
I'm Weary Mike who made the strike at Klondike. [the ice;

My gold mine up at Klondike yields two hundred to the pan;
It's called, for sake of bygone days, the old tomatoe can;
A tenderfoot he sold it for a quart of Holland gin;
It's so chock-full of gold-dust, boys, it's ground into my skin;
The boodle that I'm worth to-day I couldn't even hint;
My overalls I sold them for five thousand at the mint;
At the Waldorf, where I'm stopping, when through my bath and rub,
The servants all get scrapping for the gold dust in the tub.—*Chorus.*

When the Shadows Flee Away.

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Words and Music by Albert E. Fowler.

My mother's picture comes and goes as evening shadows fall,
And as I wander in the dell methinks I hear her call;
But no; that voice is silent now, no more her face we'll see,
We know in heaven she's waiting her dear children all to see.
We will meet you, mother darling, at no far distant day,
The hair that once was golden is turning into grey:
We're lonesome, too, since you have gone, and care no more to stay,
We will meet you, mother, darling, when the shadows flee away.

CHORUS.

We will meet you, mother, darling, when the shadows flee away,
We will meet you, mother, darling, at no far distant day;
It will be a happy meeting, when we meet on yonder shore,
To see you, mother, hear your voice, as once we did of yore.

Oh, mother, dear, we miss you as we say our evening prayer,
We gaze in yonder old bedroom and think we see you there;
Our thoughts are constantly of you, our love will never wane.
We're glad that at some sweet, sweet day, we'll see your face again.
As the days go swiftly by, and heaven draweth near,
The little pray'r you taught us grows sweeter and more dear,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep at home is heard each day,
We will meet you, mother, darling, when the shadows flee away.
—*Chorus.*

ON BROADWAY AFTER THREE.

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Words and Music by Walter de Frece and Edmund Francis.

If you've ever, with a pard, strolled along the Boulevard
In Paree, or in London, on the Row,
And watch'd the passing throng, as they amble gaily on,
You doubtless think you've witness'd quite a show;
But take a walk one day on your own dear old Broadway,
At 3 P. M. just start from Union Square;
As it now occurs to me, I will tell you whom you'll see
In a prom' upon that famous thoroughfare.

CHORUS.

First comes "Cholly," his mommer's boy,
With his dainty, mincing way,
Then the chap that knows it all,
With his "Hey! wot d'yer say?"
Sailors and tailors from "down the Bay,"
Bunco Bill with a country jay,
Are some of the people you'll meet ev'ry day
On Broadway after three.

CHORUS.

Actors tell tales of their hits in the West,
Where they turned the crowds away;
Then along there will come the poor manager glum,
Who the losses has had to pay.
A big New York "copper," so mild and polite,
By a lamp-post sleeps fast till disturbed by a fight
On his left, so he quickly runs up on his right
On Broadway after three.

CHORUS.

Chimmy the tough, with his steady, you'll see,
With contempt for Broadway swells;
And a Gaiety girl, with a Cockney curl,
Quite the reigning queen of belles.
She calls up a hansom, the dudes all stare,
It costs her a shilling at home for the fare,
She finds here it's four dollars, there's a real English swear
On Broadway after three.

CHORUS.

The matinee girl coming home from the show,
Deep in love with the leading man;
With a matinee hat that frightens the horse
Of a baggage transfer van.
The brokers from Wall Street, the Bull and the Bear,
The boss politician who thinks he's all there,
And the blonde with black roots to her peroxide hair,
On Broadway after three.

CHORUS.

The ladies out shopping will call at each store,
All the bargains there to see;
They will look all day, then politely say,
"Cut a pattern of that for me."
The red-nosed comedian, the tricky soubrette,
The single man spruce as Beau Brummell, you bet,
And the married man pushing a twin bassinette,
On Broadway after three.

—Mosquito bars, like lies, are made from whole cloth.

THE SCIENTIFIC MAN.

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Words and Music by Charles Osborne.

I once knew a man and he was
An encyclopædia,
He could tell you the weight of the moon to an ounce,
And the name of every star;
H'de stand on a slope with a big telescope
And squint at Venus bright,
'Till all the pas of the girls in Mars
Complain'd that 'twas not right.
He used to say that the Milky Way
Was at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight;
He analyzed fogs from the Isle of Dogs,
And set the river alight.
They had to admit he'd got the wit
And learning in his mind,
Of Europe, Irope, Lorop, Stirrup,
And Jalap, all combined.

CHORUS.

And he knew all about etymology,
Hebrew, Shebrew, Jewjuology;
Syntax, tin-tacks, hob-nails, boot-jacks,
He was full as a moving van;
Those who crack'd and back'd up Edison,
Swore his jaw was more than medicine;
Simply because people said he was
A durn'd learn'd scientific man.

He could jaw for a week in ancient Greek,
And spout on the ages dark,
He'd "pinch" your watch to indulge in Scotch,
And "welch" at Monmouth Park;
He'd bolt and bunk like a Chinese junk,
And dance a German waltz;
And inflate his lungs with various tongues
From Dutch to Epsom Salts.
He'd a beak like a parrot, the color of a carrot,
With a Roman wart on top;
A swan-like throat, like an old mud boat,
And a breath like a chemist shop.
A long moustache, like weeds in a marsh,
And a temper sour and crabby;
He nap and scrap with a Russian or a Jap,
And swear like a drunken cabby.—*Chorus.*

He could tell from a speck of mud upon your neck
The place where you were born;
And just from the touch he'd say how much
Your coat would fetch in pawn;
He'd guess your weight by the size of your pate,
And what seems still more strange,
He'd boldly assert, by the wrinkle of your shirt,
That you required a change;
He was nearly as quick at arithmetic
As a New York Central train;
He had grammar and addition and bunk-a-doodleition,
And division and collision on the brain;
He collared a degree at a university,
And all the Profs. cried "Mercy!"
When he won a prize for a book—that size—
On "Insect Life in Jersey."—*Chorus.*

He could draw a map, a barrow, or a trap,
And square a circle to a "T;"
And he could swear, from the color of your hair,
What your politics might be.
Around his room a sweet perfume
Invariably did dwell;
That scent, one night, to the house set light,
And blew the house to Halifax.
When the coroner was told the place was cold,
He came up to the scratch;
They found one rib that looked like a squib,
And smelt like a brimstone match.
They sniffed and yelled and an inquest held,
Those gentlemen in fustian;
Said they, "By gom! he's busted from
Spontaneous combustion!"—*Chorus.*

—A five-year-old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his foot, said, "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin' and then you'll see—won't be mamma?"

—Dialogue between two individuals who have been seated on the bank of the Hudson all day Sunday with hook and line and have caught nothing:

"I say, my dear fellow, do you fish because you enjoy it?"

"Oh, Lord! no. I do it because it's the only pretext I have for staying away from my wife all day Sunday."

"By Jove! It's for that reason I'm here!"

TALLY-HO.

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Words by Will Godwin and Will Mayne. Music by Will Godwin.

When the summer is o'er and the brown leaves are falling,
And winter is coming by leaps and by bounds,
What pleasure to start when the huntsman is calling,
To go to the meet, just to follow the hounds.
After months in New York passed in luxury, you know,
Oh, how sweet to hear the welcome sound of Tally-ho!
Horse and hounds prick up their ears, all ready for the start,
The fox is seen and off we go, each man must play his part.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

REFRAIN.

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! a-hunting we will go,
Over hedge and stile we'll hunt the fox for many a mile;
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! the pace is far from slow,
With horse and hound we cover the ground, Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

The jackets of red and the white buckskin breeches,
All brighten the scene and make ev'ry one gay;
For miles we can see where the clear country reaches,
Hurrah! for the meet, 'tis a real hunting day.
Off we gallop side by side to try and win the race,
Reynard knows his book and very smartly makes the pace;
He has disappeared from view, the old un's very sly,
See the hounds have found the scent, once more they're in full cry.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!—*Refrain.*

A clear run for miles, ev'ry heart is delighted,
As straight as a dart, no one stops to take breath;
The ladies' flushed cheeks show how they are excited,
For each lady wants to be in at the death.
See at last Sir Reynard's caught, he's standing there at bay,
At him all the hounds are rushing, hip, hip, hip, hooray!
Master of the hunt is near to stop that madd'ning crush,
All is over now and Master Reynard's lost his brush.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!—*Refrain.*

I WANT MA HONEY BOY NOW.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

Oh, I just can't wait for to-morrow's sun to shine,
For I want ma honey boy now!
You knows de man I mean, I'm his'n an' he's mine,
But I want ma honey boy now!
In de evenin' I'se to marry him, sure 'nough de truth I'se tellin',
Den dere's gwine to be a cake-walk, heap a-shoutin' and a-yellin',
And we'll cut de pigeon wing, an' cut a great big watermellin',
When de preacher says de word what gives dat loving heart to me.
Dere's no use, I can't wait for to-morrow's sun to shine,
For I want ma honey boy now!
You know de man I mean, I'm his'n and he's mine,
But I want ma honey boy now!

Don't forget to-morrow evenin', please try to be on time!
Goodness me, I want my honey boy now!
What's de use of all dis waitin', when to-morrow he'll be mine,
And I *do* want my honey boy now!
Oh, why can't I do like sister Jane? she didn't stop to worry
'Bout no weddin' ring and all such stuff, but den dere'll be a flurry
If I took de man I want at once and scooted in a hurry,
And widout de preacher blessin' me; good Lord, I hear de fuss,
But den I just can't wait for to-morrow's sun to shine,
For I want ma honey boy now!
If you know de man I mean, you can't blame me, he's just fine!
And I want ma honey boy now!

Some say I've cause for anger, but I don't believe it's true,
For I trusts ma honey boy now!
If dem pale-faced coons keep chasin' him, I can't blame him, can you?
'Sides I feel he's true, ma honey boy now!
Oh, he's says I'se mighty jealous, and I knows it, I'se no gilly,
But I loves de man a-mighty heap, and I won't stand no Willy
Business gwine on behind my back, and makin' me look silly,
So he'd better say his pray'rs de day he blights ma trustin' heart,
For sure I know I'd lose ma head, an' den I'd cut him mighty deep,
And our bridal vows would end up in a row!
But den what's de use in frettin' 'bout a thing what's gwine to keep,
And I've got ma honey boy now!

—Two Germans passed by a field in Alsace where a peasant was sowing seeds.

"Sow away," said one of the Germans, "when it is ripe it will be for us."

"Very likely," said the peasant, "it's hemp I'm sowing."

MY SWEETHEART SUE.

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Words by Wilson Imbrie Davenny. Music by Otto Bonnell.

Her hair was of a sunny golden hue,
Her big round eyes were bright and blue;
Her childhood heart was trusting, pure, and true,
The fairest of the fair, my sweetheart Sue.
She loved me then and loves me still,
She tells me that she always will;
Her word is good as bond or gold.
She says she'll love me when I'm old.

CHORUS.

Sue, Sue, my sweetheart Sue,
Oh, how I do love you;
Sue, Sue, my sweetheart Sue,
I'll love you and you'll be true.

Her cheeks were of a ruddy, healthy glow,
Her voice was sweet and soft and low;
Her girlhood form was passing plump, you know,
To boldest of the boys my love said "No."
She loved me then and always will.
So soon we'll wed, my soul does thrill;
My Sue I'll bind with ring of gold,
I'm sure she'll love me when I'm old.—*Chorus.*

HOW CAN I FORGET?

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by A. D. Caprio.

Back to a home of splendor, safe from the sea of strife,
Thinking of one so tender, who'd promised to be my wife;
And in the silent gloaming, oft have I pictured the past,
In thoughts that were brightest of her I loved in visions too bright to last.
The parting words were spoken, she vowed that she'd be true,
I've cherished her last token, her fond words of adieu;
Oh, how my heart was yearning, recalling her words again,
But when I saw her her love had changed, my hoping had been in vain.

CHORUS.

Can you so soon forget, why not be faithful to me?
Where'er I've chanced to roam, I have been constant to thee;
Blighted lives, broken hearts, have you no word of regret? [forget?
Hopes that were bright like shadows have passed, tell me, how can I

Life is a dream of sadness since you have gone away,
Without one spark of gladness, I'm left on the lone highway;
No one to guide my footsteps, no one to care should I fall,
I sit and I ponder in silent thought, on love I would fain recall.
Oh, tell me what has changed you, your love I thought sincere,
Did you but know the anguish, you've wrecked a heart so dear;
I cannot think you faithless, oh, why should you cause me pain? [vain.
One word from your lips will convince me, and prove I've not loved in
—*Chorus.*

My Sweet Little Carrie Brown.

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Words and Music by Samuel Lapin.

A young gallant knight, with seeming delight,
Was seen promenading one day,
With a sweet little lady, who chatted so gaily,
'Way down on gay Broadway.
With form so slender, arrayed in splendor,
Eyes so blue and round;
If you have met her, you cannot forget her,
My sweet little Carrie Brown.

CHORUS.

Dearest Carrie, do not tarry, I'm your beau,
Won't you promise me to marry, I love you so;
From you I can never part, I would die of broken heart,
For to you I will be true, my Carrie Brown.

Says he, "I'll bring a diamond ring,
To show that I love sincerely,
I'll take you to all the parties and balls,
The sport you love so dearly:
You can dance and sing, do 'most anything,
Your equal can't be found:
When you I see I'm in ecstasy,
My sweet little Carrie Brown."—*Chorus.*

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

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Words by Lester Barrett. Music by Lester Thomas.

In the glorious summer season ev'rybody takes a trip
To the seaside for enjoyment, on the sands they gaily skip;
Married men with wives and children, single Johnnies on the mash,
Pretty girls who seek for husbands who have pockets full of cash.

CHORUS.

By the sad sea waves, where the ladies are so charming,
By the sad sea waves, in the glorious summer time;
With their fetching smiles and dresses, rosy lips and golden tresses,
Shady nooks and sly caresses, by the sad sea waves.

At a boarding-house in Newport, Percy Vere met Gladys Gray,
Soon he showed his fond affection, took her driving ev'ry day;
By his tone he seemed a marquis, she had jewels in galore,
So they formed a love engagement, as they strolled along the shore.

CHORUS.

By the sad sea waves, ev'ry night he took her strolling,
By the sad sea waves, he would swear his heart was gone;
She's the only girl he sings to, she's the girl he says nice things to,
Promised lovely diamond rings to, by the sad sea waves.

When their holidays were over, and they had to say adieu,
He to join his yacht at Brighton, she to join her papa, too;
They agreed to write each other Billet Doudlets ev'ry day,
And when he'd his mansion ready, they'd be married right away.

CHORUS.

From the sad sea waves back to bus'ness in the morning,
From the sad sea waves to his humble "five a week;"
In a cook-shop he goes dashing, who should bring his plate of hash in
But the girl he had been mashing by the sad sea waves.

Flossie Moore from Baltimore.

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Words and Music by William L. Berry.

All the way from Baltimore came a little maiden fair,
And when she struck the city could do nothing else but stare;
She was a maid demure, her parents thought so, sure,
She'd saved a little money and her parents paid the fare;
They told her not to stay too long and write home ev'ry day,
But what a change came over her since the other day!
"Dear ma, I like it better," she wrote home in a letter,
"Life is one long dream, and here I'm going to stay!"

CHORUS.

I'm a wonder in the city, and my name is Flossie Moore,
And it's a perfect pity I had not arrived before;
I am so delighted, all the "chappies" I have sighted,
And the whole town seems to be in a roar;
I'm a winner at a dinner, that's what all the boys say,
I can talk to anybody on the topics of the day;
Should anyone get previous, the line I draw,
For I am Flossie Moore from Baltimore.

Such a grand impression she made in walking down Broadway,
With "chappies" at the races, she held undisputed sway;
She gave some dinners swell, and got along so well,
For money was no object and she had a heap to spare.
She had full swing in ev'rything, this maid from Baltimore,
And showed her friends a winning hand they'd ne'er seen before;
All other girls were shady when Flossie was the lady,
All the "chappies" said such "chic" they never saw.—*Chorus.*

When she left for home to-day she was looking extra fine,
When she got to the station all the "chappies" were in line;
She'd presents by the score from ev'ry leading store,
And just before she started they'd a parting drink of wine.
Each "chappie" had to make a speech to thank Miss Flossie Moore,
And wish her joy and happiness out in Baltimore:
The train moved on 'mid shouting, and giddy "chappies" spouting,
Throwing kisses at the girl they all adore.—*Chorus.*

—A Paterson wife, in reply to her husband's advertisement that he would pay no debts of her contracting, published a card expressing surprise that he had raised money enough to pay the advertising bill.

—"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she is just getting ready for her wedding, too! Oh, dear me, what is to be done?" "Let her go right on with the wedding, madam, by all means. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will."

My Sweet Little Rose of Killarney.

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Words and Music by Ben. Riggs.

In a neat little cot on the banks of the Fleak,
And close by the lakes of Killarney,
Lives a maiden with style, whom a prince would admire,
And the boys call her sweet Rosie Carney.
She is just seventeen, and in nature's full bloom,
And her cheeks are as red as the rose;
With a heart that is true, and between me and you,
How I love her, there's nobody knows.

REFRAIN.

She's just as handsome to me as the morning rose,
Loved and admired is Rosie where'er she goes;
Her voice is as sweet as the bird's singing on the trees,
She is my sweet little rose of Killarney.

With love and devotion I'll sail o'er the sea,
To marry my rose of Killarney;
And we'll sit by the lakes, where I told her with glee,
How I loved only sweet Rosie Carney.
Both her father and mother's consent I have gained,
And we faithful will be evermore;
Then a life of pure love, with my sweet Irish dove,
We will live on old Erin's green shore.—*Refrain.*

TWO LITTLE DOLLS.

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Words and Music by Fred. J. Hamill.

Two little dolls in a nurs'ry lay,
As they were left by a child tired of play;
And one was a girl from Chinaland,
And the other a boy from fair Japan,
As he turned his head from side to side,
He looked at the girl, then softly sighed,
"I have loved you for ever so long!"
Thus spoke the Jap to the maid from Hong Kong.

CHORUS.

Ting-ling-a-ling, ting-ling-a-ling, gaily, sweetly, they did sing;
Ting-ling-a-ling, ting-ling-a-ling, and their voices loud did ring;
Ting-ling-a-ling, ting-ling-a-ling, gaily, sweetly, both did sing;
And the funny little Jap didn't care a rap, only for the maid from China.

They loved and courted the whole long day,
Sweet were the words that the boy did say
To the dear little girl from Chinaland.
She shook her head at the boy from Japan,
Then wisely said, "Now, don't tease me so,
For I'm quite old enough to know
What to do, and when, as well,"
Replied the maid to this Japanese swell.—*Chorus.*

Summer Time Is Coming, Lad.

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Words and Music by Robt. W. Gilchrist.

It is coming summer time, when we can enjoy a sunshine day,
And watch beneath the shady trees at the children play;
We can sit out on the porch at night in our easy chair and rock,
And listen to the striking of the old town clock.
When nights will be long coming, and cold winter days has gone,
All the boys and girls around the town will sing this little song:

CHORUS.

Summer time is coming, lad,
Won't you feel so jolly and glad,
When we can rove around like a lark,
And chase all the girls around the park;
Yes, summer time is coming, lad,
Won't we feel so jolly and glad,
When the park police can make his spiel,
At the bloomer girls while out with their wheel.

It is coming summer time, and it won't be very long,
When the ice has left the rivers and lakes, and grass growing on the lawn;
When the cold winter days has passed away, and warmer days has come;
The boys will chase the girls around and enjoy lots of fun.
When summer days has come, and nights won't be so long,
All the birds up in the trees will sing this little song:—*Chorus.*

A Boy Without a Sweetheart.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

There once was a lad so lonely and sad,
For he had no sweetheart to cheer him,
A maiden so fair, with black curly hair,
With no beau, she lived very near him.
The rest of the boys and girls had their joys,
And went with the ones they love best,
While the maiden and lad would wish that they had
Some sweetheart like all of the rest.

REFRAIN.

A boy without a sweetheart, a girl without a beau,
They used to meet upon the street, but never spoke, you know,
'Till some one introduced them, and in a week or so,
The boy he had a sweetheart, and the girl she had a beau.

No more will this lad be lonely and sad,
For he has a sweetheart to cheer him;
This maiden so fair, with black curly hair,
It seems that she ever is near him.
Since then they've been wed, and I've heard it said,
That now to her apron there clings
A dear baby boy, who listens with joy,
While ma rocks the cradle and sings:—*Refrain.*

TIME IS MONEY.

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Words by Walter Tilbury and Fred. J. Barnes. Music by Walter Tilbury.

Now, every fairy rhyme begins with, "Once upon a time!"
"Time," we are told, "was made for slaves!"
There's the good time, a bad time, a happy time, a sad time,
And "time" for the man who misbehaves.
There's the time that you are born, a time you will be gone,
That's just about the time that you repent;
All the little tricks you've done, you remember one by one,
That's the time you think of where you will be sent.

CHORUS.

Time is money, yes, and money it is time,
And don't you be forgetting it,
Always get as much money as you can,
But don't get time for getting it.

There's the time you wend your way down to Coney for the day,
That's the time you have a pretty girl to meet;
It's a sunny time, a funny time, a come-and-kiss-your-honey time,
The time you find this maiden you must treat.
There's the time upon the sand, when you hold this maiden's hand,
That's the time you wish your friends were all in sight;
When the girl says, "This is bliss," and she wants to hug and kiss,
That's the time you should bid the girl good-night – or you'll find that
—*Chorus.*

There's the time that you imbibe and you get a lovely tide,
And you start for home about the hour of two;
It's a boozy time, a carousy time, I don't care whose a whosey time,
A time you don't care what you say or do.
There's the time yo i meet police, and time you want release,
That's the time you see the error of your ways;
When the judge tells you you're fined, and you haven't got a dime,
Then the kind of time you get is "thirty days"—and you know that
—*Chorus.*

There's the time you wink your eye, and the time you heave a sigh,
That's just the time your heart begins to shoot;
It's a happy time, a floppy time, a spooney time, a sloppy time,
Until the time you meet her father's boot.
There's the time you're apt to reach, when the girl sues you for breach,
For doing things she said you hadn't ought;
Though you vow that it's not true, but the judge says, "That will do,
And a thousand dollars pay her," says the Court—and you know that
—*Chorus.*

There's the time you back a horse and he doesn't win, of course,
That's the time the bookmaker gives you the laugh;
That's an airy time, a sweary time, a make-you-tear-your-hairy time,
A time you'd like to break him right in half.
There's the time upon the train, when you start for home again,
That's the time a little game of draw you play;
You get up without a cent, that's the time that you repent,
And the time you find that you have been the jay—and you know that
—*Chorus.*

—Two Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same chamber. In the morning one of them inquired of the other, "Dennis, did you hear the thunder in the night?" "No, Pat, did it really thunder?" "Yes; it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together." "Why the deuce, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape when it thunders."

THE USHER IN THE AISLE.

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Words by S. J. Feldman. Music by J. Brachman.

At the theatre one evening, crowds were thronging to the show,
Were waiting with impatience for a seat,
Ushers flitting thro' the aisle-way, all but one, who worked so slow,
Whose sad face told a story of sorrow so complete;
"Here, usher, take these coupons, can't you hurry?" one man cried,
While others said in anger, "Must we stand here all the night?"
These harsh words he never answered, but the tears bedimmed his sight,
His sad thoughts they were wand'ring to his dear home that night.

CHORUS.

At home his dear mother was passing away,
With no one to watch her, alone there she lay;
But those in the play-house were all joy and smiles,
And none seemed to pity the usher in the aisle.

Then the manager approached him, said, "My boy, you'll have to go,"
The patrons with approval shook their heads,
"Tho' your work at one time pleased us, still of late you're much too slow,
We'll have to get another, a faster man instead;"
Then home he quickly hurried, "Mother, mother, dear!" he cried,
No answer greets his loving words, his mother just had died;
When next day he told his story, they could see he's not to blame,
The manager said kindly, "We'll take you back again."—*Chorus.*

DIP ME IN THE GOLDEN FOAM.

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Words and Music by John T. Beattie.

Oh, I long for to see that heavenly land,
I do, that's true:
I want for to grab Saint Peter by the hand,
That's true, I do:
Come all you children, lean and fat,
Oh, come, do come:
Oh, you must give up your policy,
You must give up your crap,
If you want that golden foam,

CHORUS.

Then dip me, oh, bathe me,
Sister Louisa, won't you get in the boat?
Brother Joseph, won't you take a little float?
For I am going home to get that golden foam.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Oh, don't you want that foam?

Oh, the good book, the good book I do love,
That's true, I do;
Oh, the Lord sees us from up above,
That's true. He do:
Come all you sinners straight to Him,
Oh, come, don't roam:
Oh, you must give up your razors,
You must give up your gin,
If you want that golden foam.

CHORUS.

Then dip me, oh, bathe me,
Sister Martha, won't you get in the boat?
Brother Henry, won't you take a little float?
For I am going home to get that golden foam.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Oh, don't you want that foam?

Oh, you can sit right down in the snow-white pew,
That's true, me too;
We can see old Satan a-shoveling dew,
That's true, us few;
Come all you coons, do what is right,
Don't roam from home:
Oh, you must give up your chickens,
You must give up your fight,
If you want that golden foam.

CHORUS.

Then dip me, oh, bathe me,
Sister Hannah, won't you get in the boat?
Brother Bryan, won't you take a little float?
For I am going home to get that golden foam.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Oh, don't you want that foam?

—A man hates to own that he isn't as smart as a hen, but he's got to allow that a hen can sit on an egg and not get mad.

The Song That Will Live Forever.

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Words by Tom Browne. Music by Felix McGlennon.

'Twas a glorious night, and the moon shone brightly,
As around the camp-fires the soldiers lay;
Their hearts were bold, and they beat, ah, so lightly,
Tho' they might be stilled in the coming fray.
It was all in vain that they courted slumber,
So they 'rous'd and sat there the whole night long,
Telling tales and talking the old times over,
When at last one sang them a sweet old song.

CHORUS.

The song that will live forever, forever and for aye!
Ages may come and ages may go, the song shall live alway;
While human hearts are beating on the land or foam,
The song that will live forever is "Home, Sweet Home!"

As the words rang out in that far-off wildwood,
Ev'ry warm, true heart breathed a silent pray'r;
For they thought of home, the dear home of their childhood,
And the ones they loved, who were waiting there.
Ah! they thought of parents, of wives and children,
Sweethearts, friends and playmates across the foam;
There were brave men's tears in the husky voices,
As they join'd the chorus of "Home, Sweet Home.—*Chorus.*

Hark! what was that? A bugle call? To arms! to arms! to arms!
Up sprang those gallant heroes then to face grim war's alarms;
And fast they're battling there 'gainst death, 'mid bay'net, shot and shell;
Where fighting to the last, the gallant soldier singer fell, the soldier singer
He hears the cry of "Victory!" and with his dying breath, [fell.
He bids his comrades not to grieve for his, a soldier's death.
"Good-bye," he cries, "Good-bye! I lived for those across the foam,
For them I die! God bless them, boys, I've sung my last of home!"—*Cho.*

LITTLE HUCKLEBERRY.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

Out all day a-hoein' corn,
Ain't I happy when I get back home
And see dat sassy little baby
Standin' at the door;
Little Huckleberry, dat's her pretty little name,
She love me, an' I feels de same;
An' for dis feelin' I'se not ter blame,
Good Lord! I'se not ter blame, for don't yer

CHORUS.

Know she's ma prize,
With her little kinky head an' chiny eyes;
Little Huckleberry from Savannah,
An' for short I calls her Hannah,
An' she truly dotes on me.

Came home late the other night,
Goodness me, but I had a fright;
Fer no little coon stood at de door
To welcome mammy home.
Look'd all around, an' I felt like lead,
Ma legs was shaking, I was nearly dead,
When a sweet little voice from under de bed,
A voice from under de bed said, "Mammy,

CHORUS.

Here is your prize,
With ma little kinky head and chiny eyes;
Little Huckleberry from Savannah,
An' for short yo' calls me Hannah, I
An' yo' always dote on me."

Grabb'd her out from under de bed,
Pull'd her 'round by de hair ob de head;
I beat her so she won't sit down
Again for many a day,
But I felt so bad when she began to cry,
Pick'd her up and wiped her eye;
I hugged and kissed her little brown face,
An' in her ear did sigh, "Ma precious,

CHORUS.

You is ma prize,
With your little kinky head an' chiny eyes;
Little Huckleberry from Savannah,
An' for short I calls her Hannah,
An' yo' truly dote on me."

—Parlor magazines—kerosene lamps.

DAISY DANN.

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Words and music by Chas. H. Harris.

I've a daisy for my sweetheart, pretty blue-eyed Daisy Dann,
And a sweeter little flower never bloomed in all this land;
I have never thought to doubt her, within her eyes, so fair to see,
Gleams a light to tell me daily that she loves no one but me.

CHORUS.

Daisy, pretty Daisy, my promised bride,
My life, my sunshine, my only joy and pride;
Oh, how I love her! I'm a far better man
Since I've won the heart of Daisy, pretty blue-eyed Daisy Dann.

You might search this wide world over, but I'm sure you'd never find
One among ten thousand people with a heart so good and kind;
Why there's not a single fellow who has not tried to win the hand
Of the girl I've pledged to marry, pretty blue-eyed Daisy Dann.
—*Chorus.*

The Wrecking of the Maine.

Words by G. E. McKenzie.

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When the Maine was blown to atoms
It almost took our breath,
To learn that the noble crew
Had met a shocking death;
And we sympathized in sorrow
With the mothers and the wives
Of the gallant men who, by treachery,
Had lost their precious lives.

CHORUS.

Now, boys, you know what you're to do;
Get ready for the strife.
And for the Spaniards' cruelty,
We'll make it life for life.

But our President and Hanna
Do not want to have a war,
For fear their friends in Lombard Street
On them would get too sore;
But there are Americans,
Who are going to show to Spain,
That blood alone can pay the debt
For blowing up the Maine.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE DOLLY DAYDREAM.

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

I've waited long to have ma say,
Till Southern garls have had deir day;
I've got de smile now all de while now,
Just anoder maidy come to stay.
Dose garls 'way down would get no show,
Dey'd stand no chance in Idaho;
She ain't no piccaninny from 'way down or West Virginny,
But she sits a-dreaming where de salmon waters flow.

CHORUS.

Why does she sit and sigh, dis little lady, dis little lady, O?
Why does she droop her eye, dis purty maidy, dis lubly garl, don't ye know?
Well, don't you see? It is bekase she is so love-sick, all froo me! [know?
She's little Dolly Daydream, pride of Idaho! so now ye know!
And when ye go, you'll see there's somethin' on her mind, don't think it's you,
'Kase no one's got to kiss dat garl but me. [you.
Little Dolly Daydream, pride of Idaho! so now ye know!
And when ye go, ye'll see there's somethin' on her mind, don't think it's you,
'Kase no one's got to kiss dat garl but me. [you.

I ain't spoke yet, nor her to me,
But Lor'! ye purty soon can see
She's only waitin' for me statin'
Dat I'm just as much in lub as she.
Dere's one poor cuss, she fools him so,
He tells dem all 'round Idaho
Dat he's her best intended, bekase deir styles has blended,
But she fools wid him to send my jealous on de go.—*Chorus.*

—It is better to be caught out in a thunder shower with another man's umbrella, than to be caught in an ice-cream saloon with another man's wife.

KATE McCARTHY.

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Words and music by Chas. H. Harris.

Of all the girls I've ever seen, there's only one I'd make my queen;
I'm proud to tell you who I mean, 'tis pretty Kate McCarthy.
All the boys are nearly wild talking 'bout the little child;
Dying just to win one smile from pretty Kate McCarthy.

REFRAIN.

Ev'ry evening, with a smile, I wait
Down on the corner for my pretty Kate;
Always happy, that's the girl for me,
I'm in love with pretty Kate McCarthy.

When down the street we go to dine, the boys are there to form a line,
Each fellow's sure to be on time for pretty Kate McCarthy.
She's the belle for miles around, in the city, out of town,
All say another can't be found like pretty Kate McCarthy.—*Refrain.*

Is Your Lub True, Ma Honey?

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Words by Oscar Castro. Music by John Kramer.

Is your lub true, ma honey, when I ain't got no money,
To prove it, come kiss me,
I know all darkies are after you for bein' de hottest wench in view,
Both sosiety and break-down jamboree.
To a color'd hop will take you, Sallie, 'cross de street ob Clabber Alley,
It's dere I'll roll de dice if dere's
No hoodoo nigga in de place, will dress you in silk and lace,
And make you look like a queen, Liza.

CHORUS.

Oh, my baby, tell me quick, does you lub me dearly?
Oh, my baby, am gittin' sick from thinkin' ob you sincerely;
Oh, my baby, come right away, am fadin' inch by inch;
Oh, my baby, don't delay, but fall in my arms and clinch;
Oh, my baby, your a-sunshine, all the niggers you're puttin' in a trance;
Oh, my baby, from South Carolina,
With your pasmalala wing and kutchey-kutchey movement dance.

You may talk 'bout your raggin' bowery dance and cake walkin',
None will compare wid dis heer one;
There'll be music called for free, and written by a man from Ten'see,
I tell you dere'll be fun.
It is dare I'll treat my turtle dove, my sweetest and only love,
On ice cream, jelly cakes, dat's fly;
When I clop both my hands, you'll see my gal do de midway dance,
And through de hall will hear dis reply:—*Chorus.*

The Sinking of the Maine.

Words by John James Welsh.

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On the fifteenth day of February, in the year of 'ninety-eight,
'Twas on a Tuesday evening, and the hour was getting late;
When our American battleship, the one we called the Maine,
Was sunk from sight that fatal night, and never rose again.
Right well we know who struck the blow, those crafty ones of Spain,
But I tell you, we'll make them rue, they ever saw the Maine.

Our ship had anchored in the Bay a day or two before,
Was lying peacefully at rest within a mile or more
Of beautiful Havana, that city of renown,
The brightest gem of all the jewels set in the Spanish crown.
To help the Cuban island to get free from foreign reign
Was the object of the visit of our gallant warship Maine.

The sailors sleeping in their berths ne'er thought of danger near,
Perhaps some of them were dreaming of home and loved ones dear;
When they were 'roused up by a shock, caused by an enemy,
And instantly they all were plunged into the cold, dark sea;
From which until the judgment day they'll never rise again,
God help the mothers of those sons who perished in the Maine.

The men comprising the ship's crew had come from every land,
And nowhere on the sea that night could be found a braver band;
Some came from Norway's icy shore, and some from warm Japan,
From France and Greece, and Prussia, too, and one Romanian;
They came from Ireland, Scotland, but not a one from Spain
Had perished in Havana Bay from off the warship Maine.

Our nation is in mourning, our people are in tears,
To think we've been the target for Spanish balls and jeers;
If they would come forth in the day and not prowl out at night,
And meet us openly like men, we'd show them how to fight.
We are trying to keep our temper, but fear we can't refrain
From sweeping from the face of earth those wreckers of the Maine.

THE ILL-FATED MAINE.

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Words and Music by Thos. J. Quigley.

Ah! what's the sad story from that land so gory,
Unfortunate Cuba, the island of strife,
Where men bravely fighting, their country's wrongs righting,
From Spanish oppression, for freedom and life.
Our people commanded that peace be demanded,
And sent our great warship that peace to maintain,
But soon after landing, the harbor commanding,
A dreadful disaster o'ertook our ship Maine.

CHORUS.

Kind fathers are sighing, fond mothers are crying,
Loved sisters and brothers are hoping in vain;
While sweethearts in sorrow are praying the morrow
Will bring them glad news of the ill-fated Maine.

Four hundred lay sleeping, while others watch keeping,
On board the big ship as she lay in the bay;
When just before morning, without any warning,
The lives of four hundred were taken away.
There's naught in all hist'ry to equal this myst'ry,
The cause of this carnage was looked for in vain;
Ah! may hearts now broken for kind words unspoken,
Bear lightly their loss on the ill-fated Maine.—*Chorus.*

A mother said, "Walter, my boy, never falter,
Should your country call you to fight for the flag;"
He answered, "No, mother, this country, no other,
For I love it dearly from valley to crag."
She ne'er thought this gladness would soon turn to sadness,
And his happy face we would ne'er see again;
When laughing, he kissed her, his sweetheart and sister,
And bade them good-bye on the ill-fated Maine.—*Chorus.*

Her Name Was Mary Wood, but Mary Wouldn't.

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Words by Andrew Sterling. Music by Chas. Robinson.

Once there lived a little maiden, modest, bashful, and so good,
In a quiet little village, and her name was Mary Wood;
All the village lads adored her, but more eager than the rest,
Johnny Jones and little Willie, each to win her did his best.
One night little Willie brought her for a stroll outside the town,
When of walking both grew weary, just to rest a bit, sat down;
Willie placed his arms around her, Mary blush'd as maiden should,
When he whispered something to her, and he asked her if she would.

CHORUS.

Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't,
Of course, she understood, but said she couldn't;
Willie said if she would try, she'd learn to like him bye and bye,
He told her of the pleasure and the joy;
But Mary said she wouldn't dare to do it,
For if she did, perhaps some day she'd rue it;
Mary soon began to pout, so Willie had to go without.
Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't kiss the boy.

Little Willie's love grew hopeless, and he went off in despair,
Johnny Jones he came a-wooing for to win this maiden fair;
And to prove his fond affection bought her presents by the score,
Till one summer's day he met her standing at her cottage door.
Loving words to her were spoken, in a soft and tender tone,
And he told her of a present he had bought for her alone;
And he said if she would take him to some quiet neighborhood,
He would teach her how to use it if she'd promise that she would.

CHORUS.

Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't,
Tho' Johnny said she could, she said she couldn't;
Johnny said if she would mount, if she fell off it wouldn't count,
He told her how delightful she would feel;
But Mary said she wouldn't dare to do it,
For if she did, perhaps some day she'd rue it;
Mary said she'd like to ride, but really didn't care to stride,
Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't ride the wheel.

—Here is an excuse actually sent to an Americus, Ga., teacher: "Mr. Teacher, dot poy of mine vos absent de odder day ven he stharted out. He got one pig colt (cold) in his neck vot made much trouble all de vile. Please don't give him some bunishment ven he vas late in de morning. He would have got there shust in time every day, but he is not himself to blame, he is got no mother. She vas dead ten years ago. I am his parent by his mother before she vos dead."

Parody on:

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH FAR AWAY.

Written by Addie A. Smith.

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'Round the cottage I have left so far behind me,
Roam the little ones so dear to heart and home;
Oftentimes when I am lying cold and silent,
In fancy I behold those left alone.
Oh, the struggle and the hardships soon are over,
With springtime we will journey on our way,
And joyously we'll tramp with pick and shovel,
To the gold fields on the Klondike far away.

CHORUS.

Oh, the thaw is stealing out along the Klondike,
From the moon there comes a soft and mellow ray;
Let us gather in the shekels from the gold-fields,
'Neath the snowbanks on the Klondike far away.

Many years may pass ere I shall see that homestead,
And again behold the ones so dear to me;
Oh, their faces in my heart shall live forever,
Should I ne'er again my native country see.
But if perchance Dame Fortune smiles upon me,
And with gold abundant I shall homeward stray,
'Round the fireside I'll gather all my loved ones,
While I tell them of the Klondike far away.—*Chorus.*

DAT CIN'OMATOGRAPH.

Copyright, 1896, by Levin C. Tees and Prof. Harry Pabst.

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Words by Levin C. Tees. Music by Prof. Harry Pabst.

I got into a scrape one day while out enjoying life,
Down at Atlantic City with another feller's wife;
Her front name was Susannah, her t'other name was Birch,
Her husband was a friend ob mine, a pillar ob de church.
I treated her to peanuts, cold slaw, and oyster stew,
I rode her on a carousal gave her watermelon, too;
I bathed her and I floated her, I tickled her till she laughed,
When a feller snapped our picture wid his cin'omatograph.

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! he!
Didn't dem niggers get onto me;
Dar was I, a member of de church,
Sitting on de sand a-huggin' Sister Birch,
When a man came along, gib a grin an' a laugh,
Snapped our pictures wid his cin'omatograph.

Now six months passed away, and then our church it held a fair,
And Brudder Birch and his good wife, my wife and me were dar;
We all sat down together eating cakes and lushing cream,
While de parson did a dance dat made de people yell and scream.
But de feature ob de show dat made de people laugh,
Was dat old photographer wid his cin'omatograph;
De picture dat he struck at fust came like a thunder clap,
Was me a-sitting on de sand wid de sister on my lap.—*Chorus.*

Oh, dar was trouble in de church, as you might all suppose,
When up like mad jumped Brudder Birch an' hit me on de nose;
I went to hit him back, but de parson jumped on me,
Up rose de congregation, just as far as you could see.
Dar was swearin', dar was fightin', dar was tearin' ob de hair,
Dat was de end of harmony at de old church fair;
Oh, dar was tears and tribulations de only one to laugh
Was dat cussed photographer wid his cin'omatograph.—*Chorus.*

—An Oxford graduate was showing his sister over his rooms in college, when some one knocked at the door. Supposing that it was one of his friends, and not wishing to be chaffed, he hid her behind the curtains, and admitted an elderly gentleman who apologized profusely for his intrusion, and excused himself by saying that it was many years since he had been at Oxford, and could not leave without paying a visit to his dear old college and the old rooms he had occupied as a student.

"Ah!" cried the old gentleman, looking around, "the same old sofa! yes, and the same old carpet—everything the same!"

Then walking into the bedroom, he remarked, "Yes, and the same old bed! and the same washstand! Yes, everything the same!"

Presently he stepped towards the curtains and remarked, "Ah, and the same old curtains!" Looking around he beheld the young lady, and turning around, said, "Ah, you young dog, and the same old game!"

"But," hastily replied the undergraduate, "that young lady is my sister." To which the reply came, "Yes, I know, *and the same old story!*"

Parody on:

MY COAL-BLACK LADY.

Words by Harry Son. Sung by Son & Mason.

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I know a hump-backed nigger, and she's got a crooked figure,
And I love her, nit! I do;
She says she is my honey, but she only wants my money,
And she always says she's true;
There ain't no homely nigger that can hope to cut a figure
On this marble heart of mine,
For when she starts to kickin', and asks me for some chicken,
She goes hungry every time.

CHORUS.

This lamp-black lady, I keep her shady,
You cannot blame me, no, no, no,
For she worked me so, so, so,
Her color's shady, but she's a lady,
Don't get next to this lamp-black lady.

I'se particular to mention that it is my great intention
For to carve this hump-backed coon
That tries to win this heart of mine, this lamp-black lump of [calcimine,
My razor will seal her doom.
Just watch her when she's passing by, and you will see the reason [why
I shake dat gal of mine;
When she starts a-kickin', and asks me for some chicken,
She goes hungry every time.—*Chorus.*

I'M THE BADDEST COON DAT'S IN DIS TOWN TO-DAY.

Words by J. H. Hanlein.

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My name is Walter Jackson, I am known for miles around
To be the most vicious nigger living in this town:
And for stealing chickens, dat is my precious game,
And when I get into fight my victim's not to blame.
For shooting and for slashing I don't think I can be beat,
And when I see a policeman I am standing on my feet;
I never make a bluff to run, I stand just like a lamb,
And every one that sees, says, there stands that bad man.

CHORUS.

I am the baddest coon that's in dis town to-day,
I'll be like dis until I've passed away;
And wherever I am about, the people they all shout,
There's the baddest coon dat's in dis town to-day.

I went to a parlor social, it was just one week to-night,
I just went to that colored dance to raise a great big fight;
My razor it was sharper than a razor ought to be,
And I had all the niggers bending at my knee.
I had all the people crying until one burst into a laugh,
Then I pulled out my razor and for him I did go fast;
I caught him in the hallway and I slashed him like a hog,
And now that bully nigger is laying in the morgue.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

The Mother of the Girl I Love.

By James F. Madden.

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I strolled into an old court-house not many moons to come,
And standing in the prisoners' dock was a woman chewing gum;
Her lawyer said, "My client is a woman rich and poor,
And of the crime with which she's charged is guilty, now, I'm sure."
The judge then to the woman said, "If guilty now you be,
And rich and poor, as your bum lawyer just now said to me,
I'd like to have you show me how you do that funny dance,
The hoola-hoola-koola that you used to do in France."

CHORUS.

Silence was her answer, she didn't need to talk,
The prisoner stood still on the floor, while her muscles took a walk;
The judge passed sentence quicker than he ever did before,
He said, "I'll give you just six months up in my top floor.

The lawyer then said to the judge, "Your honor is severe
In passing such a sentence on this poor young woman here;
The only crime with which she's charged is dancing in the street
The hoola-hoola-koola dance without the use of feet;
I would suggest unto the court, though you may think it strange,
Though justice must be satisfied, the sentence you might change;
Don't be so hard upon her, sir, don't have a heart of stone,
Discharge her in my custody—I've a top floor of my own."

CHORUS.

Silence was the answer, only for a while,
The judge then to the lawyer said, "Young man, I like your style;
Though you've a wond'rous gaul, sir, I'll tell you what I'll do, [you."
She'll serve the first three months with me, the next three months with

I'M A POPULAR MAN.

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

They call me a popular man, they do, a popular, popular man,
I've a plan of my own and I'll tell it to you, such a popular, popular man,
I give parties and balls at a terrible rate,
I keep open house with no latch on the gate,
I have money to burn, which I burn while you wait,
I'm a popular, popular man, a popular, popular man.

CHORUS.

I'm a popular, popular, popular man,
I'm built on a popular, popular plan;
They will stick to me fondly with never a doubt,
They will stick just as long as my money holds out;
I'm a popular, popular, popular, popular, popular, popular man,
I'm a popular, popular, popular, popular, popular, popular man.

I patronize science, I patronize art, I'm a popular, popular man,
I lie awake nights just a opening my heart, I'm a popular, popular man;
I have fitted out poets who were struck on the Muse,
And artists, and singers, and speakers with views,
I've started a whole crop of Chauncey Depew's,
I'm a popular, popular man, a popular, popular man.—*Chorus.*

MOTHER CALLS HER "ANGEL."

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Words and music by Horace R. Basler.

In dreams last night a voice like music whispered in my ear,
Giving me advice in tender words so true,
It spoke of one whose love I prize, as "Angel, pure and sweet,"
And in words like these it thrilled me thro' and thro'.
I promised dearest mother—'twas her dear voice I heard—
That should temptation enter in my mind,
I'd think of home and childhood and those happy days I spent,
And would keep my vow to mother, good and kind.

REFRAIN.

For I love a little maid, yes, with a love that ne'er will fade,
And heart filled with love for thee who soon my bride will be;
My life seems a happy dream, I think of only my Irene,
A fairer one I've never seen, and mother calls her "Angel."

Come darling, sit beside me, I have something sweet to say,
'Tis the secret of the heart which longs for thee;
Dear mother's tender words last night have 'roused my love for you,
And to call you "bride" my heart would happy be;
I love you, oh, so dearly, my little sweetheart true,
The very world seems brighter when you're near;
I'll guard you like a tender plant that blooms and knows no care
Little darling one, I love you, love you dear.—*Refrain.*

TEEDELUM, TADELUM.

(DUET.)

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Shall I sing of the flowers, shall I sing of the birds,
Sing whatever you like, as we can't hear the words;
But can't you suggest what you'd like to hear next,
A teedelum, a tadelum's my favorite text.
A teedelum, a tadelum's his favorite text.
When the swallows homeward fly
A teedelum, tadelum.
Mother, I've come home to die,
Teedelum, tadelum. [teedel, tadel, tadelum.
Teedelum, a tadelum, a teedelum, a tadelum, a teedel, [teedel, teedel,
What matter what words you endeavor to sing,
You'll find after all that music's the thing,
But poets have rights you must certainly own,
The man who wrote tadelum's the best poet known;
The man who wrote tadelum's the best poet known,
Birdie, I am growing old,
A teedelum, tadelum;
Silver threads among the gold.
A teedelum, tadelum, [teedel, tadel, tadelum
Teedelum, a tadelum, a teedelum, a tadelum, a teedel, teedel, teedel.

HE FOUGHT FOR THE CAUSE HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT.

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Words and music by Paul Dresser.

I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,
It took me back for over thirty years;
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother, too,
And knelt beside it mingling prayers with tears.
Above the spot where her boy sleeps there stands a wooden cross,
Which bears a sentence worded in this way:
"Pray judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,
A hero, though he wore a suit of grey."

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty-one" and "five,"
To war and all its heartaches we will turn;
Just picture to yourself a mother, tot'ring, old and gray,
And waiting for her boy who'll ne'er return.
A thousand miles away from her he's sleeping all alone,
The skies have ont their sentinels each night,
While passing bare your head in honor of the hero bold,
Because he fought for what he thought was right.

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

A HANDSOME LAD AND LASSIE.

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Words by P. J. Devlin. Music by Horace R. Basler.

A handsome laddie loved and won a pretty village belle,
But soon, alas! the neighbors had the old, sad tale to tell;
The fear of friends and worldly scorn from honor kept the lad,
The broken-hearted lassie then was nearly driven mad.
Her father drove her with her babe like paupers from his door,
Her poor old mother fainting fell upon the cottage floor;
The lass had grit and hunted work, but none would her employ,
"The poor house was the only place for her and baby boy."

REFRAIN.

Lovers' vows are often broken ere the words have died away;
Trusting hearts are bowed with sorrow that were once both light and gay;
Handsome lads are often faithless, when they win the village belle;
Neighbors then will blame the lassie while the old sad tale they tell.

In other climes she sought a chance to earn her daily bread,
And kindly hands assisted her to bravely look ahead;
But gossip's cruel agents came and branded her anew,
Again she was despised because her lover was untrue;
In blank despair she wrote to him and begged him to be just,
She only craved a wedding ring, she did not want a crust;
"Give me a name for baby boy; our lives shall be apart,
You broke your plighted troth, my love, and with it broke my heart."
—*Refrain.*

The laddie left town for awhile, but soon again returned,
And with his talents and address a reputation earned;
Soon honors from his fellowmen poured down upon him fast,
Until he was elected to be Governor at last.
At the Inauguration Ball the belles fought for his smiles;
And anxious mamas tried on him their very latest wiles.
But while the music sweetly played and happy hours had sped,
A message reached the lassie's home which read: "Poor Nell is dead."
—*Refrain.*

The highest office in the State the laddie proudly held,
The future all looked rosy; from the past his mind rebelled;
He was the gayest of the gay and strove hard to forget,
A far-off grave, some letters, and a faded mignonette.
But often in the silent night when Conscience held her sway,
In vain he struggled hard to drive remorseful thoughts away;
And in his ears an echo rang that from him ne'er would part,
"You broke your plighted troth, my love, and with it broke my heart."
—*Refrain*

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WE WERE HAVING A REGULAR JAMBOREE.

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Words and music by Harry Wincott.

Yesterday a dear old pal of mine took for life a maiden fair divine,
When the clock struck one, the preacher said, "I'm done;
Now you're married," no one tarried, cabs were waiting, no debating,
Off we went while laughter filled the air, 'leven chaps and one young lady fair,
Ev'rybody gay, 'twas a wedding day, such fun, well, I declare.

CHORUS.

We were having a regular jamboree
Ten chaps, a bride and a groom out on a spree;
I shall never forget the way we marched in line,
And drank up the wine on Middle'sby's wedding day.

Next we went up to Belmonico's, where the wine and champagne freely flows,
Supper we had there, now talk about a fare,
Plates we broke, for a joke, threw potatoes at the waiters,
Over went the tables and the chairs, my high hat went flying down the stairs;
Full as ticks were we, when the clock three we all began to cheer.—*Chorus.*

MAMIE REILLY.

Parody—By Frank K. Forrest.

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Little Mamie Reilly's a winner you can bet,
She knows much of this wicked world, and hopes to know more yet;
She's got a nice old poppa, just in from the Klondykes gay,
The boys they shout, as they turn out, and this what they say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Mamie Reilly, you're all right,
Really, Mamie Reilly, you're a beauty bright,
Could we blame ye, not on your nat'ral, Mamie,
All the samie, you know your gamie, Mamie Reilly.

Little Mamie Reilly, she dines on goldfish now,
And has her teeth filled with the same, not gold, but bones, I vow,
The other girls are jealous of Mamie's newest hair,
Which once was red, and now instead, it's Klondyke, rich and rare.
—*Chorus.*

THE DAY THAT'S GONE CAN NEVER COME AGAIN.

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Words and music by Safford Waters.

We sat within the garden she and I,
As often we had done in days of yore;
It seemed so sweet to feel that she was nigh,
It seemed so sad to know 'twould be no more;
For some one else had come between us then,
A foolish lover's quarrel was to blame;
And I had come to plead just once again,
To tell her that my heart was still the same.

REFRAIN.

The day that's gone can never come again,
Tho' it be filled with sweetness or regret;
The hope that's fled, the roses that are dead,
Can only mutely ask if we forget;
So think, sweetheart, before you bid us part,
Of all the future holds of joy or pain;
The saddest fate is that which sighs "Too late,"
The day that's gone can never come again.

She turned her pretty face again to mine,
She laid her little hand within my own;
My heart leaped up as in the Auld Lang Syne,
As if the weight of care it ne'er had known;
She said, "Forgive me, dear, for I've been wrong,
I give my heart to you again for aye;
I know that I to you alone belong,
For your sweet words have swept my doubts away."—*Ref.*

MURPHY'S PHONOGRAPH.

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Words and music by John T. Tierney.

Mike Murphy owned a fine saloon, he never had grief nor care,
It mattered not to Murphy whether the day was dark or fair:
An Irish gang hung 'round the place that better days had seen,
But Murphy caused his troubles with an Edison talking machine.

CHORUS.

Oh! the picture that was in that place,
Oh! the anxious look on each man's face;
Beside the great machine Michael Murphy could be seen,
Explaining all the great things done by Edison.

A neighbor named Dan Brady called, and Dan was an awful pest,
He gazed upon the new machine, was delighted like the rest;
Says Brady, "Can you make it play 'The Wearing of the Green?'"
But Murphy by mistake put in the song known as "God Save the Queen."

CHORUS.

Oh! the picture that was in that place,
Oh! the murd'rous look on each man's face;
Dan Brady made a pass, landed Murphy with a glass,
They wouldn't do a thing if they had Edison.

Dan Brady left but soon came back, while Murphy lay on the floor,
When Bull McCarty shouted out: "Now, we'll try the thing once more;"
Poor Murphy from the floor got up, then fainted dead away,
But by mistake the thing got mixed to a speech by an A. P. A.

CHORUS.

Oh! the picture that was in that place,
Poor old Murphy had an ingrown face;
Dan Brady's mug was white, when he threw some dynamite,
Now Murphy's dead and buried, all through Edison.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

DON'T FOOL, DAT BLACK GAL'S MINE!

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Words and music by Harry Macdonough.

High-tone coon jus' arrived in town,
Said his name was Persimmon Brown;
He look'd sheep's eyes at the gal I like,
Dat Zulu thought he would make a strike,
Done hab heaps of fun;
I went fo' him wid a great big gun;
Oughter see him run! Wough!

CHORUS.

'Low no foolin' wid a gal of mine!
Coons, remember, she ain't in yo' line;
Fo' I'se de only one wid her can shine,
Yo' nigger! yo' nigger! don't fool! dat black gal's mine!

When dat coon found me on his track,
Draw'd a razzer from down his back;
I aimed dat gun an' he 'gin to squawk,
Den out of town he done took a walk;
"Honey," den said she,
"To keep me safe, 'spose yer marry me!"
We's engaged, yo' see. Wough!—*Chorus.*

Weddin' day am a-comin' soon,
Done invite ev'ry yaller coon;
When Parson Jones he done make us one,
I'll hab no use fo' to keep a gun;
Happy all de day!
Dem high-tone coons dey mus' keep away,
An' no more I'll say, Wough!—*Chorus.*

POM-TIDDLEY-OM-POM.

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Words by R. H. Douglas. Music by Walter Passmore.

I got married yesterday noon, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
I've had a high old honeymoon, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
My husband had but little wealth, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
So I went on the honeymoon all by myself, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
My husband thinks he's very fly, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
And thinks that very dull am I, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

CHORUS.

Oh, what fun I've had since I've begun from my old man to roam,
Leaving him at home; but when he again sets eyes on me,
Pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

Down Broadway a swell I spied, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
He winked at me and I replied, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
We reached the cafe feeling dry, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
Another girl came strolling by, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay. [dley-om;
"Great Scott," he cried, here comes my wife, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tid-
He grabbed his hat and flew for his life, pom-tiddley-om, pom-pay.—*Chorus.*

Having seen New York so grand, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
I toddled home to my old man, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
"Forgive me, darling, do," I cried, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
"You've been to the Tenderloin," he replied, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.
He thought forever I had fled, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om;
So he skipped with the maid of honor instead, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

CHORUS.

Oh, what fun I've had since I begun from my old man to roam,
Thinking him at home; but now he has got the laugh on me,
Pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom, pom-tiddley-om-pom-pay.

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN.

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Words and music by Theo. A. Metz.

Come along, get you ready, wear your bran, bran new gown,
For dere's gwine to be a meeting in that good, good old town,
Where you knowded ev'rybody and dey all knowded you,
And you've got a rabbit's foot to keep away de hoodoo.
When you hear that the preaching does begin,
Bend down low for to drive away your sin,
And when you gets religion you want to shout and sing,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby.

CHORUS.

When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling,
All join 'ronnd and sweetly you must sing,
And when the verse am through in the chorus all join in,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

There'll be girls for ev'rybody in that good, good old town;
For dere's Miss Consola Davis an' dere's Miss Gondolia Brown;
And dere's Miss Johnnna Beasly, she am all dressed in red,
I just hugged her and I kissed her, and to me then she said:
"Please, oh, please, oh, do not let me fall,
You're all mine, and I love you best of all;
And you must be my man or I'll have no man at all,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby."—*Chorus*

SOMEBODY HAS MY HEART.

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Words and music by G. L. Spaulding.

She was a dear little maid, without a care in life,
He loved her madly, and dreamed some day she'd be his wife;
So one lovely night, 'neath the moonlight, he asked for her heart, but she
And blushed like a rosebud in Summer time, as tenderly she replied: [sighed

CHORUS.

Somebody has my heart, somebody I love dearly,
Wounded by Cupid's dart, somebody's healed it nearly;
Somebody came to woo, somebody's words were sweet,
So what could a girl, with her head in a whirl, do,
But lay her poor heart at his feet.

"Don't tell me you love another," cried the youthful swain;
"Don't say that somebody loves you, that I love in vain."
"That somebody loves me," she answered, "it's needless for me to deny,
But somebody's nobody, dear, but you," she breathed like a Summer sigh.
—*Chorus.*

MR. JOHNSON.

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Words and music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep.
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game,
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t' a quarter he could make de four;
He made that point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jumped through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose, got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good, oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Don't take me to de calaboose, oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe,
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still.
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose, got no chance for a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good, and now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in the nigger heab'n, oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

BECAUSE HE WAS OLD AND GRAY

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Words and music by Owen Dixon.

You say that I am in the way—I know that to be true, [to you;
But think of the day when I've passed away, when your children may say that
So don't turn me away, dear Jack, I won't live very long,
If you do, my lad, you'll kill your dad, and grieve for me when I'm gone.

CHORUS.

Now you are young and handsome, while I am old and gray,
I was as young as yourself, lad, it seems to me but yesterday;
You will be old and feeble when I've passed away, [gray.
You'll think then, my lad, how you treated your dad, because he was old and

You don't seem to remember, Jack, when you were but a babe, [her grave;
But could you look back in our old home, Jack, when your mother was laid in
Did I turn you away, dear lad, and say: "You're in the way;"
No, I nursed you, your poor old dad, I pray you will bid me stay.—*Chorus.*

SPREAD OUT YOUR TOES, HONEY

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Words and music by Chas. E. Casey.

Old Uncle Jake had quite a skate, when he set out for de town,
But the ice was glass, the sleet fell fast, and soon that nig was down;
Den along came Minnie, with a black pickaninny how they both did grin,
They took him off his seat, stood him on his feet, den began to sing. Oh,

CHORUS.

Spread out yo' toes, honey, spread out yo' toes,
Spread out yo' toes, honey, or right down yo' goes;
Whenever yo' slip, only just take a grip,
And spread out yo' toes like me.

Two weeks ago had quite a show, we were walkin' for de cake,
I had pretty Lize, 'cause we won de prize, when a big coon hollered "fake!"
He was only jell, knee we did mighty well, made me powerful mad,
My racer flew, dat nigger, too, den there was a yell. Oh,—*Chorus.*

GRACE O'MOORE.

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By Max S. Witt. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

I know a dear little maiden, whose name is Grace;
She has a pretty, bewitching, sweet, smiling face;
When you have seen her, you all with me will agree
That ne'er before have you seen such a queen as she;
She's pure as the lilies, modest in form and face—
Who could not love her, my own little dark-eyed Grace.

CHORUS.

Grace O'Moore is the girl I love,
True to me she is as the stars above;
If you roam this wide world o'er,
Not a girl can equal her, my Grace O'Moore.

Yes, she has promised my own little wife to be,
That makes me happy, for no greater boon to me;
Her truest love I have won, I can proudly say;
And to the future I now look without dismay;
Though skies may o'ershadow, boding ill winds and rain,
We will be happy, for sunshine must come again.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A WELCOME FROM GRANDMA.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

Oft when a boy, how my heart leaped with joy
When I went to spend the summer-time at grandma's;
There was a charm in that home on the farm,
And the kind and loving face that met me there;
As she sat in her chair, with her face so sweet and fair,
And knitted the stockings that we children used to wear,
She would look at me and smile, and with heart so free from guile,
Say, "You'll always find a welcome here at grandma's."

CHORUS.

There's not a single token of cherished ties now broken,
But that greeting I remember in the old home on the farm:
Though all hope was bereft me, and trusted friends had left me,
There was still a kindly welcome there from grandma.

Life is a game, where the struggle for fame
Often causes many bitter disappointments;
Nobody knows how soon friends may be foes,
And discouragements are met on every hand;
Though it's long years ago, I can ne'er forget, I know,
The kind words of counsel that dear grandma gave to me:
"If you work with might and main, soon the sun will shine again,
And the clouds will break away, I know," said grandma.—*Chorus.*

Her Picture Was There Next to Mine.

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Nell and I had loved each other, just about a year,
But ne'er a word of love we spoke, through bashfulness, I fear;
She'd asked me for my photograph, and she gave here to me,
But that alone was not enough to prove that she loved me.
One night when I'd made up my mind to tell
Her mother that I loved her only daughter Nell,
My bashfulness prevented me, and nothing could I say,
Until I saw an open book that on the table lay,
And I saw that

CHORUS.

Her picture was there next to mine—
'Twas the "Family Album," she said;
There were uncles, aunts, cousins, relations by dozens,
Some of them living and some of them dead;
She blushed as I looked in her eye—
I saw that the love so divine
Was mine for the asking—in her smiles now I'm basking,
For her picture was there next to mine.

With such encouragement from Nell, I soon got very bold—
I broached a subject new to her, and told the story old,
Of love for one heart in the world, and that belonged to Nell;
She whispered "yes" to what I said, the rest I'll never tell;
She told me, while a blush she tried to hide,
Her mother, just for fun, had placed us side by side;
To me it seemed a gentle hint from her, to let me see,
That if I loved her truly she'd be always true to me,
And that was why—*Chorus*

GO TO SLEEP LOVE.

Sung only by Mrs. Thos. J. Ryan.

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Close your eyes, my darling, do not weep,
But go to sleep, now go to sleep;
Loving watch o'er your cradle I will keep,
So go to sleep, love, go to sleep;
Your father's ship's now rocking on the deep,
So go to sleep, now go to sleep;
And the little stars they peep, while playing hide and seek,
And they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, while they peep.

CHORUS.

Close your eyes, darling, go to sleep, dear;
Don't be afraid, your Lena was here;
Close your eyes, darling, I'll watch over you,
Yu la he, yu lah he, oh.

In the morning when you open wide your eyes,
You must go to sleep now, go to sleep;
I have for you one very big surprise,
So go to sleep, love, go to sleep;
I know where a stick of candy lies,
So go to sleep now, go to sleep;
It is just your size, and if you're very wise,
You'll go to sleep and wake up with the flies.—*Chorus.*

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
'Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

KATHLEEN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
Just the finest young lady on earth;
A gem of the very first water,
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;
I met her beneath the green bower;
I kissed her and liked it so well;
She blushed like the fairest of flowers
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;
'Mid shady lane and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;
They've a neat little farm of their own;
Her father he digs his own praties,
And they live in the County Tyrone;
For miles 'round our Kathleen is famous—
Good looks and good nature serene;
'Tis there she is always acknowledged
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—*Chorus.*

We are going to get married next Sunday,
And the old folks will give us away;
The bells in the church will be ringing,
And the boys and the girls will be gay;
As sure as the stars are above us,
My Kathleen will ever be true;
And as from the church we are coming,
All the boys and the girls shout hurroo.—*Chorus.*

THE POLICEMAN'S DAUGHTER;
Or,
THE QUESTION SHE ASKED.

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Words and music by Chas. F. Weeden.

As shades of night were falling round a bright and cheerful home,
An officer was starting out upon his long night's roam:
His little one was watching him with face aglow with pride,
And noticing his weapon and the hickory at his side,
Did ask this question, with her hand upon that piece of wood:

REFRAIN.

Why is a little child so small, so small, but yet so good,
Why can't a little girl know all about these things,
I wonder if she ever could.

To his sweet child he did reply, while stroking soft her hair,
'Tis to protect my life, my dear, that these things I do wear;
In this big town there are bad men engaged in deadly strife,
Who, if I had not these at hand, would quickly take my life;
Again she asked a question, as in innocence she stood:—*Refrain.*

I am an officer, my child, the laws I do uphold,
I keep bad men from breaking in to take another's gold;
I must guard you and others, too, and keep these men at night,
From taking from another's store that which they have no right.
Once more this little maiden asked with tear-drops in her eye:—*Refrain.*

Do not these men of whom you speak, engaged in deadly strife,
Not know that they will all be hanged for taking others' life;
For mama from the good book reads that message from on high,
Which says that he who others kills himself must surely die;
I wonder if these bad men know that God is always nigh.—*Refrain.*

Do wicked men whom you do meet in streets the long nights thro'
Have little girls like me, and have they little babies, too,
Who kiss them when they leave their homes to walk the city o'er,
And watch at morn for their return for footsteps at the door:
I wonder if they ever think they may not see them more.—*Refrain.*

A tear was in that father's eye, as gently he caressed,
And softly stroked her golden hair, then bade her go to rest;
"I'll say that prayer," his darling said, "I learned at mother's knee,
That God may save my papa's life, which is so dear to me;
So kiss me good-night, papa, dear, I go to bed, you see."—*Refrain.*

THERE'S ONE THAT NE'ER RETURNED.

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Words by P. J. Devlin. Music by Horace R. Basler.

Two noble steamers started for the land of brave and free,
But one of them disaster met in Holland's icy sea;
The passengers had gone to sleep to dream of friends and home,
But soon awoke to fight for life amid a sea of foam;
A sudden crash—the steamer stops, the raging sea pours in,
Confusion reigns; the captain's voice is heard above the din:
"The life-boats, lads, the life-boats, let the women go ahead!
The ship is doomed and only God can save us from the dead!"

REFRAIN.

Three hundred souls have left the Fatherland forevermore;
Three hundred precious human lives have failed to reach the shore;
On land and sea the wires have with these sad tidings burned:
"Two noble steamers started, but there's one that's ne'er returned."

The crew responded nobly to the captain's stern command,
And quickly brave and willing hearts three life-boats stout had manned;
But ere the balance could be launched, Old Neptune claimed his prey,
The gallant ship with throbbing sounds began to sink away,
The husband and his helpmate, the mother and her child,
Went down beneath the icy sea 'mid lamentations wild;
Our sweethearts dear with loving friends went plunging down to death,
Three hundred souls had tribute paid to Ocean's icy breath.—*Refrain.*

La Gascogne had been out 'till she was four days overdue,
The world began to wonder then if she had gone down, too;
As day by day no tidings came two continents were sad,
"No news at all," the agents said, and no news must be bad;
The French and German emblems were with mourning colors draped,
All hope was given up that she the Elbe's fate escaped;
When suddenly a mighty roar of joy came up the bay,
"La Gascogne's safe! She sighted now and coming fast this way!"
—*Refrain.*

The scenes around La Gascogne's dock can't be described by pen,
The populace went wild with joy, and men were hugging men;
A shower of affection was bestowed on ev'ry head;
It seemed a resurrection; they had come back from the dead.
It was a pleasant sight to see, in this cold world of sin,
That pleasing touch of nature that makes all of mankind kin;
And from their eyes the tear-drops fell, and in their hearts they burned,
Because two ships had started out, but only one returned.—*Refrain.*

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

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Words and music by Chas. F. Weeden.

Once I was not as you see me now, an outcast all forlorn,
I had a home, wife and little child, now lost to me and gone;
I wander alone and dejected, with no one to care for me,
I'm but a blot on the page of life, a wreck upon life's sea,

REFRAIN.

I have lost both home and loved ones, no pleasure in life do I see,
Remembrance of all but awakens a desolate thought in me;
No chance for me to regain them, no chance for me to recall
The little word spoken in anger, that has driven me to the wall.

Weary and heart-broken my joys in this life are o'er,
One who once loved me so fondly has said she loves me no more;
We are taught that there is forgiveness, but there seems to be none for me,
I have tried hard to please her, I never thought this could be.—*Refrain.*

Gladly I'd give my hope in heaven, it's all I have in store,
For just one word of kindness, as in those dear days of yore;
Oh, why was I ever so thoughtless and hasty with one dear to me,
Life is a blank without her, as I drift on its troubled sea.—*Refrain.*

A PICTURE OF MY BEST GIRL.

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Words and music by Charles Moreland.

In a hotel on Fifth Avenue a crowd of trav'ling men,
Were talking on the topics of the day,
Comparing notes and photographs of dif'rent girls they'd met,
Some were pretty, some were homely, some were gay;
By chance there fell upon the floor the picture of a girl,
The owner tried to hide it, but was slow;
"Ah, there, old chap, I've caught you; come, now, tell us who it is,
We insist"—"If you insist, I can't say no."

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys, I love her dearly,
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerly;
I know that she's fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,
It's my daughter, and I've taught her, to always be my best girl.

A little newsboy standing near them took in ev'ry word,
And speaking up, said: "Buy a paper, do;
If you will, I'll show you my best girl, now what say you to that?"
They all agreed, and then he brought to view
A photograph all faded, of a woman old and worn,
Who in her time was handsome, that was plain;
"She's not so young nor half so swell as yours," the lad replied,
And then he softly sang this sweet refrain:

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys, I love her dearly,
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerely;
I know that's she fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,
It's my mother, I've no other, and she'll always be my best girl.

MY GAL'S A HIGH-BORN LADY.

Parody—By Frank K. Forrest.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There was to be a gathering dis evenin',
A regular jubilee and swell affair,
I was to marry a little lady ob de highest estimation,
But she's done gone an' left me for fair;
All de bright lights from Thompson street was to be thar,
An' bring along de presents for de bride;
As there wasn't any wedding, now de salty tears I'se shedding,
I tells this now my troubles for to hide.

CHORUS.

My gal's a high-born lady, born high, oh, well now, maybe,
Born on de roof where de birds fly free, nearer to heaven den she'll ever be:
She's gone, my heart grows sadder, come high, but had to have her,
Should you see this girl so free, just drop a line to me.

Tole de preacher man a how dat gal did jilt me,
He says I spose it's good dat she's gone:
Den I ask'd him fo' my money dat I paid him in advance, sir,
He gave me de laugh and says go on;
Don't let er nothing like that a skeer you,
I'll keep de money till yer gets another coon,
And when yer's done gone found her, just tie a rope around her,
So she won't get away and leave yer soon.—*Chorus.*

Since Mamie Brady Moved Up Town.

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Words by William Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

Listen, and I'll sing all about a little lady
By the name of Mamie Brady; she's a dream, and no mistake.
Mamie is a "corker," and a thoroughbred New Yorker;
But she broke my heart, for she gave me the shake.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, I'm feelin' very blue, my heart is broke in two,
And I don't know what to do;
For where once I got a smile now I only got a frown,
Since Mamie Brady, my steady lady, moved up town.

Down in the Fourth Ward Mame and I were raised together;
We were birds of the same feather, and a ring I bought her, see.
Talk about a "looker," why, I never would have shook her,
And I never thought that Mamie she'd shake me.—*Chorus.*

A Mother Is the Truest Friend of All.

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Words by Eunice Monroe. Music by Robert Stanton.

We meet with many friendships as we journey o'er life's way,
And sunny smiles around us oft are cast,
But one is ever faithful, changing ne'er from day to day,
Who always stands beside us till the last.
In poverty or woe, her heart is ever true,
And though the darkest shadows o'er us fall,
She'll be your truest friend, forever to the end—
A mother is the truest friend of all.

CHORUS.

While journeying on through life, in sorrow or in strife,
No matter what temptations may befall,
You'll always find a friend who's faithful to the end—
A mother is the truest friend of all.

You have a loving sister, who will think of you through life,
A brother who will never turn aside;
You'll know the fond affection of a dear, devoted wife,
Whose smile will cheer you on your journey wide;
Perhaps they will be true when trouble lingers near,
Yet one is sure to answer to your call,
No matter where you roam, her heart is still your home—
A mother is the truest friend of all.—*Chorus.*

Climbing Up to Heaven on a Moonbeam

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

There was once a little coon, just the color of maroon,
And he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam;
He got up as far as Mars, then got lost among the stars,
As he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam.
He grabbed on to a cloud that was sailing through the air;
He looked up at the moon, saying, "There's watermelon there;
I hope the man inside won't forget to keep my share,
While I climb up to Heaven on a moonbeam."

CHORUS.

Come along, darkies, bring along your tamborines,
Throw away your dice in the golden stream;
Dice won't look nice for to carry into Paradise,
Climbing up to Heaven on a moonbeam.

When he reached the "milky way," to old Peter he did say,
"I have climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam."
But old Peter said, "I fear, there're no nigger angels here;
You can climb back again upon a moonbeam."
The poor little coon never thought of that before;
He saw some nigger angels shooting "crap" upon the floor.
When Peter fell asleep he got in through a side door;
So he climbed up to Heaven on a moonbeam.—*Chorus.*

—Low Comedian: "How long were you on the road?" High Comedian: "Six months; one month going out and five getting back."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY TO GO ABOUT IT.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My sister has a nice young man, he calls 'bout twice a week;
Last night he came to see her, and he looked so gay and neat;
She showed him to the parlor and she turned down all the light,
And gave him all the chance she could to kiss her all he might.

CHORUS.

But he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
She was but a silly miss, and she didn't mind a kiss,
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

A reuben came to town one day, a reg'lar country sport;
To do the town in proper style a hundred he had brought.
He started in to catch a girl, some dainty little pet,
Who borrowed ev'ry cent he had—the town he's not done yet.

CHORUS.

For he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
Perhaps he'll stay at home, leave such little girls alone,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

Down in the block, where I reside, a gay and festive swell
Makes love to all the single girls, and married ones as well;
He called upon my neighbor's wife, and thought he could convince
His love for her was quite sincere, been sorry ever since—

CHORUS.

That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it.
He should call on her alone, when her husband isn't home,
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

My friend and I we called to see our neighbor's baby boy,
The idol of his mother and his father's pride and joy.
My friend, who's fond of children, danced the baby on his knee,
But when he gave it back again how plainly could he see—

CHORUS.

That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it.
He will leave babies alone till he gets one of his own,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

IF WE ONLY HAD IT NOW.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

We were wealthy, that's once upon a time;
Money, we had the stuff for sale;
Spent a fortune in every foreign clime,
We had so much 'twas always getting stale.

CHORUS.

If we only had it now, just a little of it now,
How the swells with envy would gaze;
We drive a four-in-hand, be the gayest in the land,
And 'mong the belles we'd be the swells.
If we only had it now, just a little of it now,
In society be the grace,
We'd cut a figure, too, up on Easy Avenue—
If we only had it now.

Went to London about forty times a year,
Had a steamer of our own;
We were really just sixty carat clear,
And always had a palace for a home.—*Chorus.*

Queen Victoria's been sorry ever since,
She didn't take us for to raise;
We could easily been made a duke or prince,
Because we had so many winning ways.—*Chorus.*

Wine and brandy, we floated ships in that—
Nothing was good enough for us;
All our trunks they were lined with sealskin sacques,
There's no use now of making any fuss.—*Chorus.*

We were models upon the fashion plates,
Still the ladies on us dote;
All our shoes were imported by the crate,
With insoles made of fifty-dollar notes.—*Chorus.*

No use knocking, them good times now are o'er;
Diamonds, we pave the streets with them;
Brownstone mansions, we gave them to the poor,
Because we had too many to contend.—*Chorus.*

DORIS, THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

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Words and Music by Geo. Maywood.

Doris was a village maiden, little did she know,
Save the sentence I had taught her, "Oh, I love you so!"
Every lad for miles around willingly would have been bound
To the sweetheart I had found, and proud to be her beau.

REFRAIN.

Doris, Doris! O how I love thee! see me at thy feet;
Doris, Doris! could you but love me, life would be complete;
Doris, Doris! stars bright above thee, hear my pleading, too;
Why then tarry? Come, let us marry—dearest Doris, do!

Time went on, and simple Doris learned a thing or two;
Day by day I found my loved one harder still to woo;
Other suitors oft were seen by her side, where I had been,
Flirting with my little queen, I heard them pleading, too.—*Refrain.*

Fortune smiled upon her father in the marts of trade;
By a lucky speculation he a million made;
Taking from his bank account gold and bonds in large amount,
Bought for her a foreign count, and scorn'd me while I prayed.—*Refrain.*

THE WEDDING OF McGINNIS AND McGUIRE.

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Written by Tom Conley and Felix McGlennon.

'Tis a week ago last Sunday that a great high-toned affair
Occurred in County Galway, and, sure, every one was there;
It was nothing but a wedding and the bride was Miss McGuire;
McGinnis was the bridegroom, and the best man McIntyre;
They started in the morning, boys, just as the clock struck one;
The girls and boys all in their best and ready for the fun;
The job was over very soon and they were tied for life—
Miss McGuire and Mike McGinnis they were christened man and wife.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wedding cake was fine, there was whiskey, ale and wine,
All the chicken, pies and praties they were set out in a line;
Miss McGinty nearly choked with a lump of bacon rind,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

When the breakfast it was over, for a song McGee did shout;
He sung "The Death of Nelson," and they quickly threw him out;
Sure, they wanted botheration, and they got it in a tick,
For some one broke Maloney's nose with a very lovely brick;
Then McGinnis got in trouble, for he kissed Maloney's wife,
And Mary Ann McGuire declared that she would have his life;
Then McGinnis got excited and he went for Mary Ann,
For he spoiled her face and beauty with a good old frying pan.

CHORUS.

There was murder, there was fire, some one called McGee a liar;
McGinty had a turned-up nose, but some one knocked it higher,
And a lady wiped the floor up with poor Jerry McIntyre,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

Then a sailor from Kildare got up, and he began to jaw:
"A bigger lot of cowards in a room he never saw";
Then a Chinese washer-woman seized the sailor by the hair;
And without his nose and whiskers he went back to sweet Kildare;
All the grub the boys got throwing at each other for a lark;
Of course, some one upset the lamp, which left them in the dark;
Everybody hit somebody—oh, you never saw such fun;
And the place was full of teeth and whiskers when the fight was done.

CHORUS.

Everybody cried with pain—there were forty-seven slain;
Sure, they pulled McGinty's teeth out and they put them in again;
And McGilligan, on looking, found a hatchet in his brain,
At the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

In the midst of the confusion some one went and got a light,
And, upon my word, in all my life, I ne'er saw such a sight;
All the boys were torn to pieces, and the girls were worse than that;
On the flure there was McGinnis fighting wildly with the cat;
The excitement soon was over, and they soon made friends once more,
Except McGee, who found his jaw behind the kitchen door;
Then they went and bought some whiskey, for they all were full of wealth,
And they all got drunk while drinking to the bride and bridegroom's health.

CHORUS.

Then they danced till break of day, and the piper he did play;
All the boys and girls were jolly, every one was bright and gay,
And there's not a soul in Ireland who will e'er forget the day
Of the wedding of McGinnis and McGuire.

Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

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Words and Music by Kate Vanderpoel.

I s'pose yuse all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;
I tumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;
Fer de way in which I trun him, I drew a prize, you see,
Fer now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

REFRAIN.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
I'm out for wot's in it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say:
Ye're givin' me "Goff," so jes' chase yerself off, fer tings are now comin' me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on de box I ride;
O, hully gee! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side;
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de clothes.
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.—*Refrain.*

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose der head,
But wen I comes to be dat gay, I hopes ter drop down dead;
If I was ter be de coachman, de butler, or de chef,
I'll tink meself right, people, see! Chimmie Fadden don't git left.—*Ref.*

THEIR HEADS NESTLE CLOSER TOGETHER.

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Words by Wal Pink. Music by George Le Brunn.

A garden, and in it an old apple tree,
Around which two children—a lassie turned three,
And t'other a lad of p'raps four and a half—
Are chasing each other, whilst gaily they laugh;
The maiden soon tires of the circular race,
For vainly she follows the lad in the chase;
His stronger legs make it an unequal match,
And he merrily mocks all her efforts to catch.

CHORUS.

She cries, "Tommy, stop!" but "Tum on, Tate," says he.
"I s'ant, 'tos I tant run no farver," says she;
Then frowns, and her temper, 'tis easy to see,
Has nigh reached the length of its tether.
Then Katie breaks down with a plaintive boo-ooh;
Tom stops, and the tears are in Tommy's eyes, too;
She sobs, "Oo don't luv me!" He says, "Ess I do!"
And their heads nestle closer together.

A green lane, and in it two fond lovers roam,
And paint, in love's ardor, their bright future home;
Next Sunday's their wedding; 'tis Tommy and Kate,
But now, grown to manhood and woman's estate;
The sun has gone down far beyond the big hill,
Beneath which there murmurs the swift running rill;
The moon kissed the water in manner sedate,
And, force of example, Tom kisses young Kate.

CHORUS.

The man in the moon at the fond couple blinks,
Then, very discreetly, behind a hill sinks,
Whilst gaily a star at their love-making winks,
And thinks, well, it's love-making weather;
His arm 'round her waist tells the tale of this bliss;
Then you hear the voices of both man and miss:
"Yon musn't!" "I shall!" and then something goes [kiss]
And their heads nestle closer together.

A church-yard, and in it a tiny babe's grave;
An early wrecked vessel on life's cruel wave;
Their twelve-month old darling, their loved one, their all,
Now gone from this earth at the Mighty One's call;
A life of pure sunshine and joy had been theirs,
With smiling face meeting all trivial cares,
Till all hope was shattered, and sped in a breath,
And life's sun o'ershadow'd by dread cloud of death.

CHORUS.

There, in that God's acre, they stand, he and she;
The sun veils its head, as though in sympathy,
And buried the light of their life seems to be
In that grave 'neath the wild-growing heather;
The mother's tears fall o'er her babe now at rest,
The man clasps her tight to his sorrow-torn breast:
"Come, cheer up, my darling, 'tis all for the best,"
And their heads nestle closer together.

—When a man leans towards cremation he may safely be said to have grave doubts.—*Buffalo Courier.*

SING AGAIN THAT SWEET REFRAIN.

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Words and music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the Sunny South were there.
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away:
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Nows I'se old and gray and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low;
And something in his heart awoke that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way;
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

I LOVE HER JUST THE SAME.

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Words and music by Chas. K. Harris.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee;
A letter on the table tells the same old plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face,
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame,
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken,
Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same."

CHORUS.

"I love her, yes, I love her just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name;
Though she's gone with another, she's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her, just the same."

The music's softly playing in a ball-room, oh, so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the 'morrow in that gay and giddy crowd,
Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet there is one amid the throng, who once was pure and true,
But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and husband,
Will he forgive and love her just the same.—*Chorus.*

The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain;
They're looking for a loved one, whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean, the child cries out, "Mamma!"
His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me; I know that I've been guilty,
For baby's sake, please take me home again."—*Chorus.*

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

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By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl, who's simply "out of sight;"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you;
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam;
Say you'll be true, and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him;
Somehow they always "make up," though, when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

SWEET ANTOINETTE.

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Words and music by William Benson Gray.

Within my heart a secret lies,
A secret that I long to tell,
While fondly gazing in the eyes,
Of one whose charms around me dwell;
And though I've often tried to tell the tale,
The hour I've often tried to set,
My heart and courage humbly fail,
To say, I love thee, Antoinette.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Antoinette, the brightest star within my heart, indeed you are;
My only thought since first we met, I love alone sweet Antoinette.

I love you, not because you're fair,
Nor for your actions so demure;
I love you, not your joys to share,
But for your soul so good and pure.
In vain I've tried to tell my love to thee,
And when the sun of life has set,
My farewell words to earth will be:
I love but thee, sweet Antoinette.—*Refrain.*

THE PASTOR'S RESIGNATION.

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Words and music by Gussie L. Davis.

The aged pastor bowed his head within the altar rails,
His hand were tremulous with age, his sight and hearing fails;
But now the leaders of the church, the influential clan,
Had called on him to yield his place, to hold a younger man,
In tears he spoke of mem'ries sweet, of dim and distant days,
Of forty years of constant toil, of pain and prayer and praise,
Of children christened by his hand, who stood before him still,
While some reposed beneath the flowers upon the distant hill.

REFRAIN.

Sad was the scene, many eyes filled with tears;
Asked to resign where he'd preached forty years;
He gave them his blessing, in tones soft and kind,
And fond hearts were aching when the pastor resigned.

The saddened people silent sat as he resumed his chair,
While rays of sunshine softly fell and played upon his hair;
The organ broke the silence then, with sweetly solemn roll,
With "Rock of Ages," old, yet new, to every saddened soul;
The people rose to be dismissed, the pastor lingered still,
And smiling, looked out at the graves upon the distant hill,
But when they sought, with gentle touch, to wake the musing mind,
They found that death had called him home, their pastor had resigned.
—*Refrain.*

OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

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Words and music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well-known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame;
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had stayed away,
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;
Rock of ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.

Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice;
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice;
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise,
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days;
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
When gathered there on Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song.—*Chorus*

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Shall I name you the spot where all cares are forgot,
In the transport of merriment rare;
It is safe to assert and confession won't hurt,
That you all nearly all have been there.
It's the heart of the town, neither up, neither down,
What title more fit can we coin;
Than the one we employ for this region of joy,
The famous, renowned Tenderloin.

CHORUS.

The Tenderloin, ah, the Tenderloin is the realm so gay,
Where revelers merry are turning night to day;
The Tenderloin, ah, the Tenderloin, will you come with me away,
To find delight and the charm of night in the Tenderloin.

When you're calling a cab you have no need to blab,
As to where you'd be wending your course;
The driver is fly as he winketh his eye,
And cracketh his whip on his horse:
And somehow you think as you notice his wink,
How much better than taking a car;
And when you arrive you are glad you're alive,
And you don't have to ask where you are.—*Chorus.*

It's the prospering soil for the lobster in broil,
For the saddle rock stately in roast,
For the varior degrees of demoralized cheese,
That entwine around bed-ridden toast.
For the clam that's supreme when it woos with its steam,
And the chicken that's chopped to croquettes,
And the coy little chops that are served with their props,
Wrapped up in their trim pantalettes.—*Chorus.*

And those playhouses vast where the girl with a past,
Weare a dress that's alarmingly red;
To distinguish her quite from the lady in white,
Who's the maiden most modestly bred;
And those music hall shows where the brain finds repose,
While the song and dance gentlemen reels,
And the saucy soubrette who's proving your bet,
That her brains have all gone to her heels.—*Chorus.*

Those athletic clubs brave that now float on the wave,
On a popular clamor of sport,
That are giving as shows that are made up of blows
Of a frantic and furious sort;
And we welter in gore and we clamor for more,
And we shout for the blow on the jaw;
And the use of the glove proves it's only for love,
And so we comply with the law.—*Chorus.*

THE ANGEL OF THE TENEMENTS.

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Words and music by Charles Harvey.

I know a maid whose presence fills each home with peace and rest,
And she is called Angelica by those who know her best;
An aureole of golden hair frames in her lovely face,
Like some saint's halo when she goes in high or lowly place;
And down among the tenements, a sister of the poor,
Where you may see her daily, she is call'd the "Angel" pure.

CHORUS.

They all say: "Sweet Angelica, she is an angel fair,
In the tenements she is a jewel rare;
She comforts the sick with her sympathy, her charity lightens all care,
Sweet Angelica, she is an angel fair."

I've seen her in the ball-room gay, where gallants seek her hand,
She wins all hearts by her bright smile; that smile's a sweet command.
And I have seen that self-same smile bid some poor soul take heart,
As from her wealth with lavish hand she gave a gen'rous part.
A social queen in satin robes, resplendent does she shine,
But in her simple dress of gray she seems almost divine.—*Chorus.*

The children of the tenements watch for her day by day,
For often she will make them glad by joining in their play;
And in her tender arms she'll rock some weary babe to sleep,
Or at the bedside of the sick a midnight vigil keep;
Her life among the suff'ring ones is full of sacrifice,
And her angelic presence makes each home a paradise.—*Chorus.*

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Words and music by Wm. B. Gray.

The old court house was crowed, all within began to stare,
When a gray-haired woman charged with theft sat in the pris'ner's chair:
Her lawyer said, "My client is a widow, old and poor,
And of the crime with which she's charged, is innocent, I'm sure."
The judge then to the woman said, "If innocent you be,
And very poor, as stated by your counsellor to me,
I'd like to have you tell me how can you afford to pay
This bright, young, able lawyer for defending you to-day."

CHORUS.

Silence was her answer, low she bowed her head,
When the boyish looking counsellor arose and softly said,
"'Tis not for gold I'm here, sir, but a value far above,
For the pris'ner is the mother of the girl I love."

The bright young lawyer pleaded on and proved conclusively,
By time and date the aged pris'ner guilty could not be;
The judge said, "Lady, you're discharged," then wiped away a tear,
And added, "'Twas a pity and a shame to bring you here."
A gray-haired man then took the youthful lawyer by the hand,
And said, "You've acted nobly, sir, the speech you made was grand;"
Then turning to the lady he said, "Madam, I will pay
This manly fellow's charges for his services to-day."—*Chorus.*

I'LL LOVE YOU, MOTHER.

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Words and music by Wm. E. Knodt.

In the outskirts of a city lived a mother and her boy,
A curly-headed youngster, her idol and her joy;
He loved his mother dearly, and ofttimes while at play,
His eyes would wander to her face, and this to her he'd say:

CHORUS.

"I'll love you, mother, when I'm far away,
I'll love you, mother, forever and a day;
When you are old and feeble, your aged head is gray,
I'll love you, mother, and for you I'll pray."

Fast the years flew by, the boy by this time to manhood grown,
Loved, honored and respected, so bright his virtues shown;
Fell in with bad companions, those he'd been taught to fear,
Disgraced his name by forgery, now this is what we hear:

CHORUS.

"Don't tell my mother that I forged a name,
Don't tell my mother, 'twould break her heart in twain;
She's getting old and feeble, her aged head is gray,
Don't tell my mother, that is all I pray."

WAITING FOR YOU AND I.

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Words and music by Charles Graham.

Two lovers met to part one day, for she had said, "I'm going away;"
Once more they met to say farewell, within the arbor in the dell;
They quarrel'd, bitter words had passed, she tho't their love could never last,
"Forgive me, do not let us part," said he, "'twould break my heart."

CHORUS.

"Hearts were not made to break," slowly the maiden said,
"Some other girl you'll happy make, she'll be your wife instead;
Hearts were not made to break, first love will often die,
And out in the world we may find true love waiting for you and I."

"Farewell," he said, and walked away; "farewell," he heard her softly say;
They met again in after life, but she was then another's wife;
He often thinks of when they met, and though he is not married yet,
He often tells another maid the words his old love said.—*Chorus.*

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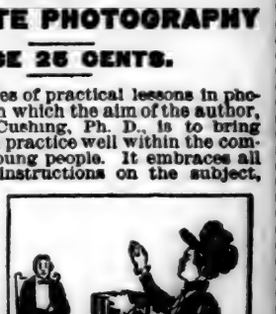
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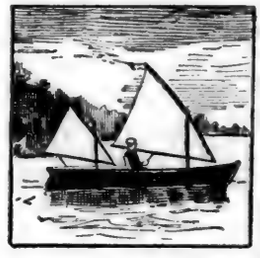
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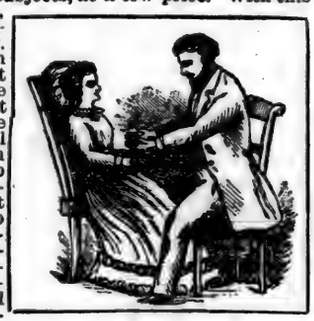
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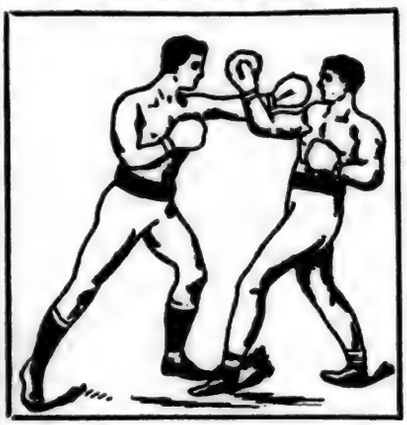


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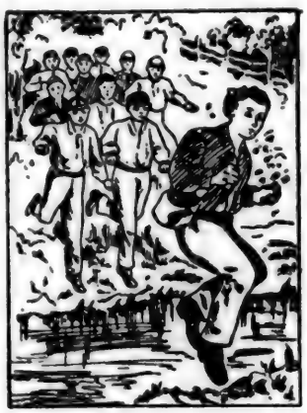
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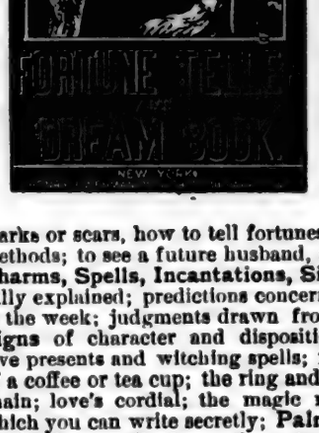
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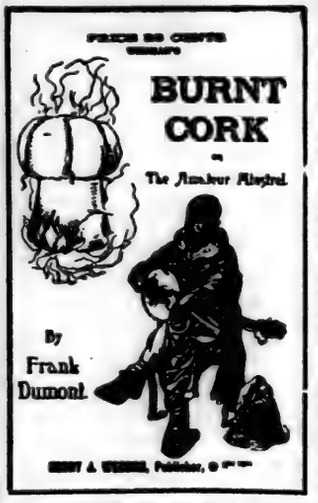
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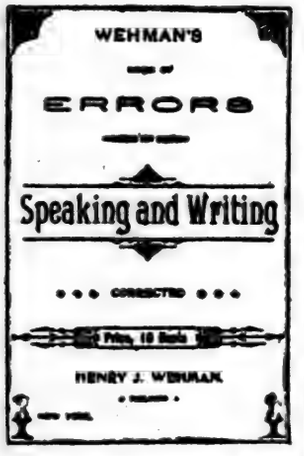


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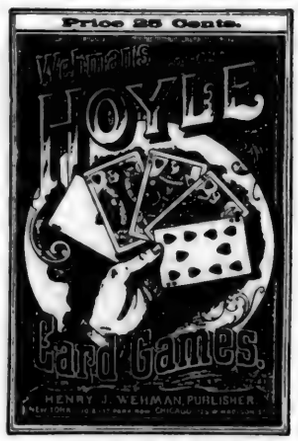
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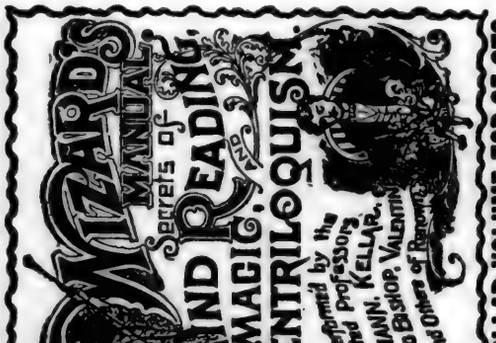
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No. 59

SONG BOOK

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Publisher, 108 Park Row, NEW YORK.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates makes heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.—*Chorus.*

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true!
The Army and the Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.—*Chorus.*

AMERICA;

—OR—

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner!—oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps, pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land! hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying 'round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots rise once more, defend your rights, defend your shore.
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just, in heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bondage fail.—*Cho*

Sound, sound the trumpet of fame! let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and God-like power, he govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war! or guides, with ease, the happier times of honest peace.—*Cho*

Behold the chief who now commands again to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat:
But, armed in virtue firm and true, his hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay, and gloom obscured Columbia's day;
His steady mind, from changes free, resolved on death or liberty.—*Cho.*

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW.

Oh! shipmates, come, gather, and join in my ditty;
It's of a terrible battle that happened of late:
Let each good Union Tar shed a sad tear of pity,
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.
The eighth day of March told a terrible story,
And many a brave tar to this world bid adieu!
Yet our flag it was wrapt in a mantle of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On that ill-fated day, about ten in the morning,
The sky it was clear, and bright shone the sun,
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
That told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing,
And high in the air the Rebel Flag flew;
The Pennant of Treason she proudly was waving,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution,
Saying: My boys, of this monster now don't be dismayed;
We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution,
And to die for our country we are not afraid!
We fight for the Union: our cause it is glorious,
To the Stars and the Stripes we will stand ever true.
We'll sink at our quarters, or conquer victorious!
Was answered, with cheers, from the Cumberland's crew.

Now our gallant ship fired her guns' dreadful thunder,
Her broadside, like hail, on the Rebel did pour:
The people gazed on, struck with terror and wonder;
The shots struck her sides, and glanced harmless o'er;
But the pride of our Navy could never be daunted,
Tho' the dead and the wounded her deck they did strew
And the Flag of our Union how proudly it flaunted,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's crew.

Slowly they sunk beneath Virginia's waters,
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more—
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters!
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore!—
In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying—
Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu!
But the Star-Spangled Banner above them is flying:
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew.

They fought us three hours, with stern resolution,
Till those Rebels found cannon would never avail them:
For the Flag of Secession has no power to gall them,
Tho' the blood from their scuppers it crimsoned the tide;
She struck us amidst-ship, our planks she did sever:
Her sharp iron-prong pierced our noble ship through:
And still, as she sank on that dark, rolling river,
We'll die at our guns! cried the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's sweet birth-right of Freedom's communion,
Thy Flag never floated so proudly before;
For the spirits of those that died for our Union,
Above its broad folds now exaltingly soar!--
And when our sailors in battle assemble,
God bless our dear Banner: the Red, White and Blue!
Beneath its bright Stars we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or sink at our guns, like the Cumberland's crew.

☞ **The Words and Music of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America; or, My Country, 'Tis of Thee." "The Red, White and Blue," and "Hail Columbia" will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your selection, for One Dollar, by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.**

A KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY.

You ask me why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band,
I wear the blue and gray;
I had two brothers long ago—
Two brothers blithe and gay,
One wore a suit of Northern blue,
And one a suit of Southern gray.

One heard the roll-call of the South,
And linked his fate with Lee,
The other bore the Stars and Stripes,
With Sherman to the sea;
And that is why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band,
I wear a knot of blue and gray.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,
And fell with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
And one by Georgia's strand.
But the same sun shines on both their graves
Amid valleys and o'er hills,
And in the darkest of the hours
My brothers do live still.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.—*Chorus.*

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep our house in winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind ter.—*Chorus.*

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle.—*Chorus.*

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.—*Chorus.*

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.—*Chorus.*

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.—*Chorus.*

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.—*Chorus.*

And there I seen a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.—*Chorus.*

I seen a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon't with little clubs
And called the folks together.—*Chorus.*

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.—*Chorus.*

He got him in his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.—*Chorus.*

The flaming ribbons in his hat
They looked so tearing fine, ah
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.—*Chorus.*

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So 'tarnel long, so 'tarnel deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.—*Chorus.*

But I can't tell you half I see,
They keep up such a smother,
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.—*Chorus.*

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In his lonely grave, unknown, lies the heart that beat so true;
He sank, faint and hungry, among the famished brave,
And they laid him, sad and lonely, within his nameless grave.

CHORUS.

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown;
I shall find you and know you among the good and true,
Where a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried: "Give me water and just one little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;
Oh, tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue."—*Chorus.*

"Oh," he said, "my dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother, she will find it if she comes;
I fear she will not know me among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.—*Chorus.*

No dear one was by him to close his sweet blue eyes,
And no gentle one was nigh him to give him sweet replies;
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps in his faded coat of blue.—*Chorus.*

THAT'S NO DREAM.

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Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

A maiden sweet lives down our street, with eyes of blue,
With golden hair beyond compare, and heart so true,
She's my beau, I'd have you know, she loves me, too,
Boys, it's no dream, she's my little sunbeam,
And I don't mind telling you that

CHORUS.

I love Carrie, and Carrie loves me, I know.
Soon we'll marry and happy we'll be, that's so.
Talk of love in a cottage down by a stream,
In a flat we will dwell, and have steam heat as well, boys,
And that's no dream.

I've not much dust, but still I've just enough for two,
So can't you guess, she answered yes, I'll marry you,
By and by my girl and I some day will roam,
Pick out a flat, and a swell one at that,
Then won't it be home, sweet home, for

CHORUS.

I love Carrie, and Carrie loves me, I know.
Soon we'll marry and happy we'll be, that's so.
Talk of love in a cottage down by a stream,
In a flat we will dwell, and have steam heat as well, boys,
And that's no dream.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Our gallant soldiers they are going to leave their friends to mourn,
To watch and pray, both night and day, their quick and safe return;
We are going to face the enemy and put rebellion down,
May we return victoriously and wear a laurel crown.

Our gallant soldiers they are going to fight a glorious cause,
To defend the flag and Union, the government and its laws;
Kind fortune smile upon our brow wherever we may go,
We will never yield upon the field to any mortal foe.

Our gallant soldiers they are going to the battle-field of fame,
To defend the glorious stars and stripes, and put to flight with shame
Each proud secession leader, with bayonet, sword and gun,
And to make him pay severely for the battle of Bull Run.

The gallant fire zouaves they fought like lions brave,
Likewise the Massachusetts boys most manfully behaved;
The gallant 27th their foes they did not shun,
But the glorious 69th was the terror of Bull Run.

Long life to Gen. Meagher, that Irish blood of fame,
Who wore the harp and shamrock upon the battle plain;
Who said unto his gallant men, remember Fontenoy!
Then the whole at large, with bayonets charged, their foes they did deploy.

When the gallant Col. Corcoran lay prostrate on the ground,
Weary and fatigued, and exhausted from his wounds;
He said unto his gallant men, brave boys, I am not undone,
We will make them pay some other day for the battle of Bull Run.

Over ten long hours we had fought against an enemy
Of four to one, a fearful odds of men we could not see,
Until among our teamsters a panic had begun,
Then we did retreat, but were not beat, at the battle of Bull Run.

☞ The Words and Music of "A Knot of Blue and Gray," "Yankee Doodle," "The Faded Coat of Blue," and "Marching Through Georgia" will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your selection, for One Dollar, by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

THE RETIRED SOLDIER.

The retired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his weary feet,
And in the shelter of the grave,
Has found a sate retreat;
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
To arms, they call in vain;
For quartered in the arms of death,
He'll never, never march again.

CHORUS.

March, march again, march, march again,
March, march again, march, march again,
For quartered in the arms of death
He'll never, never march again.

A day when he left his father's home,
The charms of war to try.
O'er regions hath he had to roam,
No friend or mother nigh,
But still he marched contented on,
Met danger, death and pain,
And now at rest, all dangers o'er,
He'll never, never march again.—*Chorus.*

The sweets of spring by beauteous hand,
Lay scattered on his bier,
Whilst listening 'round his comrades stand,
Gave honest Ned a tear,
Whilst lovely Kate, for Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she view'd the solemn sight,
He'll never, never march again.—*Chorus.*

Constitution and Guerriere.

Tune—"The Landlady of France."

It ofttimes has been told
That British seamen bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, oh!
But they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch,
Oh, the Yankee boys, for fighting are the dandy, oh!

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming billows roll'd,
Commanded by brave Dacres, the grandee, oh!
With a choice of British crew,
As a rammer ever drew,
They could flog the French, two to one so handy, oh!

When this frigate bore in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
Come, clear the ship for action and be handy, oh!
To the weather gage, boys, get her,
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink, gun-powder mixed with brandy, oh!

Then, Dacres loudly cries,
Make this Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, oh!
Thirty-five's enough I'm sure,
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy, oh!

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answered not,
Till they got within the distance they call handy, oh!
Now, says Hull unto his crew,
Boys, let's see what we can do,
If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy, oh!

The first broadside we pour'd
Carried her mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandoned, oh!
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
Lord, I didn't think these Yankees were so handy, oh!

Our second told so well,
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which dous'd the royal ensign so handy, oh!
By George, says he, we're done,
And then fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy, oh!

Then Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
Loth was he to part with it, it was so handy, oh!
Oh, keep your sword, says Hull,
For it only makes you dull,
So cheer up, come, let us have a little brandy, oh!

Come fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, oh!
John Bull may toast his fill,
Let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

☞ The Words and Music of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your selection, for One Dollar, by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

By Julia Ward Howe.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! Glory Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps.
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.—*Chorus.*

I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal.
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.—*Chorus.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on.—*Chorus.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!—*Chorus.*

PAUL JONES.

An American frigate from Baltimore came,
Her guns mounted forty, the Richard by name;
Went to cruise in the channel of old England,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was the man.

We had not sailed long, before we did espy
A large forty-four, and a twenty close by;
Those two warlike ships, full laden with store,
Our captain pursued to the bold Yorkshire shore.

At the hour of twelve Pierce came alongside,
With a loud speaking trumpet, "Whence came you?" he cried;
"Quick, give me an answer, I hailed you before,
Or this very instant a broadside I'll pour."

Paul Jones, he exclaimed: "My brave boys, we'll not run,
Let every brave seaman stand close to his gun!"
When a broadside was fired by these brave Englishmen,
And we, bold buckskin heroes, returned it again.

We fought them five glasses, five glasses most hot,
Till fifty brave seamen lay dead on the spot;
And full seventy more lay bleeding in their gore,
Whilst the Pierce's loud cannon on the Richard did roar.

Our gunner affrighted unto Paul Jones he came,
"Our ship is a-sinking, likewise in a flame."
Paul Jones he replied in the height of his pride,
"If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside."

At length our shot flew so quick they could not stand,
The flag of proud Britain was forced to come down;
The lion bore down, and the Richard did rake.
Which caused the heart of brave Jones to ache.

A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freeman,
Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurled your beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS.

A thousand years, my own Columbia,
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears;
When the bright sun that tints them crimson,
Rises to shine a thousand years?—*Chorus.*

Tell the great world these blessed tidings,
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Envious foes beyond the ocean,
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Rebels at home, go hide your faces,
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not bind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors,
Down to your own degraded spheres;
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday,
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers;
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years.—*Chorus.*

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines, they were beaten back dismay'd,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.—*Chorus.*

So within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.—*Chorus.*

YO' MUST RESPECT DIS COON.

Copyright, 1896, by Orphean Music Pub. Co.

Words and Music by E. Nattes.

Last night I went to Johnson's Hall,
De colored folks dey gave a ball;
Ob course I took mah baby Sue,
An' I regret I did it, too.
A big, swell coon, from Tarrytown,
He stared at her an' hung aroun';
So all mah blood jumped to mah head,
I cleared mah throat an' loudly said:

CHORUS.

Don't yo' be hangin' 'roun' dis lady,
Can't yo' see, man, dat she's mah baby?
Dar'll be trouble soon, I bet you!
If I have fo' to call yo' down,
Yo' won't go back to Tarrytown;
Yo' must respect dis coon!

De music played a new cake walk,
And dat big coon began to talk;
He said he'd dance it wif mah Sue,
But 'course dat bone I did not chew.
I walked wif her right up an' down,
An' neber heard anoder soun';
He took his hat an' cane an' fled,
Fo' he remembered dat I said:—*Chorus.*

At one o'clock I left de spot,
An' dat's de time de soup was hot;
Aroun' de corner layed dat nig,
He had a razor 'bout so big,
But all de same I knocked him down,
Jest like a broom he swept de groun';
He swore he'd kill me yet some day,
But dis I said and walked away:—*Chorus.*

Sherman's March to the Sea.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns, in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up! and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from North-Land would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

Then, forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those that fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the Flag of the Free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched down to the sea!

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea!

Proud, proud was our army, that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sung we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea;
And the stars on our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee,
And then, whate'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me.
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing
I see the foe advancing.
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

I think of thee with longing;
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying—
Farewell farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Summer Nights at Battery Park.

Copyright, 1897, by the Orphean Music Publishing Co.

Words and Music by John Walsh.

The grandest place in summer to while away the hours
Is Battery Park, with its shade trees and its wealth of rarest flowers;
Where children play upon the green, young lovers laugh and tease,
And mothers with their babes in arms enjoy the ocean breeze.

CHORUS.

On a summer's night, when work is o'er, we boys and girls all meet;
We sing the songs we love so well, and dance to the music sweet.
Kid Hogan and his sweetheart, Liz, are always there for a lark,
And the band plays all of the popular tunes, summer nights at Bat-
[tery Park.

We're soon to have a jolly time, when Hogan marries Liz;
He'll have to quit his foolishness and settle down to biz.
He says he'll always love her, when married they will spark,
Just as they now do every night in dear old Batt'ry Park.—*Chorus.*

Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die.

Words by E. Bowers. Music by Henry Tucker.

Dear mother, I remember well the parting kiss you gave to me,
When merry rang the village bell, my heart was full of joy and glee; [high,
I did not dream that one short year would crush the hopes that soared so
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me, dear mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

Call sister, brother to my side,
And take your soldier's last good-by, good-by;
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! mother, 'tis the village bell, I can no longer with you stay,
My country calls: To arms! to arms! the foe advances in fierce array!
The vision's past—I feel that now for country I can only sigh.
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me, dear mother, I've come home to die.
—*Chorus.*

Dear mother, sister, brother, all—one parting kiss—to all—good-by!
Weep not! but clasp your hand in mine, and let me like a soldier die;
I've met the foe upon the field, where kindred fiercely did defy.
I fought for right, God bless the flag! dear mother, I've come home to die.
—*Chorus.*

A YANKEE MAN O' WAR.

It was down in yonder meadow I carelessly did stray,
There I beheld a lady fair, with some young sailor gay;
Says he, "My pretty Susan, I soon must leave the shore,
To cross the briny ocean in a Yankee man o' war."

Young Susan fell a-weeping. "Young sailor," she did say,
"How can you be so venturesome, to throw yourself away?
For by the time I'm twenty-one I shall receive my store,
Jolly sailor, do not venture in a Yankee man o' war."

"Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell,
Proud Mexico insulted us, America knows it well;
I may be crowned with laurels, just like a jolly tar,
And I'll face the shores of Mexico in a Yankee man o' war."

"How can you be so venturesome, to face those Mexicans?
For when they're far in battle, love, they never take a man;
And by a bloody dagger you might receive a scar,
So turn your inclination from a Yankee man o' war."

"Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass,
Let's go down to yonder ferry house and take a parting glass;
My shipmates they are waiting to row me from the shore,
And it's for America's glory in a Yankee man o' war."

The sailor took his handkerchief and tore it into two,
Saying, "Susan, you may keep one-half, the other I'll keep for you;
When bullets may surround me and the cannons loudly roar,
I'll fight for pretty Susan in a Yankee man o' war."

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MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

Mother, is the battle over? thousands have been slain, they say;
Is my father coming—tell me—have the rebels gained the day?
Is he well or is he wounded, mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me, will my father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing since you last the paper read,
Tell me why you now are crying, why that cap is on your head?
Ah! I see you cannot tell me, father's one among the slain,
Although he loved us very dearly, he will never come again.

Yes, my boy, your noble father is one numbered with the slain,
We shall not see him more on earth, but in heaven we'll meet again;
He died for the Union's glory, our day may not be far between,
But I hope at the last moment that we all shall meet again.

AN AMERICAN'S TOAST.

Copyright, 1885, by B. W. Hitchcock.

Let Englishmen boast of the wealth of the Briton,
Give Scotchmen the thistle, the lily to France,
While Ireland extols her green shamrock and sunburst,
The German his king, and the Moslem his lance;
Give the Arab his desert, and the Switzer his mountains,
And Russia the power of which tyrants may boast,
Golconda her diamonds, Italia her fountains,
But list, and I'll drink an American toast:

CHORUS.

Here's to Columbia, our Country, our Union,
Here's to the heroes we all love the most;
Here's to the North and the South in communion,
As brother we'll drink an American toast.

Our heroes that fought for America's glory,
Our statesmen who govern'd, with tongue and with pen,
Our Washington, whose name is echoed in story,
Who's first in the hearts of his own countrymen.
Clay, Jefferson, Webster, Lee, Sumpter and Putnam,
Old Fanuiel hall, of which Boston can boast,
And the old state-house bell that rang slav'ry's freedom,
Still seems to ring out an American's toast:—*Chorus.*

We'll drink peace and plenty to all that surround us,
Our liberty, glory, and country and cause,
Our wives and our children, who cluster around us,
Our freedom and happiness, honor and laws;
Let neighbors and friends, sweethearts, sisters and brothers,
And each sister country whose friendship we boast,
Our wives and our children, our fathers and mothers,
All fill up and drink an American's toast.—*Chorus.*

THE ELLSWORTH AVENGERS.

Tune—"Annie Lisle."

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall.

CHORUS.

Strike, freemen, for the Union,
Sheathe your swords no more,
While remains in arms a traitor
On Columbia's shore.

Entering the traitor city
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the zouave column,
Fixed became his view.
See that rebel flag is floating
O'er yon building tall,
Spoke he as his dark eyes glistened,
Boys, that flag must fall!—*Chorus.*

Quickly from its proud position
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freedom,
'Circling Ellsworth's form.
See him bear it down the landing,
Past that traitor's door;
Hear him groan—alas! they've shot him—
Ellsworth is no more!—*Chorus.*

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hasten we as thy avengers
From thy native State.
Speed we on from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we love our Union
And our Ellsworth's name.—*Chorus.*

Traitor hands shall never sunder
That for which you died;
Hear the pledge our lips now utter,
Thou, our nation's pride.
By the glorious cause of Union,
By its flag on high,
Ellsworth's name and proud example
Nevermore shall die!—*Chorus.*

LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain;
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry;
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet *requiems* swell,
Enough they murmur o'er my grave:
"He like a soldier fell!"

KISS ME AS OF OLD, MOTHER.

On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
'Till the breaking of the day;
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
'Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again I seemed to come.

CHORUS.

Kiss for me my brother, sister, when I sleep deep in the grave,
Tell I died true to my country—her honor tried to save.

I must soon be going mother,
Going to the home of rest;
Kiss me as of old, mother,
Press me nearer to your breast;
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your faithful love and care,
God uphold and bless you, mother,
In this bitter woe you bear.—*Chorus.*

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And altho' he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we loved the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

HE FOUGHT FOR THE CAUSE HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT.

Copyright, 1896, by Howley, Haviland & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,
It took me back for over thirty years;
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother, too,
And knelt beside it, mingling prayers with tears.
Above the spot where her boy sleeps there stands a wooden cross,
Which bears a sentence worded in this way:
"Pray, judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,
A hero, though he wore a suit of gray."

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty-one" and "five,"
To war and all its heartaches we will turn;
Just picture to yourself a mother, tot'ring, old and gray,
And waiting for her boy who'll ne'er return.
A thousand miles away from her he's sleeping all alone,
The skies have out their sentinels each night;
While passing bare your head in honor of the hero bold,
Because he fought for what he thought was right.—*Chorus.*

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THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Nobly our flag flutters o'er us to-day,
Emblem of peace, pledge liberty's sway;
Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dismay
If ever insulted it be!
Our stripes and stars, loved and honored by all,
Shall float forever where freedom may call;
It still shall be the flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty!

CHORUS.
Here we will gather, its cause to defend,
Let patriots rally and wise counsel lend;
It still shall be the flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty!

With it in beauty no flag can compare,
All nations honor our banner so fair;
If to insult it a traitor should dare,
Crushed to the earth let him be!
Freedom and progress our watchword to-day,
When duty calls who dare disobey?
Honor to thee, thou flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty!—*Chorus.*

Just Before the Battle, Mother.

Just before the battle, mother,
I'm thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.
Farewell! mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again—
But, oh! you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain!

Oh! I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.—*Chorus.*

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight:
Now may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right!
Hear the "Battle-cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh! yes, we'll rally 'round our standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there!—*Chorus.*

FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

There's a nation of brave people held in bond against their will,
But to them will come a day of liberty,
When to the world they can proclaim their little Emerald Isle
As added to the nations of the free,
Our sympathies are with them, for Americans believe
That the laws of God and man have been profaned,
When the governed have to suffer and are held in cruel bonds,
By laws against their interest maintained. [IRISH FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of Ireland, a flag of liberty,
All friends of Erin now do drink a ruby toast to thee.

There's a nation of brave people from the storied river Rhine,
Whose emigrants are welcome to our land,
They are law-abiding citizens, the very last in war,
And in peace the first to give a friendly hand;
Of Europe's civilization they are the greatest nation,
I hope a Republic they'll soon be,
For they're people that we love, and will like to see them free
As those in this great land of liberty. [GERMAN FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of Germany, floating proudly free,
May "Die Wacht am Rhein" be one day sung in the Halls of Liberty.

There's a band of noble patriots by Spanish tyrants ruled,
Who are fighting to gain their liberty,
Soon with victory they'll be crowned,
For they've many honest friends in America, the home of the free;
Our flag has been insulted, and we'll show these Spanish dons
That the time has now arrived, we're not afraid;
The "Virginius" and her crew we'll speedily avenge,
And to poor suffering Cuba lend our aid. [CUBAN FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of Cuba, so very dear you are,
May soon in freedom proudly float the flag of a single star.

There's a country of brave people who stand head upon the list
Of any throughout this mighty world,
She's a refuge for the oppressed from every other land,
And for freedom her banner is unfurled.
Our Centennial Anniversary we shortly hope to write
Upon the immortal scroll of Fame,
In memory of the blessings bequeathed by Washington,
Then forever revered by his name. [AMERICAN FLAG.]
Then here's the flag of America, the flag of Washington,
The greatest flag throughout the world that e'er the sun shone on.

THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Come, boys, and gather, gather with the throng;
Come, boys, and join us, sing a mighty song;
Sing, boys, together, let your praises be
For Uncle Sam, for freedom, and the flag of liberty.

CHORUS.
Sing, boys, sing, and let the bells of freedom ring;
Sing, and fill each Yankee heart with glee;
Let Old Glory's emblem fly, sing Old Glory's praise on high,
As we rally 'round the flag of liberty.

Stand, boys, beside us, stand for freedom's cause;
Whate'er betides us, think not of a pause;
Stand, boys, for Union, right and victory,
And wave above a nation's love the flag of liberty.—*Chorus.*

THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father, look up and see that flag, how gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be a rainbow in the skies."
"It is your country's flag, my son, and proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes, a symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that, like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats, and rush along in crowds?"
"It is the noise of cannon, child, the glad shouts of the free;
This is the day to memory dear—'tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I were now a man, I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—but, father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak—but still my heart is big with joy;
I've witness'd many a day like this—shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee! God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword of freedom in my hand!"
"Well done, my boy—grow up and love the land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell, a paradise on earth."

JOHN BROWN SONG.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
His soul's marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul's marching on!—*Chorus.*

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul's marching on!—*Chorus.*

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
They go marching on!

CHORUS.
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
They go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!
As they march along!

CHORUS.
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
As we are marching on!

CHORUS.
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!



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When This Cruel War Is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember when we last did meet,
When you told me that you loved me, kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me, in your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely, hopes and fears how vain;
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over, praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing mournfully along,
Or, when autumn leaves are falling, sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying on the battle-plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying, calling but in vain.—*Chorus.*

If, amid the din of battle, nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you, none to hear your call;
Who would whisper words of comfort? who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies ever in my brain.—*Chorus.*

But our country called you, darling, angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting, we can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty, let all nations see
How we love our starry banner, emblem of the free.—*Chorus.*

THE LONE GRAVE.

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A story I'm going to tell of a grave
In the South, where a brave soldier fell;
For his cause now he sleeps by the side of a track;
What his colors, none able to tell;
A plain, simple board, rudely carved, that was all
That was left to remind one of that sacred spot;
The words, as we traced them, were simple enough,
"A soldier sleeps here—oh, forget me not."

CHORUS.

The lone grave is there by the side of the track,
It contains a wanderer who never came back,
And when he appears on the great judgment day,
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray?"

There's a mother that sits by a fireside to-night,
She is thinking of days long gone by;
And she pictures a loved one who went to the war,
But returned not, she says, with a sigh;
If the mother could know that her boy calmly sleeps
Undisturbed by the march or the progress of time,
What feelings would haunt her, what thoughts would she have—
Sobs, tears and heart-aches, what sadness sublime.

CHORUS.

The lone grave's still there by the side of the track,
It contains her boy, who will never come back,
And when he appears on the great judgment day,
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray?"

DIXEY'S LAND.

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Away down South, in de fields ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottoms,
Look away, look away, look away, look away.
Den 'way down South in de fields ob cotton,
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Look away, look away, look away, look away.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey's land,
Away, away, away,
Away down south in Dixey.

Pork and cabbage in de pot,
It goes in cold and comes out hot;
Look away, look away, look away, look away.
Vinegar put right on red beet,
It makes dem always fit to eat,
Look away, look away, look away, look away.—*Chorus.*

Old massa's mad, and I am glad,
He's lost de one he thought he had;
Look away, look away, look away, look away.
If he comes back, which I know he'll do,
Massa make him dance till he is blue.
Look away, look away, look away, look away.—*Chorus.*

A nigger up in a great big tree,
Lookin' right straight down at me,
Look away, look away, look away, look away.
I up wid a stick and I hit him in de eye,
And I made dis little monkey cry.
Look away, look away, look away, look away.—*Chorus.*

A nigger in a bushel measure
Was tickl'd to death by swallowin' a feather,
Look away, look away, look away, look away.
De doctor tried to fotch him to,
But he found out it warn't no go.
Look away, look away, look away, look away.—*Chorus.*

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew,
Singing hey! aloft and alow!
Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze!
The spray as sparkling thrown from her prow,
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
When homeward she's steering now!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
With hearts aboard, both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow;
The blackening sky and the whistling wind
Foretell the approach of a gale;
And a home and its joys flit over each,
Husbands, lovers, on deck there! a sail!
A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Distress is the word, God speed them through,
Bear a hand aloft and alow!

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Freedom defends the land where it grew,
We're free aloft and alow!
Bearing down a ship, in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast-head;
She's wrecked, and the one that floats alongside,
The stars and stripes that's to victory wed;
A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Ne'er strikes to a foe, while the sky is blue,
Or a tar aloft and alow!

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

The rebel horde is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise! and drive him from thy door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the foe thou must abhor,
Who seeks thy fall, oh, Baltimore!
Drive back the tyrant, peace restore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to a nation's warm appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
And sister States that for thee feel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Gird now thy sons with arms of steel,
And heavy be the blows they deal,
For traitors shall thy vengeance feel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy sons shall battle with the just,
And soon repel the traitor's thrust;
For in their strength our State shall trust,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy men are bold and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Drive back the foe that would thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come with thine own heroic throng,
And, as thy army moves along,
Let Union be their constant song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Virginia feels the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Her children lay around her slain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Let Carolina call in vain,
Our rights we know and will maintain,
Our rise shall be her fall again,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I hear the distant battle's hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I hear the bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou art not deaf, thou art not dumb,
Thou wilt not falter, nor succumb;
I hear the cry, "we come! we come!"
Maryland, my Maryland!

Ten hundred thousand brave and free,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Are ready now to strike with thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
A million more still yet agree
To help thee hold thy liberty,
For thou shalt ever, ever be,
Maryland, my Maryland!

☞ The Words and Music of either of the songs on this page will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your selection, for One Dollar, by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

A CALL TO ARMS.

By Wm. A. Whitehouse, of Newark, N. J.

To arms, ye mighty nation, unfurl Old Glory's flag,
And show those Spanish butchers we'll stop their blow and brag
By sweeping down on Cuba, the fair island to set free,
And drive those dirty Spaniards to their land across the sea.

We've heard your cry, brave Cuba, and now we answer back,
Cheer up, brave men and women, we're on the Spaniard's track.
We'll sweep them all before us, and like frightened curs they'll yelp,
When a million Yankees chase them you'll hear them cry for help.

But then they'll never get it, for Europe can't be fooled,
As tyranny and treachery has always been Spain's rule;
Bloodshed, too, has marked their track with robbery all along the route,
Till every province they have ruled at last has kicked them out.

From the bloody Duke of Alva's time to Weyler of latest fame,
They've always played some dirty trick like blowing up the Maine.
Then up and at them, Yankee boys, and brave Cubans jump in line,
We'll both wipe out the rotten crew, and do the Dons up fine.

No more her yellow rag shall fly above fair Cuba's land,
No more her sons and daughters die without our helping hand.
We'll drive her from this western world, and the eagle's wing will flap
With joy and satisfaction when we've wiped her off our map.

Willie Has Gone to the War.

The blue bird is singing its lay
To all the sweet flowers of the dale;
The wild bee is roaming, at play;
And soft is the sigh of the gale;
I stray by the brook-side, alone,
Where oft we have wandered before,
And weep for my loved one—my own:
My Willie has gone to the war!

CHORUS.
Willie has gone to the war, Willie—
Willie, my loved one—my own;
Willie has gone to the war, Willie—
Willie, my loved one, has gone.

It was there, where the lily-bells grow,
That I last saw his noble young face;
But now he has gone to the foe—
Oh! dearly I love the old place!
The whispering waters repeat
The name that I love, o'er and o'er,
And daisies, that nod at my feet,
Say: Willie has gone to the war!—*Chorus.*

The leaves of the forest will fade,
The roses will wither and die,
And Spring to our home in the glade,
On fairy-like pinions, will fly;
But still I will hopefully wait
Till the day when those battles are o'er;
And pine like a bird for its mate,
Till Willie comes home from the war.—*Chorus.*

THE SAILORS OF THE MAINE.

Tune—"John Brown's Body."

Three hundred Yankee sailors lie dead beneath the wave,
Three hundred sailors of the Maine lie dead beneath the wave,
Three hundred Yankee sailors lie dead beneath the wave,
But their souls are marching on.

CHORUS.
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Their souls are marching on.

Each night upon the Maine these ghostly sailors meet.
Each night upon the Maine these ghostly sailors meet,
Each night upon the Maine these ghostly sailors meet,
For their souls are marching on.—*Chorus.*

They call upon their comrades to avenge their cruel fate,
They call upon their comrades to avenge their cruel fate,
They call upon their comrades to avenge their cruel fate,
While their souls are marching on.—*Chorus.*

Dewey and his gunners heard the message from the Maine,
Dewey and his gunners heard the message from the Maine,
Dewey and his gunners heard the message from the Maine,
And their ships went sailing on.

CHORUS.
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Their ships went sailing on,
Their souls went marching on,
As we go marching on.

They sunk that Spanish squadron in old Manila Bay,
They sunk that Spanish squadron in old Manila Bay,
They sunk that Spanish squadron in old Manila Bay,
And their souls went marching on.—*Chorus.*

Three rousing cheers for Dewey, who lowered the flag of Spain,
Three rousing cheers for Dewey, who will do it once again,
Three rousing cheers for Sampson, who rules the Spanish Main,
As he goes sailing on.—*Chorus.*

YANKEE DEWEY.

Tune—"Yankee Doodle." By Richard J. Beamish.

Oh! Yankee Dewey had a fleet and gallant Yankee sailors;
No fear knew he, this brave Dewey, of guns or mines or Weylers.

CHORUS.
Yankee Dewey, keep it up, Yankee Dewey, steady;
Keep your eye and powder dry, and with your guns be ready.

From Hong Kong Dewey's fleet was forced with coal he first did fill her!
Then said, "My men, we'll coal again off yonder in Manila."—*Chorus.*

The Spanish ships fled to the forts, but Dewey came right after.
His guns' black lane called loud "The Maine!" his shells shrieked awful [laughter.—*Chorus.*
The Spaniards saw no loopholes there, if to the trees they hied them,
Old Dewey soon, in a balloon, would be up there beside them.—*Chorus.*

Yankee Dewey kept it up, Yankee Dewey, steady;
He kept his eye and powder dry, and with his guns was ready.—*Chorus.*

THE RATAPLAN.

What a charm has the drum with its tan-a-ran-tan,
When we march to the gay parade!
O, the music we love is the bold rataplan,
And the rubadub merrily played.
Every heart is inspired by its magical sound,
There's a soul in the stirring drum,
And there is not a voice, while its echoes rebound,
But would cry "Let the enemy come."

CHORUS.
So merrily, O! so cheerily, O!
So merrily march away,
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
March away while we may,
'Tis a gay gala day,
And our banners are flaunting high,
In the sun sword and gun flash around every one;
With a glance just as bright as the sky.

To the field when we march, how the tan-a-ran-tan
Makes the heart of the soldier glow!
Let him hear but the roll of the bold rataplan,
And how gallantly forward he'll go!
When the battle is done,
And the victory won,
Still the sound of the rolling drum
Sends its echoes afar,
From the red field of war,
To the dear friends who welcome us home.—*Chorus.*

Who Will Care for Mother Now?

[During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him, that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead and, with a trembling voice, said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: "Who will care for mother now?"]

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness—
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer,
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the fallen tear,
Gently smooth the wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! how
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?—*Chorus.*

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?—*Chorus.*

☞ The Words and Music of "Willie Has Gone to the War," "John Brown's Body," "Yankee Doodle," "The Rataplan," and "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of **30** cents per copy, or **4** copies, your selection, for **One Dollar,** by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

Teach Our Baby that I'm Dead.

Copyright, 1897, by Frank K. Root & Co.

Words by Wm. H. Windom. Music by Still R. Harcourt.

With tearful eyes a mother stood before a prison cell,
And in her arms she tightly clasp'd her baby to her heart;
Her husband is a convict now, she came to say farewell,
Ere from her side for years he must depart.
He took her hand so tenderly, and begged her not to weep;
"Don't grieve, my love," he said, "while I'm away."
He look'd upon their little child, who smil'd in peaceful sleep,
And then in anguish to his wife did say:

REFRAIN.

"Teach our baby that I'm dead, and never, never let it know
The dark disgrace I've brought to you, promise me before you go.
God above will care for you—oh, blame me not, my own," he said,
"And when our baby asks for me, teach the little one I'm dead."

To save another I did wrong, and now to prison go;
I took the money from the bank—'twas wrong, I know, 'tis true;
I thought I could replace it soon, and none would ever know,
I never dream'd I'd bring disgrace to you.
The parting moment came at last, he bade them both good-by,
Her youthful heart was broken with despair,
And as she turned to go away, his tears of anguish fell,
Again these words he sadly uttered there:—*Refrain.*

SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry,
'Round a table were seated, one night,
A crowd of young fellows carousing,
With them life seemed cheerful and bright,
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen to shame;
All the young fellows jeered at her weakness,
'Till they heard an old woman exclaim:

CHORUS.

She is more to be pitied than censured.
She is more to be helped than despised;
She is only a lassie who ventured
On life's stormy path, ill-advised;
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider
That a man was the cause of it all.

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner,
Where the neighbors all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon
O'er a soul that had just passed away,
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry,
Who a life of adventure had led—
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No, he asked for God's mercy and said:—*Chorus.*

GLORIOUS BEER.

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Words by Steve Leggett. Music by Will Goodwin.

Now I won't sing of sherbet and water,
For sherbet with beer will not rhyme;
The workingman can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than five cents a time;
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear;
I allude to that grand institution,
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer!

CHORUS.

Beer, beer, glorious beer!
Fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it—
Now, altogether, a cheer!
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
The best thing there is for your neck;
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect.
Now we know who the goddess of wine was,
But was there a goddess of beer?
If so, let us drink to her health, boys,
And wish that we'd just got her here, here, here!—*Chorus.*

So up, up with brandies and sodas,
But down, down, and down with the beer;
It's good for you when you are hungry,
You can eat it without any fear.
So sip up the beer while you're able,
Of four-half let's all have our fill;
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear Uncle Bill, Bill, Bill!—*Chorus.*

KISS YOUR GOOSIE WOOSIE.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by C. G. Cotes. Music by Bennett Scott.

In a little street, in a little town, not very far from here,
A fellow and a girl made love, in manner rather queer,
He called her "duck," she called him "goose," they got along all right,
And this is what the neighbors heard, from eight 'till twelve each night:

CHORUS.

Kiss your goosie woosie, kiss your goosie woosie, do!
Then I'll go home to bed at once and dream of you;
Then up went all the windows, and twenty voices said:
"For goodness sake, kiss goosie, and we all can go to bed."

Though the neighbors tried hard to stop the row, it wasn't any use,
They said they'd like to roast the duck and drown the little goose,
In rain or shine 'twas just the same, they'd never soak or freeze,
Between each thunderclap these words came floating o'er the breeze:—*Chorus.*

All the neighbors got out their guns and wrote in chalk upon the wall,
"If you don't leave at ten to-night, you will not leave at all."
At half-past ten that night two shots proclaimed the deed was done,
And now two phantom forms appear and sing from twelve to one:—*Cho.*

The Lady with the Rag-Time Walk.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Armstrong Bros.

There's a wench that's raising Cain,
And dey call her "Rag-time" Jane;
She's got the coons all hypnotized
Around here, now that's plain;
For she walks and talks "Rag-time,"
She does the real coon-jine,
The nigs all sigh, you'll hear dem cry,
When Jane comes down the line.

CHORUS.

"Here comes that lady with the rag-time walk,"
You'll hear them coons all say,
The lady with the "rag-time" talk
Is a-comin' down this way;
She's got all the coons around insane,
They've all got "rag-time" on the brain,
For a dead-swell gal is 'Liza Jane,
De wench with the "rag-time" walk.

At a cake walk she excels
All the other colored belles;
The wenches black from her get back,
She captures all the swells;
When the colored belles turn out,
She's the "Queen" without a doubt,
As dark as night, dressed out of sight,
You'll hear them coons all shout:—*Chorus.*

WHO WILL MARRY ME?

Copyright, 1893, by Ilsen & Co.

Words and Music by Chas. Robinson.

My name's Daniel Mooney, don't think that I am looney,
For the way I talks, I know, is fooney;
The reason why I'm glad, I've a letter from me dad,
Who died and left me all his money.
And when his will was read out, it told me what to do;
If I would have his money, I would have to marry, too;
So I am looking for a lady who'll consent to marry me,
And we'll sail for Ireland in the morning.

CHORUS.

Who is the lady now, where is the baby now,
Who is the lady that's going to marry me?
Come, come, answer quick, I will marry on the lick,
And sail for Dublin in the morning.

See a lady sitting there, who I think is young and fair,
If she'll only wed me I'll be happy;
I'll buy her diamond rings, lots of silks and other things,
Remember me heart goes wid me money;
And when we're wed a year or so, a cradle we will buy,
To rock the tootsy-wootsy in—that is, when he does cry,
And if he grows to be a man, just like his papa,
We'll have wine and whiskey in the morning.—*Chorus.*

Now don't be ashamed of me, I'm not handsome, you can see,
But a truer husband, I'll swear, you'll ne'er get;
I'll do the best I can, always be a sober man;
When we get our money we'll buy a house and land;
We'll furnish up the parlor in the latest, grandest style,
And then return to Ireland and stay there for a while,
But when we do return again, I'll have you all to know,
We'll have wine and sponge cake in the morning.—*Chorus.*

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THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

Copyright, 1891, by Willis Woodward & Co.

A fair-haired boy in a foreign land at sunrise was to die;
In a prison-cell he sat alone, from his heart there came a sigh;
Deserted from the ranks, they said, the reason none could say;
They only knew the orders were that he should die next day;
And as the hours glided by, a messenger on wings did fly
To save this boy from such a fate—a pardon, but it came too late.

CHORUS.

The volley was fired at sunrise, just after break of day,
And while the echoes lingered, a soul had passed away
Into the arms of his Maker, and there to hear his fate;
A tear, a sigh, a sad "good-bye"—the pardon came too late.

And 'round the camp-fire burning bright the story then was told;
How his mother on a dying-bed called for her son so bold;
He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way;
She never saw her boy so fair—he died at break of day;
And when the truth at last was known, his innocence at once was shown,
To save from such an unjust fate a pardon sent, but 'twas too late.—*Cho.*

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

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Words by Lester Barrett. Music by Lester Thomas.

In the glorious summer season ev'rybody takes a trip
To the seaside for enjoyment, on the sands they gaily skip;
Married men with wives and children, single johnnies on the mash,
Pretty girls who seek for husbands who have pockets full of cash.

CHORUS.

By the sad sea waves, where the ladies are so charming,
By the sad sea waves, in the glorious summer time;
With their fetching smiles and dresses, rosy lips and golden tresses,
Shady nooks and sly caresses, by the sad sea waves.

At a boarding-house in Newport, Percy Vere met Gladys Gray,
Soon he showed his fond affection, took her driving ev'ry day;
By his tone he seemed a marquis, she had jewels in galore,
So they formed a love engagement, as they strolled along the shore.

CHORUS.

By the sad sea waves, every night he took her strolling,
By the sad sea waves, he would swear his heart was gone;
She's the only girl he sings to, she's the girl he says nice things to,
Promised lovely diamond rings to, by the sad sea waves.

When their holidays were over, and they had to say adieu,
He to join his yacht at Brighton, she to join her papa, too;
They agreed to write each other billet doudlets ev'ry day,
And when he'd his mansion ready, they'd be married right away.

CHORUS.

From the sad sea waves back to bus'ness in the morning,
From the sad sea waves to his humble "five a week;"
In a cook-shop he goes dashing, who should bring his plate of hash in
But the girl he had been mashing by the sad sea waves.

The Song that Will Live Forever.

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Words by Tom Browne. Music by Felix McGlennon.

'Twas a glorious night, and the moon shone brightly,
As around the camp-fires the soldiers lay;
Their hearts were bold, and they beat, ah, so lightly,
Tho' they might be stilled in the coming fray.
It was all in vain that they courted slumber,
So they 'rous'd and sat there the whole night long,
Telling tales and talking the old times over,
When at last one sang them a sweet old song.

CHORUS.

The song that will live forever, forever and for aye!
Ages may come and ages may go, the song shall live alway;
While human hearts are beating on the land or foam,
The song that will live forever is "Home, Sweet Home!"

As the words rang out in that far-off wildwood,
Ev'ry warm, true heart breathed a silent prayer;
For they thought of home, the dear home of their childhood,
And the ones they loved, who were waiting there.
Ah! they thought of parents, of wives and children,
Sweethearts, friends and playmates across the foam;
They were brave men's tears in the husky voices,
As they joined the chorus of "Home, Sweet Home.—*Chorus.*

Hark! what was that? A bugle call? To arms! to arms! to arms!
Up sprang those gallant heroes then to face grim war's alarms;
And fast they're battling there 'gainst death, 'mid bay'net, shot and shell;
Where, fighting to the last, the gallant soldier singer fell, the soldier singer
He hears the cry of "Victory!" and with his dying breath, [fell.
He bids his comrades not to grieve for his, a soldier's death.
"Good-bye," he cries, "Good bye! I lived for those across the foam,
For them I die! God bless them, boys, I've sung my last of home!"—*Cho.*

SISTER MARY WANTS TO KNOW.

Copyright, 1895, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Written by Walter Gilbert. Composed by Orlando Powell.

My sister Mary's what you'd call a simple silly kid,
She doesn't seem to know what's what, I think it's time she did;
She's turned eighteen, but awful green, there's not the slightest doubt;
She hasn't been in New York long, don't know her way about.

CHORUS.

What is she to say—what is she to do—
If a soldier wants to mash her in the Horse Guards Blue,
If he winks his eye and wants her for a quiet stroll to go,
Is it safe to trust a soldier? Sister Mary wants to know.

She's heard about the Gaiety, and how the ballet girls
Can ride about in carriages supplied by dukes and earls;
She's got a strong ambition now upon the stage to go,
She's taking dancing lessons, but she strictly wants to know:

CHORUS.

What is she to say—what is she to do—
If a swell should want to treat her to a glass or two,
Should he offer her his chestnut mare to canter in the row,
Is it etiquette to take it? Sister Mary wants to know.

She's contemplating marriage, for she often has been told
That married men are model men, and worth their weight in gold,
But if she gets a husband who should keep late hours at night,
And never reaches home until he's paralytic tight—

CHORUS.

What is she to say—what is she to do—
When the beauty staggers up the stairs at half-past two;
If he starts his hanky panky and declares he'll boss the show,
Shall she hit him with the poker? Sister Mary wants to know.

She wants to pay a visit to a place called Union Square,
Because she's heard the cream of French society dwells there,
Where ladies dress in sealskin sacques, and diamond rings display.
She's never been before, and so if she should lose her way—

CHORUS.

What is she to say—what is she to do—
When a Frenchman shrugs his shoulders and begins to parlez vous,
If to share a champagne supper he should beg of her to go,
Had she better ask a p'liceman? Sister Mary wants to know.

On the Banks of the Chicago River Not Far Away.

By Dan Keating and Ben Goodwin, Comedians.

Oh, there's lots of people going to Alaska
Who imagine that a fortune they will make;
They are going to stake a claim upon the Yukon,
But if they're hungry, they will eat the steak.
I dreamt last night I struck it for a million;
I was the luckiest man up there, without a doubt;
I was just about to start in counting money
When the bed fell down, and then my pipe went out.

CHORUS.

If you Con. upon the Yukon, in Alaska,
The gillies who go there no doubt 'twill pay,
But I'd sooner be a plumber in Chicago
Than on the banks of the Klondyke far away.

Oh, a crowd of girls were bathing in the Chicago,
At a point they thought no one had been before,
And so sure were they that not a soul would see them
That they took their clothes and placed them on the shore;
Just then a wandering tramp espied the clothing;
When he saw them like a fiend for them he ran;
The girls were frightened and yelled, altogether,
"Go away from there, you horrid, naughty man!"

CHORUS.

Oh! the moonlight it shone fair along the Chicago,
While in the river the girls they had to stay,
For the tramp he used their clothes for a pillow,
On the Chicago River banks not far away.

Now, of course, you all have heard of the disaster,
How brave soldiers died by bloody hands of Spain;
Gallant soldiers blue were sleeping on our warship,
'Twas at night these demons dark crept on the Maine;
Our nation oft by Spain has been insulted;
For this dark deed these cowards they must pay;
Our flag's half-mast to-night, down in Havana,
On the banks of little Cuba far away.

CHORUS.

Oh! we hope the moon won't shine upon Havana;
If McKinley gives us a chance, we'll have our way;
We'll avenge the murder of our poor sailors,
On the banks of little Cuba far away.

☞ The Words and Music of "The Pardon Came Too Late," "By the Sad Sea Waves," "The Song that Will Live Forever," and "Sister Mary Wants to Know" will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of **30** cents per copy, or **4** copies, your selection, for **One Dollar,** by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

Comrades, Join the Flag of Glory.

Comrades, join the flag of glory! cheerily tread the deck of fame,
Earn a place in future story, seek and win a warrior's name.

Yankee tars can laugh at dangers, while the roaring mountain wave
Teems with carnage—they are strangers to a deed that is not brave.

May our bannered stars as ever splendidly o'er freemen burn,
Till the night of war is over, till the dawn of peace return.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but me shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him, while we breathe our evening prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed, and our hopes in ruins lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him, when we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story how our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor, in the strength of manhood's might.—*Chorus.*

True, they tell us wreaths of glory ever more will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only, sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen, in thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress mingle with the tears we shed.—*Cho.*

MISTER JOHNNY WISE.

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Words by Byron S. Andrews. Music by Harry T. Von.

I will tell you of a chap I know, you all must know him, too,
At some time or another he has had his chance at you,
He knows all kind of people and he is so wondrous wise,
He's an information bureau in disguise.
If you're looking for a long lost friend, and don't know where to go,
Just meet this chap and ask him, he will put you right, I know,
As an up-to-date directory he really takes the prize,
He's the only thing that happened. Who? why Mister Johnny Wise.

CHORUS.

Mister Johnny Wise, as you may surmise,
Contradict him on your life, if you do 'twill end in strife.
People at him cry, when he passes by,
There's the man that knows it all. Who? Mister Johnny Wise.

You will find him at the race track, too, he's ready with his tip,
On railroad trains or trolleys you can meet him every trip,
He'll give you points on base-ball, tell you who will win the game,
Our next candidate for President he'll name.
He's the man who first invented those great words, "I told you so,"
Spring something new, he'll say, "Old man, I heard that long ago."
And from politics and poker, down to baking pumpkin pies,
You can't lose him for a minute. Who? why Mister Johnny Wise.—*Cho.*

CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?

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Words by Maurice Shapiro. Music by S. Furth.

All alone within a church, an organist did play,
Rehearsing tunes so sacred, new hymns for Christmas day,
But somehow there was sadness, as the music then rang out,
The echoes seemed repeating in a pleading way cloud,
Can you not forgive her, the one you once loved best,
Can you not forget it, and grant her one request,
For before him lay a letter, from her who did repent,
And in melody he told the words of the message she had sent:

CHORUS.

Can you forgive me, can you forget,
I loved you dearly; yes, I love you yet.
Though I have wronged you, caused you pain untold,
Can you forgive me, and love me as of old?

His head sank on the keyboard, the tears were falling fast,
He thought of wife and baby, a vision of the past,
For she one day had left him, brought disgrace upon his name.
Destroyed the home he cherished, until repentance came,
Can you not forgive me, a voice rang out so wild,
Can you not have pity, upon me and our child?
For at the church door stood his wife, she'd heard the sad refrain.
On joyous cry, clasped to his breast, she did not plead in vain.—*Chorus.*

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Kiss Me Mother, Kiss Your Darling.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling, lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me, I am weary, let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading, brighter seems the other shore:
I am standing by the river, angels wait to waft me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling, lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me, I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling, breathe a blessing on my brow:
For I'll soon be with the angels, fainter grows my breath e'en now.
Tell the loved ones not to murmur; say I died our flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly in the soldier's honored grave.—*Chorus.*

Oh! how dark this world is growing—hark! I hear the Angel Band,
How I long to join their number in that fair and happy land!
Hear you not that heavenly music, floating near so soft and low?
I must leave you—farewell, mother! kiss me once before I go.—*Chorus.*

When Johnny Comes Marching Home from Spain.

When Johnny comes marching home from Spain,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
We'll turn old Madrid inside out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

CHORUS.

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
We'll turn old Madrid inside out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boys,
Hurrah! hurrah!
With Cuba and Manila free,
Thanks to McKinley and Fitzhugh Lee,
The Stars and Stripes will hold full sway
From Havana to Manila Bay,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.—*Chorus*

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give our sailors three times three,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The laurel wreaths are ready now
To place upon their loyal brows,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.—*Chorus.*

Write a Letter to My Mother.

Words by E. Bowers. Music by P. B. Isaacs.

[An officer, captured at the Battle of Bull Run, relates the following incident: After our capture, I observed a Federal prisoner tenderly cared for by a rebel soldier. I gleaned, from their conversation, that they were brothers. The brave boy, while battling for the Union, received his death-wound from his own brother, at that time a private in the rebel ranks. Never shall I forget the look of utter despair depicted upon that rebel's face; the dying boy, with a smile of holy resignation, clasped his brother's hand, spoke of their father who was then fighting for their dear old flag, of mother, of home, of childhood—then, requesting his brother to write a letter to mother, and imploring him never to divulge the secret of his death, the young hero yielded up his life.]

Raise me in your arms, my brother,
Let me see the glorious sun;
I am weary, faint and dying,
How is the battle—lost or won?
I remember you, my brother,
Sent to me that fatal dart:
Brother fighting against brother,
'Tis well—'tis well that thus we part.

CHORUS.

Write a letter to my mother,
Send it when her boy is dead;
That he perished by his brother,
Not a word of that be said.

Father is fighting for the Union,
And you may meet him on the field;
Could you raise your arm to smite him?
Oh! could you bid that father yield!
He who loved us in our childhood,
Taught the infant prayers we said!
Brother, take from me a warning,
I'll soon be numbered with the dead.—*Chorus.*

Do you ever think of mother,
In our home within the glen,
Watching, praying for her children?
Oh! would you see that home again?
Brother, I am surely dying,
Keep the secret—for, 'tis one
That would kill our angel mother
If she but knew what you had done.—*Chorus.*

TELL MOTHER I DIE HAPPY.

I am dying, comrades, dying
As you hear me lightly tread;
Soon, ah, soon, I shall be lying
With the silent, sleeping dead.
I am dying, comrades, dying.
Still the battle rages near;
Tell me, are our foes a flying?
I die happy, mother dear.

CHORUS.

Tell my mother I die happy,
That for me she must not weep;
Tell her how I longed to kiss her,
Ere I sunk in death to sleep.

I am going, comrades, going;
See how damp my forehead's now;
Oh, I see the angels coming,
With bright garlands for my brow.
Bear this message to my mother:
How in death that God was near,
He to bless and to support me;
I die happy, mother dear.—*Chorus.*

Lay me, comrades, 'neath the willow,
That grows on the distant shore;
Wrap the starry flag around me,
I would press its folds once more;
Let the cold earth be my pillow,
And the stars and stripes my shroud;
Soon, oh, soon, I shall be marching
Amid the heavenly crowd.—*Chorus.*

Brother's Fainting at the Door.

Yonder comes a weary soldier,
With falt'ring steps across the moor;
Mem'ries of the past steal o'er me;
He totters to the cottage-door.
Look! my heart cannot deceive me:
'Tis one we deemed on earth no more,
Call mother, haste, do not tarry,
For brother's fainting at the door.

CHORUS.

Kindly greet the weary soldier,
Words of comfort may restore,
You may have an absent brother
Fainting at a stranger's door.

Tell us, brother, of the battle,
Why you were numbered with the slain;
We, who thought you lost forever,
Now clasp you to our arms again;
Oh! may others share the blessing,
Which heaven kindly keeps in store:
May they meet their absent loved ones,
Ay, e'en though fainting at the door.—*Chorus.*

I was wounded and a pris'ner,
Our ranks were broken, forced to fly,
Thrown within a gloomy dungeon,
Away from friends, alone to die.
Still the hope was strong within me,
A cherished hope that would restore:
I have lived, by heaven's blessing,
To meet my loved ones at the door.—*Chorus.*

Mother Kissed Me in My Dream.

[A young soldier who was severely wounded at the battle of Antietam, lay at one of the hospitals at Frederick. A surgeon passing by his bedside, and seeing his boyish face lighted up with a peaceful smile, asked him how he felt. "Oh! I am happy and contented now," the soldier replied; "last night mother kissed me in my dream."]

Lying on my dying bed,
Through the dark and silent night,
Praying for the coming day,
Came a vision to my sight;
Near me stood the forms I loved,
In the sunlight's mellow gleam;
Folding me unto her breast,
Mother kissed me in my dream;
Mother, mother,
Mother kissed me in my dream.

Comrades, tell her, when you write,
That I did my duty well,
Say that, when the battle raged,
Fighting in the van I fell,
Tell her, too, when on my bed
Slowly ebbed my being's stream
How I knew no peace until
Mother kissed me in my dream;
Mother, mother,
Mother kissed me in my dream

Once again I long to see
Home and kindred far away;
But I feel I shall be gone
Ere there dawns another day!
Hopefully I bide the hour
When will fade life's feeble beam,
Ev'ry pang has left me now,
Mother kissed me in my dream;
Mother, mother,
Mother kissed me in my dream.

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army;
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young: alas!
At the Captain's fore quarters, they say, he would pass,
They train'd him up well in the infantry class—
So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS.

O Jimmy, farewell! your brothers fell
'Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap;
But they grafted him into the army:
And these are the trousers he used to wear—
The very same buttons—the patch and the tear—
But Uncle Same gave him a bran new pair,
When they grafted him into the army.—*Chorus.*

Now, in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinder sickish—begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh! what if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the army.—*Chorus.*

We Are Coming, Father Abraham.

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more;
From Mississippi's winding stream,
And from New England's shore.
We leave our ploughs and workshops,
Our wives and children dear;
With hearts too full of utterance,
With but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
With three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hill-tops,
That meet the Northern sky;
Long, moving lines of rising dust,
Your vision may descry.
And now the wind, an instant,
Tears the cloudy veil aside;
And floats aloft our spangled flag,
In glory and in pride.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
And bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.—*Chorus.*

If you look all up our valleys,
Where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys
Fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees
Are pulling at the weeds;
And learning how to reap and sow,
Against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping
At every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.—*Chorus.*

You have called us, and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide;
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group
To wrench the murderous blade;
And in the face of foreign foes,
Its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men,
And true, have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.—*Chorus.*



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STAND BY THE FLAG.

Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glory;
To foes a fear, to friend a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.
Stand by the flag, on land and ocean billow;
By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,
Living defended, dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessings passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag, though death-shots 'round it rattle
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quiv'ring lance and glitt'ring bayonet.
Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,
Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime,
That it will float until th' eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

"A song for our Banner" the watchword recall,
Which gave the Republic her station—
United we stand, divided we fall!
It made and preserved us a nation.
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever and ever!
The Flag of the Union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder,
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the Flag of the Union forever and ever;
The Flag of the Union forever!

Unfurl the Glorious Banner.

Unfurl the glorious banner, let it sway upon the breeze,
The emblem of our country's pride on land and on the seas;
The emblem of our liberty, borne proudly in the wars,
The hope of every freeman, the gleaming stripes and stars.

CHORUS.

Then unfurl the glorious banner out upon the welcome air,
Read the record of the olden time upon its radiance there:
In the battle it shall lead us, and our banner ever be
A beacon-light to glory and a guide to victory.

The glorious band of patriots who gave the land its birth,
Have writ with steel in history the record of its worth;
From east to west, from sea to sea, from pole to tropic sun,
Will eyes grow bright and hearts throb high at the name of Washington.

Ah! proudly should we bear it, and guard this flag of ours, —*Chorus.*
Borne bravely in its infancy amid the darker hours;
Only the brave may bear it, a guardian it shall be
For those who well have won the right to bestow of liberty.—*Chorus.*

The meteor flag of 'seventy-six, long may it wave in pride,
To tell the world how nobly the patriot fathers died;
When from the shadows of their night outburst the brilliant sun,
It bathed in light the stripes and stars, and lo! the field was won.—*Cho.*

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

Still upon the field of battle
I am lying, mother dear,
With my wounded comrades, waiting
For the morning to appear.
Many sleep to waken never
In this world of strife and death;
And many more are faintly calling,
With their feeble dying breath.

CHORUS.

Mother dear, your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain;
But still I feel that I shall see you
And the dear old home again.

Oh! the first great charge was fearful,
And a thousand brave men fell,
Still, amid the dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell;
So, amid the fatal shower,
I had nearly passed the day,
When, here, the dreaded Minnie struck me,
And I sunk amid the fray!—*Chorus.*

Oh! the glorious cheer of triumph
When the foemen turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle
Strewn with dying and with dead.
Oh! the torture and the anguish
That I could not follow on;
But, here amid my fallen comrades,
I must wait till morning's dawn.—*Chorus.*

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY.

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof the hours, as they fly,
Are happy and calm and bright;
Gathering 'round the fireside,
Though it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.

CHORUS.

Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cosy and warm,
While soldiers sleep with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm,
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillowed on hillocks damp;
Of martial fare how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp.—*Chorus.*

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the Flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Though the great tear-drops started,
This was our parting trust;
God bless you, boys, we'll welcome you home
When rebels are in dust.—*Chorus.*

May the bright wings of love
Guard them wherever they roam.
The time has come when brothers must fight,
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! the dread field of battle—
Soon to be strewn with graves!
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.—*Chorus.*

And So Will the Boys in Blue.

Words and Music by E. W. Locke.

The bugle call rings loud and clear,
And loud the rolling drum;
Our comrades haste to seek their posts,
The time for work has come;
The beacon fires burn bright again,
They flash on every hill;
From sea to sea the shout goes up,
We march to victory still.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for our noble cause!
Hurrah for our leaders true!
We'll stand by the men who stood by the flag,
And so will the Boys in Blue;
And so will we all, and so will we all,
Our pledge we now renew;
We'll strike once more for the cause we love,
And so will the Boys in Blue!

Through gloomy years of bloody strife,
We've battled side by side;
With brave, true hearts and sinewy arms
We've stemmed each fi'ry tide.
Eternal justice nerv'd us then,
And gave the conquering will;
With hearts aflame, and God our trust,
We strike for justice still.—*Chorus.*

Our motto, Equal rights to all;
The ballot shall be free;
Who stakes his life to save the flag
May vote with you and me.
We'll ask him not his birth or kin,
Or prate about his hue,
But every man unstained with crime
May vote with Boys in Blue.—*Chorus.*

We'll keep the nation's sacred pledge,
Pay every dime we owe;
Each loyal arm will gladly strike
Each day an extra blow.
Repudiate—we scorn the word,
And those who use it too;
We are not knaves or bankrupts yet,
Nor are the Boys in Blue.—*Chorus.*

Haste, loyal men, fill up your ranks,
Bring every soldier out;
This struggle ought to be our last,
And give the final rout.
But, lo, they come! a sea of men!
Impatient for the fray;
They come! they come! in throngs so vast,
Our work shall seem but play.—*Chorus.*

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THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away;
When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he's girded on,
And the wild harp strung behind him;
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
'Tho' all the world betray thee,
One sword at least its right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chains
Could not keep his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
He tore the strings asunder,
And said: "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery.
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld aquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld aquaintance be forgot,
And the days of Lang Syne?

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine,
And we've wandered mony a weary fit,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

We twa hae paddled i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a right good willie-waught,
For Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore!
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,
On the beach by the old cabin-door.
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part:
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!—*Chorus.*

The head must bow and the back will bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days we'll totter on the road;
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!—*Chorus.*

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierces the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there;
Bayonets earthward are turning,
The drum-muffled voice breathes around,
Yet he heeds not the voice of the mourner,
Nor wakes to the soft bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier, tho' many may mourn thee,
And weep o'er thy cold form to-day;
Soon, soon will thy kindred forget thee,
Thy name from the earth pass away;
The man thou hast loved as a brother,
Some friend in thy place shall have gain'd;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
Thy steed by another be reined.

Tho' many now mourn for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever they'll be;
Thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly,
As he sits on some brave comrade's knee.
But there's one who'll be true to her duty,
Who will mourn for the lost and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept o'er her loved soldier's grave.

COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA.

Words by Josiah D. Canning. Music by Henry Tucker.

The pennon flutters in the breeze,
The anchor comes "apeak,"
"Let fall, sheet home," the briny foam,
And ocean's wastes we seek.
The booming gun speaks our adieu,
Fast fades our native shore.

CHORUS.

Columbia free, shall rule the sea,
Britannia ruled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare,
The billows maddened play,
Now climbing high against the sky,
Now rolling low away.
While "Yankee Oak" bears Yankee hearts,
Courageous to the core.—*Chorus.*

We'll bear her flag around the world,
In thunder and in flame.
The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles
Shall form around her name,
The winds shall pipe her peans loud,
The billowy chorus roar.—*Chorus.*

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

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'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I sqandered—
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me live and die.—*Chorus.*

One little hut among de bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?—*Chorus.*



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The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,
The dead and wounded lay;
Among them was a drummer boy,
Who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up,
His drum was by his side;
He clasped his hands, then raised his eyes,
And prayed before he died:

Look down upon the battle-field,
O Thou, our Heavenly Friend!
Have mercy on our sinful souls—
The soldiers cried, Amen!
For, gathered 'round a little group,
Each brave man knelt and cried—
They listened to the drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died.

O Mother! said the dying boy,
Look down from heaven on me;
Receive me to thy fond embrace—
Oh! take me home to thee—
I've loved my country as my God;
To serve them both I've tried—
He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy,
Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept then like a child—
Stout hearts were they, and brave—
The Flag, his winding sheet—God's Book,
The key unto his grave.
They wrote upon a simple board
These words, This is a guide
To those who'd mourn the drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died.

Ye angels 'round the throne of grace,
Look down upon the braves,
Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain,
Now slumbering in their graves;
How many homes made desolate!
How many hearts have sighed!
How many like that drummer boy,
Who prayed, before he died.

My Country's Flag of Stars.

By Wm. D. Porter, U. S. N.

I've roam'd for many a lengthen'd mile
Upon the stormy seas;
I've seen some twenty banners float
Full proudly on the breeze.
That standard, too, Great Britain's pride,
The boast of England's tars,
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

Brazil's gay flag of gorgeous dyes,
The banner of Old Spain,
Even Gallia's bunting as it flies
Is not undimm'd by stain.
Their lustre has been sullied oft
At home by deadly jars,
But thy bright azure fold is pure,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
But thy bright azure fold is pure,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

In some famed foreign port I've seen
The ships of half the world,
To celebrate some gala day,
Their bunting all unfurl'd.
With eager heart, I've glanced my eye
Along their tap'ring spars,
Until my gaze has fixed on thee
My Country's Flag of Stars.
Until my gaze has fixed on thee
My Country's Flag of Stars.

And as thy stripes and star-speck'd field
Broke on my eager sight,
My heart beat strong, my bosom thrilled
With unalloyed delight.
I hailed thee as the cynosure
Of true Columbian tars;
The banner of the brave and free,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
The banner of the brave and free,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

Oh, where's the heart, possessing but
One spark of freedom's zeal,
That does not, gazing on thy folds,
A patriot's spirit feel.
What veteran, too, as he looks down
Upon his dear bought scars,
That does not hail thee with delight,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
That does not hail thee with delight,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

VIVA L'AMERICA.

Words and Music by H. Millard.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations Columbia stands—
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise.
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Union forever—freedom to all.

CHORUS.

Throughout the world our motto shall be—
Viva l'America, home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Curs'd be his homestead, wither'd his hand;
Shame be his mem'ry, scorn be his lot,
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Granting a home and freedom to all.—*Chorus.*

To all her heroes—Justice and Fame,
To all her foes, a traitor's foul name;
Our Stars and Stripes still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.—*Chorus.*

THE CHARGE AT ROANOKE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

Oh! see you not yonder the foe in his might?
The dark battlements rise like dim shadows before us;
But, oh! we are eager and long for the fight,
With faith in our hearts and the flag streaming o'er us.
When the first streak of morn o'er the waters shall dawn,
With high-throbbing bosoms we'll brave every storm,
And this be our watchword: Our dear Liberty,
The country that bore us, the land of the free!

Up! onward! Zouaves, through the battle and smoke,
'Mid the thunder of cannon, straight into the breach!
Charge, Blue Devils! see how the Rebels have broke.
Advance then—their columns you swiftly will reach.
Bright bayonets flash as we furiously dash
With splendid precision and nothing done rash;
Our brave Kimball leads us, the victory is won,
Our flag's on the ramparts, the battle is done!

But, ah! we must stop and relate how we sighed
For the brave, the adored and lamented Monteil,
Chargez mes enfants! and a true soldier died,
With the soul of a patriot, and heart firm as steel!
His praise will be sung upon every tongue,
While the hearts that are now with their anguish wrung
Will be proud of the Zouave who died in the van,
The hero and Christian fellow comrade, and man.

KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
Why he like others am not gay;
What makes the tear flow down his cheek,
From early morn till close of day?
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS.

While the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill was a-dawning,
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells;
But death came in my cabin door,
And took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
Then I laid my banjo down and cried.—*Chorus.*

I often wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom;
The Spring-time has no charms for me,
Though flowers are blooming in the dells,
For that bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.—*Chorus.*



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MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc. to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

'Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkeys mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn-field,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de Autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de Summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.—*Chorus.*

Massa make de darkeys lub him,
'Cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning 'cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
'Cayse de teardrop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.—*Chorus.*

They Never Mention Your Name.

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Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

A lassie who had left her happy homestead long ago,
While passing down a crowded street one day,
Came face to face with one who in the past had loved her so,
Her sweetheart from the village far away.
She turned away to hide the tears; he said, don't shrink from me,
You know that once we were engaged to wed.
My mother and my father, Ned, she faltered tearfully,
Do they ever speak of me, and then he said:

CHORUS.

They never mention your name,
Nell, since you left home so long ago,
They do not censure or blame,
Nell, and they love you still, I know,
Come back with me when I go,
Don't let me plead in vain.
You'll be happy yet, they'll forgive and forget,
If you'll only come home again.

Dear Ned, she said, I long to see the old folks once again,
To greet my dear old mother as of yore,
But father, would he welcome me, my heart would ache with pain
If ever he should turn me from his door.
I'll take you home as my wife, Nell, he whispered, I love you;
In spite of all, you're still my promised bride,
The past can be forgotten, we will start life o'er anew,
The old folks, too, would welcome you, he cried.—*Chorus.*

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

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I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally;
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
The mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking-bird was singing far and wide.—*Chorus.*

When the charms of Spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
When the charms of Spring awaken,
And the mocking-bird is singing on the bough;
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken,
Since Hally is no longer with me now.—*Chorus.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—*Cho.*

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.—*Chorus.*

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

One Summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before—
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.

The splashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child—
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stood upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that 'round me lay,
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away—
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.

"Oh, thus," I said, "in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child—
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I have wandered by the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, which sheltered you and me;
But none are left to greet me, Tom, and few are left to know,
That played with us upon the green, just twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom; barefooted boys at play
Are sporting just as we were then, with spirits just as gay;
But master sleeps upon the hill, all coated o'er with snow,
That afforded us a sliding-place just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
The music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys are playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you have played the same with me;
On that same spot 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so—
The leaders had a task to do there twenty years ago.

The river is running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less wide;
The grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we play'd the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very high—'twas once so low that we could almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name;
Your sweetheart is just beneath it, Tom—and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peel'd the bark—'twas dying sure but slow
Just as the one whose name you cut, did twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears come in my eyes—
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our class, excepting you and me;
But when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd just twenty years ago.

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DEWEY, YOU'RE A DANDY.

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The appended verses were written and recited by a bright and patriotic young miss of the Tilden School:

Yankee Dewey sailed his boats
Down in Manila Bay, sir;
He found the Spaniards on their floats,
And blew them all away, sir.

CHORUS.

Yankee Dewey, keep it up;
O Dewey, you're a dandy!
Yankee Dewey, keep it up;
Yes, Dewey, you're a dandy!

Then Yankee Dewey sent us word,
And this is what he said, sir:
"We've sunk their gunboats, every one,
And not a Yankee dead, sir!"—*Chorus.*

—Detroit Free Press.

WAR HYMN.

Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland." By Beulah R. Stevens.

O rise up in your glorious might,
America, America!
Destroy the wrong, defend the right,
America, America!
O see the pleading hands outheld,
Behold the fetters tyrants weld:
And shall thine aid be still withheld?
America, America.

Thy sons are loyal, brave and true,
America, America!
They're burning now to dare and do,
America, America!
No brother looks to thee in vain;
We'll crush the power of cruel Spain;
Remembered be the martyred Maine,
America, America!

Then give three cheers for Dewey, true,
America, America!
And for the grand Red, White and Blue,
America, America!
Our ships are victors on the sea,
And Cuba shall be, must be free!
All honor do we give to thee,
America, America!

A HOT TIME AT MANILA.

Tune—"A Hot Time in the Old Town."

Written by Emmett Duffee. As sung by Duffee & Bolli.

In the harbor of Manila once there was a Spanish fleet
That went up against a 'hot time,' 'twas the hottest kind of heat.
For a Yankee fleet much fleeter said, "These Spaniards are our meat,
We are hungry for a fight—these Spanish mackerel we'll eat."

CHORUS.

By the forts they slipped that cloudy night,
In the morn the Spaniards saw a sight
That made each Spanish Man-ill-a thinking of the fight;
They had a hot time in that bay ere night.
Old Glory
Waved in triumph o'er those waters blue;
Every Spanish ship and Spanish crew
Was satisfied that there were some things they could do,
But 'twas no use of them trying to
Do Dewey.
When those Yankee warships opened fire,
Flames on Spanish cruisers mounted higher,
And it caused every Spanish sailor to perspire—
'Twas a hot time they didn't desire
At Manila.
If for naval battles Spain should yearn,
How she's fixed for ships we cannot learn,
But in Manila Bay, why she had ships to burn,
And it's now her Atlantic fleet's turn
To burn up.
If she doesn't quit in a month or so,
The Spanish language we'll miss from earth, I know,
But it will be the tongue most spoken down below,
They'll have hot times wherever they go.
Tell Weyler
There's no hope Spain's fortunes to retrieve,
If he's wise her shores he will not leave,
For we can lick those Dons from morn 'till DEWEY eve,
And we've Sampson and Schley up our sleeve,
Believe us.
Old Uncle Sam is far from being broke,
Manila cigars he's smoking, that's no joke,
And a Havana will be the next one that he'll smoke,
And the fumes may cause Blanco to choke,
Poor bloke, oh!
There are things they may forget in Spain,
Bloody deeds on her have left their stain,
But to forget one event she'll always try in vain,
She'll have cause to remember the "Maine."

KELLY, YOU'RE A DANDY.

By Paul West, in "N. Y. JOURNAL."

When the UNCAS entered Havana harbor on her mission to secure the release of Jones and Thrall, the newspaper correspondents, Lieutenant Brainard, in command, gave orders to John Kelly, seaman, to hoist the flag of truce. "Damned if I will!" said Kelly. "I won't hoist a white flag on one of Uncle Sam's ships!"

Kelly, you're a dandy, you're the proper size!
You good old son of Erin, you're a Dewey in disguise.
It only was a flag of truce, as well you understood,
But even that you wouldn't hoist—no, damn you if you would!

CHORUS.

So, hi, Johnny Kelly,
God save you in the war!
We'll buy you grog till you waterlog
Whenever you come ashore!

You know your business, Johnny; and you know there's but one flag
To fly upon a Yankee ship—no washed-out, milk-white rag.
The only flag of truce for us (we'll flaunt it everywhere)
Is the good old Stars and Stripes, and, John, you see you keep it there!—
—Chorus.

THE CUBAN HERO.

Copyright, 1898, by Thomas J. O'Donohue and R. T. Parks.

Words by Thomas J. O'Donohue. Music by Richard L. Weaver.

While standing in the moonlight, my gallant love and I,
He told me that he loved me, and then he said good-bye;
He left our glorious country to free the one oppressed,
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty I pinned upon his breast.

CHORUS.

My love in the battle fell, fighting for liberty,
He joined the Cuban heroes to set their country free;
He kissed me in the moonlight before he joined the rest,
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty I pinned upon his breast.

While fighting with the Spaniards he was always in the fore,
My lover was the hero in battles o'er and o'er;
'Twas there the gallant hero of great athletic fame,
Gave up his life for freedom—shall heroes die in vain?—*Chorus.*

A dozen bullets pierced him, his life's blood ebbed away,
I know I love you, darling, were the last words he did say;
In distant lands of sunshine they've laid my love to rest,
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty reposes on his breast.—*Cho.*

MY SWEETHEART WENT DOWN WITH THE MAINE.

Published for voice and piano by the Morgan Music Co., Macomb, Ill., and for sale by all music dealers. Words herein printed by permission of Bert Morgan, owner of copyright. Copyright, 1898.

Once I had a sweetheart noble, brave and true,
Fearless as the sunrise, gentle as the dew;
We had loved and waited, he had named the day,
And we had pledged to wed each other in the month of May,
And we had pledged to wed each other in the month of May.
Out on the high seas he sailed, under the "Red, White and Blue,"
Faithful to country and home, faithful to captain and crew.

CHORUS.

Once I had a sweetheart noble, brave and true,
Fearless as the sunrise, gentle as the dew;
We had loved and waited, he had named the day,
And we had pledged to wed each other in the month of May.

Anchored at Havana, on the Cuban shore,
Conscious of no danger, dreaming love days o'er;
Peacefully he slumbered in his hammock bed,
While the stars, with glowing beauty, benedictions said,
While the stars, with glowing beauty, benedictions said,
Then came a death-dealing crash, wrecking the vessel in twain,
Down went my sweetheart to death, down went our gallant ship Maine.
—Chorus.

Buried in a foreign land, in an unknown grave,
Where the bells of liberty soon must ring to save;
Peacefully he slumbers still, 'neath a torrid sun,
And through all time 'twill bleed for him, this heart, this heart he won,
And through all time 'twill bleed for him, this heart, this heart he won.
Rouse ye, my countrymen, rouse, let not his death be in vain.
Strike down the cowardly fiends who slaughtered the crew of the Maine.

CHORUS.

Once I had a sweetheart noble, brave and true,
Fearless as the sunrise, gentle as the dew;
Now he fills an unknown grave 'neath a torrid sun,
And through all time 'twill bleed for him, this heart, this heart he won.

☞ The Words and Music of "My Sweetheart Went Down with the Maine," "The Cuban Hero," "A Hot Time in the Old Town," and "Maryland, My Maryland" will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of **30** cents per copy, or **4** copies, your selection, for **One Dollar**, by HENRY J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree, touch not a single bough,
In youth it shelter'd me, and I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand that placed it near his cot—
There, woodman, let it stand, thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—and would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke, cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak, now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade—
In all their gushing joy, here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kiss'd me here—my father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear, but let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings 'round thee cling, close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild birds sing, and still thy branches bend;
Old tree, the storms still brave—and, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save, thy axe shall harm it not.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc. to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

Our bark was far, far from the land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew deadly pale, and weaned away,
Like the twilight of an Autumn-day,
We had watched him through long hours of pain;
Our cares were great, our hopes in vain:
Death's stroke he gave no coward's alarm;
But he smiled, and died in his messmates arms.

We had no costly winding-sheet;
We placed two round shots at his feet;
He lays in his hammock, as snug and as sound
As a king in his long shroud, marble-bound;
We proudly decked his funeral vest
With the Starry Flag upon his breast!
We gave him this, as a badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for a sailor's grave.

Our voices broke, and hearts turned weak;
Oft tears were seen on the brownest cheek;
The quiver played on the lips of pride,
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side;
Then a splash and a plunge, and our task was o'er,
And the billows rolled as they rolled before,
And many wild prayers hallow'd the waves,
And he sank beneath a sailor's grave.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Will you come with me, my Phillis, dear,
To yon blue mountain free,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,
Come rove along with me;
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.

CHORUS.

Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver,
And the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis,
And something good to eat;
Come listen to my story,
It will relieve my heart,
So jump into my wagon,
And off we will start.—*Chorus.*

Do you believe, my Phillis, dear,
Old Mike with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy,
As I with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm,
A horse, a pig, and cow,
And you will mind the dairy,
While I do guide the plow.—*Chorus.*

Your lips are red as poppies,
Your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias,
And hollyhocks so sweet;
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.—*Chorus.*

Together on life's journey
We'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble,
We'll reach the happy top.
Then come with me, sweet Phillis,
My dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.—*Chorus.*

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,
Hope points before, and shows a bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
Then farewell, England, much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
We'll not weep to sail in search of fortune,
Then farewell, England, farewell evermore.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer for England, mother England;
Cheer, boys, cheer, for the willing strong right hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor,
Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
And the world shall follow in the track we're going;
The star of empire glitters in the West,
We've had a toil, and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer for England, mother England,
Cheer, boys, cheer, united heart and hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor,
Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and happy land.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view:
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

The moss-cover'd vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in the well.

I Don't Want Your Playthings.

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By Ralph Greenbaum.

Two little sweethearts they quarrelled one day,
As children often will, seated at play—
You cannot play with me, put my toys down,
For I don't like you, she said, with a frown;
I know I am rich, my mamma told me;
Your clothes are torn and you're poor as can be;
Sadly he stood there and bowed down his head,
Tears dimmed his eyes as he said:

CHORUS.

I don't want your playthings, they're no good to me,
For I'll go away and leave you, then how sorry you will be;
I don't want your playthings, and some day you'll rue;
I don't want to play with your toys, and I'll never speak to you.

Sadly he told her, with tears in his eye,
I have no papa, Nell, my toys to buy,
And when at school, fond playmates were we;
I always loved you and thought you loved me.
Jack, please forgive me, she said to the lad,
You're still my sweetheart, so do not be mad.
Nell, I forgive you, again let us play,
And no more you'll hear me say:—*Chorus.*

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OLD DOG TRAY.

The morn of life is past, and evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of many forms I've seen, upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he's kind; I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own have vanish'd one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all pass'd away;
Their happy smiles have flown, their gentle voices gone,
I have nothing left but old dog Tray.—*Chorus.*

When thoughts recall the past, his eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say;
Although he cannot speak, I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.—*Chorus.*

A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother.

Copyright, 1883, by T. B. Harms & Co.

While plodding on our way the toilsome road of life,
How few the friends that daily there we meet,
Not many will stand by in trouble and in strife,
With counsel and affection ever sweet!
But there is one whose smile will never from us turn,
Whose love is dearer far than any other,
And wherever we may turn
This lesson we will learn—
A boy's best friend is his mother.

CHORUS.

Then cherish her with care,
And smooth her silv'ry hair,
When gone you will never get another;
And wherever we may turn
This lesson we may learn—
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Tho' all the world may frown, and ev'ry friend depart;
She never will forsake us in our need;
Our refuge evermore is still within her heart,
For us her loving sympathy will plead.
Her pure and gentle smiles forever cheers our way,
They're sweeter and they're purer than all other!
When she goes from earth away
We'll find out while we stray—
A boy's best friend is his mother.—*Chorus.*

Her kind and gentle face not long may greet us here,
Then cheer her with our kindness and our love;
Remember at her knee, in childhood bright and dear,
We heard her voice, like angel's from above.
Tho' after-years may bring their gladness or their woe,
Her love is sweeter far than any other;
And our longing heart will learn
Wherever we may turn—
A boy's best friend is his mother.—*Chorus.*

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls 'round the wall as you gaze,
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
That stood in the pathless wood?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,
That nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
You would look for the tree in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shady nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt:
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

Hard Times Come Again No More.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor,
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears:
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say:
Oh, hard times, comes again no more.—*Chorus.*

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who works her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.—*Chorus.*

'Tis the sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis the wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY, O!

Copyright, 1891, by T. B. Harms & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;
So light her tread, so fond her gaze,
Who would not love my Molly, dear?
Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,
Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near;
Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,
Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
She's plain Molly, O—her heart is love's retreat;
She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine;
Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,
With Molly, dear, the world I would defy.
Tender her heart, loving and true,
Flowers of the valley call her queen.
So like the lily, so like the rose,
Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;
Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright
Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.—*Chorus.*

THE FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,
And o'er yon dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door,
Saying: Can you tell me if any there be
Can give to me employ?

CHORUS.

For to plough, for to mow, for to reap, for to sow,
For to be a farmer's boy.

My father is dead, my mother is left
With her five children small,
And what is worse for mother still,
I'm the eldest of them all;
Though small I am, I fear no work,
If you will give me employ.—*Chorus.*

If you cannot me employ, one favor yet I ask,
That is, to shelter me this night
From the cold Winter's blast;
At the break of day
I will trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ.—*Chorus.*

The farmer says, we'll try the lad,
No further let him seek;
Oh! yes, dear father, the daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek,
For him that can labor it is hard to want,
Or elsewhere to seek employ.—*Chorus.*

At length of years this boy grew up,
This good old farmer died;
He left the boy the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride.
The boy that was is a farmer now,
And he oftimes thinks with joy—

CHORUS.

On the happy, happy day he came that way
For to be a farmer's boy.

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MY OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Harry Dunkel. Music by Fred Hylands.

My girl's an old-fashioned girl—she says
In society she's out of place,
An old-fashioned girl with womanly ways,
And a winsome and womanly face,
A girl who is innocent, modest and sweet,
Who is sensible, earnest and true,
The kind that will surely be obsolete
In another short year or two.

CHORUS.
She's only an old-fashioned girl, you see,
And not in the least up to date,
But she is the kind of a girl for me,
The kind that I want for a mate.
I know it is very old-fashioned to say
Your girl is a saint from above,
But I own I am proud of her old-fashioned way,
And proud of her old-fashioned love.

She's not a girl who aspires to fame,
She does not ape man in her dress,
She does not read books that have a bad name,
Nor herald her views in the press,
She doesn't use slang or her manners forget,
Nor loudly expound Woman's Rights;
She shuns all the fads of the fashionable set,
And home is her great delight.—*Chorus.*

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Jos. Tabrar.

My big sister Mary thought she'd be a fairy,
So she made her mind up that she'd like to be the rage.
She went to Tony Pastor—for a part he cast her,
And before she'd scarcely been a fortnight on the stage—

CHORUS.
Mary had a little lamb, with hands as white as snow,
And ev'ry place that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.
If Mary'd say Bah! the lamb would say Ma! now what can I do for thee?
Ah! what would I give if I had a lamb to run about after me?

My big sister Mary thought she'd be contrary,
So one day she met her lamb, then sulked and wouldn't speak.
Along with Cousin Sally, she went and joined the ballet,
And upon my word, before she'd been there half a week—

CHORUS.
Mary had a nice old lamb, with hair as white as snow,
And ev'ry place that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go. [three.
If Mary'd say Bah! the lamb would say Ah! of diamond rings bought her
Oh! what would I give if I had a lamb to buy diamond rings for me.

My big sister Mary loves ideas to vary,
Thought to settle down in life she'd exercise her powers.
She "made up" very pretty, came down to the city,
And before she'd been within its precincts many hours—

CHORUS.
Mary had another lamb, whose Christian name was Joe,
And ev'ry place that Mary went, poor Joe was sure to go. [dren, three.
The story's the same, now which is to blame? they're married, have chil-
Oh! what would I give if I had a lamb, like Joe, to run after me.

A Starry Night and a Beautiful Girl.

Copyright, 1895, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Written and Composed by Sam Bagnall.

A starry night and a beautiful girl,
A shady lane and a flowery dell,
A rosy bower, now isn't it bliss,
A silent hour and a sweet little kiss,
The light of her eye is a fairy lamp,
The rose on her cheek, how sweet and damp,
Her beautiful lips so often entice
Those rip-a-chip chips, now isn't it nice—

CHORUS.
A starry night and a beautiful girl,
A shady lane and a flowery dell,
A rosy bower, now isn't it bliss,
A silent hour and a sweet little kiss.

A beautiful form, and rather shy,
A pearly tooth and a diamond eye,
A ruby lip, and a rosy cheek,
A boot with a tip and a weasel squeak,
She's a wopsy's waist, and golden hair,
She's cherry ripe and lily fair,
And the panting heart of a turtle dove,
A fairy hand and sixes glove.—*Chorus.*

There's Julia Jane, O isn't she a lamb?
Clara Vane and rollicking Sam,
Lots of cash and plenty of cham,
Going to smash, for yammey, yam, yam,
Sweet cigarette, Havana cigar,
Dear little pet and his la, di, da;
Come along, do, don't tell your ma,
But I know a thing much better by far.— *Chorus.*

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.
Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Cho.*

MAVOURNEEN.

Copyright, 1891, by T. B. Harms & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore,
But sweeter and purer—oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Asthore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending,
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—*Chorus.*

MOLLY.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

My Molly has a naughty smile,
My Molly is not free from guile;
She keeps me on a string,
And is always on the wing,
Dancing 'round with other fellows all the while.
Oh, Molly, with the eyes of blue,
Now won't you be a good girl? do!
Tell the boys to go away,
Send them off and make them stay,
And, Molly, I'll be true.
I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

CHORUS.
Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly;
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

I haven't got a joy in life
Since Molly will not be my wife;
I cannot sleep at night,
And I feel like getting tight;
Oh, her cruelty it cuts me like a knife.
Dear Molly, won't you love me? do!
I'll stick to you my whole life through.
Won't you not be quite so gay?
Send those other "chaps" away,
And, Molly, I'll be true,
I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.—*Chorus.*



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SOMEBODY HAS MY HEART.

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by G. L. Spaulding.

She was a dear little maid, without a care in life,
He loved her madly, and dreamed some day she'd be his wife; [sighed.
So one lovely night, 'neath the moonlight, he asked for her heart, but she
And blushed like a rosebud in summer time, as tenderly she replied:

CHORUS.

Somebody has my heart, somebody I love dearly,
Wounded by Cupid's dart, somebody's healed it nearly;
Somebody came too woo, somebody's words were sweet,
So what could a girl, with her head in a whirl,
Do but lay her poor heart at his feet.

"Don't tell me you love another," cried the youthful swain;
"Don't say that somebody loves you, that I love in vain."
"That somebody loves me," she answered, "it's needless for me to deny,
But somebody's nobody, dear, but you," she breathed like a summer sigh.
— *horus.*

OLCOTT'S IRISH SERENADE.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Katy, my darling, alone I am waiting,
Waiting and watching alone by the stile,
Why keep me here, while my heart is inside, dear?
So open your door, love, and give me your smile.
You promised you'd meet me at eight, by the stile, dear,
Where are you now, when your lover is here?
Oh, come to me quickly, my heart it is yearning,
Yearning and waiting for you, Katy dear.

Ah, never fear, you'll be safe in my keeping,
I will guard o'er you, asleep or awake,
Nothing can harm you while my love's around you;
I'd lay down my life, Katy, for your dear sake.
As true as the stars keeping watch thro' the long night.
Such will my faithful watch constantly be;
To cheer you, to guide you o'er life's stormy ocean,
Give me but that lot, and joy waits for me.

Let Me Take My Place at Home Again.

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray:
He left them on one cold and wint'ry night;
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name:
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,
Back among the dearest friends of all,
Back to mother's dear caress, and your old age I will bless,
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay;
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,
And now my lad no longer has to plead:—*chorus.*

KATY MAHONE.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there
Dwells my sweet Kitty Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To resist love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm yours alone;
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now, time may change all things, but never my heart,
It will remain the same,
And be not like the beautiful snow when it falls,
To go with the very first rain.
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old ruin it springs;
Time cannot efface it, or lessen its love,
For the older the closer it clings.—*Refrain.*

LOUISIANA LOU.

Copyright, 1894, by Francis, Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

I lub a gal, s'pose she lubs me too,
Anyhow she say she do, she say she do;
We calls her Lou since dat gal was born,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de sugar and de corn.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
And eb'ry night when de moon am shine,
I sing dis little gal dis little song of mine:

CHORUS.

Lou, Lou, I lub you; I lub you, dat's true;
Don't cry, don't sigh, you'll see me in de mornin';
Dream, dream, dream ob me, and I'll dream ob you,
My Louisiana, Louisiana, Louisiana Lou.

When Lou was born I was jess so high,
I was but a baby boy, a baby boy;
Mam says, "My Lor' aren't dem child'en spoons?"
Down Louisiana, 'mong de cotton and de coons.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
In days done gone to her cot I'd creep,
And sing dis little song to put dat chile asleep:—*Chorus.*

Lou's growed up now, soon she'll marry me,
Anyhow I want her be, I want her be,
For all de nigs lub dat gal ob mine,
Down Louisiana, 'mong de 'possum and de pine.
Lou, how I lub you true;
Lou, 'deed I do, I do;
So when we're wed and we're spliced in one,
I'll sing dis little song to bring back days done gone:—*Cho.*

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Copyright, 1895, by Charles K. Harris.

Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again,
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be,
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again,
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

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Mister Captain, Stop the Ship.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by W. A. Archbold. Music by Felix McGlennon.

On a trip across the ocean I to New York came last year,
But the ocean's nasty motion set me feeling very queer;
When I saw my elder sisters lying groaning side by side,
I clutched the captain by the whiskers and I, trembling, cried:

CHORUS.

"Mister Captain, stop the ship, I want to get out and walk;
I feel so flipperty-flopperty-flip that I'll never see New York.
Mister Captain, stop the ship, I'm sick of the raging main;
Hi! hi! send me a cab to take me home again."

When I said, "Good Mister Captain, tell me when's the next car home,"
He laughed and shook his head and said, "No cars upon the foam.
You will have to go to New York, dear, before you're home again;
You must cheer up," he murmured, but I cried with might and main:
—*Chorus.*

Once I said, when tempests blew hard, "I'll die if it keeps like this."
"Not at all," replied the steward; "try some good old whiskey, Miss."
Nevermore upon the ocean shall I trust myself again,
Or ever give the ocean's motion a chance to cause me pain.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

ISABELLE."

By Lew H. Carroll.

One old maid for a reuben laid,
Farmer Brown came to town, there he stayed
Standing on the street car like a Yap;
Old maid took his whiskers for a strap,
"Excuse me—be gosh! says he,
Not a bit, you are it, the joke's on me,
Will you have a drink—the old maid winked,
She jumped at the chance, you see.
They left the car, the reuben's face was full of grin,
There was a case of another poor old hayseed taken in,
He married her that very day, she was an awful sight—
To the best hotel he took his wife that night.

CHORUS.

Then came the time for them to go to bed,
She lowered the light, she was a fright;
Her false hair she laid upon a chair,
Which made the poor old Rube in wonder stare.

CHORUS.

Then off came a cork leg and an arm,
Out came her eye, false teeth, oh my!
Into bed she crept, called her reuben pet,
But he stood amazed and shy.

CHORUS.

On the chair over half of her was there,
He sized them o'er, and her once more.
He put out the light, and by the chair that night
He slept; he knew that the most of her was there.

Parody on:

All Coons Look Alike to Me.

By Lew H. Carroll.

There's a little Jew, his name is Ike Simons,
Took his washing to a Chinese laundry store,
When the Chinaman handed Ike the laundry ticket;
He put it in his pocket that was tore,
In a few days he went back to get his washing,
Then he felt and missed his ticket right away;
He says, John, I lost my ticket, I'm Mister Simon,
But the Chinaman these words to him did say:
You hab no ticket—you gettie no washie,
Me no can helpie, you think you flippie,
Me thinkie you been smoky cheapy dope.

CHORUS.

Allie Jewie lookie likie to me;
You losie you tickie, me no helpie, you see;
Just then Simon spied another ticket on the floor,
When John turned around he picked it up and loudly swore,
Mister, here's my ticket, now give me my laundry;
But the Chinaman was fly, called a copper in, you see,
Then Simon told the copper his story—all tickets look alike to me.

CHORUS.

No sooner had the cop gone and left Simon there,
Three other Chinamen grabbed him by the hair,
You should have seen them wrestle around the floor,
Then he had them all arrested, and the sergeant said to him,
Now pick me out the Chink that pulled the whiskers from your chin;
But Simon said, "You think I am Mishucker?"
All "Chinks" look alike to me.

CHORUS.

Then the sergeant said, I'll fine you each a dollar,
You should have seen that Jew pull his hair and holler;
You tink I am a sucker—give a dollar here to you?
De shirt cost only fifty cents when it was new.
You bet that I'll get even is what Simon did shout,
I'll bring another bundle and I'll never take it out,
It's a cold day when you can fool a Hebrew,
For the bundle won't belong to me.

Take Back the Engagement Ring.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By W. B. Gray and G. L. Spaulding.

One moonlight night, one year ago, a blue-eyed lass and lad,
With tear-dimmed eyes and footsteps slow, their hearts were drear & sad;
As through the quiet lane they strolled, the maiden drooped her head,
And gave the lad a band of gold, then softly to him said:

REFRAIN.

"Take back the ring you gave me, take it back, Jack, I pray;
Wearing it would deprave me more than I am to-day; [bring;
To make me your wife would wrong you, grief to your heart 'twould
Please take it back, I beg of you, Jack—take back the engagement ring."

"I love you, Nell, and you love me," the faithful lad then said;
"Forget the past and my wife be; don't blight our lives instead;
I'll honor and forgive you, Nell—through life to you I'll cling."
Her answer was a sigh, a sob—"No, Jack, take back the ring."

REFRAIN.

"Take back the ring you gave me, take it back, Jack, I pray;
Wearing it would deprave me more than I am to-day; [bring;
To make me your wife would wrong you, grief to your heart 'twould
Please take it back, I beg of you, Jack—take back the engagement ring."

THE SHIP I LOVE.

Copyright, 1898, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Composed by Felix McGlennon.

A gallant ship was lab'ring, lab'ring in the sea,
The captain stood amongst his crew, "Gather 'round," said he.
"The ship is doomed and sinking, there on the lee is land,
Then launch the boats and pull away, but here at my post I'll stand.
Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye.

CHORUS.

"I'll stick to the ship, lads, you save your lives,
I've no one to love me, you've children and wives;
You take to the boats, lads, praying to Heaven above,
While I'll go down in the angry deep with the ship I love."

The crew stood hesitating, their hearts were staunch and true.
With tear-dimmed eyes spoke up the mate, "Sir, we will die with you."
The captain cried, "What, mutiny! I am the captain here;
So launch the boats and pull away, and think of your children dear.
Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye.—*Chorus.*

The fierce winds howl 'round the sinking wreck,
And the captain stands on the wave-washed deck;
The good ship struggles like a thing of life,
And the timbers groan in the awful strife.
Slowly, slowly sinking is she,
But the captain brave, ah, where is he?
Down he goes to a sailor's grave,
As his last words are wafted across the wave:
"Good-bye, my lads, good-bye; good-bye, my lads, good-bye."—*Cho.*

OH! MR. AUSTIN.

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A man named Amos Austin took a trip to Boston
From his quiet little home in Saccarappa, Maine.
Where he was a preacher, and with him took a teacher
From a class in Sunday school, whose Christian name was Jane;
When they got to Boston, dear, kind Mr. Austin
Left her up at Young's Hotel, but soon from there she fled;
And goodness gracious, what a shock, when that same night at 12 o'clock,
He found her out on Tremont Street, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

Oh! Mr. Austin,
Since I've been in Boston
Everything's been happiness,
Without a care or pain;
My brain's been in a constant whirl,
And I'll be a much wiser girl
When I go back to Saccarappa, Maine.

Next day a hotel boarder told Jane he adored her,
Took her out with him that night to see the "Black Crook" show,
And when the lady prancers, called the Midway dancers,
Moved about so very queer, Jane murmured, "Oh, dear, oh!"
But when the show was over, Jane was in high clover,
Vowing she had never dream'd of seeing such a play; [wine,
Right back to Young's they went to dine, where very freely Jane drank
The parson walked in on the scene, but Jane could only say:—*Chorus.*

The day that Mr. Austin took Jane out of Boston
Such a crowd you never saw, as gathered at the train,
To see this little maiden, so sad and sorrow-laden,
Soon to leave the city for her quiet home in Maine.
Before the train departed, almost broken-hearted,
Nervously she gazed about, and madly tossed her head;
And then she hollered loud and plain, "I'd rather not go back to Maine."
The parson answered, "But you must," then sobbingly she said:—*Cho.*

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When You Do de Rag-Time Dance.

Copyright, 1897, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Down in Coon-town dere am gwine to be a swell affair,
All dem high-toned darkies, they surely will be dere,
For dere's gwine to be a dance that every nigger knows,
And if you watch me for a while, I'll tell you how it goes:

CHORUS.

First you take your baby by the hand,
Then you walk along dat floor so grand,
Don't you look to the left, don't you look to the right,
You're here to learn that dance, and not to fight.
Don't you dare to look down at your boots,
Just glide along and then you shoot the chutes.
Don't you dare to look back, just pull in the slack,
When you do the Rag-Time Dance.

When we walk along dat floor, oh how dem niggers stare,
Dey all take dere hats off when dis yere nigger's dere,
We're de leaders of dem all, yes, me and my gal 'Lize;
And we will show you how we walk when we're out for dat prize:—*Cho.*

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding, Kornder & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words by W. H. Windom. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The wedding bells were ringing on a moonlight winter's night,
The church was decorated, all within was gay and bright;
A mother with her baby came and saw the lights aglow;
She thought of how those same bells chimed for her three years ago.
"I'd like to be admitted, sir," she told the sexton old,
"Just for the sake of baby, to protect him from the cold."
He told her that the wedding there was for the rich and grand,
And with the eager, watching crowd outside she'd have to stand.

REFRAIN.

While the wedding bells were ringing, while the bride and groom were
Marching up the aisle together, as the organ pealed an air; [there,
Telling tales of fond affection, vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding, just another broken heart.

She begged the sexton once again to let her pass inside—
For baby's sake you may step in the gray-haired man replied.
"If any one knows reason why this couple should not wed,
Speak now, or hold your peace forever," soon the preacher said.
"I must object," the woman cried, with voice so meek and mild,
"The bridegroom is my husband, sir, and this our little child."
"What proof have you," the preacher asked. "My infant," she replied.
She raised her babe, then knelt to pray, the little one had died.—*Refrain.*

The parents of the bride then took the outcast by the arm— [harm;
We'll care for you through life, they said; you've saved our child from
The outcast wife, the bride and parents, quickly drove away;
The husband died by his own hand before the break of day.
No wedding feast was spread that night, two graves were made next
One for the little baby, and in one the father lay. [day—
The story has been often told, by firesides warm and bright,
Of bride and groom, of outcast, and the fatal wedding night.—*Refrain.*

A PACK OF CARDS.

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Harding.

Written, Composed and Sung by Henry Reilly.

One night as I sat by my fireside, so weary,
And dreaming of friends who were far, far away;
Though memory brought me some thoughts sad and dreary,
Yet others came, too, that were cheerful and gay,
When, all of a sudden, I found my eye resting
On something that brought many scenes to my mind—
'Twas an old pack of cards, and some tales interesting
I thought that I might in their history find.
The first scene that I saw that night I thought was quite a pleasant sight,
A grand old room ablaze with light—I whispered, "Kind regards,"
Whilst 'round the board sat young and old, they played for love and not
Whilst joy and sorrow all untold was in that pack of cards. [for gold,

The next scene I saw filled my heart with great pity—
It was a young man, and his parents I knew;
'Twas their only son, whom they'd sent to the city
To study and grow up a gentleman true.
His weekly allowance they thought would suffice him
To live on the best and for study to pay;
They knew not that evil companions enticed him
Away from his studies at poker to play.
I saw him as he left his seat, he never thought his pals would cheat;
Each time he played he met defeat, and still he called them pards;
But there will come a reck'ning day, and he will through this foolish play
Bring sorrow in the old folks' way, all through that pack of cards.

The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,
For there was the scene of the gambler's black fate;
No thought had they got of the waking to-morrow,
Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.
The bright gold was stacked by the side of each player,
The miser's black creed was in every man's heart,
As quickly the bets passed twixt backer and layer,
And ruin was king in the devil's slave mart. [same."
"I'll stake a hundred on this game." "I'll go you, sir." "I'll do the
Who cares for misery and shame, as each his treasure guards.
"You he! I saw you turn that ace"—a smashing blow right in the face—
A pistol shot, and death's disgrace was in that pack of cards.

MINNIE McAVOY.

Copyright, 1897, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Down on the East side, there lives a girl that's known for blocks around;
She is the neatest, the dearest and sweetest that ever could be found;
The boys they admire—but Johnnie McGuire is seen with her each day;
And when they're parting at the door, you're sure to hear him say:

CHORUS.

Oh, Minnie McAvoy, dearly I love you,
I'll be your steady boy, always good and true;
Come now, answer yes, do not be so coy,
I'll jump for joy, if you'll say I'm your boy, Minnie McAvoy.

She is so bashful, all the boys they seem to love her so;
She will not tarry with Tom, Dick or Harry, for Johnnie is her beau; [May,
To-day the news spread that these 2 would soon wed, in the merry month of
And when the wedding bells ring out, no more he'll have to say:—*Chorus.*

SWEET ANTOINETTE.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

Within my heart a secret lies,
A secret that I long to tell,
While fondly gazing in the eyes
Of one whose charms around me dwell;
And though I've often tried to tell the tale,
The hour I've often tried to set.
My heart and courage humbly fail
To say, I love thee, Antoinette.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Antoinette, the brightest star within my heart, indeed, you are;
My only thought since first we met, I love alone sweet Antoinette.

I love you, not because you're fair,
Nor for your actions so demure;
I love you, not your joys to share,
But for your soul so good and pure.
In vain I've tried to tell my love to thee,
And when the sun of life has set,
My farewell words to earth will be:
I love but thee, sweet Antoinette.—*Refrain.*

I DON'T LIKE NO CHEAP MAN.

Copyright, 1897, by Jos. W. Stern & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Williams & Walker.

Miss Simpson had always been considered
De finest gal in town,
She was de envy of all de coons
Dat lived for miles around.
Last week Bill Johnson took her out
To see de minstrels at de hall;
He bought de seats in de gallery,
And she didn't like that at all.

CHORUS.

She said, "I don't like no cheap man
Dat spends his money on de 'stalment plan;
Dat's de reason I always carry with me
'Nuf money for what I want.
I got a sweet disposition as any one,
But 'sakes alive,' I hate to be done—
In front of de people dat's sitting here, too—
You's a cheap man, and you won't do!"

Miss Simpson was kind o' partial
To ice cream and lemonade,
So when Ephraim asked her to have some,
"Wid pleasure, sir!" she said.
She ate two dishes of the cream, she says to him,
"Ain't you gwine to hab none?"
He says, "I'm waiting for to see if I can stand the blow;
If I kin, den I'll hab some."—*Chorus.*

Last week, at a festival, she met Sam Long—
Folks said he had lots of dough.
"Can I 'scort you down to de table," said he.
"'Twould be a pleasure, sho!"
At de table Sam grabbed up the bill o' fare—
She said, "I'll take a piece o' chicken wid you!"
He said, "I am sorry, but I'm 'shy' to-night,
Won't a nice ham sandwich do?"—*Chorus.*



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GRACE O'MOORE.

Copyright, 1895, by Jos. W. Stern & Co.

By Max S. Witt.

I know a dear little maiden, whose name is Grace;
She has a pretty, bewitching, sweet, smiling face:
When you have seen her, you all with me will agree
That ne'er before have you seen such a queen as she;
She's pure as the lilies, modest in form and face;
Who could not love her, my little dark-eyed Grace.

CHORUS.

Grace O'Moore is the girl I love,
True to me she is as the stars above;
If you roam this wide world o'er,
Not a girl can equal her, my Grace O'Moore.

Yes, she has promised my own little wife to be,
That makes me happy, for no greater boon to me;
Her truest love I have won, I can proudly say;
And to the future I now look without dismay.
Though skies may o'ershadow, boding ill winds and rain,
We will be happy, for sunshine must come again.—*Chorus.*

WHILE THE DANCE GOES ON.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

Amid the glare and the splendor, amid the gay and the bright,
Joyous and merry the dancers, no thoughts of sorrow to-night;
Softly the strains of the music play on all evening till dawn—
Happy are they, joyous and gay, while the dance goes on.
Yet there is one of the dancers, one with a beautiful face,
Laughing and chatting so gayly, dancing with such careless grace—
There is no firm hand to guide her, no one to shield her from harm;
She is alone, husband at home, while the dance goes on.

CHORUS.

While the music is playing in the grand ball-room,
While all hearts beat softly to the old sweet tune,
While the hours are passing, fleeting one by one
No thought of the morrow, while the dance goes on.

"You will not go the ball, love; stay with our baby to-night!"
Rang in the ears of this lady, whose sparkling eyes shone so bright;
What cares she for home and baby while she is queen of the ball?
Husband and home, baby alone, while the dance goes on.
Only to soon is it over, home she approaches at last;
There at the door meets her husband, whose sad tears fall thick & fast;
Then not a word is there spoken, gently he leads his wife on—
There on its bed baby lies dead, while the dance goes on.—*Chorus.*

Nothing's Too Good for the Irish.

Copyright, 1894, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Written and Composed by J. Joseph Goodwin and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I'll tell yez a story that was told to me,
A good old story, Gramma Machree,
When me mother was dying, "Oh, lad," says she,
"Nothing's too good for the Irish."
When we come here, me and brother Dan,
Says he, "We'll do the best we can."
They made him a copper, and me an alderman—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.

CHORUS.

Dutchmen were made for to carry coal and shovel show,
Italians for organs, and Englishmen to mash;
Chinese for washing, the Japs for a juggling show,
Nagurs to whitewash, the Jews were made for cash;
Cubans for cigarettes, the Portugese to sail the sea,
Scotchmen for bak'ries, the French were made for style,
Russians for mining, Americans for liberty,
But the men made for bosses were the sons of Erin's Isle.
Then, hip, hip, hurrah! Erin-go-bragh!
Nothing's too good for the Irish.

Now, me brother Mike, when he came here last fall,
He was the laddie, they say, knew it all,
He soon became the leader of Tammany Hall—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.
But Mike feared work, so he wouldn't budge;
Says he to me, as he gave me a nudge,
"Just wait 'till election, you will see me judge;"
Nothing's too good for the Irish.—*Chorus.*

Sure none of me tribe, boys, has ever worked hard,
Me father-in-law's on the boulevard,
Cousin Tim, he's a foreman in the Old Pipe Yard—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.
Old Uncle Pat he's nobody's fool,
He guards ice in summer to see it's kept cool,
Me sister, Mary Ellen, sure she teaches school;
Nothing's too good for the Irish.—*Chorus.*

I've just been made the father of a twelve-pound lad,
He's whiskers already, now that's not bad,
He's sure to be president some day, bedad—
Nothing's too good for the Irish.
He'll then sail off wid his blackthorne stick,
And marry the Queen, make the British sick,
And free Erin's Isle like a good old Mick;
Nothing's too good for the Irish.—*Chorus.*

WILL YOU LOVE ME, SWEETHEART, WHEN I'M OLD?

Copyright, 1895, by H. W. Petrie. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Sweetheart with the glorious eyes, where young love a-dreaming lies;
Sweetheart with the blushing cheeks, where young love its secret speaks;
Sweetheart with the trusting looks, telling more than any books!
Answer now, and answer true, 'tis all I ask of you

CHORUS.

Will you love, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?

Love is hopeful in its May, when 'tis sunny ev'ry day,
When the song of birds repeat simple stories ever sweet,
But when autumn brings its gloom, and fair flowers cease to bloom,
Answer now, I will not blame, will you love me just the same?—*Chorus.*

I WENT HOME WID MICHAEL.

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Tousey. English copyright secured.

Written and Composed by Feliz McGlennon.

One morning I dropped across Michael McGinty—
Michael's a man I am proud for to know.
"Come, Tim," says he, "have a drink just for friendship;
I've got the price of a schooner or so."
Down to O'Farrell's we went and got spacheless—
'Twas "here's to ye, Tim, and good health to ye, Mick!"
When it came time for the bars to be closing,
I says, I'll see you safe home now, avick!

CHORUS.

I went home wid Michael; he came back wid me;
Then I tuk him home again, for he could hardly see;
He came back wid me once more. "Tim, you're drunk," says he—
We were laving one another home till morning.

He got to his dure, there stood Misses McGinty.
"Michael astore," she says, "where have you been?"
"Over beyant there," says he, "at O'Farrell's,
Trying the strength of some Irish poteen."
"I've brought him home," says I, "Missis McGinty."
"Sure, it is yerself," says she, "has the kind heart;
Come in and have a small drop just for friendship,
Wan drop before you for home again start."—*Chorus.*

He came home wid me and my wife began laughing,
And swore she never did see two such min;
She dragged us both in and says, "By the hokey,
You'll have to see Micky safe home again!"
I went home wid him, he came back wid me, too;
We stuck to each other, shook hands o'er and o'er;
To our surprise, when we got nearly sober,
'Twas daylight—the bars were all open once more.—*Chorus*

BABY, BABY.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

By Gustave Kerker.

Lovers are silly young things, you know,
And I am silly as any;
I've worn two engagement rings, you know,
But two, you'll agree, are not many.
My heart was once put in a whirl, you know,
I think, by a fellow named Willie;
He called me his dear baby girl, you know,
And I liked it, although it was silly.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling,
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

Sitting alone in the dark, you know—
That is, with one other beside you;
He'll call you his robin or lark, you know,
And no one is there to deride you.
He whispers all names that are sweet, you know,
No matter how sugary they be;
But there's one that I make him repeat, you know,
And that is the little word baby.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling,
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

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STOP THAT NOISE.

Copyright, 1895, by The Marion Publishing Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Dave Marion.

In a tenement house, where I reside, there's a family overhead,
A racket that they make each night is enough to wake the dead.
When I tell them for to stop they give me no reply,
And the neighbors on the floor below all begin to cry:

CHORUS.

"Stop that noise, there's people underneath yer!
Stop that noise, if I go up I'll make yer!
With yer jigging and yer reeling you're caving in the ceiling;
My fist you'll soon be feeling—will you stop that noise?"

They kept the racket going all this morning until four;
'Twas then I lost my patience and says I, "I'll stand no more."
When I told them for to stop they hit me in the eye,
And, as they kicked me down the stairs, the tenants all did say:—*Cho.*

The neighbors all got frightened, and they called in the police,
Who marched us to the station-house for not keeping the peace.
Next morn before the judge we went, ten dollars had to pay.
After this I'll never interfere, and let the tenants say:—*Chorus.*

GIVE MY LOVE TO NELLIE.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

Three years ago, when Jack and Joe set sail across the foam,
They vowed a fortune each would earn before returning home.
In just a year Jack gained his wealth, and sailed for home that day,
And as the pals shook hands to part, poor Joe could only say:

CHORUS.

"Give my love to Nellie, Jack, kiss her once for me,
The fairest girl in all this world I know you'll say is she;
Treat her kindly, Jack, old pal, tell her I am well."
His parting words were, "Don't forget to give my love to Nell."

Two years had passed when Joe at last gained wealth enough for life,
Across the foam he sailed for home, to make sweet Nell his wife;
But soon he learned that Jack and Nell one year ago were wed,
He now regrets, in sobs and frets, that he had ever said:—*Chorus.*

They chanced to meet upon the street; said Joe, "You selfish elf,
The next girl that I learn to love, I'll kiss her for myself;
But all is fair in love, they say, and as you've gone and wed,
I'll not be angry with a pal, so once again he said:—*Chorus.*

My Old New Hampshire Home.

Copyright, 1898, by the Orpheus Music Publishing Co.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I;
By the stream where we wandered in the gloaming,
It was there I kissed my love a sad good-bye.
She clung to me and trembled when I told her,
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay;
We parted, and I left her broken-hearted,
In the old New Hampshire village far away.

REFRAIN.

Now the sunshine lingers there, and the roses bloom as fair,
In the wildwood, where together we would roam;
In the village church-yard near sleeps the one I loved so dear,
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

In my dreams by the stream last night I wandered.
And I thought my love was standing by my side;
Once again then I told her that I loved her,
Once again she promised she would be my bride;
And as I stooped to kiss her I awakened,
I called her, but she was not there to hear;
My heart lies buried with her 'neath the willow,
In the old New Hampshire home I love so dear.—*Chorus.*

DAR'S RAG-TIME IN DE MOON.

Copyright, 1898, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.

Words by Maurice Shapiro. Music by Seymour Furth.

Another great sensation, 'mongst de colored population,
Is caused by 'Rastus Thompson, whom dey call de rag-time coon;
He's got dem folks excited, all dark-town am delighted;
He says he saw a black coon playing rag-time in de moon,
He's heard dem banjoes ringing, and colored folks a-singing;
He saw dem clouds cake-walking, it was nigger paradise,
But white folks don t believe him, dey say his eyes deceive him,
So 'Rastus says dese words to them, as he points up to de skies:

CHORUS.

White folks can't fool me, fool me, fool me, for dar's rag-time in de moon:
When you hear de thunder, thunder, thunder, dey are striking up a tune;
Some day you'll wander, wander, wander, 'way up in a balloon,
Den you'll know, what I know, dar's rag time in de moon.

When white folks am a sleeping, you can see dem wenches peeping
Up through de attic windows, at de sky dey're sure to glance,
And when de thunder's pealing, a look of joy comes stealing;
Dey say it is that nigger, and he plays de rag-time dance,
And when dem stars are shooting, dey think he is saluting,
And 'Rastus takes his hat off, and de wenches roll dere eyes,
De coons are acting queerly, dey're crazy now, or nearly,
For 'Rastus keeps a-yelling on, as he points up to de skies:—*Chorus.*

AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

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Words and Music by Matthews and Bulger.

You know the story, it's oft been told, the same old way;
Good tales repeated do not grow old, so wise men say.
John was a rustic, in love with May, the village belle;
Not wisely, folks say, did this rustic love May, but, alas! too well.

CHORUS.

Oft at sunrise life looks bright, oft it changes ere the night; [sun.
Some hearts are breaking, while others are light, at the setting of the

Bright was the morning; John greets with smile the same old lane,
Dreaming of May at the same old stile, he waits in vain.
"Farewell, dear John," so the letter read, "I've left for town;
Forgive me," it said—John with grief bows his head, as the sun goes down.
—*Chorus.*

Seeing her folly, although a year had since passed by,
Seeking forgiveness, she waits in fear for John's reply.
"You are forgiven, dear May," he said—no cross, no crown.
That eve he was wed another instead, as the sun went down.—*Chorus.*

MA JET-BLACK LADY.

Copyright, 1897, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.

Written, Composed and Sung by Maud Raymond.

Talk about your gals so sweet promenading down the street,
Talk about your gals that cut a shine;
If you seen ma jet-black lady, you would say she was a baby,
And I'm proud to say that she is mine;
We've been keeping company just about a year, you see,
But the other day to her I said,
Gal I'll never love you stronger, what's de use of waiting longer,
Say the word and soon we will be wed.

CHORUS.

Ma jet-black lady, ma dusky baby,
Of all de colored gals she is the one for me,
I loves ma Sadie, but keep it shady,
To-morrow I'll wed ma jet-black lady.

Just a simple colored gal, treat her kindly, guess I shall,
She is dearer than this world to me,
For I know she loves her honey, she ain't after all ma money,
And her heart is true as true can be;
We will have no mansion grand, finest jewels in the land,
Just a cot with roses 'round the door,
Just one little room with Sadie, den won't I be happy, maybe,
And dis coon will ask for nothing more.—*Chorus.*

MAMMA'S IN HEAVEN.

Copyright, 1897, by N. E. Byers. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by E. Nimian.

Two little children, a boy and a girl,
Sat by an old church door,
The girl's little feet were as brown as the curl
That fell on the dress that she wore;
The boy's coat was faded, and hatless his head,
A tear shone in each little eye.
"Why don't you run home to your mamma," I said,
And this was the maiden's reply:

REFRAIN.

"Mamma's in heaven, they took her away,
Left Jim and I alone;
We come here to sleep, at the close of the day,
For we have no mamma or home.
We can't earn our bread, we're too little," she said;
"Jim's five years, and I'm only seven,
There's no one to love us since papa is dead,
And our darling mamma's in heaven."

Papa was lost out at sea, long ago;
We waited all night on the shore,
For he was a life-saving captain, you know,
But never came back any more;
Then mamma got sick, angels took her away,
She said, to a home warm and bright;
"They'll come for my darlings," she told us, "some day,"
Perhaps they are coming to-night.—*Refrain.*

"Maybe to-night they've no room there," she said,
"Two little ones to keep."
Then placing her arm under little Jim's head,
She kissed him, and both fell asleep;
The sexton came early to ring the church bell,
He found them beneath the snow white.
The angels made room for the orphans to dwell
In heaven with mamma that night.—*Refrain.*



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SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 Such an education was my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee [out?
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Suanee ribber)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Sweet bye-and-bye
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 Cottage by the sea
35 We parted by the river side
36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
38 Last rose of Summer
39 Shannon O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's secret
42 Or any other man—Stump speech
43 I cannot call her mother
44 Would I were with thee
45 Poor old slave
46 Casey social club
47 Cumberland's crew
48 Take this letter to my mother
49 A model love letter
50 Female stratagem
51 How to kiss a lady
52 Dublin bay
53 The wife's commandments
54 The husband's commandments
55 Rules for bummers
56 Little old log cabin in the lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
58 Marching through Georgia
59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
61 Dancing in the barn
62 Fire in the grate
63 Wandering refugee
64 Blue-eyed Nelly
65 Minstrel boy
66 Letter in the candle
67 Star-spangled banner
68 Dancing on the green
69 Heart bow'd down
70 Take back the heart
71 The watermill—RECITATION
72 Faded coat of blue
73 Hold the fort
74 Slavery days
75 Der mule shtood on de shteamboat deck
76 Little barefoot
77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
78 Home again
79 Thou art so near and yet so far
80 Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office rules
82 Gray hairs of my mother
83 Good Rhine wine
84 I'll be all smiles to-night, love
85 You've been a friend to me
86 Listen to the mocking-bird
87 When the corn is waving, Annie
88 She never blamed him, never
89 Silver threads among the gold
90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
91 Ring the bell softly there's crape on the door
92 Boy bost (laughable) [door
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
95 Gypsy's warning
96 Anchor's weighed
97 Moon behind the hill
98 Swinging in the lane
99 Sheridan's ride—RECITATION
100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
101 Eileen Alianna
102 'Tis but a little faded flower
103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
104 Girl I left behind me
105 Little Buttercup
106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
107 Carry me back to old Virginny
108 Roses underneath the snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 Billy's appeal to his ma
111 When the swallows homeward fly
112 Old man's drunk again
113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
114 Amber tresses tied in blue
115 Pretty as a picture
116 I am waiting, Essie, dear
117 Three perished in the snow
118 Slight hints
119 Take me back to home and mother
120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
124 Old log cabin on the hill
125 Croppy boy
126 Skids are out to-day
127 The bridge
128 Shabby genteel
129 Oh, dah watermelon
130 Comin' through the rye
131 Must we then meet as strangers
132 Babies on our block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 Skidmore fancy ball
135 Hallway door
136 Where the grass grows green
137 Darling Bessie of the lea
138 Kiss behind the door
139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
140 Mary of the wild Moor
141 Old wooden rocker
142 Speak, only speak
143 Dancing around with Charlie
144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
145 Mollie, darling
146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
147 My daughter, Julia
148 Raffle for the stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
151 Driven from home
152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
153 Pull for the shore
154 Nearer, my God, to Thee
155 Good news from home
156 Fisherman's daughter
157 Shells of ocean
158 Mamma's in the cold, cold ground
159 Say a kind word when you can
160 Cure for scandal
161 Twilight coterie
162 Strangers yet
163 Castles in the air
164 Dear little shamrock
165 I cannot sing the old songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
168 Rose of Tralee
169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
170 I'm lonely since my mother died
171 Drunkard's lone child
172 Tenting on the old camp ground
173 Glove flirtation
174 Whip flirtation
175 Slave's dream
176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
177 Sweet Evangeline
178 Good-bye at the door
179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart, etc.
180 Willie, we have missed you
181 Erin's lovely home
182 Over the hills to the poor-house
183 Twenty years ago
184 Paddy's land
185 Don't be angry with me, darling
186 Old village school on the green
187 Woodman, spare that tree
188 Barbara Frietchie—RECITATION
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 Hat flirtation
191 Fan flirtation
192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Enoch Arden)
194 Why did she leave him!
195 A quiet little home
196 Thou hast learned to love another
197 Mary of Argyle
198 Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening amusement (laughable)
201 Day I played base ball [town
202 Remember you have children of your own
203 There's none like a mother if ever so poor
204 You were false, but I'll forgive
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 Tanyard side
207 Bells of Shandon
208 Old log cabin in the dell
209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
210 Erin's green shore
211 Will you love me when I'm old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the sad sea waves
216 Come into the garden, Maud
217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
218 Where there's a will there's a way
219 God bless my boy at sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's march to the sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, birdie, come
225 Now I lay me down to sleep
226 Ever of thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—RECITATION
230 Der Deitcher gal
231 No Irish need apply
232 Old arm chair
233 Tim Flaherty
234 We sat by the river you and I
235 I love music
236 Sweet Genevieve
237 When the flowers fall asleep
238 Patrick Sheehan
239 Sailor's grave
240 Pretty maid milking her cow
241 Kentucky Rose
242 Farmer's daughter
243 Oh, dem golden slippers
244 In the morning by the bright light
245 Nobody's darling
246 Poor, but a gentleman still
247 Somebody's mother—RECITATION
248 Birdie, darling
249 Nobody's darling but mine
250 Rock me to sleep, mother
251 Put my little shoes away
252 Darling Nelly Gray [fall
253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
254 I left Ireland and mother because we were poor
255 Little brown jug
256 Ben Bolt
257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
258 Erin is my home
259 Katty Avourneen
260 Sadie Ray
261 Bard of Armagh
262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
263 Patrick's day parade
264 Poor Pat must emigrate
265 Speak to me, speak
266 Darling, I will come again
267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett Bay
268 Hail, Columbia
269 Little footsteps
270 Tim Finnegan's wake
271 McDonnel's old tin roof
272 Scotch lassie, Jean
273 Hat me father wore
274 Banks of sweet Dundee
275 I've only been down to the club
276 Dance me on your knee
277 Kiss me again
278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
279 Vacant chair
280 Sweet sunny South
281 Our good ship sails to-night
283 Jersey Sam
283 Come home, father
284 Little Maggie May
285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
286 Molly Bawn
287 Maid of Athens
288 Sallie in our alley
289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
290 Poor old Red
291 Dorkins' night
292 Man in the moon is looking, love
293 When the flowing tide comes in
294 Don't give up the old friends for the
295 Broken down [new
296 Marriage bells
297 Have I not been kind to thee!
298 Flowers will come in May
299 Awfully clever
300 My little one's waiting for me
301 I'll go back to my old love again
302 Butcher boy
303 There's somebody waiting for me
304 Are you there, Moriarity!
305 I'se gwine back to Dixie
306 Biddis Jane McCann
307 Isle de Blackwell
308 Where are the friends of my youth!
309 Singing on the roof
310 Five cent shave
311 Hen convention
312 Red, white and blue
313 Old oaken bucket
314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
315 My dream of love is o'er
316 They all do it
317 Old home ain't what it used to be
318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
319 Linger not, darling
320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
321 American National Guard
322 Johnny's so bashful
323 Daisy Deane
324 I wish mamma was here
325 Pulling hard against the stream
326 Dancing in the sunlight
327 What is it!
328 There never was a coward where the
329 Love letters [shamrock grows
330 Delia Clancy
331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel [live
333 Roll on, silver moon
334 When McGuinness gets a job
335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
336 Down among the daisies
337 Down by the old mill stream
338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
339 Battle cry of freedom
340 Home rule for Ireland
341 Riding on the elevated railroad
342 When McCormick rules the State
343 Sweet chiming bells
344 Levi Kneiday
345 I want to see the cotton fields
346 Waltz with me
347 Meet me by moonlight alone
348 Do they miss me at home!
349 Lather and shave
350 Happy be thy dreams
351 Take it in
352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)
353 Lardy dah
354 De golden wedding
355 My mother-in-law
356 What should make thee sad, my darling
357 Dear Italian girl
358 Banks of Brandywine
359 Old, and only in the way
360 Six feet of earth
361 Write a letter to my mother
362 Yellow rose of Texas
363 When my ship comes in
364 One pound two
365 We have met, loved and parted
366 Bummer's hotel
367 I'm getting a big boy now
368 I shall never be happy again
369 Soldier's farewell
370 Old kitchen floor
371 Sweet Belle Mahone
372 My dear Savannah home
373 Billy Barlow
374 Wild Irish boy
375 Dwendy-seven cents
376 A starry night for a ramble
377 Locked out after nine
378 Whip-poor-will's song
379 Day when you'll forget me
380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
381 Son of a gambolier
382 Golden stair
383 Your little Liza loves you
384 American boy
385 You get more like your dad every day
386 Barney McCoy
387 Razors in the air
388 Sallie Horner
389 Willie Reilly
390 Sweet Alice
391 Old Beaten
392 Pull down the blind
393 Do they think of me at home!
394 Tell me where my Eva's gone
395 Barbara Allan
396 The longshoremen's strike
397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of
398 Bathing song [Dundee
399 Carrie Lee
400 One wide river to cross
401 Moon is out to-night, love
402 Devil's in New Jersey
403 Rambler from Clare
404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
405 Faded flowers
406 Dark-eyed sailor
407 Rose of Killarney
408 Cot in the corner
409 Boys, keep away from the girls
410 Phantom footsteps
411 Bonny bunch of roses
412 Pat Roach at the play
413 Doran's ass
414 Ranks of Clandy
415 What are the wild waves saying!
416 Her front name is Hannar
417 Sweet Evelina
418 Behind the scenes
419 Gospel raft
420 Don't put the poor workingman down
421 Cruiskeen lawn
422 I had but fifty cents
423 I'm leaving now the old folks
424 Irish Molly, O!
425 Ring my mother wore
426 The Blackbird
427 Little cherry blossom
428 Wist, wist, wist
429 A violet from mother's grave
430 Nelly Ray
431 Maggie, darling, now good-bye
432 Rise it, Reilly
433 Meeting of the waters
434 Wait for the turn of the tide
435 Old farm gate
436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
437 McDonald's return to Glencoe
438 Mantle so green
439 Uncle Tom's lament
440 Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma
441 Old-fashioned homestead
442 Emmet's "Mountain song"
443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
444 A handful of turf
445 Beauty of Limerick
446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
447 Mary's gone with a coon
448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
449 In happy moments
450 Hi Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
451 All on account of Eliza
452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
453 Down in a coal mine
454 Drunkard's dream
455 Joe Bowers
456 There's a fine ship on the ocean
457 Put me in my little bed
458 Little old house on the Rhine
459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
460 The brave hussars
461 Little old log cabin by the stream
462 Paddle your own canoe
463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
464 Gate's ajar
465 Arkansaw traveler
466 Grant's trip around the world
467 Old leather breeches
468 Rocky road to Dublin
469 Turnpike gate
470 Little old German home across the sea
471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
472 Baby's got a tooth
473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
474 Pallet of straw
475 Low-back'd car
476 Your lassie will be true
477 In de evening by de moonlight
478 When these old clothes were new
479 Up at Jones' wood
480 Boston burglar
481 The Campbells are comin'
482 You never miss the water till the well
483 Bonnie Eloise [runs dry
484 River Roe
485 Murder in Cohoes
486 Poor little Joe
487 Along the Kansas line
488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
489 Wait till the clouds roll by
490 Over the garden wall
491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
492 Blue Alsatian mountains
493 Charming young widow I met in the
494 Black-eyed Susan [Dooly
495 Spanish cavalier
496 Grave of Bonaparte
497 Old dog Tray
498 Juanita
499 Moonlight on the lake
500 Mabel Clare
501 All that glitters is not gold
502 Marseillies hymn
503 God save the Queen
504 Rolling home in the morning
505 If ever I cease to love
506 Cheer, boys, cheer
507 Dixie's land
508 Mother says I mustn't
509 Fellow that looks like me
510 Watch on the Rhine
511 A lock of mother's hair
512 Stop dat knocking at the door
513 Virginia rosebud
514 Red rubin
515 Gospel train
516 We won't go home till morning

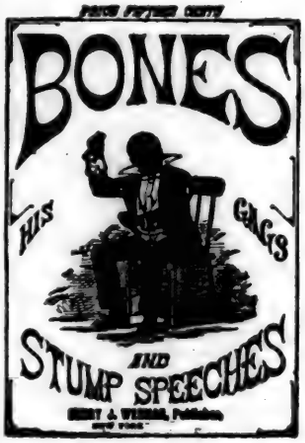
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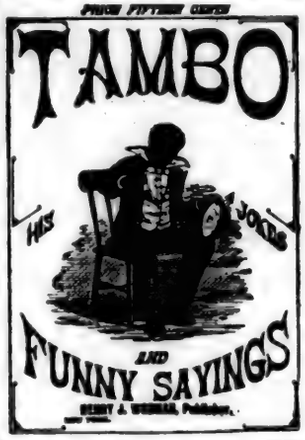
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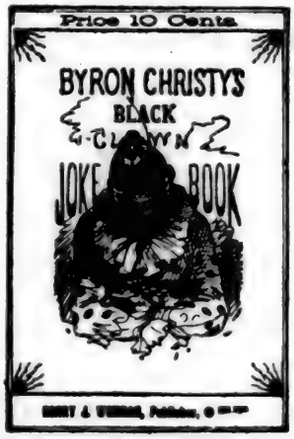
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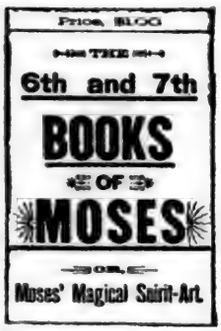
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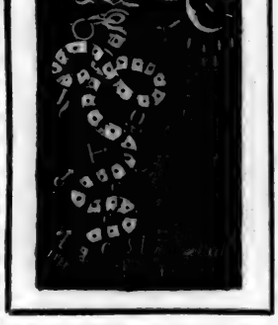
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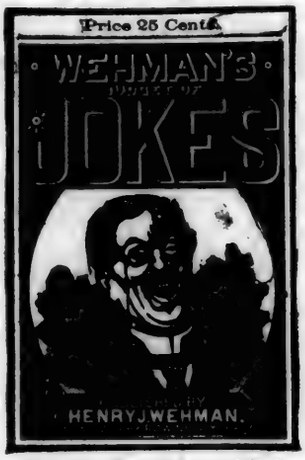
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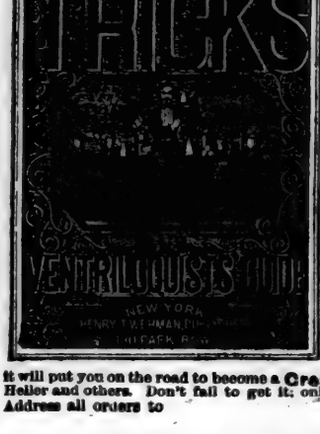
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Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead.

Copyright, 1893, by H. W. Petrie.

Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas. J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake;
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."

Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the coffin, with a prayer:
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."

So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console,
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;
So, as clods began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

McGinty at the Living Pictures.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan;
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main
When the living pictures came to view,
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw;"
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shout;
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then says he, "Mary Ann, you will lose your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers for to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures."

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky,
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I used to;"
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Be golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pail of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he creeped, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hoochy-Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

MY GIRL IS A WINNER.

Copyright, 1896, by Nattes & Co.

Words and Music by E. Nattes.

There's a charming, neat soubrette, who will set me crazy yet;
All her actions are so cute, she's a daisy, she's a "beaut."
When she comes upon the stage, this soubrette is all the rage;
What she says is all the go; she's a winner at the show.

CHORUS.

My girl is a winner at the music halls,
Neat dancer and singer, and she gets the calls.
I take her to dinner when the curtain falls,
My girl is a winner at the music halls.

She makes such a charming face when she shows a bit of lace;
All the bald heads have a fit while just watching for this bit.
She gets lots of nice bouquets for her lovely winning ways;
This soubrette you ought to know, she's a winner at the show.—*Cho.*

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

The birds sleeping gently, sweet lyra gleameth bright;
Her rays tinge the forest, and all seems glad to-night.
The wind's sighing by me, cooling my fever'd brow;
The stream flows as ever, yet, Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even, and thou wert by my side,
And thou wert by my side, vowing to love me,
One year past this even, and thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me, Alice, whate'er might betide.

The silver rain falling, just as it falleth now;
And all things slept gently—ah! Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant wildwood, when winds blew cold and chill;
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heavenward now,
I'm looking heavenward now; oh! there 'mid the star-shine,
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heavenward now;
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, Alice, I know art thou.

Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell.

Copyright, MDCCCXCV, by Henry J. Wehman. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two lives Murphy's daughter Nell;
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue, indeed, she's quite a belle:
She smiles on me whene'er we meet, she has my heart and hand complete,
And when work is done I start and run my Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell
Waits for me after tea;
She knows well, she dare not tell
That she's engaged to me.
But one of these days, when I get a raise,
The boy that she loves so well
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell can never marry me;
Says, she must wed a howling swell, that's rich and up in "G."
But on his Nell I've got first call, she says it's me or none at all,
And last night she said we will be wed some time this fall.—*Chorus.*

A Mother Never Can Forget Her Boy.

Copyright, 1893, by Geo. M. Klenk & Co.

Words and Music by Chas. Miller.

In prison sits a convict for a crime he hadn't done,
Deserted by his friends and every one;
"Why don't they come to see me?" is his cry from morn till night,
"O God, take me to realms that are more bright."
Discouraged, broken-hearted, he then gives up in despair,
'Till sounds a loving voice upon the air;
'Tis his dear old loving mother, and his heart beats high with joy
For the mother that has come to see her boy.

CHORUS.

Though his sweetheart will forget him, and all his friends forsake him,
His father, sisters, brothers, may all his hopes destroy,
But there's no love like a mother's, it is stronger than all others,
A mother never can forget her boy.

In trials or in trouble there's no friend like mother dear,
She ne'er forgets her loved ones far or near;
Her heart is never changing, it is always steadfast, strong,
And clings to those who hold it, right or wrong;
Just when the day is darkest and the clouds obscure the light,
Temptations gather 'round as thick as night,
She will smile and love on ever, though her heart with sorrow's torn,
For she knows her love will always bring the dawn.—*Chorus.*

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OH! PROMISE ME.

Copyright, 1889, by G. Schirmer.

Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

Copyright, 1895, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl who's simply "out of sight;"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you,
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam,
Say you'll be true and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him:
Somehow they always "make up," though when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

TOM AND I'LL GO TOO.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Korndor.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Before the grim old judge they stood, a mother, girl and boy,
The father faced his children and his wife;
He said that she had wronged him, tho' she once had been his joy,
He sought a separation there for life.
The judge said, I will part you, for your hearts are strangers now,
The boy can with his mother always stay,
And if the girl is willing she can with her father go.
The little daughter then began to say:

REFRAIN.

My home will be with mother, for I'll never have another,
If I should leave her now what would she do;
I love you, dad, sincerely, and my mother just as dearly,
Take mother home, then Tom and I'll go too.

The father tho't of happy days before the babes were born,
Before estrangement, jealousy and pride,
The promises and vows he made upon their wedding morn,
The loving woman who became his bride.
The loyalty of childhood proved that she was faithful still,
Upon her good name there was not a stain;
The veil was torn asunder, and they never will forget
The words that made them man and wife again:—*Refrain.*

I Loved You Better than You Knew.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. W. Held.

Words and Music by Johnnie Carroll.

Our hands are clasped, the last forever,
Perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other;
This parting fills my heart with pain;
You ask, and freely I forgive you,
The happy past I must forget;
And though I wander on in sorrow,
I hope that you'll be happy yet.

CHORUS.

As through this weary world I wander,
My thoughts alone will be of you;
In mem'ry I will see you ever;
I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps, when I have gone forever,
You'll sometimes sit and think of me,
And wonder if I'm dead or living;
Perchance I'll think the same of thee;
And when your friends have all departed,
The friends you thought were tried and true,
Remember one you left heart-broken
Had loved you better than you knew.—*Chorus.*

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

A vision of beauty greets my eyes, a girl with an angel face.
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights, with oh, such careless grace;
Lovers all crowd around her throne, there is no place for me,
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd, I am thinking, my love, of thee;
You'll never know the pain I feel, gazing on thy face bright,
You'll never know the dull heartache throbbing in me to-night.
I can't believe that you are false; would you then have it so?
Though my heart may break to-night, you will never know.

CHORUS.

You'll never know when my heart is sad,
You'll never know that my love you had;
If there be one, but one regret,
You'll never know, you'll never know,
Tho' my heart break, you'll never know.

The carriage is waiting at the door, a maiden so fair steps in,
The light has faded from her eyes, can she be thinking of him?
He thinks me false, unkind, untrue, could he but read my heart,
The answer there would then declare, love, we shall never part.
You'll never know the pain I felt, coldly you turned away,
You'll never know the tears that fall, falling for you to-day.
I must be smiling, bright and gay, and to the world not show
How I long to see your face; you will never know.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE YOU YET.

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. W. Held. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

You said you loved me better than I knew,
But ah! you know you spoke untrue;
Your heart was faithless and your love was false,
And yet I loved, I loved but you.
You claimed me as your happy bride,
You pressed me to your loving side;
You took my hand within your own,
And vowed you loved but me alone.
But ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.

CHORUS.

And now I wander sad and lone, the past a drear and vain regret,
And tho' your many vows were broken, I cannot help, I love you yet.
"I loved you better than you knew, machree"—
Those were the words you spoke to me,
And tho' I thought you loved me as you said,
I knew that this could never be.
For woman's heart is not a toy,
One deed her love will oft destroy;
I saw you kiss another's lips,
Like bee, which stolen honey sips.
And ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.—*Chorus.*

THE MIDWAY PALOMA.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by James Thornton. Music adapted from the Spanish.

Oh, Santiago, and de Lumbago,
And the Senorita dat will pull-a de leg-o;
Oh, Mexico and the Mexicanao,
And de Dago sella de ripe banano;
The night go and de Dago from Italio,
Standing on the corner, selling the hot tamalio;
Hidalgo Espagnola from San Marlio,
And "the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo;"
And the mandolins will ring, and Signora will sing
"Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow-wow-wow,
Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,"
"After the ball-o," "Collar and elbow,"
"He never cares to wander-o," "De cat came back-o,"
"The man in the moon-o" marry him soon-o, alla.

Oh, cigaretto, and de cigaro,
Wheeling, West Virginia, in a wheelbarrio;
Oh, Silver Bill and the Buffalo Billio,
I don't know how much I owe, Tit Willio,
A young girl went to supper with my brother-o,
Now one of his legs is longer than the other-o;
When she left him he didn't have a sou-i-o,
For she was one of the "Two little girls in blue-i-o."
Oh, he bought her a ring and the maiden will sing,
There's a jay born each minute or two-i,
Minute or two-i-o.
Oh, Carmencita, Regaloncita,
And Paquetta, I'm going to meet her just down the street-a,
With her big feet-a, never looked sweeter, alla.



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THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,
Our organist is ill to-day, will some one play instead?
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle, whose clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn,
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away,
The preacher rose and softly said, good brethren, let us pray.—*Ref*

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

Copyright, 1891, by Francis, Day & Hunter.

Written and Composed by Will Goodman and Leo Dryden.

It is ten weary years since I left Ireland's shore,
In a far distant country to roam;
How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at home.
Last night, as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,
One that seemed to bring distant friends near;
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

REFRAIN.

I saw the old homestead and faces I love; I saw England's valleys & dells;
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy, to the sound of the old village bells;
The log was burning brightly—'twas a night that should banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in.

While the joyous bells rang, swift I wended my way
To the cot where I lived when a boy;
And I looked in the window, yes, there, by the fire,
Sat my parents—my heart filled with joy.
The tears trickled fast down my bronzed, furrowed cheeks,
As I gazed on my mother so dear;
I knew in my heart she was raising a prayer
For the boy whom she dreamt not was near.—*Refrain.*

At the door of the cottage we met face to face,
'Twas the first time for ten weary years;
Soon the past was forgotten—we stood hand in hand--
Father, mother and wanderer in tears.
Once more in the fireplace the oak log burns bright,
And I promised no more would I roam;
As I sit in the old vacant chair by the hearth,
And I sing the dear song "Home, Sweet Home."—*Refrain.*

The Widow's Plea for Her Son.

Copyright, 1893, by Louis H. Ross & Co.

Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheek.
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,
And turning to the jurymen, these words his mother said:

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;
She said, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.
Although my boy is guilty—I own his crime is bad,
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?" *Cho.*

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.
I therefore will discharge you"—and the court then gave a cheer—
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."
Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son, etc.

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

Copyright, 1894, by Jos W. Stern. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."
At the station when he asked her for her name,
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child away."

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide:
"Have you seen my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face,
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.
Do not fear, my little darling, and we will take you right home, etc.

AFTERWARDS.

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by John W. Mullen.

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I lingered yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flowers have fled that blossomed in that springtide,
The birds are mute that sang their songs above,
And tho' the years have drifted us asunder,
Time cannot break the golden chain of love.
Still we can love, although the shadows gather;
Still we can hope, until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness,
Sometimes my life grows weary of its pain
Then, love, I wait and listen for your whisper,
Till fears depart and sunshine comes again.
It cannot be that we should part forever,
That love's sweet song is hushed for us alway;
I hear it yet, although its theme be altered;
'Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;
Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

I LOVE YOU IN SPITE OF ALL.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. K. Harris. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Fred Simonson.

Down by a shady brook, by a swift running stream,
Sat a maid and her lover, both happy as a dream.
All nature seemed at rest, as the birds sang their lay.
He told her that he loved her, called her his Queen of May.
Neither in their trysting saw a maiden fall,
A girl who also loved him, loved him the best of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

She wandered from her home, this maiden all forlorn,
In her heart kept the secret of a love left unborn.
She came upon these lovers, unconscious of her woe,
And heard him say "I love you," just as she turned to go.
She would keep her secret, which no time could pall,
Her heart was almost breaking, she loved in spite of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

Long, weary days have passed to the sweet little maid,
Who has had manly suitors, but to all she says nay.
No one else will she wed, she knows her heart is gone
To one who will never love her, he weds to-morrow morn.
Seated in the arbor his words she now recalls,
Yet in her heart she loves him, loves him in spite of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

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LITTLE JOHNNY DUGAN.

Copyright, 1893, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Thomas Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Listen for a moment and I'll tell to ye a story. (Yes!)*
It happened down to Slattery's a week ago to-night; (It did!)
Singing, dancing, drinking, yes, and we were in our glory; (We were!)
The fun it didn't last long, for it ended in a fight. (It would!)
At ten o'clock big Dan McCarthy he lept in the door. (Ha, ha!)
And then, my friends, without a provocation or a cause, (Well!)
He took a hold of Dugan and he threw him on the floor. (He would!)
Oh, listen just a moment, and I'll you how it was: (Just!)

CHORUS.

SOLO:—Dan McCarthy took a stick and made a smash at Dugan.
CHORUS:—What, little Johnny Dugan?
SOLO:—Yes; he swears he'll have his life.
CHORUS:—What did Dugan do to him?
SOLO:—He swears he was untrue to him.
CHORUS:—Did Dugan owe him money?
SOLO:—No—he stole McCarthy's wife.

Course, you know it isn't right to quarrel at a party. (No!)
Especially when they're Irish, for they all get mixing in; (They would!)
Dooley, Fagan, Slattery, Tim Cronin and McCarthy. (Yes!)
The way they thumped each other, sure, it really was a sin. (It was!)
Of course, you know it wasn't right to do what Dugan done, (No!)
To rob McCarthy's home and be a burden to his life. (Just!) must!)
There must be compensation when the judgment day does come; (There
If I was Johnny Dugan I'd get him another wife. (Good!)—*Chorus.*

* The words in parentheses are to be spoken.

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by J. L. Molloy.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng.
Low to our hearts love sung an old, sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Frank Mayr.

A handsome, noble-looking man came walking down the street,
Beside him strolled a little girl so beautiful and sweet,
Unconscious of the many eyes that lovingly were cast
On the handsome father and his happy child.
From o'er the way there came a lady
With burning tears that seemed to blind her eyes
As on the child she gazed;
"Oh, look, papa, there comes mamma,"
Cried the little innocent,
But the father quickly drew his babe away.

REFRAIN.

She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall;
There's no hand outstretched to save her, not a friend that she can call;
Ev'ry door is closed against her, not a soul for her will mourn;
She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall.

Down the street there goes a maiden, dressed with jewels bright & rare,
But the eyes that shone so brightly how they tell of woe and care;
Stops a one-time friend and whispers to her comrade passing by,
"Look, there's Josie," then they turn away and sigh.
"'Tis but a year since she was with us,
A merry maiden, oh, so happy,
And with true friends by the score;
But she left them for another life,
Her mother's prayers were vain,
In our hearts she's dead to us forevermore.—*Refrain.*

In a quiet little cottage, standing back among the trees,
Growing ivy twining 'round the porch, the pathways strewn with leaves,
Within the cosy parlor, gathered 'round the fireside,
Can be seen the saddened family at home.
Pressed close against the cottage window,
A tear-stained face is looking straight within
Upon the loved ones all;
"Take me home," the poor child murmurs,
It comes from a breaking heart,
But their Josie she had gone beyond recall.—*Refrain.*

HUGH McCUE.

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Hugh McCue, a noted Irish pugilist;
Hugh McCue, a fighter through and through;
If McCue should ever hit you with his fist,
He would make you black and blue.
Hugh McCue, a party gave a week ago,
And it's true he had a lively crowd;
Timmy Murphy, when he drank a drink or so,
He was drunk and yelled aloud:

CHORUS.

Hugh McCue, you mick, you,
You can bet your bottom dollar I can lick you;
Oh, you mick, I'm going to kick you,
With a knife I'm going to stick you.
I can lick you, Hugh McCue, you mick, you.

Hugh McCue to little Timmy Murphy said,
"That will do, now, Timmy, don't get new."
"Now, McCue," said little Timmy, "on the dead,
I must have a fight with you;
Then McCue got mad and threw him out the door,
Timmy landed on the trolley track,
When McCue said, "do you want to fight me more?"
Murphy only answered back:—*Chorus.*

"Oh, you mick, if you can fight, come out," said Tim,
"I can lick yourself and all your gang."
He went quick, and when McCue was thro' with him,
For an ambulance they rang.
In the bottom of the wagon Timmy lay,
Moaning, groaning, rolling side from side,
As they started in to slowly drive away,
From the ambulance he cried:—*Chorus.*

Timmy Murphy every kind of doctors tried,
But they couldn't cure him, it was found,
Through the fight he had with Hugh McCue he died,
Now he's in the cold, cold ground.
Hugh McCue, to see the grave he went alone,
Very blue he felt that day indeed,
Till he looked at what it said upon the stone,
This is what McCue did read:—*Chorus.*

DE HOTTEST COON IN TOWN.

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Words by M. H. R. Music by Irving Jones.

Of dandy coons I am de swell, I'm not unknown to fame,
Aroun' dis town dey know me well, and craps, dat is my game;
A sporty coon, I've got de sand, and likewise got de tin,
I buck de tiger and de wheel, and always sure to win.

CHORUS.

For I'm de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
De darkies flock to me for miles and miles aroun';
I shake de dice and rolls 'em out, come sebben, 'lebben, de darkies shout,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

'Twas at a cake-walk that I met a dandy colored gal;
She was my little baby pet, they called her Charcoal Sal;
Like glue she loved me, and she swore she'd marry me some day,
But Lemuel Johnson he came 'long and stole dat gal away.

CHORUS.

Now I'm de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat nig for miles and miles aroun';
If I should find his restin' place, I'll carve my name upon his face,
For I'm the hottest coon in town.

One night I went to make a call on Louisiana Lou,
I hung my hat agin' de wall, to eat some 'possum stew;
Her little brudder grinned at me, and fo' I was aware,
He laid a razor right side up upon dis nigger's chair.

CHORUS.

And I'se de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat nig for miles aud miles aroun';
If I can catch dat nigger, see, I'll cut him just where he cut me,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

I went down to a fancy ball, in swallow tails so fine;
Among de cullud pussons all, no coon like me did shine;
Some nigger wid intentions dat I can't say I admire,
Just put a match to my coat-tails, and soon I was on fire.

CHORUS.

And I'se de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat moke for miles and miles aroun';
And when he's found, I'll promise you dat nig will turn red, white and [blue,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.



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SWEET FLEUR DE LIS.*

LILY OF FRANCE.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

'Neath the sunny skies of the south of France rode a gay sir knight along;
In a meadow by stood a maid so shy, whose soul burst forth in song;
It was love at sight; thought the brave sir knight, like the lily fair is she;
And he said, "Pretty maid, of me be not afraid, my sweet fleur de lis."

REFRAIN.

Sweet, sweet, fleur de lis, beautiful lily of France,
Vision of loveliness, you would a king entrance;
Though you're but lowly born, while I have riches and power,
Happy I'd be if forever with thee, my sweet fleur de lis.

Ere the maid replied, there came to her side a young shepherd lad, in haste,
With a loving glance of sly cupid's lance, his arm stole 'round her waist, [he
Then the knight rode by, breathed a sad, soft sigh, for a valiant knight was
And he said, "very soon you'll have your honeymoon, my sweet fleur de lis."—*Refrain.*

*"Lis" pronounced "Lee."

The Man that Stole My Luncheon.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

You remember we unloaded coal two weeks come Tuesday next?
I do, upon the wharf down here, the day Dan Gould got fined,
Well, something happened that day that would make a man feel vexed,
And although I never mentioned it, it's never left my mind.
Before I started out to work, my wife put up my dinner,
When I got down to the wharf, I hid the can behind the shed,
When a man about your size sneak'd 'round—he did, the thieving sinner—
Took my dinner-can, my coat and lunch—yes, everything—and fled.

CHORUS.

I think he deserves a punchin'. Who? The man that stole my luncheon!
Was it me? I never said it was. Well, don't insinuate.
I'm not insinuatin'. But you're very aggravatin'.
Lave it go. I will. You will? 'Tis gone. But what had I to ate?

Now, Drinnan, you're a friend of mine, and I know all your ways,
We've worked together many times, a-jobbing here and there,
I've done favors for your family, too, these many, many days;
I'll get even, too, with some one, if it takes me twenty years.
You're not accusing me, man, dear, of ateing up your dinner?
Well, you didn't bring no lunch that day (I'll take me oath to that).
No, but over to the Ditchman's I had beer and sour weinner.
Yes, but beer and sour weinner—only Ditchmen live on that.—*Chorus.*

COME, PLAY WITH ME.

Copyright, 1896, by Francis, Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words by G. P. Hawtrey. Music by Alfred Plumpton.

I have not been here very long, as yet I'm quite a stranger,
And so to try an English song may seem, perhaps, a danger.
One thing I ask, a favor slight, I hope you'll not refuse me,
That if I don't pronounce it right, you kindly will excuse me. [me.
I'm fond of games and romps, you see, I wish you'd come and play with

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
I should like you to play with me,
To play with me, to play with me;
I wish you'd come and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

I have a friend, a nice young man, who likes to linger near me,
And when I told him of my plan, he said he'd come and hear me.
He told me I need fear no fright, that there would be no danger,
He said the song would be all right, although I was a stranger;
But now my friend I cannot see, he won't come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

Tho' I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
He won't come out and play with me,
And play with me, and play with me;
He won't come out and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

He promised he'd be in his place, he promised, too, to cheer me;
He said that I should see his face, and know that he was near me;
But courage! though he is not here, there is not any danger,
You are my friends, I need not fear, although I am a stranger.
Ah! there he is, my friend, I see—will you come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
Will you come out and play with me,
And play with me, and play with me;
Will you come out and play with me,
And play with me all the day long.

THE GERMAN FIFTH.

Copyright, 1876, by Louis G. Goullaud.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Of you'll look at us your oud, you vill see some soldiers gay,
Ve belong to de German Fifth dat bromenades upon Broadway.
Ve march awhile in single file, den ve change to two-by-two;
You bet ve make de beoble smile ven ve march dot sidy drough.

CHORUS.

Double rank—vatch de flank—don't dat vas a splendid drill?
Mark dot time—ain't dot fine? ven ve march ve don't stand sdill.
Houp-a-la! shout hurrah! dot's de vay dot's sure to kill;
Right face about, go inside out—hurran for de German Fifth.

Ven ve vas in dot army ve vas fed on barrel staves;
Und ven ve don't vas fight, ve had to vork at digging graves;
Und ve got so sick und thin, dot you could easily see us drough;
Und somedimes dey kept us marching dill your feet vas black und blue.
Double rank—vatch de flank, etc.

But now ve are home-guard brivates, ve got blenty grub to eat!
Dutchmen all are jealous of us, ven ve march along de sdreed.
Arms quick present und elbows bent, eyes to right und heads up straight,
Mit left und right, und moud shut tight—a mile a day dot vas our gait.
Double rank—vatch de flank, etc.

If I Only Could Blot Out the Past.

Copyright, 1896, by Hamilton S. Gordon. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

In a city far away came a messenger one day
With a letter for a girl, and thus it said:
"Your old mother died to-day, and before she passed away
Often asked for you when all stood by her bed.
Now, Nell, please write and say that you'll start for home to-day,
For poor father has forgiven you at last,
And he longs to see you, too, for he always speaks of you,"
But poor Nell wrote, while the tears were falling fast:

CHORUS.

If I only could blot out the past,
If I only could all forget,
And the sweetheart of old had his love never told,
If he and I never had met
I'd be home with the old folks to-day,
But for me now the die is cast;
My heart oft doth yearn, and I'd like to return,
If I only could blot out the past.

In her home one year ago not a sorrow did she know,
In the quiet little town she was the belle;
But a lad there won her heart, now they've drifted far apart,
For poor Nell loved him not wisely but too well;
But pride keeps her away from that dear old home to-day,
For her name the village folks linked with disgrace,
And they tried to wreck her life, for poor Nell was not his wife,
And she thought of all, while tears rolled down her face.—*Chorus.*

MA ONLIEST ONE.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

While walkin' down de street de udder day
I happened fer to raise ma eyes and look wid all my might and main,
For standin' on de corner was a yaller gal,
She said Chlorinda Johnson was her name.
Why ma heart had flown, I lost my head completely,
For ma own true love had stolen all de sense I ebber had away.
I took her hand, she blushed and smiled so sweetly;
Oh, I kissed her and I den did fondly say:—Oh—

CHORUS.

Honey, ma little gal,
Won't you come and let me whisper
In your ear how much I lub you?
Fore de Lord, you is ma sweet—
You'se ma onliest one in all dis world to me;
You has ma soul, ma life, ma all,
Just as true as stars dat shine—
Oh, tell me dat you lub me,
And say dat you'll be mine.

Chlorinda, she's de gal I'se gwine to marry.
You bet we'll have a happy time, for love has made our two hearts one.
You ask her who compares to her own lubly boy,
She'll roll her eyes and sweetly answer "None!"
You'se can talk about yo' hoe-cake and persimmons,
They're not in it wid de gal I lub, because I know she's just divine.
I'll lub her till I die, ma heart will creep and grow,
Just as sweetly as de sweet potato vine—oh!—*Chorus.*



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Beyond Pardon, Beyond Control.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A fond, loving grandma, with snowy-white hair,
Sits thinking of a daughter far away;
A sweet little baby, so thoughtless of care,
Is on the floor, by grandpa's knee, at play;
Deserted home and husband, the truth they soon must learn,
The baby's mother bears another's name;
The husband would forgive her if she but would return,
For baby's sake he'd love her just the same.

CHORUS.

Gone, beyond pardon, beyond recall, left those that loved her the best of all;
Lost all respect for the home she has wreck'd, beyond pardon, beyond recall.

Years after a footstep is heard at the gate,
A slender form soon enters at the door;
A sweet voice calls "mother," but, sadly, too late,
For mother's voice is hushed forevermore.
Now strangers' voices greet her, and tell her those she seeks
Have long been dead and numbered with the blest;
A sigh, a moan, she's dying, not one word does she speak,
In death the weary, fallen one finds rest.—*Chorus.*

She May Have Seen Better Days.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitter cold,
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud
At something they chanced to behold;
I stopped for to see what the object could be,
And there, on a doorstep, lay
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;
She may have seen better days once upon a time;
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay;
For from her I was loath to depart;
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,
That something was breaking her heart;
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,
Respected and honored by all;
Her husband had fled ere they were long wed,
And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—*Chorus.*

HALF-PAST NINE.

Copyright, 1893, by Francis, Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words by Wal Pink. Music by Leo Le Brunn.

Oh, sweet are vacations, they bring variations,
So thought Johnny Hopkins, a clerk,
As off, like a rocket, went he, cash in pocket,
Released from his dull office work;
He did not go touring, long travel enduring,
But to a small village unnamed,
Where he, although married, a love affair carried
On with a young girl, who exclaimed:

CHORUS.

I'll be there, love, at half-past nine;
I'll be there, be it rain or shine;
I'm your true love, and you are mine,
So meet me down the lane to-night at half-past nine.

Still they must be pitied, for they both omitted
To mention which end of the lane,
So whilst he, 'mid showers, stood one end for hours,
She stood at the other in vain.
She waited till ten, then said, "He's like all men; then:
I'll meet him to-morrow instead;
With heart down to zero, she wrote to our hero,
And this was the way the note read:—*Chorus.*

John's wife wasn't vicious, but she grew suspicious,
So down to the village she came;
Arrived unexpected, the note intercepted,
Resolving to upset his game;
Thought she, half-past nine, sir, the fun will be mine, sir,
For as the clock strikes, I'll strike, too;
With horse-whip she waited, and met him as stated,
Then wolloped poor John black and blue. (Saying:)

CHORUS.

I've got here, love, by half-past nine;
I've got here; don't you think it fine;
I'm your true love, but you're not mine;
She left her trade-mark on him just at half-past nine.

I HANDED IT OVER TO RILEY.

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Albert Hall. Music by Felix McGlennon.

There never were two stauncher pals
Than I and my chum Johnny Riley;
We'd booze together or flirt with gals,
And we valued each other highly;
Whenever there was any booze to be got,
Or somebody paid for the keg or pot,
I would collar the measure and gulp the lot,
Then I handed it over to Riley.

CHORUS.

For Riley and I were chums, and we always shared
Black eyes or sugar plums, the divil a hair we cared;
When there was anything nice about, take my word,
That when I had done, I handed it on to Riley.

One day while I was on a spree
Along with my chum Johnny Riley,
One of those men they call a "D"
Came in and surveyed us slyly,
Then he grabbed me gently by the ear,
And whispered, "Young man, I've a warrant here!"
Well, I took that warrant in the greatest fear,
Then I handed it over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

One night I found a watch and chain
While out with my chum Johnny Riley,
And he for his share did soon complain,
And he did it so awfully wily,
But as by a lamp we chanced to pass,
I saw by the light of the flaring gas
That the watch was gold but the chain was brass,
So the chain went over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

One sweet spring morn I took a wife,
My best, of course, was Riley;
I thought she'd be the joy of my life,
For she acted so very shyly;
But I soon found that marriage was no great fun,
For she chased me 'round the house with a gun,
Till I said, "Dear madam, with you I've done,"
And I handed her over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

I'll Not Go Out with Riley Any More.

Copyright, MDCCCXCV, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My old friend Johnnie Riley says, "Come, Mac, along with me;
I mean to draw me pension and we'll have a real old spree;
We'll both go down to Murphy's, then we'll stop in on Magee,
And have a drink or two at Missis Grady's."
Says I, "Now, John, come home; leave the drink and stuff alone,
And you'll feel the better man to-morrow morn."
"Devil-a-foot," he says, "I will, sure I mean to have me fill,"
So, like a fool, I had to go along.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Every bone within me body since is sore;
Sure he got me in a fight, and leave them lock me up all night,
No! I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Next morning Riley said to me, "Indeed, I'm sorry, Mack."
Says I, "I want no sympathy or anything like that;
Now if you had stood by me when you got me in a scrap,
I wouldn't been the sight I am this morning."
Says he, "Tut, tut, don't fret, sure I've plenty money yet;
Now cheer up, and we'll go out and take a drop"—
So, like a fool again, sure I did the very same,
And went with Riley, when I swore I'd not.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Just for fun, he poked a p'liceman in the jaw;
Then he ran away, did he, and let the copper collar me,
So I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Now Riley, here a week ago, went out one night alone,
Although he called around for me, I'm glad I wasn't home;
Me wife, she says, "It's likely that you'll find him at McGlone's."
Says he, "I'll stop there, Missis McAnally."
He'd gone a block or more, when a dangling wire he saw,
And so gently in the breezes did it sway,
And he thought the wire was dead, but 'twas full of life instead,
That happened just a week ago to-day.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
It was yesterday the last of him I saw;
As the funeral wound away, sure then I to meself did say,
Now I can't go out with Riley any more.

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THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE;

—OR—

Only a Sad, Sweet Memory.

Copyright, 1897, by N. E. Byers. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by E. Ninian.

She was a soldier's sweetheart, pure as the morning dew,
Home from the war to wed her, hastened the lover true,
Back to the field of conflict, duty bade him go;
Kissing his bride, he whispered, "Soldiers must fight, you know!"

REFRAIN.

Only a sad, sweet memory, darling, of bygone years,
Only a dream of you, dear, kissing away my tears; [light?
"A soldier's bride should not weep," you said, but how can my heart be
I've only a sad, sweet memory, darling, of you to-night.

Then came a tender message, saying his love was true,
Borne by a wounded comrade, these were his words to you,
"For our dear flag and freedom, love, I give my life,
Shed not a tear, remember you are a soldier's wife."—*Refrain.*

EVERY NIGHT I SEE THAT NIGGER STANDIN' 'ROUND.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

By Joseph Hart & W. H. Matobette.

The worstest nigger that I know steals and gets into a row,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
He went down to a colored church, knocked the deacon off his perch,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
Went to a colored ball, one night, drew his razor, started a fight,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
In a policy shop did loudly shout, "I'se gwine to clean dis 'ere place out!"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger walkin' 'round, talkin' round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

One moonlight night he left his stoop to go and visit a chicken coop,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Not a sound there could be heard, he said, "I'se gwine to get that bird,"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
The man that owned that coop had a gun—Lordy, how that nig did run,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
You see that bird was that man's pet. I 'specs that nigger's runnin' yet,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—*Chorus.*

Got shaking craps with a lot of coons up in Reuben Snowball's rooms,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Those niggers wished he was in heaven, for ev'ry shake he shook eleven,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Won all they had, but had to cheat—niggers chased him down the street,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Thro' an alley, my! but it was funny. He said, "I'll give you a run for
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—*Chorus.* [yer money!"

BON JOUR.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Bon jour, bon jour, mes camarades!
Get out, get out and hold him, you fool!
Rejoiced to meet you all, I'm sure.
Confound that pesky, wretched mule.
Tho' I've been roaming in many a clime,
And been away for a deuce of a time,
'Tis joy to see you, my friends, once again,
'Tis joy to be home once more.
I'm deeply moved, I say I'm moved, extremely moved.

My forte is versatility, in Thespian facility;
My smiling affability to me wins ev'ry heart;
I've talents a variety, of startling contrariety;
I've sampled ev'ry kind of trade and nearly every art;
The bus'ness of a wizard I well know from "A to Izzard";
O I ridicule all rivals, I can give them "cards and spades."
I once was a tragedian, a melancholy, seedy un—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.

REFRAIN.

Behold in me the whole epitome of versatile felicity;
My talent is no ordinary kind;
I am a paragon! I am the only one!
I am a universal genius of gifts in multiplicity.
My equal upon earth you will not find;
For I am Tereschappe the magical,
The comical, the tragical!
Take off your hats to me.

At prestidigitation I'm the wonder of the nation,
Anything you like to something else with readiness I turn;
My singing voice vociferous, wins posies odoriferous
From ladies who adore me and for my affections yearn;
I am a "record breaker" as a necromancing fakir.
No large sleeves and no moustache I wear; I do not need their aids.
In ballet dance fantastical, my legs are most elastical—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.—*Refrain.*

Shout the Tidings, Cuba's Free.

Copyright, 1898, by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Shout aloud the joyful tidings over all the land,
Poor Cuba has been rescued from the tyrant's hand;
The joyful tidings echo over land and sea,
"Old Uncle Sam has set poor suff'ring Cuba free."

CHORUS.

Then shout the joyful tidings, suff'ring Cuba now is free,
Awake her sleeping heroes with the shout of victory:
They bought with blood her freedom, faltered not the price to pay;
Then shout the joyful tidings, suff'ring Cuba's free to-day.

Lift on high the flag of freedom, let it proudly wave
O'er ev'ry Cuban cottage, o'er the patriot's grave;
Let tyrants fear and tremble when her flag they see,
For Uncle Sam has set poor suff'ring Cuba free.—*Chorus.*

MY SOUTH CA'LINA ROSE.

Copyright, 1898, for all countries, by Sydney P. Harris.

By Prince & Harris.

When yo' wondah why yo' feel so gay,
When yo' heart am singin' all de day,
When yo' pulse am all a-tingle,
An' yo' banjo full of jingle,
An' the months all melt an' mingle into May;
When yo' joy f'om morn to twilight's close,
When jo' smile throughout yo' sweet repose,
Yo' will have to love a niggah
Wid de puffec' face an' figgah
Of ma South Ca'lina Rose.

CHORUS.

For it's huh sugah kiss whah I finds ma bliss,
It's a way she laugh an' glance huh eye,
It's de toss in' head and an' de lips so red,
An' de sassy style she hold huh self so high,
It's a way she tease an' a way she please,
An' a shifty step no othah nigger knows;
Oh, dah nevah was a flowah to be found in any bowah
Like ma South Ca'lina Rose.—[*Dance.*]

Seems to me de sky's a richer blue,
Seems to me dat evah friend am true,
Dah's a beauty in de shivah
Of de moonbeams on de rivah,
An' de sunlight make me quivah through an' through;
Dah's a cha'm in evah place I goes,
Dah's de light in evah breeze 'at blows,
An' de reason am de neatness
An' de captivatin' sweetness
Of ma South Ca'lina Rose.—*Chorus.*

THE ACTOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

By William Jerome. Tune—"Hey, Rube."

I'll sing you of an actor's boarding-house that's run by a Dutchman, Her-
It's No. 22 Great Jones, and the price per week is just 6 bones. [man Kruse,
It's run upon the just-out plan, by this Michael Pheana Dutchman,
Who wants you to settle in advance, and so to beat him there's no chance.
I'm up eleven flights of stairs, and in my room there are no chairs,
No signs of gas or a candle light—in fact, my room is out of sight.
We sleep eleven in one bed, and in the morning six are dead,
The first one up is the best one dressed, to-day I lost my coat and vest.
Some other actor stole my shoes, and took them out to get some booze.
They feed on hash three times a day, and the serio-comics all chew hay.
The house is full of museum freaks, for a season of just forty weeks.
They are a dizzy-looking troupe, and the turtle boy fell in the soup.
They all have English pugs to pet, and their picture's in the Police Gazette.
They say there's one 'em mashed upon, but not on your life, says John.
They played Delaware and Water Gap, and other towns not on the map.
Then comic songs all night they sing,
And when they hear the dinner bell, oh, how like Indians they do yell.
Around the table sit in pairs, and read the gauzy bill of fares,
Oh, the beefsteak it is awful tough, but at it we all make a bluff.
To-day I took a great big chunk to make some hinges for my trunk.
The coffee it is awful weak, it hasn't strength enough to speak,
With the butter it fought two rounds, but had to settle on its grounds.
We had some steak called Laughette, I ate some and am laughing yet,
And then they gave me ox-tail soup, made from the leg of old Bill's boot.
But when they passed the custard-pie, oh, me! oh, me! oh, me! oh, my!
Upon my piece I found a hair, for things like that I did not care,
But a boarder next to me named John, he ate the pie with jo-jo's on.
When we got thro' we said our prayers, and wish'd we could climb the
We have a party every night, that always busts up in a fight. [gold'n stairs
Pound parties are the fad, you see, at the one last night they pounded me.
Then Christmas was the game they played, with their stockings on a line
I had none, but to get a chance, upon the line I hung my pants. [array'd
Some got presents, oh, so fine! some son-of-a-gun got into mine,
Then to my room I bade retreat, and went to breakfast in a sheet.
Ta-la-la-boom-de-rae, since it was enough for me,
I'd sooner be in Kankakee. Ta-ta, ta-ta, boom-de-ree.



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DON'T TAKE MY LITTLE HOME.

Copyright, 1898, by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Is it true, kind stranger, I have just been told
That I will have to leave, this cottage has been sold.
Yes, the old log cabin; grandma, will be torn down,
And here for myself I will build a home, the finest in the town.

REFRAIN.

Don't take my little home sir, pity a mother, pray;
Here I have lived since childhood, seventy years to-day.
My heart will break with sorrow, from this dear place to roam;
Don't turn me out in the street, kind sir, don't take my little home.

Here we played in childhood, brother dear and I,
Under the old oak tree, while summer days sped by;
In the chimney corner, near the log fire bright,
The cold winter days there we whiled away, slept in the loft at night.—*Ref.*

In the village church-yard, 'neath a crumbling stone,
Loved ones have long been sleeping, I am all alone;
From the scenes of childhood, never I thought to roam,
For all in the world that is dear to me is this, my little home.—*Refrain.*

THE MIDWAY IN THE MOON.

Copyright, 1898, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Colored folks, have you heard the news that's been exciting every coon,
There's going to be a jubilee, and it's going to gather 'round the moon;
There's Venus, there's Saturn, there's Jupiter and Mars,
There's a comet and an eclipse of the sun, the moon and stars;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.

CHORUS.

The midway in the moon, the midway in the moon,
With the boola, boola, boola, hoola, hoola,
Every coon will have a chance to do the hoochy, coochy dance,
When we get up to the midway in the moon.

White folks all must bear in mind that, when the coons begin to dance,
There'll be no choice or color line, for that day the nigs will have a chance;
Let's whisper, let's whisper, now, coons, don't you be shy;
Don't you hurry, don't you worry, for it's coming bye and bye;
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.—*Chorus.*

THE BROADWAY SWELL AND THE BOWERY BUM.

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Harding.

Dixon & Lang's Musical Sketch. Arranged by Noble McDonald.

BUM.—Oh, mister, will you please give me a nick—I want to eat.
SWELL.—Oh, no, sir, by your looks and dress I think you are a beat.
BUM.—You are mistaken, my dear sir, I'm only broken down.
SWELL.—While I'm in luck I'm never stuck; I've always got a crown.

CHORUS.

SWELL.—For I'm a Broadway swell.
BUM.—And I'm a Bowery bum;
I give up the booze;
On my feet I've no shoes,
And it's all on account of rum.
SWELL.—But I always do the grand, with my nobby cane in hand;
Yes, I am the pet of the ladies, you bet, and by them I will stand.

DIALOGUE.

SWELL.—Well, my good man, where did you come from? where were you born? and what's your name?
BUM.—Where did I come from, where was I born, and what's my name! I'm from New York; was born on Fifth Avenue; my name is Paul Etler.
SWELL.—Paul Etler! why I know you well—at least, I knew you when I was a little boy. My name is Louis Markham.
BUM.—I knew you well; why didn't you notice me before?
SWELL.—Because you wear a ragged jacket.
BUM.—Did you ever hear what Bobby Burns, the great Scotch poet, said about the ragged jacket?
SWELL.—No; what did he say? Let me hear.
BUM.—Listen:

RECITATION BY BUM.

Although I'm but a workingman, I live by honest labor;
I always do the best I can to assist a needy neighbor;
Content, in health, is all my wealth, with honesty to back it;
My motive's pure, although I'm poor, I respect a ragged jacket.

DIALOGUE.

SWELL.—Well, here, my friend, may this cheer your lonely heart (gives money), and may it never be said that a friend in good circumstances ever went back on a friend in hard luck.

BUM.—Oh, thank you, sir; I'm much obliged; to-night my rent I'll pay.
SWELL.—I think you're honest after all; we'll meet again some day.
BUM.—And should you die before that time, I'll offer you my love.
SWELL.—A ragged jacket is permitted yonder up above.

CHORUS (*Bum and Swell sing together*).

For he's a Broadway swell, and he's a Bowery bum;
He'll give up the booze; on his feet he's no shoes, and it's all on account of rum,
But he always does the grand, with his nobby cane in hand;
Yes, he is the pet of the ladies, you bet, and by them he will stand.

TURKEY IN DE STRAW.

As sung by Sanford and Wilson.

Went down to New Orleans, got on a fence,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
Dutchman asked me I talk French,
Dat's nine points ob de law.
Hit 'em in de head wid a great big brick,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
Didn't I make dat nigger look sick,
Dat's nine points ob de law.

CHORUS.

Den a turkey in a straw, den a turkey in a straw,
Den a turkey in a straw, den a turkey in a straw,
Roll a web of straw 'round to hide the turkey's paw,
And we'll shake 'em up a tune called turkey in a straw.

Tobacco am an ingin weed,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
From de debil it did seed,
Dat's nine points ob de law.
Rots your pocket, scents your clothes,
Tom Turkey in a buckwheat straw,
Makes a chimbley of your nose,
Dat's nine points ob de law.—*Chorus.*

Won't You Be My Little Girl?

Copyright, 1898, by The Homer Tourjee Pub. Co.

Words by Isaac G. Reynolds. Music by Homer Tourjee.

A poor little ragged child, tears were in each pretty eye,
Stood midst the city's throng, pleading with all who passed by,
Crowds gathered by her side, waiting her story to hear,
Every one pitied her, 'most every one shed a tear;
I have no place to go, were the sad words that she said;
Nobody cares for me now that my mother is dead;
Then some kind-hearted man led the poor orphan away,
Holding her to his heart, then the sweet child heard him say:

CHORUS.

Won't you be my little girl—I had a child once like you;
She had those same pretty curls, and those same bright eyes of blue,
So I will love you the same, and you'll be my own little pearl; [girl?"
My little child she's in heaven with your ma, so won't you be "my little

At home sat his darling wife, hair now gray, tho'-young in years,
She held a photograph, covered with mother's sad tears,
'Twas of her own dear child, whom she will see here no more;
She treasures all the toys her baby left on the floor,
Husband, returning home, met his dear wife at the door.
"Here is a child," he said; "you'll not be sad any more."
With fond caresses then, and with a mother's kind way,
She changed the ragged dress, while to the child she did say:—*Cho.*

TAPIOCA.

When I used to work upon the levee,
Many happy darkies there you see,
Cotton coming in so very heavy,
Oh! jolly, there was lots of work for me,
Black man hauling in the cargo,
Sun am very hot upon the head;
When he's done he dance a jolly jargo,
Rum, tum, on the banjo and then to bed.

CHORUS.

To my oakum, to my chokum, oh! Pompey, can't you pick a peck of oakum;
Ah! ah! ah! golly ain't the levee nigger free.
Working on the cotton-boat, ten shilling a day;
Johnny, can't you pick upon the banjo.
Oh! me, oh! my, mamma, mamma, mamma, don't you hear the baby cry;
Oh! me, oh! my, ah mamma, mamma, mamma, don't you hear the baby cry.

When I used to work off in the river,
Satin wood and water all the day,
Chilly wind he come and make me shiver,
Oh, glad this child he was to get away.
White man he gave me silver dollar,
Every day I work upon the dock;
Then I get some whiskey and I holler,
Blom'e, blom'e, Caterrego rock.—*Chorus.*

This child is fond of fried 'tatoe,
Catfish and coffee, oh, it's nice;
Make him feel just like an alligator
When him just about to catch a mice.
When the bell he rings I go to dinner,
Den I goes and see my Dinah, dear,
I'll marry her as sure as I'm a sinner,
And love her all the days that's in the year.—*Chorus.*



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THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

Copyright, 1898, by Tom J. Quigley.

Words and Music by Tom J. Quigley.

You have heard of the world's great battles,
And the heroes on land and sea;
There are many whose names are mentioned
Who have shown their bravery;
But the greatest fight in history was fought on the first of May,
By Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

CHORUS.

Then let every American patriot his sincere homage pay,
And sound his praises as he ought, for the man who led the way;
For never was such a battle fought, or vict'ry gained in a day,
As the one by Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

Tho' his course was fraught with danger,
And the enemy's guns in sight,
Each moment might bring destruction,
As he sailed in the bay that night;
When told of the desp'rate chances, he remembered the Maine and said:
"I must avenge our heroes; I order you to steam ahead!"—*Chorus.*

Ah! no one can tell the horror
And surprise at break of day,
When the Spaniards saw our navy
Floating proudly on the bay.
Then with a thund'rous rattle that terrible fight began;
But Dewey crushed their forces without the loss of one brave man.—*Cho.*

ARRAH, GO ON!

Copyright, 1895, by Francis, Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'm a dacent young colleen just over from Ireland,
And all of the boys seem to run after me;
Sure, they think 'kase I'm Irish there's green in my optic,
But, faith, there's no green in my eye, you can see.
I know which from whether, and this from the other;
I know their decavin', deludherin' way—
And so, when they come wid their coaxin' and mashin',
I only wink at them and to them I say:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, go on! you're simply tazin'!
'Pon my word, you're something awful!
Lave me alone! you're mighty plazin'; arrah! go 'way, go on;
Go wid ye, go 'way; go wid ye, go 'way, go on!"

There's wan of them carries up bricks to the mortar
He tells me he has a fine gintleman's shop;
For all he's got to do is to climb up the ladder,
And the work is all done by the man at the top.
He says it's himself cud keep me like a lady;
He's "wan-wan" a week, and he's overtime, too;
He swears I can have his "wan-wan" if I'll marry,
But I only laugh and then say, "Wir-ras-true!"—*Chorus.*

Another wan is a big lump of a p'lliceman,
He's not long from Ireland, his name is Mick Lynn;
And he swears if he sees any others come mashin',
Bedad and begorra! he'll run them all in.
He's give me a watch—I can guess where he got it,
For he's on night duty; he sees me by day.
He swars to be true, a big oath on his truncheon,
But I only luk at his feet and I say:—*Chorus.*

LOVE HER JUST THE SAME

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee,
A letter on the table tells the same old, plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face:
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame;
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken;
Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same."

CHORUS.

"I love her, yes, I love her just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name,
Though she's gone with another, she's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her just the same."

The music's softly playing in a ball-room, oh! so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the 'morrow in that gay and giddy crowd,
Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet, there is one amid the throng, who once was pure and true,
But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and husband;
Will he forgive and love her just the same.—*Chorus.*

The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain:
They're looking for a loved one, whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean, the child cries out, "Mamma;"
His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me; I know that I've been guilty;
For baby's sake, please take me home again."—*Chorus.*

Back to the Only Girl I Love.

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Sad was the hour that we parted, well I remember the day
We quarreled, and then, broken-hearted, we each then went our way,
But still she must think of me sometimes, she does not forget me, I pray;
Our paths though apart, yet I feel in my heart she will take me back some day.

CHORUS.

Back to the only girl I love, back to the one I think most of;
Happy I'd be if I only could see my dear little, sweet little loved one.
Even the stars all seem to say, there'll come a time not far away,
So be of light heart, tho' now far apart, she'll take you back some day.

Too soon our dream it was broken—oh, how my heart it did pain,
And each tender, sweet little token she sent me back again; on their way.
While weeks they have gone since we parted, and months, too, have passed
No doubt she regrets, and the past, too, forgets, and will take me back some day.—*Chorus.*

GIMME MA MONEY.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. Willig & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and music by Nathan Divins.

Last night I went to a big crap game,
How dem coons did gamble wuz a sin and a shame,
Coats and hats wuz layin' all over de floor.
De house wuz crowded wid lots of toughs,
Wid race horse touts wuz awful rough,
One coon got broke, and dese the words he said:

REFRAIN.

Gimme ma money, don't think you're funny,
'Cause I'm a nigger—you don't cut no figure;
I'm gambling for my Sadie, 'cause she's my lady,
I'm a hustling coon, and dat's just what I am.

From dere I goes to de Odd Fellows Hall,
To have a good time and dat wuz all,
Another crap game wuz going on among a lot of touts.
I shoots two bits, dat's all I had;
When I lost it, of course dat made me mad,
"Stop dat music," I began to shout.—*Refrain.*

On de floor I dropped a ten-dollar bill,
A gal put her foot on't, her name wuz Lill,
I says, Lady, will you please, mam, look out.
She says, Young man, if you get gay,
I'll have my friend to put you away,
And to dis gal I could not help but shout:—*Refrain.*

Only a Little Yaller Coon.

Copyright, 1898, by E. Clark Reed. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

Dah's a mighty heap ob truble
Brewin' down in Tennessee,
And it's all about a little yaller coon.
Now dis little pickaninny
Was as black as he could be
On de mornin' he was born, de fust ob June.
Now de cause ob dis commotion
Was de fact dat ober night,
Exactly on de fullness ob de moon,
Dat dis little pickaninny
Changed his skin from black to white,
In de morn dey found a little yaller coon.

CHORUS.

Sleeping by the fire, in his mammy's arms,
While she sings to him this tune:
Honey, don't yer cry, wipe yer shiny eye,
You'se gwine to be a little yaller coon.
Nebber mind yer color if yer heart ain't black,
Better days am comin' soon;
Wipe yer shiny eye, you'll always live and die
Only just a little yaller coon.

Eb'ry darkey in de county
Came to see de wond'rous sight
When dey heard about dis little yaller coon;
And dey rolled dere eyes to heaben,
And declared he would be white,
'Cause his skin changed at de fullness ob de moon,
But at last his mammy stated
That she had a pow'ful fright,
On de evenin' dat dis little coon was born,
For an old white rooster warned her
By his crowin' in de night,
Dat her honey boy would be a yaller coon.—*Chorus.*



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ARABELLA JONES, WILL YOU ACCEPT MY HAND?

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. B. Gray & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Williams & Perrin.

There's a lovely little lady, who is just a trifle shady,
When I think of her it drives away the blues;
I have gained the admiration of all of her relations,
And I'm pretty sure I'll be the coon she choose.
I am loaded with devotion, and I've got a mighty notion
Just to ask Miss Jones if she would like to wed;
Now I'm gwine to write a letter, as there's nothing I know better,
And I'm sure she'll love me after she has read:

CHORUS.

Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?
To me you are the sweetest little girl I know;
Goodness! how I love you, honey, you can handle all my money,
If you'll let me be your steady beau.
Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?
I'll dress you up in silks and satins, rich and grand,
Honey! try some way to use me, don't for goodness sake refuse me,
Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?

I'm a little out of humor, 'cause of late there was a rumor
That some yaller coon is sparking on the sly;
Now I hate to start a fracas. I fear the fact will make us
Fight each other till one of us has to die.
Now I hear this coon's a fighter, and between us, he's the brighter,
But his hair is just a trifle better'n mine;
And if Arabella's willing, there will be a nigger killing,
For in my letter these words I'se gwine to sign:—*Chorus.*

HE CERT'NY WAS GOOD TO ME.

Copyright, 1898, by William Pilling. English copyright secured.

Words by Jean C. Havez. Music by A. B. Sloane.

Jes' gimme piece o' paper, gwine to mak-a mah will,
Gwine to leab all ma money to ma sweetheart a-Bill,
When de odder niggahs fool aroun' uh gib 'em all a shove,
For dere's only one black man dat I luv.
I had anoder papa, but I shook him a-quick,
For I heard about a-how he had a sweetheart, thick,
When dey comes aroun' a-courtin' all I says is "Don't annoy,"
Gwine to stick right close to ma honey boy!

CHORUS.

For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
When I was sick he paid ma bill,
I loves dat man an' I always will,
For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me,
I love dat coon an' I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

Ma sweetheart got arrested 'bout a week ago,
An' he lost all his money on de police row,
So I sent him down de money an' dey let him out again,
Nebber git my black boy in de pen,
Last night I done a-wanted some a-chicken a-stew.
An' I wanted it so bad I didn't know what to do,
When I said "I had no idea where to git de money at,"
He said "Niggah gal, doan' you worry 'bout dat."

CHORUS.

Oh, he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
He done come around wid a bar'l full of game,
I doan' know whar he got it, but I eat it jes' de same,
For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me,
I love dat coon an' I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

He took me out a-skatin' on de pond one night,
Not a cloud in de sky and the moon shone bright;
Done mention to mah baby not to handle me rough,
Ah's a little bit scared o' dat slippery stuff.
Done lef' me fer a moment fer to tie his skate,
Kep' a-tryin' mah best fer to stand up straight,
But I done awobble dis way and done awobble dat,
In less dan haf a minute didn't know where I was at.

CHORUS.

But he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me,
Done set down so hard I was bleeding at de nose,
But de niggah had liniment in his clothes,
And he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me.
I love dat coon and always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

He said to me look hyah, gal, dere's a niggah ball to-night,
En Ise a-gwine to take you, but you doan' want ter fight,
Las' time you done went out wid me you beat Miss Mandy Brown,
If you does it any moah Ise goin' to trow you down.
I said I would be good and woh my Sunday clo's,
But the niggahs go to fighten as dey always does.
Miss Brown she done mention I was poor trash from de South,
And mah foot it had to be detached from out de lady's mouth.

CHORUS.

But my baby was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me;
At fust he said he'd shake me, 'cause I pasted Mandy Brown,
Den he dug up fo'ty dollars for to get me out of town,
And he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me;
I love dat coon and I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

DE POSSUM-A-LA.

Copyright, 1895, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Harry Ward.

The very latest thing we now will dance and sing,
If a coon is lazy, he'll go crazy, both his feet he'll fling;
It started 'way down South, but now it reaches far,
And all de nigs are dancing it, 'tis called de Possum-a-la.

CHORUS.

First thing you do is a graceful pose,
Then raise your right foot high as your nose,
Cut a chicken's head off, den you pass,
Bow to yourself in de lookin' glass;
Three steps backward, salute your Ma,
Over to de left, then catch a 'lectric car;
All you niggers, cut dem figgers,
Dar's de Possum-a-la.

De high-toned coons all know de elegant style they show,
All de swell coon waiters, hot potatoes, to de gals bow low;
Just leave dat razor home, and throw dem crap-dice far,
De coonjine am not in it, when you dance de Possum-a-la.

CHORUS.

Slide to de right, put your hand on your head,
Make a thousand-dollar lick, do de pigeon tread,
Trot on your toes, now hush your talk,
Ain't dat coon got a noble walk?
Spin on your heels, do de bombashay,
Glide to de front, go up dat way,
Don't get sickly, end it quickly,
Dar's de Possum-a-la.

MY MOTHER'S KISS WAS THE SWEETEST OF THEM ALL.

Copyright, 1899, by T. B. Harms & Co.

Words and Music by Harry F. Allen.

How well do I remember the years that have gone by,
When a youth my paths were always strewn with flowers;
I never realized the future of sorrow and all care,
That my mother would advise me every hour.
When seated by her side life's story she would tell,
She would tell me how in manhood I could fall;
I would kiss those wither'd lips that I so long have missed,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

CHORUS.

You may kiss your wife, your child, your sister or your brother,
They may all be sweet, but still for one you'll call;
In sorrow or distress, I always will confess,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

Many times I think of mother sitting in that oaken chair,
While the fire in the hearth was burning bright;
I would listen with amazement to the stories she would tell,
And now fondly I would wish 'twas but to-night,
It seems but like a dream since last dear mother I've seen,
Her last words: "My boy, be careful, never fall!"
I kissed her then "good-bye" and she closed her loving eyes,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.—*Chorus.*

WHEN YOU ASK A GIRL TO LEAVE A HAPPY HOME.

Copyright, 1895, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At a kind old mother's side sat her eldest boy, her pride,
Who would soon arrive at manhood's stage of life,
When the lad began to tell of a girl he loved so well,
And intended asking her to be his wife.
On that loving mother's face care at once your eye could trace,
Like the change of brightest sunlight into gloam.
"Have you stopped to think," said she, "what your lot in life should be
Ere you ask a girl to leave a happy home?"

CHORUS.

When you ask a girl to leave a happy homestead,
And to sail with you o'er matrimony's foam,
You should have employment then, earn your way and living,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.

When the kind old mother said, "Tell me, lad, if you were wed,
How could you support a wife and dress her well?"
Said the lad, "Why, we could live on the money you would give,
And in one of father's houses we could dwell."
"But the girl," the mother cried, "has a dignity and pride;
To depend on us, from home would never roam;
Though we'll help you all we can, we want you to act a man,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home."—*Chorus.*

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VENUS, MY SHINING LOVE.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

'Most ev'ry one has a sweetheart with beautiful eyes that shine;
I'm not acquainted with your love, but you're well acquainted with mine.
Excelling all other ladies, fairer than any by far;
You must admit that the brightest of all is Venus, my shining star.

CHORUS.

Venus, beautiful Venus, how bright you shine;
None shall e'er come between us, sweet Venus mine.
None as bright as my darling so far up above—
Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining love.

Some say true love never runs smoothly, but with them I disagree;
Not a cross word has been uttered 'twixt Venus, my loved one, and me.
Leading my star to the altar was my most beautiful dream:
When I compare her with Saturn or Mars, like darkness to her they seem.
—*Chorus.*

BRAVE DEWEY AND HIS MEN.

Copyright, 1898, by Dixie Music Co., N. Y.

Words by E. F. Galvin. Music by Thos. M. Kane.

A squadron lay at break of day with enemy in view,
Each boat and tar had sailed afar a glorious deed to do.
American each ship and man, fought that eventful fray!
'Twas Dewey's fleet the foe did meet down at Manila Bay.

CHORUS.

Then raise a cheer all earth can hear, and three times three again,
The noblest tars who sail the sea, brave Dewey and his men!
Then raise a cheer, all earth can hear, and three times three again,
The noblest tars who sail the sea, brave Dewey and his men!

A gallant dash, a roar, a crash, our guns spoke faultlessly,
And Dewey brave quick orders gave, which made new history.
At cannon's mouth our tars did shout, "Avenge the Maine to-day!"
All Spain now weeps, four hundred sleeps down at Manila Bay.—*Cho.*

The Castile flag, that yellow rag, has dipped to rise no more,
The stripes and stars, and our loved tars, are masters on the shore.
Those heroes grand throughout the land are idolized to-day!
Our foes are slain, no more of Spain down at Manila Bay.—*Chorus.*

I Ain't Looking for Trouble.

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Bogert & O'Brien.

While walking down an alley last Tuesday afternoon,
My best girl was insulted by a dead tough-looking coon;
I started for that Jim Brown, I never was afraid,
But when I tried to call him down he pulled a razor blade.

CHORUS.

Well, I ain't lookin' for trouble, I didn't even smile;
Of course, I was uneasy, just for a little while;
As I was in a hurry and had to catch a train,
I only had four minutes, but I caught it just the same.

To-day I met my lady, I asked her for her hand,
She said, "Go 'way, you dead-card! I have got a bran-new man."
I said, "I love you, baby, I'd surely die for thee."
She said, "You go and lick Jim Brown and prove your love for me."—*Cho.*

I got an invitation to play a poker game,
One hand I held four aces, in my next hand just the same;
A coon said I was cheating, I told him that he lied,
And when I went to take the cash, a great big gun I spied.—*Chorus.*

WHAT YANKEE LADS WILL DO.

Copyright, 1898, by Dixie Music Co.

Words by Edward F Galvin. Music by Thos. M. Kane.

Ring out the martial summons throughout our land to-day;
A nation's voice hath spoken, the blended blue and gray;
Salute our starry banner, 'twas born of the heaven's blue;
We'll teach the cruel traitors what Yankee lads will do!
We'll teach the cruel traitors what Yankee lads will do!

CHORUS.

We go to fight the foemen, God speed the Gray and Blue;
Our flag's unfurl'd, we'll show the world what Yankee lads will do!
We go to fight the foemen, God speed the Gray and Blue;
Our flag's unfurled, we'll show the world what Yankee lads will do!

The day has come for action, our wrath is just and deep;
We'll right the wrong we suffered, where martyr'd heroes sleep;
They died at Freedom's altar, unchalleng'd, brave and true;
We'll show the Maine's destroyers what Yankee lads will do!
We'll show the Maine's destroyers what Yankee lads will do!—*Cho.*

We're sworn to sacred duty, our tars will sweep the sea;
The Maine will be remember'd, God frowns on treachery;
The long roll sounds now, freemen, your glorious deeds renew;
No flag of truce! show traitors what Yankee lads will do!
No flag of truce! show traitors what Yankee lads will do!—*Chorus.*

CLANCY'S MISTAKES.

Copyright, 1898, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and music by John Tierney.

Mike Clancy lost the job he had two weeks ago to-night,
Soon after that he asked me if I'd anything in sight;
I got him on a street car, as conductor thro' the day,
He bought a brand new uniform and started right away;
They made him watch the crossings, and the names of streets call out,
And information gather from the signs along the route;
While passing by a corner he a billiard parlor spied,
He pulled the bell, the gripman stopped, and Clancy loudly cried:

CHORUS.

Billiards and Pool Street, Clancy hollered out,
The people never heard that street before, along the route;
He saw a lamp-post painted red, and as the car drew nigher,
He got excited, pulled the bell, and loudly yelled out "Fire!"

When Clancy got back from the trip, the foreman he got rash,
He collared Clancy by the neck and took away the cash;
He fired Mike out thro' the door, 'twas much to his disgrace,
But very soon we heard that he had got another place;
'Twas in a retail dry-goods store, where he was "ladies' man,"
And ran the hose department on the European plan;
A lady called, she priced some stockings, while the boss stood nigh,
Then Clancy's bosom swelled with pride, he wanted to act fly.

CHORUS.

Silk ones, ten dollars, colors bright and gay;
"Oh, dear," she said, "but they come high; I'll not take them to-day."
The woman sized up Clancy, and said she, "I like your gall!"
"You can't blame me," says Clancy, "for you see you're awful tall."

Now bad luck seems to follow Mike, no matter where he goes,
He's always making funny breaks, as everybody knows;
He's made mistakes so often that the bosses all got tired,
And from each job that he has had, poor Mike, of course, was fired.
His dry-goods' man let up on him, but only for a while,
He told poor Mike to watch himself, and gave him one more trial;
The boss's wife came in one day to get some underwear,
And Clancy had to wait on her, no other clerk was there.

CHORUS.

"Walk this way, lady!" She said, "I can't.
Show me your summer underclothes, a favor to me grant!"
Then Clancy started to disrobe in front of all the store,
His trial comes off next Friday, he ain't working any more.

Sister Mary Jane's Top Note.

Copyright, 1898, by Chappell & Co. All rights reserved.

Words by F. Bowyer. Music by Ivan Caryll.

The sheet music of this song (words and music complete) is published by Boosey & Co., Music Publishers, 9 East 17th Street, New York. Price 50 cents.

Some people have the money, and others have the brains,
But lots would like to have a voice like Sister Mary Jane's;
Your Patti and Albani in the rear must take a seat,
For penetrating quality you'll find it hard to beat;
Some say it's a soprano, but we're not quite sure of that,
She's one top note, a beauty, like the shrieking of a cat;
It's known to all the neighbors who reside around our way,
And when they think Jane's going to sing, they to each other say:

REFRAIN.

Sit back! hold tight! Mary's going to sing!
She's going to try again to crack her throat!
It stops the birds a-singing, and it sets the bells a-ringing,
Sister Mary Jane's top note!

She joined a class for singing, but she never said a word
About her only top note, such a thing they never heard;
She let it go one evening, and the organist, poor man,
Went flying through the window, and away like mad he ran.
It twisted all the organ-pipes, and the boy who blew the wind
Got jammed into the bellows' hole, and left his boots behind,
But Mary sat so saintly, for the poor girl didn't know,
She cleared her throat to sing again, but ev'ry one said "Wo!"—*Refrain.*

She sang at the Aquarium, and all the people fled,
The manager went 'round and found that all the fish were dead;
The band, nor the conductor, never since a word have spoke,
They're all quite deaf, and out of work, with their tympanums broke.
It don't hurt sister Mary, for she likes it, it appears,
But when we think she's going to chirp, we all stop up our ears;
If a train is slow in starting, she will give a little cough,
Bang! goes Mary's top note, and they all say, "Now we're off!"—*Ref.*

They stopped poor Mary singing, when the neighbors all could hear,
So she took the train to Southend, just to practice on the pier;
She cleared her throat—then let it go with wonderful effect,
The machines all dropped to pieces and the pleasure-boats got wrecked.
It tore the sails to *ribbons*, and the sea-gulls couldn't quack,
The tide went out, and people say it's never coming back.
When Mary goes to Southend now, the folks keep off the pier,
The niggers only sing one song, and this is what you hear:—*Refrain.*

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THE CAMP'S SWEET SINGER.

Copyright, 1898, by L. H. Ascherfeld. Words and Music by L. H. Ascherfeld.

A soldier boy lay dying near a Cuban battle-field,
While shades of night around were falling fast,
From break of day 'till setting sun the shot and shell had rained,
But now o'er all a hush had come at last;
His flag had won the battle and the troops had left the field,
None knowing he lay wounded, 'neath the trees.
The cool night air revived him, and altho' his end was near,
This song to us was wafted by the breeze:

REFRAIN.

God bless my sweetheart, far, far away,
Tell her our colors have carried the day,
Tell her her prayers and the kiss that she gave,
Have given me courage to fight and be brave.

We hurried out to find him, for we lov'd this soldier well,
He had been the camp's sweet singer, aye, was singing when he fell;
O how many times he'd cheered us when our hearts were faint & sad,
By his tuneful, soulful singing of the songs that made us glad.
He would sing his Master's praises, or would sing of home so dear,
He could move the stony-hearted, and e'en make him shed a tear.
His life had been all music, had he sorrow, joy or pain;
And even as it left him, he was singing this refrain:

REFRAIN.

Bid her not sorrow, give her my love,
Tell her that God will unite us above,
And there we'll be joyful, and join, as of yore,
In songs of glad praise unto Him we adore.

IN OLD MADRID.

Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by H. Trotere.

Long years ago, in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star!
There on the casement ledge when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face looked out, as from the river shore
There stole a tender serenade!
Rang the lover's happy song,
Light and low, from shore to shore,
But ah! the river flowed along
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

Far, far away from old Madrid
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent veil those eyes hid,
And all the vows that love had sighed were vain!
But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand opens the lattice wide,
The faint sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide!
Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore,
Though flows a stream than all more strong
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing;
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

KATHLEEN.

Copyright, 1894, by Helene Mora.

Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
Just the finest young lady on earth;
A gem of the very first water,
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;
I met her beneath the green bower;
I kissed her and liked it so well;
She blushed like the fairest of flowers
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;
'Mid shady lane and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;
They've a neat little farm of their own;
Her father he digs his own praties,
And they live in the County Tyrone;
For miles 'round our Kathleen is famous—
Good looks and good nature serene;
'Tis there she is always acknowledged
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—*Chorus.*

We are going to get married next Sunday,
And the old folks will give us away;
The bells in the church will be ringing,
And the boys and the girls will be gay;
As sure as the stars are above us,
My Kathleen will ever be true;
And as from the church we are coming,
All the boys and the girls shout hurroo.—*Chorus.*

LOOK OUT DAR DOWN BELOW.

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. B. Gray & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Williams & Walker.

Come here, little children, and I am gwine to tell to you
'Bout a story dat am very, very true,
It was just along in 'possum time, when all de colored folks were trying
To lay up fat and bacon 'gainst de storm.
I had a 'possum up de tree, and de way dat rascal grinned at me,
You could tell dat he knew trouble was around;
But when I got up in de tree, I made a grave mistake, you see,
And sawed de limb between de tree and me.

CHORUS.

I hollered "Look out dar down below,"
Fo' something got to drop, you know;
But I never least suspected,
Dat I'd been the one selected.
But I found out soon's de limb let go.

When I woke and looked around, I found myself upon de ground,
And de 'possum scamp'ring to another tree;
Dat my feeling was distressed, dey can hardly be expressed,
I felt just like a chicken fricasse;
Now, children, dat will show to you a maxim dat am always true,
To always look around before you leap;
Or else you find yourself, you see, just like de 'possum, tree and me,
And land down at de bottom in a heap.—*Chorus.*

The Church Across the Way.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came the parson's prayers to hear,
They little knew while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer my God to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Cho.*

There's No One Too Poor to Be Kind.

Copyright, 1898, by D. Müller. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Kitty Rampone.

Down town, amid the bustle of the city's busy strife,
Down town, in front of dear old Trinity,
A poor old beggar woman in the sunset of her life
Asked alms that she might ease her misery.
A newsboy dropped a penny in the woman's feeble hand,
The action caught a Wall Street broker's eye,
Unto the lad he said, I'm sure you're just as poor as she,
The little newsboy then made this reply:

CHORUS.

There's no one too poor to be kind,
Though many may not have much money;
For the heart long ago was designed
To help to make other hearts sunny.
Though the coat may be worn and the pockets all torn,
A way to help oft you may find,
To the one who is down, give a smile, not a frown,
There's no one too poor to be kind.

The broker dropped a dollar in the beggar woman's lap,
Then pressed another in the newsboy's hand,
He then went to his office, where he met a luckless man,
To whom he had loaned money on his land.
"I cannot pay the int'rest on the mortgage, sir, to-day;
I hope you'll not foreclose," thus said the man.
The broker, touched by what the little newsboy said, replied;
"Don't worry, you may pay it when you can."—*Chorus.*



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Her Memory Brings Me No Regret.

Copyright, 1895, by Frank Harding. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Howard Graham. Music by Chas. Graham.

Love's early dream has passed away, forever gone, too sweet to stay;
The mem'ry of a bygone day is all that's left to comfort me.
One face I see before me yet, with sparkling eyes and curls of jet,
My sweetheart's face, as first we met—her mem'ry brings me no regret.

REFRAIN.

Her mem'ry brings me no regret, although our sun of love has set;
She loved me once, I can't forget; her mem'ry brings me no regret.

As years go by, the thought that she has loved me once will be to me
A consolation sweet, tho' we could never wed, thro' Fate's decree.
Sometimes I wish we'd never met, and still I know I love her yet;
Tho' parted now, I can't forget—her mem'ry brings me no regret.—*Ref.*

Mary, the Pride of the Dairy, Is My Sweetheart.

Copyright, 1898, by Malter Bros.

Words by Albert Malter. Music by Willie Malter.

There is a pretty little maid that lives next door to me,
The keeper of a dairy, and as cute as she can be;
Her age is just about sixteen, hair of a golden hue;
She is the only girl I love, yes, love her good and true.

REFRAIN.

Mary Leary, she is the girl for me,
I love her I do honest and true, and my wife she has promised to be;
Soon we will marry, nevermore to part,
For Mary, the pride of the dairy, is my sweetheart.

Sometimes I say to her, my dear, who do you love the best;
She'll answer quickly, Darling, why I'm sure that you can guess,
And puts her arms around my neck and squeezes me just so;
It nearly takes my breath away, but I don't mind, you know.—*Ref.*

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Nows I'se old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

Copyright, MDCCCXCV, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
'Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

I'se Yer Name Tattooed on Ma Arm.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Written by John J. Hagan. Composed by Frank D. Cure.

Don't b'lebe dem lies dey tells ye, 'Lize, dat I'se untrue;
Can you look, lub, into dese eyes an' doubt dat I lubs you?
Could you but look into dis heart you'd find yer name stamped dere;
An' could yer eyes peruse ma arm 'twould prube ma lub, I swear.

CHORUS.

I'se yer name tattooed on ma arm, yer portrit am dar, too;
'Twined in a heart, so, sweetheart, dat shows I do lubs you.
Deys jelyus ob me, sweet, tell lies on me to harm;
'Tam rot I'se got, b'lebe me or not, yer portrit on ma arm.

I'se light in color, as you know, so de name's plain;
An' when yer portrit, 'Lize, I show, I feels—well I can't 'splain.
You'se like de sun, dat has no cloud, a-shining through ma life,
But, 'Lize, de clouds will 'clipse de joy, unless you 'come ma wife.

CHORUS.

I'se yer name tattooed on ma arm, yer portrit am dar, too,
So don't ye grebe, none can clebe, but death, my lub from you.
No odder lips but yourn dese crimson lips can charm;
Be kind, not blind, 'till death you'll find yer portrit on ma arm.

Fly from the World, O Bessie, to Me.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Poetry by Thomas Moore. Melody by John J. Hagan.

Fly from the world, O Bessy, to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy, for thee;
I can never meet any that's dearer.
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any.

CHORUS.

Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our love will be censured by many,
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any.

When your lips have met mine in communion so sweet,
Have you felt as if virtue forbid it?
Have we felt as if heaven denied them to meet?
No, rather 'twas heaven that did it.
So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,
So little of wrong there is in it
That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
And I'll kiss them away in a minute.—*Chorus.*

AFTER THE WAR.

Copyright, 1894, by Will R. Disbro.

Words by Will R. Disbro. Music by Ed. R Disbro.

An aged vet'ran, locks as white as snow,
Met a companion of long ago:
"Come, tell me, comrade, of your life," he said;
"Why do you wander—why never wed?
I well remember, when we wore the blue,
You had a sweetheart, oh! you loved her true;
Friend, what has happened your bright hopes to mar—
You were to marry after the war."

CHORUS.

After the fighting is ended, after the war is done,
After the dead are buried, and all the living home,
Some hearts you'll find are broken, some breasts are aching—sore,
Wounded, tho' not in battle, after the war.

"Yes, I'd a sweetheart, such a precious girl—
With cheeks like roses, with teeth of pearl—
And well I loved her, true as heaven above,
She was my idol, my own sweet love.
One night a sentry, up among the pines,
Captured a rebel just inside our lines.
Yes, hearts are broken, breasts are wounded sore,
Though not in battle—after the war.—*Chorus.*

"Next day the captive, that bold rebel spy,
Was led from prison, condemned to die;
He stood beside a grave dug in the sand,
Then came the volley at my command.
A soldier's duty—comrade! do not start—
We shot her brother, oh! it broke her heart.
In the green church-yard my bright guiding star
Peacefully slumbers after the war."—*Chorus.*



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No One Loves You More Than I.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Words by John J. Hagan. Music by Frank D. Cure.

Sweetheart, dearest, tell me why silver pebbles dim your eye?
All my hopes are born of thee, you are all that's good to me,
No one else can thrill me so; dearest creature that I know,
Banish fear and let doubt fly, no one loves you more than I.

CHORUS.

Do not sigh, I am nigh, and who loves you such as I?
Place your head upon my breast, let no troubled thought arrest,
There's a better by and by, and who loves you more than I?

To my heart in close embrace, pressed with fervor your sweet face,
The joys of heaven I fortaste as my arm entwines your waist,
Deeply read my eyes, my dear; they will tell you I'm sincere,
While you live until I die none will love you, dear, as I.

CHORUS.

Dry your eye, I am nigh, and who loves you such as I?
Place your head upon my breast, let no troubled thought arrest,
Let not sorrow dim your eye, no one loves you more than I.

HAVE A JOLLY TIME.

Copyright, 1896, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

O'Grady gave a racket down in old Hibernia Hall,
His friends assembled there from far and near;
The admission cost them nothing, 'twas an invitation ball,
The only thing they had to buy was beer.
The fun was fast and furious, O'Grady was in line,
Admiring friends were crowded all about.
When Mike thought things were getting slow, he'd jump upon the stage,
And like an Indian he'd loudly shout:

CHORUS.

Have a jolly time, dancing, prancing,
Till the day is dawning, have a jolly time,
Reeling, spieling, won't go home till morning,
Have a jolly time, blow in every dime;
Don't you be a dunce, for you only live but once,
So have a jolly time.

The evening wore away, Mike drank with all the friends he knew,
Imbibed with some he never seen before,
And he toasted dear old Ireland, spoke a word for Cuba, too,
Shook hands with ev'ry lady on the floor.
But Mike was only human, soon there was a grand collapse,
The tide within his head was rising fast;
And as he sank down on the floor, he feebly raised his head,
And kept on yelling loudly to the last:—*Chorus.*

A NO-'COUNT NIGGER BOY.

Copyright, 1897, by the Orphean Music Publishing Co.

Words by George Cooper. Music by Roger Harding.

'Way down South, where the sweet potatoes grow,
There lived a woolly-headed nigger;
His skin was as black as the very blackest crow,
With him his color cut no figure.
His mammy used to swat him and say, "You no-'count fool,
If I had a gun I swar I'd pull de trigger!
I'd shoot yer in de head, yes, shoot yer till you's dead,
You's nothin' but a shiftless, no-'count nigger!"

CHORUS.

Nothing but a woolly-headed, no-'count nigger boy,
None to love him, never had no fun;
Never cared for anybody, never had a joy,
'Cept to lie a-basking in the sun.
When the other coons were working, toting in the wood,
He would lie around and folks annoy,
Never did a lick of work, and wouldn't if he could,
Nothing but a woolly-headed, no-'count nigger boy.

On the banks of the river he would sprawl,
To fish he even was too lazy;
He always did hate to go dig the worms for bait,
The coons allowed he must be crazy.
He used to come in reg'lar at meal-time, sure's you born,
And each day he grew up lazier and bigger.
The neighbors they would cry, "Why don't you go and die?
You's nothin' but a shiftless, no-'count nigger!"—*Chorus.*

One bright morn he was basking in the sun,
A-gazing on the rushing river;
He heard there a scream that awoke him from his dream,
It made the heart within him shiver.
A little child was struggling and drowning in the stream,
So he plunged right in, the danger cut no figure;
He brought her to the shore, but he sank to rise no more,
This good-for-nothing, shiftless, no-'count nigger!"—*Chorus.*

—What is the difference between the trunk of a tree and an elephant's trunk? One leaves in the spring and the other leaves whenever the menagerie does.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Harmonized by Frank D. Cure. Words and Melody by John J. Hagan.

He sways no sceptre, he wears no crown,
But rules supreme by a smile or frown,
But whether despotic, fretful or mild,
He is our baby boy, our only child;
And thus he reigns from day to day,
Two subjects 'neath his potent sway,
And like old Rob Crusoe of other days,
He is the monarch of all he surveys.

CHORUS.

Monarch of all he surveys, his subjects laud pæans of praise.
Our hearts his domain, and there he will reign forever and grace of 3 days;
With his voice the welkin will ring, his mandate will bring anything,
No potentate, however great, can rule with our household king.

No boy like our boy—his azure eyes
Sparkle like stars that gild the blue skies;
No boy like ours, 'tis parential conceit,
But you'd understand if you saw our Pete;
O may his life as smoothly glide
In after years, with tranquil tide,
That moves to success in its honest raise,
A monarch in truth be, worthy of praise.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL ACAPULCA.

Copyright, 1896, by Peter F. Hagan.

Words and Melody by John J. Hagan. Arranged by Frank D. Cure.

Beautiful Acapulca, land-locked port of the west,
Haven of the contented, where the aching heart finds rest;
Beautiful land of sunshine, throughout the changing year;
If earth possesses an Eden, surely it is here,
If earth possesses an Eden, surely it is here.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Acapulca, in far off Mexico,
Where ev'rything is peaceful, where only trade winds blow;
Where the calm Pacific Ocean woos the tranquil shore;
Where, basking in the sunlight, I could rest me evermore.

Beautiful Acapulca, fond mem'ry runs to thee!
With your calm sheet of water that wanders down to the sea;
Your peaceful little valleys, your verdant-decked ravines,
Are balm for thought, the mind's at rest, living in those scenes;
Are balm for thought, the mind's at rest living in those scenes.—*Chorus.*

Beautiful Acapulca, a heaven to the eye,
As man looks on enchanted as he sadly wonders why
Life could not as placid be, without an earthly care,
In harmony with nature's own Acapulca, fair;
In harmony with nature's own Acapulca, fair.—*Chorus.*

Whisper Sweetly in My Willing Ear.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Words and Music by John J. Hagan. Arranged by A. Reinert Kretschmer.

Whisper sweetly in my willing ear,
Tell me that you love me once again,
For the sound is ever sweet to hear,
If love's in the hearts of maid and swain.
Tell the tale I know you love to tell,
Eagerly I'm waiting by your side;
Speak the words that sweethearts love so well,
Tell me that your love I'm not denied.

CHORUS.

Whisper sweetly in my willing ear,
Tell me that you love me once again,
When love's budding gnawing care is sere,
Joyous is the hearts of maid and swain.

Whisper sweetly in my willing ear,
No music so dulcet as thy voice;
When love's budding gnawing care is sere,
Speak the words that make my heart rejoice.
To greet thee to linger on thy lips,
Imbibing Cupid's nectar divine,
Vives the potion that the great Jove sips,
So tell me again, love, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Whisper sweetly in my willing ear,
No music so dulcet as thy voice,
For the sound is ever sweet to hear,
Speak the words that make my heart rejoice.



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MY HOME OF LONG AGO.

Copyright, 1898, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.

Words by Maurice Shapiro. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Last night I dreamt I saw again my home of long ago,
The shady lane, the babbling brook, the woods that I loved so,
The meadow and the cornfield, the valley and the hill,
The same old trees and flowers all seemed to grow there still,
I saw the little homestead, where as a child I used to play,
The same old school-house down the road, the church across the way,
And in the village church-yard, beneath a mould of clay,
There lay the one that I loved best, near my old home far away.

CHORUS.

My home, my dear old home; my home, in days of yore;
Sad recollections hover 'round me forevermore,
And in my dreams I see again the place that I loved so,
Where as a child I used to roam, my home of long ago.

'Twas standing by the old school-house I saw Nell long ago,
I loved her then, when first we met, 'twas there I told her so;
The stream flows by the school-house, the birds sing just as gay;
Their song has lost their sweetness since Nell has passed away,
And in my dreams I saw her stand as she stood in days gone by,
The same old smile was on her face, the love light in her eye;
She told me that she loved me as on that summer day
She promised that she'd be my wife, in the old home far away.—*Cho.*

Parody on:

DORA DEAN.

Written and Sung by Oscar Castro.

Far away on the west side, I tell you there's a sight,
A sight that makes all the boys laugh.
She's shaped like a cookoo, she's a regular hoodoo;
When she opens her mouth, looks like a calf.
'Most every Sunday morning, before the break of dawning,
With me she's seen walking on heel and toe.
Though it is no disgrace to tell you of her face,
Everybody thinks she's the picture of Jumbo.

CHORUS.

Did you ever, ever see my Daffy Angeline,
She's the swellest, swellest slob you ever seen;
She sticks to me all day like darn old morphine,
To support me she's awfully anxious, my Daffy Angeline.

She's the hit of Austin, she ought to go back to Boston,
Where she can fill herself on pork and beans;
Her shoes are number thirty-four, she's near forty or more,
And to all the boys tells she's yet in her teens.
Though her age gives her away, for her hair are gray,
Like a wax figure in the sun resembles to us all.
She's a la la pu lu lu looker, all the managers want to book her
For a stage carpenter or ruse about doll.—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away.

Written and Sung by Harry A. Delano.

In an Indiana homestead lives a maiden,
In her back yard lives a bull dog fierce and fat,
Many times my thoughts revert to that same towser
And his mistress whom I thought I had down pat;
But one thing there is missing from my wardrobe,
It's an article that bulldog took by chance,
And without it now my make-up it seems scanty,
That canine swiped the seat of my best pants.

CHORUS.

Oh, the maiden still lives down upon the Wabash,
The bulldog is there, too, so people say,
But you bet your life I give that place the go by,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Many moons have passed since I saw sweetheart Mary,
She's fallen a victim to the new woman craze;
She goes around the street togged out in bloomers,
Oh, she likes to be a man in all her ways.
One day she went a-swimming in the Wabash;
Her bloomers were suspended on a tree;
The bulldog came along and at them rubbered,
And he gently sang, young man, I'll wait for thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, the water it was chilly in the Wabash,
For four hours she tried to drive the dog away,
But before he left he chewed up her best bloomers,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Mary's case was sad, her hopes were sinking,
The dog didn't leave clothes enough to pad a crutch,
When on the bank she chanced to spy a barrel.
Oh, she says I hate to do it but I must,
So into the barrel crawled poor Mary.
She didn't know it had seen better days,
She grabbed it by the sides and home she started,
But she chanced to meet her sweetheart on the way.

CHORUS.

Oh, her lover he went blind upon the Wabash,
Mary became a raving maniac that day,
For the barrel hoop busted and out dropped all the staves,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES.

Published by permission of Legg Brothers, 1008 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., from whom the words and music can be obtained.

Words by Hattie Lammis. Music by G. O. Lang.

We wandered in the shadow of the pines, my love and I,
As the wind was blowing freshly from the sea;
But a sudden fitful darkness stole across the summer sky,
And a shadow came between my love and me.
Some hasty words were spoken, and then, almost unawares,
Hasty answers to unthinking anger led.
And our heartsick, bitter longing, and our weeping, and our pray'rs
Ne'er can make those false and cruel words unsaid.

CHORUS.

Come back to me, sweetheart, and love me as before,
Come back, back to me, sweetheart, and leave me nevermore.
In life's dull pathway the sun no longer shines,
Come, love, and meet me in the shadow of the pines.

You took the ring I gave you, nor cast a glance at me
As you held the jewel'd trinket in your hand;
And then you turned and tossed it in the waters of the sea,
Where the waves are splashing idly on the sand.
You went your way, unheeding the tears I could not hide,
You went your way and not a word was said;
But my stubborn heart was breaking underneath its mask of pride,
And the pine trees sobbed in pity overhead.—*Chorus.*

I wake from bitter dreaming but to call aloud your name;
I sleep again to dream of you once more;
And my stubborn pride has left me, I admit I was to blame,
Forgive me, dear, and love me as before,
For the future is o'ershadowed with the darkness of despair,
In the sky of life love's sun no longer shines,
And I'd give the whole world gladly once again to meet you there,
Reunited in the shadow of the pines.—*Chorus.*

Down Where the Woodbine Twineth.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Words and Music by John J. Hagan.

Down where the honeysuckle twines 'round the cross,
Down where the roses bloom so sweet,
Down where the grave is covered with dewy moss,
Oh! there's where I of'n go and weep.
There's where the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
Oh! there's where my dear mother lies,
There's where my voice oft floats upon the breeze,
Oh, mournfully the orphan vainly cries.

REFRAIN.

Down where the woodbine twineth,
Down where my tears I vainly smother,
There's where my heartstrings bindeth
To that lone grave of my mother.

Down by that lonely spot I've wandered night and day,
Down where stillness will ever reign,
'Mid winter's snow, or decked in garb of May,
Oh, oft to that spot I've gone in vain.
Although the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
And roses scent the summer air,
They've no charm for me as I fall on my knees,
And breathe to the winds my lone despair.—*Refrain.*

MY SWEETHEART BY MY SIDE.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hagan.

Words by John J. Hagan. Music by W. A. Kemp.

Fairmount Park in summer is a crowded thoroughfare;
I go there ev'ry Sunday to get the balmy air;
I always take my sweetheart, she's my intended bride;
You'd envy me if you could see my sweetheart by my side.

CHORUS.

O! dear, I steer straight for the park on a Sunday;
Dudes, sports, all sorts, take in the park on that day;
Larking, sparking, I stroll by the mashers with pride;
How they envy me whene'er they see my sweetheart by my side.

In winter when the snow falls a change comes o'er the scene;
A beautiful white mantle then takes the place of green.
There, 'mong the many thousands, who o'er that mantle glide,
In a handsome sleigh I drive away, my sweetheart by my side.—*Cho.*

Of course, it's only natur'l for me to say that she
Is the sweetest girl I know, but with me you would agree,
If us you'd see on Sunday, you'd think the knot was tied;
'Tis a happy pair when I go there, my sweetheart by my side.—*Cho.*



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They're All Out on Their Bikes.

Copyright, 1898 by Harry J. Ashton and J. W. Turner.

Words by Harry J. Ashton. Music by J. W. Turner.

Now there's nothing in the world that a woman won't do,
And there's nothing a woman won't try;
She is never content with what man will invent,
And she's willing to beat him or die,
The bicycle craze has set them ablaze,
All women are off of their base;
Now when a man will roam to his nice little home,
He'll find the hired girl there in his wife's place.

CHORUS.

Oh, your wife has gone out on her bike!
Your wife has gone out on her bike!
And the girl she did shout: Your wife has gone out!
Your wife has gone out on her bike.

Now happy, indeed, was Tim Murphy one day,
As he started with a parson by his side,
And he never felt so boyish, in life was so joyish,
On the day Miss Gilhooly promised to be a bride;
His brain was in a whirl, as hastening to his girl,
And the door-bell he loudly rang,
The door opened wide, and the hired girl he espied,
And this is the song that she sang:

CHORUS.

The young lady went out on her bike!
The young lady went out on her bike!
And the hired girl did say: There'll be no marriage to-day!
The young lady's gone out on her bike.

OUR NATION'S CALL.

Copyright, 1898, by Harry F. Cook.

Composed by Harry F. Cook. Arranged by Otto Bonnell.

Unfold the glorious banner, proudly let it wave
Over land and o'er sea and the homes of the brave;
Down with tyranny, from bondage make them free,
And give to them their freedom and liberty;
Our boys are brave and bold, as heroes should be,
Are the pride of the nation, and will make Cuba free.

CHORUS.

To arms! to arms! to arms! the bugle call sounded.
Away! away! away! on your gallant steeds well mounted;
For freedom and right forever it must be;
Our brave boys in blue will make Cuba free.

Then let the cannon roar and the sword clash,
Make tyranny tremble and its powers crash;
Let the echo ring from shore to shore;
'Tis the battle-cry for freedom forevermore.
The star-spangled banner shall wave o'er land and sea,
And to the world proclaim we will make Cuba free.—*Chorus.*

Our battle ships are staunch and well manned,
By gallant heroes great battles were won and planned;
They remember the fate of the Maine
And the heroes that have fallen by the treachery of Spain.
Our Army and Navy are true heroes, you see,
They'll fight for their country and will make Cuba free.—*Chorus.*

Your Key Don't Fit This Lock No More

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co.

Words by Fred J. Hamill. Music by Paul Cohn.

My gal and I had trouble and I have been crossed double,
Now some one took the lead from me, and I'm as dead as I can be;
When I got home this morning, just as the day was dawning,
I found a new lock on the door, I couldn't use my key.
There ain't no use in weeping, when I looked up at my old home,
I saw dat girl a-peeping, and she was not alone;
Says she, I'm too long standing, that coon you've been a-handling
Can't jolly me no longer, so now listen while I say:

CHORUS.

Your key don't fit this lock, you best move 'round the block,
You broke your plate with me, black man, you I can't see;
You got your notice now, so don't you start no row,
You lost your home, and your key don't fit this lock no more.

You know you had a warning. I told you every morning,
I wouldn't stand your fooling, so now you will have to leave, yes go;
I used to love you truly, but you is bad, unruly,
So I have got to pass you up, I've got another beau.
Now don't you get to talking and tell me what you're gwine to do,
For you are from Mizzoura and I will soon show you;
So, don't you start a-conning this babe with any yarning,
I'm sorry for you, nigger, but your key don't fit this lock.—*Chorus.*

—A certain extravagant speculator, who failed soon after, informed a relation one evening, that he had that day purchased an elegant set of jewels for his dear wife, which cost him $2,000. "She is a *dear* wife, indeed," was the laconic reply.

I WANT A REAL COON.

Copyright, 1896, by Windsor Music Co.

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Bernard Adler.

Dar's a good-for-nuthin' ragged coon comes 'roun' a-courtin' me,
And I'm 'most ashamed he has the cheek to call;
'Cos' he tries to put on heaps of style when he's a sight to see,
He's got nuthin' to his name, but lots of gall.
I've a-told him he will never do, he am not good enough.
I've a-told him he's a would-be, nuthin' more,
An' he knows I'm on to him, 'cos' he can't get in the swim,
And dar's many a time I've told him at de door:

CHORUS.

I want a real coon, handsome, genteel coon,
Coon like my own relations, I don't want no imitations,
Some coon dat's haughty, swell dressed and sporty,
A real coon dis gal am waitin' for.

Now I wants to have a real coon like the swell coons that I see,
I've a-seen 'em at the theatre all life long;
They will dance around upon the stage with clothes 'way up in G,
An' they take me clear to heaben with a song.
But the coons aroun' my neighborhood, they don't dress up a bit,
Oh, compared to dem stage folks the rest are jays;
So I'm willin', eb'ry time, to give up my little dime,
Jes' to watch the real coon with his winnin' ways.—*Chorus.*

MA HONEY LOU.

Copyright, 1897, by National Music Co.

Words and Music by Fred M. Stalls.

When the sun sets in the West, ma honey Lou,
That's the time I love thee best, ma honey Lou;
When we're sitting in the gloom waiting for the silver moon,
You makes me a happy coon, ma honey Lou.
When the birds have hushed their song, ma honey Lou,
All the twilight shadows gone, ma honey Lou,
When the moon so full and bright sheds its soft and mellow light,
Then I loves you more each night, ma honey Lou.

CHORUS.

Ma Lou, ma Lou, ma honey Lou, love me long and love me true,
I love no one else but you, ma honey, ma honey, honey Lou.
Say you love me, honey Lou, I want you, 'deed I do!
My heart will surely break in two if I lose you, ma honey Lou.

And last night I waited long, ma honey Lou,
And I told the stars in song, ma honey Lou;
How my heart would ever beat for my honey gal so sweet,
And I lays it at your feet, ma honey Lou.
So then come to me to-night, ma honey Lou,
In these arms I'll hold you tight, ma honey Lou;
Come and look into my eyes while the moon shines in the skies,
And I'll be in paradise, ma honey Lou.—*Chorus.*

REMEMBER THE MAINE.

Copyright, 1898, by Frank A. Bush.

Words and Music by Frank A. Bush.

Down in Havana Harbor our good ship Maine was lying;
Beneath the decks all were at rest, wakeful ones for home were sighing.
Sent on a peaceful mission, no one suspected harm,
For each one trusted the "Stars and Stripes" as a safeguard from all alarm.
But hark! from below comes a loud, sudden pealing,
And then an explosion that lights up the sky;
Then when o'er the bay again silence comes stealing,
Two hundred brave lads disappear without a cry.

REFRAIN.

We'll never forget the sad events of that night,
Our lads were killed, with no chance to fight;
The foul deed was done by treach'rous Spain,
That's why America fought and avenged the Maine.

Such a crime was committed never before in hist'ry;
A loud report, down went the ship, all was enshrouded in myst'ry.
Treachery ne'er existed equal to this foul deed,
When our brave lads were suddenly killed, just to satisfy Spanish greed.
But sure as the sun rises up in the morning,
For ev'ry life lost we will have many more;
For when Spanish Dons start to kill without warning,
We'll drive ev'ry Spaniard away far from our shore.

REFRAIN.

We'll never forget the sad events of that night,
Our boys were killed, with no chance to fight;
The foul deed was done by treach'rous Spain,
That's why our soldier boys cried, "Remember the Maine!"



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SWEET LORENA RAY.

Copyright, 1898, by C. O. Brokaw. English copyright secured.

Words by Deamor R. Drake. Music by Arthur Willard Pryor.

Do you hear the wild birds singing, sweet Lorena,
With their songs the hills are ringing, sweet Lorena;
While the dainty dewdrops fall, while the night is over all,
To my heart they seem to call sweet Lorena.

CHORUS.

Lorena, sweet Lorena Ray, with your face divine,
Smiles that brighten all the day, say you will be mine,
Then, no matter what betide, love will light our way,
Happy with my little bride, sweet Lorena Ray.

To my mind a vision bringing, sweet Lorena,
And my soul a tune is singing, sweet Lorena,
Singing of a heart so true, it would break with love for you,
Break to bid its dream adieu, sweet Lorena.—*Chorus.*

Do you hear the songsters singing, sweet Lorena;
O, the joy their notes are bringing, sweet Lorena,
While I kiss the golden hair, parted from the face so fair,
See the answer hidden there, sweet Lorena.—*Chorus.*

Eyes that charm my heart completely, sweet Lorena;
Lips that meet my own so sweetly, sweet Lorena;
Smiles that waft my soul away, charms that cheer my heart for aye.
Love that tunes my simple lay, sweet Lorena.—*Chorus.*

HE'S GOIN' TO HAVE A HOT TIME BYE-AND-BYE.

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Paull.

Words by Harry S. Miller. Music by E. T. Paull.

Dar's a heap ob constaration an' a lot ob argumation
Among de colored people here ob late;
Mister Johnson done come back, sir, from de Klondyke wif a sack, sir,
An' gold enough to buy de Georgia State.
All de niggers since am crazy, Mister Johnson am a daisy,
An' just de warmest coon in town to-day;
He has money 'nough for burnin', an' his mind to dat am turnin',
An' dis you hear 'most eb'rybody say:

CHORUS.

He's goin' to hab a hot time, Mister Johnson,
He's goin' to hab a hot time by-and-by;
He done put in a year of freezin', dat am de very, very reason
He's goin' to hab a hot time by-and-by.

Dar was lots ob dissipation 'round de Johnson habitation,
He was de prince ob all de colored clan;
But one day he done took sick, sir, doctors come den mighty quick, sir,
But couldn't save dat very reckless man.
Den de good ole Parson Mason done an' tole his congregation
To pray fo' brudder Johnson, who am gon';
Den he preached a little sermon 'bout de money he was burnin',
An' said, I'se glad he couldn't take it 'long.—*Chorus.*

Cindy, Pull Down Yo' Bridal Veil.

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. O. Brokaw. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Isaac J. Reynolds.

Stroll down de sidewalk an' turn to de right,
Den up de alley till you'se out ob sight,
Den climb dat stairway till you can't climb no more,
Wrap twice an' Cindy will open up de door;
Fo' we was married last ebenin' an' our friends was dar,
Dey gib ma Cindy an oil-stobe an' chair;
De parson gib Cindy a mighty wicked stare,
He tried to kiss ma bride, an' den I did declare:

CHORUS.

Oh, Cindy, pull down yo' bridal veil, ma ducky dear,
Dose shinin' eyes ob yours dey make me feel so queer;
I feel so funny, honey, when you am so near,
Cindy, pull down yo' bridal veil.

Coons ob all colors an' coons ob all shades,
Coons dat was black like de ace ob a spades;
Coons dar a-sweatin', so pow'rful warm dey felt,
Coons dar wid faces dat made de ice cream melt.
An' when de supper was ober one nig' wanted more,
Dat crazy nigger was frowed tro' de door,
And den came de cake-walk, an' Cindy won it, too,
I saw de number seven on ma baby's shoe.—*Chorus.*

Miss Liza Johnsing was Cindy's bridesmaid,
Sam White was best man, in full dress arrayed—
Cindy's fat mamma came dar upon a dray.
She was so heavy de stairs wid her gib 'way.
Ma goodness, Cindy got nerbous an' told them to leabe;
She had a razor-blade hid up her sleebe,
Now I'se gwine to shake her, and ain't gwine back no more;
Cindy won't let me sleep, Lor', how dat gal do snore.—*Chorus.*

—When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER NELL

Copyright, 1896, by C. O. Brokaw. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A quiet village where the people lived a peaceful life,
Until a handsome stranger came one day,
To linger for the summer, away from toil and strife
Of a busy city many miles away.
The young folks all admired him, for he had a charming way,
And of his city life they lov'd to hear him tell;
But the handsome stranger disappear'd one idle summer's day,
And with him went the rector's daughter Nell.

REFRAIN.

Nell was a beautiful girl when she sang in the village choir;
They lov'd her the best in the world, and she had all that heart could desire,
Honored, respected by all, of the village girls she was the belle,
No one could say why she ran away, the rector's daughter Nell.

The rector, old and gray, one evening heard the church-bells chime,
And as he was just about to leave the door,
A feeble voice cried, "Father, I have just come home in time,
Forgive a dying daughter, I implore;
Don't ask about the past, 'tis like a dream, for I can't tell,
But I have brought you this, my wedding ring," she said;
He clasped her in his arms once more, the child he lov'd so well,
But alas, too late, for Nellie she was dead.—*Refrain.*

WHAT REILLY LEFT BEHIND.

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Shure it's little Widow Reilly in the other block above,
Whose husband died a year ago to-day;
She has suitors by the dozen that would take her hand and love,
But who's the one to win her none can say.
There is Casey and McCarty, both clever men and hearty,
And little Flynn, who's not a man at all;
And there's more of them each evening that call on her so pleasing,
And this is how she showed her love for all:

CHORUS.

There's Casey wears her husband's coat, the trousers fit McFee,
Her husband's shoes were hardly used, and look well on Magee;
The hat he wore was out of date, she gave it to O'Brien,
And gave to me her heart, did she, that Reilly left behind.

Not a one of them are working, but are looking for a home,
The widow owns her house and plot of ground;
So now Casey and McCarty think they've won her for their own,
Bedad, they go and tell it all around.
Now her husband's clothes they dress in, and none of them is guessing,
But each one thinks he's favored best of all;
For she never told another of what she gave the other,
But this is how she showed her love for all:—*Chorus.*

Would You? Well, in a Minute.

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

If you met a pretty girl, one that set your head awhirl,
Would'nt you do your very best to win it?
If she'd slyly pass you by, wink her roguish little eye,
Would you? well, in a minute.

CHORUS.

Yes, you would, 'deed you would do 'most anything you could,
Just to say the little thing was really yours;
Wouldn't you? yes, you would, 'deed you would,
Don't tell me, I know you would,
Just to say that she were only yours, you know.

If you knew a little Miss, one that's never had a kiss,
One of the kind that wonders what is in it;
If she came to you, say now, kind of, well—I don't know how,
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

If a widow young and sweet met you smiling on the street,
And says to you, how glad—and then to dim it,
Begs your pardon, a mistake, but, of course, you're wide awake,
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

When a maiden, indiscreet, starts to cross a muddy street,
Really her skirts she raises to begin it;
And she stands just where she's at, kind of, I don't care a rap,
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

Now I'm not a selfish elf, if I do say so myself,
Dearly I love the boys that's really in it;
And there's lots of them for fair, should I say to him down there,
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*



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I WAS ONCE YOUR WIFE.

Copyright, 1897, by C. O. Brokaw. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

The court had opened session and a woman stood in tears
Before the learned judge so stern and cold;
And tho' her locks were tinged with gray, 'twas not the gray of years,
Ah, no; her face another story told.
The charge was but a trifling one, but with a down-cast glance
She begged in voice born of an anxious dread,
That sentence be suspended, and for just another chance,
Then in a tone of anguish sadly said:

CHORUS.

You are rich and respected; I am an outcast now,
Reaping the bitter harvest of a broken wedding vow;
But in the past you loved me, and tho' I marred your life,
Temper your justice with mercy, for I was once your wife.

The court-room filled with wonder, and his Honor sat amazed,
Then, searchingly, he scanned the woman's face,
Their eyes met, and he saw she spoke the truth, for as he gazed
Each once loved feature he could dimly trace.
"You are discharged," he murmured, "for although you've stained my life,
'Tis God must judge, not I, your sin that day.
Here, take this gold, I can't forget that you were once my wife,
The past seemed speaking when I heard you say:"—*Chorus.*

I've Scratched You Off Ma List.

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Paull.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Miss 'Liza Jackson used to be ma baby, yes, ma honey, I was her gent,
She always was ma steady colored lady, all ma money on her I spent;
But de other day I seen her wid a coon from Tennessee,
I was gwine to pull ma razor, I was mad as I could be.
I said, 'Liza, quit yer triflin', gal, for you belongs to me!
She turned her head and then she said:

CHORUS.

Don't think you're de only oyster in the stew,
There are other niggers just as warm as you;
You don't cut no ice, you never will be missed,
Nigger, I am done with you, I've scratched you off ma list.

Then out I flashed ma trusty nigger razor, see here, 'Liza, you come wid me.
Ma bluff it didn't even seem to faze her, she rolled her eyes, said, let me be;
Mister Nigger, just you understand I'se sick and tired of you;
I'se got another nigger, he has lots of money, too.
She said, go about your business now, ma huckleberry do;
She turned away, I heard her say:—*Chorus.*

Mammy's Little Blue-Grass Honey.

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. O. Brokaw. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Deamor R. Drake. Music by H. O. Wheeler.

Go to sleep, you pickaninny, hain't no time foah cryin' any,
Mammy's little blue-grass honey bettah shut yoah shiny eye.
Case de big moon am a-peepin' in to see if youse am sleepin',
Purty soon he'll come a-creepin' 'round to cotch youse if you cry.
Brier Fox am right behind you, if you'se sleepin' he can't find you,
Go right by an' nebber mind you, sleep, ma honey, sleep.

CHORUS.

Mammy's blue-grass honey am all covered up an' warm,
Sleep, ma honey, sleep!
Rockin' by de kitchen fire on his mammy's arm,
Sleep, ma honey, sleep.
Hush-a-bye, O rock-a-bye, O Mammy's blue-grass honey;
Big moon am a-watchin' foah to cotch you by an' by,
Bettah be a-sleepin' when he comes a-creepin',
Mammy's little blue-grass honey, hush, O hush-a-bye.—[*Whistle.*]

Go to sleep, you pickaninny, cradle's waitin' by de chimney
Foah my little blue-grass honey, shut yoah eyes, you little coon.
Sweet potatoes am a-smilin' case de hoe-cake am a-spilin',
Doan't you heah de kettle bilin'? Daddy's comin' purty soon.,
Pickaninnies all am sleepin' when de big moon am a-peepin',
By m' by he'll come a-creepin', sleep, ma honey, sleep.—*Chorus.*

—The Home Catechism in Philadelphia.—A good many hundreds and even thousands of long-suffering husbands can bear sorrowful testimony to the fact that this is the sort of catechism the wives of their bosoms subject them to every time they put on their hats to go out in the evening: "Where are you going?" "Oh, I'm going out for a few minutes." "Where?" "Oh, nowhere in in particular." "What for?" "Oh, nothing." "Why do you go, then?" "Because." "Because what?" "Well, simply because." "Going to be gone long?" "No." "How long?" "I don't know." "Anybody going with you?" "No." "Well, it's strange that you can't be content to stay at home a few minutes. Don't be gone long, will you?" "No." "See that you don't." This is one reason why so many marriages are a dead-flat fizzle and failure.—*Philadelphia Times.*

We Are Coming, Uncle Billy, Ten Hundred Thousand Strong.

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. O. Brokaw. English copyright secured.

Words by Karl Wakorb. Music by H. O. Wheeler.

We are coming, Uncle Billy, ten hundred thousand strong,
And when we are assembled, we'll make a mighty throng,
The blue and gray together as brothers one and all,
To help you, Uncle Billy, and see the Spaniards fall;
We've joined our hands together in one triumphant band,
To uphold our nation's honor against the Spanish hand.

CHORUS.

We are coming, Uncle Billy, ten hundred thousand strong,
To gather 'round old glory and avenge the Spanish wrong;
From North and South and East and West, throughout our noble land,
We'll gather 'round our Stars and Stripes, and fight for Uncle Sam.

We are coming, Uncle Billy, in answer to your call,
Each mother's son is ready in freedom's name to fall,
Nor fear we all this bluster of nations joining Dons,
Our cause is sure a just one, to free poor Cuba's bonds;
In freedom's name we'll do the same our fathers did before,
And clear this land of Spanish hand for now and evermore.—*Cho.*

Don't Ask Me to Give Up My Mother.

Copyright, 1898, by Chas O. Brokaw. English copyright secured and reserved.

Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

A wife once said unto her husband, "Don't be angry, pray,
But, Jack, your mother's getting very old;
Now don't you think it would be well if we sent her away
To some good home, there're many such, I'm told?
You see she's in the way here, and altho' I've done my share
To care for her since you and I were wed,
I think it would be better, and she'd be happy there,
What say you?" Then the husband quickly said:

CHORUS.

"Don't ask me to give up my mother, for altho' she is old and gray,
My home shall be her's and welcome, as long as she wants to stay;
Come, Nell, do not be so cruel, for you know that it breaks my heart,
Don't ask me to give up my mother, for from her I shall never part!"

"Nell, dear, you know I love you," said the husband, with a sigh,
"But still I love my dear old mother, too,
For she was always good to me, in years that have gone by,
Don't ask me now to give her up for you.
Although she's bent and feeble, and although she's old and gray,
For her sake I'd lay down my very life,
And while this roof's above me, she shall not go away,
A son should ne'er give mother up for wife!"—*Chorus.*

THE DEATH OF ENSIGN BAGLEY

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. O. Brokaw. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by W. Knox Baldwin.

Within an humble cottage, not very far away,
A dear old mother's weeping, her son will sail to-day;
Beside her stands her only boy, a gallant sailor lad;
He looked at her in anguish, his face tear-stained and sad;
His ship's been called away to war, to sail within a day;
Oh, mother dear, how can I go and leave you in this way?
My son, said she, with trembling voice, 'tis a worthy cause, you know.
He knelt beside her, kissed her brow, said "mother, good-bye," I'll go.

CHORUS.

'Tis the same old story, a life for what was right;
He left his home and mother on the briny deep to fight;
He ne'er forgot her last dear words, 'tis a worthy cause, you know,
For honor's sake good men have died, my son, I bid you go.

Upon the gallant Winslow our noble Ensign stands,
Directs our deadly cannonade against the Spanish lands.
A shell burst just above him, then fell into the foam;
He gave a cry of agony and fell back with a moan;
His comrade crew stood o'er his form as they bade him last "good-by;"
He's going home to mother, 'tis sad that he should die;
A starry flag they o'er him spread as on the deck he lay,
A sacrifice to duty's call, the hero of the day.—*Chorus.*

—What is the difference between man and butter? The older the man is the weaker he gets, but the older the butter is the stronger it is.



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Since Rachel Ran Away with a Coon.

Copyright, 1898, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Tom Daley. Music by Gus Edwards.

If you listen for a while, I'm apt to make you smile
With something that you've never heard before.
All the jews are 'most excited and the niggers are delighted,
Over a coon who works in Cohen's clothing store.
Cohen has a pretty daughter, she's as dark as Chicago water,
And her face is just as round as the moon;
And the cause of this commotion, is because she's got a notion
That to change her luck she'll have to wed this coon.

CHORUS.

Now all the coons in town are making preparations, for
Such a funny little wedding never happened before;
They're all putting three balls up over the door,
And are playing "*stuss" instead of four-eleven-forty-four.
They can't eat pork-chops now because that isn't "Kosher" meat;
They're going in the clothing bus'ness down in Baxter Street.
The jews have such a "headache" and their hearts refuse to beat,
Since Rachel ran away with a coon.

It will be a grand affair, all of Coontown will be there
When the rabbi makes them man and wife;
The coon is feeling funny 'cause he's going to get the money;
He won't have to work a day in all his life.
Cohen was going to have a fire in his store on Tuesday night,
But he postponed it till Thursday afternoon;
The poor man forgot to fail; he said he'd rather go to jail
Than to see his daughter married to that coon.—*Chorus.*

——— *Jewish term for poker.

She Is More to Be Pitied than Censured.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry,
'Round the table were seated, one night,
A crowd of young fellows carousing.
With them life seemed cheerful and bright,
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen to shame;
All the young fellows jeered at her weakness,
'Till they heard an old woman exclaim:

CHORUS.

She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised;
She is only a lassie who ventured
On life's stormy path, ill-advised;
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider
That a man was the cause of it all.

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner,
Where the neighbors all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon
O'er a soul that had just passed away.
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry,
Who a life of adventure had led—
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No, he asked for God's mercy, and said:—*Chorus.*

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Nows I'se old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

—Born Under an Eclipse.—A gentleman said the other day to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping, "Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are; how in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look a-here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a quarter for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued—"I tell yer what it is, massa, dis nigger may be brack, but he ain't green, nohow."

When You Do de Rag-Time Dance.

Copyright, 1897, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured

Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Down in Coon-town dere am gwine to be a swell affair,
All dem high-toned darkies, they surely will be dere,
For dere's gwine to be a dance that every nigger knows,
And if you watch me for a while, I'll tell you how it goes:

CHORUS.

First you take your baby by the hand,
Then you walk along dat floor so grand,
Don't you look to the left, don't you look to the right,
You're here to learn that dance, and not to fight.
Don't you dare to look down at your boots,
Just glide along and then you shoot the chutes.
Don't you dare to look back, just pull in the slack,
When you do the Rag-Time Dance.

When we walk along dat floor, oh, how dem niggers stare,
Dey all take deir hats off when dis yere nigger's dere;
We're de leaders of dem all, yes, me and my gal 'Lize;
And we will show you how we walk when we're out for dat prize:—*Cho.*

My Old New Hampshire Home.

Copyright, 1898, by the Orphean Music Publishing Co.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire,
Many years ago, we parted, Ruth and I;
By the stream where we wandered in the gloaming,
It was there I kissed my love a sad good-bye.
She clung to me and trembled when I told her,
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay;
We parted, and I left her broken-hearted,
In the old New Hampshire village far away.

REFRAIN.

Now the sunshine lingers there, and the roses bloom as fair,
In the wildwood, where together we would roam;
In the village church-yard near sleeps the one I loved so dear,
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

In my dreams by the stream last night I wandered,
And I thought my love was standing by my side;
Once again then I told her that I loved her,
Once again she promised she would be my bride;
And as I stooped to kiss her I awakened,
I called her, but she was not there to hear;
My heart lies buried with her 'neath the willow,
In the old New Hampshire home I love so dear.—*Chorus.*

I DON'T LIKE NO CHEAP MAN.

Copyright, 1897, by Jos. W. Stern & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Williams & Walker.

Miss Simpson had always been considered
De finest gal in town,
She was de envy of all de coons
Dat lived for miles around,
Last week Bill Johnson took her out
To see de minstrels at de hall;
He bought de seats in de gallery,
And she didn't like that at all.

CHORUS.

She said, "I don't like no cheap man
Dat spends his money on de 'stalment plan;
Dat's de reason I always carry with me
'Nuf money for what I want.
I got a sweet disposition as any one,
But 'sake alive,' I hate to be done—
In front of de people dat's sitting here, too—
You's a cheap man, and you won't do!"

Miss Simpson was kind o' partial
To ice cream and lemonade,
So when Ephraim asked her to have some,
"Wid pleasure, sir!" she said.
She ate two dishes of the cream, she says to him,
"Ain't you gwine to hab none?"
He says, "I'm waiting for to see if I can stand the blow;
If I kin, den I'll hab some."—*Chorus.*

Last week, at a festival, she met Sam Long—
Folks said he had lots of dough.
"Can I 'scort you down to de table," said he.
"'Twould be a pleasure, sho!"
At the table Sam grabbed up the bill o' fare—
She said, "I'll take a piece o' chicken wid you!"
He said, "I am sorry, but I'm 'shy' to-night,
Won't a nice ham sandwich do?"—*Chorus.*



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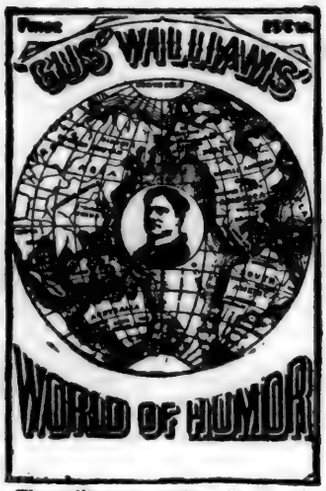
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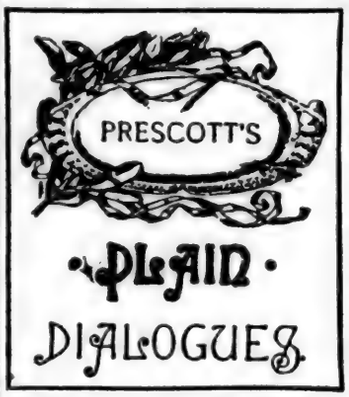
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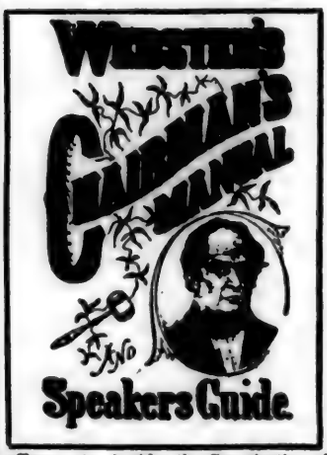
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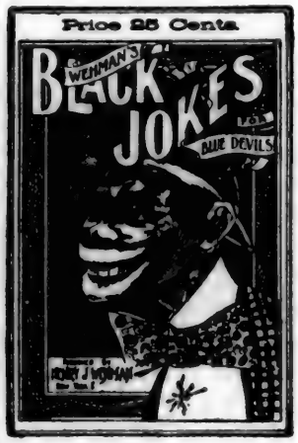
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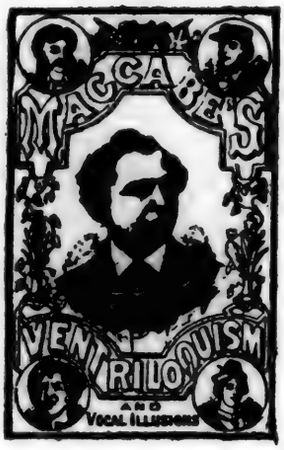
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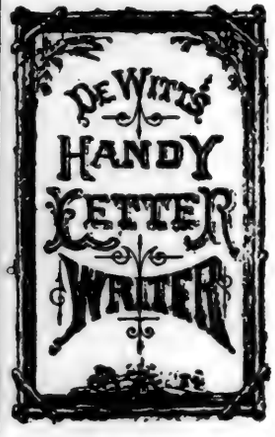
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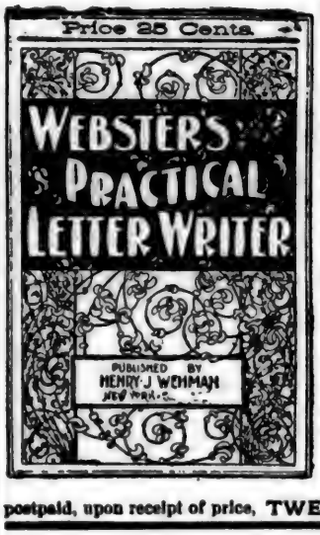


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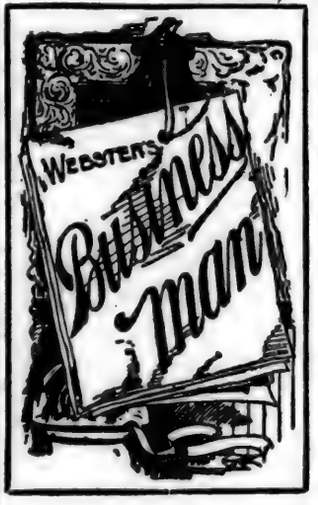
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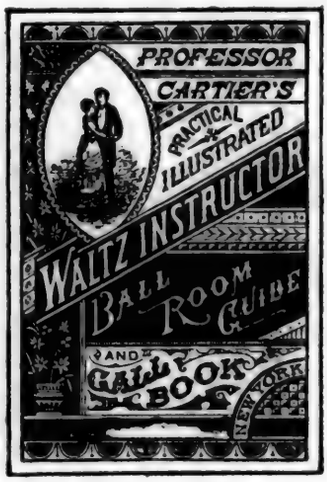
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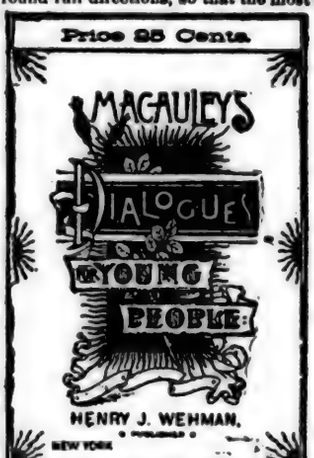
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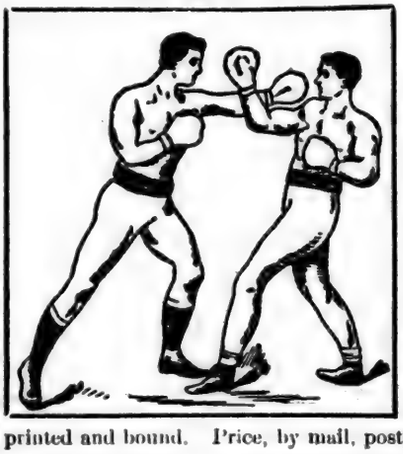


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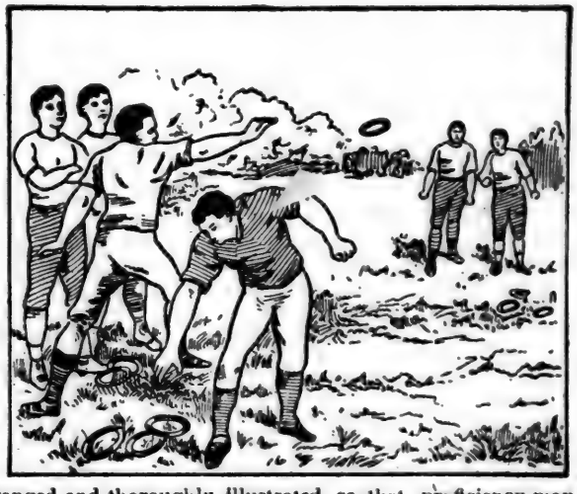


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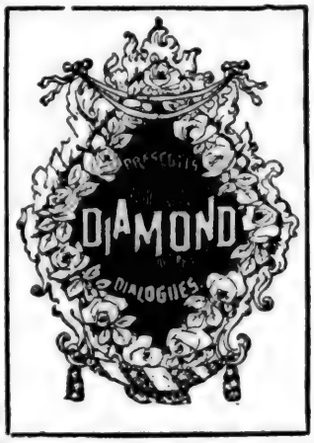


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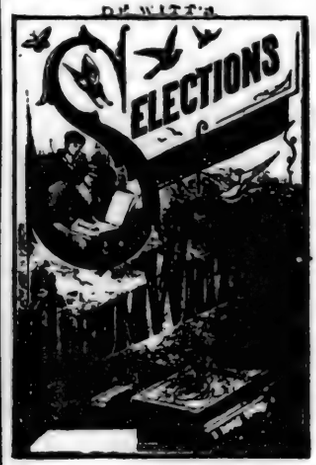
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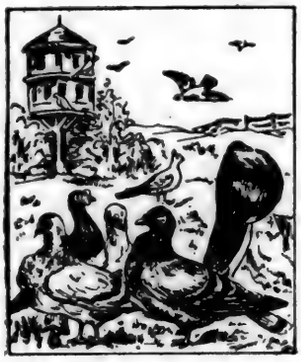


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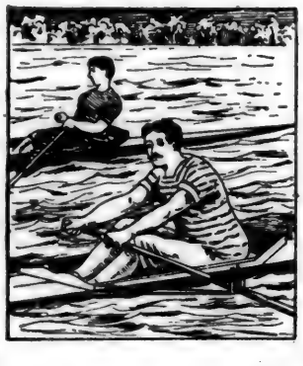
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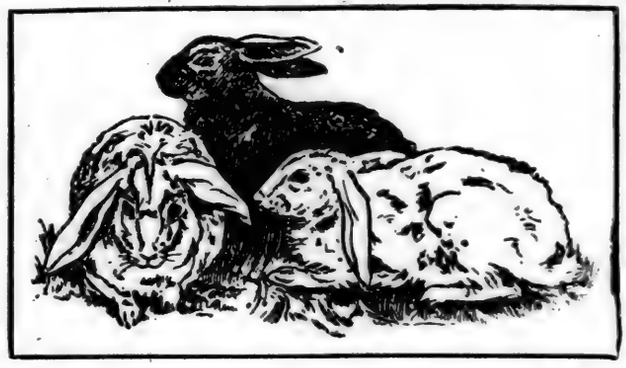


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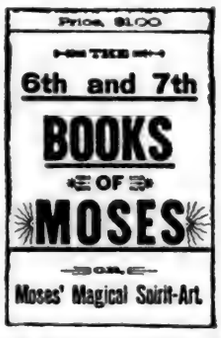
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Inhalt: Ach, ich bin so müde. Ach, wenn du wärst mein eigen. Ach, wie ist's möglich dann. Aennchen von Tharau. Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm. Als ich ein jung' Geselle war. Als Noah aus dem Kasten war. Am grünen Hudson-Strand. An der schönen blauen Donau. Anna, zu dir ist mein liebster Gang. Antwort auf Grünhorn's ersten Brief. Auch ich war ein Jüngling mit lockigem Haar. Auf, ihr Brüder, laßt uns wallen. Das ist der Tag des Herrn. Das weiß ja allein nur der Hausknecht zu sagen. Das Vergißmeinnicht Das verrentte Herz. Der Bauer auf der Eisenbahn. Der Deserteur. Der deutsche Knabe in Amerika. Der geplagte Ehemann. Der Grüne in Amerika. Der gute Kamerad. Der Handelsjude. Der Hirtenknabe. Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt. Der Rattenfänger von Hameln. Der Tyroler und sein Kind. Der Wald. Der Wirthin Töchterlein. Des Grünhorn's erster Brief. Die Augen. Die drei Käferknaben. Die Kapelle. Die Liebe kauft man nicht. Die Menge muß es bringen. Die Mutter will's nicht leiden. Die Räthsel von Wien. Die schönsten Augen. Die Thräne. Drei munt're Burschen saßen. Dutchman's Klage. Eine Seele, die mich liebt. Ein 45faches Lied. Eins muß noch aussa. Es blinken so lustig die Sterne. Es ist zwar kein Unglück, aber 's ärgert Ein'n doch. Es steht ein Wirthshaus an der Lahn. Fiducit. Freiheit, die ich meine. Hannes, der sterbende Bauer. Heymann Levi. Hineingefallen. Historie vom Kuß. Ich komme vom Gebirge her. Ich war Jüngling noch an Jahren. Im Januar da führen uns. Im kühlen Keller sitz' ich hier. In den Augen liegt das Herz. In der Heimath ist es schön. In Dir allein. In einem kühlen Grunde. Künstlerleben. Kutschke auf dem Vorposten. Ladies in Amerika. Liebeswerbung. Loreley. Louis und Eugenie. Luther's Wahrspruch. Macht man in's Leben kaum den ersten Schritt. Mein Mann ist gefahren in's Heu. Moderne Liebe. Morgenroth. Nach der Heimath möcht' ich wieder. Nur für Natur. O schau nur ein einzig's Mal. O Straßburg. Rezept zum Reichwerden. Rosenlied. Salomonisches Urtheil. Schier 30 Jahre bist du alt. Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen. Schneiderlied. Schweizer's Heimweh. Sich auf Englisch zu verständ'gen. Soldatenliebe. So wie du. Stop a Little. Trinkspruch. Warnung. Warum geschieht so was heutzutag' nicht? Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts zieh'n. Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'. Wer lieben will, muß leiden. Wilhelmshöhe. Wir geh'n nach Lindenau. Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen. Wohl viele Tausend Vögelein. Wo soll ich mich hinwenden? Z' Lauterbach hab' i mein'n Strumpf verlor'n.

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No. 2.

105 Lieder. Preis 10 Cents.

Die beste Sammlung von beliebten deutschen Liedern.

Inhalt: Adam und Eva. A Deanerl geht um Holz in Wald. Allgemeiner Toast. Als der liebe Gott die Welt erschaffen. Als die Preußen marschirten vor Prag. Als es mit Noah ging zu End'. Als ich an einem Sommertag. Als wir jüngst in Regensburg waren. An der Quelle saß der Knabe. Andreas Hofer. Berliner Biermamsell. Bertrand's Abschied. Blau' Aeuglein sind gefährlich. Brüder, lagert euch im Kreise. Bundeslied. Da streiten sich die Leut' herum. Das Herz, vom Kummer tief gebeugt. Das Land der Accidents. Das Schäfermädchen. Das theure Vaterhaus. Dein Wohl, mein Liebchen. Dem Herrn allein die Ehre. Den lieben langen Tag. Die deutsche Mutter. Die gute Mutter Mandelbaum. Die Wacht am Rhein. Die zwa ordentlichen Leut'. Der Kuß. Der Lindenbaum. Der Mucker. Der Mensch soll nicht stolz sein. Der Mai ist gekommen. Der rastlose Wanderer. Der Schneider in der Fremde. Der schlaue Hansel. Der Trompeter. Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja. Drei Wochen vor Ostern. Du bist mir nah und doch so fern. Du hast Diamanten und Perlen. Du liegst mir im Herzen. Einen Kuß, dann gute Nacht. Eine Perle nenn' ich mein. Einsam bin ich nicht alleine. Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben. Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben. Es waren 'mal drei Gesellen. Fahr' mich hinüber, schöner Schiffer. Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien. Freund, ich bin zufrieden. Fünfmal hunderttausend Teufel. Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus komm' ich heraus. Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind. Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen. Heil dir im Siegerkranz. Heinrich schlief bei seiner Neuvermählten. Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig? Hinaus in die Ferne. Historie von Noah. Hoch vom Dachstein. Ja, heirathen soll ich. Ich bin der Doktor Eisenbart. Ich bin der Fürst von Thoren. Ich bin dir gut. Ich bin ein Preuße. Ich hab' dir geschaut in die Augen. Ich wollt', ich wär' ein Vogel. Jeder Mensch hat sein Vergnügen. Immer fein—lustig sein. Im Wald und auf der Haide. In meinem Schlößchen ist's gar fein. Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher. Lauf', Müller, lauf'. Laurentia, liebe Laurentia mein. Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck. Meine erste und letzte Liebe. Mein' Schuhe sind zerrissen. Morgen muß ich fort von hier. Muß i denn, muß i denn zum Städtele 'naus. Noch ist Polen nicht verloren. O bleib' bei mir. O Tannenbaum. Rinaldini, lieber Räuber. Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein. Schleswig-Holstein. Schneiderlied. Schneidercourage. Sehnsucht nach Deutschland. So leb' denn wohl, du stilles Haus. So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen. Steyrer's Heimweh. Toast. Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit. Und die Würzburger Glöckli hab'n a schönes Geläut. Von der Alpe tönt das Horn. Was ich alles wissen möcht', Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? Wat will dei Kierl? Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar. Wenn der Frühling kommt. Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden. Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt. Wie's die Mäd' heut' treiben. Willkommen, o seliger Abend. Wohlauf, noch getrunken. Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz'.

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No. 3.

102 Lieder. Preis 10 Cents.

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Inhalt: Abschied nehmen, sagt er. Ach, ich fühl', es ist verschwunden. Ach, welche Lust, Soldat zu sein. Ach, wie dunkel sind die Mauern. Ade, du lieber Tannenwald, ade. Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden. Als ich noch Prinz war von Arkadien. An der Saale grünem Strande. An jedem Abend geb' ich aus. An Schlosser hat an G'sellen g'hobt. Auf Berges Höhen. Auf der Bierbank. Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet. Bald grab' ich am Neckar. Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher. Bemoofter Bursche zieh' ich aus, ade! Brüder sammelt euch im Kreise. Da droben auf jenem Berge. Das alte Jahr vergangen ist. Das bunte Kleid. Das Essen, nicht das Trinken. Das Jahr ist gut. Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll. Das waren mir selige Tage. Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust. Denkst du daran? Der Herr im Haus. Der Schusterjunge als Köchin. Der Steckbrief. Der vorsichtige Jude. Der Wanderer in der Sägemühle. Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten. Des Michel Vaterland. Des Waisenkindes Klage. Deutschland über Alles. Die blauen Augen. Die Bürgschaft. Die Frösch' und die Unken. Die letzte Rose. Druck nit so. Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma. Ein freies Leben führen wir. Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz. Ein Leben wie im Paradies. Ein Schifflein sah ich fahren. Erlkönig. Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath. Es ist ein Schuß gefallen. Es leben die Soldaten. Es war einmal ein König. Ewig will ich dir gehören. Ferdinand, wie schön bist du. Friedericus Rex. Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen. Fröhlich und wohlgemuth. Frühlingslied. Großmutter will tanzen. Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein. Herbei, herbei, du trauter Sängerkreis. Herr Bruder, nimm dein Gläschen. Herzig's Schatzerl, laß dich herzen. Heute scheid' ich. Holder Jüngling, mein Verlangen. Hör', lieber Wilhelm. Ich bat sie um die Rose. Ich bin ein freier Mann und singe. Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag. Ich komm' immer nicht dazu. Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein. Ich war Brandfuchs noch an Jahren. Ich war ein rechter Faselhans. Ich will mein Glück probiren, marschiren. Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut. Ihr Fürsten der Waldung, hervor. Im Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein. In der großen Seestadt Leipzig. In diesen heil'gen Hallen. I thät so gern heirath'n. Kein Feuer, keine Kohle. Kennt ihr das Land. Kommt a Vogerl geflogen. Kommt ein schlanker Bursch' gegangen. Komm, stiller Abend. Lebe wohl, du, die ich innig liebe. Mein Christian. Röslein auf der Haiden. Sagt er. Schlachtlied. Sie sollen ihn nicht haben. Sie stand auf hohem Berge. Toback. Ueberall bin ich zu Hause. Von allen Ländern dieser Welt. Wann man trinken muß. Was frag' ich viel nach Geld und Gut. Was klinget und singet die Straßen herauf? Wenn es keine Flaschen gäbe. Wenn ich einmal der Herrgott wär'. Wer will unter die Soldaten. Wir sind zwei tapf're Bayern. Wollt' Gott, sie wäre meine.

WEHMAN'S Deutsches Liederbuch

No. 4.

116 Lieder. Preis 10 Cents.

Die beste Sammlung von beliebten deutschen Liedern.

Inhalt: A Busserl is a schnuckrig Ding. Ach, ach, wie sind die Zeiten schwer. Ach, umsonst auf aller Länder Karten. Alles liebt und paart sich wieder. Alles, was wir lieben, lebe. Alle Vögel sind schon da. Als die Römer frech geworden. An Alexis send' ich dich. An eines Bächleins Rande. Arm und klein ist meine Hütte. Auf, ihr Brüder, singet Lieder. Auf'm Berglein bin ich g'sessen. Bei einem Wirthe wundermild. Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen. Bildung macht fein. Bin aus- und einganga im ganzen Tyrol. Bin i net an lust'ger Schweizerbu'. Bringt mir Blut der edlen Reben. Brüderlein fein. Crambambuli, das ist der Titel. Da droben auf jenem Berge. Das ist alles eins. Das kleine Fischermädchen. Das war ein niedlich Zeiselein. Der liebste Buhle, den ich han. Der Mädchen lieb' ich viele. Der Weihnachtsabend kam gegangen. Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz. Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht. Die alten Deutschen. Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft. Die Lieb', bei meiner Ehr'. Die Rosen blühen im Thale. Die Schusterzunft bleibt immer doch. Die Sonn' erwacht mit ihrer Pracht. Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille. Do henn se de Lehrele in's Exame geno'. Drauß' ist alles so prächtig. Drei wackre Burschen saßen, ja. Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott. Ein getreues Herz zu wissen. Ein Kaufmann, der sich Schultze nennt. Ein lust'ger Musikante marschirte einst am Nil. Ein Römer stand in finst'rer Nacht. Ein Schütz' bin ich in des Regenten Sold. Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten. Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand. Ein Wanderbursch' mit dem Stab in der Hand. Ei, was braucht man, um glücklich zu sein? Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald. Es thut's halt nimmermehr. Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein. Freut euch des Lebens. Frisch, ganze Kompagnie, mit lautem Sing und Sang. Früh Morgens wenn die Hähne kräh'n. Gesang verschönt das Leben. Gesundheit, Herr Nachbar, das Gläschen ist leer. Guanolied. Häring und Auster. Herzliebchen mein unter'm Rebendach. Ich hab' ein heißes, junges Blut. Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein. Ich möchte sie wohl sehen. Im Krug zum grünen Kranze. In einem Thale, friedlich stille. Jetzt gang i an's Brünnele, trink aber nit. Kegellied. Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir. Lähmt dir die schwerste aller Ketten. Lebe wohl, vergiß mein nicht. Ledig ist der schönste Stand. Leise, leise, fromme Weise. Lied an die Freude. Mama! Papa! ach, seh'n Sie doch. Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen. Mein Herz ist im Hochland. Mein herzliebstes Schatzerl, komm', reich' mir dei' Tatzerl. Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust. Mein Lieb ist eine Alpnerin. Mei' Schatz is a Reiter, a Reiter muß sein. Mir ist auf der Welt nichts lieber. Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit. Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse. Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne. O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin. O Wald, mit deinen duft'gen Zweigen. Rosenstock, Holderblüh'. Sankt Paulus war ein Medikus. Schau' ich die Vöglein an. Schenkt mir 'mal Bairisch ein. Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen? Setzt euch zu mir um's Faß herum. 'S Herz ist ein spassig's Ding. Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren. So is das End' der Welt. So Mancher möcht' ihr Blümchen sein. Sonst spielt' ich mit Zepter, mit Krone und Stern. Ständchensänger. Stechpartie-Lied. Studio auf einer Reis'. Ten Pins. Trinke, Liebchen, trinke schnell. Vergeßt die deutsche Sprache nicht. Verlassen bin i. Viel Essen macht viel breiter. Wann's Mailüfterl weht. Was hab' ich denn meinem Feinsliebchen gethan. Wasserfall. Weine, nicht, es ist vergebens. Wenn das atlantische Meer lauter Champagner wär'. Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz. Wo a klein's Hüttle steht. Wohin mit der Freud'? Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort. Z' Müllen an der Post. Zum Heirathen taugen die Männer nicht viel.

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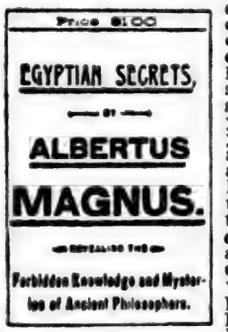
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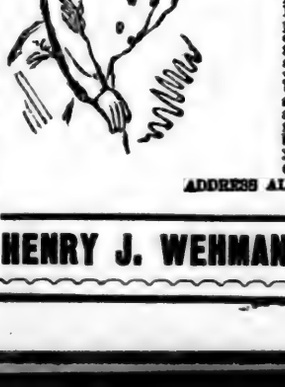
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Dieses Buch zeichnet sich vor allen ähnlichen durch Reichhaltigkeit, Zweckmäßigkeit, Gediegenheit und Billigkeit aus. Die meisten deutschen Kochbücher verfehlen theils durch ihre Einseitigkeit (indem in ihnen zu wenig Rücksicht auf die hiesigen Produkte und klimatischen Verhältnisse genommen ist), theils durch ihren weitschweifigen, auf die große, mit allen Hilfsmitteln ausgestattete Küche berechneten Inhalt mehr oder weniger ihren Zweck. Viele dieser Bücher werden in dem Glauben gekauft, ein treuer Rathgeber für die Hausfrau zu sein; nur zu bald aber muß sich letztere davon überzeugen, daß der Verfasser des Buches die Berechnung ohne die der bescheideneren Küche zu Gebote stehenden Mittel gemacht hat. Dabei wimmelt der Inhalt so von technischen Ausdrücken und fremden Namen, und ist so unklar gehalten, daß der weniger geschulten Hausfrau schon beim Lesen der Kopf summt. Auch ist der Preis dieser Bücher so hoch, daß die mit irdischen Gütern nicht gesegnete und von den Sorgen des Lebens stark in Mitleidenschaft gezogene Hausfrau sich die Anschaffung schon aus diesem Grunde versagen muß. Diesen und noch vielen andern Uebelständen, die alle aufzuzählen hier der Raum fehlt, will dieses Buch abhelfen und der sorg- und sparsamen Gattin des Arbeiters, Geschäftsmannes, Farmers u. s. w. den Weg zeigen, ein ihren Hilfsmitteln entsprechendes und dabei doch gutes und zuträgliches Mahl zu bereiten. Zu diesem Zweck ist mit großer Sorgfalt der einfache, gute deutsche Tisch mit dem Werthvollen, welches die amerikanische Küche bietet, unter dem Motto: **Gut und Billig** in diesem Buche vereinigt. Dazu ist es leicht faßlich geschrieben und alle darin enthaltenen Anweisungen sind leicht ausführbar, von besonderer Güte und nicht kostspielig. Ist es seines praktischen Inhaltes wegen geeignet, ein unentbehrliches Handbuch für **jede** Hausfrau zu bilden, so erlaubt der äußerst billige Preis es auch der unbemittelsten, sich in den Besitz desselben zu setzen und sich dadurch ein Werk von unberechenbarem Nutzen zu verschaffen. Aus dem reichhaltigen Inhalt seien nur folgende Kapitel genannt: Suppen, Gemüse, Fleischspeisen, Wildpret, Geflügel, Fische, Salate, Saucen, Compotes, Puddings, Aufläufe, Klöße, Pasteten und Teige, Eier-, Milch- und Mehlspeisen, Schmalzgebackenes, Brod und Kuchen, Eingemachtes, kalte und warme Getränke u. s. w., u. s. w. Ein beigefügter Küchenzettel erleichtert der Hausfrau die Lösung der wichtigen Frage: Was soll ich heute kochen? und erspart ihr manches Kopfzerbrechen. Durch Angabe auch der englischen Bezeichnungen für die in dem Buche enthaltenen Namen der Speisen ist auch der mit den deutschen Ausdrücken weniger vertrauten Hausfrau Gelegenheit gegeben, sich dasselbe zu Nutze zu machen. Maaße und Gewichte sind selbstverständlich in amerikanischer Berechnung angeführt. Das über 500 Anweisungen zur Bereitung aller Arten Speisen, Backwerke und Getränke nebst viele Illustrationen enthaltende vortreffliche Buch kostet nur **25 Cents** und ist gegen Einsendung dieses Betrages in Briefmarken durch den Herausgeber



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No. 61

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SWEET MAY BRADY.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Words by C. J. Mapp. Music by J. B. Cohen.

Of all the girls in all the world there's but one girl for me,
All call her sweet May Brady, for she's sweet as sweet can be,
Whene'er the lads they try to win my sweetheart from my side,
She smiles and gently tells them "nay," for she's my promised bride.

REFRAIN.

Sweet May Brady, my lady with heart so true,
Eyes, so dancing and glancing, of deepest blue,
Won't you name a day when we may marry, do!
And money, I'll burn it, as fast as I earn it, sweet May, for you!

Since from this precious little girl my happy fate I learned,
I've saved my dimes and nickels, too, nor even pennies spurned,
Until I now have quite enough to build a home for May,
And Sunday next, while in the park, she'll name our wedding day.—*Ref.*

BROKEN, THAT IS ALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

A little girl was playing with her dollie,
Its golden head she folded to her breast,
Some secret in its tiny ear was telling,
Before she laid it gently down to rest.
"Oh, mamma, dollie's dead," the child is calling,
"Her pretty eyes won't open when I call;"
The scalding tears are sadly, sadly falling,
The little toy is broken, that is all.

CHORUS.

Only a little tear-dimmed eye, only a sob, a childish cry;
'Twill be forgotten by and by, only a broken doll;
Mother will kiss the tears away, get her another doll some day,
Sadly the toy is laid away, broken, that is all.

It is, alas, the oft-repeated story,
A sister frail has fallen by the way,
And not a hand in pity stretched to save her,
No mother now to kiss the tears away.
But still her thoughts to childhood ever turning,
She's thinking of the days beyond recall,
The poor, sad heart for one kind word is yearning,
A woman's heart is broken, that is all.

CHORUS.

Only a mem'ry of the past, only a joy too sweet to last,
Weeping is vain, the die is cast, only a woman's fall;
Mother's kind voice no more she hears, whispering love to childish ears,
Only a heart too full for tears—broken, that is all.

When that Funny Little Look Comes in Their Eye.

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Words and Music by Maud Evelyn Moulton.

There is a little girl I know with curly, golden hair,
And rosy cheeks and pretty dimples, too,
She looks just like an angel, but I'd have the boys beware,
For lots of fun is in her eyes so blue.
She'll make you think she loves you, she'll promise to be true,
And so she will until the cash is gone.
Then you'll meet her with another man, an O, 'twill make you sigh,
As you take your last best suit away to pawn.

CHORUS.

O the girls are very, very cute,
To get the best of us you bet they try;
Now they can't fool me, I know what they're about,
When that funny little look comes in their eye.

The first time that I met her she was standing at the gate
Of a little cottage house, as I passed by
I looked at her, she looked at me, she never even smiled,
But a funny little look came in her eye.
We went to walk that very night, and O, but she was nice,
So was the pin I wore, stuck in my tie.
I found it gone when she went home, I've never seen it since,
We shall meet in the sweet by and by.—*Chorus.*

Now, why is it when a man has got a loving little wife
That away from her dear side sometimes he'll roam,
And stay out late and have a time in comp'ny with some girl
Who's not as pretty as the wife at home,
Why does he spend his money on the girl and go home "broke,"
And listen to his fond wife sob and sigh?
It's because the poor man can't resist the look I know so well,
That funny little look in that girl's eye.—*Chorus.*

Just as long as there are pretty girls that act upon the stage,
(*Spoken.*) [No, they're not obliged to act, they can just pose.]
There'll be bald heads in the front row, who, I blush to tell, will look
At the girls in tights. Now why do you suppose?
And if they hear a naughty song sung by a pretty girl,
Why is it they encore her so, O why?
I can tell you, while she's singing, she just gives them that queer look,
That funny little look that's in her eye.—*Chorus.*

SAINT AND SINNERS.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Fred Britton. Music by Albert M. Mansfield.

To a grand and stately church I sauntered Sunday morn at ten,
While the bells above were chiming out their welcome to all men,
When a poor, degraded, wretched-looking man, quite ill and worn,
Knelt beside me in that scene of luxury.
Down the aisle came straight an usher, pompous, dignified and stern,
To that poor old man whose head was bowed in prayer,
And he whispered harshly, "Go! this church is not for such as you,"
And this thought came to me as I lingered there:

CHORUS.

Which was the sinner, and which was the saint?
What would your answer be?
The picture is one no beginner can paint,
But an artist with fancy free.
Is dame fortune whose smile places velvet on one,
Whose frown turns the other to tears,
Makes a saint of the sinner in splendor arrayed,
But the other's sad tale seldom hears.

Just outside the church I met the old man standing quite alone,
And I spoke a word of friendly cheer in sympathetic tone,
Then the story that he told now makes my indignation burn,
'Twas the old one of a friend's duplicity.
For in years gone by in business he'd been known successfully,
But a scheming partner won his wealth away.
Though he's under fortune's ban, his old partner was that man,
Who from church that morning ordered him away.—*Chorus.*

BYE, BYE, MISTAH JACKSON.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Ed. Gardenier. Music by Chas. Kohlman.

I called at ma baby's house, 'twas on a Sunday night.
When I peeked frew de windah pane, why I got an awful fright.
I seen de wench what promised fo' ter marry me in June,
She wuz spoonin' in de parlah wid a lemon-cullud coon.
Den I got 'zasperated an' yanked de bell so hard
Dat out come ma lady lub an' handed me a card.
She slammed de doah right in ma face, it nearly knocked me dead;
I read de writin' on de card, an' dis is what it said:

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, Mistah Jackson, I'se got annudder coon
Dat matches ma complexshun, I'se a high-class octoroon.
Ob course it wouldn't matter if you'd been a mullatter, but as it is you see.
It's no use, cut loose! you're too black for me.

'Twas mighty tantalizin' ter tink dat Hannah Brown
She objected to ma cullah, and delib'rate frew me down.
Ma dandruff kep' a-risin', I wuz thirstin' fur de gore
Ob dat low-down yaller nigger, so I busted in de doah.
I wanted heaps of troubbel, was itchin' fur a fight,
I got it in a minute an' soon I wuz a sight;
I landed in de guttah, as dey carted me away,
De last ting I remembah wuz I heard Miss Hannah say:—*Chorus.*

DON'T WORRY, DAD, FOR I AM COMING HOME.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By Wm. S. Estren.

In a crowded city street there stood an old gray-headed man,
Confusion on his face was plainly seen,
When starting off a few short steps he stops and looks around,
As in his eyes the tears began to gleam;
If I could only find her, in feeble voice he said,
When 'round him then there stops the passers by.
A girlish form push'd thro' the crowd, stepped to the old man's side,
With arms around his neck, began to cry:

CHORUS.

Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home,
Your sad face tells me you have been alone,
You've missed your darling Kate, I'll go back ere 'tis too late,
Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home.

In a pretty country home strayed, free from guilt or guileful ways,
Where naught but love across her young life fell,
'Till budding into womanhood the evil tempter came,
She loved him not too wisely but too well;
One early morn she left them, it broke her mother's heart,
Her father sought to find her in despair;
When broken down from feebleness, the last hope nigh had flown,
He heard his daughter's voice cry in his ear:—*Chorus.*



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Every Day Will Be Sunday By and By.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Arthur J. West and Chas. Kohlman.

Last Sunday night with my sweetheart to a picnic I did go,
All the boys from the neighborhood were also there you know,
When the picnic was over, coming home all the boys did sing,
To their sweethearts beside them this song in their ears would ring:

CHORUS.

Ev'ry day will be Sunday by and by,
We will both be happy, love, you and I,
No one else will come between for your love to try,
Ev'ry day will be Sunday by and by.

'Most every boy has a sweetheart whom he dearly loves so well,
Who takes her out ev'ry Sunday, and who always looks so swell,
Then he asks her to marry, and gives her the engagement ring,
When she speaks of the happy day, to her this song he will sing:—*Cho.*

MY LITTLE PICKANINNY.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Will H. Kerr.

You'll hear de white folks tell about dere baby boy,
Each say dere's is de finest in de land,
But I'se a boy dat's jus' as nice, he's my one joy,
He's black, but all de same he's just as grand.
Each evening when my work is done I takes him on my knee,
And sing for him a sweet rock-a-by.
If that don't soothe him then I hugs him close to me,
And sing for him dis little lullaby:

CHORUS.

Loo, la Loo, my baby boy, now close yo' little eyes and go to sleep;
Daddy'l bring you some new toy, my little pickaninny sleep.

A cute and cunnin' little lad's dis boy of mine,
His lips am sweet as honey on de comb,
His eyes am brighter than de stars do ever shine,
And he's a ray of sunshine in our home.
His daddy works de whole day long, then home does quickly come,
To roll him 'roun' de floor in childish glee,
And when he's tired out I takes him up and hum
Dis lullaby, he nestles close to me.—*Chorus.*

I'M LOOKING FOR A LOST ONE.

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Words and Music by W. S. Estren.

To the prison gate there came one day an old gray-headed man,
And asked permission that he might look o'er the prison clan,
The warden kindly asked him what his mission there might be,
Was he looking for a lost one, or just the sights to see?
"My quest is for a woman I've not seen for many years,
I've looked the wide world over," then his eyes filled up with tears,
The kindly warden's heart was touched "in me will you confide?
I'd like to hear your story," and the old man then replied:

CHORUS.

"I'm looking for a lost one, whom I loved when but a boy,
And just to see her face again would fill my heart with joy,
'Tis many years since we have met, tho' time and place be strange,
I'd know her if I met her, yes! I'd know her tho' she's changed."

The old man then proceeded with his story, sadly told,
For love of her in early youth he'd hoarded up his gold,
To wed her in the village church had been his dream thro' life,
And happy days he pictured when she became his wife,
But his hopes were rudely broken by a note which simply read,
"Good-bye, dear ones, don't grieve for me," and this is all it said:
For another she had left us, and sorrow proved her fate,
And then the old man rose and said while passing out the gate:—*Cho.*

THE FIRST TO CAST A STONE.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Charles Graham.

A story from the Bible came to mind the other day,
When I saw a crowd of people, as I homeward took my way.
They gathered 'round a woman who was handsome, young and fair;
I heard a man insult her, but she did not seem to care.
They say she was his sweetheart, in the golden long ago,
But in after years he'd parted from the girl who loved him so,
Tho' he promised once to wed her, all his love to hate had grown,
And I thought about the story of the first to cast a stone.

CHORUS.

Trusting in his word, believing he was true,
She became his sweetheart, tho' no one ever knew.
Old friends pass her by, sorrow she has known,
And he who should defend her, was the first to cast a stone.

She stood within a doorway, and the scene I'll ne'er forget,
In her eyes I saw forgiveness, you could see she loved him yet.
She may have been a Magdalene, as I heard some one say,
But some one has to answer for her on the judgment day,
And when the mighty roll-call's over, when life's span is past,
He will find a retribution, for she loved him to the last.
In the early years he wooed her, but she soon was left alone,
And tho' helpless on the street, he was the first to cast a stone.—*Cho.*

HURRAH! FOR THE INVASION.

Copyright, 1898, by Alice Davis Thornton. By Alice Davis Thornton.

There floats a cry from Cuba, across o'er Tampa's bay,
Come over, brother soldiers, and help us in the fray;
Back over Tampa's waters we shout the megaphone:
We're coming, strongly coming, with valor, grit and gun.

CHORUS.

Await the great invasion, coming mighty strong,
Await the great invasion, for it comes to right the wrong.
Hurrah! for our soldier boys, they go to win the day,
And show them that to tackle Uncle Sam don't pay.

The soil that once was harrowed with Maceo's lifeless form,
Shall wave its "Cuba Libre," unfurled by tyrants wrong.
We'll rout the vile assassins who sank our ship, the "Maine,"
For from Havana's harbor cry out the dread refrain:—*Chorus.*

Shoot on, ye Morro Castles, undauntedly we stand,
Nor shrink the whizzing missile turned loose by clumsy hands.
Like Dewey, we defy their aim and sink the hostile foe,
And Blanco and Cervera we'll "do" forevermore.—*Chorus.*

Then float flag of liberty o'er Cuba's tropic soil,
Your Uncle Sam looks proudly on the boasted, vaunted spoil.
He has practiced what he preached, and won in freedom's name,
And the Phœnix hallelujahs forever will proclaim:—*Chorus.*

THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Copyright, 1898, by Frank Harding. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

Fifty years ago last Friday, on a wild and stormy day,
I was fighting for our colors, many thousand miles away;
Tho' we were but one to twenty, still we beat them—yes, they lost!
We were victors, heroes all; but what a price that vict'ry cost!

CHORUS.

Side by side, like a crimson tide, in the days of long ago,
On we dash'd, and our sabres crash'd, till we conquered ev'ry foe;
But one by one, ere the fight was done, I saw my comrades fall,
And I was the only one left to answer the Last Roll Call!

Fifty brave and stalwart soldiers thrashed a host of deadly foes,
Fifty sabres flashed like lightning ere the shout of vict'ry rose;
Like an avalanche of thunder on we swept—Hurrah! they run!
Then I rode back home in silence, all had fallen there but one.—*Chorus.*

By the dim and ghostly torchlight, there we sought them where they fell,
They who'd saved their country's honor, they who'd fought & died so well;
Who is this, beneath those shadows? Halt! lads, gently raise his head;
Turn the light this way, men—silence, Jack, my own twin brother, dead.
—*Chorus.*

Who's Got Ma Money in Dis Gang?

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. Willig & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Fred Douglas.

'Way down in Alabama once a coon salvation army
Was a-trying for to save some culud's soul;
They assembled by a big saloon, where sinners was the thickest,
'Twas enough to make a person's blood run cold.
When the aged parson looked around to view his congregation,
A book in hand, this text which he had read;
When he was done he passed his hat to beg the crowd for money,
When a hungry-looking tramp aroused and said:

Who's got some money in this gang,
Buy a drink so I can have a dram;
Say the word, for he feels frisky,
All he wants is gin or whiskey,
Who's got some money in this gang?
Who's got some money in this gang,
Buy a drink so I can have a dram;
Say the word, for he feels frisky,
All he wants is gin or whiskey,
Who's got some money in this gang?

A gang of burly darkies had a crap game on the quiet
In an alley, which they thought was out of sight;
One darky lost 'most all he had, was trying to get even,
When some darky make a snatch with all his might.
Then they started in to fighting till the cops had them surrounded,
Then the coon that lost his money wasn't scared,
Then Slew-foot Johnnie Frazor, got so mad he pull'd his razor,
And slashed it in the air and loudly said:

Who's got ma money in this gang,
Tell the truth and speak out like a man;
Fears no cops, I'm in a pickle,
All I wants is ma three nickles,
Who's got ma money in this gang?
Who's got ma money in this gang,
Tell the truth and speak out like a man;
Fears no cops, I'm in a pickle,
All I wants is my three nickles,
Who's got ma money in this gang?

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SWEET MAY BRADY.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Words by C. J. Mapp. Music by J. B. Cohen.

Of all the girls in all the world there's but one girl for me,
All call her sweet May Brady, for she's sweet as sweet can be,
Whene'er the lads they try to win my sweetheart from my side,
She smiles and gently tells them "nay," for she's my promised bride.

REFRAIN.

Sweet May Brady, my lady with heart so true,
Eyes, so dancing and glancing, of deepest blue,
Won't you name a day when we may marry, do!
And money, I'll burn it, as fast as I earn it, sweet May, for you!

Since from this precious little girl my happy fate I learned,
I've saved my dimes and nickels, too, nor even pennies spurned,
Until I now have quite enough to build a home for May,
And Sunday next, while in the park, she'll name our wedding day.—*Ref.*

BROKEN, THAT IS ALL.

Copyright, 1897, by Chas. E. Baer. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

A little girl was playing with her dollie,
Its golden head she folded to her breast,
Some secret in its tiny ear was telling,
Before she laid it gently down to rest.
"Oh, mamma, dollie's dead," the child is calling,
"Her pretty eyes won't open when I call;"
The scalding tears are sadly, sadly falling,
The little toy is broken, that is all.

CHORUS.

Only a little tear-dimmed eye, only a sob, a childish cry;
'Twill be forgotten by and by, only a broken doll;
Mother will kiss the tears away, get her another doll some day,
Sadly the toy is laid away, broken, that is all.

It is, alas, the oft-repeated story,
A sister frail has fallen by the way,
And not a hand in pity stretched to save her,
No mother now to kiss the tears away.
But still her thoughts to childhood ever turning,
She's thinking of the days beyond recall,
The poor, sad heart for one kind word is yearning,
A woman's heart is broken, that is all.

CHORUS.

Only a mem'ry of the past, only a joy too sweet to last,
Weeping is vain, the die is cast, only a woman's fall;
Mother's kind voice no more she hears, whispering love to childish ears,
Only a heart too full for tears—broken, that is all.

When that Funny Little Look Comes in Their Eye.

Copyright, 1898, by Hamilton S. Gordon. English copyright secured.

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Words and Music by Maud Evelyn Moulton.

There is a little girl I know with curly, golden hair,
And rosy cheeks and pretty dimples, too.
She looks just like an angel, but I'd have the boys beware,
For lots of fun is in her eyes so blue.
She'll make you think she loves you, she'll promise to be true,
And so she will until the cash is gone.
Then you'll meet her with another man, an O, 'twill make you sigh,
As you take your last best suit away to pawn.

CHORUS.

O the girls are very, very cute,
To get the best of us you bet they try;
Now they can't fool me, I know what they're about,
When that funny little look comes in their eye.

The first time that I met her she was standing at the gate
Of a little cottage house, as I passed by
I looked at her, she looked at me, she never even smiled,
But a funny little look came in her eye.
We went to walk that very night, and O, but she was nice,
So was the pin I wore, stuck in my tie.
I found it gone when she went home, I've never seen it since,
We shall meet in the sweet by and by.—*Chorus.*

Now, why is it when a man has got a loving little wife
That away from her dear side sometimes he'll roam,
And stay out late and have a time in comp'ny with some girl
Who's not as pretty as the wife at home,
Why does he spend his money on the girl and go home "broke,"
And listen to his fond wife sob and sigh?
It's because the poor man can't resist the look I know so well,
That funny little look in that girl's eye.—*Chorus.*

Just as long as there are pretty girls that act upon the stage,
(*Spoken.*) [No, they're not obliged to act, they can just pose.]
There'll be bald heads in the front row, who, I blush to tell, will look
At the girls in tights. Now why do you suppose?
And if they hear a naughty song sung by a pretty girl,
Why is it they encore her so, O why?
I can tell you, while she's singing, she just gives them that queer look,
That funny little look that's in her eye.—*Chorus.*

SAINT AND SINNERS.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Fred Britton. Music by Albert M. Mansfield.

To a grand and stately church I sauntered Sunday morn at ten,
While the bells above were chiming out their welcome to all men,
When a poor, degraded, wretched-looking man, quite ill and worn,
Knelt beside me in that scene of luxury.
Down the aisle came straight an usher, pompous, dignified and stern,
To that poor old man whose head was bowed in prayer,
And he whispered harshly, "Go! this church is not for such as you,"
And this thought came to me as I lingered there:

CHORUS.

Which was the sinner, and which was the saint?
What would your answer be?
The picture is one no beginner can paint,
But an artist with fancy free.
Is dame fortune whose smile places velvet on one,
Whose frown turns the other to tears,
Makes a saint of the sinner in splendor arrayed,
But the other's sad tale seldom hears.

Just outside the church I met the old man standing quite alone,
And I spoke a word of friendly cheer in sympathetic tone,
Then the story that he told now makes my indignation burn,
'Twas the old one of a friend's duplicity.
For in years gone by in business he'd been known successfully,
But a scheming partner won his wealth away.
Though he's under fortune's ban, his old partner was that man,
Who from church that morning ordered him away.—*Chorus.*

BYE, BYE, MISTAH JACKSON.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Ed. Gardenier. Music by Chas. Kohlman.

I called at ma baby's house, 'twas on a Sunday night.
When I peeked frew de windah pane, why I got an awful fright.
I seen de wench what promised fo' ter marry me in June,
She wuz spoonin' in de parlah wid a lemon-cullud coon.
Den I got 'zasperated an' yanked de bell so hard
Dat out come ma lady lub an' handed me a card.
She slammed de doah right in ma face, it nearly knocked me dead;
I read de writin' on de card, an' dis is what it said:

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, Mistah Jackson, I'se got annudder coon
Dat matches ma complexshun, I'se a high-class octoroon.
Ob course it wouldn't matter if you'd been a mullatter, but as it is you see.
It's no use, cut loose! you're too black for me.

'Twas mighty tantalizin' ter tink dat Hannah Brown
She objected to ma cullah, and delib'rate frew me down.
Ma dandruff kep' a-risin', I wuz thirstin' fur de gore
Ob dat low-down yaller nigger, so I busted in de doah.
I wanted heaps of troubbel, was itchin' fur a fight,
I got it in a minute an' soon I wuz a sight;
I landed in de guttah, as dey carted me away,
De last ting I remembah wuz I heard Miss Hannah say:—*Chorus.*

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By Wm. S. Estren.

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As in his eyes the tears began to gleam;
If I could only find her, in feeble voice he said,
When 'round him then there stops the passers by,
A girlish form push'd thro' the crowd, stepped to the old man's side,
With arms around his neck, began to cry:

CHORUS.

Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home,
Your sad face tells me you have been alone,
You've missed your darling Kate, I'll go back ere 'tis too late,
Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home.

In a pretty country home strayed, free from guilt or guileful ways,
Where naught but love across her young life fell,
'Till budding into womanhood the evil tempter came,
She loved him not too wisely but too well;
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Ev'ry day will be Sunday by and by,
We will both be happy, love, you and I,
No one else will come between for your love to try,
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'Most every boy has a sweetheart whom he dearly loves so well,
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He's black, but all de same he's just as grand.
Each evening when my work is done I takes him on my knee,
And sing for him a sweet rock-a-by.
If that don't soothe him then I hugs him close to me,
And sing for him dis little lullaby:

CHORUS.

Loo, la Loo, my baby boy, now close yo' little eyes and go to sleep;
Daddy'l bring you some new toy, my little pickaninny sleep.

A cute and cunnin' little lad's dis boy of mine,
His lips am sweet as honey on de comb,
His eyes am brighter than de stars do ever shine,
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"My quest is for a woman I've not seen for many years,
I've looked the wide world over," then his eyes filled up with tears,
The kindly warden's heart was touched "in me will you confide?
I'd like to hear your story," and the old man then replied:

CHORUS.

"I'm looking for a lost one, whom I loved when but a boy,
And just to see her face again would fill my heart with joy,
'Tis many years since we have met, tho' time and place be strange,
I'd know her if I met her, yes! I'd know her tho' she's changed."

The old man then proceeded with his story, sadly told,
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Say the word, for he feels frisky,
All he wants is gin or whiskey,
Who's got some money in this gang?

A gang of burly darkies had a crap game on the quiet
In an alley, which they thought was out of sight;
One darky lost 'most all he had, was trying to get even,
When some darky make a snatch with all his might.
Then they started in to fighting till the cops had them surrounded,
Then the coon that lost his money wasn't scared,
Then Slew-foot Johnnie Frazor, got so mad he pull'd his razor,
And slashed it in the air and loudly said:

Who's got ma money in this gang,
Tell the truth and speak out like a man;
Fears no cops, I'm in a pickle,
All I wants is ma three nickles,
Who's got ma money in this gang?
Who's got ma money in this gang,
Tell the truth and speak out like a man;
Fears no cops, I'm in a pickle,
All I wants is my three nickles,
Who's got ma money in this gang?

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Have Pity, Judge, She's My Mother.

Copyright, 1896, by Hamilton S. Gordon. English copyright secured.

Used by permission of Hamilton S. Gordon, 139 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., price 50 cents.

Written and composed by Gussie L. Davis.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A woman with snow-white hair,
Beside her there stood her daughter,
A maiden both young and fair;
For some crime the mother was guilty;
But no lawyer was there to explain.
Her daughter then tried to defend her,
And said, while her heart ached with pain:

CHORUS.

Have pity, Judge, she's my mother; please let her go home with me,
And if some one must go to prison, I'll take her place if you'll agree.
Mother is so old and feeble, she never could stand the strain,
Have pity, Judge, she's my mother, don't let me plead in vain.

The daughter went home in sorrow,
The mother led to a cell,
While she sat and thought of freedom,
The child who her griefs to tell.
A bright thought then came to her daughter,
To the Judge's wife that night she fled;
The good woman said, "I'll plead for you."
The Judge kissed the child while she said:—*Chorus.*

HUSH-A-BYE, CLOSE YOU' EYE.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Lefavour. By Joseph Dignam.

Mammy's cullud baby sweet, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!
Kiss you' hands an' kiss you' feet, hush-a-bye, close you' eye;
Niggah's fat an' white folks skinny, angels roun' in old Virginny,
Watching mammy's pickaninny, hush-a-bye, close you' eye.

REFRAIN.

Up an' down on mammy's knee, you teetah,
A-cooing in you' precious baby way,
You' mammy's keepin' time un to de meetah,
While troo' de doo' she heah de banjo play;
You needn't mind dat nasty buzzin' 'skeetah,
You' mammy's gwine ter brush away dat fly,
Dey bites de baby 'kase dey know he sweetah,
Hush-a-bye, close you' eye.

Kinky hair and shiny face, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!
No white baby takes yo' place, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!
Mammy's glad you is a nigger, wouldn't change you' blessed figgah,
'Cept to have yo' grow up bigger, hush-a-bye, close you' eye.—*Ref.*

You was bawn down in de South, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!
Wid dat watermillion mouth, hush-a-bye, close you' eye.
'Possum t'ink it dreffful funny, you can't eat him, byme, my sunny;
Git you 'possom teef, my honey, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!—*Ref.*

You done keep you black eye shet, hush-a-bye close you' eye!
Els' you find out what you get, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!
What you want, you blessed sinner, had you bre'fast, suppah, dinnah;
Want too much fo' young beginnah, hush-a-bye, close you' eye!—*Ref.*

We Never Meet, 'Tis Better So.

Copyright, 1897, by W. J. Lefavour. By Joseph Dignam.

We never meet, 'tis better so,
Thy pictured face I still retain;
If thou art changed I will not know,
Forever fair thou shalt remain.
Why to some summer scenes return
When winter wraps the vale in snow,
And over frosted blossoms yearn?
We never meet, 'tis better so,
We never meet, 'tis better so.
Thy pictured face I still retain;
If thou art changed I will not know,
Forever fair thou shalt remain.

We never meet, 'tis better so,
Then thou wilt mark no change in me;
If youthful pulses beat more slow,
The paling cheek thou wilt not see.
If ever in our blissful past
Arose a dream of golden glow,
On mem'ry stamp its colors fast.
We never meet, 'tis better so,
We never meet, 'tis better so.
Then thou wilt mark no change in me
If youthful pulses beat more slow,
The paling cheek thou wilt not see.

We never meet, 'tis better so,
I hold more dear thy pictured face;
Some time, some time, perchance, to know
Thy truest self shone in each grace.
A drop of dew reflects a star
As truly as a sea we know;
I dream and love thee from afar,
We never meet, 'tis better so,
We never meet, 'tis better so,
I hold more dear thy pictured face,
Some time, some time, perchance to know
Thy truest self shone in each grace.

DIXIE LU.

Copyright, 1896, by Hamilton S. Gordon. English copyright secured.

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Words by Roger Sherman. Music by Geo. T. Goldthwaite.

In the happy land of Dixie, 'neath the sunny Southern skies,
Where the sweet camelia's fragrance fills the air,
Lives a soul bewitching maiden with her soft and dreamy eyes,
And cheeks so like the roses bright and fair.
I dared to dream that some day to my bosom I would fold
Her little form with loving heart so true;
But she met one day another whom she knew in days of old,
And then I lost my little Dixie Lu.

REFRAIN.

Lu, Lu, my sweet Dixie Lu,
I'm sad since she left me, but what can I do?
Lu, Lu, to her I'll be true,
Forever and always she's my Dixie Lu.

I trust that she'll be happy in her cosy little nest,
For smiles like hers would change night into day.
To fill her home with sunshine she must try to do her best,
Then happiness will surely come her way;
My memory still lingers o'er the good old by-gone days,
The many happy hours that I knew;
And of how my little charmer was so sweet to me always,
And how I loved my little Dixie Lu.—*Chorus.*

OH, ME! OH, MY!

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Words and Music by Maud Evelyn Moulton.

Once there was a modest little girl,
Who was very much afraid
When a child, of naughty boys who made such a horrid noise;
She was such a timid maid.
She grew up into a pretty Miss,
Once a young man begged her for a kiss,
He held her so she couldn't get away,
So all this little Miss could do but say:

CHORUS.

Oh, me! oh, my! oh, let me go, oh, my!
I never have been kissed before.
Oh, me! oh, my! you make me blush, oh, my!
Oh, please don't hug me any more.
Oh, what would Pa and what would mamma say
If they saw you hugging me this way?
Oh, me! oh, my! oh, me!
Oh, me! oh, my! oh, me! oh, my!

After she had tasted her first kiss,
It was very nice, you know;
Though she didn't dare to tell, she just thought she might as well
Try it once again, and so
With this same young man she went to ride,
Lovingly she snuggled to his side,
And on a quiet road she had her way,
If you'd been there you'd heard this maiden say:

CHORUS.

Oh, me! oh, my! the moon can see, oh, my!
Why! this is better than before.
Oh, me! oh, my! I feel so cold, oh, my!
Oh, please! oh, please hug me some more.
Oh, what would Pa and what would mamma say
If they saw me in your arms this way?
Oh, me! oh, my! oh, me!
Oh, me! oh, my! oh, me! oh, my!

When he came to call on her one night,
To the parlor they did go.
Said Papa, "It's a match." Said mamma, "'tis a catch,"
They thought he would wed, you know;
To themselves they let the young folks be,
They weren't going to spoil her chance, you see;
The door was shut, the light was out, oh, my!
They wondered if they'd heard her cry, oh, my!

CHORUS.

Oh, me! oh, my! it's awful dark, oh, my!
And then she nestled up close by.
Oh, me! oh, my! how very nice, oh, my!
The old folks list'ning at the door,
Just once they thought they heard their daughter sigh,
And the sound of kissing, and oh, my!
Oh, me! oh, my! oh, me!
Oh, me! oh, my! oh, me! oh, my!



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JIM RYAN'S BALL.

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Words and Music by Maud Evelyn Moulton.

Jim Ryan thought he'd give a ball and he'd invite folks one and all,
The fat, the lean, the short, the tall, and have a jolly time;
He sent out invitations and Brady's Band he hired;
He ordered up the best of food, you bet it was admired;
And when the band began to play the music was entrancin',
The fellows got their partners fair an' 'round the room went dancin'.

CHORUS.

O the sportin', O the courtin',
O the merry dancin' in the hall.
Shure never a fight they had, an' ev'ry one was glad,
They never will forget Jim Ryan's ball.

The ladies were in great demand, Tom Casey kissed Miss Biddy's hand,
He called her fairest in the land; Miss Biddy's hair was red;
They gave an entertainment, Kate Larry sang a song.
Joe Murphy danced a break-down, then Lizzie White came 'long.
She gave a recitation about dear old Erin's shore,
Such clappin' hands an' cheerin' shure ye never heard before.—*Chorus.*

My Dear Little Irish Colleen.

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Words by Edward O'Donnell. Music by Geo. T. Goldthwaite.

When wild flowers 'wake from their slumbers,
And shake the bright dew from each breast,
And robin pours forth his sweet numbers,
To mate tucked away in her nest:
What form noiseless trips o'er the clover,
With step and with grace of a queen,
The neighbors all know her and love her,
My dear little Irish colleen.

REFRAIN.

My dear Irish colleen, she's my life and my queen;
As she steps o'er the green she enriches its sheen,
Her voice is as sweet as a thrush's,
And innocence peeps thro' her blushes,
As homeward she sweeps o'er the rushes,
My dear little Irish colleen.

She hums an old song in her hurry,
A linnet takes up the refrain;
The whole feathered tribe in a flurry,
Bid welcome again and again;
With cheeks like the morning as rosy,
And dimples and laughter between,
And lips that might anger a posy,
Responds the dear Irish colleen.—*Refrain.*

Each land in its maidens takes pleasure,
And each deems its own most supreme;
But oh, how the Celt's heart doth treasure
His darling of youth's virgin dream;
Again when night flees 'fore the morrow,
She trips lightly down the boreen,
And blackbird and thrush music borrow
Once more from an Irish colleen.—*Refrain.*

That Sweet Face at the Door.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Lefavour. Copyright for all countries.

Words and Music by Ned Cole.

One night as I sat in the twilight dim,
And evening shadows fell,
Far, far away from my native land,
Old scenes I remembered well,
Came back to me there as I dreamed alone
Of a face I can ne'er forget,
A face that look'd out from a farm-house door,
And whose cheeks with tears were wet;
I vow'd I'd go back to that home once more,
The home I'd not seen for years,
And as I drew near to those old haunts I dreamed
I saw thro' the mist of my tears:

CHORUS.

That same sweet face was still at the door,
That same sweet smile, the same as of yore,
Thro' trouble and thro' care
That same sweet face was there,
To welcome me home once more.

I strolled thro' the village, there was no change,
The same dear sleepy lane,
That led to my old home, in mem'ry I
Was just a boy again.
Along past the old smith's shop I stroll'd,
By the store and the church-yard old,
And there stood my mother with welcome smile,
How I long'd to my heart to fold.
And close by her side stood my sweetheart Nell,
She had been true thro' long years,
The sweetest picture I ever saw,
Those two smiling out thro' their tears.—*Chorus.*

HER SWEETHEART FELL IN THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

Copyright, 1898, by Harvey Herman. Words and Music by Harvey Herman.

A maiden's heart is broken, she is in misfortune's grasp,
Her last hope is now gone, her happiness is past;
Her sweetheart fell in the battle of Santiago;
She had hoped fate would spare her sweetheart, but no, no, no.

CHORUS.

He is now riding in a glorious chariot above,
Not drawn by steeds of war, but by mystery of peace and love;
His deeds are shining in the history of life
With a brilliancy that can only be won in battle strife.

She implored him not to respond to the President's call,
That by accident, illness, or in battle he surely would fall;
He pressed her to his noble heart and whispered, It is quite true,
But duty calls me for my country, humanity, and for you.—*Chorus.*

His poor, aged mother has died of a broken heart;
Her prayers were that from her home he would not depart;
He was the only support she had had for many a year;
He gave up all this world holds dear, all this world holds dear.—*Cho.*

ONLY A FADED ROSE.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by E. P. Favor.

An old man by the kitchen door sat reading one summer's day,
While by his side, upon the floor, his nephew was at play,
And as he slowly turned a page he heard a heavy sigh,
For, from the book, he quickly took a rose, all withered and dry.
"What is the matter, uncle dear? what makes you look so sad?
Have I done any wrong while here, please tell me if I have?"
No, no, my child, it is not you that makes me shed a tear,
It is this rose, the thoughts of past, come, listen, the story hear:

REFRAIN.

'Tis only a faded rose, I know, to me, 'tis a precious gem,
It takes me back to long ago, to younger days again;
I sought to win the hand of one, one I loved better than gold,
But she was false, and all I have, is just this faded rose.

It was the time when war broke out, said the old man to the lad,
I to the front went, with a shout, the parting, too, was sad;
She gave me this rose, once so fair, and with a look of pain,
Said, take it, Ned, and we'll be wed, when you return again.
The war was ended soon, my child, I came back crowned with fame;
My heart was broken, I was wild, another her had claimed,
That's why I'm single, live alone, no children at my knee,
And just this rose is all I have, I hope she thinks of me.—*Refrain.*

A-BLOWIN' DOWN DE LINE.

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Written by Karl Kennett. Music by Lyn Udall.

Yas, dat's what I said, heap o' trouble ahead
Fo' de niggah wid de crap-game face;
Ah'se out fo' de goah, an' ah'll tackle him sho'ah
Ef ah catch him any place.
Ah'll mangle his mug ef ah go to de jug,
An' ah'se ready to pay ma fine;
Fo' he stole ma money an' he took ma honey
A-blowin' down de line.

CHORUS.

Dat's no way to treat me, promise to meet me,
Tell me to come at nine;
Den gi' me de shake, fo' a policy fake,
Wid an' uglier mug dan mine.
Ah'se makin' a sneak on de rubbah-neck freak,
An' ah'll fix dat niggah fine,
Fo' he stole ma money an' he took ma honey
A-blowin' down de line.

Dat settle de biz. it's all off wid Liz,
An' ah'd raddah hab a scrap dan eat;
Dat niggah, he know dat he bettah lay low,
Ah'se a desp'rate coon to meet;
Ah'll follow his trail, ef ah keep out o' jail,
An' ah'll run up an' down his spine,
Fo' he's got ma nig in a bone-yard rig
A-blowin' down de line.—*Chorus.*

It's off wid de spiel, odder coon has de deal,
An' dis niggah am in de soup;
Ma money has went wid de odder nig gent,
An' ma baby has flew de coop;
Dis niggah am soah, an' he's lookin' fo' wah,
As shoah as de moon do shine,
An' de ha'r will flew when ah catch dem two
Dat's blowin' down de line.—*Chorus.*

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HI THERE! RUBBER NECK.

Copyright, 1898, by Doyle & Reed.

Words and Music by A. Bowden Doyle and Charles A. Reed.

Once I saw an eager crowd of many hundred people
Watch a man who went to fix the top of a church steeple,
And of a sudden when the man looked like a little speck,
Some smart Aleck in the crowd just yelled out Rubber Neck!

CHORUS.

Rubber Neck, Rubber Neck, you'll hear it ev'rywhere,
If you stop to notice things, or should you chance to stare;
Rubber Neck, Rubber Neck, your gazing it will check,
To have some crazy Yap yell out, Hi there! Rubber Neck!

Notice on a rainy day a lady neatly clad,
Crossing o'er the muddy street, the walks are very bad,
Some men who are just passing by will to each other beck,
'Till some kid, with grinning face, will yell out Rubber Neck!—*Cho.*

At a burlesque show one night the house was very packed,
Front row seats with bald-heads filled, who rubber'd every act,
They gazed with bulging eyes, they did, the girls to try and vex,
'Till the leading lady yelled, oh, see the rubber necks.—*Chorus.*

THE LANGUID MAN.

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fisher.

Words by Edmund Vance Cooke. Music by Richard Stahl.

This life's a hollow bubble,
Don't you know?
A painted piece of twouble,
Don't you know?
We come on earth to cwy,
We gwow oldeh and we sigh,
Oldeh still and then we die,
Don't you know?
We wowwy thwough each day,
Don't you know?
In a sort of, kind of, way,
Don't you know?
We are hungwy, we are fed,
Some few things are done and said,
We are tihed, we go to bed,
Don't you know?

CHORUS.

Don't you know, weally, sometimes I wondeh,
If life is life, or is only a blundeh,
A twick of that devilish fellah down yundeh
Who's fooling us all, don't you know?
Life will be life, when we nevah need wowwy,
Life will be life when we nevah need huhwy,
When there's no fluhwy,
But then we'll be dead, don't you know?

It's all a howwid mix,
Don't you know?
Business, love and politics,
Don't you know?
Clubs and pawties, cliques and sets,
Fashions, follies, sins, wegwets,
Stwuggle, stwife and cigawettes,
Don't you know?
Politics? O, just a lawk,
Don't you know?
Just a nightmaeh in the dawk,
Don't you know?
You pe'spiah all day and night,
And afteh all the fight,
Why pe'haps the w'ong man's wight,
Don't you know?—*Chorus.*

Love? O, yes! you meet some gi'l,
Don't you know?
And you get in such a whi'l,
Don't you know?
That you kneel down on the floah,
And imploah and adoah,
And it's all a beastly boah!
Don't you know?
Societ'? Is dwess,
Don't you know?
And a sou'ce of much distwess,
Don't you know?
To detehmine what to weah,
When to go and likewise wheah,
And how to pawt youah haih,
Don't you know?—*Chorus.*

So theah's weally nothing in it,
Don't you know?
And we live just for a minute,
Don't you know?
For when you've seen and felt,
Dwank and eaten, heahd and smelt,
Why, all the cawds are dealt,
Don't you know?
You've one consciousness, that's all,
Don't you know?
And one stomach, and it's small,
Don't you know?
You can only weah one tie,
One eye-glass in youah eye,
And one coffin, when you die,
Don't you know?—*Chorus.*

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fisher.

Words and Music by Richard Stahl.

Do you remember? 'tis not long ago,
When first you said "I love you so."
Can time have changed the vows we then made,
Do you remember, or is your love dead?
In years gone by many a sigh
Has pierced my heart, all for thee.
Why then break now that sacred vow,
Doest thou no longer love me?
Why must I roam through life alone
Without thee, my darling one.

CHORUS.

Have you forgotten your promise? Am I no longer thine own?
Let me just once more embrace thee, come to the heart that is lone;
Ever and always I'll love thee, ofttimes, you know, I have said, [dead?
One fond kiss was then your answer, do you remember? or is your love

Life seems so dreary, so bitter and cold,
Without one smile, like those of old.
Soon all be o'er, to rest I'll be laid,
Why should I linger when your love is dead.
Some day, maybe, there'll come to thee
Thoughts of a bright, happy past;
But, after all, why now recall
Moments of bliss that not last!
Why should I try to tempt my fate
When you say "It is too late."—*Chorus.*

As Long As It Pleases the Ladies.

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.

Words by Charles Hoyt. Music by Richard Stahl.

Rude men give me the guy as I go by,
Crude men are jealous of me, and I know why.
Plain men gaze with a smile at my dainty curls;
Coarse men laugh at my style, but it suits the girls.

CHORUS.

And as long as it pleases the ladies, the ladies, the ladies,
As long as it pleases the ladies, I care not what men may say.
As long as it pleases the ladies, the ladies, the ladies,
As long as it pleases the ladies, I care not what men may say.

Rubies and diamond rings and costly pearls
Are just the things that will always suit the girls;
Girls all prize them most highly and can't get enough,
Man, poor man, is the fool, hustling for the stuff.—*Chorus.*

Op'ra-house man comes in to see the play,
Vacant chair in front of him, nothing in the way;
In comes lady fair, wearing hat three feet tall,
Sits down in vacant chair, man can't see at all.—*Chorus.*

Man leans over and whispers in lady's ear,
Asks her politely to please remove her headgear;
She turns 'round with a scorn and says, very rude of you;
Just pay attention to me and laugh when I do.—*Chorus.*

MY CREOLE SUE.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

While to-night I sit reflecting over mem'ries of the past,
My thoughts turn to the Louisiana shore;
There my heart first found its happiness, and may it ever last,
Oh, that little girl I'll love forevermore.
Whene'er I think of angels then I seem to see her face,
There never beat a heart so fond and true;
And when I left the sunny South, right there I left my heart,
She's the sunlight of my life, my Creole Sue.

CHORUS.

My Creole Sue, how I love you,
I love you still, and always will,
I sigh for you, I do, I do,
And my thoughts are all of you, my Creole Sue.

Through life's journey I have never seen a face to me so fair,
I've never heard a voice that sound so sweet;
And I oft' think of the moonlight nights that I spent with her there,
For with her my happiness was quite complete.
A memory still haunts me, and no matter where I roam,
Her words will linger in my ear through life;
One night she whispered softly, "Oh, I love you, yes I do,
And I promise you some day to be your wife!"—*Chorus.*

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GO AND FIND YOUR SISTER, TOM

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Coleman.

Words by George W. Chance. Music by Charles Coleman.

A quiet country village in the far-off sunny South,
A cottage holds within a shady dell,
Where lived a maid with wavy hair, whose face was fair to see,
The folks for miles around all loved her well.
No sorrow ever seemed to mar the sunshine of her life,
Her smile was sweeter than the flowers of May.
A stranger from the city came and lured her from her home,
To brother Tom the mother then did say:

REFRAIN.

Go and find your sister, Tom, and bring her back once more,
Tell her that we've missed her as she ne'er was missed before.
Tell her that the roses bloom and birds sing just as gay,
Still home don't seem the same to us since Bessie went away.

He found her in a city strange, she had been cast away,
Deserted by her husband, left to roam.
Her thoughts were of the cottage still that stood down in the dell,
Of mother and the friends she'd left at home.
He said to her, dear Bessie, I have come to bring you back,
The past we'll think no more of, it is dead.
Your pride it need not bar you, for your friends will love you still,
So do come home for mother's sake, who said:—*Refrain.*

AMERICA'S PICKANINNY TWINS.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. L. Mulroy. Words and Music by Jno. L. Mulroy.

Down yondah, in the suthin part of Gawgia,
Whar de cotton an' de sugar-cane does grow;
Tha' was bawned a pair of little pickaninnies,
And it's jest 'bout six or seven yeahs ago.
Spoken—Yes, it is.
Tha' was twenty-seven niggahs in the family,
Every one was named from Jeffeson to Jo,
Then to name the kids ole mammy tried so mightily,
But at last she said, I'll have to let it go.
Spoken—Po' mammy!
Not long ago she had a mighty gatherin',
Massa Johnson, Cook and Jackson all cum in.
Then without a-half a-tryin', Mars' Jackson says, Aunt Dine,
We's a-gwine to name the pickaninny twins.

CHORUS.

Mars' Johnson named me Dewey, Mars' Jackson called me Miles,
With white folks we jest kills it with our new American styles;
We're not like common niggahs, we weahs de swellest things,
We're the Suthin-bredded, fuzzy-headed, pickaninny twins.

We's runned away from home to go a-travelin',
We're a-gwine to visit all the biggest towns;
We will mingle in the swellest of society,
And we'll have the biak fo' hundred show us 'round.
Spoken—'Deed we will.
Now we's lookin' for two culled gals of 'bilities
To walk fo' cakes an' cut de pigeon wing;
We will ovahlook their sassafras proclivities,
But for style they'll have to be the propah thing.
Spoken—No lie, honey!
Thar's gwine to be a passemla this evenin',
An', of course, these kids am gwine to take it in.
All the coons will take a fit, we'll make an awful hit,
As the patriotic pickaninny twins.—*Chorus.*

Come Back to Your Mother, Madge.

Copyright, 1897, by National Music Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Samuel I. Osmond. Music by James Alvin Fairfield.

Friend Madge, your mother I have seen, I told her what you said;
Oh! if you could have with me been, and seen her bow her head,
But when I said your health was poor, the tears ran down her face;
The mother-love then banished, Madge, all thought of your disgrace;
Your mother clasp'd me in her arms, and pressed me to her breast;
To me who ne'er had mother known, it was a place of rest.
I heard your mother pray to God, to ease your heart of pain,
To turn you from your worldly ways and bring you home again.

REFRAIN.

Then come back to your mother, Madge, her dear heart pines for you,
Oh! come and nestle in her arms, just as you used to do.
No love you'll find like mother-love, no matter where you roam,
And, Madge, 'till you reach heaven above, you'll find no place like home

And, Madge, the wild rose is in bloom you planted by the door;
I've plucked a spray to send to you, that you may think of yore.
Your mother's heart's nigh broken, Madge, her health is falling fast;
I heard the doctor say last night, not long was she to last.
I trust these lines your heart may touch, and ope love's fountain wide;
And cause you to forsake your ways ere sorrow may betide.
Then come back to your childhood home; this, Madge, I beg you'll do;
Forgiven freely you will be, and joy will follow you.—*Refrain.*

Oh, Madge, you can't guess who I met; 'twas your old lover, Ned;
And when I told him you I'd seen, he, with emotion, said:
"Lou, if you ever write to Madge, just say I love her still,"
When I ask'd him if he'd forgive, he answered, "yes, I will—
For it was Madge who lit the flame which burns within my heart;
I don't care what the world might say, I'll always take her part."
And Ned said, you he'd gladly wed; I'm sure he meant it, too,
My letter to a close I'll bring, God bless you—your friend, Lou.—*Ref.*

The Queen of Mulberry Bend.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Words and Music by W. Leavey.

There is a charming little girl the neighbors all adore,
A fair-haired little beauty, with lovers by the score,
But I'm the one most favored, and on that you can depend,
That the sweetest little girl of all is the Queen of Mulberry Bend.

CHORUS.

Sweet little Katie Mahoney, she's not too proud or too toney,
A queen in her set, is my dear little pet, my sweet little Katie Mahoney.
Fair as the fairest of flowers, many are the happy hours [Bend.
Together we'd spend, to wed her I intend, my queen down in Mulberry

We stroll out ev'ry evening to the pretty park, close by,
And listen to the music while the hours swiftly fly,
The sweetest music to me was my own Katie's consent,
For me to name the happy day of that important event.—*Chorus.*

AFTER THE WAR.

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.

Words by Marion Young. Music by Richard Stahl.

A widowed mother stands beside her dear and only son,
The call "To arms!" has sounded loud and like a knell has rung
Within the mother's anguished heart, for soon her boy must go,
And by his ship's gun take his stand against the treacherous foe.
With words of hope and comfort he strives her heart to cheer,
Then, kissing her, he bravely cries, "Dear mother, have no fear!"
Your sailor boy will soon return, the battle's cry be o'er,
With glory we'll come sailing home after the war.

CHORUS.

After the war is over some hearts will throb with pain,
Others with joy and gladness to meet loved ones again;
Our heroes will live forever, their deeds are known afar,
Ev'ry tongue sounds their praises after the war.

He takes his place on board the ship, all eager for the fray,
Into the thunderous combat then they sail at break of day.
The boatswain's whistle sounds the call, "Clear ship for action!" 's heard;
The boy steps bravely to his gun and no one speaks a word.
But calmly he stands waiting for the brief and quick command,
His only thought is but to fight for his dear native land.
He hears his mother's nightly prayer amidst the cannons' roar,
"God bring him safely back to me" after the war.—*Chorus.*

Life's tide is ebbing fast away, death claims the widow's son,
His comrades 'round him silent pray and cite his brave deed done.
How, with a shattered, bleeding arm he nobly kept his stand,
And when the foe rushed madly on had fought them hand to hand.
And when one tore his country's flag down from the tall mast-head,
He'd staggered o'er the blood-stained deck and struck the miscreant dead.
That honored flag unstained and pure shall float forevermore
In triumph o'er that hero's head after the war.

CHORUS.

After the war is over and battle-call is done,
Our heroes are returning with honor nobly won,
In freedom's cause their blood was shed, and the flag they adore
Shall wave in triumph forever after the war.

My Orange-Colored Yaller Gal.

Copyright, 1898, by Baltimore Music Co. Words and Music by Samuel Lapin.

Dar am a gal in dis yer town who ma heart am yearning for,
She am de only one I eber lubb'd;
She am a trifle shady, a real warm baby,
I could eat her, yes I could;
She am big and fat and shoots crap, you can't fool her on any game;
At the cake-walk she's de belle:
Dar's not a coon in town dat could Malinda down,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

CHORUS.

Malinda, will you be mine, is what I'm gwine to say;
If you'll only say de word your board I will pay;
I drinks gin by de gallon, I likes ma watermelon,
But I lubs ya best of all, my honey,
I'll chop de wood and I will tote ya up de coal;
I'll build yer de fires and de dinners I will boil;
I'll gib yer all my money, won't yer be my honey,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

I call'd on her de odder night a-feelin' kinder 'spicious,
For I'se a very jealous coon;
Found my anticipation widout de least foundation,
I guess I was too soon.
She e am de sweetest and de neatest, she'm a red-hot member;
She done sot my brain in a whirl.
I want yer all to know I'm gwine to propose
To ma-a red-hot orange-colored yaller gal.—*Chorus.*



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Before the Maine Went Down.

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Coleman.

Words by Augusta Howe Chambers. Music by Charles Coleman.

The stars in heaven's blue flag of state shone o'er Havana Bay,
Where all, unwarned by treach'rous fate, our mighty cruiser lay,
And many sailors dreamed that night of fame and war's renown,
Of laurels won where heroes fight before the Maine went down.

CHORUS.

Before the Maine went down, mothers and matrons and sweethearts,
In hamlet & village & town, prayed for and wrote to their darlings,
Before the Maine went down, letters came back from the laddies
Love-laden, home, swift o'er the foam, before the Maine went down.

In many homes each absent face shone in the fire-light's gleam,
Or crossed to seek its vacant place, the threshold of some dream,
But now a nation mourns their loss, brave hearts no fear could drown,
They died to save their country's cause, the night the Maine went down.
—*Chorus.*

'TWAS IN SEPTEMBER.

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co. Words and Music by Geo. Cantlie.

'Twas in September, when leaves and flowers were falling,
My love and I parted, parted for aye;
Dark was that day, darker still my heart's foreboding,
But love, ever living, breath'd forth this lay:

CHORUS.

Farewell, dear heart, since we must parted be forevermore,
My thoughts will turn to thee,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell, dear love,
I love but thee, I love but thee.
Ah, but when thou dreamest, thou wilt dream of me,
And when thou wakest thou wilt think of me.
Farewell, my love, farewell, my love, farewell,
When dreaming thou wilt dream of me,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell, farewell.

Spring-time returns, love, all hope and life reviving,
Each bird is singing sweetly to his mate;
Deep from each heart comes the thought of love's renewing.
But mine, only mine, love, comes all too late.—*Chorus.*

Little Faces at the Window.

Copyright, 1897, by Albert M. Mansfield.

Words and Music by E. P. Favor.

While coming from my work one summer's eve,
I happened to glance over 'cross the way,
There in a cottage neat sat a mother looking sweet,
While by her side the children were at play,
When to the window suddenly they go,
For soon it's time for papa, they all know,
With faces near the pane, they watch him down the lane,
While to me comes this very sweet refrain:

REFRAIN.

Little faces at the window, watching there each night,
Little faces at the window, always there so bright.
When Papa at first they spy, quickly to him they both fly,
Little faces at the window, watching there each night.

As slowly I turned to go away,
I could not help but think of days gone by,
How when I was a lad, what a pleasure it gave dad,
As each night we would quickly to him fly,
How happy he would always seem to be,
When we'd meet him light-hearted and so free,
As mem'ry to me clings, tears to my eyes it brings,
As watching them I could not help but sing:—*Refrain.*

THE SHAMROCK.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield.

Words by Frank Abbott. Music by Louis Maurice.

There's a sweet little leaflet, which poets have sung of,
On history's pages its name may be seen,
'Tis known as the symbol and loved as the emblem
Of a dear little island all covered with green.
It's good luck to find it, a pleasure to see it,
An honor to wear it next true Irish hearts,
Our forefathers wore it, their banners all bore it,
I'll love, I'll adore it till life from me parts.

CHORUS.

The shamrock, the shamrock,
So modest and lowly, so pure and so holy,
The shamrock, the shamrock,
My emblem and Ireland's, the shamrock.

There's a sweet blue-eyed colleen who's won my affections,
She's fair and she's Irish, what more can I say;
She's wilful and trying, and sometimes she'll teaze me,
But, bless her true heart, why that's only her way;
I saw her last evening and asked her to give me
A token of love as a link to our hearts,
She took from her bosom and gave me a shamrock,
I'll love, I'll adore her till life from me parts.—*Chorus.*

KLEPTOMANIA.

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer. By Richard Stahl.

Mos' de months I disremember, but I always knows November;
Yes, I always knows November took the chair,
An' I'm shu' as dat I'm livin' dat it's gettin' neah Thanksgivin',
Dar's a kleptomanyer feelin' in de air.
Eb'ry night I dreams o' turkey till ma fingers get quite jerky,
Eb'ry night ma legs dey walk me hea' and dare.
Turkey gobblers seem ter beckon, an' I ain't maself, I reckon,
Foh' dare's a kleptomanyen feelin' in de air.

CHORUS.

Hm! Hm! dat kleptomanyer feelin',
Hm! Hm! comes always o'er me stealin';
Shu' when we stand on Jordan's strand,
And when we land in Eden's land,
St. Peter'll have to keep his turkeys in his hand,
Foh' dar's a kleptomanyer feelin' in de air.

Says de preacher, don' go covet, 'makes no diff'rence how you love it,
Bible say regarding turkeys, don' you dare,
But how kin a chile remember when it comes along November,
An' dat kleptomanyer feelin's in de air.
Hit's a dreffful, dreffful feelin' foh to have come o' yo' stealin',
Hit's a sort o' stealin' feelin' an' a pair
Of de fatter turkey's growin' am de only thing worth knowin'
When dar's a kleptomanyen feelin' in de air.—*Chorus.*

SWEETHEART MINE.

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co.

Words by Oliver Collins. Music by Geo. Cantlie.

In a far-off, smiling valley, where the green-clad hills look down
On the fairest home in all that country side,
Lived a tender little maiden fair, with laughing eyes of brown,
Who promised long ago to be my bride;
Oh! how pleasant are the mem'ries of those well-remembered hours,
When arm in arm and heart to heart we strayed,
Whilst the running brook below us seemed to murmur to the flow'rs
The same sweet song my voice to her conveyed.

REFRAIN.

Oh! sweetheart mine, dear sweetheart mine,
I will love you while the stars above shall shine,
For your loving eyes so tender and your sunny smile divine,
Have won my heart forever, sweetheart mine.

In that far-off, smiling valley bloom the roses as of yore,
But the sunshine has all vanished from the scene,
For my sweetheart's laughing eyes of brown will sparkle nevermore,
And nevermore she'll grace the village green,
For they've laid her in her last long sleep, where falls the rain and dew,
On the hillside where we often used to stray,
And I see no joy in living, for my heart lies buried, too,
With the form of her to whom I used to say:—*Refrain.*

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND HOME.

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Words by Frank D. Pease. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

There's an old and ruined homestead by the roadside,
There's a field where yellow corn once used to grow,
There's the meadow where the cows were sent to pasture,
And the mountain tops all covered o'er with snow;
There's the brook still flowing gently thro' the woodland,
As it glides o'er pebbles on its winding way,
It reminds me of the dear friends of my childhood,
And the many happy hours we spent in play.

CHORUS.

I can close my eyes and dimly see the picture
Of the happy home and friends I used to know,
And my mem'ry still recalls from recollections
Of the old New England homestead long ago.

Oh, the light has gone from out that dear old homestead,
All around is still and silent there to-day,
And the birds they build their nests up in the attic,
'Tis in ruins and fast going to decay;
There is mother, father, sweetheart and my sister
Sleeping silent in the church-yard side by side;
It would break their heart if they were here to see it,
For the old New England homestead was their pride.—*Chorus.*

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YOU AND I.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

When we walk up town together on a Saturday afternoon,
You and I, you and I,
Oh, the day it seems delicious, with our hearts in perfect tune,
You and I, you and I!
When we drop into the Hoffman House and have a glass of wine,
It's a jolly thing to do, upon the sly,
And you whisper that you love me ere you go up home to dine,
You and I, you and I!
Oh, of course, we don't get tight, for that wouldn't be polite!
Oh, we never reach the fullness of the man up in the moon;
But we sort of own the street, and we learn to watch our feet,
When we walk up town together, on a Saturday afternoon.

When we walk up town together on a Saturday afternoon,
You and I, you and I,
Oh, the only thing that's sad is that the walk should end so soon,
For you and I, you and I!
We drop in here and drop in there, and ev'ry drop is sweet;
And there comes a little love-look in your eye,
And your fingers sort of cling to mine,
As we go up the street, you and I, you and I!
Oh, of course, we don't get tight, for that wouldn't be polite!
Oh, we never reach the fullness of the man up in the moon;
But the pavements kind of dance, and you're in a sort of trance,
When we walk up town together, on a Saturday afternoon.

SUSIE UE.

Copyright, 1896, by Lyon & Healy.

Written and Composed by B. Gilbert.

There's a pretty little gal all mine,
She's so elegant and sweet all de time—
Fer to marry her I'm sighin',
An' at times I feel as if I was a-dyin',
Now she lubs to hear me sing, yes she do—
An' to play upon de banjo, too,
Fer I've a song, a lubly song,
Which I sings to her de whole day long.

REFRAIN.

Susie ue, do lub me true,
Darky boy is berry fond of you;
Meet you, honey, in de mornin',
Wen de birds am all a-callin' Susie-ue, mah Susie-ue,
Susie, usie, usie, usie-ue.

RAG CHORUS.

Oh, Susie ue, do lub me true,
Darky boy is very fond of you,
Meet yer, honey, in de mornin'
Wen de birds am all a-callin'
Susie ue, mah Susie-ue;
Susie, usie, Susie usie-ue.

'Mong de honeysuckle all day long,
Hark! de bees are hummin' dere wild song—
From de cabin comes loud singin',
Darkies voices thro' de old plantation ringin',
An' dere's gwine to be some fun ober dere,
Dat will make de odder nigger boys stare,
For massa's gwine ter make her mine;
I'se so happy dat I can't help crying:—*Refrain.*

THE BELLE OF HONOLULU.

Copyright, 1898, by J. Donigan. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

A high-toned gal has won me, a belle of sweet sixteen,
She is the swellest gal I've seen, this Honolulu hula queen,
For style and grace ma lady is ev'rything that's swell,
She is a dream, this Honolulu belle;
When she goes by, the ladies sigh, de coons all wink deir eyes;
And when ma gal goes down de line, the natives they all cry.*

*SPOKEN.—Well, what do they cry? (This can be introduced at *, before chorus, by orchestra or singer on stage, if desired.)

CHORUS.

She is a dream, ma Honolulu queen, the sweetest girl that ever was seen;
She is divine, this hula girl of mine, she is the belle of Honolulu.

Next Easter morn I'll wed her, this Oriental queen, [line,
Den wedding bells will sweetly chime, and with ma bride I'll fall in
All decked in orange blossoms, and silks and satins fine;
She'll soon be mine, this hula gal divine;
De choir will sing and chant a hymn when I put on de ring;
And when I march out with ma bride, the natives they will sing:
—*Chorus.*

A high-toned girl has won me, a belle of sweet sixteen,
She is the swellest girl I've seen, this Honolulu hula queen,
For style and grace this lady is everything that's swell,
She is a dream, my Honolulu belle;
When she goes by the ladies sigh, the swells all wink their eyes;
The natives shout when she goes out, and this is what they cry:
—*Chorus.*

Next Eastern morn I'll wed her, this Oriental queen,
Then wedding bells will sweetly chime, and with my bride I'll fall in
All decked in orange blossoms, and silks and satins fine. [line,
She'll soon be mine, this hula girl divine,
The choir will sing and chant a hymn when I put on the ring;
And when I march out with my bride, the natives they will sing:—
—*Chorus.*

SWEET MABEL MAY.

Copyright, 1895, by John Herbert Long.

Words and Music by John Herbert Long.

Divinely tall and graceful is the girl that I adore,
I love her more than any other girl I've met before;
Angelic is this maiden, little maiden, pretty maiden,
She is the fairest creature that ever I beheld;
And I would love most dearly to marry her some day,
The girls are rare who can compare with charming Mabel May.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mabel May, sweet Mabel May, Mabel dear, thou art a flower,
Of beauty rare, there's none so fair blooms in the rosiest bower;
Oh, darling mine, brightest sunshine, thou'rt in my heart every hour;
E'en in my dreams do I see my fair queen, my dearest Mabel May.

If I had wealth and riches, I know well what I would do,
I'd build a golden castle, and with diamonds line it through;
And then I'd wed this maiden, little maiden, pretty maiden,
I'd take her to my castle, and there we both would dwell;
I know we'd be so happy, we'd live on wealth and love,
'Twould be so nice in paradise with Mabel dear, my dove.—*Chorus.*

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

FIFI.—When we are married—
HARRY.—Why, what will you do?
FIFI.—I'll be as sweet as I can to you,
I will be tender and I will be true
When I am married, sweetheart, to you!
HARRY.—Love is not all, dear, that poets may say.
Often it lasts but a year and a day;
Often the day, love, without any year,
Love is not all it's crack'd up to be, dear!
FIFI.—I only know, love, what our love will be;
I will love you, love, and you will love me,
Not for a year, love, and not for a day;
I will love you, love, forever and aye!
HARRY.—When we are married, why what will you do?
FIFI.—I'll be as sweet as I can be to you!
I will be tender and I will be true,
When I am married, sweetheart, to you.

THE PURITY BRIGADE.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

I hope I do not shock my late converted flock
By changing to a costume that could be described as snappy,
I would not have you think that I would ever sink
From my high state of piety to anything clap-trappy.
My morals have not changed, as you might guess,
The only thing that's chang'd has been my dress.
We're the ornamental Purity Brigade!
To our purity we add a little fashion;
A pretty ribbon of the proper shade
Could never hinder real religious passion,
'Twould not be flash on a pretty maid.
When we fight we conquer viciousness and shame,
Our shiny trumpets going tooty, tooty!
We really do not think that we're to blame
For dressing in a style that suits our beauty,
We do our duty just the same!
Now is it not as well to be a trifle swell?
Oh, is it necessary when you're moral to be gawky?
And must a girl employ the modes that come from Troy?
Or is she not entitled to be stunningly New Yorky?
Oh, mayn't a girl be good and free from guile,
And yet be quite a corker in her style?
We're the ornamental Purity Brigade! etc.

—Some Tennessee English.—Charley Gosset asked a friend of his from the country the other day if she had been out to the fair, and she replied as follows:—"I didn't went, I didn't want to went, and if I had wanted to went I couldn't have gotten to gwine."—*Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle.*

—Worse by half than the hen and a half problem is this: A certain family consists of one grandfather, two grandmothers, one father-in-law, two mothers-in-law, three mothers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, one grand-daughter; and there are only six persons in the family.



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MY LITTLE BABY.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Pretty girl, my fancy turns to you;
Listen, and I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll kiss you more than twice, and if you think it nice,
Unto those kisses I will add a few;
That's what I'll do, my dear, to you;
Lay your little golden head on my left shoulder,
Darling, I would have you grow a trifle bolder,
Oh, you pretty posy, ain't we getting cosy, my little baby!
You're as sweet as roses when they bloom on June days,
You're as warm as sunlight is on summer noondays;
I will never lose you, I'll kiss until I bruise you, my little baby.

Pretty girl, they've made you very sweet,
You'd create excitement on the street;
You've made a hit with me, and now, if you'll agree,
Our lips in osculation soon will meet;
If I entreat, will you be sweet?
Lay your little golden head on my left shoulder, etc.

LA BELLE PARISIENNE.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Ze American girl she walk like zis, in a haughty mannaire;
Ze lady from France she walk like zis, in a naughty mannaire;
Now which do you like the best, monsieur? now which do you like to see?
Ze haughty, proud American girl, or ze lady from gay Paree?
Ah! oh, La Belle Parisienne, she do capture all ze men,
Wiz ze naughty little way she have of walking;
When across ze street she go, she will lift her skirt, jes so!
Oh, no wonder zat she sets the gossips talking.

Ze American girl she dance like zis, in a haughty mannaire;
Ze lady from France she dance like zis, in a naughty mannaire;
Now which do you like the best, monsieur? now which do you like to see?
Ze haughty, proud American girl, or ze lady from gay Paree? ah!
Oh, La Belle Parisienne, she do capture all ze men,
Wiz ze naughty little way she have of dancing;
When across ze street she go, she will kick her skirt, jes' so!
And her little kick it makes the dance entrancing.

Teach Me How to Kiss, Dear.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

To be the toy of a bold, bad boy,
I really do think I should like it!
To sit and kiss is a style of bliss
That ought to be nice, when you strike it!
I am shy, just now, and I wouldn't know how
To love like a thoroughbred lady,
But I surmise that I might grow wise
If you woo'd me in nooks that are shady.
Oh, teach me how to kiss, dear, teach me how to squeeze,
Teach me how to sit upon your sympathetic knees,
Teach me how to coo, dear, like a turtle-dove,
Teach me how to fondle you, oh, teach me how to love.

I'm very "new," but I'll say to you,
That my newness is ready to wear off.
Of course, I'm good, all the same I would,
With a proper young gentleman, pair off!
I think that I, in a bye and bye,
At kissing might prove very handy;
Though incomplete, I ought to be sweet,
For you know that I'm made out of candy.
Oh, teach me how to kiss, dear, etc.

THEY ALL FOLLOW ME.

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

I find it rather difficult to make young men religious,
In saving youth from wickedness, the labor is prodigious;
When I ask them to be good, as all young should be,
They only say they would be very good to me.
I ask them if they'll follow in the path that leads to sweet salvation,
But oh, the effect my argument hath, fills me with perturbation.
For when those youths profess that the light of faith they see,
They never proceed to follow that light, but always follow me.

FEMALE CHORUS.
Follow on! follow on! when the light of faith you see!
SOLO.
But they never proceed to follow that light, but always follow me!
CHORUS.
Follow on! follow on! when the light of faith you see!
SOLO.
But they never proceed to follow that light, but always follow me.

I'm sure I look demure enough, as I go 'round the city,
And do my best to hide the fact that I am young and pretty,
And I, therefore, cannot see, when I go out to preach,
Why men must say to me that I'm a perfect peach;
I do my best to indicate the way that leads to sweetest virtue;
For if from the righteous road you stray, then satan he will hurt you!
But when young men profess that the light of faith they see,
They never proceed to follow that light, but always follow me!—*Cho.*

HOT STUFF.

Copyright, 1897, by Kurt. P. Hirsekorn. Words and Music by Kurt. P. Hirsekorn.

Darkey-town has got no chance, niggers are in a trance,
When I walk through Coon's Retreat, Hot Stuff just owns de street,
Found a gal who'd be my wife, only to save her life,
Niggers are scarce since Hot Stuff came 'round.

CHORUS.
I'm de new coon, Hot Stuff's been found,
Down in Coontown you'll hear no sound,
When I'm walkin' coons are squakin',
Keep shy, you niggers, for Hot Stuff's come around.—[*Dance.*]

Since de first gal I had wed, twenty I've got instead,
In a week one man's been found, so scared he makes no sound,
Like de rest he'll go some day, squakin' he'll fade away,
Grave-yards are full since Hot Stuff came 'round.—*Chorus.*

MY GIRL MOLLIE.

Copyright, 1896, by Kurt P. Hirsekorn. Words and Music by Kurt P. Hirsekorn.

Summer days are coming, school vacation's near;
A little girl so stunning lately has moved here.
Charlie, Tom and Ollie, saw her while at play;
There's my girl, says Charlie, pointing out that way.

CHORUS.
There's my girl Mollie, playing with Dollie, moved in our street to-day;
Always so jolly, is my girl Mollie, always so free and gay;
She calls me Chollie, me tries to jolly, I let her have her way;
Ma says it's Oh! such folly, but then it's children's play.

Playing all together, boys and girls the same;
Each boy tries so clever Mollie's love to gain.
Jumping o'er each other, while she runs about,
Charlie he had won her, for you'd hear him shout:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

I love a girl, her name 'tis Jane, have you seen her?
I met her on a railroad train, have you seen her?
But one day a fellow nice and slick,
Bought her a sealskin sack on tick;
'Twas then I saw my finish quick, have you seen her?

CHORUS.
She was a great big, cross-eyed, on her nose she had a pimple,
Pug-nosed, blear-eyed, on her cheek she had a dimple,
Knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, teeth just like a pearl,
Everybody knows I'm stuck on my best girl.

Now, boys, don't never wed a girl, have you seen her?
If down her back she wears a curl, have you seen her?
Or you'll find you'll be both bent and broke,
You'll quickly learn it is no joke,
You'll have to put yourself in soak, have you seen her?—*Cho.*

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

Copyright, 1897, by Philip Kussel. Words and Music by Philip Kussel.

Don't leave me, dear, in anger, for surely you'll regret,
Now that my time is drawing to a close,
How often have you told it, you loved none else but me,
Tho' now your life is filled with bitter woes.
All through our married life you've been the idol of my heart;
Your love has been to me my all in all,
You surely must have loved me, or else I've been deceived,
Tell me ere I go beyond recall.

CHORUS.
For when a woman loves, how plainly does she show it,
Nothing in this world can take her love away;
She'll work for you, she'll beg for you, and yes I know she'd die for you,
For when a woman truly loves her love will stay.

When you had wealth and plenty, I entertained your friends,
And made all men pay homage to your name,
And after, when misfortune swept all your wealth away,
You always found my love was just the same.
None had a better right to make the man that I loved best
Go forth and show that work was not a shame.
Did I not also help you until I lost my health?
Tell me that you love me just the same.—*Chorus.*



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Don't Forget Your Sister at Home.

Copyright, 1897, by Smith Piano Co. Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

So many home and mother songs are written every day,
But there's one that's been forgotten all along.
I grasp my pen and wonder what is best for me to say,
For your sister is the subject of my song;
She always stands up for you in right and in the wrong,
When the old folks' wrath in torrents on you falls;
Your faults she tries to hide, and you learn to say ere long
That your sister is the best friend after all.

CHORUS.

So don't forget your sister that's at home,
She's the dearest friend in all the world to you;
She can make your whole life bright, and make sunshine out of night,
Your sister so loving, so true.

As we walk 'long the street each day, why scores of girls we meet,
Some are rich and some are ragged and forlorn,
Remember and respect them though they're outcasts in the street,
And remember you've a sister of your own;
All your troubles you'll confide when you're bowed down with care;
Her advice she'll give you if you'll only hear;
The angel of your heart, and she's always on your side,
That's a sister ever loving fond and true.—*Chorus.*

White Folks, Every Coon You Meet Don't Look Alike.

Copyright, 1897, by Chas. A. Brutting & Gus Smith.

Words and Music by Nat Lucas.

Now the question that's been agitating the colored people's mind,
I think all coons should hold up for their right,
I thought the matter over, and will explain in these few lines,
White folks, every coon you meet don't look alike.
For dar's brown coons, black coons, coons dat's nearly white,
Dah's a many a kind of coons in dis here world,
Size up every coon you meet, and see, and I'm sure you will agree
Dat ev'ry coon you meet don't look alike.

CHORUS.

Last night the coons congregated, overjoyed and quite elated,
Shouted tell it, babe, I know it ain't no lie;
De colored folks now eas'ly breeve, I made a speech 'foh I did leave,
Oh, white folks, ev'ry coon don't look alike.

While walking down the street a gang of kids I chanced to meet,
Started in to whistle all coons look alike;
I knew they were mistaken, and my heart was nearly breaking,
So I pulled my razor and started in to fight,
Now's my chance to run, but a p'liceman, just for fun,
Says, Honey, I'll take care of you to-night,
For I'm sure that you look like the man, den I shouted, Gracious land,
White folks, ev'ry coon you meet don't look alike.

CHORUS.

The policeman he was dazed, stood bewildered and amazed,
Den I began to bust out in a cry,
I must have been a sight, for he said, nigger, I believe you're right,
That ev'ry coon you meet don't look alike.

My Pretty Little Loula, Loula, Lou.

Copyright, 1897, by Smith Piano Co. Words and Music by Fred Cohn.

Down the valley there lives a maiden
So very demure and shy,
A little maiden with beauty laden,
And how for her my heart does sigh,
I met her down by the bubbling brook,
One lovely afternoon in May,
And she struck me so, oh, bless her,
That I ventured to address her,
Excuse me but I've lost my way;
At first she seemed rather frightened,
But I soon set her at ease,
And now I go to call on her
Just whene'er I please.

REFRAIN.

For her lips are red as rubies,
And her eyes they shine just like the sparkling snow,
And I love her, yes I love her,
She's the prettiest little colored girl I know,
And some day I shall marry
My pretty little Loula, Loula, Loula, Lou.

The other day we received an invite
To a swell colored fancy ball,
Given by the Sons of Etheop,
Up there in the old town hall
There were colored girls of every kind,
Short, stout, lean and tall,
But my Loula, with her grace, her style
And figure had a cinch there,
You bet she beat them all,
And now soon we'll be married
In that cottage by the lake,
And then I want you all to come
And watch her cut that cake.—*Refrain.*

KATHARINE.

Copyright, 1897, by Phil. Kussel.

Words by Sol. Kussel. Music by Phil. Kussel.

Do you remember, sweetheart, long ago,
When you and I together climbed the hills;
You plucked the wild flowers glist'ning with the dew,
And gathered pebbles by the sparkling rills,
The birds were gladdened by your face so fair,
Poured forth their sweetest notes in soft refrain,
Oh, Katharine, those hours spent 'neath the shady bowers
Have passed, yet, dearest, memory remains.

They told me you were faithless, Katharine,
That all our plighted vows were made in vain;
That you had gone forever far from me;
Their words seemed true, I could not bear the pain;
Oh, Katharine we'll now forget the past;
We'll pluck the wild flowers as in days of yore,
And many happy hours we'll spend 'neath shady bowers,
We'll whisper words of love and part no more.

When My Fisher-Boy Comes Home.

Copyright, 1897, by The Smith Piano Co.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

She stood on the rocks gazing out on the sea,
And the wild ocean waves seemed asleep;
She counted the moments in sweet ecstacy,
And watched passing sails on the deep;
To-night he is coming, my brave fisher-boy,
To-night, yes, he surely will come;
'Tis rapture while waiting, the thoughts of what joy
When my fisher-boy comes home.

CHORUS.

When my fisher-boy comes home, when my fisher-boy comes home,
Sweet kisses shall pay for his absence away, when my fisher-boy comes home.
When my fisher-boy comes home, when my fisher-boy comes home,
Sweet kisses shall pay for his absence away, when my fisher-boy comes home.

She prayed that the fishers might safely return
To their fam'lies, their loved ones at home;
She prayed for the one that her heart often yearn'd,
To-night far out over the foam;
The maid at the seaside did not pray in vain,
The white sails soon came o'er the foam;
Her prayer went to heaven, the answer soon came,
And her fisher-boy was home.—*Chorus.*

When the Clock Strikes Twelve.

Copyright, 1897, by Phil. Kussel.

Words by Sol. Kussel. Music by Phil. Kussel.

A family was seated one cold winter's night
Around the old fireside so cheerful and bright.
Each told a story, which brought to a close
The evening's enjoyment, while dear papa dozed.
The baby was pleading for one story more,
When the father awoke, with a glance at the door,
Said, "Listen, my children, and soon you shall hear
How my hair it turned white, why I oft shed a tear."

CHORUS.

When the clock strikes twelve, when the clock strikes twelve,
I look up with a shudder as it stands there on the shelf.
To some it rings out joy, to others grief and pain,
And many a heart is broken, when the clock strikes twelve again.

I once had a brother who was very wild,
He, being the youngest, was petted and spoiled.
One day in anger he left friends and home,
He left those who loved him and went forth to roam.
We waited and watched for him day after day,
But father and mother ere long passed away,
The chimes in the church rang in many a year,
Yet I waited in hopes that some day he'd appear.—*Chorus.*

One night when I thought I would see him no more,
I heard some one tapping at the old hall door.
A voice that I knew for help I heard call,
I hastened away then through the old hall,
I quickly unfastened the latch on the door,
And there lay my brother who left years before,
"Back to the old home!" was all that he said,
As the clock it struck twelve his dear soul it had fled.—*Chorus.*



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IN THE RANKS.

Copyright, 1898, by Philip Kussel. Words and Music by Phil Kus-el.

Some little boys were playing soldiers on the sidewalk—there they stood;
Now which one is to be our captain, for he must be brave and good;
Then each one wanted to be leader, all except the smallest lad:
"Surely we can't all be captains, some must privates be," he said.

REFRAIN.

In the ranks you'll find the men as brave
As ever drew the breath of life;
Tho' they know that death is close at hand,
You'll find them eager for the strife.
When the last roll-call sounds clear and loud,
And the soldier is at rest,
Let the starry banner tell to all
In its honor he is blessed.

The years have flown, the boys are men now, some have fought [fame;
While some are sleeping on the hillside, and we'll never see them again.
They with others joined the soldiers when their country needed men,
And did battle for that freedom which we all love, now as then.—*Ref*

A Farmer Never Can an Actor Be.

Copyright, 1897, by Smith Piano Co.

Words by Fred Cohn. Music by John A. Thomas.

John Reuben from the country thought he'd to the city go,
"I'm tired of the farm," said he, "I'm going to join a show,
A real live actor I will be, my fame it shall resound."
"Oh, what a fool," the neighbors said, "no bigger can be found."
So to an actor's boarding-house in the city Reuben went,
The show-folks guyed him all day long, he didn't mind a cent.
"I'm looking for a good soubrette with me to do a turn,"
They introduced him "Polly Jones," and from her he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you stand up on your head like this,
To the audience wave a little kiss,
Waltz upon your ear, 'way back to the rear,
Turn a summersault, but don't you miss,
Then you do the hutschi-kutchi dance,
Make a bow or two at every chance,
Tell a funny gag, and dance the buck and rag,
That will be an act of which we can brag."
Then she told him she would like to dine,
Reuben says, "let's have a bottle of wine;"
Then she blew him and made him spend his tin,
'Till for the farm that jay did pine;
On the train, next day, Reuben did flee,
"The old farm right quick I'm going to see.
Home is good enough, but you bet she was hot stuff,"
A farmer never can an actor be.

A short time after he got home, there came the county fair,
And ev'ry farmer that could go, soon hurried to get there,
Now Reuben he was one of them, he brought the folks down, too,
And told them to enjoy themselves, while he'd the live-stock view.
The gambling tent attracted him, he watched the wheel go 'round,
"That business is an easy one, no better can be found."
"A gambler I would like to be, for that my heart does yearn;"
So he went up, spoke to the boss, and from him he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you get a sucker on the string,
And to your room you him will bring,
And then when you play, things will come his way,
For a little while you let him win,
Then when you think he has won enough,
Just you start to make a good big bluff,
That's the way to win, to get all his tin,
For he'll weaken, and you get the stuff;
Now I'll show you how the trick is done,
We'll start a little game, but just for fun."
Said Reuben, "don't you fret, I'll make a little bet,
If for my money I can get a run."
Soon the jay he held of aces three,
"I'll bet you all I've got if you'll agree;"
Then the gambler show'd a flush, & poor Reuben made a rush—
A farmer never can a gambler be.

Now, Reuben got disgusted, "I'll settle and stay here,
They can't do me when I'm at home, there ain't no con. men near,"
A farmer I will live and die, for that is good enough,
I'll raise my cows, and sell my wheat, though country life is tough."
Election time was coming near, excitement reigned supreme,
For Congress they put Reuben up, he felt as in a dream.
"Now there's the thing that I've longed for, I know not how to turn;
And then he met Senator Smith, and from him he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you've got the crowd to organize,
In the papers you must advertise,
Then you hire a hall, give the crowd a ball,
Make them think on you there are no flies;
Spend your money free at ev'ry place,
For the gang the growler always chase.
Be up day and night, always keep in sight;
Then you'll have a show to win the race."
So poor Reuben hustled through the town,
You bet your life he done things good and brown;
His money it did flow, it was a holy show;
Why, even his watch he put in pawn.
Election day came, sunny, bright and free,
"This is the day on which I'll honored be."
That night, in a minute, Reuben found he wasn't in it;
A farmer can't a politician be.

The Old Door-Step at Home.

Copyright, 1897, by Smith Piano Co.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

I'm sitting on the door-step, thinking of the days gone by,
Those happy recollections bring back sad tears to my eyes;
Of all the merry party that were gathered here at night,
The gay and happy boys and girls, with hearts so free and light.
Some have joined the army, and some have gone to sea;
Some have gone to other lands that are not known to me,
Some it was their destiny around the world to roam,
I wonder if they ever think of the old door-step at home.

CHORUS.

No more there will we assemble at twilight or at gloom,
All the boys and girls have scattered from the old door-step at home.

There's little Rosie Kelly and my little sister, too,
Most of the girls are married and are very well to do;
Bell Grimes was killed in Texas and Ike Hudson died at sea,
Ned Hanson has his millions and his children 'round his knee.
All the boys they left home, and never did return;
They have never written while their mothers' hearts still yearn,
Some they sleep in foreign land, while some sleep 'neath the foam,
While to-night I sit deserted on the old door-step at home.—*Chorus.*

MOTHER IS WAITING AT HOME TO-NIGHT.

Copyright, 1897, by The Smith Piano Co.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

While mother is waiting at home to-night,
And the little ones play 'round the floor;
Supper is over, she sits near the light
Mending what little ones tore;
Father sits reading the newspaper through;
He reads of some shipwreck at sea,
The more that he reads, the less mother hears,
Because she is thinking of me.

CHORUS.

Mother is waiting at home to-night
For her absent boy out on the foam;
Could I be there to-night and bring a smile to her brow,
While mother is waiting at home.

While mother is waiting at home to-night
She can hear the winds blow through the trees,
Every footstep she hears on the soft, rustling leaves,
Mother, she thinks it is me.
When she looks at the chair vacant, once mine,
She wonders why does her boy roam;
God bless that old mother so gentle and kind,
I know she is waiting for me.—*Chorus.*

IF I'SE YO' LADY.

Copyright, 1898, by Philip Kussel. Words and Music by J. H. Hubbell.

Dar's a dead swell colored lady,
An' her name is Samnasady;
She's the swellest of de black four hundred's best.
Why, de coons all try to court her,
But dar's one boy dat has taught her
Dat he is hers an' she is his for fair;
A little better lookin'
When she's had her picture tookin';
When she walks aroun' she overshines de rest;
Ma heart almost goes wild
When she calls me her deah child,
An' to me she does say:

CHORUS.

If I'se yo' lady, yo' little baby,
Come, tell me whose are yo' (oh, ma baby!),
I loves you truly, yes, I do surely,
Oh, tell me whose are you?

SPOKEN.—Tell me, honey.

One night a big "stiff nigger"
Thought because he was some bigger
He could clean me off de floor an' win my babe.
Well, he done got de cleanin',
With entirely different meanin';
When I got through his face was mos' decayed.
An' when de war was ended,
An' de good cause defended,
Ma babe she puts her hands aroun' my head;
Laid her head right on ma breast,
Don't never min' de rest,
An' den to me she said:—*Chorus.*



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MY ANN ELIZER.

Copyright, 1898, by Myll Bros. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Malcolm Williams.

My girl ain't much to look at, she ain't no dream,
She can't sing like an angel, Ann Elizer Green,
But when she hears the "rag time" she can't keep still,
Her nerves commence a-jumpin' she gets a chill—well,
Her eyes begin a-shinin', her cheeks get red,
Her feet commence to shuffle, she shakes her head,
And when she starts a-dancin' she's the real thing;
I can't keep still no longer, I got to sing:—Well—

CHORUS.

My Ann Elizer, she's a surpriser, a tantalizer, she's in the whirl,
And I'll advertise her, my Ann Elizer, she is my "rag-time" girl.

I took her to a party last Sunday night,
Where al' the coons were dancin', ended in a fight,
There was a yeller feller from Thompson Street,
Said that he had a baby no wench could beat—well,
I bet on Ann Elizer all that I had,
When she got through a-dancin' that coon looked sad,
He tried to grab the money, I carved him deep,
I sang this song to him as he went to sleep:—Well—*Chorus.*

A CHILLY COON.

Copyright, 1898, by Smith Piano Co.

Words by Fred Cohn. Music by John A. Thomas.

There's a coon lives in our place,
Funniest spec'men of the colored race,
Coons nearly all are mighty hot,
But this one is of a different lot;
He won't look at any dusky belle,
They think that he's a loon,
When he'll pass by, the gang will cry:
There goes the chilly coon.
SPOKEN.—My ain't it cold, Br-r-r-r.

CHORUS.

He don't care what they say, no one knows what's his lay,
He goes his easy way, morning, night and noon;
Wenches will pass him by, smile at him and then they sigh,
He don't care, and then they cry, there goes the chilly coon.

Down in the crap-game shooting dice,
Ev'rybody warm, he as cold as ice,
Niggers all shouting seven, 'leven, come,
But our chilly friend's keeping mum,
Now's his turn to roll them bones,
Ev'ry nigger groans,
He makes eight passes, look out for a fight,
And wins all the coin in sight.—*Chorus.*

I'm Looking for a New Home Now.

Copyright, 1898, by Philip Kussel.

Words by Frank Coulter. Music by Jake C. Schaefer.

There's a coon that's been a-hanging
'Round the house 'most night and day,
He told me on the quiet
That his pork-chops ran away;
It wasn't for the gal so much,
But now he's lost his home;
And the nights would soon be getting cold
And he hates to sleep alone;
Said he, she shared my pork-chops
And I give her every cent;
I just bought a bran'-new folding-bed
And I paid a whole month's rent;
The coon that she's done gone with
He was handsome, I'll allow;
There seems no chance on earth for me,
So I'm looking for a new home.

CHORUS.

Now I'm sorry that I fell out with my baby;
I know this blow will almost set me crazy;
I thought that she was too much of a lady
To do a cruel act like that to me;
I hope the Lord would fix things with my honey;
I'd treat her nice and give her all my money;
If I could catch that coon, you know
He would'nt stand a ghost of show,
I'm sorry that I fell out with my babe.

Now, boys, I tried to please her,
I did everything I could;
She used to say she'd shake me,
But I didn't think she would;
She even got arrested,
And I got her out of jail;
I didn't have the money myself,
But my friends they went her bail;
She always swore she loved me,
And I'm sorry that she's gone;
I wouldn't take it so to heart,
But they sing me this sad song:
Your baby love's done gwine from you
With a coon as black as sin;
There's only one thing left for me,
To let another gal step in.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE DAT MAN.

Copyright, 1898, by Myll Bros. English copyright secured.

Words by Dan. Packard. Music by E. J. Simmes.

For a handsome black man I have admiration,
For him I'd run the shoes right off my feet,
He was my honey boy and my heart would jump with joy
When Sunday night at church we used to meet,
For he used to say I was his only baby;
He was juggling with the truth, I will admit;
I never see him now, but I'd love to, I'll allow;
Tho' I found he never cared for me a bit.

CHORUS.

I don't care who knows it, I love dat man;
You can see how much I shows it, I do love dat man.
My poor heart's a-breaking, much as it can,
The reason dat I sigh and fret, is 'cause I love that man.

He was kind to me when I was very lonesome,
He called me all the pet names that he knew;
He treated me so fair, with such tenderness and care,
When he was with me I was never blue;
But another wench stole from me his affections,
Now they say that she's a-gwine to change her name.
He did me wrong, for sure, but my sick heart I can't cure,
For I'll always love that darkey just the same.—*Chorus.*

I'll Never Be the Same, Dear.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. G. Riddell.

Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

They had been sweethearts in childhood, Jack and little Mame;
And as he grew to manhood, his love remained the same.
He struggled hard to earn their home, 'till one fatal summer's day,
She told him another had won her, and this was all that Jack could say:

CHORUS.

I'll never be the same, dear, your words have broken my heart; [part;
I've loved you since childhood, Mame, dear & now you say that we must
That gold cannot purchase all gladness, perhaps you'll learn some day;
I wish you a life free from sadness, tho' you've blighted mine for aye.

Mame married the man she had chosen, poor Jack left that day;
While she became a great lady, he fell by the way.
Altho' she lived in luxury, she found that life was vain;
She'd think of her old-time sweetheart, and hear his parting words again:
—*Chorus.*

The fire-bells were ringing out their knell of death,
Upon the pavement stood the crowd with bated breath;
From a window of the doom'd hotel there came a woman's cry,
Her screams for aid were fruitless, to save her none dared try.
Her husband, who had saved himself, now raved in wild alarm,
But see, a ragged tramp appears, and bears her in his arms;
Tho' she's unhurt, the hero, brave, sank dying on the street—
A look, a scream; 'twas her sweetheart Jack lying there at her feet.
—*Chorus.*

When I Return We'll Be Wed.

Copyright, 1898, by Edw. M. Koninsky & Bros.

Sheet music published by Edw. M. Koninsky & Bros., Troy, N. Y.

Words and music by Sadie Koninsky.

It was just before the battle, the troops were ordered on,
And a soldier with his sweetheart by his side
Were both praying for his safety and that he might soon return,
And live in peace and comfort with his bride,
They would soon have been wedded had he not been called to arms,
And it made the parting all the worse to bear,
But he said, "My country calls, so we'll be wed when I return,
Let us hope 'twill be the answer to our prayer."

CHORUS.

"When I return we'll be wed,"
Those were the last words he said,
As he shouldered his musket and marched along,
Perhaps to be soon with the dead,
But her sweet smiling face cheer'd him on,
Though her heart sank within as he left,
And long in her mem'ry there lived that farewell,
"When I return we will be wed."

In the thickest of the battle, amidst the shot and shell,
Stood the soldier with the bravest of the brave,
When upon them came an awful charge, and with the rest he fell,
While struggling for his country's flag to save,
As his comrades gathered 'round him, "tell my sweetheart" were his [words,
"Tell her gently, for too soon the news she'll learn,"
And then, as his soul took flight, he whispered while they raised him up,
"Tell her we'll be wed as soon as I return."—*Chorus.*



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THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

Words by Wm. B. Gleuroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,
Our organist is ill to-day, will some one play instead?
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle, whose clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn,
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away,
The preacher rose and softly said, good brethren, let us pray.—*Ref*

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

Copyright, 1891, by Francis, Day & Hunter.

Written and Composed by Will Goodman and Leo Dryden.

It is ten weary years since I left Ireland's shore,
In a far distant country to roam;
How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at home.
Last night, as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,
One that seemed to bring distant friends near;
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

REFRAIN.

I saw the old homestead and faces I love; I saw England's valleys & dells;
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy, to the sound of the old village bells;
The log was burning brightly—'twas a night that should banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in.

While the joyous bells rang, swift I wended my way
To the cot where I lived when a boy;
And I looked in the window, yes, there, by the fire,
Sat my parents—my heart filled with joy.
The tears trickled fast down my bronzed, furrowed cheeks,
As I gazed on my mother so dear;
I knew in my heart she was raising a prayer
For the boy whom she dreamt not was near.—*Refrain.*

At the door of the cottage we met face to face,
'Twas the first time for ten weary years;
Soon the past was forgotten—we stood hand in hand—
Father, mother and wanderer in tears.
Once more in the fireplace the oak log burns bright,
And I promised no more would I roam;
As I sit in the old vacant chair by the hearth,
And I sing the dear song "Home, Sweet Home."—*Refrain.*

The Widow's Plea for Her Son.

Copyright, 1893, by Louis H. Ross & Co.

Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheek.
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,
And turning to the jurymen, these words his mother said:

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;
She said, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.
Although my boy is guilty—I own his crime is bad,
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"—*Cho.*

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.
I therefore will discharge you"—and the court then gave a cheer—
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."
Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son, etc.

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD.

Copyright, 1894, by Jos. W. Stern. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."
At the station when he asked her for her name,
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child away."

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide:
"Have you seen my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face,
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.
Do not fear, my little darling, and we will take you right home, etc.

AFTERWARDS.

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by John W. Mullen.

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I lingered yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flowers have fled that blossomed in that springtide,
The birds are mute that sang their songs above,
And tho' the years have drifted us asunder,
Time cannot break the golden chain of love.
Still we can love, although the shadows gather;
Still we can hope, until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness,
Sometimes my life grows weary of its pain.
Then, love, I wait and listen for your whisper,
Till fears depart and sunshine comes again.
It cannot be that we should part forever,
That love's sweet song is hushed for us alway;
I hear it yet, although its theme be altered;
'Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;
Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

I LOVE YOU IN SPITE OF ALL.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. K. Harris. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Fred Simonson.

Down by a shady brook, by a swift running stream,
Sat a maid and her lover, both happy as a dream.
All nature seemed at rest, as the birds sang their lay,
He told her that he loved her, called her his Queen of May.
Neither in their trysting saw a maiden fall,
A girl who also loved him, loved him the best of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

She wandered from her home, this maiden all forlorn,
In her heart kept the secret of a love left unborn.
She came upon these lovers, unconscious of her woe,
And heard him say "I love you," just as she turned to go.
She would keep her secret, which no time could pall,
Her heart was almost breaking, she loved in spite of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

Long, weary days have passed to the sweet little maid,
Who has had manly suitors, but to all she says nay.
No one else will she wed, she knows her heart is gone
To one who will never love her, he weds to-morrow morn.
Seated in the arbor his words she now recalls.
Yet in her heart she loves him, loves him in spite of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

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OH! PROMISE ME.

Copyright, 1889, by G. Schirmer.

Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

MAGGIE MAGUIRE.

Copyright, 1895, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl who's simply "out of sight;"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you,
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam,
Say you'll be true and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him;
Somehow they always "make up," though when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

TOM AND I'LL GO TOO.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Before the grim old judge they stood, a mother, girl and boy,
The father faced his children and his wife;
He said that she had wronged him, tho' she once had been his joy,
He sought a separation there for life.
The judge said, I will part you, for your hearts are strangers now,
The boy can with his mother always stay,
And if the girl is willing she can with her father go.
The little daughter then began to say:

REFRAIN.

My home will be with mother, for I'll never have another,
If I should leave her now what would she do;
I love you, dad, sincerely, and my mother just as dearly,
Take mother home, then Tom and I'll go too.

The father tho't of happy days before the babes were born,
Before estrangement, jealousy and pride,
The promises and vows he made upon their wedding morn,
The loving woman who became his bride.
The loyalty of childhood proved that she was faithful still,
Upon her good name there was not a stain;
The veil was torn asunder, and they never will forget
The words that made them man and wife again:—*Refrain.*

I Loved You Better than You Knew.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. W. Held.

Words and Music by Johnnie Carroll.

Our hands are clasped, the last forever,
Perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other;
This parting fills my heart with pain;
You ask, and freely I forgive you,
The happy past I must forget;
And though I wander on in sorrow,
I hope that you'll be happy yet.

CHORUS.

As through this weary world I wander,
My thoughts alone will be of you;
In mem'ry I will see you ever;
I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps, when I have gone forever,
You'll sometimes sit and think of me,
And wonder if I'm dead or living;
Perchance I'll think the same of thee;
And when your friends have all departed,
The friends you thought were tried and true,
Remember one you left heart-broken
Had loved you better than you knew.—*Chorus.*

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Claudet.

A vision of beauty greets my eyes, a girl with an angel face,
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights, with oh, such careless grace;
Lovers all crowd around her throne, there is no place for me,
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd, I am thinking, my love, of thee;
You'll never know the pain I feel, gazing on thy face bright,
You'll never know the dull heartache throbbing in me to-night.
I can't believe that you are false; would you then have it so?
Though my heart may break to-night, you will never know.

CHORUS.

You'll never know when my heart is sad,
You'll never know that my love you had;
If there be one, but one regret,
You'll never know, you'll never know,
Tho' my heart break, you'll never know.

The carriage is waiting at the door, a maiden so fair steps in,
The light has faded from her eyes, can she be thinking of him?
He thinks me false, unkind, untrue, could he but read my heart,
The answer there would then declare, love, we shall never part.
You'll never know the pain I felt, coldly you turned away,
You'll never know the tears that fall, falling for you to-day.
I must be smiling, bright and gay, and to the world not show
How I long to see your face; you will never know.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE YOU YET.

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. W. Held. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

You said you loved me better than I knew,
But ah! you know you spoke untrue;
Your heart was faithless and your love was false,
And yet I loved, I loved but you.
You claimed me as your happy bride,
You pressed me to your loving side;
You took my hand within your own,
And vowed you loved but me alone.
But ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.

CHORUS.

And now I wander sad and lone, the past a drear and vain regret,
And tho' your many vows were broken, I cannot help, I love you yet.
"I loved you better than you knew, machree"—
Those were the words you spoke to me,
And tho' I thought you loved me as you said,
I knew that this could never be.
For woman's heart is not a toy,
One deed her love will oft destroy;
I saw you kiss another's lips,
Like bee, which stolen honey sips.
And ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.—*Chorus.*

THE MIDWAY PALOMA.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by James Thornton. Music adapted from the Spanish.

Oh, Santiago, and de Lumbago,
And the Senorita dat will pull-a de leg-o;
Oh, Mexico and the Mexicanso,
And de Dago sella de ripe banano;
The night go and de Dago from Italio,
Standing on the corner, selling the hot tamalio;
Hidalgo Espagnola from San Marlio,
And "the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo;"
And the mandolins will ring, and Signora will sing
"Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow-wow-wow,
Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,"
"After the ball-o," "Collar and elbow,"
"He never cares to wander-o," "De cat came back-o,"
"The man in the moon-o" marry him soon-o, alla.

Oh, cigaretto, and de cigaro,
Wheeling, West Virginia, in a wheelbarrio;
Oh, Silver Bill and the Buffalo Billio,
I don't know how much I owe, Tit Willio.
A young girl went to supper with my brother-o,
Now one of his legs is longer than the other-o;
When she left him he didn't have a sou-i-o,
For she was one of the "Two little girls in blue-i-o."
Oh, he bought her a ring and the maiden will sing,
There's a jay born each minute or two-i,
Minute or two-i-o,
Oh, Carmencita, Regaloncita,
And Paquetta, I'm going to meet her just down the street-a,
With her big feet-a, never looked sweeter, alla.



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Parody on:

She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.

Written by Johnston & Gordon.

As a slob I sat one day
In a race-track not far away,
And to me all horses looked about the same,
But my plug, whose name was Ned,
Had just been beaten by a head,
And I had to pay a few 10 to 1 shots there,
But I sprung the same old gag of a frosty-boney gag,
That broke me good and proper that day,
But I fancied I could trace there were other horses in that race,
As I payed my coin this is all I had to say:

CHORUS.

He was bred in old Kentucky,
Where the meadow's grass ain't green;
You could tell he was a car-horse, for he ran almost unseen;
He was bred in old Kentucky,
And I know I am unlucky,
For to gamble on a nag like him.

Now my girl, whose hair is red,
Is a good baker, so 'tis said,
But the bread she makes is really on the hog,
For she threw a chunk at me,
But I ducked it, don't you see,
And it fell upon and killed my little dog,
But I threw a pie at her when she killed my little cur,
For she got me good and mad that day,
But I fancied she could see there were no flies on me,
I ate some of her bread, and to her did say:

CHORUS.

You make bread in old Kentucky,
In a town called Louisville,
'Tis the place for good whiskey, you can always drink your fill;
She makes bread in old Kentucky,
If you can eat it, you are lucky,
For it will kill you, I'm sure it will.

ROSIE AND MAMIE.

Copyright, 1898, by J. G. Riddell.

Words and Music by Harry B. Marshall.

Rosie and Mamie are sisters,
And two loving girls are they,
They are twins and quite fond of the misters,
And new mashes make every day.
When the bicycle craze struck the town.
They both to their papa did go,
And besought him two wheels to send down,
Of course he could not answer no.

REFRAIN.

Rosie, Mamie, two pretty girls,
Each with a bicycle, bloomers and curls,
Brimful of fun and quite sporty, you know,
They know a thing or two, not a bit slow.

Rosie and Mamie wore bloomers,
And looked very charming and sweet,
And if we can credit the rumors,
To see them was really a treat,
And when they had learned how to ride,
In a swell riding school down the way,
They thought they would try it outside,
Said Rosie, "let's try it to-day."—*Refrain.*

Rosie and Mamie looked charming,
As they mounted their wheels and rode off,
I don't see anything so alarming
About this, said Mame, with a laugh,
But, alas, she had spoken in haste,
For just then two young men passed by,
And as they were young men of good taste,
To flirt with the girls they did try.—*Refrain.*

Rosie and Mamie smiled sweetly,
And both the young men raised their hats,
They had won the boys' hearts most completely,
When some evil-disposed kid cried "rats."
Two screams; and they went to turn 'round,
Poor girls; 'twas an unlucky day,
Both went in a heap on the ground,
In a very undignified way.—*Refrain.*

Rosie and Mamie laughed loudly,
In spite of their recent downfall,
While the boys done the honors quite proudly,
For the girls their assistance did call.
To get them quite out of the mix
Of wheels, hair pins, bloomers and curls,
But the young men this matter did fix,
And now they've two bicycle girls.—*Refrain.*

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HOBSON.

From the Topeka Daily Capital (as told by Mikey O'Toole.)

Siz Hobson of Allybama, I brought yez a load of coal.
Siz Severy, It's just the very thing I wahnt, bless yer soul.

Siz Hobson, I'll put er down in the basemint for yez to get.
Says Severy, Hould on, if ye do it'll all git mity wet.

Devil cares, siz Hobson; is this the bay of Santiago?
Never yez mind about the bay. Dom the bay, siz the Dago.

That's phot I'm tryin' to do, siz Hobson, both inds on the ground.
Siz Severy, Lave room, plaze, for a wheelbarry to go 'round.

Dthin he siz, Doo yez see me min a-shootin' away at marks?
I doo begorra, siz Hobson, they're skarrin' ahf all the sharks.

Pay for the coal, siz Hobson; I've put er all down in the bin.
Divil a cent I have, said Severy, for you and the min.

Dthin we'll boord with yez, siz Hobson, until ivery cint we git,
And he did, an' he's boording it out with the Dago till yit.

Parody on:

She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.

Written by P. Seraphine.

One cold winter's night in June,
I strolled into a saloon,
Where the girls and boys were always to be found;
And by chance whom did I meet
But my "old" chum Patty Feet,
So, of course, the drinks we had to pass around.
Then we talked about a lassie whom he'd not seen in many years,
And whom my chum intended soon to wed;
Now says he when we are wed, I will paint this whole town red,
Then we set them up again, and this he said:

CHORUS.

She was bred in old Kil-arney,
Where the meadow-grass is green,
She's the sunshine of her alley,
People say she is a peachereen,
She was bred in old Kil-arney,
And she kissed the stone of blarney,
For she's Irish, and I'm proud of it, too.

It's not many nights ago that we met in Irish row,
Of this great wedding all the neighbors heard;
Paddy's bride and he himself were that very night to wed,
And were waiting for the priest to give the word;
All the neighbors stood there spell-bound,
While the preacher done the job,
Then Paddy he went nearly mad with joy;
Sure, he then began to holler,
Until some one shouted, Fire!
And in the muss they heard poor Paddy yell:—*Chorus.*

Parody on:

BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER

Words by Manley & Rose.

While the shots and shells were shelling,
And I had shot the chutes,
The Cherry Sisters were acting,
They had on big high boots,
Came a cabbage from the front row
And hit Effie in the nose;
They kept on singing Tara-boom-de-a;
The gallery then got crazy,
The applause was loud and fierce,
Then some one throwed on the stage a bunch of hay,
Old bottles, irons and stove-wood sticks
Were flying around their heads,
And after the curtain went down I heard them say:

CHORUS.

Just tell them we need the money,
Of course, you may think it funny,
But you all know it's so hard to duck,
But we often have to duck eggs,
I'd give six bits if they were here;
I'd fill them all up on beer,
And have them do the kutchy dance,
What an awful fright it would be.

While the boat it was a-tossing upon the raging sea,
A Hebrew boy and his mother were as sick as they could be,
Came a cry from the brave captain.
The boat is sinking now,
Who'll volunteer to swim ashore, he said.
I will! the Hebrew shouted, I'll save my life or die,
Then jumped into the thickest of the spray,
The whole push they got drownded,
The Hebrew's mother, too,
The last time she went down they heard her say:

CHORUS.

Just break the news to Ikey,
And tell him I'm out of sighty,
Just tell him not to worry, for I have my money with me,
Just say I wished he was with me, my darling little Ikey,
Just give him all the bold con you can,
And break his neck for me.

Parody on:

MOTHER OF THE GIRL I LOVE

By Harry S. Sargent.

The old court-room was crowded, and the crowd were full of beer,
A poor old hobo who'd been pinched was trying to get clear;
The lawyer who defended him, his heart was nearly bent,
Because he knew out of that case he'd never get a cent.
The judge then to the hobo said, "Your case is now on dit,"
And as he gazed upon that man, his honor had a fit;
For in that man he recognized the father of the maid
He'd tried to win long years ago when he was a foolish blade;
Tho poor old judge then hove a sigh half way across the street,
And from his clothes he pulled a flask and that hobo did treat;
Then turning to the jury he in accents full of booze,
Told to them a story, and not one word did they lose:
"I met this man some years ago, his daughter's hand I sought,
But one cold night he fired me out because I was half shot,
He said I never would cut 'ice' in days that were to come,
And that, my friends, is how I came acquainted with this bum.
I quickly sought a widow's hand, who'd money, yes, to burn,
And with her wealth I studied law, and when it came my turn,
I took my seat upon this bench, and here I am to stay—
If I had wed that hobo's girl, where would I have been to-day?

CHORUS.

Silence was the answer, their jury never spoke,
But in twelve buckets of cracked ice they put their heads to soak,
"I cannot fine that man, sir," the old judge slowly said,
"For the prisoner is the father of the girl I didn't wed."

Parody on:

On the Banks of the Wabash.

By Harry S. Sargent.

There's a mortgage on my Indiana homestead,
And to lift that debt has never been my craze,
But one day a cyclone struck down on the Wabash,
And the mortgage got the lift I wouldn't raise;
Oh, the fever and the ague are something awful,
And the chills are situated there to stay;
For the people shake from one town to the other,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

CHORUS.

Oh, the stars all shoot the chutes upon the Wabash,
And the Rube who hoes the corn is there to stay;
They don't know that McKinley's in the White House,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Electric lights are not known on the Wabash,
But the candle lights are gleaming when they gleam;
And they use the lightning bugs to light their lamps with,
For matches on the Wabash are a dream;
Oh, the banks have all gone bankrupt on the Wabash,
And the farms are all to rent the first of May,
If you showed a man a dollar he'd expire,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

CHORUS.

Oh! the gaslight never shines down on the Wabash,
Although they've natural gas to burn, they say;
And the people there still vote for Andrew Jackson,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Parody on:

MY COAL-BLACK LADY.

By Lew H. Carroll.

I've got a cold-heart lady, and she's sixty in the shady,
Do I love her, yes, no, not,
That's why I never married and I'm glad that I have tarried,
She always is half shot;
To squeeze her isn't easy, she's big, fat, broad and greasy,
And I don't like her one bit,
Stockings now she's knitting, near the window she is sitting,
Oh, I love to see her, "nit."

CHORUS.

My cold-heart lady, you're in the shady,
You cannot blame me, no, no, no,
I love another gal with dough,
And she's my baby, a moneyed lady,
By-by, my cold-heart lady.

CHORUS.

My ham-fat lady, you're A-B-C-D,
A stands for any girl at hand;
B for "bestest" in the land,
C stands for Crazy and D for Daisy,
You're b-u-m, my lady.

CHORUS.

My coal-cart lady, my black, black baby,
I'm going to leave you, yes, yes, yes,
Off for Klondyke and the West,
I know it's costly if I makes a frosty,
I'll come back to my baby.

CHORUS.

I've got a claim there, but if you were there
I'm sure that I would be afraid,
Leaving you alone, my babe,
I'd go insane, dear, if they'd jump my claim, dear,
Then I'd lose my coal-black lady.

YOU'RE IT.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

My mem'ry turns to schoolboy days and a charming little lass,
Playmates were we together, and stood side by side in class,
When school was out, we'd start for home, but played along the way,
We'd play "tag-catcher," and "I spy," then she would run and say:

CHORUS.

You're it, you're it, you're it, I spy you, Jimmy Green;
You're it, you're it, you're it, you're caught, now don't be mean,
Sometimes I'd make her angry, she'd cry a little bit,
But when we'd kiss and make up, I was always "it."

The boys and girls are scattered now, who went to school with me,
Some of them roam in foreign lands, while some sail o'er the sea,
How many, many times I've stood to watch the children play
That same old game of "I spy you," and hear them laugh and say:
—*Chorus.*

If I Thought You Loved Me Yet.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by John U. Hollar.

Last night as I sat by the fireside, thinking of bygone days,
Scenes of the past rose before me, out of the firelight's blaze,
I saw you in all your beauty, and a smile that seemed so true,
It brought back, in all its old-time force, the love I once had for you.

CHORUS.

Shall I no more hear your whisper, must I the old love forget,
Life would be one endless sunshine, if I thought that you loved me yet.

Your smile will now beam on another, surely he has your love,
I hope that he will prove to you true as the stars above,
You'll never know how I loved you, tho' you sent me off in scorn,
As I sat beside the fire last night, mem'ry caused my heart to mourn.
—*Chorus.*

And now when I think of the old times, that day when first we met,
Then when you whispered "I love you," that time I'll never forget,
'Twas then that you vowed and promised that from me you'd never part,
But the only things now left to me are tears and a broken heart.—*Cho.*

Parody on:

SOMEBODY HAS MY HEART.

By Lew H. Carroll.

I started out while in Gay New York
To have a quiet ball,
Took in the Bowery and all the sights,
Went into a concert hall,
A girl with an ingrown face came out,
Who imagined she was the real thing,
And then with a voice that was overripe,
To me she began to sing:

CHORUS.

Somebody has my heart,
Her voice began to quiver,
I answered her back with a start,
It's a good thing it wasn't your liver,
She suddenly left the stage,
Then the manager swore like a Turk.
Says she, "ever since I have lost my poor heart,
Why I haven't the heart to work."

In a summer resort known as Buzzards Bay,
A fisherman sat one day,
He was thinking of all the good times he had
That now have passed away;
His wife sat beside him so faithfully,
And she noticed a tear in his eye,
Come, tell me Grover why are you sad—
To her he then made this reply:

CHORUS.

Somebody has my job,
Somebody from Ohio,
You can bet that I feel like a slob,
Bill McKinley is the boy, oh-my—oh!
Then his wife turned around and said,
What's the use of your cryin',
The White House has held some good men in its time,
And the next may be Wm. J. Bryan.



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Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead.

Copyright, 1893, by H. W. Petrie.

Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas. J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake;
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."

Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the coffin, with a prayer:
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."

So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console,
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;
So, as clods began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

McGinty at the Living Pictures.

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan;
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main
When the living pictures came to view,
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw;"
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shout;
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then says he, "Mary Ann, you will lose your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers for to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures."

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky,
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I used to;"
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Be golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pail of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he creeped, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hoochy-Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

MY GIRL IS A WINNER.

Copyright, 1896, by Nattes & Co.

Words and Music by E. Nattes.

There's a charming, neat soubrette, who will set me crazy yet;
All her actions are so cute, she's a daisy, she's a "beaut."
When she comes upon the stage, this soubrette is all the rage;
What she says is all the go; she's a winner at the show.

CHORUS.

My girl is a winner at the music halls,
Neat dancer and singer, and she gets the calls.
I take her to dinner when the curtain falls,
My girl is a winner at the music halls.

She makes such a charming face when she shows a bit of lace;
All the bald heads have a fit while just watching for this bit.
She gets lots of nice bouquets for her lovely winning ways;
This soubrette you ought to know, she's a winner at the show.—*Cho.*

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

The birds sleeping gently, sweet lyra gleameth bright;
Her rays tinge the forest, and all seems glad to-night.
The wind's sighing by me, cooling my fever'd brow;
The stream flows as ever, yet, Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even, and thou wert by my side,
And thou wert by my side, vowing to love me,
One year past this even, and thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me, Alice, whate'er might betide.

The silver rain falling, just as it falleth now;
And all things slept gently—ah! Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant wildwood, when winds blew cold and chill;
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heavenward now,
I'm looking heavenward now; oh! there 'mid the star-shine,
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heavenward now;
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, Alice, I know art thou.

Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell.

Copyright, MDCCCXCV, by Henry J. Wehman. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two lives Murphy's daughter Nell;
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue, indeed, she's quite a belle;
She smiles on me whene'er we meet, she has my heart and hand complete,
And when work is done I start and run my Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell
Waits for me after tea;
She knows well, she dare not tell
That she's engaged to me.
But one of these days, when I get a raise,
The boy that she loves so well
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell can never marry me;
Says, she must wed a howling swell, that's rich and up in "G."
But on his Nell I've got first call, she says it's me or none at all,
And last night she said we will be wed some time this fall.—*Chorus.*

A Mother Never Can Forget Her Boy.

Copyright, 1893, by Geo. M. Klenk & Co.

Words and Music by Chas. Miller.

In prison sits a convict for a crime he hadn't done,
Deserted by his friends and every one;
"Why don't they come to see me?" is his cry from morn till night,
"O God, take me to realms that are more bright."
Discouraged, broken-hearted, he then gives up in despair,
'Till sounds a loving voice upon the air;
'Tis his dear old loving mother, and his heart beats high with joy
For the mother that has come to see her boy.

CHORUS.

Though his sweetheart will forget him, and all his friends forsake him,
His father, sisters, brothers, may all his hopes destroy,
But there's no love like a mother's, it is stronger than all others,
A mother never can forget her boy.

In trials or in trouble there's no friend like mother dear,
She ne'er forgets her loved ones far or near;
Her heart is never changing, it is always steadfast, strong,
And clings to those who hold it, right or wrong;
Just when the day is darkest and the clouds obscure the light,
Temptations gather 'round as thick as night,
She will smile and love on ever, though her heart with sorrow's torn,
For she knows her love will always bring the dawn.—*Chorus.*

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LITTLE JOHNNY DUGAN.

Copyright, 1893, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Thomas Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Listen for a moment and I'll tell to ye a story, (Yes!)*
It happened down to Slattery's a week ago to-night; (It did!)
Singing, dancing, drinking, yes, and we were in our glory; (We were!)
The fun it didn't last long, for it ended in a fight. (It would!)
At ten o'clock big Dan McCarthy he lept in the door, (Ha, ha!)
And then, my friends, without a provocation or a cause, (Well!)
He took a hold of Dugan and he threw him on the floor. (He would!)
Oh, listen just a moment, and I'll you how it was: (Just!)

CHORUS.

SOLO:—Dan McCarthy took a stick and made a smash at Dugan.
CHORUS:—What, little Johnny Dugan?
SOLO:—Yes; he swears he'll have his life.
CHORUS:—What did Dugan do to him?
SOLO:—He swears he was untrue to him.
CHORUS:—Did Dugan owe him money?
SOLO:—No—he stole McCarthy's wife.

Course, you know it isn't right to quarrel at a party, (No!)
Especially when they're Irish, for they all get mixing in; (They would!)
Dooley, Fagan, Slattery, Tim Cronin and McCarthy, (Yes!)
The way they thumped each other, sure, it really was a sin. (It was!)
Of course, you know it wasn't right to do what Dugan done, (No!)
To rob McCarthy's home and be a burden to his life. (Just!) must!)
There must be compensation when the judgment day does come; (There
If I was Johnny Dugan I'd get him another wife. (Good!)—*Chorus.*

* The words in parentheses are to be spoken.

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by J. L. Molloy.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng.
Low to our hearts love sung an old, sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Frank Mayr.

A handsome, noble-looking man came walking down the street,
Beside him strolled a little girl so beautiful and sweet,
Unconscious of the many eyes that lovingly were cast
On the handsome father and his happy child.
From o'er the way there came a lady
With burning tears that seemed to blind her eyes
As on the child she gazed;
"Oh, look, papa, there comes mamma,"
Cried the little innocent,
But the father quickly drew his babe away.

REFRAIN.

She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall;
There's no hand outstretched to save her, not a friend that she can call;
Ev'ry door is closed against her, not a soul for her will mourn;
She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall.

Down the street there goes a maiden, dressed with jewels bright & rare,
But the eyes that shone so brightly how they tell of woe and care;
Stops a one-time friend and whispers to her comrade passing by,
"Look, there's Josie," then they turn away and sigh.
"'Tis but a year since she was with us,
A merry maiden, oh, so happy,
And with true friends by the score;
But she left them for another life,
Her mother's prayers were vain,
In our hearts she's dead to us forevermore.—*Refrain.*

In a quiet little cottage, standing back among the trees,
Growing ivy twining 'round the porch, the pathways strewn with leaves,
Within the cosy parlor, gathered 'round the fireside,
Can be seen the saddened family at home.
Pressed close against the cottage window,
A tear-stained face is looking straight within
Upon the loved ones all;
"Take me home," the poor child murmurs,
It comes from a breaking heart,
But their Josie she had gone beyond recall.—*Refrain.*

HUGH McCUE.

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Hugh McCue, a noted Irish pugilist;
Hugh McCue, a fighter through and through;
If McCue should ever hit you with his fist,
He would make you black and blue.
Hugh McCue, a party gave a week ago,
And it's true he had a lively crowd;
Timmy Murphy, when he drank a drink or so,
He was drunk and yelled aloud:

CHORUS.

Hugh McCue, you mick, you,
You can bet your bottom dollar I can lick you;
Oh, you mick, I'm going to kick you,
With a knife I'm going to stick you.
I can lick you, Hugh McCue, you mick, you.

Hugh McCue to little Timmy Murphy said,
"That will do, now, Timmy, don't get new."
"Now, McCue," said little Timmy, "on the dead,
I must have a fight with you;
Then McCue got mad and threw him out the door,
Timmy landed on the trolley track,
When McCue said, "do you want to fight me more?"
Murphy only answered back:—*Chorus.*

"Oh, you mick, if you can fight, come out," said Tim,
"I can lick yourself and all your gang."
He went quick, and when McCue was thro' with him,
For an ambulance they rang.
In the bottom of the wagon Timmy lay,
Moaning, groaning, rolling side from side,
As they started in to slowly drive away,
From the ambulance he cried:—*Chorus.*

Timmy Murphy every kind of doctors tried,
But they couldn't cure him, it was found,
Through the fight he had with Hugh McCue he died,
Now he's in the cold, cold ground.
Hugh McCue, to see the grave he went alone,
Very blue he felt that day indeed,
Till he looked at what it said upon the stone,
This is what McCue did read:—*Chorus.*

DE HOTTEST COON IN TOWN.

Copyright, 1895, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by M. H. R. Music by Irving Jones.

Of dandy coons I am de swell, I'm not unknown to fame,
Aroun' dis town dey know me well, and craps, dat is my game;
A sporty coon, I've got de sand, and likewise got de tin,
I buck de tiger and de wheel, and always sure to win.

CHORUS.

For I'm de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
De darkies flock to me for miles and miles aroun':
I shake de dice and rolls 'em out, come sebben, 'lebben, de darkies shout,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

'Twas at a cake-walk that I met a dandy colored gal;
She was my little baby pet, they called her Charcoal Sal;
Like glue she loved me, and she swore she'd marry me some day,
But Lemuel Johnson he came 'long and stole dat gal away.

CHORUS.

Now I'm de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat nig for miles and miles aroun';
If I should find his restin' place, I'll carve my name upon his face,
For I'm the hottest coon in town.

One night I went to make a call on Louisiana Lou,
I hung my hat agin' de wall, to eat some 'possum stew;
Her little brudder grinned at me, and fo' I was aware,
He laid a razor right side up upon dis nigger's chair.

CHORUS.

And I'se de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat nig for miles aud miles aroun';
If I can catch dat nigger, see, I'll cut him just where he cut me,
For I'm de hottest coon in town.

I went down to a fancy ball, in swallow tails so fine;
Among de cullud pussons all, no coon like me did shine;
Some nigger wid intentions dat I can't say I admire,
Just put a match to my coat-tails, and soon I was on fire.

CHORUS.

And I'se de hottest coon you'll find in dis yere town,
I'm looking for dat moke for miles and miles aroun';
And when he's found, I'll promise you dat nig will turn red, white and
For I'm de hottest coon in town. [blue,



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Since Rachel Ran Away with a Coon.

Copyright, 1898, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Tom Daley. Music by Gus Edwards.

If you listen for a while, I'm apt to make you smile
With something that you've never heard before.
All the jews are 'most excited and the niggers are delighted,
Over a coon who works in Cohen's clothing store.
Cohen has a pretty daughter, she's as dark as Chicago water,
And her face is just as round as the moon;
And the cause of this commotion, is because she's got a notion
That to change her luck she'll have to wed this coon.

CHORUS.

Now all the coons in town are making preparations, for
Such a funny little wedding never happened before;
They're all putting three balls up over the door,
And are playing "*stuss" instead of four-eleven-forty-four.
They can't eat pork-chops now because that isn't "Kosher" meat;
They're going in the clothing bus'ness down in Baxter Street.
The jews have such a "headache" and their hearts refuse to beat,
Since Rachel ran away with a coon.

It will be a grand affair, all of Coontown will be there
When the rabbi makes them man and wife;
The coon is feeling funny 'cause he's going to get the money;
He won't have to work a day in all his life.
Cohen was going to have a fire in his store on Tuesday night,
But he postponed it till Thursday afternoon;
The poor man forgot to fail; he said he'd rather go to jail
Than to see his daughter married to that coon.—*Chorus.*

——— *Jewish term for poker.

She Is More to Be Pitied than Censured.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry,
'Round the table were seated, one night,
A crowd of young fellows carousing.
With them life seemed cheerful and bright,
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen to shame;
All the young fellows jeered at her weakness,
'Till they heard an old woman exclaim:

CHORUS.

She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised;
She is only a lassie who ventured
On life's stormy path, ill-advised;
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider
That a man was the cause of it all.

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner,
Where the neighbors all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon
O'er a soul that had just passed away.
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry,
Who a life of adventure had led—
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No, he asked for God's mercy, and said:—*Chorus.*

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Nows I'se old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

—Born Under an Eclipse.—A gentleman said the other day to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping, "Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are; how in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look a-here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a quarter for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued—"I tell yer what it is, massa, dis nigger may be brack, but he ain't green, nohow."

When You Do de Rag-Time Dance.

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Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Down in Coon-town dere am gwine to be a swell affair,
All dem high-toned darkies, they surely will be dere,
For dere's gwine to be a dance that every nigger knows,
And if you watch me for a while, I'll tell you how it goes:

CHORUS.

First you take your baby by the hand,
Then you walk along dat floor so grand,
Don't you look to the left, don't you look to the right,
You're here to learn that dance, and not to fight.
Don't you dare to look down at your boots,
Just glide along and then you shoot the chutes.
Don't you dare to look back, just pull in the slack,
When you do the Rag-Time Dance.

When we walk along dat floor, oh, how dem niggers stare,
Dey all take deir hats off when dis yere nigger's dere;
We're de leaders of dem all, yes, me and my gal 'Lize;
And we will show you how we walk when we're out for dat prize:—*Cho.*

My Old New Hampshire Home.

Copyright, 1898, by the Orphean Music Publishing Co.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire,
Many years ago, we parted, Ruth and I;
By the stream where we wandered in the gloaming,
It was there I kissed my love a sad good-bye.
She clung to me and trembled when I told her,
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay;
We parted, and I left her broken-hearted,
In the old New Hampshire village far away.

REFRAIN.

Now the sunshine lingers there, and the roses bloom as fair,
In the wildwood, where together we would roam;
In the village church-yard near sleeps the one I loved so dear,
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

In my dreams by the stream last night I wandered,
And I thought my love was standing by my side;
Once again then I told her that I loved her,
Once again she promised she would be my bride;
And as I stooped to kiss her I awakened,
I called her, but she was not there to hear;
My heart lies buried with her 'neath the willow,
In the old New Hampshire home I love so dear.—*Chorus.*

I DON'T LIKE NO CHEAP MAN.

Copyright, 1897, by Jos. W. Stern & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Williams & Walker.

Miss Simpson had always been considered
De finest gal in town,
She was de envy of all de coons
Dat lived for miles around,
Last week Bill Johnson took her out
To see de minstrels at de hall;
He bought de seats in de gallery,
And she didn't like that at all.

CHORUS.

She said, "I don't like no cheap man
Dat spends his money on de 'stalment plan;
Dat's de reason I always carry with me
'Nuf money for what I want.
I got a sweet disposition as any one,
But 'sake alive,' I hate to be done—
In front of de people dat's sitting here, too—
You's a cheap man, and you won't do!"

Miss Simpson was kind o' partial
To ice cream and lemonade,
So when Ephraim asked her to have some,
"Wid pleasure, sir!" she said.
She ate two dishes of the cream, she says to him,
"Ain't you gwine to hab none?"
He says, "I'm waiting for to see if I can stand the blow;
If I kin, den I'll hab some."—*Chorus.*

Last week, at a festival, she met Sam Long—
Folks said he had lots of dough.
"Can I 'scort you down to de table," said he.
"'Twould be a pleasure, sho!"
At the table Sam grabbed up the bill o' fare—
She said, "I'll take a piece o' chicken wid you!"
He said, "I am sorry, but I'm 'shy' to-night,
Won't a nice ham sandwich do?"—*Chorus.*



The Words and Music of either of the above songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your selection, for ONE DOLLAR, by H. J. WEHMAN, 108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

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Jede Kunst — auch die, einen interessanten Brief zu schreiben — beruht auf gewissen Gesetzen und Regeln, die wohl studirt sein müssen. Die Uebung, die schweifenden Gedanken in knappe Form zu bringen, führt zur Beherrschung des Stoffs und macht dadurch den Brief interessant. — Als Führer für alle Diejenigen, welche mit dem Briefschreiben und der Abfassung von Dokumenten ꝛc. weniger vertraut sind, soll unser Briefsteller betrachtet werden; er soll dem Unkundigen Belehrung, dem Strebenden Hülfe auf möglichst kurzem Wege gewähren. Der Geschäftsmann findet außerdem alle auf den Privatverkehr bezüglichen Postbestimmungen, sowie Geschäftsbriefe, Formulare juristischen Inhalts, Belehrung über Wechsel und Checks ꝛc. Aus dem reichhaltigen Inhalt seien erwähnt: Glückwunschbriefe, Gratulationskarten u. Einladungsschreiben, freundschaftliche Briefe, Familienbriefe, Briefe in Liebes- und Heirathsangelegenheiten, Beileidsbriefe, Bittschreiben, Empfehlungsbriefe, Mahnbriefe, Entschuldigungsbriefe, Beschenkungsbriefe, Danksagungsschreiben, Abschiedsbriefe u. s. w. Ferner enthält das Buch eine ausgewählte Sammlung von Stammbuch-Versen, welche gewiß für Viele eine willkommene Zugabe sein wird. — Bei der Reichhaltigkeit und Billigkeit des Buches steht wohl zu erwarten, daß es viele Leser finden und denselben Belehrung und Nutzen bringen wird.

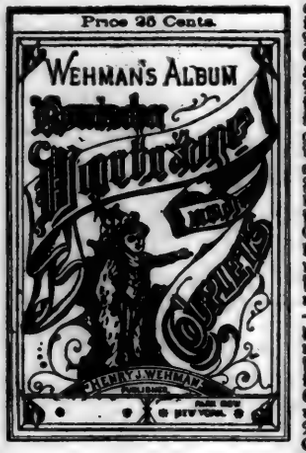


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Zu beziehen durch alle Buchhändler und Zeitungsagenten in den Vereinigten Staaten und Canada, sowie gegen Einsendung des Betrages in Briefmarken direkt und franko vom Herausgeber

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PRICE 25 CENTS.

Zuverlässige Anweisungen, um mit mäßigen und geringen Mitteln die landesüblichen Speisen Deutschlands und Amerikas schmackhaft und billig herzustellen.

Dieses Buch zeichnet sich vor allen ähnlichen durch Reichhaltigkeit, Zweckmäßigkeit, Gediegenheit und Billigkeit aus. Die meisten deutschen Kochbücher verfehlen theils durch ihre Einseitigkeit (indem in ihnen zu wenig Rücksicht auf die hiesigen Produkte und klimatischen Verhältnisse genommen ist), theils durch ihren weitschweifigen, auf die große, mit allen Hülfsmitteln ausgestattete Küche berechneten Inhalt mehr oder weniger ihren Zweck. Viele dieser Bücher werden in dem Glauben gekauft, ein treuer Rathgeber für die Hausfrau zu sein; nur zu bald aber muß sich letztere davon überzeugen, daß der Verfasser des Buches die Berechnung ohne die der bescheideneren Küche zu Gebote stehenden Mittel gemacht hat. Dabei wimmelt der Inhalt so von technischen Ausdrücken und fremden Namen, und ist so unklar gehalten, daß der weniger geschulten Hausfrau schon beim Lesen der Kopf summt. Auch ist der Preis dieser Bücher so hoch, daß die mit irdischen Gütern nicht gesegnete und von den Sorgen des Lebens stark in Mitleidenschaft gezogene Hausfrau sich die Anschaffung schon aus diesem Grunde versagen muß. Diesen und noch vielen andern Uebelständen, die alle aufzuzählen hier der Raum fehlt, will dieses Buch abhelfen und der sorg- und sparsamen Gattin des Arbeiters, Geschäftsmannes, Farmers u. s. w. den Weg zeigen, ein ihren Hülfsmitteln entsprechendes und dabei doch gutes und zuträgliches Mahl zu bereiten. Zu diesem Zweck ist mit großer Sorgfalt der einfache, gute deutsche Tisch mit dem Werthvollen, welches die amerikanische Küche bietet, unter dem Motto: **Gut und Billig** in diesem Buche vereinigt. Dazu ist es leicht faßlich geschrieben und alle darin enthaltenen Anweisungen sind leicht ausführbar, von besonderer Güte und nicht kostspielig. Ist es seines praktischen Inhaltes wegen geeignet, ein unentbehrliches Handbuch für jede Hausfrau zu bilden, so erlaubt der äußerst billige Preis es auch der unbemittelsten, sich in den Besitz desselben zu setzen und sich dadurch ein Werk von unberechenbarem Nutzen zu verschaffen. Aus dem reichhaltigen Inhalt seien nur folgende Kapitel genannt: Suppen, Gemüse, Fleischspeisen, Wildpret, Geflügel, Fische, Salate, Saucen, Compotes, Puddings, Aufläufe, Klöse, Pasteten und Teige, Eier-, Milch- und Mehlspeisen, Schmalzgebackenes, Brod und Kuchen, Eingemachtes, kalte und warme Getränke u. s. w., u. s. w. Ein beigefügter Küchenzettel erleichtert der Hausfrau die Lösung der wichtigen Frage: Was soll ich heute kochen? und erspart ihr manches Kopfzerbrechen. Durch Angabe auch der englischen Bezeichnungen für die in dem Buche enthaltenen Namen der Speisen ist auch der mit den deutschen Ausdrücken weniger vertrauten Hausfrau Gelegenheit gegeben, sich dasselbe zu Nutze zu machen. Maaße und Gewichte sind selbstverständlich in amerikanischer Berechnung angeführt. Das über 500 Anweisungen zur Bereitung aller Arten Speisen, Backwerk und Getränk nebst viele Illustrationen enthaltende vortreffliche Buch kostet nur 25 Cents.



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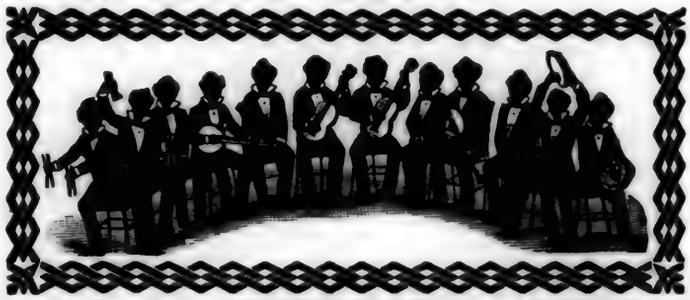
Dieses ist das vollständigste Traumbuch, welches bisher veröffentlicht worden ist, und gibt genaue Auskunft über die Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft. Es ist mit einem großen Aufwand von Zeit und Geld von den berühmtesten Wahrsagerinnen zusammengestellt worden, und wird sein reichhaltiger Inhalt gewiß einen Jeden zufriedenstellen, der Belehrung in seinen Seiten sucht. Das Buch enthält unter vielem Anderen: Auslegung der Träume, sowie Angabe der Glückszahlen, auf welche sie sich beziehen; Wahrsagung durch Karten; merkwürdige Spiele mit Karten; Wahrsagen durch Dominos und Würfel; die Punktirkunst, oder Frage- und Antwort-Buch; Wahrsagen nach den Geburtsmonaten; Bleigießen in der Sylvesternacht; Physiognomie; Physiologische Zeichen des Charakters und Meinung; Tabelle über die Bedeutung der Träume nach den himmlischen Zeichen; die Kunst des Wahrsagens aus dem Kaffeesatze; Wahrsagungen durch die Vögel der Luft und die Thiere des Feldes; die Kunst, reich zu werden und in der Ehe glücklich zu leben; **Wahrsagen aus der Hand;** Zauberreien und Beschwörungen, mit welchen gewissen Jahreszeiten auszuüben sind, um sich durch Träumen einen Blick in die Zukunft zu verschaffen, besonders mit Wahrscheinlichkeit zu gewinnen; **Kleine Blumensprache;** und vieles mehr. Gute Ausstattung und vollständiger Inhalt vereinigen sich, um dieses Traumbuch zu dem besten zu machen, was bisher erschienen ist, und es ist Jedem, welche Räthsel über die geheimnißvollen Vorgänge in der Geisterwelt wissen möchten, von unschätzbarem Werthe. Der Preis dieses Buches ist ein so niedriger, daß es einem Jeden, auch dem Unbemittelten, möglich ist, sich in den Besitz desselben zu setzen. Verschaffe Keiner die Gelegenheit.

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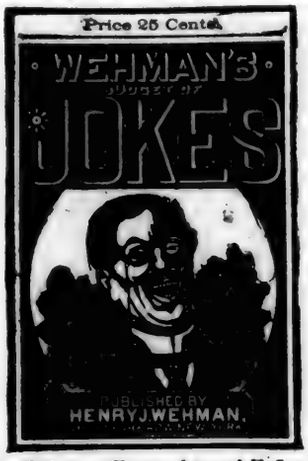
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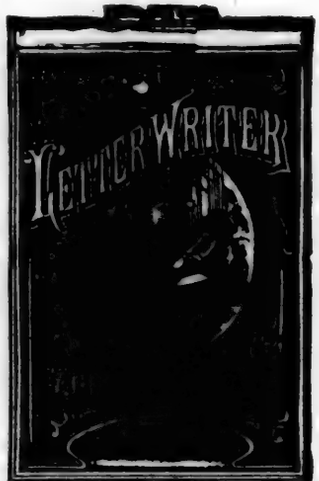
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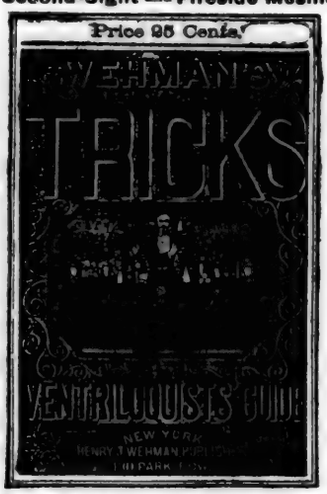
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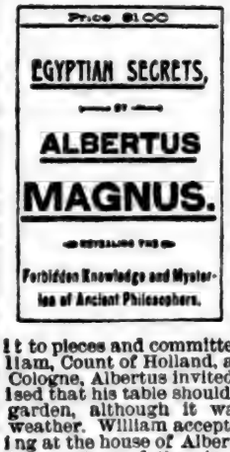
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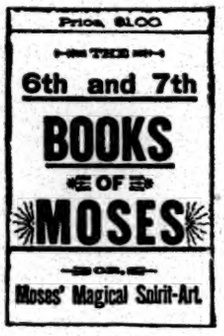


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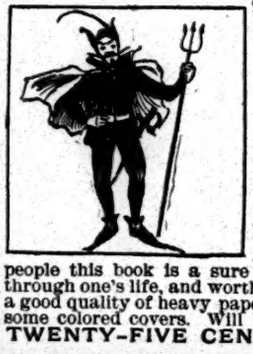
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